

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

APRIL 1995 • \$5.95

**THE
GIRLS OF
HAWAIIAN
Tropic**

**BEAUTIFUL
BRONZE
BOMBSHELLS**

**A REAL GUY'S
INTERVIEW
WITH PLAYWRIGHT
DAVID MAMET**

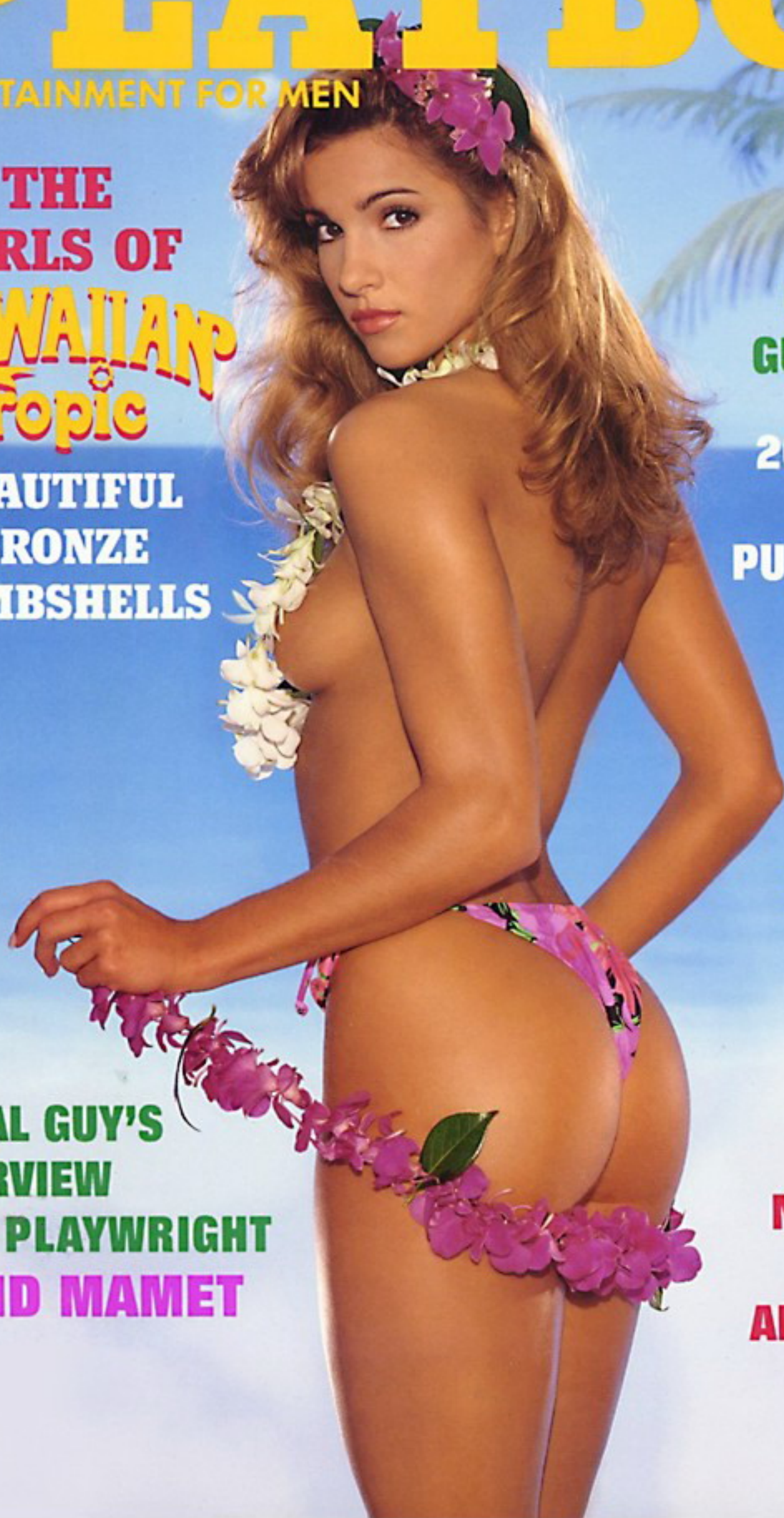
**LESLIE
NIELSEN'S
OUTRAGEOUS
GUIDE TO GOLF**

**20 QUESTIONS
WITH
PULP FICTION'S
SIZZLING
SAMUEL
JACKSON**

**YOU CAN
LIVE LONGER**

**BETTY
FRIEDAN
TELLS HOW**

**PLUS
NEW CLOTHES
FOR SPRING
AND WHERE TO
GO IN THEM**





"I missed your video camera when it was broken. When we made love it was like we were just rehearsing."

The Doctor Is In

an intimate session with our favorite therapist



If Barbara Keesling, Ph.D., could give just one piece of advice to men and to women, this sex therapist would say the following: "Sex is about enjoying yourself, not putting on a show. Guys, get over the performance thing. And ladies, don't expect your partner to know how to touch your body and how to find its hot spots until you know how yourself." Simple

erotic wisdom is Keesling's hallmark in a trade she has plied for more than a decade. At 39, she has worked as a sex surrogate, earned a doctorate in psychology, written three books on lovemaking and launched a sex therapy practice. Keesling now includes *PLAYBOY* on her very sexy résumé. "When

I wrote my latest book," she says, "I hoped it might get me into *PLAYBOY*. Looks like I was right." Her first two sex guides could be considered bedside primers. *Sexual Healing*, published in 1990, deals with treating sexual dysfunctions, and 1993's *Sexual Pleasure* explores the female libido and sensuality for couples. Her latest manual, *How to Make Love All Night (and Drive a Woman Wild)*, unlocks the secrets of prolonged sex, notably a man's ability to achieve what was once considered an exclusively female treasure: multiple orgasms. Already in its second printing, the book is only the latest chapter in Barbara's study of the joys of the flesh. "There's always something new to learn about sex," she says, "and always something new that

feels good." Born in Pasadena, Barbara attended Catholic high school in Torrance, California, then headed straight into the job

"People want to know what I look for in a guy," says Barbara. "That's simple: a man who talks sexy to me and has a very large . . . vocabulary."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG





market. "I did six years with the Postal Service," she says, "but spent most of my time there thinking of ways to get out." In 1980 she found one. While taking a course on human sexuality, Barbara learned about the sex surrogate business, and before you could say, "What's up, Doc?" she was getting naked with five clients a week. "I treated men by using touching exercises and hands-on counseling. And, no, I never found a

"When I was in high school," says Barbara, "I should have been elected Least Likely to Appear in PLAYBOY magazine. I was a true geek—tall, skinny, thick glasses. I didn't have sex then. Not that I didn't want to," she adds. "But after a while you just stop trying."



client I was tempted to keep—though I must say they all came out pretty well." Fifteen years and three degrees later, Barbara now operates a counseling-only practice in California—that is, when she's not doing book tours and talk shows. With such a packed schedule, does she have any time left to meet men and practice what she preaches? "Not lately," Barbara admits, then smiles. "But I am hoping to remedy that situation."

