

PLAYBOY

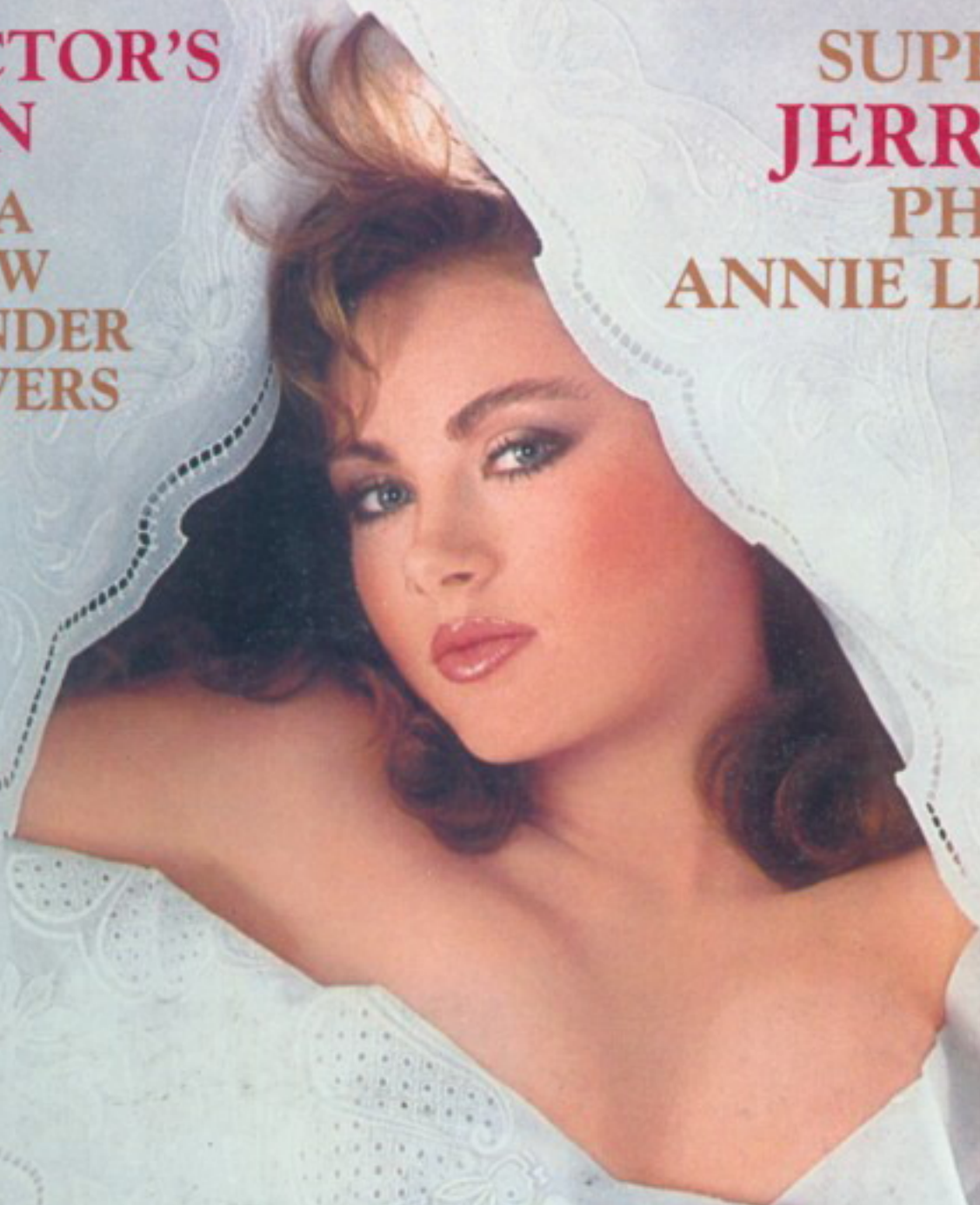
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1985 • \$3.50

**COLLECTOR'S
EDITION**

THERE'S A
BOLD NEW
LOOK UNDER
OUR COVERS

**SUPERMODEL
JERRY HALL**
PHOTOS BY
ANNIE LEIBOVITZ



**JOHN DELOREAN FINALLY GETS CROSS • EXAMINED
PLUS TOM MCGUANE • DAN JENKINS • ROBERT STONE
BUCK HENRY • ROSANNA ARQUETTE • BOB GREENE**

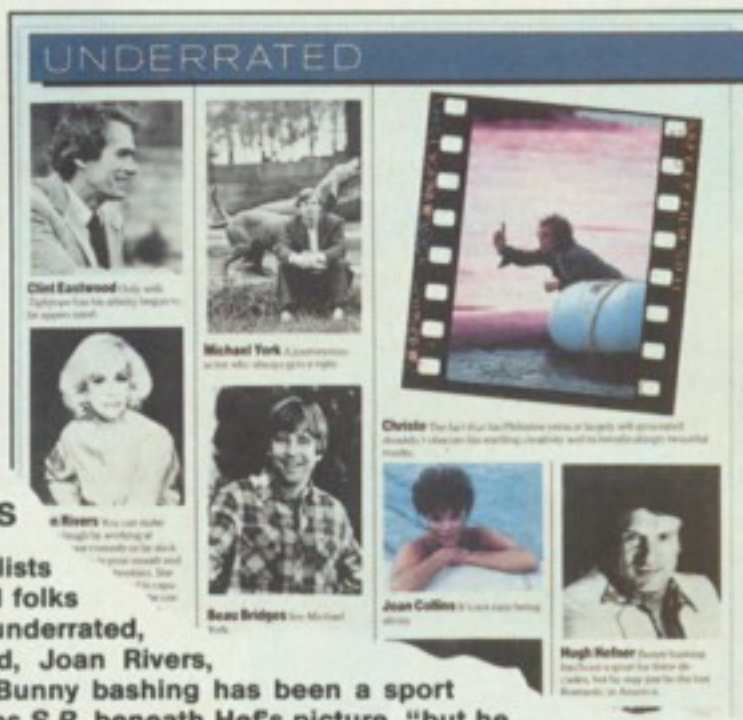
THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



GOOD COMPANY FOR CLINT AND TWO JOANS

April's *Saturday Review* lists 21 overrated celebs and 21 folks the magazine considers underrated, including Clint Eastwood, Joan Rivers, Joan Collins and Hef. "Bunny bashing has been a sport for three decades," opines S.R. beneath Hef's picture, "but he may just be the last Romantic in America." Not the last—we're all romantics here. Too bad that noblest of philosophies had to be a little out of style before this happened. Could it be that the world's becoming a little more romantic?



PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PENMANSHIP

At our All-America weekend in Florida, quarterback Robbie Bosco flexes his golden arm (below) for Jay Litt, general manager of the Sheraton Bal Harbour Hotel, and Terry Bradshaw (left). See this month's *Pigskin Preview* for more info.



TEN-HUT!

In 1966, Playmate of the Year Jo Collins visited the 173rd Airborne Brigade in Vietnam. In 1985, Jo and General William Westmoreland (above) met at the 173rd's reunion. Guess who got more attention there?



GOOD COMPANY FOR VANNA AND CIS

Fight Night at Playboy Mansion West finds the pale rider above flanked by two tanned lovelies—Vanna White (left) of TV's *Wheel of Fortune* and Cis Rundle, Matt Houston's secretary on TV, one of Hef's in real life.

TWO FOR PLAYBOY

At right, our artwork for Lawrence Sanders' *By the Dawn's Early Light*, which won the Mystery Writers of America's Edgar. Below, PLAYBOY's brand-new National Magazine Award for Fiction.



THAR SHE GLOWS

It wasn't as fast as her new Toyota Playmate, but the outrigger woman-named by her fellow Playmates got Karen Velez (left, in blue satin) to the Playmate of the Year party on time. With Tahitian decor and entertainment by U.T.A. French Airlines, the bash was as bona fide as Karen's smile.

DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

What's the funniest thing that ever happened to you in bed?

I was in Acapulco with my boyfriend. It's very tropical and warm there. The doors were open in our house on a hill. We were in the bedroom making love. I was on top of him. All of a sudden, he said, "Don't move." I said, "What's the matter?" He said, "Just don't move." This went on for a few minutes, and I started to get scared. He sounded so serious. Since I was on top, he just sat up and carried me off the bed. I was afraid that I had hurt him or something. I kept saying, "What's wrong, what's wrong?" He pointed to the ceiling directly above the bed and said, "Look." I looked up and there was a scorpion. *Now it's a funny story.*



Roberta Vasquez
ROBERTA VASQUEZ
NOVEMBER 1984

It wasn't funny when it happened, but in retrospect it is. I was playing with my lover. He was lying in bed and I had just gotten out of the shower. I went to run toward him, you know, like I was Superman, to jump on top of him in bed. I startled him and he doubled up as I went flying over and hit my face on the bedpost. I broke my nose in four places. It was a mess, blood all over the place. He thought it was hysterical. I kind of went into shock. It put an end to my romantic feelings for the day. I can laugh about it now, but at the time, it was pretty traumatic. My advice is walk, don't run to bed!



Debi Nicolle Johnson
DEBI NICOLLE JOHNSON
OCTOBER 1984

When I was a teenager, it was always pretty strange and funny to have my mother walk in on me. She used to tell us we could do what we wanted to—just not in our house. But, of course, whenever she was out, my boyfriend and I would go to our house. She walked in and caught us several times. That was always good for a laugh. I knew she wouldn't punish me, because she was very open about sex. She just didn't want it flaunted in her face, which I understood, but it happened anyway. The second time she caught me, she put her hands to her head and said, "My children are nymphomaniacs! What did I do wrong?" But she hadn't done anything wrong. She raised us to be healthy, feeling human beings without sexual hang-ups. So she was pretty funny about catching me.



Tracy Vaccaro
TRACY VACCARO
OCTOBER 1983

I was seeing an actor for a while. He was working on something and he had to be up and out very early in the morning, between five and six A.M. I got to his house late one night and he looked at the clock as we got into bed and said, "OK, I've got eight minutes to do this and come." I thought he was joking. He did it in five minutes, looked at the clock and said, "Great, I have three minutes to spare." He rolled over and went to sleep. It's funny now, but I was livid then. It was the last time I ever saw him. That's one of those things I really hate. When a guy has sex with me, rolls over and goes to sleep, that's the last time I see that guy!



Liz Stewart
LIZ STEWART
JULY 1984

About the funniest thing that has ever happened to me in bed was falling out of it. I was having an evening at home with my boyfriend—you know, watching TV but not really watching; just playing around, being affectionate. All of a sudden, the playing around got a little rough and we fell. If you are having fun, you may as well go for it. But no clown sex or unexpected phone calls for me. I have only one-to-one relationships in my life, so nothing too strange ever happens to me. You have to be able to laugh at everything, even if you get embarrassed.



Venice Kong
VENICE KONG
SEPTEMBER 1985

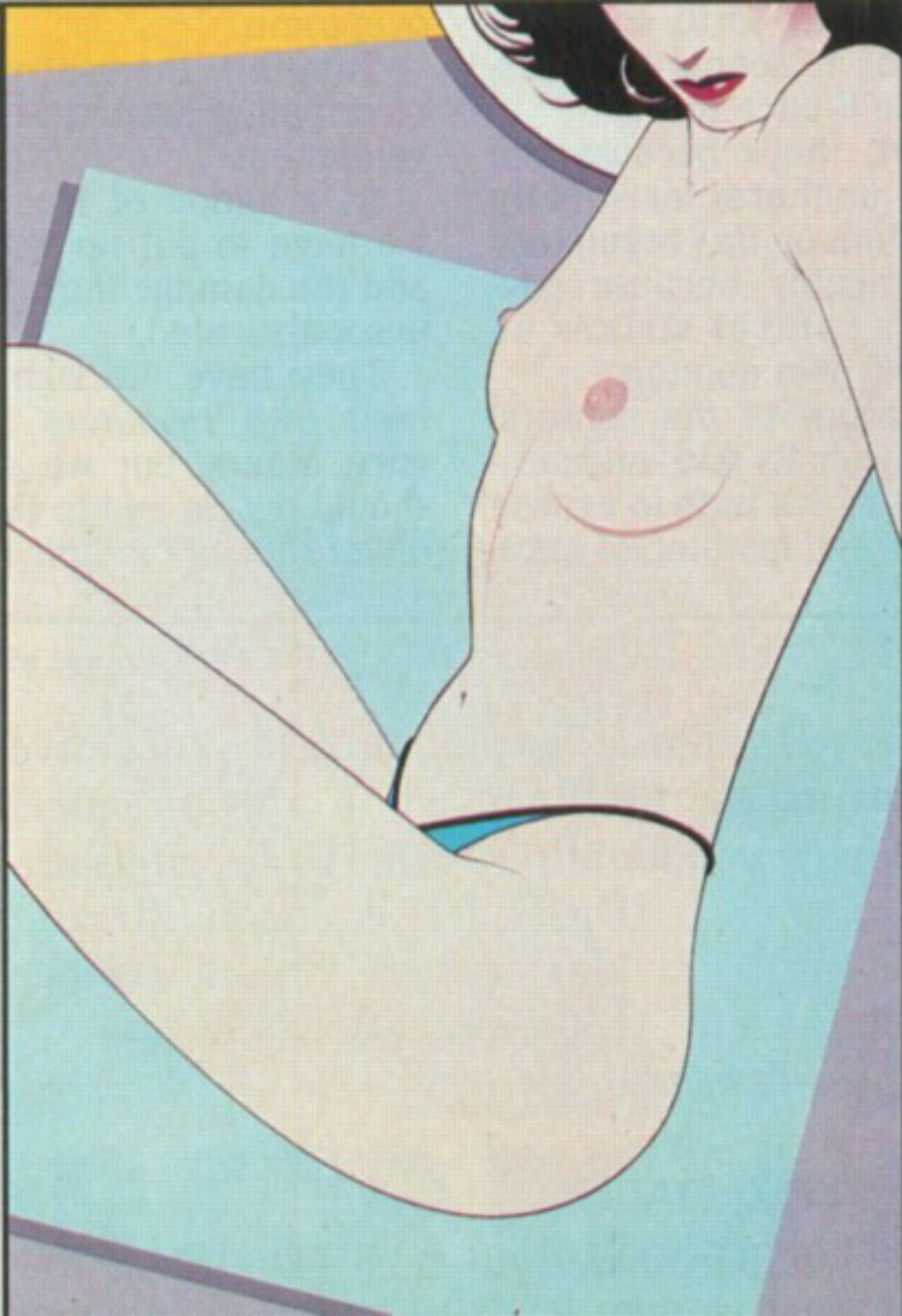
I used to go with a guy who was a very funny person. We laughed all the time about everything. Once, when we were having sex, his Chinese room separator fell down on us. We couldn't get out from under all the shattered plastic pieces. The cat must have jumped off it and made it fall. I thought it was hysterically funny. He didn't laugh at all, and this was a man with a terrific sense of humor. All of a sudden, he was very serious. Maybe it was valuable. I don't think sex should be so serious that you aren't able to have a giggle here and a laugh there because you are feeling good. That's what you do when you're having a good time *out* of bed, right?



Lesa Ann Pedriana
LESA ANN PEDRIANA
APRIL 1984

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.





*from bardot
to monroe,
jerry hall
does them all*



HALL OF MIRRORS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ





The famous Jane Russell pose above is Jerry's favorite: "I lost my virginity in a haystack," says she. Our opener was her homage to Brigitte Bardot; on the facing page, she's a vibrant Vargas girl.

