

POWER OR PLEASURE? THE GIVE AND TAKE OF ORAL SEX

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JULY 1985 • \$3.50

PICTORIALS:

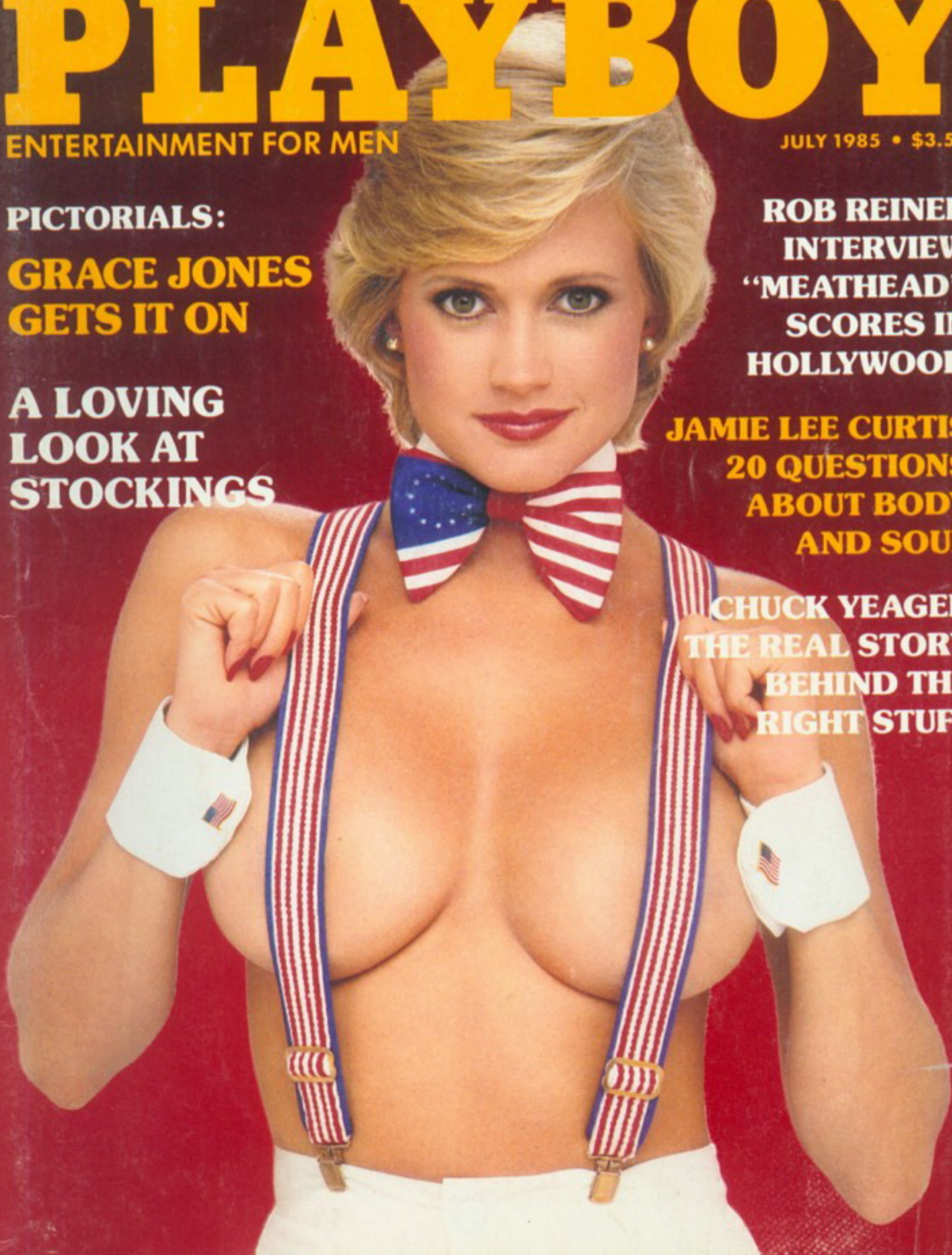
**GRACE JONES  
GETS IT ON**

**A LOVING  
LOOK AT  
STOCKINGS**

**ROB REINER  
INTERVIEW  
"MEATHEAD"  
SCORES IN  
HOLLYWOOD**

**JAMIE LEE CURTIS  
20 QUESTIONS  
ABOUT BODY  
AND SOUL**

**CHUCK YEAGER  
THE REAL STORY  
BEHIND THE  
RIGHT STUFF**







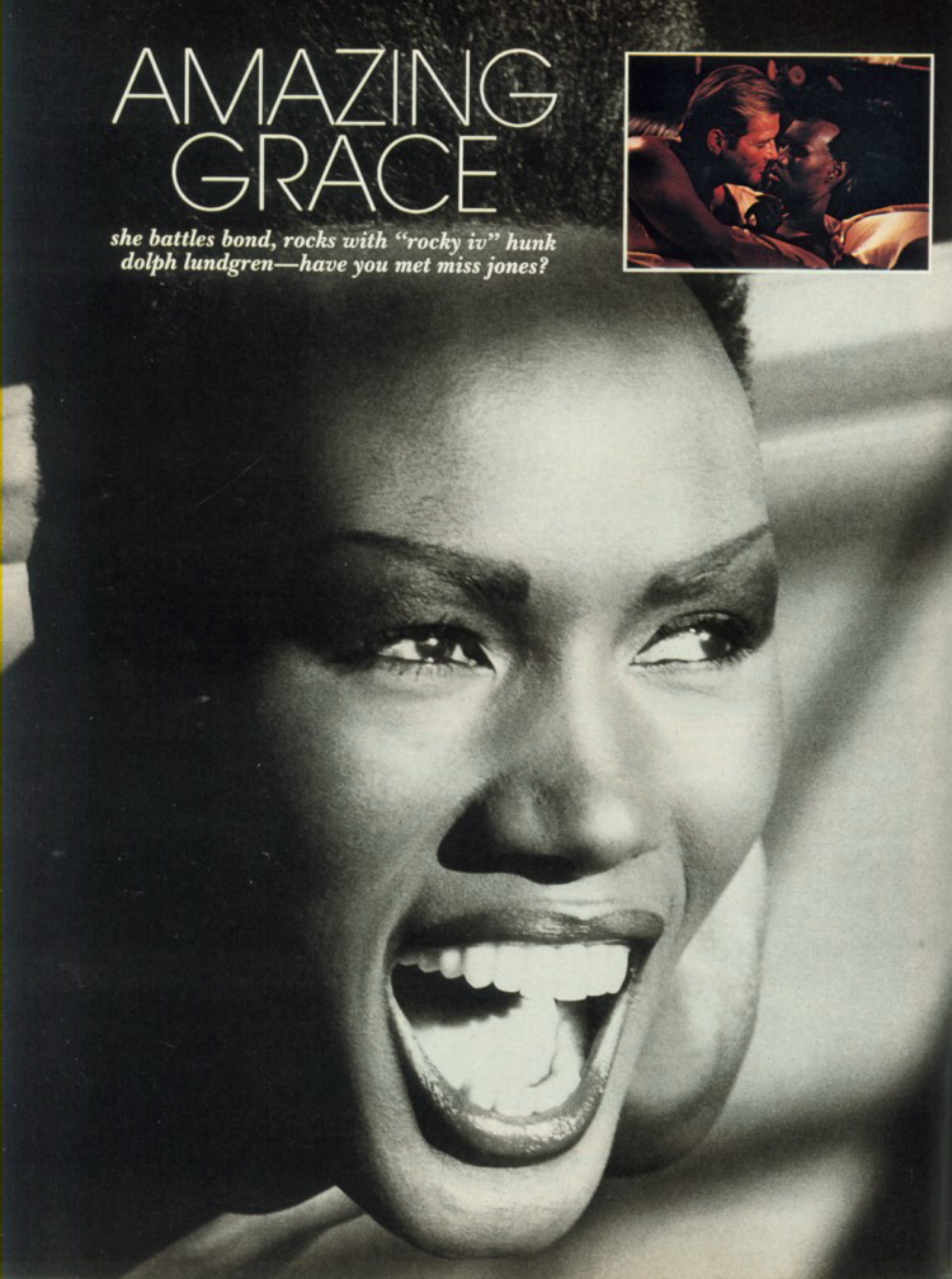


Eric Clapton used to be God. Jeff Beck and Jimmy Page were God for a while. Eddie Van Halen seems to be God right now. Despite the current popularity of synthesizers, it is unlikely that electronic-keyboard players will ever rank as