

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 2001 • www.playboy.com

**A SPICY
SEX IN
CINEMA**

**ORAL SEX
A HISTORY**

**The Class You
Won't Ditch**

**THE COEN
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**Interview With
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**What Do
These
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**HOW TO DATE
A GIRL WHO'S
SMARTER
THAN YOU**

**20Q WITH
PREZ BUSH
(OK, Will Ferrell)**

**REVENGE
OF THE
MONOPOLISTS
Microsoft
Launches XBOX**



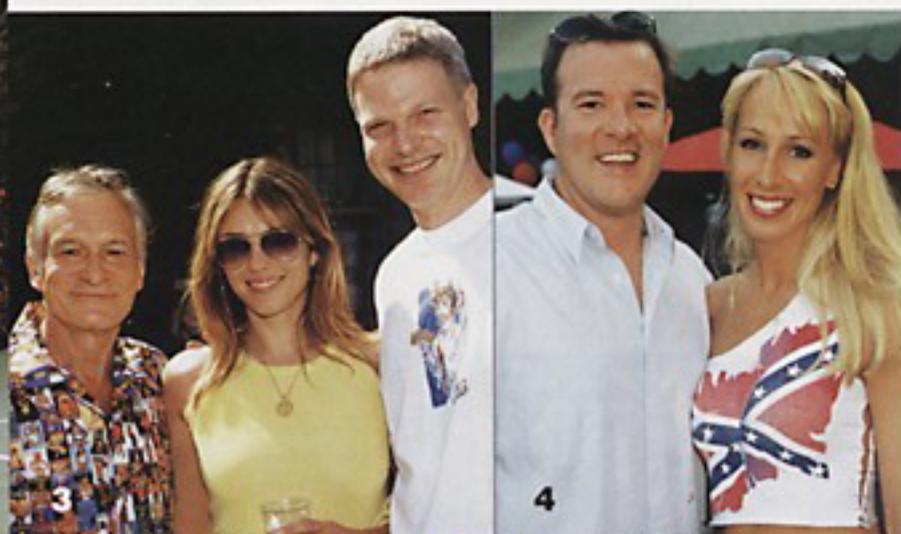
FUN IN THE SUN!



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Hef celebrated the Fourth of July at the Mansion with a roller-disco pool party and fireworks. (1) Hef with patriotically attired girlfriends Dalene Kurtis, Christi Shake and Tiffany Holliday. (2) Thora Birch takes a spin. (3) Hef with Elizabeth Hurley and boyfriend, producer Steve Bing. (4) LAPD cop Ginger Harrison, featured out of uniform in the July 2001 issue, with her husband. (5) Victoria Fuller goes pie crazy. (6) Stephanie Heinrich chooses classic skates. (7) Girls galore. (8) Directors Oliver Stone and Michael Bay with Lisa Dergan. (9) The Rabbit Head navel ring. (10) Watching the best fireworks display in town. (11) Mansion regulars Scott Baio and Jeannette Jonsson. (12) Topless time on the trampoline. (13) Verne Troyer and Canadian Centerfold candidate Chantal Vachon. (14) Anka Romensky and Jennifer Walcott. (15) Hef chills with Motown founder Berry Gordy.



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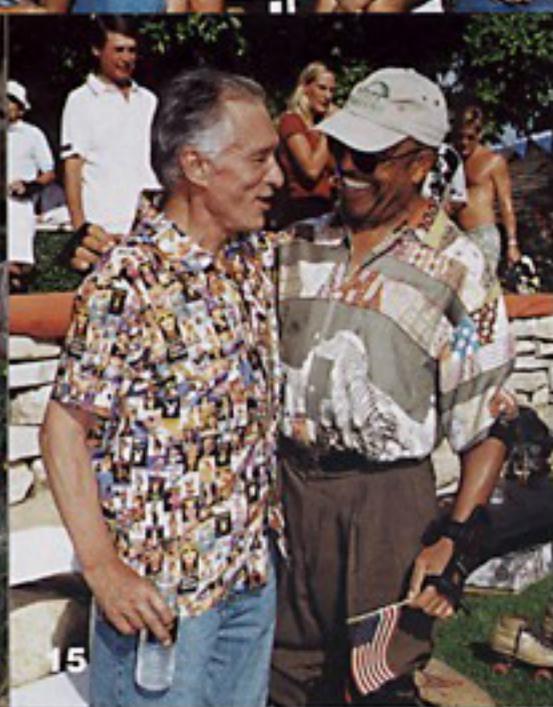


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MORE
FUN IN THE
SUN



Summer kicks included a trip to Disneyland, Sunday pool parties and the annual Playboy Jazz Festival at the Hollywood Bowl. (1) A sweet afternoon at Disneyland. (2) Tina Jordan and Dalene Kurtis. (3) The Hef Troop on an *Indiana Jones* adventure. (4) The Dahms with *Survivor's* Jeff Probst and Colby Donaldson at a Mansion Hollywood Records party. (5) VHI's Roshumba and Rebecca Rankin with MTV's Brian McFayden and Chris Connelly at the Hollywood Records bash. (6) Antoinette Abbott rides a rubber alligator. (7) Stephanie Heinrich and Tiffany Holliday take Beamer for a swim. (8) Sandra Westgate and Sydney Moon enjoy the Grotto. (9) Sandra and Sydney mack on the host. (10) 1999 PMOY Heather Kozar. (11) Anka Romensky, Jennifer Walcott, Sydney and Nancy Ramos. (12) Femi Anikulapo-Kuti and the Positive Force rock the Jazz Fest. (13) Jamie Foxx and friends at Jazz Fest. (14) Hef and his posse sit in the front row. (15) Hef with Bill Cosby, emcee of the Jazz Fest since its inception in the Seventies.



By ASA BABER

I CALLED YOU here today to estimate the latitude of your gratitude. As Thanksgiving Day approaches, I thought it would be a worthy exercise to list a few of the many things in this world that make us grateful to be male.

Join me as we take inventory of the privileges of manhood.

(1) *The clitoris.*

Could we tell the truth for the first time in our lecherous history? If the clitoris did not exist, we would have to invent it. What a cute, compact, elegant, glowing and responsive little joy button it is. It is your obligation to understand that it is man's best friend. Imagine trying to have good sex without it.

If there were no clitoris, men would be exhausted whales on the shores of sexuality. If there were no clitoris, we would actually have to work hard at lovemaking at all times, even when we were tired or had a headache or hoped to watch *Sports Center* in a few minutes. The clitoris saves us as we do our duty with minimal effort and maximum results.

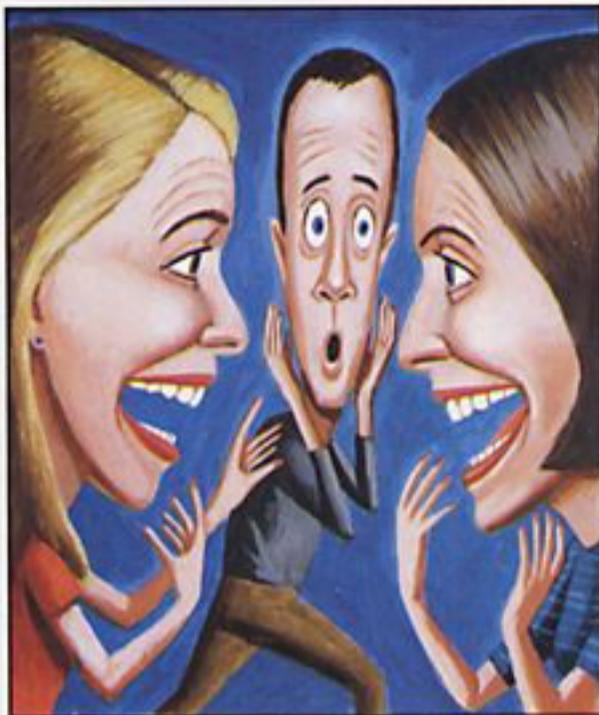
No clitoris? I shudder at the prospect. No more hiding like a satiated lush in a gooseberry bush, giving it a tiny lick here and a teeny tickle there, stroking it, vibrating it with tongue and fingers (as well as a genuine vibrator, if she is willing to let you off the hook for the evening), sucking on it, saving our limited energies for our next explosion as our partners wiggle and squirm and have 10 orgasms to our one.

Let's face it: The clitoris is God's way of telling us that we are lazy fools who forced him/her to design female sex organs with stupendous efficiency. For that blessing we should be appreciative.

(2) *Moments of silence.*

In a world that is growing increasingly verbal and chatty, let us give thanks that we do not have to talk all the time in order to feel safe and protected and under control. Nor do we demand it of others. We can be miracles of muteness and champions of quietude whenever we get the chance, but it is a pity that our significant others cannot do the same.

With the notable exception of certain unnamed but voluble cable TV anchor-men (I am convinced they are Chatty Cathy dolls in men's clothing), most of us can do fine without talking to anyone all day. We can read a magazine without sharing each bit of information with somebody else. We can leave the answering machine on and hide from all our calls, watch TV with the sound off, walk in the park alone, even go to a bar and have a beer and speak to no one. For us at those times, silence is golden and we feel like we own Fort Knox.



LET US SAY THANKS

While it is true that on occasion the female of the species provides a certain charm and sociability with her constant talk and chatter, it is nonetheless something we could often do without. (How many strong, silent women have I known? Give me a year and I might be able to think of one.)

Is it genetic? Did cavewomen spend their evenings prodding their poor, tired cavemen with clubs and demanding conversation from them before the fire went out? ("But how did you *feel* when you killed that woolly mammoth? And when are you going to clean the tusks? Does this leopardskin make me look fat? Do you think I should wear the shark's teeth tonight?")

You have to wonder about the history of verbosity, because most girls seem to work from the premise that if you are not talking, you are not living. Their dialogue is high pitched and endless, and especially deafening when they congregate in groups. (I dare you to go to any large meeting hall scheduled for an all-female conference and stand outside the doors and listen to the crescendo of voices as the room fills with women. You will be terrified, I promise.)

Whenever a woman is alone and a man appears on the distant horizon, trumpets seem to blare in the female inner ear, and all her efforts focus on making that poor bastard elevate his chat rate to her level—or die trying. (Did you know that the Institute of Talkaholics estimates that at least half of all male coronaries occur when men try to match women verbally? We are not safe, guys, we are not safe.)

Silence: A pleasing gift, honored by

most men—would that there be more of it in our time.

(3) *Shop till we drop? No way.*

Pity the spiritually impoverished female of the early 21st century. Promised a radical revolution in the status of her gender a few decades ago, ready to rage against men and call them names for years, disappointed by the results of those efforts, now aware of that revolution's shortcomings, uncertain as to the choice of both a career and a mate, bewildered by men and their eternal inconstancy, terrified of the natural progression of aging, irritated by the complexities of her own body, tempted by food and repelled by food and mesmerized by food, eager to set all things right and crushed when unable to do so, she eventually surrenders to her baser instincts and shops till she drops. Then she shops more. Shopping: every girl's heroin.

I am convinced that the feminist revolution was funded by a secret cabal of fat-cat capitalists who looked for ways to expand their markets, and hit upon a brilliant idea: "Let's start a campaign to make boys ashamed of their masculinity and turn them into girls," the fat cats said. "If we can get those stingy, unrepentant, semiconscious males to go shopping all the time to validate themselves like females do, we will double our profits in half the time and keep everybody in credit card debt at usurious interest rates."

You think I'm kidding? This economy of ours needs consumers to spend their way into debt and avoid things like savings accounts and tight household budgets. This economy is structured to take half our money in taxes and then lure us into spending more than we can afford on worldly goods—and polls show that men are much more concerned than women are about the impact of taxes on their wallets and lives.

This economy is now so addicted to consumer spending that patriotism might be defined as unending personal indebtedness—but a lot of guys aren't comfortable signing up for that tour. Last July, just as our tax rebates were going into the mail, a former Fed mandarin suggested all good citizens should go out and buy Uncle Sam out of a potential recession. Most of my buddies laughed at that one.

A radical thought: Maybe boys do "get it," no matter what they've been told, and maybe girls are just spoiled little sissies as they trod the primrose path to debtor's prison in their 500 pairs of shoes!

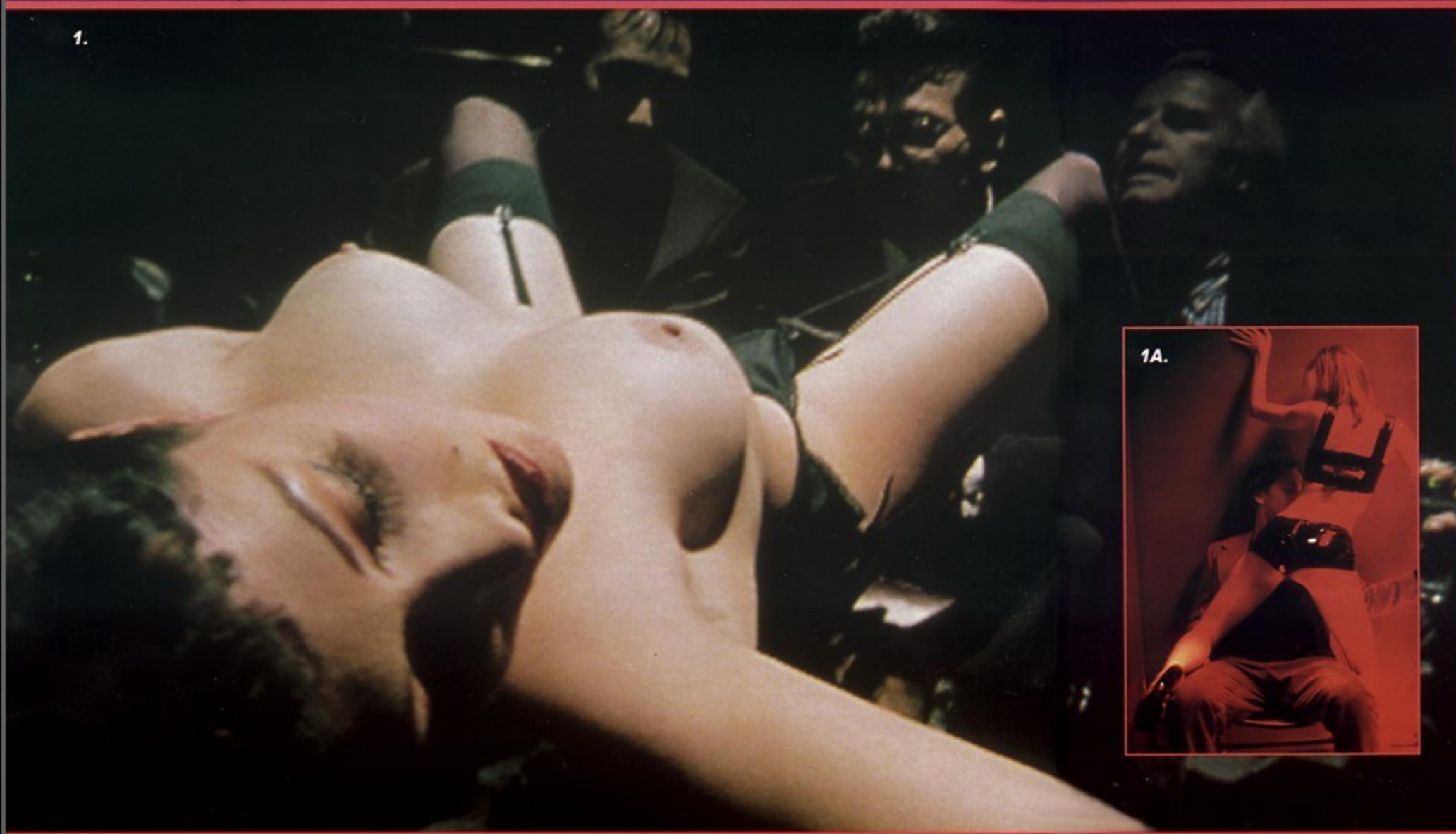
Who's the turkey now, Gloria?





"We thank thee for this wondrous bounty, Lord—oh, and thanks for all the food."