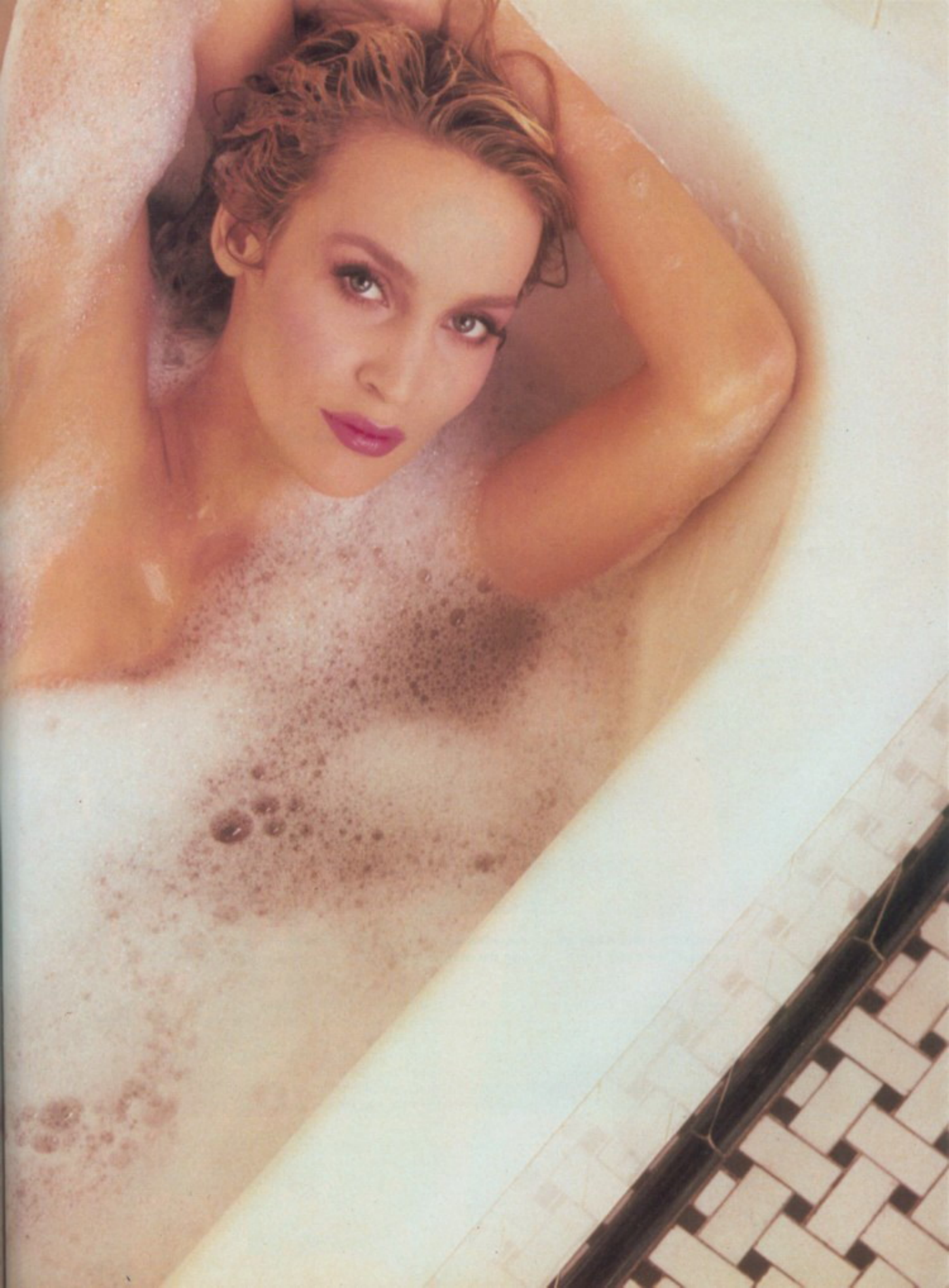
REMEMBER the pinup girls of the Forties and Fifties? Sweet but not too sweet. Risqué but not too revealing to be displayed in barbershops and gas stations. Jerry Hall remembers. Before she became a world-famous fashion model and "the boss" in Mick Jagger's life, she was an ardent stu-

dent of pinup photography. "I spent hours," she says, "looking at pinup calendars, the Frederick's of Hollywood catalog and the Vargas girls." It just so happens that celebrity photographer Annie Leibovitz also loves the pinup, and when she and Jerry worked together in Rio



"Mmm, the bubble-bath shot," says Jerry.
"An old standard, but so pretty with the
white bubbles. I think it's Annie's favorite."







"We started out to do a take-off on Marlene Dietrich," Jerry says of the photo above, "but it reminds me more of the *PLAYBOY* Femlin." At right she unwraps what Mick, lucky guy, gets for Christmas.

(where Leibovitz was documenting the making of videos for Jagger's new album), the two decided to collaborate on recreating some of the classic pinup poses. "At first, we were just doing it for fun, as satire," says Leibovitz, "but Jerry became more serious about it. After shooting a

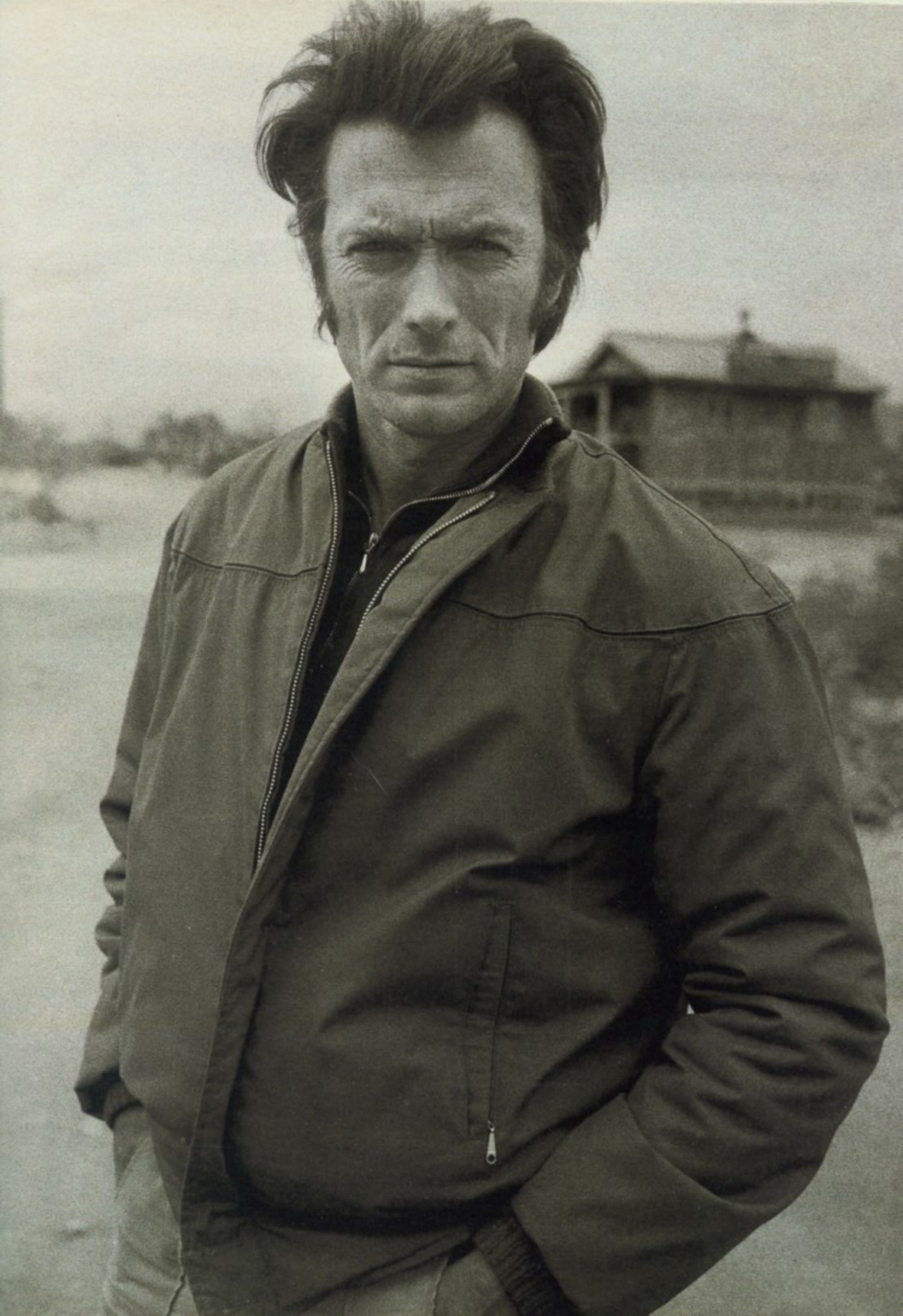
dozen or so poses, we thought, Hey, let's see if we can get them published." They'll be available in calendar form later this month from Workman Publishing Company, Inc., but if you buy the calendar, you won't see the photo of Jerry for December that you see in our exclusive prepeek.