highly as guitarists in the eyes of rock theologians. But there are definite comers in the guitar ranks, and here are two of them (above, left and right): Steve Stevens and Mark Knopfler. Rock 'n' roll is here to stay, even eternal.



# AMAZING GRACE

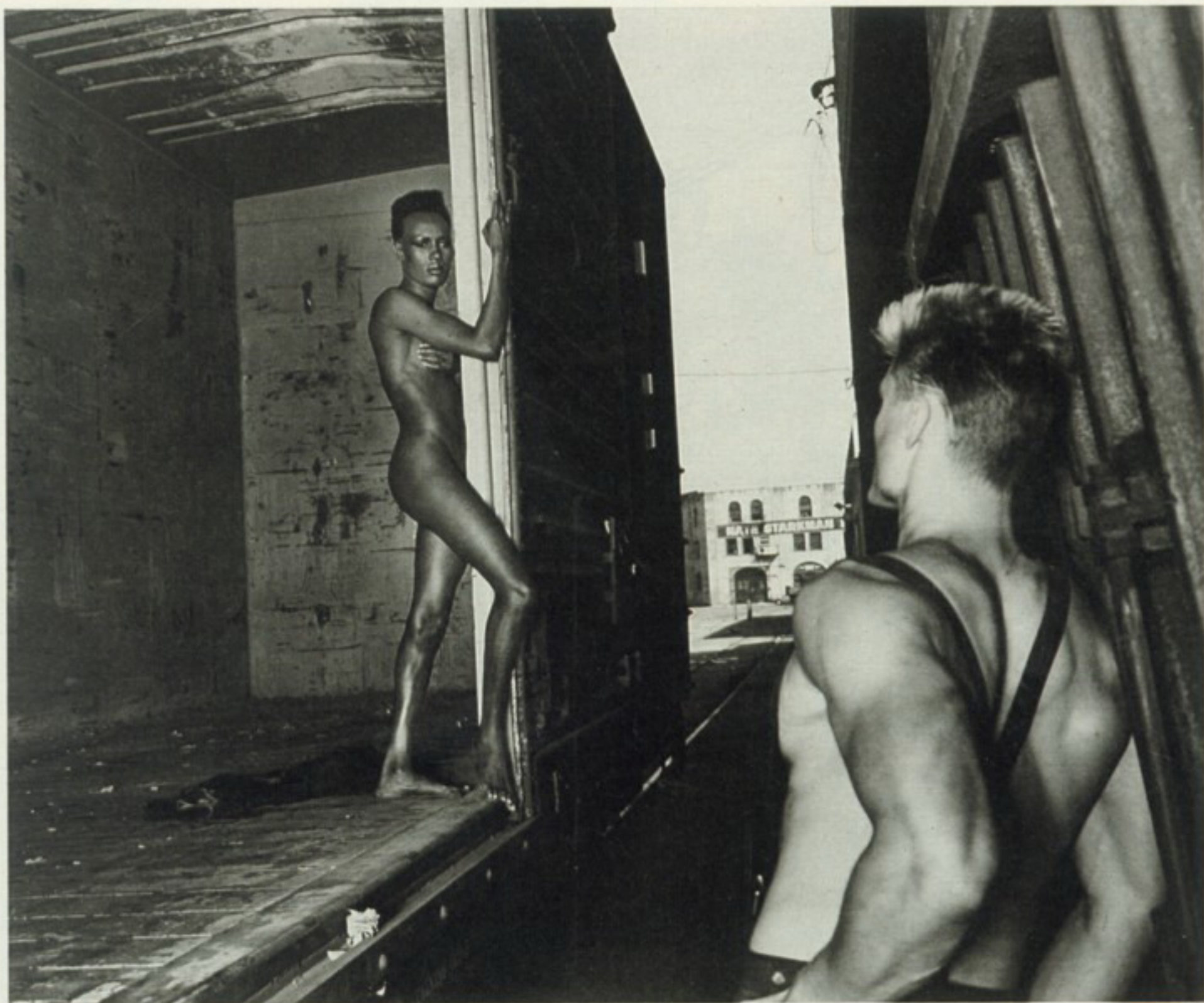
*she battles bond, rocks with "rocky iv" hunk  
dolph lundgren—have you met miss jones?*



As archvillainess May Day in the new James Bond film, *A View to a Kill*, singer/actress Grace Jones gets to soften up 007, played by Roger Moore, before the kill. This series of portraits by the provocative photographic artist Helmut Newton, a longtime friend, captures the sheer power of Grace and of her fiancé, Dolph Lundgren.

