

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1995 • \$5.95

**GORDON
LIDDY**

**RADIO'S
WILD MAN**

**NEW YORK'S
RELENTLESS COP**

**PLAYBOY
INTERVIEWS
HARVEY
KEITEL**

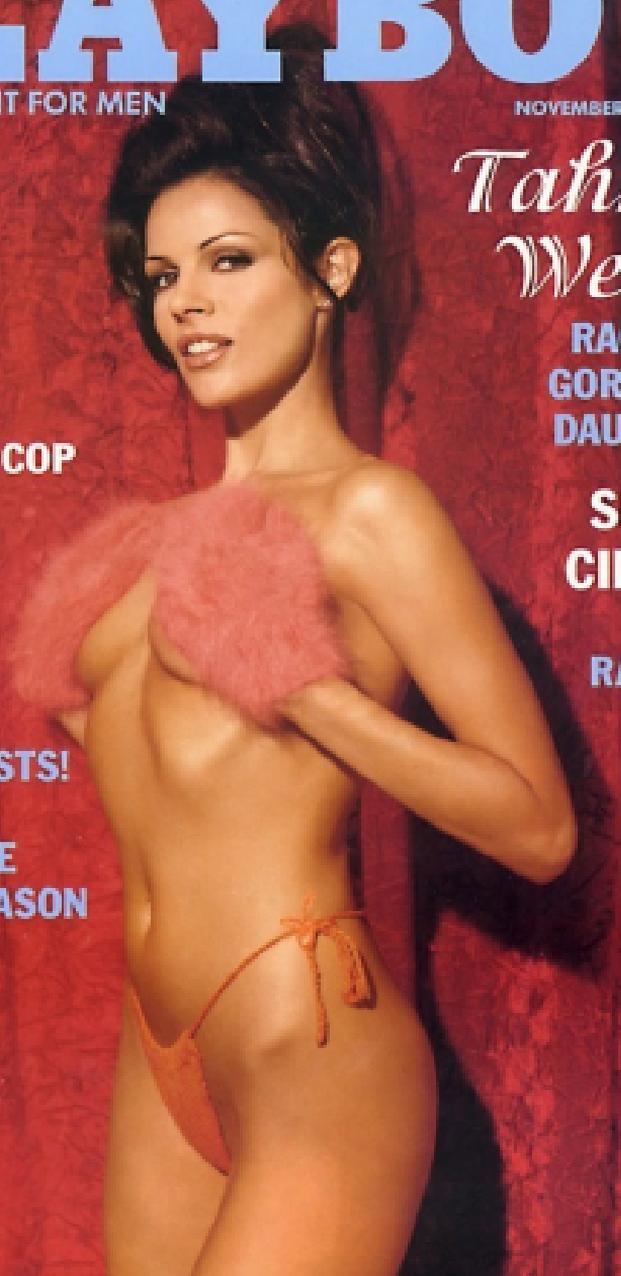
**WINTER BLASTS!
PLAYBOY'S
GUIDE TO THE
COOLEST SEASON**

**MAKE
YOUR OWN
SEX VIDEOS**

*Tahnee
Welch*

**RAQUEL'S
GORGEOUS
DAUGHTER**

**SEX IN
CINEMA
THE
RATINGS
WAR**





"Gee, Bosco, not the AK-47. Use the Beretta."



TOTALLY TAHNEE

raquel welch's daughter stakes her claim
as a movie star and an erotic icon in her own right

TEN YEARS AGO, Tahnee Welch fell to earth in the movie *Cocoon*, as an adorable alien from the planet Antarea. In an interplanetary safe-sex scene that wowed film buffs, she turned her love-light on Steve Guttenberg and brought him to out-of-this-world orgasm (with the help of computer graphics, of course). Tahnee had arrived. But after a recurring stint on *Falcon Crest* and the lead in *Cocoon: The Return*, she decided to leave the spotlight. She began shuttling between New York and Rome, where she found a niche in the world of Italian filmmaking. This was a chance to hone her craft with minimal distractions, an ocean away from all the mother-daughter articles and expectations that accompanied her debut

Tahnee's free-spirited approach to her work allows her to indulge in a wide variety of projects. In March she popped up on a Milan runway modeling Moschino sportswear. Right and below right, she vogues for the camera of hip fashion photographer Sophie D'Orsola.

in the United States.

If Tahnee left as an unformed ingenue, this pictorial and a new role in the upcoming film *I Shot Andy Warhol* mark her return to the scene as a mature woman. You can see it as she walks through Barolo, an airy restaurant in Soho, speaking better Italian than the waiters and gently chiding the waitress if that she'd like to sit someplace cool, inside, not in the garden. All the while she never loses her smile.

"This will probably be the hottest interview you'll ever do," she says, commenting on the engulfing heat that had settled in New York City. "It would be a hot interview even in winter," I venture. She laughs at my lame compliment. There's a steady playfulness in her expression, an indication that this woman knows what she's about in life.

It wasn't always so. The success of *Cocoon* "scared the bejeaus out of me," she recalls. "Rather than milk it, I went the other way. No big old fat career for me. I didn't have the temperament. I wasn't able to take on that burden—but people assumed I could. They considered it odd for me to say, 'No, I don't even want to try to take on this professional responsibility right now. Can I please keep my feet on the ground?' I always wanted to have a well-rounded life. I had a lot of living to do and it wasn't all about being in the loop. I loved



Tahnee has had movie love scenes with Hugh Grant and Steve Guttenberg. Call it an occupational hazard. "Some co-stars have told me after shooting a love scene that they weren't acting. I was not pleased. I wanted to say, 'Keep it to yourself.'"

film—but for the creativity, not the money."

