

# PLAYBOY

A black and white photograph of Erika Eleniak, a blonde woman with voluminous hair, wearing a dark fur stole and a necklace with a white bird pendant. She is looking over her shoulder towards the camera.

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1993 • \$5.95

**Gala  
Christmas  
Issue**

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ELENIAK  
BECOMES  
A STAR**

**HOW MARLON  
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**PLUS  
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CARL HIAASEN,  
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BASKETBALL  
PREVIEW AND  
MUCH MORE**



*"You've been bringing me presents for more than 20 years. When are you going to make your move?"*

# BEVERLY HILLS HOT

miss july 1989 is playboy's latest gift to hollywood



Miss July 1989, Erika Eleniak, struggled for respect as an actress when her first TV series, *Baywatch* (top left), was called *Bobawatch* by its critics. But Erika shot back with a high-caliber performance as Steven Seagal's lethal lady in the surprise hit of 1992, *Under Siege* (top right). From there, she could have strolled through a series of similar roles. Instead she changed course—a favorite tactic of Erika's—and joined the stellar cast of this year's hot comedy, *The Beverly Hills Cop* (bottom). What's next for this gutsy lady? Expect the unexpected.

COME AND LISTEN TO A STORY ABOUT A pretty young girl. Loved the movies and TV and thought she'd give that life a whirl. One day she was in our magazine, now she's a star on the Hollywood scene. Swimsuits, semiautomatic weapons. These are the props Miss July 1989 sports in her movie roles. But when Erika Eleniak hits the screen, nobody pays much attention to the surroundings. Audiences are too busy eyeing Erika, 24, who first dazzled our readers as *PLAYBOY*'s cover girl in April 1989. Three months later she was our Playmate of the Month, launching a career that was headed directly toward Hollywood. Soon after her Playmate splash, Erika landed the role of lifeguard Shauni McLain on NBC's *Baywatch*. That role led to her feature film debut in *Under Siege*, in which she played Steven Seagal's mate, gunning down a battleship full of bad guys without once smearing her makeup. Today, our favorite starlet's star is on the rise. She'll play Elly May in the all-star *Beverly Hills Cop* movie, and she now appears on producers' wish lists whenever a casting call comes around. A real-life fairy tale? Sure, but it won't be as easy as it sounds. The story of Erika's ascent features sweat and tears as well as limousines and champagne. It would make a good movie: troubled teen gets her act, head and heart together, conquers demons and doubters, turns the film biz on its ear and lives perfectly ever after. A good movie, that is, if you were to land the right actress for the lead role. She would have to be beautiful and ideally proportioned. She would need guts and drive to survive the troubles of the first reel. In fact, she would have to be Erika.

Erika's biopic, starring Ms. E herself, opens in sunny Glendale, California. Our heroine was a Valley girl who first posed scantily clad in an ad for children's underwear. At the age of ten, she got her first







screen kiss in *J.T.*, playing the girlfriend of the extraterrestrial's young pal. But then came her years as a wild child and Erika's self-image as "the girl you didn't want to mess with." A self-described "Sixties reject," she favored heavy metal and hard liquor: "Maybe I partied too hard," she says. That realization led her to Alcoholics Anonymous when she was just 17. But now comes the uplift in our story: She yanked herself up by her fashionable boobstraps. It was a sober, determined Valley girl who came to *Baywatch* four years ago. And went straight to the spotlight, spinning a basketball on our April 1989 cover, looking surprised to have spun her life around so quickly. Three months later she was Miss July, a gig that segued to her role as lifeguard Sherry McLean. Now successful—but again barely dressed—Erika had to defend herself from charges that *Baywatch* was more T&A TV. She shot back by describing the show as "St. Elmo's on the beach." Citing the modest red swimsuits she wore each week, she said she wasn't being exploited: "Those are regulation suits." Critics still sneered,



From her first appearance as a model for kids' underwear to her skimtight attire in *Baywatch*, Erika has put her natural beauty in the best light. But nudity is a different matter, she says. Without any help from the wardrobe department, a girl can feel vulnerable: "Posing nude makes you very aware of your body." She needn't worry. None of her fans has ever complained.













calling the show *Suburra*. But soon the TV critics didn't matter: Putting Shaurya's formfitting uniform away once and for all, Erika was off to the movies and on her way to greater success. Her role in the hit film *Under Siege* went to her in part because of her *Playmate* ties. The producers were searching for the right actress to play Steven Seagal's lethal sidekick, who—as written in the script—had a *Playmate* pictorial in her background. They showed the script to Gary Cole, *PLAYBOY*'s Photo Director. Cole said, "Why not cast a real *Playmate* in the role?" He recommended Erika, and she got the part, helping





Seagal vanquish a small army of terrorists. *Under Siege* captured more than \$100 million at the box office. Next thing you know, "that girl in *Under Siege*" was hotter than the barrel of the machine gun she wielded in the movie. Scripts started hitting her door with the concussion of mortar fire. Everyone wanted her to be the next Linda Hamilton, but Erika wanted a nice juicy role in comedy. Cut to Beverly Hills, just south of Erika's teenage partying grounds, mere blocks from her friends at the Playboy Mansion. That's where she joins the stellar cast of *The Hot Chick*, which everyone in town expects to be one of this year's hits. She plays Elly May, Jed Clampett's gorgeous, flirtatious and outrageous daughter. Industry insiders think it may be the role that makes Erika a marquee movie star. (See *Sex Stars 1993*, page 178.) That, of course, would bring an upbeat climax to the story of Erika Eleniak, teen-sensational-turned-centerfold-starlet-turned-Hollywood-heroine, all in seven years. But even stardom won't be the last beat of our upbeat scenario. There's far more to come before you hear the last of Erika, who summed up her philosophy in *PLAYBOY* the day we met her: "I don't want to be under anyone's thumb. I want to take charge of my own life." Now that she is Beverly Hills hot, her only limit is the big blue sky over the Hollywood sign. You'll keep watching Erika, y'hear?





PRODUCE OF U.S.A.

