

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JULY 1987

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JULY 1987 • \$3.50

**BEACH PARTY!**  
20 PAGES OF SUN, SURF & SEX

**SMART TALK WITH  
WADE BOGGS  
GARRY SHANDLING  
LITTLE RICHARD  
BEASTIE BOYS**

**GOING FOR GOTTI:  
WHY THE  
GODFATHER  
WALKED**

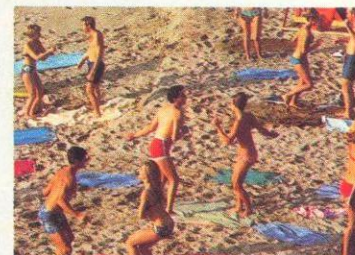


# PLAYBOY®

vol. 34, no. 7—july 1987

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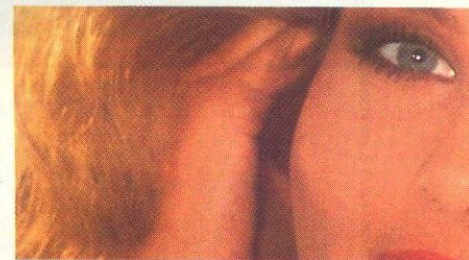
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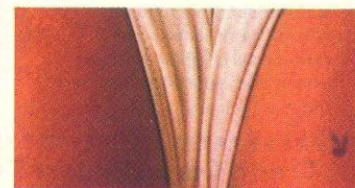
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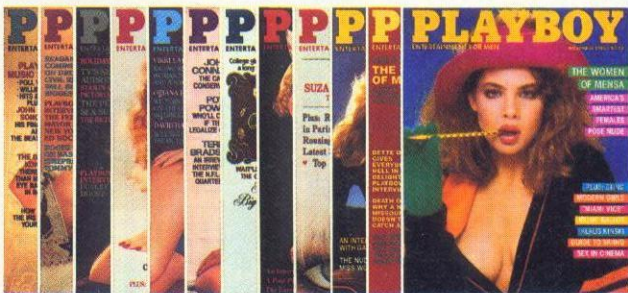
## COVER STORY

Mindful of this issue's ode to the salubrious effects of sun and sand, we thought it only appropriate to ask someone named Sandy (June Playmate Sandy Greenberg) to participate. The cover was designed by Managing Art Director Kerig Pope and photographed by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda, and the stylist was Lee Ann Perry. Sandy's watch is from Henry Kay Jewelers, Chicago, and the Rabbit is in the best hemisphere for a tan.

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## PLAYBOY

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SAVINGS OFFER EXPIRES: AUGUST 31, 1987

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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I am worried about contracting a venereal disease during sex. What should I do? Also, I suffer from premature ejaculation. Any suggestions? And finally, I would like to increase the size of my penis. What do you recommend?—J. W., New York, New York.

Here are the answers to your queries:

1. Wear a condom.
2. Wear two condoms.
3. Wear three condoms.

There's a girl in my aerobics class who is incredibly limber. We've become lovers and already we've exhausted most of the known positions. We're trying to figure out ways to make love that will tap her flexibility. Any suggestions?—S. C., Boston, Massachusetts.

We think it's time you took a tour of India and tried some of the positions you see in temple carvings—or read a few of those ancient sex manuals. "The Perfumed Garden," for example, describes the following: "The woman must wear a pair of pantaloons, which she lets drop upon her heels; then she stoops, placing her head between her feet, so that her neck is in the opening of her pantaloons. At that moment, the man, seizing her legs, turns her upon her back, making her perform a somersault; then, with his legs curved under him, he brings his member right against her vulva and, slipping it between her legs, inserts it. It is alleged that there are women who, while lying on their backs, can place their feet behind their heads without the help of pantaloons or hands." If you can't find a pair of pantaloons, tights will do nicely.

I'm planning to buy a new car fairly soon, and one of my major priorities is resale value. Which options and features add to the value of a used car and which should I stay away from?—F. F., Orlando, Florida.

First, for the average used car (these things do vary with type, size and price range), the big three features are automatic transmission, air conditioning and power steering. The lack of any one of these can cost you \$200–\$600 at wholesale (trade-in), or even more if you sell privately. After that, the two biggest-ticket items are a T-bar roof and a sliding "moon roof." Then come power windows, a sliding sun roof, split power seats, an AM/FM/cassette stereo and (believe it or not) a fake convertible top. Other features that dealers deem desirable—and therefore worth extra bucks—include a tilt steering wheel, cruise control, power door locks, an AM/FM stereo, digital instruments, a flip-up sun roof, a power seat, split bench seats, leather upholstery, a vinyl top, two-tone paint, wire wheel covers, custom or wire wheels and (on wagons) a luggage rack, wood-grain siding and a third seat. These all increase the new-car price as well, of course, so don't load up



on things you don't really want. Some (vinyl top, wire wheel covers, exterior wood grain) also reflect old-fashioned values that are finally dying out, and we wouldn't be caught comatose with them on our car. Some option packages—especially those LEs and GLs with luxury trim—also increase value. So do lower-than-average mileage and extraordinary condition. But that's about it; nothing else counts for much. Our advice is to find a current "Kelley Blue Book" (the used-car-value bible) at a library and learn how to use it.

I have a very interesting and delightful question about my girlfriend, who possesses inverted nipples. During my fondling of the clitoris and sucking of the breast, her climax occurs simultaneously with the erection of the nipple. I am not sure which is the cause and which is the effect. This is not a random happening; there is a correlation. Have you heard of this before? Do all ladies with inverted nipples have this sexual response? Could it be harmful if, in fact, I'm sucking so hard that I cause the inversion? How do I go about finding more ladies with this characteristic?—J. P., Essexville, Michigan.

Inverted nipples are not uncommon, and since most women (and men) find nipple stimulation enjoyable, it seems quite natural that your partner climaxes from it. There is no harm in sucking and fondling her breasts as long as she does not experience any pain or discomfort. As to your finding more ladies who possess this characteristic, your guess is as good as ours. Direct questioning in your local tavern would probably lead to blows, and not the kind you're looking for. A more discreet, anonymous approach—such as put-

ting an ad in the personal classifieds—may yield some nonviolent results.

Argh! My girlfriend and I tend to fight a lot. We will start a discussion about where the relationship is going, and the next thing we know, the adrenaline is on the rise. We don't shout or scream at each other, but the result is just as deadly. We avoid each other, or sulk, or just stop listening. I know this sounds crazy, but even though there's so much grief, I want to make this relationship work. How do you fight? Are there emotional *Robert's Rules of Order*?—L. S., Dallas, Texas.

A few years ago, *Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality* published an article called "17 Rules for Better Communication," by Robert J. Pellegrini. We've kept a list of his suggestions pinned to our wall; they come in handy now and then. Here they are, with some clarification:

Set a mutually acceptable time and place in which to argue or discuss—preferably a time and place other than right here and now. [This allows a cooling-off period.] Think before you talk. Permit only one person to talk at a time. Practice active listening. [Before your partner replies, she has to be able to restate your position in her own words, and vice versa.] Be specific. Have a plan. Don't overload your partner with grievances. Limit the discussion to one issue at a time. Deal with counterdemands only after the original ones have been communicated clearly and addressed directly. [If she wants you to take out the garbage more often, deal with that before you get to the question of wife swapping with the neighbors.] Be open to giving and receiving feedback. Be tolerant. Avoid mind reading. [Don't think you know what your partner is really thinking. Always ask. Don't interpret.] Avoid mind raping. Avoid name calling. Refrain from sarcasm. Take a win-win attitude. [Life is not a fixed pie. You and she are not competing for the biggest slice. A little cooperation can increase the size of the pie; a fight for points, or all or nothing, can destroy it.] Focus on the here and now. [Don't take out yesterday's garbage. Try to come up with a strategy that will solve today's problem and make tomorrow easier.]

When CD players were introduced, we had the idea that the discs were immune to dirt, scratches, destruction. You could serve a pizza on your cherry copy of Dire Straits' *Love Over Gold*, toss it into the player and Mark Knopfler would sound like God, as usual. It doesn't work that way. I've noticed that I'm starting to get

clicks and pops on some of my discs. What can I do to salvage the sound?—D. P., Portland, Oregon.

Go light on the pepperoni. CDs are not indestructible. Light scratches can disrupt the laser beam and bring that Rice Krispies snap, crackle and pop to your favorite tunes. The cure? Believe it or not, car wax. A cream auto wax will reduce some of the interference. You can also buy something called Data Mud, a specially formulated wax for cleaning discs, from Kamacorp Inc., P.O. Box 43128, Upper Montclair, New Jersey 07048.

**M**y lover wants me to talk dirty to her in bed. I don't have the faintest clue as to what I should say. Can you offer any hints?—T. S., Detroit, Michigan.

Almost half of the people who answered PLAYBOY's "Readers' Sex Survey" said that they occasionally talked dirty during sex. Talking dirty can get you into the realm of the imagined and forbidden; it can be a great turn-on without being threatening. Here's a list of conversational icebreakers from an expert: "If you're fucking in one position, tell her how much you'd like to get her in a different one. If you're in one orifice, tell her how you'd feel about being in a different one. Tell her how she'd feel. Tell her what she looks like with her pants down and her legs spread. Tell her how good she feels, how good she looks. Tell her you're going to tie her up—it's not necessary to do it, just tell her about it. Tell her you know how much she secretly wants to tie you up. Tell her how good she is with her mouth or how good you're going to be with your mouth. Tell her you have fantasies about her in class, at the office, in the elevator. Tell her you are going to fuck her in class, at the office, that only you know what a sexual animal she is. Tell her that she's in control. Tell her to rub your cock with her pussy. Tell her her pussy's on fire. . . ."