Like any good storyteller, Tahnee has a variety of accents at her command. When explaining her relaxed, dolce vita approach to life, she suddenly turns Italian: "Two and two, maybe it's five. It's OK," she says with a luscious accent and mad gestures. Later she'll take on the airs of a diva: "I worship no one." Her joking is infectious. "What's your favorite color?" I ask. "Oh," she squeals like an airhead, "I like them all."

Recently she found a natural fit with the role of Viva, the comically strange Factory sculptor, in the Warhol film (due for release in spring). To start the second phase of her American career, she's decided to go for arty and independent films—movies in which she's not always cast as "the girlfriend."

"Viva gave me a chance to do a lot more character work than is possible in most big-budget films," she says.

"There were lots of women and gay men on the set and it was shot in New York, so it had a different vibe. When you know you're working on a good film, the feeling is 'Yippee!' When the film is bad, you die a heavy death on the set every day." Not that her preference for working outside the mainstream always pays off. I tell her that the Hugh Grant scandal has resulted in strong video rental of *Night Train to Venice*.





Talbot starred in such Italian-language films as *Desperately Julia* and *Angel With a Pistol* (*Disperatamente Julia and La Donna Con la Pistola* as she refers to them, effortlessly rolling her Rs like Roman royalty). The latter film was "very Italian," she says.

a European film she did two years ago with Grant and Malcolm McDowell.

Talbot now thinks of the movie as *Night Train to Nowhere*. "At least they paid us well," she says with a laugh. "We were never able to make sense of the script, and the director was the equivalent of a parking attendant. People were falling in canals and the Italians and Germans always argued. It was a big disaster. One day Malcolm, who was dressed as a dark, serious figure, was standing on the bow of a gondola hearse. People on the canal banks were making the sign of the cross, so he whirled around and gave them a wildly obscene gesture. Everybody was so surprised they burst out laughing. He was the only one who was a dream to work with—he's a great actor."

For Talbot, a bad film is hardly the worst thing in the world. In an unthinkable move for most Hollywood kids, she dropped out of private school at the age of 16 and left home.

"I was shy but rebellious," she says. "I couldn't stand putting up a front. When I dropped out, I wanted to say, 'What are you going to do, handcuff me to the desk?' It was exhilarating. I ran off to do whatever I liked, which, at 16, wasn't much. I figured that out after a while. Gosh! I don't have a bank account. I don't know how to call for electricity."





"I think men are most interesting when they're intelligent," Tehanee says. "Compassionate men are also very attractive to me. It scores me when some guy is great when he's with me but treats everyone else like garbage."

It was hard to lovely mouth for a while, as she did odd jobs and housecleaning. Then the wild child moved to New York, which reminded her of her early childhood in Europe. "In New York City, I was among the many. I loved the whole thing about being a grain in a sand-bark."

Doing the unexpected is one of the reasons she is thrilled to be in *RAWNOR*. "The best reason for posing nude is that it's about beauty. I never thought I'd do *RAWNOR*. Even The idea came up and I just had this stupid grin on my face. There is a certain amount of mischievousness to it that I enjoyed. I know I'm not Miss Sex-Thang. I'm just a plain Jane."

I try to correct her on this last point.

"Thanks," she replies in her amused way. "I always thought of myself as a long-distance runner. I don't have a Fitofax or a cellular phone."

