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JESSICA  
HAHN

BORN  
AGAIN

IN WORDS  
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PICTURES



# PLAYBOY®

vol. 34, no. 11—november 1987

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## COVER STORY

Until the sex scandal that brought TV evangelist Jim Bakker to his knees erupted, Jessica Hahn was a mystery woman, and Bakker intended to keep her that way. But Jessica is too much of a person to keep under wraps, as you'll see inside. Her cover photo is by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda, hair styling by Michael Knight and make-up by Pat Tomlinson. The sunglasses are from Tuckerman Optical, and the hare is in the glare.

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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

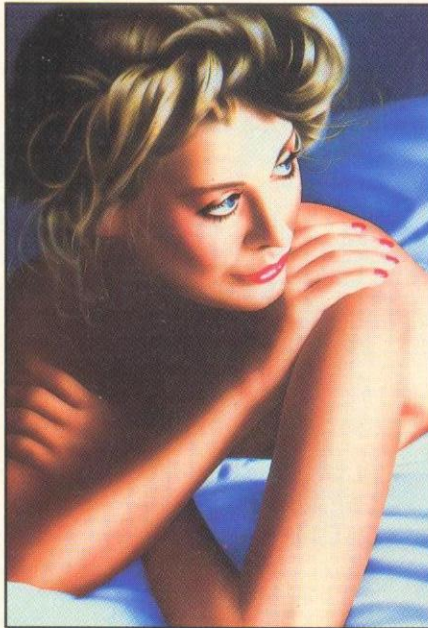
I am a 25-year-old male with a problem many men my age and, especially, older ones would like to have: The slightest thought, suggestion, brush or appearance of *anything* sexually explicit or oriented, or even innuendo, brings my penis to a firm erection. Needless to say, when I'm in movie theaters with a casual or first date, at a night club or simply in a social gathering among friends, such a reaction is not a desired one. For the record, I am, to be modest, getting my fair share of sexual satisfaction from any number of women (though AIDS has sharply curtailed my behavior). What to do? From all accounts, there is nothing wrong with me physically. I am not perpetually horny but do enjoy a substantial amount of sex. Should I just shut up and learn how to relax more often?—K. A., Chicago, Illinois.

*Masturbating to relieve sexual tension before placing yourself in these social situations may help somewhat. However, for the most part, we suggest that you simply ignore the situation. Being overly conscious of your problem will only aggravate the embarrassment caused by it. On the other hand, the best defense is a good offense. Walk tall, or don't walk at all. If you've got it, flaunt it. Arousal is nothing to be ashamed of. When you don't get erections—that's the time to write to us.*

After watching horse racing on television, I'd like to spend a day at the races. Pari-mutuel wagering has me stumped, though. If I bet a horse to win and it finishes second or third, do I win money? Conversely, if I bet a horse to place and it wins, do I get the win price? Any answers you could provide would be appreciated.—W. H., Omaha, Nebraska.

*In pari-mutuel wagering at the track, if you bet a horse to win, you collect if it comes in first. If you bet a horse to place, you collect if it comes in first or second. If you bet a horse to show, you collect if it comes in first, second or third. If you pay six dollars for an across-the-board combination, you are actually betting two dollars to win, two dollars to place and two dollars to show. Consequently, if the horse wins, you'll be entitled to collect win, place and show money. If the horse places, you get place and show money, and if it shows, you collect only that money. To help you understand the ins and outs of betting, we suggest that you take a knowledgeable friend to the track with you for your first few visits. You'll not only increase your enjoyment of the sport but also increase your odds of winning; that, or of losing a friend.*

I have two questions about the women's-lib position (man lying on his back and woman sitting on his penis). First of all, my husband has quite a large penis: When erect, it measures an average of ten inches



(no exaggeration. I got out the tape measure). Second, we usually get pretty wild during intercourse. Sometimes, while in the position previously mentioned, I can sit straight up, while at other times it causes discomfort and I have to lean forward to enjoy it. Could this be caused by my menstrual cycle? My second question has me somewhat concerned. With my husband's penis being so long and our tendency to get wild, I was wondering if the deep penetration of the women's-lib position—or any other, for that matter—would cause physical damage to my female organs. I know there aren't that many women with this problem, but for the sake of us lucky few, I suggest that my questions and your answers be published.—Mrs. B. L., Salt Lake City, Utah.

*Occasionally, the angle of penetration can allow the penis to graze the cervix, which feels like a hard bump of tissue at the base of the uterus. The cervix is sensitive to pressure, which can cause pain or discomfort in some women. The cervix changes position during arousal and with the menstrual cycle, which also helps explain why it can't always be felt during intercourse. If a particular position causes you discomfort, you should adjust it accordingly. If pain persists, you may have some type of pelvic disease. See a doctor for a complete exam.*

My girlfriend has persuaded me to take her to Maui on vacation. I say persuaded because I'm envisioning a week in a high-rise condo and some phony luaus. Can you suggest something offbeat that might get us away from the crowds?—M. G., Denver, Colorado.

*Well, we could tell you about riding horses through an upcountry meadow and along*

*the sun-struck beach north of Kaanapali. Or about the whale-watching excursion that took us within hailing distance of a humpback. But for us, the real high point of a Maui visit is all downhill—specifically, a 38-mile downhill bicycle tour that starts at the top of a 10,000-foot volcano and ends up several hours later in a seaside village overrun with windsurfers. Several companies on Maui offer these excursions, which are relatively new and are the hottest thing to hit the island since Kitchen Cooked potato chips (so be sure to make reservations well in advance). Two outfits we can recommend are Cruiser Bob's (808-667-7717), which started it all, and Maui Downhill (808-871-2155). Both charge about \$80 for the trip and cover the same ground. Riders can sign up for a pre-dawn excursion, which gets you to the top of Haleakala in time to see the sun rise over the Pacific, or a morning tour that includes lunch. In either case, you'll get a narrated van ride up the mountain, a heavy-duty one-speed coaster bike with drum brakes, a helmet and a windbreaker (it can get cold up there). Groups ride single file down a series of switchbacks and long straightaways, past terrain that ranges from treeless moonscape up top to grassy meadows, pine and eucalyptus forests, pineapple fields and, finally, tropical vegetation—and, in our case, a wild peacock in a tree. In 38 miles, we had to pedal only once. It wasn't easy, but it beat eating the poi at the luau.*

In response to the letter from S. C. in Boston, Massachusetts [*The Playboy Advisor*, July], my gal is also very flexible, and we've devised some interesting positions. (1) Have your girlfriend lie flat on her back on the floor; bringing her legs and hips upward and over, she should be able to touch her knees to the floor by her head. In this position, you should be able to enter her, with the added pleasure of her having a ringside view of the action. (2) You'll need two chairs and two lengths of rope (length determined by your girlfriend's ability to do a split). Tie the legs of the chairs together so they cannot move beyond the split she will be doing on them. Have her face you as you lie flat on the floor. She should do some splits on the floor to limber up and then do them on the chairs; you reach up and help her bounce down to your waiting hard-on. It takes a little practice, and be careful not to pull any muscles.—E. J., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

*Gee. It's time to renew that membership in our health club. Your suggestions stretch more than the imagination.*

The payment book on my old car is getting thin, so I'm about ready for a new one. I may just trade the old sled in for minimum hassle, or I may sell it myself or

even keep it. What are your recommendations?—D. F., Dallas, Texas.

*Keeping your old car as a backup or a "beater" may be a good idea if you have the room—and the time, patience and money to keep it running. But you'll end up with nearly twice the insurance and registration cost, plus a fatter "downstroke" and more painful payments on your new car. Unless it's a sentimental keeper or a future collector's piece, we don't recommend it. On the other hand, selling it yourself can be time consuming and troublesome. Good classified ads can be costly; you may get calls at all hours, and you may get some flakes coming by to look and drive who have no intention—or means—to buy. Still, you can usually get much more (\$1000–\$2000 more, on the average) from the right private party than you can from a dealer. Try this: Make whatever minor repairs are needed without spending a lot of money, make them yourself, if possible, and clean the car until it's spotless inside and out and under the hood. Determine a fair asking price, with a little room for negotiation, by consulting price guides ("Kelley Blue Book," the "Black Book," "NADA Used Car Price Guide," available at banks, savings and loans and libraries) and checking out ads for similar cars. But don't expect to get full retail "book" value unless your car is in high demand and exceptional condition. Place your ad in the best local classified market (even though it may be the most expensive), make it descriptive and appealing and consider using your work phone number to avoid fielding calls at home. If the response is disappointing, drop the price and try again. When showing the car to prospects, be honest, friendly and courteous. By all means, ride along when they test drive (or you may never see your car again) and point out important features; but don't scare them off by overselling. Is all this worth it? That's up to you.*

**U**se a condom and avoid contracting AIDS. But has anyone said that the female partner should be the one to remove the condom from the penis? Since the condom after withdrawal will be covered with vaginal fluid, the male partner should touch the condom only if he is wearing surgical gloves. Am I on the right track in my thinking?—L. K., New York, New York.

*Technically, you are correct. One brand of condoms, called Mentor, actually comes with an applicator hood, to help in putting on and taking off the condom. You could wear rubber gloves. Applicators and gloves are precautions worth taking if your partner is already infected with the virus. If she's not a member of one of the high-risk groups, there's less need for such elaborate precautions. Simply washing after removing the condom will also help.*

**S**everal years ago, my roommate and I had just graduated from a Bay Area university. We were going out for a Friday night of fun in the city. We went to a hot singles bar

and met a pair of ladies about five years our senior. As the evening progressed, we went back to their place for an enjoyable evening of hot tubbing and sex. Last weekend, my ex-roommate and I were back in the city for another Friday night of fun. We ran into one of the ladies from the hot-tub evening. As fate would have it, my ex-roommate and she now work for the same firm, in the same building. Even though she is not his supervisor, she is in middle management. Since there were other managers present, I did not reintroduce myself or remind her of our previous meeting. I could tell that she recognized me, but she said nothing directly to me. I realize that the situation is difficult: A repeat of the hot-tub evening would be fantastic for me but career suicide for my ex-roommate. Under this situation, who should make the suggestion and what should it be?—R. M., San Jose, California.

