

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1998 • \$5.95

GALA
CHRISTMAS
ISSUE

Gold Medal
Ice Skater
**KATARINA
WITT NUDE**

**INSIDE
THE PLAYBOY
MANSION**

The tour
(and the photos)
you've always
wanted

Anyone else
like you at
home? Yes!

**INCREDIBLE
TRIPLET
PLAYMATES**

**INTERVIEW
DAVID
DUCHOVNY**

**20Q
GORE VIDAL**

**NEW STORIES BY
JOYCE CAROL OATES
AND ETHAN COEN**

**SUPER WORKOUT
ADVICE FROM MICHAEL
JORDAN'S TRAINER**

**PLUS: PHIL HARTMAN'S GUIDE
TO OFFICE PARTIES PLAYBOY'S
TEN BEST DRESSED LIST ALL
NEW LITTLE ANNIE FANNY
"CHASING AMY" FILMMAKER
KEVIN SMITH WHAT IS
WRONG WITH THE WEATHER?
SEX STARS OF '98 AND
THE SCENE YOU MISSED IN
THE COMPANY OF MEN**



STARR-CROSSED LOVERS

a \$40 million dime novel

LIKE FOUNDING FATHER, LIKE SON

"I sent for the wench to clean my room, and when I came in I kissed her and felt her, for which God forgive me."—*The Secret Diary of William Byrd of Westover, 1709–1712*

FOUNDING FATHER, TAKE TWO

Even the Puritans were more forgiving than the prissy Kenneth Starr. Samuel Terry was as given to showing his penis in inappropriate places as was President Clinton. In 1650, according to John D'Emilio and Estelle Freedman's *Intimate Matters: A History of Sexuality in America*,

Terry stood outside the meetinghouse in Springfield, Massachusetts "chafing his yard to provoak lust." Masturbating during a Sunday sermon earned him several lashes on the back. Records show that Terry also paid fines for sexual misconduct ("his bride of five months gave birth to their first child, clear evidence that the pair had indulged in premarital intercourse") and for performing in an "immodest and beastly" play.

Then, the fine for sexual misconduct was £4. (Today, the legal bill alone can run into the millions.) "Despite this history of sexual offenses," write D'Emilio and Freedman, "a sinner like Samuel Terry could command respect among his peers. Terry not only served as a town constable, but the court also entrusted him with the custody of another man's infant son. In short, as long as he accepted punishment for his transgressions, Samuel Terry remained a citizen in good standing."

Of course, if we had a yard to chafe, we'd run for president.

MAY WE HAVE THE ENVELOPE?

Yeah, yeah. We noted the irony. Congress voted to keep smut off the Internet but then voted to release the Starr report online. And we know the numbers: 445 pages, 119,059 words, 92

mentions of oral sex, 62 references to breasts, 39 appearances of the word genitalia, 29 citations of phone sex and 19 of semen. Judge Starr is a man titillated by words such as bra, unzipped and cigar (27 references alone). We can picture him running a mouse over his



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naked body. Any day we expect to see a letter that asks, "How do I clean semen from my keyboard?"

This was supposed to be government porn; a salacious document you could masturbate to. It wasn't. The Meese Commission report wins hands down. And up. And down.

SLICK WILLIE?

The Starr report presents an almost touching picture of Clinton. He is pure Southern Baptist, struggling with temptation and failing. That it took some ten encounters before there was even brief genital-to-genital contact suggests not a lothario but a bumbling Boy Scout. He was courteous ("May I kiss you?") and cautious ("This could be a problem"). Who would have guessed?

CHOOSE THE MOVIE

Which film most accurately describes the Starr report?

(a) *Fatal Attraction*, in which a psychotic career woman tries to turn a sexual encounter into a relationship and

ends up going after Michael Douglas, his wife and the family rabbit with a butcher knife.

(b) *Clerks*, in which a bunch of slackers argue over whether blow jobs count as real sex.

(c) *The English Patient*, in which two lovers have reckless sex in a room some 20 feet from an unsuspecting spouse.

Correct answer: (c) If you recall, the hero ends up in the burn unit. The Starr report's sole purpose is to turn Clinton into toast.

NOW WE BELIEVE HE DIDN'T INHALE

And she didn't swallow. Monica performed oral sex seven times before Clinton allowed himself to come. When he did, he felt sick. He came one more time. She came twice.

This is the best the leader of the free world can do?

PHRASE MOST LIKELY TO ENTER THE VOCABULARY

An aide to the president thought Monica was getting a lot of "face time."

AD CAMPAIGNS WE EXPECT

The Gap will do something about that little blue number. The laundering instructions will be changed from DRY CLEAN ONLY TO DRY CLEAN EARLY AND



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OFTEN. Radio Shack will recruit Linda Tripp as a spokesperson for room-bugging devices: "For \$29.95, you too can bring down the government!"

PRESIDENTIAL SEX TRICKS

Parson Starr dwells loathingly on Monica's story that the president

flavored a cigar with her vaginal juices, as though "sex with objects" were an un-American activity. Any reader of Anaïs Nin knows the story of the artist who would place a warm pipe against his lover's cunt so that it seemed "as if it had been dipped in peach juice."

Starr spent more than \$40 million to instruct America in the sexual uses of Altoids breath mints. Oddly, in the same month the report came out, *The Playboy Advisor* ran an item on using Altoids to improve oral sex (calling them overrated but worth the experiment). Years ago, we described a sex trick called the Pepsodent blow job (in which the giver puts a dab of mint-flavored toothpaste in her mouth). Shortly thereafter, we heard a rumor that a candidate for federal office was having an affair with a woman who would give him Pepsodent blow jobs in the backseats of limousines. We never pursued this—after all, a politician's private life was his own.

HEF ON THE PLAYBOY PRESIDENT

"Clinton is no JFK. Monica is no Marilyn Monroe. Sex is part of the fabric of life. The great presidents of the century—from Roosevelt to Kennedy—had mistresses. Do we really want to make marital fidelity a test for public office? We elected Clinton to be President, not Pope."

HOW MANY SEXUAL ENCOUNTERS CAN DANCE ON THE HEAD OF A PENIS?

The Starr report maintains that Clinton lied in his Paula Jones deposition when he denied having "a sexual affair" or "a sexual relationship" or "sexual relations." Any recent survey shows that most people have had far more sexual partners than they have had "affairs" or "relationships." A one-night stand is not a relationship. Hugh Grant's fling with Divine Brown wasn't an affair.

Clinton defined real sex like this: It's not real if you are fully clothed. It's not real if you aren't performing intercourse. It's not real if you don't come. Real sex is naked intercourse.

That definition is as old as America. Thanks to Puritan lawmakers, the only form of legal sex for centuries was intercourse for the purpose of procreation in a relationship sanctioned by church and state. Anything else was criminal, with such tasty names as that "abominable, detestable crime against

nature" or "the crime unfit to be named." Starr would have us believe Clinton obstructed justice, committed perjury and split hairs. Imagine a defense that went, "We weren't having sex, we were committing a crime against nature." Sodomy is not grounds for impeachment.

WORD LEAST LIKELY TO CROSS OVER TO THE MAINSTREAM

The Starr report accuses the president and his team of lawyers of "parsing." How many of you looked up the word? On the other hand, "touching with intent" may become a trend crime of its own. Whatever it is, Clinton did it well enough to win the approval of most Americans who watched the four-hour videotape.



A NEW PROTOCOL

We learned that Monica and Bill tussled and kept Yasir Arafat waiting! Hey, maybe that's perfectly proper in the grand order of things. That twit should be kept waiting. Let the State Department issue new orders: a mandatory blow job before receiving any foreign head. Full-body massage and masturbation to climax before dealing with the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

THE PHONE THING

Be honest now. How many of you have had oral sex performed on you while talking to someone on the phone? How many of you went out and tried it after reading the Starr report? Did any of the congressmen tagged by Starr as the victims of Clinton's office sex really deserve the president's undivided attention?

CHOOSE YOUR WEAPON

If someone had demanded that a founding father "list any women other than your wife with whom you have

had, proposed having or sought to have sexual relations," he would have been slapped in the face, asked to name a second and then been impaled on a rapier at dawn.

What happened to the code of honor, where a gentleman doesn't discuss his or another man's lovers?

OBSTRUCTION OF INJUSTICE

Paula Jones never had a case. Even if the events she described truly happened, they did not constitute sexual harassment. A single unwanted sexual overture is not sexual harassment. Millions of Americans desire people who don't desire them back. This is called unrequited love and it is the stuff of country-and-western songs. When Paula Jones tried to turn a Clinton come-on into money and a better job in California, that was sexual harassment—a quid pro quo form of sexual extortion.

All of this started because of the theory that harassers follow patterns. This theory gave lawyers the right of discovery, the right to conduct a wild-goose chase through Clinton's Rolodex. Clinton, to his credit, resisted the attempt to "criminalize his private life." As should every American. Consensual sex is not evidence of wrongdoing. Discretion is not obstruction of justice.

ON THE OTHER HAND

Can you say "discretion"? Monica Lewinsky told 11 people about the affair, including a therapist who had a best-seller in the Eighties called *Nice Girls Do*.

The Starr report presents a perfect case of sexual harassment. After putting on her presidential kneepads, Monica besieged Clinton with calls, notes and threatening letters, demanding a better job.

Clinton tried to get her a job outside Washington, not to evade Ken Starr or Paula Jones' lawyers but simply to get her to shut up. Katie Roiphe, writing in *The New York Times*, spotted this reverse exploitation: "There should be a term connoting the opposite of sexual harassment: When a person of less power uses her sexual attractiveness or personal relationship with a person of greater power to get ahead."

Gee, a modern woman who sucks her way to the top—don't we have a word for her? —JAMES R. PETERSEN

Luann

playboy makes
the funny papers

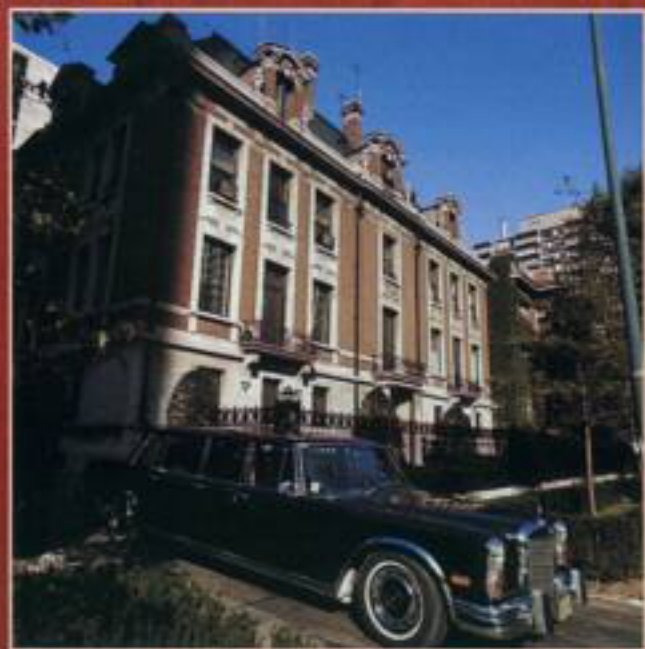
**CARTOONIST'S
NOTEBOOK**





Dedwin

*"I really enjoyed the dinner. Now is there any way
I can thank you ladies?"*



INSIDE THE PLAYBOY MANSION

an appreciation of the world's most exclusive resort



By BILL ZEHME

And so one man created two houses and all men would forever want to go to these houses, to be inside. Last time I was inside, at the second house, desperate men outside were trying to climb the towering walls to get in. It was a Party night, so they could not be blamed—prosecuted perhaps, but never blamed. I remember nights in Chicago when I stood outside of the first house, staring, imagining, wanting in so bad. I stood outside the iron gates, a dream-drunk college dope, and thought of something the man who lived in that house would often recall: “I remember, in the days prior to the magazine,” he had liked to confess, “walking the streets of Chicago late at night, looking at the lights in the high-



Si Non Oscillas
Noli Continere

risers and very much wanting to be a part of ‘the good life’ I thought the people in those buildings must be leading.” This was consolation, of course, small but reassuring enough. I thought: *Even he understands! This exquisite torment—he knows!* Then again, that which was once considered urban good life had, in this very home, under the roof and the sway of this man called Hefner, become Good Life supernova. More than that even. I think of the phrase coined by one beloved habitué of both houses, the eminent historian Max Lerner, who would survey life on the premises, east and west, and duly exult: “*Pretty goddamned fucking marvelous!*” Well, yes, but understatement still.

Oh, to be at Hef’s! This is all any grown boy, sound of mind and libido, (text continued on page 204)

COMEDIAN
DICK GREGORY

on
**BEING WELCOMED TO
THE MANSION**

You have to go back to that era, the early Sixties, and realize how big Playboy was. Crowds would stand across the street just to watch people go into the Playboy Club. Now, 99.9 percent of the people at the Playboy Club didn't even know where the Mansion was, so to be able to leave the Club and go to the Mansion—as a black, I'd only witnessed this in movies when I was a child. I never realized that meat came that large. I was awed. And there was always plenty. There was no such thing as, you get there at four in the morning and the plates are almost empty. The people there were so nice; I guess they took on the atmosphere of the Mansion. I was there many times and I never saw anyone argue, never saw anyone drunk—and the whiskey flowed like water. You might have something depressing on your mind. But when you got there it just disappeared. To be able to sit and look at people in the swimming pool, through the window in the Underwater Bar, like you were looking at a television set, was incredible. It was a great part of my life and it prepared me for going around the world, meeting with kings and queens and going into palaces. I could say, "Well, you know, it's a lovely place you have, but I have been here before."



