

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1998 • \$5.95

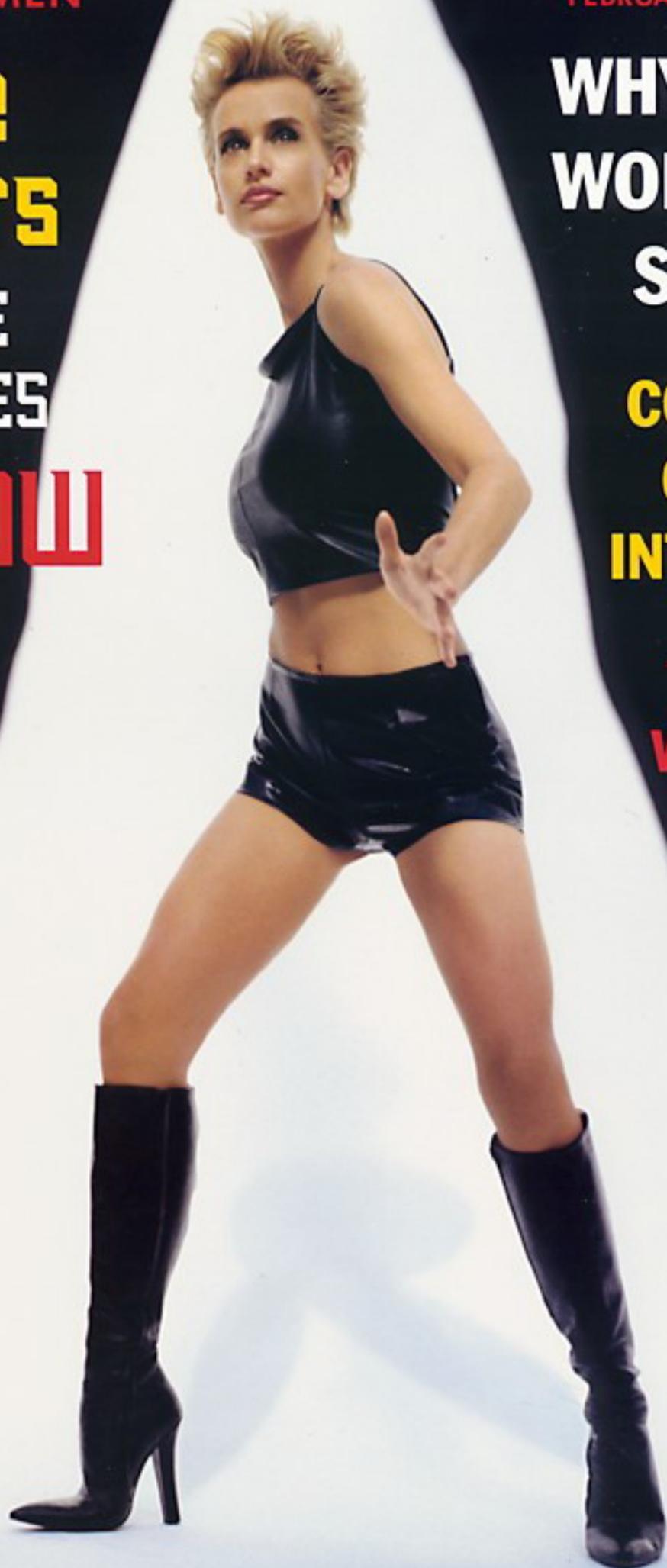
Daphne Deckers

THE BABE
WHO PROVES

TOMORROW
NEVER
DIES

SEX IN
THE
FIFTIES

HOW LUST
SURVIVED
IKE, LUCY
AND THE
RED
MENACE



WHY
WOMEN
SAY YES

CONAN
O'BRIEN
INTERVIEW

THE
WICKED
WOMEN
OF
NIGHT
CALLS





Dedini

COUCH TOMATOES

juli and doria of playboy tv's *night calls* take phone sex to new heights

WHERE WERE you on the night of August 25, 1995? If you were glued to the tube for the debut of Playboy TV's *Night Calls*, you were a charter member of its now very popular fan club. The interactive sex fantasy program is so hot in both ratings and content, it makes 900 numbers seem limp. At the show's helm are Juli Ashton and Doria—bisexuals who are as uninhibited as the show itself—sharing sex tips (“I’m an expert. Only happy men leave my bed,” Doria says) and exploring their fantasies. *Night Calls* is Playboy TV's highest-rated program, receiving more than 150,000 calls per show (only a fraction get on). What's the secret of its success? With to-die-for hosts clad in headsets and little else, topics such as “fun with dildos” and visits from Fax Girl and Helmetcam Man, *Night Calls* was a no-brainer. “It’s an erotic comedy,” Juli says. The show has inspired *Night Calls: The Movie* and a sequel that teams Juli and Doria with the hosts of *Night Calls UK*. “We have a huge cult following. We’re like *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*,” Doria says. Call it prime time, Playboy style.



For a good time (and better sex talk) dial up Juli Ashton (left) and Doria (right). Since the show debuted three years ago, it has become Playboy TV's top-rated program. How do they field calls, crack jokes and keep things running smoothly in a live setting? “Sure we mess up,” Juli says, “but it’s the realness that people like.” “We’re not intimidating,” Doria adds. “We’re normal girls talking about sex.”

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG





There are three rules on *Night Calls*: no last names, no brand names and, as Juli and Doria demonstrate above, no underwear. "It makes for interesting wet spots on the couch at show's end," Doria says. The show also has a no-rehearsal policy, which means anything can happen. Doria's most memorable call involves a challenge to a viewer: "We dared a guy who was masturbating to open his window and scream, 'I'm watching Juli and Doria right now and I'm so horny I can't stand it!'" Of course, he did it. We've never been refused."







Before strapping on a headset for the show, Doria, who hails from Peoria, Illinois, was a flight attendant. "I've always talked openly about sex," she says. "On long flights, I'd entertain the crew by describing the sex I had the night before."

Juli, a former Spanish teacher from Colorado who is now famous in the adult film industry, says she has always been sexual. "When I was younger I'd read sex books. I learned early that sex is healthy, fun and happy—all the good things in life."



"Actually, you have not just gone where no man has gone before."

PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION

Something cool

PART VI 1950-1959

BY JAMES R. PETERSEN

THESE WERE the good old days, the happy days, what would become for many of us the source of our earliest, fondest memories. They still define the American character—on television reruns. At every hour of the day someone somewhere is reliving the golden age of the American family.

For two decades Americans had lived in the grip of poverty and war. Now we were ready for some giddy, goofy fun. The country was swept by frivolous fads—baton twirling, Hula Hoops, paint-by-number art kits, Davy Crockett hats, 3-D movies. But who needed 3-D? The whole world seemed like a wide-screen, stereophonic special effect.

The pop culture of the Fifties became a parody of the American dream. We lived on Madison Avenue, in an unlikely world of perfect appliances and perfect families, of highballs and hifis, of Bermuda shorts and backyard barbecues.

Teenagers went to sock hops and



Women's magazines touted togetherness as the new image for middle-class Americans, a vision echoed by the family fare on television. But the censored Elvis and a new men's magazine with Marilyn Monroe as its centerfold signaled that something more was going on—the seeds of revolution.

drive-in movies, where they practiced unhooking bras. College boys staged panty raids, marching across campuses chanting, "We want girls! We want sex!" But they settled for cotton underwear as a sorry substitute for the real thing.

When motivational researchers claimed that advertising contained subliminal sexual messages, no one was surprised. Automobiles were obvious sex symbols. Cars looked like phallic rocket ships and everyone knew the grill of the Edsel was a Ford engineer's hymn to female genitalia. It didn't sell.

Conformity became a national passion—part of a return to sexual and political conservatism. Male executives wore the same gray flannel suits and drank the same cocktails at mandatory two-martini lunches. Women wore Dior dresses that hid their legs and lived in tract houses that hid their very existence.

Television moved in, a new and welcome member of the nuclear family. We liked Ike and loved Lucy. Fred and





I LIKE
IKE

TWILIGHT ZONE

THE BEATS

Specialty
GOOD GOLLY, MISS MOLLY
LITTLE RICHARD

THREE DIMENSIONAL
TALES FROM
THE CRYPT OF
TERROR

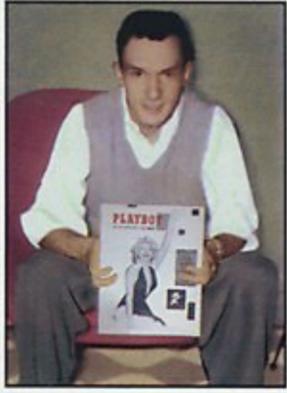
I dreamed I was
WANTED
in my Maidenform bra

Come fly
with me
FRANK SINATRA

TV
GUIDE

KEY MO
CLUB

For many people, the stroll
down memory lane starts
here. The Fifties offered
something cool as an anti-
dote for Cold War conformi-
ty. We had Marilyn Monroe
as well as McCarthyism.
Centerfolds and censorship.
Drive-in the-
aters and TV
Together-
ness. Mick-
ey Spillane
and The



Mickey Mouse Club. Elvis
and Alfred E. Neuman. Ann
Landers and Lenny Bruce.
Edsels and Ed Sullivan. Hi-fi
and highballs. Gray flannel
suits and Bermuda shorts. Bullet
bras and Brigitte Bardot. Brando
and Barbie. Howdy Doody and
Hula Hoops. Frank Sinatra and
Father Knows Best. Christian Dior
and James Dean. Confidential and
Tales From the Crypt. Cool jazz and hot
rods. Drag strips and
strippers. Vespas and
Volkswagens. Spike heels
and blue suede shoes.
Coonskin caps and black
berets. Spy planes and
Sputniks. Golden Arches
and Golden Dreams.
Pogo and PLAYBOY. Fly-
ing saucers and The Twi-
light Zone. The Beat Gen-
eration and rock
'n' roll. It was cool,
man! Real cool.

Ethel became everyone's
next-door neighbors. In
1950 only 3.1 million
American homes had
television sets. By 1955
the number would be 32
million. Television re-
located the family table.
Henceforth, food would
be served on trays.

Television offered a
portrait of the American
family as viewed in a
fun-house mirror. We
watched other families
on *Father Knows Best*, *The Adventures of
Ozzie & Harriet*, *Leave It to Beaver* and
Life With Father and identified with
them, not even noticing that the one
thing TV families never did was watch
television.

Critics called it the boob tube, but
they weren't referring to female anat-
omy. Television, from the very start, re-
flected mainstream middle-class moral-
ity, and the Federal Communications
Commission made sure that TV was as
sanitized as radio had been before it.
No one had sex on TV; parents slept in
separate beds in offscreen bedrooms.
Still, there was Dagmar on *Broadway
Open House*. And a whole generation
of youngsters grew up watching An-
nette Funicello blossom on *The Mickey
Mouse Club*.

When Senator Estes Kefauver grilled
reputed members of organized crime
on television, the primary attraction
was Virginia Hill. As one writer ob-
served, even the Senator had trouble
keeping his eyes off the "extraordinar-
ily long, silk-clad legs" of Bugsy Siegel's
mistress.

Lucille Ball's pregnancy was played
for laughs on *I Love Lucy* (they called it
her "expectancy"). Millions of women
followed her to term, spawning fami-
lies of their own. In 1950 birth control
pioneer Margaret Sanger had orga-
nized funding for research into an oral
contraceptive that would make family
planning as easy as taking aspirin. She
was now the head of International
Planned Parenthood, but no one on
the home front seemed interested. We
were in the midst of a baby boom, with
women turning out children as though
on assembly lines. The Depression had



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ILLUSTRATION BY
STUDIO MARTIN HOFFMAN

slaughtered in a police action—whatever that was.

We were no longer the world's only superpower—and confidence gave way to suspicion. We began a demonic quest for the enemy within. We became a surveillance society, with citizen spying on citizen. Self-proclaimed protectors of the American way destroyed careers and ruined lives—all in the name of security.

For every frivolous fad there was a dark tic in the American psyche. There was an epidemic of UFO sightings. The government insisted that flying saucers did not exist, but it said that about U-2 spy planes as well. The nation, feeling that it was being watched, sought divine surveillance. Reconfirming that we were one nation "under God," we inserted that phrase into the pledge of allegiance. We had more money than our parents dreamed of, but added the comfort of "In God We Trust" to our country's paper currency.

Wilhelm Reich, a former disciple of Sigmund Freud, had concocted a theory of sex that suggested orgasm released a kind of energy into the air. The energy could be collected by orgone boxes, he said—six-sided, zinc-lined, coffin-sized containers—and used to restore orgiastic potency. Reich worried that atomic tests were poisoning this free-ranging sexual energy, that repression was crippling mankind's genital character. Instead of laughing off these pseudoscientific rantings, the Food and Drug Administration sent agents with axes to destroy all the orgone boxes, and to burn every published work by Reich that mentioned the dreaded orgone. Reich was charged with contempt of court, for which he was undeniably guilty. The doctor, diagnosed as a paranoid, died in prison in 1957.

America had saved the world and become the first superpower—and yet, instead of pride came paranoia. Wilhelm Reich may have been right. Something was contaminating the air we breathed. Suspicion and fear spread across the land—from small towns to the very seat of government.

THE POISON PEN

The letters began to arrive in the spring. A family with two teenage daughters received mail that accused one daughter of sordid sexual behavior. A businessman read detailed accounts of his wife servicing other men. Those who read the letters believed the charges. Husbands and wives quarreled. The quarrels led to divorce and to abandonment.

And still the letters came. The poison

pen touched the lives of families in College Park and East Point, Georgia. According to John Makris, author of *The Silent Investigators*, the rumormonger "alleged perverse sexual activities" and "disgusting and filthy sexual misconduct." Many parents refused to discuss the letters with authorities.

Makris tried to explain the bizarre impulse that caused such scandal: "This type of poison-pen letter is the outgrowth of sexual frustration. Beauty- and popularity-contest winners, pretty models, movie and television actresses and girls whose pictures—along with their addresses—appear under engagement or wedding notices in the newspapers are among those who most frequently receive these letters. Nor are these letters confined only to the opposite sex. A high school football star, for instance, who gets his name and his picture in the newspapers, becomes the target of homosexuals."

A newlywed received a letter accusing her husband of bigamy. She committed suicide. Investigation revealed that the charge was unfounded.

Sexual frustration? That might explain the perverts who wrote such letters, but not why so many people believed what was written. In the Fifties we lived in a world of lies, of deception and deceit—and the lies wrecked human lives. America was a schizophrenic nation, trying to hold to a pretense of virtue while never acknowledging the other America, the one of human lust and frailty.

Scandal was infectious. It became the lens through which we viewed life. An article in the March 1952 *Coronet* described one apocalypse: "Mark and Eva were discreet. They never risked idle gossip. They always met by a prearranged plan in a neighborhood where neither one was known. Sometimes they would park Eva's car and take Mark's for their few hours together. Sometimes it would be Eva's car. Their absence from their respective homes was always well covered. Not a soul who knew either even speculated about clandestine meetings.

"This very fact is why the sudden knowledge of their double living came as such a shock to all who knew them. 'It just pulls the props right out from under you. If a guy like Mark can be that two-faced, who on earth can be trusted?' gasped Mark's closest friends when they read the lurid headline GAS TRUCK CRASHES LOVE-TRYST CAR!

"It's unbelievable," said Eva's friends. "It makes you feel there isn't anything decent or fine that you can have faith in anymore." The lovers were dead. Instead of grief, the only emotion their

friends could summon was stunned indignation.

COLD WAR CONFIDENTIAL

The scandal magazine *Confidential* appeared on newsstands in 1952, promising that it "Tells the Facts and Names the Names." It was simply a commercial version of the poison-pen letter, one with a mass audience. Robert Harrison, publisher of such titles as *Beauty Parade* and *Eyeful*, got the idea for the bimonthly after watching the widely televised Kefauver hearings on organized crime, prostitution and vice. Harrison's insight was simple: "Americans like to read about things that they are afraid to do themselves."

Harrison exploited human weakness. He sent spies into the house of love. Would-be models and aspiring actresses, eager to earn a \$1000 fee, would haunt the bars along Sunset Strip, making themselves available to the rich and famous. And like government agents, they kept miniature tape recorders in their purses, the better to catch the boasts and bedroom confidences of their victims. In the Fifties informing on your neighbor was a national pastime. While Herbert Philbrick might write the best-seller *I Led Three Lives* or another recruit might confess "I Was a Communist for the FBI," anonymous agents penned articles that could have been titled "I Was a Slut for *Confidential*."

We learned that Frank Sinatra consumed a bowl of Wheaties between sexual encounters, Errol Flynn had a two-way mirror installed in his bedroom, Dan Dailey liked to dress in drag, Kim Novak and Sammy Davis Jr. were an item, Lana Turner shared a lover with Ava Gardner and Liberace liked boys.

Infrared film. Telephoto lenses. There were photos of alleged love nests, if not the offending parties in action. Harrison used the technology of the time to invade the privacy of America's aristocracy. Kenneth Anger, author of *Hollywood Babylon*, claims that *Confidential* was not above blackmail. Harrison allegedly opened an agency called Hollywood Research Inc. Investigators would take copies of "compromising materials" to the victims and suggest that their stories would be quashed in exchange for certain fees.

