

PLAYBOY

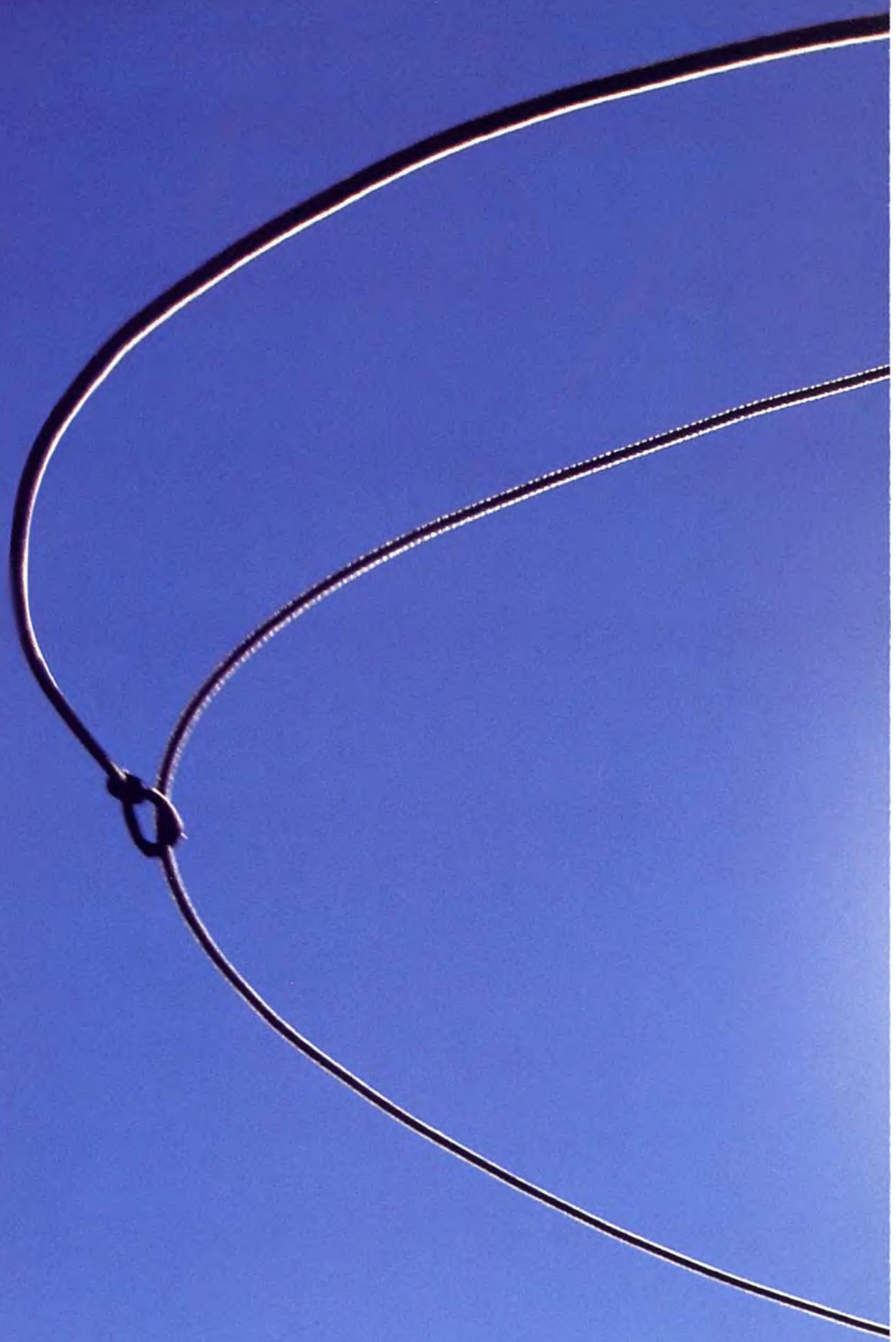
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45TH
ANNIVERSARY
ISSUE



TOM CLANCY: A KILLER STALKS THE PENTAGON • **STEVE MARTIN: DADDY'S FIRST VIAGRA** • **ROBERT STONE: SEX AND DEATH IN THE TROPICS** • **INTERVIEW WITH MICHAEL CRICHTON** • **BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN: THE DANGERS OF SCREWING AROUND** • **DEEPAK CHOPRA: MILLENNIAL SECRETS** • **BILL MAHER: CAN WOMEN TALK THE TALK?** • **SEX STARS OF THE CENTURY** • **MICHAEL LEMONICK: THE HUNT FOR ALIENS IN SPACE** • **KURT VONNEGUT: GETTING SET FOR THE YEAR 2000** • **RAYMOND BENSON: HEF AND JAMES BOND SOLVE A MANSION MURDER** • **209 WITH KIRSTIE ALLEY** • **KOSHER SEX: HOTTER THAN YOU THINK** • **WILLIAM GREIDER: A GLOBAL COLLAPSE?** • **FLASHY NEW YEAR'S FASHION** • **A FABULOUS PLAYMATE REVIEW** • **THE HOTTEST SPORTS CARS OF THE PAST 45 YEARS** • **ELEVENTH HOUR SANTA** • **PLUS A NEW YEAR'S TOAST TO OUR VERY SPECIAL BIRTHDAY**



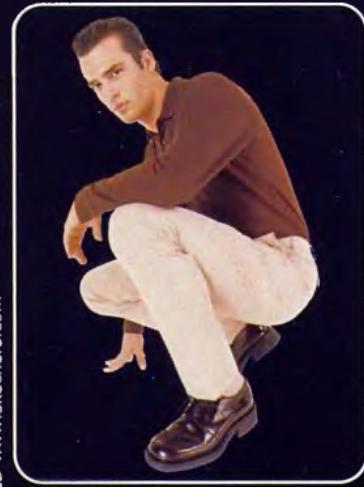
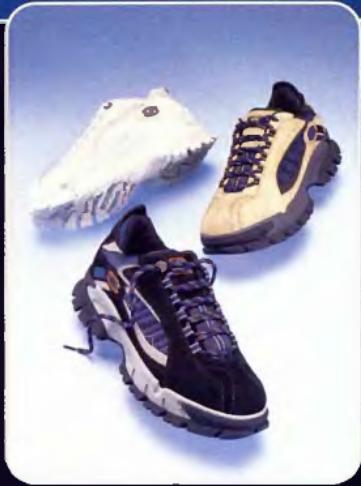


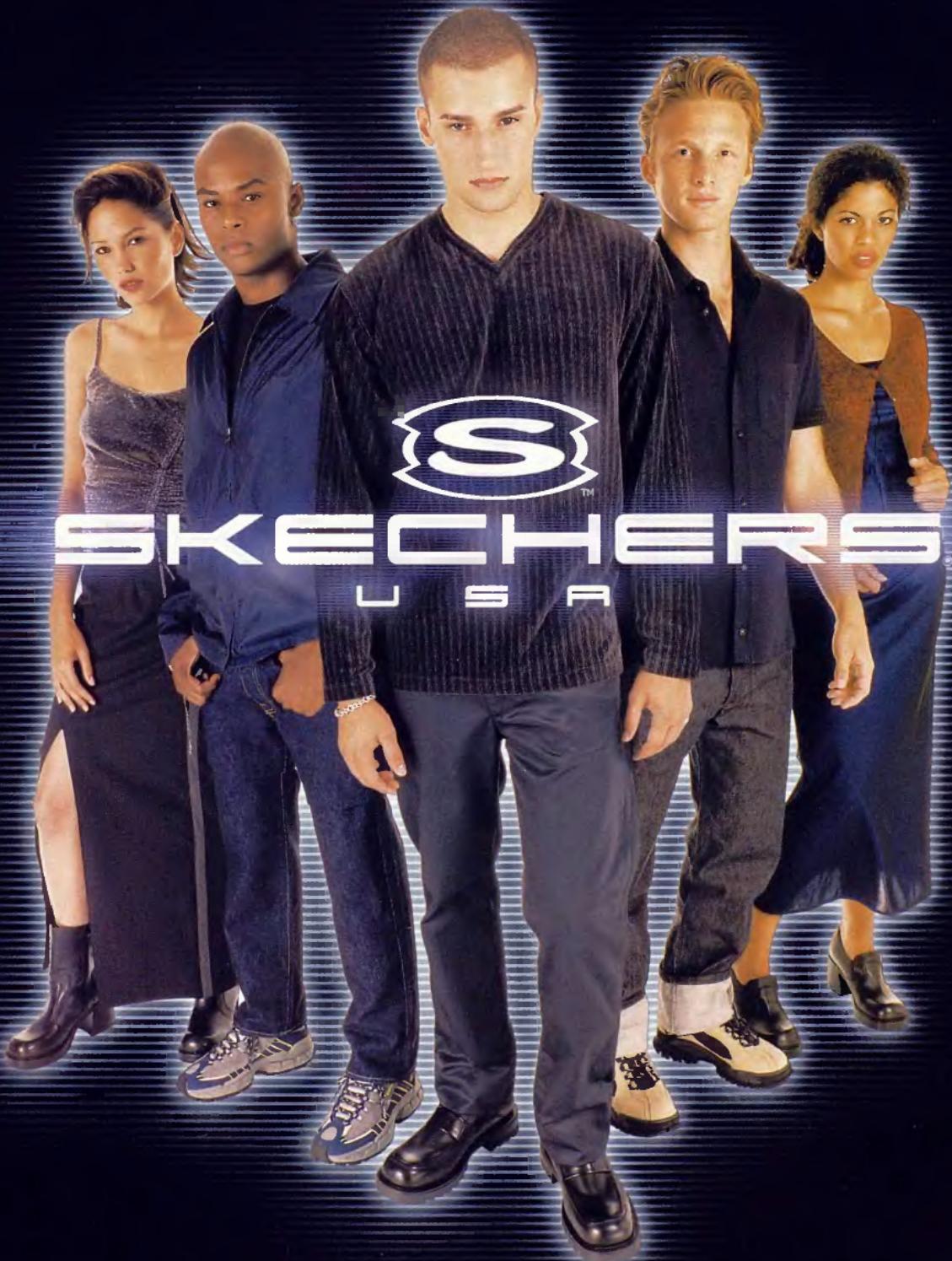
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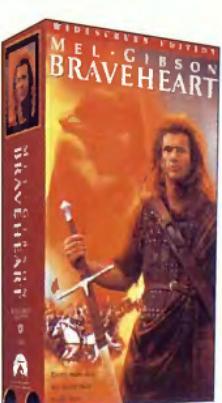
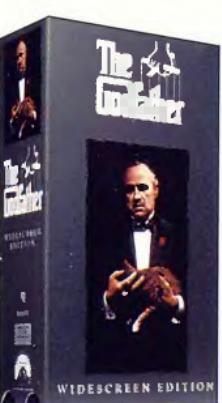
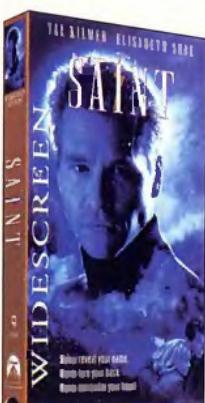
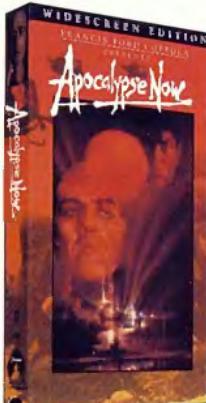
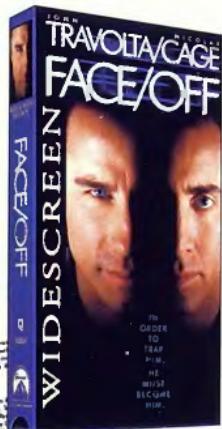
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PLAYBILL

So. 1999. Last exit before the toll.

We don't know what the bridge to the 21st century will be made of, but we know what we'll find at the other end: a world of good times, good music, fantastic gadgets and scads of gorgeous, intelligent women. Appropriately, this anniversary issue begins with a pictorial for the ages: *Sex Stars of the Century*. We spelunked through the archives, spread pictures all over the office and rekindled old flames with Cindy, Raquel, Kim, Sophia and Pamela. Then we chose the top 100 female glamourati ever to love a lens. If you've looked at our cover, you know who heads the list. In the role of Virgil, dexterous **D. Keith Mano** guides us around these birds of paradise.

The year 2000. For all its numerological significance, the date is arbitrary. As that sweetly ironic visionary **Kurt Vonnegut** puts it, "The odometer is slightly out of whack." Even so, it's a good time to ask, "Where the *fu-h-kar-wee*?" The answer lies in Vonnegut's meditation, *Last Words for a Century*, illustrated by **Winston Smith**. Vonnegut's most famous character, Billy Pilgrim, was "unstuck in time." So Billy's creator has written a paean to humanity's need to make order out of chaos and its belief in second chances.

The world economy is the phenomenon that will most affect us in the future. Betting on the outcome depends on what you believe in—Malthus or the market. In *Chicken Little Goes Global*, renowned skeptic **William Greider** articulates on market forces that drive the international system. We can no longer expect barefoot nations to make our sneakers without our getting kicked in the ass. As Henry Ford warned, industry can't last if workers can't afford to buy the things they make.

When it comes to unified-field theories, there is a growing school of thought that the quest to explain the world through quantum mechanics will lead to a radical rethinking of the human mind. We're talking beyond the tao of physics, beyond sexual ecstasy, beyond horse-dropping doses of acid. In *One More Reality to Go*, internal cosmonaut **Deepak Chopra** discusses the current scientific pursuit to establish the Theory of Everything. For Chopra, the future works. Not spacey enough for you? Then it's time to move from the Big TOE to the Big Bang. By now you've heard about the search for intelligent life outside earth known as SETI, in which astronomers sift through radio waves from space for signs of extraterrestrial transmissions. As **Michael D. Lemonick** maps out in *Earth to Universe: Do You Read?*, some astrophysicists prefer to locate planets that might support life. (The solar-powered artwork is by **Donato Giancola**.) It seemed a hopeless mission until 1995, when the first planet outside our system was discovered. Since then, two American astronomers have pinpointed 12 others. After interviewing the scientists, Lemonick says their enthusiasm is infectious and, well, out of this world.

In the past we've turned to **Michael Crichton** to explain the world to us. Whether it's the impact of AIDS (in a January 1988 article) or how to argue with women (in a December 1991 article), Crichton has a way of addressing our questions before we ask them. He published *Rising Sun* at the height of tension between the U.S. and Japan and turned sexual harassment on its politically correct head in *Disclosure*. As the subject of this month's thoughtful *Playboy Interview* by Assistant Managing Editor **John Rezek** and Contributing Editor **David Sheff**, Crichton talks about how he grew to become a multimedia powerhouse (some say the richest writer working today) and why he's interested in disasters.

To continue in the technothriller tradition Crichton started, we present an installment of *Tom Clancy's Net Force* (the excerpt published here is from the book created by **Tom Clancy** and **Steve Pieczenik**, which will be published by Berkley). Artwork by **Phil Hale** kick-starts the piece. You'll feel the punches yourself as a hired assassin called the Selkie infiltrates the Pentagon. Did we mention that the Selkie is a woman? And



MANO



SMITH



VONNEGUT



GREIDER



CHOPRA



LEMONICK



GIANCOLA



REZEK



CLANCY



HALE



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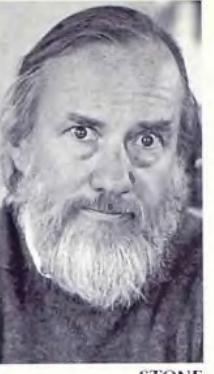
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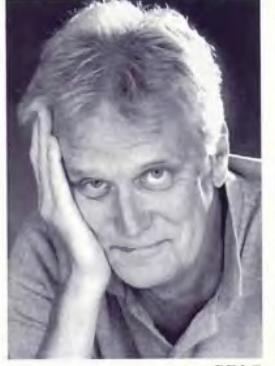
MAHER



NAPOLITANO



MUGLER



COLE



GROSS



BEAUDET-FRANCES, HANSEN, EDGREN

drop-dead gorgeous? Meanwhile, in our next story, similar intrigue descends on an equally famous institution on the West Coast. This time, James Bond is called in to catch a thief at the Playboy Mansion. Bond writer **Raymond Benson** says, "I now have the honor of paying tribute to both 007 and Hugh Hefner by bringing them face-to-face." *Midsummer Night's Doom* takes place at Hef's annual pajama party (illustrated by **John Rush**) and features Playmates **Victoria Zdrok** and **Lisa Dergan**. Wonder who will play them in the movie?

To help you party like it's, um, the year before 2000, we put together a preparatory package by **John Mariani**, **Larry Olmsted** and **Chris Santilli** called *Trial Run for the Ultimate New Year's Eve*. It includes everything you need to know about champagne, boisterous bars and weird parties. Then Fashion Editor **Hollis Wayne** turns the light on new lustrous suits that are perfect for nightcrawling in.

Love endures no matter what time it is. This month we're happy to offer a triptych of short stories on the subject from three of our favorite writers. *An Affair* by **Bruce Jay Friedman** is a spare, wistful glance in the rearview mirror at a passion that crashed and burned. You could say the sea of love is at the heart of *Honeymoon* by **Robert Stone** (illustrated by **Marco Venturo**). Like the ocean, Stone's take on love is suspenseful, vast and deep. Three years ago, **Steve Martin** interrupted his movie career to write. He's resurfaced with a book, a screenplay, a play and a gently humorous take on the biggest story this year—a whimsical flight of fancy called *Daddy's First Viagra*. The amorous artwork is by **Benoit**.

Can sex be dirty and kosher? Only if it's done right. Or so maintains Rabbi **Shmuley Boteach**. The father of six and a schmear over 30, Boteach is an Orthodox rabbi who has drawn from the wisdom of the Talmud for inspiration on sex. In an adaptation from his forthcoming book *Kosher Sex* (Doubleday), Boteach comes across as a true romantic. Other than bans on premarital sex, masturbation and pornography, his views on pleasure are surprisingly modern. *Lechayim!*

Time to sandwich in **Kirstie Alley**. We've been Alley cats since *Cheers*, and now everyone knows her as Veronica from her hit TV show *Veronica's Closet*. Anyone who walks around in prime time *en déshabillé* is a candidate for *20 Questions*. We sent Contributing Editor **David Rensin** to engage her in some persiflage, and he found out about her bubble baths, her wig fetish, her love of waxing and her introduction to felching by Kelsey Grammer. A moment to clear your throat, and then on to another TV hero who says what he means, **Bill Maher**. In *Babes and the Beltway* he takes on politically minded women (apparatchiks in the original Russian) or, more precisely, the lack of them. Maher says politics is a male dialect, and we all know girls don't like to mess with idioms. Then take the test called *Can You Chat Up a Supermodel?* by Senior Editor **Christopher Napolitano**. Think of it: Cutting-edge fashion designer **Thierry Mugler** doesn't have to bother chatting up models. He just tells them to put on some clothes—or take some off. To see what we mean, check out *Sex Couture*, an extravagant pictorial arranged and photographed by Mugler.

Looking forward (and guard and center): In *Playboy's College Basketball Preview* perennial pickmaster **Gary Cole**, also known as our Photography Director, lays his sterling reputation on the line. Yes, you've seen him on TV—his prognosticating is becoming increasingly hard to ignore. Looking at asses backward, **Robert S. Wieder** has captured the foibles of Clinton, Starr and Tripp in verse for our annual favorite, *That Was the Year That Was*. **Ken Gross** accelerates a bit farther back, as he ranks the best sports cars of the past 45 years in *The Magnificent Seven*. Then romp through another hilarious *Year in Sex* (assembled by our crack team of Contributing Editor **Gretchen Edgren**, Associate Photo Editor **Patty Beaudet-Francés** and Senior Art Director **Bruce Hansen**).

You get to choose your favorite pictorial—the annual *Playmate Review* or the one of our horse-riding honey, Playmate **Jaime Bergman**. Can't decide? Don't worry. If the past is anything to go by, there are at least 540 more beauties to come.

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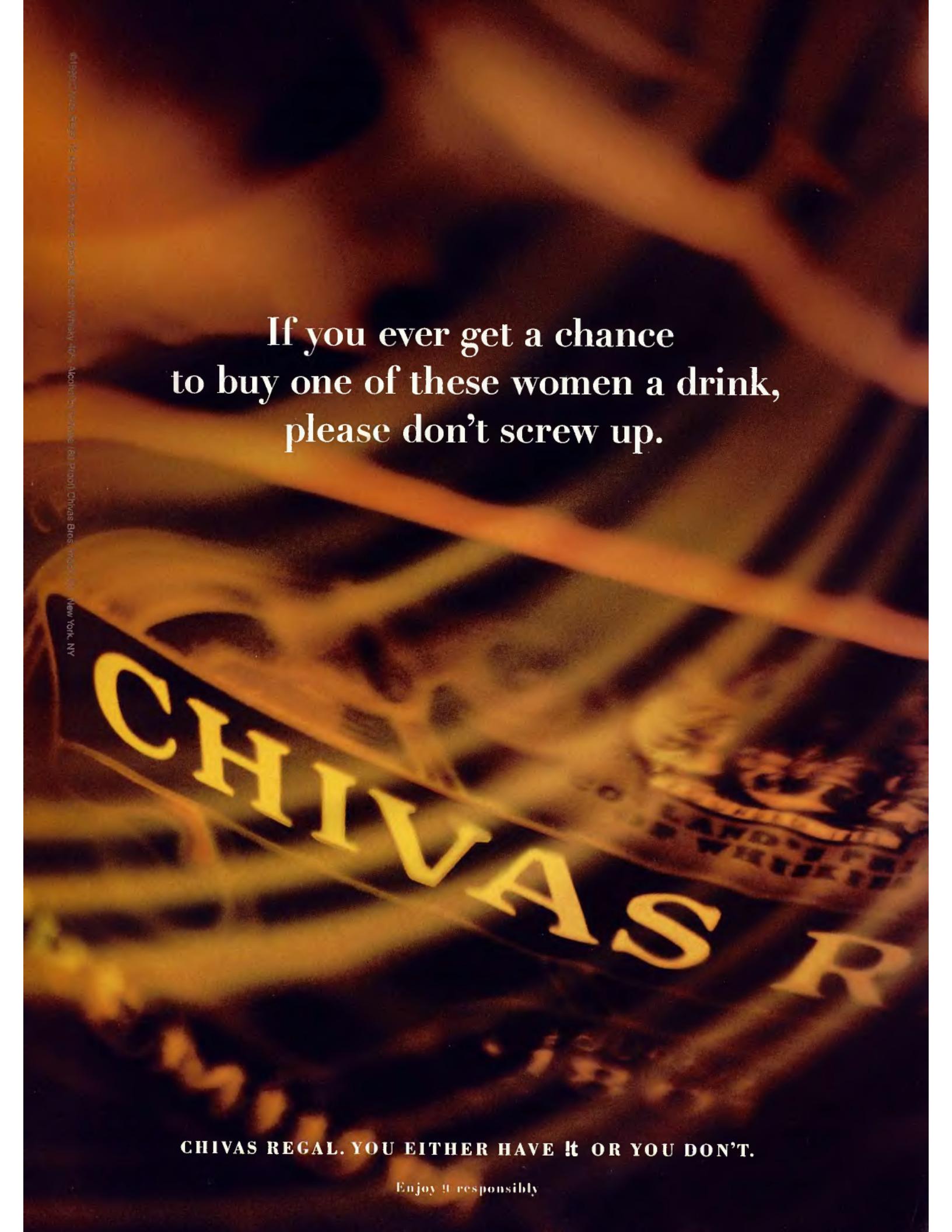
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PLAYBOY



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COVER STORY

Forty-five years ago, Hugh Hefner took a bold gamble and started a magazine with a singular image of Marilyn Monroe. To celebrate that union, we recruited artist Rob Silvers to create a new cover using five decades of past PLAYBOY covers. Silvers, who designed the computer program that performs this magic, used unaltered PLAYBOY covers to generate the image. Look closely and you can identify nearly every month from our 45 years. At a distance, Marilyn appears, and reminds us how it all began.



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109 CINEMA COLLECTORS, L.A., CA, JOHN DEREN, ARTHUR JAMES, MARCUS, P. 110 ARCHIVE PHOTOS, EVERETT COLLECTION (2), ALEXIS URBA, P. 111 PATRICK DEMARCHELIER, EVERETT COLLECTION (2), PHOTOFEST, POMPEO POSAR, P. 112 ARCHIVE PHOTOS/PHOTOGRAPHY NEWSPAPER, EVERETT COLLECTION, MOVIE STAR NEWS, NY, PHOTOFEST, WAYDA, P. 113 DEMARCHELIER, SANTO D'ORAZIO, PHOTOFEST, POSAR, © PEGGY SIROTA/OUTLINE, P. 114 CASILLI (2), GAMMA-LIAISON, PHOTOFEST, ANTOINE VERGLAS, P. 115 ARCHIVE PHOTOS, CASILLI, RICHARD FEGLY, DAVID GURIAN, RETNA LTD, P. 116 Gwendolen CATES, CORBIS-BETTMANN, © ANDREW ECCLES/OUTLINE, POSAR, P. 117 DAVID BAILEY, FRANK BEZ/GLOBE PHOTOS, CINEMA COLLECTORS, L.A., CA, EVERETT COLLECTION (2), THE KOBAL COLLECTION, MARCUS, P. 118 CASILLI, FEGLY, MARY LAWRENCE/SP/GAMMA-LIAISON, PHOTOFEST, P. 119 BEZ, JOE HYAMS, RAY JONES/PHOTOFEST, MIKE SHEA, YEAGER, P. 120 CAMERA PRESS, THE KOBAL COLLECTION, MOVIE STAR NEWS, NY, RON THAL, P. 121 CORBIS-BETTMANN, DEREK, THE KOBAL COLLECTION, RITTS, UNITED ARTISTS, P. 122 DAVIS FACTOR, FREYTAG, ORMAND GIGLI, HOLLYWOOD BOOK AND POSTER SHOP, MICKEY PALLAS, P. 123 DEREK, FEGLY, PHOTOFEST, P. 124 GIANNI BOZZACCHI, RITTS, PHIL STERN/GLOBE, WAYDA, P. 125 VON WANGENHEIM, P. 126 WOODFIELD, P. 127-128 STERN, P. 132 GEORGIU, P. 133 IMBROGNO (4); P. 174 OUTLINE, P. 179 CINEMA COLLECTORS, L.A., CA, EVERETT COLLECTION (2), PHOTOFEST, P. 180 CINEMA COLLECTORS, L.A., CA, EVERETT COLLECTION (2), PHOTOFEST, P. 181 CINEMA COLLECTORS, L.A., CA, EVERETT COLLECTION (2), PHOTOFEST, P. 182 CINEMA COLLECTORS, L.A., CA, EVERETT COLLECTION (2), PHOTOFEST, P. 183 CINEMA COLLECTORS, L.A., CA, EVERETT COLLECTION (2), PHOTOFEST, P. 184 CINEMA COLLECTORS, L.A., CA, EVERETT COLLECTION (2), PHOTOFEST, P. 185 CINEMA COLLECTORS, L.A., CA, EVERETT COLLECTION (2), PHOTOFEST, P. 186 CINEMA COLLECTORS, L.A., CA, EVERETT COLLECTION (2), PHOTOFEST, P. 187 CINEMA COLLECTORS, L.A., CA, EVERETT COLLECTION (2), PHOTOFEST, P. 188 CINEMA COLLECTORS, L.A., CA, EVERETT COLLECTION (2), 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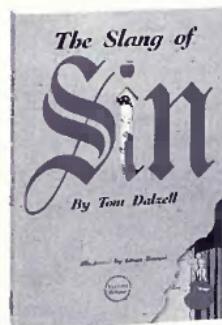
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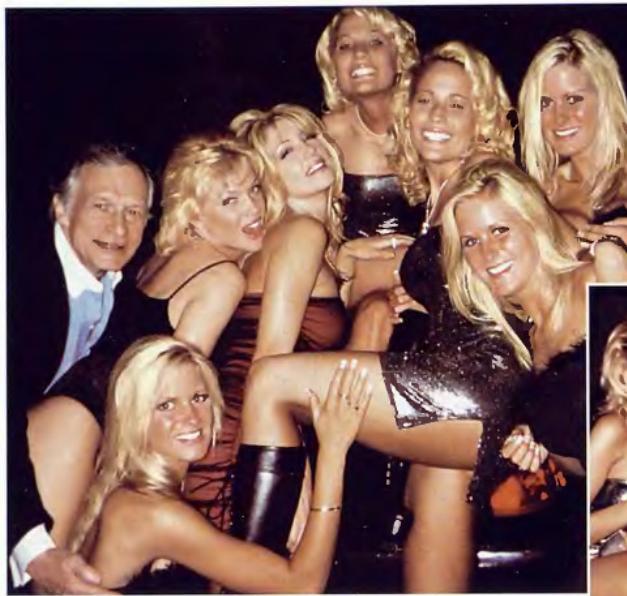


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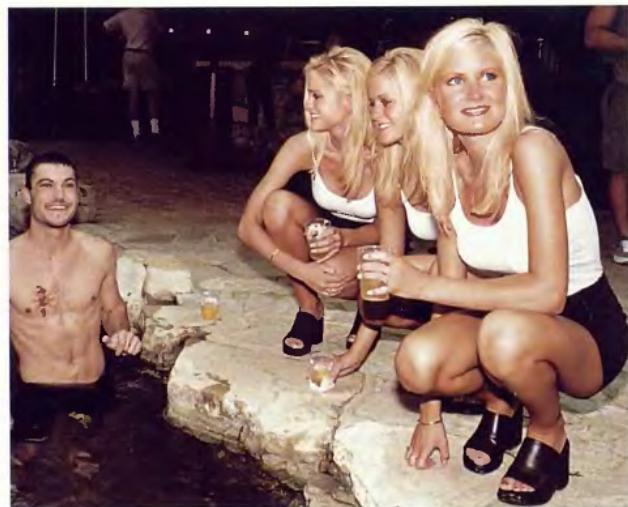
THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

hef sightings, mansion frolics and the rabbit's redux



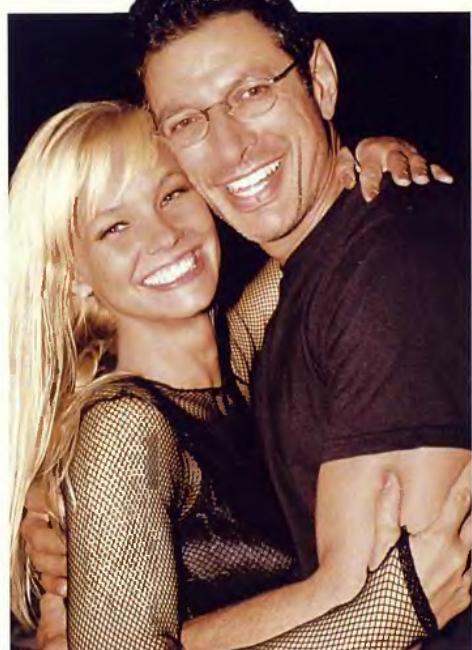
HEF'S PARTY POSSE

Do these photos look like Hef's suffering from separation anxiety? Since his marital status changed, he has been stepping out again for retro Rat Pack nights of cocktails, swing dancing and healthy blondes. It doesn't hurt to show up with the Bentley twins, the Dahm triplets, Playmates and actresses. And it doesn't hurt to have Jim Carrey, George Clooney and Leonardo DiCaprio hang out at your house, either. Hef is pain-free.



A REST FROM HIS LABOR

Brian Austin Green of *Beverly Hills 90210* kept his cool at four play with our three Miss Decembers—Erica, Nicole and Jaclyn Dahm. Hef's wild Labor Day bash brought together a cast of thousands, including Tori Spelling, Drew Carey, Jack Nicholson and Martin Landau, to eat, drink and be merry.



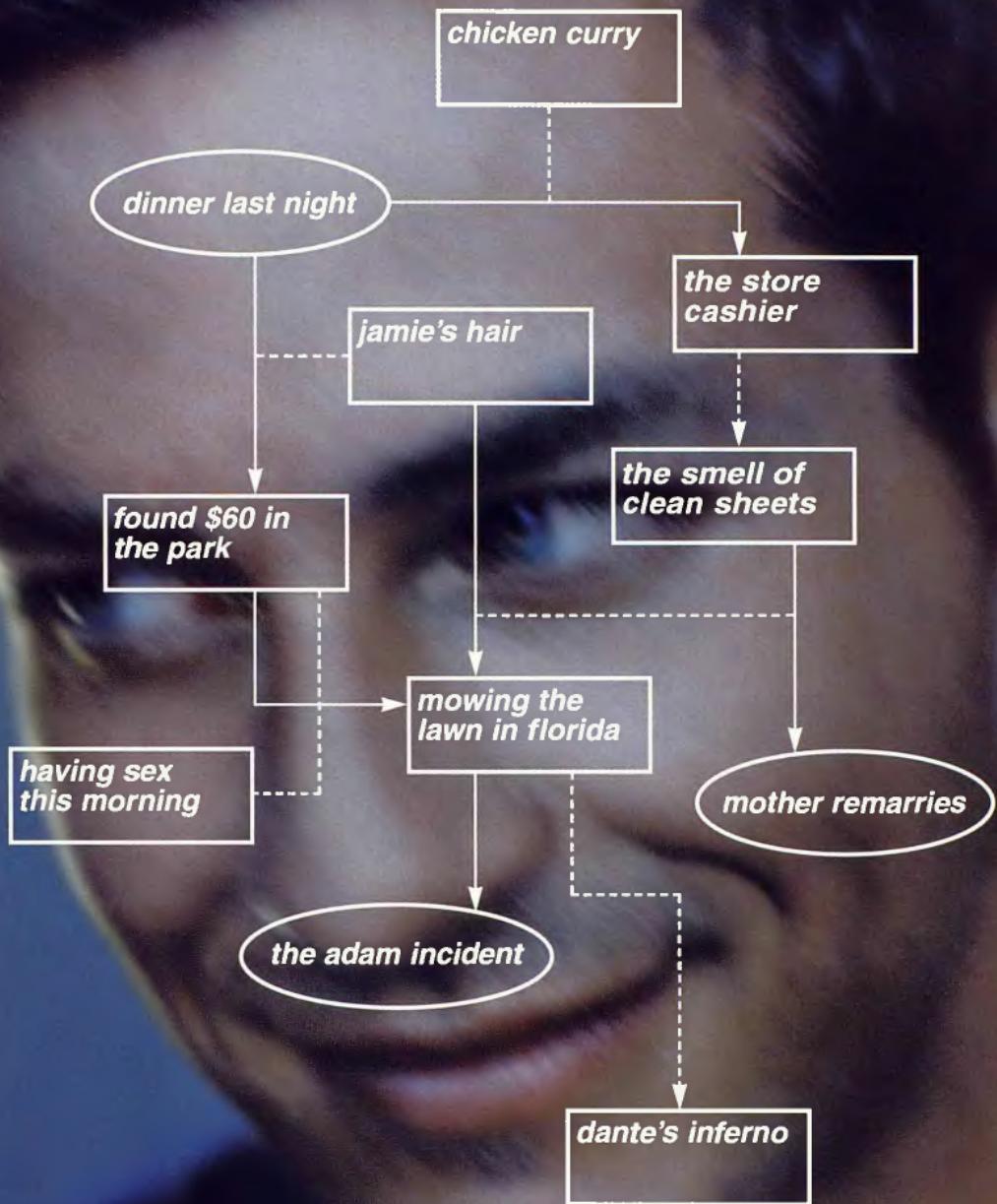
GETTING IN ON THE ACTION

Hef and his famous house were in an episode of the CBS dramatic series *Buddy Faro* this past fall. Actor Dennis Farina (pictured here with Hef), who plays a private eye, knows law enforcement for real from his days as a Chicago cop. Although Hef only occasionally has a dramatic role, it's no mystery to find him in his pajamas.



PAJAMA PARTYGOERS

After a seven-year hiatus, the Midsummer Night's Dream Party was relaunched this past August at the Mansion. It was lingerie heaven for the all-night revelers, including Miss February 1986 Julie McCullough and actor Jeff Goldblum—both looking great in basic black.



appropriately complex

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CRY ME A RIVERA

Geraldo Rivera (*Playboy Interview*, October) needs to check his monumental ego and understand he's not the main ingredient in the news events he reports. I advise him to lock himself in a room for a week and watch old newscasts by Howard K. Smith and Roger Mudd. He might get a clue as to what it takes to achieve greatness.

Norman Jacobs
Sacramento, California

Can you say Napoléon complex? I haven't heard so much false bravado since grade school. Geraldo Rivera believes he's Walter Cronkite, Valentino and Mighty Joe Young rolled into one. All the money in the world can't buy him two things he lacks: humility and class.

Bob Furlong
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

I've watched Geraldo for more than ten years. The world needs his positive attitude.

Jean Ketten
Erin, Tennessee

Geraldo Rivera wants to fight both O.J. Simpson and Joey Buttafuoco. Why doesn't he just go nose to ear with Mike Tyson? It's really hard to take him seriously when his behavior is clownlike.

Steve Ceballos
Rock Springs, Wyoming

According to Geraldo, he's the best crime fighter and the best at forecasting political results—the best at everything he does. In short, Geraldo is full of Geraldo.

Martin Berman
Boca Raton, Florida

PIGSKIN PICKS

I want to commend Gary Cole and *PLAYBOY* for picking Iowa lineman Jared DeVries for your All-America team (*Playboy's Pigskin Preview*, October). For

three years, he has carried the defensive load—even with an injury—and he'll continue to do so. But how could Rick Gosselin leave the Minnesota Vikings out of the playoffs in the September pro football forecast? They're going to win the Super Bowl, baby.

Dallas Bergmann
Dubuque, Iowa

I've been a *PLAYBOY* fan for years and always look forward to your college football forecast, but your choice of Nebraska to finish sixth is an insult to the Nebraska Cornhusker football program. Preseason rankings should be based on the previous year's final rankings. Nebraska and Michigan should have started the year tied for first place in the polls, and they should remain there until they're beaten. I commend Gary Cole for sticking his neck out, but I'd like to give him some advice for the future: Always bet Big Red.

Brad Schoneberg
Cambridge, Nebraska

I was thrilled to see Bill Snyder picked as *Playboy's Coach of the Year*. His resurrection of Kansas State football is nothing short of a miracle. If anyone doubts how proud I am of my alma mater, check out the 1997 *Playboy's College Girls* Newsstand Special, page 41.

Eva Krannawitter
Lenexa, Kansas

THE GREENING OF VIAGRA

Amanda Green's candid sense of humor and titillating descriptions made for a great sex column debut (*Viagra Weekend*, October). I look forward to seeing more of her.

Jack Lee Baggett Jr.
Mobile, Alabama

I'm not a new reader of *PLAYBOY* (I began peeking at my brother's issues in the early Sixties), but thanks to a gift from my wife, I'm now a subscriber. Amanda



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Green is not only a great writer, she's also incredibly beautiful. How about it, Hef, can we see her in a pictorial?

Greg Monroe
Sherman, Texas

Green created an interesting fantasy, but using someone else's prescription drugs for experimentation can have serious—sometimes fatal—consequences. Viagra can be beneficial, but to glorify its use as an orgy pill is frivolous.

Daniel Axt
St. Cloud, Florida

FAREWELL, MY LOVELY

I recently reunited with my ex-fiancée, who wasn't aware that I'm a long-time subscriber to PLAYBOY. We had a huge argument about the magazine that ended with an ultimatum: She'd allow me to continue my subscription only if she could tear out all the pages that have nudity. I realized I had a choice to make, and I wish her the best, wherever she is.

Greg Swarts
Newton, Kansas

TRIBAL RITUALS

I read with interest Asa Baber's *Men* column "Separate Tribes" (October), and while I agree with him, I don't think he went far enough. Americans are segregated. When was the last time someone from Park Avenue went for a stroll through Harlem? I was always taught that this country is a melting pot. Now schools teach diversity, but if the different cultures that make up our society have no common ground, we're doomed. Asa's advice is sound in that he wants us to revel in our differences.

Neil Gilmore
Austin, Texas

The reason America is experiencing what Asa refers to as tribalization is that most black people feel that Caucasians owe them something for what has happened in the past. I am by no means a racist. I'd love to see the day when the color of someone's skin is no longer an issue.

Darren Demarr
Clinton, Iowa

I'm a Bosnian who recently moved to the U.S. because I couldn't watch my people moving farther apart. Several Slavic tribes lived together on a small piece of land for a very long time, and then all hell broke loose. Bosnia divided cannot stand. I'm not surprised that the U.S. hasn't overcome its racial problems, but I'm saddened by it. Still, I'm looking for my chance in America.

Suad Bejtovic
Dallas, Texas

Of course separationism encourages tribalization. All this country needs to do is look at the schism in Bosnia, most

of central Africa, Ireland and the former Soviet Union—and let's not forget Quebec.