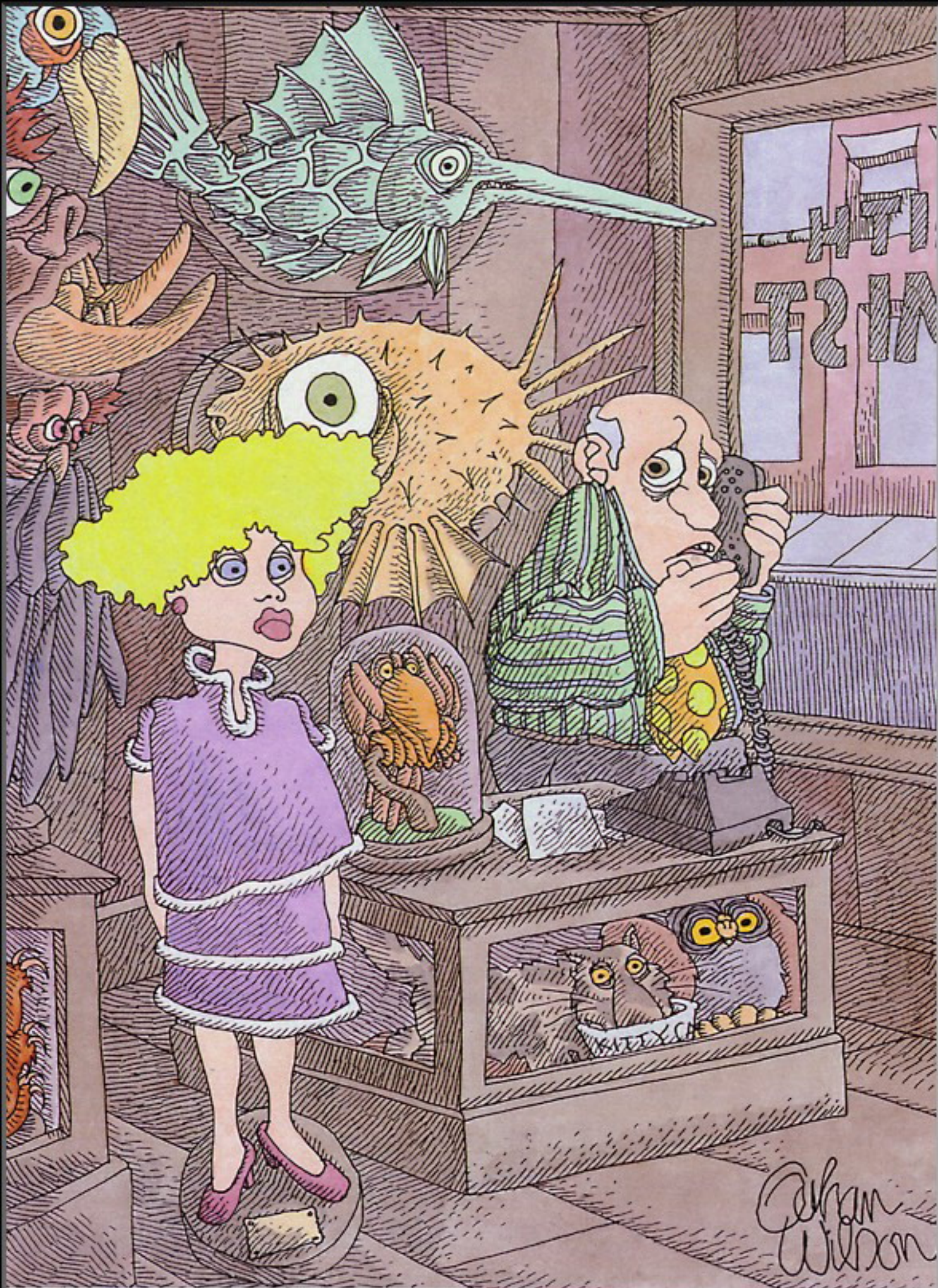


THE PRINCIPLES OF SEDUCTION

Working as a sex surrogate had its perks, remembers Barbara (in private session, below and opposite). "As a surrogate you don't hold back," she explains. "You respond. So, yes, if I met with a client on a day that I was particularly horny, I might be very responsive."







"I was just wondering, Mr. Parker, when you planned to come by and pick up Mrs. Parker?"



Perchance to Dream

miss april is miss practical by day, mischief by night



WHEN Danelle Folta tells us, in all sincerity, "I don't think you would want to be in my dreams," our first thought is, We beg to differ.

Then this 26-year-old international model confesses that she's a devotee of Stephen King, Clive Barker and other horror scribes, and we begin to understand. "Oh," she exclaims, "I look forward to sleeping, because my dreams are so crazy and scary. And I love to be scared! But should I tell you some of my scary dreams? You'll think, This girl is really morbid."

We assure her of our iron constitution, and she relents.

"All right, I had this dream the other night," she says. "I'm riding around in a Jeep—I don't even drive a Jeep!—and I come up to this spectacular, half-finished house. I go in and the people

Danelle is a multitasking tomboy. She skis, she plays beach volleyball, she runs and she can take the ball to the hoop. "I'm going to go skydiving as soon as I find somebody willing to go with me," she says.





inside tell me there's a killer on the loose in the area. So I take charge. I tell everyone to go into the basement and that I'll find the killer. I'm prowling around the construction site, and the killer turns out to be a little boy. I capture him, but when I go back to the basement, all the people are chopped up. That was a great dream!"

While Danelle's imagination may be in overdrive, don't be fooled into thinking that Miss April is a flake. She still has her head on straight, even after six years of working as a model in the U.S., Europe and Asia. She has also done some acting, including a role in

Danelle was born in Indiana, spent part of her youth in Denver and now travels the world. Her current home is in eastern Pennsylvania. "Wherever I go, I get along with people. Even in high school, I was friends with the jocks, the brains and the burnouts."







"I've always wanted more," Danelle says emphatically. "I'm not saying that in a greedy way, but I just want everything that life has to offer. I told myself a long time ago, 'I'm never going to have another bad day.' And corny as it sounds, I haven't."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY
RICHARD FEGLEY

Danelle is a bomb-down-the-mountain, never-say-die kind of woman. "If you say that I can't do something, that's my sign to go for it. I'll prove you wrong."

the TV series *The Untouchables*. "I played a dancer who was dating mobsters, trying to work my way up to Al Capone," she says. "I was sort of a bimbo type, which is the opposite of who I am."

Danelle was raised in Dyer, Indiana and is the youngest of six children. She is an appealing mix of the sweet, small-town girl who brags shamelessly about her sisters and brothers and the urbane businesswoman who is both smart and combative.