G

RACE JONES is on the prowl again, raising hackles, eyebrows and a lot



of hell along the way. No one else assaults the senses as Grace does. One moment aggressively feminine, the next curiously masculine, she transcends gender. There's a hint of menace, the vague possibility of violence in her demeanor. She is alien, the embodiment of the unknown. And she draws you to her as a flame draws a child.

# D

olph Lundgren can afford to be soft-spoken. He is a champion kick



boxer, solid muscle and bigger than you and any friends you might bring along. He doesn't eat: He "carbs up." Dolph will be Sylvester Stallone's opponent in *Rocky IV*. One night in Australia, Grace and he met: the Sphinx meeting the Colossus of Rhodes. The synergy was sufficiently awesome to make the alliance permanent.





N  
ow they live together, the  
strong man and the strong woman,



the soft-spoken and the outspoken, the Swede and the Jamaican. Their careers have come together in a house in a canyon above Los Angeles. There they'll make their stand: he in acting, she in acting and singing, both already winners on their own. Who knows what can be accomplished by *(concluded on page 202)*



# AMAZING GRACE

(continued from page 86)

the power of Dolph and the grace of Grace? Neither one started out to be in show business. Dolph, born in Stockholm, has a degree in chemical engineering and knows six languages well enough to get by. While still attending school, he became European kick-boxing champion in 1980 and 1981 and Australian champion in 1982 before drifting first into modeling and then into acting.

Grace was born in Jamaica and spent her childhood there, attending parochial school, chafing under a rather strict upbringing and using track as a release for her pent-up energies. Her ambition then was to be a Spanish professor. (She, too, is fluent in several languages.)

It was not until her family moved to Upstate New York that Grace began to explode into something entirely different. She began her career on the stage in summer stock, then hit the runway as a model. There, her approach often tested the limits of conservative advertisers.

"My image was always too strong for them. And that's when I went to Europe. There I found a completely different attitude. Europeans want you to be strong."

With that license, Grace quickly evolved, experimenting with various personae, combining her singing and acting talents in stage performances that stunned audiences with bizarre images and frightened them with the newness of it all. It was hard at times to see just where she was coming from. The conflicting sexual identities, for instance, the seeming antipathy toward men:

"I'm anti-male ego, let's say, not antimale. I've always been drawn to sensitive men—men who have an ego but not to the extreme that the woman becomes a silent partner. I have found many times that if I do become a silent partner, it eats me up inside. Sometimes it's smarter to play dumb. But I'm silent for only so long, and then it comes out anyway."

Grace's latest creation, the role of villainess May Day in the James Bond adventure film *A View to a Kill*, will give us yet another image of her.

"I get to be more frilly, I think, as May Day. She dresses elegantly, takes time for make-up and manicures, all those things."

But don't expect a radical change in Grace because of a movie role. There are still plenty of icons that need busting and shirts that need unstuffing.

"I like conflicts. I love competition. I like discovering things for myself. It's a childlike characteristic, actually. But that gives you a certain amount of power, and people are intimidated by that. They are even afraid to approach me. Once they do, they see it's OK. I'm not going to chew their heads off or become violent if they say the wrong thing. It's a role. I'm acting, but they take it all so seriously."







# Just Having Fun

*here's our hope for the future*

THE PARTY didn't start until Hope Marie Carlton got there. Hope brings it with her, you see. Mostly legs and ramrod straight, she strode through the crowd greeting people with a laugh and a hug, like a salesman or a politician, though she had nothing to sell and wasn't up for any office. It's as though she has trouble finding a reason not to

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



be happy and wants to spread the word.

"I'm always out to have fun," she admits. "When people say, 'Hope, you always look as if you're having a good time,' I say, 'Yeah, I go everywhere with myself.'"

When you finally talk privately with her, you find she's no Pollyanna, just determined not to let anything get her down.

"I mean, it's the way the cards fall, isn't it? It's as if I'm in the middle of a game right now and I don't know what's going to happen next, which is exciting and very scary.

"I ran computers for a while and I almost ripped my hair out. I couldn't stand it. I'd go crazy sitting there looking at that screen and punching in invoices all day. One day, I got up, threw that stack of papers and said, 'I've had it!' I walked out and got on my horse and went for a four-and-a-half-hour ride, and I was fine. And as long as you don't put me back in that office, I'll be fine."

There's not much chance of that happening. Hope, who most of her life has called Tampa home, is firmly established as a model there and, with several years' experience to her credit, is planning to tackle Los Angeles next. After all, she's "already the big one-nine. I'm getting old," Hope says, only half-joking. "I've been working since I was 13. My mother used to model in New York when I was a baby, and I started doing little-girl fashion shows and stuff like that.

"I was an only child and I was spoiled. But I was not spoiled rotten. I got things that I wanted, but I was always expected to save up half the money for them myself first. That teaches you responsibility.

"When I was in high school, I was working, going to school and taking care of horses; that's all I did. At one time, I was responsible for seven horses. But when

*At a celebration of her 19th birthday in Playboy Studio West (top left), Hope's infectious good humor—see examples opposite—leads our photo staff astray. But later, in a preflight briefing on the runway and in the air, she's all business. "I've been taking flying lessons now for about six months. I'm getting ready to solo and I'll have my license within the next couple of months. Danger? I don't even think about it up there. I think the joy and the adrenaline override fear."*







modeling got serious, I had to give it up. It was just taking too much of my time. I always bit off more than I could chew. But that teaches you; it makes you learn.

"Besides, I deal with pressure really well. I think I'm better under pressure. It

keeps me going, like having somebody light a fire under me."

Hope hardly needs such encouragement. She gets such a charge out of what she's doing that dragging her away from it would seem to be the problem.

"When I'm in front of that camera, I become somebody else. It's like a release, and I don't think of anything else but what I'm doing. I just go crazy. I love it!