SEX IN CINEMA - 2001

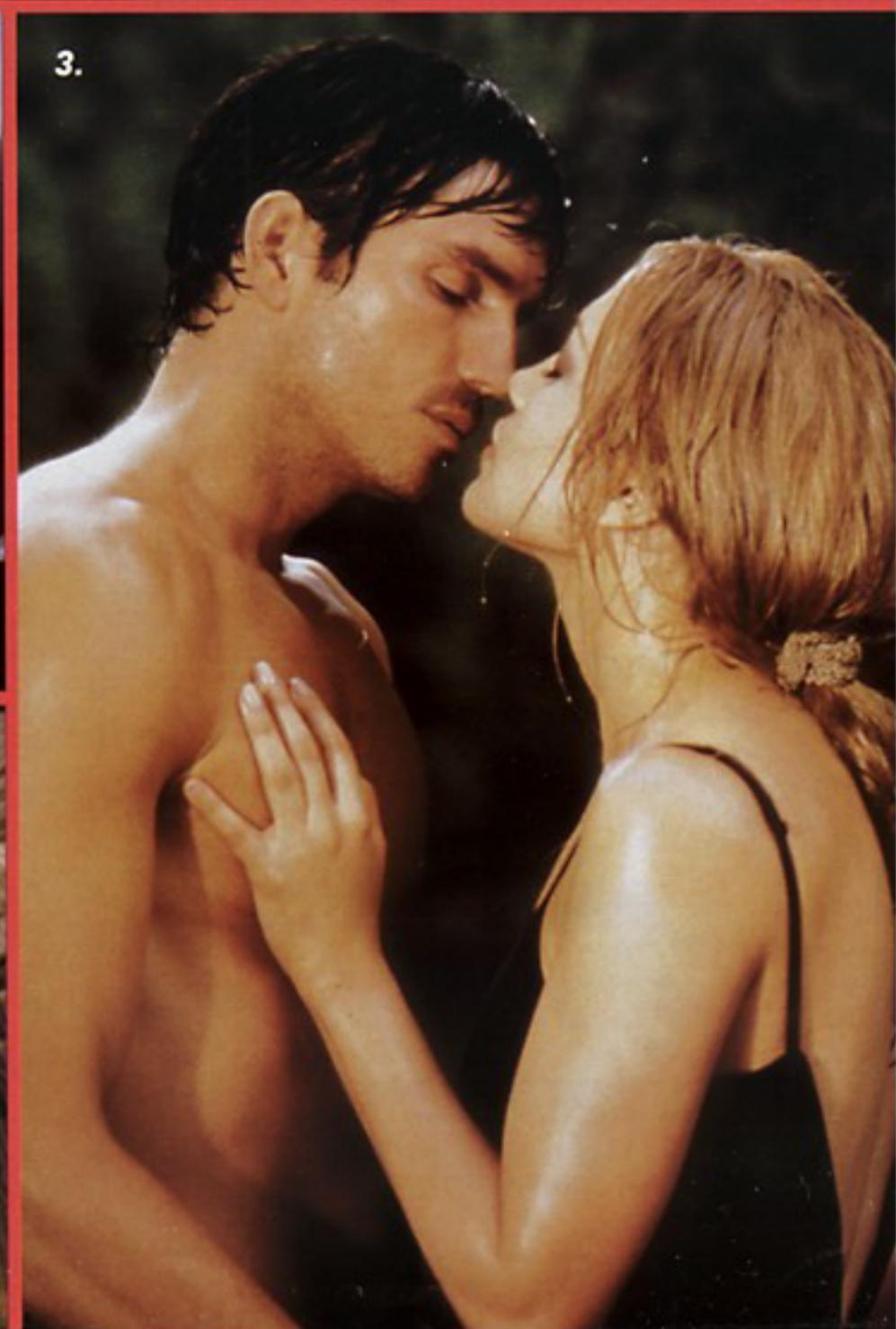


it was a year for naughty on-screen nooky—if you knew where to look

text by **JAMIE MALANOWSKI** The phoniest moment in the movies this year came in the failed summer blockbuster *Pearl Harbor*. Perhaps you're thinking it occurred during the attack, when the fighter planes flew sideways between the buildings at the airfield. Sorry. How about after the attack, when the wheelchair-bound FDR infused his military chieftains with backbone by resolutely lifting himself, rather like Peter Sellers in *Dr. Strangelove*, onto his feet? Nice try. In fact, it came before the attack, when after a romantic night in bubbly Manhattan, the beautiful nurse played by Kate Beckinsale invites the square-jawed flyboy played by Ben Affleck to come up to her room, where he will be invited to buzz her landing strip. Despite the fact that old Ben will be leaving the next morning for Britain, where he will help the doughier-faced flyboys in the RAF stave off the Nazi bullies in the Luftwaffe, he turns her down. *He turns her down!* Yes, a movie in which umpteen millions were spent getting the rivets on the Zeroes right somehow fumbled the prevailing sexual ethos of the era, which is that good girls don't, but when one does, a young man's proper response is: Straighten up and fly right. Bombs away. (text continued on page 90)



1. THE CENTER OF THE WORLD features Alisha Klass (the porn queen who claimed that Bruce Willis liked to lick caviar off her naked body) having carnal knowledge of a Tootsie Pop, plus **1A.** Molly Parker and Peter Sarsgaard lusting in Las Vegas. **2. THE GOLDEN BOWL's** Uma Thurman floors her ex-lover Jeremy Northam, who is also her stepson-in-law. **3. BLOW** casts Johnny Depp as real-life drug dealer George Jung and Penélope Cruz as his wife. **4. BRIDGET JONES' DIARY** finds Hugh Grant, oddly aroused by Renée Zellweger's roomy panties, crying "Hello, Mummy!"



1. **THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE WOLF** looks into a series of killings in the France of Louis XV, with Samuel Le Bihan, as a scientist sent to investigate, taking a break in a brothel. 2. **BETTER THAN SEX**, an Aussie flick characterized by *Variety* as "Last Tango in Paris without the angst," lets Susie Porter zoom in on photographer David Wenham's buns. 3. **ANGEL EYES** revolves around a mysterious relationship between Jim Caviezel and lady cop Jennifer Lopez. 4. **QUILLS** takes place in the French insane asylum that housed the Marquis de Sade (and where, as here, servants made whoopee).



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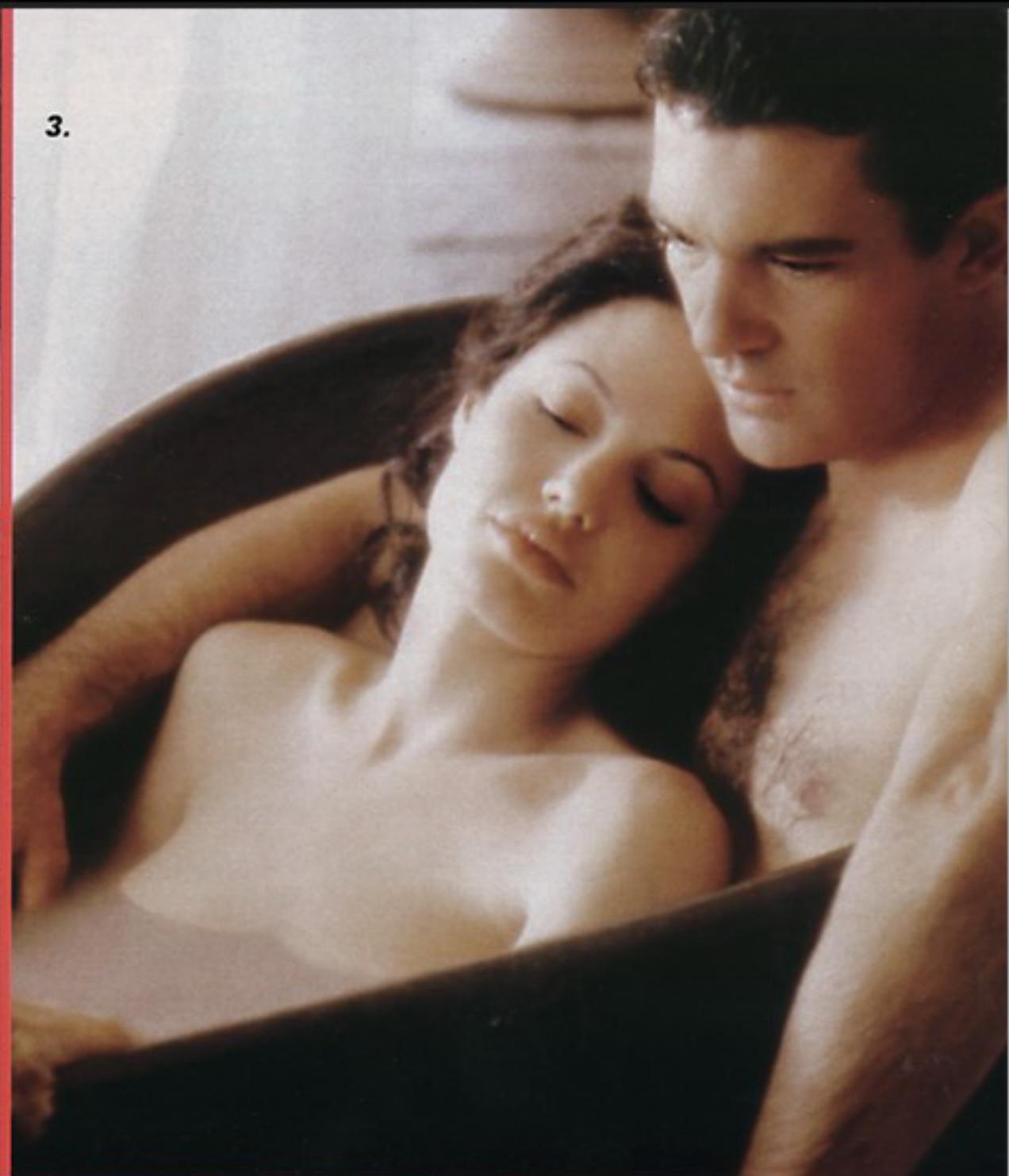
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5. **DEUCES WILD**, a teen-gang epic set in 1958, has been likened to *West Side Story* without the music. Here Drea de Matteo (*The Sopranos*' Adriana La Cerva) cozies up to main man Stephen Dorff. 6. **MOULIN ROUGE**, a lush musical set in the venerable Parisian nightclub, stars Nicole Kidman as Satine, the glamorous showgirl who's also a courtesan. 7. **TATAWO**, a Spanish entry newly defining the skin flick genre, is set in a Barcelona bar and tattoo parlor. Having undergone epidermal etching as a declaration of mutual love, Mercedes Ortega is deserted by tattooist Miguel Molina, leaving her desperate to shed the body art.



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1. **POLA X**, a dark French drama, stars the ageless Catherine Deneuve as an aristocratic mother who's much too close to her son, played by Guillaume Depardieu (Gérard's boy). 2. **DR. T AND THE WOMEN** puts its own spin on water sports, with Farrah Fawcett losing her senses—and her clothes—in a shopping mall fountain. 3. **ORIGINAL SIN** stars Angelina Jolie and Antonio Banderas in a remake of François Truffaut's *Mississippi Mermaid*. He's a Cuban planter, she's his mail-order bride. 4. **BAISE-MOI (Rape Me)**, a film so shocking it was banned in France, sends actual porn actresses Raffaëla Anderson and Karen Bach on a sex-and-killing spree described by critic Peter Travers as "*Thelma and Louise* with penetration." 5. **WHAT'S THE WORST THAT COULD HAPPEN?** casts Danny DeVito as a media tycoon unlike anybody we know, here entertaining model Tracey Kimberley (Sascha Knopf, who also appeared in a September 2001 *PLAYBOY* pictorial). 6. **ALMOST FAMOUS** earned Kate Hudson an Oscar nomination for her portrayal of Penny Lane. (Penny's character is based in part on November 1974 *Playmate* Bebe Buell, whose autobiographical *Rebel Heart* is in bookstores now.) 7. **THE SEX SUBSTITUTE**, from *Playboy TV*, dispatches a struggling actor to a gig house-sitting for a female sex therapist. Here Scott Duke makes much more than eye contact with a couple of the absent shrink's patients, Diana Espen and Teanna Kai.

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1. **PLATA QUEMADA** (*Burnt Money*) retells the story of a celebrated heist by two gay lovers and their wheelman in 1965 Argentina. In this scene, the driver (Pablo Echarri) enjoys a quickie with Dolores Fonzi while Leonardo Sbaraglia watches. 2. **REQUIEM FOR A DREAM** features Jennifer (The Rocketeer, TV's *The Street*) Connelly checking herself out and 2A. Marlon Wayans and Aliya Campbell canoodling. 3. **A KNIGHT'S TALE** pairs princess Shannyn Sossamon with jouster Heath Ledger. 4. **WHAT WOMEN WANT** endows Mel Gibson with the ability to suss out female minds, here Marisa Tomei's. 5. **O**, an update of Shakespeare's *Othello*, enrolls Mekhi Phifer and girlfriend Julia Stiles in high school. 6. **BULLY** is a dramatization of the 1993 killing of a Florida teen by his peers (among them Bijou Phillips and Michael Pitt).

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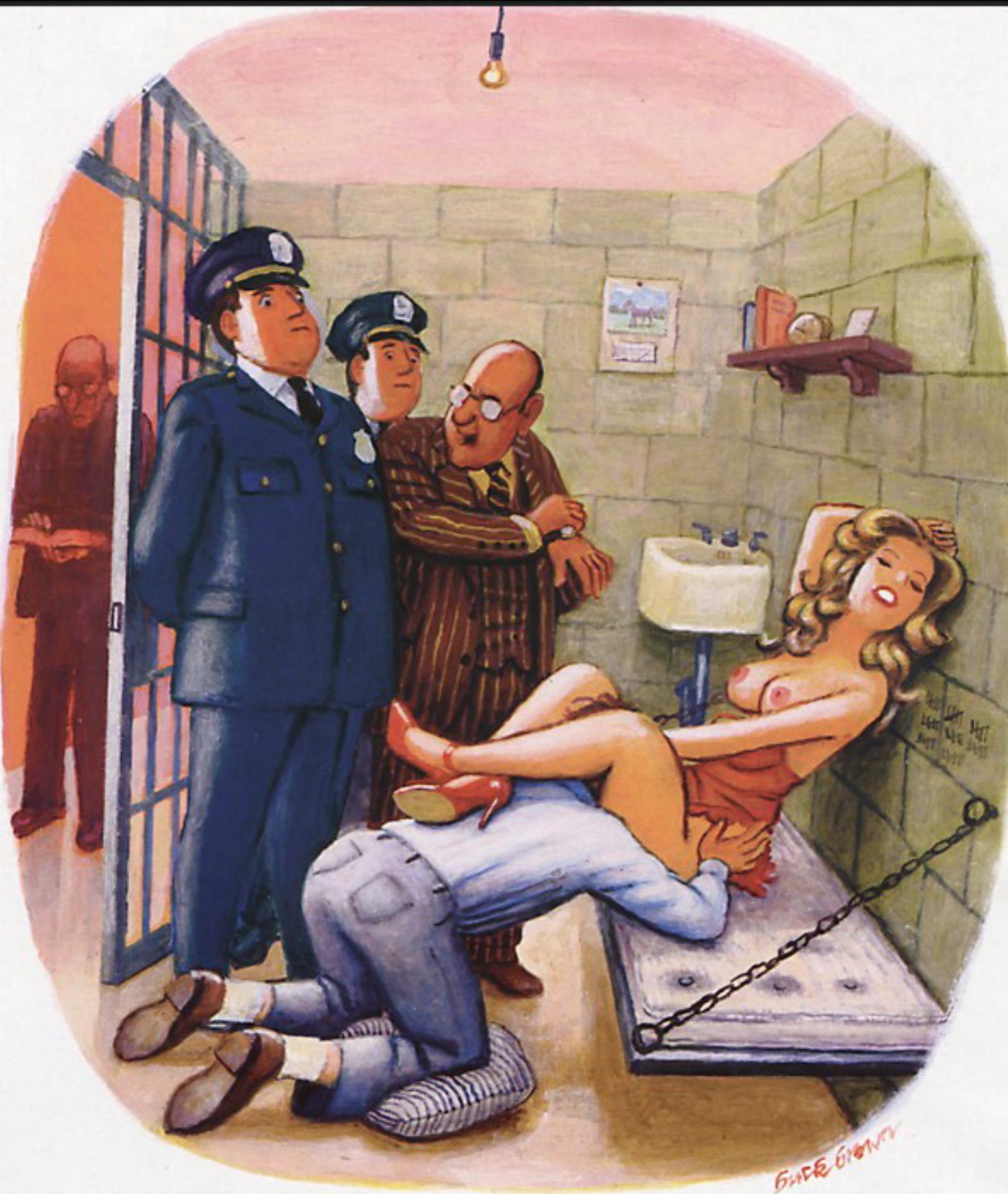


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"The law says he's entitled to whatever he wants for his last meal."

How to Date a Girl Smarter Than You



by will lee

You are the Great 21st Century Man, reared in the information age, butch with the knowledge that all those axons, dendrites and neurons do their jobs with sturdy, vitamin-packed reliability.

You know who Tiger Woods is, and you know he makes more money than you do by playing golf. You know what the 33 signifies on a bottle of Rolling Rock, and how to open that bottle with a cigarette lighter. You know to split eights and double down on 11, when to lift on the throttle through a hairpin, where to go for a swell time when you're in Montreal and why double-vented suit jackets fit you better than single-vented ones. You know pi to three decimal places (or at least that it's somewhere around five), and that it was Barzini all along. You are the Great 21st Century Man, hear your knowledge roar.

You know what? Forget it all: **WOMEN ARE SMARTER THAN YOU ARE.** You're becoming an intellectual artifact, more Cro-Mag than sapiens, comprehensively outmatched, outpaced and outwitted by the fairer sex. The distaff team isn't just gaining on you; they're past you, looking at you disdainfully in the rearview mirror.

Here's the reality: Fifty-seven percent of straight-A students are girls. Fifty-seven percent of high school dropouts are boys. Last year, for the first time, more women than

men applied to law school. As recently as 1970, more than 90 percent of law school students were male. The percentage of female MBA candidates at Harvard Business School has more than doubled in less than 20 years, and now it's at 30 percent and growing.

Across the land, colleges scramble to get men into the ivory tower. Women outnumbered men in Berkeley's 2000 freshman class. Two years ago, at Dickinson College, a well-regarded liberal-arts school in Pennsylvania, only 37 percent of the freshman class was male. Robert Massa, vice president for enrollment at Dickinson, is trying to close the gender gap, though he admits that some people "might say it's preposterous for me to say white males add diversity." As *USA Today* recently observed, some schools (such as Fisk University in Nashville and Merrimack College in North Andover, Massachusetts) recruit male applicants to compensate for student populations that—as in Fisk's case—run more than 70 percent female.

And men are flailing in areas other than academics. In a Rutgers Marriage Project study of sex and relationships among noncollege men and women under 30 conducted in 1999, women were found to be more confident and responsible, with, as the study put it, "clear and generally realistic plans for moving up the career ladder." Men, on the other hand, seemed less focused: When they talked about getting ahead, their goals included such lofty ambitions as winning the lottery.

There's a fair probability your girlfriend—that lithe, ponytailed blonde with the long neck and perfect upper lip who has a master's in linguistic anthropology from Brown and a J.D. from Columbia, started her own hedge fund and was gathering specimens in the park for her monograph on South American *polyommata lycaenids* when you, trying vainly to walk while unscrewing the cap from a Powerade, swung your elbow into her face—is also smarter than you are. It's not idly or flippantly that she says she loves you for your "reassuring impassivity" (and your meaty thighs).