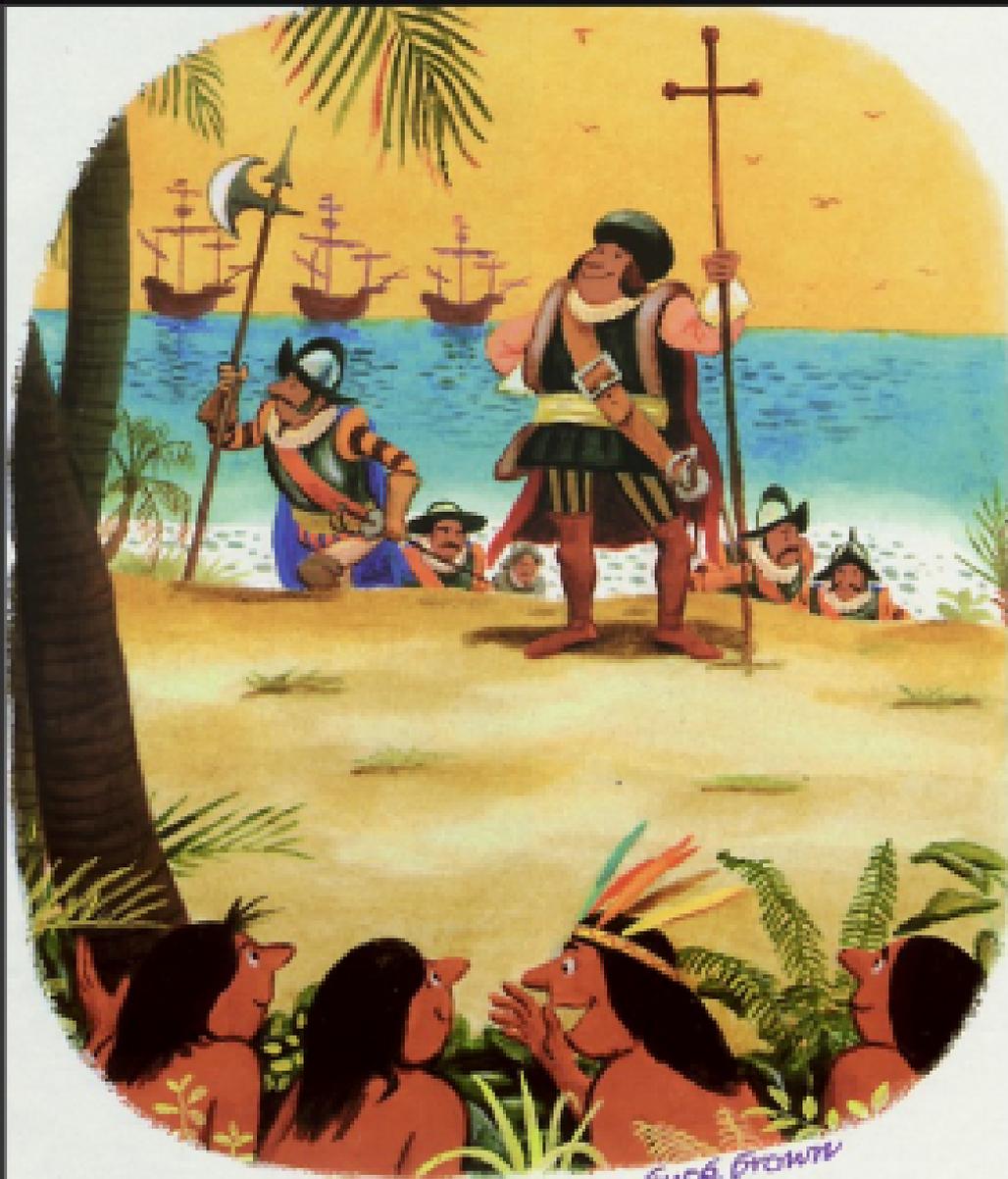
"I think everyone has a time and some people come into it early, some late. I think I'm just coming into it, personally and professionally. I'm happy and secure that I'm doing it the right way. I knew as I got older that I would get better—if a bit slowly."

—CHRISTOPHER NARDOLINO





"You can put that away. One size fits all."



ERIC GROWTH

"Be nice to these guys. Maybe we can generate a little tourism."

HOLLYWOOD



When PLAYBOY wants to put a little kink in the creative process, it turns to Helmut Newton, the photographer who scandalized the fashion world when he began mixing glamour and the perversely erotic. We wondered how his Euro-

pean vision would interpret the all-American beauty of our Playmates, so we invited him to work with mine of our finest. The results appeared in our September 1987 issue, including this image of 1984 Playmate of the Year Barbara Edwards.



"Guess who!"



PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ARMY FREYTAG
AND STEPHEN WAYDA

Holly says that when she was in school she "was in love with a boy all the time." Sort of makes a man yearn for more education.

climbing the walls with
holly witt, november's
ascendant playmate



Hello, Holly

She screws her hips against the wall, about ten feet off the ground, tests her grip on a couple of tiny fingerholds, then gracefully switches feet on a bulbous knob. Every eye in the gym is on her as she lithely and calmly pushes herself past an overhang and makes it to the top. This is only her second time on a climbing wall and already she has moves that make the regulars jealous. "Tension, please," she calls softly to her climbing coach, who slowly lowers her to the ground. Her cheeks are flushed and her eyes crinkle as she squints up at the wall. "That was the hardest thing I've ever done," she says. Then, after a moment, she murmurs, "I could really get into this." Holly Witt is a woman you'd believe could really get into anything she wants, and master it. She has a certain calm that makes her gaze piercing, magnetic. Nothing seems to knock Miss November off stride. "Everything happens for a reason," she says.





Born in Pennsylvania and raised in an old farmhouse, Holly says she was too shy as a child to have many friends. "I was a typical kid," she says. "After school I always went home and watched TV. I was really boring." Maybe to the young ladies. But not to the guys. She had her first boyfriend in first grade—life before then, she says, just didn't offer anything as wonderful as a boy. But when she hit first grade, she went boy crazy. Unfortunately, that boy didn't show much initiative: He never even managed to win a first kiss. She smiles slyly and shakes her head. "That came later," she says.

She wasn't about to let something as



precious as her first kiss happen in anything less than ideal circumstances. So, she put off those brokenhearted boys for six long years. Then one day in seventh grade, some young man got the brilliant idea of asking her to join him on an evening promenade to the shore of a nearby lake. "There was an old house there on the beach," she remembers. "It was all fallen down, and we sat on a piece of the old foundation. We sat there for a long time, looking at the sunset. Then he asked if he could kiss me." She said yes. "It was," she says, "the perfect first kiss."

Perfecting her own shape didn't come easily, however. Miss November



Holly's Playmate dreams began in first grade, when she discovered her father's collection of nudists. "I knew I wanted to be a Playmate even back then," she remembers. "I looked at the pictures and wished I were that pretty." Wish granted.