The rag reached a circulation of four million before it began to self-destruct. A story on Robert Mitchum said the star had stripped naked at a party thrown by Charles Laughton, covered himself with ketchup and bellowed, "I'm a hamburger." Mitchum filed suit.

Maureen O'Hara took issue with a published story that had her grappling with a Latin lover in the balcony of
(continued on page 104)

He took the basic formula: shots of models in sexy costumes, bikinis, loincloths and lingerie.

Grauman's Chinese Theatre. She sued for \$5 million (and collected \$5000).

One of the witnesses in O'Hara's trial, Polly Gould, killed herself the night before she was to testify. A member of *Confidential's* editorial staff, she had been selling secrets to the prosecutor. Soon after the trial, Howard Rushmore, the magazine's editor, shot his wife in the backseat of a cab, then turned the gun on himself.

Harrison's reign of terror ended when the State of California charged *Confidential* with conspiracy to commit criminal libel and distribute obscenity. He sold the magazine in 1958 and disappeared from view.

Harrison had kept sex mired in the tawdry for decades. He was a product of the tabloid journalism of the first half of the century. As a teenager he had worked for a national rag, *The Daily Graphic*—a kaleidoscope of scandal, confession and doctored photographs that earned the title *The Daily Pornographic*. He had moved from that job to working for Martin Quigley, publisher of the *Motion Picture Daily* and the *Motion Picture Herald*. Quigley was also one of the straitlaced Catholics who had bullied Hollywood into adopting the Production Code. In the shadow of propriety and repression, Harrison had put together a girlie magazine called *Beauty Parade*. When Quigley discovered the project, Harrison was out of a job. He took the basic formula—shots of models in sexy costumes, bikinis, loincloths and lingerie—and arranged it in short storyboards titled "What the French Maid Saw" or "Confessions of a Nudist" or "If Girls Did As Men Do." Harrison's empire of girlie magazines grew through the Forties to include *Titter*, *Wink* and *Flirt*—simple fare that combined baggy-pants humor and pin-ups.

A female editor who had read Krafft-Ebing's *Psychopathia Sexualis* contributed a little kink. As Tom Wolfe noted, this unsung heroine of the revolution brought us "the six-inch spike-heel shoes and the eroticism of backsides, or of girls all chained up and helpless, or of girls whipping the hides off men and all the rest of the esoterica of the Viennese psychologists."

Others saw the girlie magazines as pure Americana. These women, said Gay Talese in *Thy Neighbor's Wife*, portrayed sex as bizarre behavior. "His high-heeled heroines with whips and

frowning faces were, in the best Puritan tradition, offering punishment for pleasure."

FROM FASHION TO FETISH

This was supposedly a time of innocence. But there was something unhealthy loose in the world, a repressive tide that became increasingly visible in the postwar years. In fashion, Christian Dior sheathed women in the New Look—chastity garments that hid and hobbled the female form. Dior moved from the hourglass to the H shape, a look that inspired the sack dress, trapeze and balloon—fashions that made the female figure disappear. Panty girdles and brassieres bound the woman and dehumanized her. "Without foundations," declared Dior, "there can be no fashion." But foundations were unnatural molds that forced women into ideal static shapes. They seemed to take us back to the turn of the century, when a woman's place was in her corset—controlled and inaccessible. It seemed that we had crossed a line from fashion to fetish. John Willie, the pseudonym of an enthusiastically perverse mind, recorded this sense in the pages of *Bizarre*. Willie, whose real name was John Alexander Scott Coutts, was the "Leonardo da Vinci of fetish." In the introduction to his first issue, Coutts wrote, "*Bizarre* is, as its name implies, bizarre! It has no particular sense, rhyme nor reason, but typifies that freedom for which we fought . . . the freedom to say what we like, wear what we like and to amuse ourselves as we like in our own sweet way."

Bizarre was a bondage magazine, a postwar phenomenon that achieved considerable underground cult status. Covers showed women blindfolded, gagged, manacled. One of the earliest copies showed a devil holding a fashion pattern while looking at a chained model. Another depicted a woman riding an exercise bike. As she pedaled, revolving switches lashed her buttocks. There were articles on punishment techniques of the Puritans, with pictures of women held captive in pillories, of women bound and lowered into cold ponds. Americans amusing themselves in their own sweet way.

THE MCCARTHY ERA

Puritans had their witch trials, but Americans of the Fifties had a witch hunt of their own. The House Un-

American Activities Committee hearings launched in 1947 had run amok. Responding to Republican charges that he was soft on Communism, President Truman established loyalty oaths for government employees. Soon loyalty boards sprang up all across the country, but they were star chambers playing havoc with people's lives on the basis of rumors and innuendo.

Truman tried to rein in the anti-Communist hysteria by pointing out that after periods of great upheaval such as the Civil War and World War One there had been similar panic, with the excesses of the Ku Klux Klan and other forms of vigilantism. At a press conference in June 1949, Truman ridiculed a HUAC proposal to screen the books in America's schools and colleges for subversion.

On February 9, 1950 an obscure U.S. Senator from Wisconsin named Joseph McCarthy gave a speech to a Republican Women's Club in Wheeling, West Virginia in which he said, "I have here in my hand a list of 205 names known to the Secretary of State as being members of the Communist Party and who, nevertheless, are still working in and shaping the policy of the State Department."

The charge electrified America. Over the next few weeks, McCarthy changed the accusation—the 205 Communists became 205 "security risks." When the accusation became "57 card-carrying Communists," the FBI urged the Senator to be less specific. The fewer the details, the better.

The McCarthy Era had begun. America was trampled by what Senator Margaret Chase Smith called "the four horsemen of calumny—fear, ignorance, bigotry and smear."

An unsubstantiated charge by the Senator, or a snickering remark by one of his aides, could end a career. McCarthy's investigation of the State Department and the U.S. Army never produced a Communist nor exposed any wrongdoing. But Tailgunner Joe held the country hostage for four years, finally self-destructing during a televised Army-McCarthy hearing in 1954. Censured by his fellow senators, McCarthy died in disgrace, an alcoholic, at the age of 48 in 1957. But the damage lasted more than a decade, spread by others practiced in the art of what came to be known as McCarthyism. For some, the damage lasted a lifetime.





*"Have you ever enjoyed anything as succulent as that
pit-barbecued pig at the luau?"*



"Be a dear 'n' hand me my dick-on-a-rope."



OUR HEARTS BELONG TO

JULIA



we have a
valentine's crush
on miss february

"When I was younger I told my boyfriend I was going to be in PLAYBOY when I turned 21. I wanted to be naked, riding a horse," Miss February says. Three years early and minus the pony, here's Julia.

S

WEET JULIA SCHULTZ has a wild side. On one hand, the 18-year-old San Diego native is an animal lover who frequents the humane society. ("I want a kitten, but my three rottweilers would eat it," she says.) On the other, she's a model who built a portfolio in Milan at the age of 15 and has been riding motorcycles since she was two. "What do you expect?" the multifaceted Julia asks. "Dad was in the Hell's Angels, and those guys are softies at heart." We met Miss February for an intimate chat.

Q: What does an 18-year-old know that a 25-year-old has forgotten?

A: That you shouldn't take life so seriously. The older people get, the more stressed-out and money-hungry they are. They do things they don't enjoy.

Q: Is there a hierarchy of sleepwear?

A: If I want to look sexy, I wear a see-through tank top and undies. Next in line

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG





is a guy's button-down shirt and socks. Or maybe my boyfriend's T-shirt. I wear trashy lingerie for fun.

Q: Your dad rode with the Hell's Angels in San Diego. What's the best advice he has given you?

A: He always tells me not to let other people bring me down. If people are nasty, he's like, "So what? If they're not friends or family, who cares what they think?"

Q: What's the surest sign of sexual interest a girl can give?

A: If a guy asks, "Do you have a boyfriend?" and she says, "No, but I could," that's a good sign.

Q: If a woman carries condoms in her purse, is she asking for trouble?

A: Of course not. If she doesn't have condoms, she's stupid. I know so many girls who have had diseases or abortions. They











MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Julia Schnetz

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: JULIA SCHULTZ

BUST: 34C WAIST: 25 HIPS: 310

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 125

BIRTH DATE: 10.15.79 BIRTHPLACE: SAN DIEGO

AMBITIONS: TO HAVE A SUCCESSFUL MODELING CAREER & A BIG FAMILY WITH TEN DOGS!

TURN-ONS: HOLDING HANDS, BIG SHOULDERS, INTELLIGENCE AND PRETTY EYES.

