

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT

AUGUST 2001 • [www.playboy.com](http://www.playboy.com)

**SOPRANOS  
STRIPPERS**

Girls of the

**BADA!  
BING!**

**DRUGS  
AND DEATH  
IN COLOMBIA**

**JON BON JOVI  
BACK ON TOP**

**GO, GO, GIRL!**

**BELINDA**

**CARLISLE**

**ROCKS**

**NAKED**

**INTERVIEW**

**TIM**

**BURTON**

**HONG**

**KONG**

**ACTION**

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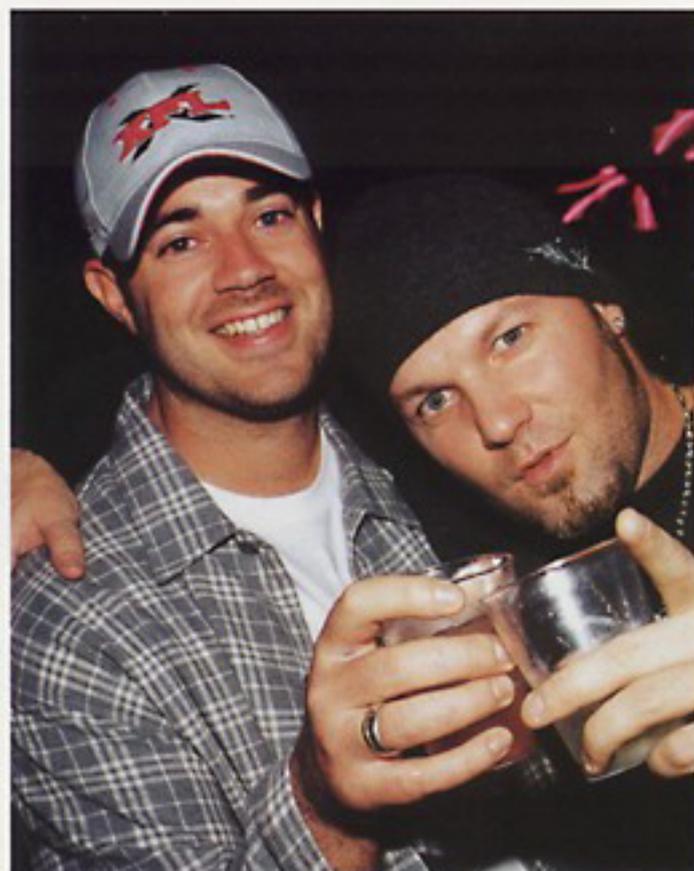


# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES

## HEF'S 75TH BIRTHDAY BASH

Hef had nine beauties—Jennifer, Kim, Lindsey, Anka, Michelle, Tiffany, Tina, Stephanie and Regina—to help him celebrate his birthday weekend. MTV's Carson Daly and Biz-kit man Fred Durst raised their glasses to the birthday boy.



## OSCAR NIGHT PARTY

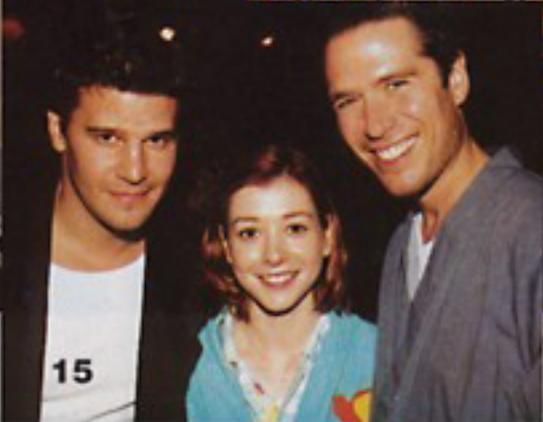
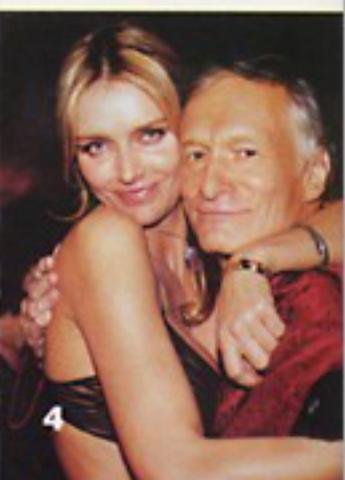
The *Vanity Fair* party was clearly the hot spot after the Academy Awards. Hef was there with his girls, along with Gabriel Byrne and Kim Cattrall. Playmate Lisa Dergan and *Pearl Harbor* director Michael Bay partied with Hef, too.

## TV CARES

Our July cover girl, Pamela Anderson (here with Tommy Lee), presented Hef with a Ribbon of Hope Award from the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences for Playboy's long-standing support in the battle against AIDS. Hef shared the award with TV writer and funnyman Bruce Vilanch.



# Hef's HAPPY 75TH!



What do you get the man who has everything? If you're Liz Hurley, you send him a singing telegram. If you're Pam Anderson, you give him a bottle of 1921 Château d'Yquem with a note saying, "Happy birthday, dearest Hef. This may be the only thing older and better than you. No way! Love, Pam." If you're young and beautiful, you show up in lingerie or less. (1) Hef gets a kick out of Fred Durst's *Happy Birthday* and a cake featuring his seven sweethearts. (2) Jenny McCarthy and John Asher ham it up. (3) Painted nude go-go dancers rock out. (4) Hef with his favorite girl next door, Mrs. H. (5) Hef and his girls. (6) Power couple Carson Daly and Tara Reid. (7) Michael Bay and Lisa Dergan with Laurie Wallace. (8) Thora Birch with Tina and Hef. (9) *Traffic*'s Steven Bauer and Judd Nelson. (10) Hef with Bill Maher, Brande Roderick and Stacy Kamano. (11) Christie Hefner hugs *PLAYBOY* artist LeRoy Neiman. (12) Stephanie Heinrich plays the skins. (13) Sydney Moon proves less is more. (14) Hef with Brian Grazer, who is planning a film on Hef's life. (15) David Boreanaz, Alyson Hannigan and Alexis Denisof. (16) Ron Jeremy gives Venice Adrien a lift. (17) Fred and Rod Stewart party on.

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# PLAYBOY

## after hours

A GUY'S GUIDE TO WHAT'S HIP AND WHAT'S HAPPENING

### THE WEAK TO REMEMBER

It wasn't the psych-out style of Anne Robinson that caused *Weakest Link* to cool down on NBC, it was the psyche of the American audience. Over here, we like weak links. We find them useful, and even elect them president (wouldn't want somebody too smart for his own good running things, would we?). We're pleased that the French did so poorly in WWII—it's something to bring up when they get too snooty. And aren't all the states glad Mississippi is in the Union, making the rest of them look better? Just because something is a weak link doesn't mean it doesn't have some charm, some aptitude, some attraction. We like Zeppo Marx. President Carter did some good things. Iceberg lettuce is the weakest link among leafy greens, but it's mighty tasty on an egg salad sandwich. A group of weak links makes a strong list:

**Jar Jar Binks:** Loathing him distracted us from how bad the rest of *The Phantom Menace* was.

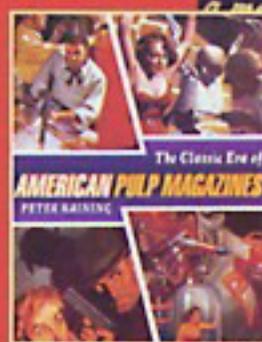
**Tom Brokaw:** Dude can't even pronounce his own name, yet he's kicked Dan Rather's ass more frequently than the guy who knew Kenneth.

**Qatar:** Kuwait was a rich weak link that cost us lives and



### SEEDY PULP

Between the Great War and the Big One, after the heyday of dime novels and before the ascendance of paperbacks and comics, pulp magazines reigned supreme. They were driven by a simple formula—sex, action and adventure—that appealed directly to a young man's fantasies. In *The Classic Era of American Pulp Magazines* (Chicago Review Press) by Peter Haining, pulps return from the dead. The book is filled with artwork of the exquisite women who adorned the covers of such spicy pulps as *Stolen Sweets* and *Saucy Stories*. You'll want to read it in one sitting—a long day's journey into noir.



money, but Qatar was the little camel that could.

**Ted Kennedy:** The least of the brothers and still the best speaker in the Senate.

**Mick Taylor:** Exiled off Main Street. It hasn't been the same since.

**Coriolanus:** Heh heh—the Bard said anus.

**Yasmine Bleeth:** A *Baywatch* chick who didn't pose for PLAYBOY. Yet.

**The Buffalo Bills:** Four straight appearances, no Super Bowl wins. "Fran Tarkenton on the line for Jim Kelly."

**Staten Island:** Still part of Jersey, right?

**Trent Dilfer:** The Ravens ditched Dilfer, surely the weakest Super Bowl-winning QB, in the off-sea-

son. But where's Marino's ring?

**George Lazenby:** The weakest Bond still had enough strumpf to nail Diana Rigg.

**The 1997 World Series (Marlins vs. Indians):** So it snowed and few watched. Those who did saw some damn good games. *Hasta luego*, Jose Mesa.

**The Greatest Show on Earth:** Everyone agrees it is the worst movie to win best picture. But it has the Oscar and *High Noon* doesn't.

### IDEJAME VER TUS TETAS!

It's rough being a substitute teacher, as Dana Gibson can attest. During a stint teaching Spanish at St. Joseph High School in Orcutt, California, one of the

### THREADBARE AND FANCY FREE

Justine Bateman, the most interesting thing about *Family Ties*, has given up acting. She stopped by our office to show us her new passion—fashion. Justine has created a wide range of women's dresses, sweaters and hats—all for the gal who likes to go out and be seen. The garment at left, a "spider sweater," has no thermal properties whatsoever. But, of course, that's not the point. See Justine's creations for yourself at [justinebateman.com](http://justinebateman.com).



## THE PLAYBOY MARGARITA MIXER TASTE TEST

Margarita mix	Overall rating on a scale of one to five*	Upside	Downside	Reminds you of	The morning after	Slogan we'd like to see
Daily's Green Demon	4.5	Increases your pucker power to 10 times its normal strength	Makes lips so salty kissing rarely lasts more than 10 seconds	<i>The Different Strokes</i> episode in which Dana Plato's hair turns green	After two ginger ales and two liters of water, you still won't have to pee	Challenge your immune system like it has never been challenged before
Jose Cuervo Perfect Strawberry	4.8	It's a chick magnet	Causes a vermilion margarita mustache in three out of 10 cases	Lipstick in surprising places	Your burps smell like air freshener	They should have drunk this at Jonestown
Sauza	4.8	Announces the end of siesta	Announces the end of siesta	Cliff diving	You'll say hello to Señor Wences	Let's give it up for the Zapatistas
Mr. & Mrs. T	1.4	Prompts roundtable discussion on the intelligence of Mrs. T	Less punch than a jab by Gandhi	Amoco bathrooms	You won't recognize the stranger in your bed	We pity the poor fool who drinks this
Holland House	3.1	Tartier than Britney Spears	Like Florida, it has way too much citrus	Cheap women in Cancún bars	Your heart beats in your head	Try this between your tulips

\*Our cleaning crew left a note suggesting the best flavor was achieved when all five margaritas were mixed together.

kids told her the lesson was boring. Gibson livened things up by removing her shirt and proceeding to teach in a sports bra—for which she was promptly fired. "It didn't seem like a big deal," Gibson said, "but maybe something's totally wrong with me." Step into our photo studio, ma'am, and we'll let you know for sure.

### PLAYFUL MATE

Count a sense of humor among March 2001 Playmate Miriam Gonzalez' plentiful assets. Recently, she was a celebrity mod-

erator for one of our oft-cited sites, top five.com. From numerous entries, Gonzalez compiled "The Top 15 Signs Your Neighbor Is a Playmate." Our favorites: "There are so many 13-year-olds mowing her lawn that it sounds like the Indy 500." "You get an angry phone call at two A.M. describing your barking dog as a real turnoff." "Your son: 'Come on, Dad, please let me camp out in the backyard.' You: 'Son, go home before your wife and kids start to wonder where you are.'" "You've spoken with her hundreds of times but still have no idea what color her eyes are—or if she even has any." "Her occupation is listed clearly as Playboy Playmate on the restraining or-

der she just took out against you." And the most telltale indication? "Her lawn is kept completely bare on the edges and trimmed neatly down the middle."

### NETWHACKER

The latest chapter in Henry Hill's saga—documented in Nicholas Pileggi's remarkable book *Wiseguy* and Martin Scorsese's film *Goodfellas*—can be found at goodfellaHenry.com. Self-described as "the only real hit on the web," it offers tours of his old stomping grounds, top-10 murder techniques ("Brooklyn Fogger: plastic bag over the head") and corpse-disposal methods ("Coney Island



### DISH OF THE MONTH

With wood-paneled walls decked out in cowboy art and fly-fishing gear, Roaring Fork looks more like it belongs in the Rocky Mountains than in Scottsdale, Arizona. Chef Robert McGrath does what he calls American Western cuisine—macho helpings of dishes like beef filet glazed with coffee-and-molasses "shellac." One of Roaring Fork's best sellers is this duo of grilled pork tenderloin and braised baby back ribs. McGrath cooks the ribs in a sauce made with lots of chilies and Dr Pepper. "The soft drink helps break down the meat," he says. McGrath goes in for heavy-duty sides like blue-cheese bread pudding. Drop into the bar during happy hour, when Buzzard's Breath back ribs, also cooked with Dr P, go for \$6. Warning: The bar may be packed out. Regulars love the beef jerky, the trail mix and killer cocktails like the Wrath of McGrath: Smirnoff 100-proof jalapeno-flavored vodka served straight up—ice cold but red hot.

## THE MONEY SHOT

Know when to hold them, know when to fold them. And the best place to learn how to impress friends down at the corner bar is Origami Underground (underground.zork.net). Here, in case you haven't guessed, is a neatly folded dollar-bill vagina. The instructions are simple but actually making the damn thing isn't. We tried repeatedly until we found a skilled woman who also knew origami. But since she gave the finished piece to us, we've been turning it upside down and sideways and we're still not positive which end is supposed to be up. One thing's for sure: Whenever we crumple it up, it snaps right back into shape.

**Foot-Long:** Make sure you have an in at the meat processing plant"). Hill,

who ratted out his Lucchese family buddies and then had the balls to get kicked out of the witness protection program, thumbs his nose at his enemies. In his Mobster Shop you can buy an autographed *Goodfellas* movie poster—"Get yours before I get whacked." The best example of the precariousness of his predicament can be found in the "Threat of the Week" section. One of our favorite entries reads, "Dear Stoolie Cock-Sucker: I know exactly where to find you, you stinkin' hump, and I'm gonna ass-fuck you with one of your shitty posters before I bury a bullet in your ugly face."

## NURSE WRETCHED

A worrisome indication of the quality of health care education in America can be found in an article written by nurse Francine H. in the Framingham State College student paper. In it, she denounces the practice of fellatio by asking, "If you went to a hot dog stand and you got a hot dog and then it fell on the ground and you got dirt on it, rocks and hair, would you pick it up, put it in the bun and stick it in your mouth? No." Apparently this woman needs to meet tidier gents.

## THE TIP SHEET

**Tobacco cow pies:** An ex-prison administrator is accused of taking bribes for

sneaking tobacco to inmates—he smuggled bags of it inside cows' rectums.

**Pee in your seats:** ESPN Zone restaurants around the country installed television monitors above urinals for full water-sports action.

**Feral Cheryl:** An Australian doll that has dreadlocks, piercings and pubic hair. Wax kit sold separately.

**Vehicle-mounted Active Denial System:** The *Marine Corps Times* says the Marines have developed a weapon that disperses energy in the form of microwaves that can burn the skin of enemy soldiers. Or defrost a chicken from 100 meters.

**ChromaFlair paint:** A new futuristic auto finish that turns cars into chameleons. As you walk around the showroom and your angle of vision changes, so will the color of the car. But not the price.

**The Strategy Group:** President Bush's long-range planning council headed by Karl Rove takes its name from a *Saturday Night Live*-style send-up of the president's malapropisms.

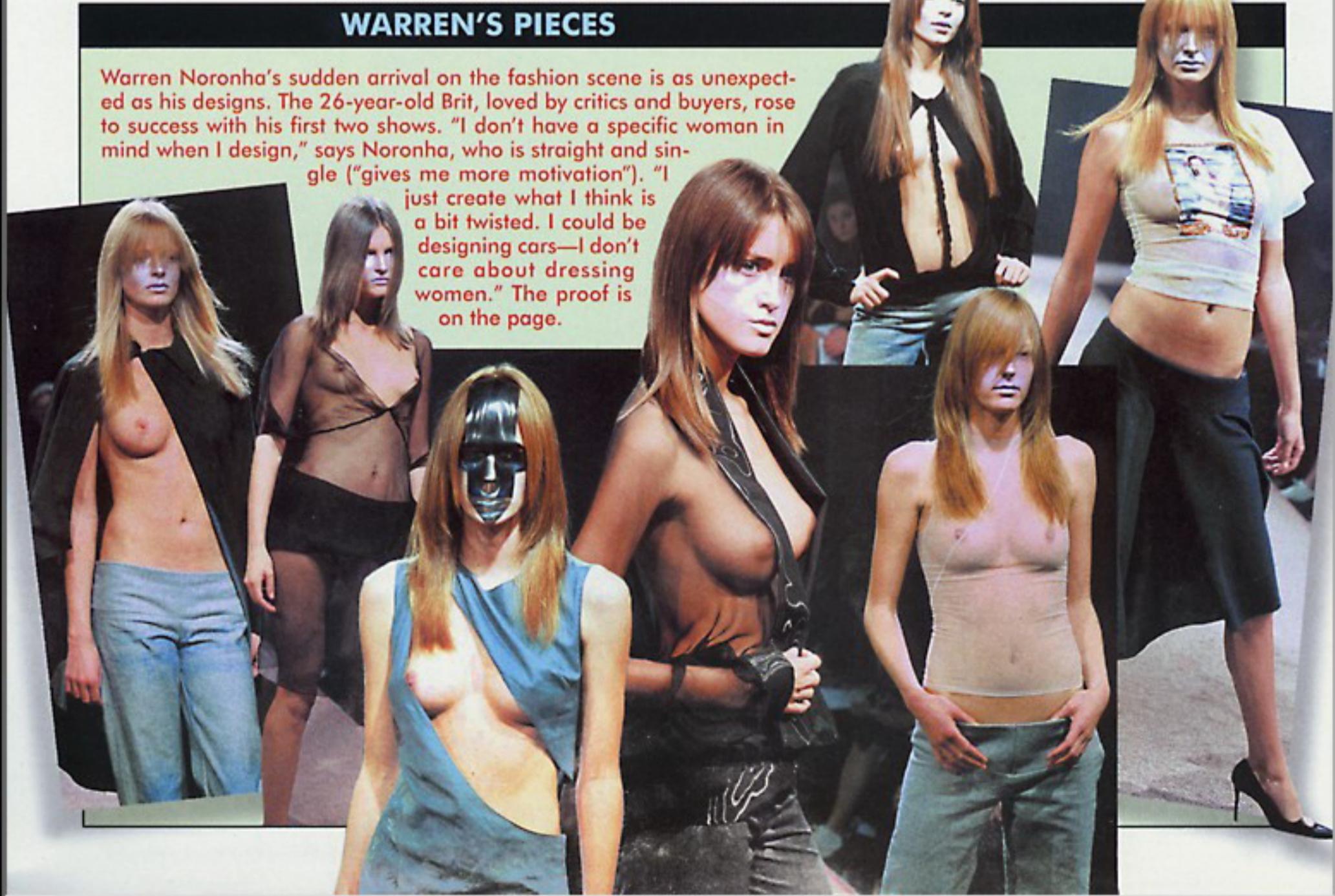


"Half of me is still a kid and half of me is a 60-year-old granny, making sure people have warm socks on and stuff." —Björk

## WARREN'S PIECES

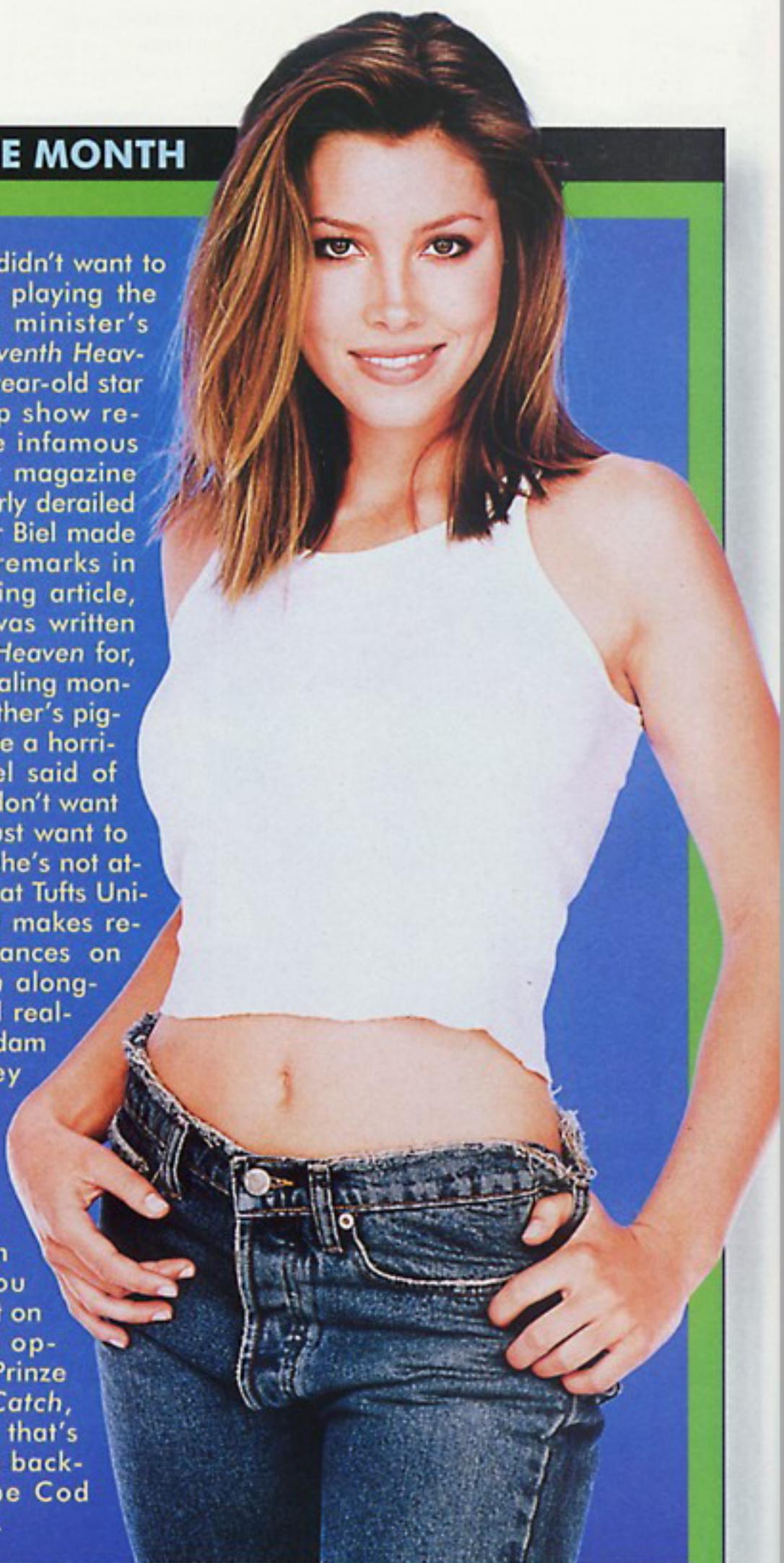
Warren Noronha's sudden arrival on the fashion scene is as unexpected as his designs. The 26-year-old Brit, loved by critics and buyers, rose to success with his first two shows. "I don't have a specific woman in mind when I design," says Noronha, who is straight and single ("gives me more motivation").

"I just create what I think is a bit twisted. I could be designing cars—I don't care about dressing women." The proof is on the page.



## BABE OF THE MONTH

**JESSICA BIEL** didn't want to be typecast for playing the squeaky-clean minister's daughter on *Seventh Heaven*, but the 19-year-old star of the WB's top show regrets doing the infamous seminude *Gear* magazine spread that nearly derailed her career. After Biel made foul-mouthed remarks in the accompanying article, her character was written out of *Seventh Heaven* for, of all things, stealing money from her brother's piggy bank. "I made a horrible choice," Biel said of the debacle. "I don't want that image—I just want to be me." When she's not attending college at Tufts University, Biel still makes recurring appearances on *Seventh Heaven* alongside her TV and real-life boyfriend, Adam LaVorgna. They met while filming *I'll Be Home for Christmas*, a comedy that followed Biel's movie debut in *Ulee's Gold*. You can see her next on the big screen opposite Freddie Prinze Jr. in *Summer Catch*, a "date movie" that's set against the backdrop of a Cape Cod baseball league.



# SCENE STEALER



**THORA BIRCH. FIRST NOTICED IN:** *Purple People Eater*, at the age of six (following TV commercials at four and a half). **RECENTLY AC-**

**CLAIMED FOR:** *American Beauty*. **HOW SHE DESCRIBES HER CHARACTER IN TERRY ZWIGOFF'S UPCOMING GHOST WORLD:** "Enid

is a zany, vivacious character who is on one track one minute, and on another five minutes later." **THE**

**ADVANTAGE SHE HAS OVER ACTRESSES WHO HAVEN'T BEEN WORKING**

**MOST OF THEIR LIVES:** "The only advantage it gives me is the awareness of how much there

is yet to learn and do. I grew up in the industry and that's where I'm most comfortable."

**ONE OF THE BEST MOVIES SHE EVER TURNED DOWN:** When

I read the script for *American Pie*, I laughed my ass off—it was so funny, but there wasn't a particular character that I glommed on to, where I could see this being really fulfilling." **THE PART SHE COULD SEE HERSELF PLAYING YEARS FROM NOW:**

"This is way down the line: the Ellen Burstyn part in *Requiem for a Dream*. Her performance

in that was so powerful, so brilliant."

**THE THING ABOUT ACTING THAT STILL TURNS HER ON:** "The

work itself, being on the set, creating a character, pushing

myself further each day, trying to take on challenges and roles

that will make me work to become that other person." —L.M.

By ASA BABER

I GAVE ONE of my friends the nickname RadFem because she's never heard a radical feminist argument she hasn't liked—which means that on issues of sexual politics, she will always parrot the party line (men are bad, women are good, end of story). As you might expect, RadFem and I have a few differences of opinion, but we remain semicongenial acquaintances and get together on occasion for lunch.

The last time that we met, RadFem was mired in what I call the Pay Gap Trap, convinced that men earn more than they should and that women are paying for it. As she so delicately put it, "You bastards steal money from us in the workplace every day. You stick us up in the alley and take one quarter of our cash and then act as if nothing has happened."

RadFem snarled and tossed a newspaper article at me.

The headline read **WOMEN STILL EARN LESS THAN MEN: PAY GAP STUDY SHOWS 76 CENTS VS. \$1**. The article began, "Despite economic prosperity over much of the past decade, a gender pay gap persists and finds women earning 76 cents for every dollar a man earns."

I could see I was in for a difficult day. Any discussion of wages that begins with the so-many-cents-to-the-dollar comparison isn't destined to go well. That phrase is a con, and you can guarantee that you are about to get clobbered.

"Is this the best you can do?" I said, yawning. I handed the article back to RadFem, stirred my coffee and waited for the deluge.

"You see that?" RadFem asked, pointing at the article. "Seventy-six cents to the dollar? That means I have to work 15 months to make what you make in 12 months. That means I didn't catch up to your earnings for 2000 until April 3, 2001."

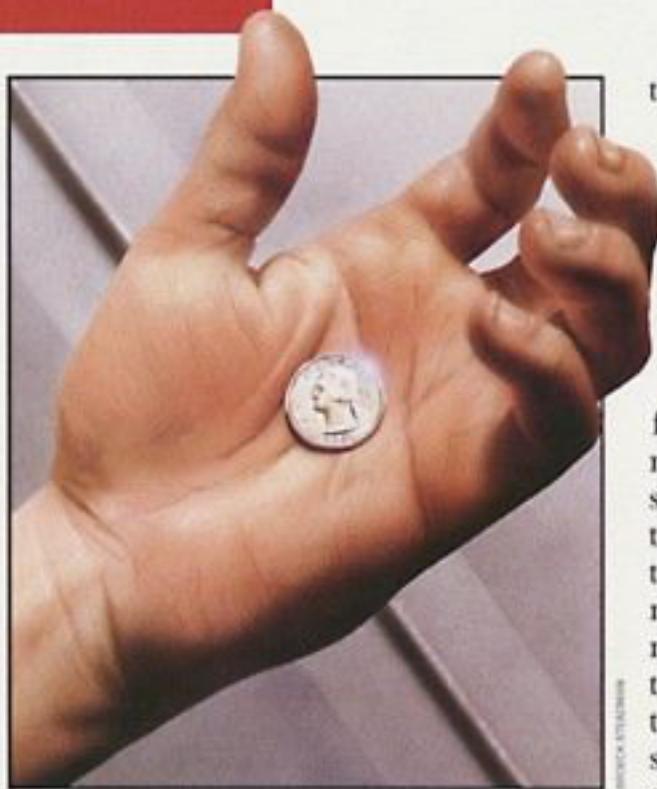
"Yes, indeed," I said. "Good old Equal Pay Day, another shrewd invention of the political propagandists. Keep those feminist statistics coming."

"I don't like your attitude," RadFem huffed.

"You never have," I chuckled. "You and your buddies are still playing the victim card when it comes to talking about equal pay for men and women. But you're cooking the books and calling men crooks on false evidence."

RadFem glared at me. "So, Butthead, how much longer are men going to screw women by getting paid 25 percent more than we do—while we do most of the work?"

RadFem held a dollar bill between her forefingers and snapped it in my face. "When payday comes around, you get



## THE PAY GAP TRAP

this entire dollar," she said. She tore off some of it. "But we only get this much."

"You're a copycat," I smiled. "I saw that trick last night on MSNBC. A female newscaster taped a dollar bill next to the word men. Then she took some scissors and cut off part of another dollar and pasted the remainder of it next to the word women. Sometimes, a picture tells a thousand slurs. That TV moment was designed to make women feel angry and men feel guilty."

"We've been on a 30-year guilt trip, and we're tired of it," I continued. "That bullshit 76-cents-versus-a-dollar argument may motivate your political base, but it is a misleading statistic, and you know it. You girls choose the numbers that suit your case, and then you present them as total truth."

"Do the math," RadFem yelled. "It works."

I took a deep breath and launched into it. "The math works only in the most simpleminded way. Your 76-cents-to-the-dollar figures are based solely on a comparison of the median incomes for men and women. But guess what? Those median incomes include people from all walks of life—manicurists as well as chief executives—and have nothing to do with whether people are receiving equal pay for equal work. You hear me, RadFem? You want to talk about pay equity, but the statistics you use do not answer questions of equity."

"You shouldn't be allowed to use the word equity," RadFem said. "You have no idea what it means."

I went on. "You don't account for differences between men and women in things like years in the workforce, time

taken off for pregnancy and child care, educational and training levels, levels of expertise, performance reviews—none of that. You're comparing apples and oranges."

"Baber—" she interrupted.

"One last point," I continued. "If women continue to choose lower-paying professions like teaching instead of fields like computer sciences and business, their pay levels will not go up. Consider the field of business administration, which pays big bucks to those who thrive in it. Guess what? Even today, female enrollment in the nation's top business schools makes up only 30 percent of the total. Why is that? Are you going to tell me women are locked out of business school? I don't think so. Clearly, women do not always follow the money like most guys do. That has a lot to do with why you are underpaid."

"So we are underpaid!" my feminist friend shouted. "You just admitted it, Baber!"

"Now we're getting somewhere," I yelled. "The fact is that we are all underpaid, men and women. That's the point you refuse to consider when you have a pity party for women and accuse us guys of oppression and unfairness. None of us likes to look at our histories, but we have all been conned by this culture over the last half-century. Think about it: It now takes two breadwinners to earn what one used to be able to earn. Taxes—federal, state, sales, etc.—take about half our money, and inflation eats up even more of it. I'm talking about both men and women. You think all these mothers and fathers want to leave their kids every morning? No way."

"When you crank in inflation, the median white-collar male who made \$19.24 an hour in 1997 was earning an increase of just six cents an hour over a similar worker in 1973. And again, adjusting for inflation, the median male worker in the 25-to-34 age group earned 13 percent less than that same worker would have earned in 1973. And between 1989 and 1997, entry-level wages for male college graduates declined by 6.5 percent, the second consecutive decade during which their starting pay declined."

"I don't believe a word of it," RadFem snorted.

"That's because you feminists never want men to look at their own financial problems—or for women to look at men's problems. But it's time for you to see what we're dealing with. The vast majority of men are not fat cats with golden bats. We get laid off. We lose money. Life is not a tire swing, no matter what Jimmy Buffett says. So let's get together and figure out what we can do, OK?"



## UP AGAINST THE WALL, SOCCER MOM

the supreme court rewrites the fourth amendment—again

It is not unconstitutional for a police officer to be a jerk." So said Justice Anthony Kennedy during oral arguments in the case of *Atwater vs. City of Lago Vista*.

Officer Bart Turek, the subject of the endorsement, certainly qualifies. In March 1997 he observed Gail Atwater driving a pickup at slow speed on a residential street in Lago Vista, Texas. Her three-year-old son and five-year-old daughter were standing on the front seat, unbuckled, peering out the window. The family was scanning the roadside for a toy lost on the way home from soccer practice.

Turek pulled Atwater over. As the officer approached the truck, he yelled something like "We've met before" and "You're going to jail." The charges: driving without a seat belt, failing to secure her children in seat belts, driving without a license and failing to provide proof of insurance. The officer poked his finger in Atwater's face and threatened to take her kids into custody. After a neighbor offered to look after the traumatized children, Turek handcuffed the soccer mom, pushed her into the backseat of his squad car and, without fastening her seat belt, drove her to jail.

Once in custody, Atwater was told to remove her shoes and jewelry, empty her pockets and pose for a mug shot. She spent an hour in jail before being taken before a judge to post bond. She later paid a \$50 fine.

Hey, you might say, Atwater was lucky to be alive. Had she been black and/or living in New York City, she might be dead. Instead, Atwater filed a civil rights suit, claiming that the arrest violated her Fourth Amendment right to "live free of pointless indignity and confinement." To be placed in custody for a crime that was punishable by a fine was excessive. She invoked English common law, an accepted body of precedent that seems to restrict the actions of police officers when making misdemeanor arrests. Constables could act without a warrant only in nonfelony cases "involv-

ing or tending toward violence."

Last April, the Supreme Court, by a 5-4 vote, sided with Officer Turek's right to be a jerk. While admitting that Atwater suffered "gratuitous humiliation" and "pointless indignity," the majority of the court was loath to burden police with a sensitivity toward individual rights, to require that they exercise reasonable care when dealing with the public.

Justice David Souter quibbled with Atwater's sense of common law. He cited commentaries that said English constables could "apprehend, take charge of and present for trial all persons who broke the laws, written or unwritten, against the King's peace or against the statutes of the realm."

Justice Souter would not

fleboards or any game of hazard or address, for money." So why not add soccer moms to that list?

Gail Atwater argued that under the Fourth Amendment a person had the right to be free of unreasonable police attention. Surely officers ought to be able to judge between a minor offense and a felony, between "jailable" acts and "fine-only" acts. The court disagreed, saying it was too much to expect that an officer could "know the details of frequently complex penalty schemes." Even the simple rule "if in doubt, do not arrest" was too much: "Multiplied many times over, the costs to society of such underenforcement could easily outweigh the costs to defendants of being needlessly arrested and booked."

Souter claimed Atwater's was an isolated case. How much of a problem was this "out there?" The record contained a "death of horrors." Asked to provide "comparably foolish, warrantless misdemeanor arrests," those arguing the case cited a teenage girl taken into custody for eating french fries in a Washington, D.C. subway station, citizens arrested for littering, riding a bicycle without a bell and "walking as to create a hazard." There was, Souter concluded, no evidence of widespread abuse of minor-offense arrest authority.

Then, in an act of "administrative ease"—or simple arrogance—Souter worried that if the Court adopted Atwater's version of the Fourth Amendment, "every discretionary judgment in the field will be converted into an occasion for constitutional review." God forbid that protecting individual rights under the Constitution be too much trouble.

Justice Sandra Day O'Connor, in a strongly worded dissent, chastised the majority: "Such unbounded discretion carries with it grave potential for abuse. Indeed, as the recent debate over racial profiling demonstrates all too clearly, a relatively minor traffic infraction may often serve as an excuse for stopping and harassing an individual."

Or sometimes worse.



AMANDA DUFFY

admit that the framers of the Constitution were in any way bothered by such abuse of power. He cited colonial laws that allowed local constables to arrest "all persons unnecessarily traveling on the Sabbath or Lord's Day," those guilty of drunkenness, profane swearing and Sabbath breaking, as well as "common prostitutes, fortune-tellers and other practitioners of crafty science" or those "playing cards, dice, billiards, bowls, shuf-

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

## BATTLE STATIONS

are these radio broadcasts indecent?

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

The Federal Communications Commission has been policing the nation's airwaves since 1934 to make sure no one says or does anything that the agency judges to violate the public morality. Federal law requires violators to be punished with fines and/or jail time.

For years, the FCC took action only against broadcasters who used any of the seven dirty words made famous by George Carlin. But in 1987 the agency expanded its criteria to include all varieties of indecency. It also created a "safe harbor" for children between six A.M. and 10 P.M., during which broadcasters would not be allowed to push any limits. (The safe harbor has always struck us as a little expansive—aren't children in school for many of those hours?) The message seems to be that the First Amendment can only be enjoyed to its full potential by night owls.

The FCC does not monitor individual broadcasts. Instead, its five commissioners respond to complaints. During the Eighties, when the religious right made decency a national crusade, the FCC was deluged with 20,000 complaints a year. An Indianapolis group calling itself Decency in Broadcasting once submitted 7000 pages of transcripts to make its point about a single radio program. Between November 1999 and this past April, the FCC had logged just 144 complaints, most simple one-page grievances. Clearly, indecency on the radio remains a serious concern only to a handful of whiners.

This past spring, the commission released a 28-page statement, available online at [fcc.gov/eb](http://fcc.gov/eb), that sought to clarify its guidelines on what it considers actionable. "In determining whether material is patently offensive, the full context in which the material appeared is critically important," it stated. "It is not sufficient, for example, to know that explicit sexual terms or descriptions were used, just as it is not sufficient to know only that no such terms or descriptions were used. Explicit lan-

guage in the context of a bona fide newscast might not be patently offensive, while sexual innuendo that persists and is sufficiently clear to make the sexual meaning inescapable might be."

When it's assessing a complaint, the FCC considers: "(1) The explicitness or graphic nature of the description or depiction of sexual or excretory organs or activities; (2) whether the material dwells on or repeats at length descriptions of sexual or excretory organs or activities; (3) whether the material appears to pander or is used to titillate, or whether the material appears to have been presented for its shock value."

The statement includes numerous examples of radio broadcasts that the FCC has considered over the past 14 years. Judge each case for yourself (we've added a few additional selections from agency files) and see how your decision compares with the commission's ruling.

*The Howard Stern Show*, WYSP-FM, Philadelphia

"God, my testicles are, like, down to the floor. You could really have a party with these—use them like boccie balls."

"I mean, to go around porking other girls with vibrating rubber products."

"Have you ever had sex with an animal? Well, don't knock it. I was sodomized by Lamb Chop."

Decent? Indecent? The end of Western civilization? The FCC didn't fine Stern for these tidbits, which aired in 1987, but instead told him to tone it down (you know how that turned out). It noted for the record that Stern's show included "explicit references to masturbation, ejaculation, breast size, penis size, sexual intercourse, nudity, urination, oral-genital contact, erections, sodomy, bestiality, menstruation and testicles." It

also noted that the program "did not merely consist of an occasional off-color or reference or expletive, but consisted of dwelling on sexual and excretory matters in a way that was patently offensive as measured by contemporary community standards for the broadcast medium." After putting Stern on the air, WYSP jumped in the ratings from 16th to third place. Since then the nation's premiere shock jock and Infinity Broadcasting have racked up more than \$1 million in FCC fines, and Stern has become a national living treasure.

*Uterus Guy*, WQAM-AM, Miami

"I don't want to grow up, I'm a uterus guy. I want to spend a week or so right here between your thighs. Inhale your clam, with my head jammed by your quivering, crushing gams. No, I don't want to get up or get a towel to dry, 'cause I wouldn't be a uterus guy. I don't want to get up, I'm a uterus guy and I know where to lick and chew exactly where you like. You'll have more fun when I make you come, with my nose between your thighs."

Decent? Indecent? Clever? Is this what they mean by identity politics? The FCC held that "the song's sexual import is lewd, inescapable and understandable." It also cited complaints about other "patently offensive" material aired over five days in 1999 on WQAM's morning show, including a parody of *New York, New York* called *Let's Pork*. The station questioned the FCC's standard, arguing that sexual banter had become more accepted in light of the "discussions, analyses and jokes resulting from the sex scandal involving the president." The agency dismissed the appeal and

fined the station \$35,000. "In making the required determination of indecency, commissioners draw on their knowledge of the views of the average viewer or listener, as well as their general expertise in broadcast matters."

*You Suck*, KROQ-FM, Los Angeles

"I know you're really proud 'cause

you think you're well hung, but I think it's time you learn how to use your tongue. You say you want things to be even and you want things to be fair, but you're afraid to get your teeth caught in my pubic hair. If you're lying there expecting me to suck your dick, you're going to have to give me more than just a token lick. Go down, baby, you suck, lick it hard and move your tongue around. If you're worried about babies, you can lower your risk by giving me that special cunnilingus kiss. You can jiggle your tongue on my clit. Don't worry about making me have an orgasm. You asshole, you shit. I know it's a real drag, to suck my cunt when I'm on the rag. You tell me it's gross to suck my yeast infection. How do you think I feel when I gag on your erection?"

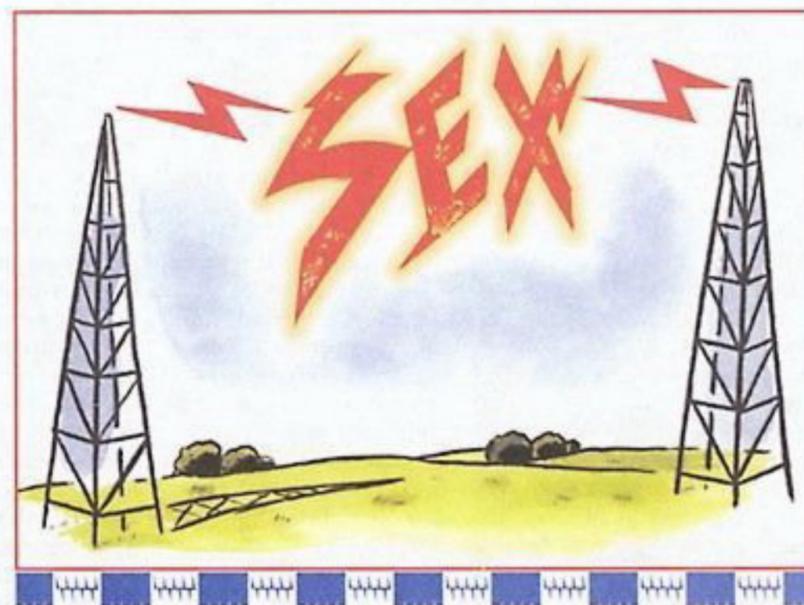
Decent? Indecent? Gosh, those chick singers know how to turn a phrase? The FCC fined the station \$2000, saying the lyrics "graphically and explicitly describe sexual and excretory organs or activities." KROQ appealed, saying it had no record of which version of the song had been aired at about nine P.M. on the day in question—the raunchy one or an edited "safe" cut. After the complainant filed an affidavit at the FCC's request asserting she had heard the words pubic, dick, pussy and clit, the agency denied the appeal.

*Host banter, The Stevens and Pruett Show*, KLOL-FM, Houston

"The doctor was talking about size. The man complained earlier that he was so large it was ruining his marriage. Big is good if the guy knows how to use it. She is so big she could handle anything. Some of these guys, a very few of them, a handful is like two handfuls. Twelve inches, about the size of a beer can in diameter. So, could you handle something like that? It's actually ruined marriages. A big organ for a big cathedral. Somebody big is

just going to have to find somebody that's big."

Decent? Indecent? Wish you had the same problem? "While the licensee may have substituted innuendo and double entendre, unmistakable sexual references remain that render the sexual meaning of the innuendo inescapable." The FCC may be on to something: Oversize guys should just shut up. The agency also cited the show for a call-in segment in which listeners were invited to respond to the question, "What makes your heinie parts tingle?" One caller said, "When my husband gets down there and goes [lips



noise]."

Another said: "My boyfriend tried to put Hershey's Kisses inside of me and tried to lick it out and it took forever for him to do it." The agency fined the station \$33,750.

*Candy Wrapper*, KGB-FM, San Diego

"I whipped out my Whopper and whispered, 'Hey, Sweet Tart, how'd you like to Crunch on my Big Hunk for a Million Dollar Bar?' Well, she immediately went down on my Tootsie Roll and, you know, it was like pure Almond Joy. I couldn't help but grab her delicious Mounds. This little Twix had the Red Hots. My Butterfinger went up her tight little Kit Kat, and she started to scream, 'Oh Henry! Oh Henry!' Soon she was fondling my Peter Paul

and Zagnuts and I knew it wouldn't be long before I blew my Milk Duds clear to Mars and gave her a taste of the old Milky Way. I said, 'Look, why don't you just take my Whatchamacallit and slip it up your Bit-o-Honey?' Oh, what a piece of Juicy Fruit she was, too. She screamed, 'Oh, Crackerjack. You're better than the Three Musketeers!' As I rammed my Ding Dong up her Rocky Road and into her Peanut Butter Cup. Well, I was giving it to her Good & Plenty, and all of a sudden, my Starburst. She started to grow a bit Chunky and, sure enough, nine months later, out popped a Baby Ruth."

Decent? Indecent? Inspired? According to the FCC, "The titillating and pandering nature of the song makes any thought of candy bars peripheral at best." The agency fined the station \$25,000 for twice airing the song on its morning show, and for playing a Monty Python ditty called *Sit on My Face*. The fine was later reduced to \$9200.

*Blow Me*, KMEL-FM, San Francisco

"Blow me, you hardly even know me, just set yourself below me and blow me, tonight. A handy would certainly be dandy, but it's not enough to slow me, hey, you gotta blow me all night. When you pat your lips that way, I want you night and day, when you squeeze my balls so tight, I want to blow my love with all my might."

Decent? Indecent? The FCC said the song, which aired during the late afternoon *Rick Chase Show*, dwelled too much on descriptions of sexual organs and activities. The show presented the song as part of a segment in which Chase asked listeners, "What was the last thing you had in your mouth?" The station argued that the material, measured against the community standards of San Francisco, was not

Apparently  
free speech  
can be  
enjoyed only  
by night  
owls.

"Indecency"  
on the radio  
remains a  
serious  
concern to  
whiners.

indecent. The FCC responded that it judges broadcasts using a "generic, nongeographic indecency standard." It fined the station \$25,000.

**DJ punch line, KLOU-FM, St. Louis**  
"The wallet was found stuffed up the ass of a dead guy."

Decent? Indecent? Were they talking about *The Sopranos*? The FCC dismissed this complaint.

**Real Deal Mike Neil Show, WWKX-FM, Woonsocket, Rhode Island**

"Hey, douche bag—hey, what's up, fu(bleep)ck head? You his fuck (bleep) ho or what? You his fuck (bleep) bitch man, where you suck his dick every night? Suck some di(bleep)ck, make some money for Howard and pay your pimp, OK?"

Decent? Indecent? Is the censor having a seizure? The agency was not impressed with Neil's attempt at editing, which "merely resulted in a bleep in the middle of clearly recognizable words or, in some cases, after the word." It fined the station \$7000.

**Conversation with female caller, Bubba the Love Sponge, WXTB-FM, Clearwater, Florida**

"Are you participating in No Panties Thursday? (Yes, I am.) Could you take the phone and rub it on you, Chia Pet? (Oh, let me make sure nobody is around. OK, hang on a second. [Rubbing noise] OK, I did it.) That was really your little beaver? (That was mine.) Your what? (That was my little beaver.) Oh, I love when a girl says beaver. Will you say it again for me, honey, please? (It was my little beaver.) Will you say, 'Bubba, come get my beaver?' (Bubba, would you come get my little beaver?) Tell me that doesn't do something for you. That is pretty sexy. Bring the beaver. It will be with me. We got beaver chow. I can't wait. Will you say it for me one more time? (Say what?) 'My little beaver' or 'Bubba, come get my little beaver'? (OK, Bubba, come get my beaver.) Will you say, 'Bubba, come hit my beaver'? Will you say it? (Bubba, come hit my beaver.) That is pretty sexy, absolutely. Oh my God, beaver."

Decent? Indecent? Go, Bubba? The enduring genius of radio is that it leaves so much to the imagination. Does the FCC want jocks to go back to the golden days of yesteryear, when a

couple of coconut shells could create a horse? The FCC did not offer an explanation for why it thought this indecent, but it included three other complaints about *Bubba the Love Sponge* in its guidelines. The agency fined the station \$4000.

**News broadcast, KPRL-AM/KDDB-FM, Paso Robles, California**

"Oops, fucked that one up."

Decent? Indecent? Busted? The FCC noted the "isolated and accidental nature" of the incident and dismissed the complaint.

**Morning-show promotion, WXQR-FM, Wilmington, North Carolina**

"So then I dropped my pants and showed Stacy my penis. That was it. We were showing off our genitalia."

Decent? Indecent? The FCC let this one pass.

**Announcer joke, KUPD-FM, Tempe, Arizona**

"What's the best part of screwing an eight-year-old? Hearing the pelvis crack."

Decent? Indecent? Enough to make you drive off the road? "Although fleeting, the language clearly refers to sexual activity with a child and was found to be patently offensive." Can't disagree with that. The FCC fined the station \$2000.

**DJ comment, KLBJ-FM, Austin, Texas**

"Suck my dick, you fucking cunt."

Decent? Indecent? Is that the radio, or are the neighbors at it again? "Although fleeting, the material is explicit." The station was fined \$3000.

**Guest on *The Lamont & Tonelli Show*, KSJO-FM, San Jose**

"She should go up and down the shaft about five times, licking and sucking, and on the fifth swirl bring her tongue around the head before going back down."

"Show us how it's done."

"If this were a real penis, it would have a ridge, I would lick around the ridge like this."

[Laughter, comments such as, "Oh yeah, baby."]

"To do this right, you have to pay attention to the frenulum—it's very sensitive. If you're a guy and you're looking down at your penis, it's on the underside of the penis, there's a slight indentation, a groove that's really sensitive—just lick along the underside of that."

Decent? Indecent? Hope your girlfriend is listening? The station defended the morning-show segment as a clinical discussion of oral sex. The FCC disagreed, saying the use of a prop and the host's laughter made the segment "pandering and titillating." The FCC fined the station \$7000. In contrast, the FCC let pass television shows by Oprah and Geraldo on

which sex experts inspired the masses in graphic detail. Clout is clout. Or is it that you can only talk about sex if you don't laugh?

***The Breakfast Club*, KSD-FM, St. Louis**

"I've got this Jessica Hahn interview here in *PLAYBOY*. I just want to read one little segment, the good part: Jim Bakker has managed to completely undress me and he's sitting on my chest. He's really pushing himself, I mean the guy was forcing himself. He put his penis in my mouth. I'm crying, tears are coming, and he is letting go. The guy came in my mouth. My neck hurts, my throat hurts, my head feels like it's going to explode, but he's frustrated and determined, determined enough that within minutes he's inside me and he's on top and he's holding my arms. He's just into this, he's inside me now. Saying, 'When you help the shepherd, you're helping the sheep.'" [On-air host makes sheep sounds.]

"Don't you ever come around here, Jim Bakker, or we're going to cut that thing off."

Decent? Indecent? Bakker deserves to have it cut off? There's a delicious irony here—you can praise the Lord and bilk the faithful, but as long as you nail secretaries only off the air, the FCC deems you decent. The station defended the broadcast as newsworthy banter about a public figure. The FCC ruled, "Although the program arguably concerned an incident that was at the time 'in the news,' the particular material broadcast was not only exceptionally explicit and vulgar, it was presented in

Is talking  
about sex  
on the radio  
OK only if  
you don't  
laugh?

The FCC  
judges  
broadcasts  
using a  
"generic"  
standard.

a pandering manner." The FCC fined the station \$2000.

***I Want to Be a Homosexual*, KNON-FM, Dallas**

"But if you really want to give me a blow job, I guess I'll let you, as long as you respect me in the morning. Suck it, baby. Oh yeah, suck it real good. Are you sure this is your first rim job? Stick it up your punk rock ass. You rub your little thing when you see phony dykes in *Penthouse* magazine. Call me a faggot, call me a butt-loving, fudge-packing queer. You rub your puny thing when you see something pass you on the street."

Decent? Indecent? Homophobic? The station said the punk song, which aired on a gay talk show, constituted "political speech aired in a good-faith attempt to present meaningful public affairs programming." It said the song was designed "to challenge those who would use such language to stigmatize members of the gay community." The commissioners weren't buying it. "We find unavailing the station's argument that, in essence, its duty to air public affairs programming required a midafternoon presentation of lyrics containing repeated, explicit and vulgar descriptions of sexual activities and organs." The station pleaded poverty, and the FCC reduced its initial \$12,500 fine to \$2000.

***Penis Envy*, WIOD-AM, Miami**

"If I had a penis, I'd stretch it and stroke it and shove it at smarties. I'd stuff it in turkeys on Thanksgiving Day. If I had a penis, I'd run to my mother, comb out the hair and compare it to brother. I'd lance her, I'd knight her, my hands would indulge. Pants would seem tighter and buckle and bulge. A penis to plunder, a penis to push, 'cause one in the hand is worth one in the bush. A penis to love me, a penis to share, to pick up and play with when nobody's there. If I had a penis, I'd force it on females, I'd pee like a fountain. If I had a penis, I'd still be a girl, but I'd make much more money and conquer the world."

Decent? Indecent? Catchy tune you can't help but hum? The FCC found the song indecent, along with four others the station aired (including *Candy*

*Wrapper*). The lyrics may be funny, the agency said, but "humor is no more an absolute defense to indecency than is music." It fined WIOD \$2000 per song.

***Bob and Tom Show*, KROR-FM, Hastings, Nebraska**

Male voice: "Felicia, your hair looks so shiny and manageable. Are you still shampooing with Head and Shoulders?" Felicia: "Gosh, Chick, I stopped using Head and Shoulders a long time ago. I mean, who grows hair on their shoulders?" Chick: "What are you using now?" Felicia: "Well, it's like Head and Shoulders only without all those additives. It's just called Head. Let's tell them about it, girls." Women singing: "If you're tired of old shampoo, just remember what I said, yeah, you'll feel better if you get some Head." Chick: "Wow. Where can I get Head?" Felicia: "Lots of places. You can stop by my place later and I'll be happy to give you some Head. [Laughter] In 15 minutes I'll have you shampooed, styled and blown dry." Chick: "Gee, you don't miss a lick, do you? Head sounds great,

get Head you're a lucky stiff."

Decent? Indecent? Hilarious? The station defended the segment, saying that "at worst, it could be considered to be in bad taste." The FCC ruled it indecent and fined the station \$7000.

***Johnson and Tofte Morning Show*, KKLZ-FM, Las Vegas**

Male voice: "Hey, mister, tell us about anal sex." Male Two: [Toy train whistle] "Oh look, there's a chocolate train going round and round the candy track. Soon it will stop and a special passenger will get off." Female voice: "Oh, God." [Song begins, sung by a female voice] "The chocolate train rides on the candy track. The lollipop wheels go clickity, clickity, clack. The peppermint whistle goes toot-toot on the chocolate train. The little train is on its way to climb up Ice Cream Mountain. It takes on water for its trip from a great big soda fountain." [Background female moans begin here, with panting and "Yes, oh God, yes, oh yes, yes, yes, yes, oh."]

Decent? Indecent? Oddly arousing? The FCC ruled that this segment "con-

tains an explicit, unambiguous reference to anal sex and sexual sound effects that, in context, are pandering in nature." It fined KKLZ \$8000.

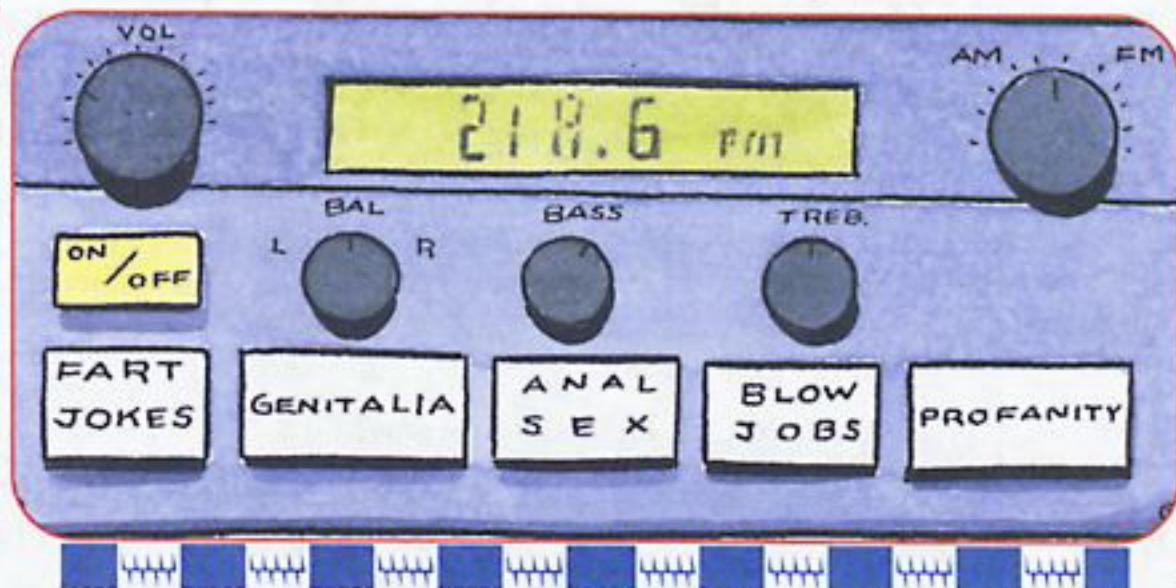
***Morning Show*, WYBB-FM, Folly Beach, South Carolina**

"The hell I did. I drove, motherfucker. . . Uh-oh."

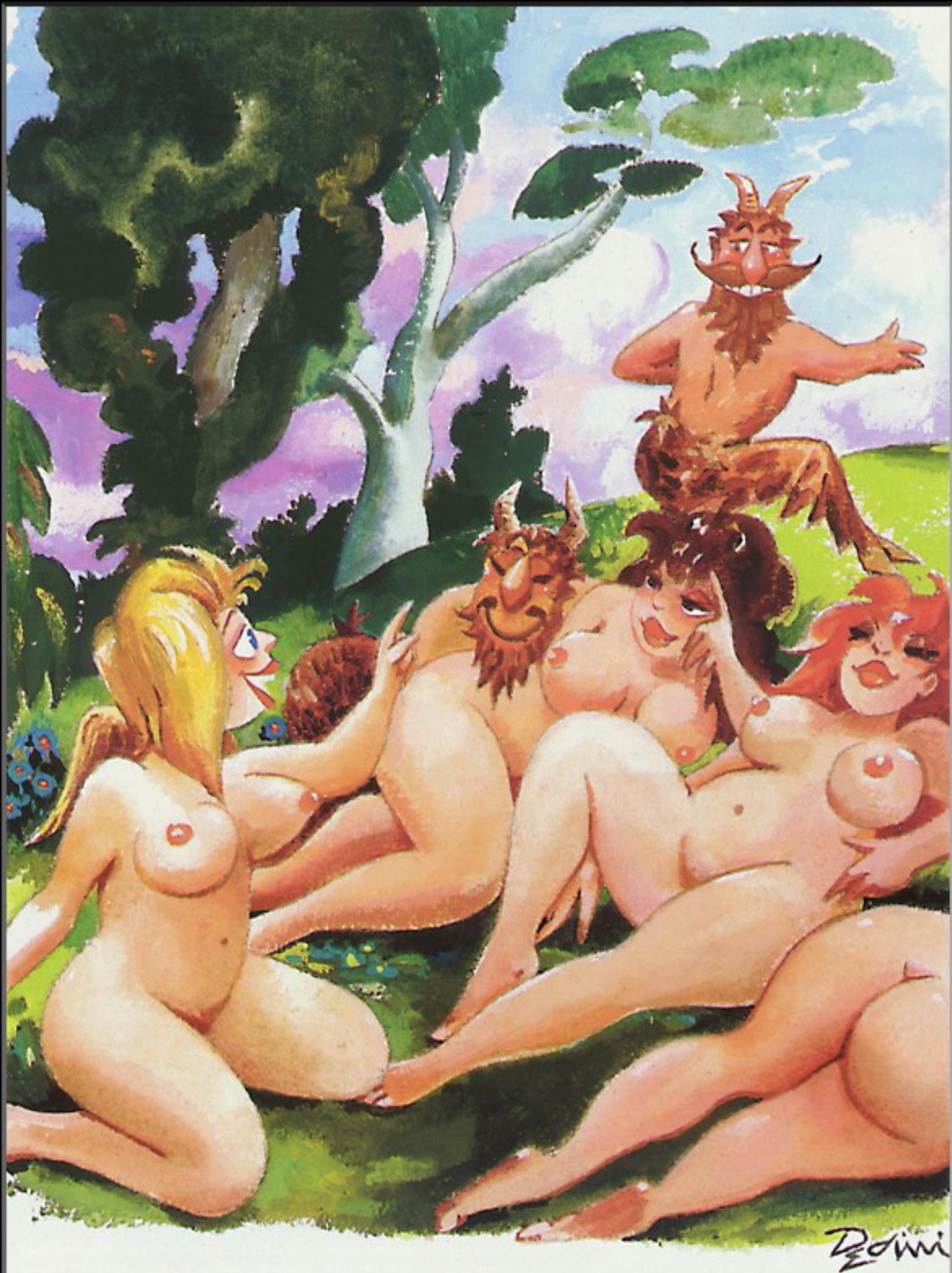
Decent? Indecent?

An innocent slip of the tongue? According to the FCC, the broadcast contained only "a fleeting and isolated utterance that, within the context of live and spontaneous programming, does not warrant a sanction." Around the same time, however, the agency fined the station \$2000 for this *Morning Show* exchange: "Maybe it's nine. (I don't know, and who really gives a crap?) Oh, oh. (No, we can say crap.) We can say crap? (Yeah.) Crap, crap, crap, crap, crap, crap. (That's right, just can't say shit.) Then we won't." WYBB argued that the FCC should also consider this exchange fleeting and isolated, but the agency ruled that "the language explicitly emphasizes and highlights scatological functions. Moreover, the language employed is patently offensive."

Everything clear now?



but is it expensive?" Felicia: "Not at all, Chick. My brother says there are places downtown where you can get Head for less than \$10." Chick: "Golly, at that price everyone should be getting Head." Male Two: "That's right, Chick, when you say Head, you've said a mouthful. Hi, I'm Dr. Raymond Fa-lot-ee-oh from Frig Them All Industries here to tell you why you should get Head. First, it lubricates each limp hair follicle, leaving an erect glistening shaft. Then the scalp's natural oils are sucked out of the root, leaving your hair soft, shiny and exhausted. Nothing does the job like Head." Male Three: "Can I get Head from my hairdresser Bruce?" Male Two: "Probably, but you might want to try your girlfriend first." Women again singing: "So ask and get some Head today, a little squirt goes a long, long way. When you



*"And pick up a pizza and an extra six-pack!"*



# GIRLS of BADA BING!



## meet the unsung stars of the sopranos

**M**obsters don't get paid vacations or 401(k) plans, but one fringe benefit of their jobs—at least on *The Sopranos* on HBO—is a congenial work environment. The members of North Jersey's pre-eminent mob family conduct their affairs from Club Bada Bing, where the amenities can be summed up in a simple phrase: All Nude All the Time. The club provides the perfect atmosphere when boss Tony has to confer with his executive staff or evaluate his cash position. The producers shoot Bing scenes at Satin Dolls in Lodi, New Jersey, where many of the lovely dancers have become celebrities from their exposure on the program. No wonder a watchword of the past season became "Don't Disrespect the Bing."

Above, appreciative television critics celebrate another outstanding performance from, left to right, Rosie Ciavolino, Justine Noelle, Marie Athanasiou and Electra. Top left, Rosie and Justine, and, top right, Luiza Liccini offer poor advertisements for the straight and narrow. Right, Luiza (left) and Kelly Madison Kole (right) dust Nadine Marcelletti for fingerprints. Left, our, uh, heroes.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEN NISHINO





Counterclockwise from top: Justine examines Rosie; a pensive Marie; Electra pretends to eat Rosie's money; Nadine naps. Below, Justine and Marie show Rosie how they do a rubout.



Clockwise from top: Justine celebrates another Sopranos success by leading patrons in a rousing victory cheer; Luiza and Nadine discuss the RICO statutes; Justine and Rosie recall how Tony took care of stoolie Fabian Petruccio while taking Meadow to visit colleges; Kelly pats herself down. Below, Marie and Justine check Rosie for a wire.





Everyone likes a thin slice of prosciutto, but when we see the various charms of, clockwise from top left, Nadine, Marie, Kelly and Luiza, it's clear why so few *Soprano* family meetings are scheduled in the backroom of Satriale's



pork store anymore. Opposite, top: Sonia Ortega sees that Kelly is obviously packing heat. Below: Nadine and Luiza find themselves thinking about Big Pussy, may he rest in peace.





FOR VIDEO AND MORE, GO TO [CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM](http://CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM).



*"I love watching newly wedded couples."*



*"Everything with him is sex, sex, sex! It's nice to finally find a man with his priorities straight!"*

# Centerfolds on Sex

Victoria Fuller

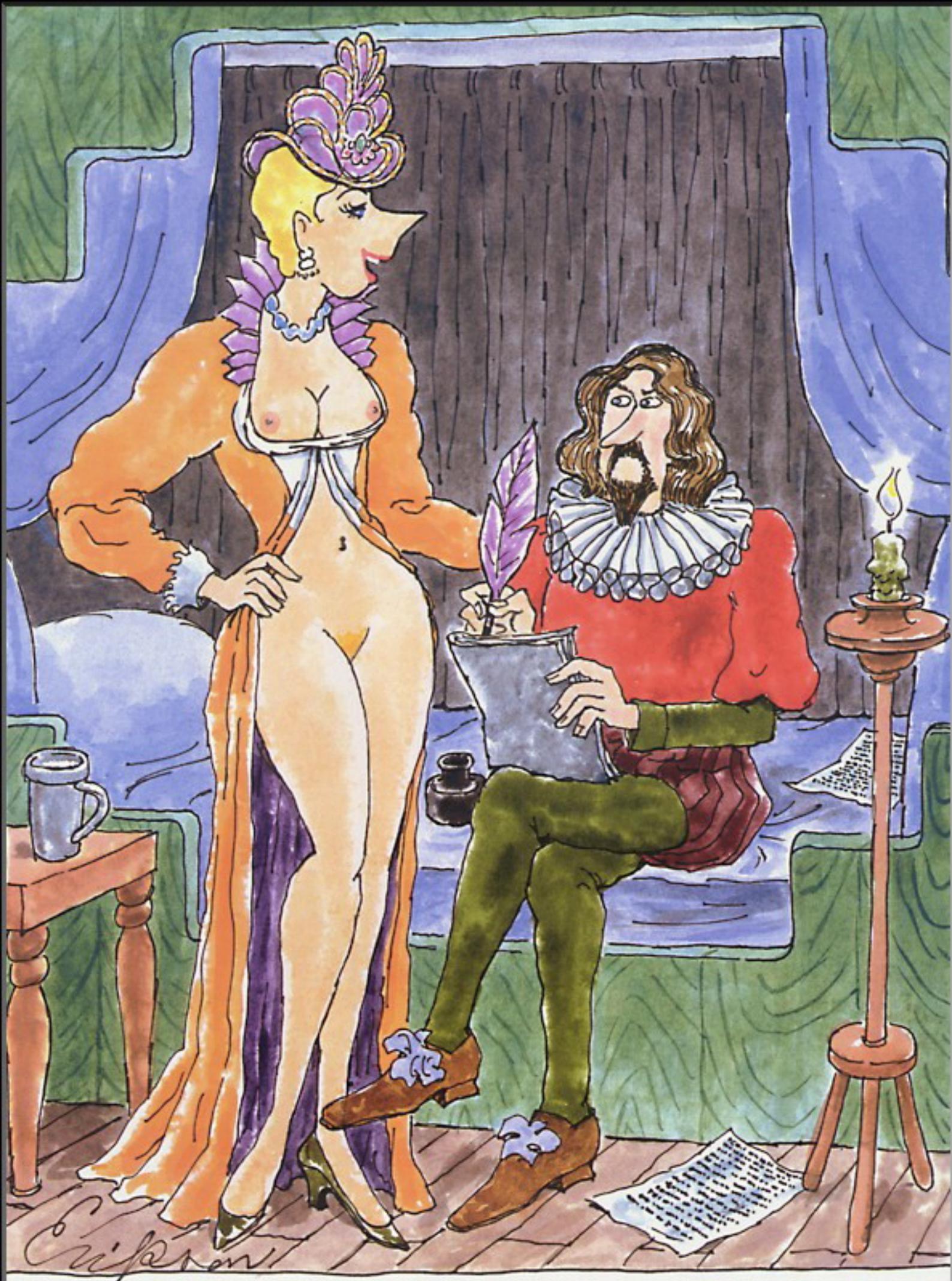
*Making Love in Unusual Places: Once was in a men's bathroom with one stall at an LA club. We got caught. A man came in, and he could see that there were two people's feet under the door. When we were done, my boyfriend went out and sat at the table, and then I came out, looking a little disheveled. I was embarrassed, but I'm never going to see him again.*

*The second time, I went to France with my boyfriend for a PLAYBOY job. We went to the Eiffel Tower at four A.M. when no one was around and decided to do it against a column.*

*Victoria Fuller*

## kissing slow and womanly last

**PLAYBOY:** What kind of foreplay turns you on the most? **VICTORIA:** Slow kissing and touching under my clothes. **PLAYBOY:** Have you ever watched yourself make love in a mirror or on videotape? **VICTORIA:** Never on videotape, but in a mirror, yes. **PLAYBOY:** What is good oral sex? **VICTORIA:** When a man doesn't rush. A man has to know what he's doing. Oral sex is either great or awful. I've never had anything in between, nor have I ever had to tell a man what to do. **PLAYBOY:** Do you give as good as you get? **VICTORIA:** Yes. His body language tells me if it's working. I can hear it in his breathing and tell by the way he moves his hips if he's enjoying himself. **PLAYBOY:** What's the most erotic sexual fantasy you haven't yet fulfilled? **VICTORIA:** Doing it with a complete stranger. Meeting a stranger, not saying anything and going into a broom closet, coming out and going our separate ways. **PLAYBOY:** Have you ever kissed another woman? **VICTORIA:** Yes. I was curious about being with a woman. The girl I kissed was a beautiful model, and she made the first move. I was flattered. We were out at a club one night, and she talked about wanting to kiss me. I was so nervous. We went to the ladies' room, and she pulled me into the stall with her. She put her hands in my hair and started to French-kiss me. It was exciting, and it did lead to more. I enjoyed the moment, but it's not like lusting for a man.



*"No more sonnets, Will. This time write me a check."*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
STEPHEN WAYDA

miss august  
likes being  
on the move



# KICKIN' IT



Jennifer would love to start her own lingerie label. "For Hef's birthday, I got some fabric and scanned a picture of him and the PLAYBOY Rabbit Head onto a pair of hotpants and a little top," she says. "I had a tailor put it all together and everyone loved it."

**J**ENNIFER WALCOTT, who says she changes her address "at least once a year," is a nomad by nature. Currently a resident of Los Angeles, the 24-year-old Ohio native made her first cross-country jaunt five years ago. "I packed up my little purple convertible and no one believed I was leaving," she says. "It was a really great experience growing up in Youngstown, Ohio. But I always felt like there was more out there. People in Ohio tend to settle for a simple kind of life, and I knew I wasn't that kind of girl." Miss August did "cotton-ball girl and craft service" work



Jennifer learned karate for self-defense and spends her free time doing yoga, at the target range, making pottery and water-skiing. "I'm afraid of big fish," she confesses. "I get on the skis, slap the water and shout, 'Hurry! Hurry!' to the boat driver because I'm afraid something is going to get me!"

on movie and television sets before relocating to Chicago for eight months to be near her dying grandmother. "She was my best friend, and I told her if I ever got married, it would be a fight between her and my sister to be my maid of honor," she says. "I felt I had to move back to the Midwest to be near her and to get grounded again."

Jennifer studied to be a beautician before her compassion for animals compelled her to volunteer at a veterinary clinic in Los Angeles. "It was hard on me," she says. "I would nurture squirrels back to health after they fell out of trees, and that was fine. But when I saw a cat with cancer on chemotherapy or abused animals, I couldn't deal with that." She has two Chihuahuas of her own, one named Ren and another named Ace ("because he's from Las Vegas").

After a neighbor got her on the guest list for Mansion parties, Jennifer busted out at Hef's Valentine's Day bash in an outfit impossible to ignore. "I was wearing a bikini top and a sarong, and I got off the tram and noticed that a lot of people weren't wearing lingerie," she says. "I felt humiliated and wanted to leave when some of them laughed at me, but I had a few cocktails and I was fine. Then Hef called me to his table and offered me my test shoot. I want to give 100 percent to PLAYBOY. Now, if a guy could give 100 percent to me, I'd be happy. I've had only five boyfriends my whole life and was never into casual dating. I like a guy who's in touch with his feminine side so he can come with me to get a manicure or his hair colored or something. It's nice to do things together—it's like having a girlfriend and a boyfriend in one package!"

*A behind-the-scenes look at Jennifer Walcott's pictorial appears in the Playboy Cyber Club. Join at [cyber.playboy.com](http://cyber.playboy.com).*

















MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



*Jennifer Walcott*

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Jennifer Walcott

BUST: 32C WAIST: 22 HIPS: 32

HEIGHT: 5'3" WEIGHT: 105

BIRTH DATE: 05/08/77 BIRTHPLACE: Youngstown, Ohio

AMBITIONS: I'm a motivated person in life and business. I want to design my own lingerie line.

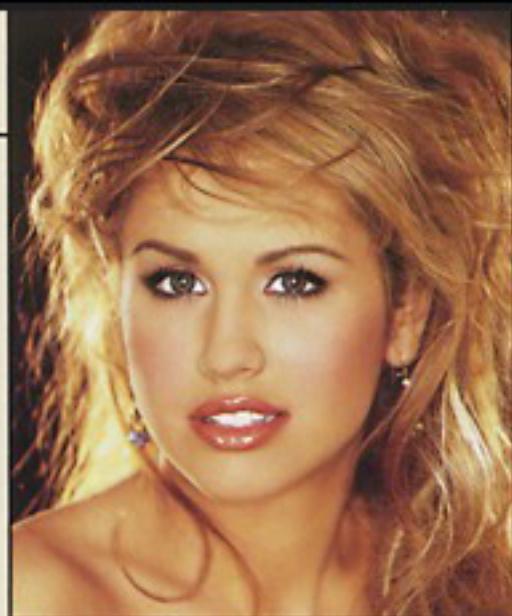
TURN-ONS: A man who has some style and a sense of humor and who knows how to live life.

TURNOFFS: People who are wasteful and not practical.

FAVORITE BOOK: Art of War By Sun Tzu.

FAVORITE QUOTE: "Except for the point, the still point, there would be no dance and there is only the dance." - T.S. Eliot

FIVE CDS I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT: Dave Matthews Band's Crash, Destiny's Child's Survivor, Madonna's Ray of Light, Marvin Gaye's Let's Get It On, Eminem's slim shady.



Bad hair, bad grades - High school



The farther west I moved, the lighter my hair got!



ME rockin' with Rod Stewart at Hef's 75th B-day

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

**W**hy is the space between a woman's breasts and her hips called a waist?

Because another pair of tits could easily fit there.

**P**LAYBOY CLASSIC: A woman was shopping in a supermarket when she noticed a muscular young man bagging groceries. She went into his checkout line and asked him to help her carry out the bags. When they left the store, she whispered, "I have an itchy pussy."

He replied, "You'll have to point it out, lady. All those Japanese cars look alike to me."



**T**he only cow in a small Polish town stopped producing milk. The townspeople could buy either a cow from Moscow for 2000 rubles or one from Minsk for 1000 rubles. They bought the cow from Minsk. She produced a lot of milk, so they decided to mate her with a bull. But whenever the bull came close to the cow, she moved away. After a few weeks, the people decided to ask their rabbi, who was wise in all matters, what to do. The rabbi nodded when he heard that the cow kept rebuffing the bull's advances. "Did you buy this cow from Minsk?" he asked.

The people were dumbfounded, since they had never mentioned the cow's origins. "How did you know we got the cow from Minsk?" one asked.

The rabbi replied, "My wife is from Minsk."

**C**olin Powell, Dick Cheney and George W. Bush were all captured in Iraq and sentenced to death by firing squad. Colin Powell was told to stand in front of the wall. Just before the firing squad was given the order to shoot, he yelled, "Earthquake!"

The squad took cover and Powell escaped over the wall. Dick Cheney took his turn and as the squad took aim, he yelled, "Tornado!"

The squad panicked and Cheney jumped over the wall. Then it was George W. Bush's turn. As the firing squad pointed their rifles at him, he considered how his colleagues had escaped and yelled, "Fire!"

**T**HIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: Russell Crowe and the Pope died on the same day. Due to a computer glitch, the Pope was sent to hell and Russell Crowe was sent to heaven. Within 24 hours, an angel noticed the error. On his way to heaven, the Pontiff passed by the handsome actor. The Pope said, "I'm so excited, Russell. I've always wanted to meet the Virgin Mary."

Crowe said, "Sorry, pops. You're a day late."

**A** woman visited her doctor for her annual exam. The doctor asked, "Are you and your husband sexually active?"

"Yes," the woman said. "We have verbal sex every day."

"Verbal sex? I think you mean oral sex," the doctor said.

"I mean verbal sex," the woman said. "Every morning my husband and I pass each other in the hall and say, 'Fuck you!'"

**B**LONDE JOKE OF THE MONTH: A blonde and a brunette were walking past a flower shop. Inside, the brunette's boyfriend was buying flowers. The brunette sighed and said, "My damn boyfriend is buying me flowers again."

The blonde said, "But don't you like getting flowers?"

The brunette said, "Oh, sure. I just don't feel like spending the next three days on my back with my legs in the air."

The blonde asked, "Don't you have a vase?"

**T**wo cowboys were standing on the edge of a canyon, listening to the sound of war drums. "I don't like the sound of those drums," one cowboy said to the other.

An Indian voice called across the canyon, "He's not our usual drummer."

**T**wo women were talking about their daughters' success in the big city. "My daughter lives in a penthouse apartment in New York City," one mother said. "She has furs and jewels and goes out to fancy restaurants every night."

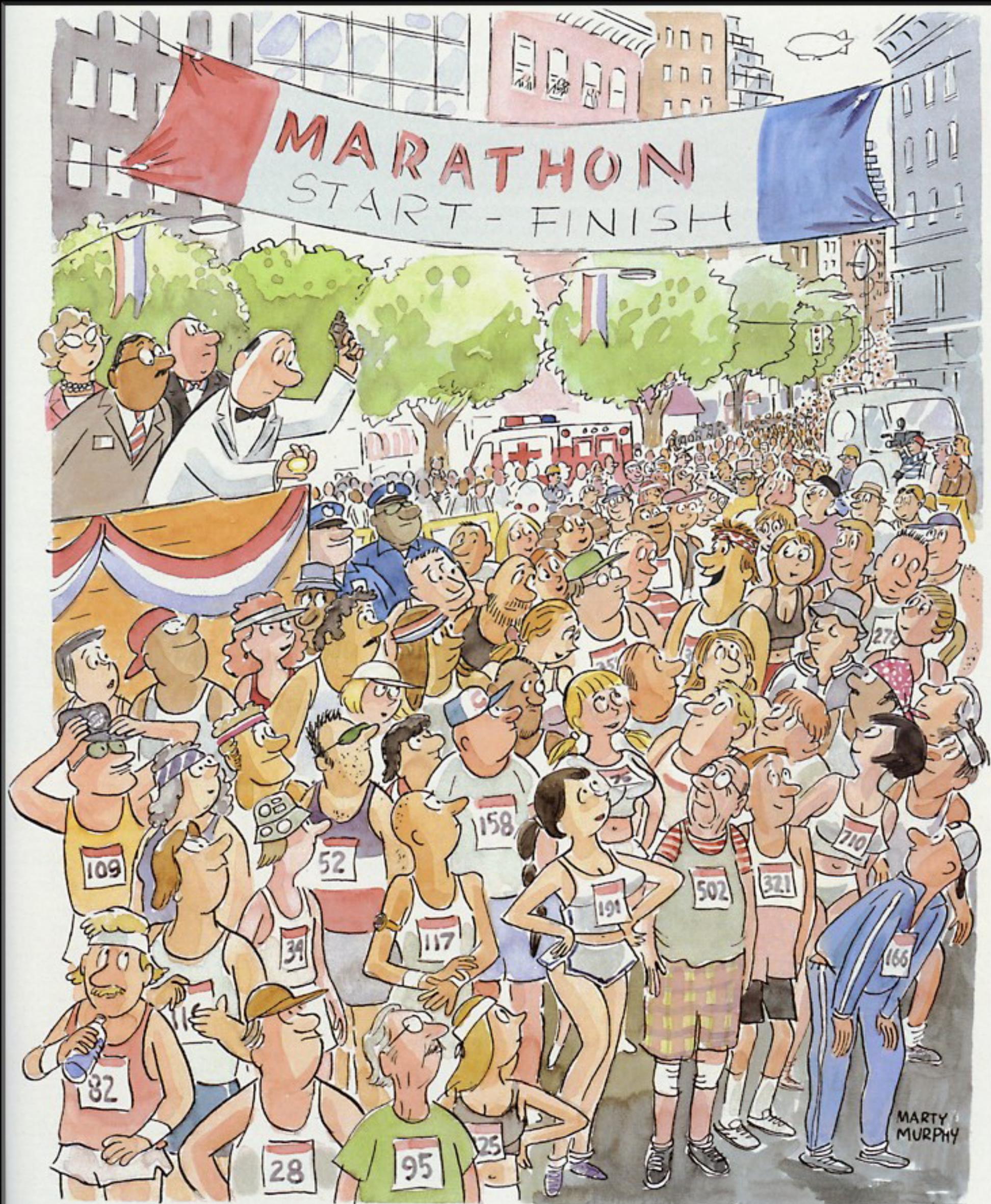
The other mother replied, "Yeah, my daughter's a slut, too."



**A** guy met a woman at a bar. Later, they went to her apartment. Within minutes of arriving, he took off her dress and removed his clothes, and they began making passionate love. He noticed, with some satisfaction, that with every thrust, her toes curled up. Just as he was congratulating himself on his prowess, she stopped him. "What's wrong? I thought you were enjoying yourself," he said.

"I'd enjoy it more," she said, "if you took off my pantyhose."

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.



*"... Hold it a second! ... Somebody is standing on my penis! ... Just kidding!"*

I STAND,  
THEREFORE I AM

## one more wee battleground in the war between the sexes

As an adolescent I often masturbated in the bathroom with the aid of female fantasies, so it was quite logical that a great many of my dreams would include a coed bathroom as a locale. During the punk era, there were nightclubs that featured unisex bathrooms. And then the all-purpose bathroom in "Ally McBeal" empowered my original dreams to make their way into mainstream awareness. That's why I love the latest bizarre rumor to come out of Sweden. According to an article by Jasper Gerard in "The Spectator," young Swedish women are demanding that men use the lavatory in a strictly sedentary posture—that is, sitting down—not only for hygienic reasons, but also "because a man standing up to urinate is deemed to be triumphing in his masculinity and, by extension, degrading women. To micturate from the standing position is now viewed—among the more progressive Swedes—as the height of vulgarity and possibly suggestive of violence. Among the young, leftish intelligentsia there is also a view that to stand is a nasty macho gesture."

BY PAUL  
KRASSNER

At Stockholm University, one feminist group hates urinals on the grounds that their basic construction is antiwoman. That group is not alone—a Swedish primary school has already eliminated the evil urinal before young male minds can be tainted. "It has long been one of the more imaginative examples of feminist paranoia," Gerard states, "that men engage in unacceptable, antiwomen practices while standing at the urinal." But of course! Is there a man among us who doesn't use the restroom as a place to conspire with his fellow men? Isn't standing at a urinal the most logical place to strike up a friendly conversation? Isn't that why men frequently visit the men's room en masse, just like women? What the anti-urinal forces in Sweden lack in actual knowledge of male bathroom behavior (i.e., men look straight ahead, never glancing left or right, and never speak, even if spoken to) they make up for in imagination (men chatting it up while aiming for the deodorant cake, plotting elaborate conspiracies that women never know about). "No, the answer is more subtle, according to a non-squatting Englishman," says Gerard. "It is not so much a function of female suspicion as of women's desire for absolute equality. Voting, fighting, learning and indeed yearning were all pastimes once denied women. So to achieve absolute equality, the Swedish sisters have stripped men of their remaining dignity and plunked them on the (concluded on page 151)

# KRASSNER

(continued from page 118)

potty." Young Swedish men comply, he says, out of a sense of justice. In other words, they don't feel it is right that they should have the sole advantage of a fire-and-forget physique. Does this sound like science fiction? Ironically, in the science-fiction film *Gattaca*, Ethan Hawke's character alters his identity, which includes changing from a left-hander to a right-hander. But his cover is blown when a bathroom monitor notices that he still urinates by holding his penis with his left hand. The crux of that movie depends on his standing at a urinal.

However, I discovered a flaw in this line of reasoning. Here is how I urinate, and I assume it's generally true of right-handed men who wear briefs. I unzip with my right hand. Pull open my fly with my left hand. Grab my underwear with my right hand, pulling it over my genitals and holding onto it while I urinate by holding my penis with my left hand.

But consider if there were no urinals. Imagine what would happen to the manufacturers of urinal accoutrements, such as those pastel marzipan deodorizers and the rubber bull's-eye pads with urine-draining holes and messages like: *The Star Wars Missile Missed Its Target! Will You?*

Lost to the culture forever would be

that unspoken ritual we men practice at urinals: leaving about six feet of space between the first person who's waiting to take a leak—say, after a movie—and the guy who's actually pissing, a ritual women experience only while waiting to use an ATM.

How would the new order affect random drug testing? What would happen with those men who have been pissing drug-free urine through a plastic tube? Or through a plastic penis in case the drug tester stands too close?

Even then, you have to be careful. In San Antonio, a man was caught using a fake penis while being tested for drugs by his parole officers. The telltale signs were the bleached-pink appearance of the penis and the fact that the urine came out in a sprinkler-like fashion. The giveaway came when he fumbled his organ and it fell to the floor.

Meanwhile, the U.S. Navy is planning to replace urinals on the surface fleet with unisex toilets. Paul Richter reported in the *Los Angeles Times* that it's considered "a way to make warships sweeter smelling and more comfortable for today's increasingly diverse crews." This commode is called the Stainless Sanitary Space System.

Within the next few years, the Navy will be moving full steam ahead—3000 heads (as the Navy still likes to call them) will be converted to ultramodern

stainless steel modular superbathrooms. With no crevices or seams, they'll be easy to clean and female friendly (which is good news to the 13 percent of the Navy who are women).

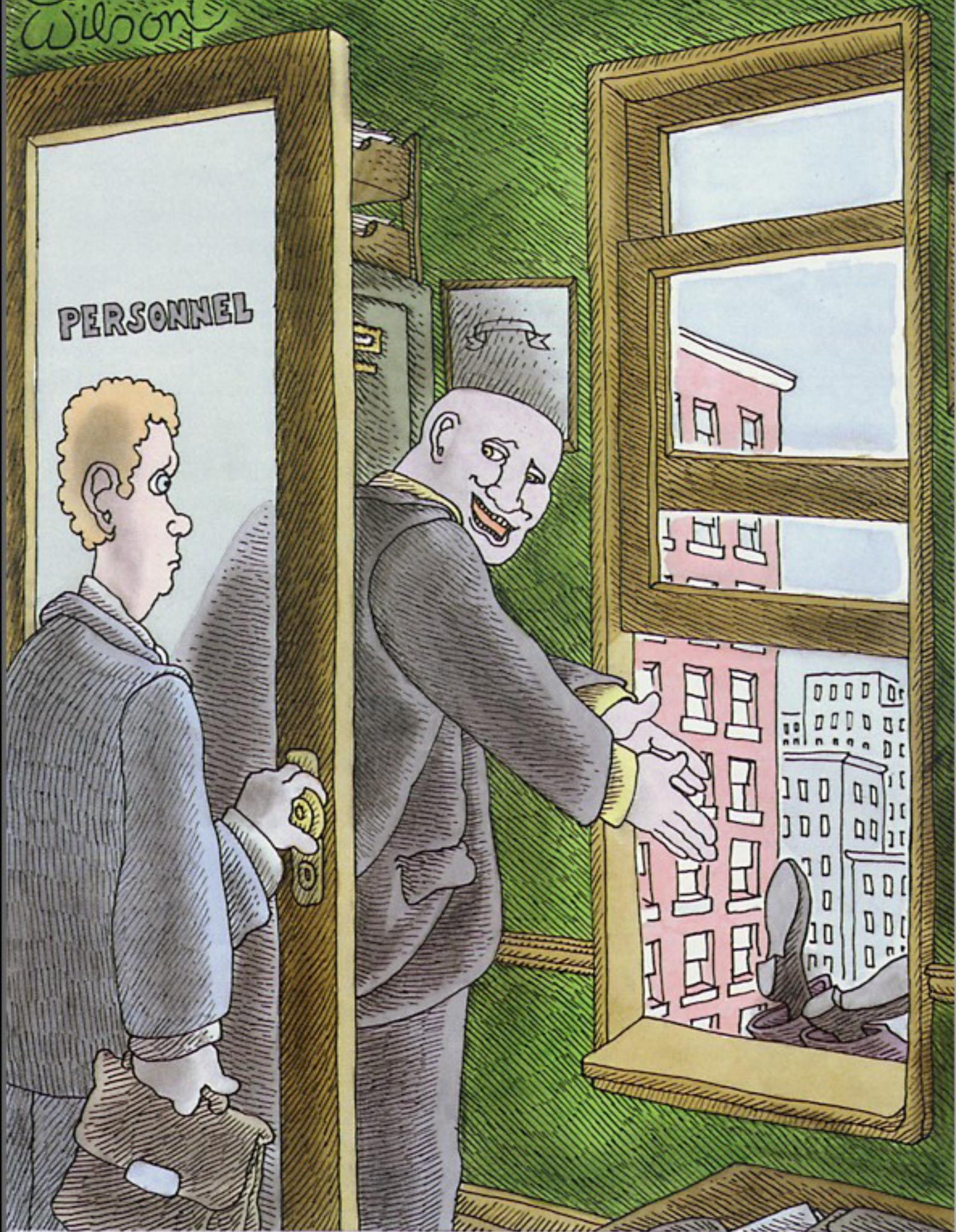
Sadly, urinals have enemies among men, too. Ultra-efficient naval experts look at a urinal and see an engineering disaster—urinals on ships use less water and therefore stink up the place much more than standard toilets. Then there is the ugly overspray problem. Nothing corrodes flooring and walls like a sailor with lousy aim. Mineral buildup often blocks plumbing, which is costly to fix or replace. Conversely, while our Navy spends \$561 million on unisex commodes, a less expensive South African invention takes a different tack by enabling women to urinate standing up.

The Eezeewee, described as "a reusable device with a shaped plastic cup and a length of pipe," has taken six years to develop and is already patented in 106 countries. Stephan Odendaal, managing director of Mouldmed, the company that invented the device, says it "will be invaluable for women who are traveling, hiking, camping, fishing, sailing, skiing or bedridden. Having a wee has never been so easy."

Just wait until the Swedes find out about that.



Graham Wilson



*"Some we keep, some we throw away."*

Don Madden



*"I've gotta say, Mr. Oberholtzer, this has been the most moving experience of my life!"*



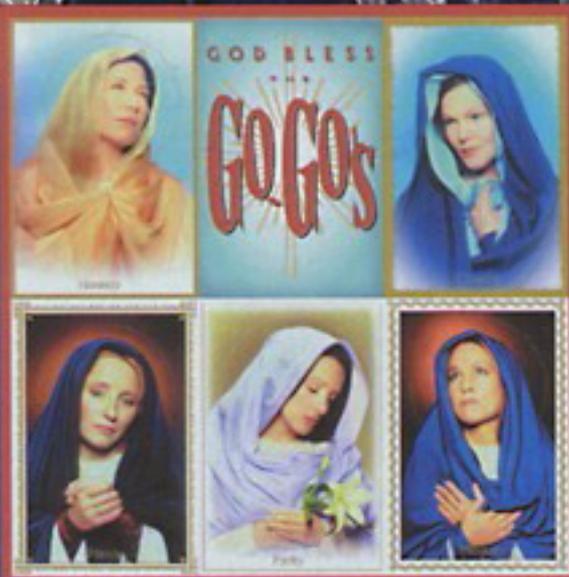
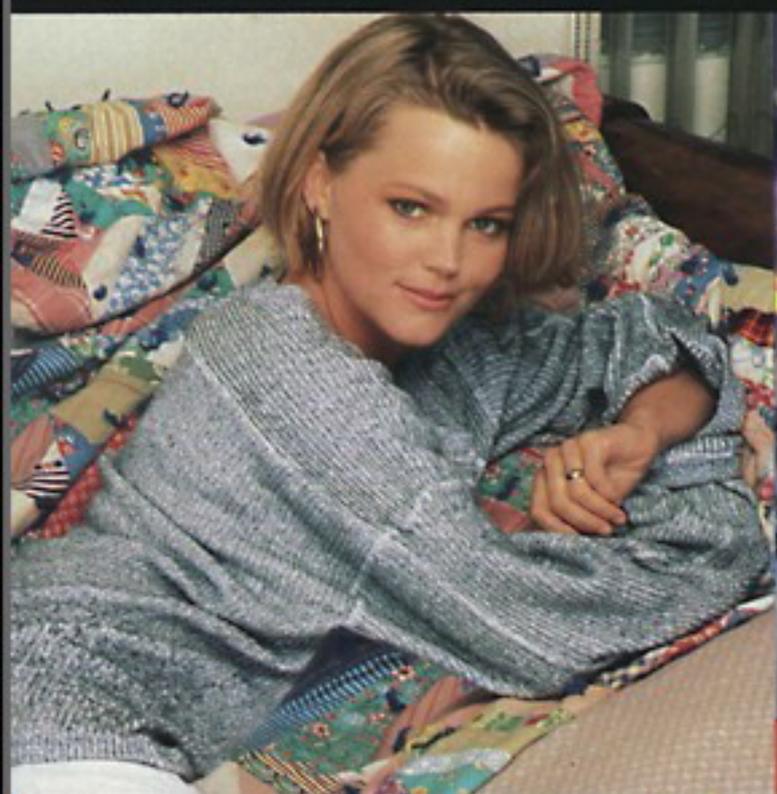
belinda carlisle

is a go-go

who keeps

on going

# Beauty and the Beat



**G**od Bless the Go-Go's, featuring the hit song *Unforgiven* (co-written by Billie Joe Armstrong of Green Day), is the first album in 17 years from this resilient rock band. Still keeping the beat for this tour are (pictured left, left to right) guitarist Charlotte Caffey, singer Belinda Carlisle, bassist Kathy Valentine, drummer Gina Schock and guitarist Jane Wiedlin.

**F**orget about the Australian outback and Jeff Probst: Belinda Carlisle is the original survivor. "I keep bouncing back from things," she says. "After the drugs and the ebb and tide of success in my life, I've had nine lives already." This cool cat's story, and one of the defining grrl-power moments, began more than 20 years ago in Los Angeles when Belinda and pal Jane Wiedlin formed an all-girl band called the Go-Go's. Inspired by the do-it-yourself attitude of Blondie and the Sex Pistols, the Go-Go's debuted in 1978 at a Hollywood punk club. In those days Belinda sported a green do and dressed in garbage bags, belting out raw versions of future hits. Their first album, *Beauty and the Beat*, fueled by the early Eighties anthems *We Got the Beat* and *Our Lips Are Sealed*, is a classic of the all-female rock canon. Two more albums with hit singles, *Vacation* and *Head Over Heels*, followed, but squabbles over royalties and various substance-abuse problems drove the girls apart in 1985. "I think women have a harder time getting along in a group than men do," Belinda says. "Maybe that's a sexist thing to say, but emotions can run more intensely with a group of girls."

Belinda enjoyed success as a solo artist, releasing six albums that included hits like *Mad About You*, *Heaven Is a Place on Earth* and *Circle in the Sand*. But the shots she took from the media for her weight fluctuations took their toll over the years and, ultimately, inspired the 42-year-old to pose for *PLAYBOY*. "It wasn't until the Go-Go's that my name was synonymous with plump, cute and chubby," she says. "One of the things I thought was appealing about the Go-Go's was that we weren't models—we were normal girls doing it on our own terms,





**W**e all put our heads together to find an exotic location for this shoot," says Belinda. "I didn't want to be disrespectful of any nation's heritage or religion. Thailand is a sexy country, and I have been there quite a few times. I wanted to do something in keeping with the spirit of the Fifties pin-up, like a Vargas or a Bunny Yeager vibe. We combined that with a *Madame Butterfly* feel, because I wanted to do this as some kind of character."



and women loved that. Critics would say things like, 'Oh, she's been hitting too many deli trays,' or 'I wonder what drug she is doing to get thin.' I still find the whole thing completely offensive and believe this fed into my drug addiction. It wasn't until I moved to Europe and had my baby that this weight obsession left." Belinda lives in the south of France with her nine-year-old son, Duke, and her husband, Morgan Mason. "I was born and raised in California, but I don't want to grow old or raise my child there," she says. "The 1994 Northridge quake happened on Monday and we left that Friday." Earth shakes notwithstanding, Belinda says that she craves adventure, which currently includes getting her French residency, perfecting her French and completing her next solo album.

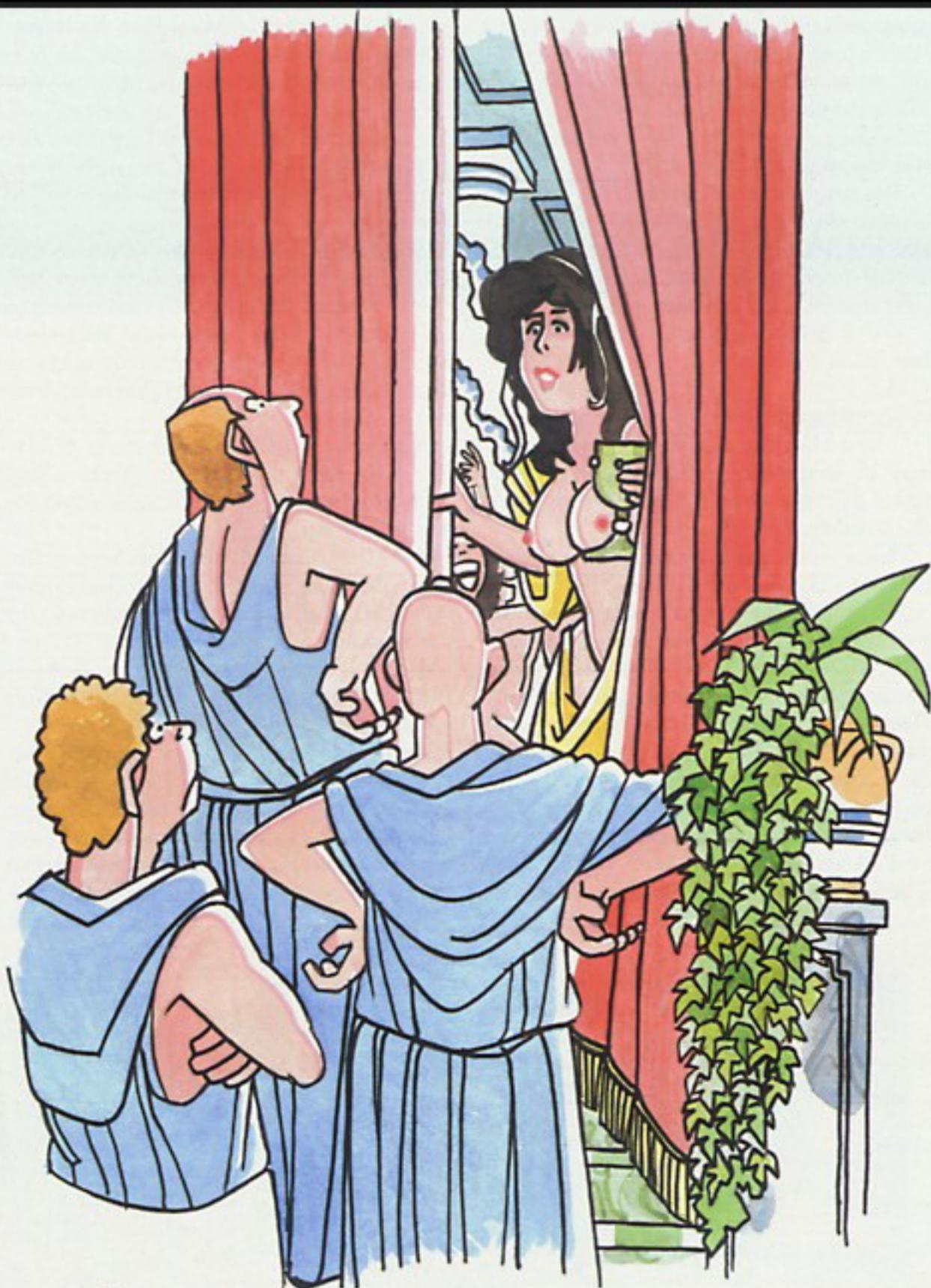
Although the Go-Go's reunited three times in the Nineties for tours, the girls didn't release a new album until this year's *God Bless the Go-Go's*. It features the single *Unforgiven*, a poignant autobiographical ballad called *Daisy Chain* and an anthem for full-figured women called *Throw Me a Curve*. The new disc is their most compelling work since *Beauty and the Beat*. Inspired by a slew of young fans catching New Wave's second tide, the Go-Go's will tour all summer. "I think we all look at it as closure," Belinda says. "We have separate lives and other interests, so it is more difficult for us to get together. We feel like we made a really good record, so everything else is gravy." The singer has come to terms with being labeled alternative with the Go-Go's. "I've been a Top 40 artist a long time and all of a sudden I'm something else, so I am sort of confused as to what I am. But that's fine—I like being confused. Go to a Go-Go's show and you'll see people in their 50s, people with Mohawks and eight-year-olds—a wide range. It goes way beyond any specific demographic."

Belinda says she has only one regret—an old homemade movie filmed backstage that now pops up online. "There is no sex in it at all—just a bunch of stupid coke ramblings, and it is boring," she says. "I regret that evening because a lot of people were hurt by that video. But I don't regret anything else in my life because even the negative things, as hideous as they were, were really important to go through. They made me what I am today, and I'm totally happy and comfortable with myself."

STYLING BY CHRIS BAKER  
HAIR BY KEN PAVES FOR PROFILE  
MAKEUP BY LUTZ WESSERMAN FOR aRT miX (the agency)





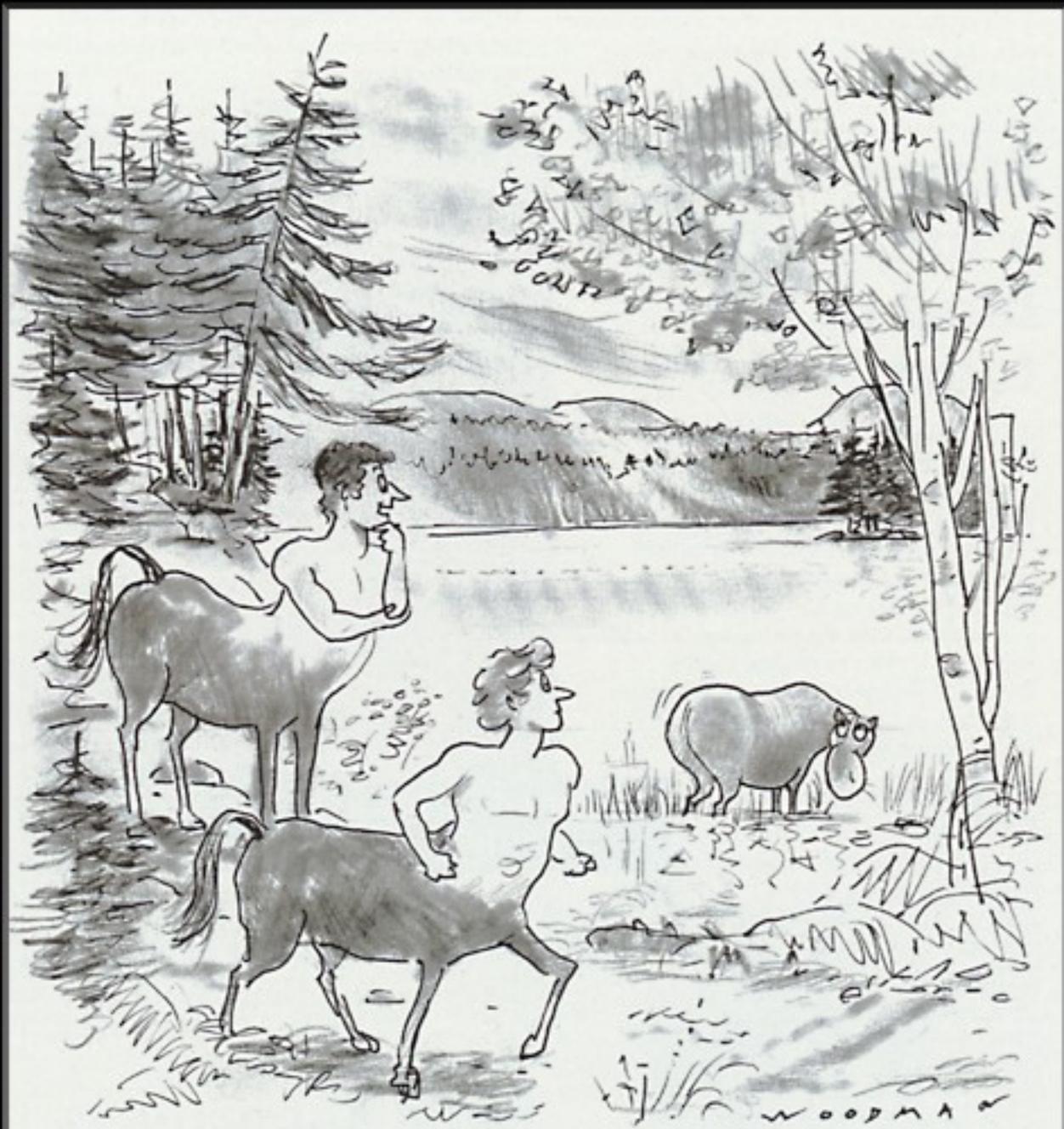


- Dave Coverly -

*"The orgy is running over. Caligula suggests that we reschedule the senate meeting for next week. . . ."*

# Myths

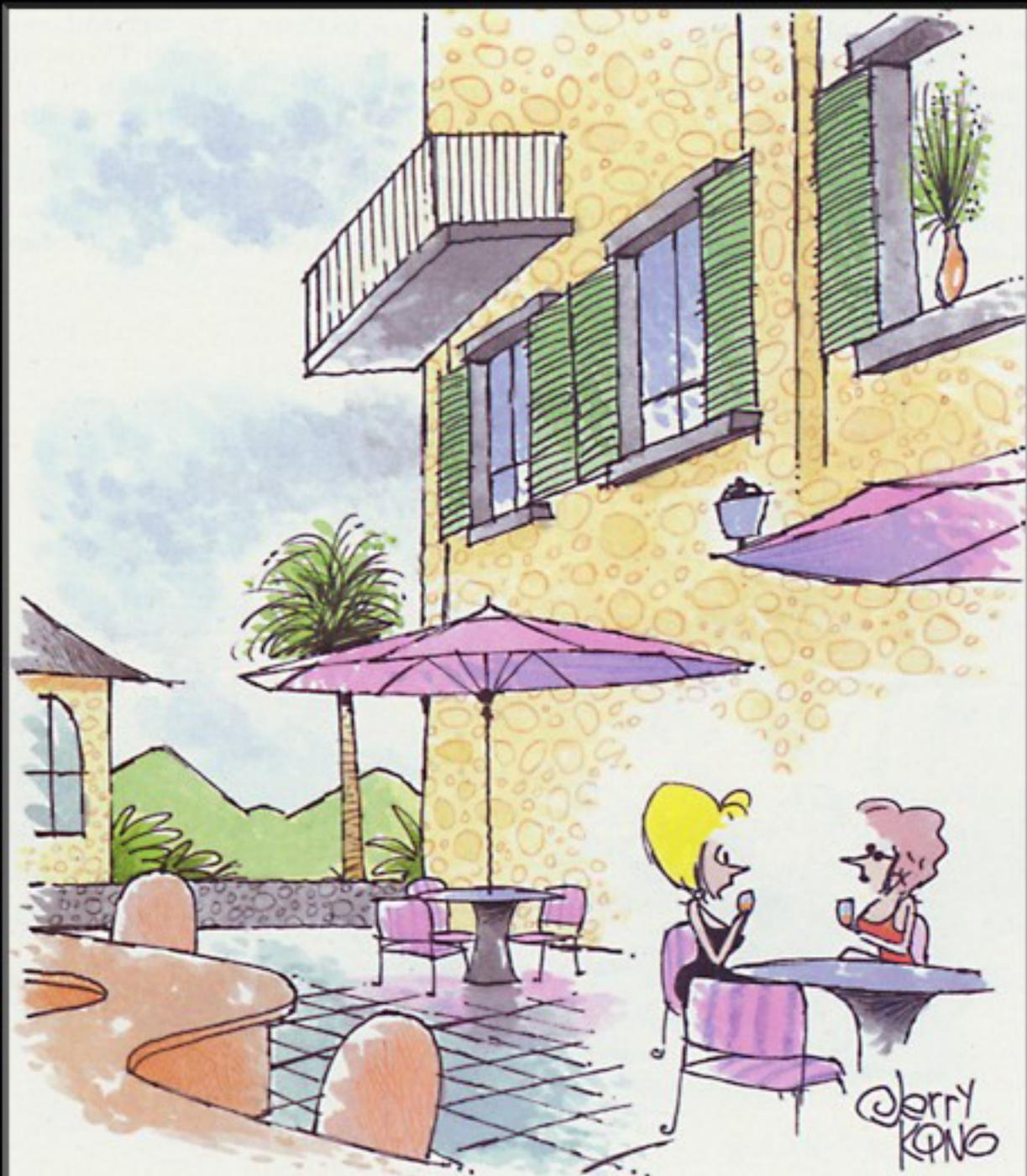




*"Well, it's not her face that caught my eye."*



*"Pam, Amy, Jessica, this is Stanley. Stanley doesn't feel comfortable with total nudity just yet."*



*"I agreed to watch one porno with him and now we only have sex on the pool table."*



*"Wow, Senators! That's what I call a wonderful display of bipartisanship!"*

# Dirty Duck<sup>®</sup> by Bobby London

YOUR SCHNAPPS, MR. DUCK.

THANK YOU,  
WEEVIL.



YOUR REMOTE, MR. DUCK.

YOU'RE VERY  
KIND.



YOUR VIDEOS, MR. DUCK.

OVER THERE,  
PLEASE.



YOUR HAND LOTION, MR. DUCK.

MUCH  
OBLIGED.



YOU ARE GOING TO LEAVE ME  
ALONE WITH MY MEMORIES,  
AREN'T YOU?





*"This isn't my idea of a double date!"*

# PLAYMATE NEWS



## SOAP STARS

During the past year, Kelly Monaco has lost her virginity, started medical school and discovered her mother is her aunt, her aunt is her mother and her delusional father isn't dead, as she'd thought. It's all happened on *Port Charles*, ABC's *General Hospital* spin-off, on which Kelly plays drama queen Livvie Locke. "It has been an intense, emotional time for me as an actor," Kelly says. Kelly's experience as a Playmate came in handy for her first soap opera sex scene, although she says filming it wasn't as sexy as it looks. "There's

no full-on nudity on the set. You're wearing a

### Star Biography

Kelly Monaco.



Angel Boris.

G-string and pasties. The crew members aren't as used to nudity as the people at PLAYBOY. It's awkward." Her newfound fans have also taken her by surprise. "I didn't realize how many people live for soaps. They care about Livvie like she's a real person. People even write to me as Livvie: 'Jack is so bad for you! Why don't you open your

### PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

- August 2: Miss September 1971  
Crystal Smith
- August 11: Miss June 1967  
Joey Gibson
- August 12: Miss January 1983  
Lonny Chin
- August 22: Miss March 1998  
Marliece Andrada
- August 31: Miss April 1969  
Lorna Hopper

eyes!" It's fun. I love it." Kelly isn't sure what the writers have in store for Livvie, but she has an idea: "She comes from a psychotic family. It would be fun to play a whacked-out Livvie." Angel Boris is also getting into soap operas; she recently signed a five-year deal with *General Hospital*. So how about a crossover episode in which

Kelly and Angel's characters get into a catfight, tear each other's clothes off, discover they're twins who were separated at birth and end up with amnesia? It has Daytime Emmy winner written all over it.

## OSCAR INVASION



Pamela Anderson hangs out while new best friend Elizabeth Hurley stays covered; Jenny McCarthy plays dress-up for the paparazzi.

Expert head-turner Pamela Anderson created equal parts flashbulb flurry and media speculation when she arrived with Elizabeth Hurley at *Vanity Fair's* annual Oscars party. Inquiring minds wanted to know: Are they best friends? Are they dating? Is Liz going to guest-star on *V.I.P.*? Does Pam realize her shirt is 14 sizes too small? All we noticed was that two of Hollywood's most desirable bomb-

## 30 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

When we met Cathy Rowland, Miss August 1971, she was trying to launch a singing career. Today, Cathy is a recording star—sort of. "I'm a Foley artist, which means I create sound effects for films," Cathy told *Playboy.com*. "I do weird things like throw watermelons against the wall to make certain noises." There is also an erotic side to the job. "I'm the background girl on *Night Calls*," she says. "And in two forthcoming *Playboy* videos, I'm the one moaning when people are making love. Yes, I am a professional moaner!"



Cathy Rowland.

shells were having a blast creating a sexy photo op—so sexy, in fact, that we felt obligated to share it with you. Also wowing shutterbugs at the fete was actress Jenny McCarthy, our other favorite Centerfold turned red carpet pro.

## X-TREME PUBLICITY



## DON'T CRY

YOUR BODY NEEDS THE WATER



The X-Treme Team is everywhere. Clockwise from top left: Danelle Folta, LL Cool J, Daphnee Duplaix and Jessica Lee at ESPN's Action Sports and Music Awards; Jennifer Lavoie; Jessica, Kalin Olson, Danelle and Jen, with *Survivor* mastermind Mark Burnett.

**My Favorite Playmate By Martin Sheen**



I met a Centerfold once. She was in *Apocalypse Now*. She was sweet. I think her name was Cyndi Wood. A blonde girl. She was one of the women who landed in the PLAYBOY helicopter. PLAYBOY sent a chopper into the jungle and there's a big scene where they do a show.

Cyndi Wood.



**LOOSE LIPS**

"To me, life is all about family. I have great kids. They are really nice human beings. They know I'm a Playmate and think it's cool. My youngest daughter is totally like me. She poses in front of the mirror. When I was a kid, I did the same thing." —Suzi Schott

"Men in Los Angeles are more about the surface than what's on the inside. They don't really care to get to know you as a person. The men here don't seem to be real. I'm sure there are nice men in LA somewhere, but they're not where I am." —Tina Bockrath

**PLAYMATE NEWS**

**GIRL TALK**

The coolest thing about working for PLAYBOY? Calling Playmate and Hawaiian Tropic model Kalin Olson just for the hell of it.

Q: Hey, Kalin. What's up?

A: I haven't been up to much because I'm pregnant. We're very excited. It happened at the right time.

Q: Who's we?

A: I've been with Pascal Trepanier for about two years. He plays for the Anaheim Mighty Ducks.

Q: Are you a hockey fan?

A: I didn't know anything about it until I met him. I love it now.

Q: So how did the two of you get together?

A: We were attracted to each other because we're both athletic. He loves that I model as well

as race with the X-Treme Team. Pascal and I train together.

Q: Are you glad to be out of the dating scene?

A: Definitely.

Q: How has being pregnant changed your life?

A: Working out is boring because I can't train as hard as I want. Other than that, I love it. I feel great.

Q: Will you ever do another Eco-Challenge race?

A: There's talk of doing it in 2002. As soon as I have the baby, I'll have to start training again. But I feel lucky. I'm so excited to be a mom.



**TOMCATS' KITTENS**

Ian Ziering and better half Nikki Schieler showed up at the premiere of *Tomcats* to support pal Julia Schultz, who plays Jerry O'Connell's girlfriend in the film. Don't be surprised when Julia is named Hollywood's next big thing: She has a lead role as Tabitha in the NBC sitcom *What Are You Thinking?* also starring Hank Azaria.



**PLAYMATE GOSSIP**

Jessica Lee, Kerissa Fare and Katie Lohmann (below) tried to outsmart the host on an episode of *Win Ben Stein's Money*. . . .



Jennifer Lavoie has applied for the cast of *Survivor 3*. . . . Victoria Silvstedt shows up in two movies: Ben Stiller's *Zoolander*, and *Bodyguards*, with



Money hungry with Ben Stein.

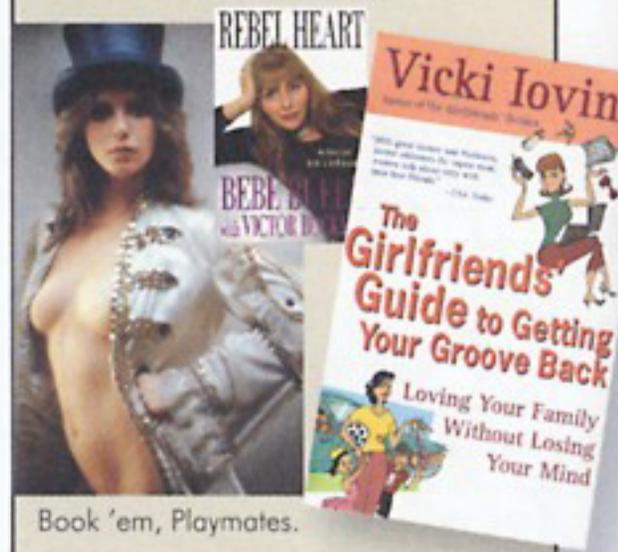
Cindy Crawford. . . . Lisa Dergan was featured in *Affluent Golfer* magazine. . . . Yes, that's Karen McDougal and Heather Kozar on Coors' Fourth of July posters. . . . Ola Ray, co-star of Michael Jackson's *Thriller* video, dishes on the BBC program *I Love the Eighties*. . . .

Are you smitten with the new PMOY? Then pick up *Playboy's Playmate Review*, which features



The year's best.

Brande Roderick. . . . Planter's Rum model Cara Michelle graces the covers of *Stuff* and *Arena*. . . . Who says you can't judge a book by its cover? Bebe Buell's *Rebel Heart* and Vicki (McCarty) Iovine's *Girlfriends' Guide to Getting Your Groove Back* look good to us.



Book 'em, Playmates.

## It's the Dress, Stupid

JENNIFER LOPEZ, playing to her strengths, opted again to wow the Oscar crowd. Look for more—or less—of her in *Angel Eyes* and *Enough*.



## A Case for Lace

LEILA ANDICO had the lead in *Invasion of the Party Nerds II* and has been featured on *Baywatch*. But you may know her better as the spokesmodel for Eddie Bauer.

PAUL NATHAN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

## Good Vibrations

New York's Radio City Music Hall tribute to BRIAN WILSON was filmed for a July TNT show. Everybody (including Aimee Mann and Paul Simon) turned up to sing. But it took another piano man, SIR ELTON, to get things rocking.





### Depp's Rep—Chameleon

From transvestite to coke king, from Shakespeare's rival Marlowe to the police inspector after Jack the Ripper, **JOHNNY DEPP** disappears into every role he takes. Is this his Bob Marley imitation?

**Why We Love Liz**  
**ELIZABETH HURLEY** has three movies out this year, *Dawg*, *Servicing Sara* and *Double Whammy*. She also has outfits like this one in her closet. How lucky for us.



### A Bit of Britt

How does David Spade do it? You'll find **BRITTANY DANIEL** in his movie *Joe Dirt*. She was a *Dawson's Creek* regular for a while. Their loss, Spade's gain.



### Stephanie's Back

Texan **STEPHANIE NGUYEN** is a Hawaiian now. When not modeling or appearing as eye candy on *Baywatch Hawaii*, Stephanie is out bodysurfing—beautifully.



# Next Month



SASCHA



BLOODLETTING



NFL FORECAST



MISS SEPTEMBER

**DALE EARNHARDT JR.**—DID JUNIOR RACE TO NASCAR STARDOM IN SECONDS? CHICKS LOVE HIM. YOU WILL TOO. READ **KEVIN COOK'S** FAST AND FURIOUS PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

**SURVIVOR GIRL**—SO SHE DIDN'T WIN THE MILLION DOLLARS. *SURVIVOR: THE AUSTRALIAN OUTBACK'S* JERRI MANTHEY SHOWS US THE REAL GOODS IN A WILD PICTORIAL

**HEAVIER THAN HEAVEN: THE FALL OF KURT COBAIN**—HEROIN, INSECURITY AND COURTNEY LOVE TRANSFORMED THE GRUNGE GREAT INTO A TABLOID HEADLINE. A GRIPPING ACCOUNT OF THE SINGER'S APOGEE AND COLLAPSE BY **CHARLES CROSS**

**SURVIVING SURVIVAL**—DO YOU WANT TO BUDDY UP TO JEFF PROBST—OR JUST SEE HOW YOU'D FARE IN THE AUSTRALIAN WILD? **ARMIN BROTT** BRAVES SNAKEBITES, HUNGER AND SHARP ROCKS TO DISCOVER WHAT THE TV SHOWS DON'T TELL YOU

**STANLEY TUCCI**—THE VERSATILE MARVEL FROM *BIG NIGHT*, *WINCHELL* AND—HIS LATEST—*BIG TROUBLE ON WORKING* FOR 75 BUCKS A DAY, THE JOY OF UNHAPPY ENDINGS, WHAT'S WRONG WITH ITALIAN AMERICAN STEREOTYPES AND HOW TO GET LAID WITH A GREAT RISOTTO. A DELECTABLE 20 QUESTIONS BY **WARREN KALBACKER**

**GROUP SEX, FOURTH FLOOR**—THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR VISITS A SWINGERS' CONVENTION, WHERE HE FINDS VIXENS DIS-

GUISED AS SOCCER MOMS AND BLOW JOBS DOLED OUT LIKE CANDY. THE PROBLEM? HE FORGOT TO GET HIS WIFE'S OK TO JOIN IN. CONFESSIONAL BY **CHIP ROWE**

**TONY "THE GOOSE" SIRAGUSA**—THE BALTIMORE RAVENS' 340-POUND DEFENSIVE MONSTER THINKS MOST QB'S ARE PUSSIES AND SPARES NONE OF HIS NFL ENEMIES IN A ROUGH AND RIOTOUS Q. AND A. WITH **MARK RIBOWSKY**

**BLOOD TEST**—HERE'S A GANGSTER PRECEPT: WHEN YOU'RE ABOUT TO ROB A STRIP CLUB, DO WHAT THE BOSS SAYS. TOO MANY QUESTIONS COULD GET YOU WHACKED. CHILLING FICTION BY **ANDREW VACHSS**

**THE SOPHISTICATED APE**—APES RULE THE PLANET, AND THEY'RE DRESSED TO KILL. WE SALUTE **TIM BURTON'S** HIGHLY ANTICIPATED SUMMER MOVIE WITH MILITARY-INSPIRED JACKETS, SUITS AND SHIRTS. FALL FASHION FORECAST BY **JOSEPH DE ACETIS**

**HIGH STEAKS**—FROM STRIP TO SIRLOIN, FROM T-BONE TO TENDERLOIN, **JOHN MARIANI** KNOWS THE STEAKHOUSE FOR YOU. GENTLEMEN, SHARPEN YOUR KNIVES

**PLUS:** PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW, *VAMPIRELLA* COMIC MODEL **SASCHA KNOPF** VAMPS AND STRIPS, NAUGHTY CENTERFOLD **ECHO JOHNSON**, **DALENE KURTIS** BECOMES THE PERFECT PLAYMATE FOR FALL AND THOSE TERRIFIC FISHNET STOCKINGS COME BACK