

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

AUGUST 1992 • \$4.95

SALUTE TO THE ALL-AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE

GIRL TALK:
WHAT THEY SAY
TO ONE ANOTHER
ABOUT US

IS AMERICA
READY FOR
ROSS PEROT?

THE SVENGALI
OF SUICIDE?
PLAYBOY
INTERVIEWS
DEREK
HUMPHRY

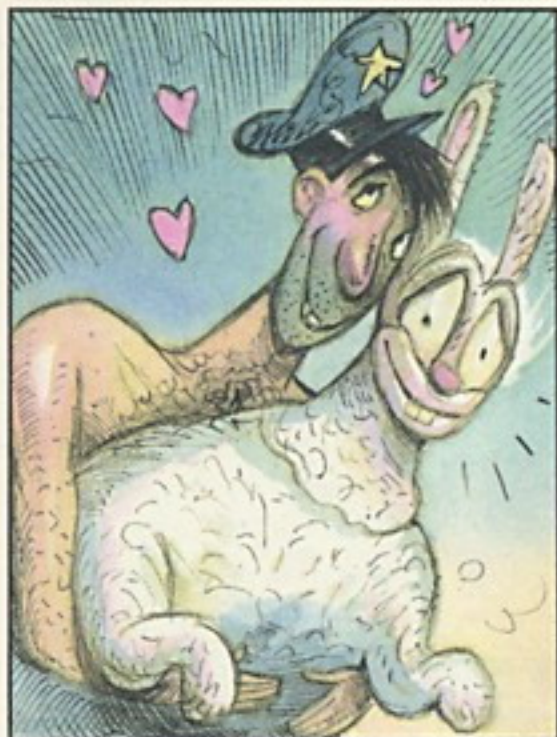
SEX SELLS!
HOW
MADISON
AVENUE
GETS OUR
ATTENTION



what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

GOOD OLD BOYS

BOYNTON BEACH, FLORIDA—A police union official denied allegations that town cops had amused themselves at an off-duty outing by beating and shooting a black



mannequin. He offered as proof a home videotape that captured "just a bunch of guys running around naked and drunk as a skunk in the woods twenty-five miles from nowhere." Great defense. Of course, there is that one scene that shows an officer simulating a sex act with another officer who's dressed in a bunny suit.

SNOW JOB

JAY, NEW YORK—A snow sculptor was fined \$500 last winter after being found guilty of obscenity in the third degree. His crime: creating a life-size statue of a woman performing oral sex on a man. A state trooper was ordered to "dismantle" the sculpture.

PASTIE PATROL

ORLANDO, FLORIDA—The patrons of a topless bar whose show was stopped by armed men in hoods found out it wasn't a Ku Klux Klan raid but the Orlando vice squad. Seems vice was pulling a nipple raid following reports that the dancers' pasties were transparent instead of opaque as required by law. The hoods concealed the officers' identities so they could continue battling street gangs, drug activities and undercover breasts.

HERPES UPDATE

BOSTON—The good news: It may be harder to catch genital herpes than most people think. In a Stanford University study, researchers found many marriages in which one spouse was infected and the other was not. The bad news is that fully one third of the women and one quarter of the men tested positive for herpes, though only 11 percent showed symptoms. This suggests the virus is passed by people who unknowingly have the disease.

WHAT HIPPOCRATIC OATH?

TORONTO—A Canadian government agency is investigating complaints from at least 85 women who said they were refused anesthetics before having abortions in the principal hospital in the Northwest Territories—apparently as a form of punishment. Some of the women said the male doctors at Stanton Yellowknife Hospital also made abusive remarks. One woman said she was asked, "This really hurt, didn't it? But let that be a lesson before you get yourself in this situation again."

SORRY, NOT SAFE

TOKYO—Female lawmakers and women's groups have demanded—and won, in some instances—a ban on an AIDS prevention poster that features a naked girl in a giant rubber and carries the caption PROTECT YOURSELF FROM DANGEROUS WOMEN BY USING A CONDOM. Meanwhile, the Japanese government has decided to continue banning the pill, reasoning that approval would lead to more condomless sex and a rise in AIDS cases.

JUST THE FACTS, MA'AM

GREENFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS—Greenfield's middle school has decided to stop using peeled bananas and an anatomically correct vibrator in classroom demonstrations of condom use. The school's principal said there would be a review by school-board members of techniques for teaching about condom usage. He was responding to parents' complaints that it wasn't "appropriate for people to be talking . . . about the use of condoms [because] some of these kids don't know about the facts of life."

HAVE A NICE DAY

CINCINNATI—Humorless officials at the Shriners' Burn Institute are investigating complaints that one of its ranking doctors used a surgical marker to draw "happy faces" on male patients' sex organs. The complaints came from staff, not from the patients themselves. One of the recipients, who had suffered burns over half his body, said the drawing lifted his spirits.

ATTENTION, SHOPPERS

BIELLA, ITALY—Local prostitutes gave away free sex for 24 hours as a business promotion to win customers back from discount hookers who had migrated to their neighborhood from other countries and were undercutting established prices. The regulars unfurled banners along a highway announcing ALL FOR FREE—TRY IT AND SEE.

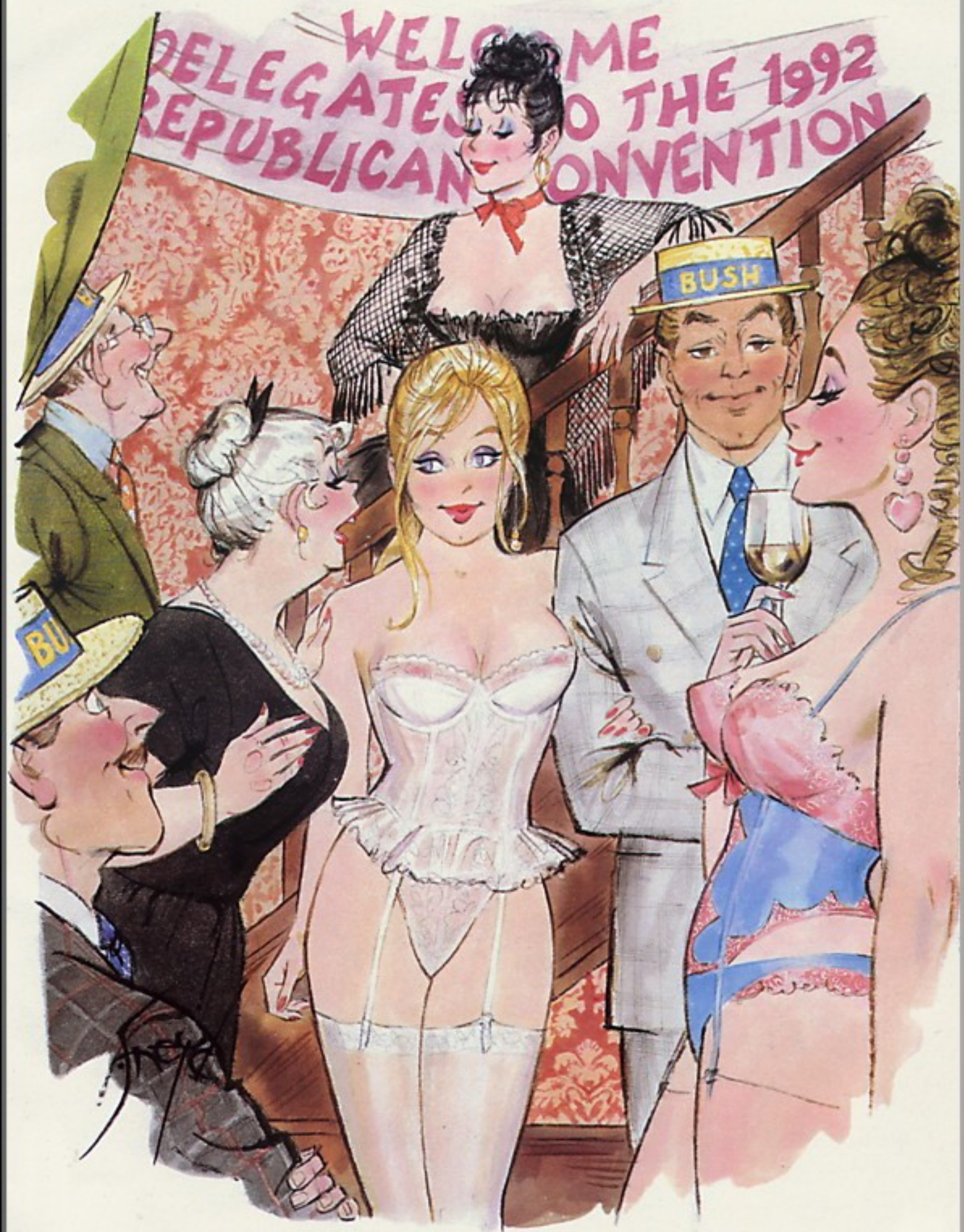
INDUSTRIAL-STRENGTH CLEANERS

LOS ANGELES—Bubbles and Sally (not their real names) are hard at work at 7:15 P.M. Their uniforms consist of high heels,



fishnet stockings, G strings and not much else. Their rates are \$125 for 90 minutes. But wait before you leap to any conclusions: Bubbles and Sally are maids with Bust Dusters, an L.A.-based topless cleaning service. It's enough to make you whistle while they work.

WELCOME
DELEGATES TO THE 1992
REPUBLICAN CONVENTION



"You should know, honey, that Democrats are more eager to make asses of themselves, but Republicans leave better tips."



HAIL, COLUMBIA

the great explorer's distant
relative made a trip of her own

During this quincenary year, we will all hear a great deal about the famous first voyage made by Christopher Columbus. As we should. He did sail off bravely, convinced that by following his nose he would eventually hit India and the treasures of the East—as long as his nose was facing west. What we don't hear about is his comely cousin Christina Columbus, herself a gifted explorer and adventurer. She, too, made a journey in 1492 that was supported by the king and queen of Spain and she, too, discovered new worlds. Archival confirmation of this Columbus' exploits was recently discovered and was lovingly recreated by British photographer and amateur historian Byron Newman. Here are the facts, as we are able to piece them together.

Soon after Christopher Columbus hatched his scheme to sail to the Indies, Christina figured she might as well get in on some of this action, too. Being modern in her attitudes, she understood that she needed a hook, something to distinguish her journey from Chris's. Realizing that he was assembling an all-male crew—which was predictable and had been done before—she decided to recruit only females. She then took her crew to the royal court. Queen Isabella was unimpressed, but King Ferdinand understood a good boondoggle when he saw one and green-lighted the whole thing.

Thus did Christina and her ragamuffin band of Italo-Iberian women set



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BYRON NEWMAN



sail for the New World from that lusty and busy port city of Genoa—home of the hard salami. The women, as it turned out, were not the most experienced of sailors, having been chosen on the basis of their fund-raising abilities, not on their nautical skills. They were prone to seasickness—this, you'll remember, was way before the advent of Dramamine or those little skin patches you can wear behind your ear—and the first day out of port was not a pretty one. Recovered, they remained indifferent sail trimmers, barely passable lookouts and less-than-stellar navigators. The one thing that they became quite good at was falling asleep, coaxed by the bracing salt air and the ship's gentle



rocking. They passed their waking hours playing dominoes—a game that centuries later would become popular throughout the Caribbean. The days passed slowly for the crew and for their fearless, shirtless leader.

After months at sea, land was sighted. Whereupon our crew gathered the beads and trinkets they had carried with them and went ashore to wow the natives—who, unlike the natives that Columbus encountered, knew the value of beachfront property. Christina, as it turned out, spent most of her time in the New World negotiating time-share deals and raising venture capital for the condominiums and casinos for which the sun-blessed Caribbean was naturally suited.



Don Madden



"I'm certainly glad I brought the news of your winning the lottery in person, Miss Fisk. It's been a distinct pleasure being caught up in your celebratory mood."



Madison Avenue has always used sex to help pitch products. The results have been provocative and, on occasion, very successful

EVEN BEFORE I knew there was such a thing as an advertising business, I learned that sex was often an important attention-getting element.

As a teenager in Chicago, I worked in a Standard Oil service station. I remember being intoxicated by the smell of gasoline—the pink, cold and sweeter ethyl more than the pale, dry regular—transfixed, too, by the sound and feel of the pneumatic grease gun with its whooshes and pops as I snapped it from one silvery nipple to another beneath some chopped, channeled and lowered 1950 Merc.

Even more than the sounds and smells and work in the place, I loved the coming in early and the leaving late. It legitimized my loitering in the back among the tool benches and files and vises. That's where the changing lockers were. And where there were lockers, there were pictures of women.

It was dim and hushed and it smelled of oil back there. Every available surface was covered with ads torn out of magazines hawking some automotive product or another. The girls in them beckoned, ripe with the promise of much more than an oil additive or a more effective carburetor or wiper blade.

Where they got all those ads I knew not. But I lingered and leered and, though vaguely, recall them all. I remember the ad with the Jane Russell look-alike who had huge bosoms and wore a tight-fitting sweater, both hands wrapped suggestively



Few products are as naturally suited to the baring of skin as lingerie. A 1928 ad for Model Brassiere Co. (above) celebrates a woman discovering the "new luxurious freedom" of Scanties, a liberating garment combining bra, vest, girder and panties "all-in-one."



