

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MAY 1986 • \$3.50

**STEAMY
INTERVIEW
KATHLEEN
TURNER**

(PLUS FOLD-OUT POSTER)

**FOUR-ALARM
PICTORIAL!
WOMAN
FIRE FIGHTER
NUDE**



PLAYBOY'S REPORTER
SCOOPS THE PRESS!

**RON REAGAN
AT THE SUMMIT**



DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

How would you handle a sexual encounter with a virgin?

How would I handle it? I'd drive him absolutely crazy. I'd do everything. I mean everything within reason. Lots and lots of foreplay. Foreplay is essential in any relationship and important for a guy who is just starting out to learn. Foreplay would make him ready to make love. But I'd still make him wait just a little bit longer and have fun with the excitement. I'd want him to be full of incredible desire until he couldn't stand another second's wait. Then would come the wild sex. Afterward, I'd tantalize him slowly and we'd do it all over again. Would I see him a second time? Probably. It would be fun to teach him lots of new things.



Liz Stewart

LIZ STEWART
JULY 1984

He wouldn't admit that he was a virgin, though I knew that he was, from his friends and from the awkward way we eventually got to bed. He needed a little bit of coaching. He was very, very nervous. He was shaking. He made me nervous, too. I needed to talk softly and supportively. Everything turned out fine, because I tried to make him feel confident that everything was going to turn out fine and that I wouldn't have any regrets afterward. No unkind words were said and no unkind thoughts were thought. I tried to make him feel that it didn't matter whether or not we ever had sex again. What mattered were the nice, loving feelings we were sharing at the time.



LesAnn Pedriana

LESA ANN PEDRIANA
APRIL 1984

Tenderly, with lots of understanding and patience. It happened to me at college. I met a guy in a class; we'd had a final exam, and we decided to go out and celebrate. We had a few drinks, went dancing and had a great time. Then we went back to my place and stayed up most of the night, talking and joking around. As the night wore on, I began to think it was odd that he wasn't taking control of the situation. Just about then, he said, "You know, I've never done this before." I didn't laugh, but I did ask him why. He said he'd had a girlfriend who hadn't allowed it. So I said, "Well, it's up to you." He got right into it, and I felt like the best kind of teacher. He was so enthusiastic. We became friends, but we never did it again.



Sherry Arnett

SHERRY ARNETT
JANUARY 1986

That has never happened to me, so I'll have to use my imagination. Obviously, he'd be younger but of age. I'd handle him very gently and try to make him feel comfortable in a nonsexual way before initiating anything more. I'd feel I had a responsibility to someone who hadn't had all the life experiences I'd had. I'd be his first complete sexual experience, and that image, good or bad, stays with a person for his or her whole sexual life. That is why I'd want to handle the situation with dignity and kindness. I wouldn't be happy if I thought I had seduced him, fucked his brains out, put on a garter belt and high heels, gone crazy and then never called him again. I would have turned him loose with the idea that all women put on outfits and act like that. It would be my responsibility to create good images.



Tracy Vaccaro

TRACY VACCARO
OCTOBER 1983

It happened to me. I was about 20; he was younger. He was a bag boy at a grocery store. He was really cute, with a classic face. He was bagging my food and I had a whim, so I wrote my phone number on the receipt and handed it to him. He had a name tag on. He just looked at me and his face went red. That's when I realized that he must be pretty young. He didn't call, so I went back and talked to him. He called a couple of days later. We chatted. I asked him if he'd ever been with anyone. He confessed that he hadn't, which kind of scared me. His innocence and sincerity were a big responsibility. I made the first move, but he had great instincts. I called him a lot afterward to make sure he was OK, but we never did it again. Once was right; twice would have meant something else.



Cher Butler

CHER BUTLER
AUGUST 1985

I've always been the one with less experience. I'm not attracted to the idea, either. Not that I'm looking for Mr. Macho, who has had every woman in the world. I wouldn't want to be a man's first experience nor would I be the type to say, "Let me show you how." How would I feel about finding out *after* the event? That might be different. Then I'd feel honored that he wanted to have such an important, memorable moment with me.



Kathy Shower

KATHY SHOWER
MAY 1985

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.







"It'll never go to trial."

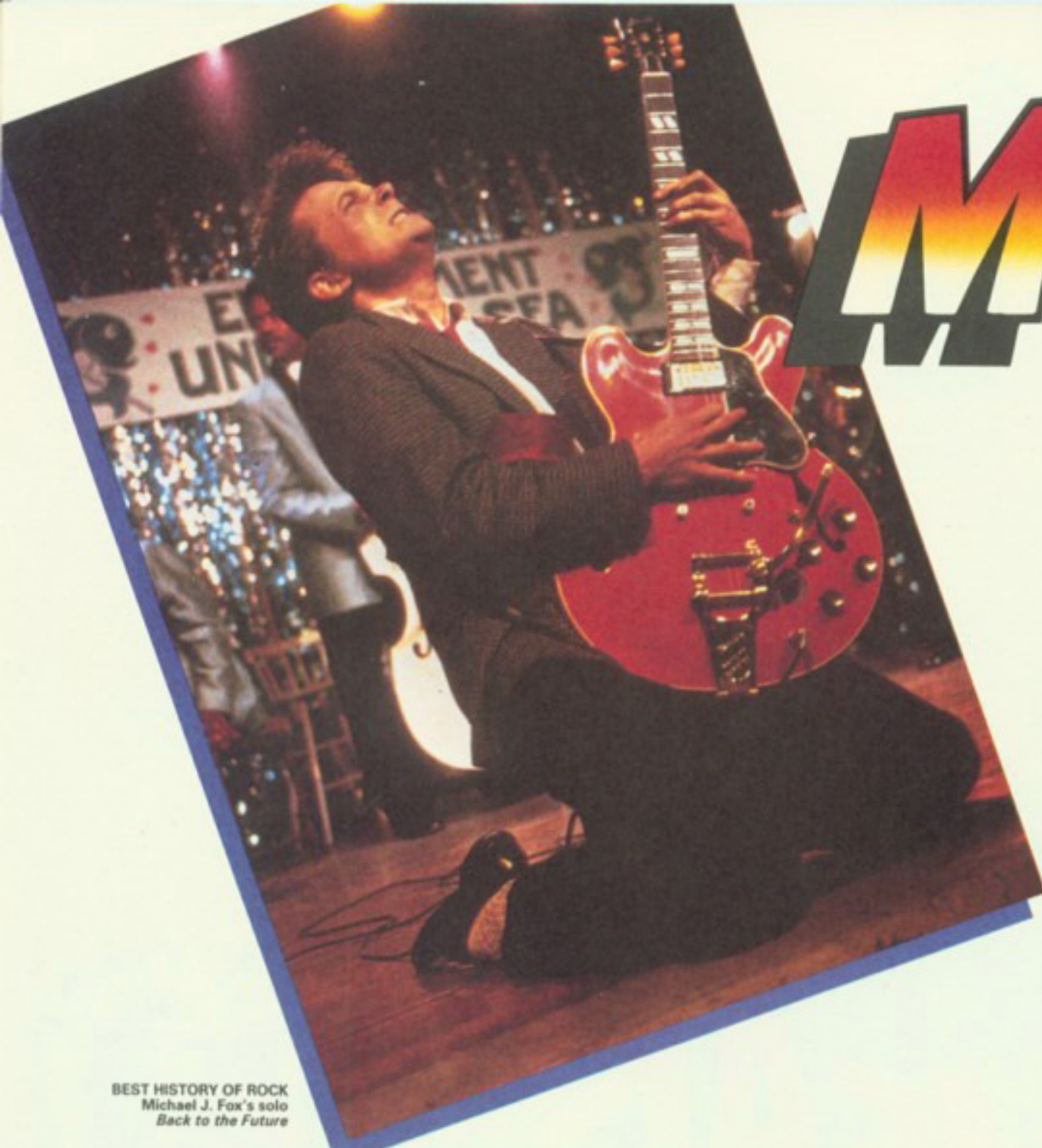
WE DON'T
NEED
ANOTHER
HERO



This was the year of the one-man army. In real life, Bernie Goetz became a hero after taking on subway thugs with a pissant revolver. In reel life, Sylvester Stallone took on the Russians in *Rambo* with a handful of neat weapons and, in *Rocky IV*, merely with his hands. Arnold Schwarzenegger took on barracks full of nearsighted mercenaries. Chuck Norris took on the city of Chicago and fended off terrorists in Florida. President Reagan, a man who is sometimes unable to differentiate between movies and reality, started quoting Rambo at press conferences. Our favorite hero? Mel Gibson as Mad Max. Anyone who goes *mano a mano* with Tina Turner gets our vote.

THE YEAR IN MOVIES





MAGIC MOMENTS

Having seen *Back to the Future*, will you ever again put on Calvin Klein underwear without smiling? Forget subway vigilantes for the moment. Why not movie-theater vigilantes? Did you applaud when the on-screen characters in *The Purple Rose of Cairo* told chatty moviegoers to just shut up? Did you nearly puke when the bad guy in *Invasion U.S.A.* jammed the girl's head down onto the coke-lined mirror, shoving the solid-gold snorting tube up into her brain? *Yikes!* Having seen *Pee-wee's Big Adventure*, will you ever again accept a ride from a dead lady truck driver? Having seen *Desperately Seeking Susan*, will you ever again look at a girl carrying a bird in a cage and wonder where she fits it into the sex act? Will you wonder if beauty is only skin-deep after watching Tahnee Welch take it all off in *Cocoon*? Having seen *The Jewel of the Nile*, will you ever again open a bottle of champagne without trying to catch the cork?

BEST HISTORY OF ROCK
Michael J. Fox's solo
Back to the Future

THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE BODY

If it was a good year for the good guys, it was a great year for the bad guys. We loved (or, rather, hated) Brian Dennehy in *Silverado*, M. Emmet Walsh in *Blood Simple* and Willem Dafoe in *To Live and Die in L.A.* It was also a great year for scene stealers; Grand Theft Movie awards go to John Gielgud in *Plenty*, James Mason in *The Shooting Party*, Anjelica Huston in *Prizzi's Honor*, Kevin Costner in *Silverado*, Judith Ivey in *Compromising Positions* and Kathleen Turner (our favorite blonde) in everything. The rest of our favorites are shown at right.