Ethelbert Haskins
Washington, D.C.

COVER GIRL

I purchased the October issue to get another look at the beautiful Cindy Crawford, only to be sidetracked by *Laura's Journey*. Miss October Laura Lee Cover has an unforgettable presence—one that earned PLAYBOY a subscription from me.

Tom Holley
Tustin, California

My last birthday was not a joyous one, but when I noticed that Laura Lee and I share the same birth date, I smiled. Thanks for a fabulous belated present.

Michael Merry
Seattle, Washington



In the 15 years I've been a PLAYBOY reader, I've never seen such a beauty as Laura Cover. She has my PMOY vote.

Domenic Albis
Woodbridge, Ontario

CINSATIONAL

At 32, Cindy Crawford (*Cindy*, October) is more beautiful than ever. The ten-year wait to see her again was worth it. Cindy is still the world's most desirable woman.

Jerry Palenik
Chicago, Illinois

Cindy Crawford is like cotton candy and *Baywatch*: no real substance.

Richard Frese
APO Rockland, New York

Once again, photographer Herb Ritts has succeeded in capturing Cindy's class and scorching sensuality.

David Lawson
Brook Park, Ohio

As a student of American pop culture, I have long been intrigued by Cindy Crawford. She's the answer to the calls of man's carnal desire and woman's primal aspiration. She's the world's most accessible goddess.

Ronald Moore
Mesa, Arizona

SPELLING TORI

Tori Spelling (*20 Questions*, October) is more than just another pretty face. I expected her to be like most celebrities—guarded and pretentious. But it was refreshing to learn that she's spontaneous, candid and fun-loving.

Dave Barber
WFDF Radio
Detroit, Michigan

I usually read PLAYBOY cover to cover before setting it aside for the next round, but one look at Tori Spelling stopped me in my tracks. Thanks for an interview with an attractive, down-to-earth woman.

Thomas Gillespie
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

LOVE AND JOY

Jim Petersen provides readers with an invaluable look at the changes in American attitudes as reflected by our behavior (*Playboy's History of the Sexual Revolution, Part VIII: The Joy of Sex*, October). I'm not certain, though, that what he describes is the sexual revolution. Petersen's research seems more likely to demonstrate a media revolution rather than a sexual one.

Alan Gasior
Trenton, New Jersey

I'm a 26-year-old who has plenty of fun living in Hawaii, but after reading *The Joy of Sex*, I wish I were at least 15 years older.

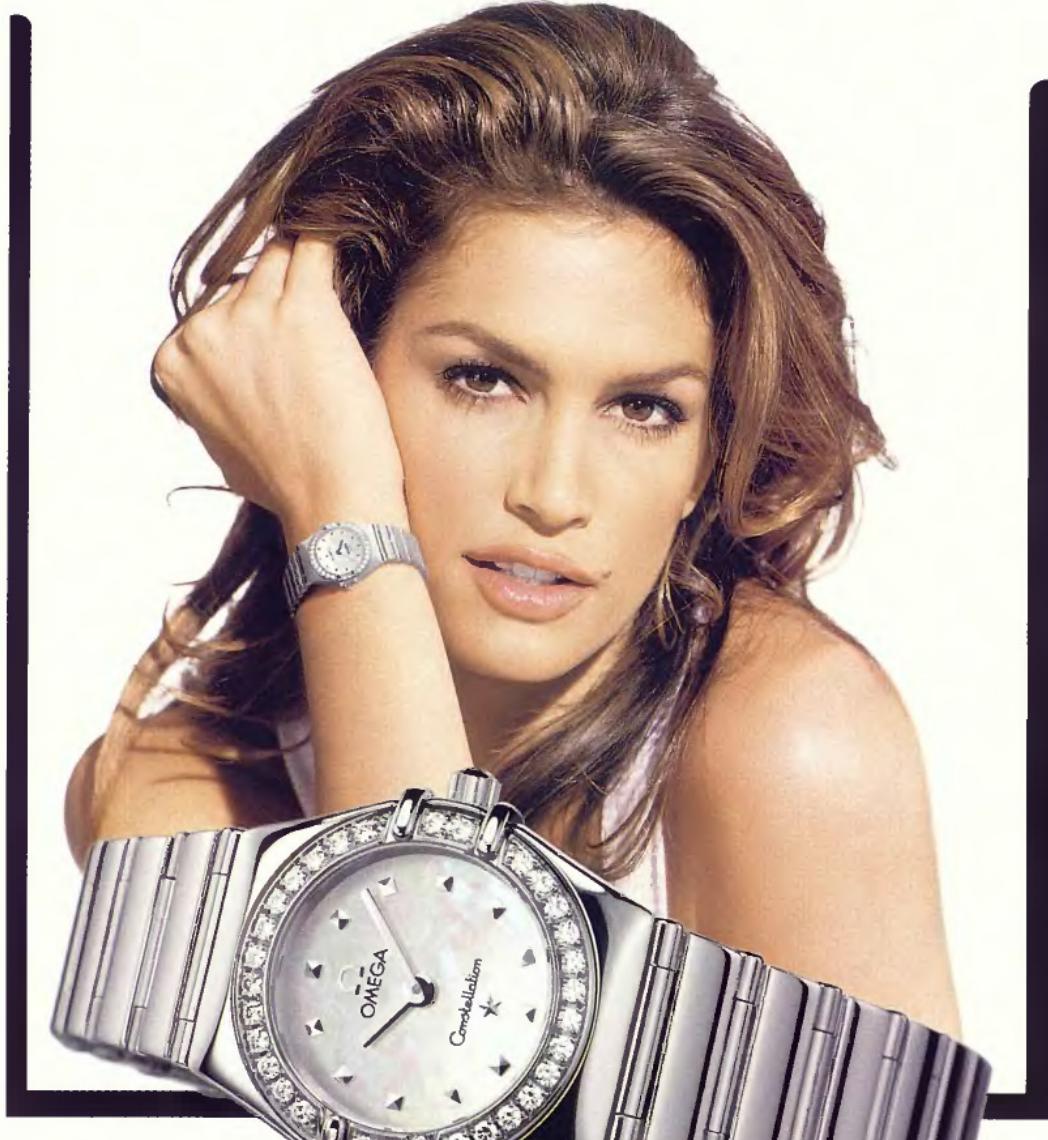
Mark Morrell
Pearl Harbor, Hawaii

I was a little disappointed to see Jim Petersen describe Sandstone as "an erotic retreat near Los Angeles." Yes, Alex Comfort and Gay Talese visited and wrote about the retreat, as did other journalists. Robert Francoeur came closest to defining Sandstone in his book *Hot and Cool Sex*. All the writers had one thing in common at Sandstone—they were allowed to attend Saturday night parties as singles. Members and other guests had to bring a partner. This greatly diluted the experience. I have a feeling Talese would have described the party scene differently if he had been one of those "stimulated, shocked, gladdened and saddened by the sight of their spouses interlocked with new lovers."

Tom Hatfield
Las Vegas, Nevada



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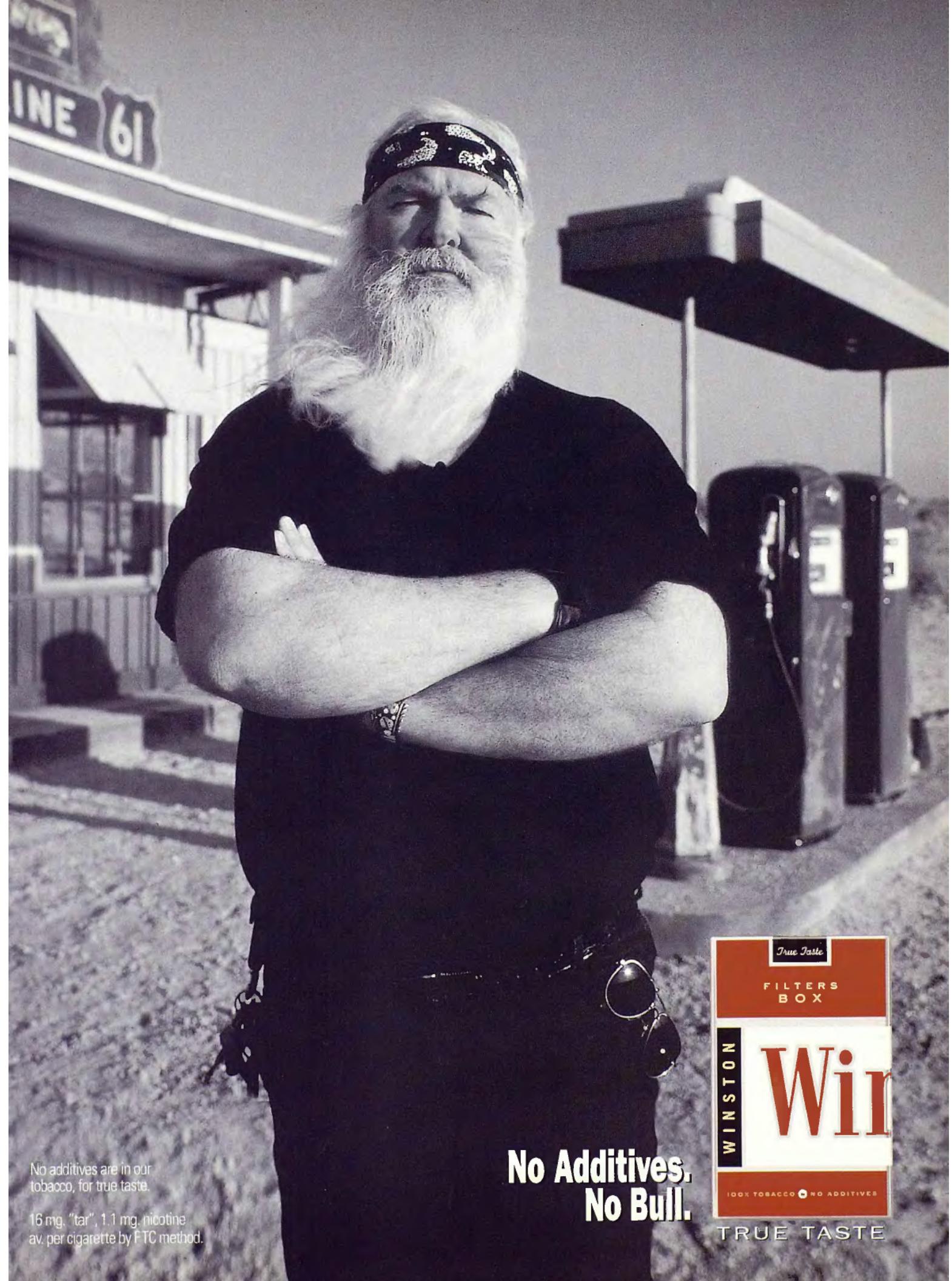
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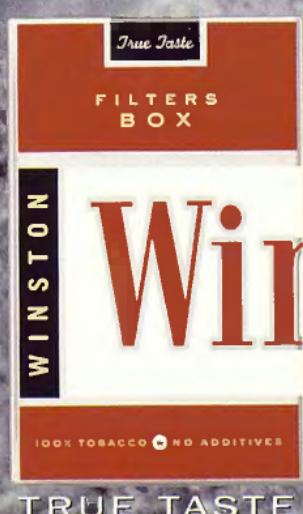




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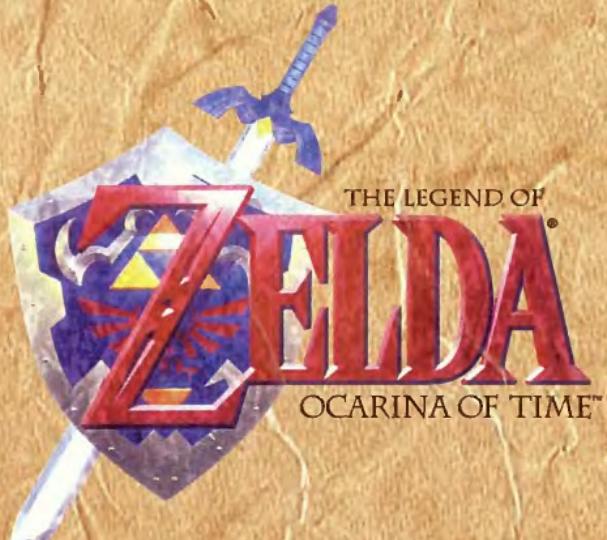
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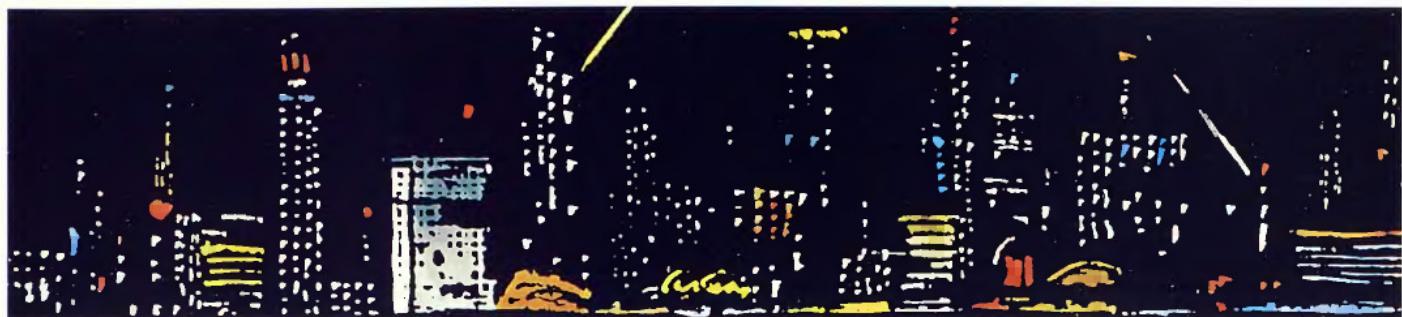


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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



BUBBLE TROUBLE

Never mind Y2K. What you should be concerned about is your wine cellar. There's a possibility that the world may run out of champagne by December 31, 1999. For the past few years, suppliers—from domestic wineries to champagne manufacturers in France—have upped their production by nearly 25 percent in preparation for New Year's Eve 2000. All the sparkling wine for the year is already in the bottle, and restaurant trade publications are warning retailers to put in their orders now. Everyone agrees that the high-end vintages will sell out early. In fact, the president of Domaine Chandon in California has predicted that there will be no sparkling wine on the shelves two weeks before the party of the century.

PAPAL VISION

The Vatican has announced that it will sell designer sunglasses bearing the signature "Joannes Paulus PP II" and the message EXIST FOR SOMEONE. The expected price is \$35, and profits will go to church charities. We hear another product, the Shades of Turin, was rejected because it might polarize tradition-minded churchgoers.

HARD CELL

Be careful what you say the next time you flip open your cell phone. The Spacewurm may be listening. He's a renegade radio junkie and techno DJ who has been tapping into and recording cellular phone conversations for five years. Now the best conversations have been collected in a book called *I Listen* (Incommunicado Press). Private lives go public in phone chats that involve everything from car payments to drug pickups. One phone stud, "the biggest mack in San Diego," is on his way to seducing his ladyfriend when she brings up a woman he describes as "messing around with this girl doing porno movies." The transcript reads: "Did you fuck her? What? Did you fuck her? [Five-second pause] Yes. [Four-second pause, she hangs up.]" So is all this illegal? You bet. But as Spacewurm

says, "Who's going to call in and say, 'That's me'?"

STRONG SAFETIES

LifeStyles received plenty of ink for having the first condom commercial to air on national network television (during *The Howard Stern Radio Show*). LifeStyles is also the first condom to sponsor an NFL team's radio broadcasts. Its spots, featuring the slogan "LifeStyles: because life is a contact sport," run before and after all Oakland Raiders games. Fan enthusiasm is such that there have been suggestions that LifeStyles sponsor the two-minute warning. Other slogans have been put forth, such as "When used correctly, no one breaks through." We're waiting for the ads that will air during the Raiders games against the Packers or the Oilers.

COURTEOUS INTERRUPTUS

Best town in America to be a teenager in love? Try out Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. Thanks to a policy adopted by local police, an officer who suspects that sexual activity is occurring in a parked car may



not simply confront the participants. He or she must first park behind the vehicle, honk three times and then wait two minutes before proceeding. At the prime car-parking age of 17 or so, two minutes should be time enough to finish up, wipe down the fingerprints and exchange phone numbers.

WHY A DUCT?

Consider duct tape. It's one of the minor miracles of modern life—the savior of countless storage containers, pieces of camping equipment, shoes and vinyl car seats. Is there anything duct tape can't seal or secure? Well, yes, according to those compulsive fact finders at the Lawrence Berkeley National Laboratory and the journal *Home Energy*. Duct tape does not tape duct. Apparently no one had ever actually tested duct tape's ability to connect and seal air ducts. When the LBNL did so, its researchers discovered that duct tape "failed reliably and often catastrophically." To which we can only respond: picky-fucking-picky.

BED PANS

The UK Central Council for Nursing, Midwifery and Health Visiting will mail letters to its 640,000 nurses, scolding them for using unflattering jargon on medical charts. In the past some nurses have categorized patients in code with such acronyms as FLK (funny-looking kid), GOK (God only knows), PIN (pain in the neck) and the ominous Bundy (but unfortunately not dead yet).

SEX ON THE BRAIN

Researchers in Scotland who studied two cases of people plagued with spontaneous orgasms—a man and a woman—have reached the rather obvious conclusion that men and women have different types of orgasms. The woman afflicted with orgasmic seizures was found to have an abnormality in the part of the brain that controls higher functions such as thoughts and actions. The man, meanwhile, had an abnormality in the area that was responsible for lower-order functions such as hunger and thirst. The

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"I've come to terms with the fact that I am good in bed."

—ALANIS MORISSETTE

REIGNING MEN

Of people in real life, percentage that are men: 49. Of people on television: 65.

Y2K PAYDAY

According to filings from the Securities and Exchange Commission published by *The Wall Street Journal*, projected cost to fix the Y2K computer problem for Citicorp: \$600 million. Projected cost for General Motors: \$410 million to \$540 million. For BankAmerica: \$380 million. For AT&T: \$350 million. For GTE: \$350 million. For Chase Manhattan: \$300 million. For Bell Atlantic: \$200 million to \$300 million.

LOT OF LIP

Number of lipsticks a Mary Kay representative has to sell to qualify for the GMC Jimmy sports utility vehicle bonus payment: 15,000.

DRIVEN MAD

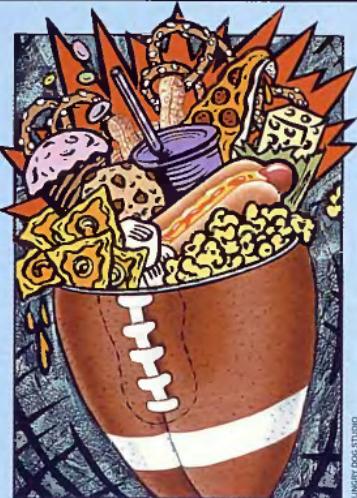
According to a survey by AAA, number of Americans who engage in aggressive driving: 45 million. Percentage of aggressive drivers who acknowledge speeding: 58. Percentage who have displayed their anger to other drivers: 26. Percentage who change lanes repeatedly: 23.

COMMUNICATION BREAKDOWN

According to *Health*, percentage of men who have had a condom break during sex but didn't tell their lovers about it: 30.

POT STICKERS

In a survey by the Department of Health and Human Services, per-



FACT OF THE MONTH

Americans will eat 10 million pounds of potato chips, 8 million pounds of tortilla chips and 4 million pounds of pretzels on Super Bowl Sunday—the biggest day of the year for snack food.

the three major networks: 8. Number of hours tuned to PBS: 3.

LEAN, MEAN AND GREEN

Percentage of sports cars and compact cars built in 1997 that were painted green, the reigning color of the small-car category: 20.

WORLD CUP SAUCERS

According to *Sports Illustrated*, number of chefs employed to feed France's 22-man World Cup team: 6.

PREFLIGHT CHECK-IN

Percentage of Americans who repeatedly check en route to the airport that they have their tickets: 25.

M-I-C-K-E-Y L-O-U-S-E

According to *Smart Money*, amount a Disney factory worker in Haiti makes each day: \$2.64. What Disney chairman Michael Eisner makes each day: \$115,000.

UP WITH THE RAGTOP

According to ASC Inc., number of convertibles sold in 1997: 220,000. Percentage increase over the prior year: 11.

—LAURA BILLINGS

researchers concluded that the sexual responses of women are more complex than those of men. This should settle a lot of arguments. We don't care. We're going to get something to eat.

LIFE WITH THE CARNIVAL

The rise and fall of a freak show is a tragic and touching thing. During Lollapalooza's heyday, the Jim Rose Circus Sideshow reinvented the traditional geek show for thousands of grunge-happy fans and feelers (carny talk for fainters). Now a new book recounts the troupe's 15 minutes of flame-throwing, slug-eating glory. *Circus of the Stars* (by mail order only, from Seattle's Brennan Dalsgard Publishers) was written by tour manager Jan Gregor with Tim "the Torture King" Cridland. The merry band experienced many ups and downs. Rose plants a story that he got ill eating a bad broken lightbulb. The Torture King bleeds like a geyser and is scolded for it. Mr. Lifto, who lifts a steam iron with the body part that is "most a mister," begins to overshadow his boss. The master of regurgitation develops throat problems and Slug decides to cover himself in a full-body tattoo. Then comes the worst blow of all: Rose's fatal decision to make the group more mainstream. Gross!

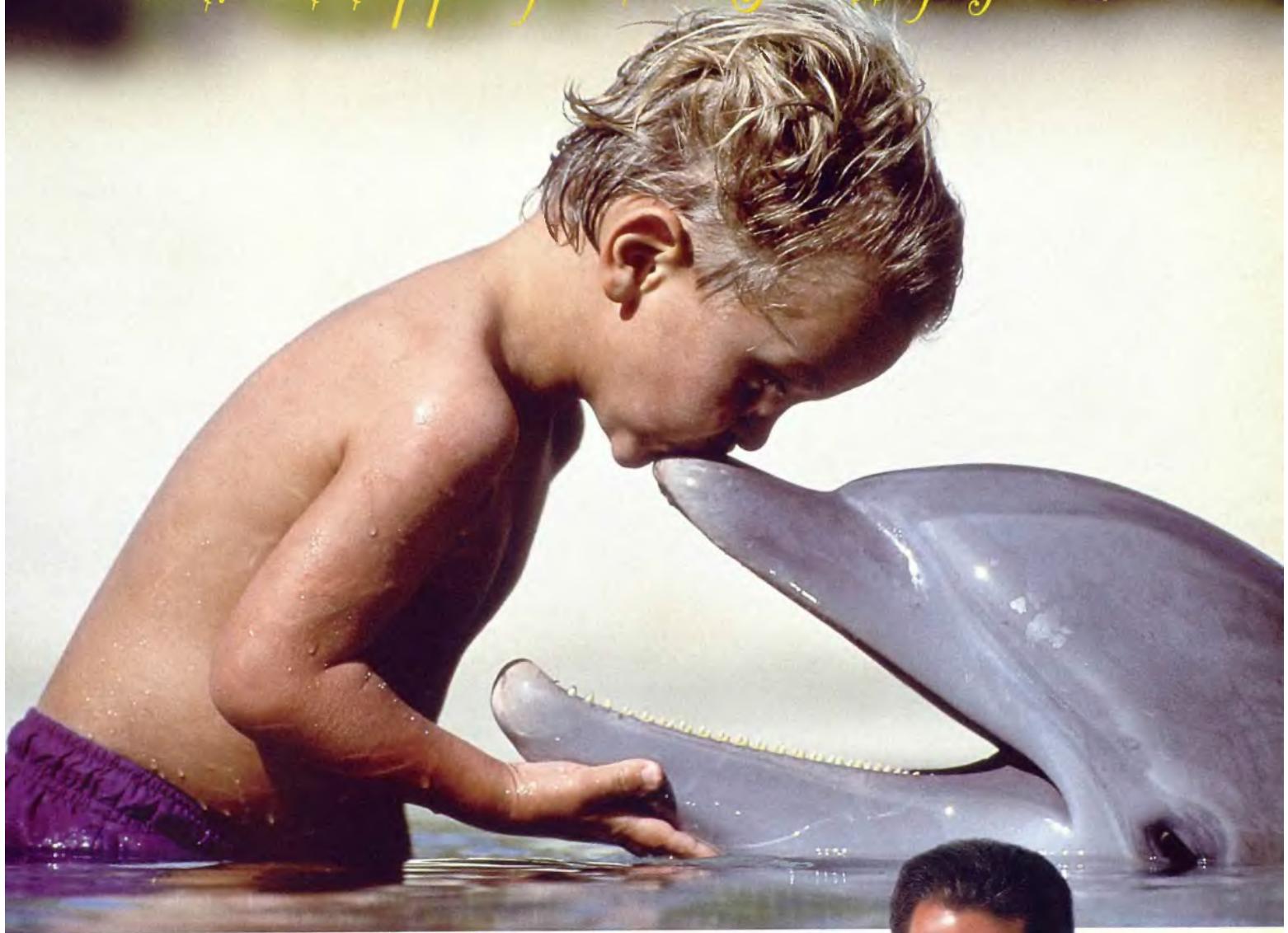
MONICA BYTES

Thanks to *San Francisco Chronicle* columnist Leah Garchik, we have learned of a faction in Silicon Valley that is campaigning to change the term for 1 trillion bits of information from the current *terabit* to the more mediagenic *lewinsky*. Another element favors retaining *terabit* and designating a *lewinsky* to mean 1 trillion bits of misinformation.

YOU CAN'T GO GNOME AGAIN

Garden gnomes are in danger all over Europe. The small ceramic creatures have been disappearing at a rapid rate in Belgium and France, and a group called the Garden Gnomes Liberation Front has taken responsibility for the gnomesnapping. *Paris Match* and *L'Actualité* of Montreal have both reported on the phenomenon. The former publication even interviewed a spokesperson for the Liberation Front, who said, "Gnomes have no place in the gardens of the vulgar petite bourgeoisie, where they are being made ridiculous." Once the group captures the gnomes, it paints them green and blue to purify them and then hides them in the forest. These recent actions have given rise to a counterrevolutionary group called the International Association for the Protection of Garden Gnomes, in Basel, Switzerland. Somewhere in the middle of the debate is the newly formed Garden Gnomes Emancipation Movement of France. And to think we once envied Europeans for all that vacation time.

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MUSIC

ROCK

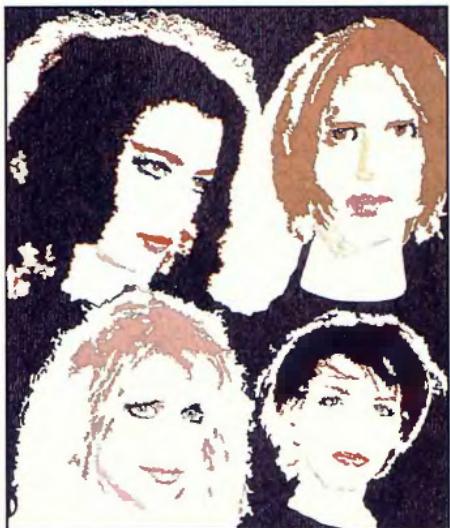
HOLE's Courtney Love isn't shy. She has responded more than once to accusations that she sold out, betrayed Kurt Cobain and abandoned her punk credentials for Versace gowns and blind ambition. "Oh make me over/I'm all I want to be/A walking study/In demonology," she sings wryly in the first verse of the title track of *Celebrity Skin* (DGC). The long-awaited follow-up to 1994's *Live Through This*, *Celebrity Skin* isn't a bitter rant. Love takes you on a shockingly intimate but ultimately life-affirming journey through her personal underworld. She bravely invites you along as she clarifies her feelings about Cobain's death and her own transformations, travails and mistakes. There's a pop sheen to the exhilarating power chords that fuel most of the music, but the studio polish, exuberant melodies and catchy hooks actually heighten the impact of raw, emotional tracks such as *Awful* and *Playing Your Song*. Smashing Pumpkin Billy Corgan contributed his ideas, as did Hole guitarist Eric Erlandson. The beauty of Erlandson's playing on *Northern Star* perfectly frames Love's bittersweet farewell to Cobain's ghost. This is a complex masterpiece of an album. It's honest and frank and without self-pity.

Everybody applauded Aerosmith's remarkable rebirth a decade ago. The band overcame addictions and personal squabbles to prove it could still create vital music. Lately Aerosmith has relied a bit too much on song doctors and bloat-ed, histrionic power ballads. But on *A Little South of Sanity* (Geffen), a two-CD live retrospective, the band is surprisingly rocking. Without the over-the-top studio production, even ballads such as *Crazy* have an edge, fueled by Joe Perry's feisty lead guitar and funk-ed-up riffs. And the Seventies classics, especially *Back in the Saddle* and *Sweet Emotion*, have never sounded better.

—VIC GARBARINI

Before Kyuss disbanded in 1995, it brought a breath of fresh atmosphere to heavy metal. And heavy metal benefited from Kyuss' willingness to open up old forms without skimping on either heavy or metal. With *Queens of the Stone Age* (Loose Groove), Kyuss is resurrected with Josh Homme, Nick Oliveri and Alfredo Hernandez. The result is monstrous. The key to Kyuss-cum-Queen's sound is the fat bass that sends both riff and groove straight up your spine.

Ozzy Osbourne's path to excess was so powerful that his music has been obscured. However, *Reunion* (Epic) reminds me what an amazing contribution Black Sabbath made to heavy metal. This two-CD set has the original lineup playing the original songs in front of their origi-



Hole's *Celebrity Skin*.

Courtney Love sheds some *Skin*, P.M. Dawn finds daylight, and Chris Isaak gets the girls.

nal crowd in Birmingham. Ecstasy for metalheads.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

Chris Isaak plays rock's great romantic with a Cary Grant shrug designed to conceal the improved artistry of his singing and songwriting. On *Speak of the Devil* (Reprise), his *Like the Way She Moves* is one of the most honest songs about a sexual encounter I've ever heard. Isaak hides inside stylized Orbison-like leaps, a husky bedroom baritone and Latin influences. He has perfected the mopey ballad: *Black Flowers* mixes love, death and a tribute to mom. It's easy to miss his quiet wit in *Breaking Apart*, but not his rock yelps in *Speak of the Devil*.

Frank Zappa's *Mystery Disc* (Rykodisc) presents 25 tracks from his 1962-1968 rock-and-roll heyday: riffs on doo-wop, *Louie Louie*, early Mothers' spectacles, cheesy film scores and guitar workouts. Zappa's synthesis of musical cultures was perfected in this period.

—DAVE MARSH

POP

Prince Be, the lead singer and thinker of the duo P.M. Dawn, is an underappreciated talent. As a gifted multi-instrumentalist (with a particularly deft touch on piano and acoustic guitar) and a singer with a wonderfully plaintive tenor, Prince Be writes idiosyncratic lyrics full of wit, humor and self-deprecation. P.M. Dawn's fourth album, *Dearest Christian, I'm So Very Sorry for Bringing You Here* (Gee

Street), is a song cycle that looks at love in all its crazy permutations. The album's last cut, the Beatlesque *Untitled*, picks the sores off a traumatic mother-son relationship. More characteristic of a P.M. Dawn CD is *Being So Not Right for You (I Had No Right)*, a beautifully arranged pop ballad about being unworthy of love that's anchored by a piano that Bruce Hornsby might envy. Unlike a lot of African American non-R&B acts who use folk or rock for artistic inspiration, Prince Be stacks vocal harmonies with the vigor of Brian Wilson and creates piano hooks like a young Elton John. He's a pure pop songwriter working smartly.

—NELSON GEORGE

JAZZ

The music of Soul Coughing hasn't changed dramatically since 1994, when they were called rapper wannabes on their debut, *Ruby Vroom*. M. Doughty still declaims rather than sings over a bed of textured polyrhythms. But in a musical landscape suddenly littered with faux swing-hipsters who romanticize a culture and beat they don't understand, Soul Coughing's *El Oso* (Warner) is the real thing. Their heart is Sebastian Steinberg's unpredictable upright bass, which sets Soul Coughing's beat in motion. Doughty's vocals milk all the music out of catchphrases. He once called this stuff "deep slacker jazz." Dig its swing.

On *Thompson Plays Joplin* (Daring, P.O. Box 793, Marblehead, MA 01945), archivist Butch Thompson adds a welcome smidgeon of rhythmic muscle to the rags of Scott Joplin, who always felt constrained to act more genteel. On *Mama Don't Allow No Easy Riders Here* (Yazoo, 37 East Clinton, Newton, NJ 07860), Depression-era masters of barrelhouse piano demonstrate where Thompson is coming from. The rocking Cow Cow Davenport and the wandering Speckled Red may not have Joplin's delicacy. But they could hold their own in a fair fight—one where they struck only the ivories.

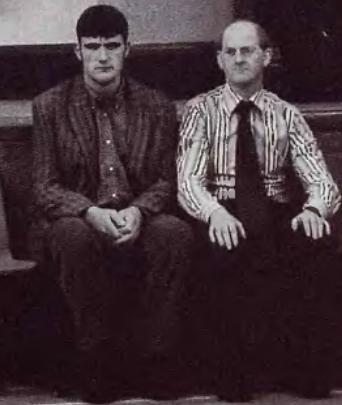
—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

R&B

The *Miseducation of Lauryn Hill* (Ruff-House) is one of the most ambitious and successful solo debuts in years. Lauryn Hill, who came to prominence as a member of the Fugees, brings her considerable skills to bear on this highly autobiographical work. Stevie Wonder seems a key point of reference for *Miseducation*. *Everything Is Everything* has the feel of the Wonder chestnut *I Was Made to Love Her*, while *Every Ghetto Every City* is a detailed update of the classic *I Wish*. Also present

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Not so good for meeting **WOMEN**.



One place.

One whisky.

FAST TRACKS

R

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Hole <i>Celebrity Skin</i>	7	10	9	8	6
Chris Isaak <i>Speak of the Devil</i>	7	6	7	7	8
P.M. Dawn <i>Dearest Christian</i>	8	6	8	8	7
Queens of the Stone Age	6	8	7	4	8
Soul Coughing <i>El Oso</i>	9	3	7	4	6

TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE DEPARTMENT: In a surprise duet this past summer, **Elton John** brought **Jim Carrey** onstage for a rousing rendition of *Rocket Man*. After that, Carrey played piano with his head. Sounds like he is getting way into his **Andy Kaufman** character.

REELING AND ROCKING: *Piece of My Heart*, the **Janis Joplin** movie co-written and produced by **Melissa Etheridge's** partner, **Julie Cypher**, has come back to life. Shooting could begin as early as this spring. . . . The TV movie about **Sonny and Cher** is in the works after a coast-to-coast audition for look-alikes. . . . **Master P** will have a role in *Takedown*, the true story of computer hacker **Kevin Mitnick**. The movie also stars **Skeet Ulrich** and **Forest Whitaker**. . . . **DJ Pooh**, who got his start working with **Ice Cube**, is making a movie called *Three Strikes*, about repeat offenders in California. **Danny DeVito** has offered to finance it. . . . Writer and director **Ron Sheldon** has secured the rights to **Bob Marley's** music for a film bio about the reggae giant—it took only 17 years. Finding the right actor to play Marley seems like an easier problem to solve.

NEWSBREAKS: **Jewel** will have a new CD out any minute. . . . The **Go-Go's** plan to publish their memoirs. . . . This spring look for a **Tupac** tribute album to include musicians **Smash Mouth**, **Bone Thugs-N-Harmony**, **Roberta Flack**, **Me'Shell Ndegéocello** and **Lamont Dozier**. The plan is to bring out the CD in conjunction with the currently scheduled Rock and Roll Hall of Fame Museum's exhibit on three decades of rap. . . . **Puff Daddy** is writing his autobiography with *Rolling Stone* scribe **Mikal Gilmore** for publication this year. . . . **Dave Stewart** released an album on the Internet on his new label, Digital Artists. The label will concen-

trate on known artists whose music and multimedia efforts can be successfully launched online as well as through traditional retail outlets. . . .

En Vogue's Terry Ellis is expanding her perfume business to include body cream. . . . Almost five years after his last album was released, **Peter Gabriel** is ready to turn out a new one. Look for it in the spring. . . . After a false start, two thirds of **Bloodline**, the supersons group, is trying again. **Berry Oakley Jr.** and **Waylon Krieger** (sons of **Berry Sr.** and **Robby**) have teamed up with **Duane Betts** (son of **Dickey**), among others, to play what they call blueternative music. They don't plan to sign a record deal until the band is "perfect," says Oakley, but they have been playing Los Angeles clubs. . . . MTV Russia debuted with Russian VJs and programming that covers both Russian artists and international stars. . . .

Strange bedfellows department: **Marilyn Manson's** autobiography is being co-authored by a *New York Times* rock critic, but that didn't prevent Manson from being censored by the *Times*. Ads for Marilyn's appearance at the opening of a Virgin megastore featured a black bar across his genitals. . . . **Aretha Franklin's** autobiography will be in stores in time for Mother's Day. Franklin suggested the following women as possible stars in the movie version: **Natalie Cole**, **Toni Braxton**, **Vivica Fox** and **Brandy**. . . . **Neil Young** is vocalizing on an upcoming **Linda Ronstadt** and **Emmylou Harris** album. . . . A notebook of **Paul McCartney's** was auctioned off this past fall for \$167,000. In it: the lyrics for *Hey Jude* and *Sgt. Pepper*. . . . **Don** and **David Was** plan to reactivate **Was (Not Was)** for a studio album. . . . Who else but **Primus** would celebrate a CD release with a webcast at *Primus sucks.com*? —BARBARA NELLIS

in *Miseducation* is the spirit of Bob Marley. Marley's son Rohan is the father of Hill's children and much of the album was recorded in Marley's music studio in Kingston. The lyrics are all Hill and articulate her feelings about herself and her relationship to men and to the larger world. Hill is the only performer working these days equally adept at singing and rapping. —NELSON GEORGE

COUNTRY

The biggest boxed set in Nashville history is *The Complete Hank Williams* (Mercury). The ten CDs contain more than 225 tracks, including 53 previously unreleased cuts. All of Williams' hits are here—along with his *Luke the Drifter* narratives and his talking blues response to Senator Joe McCarthy. But what make this set worthwhile are the recordings we've never heard. The most innocent and optimistic cut is 1939's *Happy Rovin' Cowboy*, his earliest known recording. At 17, Hank made *Cowboy* with an accordionist as part of a make-believe radio show. A year later, his take of Bob Wills' *San Antonio Rose* shows a voice that doesn't yet have the blue doom it later developed. The set includes photos and two long booklets with annotation by historian Colin Escott. This one's a must.

—DAVE HOEKSTRA

Heather Myles has the makings of a country queen. Her major-label debut, *Highways and Honky-Tonks* (Rounder), shows Myles is capable of pulling off the best of Charley Pride (*Kiss an Angel Good Morning*) and Ray Price (*I'll Be There if You Ever Want Me*). She also writes some pretty great originals (*You're Gonna Love Me One Day*, *Playin' Every Honky-Tonk in Town*, *Mr. Lonesome*). The ultimate accolade: Merle Haggard duets on *No One Is Gonna Love You Better*. —DAVE MARSH

CLASSICAL

Kanon Pokajanen (ECM), the latest choral work by the Estonian composer Arvo Pärt, is beguiling. The two-CD set sounds ethereal at first, but reveals its passion in subsequent hearings. Accessible but not at all simplistic, *Kanon* is a curiously timeless composition.

In 1973 David Harrington founded a visionary string quartet that challenged musical assumptions. Since then, the Kronos Quartet has been brash, theatrical and sometimes even amplified. The wonderful retrospective *25 Years* (None-such) shows Kronos' fierce commitment to modern chamber music. Most of this ten-CD set consists of intriguing work written for the quartet by some of the best composers of the late 20th century. Kronos has broadened and reinvigorated the roles of two violins, a viola and a cello. —LEOPOLD FROELICH

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ROBOT ROVERS

Man's best friend is about to go low maintenance. Sony recently unveiled a technology called Open-R Architecture, which will be used to build personal entertainment robots. The prototype, a four-legged creature resembling a small puppy, has an eye and a microphone that enable it to do all the usual tricks on cue, such as walking, sitting, rolling over and fetching a ball. Computerization makes this robot rover's parts and personality interchangeable. Rear legs can be replaced with wheels, for example, and each module contains operating instructions integrated by the pet's digitized brain. Changing a slide-in PC

shoes, for example, will enable you to send and receive data without wires or screens. You'll simply shake someone's hand to exchange business card info, or pick up the phone to download the day's messages. And talk about recycling: Newspapers will be printed on a new type of "smart paper" that uses electronic ink. After you reinsert the publication into your printer, it will reemerge with the next day's news. Naysayers note: These inventions are actual working machines that are being perfected by the lab rats at MIT. According to a spokesman for Gershenfeld, it's not a matter of "if they will hit home, but when."

