

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR

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**LATIN  
LADIES**

**Talk  
About  
Salsa!**

**GEORGE  
CLOONEY**  
**Interview**

**HOWARD STERN'S**

**Son  
OF THE  
Beach**  
**STAR**

**JAIIME  
BERGMAN  
NUDE**

**Mario  
Puzo's  
GODFATHER  
SAGA**  
**The Last  
Bloody  
Chapter**



# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

*hef sightings, mansion frolics and nightlife notes*

## READY TO PARTY

Hef and his soul mates Mandy, Sandy and Brande at a Mansion new school pajama party celebrating Limp Bizkit's appearance in the April issue of PLAYBOY. Bizkit's lyric "It ain't fake when the girls get naked" could have been written by Hef.



## BRANDE AND BIZKIT

Playmate Brande Roderick presents Fred Durst with the PLAYBOY Music Poll Award for Bizkit's video titled, appropriately enough, *Nookie*.

## THE GUESTS WERE ELECTRA-FIED

The joint was jumping as hostess Carmen Electra welcomed singers Bobby Brown, Whitney Houston and Apollonia to a Mansion party. The occasion: Former Jodeci singer Dalvin DeGrate launched his debut CD, *Met.A. Mor.Phic.*, on Maverick Records.



## VOGUEVIEW

### silly rabbit

The Playboy Bunny—symbol of sex, kitsch, and roaring-sixties nostalgia—is the turn-of-the-century's first icon of erotic decadence.



## THE BUNNY'S IN VOGUE

The March issue of *Vogue* hailed the Rabbit Head as the pop-culture icon of the decade. We've known that for half a century.

## CALIFORNIA DREAMING AND A NEW YORK STATE OF MIND

Movie night brings out the stars: *Green Mile* Oscar nominee Michael Clarke Duncan, photographer David LaChapelle and artist Damien Loeb were among Hef's guests. Brad Pitt hung out while Annie Leibovitz photographed Jennifer Aniston in the pool for *Vanity Fair*. In the Big Apple, April cover girl Bijou Phillips (right) celebrated her pictorial at Centro-Fly with celebrity guests.

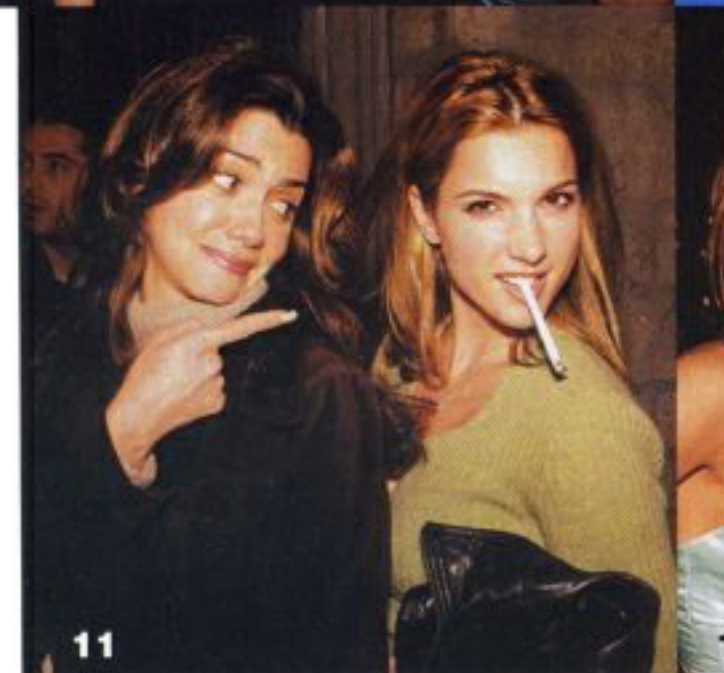


# ROCKIN'

# WITH H&F



Bijou and Limp Bizkit aren't the only A-listers who want to party with Mr. Playboy. (1) Brande Roderick, Jodi Ann Paterson, Angel Boris, Hef, Gillian Bonner and Fred Durst. (2) Julie Strain, Antonio Sabato Jr. and Lisa Dergan. (3) Fred and Bijou with Jodi Ann and Ava Fabian. (4) Gary Sinise drops by Bijou's party at Centro-Fly. (5) Claire Danes and Bijou. (6) Tyson Beckford and Nicole Wood. (7) Hef and Carmen Electra, who hosted the Maverick Records party for Dalvin DeGrate. (8) Dalvin rocks the audience. (9) Natalia Sokolova, Lisa Dergan, Stacy Fuson and Angela Little. (10) Marilyn Manson and a friend hang with Hef at the Bizkit party. (11) Nancy Valen and Shana Van Patten. (12) Jenny McCarthy with Bunnies at the Bizkit bash. (13) Jaime Bergman and Hef. Leo was there, too, but he arrived late.



## 20 FIT TIPS

Fitness instructors are like Tae-Bo infomercials: They're everywhere. And each has his own spin on how to exercise and eat right. To clear up the confusion, we culled the best tips for getting in shape and staying in peak health. Read and get busy.

**Mix it up.** Working out regularly with no improvement? You've hit an exercise plateau. If you run, lift weights, jump rope or spin exclusively, your body will adjust and stop responding. The fix is simple: Never do the same thing twice a week, recommends Ray Kybartas, a Los Angeles-based trainer who has worked with Madonna, Sean Penn and Kelly LeBrock.

**Time it right.** The end of the day may be your only chance to squeeze in a workout. But exercising too close to bedtime is like drinking a double espresso—you'll be so hopped up, you won't be able to sit still, never mind sleep. To avoid exercise-induced insomnia, wrap up your workout at least three hours before lights-out.

**Give yourself a break.** Studies show that a well-conditioned body thrives on rest and recovery. Allow 48 hours between each muscle workout. To maximize your performance in a race or other athletic event, you need to significantly reduce your volume of training one to three weeks beforehand.

**Zone, schmone.** Forget trendy low-carbohydrate diets. Adequate carbs (approximately five to seven servings per day) ensure that the protein from meat, fish and dairy products can do what it's supposed to—repair muscle tissue. Carbs also supply energy. Eat half of a whole-grain bagel about an hour before heading to the gym and you'll be well fueled for your workout.

**Skip the sports drinks.** Michael Jordan got a big paycheck for drinking Gatorade. But the nutritional benefits of the electrolytes in this high-calorie sports beverage (and others like it) are minimal.

In fact, carbohydrates in sports drinks may slow the absorption of water from your stomach, thereby contributing to dehydration, according to physicians and physical therapists at the Kerlan-Jobe Orthopedic Clinic in Los Angeles.

**Guzzle water.** It's all you need to rehydrate your body after a workout.

**Adjust for altitude.** You may be the spinning god of the East Coast, but if you're vacationing in the Alps, you'll need to give your body a few days to acclimate before engaging

in physical activity. At more than 5000 feet above sea level, an altitude change of just 2000 feet can cause nausea, headaches and fatigue.

**Forget macho.** Boxing classes may make you feel like a badass, but studies show that low- to moderate-intensity forms of exercise, such as walking and cycling, are the best for long-term fitness.

**Get back.** According to former world-ranked middleweight boxer Michael "the Silk" Olajidé Jr., pull-ups help you achieve that manly V-shaped back. Performing the grueling exercise with a wide grip builds the lats, and bigger lats mean greater punching power.

**Try yoga.** This ancient Indian art is great for enhancing

flexibility and strength. Bonus: Some enthusiasts claim yoga has improved their golf swing.

**Get on the ball.** If you suffer from back pain, try working out on one of those jumbo inflatable balls commonly seen at gyms. Resist-A-Balls force you to remain balanced while performing specific exercises. The benefit: You will strengthen deep (and often unused) muscles that help stabilize joints.

**Try tai chi.** The slow, rhythmic movements of tai chi will strengthen the muscles of your lower back, among others, and facilitate meditation.

**Propose a toast.** Studies show that having a glass of red wine with dinner can help prevent heart disease and cancer. The ingredient that may do the trick, according to studies conducted at the University of California-Davis and at Cornell, is resveratrol. Pinot noir has the highest concentration of the antioxidant—sometimes twice as much as cabernet sauvignon or merlot.

**Think calories.** Most people can metabolize only 600 calories at a time. Consuming more than that can make you gain weight. Eat smaller meals and healthful snacks.

**Get on up.** The American College of Sports Medicine estimates a quarter of a million people die each year from the effects of inactive lifestyles. Burning an extra 1700 calories per week (the equivalent of riding a bi-

cycle for an hour three times a week) reportedly will improve your health—and may even help you live longer.

**Monitor your z's.** A report in *The American Journal of Public Health* warns that getting fewer than five hours of sleep a night, or more than 10 hours, can increase your mortality risk. The ideal amount of shut-eye? Seven hours.

**Ice right.** Apply an ice pack to strained muscles, but don't leave it on too long. Icing for more than 10 minutes at a time decreases blood flow to the area and aggravates the problem. Be careful, too, of skin burn. For the best results, try a 10-minutes-on-10-minutes-off routine for an hour. If you don't have an ice pack, a bag of frozen peas will work.

**Go to the movies.** Or the opera. According to Michael Roizen, author of *Real Age: Are You as Young as You Can Be?*, people who regularly attend cultural activities live longer.

**Out with the old.** An athletic shoe's ability to provide proper support and to prevent injury decreases the longer you wear it. Get a new pair of shoes every 350 to 500 miles (or every six months for nonrunners).

**Get laid.** Did you know that having sex increases life expectancy? Studies have shown that men who get it on most frequently live longer. If you're unattached, don't sweat it: An orgasm is an orgasm.

—BETH TOMKIW



By ASA BABER

IT WAS A warm evening in Chicago. I was seated in my study, trying to write yet another *Men* column for my faithful PLAYBOY readers. My significant other was in the bedroom, jogging on her treadmill while watching Doug Flutie lead the Buffalo Bills to victory on videotape. (FYI: If Little Dougie ever moves to Chicago permanently, I will be toast, because my beloved will be on his doorstep as soon as he arrives, sobbing like an orphan in spandex and begging him to let her in.)

My writing was not going well that evening—OK, my writing does not go well most evenings. You guys probably think it's easy to crank out these columns, but it is often a difficult task for me, limited fellow that I am. I never want to write a column that bores you, but creating something original and entertaining each month is definitely a stretch. Still, it beats working for a living, so I keep at it, if only to avoid going back to my previous professions.

Anyway, the words were not coming, and that familiar condition called writer's block was creeping up on me like a cloud of mustard gas on a battlefield. So I slammed my fists on my desk and yelled, "Goddamn it, I hate this fucking business!" It was something I have said frequently in moments of frustration with the writing game, and I meant no offense by it. But at that instant, my life changed forever.

There was a blinding flash and a great buzzing sound, as if a thousand locusts were swarming around my head. For a moment, I felt as if I were floating in an ocean of black ink, outside of space and time. Eventually, I regained my balance and my sight. There, in my study, standing in front of the poster I have on the wall of Bo Derek in *10*, stood a woman who looked exactly like Bo Derek in *10*. Same braids, same breasts, same smooth face, luscious mouth and clear eyes.

I was awed. I stood up slowly. "Goddamn," I muttered.

"Don't say that," she said.

I couldn't help myself. "Goddamn goddamn, goddamn," I said.

"Ace," she said, "stop it. You're taking my name in vain, and you're not supposed to do that."

"And you are——?" I finally asked in my best David Spade manner.

She smiled. "Who do you think?"

"Bo Derek?"

"No."

"But you look like Bo Derek."

"That's because you worship her."

"Yes, indeed," I nodded.

"I am presenting myself as something you worship more than life itself."



## TALKING WITH GOD

"So who are you?" I inquired.  
 "I am the alpha and the omega."  
 "I beg your pardon?" I asked.  
 "I am that I am." She smiled again.  
 "This is Greek to me," I said.  
 She chuckled. "To put it bluntly, I am God. Get it now, fella?"

I sat down quickly. "No way," I said, shaking my head as I wiped my face.

"Way," she said.

"Listen, I didn't mean to swear——"

She cut me off with a shake of her braids. "That's all right. Just watch your language from now on."

"That's a deal," I said. "Want to shake on it?"

"Sure," she said, holding out a tanned hand.

I tried to get up. "I'm stuck!" I cried. I was paralyzed.

"Of course you are," she smiled, "and in more ways than one."

"Oh, God," I moaned.

"Yes?" she asked brightly.

"You're a woman."

"Absolutely."

"The feminists were right."

"A little strident at times," she agreed, "but directionally correct."

"I can't believe it. God is a woman. That is what you wanted me to see tonight, isn't it?"

"Let's call this a moment of clarification," she said.

"I've been trying to stick up for men for a long time," I whined, "but this is humiliating."

She pretended to sympathize. "Have we hurt little Ace-um's feelings? Has he always assumed God is male?"

"It's what I was taught," I said.

"Well, you were taught wrong, Sunday

school-breath. A man with your paranoid tendencies should have figured it out long before this."

"What do you mean?" I cried.

"The fix is in, Baber. Women rule! The universe is set up for them, not you men. Think of the rules. You can't follow the rules. Take my commandment against adultery. Who does that benefit the most? Not you sperm spewers who try to unload your genes wherever and whenever you can. Women are more careful, more selective, by nature. They can have only a few children. You can have thousands. Most of you guys are sinners before you know it. You can't win, buster."

"That commandment against adultery is not a good deal for us," I whispered.

"I also said you shouldn't kill or lie or steal or covet your neighbor's wife. How about them apples, Ace?"

"We have a hard time complying with all of that stuff," I grumbled.

"You're telling me? I have to keep track of you slobs, and it takes more energy than I care to admit. You guys are always looking for trouble."

"You got that right," I nodded.

"Boys, boys, boys. Whatever will I do with you?"

"Then why did you create us?" I asked.

"Because women need something to entertain them, something to laugh at and gripe about. Without you to criticize, women would tear one another apart in 10 seconds. The world would end in a New York minute. You are the foil beneath their wings."

"That's harsh," I said.

"That's the truth," she confirmed.

"So my *Men* column is nothing more than a cry in the dark?" I asked.

"That's not a bad description of it. You give sustenance to the naughty, hope to the lecherous and pride to the unredeemable. It's a job. It beats moving freight and furniture or running the obstacle course with a bad hangover and a case of crotch rot. So I let you write it. No harm, no foul."

I could not help myself. "Could I ask you a favor?"

"What is it?"

"Would you just jog around the room for a minute, sort of like Bo Derek did when she was running on the beach in her bathing suit in *10*?"

"Like this?" God asked as she jogged slowly around my study.

"Perfect!" I yelled.

"You're incorrigible," she said.

"Would you let me get my camera?" I begged. But there was another blinding flash of light, and she was gone.