"The only thing that really makes me miserable is coming to a standstill."



*"I'd like to marry when I'm between 24 and 28. That gives you time to get the itch out of your britches, be ready for a commitment. Boys have never really been a problem for me. Sometimes they're a pain, but I don't think I could live without men and I don't think they could live without me, either."*









MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Hope Marie Carlton

BUST: 36 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 32

HEIGHT: 5' 7" WEIGHT: 112

BIRTH DATE: 3-3-66 BIRTHPLACE: Riverhead, N.Y.

AMBITIONS: To bring a smile to the people I meet. Be successful and always happy.

TURN-ONS: Being healthy, driving fast, horses, good conversation, nature, champagne

TURN-OFFS: Smoke-filled air, unambitious people, getting up early, loneliness.

HOBBIES: Horses, poetry, nunchaku, being busy

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Marilyn Monroe, Goldie Hawn, Robert Redford, Michael Leone.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Billy Joel, Madonna, Willie Nelson, Lenny Rogers, Anne Murray.

FAVORITE TV SHOWS: Days of Our Lives, Magnum, P.I., Bugs Bunny/Road Runner, 60 Minutes.

FAVORITE CENTURY, AND WHY? The 19<sup>th</sup> Century - the days of the horse + carriage and human progress.

2 years

4 years

15 years



Hello, handsome. What a ham!

Ah, thanks, Mom.



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

It's an excellent program," said the computer salesman extolling the new home-computer game.

"But how can a computer play strip poker?" asked the dubious customer.

"It displays a picture of a girl on the screen," explained the salesman, "and every time she loses a hand, she removes another article of clothing."

"And what happens when there's nothing left?"

The clerk leaned forward and whispered, "The computer goes down."

Washington wags report that capital callgirls and military-hardware contractors have a lot in common: They both charge \$100 per screw.



As they drove to work together, one old friend turned to the other and described a strange dream he'd had the night before. "I was twelve years old and it was my birthday," he began. "I asked my mother if she knew what day it was, and she said, 'Yes, and here is twenty dollars to go to Disneyland——'"

"That's funny," his friend interrupted. "I had a strange dream last night, too. A beautiful, naked redhead got into bed with me; then a gorgeous, naked blonde began crawling into bed, too. I didn't know what to do."

"Why didn't you call me?" his friend asked.

"I did call you," he replied, "but your mother said you had gone to Disneyland."

It must have been a watchman in an organic-fertilizer warehouse who said that waste was a terrible thing to mind.

Though at times sex is sin," mused Miss Grillo, As she eyed the guy nude from her pillow,

Your equipment's so small

That it's no sin at all—

I would term it a mere peccadillo."

Word has reached us about a popular young lady whose nickname is Federal Express. When she's headed for a date's apartment, it's absolutely, positively guaranteed that she'll be there overnight.

Hearing that hypnotism might cure his impotence, the young man visited a local practitioner. Every week for six months, the hypnotist waved his watch and intoned, "You're getting drowsy . . . it's getting bigger . . . you're getting drowsy . . . it's getting bigger." Finally, seeing no improvement, the frustrated young man quit.

"I'm worse off than ever," he complained to a friend. "Not only am I still unable to get it up, but every time I see a watch commercial, my balls fall asleep."

Late one afternoon, a man placed a call to his home. A strange woman answered.

"Who is this?" inquired the man.

"This is the maid," she replied.

"We don't have a maid."

"Your wife hired me today."

"OK, is my wife there?"

"Yes," answered the maid, "but she's upstairs entertaining her boyfriend."

The furious husband paused a moment, then said, "Would you like to make a quick hundred thousand dollars?"

"Yes, of course," said the maid.

"Then go to the hall closet, get my shotgun and shoot my tramp wife and the bastard she's with."

The man heard footsteps going to the hall closet, then the sound of the maid's climbing the stairs. A moment later, two loud shots rang out.

The maid returned to the phone and asked, "What do you want me to do with the bodies?"

"Throw them into the swimming pool," ordered the aggrieved husband.

"What pool?"

"Uh, is this 555-7749?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *gay cokehead* as a toot fairy.

This crazy Army sergeant sneaked me into his tank," giggled the town sexpot to her girlfriend, "and then we fucked our brains out all through the Fourth-of-July parade!"

"That must have been exciting."

"I'll say! I'd never been in a tank before!"



While rummaging through his wife's dresser drawers, the farmer discovered three soybeans and an envelope containing \$24 in cash.

When asked about the curious items, his wife sheepishly confessed, "Over the years, I haven't been completely faithful to you. When I did fool around," she explained, "I put a soybean in the drawer to remind myself of my indiscretion."

The farmer admitted that he had not always been faithful, either, and was, therefore, inclined to forgive and forget a few moments of weakness in his wife. "I'm curious, though," he said. "Where did the twenty-four dollars come from?"

"Oh, that," his wife replied. "Well, when soybeans hit eight dollars a bushel, I sold out."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



*"I don't like your room . . . I don't like your bed . . . I don't like your underwear. Let's see the rest."*







*Sheer*  
**MADNESS**

*why stockings give a woman a leg up on the competition*



PHOTOGRAPHY  
BY ARNY FREYTAG

Remember the joke in which, after a difficult and frustrating seduction, he says, "If I'd known you were a virgin, I would have taken more time," and she replies, "If I'd known you had more time, I would have removed my panty hose"? Therein lies just one of the reasons we've always preferred stockings (and the lacy garter belts often attached to them). Worn with or without underpants, they provide



easy access at love's crucial junctures. Everyone knows that weddings, for instance, are deeply felt ceremonies for all involved. Yet, with stockings and sans underpants, the bride at left adds new meaning to the term deeply felt. As for the groom, would he feel the same if he were feeling panty hose? Stockings and garter belts also provide a classy touch to lady flashers (above and right) and make elevator quickies infinitely more manageable than tights do. If you should try one, remember: Furs are optional, but foxes are not.





The faint whisper of silk stockings rubbing against each other when a woman walks past is a sound relished by the truly romantic man, because he realizes that a woman who wears them is as romantic as he is. After all, stockings and garter belts are primordial props in male





fantasy, and a woman who acknowledges that knows how to work her way into your imagination. The seemingly absent-minded lady above, for instance, is certain that the bellhop will never forget her. Ten to one, he won't ask for a tip, either. The view alone is priceless.