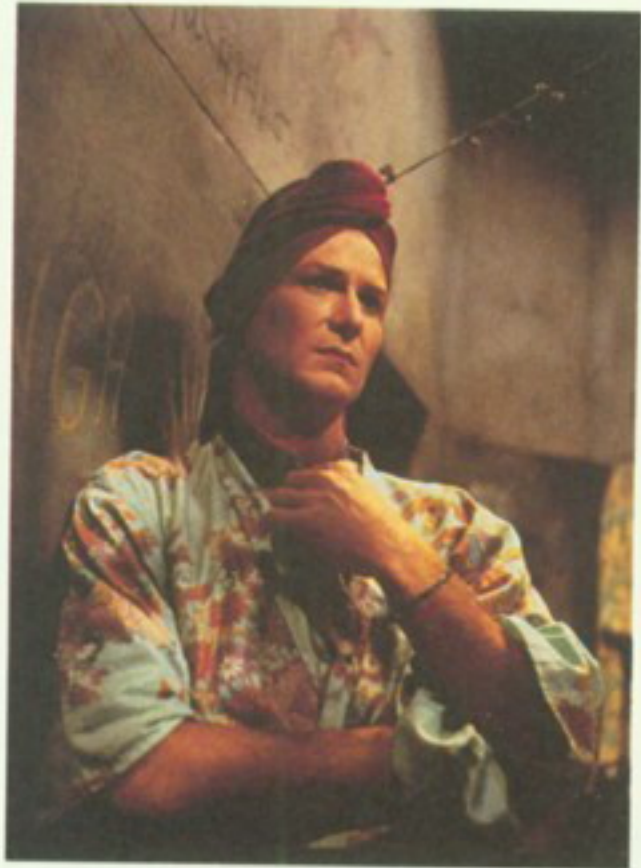
BEST GUN MOLL
Rae Dawn Chong
Commando



BEST WESTERN
The great unwatched gang
Silverado



BEST SCIENCE PROJECT
Kelly LeBrock
Weird Science



MACHO MONEY-MAKER

None Dare Call It Acting: *Rambo* opened in 2074 theaters and made \$32,548,262 in one week. *Rocky IV* opened in 1325 theaters and made \$31,770,105 in five days. In contrast, *Kiss of the Spider Woman* opened in one theater in New York and made \$108,778 in a week. Most macho? William Hurt. It takes balls for a man to wear a dress and make it work.

MOST MACHO ACTOR
William Hurt
Kiss of the Spider Woman

BOX-OFFICE STAR
Sylvester Stallone
Rocky IV and Rambo



We tend to think of Hollywood in terms of celebrities, blockbuster hits, creative triumphs and possible subjects for the *Playboy Interview*. We tend to overlook the fact that film making is a team sport. Occasionally, we are awed by the performance of individuals, but it's the team statistics that are interesting. Consider Hollywood as a league and the major distributors—Columbia, Fox, MGM, Paramount, Universal, Warner Bros., Disney, Orion and Tri-Star—as the franchises. Who ended up on top? Care to guess? Was it the studio that distributed *Back to the Future*? No. Was it the studio that distributed Sylvester Stallone's movies? No. Warner Bros. emerged with 18 percent of the North American rental market, doing it with a line-up that included two Spielberg-related efforts (*The Goonies* and *The Color Purple*) and relied on proven performance of sequels (*Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome*, *Police*

Academy 2: Their First Assignment and *National Lampoon's European Vacation*). *Pee-wee's Big Adventure* rounded out the roster. Universal was a close second, with 16 percent of the rental market. Buoyed by the heavyweight slugging of *Back to the Future*, the rest of the line-up had class (*Brazil*, *Out of Africa*, *Mask*), a heavy reliance on youth (*The Breakfast Club*, *Weird Science*) and stupidity (*Morons from Outer Space*). Big-name free agents (Burt Reynolds and Richard Pryor) proved to be fiascoes: *Stick* and *Brewster's Millions* just took up space on the bench. Fox was a distant third, with *Cocoon*, *Commando*, *The Jewel of the Nile*, *Prizzi's Honor* and *Enemy Mine*. Our prediction for next season: Orion may be the studio to watch. It had good balance this year—*Code of Silence*, *Desperately Seeking Susan*, *The Falcon and the Snowman*, *The Mean Season*, *The Purple Rose of Cairo*—and may do well in post-season video play.



BEST YOUNG SPIELBERG
Nicholas Rowe
Young Sherlock Holmes

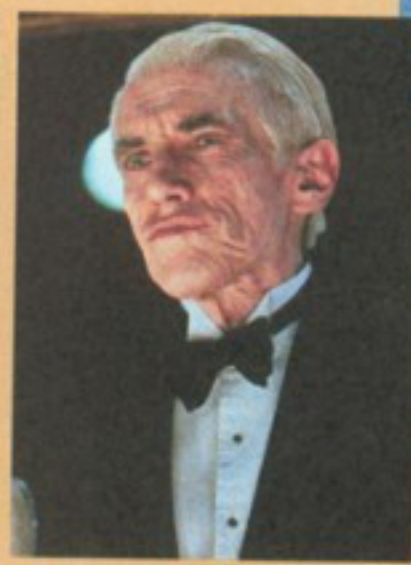
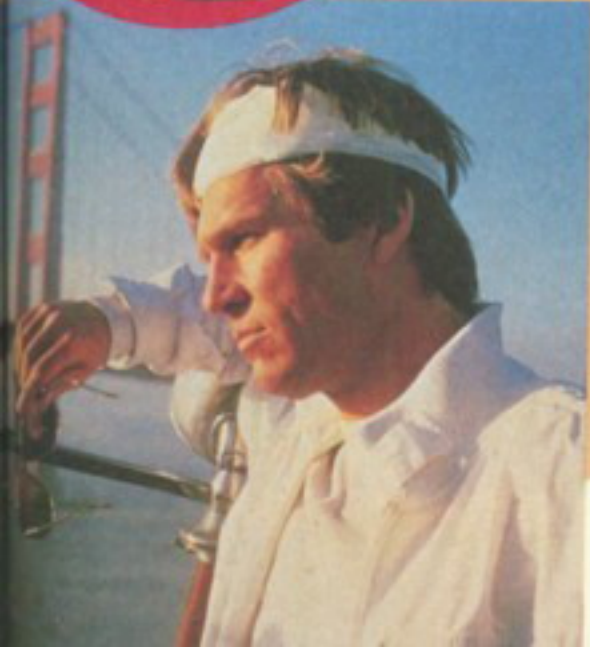
ODDEST COUPLE
Rutger Hauer and friend
Ladyhawke

BEST GANGSTER
William Hickey
Prizzi's Honor

BEST MANSON
Jeff Bridges
Jagged Edge



BEST HEROINE
Tina Turner
Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome



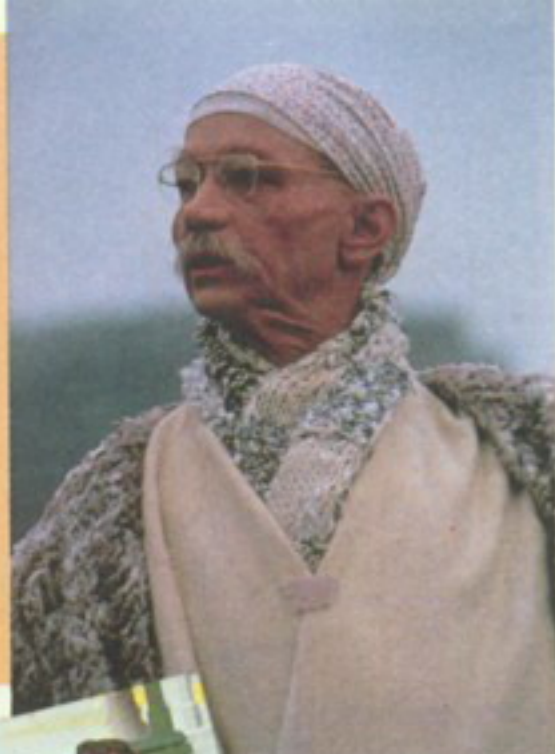
BOX-OFFICE GROSS-OUT
The knife through the hand
Blood Simple



They say that if you win an Academy Award, your career takes off. The roles just keep pouring in. Your face disappears behind Foster Grants or, in the case of Louis (An Officer and a Gentleman) Gossett, Jr., and Joel (Cabaret) Grey, behind layers and layers of make-up. So much for a boost from Oscar.

BEST OFFICER AND AN ALIEN
Louis Gossett, Jr.
Enemy Mine

LIFE IS A CABARET, OLD CHIUN
Joel Grey
Remo Williams:
The Adventure Begins

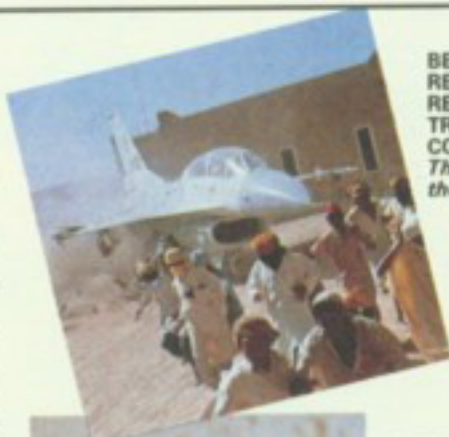


COURSE OF THE OSCAR

DÉJÀ VISION It seemed as if every time you went to the movies, you had already seen the thing. There were the sequels: *Rocky IV*, *Rambo*, *Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome*, *The Jewel of the Nile*, *A View to a Kill*, *A Nightmare on Elm Street Part 2*, *Porky's Revenge*, *Friday the 13th Part V—A New Beginning* and *Death Wish 3*, etc. There were technonerd movies. There were zombie movies. Enough.

BEST TECHNONERD
Val Kilmer
Real Genius

BEST TABLE MANNERS
Zombie
Day of the Dead



BEST REASON TO REHIRE AIR-TRAFFIC CONTROLLERS
The Jewel of the Nile

SPIES US LIKE
Sean Penn,
Timothy Hutton
The Falcon and the Snowman



CUTE COUPLES In the year of the one-man army, there was still some chemistry. Sean Penn and Timothy Hutton left the Brat Pack in the dust with *The Falcon and the Snowman*. Mikhail Baryshnikov and Gregory Hines danced through *White Nights*. Madonna and Rosanna Arquette made *Desperately Seeking Susan* one of our favorite movies—and videos.

PUT ON YOUR DANCING SHOES
Mikhail Baryshnikov,
Gregory Hines
White Nights



BEST ROLE MODELS
Rosanna Arquette,
Madonna
Desperately Seeking Susan



BEST LINES

The problem with one-man armies is that they don't say much. Chuck Norris, in *Code of Silence*, pretty much summed it up with "If I want your opinion, I'll beat it out of ya." But there were some marvelous lines elsewhere. Steve Guttenberg in *Cocoon*: "If this is foreplay, I'm a dead man." John Gielgud in *Plenty*: "He had his tongue stuck so far up my fundament, all you could see of him were the soles of his feet." Kid in *American Flyers*: "If you read about it, it's written sex. If you talk about it, it's oral sex." Perhaps Reagan could quote Nicholson on Kathleen Turner: "Just because she's a thief and a hitter does not mean she isn't a good woman. . . . She's an American." For bad lines, there was *Return to Oz*, where they wheel the heroine in for electroshock therapy and we hear, "It's been six months since the tornado, and Dorothy hasn't been herself since. . . ."