If too many repeats of *The Man Show* and that constant flow of Old Milwaukee have addled your brain, let Paul Theroux, the novelist and travel writer, summarize it for you: "I have always disliked being a man," he writes in an essay called "Being a Man." "The whole idea of manhood in America is pitiful, in my opinion." And not just pitiful, according to Theroux, but "unfeeling," "primitive," "crippling," "hideous" and, naturally, "stupid" as well.

Your only hope, then, is more knowledge. Herewith, we present a guide to

the smart girls, and what you need to know to keep them happy.

SMART GIRL PHYLIA

Obviously, smart girls come in all shapes and sizes. Not all of them fall under the following four classifications. But the taxonomy goes roughly like this:

MISS GOLDMAN-SKADDEN-SCALIA

WORKS AS: Investment banker, corporate law partner, Supreme Court clerk, TV business reporter. **LOOKING FOR A GUY WHO:** Will either provide necessary leverage to get further ahead or, occasionally, a slacker type who gives her hip cred. **WILL ONE DAY:** Be managing partner of the firm, owner of several small islands. **PERSONALITY PROFILE:** A frightening but often alluring mix of native intelligence, drive, power and ambition. Can be extremely temperamental. **BETWEEN THE SHEETS:** "I went out with one girl—a mutual fund manager—who was so intense and was always the best in everything," says Adam, 28, also an investment banker. "So when she gave me head, which was often, she absolutely had to make me come, even if I had other things in mind. Which led to a lot of soreness, frankly."

MISS MENSA

WORKS AS: Doctor, engineer, professor, think-tank researcher. **LOOKING FOR A GUY WHO:** Spends as much time as she does in the lab, hospital or reading room and doesn't care that she doesn't have time to spend an hour every morning putting herself together. **WILL ONE DAY:** Accept a Nobel Prize from the king of Sweden. **PERSONALITY PROFILE:** The least communicative of the bunch, and weighted toward painful shyness brought about when teased by classmates after she won the Physics Olympiad championship as a teenager. **BETWEEN THE SHEETS:** The sleeper, so to speak, of the smart girls. Pure intellectual prowess and generally reserved manner may mask intense need for excitement and action—i.e., dirty, unrestrained sex—outside work or school. "When my girlfriend first told me that she had been a math and accounting major in college," remembers Todd, 24, "and was working as an actuary, I thought, Wow, she sounds astoundingly dull. But she's as close to a nymphomaniac as I think a woman can come without being self-destructive."

MISS SEMIOTICS ON FIRE

WORKS AS: Novelist, playwright, activist, editor of left-wing political journal, grad-student stripper. **LOOKING FOR A GUY WHO:** Can sit across from her at a coffee bar (perhaps somewhere more socially conscious than Starbucks) and

talk for 18 hours straight without flagging about the function of ekphrasis in the description of cities as portrayed in the *Iliad* and Hesiod's *Shield of Heracles*. **WILL ONE DAY:** Live in a small New England town writing a treatise. **PERSONALITY PROFILE:** Often wide-eyed, gregarious and emotionally unlocked. Will often explain why the switch her parents made from cotton to disposable diapers has altered her thinking about poststructuralism. **BETWEEN THE SHEETS:** Open, experimental, wild. "We'd been dating for all of six days," says Russell, 29, of his writer-grad student fiancée, "when completely naked, spread-eagled pictures of her—like 70 of them—suddenly went up in my college art gallery."

MISS GUM-SNAPPING PHILOSOPHER

WORKS AS: Supermarket checkout girl, Denny's waitress, nurse's assistant. **LOOKING FOR A GUY WHO:** Won't sneer and pat her behind as she walks by, and who loves spending Friday nights chilling out with a little Velvet Underground, smoking butts and rapping about Borges. Actually, is a little embittered toward men in general, since the guy she married at the age of 17 ditched her and her two-year-old last Christmas Eve. **WILL ONE DAY BE:** Doing exactly what she's doing now. **PERSONALITY PROFILE:** Sullen, even churlish, she's the proverbial smart-girl iceberg. It's all under the surface. **BETWEEN THE SHEETS:** A toss-up: could be something of a jewel or could be tired of men and sex and all that.

WAYS TO FUMIGATE YOUR APARTMENT OF THAT PREVAILING DUMB-GUY STENCH

(1) Ditch the PlayStation, at least for one night. No matter how good you are at Final Fantasy VI, you do not want to conjure the image of you in your briefs at two in the morning, control pad dangling between your legs, as you tap away mindlessly with a droopy jaw.

(2) Bury your dog-eared copies of *Car and Driver*, the Victoria's Secret catalog and *Circumaural Stereo Headphone Monthly*. Stack your PLAYBOYS and leave the top one open to the interview. (When she finds it, let her walk you through the pictorials and *The Playboy Advisor*—you will be well rewarded.) Throw out *Maxim*. Get the latest issues of *Granta*, *Harvard Business Review*, *Lingua Franca* and *Scientific American*, and preemptively bend the spines.

(3) Rethink the refrigerator: Shove those cans of Schlitz to the back, get rid of the eight moldy jars of salsa, and find a bottle of Riesling (maybe a 1998 Trimbach) and some interesting vegetables—like white asparagus and haricots verts—to brighten the landscape. And another thing: Lose the Cindy

(continued on page 165)

Smart Girls

(continued from page 96)

Margolis calendar magnet.

(4) As beloved as your Chris Farley DVD and Slayer boxed sets are to you, smart girls will sneer at lowbrow taste, so better to prominently display a complete set of Bruckner symphonies and a well-worn Kurosawa collection on DVD.

(5) Trash the beer bong. It'll be better for you in the long run.

YOU MAY BE IN OVER YOUR PUNY HEAD WHEN . . .

(1) She figures out 10, 15 and 20 percent of the tip, both pretax and posttax, before you've found the bottom line.

(2) She answers every question correctly on a master's-edition *Jeopardy*.

(3) She and your dad have an intense conversation about economics that you can't begin to understand.

HOW TO SEEM SMARTER THAN YOU ARE

(1) Use props. For instance, arrange to meet her at a cafe and get there 15 minutes early. Look deep in concentration as you attempt to comprehend the preposterous milieu of Bulgakov's *Master and Margarita*. And when she strolls up, ever so rakishly slip off those horn-rimmed spectacles and fold them into your breast pocket.

(2) Know obscure facts about obscure subjects. Mention casually that you've been trying to work out how Proust's living in a room with cork walls influenced his prose stylings or whether maple or pearwood purling gave better resonance to 19th century Italian cellos. But when she follows up, for instance, by asking, "That's fascinating. Why did Proust live in a room with cork walls?" the skill is all in the swift dodge. ("Because he liked to keep his emotions all bottled up.")

(3) Read the daily paper—and not just *USA Today*, and not just the box scores.

(4) Be prepared. Before you go to that trendy Austrian-Cantonese fusion joint for dinner, read a few reviews so when you sit down, you can make an informed suggestion. Better yet, stop by the place before and find out where the bathroom is, so when she asks, you appear to have been a frequent guest.

(5) Make yourself useful. Even smart girls aren't especially mechanically inclined, so fixing her computer printer with a nail clipper and a pen cap would be a good thing. Assemble her Ikea couch with your bare hands. Or tell her when she's getting shafted by the local auto mechanic.

(6) Wear good shoes. For one night at least, pair your Levi's with some cordovan, tassel-free and metal-free loafers, rather than those ancient Chuck Taylors.

(7) Be decisive. It's more important to her than what's on your bookshelf (though you should have a bookshelf). When a girl asks what you want to do

and you say, "I don't know" or "Whatever you want," you come across dumb as dirt. If a credit card doesn't work at a restaurant, have another way to pay instead of sitting there astonished. If you seem to know what you're doing and act confident, you'll look smart and she'll be impressed.

FROM THE MOUTHS OF HIGH-IQ BABES

"The whole not-going-to-the-doctor, not-asking-for-directions thing is a dumb-guy problem," says Nicole, 34, an orthopedic surgeon. "Men think being all macho-stoic and refusing to get help is a sign of intelligence. It makes their lives unnecessarily difficult and it lessens their longevity. What confounds me is all the extra aggravation guys go through spending hours and gallons of gas looking for someplace or suffering with some unspeakable illness for days when all it would take is three minutes to pull over to a gas station or pick up the phone and make an appointment with a doctor.

"One of the smartest things about smart people, men or women, is knowing—and admitting—what they don't know. So ask for directions when you're lost, and go to the doctor when you're sick. Oh, and buckle your seat belt. Guys who don't buckle their seat belts are dumb."

Marika, 31, who has a doctorate in Asian languages from Oxford and who now runs her own consulting firm, says that guys "who try too hard to make me feel smart or interesting by making a big show of asking all these ridiculous questions about consulting and my work in Asia—when they don't know the first thing about it and don't care—are in trouble from the start."

MAKING IT A BRAIN-BUSTER NIGHT

Eventually you're going to find yourself browsing with the smart girl in the video store. Much as you want to see *Point Break* for the 14th time, the following will have her going home happier.

The Unbearable Lightness of Being (1988): Directed by Philip Kaufman. Starring Daniel Day-Lewis, Juliette Binoche and Lena Olin. Adapted from the Milan Kundera novel—a smart girl favorite, by the way—in which a young Czech doctor (Day-Lewis) gets caught up in Sixties Czech political turmoil and caught between the two women in his life.

Why she likes it: The emotional conundrum raised by Olin's and Binoche's characters, and for Day-Lewis' hallow-cheeked intellectualism.

What to say: "I love how Kaufman's camera was observant and detached, not voyeuristic."

How to seize the moment: Ask if you can photograph her slinking around on a full-length mirror wearing only a bowler. Failing that, say that you're so madly in love with her that you'll leave your wife to be with her.

Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie (1972):

Directed by Luis Buñuel. Starring no one in particular. A dinner party for six upper-class friends provides the backdrop and starting point for a lot of surreal shit.

Why she likes it: Stinging satire on the worthlessness of cultivated society.

What to say: "Was it A.O. Scott or Pauline Kael who said this belongs to Buñuel's old age and his second childhood? Either way, I completely agree."

How to seize the moment: Suggest a romp in the woods before you grab your postflick dinner.

Rear Window (1954): Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Starring James Stewart and Grace Kelly. A photographer (Stewart) gets laid up with a broken leg and plays Peeping Tom. Lots of commentary on "being a viewer" and "cameras" and "seeing," if you must know.

Why she likes it: The reflexive allegory on cinema and the viewer.

What to say: "Doesn't it say everything about being isolated yet overstimulated in the big city?"

How to seize the moment: Right as you're about to make your move, fling open the curtains and turn on all the lights.

Nights of Cabiria (1957): Directed by Federico Fellini. Starring Giulietta Masina. A troubled prostitute roams the streets looking for love, and nearly gets drowned in the process.

Why she likes it: The heartbreaking struggle of the heroine.

What to say about it: "You know, after this it was all downhill for Fellini."

How to seize the moment: Tough call. Whatever you do, don't suggest putting

her under hypnosis for kinks.

Howards End (1992): Directed by James Ivory. Starring Anthony Hopkins, Emma Thompson, Helena Bonham Carter. English period drama (asleep yet?) involving a country house and two sisters with differing views about how to treat the unwashed.

Why she likes it: Bonham Carter is fiery and ill-tempered, while Thompson is steely and even-tempered. The smart girl likes to be a convincing amalgam.

What to say about it: "Forster knew how to write an ending, didn't he?"

How to seize the moment: Tell her you like her irrational, wild-haired side, too.

SMART GIRL SMACKDOWN

A cautionary tale from Jack, 30, a dot-com executive: "I dated this woman who was incredibly pretty—sort of Natalie Portman plus 10 years, six inches and 12 pounds—and ridiculously bright. She had an Ivy League degree in French literature, was an editor at a university press, decided to get her MBA and became a hotshot venture capitalist.

"We went out for about two months. I don't think a day went by that she didn't tell me how hard it had been for her to maintain relationships because her boyfriends were intimidated by her intelligence, and that she was glad that finally she'd found someone who was comfortable with her intellect. She claimed she'd never dated anyone for more than three weeks. I thought she was being dramatic. But then I found out about her dishwasher dogma.

"One night she made dinner for me at

her place. Now, everybody who has a dishwasher has a dishwasher protocol, whether consciously or not. Some people like to run it after every meal, and some people think you should wait until it's completely full. There are people who rinse before loading, others who don't.

"Liza, on the other hand, had developed what she called the dishwasher dogma. She was a chess player, so she designed her dishwasher-loading approach after some Queen's Gambit or Indian Defense—some sequence of chess moves. So if the dessert plates were arrayed in the bottom shelf on the left side and the juice glasses were lined up on the top shelf on the right side and the earth was 34 degrees distant of perihelion, then you put the knives in the middle left quadrant of the silverware basket. Or something like that. She explained the basics to me, and I really thought she was being at least half funny, so I stuck a glass or something in a weird spot for fun, like underneath a colander. She took one look at that, and all in the space of about three seconds looked like she was going to weep, holler and laugh out loud. Instead, she just narrowed her eyes and said, 'You're really just not capable of getting this, are you?'"

DENIAL ISN'T A RIVER IN SINGAPORE

There will always be some men, of course, who refuse to acknowledge their growing obsolescence. Says Louis, 28, a hedge fund analyst: "I'm genuinely fascinated by women, and have been in love several times. But they will not—ever—be more intelligent than men. Maybe more cunning, more verbal, more interesting. Just not more intelligent."

Frankly, that kind of attitude is going to get us all into trouble. If the pattern holds, we may find ourselves addressing the same problems currently faced by Singapore. In that enlightened nation, older men and high-achieving women are being left unmarried in equal numbers. Singapore's 2000 census showed that 21 percent of men 40 to 44 years old with below secondary-level education were single, compared with 12 percent a decade ago. One Chinese man, quoted by the *Straits Times* newspaper, blamed it on the rise of materialistic women: "Singapore women are pragmatic. The men they want must have more money and status in society." The census showed that academic qualifications were a hindrance to marriage: About 30 percent of older women who went to college stayed single. And the hordes of educated single women are apparently a source of concern for the government, which has been trying to cajole them into marrying and reproducing for the greater social benefit. So get out there, and be all you can be—the rest is up to her.



"So we get his attention. Then what?"



Thanksgiving Day







THERE ARE MORE PHOTOS, PLUS VIDEO, OF EACH PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH IN THE PLAYBOY CYBER CLUB. GO TO CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

Lindsey

miss november dares to be different
and her bet comes up a winner



LINDSEY VUOLO confesses she's in *PLAYBOY* because her friend Kristy kept encouraging her to submit pictures. "She said, 'I bet you any amount of money they'll call you,'" says Lindsey. "I finally told her to take the pictures, send everything in and put her name as the contact because I didn't want to deal with the disappointment, since I had only modeled for a local swimsuit calendar before. One month after Kristy sent in the photos, she called me and started screaming. She has a really good eye for this. I think she's living vicariously through me."

Miss November grew up outside of Philadelphia.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG





She's now a college student majoring in communications, with a business minor. Lindsey recently joined a sorority, a change of pace from her teenage years of hanging out with the guys. "When I first pledged, I thought I'd made the worst mistake. But now I have 60 awesome new girlfriends," she says. When her nose isn't buried in textbooks, 20-year-old Lindsey pours drinks to help pay for school. When we questioned how an underage student gets to sling shots at a college bar, Lindsey giggled. "You only have to be 18 to serve alcohol in my state," she assures us. "The people at the bar are like my family. One time I put on my bathing suit and had to dance in a cage for four hours, which felt more like four years. There are girls dancing around poles or up on the bar. People act crazy every night."

Lindsey's Italian father converted to Judaism to marry her Russian mother. "I traveled to Israel as part of an exchange program and it was an amazing trip," she says. "Being in Jerusalem was so emotional for me—I broke down and cried."

Lindsey is grounded and straightforward about her life goals. "I just want to be married and have children," she says. "I'm really focused, and I don't want to get too caught up in the fun and excitement of what's going on now. I'm a big believer in fate, and I think everything happens for a reason."

"When someone smells nice, it's something you always remember," says Lindsey. "My boyfriend once used an Armani scent, but he goofed and bought the one for women. He was a little embarrassed, but it smelled so good on him."





Lindsey goes to college in the small town where her grandmother grew up. "They were taking pictures of me by an old covered bridge when I saw my grandmother's 85-year-old friend Ruth," she says. "She asked, 'What are you out here for?' I told her it was for a magazine and she saw I had on a low-cut pink shirt. Her eyes got really huge and she said, 'Oh, those are nice.'"





MISS NOVEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Lindsey & Vook



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Kindsey E. Vuolo

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 120

BIRTH DATE: 10/19/81 BIRTHPLACE: Princeton, NJ

AMBITIONS: To get a degree in Communications, to live successfully and start a family. :)

TURN-ONS: Back rubs, sense of humor, intelligence, confidence, true love, a good kisser & a nice butt!

TURNOFFS: Self-indulgence, insecurity, jealousy, liars and cheaters.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE IN LOVE WHEN: Happiness overwhelms your body and you're always excited to explore the next day with your honey.

MY BEST THANKSGIVING: Coming home from college my freshman year to spend time with my boyfriend and his family! ♥

FAVORITE COLOR: Purple.

DOGS OR CATS: Dogs. Cats are no fun.



My Best Mitzvah - Age 13.



SportsNite Queen - Senior Year.



Sweet and Innocent (Hee Hee)

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A bum asked a man for \$5. "Will you buy booze with the money?" the man asked.

The bum said, "No."

"Will you gamble it away?" the man asked.

The bum replied, "No."

"Will you bet on football games?" the man asked.

The bum answered, "I don't watch football."

The man said, "I'll give you the \$5 if you come home with me so that my wife can see what happens to a man who doesn't drink, gamble or watch football."



The last four presidents were caught in a tornado and carried away to Oz. Taken before the Wizard, they were told they could each have one wish. Jimmy Carter spoke first. "I need more courage," he said.

