

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1998 • \$5.95

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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

In the September issue, Nina Hartley talked about her swinging lifestyle. How does a single guy get into the scene?—R.T., Santa Barbara, California

Many swingers are introduced to "the lifestyle" through clubs, the worst of which resemble bad discos lined with mattresses. Nearly every state has at least one club, with concentrations in California, Texas and Florida (the best-looking women we've seen frequent Plato's Repeat in Fort Lauderdale). For a list of clubs and more information on swinging, point your Web browser to [nasca.com](http://nasca.com). Many clubs welcome single men (and their entrance fees) but restrict their wanderings. Saturday nights are reserved for couples, and some clubs limit the number of single men allowed in on other nights. Phone first for a particular club's policy. Be aware that some couples will resent or be surprised by the presence of a lone wolf. Learn to brush off the occasional "Get a girl, asshole" and don't be too grabby (a breathy play-by-play or shouting "Move over, Rover, let Jimi take over!" is not the best way to introduce yourself). The sexiest part of our most recent club night out wasn't the sex. It was watching the women undress in the coed locker room.

Next month I'm taking my first business trip to Japan. I've been told that discussions conducted over drinks are a key part of doing business. What should I know?—L.W., Atlanta, Georgia

Soon after you arrive, you'll be invited by your hosts to spend the evening at a club or cabaret (known by the locals as *mizu shobai*). Don't turn down the offer. "The ultimate expression of goodwill, trust and humility among close business associates is to drink together. Refusing indicates that a person is arrogant, excessively proud and unfriendly," explains Boye Lafayette De Mente, author of numerous guides on Japanese etiquette (800-526-2778). Because the Japanese business world is built on formalities, many managers don't feel they can be candid until everyone gets drunk. Pace yourself; some Japanese businessmen fake intoxication to fulfill the requirements of the custom. Once or twice during the evening your hosts will get serious and discuss the deal. Get on their good side before then. Lift your drink and offer an early toast ("kan-pie," which means "drain the cup"), pour the second or third round, and pay attention. That may be a challenge at a *mizu shobai*, which is typically staffed by an impressive array of young women. Also be sure to host at least one night out before you fly home.

My boyfriend says that going to a peep show and getting off is no different from being at home with a video. But I say it's very different! What does the Advisor think?—M.H., Salt Lake City, Utah

There are differences. For one thing, the



girls usually are staring back at the guy who attends a peep show. And they want him to spend money, so they make an effort to interact. Most important, there's no comfy couch. Your boyfriend doesn't see a difference between live and previously recorded viewing because he isn't making an emotional connection in either case. He should respect your feelings, but that doesn't mean you can't compromise. Offer your boyfriend a private show. Or go to the peeps with him. That could be interesting.

I have been saving my PLAYBOYS since the Fifties, and I would like to appraise them. How do I find out how much they're worth?—R.W., Tulsa, Oklahoma

If you need to round off "priceless" for some insurance adjuster who doesn't understand, the Playboy Collectors Association offers a value guide that can help (send \$12 to Tom Bonner, P.O. Box 653, Phillipsburg, Missouri 65722). The condition of your issues is crucial in determining their value. That's why serious collectors buy a reading copy and a "collecting" copy, which remains unopened and stored in a Mylar bag. The magazine's first 15 issues, dating from 1953 to February 1955, are the hardest to find in excellent condition and have the most value. If you're missing any of these early issues or have extras to sell, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to independent dealers such as Doug Tracy, 1220 23rd Street, Suite 2PB, San Diego, California 92102 or Ken Ritchie, 3825 Bowen Avenue, Memphis, Tennessee 38122. Most issues from September 1962 to the present are available from the Playboy Catalog (800-423-9494).

You repeated a frequent error when you wrote in your June column, "The

length of a man's penis has nothing to do with his height or the size of his nose, feet or hands." Researchers have found that the gene that controls the growth of fingers and toes also determines penis size. I have found that the distance between the bottom of my palm and the tip of my middle finger accurately reflects the impressive measurement of my fully erect penis.—C.D., Galveston, Texas

You need only one hand? You're right: The same genes, known as Hox genes, apparently control the initial growth of the limbs and the genitalia of male and female fetuses. Researchers documented the connection after disabling the Hox genes in mouse fetuses. In humans, a mutation in one of the Hox genes has been linked to a disorder called "hand-foot-genital syndrome." But Jeffrey Innis, one of the geneticists who conducted the research, points out that many genes ultimately determine the size and shape of hands, feet and genitals.

I've read that buttondown collars don't go with suits. Should I wear only straight collars at the office?—D.R., Nashville, Tennessee

Don't believe everything you read, unless you read it here. Buttondowns are OK with most suits, but wear a straight collar with your best one.

After we made love, my new boyfriend and I were basking in that damp, exhausted afterglow of orgasm. Suddenly he expelled a large amount of flatus. I'm no stranger to natural body functions, but I was embarrassed for him. When I said, "I can't believe you just did that," he replied, "So what? I'm just being me." I was so turned off! If he had just said, "Excuse me" or "Sorry," I would have let it go. Am I judging this guy too harshly? At what point in a relationship is it acceptable to fart in front of your partner? My boyfriend subscribes to PLAYBOY, so I'm hoping he'll get some advice from you about class and manners before he starts asking me to pop his zits.—C.R., Miami, Florida

A gentleman never passes gas in front of a woman until she has passed gas in front of him. Thus, your boyfriend is guilty of a fart faux. His boorish display reflects a lack of manners and maturity, but surely this wasn't your first clue.

Three years after my wife and I were married, I went to Central America to help with my family's business. I stayed about a year and met another woman. We were married, and she returned with me to the United States. I told wife number one that the new woman was my cousin and would be staying with us. It

has been a year and wife number one wants to know when my so-called cousin will be moving out. What should I do? I guess I really screwed up this time.—A.R., San Diego, California

*We'll say. One wife wasn't enough? Your spouse—the original one—knows something is up. If she finds out about the marriage, she could go to the police. Bigamy is a felony in nearly every state, including California. If you can't decide who it's going to be, the decision will be made for you.*

**D**oes chewing an Altoid before giving a guy a blow job make for better oral sex?—R.T., Wheeling, West Virginia

*Sure, if the woman prefers the taste of peppermint to the taste of penis. This legend got started with an anonymous story posted on the Internet and has been a boon to the makers of the curiously strong mint. Is it a rumor or an ingenious marketing plan? The Net posting claims that a smoker who chewed four Altoids before having sex with a new lover received raves for her blow job technique. Researchers in the Playboy test bedrooms report less spectacular results. Some male volunteers felt a slight numbness or tingling. More notable, perhaps, were the reports from their partners, who said two to four mints created an abundance of saliva. Barbara Mikkelson of the Urban Legends Reference Pages ([www.snopes.com](http://www.snopes.com)) believes the Altoids story took off because "it promises an easy path to sexual ecstasy. It works by exploiting the human desire to be privy to 'special information.' We're uncomfortable with the notion of people having sex, so laughing about it over a tin box of mints becomes a way of dealing with our unease. It's like whistling in a graveyard to feel less frightened." Mint may change the sensation slightly, but can anything improve fellatio? As Adam Carolla of "Love Line" has pointed out, "No one was complaining about blow jobs before Altoids."*

**I**'m thinking about tying the knot. I come from a wealthy family and have made substantial money during the stock market boom, and my business is thriving. I'm afraid of losing my fortune if for some reason the marriage ends. Should I insist on a prenuptial agreement? I don't want my girlfriend to think that I don't trust her.—R.D., Houston, Texas

*If you decide to get married, you need to face the finances. It may take you to the heart of your relationship. A prenup should be part of a larger discussion about budgets, insurance, wills, debt and spending habits. In some ways, a prenup can be a relief: It provides evidence for family members and business partners that the marriage isn't about money. Couples who have comparable net worths might opt for a partition agreement (a contract that spells out who owns what major assets). But be cautious. Ken Kurson, author of "Green Magazine's Guide to Personal Finance," warns that "if a spouse dips*

*into protected assets to cover shared expenses, a court could hold that the entire sum was community property."*

**I**n an attempt to stimulate the G spots of his lovers, a friend inserted a six-millimeter plastic bead under the skin of his penis. He used a sharp toothpick to make the opening, then let the wound heal (it took about a week). Have you ever heard of this? Does it work?—L.S., Loretto, Pennsylvania

*A bead won't do anything except make your penis swell from infection. And after all that effort, your partner might think it's a wart. Penile inserts are most common in southeast Asia, where tribesmen have traditionally implanted bells, stones, jewels, ivory, gold, pearls, balls and shells in their shafts or glands to add girth. According to the book "The Penis Inserts of Southeast Asia" (really), some objects are the size of a small chicken egg. "As many as a dozen might be inserted," the authors note. "Kings might remove one of theirs to bestow it on a person deserving great honor." In India, where inserts may have originated, prostitutes sold gold, silver and bronze bells to teenagers to sew into the skin of their penises to impress lovers. Japanese mobsters insert beads out of machismo—each represents a year spent in prison. One mobster's ex-lover said she could feel his 13 "pearls" but that they didn't make the sex any better. In fact, she described the bumps as "hokey." If that sort of feedback turns you on, at least hire an experienced piercer to do the job right.*

**W**hile visiting Venezuela my husband and I were offered a drink called a *guarapita*. We loved it, but the bartender wouldn't reveal the ingredients. I'm guessing they include rum and passion fruit. Anything else?—M.C., St. Paul, Minnesota

*The primary ingredients are aguardiente (a smooth, potent alcohol) and papelón (also called panela), a hard brown sugar sold in the U.S. chiefly in Latino food markets. Fruit juice, usually lime or lemon, provides flavor; but you can also use passion fruit, orange or grapefruit juice—whatever suits your taste. Add plenty of ice. One recipe we've seen substitutes white rum and includes vermouth and a splash of bitters.*

**M**y wife and I are close with another couple, and though we have never switched partners, we always find ourselves in fun adventures. At some point during an island hike my wife suggested we go native. The men went behind one bush, and the women chose another. No sooner had we undressed than the women took our clothes and ran (they hadn't disrobed). We chased them, but running barefoot through brush doesn't allow for speed. We fashioned modesty panels out of leafy branches and made our way back to the hotel. I had a full head of steam when I walked through

the hotel room door, but my wife was laughing so hard I had to laugh too. Then we enjoyed some of the best sex of our marriage. Why is that? So far I have resisted the temptation to be a comedian in bed, but should I cut loose?—P.P., Boston, Massachusetts

*Don't force it. You had great sex because you were laughing together, which helped you relax. Laughter increases alertness, skin temperature, brain activity, heart rate, hormone production and circulation (a key part of arousal). More important, a good laugh brings even strangers closer together. If you enjoy that feeling, work to make your sex life more playful. Challenge each other to Scrabble in bed, but allow only dirty words. Rent a favorite comedy or comedy special and watch it nude. Play naughty Mad Libs. Dig up a copy of "Is Sex Necessary?" by James Thurber and E.B. White. Or laugh at nothing at all. You'll feel the tension melting from your neck and face as it builds farther down on your body.*

**I** think I'm fairly "with it" sexually. I read PLAYBOY for sex tips, I love to lick and suck on my husband's cock, I'm completely shaved and I don't have a problem with the two-women fantasy. I like it all, but I want to be romanced. I apparently have gotten my newlywed husband so revved up that he doesn't hear my requests for seduction. I would like to start an evening with romance but know we'll still end the night in wild passion. But no matter how wild I get, I still need TLC. How do I get him to listen to my request? I'm not asking for this every night, just once in a while. Hints: Cards for no reason, going for walks, lighting candles around the house, playing romantic music and hearing him tell me about a time I made him feel special. By the way, my husband complains because he doesn't get to see PLAYBOY until I have read it cover to cover.—P.R., Dallas, Texas

*It's not as much fun if you have to tell him, right? We'll let your husband read it here, after you're done.*

*All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or [advisor@playboy.com](mailto:advisor@playboy.com) (because of volume, we cannot respond to all e-mail inquiries). Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions at [www.playboy.com/faq](http://www.playboy.com/faq), and check out the Advisor's latest collection of sex tricks, "365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life" (Plume), available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.*



# PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION, PART VIII

1970-1979

# THE JOY OF SEX

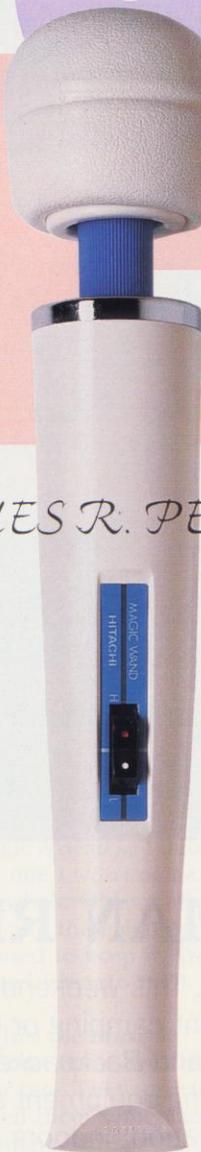
BY JAMES R. PETERSEN

*W*ire me up and fuck me wired!" Grace Slick's voice, even bleeped, grabs your attention. *The Dick Cavett Show* has just lurched out of control.

The guests are Hugh M. Hefner, psychologist Rollo May (looking and sounding like a benign Barry Goldwater), the Jefferson Airplane and Susan Brownmiller and Sally Kempton "for the women's liberation movement."

The night begins harmlessly.

There is light banter about the *Big Bunny* jet, about the impracticality of installing a bath onboard a converted DC-9, about how a mistake by an Italian translator started a rumor that Hefner was getting married. (The translator had substituted the word fiancée for girlfriend, girlfriend being a



dirty word in Italian.)

Rollo May, the author of *Love and Will*, takes a seat. "The trouble with love in our day, as it comes out in, say, the hippies, is that they have spontaneity, but they don't have fidelity. They don't have commitment, responsibility. And these are all matters of will."

There is too much freedom, May says. Too many choices.

He takes exception to Hefner's hedonism: "PLAYBOY takes the fig leaf off the genitals and puts it over the face. The faces of these lovely girls have no expression. They are withdrawn, detached. And this goes along with the feeling in PLAYBOY that the aim is to play it cool, not to commit yourself, don't get caught."

Cavett asks Hefner if he wants to respond. "It would be a short show if I



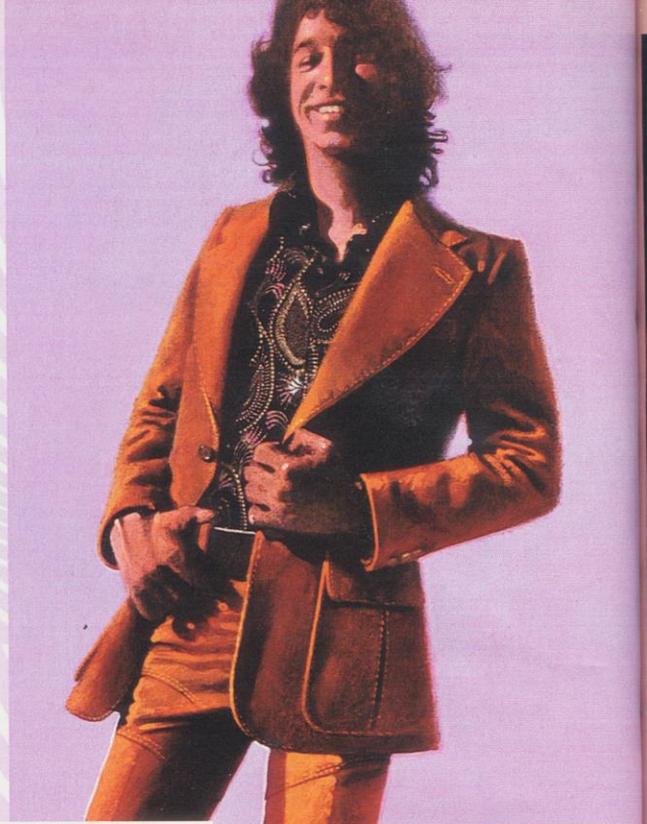
just let it go," he says.

Hefner reduces *The Playboy Philosophy* to a single paragraph: "The best kind of sex and the best kind of love includes involvement. But I also think there should be a period of discovery, of self-discovery, immediately after the teens, to find yourself as a human being. A time of exploration and play. PLAYBOY is devoted to those years."

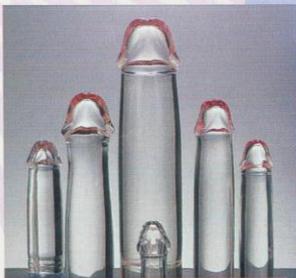
The talk drifts to the subject of impotent men and whether frigid women are becoming extinct. When Hefner invokes the names Masters and Johnson, Slick joins the conversation with her remark about "fuck me wired."

Cavett then introduces Susan Brownmiller and Sally Kempton, saying, "Maybe we can find out what the women are all (text continued on page 70)

What people fantasized about in the Sixties happened in the Seventies. Call it the great permission. While Hollywood heroes intoned, "May the force be with you," the rest of the culture urged: Think Pink. (This fashion advice from Fred Astaire's *Funny Face* took on new meaning as an ad slogan for *Hustler*.) Women learned the power of private parts. ("Think clitoris," said one feminist. "It is time to dig cunt," said another.) Sex became public and visible. Making sexual toys became an art (below left). People who performed sex on camera became household names. John Holmes learned the power of his private part (below left), while Marilyn Chambers made her debut on a box of Ivory Snow. A porn star could be 99 and 44/100ths percent pure. Bob Guccione's 1969 ad (below right) announced the coming decade's Pubic War.



# THINK PINK!

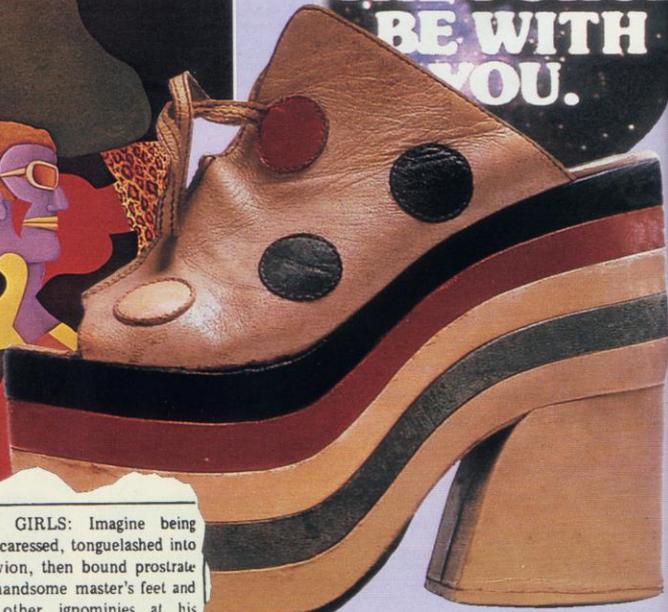



**We're going rabbit hunting.**

Playboy is published monthly in the United States and Canada. It is published bi-monthly in the United Kingdom and France. It is published quarterly in Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. It is published semi-annually in India, Japan, and Mexico. It is published annually in the Philippines, Singapore, and Taiwan. It is published twice a year in Hong Kong, Korea, and the Middle East. It is published three times a year in the Soviet Union, the Caribbean, and the Far East. It is published four times a year in the Americas, Europe, and the Pacific. It is published five times a year in the Middle East, Africa, and the Caribbean. It is published six times a year in the Americas, Europe, and the Pacific. It is published seven times a year in the Middle East, Africa, and the Caribbean. It is published eight times a year in the Americas, Europe, and the Pacific. It is published nine times a year in the Middle East, Africa, and the Caribbean. It is published ten times a year in the Americas, Europe, and the Pacific.

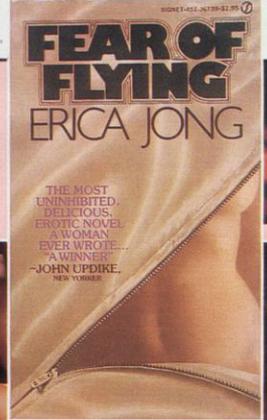
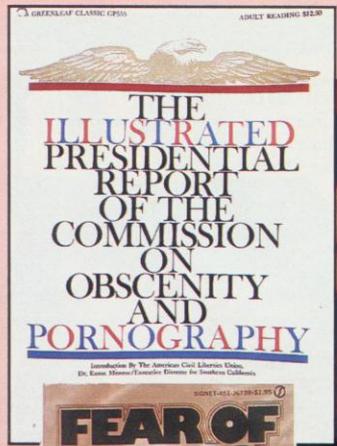
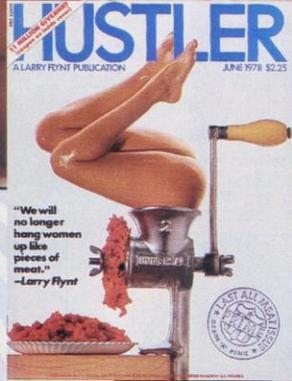
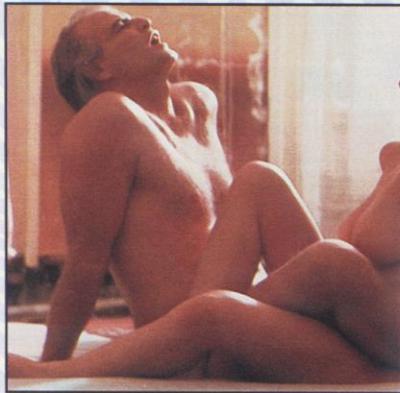


**MAY THE FORCE BE WITH YOU.**

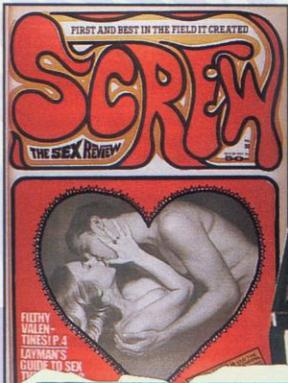


ge, SUBMISSIVE GIRLS: Imagine being spreadeagled, caressed, tonguelashed into exquisite oblivion, then bound prostrate licking your handsome master's feet and performing other ignominies at his command. Write...





This is what a sexual culture looks like. The permission swept through Hollywood films like *Last Tango in Paris* (above). Al Goldstein's *Screw* and Larry Flynt's *Hustler* proved that shock sells, while *Rolling Stone* celebrated pure celebrity. Erica Jong detailed the zipless fuck in *Fear of Flying*, *PLAYBOY* went to an orgy and Linda Lovelace taught the nation a new trick. If you didn't catch *Deep Throat* at the theater, you could watch it at home on video. Swingers swapped wives and secrets; voyeurs delighted in random nudity and live sex shows.



**PARTY, PARTY, PARTY.** Swingers, you are invited to a groovy LOVE-IN Party on Saturday, Feb. 14th. Sponsored by New York's grooviest swinging magazine. Featured will be live music, cocktails and hors d'oeuvres, and the chance to meet lots of sexy swingers. Admission: \$10 per couple. Ladies Free. Contact...

**-ABORTION- WE HAVE THE RIGHT TO CHOOSE**



When a group of social scientists declared porn was harmless, President Nixon rejected their findings. The publisher who produced an illustrated version of the report went to jail. Feminists such as Gloria Steinem, editor of *Ms.*, turned abortion rights into a rallying cry. The personal became political. Sex made headlines.





*"It's time to go to bed, Franz, you have a lifetime  
to finish that symphony."*



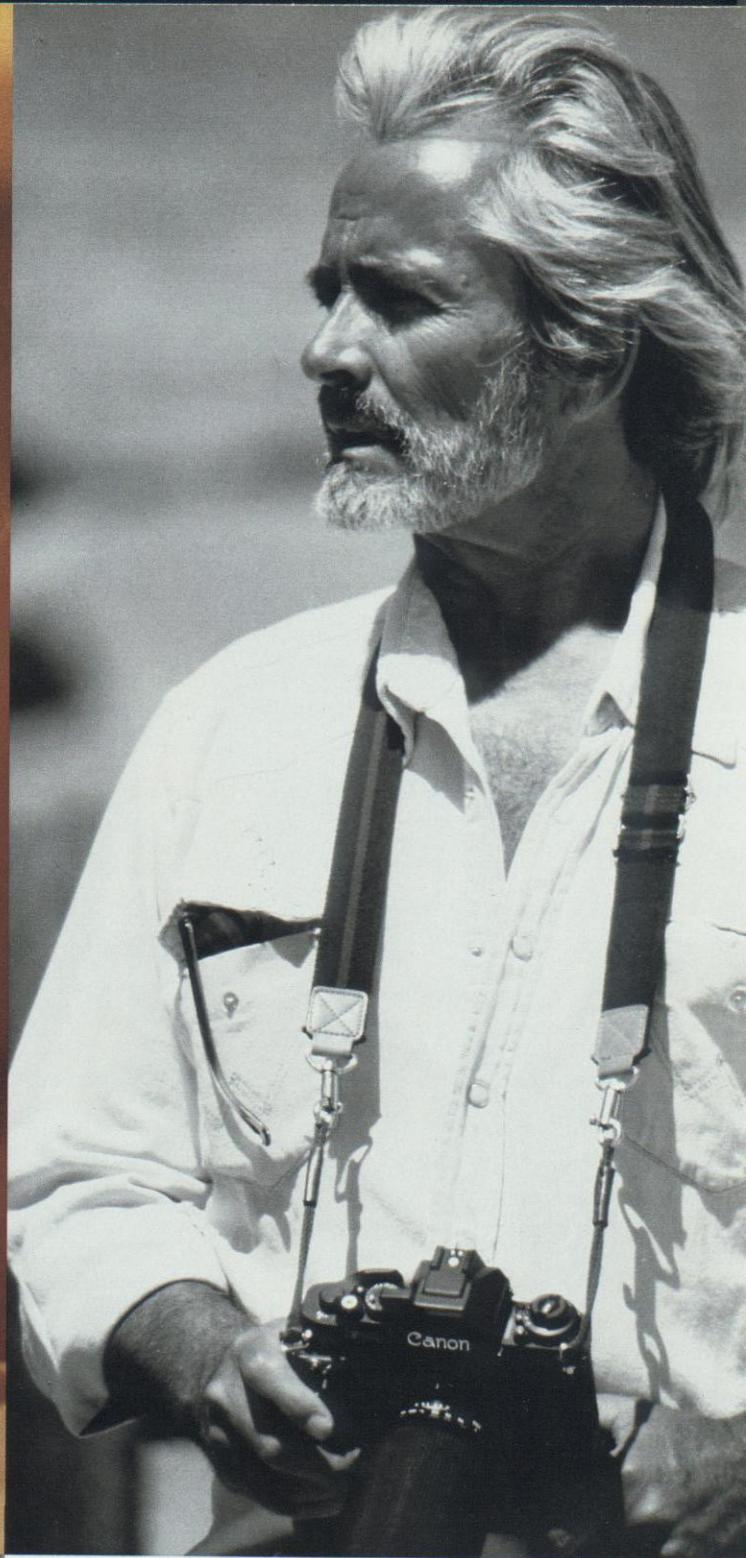
## JOHN DEREK'S LEGACY LIVES ON THROUGH THE WOMEN HE LOVED

**H**is search for beauty led him to relationships with some of the most remarkable women on earth: French starlet Patti Behrs, Ursula Andress, Linda Evans and, for the past two decades, the perfect ten, Bo. John Derek understood beauty in a special way: He was exceptional-looking and was born into a Hollywood awareness of the power of physical perfection. His movie career relied more on his appearance than it did on his acting ability. It's only fitting, then, that in Nicholas Ray's *Knock on Any Door* (1949), Derek's character, Nick Romano, has the privilege of uttering the unforgettable line "Live fast, die young and have a good-looking corpse."

Disenchanted with Hollywood and unfulfilled as an actor, Derek decided his interests would be best served behind the camera. His personal life provided a handy start. Having divorced first wife Patti Behrs, he fell in love with and married the ravishingly beautiful Swiss actor Ursula Andress.

Derek's pictorial "*She*" . . . *Is* . . . *Ursula Andress* appeared in the June 1965 issue of *PLAYBOY*. It was a photographic tour de force, though it required a team effort to pull off. Derek had worked with Ursula for weeks but had failed to capture images that he thought suited her beauty and the standards of the magazine. Hugh Hefner and then-Photography Editor Vince Tajiri suggested that Derek change

An  
Eye  
For  
*Beauty*



Derek's blonde ambition and photographic talent led to nine memorable PLAYBOY pictorials. Left: Ursula, John and Bo in Paris.

locations and use the grounds of a Los Angeles mansion as a backdrop. In one afternoon Derek shot the photographs that anchored the dazzling 12-page pictorial.

Derek and Ursula parted ways in 1965, shortly before Linda Evans arrived on the scene. It was then that Derek's penchant for high-cheekboned blonde goddesses became apparent. The eerie similarity between Evans and Andress was fully revealed in another PLAYBOY pictorial shot by Derek, *Blooming Beauty*, in July 1971.

It was easy to see Derek's hand at work in the photos, manipulating the hair into hints of braids, promoting the soft, natural look of the makeup and accessories. Here



was Linda, whose body was as ravishing as Ursula's but even more innocent and pure.

In 1973, while making a movie in Greece titled *And Once Upon a Time*, Derek met Mary Cathleen Collins, a teenage actor working under the name Bo Shane. The attraction was immediate and mutual, and they wed.

Now Derek concentrated on transforming the astonishingly beautiful Bo into his last vision of perfection. He prescribed exercise, a strict diet and a sunbathing regimen that called for her to be delicately tanned even between her fingers and toes. He coached her on camera presence and styled her hair in the soon-to-be-famous braids.

And when he learned Blake Edwards was casting for the perfect woman to play opposite Dudley Moore in *10*, John knew Bo's moment had arrived.

I met John and Bo in the summer of 1979 when Executive Art Director Tom Staebler and I visited them in their small apartment in Marina del Rey, just before *10* became a magic number. They had just spent two weeks at Lake Powell, alone, camping out, working on photos for a *PLAYBOY* pictorial. John was obsessed with the results. He wanted to make certain that only the right photos appeared in the magazine and only in a form he and Bo could be happy with. John, Tom and I sat at a table

In 1982 *PLAYBOY* described Derek (below) as having "the enviable habit of marrying the world's most beautiful women and then taunting the rest of us with wonderful pictures of them." Case in point: wife number three, Linda Evans (left and right), photographed by Derek as an up-and-coming TV star in July 1971. Her role on *Dynasty* followed. Below right: Derek and Evans turned heads at the 1968 Emmys.



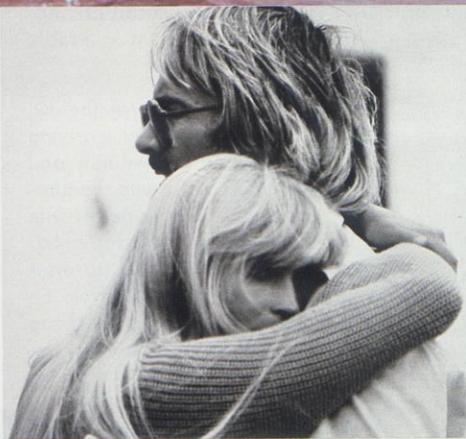


as John projected hundreds of transparencies against a white kitchen wall. Only when John became convinced that Tom and I fully understood what he wanted from the pictorial were we allowed to take the photographs back to PLAYBOY. *Bold . . . Beautiful . . . Breathtaking . . . Bo* ran in March 1980 on the heels of *10*. The issue was a sellout.

The magazine followed that pictorial with four additional pictorials and covers: *Bo . . . Is Back* (August 1980), *Tarzan & Bo* (September 1981), *Brava, Bo!* (July 1984) and *Forever Bo* (December 1994). Each was a success.

John Derek's dedication to beauty and physical perfection was unrelenting.

"She is magnificent, elusive, breathtaking and more," wrote Bruce Williamson in our 1980 ode to Bo, which included the shot above. Though he was often called her Svengali, John (right and below) was happily married to Bo for more than two decades.



However, his paranoia and suspicion of the Hollywood establishment grew, and John and Bo became increasingly reclusive at their Santa Ynez Valley ranch, where they raised horses, dogs, cats and roses.

In later years the man so often described in the media as Bo's Svengali took a self-deprecating backseat to his wife's aspirations. She played a major role in the production of the films they made together—*Tarzan the Ape Man*, *Bolero* and *Ghosts Can't Do It*.

John Derek died of heart failure at their ranch in May 1998. We will remember him as a photographer who looked beauty in the eye and who had the uncompromising will to capture it.

—GARY COLE

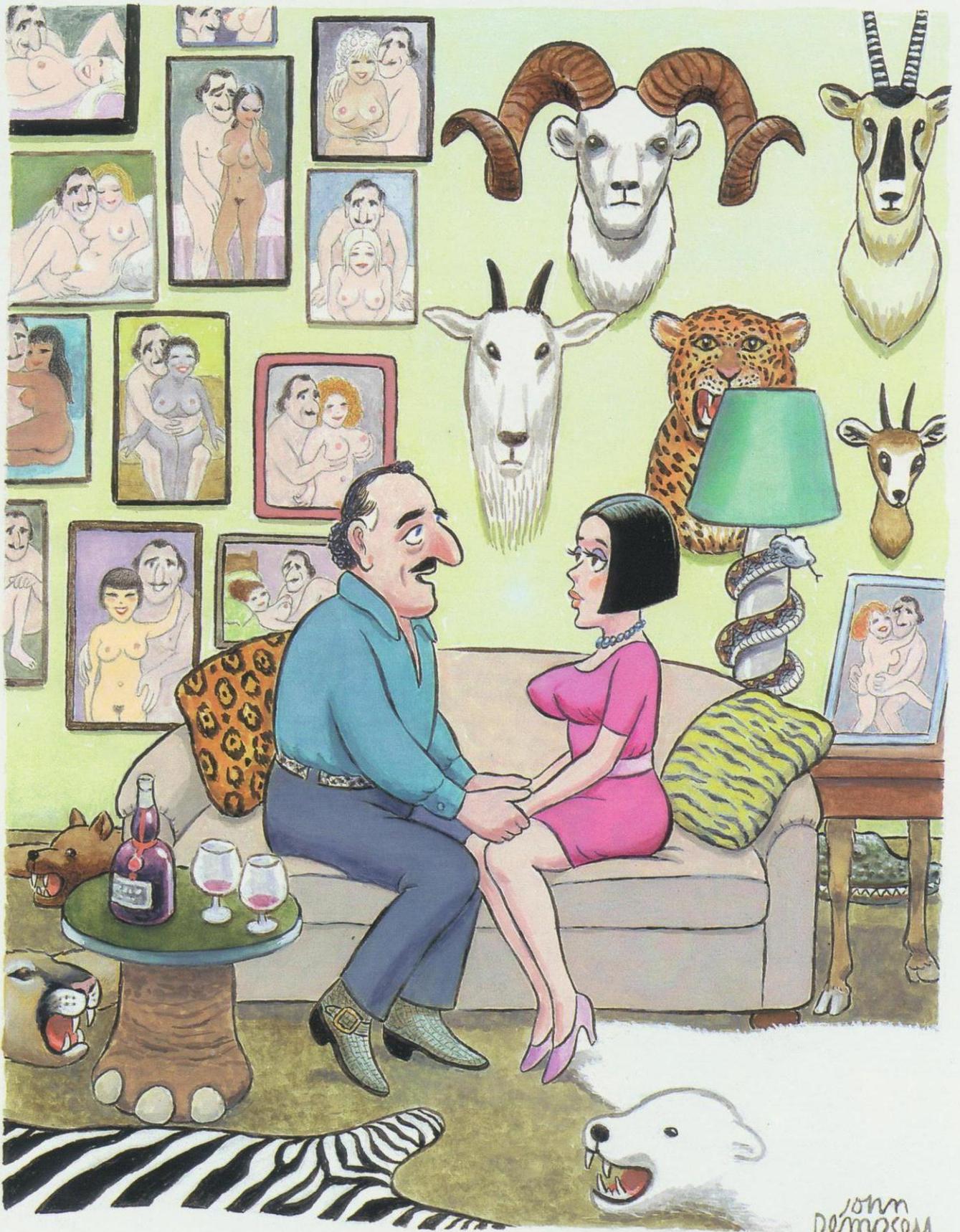




*"Well, what do you say, Commander—ready for reentry?"*



*"We're born. We die. Enjoy the interval."*



*"I've bagged my limit, Marlene. It's time I settled down."*





# Laura's Journey

our october playmate sets sail for uncharted waters

Although she's just a rookie model, Laura adapted to her PLAYBOY shoot easily. "I look at it as art," says the young community college student. "I know it takes a lot of work to get a picture to look the way it does."



**B**EFORE Laura Cover became our Miss October, she had never modeled or even considered it. But to everyone around her, it's apparent she has an exceptional presence. Within minutes of sitting down at a Sunset Plaza restaurant, we are interrupted by a smooth-talking Russian woman offering to connect Laura to a modeling agency. Although raised in Bucyrus, Ohio, our Playmate (who now calls Newport Beach, California home) is skeptical and doesn't give out her home number.

**Q:** How often does that happen?

**A:** In Los Angeles, it happens a lot. I think it's pretty typical for a 21-year-old blonde. I try not to be totally dismissive, but I don't trust anybody either. I don't think anyone should. That's why there are pagers.

**Q:** How did you come to be in PLAYBOY?

**A:** I just walked into the studio, which I'm told is kind of unusual. I don't have modeling experience. I didn't have any nude stuff, and I didn't want to go get some from Joe Photographer. I went to the PLAYBOY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

studio by myself one day. They have an open call and you have a Polaroid taken.

**Q:** How do you react when you realize people find you beautiful?

**A:** It's been hard for me. I was a tomboy. I did gymnastics and played soccer in high school. After graduation, I became more feminine. I think there's something neat about that. It's just a matter of how far you want to use it. If you get too caught up in it, you lose who you are. But I will always be true to myself.

**Q:** Are you tight with your family? What has been their reaction to your appearance in *PLAYBOY*?

**A:** I am pretty close with my family. I have a Christian background. Bucyrus is a small town. I'm really close to my mother. She's in Phoenix now, and she's cool with my being in *PLAYBOY*. The rest of my family doesn't know yet.

**Q:** We understand you're estranged from your dog.

**A:** Yes, Echo, a white boxer. An ex-boyfriend got me that dog—but at an inappropriate time. So here's this poor dog, who I love to death, but I'm in class most of the time, and basically it just stays at my ex' house. The dog is doing great. Unfortunately, I have to go through my ex-boyfriend to see it, which is a pain in the ass. It's sad.

**Q:** Tell us about your charity work.

**A:** I'm involved in a couple of things. One is a breast cancer foundation—my mom is an RN. I've had a Christian Children's Fund child, Bernabe, for two years. He is from Guatemala. He's three, not old enough to write—sometimes I get letters that his sister writes. It's my way of making a contribution.

**Q:** Do you find this period of your life exciting or scary?

**A:** It's neat. But I do get anxious about what I am doing. But you have to let it happen and enjoy it.

"I'm a people watcher," admits our October Playmate. "People think I'm shy and reserved because I like to take in what's going on around me." First impressions aside, Laura says, "I'm pretty goofy in general."













PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Laura Lee Cover  
BUST: 34 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34  
HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 113 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 5/6/77 BIRTHPLACE: Bucyrus, OH

AMBITIONS: To be successful at my chosen path, marry the man of my dreams, and have lots of babies.

TURN-ONS: Confidence, intelligence, a great sense of humor, and the scent of vanilla.

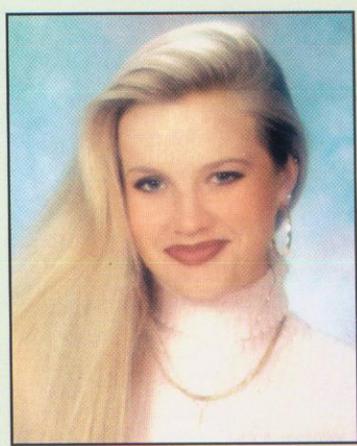
TURNOFFS: Dirty ears, protruding nostril hair, B.O., prejudice, and disrespect.

I'M A SUCKER FOR: Banana milk shakes, Werther's candies, and puppy dogs.

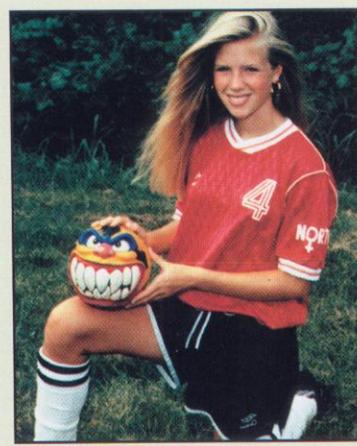
FONDEST MEMORY: 21<sup>st</sup> birthday St. Thomas vacation filled with sunny days, sandy beaches, & my man!

A GREAT DAY ALWAYS STARTS WITH: A hearty breakfast and a kiss from someone special.

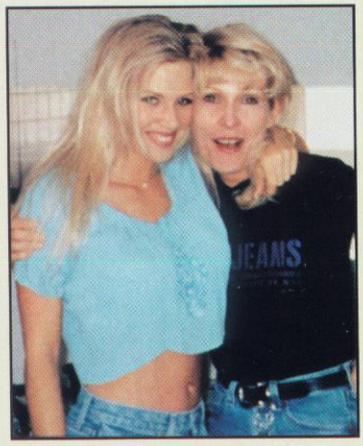
WORDS TO LIVE BY: Life is short - Work hard, always have fun, and never take love for granted!



Class of '95



16 & Crazy for Soccer



With mom - age 20 :)



**MISS OCTOBER** PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The popular blonde cheerleader bounced into the local card shop, looked around, then approached the clerk. "Do you have any, like, real special birthday cards?" she asked.

"Yes, we do," he replied. "As a matter of fact, here's a new one inscribed, 'To the Boy Who Got My Cherry.'"

"Wow, neat!" she squealed. "I'll take the whole box."

What does Bill Clinton say to interns as they leave his office? "Don't hit your head on the desk."



Hank finally found the nerve to tell his fiancée that he had to break off their engagement so he could marry another woman. "Can she cook like I can?" the distraught woman asked between sobs.

"Not on her best day," he replied.

"Can she buy you expensive gifts like I do?"

"No, she's broke."

"Well, then, is it sex?"

"Nobody does it like you, babe."

"Then what can she do that I can't?"

"Sue me for child support."

**THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION:** What do you get when you cross Rogaine and Viagra? Don King.

For more than an hour the scrawny guy had sat at the bar staring down into his glass. Suddenly a burly truck driver loped across the room, sat down next to him and drank the guy's drink. The poor fellow burst out crying.

"Oh, come on, pal," the trucker said. "I was just joking. Here, I'll buy you another drink."

"No, that's not it," the man replied. "This has been the worst day of my life. I overslept, was late for work and got fired. When I left the office I found that my car had been stolen. I hailed a cab to go home but realized I had left my wallet at the house, so I walked the six miles home. Then I found my wife in bed with our neighbor, so I grabbed my wallet and came here. And just when I was thinking about putting an end to my life," the guy sighed, "you show up and drink my poison."

**OXYMORONS OF THE MONTH:**  
anarchy.com  
Progressive conservative  
Gunboat diplomacy

**PLAYBOY CLASSIC:** While on vacation with their young son, a couple decided to spend a day at a nude beach. After an hour in the sun, the father went for a walk while the son played in the water. Soon the boy ran up to his mother and said, "Mommy, I saw ladies with boobies a lot bigger than yours!"

"The bigger they are, the dumber they are," she told him. So he went back to play.

Minutes later he returned. "Mommy, I saw men with dingers a lot bigger than Daddy's."

"The bigger they are," she said, "the dumber they are." So he went back to play.

Several minutes later he ran back again. "Mommy, I just saw Daddy talking to the dumbest lady I ever saw," he blurted, "and the more he talked, the dumber he got!"

**Bumper sticker spotted in D.C.:** STOP REPEAT OFFENDERS—DON'T REELECT THEM!

Doc, I think my son has VD," a patient told his urologist on the phone. "The only woman he's screwed is the maid."

"OK, don't be hard on him. He's just a kid," the medic soothed. "Get him here right away. I'll take care of him."

"But, Doc. I've been screwing the maid too and I've got the same symptoms he has."

"Then you come in with him," the doctor said. "I'll fix you both up in no time."

"Well," the man admitted, "I think my wife has it too."

"Son of a bitch!" the physician roared. "That means we've all got it!"



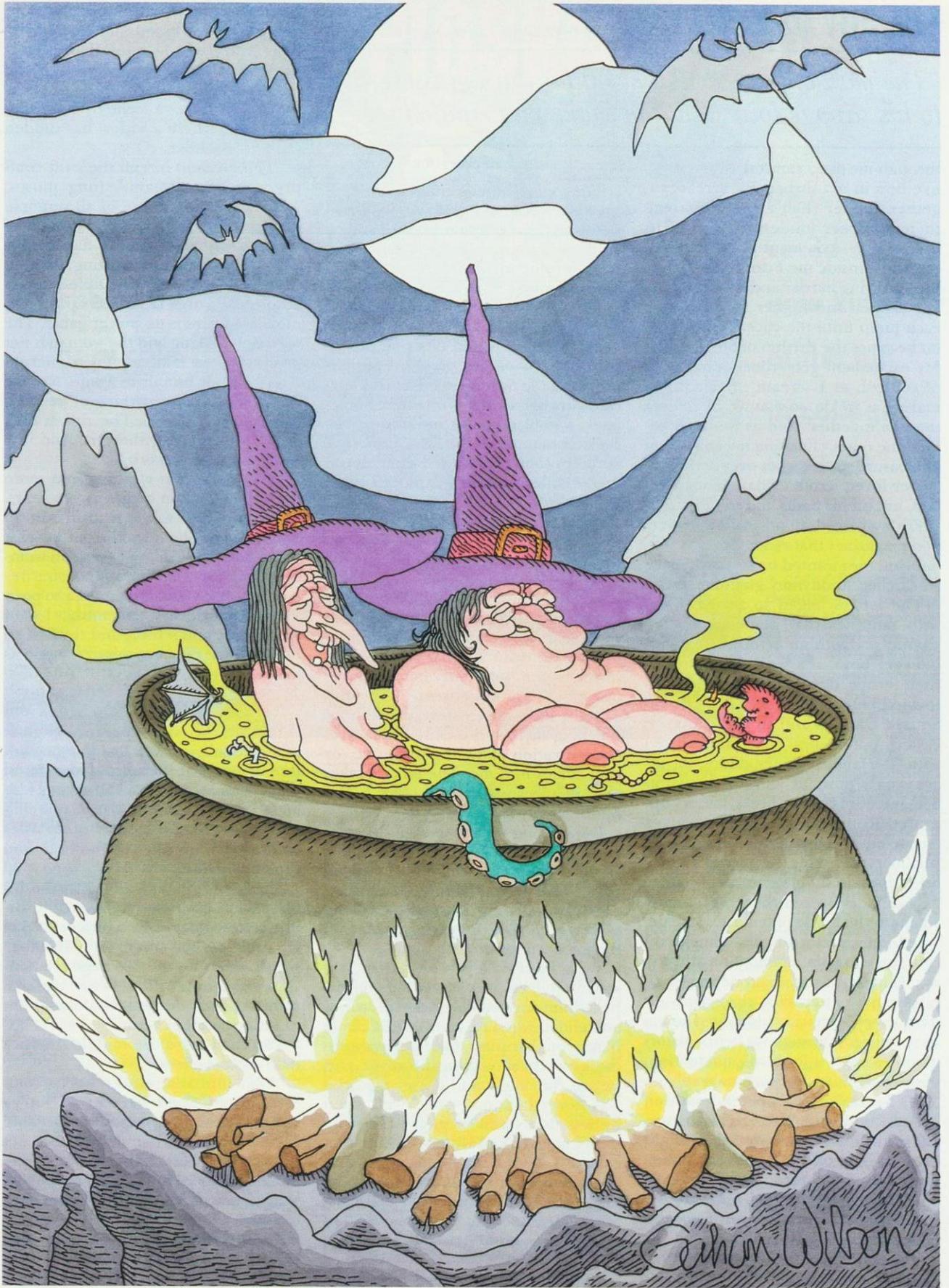
Peter was in bed with his best friend's wife. Just as things were reaching a climax, he suddenly stopped and sat on the edge of the bed, holding his head in his hands.

"What the hell's wrong with you?" his partner asked.

"I feel just like a regular son of a bitch, getting some of my best friend's pussy," the man moaned.

"Well," she soothed, patting his back, "you can stop worrying. You're not getting his pussy. His pussy is five inches deeper."

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](mailto:jokes@playboy.com). \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.



*"I must say, this brew really soothes away the tensions!"*

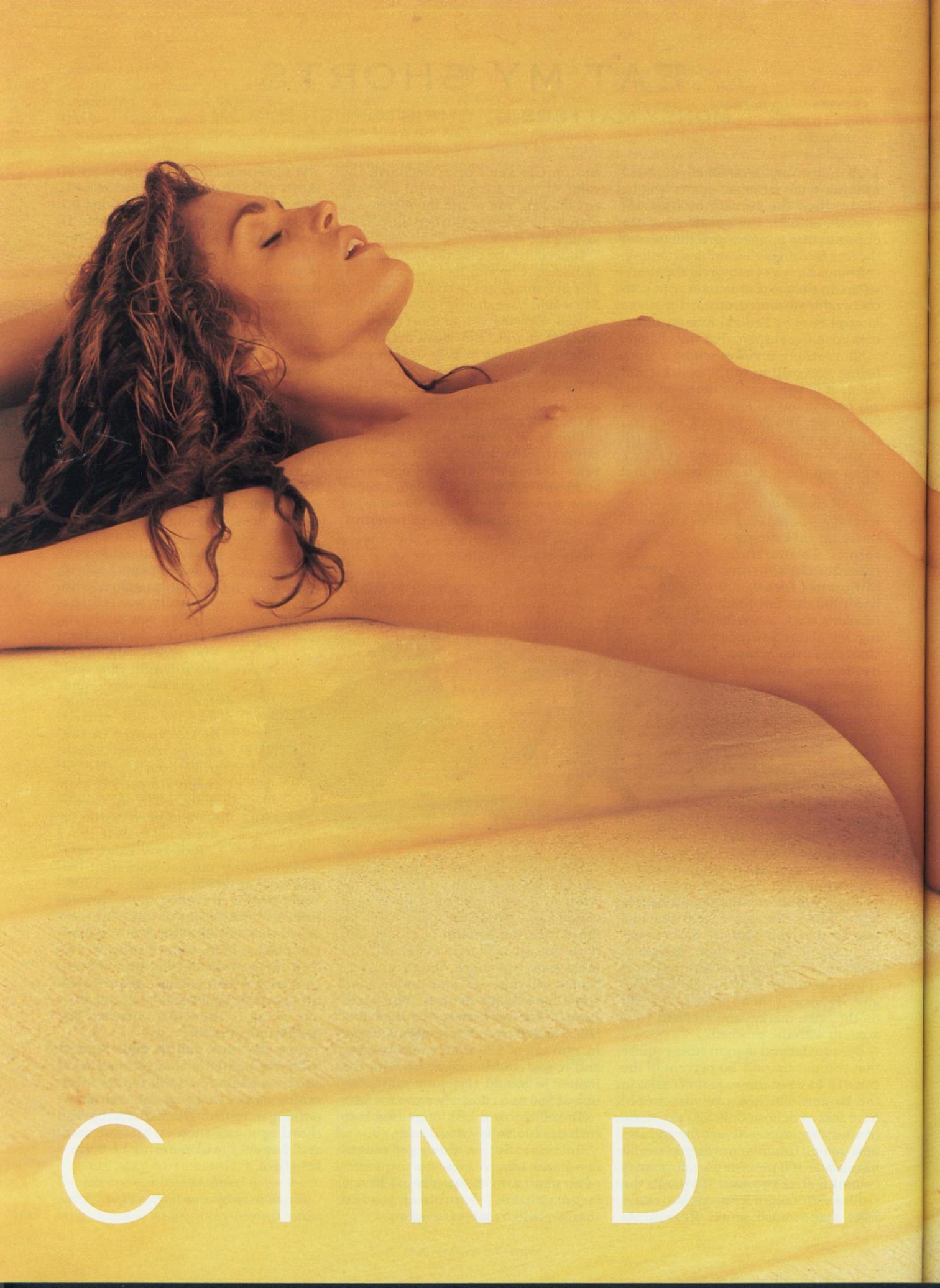


*Intorlandi*

*"I married a girl just like the girl that married dear old Dad.  
Now I'm running off with a bimbo!"*



*"Looks like I'll be getting a microsoft again."*



C I N D Y



AMERICA'S PREMIERE SUPERMODEL SETS A NEW STANDARD

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HERB RITTS



IT WAS CALLED *Skinsuits*, the pictorial that ran in *PLAYBOY* in July 1988. If you were a reader back then, you remember Herb Ritts' photographs of the 22-year-old, Illinois-born supermodel who went on to become a television host, an actress and a savvy businesswoman. Cindy Crawford herself encounters the shots regularly: When she makes personal appearances for Revlon or another client, fans often pull a treasured copy of that issue out of a protective slipcase and ask her to sign it. "Most of the magazine covers I do are out for a month and then they get recycled," she says with a laugh. "But every time I do an autograph signing, those old *PLAYBOYS* show up. That one seems to be a collector's item."