Leibovitz says Jerry "loves to be photographed, just like Marilyn Monroe, who had a lifelong romance with the camera."







The Case of the Purloined Panties



can a small-town girl find happiness in the big city when someone steals her underwear? stay tuned for a playmate's plight

CYNTHIA BRIMHALL'S day has gotten off to a bad start. She's in a dither of indignation as she huffs in, ten minutes late, for lunch at Le Dôme restaurant. "You won't believe what happened to me this morning," she says in a grandly theatrical style, somewhat reminiscent of Lucille Ball—a very sexy Lucille Ball—in a snit. While





HARRY LANGDON



Apollonia (top right) is one of Cindy's best friends in L.A. They had been working together as models long before Prince and "Purple Rain" made Apollonia a star. Above, they check ad shots with boutique owner Ellene Warren (center).

her eyes roll heavenward, the eyes of many in the restaurant are focused on her microminidress. "Some pervert stole all my underwear," she explains. "All of it."

Apparently, Thursday is laundry day *chez* Brimhall, which is a smallish condo done entirely in pink—"a doctor friend told me pink weakens men"—in West Hollywood, a city well known for its enthusiastic acceptance of alternative lifestyles. The 300 condos in her complex share one large laundry room, which, of course, was where Cynthia was washing her prized collection of lingerie. The last she saw of it was when she put it into the dryer. An hour or so later, when she returned to the laundry room, it







was gone. "Someone is actually walking around that complex in my panties," she says. She's not sure whether the culprit is male or female, gay or straight—her building, befitting the area, is full of eccentrics, would-be showbiz types, flamboyant gays, retirees and numerous occupants of Hollywood's fast track. Any one of them could be guilty, she says.

"You know, I really have expensive taste in lingerie. Some of it was even from Rome. I don't indulge myself in a lot of things, but underwear







"People get the impression that I'm wild sometimes," says Cindy. "I don't know; maybe it's the way I dress or dance or something. But I'm not like that. I'm not into group sex or anything. I'm really a down-to-earth type of girl."

is one of my vices," she sighs. "I guess it's one of my neighbors' vices, too."

Chalk another lesson up to life in the big city. As Cindy is only too happy to report, such things never happened in Ogden, Utah, where she grew up. In fact, nothing much seemed to happen in Ogden. As the youngest of five children, Cindy was spared from even the usual household chores. "No one ever let me do *anything*," she complains. "All I got to do was stir the gravy. I'm the best gravy stirrer in the world."

Stirring gravy just wasn't enough to keep Cindy in Utah. She wanted a modeling career and, even more important, she



craved excitement. Los Angeles offered her both, in abundance.

"I like colorful people," she says. "I like people who are different." And that seems to be what she surrounds herself with. Sitting in her tiny pink condo, she points to some water colors she recently completed. "I have this friend named Lori. That's a picture of her right over there that I painted," she says. "She shaves her head." Indeed, the woman in the picture is as bald as Yul Brynner; but since she's in the nude, there's little danger of *(text concluded on page 200)*



MISS OCTOBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Cynthia Brimhall

BUST: 36 WAIST: 25 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'8 1/2" WEIGHT: 125

BIRTH DATE: 3/10/64 BIRTHPLACE: Ogden, Utah

WHAT TURNS YOU ON? Real estate, pointed nostrils, my country!

WHAT MAKES YOU LAUGH? Everything, but as long as I don't point and laugh, don't worry.

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITE ENTERTAINERS? David Lee Roth, Apollonia, Prince, Eddie Murphy... Children

WHAT'S YOUR DREAM FUTURE? That someday I will be madly in love with a man and we share a huge white ranch + seven little boys (that we've made) and I'll sit on the lawn in the shade while my husband and boys do those manly things men do around a ranch

WHAT'S THE MOST IMPORTANT LESSON YOU'VE LEARNED? That life in the fast lane - i.e., fast cars, faster men + flash cash - leaves me bored & feeling empty. I need my family and friends to get me high on life... not drugs!

WHAT MAKES YOU FEEL GUILTY? Missing a workout, spending too much \$ on myself.

WHEN YOU WERE A KID, WHAT GOT YOU INTO THE MOST TROUBLE? Numerous dr. appointments, telling the truth



A picture as clueless as the grin on my face.



Jr. prom. The night I almost....



A sunny afternoon, I was to meet John Paul here at the Vat for lunch - Strange he never showed.

Purloined Panties

(continued from page 120)

confusing them. Lori rides a motorcycle and tends bar at a local club that caters to people who live on the edge, though it's sometimes difficult to tell exactly which edge they are living on. "You go in there and make your own guess," Cindy says with a shrug. "I just go and stare, even though it's not polite. Of course, Lori is about as colorful as you want your friends to get before you don't want to drink out of their Pepsi glasses."

Cindy likes to balance that side of her life with a stable relationship. Currently, it's with Frank, a 22-year-old who lives with his parents and works in the family drapery business.

"He's from Havana, and he has beautiful blue eyes. He really thinks a lot of his mother, and he has respect for his father. Those are really good qualities, and not a lot of men have them, you know.

"I don't ever go out with men and have casual sex. That's gross. Still, I think sex is one of the best things you can do. It's better than money. I'd much rather have a poor boy who was good in bed than a rich one who just bought me things. In fact, if you gave me a choice between an unlimited supply of money or the best sexual experiences, I'd go for the sex.

"To have sex with someone who is on drugs is the worst. It's such a burn to me if a man has been drinking or indulging in anything but my perfume before he makes love to me. I can't stand it."

Cindy's distaste for drugs is so strong that she's been known to leave antidrug messages on her telephone answering machine. Her feelings come in part from watching friends who, like her, came from small towns to try modeling in L.A.

"I have two girlfriends who are here modeling, and they are just wrecks. I can't even talk to them. I want to tell them, 'Don't go out. Don't just drink and party. Stay home, paint, read a book.'"

Because of those women and some of the other things she's seen, Cindy has found herself altering her plans in the year and a half she's been in L.A. "In terms of my career, I don't even want to do movies or anything else I thought I wanted to. What I want to do is have seven baby boys and a huge white ranch house. A successful marriage is one of the biggest accomplishments you can have in life."

Of course, that doesn't mean that Cindy will be phasing such people as bald Lori out of her life. "I can get along with all types," explains Cindy. "That's what you're supposed to do. I think the most important lesson I could ever teach a child would be to accept people. There's really no right or wrong, except for the individual. But some people just don't seem to accept that."



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A young married couple left the sex therapist's office determined to develop more effective body language.

"OK," the husband said, "when I *want* sex, I'll rub your right breast. When I *don't* want sex, I'll rub your left breast."

"Fine," his wife replied, "but what about me?"

"When you *want* sex, rub my penis once. When you *don't* want sex, rub my penis five hundred times."

What's boffo box office among anorexics? *Satiabile*.



