

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JUNE 1987 • \$3.50

DONNA EDMONDSON

PLAYMATE
OF
THE
VEAR

PLUS THE YEAR'S

POWER FORWARD

KEVIN McHALE

ELFIN HEARTTHROB

MICHAEL J. FOX

BADDEST COMIC

WHOOPI GOLDBERG

HOTTEST TOPIC

CONDOM ETIQUETTE

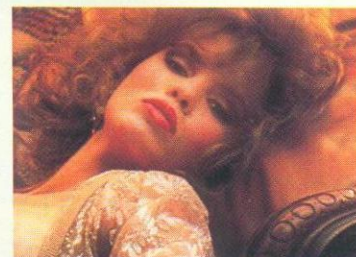


PLAYBOY®

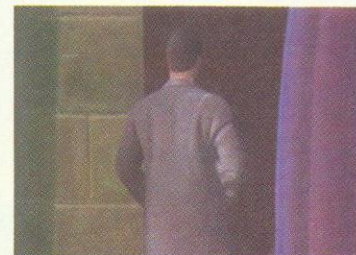
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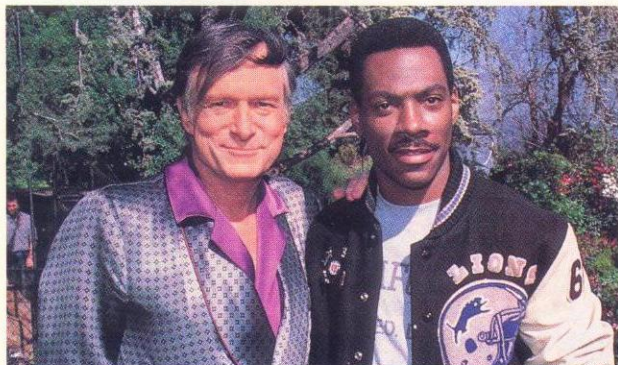
COVER STORY

It's Playmate of the Year time again, and who better to grace our cover than the lady herself, Donna Edmondson? Courtiers to our 1987 queen were Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda, stylist Lee Ann Perry, make-up artist Yolanda and hair specialist John Victor. Donna's jewelry is by Zoé Coste and her sweater is by Rhyner Designs. The cover was produced by Associate Photography Editor Michael Ann Sullivan. The Rabbit is bra-zen, yes?

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



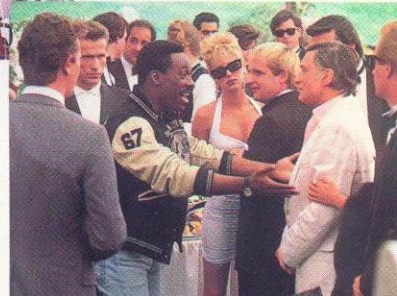
PLAYBOY MANSION WEST GETS TICKETED

For the first time ever, Hef has opened Playboy Mansion West to a feature-film company. Eddie Murphy stars again as Axel Foley in Paramount's *Beverly Hills Cop II*, due out any minute, and in the scenes at the Mansion gets tossed out of a charity fundraiser. When asked why he made the decision to let the film crew in, Hefner said, "I anticipate it will probably be the best and most popular picture of the year." And what would a party at the Mansion be without a bevy of Playmates, Playboy models and other seriously attractive women? Not much fun, which is why, as you can see, everyone concerned is dressed to thrill.

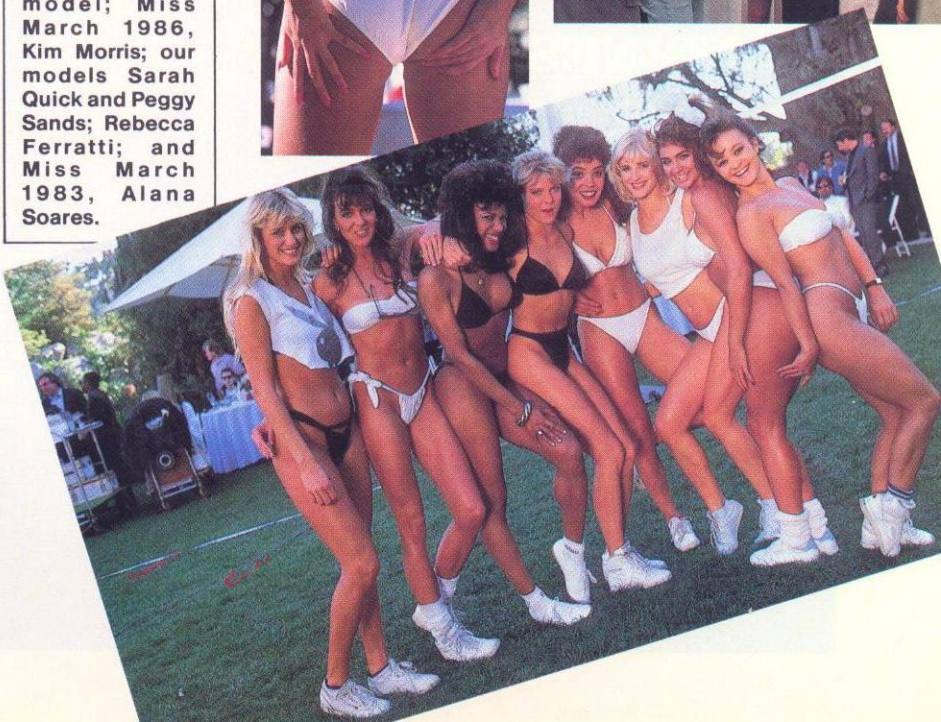
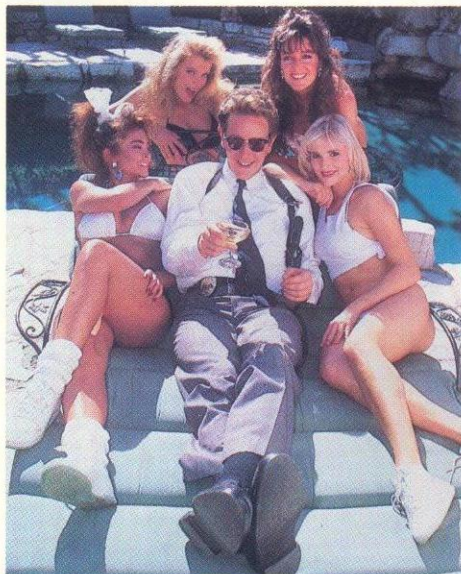
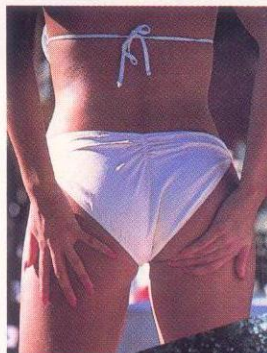
Two stars in one orbit (above): Hef and Eddie Murphy. Below, from left, Brigitte Nielsen, Kelly Sangher, Paul Guilfoyle and Murphy. At bottom, Miss June 1986, Rebecca Ferratti, Dena Tenkay, Julie Simone and Peggy Sands surround happy co-star Judge Reinhold. Dena and Peggy are Playboy models.



Above, Dena Tenkay, take one; at left, movie-making Mansion style; below, Eddie meets Hef for the first time on film. Below left: a bonus bottom shot.



From left below: Miss March 1981, Kimberly Herrin; Julie Simone; Moné Swann, a Playboy model; Miss March 1986, Kim Morris; our models Sarah Quick and Peggy Sands; Rebecca Ferratti; and Miss March 1983, Alana Soares.



THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

This may sound a bit odd to you, but my girlfriend and I have a balloon fetish. We love making love *on them*. It started when we were messing around in the bedroom after a birthday party. When her back was turned, I decided to sit on a balloon to see her reaction when it popped. Well, it didn't, and when she saw what I was doing, she came over to help me by sitting on top of me while I was on it. When it still hadn't popped after a couple of tries, I had an idea. It was one of the most pleasurable times we've had, and we've been using balloons ever since. The thing we like about them is that we can use them in just about any position we desire—the elevation is fantastic, they create an added bounce and feel *soooo* nice and soft when we're sitting on them. They do have a tendency to pop every now and then, but that's really fun, too! We blow up a couple of extras just in case that happens. Does this sound strange to you, or do you know of anyone else who does this? It is a wonderful feeling and has inflated (no pun intended) our sex life considerably.—D. C., Avon, Colorado.

Who are we to blow into your balloon? This does sound strange. It also sounds like fun.

My business frequently finds me driving in other countries, and I've been considering taking my trusty radar detector along to avoid attracting the attention of local gendarmes. Are U.S. detectors effective against foreign traffic radar? And if so, are they legal to use?—P. J., Evanston, Illinois.

Here's the scoop. First, Canada: The good news is that U.S. detectors work fine above the border. Canadian cops use the same X-band and K-band radar frequencies as American cops do. The bad news? Detectors are illegal in about half the provinces. Watch out in Ontario and Quebec, where enforcement against them is especially strict, but feel free to use your unit in British Columbia, Saskatchewan, Alberta, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. If you find yourself packing for Australia, be sure to pack your detector, mate, because it's both legal and effective in the land down under. Radar-toting enforcers in both Israel and South Africa use American-made equipment and, therefore, our frequencies, but we can't guarantee the legality of detectors in either. Don't bother taking one to Japan, because frequencies are different, enforcement is strict and there's little opportunity to speed in Japanese traffic jams, anyway. Ditto for Europe: Virtually all western European police operate on radar frequencies different from our own, and detectors are illegal in most countries there. We have heard of people's modifying U.S. detectors for use in France, for example, but we've also heard that such units lose a lot of sensitivity in the modification process. Not to



worry, though. European drivers tend to ignore posted speed limits, anyway, and most of their cops (unlike ours) don't seem to mind very much. Keep it safe and reasonable and you should have no problem.

