

**INTERVIEW: BASKETBALL SUPERCOACH BOBBY KNIGHT**

# **PLAYBOY**

**ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN**

**AUGUST 1984 • \$3.00**

**From Fifties Pinup to  
Eighties Knockout**

**Terry Moore  
Hughes**

**Howard  
Hughes's Ex  
Shows It  
All Off**

**Colorado  
Governor  
Richard Lamm  
Gives Us a  
Future Shock**

**A Viewer's  
Guide to the  
Olympics**

**Money, Sex and  
the American Couple**



# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



## IT'S ALL DOWNHILL FROM HERE

Asked what his Olympic downhill gold medal meant to him, Bill Johnson (above left) said, "Millions." Johnson and his dad were checking out the good life when they dropped by Playboy Mansion West to spend Movie Night with, among others, Hef and Miss January 1982, Kimberly McArthur. Johnson may appear as the star in a future Mansion Movie Night—rumor has it he's heading for Hollywood next.

## THIS YEAR'S MODELS WILL BE RECALLED FOREVER

China is the traditional gift for 20th anniversaries; platinum's the modern choice. But there are no China dolls or platinum blondes in this tony group of celebrants (from left, Chicago Talent Coordinator Sharon Center, Manager Vicki Choconas and models Doug Benbow, Ken Benoit, Jill DeVries, Toni Yudt and Toni Sipka), so we thought Rabbit would be apropos for a celebration of 20 years of Playboy Models—the model modeling agency since 1964.



## ANGELINA CENTERFOLD

In the film *Romancing the Stone*, Kathleen Turner plays a novelist whose heroine is named Angelina. Early in the movie, Angelina comes to life in the angelic form of Kymberly Herrin (above). Kym has been a romantic character before. On our March 1981 gatefold (right), she looks set for a night of romancing the Stones.

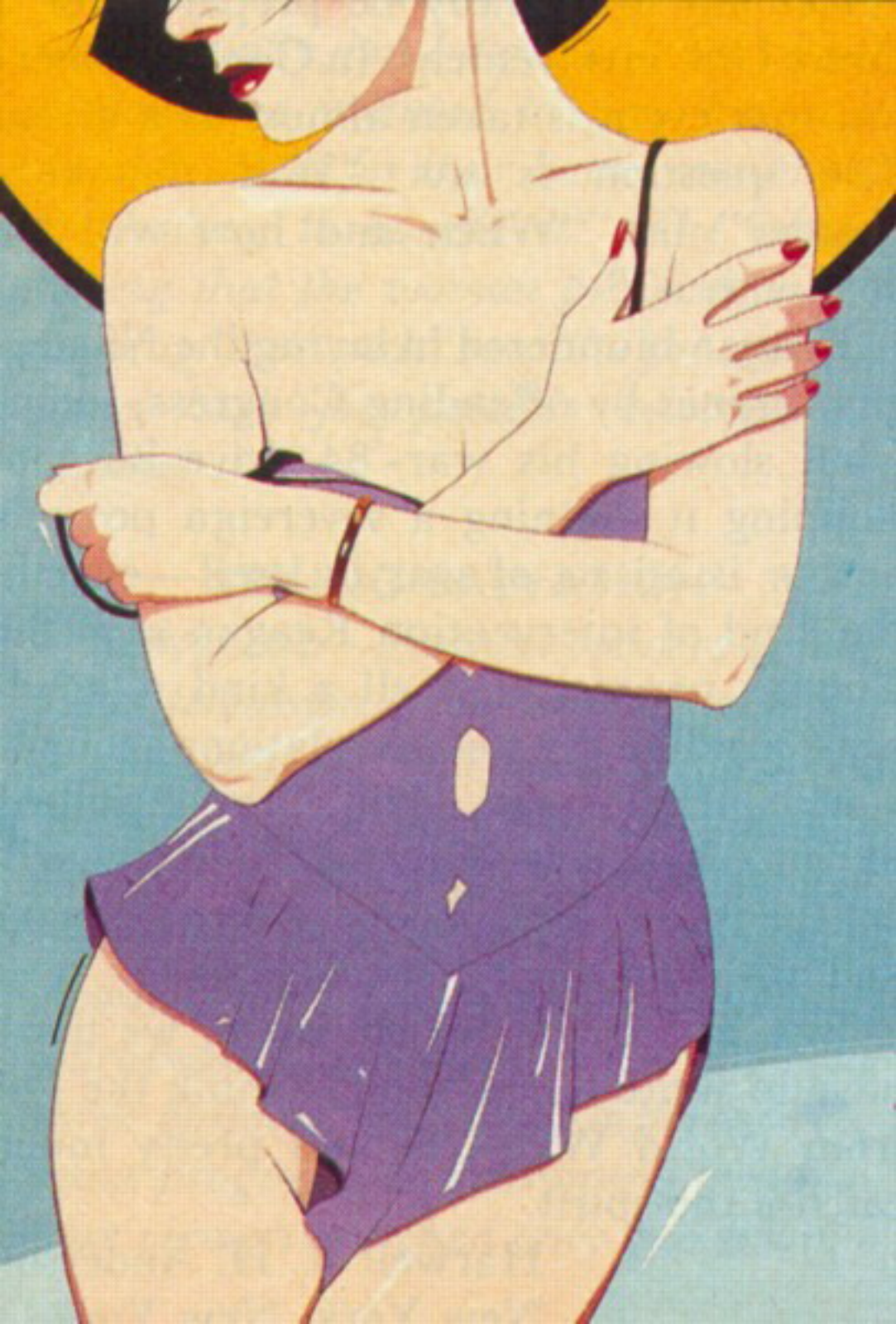


## YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY, BEBE

Playmates often go on to dizzying success, but Miss November 1974, Bebe Buell's, head is still spinning over her conquest of the vinyl frontier. She's the audio-visual star of her band, The B-Sides', new album. If you like the way Bebe looks on the A side (below), wait'll you catch the flip side.







# \$UCCE\$\$ \$TORIE\$

*in which three  
bold, bright, beautiful  
entrepreneurs show  
how to succeed  
in business with  
out-and-out  
trying*

**F**UNNY HOW strong personalities jump right out at a camera. Pam McCann—the fluffy one—smiles shyly and faces the lens with an earnest blink of long sable lashes. Linda Delgado—the one with the electric eyes—laughs wildly and challenges the photographer to catch her at it, but the shutter speed to match her hasn't been invented yet. Diane McDonald—the savvy, deliberate one—sizes up the camera and dares it to catch her off guard.

These three young women make a lot of decisions, earn a lot of money, wear a lot of diamonds and turn a lot of heads. Through wit and strength of will, they have jumped to the top of professions in which men normally do all the climbing. And if living well is the best revenge, they've been taking their vengeance for some time now.

There are many shapes of success. Here are three of the best.



**PAM MC CANN:** Born 3/23/61. Vice-president of Greenworks, a Houston floral-design company. Went to Houston from Akron, Ohio, in 1981. Sold roses on street corners her first day in town; now supplies flora for the mayor's office, major hotels and half of southeast Texas.

*Secret:* "We have the best design staff."

*Net Worth:* "Many thousands of flowers."

*Evaluation of Flowers in Our Pictorial:* "Not as good as mine."





**LINDA DELGADO:** Born 11/21/61. President of Incentive Travel, Inc., of Lake Oswego, Oregon—specializing in luxury vacations.  
*Motto:* "You want a jet? A villa in Mexico with 50 rooms, a pool and a grand piano? No problem."  
*Net Worth:* "Let's just say I made \$40,000 at 18. It's more now."  
*Philosophy:* "Be yourself. Push."