"Do I marry her? Do I ice her?"
—JACK NICHOLSON, *Prizzi's Honor*



B

BRUCE'S BEST/ BRUCE'S BOMBS

BEST ARGUMENT FOR CAPITAL PUNISHMENT
The distributor who refused to
release Terry Gilliam's *Brazil*

BRUCE'S BEST

Back to the Future: Can't recall ever having so much fun in a time warp.

Brazil: Terry Gilliam's controversial nightmare comedy that set some studio heads spinning.

Cocoon: Youth, age and science fiction, brought together by Ron Howard for a glorious be-in.

Fool for Love: Sam Shepard and Kim Basinger performing Shepard's own feverish fertility dance.

Kiss of the Spider Woman: William Hurt and Raul Julia behind bars—in love, in a way.

The Official Story: Actress Norma Aleandro makes this timely drama from Argentina timeless.

Prizzi's Honor: Turner and Nicholson trading killers' kisses under John Huston's wickedly knowing eye.

Ran: Japan's Kurosawa may be the only film maker alive who could improve on Shakespeare's *King Lear*.

Shoah: The Holocaust yet again, in ten mind-boggling hours—small price for a monumental achievement.

Twice in a Lifetime: Gene Hackman has his best chance in years to remind us how brilliant he has always been.

BRUCE'S BOMBS

Godzilla 1985: Does that title sound like an epitaph? A movie so inept deserves to be remembered.

Hail Mary: Godard religiosity, popularized by a papal slap on the wrist. Only Godard's *Detective* was duller.

King David: Richard Gere's uncelebrated diaper dance was the low point of this defused Biblical bomb.

Pee-wee's Big Adventure: Excruciating (excluding, of course, the scene with a tour guide at the Alamo).

Perfect: Arguably the year's longest exercise tape, with Travolta and Jamie Lee Curtis sweating it out.

Return to Oz: Dorothy in for shock therapy, along with the audience.

Revolution: The Spirit of '76 plowed under by Pacino, among others.

Rocky IV: Stallone's bank balance swells while his inspiration dwindles.

Rustlers' Rhapsody: Perhaps the all-time god-awful Western spoof came—and quickly went—that-a-way.

Santa Claus: The Movie: The rottenest kids you know deserved better than this Christmas turkey.



BEST AD FOR BANANA REPUBLIC
Robert Redford, Meryl Streep
Out of Africa



BEST BIRTH CONTROL
Sting
Plenty



BEST SEXUAL CHEMISTRY
Harrison Ford, Kelly McGillis
Witness



WE'LL TAKE SECONDS
Ann-Margret, Gene Hackman
Twice in a Lifetime



IN PRAISE OF OLDER WOMEN
Vanessa Redgrave
Wetherby

B RATBUSTERS

Let the Brat Pack hang out at the Hard Rock Café. Give us actors who have something more to offer than clear complexions. After years of films for and about teenyboppers or films about cute little creatures that every kid under 12 just had to see again and again, we saw a rash of adult-oriented movies. It wasn't easy. Producer-director Bud Yorkin tried to get studio financing for *Twice in a Lifetime*. Even with Gene Hackman, Ellen Burstyn, Ann-Margret, Amy Madigan, studios wouldn't touch it. Once it was made, they all said the picture was great, but they didn't know how to market it. Now they're sorry; Yorkin distributed it himself and it looks like a success. *Cocoon* brought back a lot of familiar faces who showed they still had life. There were mature love stories galore, though we began to wonder if we would ever get to do another *Sex in Cinema*. Meryl Streep made love with her clothes on in last year's *Falling in Love* and this year's *Plenty*. (Maybe that's why Sting couldn't father her child.) It took the tropical heat (or Robert Redford) to bare her shoulder in *Out of Africa*.



BEST BREAK DANCE
Don Ameche
Cocoon



BEST LEGEND IN HIS OWN TIME
Sam Shepard
Fool for Love

Its MAGIC

meet the women who make tricks a treat



Karen Cady helps Franz Harary pull a few rabbits out of a hat (above). Harary returns the favor (right) by putting Cady into a trance and floating her 11 feet above the ground, an easy trick for a magician who often levitates a motorcycle and rider during his act. Laser Images, Van Nuys, California, provided laser effects.

FRANZ HARARY knows all the benefits of being a magician. At the age of 23, not only has he made a top hat full of money (allowing him to maintain homes in both a fashionable part of Los Angeles and his home town of Ann Arbor, Michigan) but magic has put him center stage—center *field*, in some cases—doing massive illusions for sporting events (such as the Rose Bowl and the White Sox opener) and rock shows. When Michael Jackson floated off into nothingness during the *Victory* tour, that was Harary behind the scenes, designing and operating the illusion. He and Jackson are still close friends, and the *Victory* tour's success has given Harary even more work in the lucrative concert field.

Harary knows about one of the other pluses of being a master magician: the magician's assistant. "My work is 75 per-

cent completed by the time you see it," he says. "Assistants do 90 percent of the work on stage. I just point my finger and take all the credit."

Of course, Harary is being modest—he does, after all, design and build some of the most complex illusions in America—but it is hard to imagine a magic act without a comely assistant. Whom would magicians levitate? Saw in half? Turn into a tiger? Make disappear? Somehow, the idea of a man in that role makes the business of hocus-pocus less appealing. Saw a man in half? Who cares? Watch a man float through the air without any visible means of support? Yawn.

It doesn't hurt that magicians' assistants are, by and large, an attractive lot. "They've got to look great," Harary points out. "That's showbiz."

Mark Kalin, 26, a magician who has become one of the major draws in Las Vegas and Atlantic City, knows the value





of the right assistant. "People don't realize how important an assistant is," he says. "She's not the stereotypical dumb blonde who carries the tray out on stage, wiggles her butt and walks off. It takes weeks of rehearsals, a knowledge of magic and knowing how to move."

In fact, Kalin's appreciation of assistants runs so deep that it caused him not only to suggest this pictorial but to recruit singlehandedly other magicians and assistants and serve as a technical advisor. He even developed a new illusion for *PLAYBOY*, a variation on an old standard.

"For years," he explains, "magicians have been turning girls into tigers. But *PLAYBOY* wanted the reverse—the editors asked if I could turn a tiger into a girl. It's a much more difficult illusion, since it's easier to make a tiger appear than it is to try to hide one. That presented me with a great challenge, and it took me five weeks of design and thought, studying old principles of magic, to make it work."

Finally, Kalin mastered the illusion, which he now intends to incorporate into his act. When it came time for the photo session, he turned to a trusted longtime assistant, 20-year-old Jubie Rich, for help.

Kalin met Rich when she stopped by to admire his cat in a Las Vegas bar. It was no ordinary cat but a baby cougar—one of several animals he raises to work in his show—and no ordinary bar but Ellis Island, a legendary magicians' hangout. And it was no accident that Rich stopped by. Her father, Gil E. Gilly, performed for years in Vegas as a mentalist—"he breaks glass and bends metal with his mind, and he's also a psychic," she says—and Rich had often worked as his assistant. Kalin immediately hired her.

"Jubie's a natural," he says. "I remember that even the first time she was on stage with us, she was so professional that we were all able to relax."

Most magicians spend weeks—sometimes longer—looking for the proper assistant. "I look for that person who has a spark of enthusiasm in her eyes that will translate to the stage," says Marshall Magoon, 28, who has impaled a woman in a light box for *PLAYBOY*. That woman, Kimberly March, is a 26-year-old pro who has worked with several magicians, including Kalin and Magoon.

"For me, this is the best thing I could do," says March. "I love theater, I love

For years, magicians have turned women into tigers. For *PLAYBOY*, Mark Kalin turns a tiger into Jubie Rich. While the effect as seen here may seem like photographic trickery, Kalin claims the illusion on stage looks the same from the audience.





drama and I love acting."

Harary first met his assistant, Karen Cady, 22, in college, when they both appeared in a production of *Kiss Me, Kate*. Harary, who like all the other magicians in this pictorial had started his prestidigitation as a teenager, coaxed Cady off the stage and into the air for his levitation act. She has worked with him in most of his major shows. "He makes me appear, disappear, cuts me in half, shoots bullets through me," she laughs. "I let him abuse me. I love magic, and I love the way being Franz's assistant has opened doors. I have met agents and been sent on auditions, all because people have seen me in his act."

Not surprisingly, most magicians' assistants see their work as a steppingstone to bigger and better show-business roles. Both Cady and March, for instance, have their eyes on the daytime soaps, thinking of them as on-the-job training for full-time acting careers. Rich, too, talks about expanding her horizons beyond her work as an assistant.

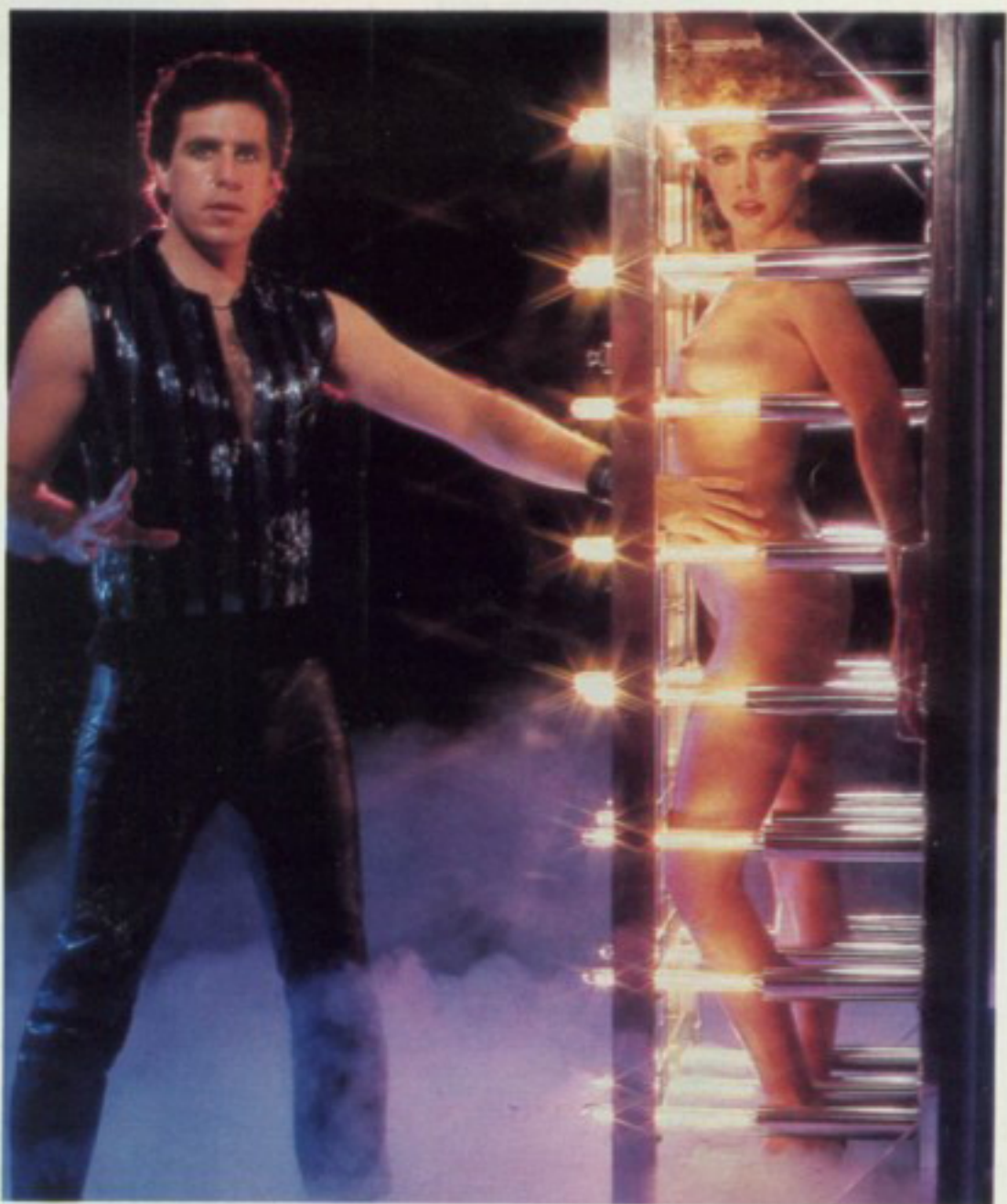
Magoon remembers one assistant who was able to achieve minor stardom without finding a new job. "She developed a special stage persona," he explains. "She acted as if she were totally bored with the act and got a lot of laughs in the process. We'd even have her come out when she wasn't needed, just to yawn or look uninterested. It was very successful, and the press picked up on it, making her a local celebrity."