Some women's legs fit their stockings so perfectly that the stockings can stay up without help. But in most cases, unsupported stockings aren't guaranteed to do so unless worn as they are by the inverted lady at left. Part of every young girl's first lesson in the hosiery arts includes learning where to attach her garters (not on the inner thigh, as the young miss with her rubber ducky, above, has just discovered). Lesson two? Removing them, of course.



Apart from their seductive connotations, stockings, particularly silk ones, have often been associated with opulence and elegance. Take the two ladies above, for instance. One can tell right away that they're upper-crust suburbanites out on the prowl for a bit of dangerous living. Note the subtle bid for attention in the top photo. And to what do such ladies resort when they can't find suitable companions? Garter fights, the high-class version of food fights. One must be extremely attentive to a woman who wears stockings. Of course, if she displays her accouterments in a manner similar to that of the lady on the opposite page, paying attention will be effortless. Still, you can't take her for granted. There are sharks out there who like stockinged legs as much as you do, as you'll see when you turn the page.











## GI JO

*jo collins, 1965's  
playmate of the year, relives  
a mission of mercy*

**T**WENTY YEARS AGO, Vietnam was a distant domino, a reddening spot on the map that some of us couldn't find if we tried. While Gemini VII orbited the earth, *Doctor Zhivago* opened down the block and the American Football League was challenging the N.F.L. to something called a Super Bowl, Hugh Hefner opened his mail and found the following letter, dated November 1965:

This is written from the depths of the hearts of 180 officers and men of Company B, 2nd Battalion, 503rd Infantry, 173rd Airborne Brigade (Separate) stationed at Bien Hoa, Republic of Vietnam. We were the first American Army troop unit committed to action here in Vietnam, and we have gone many miles—some in sorrow and some in joy, but mostly in hard, bone-weary inches. . . . We are proud to be here and have found the answer to the question "Ask what you can do for your country." And yet we cannot stand alone—which brings me to the reason for sending you this request.

The loneliness here is a terrible thing—and we long to see a real, living, breathing American girl. Therefore, we have enclosed with this letter a money order for a lifetime subscription to *PLAYBOY* magazine for B Company. It is our understanding



that, with the purchase of a lifetime subscription in the U.S., the first issue is personally delivered by a Playmate. It is our most fervent hope that this policy can be extended to include us. . . . Any one of the current Playmates of the Month would be welcomed with open arms, but if we have any choice in the matter, we have unanimously decided that we would prefer the 1965 Playmate of the Year—Miss Jo Collins.

If we are not important enough . . . to send a Playmate for, please just forget about us and we will quietly fade back into the jungle.

The letter came from Second Lieutenant John Price. Price and his buddies in Bravo Company had each kicked in a dollar to pay for their subscription, with an eye on the deal we offered potential subscribers. A few years before, we had published a special Christmas gift offer in which we promised to send a Playmate to deliver the first issue of a \$150 lifetime subscription to anyone who lived in a city where there was a Playboy Club. (Lifetime subscriptions are now \$250, but personal delivery is out. It got to be expensive, as you will see.) Moved by the lieutenant's request, Hef consulted with the Defense Department and received clearance for Project Playmate in Janu-

Don't try this yourself or we'll sue: Longing for the comforts of home, the troops set up ersatz Playboy Clubs throughout South Vietnam. In peacetime, this would give our lawyers fits, but we've always bent the rules for GIs in wartime. At Bien Hoa, GI Jo (the one with long hair below left) signed something for everyone. "For years after my trip," she says, "people would come up to me with pictures I'd signed over there. There's fan mail even today." She visited the wounded in field hospitals (below center) and toured Company B's base camp in a newly decorated Bunny Bus (bottom center), even received a green beret from a Special Forces officer at Black Virgin Mountain (below right). Reflecting on the styles she wore in service to *PLAYBOY*, Jo said, "Those bulletproof vests they make you wear do nothing for a girl's figure." Above, the centerfold that started it all. No vest.



ary 1966. He called Jo, and the rest is a side light to history. When the men of the 173rd Airborne got together in May in Washington, D.C., to mark the 20th anniversary of their deployment, remembering Project Playmate was a highlight.

Price, now 43, left the Army in 1970 as a captain after a second tour of duty. He works in the diamond business in Huntington Beach, California. He doesn't dwell on the years he spent in combat or the year and a half he spent Stateside recovering from "having my left arm nearly blown off" not long after he wrote his letter to Hef. Some things he remembers fondly, however. One of those is a visit from 1965's Playmate of the Year.

"I think of it as a shining spot in the war," he says of Jo's good-will tour. "We were constantly in combat, taking a lot of casualties, and her visit was the flip side of the coin for us."

What was welcome relief for Price was an eye-opening assignment for Jo, now an executive recruiter for direct marketing with Chicago's Judy Thor Associates.

"That trip was the most wonderful, exciting experience of my life," she says, "but it was frightening. I didn't even have time to think about it when PLAYBOY called. There was only time to get my passport and get on a flight to San Francisco. What I was doing—the danger of it—didn't make an impression until we landed in Vietnam. There were mortar shells being fired at us. But the whole thing didn't really hit me until I visited the field hospitals."

"There were an awful lot of guys in there who were badly shot up, and she was only 20," says Price. "But she did very well—like a light in the darkness."

Jo and her entourage also toured non-regulation "Playboy Clubs" from Bien Hoa to the Cambodian border. Jo rode in the Playboy Special, a brigade helicopter named in honor of her visit. She signed hundreds of autographs and was dubbed an honorary sky soldier by Brigadier General Ellis W. Williamson.

Still, mortar rounds in the distance kept Jo

In Chicago not long ago, John Price and Jo Collins closed ranks for the first time in almost 20 years (below left) in front of a picture of the PLAYBOY lifetime-subscription presentation they launched as a lieutenant and a Playmate of the Year. Return with us now to 1966: At Bien Hoa's "Playboy Club" (below right), Jo and company are all smiles as she finishes an auto-graph session. She's shaking out her left wrist because her right hand is cramping into a claw.