Holly on a Harley? You bet. "I want a little Spartsier or Fat Boy so I can be a motorcycle mama," she says. "I'd wear denim on the bottom and leather on the top. But I'm not brave enough to drive it myself." Then you can leave the driving to us, Holly.



was unhappy with her looks for most of her life. "I went through an ugly duckling stage for a long time," she says. "I always wanted to look nice, but I didn't until I got older—about 21 years old." Before then, Holly wore baggy clothes that hid her blooming form and she cut her hair short.

But she longed to be beautiful. She spent hours poring over photographs of her favorite models in magazines. "I always wanted people to look at me the way they look at a model, so think I was the beautiful one," she says. So she started working at it. She let her hair grow. She began eating carefully and working out. And she learned how to choose clothes that "emphasized my good parts." Judging from this pictorial, Holly has finally found the way to emphasize her good parts, and, happily, it doesn't have anything to do with clothes.

—JOY ROSS





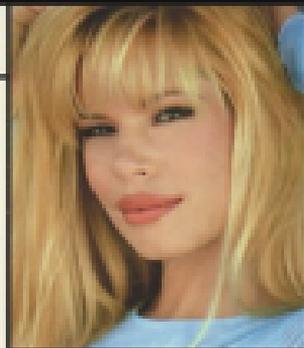
MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Holly Brett

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Joddy Switt

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 112

BIRTH DATE: 12/10/68 BIRTHPLACE: Lima, Pennsylvania

AMBITIONS: I want to take my modeling career to the fullest. I don't want to have any regrets.

TURN-ONS: All guys with Southern accents, Charleys, mesquite-grilled fajitas + massages.

TURNOFFS: Harsh first lines, bad manners, Cocky manners, math + history.

BOY BRIBERY: One time in first grade I took one of my father's Playboys to school and told the boys they could look if they promised to chase me at recess.

PERFECT KISS: On the beach, watching the sun go slowly down - and then comes the kiss.

HANDS ON: I love a good massage from head to toe. I like the feel-so-good, put-you-to-sleep kind.



First grader The graduate Model-in-training

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A regular Friday night poker game was still going strong well after midnight when one of the players returned from the bathroom with an urgent report. "Roger, listen," he told the host. "Walter's in the kitchen making love to your wife."

"OK, that's it, guys," Roger said. "This is positively the last deal."

Bumper sticker spotted in Silicon Valley: I HAVEN'T LOST MY MIND—IT'S BACKED UP ON DISK SOMEWHERE.



A young man was interviewing for a job as a lion tamer. "I understand your father was a lion tamer, too," the circus manager said. "So he must have taught you the tricks of the trade."

"Taught me everything I know."

"Can you train them to jump through flaming hoops?"

"Yes, sir."

"To walk on their hind legs?"

"Sure."

"Have you ever put your head in a lion's mouth?"

"Only once," the applicant admitted, "to look for my father."

What's the difference between politics and a wife? Politics suck.

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: A young woman picked up a strange-looking bottle lying by the side of the road and while opening it unleashed a genie.

The grateful genie granted the woman three wishes. "First," the woman said, "I'd like to be a knockout blonde. Second, I'd like my house to be transformed into a mansion. And third, I'd like my cat to be turned into a gorgeous hunk."

Instantly her wishes came true. The new blonde beauty saw the most handsome man she'd ever seen standing in the doorway of her magnificent home. After a passionate embrace, they hurried up the circular staircase, stripping off clothes as they went.

The woman had never experienced such ecstatic pleasure or such intense longing. At the height of arousal, her newfound lover kissed her neck, nuzzled her ear and whispered, "Now, don't you wish you hadn't had me answered?"

The efficiency expert concluded his lecture with a note of caution. "You don't want to try these techniques at home."

"Why not?" asked someone from the back of the audience.

"I watched my wife's routine at breakfast for years," the expert explained. "She made lots of trips between the refrigerator, stove, table and cabinets, often carrying just a single item at a time. 'Hon,' I suggested, 'why don't you try carrying several things at once?'"

"Did it save time?"

"Actually, yes. It used to take her 20 minutes to get breakfast. Now I do it in seven."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSIONS: Did you hear about the new Marilyn Monroe stamp? When you lick it you feel like one of the Kennedys.

The prisoner was led into the conference room by guards and took a seat opposite his attorney. "Howard, you've gotta help me get out of this mess," the handcuffed fellow pleaded. "This is a nightmare."

"Jack, don't worry," the lawyer soothed. "You're in good hands. If I can't prove to the jury that you were out of town on the night of the crime, I have two psychiatrists who'll testify that you were temporarily insane. Just in case, I'll pay off a couple of the D.A.'s witnesses. Plus, I've got two school buddies on the jury and the judge owes me big time. Meanwhile," he added, "try to escape."



What did Bob Hope do on Labor Day? He entertained the troops guarding the White House.

And Dad," the freshman collegian's letter ended, "please send \$30 for warm-up pants. Love, Amy."

"Dear Amy," her father replied. "I've enclosed \$60. Get a pair for your mother, too. Love, Dad."