**DIANE MC DONALD:**

Born 2/26/52. Executive director of Slemons Importers, Ltd., of Newport Beach, California, a new beer-wine-and-spirits firm that tripled in size in two months. Now launching new wine-based passion-fruit drink, Passionette. *Inside Info:* "Rums are the coming thing."

*Net Worth:* "Ask my C.P.A."

*Said Upon Learning Pam and Linda Are Under 25:* "Is it too late to change my age?" Doesn't need to.



# WALK ON THE WILDER SIDE

looking for knockout clothes to impress your leading lady? here's what gene wilder wears to stalk "the woman in red"

attire **By HOLLIS WAYNE**


GENE WILDER would be funny in a nudist colony. But put him in some great-looking Italian threads (and drape gorgeous Kelly Le Brock on his arm) and he becomes damned impressive. And impressing someone is just what Wilder's latest screamer, *The Woman in Red*, is all about as he pursues Le Brock—who is, of course, the woman in red—all over San Francisco. We won't tell you the ending, but we will say that if he'd gotten a little help from the manufacturers of the three drop-dead outfits featured here, his quest would have been a snap—or, better yet, a zipper.

Right: A very droll Gene Wilder and a very dry Kelly Le Brock. Will they wind up on the rocks over their martinis? Not likely with him coming on in a wool tweed overplaid-patterned double-breasted sports jacket, \$495, a cotton plaid button-down shirt, \$110, pleated tweed slacks, \$170, and a silk tie, \$40, all by Valentino; plus woven-leather shoes, by To Boot, about \$105.





Here, Wilder's ploy is playing hard to get and our woman in red suddenly decides he's not for the birds. His plumage? A belted Italian-made cotton *blouson* jacket with knit shoulder detail, stand-up collar and zip front, \$515, coupled with a linen/cotton crew-neck, \$290, a linen tattersall-patterned shirt with button-down collar and shoulder pleats, \$295, and linen pleated slacks, \$185, all by Gianni Versace. (No, that bulge under Wilder's crew-neck isn't his bobbing Adam's apple; it's a cotton tie, by Vicky Davis, \$14.)



Below: Ah, the life of a sex symbol. Pants off today, pants on tomorrow. What's a poor fellow to do? muses Wilder as he settles down for a second helping of bubbly—and, he hopes, Le Brock—wearing a butterscotch-suede safari jacket with epaulets and a suede belt, from Pietrovanni by John Rima, \$850; plus an Italian cotton button-down shirt, by Andrew Fezza, \$75; and a nubby wool tie, by Bianculli, \$40. Wilder's neatly folded, natty-looking wool pleated slacks, about \$125, are also from Pietrovanni by John Rima.



# SURE SCHOTT

*miss august has her sights set on succeeding in style*

**H**ER EYES ARE LIKE PLANETS. They seem larger than life, cinematic, wide-screen. People see Suzi Schott and assume that they've seen those eyes before. "I've been mistaken for Marie Osmond, for the girl in *Flashdance*, Jane Fonda and Mackenzie Phillips. I don't mind people's making a comparison, as long as they don't dwell on it. Really, now. Mackenzie Phillips?" The waitress comes up to our table and asks, "Aren't you Brian De Palma's wife?" "See what I mean?" We tell her that will change when she becomes a Playmate and the August issue is on the stands. She will be Miss August 1984 forever. In fact, someone passing through the PLAYBOY offices recognized Suzi when he got a look at her layout: "She's the girl who lives in the high-rise across from me. I see her swimming all the time." Already, she is famous.

"I think I know who you're talking about," Suzi told us. "There's this guy who walks around his apartment with binoculars, in his underwear, singing to himself and playing air guitar. At least I think that's what he's doing." Suzi has rather strong notions about who she is and how she wants to be approached. When she first came to Chicago, she worked in a singles bar on Division Street. "The guys who came there were like Genghis Khan on a business trip. It was 'Hey, babe, get me a J. & B. and water.' They were Johnny Dancelottas with million-dollar tastes and five-dollar wallets. The kind of people who hang out there think *Flashdance* should have won the Academy Award. It's all 'I'll take you

*"I don't feel famous. I'm excited by being a Playmate. I feel glamorous, but also feel like one of the guys. I don't want to leave anyone behind. You can look at a picture of someone forever without talking to her. I don't want to be isolated."*



"It was PLAYBOY's idea to do our shooting on the Paquet French Cruise liner S.S. Rhapsody. We were treated royally. I had a stateroom with unlimited closet space, which was odd, since I wouldn't be wearing clothes in the pictorial."



"The other passengers on board ship were a delight. They were all from the same trailer park. Everyone knew one another, so the cruise ship was like a small town. People treated me like a celebrity. But we had to shoot at sunrise and sunset, so I went to bed early. The boat visited Cozumel and Playa del Carmen, Mexico; Grand Cayman; and Ocho Rios in Jamaica." Shipboard activities also offered a source of entertainment. "I played roulette, but only for the camera. We had a masquerade ball one night and I went as a cancan girl. You should have seen me dance." Later, she relaxed at railside, talking with one of the dealers from the ship's casino (below).



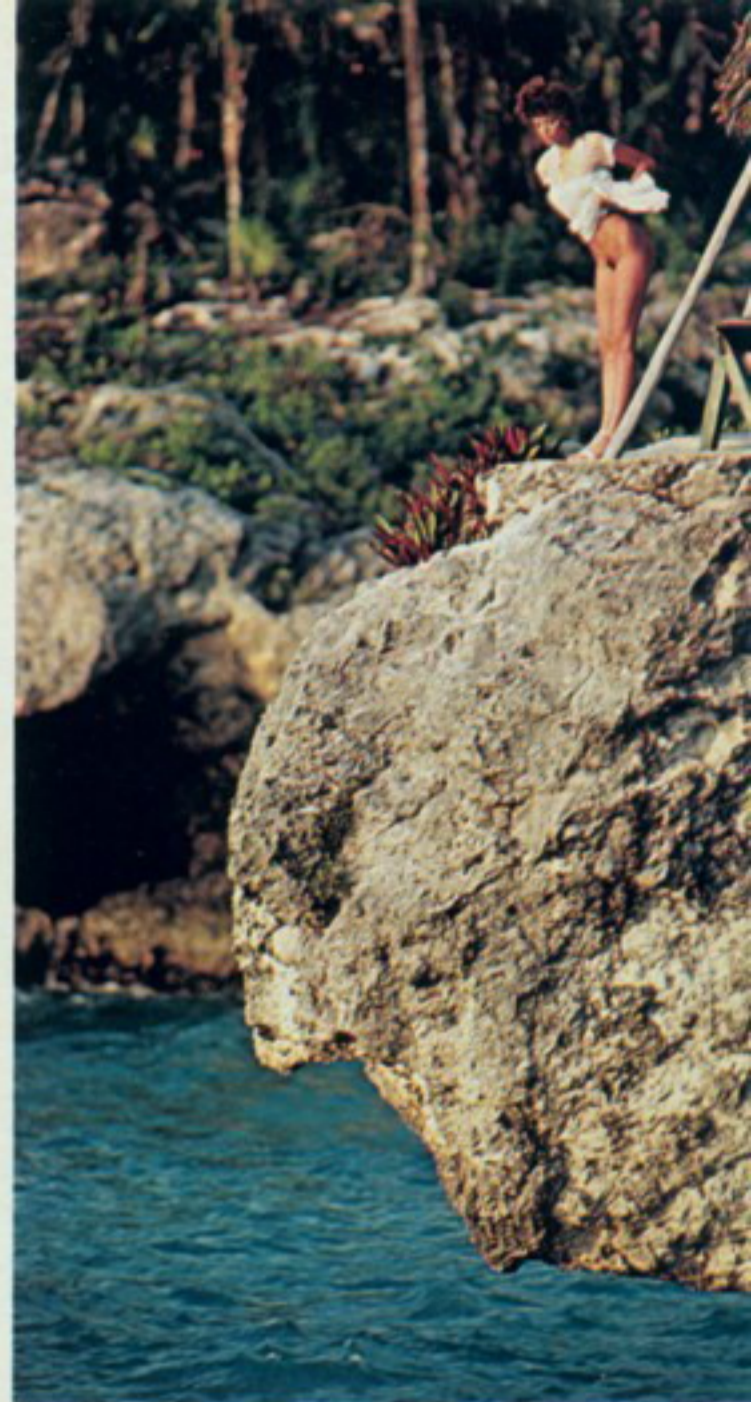
here, I'll show you there.' Those same people, when they hear I'm a Playmate, get nervous and respectful, as though I were a different person. What if carpenters were as famous as Playmates? Look, I called up my mom and told her that I was Miss August. She said, 'That's fine. Do you want to know what I bought at Venture today?' That perspective helps Suzi keep her feet on the ground.

