

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1987 • \$3.50

“Colbys”

Sex Star  
Stephanie  
Beacham

The Mafia  
Princess

Cocaine and  
College  
Basketball

And Much More

*W*ILD  
WINTER  
ISSUE



# PLAYBOY®

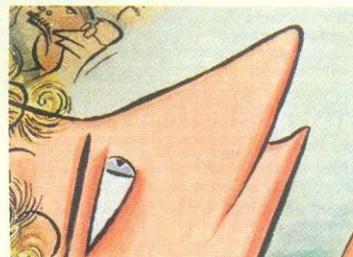
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## COVER STORY

The lady playing Rabbit peekaboo is New York fashion model Joanne Russell, photographed by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda. Joanne's make-up is by Yolanda, her hair by John Victor, her earrings by Ugo Correani and her gloves by Naomi Misle. The combined effect was zipped up by stylist Lee Ann Perry and produced by Associate Photography Editor Michael Ann Sullivan. Note that, unlike the White Rabbit, our hare is on time.



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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I have been married for almost 17 years. My wife and I have an excellent sex life. She has achieved orgasm nearly every time we have had sex. However, we have one area on which we don't seem to agree. I find it an extremely intense turn-on for her to masturbate, especially when she uses a dildo and stimulates her clitoris with her hand. In addition, she has a voluptuous body and large breasts with large nipples that I enjoy seeing her stimulate as well. Our problem is the frequency with which she delights me with my favorite turn-on. I think she has treated me only once in the past year, yet I would like this once a week or at least twice a month. I should add that she doesn't dislike this act, so it isn't a case of her being forced against her will. Considering the fact that all else is great—we have sex at least four times a week—do you think I am being selfish in asking for my treat more often? Should I just demand it or hint and beat around the bush (no pun intended), as I do now?—T. J., Charleston, South Carolina.

*Why not tell her what you've told us? We're sure that she'll be flattered by her ability to arouse you with these "shows," but she may need some encouragement from you. It's possible that she is so satisfied with your sex life that she doesn't think of this as often as you do, so it may not hurt to ask. While you're at it, you might consider putting on a show of your own for her benefit. With talents like these, who needs a home-entertainment center?*

While working up the nerve to go new-car shopping, I've been reading road-test reports, brochures and catalogs, and I keep coming across a term I'm not familiar with: transaxle. What, exactly, is a transaxle, and what's important for me to know about it?—R. F., Miami, Florida.

*Defining it is easy; explaining it takes more time. Think of a simple rear-drive car. The engine up front is attached to a transmission that turns a drive shaft that goes back to a differential between the rear wheels. About the size and shape of a healthy pineapple, this differential is full of gears and bearings that take the power in from the drive shaft and send it out to the wheels on both sides. It also has a couple of nicknames: rear end and rear axle. Now, consider the typical front-drive car. The engine and the transmission are still in front, but so are the drive wheels and, therefore, the differential. To save both space and weight, the drive shaft is eliminated and the transmission and the rear axle are combined into one unit in a single housing. Voilà: a transaxle. Just as with transmissions, there are two basic types—automatic and manual—and the more gears, the better. Thus, a five-speed beats the old four-speed manual still found in some baseline (read cheap) models, and a four-speed*



*automatic is better than the less expensive three-speed. Depending on the vehicle and the way you drive it, manual transaxles are normally quicker and more economical, while automatics are slower, less fuel efficient and a lot less fun to drive. We personally prefer shifting our own gears (except in heavy traffic), but we recommend trying both before choosing.*

My wife and I enjoy a highly varied though totally monogamous sex life. She is especially turned on by out-of-doors sex, within the confines of our tent, and every now and then she puts on a fruit-and-vegetable show that is highly erotic to both of us. Lately, we have been thinking about having sex in a nearby lake or river after dark. Neither of us has exhibitionist tendencies. We would pick a thoroughly secluded spot, inaccessible to others. Our question is whether having intercourse in a lake or a river would introduce anything unhealthy into her vagina. We presume that the use of chlorine in swimming pools removes such worries for couples who have sex in such settings. We don't have access to a pool where we would feel comfortable having intercourse. Besides, a lake or a river is more to our liking.—C. L., Denver, Colorado.

*Do you know what fish do in the water? Just kidding. If the water's clean enough to swim in, it's clean enough for a pas de deux water ballet. But do yourself a favor and wait for warm weather. Certain things shrink in the cold.*

I own and run a small business and use an IBM PC/XT for various chores. My wife was told by one of her friends that we should never turn the computer off but

should let it run 24 hours a day. The rationale was that cycling the computer on and off would shorten its life. My position is that we should turn it on at the beginning of the business day and turn it off at the end of the day, for the following reasons: Although the computer doesn't use a lot of electrical power, by turning it off every afternoon we would save 123 hours of electricity draw per week; the power supply depends on an internal electrical fan for cooling. Should that fan fail when it is not attended, the entire computer could overheat. There might even be a fire hazard involved.

The same problem applies to the video monitor. Normally, we use the computer for only the first two or three hours of the day. I say we should turn the video off when we have no anticipation of immediate further use. My wife says her source recommends leaving the video on throughout the day. Who is right and for what reasons?—W. B., Renton, Washington.

*We agree with you about shutting the computer down at the end of each day. Some types of electronics will last longer by letting them run for 24 hours, but a computer has moving parts that could be worn by extended running times. You will save much more electricity by shutting your computer down, especially since its use is limited to a few hours a day. As you suspect, the failure of a cooling fan could damage the system. The video monitor should also be shut off when not in use. If it's left on too long, an image could be permanently burned onto the screen.*

While my girlfriend and I enjoy an extremely satisfying relationship, emotionally as well as sexually, there is one aspect of our lovemaking that concerns me, more for her than for myself. She is an extremely attractive woman, yet she is somewhat displeased with her breasts because of their size and extraordinary sensitivity to any form of attention or stimulation. She has made several critical remarks about them, even though I've tried to impress her with the fact that I, for one, find them attractive, adorable and integral to who she is and wouldn't change them even if I could. Direct stimulation of any portion of her breasts or, for that matter, any contact at all with them produces intense sensations that she finds unpleasurable. I've tried several approaches—soft, direct, peripheral, oral—but whatever approach I use, she cannot tolerate it. As she is very natural, direct and relaxed in all forms of lovemaking, I am puzzled as to whether it is her mind or her body that is actually averse to breast contact. I haven't made it an issue but find that I enjoy breast contact in lovemaking and would very much like to have her experience her breasts in a

pleasurable way. Is there a form of desensitization training we could undertake? Are there additional approaches I am not aware of that could reduce the intensity of her sensations? Or should we just accept this situation and enjoy her breasts' appearance, rather than include them in our lovemaking? I should add that, on a few occasions, direct oral stimulation by me during intercourse caused no aversion—but, rather, virtually no sensation at all. Contact while embracing or in afterglow cuddling is all right, as long as I don't venture near her nipples. In short, I would be pleased for her and for myself if her breasts could realize erotic pleasure for her, and I want your input before we forsake this aspect of sex altogether. Incidentally, she is extremely orgasmic at all junctures of lovemaking, before, during or after intercourse—more so than anyone else I've ever been with. Would this have anything to do with her extreme sensitivity? Any suggestions would be great.—S. W., Richmond, Virginia.

*If your partner is unhappy with the appearance of her breasts, she may not be comfortable with your making them a focal point of sex play. She may, however, learn to appreciate them for their attractiveness to you as time goes on and you become more comfortable with each other. You might ask her to touch them first; this might overcome a finch reflex. But don't project your expectations onto her body. Kinsey found that only half of the women he surveyed felt pleasure from breast stimulation. Her sensitivity in all other respects is a gift. Enjoy it.*

**R**ecently I bought a couple of shirts and a sweater, and noticed that all of the labels listed something called ramie as part of the fabric. A friend told me that ramie is the Italian word for linen, but if that's true, why wasn't it translated on the label? What gives?—H. S., Tampa, Florida.

*Well, the first thing to understand is that your friend doesn't know fabric from fettuccini. Ramie is a natural fiber that comes from the leaves of a tall plant that has been cultivated and processed for at least 2000 years, mainly in China. Before 1979, trade between the U.S. and China was virtually nonexistent, so ramie was overlooked by clothing manufacturers. In the early Eighties, import quotas placed restrictions on the amount of such fabrics as cotton and wool that could be brought into the U.S., but the quotas did not include ramie. Not surprisingly, 505,000,000 yards of ramie were brought into this country in 1985, and the fabric accounted for ten percent of all the sweaters sold in the U.S. Ramie is stronger than cotton, holds bright dyes nicely and feels like slightly coarse linen. It does not mix well with marinara sauce.*

**I** have a couple of cassette players in various places, and I like to keep the heads clean. But I never remember to get the right kind of alcohol cleanser; or, if I do,

it's always in the wrong place. I've taken to cleaning the heads with the purest form of alcohol that's always around—vodka. It seems to work. Am I doing any permanent damage?—A. K., Skokie, Illinois.

*As unorthodox as it may sound, vodka should be a perfectly acceptable substitute for the popular disc-cleaning fluids. These products are mostly alcohol, anyway, with the addition of various inert ingredients. The only potential danger would be if the alcohol got inside the pinch rollers, causing the rubber wheel that turns the tape to start slipping. Damage to the rubber may also occur, so be sure to allow the alcohol to dry before inserting a tape. But if you're careful to restrict your application to the heads themselves, there should be no problem with using vodka as a cleaning fluid. In fact, you might even try using grain alcohol (cheaper and 100 percent alcohol, to boot) and save your vodka for drinking. Cheers.*

**I** am 19 years old and, fortunately for my sheets, I have a steady girlfriend to whom I am engaged. At times, it seems, I masturbate compulsively. I may ejaculate several times a day. I have heard that the human male puts out X number of quarts of sperm in his lifetime. Does this mean that a zestful sex life during youth will restrict one's ability to produce sperm at an older age? If I am putting out close to my quota, might this prevent me from having children? I am worried that I am putting out my X quarts before I'm ready to finish! Is this a realistic worry?—R. F., Washington, D.C.

*Frequent masturbation isn't really a problem, especially at your age. Theoretically, there's no limit to the amount of sperm a man can produce in one lifetime. (You produce 72,000,000 of the little suckers a day.) If you remain healthy and sexually active, chances are you'll also remain fertile. So, yes, you're worrying needlessly.*

**F**or the time being, I live in an apartment 100 miles from San Francisco and cannot install a large antenna outside to receive San Francisco TV. Is there anything I can do, any device I can purchase?—A. G., Sacramento, California.

*Good reception, or any reception at all, has always been a problem for those who live in apartments. There are a couple of things that may ease your difficulty. Many apartment buildings have a master antenna system that tenants can plug into. If a master antenna isn't available to you, perhaps you and the other tenants can get together and have one installed. There may be cable TV in your area available by subscription. This would involve a monthly charge, but the high-quality reception might be worth it. If you lack a master antenna or cable TV, you still have a couple of choices. There are antenna-installation services that could install a system in your apartment. Check your local Yellow Pages. Another possibility is an indoor antenna, available from an electronics house*

*such as Radio Shack. There are some new types of amplified antennas, priced around \$50, that sit on top of the TV or on a table and may give you the range necessary for good reception. Also available, though larger than the tabletop models, are amplified antennas that can be hung inside the apartment. You may have to hide this type inside a closet or behind a piece of furniture. These antennas, also around \$50, supposedly can receive signals from 90 to 100 miles away. In any case, make sure you can return the indoor antennas if they don't work out.*

**C**onsider myself an audiophile, but there are two things that have always puzzled me: (1) On most cassette decks, there is a fluorescent or lighted area in the cassette compartment between the reels. What is this used for? (2) On the shells of most cassettes, there are lines or gradations on the plastic window between the two reels. What are those used for?—H. A., Canyon Country, California.

*The lighted area in the cassette compartment behind the cassette is simply a visual aid to let you check how much tape is wound onto each reel. The back lighting is there to help you see how much tape has been played or how far the tape has progressed while you are fast-forwarding or fast-rewinding the tape. The lines on the window of the cassette tape can be used to judge the progress of the tape, but they are not a precise measurement.*

**S**omeone told me that there is a substance that kills both herpes and AIDS viruses. What is it? Where can I get it?—W. E., Santa Fe, New Mexico.