Looking for a cool one after a long, dusty ride, the drifter strode into the saloon. As he made his way through the crowd to the bar, a man galloped through town screaming, "Big Mike's comin'! Run for your lives!"

Suddenly, the saloon doors burst open. An enormous man, standing eight feet tall and weighing 400 pounds, rode in on a bull. Grabbing the drifter by the ankle and throwing him over the bar, the giant thundered, "Gimme a drink!"

The terrified fellow handed over a bottle of whiskey, which the man guzzled in one gulp and then smashed on the bar. The drifter stood aghast as the man stuffed the broken bottle in his mouth, munched broken glass and smacked his lips with relish.

"Can I, ah, get you another, sir?" the drifter stammered.

"Naw, I gotta git," the man grunted. "Big Mike's comin'."

What's boffo box office among marching bands? *Desperately Seeking Sousa*.

"I'm sorry to phone so early in the morning," the doctor apologized, "but I've got some news for you. Which would you rather hear first—the bad news or the *very* bad news?"

"Start with the bad," said the nervous patient.

"Well," the doctor began, "the diagnosis is that you've got twenty-four hours to live."

The doomed man gasped, then recovered enough to ask, "What's the *very* bad news?"

"I couldn't get you on the phone yesterday."

What's boffo box office among milkmaids? *Pail Rider*.

Tell you what," the haberdasher said to a persistent job applicant. "I've got one suit I can't sell—that purple, green and yellow number over there. If you can make that sale, you've not only got the job, you've got it for life."

Then the store owner left for lunch. When he returned, he was shocked to see the young man's clothes in tatters and his hands and face bleeding.

"My God, what happened to you?"

"I sold the suit! I sold the suit!" the young man shouted, a smile on his bloodied lips.

"Congratulations," the haberdasher said. "Did the customer put up a fight?"

"Oh, no," the new salesman replied. "But his Seeing Eye dog was *pissed*."

What's boffo box office among Avon ladies? *Behind the Screen Door*.

A wealthy couple, hit hard by a spate of bad investments, was trying to find ways to save money. Things turned acrimonious when neither the superpatriot husband nor his nymphomaniacal wife was willing to give up anything.

"If you learned how to cook," sneered the husband, "we could get rid of the chef."

"If you learned how to make love," his wife retorted, "we could get rid of the flagpole."

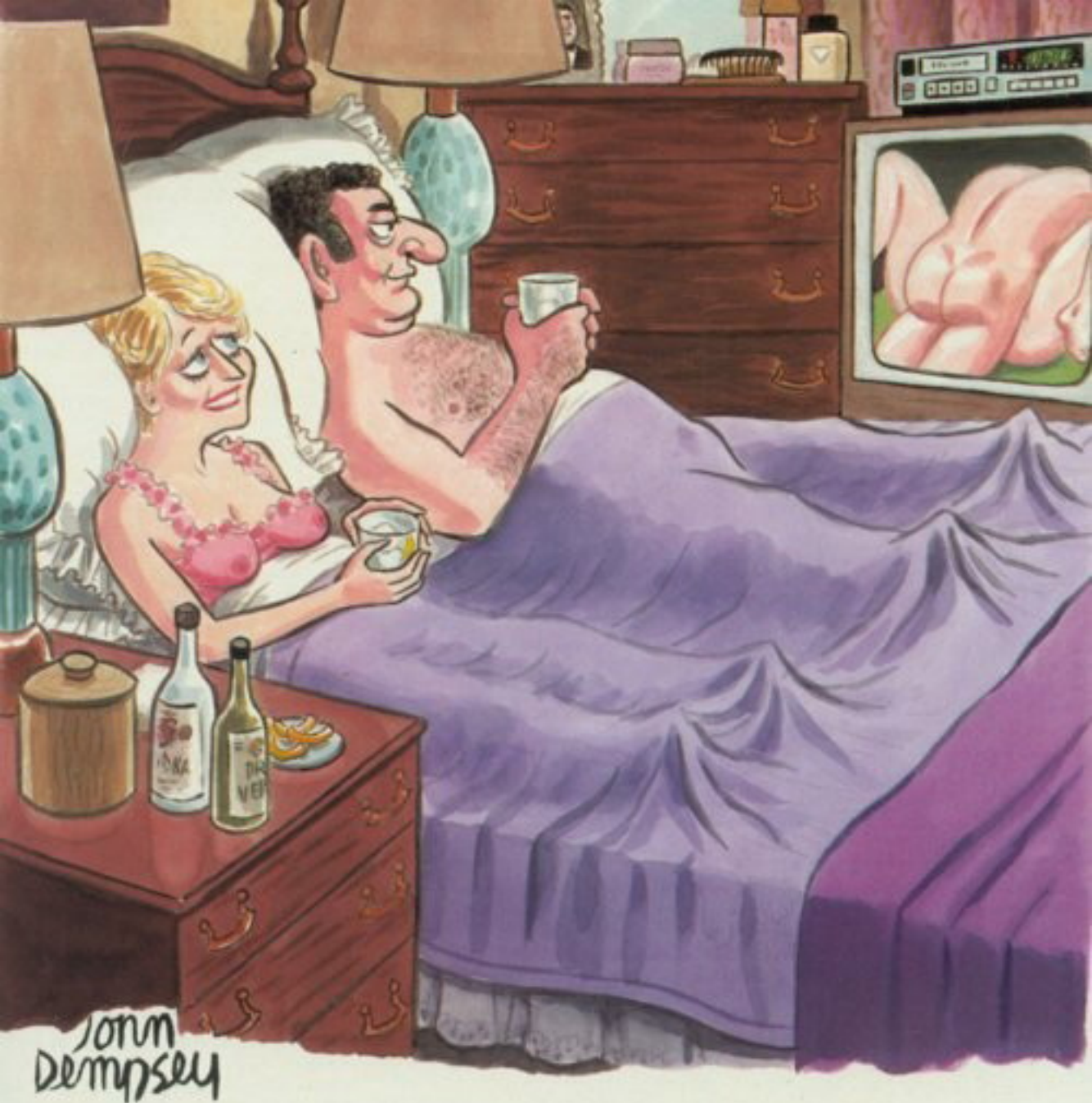


Shirley Neiman

What's boffo box office among urologists? *E.T.—The Extra Testicle*.

Studying the gay-bar scene, a team of sex researchers asked 50 male homosexuals and 50 lesbians what they liked most about sex. The overwhelming response from the boys: "Tastes great!" And from the girls: "Less filling!"

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.



"Could we watch 'Gone with the Wind' tomorrow night, honey?"

Graham Wilson



"Gee, we have had the most awful luck with this room!"