She grew up in Addison, Illinois, a very small town just outside Chicago. After a two-year stint as an executive secretary, she came to town to try out modeling. She is an energetic explorer of the city: "I wanted to develop a personal style, to get into places where no one else goes—new restaurants, new clubs, new stores." Her education is a two-way process. She believes that restaurants should be made aware of individual eccentricities. "I will go into a restaurant and order a root beer or a Dr. Brown's black-cherry soda. Maybe next time they will stock it." She showed the same initiative with her modeling career. When approached by PLAYBOY Associate Staff Photographer David Mecey, she said, "Why not?" A test led to this pictorial and to lots of assignments around town from Playboy Models. She landed a job with a women's store in order to sharpen skills in her first love—fashion design. She has developed her own style in dress—she looks as good on the street as she does without clothes: a knockout. As the dinner progresses, some of her humor becomes evident. "If I had to choose between chuckles and orgasms, I would choose chuckles. You can remember something funny and laugh again. How often do you remember something sexy and have an orgasm?" She has no dreams of Hollywood. "I wish my parents had forced me to take music lessons, dance, tap, computer, anything. But as it is, I'll make the best of what I am." And what she is is eclectic. When you ask her for a list of favorite movies, it includes *Papillon*, *All That Jazz*, any Albert Brooks movie and *Dastardly and Mutley in Their Flying Machines*, a TV cartoon about a dog who squeaks as he laughs. So take a good look. This is Suzi Schott, one of a kind.





Suzi enjoys an active physical life. Skiing, on water and snow, is her favorite sport, but even a shipboard jog gets the heart pumping. However, she drew the line at high diving at the Rock House in Negril (right): "No way." Her favorite part of the trip was cavorting in a waterfall near Ocho Rios (below). "This was one way to keep cool. It was a nice taste of the islands. I hated going shopping, though. Next time, I'd rather be on my own sailboat and explore at my own pace. All that running around in make-up finally got to me. I had to bring myself down. You should see the geek pictures, where I'm making faces."





*"I really enjoyed this shooting. I felt sexy because I knew it would look sexy. I had a tan. Whenever I have a tan, I look better. Hey, I looked this good every day, but take my word for it: You're getting the best here. This was how I cooled off."*





*"Do I flirt in bed? Do I act silly? Not as much as in these shots. For one thing, I don't hide behind the sheet when my boyfriend is in the room. But we do have our own games."*



*"When I had a night job, I was a zombie all day, but now that I'm working real hours, I do my relaxing at night. I like to lie back and think about exotic places. I'm going to Marion, Indiana, in a week, but I don't think that qualifies."*





MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Lyni Schott

BUST: 36 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'8 1/2" WEIGHT: 115

BIRTH DATE: July 19, 1961 BIRTHPLACE: Springfield, Ill.

AMBITIONS: To marry and raise a houseful of children

TURN-ONS: Bubble Baths, toned Bodies, Sunats, Lightning, Fast Cars & Winter Storms

TURN-OFFS: Rummy Eggs, where's the Beef?, Loud people & Busy days

FAVORITE MOVIES: Top Gun, The Shining, Abbott & Costello Meet Frankenstein & Sunshine Boys

FAVORITE FOODS: Ketchup, Liver, German Sweet Choc. Cake, Milk & Mom's Turkey Dressing

FAVORITE PLACE: Bob's Place on the Lake

IDEAL EVENING: Lying on a white-sand beach beneath a full moon with my Boyfriend

BIGGEST JOY: Spending time with my family, and the people I love most.



2 1/2 yrs. Me & Mr. Clown

5 yrs. All spiffed up....

17 yrs. Can't wait to get this cap off!

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The guy I dated tonight turned out to be a sadist," reported the girl.

"You mean literally—whips and that sort of thing?" asked her roommate.

"Worse than that! The creep screwed me with a four-inch penis and then French-kissed me goodbye with an eight-inch tongue!"

We understand that a women's magazine with a substantial lesbian readership will soon contain an advertisement for heavy-duty dildos called Maxi Puds.



There's a lot of business sentiment in favor of using part of our public beach for nude bathing by tourists," a member of the town council pointed out, "but we may get a lot of unfavorable publicity if we refer to it as a nude beach."

"In that case," weighed in a colleague, "why not call it 'the buffer zone'?"

Fads certainly breed fads. The hottest-selling item in sex shops today is the new inflatable Cabbage Snatch doll.

It was at a cocktail party that a man stated, "A woman's hair is her greatest asset."

"I disagree," grumbled a second fellow. "It's her smile."

"No, no—it's her bustline," insisted a third.

"Excuse me, you guys, but I'm leaving," said the sole female in the group, "before one of you gets down to the truth."

A woman has petitioned to have her former husband declared in contempt of court. It seems that he approached her as both were leaving the divorce tribunal with a request for a farewell quickie.

Said the surgeon, "I drink, Mrs. Buck,  
So we're both of us really in luck.

Since your sexual cavern  
Is as big as a tavern,  
What I plan is to nip . . . and then tuck."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *laying rubber* as a condom.

But how can we be sure," the parks commissioner mused in a staff meeting, "that those kids who make out in the bushes will understand that what the proposed UNSEEMLY PUBLIC DISPLAYS OF AFFECTION STRICTLY PROHIBITED signs actually mean is NO FUCKING?"

When he's phoning obscenely, old Potts  
Gives a spinster who'll listen the hots

By describing how whangs

Shoot a wad during bangs!

He's a kink who likes calling the shots.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *well-hung G.O.P. member* as a banana Republican.

In a bold new remake of *Snow White*, we've been told, the queen will chant, "Mirror, mirror, on the ceiling. . . ."

And then there was the Spaniard who hoped that a sex-change operation would improve his love life . . . and, sure enough, it turned him into a regular *Doña Juanita*.

Frankly, it wasn't that memorable a wedding night," the bride confided to a friend. "In fact, Charley's cork popped before the champagne's."