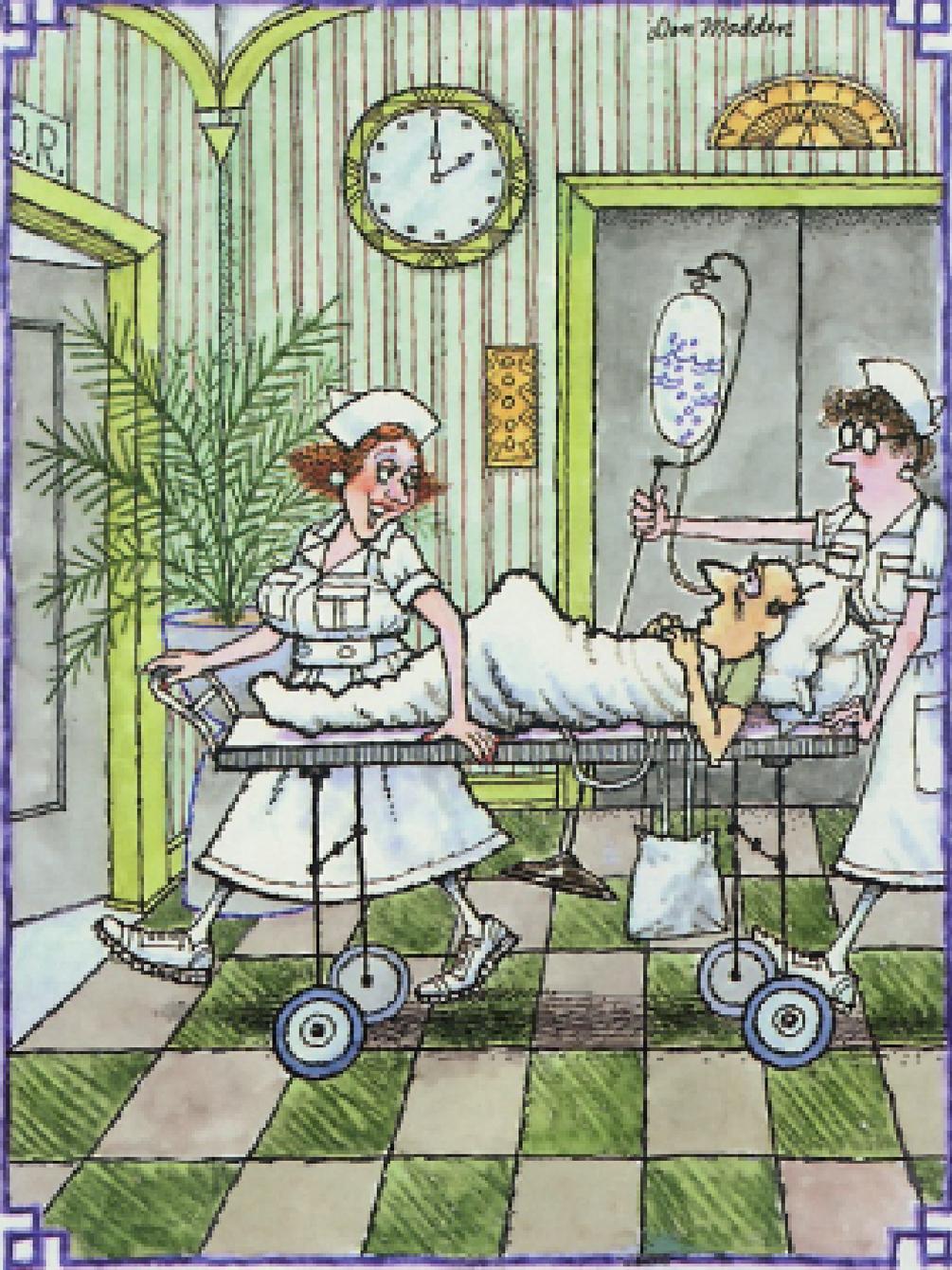
Have a funny one today? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 699 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"They must be from a time when it was safe to meet in the park at night."



*"Her Elvis impression's never going to fool anybody, Macey.
But what the hell."*



"Rest assured, Mr. Schmidt, the operation was a complete success. We're just popping back to surgery because Doctor can't find his Rolex."



"I can't be the world's worst lover. That would be too much of a coincidence."



SEX IN CINEMA 1995

ROMANCE CONQUERS THE WIDE
SCREEN WHILE EROTIC THRILLERS
SCORE WITH STAY-AT-HOME VIEWERS

text by **BRUCE WILLIAMSON**

Screen sex in 1995 has often shaped up as more romantic than raunchy. The phenomenal *Batman Forever* made money partly through its subliminal sexuality. But real adult lust simmered in *The Bridges of Madison County*, with Meryl Streep and Clint Eastwood making illicit middle-aged passion look inviting, and *Rob Roy*, a steamy Scottish history that had Jessica Lange putting a tilt in Liam Neeson's kilt, both Sean Connery, in *First Knight*, and Paul Newman, an Oscar nominee for *Nobody's Fool*, shored up their reputations as cinema's sexiest senior citizens. In *Dogma* Jane DeMarco, 50ish Faye Dunaway and an astonishingly portly Marlon Brando relish fun and games in the marriage bed—after rediscovering romance with a lot of help from Johnny Depp. (text concluded on page 136)

CAPED CODPIECES Sex is largely subliminal in *Batman Forever*, a summer blockbuster that showcases a new cast in anatomically suggestive rubber outfits (opposite)—with Chris O'Donnell's Robin outpacing Val Kilmer's Batman, Jim Carrey's Riddler (top) steals the show from Tommy Lee Jones' Two-Face (bottom), while vo-voomery is supplied by shrink Nicole Kidman (center) and Two-Face's two handmaidens, blonde Sugar (Drew Barrymore) and brunette Spice (Debi Mazar).