*"You're a real sweetie, Dino—but this ain't what I mean  
by protected sex!"*

# Nice Chalupas!

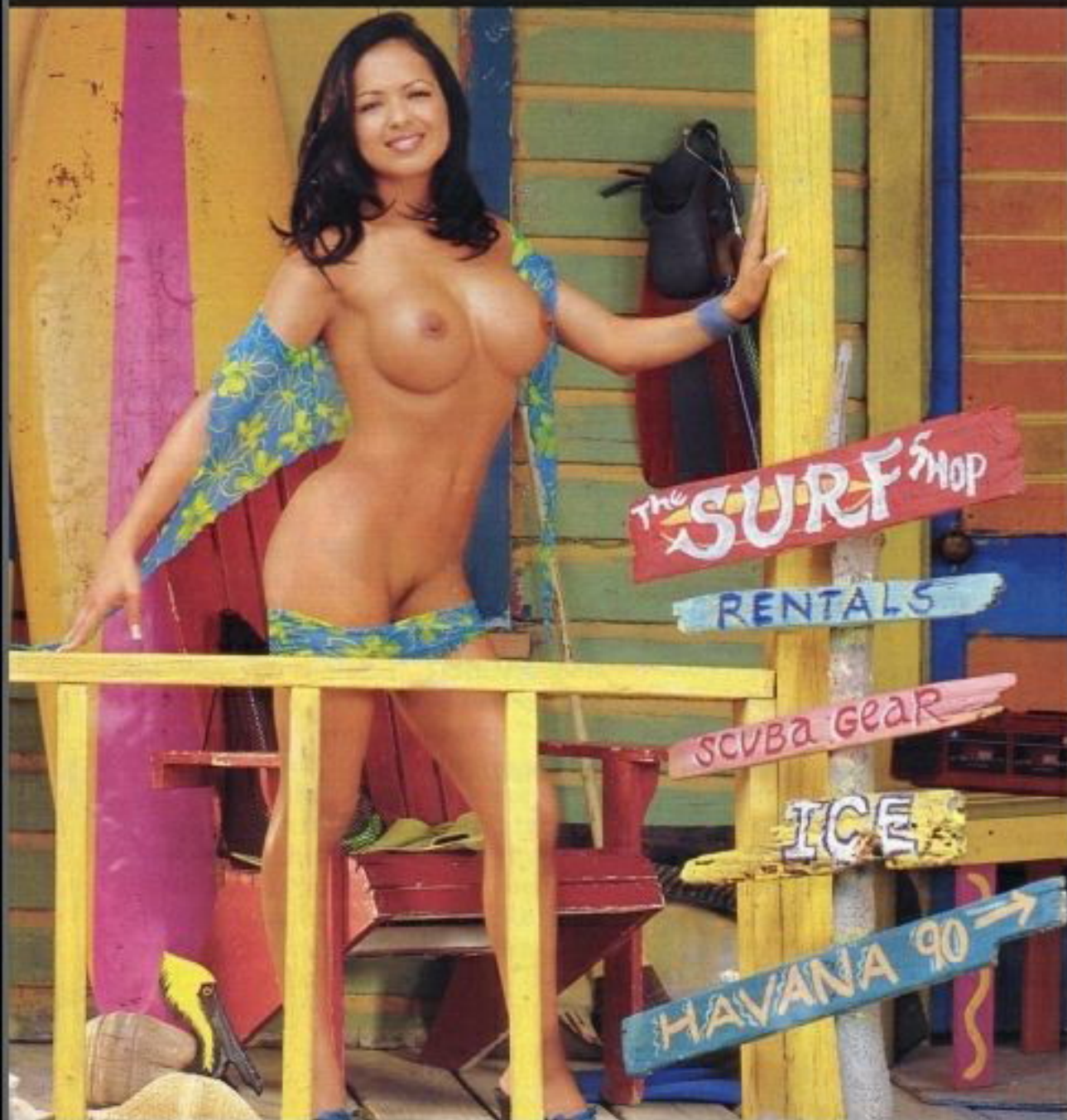
how many reasons do you need to live la vida loca?

Go ahead, admit it. The instant you saw this feature, a tingle went up your spine and a few choice words sprang to mind. Words such as hot, spicy, passionate, romantic. Or perhaps your thoughts traveled immediately to exotic origins. Havana, Buenos Aires, Mexico City. When you think Latin, you think of the climate. Hot, steamy days; sultry nights. And those soothing siestas required to get you through the days and get the most out of the nights. When you think Latin, you think dancing. Tango, rumba, samba, bossa nova, macarena, merengue. And when the dancing starts, anything can happen.

There definitely is a quality about Latin women that evokes an instantaneous response. We feel it is our responsibility to explore a little further. Latin women are free-spirited, quick-tempered, uninhibited and unpredictable. But beneath the lively exterior, they also convey an aura of mystery and intrigue. We've managed to strip away just a little of the mystery. We trust you'll find these women even more intriguing.

So sit back and relax. Mix yourself a margarita or take the cap off a frosty *cerveza*. Nibble on some chips and salsa or light up your favorite Cuban cigar. Just be sure to savor *la buena vista*.

Asia Mendez (below), who hails from southern California, is the proprietor of a nail salon and proud owner of a rottweiler who competes in shows. Here, she shows how to get a splashy pictorial started in the right direction. At right: Latin singer Jon Secada finds himself in an enviable position—surrounded by a quartet of lovelies (from left to right): Lianna Grethel, Shantell Lugo, Paola Aravena and Iveth Cortez. To treat yourself to a more detailed view of these spectacular beachfront properties, turn the page. To hear the latest Latin sounds of Secada, pick up his new CD, *Better Part of Me* (Sony Music).



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



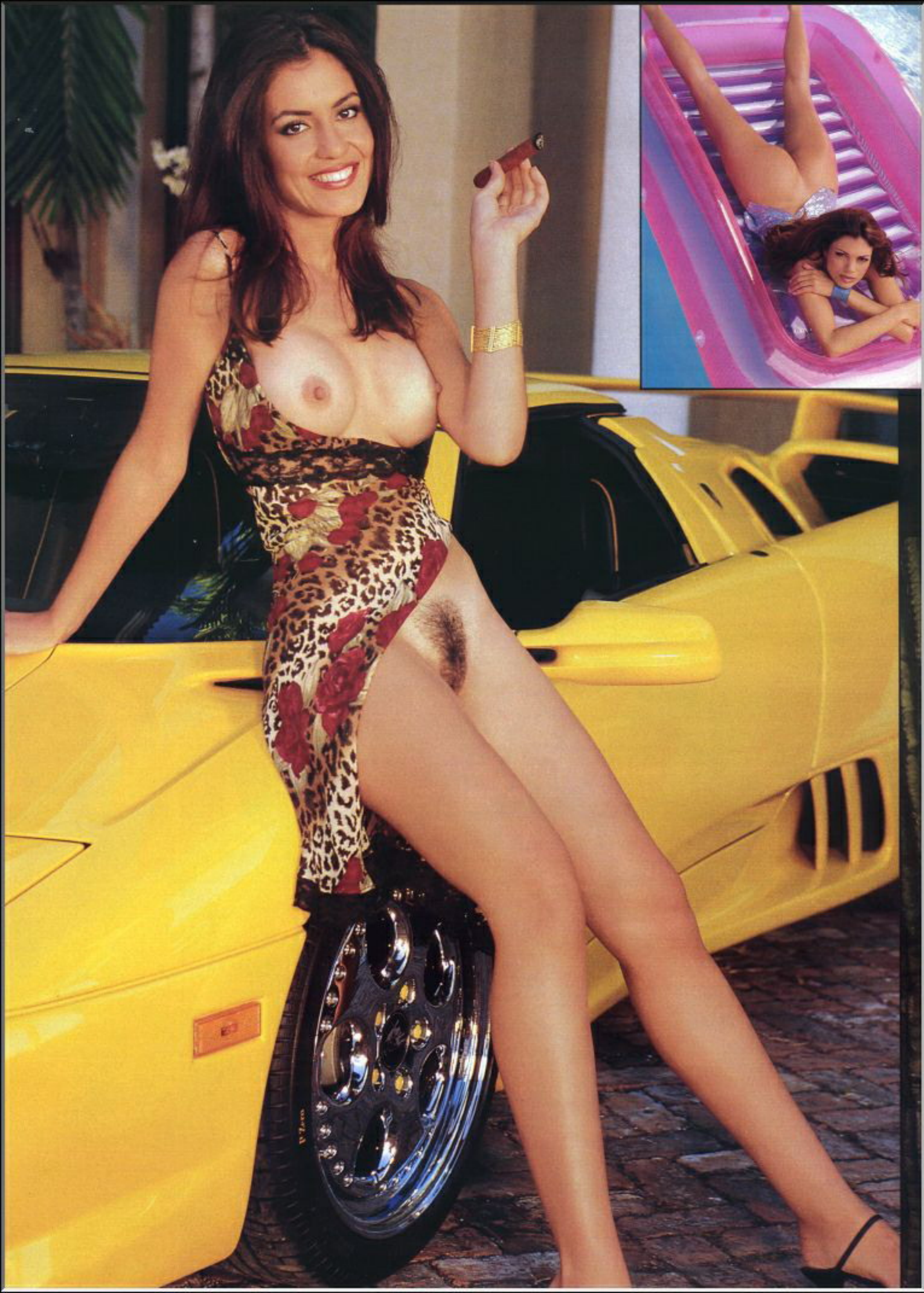
California native Monica Mendez (top right) spent her high school years in Winnipeg before settling in Los Angeles. This may explain how she came to excel at snowboarding as well as surfing. Amelia Garduño (above) is the oldest of seven in what she calls "a typical big Latin family." She feels a sense of responsibility to show her siblings to "always believe in themselves, no matter what adversities they face." Amelia hopes someday to start a foundation to help those in need. In the meantime, she helps lucky kids learn to play soccer. Nina Santoyo-Bradley (right) is the head of a ticket agency in Texas. She plans to open her own swimsuit boutique.



When she's not hitting the books at a local community college, Miriam Gonzalez (inset, opposite) of Florida turns heads at Hooters. And Chilean native Paola Aravena (opposite) is studying broadcasting. Her ambition: She wants to become a Playmate.

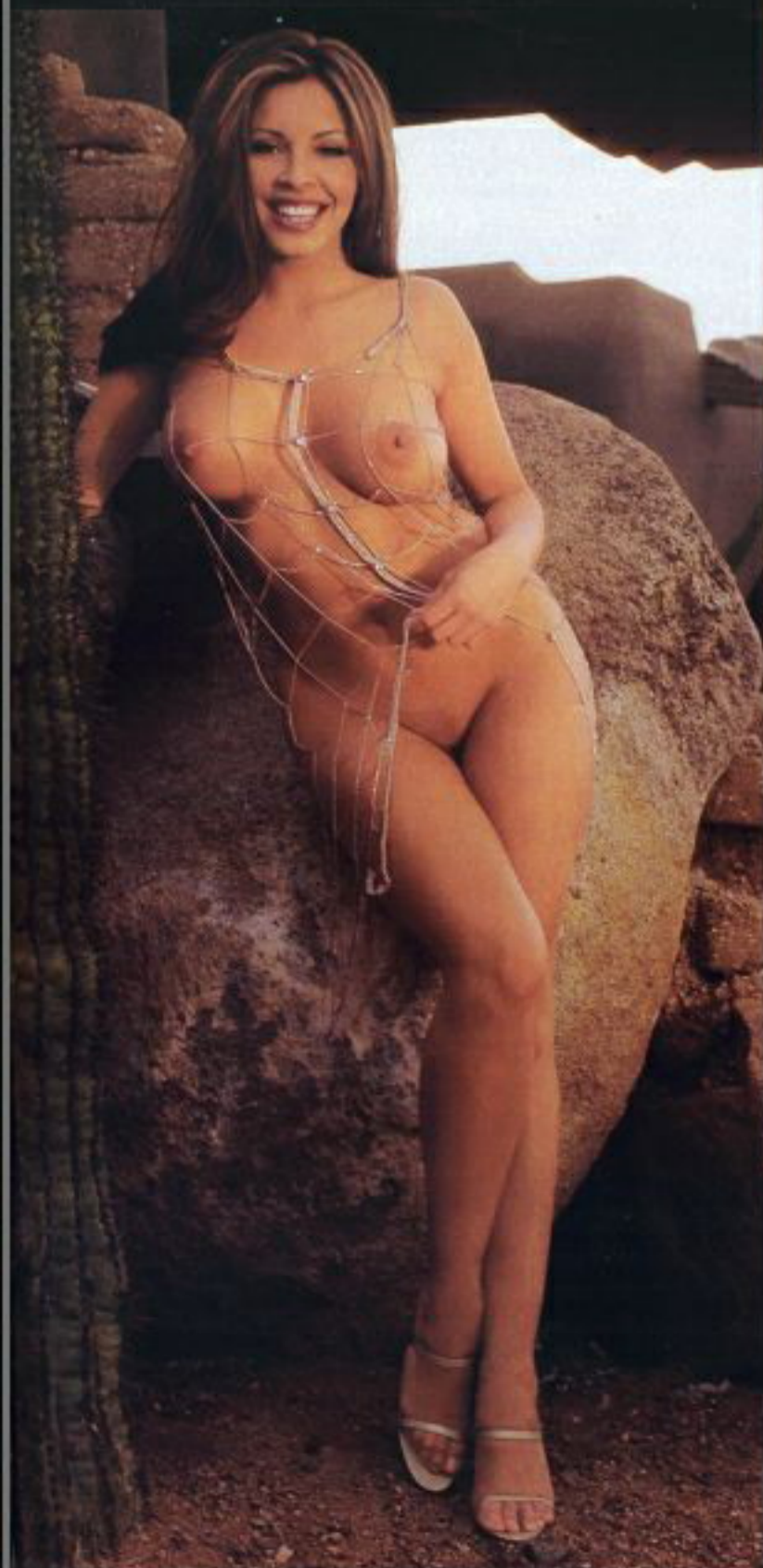








Miami model Lianna Grethel (inset, opposite) enjoys a raft of hobbies, including dancing, horseback riding and photography. She also studied philosophy in college in Colombia. Leggy lounge hostess Shantell Lugo (left) took time out to share this philosophy: "Life is too short to fret over the past or future. The present is just that, a gift. So enjoy." We'll smoke to that.



The lovely pair sharing the lucky chair (top left) are Mexican-born Lucia Loza (on the left) and Yvette Garcia, a lifelong Floridian. Honduran honey Iveth Cortez (above) is from Tegucigalpa and likes nothing better than to curl up with a good book. Mexican-born Nenna Quiroz (left) is the seventh in a family of nine. A fashion major in college, she has found work as a model. "Sometimes my sense of humor gets me in trouble," she says, "and I have to smile my way out of it." We feel confident she makes that work like a charm.

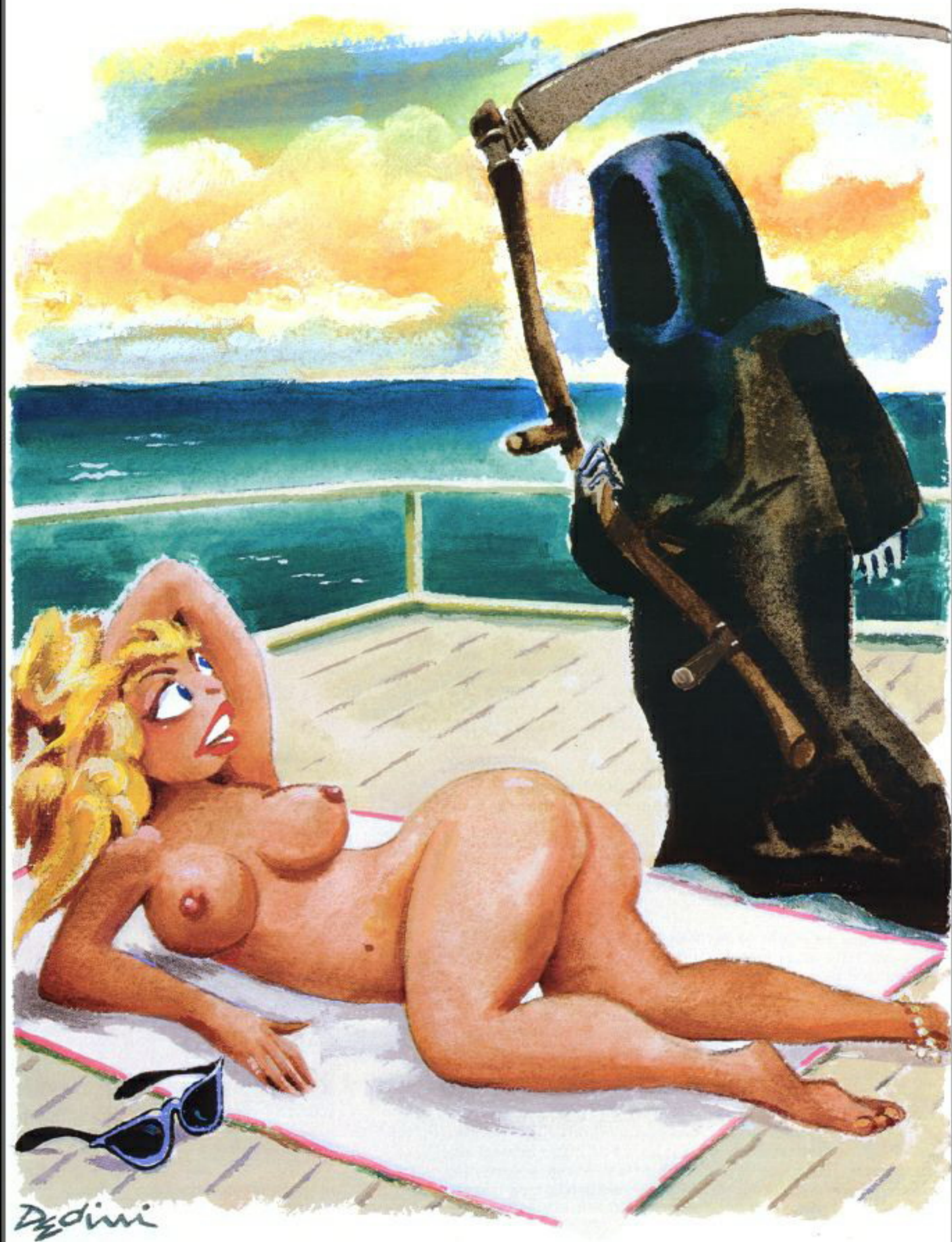


With three years of law school on her curriculum vitae, Rebecca Ramos (right) seems like a natural candidate for the body politic. Her grandfather was the first Mexican American elected to the U.S. House of Representatives, and her uncle followed suit. If Rebecca decides to make a run for it, we predict a landslide.



Makeup artist Gerine Coronado (above) has lived in San Diego all her life. She says she loves pink (no kidding), and her name is short for Tangerine (really). A native of Mexico, Katalina Verdin (right) now makes her home in Florida, where she hopes to make a big splash as an actress. Her pet project is training her African gray parrot. A public relations major at a prominent Texas university, Sonia Flores (above, right) waits tables at Hooters while waiting for her modeling career to take off.





*"Don't panic, dear. I just wanted to say you're lookin' damn good!"*

She's Daring,  
She's Modern,  
She's an  
Exhibitionist.  
We're Very Happy



# DIGITAL Diaries

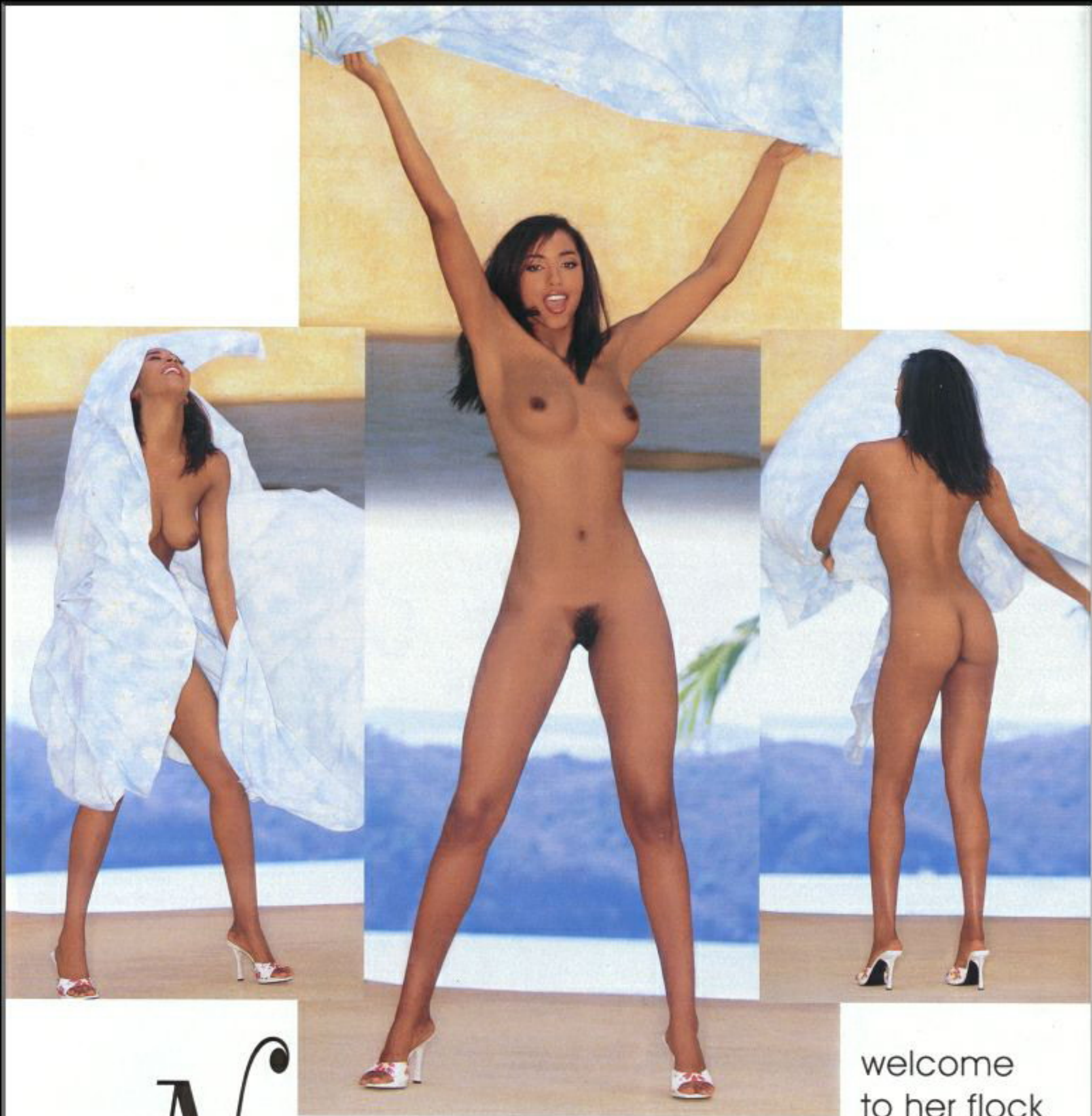
**S**ex is a huge part of my life," says Natacha Merritt. And she's not one to hide her diary under the bed. The sex-fueled photos in Natacha's *Digital Diaries* (Taschen) are a coming-out party for the 22-year-old. As Natacha told us, "There are so many different ways to get aroused. And I think it's really good to document your sex life, whether or not you want to show it to the world. People should document their lives—especially what interests them most, which is usually sex and love and all the things that are attached to that stuff." We've got a crush on Natacha. And we wouldn't mind making some art with her.

*"Taking images is a way to replace love, exhibit love—a reason to explore, a safe way to experiment."*

—Natacha Merritt



*"Our slogan is—'Hot and at your door in 30 minutes.'"*



welcome  
to her flock

# *Nefertiti*: ONE GREAT SHEPHERD

**N**EFERTITI SHEPHERD claims she was born to model, and she has the moniker to confirm it. The 19-year-old's first name is Egyptian for "here comes the beautiful one," a fitting description for this looker. Newlywed Nefertiti (her friends call her Nef) studies business in college and lives in Berkeley, California. "I basically want to be my own boss—I don't

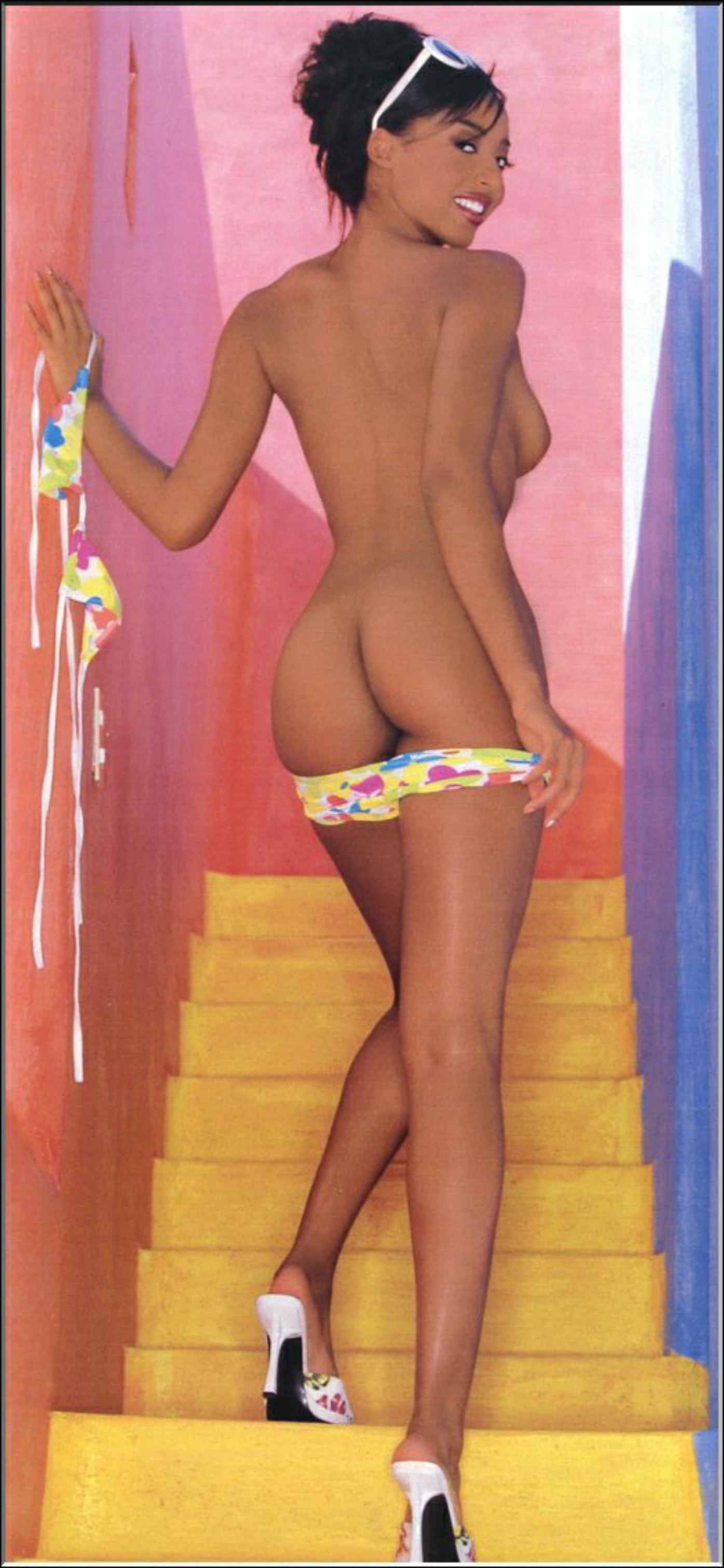
want to work for anyone else," says Nef. An avid reader, she has what it takes to go to the head of the class, but Nef's been chasing her true calling for as long as she can remember.

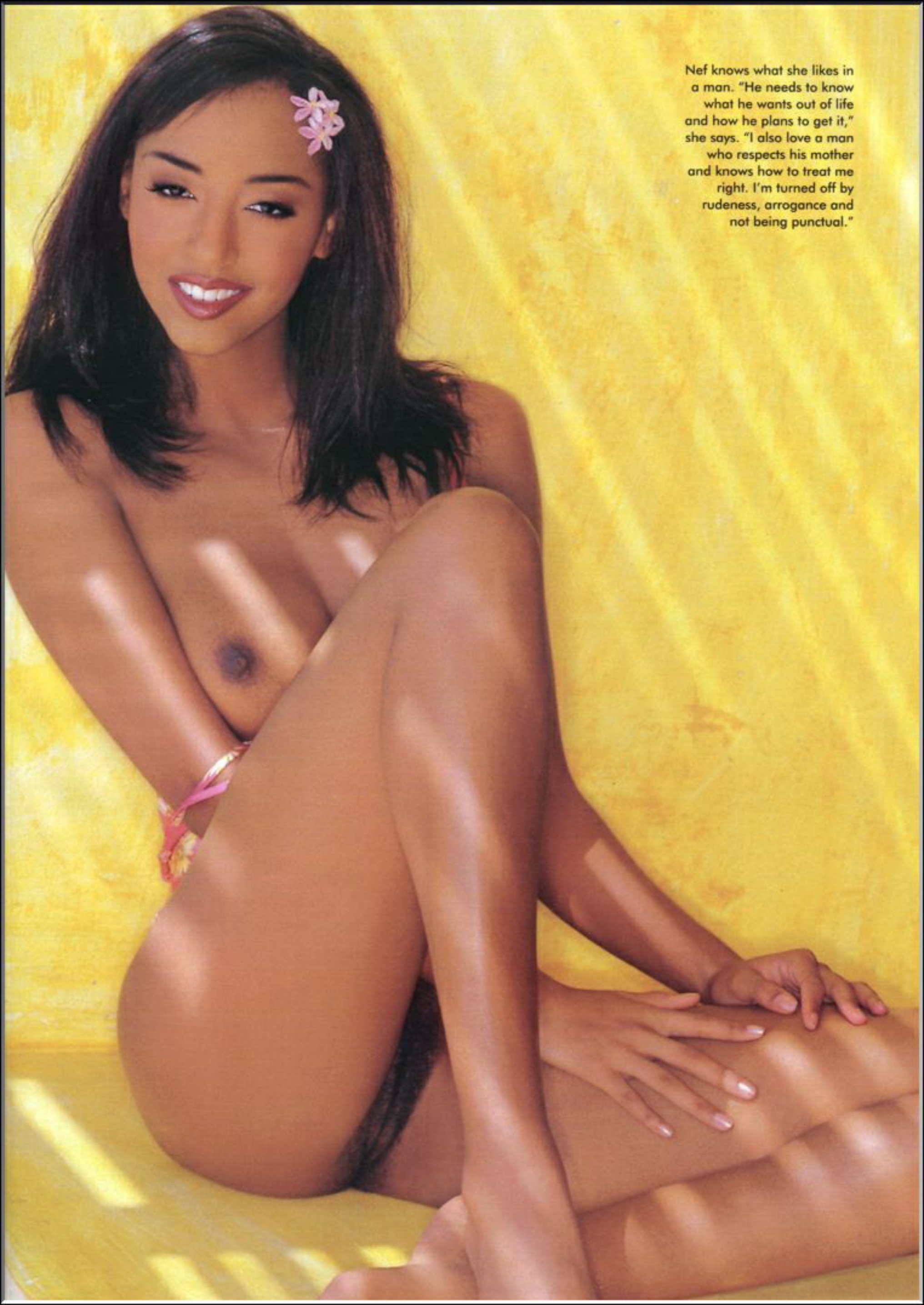
"Modeling is hard work, but I like the result when I get to see the pictures," says Nef. "I'm an ambitious person. When I want something, I put 150 percent into achieving it." Even

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG









Nef knows what she likes in a man. "He needs to know what he wants out of life and how he plans to get it," she says. "I also love a man who respects his mother and knows how to treat me right. I'm turned off by rudeness, arrogance and not being punctual."







MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



*Nefertari Shepherd*

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Nefertari Sheppard

BUST: 34C WAIST: 23 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 118

BIRTH DATE: 09.08.80 BIRTHPLACE: New Orleans, LA

AMBITIONS: To become a successful real estate investor & pursue my acting & modeling career.

TURN-ONS: Genuinely kind, loyal and honest people who know what they want out of life.

TURNOFFS: Complaining, unappreciative people who are unhappy with their lives and want you to be unhappy too.

I WISH I HAD: The resources to stop violence, especially among America's youth.

MY MOTTO: Never let others hold you back from what you want out of life.

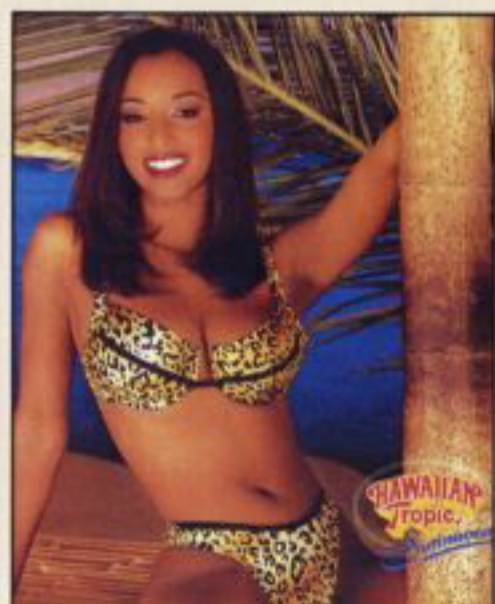
FAVORITE WAYS TO KILL TIME: Bubble baths, reading and taking naps.



High School Grad  
"98"



me & my best  
friend Richelle



I MODEL FOR  
HAWAIIAN TROPIC

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The gig was over and the jazz club was almost deserted. The grizzled old tenor sax man was relaxing, having a drink, when a gorgeous red-head came through the door. She walked over to the musician, looked deeply into his eyes and said, "I heard you play earlier tonight, but after I left I just had to come back and tell you that you touched my soul. Every note you played reached me in a personal and emotional way that I haven't felt in years. I want," she purred, "to take you home with me, cook for you, pamper you and make love to you until we're both exhausted."

The musician met her gaze, then asked, "Did you catch the first or the second set?"



**PLAYBOY CLASSIC:** An elderly man was upset because he had lost his favorite hat. Instead of buying a new one, he decided he would go to church and swipe one out of the vestibule. As he came in the door an usher led him to a pew, where he had to sit and listen to an entire sermon on the Ten Commandments.

After church, the man met the preacher in the vestibule doorway, shook his hand vigorously and told him, "I want to thank you for saving my soul today. I came to church to steal a hat, but after hearing your sermon on the Ten Commandments, I decided against it."

"You mean the commandment 'Thou shalt not steal' changed your mind?"

"No, the one about adultery," the old guy replied. "As soon as you said that, I remembered where I left my hat."

After searching the display counter, a woman asked the pharmacist if he sold extra-large condoms. "Yes, we do," he replied. "Would you like to buy some?"

"No," she said. "But do you mind if I wait around here until someone does?"

A big-game hunter went on safari with his wife and his mother-in-law. One morning, while still deep in the jungle, the hunter's wife awakened to find her mother gone. She woke her husband and they both set off in search of the old woman.

In a clearing not far from the camp, they came upon a chilling sight: the mother-in-law standing face-to-face with a ferocious lion. "What are we going to do?!" the horrified wife asked.

"Nothing," her husband replied. "The lion got himself into this mess. Let him get himself out of it."

A salesman was testifying in his divorce trial. "Please describe the incident that first caused you to entertain suspicions about your wife's fidelity," his attorney instructed.

"Well, I'm on the road all week," the man testified. "So naturally, when I am home, I'm particularly attentive to the wife. One Sunday morning," he continued, "we were in the middle of our lovemaking when the old lady in the apartment next door pounded on the wall and yelled, 'Can't you at least stop all that racket on the weekends?'"

**E-JOKE OF THE MONTH:** The buzz in pharmaceutical circles is that a new product called Ginkgo Viagra will soon be on the market. It's designed to help you remember what the fuck you're doing.

A young man bought his blonde wife a cell phone for their first wedding anniversary. She was thrilled.

The next day at the mall, her phone rang. "Hi, hon," her husband said, "how do you like your new phone?"

"I just love it!" she replied. "But there's one thing I don't understand."

"What's that, baby?"

"How on earth," she asked, "did you know I was at Wal-Mart?"

**THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION:** Why was Bill Clinton so reluctant to deal with the fate of Elián González? Because the last time he made a decision about where to put a Cuban he was impeached.



*W. Roy Niman*

Two old-timers spent most of their time playing cards, telling jokes and making bets. One said, "I bet you mine is longer soft than yours is hard. A thousand bucks."

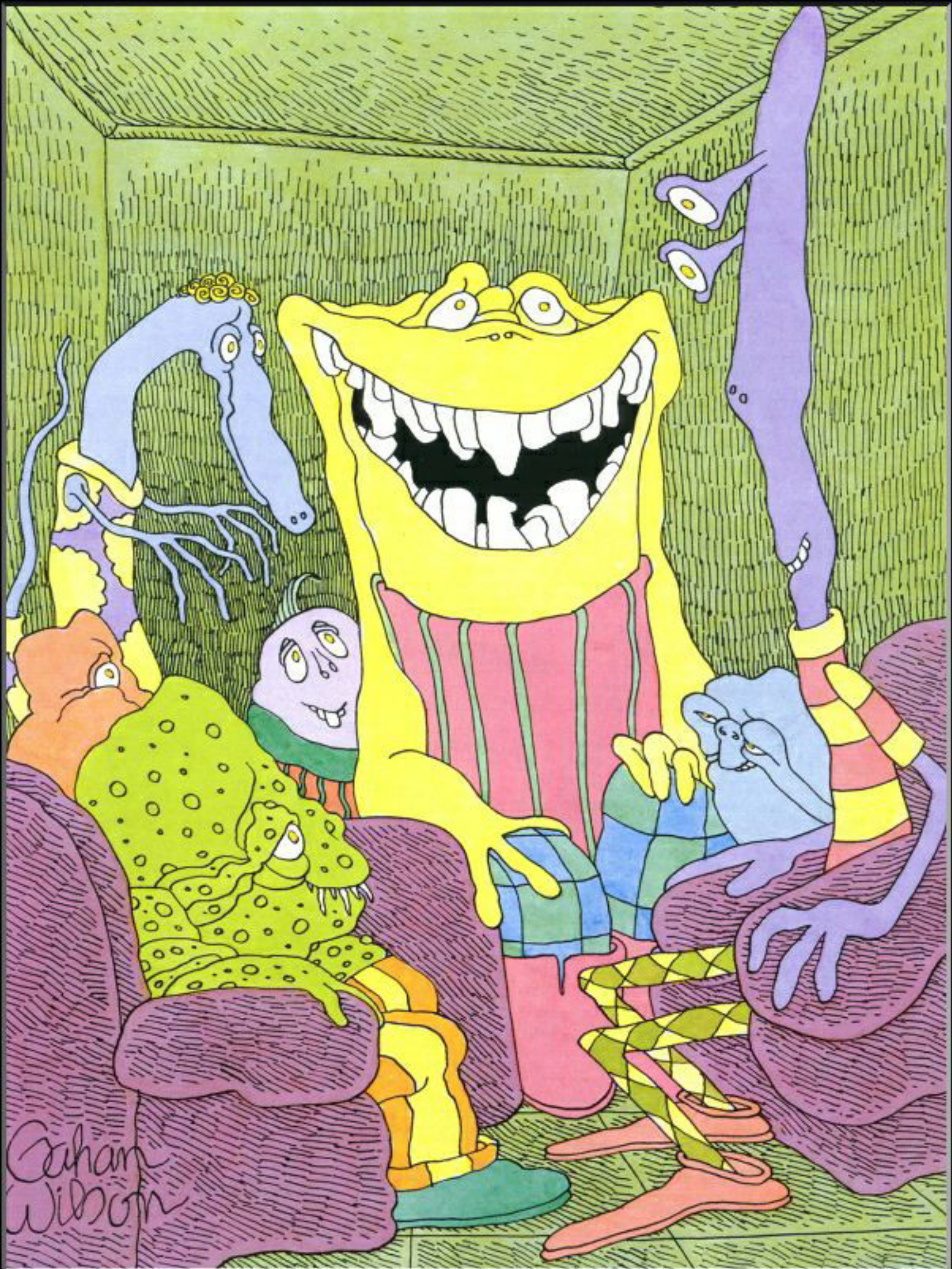
"How can that be?" the other replied. "If you know anything at all about biology, you wouldn't make a bet like that."

"I called for a bet, not a lecture," the first guy said. "Mine is longer soft than yours is hard. A thousand dollars, yes or no?"

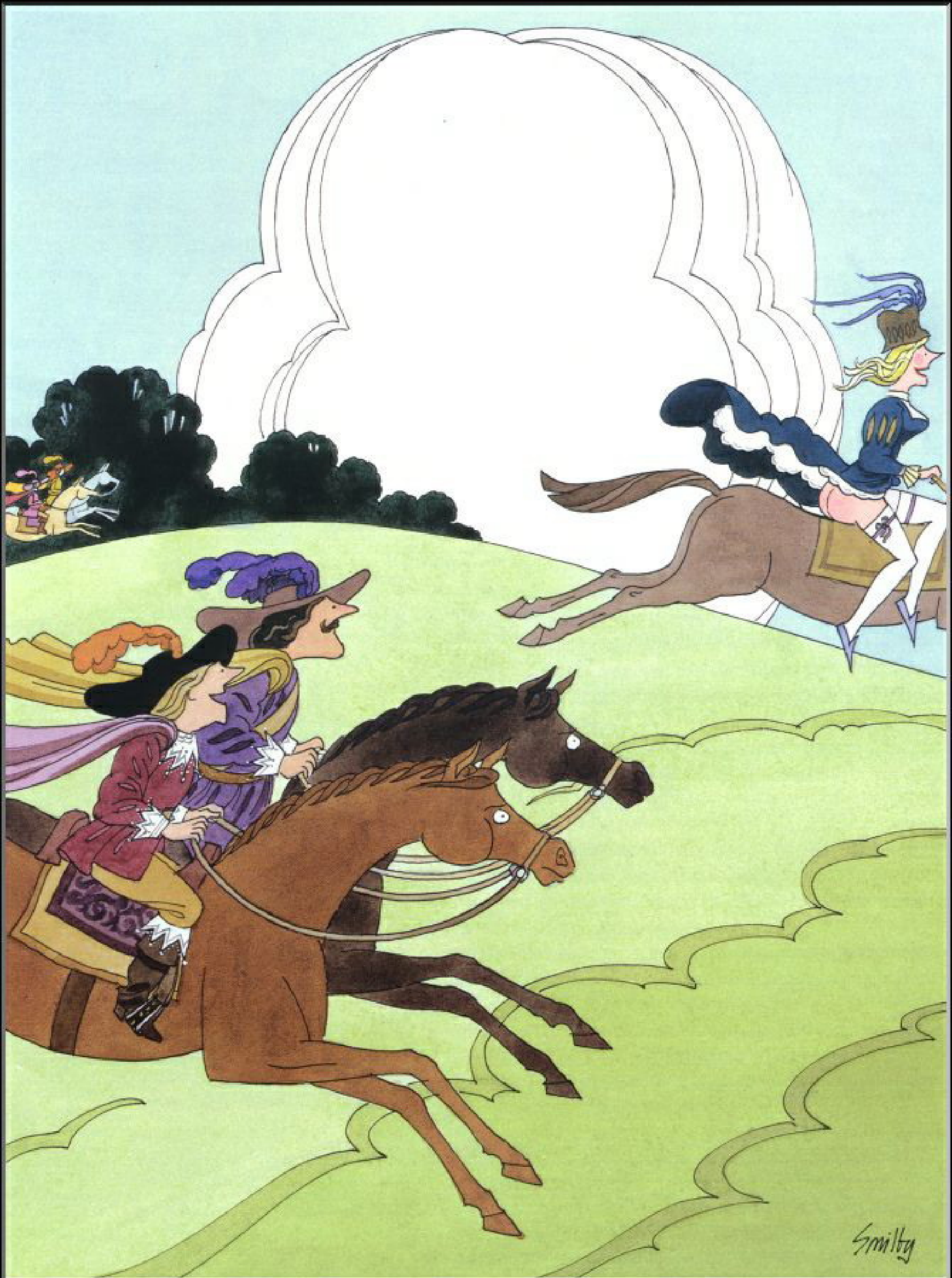
"OK, OK, I'll take the bet. How long is yours soft?"

"Eleven years."

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.



*"What say we form a chat room on the web?"*



*"Enjoy it while you can—they've just invented bloomers."*

# Vegas Absolute

*Las Vegas*

grew famous as the ultimate guy's town—an entire city dedicated to the excess-

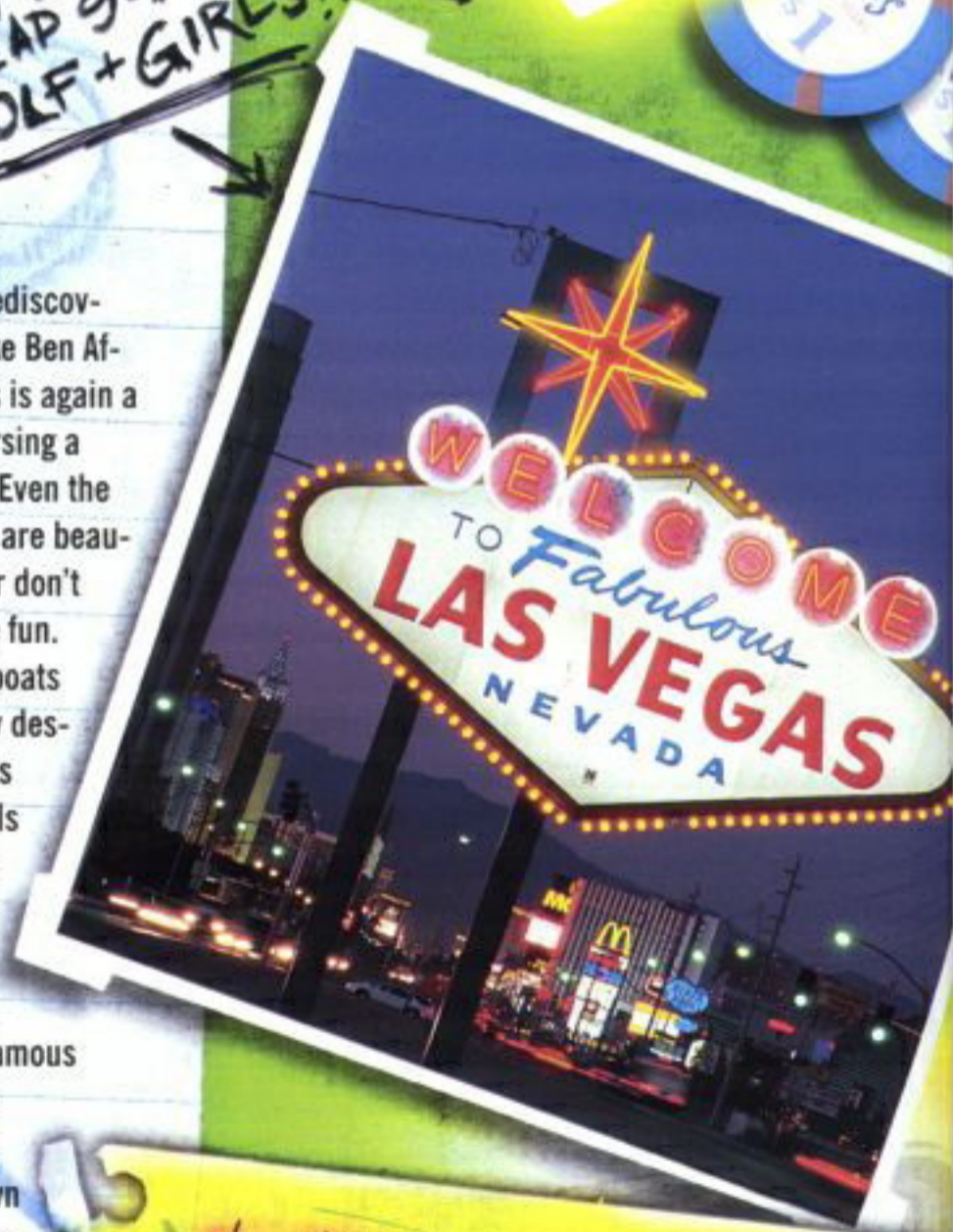
*\* Free Booze, legal gambling, CHEAP guy food, GOLF + GIRLS!!*

es that men like best. There was free booze, legal gambling, endless buffets of inexpensive guy food, even golf. And there were plenty of girls. Cigarette girls. Showgirls. Call girls. Strip- pers. Waitresses. All sorts of girls.

Now history is repeating itself. Everybody's favorite Sin City has rediscovered its roots. Frank and Dean—R.I.P. Their spirit lives on in guys like Ben Af- fleck, Leonardo DiCaprio, Brad Pitt and Trey Parker—because Vegas is again a guy's town, the place to let loose. You can weave down the street nursing a three-foot daiquiri. Street vendors hand out ads for escort services. Even the malls are geared toward guys. Better yet, everywhere you look there are beau- tiful women, the type of women who either have a personal trainer or don't need one. They come to Vegas for the same reason men do—to have fun.

When Vegas first faced competition from Atlantic City, seedy riverboats on the Mississippi and Indian casinos, it reinvented itself as a family des- tination where aging boomers could take the kids to Circus Circus. As those boomers got richer, Las Vegas wooed them with luxurious hotels like the Bellagio and the Four Seasons, first-class spas and a lineup of restaurants that reads like a Zagat's all-star team.

Now Vegas uses its marketing smarts to make sure its newest target audience—hip young men who know how to have a good time—is happy. In today's Vegas, Bens, Brads, Leos and their less famous counterparts rule the town. They spend late nights at new clubs that rival anything in Los Angeles or New York. They play new-generation games of chance made for the Nintendo-inclined. They have their own hotels and casinos where they won't end up playing blackjack next to some Homer who splits 10s and wears a souvenir T-shirt. This new Vegas hasn't been lost on young women, either. It has become, quite simply, the ultimate party town for the young and restless.



*by Robert B. Desalva + Stephen Randall  
additional research by Scott Anderson,  
Barry Leshtz, Larry Olmsted + Amy Schmidt*

"VEGAS IS A GUY'S TOWN.."

\$\$\$

# THE HIPPEST Places to STAY

## HARD ROCK

The hotel-casino that has redefined Vegas is a high-energy place with pulsating rock music, cases of rock memorabilia and Sex Pistols slot machines. The jumbo television in the sports book plays Letterman and Conan instead of the numbing ESPN shown in regular casinos. Hungry? Try the panuchos at the Pink Taco restaurant. If you look under 30, be prepared to show your ID. The Hard Rock draws such a young crowd it has to be hypervigilant.



## RIO

Like the Hard Rock, the Rio is off the Strip in a world of its own. To compensate for its location, the Rio has its own mall (Masquerade Village, an endless carnival with floats, and performers hanging from the ceiling), two buffets and good restaurants. There's a great pool complex, and every room is a suite.

## MANDALAY BAY

The energetic home of the House of Blues restaurant and club (one floor of the hotel even has House of Blues-themed rooms). Aureole, the hotel's signature restaurant, has an Adam Tihany-designed four-story wine tower—wine stewards strap on harnesses and are hoisted up to fetch your wine. The Four Seasons (the only five-diamond hotel in Vegas) is actually a hotel within Mandalay Bay, though it has its own entrance. The complex is at the south end of the Strip, so the rooms have actual views, and it's connected by an elevated tram that takes you to the Luxor and Excalibur.

## Bellagio

The first of the truly upscale hotels in Vegas is wildly overdone by some standards but tasteful compared with local Vegas culture. For now, it houses Steve Wynn's art collection. The buffet is good, but be prepared to hear Andrea Bocelli piped into every corner of the resort. It's also expensive, the place to make the statement: "Hey, I have money and I'm not afraid to spend it."

# the LAMEST Places to STAY

**EXCALIBUR** Tacky, even by Vegas standards. Its claims to fame are (1) the world's largest hotel parking lot (trams patrol the nether reaches to bring you to the hotel) and (2) the WCW-themed restaurant (you want slaw with that pile driver?).

**CIRCUS CIRCUS** The budget version of Excalibur. Need we say more?

**STRATOSPHERE** A weird monument to the maverick developer who wanted to build the tallest building west of the Mississippi (with a roller coaster on top), then ran out of money and had to curb even wilder plans. The roller coaster is great, as is the Big Shot (sort of a bungee jump at 1000 feet), but the adjoining hotel should be avoided.

**ANYPLACE DOWNTOWN** Downtown has always been a bit low-rent, thanks to hotels with cheap rates and casinos with low minimums (25 cent craps, penny slots). Now that four blocks of Fremont Street are canopied with a domed light show, downtown is OK, but it still pales compared with the lights on the Strip. There are a few classic Vegas casinos, including Binion's Horseshoe, home of both the World Series of Poker and the town's most celebrated murder (Binion scion Ted was found dead; his accused murderer was caught digging up Ted's stash of silver buried in the desert), and the Las Vegas Club. Most of the "casinos" are just big rooms with lots of slot machines. La Bayou offers 26 flavors of frozen daiquiris, and Mermaids takes your picture for free. You're better off on the Strip.

# The City of FIGHTS

THERE ARE TWO KINDS OF FIGHTS IN VEGAS.

One is a big deal—professional boxing that usually takes place at one of the big hotels, like MGM Grand or Mandalay Bay. With the exception of New Year's Eve, no event electrifies the city more—there are extra cops on the street (remember, Tupac Shakur was murdered driving home from a Mike Tyson bout), hotel reservations are tougher to get and many of the big showrooms cancel their early show and postpone their late show until the fight is over. That's not merely because fights are a big draw; it's also because boxing is the celebrity flavor of the month. All the big names from LA and New York fly in. None of the Vegas headliners wants to miss out on the party, so they simply skip their first show and hang out with their peers. Then there are those other fights. Guys on the prowl, fueled by equal amounts of liquor and testosterone, can get rowdy. Every casino has a fistfight or two a day, and the older, tackier casinos seem to have more. Not to worry—at the first hint of violence, every casino employee, from bartender to pit boss, is in on the act, and fights never last more than one round. Street fights are a different matter. It takes cops longer to respond, so a street brawl can go the distance. And testosterone isn't always to blame. We saw one fight outside the MGM Grand between two women, which naturally drew a large crowd. Did the onlookers try to break up the catfight? Nope—this is Vegas. They simply chanted in unison, "Jerry, Jerry, Jerry."





**BEST PLACE TO MEET THE GIRL OF YOUR DREAMS** ★★★★★  
POOLSIDE AT THE HARD ROCK

**BEST PLACE TO MEET THE GIRL OF YOUR DREAMS**

(and not have to remember her name) CRAZY HORSE TOO

**BEST PLACES TO GET**  
MILKSHAKES

**HARD ROCK HOTEL:**



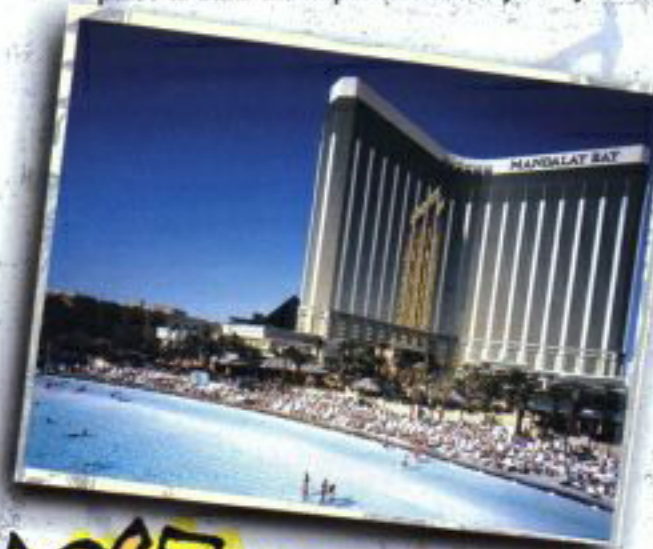
**TOPLESS BARS**  
XXX VS. XXX  
**Total Nude CLUBS**

**WE HAVE A WINNER!** ★★★★★

Any time one guy or a group of guys gets in a cab in Vegas, the driver is going to ask (in the elegant vernacular of the cabbie), "So, you want to see some

MTV televised *The Grind* from the original pool complex, and it's only gotten better since, with sandy beaches, private cabanas and a lazy "river" connecting the two pools. There's underwater music, swim-up gambling and, of course, beautiful women in thongs. Why else would they have a live bikini cam at [hardrockhotel.com](http://hardrockhotel.com)?

**MANDALAY BAY:** Three pools, sandy beaches, nine private bungalows, 16 cabanas with wet bars and TVs, a lazy river ride and a wave machine in the big pool that generates swells up to six feet. Alas, no bikini cam—but it's not for lack of subject matter. A great place to bake the impurities out of your system.



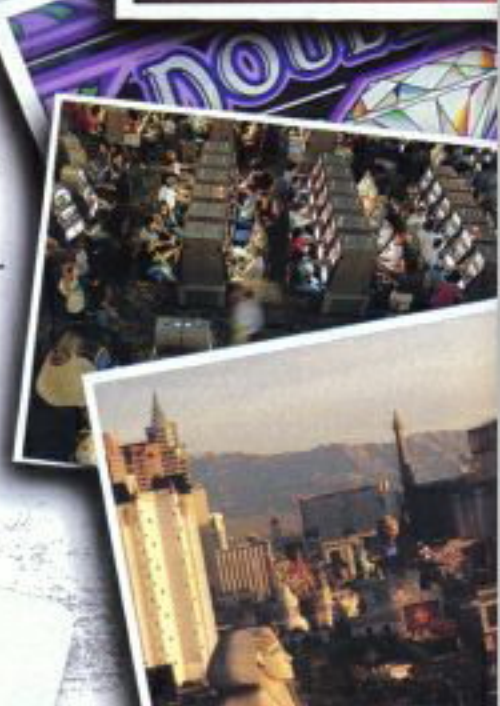
**MOST ADDICTIVE MACHINE**  
THE ODYSSEY

The Odyssey is a vivid, multimedia-enriched gaming breakthrough (compared with the beeping pixilated video machines in many casinos) that lets the player switch between various slot games, poker and Top Hat blackjack. More habit-forming than crack, Top Hat gives you a chance to double the money you just won by choosing a high/low card. Pick the right one? You can keep doubling to infinity, but if you lose one hand, you lose the loot. Since it plays and looks like a CD-ROM game, it is difficult to stop plunking quarters into an Odyssey.

titty?" Since this is Vegas, the answer is invariably yes. Here's an insider's tip: Vegas topless bars are cooler than totally nude clubs. Surprised? Don't be. Topless clubs get the prettiest, most aggressive girls (and when we say aggressive, we mean actual touching). And topless bars are allowed to serve liquor. Forget the nude clubs: There's no booze and our insider (who talks surprisingly like a cabbie) says, "Most of those girls are just hookers who got tired of smelling exhaust fumes and wanted to get in off the street." The best topless clubs: **Crazy Horse Too**, **Cheetah's**, **Olympic Garden** and **Club Paradise**. If topless isn't good enough for you, try **Déjà Vu** or **Lil' Darlings**. The big question running through every guy's mind during a lap dance is, How can I get this girl to come home with me? Usually, you can't—most clubs discourage their girls from "entertaining clients." No club owner wants to lose his license on a prostitution rap. Does sex happen on the side? Sure. But it's not the smartest move. Some girls will gladly take your \$300 and agree to meet you back at the hotel when their shift is over. Just don't expect them to show up. You're not going to see hookers prowling the casinos, bars or streets of Vegas. In what amounts to a tacit understanding between the police and the call girls, business is conducted on an out-call basis. Phone numbers for escort and massage services are everywhere, from the Yellow Pages to fliers passed out on the street. If you're looking for paid companionship, that's your best bet. If you're looking for unpaid companionship, you'll find it the same way you do back home. Hit the clubs and be prepared to buy someone a drink. Isn't that why everyone goes to clubs?



OOOH, CHEETAH'S!



How can I get this girl to come home with me?



# THE New NIGHTLIFE

**Baby's** The Hard Rock Hotel's subterranean groove pit is mostly a hang-out for nubile under-30 flesh. Eye candy abounds in the form of luscious, vinyl-clad waitresses, and the drinks from the back bar will knock you to the floor.

**Drink & Eat Too** A huge, cigar-friendly, off-the-Strip hot spot with six mod-inspired party rooms, three theme bars and three dance floors. If Baby's (a few blocks down the street) is too crowded, come here and check out the leftovers.

**Rumjungle** Window waterfalls, more than 100 varieties of rum and sexy trapeze artists suspended from the ceiling await you at Mandalay Bay's Latin-flavored techno club. The atmosphere screams "get rowdy," and the melting pot of ready-for-action locals and tourists keeps the party kicking until the wee hours of the morning.

**Red Square** Tired of all the rum and thunder at Rumjungle? Walk next door to this out-there interpretation of postrevolutionary Russia. Comrades are offered sable coats and mink caps before they enter a 26-foot-tall walk-in vodka freezer for some serious taste testing. It's the ideal place to chill out—part of the bar is made of ice, to keep your cocktails cool.

**RA** A formidable line of night crawlers assembles at the Luxor's futuristic Egyptian-themed nightclub. Huge Ra statues on the bars oversee a largely under-30 crowd shaking their rumps to Seventies, hip-hop and house grooves from the resident DJ.

**C2K** The overblown, three-level hard-core techno club in the Venetian attracts the aging rave brats of the early Nineties who couldn't part with their glow sticks, pacifiers or affinity for dancing in steel cages. It's a great space for a supersize buffet when the club falters in a few years.

**Studio 54** If you expect the anything-goes decadence of its NYC progenitor, skip this three-level, industrial-looking copycat at the MGM Grand. Guys seeking friendly clubaholics should ease on down the road.

**Foundation Room** This elitist lounge for House of Blues Foundation members and their guests is the coolest nightspot you'll never get into (membership fees will set you back \$2000 a year). On the 43rd floor of Mandalay Bay, the Foundation Room is probably the only place in Vegas to see authentic multicultural artwork instead of the casinos' sometimes-cheesy replicas.

**3 BAD THINGS MOST LIKELY TO HAPPEN TO YOU:**

1. You'll lose money. You will. That's a given.
2. You won't have a minibar in your room.
3. You'll say yes when someone offers you a free shrimp cocktail. It's the most potentially lethal dish known to man.

**things to do**

## BECOME A MALL RAT.

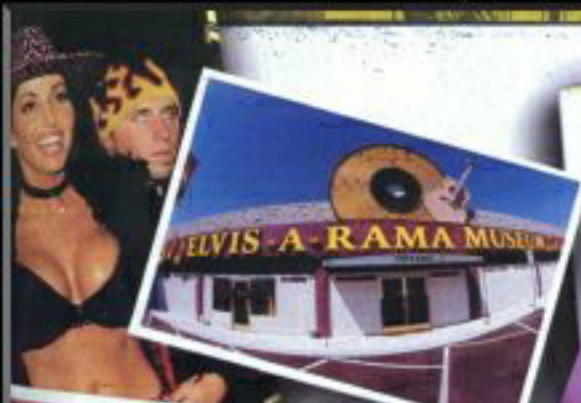
Unlike those in the civilized world, Vegas malls are guy-friendly, if not designed with guys in mind. Check out clothes, gadgets and sports stuff (plus lots of free entertainment, especially if you like talking statues) at places like Caesars Forum Shops, the Venetian's Grand Canal Shoppes, the Fashion Show Mall, Via Bellagio and the about-to-open Aladdin's Desert Passage.

**TAKE A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE.** Almost all of Vegas is a zoo. But within the big zoo are little zoos—with animals. Lions, tigers and dolphins can be seen at the Mirage for \$10. The MGM Grand has lions enclosed in a habitat you can actually walk into, and the Flamingo has plenty of the birds the hotel was named after.

**EXPERIENCE CULTURE SHOCK.** Get into the spirit of Vegas at the Casino Legends Hall of Fame at the Tropicana (featuring a gallery of gangsters, showgirls, fires and implosions), the Elvis-a-Rama Museum (as close as you can get to Graceland without going there), the Imperial Palace Auto Collection (featuring the cars of Johnny Carson, Marilyn Monroe and Elvis), the Magic and Movie Hall of Fame at O'Shea's Casino or the gaudy Liberace Museum.

**DRINK FOR FREE.** If you're out of money and need to hit the sauce, park your butt in one of the sports-gambling areas and watch a game on one of the big screens. The waitress won't know that you didn't bet a dime on the game, and after a few rounds of free cocktails, you won't care about all the money you lost earlier.

ROCKIN' @ RA



# the NEW games in town

**spanish 21** Blackjack with crazy rules. You beat the dealer if you tie, you can double down on any total or number of cards (and then change your mind), you can split aces repeatedly and the casino pays bonuses for certain hands. The catch? There are no tens in the 48-card deck, boosting the casino's edge to slightly better than in normal blackjack.

**let it ride** A dumb version of poker. You make three equal bets. You get five cards, and two common cards for the table are added later. Your goal is to get a better poker hand than the dealer. At various points, you can take back one or two of your original wagers, or you can (as the name suggests) let it ride. Winning bets are paid at various odds (for instance, a straight gets you five to one). Plus, everyone has a chance to make a \$1 side bet on each hand. That puts you in line for an extra payoff on certain winning hands.

**caribbean stud** Another poker game that pits all the players against the dealer. As with Let It Ride, payoffs are based on various odds. The downside: You are forced to decide whether to bet or fold after seeing only one of the dealer's cards—and you win only if your dealer has a qualifying hand (an ace-king or better). If the dealer doesn't, you get your bet back. The upside: Betting an extra dollar for the bonus payoff can be rewarding. A full house, for instance, might bring you an instant \$150 payoff (depending on the casino) whether the dealer qualifies or not. A royal flush puts you in line for the progressive jackpot.

**pai gow** You get seven cards (so does the dealer) to make a five-card poker hand and a two-card hand. The dealer does the same. If you win both, you win. Lose both, and you lose. If you split, you tie. However, ties on the two-card hand go to the dealer.

**casino war** This one is easy—you played it when you were 10. It's high card. You get a card, and the dealer gets a card. Highest card wins. If there's a tie, you have to surrender or double your bet—but the dealer doesn't match it, meaning you're laying two-to-one odds to the dealer. This was a dumb game when you were 10, and it's no smarter now.

*What about the old games? Craps and blackjack are still best. On craps, play the pass line and don't forget to play the odds (that means you'll place another wager right behind your original bet, usually equal to or higher than your original amount). You'll also want to give the dealer two more wagers (called place bets), and play the six and eight (you'll collect when a six or eight comes up—until a seven is rolled, of course). Don't play the big six-eight on your side of the table—that's a one-time bet on the next roll. With blackjack, take another card if you have a 16 or less and the dealer has a seven or higher showing. Video poker's odds, while still in the house's favor, aren't quite so brutal as with some of the new games.*



## 3 a.m. in VEGAS!

**L**ike everything else, celebrity works better in Vegas than elsewhere—even really minor celebrity. Gary Gray, known as Playboy TV's *Helmetcam Man*, is a good example. Here are a couple of *Helmetcam Man's* favorite Vegas stories: Once upon a time, I was eating dinner alone at the Hard Rock Casino. It was one a.m. and my friends had crashed early. I heard a buzz at the table next to me—"That's him," "No, it isn't," "Yes, it is"—before one of the guys finally came over and asked if I was *Helmetcam Man*. They concluded that *Helmetcam Man* should never eat alone and invited themselves to join me for dinner. Suddenly, they decided there were better things to do than eat—we should be drinking and picking up women. I ended up leaving with these complete strangers from New York City and we all ventured over to the Rio, where I assured them there'd be porn stars.

I was right on target: the Rio was a who's who of porn. I shmoozed with all the girls and introduced the guys as my oldest friends in life—and as a result they got the royal treatment. Pictures, drinking, groping, etc. We then went into Club Rio and hooked up with more girls. One guy ended up leaving with one of the beauties we met. From there it was off to Drink, but this

(concluded on page 167)

MANDALAY BAY Resort & Casino

We partied, drank, ate, and at one point I swam in the pool with FIVE naked girls! 😊



## Absolute Vegas

(continued from page 124)

time we traveled via limo. My new best friends felt *Helmetcam Man* shouldn't suffer the indignity of riding in a cab.

At Drink we lost another guy to a girl who recognized me. Our next stop was a strip bar: VIP access to *Déjà Vu*, followed by a few hours in the back room at *Crazy Horse Too*, where the girls gave my new pals extra-special lap dances in hopes of making some sort of *PLAYBOY* connection. Granted, the guys spent close to \$2000 there that night, which also engendered good feelings from the staff. I just kept drinking all night and having fun—it was another night in Vegas for me—but the guys made out like bandits.

Another night, I was playing craps alone at the Mirage (for some reason, the friends I travel with seem to conk out early). This amazingly hot girl comes up to me and announces that she "just doesn't understand craps at all" and would be appreciative if I were to teach her how to play. I'm a nice guy—how could I say no? She buys \$500 in chips and we play for what was my luckiest hour of gambling ever. She walked away with \$4000 and I made \$2000 or so. After we cashed in, she announced she knew about a party at the Rio. Trusting guy that I am, I figured I'd go along. I'm not the type to believe those stories of men who wake up in Vegas bathtubs, having had their kidneys stolen, so what did I have to lose?

The party was in a luxury suite on top of the Rio, and it was wild—some of these multiroom high-roller suites have indoor pools, including this one. There was tons of booze, food and drugs—not to mention a group of incredibly sexy women who didn't appear to be strippers, hookers or porn stars. We partied, drank, ate and at one point I swam in the pool with five naked girls. Remember, this was no Olympic-size pool, so we were all nice and close.

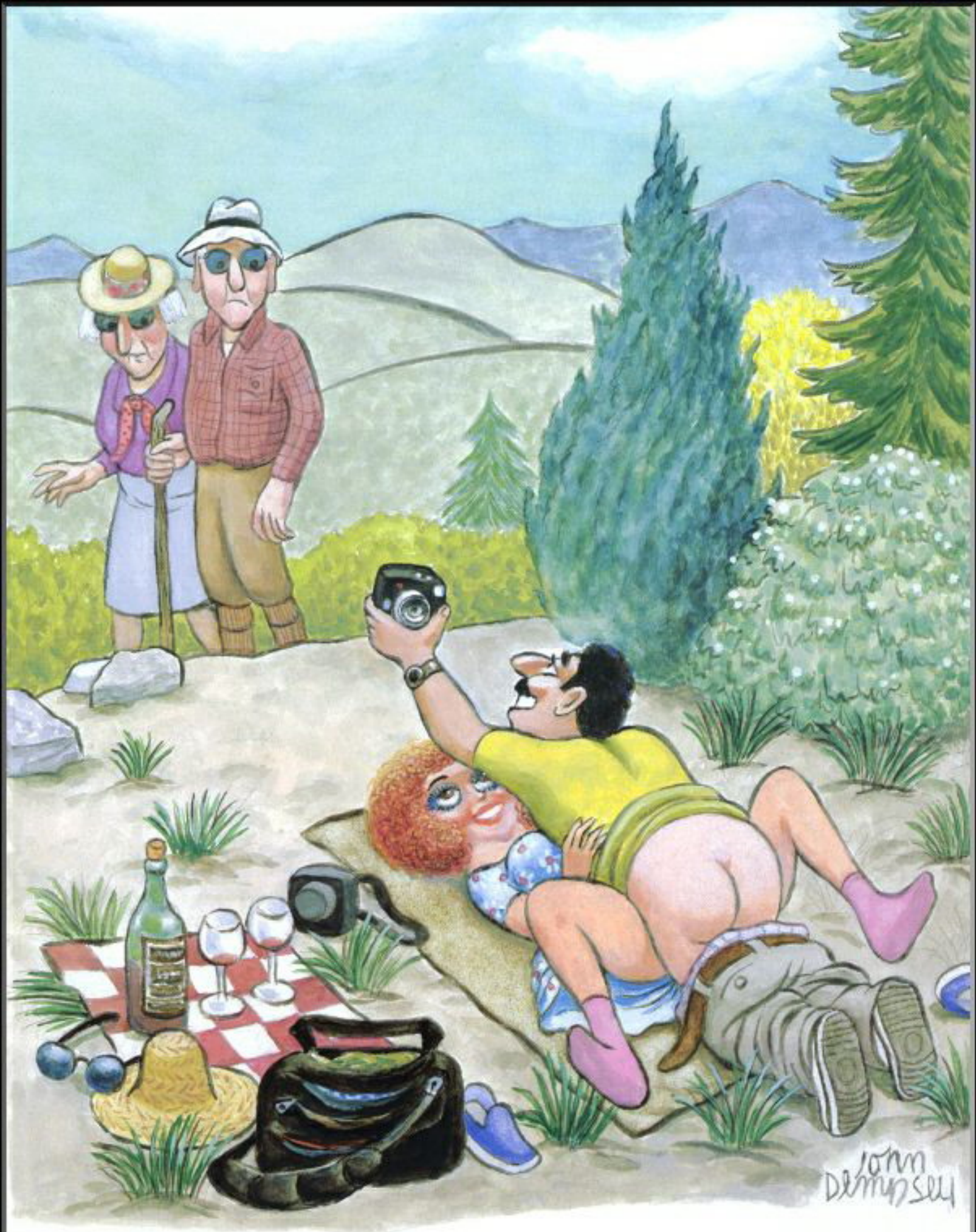
Unfortunately, the sun was already coming up and I was fully aware that I had to be on camera in three hours, so it was time to leave. One considerate girl suggested I skip the cab and that we call down to VIP services for a limo. I liked that. I was staying at Mandalay Bay and she was next door at Luxor, so we would share the limo. It turns out that the limo ride wasn't the only ride she had in mind. We ended up having sex in the limo as it drove up and down the Strip for over an hour, dropping me off at the door to Mandalay Bay, utterly exhausted in the best possible way.

Perhaps that's why I keep going back to Las Vegas—I'm hoping for another night like that one.

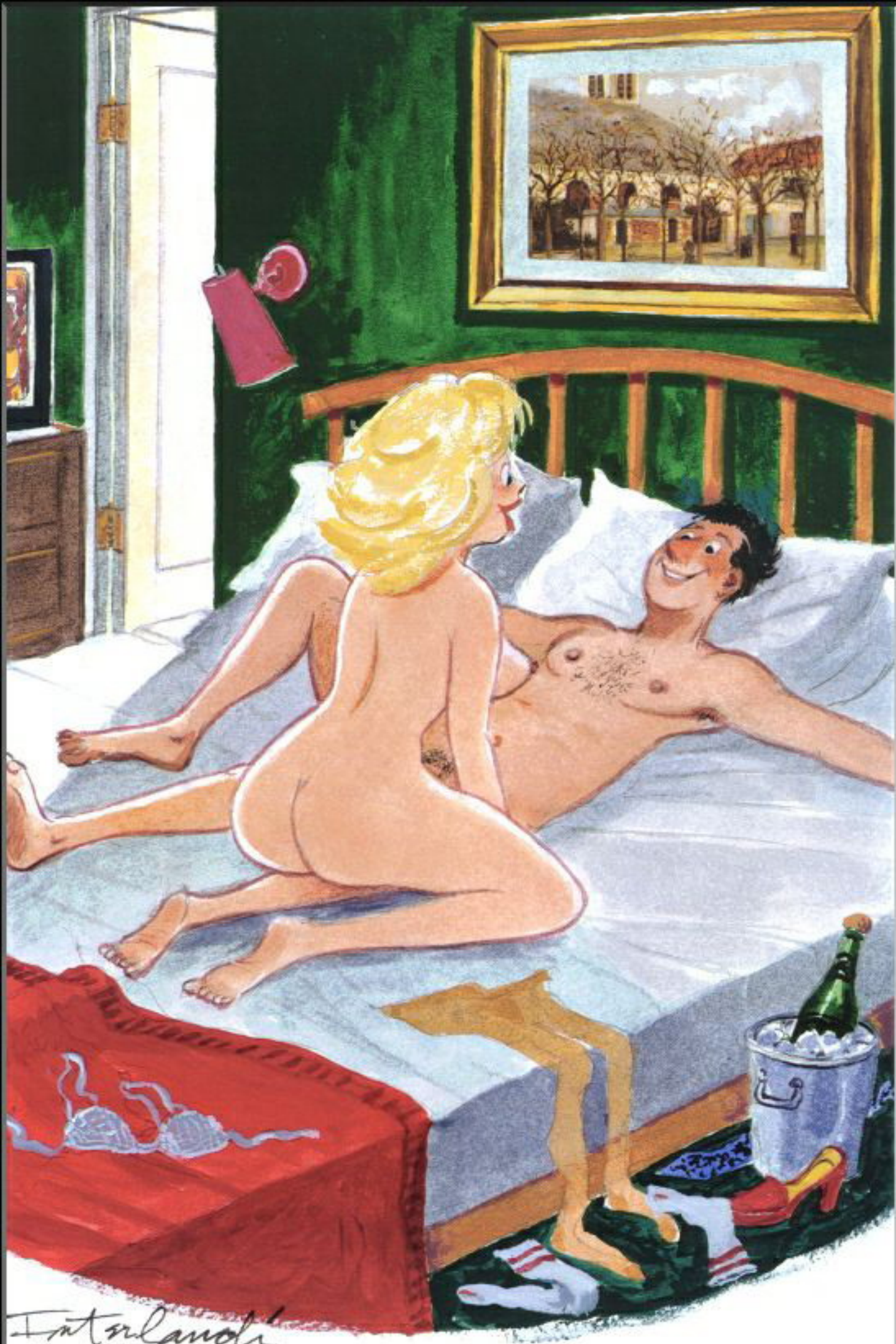


## ten things that make Vegas VEGAS

- World's largest rhinestone—weighing more than 50 pounds, at the Liberace Museum, of course
- Heaviest flag in the world—more than 10 tons of chain link, at the Harley-Davidson Cafe
- Largest bowling alley in the country—106 lanes, Showboat Bowling Center
- Ten largest hotels in the country—MGM Grand is the biggest, with 5005 rooms
- Country's largest indoor theme park—Adventuredome at Circus Circus
- World's highest roller coaster—1000 feet, at the Stratosphere
- Largest wig and hairpiece retailer—7000 wigs in stock at Serge's Show-girl Wigs
- Largest indoor canal in the world—at the Venetian
- World's largest souvenir shop—the Bonanza on the Strip
- Most expensive golf course in the country—Steve Wynn's Shadow Creek (it cost \$45 million to build; greens fees are \$1200 for one—but that includes a suite at the Bellagio)



*"Excuse me, folks. Would you be kind enough to take a snapshot of two tourists who are enjoying the natural surroundings of your beautiful countryside?"*



*"Now you can't tell me that wasn't more exciting than the last two minutes of a basketball game."*



Howard Stern's  
Son of the Beach

Has a New Star in Jaime Bergman

# BLONDE ON THE BEACH



Rolling Stone has called *Son of the Beach* "Howard Stern's latest gift to cable television" and "a winning, fleshy throwback to the great smart-stupid sitcoms of the mid-Sixties like *F Troop* and *Get Smart*." Its stars include (from left to right) Roland Kickinger, Jaime Bergman, Timothy Stack, Leila Arcieri and Kim Oja. Did Howard want to make sure Jaime was adept at mouth-to-mouth resuscitation before filming began? "I was a little scared about that," Jaime says with a laugh. "But the answer is no. In real life, Howard is shy and sweet."