The big-rig operator stopped to pick up the girl hitchhiker in short shorts.

"Say, what's your name, mister?" she inquired after she'd climbed into the cab.

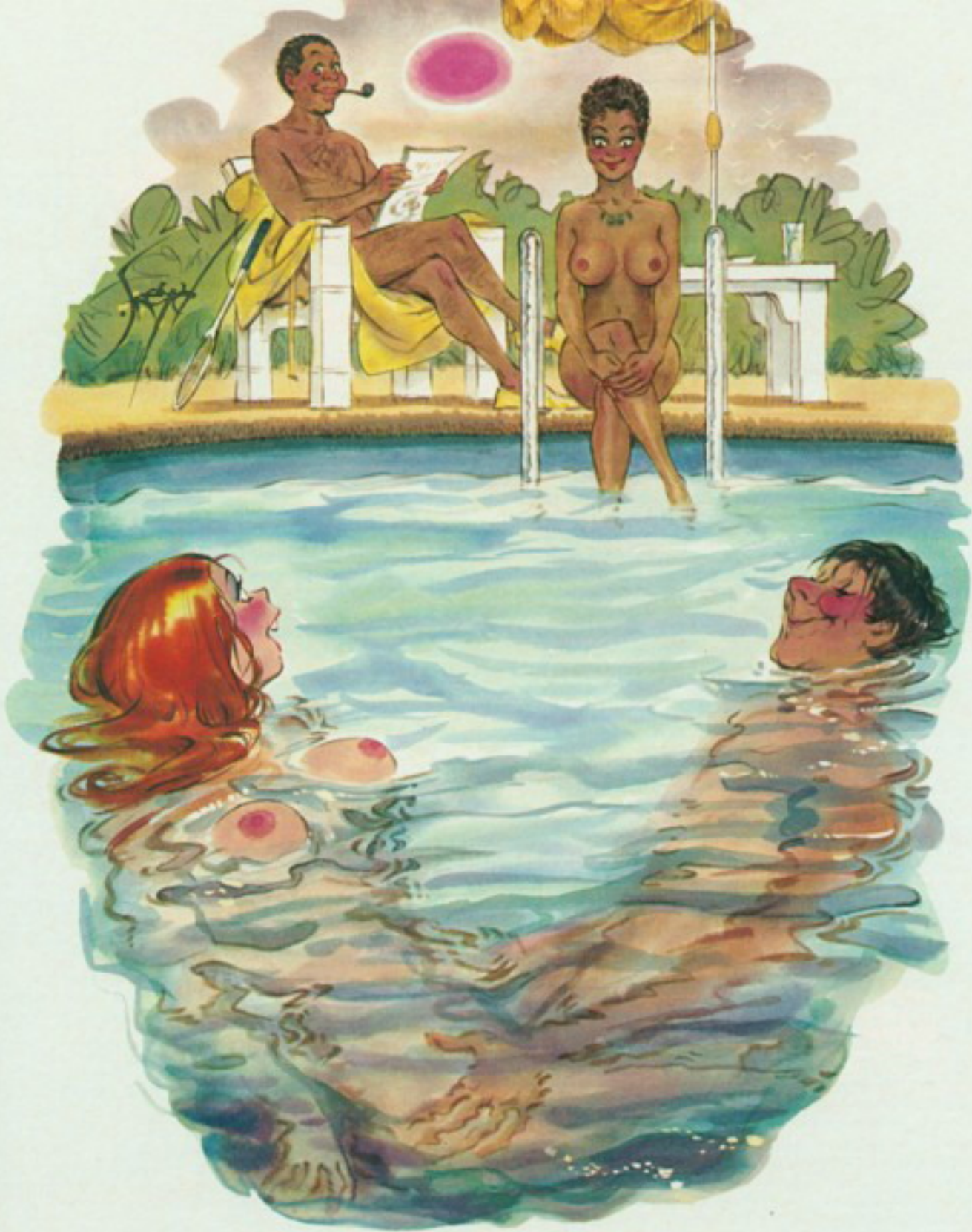
"It's Snow—Roy Snow," he answered, "and what's yours?"

"Me, I'm June—June Hanson," she said.

"Hey, why do you keep sizing me up with those sidelong glances?" she challenged the trucker some miles down the road.

"Can you imagine what it might be like," he countered with a question of his own, "having eight inches of Snow in June?"

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



*"This is what I like about swimming . . . every muscle comes into play!"*







Ronald B. Wilson

*"Welcome to the wonderful world of creative financing!"*





Some things just improve with age. Notice Terry (far left) in a publicity shot from the movie *Platinum High School* in 1959. Near left, she poses poolside today. "You don't have to be trapped in an old body at any age," claims Terry, an exercise nut. "You can stay young if you work at it."

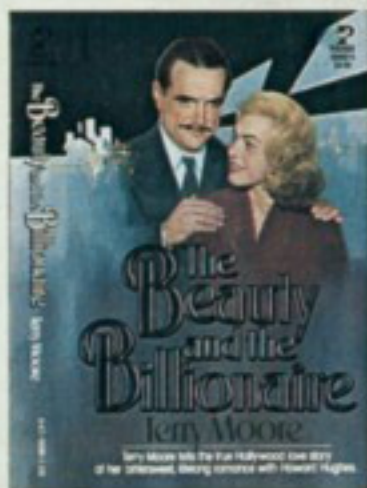
now that her secret marriage to howard hughes is out in the open, terry moore proves she has nothing else to hide

# THE MERRIEST WIDOW

IT HAD BEEN another busy day for Terry Moore, or, as she currently signs autographs, Terry Moore-Hughes. The day began with a series of telephone interviews—from Pennsylvania, Detroit, even Canada—all with the now-familiar question, What was Howard Hughes *really* like? A stretch-and-tone class, along with a three-mile run on the beach, followed, keeping Terry's 55-year-old body in a shape even a 20-year-old could envy. A quick shower and she was ready to greet a writer from *Us* magazine, who probed and pried into her past life with you know who. Next came a high-level confab with executives from Pocket Books, the publishers of *The Beauty and the Billionaire*, Terry's book about her favorite subject. Later, she met with her publicist to discuss her plan to pilot a jet around the world as a tribute to . . . yup, you guessed it. After still another interview appointment—this one

with a *PLAYBOY* staffer for the piece you're reading—she was scheduled for an evening songwriting session with composer Jerry Goldstein. They hope the result will be the theme to the TV movie based on Terry's book.

Some 35 years after their secret marriage aboard a yacht and eight years after his death, Howard Hughes is still the main topic of conversation around the Moore household. For years, he was a subject she discussed in whispers, but since that fateful day in 1983 when the heirs to his estate decided to agree with Terry's claim that she had, indeed, married the eccentric billionaire, she's been Hollywood's most public widow. There was a cash settlement, of course, though no one will say how much it is. ("I can live off the interest for the rest of my life," claims Terry cheerfully. "It's somewhere between five and eight figures," says her attorney vaguely.) But the carefully orchestrated publicity



That's Burt Lancaster in the background (above left), watching Terry in a steamy embrace with Richard Jaeckel. The movie was *Come Back, Little Sheba*, and it earned Terry an Oscar nomination in 1952. Another film success, *Beneath the 12-Mile Reef*, with Robert Wagner (above right), followed in 1953. Despite her success and high profile, few knew of her marriage to Hughes, described in her book (above center).





that resulted put Terry Moore's name back in lights, enabled superagent Irving "Swifty" Lazar to negotiate a six-figure advance for her book and reminded casting directors that sometimes the freshest face in town has been around a long time.

To Terry, however, there was something more important at stake. "The thing I wanted was vindication," says Terry, who revealed their secret wedding after Hughes died and quickly found herself lumped together with the likes of Melvin Dummar and others with sometimes questionable claims to the Hughes estate. "A bunch of crazies were claiming things," she remembers. "To prove to the world that I had been married to him, that I had never been divorced from him, that I wasn't some twit who went around making up stories—that was what I wanted. I've always been able to make a living, so the thing I was most happy about was their admitting I was his lawful widow."

Her saga with Hughes began back in the



early days of her career as an actress. Like the other starlets of that era, Terry was young and innocent, and her life was dictated by her strict Mormon parents and the omnipotent studio heads, who would decide whom she could date and what she would wear. Few actresses ever got off to a more promising start—the media loved her girl-next-door quality—and during her heyday, she appeared on more than 30 magazine covers. She even received an Oscar nomination in 1952 for her performance as the sweet young boarder who awakens Burt Lancaster's lust in *Come Back, Little Sheba*. The public was not alone in taking notice of this

"I've never thought of myself as being beautiful," maintains Terry. "But the people at *PLAYBOY* made me feel beautiful. I think of these photos as art." Above, a publicity picture from *Black Spurs*.





Terry always kept working, despite other marriages and raising two sons. Above left, she offered to be a valentine to promote MGM's *A Man Called Dagger* (1967), and on May 25, 1983, she cheerfully posed with a photo of her late husband (above right). Why the smile? That's the day she was declared Hughes's legal widow.

burgeoning new star. Over at RKO studios, a wealthy, rakish inventor and aviator who also dabbled in movies had found her attractive, too. Terry was only 18 and Howard Hughes was a persistent suitor. He wooed her with flattery and expensive gifts but kept their marriage secret to protect her pristine image.

For Terry, it was both a madly passionate first love and a continually troubled relationship. Hughes was a compulsive womanizer and yet terribly jealous of Terry's friendships. She was young and headstrong, and the combination was lethal. By 1951, Terry had married someone else just to spite her secret husband, which technically made her a bigamist. That marriage was short-lived, and she and Howard spent another four years in their on-again, off-again, intense love affair. When the final breakup came, in 1955, there was no real reason for them to get a divorce. No one, except for Terry's family and a few close Hughes aides, knew they had been married. Even when both had found new mates—actress Jean Peters for Hughes and millionaire Eugene McGrath for Terry—her obsession with Hughes continued. Nor did her next marriage, to Stuart Cramer, which lasted 12 years and gave her two children, help her forget. Cramer, ironically, had been Peters' first husband.

"As the children needed me less, I began feeling great moods of depression," remembers Terry. "We found a psychiatrist who put people into the hospital for three days and gave them sodium pentothal to find out what they really felt. We both decided to do it, and I went first. Evidently, all I talked about was Howard and how much I was still in love with him. Stuart and I had had a very solid marriage until then, but it went very rapidly after that. Stuart is still bitter toward Howard—he lost two wives to him, more or less."

By then, however, Hughes had adopted his reclusive lifestyle, so a reconciliation was impossible. Still, Terry found that her dreams revolved around Hughes. Even his death and the attentions of numerous suitors have not changed her feelings. "My

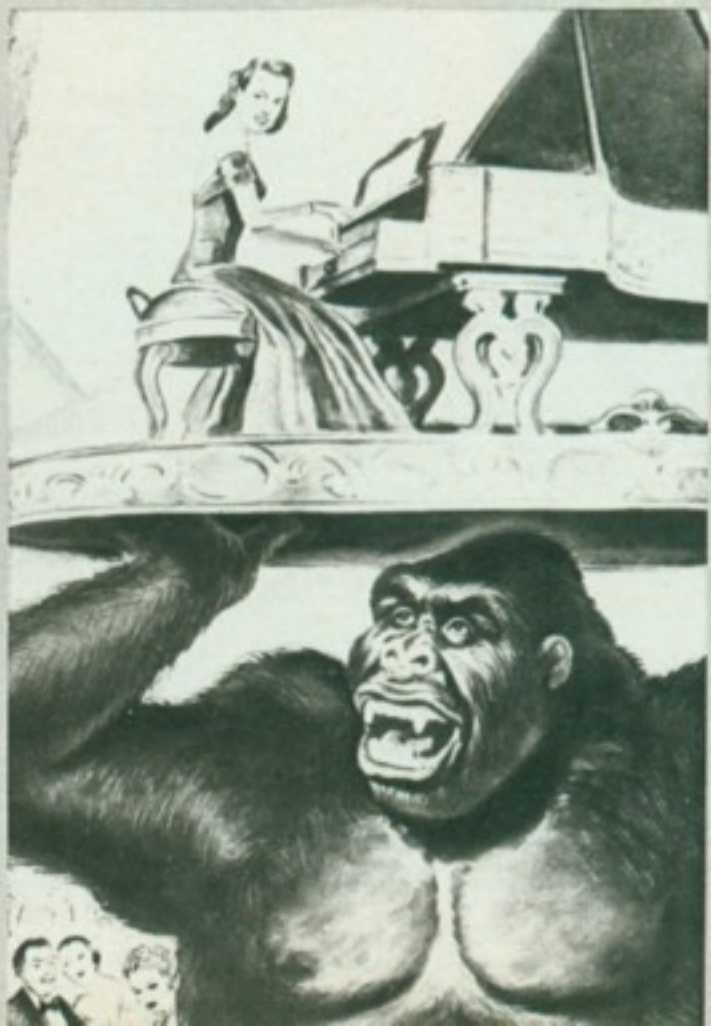







manager says he has never seen anyone get as many calls and crushes from zillionaires as I do," she explains. "That's because Howard Hughes is every zillionaire's image of what he'd like to be. He had everything—the studio, the fast cars, fast airplanes, women at his feet. I haven't found anyone who compares to Howard. I've met some very nice people, but I just haven't fallen for anyone. When I look back, he was the only man I ever totally loved."

You think Howard Hughes was an eccentric partner? The 1949 film *Mighty Joe Young* (below) was billed as "the strange story of a beautiful girl and a gorilla." When your career spans more than 50 films, not all of them are genuine gems.