—BETH TOMKIEW



DAVID CUTTER

card alters the robot's programming, so you can turn friendly Fido into an intruder's worst enemy when you leave home. At the RoboCup-98 robot technology convention in Paris last summer, Sony showcased future applications, including soccer-smart robots in team play that require no remote-control operation. Though these digital jocks pose no immediate threat to real players, Sony hopes to deliver its first robot dog before the end of the century. No word yet on the price of this pedigree.

—JONATHAN TAKIFF

MORE FUTURE STUFF

Robotic dogs seem antiquated compared with the technology highlighted in Neil Gershenfeld's book *When Things Start to Think* (Henry Holt). A co-director of the Things That Think consortium of MIT's Media Lab, Gershenfeld shares the scoop on far-out machinery that will someday land at an electronics store near you. Among the wildest of the wild is a three-dimensional printer that does more than just pump out color images—it actually builds objects (say, golf clubs) you design on your PC. Gershenfeld predicts that "wearable computers" will also become a market reality. Electrodes built into

system and automatic transmission. That way, when cranking by remote, the gearshift remains locked in the park position



STEVE BERNARD

START ME UP

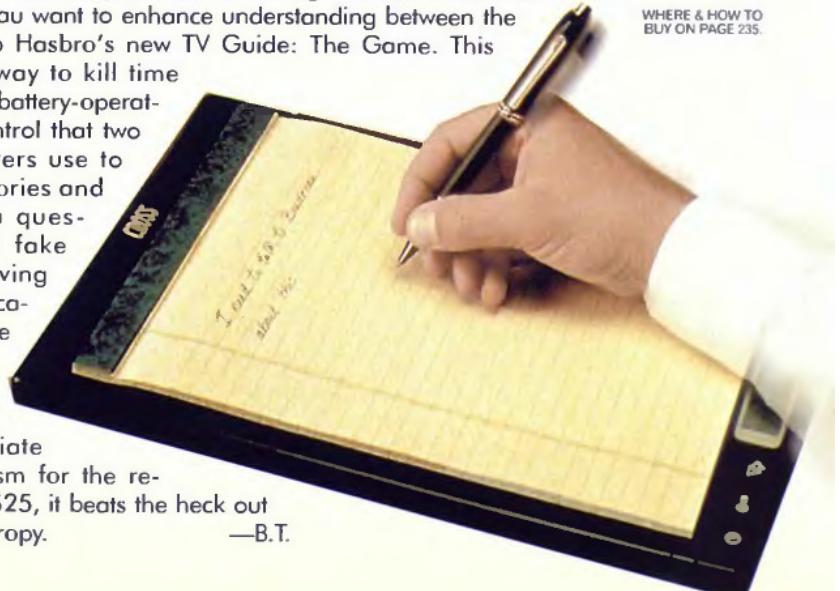
If you dread the icy wake-up call of a cold steering wheel and sluggish engine on a frigid January morning, consider a remote control car starter. No longer the province of car bomb-fearing mobsters, congressmen and DEA officers, these devices allow you to use a keychain remote control to turn on your vehicle and warm or cool it (depending on the season) to a comfy 68 degrees. The technology works best with a modern auto—that is, one with an electronic ignition

until an ignition key is inserted into the steering column. Major auto-security brands such as Viper, Crimestopper, Clifford and Ungo make starting devices for as little as \$750, installed. Better systems come with matchbox-sized remotes, an operating range of up to 100 feet and code-hopping security that prevents thieves from grabbing and reusing your entry signal. (With "hopping," the code changes for each start.) The best gear adds keyless control of door locks, windows, sunroofs and trunk tops, but it will set you back about \$1200. —J.T.

WILD THINGS

In the we'll-believe-it-when-we-see-it-work category comes the CrossPad (pictured). Created by penmaker A.T. Cross and IBM, the innovative product looks like a notepad that accepts standard letter-size pads of paper. But the 2.2-pound device is actually a computer tablet that reads and stores notes jotted on paper for transfer to a PC. A digital pen with a radio frequency transmitter sends data to the tablet, which stores the information until you're ready to download it to your computer. IBM Ink Manager software then translates your scrawl into digital text. Up to 100 pages of notes or sketches can be stored onboard the CrossPad. When we plopped with the gadget, we learned a couple of things: First, it takes some time to familiarize the CrossPad with your handwriting (the device comes with an easy-to-follow tutorial). And second, it works brilliantly with practice. The price: \$400. • Forget all that Venus and Mars stuff. If you want to enhance understanding between the sexes, pick up Hasbro's new TV Guide: The Game. This entertaining way to kill time comes with a battery-operated remote control that two or more players use to choose categories and answer trivia questions from a fake TV Guide. Having played a few card rounds, we can guarantee the woman in your life will finally appreciate your enthusiasm for the remote. And at \$25, it beats the heck out of couples' therapy.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 235





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MOVIES

By LEONARD MALTIN

THERE'S SICK comedy, there's black comedy, and then there's *Very Bad Things* (Polygram), which is a wild mix of the two. Written and directed by actor Peter (*The Last Seduction*) Berg and starring a solid cast led by Christian Slater, Jon Favreau, Cameron Diaz, Daniel Stern, Jeremy Piven and Leland Orser, this saga of a bachelor party gone wrong—really wrong—is true to itself and consistent in its dark view of humanity. But it's also a social satire, willing to see the worst in some people (such as Berg's fiancée, a single-minded woman who will overlook—or step over—almost anything and anyone to corral her man) and the best in others (including the members of the bachelor party group, who participate in bad behavior but immediately feel guilty). A trenchant look at human nature, *Very Bad Things* is a litmus test for one's tolerance of dark humor. **2½**



Slater and Diaz: Very, very bad.

But *Celebrity* should be forgotten, as we wait for Woody's next picture and hope for something better. **1½**

With Dennis Quaid's name above the title and Oliver Stone's imprimatur as producer, *Savior* (Lions Gate) is an earnest little film that might actually get some attention. It's the story of a man who suffers a tragedy so great he's driven to join the French foreign legion—who knew it still existed?—and winds up a cold-blooded mercenary in Bosnia. His icy facade is cracked by a woman who has been through hell and is now about to give birth. Before he knows it, Quaid is taking care of both mother and child, simply because no one else will. This modest but well-made film, shot on location in Serbia, reminds us how lucky we are to live in a society that, for all its faults, is both stable and civilized. Nastassja Kinski and Stellan Skarsgård are billed as co-stars but appear only briefly; it's Quaid's show all the way, and he's excellent. **3**

•
However forgiving you may be of Woody Allen's cinematic peccadilloes, *Celebrity* (Miramax) will push you to the limit. In short, it's a mess. Kenneth Branagh stands in for Woody and does a virtual imitation of Allen's screen persona, as a neurotic New York magazine writer with a knack for fouling up his career and relationships. Judy Davis plays his equally neurotic ex, and she's a treat to watch in all her fury. As usual, Allen has assembled a formidable supporting cast, including Joe Mantegna, Winona Ryder, Melanie Griffith, Charlize Theron,

Black comedy, black-and-white musings and true-blue heroics.

Hank Azaria, Bebe Neuwirth, Famke Janssen, Michael Lerner, Gretchen Mol and—oh yes—Leonardo DiCaprio, as a vile, self-absorbed movie star. But alas, it doesn't add up. Allen seems to be spinning his wheels here, which, given his cast and collaborators (including cinematographer Sven Nykvist, working in black and white), is still better than some people manage to do in their best work.

•
In *Central Station* (Sony Pictures), a world-weary woman (played by Fernanda Montenegro, Brazil's leading actress) earns her living by working as a public scribe in Rio de Janeiro. Her illiterate customers come to her for help writing letters of all kinds—love notes, legal notices, extremely personal missives—from which she remains utterly detached. She's not a likely candidate to help a young boy whose mother has suddenly

Moviemakers are so awash in cynicism and irony nowadays that the only way they can approach romanticism (other than in a metaphysical treatment such as *City of Angels* or *What Dreams May Come*) is to call on the past—

are starved for romance, be it serious or lighthearted. (How many young women do you know who are crazy about Audrey Hepburn?) On those rare occasions that a good romantic movie comes along, people of all ages flock to it.

And when they do, they hear old songs.

As Dermot Mulroney starts dancing on a ferryboat with Julia Roberts in *My Best Friend's Wedding*, he sings *The Way You Look Tonight* in her ear. Jennifer Aniston dances with Paul Rudd in *The Object of My Affection* to the strains of *You Were Meant for Me*. And when Jack Nicholson selects the music for a car trip in *As Good as It Gets*, he plans to play Nat "King" Cole singing *For Sentimental Reasons*, until Greg Kinnear stops him—because it will be too much for him. (The rendition was heard in the preview trailer, however.)

IN SEARCH OF ROMANCE

when both filmmakers and their audiences took love seriously.

Hollywood's latest romantic comedy, *You've Got Mail*, with Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan, is a remake of the superb 1940 movie *Shop Around the Corner*, which was directed by the master of sophisticated comedy, Ernst Lubitsch. (Hanks and Ryan's last joint venture, *Sleepless in Seattle*, invoked the spirit of the old Cary Grant-Deborah Kerr weepie *An Affair to Remember* and even used some of its music.)

The irony is that audiences today

I don't know how many people in Hollywood's target demographic group could hum, let alone sing the lyrics to, any of these songs, which date back to the Thirties. (Fred Astaire sang *The Way You Look Tonight* to Ginger Rogers in *Swing Time* in 1936. The song won an Oscar.) Even the Burt Bacharach-Hal David songs of the Sixties that have been enjoying a revival in such movies as *My Best Friend's Wedding* may be foreign to youthful ears. But filmmakers of all ages believe those songs, like the old movies, elicit an unmistakable air of romanticism that even kids raised on hip-hop can appreciate.

As a fan of old movies and vintage songs, I'm happy to see them exposed this way, but at the same time I would also like to see contemporary filmmakers create romance on their own terms. Perhaps if they did, we could learn to love their work the way we love the oldies.

—L.M.

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Reno: *Continental Op.*

OFF CAMERA

First of all, actor **Jean Reno** is not French-born.

Although he has come to represent the quintessential droopy-eyed, unshaven Frenchman in films ranging from *Mission: Impossible* to *Godzilla* to *Ronin*, Reno was born in Morocco, to Spanish parents, and moved to France when he was 12.

Reno trained in the theater and went on to become a prolific movie actor, eventually starring in France's all-time biggest box-office hit, *Les Visiteurs*, and its sequel, which, despite various efforts, never found a home in the U.S.

He has collaborated five times with director Luc Besson, on *Le Dernier Combat*, *Subway*, *The Big Blue*, *La Femme Nikita* and *The Professional*. Besson's newest film is about Joan of Arc, and Reno asked if he could play the title role. Besson said, "No. Even if you shave."

But now Reno's unshaven face is becoming familiar to movie fans around the world—even in America.

"It's really touching," Reno says. "It's not my country, but it's number one for cinema. I have been watching John Wayne, William Holden, Marilyn Monroe, Clint Eastwood all my life, and now suddenly Americans turn to me and say, 'We love you, Jean . . . good job.' Wow."

Although Reno can often be found in Los Angeles, France is still home. He lives with his wife and four children on half a dozen acres covered with olive trees, from which he makes his own private-label olive oil.

Still enjoying the afterglow of his youngest daughter's birth in June, he has no immediate work plans. However, he has written and directed a short narrative film that's still in the editing stage. It's inspired by vintage Italian movies and, he says, "It's about cinema—of course."

—L.M.

died. Yet something in her dormant conscience nags at her, and eventually she and the boy set out for the hinterlands to find his long-absent father. There is a certain inevitability about this story—one could even call it predictable—but it is executed with such skill by director Walter Salles, and sets its characters against such a fascinating landscape, that it's hard not to be carried along on this emotional journey. ********

•

Happiness (Good Machine) generated a lot of buzz—not all of it positive—at this year's Cannes Film Festival and everywhere it has played since then. Director Todd Solondz, who made his mark with *Welcome to the Dollhouse*, has returned to suburban New Jersey for his latest inspection of morals and mores, and what he's found wouldn't have pleased Ozzie, Harriet, David or Ricky. A repressed office worker (Philip Seymour Hoffman) who can barely get up the nerve to say hello to his attractive next-door neighbor gets his jollies by making obscene phone calls. His shrink (Dylan Baker) pretends to have a solid home life, but is in fact a pederast. A waifish 30-year-old woman (Jane Adams) clings to her optimism in spite of one humiliating experience after another—while her successful sister (Lara Flynn Boyle) writes slick, empty empowerment books. And so it goes. It would be one thing if Solondz had peopled his film with caricatures, or buffoons, but everyone here—funny or not—is achingly real, and that's why it cuts so deep. *Happiness* isn't for everyone, but it's brilliant. ******½**

•

Edward Norton is a gift to anyone who appreciates great acting, and **American History X** (New Line) is an extraordinary showcase for his talent. By turns ferocious, heartless, tender and passionate, his character touches many emotional peaks as he's indoctrinated into a southern California white supremacy cult, then convinced of the foolishness of his ways during a brutalizing three years in prison. Told in nonlinear, flashback form, *American History X* tries to give breathing room to each of its characters: Norton's impressionable younger brother (Edward Furlong), his vulnerable widowed mother (Beverly D'Angelo), his smooth-talking mentor (Stacy Keach), who preys on susceptible kids, and a dedicated teacher-turned-principal (the powerful Avery Brooks). David McKenna's script is straightforward, palpably real and unspeakably upsetting at times; the anchor is Norton, who is unerring in his depiction of a young man who makes bad choices and then has to live with them. Director Tony Kaye has disavowed the release version of this film, so it's impossible to know what he wanted to convey that isn't expressed here. *******

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by leonard maltin

American History X (See review) The remarkable Edward Norton plays a skinhead who has second thoughts about his commitment to white supremacy; Edward Furlong is his impressionable brother. ********

Apt Pupil (12/98) Brad Renfro discovers a Nazi war criminal (Ian McKellen) living nearby and engages him in a deadly game of cat and mouse. **½**

Beloved (12/98) Former slave Oprah Winfrey leads Danny Glover and other innocent bystanders into her deeply troubled world of guilt, regret and mysticism. ******

Celebrity (See review) Kenneth Branagh does his best Woody Allen impression, while the real Woody Allen (who wrote and directed the film) seems to be spinning his wheels. ******

Central Station (See review) A stoic woman melts (just a bit) as she takes an orphaned boy into a remote section of Brazil in search of his father. It's a moving journey for all. *******

Gods and Monsters (12/98) A fascinating rumination on the final days of film director James (*Frankenstein*) Whale, played to perfection by Ian McKellen. ******½**

Happiness (See review) The season's most controversial film takes a sharp-eyed and satirical but compassionate look at an extended family of unhappy people, including a pederast and a telephone stalker. ******½**

The Impostors (11/98) Farce comes to life once more in the able hands of Stanley Tucci and Oliver Platt. *******

Life Is Beautiful (12/98) A unique fable about one man's indomitable spirit and how he maintains it in the face of the Holocaust. Bravo to Italian comedian Roberto Benigni, who also cowrote and directed. ******½**

The Mighty (12/98) One of the year's best films, about two young outcasts who find strength and courage in each other. ******½**

Savior (See review) Dennis Quaid is a hardened mercenary in Bosnia who can't stop himself from helping a woman in need. *******

Slam (12/98) Poetry provides a young man with the means to escape the dead end of ghetto life in this vibrant and original story. ******½**

Very Bad Things (See review) A raucous bachelor party weekend leads to murder, cover-up and guilt in this black comedy. ******½**

**** Don't miss
*** Good show

** Worth a look
* Forget it



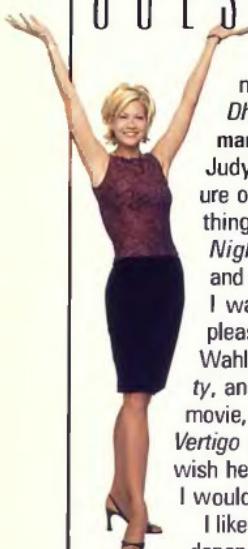
THE BOMBAY SAPPHIRE MARTINI. AS ENGINEERED BY DAKOTA JACKSON.

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VIDEO

GUEST SHOT



"One of my favorite movies of all time," says *Dharma & Greg's* Jenna Elfman, "is *Born Yesterday*, with Judy Holliday. I still can't figure out how she did that card thing. She's a genius. *Boogie Nights*—I loved the acting and directing and storytelling. I was impressed with and pleasantly surprised by Mark Wahlberg. I love *Sweet Charity*, and every Alfred Hitchcock movie, especially *Rear Window*, *Vertigo* and *Dial M for Murder*. I wish he were still alive, because I would love to work with him. I like comedies and dramas—depending on my mood. I can't watch anything heavy late at night, or I'll fall asleep. I love *Men in Black*. Oh my God, and I love *Austin Powers*. So I like really goofy movies, too."

—SUSAN KARLIN

LEADING MEN

Robert Redford and Warren Beatty—on tape this month in *The Horse Whisperer* and *Bulworth*, respectively—started on TV in the late Fifties. Each is 61, has won an Oscar for directing and has matured from pretty boy to elder statesman. Redford has done OK, but Beatty's had the best babes in their parallel careers (Beatty's titles first):

The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone (1961): Italian gigolo Beatty makes it with Vivien Leigh and Jill St. John, as Redford fights in Korean trenches in *War Hunt* (1962).

Splendor in the Grass (1961): Beatty co-stars with Natalie Wood and winds up dating her; Redford has no such luck with her in *Inside Daisy Clover* (1965).

Promise Her Anything (1966): While Beatty plays reluctant babysitter for lovely Leslie Caron, escaped convict Redford is brutalized by Brando in *The Chase* (1966).

Bonnie and Clyde (1967): Sure, the feds blast them to slo-mo smithereens, but not before Beatty beds Faye Dunaway. Meanwhile, Redford squabbles in *Barefoot in the Park* (1967) with Jane Fonda.

Dollars (1972): In this clever heist movie, Beatty is chased through Germany, as Redford performs cunning stunts to steal a diamond in *The Hot Rock* (1972).

The Only Game in Town (1970): When Sinatra walked off the set, Beatty took the part of Liz Taylor's gambling boyfriend, but had to turn down another film: *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* (1969). Guess who got the part?

McCabe and Mrs. Miller (1971): Beatty shares a Wild West brothel with creamy

Julie Christie; in *Little Fauss and Big Halsy* (1970), motorcycle racer Redford shares a greasy track with Michael J. Pollard.

The Parallax View (1974): Beatty stars in this creepy political thriller; eerily similar to Redford's *Three Days of the Condor* (1975) a few months later.

Shampoo (1975): Beatty bonks Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn and Lee Grant on the night Nixon is elected, while Redford, as Bob Woodward, exposes Tricky Dick in *All the President's Men* (1976).

The Fortune (1975): Would-be bigamist Beatty flies high with lovable Stockard Channing in the Twenties. Redford, as a high-flying stunt pilot in the same decade (*The Great Waldo Pepper*, 1975), shares a cockpit with . . . Bo Svenson.

Heaven Can Wait (1978): Millionaire Beatty is surrounded by Dyan Cannon and Julie Christie, while cocky major Redford is at war in *A Bridge Too Far* (1977).

Reds (1981): Beatty directed two films (remember *Heaven Can Wait*?) and won the Best Director Oscar for this epic about the Russian Revolution, but Redford paved the way in his directorial debut with *Ordinary People* (1980).

Ishtar (1987): Beatty, deserted by his wife, is stranded in the desert with hapless Dustin Hoffman—and a camel. Finally, Redford has it better with steamy lover Lena Olin in *Havana* (1990).

Love Affair (1994): Beatty, 57 at the time, casts himself as lusty lover to Annette Bening, 36. Not to be outdone, Redford, 56, plays opposite Demi Moore, 31, in *Indecent Proposal* (1993). How do we get jobs like these guys?

—BUZZ MCCLAIN

X-RATED SERIES OF THE MONTH

If you like your porn tinged with Tolstoy, check out the costumer *Tatiana* (in three parts, from Private's Gold collection). Watch as euro-nymphs re-create class struggle in Relais et Châteaux surroundings. The action is energetic and photogenic—and so dazzling in its sumptuous production values, you almost don't notice the sex. Almost. We won't give away the plot (yes, plot!) except to say it's the only narration delivered in English. And although the story takes place in Russia, the sex scenes remain in the original French.



LASER FARE

Last year's rerelease of *Gone With the Wind* (1939) barely caused a stir at the box office. If you missed it, rediscover the Victor Fleming classic on DVD (from MGM and Warner Home Video, \$20). Digital remastering has brought forth a *GWTW* so lush in color and rich in detail—and a digitally rerecorded Surround sound soundtrack—that it sometimes seems like a different picture.

—GREGORY P. FAGAN

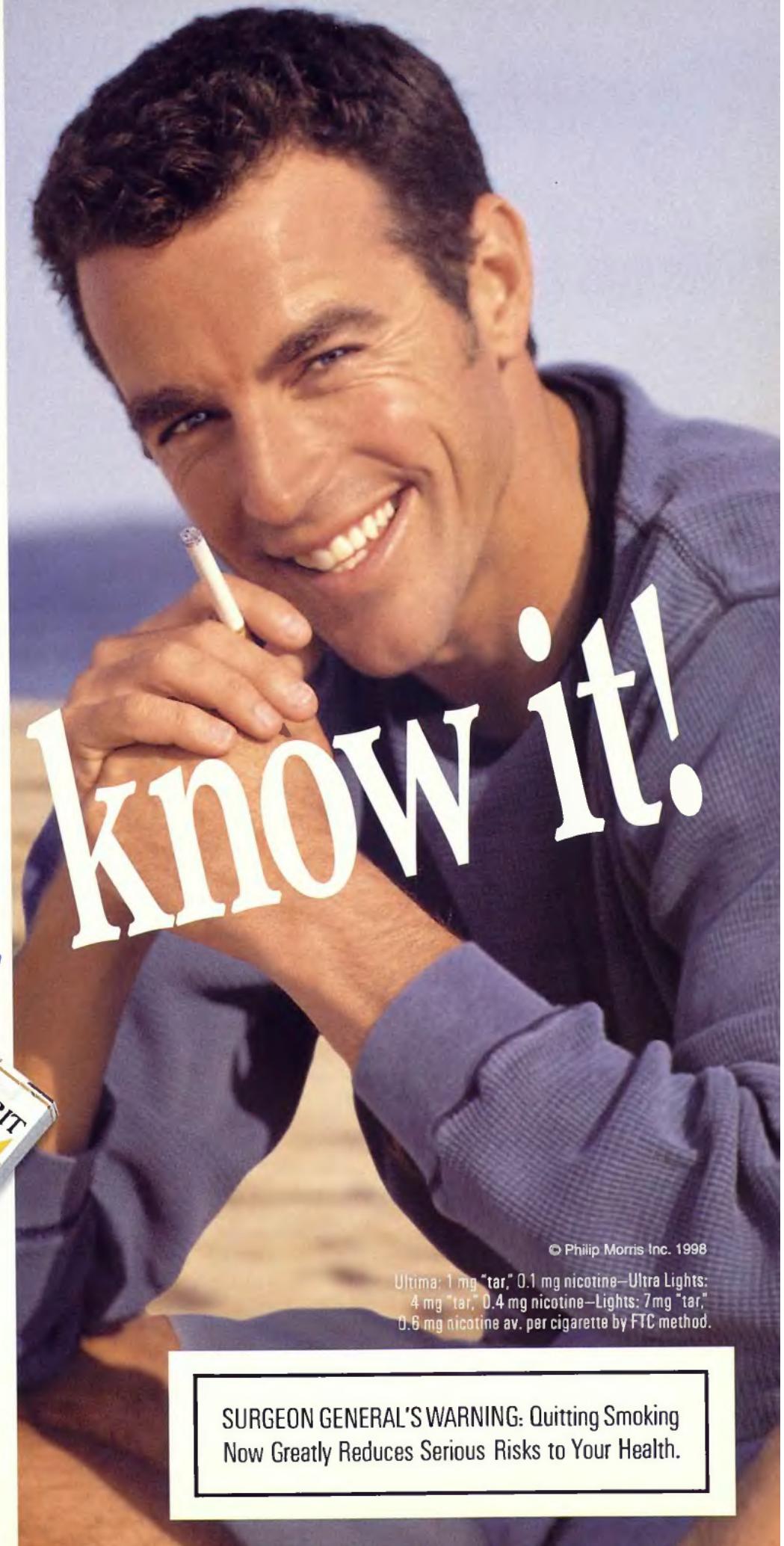
VIDEO METER	
MOOO	MOVIE
FAMILY SCI-FI	<i>The X-Files</i> (alien chasers Scully and Mulder have a close encounter and then some; no 2001, but a hell of a TV movie), <i>Armageddon</i> (not if asteroid blaster Bruce Willis has his way; disengage brain and let 'er rip).
SLEEPER	<i>Out of Sight</i> (smooth but dim escaped con Clooney plans a heist; the best film yet of Elmore Leonard lasers), <i>Twenty-fourseven</i> (washed-up pug Bab Hoskins turns local punks on to boxing; gritty and interesting).
DRAMA	<i>High Art</i> (Trainspotting meets <i>The Hunger</i> as nubile Radha Mitchell brings out the best in boho-lesbo junkie Ally Sheedy), <i>Les Misérables</i> (Liam Neeson makes a fine Valjean, but better to rent the 1935 Lauton or 1995 Lelouch version).
REVENGE	<i>A Perfect Murder</i> (Douglas plots to deep-six cheating wife Paltrow; crafty <i>Dial M for Murder</i> remake), <i>Cousin Bette</i> (bitter spinster Jessica Lange turns on her family, including courtesan cuz Elisabeth Shue).
COMEDY	<i>Dr. Dolittle</i> (Eddie Murphy plays straight man to Babe-like speaking creatures; divertingly coarse family fare), <i>Henry Fool</i> (quixotic bum moves garbage hauler to verse and the world cheers; quirky fun from director Hal Hartley).

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BOOKS

PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE MONEY

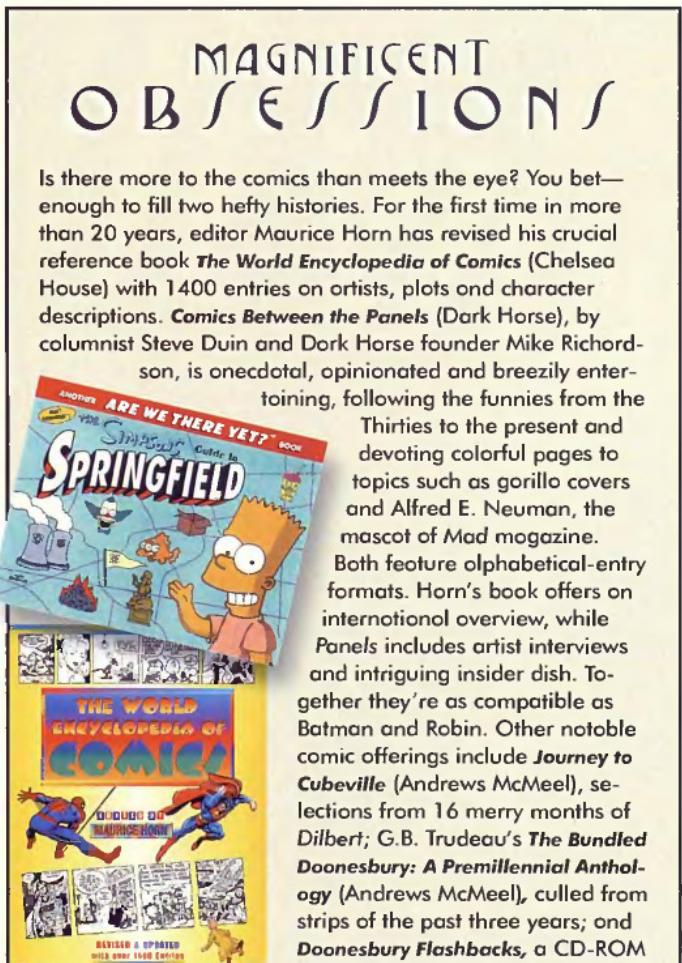
In Trey Ellis' *Right Here, Right Now* (Simon & Schuster), Ashton Robinson has it all. In addition to being young, gifted and black, he's a graduate of Yale, an actor and model—and postmodern huckster. Robinson's motivational speeches and crafty infomercials lure rainmakers and losers to his sold-out seminars in tropical oases such as Maui and St. Barts. One evening, overstimulated by a combination of marijuana and cough syrup, Robinson has an epiphany that leads him to abandon his career and create a new religion. Ellis takes no prisoners in this biting satire as he uses his unreliable narrator to swipe at much of the superficiality of late-20th century life. In his America, self-help happiness replaces the cure-all that was once peddled by snake-oil salesmen. Ellis deftly uses Ashton Robinson as his exhibit A.

—LAOISE MACREAMOINN

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

Is there more to the comics than meets the eye? You bet—enough to fill two hefty histories. For the first time in more than 20 years, editor Maurice Horn has revised his crucial reference book *The World Encyclopedia of Comics* (Chelsea House) with 1400 entries on artists, plots and character descriptions. *Comics Between the Panels* (Dark Horse), by columnist Steve Duin and Dark Horse founder Mike Richardson, is anecdotal, opinionated and breezily entertaining, following the funnies from the Thirties to the present and devoting colorful pages to topics such as gorilla covers and Alfred E. Neuman, the mascot of Mad magazine. Both feature alphabetical-entry formats. Horn's book offers an international overview, while *Panels* includes artist interviews and intriguing insider dish. Together they're as compatible as Batman and Robin. Other notable comic offerings include *Journey to Cubeville* (Andrews McMeel), selections from 16 merry months of *Dilbert*; G.B. Trudeau's *The Bundled Doonesbury: A Premillennial Anthology* (Andrews McMeel), culled from strips of the past three years; and *Doonesbury Flashbacks*, a CD-ROM with audio, animation and more than 9000 strips that comes with the book. Matt Groening's *Simpsons Guide to Springfield* (Harper Perennial) takes us deeper into that dysfunctional hometown than TV ever dared. Here you can find a lodging tip to try a theme room at the Aphrodite Inn (preferably the Oval Office, in which the desk folds out into a vibrating bed).

—DICK LOCHTE



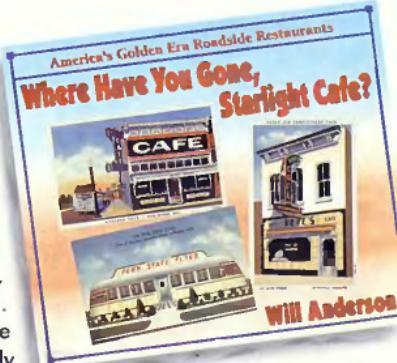
A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE

The White House has provided so many cheap, easy thrills that the nation's real erotic landscape looks barren. A new crop of books indicates that 1999 will be far better. *Divas and Lovers: The Erotic Art of Studio Manassé* (Universe) is a tantalizing collection of stylized photographs produced by a husband-and-wife team in Vienna in the Twenties and Thirties, during the heyday of cinema and cabaret. Adorján and Olga Wlassics used retouching techniques to create fantastic and surreal images. Under the name Studio Manassé, their nude and semi-nude portraits of models and actresses appeared in the illustrated magazines that flourished in Europe. The book includes a short history by Monika Faber, a curator at the Museum of Modern Art in Vienna, and a short story by D.H. Lawrence. But the real story is told by the delightful and provocative photos. In *1000 Dessous: A History of Lingerie* (Taschen), Gilles Néret presents a fascinating pictorial history of women's undergarments—starting with a brief essay on the subject and following with what may be the most complete

collection of lingerie pictures ever assembled in one volume. There are more than 700 pages of them. They include the prim and the proper, the slinky and the kinky, from the first women's undergarments in 2000 B.C. Crete to Jane Fonda's fetish attire in *Barbarella*. If you buy only one lingerie book in your lifetime, this should be it. In the lavishly illustrated *Body Decoration: A World Survey of Body Art* (Vendome), Karl Gröning has assembled nearly 400 color photographs that explore the history of body painting, tattooing and scarring techniques in different cultures through the ages. While the subject itself may be esoteric, the images—some beautiful, some fantastic, some grotesque—are striking enough to arouse anyone's curiosity. Erotica and the esoteric also cross colorful paths in Marco Fagioli's *Shunga: The Erotic Art of Japan* (Universe), a sumptuous collection of color engravings produced by masters of the ukiyo-e school. *Shunga* means "images of spring," and these illustrations were used in instruction manuals for new wives. They leave little doubt as to what is on the minds of Japanese husbands when flowers begin to bloom.

—PAUL ENGLEMAN

AMERICA'S FINER DINERS: If you're craving a piece of homemade apple pie at three in the morning, you can probably find one at a diner, grill or drive-in restaurant. To find this, writer Will Anderson trekked 14,000 miles to the mom-and-pop cafés of his youth in *Where Have You Gone, Starlight Cafe?* (Anderson & Sons'). His search for these 40 roadside restaurants resulted in a beautifully illustrated book that sings the praises of neon signs, carhops, curb service, chili con carne and chicken in the rough. Second helping, anyone?



—HELEN FRANGOLIS

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FITNESS

BOTTLED BEEFCAKE

BY JOHN WINTERS

Since the first Olympics, athletes have been looking for ways to get an edge on the competition. Dietary supplements have been one strategy. But until recently, they were used primarily by hard-core fitness enthusiasts. Then came Mark McGwire's 1998 season and the revelation that the St. Louis Cardinals' star uses the performance-enhancing supplement androstenedione. (In a previous, less-epochal season, his use of creatine had already been noted.) While some fans wondered whether the Popeye-armed slugger deserved his place in the record books, others swarmed health food stores to find out how they could spike their own spinach.

Do these so-called performance boosters really work, or are they just another fad fueled by a jock having a historic year? And what about side effects and safety?

THE SCOOP

East German scientists hoping to give their athletes a leg up in international competition developed androstenedione in the Seventies. Andro is a steroid converted by the liver into testosterone, which, among other things, promotes muscle growth and hastens repair. Andro comes in pill and capsule forms and is sold over the counter. Unlike prescription steroids, andro is inactive as it enters the body and requires the aid of the liver to become anabolic (capable of producing tissue).

Creatine was first identified in 1935 but wasn't introduced as a supplement until six years ago. It's an amino acid produced in the liver, kidneys and pancreas, and it can also be acquired in the diet through animal proteins, milk and fish. Supplements containing creatine, according to the athletes and weight lifters who use them, give muscles a burst of fuel and help speed up recovery from intense workouts. Another bonus: Creatine increases the water content of muscles, pumping up those biceps, pecs and quads.

FEARING THE UNKNOWN

Federal deregulation of dietary supplements in 1994 has resulted in a vast array of androstenedione- and creatine-based pills, powders and sprays. Combined sales of these products is expected to top \$200 million by year's end, according to the *Nutrition Business Journal*. A month's supply of either can cost from \$50 to \$90.

Many health experts are wary of andro and creatine. Charles Yesalis, professor of health and human development at Penn State University and co-author of *The Steroids Game*,



cites lack of research as a major concern. Because both substances are labeled dietary supplements, they're not required to meet the Federal Drug Administration's guidelines for purity and safety. "They could be dangerous, and kids are taking them," he says. Lack of FDA regulation also means that quality assurance is left to the manufacturers—that's not the most comforting thought when ingesting something that alters your body chemistry.

It's interesting to note that several sports organizations, including the National Football League, the National Collegiate Athletic Association and the Olympic Committee, officially forbid the use of andro. (Baseball is reportedly reexamining its position.) Creatine, however, faces no such restrictions. In fact, one major leaguer claims 60 percent of professional baseball players use some form of creatine, and an NFL trainer said use has reached "epidemic" proportions.

TO POP OR NOT TO POP

Yesalis says studies indicate that creatine's benefits are limited to activities that involve short, intense bursts of energy, such as weight lifting, sprinting and knocking a baseball out of the park. And while manufacturers claim creatine has no side effects, some users experience nausea, diarrhea, dehydration, cramps and muscle pulls. Virtually nothing is known about long-term risks.

Androstenedione's testosterone boost reportedly offers energizing benefits similar to those of creatine, but the side effects could be much worse. The extra testosterone in your system could cause aggression, acne and hair loss—problems commonly associated with anabolic steroids. Likewise, while your muscles bulk up, your testicles may shrivel, causing sterility. Over longer periods, excessive testosterone can cause liver disease, cancer and heart problems.

Still interested in supplements? Before you take anything, talk with your doctor. Trainers recommend starting with 20 grams of creatine for seven days and then reducing the amount to a maintenance dose of two or three grams daily. Manufacturers of andro claim a 100-milligram dose boosts testosterone levels by 300 percent, for about three hours.

When taken according to recommendations, the supplements are safe, proponents claim. But if you take them, play it safe by having periodic cardiac examinations as well as kidney- and liver-function tests.

Armed with this info, you can decide for yourself whether to follow McGwire's lead. But keep in mind: If you're a couch potato, you won't become the Incredible Hulk just by popping pills. To get results, you need to get your butt moving.

news . . . facts . . . tips . . . advice

Fit facts: Don't beat yourself up for taking one too many dips from the guacamole dish. What fun are holidays without indulgences? Go ahead and enjoy the season, but follow these smart tips. • Fill up first: Have an apple and a glass of water before hitting that New

Year's buffet. You will be less likely to pock your plate. • Take a break: You'll eat fewer finger foods if you put down your plate between bites. • Mix your drinks: Alternate alcoholic beverages with sparkling water or spritzers and save calories. • Work it off:

One slice of pecan pie (485 calories) equals one hour of singles tennis, two pieces of fudge with nuts (240 calories) equals one hour of walking (a 20-minute mile), three glasses of champagne (300 calories) equals half an hour of in-line skating (no gliding allowed),

one cup of eggnog (345 calories) equals one hour of golf (carrying clubs), one piece of cheesecake (400 calories) equals one hour on a rowing machine, six ounces of turkey (355 calories) equals 35 minutes of jumping rope.

—SHARON COHEN

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By ASA BABER

One of my jobs as your *Men* columnist is to save you from major mistakes with the opposite sex. Of course, I am the world's leading authority on the subject, having made more faux pas with women than anybody I know. So let me give you some well-researched advice about how to read between the lines of female verbiage.

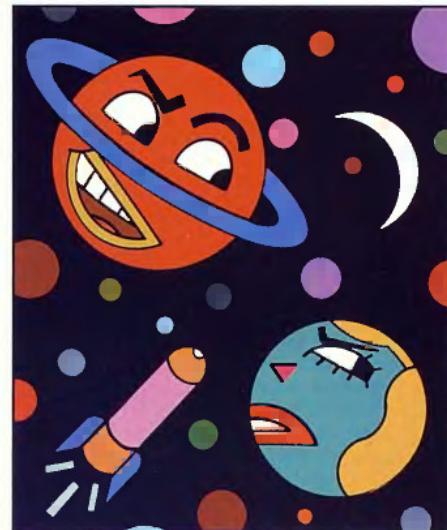
In the eyes of most creatures from the planet Estrogen you are basically a dumb ox from Planet Testosterone. In your world, words are utilitarian. You use them the way you would use a chisel, plow or baseball mitt or pair of pliers. Words exist to get a job done quickly and efficiently. They are not there for decoration or indirection.

Unless your name is Bill Clinton, you do not have the typical Estrogen alien's facility with language. For you, communication is supposed to be simple. When words are spoken, you, always the dumb ox, listen to them as you plod along the highway to the slaughterhouse, thinking about sex and sports and business as you walk, assuming the person talking to you means what she says as you hear it. But that is a disastrous approach to life. It can get you fired, divorced, sued, imprisoned or bankrupted. It can get you into lots of trouble.

I am going to tell you what women really mean when they say something. And no, shit-for-ears, you cannot take their language at face value. A man requires the skills of a psychiatrist, attorney, linguist and diplomat to interpret feminine speech. What follows are some excerpts from my best-selling *Dictionary of Feminine Speech*. May they speed you on your way:

(1) *Men*. Just one word. Often used in questions, such as, "Why do men always look at women as sex objects?" Also used as an expletive: "Men!" But when you hear this word, your ears should turn red and your brain should boil, because *men* means you. She is pretending to be involved in a general and vaguely intellectual discussion about men in general, but she is not. She is talking about you. "Why are men so afraid of commitment?" really means "Why are you so afraid of commitment?"