"I like to argue," she says. "If you disagree with me about something, I'll keep at you until you agree. I think maybe I have the lawyer gene in me."

To prepare for her arguments, Danelle soaks up information everywhere—from books, magazines and people she meets on the road. Not long ago, as she was waiting in a hotel lounge in Atlanta, she began talking with a man who works in the recycled-cardboard business. She hung on his every word as he explained how cardboard is turned into pulp and back into cardboard. When the man asked for her number, Danelle had to tell him—sweetly, of course—that she was interested just in recycling.

Danelle has her own business ambitions. She has been studying real estate, and her goal is to buy one piece of property a year for the next five years. But just because she has practical dreams doesn't mean that she's ready to abandon her middle-of-the-night adventures.

"My dreams help me get in touch with my fears, and my desires, too," she says. "I have my share of sexual dreams, which I guess are the female equivalent of wet dreams. And they're great!"

Dream on, Danelle.

—MICHAEL GERHART





MISS APRIL

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



W. M. ...

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Danielle ManufatBUST: 34C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35HEIGHT: 5'10" WEIGHT: 124BIRTH DATE: 4.19.69 BIRTHPLACE: Hammond, INAMBITIONS: To stay passionate, loving, caring and never to become jaded.TURN-ONS: A man who makes me feel like a woman - I love to feel like a woman!TURN-OFFS: Con men, veal eaters, narrow minds.IF I HAD MORE TIME: I'd read, learn languages, work out longer, volunteer more time, write a book, learn how to surf.I'M PROUD THAT: I'm 100% natural - positively, absolutely no artificial ingredients!PET PEEVE: Women who say they don't like women. We should support one another.PET ADVICE: Spay and neuter your pets!MY PHILOSOPHY: Laugh, laugh and when you've laughed enough, laugh some more!

Kindergarten -
The Good old days



me at 20!



All grown up! model -
179 Italian Lingerie

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

When she still felt rotten after two weeks, the blonde made an appointment with her physician. "Frankly, Ms. Harris," the doctor said after his examination, "I'm stumped. You're either pregnant or you have a cold."

"Well, I must be pregnant then," the woman concluded. "I don't know a soul who could have given me a cold."

What's the difference between the new Denver airport and the White House? Someone landed a plane at the White House.



Just a day after buying a parakeet, the owner was stunned when the bird suddenly fell off its perch and died. He returned to the pet store the next morning, carrying the tiny carcass.

The store manager examined the body carefully. "Did it have a yellow stool?" he asked.

"No," the customer replied. "No furniture whatsoever."

Two old friends bumped into each other at the grocery store. "Meg," one said, "it's good to see you. How have you been?"

"Oh, just great," the other gushed. "I'm four months pregnant."

"That's wonderful news!" her friend exclaimed, offering a hug. "I know how long you've been trying."

"Yes, it's been six years. I finally went to a faith healer."

"Gee, my husband and I went to a faith healer for two months—nothing."

The elated mother-to-be leaned toward her companion. "Go alone," she said.

Did you hear about the convention for schizophrenics? Anyone who is everyone was there.

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: Kowalski walked into a shop and ordered a pound of kielbasa. The clerk looked at him strangely. "What's wrong?" Kowalski snapped. "Are you thinking, 'The guy ordered kielbasa, so he must be Polish, and if he's Polish, he must be a moron?'"

"No, sir."

"If someone walked in and ordered corned beef, would you say, 'There's an Irishman. He must be a drunk?'"

"No, of course not."

"Or if a person walked in and ordered grits, would you say, 'There's a Southerner. He must be a redneck?'"

"Absolutely not."

"Then, if you don't mind my asking, what is your problem, young man?"

"This is a hardware store."

Every time the territorial Indian agent rode into the reservation, he was greeted with an upwardly thrust middle finger from an old brave. The old man would then lower his arm and thrust the extended digit outward.

"Look," the exasperated agent finally said, "I know what *this* is, but what the hell is *that*?"

"*This*," explained the Indian, "is for you. And *that* is for the horse you rode in on."

Following last November's sweeping Republican election victories, a reelected incumbent governor was asked by a reporter what he considered to be the cause of such low voter turnout—ignorance or apathy?

"Frankly," the happy winner declared, "I don't know—and I don't care."

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: A 50-year-old woman was posing nude in front of the mirror when her husband passed by. "I was at my gynecologist today," she said, preening, "and he said I have the breasts of a 30-year-old."

"Yeah?" he muttered. "What'd he have to say about your ass?"

"Oh, your name didn't even come up, dear."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: When a friend asked why he had missed a week of work, Kevin explained that it all started with a terrible nightmare. "I dreamed I went to bed with Tonya Harding, Lorena Bobbitt and Hillary Clinton."

"So?"

"The next morning," Kevin explained, "I woke up with a broken kneecap, a severed penis and no health insurance."



A Navy captain executed a few fancy maneuvers with his cruiser that had never been taught at the academy. The admiral flashed a quick message. When told by the skipper to read it in front of a bridge full of officers, the radioman hesitated. "Read it, damn it!" the captain barked.