Of course, not all women in magic are assistants. Tricia Brown and Lynn Chase tour the country with their own act, called *Two Hot to Handle*. Brown and Chase are fire-eaters and more. "We swallow it, we wear it, we spit it and we throw it," says Chase, 23. And while the other women in this pictorial usually appear on stage in elaborate costumes, *Two Hot to Handle* does its act topless. "When you're playing with fire," explains Brown, "you don't want a lot of clothes that might burn."

"I started out as a magician's assistant," says Brown, 38. "But I've been fascinated by fire ever since I was a little kid. Fire has a very sexual connotation, especially when you're exposing it to your bare skin. It's a pleasure to be warm, but it's painful if you get too close."

Their act is one of the most erotic on the circuit. "Fire is sexual," says Brown. "Two women are sexual. Our act is too nude for Las Vegas." And it's also

In the old days, magicians would put a woman into a box and poke canes through her body. Marshall Magoon updates the trick on these pages, using electric tubes—which obviously can't bend, right?—and an ultra-modern assistant, Kimberly March.





Lynn Chase (above left) and Tricia Brown (above right) travel the country doing strange things with flame under the name Two Hot to Handle. They call the scene at right The Kiss. We think it's pretty hot stuff; it's a sure-fire bet you'll agree.

dangerous. Both Brown and Chase have suffered burns of varying degrees. Chase, while working as a solo under the name Venus De Light, once caught her hand on fire and was unable to fan it out. Finally, in desperation, she stuck it into her mouth, and then sensuously drew it down to her breasts. The audience thought it was part of the act; only Chase knew how close she had come to serious injury.

Injuries are not uncommon for all the assistants. "We bruise ourselves terribly, jumping in and out of little boxes, dodging fire and large animals," says March. The light box, for instance, has occasionally burned holes in an assistant's costume, says Magoon.

Nor is the work all that steady. Most of the women have other jobs on which to fall back. Karen Gady leases executive jets for a division of the Chrysler Corporation. Kimberly March trains race horses and works as a dental assistant during slow times. Jubie Rich works for her brother's asphalt company. Tricia Brown served as the late Ruth Gordon's stunt double in three movies and currently produces wrestling videos.

There are other drawbacks as well. Once someone finds out that a woman is a magician's assistant, she's fair game for a friendly interrogation. "It happens all the time," reports Gady. "Just this morning, I was trying on clothes and the saleswoman said, 'Now that I have you in the dressing room all to myself, why don't you tell me how it's all done?' I asked her, 'Can you keep a secret?' She got very excited and said, 'Of course; I promise I can keep a secret.' So I told her, 'Well, so can I.'"







THE RICHTERS SCALE

*as christine sees it,
it's singles bars 0, marriage 10*



CHIRSTINE RICHTERS was standing in the lobby of the Villa Vera Hotel in Acapulco, where she had arrived moments earlier, hot, tired, five hours and a cab ride out of LAX. We managed to catch her eye with a friendly smile before she was taken to her room. Later, she told us it was her first time out of the country—if you didn't count the ten years she spent in Dodge City, Kansas. "Yeah, the main place to be in Dodge is Wyatt Earp Boulevard. Everyone parks in the Boot Hill parking lot and then cruises up and down Wyatt Earp. It's really boring. There's nothing there. The music is, like, a month behind. In Dodge, once you've been to Boot Hill, that's it." There is no



irony intended in that last remark—nor any malice. Christine is burdened with the ennui of a generation accustomed to rapid change. When you can adjust your perspective to any of 20 channels with a click of a remote-control device, the impact of an outlaws' cemetery fades quickly. Everything's temporary, and the wispiess of the future makes a prudent girl seek stability. No fast-paced singles' life for Christine. "Those guys out there," she says, shaking her head disgustedly, "I know what all those guys are like at night clubs. I don't want to have to go to bed with all those guys, and that's what they expect. That's just the way they are. So I'm afraid to get into those situations. They make me nervous. And the younger guys—they don't go to school, they don't learn, they just listen to MTV all the time, you know. So I don't even want to deal with it. I'd just rather get married and not have to worry about anything." It's hard to blame Christine for her outlook, especially since her experiences with men haven't been the best. "I've never really met my dad," she laments. "My parents got divorced when I was three;



"It's fun to go out with the girls and do stuff every once in a while. But after I broke up with my old boyfriend, I was going out every night of the week. And, you know, I hated it. It was fun for a while, but it got old really fast."







he lives in Fullerton somewhere. I went through the Department of Motor Vehicles to try to find him, but the address at the D.M.V. is wrong. I hope he'll see my picture and call." Boyfriends have given her trouble, too. "I had one boyfriend," she says, laughing, "who used to tell me that I'd never find another boyfriend if I left him. He was crazy. He was really mean to me, too. He would tell me he was coming home and then not come home all night. And then he went to

"In Oregon, they have a wild-animal park with baby tigers and lions that they let you play with. I like doing that. I want to buy my own baby tiger."





bed with my best friend. Of course, she's not my best friend anymore." Christine is resilient, though, and she hasn't given up yet. "I'm real insecure when it comes to boyfriends, but I would like to have the security of having someone there for me all the time." Her current relationship is reportedly a big improvement. "I don't see how it could get better," says Christine happily. That and the budding of a modeling career have made her think about some minor lifestyle adjustments. "I haven't found anything to do that I really like since I was in school. At least then, I had to get up at a certain time and I had to be there. But lately, since I haven't been doing anything, I just have gotten lazy. I was eating junk food all the time, but now I take vitamins and stuff. Now that I'm working with PLAYBOY, I'm more into keeping myself up. I have a reason to. I mean, I *have* to. I look at all those other Playmates and that kind of gives me a push." Although she does dream about owning a little land for a wild-animal park, that's for the future. For now, Christine is content. From the vantage point of an Acapulco beach, things don't look half bad.

"I'm reading a book 'How to Choose and Care for Your Cat,' right now, because I just got a new Persian kitten. But most of the time, I really don't read. I watch TV, go to a lot of movies and go horseback riding sometimes in the mountains."

STAGE



MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Christine Richters

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5' 6" WEIGHT: 107

BIRTH DATE: August 3, 1966 BIRTHPLACE: Fullerton, California

WHAT'S THE LEAST FASHIONABLE OUTFIT YOU'VE EVER WORN? Rolled-up blue jeans, cut-off T-shirt, with bare feet

IF YOU COULD HAVE ANY PET, WHAT WOULD IT BE? A baby Bengal tiger

WHAT TV OR MOVIE CHARACTER WOULD YOU LIKE TO PLAY? Dynasty's Alexis - one way or another, she always gets what she wants.

WHAT WAS THE BIGGEST DISAPPOINTMENT IN YOUR LIFE? Having to give away my pet ferret, Madison

WHAT KIND OF MAN TURNS YOU OFF? A man who is loud, obnoxious and tries too hard to be funny

WHAT WOMAN'S PERSONAL STYLE DO YOU MOST ADMIRE? Princess Di

WHAT IMPORTANT THING DO YOU ALWAYS PUT OFF DOING? Balancing my checkbook. I always put it off and it never gets done.

age 15



Still a Kansas Farm Girl!!

Winter Formal



Going to Prom, even though I don't dance

age 18



Hunting Easter Eggs with aunt Bea's bunny

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

"I want to open a fucking checking account," the man snarled.

"I beg your pardon, sir," the teller replied.

"Listen, damn it, I said I want to open a fucking checking account."

"I'm sorry, sir, but we don't tolerate language like that in our bank." She left the window, walked over to the bank manager and whispered in his ear.

The two returned and the manager asked, "What seems to be the problem here?"

"There's no goddamn problem," the man insisted. "I just won ten million dollars in the lottery and I want to open a fucking checking account!"

"I see, sir," the manager said. "And this bitch is giving you a hard time?"



"How'd your date turn out?"

"Don't ask."

"Was she ugly?"

"Ugly? When she was a kid and the boys played doctor, they made her the receptionist."

After spotting a woman at the bar drinking alone, the auto mechanic called the bartender over.

"I want to buy that girl a drink," he said with a nod in her direction.

"No, you don't," the bartender replied.

"Yes, I *do*," insisted the mechanic.

With a shrug of his shoulders, the bartender delivered a drink to the woman.

A half hour later, the customer ordered another drink for the woman.

"Look, Mac," the bartender said, "you *don't* want to buy her any drinks."

"Why not?"

"Because she's a lesbian."

"So what? Give her another drink."

Fifteen minutes later, the fellow decided the time was right to make his move and sidled up to the barstool. "So tell me," he flirted, "what part of Lesbia are you from?"

The old man lay dying. He turned to his wife, patted her hand and said, "When I came home from the first war in 1918, Esther, you were by my side. And when I was freed from the concentration camp after the second war, you were by my side, too." Wiping a tear with his sleeve, he continued, "When our little shop went bankrupt and we were left without a cent, you, Esther, were by my side. And now . . . now I am dying and you are still by my side. Esther," he said, gazing hard at her, "you're a jinx."

As he carried a cocker-spaniel puppy home for his wife's birthday, Joe ran into one of his neighbors. "Hey, Sam," he said, "what do you think of the dog I got for my wife?"

"Hmmm. Great trade."

The advertising exec arrived at his country club for a round of golf and was asked by the pro to fill out a foursome in which he'd never played before. Noticing that a beautiful blonde would be in the group, he immediately agreed.