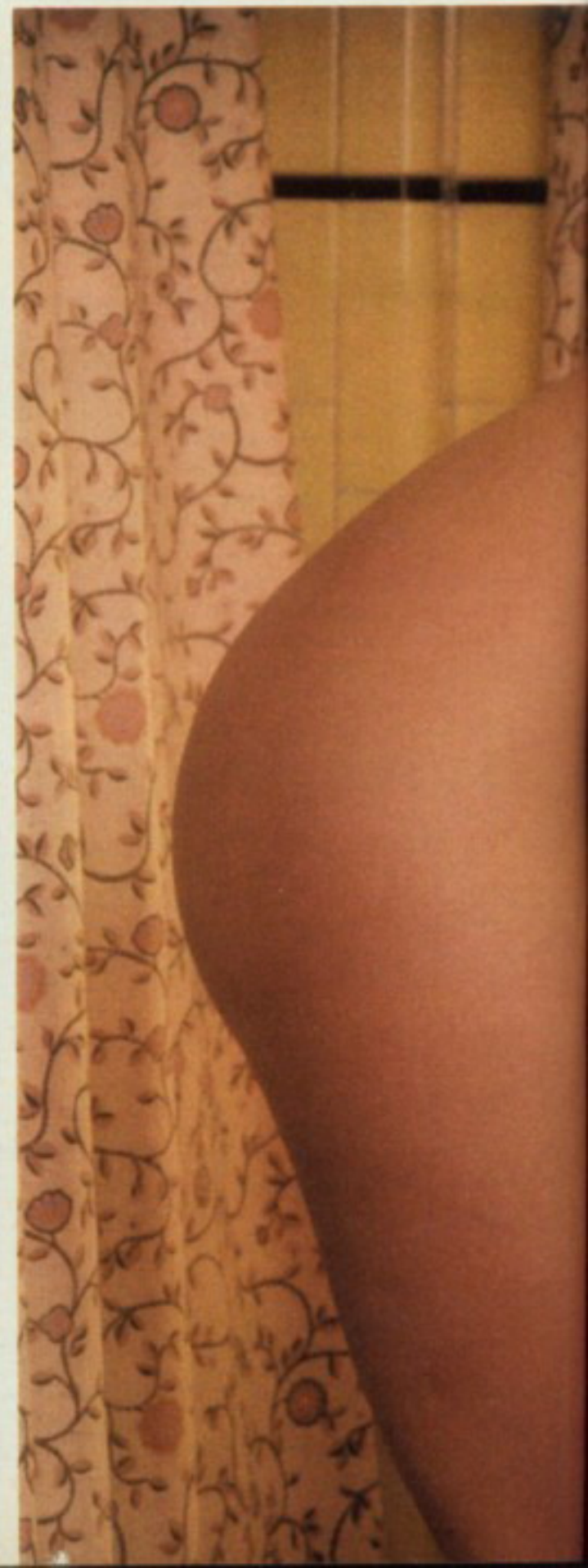
Kids today: In a rare turn of events, students at Oregon State University throw a pro-PLAYBOY celebration. Our favorite sign (partly visible) says BOYCOTTS ARE ETYMOLOGICALLY SEXIST. Perhaps we should hire that writer. Among Pac 10 students who ignored picket lines was C. C. Shanahan (right), Stanford. Kendra Lee Crass (below right) is an OSU sophomore who enjoys aerobics and weight lifting.

*fantastic pics, prudish pickets
and the pick of the pack*

GIRLS OF THE PAC 10

WE LIKE TO visit the campuses of the Pac 10. Nowhere else in America do you encounter such extreme examples of the dualism of mind and body. On one hand, you have the West Coast mania for physical fitness, the pride of body and grace that leads some women to pose for PLAYBOY. On the other hand, you have the full-tilt feminist sensibility of N.O.W. groups and the strangle-hold intensity of fundamentalist Christians, proclaiming that nudity is either a political crime or a sin. During our latest search for coed beauty, protesters picketed hotels where PLAYBOY photographers were interviewing prospective models. Some people tried to tie up hotel switchboards by phoning in for fake appointments. Others pushed computer-printed handbills under hotel doors to warn guests of what was going on down the hall. The most pompous circulated rhetoric-laden petitions: "We, the undersigned members of the Stanford community, would like to express our objections to PLAYBOY's visit to Stanford. While not the most heinous of pornographers, PLAYBOY reinforces sex stereotypes by portraying women as sexual objects and thus furthers inequality in our society." We would publish the signatories' names, but why bother? We suspect they're the same people who will be lining up to buy this issue, the same guys who walk a picket line with a sign that says that they are PROSEX, PRONUDITY, PRO-EROTICA, ANTIPORN. Our point, give or take a little, but why split pubic hairs? PLAYBOY photographers David Mecey and David Chan braved picket lines to find women willing to celebrate unashamed, to defy peer-group pressure, to pose for the pure fun of it. Freedom of expression is easy to defend. Witness the results.







Rhonda Williams (far left, above) is pursuing a career in industrial fitness. The OSU student keeps herself in shape by weight training, swimming and playing softball. Donna Bennett (near left) is a junior at the University of Arizona, majoring in psychology and political science. She likes old cars, philosophy, mountain climbing and the outdoors. The trio of lovelies taking an advanced tutorial in a hot tub at the University of California at Berkeley (far left, below) are, from left, Christine Winge, Lori Bow and Catherine Piersall. Carmela Dempsey (below) expects to graduate this year from the University of Washington. Why did she pose? "Well," she said, "I like challenges."





Becky LeBeau (above left) is a USC student whose hobbies are music, songwriting, piano and guitar. Maria Christina Misa (above) came to UCLA from the Philippines. She plays volleyball and football. Kimberley Kristeen (below left) is a sophomore at the University of Oregon. She would like to learn how to fly and, eventually, to own a charter-plane business. Kimberly McHone (above right), an undergrad at the University of Washington, is interested in clothing design and construction (though that's hard to tell from this picture). She likes wind surfing and good rhythm-and-blues. Judy Malana (below right) studies graphic design at UCLA. When she's not studying, you'll find her at the beach, surrounded by a crowd.









The Sun Devil made her do it: Ellen Lundy (far left, above) is a senior at Arizona State whose major is broadcasting; she wants to anchor a news show. Romona Turner (near left) is a Stanford student who likes to call computer bulletin boards and soak in hot tubs, though not at the same time. She met both of her boyfriends while using her computer. Kristin Hera (far left, below) wants to be an investigative reporter and own a restaurant; perhaps the University of Oregon student could call it All the President's Menu. Lisa Thompson (below), a junior at Washington State University, likes football, swimming and musicals and is planning a career in public relations.



PRODUCED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID CHAN



OSU's Tana Olsen (below) is an aspiring photojournalist who spends her spare time playing the piano and/or listening to George Winston. Leslie Anne Chamberlain (near right) is an undergraduate at the University of California at Berkeley. On a good day, she will wake up early, head for the beach, take off all her clothes and run on the sand. Sorry, guys: We didn't find out which beach. Dayna Murray (far right, above) is still thinking about her future. The Washington State University sophomore likes sports, music, sun-bathing, lobster, Snoopy, jeeps and motorcycles. Rebecca May Henderson (far right, below) is pursuing a double major at Arizona. Look out, world!







Sex and violence on campus: That's Tanna Paige (above left) about to off two unsuspecting Oregon State University students in the game of assassin. As a diversionary tactic, she is something to behold. Connie Whicker (above) is a computer-science student at the University of California, Berkeley. She likes bright colors, fruit and sunshine; dislikes cats, country music and squash. OK. Tina Sherman (left) is part French, part English and pure Californian. A UCLA student, she spends weekends water-skiing, snow skiing and swimming. She wants to be a country doctor in France. Wendy Vincent attends Arizona State University and enjoys tennis, racquetball, aerobics and stretching. Her pose (right) will stretch your imagination, to say the least.







"It's refreshing to see someone in public relations who isn't all hype."



"Oh, sure, I feel sorry for the fox, but mostly I get horny."