After a long day's hike, Jo found, she could always hitch a ride back to base with her knights in shining armor (above right). And while Playmates of the Year always pass muster, that didn't keep one Green Beret from giving her a long inspection (above left) before pronouncing her fit. Project Playmate began in Saigon (below left) with countless interviews and a dozen roses from Lieutenant Clancey Johnson and Pfc. Marvin Hudson, representing B Company. Johnson and Hudson were last-minute substitutes for Lieutenant Price, who had been wounded in action a week before. When Jo planted her first Vietnam kiss on Hudson, the tough Pfc. blushed deeply enough to hide the lipstick on his cheek. Then came a visit to Price and his wardmates at the 93rd MASH unit (below right). "Most of them were badly hurt," said Jo, "but no one complained."





GI Jo spent her second day flying into battle zones in the Playboy Special (top left). Her carriage was flanked by gunships and her escorts were MPs. There weren't any tunes on the radio (top right), but the moment she touched down, there were autographs to sign (above right). On her final day in Vietnam, she was joined by a stitched-up Lieutenant Price (above left). He introduced her to all the men of Bravo Company, who had returned en masse from patrols when General Williamson granted them leave to meet her. Below, Jo checks out the decor in the Bien Hoa PX. Who's that beauty in the wet white blouse?

from forgetting where she was. Her first ride in the Playboy Special set the project's tone.

"It seemed as though we'd hardly arrived, and there we were over hostile country, being given our first taste of what they call contour flying," she reported. "That's when you skim the treetops to prevent enemy snipers from getting a clear shot at you and then, suddenly, shoot straight up, at about 100 miles per hour, to 3500 feet, so you can check the area for Viet Cong troop movements from outside their firing range." Only when the next day's activities ended did she realize how close to battle she had been. "We were all standing outside the Officers' Club in Bien Hoa when I heard the sound of shots coming from fairly close by. Then, right before our chopper lifted off, a series of flares went off and lit up everything for miles. I kept thinking how great it would have been if all those boys had been back home watching a Fourth-of-July celebration, instead of there in the jungle fighting for their lives."

Some of them lost the fight. "At one of the field hospitals," Jo said, "there was a man who had just been brought in off the helicopter. He'd been blown up. They asked me to see him, and I went in. He said, 'I'm so glad you're here, sweetheart,' and with that he died."

Twenty years later, she shakes her head. "I will never forget that—never."

In May, when the 173rd Airborne held its reunion, Jo Collins was an honored guest.

Shortly before the reunion, she and Price met in our Chicago offices to celebrate on a smaller scale. "I told her we were going to have to do this every 20 years," laughs Price.




Jo's reaction: "He's a delight. Listen, his arm was shattered and they wanted to send him back to the States, but he wouldn't leave Saigon until I arrived. It gives me such a good feeling, seeing him again."

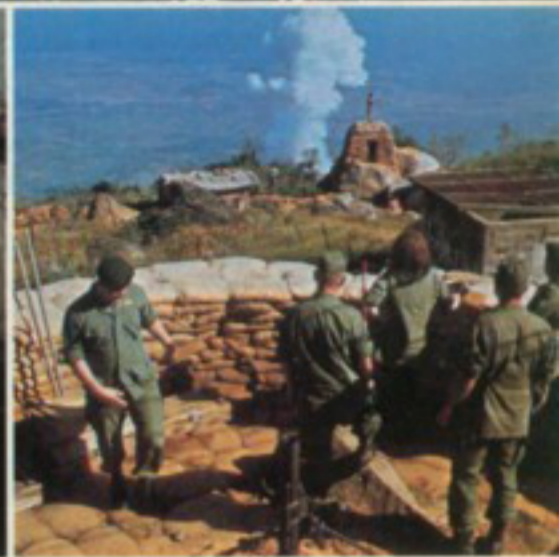
It's been a long time since the new year of 1966, when Playmate of the Year Jo Collins took off from San Francisco on the most memorable, heart-rending few days of her life. Today, one of those men in Gemini VII runs Eastern Air Lines. *Doctor Zhivago* turns up on the afternoon movie, crushed in the ratings by the Super Bowl. Jo doesn't brood over her Vietnam experience any more than Price does, but sometimes she leafs through her mementos.

"I've got *more flags*," she says, "and trophies, too. There were articles in newspapers all over the world, so my scrapbook is pretty heavy. It's gone through a lot—water damage from moving, this and that—but once in a while, I'll go through the pictures. And I'll think, My gosh, it's hard to believe I was there."

Price has two Purple Hearts and one badly scarred arm to remind him that he was there. He also has memories of a Playmate who flew 8000 miles to deliver a lifetime subscription to him and his buddies. That's not a fair exchange; but for a bunch of lonely soldiers, Project Playmate was at least a happy diversion.

"Before our reunion, the last time Jo and I had met was a lifetime ago," Price says today, "on the other side of the world. It's good just reaching out and touching again."

Way to go, GI Jo. This month, we salute you, John Price and all the men who served in a dark, trying time. 



More autographs (top left). When Jo returned to the States, she could crush rocks in her bare hand. Top right, Jo and her party decopter for a briefing on the progress of Project Playmate. A stop at Black Virgin Mountain brought instruction in mortar firing (above right), while a visit to Lay Ninth (above left) meant a soft drink and another workout for Jo's trusty pen. Below, a last look at the Playboy Special as it whisks our intrepid Playmate off to the front. The Special has been moth-balled, but its most famous passenger remembers that chopper—with a smile and just the slightest lurch in her stomach.





*"State of the art, sir—no matter where it hits, it destroys the entire world."*



*"You're trying to take something that's warm and beautiful and cheapen it—are you sure you don't have more money??"*



*“Your father taught me everything I know about sex, dear. Which is why I suggest you go read a book on the subject.”*

**DIRTY TRICKS**

Ladies and gentlemen, introducing The Great Libido, the world's only X-rated magician, and his magic bag of very dirty tricks. See the floating phallus; learn how to remove a bra without touching the treasures beneath—yes, these and other erotic illusions can be yours for only \$39.95 (write to The Great Libido's Magic Pack, P.O. Box 240334, Memphis, 38124). No, that's not The Great Libido pictured below. It's just his assistant, and he's not *about* to make her disappear.