*A few years ago, researchers discovered that nonoxynol-9 would kill the herpes virus in the lab. A more recent experiment has demonstrated that it can kill the AIDS virus—again, in the lab. So what is this washday miracle? Nonoxynol-9 is the active ingredient in spermicidal jelly, and studies have shown that people who use spermicidal jelly are less susceptible to a variety of sexually transmitted diseases. The word is getting around, and now there are other products that contain nonoxynol-9—ranging from lubricants (to make slipping and sliding a little safer) to cleansers for sex toys (so you can scrub your vibrator before moving on to your next partner). Check with your local pharmacy, or send ten dollars to The Pleasure Chest, Ltd., 20 West 20th Street, New York, New York 10011, for a catalog. Use a condom and you'll further cut the odds of contracting one of these viruses.*

*All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.*



# DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:  
**What's good foreplay for you?**

**K**issing. I've gotta kiss. I've got to kiss a long time and I've got to have a lot of different kisses—nibbles on the lips, luscious kisses and strong ones, too. I've been driving in a car and had to pull over because of all the kissing. I like to be rubbed, too. A rub is part massage. Do that all over me. I like it. Then play with my hair, touch my face. But don't grab me and roll me over and try to just do it to me. I'm not into that. I can't get motivated for that. Why bother? That's for a vibrator, not another person.



*Lynne Austin*

LYNNE AUSTIN  
 JULY 1986

**G**ood foreplay should specialize in the tender parts of the body—the temples, behind the ears and neck, the wrists, knees and toes. Start out brushing those areas lightly and get more aggressive as the minutes and hours go by. The biggest mistake people make is to rush through foreplay because they're in the mood for sex and they want to get to the end result—intercourse. But it's just so much more satisfying to take it slowly and delicately, whispering the right words and doing the right things.



*Sherry Arnett*

SHERRY ARNETT  
 JANUARY 1986

**G**od, these questions are making me feel like Dr. Ruth! Foreplay is a very individual thing. Some people like it tender and cuddly; others like it to be more aggressive and a little rough. For me, foreplay is the anticipation of sex. I meet someone, I think about him, I fantasize and get totally prepared emotionally and physically. I think foreplay is psychological at first. I don't want to tell you exactly what does it for me; that would be telling millions of people. But the psychological part of foreplay is the most important if you want to be happy in bed with a man. Next in importance is the build-up of anticipation. Once you've thought about sex for a while, you're ready.



*Carol Ficatier*

CAROL FICATIER  
 DECEMBER 1985

**G**ood foreplay doesn't always start in bed or in the house. Sometimes it starts somewhere else, in conversation. Once, I took an incredibly long walk with a guy. We were talking up a storm about all kinds of things, but it was the sexual energy between us that kept the walk going—that and lots of eye contact. Sometimes I'll take off all my clothes and sit down in front of the TV with him. He can't stand that; it drives him crazy. Good foreplay isn't necessarily touching; but once you actually get into bed, oral sex is great foreplay. Talking is good, in and out of bed. The rest is too private to tell the entire world. I think I'll just leave it at that.



*Cher Butler*

CHER BUTLER  
 AUGUST 1985

**G**ood foreplay is inventing some kind of game that you can play together as a couple, like a card game. I put down five things I would like to do and my partner does the same. Every time I lose, I have to pick one of my partner's choices for foreplay. Every time he loses, he has to pick one of mine. Believe me, it's a fun game. Sexy lingerie is also great for foreplay. I like to put it on and parade around the house. I like sexy clothing and I like to be looked at.



*Teri Weigel*

TERI WEIGEL  
 APRIL 1986

**K**issing is good foreplay; so are a nice dinner and some flowers. A drive in the car, or a movie, either at home or out—anything that gets you involved with each other and gets you talking. I live with a man, and my idea of good foreplay is to cook a good dinner, light candles and take the phone off the hook while we eat and talk. You don't need physical contact all the time to get excited. It helps, of course, but the way two people eat good food together can be a big turn-on, too.



*Kim Morris*

KIM MORRIS  
 MARCH 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.





**B**itten. There's an evocative name. It suggests what every guy who has seen her More Lights 100s cigarette ads would like to be by her. But for Bitten Knudsen, who left the cold comfort of Førslev, Denmark, for the hot lights of supermodeldom, the name suggests ambition, though it can be more nearly translated as "little one." Bitten by the

modeling bug, she rose to the top of that field and set her sights on Hollywood. "So far, I've had teeny parts, like the gangster's girl in *Hollywood Vice Squad*. I was in a movie with Tina Turner, but both of us got cut," she says. Bad move, Hollywood. The cutting-room floor is no place for legs like Tina's or eyes like these. "I'm not worried, though."

your face is on billboards, but your heart is on the beach—that's what it's like

# BEING BITTEN

**GET READY FOR MORE LIGHTS 100s!**

Experience the captivating color, the glamour, the excitement!

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

More Lights 100s  
LIGHTS  
100s  
M.E.  
FILTERS

Bitten's cigarette ads made her number one with a bullet on billboards; her off days make her number one on the beach. This supermodel also surfs, windsurfs, sails and takes pictures. "I've just finished my first job as a photographer, shooting a windsurfing competition in Hawaii."

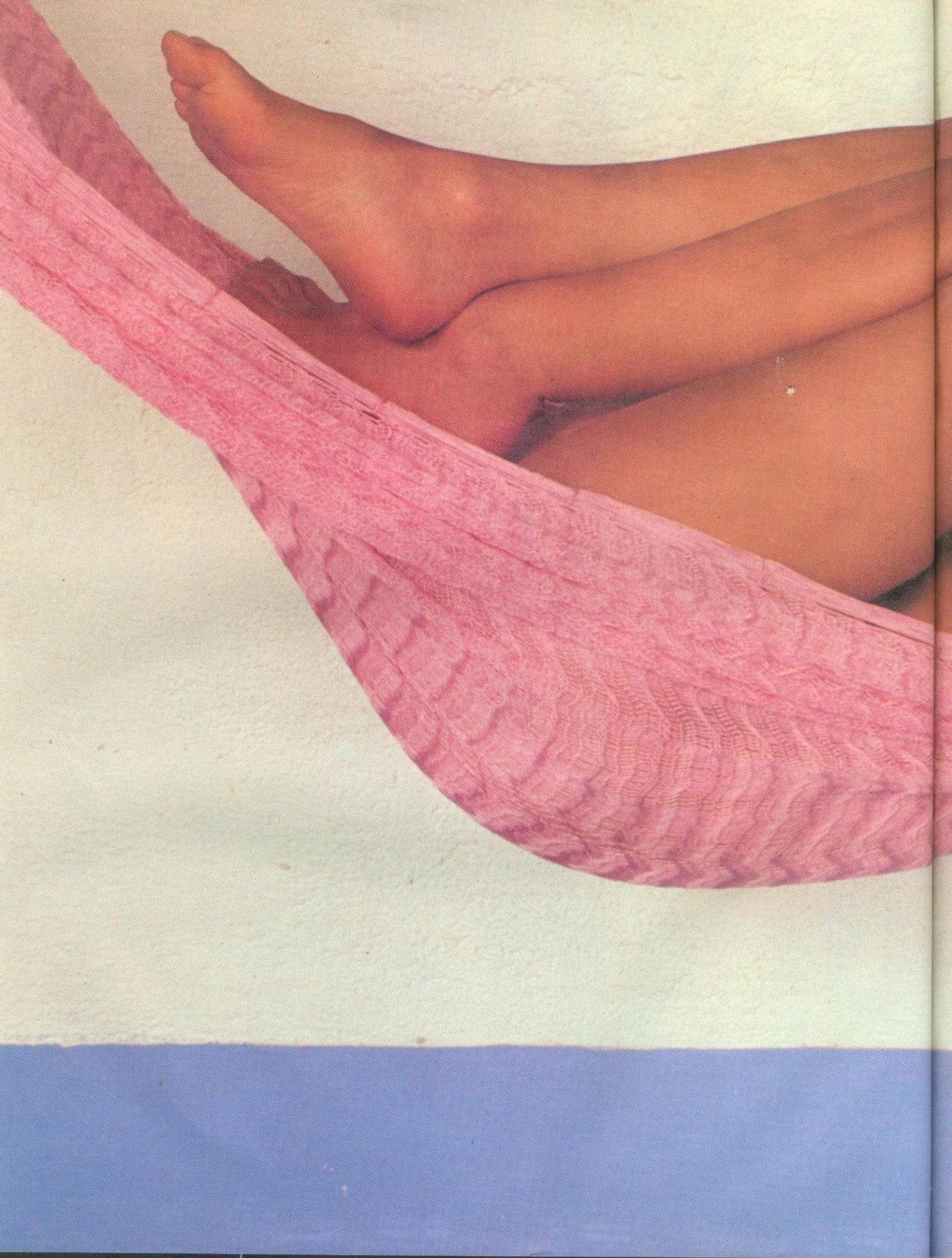
PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP DIXON



**A** real international girl, Bitten started modeling in her native Denmark—as the girl in a wholesome milk campaign—then moved on to Hamburg, Milan and New York. The Big Apple fell for her. Soon her bedroom eyes were luring consumers to Clairol, Revlon and Black Velvet. She spent months on the cover of *Glamour* and three years as the sumptuous More girl. “I always tried to add a little extra to my pictures, to get into the character, to play a personality other than my own. What would you call that—Method modeling? On a job, they style my hair and put make-up on me—that’s not the me who goes out surfing.” The Bitten who surfs would just as soon get comfortable and worship the sun as dress up and sell sophisticated cigarettes, but knows that a Scandinavian design like hers would be a terrible thing to waste.

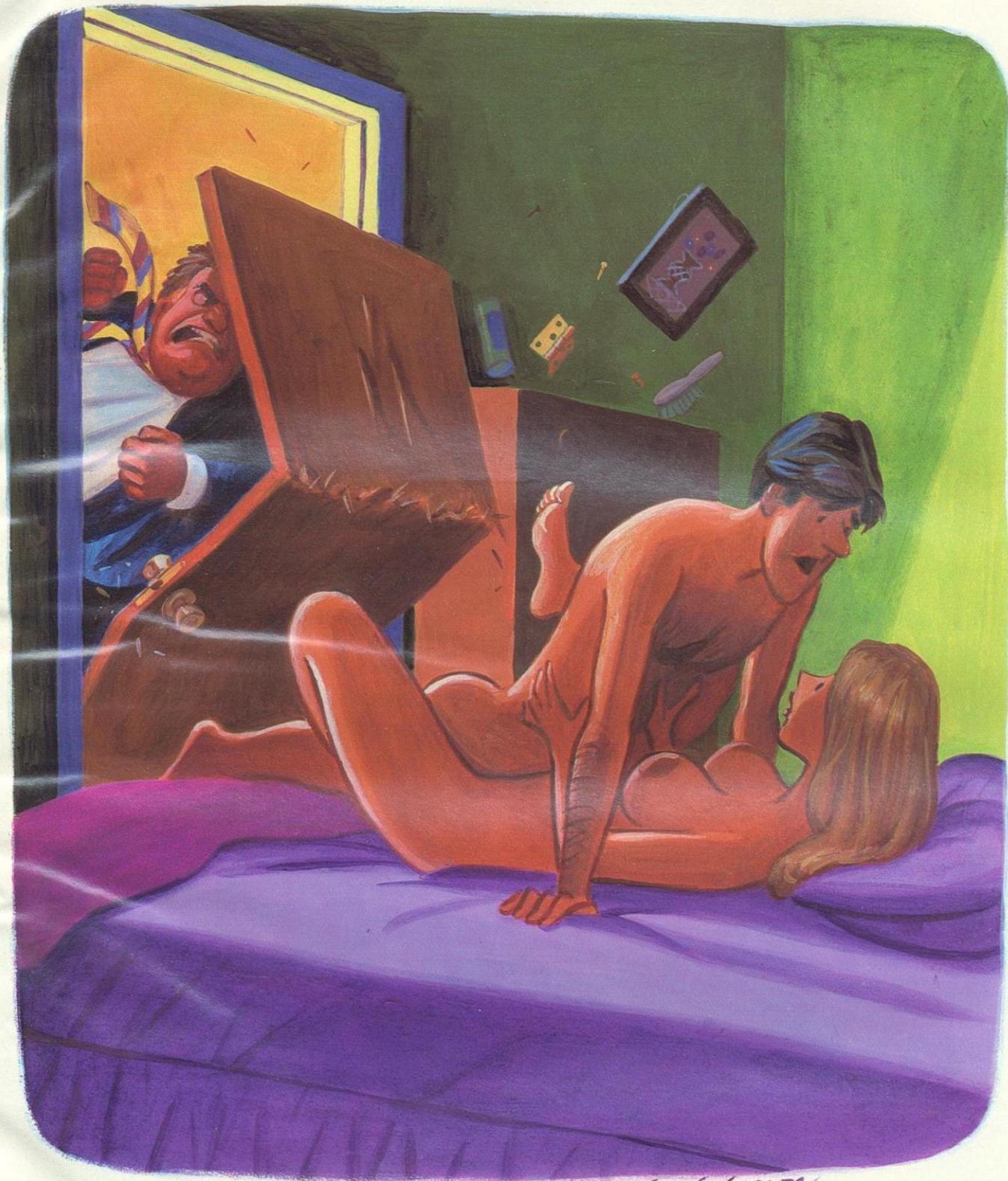
**Bitten’s a Norse beauty with a love for the tropics. “I spent my time in the islands traveling with a man I’ll call ‘the Napoleon of Hawaii,’ a good, good friend. We sailed a catamaran to Kauai and waited out a storm in a sheltered harbor. Still, there were 35-foot waves. Scary. But I love Hawaii.”**







Method model, surfer, actress, sailor and photographer, Bitten is a girl who knows how to relax. Her face may be out selling sophisticated stuff, but her body lies over by the ocean, waiting for somebody to yell, "Surf's up!"