Attention, collectors: Here we go again. Cindy Crawford is back—ten years older, wiser (not that she wasn't plenty sharp the first time around) and just as breathtaking. With Herb Ritts once more behind the camera and the sun-dappled stone walls of Costa Careyes, Mexico providing a new location (sorry, no sand this time), these pictures showcase not a young woman taking the fashion world by storm but an established star at home with herself. "Herb and I both loved the first *PLAYBOY* shoot, and we had such a great experience that there was no reason not to do it again," she says. "We wanted to say, 'Here's me ten years later.' Physically, things change in ten years. But in some ways I'm in better shape now, and I felt more comfortable doing it this time, maybe because I'm more comfortable in my own skin. Also, I don't often get to do editorial layouts in which we're trying solely to make beautiful pictures. I'm usually selling something."

Some of her advisors, she admits, were taken aback when she announced that she was going to pose for these photos. "That provoked me," she says, "and made me want to push their buttons a little. People have to compartmentalize me. They can't deal with a woman who has a serious career taking off her clothes and being sexy."

Cindy breaks into a dazzling smile, then shrugs. "And to be honest, I don't want to turn into the *Redbook* girl too young. I still want to do different things, to take chances in my career."

She's taken plenty of chances over the past decade, forging a









distinct path ever since she parlayed her clout as a model into a job hosting the fashion show *House of Style* on MTV. She did that until, she says, "I felt as though I couldn't go any further in that venue." She left MTV for the kind of mainstream TV gig that has humbled many others: She took a turn hosting the late-night talk show *Later* on NBC, garnering good ratings and attracting offers from other networks. Now she has signed a three-year deal with ABC to host several specials a year. The first, which airs September 22, examines the sexual state of the union. "It's 50 years after the Kinsey Report, but have things changed that much?" she asks. "We think we're so hip and so open about sex, but are we really?"

In one tiny neighborhood in Madison, Wisconsin the answer was a resounding yes. There Cindy talked with a lesbian couple, an older couple grappling with the husband's affairs with women he'd met on the Internet, two interracial couples, a young gay man and an older bisexual man who had lost his lover to AIDS. "It was just amazing how open they were," she says. "The whole idea was to break down walls and get people to talk openly about sex. I'd go home from work and tell my husband, 'You won't believe what someone said today.'"

Her husband, to whom she has been married since May, is Rande Gerber, owner of two of the country's hottest clubs—Los Angeles' Sky Bar and New York City's Whiskey. (Her marriage to Richard Gere, and its ensuing tabloid frenzy, ended amicably after three years.) The marriage may also signal a shift in her priorities. "I'm trying to find more balance," she says, "so I'll have more time for life." She's taking piano lessons and vows to stick with them this time. She stays home in Los Angeles often enough that friends and family can actually come to visit. "And in my work, I'm just trying to keep myself interested," she adds. "I get all these opportunities to do new things, and usually I feel I should try them. If I don't like them, I won't do them again."

But if Cindy likes those experiences, will she keep repeating them—say, every ten years or so? "Who knows where I'll be ten years from now, and what I'll look like. But if Herb will still shoot me, I would love to do this again."

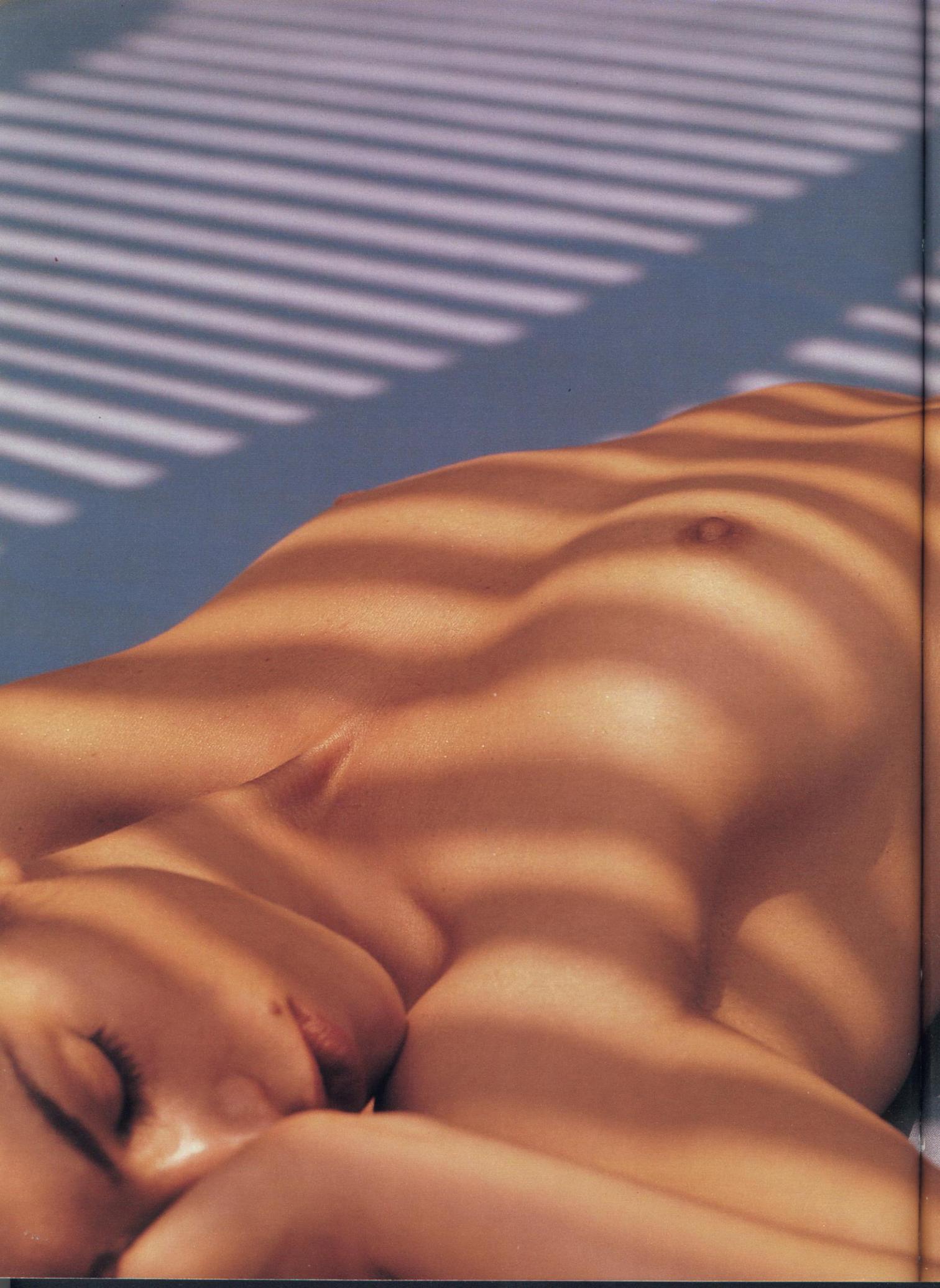


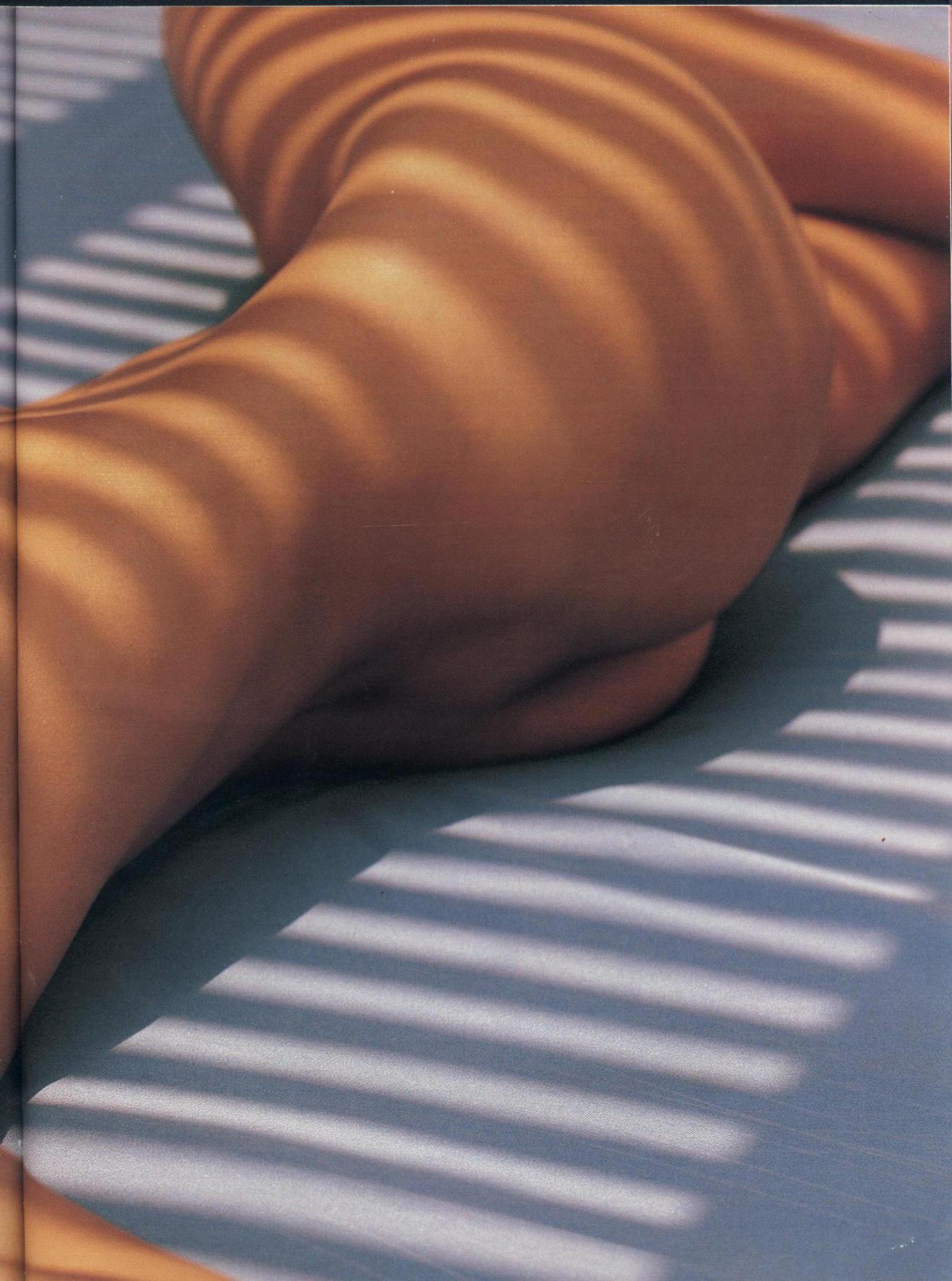














MARTY MURPHY

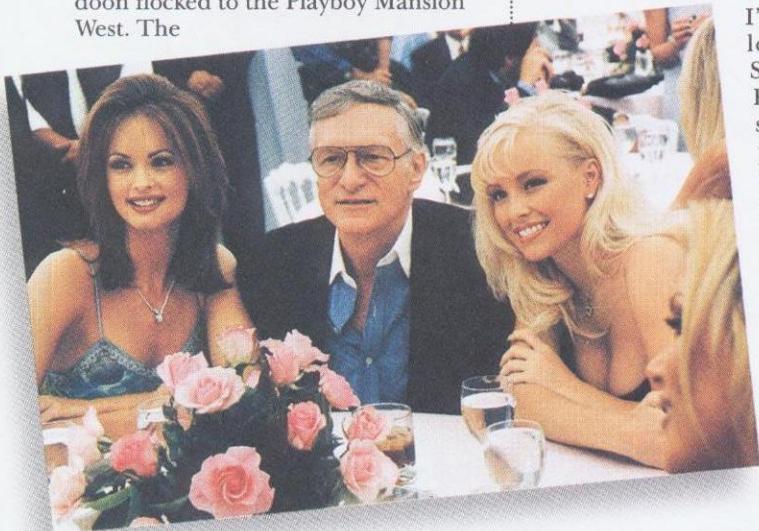
*"I'm sorry, lady, this isn't the psychic hotline . . . this is the sidekick hotline. . . ."*

# PLAYMATE NEWS



## IT'S MY PARTY

Hugh Hefner knows how to create heat. That was obvious at PLAYBOY's Playmate of the Year party on May 28, 1998, which drew more than 50 Playmates from five decades. PLAYBOY staffers, news crews and celebrities such as Pauly Shore and Patrick Muldoon flocked to the Playboy Mansion West. The



Talk about the good life. Hef is flanked by Karen McDougal and future Playmate Jaime Bergman. "I don't know who to talk to next," McDougal said. "I'm being pulled in all different directions!"

guest of honor, of course, was 27-year-old Karen McDougal. As the Michigan native and former preschool teacher basked in the glow of flashbulbs, newfound fortune (a check for \$100,000 from PLAYBOY) and a shiny new car (a centennial-silver Shelby Series 1), everyone else partied.

"If you took a poll of all the males in America, from the ages of six to 100,

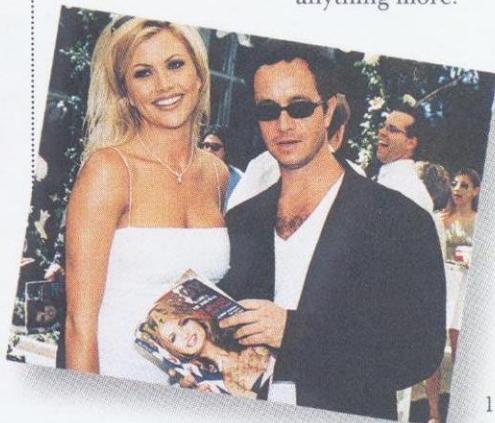


PMOY 1997 Victoria Silvstedt and Heather Kozar



January 1998 Heather Kozar, who snagged a seat next to Hef at lunch, concurred. "I've watched the Playmate of the Year party on Playboy TV for the past few years, and I've always wanted to come. It's so much better to be here in the middle of every-

thing, at the VIP table," she said. Also in attendance for the first time was the Playboy Cyber Club, which broadcast the event live over the Internet. "We had in excess of 750,000 page views of it," said Michael Maheras, Events Manager for Playboy Online. In addition to giving a blow-by-blow account of the party, the Playboy Cyber Club conducted live chats with Hef, Playmate of the Year 1996 Stacy Sanches, Miss August 1982 Cathy St. George and Miss August 1986 Ava Fabian. It was truly a family affair for McDougal as well, who was escorted to the party by her parents and her two best friends from back home in Michigan. "If they weren't here it wouldn't feel right to me," Karen said. "I couldn't ask for anything more."



the one place they'd all like to be today is here at the Playmate of the Year party," said Sue Bernard, Miss December 1966. Tracy Vaccaro, Miss October 1983, confirmed there was no place she would rather spend an afternoon. "PLAYBOY has a wonderful ability to keep all the Playmates connected," she said. "Everywhere I look

there are people I've known for a long time." Miss September 1965 Patti Reynolds said, "My favorite part of the day was when I walked in and saw all the familiar faces, especially Hef's. He always makes me feel like a million dollars. I think I have a little crush on him." Miss February 1986 Julie McCullough relished the time she has spent at the Playboy Mansion. "I've had some of the greatest times here. I feel at home," she said. The clan's newest members were excited to be part of the best-looking family reunion of the year. "This is my first party for Playmate of the Year, and it's been all that and then some," said Julia Schultz, Miss February 1998. Miss

## 40 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Twelve years before the Collinson twins became Playmates, blonde Pat Sheehan and red-head Mara Corday appeared as October 1958 Playmates in a pic-



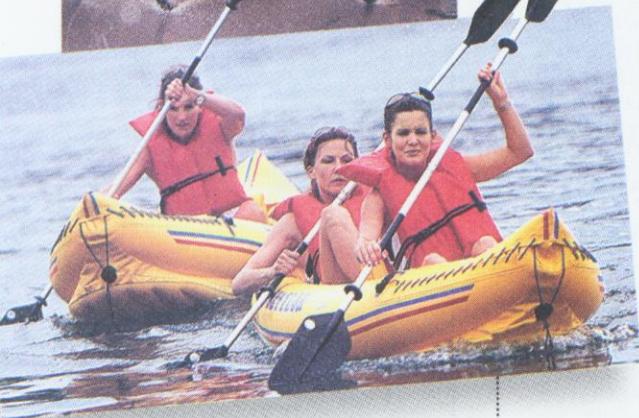
Pat Sheehan and Mara Corday

torial titled *Le Rouge et Le Blanc*. As part of the issue's salute to wine, Sheehan and Corday were undoubtedly vintage.

## PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS — OCTOBER

- October 1: Miss January 1960 Stella Stevens
- October 2: Miss March 1981 Kimberly Herrin
- October 4: Miss March 1978 Christina Smith
- October 6: Miss December 1995 Samantha Torres
- October 28: Miss November 1983 Veronica Gamba

At the end of May in Miami, I was stretching at the starting line, adrenaline pumping, wondering how I got there. Adventure racing is a multi-sport competition with more than



30,000 devotees worldwide, who hope to bring it to the Olympics in 2008. My teammates included Miss August 1993 Jennifer Lavoie and an American Gladiator friend, Denise Tormey. The race featured three main events: trail running, mountain biking and kayaking—with plenty of surprises along the course. We might be required to scale a wall or crawl

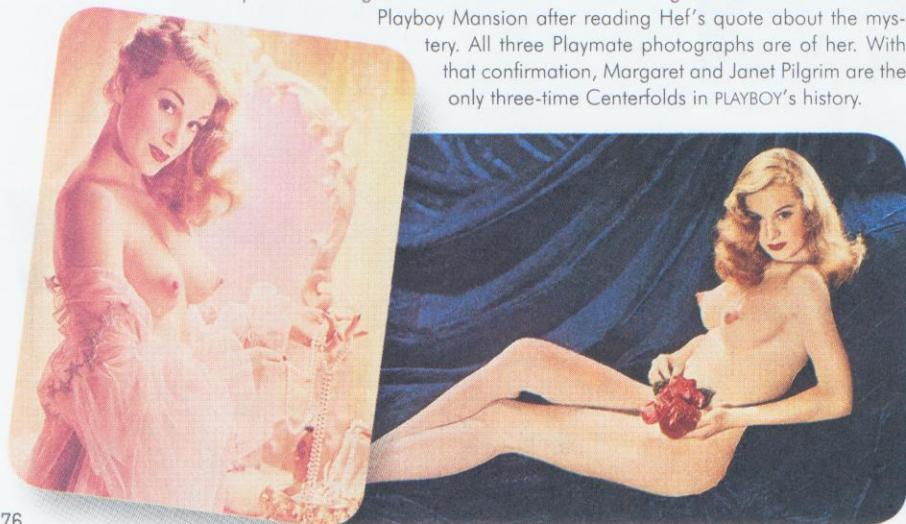
through a mud pit. Anticipating physical challenges, we trained with U.S. Army Ranger Blain Reeves, who put us through endurance paces and didn't allow any whining. We ran through rough terrain, crossed rivers without using man-made objects, and did push-ups, chin-ups and sit-ups. I wanted to upchuck, but the training toughened us. (Just for the record: My respect for our armed forces went up a hundred-fold.) On race day we all had the jitters. At the start of the race, we discovered that one of us would have to swim 100 meters into the ocean to retrieve the paddles from a barge while the other two went to the kayaks. Fear was the first obstacle we had to overcome during the grueling four hours and 23 minutes it took us to complete the course. We were fatigued and the heat got to us, but we pulled together as a team and came in second in our division. We exceeded our own expectations and are now gearing up to race in Los Angeles at the end of October.—Danelle Folta, Miss April 1995

#### DANELLE FOLTA:

"I knew a lot of Playmates, which is how Team Playboy and the X-treme girls were born."

#### WHO WAS THAT LADY?

PLAYBOY's first Centerfolds were calendar shots—we bought the pictures and thus couldn't always confirm identification. In *The Playmate Book*, Hef mused about the striking similarities between Miss February 1954 Margaret Scott and Miss April 1954 and 1955—Marilyn Waltz. Could they all be the same person? Margaret Scott herself solved the enigma when she called the Playboy Mansion after reading Hef's quote about the mystery. All three Playmate photographs are of her. With that confirmation, Margaret and Janet Pilgrim are the only three-time Centerfolds in PLAYBOY's history.



#### PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Look for Glamourcon in Chicago on October 17 and 18 at the Clarion Hotel. The tentative list of attendees already includes 48 Playmates. . . . Miss May 1993



Elke Jeinsen will have a regular part as a lifeguard on *Baywatch* this season. . . . Miss September 1986 Rebekka

Armstrong, who was on the June cover of *POZ* magazine, will participate in the 1998 *POZ* Life Expo tour, visiting cities across

the country to educate people about AIDS and HIV. . . .

Comedian Robert Townsend filmed the segment *Sex in 20th Century America* for Showtime's *20th Century America: A Moving History* (scheduled to air in January) at the Playboy Mansion. Townsend



Elke Jeinsen

talked with Hef and Playmates from five decades, including Miss November 1957 Marlene Callahan, Miss April 1967 Gwen Wong, Miss July 1974 Carol Vitale, Miss October 1983 Tracy Vaccaro and 1997 PMOY Victoria Silvstedt. . . . PLAYBOY celebrated BookExpo this past May with a cocktail party at our cor-

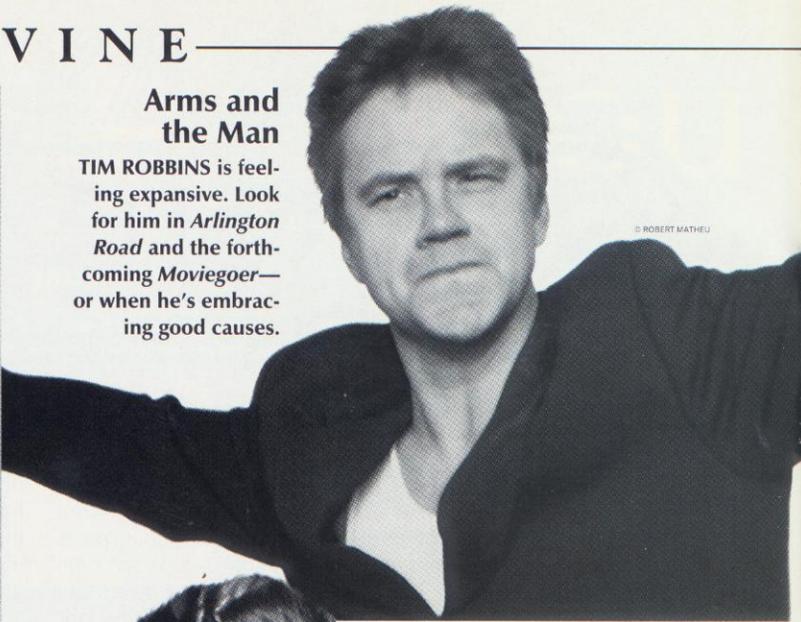


Karen McDougal and author Bill Zehme porate headquarters in Chicago. We touted recent and forthcoming PLAYBOY books on the Bunnies, jazz, science fiction and the Playboy Mansions in Los Angeles and Chicago. At the festivities, Karen McDougal autographed her 1998 Playmate of the Year issue for best-selling author Bill Zehme, who wrote *The Way You Wear Your Hat: Frank Sinatra and the Lost Art of Livin'*.



**Nothing but Net**

ANITA VAZQUEZ plays an FBI agent in a vampire movie for Showtime, but it doesn't take a detective to spot her in *Street Customs* magazine or *Swimsuit Illustrated*. Check out the *Deep House III CD* for her cut, *Dreamin'*, and let Anita croon.



**Arms and the Man**

TIM ROBBINS is feeling expansive. Look for him in *Arlington Road* and the forthcoming *Moviegoer*—or when he's embracing good causes.

© ROBERT MATHIEU



**Fetchin' Gretchen**

You have already seen GRETCHEN MOL in *Donnie Brasco*, *The Funeral* and *The Last Time I Committed Suicide*. See her now with Matt Damon and Edward Norton in *Rounders*. The eyes have it.

NELLY JORDAN/GALELLA LTD.

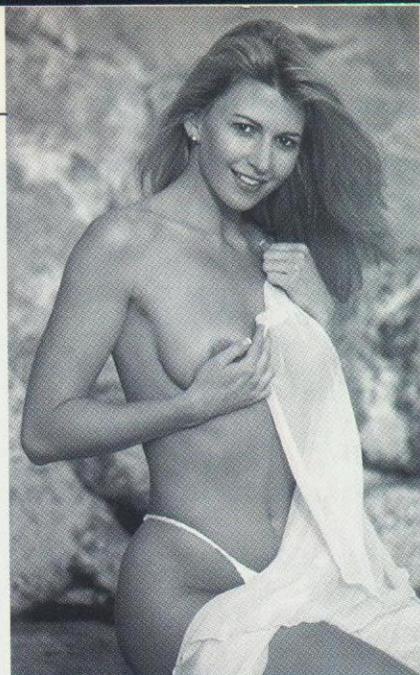
**Good to the Last Drop**

SHAKTI FOLGER has modeled for Hyatt Hotels, Speedo swimsuits and MTV's *Girls of Hawaii*. Now shooting the *Bikini Windsurfing Girls* video, Shakti says aloha.



### Yep, She's Joely

JOELY FISHER may have signed off on *Ellen*, but she'll be around in the animated *Magic Flute* with Mark Hamill and Michael York, in the HBO movie *Perfect Prey* and in this little black dress.



### Beach Blanket Babe

TAMIE SHEFFIELD isn't throwing in the towel. She's a trade show, promotion and print model who has appeared on MTV and was VJ and host on *Rock TV*.

© DOUGLAS STIEGLEITER



© LISA ROSE GLOBE PHOTOS INC.

JANET GOUGH/CELEBRITY PHOTO

### More Than Friends

*Friends* and *Scream* star COURTNEY COX knows what she wants in a man—someone who will send flowers and commit with no strings attached. We're committed to her dress.

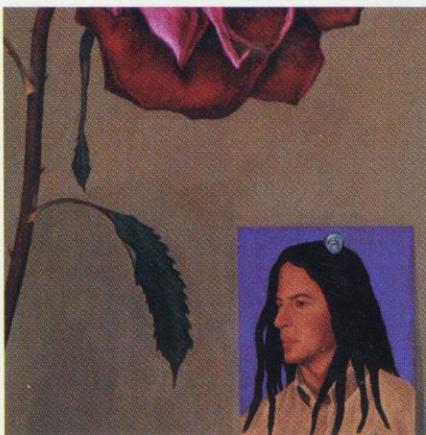


EMMETT WALSH

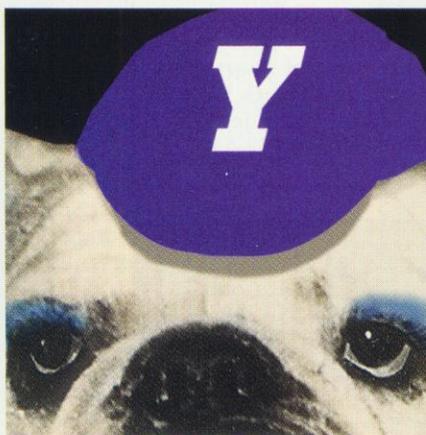
# NEXT MONTH



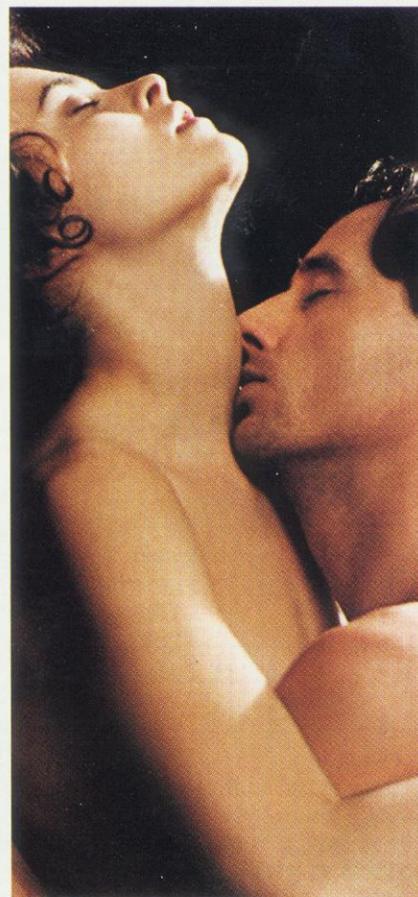
CHEERS FOR THE ACC



FICTION WINNER



BONKING, BULLDOG STYLE



SEXY CINEMA

**SLAMMIN' COLLEGE ISSUE!** WHETHER YOU ARE IN SCHOOL OR WISH YOU WERE, DON'T MISS OUR TRIBUTE TO THE BEST OF CAMPUS LIFE. SHARPEN YOUR PENCILS, AND REMEMBER, EXTRA POINTS FOR PEEKING

**GIRLS OF THE ACC**—WE REVISIT THE EASTERN FLANK OF THE NCAA, AND RETURN WITH AN AMAZING PORTFOLIO OF SOUTHERN BELLES, COUNTRY GIRLS AND CITY CHICKS. ANOTHER ASSIGNMENT ACED BY PHOTOGRAPHERS **DAVID CHAN** AND **DAVID MECEY**

**PLAYBOY'S CAMPUS SEX SURVEY**—WHISKEY DICK. BLINDFOLD. DORMCEST. FIFTY-YARD LINE. BEACH. WE ASKED STUDENTS TO TELL US—IN THEIR OWN WORDS—ABOUT DATING, ROMANCE, SEX AND RELATIONSHIPS.

**INTERNET GAMBLING**—DO YOU HAVE A COMPUTER, A MODEM, A CREDIT CARD AND SOME TIME TO KILL? VIRTUAL CASINOS ARE MULTIMILLION-DOLLAR BONANZAS AND THEY'RE ONLY A CLICK AWAY. BY **MARK HUDIS**

**MIKE TYSON**—THE ANGRICEST MAN IN BOXING RAGES ABOUT HIS PAST, HIS FUTURE, HIS REPUTATION AND HIS MENTAL HEALTH WHILE DEFIANTLY GIVING HIS SIDE OF THE CONTROVERSIES DOGGING HIS LIFE. A SHOCKING PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **MARK KRAM**

**A LITTLE ADVANCE**—OUR COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST WINNER, **KARL IAGNEMMA** FROM THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, TAKES THE CAKE WITH THIS TALE OF A WEALTHY FAMILY—AND THEIR ALARMINGLY SEXY DAUGHTER

**SEX AT YALE**—THE CAMPUS IS FLUSH WITH STREAKERS AND LURID TALK, BUT WHEN IT COMES TO INTERCOURSE, THERE'S NO RUSH TO NAIL A CREDIT. ARTICLE BY **MARK OPPENHEIMER**

**ROAD RAGE**—JIMMY HOFFA TRUCKED WITH THE MOB AND TURNED THE TEAMSTERS INTO A FEARED POWERHOUSE. NOW HIS SON IS POISED TO TAKE OVER THE UNION. PROFILE BY **HARRY JAFFE**

**DREW PINSKY**—HE'S THE VOICE OF REASON ON MTV'S *LOVELINE*. WE SENT THE **PLAYBOY ADVISOR** TO LOOSEN HIM UP. FIND OUT DR. DREW'S VIEWS ON PORN STARS, RASHES AND UNDERESTIMATING VENEREAL DISEASES IN 20 QUESTIONS BY **CHIP ROWE**

**PLUS: SEX IN CINEMA 1998** (IT WAS A BREAKTHROUGH YEAR), **COOL CAMPUS FASHION**, **CHRIS BYRON** ON Y2K: DOOMSDAY OR BONANZA? AND FETCHING PLAYMATE **TIFFANY TAYLOR**