When she asks, "Why are men so preoccupied with sex?" she is really asking, "Why are you so preoccupied with sex?" The beat goes on, but you understand



what I am saying: It's a jungle out there, question should never be answered at all. When she asks it, an alarm bell ought to ring. Maybe you told her you forgot to lock the front door or put out the dog or buy lubricating jelly or pay the Visa bill. Maybe you were really a dumb fuck and you told her you were attracted to her sister. Whatever you did, "You what?" is an executioner's song. You should see the sparks fly when she says it. Again, I beg you, my fellow oxen, do not answer that question. Understand that you have already been condemned. She is pretending to be considering the question, to be giving you a chance, but nothing could be more deceptive. You are toast, my friend. You just don't know it. Only by *not* answering "You what?" can you live and breathe as a free and functioning Testosteronian.

(4) *I've been thinking*. God help the man who hears this. It doesn't mean what it says. It means "I'm pissed off." Or "I am about to totally refocus and redirect our lives." Or "I've been fucking around with a lifeguard and a female impersonator, but 'I've been thinking' is the closest I can come to admitting it." Or "Because I love Tolstoy, I put all our savings into an emerging market fund based on the ruble and maybe I made a mistake." Learn to clap your hands over your ears when you hear "I've been thinking." It blows no man good, if you know what I mean.

(5) *See, what I'm saying is . . .* This, too, is deadly. Like a National Security Agency computer, your mind should be programmed to note and catalog each and every mention. What does it mean? Wake up and smell the deception, gentlemen. It means she has lied and is about to expound upon it, decorate it, embroider it, paint it and sculpt it. It means her previous statement was like a touch-and-go landing and she is about to make another pass at the runway. Dumb oxen that we are, "See, what I'm saying is . . ." works on us almost every time, doesn't it? Especially when she bats her eyelids and smiles that smile and promises us nirvana. All of which proves, tragically, that Estrogen aligns with Testosterone whenever it goddamn well pleases, and there is not a hell of a lot that we can do about it. Not even when we listen carefully.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE PLANETS

and only the verbally facile survive.

(2) *What?* This single word has destroyed more men than any other word. Yes, it can stand as a simple question—if you ask it. But it is never simple when a woman asks it. To begin with, it means nothing. It is filler, a musical phrase in different tones and rhythms, a cobra's hymn that stalls or misdirects or hypnotizes. How many times have you been trying to pursue a point, prove a thesis, win an argument, defend yourself, only to be interrupted by her asking, with apparent mindlessness, "What?" In these circumstances, the word is always spoken in at least a two-note range, the voice rising or falling. The message is that you are wrong, your accusations are false, your thinking is muddled and—get this—she has no need to offer evidence or facts or specifics. She will just sit there saying, "What?" in that planetary music of the broads that can drive us nuts.

In your defense you must learn to say "What?" right back at her every time she comes up with it. *Every time*. Say it like a real man, without frilly noises or foppish finery. Be bold, be sharp, be down and dirty. You won't stop her from employing her music again, but she may gain some respect for your technique at counterpoint.

(3) *You what?* This supposedly plain





Ho.



Ho.



Ho-yeah!

This holiday season, enjoy our quality responsibly.

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SEX

By LORI WEISS

Last year will go down in history as the year of the blow job. While you may not have been getting as much head as you would like, we all knew who was. Maybe the daily headlines made your own attempts all the more painful.

What's a guy got to do to get more head, and less rejection? I must admit, even I, a seasoned sex writer, blushed at the assignment. Blow jobs aren't the most comfortable cocktail conversation. And from what most of you guys told me, it doesn't get much easier in the bedroom. No wonder so many of you nudge, cajole and maneuver in the hope that we'll get the hint.

What I found was that humor, patience, a little coaxing and a lot of seduction were key. What works for one person doesn't necessarily work for another. It's a numbers game, and you have to play if you want to win.

To help increase your luck, I gathered a group of willing participants, changing their names but not their desires.

Andrea, 28, mortgage broker

Is there a right time to ask for it?

It's not about the right time, it's about the way you ask. There has to be passion involved, not like you just want a blow job. You have to want to share something passionately erotic with your partner. I don't think there's a wrong time. Maybe not at the dinner table with your parents. But to whisper it in my ear at any time, so nobody else can hear, would be fine.

I was with my boyfriend last week and we were at a red light. We weren't really talking much, just listening to the radio, lost in our thoughts, and he leans over and whispers in my ear, "I just want to feel your tongue on my cock," and I said, "Whoa—go home, go home!" It's the middle of the day, when there are so many things he could be thinking about—and he's thinking about me. You've got to love that man!

So he has to show you how much he wants it?

And show you that he likes it. Some guys I've been with in the past—you can't tell if they like it. They don't move around. They don't go, "Ooh, baby." Guys should feel it and go with it. Close your eyes and just feel the sensation and go with whatever your body tells you to do. If your body tells you to scream and grab the pillow and throw it over your face, go with it. Any woman who likes



HOW TO ASK FOR A BLOW JOB

control will love that.

What do you find sexy about giving blow jobs?

The power, the control. You can torture the hell out of him and make him feel the best. I like to tease. To bring him up, bring him down. Three hours later he's screaming, "Just finish it!"

Pam, 19, college sophomore

You don't like it when guys ask?

No, I don't. I think it's kind of rude. To have my head shoved down or to be begged for it—that's a turnoff for me.

Is there a nice way to ask for it?

Usually, if he goes down on me first, then I'll go down on him. That's a nice way to start it off. Once he's gone down on me or has been working on me for a while, I'll want to reciprocate and work on him awhile.

What can a guy do to make you enjoy it more?

He should be responsive, to act like I'm doing something really nice for him. I want to know that he likes it, that I'm doing a good job. Even when we're not doing it, he could bring it up and tell me he really appreciates it and likes it, and if I did it, I'd be like the coolest girl for doing it to him.

Julie, 35, stockbroker

Some women love them, some women hate them. Where do you stand?

I love them when they're with some-

one I love. It has to be a special relationship for me to want to do that.

How should a guy ask for a blow job?

I don't think he should, necessarily. I think it should be natural, not forced.

Wait and see if it happens?

Yeah.

What if it's not happening? Is there a nice, sexy way to ask that might make you want to do it?

If it's romantic or in the heat of the moment, he could make it enticing. Maybe he could be in a G-string or something. Maybe do a little dance.

Guys have danced for you?

I had one guy who stood over me, and he had on nice underwear. It wasn't a G-string, but they were nice. I like nice underwear on men. He did this dance, kind of moved down over my face, and it was a turn-on.

I'm a big romantic: champagne, dinner, a hot bath together—a bubble bath. Then you know he's clean! You're more likely to be willing if you know he's clean and fresh. You can go for it at that point.

What else can a guy do during oral sex that really turns you on?

Just letting you know that he enjoys it. Moaning, groaning. Screaming—that's exciting. When I can make him lose control!

What if he doesn't want to do you?

Oh, he has to do me! If you won't do me, you have nothing coming.

Rhonda, 26, hairstylist

How can a man tell you politely how to do it the way he likes it?

He has to say it in a sexy way: "Baby, I want you to put it in your mouth like it's a banana—don't bite it, just put it in your mouth. Suck on it like it tastes good." It's part of talking dirty. He has to coach her, has to make it fun. Touch her body, touch the parts of her body that make it more enjoyable. Tell her how beautiful she is, even if he's lying. Bring her wine, flowers.

Jewelry?

If he has to give her jewelry, that's kind of sad. But it works.

Traci, 30, engineer

Is a blow job something a guy should plan on?

It should be spontaneous. If we were fooling around I think I'd feel more comfortable if he just whipped it out and let it happen.

How can a guy help you enjoy giving head more? *(concluded on page 248)*

MONEY MATTERS

By CHRISTOPHER BYRON

Can you make yourself richer simply by switching the pockets in which you carry your money? That's the rationale behind a price-propping gimmick, called stock buybacks, that seems to wash over Wall Street whenever the stock market starts to wobble. While buybacks give a brief—though not terribly impressive—boost to a company's stock price after they're first announced, the benefit doesn't last long. Companies that engage in them may fall behind their competitors, with a stock price that underperforms the market as a whole. Stock buybacks involve the open market purchase of a company's shares by the company that issued them in the first place. Such moves are characterized by management as a vote of confidence in the company's future and are widely viewed by outside investors as tip-offs to pile into the stock because it will soon be taking off for the moon. Popular financial Web sites such as Online Investor (onlineinvestor.com) now track buyback announcements on a daily basis, for just that reason. Unfortunately, the idea behind buybacks seems to make the most sense when it is explained by someone who smiles a lot and doesn't say much—a stockbroker, let's say. The rationale for buybacks (sometimes referred to as stock repurchase plans) is rooted in simple supply-and-demand economics. If you reduce the supply of something that's in demand, the price goes up. That familiar principle encourages companies to spend their money—often quite a lot of it—on reducing the supply of their stock in the public market by repurchasing it from investors at prevailing market prices.

The companies may get a double benefit if they've been paying dividends to shareholders. Fewer shares in public hands means fewer dividends to pay. Of course, the savings on dividends may not offset the cost of the buybacks, so companies often borrow money to finance the repurchases. That adds to interest costs, which almost always exceed the savings on dividends. So the companies wind up deeper in the hole financially than they were before. What's more, a dollar spent on a buyback is a dollar that isn't reinvested in the business. That also extracts a long-term toll from share value.

Nonetheless, stock repurchase announcements seem to explode every time the market becomes unsettled. The



nouncement, the overall stock market, as measured by the Standard & Poor's 500 Index, improved 34 percent. And though the 162 companies in the Value Line buyback group did perform slightly better (39.9 percent), the group soon began falling behind. By last August, the group's average annual price increase had slipped to 17.1 percent versus 19.2 percent for the S&P 500. Over the long haul, companies engaging in buybacks do their investors no favors at all.

Why that is should be pretty obvious. When a company spends resources on a stock buyback, it really does nothing but transfer shareholder equity into balance-sheet debt. True, by reducing the number of outstanding shares, buyback plans can make a company's earnings per share rise dramatically. And since earnings per share are Wall Street's most popular valuation for stock prices, an increase in per share earnings can make the stock jump a bit.

Consider IBM, which since January 1995 has spent more than \$15 billion on buybacks. Between then and the end of 1997, IBM's total earnings increased by 100 percent, to \$6 billion—and with fewer shares in the market, per share earnings grew by 142 percent. This helped IBM's stock price climb by 181 percent, to \$104, by the start of 1998. Yet the repurchase program may represent a missed opportunity. Had IBM simply reinvested the money in its business, its reported net income would probably have more than doubled. Investors would have regarded the shares as intrinsically more valuable. And the company would have been well on its way to regaining its reputation as one of the premiere growth stocks of American business.

If you want to, play these buyback announcements as short-term opportunities to speculate on the companies that make them. But remember, the managers who announce them are not really expressing long-term faith in their businesses. Quite the contrary. They're telling you they can do better by investing in their stock than by investing in the production of the goods and services that give the stock value. Over the long term, that sounds like a losing bet.

You can reach Christopher Byron by e-mail at cbyron1@home.com.

STOCK BUYBACKS

current round of stock market turbulence began on July 17, when the Dow Jones industrial average peaked. Within a month, buyback announcements were hitting the business pages at a rate of more than 100 per week. In the first week of September, some 133 companies unfurled buyback plans. Among them was Denver-based Titanium Metals Corp., the nation's leading supplier of the metal, which announced a 13 percent buyback. Or consider the five percent buyback of Provident Bancshares and SouthFirst Bancshares and so on and so forth.

If history is any guide, most of this money will simply wind up being wasted—as is evidenced by the unimpressive long-term performance most stocks turn in after the announcement of a buyback plan.

To measure that performance, I took a look at the 5186 publicly traded companies in the Value Line Investment Survey database. From that list I took out every company that had announced a buyback during the first six months of 1994—the most recent period of sustained market weakness prior to the current go-around—and tracked their postannouncement price performances monthly, from January 1, 1994 through August 30, 1998. The results were quite revealing. In the year after the an-



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Toyota Charges Ahead

When Toyota brought its environmentally friendly Prius to Chicago not long ago, we'd never heard of it—even though the car had been on sale in Japan for about a year. The Prius (pictured here) combines the comfort and performance of a compact sedan with a curious power plant that operates on batteries and on electric motor at low speeds, then switches to a 1.5-liter gasoline engine as you accelerate (it's been dubbed the Toyota Hybrid System). An onboard generator charges the batteries as you drive, so there's no need for an overnight boost in your garage. The car we drove had plenty of pep and amazing interior room for a vehicle this size ("We wanted space inside for four adults to ride in complete comfort," said chief engineer Takeshi Uchiyamada). Other features include a monitor with four on-call screens (vehicle information, audio entertainment, audiovisual controls and FM multiplex) and a dashboard-mounted gear shift lever. It's all very Buck Rogers. Toyota says the Stateside Prius should get 60 mpg (maybe higher) and accelerate from zero to 60 in about 13 seconds. Look for it in mid to late 2000, priced in the low 20s.

Thrill of the Winter Grill

Outdoor winter cooking is an excuse to breathe some bracing fresh air along with the elusive fumes of summer. Most foods cook just as fast in winter as in summer—it's the preheating that takes longer. GrillMaster (its sleek 800 Series gas grill is pictured here) advises a very hot temperature for steaks, burgers, chicken and seafood—shut the lid for three or four minutes to sear, then open it and flip the food. Don't peek for the rest of the cooking period. For a real holiday treat, cook the roast or turkey outdoors, but plan on an additional 10 percent to 15 percent cooking time. GrillMaster offers these choice tips: (1) Go for meat with a little marbling (those streaks of intramuscular fat that flavor the meat), (2) keep your fish simple—just rub with olive oil, salt and pepper, (3) refrigerate any meat or fish during marinization, (4)

never salt the meat before cooking—it draws out the juices, and (5) don't fuss. Once the meat's on, don't keep moving it around. GrillMaster also offers a digital meat probe (\$30) that alerts you when the meat is done. The 800 Series grill sells for \$400.



How to Shave With a Straight Razor

In the movie *4 for Texas*, Anita Ekberg took the edge off Sinatra's beard. But for most men, shaving is a solo performance. If a straight razor is your choice of weapon, you should learn how to wield one. Peppe Boldo, owner of Peppe and Bill, the barbershop at New York's Plaza Hotel, gives private lessons. He says you should first put the razor down, in an opened V shape (resembling a bird in flight), blade to the left and handle to the right. Pick up the straight edge with two fingers on top of the back of the blade, thumb at the bottom, index finger on the handle. Leave your pinkie loose. To shave with the grain (downward), hold the blade in the V shape and lay the cutting edge on the face. Stroke straight down, keeping the razor absolutely straight.

(If you let it slip to an angle, you'll cut yourself.) To shave against the grain, open the blade to full expansion and, maintaining the flat, straight position, move it upward across the beard. Make sure you prep your face. Work your shaving cream well into your beard. The blade will require sharpening several times a month. Trumper is the razor's edge for a straight razor. Prices range from \$115 to \$215 for models made from quality steel. (We prefer handles made from mother-of-pearl.)



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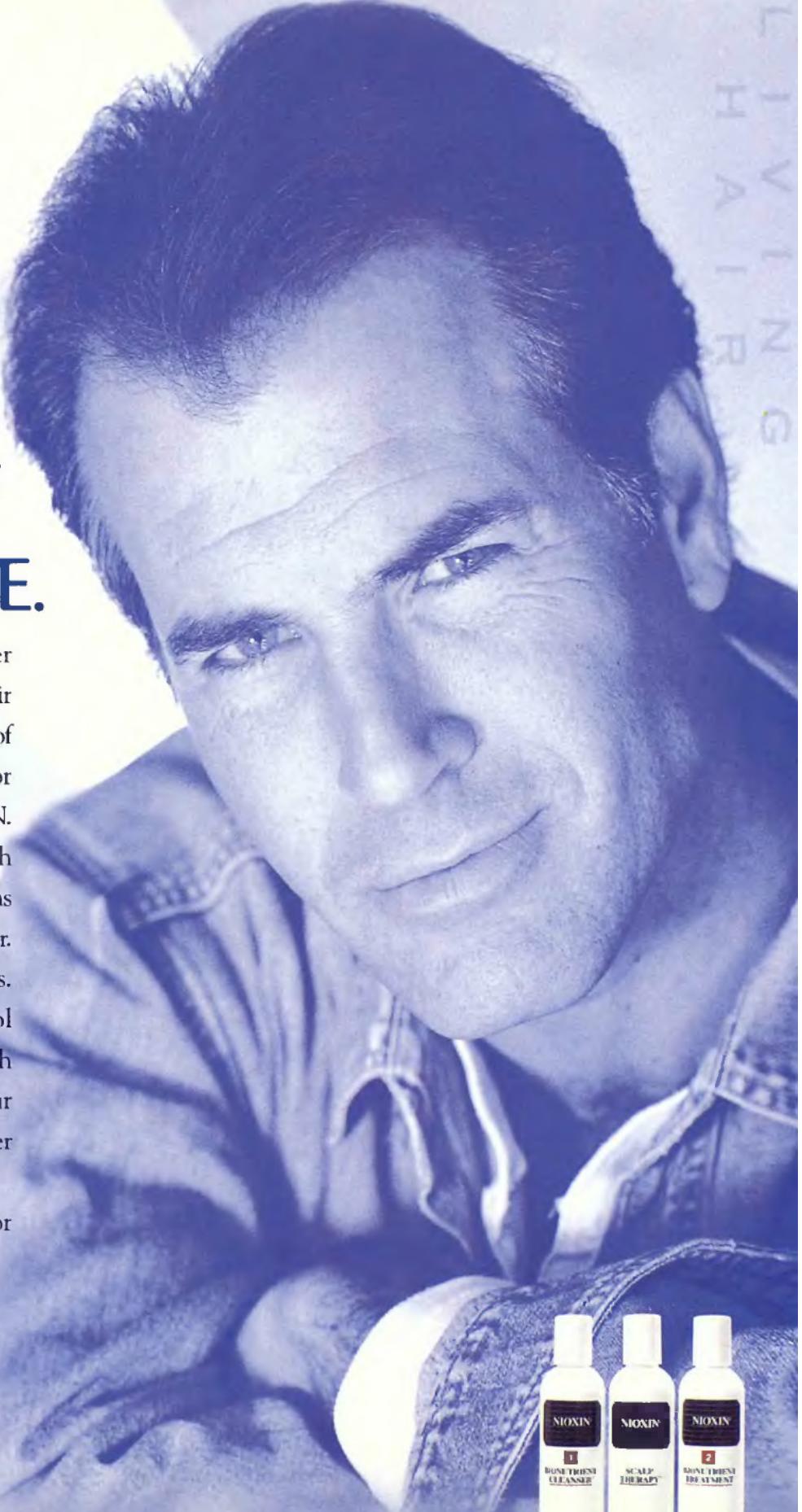
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MANTRACK

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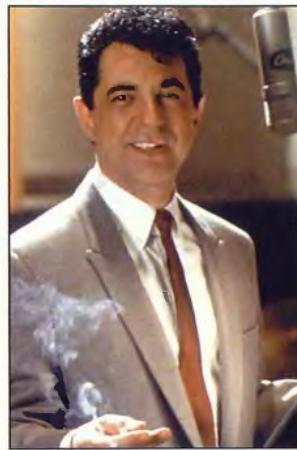


For the Holiday Mix

It may not have occurred to you that a bloody mary made one way, for one season, may not be entirely appropriate for another season. This was pointed out to us when we tried the recipe at left during one of those frosty winter weekends when friends happily huddled around the fireplace. We found it zippy and not overly filling (as happens with some tomato juice concoctions), with just a hint of brininess. It was, as it needed to be, bracing, bold, restorative, delicious. Of course, you can vary the horseradish and hot sauce to increase the heat. The best recommendation for this recipe is that, unlike most bloody marys, you can have a second.

Clothesline: Joe Mantegna

When it comes to style, Joe Mantegna sticks to his roots. "Usually any guy whose name ends in a vowel—Armani, Versace. An Italian body seems to fit well in Italian clothes." But labels hardly mattered with the slick early-Sixties look he wore as crooner Dean Martin in HBO's *The Rat Pack*. Mantegna loved the style so much he kept one tailor-made suit, a French-cuffed shirt and some cuff links. "The whole look is coming back," says Mantegna, who next appears in Woody Allen's film *Celebrity*. The Chicago native won't let Hollywood go to his head. "When I'm casual, I'm casual—jeans and a T-shirt. That's about it. But when I dress up, I get into a suit, put on a watch and a ring, and I'm all set."



Guys Are Talking About . . .

Dry snuff. Especially the flavored products (pictured here) from the venerable London tobacconist Fribourg and Treyer. With names such as High Dry Toast and Old Paris, dry snuff is a status nicotine fix in the smoke-free restaurants and bars of Los Angeles. DVD porno. Vivid Interactive, the adult-film company with the hottest porn actresses, lets you view the X-rated action on its digital video discs from three perspectives. Marantz RC2000 Mark 2. It's the smartest remote control available, yet it doesn't require superintelligence to program or operate. Slime Super Duty. It's an oozy green preventive sealant that's injected into your car's tires through the valve stem. Should a puncture occur, Slime is forced into the damaged spot via pressure within the tire, and the stuff plugs the hole, if it's one-quarter inch or less.



A Reason for Being

Enchanted by the island of Tobago, Daniel Defoe wrote *Robinson Crusoe*. You may be similarly inspired. Situated at the south tip of the Caribbean, not far from Venezuela, Tobago is a small mountainous isle blissfully free of cruise ships and tourism. It's world-renowned for snorkeling, the people are friendly, the scenery amazing—and you won't find a more spectacular retreat than Villa Being. At this luxurious three-bedroom hideaway perched high over the ocean, balmy breezes lull you to sleep, and a cook delivers on awesome rum punch to your 40-foot pool. Heaven doesn't come cheap—the Villa rents for \$3000 and up a week, depending on season. Share it with friends, or treat your lover to an unforgettable Valentine's Day. Call 868-625-4443.



We Found the Babe to Tame Our Bear

Data Sheet

Name: Stacey Friello

Bust: 36"

Waist: 25"

Hips: 36"

Birth Date: 7/19/74

Birthplace: Queens, New York



Ambitions: To be the best

Miss Rumple Minze ever.

Turn-Ons: Guys that drink

Rumple Minze Peppermint Schnapps,
motorcycles and people with
persistence.

Turnoffs: Bad Breath.

Favorite Drink: Icy cold shots of
Rumple Minze Peppermint Schnapps.

You can win me over with...

tickets to a football game and
tailgate parties.



THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I thought I'd share a discovery my husband and I made in the bedroom: toe sex. I was straddling his leg while giving him a blow job and began to rub my clit against his shin to stimulate myself. I slid lower until I could feel his foot. He wiggled his toes to play with my pussy, then slid his big toe inside me. I found this incredibly stimulating, as did my husband. He could feel how wet I had become and enjoyed the sensation of me rocking toward climax on his foot. I sucked his cock with gusto and we both came with great intensity. This act could change the way women look at men—we'll want to see them in sandals before taking them to bed.—T.D., Knoxville, Tennessee

Before you know it, someone will introduce a toe extender.

At a recent party, Bill and Monica were the main topic of conversation. We had a heated discussion about whether a woman can achieve an orgasm from performing oral sex. Several of the females claimed that a woman does not derive pleasure from giving head. Please say it isn't so.—J.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

If women could have orgasms solely from giving head, there would be no need for the Advisor except to answer stereo questions. The women who write us say they enjoy providing oral sex for two reasons: (1) It gives their partner immense pleasure, which in turn gives them immense pleasure, and (2) they know he'll return the favor. When a woman sucks a man, she owns him. That can be powerfully erotic. The same is true for guys performing cunnilingus. Watch how a man livens up the moment his lover begins to writhe and moan under his tongue. If a woman derives no pleasure from giving head, her partner should get busy. The strategic placement of a finger, tongue or big toe can make all the difference. That's also why someone invented 69, as well as a position we call the electric triangle: The woman lies on her back and the man positions himself next to her head so that she can turn it and comfortably take his penis into her mouth. Meanwhile, he extends his arm and gently stimulates her clitoris with a vibrator. The last one to come wins, as does the first.

My amplifier is rated at 150 watts per channel. My speakers also are rated at 150 watts per channel, but the volume cuts out when I get about halfway to maximum. Do I need better speakers?—J.R., Memphis, Tennessee

You don't specify how your amp's wattage was measured, but the only significant rating is how much power it can deliver without distortion. That's known as the RMS rating. The less useful measurement you hear in showrooms is "peak music power," which in-



dicates the amp's output regardless of distortion. Always be sure which figure you're getting, and be suspicious if someone gives you a speaker rating in watts. They're rated in decibels per watt per meter (88dB is about average), as well as in impedance. Your volume might be cutting out because circuitry in your amp or speakers is doing its job and protecting the system. A little distortion can do a lot of damage to your speakers. If a weak amp strains to boost the signal and fails, it could send a burst that blows out your tweeters.

I recall hearing years ago about bikinis that dissolve in water. Are they still made?—R.T., Los Angeles, California

You're thinking of disposable bikinis, which had their day in the sun when they were modeled years ago on the game show "What's My Line?" They were made of the fibrous material now used to make lightweight mailing envelopes and held up well in water. The only fabric that might dissolve would be made of alginate fiber, otherwise known as regenerated seaweed. Good luck in finding a woman to wear that—though think of what it could do for a show like "Baywatch."

For six months I have been having an affair with a woman half my age. It had been going fine, with frequent e-mail, love letters and safe sex during business trips (we live 600 miles apart). She thinks it's cool to be seeing an older, married man, and I think it's cool as well. But she recently had second thoughts. I'm 39, she's 19. She continues to respond to my e-mail and says she loves me. I am convinced she would not go to my wife, nor will I breach her confidence with her

current boyfriend. What goes on in the mind of a woman that age?—W.M., Oakland, California

She's thinking, How can I get rid of this guy? Perhaps if you were 19, you'd understand: You're a wild oat; you've been sown. A better question might be, What were you thinking?

During a dinner party, a friend asked if I had any whiskey or bourbon. I've never been a big drinker, so the bottles I have are six or seven years old. They have all been opened, so I hesitated to serve him. I was afraid they had gone bad. He said the liquor might taste better than when it was bottled, but I still balked and he said he'd have a beer instead. Should I dump these bottles, or do I have some wonderfully aged stuff?—P.G., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Whiskey and bourbon do not age in the bottle—that happens in the barrel. John Hansell, editor of "Malt Advocate" (800-610-6258, or whiskeypages.com), says your whiskey and bourbon should be fine, unless there's just a small amount of liquor left and you let it sit. That could cause it to oxidize, or "collapse," leaving the liquor flat and dull. "When there's a quarter of a bottle left, it's time to finish it off," Hansell says. "My friends know that's my rule, so they're always looking through my collection and saying, 'Here's one.'"

A reader from Seattle wrote you in September because his wife complained about having his weight on her during sex. You suggested several expensive pieces of sex furniture but overlooked the simplest contraption: a pillow. Doubled over and placed under the woman's butt, a pillow elevates her enough that the man can enter her while he is on his knees. That keeps his weight off her body. There are other benefits. The woman can easily reach her clit with her hand or a vibrator while he's inside her. Also, her pussy is positioned for easy cunnilingus before and after intercourse, or both, depending on how many points the man wants to earn.—G.H., Austin, Texas

Sometimes we think too big. Thanks for writing.

I will be traveling to Honolulu via Los Angeles, an 18-hour trip. What can I do to arrive in the best possible shape?—C.B., Amsterdam, Netherlands

You're facing serious jet lag. Studies have found that it takes about a day per time zone you cross to recuperate, but you can do it faster with preparation. Beginning two days before you travel, add more water and protein to your diet. Eliminate fatty foods.

Continue this regimen during the flight, and avoid alcohol, caffeine and sleeping or motion sickness pills. Wear loose clothing and stretch and walk around periodically. Take a sleep mask, but doze only when the cabin lights dim and the movie has finished. When you arrive, take a two-hour nap. Shower, then set your watch to local time. If it's morning or noon, have a high-protein breakfast or lunch. Order a high-carb dinner to help you sleep. Retire at a reasonable hour and set your alarm to rise early. You'll find suggestions specific to the distance you're traveling in "Overcoming Jet Lag," by Dr. Charles Ehret and Lynn Waller Scanlon.

Before my husband and I were married, I gave him head and swallowed, and I gagged horribly. My husband felt bad and didn't ask to come in my mouth again for a long time. Now he's pressuring me, and that makes me resentful. I want to satisfy him but find it difficult because of what happened in the past. I also point out that I have given up certain things for him. He hates the idea of having intercourse during my period. Despite desire on my part, I have never complained. So tell me, what's fair? Should he be more understanding or should I try harder?—W.H., Dallas, Texas

Meet in the middle. You're both trying to overcome sexual hang-ups; the difference is that yours is based on experience and your husband's is based on inexperience. If you're willing, let him come in your mouth after he's already ejaculated once. That will reduce the force and volume of his burst considerably and allow you to spit or swallow as you desire. Your husband's reluctance to have intercourse during your period is based on a lack of knowledge, so we'll help you educate him. Most women don't lose nearly the amount of blood that guys imagine—discharge typically amounts to a quarter to three quarters of a cup over three to five days. As the editors at the Goofy Foot Press point out in their "Guide to Getting It On!": "Menstruation causes absolutely no harm to either partner during sex. In fact, the contractions of orgasm push accumulated fluids out of the uterus, which helps decrease menstrual cramping." So sex during your period is good for you! (Try that one on him.) A woman also produces more vaginal lubrication during menstruation, which can make intercourse more pleasurable. To collect any fluid, use a diaphragm or the disposable product Instead, which resembles a diaphragm (800-467-8323). And although the chances are slim, remember: You can still become pregnant when you're menstruating.

What's the worst thing that a guy can say during an impromptu threesome? I had one going with two female roommates, and I think I blew it.—T.R., Cleveland, Ohio

Let us guess: You said something like, "I can't believe this is happening!" Next time, stud, play it cool. Most threesomes begin ten-

tatively as the participants grow comfortable with the extra body in the room. If you acknowledge that the situation is a fantasy come true (and, implicitly, that you'll be blabbing about it to your buddies for the rest of your life), you risk making the women feel that they've been cast in your personal porn flick. The only thing that may be worse to say is, "Who's gonna go first?"

I work out with weights. I wait 48 hours between workouts and get adequate sleep and food. My workouts never last more than 40 minutes. Why are my muscles always sore the next day? Does soreness indicate a good workout or overexertion?—C.O., Syracuse, New York

It sounds like overexertion or bad technique. Soreness should be expected when you first start lifting or radically change your routine, but it's a fallacy that only a good workout leaves you in pain. Most researchers agree that delayed-onset muscle soreness is largely the result of trauma to the skeletal muscles during the eccentric motion of your lift (e.g., the lowering of the weight against resistance during the curl, squat and bench). Soreness is probably caused by microscopic tears in the muscle and connective tissue, which lead to inflammation and spasms. (You sometimes hear lactic acid mentioned, but it accounts only for the burning sensation you feel during strenuous lifting, not soreness.) Your buddies will advise you to stretch before and cool down after exercise, which may prevent injuries but won't protect you from soreness. Nor is there conclusive evidence that a light workout or a massage the next day helps. The only surefire treatments appear to be rest and changing your workout habits. Don't overdo it. If you're rushing to complete your routine in 40 minutes, cut down on the number of exercises or reps and increase the time you rest between sets.

In October the Advisor provided the ingredients for a Venezuelan drink called *guarapita*. You said it included *panela*, a hard brown sugar. If any of your readers went into a Latino market and asked for *panela*, they were in for a surprise. *Panela* is a cheese. You may have meant *panocha*, which is raw or brown sugar. However, people should be cautious in asking for it, since *panocha* is also slang for pussy. If a reader ambles into a store, picks out the prettiest woman and tells her he would like some *panocha*, he should quickly add *azucar*, which is sugar.—A.R., El Centro, California

*No wonder we got slugged. How is calling her "sugar" going to help? *Panela* is a Mexican cheese. In Latin American countries such as Venezuela and Colombia, the word refers to inexpensive, unrefined sugar.*

Can the use of spermicides damage the vagina?—P.E., Toronto, Ontario

In some cases, yes. Studies have found that heavy exposure to nonoxynol-9, the active ingredient in most spermicides, caus-

es microscopic and sometimes even visible breaks in the lining of the vagina. That may make a woman more susceptible to contracting HIV from an infected partner. Nonoxynol-9 also kills bacteria in the vagina that prevent infection. A woman who has frequent urinary tract or yeast infections or bacterial vaginosis may want to avoid spermicides and lubricants that contain nonoxynol-9. Meanwhile, researchers are experimenting with less-abrasive contraceptive compounds that cripple sperm by shutting down their tails.

My fiancée and I are planning our wedding. She asked her sister to be the maid of honor but doesn't want any bridesmaids. I have two younger brothers and asked the older one to be the best man and the other to be the head usher. My mother feels the youngest brother should be in the wedding party and that my fiancée should choose a bridesmaid to balance things out. Please help. I'm going crazy trying to make everyone happy.—S.S., San Jose, California

You can't make everyone happy, so make sure you and your fiancée are satisfied and leave it at that. Don't hesitate to ask your youngest brother to join you for the ceremony and in photos of the wedding party—the local newspaper won't be running the headline PERFECT WEDDING MARRED BY MISSING BRIDESMAID. In the meantime, stay calm and don't let these minor conflicts throw you. They offer you a chance to practice your diplomacy, a skill that you'll find useful in marriage.

Since Denver is the Mile High City, could my boyfriend and I join the mile high club if we screwed like crazy in a hotel room there? The thought of having sex on an airplane is arousing, but I can't risk getting caught. What do you say? Would we qualify?—J.L., St. Paul, Minnesota

Sorry, no. We have to have some standards. However, you would be eligible for the less exclusive "Fucked in Denver" club.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or advisor@playboy.com (because of volume, we cannot respond to all e-mail inquiries). Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions at www.playboy.com/faq, and check out the Advisor's latest collection of sex tricks, "365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life" (Plume), available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.



LEARNING FROM THE MASTERS

highlights from the world pornography conference

This past summer Maribeth Bruno, an editor at Playboy Online, joined an intellectual orgy of professors and porn stars for the three-day World Pornography Conference near Los Angeles. Her full report is posted at www.playboy.com/sexcetera/archive/world_porno.

NOT YOUR EVERYDAY SEMINARS

"Erotic Witness: The Rise and Flourishing of Genitally Explicit and Sex-Act Explicit Heterosexually Oriented Photographic Magazines in the U.S., 1965-1985" (Friday, 2 P.M.)

"Get Up, Get In, Get Out, Get Off—On Cue" (Saturday, 2:30 P.M.)

"Come Shots: History, Theory and Research" (Saturday, 2:30 P.M.)

"Apes, Our Species and Pornography" (Sunday, 8:30 A.M.)

"Beyond 'Looking for My Penis': Asian Queer Porn" (Sunday, 8:30 A.M.)

"My Buddha, My Love Guide: Kundalini Handballing in the New Age Sex Underground" (Sunday, 9:30 A.M.)

TALKING PORN

"It's not ten perverts each spending \$1 billion a year."—ACLU PRESIDENT NADINE STROSSEN

"They jack off to us on Saturday and don't know our names on Monday."—PORN ACTOR NINA HARTLEY, ON CELEBRITIES

"Even if you're an embodied fantasy, you have to have limits."—WRITER AND SOMETIME PEEP SHOW PERFORMER CAROL QUEEN

"Is porn a great business? Yes. Is it a horrible business? Yes. It's a huge business. It encompasses everything."

—DIRECTOR VERONICA HART

"You can take a photo of a violent crime without penalty, but you can't take a photo of a legal act of sex without risking prosecution."—JEFFREY DOUGLAS OF THE FREE SPEECH COALITION

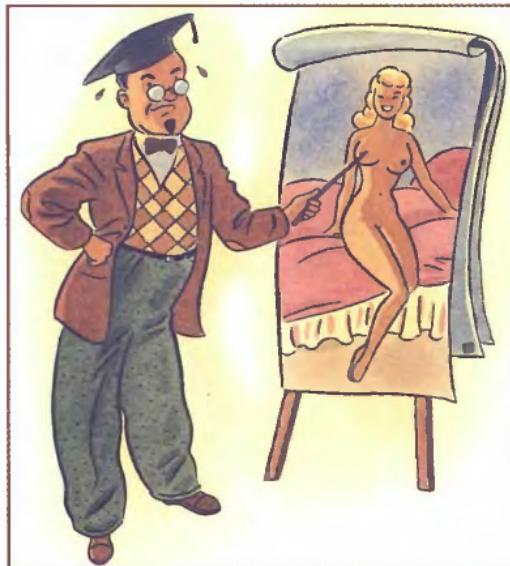
"I masturbate. It feels good. I am proud."—PORN FAN H. DOUGLAS KAPLAN, CHANTING DURING A PANEL

AND THE LOSER IS . . .

Sexologist Susan Block presented her Boobie Award for Best National Pornography Production to Ken Starr.

WAKE-UP CALL

"Al Goldstein Presents: Al Goldstein on Al Goldstein as a Porn Star" (Sunday, 8:30 A.M.) featured a video of the *Screw* publisher's cunnilingus technique, in which he appeared to alternate laps with puffs on a cigar.



"Buttman" Stagliano remarked, "I don't know, I just love porno."

THERE'S NO NEWS LIKE OLD NEWS

"There Is No Relationship Between Pornography and Violence Against Anyone or Anything" (Friday, 2 P.M.)

THE IMPORTANCE OF VERSATILITY

Guess who did what at the welcome session:

- (1) Juggs model Candy Kane
- (2) Director Candida Royalle
- (3) Actor Nina Hartley
- (4) Actor Richard Pacheco

(a) performed a comedy routine about revealing porn career to dad

(b) played the piano with her breasts

(c) sang *The Tomato Song* ("I used to be firm and shiny and round. . .")

(d) lip-synched with a vulva puppet

(Answers: 1: b, 2: c, 3: d, 4: a)

BEST LEGAL ADVICE

"Swallow the evidence!"—AL GOLDSTEIN

STILL TALKING PORN

"It seems to me that the three greatest human urges are the urge to eat, the urge to procreate and the urge to censor."—PLAYBOY LAWYER BURTON JOSEPH

"I have implants older than most of you."—RETired PORN ACTOR GLORIA LEONARD

"Forty-five years ago, you all would have been arrested. The place would have been raided and we would have called the bail bondsman."—LAWYER STANLEY FLEISHMAN

"For God's sake, this is a Sherton."—WRITER HARRIS GAFFIN, ON THE MAINSTREAMING OF THE PORNGRAPHY INDUSTRY

"People ask me why I keep defending pornography. I keep defending pornography because so many people keep attacking it."—NADINE STROSSEN

DEATH PENALTY ROULETTE

you be the judge—should these men live or die?

In August 1980 Cheryl Fergeson, a blue-eyed schoolgirl, arrived late to a volleyball tournament at Conroe High School in Conroe, Texas. The locker room in the gym appeared to be locked, so she wandered off in search of a rest room.

Her friends did not immediately notice her absence, but when they did, officials stopped the tournament and called the police. Two janitors found Cheryl's body in the auditorium, stuffed under cardboard backdrops used in school plays. Cheryl's mouth appeared frozen in a silent scream, the palms of her hands pressing against an invisible assailant. She had been raped, then strangled. Someone had held her down with such force that a crucifix she wore had imprinted its shape in her flesh. She was naked except for socks. Her clothes were never found.

Six days later the police arrested Clarence Brandley, one of the janitors who discovered the body. A jury found Brandley guilty beyond a reasonable doubt of first-degree murder, a capital crime.

In Texas, the usual method of execution is lethal injection. Should Clarence Brandley live or die?

College student Ronda Morrison worked part-time at a dry cleaning store in Monroeville, Alabama. One morning in November 1986, customers became concerned because no one was behind the counter. They discovered the 18-year-old's body in the storage room, facedown under a rack of clothing. Her blouse was unbuttoned, her jeans unzipped, her bra pushed above her breasts. She had been shot three times. Her attacker had apparently chased her through the shop. Police found an imprint (in makeup) of her face on a bathroom door.

Eight months later police arrested Walter "Johnny D" McMillian, who lived outside of town. Three witnesses linked him to the murder. As though to send a message, the police placed McMillian in a cell on death row within weeks of his arrest. A jury later found McMillian guilty beyond a reasonable doubt.

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

In Alabama, execution is by electricity, in a chair known as Yellow Mama. Should Walter McMillian live or die?

In 1984 nine-year-old Dawn Hamilton was dragged into the woods near her Maryland home. She was raped and her skull was bashed in with a rock. The imprint of a running shoe was visible on her throat; the cause of death was strangulation. The search party that discovered her body found

dently at knifepoint. An eight-year-old friend described a man she had seen with Valerie and police arrested Gary Nelson. A state investigator testified that a hair recovered from the girl's body and the hair on Nelson's forearm had the same origin.

A jury found Nelson guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. In Georgia, condemned prisoners die in the electric chair. Should Gary Nelson live or die?

If you approved the execution of any of these men, you made a terrible mistake. Despite their convictions, each was later found innocent beyond a reasonable doubt.

Clarence Brandley was the victim of racism. When police arrived at the high school, an officer told the janitors who had found Cheryl Fergeson's body: "One of you two is going to hang for this." Looking at Brandley, the cop continued, "Since you're the nigger, you're elected."

Nearly six years after the guilty verdict, and nine days before Brandley's scheduled execution, another janitor confessed that Cheryl had been raped and killed by two other co-workers. He had kept silent out of shame (he had done nothing to stop the crime) and fear for his life. Brandley was released in 1990 after a valiant effort by lawyers and an investigator from Centurion Ministries (a group that acts as a court of last resort), as well as a scathing report on *60 Minutes*. During his stay on death row Brandley had watched 27 inmates walk to their deaths.

JURIES
FOUND EACH
OF THE
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BEYOND A
REASONABLE
DOUBT.

her underpants hanging from a tree branch. Two boys described a man they had seen with Dawn, allowing a sketch artist to create a composite drawing.

An anonymous caller identified the person in the sketch as "a guy named Kirk." Police interviewed Kirk Bloodsworth, a 23-year-old ex-Marine who lived in the neighborhood. After his picture was shown on TV, four other witnesses came forward to say they had seen Bloodsworth in Dawn's vicinity.

A jury found Bloodsworth guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. In Maryland, the official means of execution is the gas chamber. Should Kirk Bloodsworth live or die?

In 1978 six-year-old Valerie Armstrong was sodomized and raped, evi-

There was no physical evidence linking Walter McMillian to the shooting death of Ronda Morrison in the dry cleaning store. One of the witnesses who placed him at the store was a suspect in another murder and had offered to solve the homicide in return for special treatment. Two other witnesses seem to have concocted their stories. Both said they had seen McMillian's low-rider truck outside the dry cleaner (in fact, his truck was converted to a low-rider months after the murder). All recanted their testimony.

FORUM

Probably the most damning testimony came from the witness who said McMillian, who is black, had a thing for white women. Friends and relatives had testified that McMillian had been with them at a fish fry the day of the murder. Their testimony was ignored.

As part of McMillian's appeal, Bryan Stevenson, a lawyer with the Alabama Capital Representation Resource Center, reviewed the evidence. On the flip side of the tape containing a statement from a supposed eyewitness Stevenson heard the same witness complain that he was being pressured to frame McMillian. After *60 Minutes* aired the story, the Alabama Bureau of Investigation reopened the case. Agents substantiated McMillian's alibi and found another suspect. McMillian was released in 1993.

The witnesses who helped the artist sketch Dawn Hamilton's killer later said Kirk Bloodsworth's hair was "too red." Police ignored the discrepancy and also at least two other suspects. An attentive lawyer noted in reading an FBI report that the underpants had a semen stain. Subsequent DNA tests showed that Bloodsworth was not the killer. He was released in 1993.

Gary Nelson told police he had been across town visiting a friend when Valerie Armstrong was raped and murdered. That friend wasn't home, but other people were there. His lawyer did not call those witnesses to corroborate the alibi. (When Nelson noted this in an early request for a new trial, a county judge ruled the lawyer had faked his incompetence as an appeals strategy.) The girl whom police said positively identified Nelson claimed the assailant was bald and thin. Nelson was neither. On tape she can be heard saying, "I don't know how he looked." The incriminating hair turned out not to be. The evidence, which had been sent to the FBI, had come back with this note: "The hair is not suitable for significant comparison purposes." The most that could be said about the hair was that it came from the forearm of a black man. Nelson was released in 1991.

These are not isolated failures of the justice system. In 1997 the Death Pen-

alty Information Center updated a report called *Innocence and the Death Penalty: Assessing the Danger of Mistaken Executions* (online at www.essential.org/dpic/inn.html). It revealed that since 1973, 75 prisoners had been released from prison after serving time on death row. The report substantiated Supreme Court Justice Thurgood Marshall's 1972 indictment of the death penalty: "No matter how careful courts are, the possibilities of perjured testimony, mistaken honest testimony and human error remain all too real. We have no way of judging how many innocent persons have been executed, but we can be certain that there were some."

Since 1973, some 6000 people have been sentenced to death in the United States. We know at least 75 were errors. So that's at least one innocent person among every 80 men and women who receive death sentences. *Innocence and*

animal could identify scents days after a crime. Police took him on his word, and he linked Juan Ramos to the murder of a woman in Cocoa Beach, Florida. The dog sniffed a cigarette pack handled by Ramos, then sniffed the knife and bloodstained garments. Its response was accepted as proof of Ramos' guilt. After Ramos spent time on death row, a subsequent test showed that the dog could not identify even fresh scents, and Ramos was acquitted after a new trial.

In many cases, men have been sent to death row on the testimony of the person later revealed to be the actual killer. The two chief witnesses against Joseph Burrows recanted testimony that implicated Burrows in the murder of an elderly farmer. Then one of them confessed to the crime. (Burrows spent five years on death row.) In Illinois Rolando Cruz and Alejandro Hernandez were sentenced to death for the rape and murder of ten-year-old Jeanine Nicarico. Although convicted child killer Brian Dugan later confessed to the crime, the two men each spent ten years on death row. DNA tests cleared both Cruz and Hernandez.

It would be nice to say the system works, but many of those released received their freedom through efforts of someone outside the system. Centurion Ministries has helped free two condemned men. David Protess, a journalism professor at Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois, organized the effort to release two more. Protess had his students investigate the murders of Larry Lionberg and Carol Schmal. Juries had convicted Dennis Williams, Verneal Jimerson, Kenny Adams and Willie Rainge of the crimes and sentenced Williams and Jimerson to die. The students interviewed a witness who said police had fed her details of the murders. The students also found a police file that suggested other men had committed the crime. The police had never interviewed these suspects, but when the students tracked them down, one confessed. The discovery was supported by DNA test results. Williams, Jimerson, Rainge and Adams were freed in 1996.

Still support the death penalty? If taking one innocent life for every 79 killers who die is the price we pay for this irrevocable method of justice, why not volunteer to be that one?



the Death Penalty makes it clear that if you are black, poor or unable to find competent legal aid (90 percent of condemned inmates had court-appointed attorneys), you are playing Russian roulette with the death penalty. The list of abuses is disheartening. The center's initial report found that in more than half the cases, inmates were convicted on the basis of perjured testimony or because the prosecutor improperly withheld evidence. Prosecutors relied on jailhouse snitches, then apparently worked on the assumption that if you listen to enough liars and a few of the lies sound the same, they must be the truth.

Some of the lies poured from the mouths of so-called professionals. In 1983 a dog handler claimed that his

POPCORN *Justice*

do hollywood films belong in court?

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

Movies don't create psychos. Movies make psychos more creative."

—A CHARACTER IN SCREAM

On Thanksgiving eve 1995, Gerald Nathaniel Rushin entered a convenience store in Poulan, Georgia and pointed a .25-caliber handgun at the clerk, Cindy Ray Pierce. He told her to give him the cash from the register and the surveillance videotape from a recorder located under the counter. She complied.

According to court documents, here's what happened next: Pierce pleaded, "Please don't hurt me, please." Rushin fired a close-range shot. The bullet struck Pierce below the left ear and penetrated her carotid artery and her pharynx. She fell to the floor but managed to crawl to the telephone. As she attempted to dial 911, Rushin yelled, "Put the phone down, bitch." Pierce tried to crawl in the opposite direction but collapsed and died. Rushin and his accomplice fled with approximately \$150 and the videotape.

Rushin boasted about the crime to a 15-year-old acquaintance. The boy's father called police.

Rushin told police he had burned the surveillance tape, but investigators recovered the cassette, salvaged the tape and played it for the jurors at Rushin's trial. The grainy black-and-white images show the initial confrontation. Evidence technicians matched the bullet to Rushin's gun.

Prosecutors then played a tape of the 1993 movie *Menace II Society*. Rushin owned a copy of the film and had viewed it at least half a dozen times. He had styled himself after a character called O-Dog. The jury watched a scene in which O-Dog and his cohorts shoot two convenience store clerks

during a robbery, then waltz off with the store's security tape.

The jury was told that the film revealed the defendant's "bent, or state, of mind." Rushin was found guilty of murder, armed robbery and aggravated assault.

Ronnie Jack Beasley Jr. lived in a trailer with his girlfriend, Angela Crosby. With Beasley and two other men hiding in a bedroom, Crosby enticed Olin Miller to the trailer, planning to rob him and steal his truck. Beasley threw a sheet over Miller, hit him in the head with a beer mug, re-

in its entirety, arguing that it revealed Beasley's motive. Beasley was found guilty of murder, armed robbery and theft.

Lawyers in the Beasley and Rushin cases appealed to the Georgia Supreme Court, arguing that it was improper to have shown jurors the movies. The court voted 4-3 to uphold the convictions.

We have scoffed at defense teams that have tried to shift blame for murder and rape from the perpetrators to movies or books. We saw it happen in the case of the teenagers who attacked a girl with a broom handle after seeing the scene in a made-for-TV movie, and in the trial of Ted Bundy, who claimed he would have remained the boy next door if not for his exposure to porn.

In the cases of Rushin and Beasley, the prosecutors switched the script. They attempted to shed light on the brutishness of the crimes by arguing that the movies inflamed already criminal minds. And not coincidentally, as one observer noted, prosecutors hoped the films would inflame the jury.

But did the jurors who watched the films judge the accused or the actor, Woody Harrelson? Did they judge real-life horror, or did they judge Hollywood fantasy?

Further, what exactly is "bent, or state, of mind"? We know film students and friends who have watched *Natural Born Killers* a dozen times, not to mention *Pulp Fiction*, *Scarface* and *Casablanca*. Do they now possess a criminal bent of mind?

Calling on Oliver Stone rather than Oliver Wendell Holmes turns jurors into movie critics. Their thumbs-up or thumbs-down recalls the Colosseum, not Siskel and Ebert. Did the movies create these criminals? We think not.



moved the sheet and placed a plastic bag over his head. Beasley then held his hands over Miller's nose and mouth until he stopped breathing. The crew dumped Miller's body into a creek. When they were finally captured, Beasley confessed.

The prosecution told the jury that Beasley had watched Oliver Stone's movie *Natural Born Killers* 19 or 20 times, that Beasley had once shaved his head to look like the character played by Woody Harrelson, and that he and his girlfriend had sometimes called themselves by the names of the lead characters, a couple who are portrayed killing 52 people in a three-month crime spree.

The prosecutor showed the movie

SEXUAL STATE OF THE UNION

the best places in america for sex

This past fall, the nonprofit Sexuality Information and Education Council of the United States examined laws that regulate sexuality in each state and the District of Columbia. Using data compiled by the National Organization for Women, the ACLU, the National Abortion and Reproductive Rights Action League, the Alan Guttmacher Institute, the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention and other sources, the council rated each state and D.C. in seven areas:

SEX EDUCATION: Does your state force teachers to present strict "just say no" lessons that make no mention of contraception or how to prevent STDs? If so, it lost points.

ABORTION SERVICES: Your state was penalized if it doesn't fund abortions for the poor, doesn't insist that insurance companies cover the procedure, requires that minors have a parent's permission, forces women to endure a waiting period or bans late abortions. It received credit for laws that protect clinics and their staffs and patients from harassment and violence.

CONTRACEPTION: Does your state require minors to notify or receive permission from a parent or guardian before they can obtain contraceptives? Yes? That hurts. SIECUS also weighed whether your state supports family planning with public funds and if it requires insurance companies to pay for birth control.

HIV AND AIDS: Does your state require that you provide your name before you can be tested for HIV? If so, it lost a point for violating your privacy. SIECUS rewarded states that track infection rates to help keep the virus in check.

SEXUAL ORIENTATION: Are gays and lesbians in your state legally protected from discrimination in the workplace and public schools? (Federal laws don't cover those areas.) If they are, your state came out ahead. If you live in Florida or New Hampshire, however, your state lost a point for making it a crime for gay couples to adopt children.

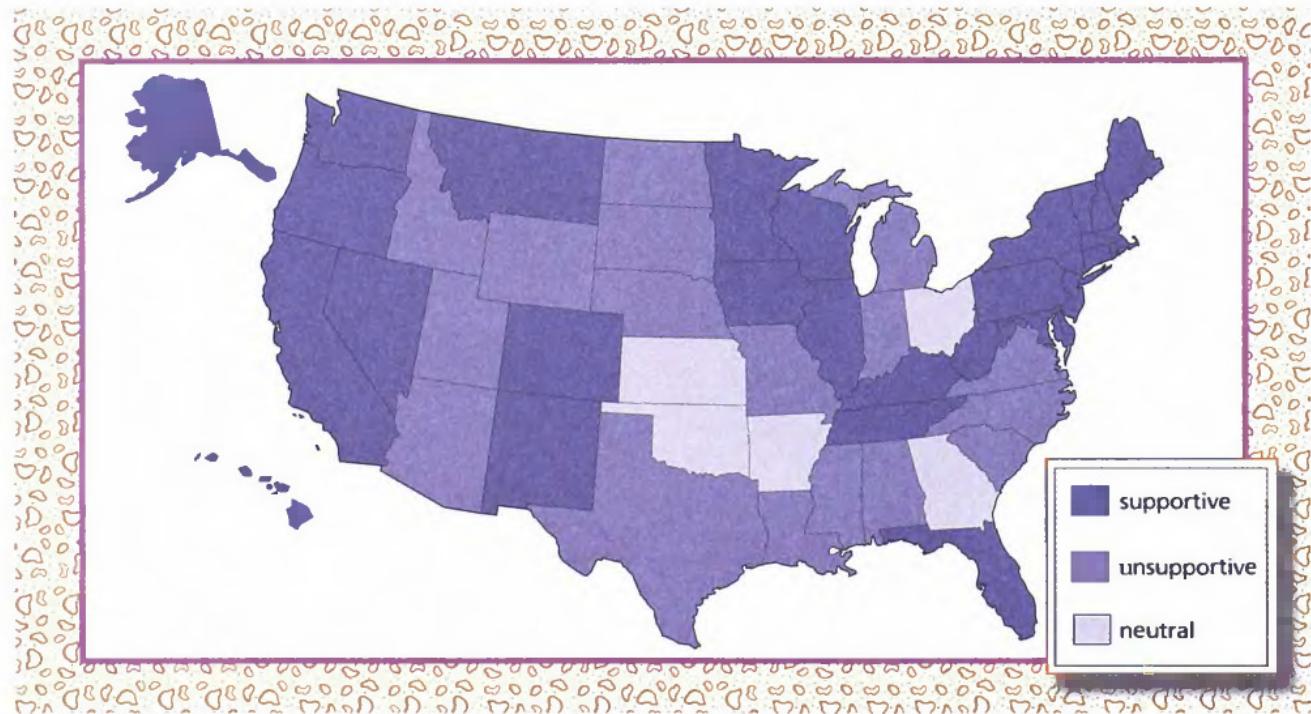
SEXUAL BEHAVIOR: Does your state outlaw "sodomy," defined by lawmakers as anal and sometimes oral sex?

The 15 states that do were penalized, as were six additional states that forbid the practice only among people of the same gender.

SEXUAL EXPLOITATION: In this category, the council examined the strength of your state's laws against sexual assault, sexual harassment, child pornography, child prostitution and computer-related exploitation of children.

After tallying the results, SIECUS concluded that 28 states and the District of Columbia are generally supportive of individual sexual rights, 17 states are lacking and five are neutral (see map). "Most Americans don't consider a state's laws when deciding where to live or visit," the council noted. "Perhaps if they saw how the patchwork of laws come together to describe sexual rights in their state, they would." So, where do you live?

For the full report, send a check or money order for \$9.20 to SIECUS, 130 West 42nd Street, Suite 350, New York, NY 10036-7802. The map is reprinted with permission of SIECUS.



R E A D E R

JUST SAY KNOW

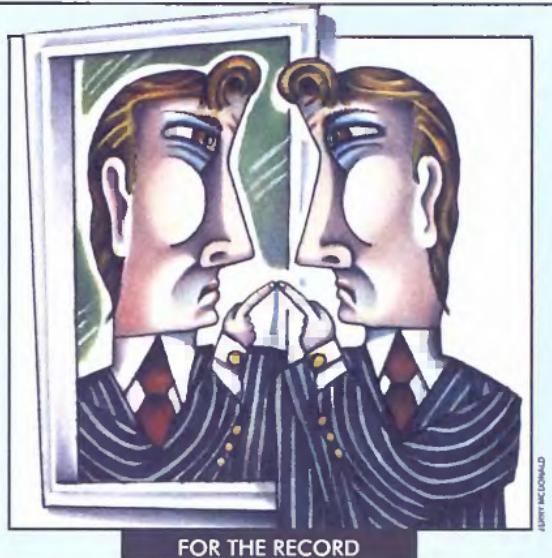
In "Just Say No" (*The Playboy Forum*, October), Chip Rowe wonders why, despite their apparent failure, drug education programs like DARE continue to receive community support. The reason may be that parents and educators, caught in a prohibitionistic climate of fear, worry that sending kids any message other than "don't do it" opens the door to drug use and abuse. More parents, however, are coming to grips with the possibility that their teenage children will experiment with drugs. Some are demanding that drug education emphasize safety and moderation. Unfortunately, federal law requires that antidrug programs teach abstinence exclusively if they want federal funding.

Until that law is changed, students will be stuck in programs they find ludicrous and even their parents don't believe in. And well they shouldn't. Study after study has shown DARE and similar programs to be ineffective and even counterproductive. Today's teens have received more antidrug messages than any generation in history. As toddlers, they saw Partnership for a Drug-Free America's first fried egg. They have been warned, cajoled and threatened. They've been lectured to by the police, rock stars and Muppets. Meanwhile, their drug use has increased nearly as fast as the drug educators' salaries.

Marsha Rosenbaum
The Lindesmith Center
San Francisco, California

Lynn Zimmer
Co-author, *Marijuana Myths, Marijuana Facts*
New York, New York

I thought you would be interested to know that after many years, the Omaha Police Department has finally dropped DARE, saying it could no longer afford to spend \$647,680 a year to pay for ten full-time officers, two part-timers and a sergeant assigned to the program. Let's hope the rest of the



FOR THE RECORD

TREMBLING FINGER SYNDROME

"One of the fascinating things for me has been to look at who the accusers are, because invariably when somebody becomes interested in your sexuality and moral life, they're attempting to disguise disrepair in their own sexuality and moral life. It's the trembling finger syndrome. If somebody points a trembling finger at your pants and says you shouldn't be doing something, follow that finger back, go up the arm and look at the head that's behind it. There's almost always something fairly woolly in there."

—PHOTOGRAPHER JOCK STURGES, IN AN INTERVIEW WITH JOURNALIST DAVID STEINBERG. FOLLOWING PROTESTS BY RELIGIOUS RIGHT GROUPS, GRAND JURIES IN ALABAMA AND TENNESSEE INDICTED BARNES & NOBLE BOOKSTORES ON CHILD PORNOGRAPHY AND OBSCENITY CHARGES FOR SELLING STURGES' BOOK *Radiant Identities*, WHICH FEATURES IMAGES OF FAMILIES AND CHILDREN AT NUDIST COLONIES. (THE FBI ACCUSED STURGES OF SIMILAR CHARGES IN 1990, BUT A GRAND JURY REFUSED TO INDICT HIM.) A COLLECTION OF PHOTOS BY DAVID HAMILTON, *The Age of Innocence*, ALSO HAS BEEN TARGETED.

country follows Omaha's example and starts saving taxpayers some money.

Craig Hortin
Bellevue, Nebraska

Don't hold your breath. In Houston, a study of the city's \$3.7 million DARE program concluded there was "very little compelling evidence" that it worked. Yet Mayor Lee Brown, a former national drug czar, says the program will continue, insisting "DARE does work." In a familiar refrain,

the city's police chief says he'll use the study to revise and enhance DARE. He could better spend his time and Houston's money reading a \$13 report by a think tank called Drug Strategies. It summarizes the strengths and weaknesses of no less than 46 other prevention programs.

Thirteen-year-old drug users are a product of lunatic prohibition policies. We saw the same thing during alcohol prohibition, when every high school had its own bootlegger. Finally, the mothers of America realized the damage that prohibition laws were doing to their children and demanded an end to the Volstead Act. After repeal, the bootleggers disappeared from schoolyards and drinking among children declined dramatically.

History repeats itself as the black market for drugs comes to maturity. Because of our insane drug laws it is easier for a kid to get a shot of heroin than to buy a beer. The reason is simple: Licensed liquor stores check IDs, while black-market drug dealers sell to all comers with cash in hand. We know the drug war has been lost when we hear diehard prohibitionists such as Joseph Califano Jr. admitting that "we have created for children at the moment of their entry into their first teen year a world where drugs, alcohol and cigarettes are widely available at school and from classmates."

We can stop kiddie drug use the same way we stopped child alcohol abuse in the Twenties and Thirties—by relegalizing drugs and regulating them for adult use. Repeal got rid of the bootleggers in the schools, and ending drug prohibition will get rid of schoolyard dealers.

Redford Givens
San Francisco, California

Kids should be taught to "just say know." I was raised in a family where alcohol was not forbidden. Alcohol was never mysterious to me, and I know how to manage my drinking and keep it modest and enjoyable. My parents

RESONSE

were honest with me, and that kept me out of trouble as a child and does so now that I'm an adult.

Josh Bomar
La Fayette, Georgia

THE BLAME GAME

While "The Blameless Society" (*The Playboy Forum*, October) is always an entertaining read, your pointed comment about romance novelist Janet Dailey's plagiarizing rival Nora Roberts ("They're different?") holds all the weight and insight of antiporn feminist Andrea Dworkin's quips about *PLAYBOY*. Roberts is ending a painful chapter in her life—a fellow professional stole from her, ignorant media had a field day with comments like yours and litigation took time and resources from her life. I don't know Roberts—I just read her work and yours and appreciate quality. If Roberts were to slam you (and she wouldn't), she'd be hearing from me too.

Liz Montgomery
Jupiter, Florida

THE STARR REPORT

If we allow criminal invasion of privacy to occur at the highest levels of government, we should expect all our own tricky personal details to someday be posted for a global audience. Credit card companies already distribute information about our purchasing habits. Police, lawyers, employers and private investigators can produce a dossier on any American with something as simple as a Social Security number. Our medical records are being pushed closer to the public domain. And now, thanks to people like Ken Starr, the public may someday be able to find out how we prefer to have sex.

Derek Nadler
Oakland, California

Don't throw the Bubba out with the bathwater.

Robert Cavalier
Greenbrae, California

Does the \$40 million Ken Starr spent on his investigation qualify as the most costly blow job of all time? If not, who paid more?

Robert Jacober
Miami, Florida

It pains me that *PLAYBOY* has not only failed to condemn Clinton's crimes

but has defended him. In May 1998 Hugh Hefner wrote, "We have a playboy in the White House." Oh, really? I always thought that a playboy was a man of honor.

Mark Sanders
Joplin, Missouri

"Blow job" never struck me as the best term for the experience. How about calling it a "Monica" in honor of the first woman, in my recollection, to admit she has given oral sex to a U.S. president?

Burt Gladstone
East Islip, New York

Today's teenagers, up to and beyond my own age (17), are confused by the uproar. If you ask teenagers about Clinton's affair, their response is usually, "Who cares?" That isn't apathy; it's a reflection of a generation that has different priorities. If the Republican Party wants to lead America, they should worry more about the fact that much of their membership is stuck in early adolescence, seeing the world in black and white and obsessing about sex. The GOP needs to grow up a little.

Ryan Riegg
Springfield, Virginia

A note to all the holier-than-thou conservatives screaming for Clinton's head: If you have ever been married, divorced and remarried, then according to the Bible you are an adulterer. Cast the first stone, hypocrites.

Nick Wride
Hawthorne, Nevada

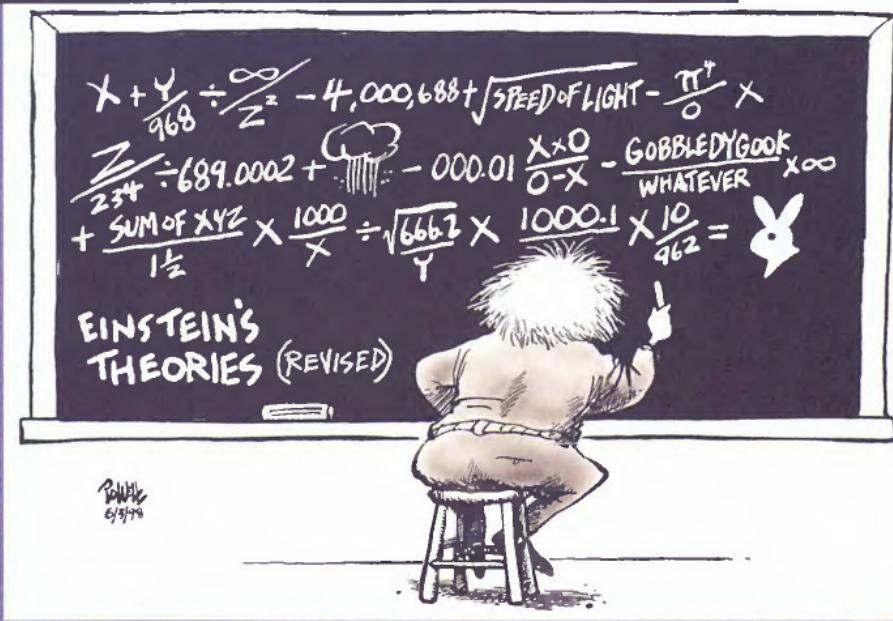
This is almost too good to be true: "Public media should not contain explicit or implied descriptions of sex acts. Our society should be purged of the perverts who provide the media with pornographic material while pretending it has some redeeming social value under the public's right to know."—Ken Starr, in a 1987 *60 Minutes* interview.

Nelson Highley
Charlotte, North Carolina

It is too good to be true. According to CBS, Ken Starr has never appeared on "60 Minutes."

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime telephone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com (please include your city and state).

CARTOONIST'S NOTEBOOK



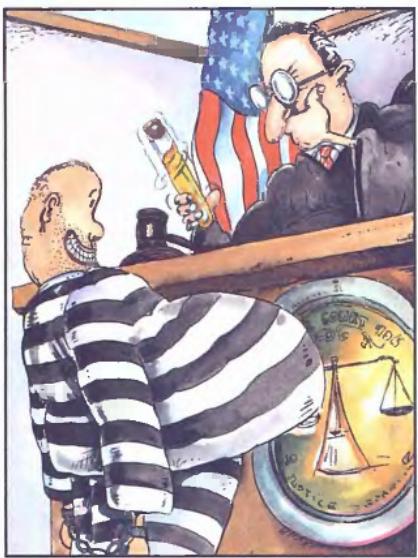
Chalk talk from the Raleigh, North Carolina *News & Observer*.

NEWS FRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

AMAZING SCIENCE

PAINESVILLE, OHIO—A convicted thief who took a mandatory urine test before his sentencing received surprising news from the judge: The sample showed he was preg-



nant. "It was obviously not his urine," a prosecutor noted. John Issa and his wife had been convicted of stealing Christmas packages from the front steps of 20 homes. The judge sentenced Issa to a year in jail. His wife, who was pregnant at the time, received 60 days.

GIRL POWER

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Teenage girls who play sports are more likely to keep their virginity, according to a study by the Women's Sports Foundation. Using government surveys of more than 11,000 teenagers, the foundation found that 54 percent of the girls who played organized sports reported being virgins, compared with 41 percent of nonathletes. Furthermore, female athletes who had lost their virginity had sex less often and used protection more often than nonathletes. The foundation concluded that female athletes don't feel the same pressure to have sex because their popularity isn't as dependent on their attractiveness to boys.

BRAVE NEW WORLD

WAYLAND, MASSACHUSETTS—A firefighter sued a Boston clinic because it implanted in his estranged wife a fertilized

embryo the couple had frozen before their separation. Richard Gladu and his wife, who have two other children besides their new daughter, have since divorced. Gladu says he can't afford his \$1000 a month child support. That, in part, prompted him to file the \$3 million "wrongful birth" suit against the clinic for breach of contract and medical malpractice. He says it should have notified him of his wife's plan to have the embryo implanted. Gladu's lawyer told *"The Boston Globe"* that his client feels the embryo was stolen and that his "right to be a knowing parent" was violated.

HOME INVASION

HOUSTON—Six police officers shot and killed 22-year-old Pedro Oregon Navarro after breaking into his apartment in the middle of the night to make a drug bust. According to the *"Houston Chronicle,"* the officers acted on a tip from a man they had just arrested who offered to make a deal. The officers did not have a search or arrest warrant. They claim that Oregon pointed a gun at them (a pistol was found but hadn't been fired). The *"Chronicle"* speculated that the fusillade may have been triggered when an errant shot by one officer knocked another officer to the floor. Nine of the 12 bullets that struck Oregon hit him in the back at a downward angle; the others struck him in the back of the head, the back of the hand and the back of the shoulder. No drugs were found. The police department sent the six cops home with pay while the district attorney investigated. "I don't know of any authority that gave the officers the right to be in that residence," he said. "But that doesn't make the shooting a crime."

DOWN ON THE FARM

LONDON—The British government has approved a pharmaceutical company's plan to grow and distribute marijuana for medical research. For security reasons, government officials have not disclosed the location of GW Pharmaceuticals' \$11 million greenhouse. In the U.S., only the National Institute on Drug Abuse has approval to grow marijuana for research. According to the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, "the agency almost exclusively limits its supply to federal researchers hoping to determine harmful effects."

THAT SOUNDS FAMILIAR

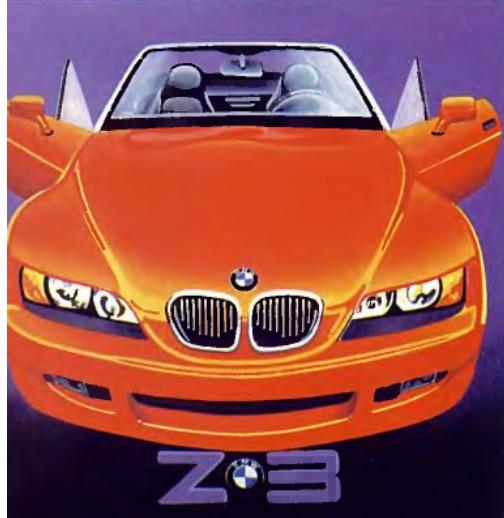
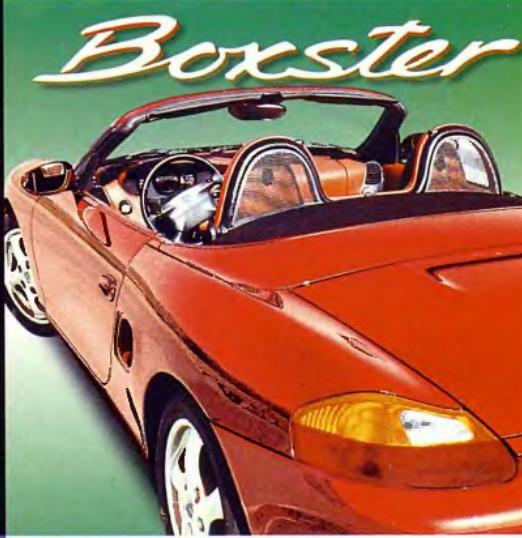
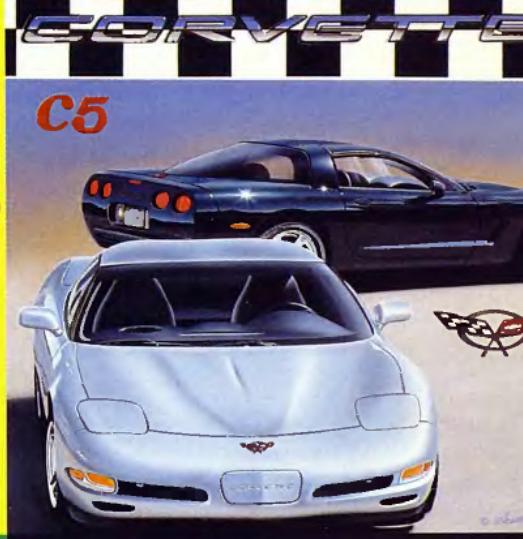
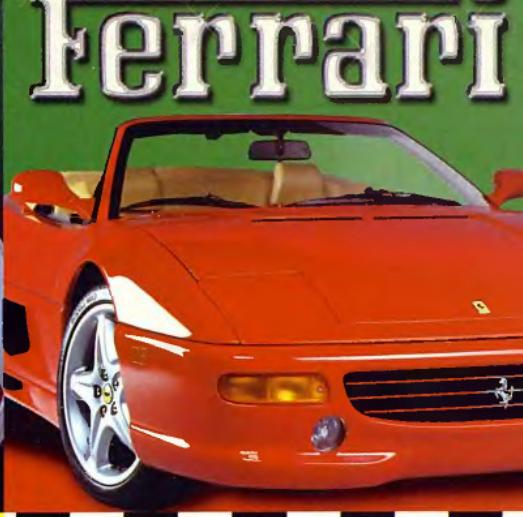
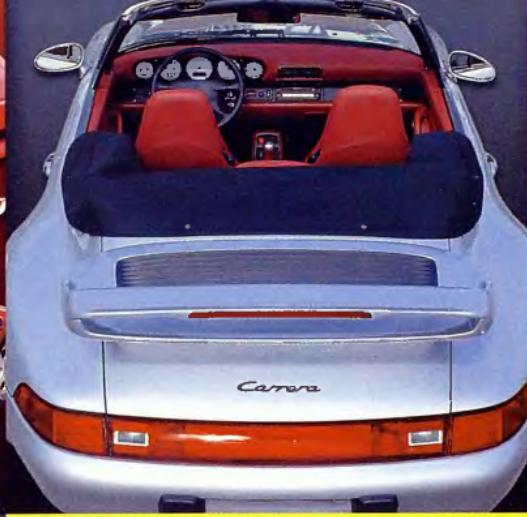
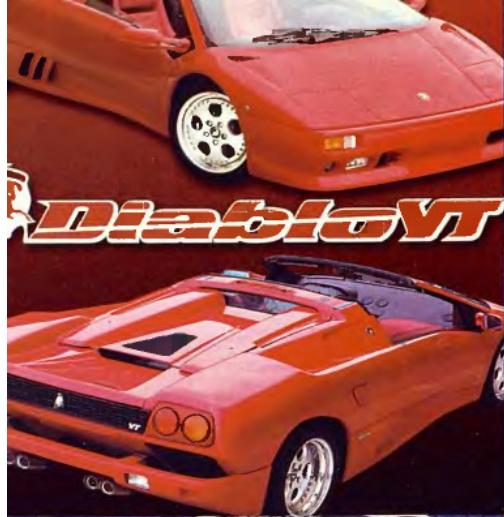
COLUMBUS, OHIO—A federal judge ruled that state officials may inscribe the words WITH GOD ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE on a sidewalk at the statehouse as long as they don't say the phrase came from Jesus or the Bible. With help from the American Civil Liberties Union, a Presbyterian minister sued the state, saying the plan violated the separation of church and state. The judge ruled that without attribution the phrase is "generically theistic," reflecting an idea embraced by every major religion.

THE SEX SECTOR

GENEVA—In a 232-page report, the United Nations' International Labor Organization documented the influence of prostitution on the economies of Indonesia, Malaysia, the Philippines and Thailand. In Thailand alone, prostitution yields between \$22.5 billion and \$27 billion annually, which approximates the gross domestic product of the U.S. apparel or movie industries and equals about five percent of Thailand's gross national product. The report stopped short of calling for legalization, but it pointed out that these governments may be overlooking a cash



cow. "Ten percent or more of the GNP in some regions is generated by this industry," an ILO spokesman explained. "These people need to be properly protected from criminals, from the risk of disease—and they need to be properly taxed."



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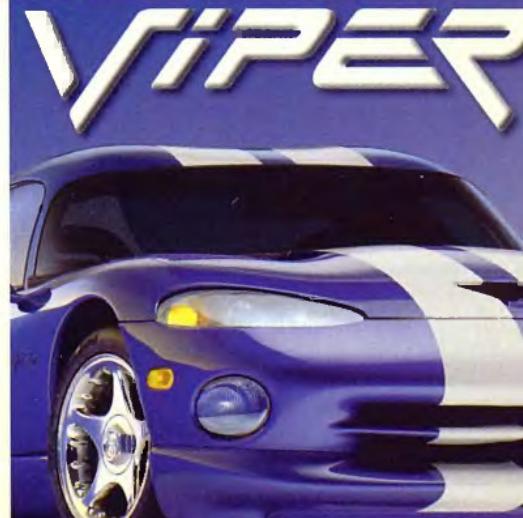
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MICHAEL CRICHTON

a candid conversation with america's best-selling author about the small-brained giants in hollywood, the end of feminism, the joy of fart jokes and how he predicts all those trends

If you had met Michael Crichton three decades ago, you could easily have imagined a traditional future for him. A stellar student at the Harvard Medical School and armed with an impressive intellect, Crichton seemed headed for a life as a researcher or hospital administrator, the type of overachiever who would make his mark in science or public health. You never would have predicted the intense young med student would give up medicine and emerge as a dominant talent in fields of popular culture—a man who simultaneously topped all three key indicators of current American thought: the best-seller list, the box office tally and the Nielsen ratings.

What's even more unlikely is that Crichton has done so not by pandering to mass tastes but by catering to uncounted multitudes who don't mind stretching their minds while being entertained.

Consider what Crichton has accomplished in publishing. Instead of writing cheesy, sex-filled potboilers that fill the best-seller racks, Crichton invented a genre aimed at smart readers. He elevated the basic thriller by setting it against a backdrop of important current issues—the Japanese juggernaut in "Rising Sun," sexual harassment in "Disclosure"—and creating books that were as informative as they were fun to read.

He's been no ordinary success in Holly-

wood, either. Some of the movies based on his books and screenplays, such as "Jurassic Park" and "Twister," have been tremendous box office successes. And the one TV show he created—"ER"—is arguably the smartest hour on TV ever to top the ratings.

Bouncing among books, movies and TV has worked well for Crichton. More than 100 million of his books have been printed, and his movies have grossed more than a billion dollars. In its 1998 survey of the wealthiest entertainers, "Forbes" put Crichton at number seven and mused that "he could probably sell the concepts in his head for a few hundred million dollars."

Part of Crichton's success stems from his knack for predicting trends and events and for honing in on hot issues with uncanny timing. "If you ever find in a publisher's catalog the announcement of an impending Crichton novel called 'Armageddon,' gather your loved ones and head for the hills," advised one journalist.

Crichton is best known for his "Jurassic Park," a work he began in 1984 and didn't complete until 1990. The book, about the re-creation of dinosaurs from DNA culled from mosquitoes preserved in amber, popularized the cloning controversy. After it was made into a movie by Steven Spielberg, it became one of the highest-grossing films of all time, earning \$912 million.

Then came the sequel, "The Lost World: Jurassic Park," which Spielberg also made into a movie. Crichton's most recent novel, 1996's "Airframe," is in part an indictment of airline deregulation and the resulting deterioration of maintenance and safety. In it, Crichton takes on the media—a subplot has journalists who cover a plane accident being less concerned about the veracity of their reporting than they are about the tidiness of their stories.

Crichton's eagerness to tackle controversial issues makes headlines, but it also generates criticism. "Jurassic Park" earned the ire of academics who claimed it was antiscience. Literary critics chide Crichton for his simplistic or two-dimensional characters, who get short shrift in favor of complicated plots and detailed situations.

Critics have been kinder to some of Crichton's other works, including his masterful study of Jasper Johns and a collection of autobiographical essays, "Travels." In the latter, Crichton describes his thrill-seeking past—he used to scuba dive, climb mountains (including a memorable hike up Mount Kilimanjaro) and swim with sharks. He was born in October 1942 in Chicago, half a mile from the hospital now used as the setting for "ER." He was the oldest of four children, and his relationship with his father, an executive editor at "Advertising Age,"



"Political correctness gives me the creeps. It has started to give a lot of people the creeps. I don't think that I'll have to write about it. It will defeat itself because of its basic anti-American quality."

"Feminists still don't acknowledge that the person who is sexually harassed has an enormous amount of power. Monica Lewinsky, for example, has shown that she has quite a bit of power, hasn't she?"

"You can't keep people from telling dirty jokes. Fart jokes, ejaculation jokes—we're animals and we think they're funny. People are realizing that it's ridiculous to try to change the stuff that is in our genes."

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was often tense. As he writes in "Travels," "My father and I had not had an easy time together. We had never been the classic boy and his dad. As far as I was concerned, he was a first-rate son of a bitch."

When Crichton was in third grade, he wrote a nine-page play for a puppet show, which his father dismissed as the most cliché-ridden piece he had ever read. Undaunted, Crichton went on to publish his first article at the age of 14. In "The New York Times."