O come, all ye faithful: Hef threw a Playmate Holiday House Party to commemorate PLAYBOY's eighth anniversary. Decking his halls were (left and below) Sheralee Conners, Kathy Douglas, Linda Gamble, Joni Mattis, Joyce Nizzari, Carrie Radison, Elaine Reynolds, Elizabeth Ann Roberts, Susie Scott, Teddi Smith, Christa Speck and Delores Wells.





They came, they saw, they partied: The Chicago Mansion showed the show business elite where the action truly was. Sixties status quo on view for the enchanted likes of Tony Curtis or young chanteuse Barbra Streisand might include bikinied Bunnies twisting up the Ballroom or lesser-clad indoor pool enthusiasts making a memorable splash just one heavenly floor below.



PLAYBOY EXECUTIVE

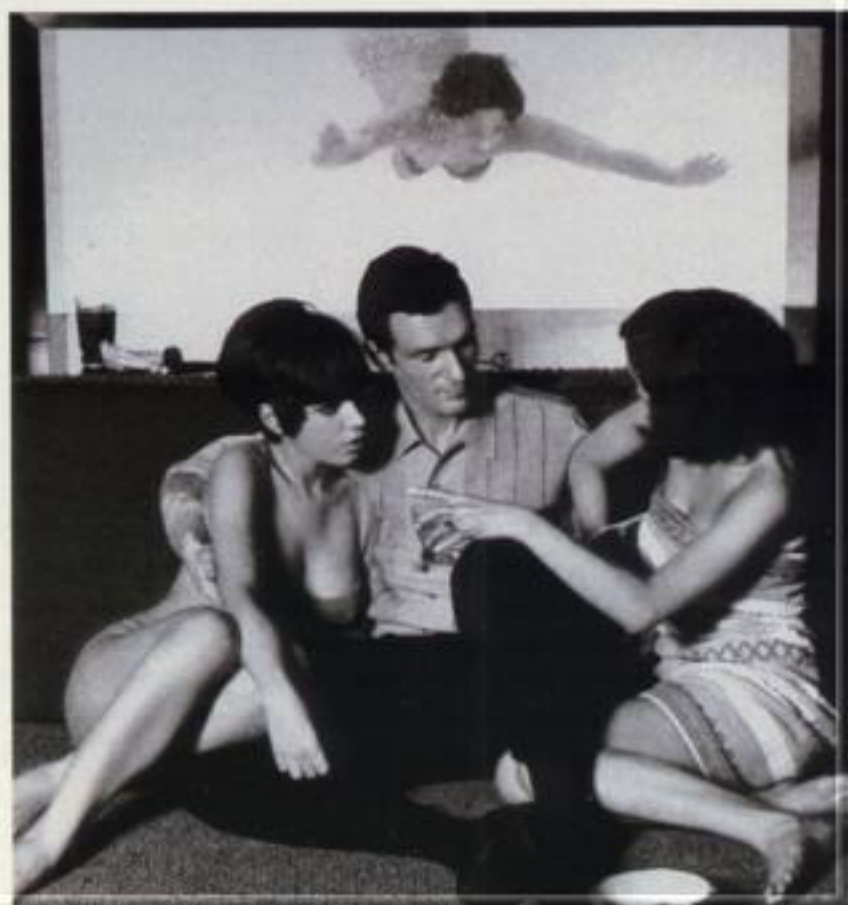
DICK ROSENZWEIG

on

**THE JUSTICE'S WIFE'S
TOUR OF THE MANSION**

Through one of the organizations I was involved with in Chicago, I met Justice Potter Stewart, who was on the Supreme Court for many years, and someone asked if I would give his wife a tour of the Mansion. This was during the day, and as I was taking her down to show her the pool, I heard some kind of laughing and scratching going on. We got downstairs and there was Shel Silverstein, nude, with two, three or four nude Playmates, or maybe Bunnies, in the pool. I honest to God did not know what to do. I think I turned white. Mrs. Stewart, on the other hand, was completely ready for this. That's what she expected to see. It was very funny, actually, though it didn't seem funny then. There was no reaction at all from Shel and the girls. First of all, they didn't know who she was. And second, they couldn't have cared less.

Caress firepole, slide and gain abrupt entrance to the subterranean Underwater Bar, where intimate moments (see Hef, below, amid plush pillows, with companions) could be spied via the pool picture window—and, of course, vice versa.





Attention indoor sports fans: Pillow fights forthcoming. The Mansion, considered the "eighth or ninth wonder of the world" by the *Chicago Tribune*, was much more than a premiere party palace. Aside from Hef, many local Bunnies slept here—in a reasonably priced and conveniently situated, upstairs Bunny Dorm safe haven.



And oh, the amenities: Steamy sun-worshippers could happily cleanse and bake, just off pool-side—as demonstrated, here-with, by Playmates Nizzari, Roberts, Smith, Wells and Speck.



PLAYMATE BUNNY
PATTI REYNOLDS
on
CELEBS AT THE MANSION

We girls were really, really popular. I met Frank Sinatra, Sammy Davis Jr., Dale Robertson, Tony Bennett and Warren Beatty at the Mansion. Went out with Warren. He was good. But Vic Damone, he was better.





Hef's famous round, rotating bed—"the biggest, roundest bed in the history of the world," enthused Tom Wolfe—made his personal world turn at the touch of a button. "It goes 33½, 45 and 78!" Hef liked to say, although it was often weighted down by magazine layouts, color slides and page proofs. Elsewhere, guests played—such as Lee Marvin in the Game Room. Then, in 1972, the Rolling Stones memorably stormed the premises; right, Hef with Jumpin' Jack Flash, Mick Jagger.



HEF
on
THE STONES' VISIT

The night the Stones arrived, I had a long talk with Mick Jagger about American politics. Keith Richards, by contrast, was entirely out of it every time I saw him. Bill Wyman possessed a justly famous passion for girls, but he contained himself long enough for me to teach him backgammon. But the Stones hadn't come for politics or backgammon. They came for girls, and a great many girls came for them. One Bunny told this story: "I saw Mick at poolside, wearing one of those shorty robes, and I was struck dumb. He asked if the cat had my tongue, and I blurted out, 'I want to bite your ass.' He laughed and flipped up his robe and said, 'Have at it, love' and I did." Bobbie Arnstein told of Mick Jagger's wandering into her room with sex on his mind. She said she was tempted, but she'd been eating cheese, and when he kissed her she pushed him away because she feared her breath smelled awful. Jagger tumbled onto a chair, which happened to contain a birthday cake. Bobbie last saw him slinking out of her room with gooey white icing over his leather-clad posterior.



As a child, Hef was forbidden by his Methodist parents to go to movies on Sundays. "Naturally," he admits, laughing, "Sunday became movie night at the Mansion." The popcorn iconoclast and his "special lady" (above, Mary Warren) cuddled in a lounger built for two, surrounded by friends. Right, Hef with Mary's predecessor, Playmate Donna Michelle.





Westward hal! By the late Sixties, Hef was lured to Los Angeles to host TV's *Playboy After Dark*, on which he discovered ladylove Barbi Benton, who, in 1971, found for him an exclusive estate in Holmby Hills which became Playboy Mansion West. Quite naturally, essential Seventies sybaritism ensued: Above left, in the Mansion's Great Hall (foreground), Playmate Lynnda Kimball and Rat Packer Peter Lawford connect. Above right, angel food pop-up Playmate Christine Maddox gives Hef, with Barbi, one of his 48th-birthday surprises.

HEF PAL

JOHN DANTE

on

THE PICTURE OF HEF
IN THE JACUZZI

I think I inspired that picture. It was Hef's birthday—I forget which one—and Sondra said to me, "What can I give Hef for his birthday?" She racked her brains, and I said, "Sondra, do you want to do the best thing that you can for him?" And she said, "Yeah, what?" And I said, "Get as many Playmates as you can and take them into the Jacuzzi and do him."



First order of business at Mansion West: Build a swimming pool and Jacuzzi Grotto. The results resemble a natural lake and underwater cave, where Hef and free-spirited guests could, and did, indulge their fantasies.





The Good Life in L.A. was lived largely outdoors. At left, casually clad (and unclad) onlookers watch Hef challenge backgammon pro John Rockwell. Below right, sunseekers assemble at poolside. Above, pajama party participants—Marcy Hanson and Missy Cleveland—adorn Hef and Shel Silverstein.



Guests in the West came from all walks. Porn star Linda Lovelace (above) and her husband stayed at the Mansion while house hunting; the Greatest, boxing legend and Chicago pal Muhammad Ali (below), stopped by to film a TV commercial on the premises, with Hef's blessings.





The wet and the wild: At left, Sondra Theodore, Hef's main squeeze from late 1976 to 1981, takes an exuberant impromptu plunge from cavetop waterfall. Below, Playmates Sheila Mullen, Hope Olson, Lisa Sohm, Laura Lyons, Sondra and Denise Michele absorb some local color while taking a break from taping *Playboy's Playmate Party*, which was a 1977 sweeps week ratings champ for ABC-TV.



Tennis court turned roller disco for Hef (left) and flanking Playmates Terri Welles, Candace Collins and Victoria Cooke. At right, UCLA coed Nancy Amons carries the torch for Hef's 1979 (Nude) Birthday Olympics, one of many elaborate celebrations staged by his pals. At bottom left, Mansion secretary Becky Strick breaks up as Hef interrupts the serious business of her Playmate test shoot, and (below), Mansionettes Terrie Congie, Hope Olson, Nicki Thomas and Sue Fiskin conspire to make a quartet of beautiful moonbeams.





The Village People (left) ignite a televised 25th anniversary party, as Dorothy Stratten, Susan Kiger and Sondra Theodore nuzzle the host above. Below, beautiful music, Barbi style.



A quarter century's worth of Playmate pulchritude overtook Mansion West in September 1979, commemorating PLAYBOY's 25th anniversary with a gala Playmate Reunion—which Hef considers to this day “one of the fondest memories of my entire life.” “Without you,” Hef said to the assemblage, “I’d have a literary magazine.” Among the 136 Playmates who graced the homecoming weekend were the 11 Playmates of the Year posing with the founder of the feast. From left, they are (front row) Cyndi Wood, Monique St. Pierre, Debra Jo Fondren, Liv Lindeland and Linda Gamble; (second row) Connie Kreski, Claudia Jennings, Lillian Müller, Jo Collins, Allison Parks and Lisa Baker.

PLAYMATE
SONDRA THEODORE
on
SHARING HEF

I was treated pretty badly by a lot of the girls who are now my very close friends. They saw me as a threat and pulled some pretty mean tricks on me. I learned to deal with it, and eventually they were forced to see I wasn't this conniving little chick trying to steal Hef. So we cut through all that and had many great evenings hanging out together. It made Hef so happy to see that the girls could, believe it or not, get along and deal with the situation. I said to the other girls, “Well, if we love him, we will try to make him happy, and he likes harmony.” So we worked it out, but it was the most difficult task to conquer about being Hef's girlfriend.





The Seventies return! After a decade of devoted family life, the legendary Mansion madness is back in full swing, replete with Playmates prowling the grounds. For Hef's 72nd birthday bash, disco fever burned eternal: Above left, Hef and his physician buddy, Mark Saginor, strike Travolta poses with partners Jaime Bergman and Devon Larsh. At top right, actor Billy Zane ponders the paw of one Regency monkey standing sentry in the Great Hall. Above right, Playmate Julie McCullough takes a sly lick from the Disco birthday cake.



HEF'S EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT
MARY O'CONNOR
on
**THE RETURN OF
 THE PLAYMATES**

I love having the Playmates back up at the Mansion. It's the vitality of it, how pretty they are. For me, it's invigorating. It makes me feel young. The Playmates make everything come alive, with all their craziness and everything, and the way they dress, and their little psyches. And I missed that the most when it shut down. Now that it's coming back, it's wonderful. Today Julia Schultz was out in the driveway dusting off her new car. So we all had to look out the window at the car. And she came up to the office to say hi. We haven't had Playmates up here for nine years. It just was wonderful. In the old days, I even loved the promiscuity. I thought it was fun. If you want to go to bed with somebody the first time you're out with him, I think you should do it.

Driving Miss Millennium: Playboy jump-started the new century with a wide-ranging search for the Millennium Playmate. The Playboy 2000 Bus, a photo studio on wheels, got a gala send-off at Mansion West from Hef and Playmates galore (above). In the meantime, Hollywood heartthrob Leonardo DiCaprio (below left) is among the new breed of regulars to Mansion Life, where Hef, as ever, keeps dancing into the future.