On the third hole, the adman was faced with a 35-foot putt. He turned to the blonde. "If I make this putt," he proposed, "will you go out with me tonight?"

"You're on," she said.

He lined up the shot, stroked the ball and watched it roll straight into the cup.

On the fifth hole, the young man was left with a 60-foot uphill putt. He turned to the woman. "If I make *this* putt, will you make love to me tonight?"

"Absolutely," she replied.

He stood over the ball, stroked it firmly and watched happily as it broke perfectly into the hole.

On the ninth hole, the blonde was faced with a putt that had to go up one hill, down a second and into the cup on the far side of a third—85 feet away. "If I make this putt," she teased, "you have to go down on me tonight."

As the woman's putter was in its backswing, the young man walked over and picked up her ball. "That's a gimme."



Brenda, where did you get that gorgeous mink?" the shop clerk asked her co-worker. "I've been struggling for years to get one."

"Grow up, honey," her friend advised. "Stop struggling."

And what's more, Alice," the furious physician hollered as he slammed the front door, "you're a lousy lay!"

Later, after completing his morning rounds, the doctor decided to drive by the house to apologize to his wife for his morning outburst.

Not finding her in the kitchen or the living room, he glanced into the bedroom, only to find her in bed with another physician.

"What the hell is going on here?" he demanded.

"Well, after what you said this morning, dear," his wife explained, "I decided to get a second opinion."

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.



"OK, I'll explain it again. If I do all the stuff that I'm good at, it's cheaper; if I gotta act innocent and inexperienced, it's really gonna cost you."



fire siren

*janet hightower works to put out flames,
but she definitely lights one in our heart*



JANET HIGHTOWER, PLAYBOY Staff Photographer David Mecey and Senior Photography Editor Jeff Cohen had just finished a relaxed expense-account dinner (a dozen oysters and a lobster apiece) at North Houston's Pappas Seafood House & Oyster Bar Restaurant when Hightower's beeper sounded. It was the moment Mecey and Cohen had been waiting for since they arrived in town the previous day. Hightower was about to fight a fire. "Better to work on a full stomach than hungry," she said, heading for the door.

Ten minutes later, decked out in her heat-resistant rubber coat and fireman's hat, Hightower and the rest of her crew were aboard a pump truck, racing to a burning abandoned frame

house on the outskirts of Houston, with Mecey and Cohen following close behind in their rented car. Within minutes of her arrival at the fire site, Hightower had unrolled her hose, rigged it up to the truck and begun inching through waves of heat toward the burning building, laying down a fog (a fine spray of water) to keep the fire from spreading to the surrounding trees and brush. Mecey snapped the action as Janet approached the blazing front wall of the house and entered the building. "And then," he says, "I just kept my fingers crossed for her until she came back out." Which, fortunately, she did—hot, perspiring and exhausted, as Mecey captured her on the facing page. "Still, even though she was covered with soot and water from the hoses," says Mecey,



In the photo at left, Janet sits proudly alongside a bright-red pump truck, the same one that takes her and fellow fire fighter Charley Dibala (below) through the streets of North Houston to the fire they battle in the photos on these pages. Since our photographer, David Mecey, was a fireman in his late teens, he knew how to follow the action better than some photographers.



"Putting down a fog," says Janet, describing what she and other fire fighters are doing in the photo above center, "does three things: It pulls oxygen away from the flames—we call it 'not letting the fire breathe'—it covers a large area and it creates a cool layer of air in front of you, so you can get closer." But sometimes it gets so hot, Janet has to take a breather herself (above).

Below, Janet and Charley try to move in closer to the building; but despite the cooling spray in front of them, the heat from the blaze forces Janet to turn back. In the photo below center, her suit is wet down so she can get close enough to the unstable walls of the building to push them inward—using an eight-foot-long crowbar—and keep them from falling outward on the fire fighters.



Above, Janet goes through the cleanup procedure after a fire. "All the hoses are dirty, and you can't just roll dirty hoses up on the truck. When you get back to the station, you wash the hoses, put them on a rack to dry, then roll them back up and store them on the truck again." Coming down from the rush of fire fighting, Janet relaxes (right) at the station with a cup of cocoa.



If you were wondering what kind of man turns on a female fire fighter, Janet says, "I love cowboys; I go to rodeos, and I think the guys are just fascinating. I also demand honesty and openness from men. Physically, I like guys with big chests, small waists and cute little round butts in tight blue jeans. Definitely. That's why I like Texas men. A lot of them look like that."



"she was the prettiest damn fire fighter I'd ever seen." And that, of course, is why Janet is unusual. Here you have a 110-pound woman who has the training and physical strength to bust down a door, crawl up two flights of stairs on her belly and, if necessary, drag a 200-pound man back downstairs with her. In short, she puts the lie to the stereotype of fire fighting's being men's work. Her boyfriend, a detective on the Houston police force, "has a dangerous job," she says, "but I think being a fire fighter is the most dangerous job there is." Then why, when she could be doing any number of jobs that don't require risking life and limb, did she choose to be one? "I was invited to an open meeting of the local volunteer fire fighters' group, and after listening

to what they had to offer, I was sold. The biggest attraction was that they'd send me to the Texas A & M fire-fighters-training program. I figured that getting through it would be an accomplishment in itself. Besides, it was a switch from shining shoes." Shoes? "Yeah. At the time, I was working for a company called Shine on Texas, which sent female shoe shiners around to various bars in the area to shine men's boots." She signed on with the volunteer fire department of Ponderosa, a Houston suburb, two years ago, took another job as a secretary at a local finance company and has been fighting fires in her spare time ever since. We discovered her when we sent Mecey to shoot *The Girls of Texas* (PLAYBOY, February 1985). "I wanted to be in that pictorial,

"When I'm at a fire, things are happening so fast and there are so many things to do that I never think about how much energy I'm using. But after it's over, I'm exhausted. When I'm off duty, I want to do two things: eat a good dinner with a glass of wine and go home and take a hot bath." Janet's loft apartment "is where I cool out after a hot shift."



but by the time I applied, it was too late. When David asked me if I'd like to be in a pictorial all by myself, I said, 'Are you kidding?' If there's one thing that could be more exciting than fighting fires, it's being in *PLAYBOY*." And here she is, in photos hotter than a three-alarm fire. Too hot, in fact, for the Ponderosa F.D.

to handle; its brass, nervous about Janet's planned *PLAYBOY* appearance, at the last minute nixed the use of its equipment for our shooting and asked her to turn in her uniform. Fortunately, two red-blooded squadrons of smoke eaters from neighboring areas came to Janet's rescue, with the results you see here.