**HEAD FOR THE HILLS**

At last, a 90-minute personal video tour through 22 of the most exclusive shops in Beverly Hills—without the hassles of parking and haggling with pretentious clerks. Of course Cartier and Gucci are on *A Shopping Spree in Beverly Hills*, along with such specialty shops as a Swiss *chocolatier* and a toy emporium. Video Systems, Inc., P.O. Box 22920, Denver, Colorado 80222, is the place to order from: \$39.95 in either VHS or Beta. Next stops: Aspen and Paris.



**WELL HUNG**

There are two kinds of people in the world: those who are into spoon hanging and those who aren't. If you're one of the former, then *How to Hang a Spoon*, Joe Martin's \$5.95 soft-cover published by Turnbull & Willoughby, will give you the inside scoop on everything from angle of dangle to competitive spooning and will also instruct you on how to care for your utensils. And if you're *not* into spoon hanging, well, here's your chance to get with the "in" crowd—impress friends, neighbors and anybody else dumb enough to watch with your new-found ability to hang heavy-duty tableware on your head. (Spoon hanging, for all you cultural dropouts, is the science of hanging a spoon or spoons from your features without adhesives, nails or psychokinesis.) Honey, what say we do a little spooning tonight? Your face or mine?



**FLOAT AND FLAUNT IT—ROYALLY**

Traveling on the River Thames is always pleasant, but making your journey aboard the luxurious Captain Webb—a 12-passenger barge that replicates the floating palaces of years past from which British royalty waved to their landlocked subjects—is definitely a watery groove. A 16-day guided journey, with trips to Southwark, Hever Castle, Canterbury and Tunbridge Wells, among other storied stops, will set you back a princely \$2490 per person, double occupancy. Salen Lindblad Cruising, 133 East 55th Street, New York 10022, has all the info. And, yes, the beds on board are queen-sized.



## END OF THE TRAIL

You think we're going to make a joke about getting a kick out of this table, right? Wrong—you're going to get a *boot* out of it. Two boots, in fact, and the bottom part of a pair of faded jeans, plus a solid-hemlock top. J.M.'s Taxidermy Company, 1570 West Bosque Loop, Bosque Farms, New Mexico 87068, is into "pseudohomosapiel taxidermy," and the boot table is J.M.'s kickoff. All for \$120 (deduct \$10 if you supply boots and jeans). Your shit-kickers should look so good.



## ALL HOT AND BOTHERED

Know what a horny man's favorite breakfast is? A roll with some honey! Yuck, yuck, yuck. Yes, trivia mania has cracked the adult-game market in the form of *Adultrivia*, 2400 bawdy questions and answers color-coded into six categories—Jokes and Limericks, Mythollaneous, Hot Times in History, Sex in Art and Literature, The Famous Uncovered and The Facts of Life. Send \$22.50 to *Adultrivia*, P.O. Box 72685, Roselle, Illinois 60172. Saturday night will never be the same.



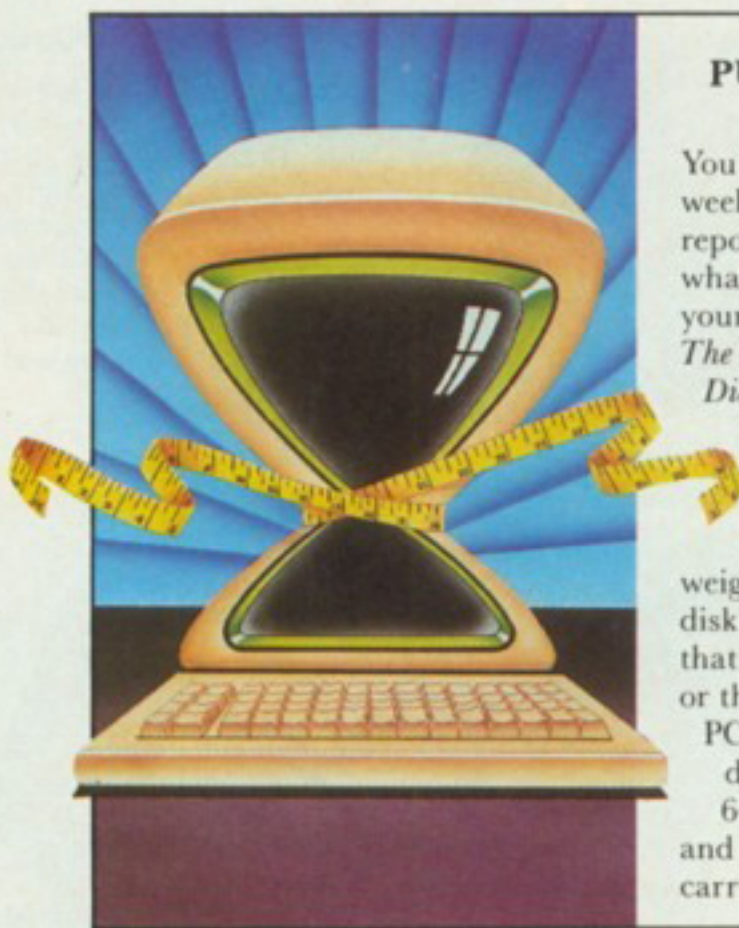
## WE HEARD IT THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE

There's more to the romance and history of wine than just sniffing and swallowing, as you'll discover if you visit New York's Cooper-Hewitt Museum on East 91st Street from June 4 through October 13. That's when *Wine: Celebration and Ceremony*—an exhibition featuring more than 350 objects that document the impact of vino on the history of design—will take place. Exhibits include Greek drinking vessels, the Bacchus wall bracket here and much more. No, the Cooper-Hewitt doesn't offer a happy hour.



## PUTTING THE BYTE ON YOUR BITE

You say you hit the beach last week and three people reported sighting a beached whale? Put your money where your mouth is and invest in *The Original Boston Computer Diet*, a unique way to lose weight via computer, from Scarborough Systems. The machine plays the role of a personal weight-loss counselor. A single disk (plus instruction booklet) that fits the Apple II family or the IBM PC, XT or PCjunior costs \$79.95; a disk for the Commodore 64 is \$49.95. Computer and department stores all carry the diet, so try a byte.