Get the idea? Shock value is erotic. Don't try to clean up your act; if you're going to talk dirty, talk dirty.

**I** keep telling my girl I'm a prince of a guy, and now she says I should prove it by taking her to a castle for a vacation. Can you suggest someplace in Europe that looks like the real thing but won't cost a king's ransom?—P. K., New York, New York.

The Continental countryside is littered with turrets, but if you want a castle that's worth its keep, here are a few tips. The level of luxury can vary enormously from castle to castle, as can the authenticity of the accommodations. If you want a bona fide feudal castle that dates from the 11th to the 15th centuries or so (and has been upgraded to 20th Century standards), your best bets may be in the British Isles. Most of the truly livable and lavish kingly retreats there are actually castlelike palaces or royal hunting lodges that are anywhere from 100 to 300 years old. For atmosphere and reasonable prices, it's hard to beat the restored castles that are a

part of Spain's national system of *paradores*, or government-run inns. A *palace* such as the *Parador Marqués de Villena in Alarcón*, parts of which are more than 1000 years old, will gladden the heart of any señorita. Germany, France and Austria are also chockablock with hotels built within castle walls. The only guidebook we know of on this subject is "Castle Hotels of Europe," by Robert P. Long (Simon & Schuster, \$7.95). You should also check out the catalog issued by the *Relais et Château Association*, which has about 350 outstanding properties all over Europe, including many luxury lodgings in castles. The guide costs ten dollars and is available from the David B. Mitchell & Company, 200 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016. These places are just the thing for a few quiet knights or maybe a bit of jousting in the royal bedchambers.

**I** live in a cabin in the woods with no electricity, so my only choice in vibrators is the battery-operated kind. The problem is that I haven't been able to find one that doesn't sound like a vacuum cleaner running on high or somebody mowing his lawn outside your bedroom window on a Sunday morning. I live out here because I enjoy the peace and quiet. Do you know anybody who manufactures a battery-operated vibrator that can give a person a quiet thrill?—Miss M. K., Anchorage, Alaska.

Yours is a frequent complaint; unfortunately, it seems to fall on deaf ears. Maybe the manufacturers have been using their own product. We suggest that you insert the vibrator into a section of bicycle tube or pipe insulation. Or maybe you could wrap it in handle-bar tape to deaden the noise and improve your grip. If you ever invent a quiet vibrator, the world will beat a path to your, er, door.

**M**y 19-year-old girlfriend and I have enjoyed a fantastic love affair for more than a year. We plan to live together openly after her graduation and someday possibly marry.

Although she's extremely mature for her 19 years, I realize that she has a lot of growing to do. She has fooled around with other guys in the past, but I am her first real lover. My concern is that she needs a variety of life experiences to help her grow and learn what she needs from a permanent relationship. Each of us must make his or her own mistakes along the way. I am now caught up in a Catch-22 situation and seek your advice. At one extreme, I could give her total freedom and try to recreate this beautiful relationship in several years. But once gone, could it ever be brought back? Also, I am too selfish to walk away from this relationship, which is still getting better all the time. At the other extreme, I could hold tight. But will she someday regret the early commitment or resent me for being the cause of it? My divorce partially resulted from just such a "too young for a commitment" situation.

Or should I just enjoy it all now and let the future work itself out?—P. F., Detroit, Michigan.

At one point in your letter, you state that "each of us must make his or her own mistakes along the way." The bulk of your letter, however, expresses concern over early commitment and possible later resentment on the part of this girl. We suggest that you practice what you preach. Let her make her own mistakes, and let her live her own life. For now, that includes you. If it develops into something permanent, your worries will have been in vain. And if it doesn't, you've just wasted precious time wondering about a future that might not even happen.

**M**y girlfriend has suggested that she needs more foreplay and more stroking during sex. She says that intercourse is not as exciting as masturbation, because it's less dexterous. She says that I should spend more time using my hands and shouldn't rely exclusively on my genitals. Can you give me any suggestions?—K. A., Skokie, Illinois.

Here's how to do it. Wet the tips of your first two fingers. Your saliva will do; hers would do better. Make gentle contact with the marvelous, slippery flesh at the front of her vagina. Don't probe it; don't press it. Just feel it, and suppress your own sense of time and purpose. Listen for a response. This is better than biofeedback. If you're on the right track, adjust your touch to your partner's response and extend the territory. You're not looking for the clitoris—not yet. Move your fingers to the entrance of the vagina. Gently enter it so that just the pads of your finger tips are inside, no deeper for the moment. Let your finger tips do a little flutter kick right there—not a mechanical one but a sensuous one. If it works, stay with it. A little more penetration may be in order; if it isn't, try a little less. If things go well, you're on your own, but improvisation is in order. Slip in a third wiggly finger. Check out the G spot—it's on the front wall of the vagina, about two finger joints in. Take your other hand and gently play with her clitoris while both of your fingers are inside her. Better, use your tongue. Or use your free hand to stroke her ass and make gentle contact with her buttocks. Do not jump on her when you think she's ready. Stay with what's working five to ten minutes after you get the ready signal. If she tells you she has to have it, don't give it to her—not then. Tease. Have her add her hand to yours, to suggest rhythm and direction. Clip your fingernails first.

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

**T**he question for the month:

**What is the sexiest part of a man's body?**

**H**is eyes. I'm more turned on by a man's personality than by his physical appearance. I think you start to take someone's looks for granted after you've known him for a while. But a man's personality can turn you on indefinitely, and I think a man says a lot with his eyes. He can look into you or he can look past you. Basically, I think it would be hard for a man to look right at me, really look at me and not be truthful. I'm not fussy about eye color, just the seriousness of his gaze.



*Laurie Carr*

LAURIE CARR  
DECEMBER 1986

**I**t depends on the man. But a couple of things come to mind—his eyes, then his derrière, then his hands and, finally, his shoulders. His eyes tell me a lot. He could have a great body but have eyes like a cow. So who would care? Not me. You need to see a little promise, maybe, in his eyes. Clothes don't add to or detract anything from a sexy man. A man can look wonderful and dress poorly. I couldn't care less about that. If he has something about him that I like, I'll see it past the clothes.



*Carol Figatier*

CAROL FIGATIER  
DECEMBER 1985

**I** like a real strong, structured face—high cheekbones, a square jaw and a well-defined look. But I do have to admit that if

I'm looking over a large crowd of people, I find myself looking at rear ends. There is nothing better than a nice, slim behind in a pair of Levi's. Once I start analyzing a man's looks seriously, I always look at his face and his eyes. But my honest and true order when checking out a guy is his rear, then his eyes and, finally, his face. There's no point in lying, is there?



*Sherry Arnett*

SHERRY ARNETT  
JANUARY 1986

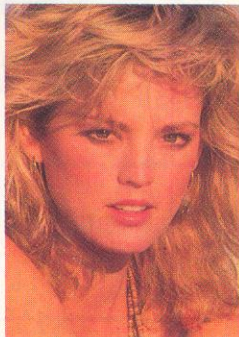
**H**is butt. And his lips. Those are a man's sexiest parts. I like a round butt and really thick lips. But those kinds of lips have to be framed in terrific-looking bone structure. This is a pretty difficult question. You discover what's sexy to you when you meet the right kind of man who has a good personality to go with his physical attributes. If he just has a nice butt, forget it.



*Cher Butler*

CHER BUTLER  
AUGUST 1985

**G**od! I like it all. I'm sorry, but I like it all. Be serious? OK, let's see: On the face, it has to be the lips, teeth and eyes. If he has straight, gorgeous white teeth, it's all over for me. Working down the bod, the chest is next. The biceps, the lats, the traps and the abs. Then the butt. I love body hair, too. You know how men's legs get those little gold hairs after

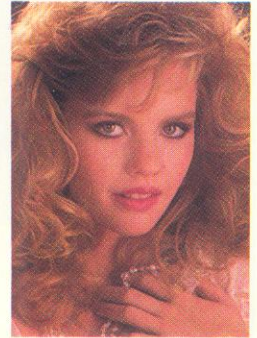


they've been out in the sun for a while? The sun turns them a kind of goldfish color. Oh, my God, that kills me. And hands. I love nice, manicured hands.

*Lynne Austin*

LYNNE AUSTIN  
JULY 1986

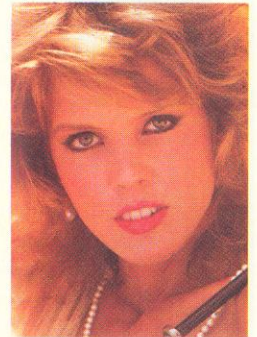
**O**h, gosh. His chest and his tush. I just love a cute, round tush, especially when I'm making love and hanging on to a little tush. I love to cuddle up next to a chest. The size doesn't matter. Hair or no hair, that doesn't matter, either. Just the chest. I'm comfortable with the way I look and I want him to be comfortable with his looks, too. Then, if he's got that tush I like, we may be right for each other.



*Rebekka Armstrong*

REBEKKA ARMSTRONG  
SEPTEMBER 1986

**A** man's legs. Definitely. A runner's leg—not a real muscular kind of guy who has trouble because his legs stick together. A nice, lean leg, like the flanks of a horse. A well-taken-care-of leg, with nice calves—from hip to heel, as a matter of fact. The way a guy carries himself is also very important and makes him look sexy. If he feels good about his looks, that can be very attractive.



*Donna Edmondson*

DONNA EDMONDSON  
NOVEMBER 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.





*"Uh-oh! Better find out who burned Attila's toast!"*

## this sunny californian isn't about to let disability diminish her lust for life

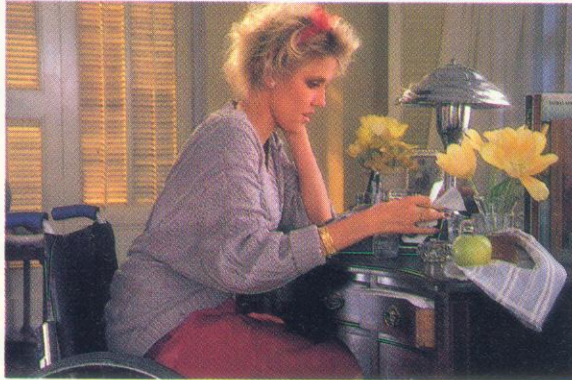
**T**HE LETTER (reproduced below) bounced around the office for a while. It had opened up an area of debate in which no one stayed neutral. Some editors were impressed by Ellen Stohl's pluck. Just as the movie *Coming Home*—about a disabled vet—had transformed our views about love and even lust, so did Ellen force us to reassess our view of the handicapped as “victims.” Here, after all, was a woman who refused to let a disabling accident spoil her dream. She embodied true grit. There was, however, a vocal minority of editors who worried that running Ellen's pictorial would leave the magazine open to charges of questionable taste. Surely, the argument went, people would misunderstand, would fail to see the celebration of life in these pictures. We hope not. Meet, therefore, Ellen Stohl.

She's a full-time student, a part-time actress, model and a public speaker; she drives a car, rides a horse, skis,

studies martial arts—and is confined to a wheelchair.

**W**hen I came here to Cal State Fullerton, in 1982, I was fresh out of high school. At that time, I was walking.” Ellen is introducing herself to the members of a class in the psychology of human sexuality on her university campus. She and two friends, also wheelchair-bound, have agreed to participate in a panel on the sexuality of the handicapped—or “gimps,” as they call themselves with a kind of gallows humor.

**A**t that time, I was majoring in theater and doing modeling,” Ellen continues. “I became a contestant in the Miss Anaheim pageant right here in California and had just signed a contract to do an aerobics video tape for a production



**Ellen Stohl at the typewriter on which she wrote the letter below, which led to this pictorial. She shares an Orange County, California, apartment with a sister.**

December 16, 1985

Mr. Hugh Hefner  
Playboy Magazine  
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Mr. Hefner:

My name is Ellen Stohl. I am a model/actress who three years ago was injured in a tragic auto accident. At first, I had given up hope of pursuing my career; but after a few months and a lot of learning, I realized that a wheelchair should not make a difference. Since that realization, I have been working twice as hard to achieve my career goals—not only for myself but also to teach society that being disabled does not make a difference.

The reason I chose Playboy for this endeavor is that sexuality is the hardest thing for disabled persons to hold on to. This is not to say that they are not capable but, rather, that society's emphasis on perfection puts a definite damper on self-esteem.

Well, I believe it is time to show society the real story. Anyone can be sexy; it is a matter of how a person feels about himself or herself—and personally, I feel great.

Sincerely,

Ellen Stohl



# MEET ELLEN STOHL





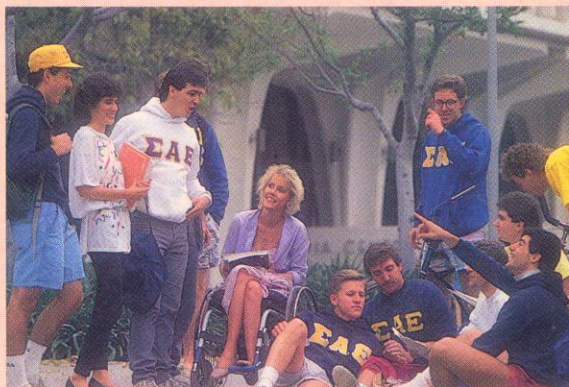
company in Los Angeles. Then, during winter break—in January 1983—I was involved in an auto accident. I broke five vertebrae in my neck and for about a month and a half, I was paralyzed from the neck down. Then, slowly, I started getting a little bit back, into my hands and arms and abdomen and lower back. But I never regained the use of my legs.” As she speaks, Ellen is cheerfully matter-of-fact, betraying little of the mental anguish and just plain hard, sweating work it has cost her to get from that hospital bed to this classroom stage—and onto the pages of *PLAYBOY*.

I’ve always been a scrapper,” Ellen had told us over *fajitas* at a nearby Mexican restaurant before the class. “I was always into sports—the tough, make-it-through-anything type. And when I was in the hospital, I told myself I was going to make it. I was going to walk again. And then I realized I *wasn’t* going to walk again, and I went through some really tough times.” A lot of those tough times, Ellen was sur-

prised to realize, had to do with her feelings about sex.

**E**specially since my accident, I’ve felt that sexuality is the very essence of who we are,” she says. “When you’re born, the first thing people want to know is, ‘Is it a boy or a girl?’ People treat you differently

according to whether you’re a boy or a girl; and from the way they react to you, you begin to build your image, your self-esteem. And if somebody or something takes away your sexuality, you don’t know who you are or where you fit in. I was 18 at the time of my accident, and I was a virgin. I was a late bloomer, just beginning to realize my sexuality, and suddenly it was taken away from me.” For Ellen, the accident took a toll far beyond the



**Ellen was elected a little sister of Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity after her accident; it’s a role she still enjoys. “A lot of people put down the Greek system, saying it’s all stereotyped, but it’s a nice thing to be involved in.”**

physical. “I was a child again, and people treated me as such, not as a woman. After the accident, the first thing I asked my mom was, ‘Will I live?’ and the second was, ‘Can I have sex?’ And I cried with my mom for a day and a half over the fact that I was still a virgin and it was all over.”







As it turned out, it wasn't all over. "I was really lucky in that two orderlies in the hospital harassed me relentlessly—tried to pull my sheets off and stuff. They treated me like a woman. One of them, whom I ended up dating a couple of times, told me that he'd never thought of having an affair with somebody in a wheelchair until he met me. And that opened doors. I started going out and meeting people, and as I gained more confidence in myself, I started becoming more sexually interested. I had my first sexual relationship a year and a half after the accident. I think I was quicker to get involved in sex than I would have been if I hadn't had the accident, because I was curious. I had thought I'd never be able to have sex, and now that I was getting the opportunity, I certainly wanted to see what it felt like. So I got involved in that relationship, and it was wonderful. It lasted for about eight months. Since then, I've been involved in other sexual relationships, and they get better, more exciting,

each time, as I learn more and can communicate more."

Communication, in fact, has become Ellen's specialty. She's majoring in it, along with advertising, and she is using her skills to spread her message about the importance of sexuality in the lives of the handicapped. Several times a month, she's called upon to speak somewhere. "It all started when I had a social-psychology class for which, instead of taking one of the tests, we could do an oral report. This was about the time I posed for *PLAYBOY*, and I had been thinking about my reasons for doing it. And I thought, I'm explaining the importance of this to the people from *PLAYBOY* but I'm not doing anything in my own back yard. To change the world, the back yard's the best place to start. So I did a report for the class. And next the teacher said, 'I teach a class in the psychology of human sexuality. Would you like to speak on a panel?' So I said, 'Sure, that would be great.' And another couple of friends and I got together a panel. Since then, I've done all that



**A theater major before her crash, Ellen is venturing back into showbiz. Above, director Robert Conrad (left) outlines her role in the cable soap opera *Balboa*; she appeared in three episodes as the daughter of a mafioso.**

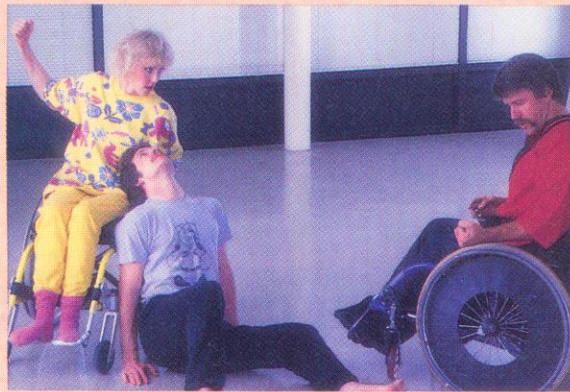
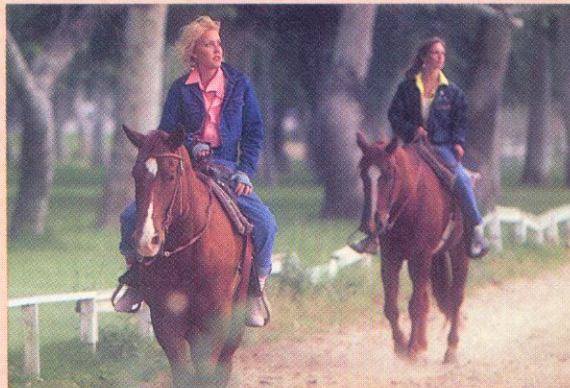
teacher's classes and have been asked to do others. The more that people know, the fewer problems for me. If people are educated, I don't have to educate them every time I go out—which becomes a pain in the butt. And they'll treat the next handicapped person they meet like a person instead of like a wheelchair."

**T**he questions people toss at Ellen aren't exactly marshmallows. "I've been asked at a club, by someone who'd just met me, 'Can you have sex?' And I feel like saying, 'Yes, I can engage in sexual activity. But what is this, a prerequisite to buying me a drink? If I can't, I don't get the drink—is that what you're saying?' Sometimes, in a classroom setting, it's hard for people to ask questions. I remember one time, a man asked me what my favorite position was. I told him being on top, because when you can't move your legs, you can still move your upper body, and then you're a more active participant. That really opened up the questioning."

**O**n this particular night at Cal State, Ellen and her friends Jan and Jim field the students' questions with practiced ease. Jim tells the class that he's in the process of getting a divorce, partly because his wife feels he's oversexed ("I don't agree with her"). Jan describes how her life has seasawed in the past ten years, from pre-accident virginity through episodes of drugs and promiscuous sex to her present state of commitment to one lover. A questioner asks the trio how their sex lives were affected by their respective paralyzing accidents.

**E**llen replies: "When you go through something like this—well, I read every book out there on sex. I learned how to do things that a lot of people still don't know how to do, because I was so unsure about what I *could* do. I wanted to make sure I could compete with the able-bodied women out there. You kind of overeducate yourself, so that you know all the tricks. You get really good at oral sex. I think that's pretty true of everybody I've talked

to. You just become a whiz." Jan and Jim nod in agreement. The audience laughs. Another question: "Do you have sensation in your lower body?" "I have heightened sensitivity in my genital area, and that's great—I admit it," Ellen answers. "But even where I have lessened feeling, on my legs, if I can watch a lover touch me, I can be visually stimulated. Orgasms really happen in the brain, after all. I can tell whether or not a guy is really interested in me by where he touches me. A guy who just wants a physical thing will be all over my upper body, whereas somebody who's really interested in *me* will be touching my feet, asking, 'Can you feel this?'"



**For fun, Ellen rides (top); for self-protection, she studies martial arts at Casa Colina Hospital for Rehabilitative Medicine (above). Instructor Ron Scanlon, who earned his eighth-degree black belt in kung fu san soo in a wheelchair, shows her how to clobber a would-be assailant (played by Ben Smith) whom she'd downed with an earlier blow.**

**T**he next question, directed at Jim, is predictable. "Can you get an erection?" "Yes, but it doesn't last as long as I would like it to." Observes Jan: "Does it ever?" To more laughter, the class comes to an end with Jan's parting advice to female students: "Well, girls, Jim's getting divorced pretty soon. He's going to be single, and you just heard him say he *can* get it up."

**I**t's going on ten P.M. now and Ellen maneuvers herself and her collapsible yellow wheelchair into her '79 Mustang. We're headed for Crackers, her favorite hangout, where everybody from bouncer to bartender to lead singer obviously adores Ellen. One brawny fellow swings her out of her chair and onto a barstool. "It's funny," she tells us. "If I sit in my wheelchair, a lot of guys don't want to

approach me, because they don't know how. But if I'm on a barstool, I'll be ripped off it and asked to dance. And I'm not doing anything different; I'm just sitting in a different chair." Ellen's friends at Crackers are looking forward to her *PLAYBOY* appearance. What kind of reaction does she expect from the public? "Oh, I suppose there'll be those women's libbers who say, 'I don't want to be seen as just a sex object.' No, of course you don't want to be seen as *just* that. But would you want that taken away from you? What does that make you? I think every woman wants to be a sex symbol of some sort. When you take that aspect away from us, we're not whole."



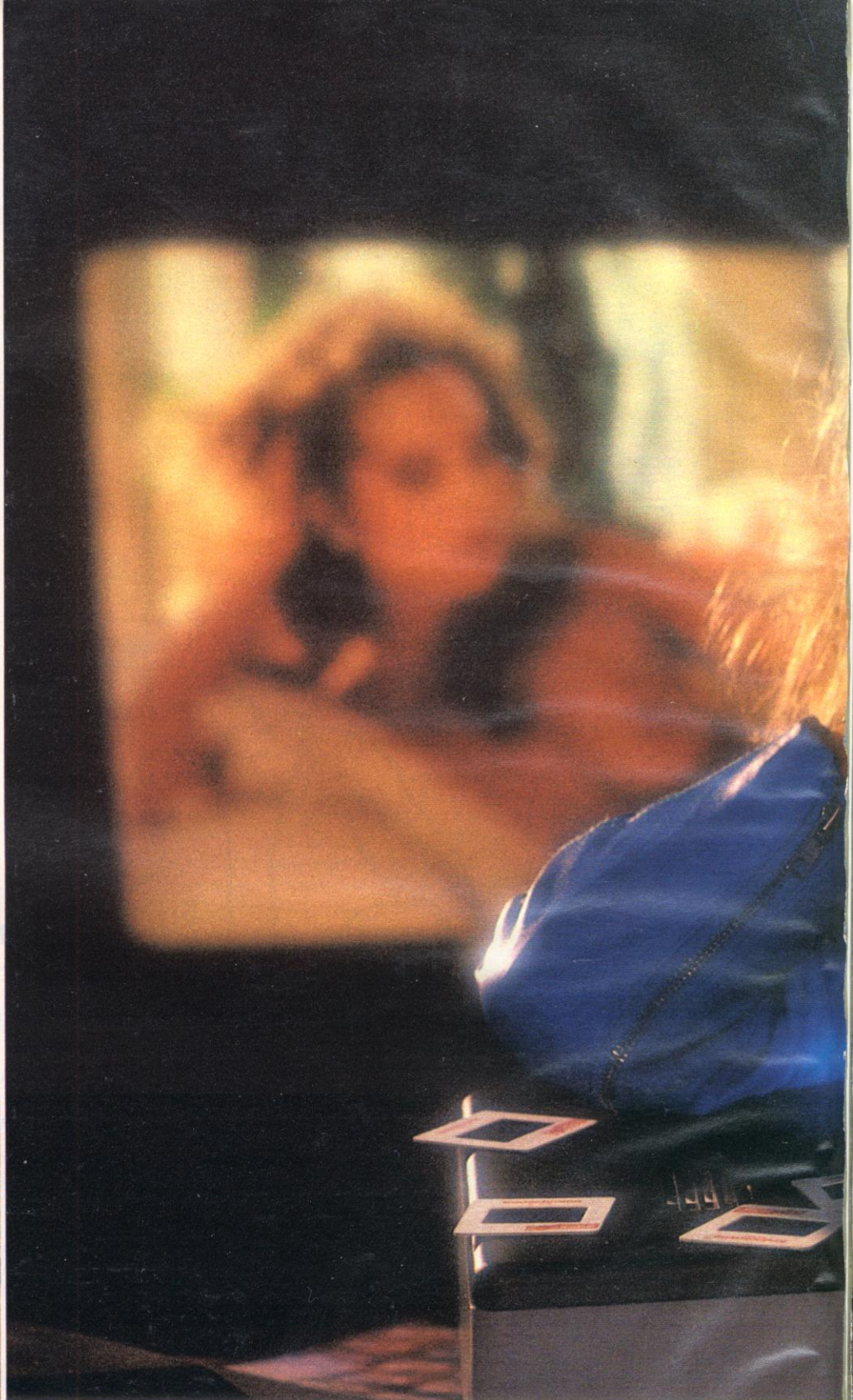


JOHN  
DEMUSSEY



**C**ARMEN BERG'S father is an auctioneer in Bismarck, North Dakota. From the time she was five or six, he took her along when he went to do the fast talk to sell off someone's house or farm. "I think it would have made him happy if I'd gone to auctioneer's school and followed in his footsteps," she says now. But Carmen never learned to talk fast enough and instead set out on her own at the age of 19 to seek her fortune as a model. She eventually wound up in Chicago, which is both our good fortune and a long way from Bismarck.

**A** typical day for Carmen Berg: walking her dogs along the lake front (below), calling her agency from a State Street phone booth (bottom), upstaging the artwork at the State of Illinois Center (bottom right).

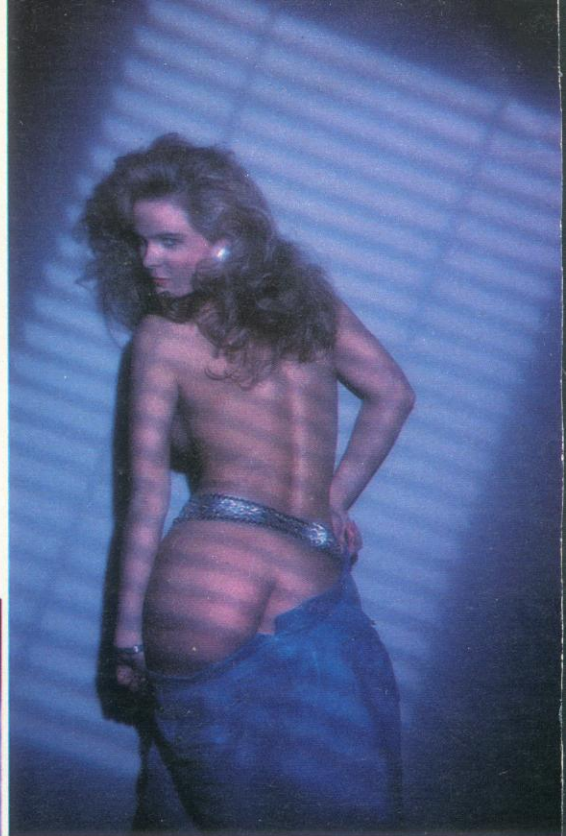


FROM NORTH DAKOTA  
TO CHICAGO,  
MISS JULY HAS  
DONE IT HER WAY



FREE SPIRIT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

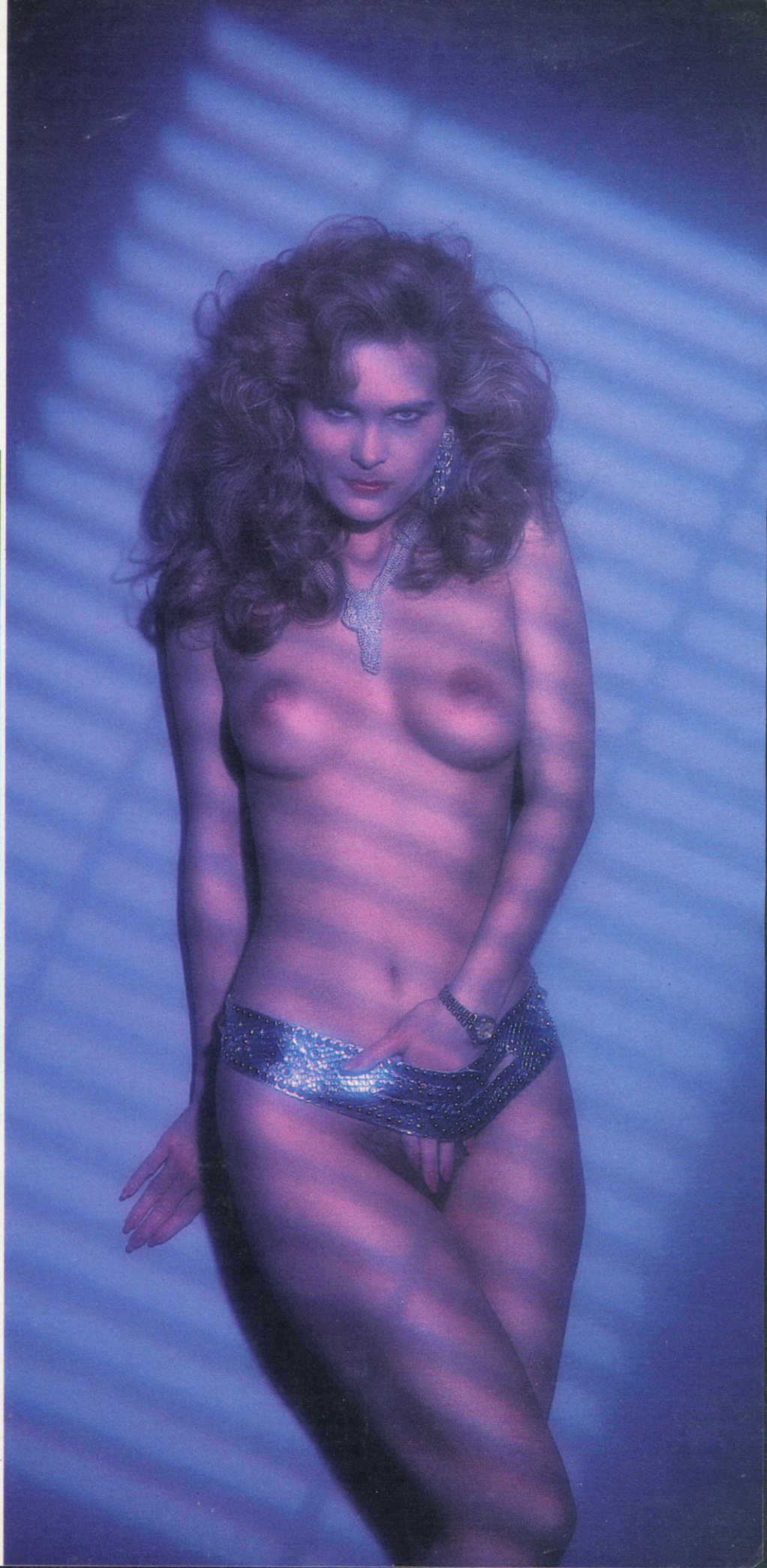


One thing about my personality I might like to change would be my shyness. I'm a loving person, but my shyness makes it difficult for me to express feelings sometimes, and I think that's held me back."

**N**ot that Carmen has anything against her home town. It's just that "not much happens there. For instance, when Vanity was in *PLAYBOY* [May 1985], it was big news in Bismarck, because she was from somewhere *near* North Dakota: Minnesota." To



be perfectly honest, Bismarck didn't look very promising for Carmen unless she wanted to go into auctioneering. "I worked all through high school and I never had a job that paid more than minimum wage." One of those jobs, however, turned out to be a blessing in disguise. Carmen started working out at a Nautilus fitness center during her senior year in high school, then landed a job as a Nautilus instructor at the local Y.M.C.A.



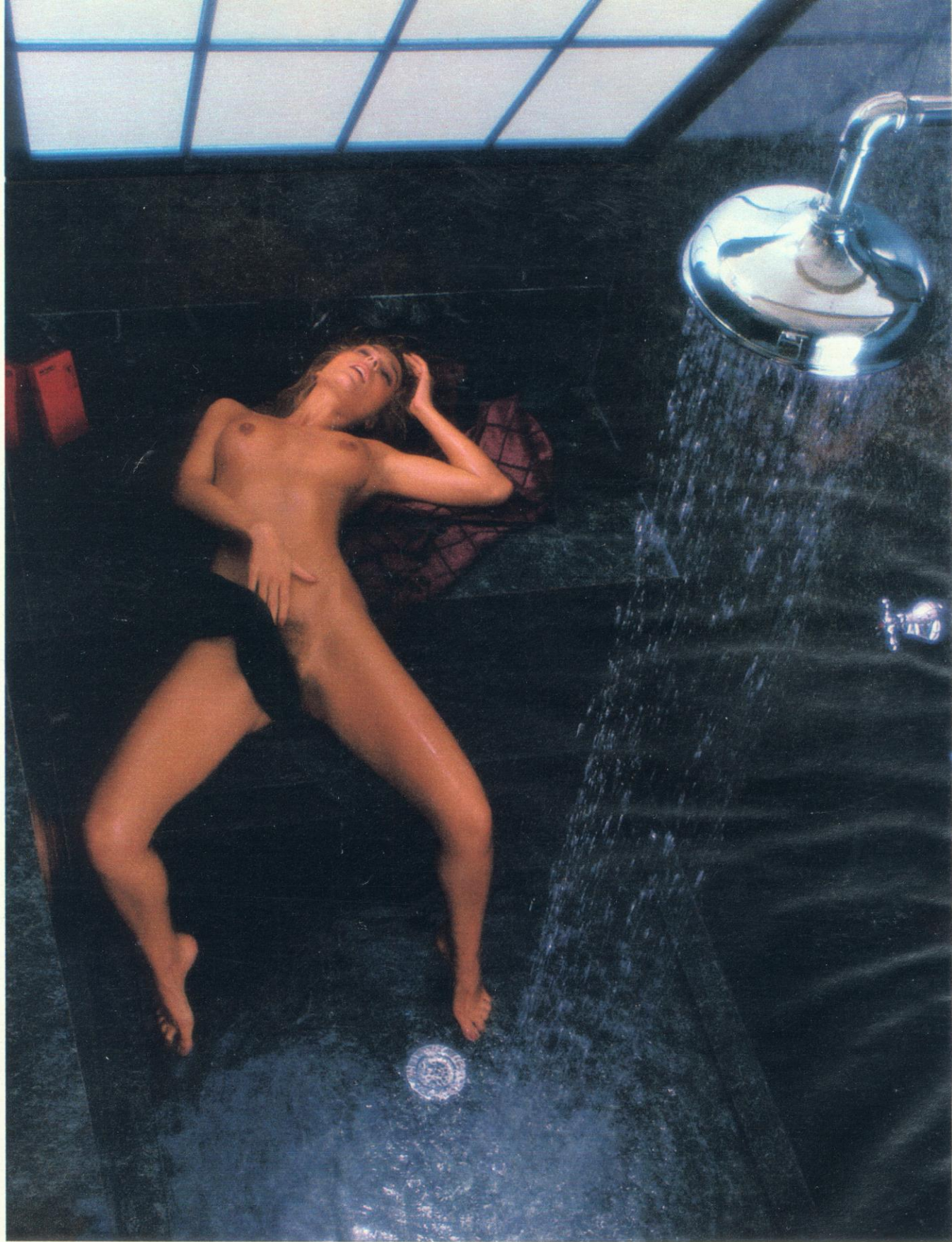




**A**fter a year of practicing what she was teaching, “I developed enough confidence in my body to enter the annual Peace Garden bodybuilding competition held in Grand Forks.” She won third place—not bad for someone who’d been working out for such a short time. Her self-esteem bolstered (“I had always been very shy”), she decided to move to Minneapolis, where, she hoped, she could make a living modeling. It wasn’t easy at first. “I found an apartment I could afford, but it was in a really bad neighborhood. I had no furniture—slept on the floor. I didn’t have a phone, so I had to make my calls from pay phones. When I was out telephoning (text concluded on page 152)



**P**remarital sex isn’t necessarily wrong if there’s love and commitment. After all, people were falling in love and making commitments to each other long before marriage was invented.”

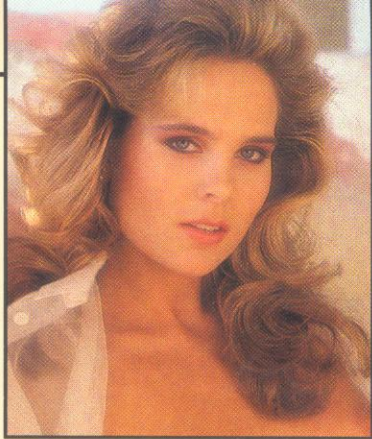


Since I was about 11 years old, I've admired the women in PLAYBOY, have always had a secret fantasy of someday being one of them. Now that it's actually happened to me, I can hardly believe it's true."





PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Carmen Bug

BUST: 35" WAIST: 23" HIPS: 35"

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 115lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 8/17/63 BIRTHPLACE: Bismarck, North Dakota

AMBITIONS: To take every day of my life as it is, and to trust in God that it is just right, just what it needs to be for me

TURN-ONS: Being loved

TURN-OFFS: not being respected or appreciated

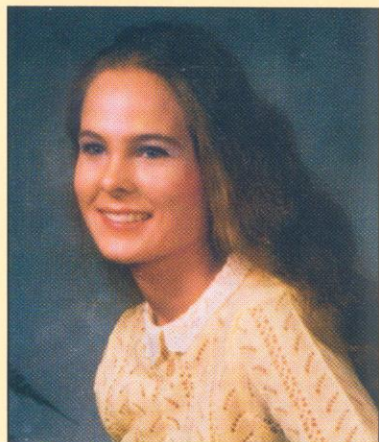
FAVORITE PASTIMES: snow skiing, riding horses, baking

IDEAL MAN: A man who loves himself enough to become truly intimate with me

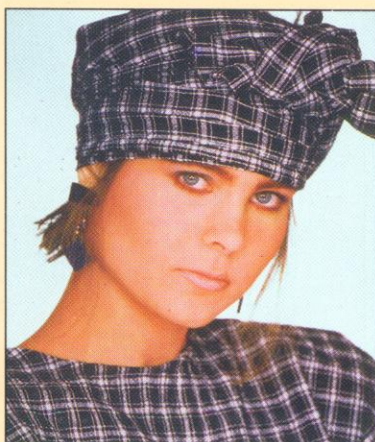
FAVORITE PART OF THE DAY: I enjoy early mornings, going for walks with my dogs, seeing the sun come up and taking time to meditate on the day ahead

THINGS I ENJOY GIVING: giving of myself to others through time, love and money

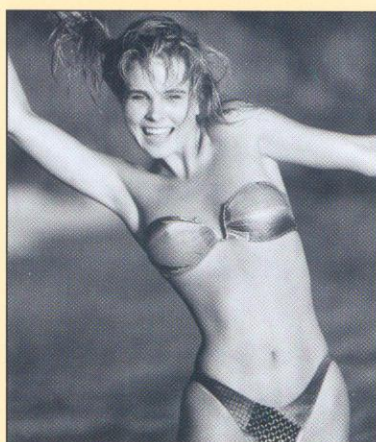
GOODIES I WANT OUT OF LIFE: the material side of me wants a red Porsche, designer clothes and a lot of money!



High school graduation Sweet 16



1st modeling picture at 18



21 and having fun in the Virgin Islands

MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A famous golfer was on trial for beating another golfer senseless. The defendant's attorney appealed to the judge, "Your Honor, the plaintiff was drunk and abusive and kept interrupting the game. My client, in desperation, beat him unconscious with a golf club."

"I see," the judge said, considering the evidence. "In how many strokes?"

The married couple was enjoying a dinner out when a statuesque blonde walked over to their table, exchanged warm greetings with the husband and walked off. "Who was that?" the wife demanded.

"If you must know," he coolly replied, "that was my mistress."

"Your mistress? I want a divorce!"

"Are you sure you want to give up a big house in the suburbs, a Mercedes, furs, jewelry and a vacation home in Mexico?"

They continued dining in silence. Finally, the woman nudged her husband and said, "Isn't that Howard over there? Who's he with?"

"That's his mistress," her husband replied.

"Oh," she said, taking a bite of dessert. "I think ours is cuter."

A prestigious medical journal reports that surgeons were very encouraged following their first penis-transplant procedure, despite a slight postsurgical hitch. The organ responded normally, but the patient's hands rejected it.



The novice parachutist desperately clawed at his reserve chute when the main chute failed to open. At 1000 feet, falling helplessly to earth, he met a woman coming up.

"Do you know anything about parachutes?" he shouted frantically.

"No!" she yelled. "Do you know anything about gas ovens?"

Every night, the strapping 16-year-old bought a three-pack of condoms at the local drugstore. The druggist finally suggested that buying a gross would be more economical.

The next afternoon, the boy returned and told the druggist that there were only 143 condoms in the package he had bought.

"Sorry," the man said, handing him a single condom. "Hope to hell it didn't spoil your evening."

After drifting on the high seas in a life raft for a week, the survivors of a shipwreck ran out of food. As panic spread, the captain calmly announced, "It is both my duty and my honor to die so that you men may live."

As he slowly raised a pistol to his temple, one of the crew shouted, "No, Captain! Don't do it!"

The captain, moved by his crewman's concern, uncocked his pistol.

"Not in the head, anyway," the man continued. "I love brains."



*Shoy Heiman*

In honor of the world-champion New York Giants, bartenders in the Big Apple created a special drink called the Super Bowl Slurp. It's made of vodka and Gatorade and tossed over customers' heads.

Although it was previously unreported, it is now known that Robert McFarlane and the Ayatollah Khomeini met face to face during the American's secret journey to Iran.

In the course of their talks, the ayatollah noticed a red phone in the envoy's briefcase. The Iranian asked about it.

"Holiness," McFarlane said, "I can call anywhere in the world with this phone. In fact, I can even call the Devil."

McFarlane dialed a number and handed Khomeini the receiver. The amazed ayatollah talked with the Devil for five minutes. At the end of their conversation, an operator said, "That will be \$20, please."

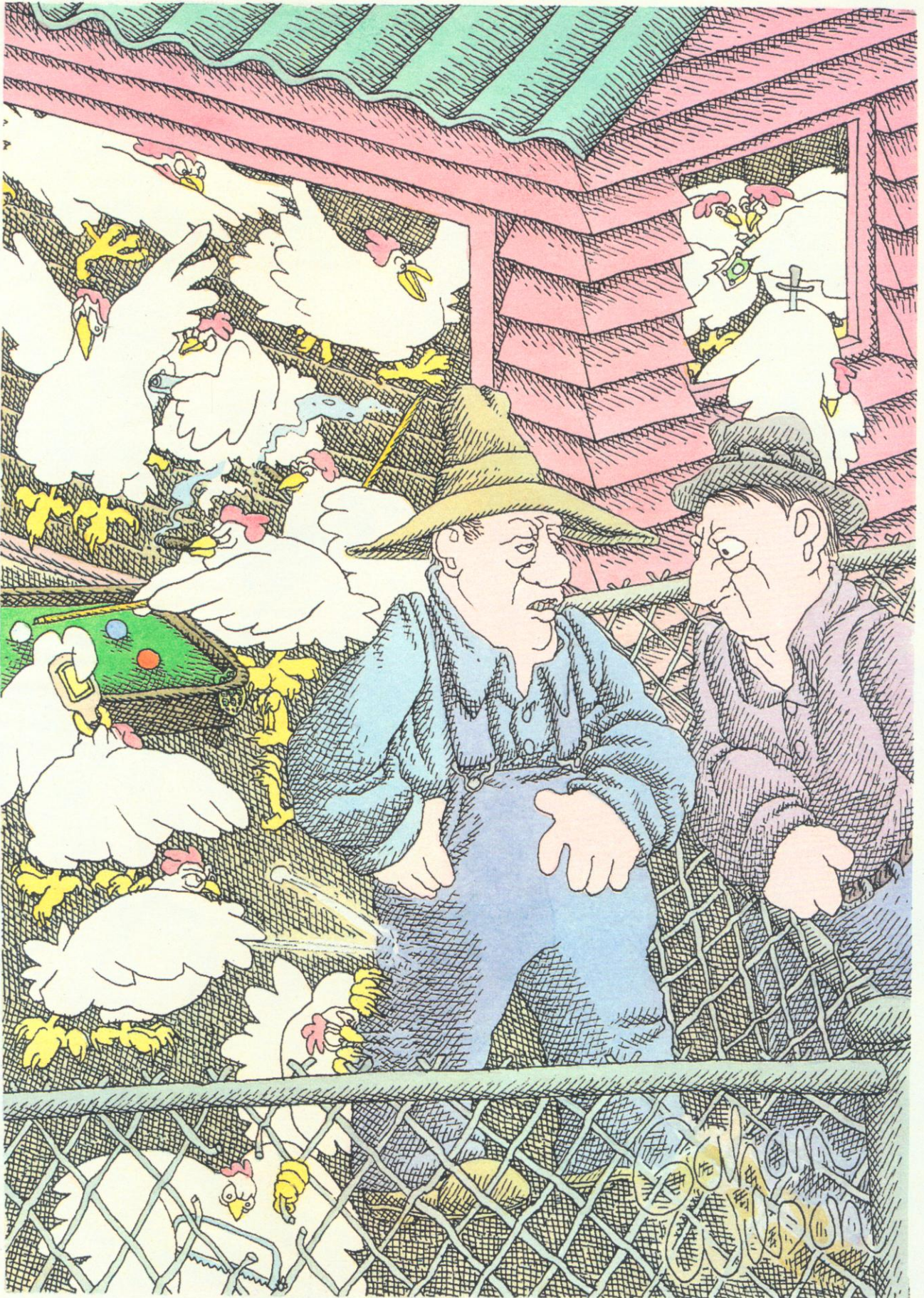
"Mr. McFarlane, is it possible to have such a phone installed here in Tehran?"

McFarlane promised to check and, indeed, in a few days a red phone arrived and was installed. Khomeini decided to call the Devil again. After their five-minute conversation, an operator said, "That will be 45 cents."

"Forty-five cents?" the puzzled leader said. "Why is it so cheap?"

"Local call," the operator replied.

*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.*



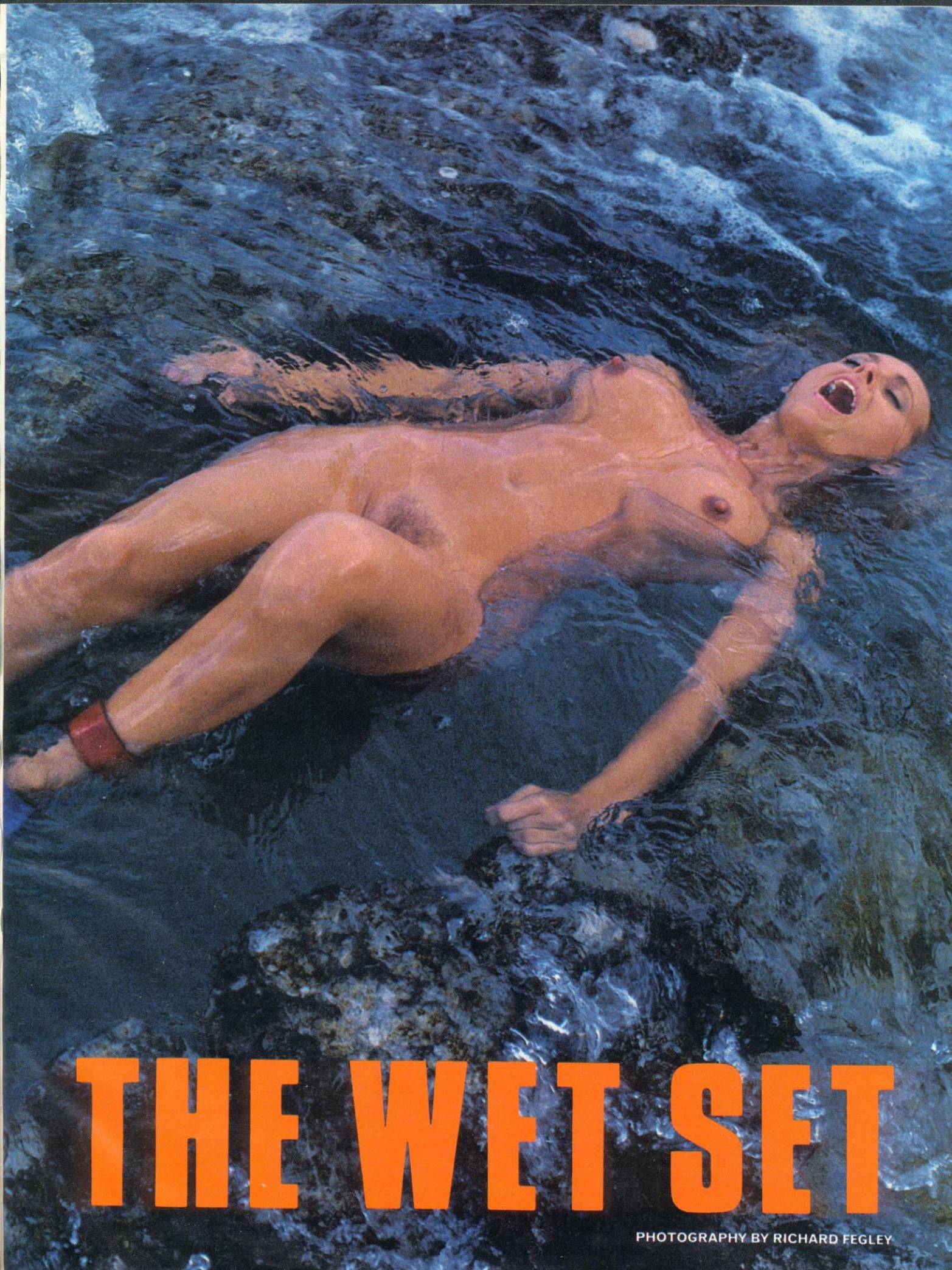
*"Of course, lack of discipline is a major problem in raising free-range chickens!"*



The beach is a bunch of silica improved by the presence of women. We plunked these down at the Hotel Krystal in Cancun.

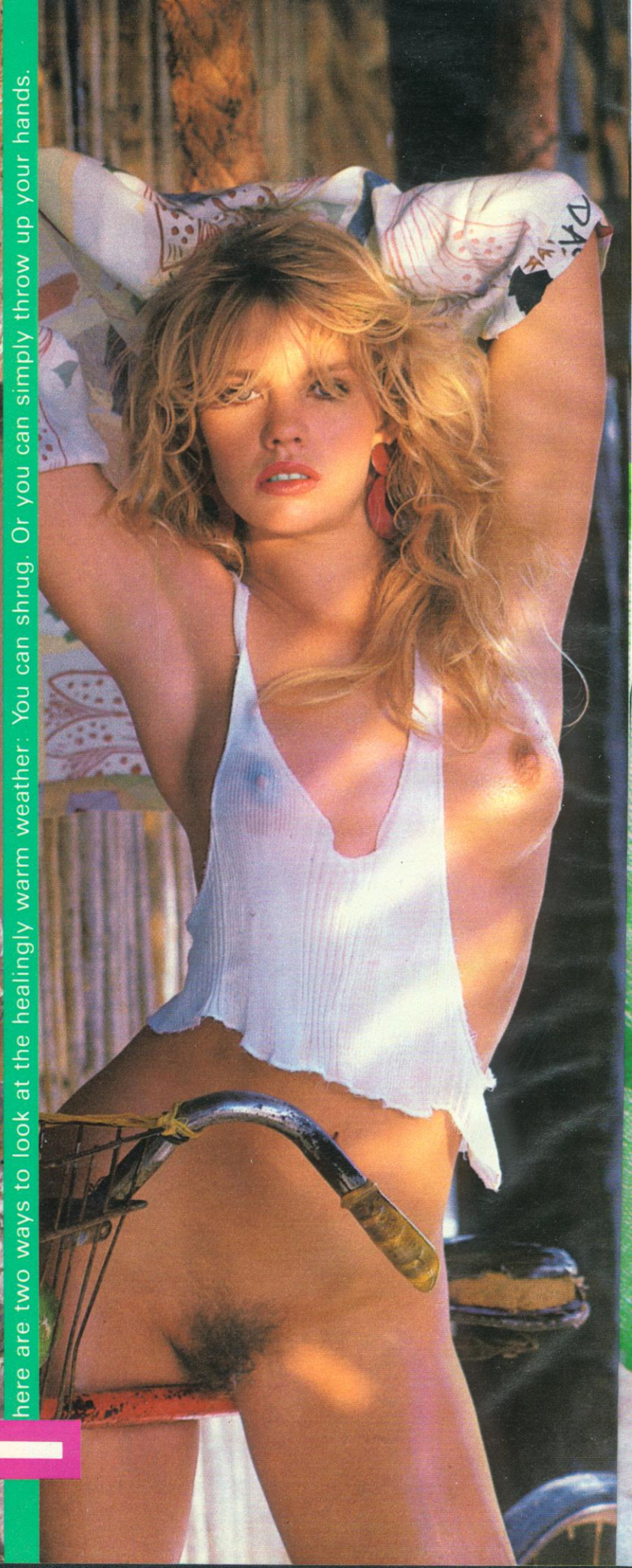
**T**





# THE WET SET

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



There are two ways to look at the healingly warm weather: You can shrug. Or you can simply throw up your hands.

**T**



A girl can decorate her body with lots of beads of water or with colorful native crafts and a serious, probing attitude.

A





T

o get the most out of summer, help your friends out and get plenty of rest yourself.





ear sensible clothing, protective eyewear, a hat. Support the aspirations of others.





ure, have giddy fun in the sun. But make room for those quiet moments, when it's just the two or three or four of you.

**S**



# GRAPEVINE

## Candy's Dandy

From deep in the heart of Texas, here's CANDICE STACY—an actress and model who has appeared on *Dallas*. Candy has migrated west to the land of glitz, hoping to boost her career. If her acting is as good as her looks, we predict big things. Meanwhile, just feast your eyes.



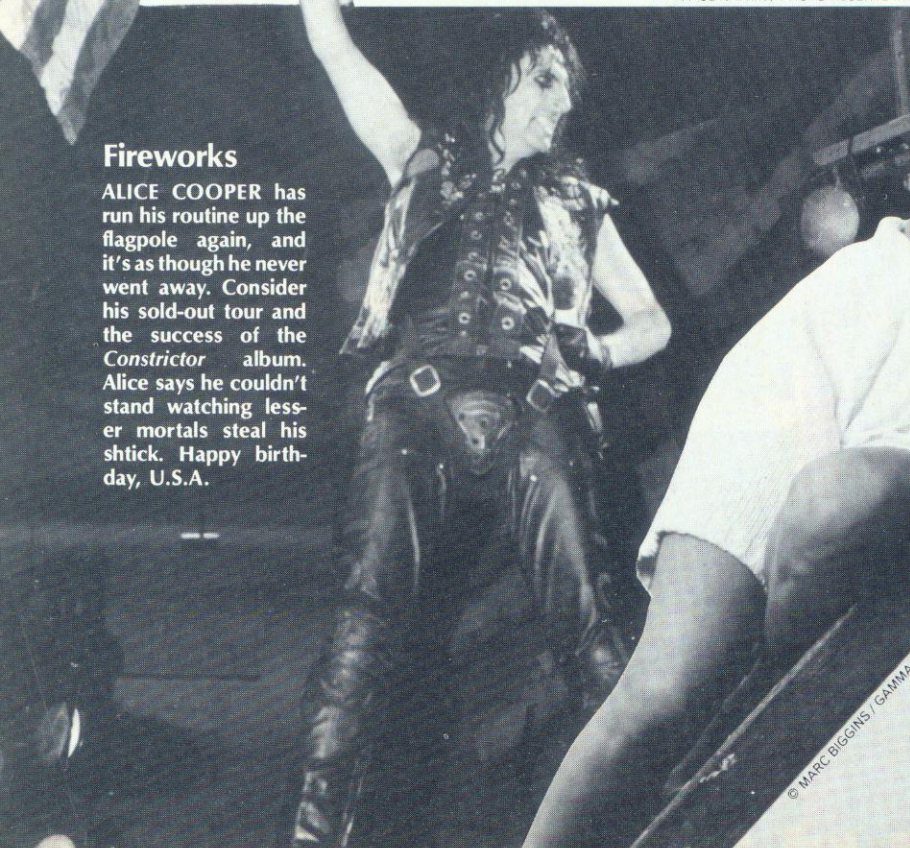
© 1987 MARK LEIVDAL



PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

## Fireworks


ALICE COOPER has run his routine up the flagpole again, and it's as though he never went away. Consider his sold-out tour and the success of the *Constrictor* album. Alice says he couldn't stand watching lesser mortals steal his shtick. Happy birthday, U.S.A.



## Up the Ladder to Success

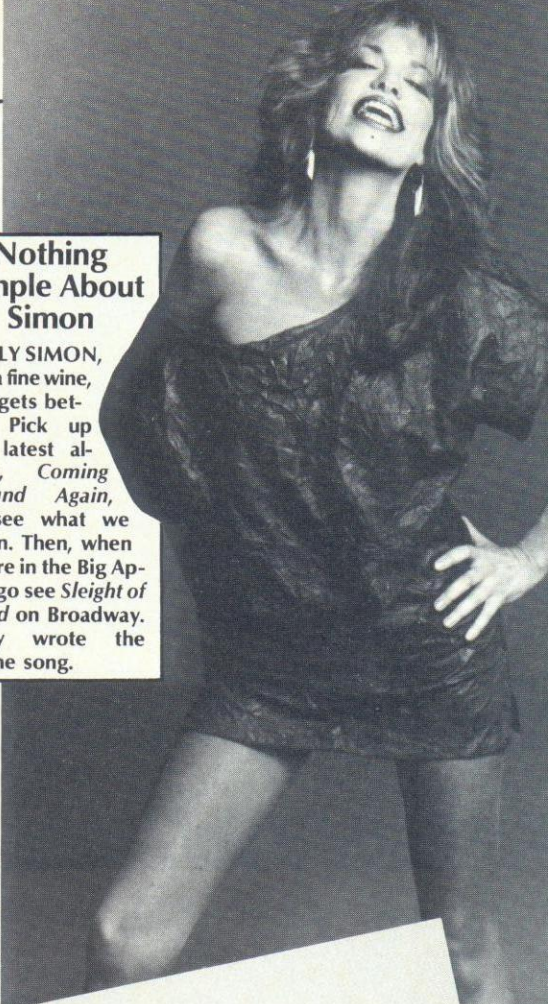
Actress SUZANNE SNYDER has three movies out: *Retribution*, *Pretty Kill*, with Yaphet Kotto, and *The Night Before*. If that isn't enough, she's also working on *Return of the Living Dead, Part II*. She looks pretty alive to us.

© MARC BIGGINS / GAMMA-LIAISON



**Nothing  
Simple About  
Simon**

CARLY SIMON, like a fine wine, just gets better. Pick up her latest album, *Coming Around Again*, to see what we mean. Then, when you're in the Big Apple, go see *Sleight of Hand* on Broadway. Carly wrote the theme song.



**Start Your Day with Breakfast**

If you haven't heard *BREAKFAST CLUB* yet, you will. The album is out, produced in part by the ever-hot Jimmy Iovine, and all of the guys in the band have done musical time with Madonna over the years. These guys go over easy.



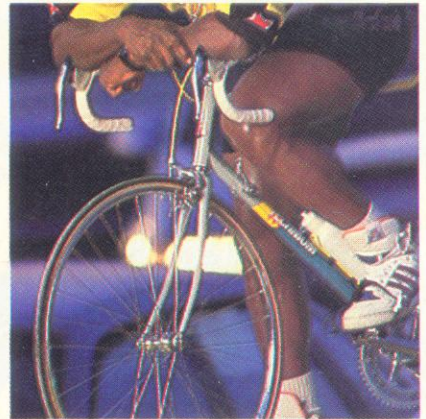
**Image Polishing**

Actress MAUD ANDERSON appeared in two French films, *More Beautiful than Me*, *You Die* and *The Smoking Brothers*. Then she packed her bags and hopes and moved to the U.S.A. to make movies. *Bonne chance*, Maud.

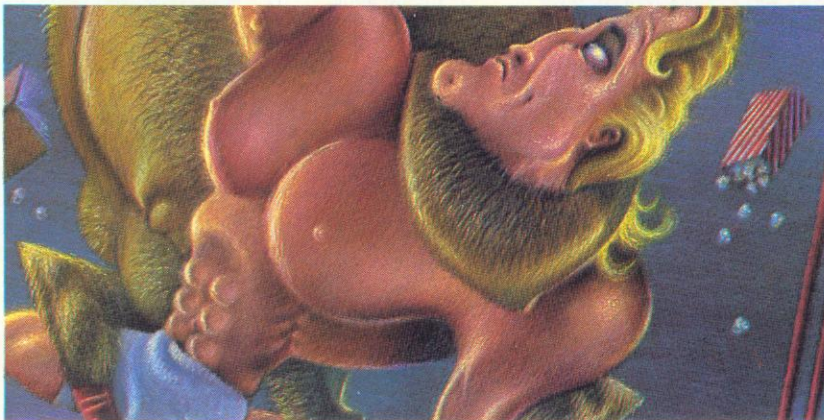
# NEXT MONTH



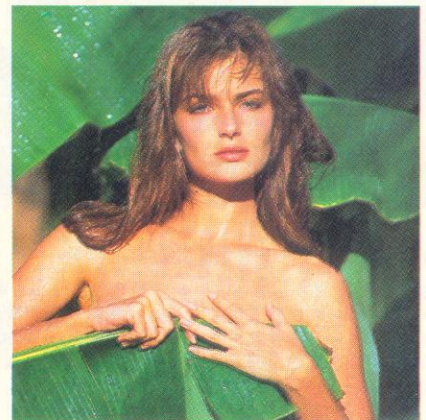
FLORIDIANS



CYCLING



WRESTLERS



PAULINA

**“SEN YEN BABBO & THE HEAVENLY HOST”**—FANS OF THE **JIM AND TAMMY BAKKER** TUSSELS, BEWARE! THE AGE OF EVANGELICAL WRESTLING IS DAWNING, AND IT’LL TEAR YOU APART—BY **CHET WILLIAMSON**

**“COMING BACK”**—SOUND ADVICE ON HOW TO LOOK ADVERSITY SQUARELY IN THE EYE AND TRIUMPH OVER TROUBLES—BY **ANTHONY BRANDT**

**PLUS: “THE COMEBACK KIDS”**—A GALLERY OF MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE REGAINED THEIR NICHES IN OUR HEARTS AND MINDS: **DENNIS HOPPER, LEE IACocca, BETTE MIDLER, GUMBY** AND MORE

**“INIMITABLY, PAULINA”**—MISS PORIZKOVA IS AT MODELING’S PINNACLE. WE SHOW YOU WHY, IN WORDS AND HEART-STOPPING PICTURES

**FERDINAND AND IMELDA MARCOS:** DICTATOR AND DRAGON LADY, OR DEMOCRAT AND DOTING WIFE? THE FILIPINO EXPATRIATES TELL THEIR SIDE OF THE STORY IN A TOPICAL, TESTY AND EVEN TUNEFUL **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

**“THE ART OF URBAN CYCLING”**—OLYMPIC RACER AND FORMER MANHATTAN BIKE MESSENGER **NELSON VAELS** OFFERS TIPS ON SURVIVAL IN THE ASPHALT JUNGLE—AS TOLD TO **KEVIN COOK**

**“DESTINY’S DARLING”**—THE METS’ **RON DARLING**, A FRENCH-ENGLISH-CHINESE-HAWAIIAN, YALE-EDUCATED FIREBALLER, HAS ONE SIMPLE CAREER GOAL: PERFECTION—BY **LEWIS GROSSBERGER**

**“GIRLS OF FLORIDA”**—THE SUNSHINE STATE MAY BE TAKING OVER AS THE CALIFORNIA OF THE EIGHTIES. JOIN US FOR A ROUNDUP OF FUN, SUN AND SKIN FROM THE GULF TO THE ATLANTIC

**PLUS: “GAMBLING HEAVEN, GAMBLING HELL”**—AS LONG AS YOU’RE GOING TO RISK ALL THAT MONEY, YOU MAY AS WELL DO IT IN A PICTURESQUE PLACE—BY **STEVEN CRIST**; **“20 QUESTIONS”** WITH **DAVID LEE ROTH**; **“CARIBBEAN COCKTAILS,”** BY **EMANUEL GREENBERG**; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE