

PLAYBOY

A black and white photograph of a blonde woman with voluminous, wavy hair. She is looking over her right shoulder towards the camera with a slight smile. She is wearing a light-colored, possibly white, strapless garment. The background is slightly blurred, showing what appears to be a doorway or a hallway.

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JUNE 1993 • \$5.95

PLAYBOY
INTERVIEWS
ROSELANNE AND
TOM ARNOLD

PLAYMATE
OF THE YEAR

Rowland
Wilson



"I'm afraid madam is down for the Count."

All About "Eden"

meet the stars of cable's daring drama, produced—you guessed it—by playboy

IN THE beginning, there was network TV. Father knew best, sitcom moms always wore a smile and nobody ever talked dirty. Television sex was taboo in the years B.C. (before cable). What's surprising, though, is that on-air sex is still a touchy topic. The networks routinely accompany references to their favorite subject with nervous giggles on the laugh track. Men are nearly always impotent or incompetent, and women are always left unsatisfied.

But change is underway. On *Eden*, Playboy TV's new landmark evening drama, fantasy finally meets reality. American cable audiences will have a real alternative to buttoned-up prime-time fare. And while the central plot of *Eden* is presented from a woman's point of



view, this series set in paradise is great television for two. The original version is currently airing on Playboy TV, and USA Network will kick off its version with a prime-time two-hour movie airing June 27.

Eden tracks the blossoming of gorgeous widow Eve Sinclair, portrayed by the soulful Barbara Alyn Woods, as she takes over the daily operation of her dead husband's tropical resort, Eden. Eve's quest for healing grief and emotional serenity is disrupted by randi Banks (the drama's quintessential bad girl, played by sultry actress Darcy DeMoss). How devilish is Randi? How pure is Eve? Is *Eden* the start of a new era of sexy TV programming? Viewers can judge for themselves. In the meantime, discriminating readers can appreciate the duo's charms here.

Barbara Alyn Woods (Eve, below) can boast big-screen credits in *The Waterdance* and the upcoming *Flesh and Bone* starring Dennis Quaid. "In 1993, women want it all and they're succeeding," says the busy Woods. "Eve is a perfect blend of femininity and strength."





The first lady of Eden luxuriates in the sun on location in Manzanillo, Mexico (right). "Many people think that if you take off your clothes in front of the camera, you can't act," she says with a shrug. Then smiling: "I intend to be the exception to the rule." One of the entanglements in Eden involves deed hubby's brother Josh Sinclair (played by Steve Chaz, shown above in the arms of actress Brittany Powell). Eve also finds time to enjoy calmer moments, like a sunset in the garden of earthly delights (top).





At left and right, the dark and alluring Darcy DeMoss shows why the temptations of Eden's lead apple, Randi, are so hard to resist. "I wouldn't turn my back on Randi," she says of her alter ego. "She uses vulnerability to get what she wants." Eden, center, is every lover's playground. For the first time, Eve—pictured below in a fantasy segment with the ghost of husband Grant Sinclair (Jeff Griggs) and at bottom with his brother Josh—appears to have it all. But when Darcy is asked who is stronger, Eve or Randi, she replies, "Randi, definitely, though I bet Barbara would say Eve. We'll just have to see." Stay tuned.







KIRAZ

"I suggest we go to my place and play another mixed doubles."



"Let's eat, dear. I've been dieting for years."

STRAIGHT **A** STUNNER

everything but her name, Alesha Marie Oreskovich, is all-American. Miss June's grades aren't bad, either

CLOTHES are a pain," says 21-year-old Playmate Alesha Marie Oreskovich, who graces this month's centerfold.

"They're a constricting, uncomfortable nuisance, which is why I always wear as little as possible." Even as a child, as soon as her parents would turn their backs, Alesha would strip to her underwear and bicycle around the neighborhood. "At Grandma's house it was like a nudist colony," she remembers. "Before I'd even say hi, it was off with the clothes. That ended at childhood, but I wish I could get away with it now."

Thankfully she can't, or her classmates in southern Florida might have a hard time keeping their eyes on the chalkboard. Alesha is serious about her education, just your typical overachiever on two academic scholarships who has her sights set on a doctorate in English. "I want that higher degree," she says with determination, "because someday I plan to teach college."

Alesha's ideal man can't be a slouch, either. Intelligence, ambition, sensitivity, honesty and a quick wit are all prerequisites. "I wouldn't mind if he looked like Tom Cruise," she adds, only half-joking. "I'm a romantic. My idea of a perfect evening is a quiet, one-on-one dinner with my boyfriend. I've always been in long-term relationships and have never been courageous enough to go on a blind date."

It was a long-term friendship that serendipitously led to Alesha's becoming a Playmate. She was at a casting session a few years ago when fashion photographer and *Playboy* scout Michael Moffit recognized her unusual last name and discovered that she was the daughter of acquaintances he hadn't seen in ten years. Moffit had known Alesha as a baby and had also photographed her mother when she modeled in the Seventies. At Alesha's urging and with her parents' support—"My dad has









"Men and women are more alike than they are different," says Alaska, who studied psychology in college. "I think a male with feminine qualities, and vice versa, is attractive. With an androgynous personality, you have the best of both worlds. Although I strongly believe in equality between the sexes, men have some attributes women don't."





"I love fattening foods like cookies, cake and ice cream," claims a guilt-ridden Alesha, showing no evidence of a sweet tooth. "Luckily, I'm part Italian, so I exercise the food off by talking with my hands."

subscribed to PLAYBOY for years and has issues older than me"—Moffitt submitted some test shots of Alesha. Once again, she made straight A's.

"When I really want something, I buckle down and strive for it with all my heart. I take everything to an extreme, and if it doesn't go the way I've planned, it's a major crisis. That's the down side of being a perfectionist."

Alesha demands a lot from herself. Every weekday morning, she works out for an hour and a half, doing aerobics and weight training. "I go to an all-women's health club because I don't want to put on makeup just to do the Stair Master." Weekends are devoted to jogging, which obviously keeps Alesha in top form.

"Americans have to get over their hang-ups with the nude human body," she says. "I wish we had a Scandinavian openness about sexuality here, or at least a European mind-set, where it's nothing to see women topless at the beach. After all, we were born naked and the human body is a beautiful thing."

Alesha, who lives with her parents and 13-year-old brother, has never had to brave life far from her family. "I'm lost when I'm away from them," she explains. She also shamelessly admits to



getting homesick easily, even if she's just away modeling for a few weeks.

At the age of 15, when Alesha went to New York to audition for modeling jobs, her mother and grandmother went along. She spent much of the next summer alone, modeling in Paris, where she developed a deep love for impressionism at the Louvre. Alesha was unimpressed, however, by the French and couldn't wait to return to Florida. "The stony stereotype is true. And when I tried to speak French, they laughed in my face because I wasn't speaking it properly."

Alesha is part French. She's also part Swedish, German, Yugoslavian, Italian and living proof that the whole can definitely be greater than the sum of its international parts. Although people are sometimes intimidated by her beauty, Alesha



confesses to being self-conscious and shy, especially among peers. "In high school, cheerleading was the only thing that kept me in touch with the other students. I just wasn't happy around people my own age. Even now, I relate better to my professors than to students. I'm emotionally mature, which is why I get along so well with people older than myself, like my parents' friends." —VAN WATERSPOON

"I'd love to live on the beach to hear the waves breaking, but I couldn't just lie around sunning myself all day. Plus, as a model, it's best not to have a partial tan. And to get a totally even tan, you can't wear a suit." Well, we don't hear any neighbors objecting.



MISS JUNE

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Alesha Oreskovich

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Alesha M. DrestkovichBUST: 36C-D WAIST: 25 HIPS: 36HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 125BIRTH DATE: 5/21/72 BIRTHPLACE: Tampa, FloridaAMBITIONS: To see the world. To become a college professor. To do what makes me happy.TURN-ONS: My boyfriend, chocolate, my family, brains, a great body and a man who can type.TURN-OFFS: Old men in bikinis, procrastination, infidelity, greasy food!SO SEE ME: I put mustard on my baked potato & I drive like a crazy woman.IF I WERE A SENATOR: I would really bounce some checks!CHAMPAGNE MAKES ME: Reveal my deepest, darkest secrets. (No, I'm not drinking champagne now.)I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND: The male fascination with sports, or physicist Werner Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle.

Homecoming Queen
at age 12



FREEDOM
High school Graduation
1990



Me with my best
buddy—mom!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The young man stopped his car on a lonely country road, reached for the girl and made the usual advances. Pushing him away, she said, "I hate to tell you this, but I'm really a hooker. The price for my services is twenty dollars."

The fellow reluctantly paid her and they had sex. Afterward, he sat silently behind the wheel, making no effort to drive away.

"Why aren't we going?" she asked.

"I hate to tell you this," he said, "but I'm really a cabbie and the fare back to town is twenty-five bucks."

A couple of mangy small-town dogs wandered into the big city for the first time. As they roamed the streets, they came across a parking meter. "Look at that," one said to the other, "a pay toilet!"



Two recently retired CEOs had lunch at a famous restaurant, then walked over to a nearby Rolls-Royce showroom. One of them bent to look at the sticker on the window of a new Corniche.

"Seventy grand," he said. "It's a handsome car. Hell, I think I'm gonna buy it."

As he reached for his wallet, his companion put a hand on his arm. "No," he insisted, "let me get this one. You paid for lunch."

When the golfer shanked his first tee shot into the woods, his partner muttered, "That's a hot ball."

"No way," responded the errant shooter. "That's a special ball you can't lose. First it makes a keeping sound, and if you still can't find it, it emits puffs of smoke. If it lands in water," he continued, "it sends out a stream of bubbles, but if it's too deep to reach, a flotation device brings it to the surface. It's impossible to lose."

"That's amazing," his partner said. "Where can I get one?"

"I don't really know."

Puzzled, his friend asked, "Well, where did you get yours?"

"I found it."

A husband was distraught when he caught his wife in bed with another man. In desperation, he sought advice from his rabbi, who counseled forgiveness. "After all," the cleric said, "a man cannot be held responsible for his actions before the waist."

At that, the furious man kicked the rabbi in the shin.

Two men on death row were scheduled for back-to-back executions. On the appointed day, the warden asked each if he had a last request.

"Yes, sir," the first said. "I'd really like to hear *Andy Besky Rest* one last time."

"And you?" the warden asked the other.

"Please," the second condemned man pleaded, "kill me first."

Have you seen the new blonde invention? It's a solar-powered flashlight.

After a long dry spell without work, an actor answered a help-wanted ad in the zoo. Much to his dismay, he found that the position required him to don a gorilla suit and jump around a cage in imitation of its former occupant.

Within a few days, however, the actor began to enjoy the attention he received from visitors as he pounded his chest and swung from bar to bar. One day, in a moment of exuberance, he swung out through the top of his cage and into the lion's quarters next to his. The crowd gasped. The actor, frozen with fear, watched as the beast moved toward him. He began to scream for help.

"Shhh. Be quiet," the lion whispered, "or we'll all lose our fucking jobs!"



Dr. Hobson, you have to come over right away," the frantic woman said to the psychiatrist. "My husband's in real bad shape. Please hurry!"

The doctor arrived quickly. "Oh, Doc, thank goodness you're here," the woman sobbed. "Just go down the hall. He's in the last room on the left."

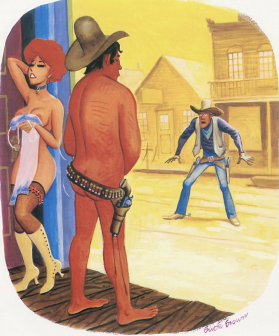
The psychiatrist went down the hall, looked into the room and saw the woman's husband sitting on the toilet, dangling a fishing line into the bathtub. "Mrs. Chambers, you're right," the medic told the woman. "He's in very bad shape. Why in the world didn't you call me sooner?"

"I would have," she replied, "but I've been cleaning fish all week."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 689 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Gee, I can even remember back to when you could eat them."



"I would never have called you out, kid, if I'd known you were busy."

WICKED WILLIE

My last boy friend
was good-looking...



but I hated
his manners.



No, he was a
perfect gentleman.



GUESS WHO?

anna nicole smith, the miss may
who knocks us out in those sexy jeans ads,
takes another trophy

Playmate of the Year



text by REG POTTERTON

GOU'VE SEEN the Guess Jeans ads. The ultimate blonde, fighting her way out of tight dresses, straps falling off her shoulders, eyes smoldering into the camera. She reminded me of someone—several someones—when I first saw the pictures.

A hint of Marilyn Monroe and the great Dane, Anita Ekberg, yes, but someone else, too, a blonde version of Jane Russell, perhaps.

She has that attitude: Don't mess with me, mister, not if you know what's good for you. The challenge when she leans against a sun-bleached pole, cigarette coolly poised between long fingers. That look on her face: Does it say drop dead? Get over here, big boy? Or both?

There was no clue to the answers when I called this familiar stranger to set up an interview. She was staying at an old-fashioned five-star hotel on Chicago's Gold Coast. That's all I knew—that, and the fact that my call woke her up.

"What time is it?" Her voice was soft, small, sleepy.

"Just after noon."

"Call me at two, please."

By four in the afternoon I was knocking on the door of room 444, counting the

BLACK & WHITE PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANIELA FEDERICI
COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA





plates piled outside on a room-service tray. Seven, all empty. This was a hungry woman. And there she was, on the threshold of a darkened room, blinds drawn, one shaded lamp on a table, TV blurring and squeaking in the background. *Happy Days*. The Fonz and the gang, in that diner where they hang out.

She was maybe an inch under six feet. Hair pulled back in a ponytail. Baggy top. Tight jeans. Cute socks, flat shoes. The voice was still soft. "Please don't look at my hair. It's got plastic in it. Plastic snow. For the movie. They haven't let me wash it for the past three days."

That was my first glimpse of Anna Nicole Smith, the *Guess Jeans* girl, *PLAYBOY's* Playmate of the Year.

I knew *PLAYBOY* put her on the cover in March 1992 and then chose her for *Playmate* two months later, when she went by her original name, Vickie Smith. But the rest was unknown territory. Who was she? Where did she come from? How did she get here from there? When did it all start?

She sat on the side of the table with the lamp, I sat on the other, taking notes. Four o'clock in the afternoon and the bed wasn't made. It looked as though wild animals had been mauling the sheets and blankets. What kind of hotel was this?

"Lousy," said Anna. "I've spoken to everyone from the maid up to the manager, trying to get the TV fixed. My bodyguard next door gets full cable service. I get the networks. I've given up asking. They don't listen."

What's the point of having a bodyguard, I thought, if you can't use him to brutalize hotel people who fall down on the job? But I said nothing. Anna did all the talking. Never raised her voice, never displayed outrage or anger, none of that "don't they know who I am" business. While she talked, she chewed vitamin C





*H*ow many pairs of jeans can fit in a closet? Anna doesn't care anymore. She used her first Guess paycheck for a wild shopping spree, then had to build a new closet to hold all the goodies. At this rate, she'll have to build a new house.





tablets, kept an ear and sometimes an eye on *Happy Days*, laughing at the jokes, and called me sir.

There wasn't a lot of Texas left in her accent, but you could tell it was there, hiding, perhaps, until she was back with friends and family.

Texas is where she was born 25 years ago and lived most of her life, some of it in and around Houston, much of it in a small town about 70 miles south of Dallas. From the age of 15 to 19 she was breakfast cook at the Chicken House. "Its real name was Jim's Krispy Fried Chicken," she said, "but we all called it plain old Chicken House. I did eggs. I was real good with eggs. And okra. Mashed potatoes. Home-fried chicken. All that good stuff you can't get in these fancy hotels."

"What was that," I asked, "a five-day week?"

"Mostly seven," she said.

Anna worked with a girlfriend. They gave themselves nicknames. Anna was Cricket. "I was always jumping around." The two girls married two brothers, one of whom, Anna's husband, worked at the Chicken House. He'd been her boyfriend in high school. She was 17 when they married, he was 16. Both girls had babies a month apart, both got divorced.

Anna took her son, Daniel, to (first concluded on page 170)



Success is sweet for Anna, even though her hectic schedule doesn't allow her much time to enjoy it. She takes a moment to wax philosophic on the subject of exes: "When I think about all those boyfriends who cheated on me, I smile. I'm happy." Guess who's sorry now?







Cindy and Claudia Do Lingerie

What do two of the most beautiful supermodels in the world do for fun? They don't Karl Lagerfeld corsets and bras and take a walk down the runway exposing their considerable charms. CINDY CRAWFORD (below) is the hostess of MTV's *House of Style* and is working on a series of celebrity interviews for Fox TV. CLAUDIA SCHIFFER (right) has been hanging out with Prince Albert of Monaco, but that hasn't stopped her from making a new calendar for us commoners. These beauties are more than skin deep, and smart right to the bone.



The Jones Boys

Remember when John Lennon said the Beatles were more popular than Jesus? Check the charts—it's not true anymore. The hot techno-punk band JESUS JONES is on tour now and will be again in the fall. Catch them live, then listen to *Perverse*, a worthy successor to *Doubt*. No doubt.

PHOTOS BY [unreadable]



Sheer Gear

Actress and model **DEBORAH STEVENS** posed for a book of photos by director David Lynch. You've seen her on *Rayswath* and the Playboy Channel. Stay toned.



Can the Blues Save the Greens?

Just what the doctor ordered: **RY COODER**, **JOHN LEE HOOKER** and **ROBERT CRAY** (left to right) were singing the blues about the environment to raise money for science scholarships at the University of California. They know about the birds and the bees.

Lace and Grace

Alicia Velgos has plenty to smile about, from feature films *Ruby*, *Bar Apocalypse* and *How to Succeed in Couch*, *Red Shoe Diaries* and *Doogie Howser, M.D.* *Hoing* starts, no less. The teddy doesn't hurt, either.



Out of Control

At Sides to Every Story is **EXTREME**'s most recent gold LP. Perhaps you caught them on their recent world tour. If not, don't despair. Crank up the music and go to extremes.

NEXT MONTH



GOLDEN GIRL LIVES



BEYOND THE GRAVE



FOOTY THE TERRIBLE



BASED AT BIRNIE'S

NECROMANTS—LURED BY THE PROMISE OF REGAINING HIS SIGHT, A BLIND ARTIST JOURNEYS INTO THE WORLD BEYOND THE GRAVE—FICTION BY **TERRY BISSON**

WITCHCRAFT—SHE LEFT HIS BED BUT STAYED UNDER HIS SKIN, SO WHAT'S A LOVE-OBSSESSED GUY TO DO? **DAN GREENBURG** HEADS FOR THE EYE OF NEWT

SCALIA THE TERRIBLE—JUSTICE ANTHONIN SCALIA, RONALD REAGAN'S MAD DOG LEGAL PURIST, HAS ASTONISHED BOTH CONSERVATIVE AND LIBERAL COLLEAGUES WITH HIS LITERAL VIEWS. CAN THE NATION'S HIGHEST COURT RECOVER?—A PLAYBOY PROFILE BY **JOE MORGENSTERN**

BAMBI BEMBEK IS A TABLOID DREAM. THE FORMER PLAYBOY SUNNY CONVICTED OF KILLING HER HUSBAND'S EX-WIFE ESCAPED FROM PRISON AND HENT ON THE LAM IN CANADA. PURSUED BY COPS, FANS AND HOLLYWOOD AGENTS, BAMBI THE DOE-EYED FUGITIVE HAS BECOME A MULTIMEDIA STAR—BY **MARK JANNOT**

BARRY BONDS, THE HIGHEST-PAID OUTFIELDER IN THE MAJORS, HAS PLENTY TO SAY ABOUT HIS MULTIMILLION-DOLLAR CONTRACT, HIS FATHER, BOBBY, AND WHY HE

CAN FEEL LIKE BOTH RAMBO AND DIANA ROSS—AN MYT PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **KEVIN COOK**

A-LOBSTERING WE WILL GO—THE BRINY DELIGHT OF THE DEEP IS A FEARSOME CREATURE WHO COMES FROM A DYSFUNCTIONAL FAMILY. ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT LOBBY LORE—BY **REG POTTERTON**

THE MYTH OF MALE POWER—IN THE FIRST OF TWO EXCERPTS FROM HIS GROUND-BREAKING NEW BOOK, AUTHOR **WARREN FARRELL** USES HOME ECONOMICS TO PROVE THAT, ALONG WITH PAYING ALIMONY AND THE MORTGAGE, MEN ARE GETTING A BUM RAP

THE PIOUS PEDOPHILE—TROUBLING REPORTS OF SEX ABUSE BY PRIESTS CAUSED AN OUTCRY OVER SILENCE WITHIN THE CHURCH. NOW THE REPORTER WHO BROKE THE STORY OF FATHER BRUCE RITTER TAKES A HARD LOOK AT HOW CELIBACY AND REPRESSION PRODUCE RELIGIOUS CHILD ABUSERS—BY **CHARLES M. SENHOTT**

PLUS: GOLDEN CHILD **CHARLOTTE LENNIS** IN A GROWN-UP PICTORIAL; PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO WAVE JUMPING; A SECOND WEEKEND AT BIRNIE'S; AND AN HOTY UPDATE