Crichton attended Roslyn High School in New York, where he was a Latin scholar, a student journalist and, already 6'7", a basketball star. He still holds several records there.

He went to Harvard, where he planned to become a writer, but he says the English department was more interested in producing professors than cultivating writers. He switched to anthropology and took premed courses.

After graduating, Crichton spent a year lecturing in anthropology at Cambridge University before enrolling at Harvard Medical School. Until then he had been supported by his family, but he paid his way through medical school by writing thrillers under the pseudonyms Jeffery Hudson and John Lange. (The first was a pun on his height—which was now 6'9"; Hudson was a dwarf courtier in the service of Charles I.) "A Case of Need" by Jeffery Hudson won the 1968 Edgar award and was the first time Crichton addressed real-life events with what was to become his signature timeliness. The book is about abortion.

In 1969 Crichton published "The Andromeda Strain" under his own name while still in med school. He was paid \$250,000 for the film rights. When he visited the movie set on the Universal Studios lot, a young director working there gave Crichton a tour: He was Steven Spielberg.

Two more thrillers followed in 1972 and 1973: The novel "The Terminal Man," in which an experimental surgical procedure goes awry, and the movie "Westworld," a science fiction story about a theme park of the future where tourists enact their fantasies. Crichton also later wrote and directed "The Great Train Robbery," which starred Sean Connery, who became a good friend.

Crichton has been married four times and has a ten-year-old daughter. In 1988 he married his current wife, Anne-Marie Martin, an actor and screenwriter who was his collaborator on the screenplay for "Twister." Crichton confesses that two of his previous wives made him see a psychotherapist, and he remains committed to therapy. It hasn't cured his workaholism, however; when Crichton is working, his wife has said, "It's like living with a body and Michael is somewhere else."

His work habits have paid off—Crichton is probably the highest-paid writer in America. A "Time" magazine cover story in 1995 touted him as "The Hit Man With the Golden Touch." He reportedly earned \$10 million for the film rights to "Airframe" alone.

Despite his hectic schedule, Crichton found time to meet with Assistant Managing

Editor John Rezek and Contributing Editor David Sheff for a rare interview. Here's their report:

"Crichton was concentrating on one of several current projects when we arrived at his Santa Monica office. (He has homes in Los Angeles, New York and Hawaii.) He was in postproduction for 'The 13th Warrior'—a movie due out this year that's based on his book 'Eaters of the Dead'—and he was getting ready to launch his own Web site, www.crichton-official.com.

"Though Crichton is famously tall, no one is quite prepared for just how tall he is. He greeted us looking freshly tanned from Hawaii, dressed in black trousers and a polo shirt, and led us through a labyrinth of small hallways that had the effect of making him seem even taller. You get the sense he seldom permits himself the luxury of straightening up.

"We talked in a bare office and, once settled in a desk chair, Crichton adopted an impressive physical concentration: He didn't fidget, he rarely moved though his face was always animated and expressive. He has a steady no-nonsense gaze and was once described as being 'affably diffident.' There were often long silences between our questions and his answers. Far from attempting to evade the questions, he was seeking the most difficult of responses: those that are simple, and responsible and honest."

PLAYBOY: Your books often seem eerily prescient. How does it feel when they turn out to anticipate real-life events or trends?

CRICHTON: It depends. People said *Airframe* was prescient when a United Airlines flight dropped 1000 feet over the Pacific. But there are a certain number of turbulence-related injuries every year, and that book was based on a couple of real incidents. The lesson: Wear your seat belt. When *Twister* came out in May of whatever year it was, all these tornadoes hit. Everyone said, "Isn't it amazing? He predicted it!" No, it's May—there are always hundreds of tornadoes. It's tornado season. On the other hand, certain things have surprised me. When I was working on *The Great Train Robbery*, I went into Victorian England, then an eccentric and obscure period to write about. At the time the book was published, the period had a revival. When I was writing *Rising Sun*, the Berlin Wall was coming down. Everyone was looking west; no one was looking east. People would ask what I was working on and I'd say, "Japan," and they'd ask, "Japan?" as if I had said "Sanskrit." But when the book came out it coincided with George Bush's trip to Japan and enormous interest in U.S.-Japanese relations because of the trade imbalance. I was as surprised as anybody else.

PLAYBOY: How do you decide which political or social problems to tackle?

CRICHTON: Certain issues just stay with me while others work themselves out. In



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the past, certain stories were fueled by my outrage, but then I would lose the outrage and wouldn't have the motor to do that project anymore. I'd outgrown it. Sometimes events bypass it. And sometimes somebody else does a project that makes the issues go away. Or at least I think, Well, that's been done, at least for now. I've been interested in doing something about political correctness, for instance. It gives me the creeps. But my sense is it's started to give a lot of people the creeps. I don't think I'll have to write about it. It will defeat itself because of its basic anti-American quality.

PLAYBOY: In *Disclosure*, you took on sexual harassment. Some people feel it's a central issue in the Lewinsky-Clinton scandal. Do you agree?

CRICHTON: Lewinsky certainly shows one thing I tried to address in *Disclosure*: the power of the victim. Feminists still don't acknowledge that the person who is sexually harassed has an enormous amount of power. Monica Lewinsky has shown she has quite a bit of power, hasn't she? Whether she ultimately brings down a president or not, this woman has proved that the so-called victim can be very powerful.

PLAYBOY: Feminists would disagree.

CRICHTON: The Clinton scandal has put the final nail in the coffin of feminism, which has been in drastic decline for several years. People aren't stupid. They see the inconsistency and hypocrisy: Brock Adams? Out! Robert Packwood? Out! Teddy Kennedy? In! Bill Clinton? In! It's what I have always thought: If you like me, I can do whatever I want. If you don't, you're going to trash me for trivialities. That's the way guys always thought it was, and feminists said, "No, it's not, there's a set of rules that apply to everyone." Guess what? It's not true.

PLAYBOY: It sounds as if you'd be delighted at the fall of feminism.

CRICHTON: In the same way there are fashion victims in terms of clothing, there are fashion victims in terms of ideas, and there are still victims of feminism. A lot of children are victims of an era when women declared their independence from men, saying they no longer needed them: "A woman without a man is like a fish without a bicycle." Women could do it by themselves. Well, the idea dovetailed rather nicely for a lot of young men who didn't want to be needed in the first place. They didn't want to be committed to a family just because they got a girl pregnant, for instance, so it was convenient when women were saying men weren't needed. The idea that men didn't want responsibility wasn't new, but suddenly women were saying, "Yeah, we don't need you!" and men were responding, "Great, goodbye," and they were on to the next conquest. But the kids who were left behind were victims of that fashion. There are many children raised without fathers

and they have suffered.

PLAYBOY: Should women return home and take care of the kids?

CRICHTON: I'm not saying we should go back to the Fifties—as if we could. All I'm saying is that it's frivolous to pretend kids don't need to be raised. They do.

PLAYBOY: Feminists attacked *Disclosure*, saying you trivialized sexual harassment by making the aggressor a woman and the victim a man, which is unlikely to be the case in real life.

CRICHTON: I didn't know that it's a writer's obligation to do a typical story. The word is "novel." My reason for inverting this story was that inversion allows you to see the issue freshly. What inspired the book was the polarization occurring in this country. I'm always interested in what's not being talked about, and at the time everyone seemed to agree that the aggressor had all the power. I know things aren't so simple and aren't so clear. It's sex. And what's ever clear about sex?

PLAYBOY: Is the country less concerned with sexual harassment than it was when you wrote *Disclosure*?

*I'm here to tell you
they are truly idiots
in the Molière sense:
self-deluded, pompous
nincompoops.*

CRICHTON: There will be a new wave because of Clinton. I expect that we'll see formal legislative changes and changes in social standards. But much of the hysteria has calmed down. I think it's because people see how absurd some of this is. I maintain that a lot of this play between people is human nature. You cannot keep people from telling dirty jokes, for example. It's just how we are. Fart jokes, ejaculation jokes—we're animals and we think they're funny. People are realizing that it's ridiculous to try to change the stuff that is in our genes. Men and women are different. People are starting to understand that all those gender-free toys and raising kids in a nonviolent, neutral way are a lot of baloney. When my daughter was three, she went to a birthday party held in an indoor gym. The parents drew a line down the middle of the room and divided the kids up and had what was, in effect, a snowball fight with Styrofoam balls. It provided the most persuasive evidence of gender difference I've seen. All the boys were throwing the balls, trying to kill each other, while the girls were running around and picking the balls up

and putting them in baskets—cleaning up. These all were children of doctors and lawyers, all educated and aware and up-to-the-minute. You can try to change things, but parents find out that if you take away a boy's plastic gun, he'll use a stick. If you take away the stick, he'll use his finger.

PLAYBOY: Are you concerned about Clinton's affair and his apparent lies?

CRICHTON: Everybody has a sex life, a private life. But the time for Clinton to have handled it was back in January, when it came out. To let it go as long as he did is inexplicable. The statement he made when he finally admitted it was also inexplicable. An apology is not the time for an attack if the goal is to put the mess behind you. You say, "When I said I never had sex with that woman I wasn't telling the truth. When I let my wife go on NBC and say it was a right-wing conspiracy, that wasn't correct, either. I allowed her to make a fool of herself." You go right down the list. "When I had my advisors go out to defend me, it was wrong." That's how you end it. The guy can't do it. But what's most disturbing is the consistent pattern of incompetence in the day-to-day management of the office of the president of the U.S. Appointments don't get made, schedules aren't kept to, staff is either not getting good advice or not being held in line. The country doesn't look well run to me.

PLAYBOY: You knew *Rising Sun* and *Disclosure* would get you into trouble. Do you enjoy controversy?

CRICHTON: I knew that they were risky. I couldn't have written them earlier in my career. I couldn't afford to take the risk then. But the truth is that I never know what the response will be. I was surprised by the response to *Rising Sun*. I didn't expect to be called a racist.

PLAYBOY: You were accused of perpetuating the stereotype that Japanese people are devious and inscrutable.

CRICHTON: Yet I thought it was an economic book about the behavior of two nations; race wasn't relevant. I expected criticism, but about the economics. I expected to hear, "This guy doesn't know what he's talking about." Part of the controversy was simply that I addressed the issue. In the U.S. it was agreed there would be no criticism of Japan no matter what. That a popular novel made criticisms was seen as shocking, partly because there hadn't been anything like that for 40 years. My response was, "Wait a minute! In the world I come from, disagreement is a good thing. The American way is, 'Battle it out in the marketplace of ideas.'"

PLAYBOY: Were you disappointed by the reaction?

CRICHTON: At the deepest level, I trust the readers. They're perfectly able to understand what I'm talking about. I have less respect for the media. The first thing I read about the book was in *Publishers*

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Weekly, which said I had "reawakened the fears of the yellow peril." I thought, What? It said something about Fu Manchu, who, of course, was Chinese.

PLAYBOY: How did the attacks affect you?
CRICHTON: They were quite alarming and made me hesitant to do *Disclosure*. I thought, If there's anything that can bring me more flak than U.S.-Japanese relations, it's gender relations.

PLAYBOY: And you weren't disappointed, presumably.

CRICHTON: Definitely not. One thing I noticed when *Disclosure* came out was the tendency among certain types of guys to trash the book. I figured out exactly what they were doing. I thought, You're going to trash me because you want to get laid tonight. Many male reviewers attacked me, thinking their girlfriends were going to read their reviews. But I was talking about something that many people responded to. I was talking about the power of the victim and the vulnerability of the boss. I was trying to talk about the other side of the equation. I'm always trying to talk about the things that aren't being discussed.

PLAYBOY: How happy are you with the movie versions of *Disclosure* and *Rising Sun*?

CRICHTON: What I hope for is a good movie on its own terms—one that's interesting and exciting and works as a movie. Whether or not it's faithful to what I wrote is irrelevant—impossible. There is an inherent difference in the forms. If you take a screenplay, which is 120 pages on average, and convert it into prose, it would be about 40 pages. What happens in reverse is that a 400-page novel is condensed to a 40-page story. The overwhelming majority of what's in the book is gone. The only hope is that distillation, or abridgement, retains the essence of the book.

PLAYBOY: Has that happened with yours?

CRICHTON: I've had more luck than most people. I've often been pleased with the movies. Not always, but often.

PLAYBOY: Some critics claim you write your novels with eventual movies too much in mind.

CRICHTON: I've been accused of that all my life. I was accused of writing books with movies in mind even before any of my books were made into movies. But I see pictures in my head and I describe them; my way of writing is cinematic. It's just the way I work. Robert Louis Stevenson is phenomenally cinematic, and there weren't any movies at the time he was writing. If he wrote *Treasure Island* today, people would say, "He's writing with a movie in mind." *The Lost World*, in particular, was written with a movie in mind. That's why I wrote it.

PLAYBOY: You once described people in Hollywood as "fabulously stupid," and the entertainment industry as "a business of idiots." Care to name names?

CRICHTON: One of the stupidest people is

the one who made that comment. The truth is, this is frequently a frustrating business. When I made that remark, I was thinking of a couple of people I had run up against. As I think of those people, I will stand by that comment. They are idiots beyond belief. They're famous to some degree, but I'm here to tell you they are truly idiots in the Molière sense: self-deluded, pompous nincompoops. The movie business in general is what you would expect in a high-visibility, high-paying, high-stakes industry. It tends to attract people who are smart, savvy, aggressive and ambitious. And while there are incredibly stupid people, there are brilliant ones, too, including the people I've worked with in recent years. I would happily work again with Steven Spielberg and Barry Levinson.

PLAYBOY: What do you see as the most striking change in how Hollywood does business?

CRICHTON: The change that everyone used to talk about was the arrival of television and the migration out of movies of certain kinds of stories that went to TV. That's true, but by far the more powerful change has been the rise of VHS and now DVD. These are now the primary market, theatrical release is not. And so everything to do with theatrical release is actually intended to position yourself for the real market, which used to be the aftermarket. That's where most of the money comes from. Nobody knows what percentage, but at least 75 percent.

The industry is trying to make products that will have international appeal because of foreign support. Movies are no longer locally oriented, they're not locked to a particular time and place. They tend to be action-oriented because that's an international vocabulary in a sense. They tend to be big and splashy and full of special effects because that's easily and telegraphically marketable. And they tend to be sequels and remakes. In the last ten years, something like a quarter or a fifth of all movies are sequels and remakes, because the product is so expensive that anything that gives you an edge on penetration is worth it.

PLAYBOY: Your real introduction to Hollywood came in the early Seventies, right after you sold *The Andromeda Strain* to Universal Pictures. Is it true you were given a tour of Universal Studios by Steven Spielberg?

CRICHTON: Yes. He was charming then as now. I was fascinated by him. He had already embarked on a course of directing at a time when I was deciding whether I would be interested in doing so. He had a quality that he still has: a naive enthusiasm, a simple excitement. He is in no way naive or simple—he's an extremely sophisticated guy and very, very subtle—but a kind of youthful excitement often bubbles up out of him. It's contagious and attractive. It's hard not to be drawn to it.

PLAYBOY: Spielberg says that you have the richest imagination of anybody he knows. Is there anything an imagination-challenged person can do to enhance his creativity?

CRICHTON: I'm always thinking about how to use things. Even in the middle of a fight with your loved one, when she makes some terrible, lashing remark that cuts you to the quick, some part of me is going, Not bad, you know, I can use that one. That sort of constant, partial detachment means you are almost never fully absorbed in anything—some part of you is always watching, always noticing, always thinking, How can I use this? Does this fit with anything I'm thinking about?

PLAYBOY: The movies you made with Spielberg, *Jurassic Park* and *The Lost World*, were based on successful but controversial books. You were accused of being antiscience. What do you say to that?

CRICHTON: I've always been called anti-whatever. Antifeminist, anti-Japan, anti-science. There's a long list. The science thing was said to me directly. People said that by expressing concerns about the negative impact of science and technology, I was fueling people's fears and diminishing the ability of science to progress. But that's baloney. If it were true that *Jurassic Park* is antiscience and impeding progress and people's interest in science, why are so many natural history museums in the U.S. now running shows called *Jurassic Park* or *The Real Jurassic Park*? They perceive that the effect of these stories is to arouse tremendous interest and enthusiasm—more than scientists are generally able to.

Besides, we live in a society that in many respects is a gigantic cheerleader for science and technology. None of these advances have been as good as they originally claimed to be. I'm old enough to remember a world without television. And I remember all the claims for television—about how it was going to produce universal education and there was going to be so much exposure to the world. Some of those claims have come true, but the overwhelming majority of the claims were just baloney. It's difficult now to make the claim that television is an educational medium. It's an advertising medium.

PLAYBOY: In *Jurassic Park*, you looked at the potential hazards of DNA research. What's your view of cloning?

CRICHTON: I think we're a long way from cloning people. But I am worried about scientific advances without consideration of their consequences. The history of medicine in my lifetime is one of technological advances that outstrip our ethical systems. We've never caught up. When I was in medical school—30-odd years ago—people were struggling to deal with mechanical-respiration systems. They were keeping alive people who a few years earlier would have died of

natural causes. Suddenly people weren't going to die of natural causes. They were either going to get on these machines and never get off or—or what? Were we going to turn the machines off? We had the machines well before we started the debate. Doctors were speaking quietly among themselves with a kind of resentment toward these machines. On the one hand, if somebody had a temporary disability, the machines could help get them over the hump. For accident victims—some of whom were very young—who could be saved if they pulled through the initial crisis, the technology saved lives. You could get them over the hump and then they would recover, and that was terrific. But on the other hand, there was a category of people who were on their way out but could be kept alive. Before the machine, "pulling the plug" actually meant opening the window too wide one night, and the patient would get pneumonia and die. That wasn't going to happen now. We were being forced by technology to make decisions about the right to die—whether it's a legal or religious issue—and many related matters. Some of them contradict longstanding ideas in an ethically protected world; we weren't being forced to make hard decisions, because those decisions were being made for us—in this case, by the pneumococcus.

This is just one example of an ethical issue raised by technology. Cloning is another. If you're knowledgeable about biotechnology, it's possible to think of some terrifying scenarios. I don't even like to discuss them. I know people doing biotechnology research who have decided not to pursue avenues of research because they think they're too dangerous.

ous. But we go forward without sorting out the issues. I don't believe that everything new is necessarily better. We go forward with the technology while the ethical issues are still up in the air, whether it's the genetic variability of crop streams, which is a resource in times of plant plagues, to the assumption

that if I send you an e-mail, you'll get it. Well, I won't get it. I'm not plugged in, guys. Some people are horrified: "You've gone offline?" People feel so enslaved by technology that they will stop having sex to answer the telephone. What could be so important? Who's calling, and who cares?

PLAYBOY: Did your interest in medical issues such as the right to die inspire you to create *ER*?

CRICHTON: Sure it did. And I wanted to do a different kind of doctor show. When I was in school, everybody watched *Dr. Kildare*. Then came *Marcus Welby*. There was a conventional wisdom about how doctor shows were done, and I wanted to change that. Part of it was the style. Television had fallen into an artificially slow pace for financial reasons. If people talked slower, if you had long shots of somebody parking a car and then walking up to a house, it was less expensive; fewer script pages was cheaper. Television audiences slipped into this languor, this assumption that whatever they saw was going to be slower than their daily life. I wanted *ER* to go at a regular or faster speed than real life. We also broke other TV conventions, such as ending scenes on the thoughtful look of a person walking away, or whatever. Instead, we just cut. It was very effective. But another essential difference is that *ER* tells real stories. The most memorable episodes are based on real stories,

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that we all have to be connected all the time. The technology is here so you must use it. Do you? Do you have to have your cell phone and your e-mail address and your Internet hookup? I was just on holiday in Scotland without e-mail. I had to notify people that I wouldn't be checking my e-mail, because there's an as-

sumption, and that was intended. The other thing is the level of quality in the show. Executive producer John Wells has been the person on the firing line since the early years of the show, and he has been phenomenally good at maintaining a level of quality that's breathtaking.

PLAYBOY: How involved are you?

CRICHTON: Not at all anymore. I was very involved in the first couple of years when they needed me. I talked to John about what I wanted to happen on the show generally, rather than episode by episode. But TV is demanding and time-consuming. It was taking too much time. The most painful moment for me was at the end of the second year. Every June they lay out the major story arcs for the coming year. I tried to go to as many of those sessions as I could. When I went that year, I felt like the writers were looking at me, going, "Who are you? What are you doing here?" I was hurt and offended and my ideas didn't really fit the group's anymore. But at some point I thought, They're right. It's their show now. They're the ones doing it minute to minute. They're in charge. My child has grown up and gone away. So I said, "God bless you" and I left.

PLAYBOY: Why did you want to become a doctor?

CRICHTON: When I was in college, I wanted to be a writer. But then I read that only 200 writers in America support themselves writing. I thought, That's an awfully small group. I didn't want to be a part-time writer with a day job—that didn't interest me. I either had to be one of those 200 people or forget it. So I decided to become a doctor. I was attracted to medicine partly because I thought I would be doing useful work, helping people—I would never have to wonder if the work was worthwhile. But many working physicians are not convinced at all. They have all kinds of doubts, which troubled me. I also found that I was at odds with the thrust of the profession at that time, which was highly scientific medicine: the physician as technician and the patient as a biological machine that was broken. I didn't find it appealing to work in that kind of setting.

PLAYBOY: Is that when you went back to writing?

CRICHTON: I had been writing to pay my way through medical school. I wrote paperback thrillers on vacations and weekends at a furious pace because the bills were due. I wrote under pseudonyms. In retrospect, it was wonderful training. Most of the problems beginning writers have dealing with their egos, deciding if what they're writing is good enough for them, didn't affect me at all. No one knew I was doing it. It wasn't under my own name. It was purely to make money to pay for my education. I wasn't trying to be innovative. I was trying to do something that would sell and not require rewrites or discussions, because I didn't have time. I mean I just had to write it, it had to be bought and published and I had to get the money and go back to my classes.

PLAYBOY: One pseudonym you used was Jeffery Hudson, the name of a dwarf courtier to Charles I. Were you being ironic about your size?

CRICHTON: I was. I thought it was funny. It seemed like an entertaining name.

PLAYBOY: How much has being tall affected your life?

CRICHTON: It's kind of startling to people and provokes comments. They used to say, "How's the weather up there?" or "Do you play basketball?" and "Gosh, you're tall!" They don't say it now. First of all, my height is no longer remarkable in a world with Magic Johnson and all those guys. And in addition, I'm somewhat recognized. People see me in an airport and you can tell that their brain is clicking: Wait a minute, who is that big guy? White guy, plays basketball, no, he's too old, hmmm, I know him from somewhere. Oh, yeah, he's the writer. But my height was a factor when I was younger. I was very tall very young. I was almost this height when I was 13, and so that was all mixed up with what was a difficult age anyway. Talk about an awkward time. I was really awkward.

PLAYBOY: Your father was a journalist. Did you want to grow up to be a writer like your dad?

CRICHTON: The fact that my father was a writer made being a writer seem normal, though I certainly didn't have a particular sense of following in his footsteps. The truth is, the origin of lifework is mysterious to me. I think it's in part accidental. But I'm also interested in the idea that there's a kind of destiny for the soul. In some ways it does seem like I'm genetically a writer, though I don't know how strongly to hold that view. I don't really believe most psychological explanations for why people are the way they are or why things turn out as they do. I think there's a lot more randomness in life. I disbelieve almost all Freudian ideas and most psychological theses. So all I can tell you is, yes, my father was a journalist, and, yes, it turned out I'm a writer, too.

PLAYBOY: You don't like Freud and yet you've spent time in therapy. Do you care to explain?

CRICHTON: There are a lot of therapies besides Freudian therapies. There has long been skepticism about Freudian concepts; I've never done therapy that was much influenced by Freud. Freudian thought now isn't much more than an academic function. It sits alongside Marxist thought, which resides only in the academy and no longer exists in the real world. I've been through many kinds of therapeutic interaction—partly because it's an interest of mine, partly because I've needed help. I think of it now as a useful resource. The therapist I have now tends to talk to me about things in an interesting way: "Do you really think you can finish the book in that period of time? Aren't you once again overestimating your capabilities?" For me, it's helpful to have a therapist who knows you a little and who can look at your behavior and make you stop and

think. I also believe there are certain kinds of personal transformations or transitions you cannot make by yourself. It's like trying to bite your own teeth. You just can't see certain things about yourself without another person as a mirror. Some people say, "I have introspective capabilities and can see what's going on, and I don't need any help to change," but I think they are kidding themselves.

PLAYBOY: How has therapy changed you?

CRICHTON: The swell, open, wonderfully easygoing person I am now is a product of therapy [*laughs*]. I have changed in many ways. When I was young, I was emotionally cautious and constrained. I was pretty happy in an Ivy League environment where emotional signals were things like the kind of tie you wore. A guy who wore a yellow shirt was feeling daring. That was about as much emotional expression as I could tolerate. When I arrived in Hollywood, people were screaming and throwing things and shrieking. It was an eye-opener. We sure didn't do that where I came from in Boston. I realized it was going to be good for me to be here because I'd have to learn to yell and scream, too. I did, and therapy helped me do that. But the biggest change may have been getting over the idea that whatever interpersonal problems I had were another person's fault. For years, I thought such a swell person as I am wouldn't have any problems. If I was having problems, it was her fault. A lot of people feel that way. It's tough to recognize that you're contributing to your own difficulties, sometimes even causing them. What a shock. It was a shock to me.

PLAYBOY: What about the trend toward quick pharmaceutical fixes such as Prozac and Viagra?

CRICHTON: I think they are good for certain behavioral stuff. For some problems there is an underlying chemical problem. You can't treat diabetes with psychotherapy. A lot of depression is that way. The proliferation of increasingly subtle substances that work on the brain will put talk therapy in its place. We'll get better at knowing what can be treated by medication and by what requires talk therapy.

PLAYBOY: But Viagra is being used by men and women as a recreational drug, not only by men who experience sexual dysfunction.

CRICHTON: It's not possible to have a drug that won't be abused by some portion of the population. Antibiotics are abused. Food is abused. It's inevitable. Part of the problem with things like this is how much they're chattered about. We have a real chattering class now. Along with the explosion of lawyers, there's been an explosion of pundits. We ought to prune them. We could do with about ten percent of what we have. Each new change in society is instantly greeted by 10

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billion opinions. I remember the immortal words of my first therapist, who used to nod quietly and say, "Time will tell." Time will tell.

PLAYBOY: Along with therapy, you have said that becoming a parent changed you, that you no longer take the risks you took when you were younger. What risks were you talking about?

CRICHTON: I behaved ridiculously when I was younger. I was living in Hollywood at a time when a variety of substances were available and I was certainly part of that world. I was very willing to take risks. In retrospect, deep-sea diving to 250 feet on compressed air is not daring, it's stupid. I look back on some of those incidents and think it's a miracle I survived. It's the luck of the draw. I had a passion for Porsches and I used to drive them really fast. I had a new Porsche and was driving on Mulholland Drive, a twisty road. I had locked something in my glove compartment, so I took the key out of the ignition and unlocked the glove compartment to get it. I didn't realize that on the new car, when you take the key out of the ignition, you lock the steering wheel. Fortunately, the wheels were pointing to the upward side of the cliff and I simply drove into the wall. If they had been pointing the other way, I would have gone right over. Just stupid. You play those things back in your mind.

PLAYBOY: Do you miss the extremes?

CRICHTON: I don't feel the need to test myself in that way. I feel responsible. It's very important that I be around for my kid. Kids who don't have parents are at a disadvantage. I have an obligation to be there and I take it seriously. Being a parent teaches you other things, too. Kids make you alive in a certain way that adults tend not to, and they bring in a phenomenal amount of chaos, which is beneficial once you get used to it. To me, being a parent is that weird balance of indulgence and discipline. It's also true that there are some unique factors about being an older parent. I am of the age where I could be my daughter's grandfather, and there are certain grandfatherly things about me that are part of our relationship. I'm no longer completely wound up in my career, trying to make it, for instance. I have done all that. If I had wanted to take time off when she was younger, I could have. And I did. I'm not struggling for financial resources in the same way that I might have been when I was younger.

PLAYBOY: Have you thought about what you will tell your daughter about boys when she comes of age?

CRICHTON: I watched a lot of my friends with their daughters. The kid would be in a stroller, gurgling, and the father would be saying, "Those goddamn boys. I know what those guys are going to want to do to her!" My reaction is to actually feel sorry for the guys. Look out for this one. She's going to cut a wide

swath. There will be a trail of bleeding hearts behind her.

PLAYBOY: What lessons have you learned about marriage?

CRICHTON: I really don't consider myself a master in this area. I'm lucky to have the relationship that I have. I am also aware that relationships are breaking up around me all the time. It would be foolish for me to think that mine is less at risk than anybody else's. We live in a world of change, whether we like it or not. I have learned that marriage is really good for me. It is hard, but it's good for me. I've also learned that both people need to have a commitment; the minute one person doesn't want to be there, it gets difficult. You should want to spend a lot of your leisure time together, sharing the same interests. You may not see the person all week, but when Saturday rolls around, if she wants to go shopping and you want to go hiking, you may have a problem. There are also important basics: Are you substantially in agreement on child rearing? How do you approach religion? How important is education? Do you share those things that are often so deep that they're not even conscious? If not, it's tough.

PLAYBOY: You contend that everyone has a range of skills, and we hear, for example, you're an excellent cook. Are you the best cook in your house?

CRICHTON: In the early stages, what I most enjoyed was that I was able to do it at all. Also, I spend a lot of time in my head, and you can kind of float off into a purely fantasy existence. So I found it really beneficial to go to the supermarket and go, "Oh, my God, look what they're charging me for lettuce. Can you believe that? And it looks terrible, too—where are they getting this lettuce?" It was regular life.

PLAYBOY: You've said you're a workaholic. Do you enjoy working nonstop?

CRICHTON: Actually, I'm happiest with a lot of time off. It's not like I can't handle it. Years ago I would do a project every three years. Now the market is such that they want a novel every year. Since *Jurassic*, I've done a novel 18 months or so, which is the best I can do. But I do much better with periods of time off. I don't like how it is now—this back-to-back frenzy.

PLAYBOY: Do you get your best ideas when you're working or when you're goofing off?

CRICHTON: Definitely when I'm off. In fact, I'm concerned now that I don't have enough fallow time. I'm happier and my mind works in a different way when I don't have to do anything, when I can boogieboard in Hawaii or go hiking or just sit for weeks on end. When I work, I work compulsively. I always have. When I'm writing, I write seven days a week. I'll take a break only when my family rebels. "We haven't seen you

for ten days. We need a day." The periods when I'm writing or making a movie are intense. I have no time to read and explore and let ideas drift in and out of my thoughts. I miss it and I'm very happy doing it for long periods of time.

PLAYBOY: What's your workday like?

CRICHTON: There is no normal day. My preferred time to work is in the morning. I find that being kind of sleepy is beneficial. It has always been true that my energy and my alertness peak in the morning.

PLAYBOY: You wrote *Twister* with your wife. Would you collaborate again?

CRICHTON: Yes—we talk about doing it again, but there is a danger. One needs the freedom to argue with a collaborator—to have strong disagreements. That can be difficult if you're going to see the person at dinner.

PLAYBOY: You were sued for infringing on someone else's copyright with *Twister*. You won the lawsuit, but was it a difficult experience for you?

CRICHTON: It was one of the most interesting and awful experiences I've ever had. I was talking to my wife about it afterward and we agreed that it was engaging, tense, dramatic and demanding. I'm sure it would have been a lot less interesting if we had lost, but as we looked back, we were just amazed by it. It was interesting to watch a court case like that go forward, far different from TV and the movies. It was like a verbal tennis match: If you hit this stroke, what will be hit back? We handily won the suit, but the media stuck with a theme it created at the beginning even when the theme no longer applied. They originally presented it as a David and Goliath story: The big guns, Crichton and Spielberg, have stolen from some poor little guy. At a certain point in the trial—not very far in—one of the local columnists asked, "What kind of a story is this if it's David versus Goliath and Goliath is going to win and deserves to?" It was a completely meritless case, but the media had this David and Goliath angle to deal with. They were disappointed that that angle had been taken away. It turned out that the plaintiff was a local fellow who was simply wrong and his attorneys were wrong. But no one wanted the angle to change, so the case continued to be reported as a David and Goliath story. Reporters wrote, "The big guys got away with it."

PLAYBOY: Are there other downsides to your level of success?

CRICHTON: Well, everything has a downside. But the significant question is, would you want to magically go back to a time when it wasn't there? No. Whatever the downsides are, they are not sufficient to make you regret what has happened.

PLAYBOY: It has been written that you are the most highly remunerated writer ever.



ANGEL
Thierry Mugler

AVAILABLE AT SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

CRICHTON: I'm almost certain that that's not true.

PLAYBOY: How do you spend your money? Has wealth changed you?

CRICHTON: It has given me the freedom to choose the kinds of projects I want to work on. It's also given me the freedom to be unpopular. For example, I was aware I could get blasted for writing *Rising Sun*. But if I got blasted, if I were murdered, it would be OK because the previous book was *Jurassic Park* and it had done well. There is a freedom that comes from the successes, and I feel obliged to exercise it. Similarly, if you have worldly success, part of your obligation is to spread it around. It's interesting to see where you can have an impact. I'm certainly not a person of enormous resources, but I'm trying to find the things that I think are important that aren't getting funded and maybe won't get funded because they're not on other people's agendas. I'm very interested in education.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a prescription for improving public education in the U.S.?

CRICHTON: I'm a product of public education. I went to public schools until college, and I was very much an advocate of that system. But a few years ago, I went back to my high school. It's still a good high school. But on reflection, I realize that I actually attended a private school. My parents moved to a community where the taxes were higher because that's where the good schools were. We moved there to attend the schools. My parents paid additional money for me to go to those schools, and they felt they had a voice in them. If there was a bad teacher, that teacher was gone. There was no way the damn union was going to keep that from happening. It was a true community-based school. That's gone for the most part, but that's what is needed. It's human nature for parents to want a strong say in the education of their children. They should feel strongly about it. There are very good private schools, including those that are public schools in certain communities, and there are terrible schools about which people have no choice. I support vouchers for that reason. Competition makes schools better. The single largest obligation I have as a parent is to educate my child. That's the biggest thing I can do.

PLAYBOY: You still hold some high school basketball records: most rebounds in a game, highest rebound average per game, highest shooting percentage in a season. Are those important to you?

CRICHTON: One of the good things about sports—why kids ought to play sports and why we all like sports—is that sports aren't political or open to interpretation. You either perform or you don't. You win the match or you don't. It's not open to spin.

PLAYBOY: While your books and movies certainly are. Have you become immune

to criticism by now?

CRICHTON: Pretty much. At least I don't read the critics. If I get praise, it doesn't make me feel very good. If I get criticism, I feel terrible. I just sink like a rock. These days the reviews don't tend to be about the work. They often seem to be about me. About me as a person. So I don't read them, though it takes a certain discipline not to read them.

PLAYBOY: Are you aware of the criticisms, however? A common criticism of your writing is that it's formulaic.

CRICHTON: It was always formula; I'm interested in formulas. From my earliest writing, I was interested in taking well-defined genres and doing something else with them—retaining the quality of the genre, whether a detective story, science fiction story, disaster story. That aspect of working within a defined framework has always been a challenge to me. Has it become more formula? I don't know. I do sometimes wish that I could publish a book under a pseudonym just to see how much of the reaction is to the text and how much of the reaction is to me as a known entity.

PLAYBOY: Another criticism is that your characters are much less developed than your stories.

CRICHTON: I hope that will change. When I was younger, I was interested in situations in which individual personality didn't matter. Once an oil spill starts, I don't think it matters who the president of Exxon is, whether he's a good or bad guy. The truth is, he can't do anything about it. I was interested in the oil spill itself. Like in *Andromeda Strain*, the only thing to do about a disaster is never to have it happen. Once it happens, almost everything you do is going to make it worse. In such stories, the personalities of the people don't matter. They tend to be stories about individuals who are powerless, who are caught up in the system in some way. They're kind of pessimistic, which is how I was for a long time. I don't necessarily want to do those stories anymore. First of all, I've done a lot of them. Second, I've become more interested in stories that seem to offer alternatives of action, depending on what kind of a person you're dealing with. They tend to be much smaller stories.

A lot of what I've done in the past has been misunderstood—at least from my standpoint. When I was writing *Jurassic Park*, I was in a tremendous panic. I thought, It's one thing to try to do a persuasive story about a satellite that comes down—we know there are satellites and one could theoretically come down. But in the case of *Jurassic Park*, I was going to try to convince readers and then viewers that dinosaurs reappear in the contemporary world. I was panicked that people would start to read it and go, "Forget it! No way!" All of my focus was there. Then I write the thing and everybody buys it without discussion. They buy that

science brought back dinosaurs. And then they say, "Yeah, but the characters are no good." What do you mean the characters aren't good? This is a story in which dinosaurs are in the real world! Now you want believable characters? To complain about characters meant that they already bought the absurd premise.

PLAYBOY: Who are your favorite writers?

CRICHTON: When you're in this business there's a point after which you no longer read for pleasure. I don't read books or go to movies freely anymore. On one hand, there's some competitive sense. On the other, there's a professional interest in the technique or technical specifics, how an effect was achieved. It's just not possible for me to read a book or watch a movie without those things impinging.

PLAYBOY: *Travels* was a completely different style of writing—personal, even confessional. Do you plan to do more of that type?

CRICHTON: Yeah, because it was a great experience. It's a little more difficult now. In the past, if I wrote about relationships, they were relationships that were over. If I write about them now, they're going to be current relationships. I have to think: What is my wife going to think about this particular story? How is my daughter going to feel? Kids in her school are going to read this. Am I invading her privacy? Or can I even be responsive to those concerns? Isn't it my job to say the hell with it and just write what happened? It's a problem I have.

PLAYBOY: What's your answer?

CRICHTON: The answer is I don't know.

PLAYBOY: In *Travels*, you visit alternative healers. Have you had any more psychic experiences?

CRICHTON: No. When I'm finished with a particular problem, I'm finished with it for a while. Beyond the sense of completion, there's a kind of exhaustion, even revulsion. It's why it's tough to talk about novels after I've completed them; I've moved on.

PLAYBOY: You once said that you feel like killing yourself after you complete a film. Now that you're in postproduction for your most recent movie, *The 13th Warrior*, are you feeling suicidal?

CRICHTON: No, though I can feel that way after a project. While you're working on a movie there's something wonderful about it that's not yet defined. There are all these fantastic possibilities. When you see it all together, it's just a movie. Whether it's a good movie, a bad movie or a medium movie, it's just a movie. In the end, people will sit for a couple of hours, watch it and go home. I sit and work and write and direct and edit and agonize, but in the end it is what it is: just a movie, just a book.





WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He's a man who knows how to celebrate 1999. And he's not worried about the Y2K snafu or reserves of champagne drying up. If there's a shortage of the bubbly, he could be one of the culprits. PLAYBOY men drank over 31 million glasses last year, more than the readers of *Rolling Stone* and *Esquire* combined. And PLAYBOY men drank it in style. They spent over \$41 million on formalwear this past year. PLAYBOY—it toasts the best in life. (Source: Spring 1998 MRI.)



By Kurt Vonnegut

AMERICA'S FAVORITE VISIONARY ASKS THE QUESTION "WHERE THE FUH-KAR-WEE?" AND LOOKS TO KILGORE TROUT FOR THE ANSWER

LAST WORDS FOR A CENTURY

After World War II, I set out to become an anthropologist—and in fact earned an M.A. in that field from the University of Chicago. That was a big mistake. I couldn't stand primitive people. They were so *stupid!* But I still have a favorite Native American tribe, the *Fuh-kar-wee*, who actually exist only in a joke my brother, Bernie, told me.

The joke: In the late 19th century, supposedly, there was this tribe of Indians, see, who had become nomadic. They were forced off their ancestral lands by pioneers, peace treaties and the United States Cavalry. OK?

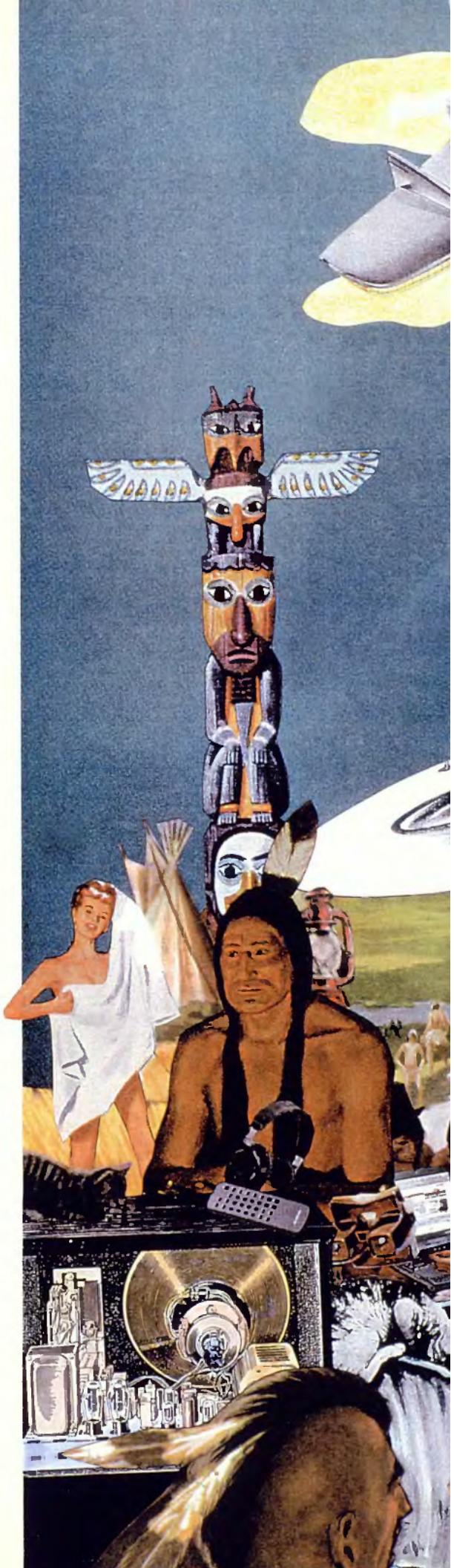
So an agent from the Bureau of Indian Affairs was sent to interview them at one of their temporary encampments, to learn who and what they are—or, to be more exact, who and what they used to be. He asked the name of the tribe. They said, "We the *Fuh-kar-wee*." The agent wanted to know if the name had a special meaning. They said it had in fact been adopted only recently and was based on what their chief, who had just died, wailed in despair at sunset on every day of their aimless wandering:

"Where the *Fuh-kar-wee*?"

Ancient Romans didn't say, "Where the *Fuh-kar-wee*?" but they might as well have. "Quo vadis?" they said.

Yes, and where the *Fuh-kar-wee* as the odometer, which Christians have hooked up to the wheels of history, is about to come up with the number 2000? That all depends on who you are. One thinks of signs displayed next to elevators of many hotels—featuring a floor-plan and an arrow and these words: YOU ARE HERE.

Describe yourself: height, weight, hair color, eye color, age, race





or subrace, home address, marital status, number and ages of children, make and year of car, known health problems, present occupation and who should be notified in case of an accident.

Besides waiting for an elevator in such-and-such a year, where the *Fuh-kar-wee*?

In nations employing the Christian calendar, of which ours is one, we will almost all, for the fun of it, become numerologists at the start of the third millennium. Numerology is an entertaining, sociable superstition like astrology—benign except to paranoid schizophrenics. It pretends that the inevitable, predictable, clockwork behavior of Arabic numerals locked into the decimal system can, on occasion, give us occult messages we should not ignore. If a year numbered 2000 isn't an all-points bulletin from on high, what is?

Any excuse for a party.

That the odometer is slightly out of whack, that Jesus was born in 5, 6 or 7 B.C., shouldn't be allowed to spoil the party. Jesus was born a few years before himself? Chalk that up as another miracle and party on.

My late brother, Bernie, who introduced me to *Fuh-kar-wee*, said the nonstop, maniacal merchandising during the Christmas season made him feel as though clowns were beating him in the face with bladders. The whole of the year 2000 is going to make many of us feel that way, or I miss my guess. Simply because of what the calendar says, and not because of anything Jesus said, God knows, we will be told to go out and buy a lot of crap for ourselves and our business associates and loved ones: millennium wristwatches and cars, bras and boxer shorts, toilet tissue and Coca-Cola.

Why not give an enemy on your shopping list a millennium wireless telephone? It will encourage the recipient to make a perfect asshole of himself or herself by standing in the middle of a crowd, relating to no one in it but chuckling and cooing and snorting, getting happy, getting mad and gesticulating extravagantly, and maybe even doing a little dance, while talking to something the size of a bar of bath soap.

The science fiction writer Kilgore Trout, dead like my brother now, and God rest both their souls, wrote a story about flying-saucer people who visited earth. Two things about the United

States really bewildered them. "What is it," they wanted to know, "about blow jobs and golf?"

Trout wrote that story long before American television newsreaders, for the better part of a whole year and to get the largest possible audiences for their advertisers, who had made them multimillionaires, made this the major issue facing the country: whether or not the president of the most powerful nation on earth had had an extramarital blow job in the Oval Office.

The actual millennium has come and gone, as unremarked as a sneeze.

Gesundheit!

Trout's story, published in the now-defunct *Black Garterbelt* magazine, was eerily prescient in yet another way. His E.T.s predicted what is happening only now: that the slathering of antibiotics on every sort of itch or worse would cause germs to evolve into countless

If a year numbered 2000 isn't an all- points bulletin from on high, what is?

diseases that are incurable.

One perfect communicable disease, but only one so far, AIDS, had been identified back then, in the nick of time to make that issue of *Black Garterbelt*. And Trout's bug-eyed little green anthropologists had this to say about AIDS: "After the Rape of Nanking, the Holocaust and the gratuitous atomic bombing of Nagasaki, not to mention humankind's poisoning of the air, the waters and the topsoil, your planet's immune system is trying to get rid of you."

Yes, and the planet will soon run out of petroleum in any case—so our great-grandchildren will inherit an enormous junkyard.

But listen:

Back in 1932 A.D., when I was ten years old, Dad, Bernie, my sister, Allie, and I were driving along somewhere in Indiana in our family's old four-door Studebaker sedan—with Dad at the wheel. I don't know where Mom was. Don't know where Mom is.

The Great Depression was going on. Dad, an architect, had just let his secretary and his draftsmen go and closed his office in downtown Indianapolis. There was no work. The stock market had gone bust and banks had failed, and people had lost their savings.

We were rolling along on our way to somewhere. I don't remember where. And then unexpectedly, for no apparent reason, Dad steered the car to the side of the road and stopped it in the middle of nowhere.

Where the *Fuh-kar-wee*?

But then Dad told us three kids to look at the car's odometer. It read 99,999.9. We were only one tenth of a mile from 100,000!

The moment was breathtaking!

You want to hear about a high adventure? It was as though we had unexpectedly arrived at the rim of the Grand Canyon! Oh my God!

Oh wow! Oh whee!

Dad put the car in motion again. When the Studebaker had gone one tenth of a mile more, the odometer sent the old sludge of all those toxic nines down the toilet of history.

Catharsis!

In their place was an innocent, dinky little one, and then all those zeros. So unsoiled by life—so new, so spanking brand-new.

And our father was so happy! He laughed and laughed. His troubles had vanished along with the nines. The odometer had made him feel like a lucky kid again—in a world that was his oyster.

Tabula rasa.

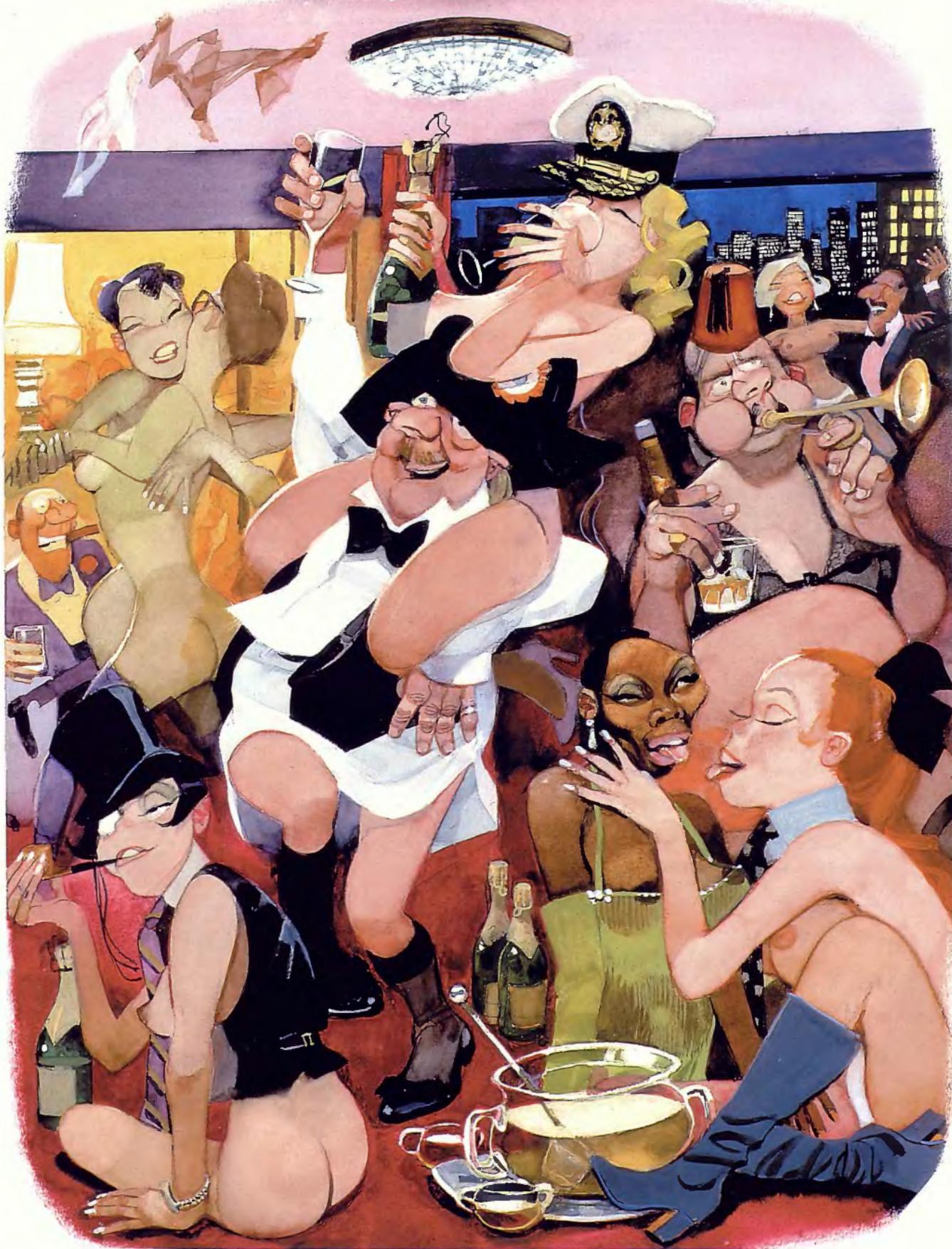
And so it will be for me, if I'm still around, and for all the rest of the braves and squaws of the *Fuh-kar-wee* tribe when the Christian odometer of history reads 1999 A.D. And the calendar says it's December 31. And our digital watches tell us it is 11:59 P.M.

Holy shit! I can't breathe!

And then the stinking past will go down the toilet of history. The year will become 2000—and *Fuh-kar-wees* everywhere, no matter how old they are, and even if their lives as grown-ups have been lousy, will do what my dad did during the Great Depression so long ago: They will laugh like crazy and feel like lucky kids again.

And the world will be their oyster.





SOKOL

"I'm so glad we decided to stay in and celebrate with a few friends this year."



thierry
mugler's

SEX
COUTURE

fashion's wild man
leaves much
to be desired

PHOTOGRAPHY BY THIERRY MUGLER



T

he world can be an exquisitely contrived place to be. Imagine walking around in one of designer Thierry Mugler's daydreams. Beautiful women drift by adorned only in hats and spiked heels. In the dressing room next door, someone sighs. It is a sound that includes alarm. Mugler, a fashion pioneer, recently decided to bring his polymer visions to life. As an art photographer he reveals himself to be a demigod of erotic tableaux. In Mugler's world, the pinnacle of beauty is a sharp point, and all the curves have multiple edges.









omfort—what is comfort?” he asks. “What about confidence?” Agreed: Bolder is better. The proof is in the pictures. Clothes cover the body. Fashion shows it off. Fetish is in the details. Is a plastic girdle bondage? To Mugler, strong women can never be restrained. Call Mugler’s the couture of high kink. The garments come in vinyl, Lucite and latex. Even when working with clean materials, dirty words sometimes come to mind. And then there are the models. Remember, posing is just a job. It’s turning men on that’s the perk.





he never said he loved her.
she never said she loved him

an affair

fiction BY BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN

S

HE FELT it was her literary prominence that appealed to him.

He claimed it was her smoky voice, and her air of having attended good schools.

He was ten years younger than she was.

She was close to hysteria when he arrived late for their first rendezvous and admitted openly that he had been with a college friend—and slept with her—and then said goodbye to her forever.

She had no reason to doubt this.

She was overcome, and wept, at the first sight of his naked body.

Their affair, which was intensely sexual, began officially (as she saw it) when she whispered two words to him: "Be rougher."

His first attempts were mannered, but he quickly became skilled at it.

They would meet at her apartment, which he found cold and which he—of all people—made livable with a number of purchases. Rugs and paintings.

He was a venture capitalist, though he rarely spoke of it, and lived with his parents.

In the year they spent together, she could not recall a single day during which they had failed to make love.

In July and August, they remained in the city and enjoyed having it to themselves.

A song (with patently absurd lyrics) was in the air and became the backdrop of their affair.

She considered her lovemaking spontaneous, without thought or calculation. In truth, she had certain skills, the use of her teeth, for example, on his penis and scrotum.

Though she had other, he preferred that she wear plain white underwear.

He definitely enjoyed watching her masturbate.

She enjoyed watching him watch her—but only now and then.

He locked her out of the apartment and she stood shivering and naked in the corridor. Tacitly, she had agreed to this. A neighbor, disappointingly, ignored the spectacle. When he finally opened the door for her, predictably, they made love with a fury.

They kept raising the ante, not out of boredom but for the adventure.

She gave him a leather crop. For his rides in the park, but not entirely.

As a gift, she offered him a girlfriend, but on condition that she be present. He accepted—once—and they survived the experience.

He often slept with his face buried in her vagina.

When the sex was most intense, he complained of feeling pain and she realized she'd been clamping down on his penis as he came. Perhaps to ward off pregnancy. She stopped doing that.

Never once did he say he loved her.

Nor did she say she loved him.

Although she did.

For a time.

And she was confident he loved her.

He took her to have cocktails with his parents. She could see the hatred in his mother's eyes—and the understanding in his father's.

They took only one vacation together. As they looked out on Charlotte Amalie Harbor, she felt a need to suck his penis.

She always felt that need.

She wrote a novella in five days, as part of the vacation. But it wasn't any good.

At a party, her editor made a snide comment about his prominent nose.

She changed editors. But it continued to bother her.

Though he could do the *Times* crossword puzzle in a flash, he was not terribly verbal. That troubled her as well.

What he did for the most part was to look at her in silence and try to anticipate her every need. As if he were a nurse and she had been ill.

Which she had been, having walked out on a troubled marriage.

But she had recovered. And begun to notice other men. Some were closely allied to her professionally. Others were not.

She broke off the affair suddenly, perhaps with some cruelty, as if she had lost confidence in a book she was writing and had decided to set it aside. She said she wanted to try again with her husband. Which wasn't true.

He took her decision poorly, sending back the first editions of her novels that she had given him. Mutilated.

He begged her, literally on hands and knees, to stay with him. Behavior that sealed his fate.

She saw him only once again, months later, by chance—at a diner. They each had a cup of coffee. She asked if she could call him for dinner.

He agreed to this but said that he was seeing someone, therefore it could be only for dinner.

She was offended by the assumption that she wanted more (she had) and did not call him.

Years passed.

She had always felt that she would have other affairs, of equal or greater sexual intensity. She felt it was her due.

But this did not come about.

At a certain point, she came to realize that it never would.



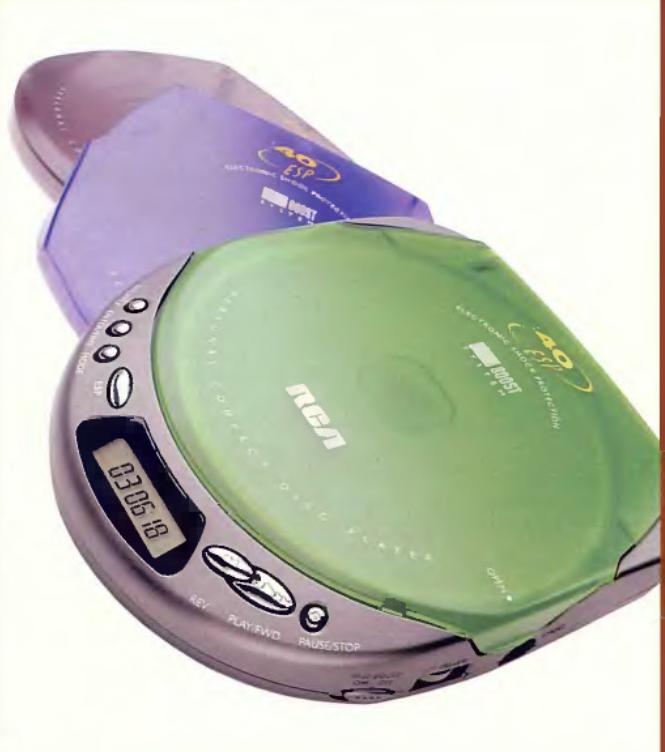




A KNIGHT TO REMEMBER

“... And it makes a great stocking stuffer, too.”

THE ELEVENTH-HOUR Santa

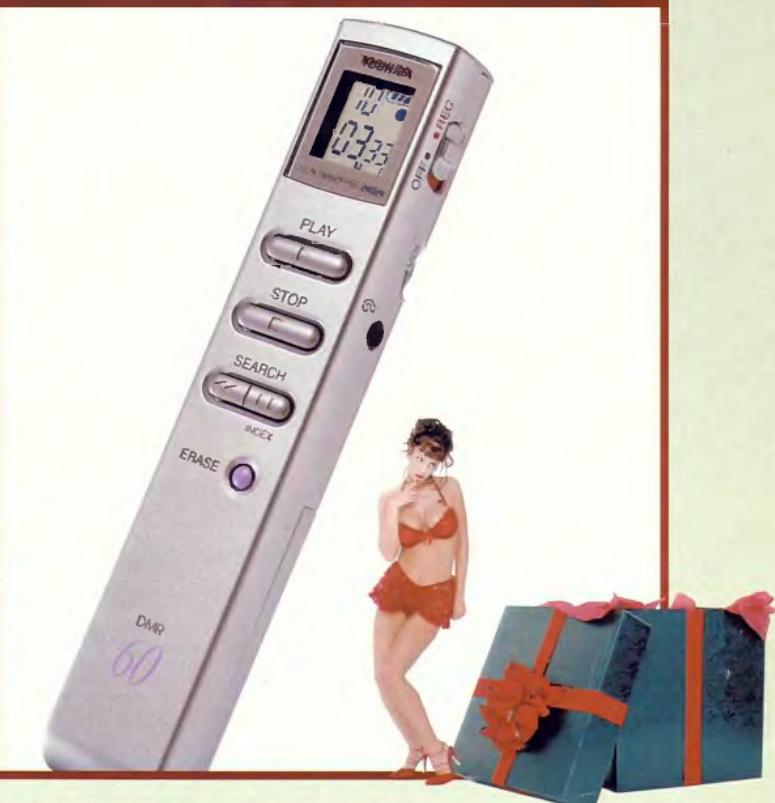


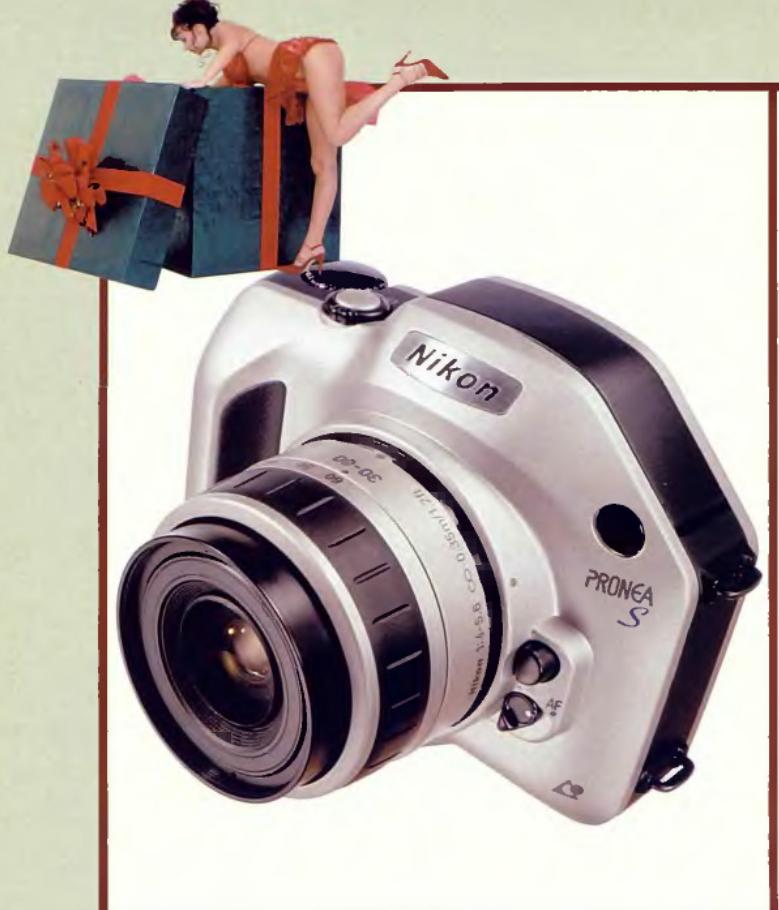
BREAK OUT THE PLASTIC. IT'S COUNTDOWN TIME

Above: Leatherman's newest multitool, the eight-ounce Wave, features two locking knives that can be opened one-handed and two additional locking tools, plus assorted screwdrivers, pliers and a pair of scissors, all made of stainless steel (about \$100, including a sheath).

Above right: RCA's new RP-2240 CD player comes with three interchangeable translucent lids in hot green, purple and gray. Sound is stored in a 40-second buffer memory so that the music will keep playing while the user is switching CDs or navigating rough terrain (\$90).

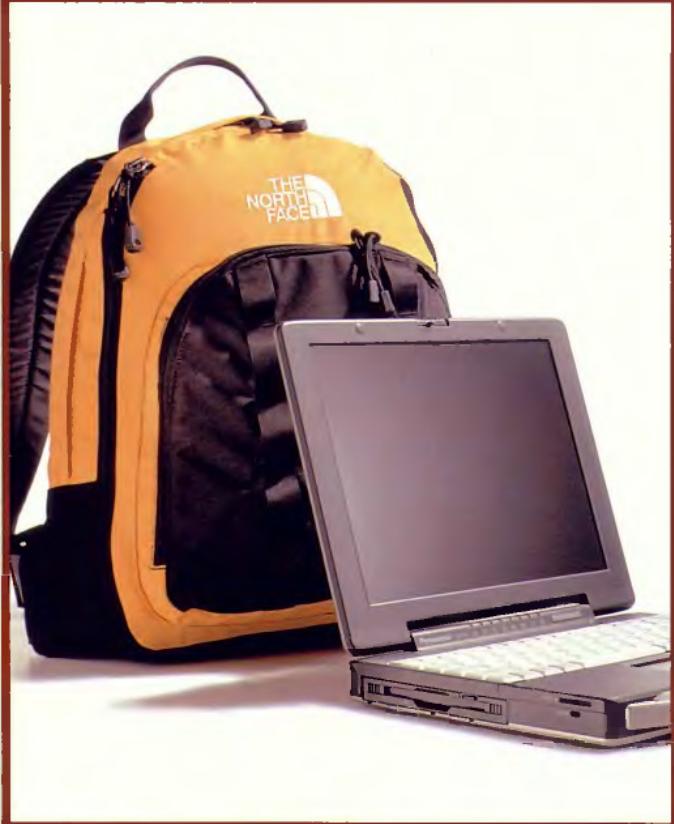
Right: The Voice Bar by Toshiba weighs only 4.3 ounces and isn't much larger than a pen, yet it digitally records up to 60 minutes of vocal reminders or conversations. An LCD time counter and a search-index function provide instant access to individual recordings (about \$150).





Top left: Nikon's sleek Pronea S Advanced Photo System camera teams point-and-shoot features such as autofocus and autofocus with interchangeable lenses (\$520, including a 30-60mm IX Nikkor zoom lens). **Top right:** Call it industrial chic. The Abu-Tassi Soldier Classic illuminates your desktop with a 40-watt incandescent bulb contained in a 15-pound mix of concrete, nuts, bolts and plumbing hardware (\$395). **Above:** Pfister offers a sweet way to kick off the new year—imported Swiss chocolates filled with whiskey and other liquors. Pictured are a tasty selection of chocolate "flasks" from the Mini Bar and Liqueur Cocktail collections and a Poire Williams chocolate pear (\$4 to \$6 per box).

Below: No, it isn't a bazooka. It's JVC's Kaboom boom box with AM-FM tuner, cassette deck, CD player and a 26-watt "super" woofer at each end (\$330). **Bottom left:** After you've written your dispatch from Everest, stash Panasonic's ToughBook 71 266-MHz Pentium II PC (\$3200) in the foam-padded compartment of the Mohican, a \$69 backpack by The North Face. **Bottom right:** Liquidmetal golf clubs are made of a unique metal alloy that reduces vibration and transfers more energy from your swing to the ball. In other words, you'll enjoy a softer feel while beating the hell out of that Top Flight. Prices: \$2700 for a set of eight irons, \$595 for the driver, \$400 for the putter and \$900 for the bag.





CHICKEN LITTLE GOES GLOBAL

is the world economy
about to collapse? one renowned skeptic and analyst
explains everything

APOCALYPSE WHEN?

Millennial dread, a feeling that things are going haywire and will surely collapse at the dawn of the next thousand years, is building all around us. On January 1, 2000, we are told, civilization as we know it crashes. Worldwide chaos ensues: a rippling wave of economic destruction. The computers we rely on in homes, offices, banks, stock markets and government suddenly go berserk for a seemingly prosaic reason: They can't read this new date with three zeroes. The technology that now manages our lives sets off global ruin because these wondrous machines think it's 1900, not 2000.

But the Y2K problem has a bright side. If all those records vanish, so may all our debts. It will be as if everyone with a credit card balance, a car loan or a mortgage gets techno-amnesty. Stay tuned.

Whether or not the Y2K glitch actually crashes the system, it is a perfect metaphor for our deepening anxieties about the global economy. Our love-hate relationship with technology resembles the fear-greed tension of financial markets, and economic events are just as bewildering as technology can often be. The accumulating wonder and dread of the approaching millennium is not in your imagination—the global system of commerce and finance really is going haywire. The

ringgit and the baht, the won and rupiah and ruble have, more or less, gone poof. The "miracle economy" of South Korea collapsed abruptly in a heap of bad loans. Interest rates are near zero in Japan and nobody will borrow. That well-known master of the universe George Soros bet wrong on Russia and lost \$2 billion.

Where are we headed? Who really knows? When the titans of industry and finance (as well as government experts) don't seem so sure, it's time to get frightened. What follows is an explanation of the economic fundamentals that are roiling markets, nations and our own lives. Whatever the

crisis of the day, the underlying dynamics of globalization have created an era of adventurous instability. When you understand these dynamics, you can read the newspapers without getting dizzy.

CHIPS RULE

We are in the midst of an industrial revolution. Everything is changing, and every change seems to accelerate more change.

The upheaval of an industrial revolution always begins with human ingenuity and invention (e.g., a new machine, a new power source that replaces or augments human labor). As enterprise learns how to apply these new inventions to production, the status quo is upended—rendered obsolete—as are existing social and commercial arrangements. Something similar is under way now, a creative explosion that ruthlessly destroys the old (companies, jobs, social stability) as it creates the new (products, producers, wealth).

Our revolution began 40 years ago with the invention of the silicon chip (by two Americans working independently, Jack Kilby at Texas Instruments and Robert Noyce at Fairchild). It took two generations, but semiconductors—the operating mechanisms planted in car windows, telephones, nuclear rockets—are ubiquitous. They run assembly



by William Greider

lines and financial spreadsheets. They make cell phones and the Internet possible, to say nothing of worldwide financial panic.

Semiconductor chips are the oil of this industrial revolution, but unlike oil, this power source is becoming steadily more powerful. Moore's Law (a rule of thumb first articulated in 1965 by Gordon Moore of Intel) holds that the computing capacity of the memory chip will quadruple every three years as new technological applications manage to store more data in a smaller space. Thirty years later, this fantastic pace of multiplying power is still being maintained. A decade from now a single chip will have the capacity to hold 6 million pages of text.

The point is this: Moore's Law rules our world, especially stock markets and currencies, major corporations and governments. As computing power keeps expanding, it leads to new and more dazzling inventions, sweeping aside whatever seemed new a few years before. The pace of change fuels the fierce global price-cost competition and produces perilous surprises even at the largest companies. This revolution probably won't subside to normal until Moore's Law exhausts the physical possibilities of the chip. Technologists disagree on how soon this will occur, but it probably won't be for another 15 or 20 years.

So where are we now? The debate between cheerleaders and critics is about whether the world is on the brink of a new golden age of prosperity or careening toward some sort of cataclysm. I am of the Chicken Little school myself, because I know how troubled and tragic the 20th century's road to progress was. The last industrial revolution spawned decades of social strife and bloody conflict, including two world wars, the Depression and the breakdown of the international trading system. We can avoid repeating that terrible history, but now I think the world is flirting with another disaster.

HOT MONEY

A century ago, American banks relied on gold reserves, and if they got into trouble, they had to ask Europe to lend them more gold. It took two weeks for the gold shipments to cross the Atlantic. Lots of banks failed while waiting for their boat to arrive. Modern telecommunications have changed all that and have created a radical figure—the truly global investor who can monitor markets everywhere around the world, in real time, and instantly move money anywhere in huge volumes. The result is the random frenzy of hot money, a daily torrent that sloshes in and out of nations like riptides, searching for the

highest return. In the past ten years the volume of cross-border financial transactions—stocks, bonds, currencies and exotic derivatives—has exploded. More than \$1.2 trillion flows through currency markets every day. This rush of capital has become an unpredictable and dangerous force unto itself.

George Soros' Quantum Fund, for example, is both celebrated and feared—and no wonder. A few years ago it was worth \$10 billion and now—depending on the latest news from Russia—is close to \$20 billion. Governments loathe Soros when he attacks their currencies or dumps their bonds. But he's not that big alongside the major international banks and brokerages in New York, Frankfurt, London and Hong Kong that play at the same game. Soros can be awesome because, when he stakes out a provocative position, giant financial institutions often "surf" on his play. If Soros shorts the pound or the franc or the lira, they jump aboard too. That grossly magnifies the force of his market position and makes it more likely he will prevail.

"George Soros calls the bluff of governments," explains Robert Johnson, a former Soros partner. "Their job is to pretend that they're in control, but he represents a force that blows away that illusion."

Indeed, in our industrial revolution, global finance of the Soros sort plays the role of Robespierre—a stern enforcer who punishes corporations and countries, even entire regions if they seem to stray from correct principles of maximizing returns. If major private bankers and brokers gang up, they can mobilize more combined firepower in currency markets than can the leading central banks, including the Federal Reserve. The UK spent \$20 billion in September 1992 trying to reverse Soros' assault on the pound, and lost it all. Many Asians believe (though Soros denies it) that his firm launched the unraveling of Thailand's baht almost two years ago—a devaluation that spread country by country and became the global currency crisis.

Titans such as Soros follow their own esoteric strategies, but the broad ranks of investors (and bankers, for that matter) act more like a herd of cattle—easily spooked and stampeded. When the herd turns and runs, the trampled nations are left in the dust—their currencies smashed, their economies collapsed by the sudden withdrawal of credit. The consequence of unregulated global finance is neither efficiency nor stability but recurring crises.

Without capital controls, governments are defenseless against panics that surge through the global financial system—especially the poorer nations

struggling to industrialize. An otherwise vibrant economy can be smashed in an instant, punishing millions of innocent bystanders for someone else's folly.

These episodes are occurring now with greater frequency and a deepening scale of destruction. Since spring 1997, when Thailand failed (followed by Malaysia and Indonesia), the negative current of reckless capital has roamed the globe, collecting more victims and finally jolting America's own smugness. In elite economic and financial circles, the same question is asked each time another currency tanks: Could this be the Big One?

THE GLOBAL JOBS AUCTION

Is your job safe? Let me tell you what I saw during a visit to a Motorola plant outside Kuala Lumpur, and you make the call. The female Malaysian employees were all dressed in the chaste tradition of Islam—ankle-length dresses and head scarves—when they arrived for the afternoon shift. They nodded shyly when the American manager, a tall and cordial Texan, greeted them with a hearty "Good afternoon, ladies." Minutes later the women emerged from a changing room looking like moon walkers—enveloped in white jumpsuits, soft white boots on their feet and bonnets over their heads, their faces nearly covered by surgical masks.

The women went into a sealed, dust-free assembly room, where every day they manufacture the semiconductor chips that are the central artifact of the global revolution and that show up often in our lives. The workers typically migrated from the poverty of rural villages in search of wages.

The disparity between ancient and modern is breathtaking but quite routine in the global economy. During my travels around the world, I regularly saw people from remote locations turning out the most advanced goods. It's exhilarating to witness but also chilling, because the threat to high-wage workers in the U.S. is obvious.

The U.S. semiconductor industry started moving assembly plants to Malaysia (among other places that are offshore) two decades ago when Japan, thanks to advanced automation, cut production costs and intensified competition. Motorola, Intel and others decided to counter the threat with cheaper labor.

The Malaysian government was happy to become an export platform and struck deals that had long-term political and social implications. In addition to offering tax concessions, for example, it promised that Malaysian workers would not be allowed to organize unions or bargain collectively for



Dedini

"Remember, Ebenezer, a fat-free Christmas is no fun at all!"

better pay.

Eventually Japan's leading electronics companies joined Americans in off-loading assembly work on Malaysia's industrial zones. The Japanese have a worrisome name for the process of dispersing manufacturing jobs to low-wage countries—*kudoka*, or “hollowing out.” Now, more than half of Sony's employees work outside Japan.

When multinationals arrive with their factories, the effect is both liberating and exploitative. The process starts an underdeveloped country up the ladder of industrialization but also puts it on a desperate treadmill. The country must endeavor to be more alluring than poorer nations who bid for the jobs with even cheaper labor and little regard for environmental laws and working conditions.

Malaysia's electronics sector is mature two decades after it started, yet on average its workers still make between \$130 and \$150 a month. They are still prohibited from organizing labor unions (though unions have long existed in other sectors). When the Malaysian labor minister suggested a few years ago that this ban be lifted, some American companies threatened to leave. The government backed off.

The experience has underscored how global the job auction is. If Malaysian women can be taught to make U.S. semiconductor chips, then Alabamians can learn how to make a Mercedes. In 1993 the state of Alabama dumped lavish sums on Daimler-Benz to secure a new Mercedes factory with 1500 jobs for Tuscaloosa. The subsidies amounted to roughly \$200,000 per job.

Daimler, in turn, warned its German autoworkers in Stuttgart to soften their demands—or perhaps lose their jobs to those low-wage workers in the American South. Another lesson about the dynamics of globalization became clear: Multinationals can extract money and other concessions from labor unions and local governments by agreeing not to move to China, Mexico, Hungary or Poland.

So is your job safe? The newspapers often carry seemingly reassuring advice from financial pundits. It's a plausible mantra: Get more education and improve your skills, and you'll be OK. But when you hear such advice I suggest you remember this: The dispersal that moves jobs from high-wage labor markets to cheaper ones began with traditional low-end, low-wage assembly work—shirts and shoes and toys. But the process has long since focused on sophisticated skills and advanced technologies. In India, for instance, a software engineer will work for \$12,000 a year to accomplish a task that pays an American counterpart close to \$70,000.

(Plus, the bilingual Indian speaks English.) Bangalore is flourishing as a global center of cheap computer professionals. Australia has similar ambitions for its electronics engineers.

In Shanxi Province, China, I visited Xian Aircraft Corp., where 20,000 workers make everything from Ferris wheels to jet bombers for the People's Liberation Army (which effectively owns Xian Aircraft). The machinists at XAC also make tail sections for Boeing 737s (work normally done in Wichita, Kansas), as well as Volvo buses, components for Airbus planes and various products subcontracted for Mitsubishi and other Japanese multinationals.

The powerful lesson in globalization dynamics was that the arrangement wasn't just about cheap labor. Boeing also traded American jobs for guaranteed sales to China's booming aircraft market. The deal offended advocates of free trade and illuminated yet another globalization dynamic: Ad hoc, short-run deals with profit as the only consideration will overcome most opposition. American labor unions, for example, objected to the loss of jobs, but the Chinese machinists at XAC earn about \$60 a month, compared with \$4000 for a Boeing worker in the U.S. The work done in China passes FAA inspections. Someday, XAC managers tell you cheerfully, they intend to build Chinese 737s and sell them to the world. Boeing managers say the Chinese are getting closer to their goal every day.

The economic forces that closed so many U.S. factories in the Eighties are building up again. If and when the crippled Asian economies stage a recovery, they will get well by taking another big bite out of U.S. and European manufacturing. Their cheap exports will grab market shares and make the U.S. trade deficit explode again. That will close more factories in the U.S. and, at a minimum, wipe out as many as 1 million of our prime manufacturing jobs.

That's the good news. The bad news would be that nobody gets well in Asia, not for a long time. And the rest of us get sick too.

SCARY SCENARIOS

Forget the “Asian contagion” metaphor. It's worse than that. The slow-motion crisis working its way around the world, randomly collapsing financial markets or otherwise healthy economies, has ensnared both rich and poor nations. Like it or not, we are all in this together.

What does the future hold? Some scenarios invoke 1929 and worldwide depression. Let's not be hasty but instead remember how the present crisis

got started. Investment fled from Asian markets in mid-1997, when “hot money” collided with what businessmen call overcapacity. Overcapacity is easy to understand—there are simply too many factories chasing too few consumers. After 20 years of explosive investment and invention, the world can now produce a staggering volume of goods. What it lacks is enough people with the wherewithal to buy the stuff.

A vivid example of the problem is the car industry. Auto companies worldwide can now make 80 million cars and trucks a year. But the global market of consumers can't buy more than 58 million vehicles. This gap between potential production and consumption—22 million vehicles each year—is larger than the entire North American market.

This same dark cloud hangs over nearly every major industrial sector, from consumer electronics to pharmaceuticals, commercial aircraft, semiconductors and blue jeans. Who will lose market share and be forced to close down? Multinational managers hope it's the other guy. When a company exchanges a high-wage U.S. worker for a cheaper one in Mexico or Malaysia, the global system also loses a high-wage consumer.

This looks good for the company's bottom line, but when the trend of depressing wages persists generally over two decades, it “hollows out” the prosperity. Henry Ford witnessed this principle in 1913 and decided to pay his assembly workers \$5 a day. When he was criticized, Ford explained it as sound business. An industrial system cannot endure, he warned, if its workers can't afford to buy the things they make.