*"Hey, Bob! Look—now they've got a channel
just for dogs!"*

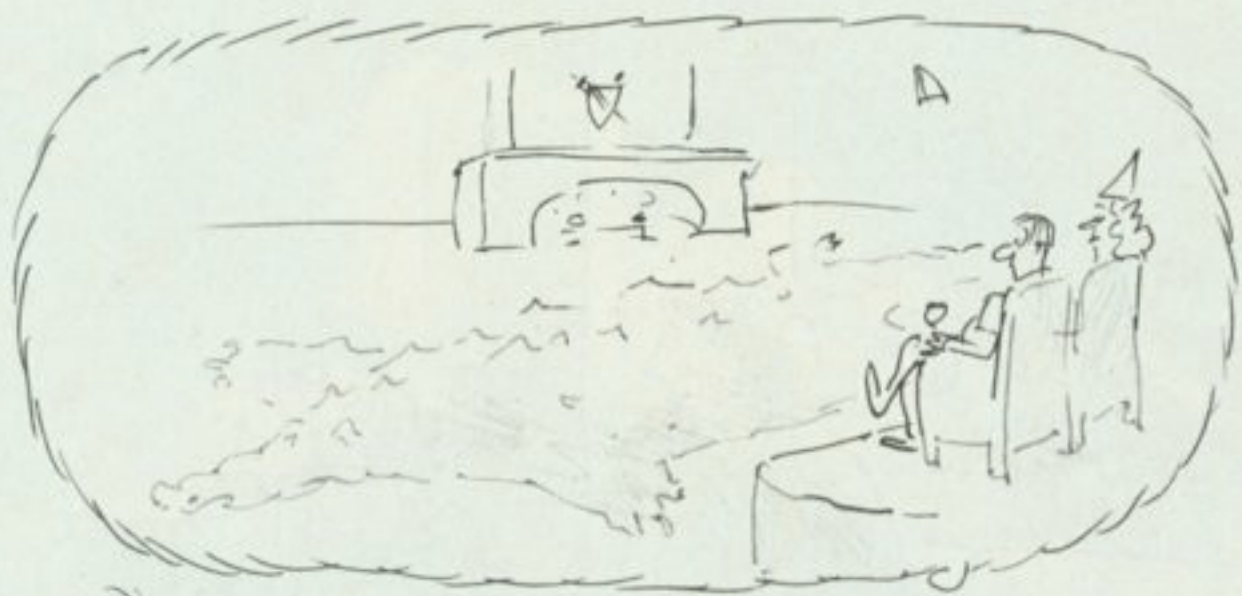




"Don't waste your breath, dear. In Transylvania, everybody screams at night!"




"But I'm still a virgin, Mom . . . I only give blow jobs."





"Begging the general's pardon, sir . . . but that is not my erection, sir. It belongs to the trooper who is standing in the rank behind me!"



A cartoon illustration of a man with a long nose and a slightly mischievous expression, sitting in a large, light-colored armchair. He is wearing a dark sweater and trousers. To his left is a tall, thin floor lamp with a rectangular shade. Above him is a large, oval thought bubble containing the text "SEX, DRUGS AND ROCK'N'ROLLBUT MOSTLY SEX". The drawing is done in a simple, sketchy style with black outlines and some grey shading on the chair and floor. The background is plain white.

SEX, DRUGS AND
ROCK'N'ROLL ...
...BUT MOSTLY SEX

MEYERSONS



PUTTING YOUR FANTASIES TO BED

Just when you thought it was safe to crawl back into the sack and *sleep*, along comes Bedlam, an adult bed game (is there any other kind?) that includes a fitted multicolored sheet and an oversize spinner that helps you determine what wild-and-crazy position you and your partner will adopt next as you turn fantasy into reality. If all this sounds complicated, there are also Anything Goes and Your Request spinner stops that are guaranteed to leave nothing to the imagination. Welch Marketing, P.O. Box 3538, Lakewood, California 90711, sells the game for \$35.95, postpaid. Naughty boys.

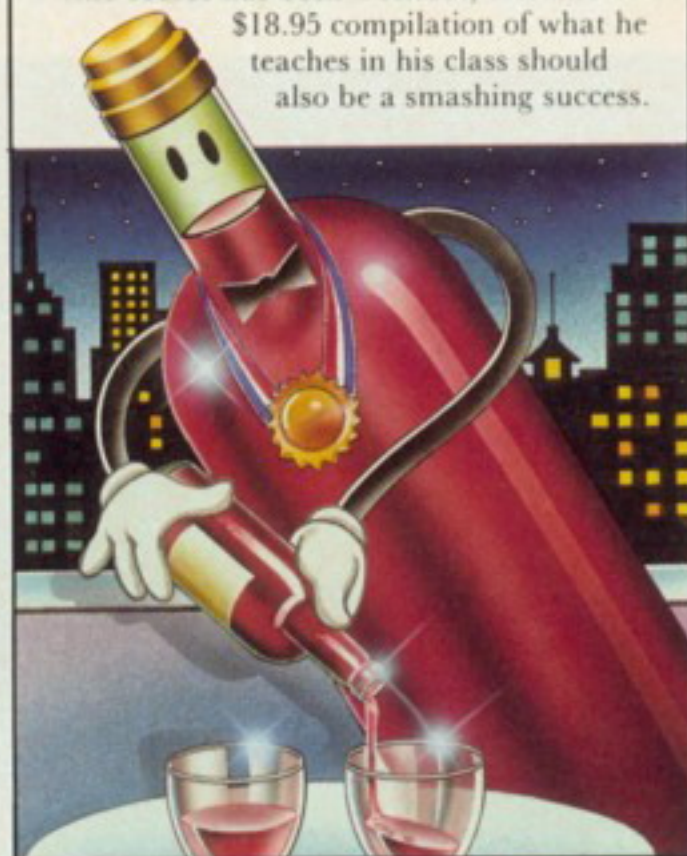
ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO

In these curious times, it's always nice to have a fall-back position should Reagan's tax-reform plan become reality and pull the financial rug out from under everybody's Yuppie feet. Yes, there is an alternative to deductible lunches and property taxes, and that's the English-made, Victorian-style Hot Potato Handcarts that Pickwick's Victorian Kitchens, 2609 East Broadway, Tampa, Florida 33605, peddles for prices upwards of \$3495. Pushing a pushcart ensures that you get plenty of fresh air; and on cold days, you can even fill your pockets with hot potatoes—just like the famous chestnut vendors in Paris do. And when hot potatoes aren't selling, you can also cook pies, pizzas, chicken and fish in the handcarts. Write for a brochure, you old hot-potato peddler, you.



NEW WINDOW ON WINE

Kevin Zraly, New York's World Trade Center restaurants' wine director, has just written *Windows on the World Complete Wine Course* (Sterling), a hardcover book that pulls the cork on wine snobbery with its solid advice on how to select and enjoy vinos from Almadén to zinfandel. Zraly's wine course has been a sellout, and this \$18.95 compilation of what he teaches in his class should also be a smashing success.



THRILLA FROM GODZILLA

The next time some heavy breather gives you a call, instead of wasting *your* breath, just set the receiver in the arms of a Godzilla phone holder and let the recorded voice that screams in Japanese, "The end of the world is near! The soldiers have failed to stop Godzilla!" do the talking for you. It's \$52.95, postpaid, from The Afton Toy Shop, 3290 St. Croix Trail South, Afton, Minnesota 55001. And for *serious* Godzilla fans, the table lighter is only \$19.95.





STUFFY COMPANY

Ah, there's Archibald Witherspoon, the faithful family butler, putting the moves on Claudette La Femme, the saucy French maid who never seems to learn. Both are so lifelike—in a kind of soft-sculpture way—that you'd think they were Practically People. And they are—as Practically People!, P.O. Box 3893, Minneapolis 55403, is their parent company. Archibald is 5'9" tall; Claudette, a petite 5'5". Both have flexible arms and hands—as they should for \$1400 each, F.O.B. Minneapolis. Veddy good, Archie.

KING LOUIS

The fellow who coined the phrase "Would you like to come up and see my etchings?" was Louis Icart, a French art-deco fashion artist who also specialized in lovely, leggy ladies. Icart's work is still prized, with originals going for megabucks. Fortunately, there is an alternative, and that's to check out the \$10 catalog of Icart Vendor Graphics, a company at 8568 West Pico Boulevard, Los Angeles 90035, that sells reproduction Icart's such as the 14" x 28" *Illusion* pictured here. For \$22.50, postpaid, it's a smoke dream come true.



THE SPY'S THE LIMIT

Avengerniks, *Bondophiles* and even *Man from U.N.C.L.E.* junkies, take note: It's no longer a top secret that a new classy quarterly magazine named *Top Secret*, devoted to the secret-agent genre, has come in from the cold and out to subscribers. A year's subscription is \$14 sent to Caruba Enterprises, P.O. Box 1146, Maplewood, New Jersey 07040, and the first issue, with its interview with Patrick Macnee, alone, should be worth that price. The second issue? Still *top secret*.