People were sold on sex long before they needed advertising to sell them on anything else. Early ads like this one from 1919 (above left), in which a woman gets up close and frivolous with her bottle of Frivole perfume ("a new Parisian creation"), are tame by today's standards.

text by EDWARD A. MCCABE



Dating back to the turn of the century, this daring ad for Celery-Fo-mo tonic—"enemy of headaches, friend of the stomach"—is one of the earliest examples of nudity in advertising. Interestingly, the ad uses a taboo notion (explicit nudity) to sell a wholesome concept (health). This certainly works for us. Not only does this girl look to be in the pink of health, she appears, very much like the tonic itself, to be "harmless, pleasant, magical."

around a shock absorber. And how could I forget the ad for the welding rods, the one with the girl in the low-cut bathing suit—her cleavage trying to climb off the page—juxtaposed with the words, "A good technique and the right rod for the job"? Dozens of these ads there were, papered everywhere, some new, clean and freshly hung, others streaked, greasy and curling away from doors and walls, dangling hard and yellowed with strips of cellophane tape.

I knew even then that, as daring as they seemed, as involving and compelling as they were, most of these ads were more about chauvinism and cocksmanhood than about salesmanship.

In our little service station, we neither owned nor sold any of the products

In 1920 the harem may have lent an erotic charge (below) to a Parisian perfume. To enhance the provocativeness, Rigaud marketed the fragrance, *Un Air Embaumé*, as "the exclusive perfume with a touch of the Orient."



whose ads provided us with so much fascination. Not a one. Back then, advertising was the public's most accessible source of titillation. Today I sincerely doubt anyone looking for a sexual thrill grabs a magazine, races home and pants over the advertising. Unless we're talking about the Victoria's Secret catalog—but even that doesn't seem as sexy today as it once did. And maybe someone is still clinging to a copy of *Vanity Fair* with Calvin Klein's sexually explicit 116-page "outsert" in its original condomlike wrapper. That, somehow, promised to rise above the mass of what we call "sex in advertising." But really, once you've slipped off the sensuous sleeve, how racy is a black-and-white photo of a guy groping himself with blue

DON'T...
LET YOUR CAR GO NUDIST!

Weather-proof the beauty of your car with Simoniz! If it is left naked, the weather, dirt, and ultra-violet rays soon dull, bleach, and eventually destroy the finish. Stop this damage now! Simoniz Kleener will quickly and easily restore the lustre. Then apply Simoniz. It, alone, contains the certain secret ingredient, which preserves the finish and its beauty for years! So, always insist on Simoniz and the wonderful Simoniz Kleener for your car. There's nothing like them!

MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ

In the Thirties male readers of mainstream publications took a shine to a series of ads for Simoniz car products (above) based on the theme "Don't let your car go nudist!"

jeans under a shower? It all depends on what you're into, or used to, I guess. I once knew a guy who got off on a certain section of the Sears catalog. But that was in the Fifties.

Certainly any cursory look at today's advertising scene will reveal that sexual themes are more pervasive than ever. But how sexy are they? As we've all learned, a lot of sex is not the same as good sex.

In New York we have a thing called Channel 35. This is our cable TV sex channel. Many major cities have one now. Ours is sort of a blue version of the *New York Post* in that it's hard to find anyone who will admit to having anything to do with it. Nevertheless, it's there. And on any given night, that's where you'll find sex in advertising. Because on it, sex is being advertised.

Want an escort? Just call and she'll come a-knockin'. Channel 35 parades an assortment before you in all sizes and colors. Black, white, Asian. They even sort them according to class. You can get everything from a tall, svelte blonde in an evening gown to a jeans-wearing, leather-jacketed gum-cracker. Gay sex? Lesbian sex? Group sex? It's got it all for you. S/M? Got that, too, you pathetic wimp.

If you're in the market



Stop, Look and Kiss 'em

LOOK OUT FOR THE JARS and jars in Interior Technical Merchandise. The Exact and Exact Line of Building Materials and Engineering Instruments is always dependable—and we use their exclusive sealing system.

H. H. SULLIVAN INC.

TECHNICAL MERCHANDISE

QUALITY BLUE PRINTS AND PHOTO COPIES

"EVERYTHING FOR THE DRAFTING ROOM"

HARDWARE - ARTISTS SUPPLIES - HOUSE PAINT

65-71 SOUTH AVE. - ROCHESTER, N. Y. - STONE 550

		1939 NOVEMBER 1939								
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	SUN	SUN	MON	
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	
20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	
30										

The predecessors of modern-day center-folds inhabited calendars that found their way to the walls of locker rooms, dormitories and repair shops. But the calendars weren't merely for decoration. This page out of the 1939 calendar from H. H. Sullivan Inc. (above) offered advice on taking care of tools: "Stop, Look and Kiss 'em."

Health and Beauty in 15 minutes a day

It's a pleasure to exercise the efficient Health Builder way and I want you to know that I have never yet found a method of "keeping fit" and reducing my weight that was half as effective and enjoyable as your Health Builder. That's what Barbara Stanwyck, leading singer with H.E. Kelly on the Broadway hit, "Believe", says about the Battle Creek Health Builder. You, too, can keep physically fit and healthy. You can even exercise and massage your whole body in this surprisingly simple new way, right in your own home without any effort. Thousands are doing it.

the function of the internal organs.

Endorsed by World-Famous Beautician

Violence Ford, famous model, actress, and Broadway singer, proclaimed the "most beautiful girl in the world" as her endorsement about the Health Builder as an aid to radiant health and a beautiful figure.

Over 50,000,000 men and women of all ages have used the Health Builder for health improvement since the development of this play-thing. Used daily in thousands of homes, large hotels, restaurants, clubs, gymnasiums, and by thousands of physicians in their practices.

Occupy Your Way to Health

The rapidly escalating quality of the Health Builder gives a combined massage-vibratory treatment better than a skilled masseuse. No electric current touches you. The Health Builder vigorously massages the heaviest muscles, pumps up blood circulation, aids digestion and elimination, strengthens muscle "tone" and improves

You'll Want this Free Book

Send for "Health and Beauty in 15 Minutes a Day" - a valuable free book showing the 151 different exercises, 100 illustrations, 100 recipes - with complete sets of home exercises.

SANITARIUM EQUIPMENT CO. Room U-1142 Battle Creek Mich. O.S.E. 62102



BARBARA STANWYCK, leading singer with the H.E. Kelly "Believe" cast

The Health Builder Keeps You Fit

DO YOU INHALE?



Certainly...

7 out of 10 smokers inhale knowingly... the other 3 inhale unknowingly

Do you inhale? Seven out of ten smokers know they do. The other three inhale without realizing it. Every smoker breathes in some part of the smoke he or she draws out of a cigarette.

Think, then, how important it is to be certain that your cigarette smoke is pure and clean - to be sure you don't inhale certain impurities!

Do you inhale? Lucky Strike has done so since this much-avoided subject... because even

impurities concealed in even the finest, mildest tobacco leaves are removed by Luckier's famous purifying process. Luckier created this process. Only Luckier have it!

Do you inhale? More than 20,000 physicians, who Luckier had been furnished them for years, being their opinion as their smoking experience, stated that Luckier are less irritating to the throat than other cigarettes.

"It's toasted" the famous - and famous - toast



MADE IN U.S.A. BY LUCKY STRIKE TOBACCO COMPANY, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

The Dawn of a Great Beauty Discovery!



New Science gives you the benefits of "FILTERED SUNSHINE" in Woodbury's Facial Soap to bring new loveliness to your skin

Notice how radiant the skin of the woman in the picture is. This is the result of using Woodbury's "Filtered Sunshine" Facial Soap. It is the only soap that gives you the benefits of "filtered sunshine" in your skin. It is the only soap that gives you the benefits of "filtered sunshine" in your skin. It is the only soap that gives you the benefits of "filtered sunshine" in your skin.



After examining Lucky Strike's slinky Depression-era effort to persuade women that smoking was feminine (left), we can understand that sex and cigarettes came to be so closely associated. A 1936 ad for Woodbury soap (above) hailing the scientific wonders of "filtered sunshine" established a pair of advertising landmarks. It marked the advent in the U.S. of a mainline product using nudity in its advertising. The photo by Edward Steichen established the practice of using well-known art photographers, a tradition that has led to interesting exposures.

In 1943 the main selling point for April Showers talc (below), aside from the decidedly naked woman, was that it spoke "a language that men understand."



A MESSAGE TO MEN'S HEARTS!

Whisper your allure... your gay enchantment... with April Showers Talc! Its luxurious perfume speaks a language that men understand... and remember. It's the fragrance that appeals to them. Let its allure linger about you, always! *Exquisite but not Expensive.*

April Showers Talc



CHERAMY perfumer
Men love "The Fragrance of Youth"



for sexual apparatus, here's where you'll find it. There are stores pushing all the latest gimcracks, plus latex gizmos measured by the inch, foot and yard. They've even got a woman who'll come over and pee on you. Of course, they've also got people who will just talk dirty to you on the phone. But why get it only in the ear when you can get wet all over?

In such a world, what can poor Calvin Klein, Georges Marciano and the other national purveyors of sexually directed merchandise possibly do to keep up?

It's not easy. The mass media have codes and rules and guidelines designed to protect our puritanical sensibilities from prurience. The FCC or some such body grants greater latitude to—or doesn't even supervise—cable television. Needless to say, the boys over at Channel 35 play with a less-restrictive rule book.

Consider this. If you do a soap or shampoo commercial that is intended to run on one or more of the major networks, you can't show a man or woman who appears undressed in a shower. It's against the networks' code

The tease was key in ads for Springs Mills (above left) developed by company president Elliott Springs and condemned by Advertising Age as being in "bad taste."



Ads for Woodbury facial soap (above left) in 1946 and Tabu perfume (above right) in 1958 presented the steamiest music lessons in advertising history. Earlier, in 1936, Woodbury broke the taboo on female nude photography. Today, more than three decades later, the original campaign slogan touting Tabu as "the 'forbidden' fragrance" is still in use.

I'm Margie. **I'm Margie.**

Fly me.

Enjoyed I'm an airplane.
I'm an airline.
I'm a both new way of getting you where you want to go (New York, Miami, New Orleans, Los Angeles, San Francisco—over London).
My name is Margie. Choose me you'll meet and fly Carol, Sally, Michelle and Gail, too. Choose me you won't meet Larry, Don, Peter or Lou, because they're working for you behind the scenes. But you'll be flying them all the same.
And soon you'll be able to fly Barbara, the first of our new fleet of DC-8's. She's also your airplane. This winter she's joining her sister ships, National's 747's, with the only DC-10 service between New York and Florida and between Florida and California.
The idea is to make your next flight a true personal experience, person-to-person.
So next time you're going someplace, give us a call. And call us by our first name: National.

Fly Margie. Fly National.

Bad timing and a collision with feminist sensibilities doomed National Airlines' "Fly me" campaign (above) to a crash landing shortly after its takeoff in the Seventies.

that's not supposed to be done. I call it the boomerang effect. Tell some people what they can't do and they'll generally come right back at you with a brilliant but sneaky way around the prohibition. (Look at Prohibition.)

Look at Victorian England. It was beneath the cloak of morality that the most deplorable sexual behavior flourished. When you have to be careful not to utter the word petticoat in public, what do you do to let off steam? You go home, strip, bind, gag, flog, rape and sodomize your maid, what else?

Anyway, a lot of the people who attempt to put sex into advertising are just trying to stretch the rules to capture your attention. And to a large extent, they're doing a damned fine job of pushing the edge of the envelope that contains the rule book. A rule book that, like all rule books, is hopelessly behind the times.

Even so, there is advertising out there that manages to flirt with some fairly dodgy and sensitive issues. Of course, the most artful and daring examples

of decency to show so much of a person, even though that's the normal, natural, approved form of dress for taking showers. You are required to shoot close-ups, being careful to crop out or edit the sensitive areas.

In many newspapers, you can't run an ad that shows a belly button or more than an inch or so of cleavage.

Over in England and in other parts of Europe, pretty much anything goes. There they allow the public to see nudity in all its logical glory and nobody gets particularly excited or upset about it. Right now, in Scandinavia there's a commercial running for a condom that uses an animated penis to get the point across, balls and all. I gather that one has raised a few eyebrows. But in a way, isn't that what advertising is supposed to do? Get folks to pay attention?

Now, I happen to believe most things in this world—in advertising or elsewhere—occur as a result of somebody trying to get away with something



In the mid-Fifties, Hanes (top) celebrated seamless stockings. Hartog shirt ads (above) featured photos by Hal Adams, who shot some of the early Playboy Playmates.

feel I've got nothing on...when I'm in a

SCANDALE®

by Tru Balance®

France's most famous girdle now in America!

Over the years, probably no casual bit of information has stirred the American male libido as consistently as suggestions of French origins. In 1954 a larger-than-life poster of a stunning mademoiselle wearing a black hat, gloves, stockings, heels and nothing else appeared on the walls of the New York City subway. Its ostensible purpose was to inform women about the comforts of the Scandale girdle. But it also comforted the harried gray-flannel businessman, who suddenly found himself far less hurried to catch the next train.



Inspired new moods in casual elegance
 Jandy Place shirt-sweaters that are as comfortable to the touch as they are to the eye. Fashion collars with various necklines in an inspired collection of stripes, cables and textures. Fine hand and machine washable 100% acrylic. Style range 4300 from \$11.95 to \$15.00 retail with 50% plus mark-up.

jandy place
 by BARDOX

jandy place shirt-sweaters

A 1969 ad for Sears's "adventuress set" bra and girdle (top) belatedly announced the Sixties had arrived. In 1977, Jandy Place shirt-sweaters (above) were said to be "comfortable to the touch as they are to the eye."

appear in magazines. Unlike other media, magazines issue little in the way of blanket prohibitions. They tend to accept advertising on the basis of its congruence with the publication's editorial policy and the appropriateness for its particular audience.