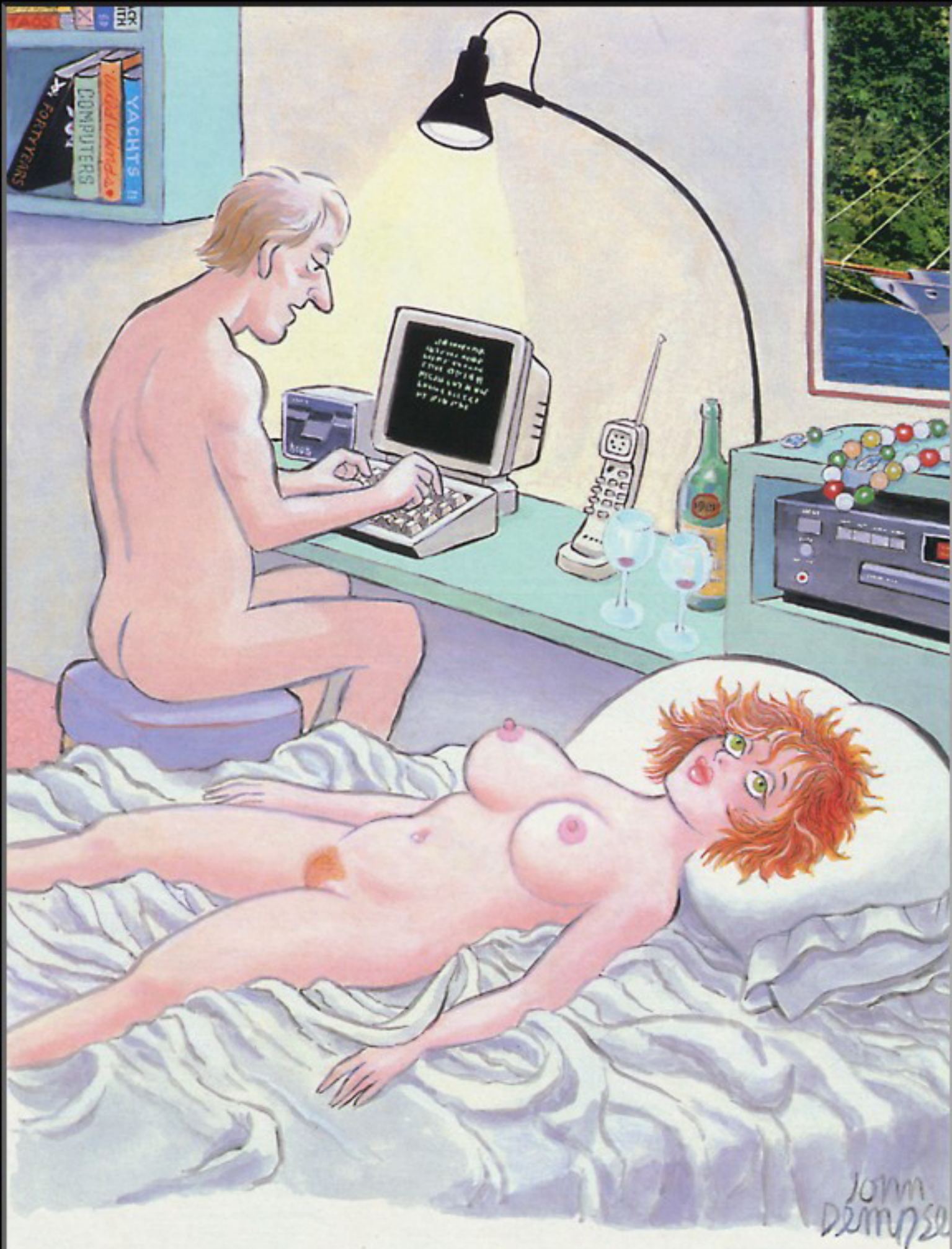
"You are the stupidest, most ignorant S.O.B. ever put on God's green ocean!" the seaman reported.

"All right, son," the quick-thinking captain said, "take that below and have it decoded."

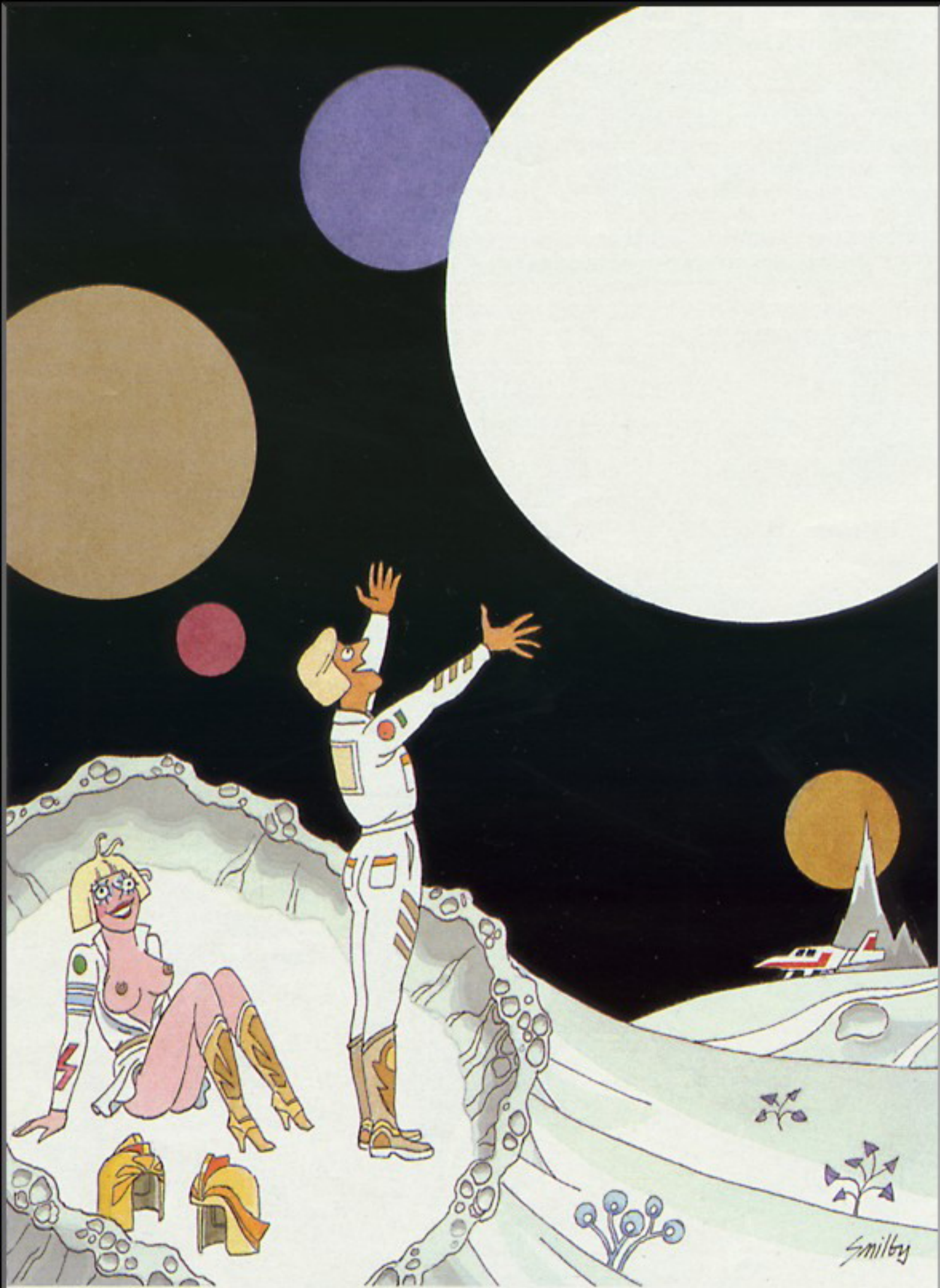
Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"I'd like to fix up my basement like this."



"Let's see now: Jennifer . . . red hair . . . green eyes . . . great body . . . needs lots of foreplay . . . loves oral sex."