TURNOFFS: HAIRY BACKS, ONIONS, NEGATIVITY, PERVERTED GUYS & TRAFFIC.

PERFECT DATE: AN EXOTIC GETAWAY FAR FROM HOME WITH TONS OF PASTA & MY MAN!

I FEEL SEXY WHEN: MY BOYFRIEND COMPLIMENTS ME - HIS WORDS MEAN MORE THAN ANYTHING

WHAT SHAKES ME UP: CRUELTY TO ANIMALS!

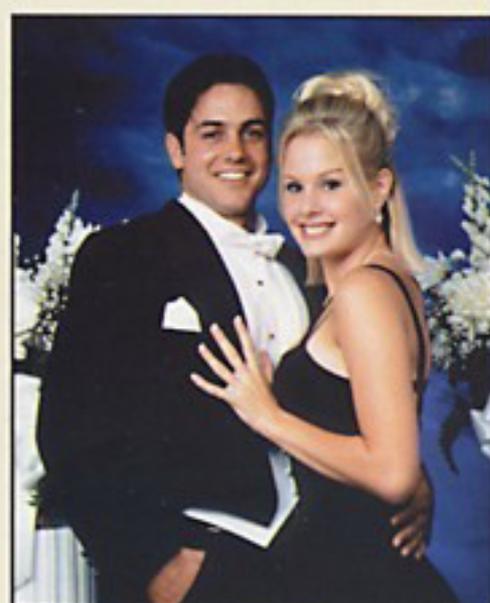
TEN YEARS FROM NOW I'LL BE: A MOTHER, LIVING 20 MINUTES AWAY FROM EVERYTHING, BEING AS HAPPY AS LIFE ALLOWS.



YES, I WAS A PAGEANT GIRL!



LOOKING TOUGH ON A MODELING JOB.



SENIOR PROM WITH MY LOVE, JASON.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

I'm really sorry, but I'm going to have to let one of you go," the supervisor told four of his employees.

"Hey, I'm a protected minority," the African American man said.

"Fire me, buster, and I'll hit you with an age discrimination suit so fast it'll make your head spin," the senior worker blurted.

"And I'm a woman," the third worker protested.

They all turned to look at the young white male. "Uh, well, I think I might be gay."



PLAYBOY CLASSIC: The young man nervously approached the counter at the local drugstore. "Excuse me, ma'am," he stammered, "may I speak to the pharmacist?"

"Son," the woman said, "I am the pharmacist. It's just my sister and me here. What can I do for you?"

"Ah, well, it's rather embarrassing."

"Young man, we've heard everything," she assured him. "Don't be nervous."

"Well, I've had this erection for three days and can't get rid of it. What can you give me for it?"

"Wait here. I'll be right back," she said, walking into the office. A few minutes later, she stepped back to the counter. "My sister and I can give you ten percent of the business and \$2000 cash."

"I had the strangest dream last night," a man told his psychiatrist. "I saw my mother, but when she turned around to look at me, she had your face, your body. It was suddenly you! It shook me up so badly I woke up and couldn't get back to sleep. I just lay there waiting for morning to come, and then I got up, drank a Coke and came right over here for my appointment."

"A Coke?" the psychiatrist exclaimed. "You call that breakfast?"

An atheist wanted to take a different sort of fishing trip, so he decided to go to Scotland to fish in Loch Ness. As he was lazily casting, the Loch Ness monster emerged, let out a terrible hiss and seemed ready to attack. "Oh God, save me!" the angler cried out.

A voice from above boomed, "I thought you didn't believe in me!"

"Hey, God, give me a break," the fellow pleaded. "I didn't believe in the Loch Ness monster a minute ago either!"

Thirty minutes before the plane landed, its cabin lights came on so the flight attendants could serve breakfast. One of the passengers, upset because he was awakened, growled, "Who turned on the fucking lights?"

"Oh, no, sir," the nearest flight attendant replied. "Those are the breakfast lights. You missed the fucking lights."

OXYMORONS OF THE MONTH:

Army intelligence
Postal Service
Civil servants
Advanced BASIC
Airline food
Soft rock
Passive aggression
Rap music
Microsoft Works

After the first mate was found tipsy, the captain wrote in the ship's log: "The first mate was drunk today." The sailor begged to have the entry removed, but the captain insisted that once an entry was made in the log, it couldn't be deleted.

The furious sailor was determined to exact revenge. The next time it was his turn to write in the log, he entered: "The captain was sober today."

How is being at a singles bar different from going to the circus? At the circus, the clowns don't talk.

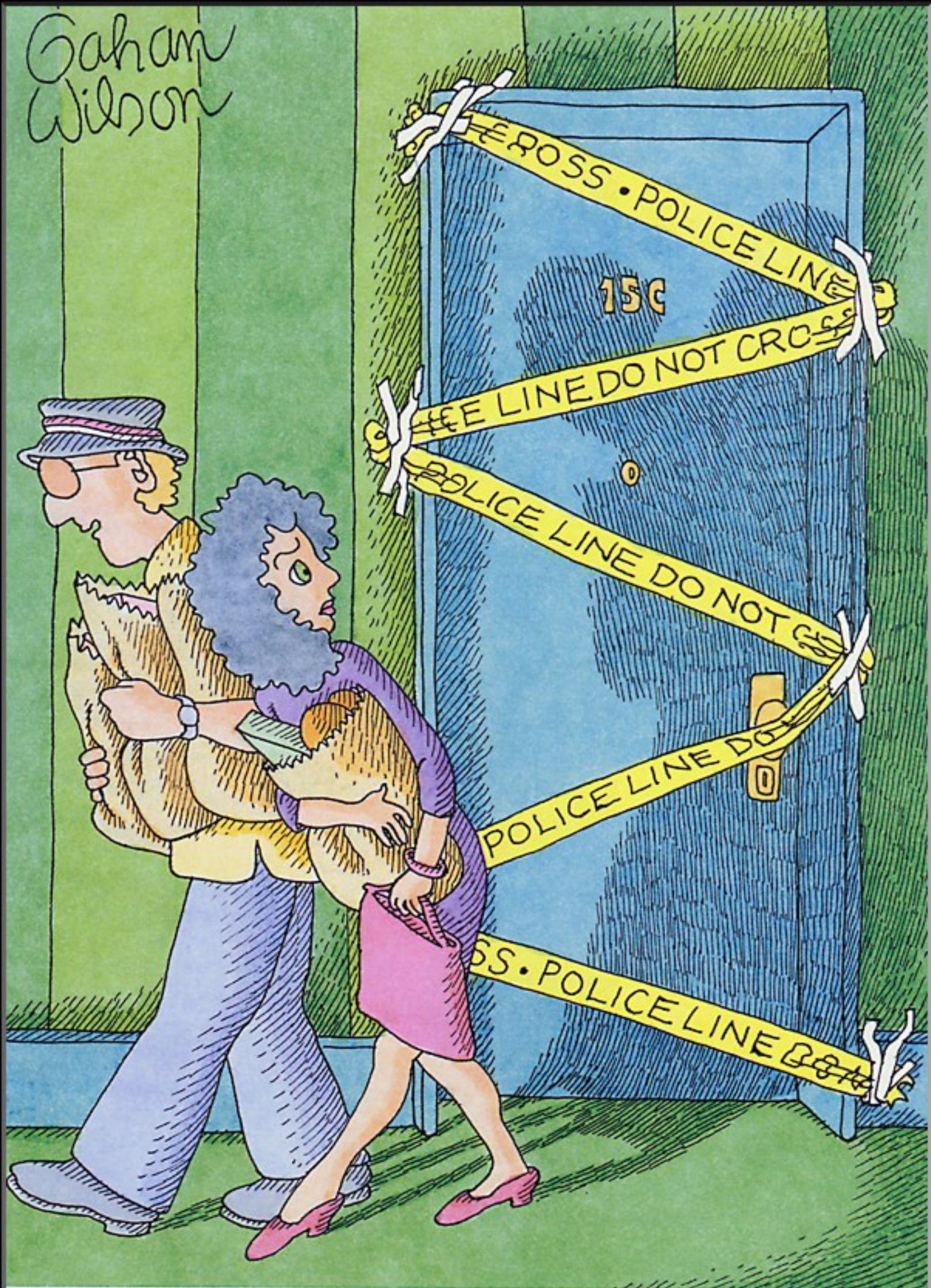


Ally Neiman

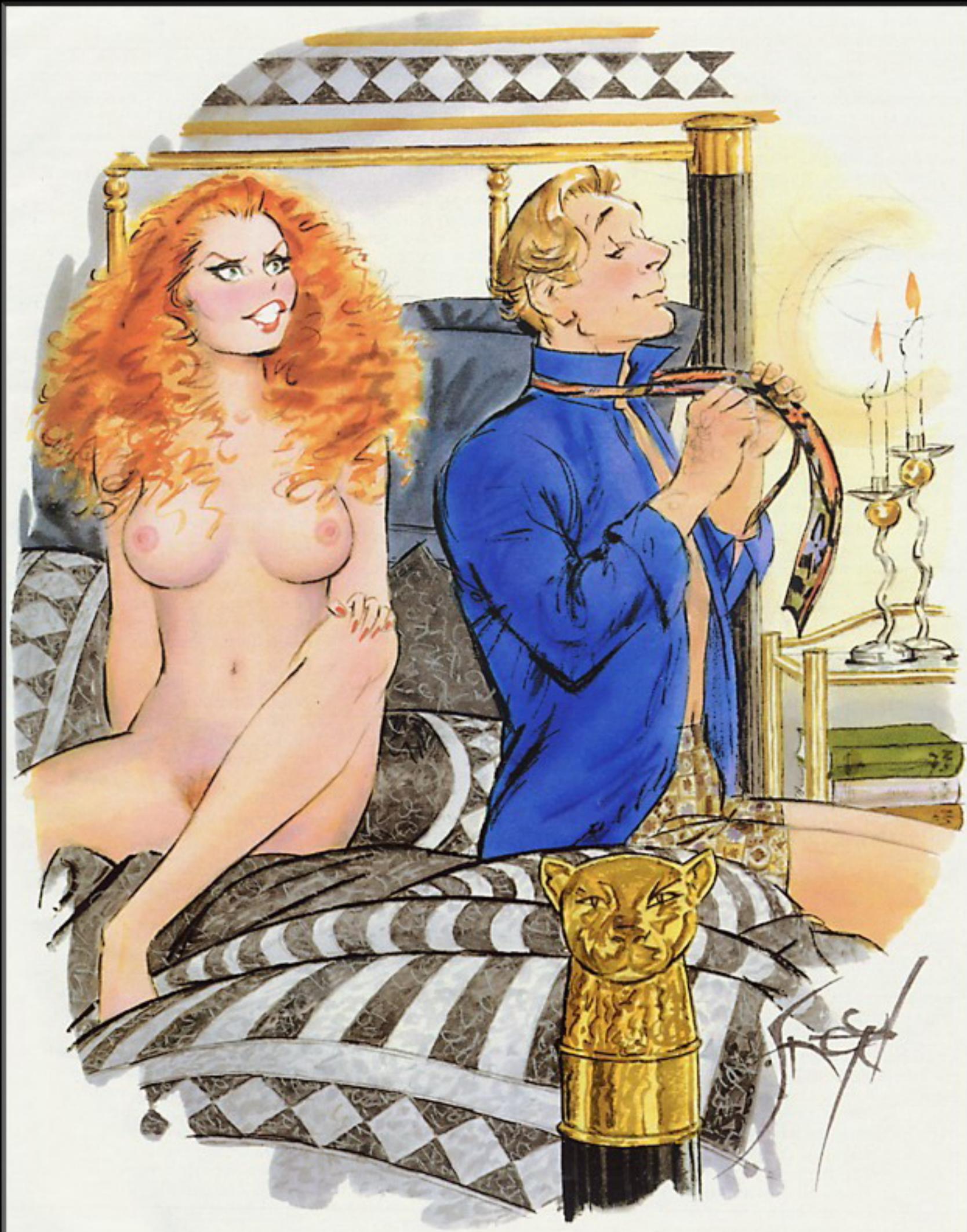
THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: A gynecologist who had lost interest in his medical practice decided to change careers and enrolled in auto mechanic school. He performed well in the course but was still shocked when he got an off-the-chart 200 on his final exam. He asked the instructor to explain the grade. "I gave you 50 points for taking the engine apart correctly," the teacher said, "50 points for putting it back together correctly—and an extra 100 points for doing it all through the muffler."

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.

Graham
Wilson



"So much for their attempted reconciliation."



"It's always the same with you—shaken but not stirred."

PLAYMATE REVISITED: VICTORIA VALENTINO

the playmate turned publisher who keeps us all in touch

WHEN READERS met Victoria Valentino in September 1963, she was into singing, painting, dancing and acting. She soon added working as a Bunny at the Los Angeles Playboy Club. Most recently, she's the woman behind *Centerfold Sweethearts*, a quarterly newsletter that updates fans on their favorite Playmates. "I let fans know how to get in touch with us on a personal basis," she says. "It's in high demand." As Victoria puts it, her life has been "a veritable odyssey. I've been married a few times, had three children, gone back to college and become a registered nurse." The loss of her son in a drowning accident inspired her to become a bereavement counselor as well. "When you help others heal, you heal yourself, too," she says. Victoria has certainly done that—and more.



She shined as a Playmate in 1963 (above and right), but Victoria loves acting and writing. "I'm working on my memoirs, and I'm now ready to resume acting," she says. Publishers and agents, are you listening?



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI





"Once a Playmate, always a Playmate" certainly holds true for Victoria (today, right). Besides promoting PLAYBOY and publishing Centerfold Sweethearts (above), she visits the Mansion for special events. "Hef can really throw a party," she says. Some things never change.



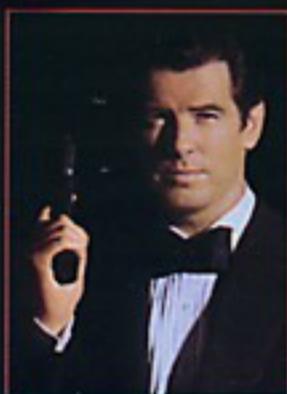




"Well, Jekyll, I can't say the formula was a complete failure."

THE NAME IS DECKERS,
DAPHNE DECKERS

BONDING WITH DAPHNE



Dutch model and actress Daphne Deckers is as famous in Holland as Queen Beatrix. It's not surprising. With a résumé that includes being "the face" of Veronica TV (a young, wild Dutch television station), appearing in Dutch singer Marco Borsato's music videos and writing a best-seller (*My Life as a Model*) and a children's book, she has graced more billboards, magazine covers, book jackets and TV screens than all of Dutch royalty combined. Next up? A role as the sexy public relations agent to bad guy Jonathan Pryce in the new James Bond flick, *Tomorrow Never Dies*. "It's a small part," says the 29-year-old beauty. "I auditioned to be one of the Bond girls, but those roles went to Teri Hatcher and Michelle Yeoh." Daphne, Teri, Michelle—sounds like 007th heaven to us.



Deckers shakes and stirs in *Tomorrow Never Dies* alongside Pierce Brosnan and Bond girls Teri Hatcher (below) and Michelle Yeoh (above right). As seen here, Deckers steals the show.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BART VAN LEEUWEN





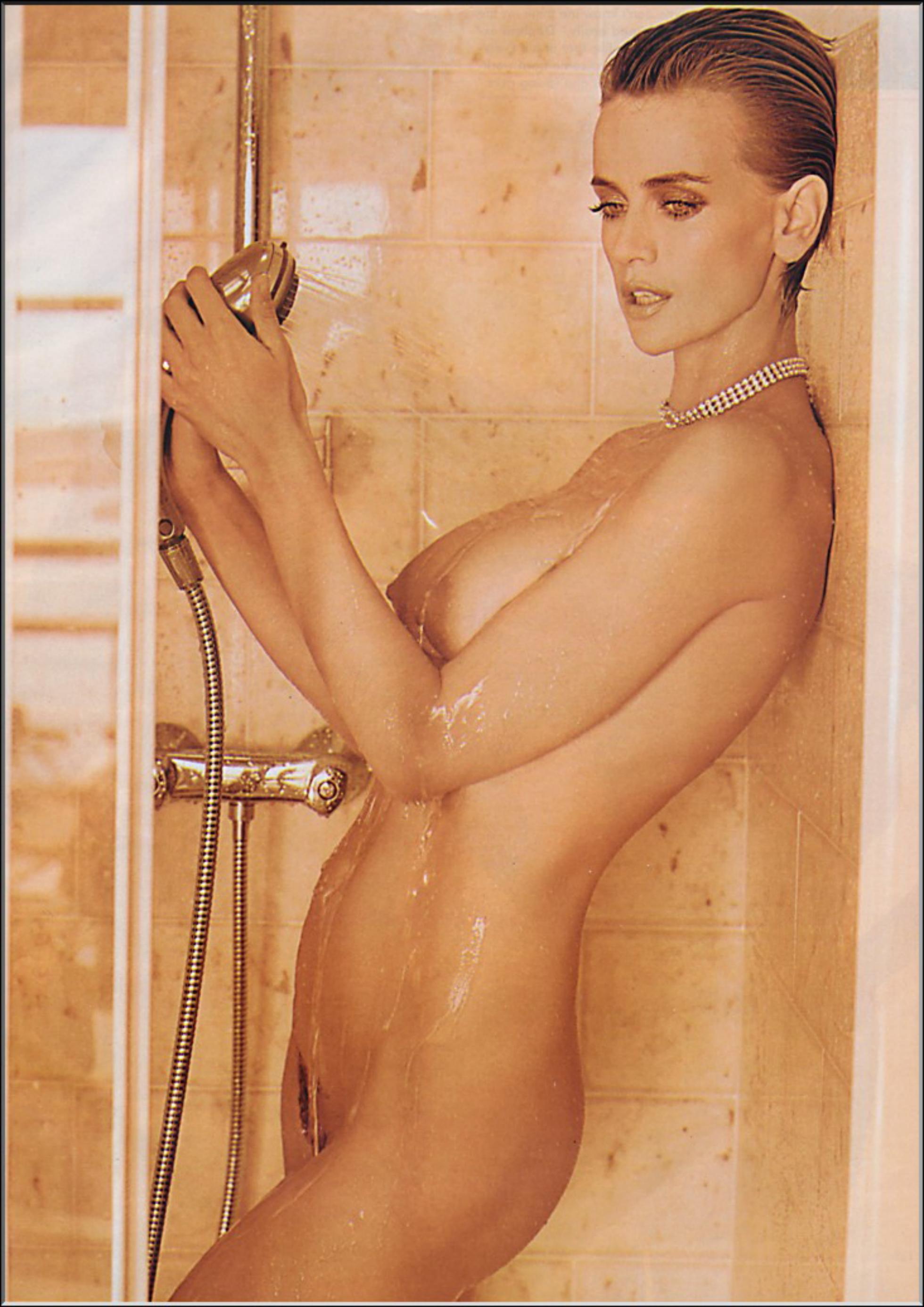
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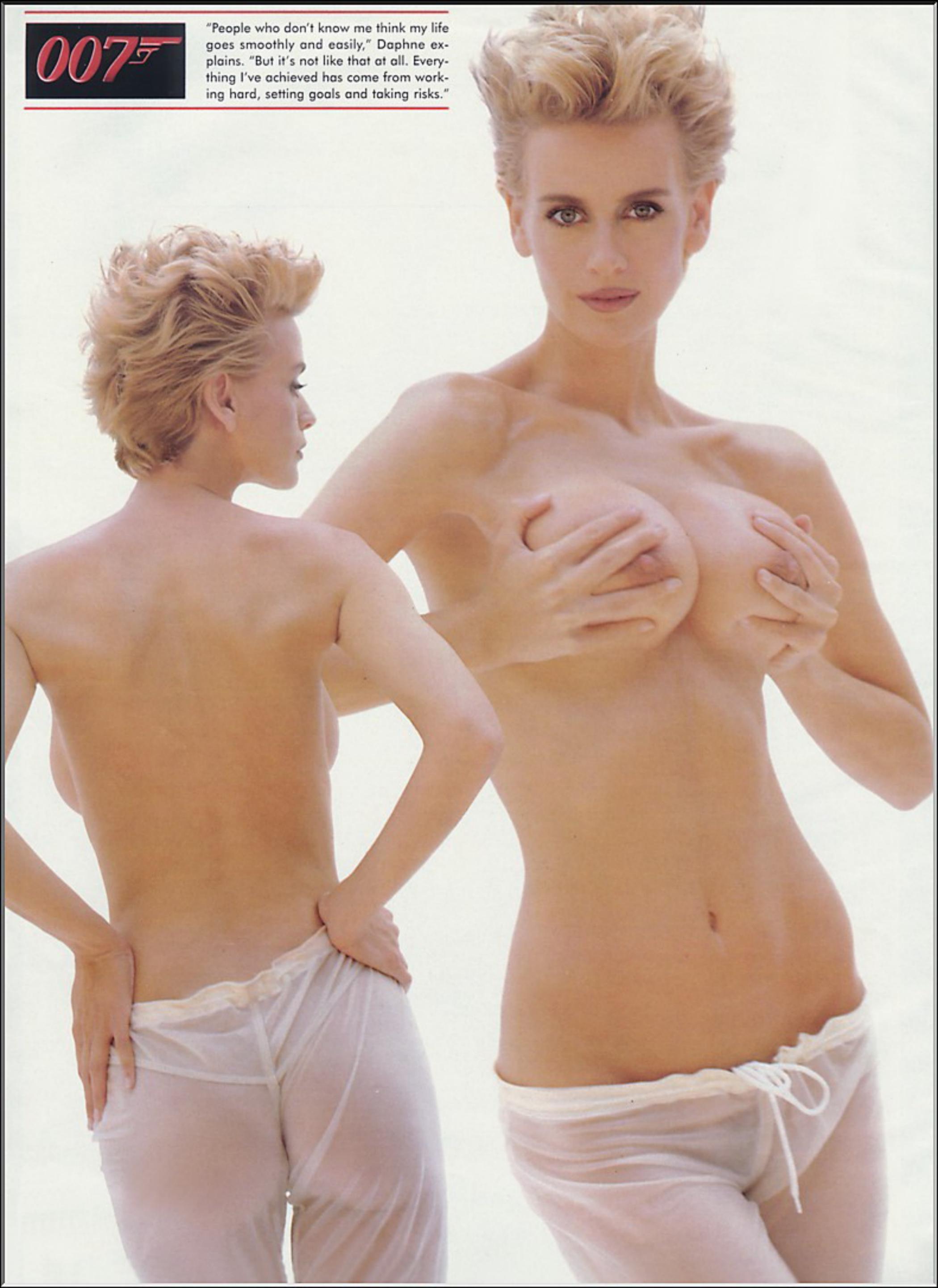
Daphne quit modeling three years ago after eight years in the business. "I'd like to do many new things," she says. "I've always tried to have as well rounded a life as possible, to make my own rules. Right now I'm most proud of the books and opinion columns I've written. With acting, I'm dependent on screenwriters and directors, but when I write it's 100 percent creativity."





007^F

"People who don't know me think my life goes smoothly and easily," Daphne explains. "But it's not like that at all. Everything I've achieved has come from working hard, setting goals and taking risks."





007

"Ordinary nudes are so common," Daphne says. That's why she chose a more visually aggressive pictorial. "I wanted powerful pictures with the focus on composition. I wanted to show my interpretation of the 007 theme."





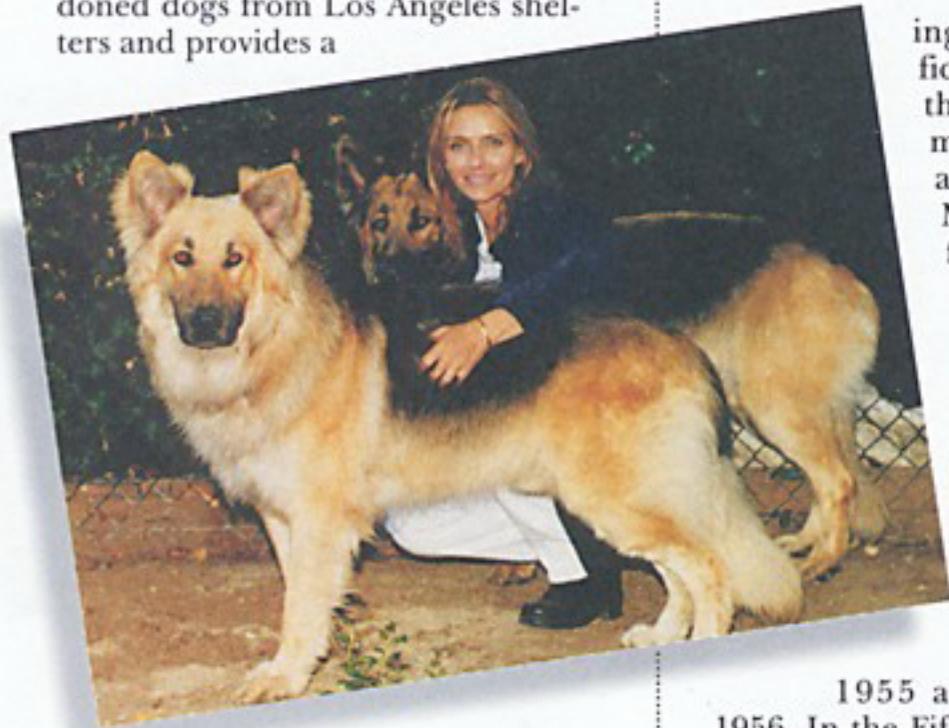
"Charlie, I'm going to hit the slopes for a couple of weeks and Lydia isn't into snow, so we were wondering if. . ."

PLAYMATE NEWS



IT'S A DOG'S LIFE

Hef's Playmate for Life, Kimberley Conrad Hefner, practices what she preaches. She's an animal rights advocate and activist who takes in abandoned dogs from Los Angeles shelters and provides a



Kimberley Conrad Hefner, 1989 Playmate of the Year, enjoys a romp on the grounds of the Playboy Mansion with two of her adopted Shiloh shepherds, Bunny Ears (front) and Charlie.

temporary foster home. On any given day, there are at least a dozen dogs at the Mansion. That's in addition to the other nonhuman residents—cats, ex-

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS — FEBRUARY

Debra Jo Fondren—Miss September 1977 will be 43 on February 5.
Susan Bernard—Miss December 1966 will be 50 on February 11.
Traci Adell—Miss July 1994 will be 29 on February 17.
Teri Weigel—Miss April 1986 will be 36 on February 24.
Jonnie Nicely—Miss August 1956 will be 62 on February 25.

otic birds, fish, rabbits, monkeys—that make up one of the most elaborate private zoos in America. Hef began his collection in 1972. But for Kimberley Hefner, the phrase top dog has more than one meaning.

TWICE IS NICE

PLAYBOY trivia buffs know that Janet Pilgrim was our first girl next door. In fact, she appeared as a Playmate three times between July 1955 and October 1956, when she wasn't work-

VERONICA GAMBA:

"PLAYBOY treated me like gold the first time. And I'm going for it again, in *Playmate Revisited*."

ing in the Playboy offices. But Janet wasn't the only Playmate to make a return appearance in the magazine. Margie Harrison was featured in January 1954 and June 1954. Marilyn Waltz was a Playmate in April 1954 and April 1955. (She may also be the "Margaret Scott" who posed in February and June 1954.) And Marguerite Empey was Miss May

1955 and Miss February 1956. In the Fifties there were fewer beautiful models willing to pose nude than there are now. It goes to show that once is often not enough.

PLAYMATES 101: PLAYMATES OF THE YEAR

Miss December 1959 Ellen Stratton—PMOY in 1960, the year the title became a tradition.

Miss December 1963 Donna Michelle—the youngest PMOY, at 18, in 1964.

Miss May 1985 Kathy Shower—the oldest PMOY, then 33, in 1986.

Miss December 1962 June Cochran—the shortest PMOY, at 5'2", in 1963.

Miss February 1994

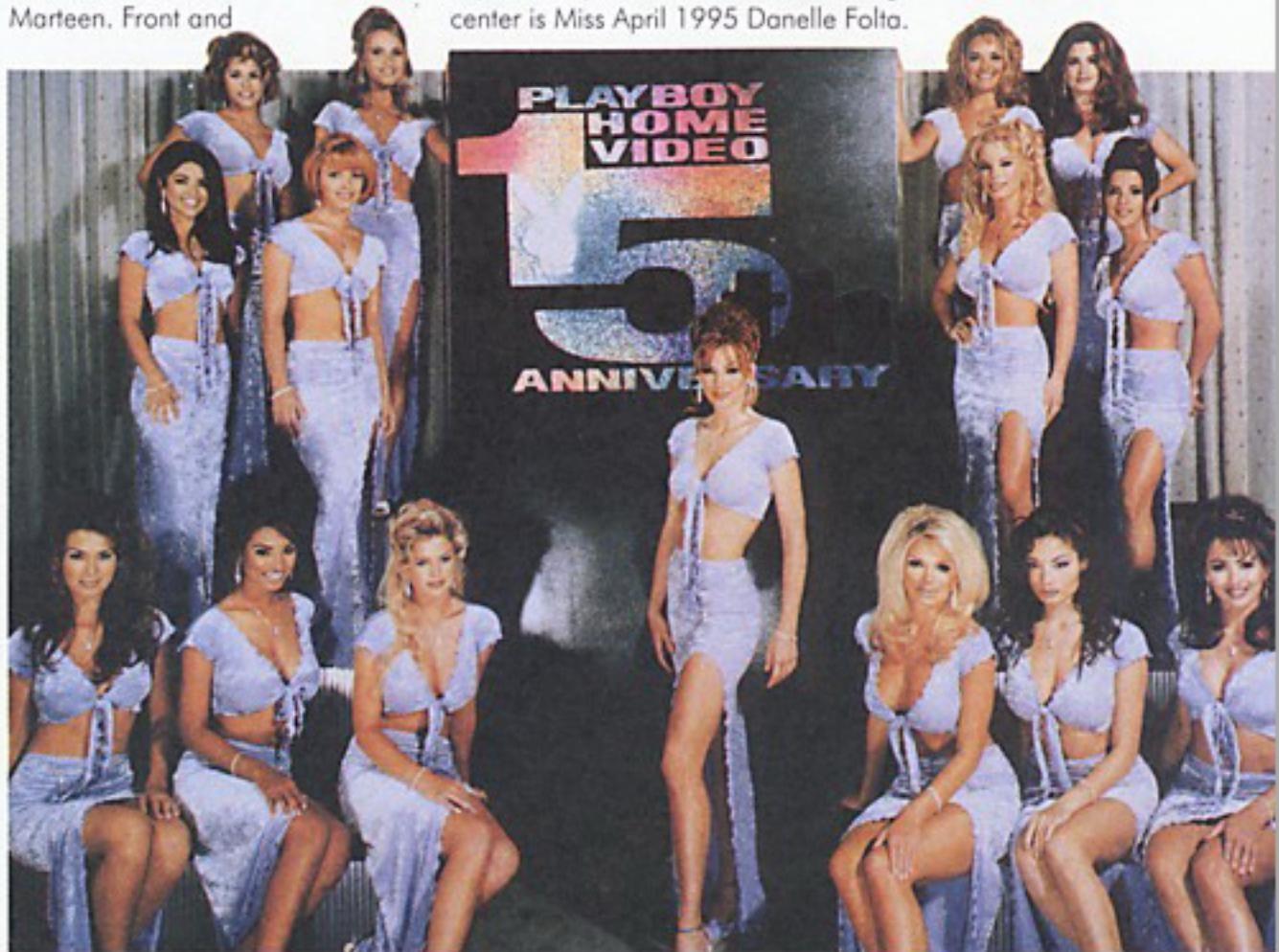
Julie Cialini, Miss December 1987 India Allen and Miss May 1992 Anna Nicole Smith—the tallest PMOYs, at 5'11".



Donna Michelle

HAPPY 15TH ANNIVERSARY

Fifteen Playmates posed for conventioners at the Video Software Dealers Association Convention in Las Vegas to celebrate Playboy Home Video's 15th anniversary. Pictured from top to bottom, left to right, are: Miss March 1997 Jennifer Miriam, Miss November 1996 Ulrika Ericsson, Miss January 1993 Echo Johnson, Miss June 1997 Carrie Stevens, Miss August 1994 Maria Checa, Miss July 1996 Angel Boris, Miss November 1995 Holly Witt, Miss April 1997 Kelly Monaco, Miss September 1992 Morena Corwin, Miss June 1996 Karin Taylor, Miss January 1997 Jami Ferrell, Miss October 1994 Victoria Zdrok, Miss May 1997 Lynn Thomas and Miss August 1995 Rachel Jeán Marteen. Front and center is Miss April 1995 Danelle Folta.



JEN IS AN OPEN BOOK

Is there a guy on the planet who doesn't recognize Jenny McCarthy? We doubt it. There have been magazines, TV shows, CDs, ads and now *Jen-X: Jenny McCarthy's Open Book* (written with Neal Karlen). Jenny's life story is told in detail, but we couldn't help flipping right to the PLAYBOY part. As Jenny tells it: "My first job in front of a camera was taking off my clothes for PLAYBOY. I knew my mother would probably have a heart attack,



but it was a step that I had to take if I was ever going to get out of Chicago. I wanted that Playmate of the Year title as badly as I wanted to make the high school cheerleading team. I would never pose in PLAYBOY again, but I still think Hef is a great guy." Jenny also reveals in her book that "a man has to be able to make me laugh and give me respect, or there's no chance we'll make it." Her favorite talk-show experience? "During *Singled Out*, I was on the *Late Show With David Letterman*. I was scared, because David is so sarcastic. It was obvious that he was trying to fluster me by flipping through the pages of my last pictorial. 'Hey, Dave,' I barked at him, pointing, 'my eyes are right up here.' The audience howled and he looked me straight in the eye." Hey, Jenny, we're still looking at you, kid.