**H**OWARD STERN knows a babe when he sees one. When it came time to fill the role of B.J. Cummings, the buoyant lifeguard on his hilarious *Son of the Beach*, all he had to do was open our January 1999 issue. There he found 45th Anniversary Playmate Jaime Bergman, a Utah cowgirl whose memorable pictorial was all horses and leather chaps and breasts and flowing blonde hair. Lucky for Howard (and men all over the planet), Jaime fell in love with the script, and started filming in December 1999. "To be honest, I was skeptical about doing the show because it's full of over-the-top humor," Jaime says. "It's a show you have to be mature to watch. It's not for kids. Also, I was scared that I would be typecast. I'm running around in a yellow bikini, you know? But then I figured, the writing is wonderful. And I'm probably going to get typecast anyway. I decided to have fun with it." Now, every Tuesday,

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA



B.J. Cummings can be seen busting up whorehouses, solving mysteries and falling for frat boys with venereal diseases (each episode reeks of Stern). So what if the lifeguards are hardly ever in the water? The *Baywatch* spoofs, plus the chemistry between Jaime and her co-stars (including comedy vet Timothy Stack, who plays boneheaded top lifeguard Notch Johnson), make the show work. That and the fact that the cast is clearly having a blast. "We can barely keep a straight face while filming," Jaime says. If you watch closely, you can tell. "Timothy, who is also one of the writers, tries to make us laugh until we lose it. We usually end up using the first take, because after that, everyone is cracking up." So far, ratings for *Son of the Beach* have been stellar. The network has ordered seven more episodes (in addition to the first six). Even *Entertainment Weekly's* hard-to-please TV critic Ken Tucker gave the parody a B plus: "After people get a load of *Son of the Beach's* definitive deconstruction, no one will look at syndicated lifeguarding with even the smallest suspension of disbelief again." Adds Jaime: "My favorite type of movie is the spoof, such as *Airplane*, *Austin Powers* and *Naked Gun*. The first time I saw *Airplane* I thought, This is so stupid. What are they doing? Then I figured out that it's supposed to be stupid. Our show is the same way. There's nothing like it on television. We're not trying to be Shakespeare or to win an Emmy. It's the perfect show for kicking back and drinking beer."

Check out Video Centerfold: Jaime Bergman from *Playboy Entertainment*.

















"I've been noticing in the past few weeks that people are really interested in who I'm dating. I get a lot of unsolicited comments about who should and shouldn't be in my life. It's retarded. I like to let people know who I'm with, to be proud of that. I was dating Fred Durst of Limp Bizkit. He's really cool and talented, but we're not together anymore. Now I'm not seeing anyone."

# down with the farm



farmclub.com  
is the next big thing

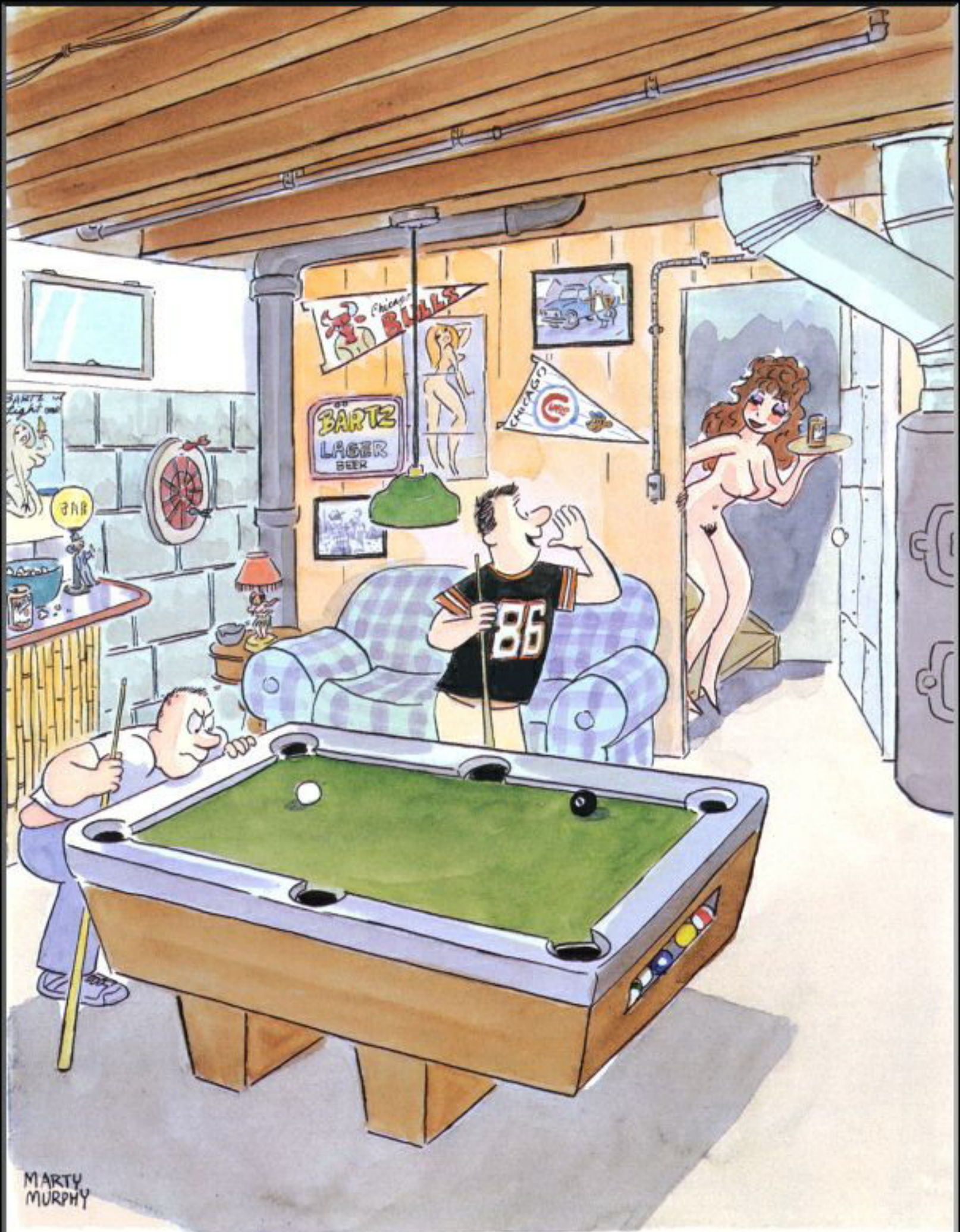


Jimmy and Doug's Farmclub.com is real. A gritty music show on the USA Network, hosted by Matt "120 Minutes" Pinfield and Ali "Doritos Girl" Landry, Farmclub.com is a groundbreaking Star Search-meets-Friday Night Videos hybrid that combines live performances, band interviews and backstage footage with world-premiere videos. Here's the twist: If you are in an unsigned band, you can upload your music to the Farmclub.com website. Site visitors, in turn, download your music for free and vote on whether they like it. If you get enough votes, Farmclub.com will fly you to Los Angeles to perform on the show. And if Farmclub.com honchos Jimmy Iovine (Interscope co-chairman) and Doug Morris (chief executive of Universal Music Group) take a shine to you, you'll snag a record deal on the Farmclub.com label. In other words, thanks to the Net, you can go from being in a garage band to being a rock star overnight. "It's guerrilla record making," says Iovine. "For the first time, fans and musicians have a direct effect on the music that will be available in the marketplace." One of Pinfield's duties as host is going out like Ed McMahon, surprising no-name bands with plane tickets and a chance to make it big. This, of course, inspires loads of tears and exclamations: "Oh my God, you're Matt Pinfield! We're going to be famous!" Call it real TV at its finest. Back in the studio, television debuts are juxtaposed with performances by the likes of Beck, Primus, Fred Durst, Method Man, Korn, Eminem, Dr. Dre, Macy Gray and NWA. ("We're gonna rock out here!" Pinfield shouts in the first episode—and he's right.) Of course, the freshman Farmclub.com is far from perfect—sometimes it feels like you're watching Battle of the Bands in your high school gym—but that's cool. We dig it raw, and Farmclub.com serves it up that way.



Clockwise, from top left: The home page. The video vault. Landry and Pinfield. NWA. Dr. Dre and Eminem. Durst, Pinfield and Lisa Dergan. Sonique. Headboard's TV debut.

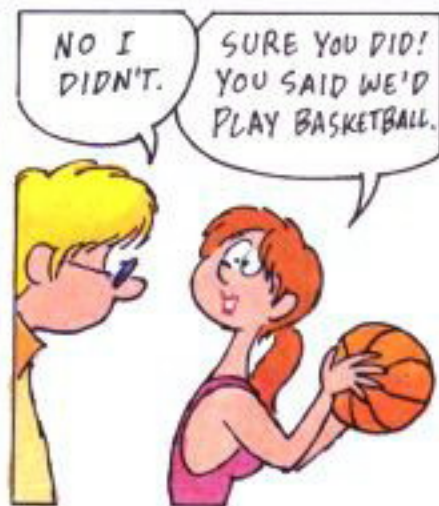




*"Sweetheart! I just bet Ed \$500 he can't sink the eight ball . . . how's about bringing him a cold beer . . . ?"*

# CRUISER

Chris Browne



# PLAYMATE NEWS



## BRANDE ON TOUR

It ain't easy being a Playmate. When a Centerfold's issue hits newsstands, one of her obligations is to tour the country, stopping in dozens of cities and doing scads of interviews and autograph sessions. Exhausting? You bet. We caught up with Miss



Left to right: Talking dirty on Q101, Chicago Bears quarterback Code McNown hangs with Brande at Iron Mike's Grille. Going for the high score with Playboy Publicity Coordinator Rob Hilburger at ESPN Zone.

April 2000 Brande Roderick in Chicago, home of Playboy's world headquarters. What follows is an excerpt from her crazy itinerary: Wednesday, March 15. Brande and her mother arrive in Chicago. Check into suite at Omni Hotel. Thursday, 6 A.M.: Make-up artist arrives at hotel. 7:30 A.M.: Telephone interview with WROK Radio Rockford. 9 A.M.: Television interview with *Fox Thing in the Morning*. 11 A.M.: Meet employees and sign autographs at Playboy office. 12:15 P.M.: Lunch with key advertising clients. 2:30 P.M.: Radio interview with Q101.

## PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

- July 3: Miss July 1984  
Liz Stewart
- July 7: Miss September 1975  
Mesina Miller
- July 22: Miss August 1998  
Angela Little
- July 25: Miss May 1993  
Elke Jeinsen
- July 31: Miss December 1961  
Lynn Karrol

3:30 P.M.: Sign autographs at ESPN Zone. 5 P.M.: Back to hotel for break. 6:45 P.M.: Party in skybox at Chicago Blackhawks game. 9:45 P.M.: Interview at O'Callahan's Pub. Friday, 8:30 A.M.: Interview with radio station B96. Saturday, 8:15 A.M.: Depart Chicago.

## BRANDE ON HER RELATIONSHIP WITH HEF:

"People think he's this red-blooded bachelor, but Hef's very faithful. I admit that when the relationship started, I wasn't sure where it was going to end up. But we're in love."

## SUZI'S BACK

We'd be lying if we said we didn't miss seeing Suzi Simpson's mug all over the place. Although her Playmate pictorial in January 1992 kicked off a successful modeling career, Suzi quickly tired of the glamorous but high-pressure lifestyle. Now, thanks to her good friend Miss December 1989 Petra Verkaik, Suzi has



## 45 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

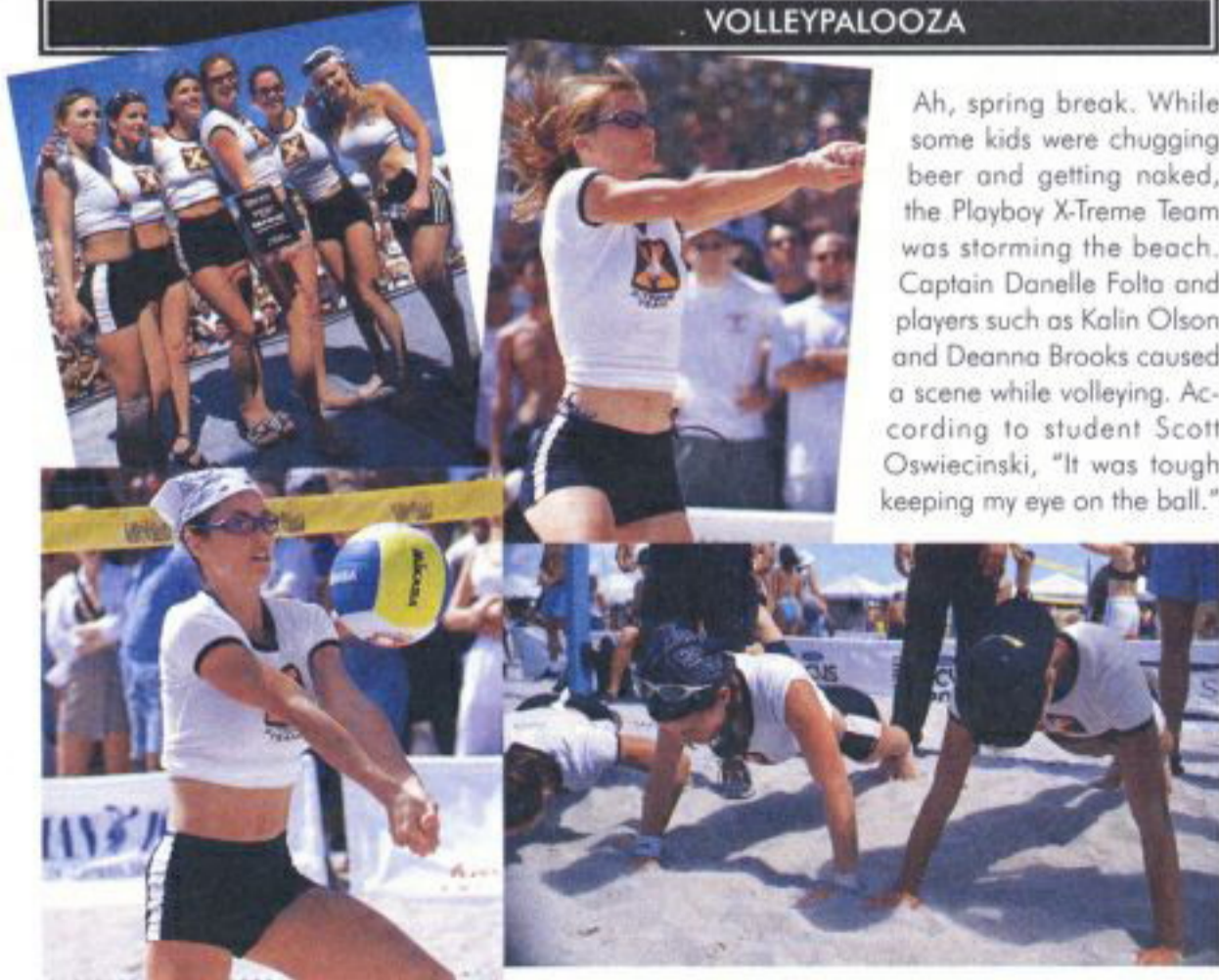
In the good old days (1955 and 1956, to be exact), Janet Pilgrim was a Playmate three times. Hef held a special place in his heart for the girl who worked in the magazine's circulation department and who went by the name Charlene Karalus. "She was the girl next door with her clothes off. What a revolution that notion would inspire," Hef says. Janet adds: "Posing for the Centerfold was a big step. The pictures are modest by today's standards, but back then they weren't." Of course, Hef was on location providing moral support. He's the shadowy figure you see above.