*"And henceforth, and for all time, this place shall be known
as the Crater of Carolyn."*

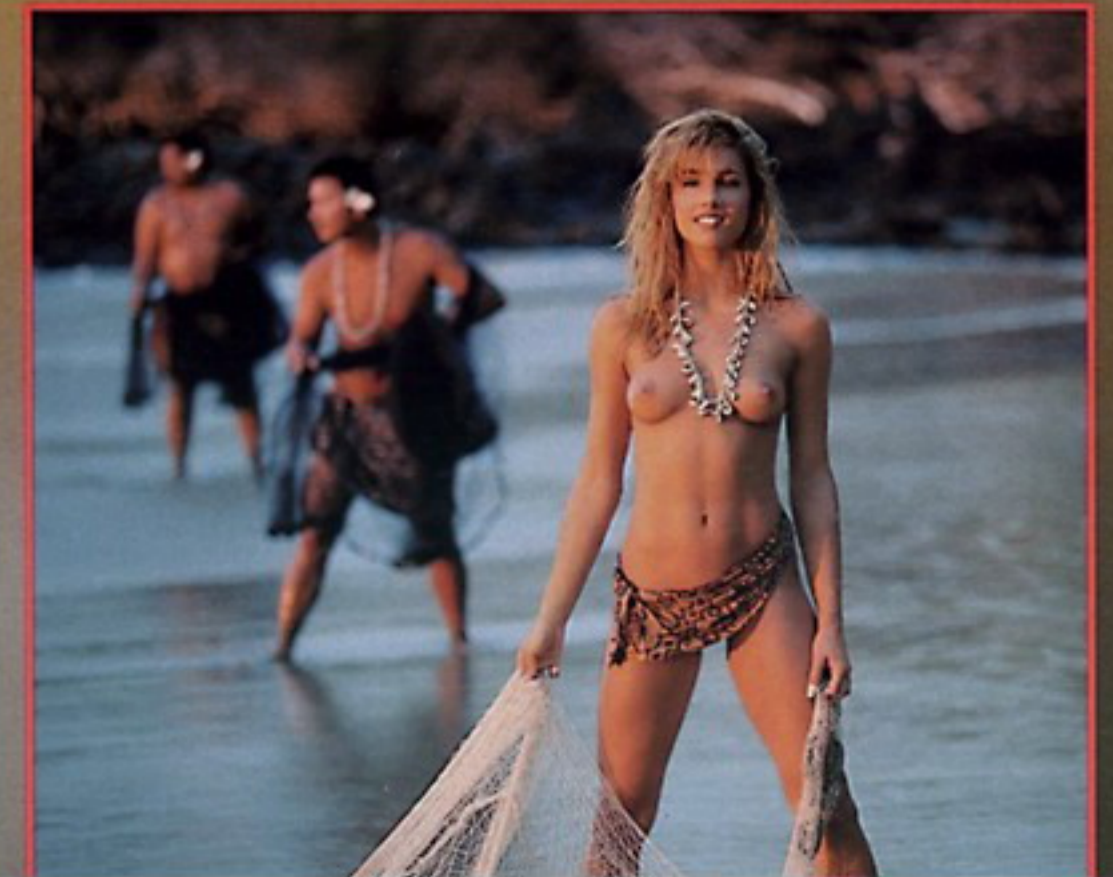


Girls OF HAWAIIAN TROPIC

A TORRID LOOK AT THE HOTTEST WOMEN UNDER THE SUN

IT ALL STARTED in 1969, with Ron Rice's burning desire to save his skin from the Florida sun. Rice, then a high school chemistry teacher, figured he could concoct a natural tanning product that would work better than synthetics. So he went into his garage, threw some aloe, bananas, coconut oil, avocado and other good stuff into a garbage can, stirred well and—voilà—Hawaiian Tropic suntan oil was born. Soon after came his second brilliant idea: to show off his product on the perfectly tanned hides of the Girls of Hawaiian Tropic. Today, these bronzed ambassadors travel the world in their work uniforms—string bikinis—to promote the product in a most effective way. Hawaiian Tropic women have appeared in an MTV broadcast, at the Cannes Film Festival, at the Indy 500 and in Moscow's Red Square. But until now, you've never seen quite this much of them. So put on a pair of sunglasses and start turning the pages.

Sung Hi Lee (left) may have been born on April 1, but she's nobody's fool. Between international modeling stints, this 25-year-old from South Korea studies physiology at Ohio State University. Shana Hiatt (below) likes to hit the books, too, but her tastes run toward romance and horror, which she reads "to escape from reality." Shana, who is half Cherokee, collects Indian dolls.





Although Heather Kristian (left) looks at home in a sarong and lei, she actually lives outside of Dallas. "I'm into speed," admits Dedra Blake (right), who loves to zoom around Alabama on her Harley. To change gears, she rides her Tennessee walking horse. During deer hunting season, you'll find Deborah Anne (far right) deep in the woods of Michigan. Say hi once more to Sung Hi (below), now nestled among the flowers.