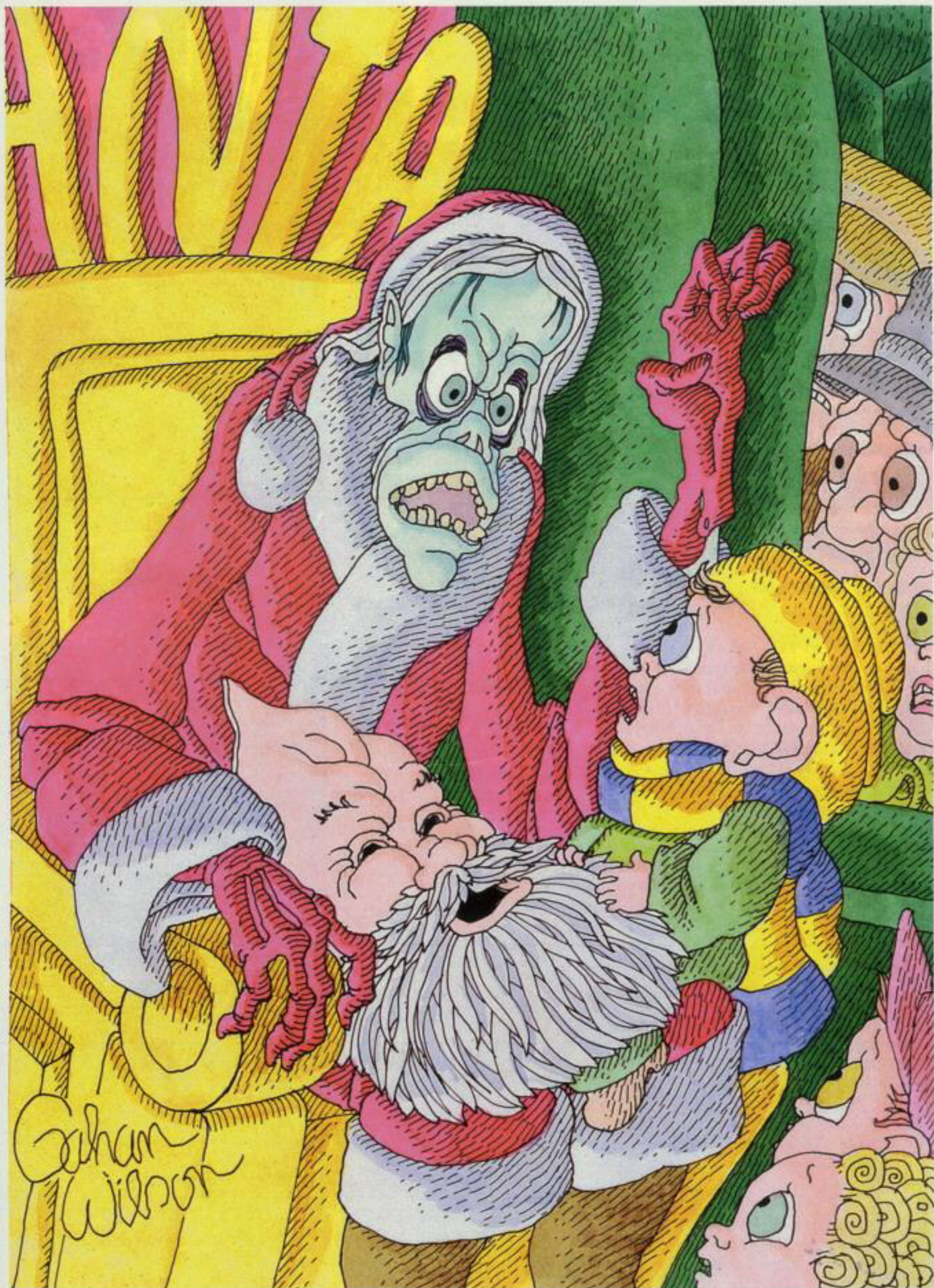
PLAYMATE
JULIE MC CULLOUGH
observes
HEF ON THE TOWN

The interesting thing is, now everything old is new again, so to speak. A lot of stuff that was popular way back—swing dancing, Twenties and Thirties and Forties music—is popular again. So, of all times for Hef to be getting out on the nightlife scene, this is a good one because the stuff he likes is back in vogue. The old movies, the old styles of music and dancing are a revelation for young people. Very popular. And it's amazing the number of women who want to jump Hefner all the time. When he goes out, he's like—wow!—totally surrounded by women. But I think he'll slow down from that a little bit, too. He's just getting out and seeing the world, and once he's seen it, I think he'll start having people come to him again.

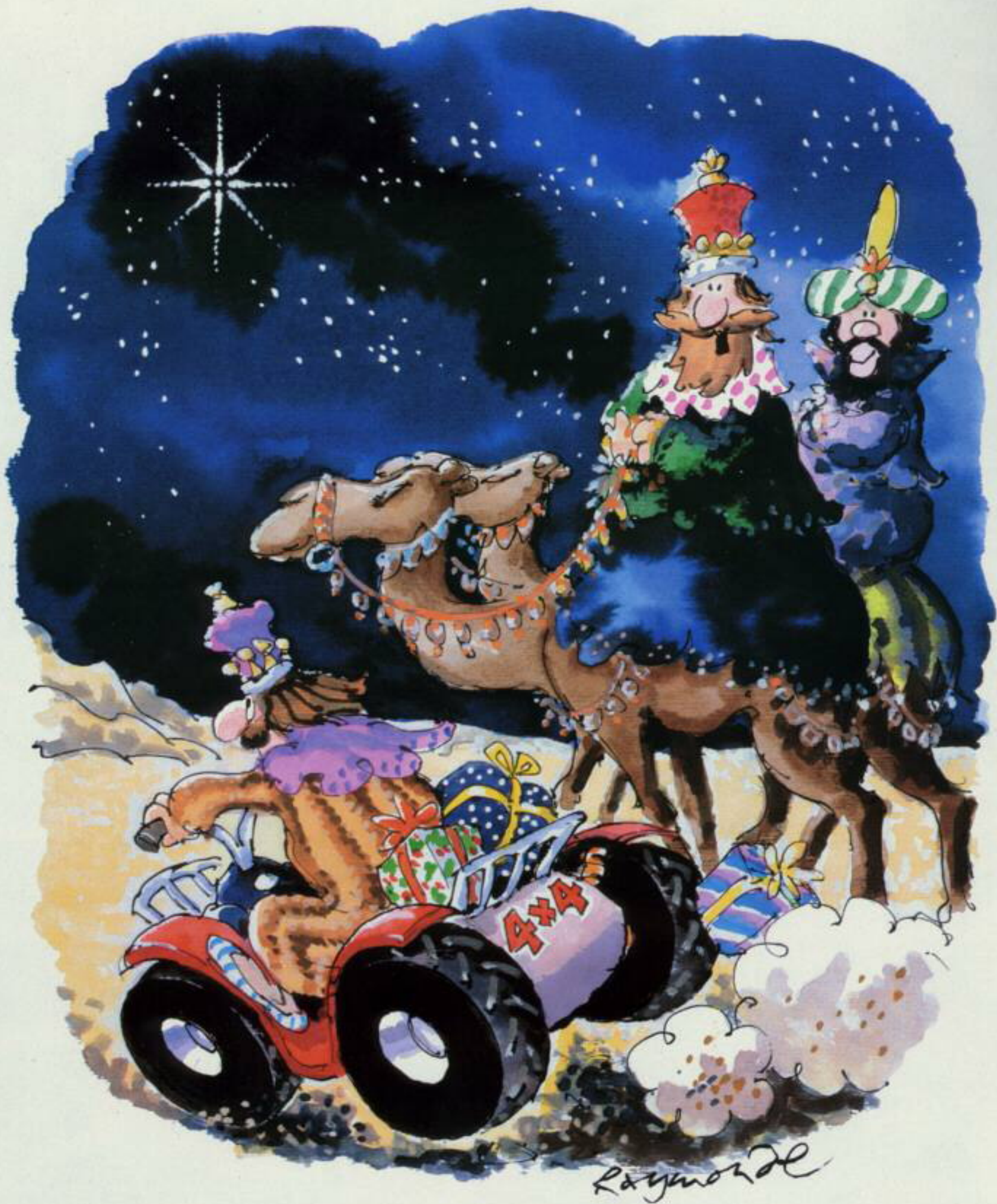


The Mansion's signature pajama party, the Midsummer Night's Dream, returned to Holmby Hills this year with a bang—and a star-studded guest list. Top right, actor Jim Carrey, actress Brande Roderick and twins Mandy and Sandy Bentley join Hef. Above, actresses Tori Spelling (left) and Cameron Diaz (right) join the party. (Also present were Tori's parents, Aaron and Candy Spelling; actors George Clooney, Jeff Goldblum, Matthew Perry and DiCaprio, TV hosts Jerry Springer and Bill Maher, and scores of other celebs.) Above center, the world's slinkiest conga line sashays through the tent set up on the Mansion lawn. Below, Hef with three of his favorite companions.





"Ho, Ho, Ho...!"



"Hey, Melchior—Cool!"



"Now remember, this is for our Christmas cards—so look festive!"



"Whoa! Steady, boy—I can see an item you've forgotten to wrap!"



THREE'S COMPANY



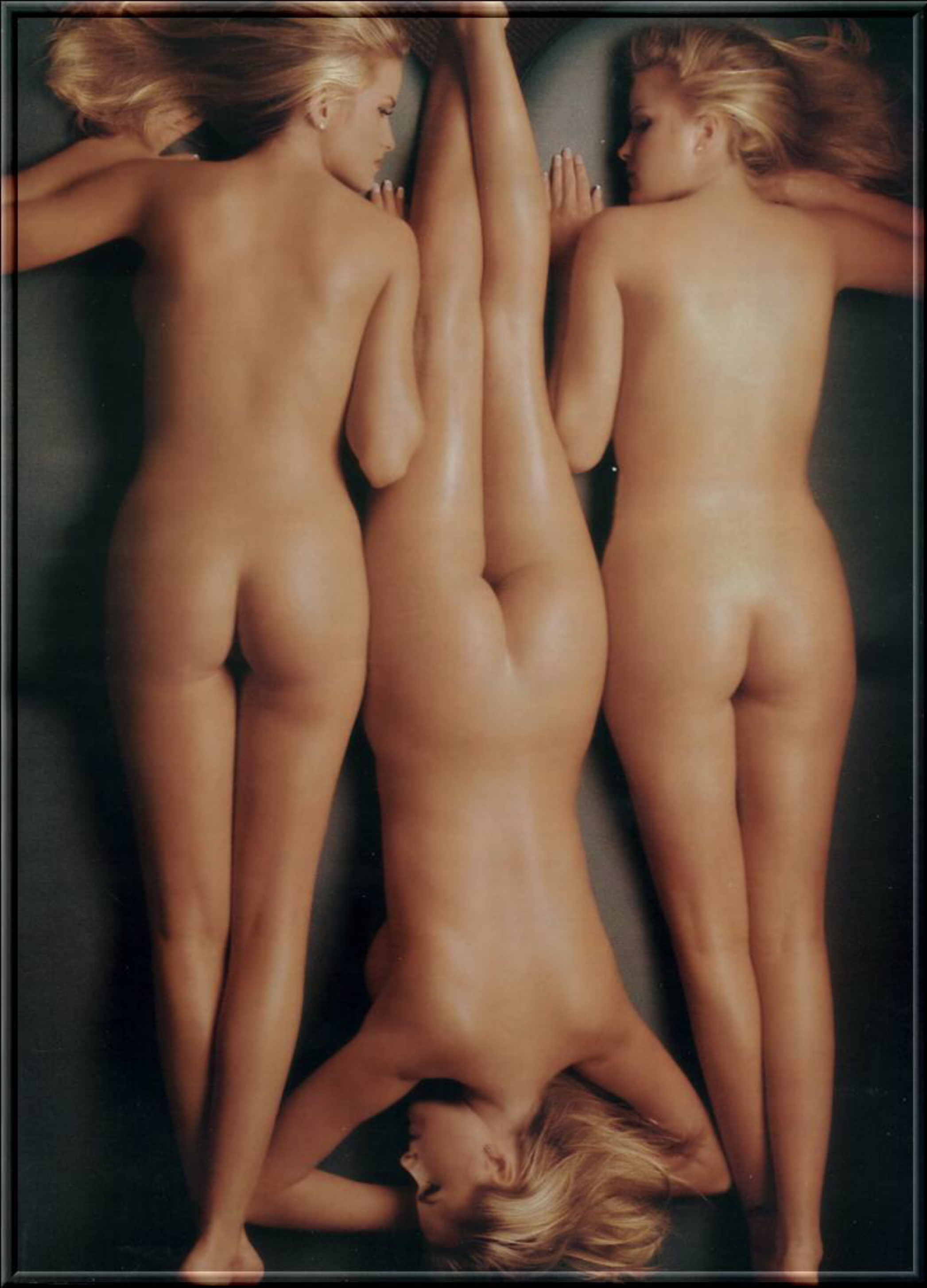
















PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATES OF THE MONTH

MISSES DECEMBER



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: ERICA, Nicole, Jaclyn Dahm

BUST: 34c WAIST: 25 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 115

BIRTH DATE: 12-12-77 BIRTHPLACE: Minneapolis, Minnesota

AMBITIONS: To continue modeling and enjoy life wherever it may take us.

TURN-ONS: Big bright eyes, sexy cologne, tight butts, sense of humor and guys who live on the edge.

TURNOFFS: Immaturity, laziness, bad hygiene.

QUALITIES JACLYN VALUES MOST IN OTHERS: Respect, honesty and a friendly smile.

HOW TO GET ERICA'S ATTENTION: All you gotta do... is make me laugh.

NICOLE'S SEX ADVICE: "Hey guys, don't leave her hangin'!"

JACLYN'S FAVORITE WAY TO WAKE UP: Whispers of sweet nothings.

WHAT DRIVES ERICA WILD: The "rush" of holding on to my man on the back of a motorcycle.

WHY NICOLE LOVES BEING A TRIPLET: Having two best friends.