Recently, while I was shopping for a VCR with a young relative, she confided that she enjoyed masturbating—excuse me, pleasuring herself—to X-rated videos when boyfriends were unavailable. I was stunned. She giggled that she and her friends even swapped sex videos. After I stopped blushing, I stammered that research showed that women were not aroused by male nudity and explicit erotica—and were universally repelled by such materials. She laughed in disbelief and argued that “squeamish little mommies” and “male double standards” programed young girls to deny their own physical interest in sex. She also wished that “the bullshit conservative media and prissy women’s magazines would stop telling women what makes us juice in our panties.” After that remark, I decided to make no further comments, since we were in public. This vocal and otherwise feminine young lady (a college senior) turned my male understanding of female sexuality completely upside down. Isn't she abnormal? And aren't her spurious arguments just an attempt to rationalize her abnormal sexuality?—W. B., Lexington, Kentucky.

Lighten up. It's your sexuality that needs an attitude adjustment. While studies and surveys may show that some women disdain pornography, there's a significant percentage of the female population that finds sexual aids (from X-rated videos to sex toys) stimulating or just plain fun. It sounds to us as

though your relative falls into that category, and there's nothing abnormal about it.

My new job requires lots of travel all over the country, but I hate staying in those huge, impersonal businessmen's hotels—you know, the kind with revolving restaurants on top and thousands of conventioners wearing name tags. Can you suggest some smaller, more sophisticated hotels in major cities?—R. S., Seattle, Washington.

First, you need some ground rules. We always avoid any hotel with a glass elevator or a waterfall in the lobby. Ditto for hotels with clothes hangers that won't come off the rack. More specifically, we recently stayed at Denver's Oxford Alexis (303-628-5400), a wonderful renovated Victorian- and jazz-era spot with just 82 rooms and a great bar. When friends come to visit here in Chicago, we recommend The Whitehall (312-944-6300), which feels like a small, elegant club. In San Francisco, don't miss Campton Place (415-781-5555), if for no other reason than the best hotel breakfasts in America. In New York, try Morgans (212-686-0300), an ultratrendy hotel with no name on the door and minimalist colors on the floor—and every other square inch. In Los Angeles, our vote goes to the elegant L'Ermitage (213-278-3344), with its superb service, though the newly renovated Bel-Air (213-472-1211) is hard to pass up. Dallas boasts the Mansion on Turtle Creek (214-559-2100), which is under the same management as the Bel-Air and also features a very fine restaurant.

I've bought some condoms for my lover to use. I know this sounds silly, but how do you use them? I've just switched from using an I.U.D. and, quite frankly, I've never had a lover use condoms. Can you go over the basics for a beginner?—Miss P. I., Detroit, Michigan.

Don't be afraid to ask. Most people put their pants on one leg at a time but may not know how best to put on a condom. A recent issue of Population Reports offered these guidelines:

“Use a condom every time you have intercourse.

“Always put the condom on the penis before intercourse begins.

“Put the condom on when the penis is erect.

“Do not pull the condom tightly against the tip of the penis. Leave a small empty space—about one or two centimeters—at the end of the condom to hold semen. Some condoms have a nipple tip that will hold semen.

“Unroll the condom all the way to the bottom of the penis.

“If the condom breaks during intercourse, withdraw the penis immediately and put on a new condom.

"After ejaculation, withdraw the penis while it is still erect. Hold on to the rim of the condom as you withdraw so that the condom does not slip off.

"Use a new condom each time you have intercourse. Throw used condoms away.

"If a lubricant is desired, use water-based lubricants such as contraceptive jelly. Lubricants made with petroleum jelly may damage condoms. Do not use saliva, because it may contain virus.

"Store condoms in a cool, dry place if possible.

"Condoms that are sticky or brittle or otherwise damaged should not be used."

THE VENUS-BUTTERFLY-CONTEST RESULTS

Last fall, the producers of the hit TV show "L.A. Law" introduced a new term into the sexual vocabulary of America. A character referred to an erotic technique known as the Venus butterfly but failed to describe it in detail. The technique, alas, was a figment of the scriptwriter's imagination. In March, "The Playboy Advisor" asked readers to come up with a suitable act, henceforth to be known as the Venus butterfly. Here are some of their suggestions:

Evidently, the producers of *L.A. Law* have confused the Venus butterfly with the Trapped Butterfly. A description of the Trapped Butterfly appears in William Morell's book *Daimyo's Revenge*, on page 138:

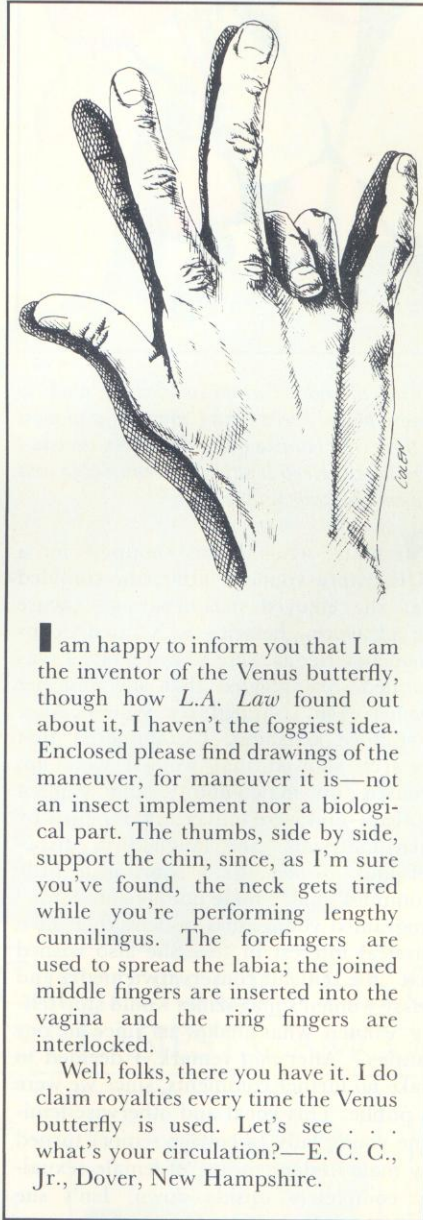
"You will now learn about the Trapped Butterfly," he informed her. "I cup my hands on you, so. Here—where you are most sensitive. I lower my face to my hands—so. My tongue becomes a butterfly trapped inside my hands. The way we did as children, in a pleasant garden. Close your eyes, Diana-chan, and feel the butterfly trying to fly free, its fragile wings fluttering against your flesh. . . ."

Clenching her jaw to keep from crying out aloud and thus alarming any late-working servants, Diana arched her back off the bed. When she could no longer stand it, she pulled him forward, over her, receiving him in a single thrust. Then the storm broke on the horsehair mattress.

—R. T., Sunnyvale, California.

I would like to reveal the secret of the Venus butterfly. As it happens, this quite legitimate and satisfying technique has been misappropriated by *L.A. Law* in a sordid attempt to erect ratings. Public curiosity abounds, and it is now time to pass along the knowledge—*pro bono*, so to speak. Here goes: The female partner assumes a prone position, with her legs partly spread and her *derrière* just a bit elevated. Her skillful male partner then enters her vagina from behind. Simultaneously, he places the forefingers of each

hand (for maximum effect, both are required) at either side of the lady's clitoris. This biwinged approach resembles a butterfly, hence the nomenclature. His hands help support her thighs, and as he thrusts into the vagina, he gently applies friction to each side of the clitoris, massaging in rhythm with his other movements. The gentle tugging lends additional pressure to the vaginal introitus, generating sensory overload. Guaranteed. I would be happy to receive confirmatory reports from the Playboy Test Bedrooms.—Miss J. T., Northfield, New Jersey.



I am happy to inform you that I am the inventor of the Venus butterfly, though how *L.A. Law* found out about it, I haven't the foggiest idea. Enclosed please find drawings of the maneuver, for maneuver it is—not an insect implement nor a biological part. The thumbs, side by side, support the chin, since, as I'm sure you've found, the neck gets tired while you're performing lengthy cunnilingus. The forefingers are used to spread the labia; the joined middle fingers are inserted into the vagina and the ring fingers are interlocked.

Well, folks, there you have it. I do claim royalties every time the Venus butterfly is used. Let's see . . . what's your circulation?—E. C. C., Jr., Dover, New Hampshire.

Back in the early Seventies, I had gotten Dear Johned by my high school sweetheart when I had just a few weeks left in Vietnam. Despondent and depressed, I found myself in a massage parlor being worked over by a very lovely Oriental lady. Noticing how unhappy I was, in broken English, she inquired as to what was wrong. After I had explained the situation to her, she said that if I came back the

next day with ten dollars, she would teach me how to make love to a woman so well that whomever I picked up would never leave me. Not only did I go back the next day, I went back the next ten. It was the best \$100 I've ever invested. On the third day, I learned about the Venus butterfly. It really exists and is as follows: While the lady lies on her back, you place her right leg over your shoulder, allowing your face easy access to her pubic mound. With tender, gentle movements, spread her pussy lips apart with your left hand, exposing the clit and forming the shape of a butterfly. While flicking and gently darting your tongue on and around the clit, sometimes sucking gently upon it, slowly and gently open and close the lips upon the clit with your left index finger and thumb, much like a butterfly flapping its wings. Develop a rhythm, as this will also massage the clit. At the same time, for added pleasure, move the thumb of your right hand in and out of the vagina. This also gives your partner something to bear down upon as she orgasms.—N. E. K., Scranton, Pennsylvania.

For years, I have been practicing this technique with great success, though it is the late, great blues legend Muddy Waters who should be given credit for inventing it. I learned of it by reading an interview with him published years ago. However, he did not give it a name. From this moment on, I will call it the Venus butterfly. Take your penis (hard or soft) in hand and, starting at the south end of the vagina, gently rub the head into the groove of the vagina, lightly sliding it upward to the clitoris. Now reverse the process and slide slowly back down. Repeat. After a few gentle repetitions, the labia should begin to unfold, with the cleft moistening. If it wasn't hard when you began, the penis should begin to harden. Now you have prepared yourself and your partner for the Venus butterfly. Gently work the shaft lengthwise into the fold of the vagina. This is when you achieve the likeness of a butterfly, with the shaft of the penis as its head and abdomen and the labia as its wings. Let your imagination be your guide. One obvious benefit is that even the smallest penis will adequately stimulate the largest vagina and the smallest vagina will comfortably accommodate the largest of penises.—W. G., Kansas City, Missouri.

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



DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

What would you do if your lover suggested a *ménage à trois*, a threesome?