Buckle Brown

*"Gosh, I never thought much about it. Do you believe in reincarnation?"*



# MAFIA

# PRINCESS



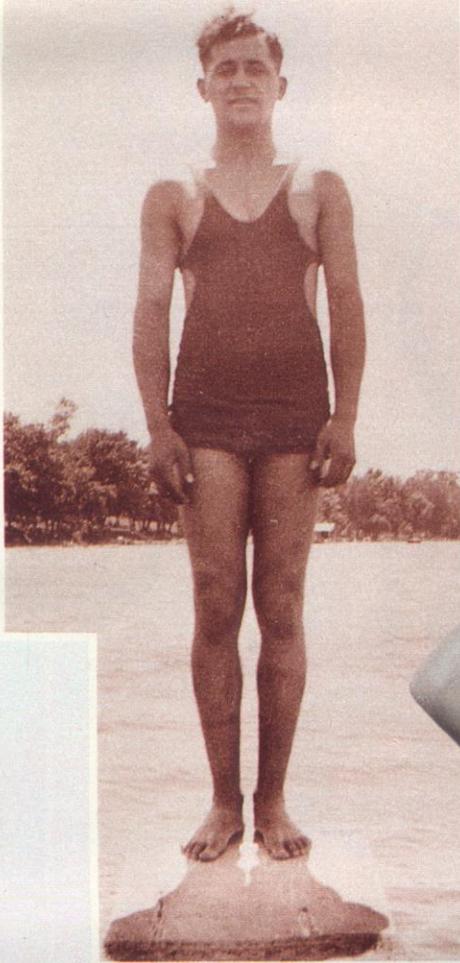
Now that her gangster dad is off her case at last, antoinette giancana is finally enjoying herself



**T**HE TOUGH TIMES are finally over for Antoinette Giancana, daughter of Chicago Mob boss Sam Giancana. And it hasn't been easy from the very beginning, as she'll be the first to tell you. Family life just isn't all that much fun when your father is someone *Time* magazine summarized as "cruelly violent," with "the face of a gargoyle and the disposition of a viper." That description appeared in June 1975, the week after Giancana was found in his Oak Park home, shot in the face and neck with seven slugs from a .22 pistol. At the time, he had been implicated in a conspiracy between the CIA and the Mafia to assassinate Fidel Castro and had recently been questioned by a Federal grand jury probing Mob activities in Chicago. In the year after his death, Antoinette, the oldest of Giancana's three daughters, hit rock bottom, and she'd been headed down for a long time. She'd already

Antoinette Giancana says if she'd posed for *PLAYBOY* while her father, Mobster Sam Giancana, was living, "Hugh Hefner wouldn't be alive today." Portraits of father and daughter, clockwise from left: Sam and Antoinette on her 14th birthday; baby Antoinette; at the age of six, with Sam on vacation in Wisconsin; Sam in 1959.

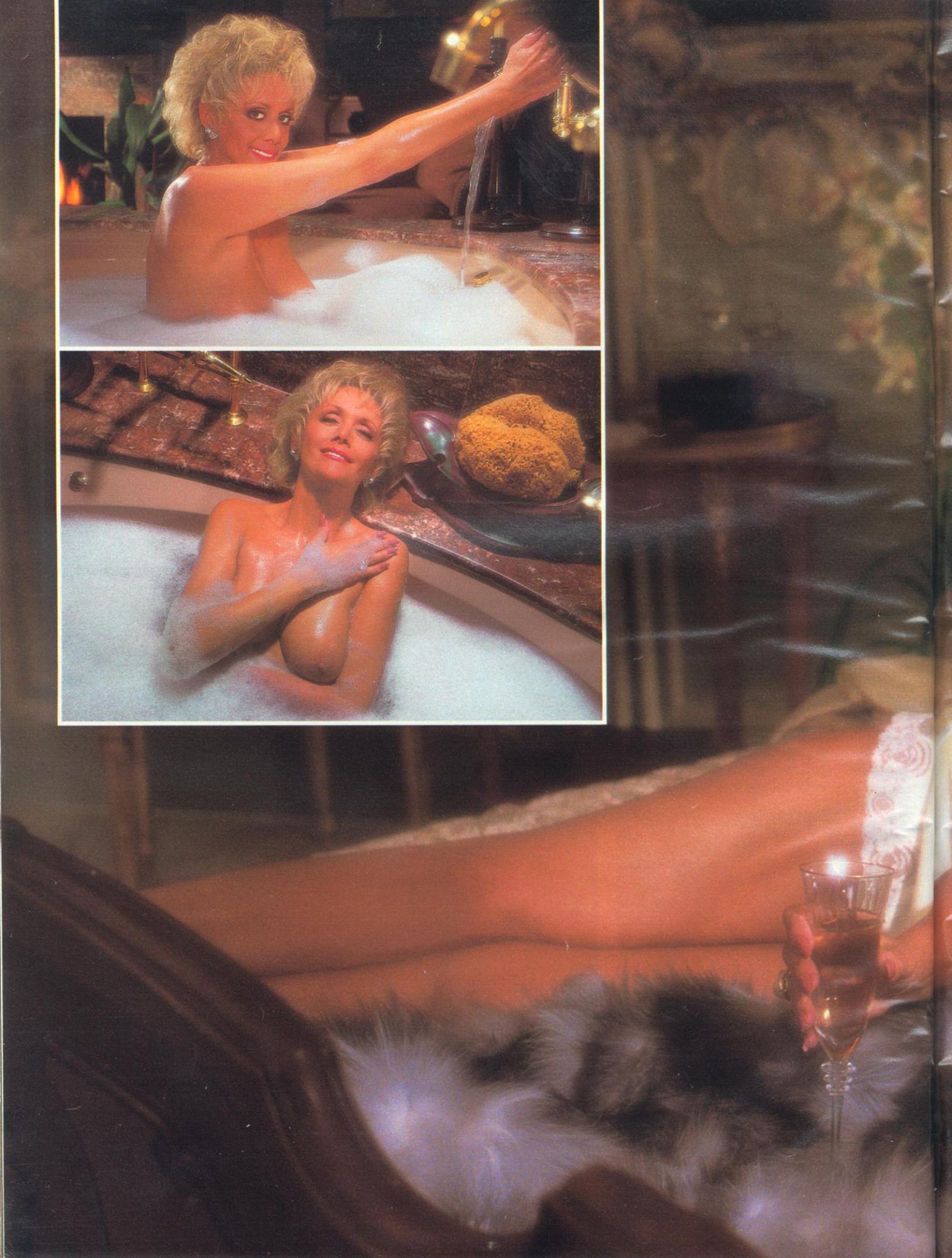
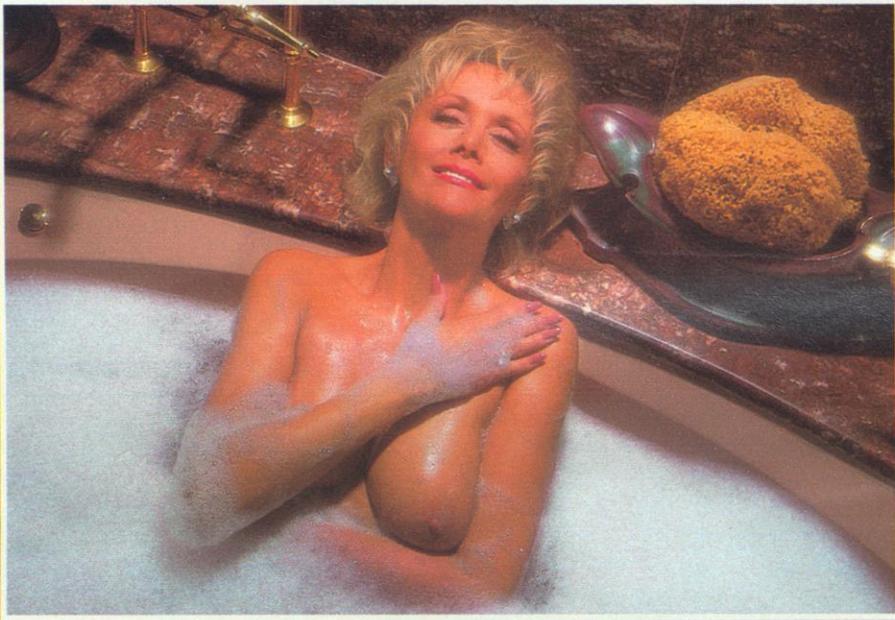
Snapshots from an album: Antoinette began modeling at 16 (with a little help from family connections). Clockwise from right: Sam on a diving board in the late Twenties; Antoinette in a photo from her modeling composite at 18; her wedding photo after her first marriage in 1959; backstage with singer Tony Martin at Chicago's Chez Paree night club in 1957; at 20, already developing the famous Giancana stare, which, coming from her father, was deadly. Center: On vacation in Hawaii shortly after her mother's death in 1954.



divorced her husband, lost custody of her children, been denounced by Sam, cut out of his will and fought a losing battle with drugs and alcohol. Even Sam's old friends in the Mob avoided her. She was finally reduced to living in a cheap room over a bar and grill in St. Charles, Illinois, surviving on hard liquor and hamburgers. Then, one rare sober morning, she had a liberating insight: "I realized that all of my life, I'd defined myself as Sam's daughter but never just as myself, Antoinette. But now Sam was gone—all his power and also all the pain he caused me. And the life I'd lived as a Mafia princess suddenly seemed like a game to me. And I said to myself, 'OK, the game's over. Now I have to find out what I can be on my own.' And right then, I started to get myself together again." Part of getting herself together was a health-and-fitness regimen that she's been working at for eight years. It began with her quitting drinking and smoking and progressed to a nearly meatless diet and a six-day-a-week exercise routine that includes an hour on Nautilus equipment and an hour of aerobic exercise every session. But perhaps the most important part of her rebirth was getting the big load of being Sam Giancana's daughter off her chest in her best-selling autobiography (written with Thomas C. Renner), *Mafia Princess: Growing Up in Sam Giancana's Family*, which hit the bookstores in 1984 and was immediately made into a prime-time television movie starring Susan Lucci. (concluded on page 158)

Antoinette grew to like Phyllis McGuire (below), whom Sam dated during the last decade of his life. With a book and a movie behind her, today Antoinette (right) is "full of confidence, much more content."

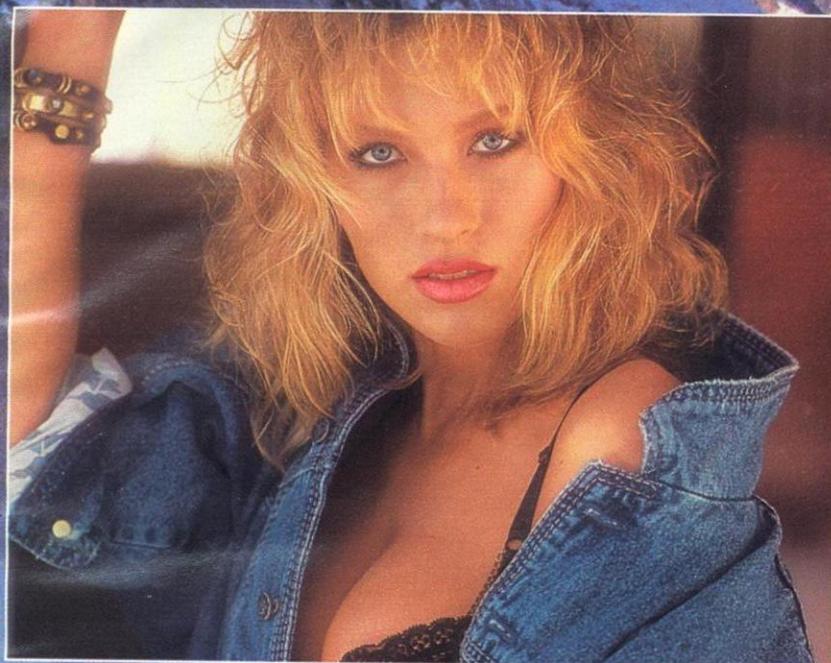




After moving into her new house in a Chicago suburb, Antoinette soothes her aching muscles ("Unpacking boxes is so exhausting") in a hot bubble bath. Her final advice to young men who might like to become professional gangsters: "Watch out. It can be very dangerous."