Sisterly love @ a photo shoot



Candid moment age 15



TEEN Magazine - "Great Model Search" '94 winners

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The President and Mrs. Clinton were in bed late one night when Hillary tugged on his elbow and asked, "Bill, are you awake?"

"What do you want?"

"I need a glass of water."

"Are you kidding? I'm the president of the United States. I'm not getting you a glass of water. I don't get anyone a glass of water, especially not in the middle of the night!"

"I'll get the water myself," Hillary said. "I just want you to save my place."



PLAYBOY CLASSIC: A married couple was enjoying a dinner out when a statuesque brunette walked over to their table, exchanged warm greetings with the husband and walked off. "Who was that?" the wife asked.

"If you must know," the husband replied, "that was my mistress."

"Your mistress?" she fumed. "That's it! I want a divorce!"

"Are you sure you want to give up our big house in the suburbs, your Mercedes, your furs, your jewelry and our vacation home in Mexico?" her husband asked.

For a long time they dined in silence. Finally, the woman nudged her husband. "Isn't that Howard over there?" she said. "Who's he with?"

"That's his mistress," he replied.

"Oh," she said, sipping her coffee. "Ours is much cuter."

How do you know you've met an extroverted accountant? While he's talking to you he's looking at your shoes instead of his own.

While patrolling a late-night make-out spot a cop drove by a car and saw a couple inside with the dome light on. A young man was in the driver's seat, reading a magazine. A young woman in the backseat was knitting. The officer stopped to investigate, walked up to the driver's window and tapped on it. The young man cranked it down. "Yes, officer?"

"What are you doing?" the policeman asked. "I'm reading a magazine."

Pointing toward the young lady in the backseat, the officer then asked, "And what is she doing?"

"She's knitting a sweater."

"How old are you, young fellow?"

"I'm 19."

"And how old is she?"

The fellow looked at his watch. "Well, in about 12 minutes," he said, "she'll be 18."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: Worried that it might be raining, a guy in an apartment complex stuck his head out the window to check. As he did so a glass eye fell into his hand. He looked up in time to see a beautiful young woman looking down. "Is this yours?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, "would you bring it up?" The man agreed.

Upon his arrival she was profuse in her thanks and offered him a drink. Shortly afterward she said, "I'm about to have dinner. There's plenty. Would you like to join me?" He readily accepted her offer and they enjoyed a lovely meal. As they carried their dishes to the kitchen the woman said, "I've had a marvelous evening. Would you like to spend the night?"

The man hesitated, then asked, "Do you act like this with every man you meet?"

"No," she replied, "only with those who catch my eye."

Why did the auditor cross the road? Because he looked in the file and that's exactly what he did last year.

Late one night, just blocks from the Capitol, a mugger jumped into the path of a well-dressed fellow and stuck a gun in his ribs. "Give me your money," the thief demanded.

"Are you kidding?" the man said. "I'm a U.S. congressman."

"In that case," the mugger growled, cocking his weapon, "give me my money."



Shelby Neiman

A SHORT GUIDE TO MALESPEAK:

"I'm a romantic." = "I'm poor."

"I want a commitment." = "I'm sick of jerking off."

"Haven't I seen you before?" = "Nice tits."

"I have something important to tell you." = "Get tested."

"I've been thinking a lot." = "You're not as attractive as you were when I was drunk."

"I've learned a lot from you." = "Next!"

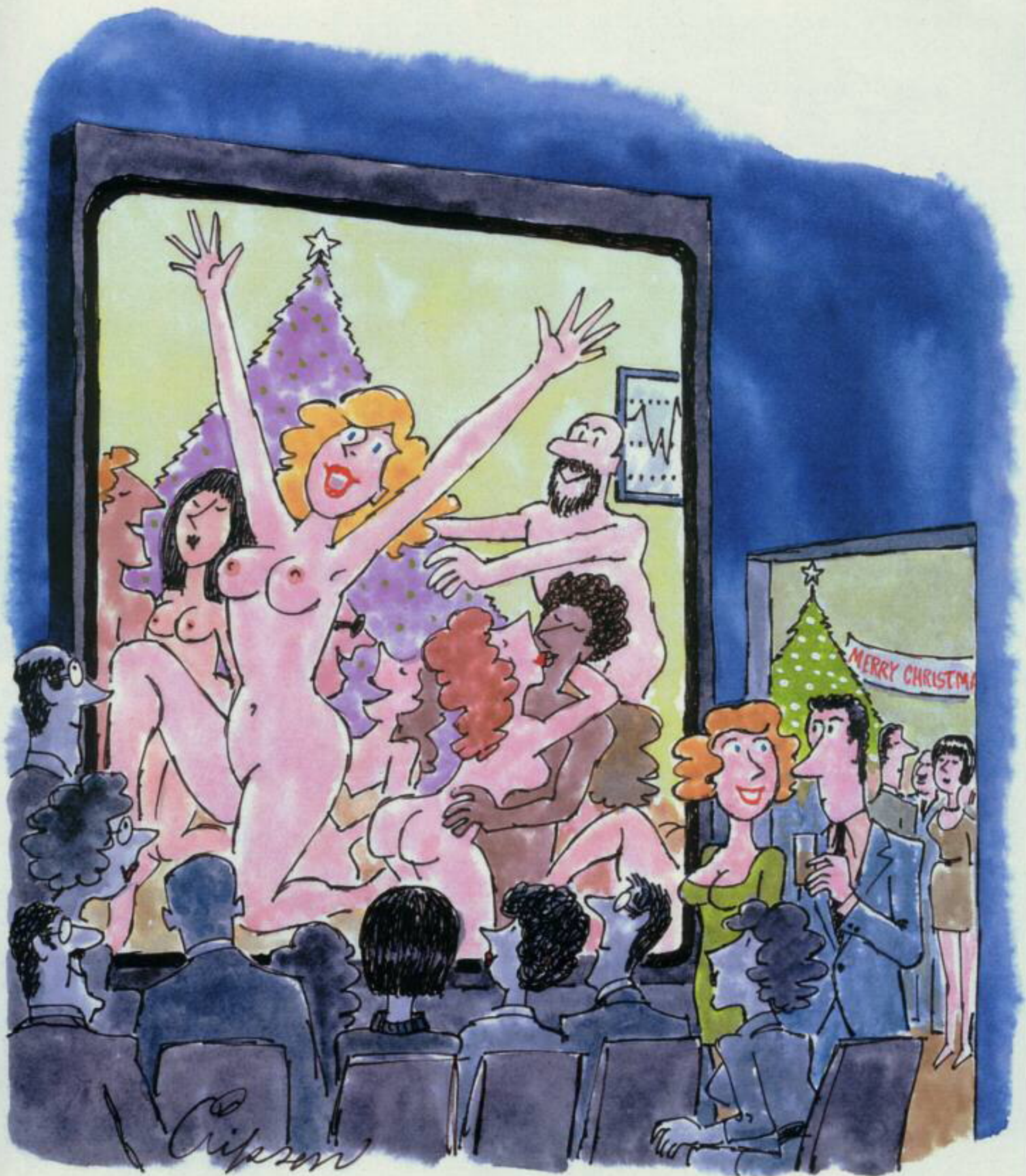
Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.



"Shoplifter, in aisle four."



"You know, Viagra's the gift that just keeps on giving."



"We're watching videos of vintage office parties!"

SEX STARS 1998

movies launched a new generation,
tv talent got hot and supermodels—surprise—reigned

text by GRETCHEN EDGREN There was, without question, a changing of the guard for sex stars in 1998, from the Old Reliables to the Young and Fearless. It began with the spectacular on-screen sinking of the HMS *Titanic*, which floated its young lovers, 23-year-olds Kate Winslet and Leonardo DiCaprio, straight to the top of box-office attractions. And it wasn't the nautical disaster's special effects that packed the cineplexes; it was the film's Romeo-and-Juliet love story. Matt Damon, 27, and Ben Affleck, 26, demonstrated both acting and filmmaking chops in *Good Will Hunting*, a project they'd nurtured from their own screenplay through development, finally winning an Academy Award (one of the few not swallowed up by *Titanic*'s wake). Catherine Zeta-Jones, a 28-year-old actress well known in her native Wales but

(text continued on page 223)



CATHERINE ZETA-JONES Unbuttoned Welsh-born beauty, her bodice ripped in *Zorro*, rebounds from Banderas to Connery.



ANTONIO BANDERAS Man behind another mask? Study Spaniard doffs *Zorro* disguise to make a pass at the Phantom.



LEONARDO DICAPRIO and KATE WINSLET Unsinkable
Titanic's star-crossed lovers launch a generational sea change.



NEVE CAMPBELL Screaming queen
TV fave conquers a teen franchise.



HEIDI MARK All aboard!
Playmate hired as cruise director for *The Love Boat*.



PAMELA ANDERSON The Pam what am
Out of an abusive marriage, she becomes a certified VIP.



NAOMI CAMPBELL Model behavior
Hot mannequin hosts a kids' benefit for
Nelson Mandela.



CAMERON DIAZ Natural wonder
What you see is what you get: great
personality, no implants.



GERI HALLIWELL Go girl!
Ginger Spice gets a gushy goodbye
note from Prince Charles.



DOWNTOWN JULIE BROWN Smokin'
Former MTV and E Television personality hosts a new show for Cigar TV.



ELLE MACPHERSON Model mom
Jet-setting supermodel juggles a baby and a profitable career.



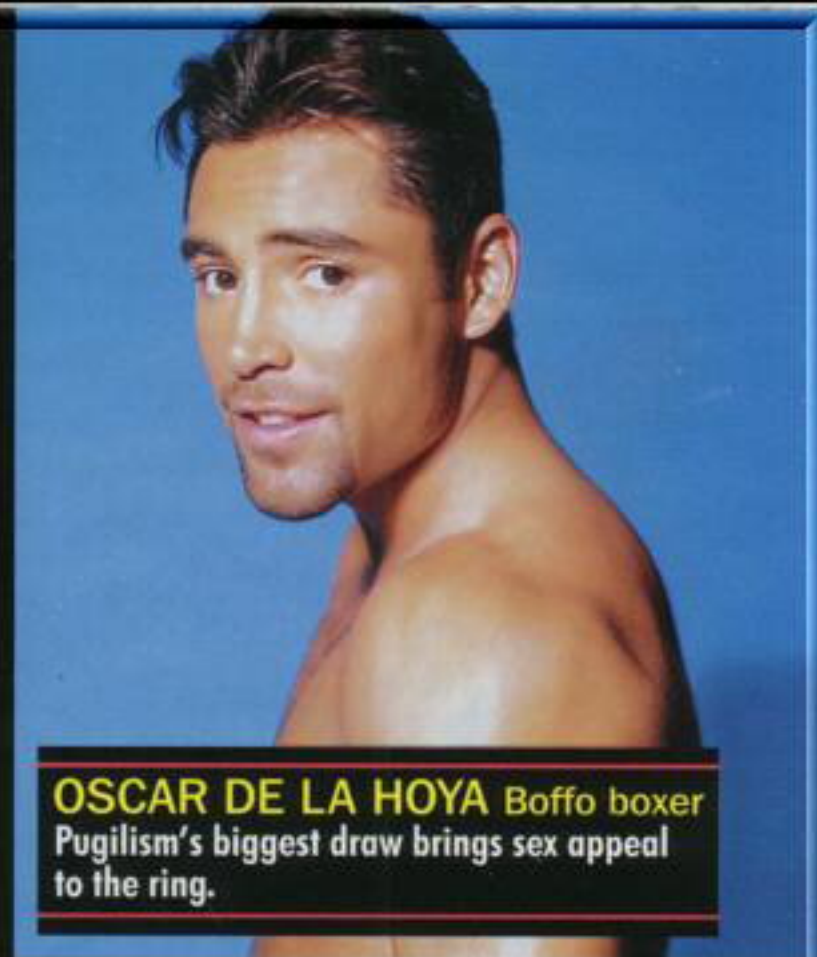
VICTORIA SILVSTEDT Poster girl
Last year's PMOY poses for a steamy film-festival promo.



SALMA HAYEK Quintuple threat
South-of-the-border bombshell had five films in 1998.