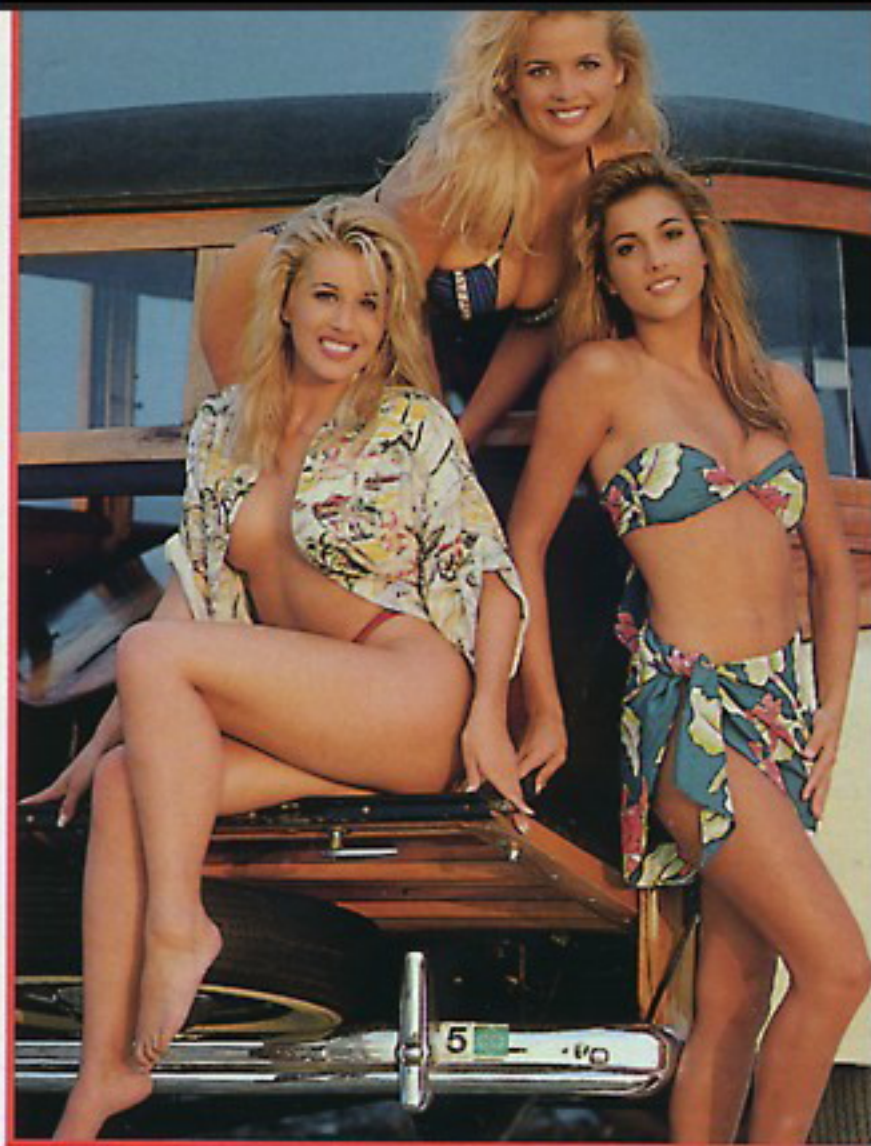




"Hawaiian Tropic contests are a blast," says Wyndi Pinckney (above), who breezed to victory in Alabama. South Floridian Angel Boris (opposite page) has more than ten years' experience in beauty pageants but prefers to sing onstage in a Las Vegas-style revue. Kristen Holland (below left), a journalism student in Memphis, dreams of following in the footsteps of her favorite anchorwoman, Connie Chung. University of Georgia's Michelle Stanford (below right) is studying to be a pharmacist. Her prescription for relaxation? A sunset, the beach and Harry Connick Jr.







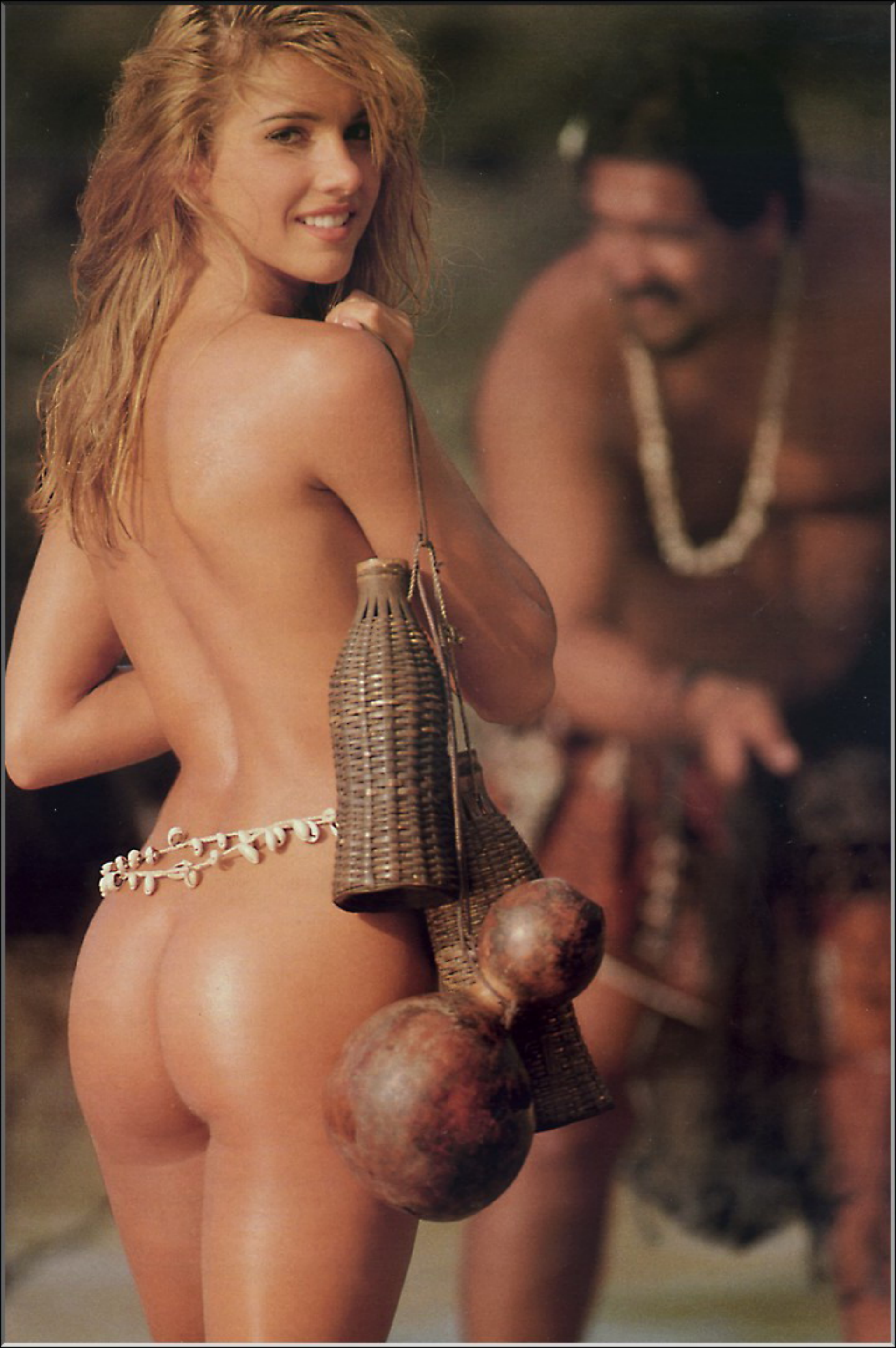
"I'm pure party animal," says Nancy Wilson (left), who enjoys hitting the dance clubs around Philadelphia. The beauties on the car hood (above, clockwise from top) are Amy Hayes, Shana Hiatt and Deborah Anne. Amy (opposite page) says that politics and parasailing really float her boat. Karate expert Sarah Hutchinson (below) gets her kicks by watching martial-arts movies.