FAN MAIL

I give *Playmates of the Seventies* on E! an enthusiastic thumbs-up. Carrie

PLAYMATE TRIVIA

WHERE ARE THEY FROM?

Not all Playmates are American. Countries that have loaned us Playmates include Argentina, Australia, Austria, Canada, Denmark, the UK, France, Germany, Holland, Jamaica, Norway.

PLAYMATE NEWS

CYNDI WOOD:

"I am grateful to Hef for his generosity to me in print. I had thought I was too ordinary for PLAYBOY. I give him credit for my success."

Stevens looked terrific as the hostess. The Playmates selected to represent the decade—Lillian Müller, Carol Vitale, Cyndi Wood, Rosanne Katon, Bonnie Large, Martha Smith, Janet Quist and Patti McClain—were all great choices. One admirable thing about the show was its honesty. The Playmates acknowledged that being in the magazine opened many doors for them but were willing to admit that it also caused some problems. Martha Smith even said she had concealed her Playmate past from most of her movie and TV employers. I'm looking forward to *Playmates of the Eighties*, but I really hope that the Fifties will get similar coverage. Bring Yvette Vickers, Jonnie Nicely, Joyce Nizzari, Lari Laine, Dolores Del Monte and Marlene Callahan together with Hef, photographer Bunny Yeager and director Russ Meyer, and you'll have a fantasy-packed hour of television.—Steve Sullivan, Washington, D.C.

QUOTE UNQUOTE

"I've enjoyed the notoriety of being a Playmate and I've used it to my advantage. My father found out I'd posed quite by accident. Someone at his office asked him if he was related to the centerfold. He took one look and yelled, 'That's my daughter!' He wasn't angry, except that I hadn't told him.

I didn't because I didn't want to jinx it."—CAROL VITALE, Miss July 1974



"I heard about my centerfold a couple of weeks after my 18th birthday. I told my mother first because she took my test shot. You can't get too excited until your issue reaches the newsstand. Then it really hits you. You get to sign autographs and go places and meet people. I try to use the attention now to promote safe sex and to get my AIDS message out."—REBEKKA ARMSTRONG, Miss September 1986



PLAYMATE GOSSIP

1997 PMOY Victoria Silvstedt is shooting a 1999 calendar, and her Guess ads will be out no later than next month. . . . Miss June 1969 Helena Antonaccio has a spot in Steve Sullivan's book *Glamour Girls of the Century*, based on a survey of pin-up collectors who voted on the most glamorous women of the past 100 years. . . . Miss September 1997 Nikki Schieler Ziering made a Dr Pepper commercial that's airing in Russia. . . . Actor and talk-show host Keenen Ivory Wayans greeted Miss October 1997 Layla Roberts on his show this past fall. . . .

Miss October 1994 Victoria Zdrok received her law degree last May and has passed the bar exam. . . . Miss June 1997 Carrie Stevens is modeling the new Bunny costumes with Layla Roberts for PLAYBOY's reentry in-



Vaccaro, Harney, Sanches

to the casino business, in the Greek islands. . . . Miss August 1994 Maria Checa has been promoting PLAYBOY's Spanish-language international editions and shooting a swimwear catalog. . . . Miss January 1995 Melissa Holiday is a country singer and is hosting a syndicated radio show called *Hot Tracks*. . . . Miss October 1983 Tracy Vaccaro, 1992 PMOY Corinna Harney and 1996 PMOY Stacy Sanches visited Matador Tobacconist in Las Vegas to promote Playboy by Don Diego cigars. They really lit up the room.

A Delightful Cover-Up

You can MARLENE REDMAYNE dancing in *Reasonable Doubt*, starring Melanie Griffith. Did you catch her on *Baywatch* or in the current issue of *Lowrider* magazine? Hurry.



Le Is Lovely

KATY LE has made music videos with Asian singers Tai Thai and Keith To, appeared in *Phat Beach* and has been a promotional model for boxing matches. She sure knocks us out.

© TIM JAMES

Read All About It

How does 61 look? Like singer SHIRLEY BASSEY, who was in the States in concert this past fall in New York and Los Angeles. Best remembered for her brush with 007, singing the *Goldfinger* theme, Shirley still has her chops—and her legs.



© TOSHI CORNELLINI

© DOUGLAS STROGLITZER

In a State

Any day now, the cult followers of MORPHINE will start a stampede. The no-guitar, heavy-on-the-sax band has four albums. The most recent, *Like Swimming*, will make you a convert.



© PAUL NATHAN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.



In All Her Gloria

As Jeanie Boulet, the HIV-positive physician's assistant, actress **GLORIA REUBEN** puts an entirely different face on the epidemic every Thursday night on *ER*. Now that we've had a peek under her whites, we need medical attention ourselves.

ROY BARRETT/GETTY IMAGES

Suited for the Sea

Czech-born model **MONIKA HÁJKOVÁ** had a small part in the Oscar-winning foreign film *Kolya* and also appeared in the Czech edition of *PLAYBOY*. Beach bunny, indeed.



© ANDY PEARLMAN

What's Up, Tigerlily?

NATALIE MERCHANT is back in the studio working on a follow-up to *Tigerlily*, her first solo album. She played some festival dates last spring and summer, but now Natalie is letting her songs do the talking.



GAVIN SMITH/CAMERA PRESS/RETNA

NEXT MONTH



BATHING BONANZA



HIRED KILLER



CRITICS' CHOICE



JAIME PRESSLY

PLAYBOY'S SPECIAL SWIMSUIT ISSUE—WITH NO SWIMSUITS! THAT'S RIGHT, 12 PAGES OF BATHING BEAUTIES WITH NO DISTRACTIONS FROM TRENDY DESIGNERS. PLUS, THIS YEAR'S NUMBER ONE SAND STAR AND NEW BAY-WATCH BABE, **MARLIECE ANDRADA**

THE TOUGHEST JOB IN NEW YORK—IT'S THE ULTIMATE HIGH-PRESSURE JOB FOR THE COPS WHO NEGOTIATE WITH HOSTAGE TAKERS. WE GO BEHIND THE SCENES WITH NEW YORK CITY'S COP TALK TEAM—ARTICLE BY **ED CONLON**

JOHN HOLMES—THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS PORN STAR WAS THE REAL DIRK DIGGLER. LONG AFTER HE DIED OF AIDS, HIS LEGEND LIVES ON. **CRAIG VETTER** GOES DEEP IN A PLAYBOY PROFILE

A GUY'S GUIDE TO DATING—LONG ON ROMANTIC IMPULSE BUT SHORT ON THE RIGHT MOVES? NOT TO WORRY. TWO SHREWD GUYS SHOW YOU HOW TO SEAL THE DEAL IN THEIR NEW BOOK—ARTICLE BY **BRENDAN BABER** AND **ERIC SPITZNAGEL**

25 BEST RESTAURANTS—PLAYBOY'S EXCLUSIVE POLL. THE NATION'S PREMIERE FOOD WRITERS, CRITICS AND RESTAURATEURS TELL YOU WHERE TO EAT AND WHY,

FROM NEW YORK TO LOS ANGELES, FROM FISH TO FUSION. DON'T MISS IT

KEVIN KLINE—FROM *A FISH CALLED WANDA* TO *IN & OUT*, HE HAS CRACKED US UP FOR YEARS. IN THIS MONTH'S INTERVIEW THE OSCAR HOPEFUL FOR *THE ICE STORM* TALKS ABOUT WANDA MANIA AND HOLLYWOOD'S OBSESSION WITH OUTING

KELLER'S LAST REFUGE—LIFE AS A PROFESSIONAL ASSASSIN IS FULL OF SURPRISES, AS KELLER FINDS OUT WHEN HE TAKES UP WITH THE U.S. GOVERNMENT—NON-STOP FICTION BY **LAWRENCE BLOCK**

TREND SPOTTING—GET A SNEAK PEAK AT WHAT THE DESIGNERS HAVE IN STORE WITH OUR EXCLUSIVE TOUR OF THE RUNWAYS. WE WANT YOU TO BE PREPARED FOR SPRING. AND BE SURE TO INVEST IN PLENTY OF BLUE SHIRTS—THEY'RE HOT. FASHION BY **HOLLIS WAYNE**

PLUS: 20 QUESTIONS WITH THE ULTIMATE CATALOG MAN **JOHN PETERMAN**, A TWISTED SELECTION OF CORK-SCREWS, **HELMUT NEWTON'S** PLAYMATE, A DANGEROUS TAKE ON *POISON IVY* STAR **JAIME PRESSLY**, FUTURISTIC WATCHES AND ANOTHER FABULOUS LOOK AT PLAYMATE **ERIKA ELENIAK**