In all upscale fashion magazines, nudity has become almost commonplace, the controversial specifics masked by natural situational elements rather than by contrived editing or framing. There are perfume commercials and ads that clearly suggest putting it on means a ménage à trois is in the offing. Scan recent magazines and you'll be in-

undated with innuendo. There is fashion advertising with a sadomasochistic bent, jeans and sunglasses ads pushing the pairing of older men and very young girls, ads that clearly depict the idea of extramarital sex. In fact, today's ads touch on every area of sexual pleasure and perversion.

Critics of advertising will tell you that it has become too sexually explicit and that the use of sex in it too widespread. They might be right, but as is so often the case with zealots, when they're right, it's for the wrong reasons. Advertising is far less sexually explicit than much of what we can readily find elsewhere in our lives—in films, in magazine features, on cable TV, in literature. That advertising is as explicit as it is is not proof of the depravity of its creators and sponsors but is evidence that some of the outmoded restraints still in force are highly motivational. The irony is that in England, where advertising is allowed to deal with sex fairly openly, the advertising doesn't come across nearly as sexy as our advertising, which is less explicit.

Also, far from being demonic manipulators who slip subliminal sex images into ice cubes—a charge leveled at advertising people by those who have nothing better to do in their lives than to imagine such nonsense—ad people

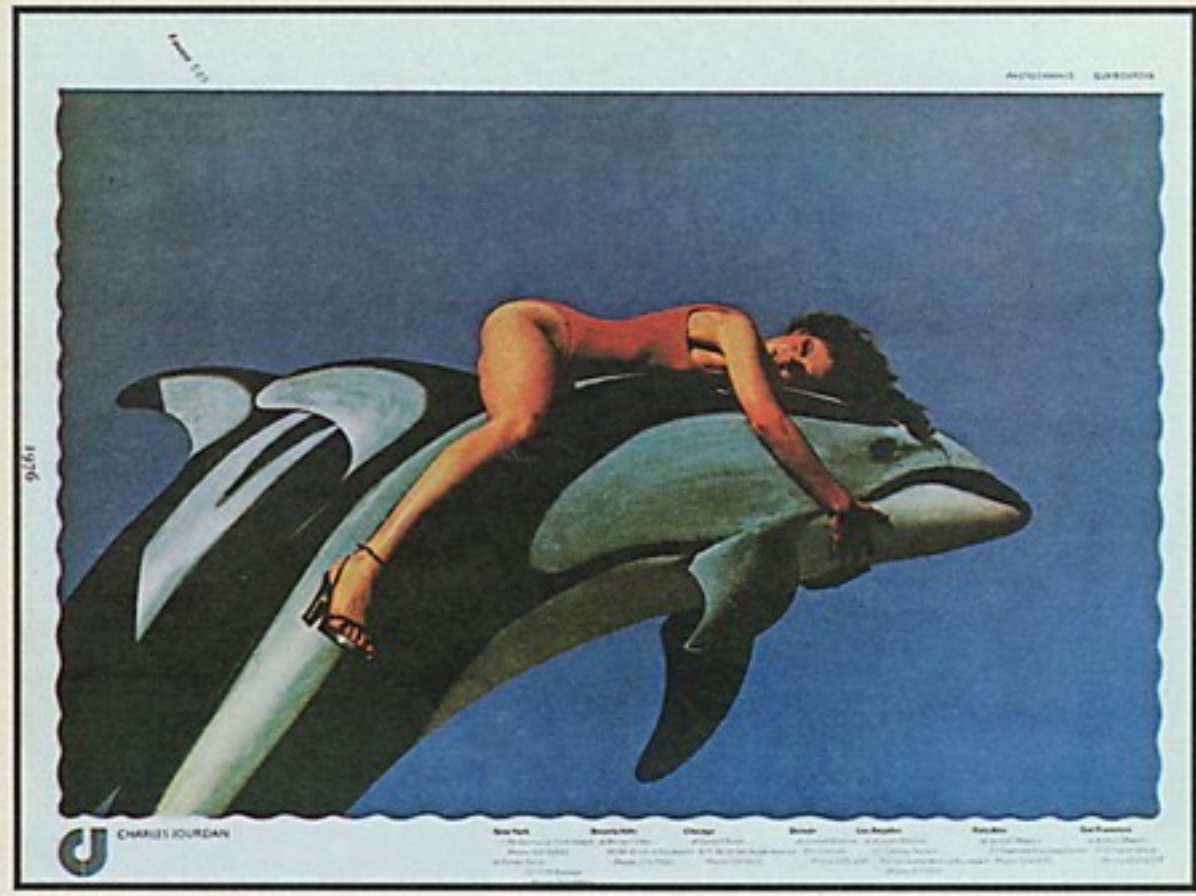
Madison Avenue's most memorable dream recurred in Maidenform bra ads (below). Sexy women repeatedly ventured out into public wearing almost nothing but their you know what. This one ran in 1963.

I dreamed I was

WANTED
 in my Maidenform bra

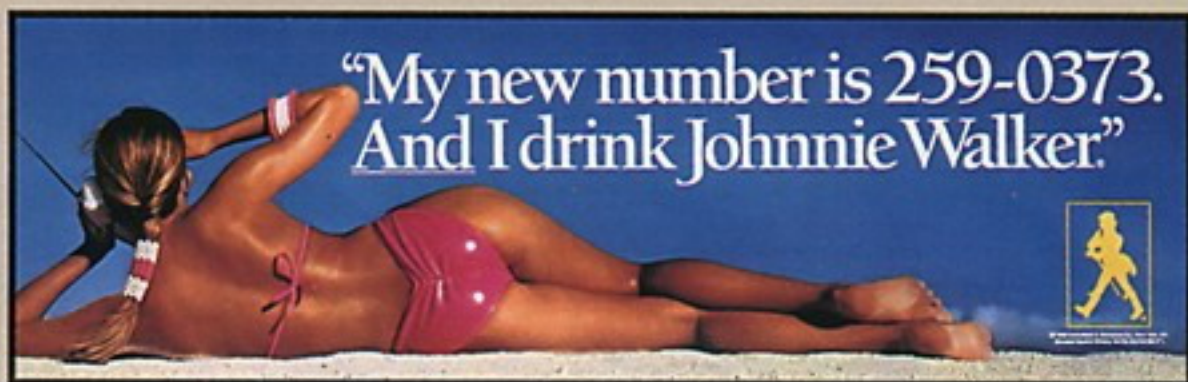
'FRAME-UP' new bra with 3-way support
 Embroidered panels frame, outline and separate the cups. Extra-firm supports at the sides give you extra uplift. Stretch band at the bottom keeps the bra snug and securely in place. It's a 'Frame-up'—in A, B, C cups.

IT'S A STEAL AT
\$1.59



Good advertising often defies convention. This 1976 ad for Charles Jourdan shoes (above) also managed to defy the norms of inter-mammalian courtship. While some people see the use of gratuitous sexual imagery as a distraction, we view it as an unexpected bonus. Others may go so far as to argue that this agile, well-heeled woman is performing a valuable environmental service. By the way: Anyone who sees this dolphin as an extravagant phallic symbol is probably preoccupied with size.

When the original Charlie perfume woman—future *Charlie's Angel* Shelley Hack—made her advertising debut as a sexy and confident working woman in 1973, she opened some eyes and dropped a few jaws. The blue-nosed *New York Times* refused to carry this very cheeky 1988 ad (below) on the grounds that it was "sexist" and "in poor taste," but 11 women's magazines happily accepted it for publication.



The 1989 ad for Johnnie Walker (above) is not the first time the company has relied on a fetching woman to promote its whisky. But over the years sexual roles have reversed. In 1971 a stay-at-home blonde in pearls purred that she bought it "for the man who has me." Almost two decades later, she languidly arranges to have someone fetch it for her.

are too busy, too responsible and too scrutinized to waste a second thinking of such crap. Besides, putting sexual images in ice cubes or drinks doesn't conjure up particularly appetizing imagery. Sexual excretions in your Scotch? Yuck!

And how about those who swear the face of Old Joe Camel, the cigarette cartoon character, is really a drawing of male genitalia? I wish they'd come off it. What company in its right mind wants consumers going around calling its product symbol Old Scrotum Face?

Same with the new Pepsi can. Recently, it was brought to my attention that to some people the typography and graphic representation on the front of the can might depict a man's penis and testicles. And, once pointed out, darned if it doesn't look like that to me, too. But is such a thing intentional? Are you kidding? You think the second-largest soft-drink company in the country wants America's mothers thinking their daughters are walking around publicly grasping, let alone placing their lips on, guys' units?

Why would anybody knowingly do something like that? Do these people think every major company in America is as sex-crazed as they are?

That's not to say there are no abuses.

Sex in marketing is often unnecessary and even undesirable. In too many instances, it's just a lazy cop-out. When you can't come up with an ad that's truly distinctive or compelling, there's always that old fallback: Why not put some

pussy in it? There are still too many people concerned with selling things like machine tools who simply must regress to the big-boobed babe. That's boorish as well as stupid. Unless a product is truly sexy—sexy to use, look at or be seen in—using sex to market it just won't work. And trying to is nothing more than gratuitous tastelessness.

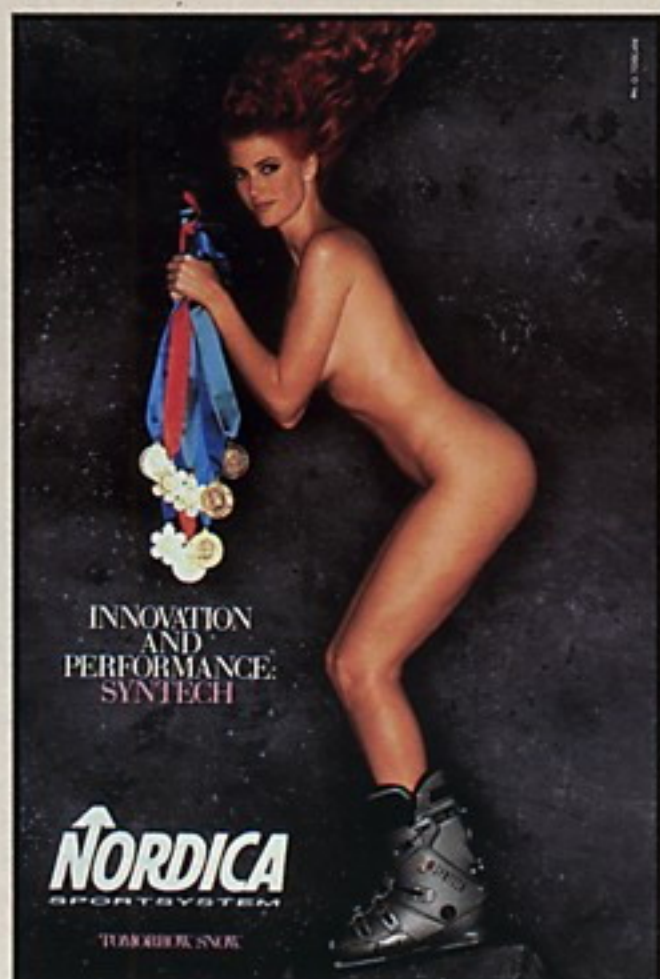
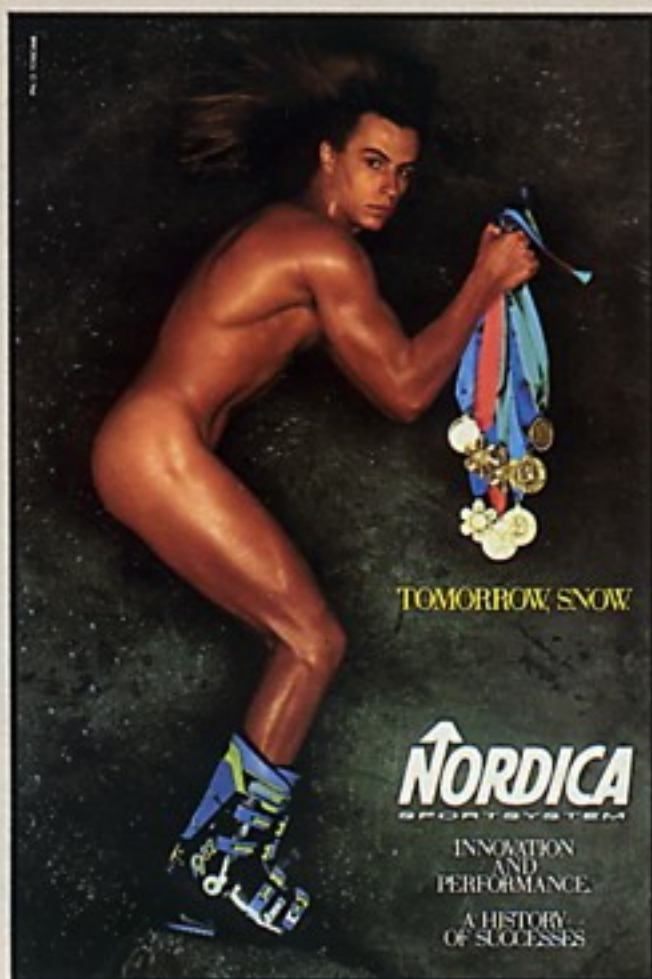
Yes, on television, too many spots continue to demean women or insensitively treat them as sex objects. And yes, even some of today's magazine advertisements may be going too far.

But that still leaves much that is smart and artful, charming or entertaining, and, certainly, the sheer volume of such ads reflects our continuing fascination with one of the more engaging aspects of life.

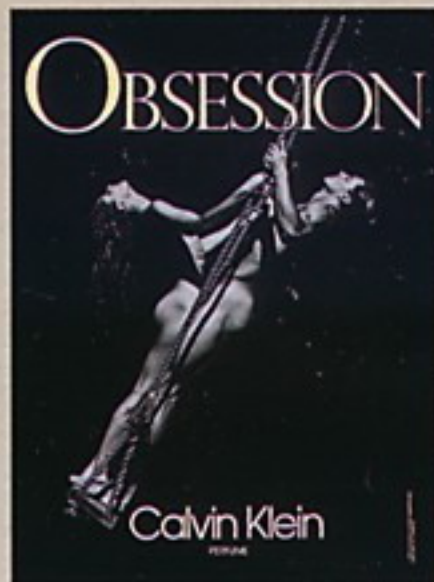
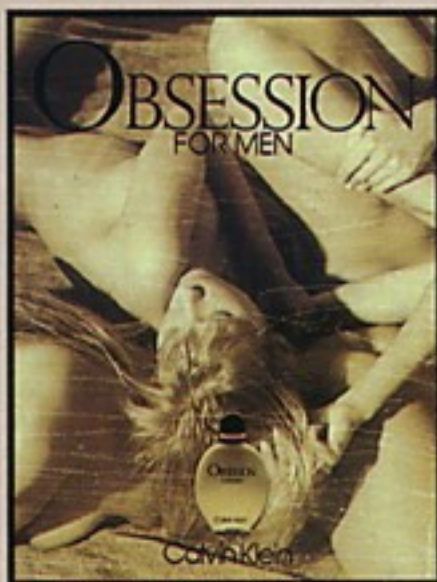
SHES VERY CHARLIE.



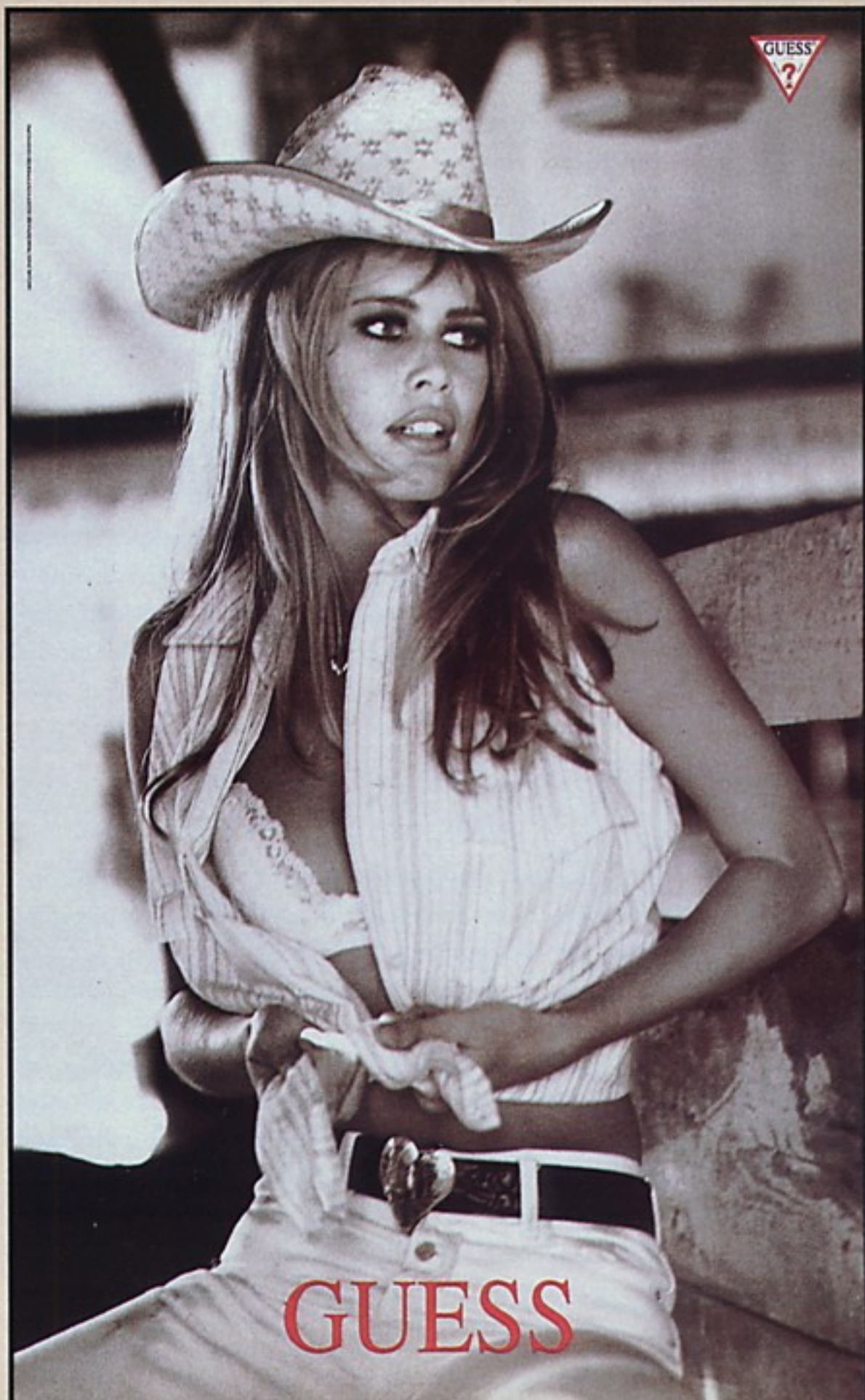
When ski-boot manufacturer Nordica decided to kick off the 1991 season by incorporating a little playful nudity into its advertising campaign, three magazines—*Ski*, *Skiing* and *Snow Country*—objected on "moral grounds" and told the company to take a powder. But *Powder* magazine agreed to take the ads (below), and the company received an avalanche of free publicity from the controversy.



In 1980 denim-clad teen Brooke Shields confided that nothing came between her and her Calvins (below left). Landslide sales soon confirmed what Calvin Klein had suspected: "Jeans are about sex." Five years later Klein used sex to launch a new fragrance, Obsession. When you're selling a product with such a name, you can excuse any sort of behavior, especially of the obsessive variety. This includes trilateral nudity, unsafe swinging and lonesome jean-splicing. Sales for the first ten months alone were \$30,000,000.



Last year the ad agency for Stroh Brewery had a notion to improve on its campaign for Old Milwaukee beer, which for years has featured guys declaring "It doesn't get any better than this." In an obvious parody of other beer commercials, the idea was to have the Swedish Bikini Team (above) descend on a group of blissfully unsuspecting campers. No sooner had the five voluptuous blondes hit TV screens across America than eight female Stroh Brewery employees splashed cold water on an unsuspecting Stroh's management. They filed suit against the company, charging the ads fostered a work environment that encouraged sexual harassment. The subsequent flap over sexism in suds commercials caused Anheuser-Busch to adopt a less-babe-oriented approach in ads for Bud and Michelob. And for the time being, at least, Old Milwaukee has regrettably grounded the Bikini Team. The team, however, managed to work in a memorable appearance in the January 1992 *Playboy*. It's curious that the Old Milwaukee ads provoked more controversy than the more erotically explicit Calvin Klein campaign. Letting the erotic speak for itself, the super-hot campaign for Guess (right) has sold lots of jeans and provided widespread exposure for Claudia Schiffer, shown here in her farmer's-daughter mode.





"I don't know what we'd have done if he hadn't shown up!"

ASHLEY'S SMOKIN'

miss august
is rarely home—
she's on the road to
supermodel success





PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ARMY FREYTAG
AND STEPHEN WAYDA

YOU'D THINK that having a body like Ashley Allen's would go to her pretty head, but it hasn't fazed this willowy Dallas-based model in the least. "I honestly don't think I'm all that pretty," she confides, "but I have to admit I'm real happy that *Playboy* does!" All in all, 1992 seems to be her banner year. Since learning of her impending centerfold status last October, Ashley has been fielding more offers than her answering machine can accommodate. And while she's happy to find herself so sought after, the demand is beginning to exceed her supply of energy. The long work days and the constant air travel required for on-location modeling shoots in Hawaii and Paris, various promotional gigs and the like have left this fetching 24-year-old feeling frazzled. If jet lag could kill, she agrees, she'd be listed in serious condition. Still, she perseveres with a smile, since most of the offers—including a film audition (*Bachelor Party II*), her ads for Hawaiian Tropic tanning lotion and her poster-girl work for Miller beer—are simply too good to refuse. Even wedlock has to take a backseat to Ashley's ambitions. "I got married young—when I was eighteen—but the marriage lasted only one year. My ex was a nice guy, but he tried to keep too tight a rein on me. He wanted me to give up modeling, insisting I have a baby instead. It was like the old cliché—he wanted to keep me barefoot and pregnant. No way. I never intend to get so dependent on a man that I don't have a career to fall back on." Her show-business

Ashley's dream has been to appear on the cover of *Vogue* or in the bathing-suit edition of *Sports Illustrated*—"or to become the next Playmate of the Year," she says, "even if it is a long shot."









career started at an early age. Ashley was a Miss Heart of the Border finalist when she was just 14. Later, she won several modeling contests, including, when she was 19, the local title in the Ford Agency's Supermodel competition, the breakthrough that launched her career. She's talented, too. "I was so shy as a little girl that my mom made me take dance lessons—ballet, tap and jazz—and it really helped to make me more outgoing." Ashley went on to play flute—first chair—in her high school band and became such an accomplished roller skater that she won the regional finals when she was 15. But despite a host of extracurricular activities in high school, including a two-year stint as a cheerleader and being named homecoming queen, she worked hard to be "an A and B student, if you don't count a C in geometry—I never could get the hang of angles." Fast forward to 1992. Romance? "Right now I just want a man who can make me laugh and who likes to go out dancing. I'm not into making any serious commitments." Eventually, though, she'd like to marry an amusing, self-made man who's as loving as her father was and have one child—a boy—to spoil rotten. "I do like men a lot," she admits, "but they can be awfully distracting when you're trying to concentrate on a career."

"People tell me that I ought to forget about love and marry some rich guy for his money. But I can't make myself do that," says Ashley. "I don't want to use men for their money any more than I want them to use me for my looks."



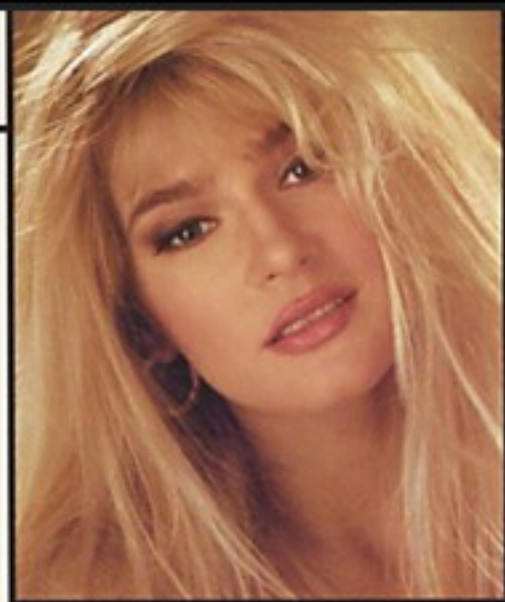
MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Ashley Allen

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Ashley Allen

BUST: 34C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'8 1/2" WEIGHT: 123

BIRTH DATE: 2-7-68 BIRTHPLACE: San Antonio

AMBITIONS: To live fast, love hard and die laughing!

TURN-ONS: The late Jim Morrison & Patrick Swayze in Dirty Dancing

TURN-OFFS: People who take up two spaces in parking lots, getting sick when there is no male nurse around.

FAVORITE BOOK: The Bible, because it's true and interesting and it comforts me.

BIGGEST FEAR: I'm scared of heights except for tall men.

FANTASY TIME: I'd love to wear mod clothes and be part of the crowd at Woodstock.



Skating champ Sis, boom, bah!

Still rolling 1992

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

During the long commute to work, two neighbors were arguing about presidential politics. Finally, one asked the other why he was such a dedicated Democrat.

"Because my daddy and granddaddy were Democrats," he replied.

"That's it?" his exasperated friend exclaimed. "What if your daddy and granddaddy had been horse thieves?"

"In that case," the first neighbor answered, "I guess I'd be a Republican."

What do you call a blonde upside down? A brunette.



Why do blonde girls have bruises around their belly buttons? Because blond guys are stupid, too.

Three friends were walking down the street when they were approached by a very attractive prostitute. "How much?" one asked.

"I operate on a sliding scale," she said. "I charge ten dollars an inch."

The three men thought that sounded fair, so they accompanied her to her apartment, taking turns in her bedroom.

The first emerged boasting that he had paid \$70. The second proudly announced that he had paid \$100. The third declared that he'd never had as good a time in his life for a mere \$20. His friends began to snicker.

"Hey," he said, "neither of you had the sense to pay on the way out."

Have you tried the new David Dinkins cocktail? It's a Manhattan on the rocks.

A retiree was given his first set of golf clubs and decided to try them out. "This game is a complete mystery to me," he told the club pro. "What do I do?"

"You hit the ball toward the flag on the green."

The novice teed up and smacked the ball straight down the fairway and onto the green, where it stopped an inch from the hole.

"What now?" the fellow asked the stunned pro.

"You're supposed to hit the ball into the cup."

"Oh, great! Now you tell me!"

Times were hard in the Russian shtetl just after the war. Moishe had been out of work for months and finally, in desperation, called on the rabbi for help. "Please, Rabbi, isn't there some work you can give me?" he pleaded.

"Well," the rabbi said, "let me see. . . . Yes, I think we can pay you one ruble a day to stand at the village gates to greet the Messiah."

"Only one ruble, Rabbi? That's not very much."

"That's very true, Moishe, but just think of the job security."

What has 75 balls and screws little old ladies? Bingo.

The day after her husband's death, the widow met with the funeral director. "What would you like to say in the obituary?" he asked.

"Klinger died," she replied.

"That's much too short. You should have at least five words."

"All right," she said. "How about 'Klinger died. Cadillac for sale?'"



Grafitto spotted on a tavern wall: THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH (IF THAT'S OK WITH THE REST OF YOU).

A devout Catholic woman was running late to church when, in her haste, she stumbled and fell, skinning her elbows and knees, and splitting her skirt up the back.

Dazed and confused, she glanced up and saw a small boy watching her. "Is mass out?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," he replied, "but your hat is on crooked."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"I have problems with safe sex. The damn condoms keep popping off my head."

**who says
locker-room
conversation is
strictly for
the boys?**

GIRL TALK

Girls talk about sex all the time. Really. We do it when we get together over cocktails, when we hide away in the ladies' room, when we tie up the phone late at night. It's a rite of sisterhood to pass on sexual secrets. As a talk-show producer in Detroit, I've had intimate conversations with women from all walks of life—professionals, housewives, students—and, over the years, many of those women have become personal friends. So, with a promise that all the names would be changed, I gathered a group of my friends for what became one of our more revealing conversations. Here's your chance to listen in.

Around the table were:

*Annette, 34, secretary, single
Dayna, 29, teacher, recently married
Cheryl, 31, marketing consultant, single
Tina, 31, interior designer, single
Sherry, 30, therapist, single
Teri, 28, travel agent, single
Lisa, 35, gallery owner, single
Trish, 38, public relations director, single*

How often do you think about sex?

ANNETTE: As I get older, I'm definitely aroused more often. I'll be in a meeting full of men and suddenly find myself imagining what each would be like in bed.

SHERRY: I think about sex a lot more when

article by

LORI WEISS



I'm actually involved with someone. If I wake up in someone's arms, I carry that feeling all day long. The girls in my office can always tell when I'm getting it.

TRISH: I've been thinking about sex a lot more since I've been involved with Greg. He *makes* me think about it. He calls me at work and gets me going on the phone. He tells me what he wants me to wear that night and what he's going to do to me.

TINA: I think about sex in the shower. It's very erotic when the water is pulsating against your body. And I love it when they unexpectedly join you. You think they came in to get toothpaste, and then you find out they came to get something else. I love washing every part of a man's body, watching him get turned on. There's something about a clean, hard cock.

CHERYL: You know, I'm finding that I can't hold out as long as I used to. The other day, I was playing racquetball with a new guy. We were hot and sweaty, which I find very sensual. He started to kiss me and my hand went straight into his pants. I don't know what got into me. Anyone could have been watching.

During the early stages of a relationship with a new partner, when do you know you're ready to sleep with him?

TINA: I guess it's instinct. It's a feeling that I can trust him. A feeling that he's planning to stay around for a while.

SHERRY: I need to feel safe with him.

TERI: Yeah, safe. I'm letting this man into my body. That's something men can't relate to. I'd like to have faith in him first.

TINA: There are signs that tell you it's the right time. He's not all over you when he kisses you goodnight. He respects your boundaries. He's calling you during the week. You've become friends. Then you can move forward and become lovers.

ANNETTE: I ask a lot of questions. Quite frankly, I'd never go to bed with a guy who didn't believe in abortion.

TRISH: Oh, that's romantic.

ANNETTE: Well, think about it: What if you get pregnant and aren't ready to have a child? It's not like I'm judging my bed partners by their political views, but I like to know what I'm getting into.

TRISH: I have to know that a guy likes me a lot and that I'm not just a fuck. I have to know there's going to be some relationship. Length of time doesn't matter; what does is how you connect.

SHERRY: You have to be comfortable with someone both emotionally and physically. That or so horny you can't hold out anymore.

ANNETTE: But if the man is marriage

material, you don't want it to fizzle out. So I take it slower. It's a test.

TRISH: In other words, you'll fuck a guy a lot quicker if you don't like him?

ANNETTE: Right.

TRISH: [Laughs] That's so fucked up!

CHERYL: But she's right. Sometimes you know you'll never marry the guy, so you just fuck him and get it over with, because that's all it's about.

What's the most outrageous thing a man has ever done to you sexually?

TRISH: Easy. One night, Greg and I were having sex, and all of a sudden, he pulls out. I thought, Uh-oh, something's wrong. Next thing I know, he's tying my wrists and ankles to the bedposts with silk ties. I've never gotten head like that in my life. It was incredible. I couldn't see, so everything felt intense.

ANNETTE: I'm sorry, but that scene makes me nauseous. Once they start getting into ties and toys, it ruins things. It cheapens the relationship.

TRISH: Then you don't know what you're missing. The things I've been doing with Greg used to seem dirty to me before I actually started doing them. I used to think they were disgusting and disrespectful to women. But I don't feel that way anymore. What I like best with Greg is when he turns me over and makes me beg him to enter me—makes me tell him over and over how badly I want it.

ANNETTE: That makes you feel good?

TRISH: Yes. It does.

ANNETTE: It sounds like a power play.

TRISH: Aren't you taking this a little too seriously?

ANNETTE: Maybe—but *begging*?

LISA: Well, I won't beg, but I'll negotiate. Like, just as he's getting hot and he's sure I'm about to give him a blow job or something, I'll make him promise to wash the car the next day.

DAYNA: I'd love to try any of those things with Patrick, but he won't even discuss sex with me.

TINA: Why?

DAYNA: It's like it's taboo—something you do but don't talk about. Sometimes after sex I ask him if anything in particular felt good. He rolls over and goes to sleep. Sometimes I think I should find someone who can have fun in bed.

ANNETTE: I know. Men take their orgasms too seriously. Isn't sex supposed to be an adult form of play?

Trish, what made Greg's going down on you so "incredible"?

TRISH: After he tied me up, he started kissing my toes. He kissed all the way up my leg. Next, I could feel his tongue licking the inside of my thigh. He passed over my groin—never really stopping, just teasing—and continued

up to my breasts and stayed there for a while. Then he worked his way down the other side.

The best thing in the world is to look down and see only the top of his head. I can feel his tongue starting to trace a curving kind of shape right around the top—which is the most sensitive area for me, right along the clitoris—slowly, real slowly. By the time I start to get excited, he's already moved to the next curve. My body gets warm, then hot. I feel this tremor building from my knees to my thighs. My nipples get hard, my mouth gets dry.

CHERYL: Well, Harvey didn't do anything like that. I mean, the way he performed oral sex, I'd look down just to see if his dog had sneaked into the bedroom. He did it like a dog lapping up water. It was such a turnoff.

TINA: You should have known that from the way he kissed you the first time. When a man kisses you slowly—exploring, not plowing in—you know he's going to take his time going down on you.

SHERRY: How about when they hum? I remember this one guy who'd make vibrations with his lips right on my clit—it sounded sort of like a motorboat. I'd come almost instantly.

DAYNA: Patrick acts like he's doing me a favor when he goes down on me. He kind of flicks his tongue on my clitoris, which really annoys me. It feels like a fly, like a nuisance. I just want him to get on with it. I want his tongue in me.

CHERYL: I love deep tonguing, too, but only if the guy's rubbing his hand on my clit at the same time. I like a man who can do two things at once.

ANNETTE: So what's the big deal with Patrick, Dayna? Why don't you just tell him you don't like the way he goes down on you?

TRISH: No, *don't* do that. Men hate it if they feel like you're directing them. What Dayna should do is subtly move Patrick's head to where she wants it, then moan a little so he knows she's really enjoying it. Suddenly, he'll think he's discovered a new way of pleasing her. You do that once, and the next time he goes down on you, he'll go right to the spot you want him to.

What about going down on men?

ANNETTE: Can I ask a stupid question? Why do they call it a blow job? I don't blow. Does anyone blow? [Laughs]

SHERRY: Actually, sometimes I do, but it's not like blowing a horn. It's just faint little breaths—up and down his dick, around his balls. I want a guy to want it before I start using my tongue.

TERI: A musician I was with taught me triple-tonguing. It's a technique used by trumpeters. I lick the tip of the

(continued on page 126)

"I want him to be able to laugh in bed. Not to think his coming is the Second Coming."

they finally came. The three of us should have had a cigarette afterward.

Speaking of threesomes . . .

TRISH: Absolutely not! I could never do it with another woman. I wouldn't want to share the power or the conquest. Two men might be interesting, but they'd have to be two guys I could trust.

TERI: I've done that and now I wish I had left it as a fantasy. It made me feel cheap.

ANNETTE: Guys do these things purely for the sexual experience. A man would never do something like that with someone he wanted to be involved with.

SHERRY: Not true. I was once going with this guy who was always bugging me about doing a threesome with another woman. His ex-wife had been bisexual, and I began to wonder if I were missing out on something. So one night the opportunity arose. I really got into it. I wanted him to do her while I watched. I especially wanted to watch him take her from behind.

TINA: Are we talking anal sex?

SHERRY: Yeah, that's what made it so exciting. But the girl said that the only way she'd let him do that was if she could go down on me at the same time. I guess she wanted a distraction.

TERI: Or maybe she just wanted to go down on you.

SHERRY: Whatever. But I've got to tell you, women really know how to do it to other women. I haven't met a man yet who could match it. Women know the rhythm, where to go.

TRISH: Sorry, that's one dance I'd rather sit out. It's the strength of a man's body that makes sex exciting.

ANNETTE: I agree, but one at a time. I'd wonder about a guy who'd allow another man in bed with his woman. It could get rough—like the guys would be comparing their performances. That couldn't be very good for the woman.

Have you ever had sex with two guys on the same day?

TERI: I wouldn't do it now—it's too risky. But years ago? Sure. I might have had one for breakfast and one for dinner.

DAYNA: Not me. I couldn't do that. We're talking about intercourse, right?

ANNETTE: It's OK to do everything else?

DAYNA: I just couldn't feel comfortable having intercourse with two guys on the same day.

TINA: When I was seeing Rick, I'd spend the night with him, go to breakfast with him on Sunday morning, then go home, change clothes and spend the day flying

with Ron. We'd put the plane on autopilot and play. We never actually fucked.

TRISH: Would you go back to Rick later that night, just for the sexual release?

TINA: Sure.

DAYNA: And you didn't feel guilty?

TINA: No, because he was always playing head games, flirting with other women.

CHERYL: See? Guys don't realize they push us to cheat on them. I've done it and it's always been out of anger.

ANNETTE: The only time I ever cheated on my ex-husband, it was out of anger or maybe even insecurity. I was uptight about this female friend of his, and I needed to get back at him—without his knowing, just in my own head. There was this guy I'd known for years; he'd always had a thing for me. I met him in the city one night and we went to a hotel. It was so bad. I couldn't wait to get out of there. I cried the whole way home.

TRISH: Was the sex bad or did you feel guilty?

ANNETTE: Total guilt. Of course, years later, during all those separations, I wanted to say, "Fuck you! Look at what I did!" But I never did.

LISA: When I cheated, no one pushed me to do it and I never felt guilty about it. I had been with Frank for years and I had to know what I was missing before I could think about marrying him.

TERI: You were thinking about marrying this guy, so you went out and fucked someone else?

LISA: I wasn't sure what I was feeling, but I knew I had to find out before I made anything final. Sex wasn't exciting with him anymore. So I started spending my evenings with Larry. He was teaching me about real estate and there was this mental thing. He was so different, so exciting. What really confused me was that the two of them didn't compare sizewise. Larry was only this big [*holds her finger and thumb an inch apart*].

CHERYL: No!

LISA: Yes, and that's what confused me. I wanted to figure out why someone that small excited me so much more than someone I had been with for years.

How important is dick size?

ANNETTE: I know men would hate to hear this because it confirms their worst fears, but I've definitely had the best sex with men who are large. Maybe they have more confidence when they're large.

SHERRY: Oh, come on. It's not really so different when they're small. You just don't feel as full, that's all.

CHERYL: Sometimes when they're shorter

and smaller, they come out when you don't want them to. If you move the wrong way, they pop out.

ANNETTE: Well, I hate it when they apologize for being small. I mean, what are you supposed to say?

LISA: You know how guys are. They're so insecure.

SHERRY: But it's really not quantity—it's quality. Besides, for me at least, bigger isn't necessarily better when it comes to oral sex. I don't have a big mouth, and it's just not comfortable for me with a big penis in there. I feel like I'm choking.

LISA: Guys who are young and hung—they don't know what to do with it. They think they're just supposed to slam it in.

TRISH: Right. Just because they're large doesn't necessarily make them good.

So if size really isn't crucial, what is the most important attribute for a lover?

CHERYL: How long they can go. Stamina.

TRISH: Their desire to please.

SHERRY: Tenderness, sincerity.

LISA: The way he looks.

SHERRY: No—the way he looks at you.

ANNETTE: Right. He has to be constantly aware of you and where you are. He has to want to do things with you, not lost in his own world.

DAYNA: I like a guy who smells good. Smell is critical.

ANNETTE: Not those guys who pour on cologne?

DAYNA: No, their natural smell.

LISA: They have to be tall and big. They have to have presence. And there's kissing. If he can't kiss, I can't go any further.

DAYNA: A lot of foreplay. I need a lot of touching. And I want him to tell me I'm hot, that I'm gorgeous.

ANNETTE: I want him to be able to laugh in bed. Not to think his coming is the Second Coming.

TINA: Friendship is the bottom line. You care about a friend, no matter what.

SHERRY: The best lover is obviously the one who loves you.

Have you ever dealt with a reluctant male?

DAYNA: I had a guy who didn't kiss me until the sixth date. I had already decided if he didn't kiss me on that date, he was definitely gay. He turned out to be one of the best kissers. I guess he was just warming up or something.

SHERRY: I was with one guy who took so long that I began to think of it as a friendship. By the time he made his move, I was appalled. I had put those feelings away.

ANNETTE: So how soon do they need to make the move?

CHERYL: First date. Otherwise there's no second date. If he doesn't, I think there's something wrong. I'm not aggressive enough to say, "Hey, let's go fuck." But I can do other stuff.

TRISH: Like?

CHERYL: Like talking about it all the time

until they make the move. I once talked to a guy about blow jobs nonstop until he finally broke down.

Have you ever given in to a guy who was pressuring you to have sex?

TINA: No.

TERI: No way. Never. It would make me more determined to walk away.

TRISH: My very first time, I was under pressure. I was eighteen and he told me in no uncertain terms that he would leave me if I didn't do it.

SHERRY: Haven't we all gone further than we intended to under pressure? You think you're just going to kiss, then you get tired of pushing away his hands.

ANNETTE: Why do men think that just because you let them kiss you, they have free reign to fuck you?

SHERRY: It's infuriating. I recently had a date with this guy who came over to my place with a bottle of champagne and carry-out Chinese. Things started off great. Then he began to kiss me. Five minutes later, this supposedly great guy turned into an octopus. He insisted that he couldn't just kiss me, that he got too excited and it hurt.

CHERYL: It hurt?

SHERRY: Right: blue balls. And after only five minutes. He went on and on about how this was a guy thing, and then when I told him he couldn't spend the night, he tried to negotiate with me. He announced that a hand job would be a nice compromise.

TRISH: Did you come to any agreement?

SHERRY: Yeah. He agreed to get out of my apartment and I agreed not to tell every girl in town what an asshole he was.

What do you think happened at the Kennedy compound that night in Palm Beach?

LISA: She was stupid and she teased him. She got to a point where she didn't want to go any further, and he had already gotten to a point where he wanted it.

TRISH: Maybe she didn't want to play the game as long and hard and furious as he did. Sometimes guys can be forceful.

DAYNA: Isn't that rape?

SHERRY: Both of them were drunk. When a girl says no, is he going to listen when he's been drinking? Maybe she doesn't even remember what she said.

LISA: I don't think it was rape. That type of person isn't going to go out and rape somebody.

ANNETTE: Are you kidding? People like that get whatever they want all the time. They're on a power trip.

CHERYL: William Kennedy Smith went out to have a good time. He met someone who he felt was inconsequential but interested in him and he decided to take things as far as he could. Maybe she was looking for a relationship and he saw her as a commodity that was available in his territory. He felt that he could do whatever he wanted with her.

TERI: I definitely think he raped her. Nobody except a masochist would put herself through what she's been through. No woman wants her underwear shown on television.

Has AIDS changed the way you pick partners and what type of sex you have?

CHERYL: It's put a real damper on things. I like sleeping with different men—I enjoy sex—but you can't just go out and fuck someone anymore. Now you have to worry about what he's got. It sucks.

DAYNA: You need to have the ultimate trust in someone. You have to know about their history.

TRISH: Their old girlfriends. Ex-wives.

ANNETTE: There have been times I've thought, Maybe I just won't get involved with anybody. Or maybe I'll go back to my ex-husband and have great sex and a shitty life.

TRISH: I'm terrified. Greg's not twenty-five anymore and he's not out boffing every chick in town. But he did go wild after his divorce.

DAYNA: Don't you use condoms?

TRISH: We do now, but we didn't for a very long time.

DAYNA: Why not?

TRISH: He wouldn't.

DAYNA: So what's the point? Why use them now?

TRISH: Because it may not be too late. It doesn't hurt to be safe.

SHERRY: I'd never have sex with anyone unless he was wearing a condom.

TRISH: But it's not always that easy.

ANNETTE: What's so difficult? Tell him he either wears one or he goes somewhere else to get it.

TINA: I think condoms are disgusting. I'd rather stick to one person I really like and chance it than use one of those.

SHERRY: Would you at least ask a guy to get tested?

TINA: No, I'd like to think my judgment was better than that.

CHERYL: How would you say that anyway? "I have this friend down at the local AIDS testing center—"

DAYNA: What if your judgment was wrong, Tina?

TINA: Then I guess it's too late.

Can you have really hot sex with someone you sleep with all the time?

TRISH: It all depends on the chemistry. With Greg, it's hot every time because we're the same kind of sexual people. I could sleep with him seven nights a week and it would never be boring.

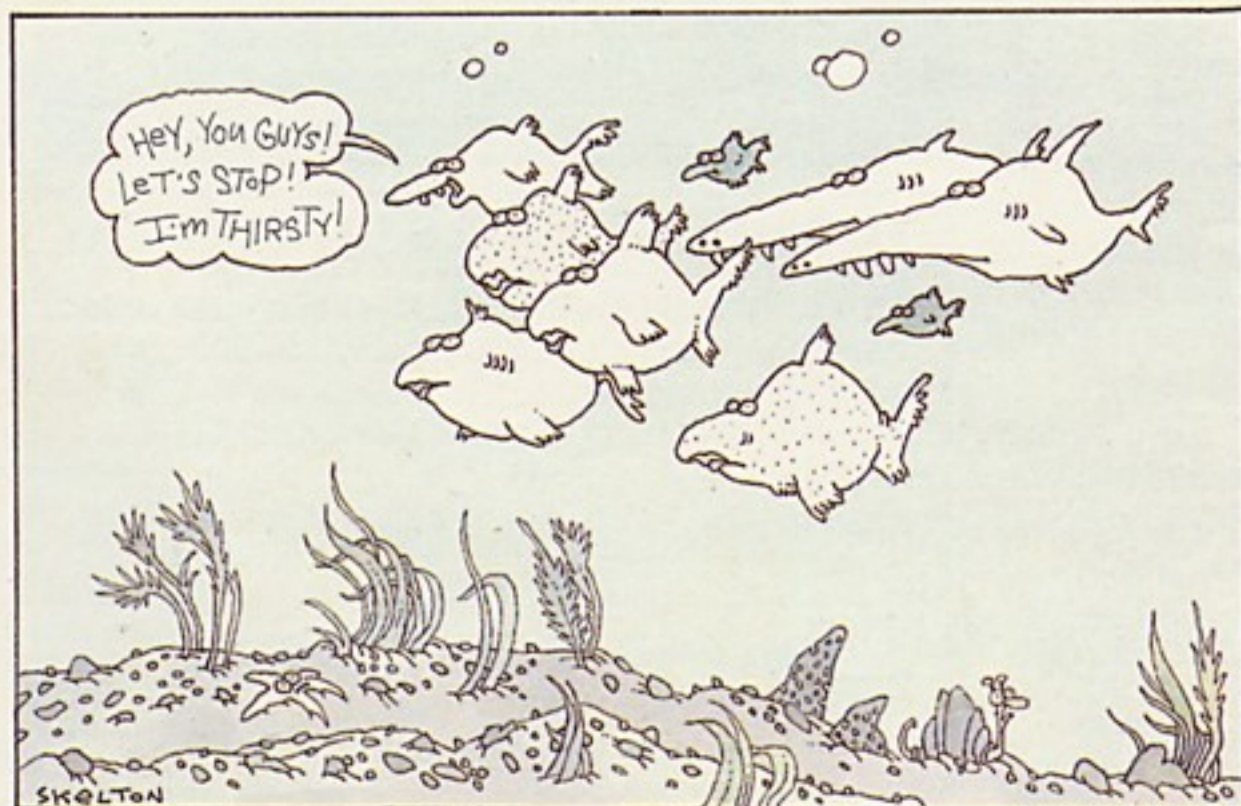
ANNETTE: It's important that you both like the same things. It was great with Tony every time because we both liked it rough and hard and rowdy—none of this passive stuff.

CHERYL: But face it, things get boring. You have to be into each other for great sex, and how often does that happen?

SHERRY: Sex is more like an ebb and flow, a cyclical pattern in a relationship. As much as I'd like a happy, uninterrupted sex life, it's unrealistic to assume that there won't be times that aren't completely satisfying. But those times could be clues that there are other problems that have to be looked at.

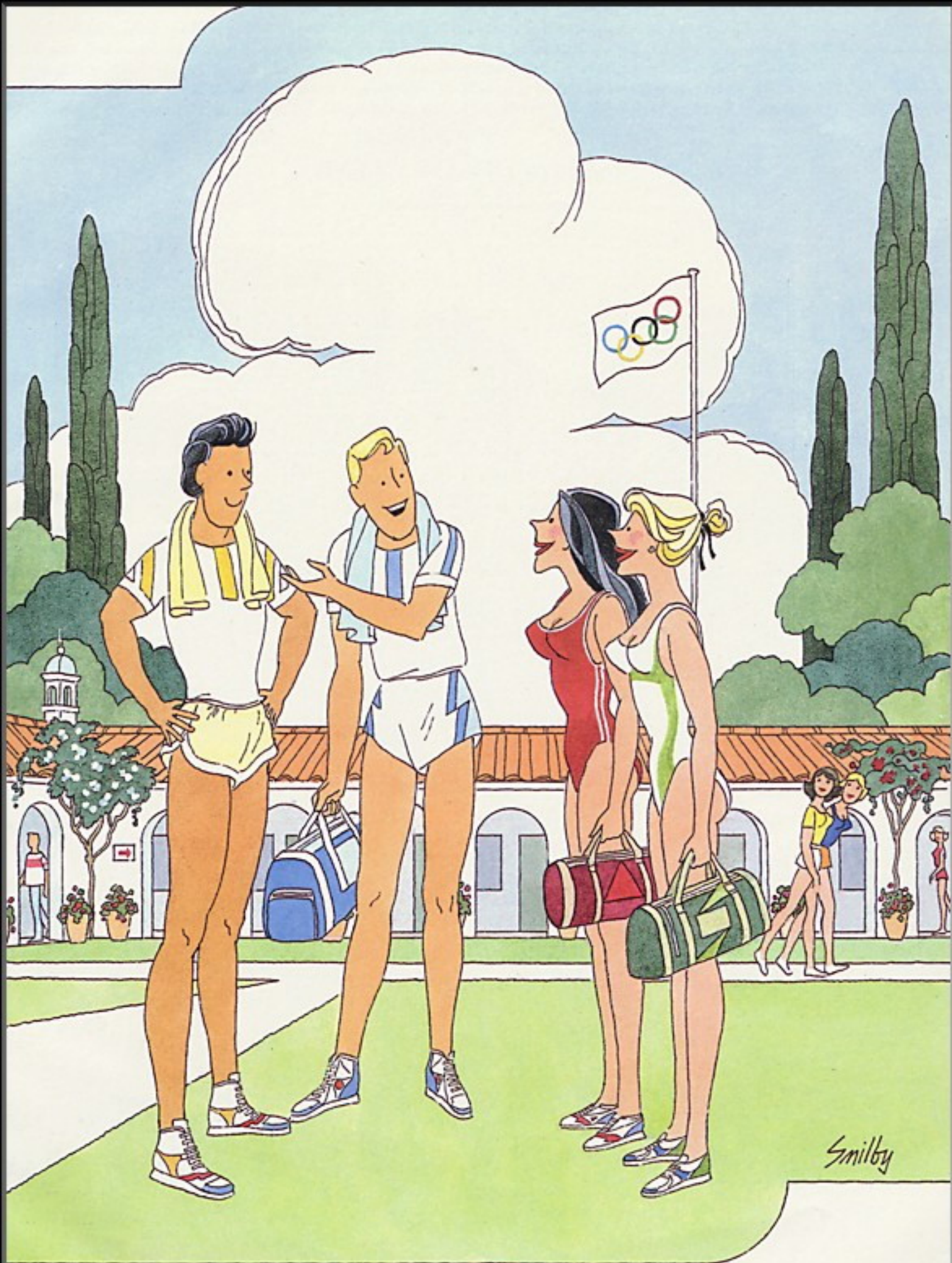
What's the one piece of advice you'd give men about pleasing women?

TRISH: What they really need to learn is the art of seduction. A man needs to make a woman feel like he really adores her, even if he's faking it, you know, like gigolos do. He should make her feel like she's the most beautiful girl in the world.



Fish Joke





Smilby

"No—he's here for the rowing. I'm here for the screwing."



DOMESTIC BLISS

our loving salute to the all-american housewife

WE HEAR a lot these days about the tyranny of the home, that housewives are the last unsung oppressed people in America. That women who choose to have a family and decide to care for it themselves are condemned to drudgery and the horrors of daytime TV. Well, the remarkable ladies on the next eight pages are here to tell you: A woman's place in the Nineties is wherever she wants it to be.

And, for many, that place is home. However, being a housewife means more than "staying at home, baking cookies and having teas," as Hillary Clinton put it. We have always suspected that some of the sexiest women we knew did not live next door. Some lived in the same house. And, given the response that we received following the television movie *Posing*, we're not alone. In case you missed it, *Posing* was based on the experiences of three women, including a suburban housewife who appeared in *Playboy*. One Michigan housewife who could relate explains thus: "Motherhood isn't always conducive to feeling sexy, so a woman has to do all she can to feel good about herself." For these ladies, that includes everything from staying in shape (there are roller skaters, equestriennes and belly dancers among them) to shopping for lingerie. And, as it did for the character in *Posing*, it also includes modeling for *Playboy*. Hundreds of full-time wives and mothers responded to an ad that appeared in the December 1991 issue of the magazine announcing plans for this pictorial. One New Jersey homemaker wrote: "I think it's great that *Playboy* has decided to pay tribute to all the moms out there who aren't actresses, models or famous—just women who are doing great jobs raising their families, yet haven't lost sight of their individuality, femininity and sensuality." Our sentiments exactly—that's just what we had in mind.



You couldn't keep Indiana mom Riley Bee (opposite and above) away from home with her two young children. "I do all that domestic stuff and I love it. I feel so lucky to be able to raise my children myself," she says. And after this five-foot-ten-inch beauty tucks the kids in for the night, she turns her attention to her husband. "We met eleven years ago. We're perfect partners."



Kimber Staren (left) gets the royal treatment every day at home. "My husband is wonderful," she says. "He is sensitive to my feelings and supports everything I do." Above, Kimber gives her husband, Ted, a reason to hurry back to their suburban Chicago home. Texas beauty Elisa Berrios (below) is never behind the eight ball when it comes to taking care of her two-year-old daughter, Brooke. We'll let her husband, Tino, explain: "Brooke couldn't ask for a better mom." And what about her being in *Playboy*? "It will get her some much-deserved recognition."





"Ever since I was a little girl sneaking peeks at my Dad's *Playboys*, I've wanted to be one of the beautiful women on your pages," Staci Way Epperson (above) wrote to us. Staci, putting in time with her Saint Bernard (right), is used to animals. "We have a pet chicken named Mabel, two rottweilers and three horses on our ranch in northern California." Skydiving enthusiast Cindy Swenson (below) completed a 9500-foot jump right before she found out she was pregnant with her son, Cody. Here, the Pennsylvania housewife dives into the family finances.





We wish they all could be California wives. Beverly Murphy (above left) and Debbie Kline (above right) have been friends for nearly a decade and are inseparable. "We both have two girls," Beverly tells us. "We do everything from throwing birthday parties to reading bedtime stories. We wipe runny noses and dry teary eyes. We fix healthy lunches and wish our kids could always be this happy and never grow up." These two friends are so close they consulted on baby names and each named one of her daughters Kelly.



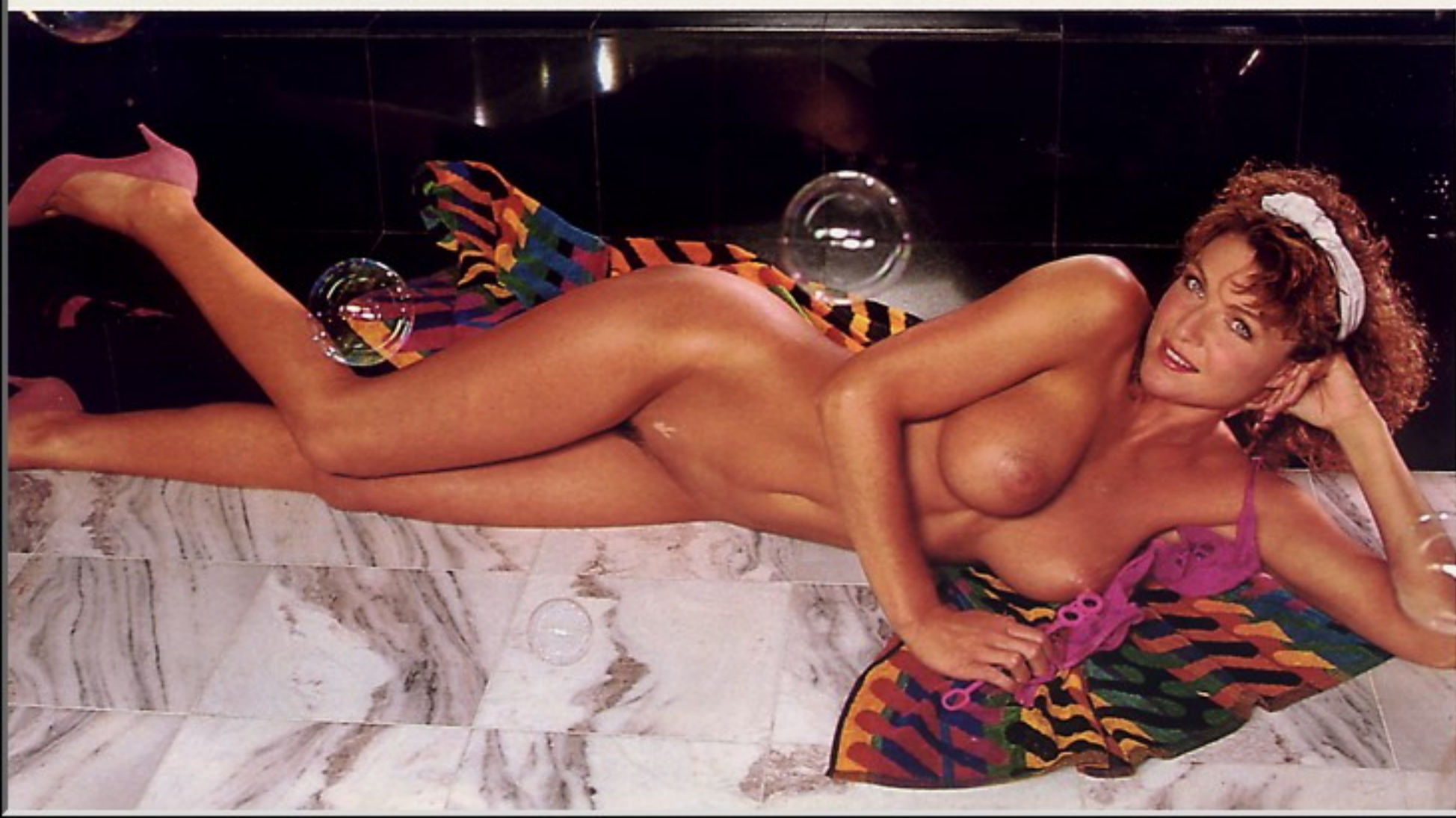
Susan Roulo (left and above) and her husband, Michael, play coed volleyball and softball, but this fall she'll hit the books. "I want to get a degree in nutrition," says this Michigan housewife, "but I've waited because I wanted to be home during my son's first two years of development."

Lisa Best (below and right) may not look like the mother of a 12-year-old daughter but she sure sounds like one. "My beautiful, perfect daughter is a straight-A student who excels at every sport she tries," Lisa says, acknowledging her own bias. Lisa's husband, Peter, is a California fire fighter.





Yes, Mary Heath (left and above) does do windows and a lot of other things at her rambling farmhouse in Oregon. Renovating the place and "making it bloom" is actually a project the whole family enjoys, says Mary. Her family includes her fiancé, two kids from a previous marriage and her parents, who live a mile down the road. Those who claim that a woman can't have a great shape after childbearing haven't met Jan Lawrence (below). "My body is better now than before I had my kids," says the full-time mother of two from Illinois. "I compete in bikini contests with women younger than I am and still come in in first place."





Texas housewife Lois Kay de Armas (left) loves to paint, claiming, "My artwork causes people to look twice." We think Lois is a head turner, too. She wants to "live life to the fullest and be the best wife and mom ever." "Just because you're a wife and mother doesn't mean you lose your sense of sexuality," says New Yorker Elaine Marks (above). "All my life, I'd dream of two things: being a wife and mother and being in *Playboy*." If any charitable soul out there would like to help California homemaker Cheryl La Carriere (below) pick up her groceries, the line has already started forming somewhere to the left.





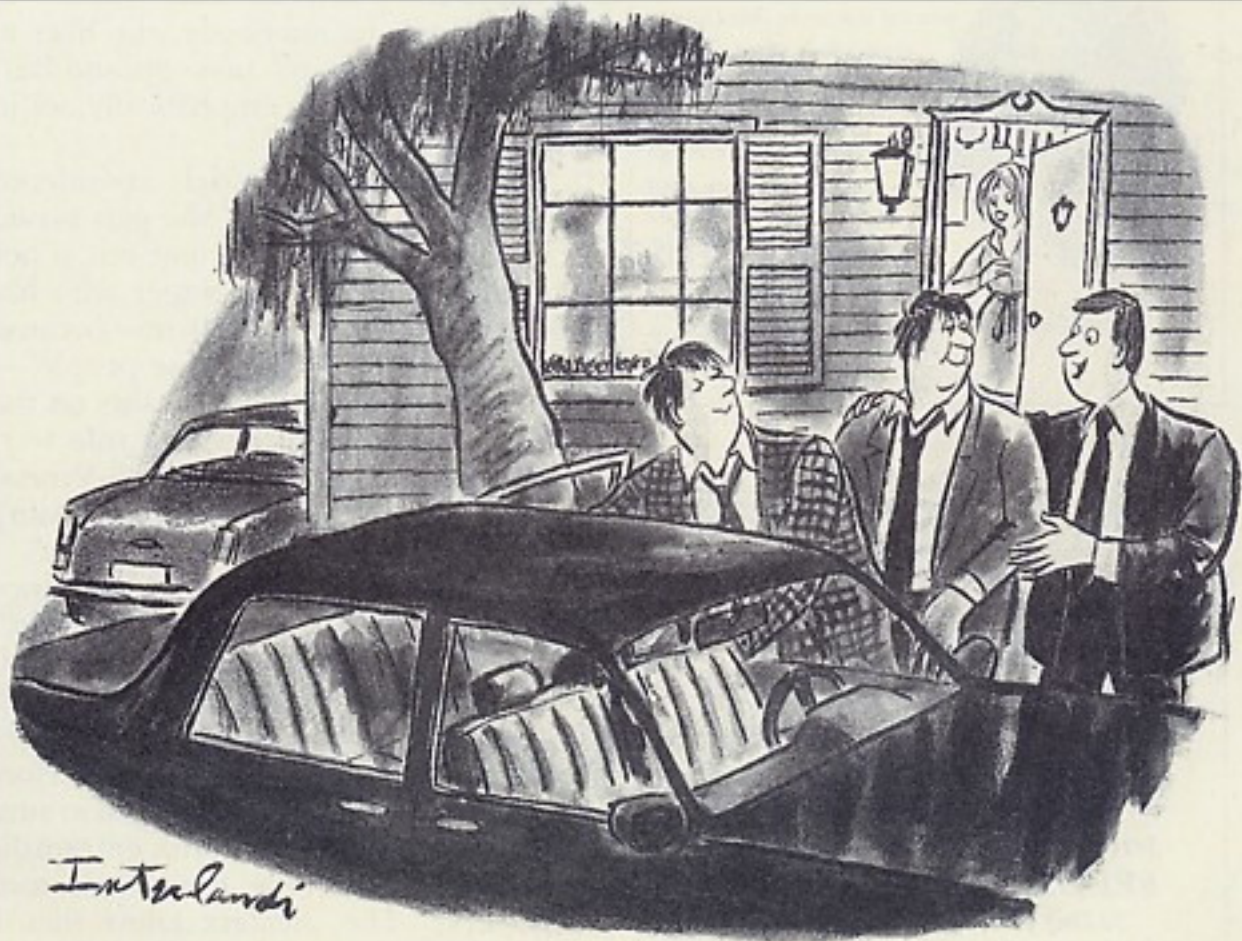
A 38-year-old mother and—believe it!—grandmother, Californian Shelley Handley (far left) has three children. She has worked as a house painter and construction worker, enjoys landscaping, photography and scuba diving and “loves life. All of it, every day.” New Hampshire homemaker Gail Walleston (near left) prefers to call herself a domestic engineer, perhaps because you’d need a degree in organization to manage her schedule. Aside from taking care of her own two children, Gail baby-sits for other working moms, volunteers at her daughter’s school and at the YMCA and is a partner in her husband’s home-based marketing-consulting firm. Her husband tells us she enjoys reading the articles and interviews in *Playboy* “but is very intimidated by the pictorials.” Our cover girl, Margie Murphy (below and right), is a part-time businesswoman who’s putting her love of animals to work by opening a superstore for pets near her Florida home. And last but hardly least, Kentucky sweetheart Suzanne Stuart (bottom left) says her husband, Jorge, “reads *Playboy* religiously.” With this issue, Jorge should be in heaven.







"What a coincidence, stranger. I, too, prefer not to sit with my back to the door."



Interlandi

"Another thing about being the designated driver—I'm the only one who got laid!"



"Of course you felt the earth move . . . it was an earthquake."

A Rae of Light

Leggy actress SHANNON RAE has been around—from *Wayne's World* at the movies to Firehouse's music video *Love of a Lifetime* to ads for Frederick's of Hollywood. Now, here she is. Lucky us.



Braga Rights

Actress SONIA BRAGA is her own woman. She takes movie parts only when she believes in the scripts. Seen most recently on the big screen in *Havana* and on cable last year in *The Last Prostitute*, Braga can draw a crowd just by getting dressed up.



Lisa Switches Hats

Violinist LISA GERMANO tours often with John Mellencamp and played with Billy Joel, Bob Seger and Indigo Girls. Her first solo LP, *On the Way Down from the Moon Palace*, showed off her writing talent. She's working on number two now.



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© ANDY PEARLMAN



© ROBERT MATHIEU

The James Gang

British rockers JAMES's fourth studio album, *Seven*, is finally catching on in the U.S. Two of the singles are breaking on the charts. Now you can catch them in concert. Why have they persevered? "Songs would appear. Wonderful songs. That's why we kept going." Welcome, James.



© WENNER & POLLENER

Tally's Extra Points

TALLY CHANEL graced the cover of a 1990 *Playboy's Book of Lingerie* and appeared on Showtime in *Knockouts* and in music videos for Kix and David Lee Roth. In *Grapevine*, she is playing with the pros.



© WENNER & POLLENER

Heather and Yon

HEATHER TUSCANY was a Page Three girl. She's moved on to an ABC movie, *Heroes and Villains—The Beach Boys Story*, and a music video for Skid Row. We know they all can't be California girls.

Pearls for Earl

Look out mainstream pop divas, STACY EARL is a newly discovered gem. Her self-titled LP has already yielded two top-20 hits, *Love Me All Up* and *Romeo and Juliet*, on the singles charts. Recently recognized by the Boston Music Awards as the rising star of 1992, Stacy proves that a big voice and a beautiful face are a winning combination. They work great for us.

© ROBERT MATHIEU



SOMERS IN THE CITY

The House of Seagram's latest contribution to the premium-gin market is Somers, a light, crisp, 70-proof British potable with a hint of citrus and other flavors named after the English explorer and founder of Bermuda, Sir George Somers. A game of croquet goes well with a Somers and tonic, and a Somers martini puts a nice twist on a summer's eve. Currently, you can find Somers only in parts of Connecticut, New Jersey and west Los Angeles, but it should be available nationwide soon.



NIGHT SIGHT

Night Driving glasses are to the dark hours what sunglasses are to daylight. That is, their special amber-tinted lenses are supposed to brighten your view by as much as 30 percent while cutting the glare of oncoming headlights. They work well in snow, rain or fog, too. Blue Seas Treasures, P.O. Box 6765, Metairie, Louisiana 70009, sells Night Driving glasses and clip-ons for \$18 each, postpaid. Onward into that dark night—safely.



MADEIRA AND LAMBS' BALLS, MY DEAR?

Back in 1952, Norman Douglas wrote *Venus in the Kitchen*, subtitled "Recipes for Seduction," under the nom de plume of Pilaff Bey. Now Halo Books in San Francisco has reprinted the classic in a softcover edition that includes an introduction by Graham Greene. While we can't attest to the aphrodisiacal power of a pie of bulls' testicles or sparrows' brains served in a chickpea broth, Douglas' after-love drink, consisting of maraschino liqueur, egg yolk, cream and brandy, did go down nicely in one gulp. Oysters in champagne and mutton cutlets with cognac also were mighty tasty, but we took a pass on the eel soup and fritters of elderflower, thank you. Call Halo at 415-981-5144 and get cooking for only \$15.95, postpaid, you horny devil.

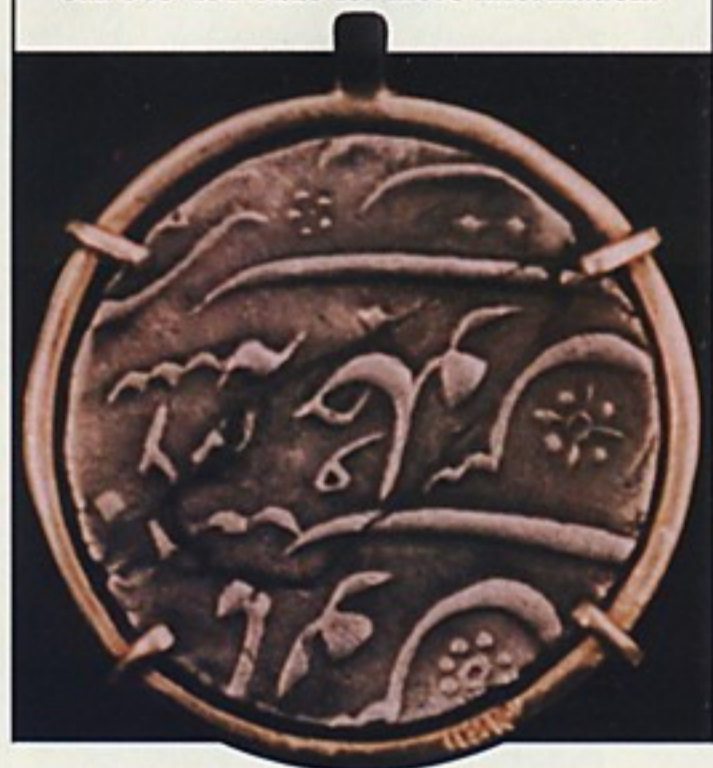


THE GREENING OF BLUE HAWAII

If you want to see what kind of establishment \$600,000,000 will buy you in Hawaii these days, check yourself into the Grand Hyatt Wailea Resort & Spa on Maui. Would you believe a nine-story atrium filled with more plants and flowers than were probably in the Garden of Eden, a 2000-foot river pool featuring the world's only water elevator and a Polynesian restaurant that "floats" on a 700,000-gallon saltwater lagoon filled with 2000 varieties of tropical fish? This ain't no Motel 6, Marty. Plus, there's a 50,000-square-foot spa, a Japanese restaurant where you can order the 14-course *kaiseki* dinner for \$500 and a private club within the hotel that has each room staffed with a butler. Prices for a double begin at \$280 a night. For reservations: 808-875-1234.

TREASURE OF THE TAJ

Arthur C. Clarke, author of *2001: A Space Odyssey*, has been on the track of sunken treasure for years. Now he and Captain Carl Fisser of the Spanish Main Treasure Company have announced their discovery off the coast of Sri Lanka of about 3000 silver rupees from the year 1702 that were originally minted for the family that built the Taj Mahal. Prices range from \$1297 for a rupee to \$1997 for one with blue moonstones set in a half-ounce gold bezel and include a certificate of authenticity. Call 305-451-5225 for more information.



FOR CHOCOPHILES ONLY

Death by Chocolate: The Last Word on a Consuming Passion is a cookbook to die for. In it, Marcel Desaulniers, the executive chef and co-owner of the Trellis Restaurant in Williamsburg, Virginia, serves up more than 80 killer recipes for everything from Deep Dark Chocolate Fudge Cookies to Death by Chocolate, a ten-pound cake made of seven layers of chocolate. *Death*, which is published by Rizzoli, costs \$25 and is chock-full of color photos of delicious-looking desserts.



SOMETHING TO BEEF ABOUT

Homer didn't buy any beef jerky on *The Simpsons* because it was "too salty." But Homer obviously hadn't tasted the Jerky Hut's jerkies. Its jerkies range from a Cowboy Style Soft Salt Cure to a Chernobyl Total Meltdown. And Jerky Hut also mail-orders terrific beef sausages, turkey-breast snacks and beef pepper sticks. Prices range from \$8 for a quarter-pound of Chernobyl to \$24.95 for a pound of Hot Nugget Soft Sweet Cure. A call to 800-2BF-JRKY will get you all the details. If you're *really* hot for jerky, Jerky Hut franchises are available, too.

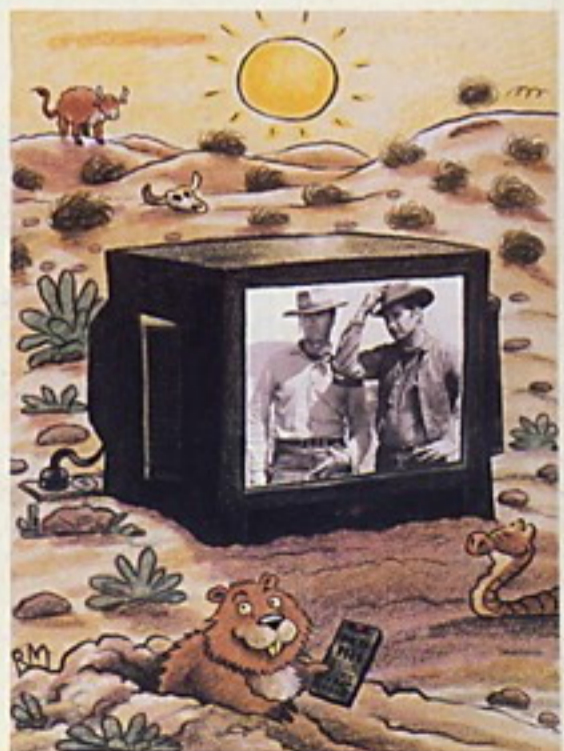


GOING BATTY

Batman the Ride, "the world's first and only suspended, outside-looping, nothing-below-your-chair-but-air thrill ride," has been carrying screaming thrill seekers along 2700 feet of track at Six Flags Great America in Gurnee, Illinois, all summer. And if you haven't experienced this 50-mph, two-minute journey to hell high above a replica of Gotham City, do so before the park closes September 27. You'll be riding in chair lift-type vehicles that whisk you through a "heartline spin" at zero gravity—just like Batman.

ON THE TRAIL AGAIN

TV's longest-running cattle drive, *Rawhide*, is now available on videotape, and in case you've forgotten, it was the show in which a still wet-behind-the-ears actor named Clint Eastwood starred as trail ramrod Rowdy Yates. Through a subscription series only, Columbia House Video Library is selling the first two-episode tape of *Rawhide: The Collector's Edition* for \$7.40, postpaid, with VHS videocassettes of subsequent *Rawhide* shows (each containing two one-hour episodes) available for \$22.40. Call 800-638-2922 to order. Head 'em up.



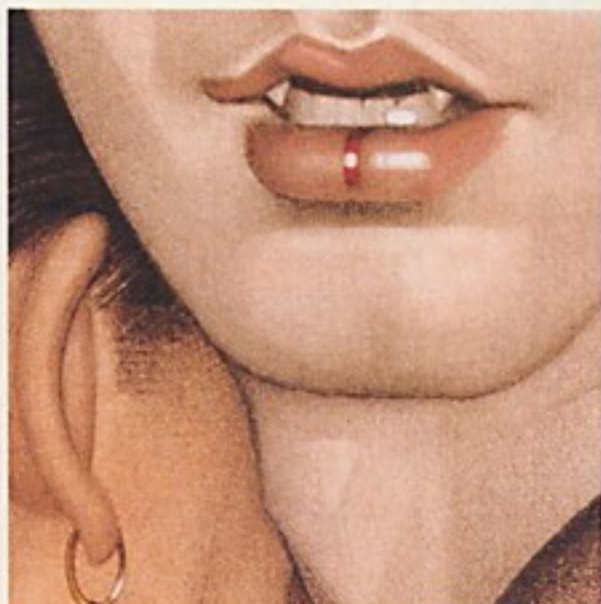
NEXT MONTH



THE GREYHOUND



PIGSKIN PREVIEW



BODY THIEF



FUNNY GIRL

SISTER SOULJAH SETS THE RECORD STRAIGHT WITH A RAP ON RACE, FEMINISM, VIOLENCE AND WHAT SHE REALLY THINKS OF MICHAEL JACKSON IN A SURPRISING PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

"CRY INCEST"—FROM THE MOUTHS OF "INNER CHILDREN" COME CHARGES OF SEXUAL ABUSE. ARE THE MEMORIES TRUE OR ARE THEY IMAGINED?—AN INVESTIGATIVE REPORT BY DEBBIE NATHAN

"THE GREYHOUND"—IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A LITTLE JOKE ON THE LOCAL DON, BUT NABBING HIS PRECIOUS POOCH TURNS OUT TO BE UNEXPECTEDLY TRICKY—BY COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST WINNER DANIEL LYONS

"FUNNY GIRL"—LET'S HEAR IT FOR *STAR SEARCH* COMEDY CHAMP FELICIA MICHAELS, THE STAND-UP COMIC WITH A VOICE LIKE MINNIE MOUSE AND A BODY THAT JUST WON'T QUIT—A LIVELY PLAYBOY PICTORIAL

"THE TALE OF THE BODY THIEF"—ON A WORKING VACATION IN MIAMI, A BLOODTHIRSTY SEDUCER STALKS A SERIAL KILLER—AN EXCERPT FROM THE LATEST CHAPTER IN ANNE RICE'S VAMPIRE CHRONICLES

TIM (THE PLAYER) ROBBINS, RENEGADE ALTAR BOY FROM GREENWICH VILLAGE, HAS BECOME ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S HOTTEST PROPERTIES. HE DIVULGES HIS FEELINGS ON MOVIE MAKING, GARTER BELTS AND PARENTHOOD WITH SUSAN SARANDON IN A FASTBALLING "20 QUESTIONS"

"BORN TO BE MILD"—YOU KNOW HIM AS A VERY FUNNY PERFORMER AND SAVIOR OF THREE OSCARCASTS. IN *MR. SATURDAY NIGHT*, HIS DIRECTORIAL DEBUT, BILLY CRYSTAL BRINGS HIS ALTER EGO, BUDDY YOUNG, JR., TO THE SCREEN—A PLAYBOY PROFILE BY JOE MORGENSTERN

"GOOD GONZO—NOT AGAIN!"—YUP, THAT BAD BOY OF ASPEN, HUNTER S. THOMPSON, DUCKS THE MORTARS IN HIS COLORADO FRONT YARD TO LOB A FEW SHELLS OF HIS OWN AT THE ELECTION'S SO-CALLED CANDIDATES—ARTICLE BY CRAIG VETTER

PLUS: DON'T MISS "GIRLS OF THE BIG EAST"; "PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW," OUR ANNUAL (UNCANNY) LOOK AT THE COLLEGE FOOTBALL SEASON, BY GARY COLE; THE BEST IN BACK-TO-CAMPUS FASHIONS, BY HOLLIS WAYNE; THE LATEST ON DCC—DIGITAL COMPACT CASSETTES; FUTURE TV'S IN "STAR SETS: THE NEXT GENERATION"; AND MUCH MORE