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YANNA

BEFORE
WHEEL OF FORTUNE

**THE YEAR
IN MOVIES**

CARS '87
TOP PROS
PICK THE BEST!

**A SPECIAL
REPORT**
**DRUGS: WHERE
WE STAND**





DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

Have you ever been a deliberate tease and why?

I've been a deliberate tease with authority figures, teachers, people older than I am. I never really wanted to know if they wanted me. I joked around with them, anyway. I wouldn't tease a guy in a club if I was really interested in him. I'd just go right up to him and begin a conversation. I'd tease my girlfriends' boyfriends, just joking around, and they'd do it back. We'd both know nothing would ever come of it because of the relationship with my girlfriends. But I wouldn't do that too often.



Cher Butler

CHER BUTLER
AUGUST 1986

Just about all the time. It's fun. I'm not taking it too seriously. I do it with a sense of humor. It's a game. Sometimes you meet a man and play the game because it's fun, but you have no intentions. Then you begin to know him and you like him. Or you may meet a man who is shy or is nervous because you are a Playmate, and he'll think he hasn't got a chance with you. Then you've got to be more direct. You have to make him understand that you like him, so he won't feel intimidated. Otherwise, flirt away.



Carol Ficatier

CAROL FICATIER
DECEMBER 1985

Oh, yes. I don't think I really meant to, since I was in a serious relationship at the time. But I found myself going out with my college girlfriends and experimenting with how far I could go to get a guy interested in me. It was the fun of the game. Until it went overboard and he got really interested. Then it would be a problem. It was a college game, and I got burned out on it. I guess I did it because I'd been in a serious relationship for a while and I wasn't ready to cut the strings when I went away to college. But at the same time, I was trying to find myself and figure out what kind of person was really my type. That's why I played games.



Sherry Arnett

SHERRY ARNETT
JANUARY 1986

Yes. I broke up with a guy I was dating and his friend started hitting on me. I knew I didn't want to sleep with the friend, but I kept teasing him and he kept asking for my phone number. I'd say no, dance with him, walk away, talk to other people and then go back. I knew I had his attention, and even though I didn't want to go off with him, I thought maybe he'd say something to the guy I broke up with, like, "I saw Ava last night. She looked really nice. Why don't you give me her number?" But it didn't work out that way. Another time, with another friend of another ex-boyfriend, it did work out. It started as a tease and we ended up having a relationship. It worked out really well.



Ava Fabian

AVA FABIAN
AUGUST 1986

Yes. In the days when I was wild and free, before I met my boyfriend. At the bar, you just kind of tease them. You've got on your suit, you know, your attitude suit. You've got your hair fluffed up and your make-up on. You've got a gorgeous outfit that you just bought and your heels. You're so cool walking around the bar, teasing all the men. But it's just for the fun of it, for your own little snickers. Now that I have a boyfriend, I don't hang out much anymore. I've been too busy.



Lynne Austin

LYNNE AUSTIN
JULY 1986

The girls who tease men really bother me. I just prefer people to be more straightforward. If I want someone, there's no need to tease. I get what I want by being direct. I think doing a Playmate layout is a visual tease, but one on one I wouldn't do it. I was very shy growing up. I wasn't very flirtatious. I didn't have the self-confidence. When I got older, it wasn't necessary with the men I got involved with. I've always gone out with guys I could be honest with.



Laurie Carr

LAURIE CARR
DECEMBER 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.







"Rhonda, I'm curious. Do I really know this guy?"

**melissa prophet has a wild imagination
and a hell of a good time**

*Diary of a
Hollywood
Starlet* → ★

I 've always had this enormous imagination," says Melissa Prophet, 29, whose résumé reads like imaginative fiction and whose voice was made for exclamation points. "Balls, brains, sense of humor—that's me, the whole package! So when I did *PLAYBOY*, I didn't want to just take my clothes off. I wanted to have some fun!" Melissa's life and fun times began—where else?—in Southern California, where the five-year-old seen below celebrated her sister's first-Communion party by "rolling in the mud!" Her formative years formed her fantastically; she went on to win 14 beauty titles, from Miss Hollywood to Miss California World. On sheer beauty? "No way! I was a professional beauty queen—I knew what each one of those contest judges wanted to see, and I played to all their fantasies. Well, not really—but I could have."



*Melissa Prophet
age 5*



I think one judge saw me as a Bunny!

One seemed to think I was Marilyn.



One could look right through me...

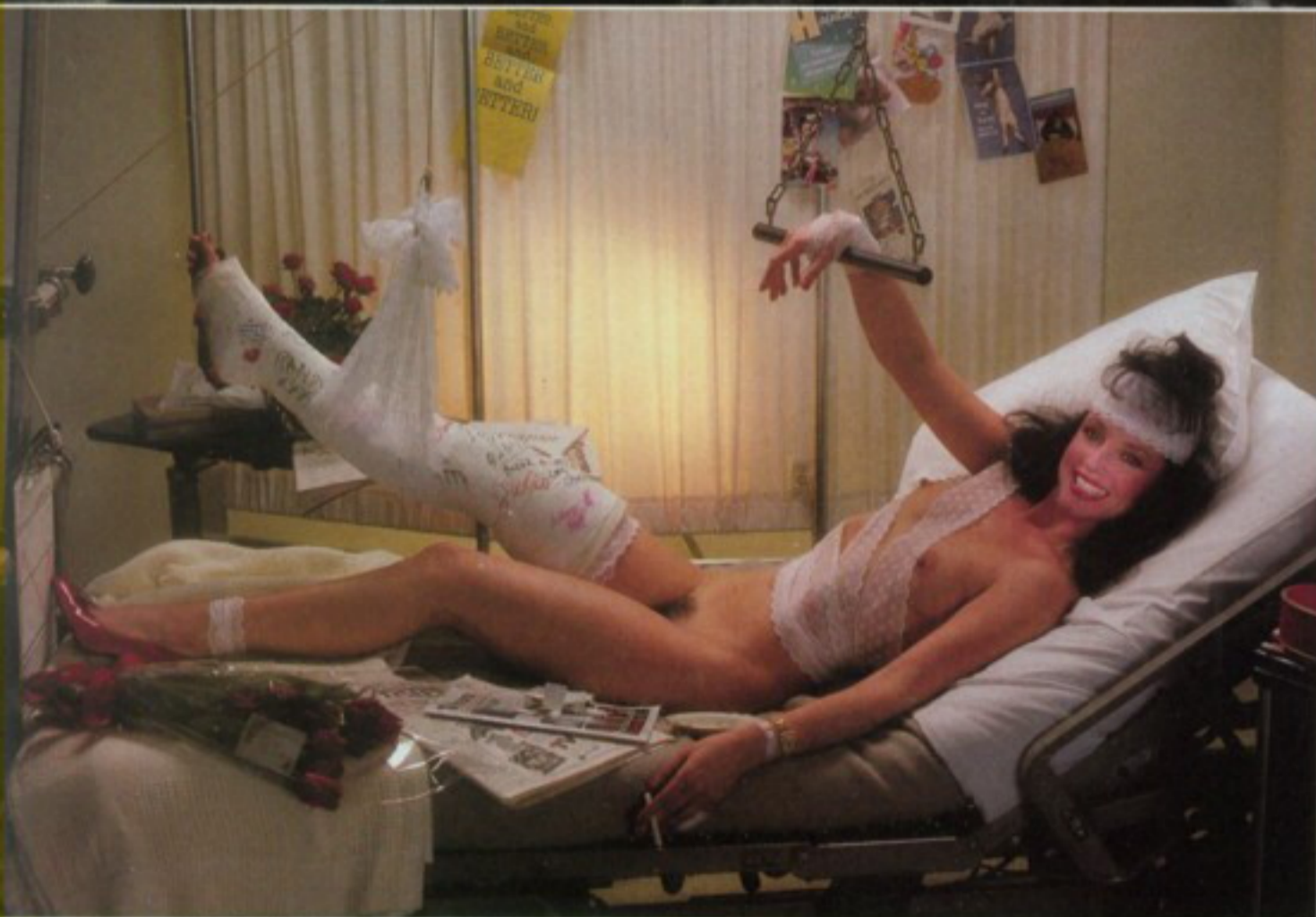
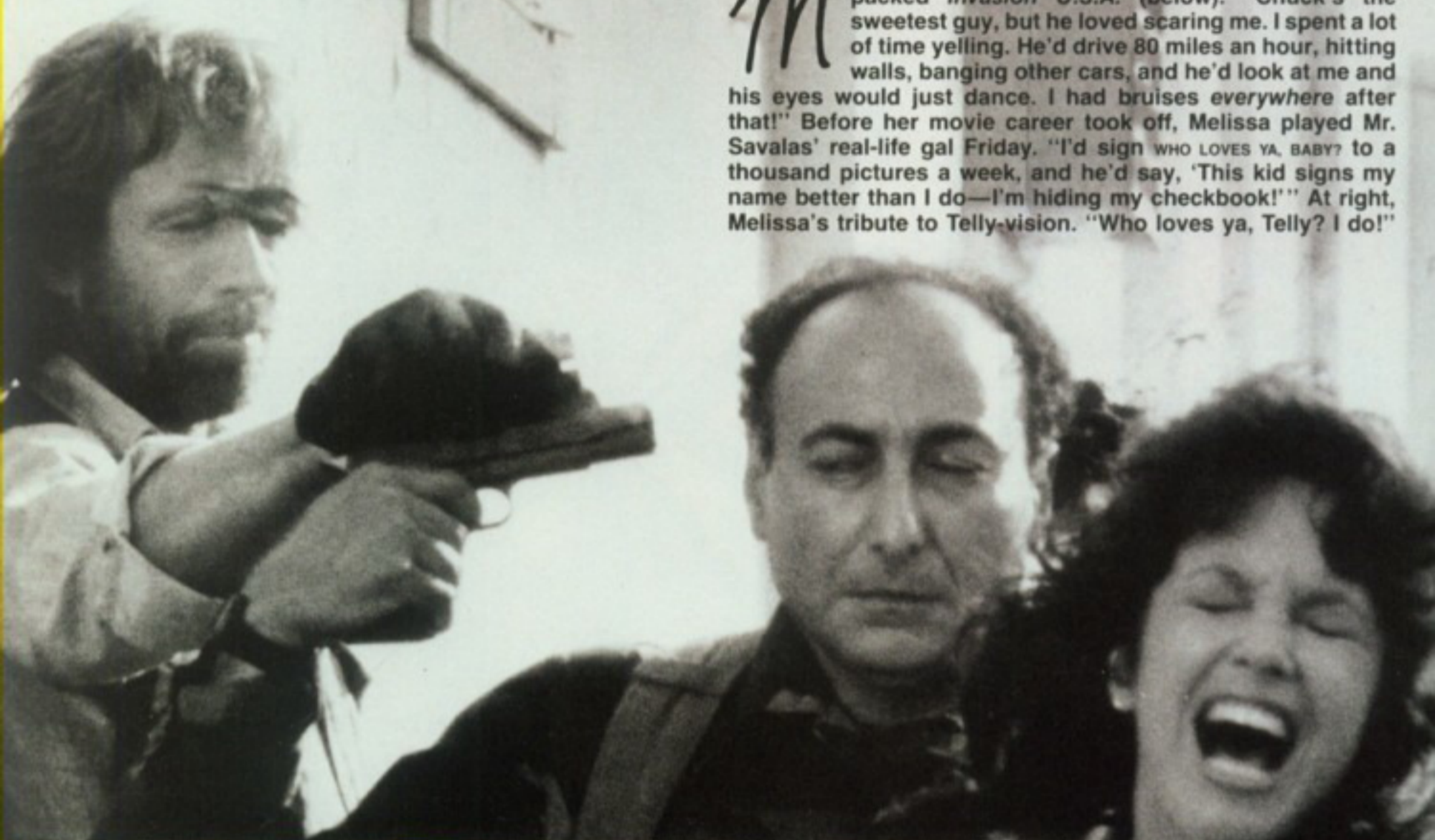
But to one I was as innocent as a cheerleader.



I won Miss California World!

M

elissa had a bang-up time in Chuck Norris' action-packed *Invasion U.S.A.* (below). "Chuck's the sweetest guy, but he loved scaring me. I spent a lot of time yelling. He'd drive 80 miles an hour, hitting walls, banging other cars, and he'd look at me and his eyes would just dance. I had bruises everywhere after that!" Before her movie career took off, Melissa played Mr. Savalas' real-life gal Friday. "I'd sign WHO LOVES YA, BABY? to a thousand pictures a week, and he'd say, 'This kid signs my name better than I do—I'm hiding my checkbook!'" At right, Melissa's tribute to Telly-vision. "Who loves ya, Telly? I do!"

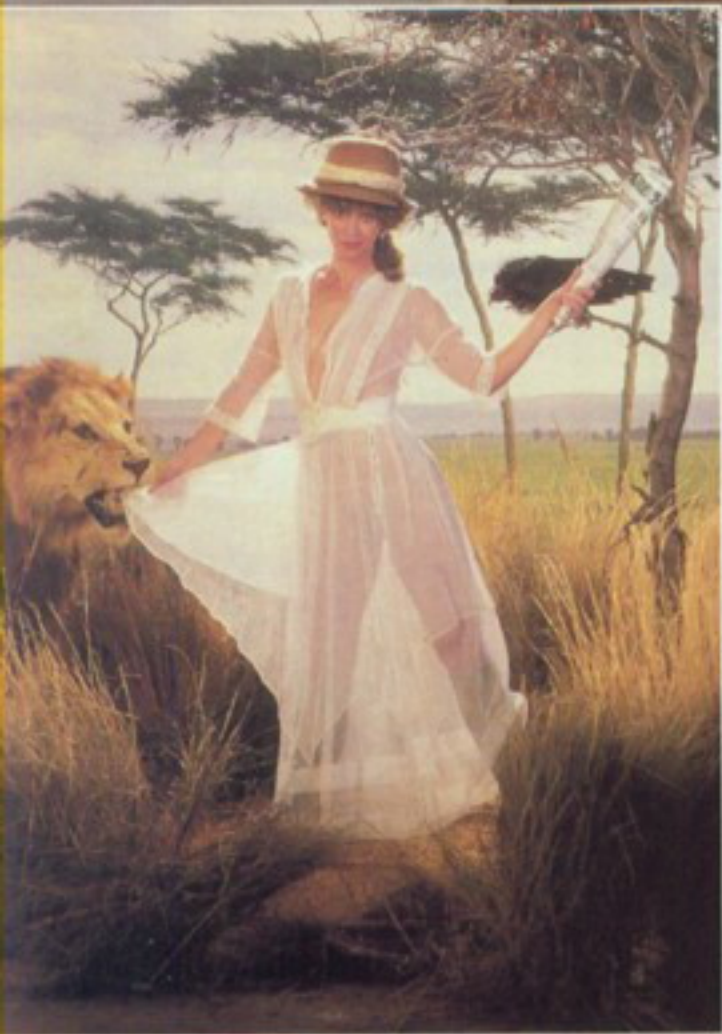


I did all my own stunts for "Invasion U.S.A." Do I get a Purple Heart?

*I loved working
for Jelly,
but when people
started saying
we looked alike,
I got outa there!*

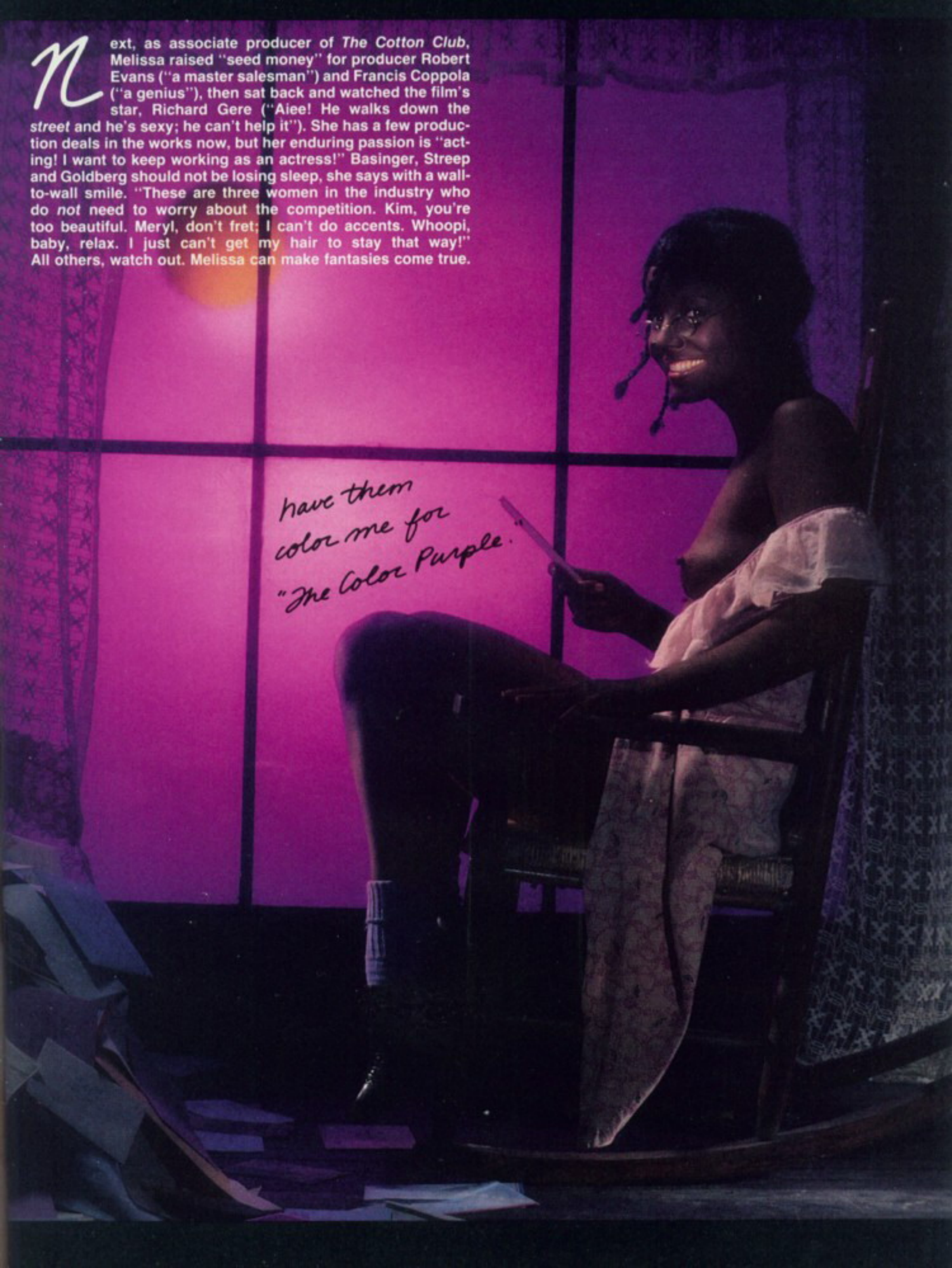


I'd do anything for a great Hollywood role: do taste tests like Kim's...

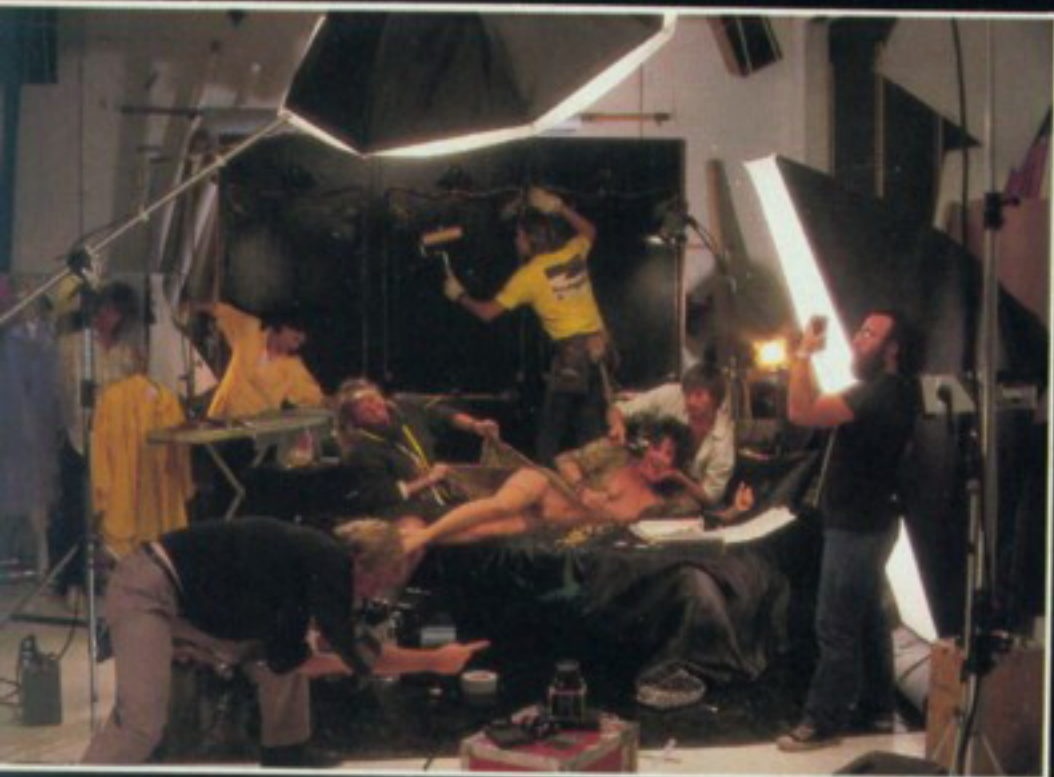


be out of it in Africa...

Next, as associate producer of *The Cotton Club*, Melissa raised "seed money" for producer Robert Evans ("a master salesman") and Francis Coppola ("a genius"), then sat back and watched the film's star, Richard Gere ("Aiee! He walks down the street and he's sexy; he can't help it"). She has a few production deals in the works now, but her enduring passion is "acting! I want to keep working as an actress!" Basinger, Streep and Goldberg should not be losing sleep, she says with a wall-to-wall smile. "These are three women in the industry who do not need to worry about the competition. Kim, you're too beautiful. Meryl, don't fret; I can't do accents. Whoopi, baby, relax. I just can't get my hair to stay that way!" All others, watch out. Melissa can make fantasies come true.



Have them
color me for
"The Color Purple."



*I thought that to pose
for PLAYBOY, I'd just
have to lie there and
look glamorous.
Guess you can see how
wrong a girl can be!*





THE YEAR IN MOVIES

A W E L C O M E R E T U R N T O S T Y L E

IN 1986, THE
GROWNUPS—NOT THE
EMPIRE—STRUCK
BACK

NINETEEN EIGHTY-SIX might be fondly remembered as the year the movies grew up, the year that—against all odds and expectations—sophistication finally succeeded at the box office.

That's not entirely the case, of course. The top ten movies of the year, led by the bellicose and noisy *Top Gun*, were pretty much playground stuff; and the biggest star of the year, Tom Cruise, is nothing if not a major teen dream. Still, the downside wasn't abysmal: There weren't a zillion loony slasher/sexpot

baby-sitter/MTV inspired movies. Instead, Hollywood emulated upscale TV. NBC had sailed out of the ratings doldrums in 1985 by charting a course away from the lowest common denominator, and last year the movie industry attempted to follow in its wake.