BLASTS FROM THE PAST The players in period pieces got to divest themselves of much fancier costumes than their fellow actors in shoot-'em-ups. The year's most surprisingly erotic release was Farinelli, the true story of a celebrated 18th century castrato. In the scene at left above, the singer (Stefano Dionisi, right) enlists his virile brother (Enrico La Versa) to impregnate his lady (Elsa Zylberstein) after he's warmed her up. Valeria Golino (above right) plays one of Beethoven's amours in Immortal Beloved, while Antonia Banderas (below) gets his teeth into his juicy Interview With the Vampire role.



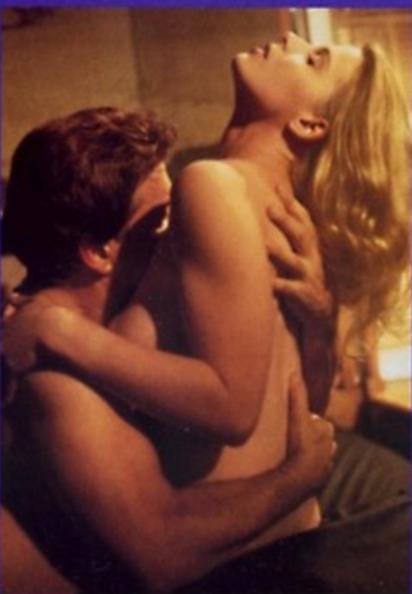


STRIP MOLLS Voyeurism may be the way to go, cinematically speaking, in this age of sexual anxiety (and right-wing suppression). Director Paul Verhoeven and screen-writer Joe Eszterhas counted on an NC-17 rating for their controversial *Showgirls* (above), which was seen at closer range in an October rerelease pictorial. Maria Ford stars in the more modestly budgeted *Striptease* (left), while the offbeat and stylish *Exotica* (below), filmed in a Toronto club, examines the world of table dancing.





BUSTIN' OUT Long life on tape is enjoyed by such erotic thrillers as *Virtual Desire* (above left), an adventure about stalking on the Internet, with Elizabeth Berger and Mike Meyer; *The Dallas Connection* (above right), with Bruce Penhall and Julie K. Smith); *Private Obsession* (below, with Michael Christian and Shannon Whirry as a kidnapper and his sexy victim); and *Attack of the 60-Foot Centerfold* (left), starring a truly expansive J.J. North.



BITCH, BITCH, BITCH Good girls go to heaven, but bad girls go everywhere. Meaty roles went to Nicole Kidman, bent on eliminating stay-at-home hubby Matt Dillon in *To Die For* (top); Linda Fiorentino, making a lust-struck Peter Berg her partner in crime in *The Last Seduction* (center); and a voracious Demi Moore, cornering her underling Michael Douglas in *Disclosure* (bottom), which put a reverse spin on the topic of sexual harassment.





VINTAGE LOVE Hollywood got a novel idea—the novel—and both young and old took a chance on romance. Robert James Waller's *Bridges of Madison County* was improved on-screen by Clint Eastwood and Meryl Streep (near right). Demi Moore and Gary Oldman heat up Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* (far right). Liam Neeson and Jessica Lange ignite Sir Walter Scott's *Rob Roy* (below right). The spicy fantasies of Anais Nin's *Delta of Venus* (below) finally made it to the screen, and Ian Fleming's Agent 007 lives once again in *Goldeneye* (starring Pierce Brosnan and Izabella Scorupco, left).



For the most part, however, filmmakers seemed to be asking their audiences to be satisfied with a look and a leer. In an age where careful sex is problematic, voyeurism is clearly the way to go. The controversial *Skagway*, which reunites the *Basic Instinct* team of director Paul Verhoeven and writer Joe Eszterhas, is a kind of updated *All About Eve* that spotlights two nude dancers in Las Vegas. The filmmakers clearly expected their NC-17 rating, which they won't fight. The lower-budget *Exotic* features Mia Kirshner, whose schoolgirl strip act gets the movie going. Dancing in the buff will also be an issue in the forthcoming *Strip tease*, starring Demi Moore as a single mom strapped for cash (though actress Moore is collecting a \$13.5 million fee for strutting her stuff). And strippers serve as a kind of animated set decoration in *Rio of Death* and *The Crossing Guard*.

Phone sex is yet another method of creating big-screen heat. Spike Lee's *Girl 6x* presents Theresa Randle as an operator who gets really hooked on her work. The three-part *Exotic* includes director Lizzie Borden's take on a phone sexpeep who raises hell when she gets a male client's home number. And the Dutch-made 1-900 deals call-ins between a couple who tease, initiate and mutually masturbate over the phone.

Don't think for a moment that movie-makers mean to ignore eroticism. It's just more implicit than explicit, especially in such young-at-heart films as *Before Sunrise* (Ethan Hawke and Julie Delpy play a mating game in Vienna), *The Brothers McMullen* (three Irish Catholic siblings struggle with carnal images on Long Island) and *Clois and Koh* (both are group portraits of amoral teens whose blunt behavior—more dirty talk than on-screen couplings—makes grown-ups wonder what the world is coming to).