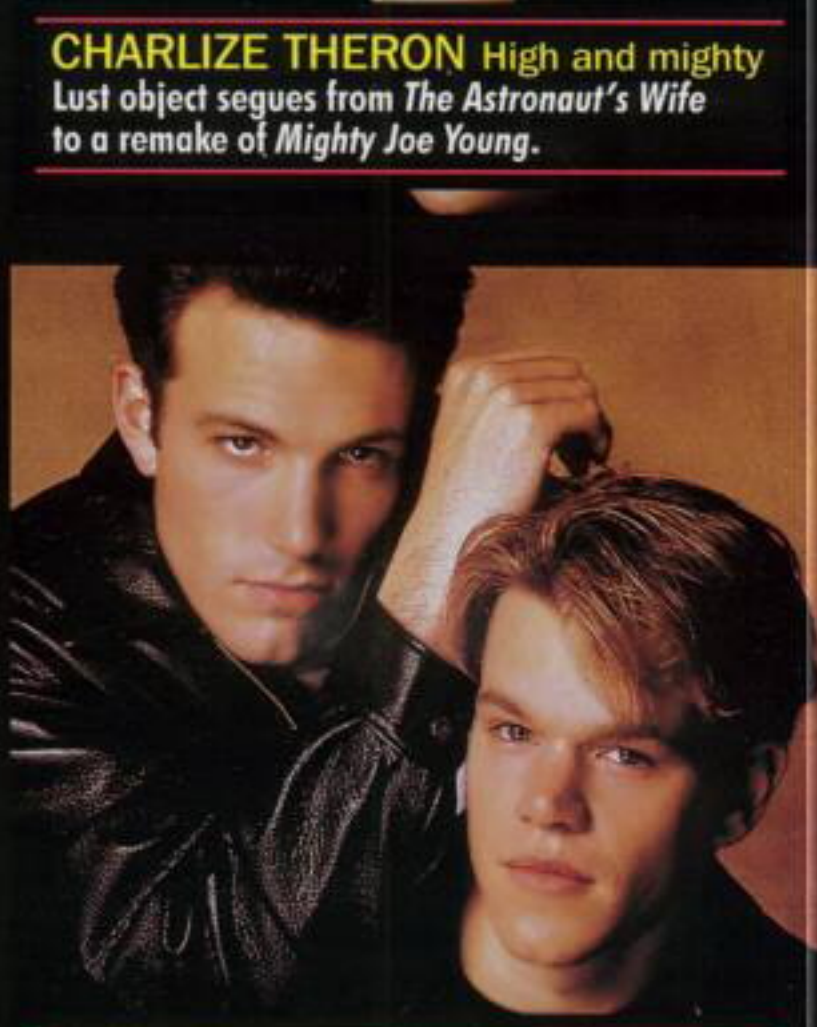
JENNY MCCARTHY Bodacious Betty
FHM's number one sexpot wins a role in the *Archie* film.



OSCAR DE LA HOYA Boffo boxer
Pugilism's biggest draw brings sex appeal to the ring.



CHARLIZE THERON High and mighty
Lust object segues from *The Astronaut's Wife* to a remake of *Mighty Joe Young*.



BEN AFFLECK and **MATT DAMON** *Hunting* licensed
Since creating (and starring in) *Good Will Hunting*, these pals can do no wrong.



CARMEN ELECTRA High voltage
She's Electrifying in *Chosen One: Legend of the Raven*.



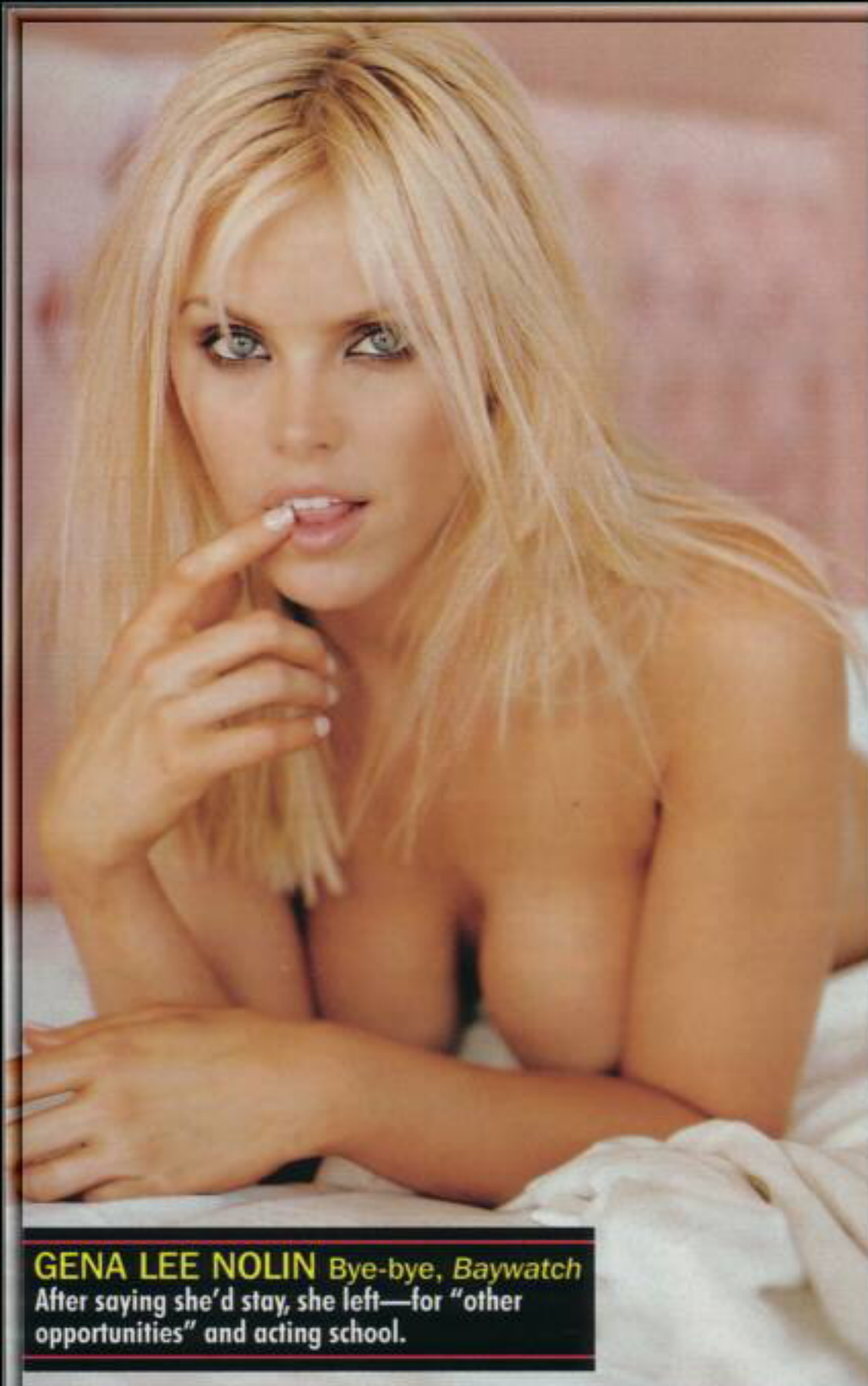
JENNIFER LOPEZ Leading Latina
Sizzling senorita lights Clooney's fire on-screen—and she sings, too.



DONNA D'ERRICO New beach beckons
Former lifeguard lands her own MTV
fun-on-the-sand show, *Prima Donna*.



PATRICIA ARQUETTE Triangular
Well-connected actress specializes in
cinematic love triangles.



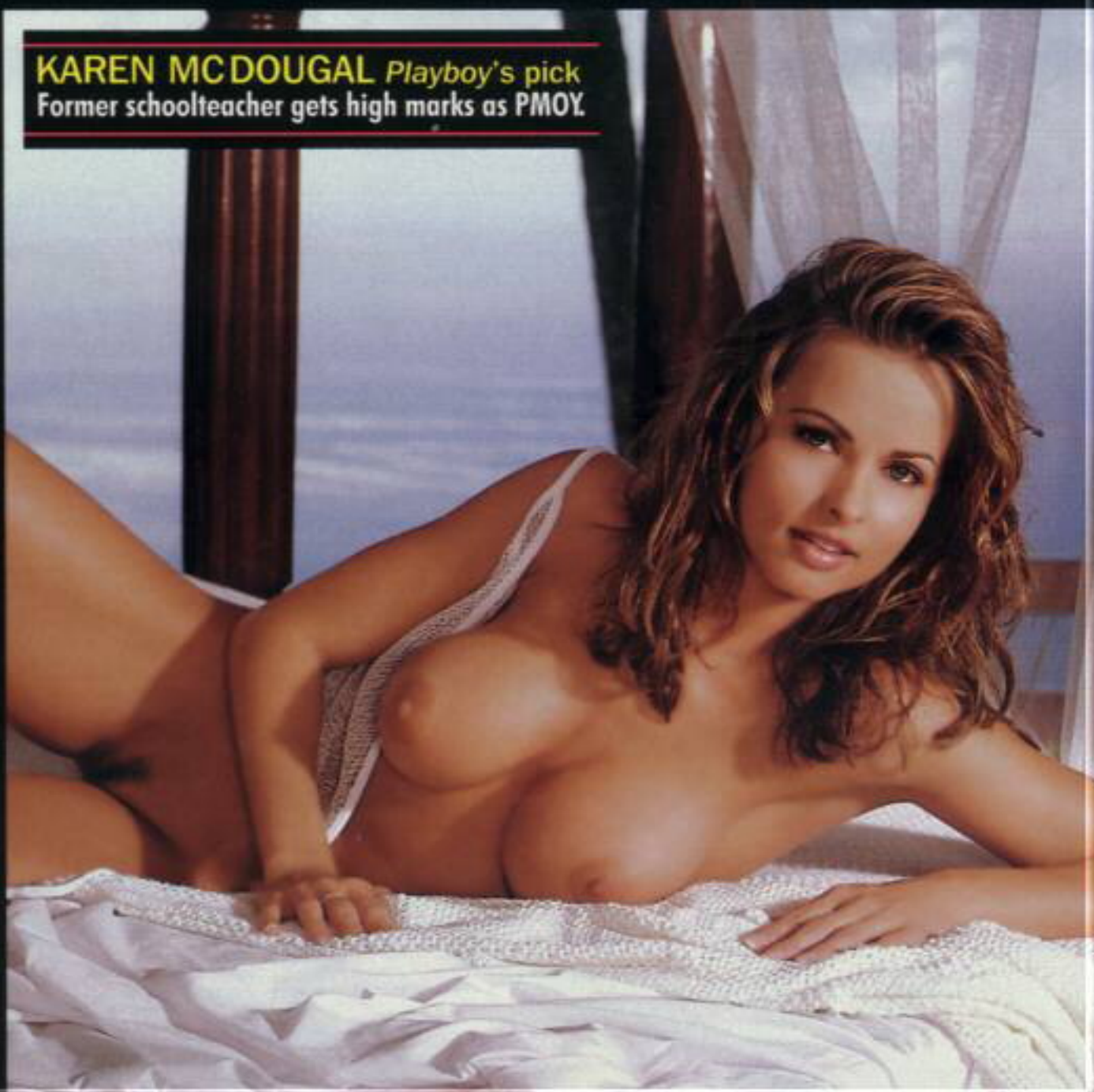
GENA LEE NOLIN Bye-bye, *Baywatch*
After saying she'd stay, she left—for "other opportunities" and acting school.



DREW BARRYMORE Cinderella story
She reinvigorates the fairy tale—with a Scottish Prince Charming.



LINDA BRAVA Fit fiddler
Violin-playing beauty has strings, but few inhibitions, attached.



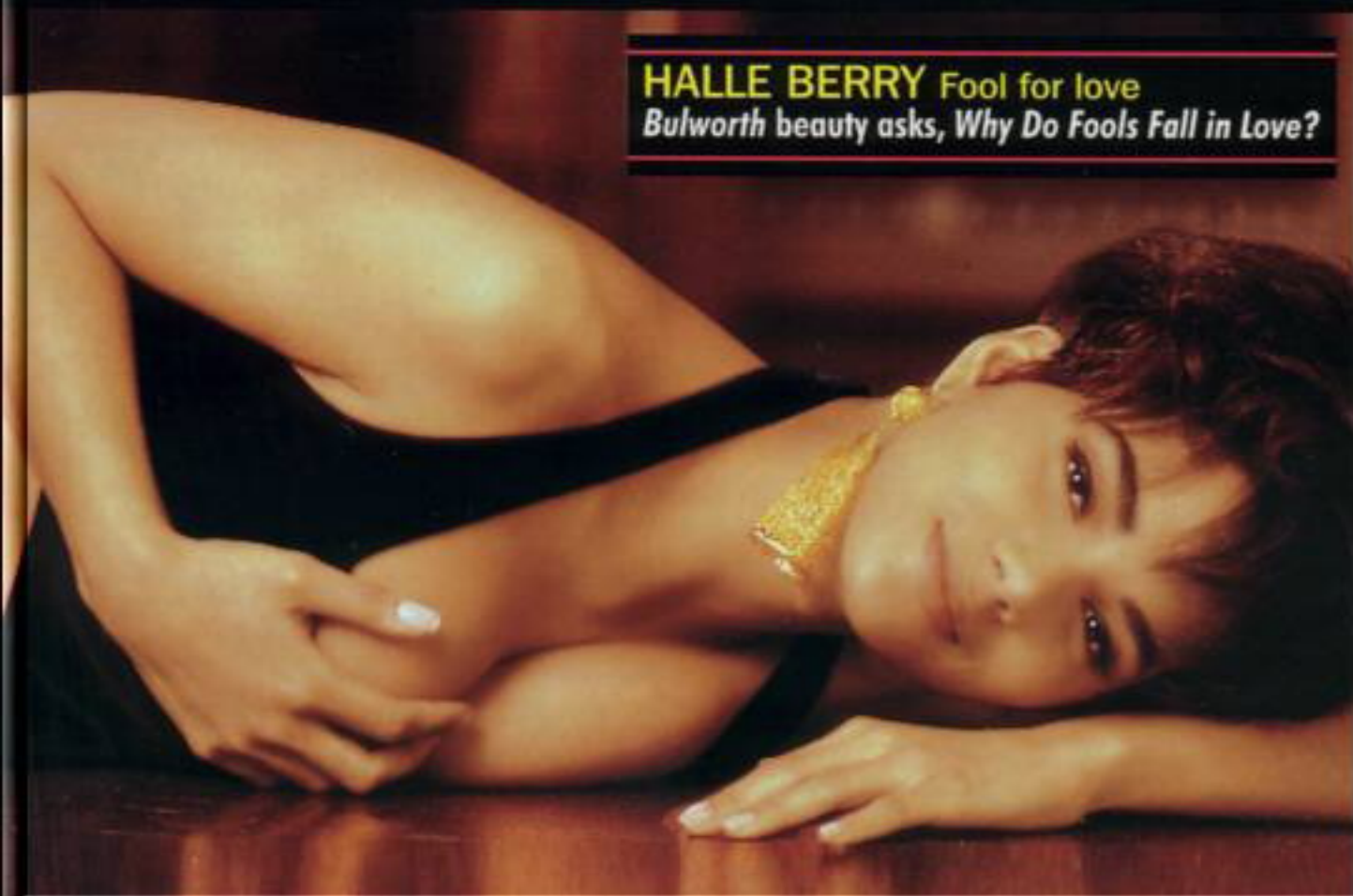
KAREN MCDUGAL *Playboy's* pick
Former schoolteacher gets high marks as PMOY.