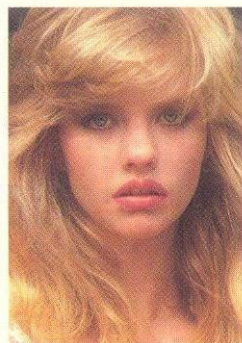
It would depend on how much I cared for my man. Do I feel like being agreeable? It would depend on the moment. Do I feel like making him happy by accommodating this whim? If the answers were yes, I probably would do it. It would depend on all the circumstances. As a rule, I never say absolutely no. If you tend to do that, the day will come when you find yourself doing that very thing. Generally, I want to say that I don't automatically rule anything out.



Carol Ficatier

CAROL FICATIER
DECEMBER 1985

Absolutely not. That's not making love. I can't just hop into the sack with somebody. I have to care about him. I couldn't watch my boyfriend make love to another woman. It would have a long-term effect. It would flash through my head at other times: Did he enjoy it? More than being with me? Just seeing it would be hard. I couldn't handle it. And there's no way I could have some strange man make love to me. I'm not interested in just having sex. I'm interested in making love, so I'm definitely not going to be having any threesome.



Rebekka Armstrong

REBEKKA ARMSTRONG
SEPTEMBER 1986

He wouldn't suggest it. But if he did for any reason, I'd want to know who he had in mind and why he wanted to do it. I think I'd be shocked and curious. It doesn't sound interesting or fun to me. But I'd want to know all about what made him suggest it. Did he feel that something was missing between us? Did he feel he was holding me back from other relationships? Did he see it as a positive experience in our relationship, or was something seriously wrong between us? I'd want to know what the situation was, but I don't see it as a possibility in my life.



Cher Butler

CHER BUTLER
AUGUST 1985

I think it's a major fantasy for a lot of people. My problem with it would be the aftereffects. It might be a terrific turn-on at the time, but how would I feel toward the stranger—or the other person—afterward? To share the special intimacy between my lover and myself with an outsider would be difficult. It wouldn't matter which sex the third person was. My lover would be jealous of another guy; I'd be jealous of another woman. Really, the idea sounds more exciting than the confusion it would cause. And I think it would create a problem in the relationship in the future, no matter how good the fantasy was.



Sherry Arnett

SHERRY ARNETT
JANUARY 1986

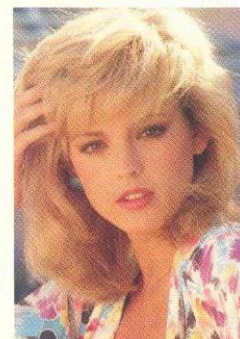
I don't think there is anything wrong with a threesome as long as all three people are comfortable with it. I, personally, couldn't do it. I'm kind of old fashioned and I have a jealous nature. It would be hard for me to share someone I really loved, and if I love someone, I don't need or desire anyone else. If a lover of mine suggested a third person, I'd take it to mean he thought something was missing from our relationship. I'd try to figure out what it was and what we could do about it. I'd try to solve the problem without adding another sex partner.



Laurie Carr

LAURIE CARR
DECEMBER 1986

I'd say no and then I'd reconsider our relationship. I'm pretty straight when it comes to sex: I like sex with my guy, and that's it. I've never been into girls, toys, threesomes, inflatable love dolls or anything weird. Just me and him and good old-fashioned American sex. That's the way I feel the most comfortable. I don't do drugs. I don't drink. I don't smoke. I don't have weird sex. I like it this way. I have a lot of fun in my life. I like sex with my guy, and what goes on between us is our business and not for any third party.



Lynne Austin

LYNNE AUSTIN
JULY 1986

Send your questions to Dear Playmates, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. We won't be able to answer every question, but we'll try.





"That? Oh, that's just a little idea I had for a snack food!"



"I think it's cute! Just what a condom jingle should be!"

JENILEE

a high-flying valley girl makes it big in hollywood

Her first boyfriend, a Valley hunk with a weakness for beauty-pageant contestants, dumped her for Miss Northridge. "I sulked for two months," says Jenilee Harrison. "Then I decided he was going to regret it." Today, somewhere, he does. Jenilee, determined to outshine Miss Northridge, became a beauty queen herself, winning titles that ranged from Miss San Fernando Valley to Miss Young America. Beauty-pageant laurels led to TV commercials and a stint with the Embraceable Ewes (now more prosaically known as the L.A. Rams cheerleaders). Next came several seasons as "clumsy Cindy" on the

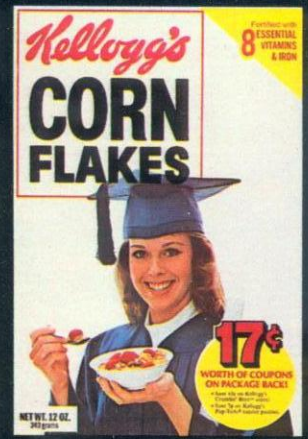
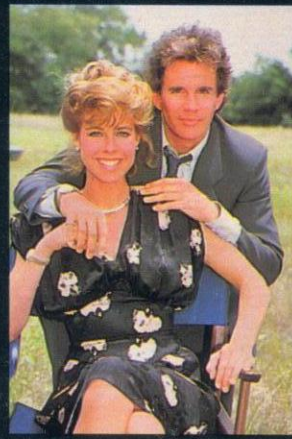


hit sitcom *Three's Company*—Jenilee replaced Suzanne Somers after Somers' bitter contract dispute with the show's producers. Next came a role as a hooker with a golden heart in the James Garner vehicle *Tank*. Next came *South Fork*. Jenilee's performance on *Dallas* as the smart, tough oil girl Jamie Ewing Barnes made her something of a star. Now comes Jenilee Harrison, 27, formerly Miss Young America, formerly the most embraceable Ewe of all, formerly clumsy Cindy and tough Jamie. Currently successful, sensational, happy—and all on her own terms. When Jenilee sets her mind to something, something definitely happens.

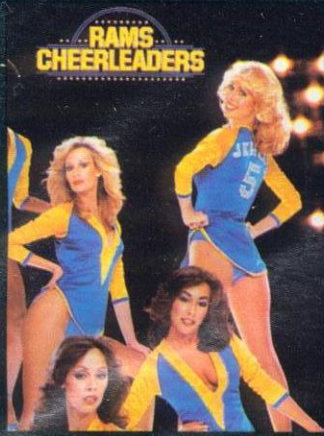
PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA



American icons: On "Dallas," Jenilee played Jamie Ewing Barnes, a feisty gal with a handsome brother (Dack Rambo) and a conniving cousin named J.R. On a 1978 Kellogg's Corn Flakes box, she stood for other traditional values.







Just how sexy is Jenilee? “Very, very! Cindy on *Three’s Company* was sweet and funny,” she says, reflecting on her wholesome image. “Jamie Ewing was kind of a tomboy. I hope people thought Jamie was pretty, but she wasn’t particularly feminine. Jenilee Harrison is an extremely sexual person. I feel sexy eating lunch! Sex is a crucial part of life and a crucial part of me, too.”

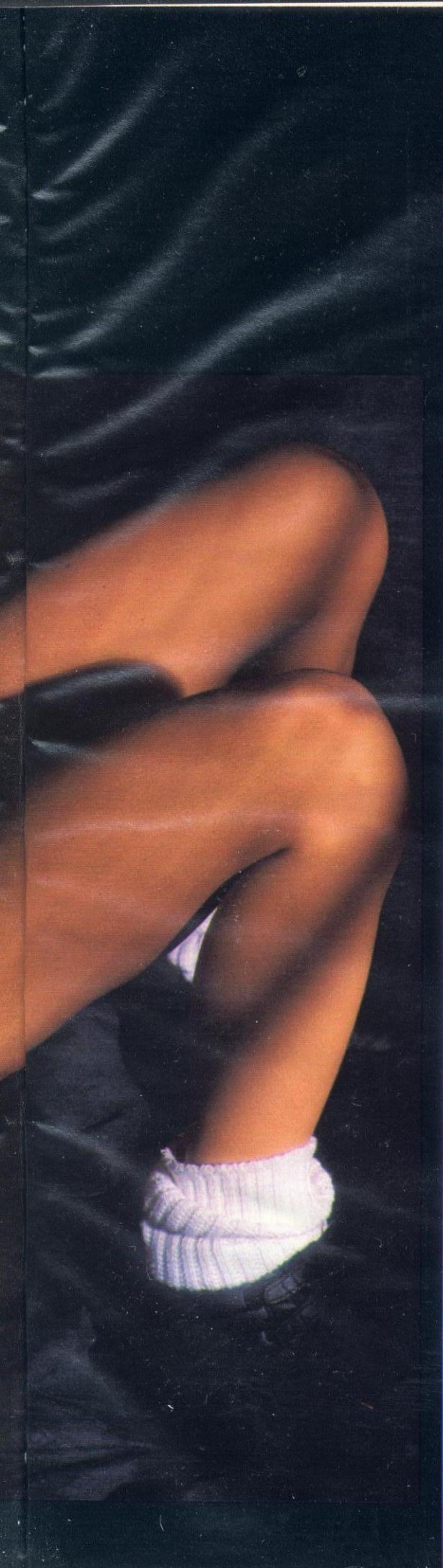
Sexy is as sexy does—while reigning as the University of Southern California’s oh-so-wholesome Sweetheart of Sigma Chi, Jenilee flaunted it for football fans as one of the Rams’ cheerleaders.



*H*er work address is Hollywood, but she lives in quiet Long Beach. "I don't do the Hollywood scene," she says. "Jenilee at home is sweats and no make-up—not too glamorous. Don't get me wrong, though. I'm no hermit. I hit the beach in my string bikini. I like to flaunt it as much as anyone. That's why I did **PLAYBOY**. I'm proud of it. I don't think you can get much sexier than **PLAYBOY**."

Jenilee runs, bikes, windsurfs and (the best exercise of all) baby-sits for three nieces, "Kyla, Shantelle and Amanda—they're beautiful," she says. All three would love to grow up as fit as their aunt.