Irresponsible sex can still add up to dire consequences, however. Nicole Kid-

man, fresh from her chaotic stint as the official love interest in *Batman Forever*—in which some critics detected subtly homoerotic vibes between Val Kilmer's Batman and Chris O'Donnell's Robin—comes back as an ambitious small-town hitch in *30 Days for*, where she sleeps with a teenage hood so he'll murder her husband (Matt Dillon). Linda Fiorentino, the sultry bad girl of last fall's *Lost Sockaive*, has another sexy thriller on tap in *Jade*, opposite David Caruso. In *Mad Love*, Drew Barrymore decamps from high school for a sexual spree with Chris O'Donnell, but most of the runaway couple's raucous scenes are said to have been trimmed in transit. The bizarre *Sideways* *Heat* leads hit man Anthony LaPaglia in bed with Mimi Rogers, who plays the woman he is initially hired to kill.

Elaborate costume dramas, both foreign and domestic, clothe their basic instincts in period finery (though Patsy Kensit manages to appear nude regularly in the provocative *Angels and Ascents*, in which she plays a proper Victorian Englishwoman with a dark secret life). *Pierrot* is a colorful saga about an 18th century Italian contralto who beats up his female admirers and then lets his virile brother complete the act. The French-made *Queen Margot*, with Isabelle Adjani, imbues sex with 16th century political angles (climaxing in the St. Bartholomew's Day Massacre), while England's *The Madness of King George* depicts a disease-crazed monarch on the make. Demi Moore sports the big A for adultery in *The Scarlet Letter*, which has been touted as a strongly sexualized new version of Hawthorne's classic. But there's little vintage hunky-dunky between Richard Gere's Lancelot and Julia Ormond's Queen Guinevere in *First Knight*. At this writing, it remained to be seen what will be unbuttoned in *Restoration*, set in the court of Charles II. Robert Downey Jr., Meg Ryan and Sam Neill are said to get into plenty of shadley.

Perhaps the post was simply sexier.

The future offered few positive images for viewers to contemplate this year. In *Species*, a seductive female alien (Natasha Henstridge) is sent to earth to breed, destruction and destroy her mates post-coitus. As for *Next Girl* and *Johnny Mnemonic*—they deserve each other.

Innocuous lesbianism is the subject of *Sister My Sister*, which co-stars Jody Richardson and Jodhi May as murderous siblings with a creepy attachment to each other. The gay-lesbian world is presented with a more sophisticated and compassion in France's *Wild Road*, Canada's *Love and Human Remains* and, from the U.S., *The Incredible True Adventure of Two Girls in Love* as well as Paul Rudnick's *Jeffrey*.

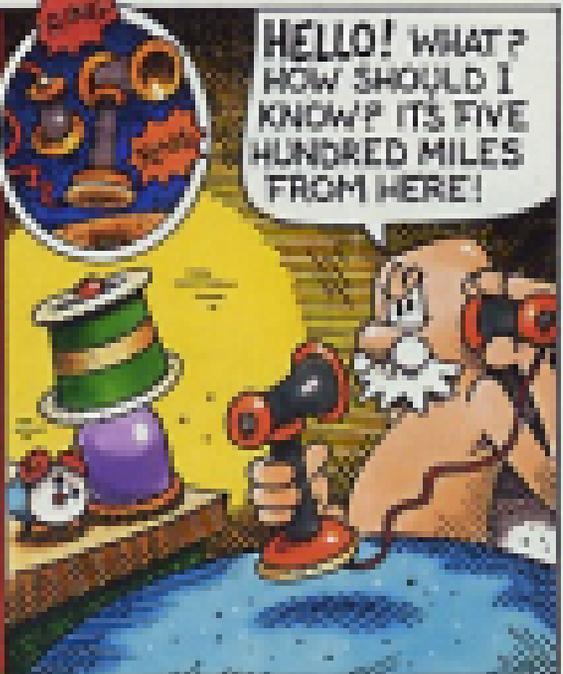
Most controversial of all was British director Antonia Bird's *Priest*, which offended Catholic authorities with its striking, realistic picture of a homosexual cleric (Linus Roache).

While major moviemakers play footsie with sex, the real McCoy—or at least a reasonable facsimile—thrives in erotic thrillers that find their longest lives at video stores. Mainstream superstar Sharon Stone may downplay nudity while dallying with Robert De Niro and Joe Pesci in the big-screen *Games*, but such actresses as Shannon Whirry, Julie Strain, Joan Severance and Shannon Tweed let it all hang out in such video thrillers as *Bleed Dryness*, *Victim of Desire*, *Dangerous Indulgence*, *Private Obsession* and *Play Time*. Their male partners appear to be equally uninhibited. In fact, Tweed and her frequent director and co-star Andrew Stevens—marriage family members of a sort, she having been 1982's *Playmate of the Year*, he being the son of Miss January 1990, Soledad Stevens—are turning into the Hoppburn and Tracy of erotic video.

At this rate, fun-seeking filmmakers who prefer sex to violence may decide to just curl up at home with a few hot numbers and a cold beer.



MEAT
WITH
THE
RED SWEET
SPINACHES



GRAPEVINE

Shae, Netted

SHAE ACUFF probably caught your eye in *Dandy and Dumber* as a Hawaiian Tropic model. Look for her in swimwear catalogs, in calendars and even on a CD-ROM. If Shae is cruising on the information highway, we'll take a ride.



A Pat on the Hat

LELA ROCHON wowed a part in *Wasting to Fabale* and she got it.