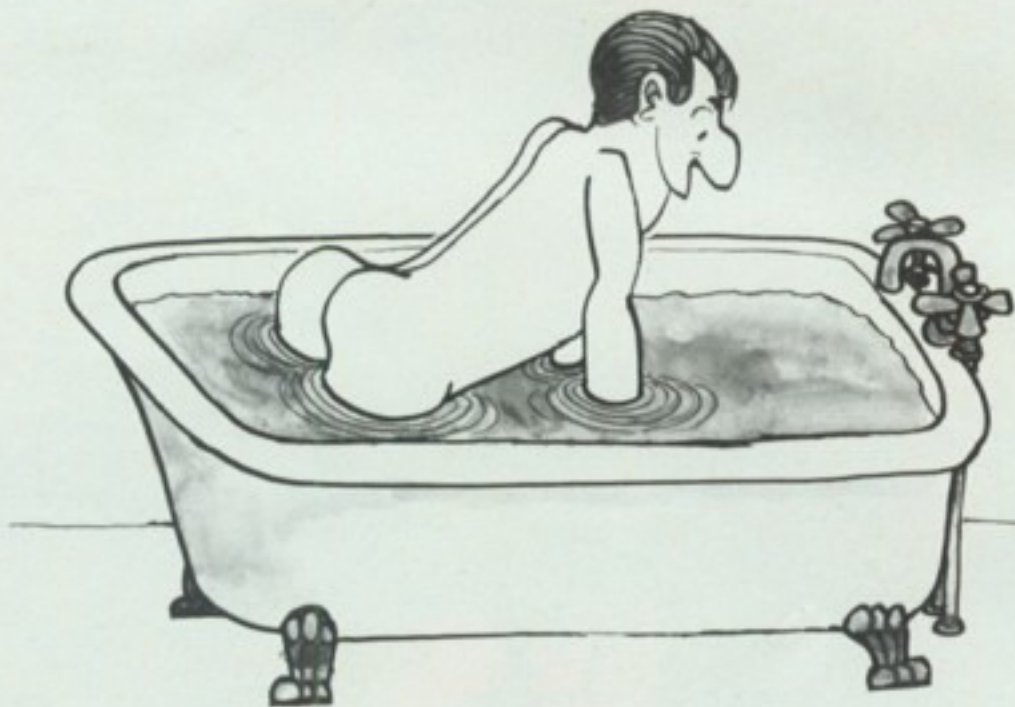


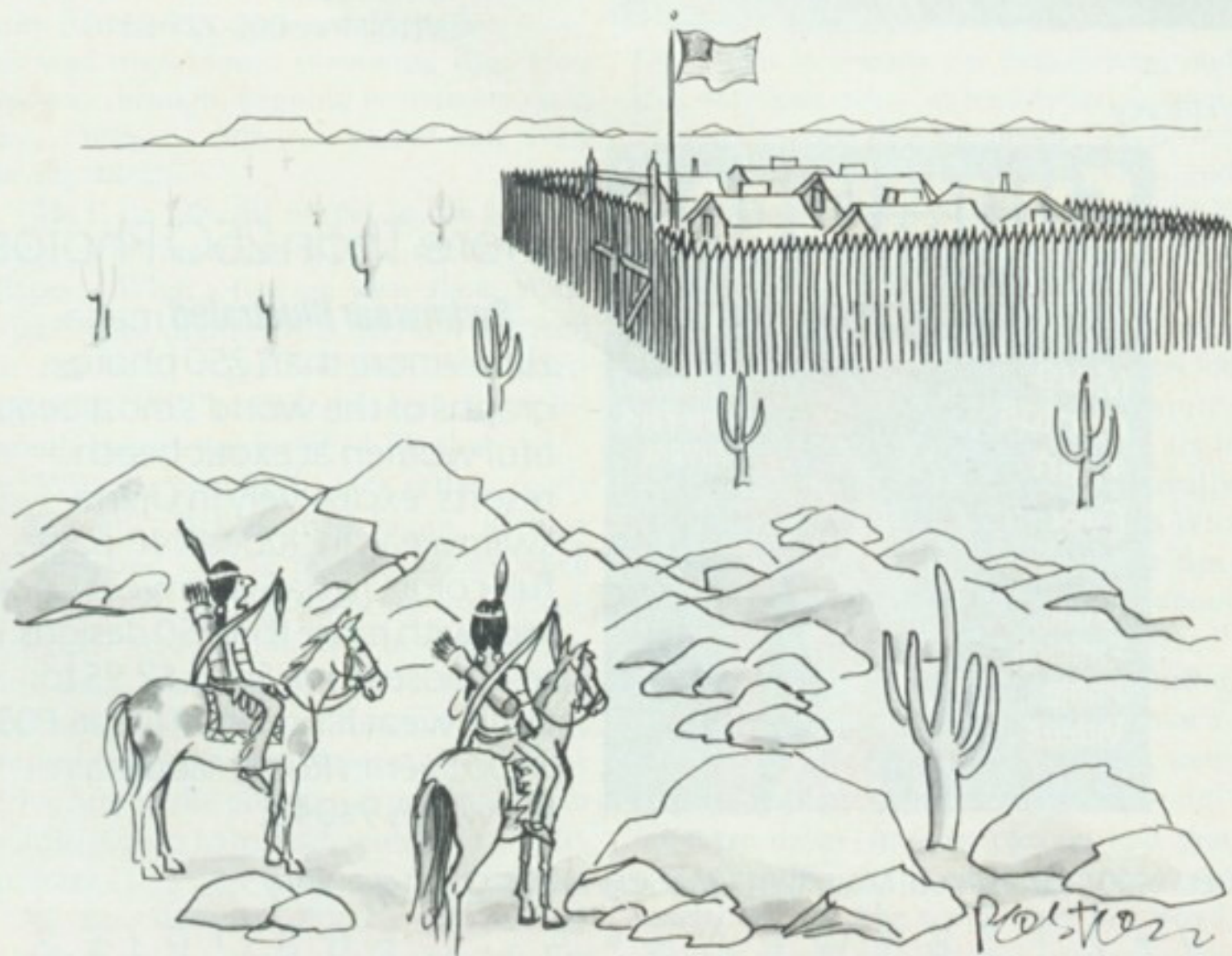




THE PLAYBOY GALLERY







*"The big mystery to me is where in hell they
got all that wood."*



"Here's a super exercise for all you expectant mommies who want to tighten those tushies. . . . A-one and a-two. . . ."



*"You figure it. We're naked, and we're not
horny and we're not frustrated. They wear clothes, and
they're continually preoccupied with sex."*



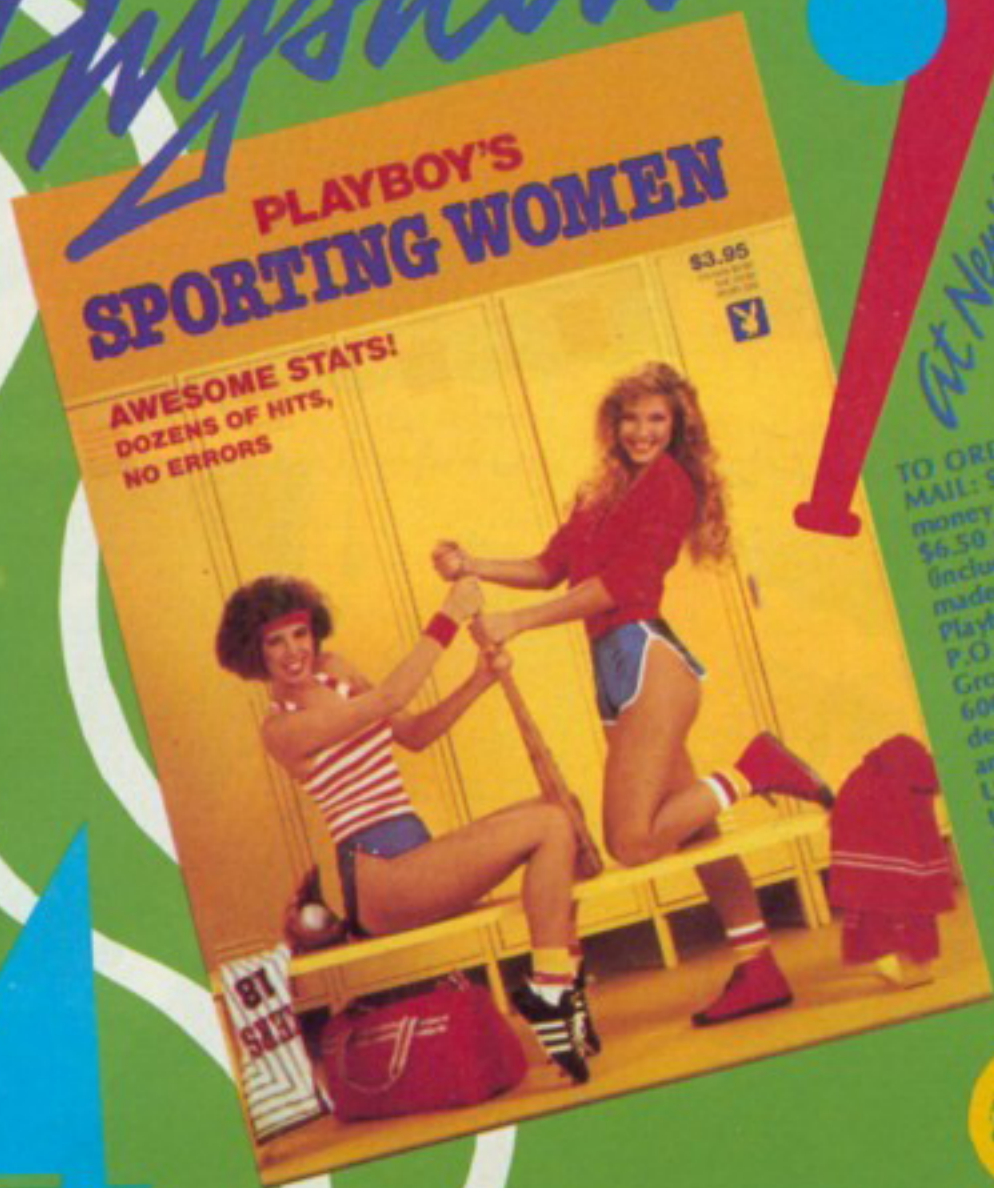
"I'm beginning to suspect this may not be anything so dignified as an attack."



"I can explain the lipstick on my collar, dear. I used my shirt to wipe it off my pecker."

Alluring athletes in every field compete for your attention in our latest special edition, *Playboy's Sporting Women*. Ballplayers. Skiers. Dogsledders. Wrestlers. Golfers. Anglers. And many more. All in vigorous full color.

Let's get
Physical



At Newsstands Now!

TO ORDER BY MAIL: Send check or money order for \$6.50 per copy (includes postage) made payable to: Playboy Products, P.O. Box 1554, Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60007. Canadian residents, add \$3.00, full amount payable in U.S. currency on a U.S. bank only. Sorry, no other foreign orders can be accepted.

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

WRESTLING IS NOW CHIC. WRESTLEMANIA HAS SWEEPED THE COUNTRY. FIGHTERS LIKE HULK HOGAN, ROWDY RODDY PIPER AND JUNKYARD DOG ATTRACT CELEBRITIES LIKE CYNDI LAUPER, LIBERACE AND THE INCOMPARABLE MR. T. ANNIE, TOO, IS AT THE MATCHES, WHERE SHE FINDS THE ANSWER TO THAT ETERNAL QUESTION, "WHAT HAS FOURTEEN TEETH AND AN I.Q. OF FIFTY?" ANSWER: "THE FIRST TEN ROWS OF ANY WRESTLING CROWD."

SO THESE ARE YOUR WRESTLERS! ARE THEY SELF-TAUGHT, OR DID THEY GET THEIR START WITH COLLEGE WRESTLING?

THEY WERE PROBABLY LESS INFLUENCED BY COLLEGE WRESTLING AND MORE BY THE SAN DIEGO ZOO!



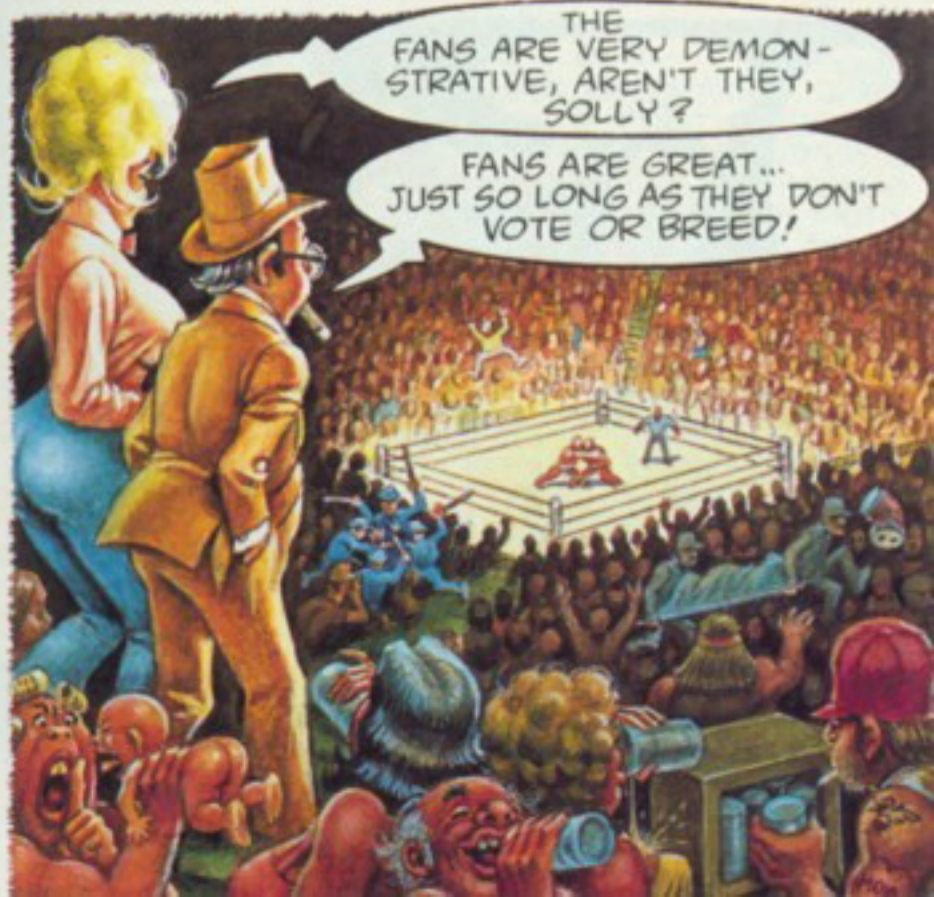
I STILL DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE ASKING ME TO REFEREE A WRESTLING MATCH. I'M AN ACTRESS!

WRESTLING IS ACTING, SWEETIE! ...FOR INSTANCE ... HERE'S ONE OF MY BOYS, VON LOUSY NAZI! I PIT HIM AGAINST G.I. JOE. THE FANS LOVE IT!



THE FANS ARE VERY DEMONSTRATIVE, AREN'T THEY, SOLLY?

FANS ARE GREAT... JUST SO LONG AS THEY DON'T VOTE OR BREED!





YOUR MATCH IS NEXT, AFTER THE GIANT DINGUS AND GAY RAY!