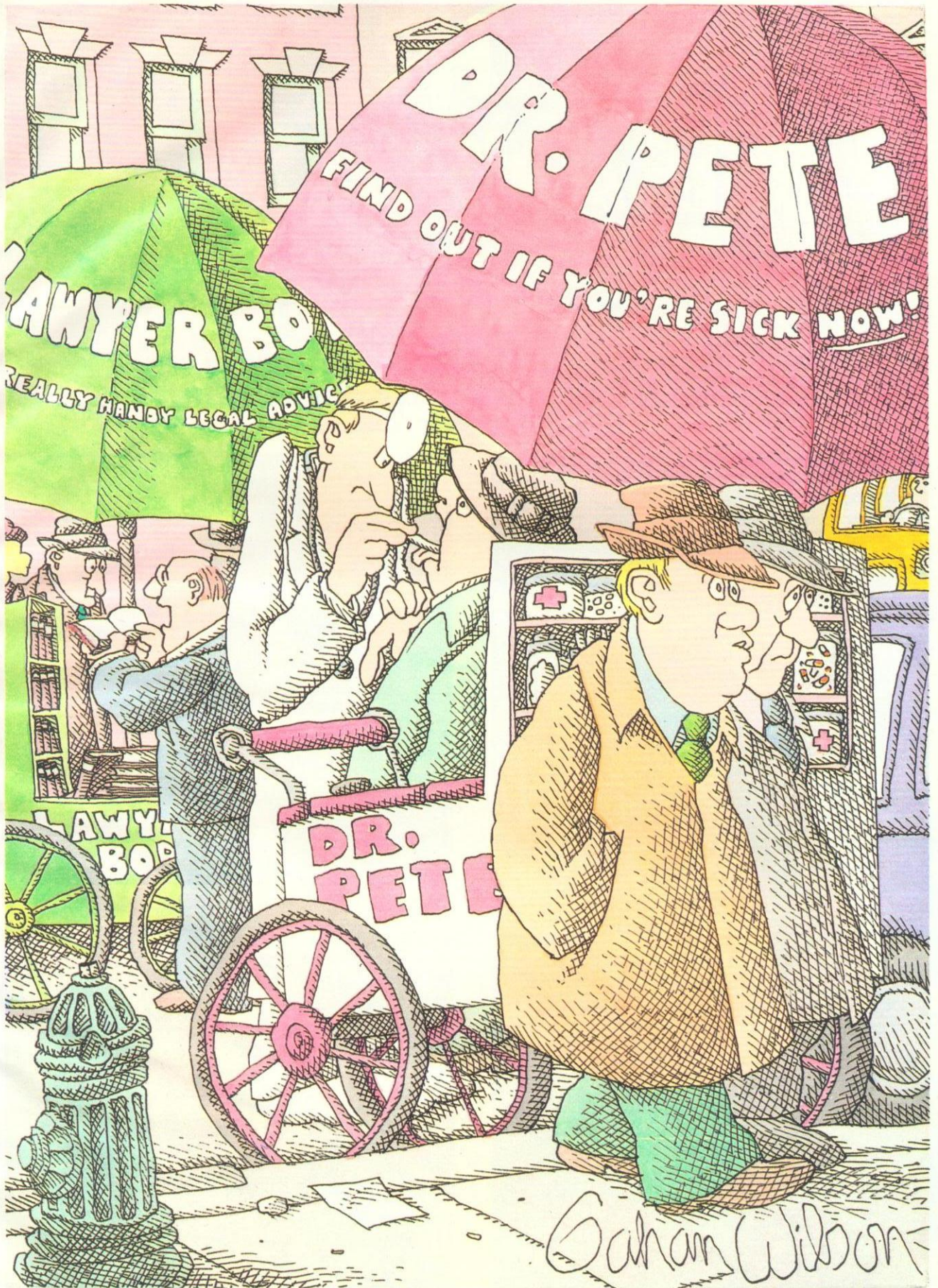




She's beautiful. She's sensuous. She's perhaps the most famous baby sitter on the West Coast. And she's her own boss. "I call my own shots," Jenilee says. "I work hard, and I'm not intimidated by anyone. I think I've done damn well, but I still have a dream. It's not to win an Academy Award but just, someday, to have everyone say, 'That Jenilee Harrison, she's a hell of an actress.'"

"Three's Company" gave Jenilee the chance to join a hit show with a popular veteran cast that included familiar faces Richard Kline, Don Knotts, Priscilla Barnes, John Ritter and Joyce DeWitt.





"I suppose it was bound to come to this."



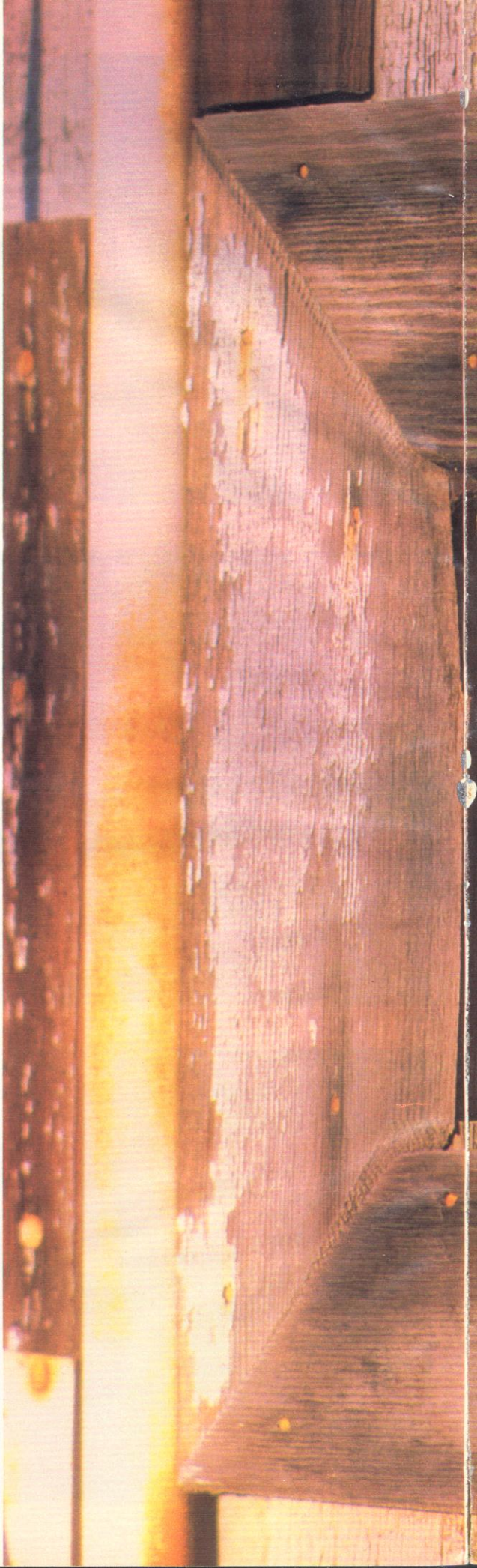
THE REAL
meet sandy greenberg.

the woman behind
the legend of
maxine legroom

THING



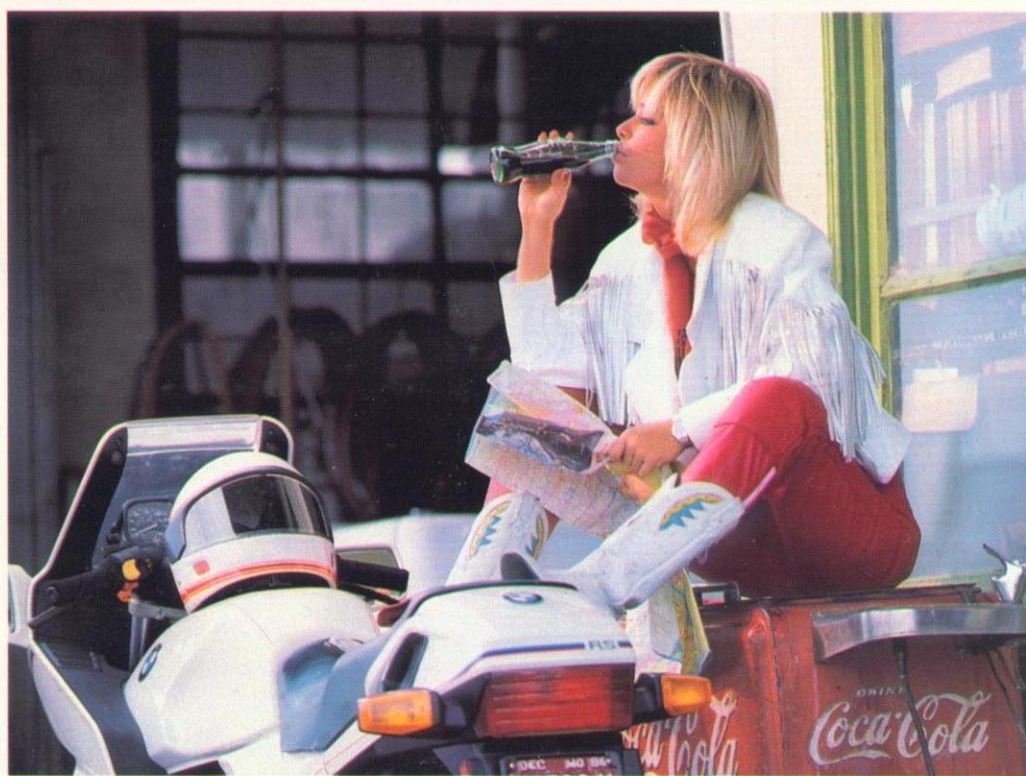
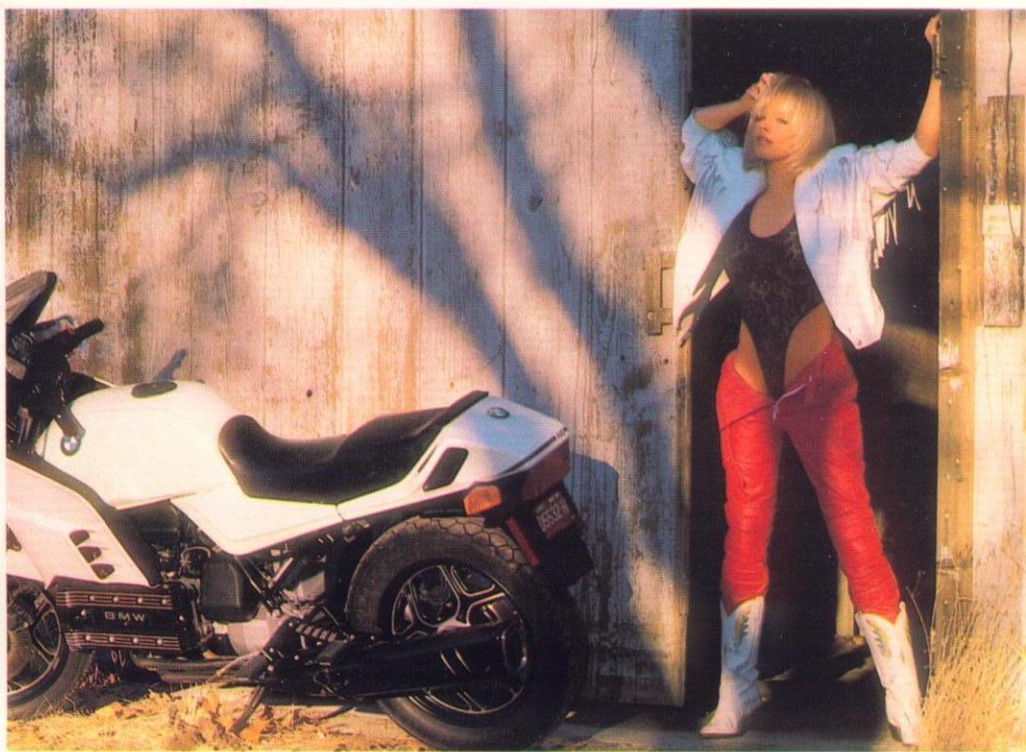
*"I like expressive, meaningful
body movement. My life is filled
with flamboyant and impulsive
motion. Is there anything as
much fun as motorcycles?
As sex? I'm excited by life."*







SORRY, guys, we lied to you. Last January, when *PLAYBOY* published a pictorial on Maxine Legroom, our Playmate of the Minute, we allowed that she was a computer-generated image, a fantasy mate for the very popular Max Headroom. The pictures had an unreal quality; we were willing to believe that no one on earth possessed such a perfect body—until Sandy Greenberg sat down in our office and announced that she was, in fact, Maxine Legroom. She had just returned from the West Coast, where she had filmed a Maxine Legroom rock video and comedy spots for The Playboy Channel. Before our very eyes, she transformed herself into a slightly spacy child of the future, lecturing on condoms. “Have you ever wondered why they are called condoms? Sounds like something you buy when you can’t afford a house. And why are they called rubbers? You aren’t going out into the slush. I prefer to call them love gloves.” Sandy is animated and *very* funny—and as gorgeous in real life as Maxine is in fantasy. She described a day in the life of her alter ego. “They spent eight hours putting on make-up. I wore white contacts over each entire eye, blue contacts over those. It was like looking through a light bulb. I had on an outfit that looked like something Bamm Bamm on *The Flintstones* would wear. Halfway through the shooting, I asked the camera crew to turn on some music. I just started to dance, they filmed it and then asked me to dance again. They took clips and made a video where Maxine gives advice. Her answer to every problem is ‘Dance!’” What does the real-life lady do for fun? “I ride. I have five BMW motorcycles in the garage: a white R65LS, an orange 650, an old 6/2, a 1000 boxer with a full fairing, a K100 with an EML sidecar. I just got back from 12 days and 3600 miles through Canada by way of Door County, past



“What do I like about motorcycles? You don’t have to wait in line to have fun. You just grab a map full of blue highway and ride. You can be into the bike; you can look at scenery; you can listen to your head. I need to be with me.”



Niagara Falls and back to St. Louis. Last summer, I toured the Northwest, from Lake Tahoe to Grants Pass, Oregon. It's the perfect way to travel. There's none of the verbal stuff—no arguing, no back-seat driving, none of the stuff that gets in the way of a good time." Motorcycles, apart from being a passion, have been a good career move for Sandy. "I had this R65LS, called Freddie. There was one other like it in St. Louis, in a shop window. One day it was gone, and I asked the owner what had happened. He said a photographer was using it in a shooting. He was looking for a girl to hang off the bike. I auditioned, and the rest is visual history. I do a lot of body modeling. My portfolio is filled with weird little shots of ankles, wrists, hands. Half of the fun of this shooting is that I get to see what



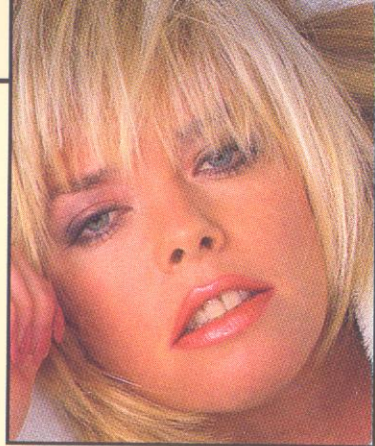
I look like." As you can observe, she looks very good. When she's not working on a shoot, you can find her doing supercircuits at the local health club or running in the park. The difference between a computer-generated fantasy and real flesh may be sweat and hard work. Or passion. *Vive la différence!*

"This is a change of pace for me. PLAYBOY is using my whole body. In St. Louis, they just use parts for lingerie, glove or jewelry ads. Nine times out of ten, if you see a navel in a St. Louis paper, it's mine." See what you missed?





PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Sondra Elizabeth Greenberg

BUST: 35 WAIST: 21 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 107

BIRTH DATE: 7-22-58 BIRTHPLACE: Spokane, Washington

AMBITIONS: To have financial independence.

TURN-ONS: Dancing, big cities, warm beaches, back rubs.

TURN-OFFS: Anything loud in the morning, dirty telephones.

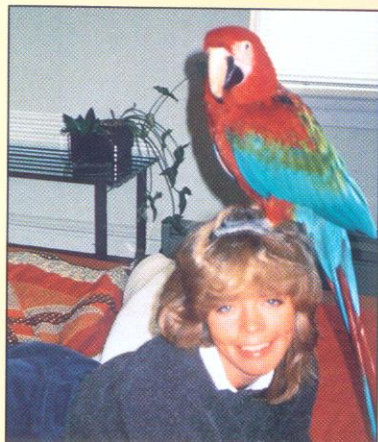
FAVORITE BOOKS: King Rat, Parachutes & Kisses, Atlas Shrugged.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Genesis, Manhattan Transfer.

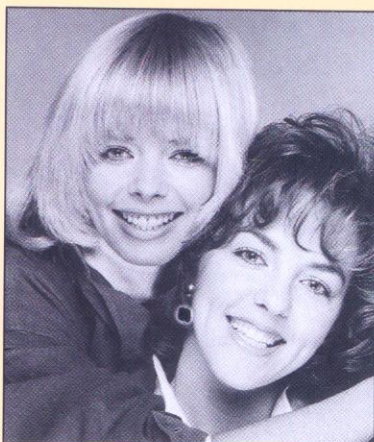
FAVORITE PLACE: Groesbeck, Texas, where my grandmother lives.

FAVORITE TV SHOWS: David Letterman, The Jetsons.

DESCRIBE YOURSELF: I'm flamboyant. I like a life of energy, motion, excitement, change. Boredom never knocks on my door.



With Bob, my calico macaw.



me and my kid sister.



Oh, for the life of a model.

MISS JUNE

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A huge, Rambolike fellow walked into a tavern and took a seat at the middle of the bar. After downing a whiskey in one gulp, he glared at the six men to his right and said, "You're all no-good motherfuckers. Anyone have a problem with that?"

When no one said a word, the brawny fellow ordered another whiskey, downed it in one gulp, turned to the six men on his left and said, "You're all cocksuckers. Anyone have a problem with that?"

Everybody on the left stared silently into his drink. Suddenly, a man on the right stood up and started walking toward the big guy. "Hey, asshole!" the thug bellowed. "You got a problem with what I said?"

"No problem at all," came the reply. "I'm just sitting at the wrong end of the bar."

We've heard of a high-priced callgirl who entertains all her clients on a water bed. They call her the hydrocourtesan.



An elderly couple were flying to their Caribbean hideaway on a chartered plane when a terrible storm forced them to land on an uninhabited island. When several days passed without rescue, the stranded couple and their pilot sank into a despondent silence. Finally, the woman asked her husband if he had made his usual pledge to the United Jewish Appeal.

"We're running out of food and water and you ask *that*?" her husband barked. "If you must know, I not only pledged a half million but I've already paid half of it."

"You owe the U.J.A. a *quarter million*?" the woman exclaimed euphorically. "Don't worry, Harry, they'll find us! They'll find us!"

The warden explained to the condemned man that he could have anything he wanted for his last meal. "Would you like lobster? *Filet mignon* or beef Wellington? Maybe some caviar or shrimp cocktail?"

"Nah, I'll just have a bowl of mushrooms," the prisoner said.

"Anything you want," the warden replied, shrugging. "But why mushrooms?"

"Always been afraid to eat 'em."

Father Reilly," the mother superior reported, "I thought you should know that there's a case of syphilis in the convent."

"Oh, good," the priest replied. "I was really getting tired of the Chablis."

A young man and his girlfriend were walking along Main Street when she spotted a beautiful diamond ring in a jewelry-store window. "Wow, I'd sure love to have that!" she gushed.

"No problem," he said, throwing a brick through the glass and grabbing the ring.

A few blocks later, the woman admired a full-length sable coat. "What I'd give to own that," she said, sighing.

"No problem," he said, throwing a brick through the window and grabbing the coat.

Finally, turning for home, they passed a car dealership. "Boy, I'd do anything for one of those Rolls-Royces," she said.

"Jeez, baby," he moaned, "you think I'm made of bricks?"



Members of a fox-hunting club had been requested to take only male hounds to a chase. One long-standing member, however, owned only females and, out of courtesy, was permitted to take one.

The pack of hounds was released and disappeared so quickly from view that the pursuing riders stopped to ask a farmer if he had seen them.

"Yup," he said. "I seen 'em."

"Did you see where they went?"

"Nope," he said. "But it was the first time I ever seen a fox runnin' fifth."

Two tribesmen, depressed over recent laws forbidding the practice of cannibalism, were strolling through the jungle when they came upon an abandoned archaeological dig. One noticed a stack of PLAYBOYS left behind by the departed scientists and began stuffing pages into his mouth.