"No problem," said the Wizard.

Ronald Reagan said, "I think that I need a brain."

"Done," said the Wizard.

George Bush said, "I'm told I need a heart."

"I've heard it's true," said the Wizard. "Consider it done."

Bill Clinton was next, but he said nothing.

"Well," said the Wizard with some impatience. "Speak up, what do you want?"

Clinton hesitated a moment and then he said, "Where's Dorothy?"

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: A doctor slept with one of his patients. The guilt became overwhelming. Then a soothing voice inside his head said, "Don't worry about it. Many doctors sleep with their patients."

But another voice said, "Yes, but they're not veterinarians."

Returning to the office after his vacation, a young man asked his boss for another two weeks off so he could get married. "You just had two weeks off," the boss said. "Why didn't you get married then?"

He replied, "Are you crazy? And ruin my vacation?"

What's the difference between a good stewardess and a great stewardess?

A good stewardess says, "Good morning, Captain."

A great stewardess says, "It's morning, Captain."

E-JOKE OF THE MONTH: A wealthy couple went to a party, but the wife became bored and returned home early. She found their butler relaxing on the couch, drink in hand, watching TV. She sat down next to him and said, "Take off my dress, bra, shoes and panties."

He quickly did as she asked. Then she said, "If I ever catch you wearing my clothes again, you're fired."

The Lone Ranger and Tonto had been riding their horses all day. When they stopped to rest, Tonto placed his ear to the ground and listened. "Buffalo come," Tonto said.

"How do you know that?" the Lone Ranger asked.

Tonto replied, "Ear sticky."

Two men appeared before a judge on drug charges. The judge said, "If, over the weekend, you persuade enough people to give up drugs forever, I'll let you off."

On Monday, they returned to court. The first man said, "I persuaded 10 people to give up drugs forever."

"That's great," the judge said. "What did you tell them?"

"I drew two circles—one big and one small. I told them the big circle was their brain before drugs and the small circle was their brain after drugs."

The other man said, "I got 100 people to give up drugs forever."

"One hundred people!" the judge exclaimed. "How did you do that?"

"Well," he said. "I used the same two circles. I pointed to the small circle and told them, 'This is your asshole before prison. . . .'"



BLONDE JOKE OF THE MONTH: A blonde, a brunette and a redhead were riding in an elevator with a man. When he got off, the brunette said, "That guy was hot."

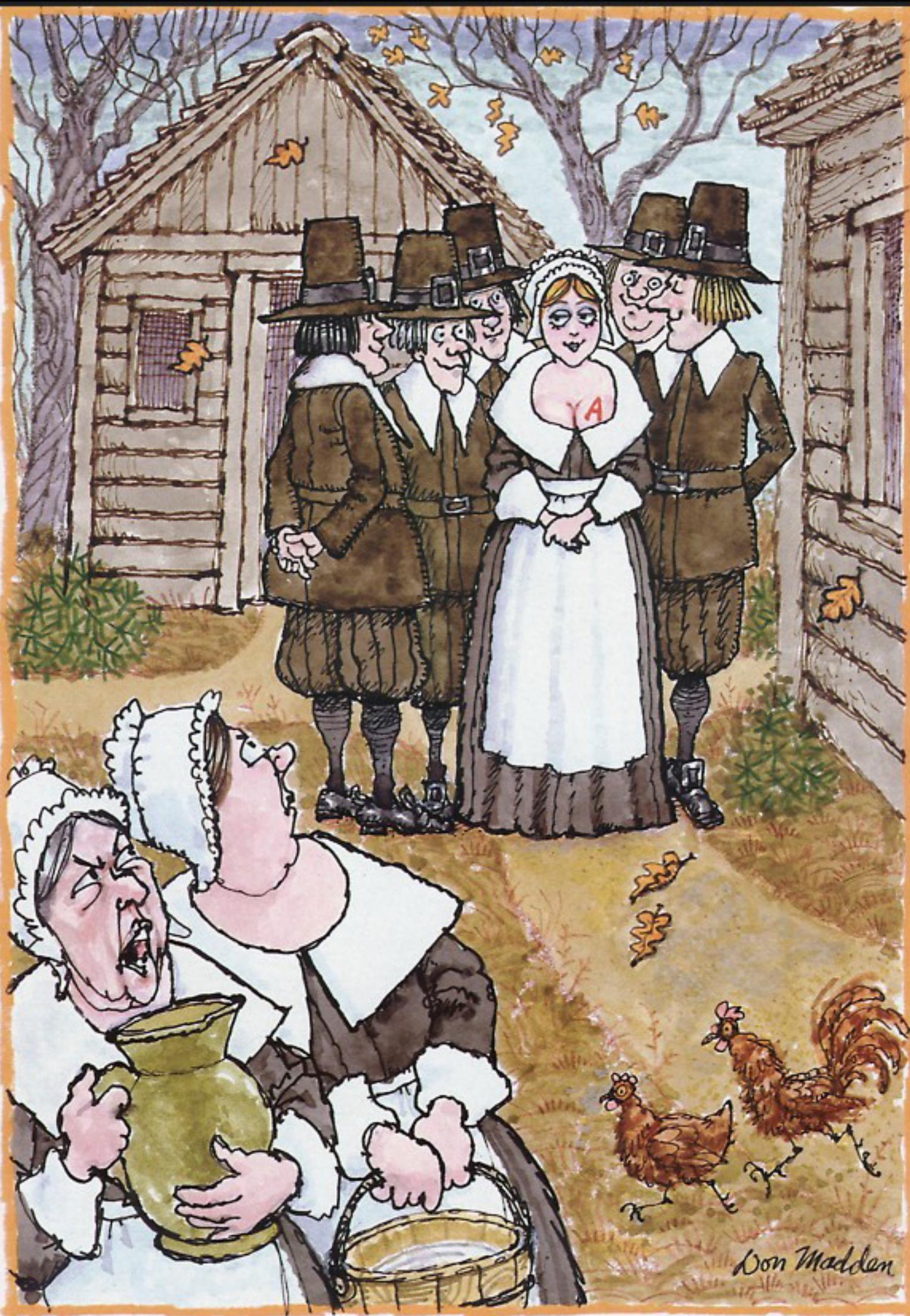
The redhead said, "Yeah, but he could use some Head and Shoulders."

The blonde asked, "How do you give a guy shoulders?"

What's the most important question to ask when you want to have safe sex?

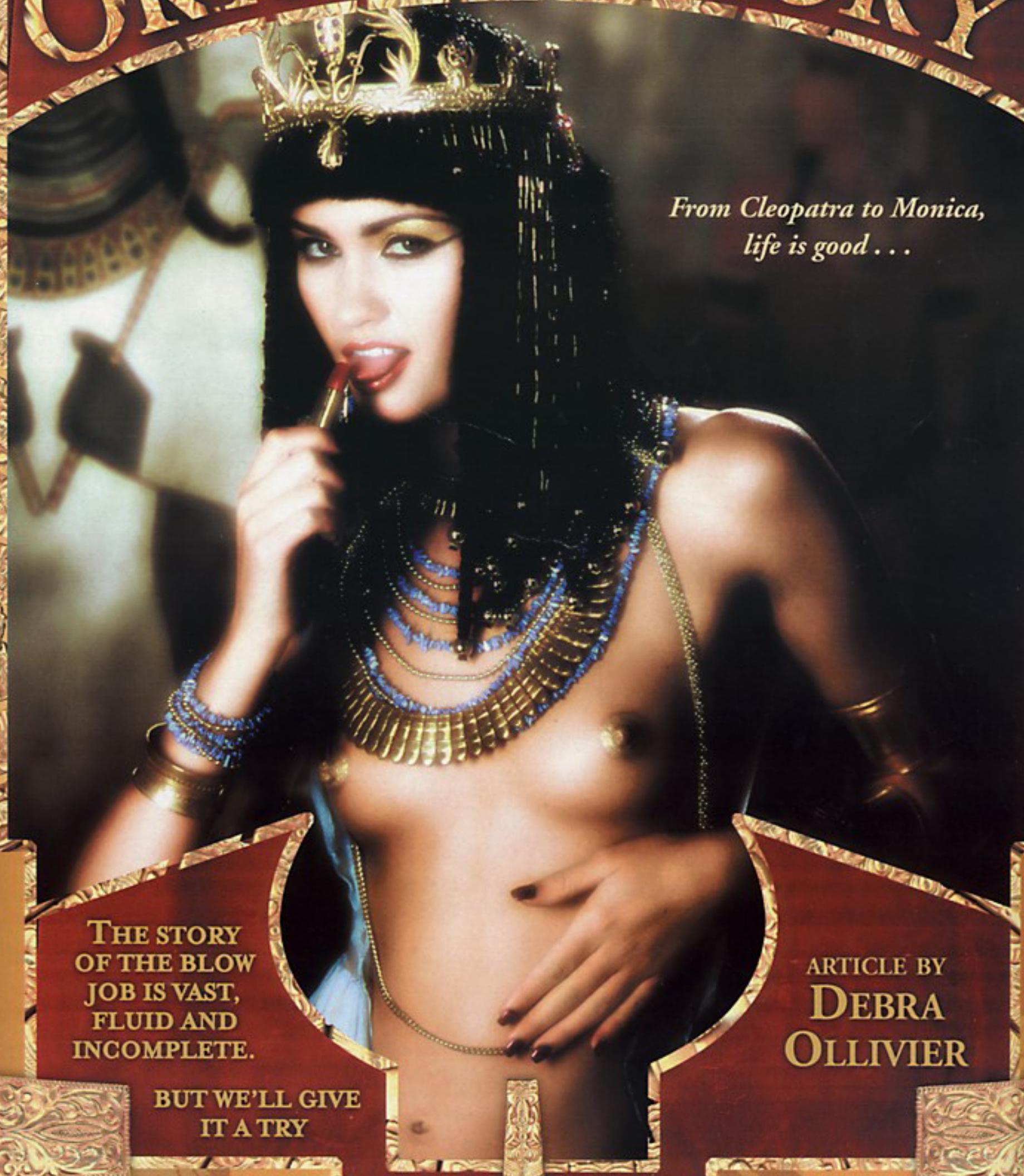
"What time will your husband get home?"

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



"They say it's punishment. I say it's free advertising."

ORAL HISTORY



*From Cleopatra to Monica,
life is good . . .*

THE STORY
OF THE BLOW
JOB IS VAST,
FLUID AND
INCOMPLETE.

BUT WE'LL GIVE
IT A TRY

ARTICLE BY
**DEBRA
OLLIVIER**

THE EARLY YEARS



No one knows when the first blow job occurred, but we can guess who suggested it. Bipedalism may have been its biggest evolutionary leap. French paleontologist Yves Coppens hypothesizes that hominids such as the 3.2-million-year-old Lucy engaged in fellatio, if only because no moral codes stopped them. He has observed that “nothing must have been as good as paleofellation.” In his book *The Prehistory of Sex*, archaeologist Timothy Taylor describes what may be the world’s first recorded hummer: neolithic rock art in which a woman sucks one man while she is being penetrated by another.

The first civilized blow job belongs to myth: Hacked to pieces by an enemy, the Egyptian god Osiris is reassembled by his faithful wife, who “blows life” back into him through a reconstructed penis. Osiris’ father, the earth god Geb, also made appearances sucking his own penis, a feat that, according to modern sex researcher Alfred Kinsey, only two or three mortals in a thousand can achieve.

Greek poets supplied some of the earliest lyrical references to BJ’s. “As on a straw a Thracian man or Phrygian sucks his brew, forward she stooped, working away,” wrote Archilochus in the seventh century B.C. A century later, Hipponax of Ephesus offered: “She demands eight obols to give him a peck on his prick.”

The official culture of glorified gaydom and naked exercise made oral sex a matter of course in early Greek life, though not all men lifted their togas for teen boys. Educated courtesans known as hetaerae performed a good many blow jobs on influential Athenian men, and the women enjoyed an influence that the men’s wives could barely fathom. “We have hetaerae for our pleasure, concubines for our daily needs and wives to give us legitimate children and look after the housekeeping,” explained the orator Demosthenes, summing up the politics of sex at the time.

THE ROMANS



The Romans viewed the blow job as the passive act of receiving the penis (fellatio) and the dynamic act of providing it (irrumation). The fellator represented weakness, ridicule and submission; the irrumator embodied valor, strength and conquest. In his 1969 treatise *Ora-Genitalism: Oral Techniques in Genital Excitation*, scholar Gershon Legman defends the Roman view, arguing that the role of men as irrumators is based on “biological principle and erotic rule” and that it “gives the deepest psychic satisfactions possible in this act for both the man and woman involved.”

In the Roman world, fellatio was considered so base it was often inflicted as punishment. If a farmer caught a traveler stealing potatoes from his field, he might compel

the thief to blow him. But the Romans also recognized—or found it hard to ignore—the value of the blow job as an act of pleasure. In the ruins of Pompeii, archaeologists uncovered graffiti that reads *Labis fellat assibus duobus*, which translates as “Lahis gives head for half a sesterce.” According to a legend popular among her enemies, the Egyptian queen Cleopatra blew more than 100 Roman noblemen during a marathon orgy. The Greeks knew her as Meriochane (“she who gapes wide for 10,000 men”) or Cheilon (“thick-lipped”). Egyptian and Phoenician prostitutes advertised their oral skills by painting their mouths red to resemble vulvae. From this enterprising act we have history’s most ubiquitous homage to the blow job: lipstick.

TO THE EAST



According to the Chinese, giving head was a path to enlightenment so long as the “yang essence” (semen) was not lost. In their many sex manuals, the Chinese diagrammed contortions designed to help men get their Jade Stalks, Swelling Mushrooms and Heavenly Dragon Pillars sucked while rerouting the sperm to their brains.

The first modern Chinese novel, *Gold Plum Vase*, written during the Ming Dynasty and still popular in China today, includes many scenes of fellatio: “Golden Lotus saw that Hsi-men’s weapon stood upright like a ramrod. ‘Darling,’ she said, ‘you must forgive me, but I can stand it no longer. I want to suckle it!’ ‘Suckle it,’ said Hsi-men. ‘If you can soften it, good for you.’ The woman seized and

received his member between her lips. She sucked for a whole hour, but it did not die.”

One of the most influential early sex guides came from India. Written sometime between the third and fifth centuries, the *Kama Sutra* taught that good sex is good karma. It featured eight stages of “oral congress,” including side-biting, polishing, mango suction and absorption. Each had been perfected by eunuchs.

The Indians inspired the Arabs. Middle Eastern sex manuals, such as *The Perfumed Garden for the Soul’s Recreation*, borrowed heavily from the *Kama Sutra*. Edwardes and Masters described the harem women of lore as “passionately wild, penis-sucking, freelance fellatrices.”

Across the geothermal hotbeds of the vast Pacific, the

Peruvians left ancient spout vessels festooned with couples having oral sex in various positions. And certain pre-Columbian pots had two spouts—one penis-shaped and the other vulva-shaped—giving the drinker the choice between fellatio and cunnilingus.

THE DARK AGES

The dawn of Christianity was not a happy time for the blow job. Early church leaders proclaimed that only missionary-style sex for procreative purposes within the context of marriage was permissible in the eyes of God. For example, in 1012 a German bishop, Burchard of Worms, laid down the law for women: "Have you swallowed your husband's semen in the hope that because of your diabolical deed he might burn all the more with love and desire for you? If you have done this, you should do penance for seven years on legitimate holy days." By comparison, using a dildo "of a size to match your sinful desire" cost one year of penance, using a strap-on meant five years and doing it doggy style could be rectified by 10 days on bread and water. Ironically, the only mention of oral sex in the Bible is by an appreciative woman in the Song of Solomon: "I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste."

If sex for pleasure was sin, many people sinned heartily. By the time of the Renaissance, oral sex had become so popular in France that "frenching" became shorthand for any type of genital kiss. (It remains a hit to this day: In a PLAYBOY survey of nearly 6000 men from around the world, the French reported receiving the most blow jobs, followed by the Greeks, Brazilians and Poles.) The first Western literary blow job appears to come from François Rabelais, whose writings were so obscene he now enjoys his own adjective: "My wife will suck my sweet tip. I'm ready and waiting. I swear and promise to you that I'll always keep it succulent and well victualled."

Two hundred years later, frenching played a recurring role in erotic theater pieces presented in the private salons of noblemen. One play written in 1788 features a countess and her lover Belamour. While fearful of her "ivory scissors," Belamour submits to her relentless sucking and "shoots into her libertine mouth the torrent that he is not permitted to spill elsewhere."

CRIMINAL BLOWS

In England and the colonies, authorities took a dim view of deviant sex. However, statutes banning sodomy were generally understood to include only homosexual anal sex and bestiali-

ty. As blow jobs grew in popularity, so did official efforts to put them down. According to historian George Painter, in 1880 only three U.S. states banned fellatio. By 1920, at least 24 had taken the plunge, and 11 state courts defined oral sex as sodomy. In the first such case, in 1904, the Georgia Supreme Court ruled fellatio had not been indictable under English common law only because it had not been so common.

In another Georgia case, this one decided in 1986, the U.S. Supreme Court upheld the right of states to ban blow jobs and other "unnatural" acts. Today, heterosexual fellatio remains illegal in more than a dozen states; among them, only Alabama offers an exemption for married couples. FBI chief J. Edgar Hoover once supposedly lamented that the federal government couldn't investigate cases of oral-genital intimacy unless the act had in some way obstructed interstate commerce.

A CENTURY OF PROGRESS

The blow job began its slow march to cultural acceptance at the end of the 19th century. The pornography possessed by the middle class at the time showed an almost obsessive interest in oral sex. More married couples began to experiment, and the French continued to offer encouragement. In his study of oral sex, Legman includes a translation of *A Practical Treatise on Fellatio: Its Advantages and Inconveniences*, which he identifies as a monograph written by an anonymous Frenchman about the time of World War I.

The tract asserts that the best blow jobs are those received in small rooms with dark red furniture and bathrooms stocked with port, sherry or madeira and "biscuits of any kind except those too allegorically cylindrical and long." Men are advised to accept fellatio only from women under the age of 35. Each woman should be proficient in warm-up exercises such as tracing the sign of infinity with her tongue and being able to pierce with its tip, without touching her lips against any surface, a hole three eighths of an inch in diameter.

The author also encourages women to use advanced techniques such as spider-clawing and flutterblasting while skillfully handling the complex riggings of the male genitalia, including the puckering string (the centerline of the scrotum), the drawstring (the frenulum) and the balano-preputial groove. The treatise closes with suggestions for postfellatio conversation. The weather and recent political assassinations are high on the list.

In 1926 Theodor Van de Velde published *Ideal Marriage: Its Physiology and Technique*—America's first popular sex manual. The book was notable for its

discussion of "the genital kiss" as a form of marital foreplay. But Van de Velde wasn't ready to fully embrace the blow job. As an act unto itself, he wrote, it could easily open "the hellgate of the realm of sexual perversion," especially if it led directly to orgasm. This reflected a common view. One writer recalled how she and her gal pals in the Twenties viewed a blow job as something "so out of the ordinary that prostitutes charged extra for it."

Charlie Chaplin was one of the most notorious victims of the antifellatio vibe. Caught up in an acrimonious divorce, the actor was charged with having "solicited, urged and demanded that the plaintiff submit to, perform and commit such acts and things for the gratification of defendant's said abnormal, unnatural, perverted and degenerate sexual desires, as to be too revolting, indecent and immoral to set forth in detail." Chaplin had asked his wife for a blow job. He settled the case in 1927 for \$625,000, and may have gotten off easy. In *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, published two decades later, Alfred Kinsey reported that "there are several instances of wives who have murdered their husbands because they insisted on mouth-genital contacts."

A SEMEN CHANGE

When the U.S. government sent millions of young men to Europe to fight two wars, it inadvertently introduced a great number of them to frenching. By 1948, Kinsey found that about 40 percent of a sample of American males had received oral sex. Five years later, in *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*, he reported that 49 percent of married women provided oral sex, and that 62 percent of the youngest, well-educated and sexually active women said they gave blow jobs to boyfriends. "It is not surprising," Kinsey wrote, "that the two areas of the body which are most sensitive erotically, namely the mouth and genitalia, should frequently be brought into contact."

Kinsey's findings became the topic of much controversy, and he eventually lost his funding. Aware of Kinsey's fate, and that oral sex was illegal in almost every state, Masters and Johnson opted not to include their findings on the topic in *Human Sexual Response*, published in 1966. As Masters explained some years later, "We didn't have the courage."

Nevertheless, oral sex had become increasingly common. One social science survey concluded that the incidence of premarital oral sex had nearly doubled between the early Thirties and late Sixties. A more recent study found that 68 percent of all women

(continued on page 162)

ORAL HISTORY

(continued from page 116)

and 71 percent of married women reported giving head. Blow jobs are more popular among college-educated whites than with any other group.

LITERARY BLOWS

Erotic literature played a vital role in expanding interest in fellatio, and some of the best writing on the topic came from women. Here's Anaïs Nin, in her short story *The Woman on the Dunes*: "She

licked it softly, tenderly, lingering over the tip of it. It stirred. He looked down at the sight of her wide red mouth so beautifully curved around his penis. With one hand she touched his balls, and with the other she moved the head of the penis, enclosing it and pulling it gently."

In 1967, another Frenchwoman, Emmanuelle Arsan, took fellatio to new depths in *Emmanuelle*:

"She explored more and more intimately, searched, moved forward and back, abruptly returned to the end of his

penis, pushed it to the bottom of her throat, so deeply that she nearly choked, and there, without withdrawing it, she slowly and irresistibly pumped it while her tongue enveloped and massaged it."

By comparison, American literary blow jobs were searching, inquisitive or euphemistic. John Updike's reference to a blow job in his 1960 novel *Rabbit, Run* caused a sensation—despite his never using the term. While he loosened his belt in later years, the oral sex in his 1968 novel *Couples* remained heady: "Lazily she fellated him while he combed her lovely hair. Mouths, it came to Piet, are noble. They move in the brain's court. We send our genitals mating down below like peasants, but when the mouth condescends, mind and body marry. To eat another is sacred."

A year later Philip Roth's characters frantically grappled with the basics in *Portnoy's Complaint*:

"Did she really kneel, are you shitting me? Did she actually kneel on her knees? And what about her teeth, where do they go? And does she suck on it or does she blow on it, or somehow is it that she does both? Oh God. Ba-ba-lu, did you shoot in her mouth? Oh my God! And did she swallow it right down, or spit it out, or get mad—tell me! And who put it in—did she put it in or did you put it in, and does it just get drawn in by itself?"

DEEP SUCKING SOUNDS

It's hard to ignore a 20-foot blow job. *Deep Throat*, the 1972 adult film about a woman whose clitoris is deep inside her throat, transformed Linda Lovelace into a latter-day saint of fellatio. Her penis-guzzling talents both glorified the blow job and rendered it banal. Was it dirty, or was it fun? The best-selling book *The Sensuous Woman* declared it fun: "Oral sex is, for most people who give it a try, delicious."

Over the next two decades, *The Joy of Sex* and the VCR drove the point home. By the early Nineties, the blow job no longer seemed mysterious. Hugh Grant brought the discussion to late-night TV when he made the rounds to apologize for placing his penis in the unfit orifice of a prostitute. He paid a fine of \$1180 (the hooker paid \$1350) and his career quickly rebounded.

Three years later, Bill Clinton's confession that he had allowed a White House intern to blow him recalled medieval liturgies—and yet his hairsplitting over whether fellatio constitutes sex was thoroughly contemporary. Speaking on National Public Radio, John Updike suggested that fellatio is "more intimate than intercourse because it involves one's head," while in *The Guardian*, John Ryle wrote, "If Clinton did not have extramarital relationships, he did, we gather, have what might be called fellationships."

The president found himself sandwiched between an older generation that

revered the blow job for its intimacy and a younger one not sure of its value. While Monica Lewinsky could be cast as a classic Greek hetaera, faithfully lowering her head to service a powerful penis (and preserving its sacred stain), she also is a product of the modern fellatio-as-petting culture. For many young people, blow jobs are a way of having safer sex, getting a boyfriend off your back, keeping your virginity, remaining semifidelitous, getting a quick, lubricious thrill without the bother of removing your clothes, and just being cool. Plus, according to surveys of high school and college students, it's been decided: A blow job is not sex. Right? In 1994 director Kevin Smith captured the zeitgeist in his comedy *Clerks*, in a scene between a video store worker and his girlfriend:

DANTE: You said you only had sex with three different guys. You never mentioned him!

VERONICA: Because I never had sex with him.

DANTE: You sucked his dick!

VERONICA: We went out a few times. We never had sex, but we fooled around.

DANTE: Why did you tell me you only had sex with three different guys?

VERONICA: Because I did only have sex with three different guys. That doesn't mean I didn't just go with people.

DANTE: Oh my God, I feel so nauseous.

VERONICA: I'm sorry, Dante, I thought you understood.

DANTE: I did understand! I understood that you had sex with three different guys and that's all you said!

VERONICA: Please calm down.

DANTE: How many?

VERONICA: Dante—

DANTE: How many dicks have you sucked?

VERONICA: Let it go!

DANTE: How many?

VERONICA: All right, shut up a second and I'll tell you! Jesus! I didn't freak out like this when you told me how many girls you fucked!

DANTE: This is different, this is important. How many?

[Long pause as customer comes to counter to buy something]

DANTE: Well?

VERONICA: Something like . . . 36.

DANTE: What? Something like 36?

VERONICA: Lower your voice.

DANTE: Wait a minute, what is that anyway—something like 36? Does that include me?

VERONICA: Ummm . . . 37.

DANTE: I'm 37?

VERONICA: I'm going to class.

DANTE: My girlfriend has sucked 37 dicks!

CUSTOMER: In a row?

DANTE: Try not to suck any dick on the way through the parking lot!



"Of course I'm glad you're no longer under that horrid spell—it's just that sometimes. . . ."

Browse through a gallery of historic blow job art at cyber.playboy.com.



Centerfolds On

SOAK

Jami Ferrell **mischievous, manipulative, orgasmic—is she a fantasy?**

TELL US YOUR FANTASIES: Recently, I've had one I really like. Here's how it goes: I'm this mischievous spirit who drifts in through the window, nude and natural, and I take advantage of a guy who is sound asleep. The thrill of the fantasy is that I force him to have sex with me. I walk over to the bed and climb on top of him. I use his penis for my pleasure. I have multiple orgasms—clitoral, G spot and vaginal. **I JUST COME AND COME AND COME.** Then he awakens and he finds me on top of him. I bend down to kiss him. He's not expecting me, and he doesn't even want me to be there. Gently, I continue riding him while watching his face so I can better feel how to give him pleasure. His expression tells me that I am pleasing him. Even though he tries hard not to come, he's totally in my power. He's grimacing, he's trying hard not to come. I know the exact rhythm to give him the utmost pleasure. He spasms and wrenches all his energy into me, and it propels me into a great orgasm. The most incredible sensation I've ever had is when his semen spills into me. I love it. It's powerful! It's wonderful! The whole of his manhood is dripping out of me, and I get drunk on that experience. I like the fact that I'm in total control of his pleasure and my own. And only when I am satiated, and I've satiated him, do I get up and leave out the window.

Jami Ferrell

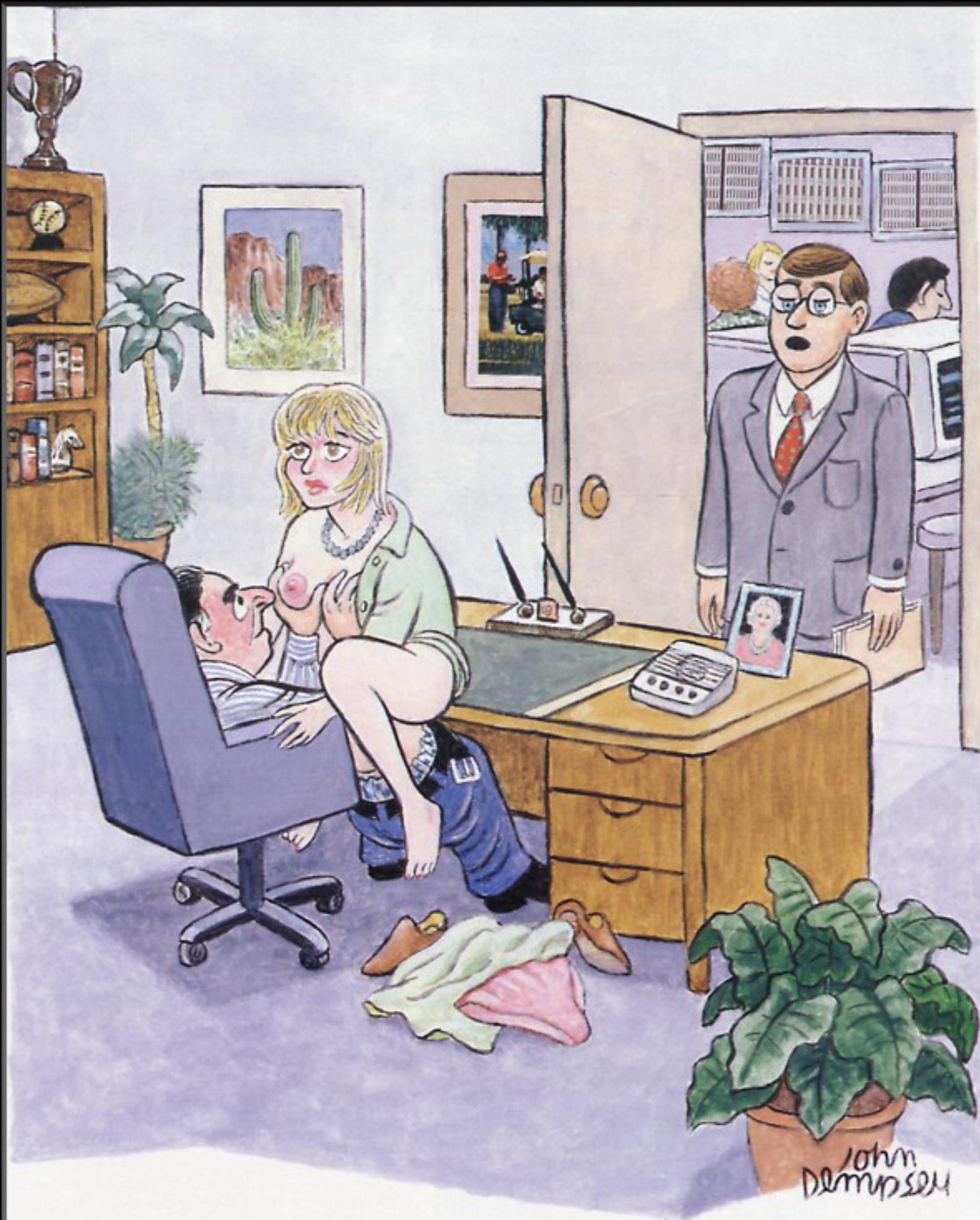
WHEN WAS THE FIRST TIME YOU HAD ORAL SEX?

The first time was right after I did my PLAYBOY layout. I was never one who could enjoy oral sex that much. When I was nine, my parents put in an in-ground pool with water jets. I discovered how much fun the water jets could be, so at a young age I started having the most wonderful orgasms with water. Now, when a man starts giving me oral sex, it makes me want to run to the bathroom and wrap my legs around a faucet because it's just so exquisite. As far as having a clitoral orgasm, nothing really compares with it. The best orgasm of all, though, is with a penis.

I use a vibrator most of the time, but once in a while I still enjoy water, because I can use whatever pressure I need. Sometimes I want gentle pressure, other times a bit more aggressive. Water never lets me down.



"Please say you'll come. It's going to be all you can eat."



"It's OK, Ellen. I've decided to ask for my own raise."

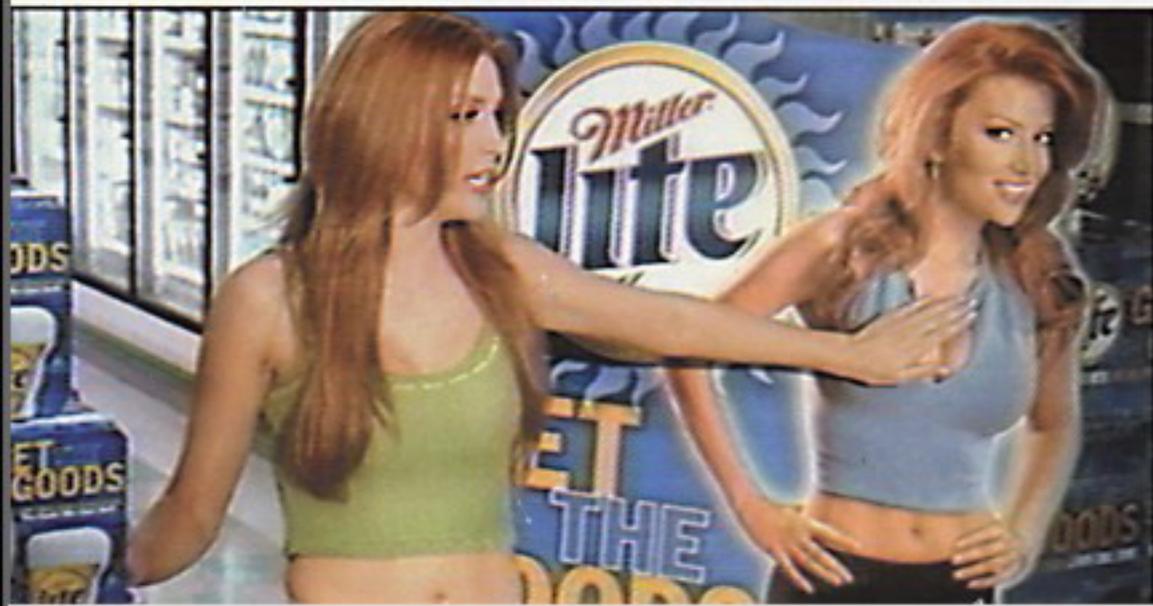


ANGELICA

our red-hot model
burns up the screen

Angelica Bridges has what it takes to stand out in a crowd. "You can't help noticing a red-head, because we are only four percent of the population," says the former *Baywatch* siren. "I'm a walking contradiction. Most people assume I'm this fiery, passionate woman, and that's true. But I also meditate, pray, go to church every Sunday, rescue animals and want a house with a white picket fence. I'm a total kook, a Lucille Ball type of girl who loves to crack jokes and make animal sounds." Angelica has an array of cartoon and animal voices that she uses in radio commercials, and she demonstrated them by barking and yelping at us over the phone. "I don't take myself seriously at all, so my forte is obviously comedy," she says. "Laughter is so healing. My dream is to host *Saturday Night Live*."

The 27-year-old co-hosts the new syndicated show *What a Fan* with *Survivor*'s Gervase Peterson. "We highlight one superathlete each week and show how crazy people get for their favorite teams," she says. So how does Angelica get game? "I play charity volleyball and golf tournaments," she says. "I surprise other golfers when I go out there with my Callaway driver and hit the ball 300 yards!" When she's not tearing up the driving range, Angelica likes busting her acting chops. She made six movies this year, with roles that included one of



Angelica got her break playing Troy Aikman's girlfriend in a Brut cologne commercial before landing a recurring role on *Days of Our Lives*. She has appeared on more than 20 television series, including *NYPD Blue*, *Conan*, *That Seventies Show*, *Mortal Kombat* and *Son of the Beach*. This summer she was the spokesperson for Miller Lite's "Get the Goods" ad campaign, which featured life-size cutouts of Angelica that leave you thirsty for more.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANTOINE VERGLAS





MacKenzie Astin's girlfriends in the romantic comedy *The Month of August*, a heart attack-inducing vixen opposite *ER*'s Goran Visnjic in *The Last Will*, a love interest of Duran Duran's John Taylor in *Vegas C.O.D.* and a reformed bad girl who campaigns for a maintenance man to be mayor in *The Least Likely Candidate*. "I believe in reinventing myself and doing things that stimulate me," she says. "Yes, I started out as a *Baywatch* babe, but that brought me to where I am and I'm thankful." Angelica is so appreciative that she just reprised her role as Taylor Walsh in the new *Baywatch* reunion TV movie and has kept in touch with many of her co-stars, including Pamela Anderson. "I've always admired her, and we have something in common in that she dated Markus Schenkenberg about 10 months after I did," she tells us. Now unattached, Angelica claims that she is finished dating models. "I want a real man," she says. "I love men who are a little rugged, and there's that little girl in me who always wants someone to sweep her off her feet."

You might not have heard of the Brooke Sisters, but Angelica once sang with the band in front of 20,000 fans in China. "Armed guards had to walk me out and people were pulling on my hair because they had never seen a redhead before," she tells us. "Now I'm working on my first album—filled with sexy and soulful music—with some European producers." She also designed her own website and answers her
(text concluded on page 136)

"Samson, my bunny, was traumatizing my cat by trying to hump her every second," says Angelica. "The Mansion staff told me, 'Samson can live here and bunny-hop all day with other rabbits.' Now he's the happiest bunny in the world."









e-mail personally. "No one believes it's me," she says. "I write back, 'Would Angelica be sitting here in her pink panties, bunny slippers, hair in a knot on the top of her head and zit cream from the night before?' Then it dawns on them, 'Oh my God, it *is* her!'"

Angelica hasn't lost touch with her modest roots in rural Missouri. "I totally believe in Southern hospitality," she says. "Any time a girl like me comes to your house, she brings a bottle of wine, cookies or fresh buttermilk biscuits. I still pinch people's cheeks and say, 'Aren't you just the most darling thing ever?' Or I love spanking people's bottoms when they do something cute or funny, and I say, 'Oh, you're so naughty!' If I ever write a book, it will be called *Charmed Life*, because being charmed isn't just about amazing things. I have gone through a lot of hard times that were important experiences because they grounded me and helped make me who I am today."

STYLING BY ELIZABETTA ROGIANI
HAIR BY LOUIS ANGELO
MAKEUP BY DEEDEE AND JOANNA CONNELL

CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF ANGELICA?
GO TO CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.









MARTY
MURPHY

"I'm thankful for our health, the bountiful harvest and that occasional gust of wind."



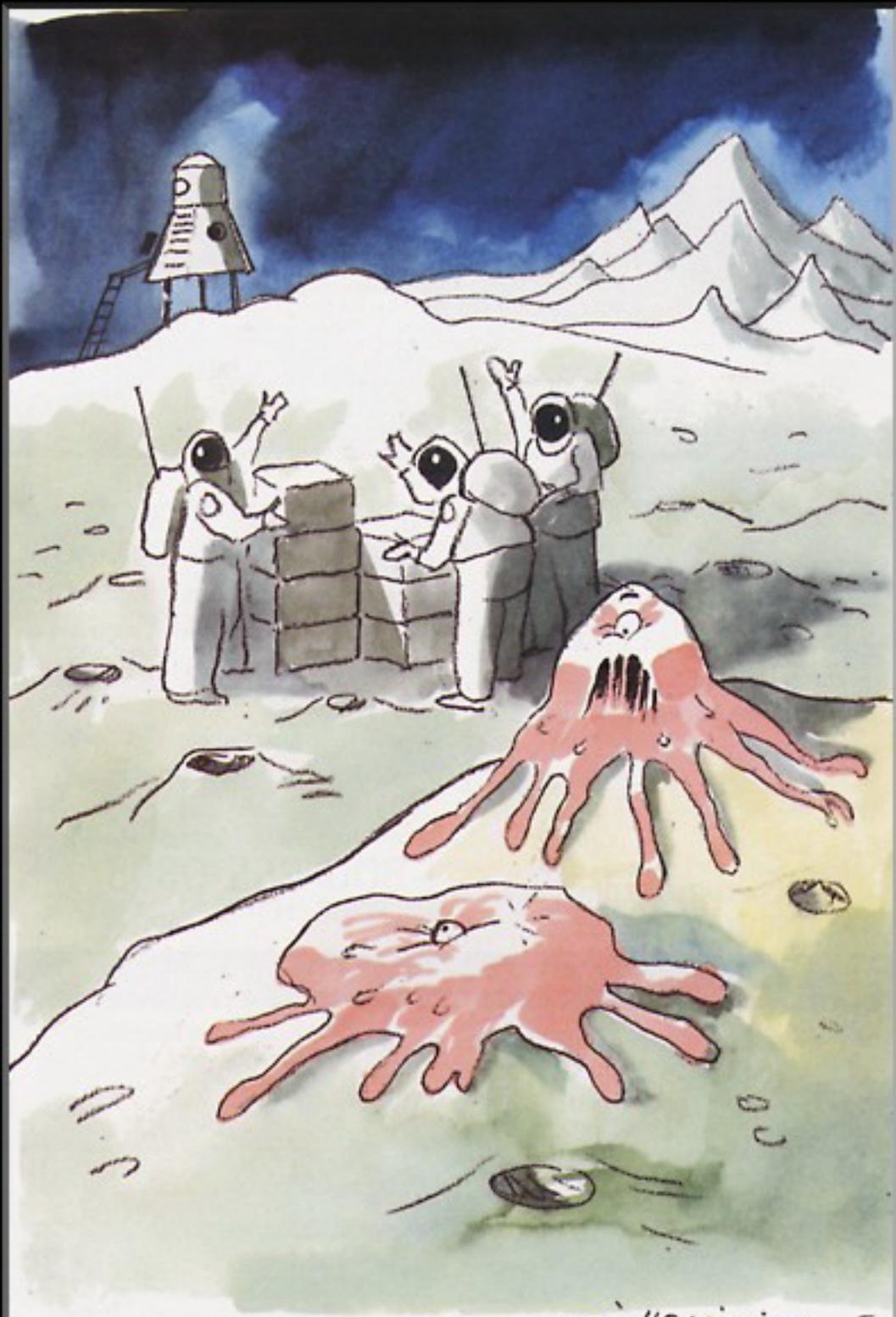
"Piercings, tattoos and disfigurement. As if you weren't gorgeous enough already."

WARNING:

THIS PRODUCT
IS NOT A SAFE
ALTERNATIVE TO
CIGARETTES

*If this guy takes
one more Creek break,
I swear I'll bite the S.O.B.*



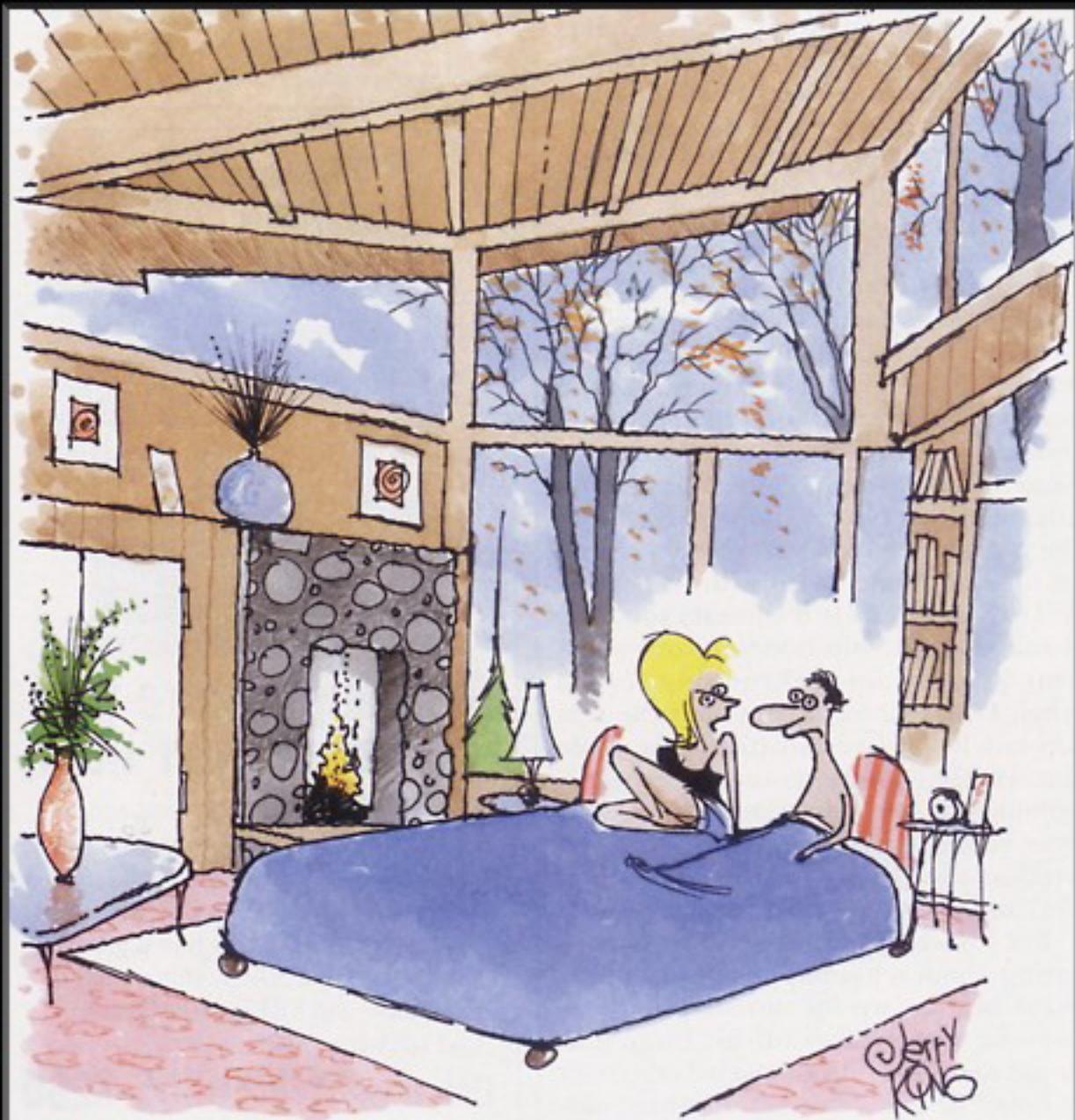


mike winn c.

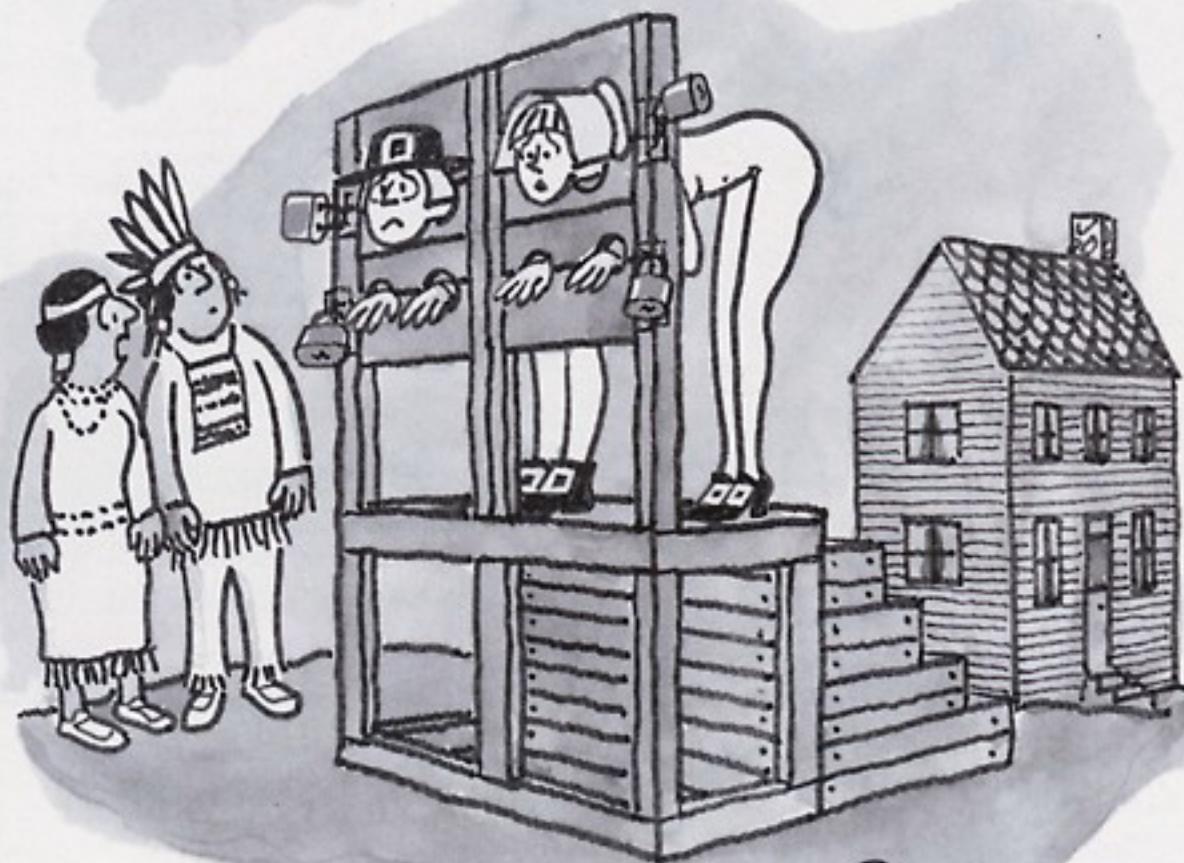
"You got to admire them. It's been three months now and never once have they molested our womenfolk."



"I loved the little mutt, but he was wearing a wire!"



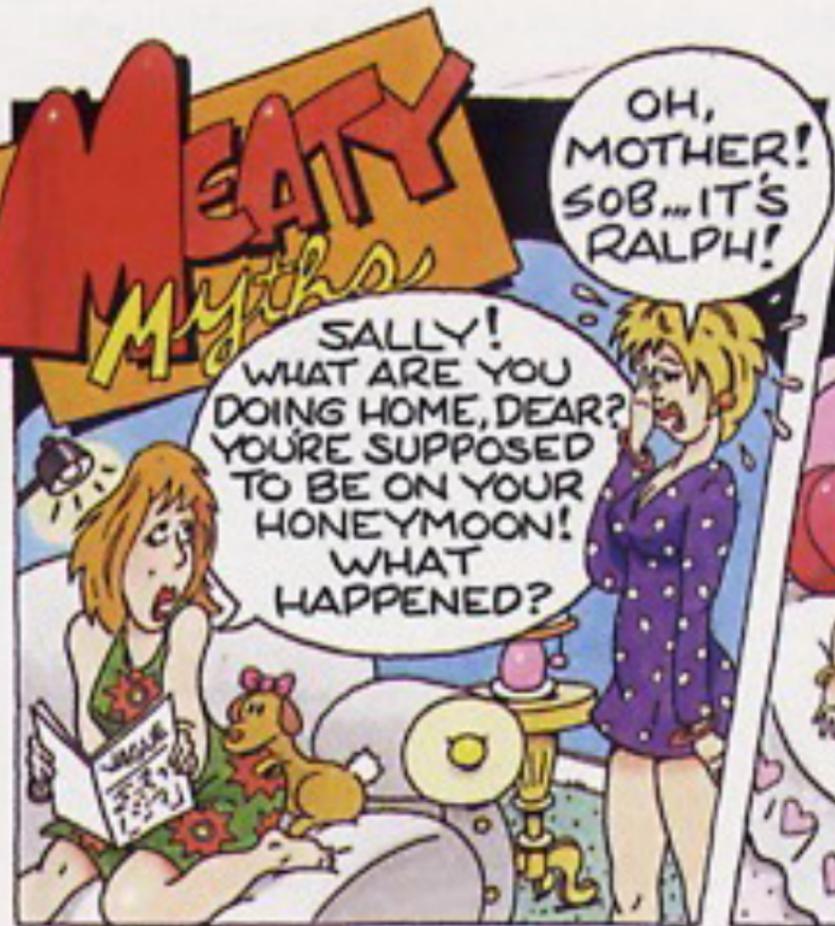
“Maybe you should brush up on your history. ‘Myles Standish’ is not a sexual position that requires having sex standing up.”



Drucker

*"They were caught thanking each other too much
for Thanksgiving."*

MEATY Myths



SALLY!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HOME, DEAR?
YOU'RE SUPPOSED
TO BE ON YOUR
HONEYMOON!
WHAT
HAPPENED?

OH,
MOTHER!
SOB... IT'S
RALPH!



"LAST NIGHT WE GOT
TO THE HOTEL... WE
WERE IN OUR ROOM
AND HE TOOK OFF
ALL MY CLOTHES!"

RALPH!
YOU
WICKED
MAN!

LICK



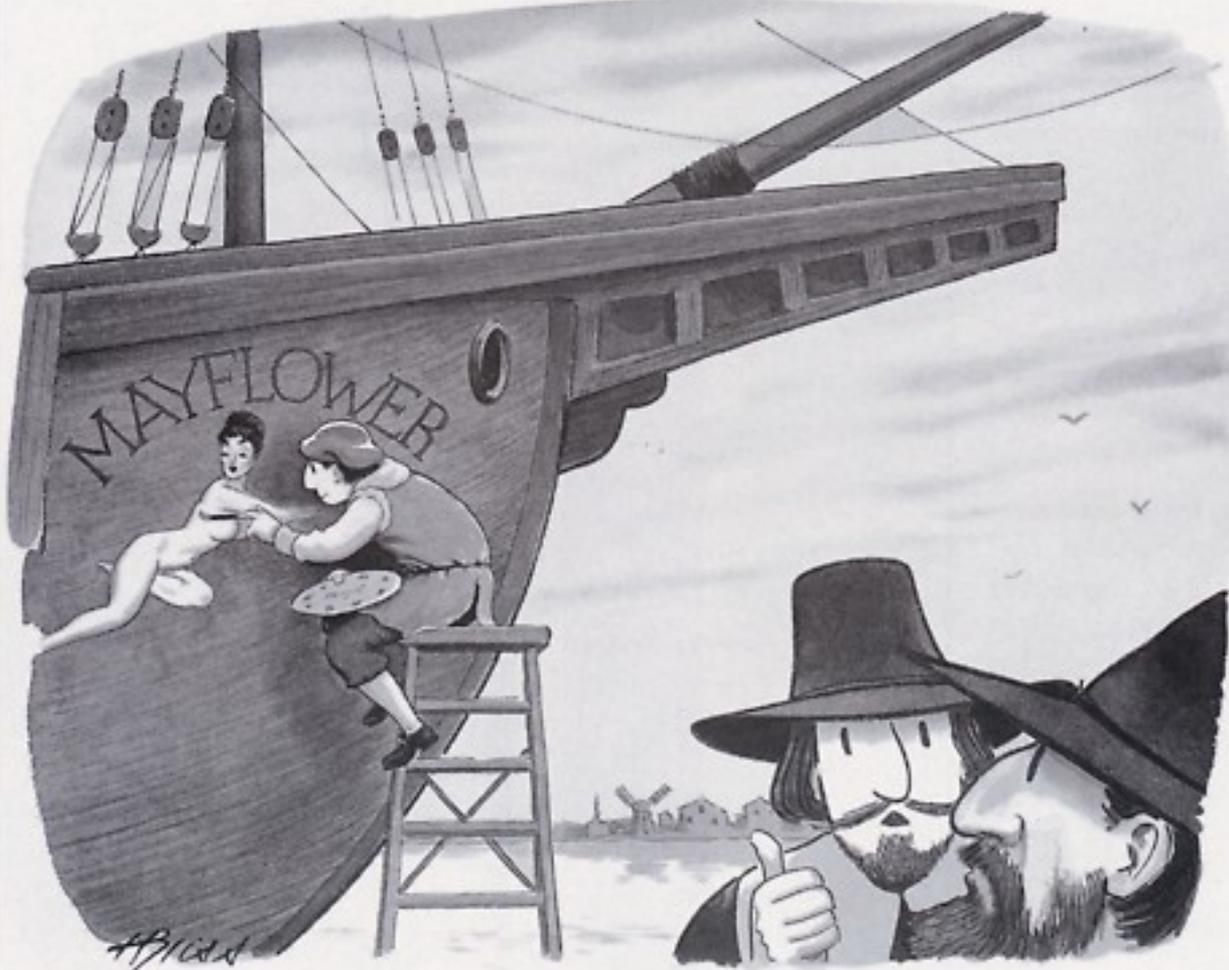
"THEN HE
TOOK OFF
ALL HIS
CLOTHES!"

AHAA!

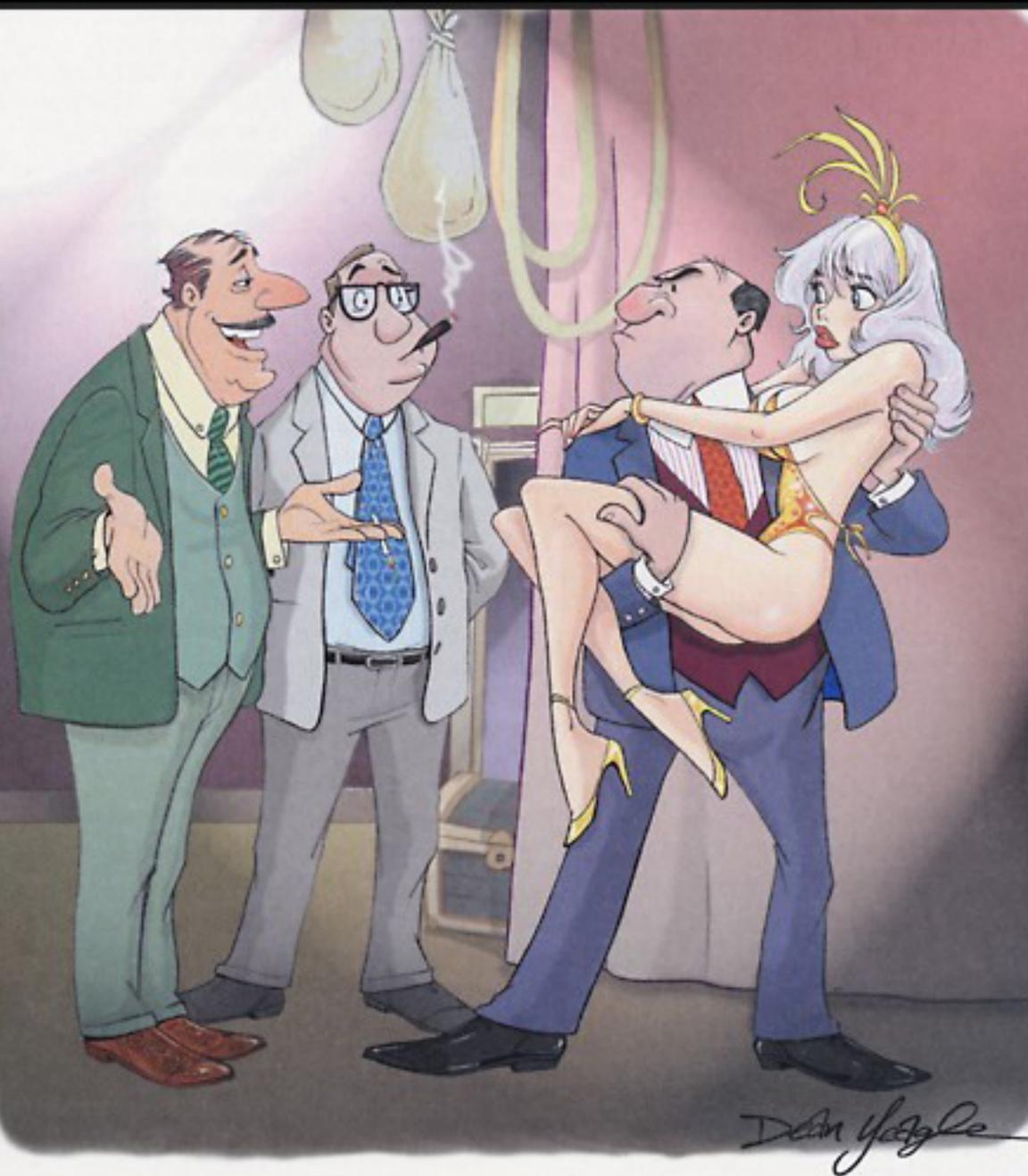
YOU
BEAST,
YOU!



THEN HE
PUT ON ALL MY
CLOTHES AND I
HAVEN'T SEEN
HIM SINCE!



"Do you really think that's appropriate?"



"We're very happy that you want to buy a piece of our show, Mr. Crenshaw, but I'm afraid we can't allow you to pick which piece. . . ."



"Can you come back for a checkup in December? I always get depressed around the holidays."

PLAYMATE NEWS



FAIRWAY TO HEAVEN

It's no surprise that the first Angels on the Fairway Bikini Golf Open, in Cabo San Lucas, Mexico, was a huge success. There were bikinis. There was golf.



Clockwise from top left: Angels on the Fairway swimsuit models Natalia Sokolova and Kerissa Fare test their Bunnywear. Nefeteri Shepherd earns her wings. Rebekka Armstrong has a blast on the beach.

What more does a guy need? Actually, the event was not as shallow as it sounds. "We made about \$60,000 for charity," says event producer Simone Sheffield. "It was hilarious to see so many women in pink bikinis driving golf carts." More than 300 people participated, including Playmates Na-

LOOSE LIPS

"Don't use some lame tall-girl line. Tall girls are insecure about their height. People mention it 20 times a day." —Cara Michelle

"I get recognized in public. I like it, but it sucks when you're having a bad day. You don't want to come off as a bitch, yet people don't realize you have a personal life. It's a Catch-22."

—Daphnee Lynn Duplaix

"A few teachers from my high school came to one of my autograph signings. That was a little bizarre." —Jennifer Walcott

talia Sokolova, Kerissa Fare, Nefeteri Shepherd, Reneé Tenison and Rebekka Armstrong. After a weekend of raging on the beach, there was only one way to wrap the event: a Meat Loaf concert at Sammy Hagar's popular Cabo Wabo nightclub. "We're absolutely doing this again next year," Sheffield says. "In fact, we're almost sold out already." For more photographs or to sign up for next year's tourney, visit angelsonthefairway.com.

DEBRA JO'S DOCUMENTARY

PMOY 1978 Debra Jo Fondren has teamed up with Arcwelder Films to create a documentary about how Playmates deal with getting old. "There is not a woman out there who doesn't struggle with the aging process," says producer Martha Adams. "Whether they decide to love their wrinkles or not, they face certain issues. Are they going to age naturally or opt for plastic surgery? For Playmates, whose bodies are valued like no others, the pressure must be really stressful. We figured it would be great



25 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

"Patti is one of my favorite Playmates as well as one of my favorite people," says Hef of Miss November 1976 and 1977 PMOY Patti McGuire. "She was a member of the Mansion family in the Seventies, and we had some wild, wonderful times together." Hef isn't the only one smitten with Patti—she met tennis star Jimmy Connors at one of Hef's parties at the Mansion, and the couple has been happily married for more than 20 years.



Patti McGuire.

to follow a diverse group of women to see how they're dealing with getting older." The film is in the preliminary stages, so stay tuned for more information, including a list of which Centerfolds will be interviewed. "You can't go wrong with Playmates," adds Adams. "They're beautiful and they make for compelling television."

LINGERING IN LINGERIE



If it were up to us, Playmates would always be naked. But we'll settle for them in teddies in the Frederick's of Hollywood 2001 catalog. Never received your copy in

the mail? Maybe it's horny postal workers. Left to right: Irina Voronina, Cara Michelle, Deanna Brooks and Nicole Lenz.

My Favorite Playmates
By Jon Stewart



It's so rare that I remember their names. I mostly remember their hobbies. I like the ones who like honesty, such as the Bernaola twins, or the ones who like fishing and walks in the park. The ones I remember are from when I was 13, and I don't want to go there.



Darlene and Carol Bernaola.

BIG-TIME BRITTANY

Remember Brittany York? Today, she goes by the name Alison Armitage, and if you've been watching carefully, you've seen her in all kinds of television shows and movies. Miss October 1990 starred as Cat Pascal on

PLAYMATE NEWS

the TV series *Acapulco H.E.A.T.* and portrayed a dental hygienist on *Seinfeld*, a heroin addict on *Silk Stalkings* and a supervillain on *Black Scorpion*. On the silver screen, Brittany played a former girlfriend of Tom Cruise's character in *Jerry Maguire* and Sylvester Stallone's onetime squeeze in *Driven*. Next up: a co-hosting gig on the game show *Ransacked*. And if that's not enough to cure your jones, get a copy of the 2002 Alison Armitage calendar (above), available at playboystore.com.

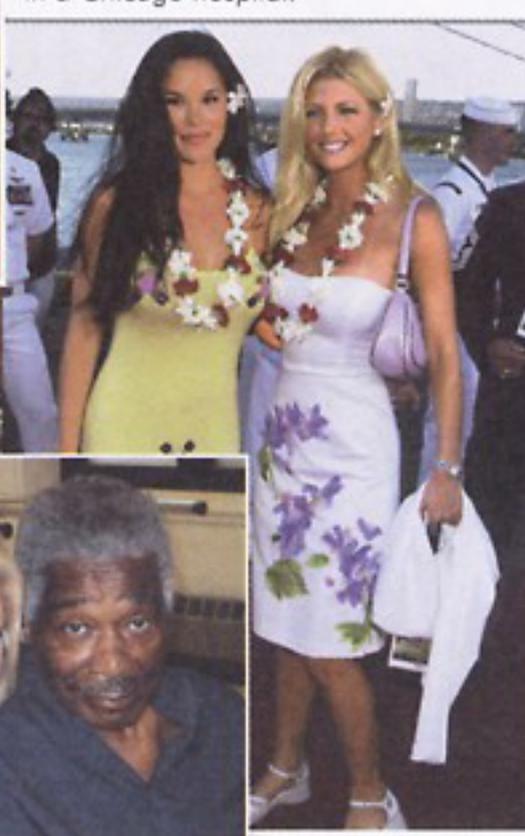


PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

- November 2: Miss October 1980
Mardi Jacquet
- November 4: Miss November 1970
Avis Miller
- November 13: Miss July 1964
Melba Ogle
- November 18: Miss October 1991
Cheryl Bachman
- November 21: Miss September 1994
Kelly Gallagher

BRANDE ON THE RUN

As Brande Roderick can attest, life as the 2001 Playmate of the Year is a nonstop tornado of parties, movie premieres and charity events. Does the girl ever sleep? Clockwise from left: Flaunting a Rabbit Head guitar at the Candie's Foundation Benefit concert, posing with a Walter Payton scooter in Chicago, raising a glass at her New York PMOY party, at the Pearl Harbor premiere with *Baywatch Hawaii* co-star Stacy Kamano, visiting veterans in a Chicago hospital.

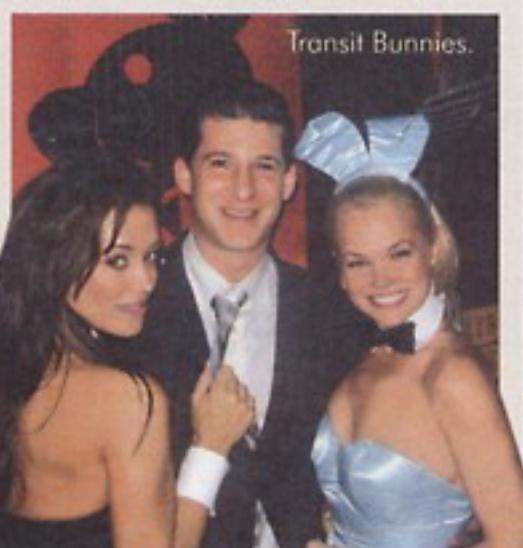


PLAYMATE GOSSIP

If you've ever fantasized about our Playmates battling it out in skimpy mesh outfits, you're in luck. *The Arena*, starring Karen McDougal and Lisa Dergan (pictured), is available on video. . . . Daphnee Lynn Duplaix and a friend have launched *Unleashed*, a new magazine featuring Daphnee on the inaugural cover. "It's an urban mix of *PLAYBOY* and *Maxim*," she says. . . . The *Playboy Xtreme Team* was ranked number 19 on a list of the "63 coolest people, places and things that matter to sports junkies" in *ESPN* magazine. Team captain Danelle Folta also scored a bit part in the film *Winterdance*, starring Cuba Gooding Jr. . . . Look for Stacy Fuson as a sorority girl in *Shallow Hal*, with Gwyneth Paltrow. . . . Angela Little plays the lead in *Backlot Murders*, an indie horror film, and has a co-starring role in *The Guest*, helmed by Ashton Kutcher and Tara Reid. . . . Victoria Silvstedt and Jami Ferrell appear in the comedy *Boat Trip*. . . .



Karen vs. Lisa.

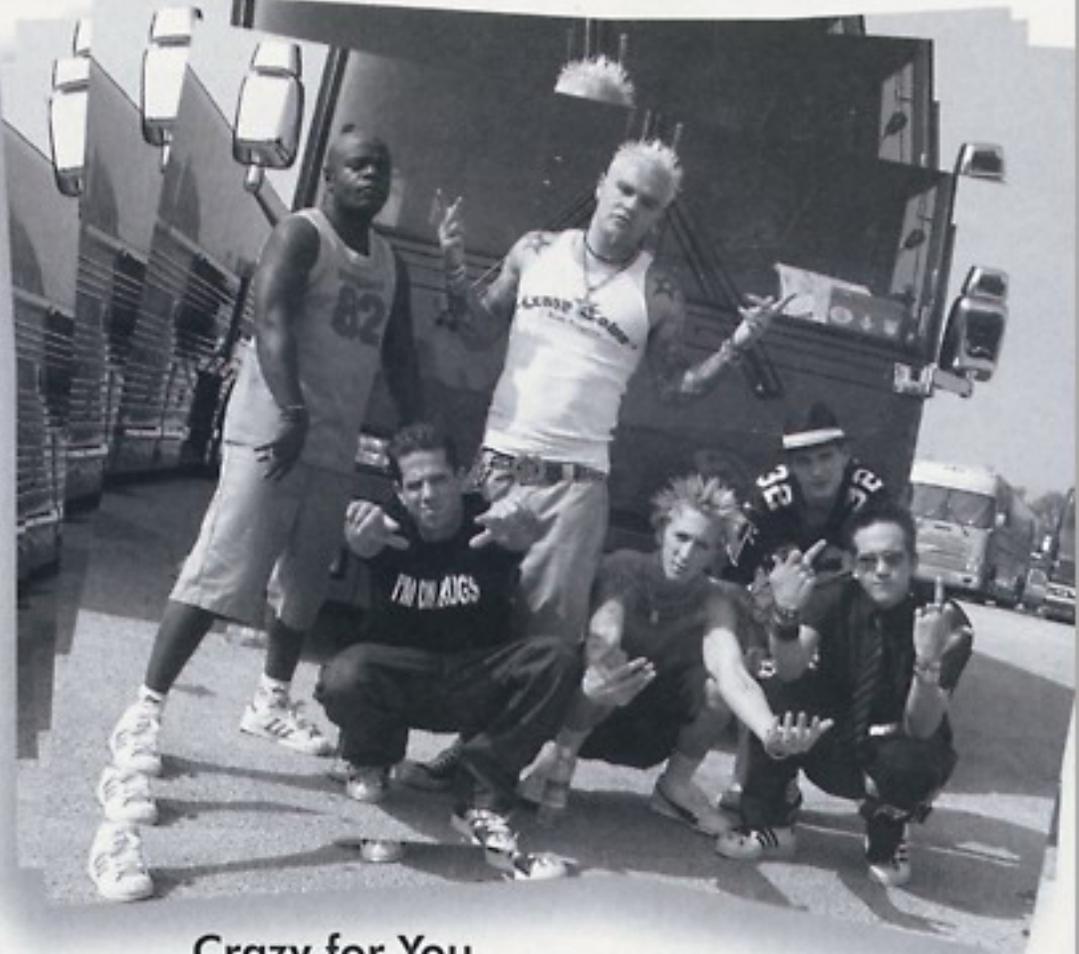
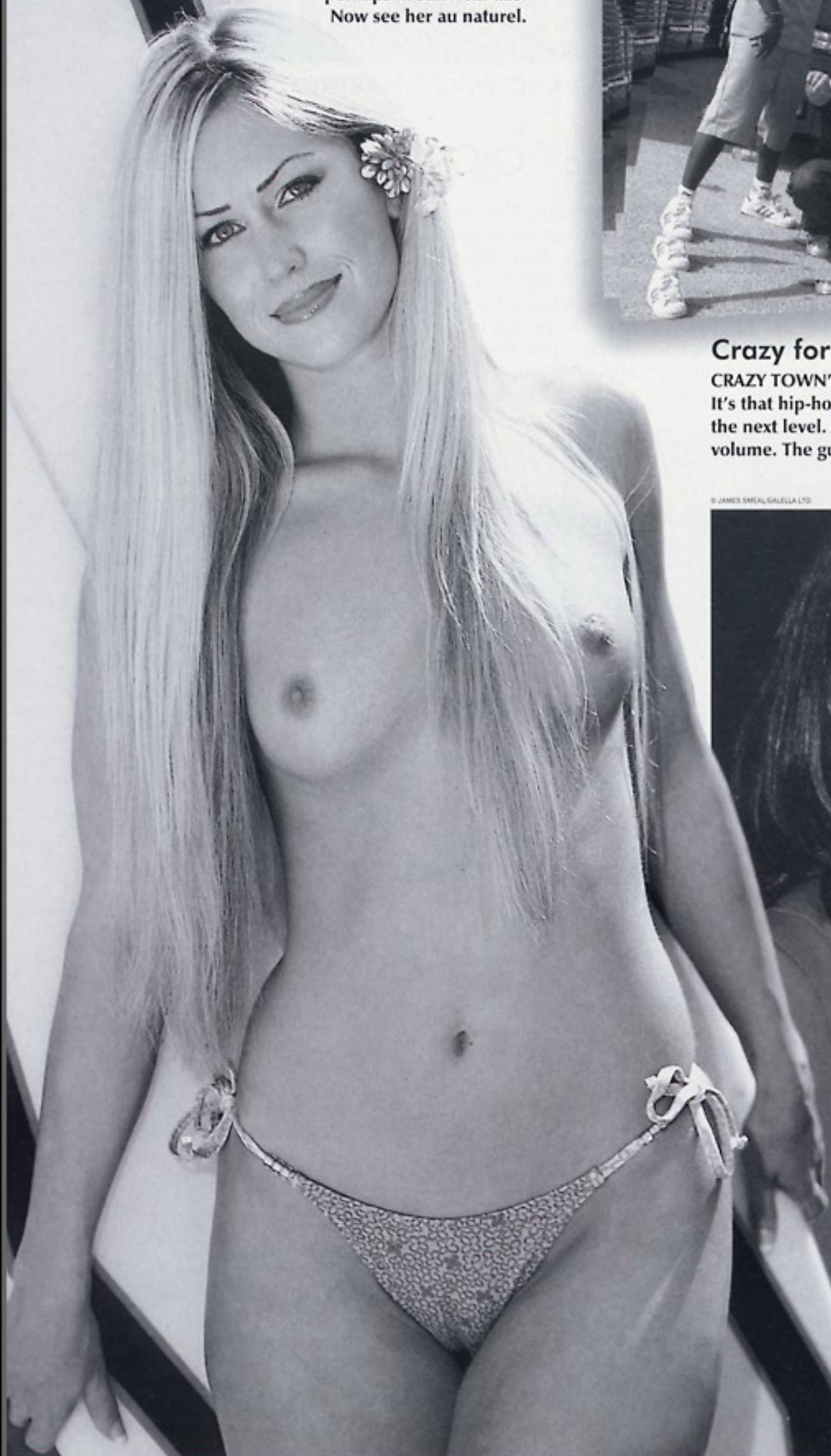


Jessica Lee has a bit part in the film *New Suit*. . . . Nicole Wood hosted *Wild on New York* for E with Stephen Baldwin. . . . Ava Fabian and Julie McCullough (pictured) got cozy with Transit nightclub manager Lew Langer at the *PLAYBOY* Book Expo bash in Chicago. Dr. Ruth also made an appearance, although she passed on a Bunny outfit.

Grapevine

Flower Girl

You may have seen NICOLE BENNETT on *Boston Public*, *Pacific Blue*, *E's Wild On* series or perhaps in surfwear ads. Now see her au naturel.



Crazy for You

CRAZY TOWN's *The Gift of Game* went platinum on the charts. It's that hip-hop-metal thing that Limp Bizkit started, taken to the next level. An Ozzfest tour last summer pumped up the volume. The guys paint the town with attitude.

© JAMES SMERAL/GALELLA LTD



Sneak Peak

GABRIELLE UNION was once on her way to law school. Now she has her own lawyer. She's in two movies next year: *Abandon*, with Benjamin Bratt, and *Welcome to Collinwood*, starring George Clooney.

© STEVE TORRES

Up a Tree

MONICA MENDEZ has appeared in PLAYBOY Special Editions, a Pearl Jam video and on hotbody.com's first live webcast. She has it made in the shade.



© CRAIG K. SOYRES

© VINCE CAVITAO

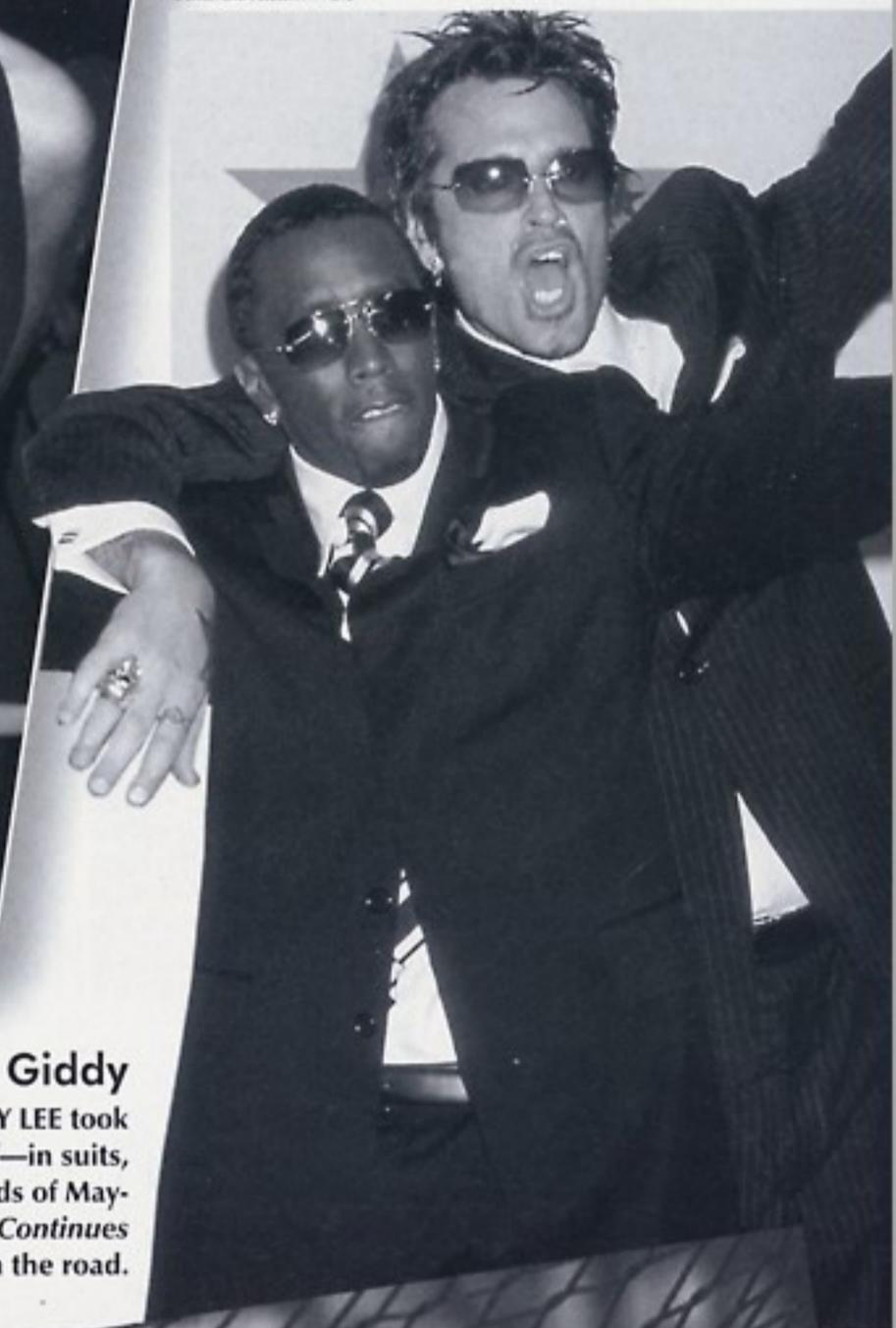


© JAMES SHAW/GALELLA LTD

Every Picture Tells a Story

Rod Stewart's daughter KIMBERLY strolled the catwalk, modeled for *Cosmo* and *Harp*'s *Bazaar* and designed a line of jeweled sneakers. A diamond chip off the old block.

© JANET GADY/CELEBRITY PHOTO



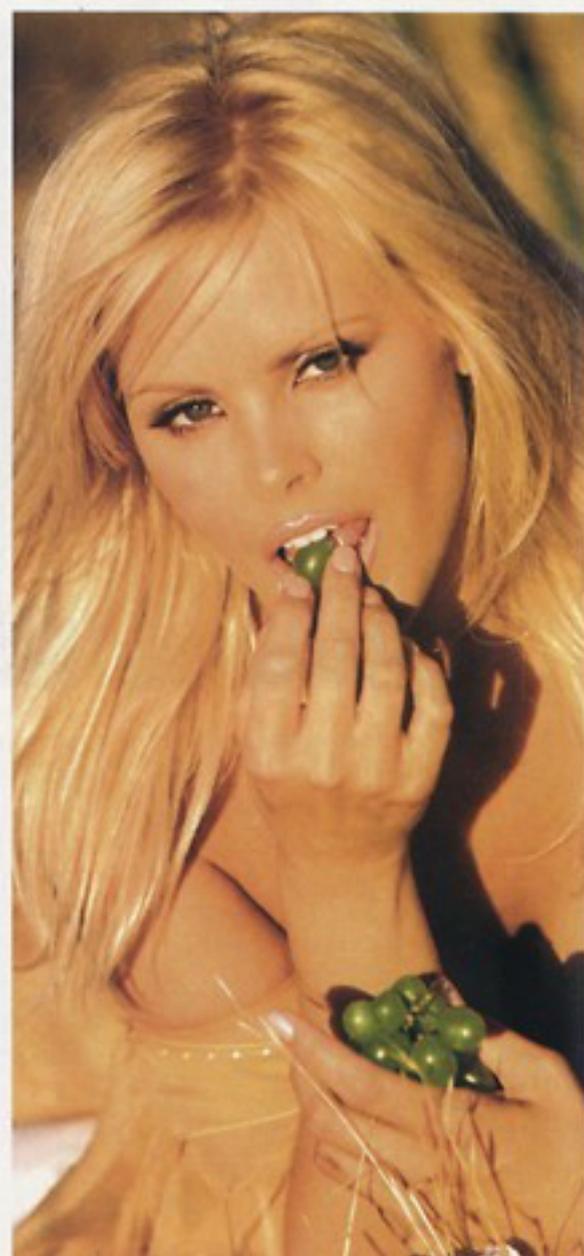
Diddy and Giddy

Bad boys SEAN COMBS and TOMMY LEE took advantage of a photo op to show off—in suits, no less. Lee is drumming in *Methods of Mayhem*, and P. Diddy's CD *The Saga Continues* keeps the show on the road.

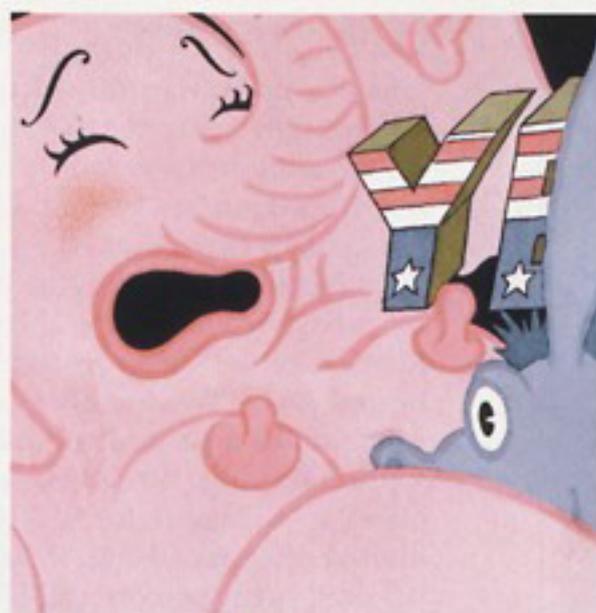
Going With Flo

FLO JALIN models swimsuits in print and on calendars. She's been known to win bikini contests and was a *Baywatch Hawaii* regular. She deserves a rest.





WE HAVE GENA LEE



REPUBLICAN LOVE



BLOOD TEST



HOTEL SEX

GENA LEE NOLIN—THE *SHEENA* SENSATION AND FORMER *BAYWATCH* BEAUTY GETS UNWRAPPED IN A FESTIVE PICTORIAL. THANK YOU, MR. CLAUS

WILL SMITH—YOU WON'T RECOGNIZE THE GOOFY ACTION RAPPER. FOR HIS DRAMATIC TURN IN *ALI* HE BEEFED UP AND TRAINED TO STING LIKE A BEE AND NOW IS GENERATING TALK OF AN ACADEMY AWARD. A PLAYBOY INTERVIEW THRILLA BY **MICHAEL FLEMING**

THE STRANGEST WHITE HOUSE CONNECTION—A TOP *NEWSWEEK* JOURNALIST, WHO HAS INTERVIEWED BILL CLINTON AND GEORGE BUSH DOZENS OF TIMES, REVEALS HOW THEY FLIRT, WHAT CRACKS THEM UP, WHAT RANKLES THEM AND WHAT THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF DOES IN HIS SPARE TIME. BY **JONATHAN ALTER**

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS—THERE WAS A TIME WHEN FLYING WAS SEXY. UNFORTUNATELY, WE'RE TOO YOUNG TO REMEMBER IT. **JAMIE MALANOWSKI** TAKES OFF ON AIR RAGE, THE IMPROVEMENT PLANS OF THE FAA AND WHAT YOU CAN DO TO MAKE YOUR NEXT FLIGHT LESS TURBULENT

BASKETBALL PREVIEW—WITH SO MANY TEENAGERS JUMPING TO THE NBA, IT SHOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO PREDICT THE TOP 25 COLLEGE TEAMS. **GARY COLE** AND **DAVID KAPLAN** HAD IT RIGHT LAST YEAR. IT'S TIME TO DO IT AGAIN

HOW TO LOVE A REPUBLICAN—DARCY IS THE COOLEST THING GOING—BEAUTIFUL, SMART, GREAT IN BED. THE ONLY

PROBLEM: SHE'S A BIG-TIME BUSH SUPPORTER. AND WHAT HAPPENS IF HE WINS? FICTION BY **STEVE ALMOND**

LETTER FROM SWINGING LOS ANGELES—PORN STARS HEAD TO CLUB LUST AFTER A HARD DAY AT THE OFFICE. IT'S ABOUT WHAT YOU'D EXPECT: RAZOR BURNS, COWGIRLS, RECREATIONAL POLE DANCING AND ORGIES GALORE. JOIN **KATIE MORAN** IN A WILD SEX ROMP

BEBE BUELL—ROCK'S ORIGINAL BAND-AID, THE INSPIRATION FOR PENNY LANE IN *ALMOST FAMOUS*, HAS A MOVIE STAR DAUGHTER, A BRIGHT MUSIC CAREER AND A NEW TELL-ALL BOOK. WE KNEW HER WHEN. A SALUTE TO LIV TYLER'S MOM, MISS NOVEMBER 1974

BLOOD TEST—IF YOU'RE ABOUT TO ROB A STRIP CLUB, YOU DO WHAT YOUR BOSS TELLS YOU TO DO. TOO MANY QUESTIONS COULD GET YOU A SEVERE HEADACHE. FICTION BY **ANDREW VACHSS**

FOOTBALL DAZE—HE'S TRYING TO SCORE WITH A TIGHT END. WILL IT BE THIRD AND INCHES OR A SAFETY BLITZ? **SHEL SILVERSTEIN** LEAVES US A SPORTING TREASURE

ALSO: OUTKAST—A STANKONIAN PROFILE, SEX STARS 2001, PLAYBOY'S MUSIC POLL, NAUGHTY CELEBRITY CHRISTMAS CAROLS, KNOCKOUT HOLIDAY GIFTS, HOTEL SEX—THE PICTORIAL, THE WORLD'S WILDEST WHEELS, REALITY TV UNCENSORED, COOL COATS FOR A GLACIAL WINTER, AND MISS USA TURNED PLAYMATE **SHANNA MOAKLER**