*Get the name of the woman from your ex-roommate and call her at work. Explain that tact prevented you from saying, "I didn't recognize you with your clothes on." Ask her out for lunch. Review old times. If your ex-roommate is reluctant to re-enact the ménage à quatre, why not propose a duet or a trio?*

**I** have several questions pertaining to a gentleman's wearing of rings. First, should a ring such as a college ring be worn on the left or the right hand? Second, should such a ring's words and design be oriented so that they can be read by the wearer or by someone sitting opposite him?—T. C., Berkeley, California.

*There are no rules governing the hand on which a gentleman should wear a college ring. Wear it on the finger on which it feels most comfortable. Normally, the design is meant to be seen by the wearer, rather than by someone sitting opposite him.*

**L**et me offer this as a piece of advice, for what it is worth. I had been trying to get on to a lovely red-haired girl for many a moon, taking her to dinner and such, but she had continued to demur. Finally—I don't know how the idea suddenly came into my head—when we were at the beach, I suggested that she look under the chaise longue on which I was lying face-down, to see what she could find. The supportive fabric of the thing consisted of tough transverse plastic straps that were separated enough for me to put something through. As it happened, it was partially draped with a big beach towel, cutting off the view of the underside from people a few paces farther down the beach. The girl blushed to her ear rims delightedly, as only a redhead can do, and plunged under there with the enthusiasm of a keen auto mechanic going under a fine race car. I went back to pretending to read my *War and Peace*, miming an intent and focused concentration and trying, very soon, not to moan. I had never before realized how deeply a girl could take a penis in her

mouth. She told me that what broke the dam, so to speak, was the exciting prospect of bringing it off surreptitiously in public and, at the same time, more or less having a man, in a sweet way, at her mercy. I have seen cartoons, of course, involving girls' administering blow jobs under well-curtained restaurant tables, but this seaside approach had never before occurred to me. It is an excellent way of reaching an accord between masculine desires and the fantasies of many women. And accord, rather than exploitation, is a pleasure in sex I like.—J. W., Manchester, Connecticut.

*"War and Peace" has always worked for us.*

**T**here is a problem with the audio tapes that I use in my beach-front condominium in Puerto Rico. I suspect that the moisture in the air is somehow affecting them. After I have had them in a closed cabinet for about six months, I get a very raspy, almost whistling quality when the tape is played. I have tried silica gel, but it has not been effective. Do you know any way that this can be prevented; once it has happened, is there any way to restore the tape?—J. A., Trenton, New Jersey.

*The noise problem you describe appears to be heat-related rather than moisture-related. A common problem with cassette tapes is the loss of high frequencies due to heat, humidity and age. A six-month-old tape is not old, but exposure to humidity and high heat can erase frequencies above 10,000 cycles. Those frequencies would be replaced by noise similar to that of FM interstation noise; mixed with the remaining high frequencies, it would produce a raspy sound upon playback.*

*The tapes that have been damaged cannot be restored; but the damage can be prevented by keeping the tapes in a cool, dry environment—air conditioning is ideal. You might also try a different type of tape. Metal-oxide tapes will not lose high frequencies as easily and will hold the signal much better. You'll find that the metal tapes offer improved performance and last much longer in your environment.*

**R**ecently, on two occasions, I maintained an erection for about three hours without any release, due to my girlfriend's unwillingness for us to shed our clothes. My frustrated penis eventually subsided when I went home. My question is, Is there any health risk in being excited so long and not finishing with orgasm?—S. T., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

*Prolonged sexual stimulation without orgasm can cause a condition in the male known as blue balls. This is a congested, achy feeling in the testicles that can be alleviated through ejaculation. It is a temporary condition and nothing to be concerned about. Repeated or prolonged sexual stimulation without orgasm can also cause a congested feeling in the prostate gland, but this, too, can be alleviated through orgasm. So, unless your girlfriend plans to arouse you and then*

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frustrate you for the rest of your life, chances are you really have nothing to worry about in the way of health risks. A good ejaculation, whether induced by masturbation or by other means, will "flush out" most of your problems. Your primary concern, we think, should be your mental health in this situation.

I have long been a collector of *Playboy* (I have all but 12 issues) and have always taken good care of my copies. Recently, I read that individual copies should be stored in Mylar bags that conform to the magazine's size. Can you give me an address to which I might write for this product? I am presently keeping my older issues in acid-free boxes, but I like this idea of individual protection.—D. S., Lynchburg, Virginia.

Mylar bags are available in most stationery and art-supply stores. As Mylar is inert, it will help preserve your collection without any chemical leakage into the paper itself.

In response to the letter from R.W.B. of Rapid City, South Dakota, on how to change the taste of his semen (*The Playboy Advisor*, January): I love giving head to my boyfriend, but for an added treat, I sometimes pour amaretto into a small brandy snifter. I sip it while we talk. As we get down to business, I dip my finger tips into the amaretto and drip it onto his nipples and lick it off. I do the same thing to his cock. Often, he puts his fingers into the glass and I alternate between sucking his fingers and sucking his cock. I call him my Amaretto Popsicle. It certainly is fun!—Miss B. C., Troy, New York.

Thanks for the tip.

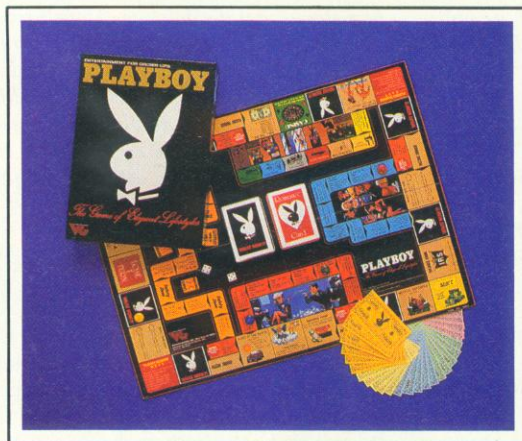
When reaching an orgasm with my partner, I always voice loudly—you might say yell or scream—my delight at the pleasure of ejaculation. My present girlfriend cannot understand why I do this, and she thinks I am putting on an act and being a silly idiot. I have tried to stifle myself but to no avail. I've tried biting my tongue or my fingers, putting my hand over my mouth or burying my head in a pillow. Do I have a problem and, if so, what can I do about it?—N. G., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

We think you should scream away. Many people are vocal to varying degrees when they reach orgasm. If your girlfriend has difficulty accepting this trait in you, perhaps you should start looking for another partner.

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.



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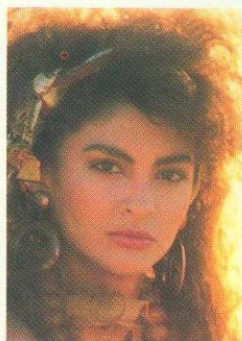
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# DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

## What's the best kind of first date?

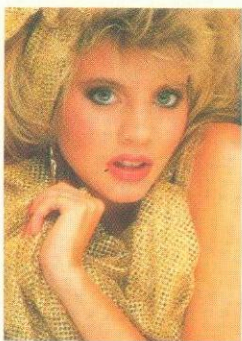
I like a guy who is mysterious. I don't want to know too much at first. I want to figure him out. I can be pretty demanding and I can come on too strong, so I like a first date to go nice and slow to see how he reacts to me. Then, if things are going well, I can loosen up, get crazy and just be Rebecca. I like a first date that is a whole day. Let's take a ride, go to the beach, have lunch, see a movie, have dinner, go dancing. I love to dance and I like a lot of people around me. If the first date goes well, maybe some cuddling on the second date. I love to cuddle.



*Rebecca Ferratti*

REBECCA FERRATTI  
JUNE 1986

The best kind of first date is the kind that's low-key enough for conversation. Initially, I'm trying to get to know the man and I don't like to go somewhere with loud music. I have to scream over. A nice, quiet dinner is good. If the guy really wants to impress me, roses are great. But the talking is the most important part. If you can find out enough about him and he about you, both of you will know if there is any reason to consider a second date. You have to have information and impressions to build on.



*Laurie Carr*

LAURIE CARR  
DECEMBER 1986

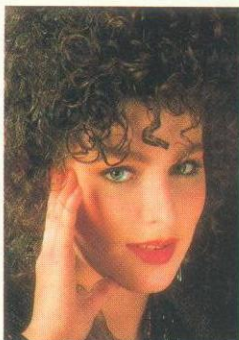
I'd invite him over to my new apartment for a glass of wine, and if we hit it off, we'd go out to dinner. I love dark, romantic restaurants. We'd enjoy dinner and talk. Then we'd go somewhere crazy. That's the fantasy date. Let me tell you about a real first date. I met a guy who races with Suzuki. I'm Miss Suzuki, so we'd toured together doing promotions. We never went out, though we were attracted to each other, because I had a boyfriend. When I got unattached, I called him from Palm Springs. He lives in Texas. I said, "God, it's gorgeous out here." He flew out to see me and we went to San Francisco for a couple of days. He came back down to L.A. with me and stayed for two weeks. It was a great first date, and we're still seeing each other. We went to Italy together. Not too many first dates last two weeks.



*Luann Lee*

LUANN LEE  
JANUARY 1987

I don't like the phrase first date. I get very nervous and self-conscious. But if I meet someone some other way and it develops into a first date after we've known each other for a while, that's wonderful. The man I'm seeing now started out as a business-lunch date. We were trying to talk 'business when we realized that something quite different was going on. We arranged to meet again and then again. A stranger is different. I don't know what sort of person he is; I don't know why he is asking me. He may take me to a restaurant where my vegetarianism is a problem. He may take me dancing when I don't like anyone to watch me dance. Does he expect a kiss? It's all too confusing.



*Marina Baker*

MARINA BAKER  
MARCH 1987

I like to be wined and dined and go to nice places with a gentleman. I love roses. A single rose is special. I like a down-to-earth man. I don't want him to put on an act. I hate it when a man won't talk. And I also hate it when he talks too much about himself. I went out with a model once and he talked about himself. I like to go look out on something. Maybe after dinner, we'd go sit somewhere with a view or go out on a boat. I like to watch people and the passing scene. I like to see what's going on and I like that curiosity in a guy, too.



*Kym Paige*

KYM PAIGE  
MAY 1987

I think a first date should be a lot of fun and not be taken too seriously by either person. I'm not someone who dates much and I'm very selective about whom I let into my life. I usually pick men I already know and have reason to think I'm going to like. On a first date, I like to do something we both know how to do. This is not the moment to try a brand-new activity, like miniature golf or something that may make either of us look vulnerable or silly. A first date should be light and generate no bad feelings.



*Julie Peterson*

JULIE PETERSON  
FEBRUARY 1987

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.







JESSICA,  
ON HER OWN TERMS

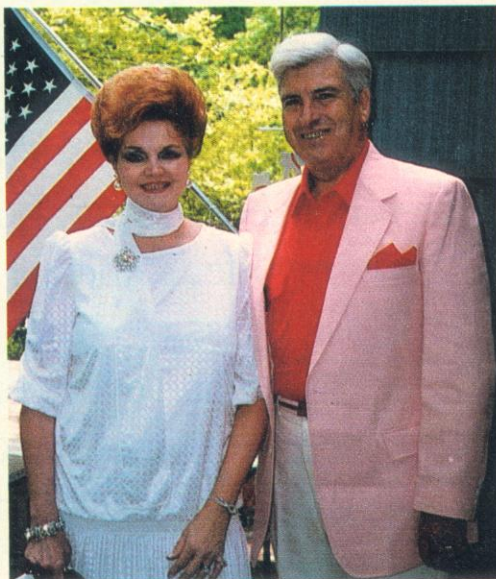
no longer a victim, Jessica Hahn emerges  
in a glamorous portfolio of photographs

“*T*hese pictures are  
a celebration of a new life for me. A  
new beginning. For the first time in  
my life, someone took the time to  
ask, ‘Jessica, what do *you* want?’ No  
one had ever done that before,  
certainly not the church. *Playboy*  
did. That’s why the pictures are as  
important as the story.”





Jessica's comments while leafing through her family photo album: In the photo above left, "that's me at the age of three, outside my grandfather's house in East Rockaway, New York. My mother had recently married my stepfather—my father left us before my third birthday—and shortly after this picture was taken, we moved to Long Island, where I grew up." In the photo above right, "that's me at 11, after Communion in a Catholic church in Massapequa. Ironically, right across the street, in the direction I'm facing, was Massapequa Tabernacle Church, where I worked as a church secretary and where I met John Fletcher, the man who introduced me to Jim Bakker. One could say of this picture that I had Jesus behind me and hell in front of me." In the photo at right, "that's me and my little brother, Danny, in 1985. He was born when I was 12, and I just loved him from the day I first saw him. I didn't have much of a social life in school, so I used to rush home every day to take care of him. We were inseparable. He's 16 now, and he's supported me through all this." In the photo below right, "that's my mom and stepdad, in front of their house on Long Island. I think of him as my dad, because he raised me. Dad's extremely patriotic. The two things he loves most are my mother and his country." In the photo below left, "that's my mom, my grandfather, Danny and me. I was 21 when this was taken. That's what I looked like when I met Jim Bakker."



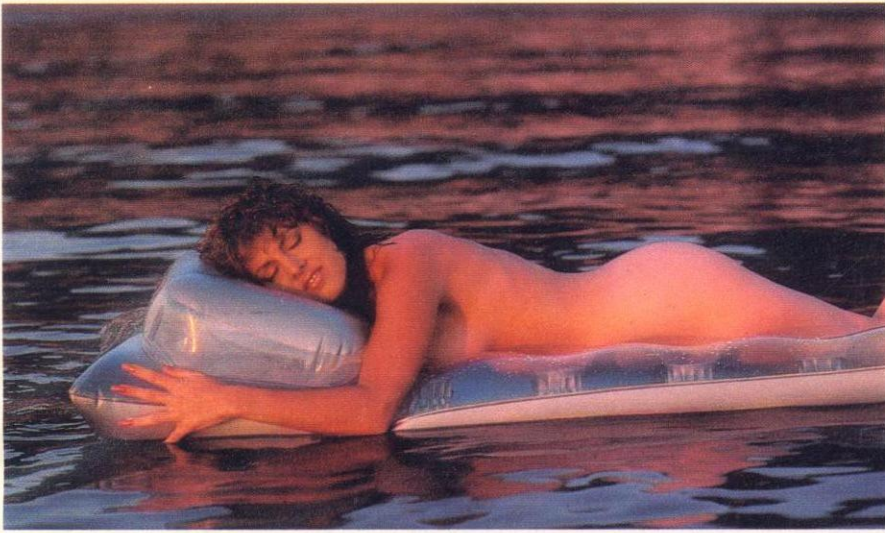


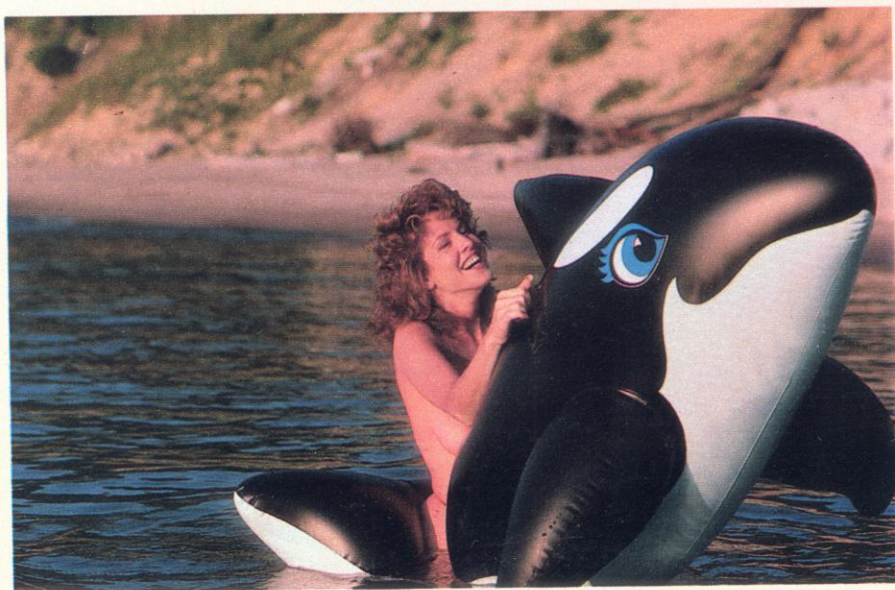


“*To* do this in *Playboy*—which is probably the most ironic, the most farfetched idea for a church secretary—is probably unbelievable to people. . . . But I fought a long time to start feeling good about myself and my body again. I fought a long time to feel like a woman.”





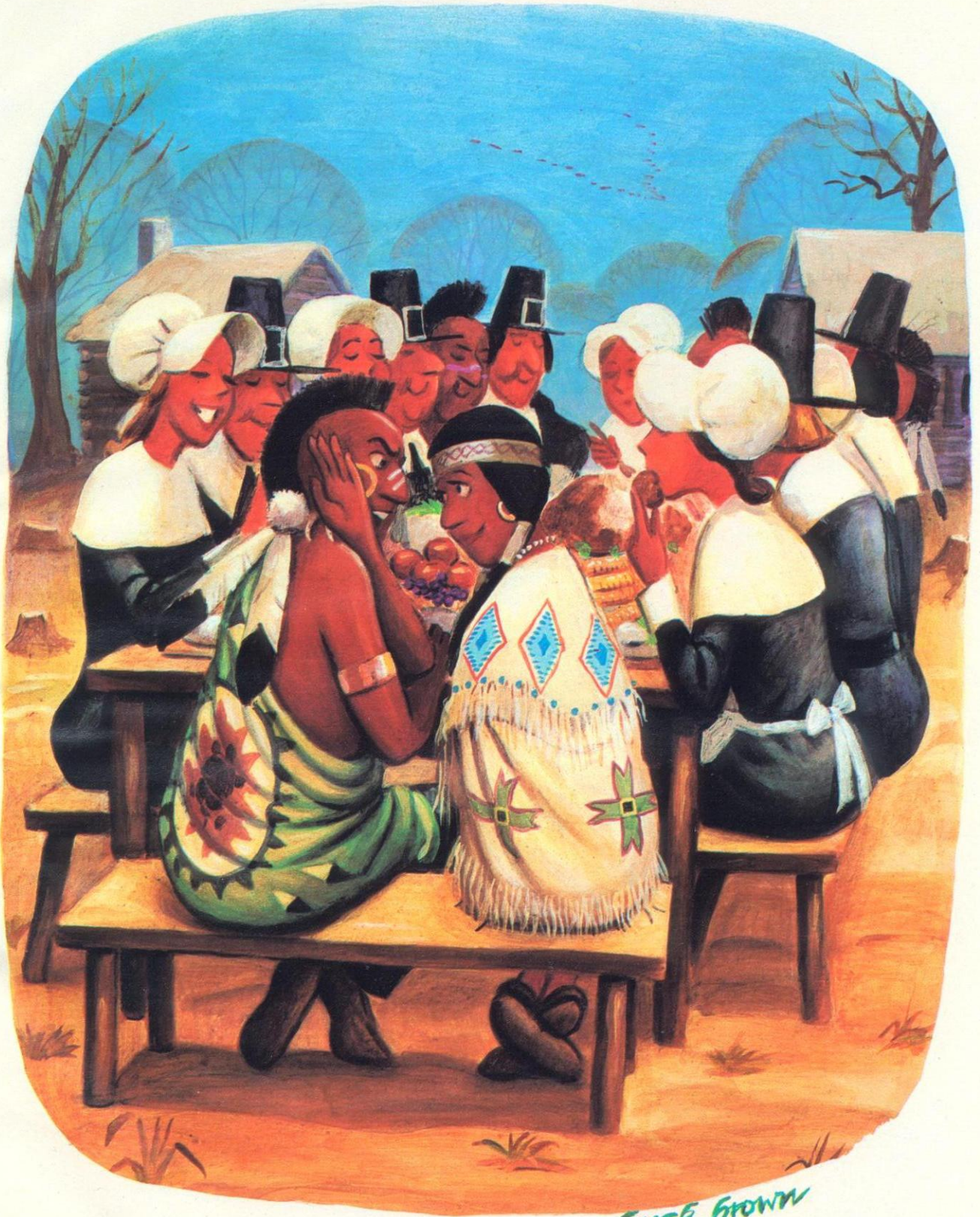




“If people want to make fun of me, they can—I don’t care. I am not living my life for them anymore. To me, this is a creation. I am not being immoral or anything. I am doing something that says, ‘Jessica is not a robot. She is not to be used and thrown out. She is an individual.’”







BUCK BROWN

*"It's called Thanksgiving; they celebrate it once a year or whenever someone gets lucky."*



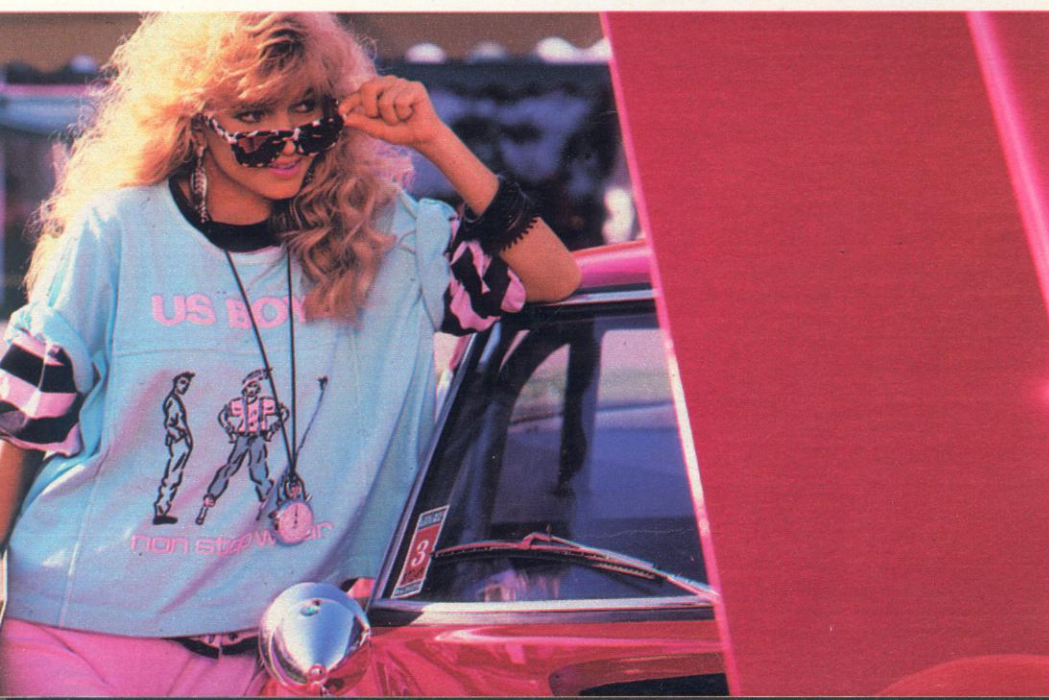
# W when pam stein enters a contest, watch out K

## WINNING STREAK



**P**AM STEIN has a thing about contests; she entered her first beauty pageant at 12. She has won more than 60 trophies and 15 crowns in the intervening years. She has accrued her share of prizes: "I haven't had to shop for clothes for three years." Pam likes the competition. She's not one to get by on looks alone. On her Data Sheet, under GOALS AND ASPIRATIONS, she wrote, "To find the largest cockroach in Florida."

*"Clearwater is quaint, laid-back. It's a shorts-and-no-shoes kind of place. We don't have winter, so we don't have fur coats. Our idea of a good time is to step into a chicken-wings-and-beer kind of place, listen to some good ol' rock 'n' roll."*



**Y**ou see, there's this contest for, yes, the largest cockroach, and Pam has her eye out for likely candidates. "But don't put that in the magazine or people will be sending me *their* cockroaches. I want to win fair and square." Is she serious? We don't know. But just in case, send your cockroaches to Jerry Falwell's PTL Club. Pam told us with a completely straight face that if she couldn't land a role on a TV soap opera, she'd settle for the job of being Ollie North's next secretary. As we walked past a construction site to a chorus of whistles, she expressed gratitude that "someone [was] upholding the traditional values." These lines were delivered with a megawatt twinkle that could stand up to hours of interrogation. At one point, she discussed the major setback in her life: her height. She is (barely) 5'5".

*"Am I a sports-car fanatic? Well, I was voted Miss St. Petersburg Grand Prix. I got to squirt champagne on the winners. They got to squirt champagne on me. That was my first experience on the track. Neat. My brothers loved it."*



**T**he New York fashion world has a height requirement only this side of the N.B.A.'s. Pam wanted to be the Spud Webb of beauty, but no such luck. It doesn't help a model to have a vertical jump of 45 inches—if she isn't at least 5'8", there is no work. "It strikes me as ridiculous. A magazine cover is a foot high, right? By the time they shrink your image to put you on the cover, who knows how tall you are?" Right.





*"I'm dating a guy who tours with a rock band, which is the same kind of business as modeling—intense energy, followed by long breaks. People who don't understand the business think you are fooling around. It's hard work."*



C urrently, she is modeling in Florida. "I get the apple-pie jobs. I never get to look glamorous." She did two McDonald's ads; her friends assumed she was working for the local franchise. "Sounds like an exciting life, doesn't it? Now you know why I answered the call for *Playboy*." Pam already knew a couple of Playmates: "At least once a week, there's a bathing-suit contest in Florida. I competed against Lynne Austin [Miss July 1986] and Hope Marie Carlton [Miss July 1985]. I won the Tampa Bay Bandits Centerfold Pageant the month Hope's gatefold came out." She approached *Playboy* when we came looking for *Women of Florida* (August). One look at the photos and we flew her to Chicago to pose for the gatefold. Clearwater, Florida, can celebrate the results: It was no contest.

*"My ideal evening? Atmosphere is not essential. With the right person, I could spend the evening in a closet and still have a great time. I do like to be dressed to kill, but I also love fresh air and blue skies. The beach is me."*





PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Pamela Jean Stein

BUST: 34" WAIST: 23" HIPS: 33'1/2"

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 105 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 8-13-63 BIRTHPLACE: Syracuse, N.Y. (FLA. Transplant)

AMBITIONS: Star in a Soap Opera, Learn to play the bass; and/or to be Ollie's Secretary!!

TURN-ONS: Real People, Clearwater Beach, Fast Cars, Bass Guitar, Fishing, family & Friends & Sugar Bear.

TURN-OFFS: Rude people, Violence, Arguing and conceited people.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Original Van Halen, The Beatles, Foreigner, Janet Jackson & Florida's "Savatage."

FAVORITE TV SHOWS: Johnny Carson, David Letterman, Dynasty & One Life to Live!

FAVORITE FOODS: McDonald's fries, Lasagna, Turkey & Dressing, FLA. Seafood & Naughty's Wings.

DESCRIBE YOURSELF: I've been everything from Miss Pre-Teen to Miss November... From now on, I'm content being Miss Pamela Stein, from the part of Florida you don't see on Miami Vice.



11 yrs. old, I won my first talent contest!



81- Rah-Rah "Home of the Patriots"



First place in the Q105 Miss Tampa Bay contest.

MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The New York subway car was packed at rush hour. A woman hanging on to an overhead strap turned to the man in back of her and snapped, "If you don't stop poking me with that thing, I'm going to call a cop."

"It's only my pay-check envelope, miss," he said, smiling.

"Yeah? You must have one hell of a job," she said, "'cause that's the fourth raise you've had in the past ten minutes."

A social scientist, studying the culture and traditions of North Africa, found a woman still practicing the ancient art of matchmaking. Locally, she was known as the Moor, the marrier.



What's the worst thing about being an atheist? There's no one to talk to when you're having an orgasm.

On his way home from work, a driver came upon a horrible wreck in which one car looked exactly like his neighbor's. Stopping on the side of the road, he hurried toward the smoldering debris.

"Sorry, mister," a policeman said, holding him back, "you can't come any closer."

"But that may be my neighbor, Henry, in there," the anguished man explained.

"OK, but it's pretty grisly," the cop cautioned. "There was a decapitation."

The policeman reached into the back seat of one of the demolished cars and pulled out a head, holding it at arm's length.

"That's not him—thank heavens," the man said. "Henry's much taller."

What do you have when you've got six lawyers buried up to their necks in sand? Not enough sand.

Liberace was at heaven's gate when Saint Peter told him he'd been disqualified from entering.

Stunned, Liberace asked, "Why?"

"Our records show that you once ate a parakeet," Saint Peter answered.

"I never did that," Liberace replied. "Can't you check your records again?"

"It says right here that on August 15, 1981, you ate a chartreuse parakeet with black trim."

"Hey, you must be thinking of Ozzy Osbourne," Liberace responded. "Now, I might have had a cockatoo. . . ."

A man took his wife deer hunting for the first time. After he'd given her some basic instruction, they agreed to separate and rendezvous later. Before he left, he warned her if she should fell a deer to be wary of hunters who might beat her to the carcass and claim the kill. If that happened, he told her, she should fire her gun three times and he would come to her aid.

Shortly after they separated, he heard the signal. Arriving at the scene, he found his wife standing over a carcass and a very nervous-looking man staring down her gun barrel.

"He claims this is his," she said.

"She can keep it, she can keep it!" the wide-eyed man replied. "I just want my saddle back."

Why don't Junior League women attend orgies? Too many thank-you notes to write.

On the night before her family moved from Kansas to California, the little girl knelt by her bed to say her prayers. "God bless Mommy and Daddy and my little brother," she said. As she began to get up, she quickly added, "Oh, and God, this is goodbye. We're moving to Hollywood."



An American businessman in London was given special visitor's privileges at an exclusive men's club. Striding in one afternoon, the American approached the only other man in the lounge and tried to strike up a conversation. "Care for a cigar?" he asked.

"No, thank you," the Englishman replied. "I tried one once and didn't like it."

"Would you care to join me in the bar for a drink, then?" the businessman asked.

"No, thank you. I tried drinking once and it didn't agree with me."

"Well, how about a game of billiards?"

"Sorry. I tried it once and couldn't get the hang of it."

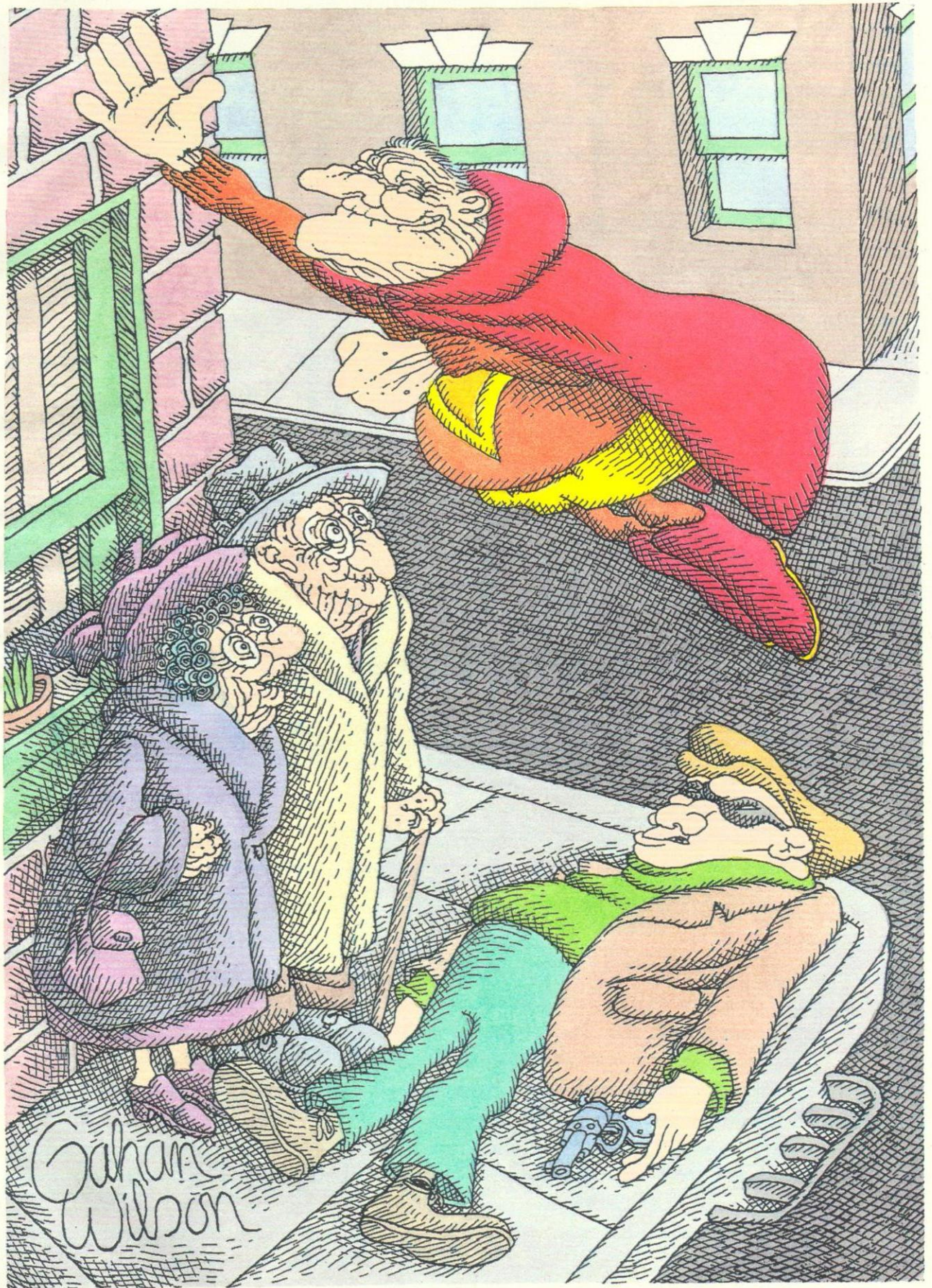
As the American started to turn away, the Englishman said, "But my son will be here shortly, and I'm sure he would enjoy a game with you."

"Your son? An only child, I presume."

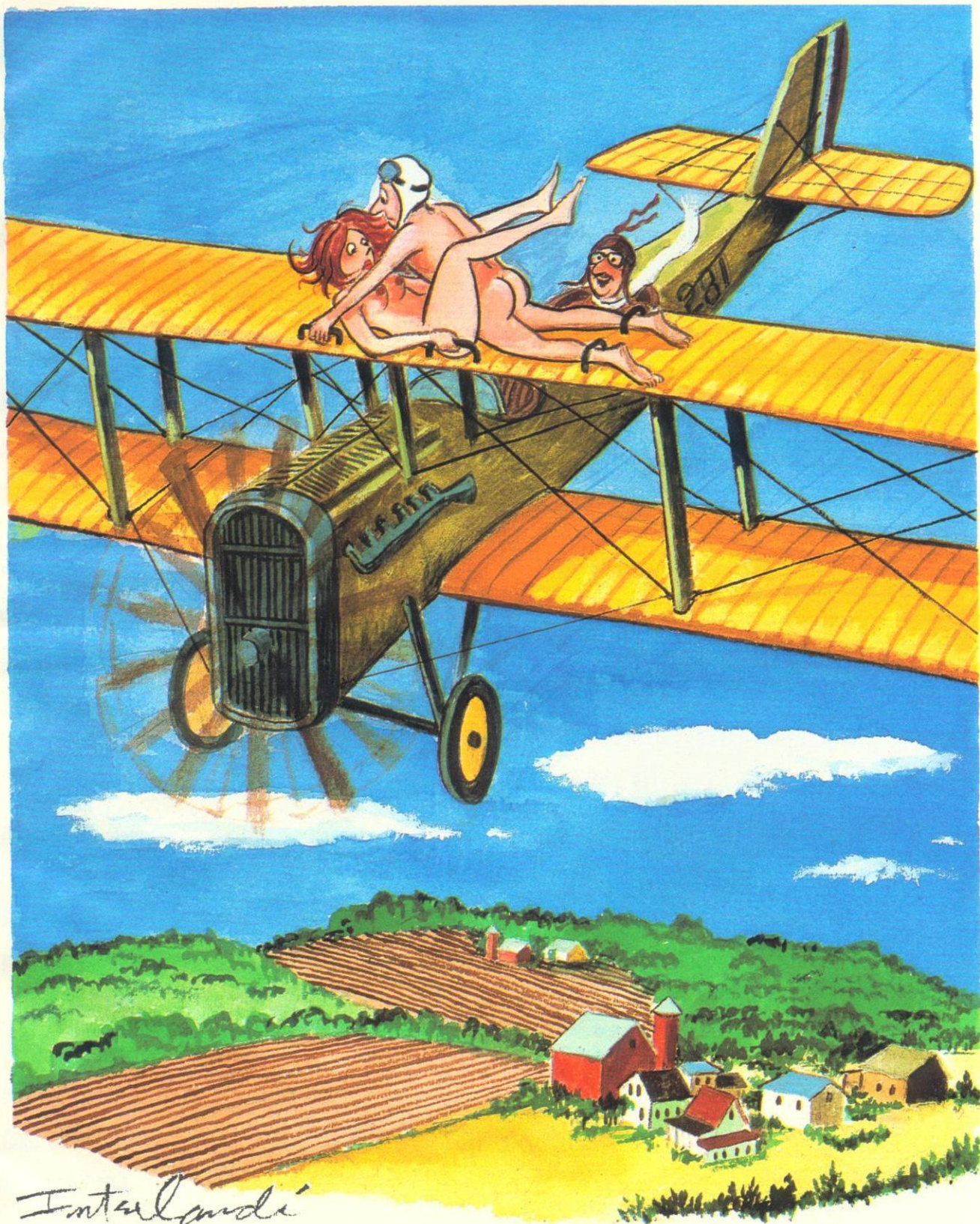
*Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*



*"I was miserable in high school, but high school reunions are fun."*



*"Well, it certainly is nice to know someone's looking out for us old folks!"*



*Intalardi*

*"Stop carping, you two. If the locals go for it, this could bring back barnstorming, flying circuses—the whole caboodle!"*

# SEX IN CINEMA

## 1987

movie screens  
are steaming up, and  
mother england,  
surprisingly, is  
lighting the fire

---

**J**ust the facts of life, ma'am: Dan Aykroyd, as *Dragnet's* straight-arrow Sergeant Joe Friday—nephew of the immortal TV cop played by Jack Webb—bemusedly checks out the action in a strip joint (left).







text by **BRUCE WILLIAMSON**

**H**IGHBROW DISTRIBS GET WISE: SEX SELLS" declared a *Variety* headline earlier this year. This is news? Sex is being used to flog everything from soap to running shoes (sales of one brand of footwear shot up 70 percent following a particularly steamy ad campaign), but Hollywood has been slow in getting the word: The erotic temperature of major-studio releases had been

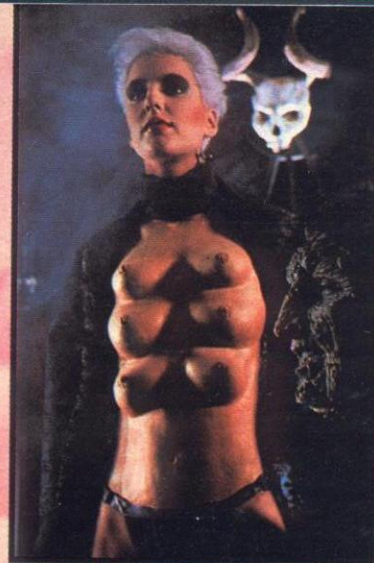
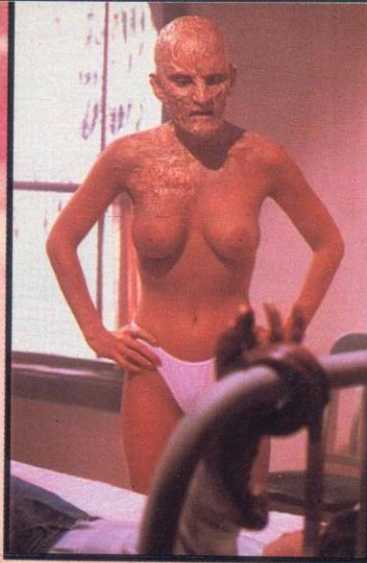
plunging steadily downward since 1972's *Last Tango in Paris*. Finally, in 1987, the mercury is inching back up, with a nudge from an unexpected source. Mother England, of all places, has been inundating her former colony with films that overflow with brazen bedroom antics, kinky sexual practices and what the Monty Python gang loves to refer to as "naughty bits." This (text continued on page 146)

**W**itching may make it so: From occult rites to devilry, strange things are happening.

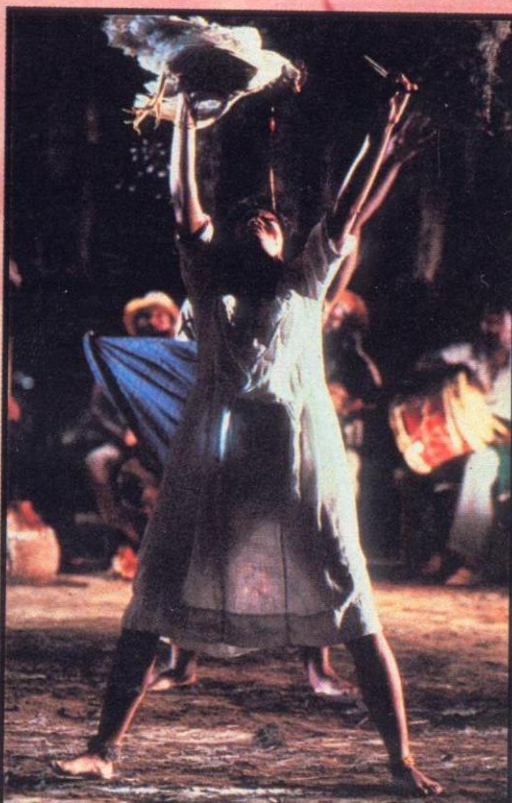
Jack Nicholson has a hell of a time playing Satan to the comely coven of Cher, Susan Sarandon and Michelle Pfeiffer in *The Witches of Eastwick* (background shot), but Dennis Hopper is a far scarier personification of evil as torch singer Isabella Rossellini's nemesis in *Blue Velvet* (below), already a hit on the video-cassette charts.

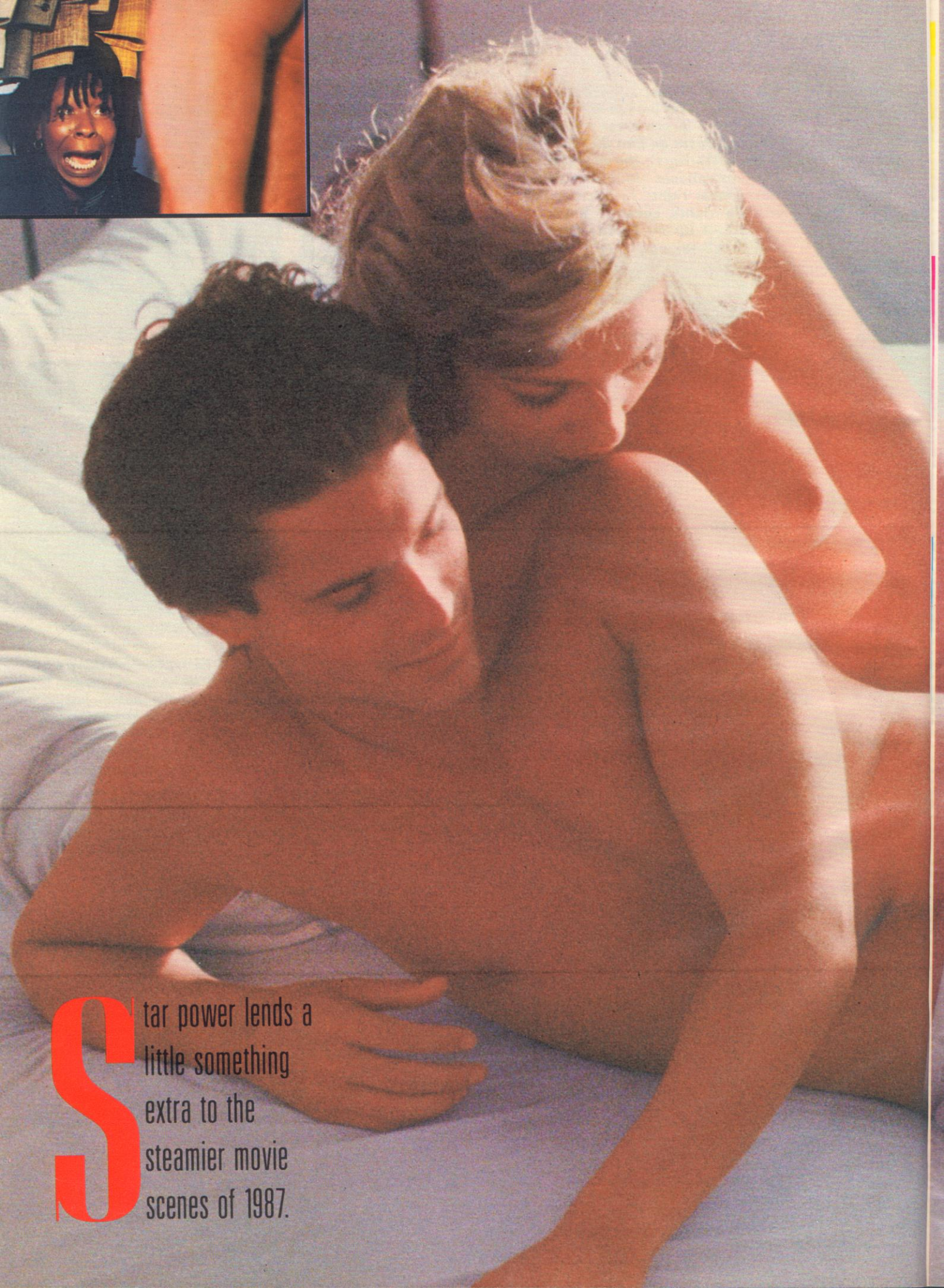


**F**reddy never looked like *this* before! In his latest outing (*A Nightmare on Elm Street 3: Dream Warriors*), the monster metamorphoses into female form (near right). In *Necropolis* (far right), Leeanne Baker goes four up on Freddy as a sort of ghoulish wet nurse (amazingly well preserved for her purported 300 years). Sylvia (*Emmanuelle*) Kristel is the count's bloodthirsty ex in *Dracula's Widow* (below right).



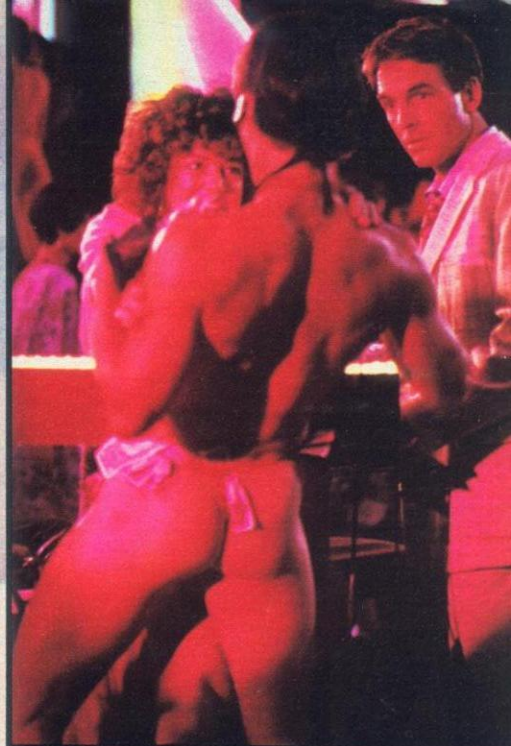
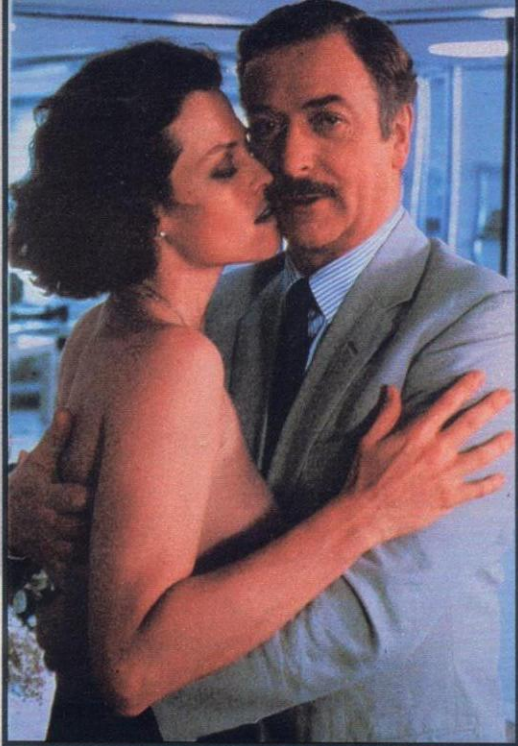
**S**he's a sweet young thing on TV's *Cosby Show* and *A Different World*, but Lisa Bonet projects raw passion as a mambo priestess in *Angel Heart* (below left); her love scene with Mickey Rourke almost earned the movie—which is based on a William Hjortsberg novel serialized in *Playboy* back in 1978—an X. More kinks are due in *Aria*; below right, weird antics from *Rigoletto*, one of its ten segments set to opera music.



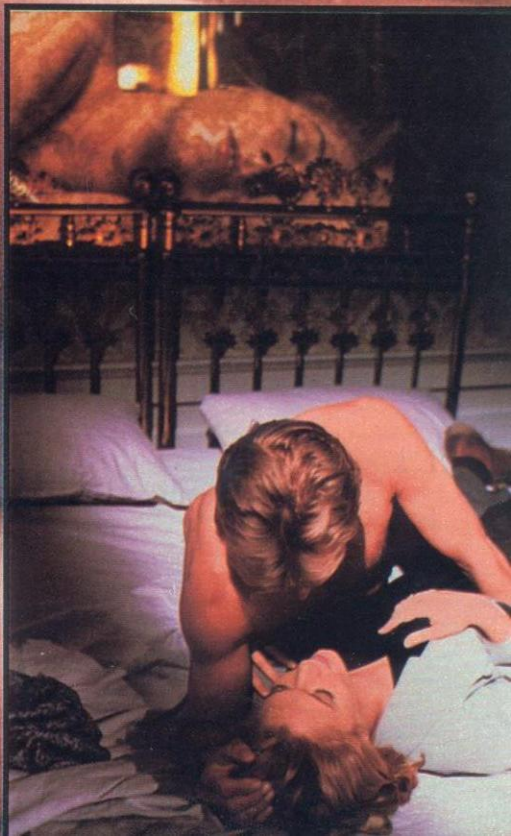


**S**tar power lends a little something extra to the steamier movie scenes of 1987.

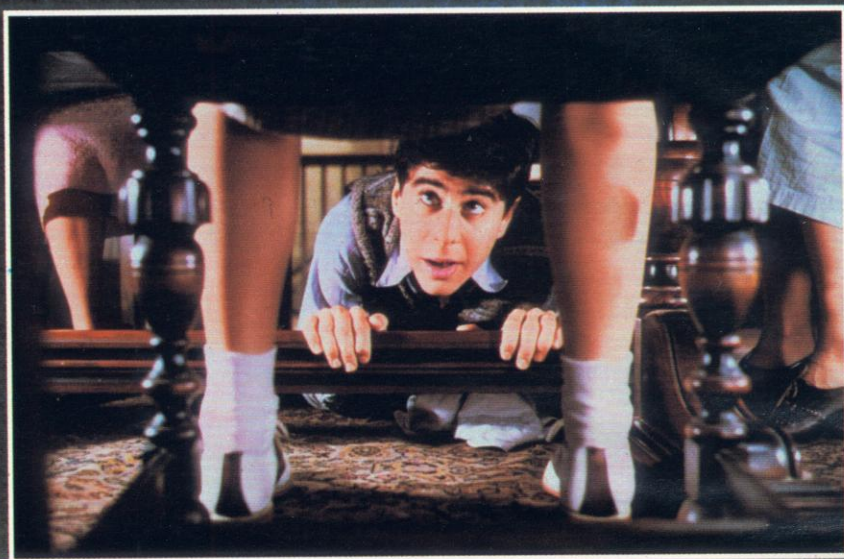
**S**urely, she's seen one of those before. Whoopi Goldberg goes into the closet for *Burglar* (far left). In *Half Moon Street*, Sigourney Weaver—turning to prostitution to make ends meet—sheds her clothes in reel after reel; with diplomat Michael Caine (near right), she does it for love. This being the Eighties, both budding-romance and monkey-business contacts become entangled in terrorist plots. At far right, *Summer School* teacher Mark Harmon discovers one of his students (Ken Olandt) moonlighting as a male stripper in a Chippendales-style nightery.



**S**uperhunk Rob Lowe and sexy Kim Cattrall do a Calvin Klein-ad imitation in *Masquerade* (background); Kathleen Turner's a time traveler again in *Julia and Julia*, dreaming her way back to her past—and into an affair with Sting (below).

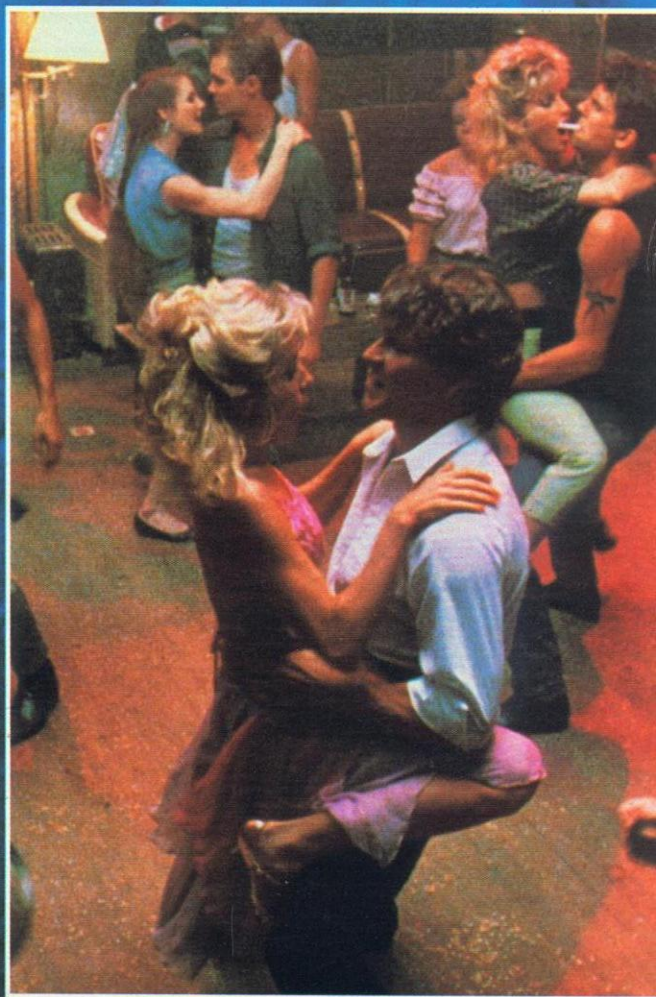
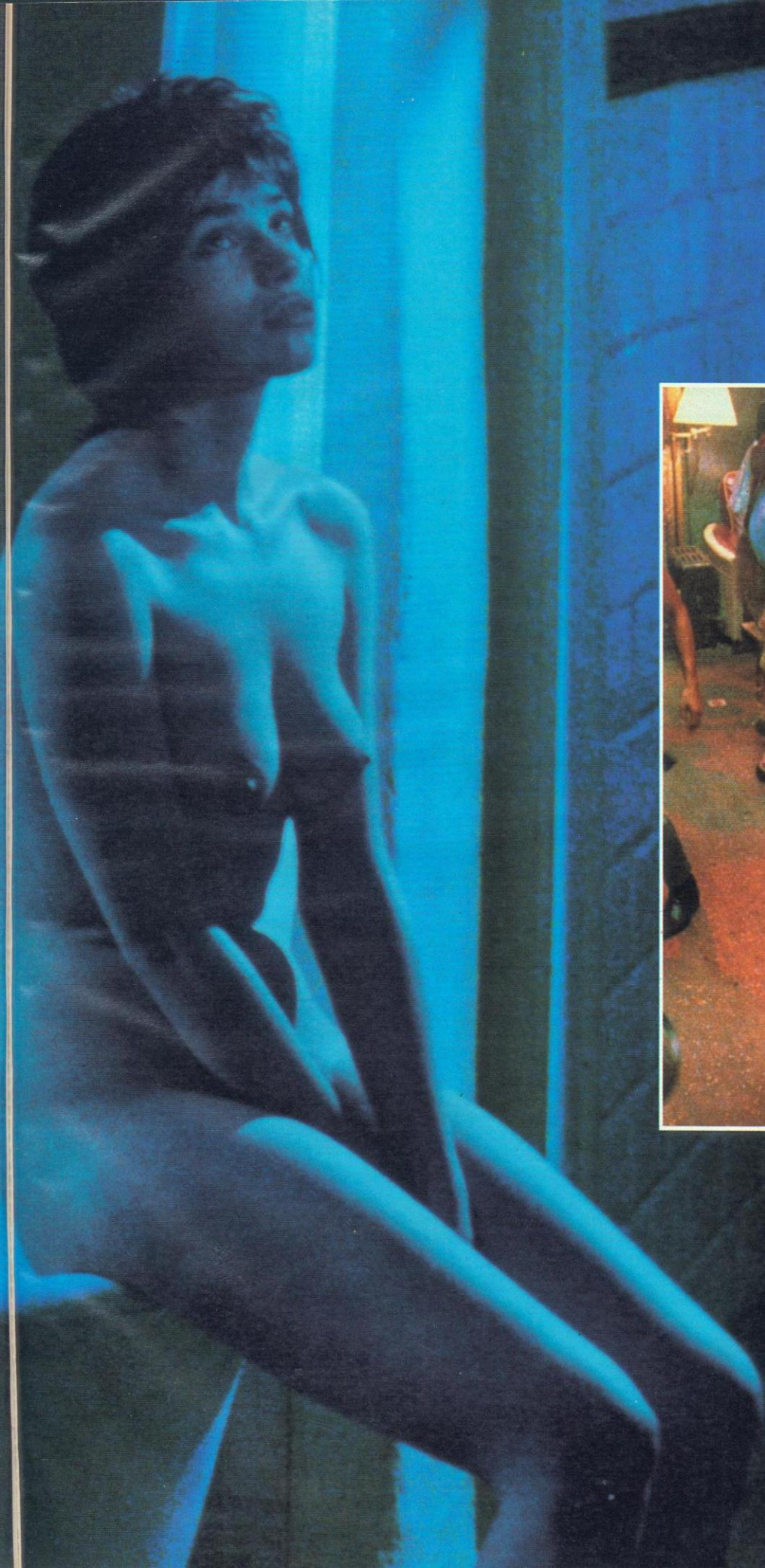


**M**ovies for the young  
at heart: more  
class, more sass  
and nary another  
*Porky's* in view.



In the more innocent age depicted by Neil Simon's autobiographical *Brighton Beach Memoirs*, Jonathan Silverman gets his jollies by dropping stuff so he can sneak a peek up cousin Lisa Waltz's skirt (top). Lou Jacobi essays the May-December routine with Monique Gabrielle (above left) in an episode of *Amazon Women on the Moon*. Andrew McCarthy gets to cop a feel in *Mannequin* (above right), but the lady (played by Kim Cattrall, again) is a mere dummy. It's the reel thing, however, for horny teen moviegoers Emily Lloyd and Lee Whitlock in *Wish You Were Here* (right).





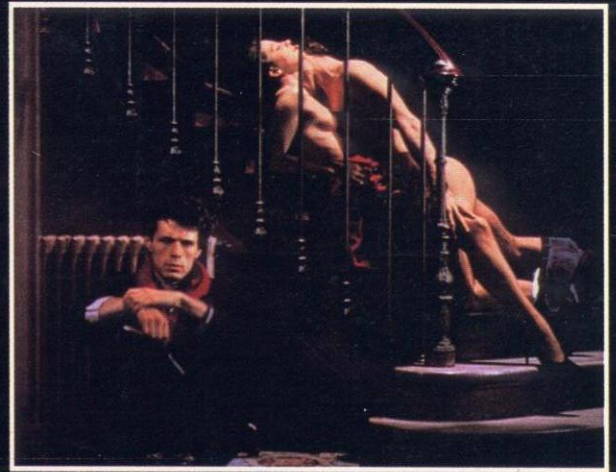
**B**éatrice Dalle, the manic-depressive titular character in the highly charged French film *Betty Blue*, appears in one of her deepest indigo moments in the background shot. Its mood contrasts sharply with the animal energies displayed in *Dirty Dancing* (above), an American coming-of-age picture set in the summer of '63 at a Borscht Belt resort. Cutting a mean rug in the foreground are Cynthia Rhodes and Patrick Swayze, who portrays the hotel's resident stud and dance instructor.

**D**o foreigners do it better? Well, they definitely do it with greater frequency—on film, anyway.

The flames in the fireplace aren't the only ones ignited in Italy's *L'Attrazione* (background), featuring Stefano Sarelli and Florence Guerrin. But the most controversial Italian import of 1987 is *Devil in the Flesh*, released with an X in the U.S.; the scene below, with Maruschka Detmers going into action on 19-year-old neighbor Federico Pitzalis, earned it.







In Spain's *Padre Nuestro* (above left), Fernando Rey plays a dying cardinal who's trying to make things up to his illegitimate daughter (Victoria Abril). His Eminence's rebellious bastard doesn't make things easy for her dad; she's a flamboyant prostitute who flaunts her unorthodox parentage by styling herself *La Cardenala*. The French drama *Rendez-vous* (above right) introduces Juliette Binoche as an aspiring actress in heat and hoping to be discovered in Paris, where her sexual partners include Wadeck Stanczak (he's the one in the saddle on the stairs) and Lambert Wilson (foreground), a talented fellow who even manages to rise from the grave for love.



Topless fun in the sun is the principal attraction of the frothy French release *L'Année des Méduses*, starring Valerie Kaprisky. At left above, she dallies with a pair of German tourists (Barbara Nielsen and Antoine Nikola). Meanwhile, the seemingly indestructible Emmanuelle marches on, with this pair of amorous ladies among the visual aids of *Emmanuelle 5* (left).



The colorful poets Byron and Shelley are irresistible fodder for director Ken Russell, Britain's wild man of the cinema. In *Gothic* (above), Shelley (Julian Sands), his wife-to-be, Mary (Natasha Richardson), Byron (Gabriel Byrne) and his mistress (Myriam Cyr) get down and dirty. *Rita, Sue and Bob Too!* (near right, top) features a randy threesome—Michelle Holmes, Siobhan Finneran and George Costigan—the last about to “joomp” the Union Jack and the birds. *Prick Up Your Ears*, the grim life-and-death story of homosexual playwright Joe Orton, stars Gary Oldman (in center, near right, chatting up a pair of pretty boys). Truly far out is *Personal Services* (far right), based on the misadventures of a madam who catered to a well-connected—and kinky—clientele.



For the ultimate blind date, take a trip to a desert island: That's what Brits Gerald Kingsland and Lucy Irvine did, and the movie *Castaway* is based on their conflicting accounts. The strangers in paradise are portrayed by Oliver Reed and Amanda Donohoe; reels unspool before they finally get horizontal (right), but audiences are treated to many delightful views of Amanda unclad (background).



**M**ore sex, please,  
we're British: At  
last, cinematic  
eroticism is joyously  
OK in the U.K.



*"Ever notice how anything good is either fattening or you can get burned at the stake for it?"*

**Back Stroke**

We'll take the back of actress JANE FRANCES any time. Moviegoers know Jane from *Night Screams*, and music-video fans remember her from David Lee Roth's *Yankee Rose*. No plain Jane for us.



PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

**Lip Sync**

Loose-lipped rocker JOE WALSH's most recent album is *Got Any Gum?* He's been on the road doing some concerts, but his current passion is doing guest-deejay spots around the country. Walsh is having so much fun that he's pursuing the idea of doing a national radio show with call-ins, celebrity guests and snappy patter.



PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

**All Sass and Flash**

This gaggle of rock-'n'-roll Brits is FUZZBOX. The first time they performed, as a favor to a friend, they had never played a lick, together or separately. "We were amazingly awful, but we got an encore," says Magz, one of the Fuzzes. At their second show, a guy came up and asked them if they'd like to make a record, and the rest is history on *We've Got a . . . Fuzzbox . . . and We're Gonna Use It!!* Go to it, girls!

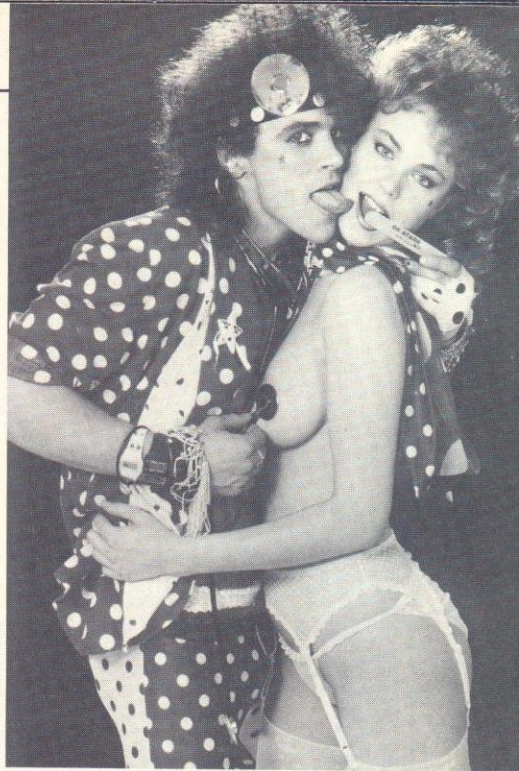
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## The Replacements Hang Out

Live from Minneapolis, THE REPLACEMENTS are currently on tour. Or you can pick up their latest album, *Pleased to Meet Me*, and boogie at home. These guys are rowdy and rebellious and, well, irreplaceable.



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## Help Me, Rhonda

Actress RHONDA SUE RAYFORD gets physical with DOUG STARR, a.k.a. Dr. Starr (his group? The M.D.s, of course). Rhonda's credits include *Grandview, U.S.A.* and a beauty-care video. Look for the Doc on MTV in *Passion Fix*.



## A Chair Is Just a Chair. . . .

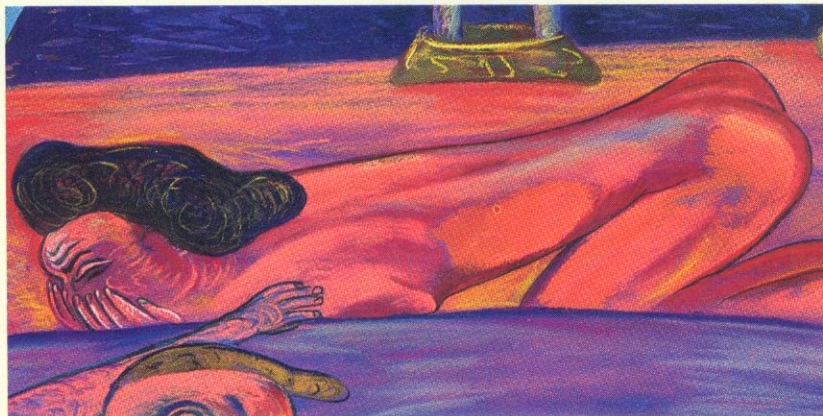
Until actress/model CAROLE ANNE sits down. Then it takes on a whole new dimension. Carole Anne made her screen debut in the Monty Python film *The Meaning of Life*. We think she knows a lot about the meaning of life.

© 1987 PIP / LGI

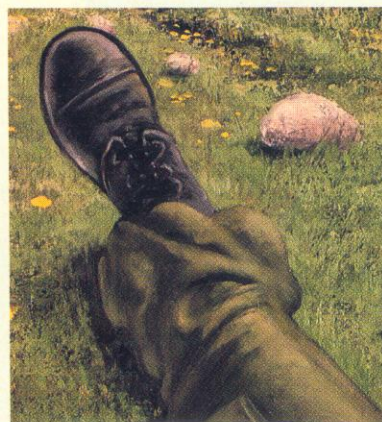
# COMING NEXT: THE GALA CHRISTMAS AND 34TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUES



GITTE



CURSE



YOSSARIAN



STARS

**"JESSICA'S STORY: THE COVER-UP"**—MORE SHOCKING REVELATIONS FROM THE FORMER CHURCH SECRETARY VICTIMIZED BY **JIM BAKKER**

**"YOSSARIAN SURVIVES"**—IN A RECENTLY DISCOVERED FRAGMENT OF *CATCH-22*, OUR HERO LEARNS HOW TO GET OUT OF CALISTHENICS AT LOWRY FIELD—BY **JOSEPH HELLER**

**"WHY SPY?"**—A SPIRITED DEFENSE OF THE CRAFT OF ESPIONAGE, BY A MAN WHO SHOULD KNOW, **WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.**

**"DUELING SIXTIES"**—TWO FORMER *RAMPARTS* EDITORS, **PETER COLLIER** AND **DAVID HOROWITZ**, FIND THAT DAZZLING DECADE AT THE ROOT OF MANY OF THE EIGHTIES' EVILS. AGING *ENFANT TERRIBLE* **HARLAN ELLISON**, HOWEVER, BEGS TO DIFFER

**GORE VIDAL**, AUTHOR OF *EMPIRE*, SKEWERS EVERYBODY FROM **JIM B.** TO **JACKIE O.**, SUGGESTS SHUCKING THE CONSTITUTION AND EXPLAINS HOW **GARY HART** SCREWED UP IN AN ACERBIC **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEW

**"GITTE THE GREAT"**—THE LATEST LOOK AT **BRIGITTE NIELSEN**, WHO ALSO TELLS THE *REAL* STORY OF HER BREAKUP WITH **SLY STALLONE**

**"QUARTERLY REPORTS: WHAT THE K.G.B. TAUGHT ME ABOUT MONEY"**—IS THIS WHAT BEING IN THE RED MEANS? THE REAL SCOOP FROM **ANDREW TOBIAS**

**"THE LAUREL AND HARDY LOVE AFFAIR"**—SHE WAS STAN, HE WAS OLLIE AND *THE MUSIC BOX*'S 150 STEPS MEANT THE WORLD TO THEM. A BITTERSWEET ROMANCE—BY **RAY BRADBURY**

**PLUS:** A PROFILE OF ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S HOTTEST ACTORS, **DENNIS QUAID**; **"THE CURSE,"** A HAUNTING STORY ABOUT A BARTENDER'S MEMORIES, BY **ANDRE DUBUS**; **"CHANNEL-HOPPING,"** THE LATEST CALIFORNIA TRIP, BY **JERRY STAHL**; NEW FICTION FROM **ED MCBAIN**; **"SEX STARS OF 1987,"** BY **JIM HARWOOD**; AN EXAMINATION OF HOW AIDS AFFECTS ROMANCE, BY BACHELOR/AUTHOR/PHYSICIAN **MICHAEL CRICHTON**; **"THE RETURN OF THE MINISKIRT"**—FASHION HAS SMILED ON US ONCE AGAIN, GENTLEMEN. A TRIBUTE TO A LONGER (MUCH LONGER) LOOK AT LEGS; TERRIFIC NEW PHOTOS OF EVERYONE'S FAVORITE GIRL GRAD, **BROOKE SHIELDS**; **LITTLE ANNIE FANNY**; **GAHAN WILSON**; AND MORE FOR YOUR HOLIDAY ENJOYMENT