"What are you doing?" his astonished friend asked.

"Try it," he urged, handing over the gatefold. "This dehydrated stuff is pretty good."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Before I can sell you this particular suit, you'll have to fill out an environmental-impact statement."

P LAYMATE OF THE YEAR



Donna edmondson nabbed our top honors in true fairy-tale fashion

ONCE UPON A TIME, a pretty lady from a smallish Southern city posed for some sexy pictures in a men's magazine. And before she knew what was happening, she found that she'd become a Very Important Person. Donna Edmondson's rise from old-fashioned country girl to Playmate of the Month to Playmate of the Year reads like—you guessed it—a fairy tale, only better. Suddenly transformed from plain ol' beautiful to PLAYBOY beautiful, Donna has sailed on through a string of successes so magical that one gets the impression that had Cinderella had the chance, she would have bypassed the ball and thumbed a ride to North Carolina to take a few lessons. "I never imagined it would go this far," said Donna from her home in Greensboro. "I didn't think I was pretty enough to *test* for PLAYBOY, let alone be Playmate of the Month. Now I'm Playmate of the Year! This has really been a dream come true."



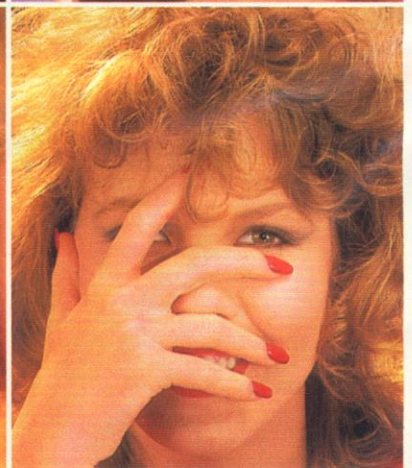
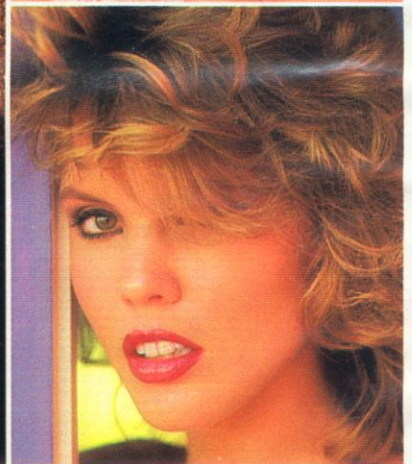
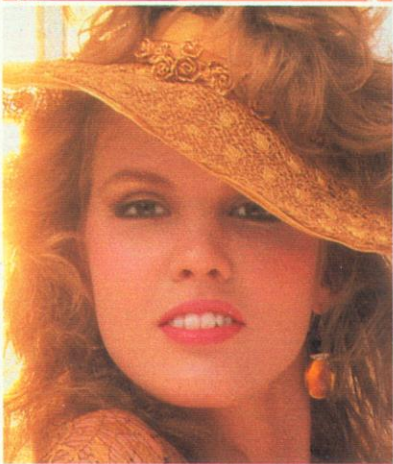
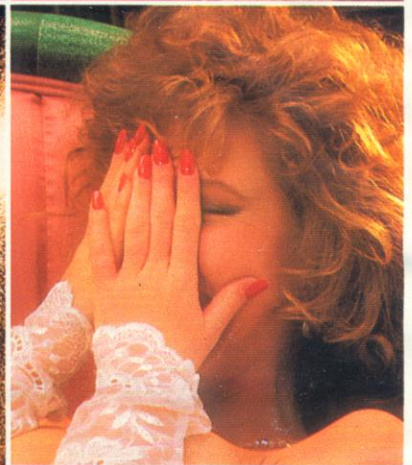


As Playmate of the Year, Donna was awarded a Corvette convertible (right) and a \$100,000 check. Ever the savvy business lady, she's investing the cash. "My earlier Playmate earnings went into mutual funds, Government securities and IRAs," she says. "The \$100,000 will go into real estate."





Apparently, Donna's special blend of innocence and erotic appeal struck the hearts of American men. Thousands dialed her 900 number in the Playmate Phone-In, boosting her as Playmate of the Year. (One Virginia reader wrote nominating Donna as Playmate of the *Century*.) Others proposed marriage or asked advice. "I was shocked," Donna says. "I thought only people like Elvis Presley got fan mail. But suddenly, everyone was inviting me everywhere—businessmen, college guys, the Army, the Navy. One gentleman even offered me a plane ticket to Utah for a dinner date."



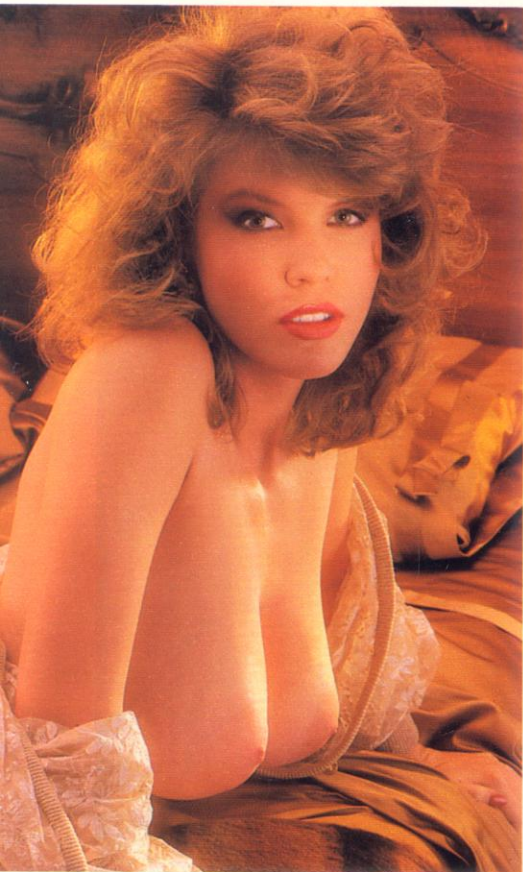




Donna is also the first Playmate of the Year ever to star in her own "Video Centerfold." "It's a very creative, very active video," she says. "To shoot one scene, I spent nine and a half hours on a trampoline. I'm glad my aerobics class trained me for that one." Donna admits that of all the California locations used in the video, UCLA and the surrounding Westwood area were her favorites. "They were pretty and quaint. Reminded me of home."



Donna's ascent in the world of real estate makes for yet another chapter in her glass-slipper success story. She'd had her license for only five months when her November Playmate pictorial hit the stands. Quicker than you can say "Abracadabra," job offers from real-estate offices and independent brokers across the country came rolling in. "So now I'm waiting for the best one. I still plan on staying here in North Carolina, though. I want to sell people on this state as well as sell them property." And what will she use as a sales pitch? "That's easy. I'll tell 'em I'm here!"



While Donna doesn't plan to continue modeling ("And you can take me to my grave on that!" she giggles), she *does* liken her PLAYBOY experience to something straight out of a fairy tale. "When I was a little girl, my favorite bedtime story was 'Peter Pan,'" she says. "Well, that's exactly how I feel right now. Like I'm up in the sky, looking down on myself. And I'm flying!"



Although Donna admits that she has yet to find her princely leading man—the fellow whose job it is to dash in and sweep her away in storybook style—she also confesses she's getting just a bit tired of being asked about Mr. Right. We can understand that: Every girl deserves a little privacy. "I'm sure I'll find him one day," she says, "but sometimes I feel a little disappointed that I don't have someone with whom I could share this wonderful experience. Still," she chuckles, "I'm only 21. And I'm having the time of my life." Which is, perhaps, the best way to end our fairy tale come true.



Little Annie Fanny

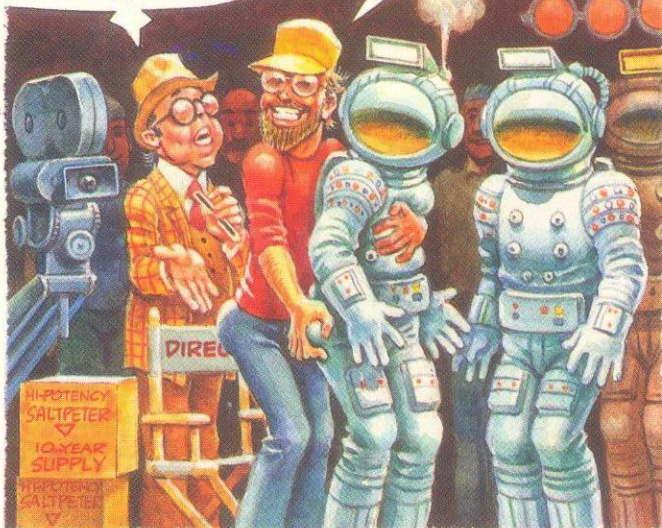
BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

ANNIE FIGHTS THE ALIENS...NOT THE ONES TAKING OVER THE GROCERY STORES! SOLLY HAS GOTTEN HER A PART IN "ALIENS III." SHE IS ONE OF SIX CREWPERSONS TRAVELING TEN YEARS THROUGH THE COSMOS IN THEIR INDIVIDUAL SLEEPING PODS. THEY'RE JUST AWAKENING FROM A SIX-MONTH NAP... SIX MONTHS WITHOUT A BATH! YOU'D THINK THEY'D CHOKE ON THE SMELL OF SWEAT ALONE. BUT THAT'S THE WAY IT IS WITH SPACE MOVIES... NO ODORS, NO KAKA!



ANNIE FANNY? SEX BOMB OF THE WESTERN WORLD? THIS IS THE WAY YOU'RE USING MY CLIENT?

IT WORKS! EVEN IN A SPACE SUIT, SHE GIVES ME THE HOTS!



WELL, I'M GLAD YOU'RE GETTING THE HOTS. SHE'S NOT DOING A THING FOR ME!

WOOPS! WRONG SPACE SUIT!

JEEPERS!



LET'S REHEARSE WHERE THE ALIEN EGGS OF THE EVIL PLANET EJACULATE ALIEN SPERM INTO CREW PERSONS JONES AND FANNY.

I DON'T LIKE IT! IF THE ALIENS ARE SOME HIGHER INTELLIGENT LIFE FORM, WOULDN'T THEY BE CIRCUMCISED?

JONES AND ANNIE PAUSE FOR A BEAT. THE ALIEN OBJECTS STIFFEN--

KISS!



THEY'RE TUMESCENT! THEY DISCHARGE!

SHOULDN'T THEY AT LEAST WEAR PANTS? WE DON'T WANT AN X RATING!

YIKE!



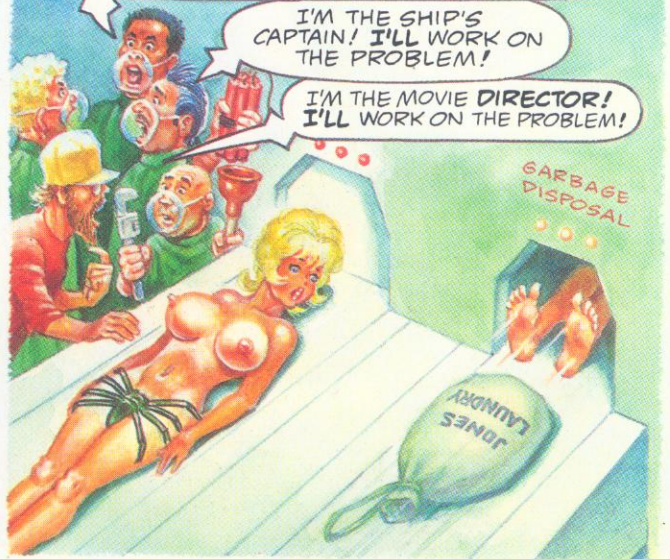
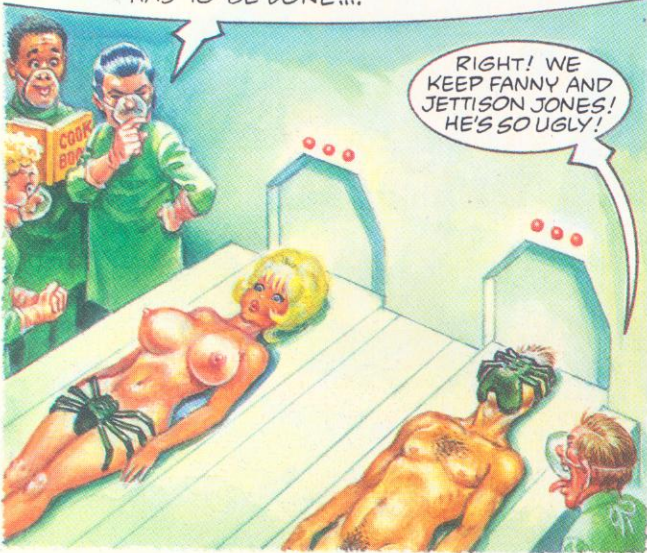
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE BROUGHT JONES AND FANNY BACK TO THE SPACESHIP. NOW WE HAVE A CONTAMINATION PROBLEM. YOU KNOW WHAT THE RIGHT THING IS THAT HAS TO BE DONE....

THESE CREATURES MUST BE ATTACHED WITH CRAZY GLUE! SINCE I'M THE SHIP'S ENGINEER, I'LL WORK ON THE PROBLEM!

I'M THE SHIP'S CAPTAIN! I'LL WORK ON THE PROBLEM!

I'M THE MOVIE DIRECTOR! I'LL WORK ON THE PROBLEM!

RIGHT! WE KEEP FANNY AND JETTISON JONES! HE'S SO UGLY!



GARBAGE DISPOSAL

JONES

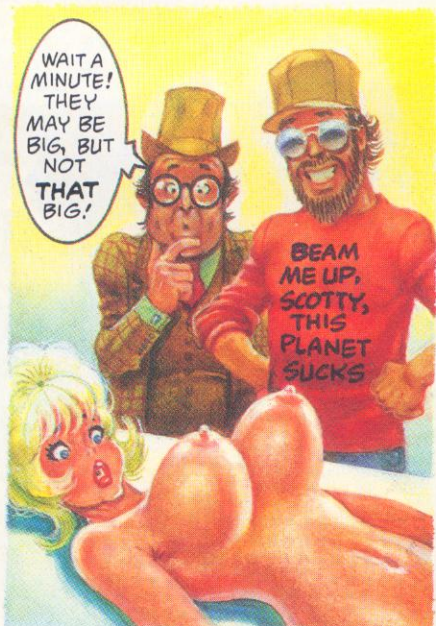
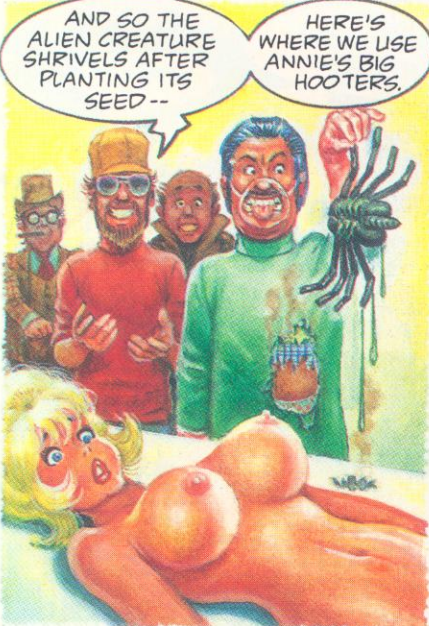
AND SO THE ALIEN CREATURE SHRIVELS AFTER PLANTING ITS SEED--

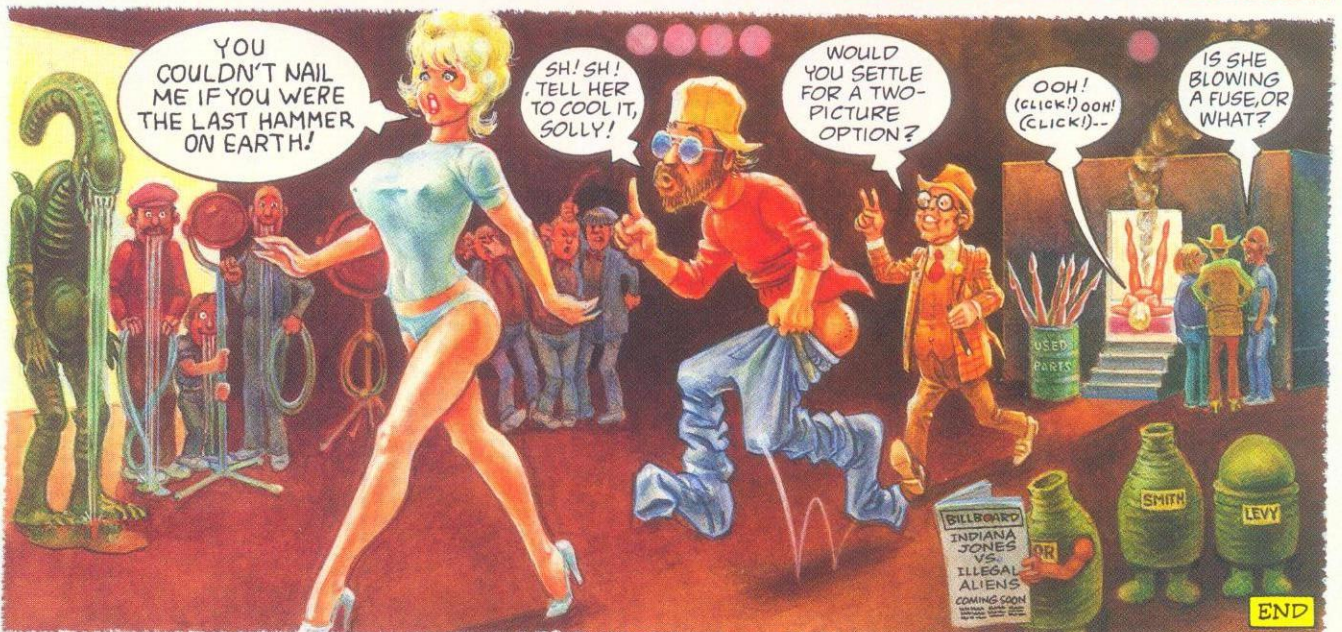
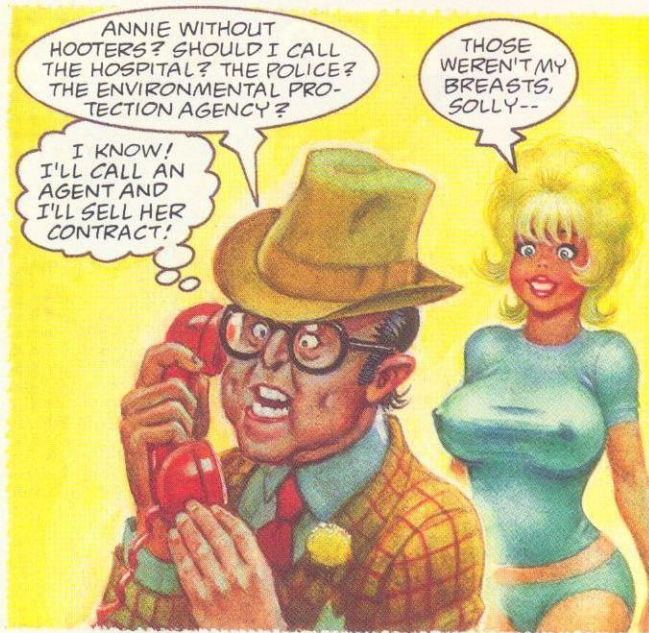
HERE'S WHERE WE USE ANNIE'S BIG HOOTERS.

WAIT A MINUTE! THEY MAY BE BIG, BUT NOT THAT BIG!

OH, MY GOD!

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO HER BREASTS?





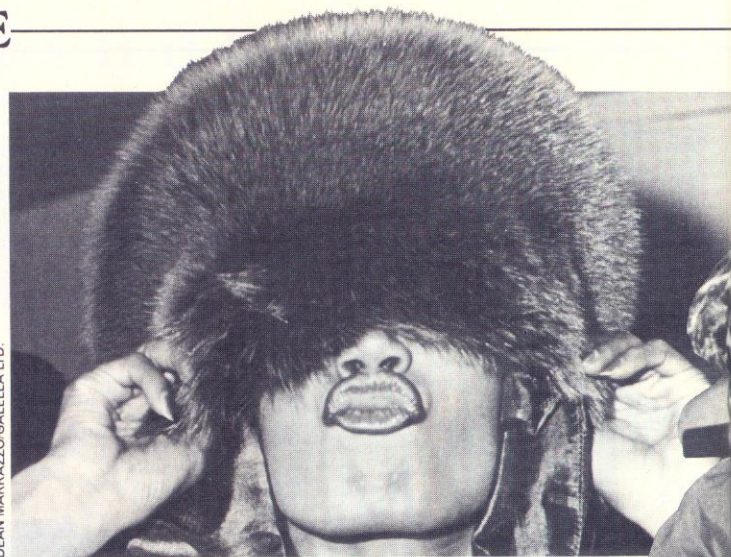
GRAPEVINE

The Heat Is On

TIANA ALEXANDRA is an actress, a martial artist, a professional dancer, singer and lyricist. You can catch her in *Feel the Heat*, starring Rod Steiger and David Duker. Tiana was a protégée of Bruce Lee's. She has also had a number-one music video, *Dumped On*, and her vocals and songs will be featured in *Feel the Heat*. We do, Tiana.



© FIROOZ ZAHEDI/GAMMA-LIAISON



DEAN MARRAZZO/GALELLA, LTD.

Lip Service

GRACE JONES says what she thinks, wears what she wants and feels at home being outrageous. Just check out her talk-show appearances, live shows, videos, album covers or her most recent movie, *Vamp*. The best part? Seeing Grace under *no* pressure.



ROBERT MATHEU

Naughty, Naughty Sam

Comic SAM KINISON has a lot to yell about. His HBO special, *Breaking the Rules*, is on the tube; he's making *Caddyshack II* with Rodney Dangerfield; he's currently touring; and *Saturday Night Live* let him back on the public airwaves, to howl at the moon.



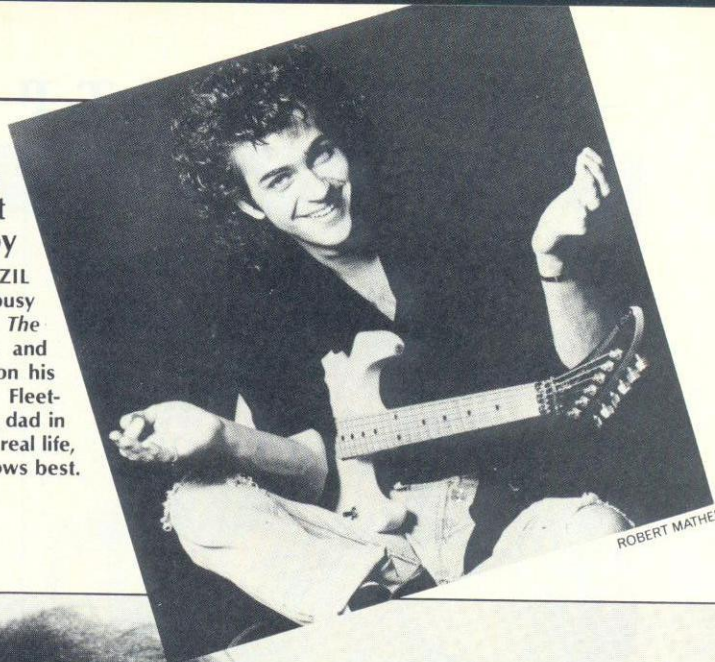
Cyndi Shows Her True Colors

Is this a future mom? **CYNDI LAUPER** says a family is on the horizon, along with marriage, recording, concerts, fund-raising activities and videos. How else do you think a girl is supposed to have fun?

MARK LEIVDAL

Let's Hear It for the Boy

MTV-v.j. **DWEEZIL ZAPPA** is a busy guy. A movie, *The Running Man*, and an album are on his agenda. Mick Fleetwood plays his dad in the film, but in real life, Frank knows best.



ROBERT MATHE

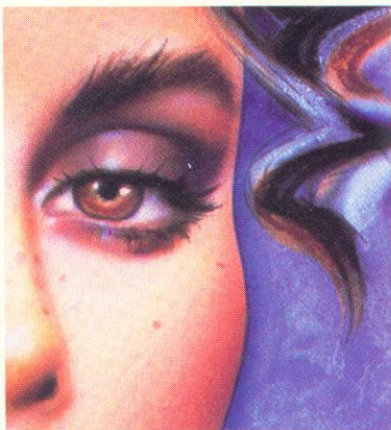
Holding On to What She's Got

MARQUERITA WALLACE is a knockout. You've seen her in *Critical Condition*, *48 HRS.*, *Doctor Detroit* and on TV's *Miami Vice*. Now you see her again. We know what we like.

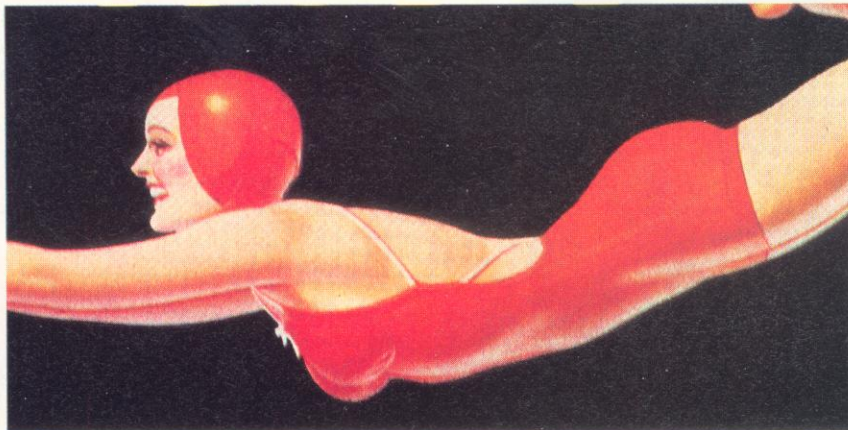


© NICK ELGAR/LONDON FEATURES INT'L

NEXT MONTH



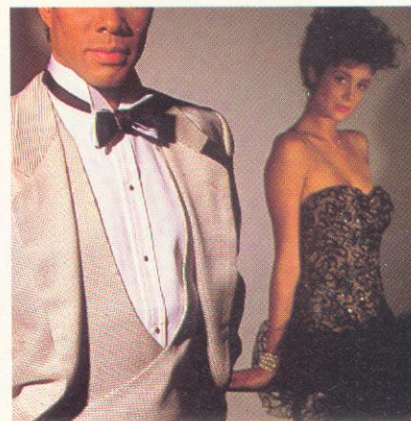
RESTRAINED



BEACHED



POSED



TUXEDOED

"NIGHT LIFE IN THE AGE OF AIDS"—EAVESDROPPING IN SINGLES BARS AND OTHER WATERING HOLES FROM COAST TO COAST, OUR REPORTER TELLS IT LIKE IT IS. HOW MUCH HAS PANIC AFFECTED SEXUAL BEHAVIOR? TUNE IN WITH **DAVID SEELEY**

PLUS: "THE HETEROSEXUAL RISK OF AIDS"—JUST HOW VULNERABLE ARE MOST OF US? CAN YOU REALLY CATCH THE DREAD DISEASE FROM A WOMAN? SOME NEW EVIDENCE IS ANALYZED BY **DAVID BLACK**

"LIFE CAN BE A BEACH"—A SOCKO PACKAGE COMBINING THE SEXIEST BEAUTIES WITH OTHER GREAT STUFF: **BRUCE WILLIAMSON'S "TEN BEST BEACH MOVIES"**; THE WORLD'S BEST SURF AND SAND; NUDE-BEACH ETIQUETTE; **"HOW TO STUFF A WILD PINEAPPLE"**; TIPS ON TANNING; AND MORE

"THE TRIAL OF THE GODFATHER"—A FRONT-ROW SEAT IN THE BROOKLYN COURTROOM WHERE **CAPO JOHN GOTTI** AND SIX HENCHMEN WERE DEFENDED BY SEVEN JEWISH LAWYERS AND PROSECUTED BY A DIMINUTIVE ITALIAN LADY FROM THE NEIGHBORHOOD—BY **PETER MCCABE**

WADE BOGGS, RED SOX THIRD BASEMAN AND BASEBALL'S BEST BATSMAN, TALKS ABOUT R.B.I.S, SUPERSTITIONS, BOSTON VS. NEW YORK FANS AND HOW HE

SURVIVED THE WORST YEAR OF HIS LIFE IN A HARD-HITTING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"THE WEATHER'S FINE"—IN THE L.A. OF THE FUTURE, MACHINES CONDITION YEARS, NOT AIR. AS TOM AND DONNA DISCOVER, IT'S A PROBLEM FOR THOSE WHO DON'T DIG THE SAME DECADE. A PROVOCATIVE STORY BY **HARRY TURTLEDOVE**

"FREEDOM FIGHTER"—ELLEN'S A BEAUTY WHO WON'T LET TRAGEDY KEEP HER DOWN. GET TO KNOW THIS SPUNKY LADY IN AN EXCLUSIVE PICTORIAL

"RESTRAINT"—A FINANCIER LOSES ALL SENSE OF IT WHEN HE PASSES A DROP-DEAD FEMALE IN THE HALL. FICTION BY **FREDERICK BARTHELME**

PLUS: ANDREW TOBIAS' QUARTERLY REPORT ON "HOW TO MAKE A BUDGET"; "FOR YOUR EYES AND EARS ONLY," A PEEK AT PROTOTYPES OF ELECTRONIC GADGETS EN ROUTE TO THE MARKET; SINGER-SONGWRITER **GREGORY ABBOTT** MODELING SUMMER FORMALWEAR; **"20 QUESTIONS,"** TO WHICH **GARRY SHANDLING** RESPONDS WITH THE TRUTH ABOUT HIS HAIR FIXATION, HIS MISERABLE LUCK WITH WOMEN AND HIS PROPOSAL FOR TAX-DEDUCTIBLE DATES; NOT TO MENTION MUCH, MUCH MORE