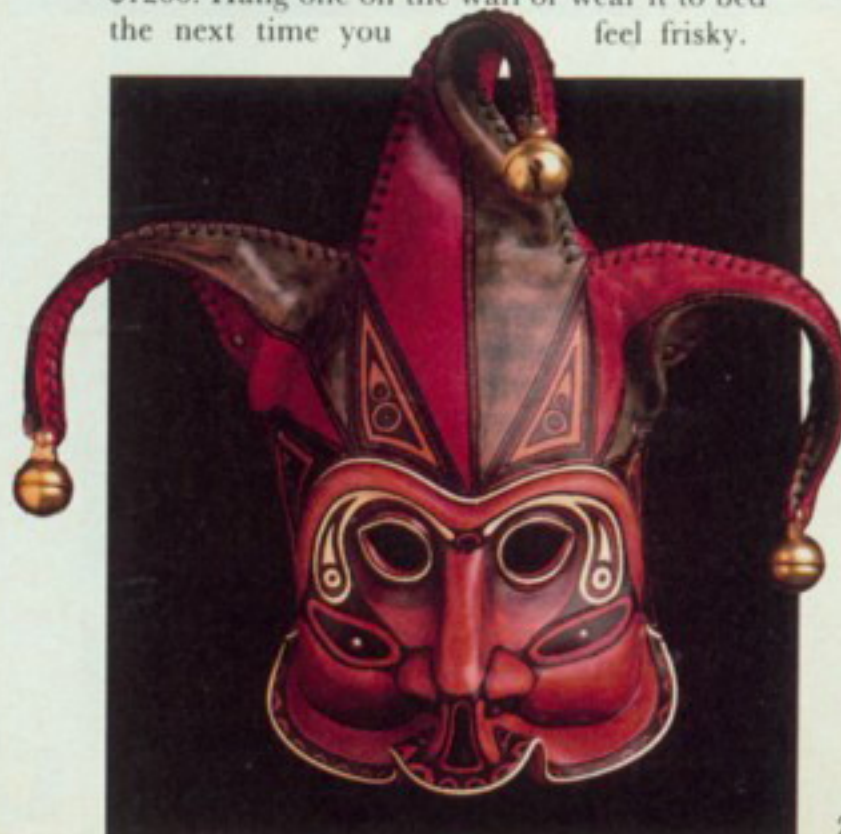
GO TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAINS

Mountain Travel, the "adventure company" located at 1398 Solano Avenue in Albany, California 94706, has been offering lengthy, luxe journeys to exotic locales for years. Now the company has introduced a series of economical quickie escapes, and the one we're packing for is The Annapurna Skyline Trek—12 days (including a four-day hike in the Himalayas) for only \$1990 from Seattle, including air fare. And you also get two days in Bangkok. Go!



MASK BALL

Carnival time in New Orleans is great fun, but in Venice, they do it right, with elaborate costumes and masks right out of the Middle Ages. For the first time, signed-and-dated leather Venetian masks are being exported, and Pierro Vergata Interiors, a studio/gallery that's open by appointment only at 36 East 23rd Street, New York 10010, is offering them at prices beginning at \$500 and escalating to about \$1200. Hang one on the wall or wear it to bed the next time you feel frisky.



French Pastry

This beauty is 18-year-old actress **SOPHIE MARCEAU**. She has been making movies since she was 14 with some of her most talented countrymen, from Catherine Deneuve to Gerard Depardieu. We caught up with her at Cannes, showing off what makes Frenchmen say, "Vive la différence!"



PHOTO REPORTERS INC.



© 1985 LYNN GOLDSMITH / LGI

Smoking Mary Jane

Here's **KIM WULETICH**, a.k.a. **MAXI**, a.k.a. one fourth of the **MARY JANE GIRLS**. Created, produced and coached by the irrepressible Rick James, the girls started out singing backup for him. Their own album, *Only Four You*, took off this past summer. Whatever they're selling, we're definitely buying.

The Horns of Afrika

The master rapper of electronic dance-hall music is branching out. **AFRIKA BAMBAATAA**'s debut solo effort, *Beware (The Funk Is Everywhere)*, steps out into rock 'n' roll. If that's not news enough, he toured Japan last summer with jazz and fusion musicians. Relax. He's not giving up his hip-hop roots. He's looking for new sources. And are you going to be the one to argue with him?



© 1985 PAUL NATION / PHOTO RESERVE

Loggins Flips His Noggin

KENNY LOGGINS is doing everything right. His concerts sell out. His albums go platinum. His songs get Oscar nominations. He's durable. He's changed with the times. He's got it made.



© 1985 ROBERT MATHEU

Katrina's Trinkets

KATRINA AND THE WAVES are a very hot new band. Katrina grew up an Air Force brat, which is why being on the road is no sweat for her now. Says Katrina, "I love motel rooms, traveling and motel soap." Ah, the sweet smell of success!



© 1985 ROSS MARINO

Chest Fever

Can we pick 'em or what? The two beauties before you are actresses. On the left, K. C. WINKLER has appeared on *The A-Team* and *Riptide*. On the right, GLORIA DOUSE danced her way through the opening of the latest Bond picture, *A View to a Kill*. Bravo!



© 1985 PIP / LGI



© 1985 ANDY PEARLMAN / SHOOTING STAR

NEXT MONTH



CINEMATIC SEX



MESSAGE RECEIVED



EROTIC DRAWINGS



BRAINY BEAUTIES

"CHILD SUPPORT: PAY ME NOW OR PAY ME LATER"—THIS FEDERAL ENFORCEMENT AGENT CAN CHILL YOUR CHECKBOOK AS WELL AS YOUR BONES. HE WON'T BREAK YOUR LEGS, BUT WHAT HE DOES COULD BE WORSE—BY **CARL H. STONE**

"AANSTOOT"—A COLLECTION OF SHOCKING EROTIC DRAWINGS BY HOLLAND'S PREMIER DRAFTSMAN, **PETER VAN STRAATEN**

"KLAUS KINSKI AND THE THING"—THE WILD, ANGRY STAR OF *NOSFERATU* AND *FITZCARRALDO* IS WIDELY CONSIDERED THE BEST ACTOR IN THE WORLD. HE WOULDN'T AGREE; HE DOESN'T AGREE WITH ANYTHING—BY **MARCELLE CLEMENTS**

"GETTING THE MESSAGE"—IF WRITING NOTES ON COCKTAIL NAPKINS WERE AN ART FORM, TOM COULD WIN THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR FICTION—BY **PETER NELSON**

"MODERN GIRLS"—THEY'RE CHIC, SEXY CELEBS IN DALLAS. THEY WORK AT A NEW-WAVE BAR AND PARTY ALL NIGHT. THEY READ *BRIDE'S* MAGAZINE; THEY WANT TO GET MARRIED—BY **DAVID SEELEY**

"THE BLACK WENCH"—A YOUNG AMERICAN COUPLE INHERITS AN ENGLISH MANOR COMPLETE WITH FERRARI, SERVANTS, POOL AND, OF COURSE, A COOL, DARK GHOST—BY **RAY RUSSELL**

"THE DEREGULATED YELLOW PAGES"—STILL SEARCHING FOR THOSE CEMENT SHOES? SWISS-ARMY PANTY HOSE? A CLASS IN SELF-PITY? YOU'LL FIND THEM ALL HERE IN THE KIND OF BOOK THE MODERN WORLD DESERVES—BY **REG POTTERTON**

MIAMI VICE'S **DON JOHNSON** AND **PHILIP MICHAEL THOMAS** TALK ABOUT FASHION, SEX-STARVED WOMEN AND LIEUTENANT CASTILLO'S PRIVATE LIFE IN A REVEALING **"20 QUESTIONS"**

"WOMEN OF MENSA"—DISAPPOINTED WHEN YOU DIDN'T FIND THEM IN OUR SEPTEMBER ISSUE? YOU'LL AGREE THESE MEMBERS OF THE SMART SET ARE WORTH THE WAIT

PLUS: ARTHUR KNIGHT'S REPORT ON **"SEX IN CINEMA—1985"**; DAVID OWEN'S TIPS ON TREND SPOTTING; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE