

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1993 • \$5.95

**THE TRIO
FROM RIO
BRAZIL'S
AMAZING
TRIPLETS**

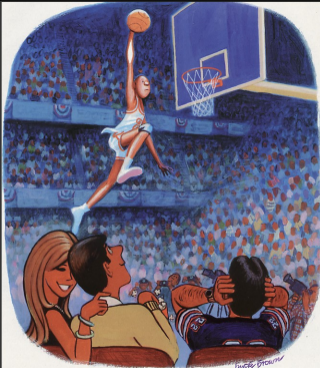


**LUST ON
CAMPUS
CAN A
UNIVERSITY
OUTLAW SEX?**

**INTERVIEW
LITERARY
KNOCKOUT
ARTIST
JOYCE
CAROL OATES**

**HOLLYWOOD
HEATS UP
SEX IN
CINEMA**

**THE
FASHIONABLE
LENNOX
LEWIS**



"You know, I have a few in-your-face moves of my own."

B text by MARK ZUSSMAN

Y BIRTH ORDER, the oldest of the triplets is Marilise, pronounced Mah-ree-LEEZE-ee but without too much emphasis on the final syllable. Whisper it as if you were barely getting a life-sustaining breath into *The Girl from Ipanema*. The middle sister is Lilian. Say more than Lih-LEE-ah, less than Lih-lee-ahn. Then comes Renata. Heh-NAH-tuh. The Brazilians are slouches at an initial "r." Hence, the city the sisters live in, assuming you're ready to go native, is HEE-oo, not what you've always called it, REE-oh. Now forget which is which and who's on the left and who's on



That's Ipanema Beach the three sisters are on, above left, and the mountains behind them, strangely enough, are called the Two Brothers. Decked out in festive custom-made sequin-and-feather costumes, below left, the Porto triplets made a special appearance with the Caprichosos de Pilares samba school in last February's Carnaval parade.

THREE OF A KIND

for rio's beautiful porto triplets, fame is as easy as one, two, three

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY AND PEDRO MARTINELLI



the right. This isn't trick photography. But makeup and photo artistry can't help but minimize the differences among the sisters, though the differences are real. Besides, the triplets themselves are not above a prank. Three distinct pictures of them appeared in one Brazilian magazine above responses to the question "Do you like guys shy or extroverted?" Lilian said extroverted; Marilise, shy; Renata voted with Lilian. "Actually," reveals Renata, "all three pictures are of Lilian." And so the triplets play trickster once again. Marilise, Lilian and Renata Poeto were born, at ten-minute intervals, on March 1, 1974, in the south Brazilian town of Tucunduva in the state of Rio Grande do Sul. The triplets have been famous for about three







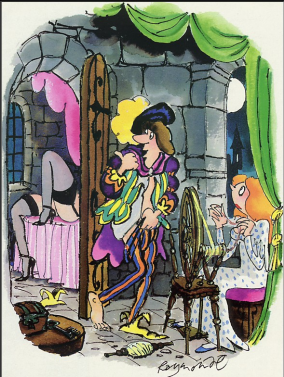
years as models for Onix jeans, Neutrox shampoo and Azaleia sandals. But they have also appeared four times in one year in *Playboy Brazil*. That is why if you mention triplets anywhere in Brazil, from Iguazu on the border with Argentina and Paraguay to the faraway Amazon, the response will be either "Ah, the gauchas" (the female counterparts to gauchos) or "Oh, the PLAYBOY triplets." When they worked at a trade show recently in São Paulo, they signed 9000 (text concluded on page 176)

In Brazil, the backside is referred to as the *bum bum* or the *bunda*, and it carries more prestige than the bosom, which in Brazil tends to be small. The Porto sisters profess bewilderment at the chestiness of North American women. Says Renata, "It must hurt the back."

PRODUCTION ASSISTANCE BY DUOU CONYHTINGLO, NEDIN ROL. RIO DE JANEIRO







"You know, that's a really wicked stepmother you have there."



"Come, come, Mr. Morris. You're not going to tell me you can pass up a great piece of ass like this."

dealing with
miss november is
a moving experience



HANDLE WITH CARE

PICTURE THIS: You've survived the Everyman ordeal of moving—that is to say, you've survived but one of your most precious heirlooms, alas, has not. Let's say the movers have inadvertently damaged the framed photograph of you with your arms around Winona Ryder and Mickey Rourke to such an extent that it's just you with your arm around Mickey. At the moving and storage company's complain department, expecting to go toe-to-toe with someone named Boom Boom who wears a kidney belt, you are instead staggered by the apparition of Miss November: a French-Irish siren named Julianna Young. She has in her voice the vulnerable rasp of Superman's movie girlfriend and the eye-opening figure of Wonder Woman on her very best day. There must be a mistake. Is this a temp dispatched by Botticelli?

"I've worked the same job in customer complaints for seven years," Julianna peacefully

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG AND STEPHEN WAYDA





explains, "and I constantly deal with people who are unhappy. My job goal is to ensure that they leave happy. I enjoy that. And usually, they're quite satisfied."

You soon realize that you are no longer the injured party of goods and services run amok but someone who will never quite view the inalienable right to gripe in the same light again. You want to thank her for using joy to communicate the way most people use a telephone, for helping you forget, for the moment, your petty re-cremations over material objects. Do you write her a sonnet?

"You won't find the key to my heart with a pad and a pencil," Juliana admonishes with a smile. All right, then, do you offer her a dance, since by now your feet are a few inches off the ground, anyway?

"You have to have some very, very long arms to get them around me," she teases, her eyes drifting down her body.

"When I was in Catholic school, the girls had to wear a one-piece jumpsuit. My breasts were



"I hate it when I walk into a room full of couples and see the fights break out. Women hit their men and say, 'What are you looking at?'"





so large, I couldn't wear it. In physical-education class, I had to wear a boy's uniform, which was a T-shirt and little shorts. When we had to do jumping jacks, the whole gym would come to a standstill because everyone was watching my breasts go up and down. But my large breasts are actually a blessing. They'll get me through the door, and my brains can keep me there."

As a last resort, you do what all men are genetically encoded to do: You purchase a box of chocolates for Julianna. Jackpot.

"People have told us for the past ten years that women eat sweets because it makes them feel loved. Well, when I feel like I want to make love, or I want to have someone make love to me and I can't, or the opportunity can't happen, I'll eat sweets. I'm afraid if that gets out, though, the first time someone sees me eating ice cream he'll walk up to me and say, 'I'll give you what you want.'"

Sometimes that's the price you have to pay for a moving experience.

—MICHAEL ANGELI

Commenting on director Oliver Stone's recent offer—they met in-flight—to put her in one of his movies, Julianna says, "I know I'm going to be happy forever, no matter where I work."





"The camera crew was delightful. When you're working, they're working. They look at you as if you were clothed. They look at your face, though sometimes they have to look at your body, to get the lighting right." Perfectionists, all.





MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Julianna Young

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Juliana Young

BUST: 38DD WAIST: 21 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5' 7 1/2" WEIGHT: 110 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 9.19.60 BIRTHPLACE: Ft. Campbell, Kentucky

AMBITIONS: Acting, modeling, and one day to visit Rome, Italy.

TURN-ONS: Watching the Marlins play baseball, driving very fast boats, the sound of rain.

TURN-OFFS: I am too liberal-minded to have any, nor is it my place to preach.

LAST GOOD LAUGH: I was dancing in a club and my bustier broke. I covered myself with a towel, but then the police came and tried to take it away - the towel was club property!

LAST GOOD CRY: The hour and a half I spent watching the movie "Free Willy." Also, seeing the devastation from Hurricane Andrew.

WHERE I LIVE: I come from south Florida, a sunny place for shady characters.



Perfect angel



Party girl



Marlins maniac

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Tracy was complaining about her date to her girlfriend Emily. "The creep called me a slut," she huffed.

"That's awful!" her friend exclaimed. "What did you do?"

"I told him to get out of my bedroom," Tracy replied, "and take his friend with him."



After six weeks of training, the recruit was finally given leave. "Darling," he wrote to his wife, "I'll be arriving at the airport on Sunday. But," he warned, "you'd better reserve a hotel room nearby."

Just before his departure, he received a note from his wife. "Sugar," it said, "I'll be there to meet you. But you better be the first guy off the plane."

Why did the Clintons send Chelsea to a private school? Because in a public school, the Secret Service would have been outgunned.

A gnome was riding on a crowded bus when a woman stepped on him. He showed his annoyance by glaring up at her, but when her foot crushed him for the second time, he lost his patience. "Hey, you brunette! Watch where you're stepping," he shouted.

The woman glanced down. "I'm not a brunette," she insisted. "I'm a blonde."

"Oh, yeah?" he snapped. "Not from where I'm standing."



The patient explained that it hurt when she touched her forehead, touched her knee, touched her chest or touched her elbow. "Was your hair originally blonde?" the examining physician asked.

"Yes, but what difference does that make?"
"Your finger's broken."

Poor little Donny wanted a toy of his own, so he wrote a letter to God begging for \$20 to buy one. After he mailed it, a kindhearted postal clerk forwarded it to city hall, where it came to the attention of the mayor. He wrote Donny a nice note, enclosed a five-dollar bill with it and mailed it to him.

When the envelope arrived, Donny was furious. He grabbed a pencil. "Dear God," he wrote. "Thanks for the \$20. Only, why'd you have to send it through city hall? The bastards kept 75 percent for taxes."

The middle-aged gentleman stopped in at a neighborhood tavern and was enjoying a drink at the bar when a young man with a huge multicolored mohawk took a seat next to him. He couldn't help but stare at the young man.

"Hey, dude, what's your problem?" the mohawked man barked, clearly annoyed. "Didn't you ever do anything crazy when you were young?"

"Of course. That's the reason I was staring," the older man replied. "Once, when I was young, I fucked a peacock, and I couldn't help wondering if you were my son."



When a businessman went home and presented his wife with a necklace for their anniversary, she said, "This is beautiful, James, but what I really wanted was a Mercedes."

"I know," he replied with a frown, "but I couldn't figure out where to buy an imitation Mercedes."

A missionary was captured by cannibals. Just as they were about to throw him into a pot, he held up a lighter, flicked it and a dancing flame shot out. All but the chief of the cannibals were awestruck and bowed down before the missionary.

"It's a miracle!" they cried.

"Hey, it's only a lighter," the chief said.

"Yeah," one native replied, "but it worked the very first time!"

How'd a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"I think we're losing 'em."



"The other things I like about it are that it's low-fat, low-sodium, caffeine-free and it contains no sugar or preservatives."

SEX IN CINEMA 1993



LOOKING BACK ON A YEAR OF THRILLS, KILLS AND GENDER-BENDERS

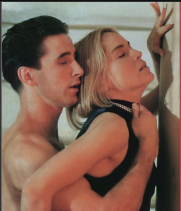
text by BRUCE WILLIAMSON The question was an intriguing one, and during the first few months of 1993, helped by a shrewd publicity campaign, it titillated movie fans around the world: What's the big surprise in *The Crying Game*? By early spring the answer had been leaked by TV film critic Gene Siskel, more than hinted at by Jaye Davidson's Best Supporting Actor Oscar nomination and finally written large in the closing credits of the scattershot spoof *Hot Shots! Part Deux*, which recklessly reveals *The Crying Game*'s secret: "She's a guy."

As the year progressed, it became clear that *Crying Game* wasn't the only film sending mixed signals about sex, and several major hits begged the question with considerably more tease than titillation. "Would you sleep with Robert Redford for a million dollars?" was the proposition that pulled well over \$100 million into the coffers for *Indecent Proposal*, starring Redford, Demi Moore and Woody Harrelson. (text continued on page 144)



DAMAGE CONTROL When raters threatened *Damage* (above, with Juliette Binoche and Jeremy Irons) with an NC-17, director Louis Malle protested loudly but made cuts.

LEAVE IT TO BEAVER *Basic Instinct*'s beaver shot (top right) inspired such send-ups as *Hot Shots! Part Deux* (with sultry Brenda Bakke, center right) and *National Lampoon's Loaded Weapon* (showcasing the genuine rodent at right).



FATAL ATTRACTIONS In Hollywood, sex sells—if accompanied by foul play. Caught up in *The Firm*'s plot are Gary Bussey, Holly Hunter and Tom Cruise (left). In *Silver* (above left), Sharon Stone digs suspected killer William Baldwin, narrator's Miss July 1989, Erika Eleniak, battles terrorists in *Under Siege* (above center). In *Single White Female* (above right), Bridget Fonda endures a lecherous employer (Stephen Tobolowsky) as well as a homicidal roommate. Shannen Doherty and Michael Woods are entangled in serial killings in *Blindfold* (below right). *Fatal Instinct* speeds the entire sex-violence craze; below, Sean Young and Armand Assante lampoon *Body Heat*.





TALES ON TAPE Erotic thrillers, a new genre of fast-forward-to-video fare, include *Double Threat*, with Sally Kirkland (above); *Mirror Images*, which calls upon Della Shppard (with Gary Kasper, right) to explore her dead sister's love life; and *Blossfast IV*, starring Carya Sassoon and Don Wilson (below).





PASSPORTS TO PASSION Mexico's *Like Water for Chocolate* preps a lusty Clavette Mailla into the woods with soldier Joaquín Gorrdo (above). Linh Dan Pham prepares to wed her mother's ex-lover in Franco's Indochina (top right). Australia's *The Piano*, a champ at Cannes, unites Holly Hunter and Harvey Keitel (right) in ardent adultery. From Sweden comes *House of Angels*, in which Helena Bergström (front, bottom right) incites friends to shock her neighbors; and in Spain's *Jamón Jamón* (below), Penelope Cruz helps young suit-or Jordi Mollà to the conclusion that breasts taste like ham.





WHOEVER TURNS YOU ON

She turns out to be a he in *The Crying Game* (above), when reluctant terrorist Stephen Rea discovers Jaye Davidson's body parts are not what he expected, and in *M. Butterfly* (left), in which Jeremy Irons' mistress is portrayed by John Lone. *Three of Hearts* pairs Sherilyn Fenn and Kelly Lynch (right) in a lesbian romance that is disrupted by William Baldwin. In Orlando, Tilda Swinton changes sex other centuries as a man (in her female persona, she enjoys a romp with Billy Zane, below).





THE RATINGS GAME

No wonder moviemakers are creating kid flicks: When they try to shoot films for adults, MPAA raters slap their wrists, forcing many directors into revisions. Not so John Duigan, whose *Wide Sargasso Sea* (sequence above left) went out bravely flaunting its NC-17 designation. In this adaptation of novelist Jean Rhys' prequel to Brontë's *Jane Eyre*, Rochester (Michael Parkes) is first entranced, then repelled by his hot-blooded Creole bride (Karina Lombard). In contrast, directors Jennifer Lynch and Uta Biele were obliged to trim some sizzle from *Boiling Helens* (above right) and *Body of Evidence* (opposite), respectively, to earn R ratings. Kinks distinguish both *Helens* and *Evidence*; in the former, a married beauty (Sherilyn Fenn) is compelled to watch as her physician captor (Julian Sands) makes it with another woman (Nicolette Scorsese); in the latter, murder-by-hot-sex suspect Madonna gives her mouthpiece, William DeFoe, a hot-wax job and gets her reward.

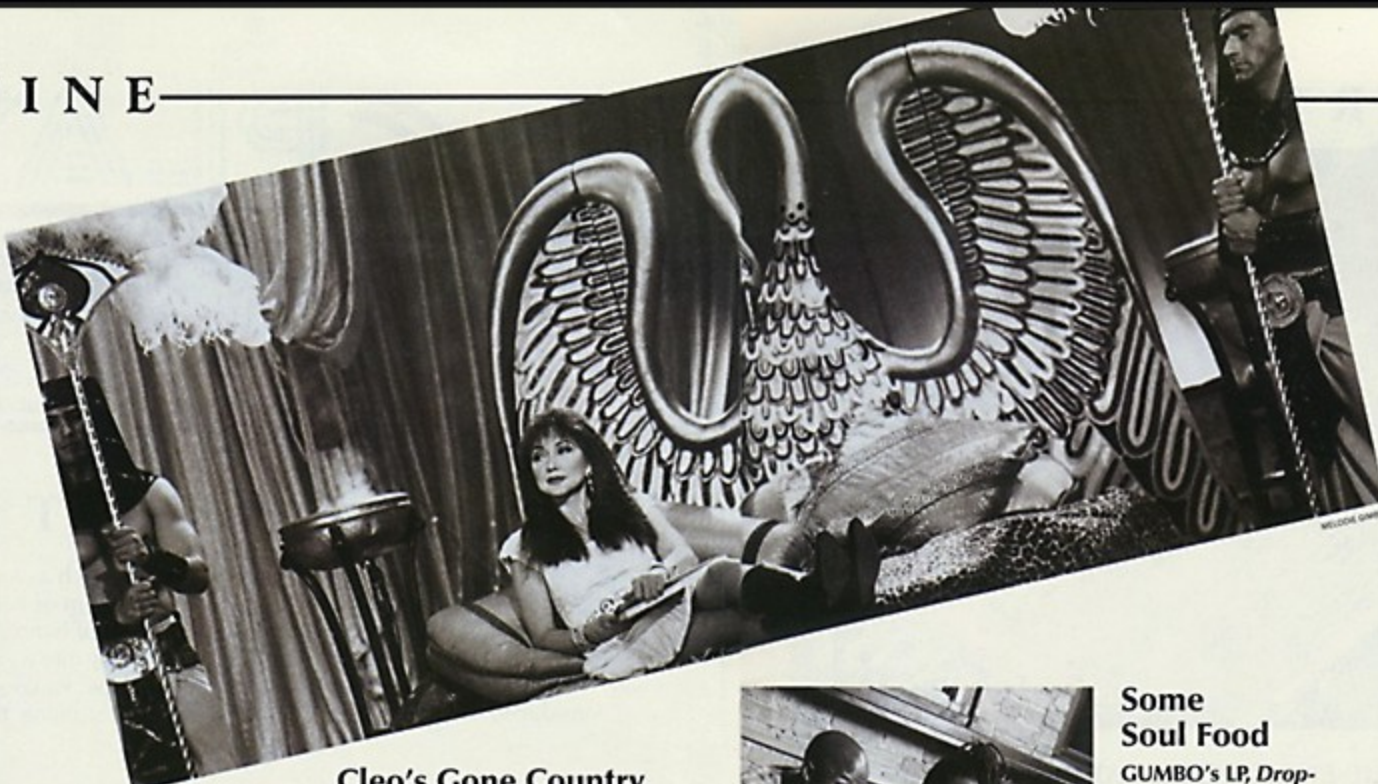
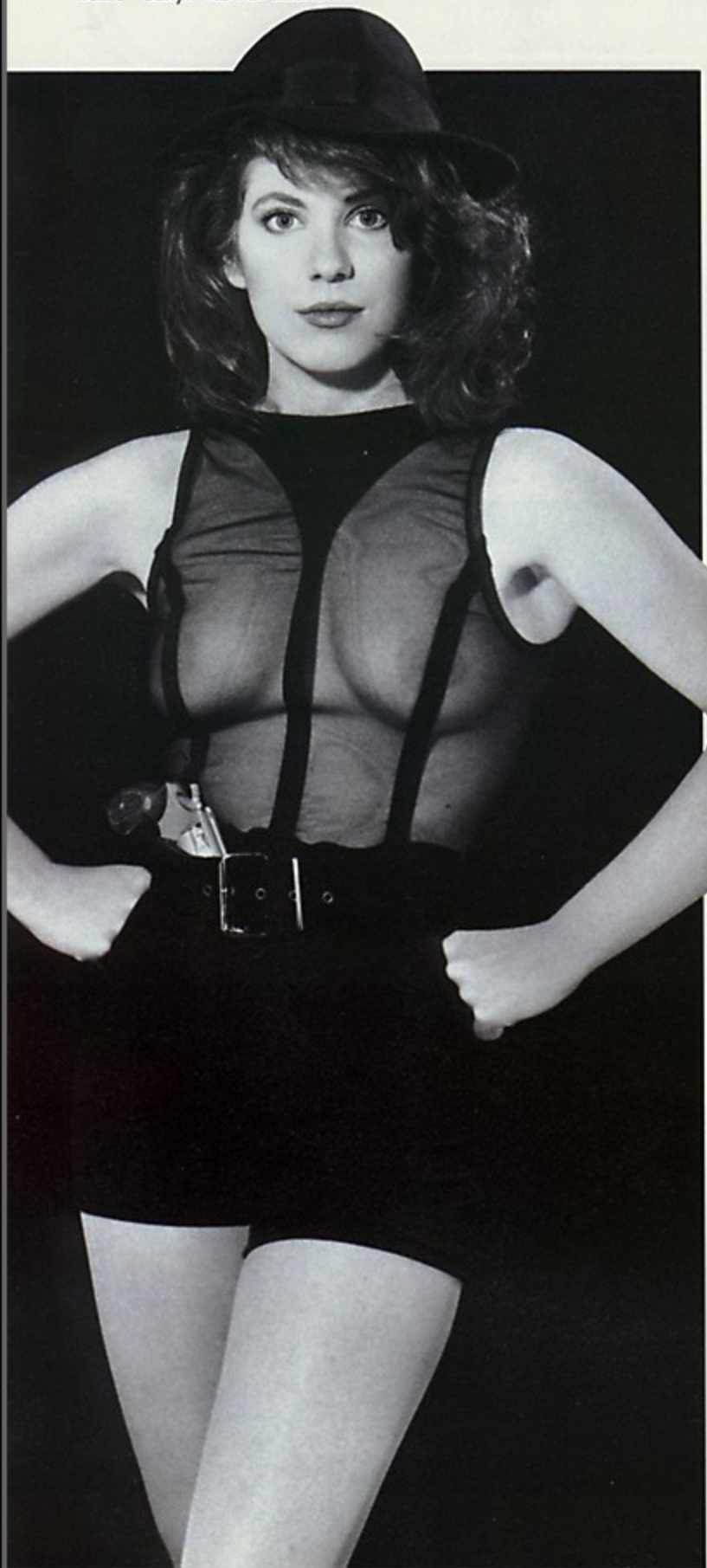




"Good Lord, man, get out of that dark, unhealthy closet and into the fresh air and sunshine!"

Armed and Dangerous

Actress GAILYN ADDIS plays an undercover cop in the Mike Norris psychological thriller *Ripper Man*. She also co-starred in a romantic thriller, *Dead Right*. More on Gailyn than meets the eye: She's a scratch golfer who speaks Chinese when she orders carryout. Not just a case of head or heart—Gailyn has our attention.



Cleo's Gone Country

Singer PAM TILLIS' video outtake comes from *Cleopatra, Queen of Denial*. It's country, Egyptian style. *Homeward Looking Angel* went gold, and you'll see her movie debut in *The Thing Called Love*.



Some Soul Food

GUMBO's LP, *Dropping Soulful H₂O on the Fiber* (putting your tears on paper), is causing heavy-duty talk. Produced by Arrested Development's Speech, Gumbo's rich stew is a mix of hip-hop, jazz and drumbeats. Go for it.

Excessive Pop

Chicago band URGE OVERKILL's debut LP, *Saturation*, has the critics paying attention and power-trio fans really excited. Take it from us, Urge is definitely on the verge.



Buff Stuff

MELISSA MOORE has appeared on TV in the CBS miniseries *Bluegrass*, in the movies *In to the Sun* and *Mad at the Moon* and on video in the *Knockout Workout*. It worked. She's a knockout.

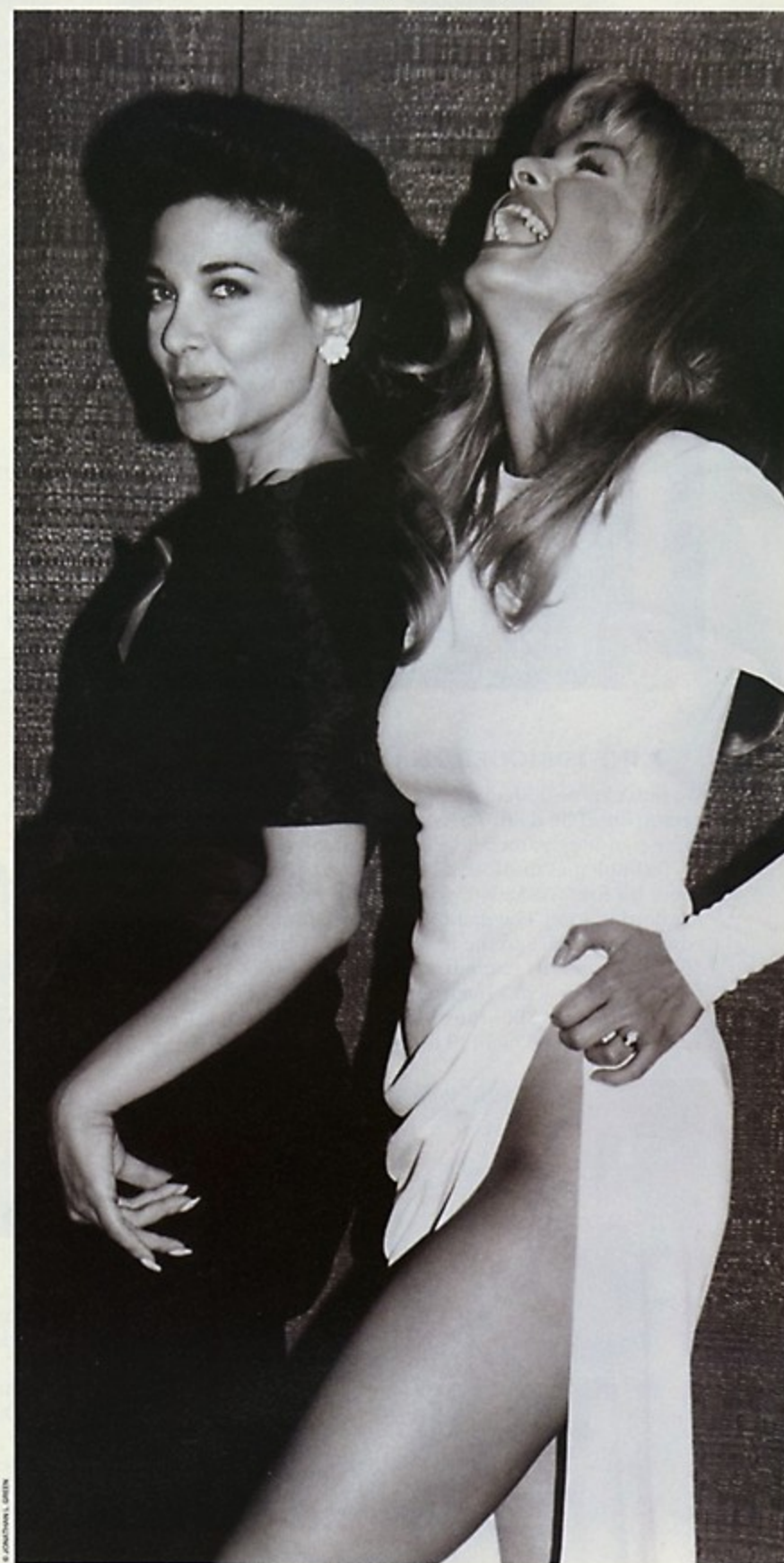
Man of 1000 Faces

DAN AYKROYD is Everyman. He's been a Ghostbuster, a Blues Brother, a Conehead, Nixon and Sergeant Joe Friday. We hear he's thinking about taking the blues back on the road. We'll be there.



Soap Dish

ABC's daytime soap *Loving's* LISA PELUSO (left) and JESSICA COLLINS show a little ham and leg at this year's Daytime Emmy Awards. Peluso played John Travolta's little sister in *Saturday Night Fever*. Could it be that Collins is playing without her underwear? We're having fun just watching.



NEXT MONTH: SPECIAL CHRISTMAS ISSUE



ERIKA ELENAIK



BRANDO'S BEACH



CRATE ART



HEIDI FLEISS

MARLON BRANDO'S PARADISE LOST—TAHITI WAS BRANDO'S DREAM, A LUSH HIDEAWAY OF SENSUAL DELIGHT. WHAT HE CREATED IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC WAS MORE LIKE HELL ON EARTH—BY **PETER MANSON**

SRI LANKA POSITION—LAWYER AND SEXUAL BUCCANEER FISCHBEIN WANTED UNIMAGINABLE ADVENTURE. FOR \$700K, HE GOT MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR—FICTION BY **ROBERT SILVERBERG**

THE GENT—HARRY THOUGHT OF HIMSELF AS AN HONORABLE GUY. WOULD HIS BEST FRIEND'S DAUGHTER CHANGE HIS MIND?—FICTION BY **BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN**

CELEBRITY E-MAIL—WHAT DO YOU GET WHEN YOU GO ON-LINE FOR THE HOLIDAYS? DEVILISHLY DIGITAL GREETINGS FROM OUR FAVORITE FEMINISTS, TYOONKS AND RASCALS—HUMOR BY **ROBERT S. WIEDER**

RUSH LIMBAUGH—THE BOMBASTIC AUTHOR AND TELECONSERVATIVE DISSECTS HIS CRITICS AND DEFENDS HIS PHENOMENAL SUCCESS IN A PLAYBOY INTERVIEW THAT COULD BE THE TALK OF THE HOLIDAYS

PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW—THE TAR HEELS LEAD THE NCAA AGAIN, BUT OUR SPORTS PROGNOSTICATOR, **GARY COLE**, PREGS A FEW SURPRISES

THE SOUTH FLORIDA SURVIVAL GUIDE—BE READY FOR ALLIGATORS, ASSAULT WEAPONS AND AIRBORNE DALES OF POT. NOVELIST AND MIAMI HERALD COLUMNIST **CARL HAASEN** PROVIDES SAFE PASSAGE

ERIKA ON FIRE—OUR JULY 1988 PLAYMATE, **ERIKA ELENAIK**, HAS TAKEN HOLLYWOOD BY STORM. FIRST IT WAS UNDER SAGE WITH STEVEN SEAGAL, NOW IT'S THE SEVERELY HILTBILLIES. DON'T MISS HER CHRISTMAS PICTORIAL

PLAYBOY'S JAZZ AND ROCK POLL 1994—WHAT'S OLD IS BRAND NEW. R&B HAS A NEW ATTITUDE, MELCOY AND HARMONY ARE BACK, AND SEATTLE DOES MAINSTREAM

CRATE ART—FRUITS AND VEGETABLES NEVER HAD IT BETTER. A SALUTE TO THE PHUP ARTISTS WHO ELEVATED PRODUCE BINS TO AN ART FORM

SEX STARS—A WILD YEAR OF MODEL MANIA AND HOLLYWOOD HIGH-JINKS, FEATURING **HEIDI FLEISS** AND PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR **ANNA NICOLE SMITH**

PLUS: COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN STARS IN JEANS, 20 QUESTIONS WITH **BRANFORD MARSALIS**, PLAYBOY'S FANTASTIC CHRISTMAS GIFTS, A GREAT GUIDE TO PERSONAL GROOMING, **HELMUT NEWTON'S** ROLLIFLEX CAMERA, AND MUCH MORE CHEER FOR CHRISTMAS