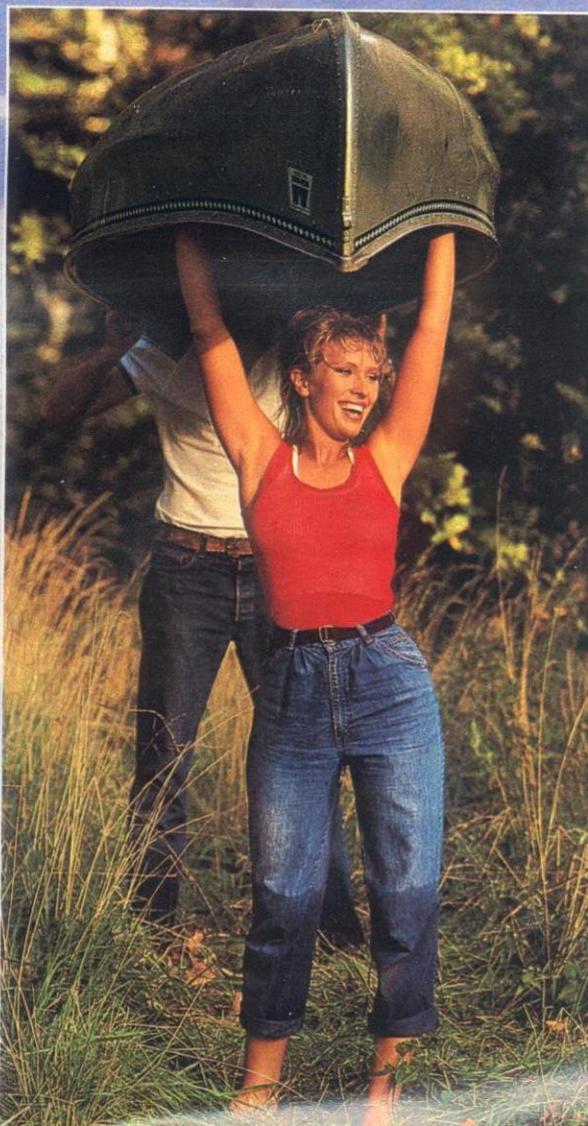




whether by horseback or by airplane,  
julie peterson gets around

## EASY RIDER

*At home in two states, Julie enjoys them both. In Alaska, she can cross-country ski over Mount McKinley's Ruth Amphitheater; back in Maryland, she can walk her neighbor's old English sheep dogs (right) or take a canoe trip with her father (far right).*



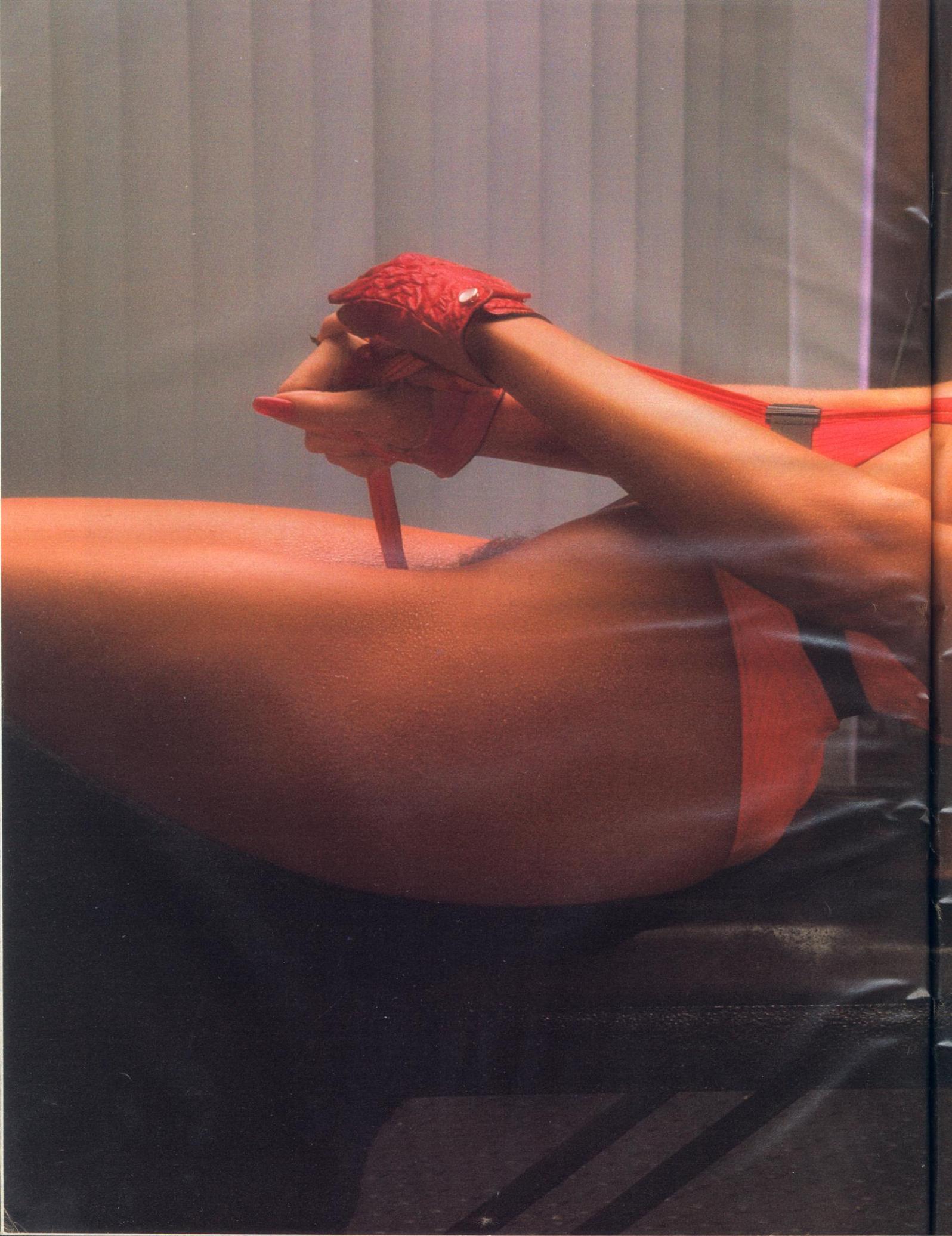
Every now and then, our readers' suggestions are influential in the selection of a Playmate. When Julie Peterson appeared in our February 1986 feature *Women of Alaska*, she struck us as a potential centerfold candidate. Then your letters started coming in, and there seemed to be an awful lot of Julie Peterson fans out there. That did it. How could we refuse? If your next-door neighbor is one of the guys who wrote to PLAYBOY asking to see Julie again, we know you'll want to call him up and thank him profusely.



**I**f you should meet her, the first thing you'd notice is Julie's voice: deep, with soft, husky undertones like those you want to hear on late-night radio when you're all alone. The second thing you'd notice is that she's extremely compact—not just her body but also in the way she moves and talks: no unnecessary effort but exactly what's required to get the job done. Just what you'd expect from a girl who spent time in a place named Dead Horse on America's last vast frontier. But—surprise—Julie grew up in Maryland, not Alaska.

*When we posed Julie with this exercise equipment, she said, "Be sure to write that I don't look like this when I work out at The Fitness Connection in Anchorage."*







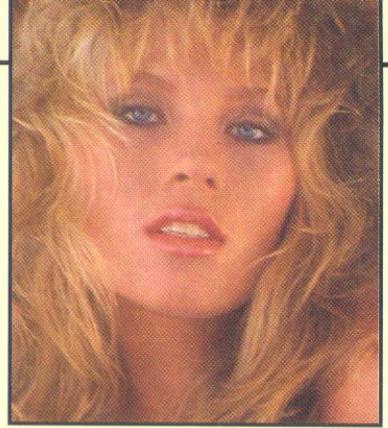


**T**hat's right—Julie didn't move to Alaska until she was 17. "My parents divorced when I was 16," she explains, "and my mom moved to Juneau. After my graduation from high school [Aberdeen High School in Aberdeen, Maryland], I moved to Alaska to live with her." Her mother, a dental hygienist, had started a dental clinic in Prudhoe Bay for workers on the North Slope oil fields. "Most of them didn't want to take a day off to go to a dentist in Anchorage or Fairbanks, (text concluded on page 142)

*Above left and right, Julie revisits the stables near her childhood home. A rider since the age of four, she used to buy, train and sell horses to make extra cash.*



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Julie Pederson

BUST: 38 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 130lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 9-29-64 BIRTHPLACE: Darnestown, Md.

AMBITIONS: To obtain abundance in all aspects of my life - to be unlimited.

TURN-ONS: fog, thunder storms, wind, hot tubs, speed-hoes, cars or boats!

TURN-OFFS: Judgments, negativity, limits, elevator music.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Shilumi, Maia, Ramtha, East of Eden.

FAVORITE MOVIES: Topper, To Catch a Thief, 9 1/2 Weeks, Top Gun.

FAVORITE FOODS: Pizza, Popcorn, Twinglers, Champagne, Raspberries.

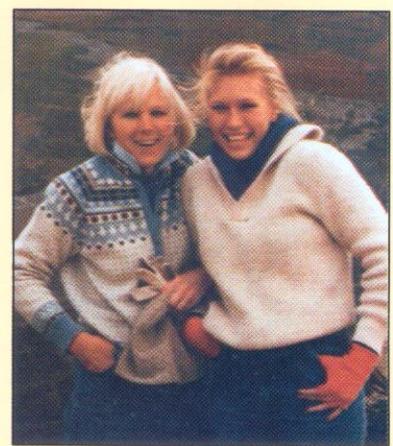
FAVORITE PLACE: Crow Creek Pass, Alaska; West Chester, Pa.



Shot for Women of A.K. - 1984



Winter in Ak. w/ Crystal 1986



A recent trip to Denali w/ Mom

**MISS FEBRUARY**  
**PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH**

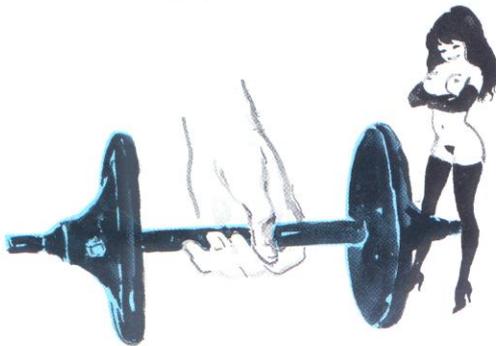


# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The bank robbers arrived just before closing and ordered everyone to disrobe and lie face down behind the counter. One nervous employee pulled off her clothes and lay face up on the floor. "Turn over, Cindy," whispered the girl lying beside her. "This is a stick-up, not an office party."

On the eve of the couple's 15th wedding anniversary, the wife was bragging about her still-slim figure. "You know, honey," she said, "I can still get into the skirts I had before we were married."

"Yeah?" her husband replied as he scanned the sports pages. "I wish to hell I could."



When Queen Elizabeth paid an unofficial visit to Kentucky to look for studhorses for her stables, she and President Reagan went for a morning ride together.

Her Majesty was aboard one of her prized stallions when the horse suddenly broke wind.

"I'm so embarrassed!" the queen said.

"Well," Reagan replied, "no need to be embarrassed. I thought your horse did it."

Three college roommates—two females and a male—began to argue after dinner about whose turn it was to do the dishes. "All right," one of the girls said, "the first one to speak has to do them."

The trio retired to the living room to watch TV. When their neighbor, a school football star, came by, the three remained silent. The visitor shrugged and led one of the girls into her bedroom.

Forty-five minutes later, the young man emerged and approached the second girl. Through sign language, they agreed to adjourn to her bedroom.

When he came out, he began to fix himself a cup of tea but burned his fingers on the stove.