GROWN & PACKED BY  
WILLIAM B. HUBBARD  
EL CENTRO, CALIFORNIA

SHIPPING FROM  
CALIFORNIA AND  
ARIZONA IN SEASON



**NOW, THAT'S A TOMATO**

A SALUTE TO THOSE PINUP ARTISTS WHO ELEVATED THE  
VEGETABLE CRATE TO AN ART FORM



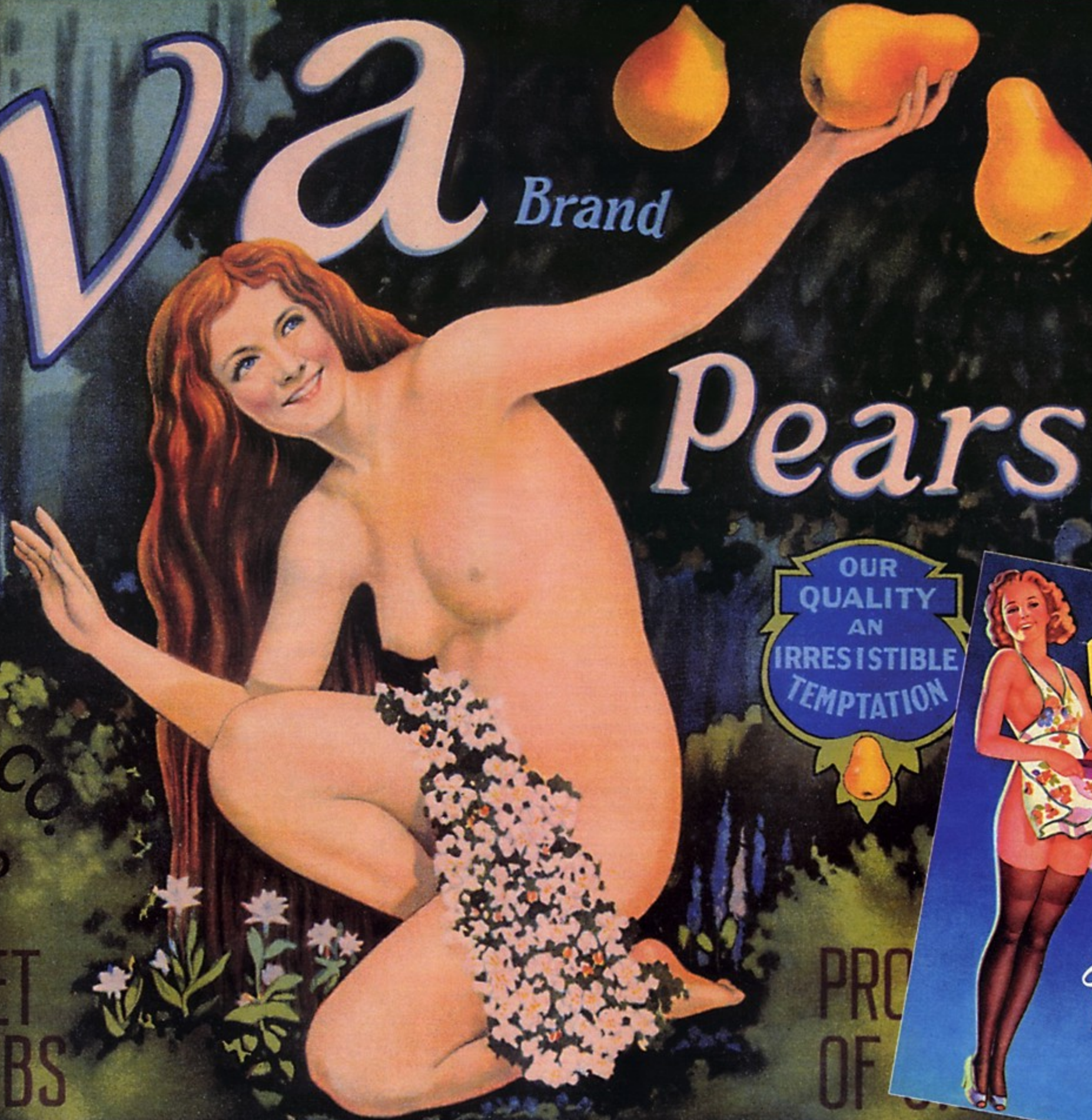


The passion of fruit labels: They weren't meant to endure—either as art or as advertisements—yet today these lithographs are collector's items. The World War Two era, Betty Grable-style Hubba Hubba logo (opening page) was designed to attract the wholesaler as he strolled past alluring labels on stacked produce. With the fruit in a crate, the sign did the selling. First Pick (top, far left) assured freshness (straight from the picker's dress). Nudist, Ladye and Buxom (left, clockwise) employed sex appeal, while Squeeze Me (bottom) relied on a slogan. Only one copy of the Baby Doll strip label (below) is known to exist.





# Eva Brand Pears



**LA STRETO & CO.**  
INC.  
CENTRAL OFFICE  
SAN FRANCISCO  
CALIFORNIA

MINIMUM NET  
WEIGHT 45 LBS

OUR  
QUALITY  
AN  
IRRESISTIBLE  
TEMPTATION

PRO  
OF



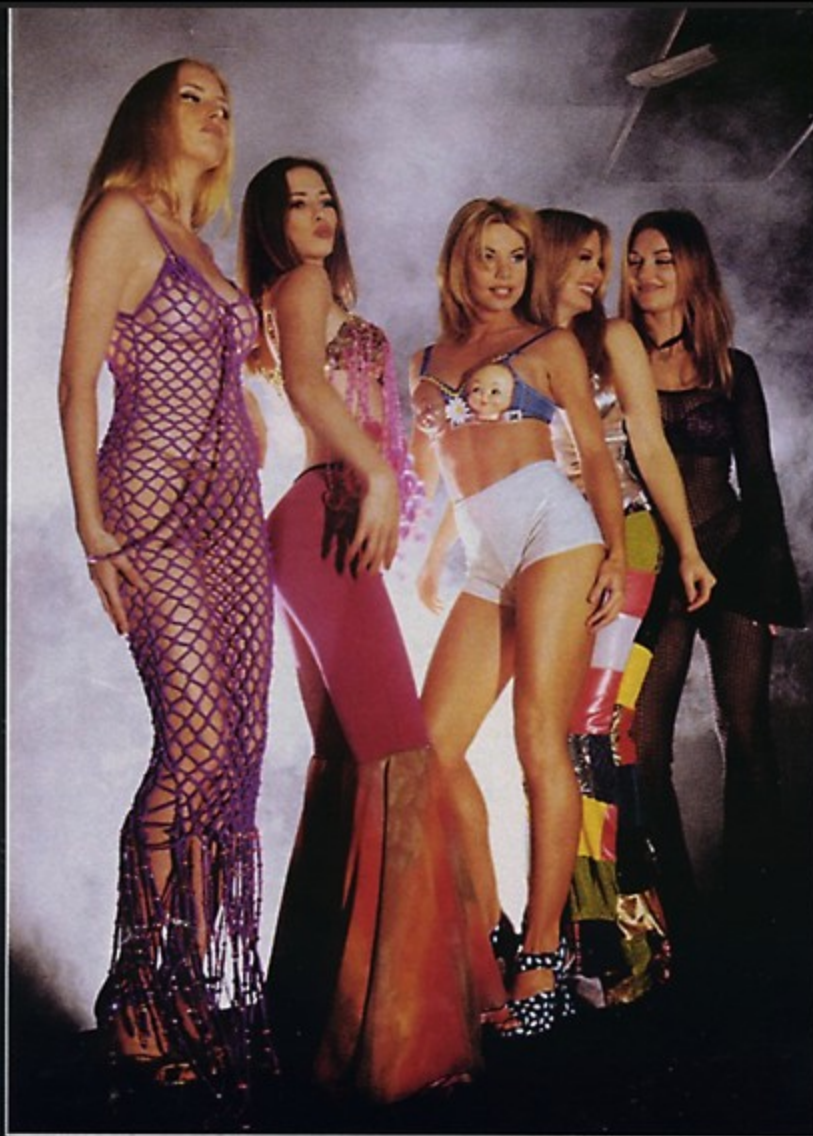
"The Eva Brand Pears label," says historian Pat Jacobsen, who provided these rare labels from his collection, "is the Hope diamond of agro-lithography." From the late 1870s until cardboard boxes and modern shipping techniques overtook the crate and label business in the mid-1950s, tens of thousands of designs and millions of copies of lithographs were produced rapidly and discarded after one use. One of only three remaining copies, Eva of the perfect pear (left) is worth about \$300, but Jacobsen isn't selling—he's preserving as many of the labels as possible and will eventually donate them to a museum. The Arizona Maid (below) delivered a feminine icon circa 1953, domesticated and delicious. It's enough to make you a vegetarian.





*"Damn contemporary, bullshit architecture!"*





don't be fooled by the lipstick—  
this girl group moves  
to a chic new beat

Slam-glam, thank you, ma'am: In 1992 Lynn Pompey, Julie Park, Lezlie Deane and Michelle Crispin (left to right on their Critique Records album, opposite) formed L.A.'s hottest "lipstick lesbian" band. With Jennifer Wolf (at left in photo to right), they scorched dance clubs with the Fem 2 Fem sound—sexual politics with a driving beat.



# FEM 2 FEM

WELCOME TO the dance club underground, where tonight's undercurrent features five women sweating and caressing to a Euro-cyber-hip-hop backbeat. Welcome to the all-out feminist fire of Fem 2 Fem, Los Angeles rockers who wear their sexual preferences on their handcuffed sleeves. No, it's not the sweet sort of gay femininity that k.d. lang sings about. This is "lipstick lesbian" chic with soft-sell sex and a hard-core message. In the controversial video for their hit song *Switch*, these women chant "It's erotic, it's taboo, switch to the beat that's right for you." The message is clear: Lesbian rock is out of the closet. So deal with it.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY





"Straight people are finally starting to accept us," says Lynn Pompey. When she admitted her homosexuality in 1990, "it was scary. But it felt great. It finally freed me to be myself. That is what *Fem 2* is all about—people expressing their freedom." Says Julie Park, "I had my first sexual experience with a woman when I was 18, and I jumped on it. But I don't care about people's sexual organs. I care about their hearts. With *Fem 2*, we're saying that it's OK to be a lesbian who looks feminine—to be who you are." Bandmates Leslie Deane and Michelle Crispin are, in fact, straight. Leslie is an actress (she killed Freddy Krueger in *Nightmare on Elm Street 6: Freddy's Dream*). Michelle used to be a truck driver in Los Angeles. "I think everyone should be for gay rights," says Lynn calmly, as Leslie photographs a male fan's butt.



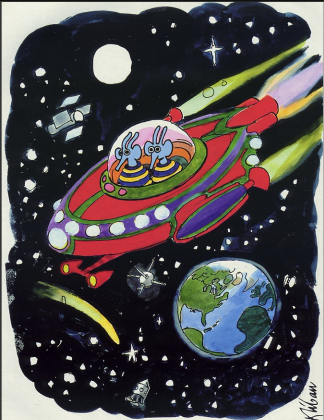




Fern 2 Fern's *Suñete* video comes in three flavors: clean, dirty and filthy. Right now, even the clean version is too hot for MTV. The filthy cut would make Madonna blush, but Julie (cuddling Lynn below) says she doesn't know what the fuss is all about. "You would think that we were fucking each other, but all that happens is that Lynn leans over me and milk spills out of her mouth into mine. Is that dirty? I guess people will judge for themselves." And that's the whole idea. Fern 2 Fern distills in order to promote equal-op erotica. "That's why we wanted to be in *PLAYBOY*," says Lynn. "We don't want men to see us and think, Oh, what a waste. We want people to see us and get the message—gay rights can be glamorous." Julie, whose floral dresses and combat boots define the band's style, says, "We're all about surprise. We don't shove our sexuality in anyone's face, but we don't hide it, either."







*"It's a pretty good solar system. None of them have ever escaped from it."*

*By Wilbur*



*"This is very popular with the environmental crowd."*

# Northwestern Exposure



seattle's  
arlene baxter  
has nothing to hide

**A**T FIRST, I WASN'T SURE about posing nude. It's a pretty personal move," says Miss December. As a jet-setting professional model, Arlene Baxter—just "Baxter" to friends, though her dad calls her *Motermouth*—has been personal with cameras all over the world, draping her 5'11" frame in next to nothing for swimsuit and lingerie ads. That's what makes "the Baxter bod" renowned in modeling circles from Tokyo to Milan to Paris. But this *Playmate* pictorial was something new. Even Baxter hesitated before making her move. "I finally decided that if people wanted to see my body, they could just check it out. When I dropped my robe, it was like saying, 'Here it is. Take a look, enjoy it.'"

Her life has been a nonstop sprint toward the pleasures of what's next. The daughter of a Marine jet pilot, Baxter grew up as "a southern California brae" in Mission Viejo. "So my parents decided to humble me. They bought a 40-acre farm outside Seattle and pretty soon I was milking a goat, crying." She adapted quickly enough to be voted "Friendliest Girl" at Maywood Junior High in Renton, Washington, where classmates called her Birdlegs. Soon, posing nude before a mirror. "I started liking my body for the first time. I was getting a little buzz, a little bit of breast." A few local modeling jobs led

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG AND STEPHEN WAYDA





to a career that found Birdlegs earning up to \$8000 a day. She lived in Japan, Germany, France and Italy, where a towering blonde is sure to get pinched. "Over there, it's like every man is a construction worker. It's 'Oo-la-la' and 'Come on, ba-bee' and a lot of touching. I kicked a few guys." She didn't kick about one Continental phenomenon: "Europeans aren't puritans. If you're nude at the beach on the Côte d'Azur, nobody's yelling, 'Look at that, you can see her breasts and her downtown!'"

Now Baxter's back in Seattle, pleasing cameras up and down the West Coast. She keeps warm in a cozy apartment with views of Elliott Bay and the Olympic Mountains. The place is full of candles. The fireplace crackles constantly. There are no mirrors or satin sheets in the bedroom, just "a comfortable bed," most notable for "the interesting things you can do in it." Since van lines are verboten in

After nine years as a model, Arlene is ready to try acting. She scorns the Method school. "Those classes are a waste of money. It's impossible to be spiritually of one with a teacup," she says, shattering Stanislavsky with one sip. "Acting isn't brain surgery. If your eyes are dead, the camera sees it. If you're sensual, that boils up from your heart into your eyes."









Since she grew from *Birdlegs* Baxter into a 5'11" frame more shapely than a swan's, Arlene has preferred men of similar dimensions. "There's a different feeling when you're speering with a big man, a better fit. But a guy's heart, his sense of humor and his respect for my independence are more important than his size," she says. "As a model, I know how it feels to be judged on your looks, so I'd never reject a guy who didn't look like a male model. Now that I'm a grown-up girl, I know there's a lot more to life than most's the eye."





her business, she sunbathes nude on the terrace, occasionally apologizing to her scandalized neighbors: "Oh, I'm sorry. I'll cover up if you want."

After years in the limelight, she's a little cynical about glossy images—even the ones you see here. "Posing nude was wonderful. I'm a sensual girl and that's going to emanate from these pages," she says. "Just don't forget that this is fantasy. Honey, when we're making love I won't be wearing the things you see here. I might live on an old T-shirt. Let's hope that's off in five minutes. We'll see what happens then."—ALVIN MARINO





MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



*Alexis Buxton*



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Alan Baxter  
 BUST: 34c WAIST: 26 HIPS: 36  
 HEIGHT: 5'11" WEIGHT: 130 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 11-27-62 BIRTHPLACE: Oceanside, California

AMBITIONS: Move toward a film and television career. To start my own family.

TURNONS: Meeting new people. Traveling to new places. Stargazing, Rocky, Road to China, Margaritas.

TURNOFFS: Vulgarity. Sluggo. Bad service in hotels and restaurants. And Drugs underestimated.

BEST DECISION: Moving back to the West Coast after nine long years in NYC.

SELF-IMAGE: Smart, outgoing, strong and happy. A lover of life.

IDEAL MATE: Independent, funny, highly motivated. His really a lot like me.

MY PHILOSOPHY: Get it Done! Success waits for no one.



What a stylish hat!



The Baxter Family



The graduate '81

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The furniture salesman cornered the couple on the showroom floor and was giving them a pitch about the living-room set they'd been looking at. "And one more thing," he said. "You put down only a \$20 deposit, then you don't pay another cent for six months."

"Let's get out of here, Judy," the husband said. "This guy's on to us."

The word at the Department of the Interior is that they're considering adding two more faces to Mount Rushmore—Bill Clinton's.



After the young woman introduced her Hans Krishna fiancé to her father, he asked to be alone with the young man. "What sort of work do you do?" the father asked.

"I don't have a job."

"Then how will you support my daughter?"

"Krishna will give us what we need."

"And where do you intend to live?"

"I don't have a place yet," the orange-robed fellow replied, "but Krishna will provide."

"And how will you care for your children when they come?"

"Oh, Krishna will provide."

The daughter came back into the room.

"What do you think, Dad?" she asked anxiously.

"Everything's just fine, honey," her father said. "He thinks I'm God."

Why are Australian dogs the world's fittest? Because the trees are so damn far apart.

"Good morning, Mr. Carson," the travel agent said. "It's nice to see you again. What can I do for you this time?"

"Frankly, I need your help," Carson said. "Remember two years ago, when you booked a trip to Rio and my wife got pregnant? And then last year, when you booked a tour of the Far East and, again, my wife got pregnant?"

"Yes, of course," the agent said. "But how can I be of help?"

"This year, suggest someone cheaper," Carson replied, "so I can bring her along."

How do you get a blonde to laugh on Saturday? Tell her a joke on Thursday.

The American pilot shot down a Messerschmitt but was so impressed with the German pilot's flying skills that he went to visit him in the field hospital. The fellow was in pretty bad shape, so the American asked if there was anything he could do for him.

"Ja, ja," the German said. "They amputated my leg, you see. On your next bombing run, could you drop it over the fatherland?"

"Sure, pal," the Yank replied.

A few days later, he returned to report that the mission had been carried out.

The German thanked him, then said, "They took the other leg. Would you mind dropping it over my homeland?"

The American again did as he was asked.

"Many thanks," the weakened German said when the American returned. "But, my friend, I have one final request. Last night they had to amputate my right arm."

"Now hold on one darn minute," the American interrupted. "Are you trying to escape?"

Why is a WASP woman like a prizefighter? She won't go into action until she sees a ring.

The woman seated herself in the psychiatrist's office. "What seems to be the trouble?" the doctor asked.

"Well, I, uh," she stammered. "I think I, uh, might be a nymphomaniac."

"I see," he said. "I can help you, but I must advise you that my fee is \$80 an hour."

"That's not bad," she replied. "How much for all night?"



Two aliens landed in the middle of Manhattan. After walking a few feet, they saw a fire hydrant. "What's the name of this city?" one asked the object before him. "Hey!" he said, giving it a kick. "I'm talking to you."

"Ah, leave it alone," the other said to his companion. "Can't you see it's just a kid?"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 600 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



*"And here's what 'Consumer Reports' has to say about the inflatable Madonna doll you idiots dreamed up."*



etiquette by **GLENN O'BRIEN**

**L**ets face it: In these economic times, we all need a competitive edge in the marketplace. Money is tight. Jobs are scarce. Many contractors are bidding for the same jobs. Today's sharpest entrepreneurs must pioneer new ways of ingratiating themselves, worming their way into the elite and flattering the powers that be. They study and master the ancient disciplines and traditions of sycophancy, spongering, truckling, bootlicking, groveling, back scratching, apple polishing, browbeating and sucking up. Forget the art of the deal. Today it's the art of the kneed.

When the going gets tough, the tough start fawning.

Ass kissing, alas, has probably lost many of the subtleties and extravagances practiced in the days of absolute monarchy, when it was often a matter of life and death. If John the Baptist had kissed a little tushy he never would have found his noggin being served sunny-side up. How do you think Marco Polo made it to China and back? By being rude and arrogant? Hardly. The man carried favor and flattered his way around the world.

Fortunately, we Americans have found many new and inventive ways of ass kissing particularly suited to modern times and democracy. In the Seventies film critic Rex Reed and Judith Crist discovered that by writing extremely laudatory reviews, they would find their names on theater marquee and in newspaper advertisements coast to coast. As a result they became national celebrities.

Don't think of ass kissing as personality degrading. It's not personal. That's the important thing to remember. When the Japanese bow, they may be thinking, "I will bury you, hairy barbarian." The bow is a cultural practice of obeisance with no personal meaning. And such forms of token courtesy and ritual politesse can provide an excellent cover for covert maneuvering. So can more overt forms of ass kissing, like hero worship and being a fan. Think of Anne Baxter as Eve Harrington, the understudy to Bette Davis' character in *All About Eve*, flattering, fawning, adoring and meanwhile studying the star until she moves in for the kill, taking over her career and her man.

You can pay court, curry favor and kowtow. You can laugh at the boss' bad jokes. You can pay insincere compliments with every ounce of earnestness you can muster. All you have to do is remember: It's only temporary. Someday they'll all be laughing at your bad jokes.

There is no substitute for hard work. But if you must work hard, if you must work late, get caught doing it. Be noticed. That's the number-one rule of ass kissing. If you do someone a favor, do it visibly. If you pay a compliment, pay it loudly. If you must grovel, grovel grandiloquently. Style is everything. When you pay a compliment, don't say it in a snarky way. Say it brightly and with vigor, as if you mean it:

"Good point, sir."

"I guess that's why you're the boss."

"Do you mind if I watch? I can't tell you how much I've learned from you."

Andy Warhol was the modern master of flattery. Publicly he liked everything. He believed that if you can't say anything nice, say something nice anyway. His favorite expression was "Gee, that's great." But in the same way that in certain Asian languages the same syllable can take on a vast array of meanings depending on intonation, Warhol was able to cram a spectrum of meaning into the words "that's great." He could say a "that's great" that meant "that sucks" to some people while retaining the literal "that's great" meaning to its subject. That's when ass kissing is an art. When, with cultivated ambiguity, you can flatter and insult at the same time. Why do you think they call it tongue-in-cheek?

Aren'to. Did you ever notice his name starts with the word arse? The man has elevated public ass kissing to a new level. And it works. He gets his guests to open up because they feel comfortable. When he asks an embarrassing question he does it apologetically. Oh! Did I say that? But it works. Smile. Touch them on the knee. Be their friend. Who's going to get more dirt? Mike Wallace or Barbara Walters? Case closed.

Yesterday's yuppie is today's toady. It's a dirty job, but somebody has to do it. And if you do it right you don't have to be ashamed. Ass kissing is an ancient and honorable tradition. It has been practiced by scholars, artists, movie stars, captains of industry and every president in the White House. Be obsequious and proud. Flattery will get you everywhere.

If you practice ass kissing assiduously, if you do it long and well, you will be rewarded. And you'll know you've begun to succeed when your own ass becomes the target of would-be moochers. And what do you do when your ass is kissed? Be smart. Be brave. Just turn the other cheek.

SUCKING  
UP

# CELEBRITY E-MAIL

*inventing goofy symbols from  
keyboard characters puts the  
punch in electronic mail.  
here's how some famous  
hackers might spice up their  
holiday greetings*

## Janet Reno

D.C. on-line message/  
Sec'y., Justice Dept./  
Mr. President:

My New Year's wish: Let me do my job,  
sans hassles from on high.  
No 2nd-guessing, even when we don't  
see I.2.1.

I know I'll back me up on this, because  
it's right to do,  
& because I'm bigger (& in polls, more  
popular) than U.

J. Reno >|8--8<

I.2.1. = eye-to-eye

>|8--8< = cry all women with bells

## Camille Paglia

Dear friend/fan/former lover:

Some >|8< cheer Christ's birth because  
R sins & thus absolved. But >-(8x cheer  
because there was no sex with a>|  
involved.

I say enough misanthropy!

We have free will, OK?

If Mary hadn't let God buy her a ♀

There'd B no Xmas Day

Camille Paglia >>>|8-8<

>|8< = women

>-(8x = feminist, legs crossed

a>| = male(s)

♀ = wife, cocktail, etc.

>>>|8-8< = Jewish women with bells

## Bob Dole

D.C. on-line message/  
Sen. Minority Leader/  
route Oval Office:

Gays & Natnrygt, higher tceel,

Voters getting surfs

God bless U, Bill! Because of U,

Santa came 2 my place early!

Dole <|

<| = contrary

## Jerry Seinfeld

Fan-e-mail friend:

What's with this nutzy holiday?

[Just kidding! Hey, I know

That Xmas has a meaning!

(In contrast to my >|>| show.)

Seinfeld >>|>

>|>| = 77

>>|> = comedian

## Colin Powell

From: C. Powell, ex-Chair Jt. Chiefs

To: S. Nunn, U.S. Senate

Code: Holiday greetings

Sam:

Thank 2 U, U.S. troops can sing,

from polar caps to infirmos:

"Don we no way gay apparel,

Nor have a 'Mary' Xmas."

Colin <-|>\*\*\*

<-|>\*\*\* = highly decorated soldier

## Sinbad O'Connor

Fellow foe of oppressive lounge:

Xmas a drag & >|>| ♯

But 1 thing hLps me bear it.

I swap all my gifts in +<|>| paper.

So recipients have to tear it! >|>|D

Sinbad <|>

<|> ♯ = athletic

+<|>| = Pyle's face

>|>|D = end give

<|> = baby

## Murray Perich

Rather:

Drop by my office 4 some holiday ♯♀♀

It'd be such fun, so honny,

2 get good & drunk %&S

With the other schmuck >|X<

Who's been outstaged by Connie. >|

Perich >|>

♀♀♀ = drinks, huge

%&S = blind drunk

>|X< = dickhead

>| = charming idiot

>|> = unassociated male

## Dan Rostenkowski

Transmit to all names in Rostenkowski

contributors file

Valued friend & supporter:

Excuse this e-mail holiday greeting.

Would prefer to send personal written

message, but am avoiding anything

that has to do with stamps. Warmest

wishes you and yrs.

Rosy >|>

>|> = lips sealed; asking the FBI

disavowment

## Tom Brokaw

NBC on-line memo to

S. Phillips, J. Pauley, *Dateline* staff

To my favorite TV journalists:

Have a perfect Xmas day.

Hope Santa brings U all good things.

(Just don't blow up his sleigh.)

Brokaw >|>|

>|>| = devilish amusement

## George Steinbrenner

To everybody in the sports media who  
wanted me out of baseball forever:

In 1994 may all

Your wishes come to pass.

And when we win the >|>

May you kiss my rosy (♀)!

George S.

>|> = present

(♀) = ass

## Charles Barkley

Dear friend & Barkley fan club member:

I've been a real bad boy >|>> the

whole year long.

Guess I'm not on the <|>|> list.

But I'm rich, not -, & don't make him,

so <|>|> "ho ho" this: do

St. Charles <|>|>21

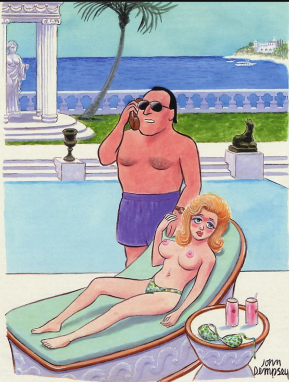
>|>> = wicked glur

<|>|> = Santa Claus

- = negative

>|>> = male genitalia

<|>|>21 = he drives, he scores!

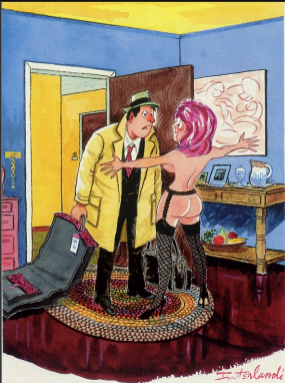


*"I have a friend who's longing for the winter holidays. Get a snowmaking machine down here immediately."*





*"No kidding—you're really a yeti?"*



*"Has your body no respect for jet lag?"*

A full-page photograph of Anna Nicole Smith. She is wearing a red lace bra and matching red lace underwear with a thin red waistband. She is leaning against a light-colored wooden wall, with her right arm raised and her left hand resting on her hip. She has blonde, wavy hair and is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile.

# SEX STARS 1993

**ANNA NICOLE SMITH**  
rumor's pick

## IT WAS A ROUSING YEAR FOR MODELS AND MISCHIEF



**JANET JACKSON**  
Cover girl



**MADONNA**  
Mint condition

**text by JIM HARWOOD** Funny thing about the Sex Stars of 1993: Most of them are female. Sure, the guys—**Tom Cruise**, **Harrison Ford**, **Clint Eastwood**—bring in the big box-office numbers, but they largely limit themselves to action outside the boudoir, leaving it to the femmes to send our hormones raging. A few years back, the actresses we heard about were mostly cool customers—*pre-fidel* Attractions **Glenn Close**, **Meryl Streep** and the like. This year **Madonna**, **Sharon Stone** and **Janet Jackson**, Sex Stars extraordinaire, monopolized the airwaves and magazine covers and, in brazen defiance of those old rules about women's earning power being lower than men's, raked in the big bucks as well. Janet's *Rolling Stone* cover certainly emphasized her sexual image. At first glance, she *(text concluded on page 182)*

### ON THE MONEY:

Now cashing in are **Anna Nicole Smith**, *Playmate of the Year*, actress and Guess model; **Janet Jackson**, singer, *Rolling Stone* cover girl and star of *Poetic Justice*; and **Madonna**, with a megadollar deal.





**BARBI TWINS**  
Daja views



**PAMELA ANDERSON**  
Surfer's up



**DIAN PARKINSON**  
Priceless treasure



**DARYL HANNAH**  
A JFK landing



**SHARON STONE**  
Cash drawer



**RHONDA SHEAR**  
Night watcher



**FABIO**  
Cover boy

**WHITE HEAT:** In Sex Star land, blondes still have more fun. Take the Barbi twins, with their calendars and music appearances. Playmate Pamela Anderson has quit Home Improvement to devote more time to Baywatch; Dian Parkinson has left her Price Is Right gig and made a Playboy Celebrity Centerfold video; Daryl Hannah will say "I do" to America's crown prince, John F. Kennedy, Jr.; sizzling Sharon Stone is up to seven-figure salaries per film; Rhonda Shear hosts cable's Up All Night show; and Fabio is the hunk on an estimated 55 million romance-novel covers.



**ERIKA ELENAK**  
Hot hillbilly



**DREW BARRYMORE**  
Great games in jeans



**CINDY CRAWFORD**  
Gere's dear

**HOLLYWOOD CALLING:** We know she had the makings of a star: Miss July 1989, Erika Eleniak, moved on from television's *Baywatch* to a major role in the movie *Under Siege*. Now she's featured on the big screen again, as Ely May in *The Beverly Hillsbillies*.

**KATE MOSS**  
Cal's gal



**MODEL MANIA:** Drew Barrymore, from America's first acting dynasty, makes movies and Gucci ads; Cindy Crawford tends to hubby Richard Gere and her career; Kate Moss stars in Calvin Klein ads, while Naomi Campbell plans to wed U2's Adam Clayton. Incredibly, despite her Sports Illustrated fame, Elle Macpherson says she "always had a problem with bathing suits."



**ELLE MACPHERSON**  
Beauty on the beach



**NAOMI CAMPBELL**  
Adam's intended



**HEIDI FLEISS**  
Call her madam



**BILLY IDOL**  
No pay for play

**TROUBLEMAKERS:** Hollywood trembled this summer as alleged madam-to-the-stars Heidi Fleiss hinted she might tell all. Her pal Billy Idol stressed that he, for one, never paid for sex. If half the rumors are true, Italian model Carla Bruni has been busy: She has reportedly come between Donald Trump and Marla Maples, Mick Jagger and Jerry Hall and Monaco's Prince Albert and model Claudia Schiffer. Trouble, if not money, sticks to Shannen (Beverly Hills 90210) Doherty, whose name keeps showing up in reports of bar brawls and overdrafts. And onetime church secretary Jessica Hahn, whose revelations toppled televangelist Jim Bakker, stars in a top-selling (number two on Billboard's charts) Playboy video.



**CARLA BRUNI**  
Middlewoman



**SHANNEN DOHERTY**  
Battle ready



JESSICA HAHN  
Video revcom

looked like one of those many-limbed Indian goddesses, but the extra pair of hands—strategically covering her shapely breasts—turned out to belong to her longtime boyfriend, Rene Elizondo, who helped the hype along by telling interviewer David Ritz that Jackson's new album, *Joust*, "is so hot it should have come with a condom."

Madonna, the planet's greatest practitioner of hype, is laughing en route to the bank at critics and messengers who shunned her steamy performance in *Body of Evidence*; it soared up the chart when released on video.

As for Stone, she's now at the top of Hollywood's "most wanted" list. "I earned this," she insisted to *Hasty Air*. "I didn't come out here and say I was the greatest actress in the world right out of the chute. When I got here I was 21 and looked 18 and had this voice and this attitude. The best slot people felt that they could put me in was the bimbo slot."

Ah, yes, the bimbo slot—the ultimate obscenity. Male or female, our Sex Stars will tolerate almost anything except that sobriquet. Happily, they're now given time to establish themselves, often not getting their first big break until they're past 30. Stone is 35, Melanie Griffith, 36, Michelle Pfeiffer, 36, Madonna, 35, Geena Davis, 36, Emma Thompson, 34—the list goes on until such sweet young things as 26-year-old Julia Roberts are almost the exception.

Annoyingly, the men go on forever. At the age of 63, Eastwood knocked out another action hit, *In the Line of Fire*, on the heels of last year's *Unforgiven*, while Sean Connery, also 63, gets sexier as he grows older, according to the polls. (One group voted him the sexiest man alive, preempting Connery to wonder how many dead people are sexy.)

What, besides age, makes a fellow a Sex Star these days? Maybe bad hair. That's the message most of us got when lovely Julia Roberts clipped with country singer Lyle Lovett—our vote for Most Improbable Sex Star of the Century. No surprise, though, was the news that John F. Kennedy, Jr. and Nancy Hannah, after traipsing through tabloids and tropics, would wed—even though he'd claimed as recently as early August that they were "just friends."

Hair was, as a matter of fact, apparent in the thoughts of our Sex Stars of 1995. Stone informed us, via that *Hasty Air* story, that indie girls draw public hair on their Barbie dolls. And we still don't quite understand supermodel Cindy Crawford's explanation of bikini waxing in *Playboy* this past April.

Debating the follies of follicles ranked second, however, to the gossip about Hollywood marriages on the

rocks. (More bulletins are expected if and when the little black book of alleged madam-to-the-stars Heidi Fleiss is opened to the public.)

Biggest surprise this year was the collapse of the **Burt Reynolds-Loni Anderson** union, with Burt reportedly drowning his sorrows in the arms of Tampa Bay bar manager **Pam Seal**. **Mr. and Mrs. Ted Danson** and **Mr. and Mrs. Bill MacDonald** also called it quits, the misses blaming **Whoopi Goldberg** and **Sharon Stone**, respectively, for the breakups. But **La Toya Jackson** has been standing by her man, husband and manager **Jack Gordon**, even though he allegedly beat her with a chair.

**Jack Nicholson** and ladylove **Rebecca Broussard**, mother of his son and daughter, have been off and on, romantically speaking, but Eastwood and his main squeeze, **Frances Fisher**, are happy parents of a baby girl. Daughters are definitely in: Cruise and **Nicole Kidman** adopted one (after canceling an earlier attempt when details leaked out), as did single mom **Michelle Pfeiffer**, who says she wants to be a full-time parent, at least for the time being. Even **Arnold Schwarzenegger** brags about sharing diapering and other child-care chores for his and **Maria Shriver's** growing brood.

Not all the newsmakers among this year's Sex Stars are likely to become parents. Included are such gender-benders as former hairdresser's helper **Jaye Davidson**, who was nominated for a Best Supporting Actor Oscar for playing a would-be woman in *The Cryin' Game*; writer-comic **Sandra Bernhard**, who has come out of the closet onstage so often that the hinges are coming loose; and the latest media darling, drag queen **RaPaül**. And after jumping out of country to the top of the pop charts, **K.d. lang** surprised many of her redneck fans by being an outspoken lesbian of the fan kind. She told *Hasty Air's* Leslie Bernstein, "Like a lot of women, I have a little bit of penis envy. Yeah, they're ridiculous, but they're cool."

**Tim Turner** expressed disdain for certain parts of the male anatomy, at least for the one that hangs from ex-husband Ike. "I really didn't like Ike's body. I don't give a damn how big his member was. I think that must have been very attractive to a lot of white women. He really was blessed, I must say, in that area."

However well-endowed the male Sex Stars may be, we're not seeing much of their endowment in the movies. **Mimi Rogers**, talking to *Playboy* in March, had some naked truths to reveal on this subject: "Let's face it. Unless the actor's showing his dick, nobody really cares.

Male nudity? What, we see his butt? And in a sexual context, it's really silly to see a dick on-screen because the dick is never doing the right thing. It's limp."

There are those (notably *Esquire's* new publisher, **Alan Stiles**) who believe today's Sex Stars are to be found on fashion-show runways and in glossy magazine ads. "Models," Stiles proclaimed in the magazine's July issue, "have obtained both the celebrity aura and the tables in restaurants once reserved for famous actresses."

Sounds as if Stiles has been snubbed by a headhunter, but he's right about the models. They're hot. For a while, with the ascendance of slender **Kate Moss** and **Kristen McMenamy** (of the mercurial eyebrows), the fashion world seemed headed back to the scrawny era of **Twiggy**. Thank the good Lord for **Anna Nicole Smith**, *Playboy's* very own and very voluptuous *Playmate* of the Year, who fit spectacularly into the Guess jeans she represents. So spectacularly, in fact, that she was mobbed by an estimated 1990 Chinese admirers chanting "Anna, Anna, Anna" at an August autograph-signing session in Hong Kong. She was rescued by Hong Kong cops and a contingent of U.S. Marines. This being the Nineties, though, the leathernecks weren't dispatched to distant climes by a worried president. They just happened to be in the shopping mall at the time.

"It was crazy," Anna said afterward. But she does understand her appeal to the opposite sex: "Who wants to hug a skeleton?" Smith asked *USA Today's* Tom Green shortly after winning the *Playmate* title and completing shooting as **Tim Robbins's** girlfriend in *The Addict*. **Lucky Tim**: All this and **Susan Sarandon**, too.

Among male models, the acknowledged monarch is **Fabio**, described by *People* as "an Italian superhunk." The guy who graces the covers of millions of romance novels, Fabio is becoming a one-name conglomerate with a fast-selling calendar, a record, a fan club, a line of health products and a 900 number as well as a role in the syndicated TV series *Aspavale H.E.A.T.*

Fabio tells his admirers they can build their own self-esteem by following his tripartite program of mind power, body power and humility. Well, whatever works—half of Hollywood seems to be involved in one or another kind of 12-step program. Small wonder they're the rage among Sex Stars, who even more than the rest of us are aware of the limits of shelf life: Hot stuff today is old news tomorrow. Stay tuned for the Sex Stars of 1994.



*"Go upstairs? No, thank you, wadwan. The market was down 75 points today and this is all the relaxation I can afford."*





**Belly Laughing**

Tanya Donnelly says the name of her new group **BELLY** is her "favorite word, soft, warm and female, like the music." Get the LP *Star*, listen to the single *Feed the Zoo* or catch them on a club tour. *Belly's up.*



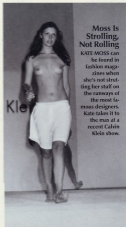
**He Feels Good**

The Godfather of Soul has not slowed down at all. **JAMES BROWN** has a new men's fragrance, *Zoo*, and he's on the road showing another generation what the hardest-working man in showbiz does.



**Sharna's Dangerous Curves**

Model and beauty-pagant contestant **SHARNA RINER** is hot stuff. She graced the Texas Bikini Team calendar and was a finalist in the Hawaiian Tropic contest. *Sharna wins, hands up.*



**Moss Is Strolling, Not Rolling**

**KATE MOSS** can be found in fashion magazines when she's not strutting her stuff on the runways of the most famous designers. Kate takes it to the max at a recent Calvin Klein show.



### Julia Holds Forth

If you saw *The Firm*, you caught aspiring actress JULIA HAYES in a lurid scene, or if you get *Playboy TV* on cable, you saw her in Becky LeBar's *Soft-bodied* video. Julia has also been a cover girl for *Easy Rider* magazine. Now she's barging out with us.



### Prime Time Diane

ABC news correspondent DIANE SAWYER, co-host of *Prime Time Live*, steps away from her more serious side when she wears this shirt in public. We always suspected there was a flit hiding out behind Sam Donaldson. Now we have proof.



### Dutch Treat

NICOLETTE JANSSEN moved from Holland to Hollywood after starring in a German film and TV commercials. She is a Dutch *Playboy Playmate* and is now getting along swimmingly in the U.S.

# NEXT MONTH: SPECIAL 40TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



ROCK TRACK



WHAT'S UP?



BECKY JOJO



SEARCH SPECTACULAR

**UNTERSEEBOOT DOKTOR**—SIGMUND FREUD TOLD US ABOUT PERISCOPE—OR WAS IT CIGARET SCIENCE FICTION FROM THE DEEP BY **RAY DRACBURY**

**GOLF-BALL-SIZE HAIL**—ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN—AND DOES—WHEN WIKIE NEWTON (NOT THAT ONE) AND TALLULAH HIT THE TOWN—FICTION BY **STANLEY ELKIN**

**MY LITTLE ROCK**—THIS GURKY SHANDRI-LA IN THE HEART OF ARKANSAS SPAWNED A PRESIDENT—AND THEN SUFFERED A POTDMAC SUICIDE. **BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN** SNIFTS THE PINDY AIR OF AMERICA'S AMBIGUOUS FIRST CITY

**POKER**—GAMING PEARLS OF WISDOM, OR WHETHER TO BLUFF THROUGH LIFE. FROM AMERICA'S PULITZER PRIZE-WINNING CARD-SHARK **DAVID MAMET**

**SO WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH THE MILLENNIUM?**—THE FRENZY IS REACHING FULL THROTTLE AS WE APPROACH THE YEAR 2000. BRACE YOURSELF FOR WHAT'S SHAPING UP TO BE A CRAZY RIDE—BY **GARRY WILLS**

**REGIEM FOR THE COLD WAR**—THE END OF A STAND-OFF CONJURES MEMORIES OF THE EPIC BATTLE AT VIETNAM'S IA DRANG VALLEY—BY **DAVID HALBERSTAM**

**THE BIRTH OF PLAYBOY**—IN THE FIRST PUBLISHED EXCERPT FROM HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY, OUR EDITOR-IN-CHIEF RECOUNTS HOW HE LAUNCHED AN EMPIRE FROM HIS LIVING ROOM—BY **HUGH M. HEMER**

**WHAT I KNOW ABOUT WOMEN**—KEEN OBSERVATIONS ON THE GENTLER SEX FROM KINDLY CONSERVATIVE **WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.**

**HILLARY**—NO FIRST LADY HAS SEIZED CONTROL WITH SUCH ZEAL. BUT ONE YEAR INTO HER REIGN THE MYSTERY REMAINS ITS GRIP—DOES HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON CRACK THE WHITE HOUSE WHIP?—PROFILE BY **SHANA ALEXANDER**

**SHAQUILLE O'NEAL**—THE NEWEST NBA WONDER TALKS ABOUT FAME, FAMILY AND HIS RAZZLE DAZZLE SHAQ ATTACK IN A HOME COURT 20 QUESTIONS—BY **RICH LAUGH**

**PLUS: THE 40TH ANNIVERSARY PLAYMATE**—CHOSEN FROM THOUSANDS OF HOPEFULS, PLAYBOY LEGENDS, FOUR DECADES OF THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN, JAZZ AND ROCK HISTORY, A **DAVID LETTERMAN** INTERVIEW, AND A **VARGAS** SALUTE BY **JOHN UPSHKE**. DON'T MISS THIS COLLECTOR'S ISSUE!