## FLAMING SUCCESS

Anybody can flick a Bic, but if it's heavy-duty fire you're seeking for your smokes, consider *Sculptures on Fire*—a series of six solid-brass lighters, in both pocket and table models, with a miniature sculpture by artist Robert W. Addison on each one. Styles include a racer (shown), a stallion, an eagle, a bass, Western saddle and a sea spirit—and the price for such craftsmanship also ought to spark your interest: \$49.95 for a pocket lighter and \$189 for a table model, sent to Vasilias Ltd., John Hancock Center, Chicago 60611. A tasteful melding of brass and class. Snap them up.



## GRAPEVINE



### Merry Panksters

Pole watchers, take note. We are looking at LADY PANK (loosely translated: Lady Punk), the first Polish rock band to tour the U.S. The Panksters even plan to shoot a video while here. Judging from this photo, they like to ride the wild surfski.



### There's No Doubting Thomas

It was either be a photographer or be a model for 18-year-old PAULA THOMAS. Now this English muffin is a model actress in the new Bond film, *A View to a Kill*. We tip our hat to her.



### Uptown Sinclair

You've seen her in *Thief of Hearts* and *Weekend Pass*, on Matt Houston and *Finder of Lost Loves*. Now the truth can be told: She likes her Teddies bare. ANNETTE SINCLAIR is shameless in her concern for the plight of the diminutive, the defenseless, the stuffed. We hope she keeps up the good work.



### Lorre's Glories

Her first name really is LOLITA and she takes her last name from her favorite actor, Peter LORRE. Her parents are from Germany and Latvia, but she is from just outside Cleveland. Here she's making two important points: first, that her acting debut is in Michael Winner's latest thriller, *Scream for Help*, and, second, that she has reason to hold her head high.

## The Woman in Flesh Color

KELLY LE BROCK is the kind of woman who stops hearts, traffic and rational trains of thought. But apparently, she can't stop working. Next up for her is a role in John Hughes's *Weird Science*, with Anthony Michael Hall. Here she demonstrates her own brand of science—why all higher forms of life are vertebrates. Notice how there can be a positive side to curvature of the spine. Notice, too, how life in the fast lane of Hollywood glamor can support itself on one arm. How can that be? This Kelly girl's keeping some good things under wraps.



### Pro Bono

PAUL HEWSON (U2's Bono to you) should be having a good time these days. The band from Dublin sells more T-shirts and merchandise than bands that sell twice as many records, and four of U2's five albums are in *Billboard's* Top 200. He's waving; he's found work.

# NEXT MONTH



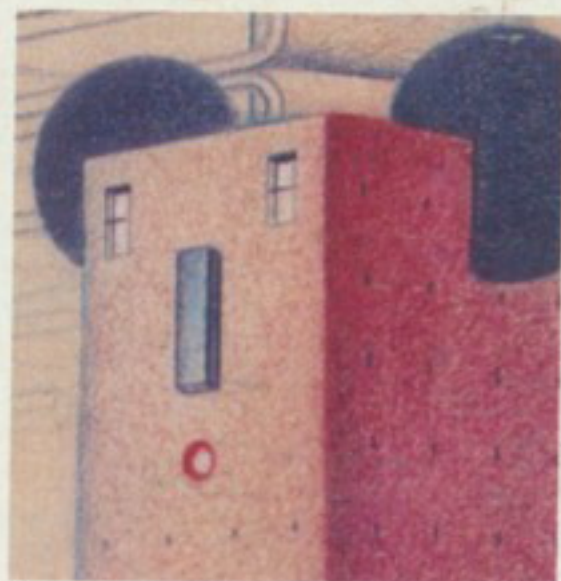
JUDY



CLOWNS



INGRID



TOPS

**RON HOWARD** REVEALS WHICH ACTRESSES HE'D LIKE TO DIRECT IN NUDE SCENES, DENIES THOSE PERSISTENT RUMORS ABOUT DRUG DEALING ON THE USC CAMPUS AND DESCRIBES HIS DAD'S ILLUSTRATED SEX-ED GUIDE IN A LIVELY "20 QUESTIONS"

"TWO BY FOUR"—WE ASKED FREE-LANCE AUTOMOTIVE JOURNALISTS **BROCK YATES**, **WILLIAM NEELY**, **WILLIAM JEANES** AND **GARY WITZENBURG** TO TEST-DRIVE THE BEST OF THE NEW TWO-SEATERS. HERE WITH, THEIR ROADWORTHY REPORTS

"GOOD ENOUGH TO DREAM"—HE WROTE ABOUT BASEBALL FOR YEARS, BUT HE NEVER REALLY KNEW THE GAME UNTIL HE BOUGHT HIS OWN BOYS OF SUMMER, A MINOR-LEAGUE TEAM. THE STORY OF ONE UNFORGETTABLE SEASON—BY **ROGER KAHN**

"SEXUAL FANTASIES"—EVERYBODY HAS THEM, BUT RESEARCH SHOWS THAT EACH OF US FEARS HIS (OR HERS) ARE FREAKY. A COMPLETE REPORT FROM THE WILD SIDE OF IMAGINATION—BY **DAVID BLACK**

"SHE'LL BE COMIN' DOWN THE MOUNTAIN"—**JUDY NORTON-TAYLOR** HAS TRAVELED A FAR PIECE FROM *THE WALTONS*. SEE HOW **MARY ELLEN GREW!**

"CLOWNS"—THE TEN-YEAR-OLD BOY WAS THE ONLY PERSON WHO COULD SEE THE SINISTER FIGURES. OR WAS HE? AN EERIE TALE BY **GARDNER DOZOIS**, **JACK DANN** AND **SUSAN CASPAR**

"GREAT BRITON"—**INGRID BOULTING**, WHOSE DAD'S A FAMED U.K. FILM MAKER, HAS MOVIES IN HER GENES. FOR US, SHE STARS IN A PHOTOPLAY

**PLUS:** "HOT TOPS"—IF **PHILIP JOHNSON** CAN PUT A CHIPPENDALE PEDIMENT ATOP AT&T'S HEADQUARTERS, *OUR* IDEAS SHOULD COME AS NO SURPRISE; "ON THE ROAD WITH **STEVEN WRIGHT**," WHEREIN OUR WEST COAST EDITOR **STEPHEN RANDALL** GETS TIGHT WITH THE HOTTEST, AND SLOWEST-TALKING, YOUNG COMEDIAN IN THE BUSINESS; "THE PLAYBOY ENDURANCE RACE"; A TOP-SECRET **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEW; AND, NATURALLY, MUCH MORE