"Hey, where's some petroleum jelly?" he hollered from the kitchen.

"Oh, shit!" the male roommate said, jumping up. "I'll do the dishes."

Two French nuns went to New York for an education conference. Taking a stroll one afternoon, they passed one of many hot-dog vendors. They decided to try this curious American food. The vendor wrapped the hot dogs in paper and the nuns sat on a bench to eat them. The first nun opened hers, looked at it for a moment, threw it into a trash can and asked the second nun, "Which part of the dog did you get?"

A pregnant woman and her husband were in an automobile accident that left them unconscious for three days. When the woman awoke, she found the doctor standing by her side and her stomach decidedly flat.

"My baby, my baby!" she screamed.

"Don't worry, Mrs. Kraft," the physician said, soothing her. "You had twins, a boy and a girl. They're just fine."

"Thank heavens," she sighed. "But I should name them."

"While you were unconscious, your brother Curly named them."

"Oh, swell. Curly never finished the fourth grade. What did he name them?"

"He named your little girl Denice. . . ."

"Oh, that's a lovely name for a little girl. What did he name the boy?"

"Denephew."

While traveling through cannibal country, an archaeologist came across a cafeteria deep in the jungle. A menu posted on the door offered Fried Missionary for three dollars, Sautéed Safari Guide for five dollars and Baked Stuffed Politician for \$25. The curious scientist went around to the back and asked the cook why the politician cost so much more than the other entrées.

"Did you ever try cleaning one of those things?" he replied.

A rumor circulating in the intelligence community has it that Colonel Qaddafi walked into his headquarters to find this message waiting:

MICHAEL JACKSON CALLED. HE WANTS HIS JACKET BACK.



*Boyd Neiman*

The two little girls were walking to kindergarten when one confided, "Guess what. I found a contraceptive on the patio yesterday."

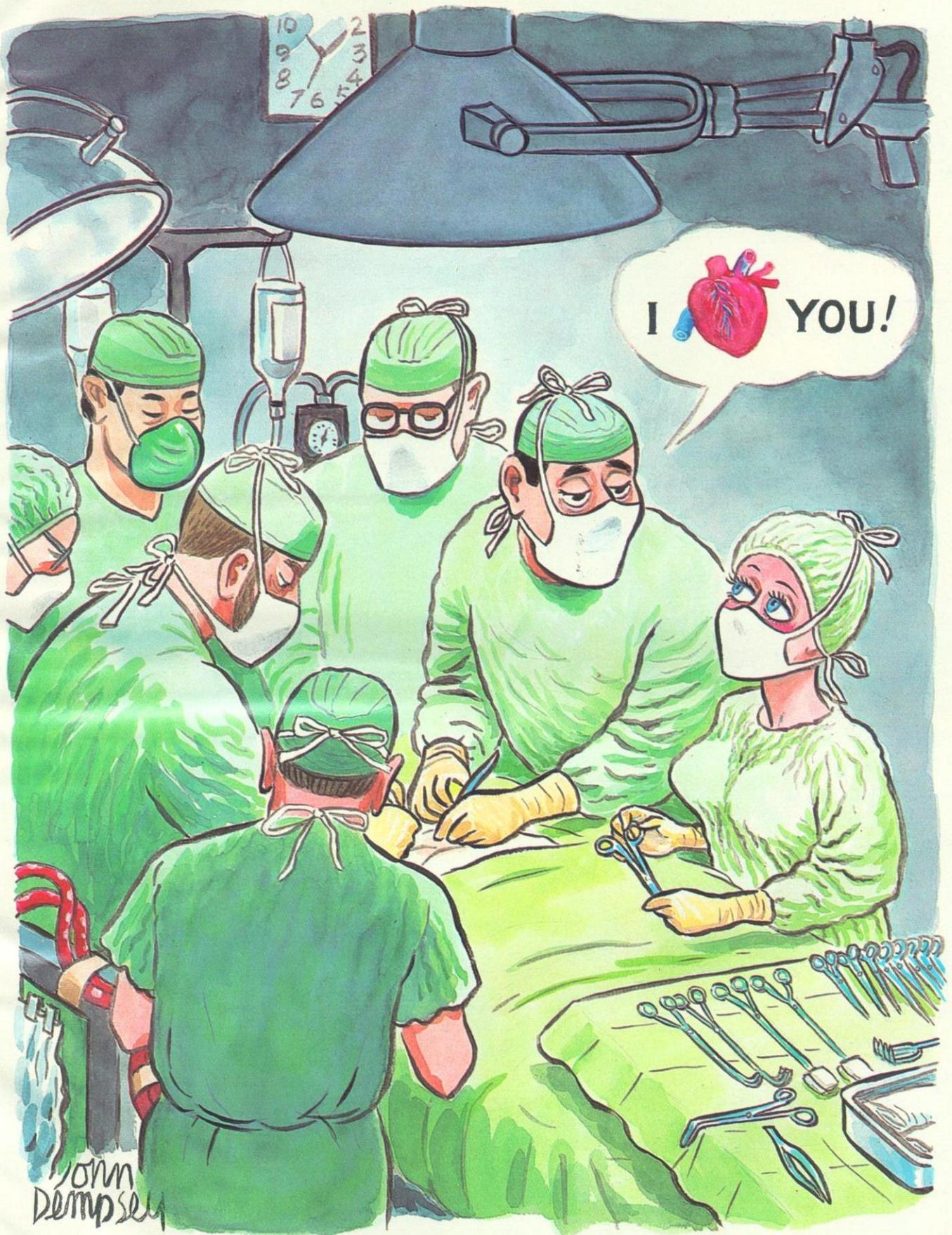
"What's a patio?" her friend asked.

A man arrived home early to find his wife in the arms of his best friend. To calm the shocked husband, the friend suggested they play gin rummy.

"If I win," he said, "you have to get a divorce so I can marry her. If you win, I promise never to see her again. OK?"

"OK," agreed the husband. "But how about a penny a point to make it interesting?"

*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 ❤️ YOU!

John  
Dempsey



*"Pick a number between one and one thousand and one."*

# S

## THE COLBYS'

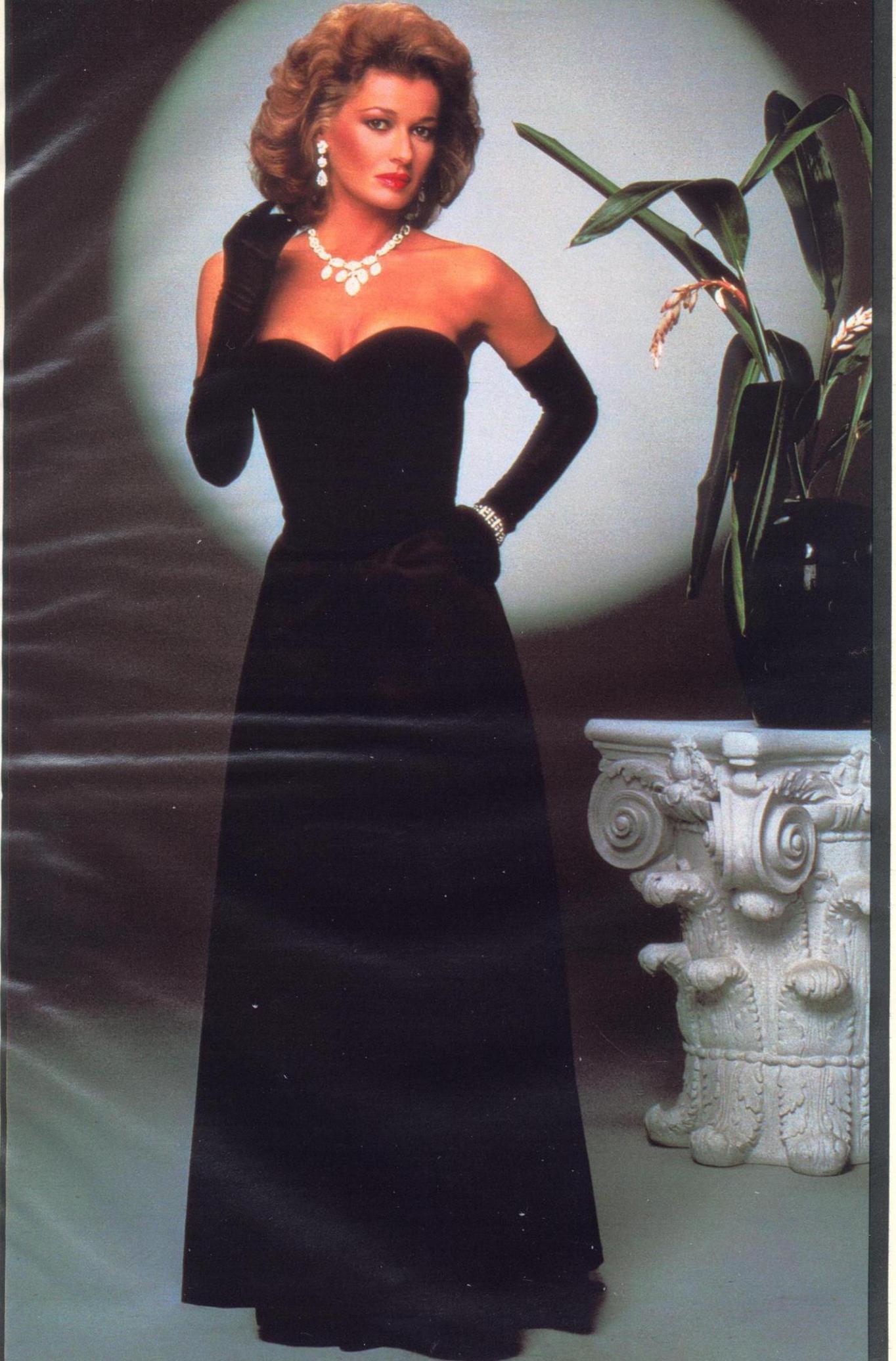
# STEPHANIE BEACHAM

BEFORE THERE WAS A SEQUEL TO *DYNASTY*, THERE WAS THIS PHOTO PREQUEL OF THE PERFECT, BEAUTIFUL BITCH IN *DYNASTY II: THE COLBYS*



**T**he *Colbys* is not about a family of cheese merchants. *Dynasty II* follows the exploits of Sable (Stephanie Beacham) and Jason (Charlton Heston), shown at left, as they build an empire in prime-time television.

AH, YES, said Fitzgerald to Hemingway. "The very rich are different from you and me." "Yes," said Hemingway. "They have more money." And if you follow the prime-time soaps *Dynasty* and *Dynasty II: The Colbys*, you'll know the rich also have a fatal attraction for bitches. That famous chronicle of Western civilization, *People*, caught on to the main attraction of *The Colbys* almost immediately: "With her icy beauty, withering stare and the British accent she wields like a poison dart, Stephanie Beacham might just be the one to show Joan Collins the real meaning of she-deviltry." Welcome to another class of *PLAYBOY*'s Celebrity Archaeology 101. We uncovered these 1972 shots of Miss Beacham in our







files. Back then, Stephanie was living "as a happy hippie," doing theater in London. She played lead roles for two of England's most important repertory companies, the Bristol Old Vic and the Oxford Playhouse. She played Mary, Queen of Scots, in a BBC production of *The Queen's Traitor*. She played opposite Donald Pleasance in

**L**ook closely at these pictures. Before she became Sable, the diamond-studded star of "Dynasty II," Stephanie played in such offerings as "Dracula A.D. 1972," "House of Whipcord," "Schizo" and "Horror Planet."

Harold Pinter's double bill *The Basement* and *Tea Party*. She posed for Canadian artist André Durand and was voted by one organization as "the most sedate nude of the year." In 1972, we asked Doug Kirkland and Patrick Lichfield (that's Lord Lichfield to those of you who follow the real-life dynasty) to take a few photos of Stephanie.



**S**tephanie told People, "Five more years for this face, friend, maybe three. . . . If I want to do film work, I'd better do it now." Someone who has been this attractive this long is likely to be stunning at any age.





Our Photo Editor gave them the following assignment: The shots should be "beautiful, sexy, ethereal, fun, erotic, provocative, sensitive, interesting. Not asking for much. I'll settle for any three of the above."

Lichfield shot Stephanie as a blonde, natural child of the counterculture. Kirkland saw her as a brunette and asked her to

**I**n her early 20s, Stephanie lived in what she described as a "sophisticated commune." She posed for artists and was not unused to the feel of fine furs and elegant living. Good training for her TV persona.



pose in one of the Mod wigs of the day.