Surprisingly enough, it worked, both critically and financially. Audiences responded like crazy to movies that, in years past, would have been stillborn, or at least fatally crippled, because of their unmarketable concepts. The English film *My Beautiful Laundrette*, about a frankly gay couple who make it in the suds-'n'-duds trade, was hardly high concept, yet it played to packed houses. Small-town life, which lost its cachet as a film subject 15 minutes after *It's a Wonderful Life* closed back in the Forties, was the topic of choice, albeit skewed, in *Blue Velvet* and *True Stories*, directed by those visionary two Davids—Lynch and Byrne. Unlikely heroes, from “Crocodile” Dundee to Rodney Dangerfield to Sid Vicious, had unlikely successes, while traditional commodities such as Robert Redford and Clint Eastwood and Sly Stallone plummeted on the futures market. There was silliness, of course—*Howard the Duck* and *Under the Cherry Moon*

spring stupidly to mind—but most of the daffy movies in 1986 ducked out quickly and quietly, dragging studio heads away with them.

The major conclusion is that last year, the real stars were in the audience — they showed some taste.

During Oscar season, it's *pro forma* to invent trends and dis-

tribute awards, so we will, too. With no further ado, and not even a nod to the best documentary, the Jean Hersholt Humanitarian Award or any bad dancing and lip-synching, we start with the biggie.

TREND OF THE YEAR: MOVIES FOR PEOPLE WITH BRAINS

Two late releases of 1985—*Out of Africa* and *Kiss of the Spider Woman*—helped raise the tone for all that followed. They were brainy all-star vehicles, and the closest thing to gratuitous sex was a dry kiss between Raul Julia and William Hurt; the love scenes between Redford and Meryl Streep seemed mostly theoretical.

But that classy prologue quite naturally led the way for Woody Allen's *Hannah and Her Sisters*. Allen, who seemed to have retreated shyly into the world of the small films after his back-to-back classics *Annie Hall* and *Manhattan*, made his first screen-filling movie in years. The characters, the plot, even the laughs, had all grown back to full size. The movie dealt with the complexities of all sorts of relationships—familial, marital, extramarital, even the relationship between a neurotic and his neuroses—but spared us his usual Bergmanesque rant-



ings. Instead, the director himself was out there leading the laughs and—amazingly enough—working out the angst before the closing credits.

Many “smart” movies followed *Hannah* onto the high ground, even if they showed a disconcerting tendency to plunge off cliffs. *Children of a Lesser God* and *A Room with a View* played like state-of-the-art TV dramas, while *Legal Eagles* made a valiant but most of all expensive attempt to revive the Tracy/Hepburn school of repartee.

Perhaps it's no tragedy that *Legal Eagles* failed. Yes, it was a dream package: It had three hot stars (Robert Redford, Debra Winger, Daryl Hannah) and a hot director (Ivan Reitman of *Ghostbusters*). But they all seemed to get on like a bag of cats. The moral, if anyone was listening, was this: It isn't the package that counts; it's the content.

The Color of Money, too, had relationships to burn. This time around, Tom Cruise was playing a cocky little squirt with some life in him, as opposed to the cocky little zero-dimensional squirt he played in *Top Gun*. Playing flint to Cruise's sharp edge was the redoubtable Paul (continued on page 168)

TOP GUYS: David Byrne bares the highest brow in Texas in his arty small-town rhapsody *True Stories* (above). Immigrant of the year was Aussie Paul Hogan, who charmed reporter Linda Kozlowski, along with most of the American moviegoing public, in “Crocodile” Dundee (left). Tom Cruise's star-making role was as the hothead aviator in *Top Gun* (below left), but his best performance was in *The Color of Money*. Lending new meaning to the word sophomore was Rodney Dangerfield, whose film *Back to School* (bottom right) was a top grosser in both senses of the word.



ANOTHER KIND OF HERO

NOT ALL STARS HAVE
PERFECT MUSCLES AND
TYPECAST MORALITY



HURT SO GOOD: If Stallone played a homosexual window dresser, he'd be given a ticket out of Hollywood. They gave William Hurt an Oscar.

BYOND the realm of matinee hunks such as Sylvester Stallone, there is a class of actors—those pictured on this page among them—who bring such unpredictable talent to their roles that they defy idolatry. Their characters, because they are so fully human, will never be cast in plastic and sold at Toys-R-Us. Yet they stand above the common lot; they are such off-the-wall on-screen presences that they skew the portion of reality that their films inhabit. They manage to be both quirky and heroic. Looking back at 1986, then, we salute those particular actors who made going to the movies so worth while.



DREAM WEAVER: Sigourney Weaver seems to be as comfortable trading banter on the off-Broadway stage as she is trading fire with aliens on screen.

In *Children of a Lesser God*, William Hurt turned in one of his usual intelligent, passionate performances as an exuberant teacher in a school for the deaf. Commenting on the Rambo/Rocky phenomenon, Hurt once said, "Our job as actors is to perceive our humanity, not [to create] pathological heroes." He has broadcast the humanity of such unlikely character as a devolving scientist (*Altered States*), a cynical Porsche-driving drug dealer (*The Big Chill*) and a jail-bound homosexual window dresser (*Kiss of the Spider Woman*); he could bring life to marble statuary.

Jeff Goldblum's talents are such that he broke Hurt's rule—he created a thoroughly yucky pathological hero in *The Fly*—and still became the only sympathetic film insect since Jiminy Cricket. On screen, Goldblum projects the steadiness of a man who knows the universe to be a madhouse but is using that knowledge to his advantage. So it is that when his disgusting Brundlefly said "I'll hurt you if you stay" to his screen lover in

buzzing, menacing tones, audiences permanently retired their fly swatters. Sigourney Weaver, who at times resembled a (concluded on page 168)

NUTS AND DOLTS: Bob Hoskins' ex-con in *Mona Lisa* exuded thick-skulled integrity; he was a good guy dumb enough to succeed.



GOOD AS GOLDBLUM: Since *The Big Chill*, Jeff Goldblum's neurotics have been hot. In *The Fly*, he had audiences buzzing.



PEEKABOOOOO: Dennis Hopper's terrifying turn as a sexual deviant in *Blue Velvet* made him the erotic oddball of the year.



STUDIO WARS

By GREGG KILDAY

IN THE 1986

BATTLE OF

THE BOX OFFICE,

EXECUTIVES' HEADS

ROLLED ALONG WITH

THE FILMS

HOLLYWOOD, as if caught in a self-reflective time warp, staged a massive retromaneuver in 1986: While on screen the crew of the U.S.S. Enterprise was leaving its heart in 20th Century San Francisco and Peggy Sue was once again losing hers at the high school prom, the movie industry was taking its own detour back to the future. Even *Top Gun*,

the top-grossing movie of the year, with \$172,000,000 in its flight plan, played like a high-tech remake of the 1927 silent film *Wings*, the first Oscar-winning best movie.

But if, at times, everything old seemed new again, there were limits, and it was Atlanta media hysteric Ted Turner who stepped beyond the pale when he decreed that 100

classic black-and-white films—from *Yankee Doodle Dandy* through *The Maltese Falcon* and *Casablanca*—would be tarted up via colorization for broadcast on his Turner Broadcasting System. The computerized color coding immediately stirred up Hollywood's most emotional protest in years. Jimmy Stewart, at (concluded on overleaf)



a press conference sponsored by the American Film Institute, begged that his 1946 Christmas classic *It's a Wonderful Life* be seen "the way [director] Frank Capra and [cinematographer] Joe Walker wanted it to be seen."

Steven Spielberg protested, "You can't remake a movie simply by giving it a new paint job, but you can easily destroy one."

And, most eloquently, that lion in winter John Huston reared up from his wheelchair to lament, "It is as though . . . our children have been sold into white slavery. They've been brutalized. These poor little creatures have had their teeth knocked out, have been given black eyes, bloody noses. Now they've peroxidized their hair."

Turner was unmoved. "The last time I checked, I owned the films that we're in the process of colorizing," he snarled. "I can do whatever I want with them."

In truth, the cause was already lost, for the color of money prevails. Even as the storm raged, the other studios—convinced that their black-and-white libraries would earn more if they could be shown on TV in color—were quietly signing on with the peroxide merchants.

If Turner held the spotlight of criticism, it was not only because he had been first to wield the colorizer's brush. Hollywood had been forced to stand by helplessly as, earlier in the year, he had systematically hacked up Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, once the *grande dame* of the studio system, and ridden off into the sunset with the studio's valuable film library in his hip pocket.

Although the sentimentalists lamented MGM's dismemberment, the remaining studio heads were too preoccupied with keeping their own bodies intact to pay much notice. As the shell-shocked MGM/UA sank to the bottom of the list in terms of studio share of 1986 film rentals, Paramount Pictures—enjoying a wealth of hits such as *Top Gun*, *Star Trek IV* and the Australian import "*Crocodile Dundee*—vaulted to the top, commanding 22 percent of the market. Paramount's victory was all the sweeter given the fact that two years earlier, its successful executive team had splintered: Paramount chairman Barry Diller, breaking with his corporate bosses at Gulf+Western, left to head 20th Century Fox; while the studio's president, Michael Eisner, departed for Disney. Diller's successor, Frank Mancuso, who had come up through the sales ranks, was regarded skeptically, but he confounded his critics by aggressively staging Paramount's blitz. By comparison, Diller has failed to rework his old magic at Fox, where his energies were diverted toward launching the much-ballyhooed "fourth network," the Fox Broadcasting Company. Eisner again summoned his Paramount power to miraculously re-energize Disney, reversing decades of dormancy to jolt the studio into hird position on the strength of tough-talking, sexy hits such as

Down and Out in Beverly Hills, *Ruthless People* and *The Color of Money*. Caught in the squeeze, the normally reliable Warner Bros. dropped from its commanding 1985 share of 18 percent to a second-place 12 percent, just two percentage points above Disney's total.

Meanwhile, the old guard at the remaining studios was in retreat. At Universal Pictures, Frank Price, a proponent of high-gloss, big-budget movies such as *Out of Africa*, resigned after a disastrous summer: The \$38,000,000 *Legal Eagles* lost its day in court, and the \$34,500,000 *Howard the Duck* executed an inglorious swan dive. At Columbia Pictures, Guy McElwaine, an agent turned studio head, also departed after a series of expensive failures. And industry sources reported that when United Artists' Jerry Weintraub tried to bring his buddy McElwaine aboard, he, too, was shown the door.

The grounding of such Hollywood highfliers reverberated through town, but nowhere did it register more strongly than at the leading talent shop, Creative Artists Agency, where packaging expensive movies is a way of life. They also had trouble with their own clients. Angered that she had been forced into *Legal Eagles* by her agents, Debra Winger simply walked out on C.A.A.

Similarly, a new regime at Columbia is striking fear into the hearts of the blockbuster deal makers. When the studio's corporate overlords at Coca-Cola chose iconoclastic British producer David Puttnam to succeed McElwaine, the agents groaned audibly; for Puttnam immediately announced his intention to break with profligate business-as-usual practices. Calling astronomical star salaries "crazy," Puttnam vowed to usher in a new era of creative film making coupled with fiscal restraint. Joked one competing studio head, "No one knows what they're doing right now—except for David Puttnam, who's talking as if he knows what *everybody* should be doing."

After a slow start, the year's box-office revenues rallied and climbed to 3.83 billion dollars, by *Variety's* count—marking Hollywood's best year since 1984's record-breaking tally of 4.03 billion dollars. But the real news was that revenues from both sales and rentals of video cassettes climbed to an astounding 7.2 billion dollars. Industry lobbyist Jack Valenti continued to complain that the studios themselves were not enjoying a big enough piece of the pie; but elsewhere in Hollywood, producers learned to stop worrying and love the video cassette, since that expanding market was attracting new investors to the game. With the average cost of a studio feature costing about \$17,000,000—and another \$7,000,000 required for promotion and advertising for each major release—the studios them-

selves proceeded cautiously, initiating 161 productions. But the burgeoning ranks of independent competitors, taking advantage of the available investment cash, more than compensated as a total of 515 English-language movies went before the cameras, a 56 percent increase over 1985.

It's worth noting that the newly energized independents—now in heated competition with the majors—claimed an impressive 12 percent of the total film rentals in 1986. Even the Oscars gave the indies a boost: Little Island Pictures walked off with two of the top trophies in 1986—William Hurt's best-actor Oscar for *Kiss of the Spider Woman* and Geraldine Page's best-actress Oscar for *The Trip to Bountiful*.