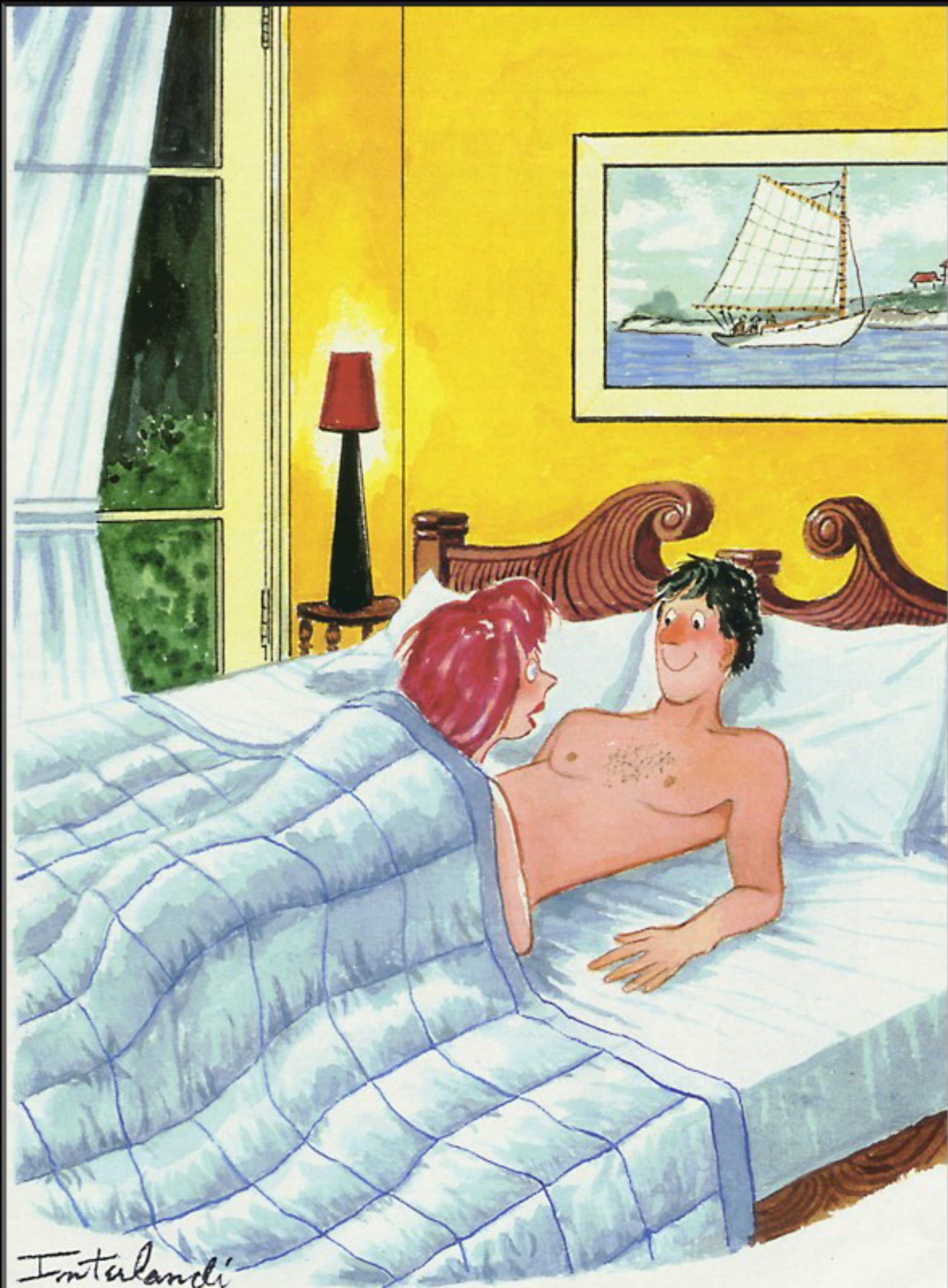






When Dana Mazzochi (above) was 15, her cholesterol level soared, so she changed her diet and became a personal fitness trainer in New York. Army brat Shana Hiatt (right) has lived in more than a half dozen states and now shares a home in New Jersey with a yellow Labrador retriever named Tiffany. Although she loves the sun, Shana is thrilled by bad weather: She collects pictures of thunderstorms.





Intalandi

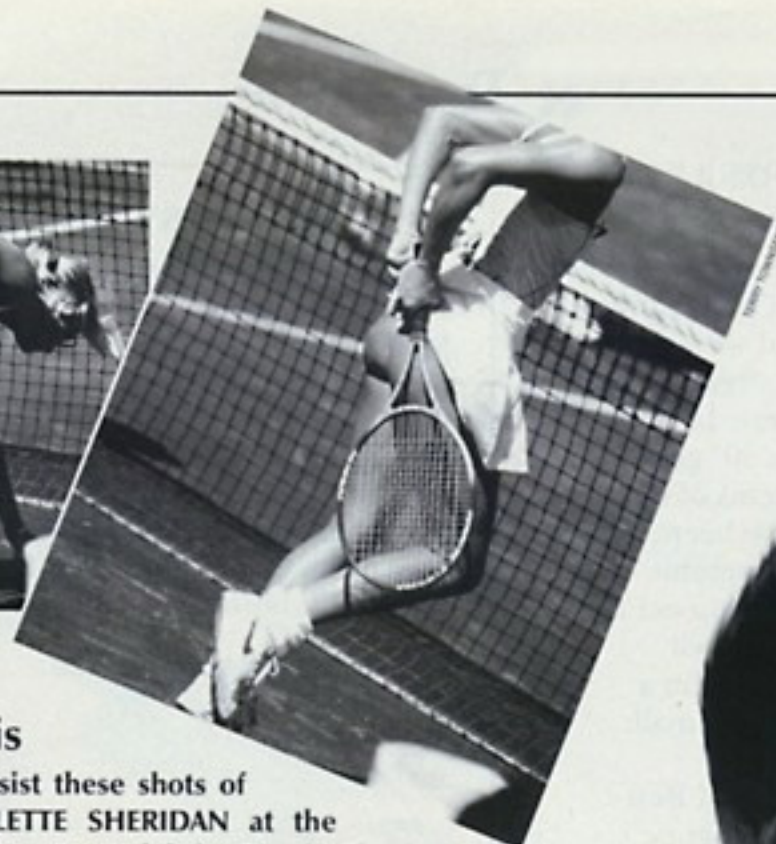
"Explain again how this can help cure tennis elbow."



"I miss the give-and-take of those who opposed my reign. Sometimes I'm sorry I had them all beheaded."

Clip Job

Not even a head full of curlers can detract from CINDY CRAWFORD's little black dress. Look for Cindy on MTV's *House of Style* and in her first movie, *Fair Game*, co-starring William Baldwin. Don't look for Cindy to explain her fashion statements.



Why We Love Tennis

We couldn't resist these shots of actress NICOLLETTE SHERIDAN at the Chris Evert/Ellesse Pro-Celebrity Tennis Classic last year. It's hard to keep your eye on the ball when your underwear is giving you fits. Ask Nicollette.



Balladeer Buckley

You can catch singer JEFF BUCKLEY on a club tour, and you should. His first album, *Grace*, got the critics buzzing, and a second one will be out by the end of the year. Much has been made of his being Tim's son, but Jeff's soaring solo.



Not Yet Potty Trained

It's the RAMONES' 21st anniversary, and JOEY is getting an early start on the celebration. The band is working on an album to be released soon, then a tour. Not bad for a group of guys who hang out in bathrooms.