It was an important time in Stephanie's life. She had just landed a role opposite Marlon Brando in *The Nightcomers*. She told a reporter back then, "I am not a film star. I never will be. It's not me. I'm stubborn and definite about my acting and I am only satisfied when I'm playing the part perfectly."

**I**t's hard to imagine the child of the counterculture shown here as a diabolical, scheming wench, ready to plot with the worst of them. What will Sable do this week? Be it bedroom or board room, it's fun.



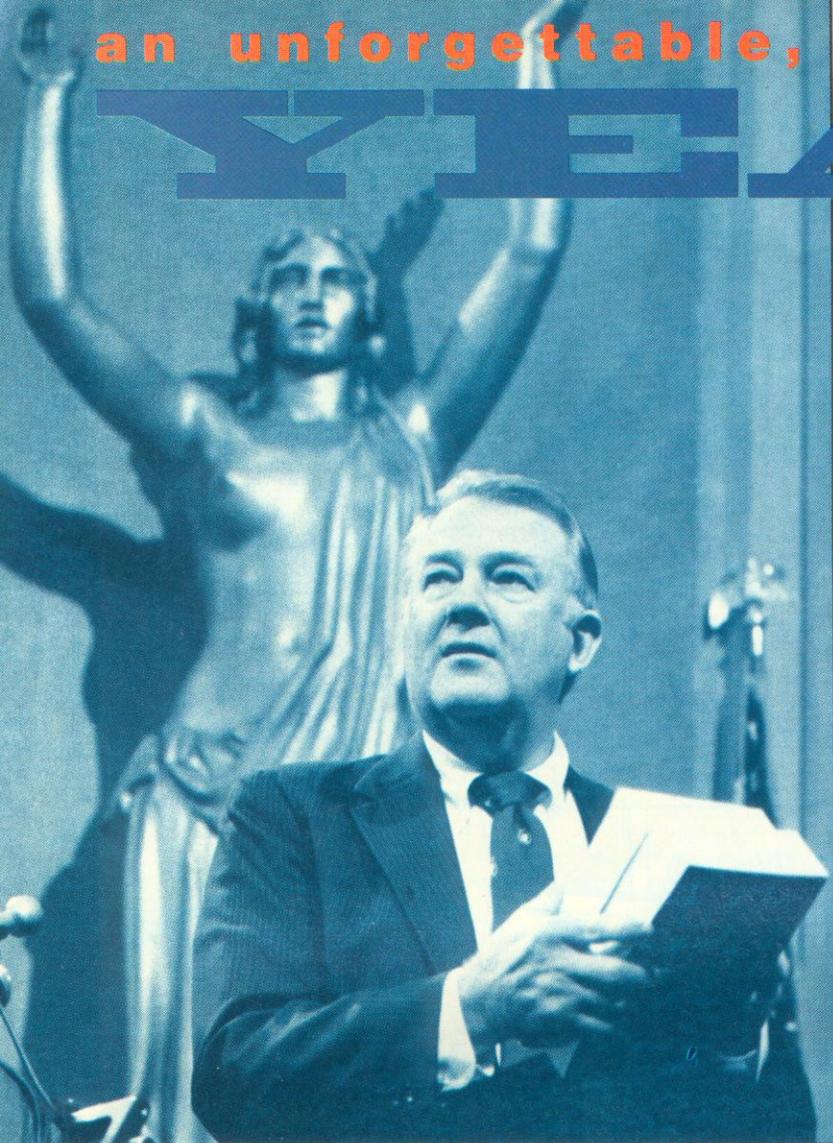




*"Jeez—it's a Jerry Falwell calendar."*

an unforgettable, incredible

# YEAR



## PRUDE

Ed Meese—turn-off of the year.



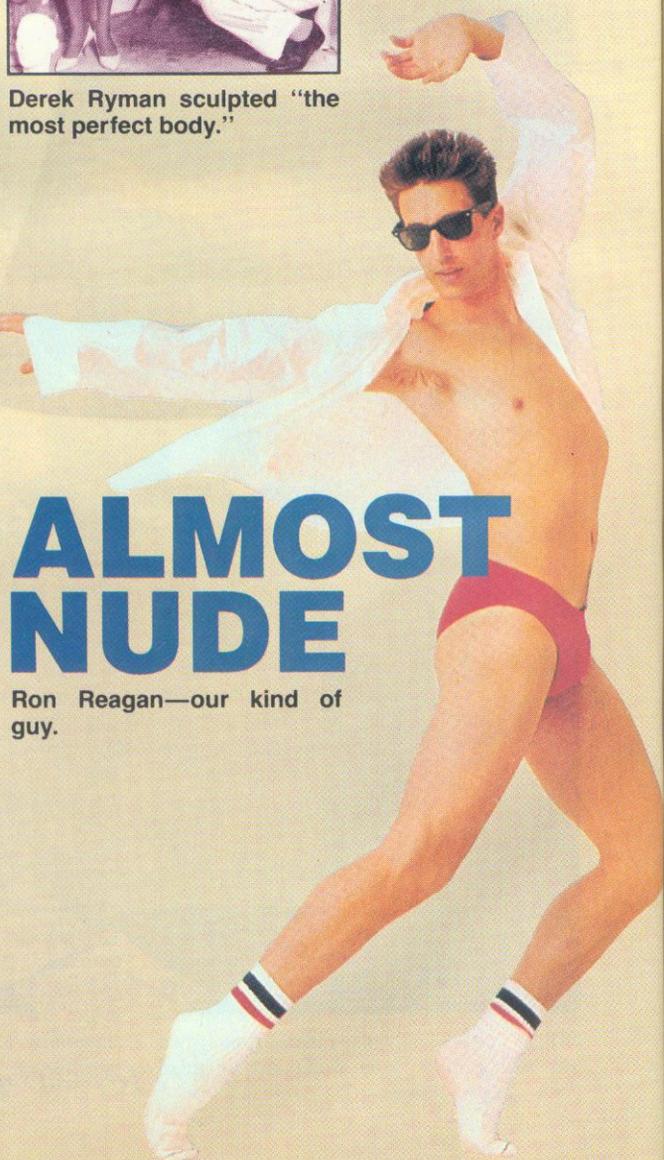
## CRUDE

As revealed in *His Way*, Ole Blue Eyes taunted Judith Exner after she balked at a *ménage à trois* with: "Get with it. Swing a little."

## NUDE



Derek Ryman sculpted "the most perfect body."



## ALMOST NUDE

Ron Reagan—our kind of guy.

# IN SEX

## RUDE

The Supreme Court made it an offense to have oral or anal sex.



'YOUR PAPERS APPEAR TO BE IN ORDER. APPARENTLY YOU ARE A HETEROSEXUAL MARRIED COUPLE. SORRY, WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE A COUPLA QUEERS.'

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## FOOD



Topless Doughnut Shop, Fort Lauderdale. Life goes on.

## DUDE



Vanessa Redgrave starred as transsexual Renée Richards in CBS-TV's *Second Serve*.

## HEY, JUDE!

Ex-Beatle Paul McCartney says of record censors, "I kind of see their point."

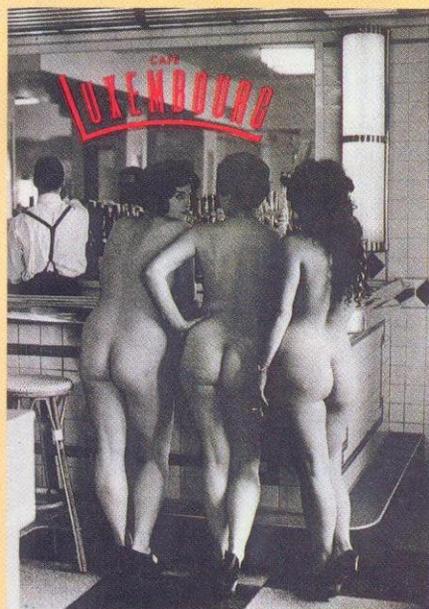


## FEAR IN SEX

*Valid Research, but Not a Great Title for a Novel:* A few years ago, when *Glamour* conducted a telephone poll on what women worry about most, war and peace was the most popular answer. This year, AIDS and herpes came in first in the poll.

*This Is Getting Serious:* Dominatrix Lady Lia on how the AIDS scare affects her life: "I used to go in for a little body worship—let somebody kiss my body. Now I allow them to kiss my leather, if at all."

## CELEBRATE IN SEX (I)



On the other hand, here is a picture of naked bar belles at the Café Luxembourg in New York. We feel an obligation to publish this kind of picture.

# REAR IN SEX

On June 30, 1986, the United States Supreme Court, in a 5-4 decision, upheld laws making sodomy illegal in Georgia:

*"To hold that the act of homosexual sodomy is somehow protected as a fundamental right would be to cast aside a millennia [sic] of moral teaching."*—Chief Justice Warren E. Burger

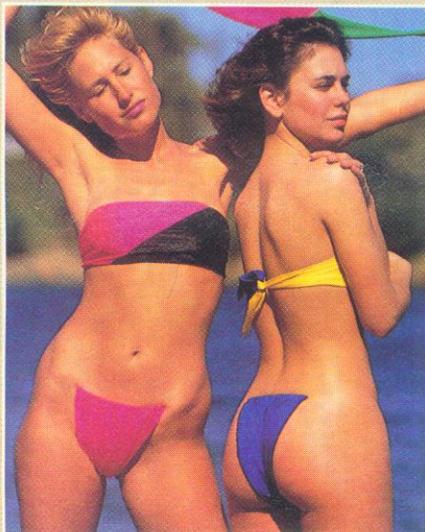
*"I applaud the decision . . . it has issued a clear statement that perverted moral behavior is not accepted practice in this country."*—The Reverend Jerry Falwell

*"This was a gratuitous and petty ruling, an offense to American society's maturing standards of individual dignity."*—*New York Times* editorial

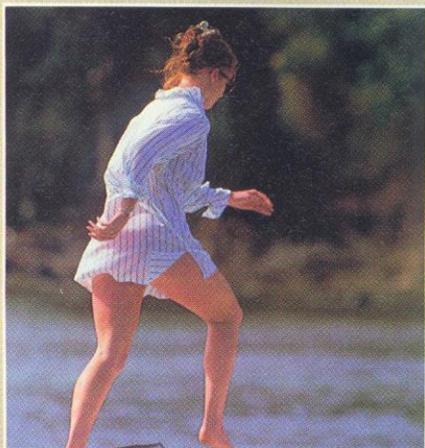
*"Isn't it a violation of the Georgia sodomy law for the Supreme Court to have its head up its ass?"*—PLAYBOY reader John Burt

**First off the Bench.** . . . Boulder, Colorado, women carrying cameras and binoculars and wearing T-shirts that read SODOMY PATROL wandered through a shopping mall looking for "unlawful sexual behavior." They were joking.

On the lighter side of rears. . . .



**Let's See—Does That Make It a Cannes-Can?** Dutch designer J. J. Van Hartesveldt introduced his rump-hugging bikini bottom at the Cannes Film Festival.



**Then back to the heavier side.** . . . Princess Fergie weighed in with the most ample bottom in recent royal history.

## EAR IN SEX

On the musical front . . .



**A-Wop-Bop-a-Loo-Bop.** . . . Evangelist Jimmy Swaggart, whose first cousin is Jerry Lee Lewis, launched a crusade against "pornographic" rock music, which he called a more destructive force than "drug addiction, venereal disease, homosexuality, you name it." Attacking such M.O.R. performers as Elton John and Bruce Springsteen, Swaggart said, "I don't listen to this music—I'm not in the torture business—but people in the organization do listen to it, for research, and give me print-outs."

**A-Wop-Bam.** . . . A San Antonio ordinance was passed prohibiting unaccompanied children under the age of 14 from attending musical, stage or theatrical shows considered to be "obscene." Championing the new law is mayor Henry Cisneros, a Democrat, who refers to some rock concertgoers as "young people going to the altar to testify for Satan."

**Boom.** California State U sociology professors

Jill Rosenbaum and Lorraine Prinsky subjected more than 250 teenagers to more than 650 songs and concluded that rock lyrics aren't damaging to teens because teens don't listen to them.

## EERIE SEX

**Let's Go for a Spin:** Now there's the Sex Basket, a \$219.95 sex toy that originated in Oriental bordellos. The woman sits in the furry seat while the man, lying underneath, enters her through the hole in the bottom.



## IRANI SEX

The speaker of the Iranian parliament said in 1986 that there really is a difference between the sexes: Women's brains are smaller.