The strength of independent production, as dramatized by Oliver Stone's *Platoon*, suggests a developing marriage of convenience. Stone fought long and hard to mount *Platoon*, but no Hollywood studio would touch it. Finally, England's Hemdale Films advanced the bulk of the modest \$5,600,000 needed to begin filming in the Philippines, with Orion Pictures chipping in the rest and then going on to underwrite a studio release. In effect, *Platoon* is a studio film that grew out of an independent production. The majors aren't willing to take the risk of developing "difficult" material—the indies can do that more cheaply and efficiently. But they don't have access to the powerful distribution channels controlled by the studios, so they arrange to have their big friends escort their small films into the market place.

This link won't dissolve soon: The studios' domination of the distribution channels is tightening. As increased film production triggered an upswing in theater construction, the studios—though barred from owning theaters directly—were all scrambling in 1986 to buy shares in theater chains. MCA-Universal, for example, joined forces with Cineplex Odeon; Gulf+Western bought up Mann Theaters; Tri-Star Pictures eyed the United Artists circuit and the Loews chain. This, along with the increased focus on video-cassette sales and TV rights, underscores a new reality out in studio-land: Making movies is only half of what Hollywood is about; fully exploiting movies once they are made is now the name of the game.

If that game is being played with an increasing air of frenzy, it's because the competition is more intense than ever, as newcomers such as Cannon and DeLaurentiis follow Tri-Star's example and simply incorporate as major studios and start throwing money around. The stakes are high, and heads will roll, or swell, depending on how it all pans out. But that, as they say in Hollywood, is showbiz.



BRUCE'S PICKS

OUR FILM CRITIC, BRUCE WILLIAMSON, FLAGS THE BEST AND THE WORST FLICKS OF '86

Best (in alphabetical order)

The Color of Money Proof that Tom Cruise is more than a hunk, plus Paul Newman's chance to win an acting Oscar to match the one they gave him for the hell of it last year.

Crimes of the Heart Sissy, Jessica and Diane make movie magic from Mississippi mud by transforming Beth Henley's Pulitzer flimflam into a triple-threat star turn.

The Decline of the American Empire This provocative art-house flick features lustful academics in a wordy but scintillating social weekend devoted to body politics.

Desert Bloom The nuclear family (headed by Jon Voight) hauntingly portrayed at the dawn of the atomic age.

Hannah and Her Sisters Another vibrant human comedy from Woody Allen, whose potent mix of Barbara Hershey, Mia Farrow and Dianne Wiest outshines even *Crimes of the Heart* in its display of feminine wiles and woes.

Little Shop of Horrors S-f offers a transfusion of new blood to the dying art of movie musicals, with dentist



SIBLING REVELRY: Farrow, Hershey and Wiest buddy up in *Hannah and Her Sisters*.

Steve Martin and patient Bill Murray inflicting painfully extended howls of laughter on theater patrons.

Platoon To date, nothing matches it for emotional firepower about the U.S. debacle in Vietnam.

A Room with a View E. M. Forster's elegant Edwardian romance adapted with superior taste and talent—a triumph for stylish movie minds over bookish matter.

Round Midnight Dexter Gordon adds sax appeal to director Bertrand Tavernier's moody, masterful paean to American jazzmen in Paris when it sizzled.

Ruthless People Greed, kidnaping and murder played for belly laughs by Bette Midler, Danny DeVito and the trio of madcap directors who launched *Airplane!*

Worst (in alphabetical order)

Absolute Beginners The plucky Brits still have a thing or two to learn about musicals. Not even Bowie could budge it.

The Clan of the Cave Bear Despite what's on screen, rumors persist that the book was a deserving best seller.

Cobra Stallone may have stumbled upon a sicko formula to end the socko era of muscle-bound *macho* flicks.

Ferris Bueller's Day Off The generation gap widened for fun and profit by John Hughes, with Matthew Broderick as the most insufferably arrogant teenager of our time.

The Golden Child Eddie Murphy rapping à la Indiana Jones, which adds up to big bucks for a very bad movie.

Howard the Duck Talk about canards. Webs-down winner for laying the year's largest egg.

Legend Tom Cruise was all thumbs in Ridley Scott's feckless phantasmagoria. Can't win 'em all, kiddo.

The Men's Club A bunch of middle-aged boys whooping it up like refugees from a tiresome encounter group.

Shanghai Surprise Madonna and Sean Penn waaay over their heads in the kind of movie Harlow and Gable used to make, though no one seems to remember how.

Under the Cherry Moon Prince reportedly did the entire movie *his way*—and launched his own lunar eclipse.



ROOM FOR TWO: Victorian passion in *A Room with a View*.

THIS YEAR'S MODEL

IF HOLLYWOOD'S 1987 movies are big-buck vehicles loaded with top design and plenty of market research, then the gear of choice is reverse. That is, the studios prefer to back into new production by offering the same stuff they've unloaded successfully in years past. For instance, this year we'll see a third *Jaws* movie, *Beverly Hills Cop II* and *Rambo III*.

When Hollywood's moneymen can't sell last year's models, they'll at least try to put familiar faces at the wheels of their new vehicles. Steven Spielberg is producing two films (*Innerspace* and *Batteries Not Included*) and directing a third (*Empire of the Sun*). We'll be seeing a lot of Jack Nicholson: As a demonic stranger in *The Witches of Eastwick* (July), he'll cast spells over Cher; and as a lie-about bum in *Ironweed*, he'll degenerate Meryl Streep.

Also on the way are movies with Madonna, as a wrongly imprisoned innocent in *Slammer* (August); Barbra Streisand, playing an accused killer who wants to avoid an insanity plea in *Nuts* (Christmas); and Steve Martin, who is updating the comedy *Cyrano de Bergerac* in

Roxanne (June). *Top Gunner* Kelly McGillis hunts Nazis in *The House on Sullivan Street* (October). Richard Attenborough is directing the prestige film of the year, telling the story of South African poet Steve Biko; Denzel Washington and Kevin Kline star.

Experience, of course, tells us that there is no sure thing in Detroit—or in Hollywood; among even the best new vehicles, some will always turn up lemons. Let the buyer beware.



BEWITCHING: Cher, Jack Nicholson star in *The Witches of Eastwick*.



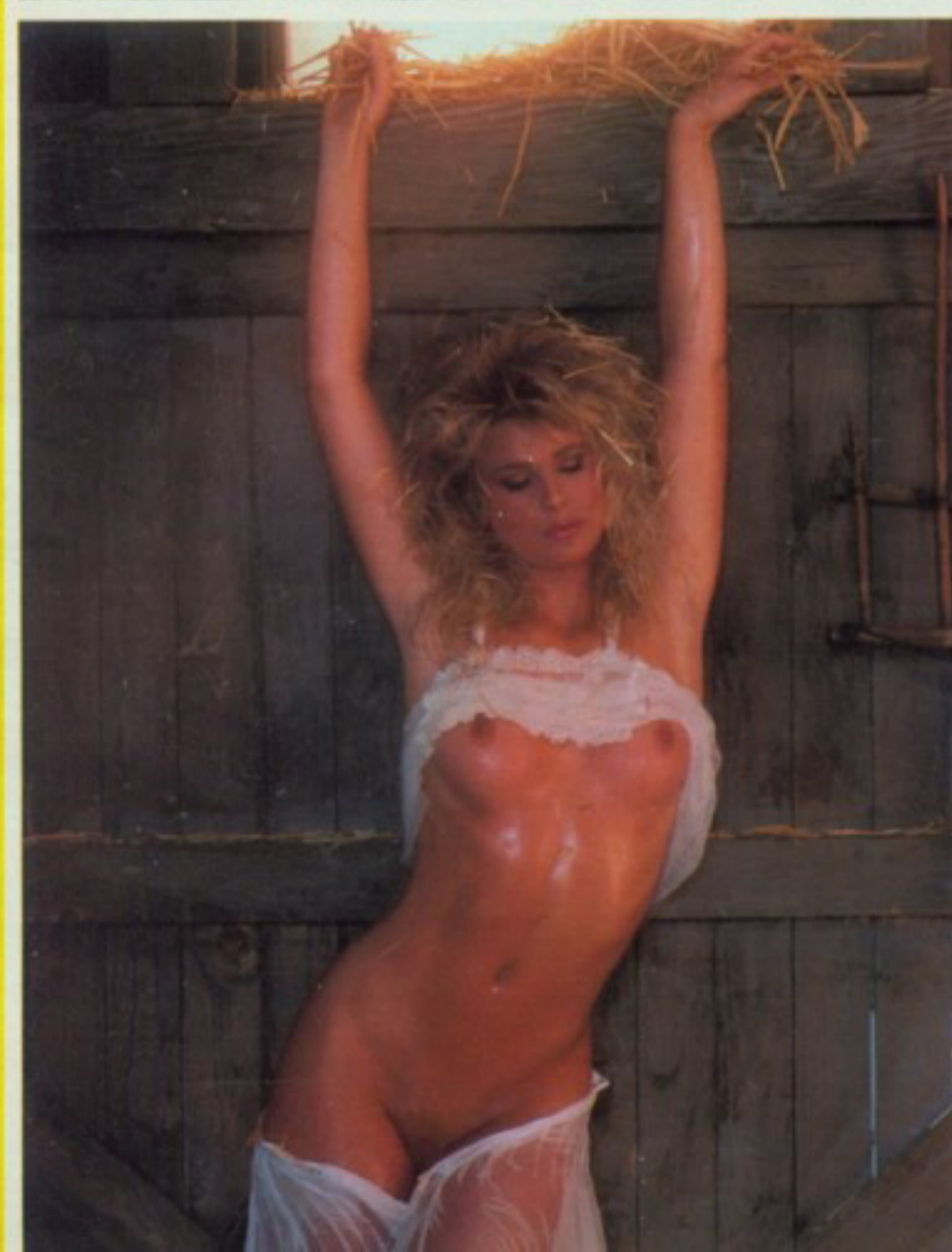
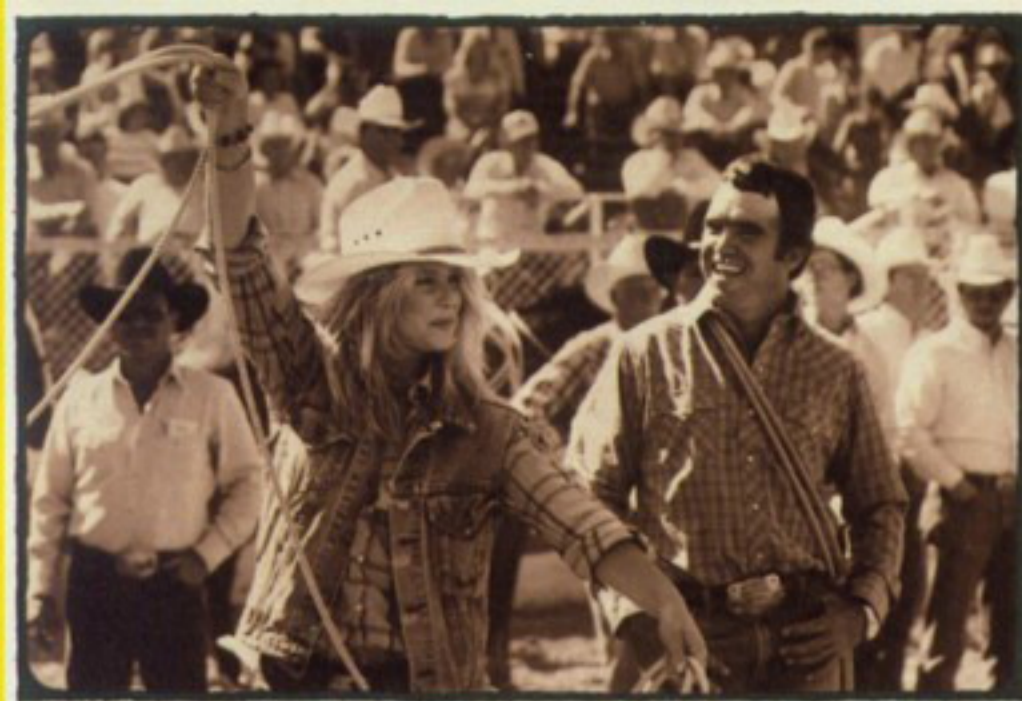
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

KYM

from rodeo drive to rodeo ring,
miss may is the best
in the west







COWGIRL? Not really. Before we took her north to Oregon for the Pendleton Round-Up, the closest Kym Paige had been to a Colt or a Mustang was on the Hollywood Freeway. So what's a nice L.A. girl doing at a rodeo like this? "Falling in love," she says. "With a calf roper. I love tight buns, and when I saw Brad Johnson in his Wranglers, well, he's one of the best calf ropers in the country, and he's got *real* tight buns." Kym had the time of her life in Pendleton. Johnson taught her how to "rope a steer, get him down and *keep* him down," and the rawhide circuit won a new fan. "The Round-Up was wild," says Kym, a reluctant actress whose TV credits include *Hunter*, *The Love Boat*, *Amazing Stories* and *Dynasty*. "Acting and actors don't turn me on. I'm into athletes, and these guys are definitely *athletes*. Now that I know how, I might just rope myself a cowboy."



At the Pendleton Round-Up—Oregon's top spot for rodeo-cowboy competition—Kym took calf-roping lessons, got acquainted with a horse and cheered on her favorites. Afterward, it was her turn to exhibit good form outside the arena.



"When I heard PLAYBOY was taking me to the rodeo, I thought, great," Kym says. "Cow pies and cowboys spitting tobacco. Well, that's what I found. And it was love at first sight. Those cowboys are down-to-earth people, and I am, too."



To develop the wrist strength needed to rope, throw and brand dogies, Kym works out in a Santa Monica health club that's also frequented by Sly Stallone, Emilio Estevez and Rob Lowe. On autumn Sundays, she's usually to be found at the Los Angeles Raiders game, cheering for her football hero—and sometime hangout pal—Marcus Allen.





Kym's game used to be tennis. At 12, she was one of the best junior players in Southern California, practicing nine hours a day and spending her off hours on movie sets, where her parents and both of her grandfathers worked behind the scenes. "I had a crush on Burt Reynolds," she recalls, "but what most attracted me was the make-up—scary make-up. I used to go home and draw all over my brother, playing Dracula." Old crush Burt later directed her in *Amazing Stories*. He may not get the chance again. "I don't really want to act," says Kym. "I want to see other places. So I'm going to travel. Then I'll come back to study special-effects make-up. I want to do the scary stuff for films." Along about 1990, when you see *Aliens IV* or *Friday the 13th—the Really Really Final Chapter*, look for Kym's name in the credits. Acting's loss may be the make-up world's gain.

"Put me in a room with a man with tight buns," says Miss May. "Add a fireplace, with the fire going, the shutters on the window blowing in the wind, a warm bed and a Luther Vandross record on the stereo—that's the Kym Paige recipe for good love."



MISS MAY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Kimberly Paige

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 120

BIRTH DATE: 4-6-66 BIRTHPLACE: Newport Beach

FIVE-YEAR PLAN: To see the world, Make up scary people (monsters) and own my own N.F.L. Franchise!

TURN-ONS: Tight bums - Ripped Jeans & Good Food!!! (I love Sushi in Malibu!)

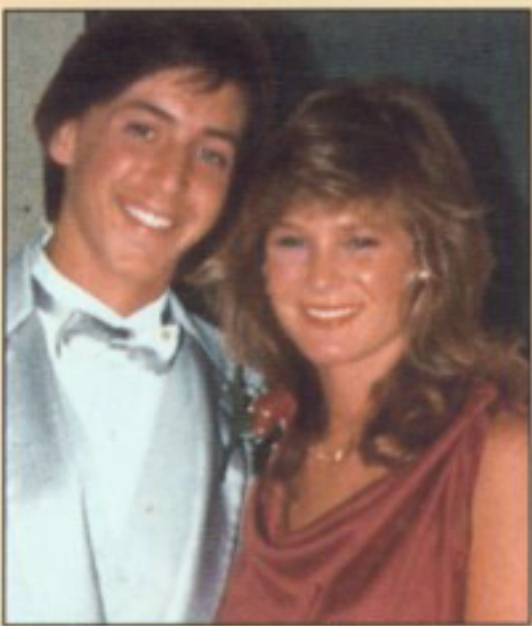
TURN-OFFS: Razy, Sloppy people & Aggressive Men

TV CREDITS: Alfred Hitchcock Presents (I get murdered), Amazing Stories - Dynasty - Outlaws - Knight Rider.

FAVORITE LOVE POTION: Champagne.

IDEAL MAN: John Elway - Randy Stollas - Marcus Allen Athletes - Athletes - Athletes!!!!

IDEAL WEEKEND: To travel into the future and come home on Monday.



puppy love
♡



where's my hairdresser?



a kiss for the #1 team. RAIDERS.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A man went to a brothel and selected six girls for the night. The next morning, the madam informed him that there would be no charge.

Two days later, he returned, selected the same six girls and enjoyed another fabulous evening. In the morning, however, the madam presented him with a bill for \$1000.

"I don't understand," the man protested. "On Tuesday it was free."

"That's right," the madam replied, "but Tuesdays we're on cable."



Mrs. Goldstein walked into an attorney's office and told him she wanted to divorce her husband of 58 years.

"Mrs. Goldstein, fifty-eight years is a long time," the lawyer said. "Do you have grounds?"

"Grounds? No grounds. We live in a condominium. We got no grounds."

"No, no. What I mean is, do you have cause?" the lawyer asked. "For example, does he beat you up?"

"What beat me up? I'm up by seven. The bum is still asleep."

"I mean," the lawyer tried, "is there a special reason to want a divorce now? Do you have a grudge?"

"Sure, we got a grudge. It's robbery what they charge to park in the grudge."

"Mrs. Goldstein," the exasperated lawyer said, "I have to know why you want a divorce."

"Oh, why didn't you say so?" Mrs. Goldstein scoffed. "I want the divorce because I'm sick to death of Mr. Goldstein telling me we can't communicate."

What's the difference between a kindergarten class and a meeting of the National Security Council? Adult supervision.

When the old cowboy walked out of the saloon and went to unhitch his horse, he noticed that the animal's testicles were painted green. Storming back into the bar, the fellow hollered, "OK, which one of you sons of bitches painted my horse's balls green?"

From the back of the room, a huge man, with arms as big as tree trunks, slowly rose from his chair. "I did," he rumbled. "What are you gonna do about it?"

"Oh, nothing," the old man gulped. "I just want to tell you the first coat is dry."

A major toy manufacturer is set to introduce an Ayatollah Khomeini doll to the U.S. market. It comes with flowing robes, piercing eyes and a full beard, but you have to supply the arms.

Do you expect me to believe that you were playing golf from seven in the morning until seven at night?" the wife asked her husband. "You should have been home by three."

"Now, let me explain, Carol," Harry replied. "I got up at dawn and picked Fred up at six A.M., but on the way to the course, I had a flat tire. I didn't have a spare, so I had to walk a couple of miles to the service station. By the time I got back to the car, it was after nine. Then we ran out of gas, and that cost an hour. We didn't tee off till eleven."

"You *still* should have been home by three."

"I'm not finished," Harry explained. "Everything was fine for the first two holes, but then Fred had a heart attack. I ran to the clubhouse to find a doctor but had no luck. By the time I got back, Fred was dead. So for the next sixteen holes, it was hit the ball, drag Fred, hit the ball, drag Fred. . . ."



Shelby Steiman

What's the difference between a Texas oilman and a pigeon? A pigeon can still make deposits on a Mercedes.

Striking out again at the town dance, Ned began his long, lonely walk back to his farmhouse. When he was halfway home, the rounded, moonlit sides of the pumpkins in the fields reminded the horny fellow of so many shapely bare asses. Settling down next to one of the ripening vegetables, he cut a hole in the side and began to get physical with it.

"Hey, pal," a voice said, "what the hell you doin' with that pumpkin?"


Ned bolted upright, saw the policeman's glinting badge and, thinking quickly, blurted, "Pumpkin? Christ, is it midnight *already*?"

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. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.




"I trust that those things are biodegradable, young man."

WICKED WILLIE



I don't understand women



Do you understand color television?

No....

So what's the problem?

V

A N N A

before her turn on the "wheel of fortune,"
lingerie model vanna white
was already letter-perfect



N

NO ONE has ever hit the jackpot on *Wheel of Fortune* the way Vanna White has. Before a fateful turn brought her to the show, Vanna's life was just like those of thousands of other aspiring California actresses—a scramble of auditions, castings and modeling assignments, of daily dramas and nightly dreams. Who could have predicted stardom? Anyone who knew Vanna: wholesome with a capital W, sexy as an X.







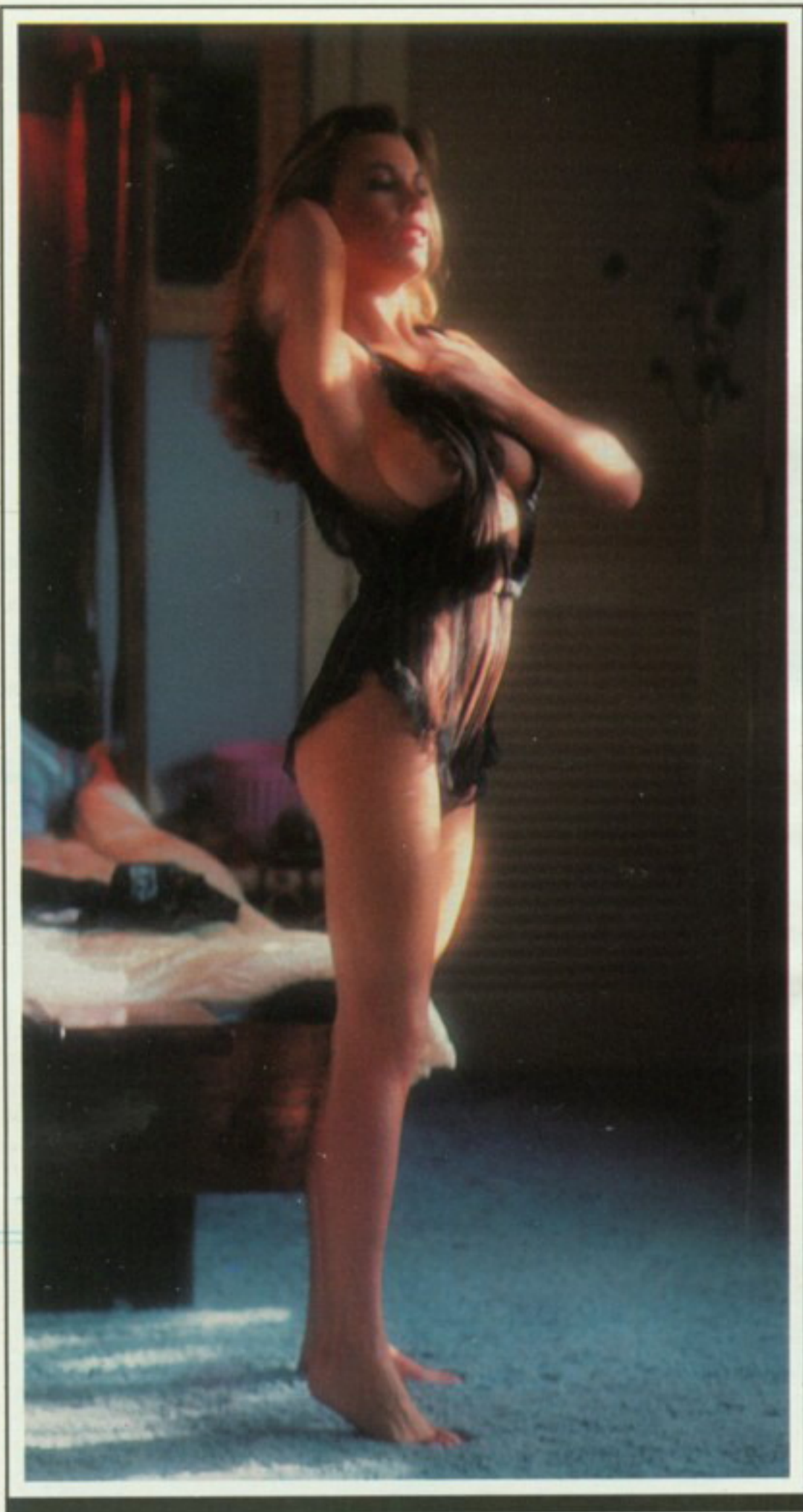
L

ate in 1982, Vanna auditioned for *Wheel of Fortune* along with 200 other hopefuls. Against those odds, she kept plugging at her modeling career, including this lingerie shooting by photographer David Gurian.

V

anna showed these photos to Hefner and other friends at Playboy Mansion West and was talking about becoming a Playmate when a *Wheel* producer called. What happened next is the subject of pop-culture legends.





P

revailing wisdom had it that game shows had worn out their welcome with the public. *Buzz*—wrong answer. *Wheel*, an outsized version of the kids' game hangman, was destined to make TV history with its success, revitalizing the game-show genre and breaking all ratings



records. Vanna's role, in showbiz jargon, is that of a "moving mannequin," that familiar living prop that game shows use to point out the prizes, applaud the contestants, commiserate with the losers and look pretty on the set. Somehow, she has risen above the job, becoming in a very real sense the heart—and the hub—of the *Wheel*.



W

hat puzzles the pundits who ponder the Vanna phenomenon is "What's her secret?"

Why should she receive an average of 300 fan letters every day? Why has a pop song been written (and recorded) about her? Why do parents name their daughters after her? ("In 15 years, everybody will be named Vanna," quips her co-host, Pat Sajak.) Those who know her say that audiences respond for the same reason her friends do: Vanna is warm, genuine, fun-loving—and pretty. And those qualities seem to come across as clearly on television as they do in real life.









K

atie Leishman, in her October 1986 *McCall's* cover story on Vanna, may have put her finger on the mystique of *Wheel of Fortune*—and its hostess: “*Wheel of Fortune* has it all: the hint of a dicey night life, of an afternoon at the mall, of self-indulgence and generosity, of pure luck and quick wit—and Vanna, a blonde who, depending on the lighting, the mood and the dress, can suggest all these possibilities.” *Newsweek's* February 9, 1987, cover story on the Vanna craze posed a rhetorical question: “What is Vanna White if not every adolescent (text continued on page 166)



"She had clearly established her reign as America's Sweetheart, the lettergirl next door."

male's dream girl? Who else could appear in a sequined, electric-pink strapless gown with stiletto heels and still project an innocence even a guy's mother would love? Vanna is Mary Poppins in Joan Collins' clothing."

Wheel of Fortune, reportedly the most popular game show in TV history, is seen twice daily in most cities: once in the morning, on NBC-TV, and again in syndication, to what Nielsen reports as a daily audience of 30,000,000. Among its legion of devotees—a vast group that defies demographic pigeonholing—are Mick Jagger and multimillionaire industrialist Armand Hammer. Soaking up the frothiest adulation in the mix is ever-bubbly Vanna. As Lewis Grossberger wrote in *Rolling Stone*, "Her personality shines through without benefit of speech. She's a cheerleader. Your own personal cheerleader. . . . She's a throwback to the kind of simple, sunny, apple-pie-sexy, all-American girl next door who'd be content to stay on the side lines cheering for someone else."

Not surprisingly, she rose from the South—specifically, North Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, from which she draws her sweet-hickory drawl. The first stop on the way to Hollywood was Atlanta, where she blossomed in beauty contests and modeled for department-store catalogs and calendars for auto-parts dealers. Then, in 1980, she packed her life into a U-Haul truck and, as showbiz beckoned, headed West. Early on—significant to the legend of Vanna—she was chosen as a contestant on *The Price Is Right*, that Methuselah of game shows, which, coincidentally, for more than a decade has featured May 1971 Playmate Janice Pennington as its hostess. Prizes eluded her, but bit parts in minor films (*Looker*, *Graduation Day*) cropped up. Between casting calls, she tended bar, continued to model and hoped for a shot at fortune.

Soon after she arrived in Los Angeles, Vanna met and became romantically involved with John Gibson, a soap-opera actor (*The Young and the Restless*) and exotic dancer at the well-known strip club Chippendales. Gibson, a longtime friend of Hugh Hefner's, took Vanna to Playboy Mansion West on their very first date. As the relationship grew more serious, Vanna and John became a part of the closely knit family of friends that frequent the Mansion on an almost daily basis.

It was John Gibson, who had himself posed for a Chippendales calendar and a nude pictorial in *Playgirl* magazine, who encouraged Vanna to model for Chippendales' line of mail-order lingerie and for

David Gurian and his Paradise Company. The Paradise lingerie ads featuring Vanna appeared in several publications in 1983, after she had started hostessing *Wheel of Fortune*, but no one seemed to notice.

The show's popularity increased steadily, though not yet spectacularly, as middle America took into its homes affable, quick-witted Pat Sajak and comely, supportive Vanna. Then came 1986 and the Emergence of Vanna. *PLAYBOY* took early note by bestowing upon her the distinction of best game-show hostess in a March feature titled *The Best*. She posed specially for a *Playboy Gallery* gatefold in the July issue. A poster, reminiscent of Jane Russell's famous haystack pose, was released soon after and sold more than 100,000 copies. *PLAYBOY* led off its *Sex Stars of 1986* feature in December with Vanna as "the number-one throb in the hearts of millions of her countrymen. . . ." In its year-end issue, *People* magazine, which had featured her on its August 25 cover, declared her celebrity's 1986 M.V.P. *Life* magazine remembered 1986 as a "year when game-show hostess Vanna White outshone the stars on the Great White Way."

At that point, she had clearly established her reign as America's Sweetheart, the lettergirl next door, as invigorating and accessible as a spring breeze. Her likeness graced the covers of practically every magazine this side of *National Geographic*. Even *The New York Times* took a break from pontification to muse on its editorial page last November, "Six months ago, the lives of most Americans were, if not complete, at least not impaired by failing to know who Vanna White is. Today it seems Miss White is everywhere, and those who don't know of her are, well, nowhere."

Now she is as ubiquitous as a traffic light. A second poster—this one a sultrier study in slinky black—promises to outsell its predecessor. This May, Warner Books will unveil *Vanna Speaks*, a combination autobiography and beauty guide. Then there are product endorsements (she reportedly receives an average of three offers a week). Being discussed: Vanna dolls (in Vanna vans), a Vanna Saturday-morning cartoon, Vanna brands of frozen yogurt and cookies. Already she has fronted for McDonald's McD.L.T. sandwich and stumped for a monthlong General Mills "Big G" cereals campaign. Spring Air mattresses, a perennial third in the coil wars, has just signed her to a two-year deal as its spokeswoman. "Her appeal is based on a quiet charm and personality," one Spring Air executive told *Crain's Chicago Business*. "A hometown

girl who has come through the ranks."

Her mettle was tested, tragically, last May, when boyfriend Gibson, with whom she was then sharing a new home, was killed when the small plane he was piloting crashed while landing at Van Nuys Airport. Resiliently, she endured the loss and displayed uncommon stoicism. "All I can do is keep moving," she told *McCall's*. "Keep working. It doesn't take any of the hurt or pain away. There are just some things that only time can help."

Now, one phenomenal year later, Vanna is as celebrated as a rock idol and is on the verge of reaping the tangible rewards of superstardom. Curiously, she feels her success may be threatened by a controversy over something that wouldn't have triggered a second thought just a few short years ago.

Last October, KABC-TV in Los Angeles ran a three-part minidocumentary on Vanna's career, including footage of her in Chippendales lingerie from one of her 1982 modeling assignments. It beamed the segments to affiliate stations around the country. To promote the show, KABC ran an ad in *TV Guide*, illustrated by a line drawing of Vanna in lingerie and promising "Vanna as you've never seen her before."

At the time she modeled the lingerie, Vanna had no reservations about appearing seminude. Recalls David Gurian, "I was working with many models back then, but Vanna was the best." And, he says, she requested copies of some of the photos as a present for Gibson. "She must have ordered 20 blowups for her boyfriend."

Soon after the photo session, Vanna was hired to become Pat Sajak's side-kick. Gurian put aside photography and went into another business venture. Then the August 25, 1986, issue of *People* went on sale. Gurian, realizing he had been sitting on a potentially historic portfolio that could be as important to this generation as the original Tom Kelley calendar shooting had been to Marilyn Monroe's three decades ago, called *PLAYBOY* that very day to say he had photographs of the woman on *People's* cover.

This pictorial was originally scheduled for our January 1987 Holiday Anniversary Issue, but at the request of Vanna and her manager, we delayed publication until this month, so as not to interfere with other business considerations and to coincide with the publication of her book. She had agreed as well to pose for a *PLAYBOY* cover for this issue, but when time to shoot it came, she expressed concern that the lingerie pictures would diminish her burgeoning commercial appeal.

Merv Griffin Enterprises, which produces *Wheel*, has reportedly used the impending publication of the photos to stall the renegotiation of her contract, though she receives only a fraction of her co-host's salary.

Similarly, as reported in *People*, Bristol-Myers, the personal-care-products

behemoth, has skittered away from a deal with Vanna to star in a health-and-beauty-tip video, believing, perhaps, that this pictorial might offend users of Ban roll-on deodorant.

The situation is sobering. In this atmosphere of renewed sexual repression, when the makers of Dr Pepper have allowed themselves to be coerced into dropping Dr. Ruth Westheimer as a spokesperson because they were barraged by a concerted letter-writing effort spearheaded by the Reverend Donald Wildmon and his fundamentalist followers, Vanna's fears are understandable. She's facing a question posed by the new Sexual McCarthyism: Are you now or have you ever been a nude (or very respectable seminude) model?

Does Vanna's status as folk heroine preclude her simply being a sexy woman? Must she be as one-dimensional as a stick figure in order to keep the approval of middle America? We don't think so. Fortunately, a formidable marketing company,

the Licensing Company of America, agrees. As this issue goes to press, it has just signed her to a multiyear representation agreement to market everything from dolls to clothing to greeting cards—all bearing Vanna's imprint. L.C.A., a division of Warner Communications,* has until now specialized in products featuring fictional characters such as Bugs Bunny, Superman and *Dynasty's* Alexis Carrington.

Will Vanna knock the socks off all those imaginary figures? Or are her fans as fickle as she fears? How will this story end? Only America can spin this wheel. We're betting Vanna will come up a winner.

*Among Warner Communications' other subsidiaries are Warner Bros., film makers, Warner Books (the publisher of *Vanna Speaks*) and, coincidentally, Warner Publisher Services, the national distributor of this magazine.



Graham
Wilson



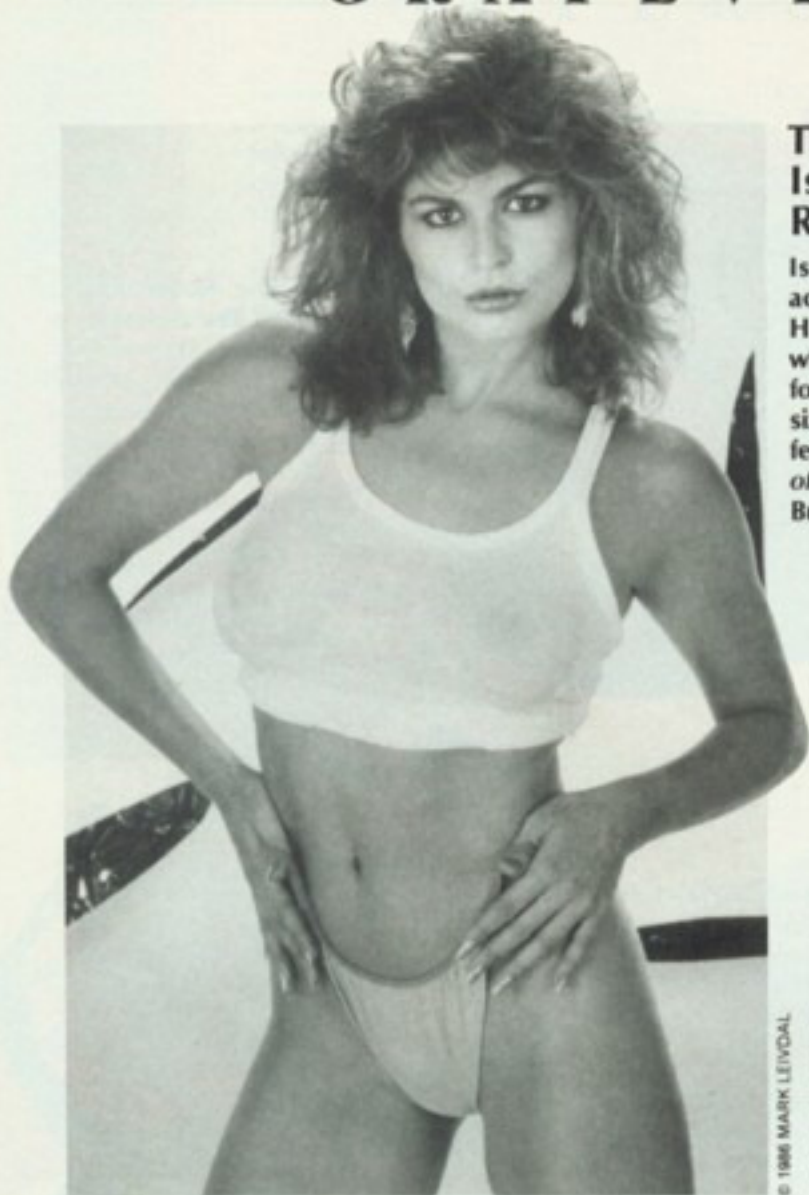
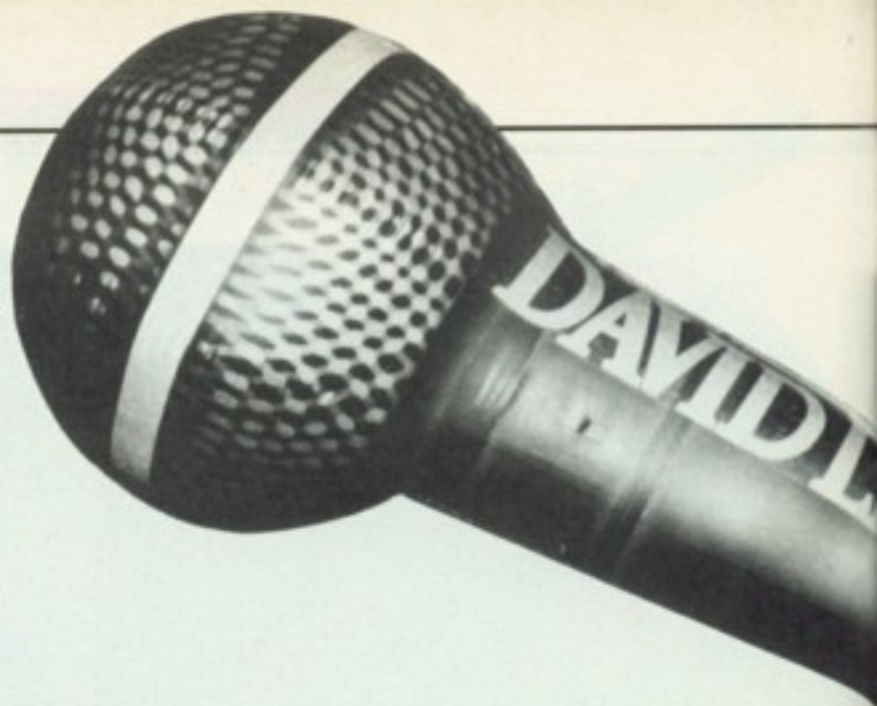
"The whole thing's much smaller than it seemed on TV."



"I'm a very busy woman—fix me up with someone who's a premature ejaculator."



Mina Garberg



This Hughes Is No Recluse

Is Canadian actress **BRENDA HUGHES** cute or what? She can be found poster-sized and in a feature film, *Land of Doom*. Go, Brenda!

© 1986 MARK LEVOAL

Feathering Her Nest

Here's a great shot of actress **DIANE LANE** from her new movie, *The Big Town*, which opens in August. She plays a night-club stripper and co-star Matt Dillon falls in love with her. Now that we've got your attention, you'll have to wait until the movie comes out to find out if she molts.



© 1986 STEVE SCHAPIRO / GAMMA-LIAISON

Kiss and Tell

The Stones' **RON WOOD** (left) and singer/producer **BOBBY WOMACK** have a secret. But not for long. They're recording an album together and Womack has taught Woody some serious vocal soul licks. Since the Stones aren't touring, Wood plans a solo tour after the album is finished. Listen up, Mick. If Woody can wail and Keith, Charley and Bill stay busy, who are you gonna go home to?



© 1986 JIM SPELLMAN / LONDON FEATURES INT'L



© 1988 ROSS MARINO

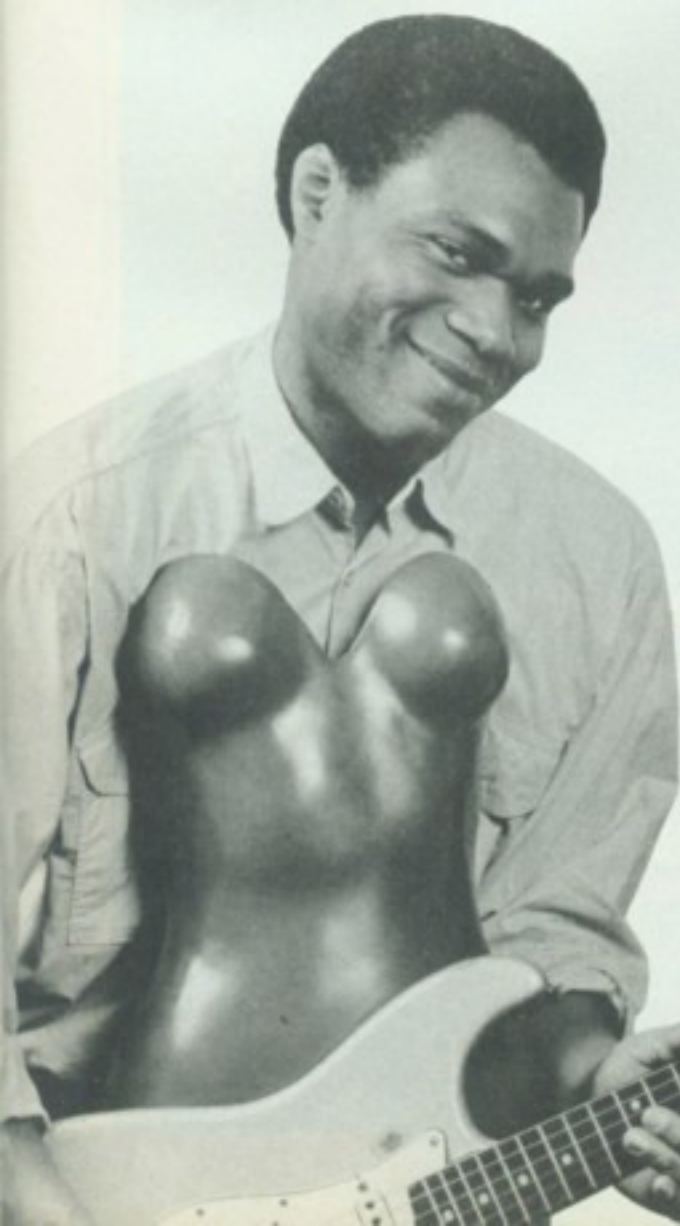
Inflation

We get a big kick out of DAVID LEE ROTH. He understands entertainment. The Eat 'Em and Smile tour is over, the album went double platinum, the videos are hot. Boys just want to have fun, too.

Those Lips, Those Eyes, That Breast

No doubt you've been asking yourself, "Who could ever replace Sylvia Kristel in *Emmanuelle*?" Here's the answer: MONIQUE GABRIEL. Monique saw an ad searching for a new *Emmanuelle* and won the role over 350 other contestants. This will be the heroine's fifth adventure on film and, judging from Monique, not her last.

© 1988 UWE OHMER / SYGMA



© 1988 PAUL NATRIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Blues in the News

Bluesman and guitar whiz ROBERT CRAY shows us that you don't have to get down. Cray is on tour with Huey Lewis, has jammed on the Grammys, visited Johnny Carson and appears on Tina Turner's HBO special.



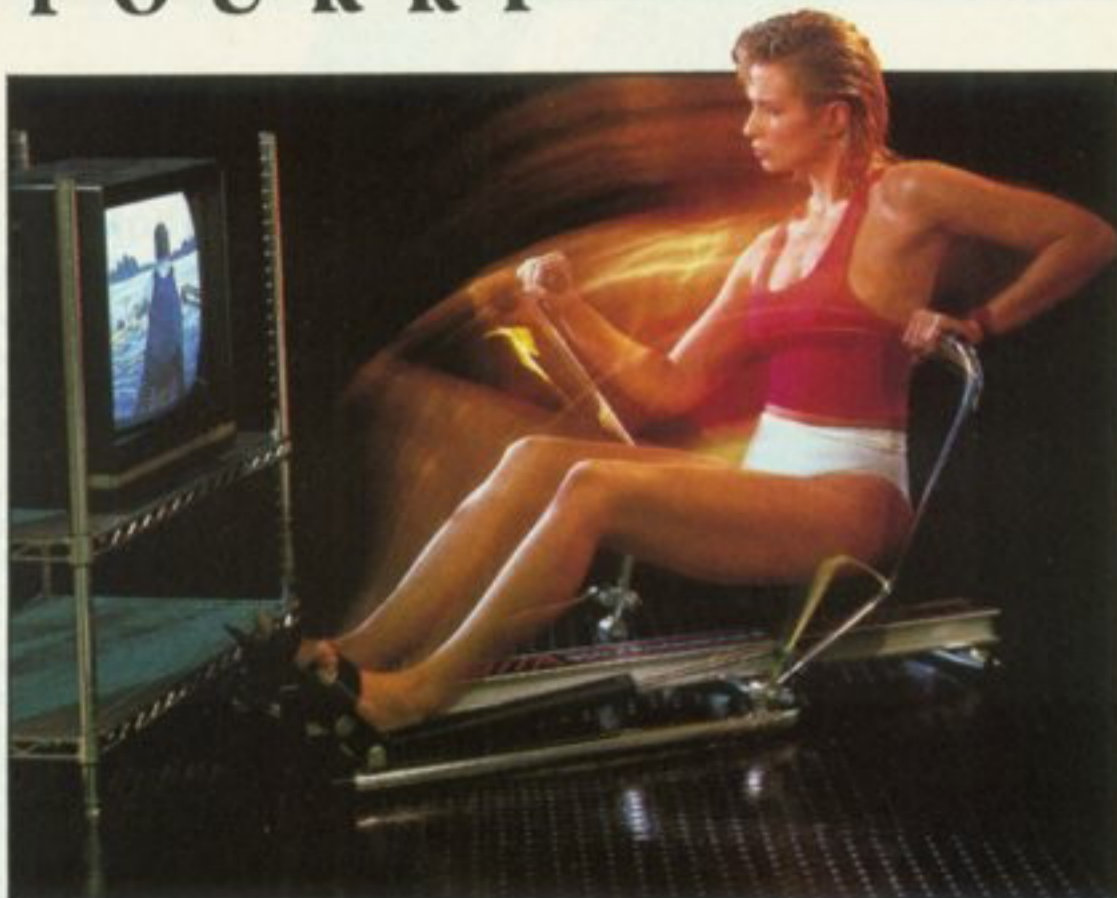
FIRST LADY OF CRIME

A *Woman of Mystery*, a new monthly newsletter devoted to annotating and providing background information on the detective novels of Agatha Christie, has just debuted; and if learning the toxicity of strychnine and how to brew a proper cup of English tea grabs you by the throat, then \$30 for a subscription will be well spent. Send it to *Wom'n*, P.O. Box 1616, Canal Street Station, New York 10013. A single issue is only \$3.



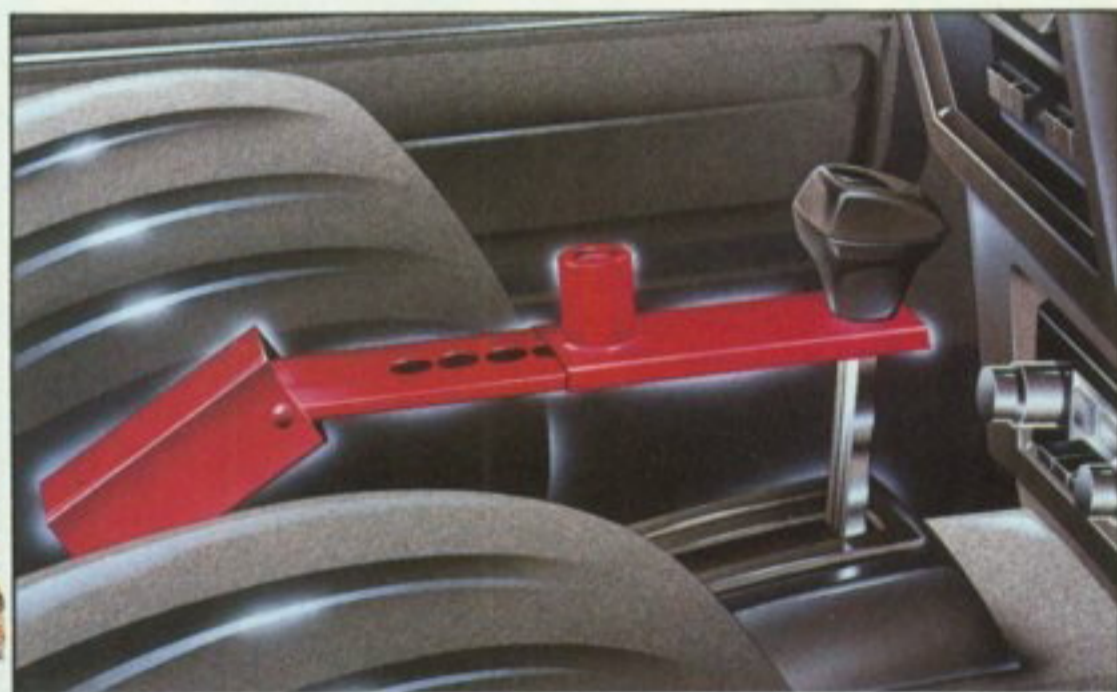
**JACK NICKLAUS:
EAT YOUR HEART OUT**

Just when all you duffers had figured you'd cornered the golfing market on every Yupwardly mobile product, from electric ball warmers to gold-plated putters, along comes the ultimate status symbol to brag about on the 19th hole—a genuine mink head cover for your driver that Panetta's Furs, 20633 Lomita Avenue, Saratoga, California 95070, is selling for only \$49.95, post-paid. And the price includes an appraisal—in case you want to frame it.



VIDEO SCULL SESSION

Bring the river to your rowing machine with *Power 10*, a one-hour-and-15-minute VHS or Beta video tape that puts you on Boston's Charles River as a member of the U.S. Olympic rowing team, seeing and hearing the splash of oars as you stroke in rhythm to the coaxing and coaching of bronze-medal-winning coxswain Seth Bauer. The tape begins with a warm-up and general info on rowing machines from Olympic rower Stephen Kiesling; then you're out on the river, with a choice of four workouts, from easy to advanced. The price: \$43.50, sent to New Pictures, P.O. Box 68618, Indianapolis, Indiana 46268. And no cold spray!



LOCKING UP WITH CAR LOCK

We're not claiming that CarLock will keep your cherished chariot from being stolen, but it is an alternative to expensive burglar alarms that's worth considering. The unit, which fits most cars with console gearshifts (both manual and automatic) and parking brakes, locks your car in gear with the parking brake on simultaneously. Aside from combating theft and towing, it also helps prevent the radio from being removed if your gearshift is mounted close to the dashboard. And the CarLock is made of hardened steel with a shroud around the lock cylinder, which can't be easily cut or picked. (CarLock comes with two coded keys and a key-registration card.) The price: \$29.95, from BluePoint Industries, Inc., 3331 County Line Road, Chalfont, Pennsylvania 18914.

PUTTING ON THE DOG BISCUITS

Only in Palm Beach would somebody make hand-baked natural-ingredient dog biscuits (whole-wheat flour and molasses, among other veddy tasty fixings) in the shape of a 1954 Bentley. A quarter pound of this status canine treat, called Molly's P.B.D.B.'S, packaged in a plastic bag, will cost you a mere \$5, sent to Rolling in Dough, P.O. Box 2037, Palm Beach, Florida 33480. With all the discretionary income around these days, we'd say the enterprise should be a howling success.



LAUGH, UNEMPLOYED CLOWN, LAUGH

Suggestion number 17 in *The Job Interview Jokebook: 101 Ways to Turn the Tables on Insulting Interviewers* is appropriate: "While the job interviewer studies your application with a frown . . . browse through a copy of *PLAYBOY* and grunt approvingly at the pictures." This and 100 other corporate counterpunches, all for only \$6.70, sent to Zone Press, 2554 Lincoln Boulevard, Marina Del Rey, California 90291. The book may not land you a job, but you'll have the last laugh.



THE BACKSIDE OF PARADISE

Back in 1986, we featured Houston artist Adam St. John's Remember the Alamo Chair, a limited-edition sculpture on which you could also sit. Now St. John has created the Paradise Chair (also a limited edition), depicting on its back a tropical house shaded by tall palm trees. "My goal as an artist is to design pieces that open a new dimension of experience to those who use or view them," says St. John. At \$4000, from St. John at ASJ Associates, 2615 Waugh Drive, Suite 216, Houston 77006, a purchase will also open your wallet.

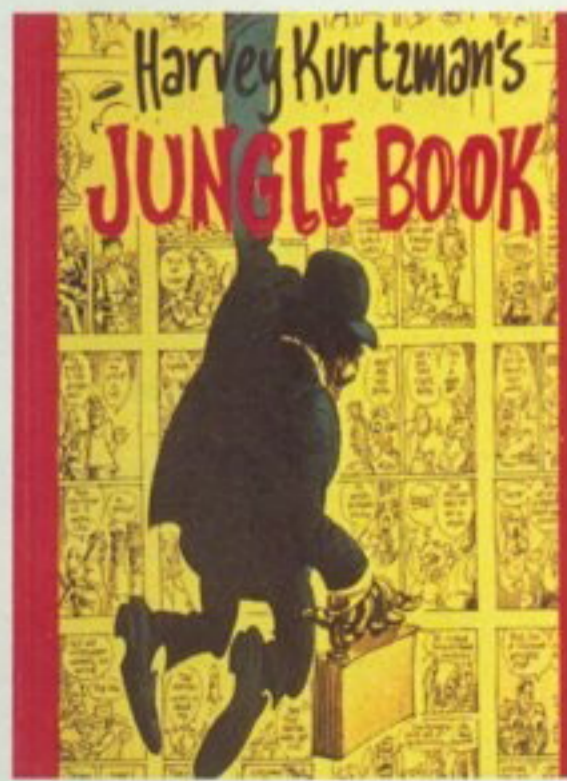


READY TEDDY

For those cold nights when you don't have a warm date, there's Hot Teddy, a 24"-tall ribless-corduroy Teddy bear that doubles as a hot-water bottle. Hot Teddy's innards are a sack that you fill and stuff back into his cuddly bod. Harmony Toy Company, 2086 Harmony Road, Bellingham, Washington 98226, offers the bear in blue or Burgundy for \$32.95, postpaid. And come the morning after, Hot Teddy can be stuffed with crushed ice, too.

IT'S A JUNGLE OUT THERE

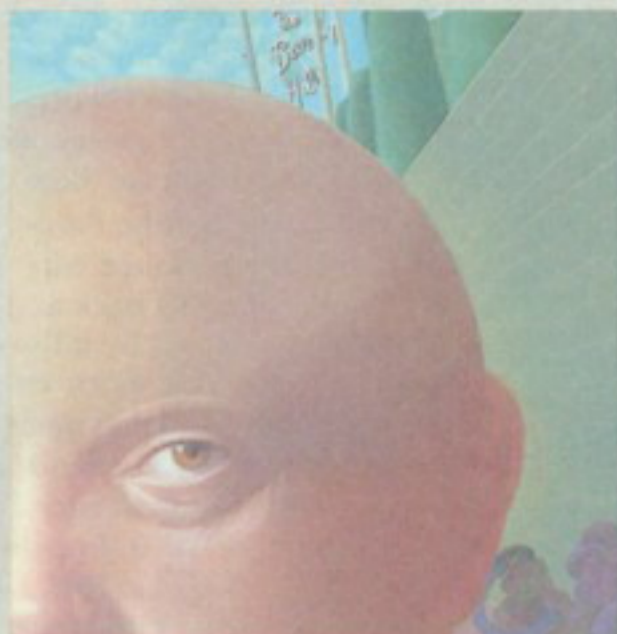
Back in 1959, a little-known genius named Harvey Kurtzman published a paperback modestly titled *Harvey Kurtzman's Jungle Book*, and the rest is comic history. Kurtzman went on to become the father of *Little Annie Fanny*, and *Jungle* became a rare commodity, commanding princely sums at comic auctions. Now Kitchen Sink Press, 2 Swamp Road, Princeton, Wisconsin 54968, has reprinted the *Jungle Book* in hardcover: An edition is \$25, and a limited edition (200) signed by Kurtzman is \$35. We say, go for broke—Kurtzman's signature is worth ten bucks.



NEXT MONTH



WINNER



PARDONER



EGRET



JENILEE

"THE MERCANTILE TUBE"—FORGET GOING TO THE BANK, LET ALONE THE MALL. YOU CAN LEARN TO MANAGE, AND SPEND, YOUR MONEY JUST BY WATCHING TV. **JERRY STAHL** INTRODUCES THE FINANCIAL EVANGELISTS AND **BILL ZEHME** REVIEWS HOME-SHOPPING SHOWS

"PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR"—HERE SHE COMES, THE WOMAN YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR: THE QUEEN OF THE PAST DELIGHTFUL DOZEN

"JENILEE HARRISON"—YOU LOVED HER ON *THREE'S COMPANY*, THEN ON *DALLAS*. OUR CAMERAS CAPTURE MORE THAN THE NETWORKS HAVE

"THE PARDONER'S TALE"—YES, WE KNOW, CHAUCER WROTE ONE, BUT HIS WASN'T ABOUT A COMPUTER HACKER. A 21ST-CENTURY SCIENCE-FICTION STORY BY **ROBERT SILVERBERG**

"THE IRANSCAM FOLLIES"—ANOTHER HELPING OF HILARIOUSLY CAPTIONED PHOTOS DISHED UP BY **GERALD GARDNER**

WHOOPI GOLDBERG CLEARS UP THE MYSTERIES SURROUNDING HER PAST, DISCUSSES DRUGS,

WELFARE MOTHERHOOD AND THE BURDENS OF BEING FEMALE AND BLACK AND EXPLAINS WHY SHE'S NO COMEDIENNE IN A TOUGH **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

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