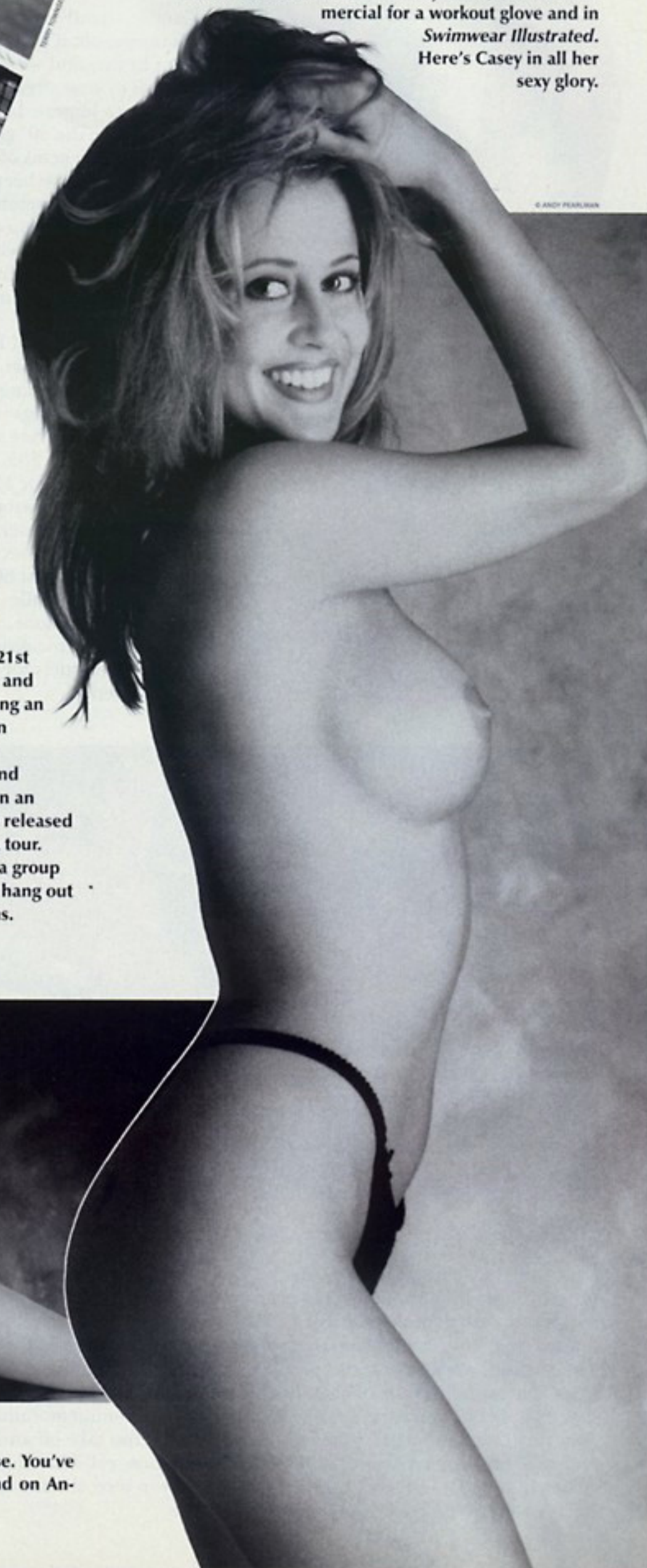
California Girl

Model RUTH KIBLER is just starting out. You can see more of her in the *Hot Body* video. She has toured South Korea in a fashion show and made glamour videos in southern California. It's enough to make beachboys proud.



Fetching Stretching

Actress and model ELAINE COLLINS gets a ten in the floor exercise. You've caught her on *Tales From the Crypt*, on MTV in a *Poison* video and on Anheuser-Busch posters and promotions. We'll drink to that.



Tasty Casey

You've seen CASEY GRAY on *Baywatch*, in a TV commercial for a workout glove and in *Swimwear Illustrated*. Here's Casey in all her sexy glory.

NEXT MONTH



BUSS



QUICKSAND



HEROIN



SINATRA

WE DREAM OF JEANIE—A KNOCKOUT PICTORIAL OF **JEANIE BUSS**, HEIRESS APPARENT OF THE FABLED AND RESURGENT LOS ANGELES LAKERS

QUICKSAND—AD MAGIC, THE DIRECT-MAIL MARKETING GENIUS, IS SICK AS A DOG IN AFRICA, AND THE ONLY DOCTOR ON HAND IS A GORGEOUS BLONDE FROM DENMARK—FICTION BY **THOM JONES**

PLAYBOY'S 1995 MUSIC POLL—STEVEN TYLER, THOSE VOODOOING STONES, AEROSMITH AND MTV'S DAISY FUENTES TOP THE BIG MUSIC MOMENTS OF THE YEAR

CAMILLE PAGLIA—THE NEOFEMINIST MEN LOVE TO QUOTE—AND WOMEN WANT TO MUZZLE—SOUNDS OFF ON CHIVALRY, LUST AND CHASTITY IN A RAUCOUS PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **DAVID SHEFF**

DAVID HASSELHOFF—*BAYWATCH*'S RESIDENT HUNK MAKES WORK LOOK LIKE A DAY AT THE BEACH. **DAVID RENSIN** PUTS HIM THROUGH THE PACES ABOUT SPIN-OFFS, PRIVACY AND HIS BEACHCOMBING CO-STARS IN 20 QUESTIONS

ELMORE LEONARD—THE KING OF CRIME AND SULTAN OF SUSPENSE LOVES A GOOD STORY. THE ONE ABOUT

HIS RISE FROM COPYWRITER TO AUTHOR OF THE BEST-SELLING MYSTERIES *GLITZ*, *FREAKY DEAKY* AND *KILLSHOT* IS A DOOZY. PROFILE BY **LAWRENCE GROBEL**

DOIN' THE RESURRECTION SHUFFLE—TONY BENNETT ON MTV? JOHNNY CASH AT THE VIPER ROOM? HOW DID THEY DO IT? **TOM JONES** SHOWS US THE WAY BACK TO THE TOP OF THE CHARTS. BY **STEVE POND**

HEROIN CHIC—SEDUCED BY THE JUNKIE LIFESTYLE GLAMORIZED IN MUSIC, MOVIES AND FASHION, HOLLYWOOD TRENDONDS ARE SNORTING AND SMOKING THE DEMON H. A DISTURBING REPORT FROM **MARK EHRMAN**

NANCY SINATRA—WITH HER MULTIMEDIA COMEBACK REACHING WARP SPEED, WE OFFER A TERRIFIC PICTORIAL FEATURING ONE OF THE HOTTEST LADIES WALKIN'

SPRING TUNE-UP—AGE-OLD WISDOM AND NEW AGE ADVICE FOR GETTING BACK IN SHAPE FOR SPORTS FROM WINDSURFING TO BIKING TO GOLF

PLUS: *MORTAL KOMBAT*'S **CHRISTOPHER LAMBERT** DRESSED IN SINGULAR FASHION, DIGITAL ANSWERING MACHINES AND FINE CIGARS AND THEIR ACCESSORIES