## YEAR IN SPECS

**What About Pulling the Tags off Matresses?** In a "Sin Poll" conducted by *People*, living together without marriage was rated as sinful as capital punishment, tattling rated

worse than both of them and cutting in front of someone in line was worse than all three.

### Why We Believe in Sex Ed, Part One:

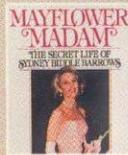
Johns Hopkins University conducted a three-year study of 3400 teenaged Baltimore girls in which half were given extensive sex education (complete with contraception and "values clarification" courses) and half were not. The results: The half with extensive sex ed lost their virginity after their 16th birthday and showed a 30 percent drop in pregnancies; the other half (with only Maryland schools' basic sex education) lost their virginity before their 16th birthday and experienced a 57 percent increase in pregnancies.

## CHEER IN SEX (II)

**You Didn't Think We Were Going to Get Through One of These Features Without Publishing at Least One Nudist Picture, Did You?** Nudes-a-Poppin' II, Ponderosa Sun Club.



# YEAR IN TEXT



Sydney Biddle Barrows' *Mayflower Madam*: "Whenever a girl returned from seeing a new client, her description of him was entered in our client log. . . . Contrary to some of the press reports after we were busted, there was no mention on these records of the client's sexual preferences, although if the man was *very* well endowed, we would note this fact with the code LP."

## YEAR INSECT

Love Bug: Jeff Goldblum, as *The Fly*.



## YEAR INFECT

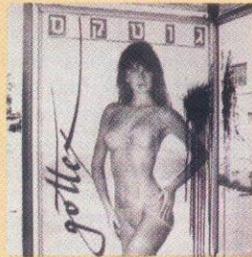
In a *New York Times* piece called "Is Sex Necessary?" scientists questioned the evolutionary need for sex, suggesting that the male may have originated as "parasitic DNA" and that sex was actually just "a form of disease that animals and plants have learned to adapt to."

## YEAR IN SECTS

In an action reminiscent of the 1925 Scopes trial, Tennessee fundamentalist Christians battled the Hawkins County schools in court, claiming that textbooks elevate man at the expense of God. Chief plaintiff Vicki Frost claimed that, in one book, a picture of a girl reading and a boy making toast represented a reversal of traditional sex roles.

## VAY IS MIR IN SEX

Israeli Jewish fundamentalists fought secular Jews over bus-shelter posters that featured scantily dressed women. Calling the ads "the Devil's work," the Orthodox faction torched more than 100 shelters, destroying swimwear billboards and sparing only posters for such products as mayonnaise and dog food. In retaliation, the secular Jews torched an Orthodox synagogue.

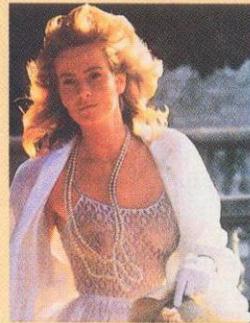


## JEERS IN SEX

**Another Reason This Has Been an Incredible Year:** Thirty students at California State University formed an antisex league. They're not a religious group, they say; they just believe that "sex is a waste of time . . . one of the stupidest things we do."

**And as a Coup de Grâce. . . .** The U.S. Labor Department ruled that the Government will no longer compensate workers who lose "nonproductive" body parts in the line of duty. The penis was included.

## SHEER IN SEX



Spicy ad for Guerlain.

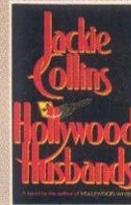
## SHEARS IN SEX



Rotten movie idea.

## SKIERS IN SEX

**Splash:** The same thinking that leads us to publish nudist pictures.



Jackie Collins' *Hollywood Husbands*: "She had the tight, compact body of a teenager. Taut breasts, firm thighs . . . and a flat stomach. She enjoyed sex with a gusto he was unused to. . . . Other women talked dirty just for effect. When Silver said, 'Fuck me hard, Wes,' she meant it. And he did it. And they both got off on it."

## AIRING SEX



**Ruthless People:** The Dr Pepper company canned Dr. Ruth Westheimer as its spokesperson reportedly under pressure from the National Federation for Decency.

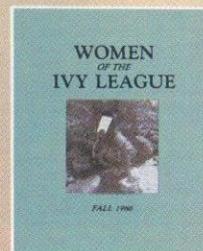


**Move Over, Dr. Ruth:** Phyllis Levy, a talk-show sex therapist on Chicago's WLS Radio, addressed such subjects as "being caught while doing it," "making noise while doing it," "being attracted to a German shepherd," "golden showers" and masturbating to Levy's picture. As for the show's musical format, Levy played such chart busters as *Don't Use Your Penis for a Brain* and *Please Warm My Wiener*.

## YEARBOOKS IN SEX

**At Brown:** Shortly after a prostitution-scandal shook Brown University, a group of Brown women published *Positions*, a "feminist pornography journal" intended to "allow women to consume pornography in a nonalienated state."

**And at Yale:** In response to PLAYBOY's *Women of the Ivy League Revisited* pictorial (October), a group of Yale women rallied ladies from seven of the eight Ivies and put out their *own* version under the same title.



# YEAR IN QUOTES

A Reagan aide, after a suggestion by Pat Buchanan that *PLAYBOY* be banned from military PXs: "That would certainly do wonders for our recruitment program."

Pasadena Superior Court judge Gilbert Alston, dismissing a prostitute's rape case: "The law was set up to protect good people. . . . A whore is a whore is a whore."



White House Chief of Staff Donald Regan on women's understanding of summit topics: They don't understand "what's happening in Afghanistan. . . . Most women would rather read the human-interest stuff." On women's understanding of sanctions against South Africa: "Are the women of America prepared to give up all their jewelry?"



Jerry Lewis, panned by a female movie critic: "You can't accept one individual's [opinion], particularly if it's female. . . . When they get a period, it's really difficult for them to function as human beings."



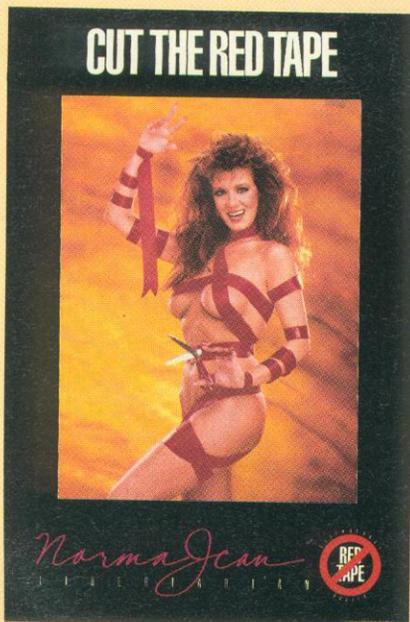
Radical feminist Andrea Dworkin, who denounces depictions of explicit sex, on why the graphic sex scenes in her novel *Ice & Fire* aren't obscene: "The reason this book isn't pornography simply has to do with my skill as a writer. Pure and simple."

# YEAR IN VOTES

**Mr. Vice-President, You Have Three Minutes for Your Response:** Ex-stripper Venus DeMilo announced her candidacy for the L.A. Board of Supervisors.

Boasting that as a stripper, she was "the best," DeMilo insisted she was serious about her political endeavors: "I don't take no lightly, and I don't beat around the bush."

Norma Jean Almodovar—a former L.A. traffic cop who was convicted in 1984 on callgirl charges involving another female officer—ran for California lieutenant governor on the Libertarian ticket. She launched her campaign with a poster of her wearing a bathing suit and boxing gloves. "We need some tits in Sacramento," she said. "We already have the asses."



## YEAR IN JOKES

Guy walks into a parrot shop. . . .

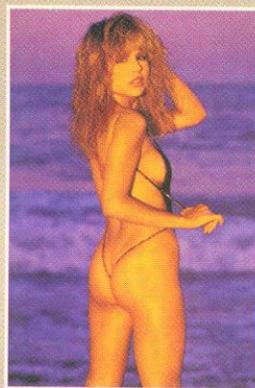
## YEAR IN JOCKS



When the Chicago Cubs fired ball girl Marla Collins for appearing in *PLAYBOY*, the *Chicago Tribune's* Mike Royko put major-league baseball's cardinal sins in perspective: "A second chance? If that girl had wanted a second chance, she should have kept her pants on and sniffed coke instead."



**Double-D, Meet Triple-A:** Morganna, baseball's Kissing Bandit, bought into the Blue Sox, a minor-league team in Utica, New York. And singer/actress Pia Zadora became part owner of the Portland Beavers.



## CHEER IN SEX (III)



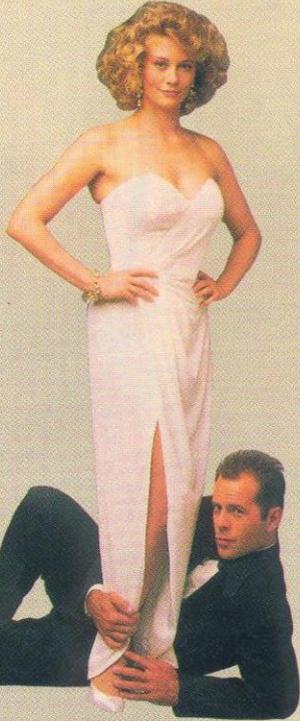
Yet another picture we feel we ought to publish, this one for the sake of international good will: two topless French women sailing their raft down the Côte d'Azur, serving ice cream to passing yachtsmen.

## YAWN IN SEX

**Put Your Hand over Your—Oh, Never Mind:** It was reported in *Omni* that four psychiatric patients taking the antidepressant Anafranil experienced orgasm whenever they yawned. The patients—two men and two women—responded in various ways: One of the women complained of experiencing sexual urges she couldn't resist, while the men spoke of having to "continuously wear a condom" and/or "lie down for ten to 15 minutes after each yawn."

Meanwhile, the advertising firm D'Arcy, Masius,

Benton & Bowles surveyed more than 1500 people across the U.S. and concluded that both men and women get more pleasure and satisfaction from TV than from sex. Also-rans included marriage, money, children, sports, liquor, friends, helping others and reading. Religion rated among the last.



## NO SEX

**Longest Tease:** *Moonlighting's* Maddie (Cybill Shepherd) and David (Bruce Willis) still haven't done it.

## SEX IN JEST



Joan Rivers sued this fellow for impersonating her. The judge said he

could but that he couldn't use her material.

## YEAR IN CHESTS

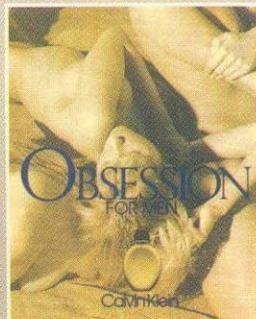
Women on Japanese TV weighing their breasts. We're not sure why.



## YEAR IN SCENTS

**And as for All Those Fragrance Ads. . . .**

An ad for Perry Ellis, which some magazines refused to run, included the phrase "my best f---you smile." In an ad for Paco Rabanne, a woman calls a man who's just left her bed to tell him that his secret tattoo is safe with her—and that he smelled good. As for Calvin Klein, he had the usual censorship problems due to his interesting yearly Obsessions.



## YEAR IN TENTS

**Qaddafi, Kaddafi, Kadaffi, Gaddafi—Let's Call the Whole Thing Off:** Not content with the Government's disinformation campaign, an often somewhat accurate New York

daily issued a report that Muammar el-Qaddafi was hiding in his tent after last April's Tripoli bombing and was dressed as a woman. Under the headline "KHADAFY GOES DAFFY," was an artist's rendering of what he may have looked like—complete with beauty mark.



## YEAR IN . . . UH, TWICE?

**Why We Believe in Sex Ed, Part Two:**

Hal Warden, a 15-year-old Nashville boy, impregnated and married a 14-year-old girl, having impregnated, married and divorced another girl several years ago. Says the mother of his second wife, "He's just a little spoiled brat that thinks he should get everything he wants—women or anything." Says Warden about his second wife's present condition, "I didn't think it could happen two times."

## YEAR IN MICE



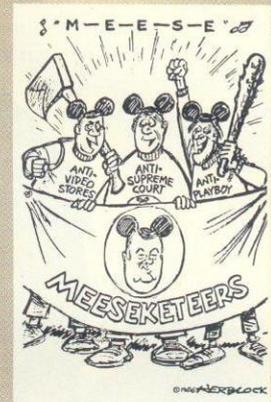
A Redondo Beach, California, man was arrested for getting fresh

with Minnie Mouse at Disneyland. Why? Because he *liked* her.

## YEAR IN MOOSE

A moose kept putting the moves on a reluctant cow at a central Vermont farm, drawing ogling crowds of up to 4000. Asked why the moose was so smitten, the Hereford's owner replied, "She is very good-looking."