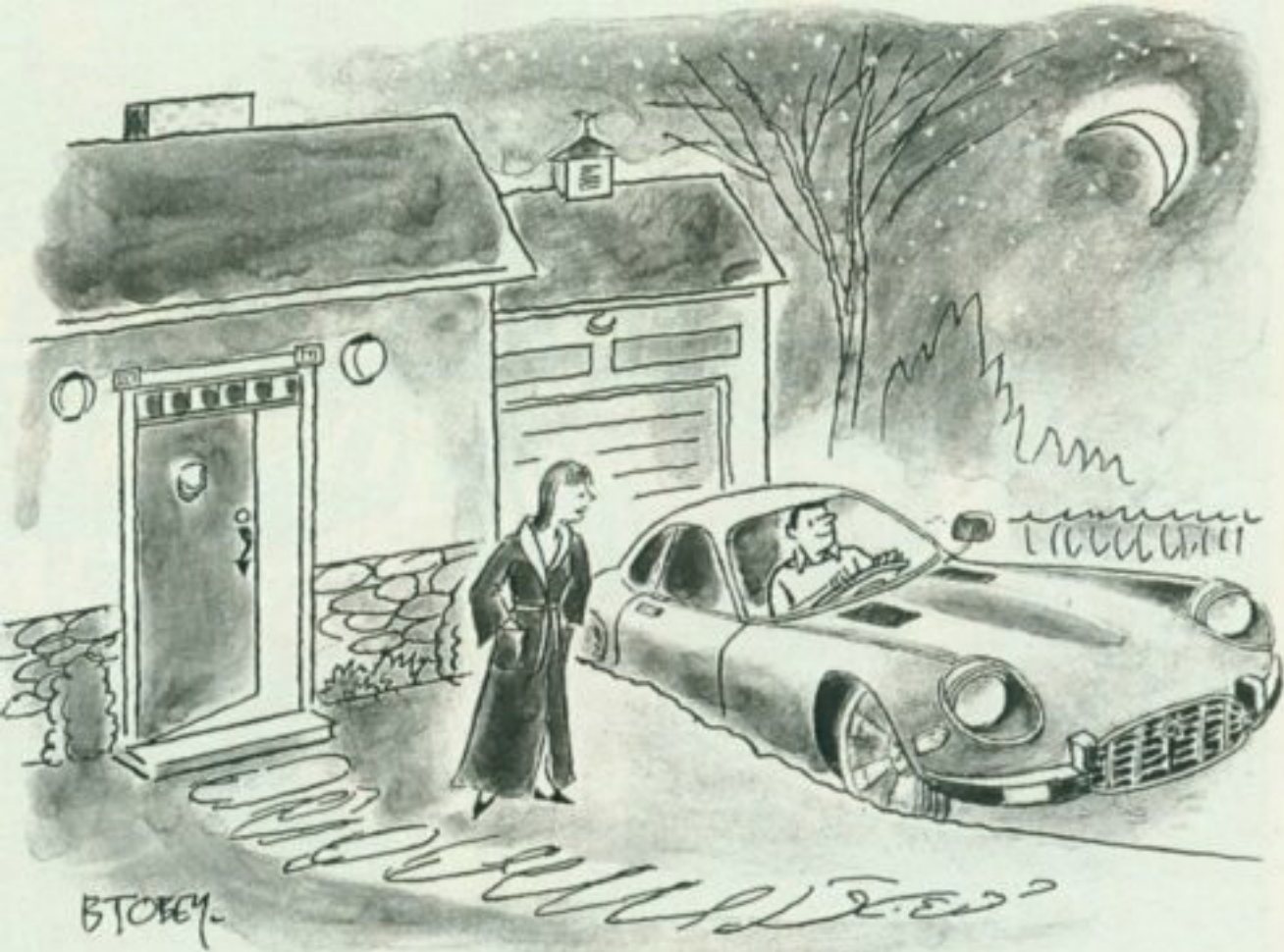






"I've always played the girl next door," explains Terry. "I was never glamorized. That's one reason the PLAYBOY session was so much fun. I can't believe these photos are of me."





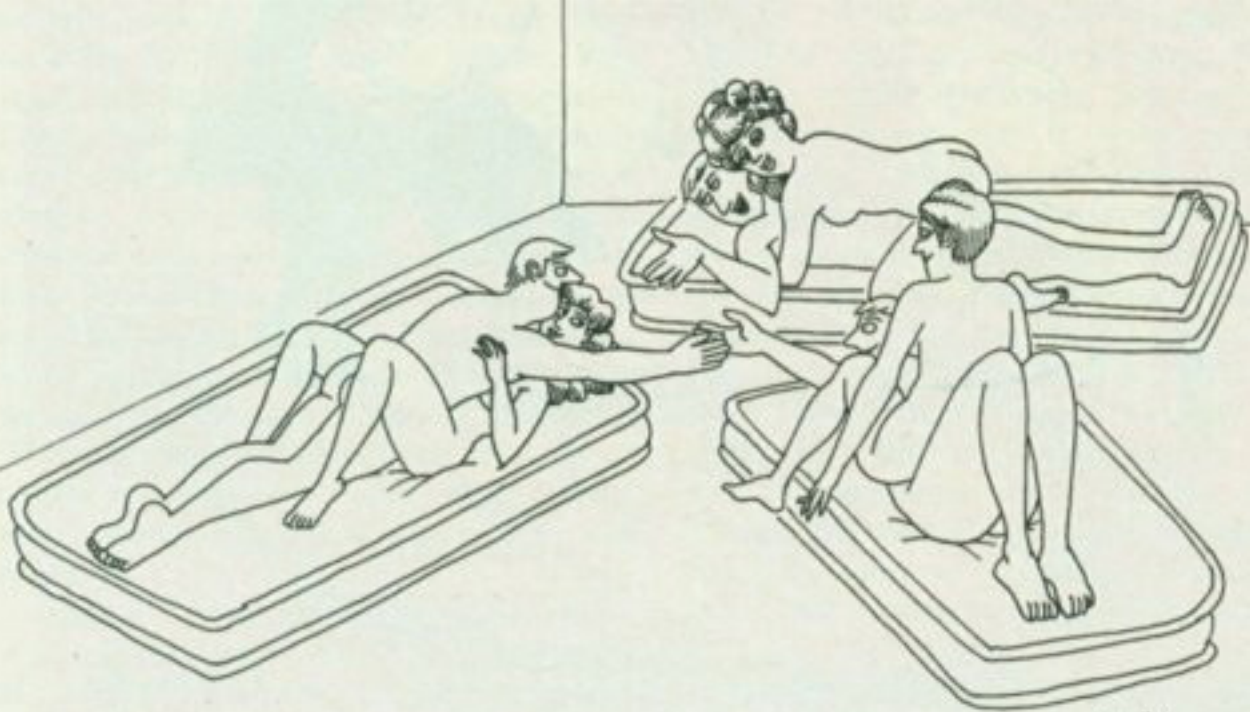
*"Rodney, say good night to your new car and  
come to bed."*



*"James, I just want you to know that I'm user-friendly, too."*



*"You have to sit up straight  
for your counseling, Mrs. Larson. Lie down even for  
an instant, and it's analysis."*



*BKliban*

*"Fred, Howard . . . Howard, Fred . . . you know  
Cynthia . . . Diane, Fred. . . ."*



*"Honest, I didn't know my I.U.D. was made of kryptonite."*



**NET GAINS FOR MOMBASA**

Now that Tarzan chic is all the rage, thanks to *Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes*, the next logical step is to turn your boring bedroom into a Jon Hall jungle set by hanging up a Mombasa Mirage—a canopy kit that comes with an ultralight frame that suspends from the ceiling and fits any bed, plus two panels of fabric eight yards long. A standard Mombasa kit is \$79.95, postpaid (extra panels are \$19.95 each), sent to Yungjohann Hillman, Inc., 2345 Fort Worth Street, Grand Prairie, Texas 75050. Colors range from white to camouflage. Say, Jane, a lion has been spotted near camp. You'd better sleep in our tent.

**ARMORED BODY BY FISCHER**

We don't ordinarily feature rural products, but when something as unusual as Fischer's Armored Mailbox crosses our desk, we figure all you rustics out there will want to be filled in on what's coming down the road. How tough is Fischer's product? Well, you can slug it, punch it, pound on it and, like Larry Holmes, it'll keep coming back for more. Price is \$92.50, postpaid, sent to Add On's By Fischer, P.O. Box 746, Huntley, Illinois 60142. We give.