Janet Pilgrim.

returned to the modeling and acting scene. "I took a needed break, but now I'm back in full force," Suzi says. "It feels great. I look better than ever. And I'm getting ready to do a comedy movie with Petra."

## VOLLEYPALOOZA



Ah, spring break. While some kids were chugging beer and getting naked, the Playboy X-Treme Team was storming the beach. Captain Danelle Folta and players such as Kalin Olson and Deanna Brooks caused a scene while volleying. According to student Scott Oswiecinski, "It was tough keeping my eye on the ball."

My Favorite Playmate  
By Debra Messing



Marilyn Monroe is my favorite because she epitomizes the ultimate female fantasy for a man. Also, her story is complicated and fascinating. I love the old Fifties glamour that Marilyn represents. Her nudity is pure and beautiful because it's imperfect.



### VIRTUALLY GILLIAN

Playmate and Internet entrepreneur Gillian Bonner is cashing in on the fact that sex and rock and roll go hand in hand. Click on sexnrocknroll.com, Gillian's latest project, and you'll see what we mean. The funky website, produced in association with Playboy.com, gives viewers a look at actual rock-and-roll lifestyles, including concerts, tours, parties and wild women. On March 9, Gillian and fellow Centerfolds Natalia Sokolova, Angel Boris and Carrie Westcott hosted a cybercast from the Mansion's Limp Bizkit New School Pajama party, where the girls met and interviewed Limp Bizkit members Fred Durst, John Otto and Sam Rivers. Also heating up the Mansion that night were April cover girl Bijou Phillips, Leonardo DiCaprio, Eric Erlandson of Hole, Lauren Holly, Rachel Hunter, Luke Wilson, Tara Reid, Farmclub.com host Matt Pinfield and Playmates Stacy Fuson, Lisa Deragan, Ava Fabian, Daphnee Lynn Duplaix, Heather Kozar, Julia Schultz, Jenny McCarthy, Jodi Ann Paterson and Brande Roderick. In the future, sexnrocknroll.com will feature other bands and Playmates in action. "Technology is not just for geeks anymore," Gillian says.



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### DEAR VICKI

We like to think of Vicki (McCarty) Iovine as a cooler, hipper Dear Abby. Besides serving up sage advice in

## PLAYMATE NEWS

"Girlfriends' Guide to Family" (her witty column in the *Los Angeles Times*), Vicki writes for *Child* magazine and is a parenting correspondent for NBC's *Later Today*. Her first book, *The Girlfriends' Guide to Pregnancy*, led to two spin-offs: *The Girlfriends' Guide to Surviving the First Year of Motherhood* and *The Girlfriends' Guide to Toddlers*. Expect *The Girlfriends' Guide to Teenagers* in a decade or so.

### WHO SAID THAT?

Can you guess which sound bite belongs to whom? This month's chatty Centerfolds are (A) Miss September 1990 Kerri Kendall, (B) Miss June 1997 Carrie Stevens, (C) Miss February 2000 Suzanne Stokes and (D) 1997 PMOY Victoria Silvstedt. The answers appear below.



A.

(1) "Last night I went to a big movie premiere. As I was walking down the red carpet, the photographers went crazy and wouldn't stop screaming my name. All of my PLAYBOY fans were chasing me down for autographs. The afterparty was a blast. My girlfriend



B.

and I sat at the bar and talked to Ben Affleck and Matt Damon for a while, until Pamela Anderson Lee came along and stole their attention!"

(2) "A guy tried to pick me up recently by telling me he was a doctor. When I asked him his Drug Enforcement Administration number, he didn't even know what a DEA number is. He was busted!"



C.

(3) "I went to my 10-year high school reunion. It was fun signing autographs for my old teachers. I told my math teacher that although I didn't pay attention in class, I spent time practicing my autograph."

(4) "Here's what I know about alligators: They like marshmallows. And if you shoot them with a BB gun, the pellets bounce right off."



D.

### ANSWERS

(1) D (2) A (3) B (4) C

### PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Priscilla Taylor and her fiancé, Richard Paull Goldin, were guests of honor at a black-tie engagement party in Los Angeles.

Priscilla's last movie role was in *Six Days, Seven Nights*. Ricky plays Gary Dawson on *The Young and the Restless*...

Pamela Anderson Lee landed on the cover of a recent *Entertainment Weekly*. Inside was a profile of Pam and her successful show *V.I.P.* Fans will be happy to know that a *V.I.P.* video game is in the works... Carrie Stevens is set to appear in three features: *Twists and Turns*, *Ghost of a Chance*, and *Metal God* with Mark Wahlberg and Jennifer Aniston... Teen sensation Christina Aguilera turned to Kelly Monaco to appear in her new video, *Turn to You*... We've always had a thing for the Bond girls, and now Brande Roderick, Victoria Fuller and Elisa Bridges

are joining that elite group—sort of. The three appear in TBS cable channel ads that spoof 007 films... Danelle Folta (pictured below) touts Playboy clothing in a sexy print ad... The Dahm triplets played killer robots on an episode of Jaime Bergman's series, *Son of the Beach*. They also showed up in an episode of *Relic Hunter* on UPN... When the Playboy X-Treme Team isn't kicking butt on the beach volleyball court, the gals are doing cameos on the small screen. They were a panel of judges on an episode of Don Johnson's *Nash Bridges*... Congratulations to Martha Smith and her new hubby, Harrison Keith England, who were married on May 7 in California.



Pamela as cover girl.



Danelle wears it well.

## Sifting Through the Sands

A model and singer (and daughter of former teen idol Tommy), JESSICA SANDS puts on orchids for the camera.



## Eve and Her Adam Play Ruff

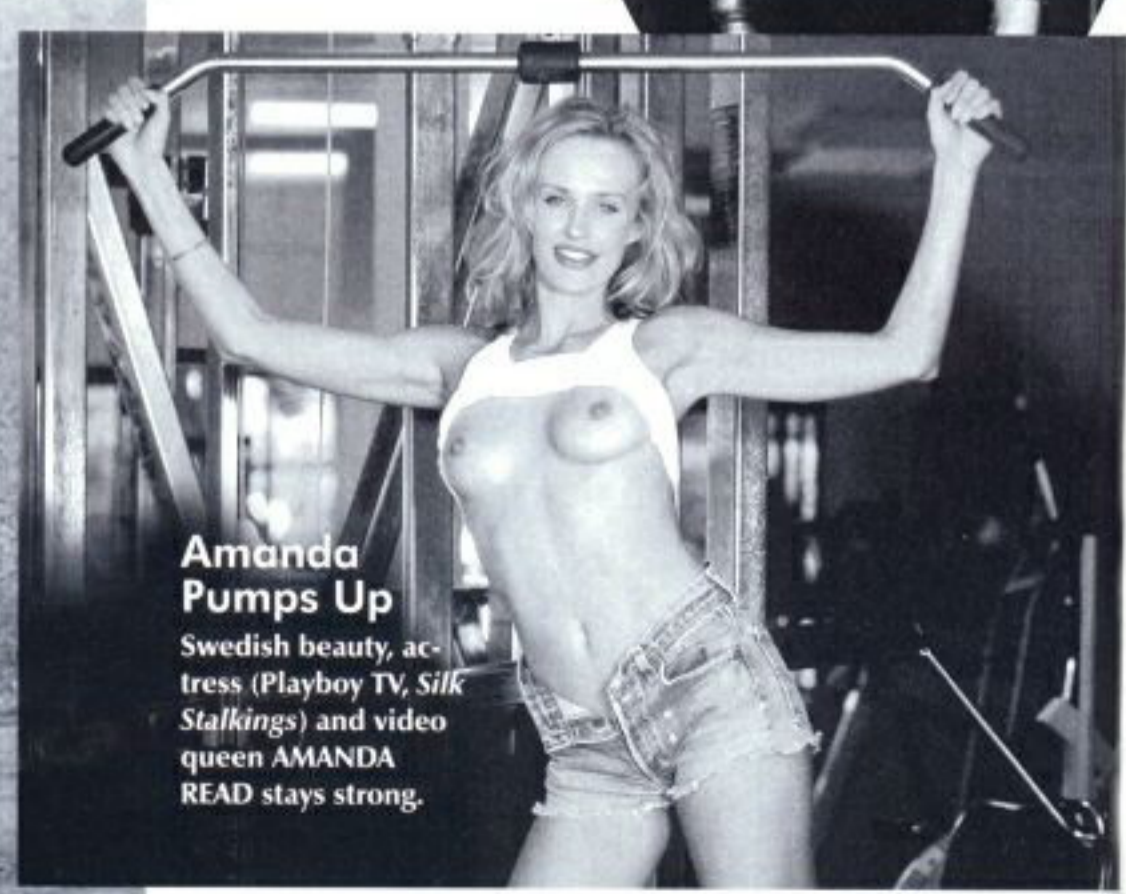
As the title of her platinum solo album suggests, rapper EVE is the *Ruff Ryders'* *First Lady*. Celebrating Eve's tour and a number one CD, her boyfriend and producer, STEVIE JAY, tips his cigar to all that revealing fishnet.

© DAVID KLUGG/CA/ONYX

## Put the Squeeze on Charlize

The gorgeous CHARLIZE THERON has seven movies for 2000, including Will Smith and Matt Damon's *Legend of Bagger Vance* and *Navy Diver* with Robert De Niro. Her assets light up this photo.

© JOHN SPILLERMAN/RETNA LTD



## Amanda Pumps Up

Swedish beauty, actress (*Playboy TV*, *Silk Stalkings*) and video queen AMANDA READ stays strong.

© J.A. HAY

## Say Amen, Somebody

Texasan KARYN PENTECOST was featured in Playboy Special Editions' *Voluptuous Vixens* and played a cheerleader in Oliver Stone's *Any Given Sunday*. Make that weekdays, too.

## The Sopranos Take Flight

MICHAEL IMPERIOLI convincingly plays the winsome, menacing Christopher on *The Sopranos*. Whether he's pitching a screenplay or recovering from gunshot wounds, Imperiole is bada bing, bada boom.

© LINDI CALZANGA / RETNA LTD.



© STEPHEN WARRICK / GETTY IMAGES

## Touched by an Angel

LUCY LIU and crime-busting cohorts Cameron Diaz and Drew Barrymore are bringing *Charlie's Angels* to theaters. Lucy also co-stars with Jackie Chan in the Western *Shanghai Noon*.

© DOUGLAS STREIBER



# Next Month



OLYMPIC SIZZLE



EX-CON ARTIST



150 AND COUNTING



REMEMBERING DOROTHY

**DARVA CONGER**—RICK ROCKWELL, EAT YOUR HEART OUT. THE WOMAN SPURNED ON *WHO WANTS TO MARRY A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE?* LOOKS LIKE A MILLION BUCKS TO US

**THE GOLDEN AGE OF SELF-ABSORPTION**—RAGING NARCISSISTS ARE NOTHING NEW, BUT THEY HAVE RECENTLY BECOME A PLAGUE. OPRAH, DAVID GEFFEN, TINA BROWN, PUFFY COMBS—DON'T GET US STARTED! HUMOR BY **JOE QUEENAN**

**MILLIONAIRES**—THE NOUVEAU RICHE GET YOUNGER. THEIR FABULOUS FIEFDOMS INCLUDE PLUTOCRAT BABES, MASTER GOLD DIGGERS AND SUPREME TOYS. READ THIS AND WEEP. BY **JAMIE MALANOWSKI**

**YOU DON'T LOOK A DAY OVER 150. WANT TO SCREW?**—DO YOU WANT SMOOTH SKIN, A SPRING IN YOUR STEP AND AN ACTIVE SEX LIFE WHEN YOU'RE A CENTENARIAN? GENETIC RESEARCHERS CALL IT HYPERLONGEVITY AND SAY IT'S ON THE WAY. HERE'S HOW TO GET STARTED. BY **KATHLEEN SHARP**

**JOHN MALKOVICH**—SPIKE JONZE'S MOVIE TOOK US INSIDE MALKOVICH'S HEAD. NOW **KRISTINE MCKENNA** DELIVERS AN UNPREDICTABLE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW ABOUT THE GENIUS OF DR. DRE, THE WONDERS OF A JELL-O DIET AND WHY DUSTIN HOFFMAN'S FARTS WOULD MAKE YOU LAUGH SO HARD, YOU'D CRY

**FUTURE OLYMPICS**—IF PLAYBOY RAN THE SUMMER GAMES, THERE WOULD BE MORE BODY OIL AND LESS CLOTHING.

PHOTOGRAPHER **GUIDO ARGENTINI** BRINGS AN ATHLETIC FANTASY TO LIFE

**AIMEE MANN**—VOICES CARRY, ESPECIALLY HERS. **ROBERT CRANE** SERVES UP 20 QUESTIONS TO THE SWEET SOUL SISTER WHO DID THE *MAGNOLIA* SOUNDTRACK

**DOROTHY STRATTEN**—TWENTY YEARS AFTER HER DEATH, WE CELEBRATE THE STAR *80* WHO IS STILL IN OUR HEARTS. A CLASSIC PICTORIAL

**ROLLING IN IT**—POP THE CRISTAL! FOUR OVER-THE-TOP ITEMS TO SPLURGE ON WHEN YOUR IPO COMES IN: A SPORTS CAR, A WRISTWATCH, A PERSONAL HELICOPTER AND A \$13 MILLION YACHT

**ART AND CRAFT**—A PUBLICITY-HUNGRY EX-CON HATCHES A BURGLARY PLAN—AND ENLISTS AN OLD FRIEND FROM THE CLINK TO HELP HIM PULL IT OFF. FICTION BY **DONALD E. WESTLAKE**

**LUXURY CAMPING**—IN THE WOODS BUT DON'T FEEL LIKE ROUGHING IT? HOW ABOUT TENTS WITH LIGHT-SENSITIVE WINDOWS, A HANDHELD GLOBAL-POSITIONING SYSTEM AND (OF COURSE) GOURMET FOOD?

**PLUS:** THE **EMINEM** PHENOMENON, HOW TO TURN A FRIENDSHIP INTO A LOVE AFFAIR, CITY GIRLS: PART THREE, RUM THIRST-QUENCHERS, THE IMAC-IZATION OF AMERICA, AND A SPECIAL HOT-WEATHER PLAYMATE NAMED **SUMMER**