## YEAR IN MEESE

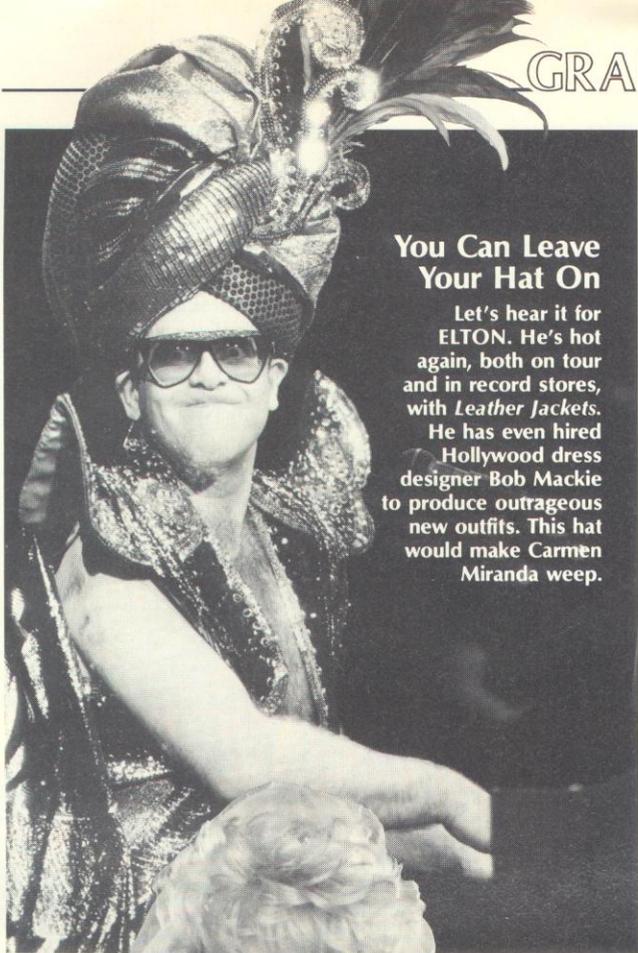


Busy, busy. You may remember that Attorney General Edwin Meese had said that anyone in custody was probably guilty; then he backed up his porn commission's more crazed conclusions, then pronounced the Supreme Court *not* the final law of the of the land; and finished his year by calling on citizens to help the war on drugs by spying on people in locker rooms. So how does a busy guy take a break? By attending a local theater, where a revue was staged that ridiculed the porn commission and featured singing "Meeseketeers." During the finale, a finger-wagging Big Ed trotted out on stage and covered up a replica of the Washington Monument that the troupe had just unveiled. Now, wasn't that fun?

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**You Can Leave Your Hat On**

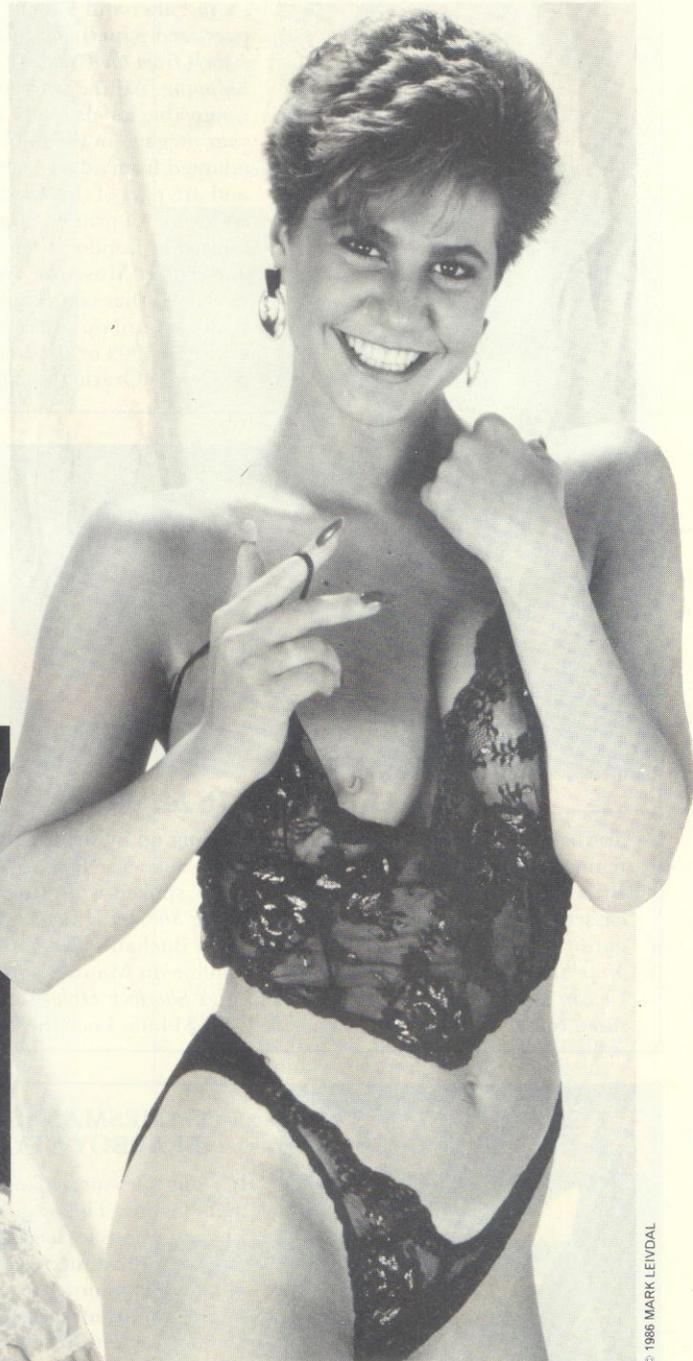
Let's hear it for ELTON. He's hot again, both on tour and in record stores, with *Leather Jackets*. He has even hired Hollywood dress designer Bob Mackie to produce outrageous new outfits. This hat would make Carmen Miranda weep.



ROSS MARINO

**A Little Bit of Heaven**

Actress NOREEN BORDONARO has appeared in numerous commercials and in big-screen events such as *Bachelor Party*, *Night Shift* and the upcoming feature film *Sign Off*. Now she's making her appearance in *Grapevine*, undressed to thrill. We pride ourselves on bringing you the shots the movies won't show.



© 1986 MARK LEIVDAL



**Saying It Without the Flowers**

MICHELLE WARD was a biology teacher in England when one of her students persuaded her to enter a modeling contest. Here's proof that a change in careers was a good idea. Michelle plans to marry one day, and if she seriously considers wearing this outfit to her wedding, we know that she won't go begging for bridegrooms.

### Just for the Fun of It

We had to take another look at the talented and adorable WHITNEY HOUSTON. Her tour was hot, she won a Grammy and her new album will be released any minute now.

PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

### Smokin'

This fox is ANITA CHELLAMAH, from the rock group The Cherry Bombz. Her co-musicians come from The Clash, Hanoi Rocks and The Lords of the New Church. The Bombz's album is explosive.

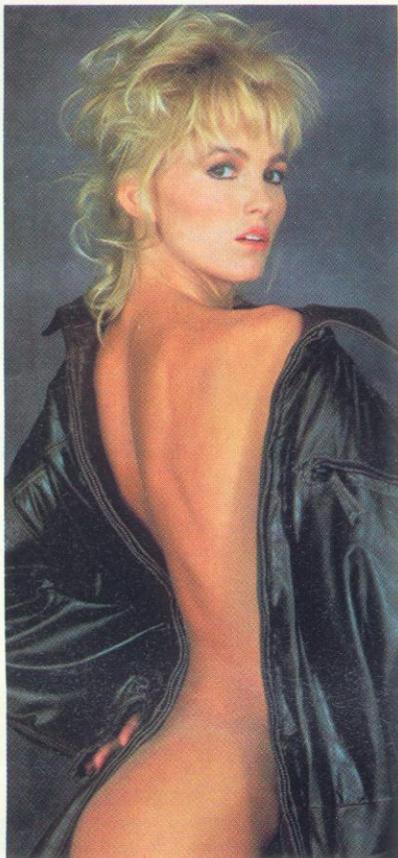
PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

### Surf's Up!

Having English model ANGIE STEVENS wash up on our shores was much better than finding a sea shell. Angie's known in London for her perfume ads and her calendar shots. While she waits to become known in America, she's looking irresistible half dressed and dripping wet.

© 1988 PIP / LSI

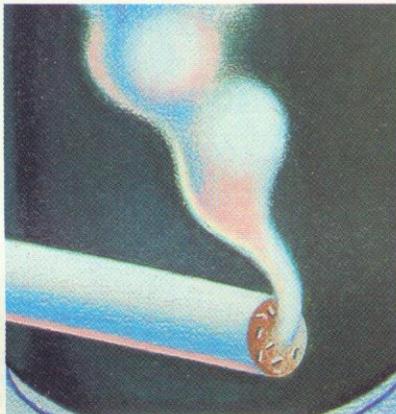
# NEXT MONTH



JANET JONES



GETTING ENOUGH



CHAPLAIN'S CHALLENGE



HOT BUNS

**"THE CRISIS CRISIS"**—THERE'S A NEW ONE EVERY WEEK: BY THURSDAY, YOU'RE AFRAID OF SOMETHING YOU HADN'T KNOWN EXISTED ON MONDAY. DRUGS, AIDS, SALT, SUNBURN. WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?—BY **PETER MOORE**

**PLUS:** **"PROFILE OF A CRISIS VICTIM,"** BY **LEWIS GROSSBERGER**, AND A HARD LOOK AT PRESS CORPS CRISISMONGERING BY **HODDING CARTER**

**LIONEL RICHIE** CAN'T READ NOTES, BUT HIS SONGS ARE MEGAHITS. HE TALKS ABOUT LIFE IN MUSIC'S FAST LANE IN A ROCKIN' **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

**"HERPES AND THE CHAPLAIN"**—WHEN A HIP NEW HOLY JOE ARRIVES AT THE JAIL, FLANAGAN HAS TO USE ALL HIS WIVES TO MAINTAIN THE STATUS QUO—AN IRREVERENT SHORT STORY BY **LEW STEIGER**

**"THE DECLINE AND FALL OF OKKER CHIC"**—JUST WHEN THE REST OF THE WORLD IS LEARNING TO SAY G'DAY, THE REAL CULTURE OF AUSTRALIA IS GOING G'BYE. WRY OBSERVATIONS FROM DOWN UNDER—BY **MICHAEL THOMAS**

**"WHY 12-METER BOATS COST SO MUCH"**—SPEAKING OF AUSTRALIA, THE WORLD'S TOP YACHTSMEN ARE BATTLING THERE NOW, THROWING MILLIONS OF DOLLARS, POUNDS, FRANCS AND LIRE AT THE AMERICA'S

CUP. OUR RESIDENT SAILOR, **REG POTTERTON**, SHOWS YOU WHERE THE DOUGH GOES

**"KEEPING UP WITH MISS JONES"**—IN *THE FLAMINGO KID*, SHE DEMONSTRATED SHE WAS THE BEST THING IN A WHITE SWIMSUIT SINCE BETTY GRABLE. NOW *PLAYBOY* BRINGS YOU A BETTER LOOK AT HOT NEW SCREEN PERSONALITY **JANET JONES**

**"PLAYBOY'S 25 GREATEST RESTAURANTS"**—HERE THEY ARE AGAIN, THE RESULTS OF THE NATION'S MOST COMPREHENSIVE POLL ON AMERICA'S TOP EATING PLACES. SOME ARE NEW, SOME OLD FAVORITES ON THE LIST—COMPILED BY **JOHN MARIANI**

**"GETTING ENOUGH"**—AT 40, FRANK FEELS HE NEEDS MORE, ER, LIFE. HIS FRIEND MARTY ASSURES HIM THAT HE KNOWS JUST THE WOMAN FOR HIM. A BRIEF TALE BY **CHET WILLIAMSON**

**PLUS:** A HAMMER-AND-NAILED **"20 QUESTIONS"** WITH **BOB (THIS OLD HOUSE) VILA**; **"ROAD WARRIORS: THE NEW BMW 325i CONVERTIBLE,"** BY **ARTHUR KRETCHMER**; **"SHORTS STORY,"** GREAT VIEWS OF WOMEN IN MEN'S UNDERSHORTS; **"IT'S A JUNGLE OUT THERE,"** THE HOTTEST NEWS IN SAFARI FASHIONS; AND, OF COURSE, MUCH MORE