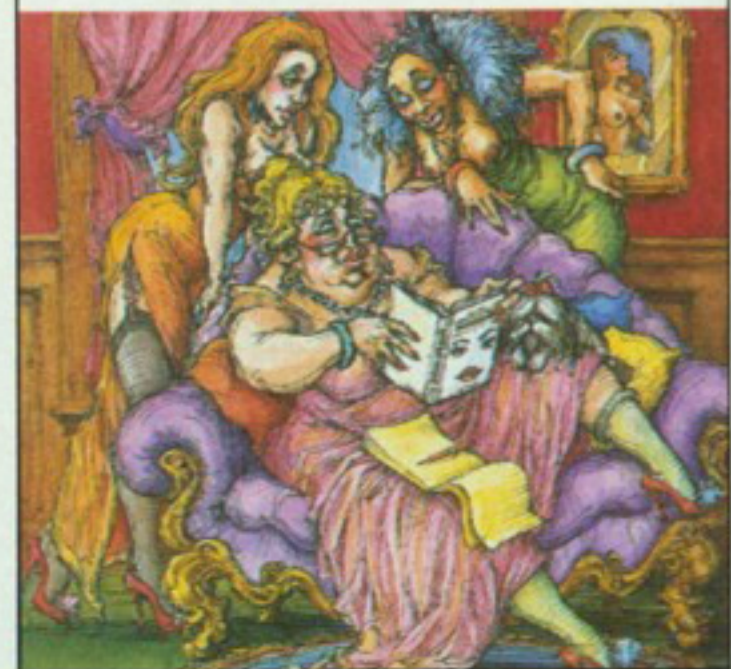
**PARTY POPPER**

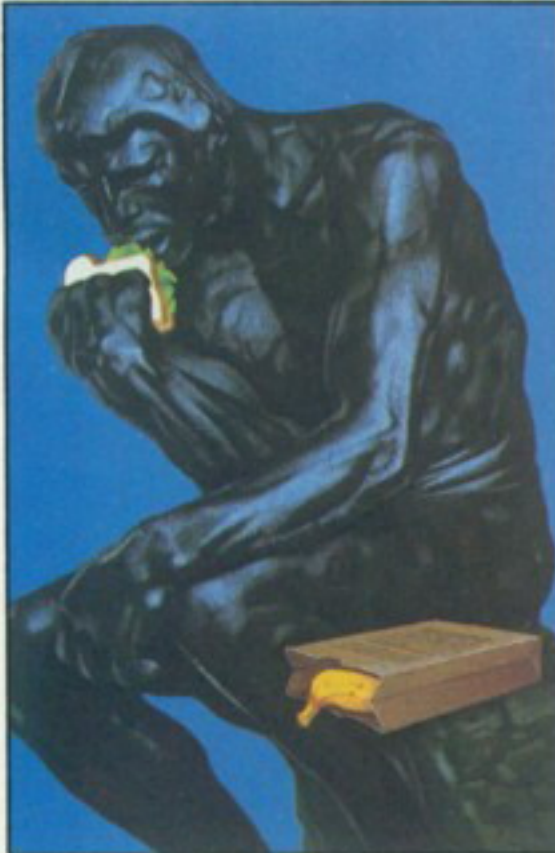
If you'd like your next bash to begin—and even end—with a bang rather than a whimper, there's LeBoom, a curious trick noisemaker that its manufacturer, Abatar Inc., P.O. Box 3109, Winter Park, Florida 32790, calls a "French-style party in a can." All you do is light the fuse, and when LeBoom goes kaboom, a carnival of party favors, including confetti, streamers, fake glasses, balloons, feathers, noisemakers, blowouts, a phony mustache and a ball launcher with five balls, explodes into the air and cascades down onto your cavorting guests. All for just five bucks a pop. (Yes, it's safe to use indoors, according to Abatar, as the explosion is a pint-sized poof.) For the wild bunch, Abatar also manufactures a Naughty LeBoom at the same price that's a real French tickler.



**RED-LETTER DAY**

For those of you who've always fantasized about owning a legit brothel in Nevada, there's *The Legal Whorehouse Owner's Handbook*, a 160-page softcover available from Charlton House Publishing, P.O. Box 2474, Newport Beach, California 92663, for \$6.95, postpaid, that tells you everything you always wanted to know—and maybe more—about the world's oldest profession. One chapter even lists establishments—just in case you want to do research.





### FOOD CONTAINER FOR THOUGHT

The image of the brown bagger as a lowbrow dingdong who wouldn't know a blueberry muffin from a meadow muffin has been laid to rest with Eat n' Read lunch bags—20 different brown bags available from Hyman Products, 2374 Grissom Drive, St. Louis, Missouri 63146, for only \$2.50, postpaid, with such intriguing subjects as PEOPLE BURIED WITH OBJECTS and WEIRD BEHAVIOR OF FAMOUS PEOPLE discussed on the front. Did you know that Bela Lugosi was buried in his Dracula cape? We read it at lunch.

### NAUGHTY TIE ONE ON

Flip Up ties have plenty to say. On the surface, they're just conservative rep ties, but flip the tips up and you've got a variety of anything-but-subliminal messages that include BULLSHIT, FUCK YOU, WANTA SCREW, EAT MY WEENIE and a hand giving the world the finger. For \$16.50, postpaid, sent to J & J Design, P.O. Box 729, Palatine, Illinois 60078, you can tie one on and tell somebody to HAVE A NICE DAY, ASSHOLE. A free brochure is available. Who could ask for anything more?



### STAMP OUT SEX!

Remember those fealty eight-pagers from years ago with cartoon floozies and their boy-friends carrying on in ways that surely your mom and dad never would have? Now the Robinette-Orléans Erotic Rubber Stamp Company, P.O. Box 849 (Tucker Station), Pulaski, Virginia 24301, has created a wonderful selection of vintage little ladies—plus a few oily gents—and put them, of course, on rubber stamps selling for \$3 to \$12. A buck gets you sample stampings. It's just like shopping on the Reeperbahn.



### GOING LIKE '60

With Trivial Pursuit all the rage, it only stood to reason that somebody would sooner or later return to those thrilling days of yesteryear—the Sixties—and come up with a nostalgia game in which participants could test one another's knowledge of such bench marks of the decade as Beatlemania and Vietnam. Somebody did, and Sixtomania is available from Kimo Press, P.O. Box 1361, Falls Church, Virginia 22041, for \$12.95, postpaid. Like, love and peace, man.



### PEC-ING ORDER

No, we don't know the name, address and phone number of the dedicated distaff body-builder pictured at left whom Scott Billups photographed for his Ladies of the Eighties poster, but we'd be more than willing to pump iron (or anything else) with her *any time* she wanted to. The poster's printing process is lithography; the size is 35" x 23"; and, best of all, the price is only \$29.50, postpaid, sent to Courtyard Gallery, P.O. Box 279, Elberta, Alabama 36530. If she's married, we'll bet her husband never complains about being henpec-ed.





**A Light Exposure**

Actresses MICHELLE JOHNSON (above) and LORI SINGER (below) have gotten a recent press blitz, Johnson for *Blame It on Rio* and Singer for *Footloose*. We feel it's a public service to give you this bonus.



**Treasure Chest**

In our ongoing quest to bring you the best-looking starlets, we offer exhibit A for August, SUZANNE KENNEDY, who appeared in the suspense thriller *They're Playing with Fire*. Her next movie is described as a sexy action/creature feature. We weren't told whether she's the action or the creature or the feature.



**Ain't Nothin' Like the Real Thing**

Wasn't it a chuckle to see these two jokers decked out in tuxes? It's not every day that CHEECH and CHONG get a classy piece of ass like this one. You can catch them in their usual attire in *The Corsican Brothers*.





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### Real Beals

This photo is for all the people who have complained that they haven't seen enough of actress JENNIFER BEALS lately. Except for presenting an Oscar and gracing the pages of fashion magazines, the Yalie has been keeping a low profile. We like *this* profile much better, don't you?



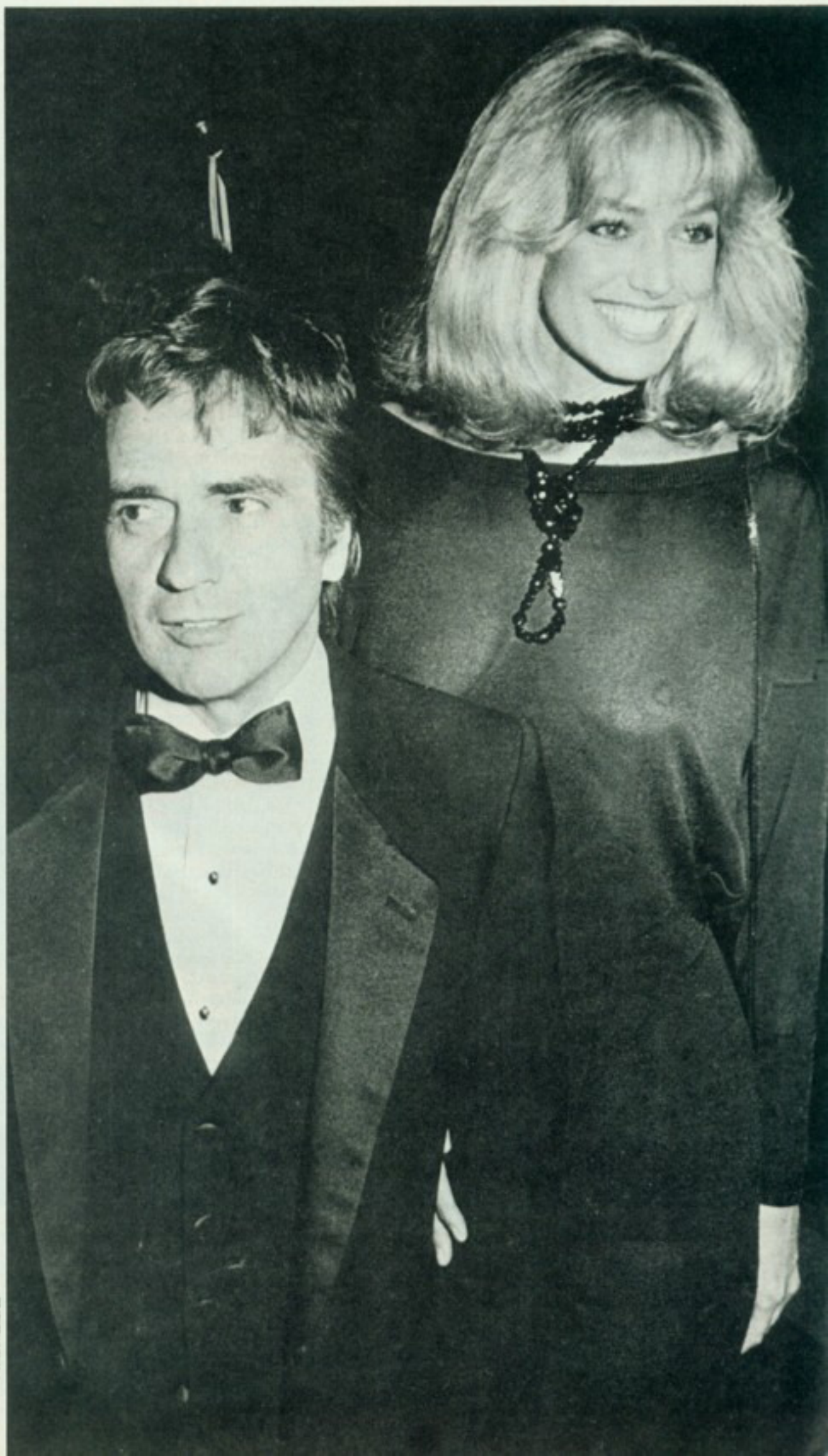
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### A Kiss Is Just a Kiss

For those of you who've never seen him unmasked, here's mime MARCEL MARCEAU with his real face on. Marceau is also an accomplished artist, and at a recent gallery showing of his paintings in Chicago, he was seen making a pass at a lady of comparably few words. Ah, romance!

### Dudley Doright and His Mountee

Listen up: We know some major-league celebrity breasts when we see them, and this month, we've got SUSAN ANTON to thank for the pleasure. The dashing gent to her left is, of course, DUDLEY MOORE, whom you can currently see in *The Best Defense*, with Eddie Murphy. How about if we *listen* to Dudley and *look* at Susan?



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# NEXT MONTH



CAESAR'S WEREWOLF



COSTLY CARS



COMELY COEDS



COKE SCOOP

**"FRIGID MEN"**—IN THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION, NOT ALL THE CHILL IS COMING FROM THE WOMEN'S SIDE OF THE BATTLE FRONT. A REPORT FROM THE TRENCHES—BY **CRAIG VETTER**

**"ANNE CARLISLE"**—A VERY CLOSE LOOK AT THE EXOTIC, ANDROGYNOUS STAR OF *LIQUID SKY*

**"COCAINE: THE GOD THAT FAILED"**—THERE'S GOOD NEWS AND BAD NEWS ABOUT COKE. IT DOESN'T HOOK EVERYBODY, BUT ENOUGH OF IT WILL KILL ANYBODY. THE MOST RELIABLE DATA YET, INTERPRETED BY **LAURENCE GONZALES**

**"BEAUTIFUL SCREAMERS"**—SIX SLEEK, EXPENSIVE AUTOS THAT MAY JUST BE THE NEXT BEST THING TO SEX—BY **GARY WITZENBURG**

**JACK LA LANNE** REVEALS WHAT HE AND JESUS HAVE IN COMMON IN A TOUGH **"20 QUESTIONS"**

**"JULIUS CAESAR AND THE WEREWOLF"**—THE LATE, GREAT AUTHOR OF *GREDEL* AND *OCTOBER LIGHT* WAS WORKING ON THIS CHILLINGLY SUPERNATURAL STORY WHEN HE DIED IN A MOTORCYCLE MISHAP. READ WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN—BY **JOHN GARDNER**

**"GIRLS OF THE BIG TEN REVISITED"**—IT'S TIME WE RETURNED TO THE HEARTLAND, WHERE THE COEDS GET BETTER-LOOKING EVERY YEAR

**"PLAYBOY'S BACK-TO-CAMPUS GUIDE"**—ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT CLOTHES, GEAR, BOOKS, MUSIC AND MAJORS TO BECOME A B.M.O.C. WE EVEN GIVE YOU A PICKUP LINE THAT WORKS

**PLUS:** A PRIZEWORTHY **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEW WITH **SHIRLEY MACLAINE**; **"PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW"**; **ANDREW TOBIAS'** **"QUARTERLY REPORTS: FINANCIAL NEWSLETTERS (AND OTHER JUNK MAIL)";** AND **"PRESIDENTIAL PURSUIT,"** **PLAYBOY'S** EXCLUSIVE **REAGAN** TRIVIA GAME