Lela was in *Boomerang* and *Harlem Nights* with Eddie Murphy, and was a regular on TV's *The Wayans Brothers*.

Boy to Man

Since his Culture Club years, BOY GEORGE has overcome a series of personal problems. For the details, check out his autobiography, *Take It Like a Man*, and his CD *Chocolate & Beauty*. Hats off, George.



Have You Met Yvette?

Actress **YVETTE MCCLENDON** is halfway up the ladder of success. She appeared in the movies *Allen Escape* and *Hunted* and in two episodes of Showtime's *First Love*. We're smitten.



Sonny and Hot

Bluesman **SONNY LANDRETH** will be on tour through the end of the year. Catch him live or listen to his album *South of 3-10* for slide guitar with a rock-and-roll beat.



Bop Till You Drop

It was boys' night out at the Viper Room in Los Angeles, where (from left to right) **FLEA**, **GIBBY HAYNES** and **JOHNNY DEPP** rocked with their band *F*. When not jamming, Flea can be found with the Chili Peppers, Haynes with the Butthole Surfers and Depp in remodeled hotel rooms across the U.S., of course.



Water Sprite

ALEXANDRA OTTERSTROM is just starting out in showbiz. You can see her in Eddie Murphy's movie, *The Nutty Professor*. A native of Argentina, a model and a tap dancer, Alexandra is ready to take on the world—after a swim.

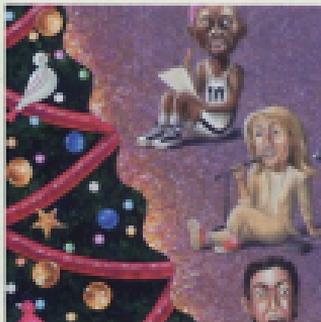
NEXT MONTH: SPECIAL HOLIDAY ISSUE



CHRISTINA RICCI



THE SECOND SHIELD



LETTERS TO SANTA



THE PLAYBOY DEBATE

GEORGE FOREMAN—WHO SAYS YOU HAVE TO DOWN-SHIFT AFTER 461 BOXING'S BIGGEST COMEBACK KID WINDS UP ON HIS AGE-DEFYING CHAMPIONSHIP CAREER. PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **LAWRENCE LINDERMAN**

THE SECOND SHIELD—BECKERMAN IS AN ARTIST WHO CAN PRODUCE MASTERPIECES JUST BY DREAMING. BUT, EVEN WITH THE THREAT OF DEATH, CAN HE DREAM THE SAME DREAM TWICE? FICTION BY **ROBERT SILVERBERG**

LETTERS TO SANTA—EVER WONDERED WHAT CELEBRITIES WANTED DURING THEIR WONDER YEARS? A LOOK AT WHAT NERT, CORNIE, KATO, BUTTAFUOCO AND OTHERS ASKED FOR AS KIDS—HUMOR BY **ROBERT S. WIEBER**

THE WITCH DOOR—IN A FUTURE CONTROLLED BY RIGHT-WING ZEALOTS, A YUPPIE COUPLE HIDES A FRIEND ON THE RUN. A CHILLING ALLEGORY BY THE MASTER OF SCIENCE FICTION. **RAY BRADDOCK**

IN THE BEGINNING—THE RELIGIOUS RIGHT SAYS TOO MANY PEOPLE BELIEVE MAN DESCENDED FROM APES. SEVENTY YEARS AFTER THE SCOPES MONKEY TRIAL, CREATIONISTS ARE DEMANDING EQUAL TIME—AND GETTING IT. **COLIN CAMPBELL** AND **DEBORAH SCROSSINGS** TAKE A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE

THE TERRORISM MYTH—WAS WHAT HAPPENED IN OKLAHOMA CITY TERRORISM? NOT ACCORDING TO THE FORMER CHIEF OF THE LAPD—AN ARTICLE BY **DARYL GATES**

FATALITY—HE HAS BEATEN YOUR DAUGHTER, INSULTED YOUR WIFE AND IGNORED YOUR WARNINGS. NOW IT'S TIME FOR REVENGE—FICTION BY **RICHARD BAUSON**

FACE-OFF: THE PLAYBOY DEBATE—WHO GETS CHEATED IN CUSTODY DISPUTES, MOTHERS OR FATHERS? TWO PERCENT VIEWS BY **MICHELLE ETLIN** AND **JEFFERY LEVING**

DOMINICK DUNNE—THE INFAMOUS O.J. REPORTER TELLS WHY THE RICH ARE DIFFERENT, WHAT MICHAEL JACKSON GIVES LIZ AND WHY HE THINKS THE JUICE IS GUILTY AS SIN IN 23 QUESTIONS BY **LAWRENCE GROBEL**

SCOTCH—IN SCOTLAND, EVEN THE WISDOM IS DISTILLED. A DEFINITIVE SALUTE TO THE PEOPLE AND POTABLE FROM **DAVID MAMET**

FABULOUS CHRISTMAS GOODIES—OUR MOST ENTICING PACKAGES EVER, WITH GREAT STUFF FOR GUYS AND EXCITING, SENSUAL GIFTS FOR WOMEN. PLUS SEX STARS TO MAKE SANTA BLUSH AND A SPECIAL HOLIDAY PICTORIAL WE CAN'T EVEN REVEAL. ONE HINT: SHE'S AN ANGEL