TRACI BINGHAM Beached bombshell
Grounded by *Baywatch*, she weds in a gown by a royal couturier.



LIV TYLER Directors' darling
She's been cast by the great ones:
Bertolucci, Forman, Altman and Stone.



HALLE BERRY Fool for love
Bulworth beauty asks, *Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*



JIM CARREY Remake, anyone?
After his original *Truman*, he's recycling
Walter Mitty and *Mr. Limpet*.



CINDY CRAWFORD Tapped for the tube
Supermodel bride hosts *Sex With Cindy Crawford* special.

Little Annie Fanny

BY RAY LAGO AND BILL SCHORR

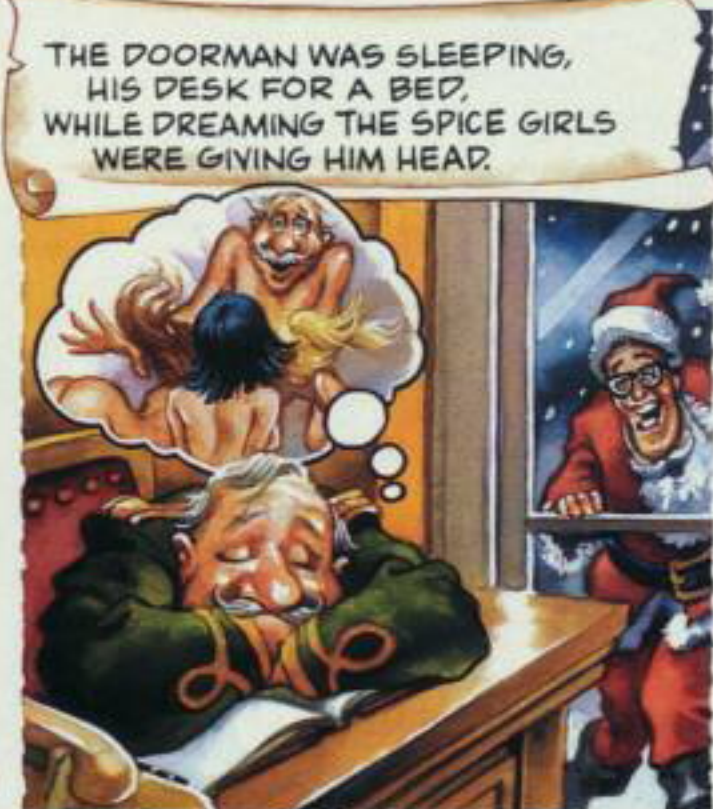
ALLY McBEAL, MONICA LEWINSKY AND CATHY AREN'T THE ONLY SINGLE WOMEN HAVING TROUBLE FINDING PESTRABLE DATES IN THE BIG CITY. EVEN TWO ENCHANTING CREATURES SUCH AS ANNIE AND WANDA ARE SPENDING CHRISTMAS EVE WITHOUT MALE COMPANIONSHIP. CUDDLING AND ROASTING THEIR CHESTNUTS BY AN OPEN FIRE...IT'S TIMES LIKE THESE THAT CAUSE WANDA TO REFLECT ON A CHRISTMAS CLASSIC...



IT WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS, AND ALL THROUGH THE TOWN, NO CREATURE YOU'D CALL "MR. RIGHT" COULD BE FOUND.



THE VIBRATOR HUNG BY THE CHIMNEY WITH CARE, IN HOPES THAT NEW BATTERIES SOON WOULD BE THERE.



AND ANNIE IN A NIGHTIE, AND ME WEARING LESS, HAD JUST SETTLED IN FOR A LONG WINTER'S REST.

WHEN OUT IN THE HALL THERE AROSE SUCH A CLATTER, ANNIE SPRANG FROM HER BED TO SEE WHAT WAS THE MATTER!



THE LIGHT ON HER BREASTS MADE THEM GLISTEN LIKE GOLD, AND SHOWED HOW HER NIPPLES STOOD OUT FROM THE COLD,

WHEN WHO TO HER STILL-DROWSY EYES SHOULD APPEAR?
BUT BENTON BATTBARTON WITH DRINKS, AND A LEER.
DRESSED IN A BEARD AND RED SUIT LIKE ST. NICKIE,
HE CLEARLY WAS THINKING OF GETTING A QUICKIE.



WHEN HE SPOTTED HER BREASTS, TO HIS FACE A GRIN CAME
AND HE WHISTLED AND SHOUTED AND CALLED THEM BY NAME!

WOW, BOOBIES! WOW, TA-TAS!
SO ROUND AND SO LISSOME!
OH ANNIE, SWEET ANNIE,
PLEASE CAN'T I JUST
KISS 'EM?



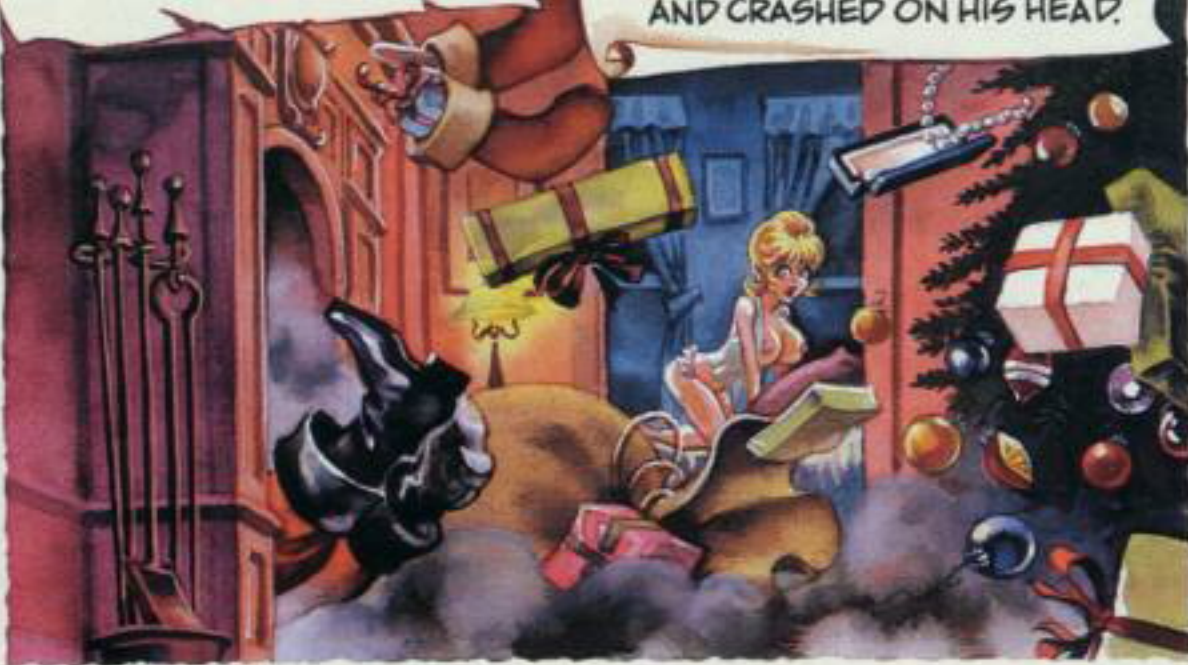
YOU CAN'T KISS THEM
OR FEEL THEM,
OR TOUCH THEM AT ALL.
AND TO ASK ME AT CHRISTMAS
YOU SURE HAVE SOME GALL!

BATTBARTON, CRESTFALLEN,
WAS CRUSHED-HE COULD TELL,
IN ANNIE'S BLUE EYES,
HE WAS SANTA FROM HELL.
AS HE STAGGERED AWAY,
ANNIE BLEARILY STAMMERED,



HE'S NICE ENOUGH SOBER,
BUT NOT WHEN HE'S
HAMMERED.

JUST THEN, IN A TWINKLING,
SHE HEARD ON THE ROOF A
SUDDEN NOISE-COULD IT BE
THE RETURN OF THAT GOOF?



AND THEN, BEFORE ANNIE
COULD GET BACK TO BED,
HE CAME DOWN THE CHIMNEY
AND CRASHED ON HIS HEAD.

STILL DRESSED ALL IN RED, WITH ACCENTS OF WHITE,
HE WAS COVERED WITH SOOT AND OUT LIKE A LIGHT.
A BAGFUL OF GOODIES LAY STREWN ON THE FLOOR,
LABELED PRADA, ARMANI AND CHRISTIAN DIOR!



HIS EYES WERE SO GLASSY,
SO BRUISED WAS HIS HEAD,
HER THOUGHT, WHILE NOT CLASSY,
WAS, OH DARN, HE'S DEAD!



SO SHE BREATHED IN HIS MOUTH,
TO GET A REACTION,
AND DID, IN THE FORM OF
A GIANT ERECTION.

SUDDENLY, WARMTH
CAME BACK TO
HIS LIPS.
HIS HANDS STROKED
HER BREASTS AND
CRADLED HER HIPS.
HE NIBBLED HER
NECK AND CARESSSED
HER FLAT BELLY.
HER NERVES GOT ALL
TINGLY, HER KNEES
TURNED TO JELLY.
SHE WAS STARTING
TO WAVER, SHE FELT
A WARM PANG,
BUT WAS SAVED BY
THE BELL WHEN THE
TELEPHONE RANG.

RRRRING!

WHO COULD BE CALLING AT SUCH
A STRANGE TIME?
SURPRISE! IT WAS BATTBARTON'S VOICE
ON THE LINE!

SORRY, ANNIE,
I DON'T KNOW
WHAT GOT INTO
ME...

SHE SPOKE NOT A WORD,
HER HEAD STARTED TO SWIM.
WHO HAD SHE BEEN KISSING?
COULD IT REALLY BE HIM?

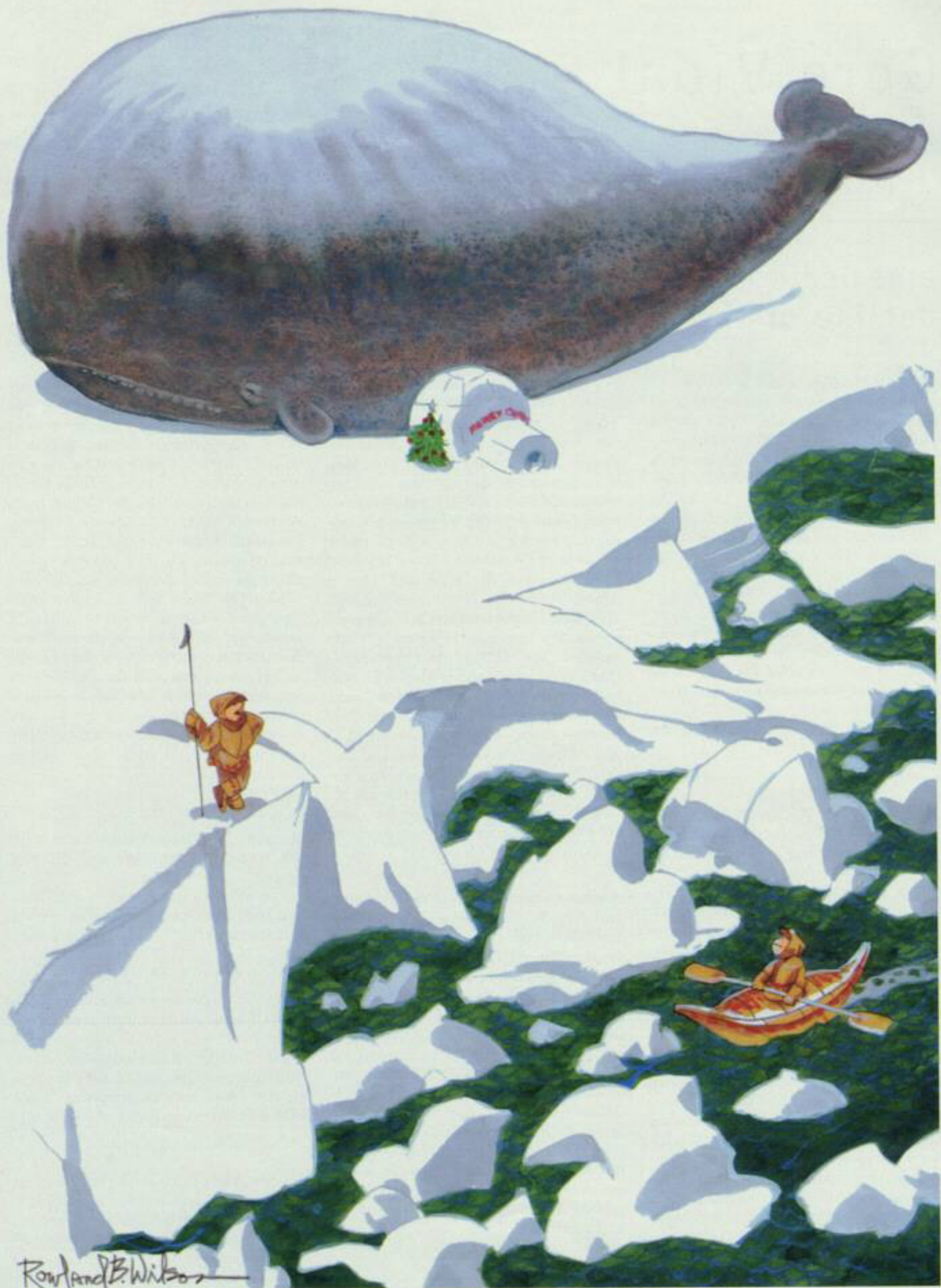
THEN LAYING A FINGER ASIDE OF HIS NOSE
AND GIVING A NOD, UP THE CHIMNEY HE ROSE.

ANNIE THOUGHT, HE WAS SEXY,
AND VIRILE, AND BOLD!
BUT THE REAL SANTA CLAUS
IS A THOUSAND YEARS OLD!

THEN WE HEARD
HIM EXCLAIM,
FLYING NORTH
TOWARD NIAGARA,

MERRY CHRISTMAS
TO ALL...AND THANK GOD FOR
VIAGRA!

END

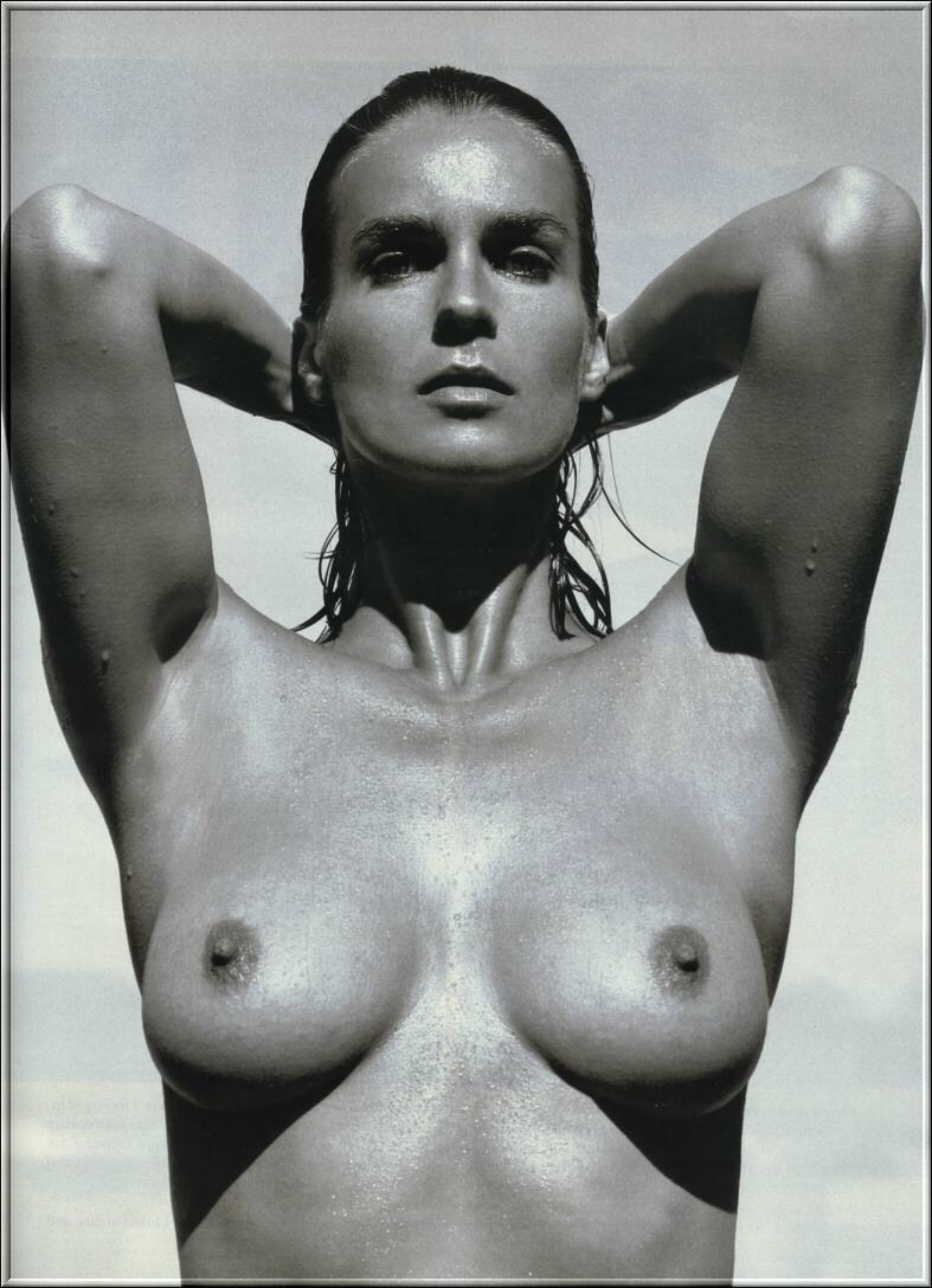


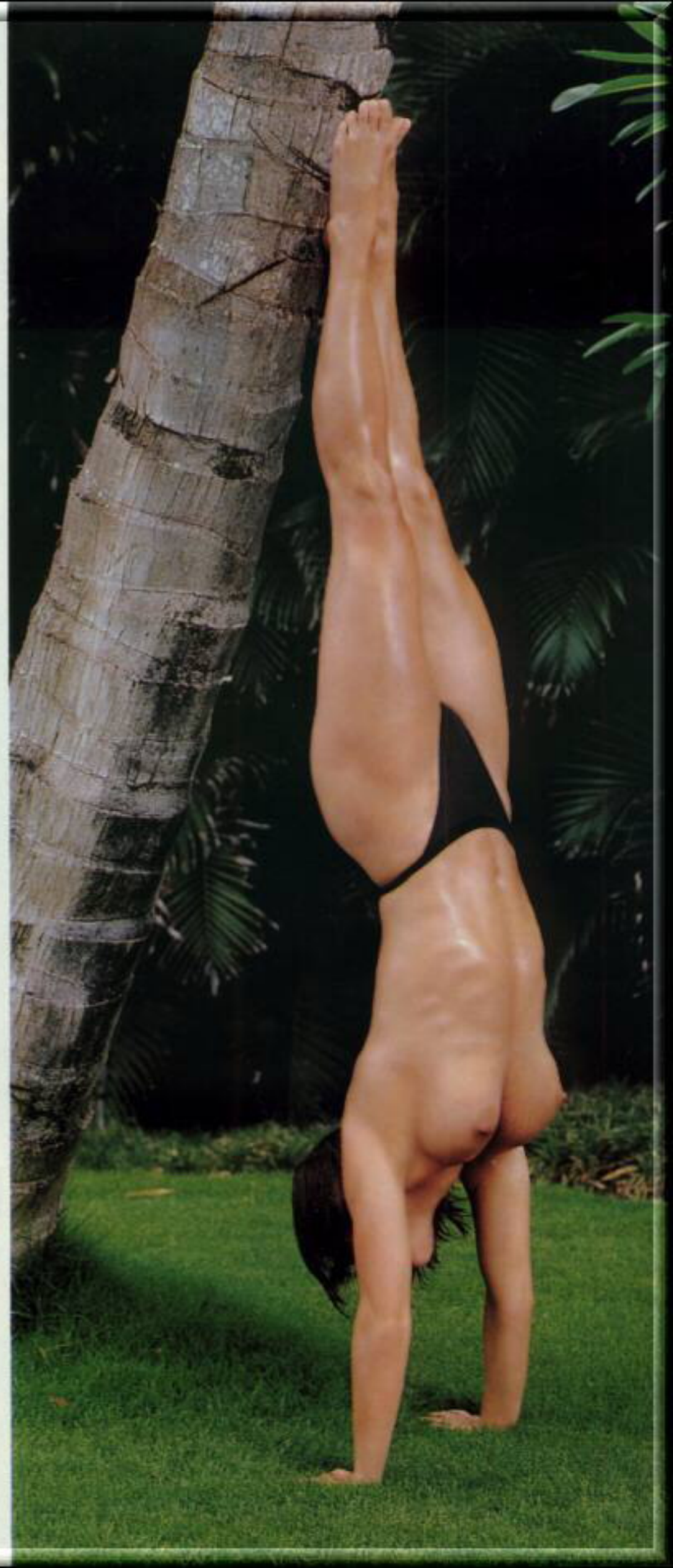
"This year I'm just giving everyone blubber!"

FIRE & ICE

the gold medal skater goes from 5.9 to a perfect 10





















LYAS
Myths



PLAYMATE NEWS



ON THE ROAD AGAIN

After barreling down the driveway of Playboy Mansion West in the wake of its big send-off (see *Playmate News*, November), the Playmate 2000 Search Bus headed north on the first leg of its 47-city quest for the lady who will grace the Centerfold of the January 2000 issue of *PLAYBOY*.

Aboard the Search Bus, photographers and crew members looked forward to the first wave of Playmate candidates who would greet them in Vancouver, British Columbia. And they weren't disappointed. As America gave way to Canada, hordes of comely Vancouverites began descending on the rolling caravan, each one eager to fill out an application form, loosen her buttons and smile for Polaroids.

Among the many Playmate hopefuls were Careyanne, a beauty who said her grandmother had persuaded her to come on down; earthy Julia, a daughter of hippies who enjoys "celebrating nudity"; and Jassy, a payroll clerk in the Canadian military.

Soon the media began filing reports on the Playmate auditions, triggering an avalanche of women ready to squeeze into a bikini (or less) for search photographer David Mecey, who then digitally transmitted the images back to search headquarters in Chicago.

The arrival of the bus at its next stop, Seattle, was dampened by some healthy competition: a Garth Brooks concert. But Garthmania soon ebbed, and women began milling around the Search Bus, which was parked in the shadow of the Space Needle. A local artist named Shannon happened upon the bus on her way to pick up her car from a repair shop. Next thing she knew, she was defrocked and demure before Mecey's lens.

The Vancouver and Seattle turnouts were eye-openers, but Portland really got our blood pumping. According to search chronicler Leif Ueland, "Not only

were the Portland candidates pretty, but they were also on fire with a kind of animal magnetism that came as a surprise to even our search team members. Somewhere along the way the planets shifted, and things got very sexy, very fast."

And that was just the first three stops on the search. Only 44 more cities to go. Stay tuned.



Playmate 2000 candidates in the great Northwest (from left): Sara (Seattle), Delia (Portland), Tamela (Portland), Jodi (Vancouver) and Carrie (Portland).

40 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

The 50-cent December 1958 issue was a collector's dream, featuring fiction by Garson Kanin: *We're Running a Little Late* (the plot: "Can a glamorous movie star find happiness in the arms of a lowly photographer?"), a yuletide gift guide (dig that snazzy walnut-and-Formica bar) and a special Fifth-Anniversary Scrapbook (including



Joyce: On the dock, on the cover.

a vintage shot of Hef in top hat and tails and a photograph of the new Playboy Building in Chicago). But the issue's real prize was at its stapled center: December Playmate—and "merry Miami model"—Joyce Nizzari. Five months earlier, Joyce had donned shades and a Rabbit Head bikini for a *PLAYBOY* cover that was an instant classic. As we explained in Joyce's Centerfold copy: "Letters came pouring in, demanding, 'Who is she? Take off those sunglasses! Make her a Playmate!'" So we did.

PLAYMATE QUIZ

Most Playmate experts can identify a Centerfold by her face. But how many fans can name that dame by body type or clothing alone? Below, we've hidden the countenances of five Playmates whose looks are unique to their eras. Novices need only pick the decades; aficionados should go for the women's names. (Answers are on the next page.)



PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS — DECEMBER

- December 7: Miss February 1967
Kim Farber
- December 10: Miss November 1995
Holly Witt
- December 11: Miss December 1986
Laurie Carr
- December 13: Miss February 1959
Eleanor Bradley
- December 14: Miss May 1973
Anulka Dziubinska

**My
Favorite Playmates
By Roger Ebert**



It's a tie between Miss December 1968 Cynthia Myers and Miss May 1966 Dolly Read.

Why this pair? Because they both starred in Russ Meyer's *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*—which I wrote. Dolly played the lead singer of a rock trio who ditches her loyal boyfriend-manager to sign up with a "teenage tycoon of rock" and shack up with a gigolo. Cynthia played another trio member, who later spurns that same hapless boyfriend and turns to lesbianism. According to Leonard Maltin's *Movie & Video Guide*, the film made two ten-best lists of Seventies films. And I have even heard rumors that it might be remade. That would be unwise, since it is one of a kind.



FAN MAIL

Dear Maria Checa:

I had to write you to let you know I think you're one of the most beautiful women in the world. And I mean that sincerely.

I am single, and I have dreamed of finding someone like you. In addition to your Playmate pictorial, I have seen your many photos over the years. I have watched your Playmate video. And I am convinced that you are sweet and special. This may sound crazy, but I think of you as a Colombian Cinderella. Unique in every way—from your magnificent smile to your voice (on the video).



PLAYMATE NEWS

I just had to let you know how I feel. Best of luck and God bless you.

Michael Gonzales
Socorro, New Mexico

QUOTE UNQUOTE

You've probably seen Miss June 1997 Carrie Stevens on TV recently, either featured in a Playmate special on E or guest-starring on *Beverly Hills 90210*. Next up? A role in *Black Scorpion*, a new series in which Carrie plays "an evil belly dancer who lures information from men and then gets them to do whatever she wants."

Q: What's the key to belly dancing?

A: It's all in the hips. You have to pretend they're the only bones in your body. I had started taking belly dancing lessons just for the hell of it, then I got this part.

Q: Has anyone ever tried to lure you onto a casting couch?

A: No one has directly told me that he'd give me a part if I had sex with him. But I have met guys who have tried that old line, "I can help you with your career."

That really makes me mad. Q: How does a guy win you over?

A: I tend to choose men instead of going with the ones who choose me. I can look at a guy just once—without even speaking to him—and know whether I'm going to sleep with him.

Q: How do you do that? What do you look for?

A: It's hard to explain. It's in his eyes, the way he stands, his presence. I pick up on people's energies. I'm in tune with all that spiritual stuff. I get weird psychic vibes. And I can always spot a guy who just wants to get laid.

Q: What's the worst pick-up line that you've heard?

A: Some guy came up to me recently and said, "Hi, I'm a PLAYBOY photographer." I said, "That's funny, because I'm a Playmate and I've never met you." That did the trick.



PLAYMATE GOSSIP

PLAYBOY Playmates have both ends of the tooth-care spectrum covered: Miss February 1998 Julia Schultz appears in her first national TV spot, for Starburst fruit chews, while Miss August 1995 Rachel Jean Marteen smiles it up in a commercial for Plus White toothpaste. . . . Hugh Hefner popped in at the recent Glamourcon festivities in Los Angeles. Hef greeted his fans, shook hands, signed autographs and hammed it up for the cameras with, among other Playmates,



Hef and Tina do Glamourcon.

Miss May 1990 Tina Bockrath. . . . No, you're not mistaken, that is Miss July 1997 Daphnee Lynn Duplaix lending her good looks to a national print ad for Durex condoms. Daphnee will also log in as co-host of *The Profession*, a vignette series coming soon to Playboy TV. . . . Miss September 1997 Nikki Schieler appears in an indie film called *Six Pennies and a Handgun*. No surprise in casting: She plays a "fantasy dream girl." . . . In terms of videos, 1998 was great for Playmate of the Year Karen McDougal. Not only does Karen star in her *Video Centerfold*, but she also graces the box cover of the newly released 1999 *Video Playmate Calendar*. . . . Most enterprising project of the month: a new how-to book co-authored by Miss March 1990 Deborah Driggs. The subject? Pubic-hair grooming. Go ahead and laugh—we've already ordered our copy.



McDougal's video double take.

PLAYMATE QUIZ: ANSWERS

 1 Miss September 1985 Venice Kong	 2 Miss September 1971 Crystal Smith	 3 Miss April 1997 Kelly Monaco	 4 Miss August 1956 Jonnie Nicely	 5 Miss April 1967 Gwen Wong
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GRAPEVINE

Busting Out in Basic Black

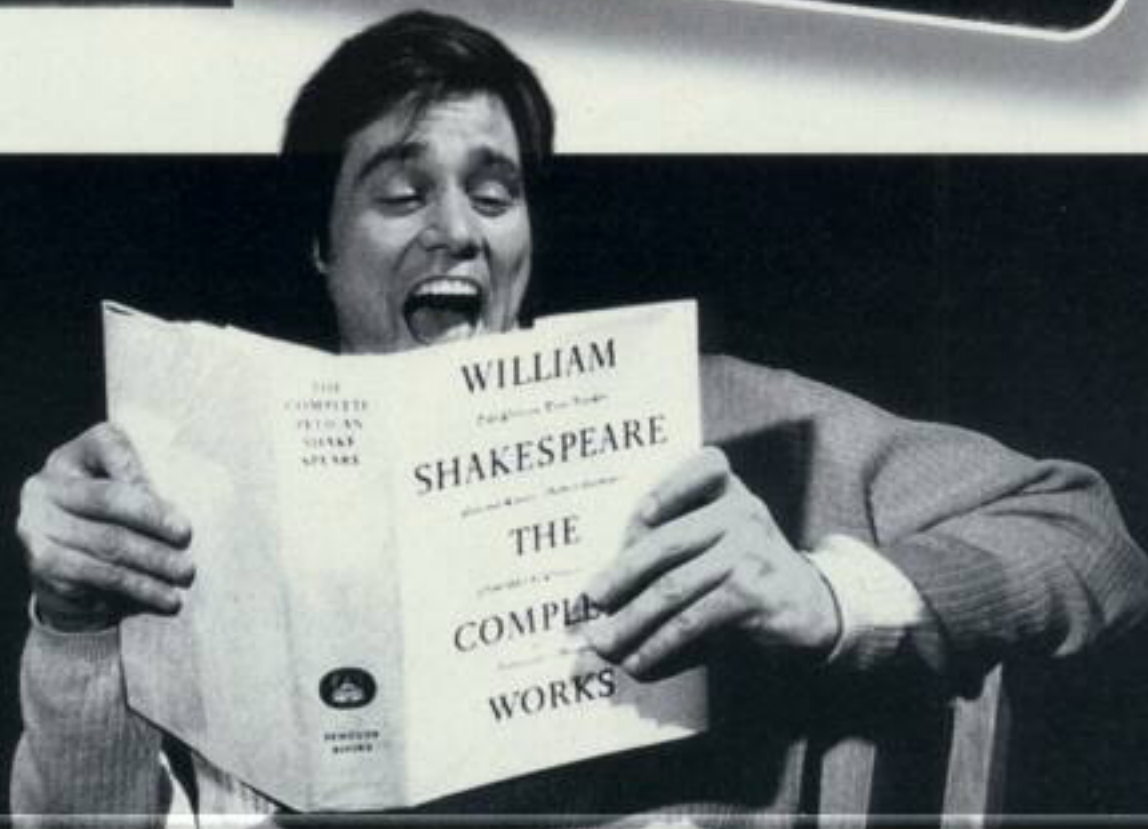
Do SONIA BRAGA (left) and TAYLOR DAYNE (below) know the same designer? Braga was in the TV series *Four Corners* and is now in a miniseries (*A Will of Their Own*) and the movie *From Dusk Till Dawn: The Hangman's Daughter*. Dayne made *Stag* last year with Mario Van Peebles, Jerry Stiller and Andrew McCarthy. Her most recent CD is *Naked Without You*. We don't know who started the see-through-top craze, but *Grapevine* salutes you.



© PAUL SCHNEIDER/3000 PHOTOS

Much Ado About Jim

The Truman Show took JIM CARREY from likable dork to serious funnyman. Look for him next in *Man on the Moon*, the Andy Kaufman bio. He's currently developing remakes of films that starred Don Knotts and Danny Kaye. Can Will S. be far behind?



© MARISSA BOYD/RETNA LTD. USA



Bluesman

This is JOHN LEE HOOKER's 50th year recording the blues. His recent CD *The Best of Friends* is a compilation of collaborations with Bonnie Raitt and Eric Clapton, among others.

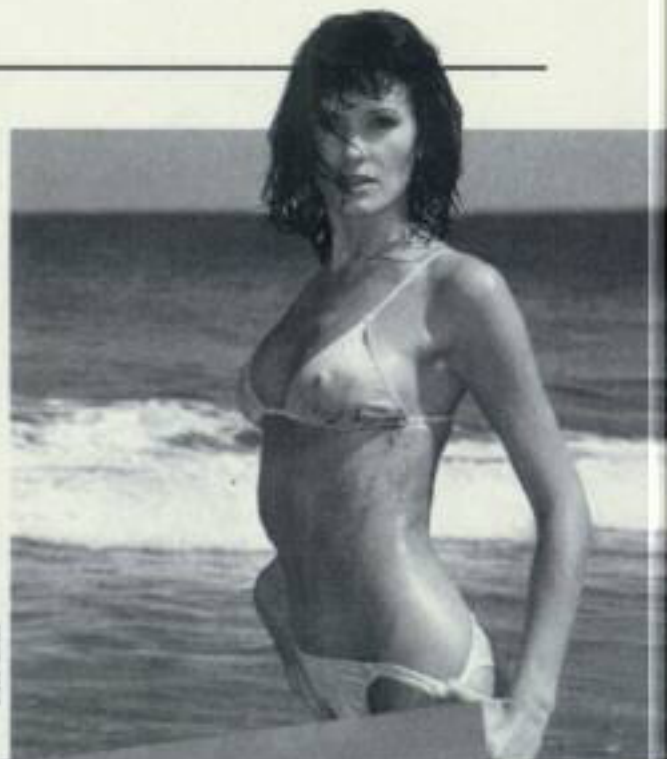


No Hidden Assets

TAYLOR CAMPBELL can be found in a *Miss Hot Body International* video, this past spring's *Cover Models* magazine and the 1999 *Tantalizing Take-offs* calendar. Taylor certainly tantalizes us.

Lana Makes Waves

LANA PIRYAN is Campari's spokesmodel. She has walked the high-fashion runways, appeared in a national commercial and swooned over Alec Baldwin in a *Saturday Night Live* comedy skit.



Water, Water, Everywhere

You will thank us for sharing VERONIKA ZEMANOVA. This is what working out did for the Czech beauty. She should keep it up.



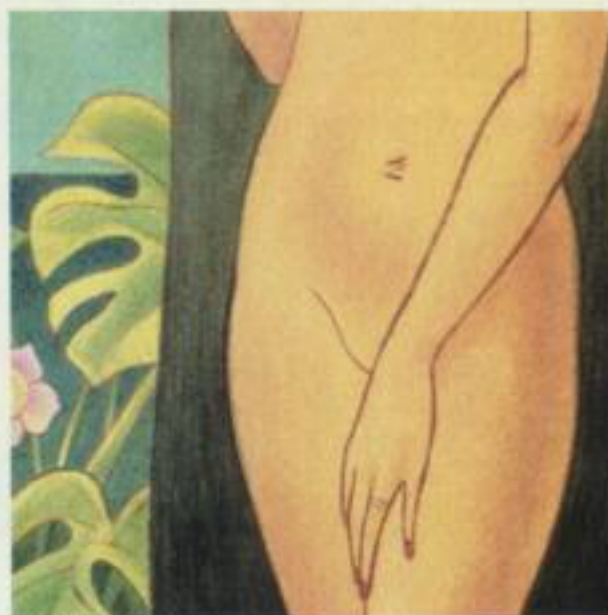
NEXT MONTH: SPECIAL 45TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



ANNIVERSARY PLAYMATE



AN AFFAIR



A HONEYMOON



SEX STARS

45TH ANNIVERSARY COLLECTOR'S ISSUE—WE PULLED OUT ALL THE STOPS. **STEVE MARTIN** ON VIAGRA, **BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN** ON FOOLING AROUND, **DEEPAK CHOPRA** ON MIRACLES, **ROBERT STONE** ON HONEYMOONS, **TOM CLANCY** ON A KILLER INSIDE THE PENTAGON AND **KURT VONNEGUT** ON THE MILLENNIUM

SEX STARS OF THE CENTURY—**MARILYN MONROE, BETTIE PAGE, RITA HAYWORTH, URSULA ANDRESS, SHARON STONE.** WE RATE THE STEAMIEST SIRENS—YOU GET TO LOOK

MICHAEL CRICHTON—NAME THE BLOCKBUSTER—*THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN, JURASSIC PARK, TWISTER, DISCLOSURE*—AND HE'S WRITTEN IT. AT LONG LAST, THE BEST-SELLING WRITER REVEALS HIS SECRETS TO PLAYBOY IN AN INTERVIEW WITH **JOHN REZEK** AND **DAVID SHEFF**

KIRSTIE ALLEY—TV'S BRASHEST LASS TALKS ABOUT THE POWER OF SCIENTOLOGY AND WHY MEN SHOULD NEVER WEAR UNDERWEAR—20 QUESTIONS BY **DAVID RENSIN**

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DOOM—WHEN HEF MEETS 007, AN ANNUAL PARTY TURNS INTO MAYHEM AND MURDER. NEW **JAMES BOND** FICTION BY **RAYMOND BENSON**

CAN YOU TALK TO A SUPERMODEL?—IT'S YOUR FANTASY, BUT ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH TO GET HER DIGITS? WE LEND HELP WITH THIS QUIZ BY **CHRIS NAPOLITANO**

WOMEN AND POLITICS—THE HOST OF *POLITICALLY INCORRECT* EXPLAINS WHY WOMEN CAN'T HACK TALKING ABOUT CURRENT AFFAIRS. BY **BILL MAHER**

BOMBAY BABYLON—A SPECTACLE OF WILD EXTREMES, INDIA RANKS NUMBER ONE IN COMPUTER SOFTWARE AND EUNUCHS. OUR INTREPID REPORTER BRAVES THE SIGHTS AND SMELLS—TRAVEL BY **JOE DOLCE**

PLUS: COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW, THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN—THE **TOP SPORTS CARS** OF THE PAST 45 YEARS, A **RAUCOUS YEAR IN SEX, ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA** AND, OF COURSE, OUR **PLAYMATE REVIEW**