LET ME DOWN AL-READY!

WHAT'S YOUR HURRY, DARLING?

WATCH THOSE LOW BLOWS, GAY RAY!



ANNIE, HERE'S THE MATCH YOU'LL REFEREE... HUNK HOKUM VERSUS THE IRON SCHMUCK!

HI, GUY!

ALLAHU AKBAR!

ALLAHU--



JEEPERS! DID THE BELL RING?

E EK! ONLY THE TWO THAT BELONG TO ME!

IN-FIDEL! NOW YOU DIE!

THUMP!



THUMP!

ARE YOU OK? SHOULD I STOP THE FIGHT?

UN-BELIEV-ER!

PSST! NOT TO WORRY. IT'S A PUT-ON!



STAND ASIDE! HE ISN'T GOING TO HURT ME!

LEAVE HIM BE, YOU BIG BULLY!

JIHAD!



SEE, IT'S ONLY AN ACT.

WE'RE SPECIALLY TRAINED. WE DON'T REALLY HURT EACH OTHER.

HAW! A SEX ACT!

HUMP!

IT'S ALL IN THE WAY WE HANDLE OUR WEIGHT. SO DON'T WORRY. I KNOW HOW TO LAND. YOU'LL BE ABLE TO CARRY MY WEIGHT.

JEEPERS! I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT CARRYING YOUR WEIGHT... JUST CARRYING YOUR CHILD!



BO-RING!
BO-RING!
BO-RING!

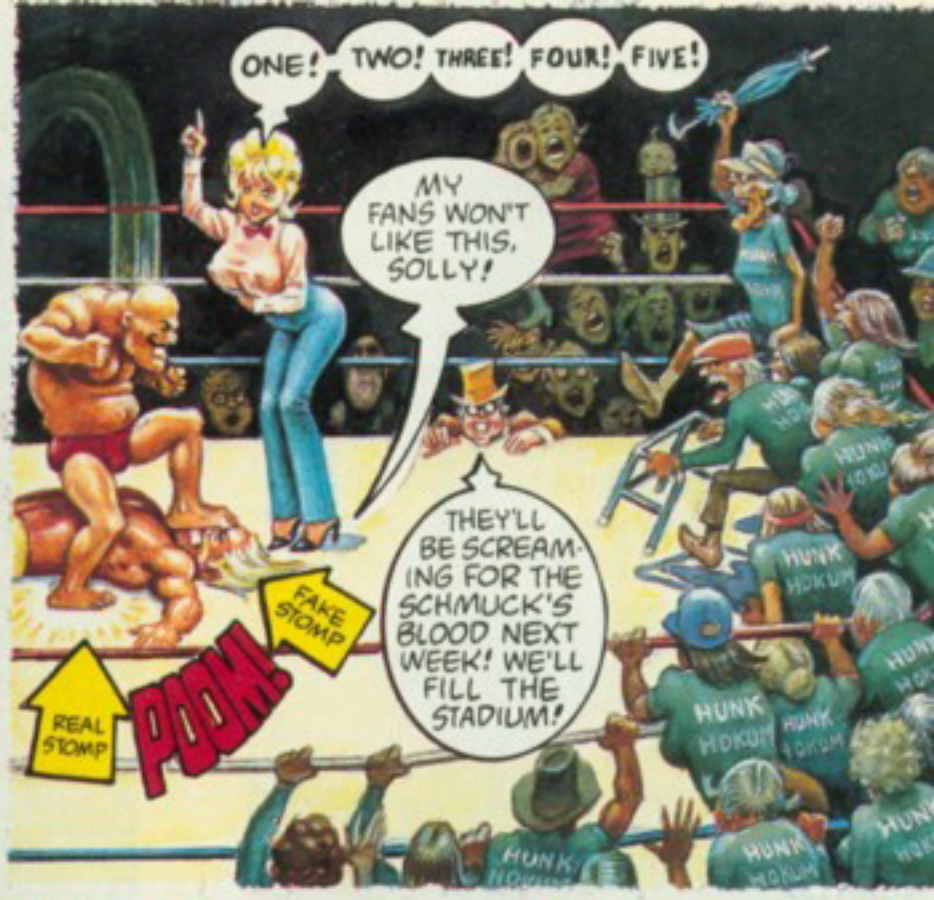
THE FANS ARE GETTING BORED, ANNIE. COUNT THE HUNK OUT!

ME? COUNT OUT? BUT SOLLY, I'VE NEVER LOST A MATCH!

POOM!

FAKE KNEE SMASH

REAL KNEE SMASH



ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE!

MY FANS WON'T LIKE THIS, SOLLY!

THEY'LL BE SCREAMING FOR THE SCHMUCK'S BLOOD NEXT WEEK! WE'LL FILL THE STADIUM!

REAL STOMP

POOM!

FAKE STOMP



I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THAT PRO WRESTLING IS FIXED!

CLEAR THE RING, PLEASE!

AFTER WE WRING THE GIZZARD OF THAT PENCIL-NECKED GEEK!

LET ME AT THAT EGG-SUCKING DOG!

HOW CAN IT BE FIXED IF IT WAS NEVER BROKEN?!

WATCH YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE, LULU!

WATCH HIS! BECAUSE WHEN I'M FINISHED, HE AIN'T GONNA HAVE ANY BLOOD LEFT TO PRESSURE!

#6 XX NMM *6!!

WHAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND, MR. IRON SCHMUCK, IS, WHEN THE HOKUM FANS ATTACKED, WHY DIDN'T YOU FIGHT BACK?

SCHMUCK! I TOLD YOU THEY'D BE SCREAMING FOR YOUR BLOOD!

FAKE BLOOD

I CAN DELIVER A FAKE HIT, ANNIE, BUT NOT A REAL. I WASN'T TRAINED THAT WAY.... ANYHOW, EVERYTHING IS HEALING NICELY, EXCEPT FOR MY NECK, WHICH HAS GOTTEN MUCH WORSE SINCE YOU CAME THROUGH THAT HOSPITAL DOOR.

WILL THEY SETTLE FOR MY KETCHUP CAPSULES INSTEAD?

END

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

JOIN THE GÎTE SET

Gîtes, as all you Francophiles know, are private country vacation homes that until recently could only be rented by traveling to France. Now a Manhattan firm, The French Experience, 390 Fifth Avenue, Suite 407, New York 10018, will aid you in doing your booking Stateside. And while most *gîtes* are situated in a small village from which you can do your exploring, apartments in Paris are also listed. A catalog is \$5.



ZING WENT THE LEE STRINGS OF OUR HEART

Lee Meredith, the ding-a-ling "Doll" in Miller Lite commercials, can blow the foam off our glass of beer *any time*. Aside from being a gifted comedienne (she played The Sunshine Girl in Neil Simon's original production of *The Sunshine Boys*), Lee has gone into the lingerie business and designed the perfect gift for the girl who has everything—a little bit of nothing called Lee Strings. There are styles from Night Out to Travel, Camping and even Camouflage. The price? A skimpy \$8.50 each, sent to Lee Strings, P.O. Box 84, Maywood, New Jersey 07607. We'll take Lee in all of them.

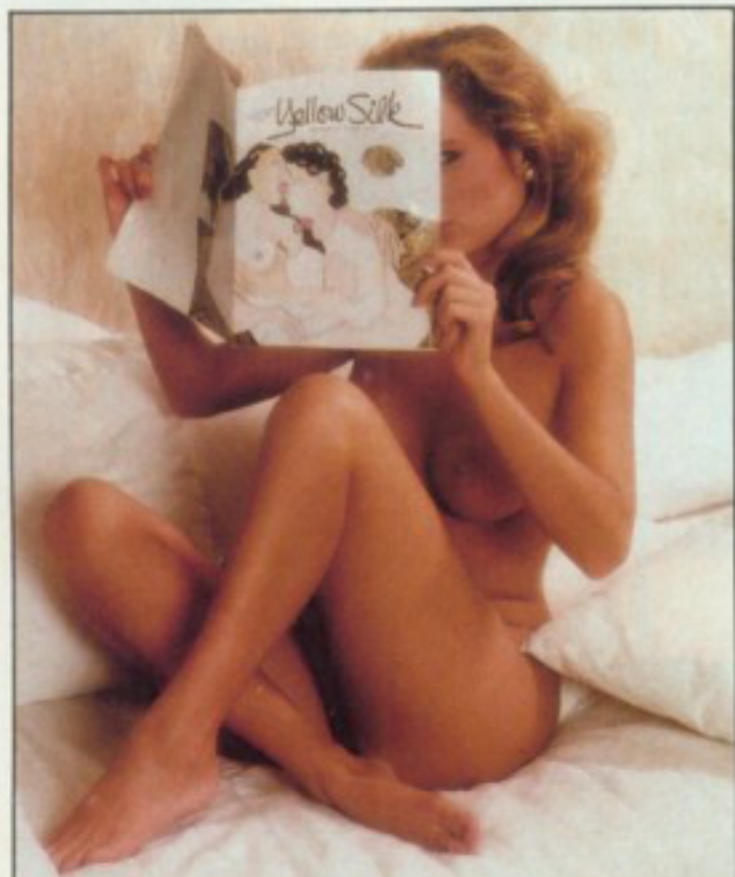
FOLLOW THE YELLOW SILK ROAD

Yellow Silk is a delightful intellectual "journal of erotic arts" designed, edited and published by Lily Pond, a laid-back lady who charges from \$12 to \$40 ("pay what you can") for a year's subscription—four issues. Sensuous poetry, evocative abstracts, tasty fiction that will turn you on; *Yellow Silk* publishes it all. The magazine's address: P.O. Box 6374, Albany, California 94706. Slip into something comfortable: *Yellow Silk*.



THE BUTLERS DO IT

Bertie Wooster had his Jeeves and you, old bean, can have your tea and crumpets, too, served by an authentic English butler—if you've got the filthy lucre to hire a graduate of The Ivor Spencer School for British Butlers and Administrators. They're all between 19 and 55 years of age and are trained to control and run large, busy households. Salaries begin at \$25,000 per year, and for that Your Man Godfrey will work from dawn (drawing your bath) to dusk and later ("Whiskey by the fire tonight, sir?"). Ivor Spencer's address is 12 Little Bornes, Alleyn Park, Dulwich SE21 8SE, England. Not feeling too flush? Yes, they accept applicants, too.



CIGAR STORY

Holy Smoke (Harper & Row), by Spanish author G. Cabrera Infante, takes a historical look at lady leaf, telling the story of cigars from Columbus to Castro (who used to mooch smokes from Infante), with additional witty anecdotes about the smoking habits of such puff-prone celebrities as Orson Welles, W. C. Fields and Marilyn Monroe. And, of course, there are details on manners and mores of cigar smoking and more. For \$16.95, light up.



CHOP TALK

Foodies of the world, eat your hearts out! High-tech chopsticks have arrived—and aren't you sorry you didn't think of them first? Made of machined, polished and anodized aluminum, these sexy sticks are crafted much like a part on a fighter plane or a racing car. And they come in jazzy colors, from violet and red to gold and black. ChopsTech, 14755 Ventura Boulevard, Suite 709, Sherman Oaks, California 91403, sells them for \$39.95, including a leather case. Slick!



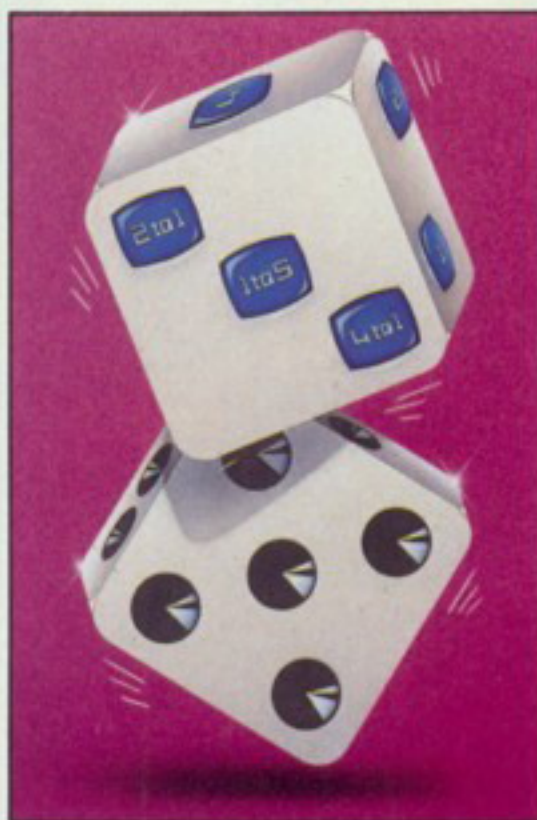
LOOK! UP ON THE WALL! JOLLY OLD ENGLAND!

Those of you heading for old Blighty this summer will see wonderful British posters portraying everything from pub signs and images of England to the royal line of succession, doors of London and even an English Beefeater. But rather than tote the 34" x 24" posters back, have Sunset Poster Company, 27 Norbury Cross, London SW16 4JQ, England, post them directly to you for \$12 each, postpaid. Or write for Sunset's complete list and stay home. With Big Ben and a Guinness Stout label on your wall, you'd probably never make it off the couch, anyway.



HOT TIP ON A DATA BASE

Anyone with a personal computer that has a modem operating at 300 baud or higher can put his money where the neighborhood tip sheet once was and subscribe to Computer Sports World, which offers sports scores, standings and more in baseball, football, basketball, hockey, horse racing and boxing. A \$175 installation fee, plus 36 to 63 cents a minute, is what you pay. Computer Sports World, 1005 Elm Street, Boulder City, Nevada 89005, will give you more info. You bet.



UNCLE SAM CUTS OUT

After a hiatus of 30 years, the U.S. Treasury has again begun releasing printed sheets of uncut one- and two-dollar bills—presumably for miserly types seeking the solace of long-green wallpaper. Yes, each 14" x 24½" sheet of 16 bills is legal; pack a pair of scissors and you can pay for an evening on the town; folks will say you're a real cutup. A one-dollar sheet goes for \$29.95 and a similar sheet of Bicentennial two-dollar bills is only \$49.95 sent to CEMM Associates, P.O. Box 4497, Silver Spring, Maryland 20904. Framed, they go nicely in the bathroom along with the sign IN CASE OF EMERGENCY BREAK GLASS.





Joining Romer's Legions

Starlet LINDA ROMER has been spotted on everything from *Cheers* to *The Tonight Show* to a couple of recent rock videos. For those of you who missed those opportunities to see her, we bring you Linda unabashed.

© 1985 ANDY PEARLMAN / SHOOTING STAR




LeBeau and Les W.A.S.P.s

The boys on the left, W.A.S.P., took a lot of heat from some Congressional wives last year, but their album *The Last Command* sat solidly on the charts anyway. Heavy-metal fans don't watch the nightly news. The cutie on the right, BECKY LEBEAU, was one of our October 1985 *Girls of the Pac 10*. She was also in Billy Crystal's video *You Look Mahvelous* and David Lee Roth's *California Girls*. Becky plays that guitar, too. Honest.

© 1986 PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE



ALAN HOUGHTON



These Guys Are a Scream

These dramatic-looking musicians are called SHRIEKBACK. Maybe you have heard their album, *Oil and Gold*. They could show up in your town. Keep your eyes peeled.

© 1986 ROBERT MATHIEU

The Future Rests on a Winger and a Prayer

DEBRA WINGER is beautiful, talented, feisty, and she has the sexiest voice on the big screen. Look for her with Robert Redford in *Legal Eagles*, then hang on while she makes *Black Widow*. Get that voice into your fantasy. Pretend she's whispering to you.

ALAN HOUGHTON



© 1986 ORLANDO / GAMMA-LIAISON

Corso's Torso

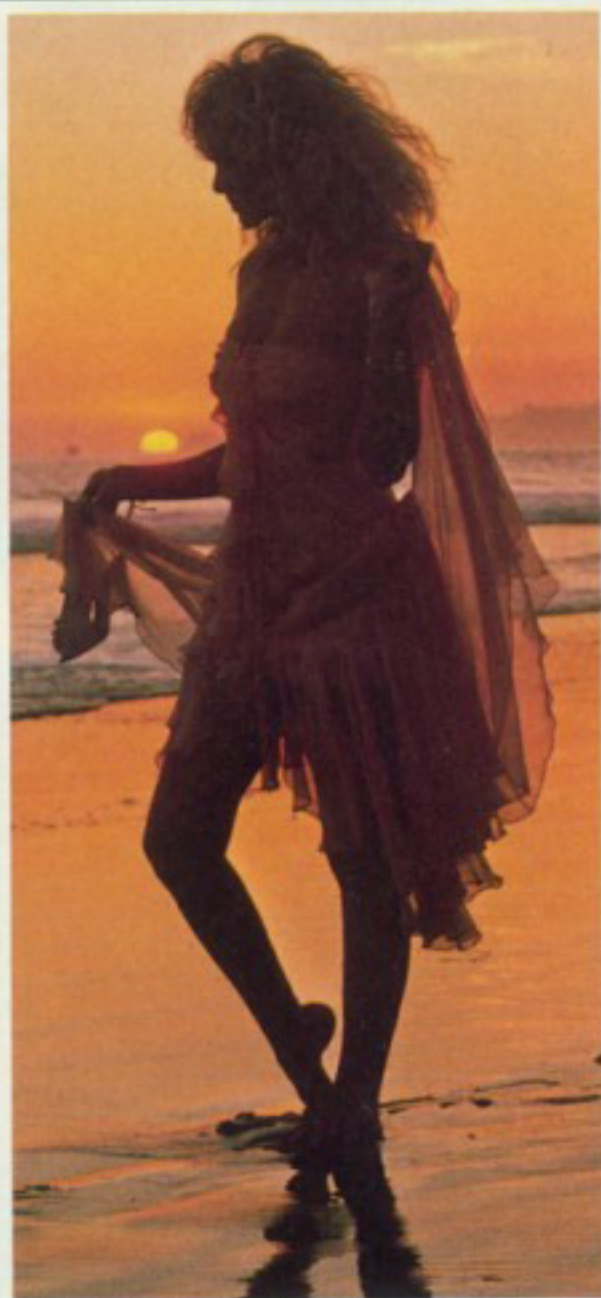
At 21, ROMANEE CORSO is just beginning to fulfill her dreams of Hollywood stardom. She appeared on TV in *The Fall Guy* and *Mickey Spillane's Mike Hammer*. When her day in the sun arrives, you can say you saw her here and she looked cool and hot!



NEXT MONTH



DANGEROUS KNOWLEDGE



TOP PLAYMATE



LOVELY LINDA



TALL TALK

"ULTIMATE PLEASURE: THE SECRETS OF MULTI-ORGASMIC WOMEN"—NOTHING IS AS WONDROUS TO BEHOLD AS A WOMAN WHO COMES EARLY AND OFTEN. HERE, SOME LUCKY LADIES TELL HOW THEY GOT THAT WAY—BY **MARC AND JUDITH MESHORER**

KAREEM ABDUL-JABBAR, BASKETBALL'S ALL-TIME LEADING SCORER, TALKS ABOUT SPORT, RACISM, DRUGS, RELIGION AND LIFE FROM ON HIGH IN A FRANK, WIDE-RANGING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"LINDA EVANS"—A LOOK AT THE LEADING LADY OF PRIME SOAPS, AS YOU NEVER SEE HER ON *DYNASTY*

"HORSE LAUGH"—OUR OLD FRIEND DORTMUNDER, WHO KNOWS FROM NOTHING ABOUT HORSES, TRIES TO KIDNAP ONE IN A WRYLY AMUSING YARN BY **DONALD E. WESTLAKE**

"SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF A LOW-INTENSITY CONFLICT"—FOR A VET TRAINED IN WAR AND ATTUNED TO THE NUANCES OF PENTAGONESE, A FACT-FINDING TRIP TO CENTRAL AMERICA CONJURES UP AN UNSETTLING SENSE OF *DÉJÀ VU*—BY **ASA BABER**

"PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR"—HERE SHE IS, THE ANSWER TO *PLAYBOY'S* \$100,000 QUESTION

THE AL UNSERS, SENIOR AND JUNIOR—NUMBERS ONE AND TWO IN AUTO RACING—DISCUSS LOVE, RIVALRY, SPEED AND WHAT THEY *REALLY* THINK OF SEAT BELTS IN A FULL-THROTTLE **"20 QUESTIONS"**

"ROMPING DOWN TO RIO WITH THE RICH AND FAMOUS ROBIN LEACH"—WE'RE A NATION OF CELEBRITY WATCHERS, A FACT THAT HASN'T ESCAPED *LIFESTYLES'* HOST. OUR MAN, WHO KNEW ROBIN AS A SKILLFUL (AND OUTRAGEOUS) *NATIONAL ENQUIRER* REPORTER, TAGS ALONG ON A VISIT WITH **MORGAN BRITTANY**, LATE OF *DALLAS*—BY **REG POTTERTON**

"WHAT THEY (DAMN IT!) HAVE LEARNED ABOUT US THAT WE NEVER WANTED THEM TO KNOW"—THIS IS SERIOUS ESPIONAGE FOR WOMEN, GUYS. STUFF LIKE WHY WE HIDE AND WHY WE MAKE LOUD NOISES, FROM A STUDY BY **MARK ZUSSMAN** AND **LESLEY DORMEN**

PLUS: BROCK YATES'S TEST-DRIVE REPORTS ON THE FAST, SEXY CARS THAT ARE THE LATEST AUTOMOTIVE SLANT FROM THE JAPANESE; **ANDREW TOBIAS'** **"QUARTERLY REPORT"** ON **"LAWYERS"** AND WHAT THEY CAN DO FOR (AND TO) YOUR POCKETBOOK; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE