

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

AUGUST 1995 • \$4.95

INTERVIEW WITH
MOTOWN MOGUL
BERRY GORDY

THE GIRLS
OF RADIO
TALK,
ROCK
AND
SHOCK

A PLAYBOY
EXCLUSIVE:
INSIDE THE
RIGHT-WING
MILITIA

MOVIE WIZARD
ROBERT ZEMECKIS

STAR TREK MANIA
PLAYBOY BOLDLY
GOES WHERE
NO MAGAZINE HAS
GONE BEFORE



PLAYBOY®

vol. 42, no. 8—august 1995

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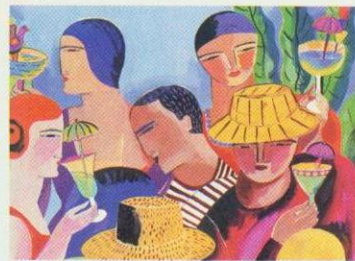
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COVER STORY

There's no sound so intoxicating as the sultry voice of a female DJ, and *PLAYBOY's Girls of Radio* proves that's not their only attractive asset. Our cover was styled by Lane Coyle-Dunn, produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski and shot by Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag. Thanks to cover girl Shelly Jones, and to Alexis Vogel for styling Shelly's hair and makeup. Holy FM fatales, it looks like our Rabbit is wired for sound.



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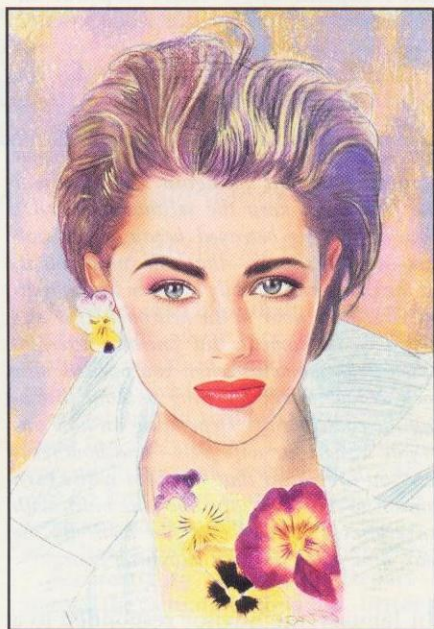
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Whenver one of my former girlfriends wanted to have sex, she knew how to get me going. She would walk up to me, unbuckle my pants and pull them and my boxers down to my ankles. The rush of suddenly finding myself half naked always gave me an instant erection. I had a bad experience with my new girlfriend, however, when we were in bed making out and I decided to pull off her panties. She got a little miffed at me, though she didn't stay angry and we still made love. But I'm curious about why she didn't seem to feel the same excitement that I always have when someone strips me down.—D.A., Rutherford, New Jersey.

Many women enjoy the erotic rush of having their clothes hit the floor in a matter of seconds. It's a safer bet, however, that your girlfriend enjoys the slow tease. What's the hurry, after all? The next time you make love, dedicate yourself to getting her panties in a knot. First, run your index finger under the elastic at her hips and thighs, back and forth, up and down, just to give her the idea that—zip!—she might be naked in an instant. Lift the material away from her wet labia, finger her, then kiss her gently through the material. Move on to her inner thighs. After a few minutes, begin to pull down her panties. But wait, you're getting ahead of yourself. Pull them back up and reassure her, "Not quite yet." Continue teasing her. John Gray, author of "Mars and Venus in the Bedroom," offers this advice on how to touch a woman: "God gave a woman a circular body to remind a man to move his hands and fingers in circles instead of getting right to the point" and "A man should remember that it is not what he does but how long he takes to do it that ensures a woman's fulfillment." When she starts begging you to let her get naked, pull her panties into the crack of her ass, then touch and stroke her buttocks and thighs. Then, perhaps, just maybe, since she's been good and you have a major hard-on, slide her panties off and use your tongue to explore her clitoris and labia.

I've had herpes for years but rarely read about the virus in the papers. Are scientists any closer to finding a cure or vaccine?—D.G., Washington, D.C.

A cure—no. A vaccine—possibly. If research continues to go well, scientists say there could be an FDA-approved vaccine on the market within a few years. Herpesvirus is a challenge because it travels via nerve cells, hides in the ganglia at the base of the spine and thrives on mucosal surfaces—two spots that provide natural buffers against antibodies. At least four companies are working on vaccines, and one has reached the final phase of testing, involving 1850 noninfected volunteers who claim multiple



sex partners and 400 couples in which one partner has herpes. The genetically engineered vaccine consists of fragments of the virus that fool the body into responding with antibodies, but can't reproduce themselves to fight back. That probably won't keep the virus from entering an uninfected person, but it may strengthen the immune response enough to prevent outbreaks. In other words, a booster shot wouldn't keep you from getting herpes—but if you did, you would never experience symptoms. That doesn't exactly ease our minds, and the best bet for herpes sufferers is still to avoid sexual contact during outbreaks and to use condoms otherwise. For more information, phone the American Social Health Association's Herpes Hotline, 919-361-8488.

I am 24 years old, just out of college and living at home. A few weeks ago I went out to dinner with my mother. During the meal I noticed that our very attractive waitress kept looking at me. We exchanged glances through the evening, and it was quite obvious she was interested. I have always been very shy, and although I have dated several women in the past, I still don't feel comfortable approaching a woman I don't know; I never know what to do or say. Any advice?—E.V., Coatesville, Pennsylvania.

There aren't many people who feel comfortable approaching someone they don't know, even to ask the time. But you're not working from scratch: The waitress' lingering eye contact is a classic sign of interest. (It's also a classic sign of disgust, but we're assuming you can tell the difference.) Many men have taken the leap of faith with far less evidence of any mutual curiosity; many men have also been shot down. If there were no

mystery or daring in the process, there would be little excitement in hearing her say, "I'd love to." Here's a plan: Lose the mom. Visit the restaurant again when it's not bustling with other customers. Carefully select a seat ("You did a great job when I brought my mother for her birthday—will you wait on me again?") and strike up a conversation when your waitress-in-waiting takes your order: "What do you recommend? Do you like working here?" If she replies with grunts, back off. If she doesn't, keep talking when she brings your food and bill. Slight physical contact, smiles, probing questions or friendly conversation can indicate that a person feels comfortable with you. If you get those vibes, ask her out for coffee. If you've said more than two words to her by this point, it won't appear to come out of the blue. Finally, if she licks her lips slowly, drawing her tongue sensually back and forth while moaning softly and rubbing her thigh, order dessert.

Has there ever been any research on why some people are considered beautiful and others are not? I've been attracted to many types of women—slim, tall, short, with long faces, round faces, etc.—but find it curious that nearly everyone agrees that supermodels such as Carol Alt or Cindy Crawford are gorgeous.—D.R., New Orleans, Louisiana.

Well, if you want to get technical about it: Researchers have found that even across different races and cultures, men generally prefer women with large pupils, widely spaced eyes, high cheekbones, a small chin and upper lip, a generous mouth and shiny, smooth skin. A psychologist at the University of Louisville took the measurements further after asking 150 male students to rate 50 women's faces. Among the faces deemed pretty, each eye was one fourteenth as high and three tenths as wide as the face, the nose took up no more than five percent of the face, the distance from the bottom lip to the chin was one fifth the facial height and the distance from the middle of the eye to the eyebrow was one tenth the facial height. Surprisingly, when the faces of models are superimposed on that image, they don't match up. Instead, the composite resembles someone's mom. (You're drop-dead gorgeous, Cindy, but you're no madonna.) Women, meanwhile, consider a man's maturity and dominance with cues such as thick eyebrows, a strong jawline, prominent chin and cheekbones and a small nose. If your features don't match that scientific standard, don't despair: You probably have a great personality.

A friend says that he warms up his stereo amplifier for about a half hour before he uses it. Supposedly, this makes his stereo perform better. It sounds like a bunch of hooey to me. What do you

think?—P.L., San Jose, California.

"Listener" magazine recently polled five home audio pros on that question, and most agreed that giving your amp a half hour to rub the sleep from its eyes is a sound idea. Several went a step further, suggesting that audiophiles keep their amps, preamps and compact disc players powered constantly to avoid the wear and tear of going from cold shutdowns to warm humming and back again. Leaving your system on has some drawbacks, such as unexpected electrical storms that could damage your components. And who knows what freak accident might occur? One pro recalled a customer whose amp unexpectedly dumped its entire output, causing a speaker to catch fire. If you plan to be gone for days at a time, shut down and unplug everything. Finally, don't place too much faith in the cozy vibrations theory of music appreciation—your state of mind probably has as much to do with how your stereo sounds. As Victor Campos of the stereo component maker NAD explained in "Listener": "If you're well rested, you'll perceive sound in a certain way. If you've had three martinis, you'll perceive sound differently. If someone says that the tree in your front yard has to be cut down, and it'll cost you \$890 to do it, things will sound different." In the last case, turn off your stereo before you sell it.

I'm planning a trip to Asia this fall. Since I am not a seasoned air traveler, do you have any suggestions to make my hours on the plane more comfortable?—N.H., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

No matter what you take along to fill the time, you don't want to spend 18 hours wearing tight jeans or bumming blankets, so choose loose-fitting clothes and take a sweater in case it gets chilly or you need a makeshift pillow. Add a pair of slippers with rubberized bottoms and a change of socks and you'll be the envy of fellow travelers. Pack a few toiletries—toothpaste and toothbrush, contact lens solution, a washcloth, a small bar of soap—to freshen up after dinner. Drink liquids once an hour or so, but avoid caffeine and alcohol (they aggravate jet lag). We suggest an inflatable neck pillow, a deck of cards and two or three disposable books, including a thriller and a guide to your destination. (Some friends have taken their laptops and all the games they've never had time to master.) Finally, be sure to stretch occasionally and take a walk around the plane. It'll keep you from getting stiff—and you never know who you might meet.

Two years ago I came home from work and began talking with our 18-year-old babysitter. Somehow we got onto the topic of hidden cameras. I joked that she should make a video for me and without a blink she disappeared into the spare bedroom, where we keep a video camera. She stayed there with the door shut for a few minutes and then announced she was done. I watched the tape that night and immediately felt guilty. She

had stripped for the camera. My wife found the tape three months later in my sock drawer (I hadn't watched it again). Naturally, I'm now in deep shit. How can I explain why I didn't stop our babysitter from making the video?—O.E., Tacoma, Washington.

Why didn't you? Our guess is that you were titillated by the fact that a young woman would perform a private dance for you, and that you weren't likely to come across a tape that hot again. Tell your wife the first part; keep the second to yourself. Your wife feels betrayed because she realizes—as you should—that you subtly solicited the video and sat idly by when the babysitter closed the door to the bedroom. If it was just a weak moment, did you also have 90 other weak moments when you opened your sock drawer every morning without throwing the cassette out? Depending on how angry or upset your wife feels—and how reckless you are—hint that it would really turn you on to have her tape over the video with an erotic performance of her own. By the way, how much did that babysitter charge?

In January, the Advisor responded to a question by saying, "Pumping up can blow you out, and we would never recommend vacuum tubes for any penile activity." But what about vacuum therapy for impotence? My doctor prescribed a vacuum tube a few years ago that has really helped.—R.T., Los Angeles, California.

Medical vacuum tubes prescribed to treat impotence are another matter, naturally (we were thinking of dubious novelty items that promise to expand your penis to the size of a tree branch). Vacuum therapy, which is prescribed for 100,000 men annually, involves slipping the penis into a plastic cylinder, where a pump creates a partial vacuum that aids blood flow into the penis and creates an erection. The erection can be maintained safely for up to 30 minutes with a tension ring. Among other methods used to treat erectile dysfunction, 40,000 to 50,000 men annually choose injection therapy (the patient injects his penis with a drug that induces erection) and another 20,000 have penile implants. If you're having trouble getting or maintaining an erection, the first step should be a visit to your doctor. Erectile dysfunction can indicate more serious medical problems.

Lately I've noticed this message at the beginning of the VHS movies I've rented: "This film has been modified from its original version. It has been formatted to fit this screen." The opening credits of these movies are shown in the letterbox format (with black bars at the top and bottom of the screen), however, which makes me wonder why they feel the need to alter the rest of the picture.—L.P., Nacogdoches, Texas.

Many people don't like the black bars, which are the by-product of placing a rectangular theater format onto a square television

screen by squeezing, stretching and trimming the edges of the film (if you watch closely, you'll notice that borders, people and objects often have been cut off during the pan-and-scan process that molds the film for the tube). The credits are spared this indignity because otherwise letters would be chopped off or distorted, and a film starring Arnold Schwarzen might confuse people.

While making love with my girlfriend, she inserted a finger into my rectum and rotated it. I had the most intense orgasm I've ever experienced. Is there a reason for this, or did the shock of feeling her finger in my asshole just catch me by surprise?—B.T., Leeds, England.

It's always refreshing to meet a woman who's anal inventive. Your lover has learned somewhere (probably from being on the receiving end) that the anus is filled with nerve endings and becomes engorged and aroused during intercourse just as genitals do. We suggest using a water-based lubricant if you plan to return the favor, and make sure to trim your fingernails, as the interior of the rectum is delicate. Cathy Winks and Anne Semans, authors of "The Good Vibrations Guide to Sex," offer an excellent introduction to using a light touch on the anus to send your partner over the edge. After applying a lubricant, "circle your finger around the soft folds of anal tissue. Many people find that gentle stroking of the anal opening is all the anal stimulation they desire. If your partner becomes sufficiently relaxed, she or he may bear down and slide right onto your finger. Your fingertip should reach toward the front of the body rather than crook up toward the tailbone. The sphincter muscles may tense up automatically as soon as you enter, so hold your finger still at first until the anus relaxes around it. Then feel free to insert your finger deeper, exploring the outer rectum. You can circle your finger, tap and stroke the walls of the rectum or move your finger gently in and out." If your partner has never experienced anal penetration, don't be surprised if she or he finds the sensation unsettling when you first slide in. By the way, Winks and Semans also advise that you "take the time to look at your partner's anus. You may be surprised at how sweet and innocent it looks—not like an 'asshole' at all." That changes everything: What are we supposed to yell at bad drivers?

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented in these pages each month. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611 or by e-mail to advisor@playboy.com. Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions on the World Wide Web at <http://www.playboy.com/faq/faq.html>.





"Listen, Gaston. I think something's coming over the grapevine."



FOR TRACI ADELL, the past year has been an education in how to swim with the sharks without being bitten. It's not an experience she would care to repeat.

"I was an innocent person," explains Traci. "I had just moved to Los Angeles from Memphis—I was so naive. Then, all of a sudden, I was thrown into this huge media event and my life was chaotic for four or five months. Thank God I've learned a lot from it."

That media event began when Traci's Playmate layout appeared in the July 1994 issue. It was a splashy debut—readers loved her. One in particular, O.J. Simpson, was so taken with Traci that he called her in Maryland, where she was filming the movie *Life 101*. The day was Sunday, June 12, and the two talked on the phone for 35 to 40 minutes. When Nicole Brown Simpson and Ron Goldman were found murdered later that night, Traci was sucked into the vortex of tabloid journalism. The phone call itself was hardly extraordinary. "He was just a guy trying

WHEN O.J. PHONED TRACI

one fateful sunday last year, playmate traci adell
took a phone call that changed her life



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

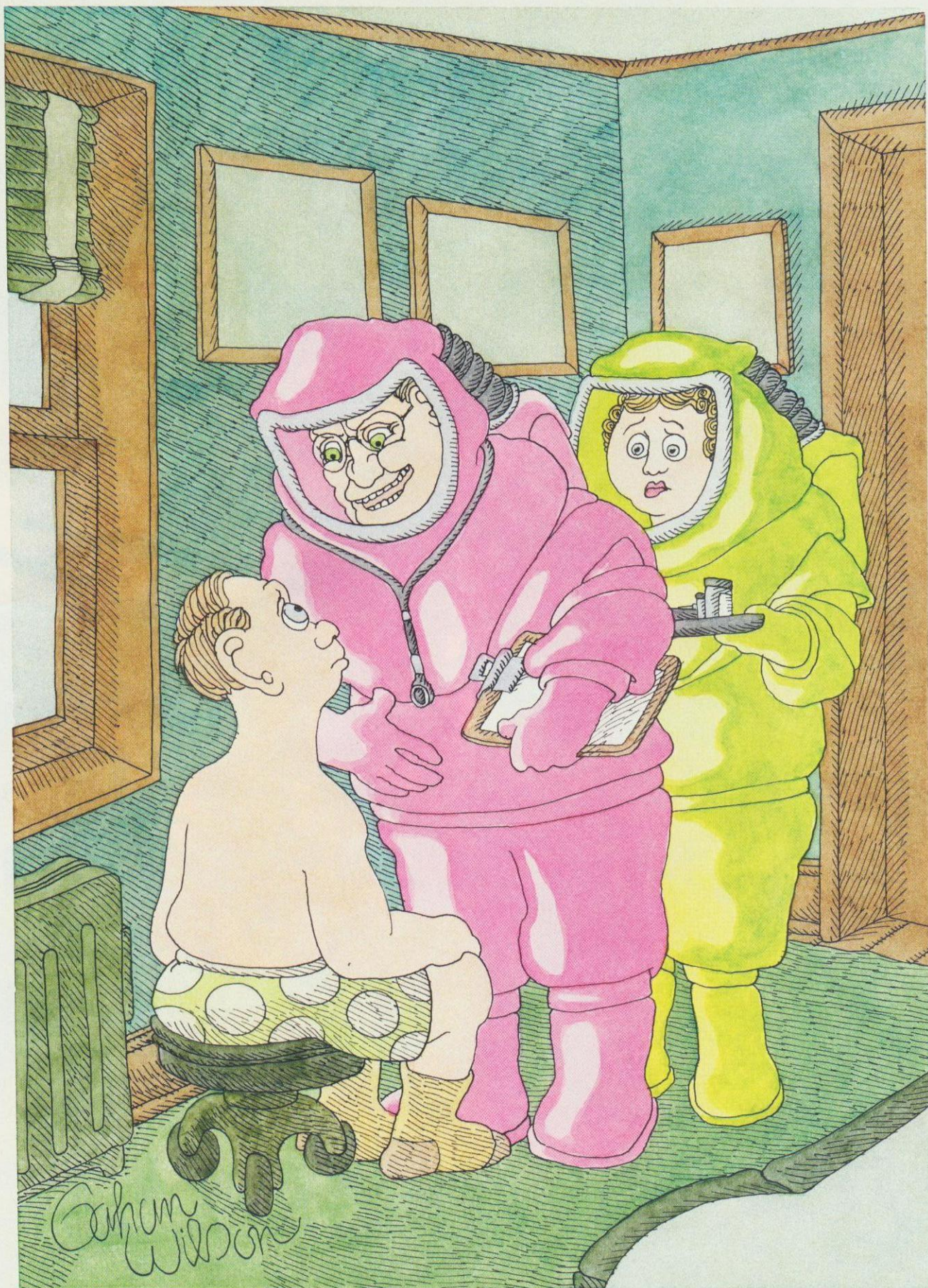
to get a date. I was picking his brain, trying to figure out how he turned his football career into a business. That's why I had moved to Los Angeles in the first place—to learn how to get an idea off the ground and into the marketplace, whether it's a movie I'm passionate about, or a story or a book. I want to know how to create it and get it into people's homes."

But the media were on a feeding frenzy. No story was too small or insignificant to escape full-scale investigation. At first, Traci told only her boyfriend—an O.J. Simpson fan—and a few friends about the call. Her best guess is that friends of friends leaked it to the tabloids, and she promptly found herself on the front page of the *Globe*. The next thing she knew, *A Current Affair* offered her what looked like a no-win proposition: "Either I could go on the air and tell the story of my talk with O.J., or they would do the story without me and make me look like a bimbo. My acting career was going well, and I didn't want to be portrayed (text concluded on page 146)





"Naturally, I'm upset. I wasted the best tan of my life on him."

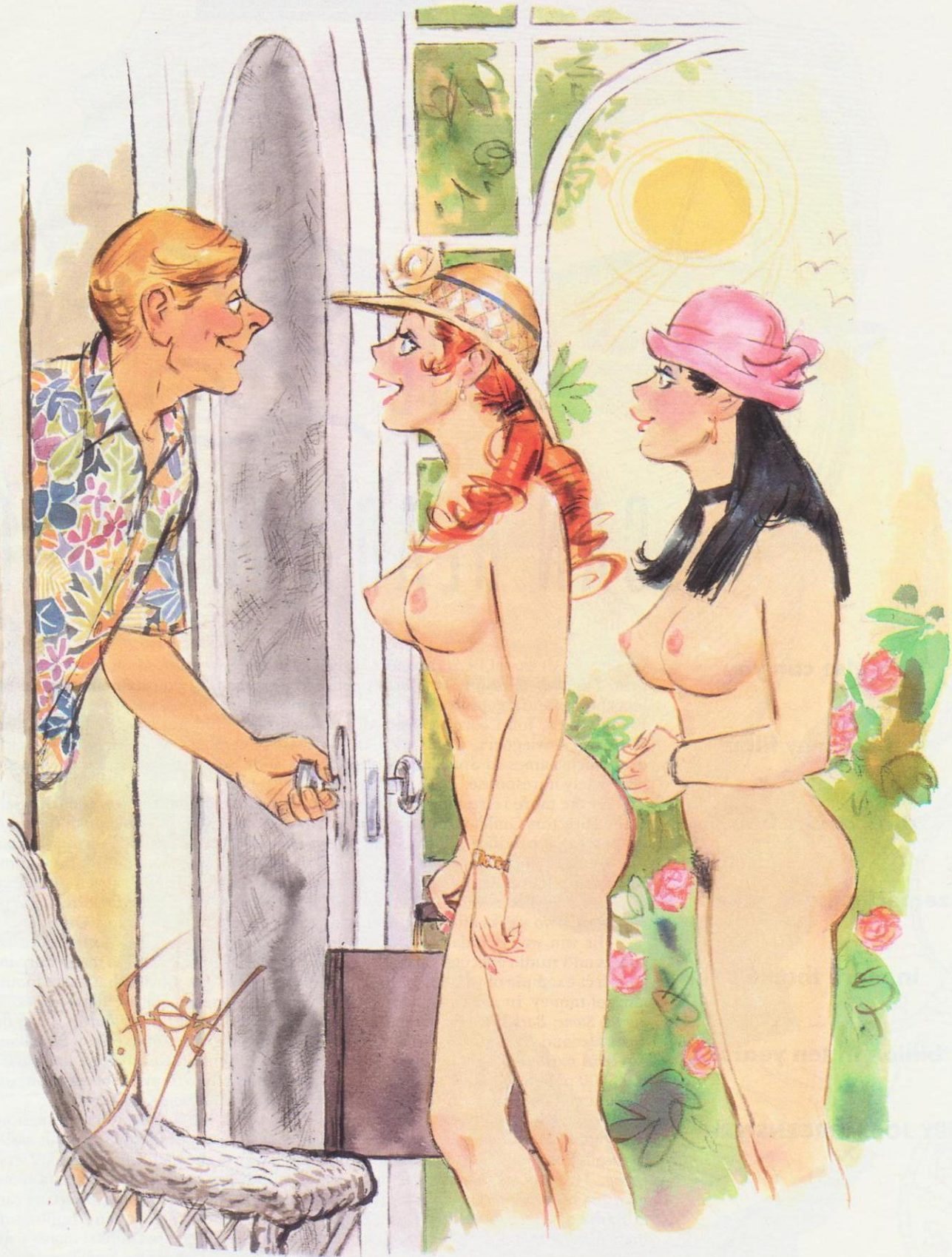


"Please don't be alarmed, Mr. Parker, but those preliminary tests indicate the advisability of a few precautions."



Hollywood started seeing double in 1989. That's when two voluptuous Vikings had a giant billboard erected on Sunset Boulevard that showed them accompanied by only two words: BARBI TWINS. PLAYBOY ran pictorials of Sia and Shane in Sep-

tember 1991 and January 1993, and now they're stopping traffic worldwide. Indeed, their noblest fan is Prince William, heir to the British throne, who decreed: "The Barbis are the best pinups in the world." We quite agree, your Highness.



"Hi, could we come in and talk to you about hedonism?"

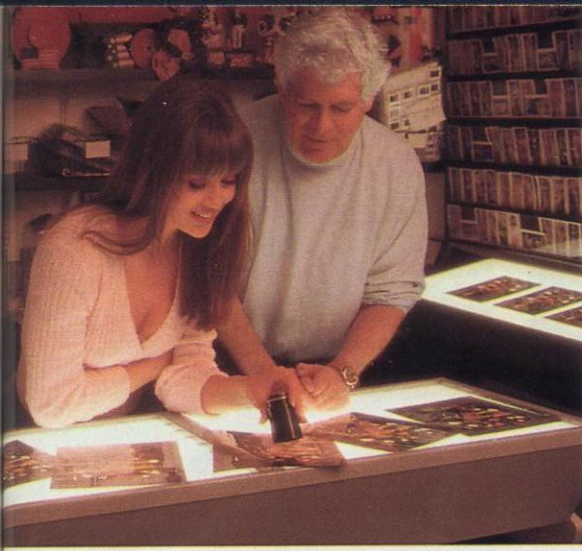


"The Captain has been detained. He asked me to give you his apologies."



A star is born: Small-town girl Rachel checks into her hotel (top left), then goes through the Playmate paces. (That's photographer Richard Fegley, opposite, top and bottom left.) Ever the hard worker, Miss August bought a stack of PLAYBOY back issues and "studied every centerfold. I practiced the poses in my bedroom." As the photos attest, practice makes perfect.

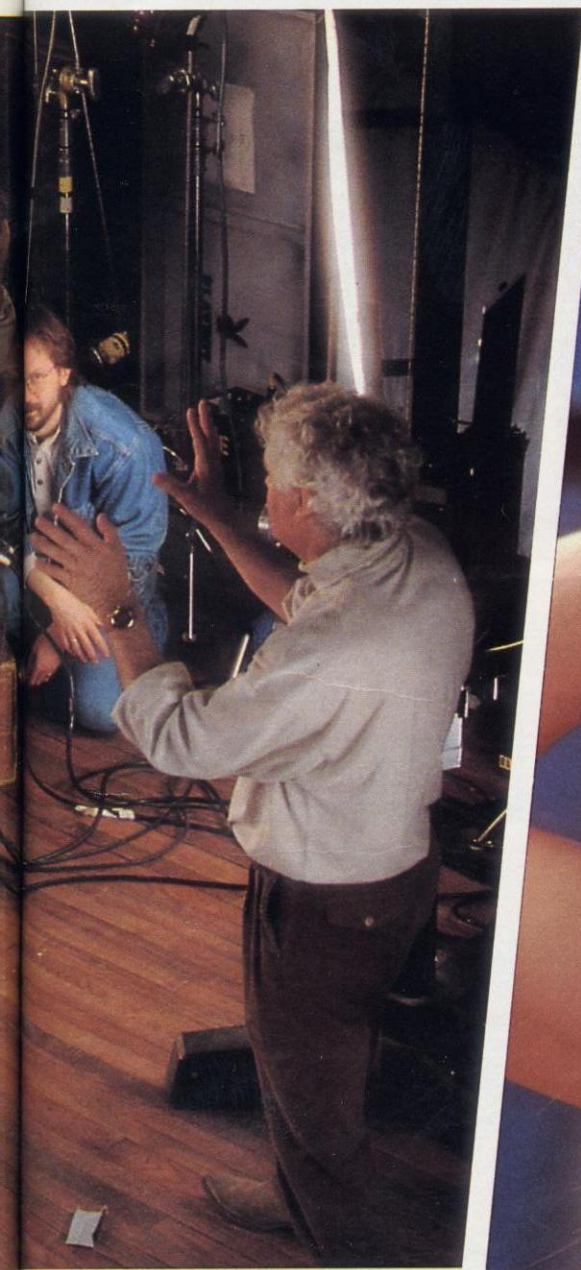
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



ON CAMERA

THE MAKING OF MISS AUGUST

THINGS HAVE a way of happening to Rachel Jeán Marteen. Wonderful, lucky things, such as dining at one of Chicago's most expensive bistros and having the manager insist on picking up the tab. Or having a casual chat on a plane with a businessman who ends up giving her his fifth-row Bulls tickets—on the night Michael Jordan returns to action on the home court. Or try this scenario: An Atlanta photographer approaches PLAYBOY about doing some work, and though he doesn't get



In high school, Rachel recalls, "I was ridiculed for being skinny. Then I started working out and soon I looked totally different." Looking good is the best revenge.



the job, staffers spot her picture in his portfolio. She is flown in for a test shoot and suddenly, she is Miss August. "It all happened so quickly!" Rachel says, smiling. "And it was just luck. But that sort of thing happens to me all the time." Much of Rachel's good fortune can be attributed to her friendly disposition. This is a woman who's on a first-name basis with hotel doormen. She's the kind of person who interrupts an interview to say, "We keep talking about me. I want to hear about you."

"My parents taught me to be open and honest," she explains. Rachel, the youngest of three girls, grew up on a farm outside Cartersville, Georgia in a family that made the Waltons look like a gang of hedonistic delinquents. Sundays





were spent at the Baptist church. According to Rachel, Cartersville has "more churches than houses. It's very conservative." Rachel's folks also taught her the value of hard work. To pay for college she worked an eight-to-four job, then taught aerobics, all before spending four hours in class. Weekends and vacations were reserved for modeling gigs. "I work hard to get where I want to go," she says. And where might that be? "I really want to be a top model and then start a career in movies," says Miss August. "I dream a lot about my future, and lately I've had dreams about being an actress and accepting an award." The way things happen to Rachel Jeán Marteen, don't bet against it.

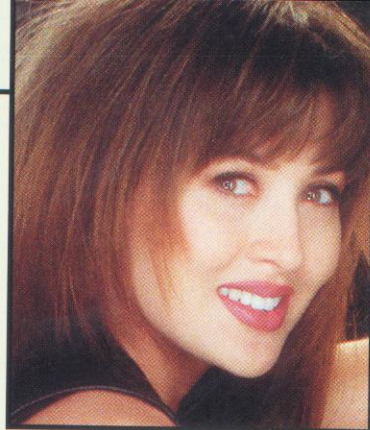
—BOB DAILY

Miss August was "very nervous" about posing nude. "In my house you didn't even say the word sex," she says. "Posing for PLAYBOY has changed me. I'm not so embarrassed anymore. I feel much more open. This experience has taught me to be proud of my body."





PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Rachel Jean Marteen

BUST: 34 1/2 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 123

BIRTH DATE: 01-31-70 BIRTHPLACE: Atlanta, Georgia

AMBITIONS: To become a super model, actress, produce my own workout video, and pursue physical therapy degree.

TURN-ONS: Hawaiian sunsets, steaming hot bubble baths, Grand Marnier soufflé, the ballet and honesty.

TURNOFFS: Macho men who brag on their bodies, people who lack ambition or goals, and stereotypes.

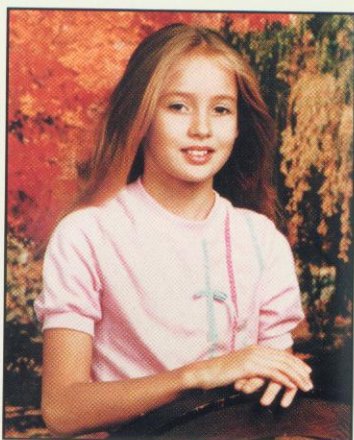
MISTAKEN IDENTITY: The Chicago newspapers printed that Shannen Doherty was "hobnobbing" at the 1994 Michael Jordan golf classic -- sorry folks, it was ME!

THE RACHEL JEAN WORKOUT: Full blast 45-min. step, 1 hour of curls, squats, & lunges. I call it the "kick Butt" workout.

SCARIEST MOMENT: When I was 12, one of my granddaddy's bulls chased my sister and me up a tree.

GLAD I WAS THERE: Lillehammer Winter Olympics, Opening ceremony

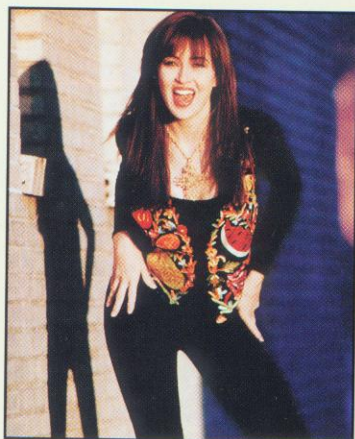
VIRTUES: I'm very adventurous, spiritual and "down to earth."



5TH GRADE SCHOOL DAZE: SPIDER TO MY CLASSMATES.



MY CROWNING DEBUT AS MS. WHITE COUNTY '83.



LOOK MOM-- I'M A MODEL NOW!

MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Gary matched Dan drink for drink, trying to get him to talk about what was troubling him. Gentle prodding was ignored until finally, after downing the sixth, Dan blurted out, "OK, it's your wife."

"My wife?" his friend demanded. "What about my wife?"

"I think she's cheating on us."

What's the definition of a loser? A guy who goes to family reunions to meet girls.



Two mountain-bred GIs were wandering the streets of Calcutta when an old woman walked by. "Hey, Billy Joe," one said, "I think that's Mother Teresa."

"You're nuts."

"I'm telling you."

They approached the woman and one asked, "Are you Mother Teresa?"

The old lady eyed them scornfully. "Fuck off, you goddamn perverts," she hissed, striding off.

"Jeez," Billy Joe said, watching her disappear into the crowd, "now we'll never know."

Why is marriage like a tornado? It starts with a lot of sucking and blowing, and when it's over you've lost your house.

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: A guy walks into a tavern, orders a beer and sets a paper bag on the bar. Several beers later, the curious bartender asked what was in the bag. Without a word, the customer reached in and pulled out a miniature piano, then a small man, about a foot tall, who sat down at the piano and began to bang out rhythm and blues.

"Wow, where'd you get that?" the barkeep asked.

"I found a bottle," the customer explained. "When I rubbed it, a genie popped out and granted me one wish. It's right here," he said, reaching into his coat, "if you want to give it a try."

The bartender gave the bottle a rub and, sure enough, out popped a genie. "I want a million bucks," he said. Suddenly the bar was filled with ducks, a million of them. "Hey, I said bucks, not ducks! Is this genie deaf or something?"

"Hey, friend, you don't think I actually asked for a 12-inch pianist, do you?"

A couple veterans from the secretarial pool invited the newest member out to lunch. Both admired the fur coat she was wearing.

"Isn't it gorgeous?" the wide-eyed blonde gushed. "I went out with Mr. Clark from legal last weekend, and when we went back to his place he had a closet full of them. Can you believe he just gave me one?"

"Oh really?" one drawled sarcastically, nudging her friend. "And what did you have to do?"

"Just shorten the sleeves a little."

How do you fit 20 businessmen into a minivan? Promote one and watch the other 19 climb up his ass.

A traveler in Mexico got lost in a remote area of the country and pulled up to a cantina to ask directions. A gringo cowboy stood out front, leaning against a magnificent white stallion. The traveler was so taken by the horse that he approached the wrangler and said, "That's a fine mount you have there. If you could rub out that brand, I'd be willing to give you ten grand for him."

The cowboy slowly eyed the stranger, then put a leg up and slid into the saddle. "If I could rub out that brand," he said, "I would be living in El Paso."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: An aging hooker volunteered to give the novice a few tips on the art of fellatio. Satisfied that she had perfected the basics, the old pro asked the beginner if she had any questions.

"Well, yeah. I was wondering how long dicks should be sucked."

"The same as the short ones, honey."



Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned," the young man confessed. "I work on a farm and have been having sexual relations with some of the animals."

"That is a crime against man and God," the priest admonished.

"I know," the sinner replied, "and I've already given the sheriff \$500 to keep quiet. How much do you want for not telling God?"

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.



*"Oooh look, Adam, the snake's got me. I'm helpless,
Adam. Oooh Adam, look Adam. . . ."*

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

AUGUST 1975 • \$1.25

PLAYBOY



PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST

**A PICTORIAL
FANTASY:
AFTER HOURS IN A
DEPARTMENT STORE**

**FEDERAL JUSTICE-
PROSECUTION
OR INQUISITION?**

**WHAT YOU STILL DON'T
KNOW ABOUT THE CIA!
EX-COMPANY MAN
PHILIP AGEЕ TELLS ALL**

**CHECKING OUT
THE FEMALE ESCORT
SERVICES:
SOME CONS AND
LOTS OF PROS**

FICTION BY JOHN UPDIKE

LILLIAN MULLER

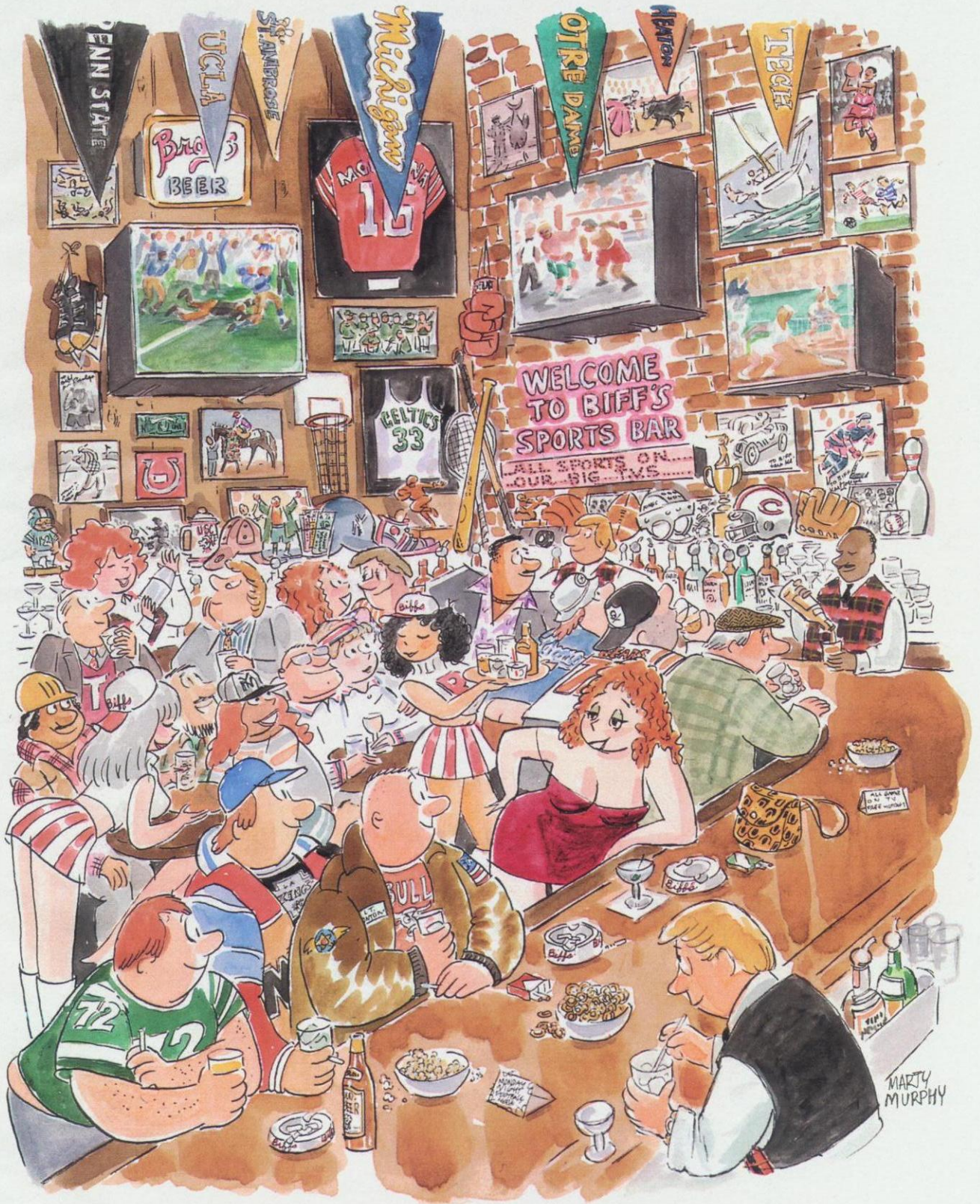


PLAYMATE



MISS AUGUST 1975. Norwegian knockout Lillian Müller made her memorable *PLAYBOY* debut on the cover of an issue that offered fiction by John Updike and the confessions of superspy Philip Agee. Discovered in London by model-

turned-photographer Suze Randall, the sultry Lillian went on to appear on nine *PLAYBOY* covers and in more than two dozen pictorials. She was the obvious choice for Playmate of the Year in 1976, a year we still think of as Müller time.



MARTY MURPHY

*"In sports terms, I'd be something like a free agent.
Except, of course, I ain't free."*





THE RADIO revolution has shown that we are a nation of night owls, drive-time commuters, air guitarists, chat-show hotheads and aural adventurers. And often, the siren voices that lead us to the dial belong to female hosts. In the past, we could only imagine the women of the radio: Disc jockeys rarely came out of their studios to flesh out our visions of them. But when Rush Limbaugh was deemed camera-ready, the business changed. Now radio stars do promotional tours,

Girls OF RADIO

the best-looking
women you've never
seen—until now

broadcasts and publicity posters, and the women have looks to match their pipes. As we scanned the airwaves for the hottest FM fatales and wake-up crew members, we learned that radio has recruited sexy advertising executives and business managers, as well. There are also talk-show starlets—dancers, models and actresses—who boost their careers as on-air guests. With beauties in the sound booth and the front office, radioland is finally providing good visuals. Turn the pages and tune in.



Ellen K. (opposite) gives California drivers a fine blend of humor and energy on KIIS FM's morning show, having landed her dream job with DJ Rick Dees (receiving an award with Ellen, left). Now she dreams of just sleeping in. Janet Layne (above and right) spins discs for KGBX in Missouri. She says weight training keeps her looking just as good as she sounds.



Guadalupe Divina (below, left) caught our attention when she appeared in *Playboy Mexico*. When she's not working as a DJ at a station in Texas, she likes to sing and play guitar and piano. As a nighttime DJ, Diane Ray (below, right) sends out heat waves to her south Florida listeners and jokes that what she really wants to do is rule the world. At 23, model Shelly Jones (right and opposite) has appeared in the movie *Spring Break Sorority Girls* and a Motley Crue video. She has also been the Intima lingerie model. But her stint as the Original Panty Fax Queen on "Ron and Ron," a syndicated show, thrilled listeners in the Southeast. They flooded stations' phone lines to receive a fax of a picture taken of Shelly's posterior when she sat on a copy machine.



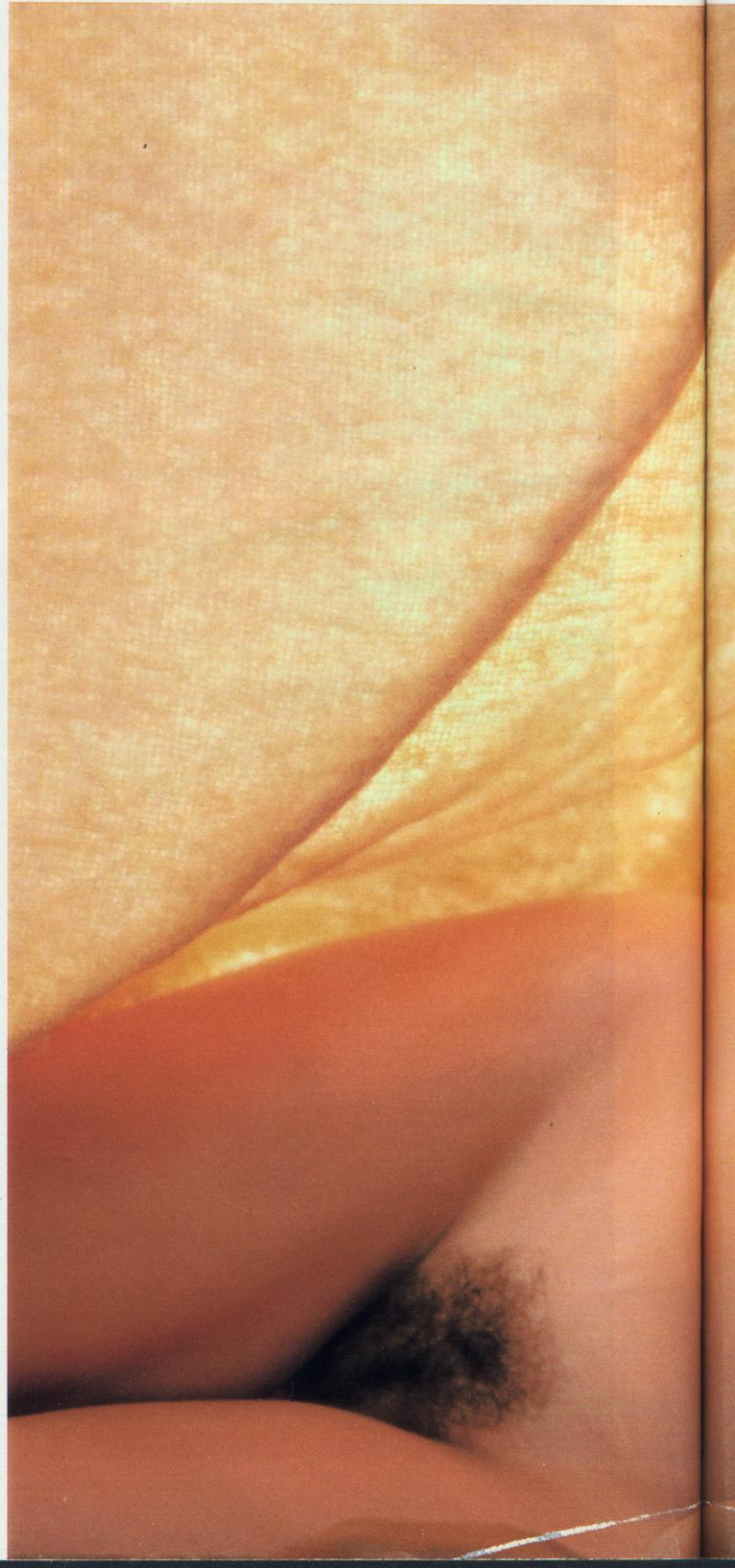




Tracey Ray (left and above) hosts a radio talk show for WFTL in Florida, which allows her to head to the ocean during her downtime for some bodysurfing or parasailing. Her dream is to own a ranch and raise endangered species. Lizz Cufari (right and opposite) knows her way around heat. Besides dreaming up hot promotions for WAQY in Springfield, Massachusetts, Lizz is also an expert at repairing handguns.







Fans know Vanessa Conner (opposite, top) as the V-Woman on WHHH in Indianapolis. Her mother is a physician, and now Vanessa gives out health advice, too—she's an expert on exercise. Though Jenifer Masterman (opposite, bottom) is a full-time accountant, she can expect more radio time on WUFX in Buffalo. The station recruited her during a search among listeners for someone to pose for PLAYBOY. It worked beautifully. Soon after her Polaroids were selected, she headed out to Los Angeles for a photo shoot at Playboy Studio West. It was her first trip to California. As a 98 Rock Girl in Florida, Jessica Lee (right) works on promotions with Morgan Malice. As you can see below, she is also pretty successful at promoting herself.

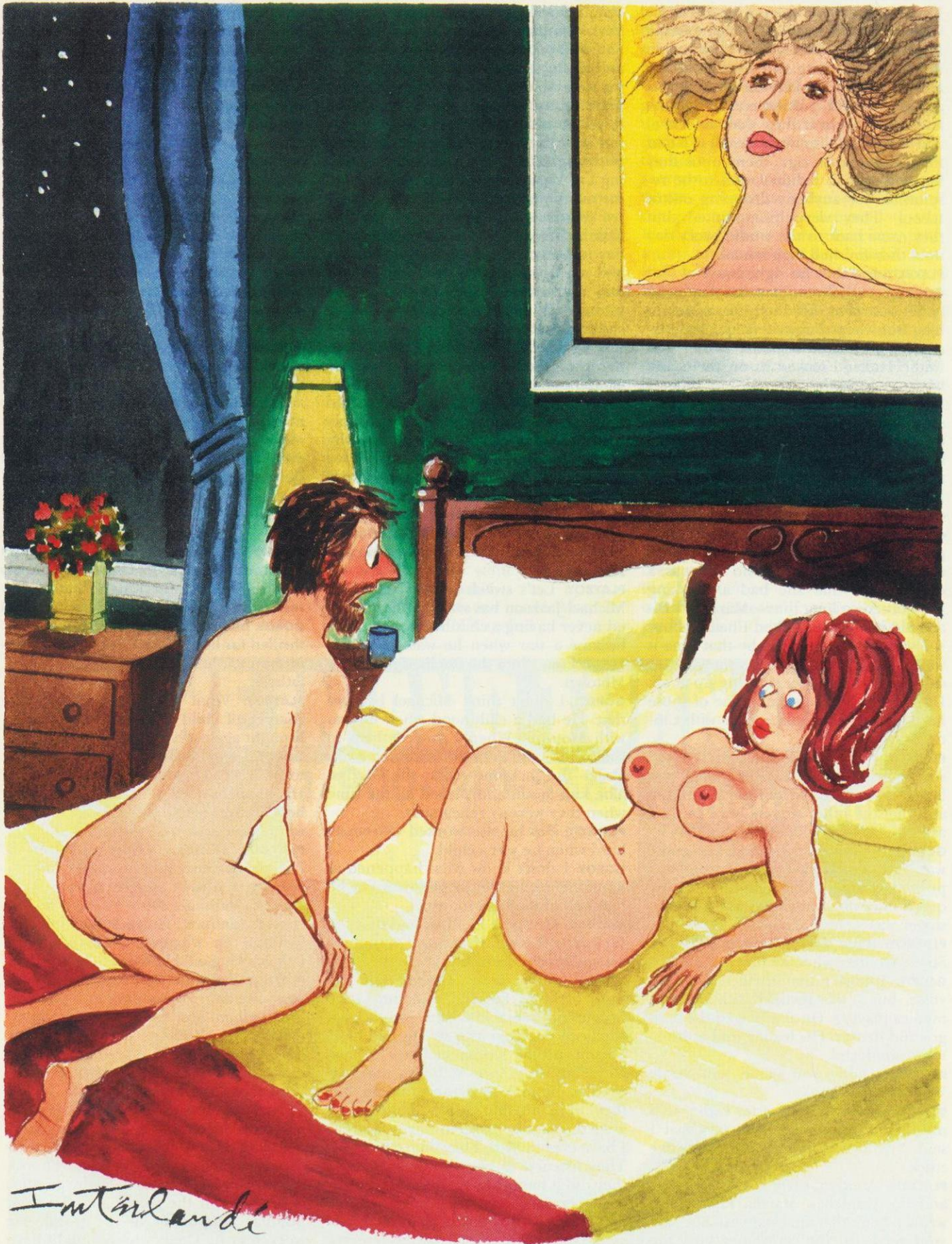




Up in the sky! It's Joy Pons (left and above), airborne traffic reporter for Maryland's Metro Networks. Karen Nobis (bottom) is an account executive for K-LAW Broadcasting in Oklahoma, a job she loves to advertise (below). Tempest and Amy Lynn Baxter (left and right, opposite) are part of Howard Stern's on-air harem. They were shot for the cover of Stern's book *Private Parts*, but the racy photo ended up inside. Amy is an actress and Tempest writes screenplays, when they're not giving aural jolts to the shock jock and his listeners. The *Girls of Radio* will be out on videotape August 8. Call 800-423-9494 to reserve a copy.







*"It's not that I'm against it. It's just that I'm a
'you are what you eat' guy."*

Trisha's Undercover

TRISHA MARES' TV credits include *Beverly Hills 90210*, *Melrose Place* and *Blossom*. She has appeared in the movie *L.A. Story* and in commercials, magazines and fashion and trade shows. There's more to Trisha than meets the eye.



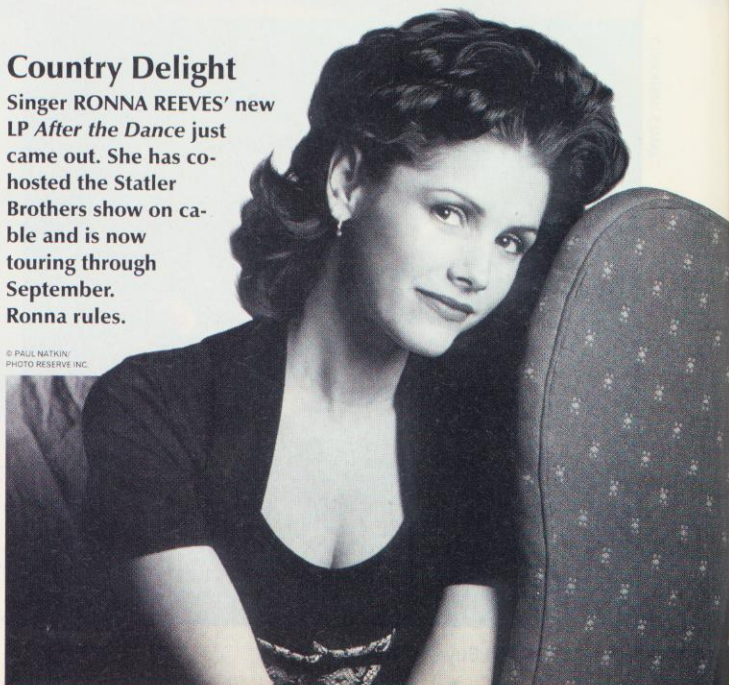
The Devil Made Him Do It

After 64 years in show business, JERRY LEWIS finally opened on Broadway. Playing the devil in *Damn Yankees* with a tempting Lola, CHARLOTTE D'AMBOISE, Lewis gets his critical due. What do 50 million Frenchmen know? Lewis can hit a home run and does.

Country Delight

Singer RONNA REEVES' new LP *After the Dance* just came out. She has co-hosted the Statler Brothers show on cable and is now touring through September. Ronna rules.

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Giant Killers

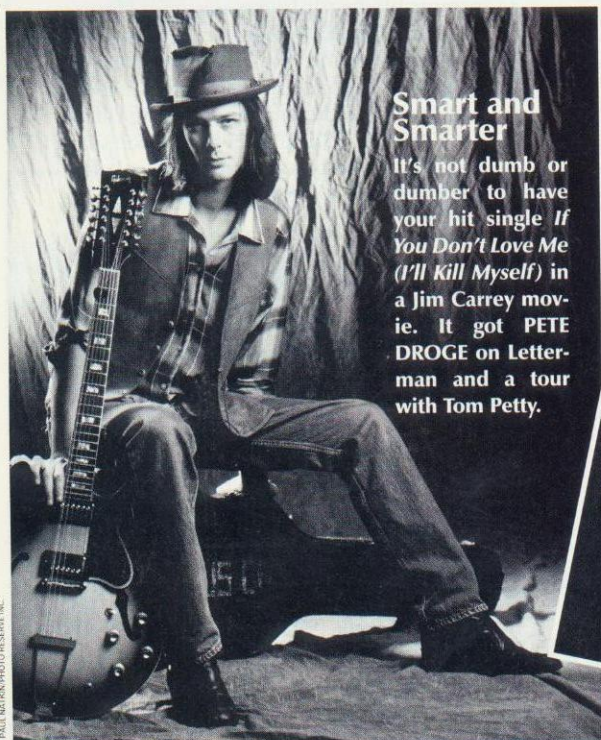
California fans of indie gods THE OFFSPRING knew them and loved them before *Smash* became a smash. What's next? Lead guitar honcho Noodles says, "Maybe we'll write the first punk rock opera." Does Pete Townshend know?



© BILL DAVILA/RETNA LTD.

Praise Lords

A stint on *Melrose Place*, a job at Roseanne's diner and a new album, *1000 Fires*, have helped TRACI LORDS kiss off her old life. Welcome to her second coming.



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Smart and Smarter

It's not dumb or dumber to have your hit single *If You Don't Love Me (I'll Kill Myself)* in a Jim Carrey movie. It got PETE DROGE on Letterman and a tour with Tom Petty.

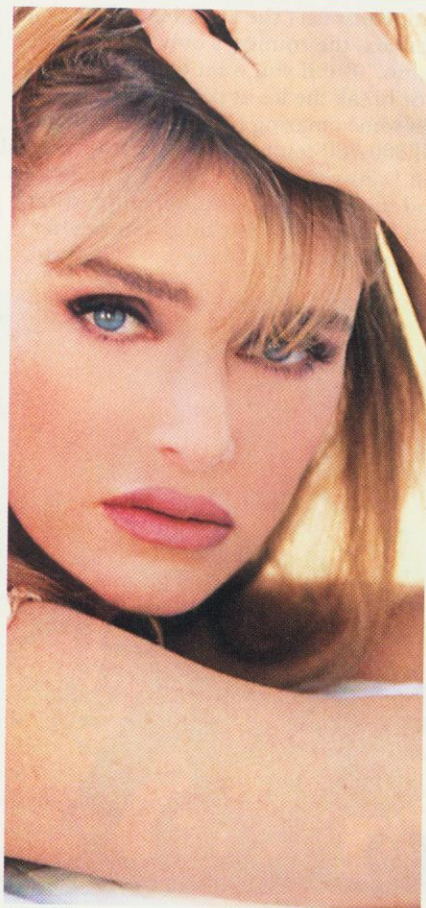
Russian Fox

Actress and dancer MARINA KVARTALOVA made movies in Russia before she got a part in *Bram Stoker's Burial of the Rats*. Look for comic books based on the film to see if Marina got ink.

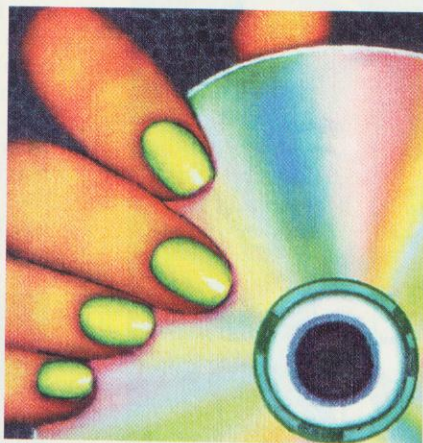


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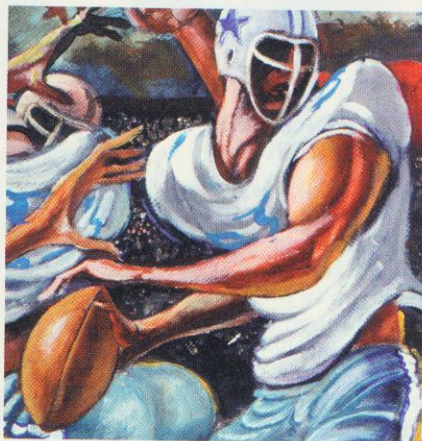
NEXT MONTH



KIMBERLEY



MULTIMEDIA



FOOTBALL



JAID

SPECIAL FALL PREVIEW ISSUE—AN INFORMED SNEAK PEEK AT THE NEW SEASON. LOOK FOR SURPRISE CARS FROM MERCEDES AND BMW, THE LATEST ENTERTAINMENT GADGETS, FITNESS MACHINES AND SNOW TOYS, KILLER FRAGRANCES AND FIVE FABULOUS WARDROBES, DRINKS AND DISCS, OUR UNCANNY NFL FORECAST AND A GUIDE TO CLUBS, RESTAURANTS AND NIGHTLIFE. DON'T MISS IT

KIMBERLEY CONRAD HEFNER—A LOT HAS CHANGED SINCE WE FIRST GLIMPSED THE INCREDIBLE MRS. HEFNER—AND IT'S ALL FOR THE BETTER. THE PLAYMATE FOR LIFE IN THE PICTORIAL OF A LIFETIME

KOPPEL ON TOP—LOOK OUT, LENO AND LETTERMAN. TED KOPPEL IS A SURPRISING CONTENDER IN THE LATE-NIGHT WARS. THE REASON? THE WORSE THE NEWS GETS, THE MORE WE ALL TUNE IN TO TED ON *NIGHTLINE*. ARTICLE BY **HARRY JAFFE**

CINDY CRAWFORD, THE MOST SUPER OF THE SUPER-MODELS, TALKS ABOUT MAKING MILLIONS AND THE UGLY SIDE OF BEING BEAUTIFUL, THEN CONFRONTS THOSE PESKY RUMORS ABOUT RICHARD GERE IN A CANDID INTERVIEW BY **DAVID RENSIN**

SANDRA BULLOCK—HOLLYWOOD'S FAVORITE SPRITE TELLS US ABOUT HER CRAVINGS FOR CHOCOLATE AND WHY SHE LIKES A LOOFAH. OH, SHE ALSO INSTALLED HER OWN TOILET—20 QUESTIONS

MULTIMEDIA GULCH—GROUND ZERO FOR THE LATEST TECHNOWIZARDS IS SOUTH OF MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, WHERE CD-ROM VISIONARIES CRASH ON FUTONS, DODGE CREDITORS AND SELL THEIR DISCS TO SONY—ARTICLE BY **LARRY GALLAGHER**

FIRST NIGHT, BLIND DATE, ALL THAT—YOU HAVE BOTH BEEN AROUND THE BLOCK AND YOU THINK IT GETS EASIER. NOT ON YOUR LIFE. FICTION BY **JOSEPH MONNINGER**

EVEN MORE BARRYMORE—FOLLOWING UP OUR DARING PICTORIAL ON DREW, WE PRESENT RARE **JAID**—DREW'S MOM—WHO'S JUST AS HOT AS HER DAUGHTER

THE \$6 BILLION ROGUE—GENERAL MOTORS GAVE CAR SALESMAN **JOHN MCNAMARA** BIG LOANS FOR VEHICLES THAT NEVER EXISTED. THAT WAS NOTHING COMPARED WITH THE SWEET DEAL HE GOT FROM THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT. ARTICLE BY **DAVID HEILBRONER**