Economists generally ignore overcapacity (and its victims), believing that markets are self-correcting and will eventually come into balance. If the cars aren't sold, reduce prices. If there's still too much productive capacity, close some of the older, less efficient factories. That's the normal routine in business. But perhaps the most important dynamic is the irrelevance these days of “normal routine in business.” Perhaps the best way to understand the future is to realize that the orthodoxy itself—the rigid conception of market capitalism that has ruled for the past generation and put the protection of financial values (that is, money and wealth) over more complex and ambiguous human realities—is now crumbling. If my hunch is right, Milton Friedman's grand theory—that markets can rule societies more wisely than mere governments can—is in the first stages of crack-up. The theory did not predict what is currently happening

(concluded on page 231)



SEX STARS OF THE CENTURY

the 100 beautiful women
who made
this century sizzle

appreciation by **D. KEITH MANO**

As the millennium approaches, people try to get you to think about the best books you didn't read, the best speeches you never heard and the best movies you never saw. Not us. We want you to think about something close to your heart. There are women you think are pretty. There are women you think are beautiful. And then there are women you think about for the rest of your life. That's why we decided to take the helpful step and name those inspiring creatures. How many truly magical women have walked the planet this century? We declare there are a nice round 100 and are so bold as to rank them. *(text continued on page 214)*

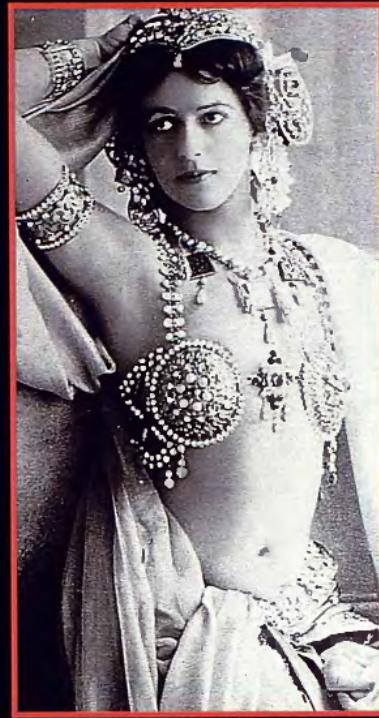


100. LILLIAN MÜLLER



97. DOLLY PARTON

99. MATA HARI



98. BLAZE STARR



96. DEDE LIND



95. KATARINA WITT



94. CARROLL BAKER



93. FAY WRAY



92. DIANA DORS



91. MARILYN CHAMBERS

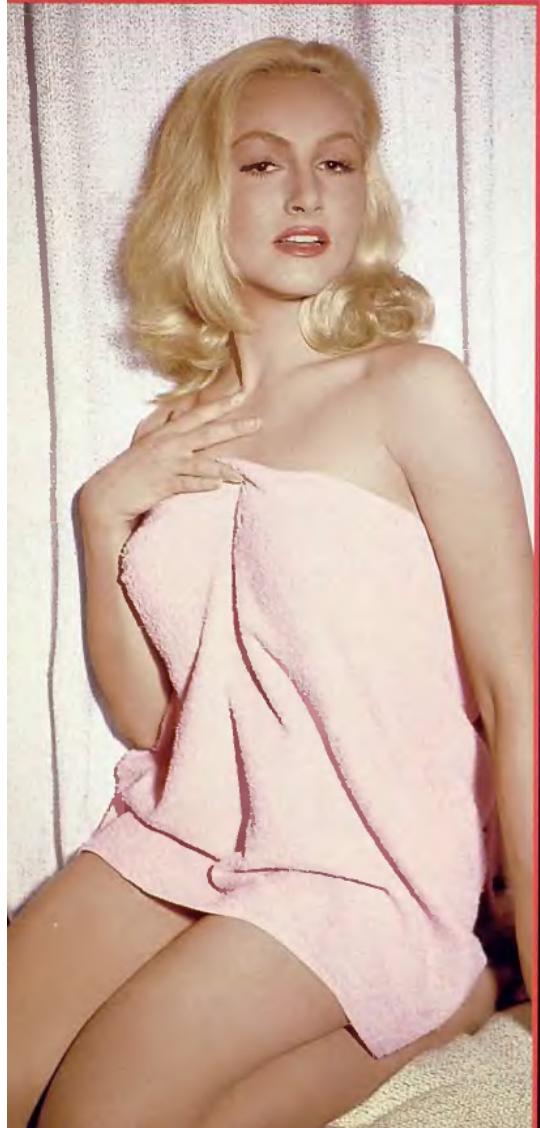


89. TERRY MOORE

90. LYNDY CARTER



88. JULIE NEWMAR



87. LOUISE BROOKS



86. JACQUELINE BISSET



85. LONI ANDERSON



84. JOAN CRAWFORD



82. GENE TIERNEY



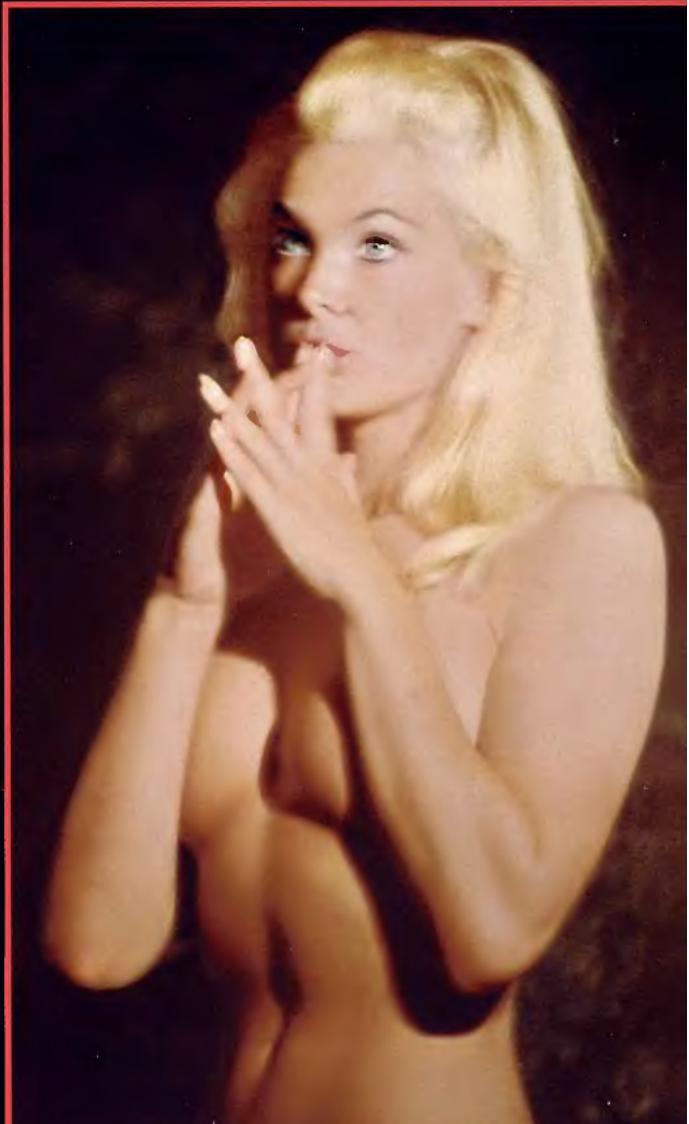
83. JANET PILGRIM



81. SHANNON TWEED



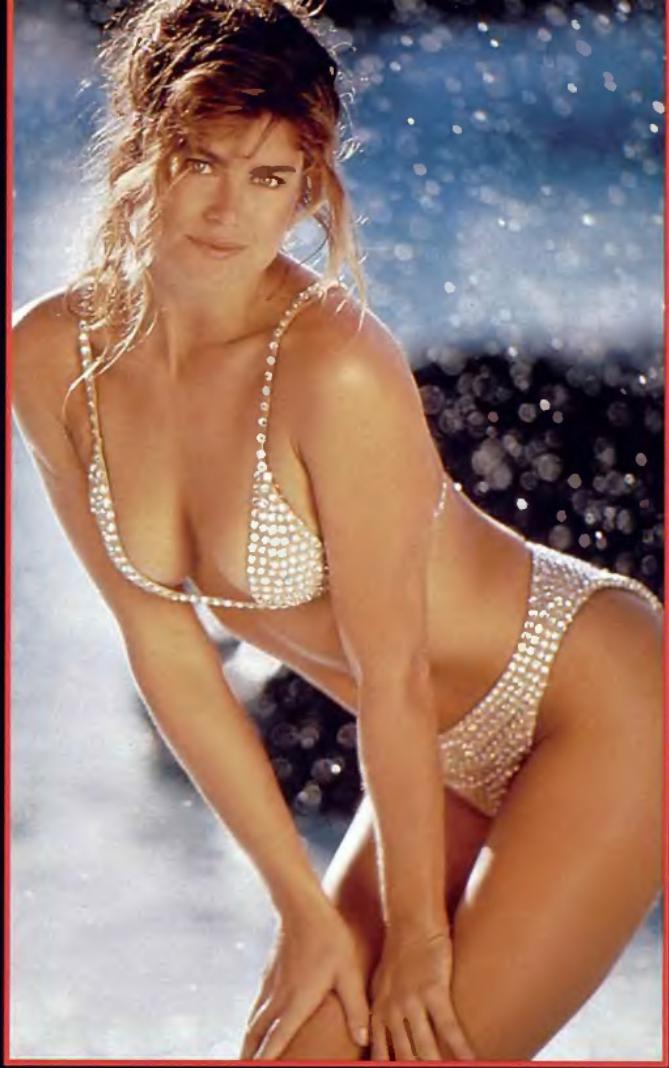
80. LINDA EVANS



79. LENA HORNE



78. GYPSY ROSE LEE



77. LIV LINDELAND



76. KATHY IRELAND



75. DIANA RIGG

74. CYNTHIA MYERS



73. IRISH MCCALLA

72. CHERYL TIEGS

71. JANET JACKSON



70. PAULINA PORIZKOVA



68. ANNA NICOLE SMITH

69. LILI ST. CYR



67. AVA GARDNER



66. DEMI MOORE



65. NAOMI CAMPBELL

63. SALLY RAND



62. PATTI MC GUIRE

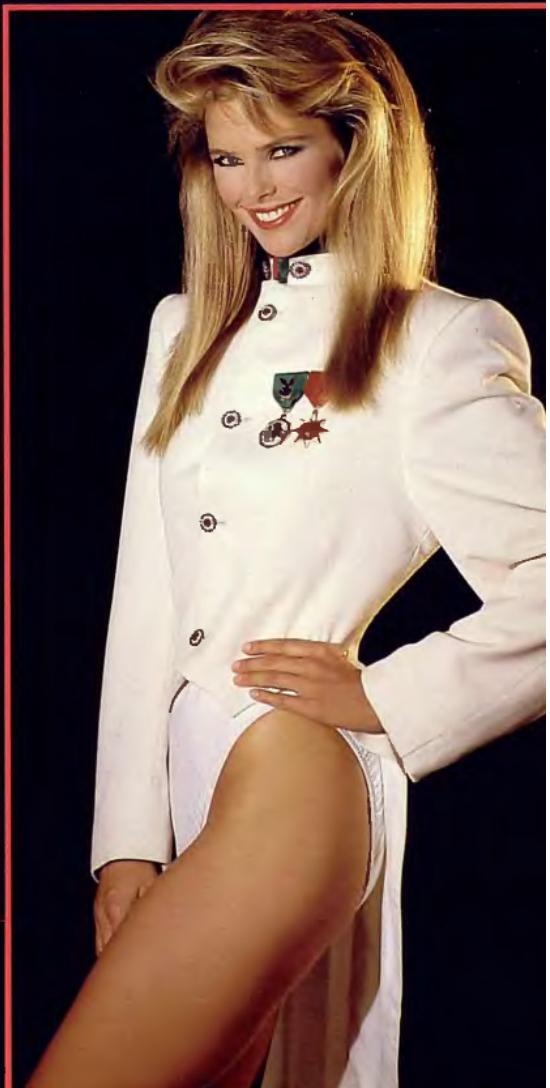


64. MICHELLE PFEIFFER

61. STEPHANIE SEYMOUR



60. CHRISTIE BRINKLEY



59. CLAUDIA SCHIFFER



58. BARBARA EDEN



57. TEMPEST STORM

56. BARBI BENTON



55. DOROTHY STRATTEN



53. CHRISTA SPECK



50. SUZANNE SOMERS



52. THEDA BARA

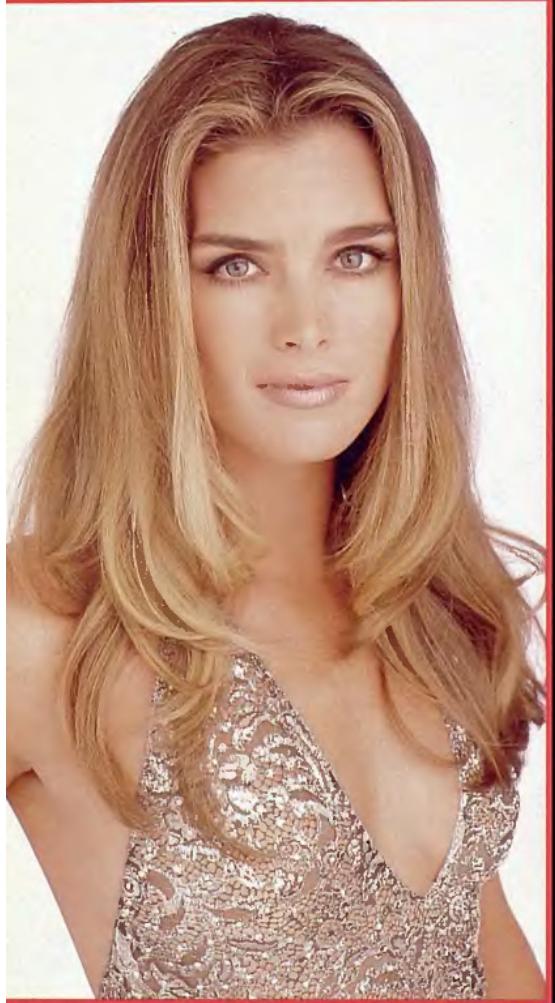


51. GRETA GARBO



54. VANNA WHITE

49. BROOKE SHIELDS



47. HALLE BERRY



46. DONNA MICHELLE

48. CANDY BARR



45. CATHERINE DENEUVE



44. MAE WEST



43. HEDY LAMARR



42. ANGIE DICKINSON



41. JOSEPHINE BAKER



39. CANDY LOVING

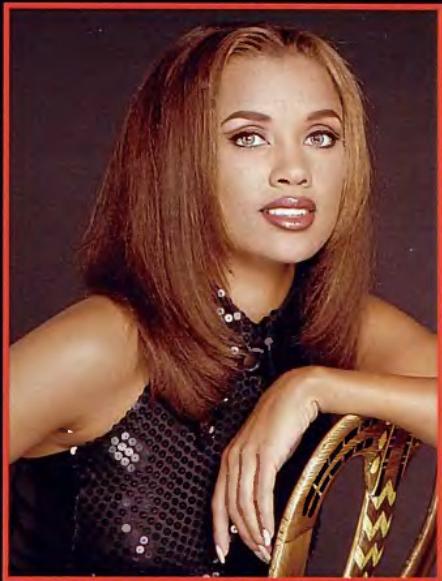


40. CLARA BOW



38. JOAN COLLINS

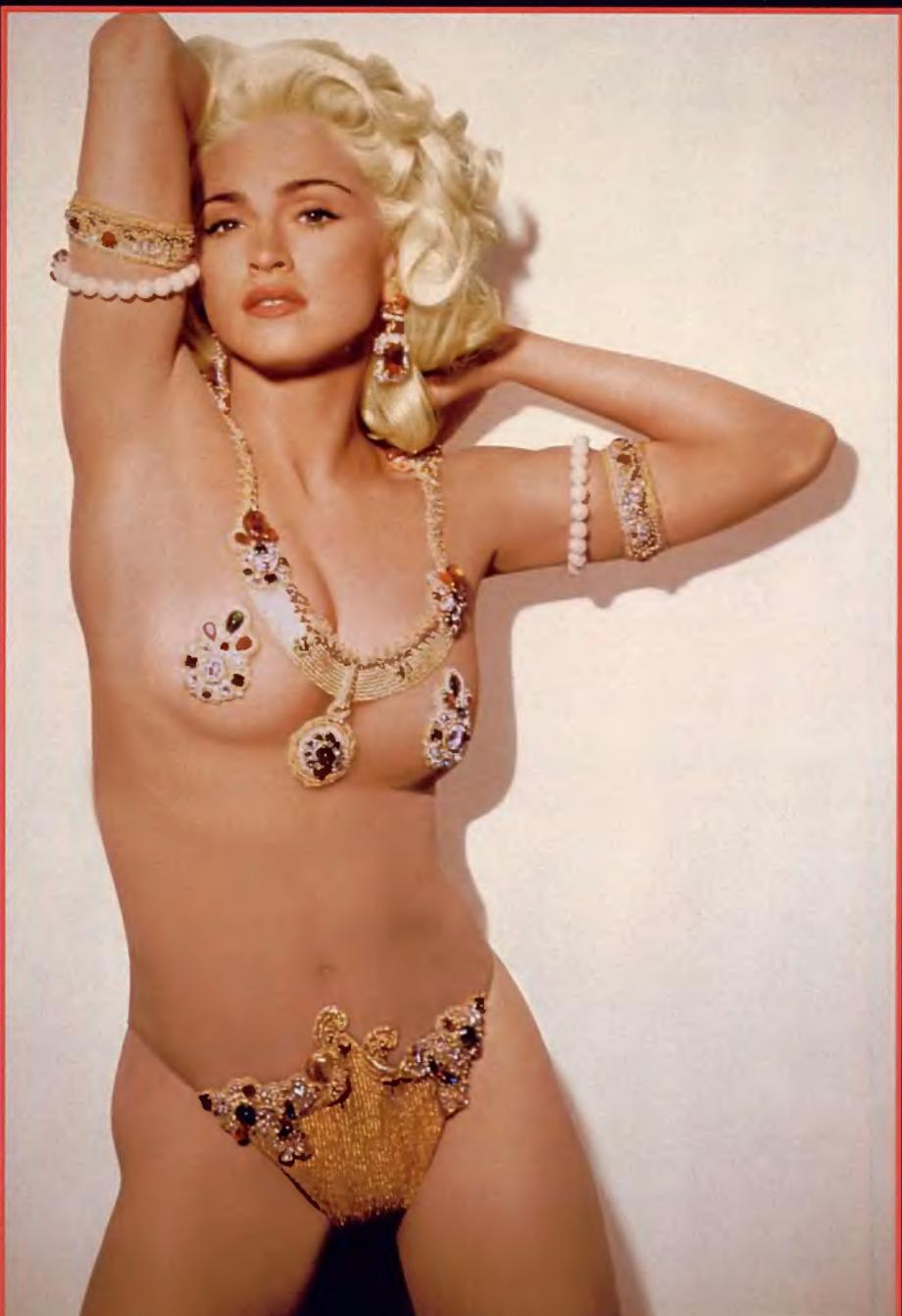
37. VANESSA WILLIAMS



36. HEATHER LOCKLEAR



35. MADONNA



34. LINDA LOVELACE



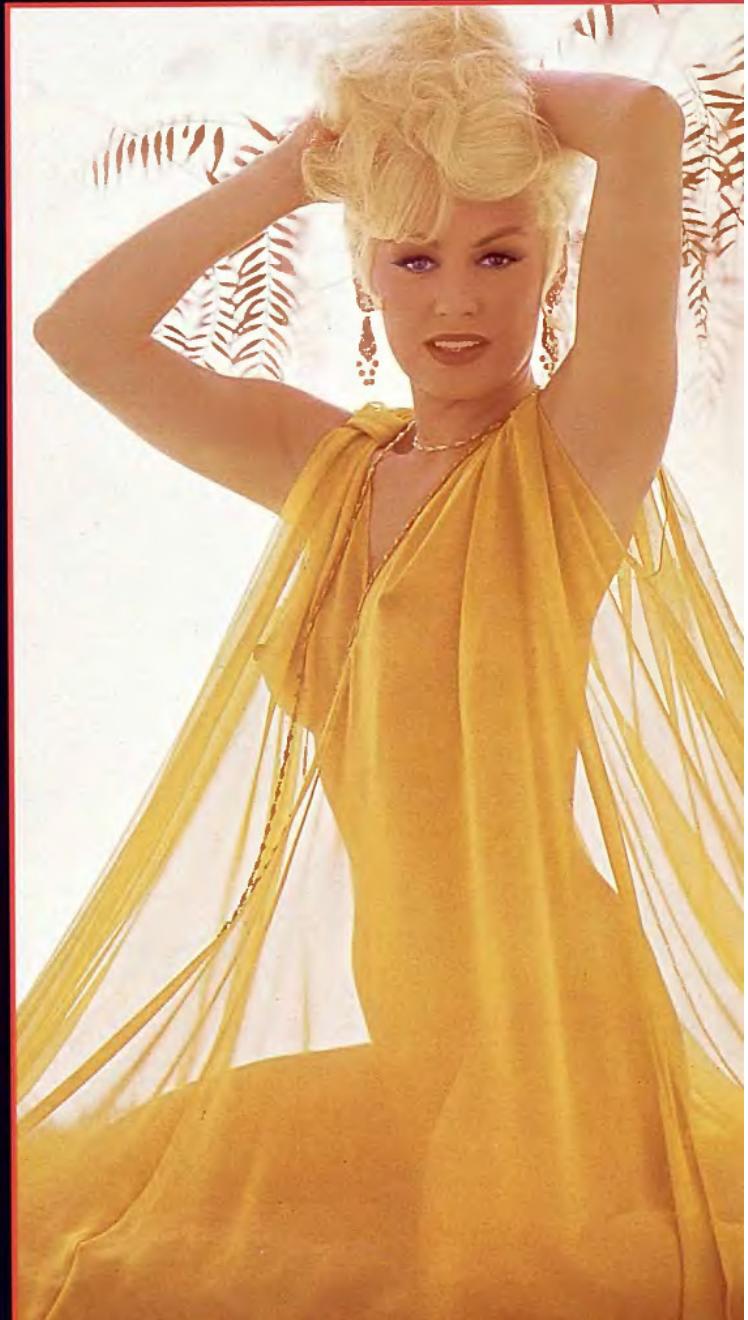


33. BETTIE PAGE

32. MARLENE DIETRICH



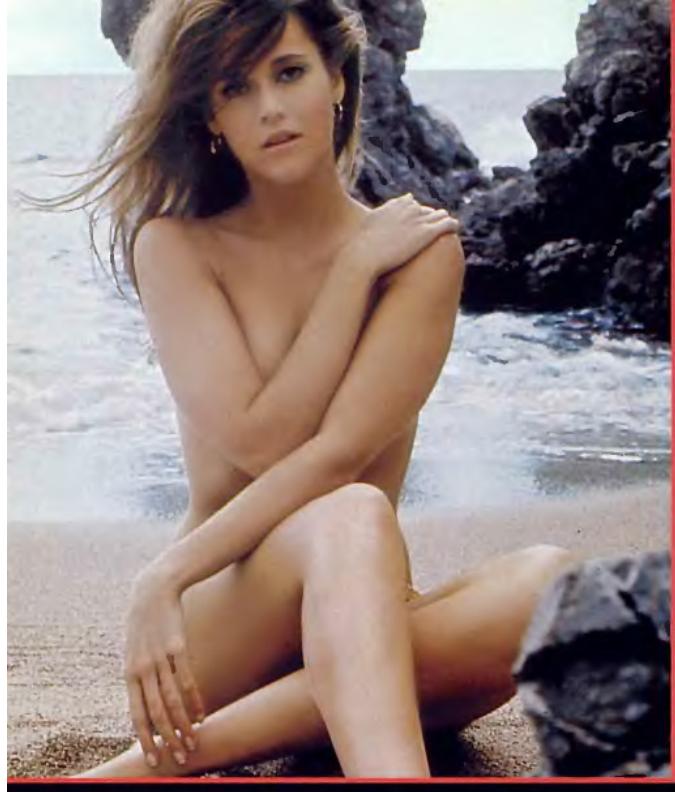
29. MAMIE VAN DOREN



31. ELKE SOMMER



30. JUNE WILKINSON



28. JANE FONDA



27. STELLA STEVENS



26. GRACE KELLY

24. SHARON STONE



25. LANA TURNER



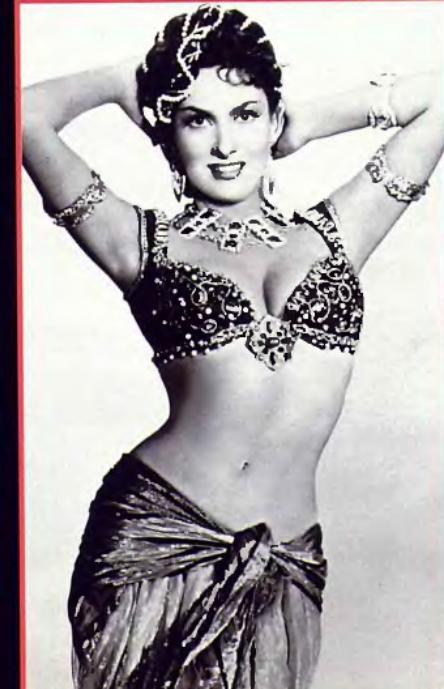
23. ELLE MACPHERSON



21. EVELYN NESBIT



20. GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA



22. JANE RUSSELL



19. URSULA ANDRESS



18. KIM NOVAK



17. BETTY GRABLE



16. FARRAH FAWCETT



15. JENNY McCARTHY



14. ANITA EKBERG

12. KIM BASINGER

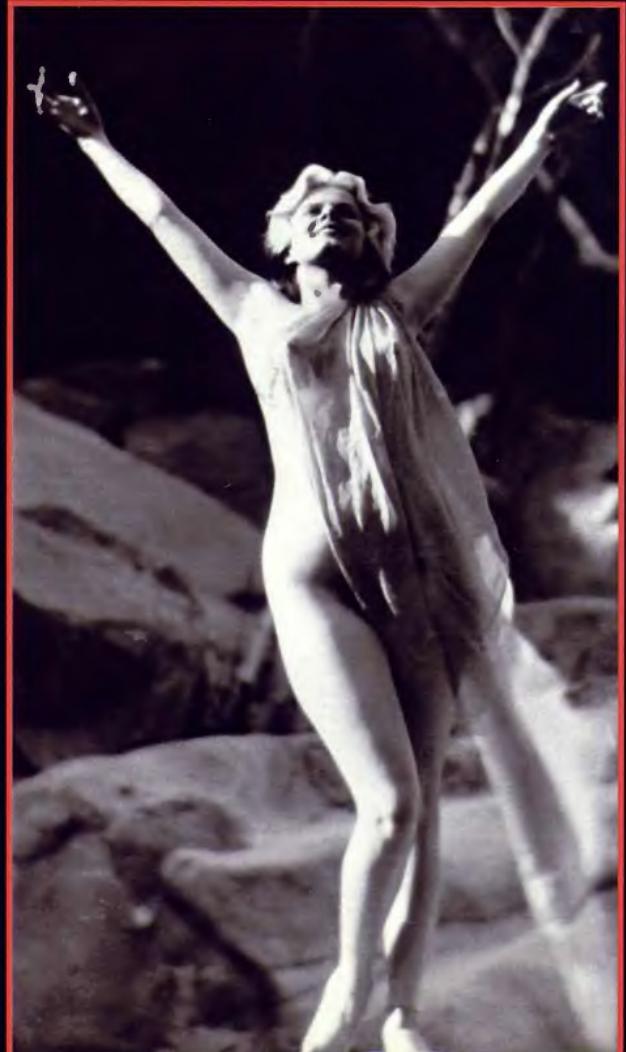
13. ANN-MARGRET



11. RITA HAYWORTH



10. JEAN HARLOW



9. BO DEREK



8. PAMELA ANDERSON



5. CINDY CRAWFORD



7. ELIZABETH TAYLOR



6. SOPHIA LOREN



4. BRIGITTE BARDOT



3. RAQUEL WELCH



2. JAYNE MANSFIELD





1. MARILYN MONROE



"Look, Daddy, I'm Santa Claus."

TOM CLANCY'S NET FORCE

GETTING YOURSELF—or some illegal object—into a secure area when you weren't supposed to was not as hard as most people would like to believe. Offhand, the Selkie knew of at least four ways to smuggle a firearm onto a plane, even without resorting to a ceramic one like the little pistol she now had tucked into the waistband of her pantyhose. The pistol was a three-shooter with triple-stack two-inch barrels. The weapon had been illegally made in Brazil for their foreign service operatives from the same hard ceramic the Japanese had developed for those ever-sharp kitchen knives. The caliber was 9mm short, and the ammo was caseless boron-epoxy, no cartridges, fired by a rotating piezoelectric igniter. The propellant was a more stable variation of solid rocket fuel. The thing even had a rudimentary rifling in the trio of snub-nosed barrels, though the bullets were light enough so long-range target shooting wasn't an option. The piece had a 20-meter effective accuracy range; outside that, it was fire and hope you had a patron deity if you wanted to hit anything on purpose.

At close range, the nonmetal gun would kill a man as dead as the biggest steel cowboy six-shooter ever made.

The gun had been cast in two main pieces, barrels and frame; the pivots, hinges, screw, trigger and firing mechanism were also ceramic. In theory, the weapon could be reloaded and used again, but in practice, it was a throwaway. Once it had fired its initial load, the internal ceramics got a little fragile. It made a lot more sense to use a new gun than risk having the old one misfire at a critical moment. The trivalent metalloid boron in the three composite bullets contained less metal than a tooth filling. The piece wouldn't pass a hard-object scan, but standing on its end it would likely skate by a fluoroscanner because it didn't look like a gun from that angle, and it would go through any standard security metal detector. *(continued on page 172)*



the selkie was a beautiful, deadly killing machine, stalking her prey through the pentagon



TRIAL RUN FOR THE ULTIMATE NEW YEAR'S EVE

Think of New Year's Eve 1998 as a dress rehearsal for the Big One next year. Use this December 31 to practice your partying. Want to dance and drink on an aircraft carrier or celebrate the millennium twice, once in Fiji and once in Los Angeles? We'll

tell you how. Plus, there's our guide to the best babe bars nationwide, a primer on how to open a bottle of champagne properly (and improperly), four suggestions on how to cure a hangover and tips on where to get away from it all if the hoopla becomes too much.

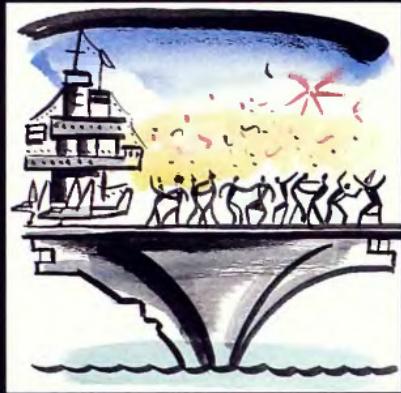
BY JOHN MARIANI, LARRY OLMSTED AND CHRIS SANTILLI

THREE OFF-THE-WALL PARTIES

The aircraft carrier *Intrepid*, docked on the Hudson River at West 46th Street in Manhattan, is the landing spot for 2500 black-tie fun seekers who can eat, drink and dance while admiring F-14s. Cost of a ticket is

\$135 (if bought by December 14th). • With all the lobster you can eat, an open bar, lavish entertainment and a clothes-optional hot tub, New Year's Eve at the Hedonism II resort in Jamaica sure isn't Sheboygan. Price: about \$3500 per

couple for a seven-day stay, not including air. • Toga Joe, a New Jersey man known for hosting outrageous toga and lingerie parties, is throwing his first New Year's bash. No one knows the location until tickets (\$200 per couple—includes an open bar and gourmet buffet) are bought, but it will be somewhere in central New Jersey. Though the dress code is formal, activities aren't. Highlights include a screaming orgasm contest. Winners receive tickets to Toga Joe's next party.



BARS FOR A LAST-MINUTE SCORE

New York, The Monkey Bar (60 East 54th Street): The restaurant is fine, but on New Year's Eve you want to be up front at the bar surrounded by tanned and tailored New York women. *Washington, D.C.*, D.C. Coast (1401 K Street NW): The city's beautiful female power-players recharge here, and no wonder—there are mirrors galore and a bar menu that features a dozen cognacs. *Philadelphia*, Rouge 98 (205 South 18th Street): A cozy boîte with velvet armchairs and a waitstaff as gorgeous as anyone who might walk through the door. *Miami Beach*, Red Square (411 Washington Avenue): The hottest spot in town is a send-up of Russian iconography. Join lanky models doing vodka shots at the bar. *Chicago*, Pasha (642 North Clark): This lavish place is so hip it has a champagne bar in the ladies' john. *Beverly Hills*, Crustacean (9646 Little Santa Monica Boulevard): Think of a B-movie set in Saigon. Add a 20-martini bar menu, and nobody goes home alone.



WHERE TO CELEBRATE NEW YEAR'S EVE TWICE

Sydney, Australia to Hawaii: If anybody knows how to party it's the Aussies, but you'll have plenty of time to sober up before catching your 10:45 A.M. Qantas flight and starting all over in Honolulu.

• What could be better than New Year's in Fiji? Doing it again in Los Angeles. From the plane, you'll see Encounter, the flying saucer-shaped restaurant that sits on stilts 110 feet high at LAX. Go straight to the bar for martinis in this surprisingly hip nightspot. • **Auckland, New Zealand to Tahiti:** After celebrating the New Year kiwi style, you'll cross the international date line going east just in time for another New Year's

party in Papeete. • **Portugal and Spain:** Portugal is an hour behind neighboring Spain, so pick any town along the hundreds of miles of shared border and have a swell time. • **Puerto Vallarta, Mexico:**

When the clock strikes 12, head north for the state of Nayarit and the town of Tepic, because Puerto Vallarta sits just south of the time line. • **Gambler's New Year's:** The time line runs the length of the Nevada border. Raise a longneck in Bullhead City, Arizona before proceeding to Laughlin, Nevada to toast the craps table. Or start in St. George, Utah for a Mormon New Year's and then head to Mesquite, Nevada.



FIVE THINGS TO DO IF YOU HATE NEW YEAR'S PARTIES

Go skiing: While everyone else is drinking champagne, you'll be drinking champagne powder. Enjoy miles of trails at Tahoe's Squaw Valley, or shred, ski or snowbike under the stars at Adventure Ridge on the summit of Vail. In the east, there's New Hampshire's Whaleback or Vermont's Stowe.

Hit the ground running: New Year's Eve footraces range from easy five-Ks to the punishing Marathon Six-Pack in Vandalia, Ohio, half a dozen full marathons in a row from the day after Christmas through New Year's Eve. **Catch a train:** Luxury train travel is making a comeback, and the best holiday itinerary is on the Eastern & Oriental Express. Think of it as a cruise ship on rails and spend New Year's Eve between Bangkok and Singapore. The Presidential Suite includes a dressing room, bathroom and complimentary bar.

Head south of the border: When Andy Garcia wooed Meg Ryan in *When a Man Loves a Woman*, where did he take her? To La Casa Que Canta, "the house that sings," terraced into the cliffs above Zihuatanejo, Mexico. There are only 24 suites; request one of the eight with private pools and call room service to order some of the best food in old Mexico. **Spend New Year's with Smokey:** Since spotter aircraft have made observation towers obsolete, the USDA Forest Service has converted more than two dozen into rental lodgings. The best are large, furnished cabins 60 feet above the ground. You can rent one for about \$25 to \$60 a night in Oregon and other states.



HANGOVER HELPERS

Corpse reviver #1: half ounce each of Italian vermouth and calvados, plus one ounce of brandy, stirred with ice and strained into a cocktail glass.

Corpse reviver #2 (if number one doesn't work): half ounce each of Kina Lillet, Cointreau, gin and lemon juice, plus a dash of Pernod, stirred with ice and strained into a cocktail glass.

D.R. Harris & Co.'s Original-Pick-Me-Up: Sold in brown medicinal-looking bottles, this restorer contains camphor, oil of cloves, aromatic ammonia spirit and who knows what else. Dose: one tablespoon in a wineglass with water. Consume slowly.

Bartender magazine's cognac eye-opener: 2 ounces of Rémy Martin cognac, white of one egg, juice of one lemon and half teaspoon of sugar. Shake well with ice and strain into a highball glass. Top with club soda.

HOW TO OPEN CHAMPAGNE

It's New Year's Eve, and you've just spent a C-note on a bottle of vintage Veuve Clicquot La Grande Dame. Here's how to open it so you don't waste a drop: First,

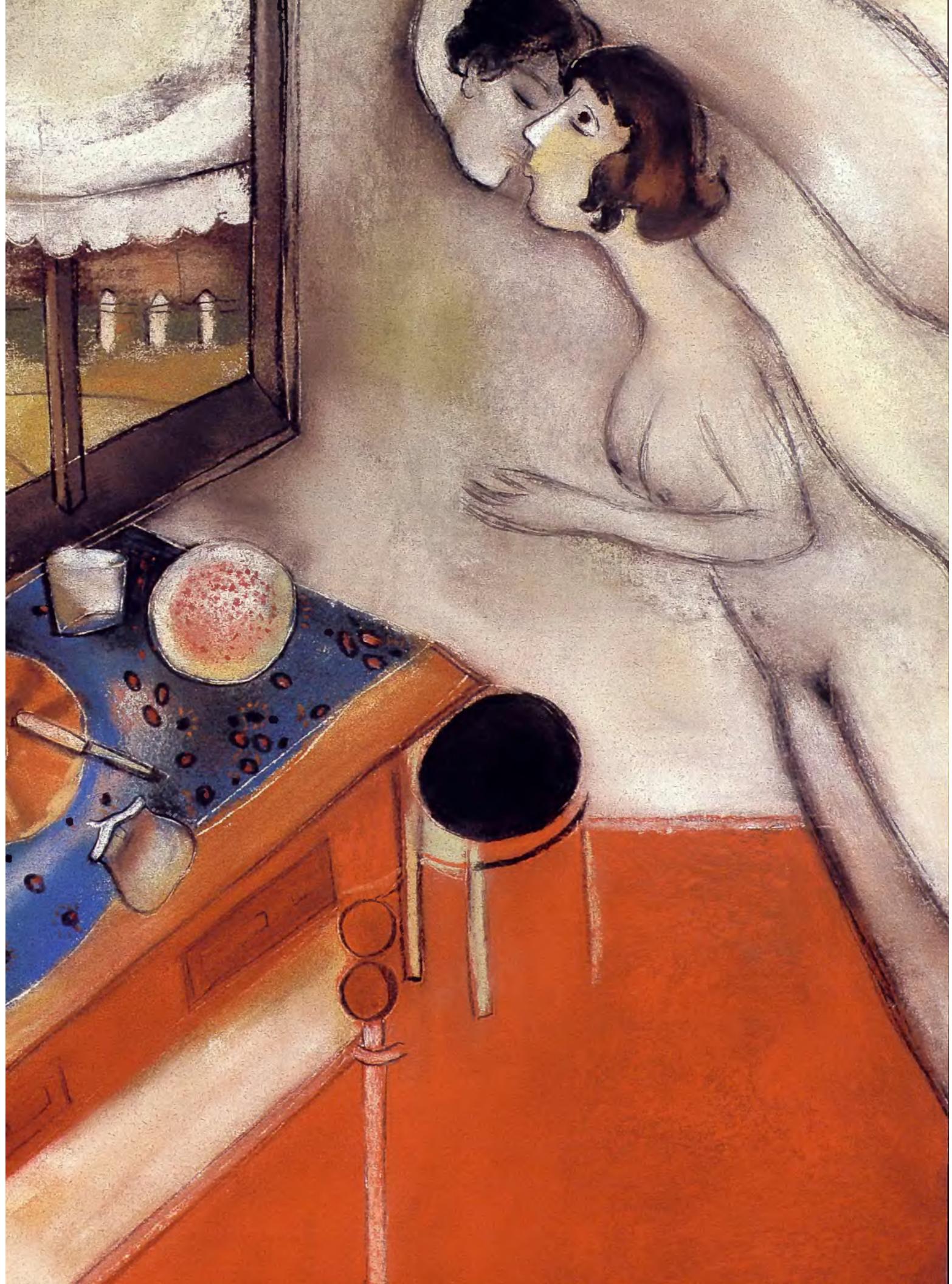
chill the bottle (the warmer the bubbly, the more energetic the bubbles) to about 45 degrees in an ice bucket filled with equal parts ice and water plus two tablespoons of salt. Remove the bottle from the bucket, cut the foil from the top and carefully unwind the wire cage around the cork. (Once the wire's off,

try to keep a thumb over the cork, if possible.) Hold the bottle at a 45-degree angle (a towel helps you get a grip), and twist the bottle—not the cork—to ease the cork from the neck and release a little air. Allow the cork to slide out with a cute pop. Hold each flute (not a saucer-shaped glass) at an angle, and pour champagne until the glass is half-filled. When the head has diminished, fill each glass to two thirds. After you've served yourself, hold your champagne glass by the stem or the base so your hand doesn't warm the bubbly. And forget about using one of those sterling-silver champagne swizzler gizmos that resemble a broken umbrella. They only dissipate the champagne's effervescence, leaving you—or the unlucky recipient of your vigorous swizzing—with a glass of unbubbly bubbly. If



you must shoot foam over everybody at midnight, use a cheap sparkling wine and don't chill it. Shake the bottle, then grab it by the neck and twist the cork to ease it out. With your thumbs, rock the cork back and forth until it pops out with a gunshot bang. Point the bottle over the heads of fellow revelers, scream "Happy New Year," and hope that nobody decides to retaliate.





kosher sex



In this adaptation from his new book, "Kosher Sex: A Recipe for Passion and Intimacy," Rabbi Shmuley Boteach draws on Jewish wisdom and teachings to discuss the holiest of topics. Designed to strengthen marriages, the book is predictably conservative (no masturbation, no premarital sex, no pornography) but is also refreshing in its recognition of the importance and power of sex. The 32-year-old Boteach, who grew up

article By RABBI SHMULEY BOTEACH

in Miami and Los Angeles, moved to England a decade ago to establish an Orthodox student society at Oxford University. "Kosher Sex" was an instant best-seller last year in the UK, prompting plans for a Hebrew edition to be sold in Israel and a Stateside edition that arrives in March. Despite the book's popularity overseas, some Orthodox Jews in the U.S. insist it won't be well received. They call Boteach a publicity

NEED SOME SIZZLE
IN YOUR SEX
LIFE? YOU'RE IN
LUCK. THE RABBI IS
IN, AND HE'S READY
TO SHMOOZE

hound (he prefers "popularizer") who has usurped traditional Jewish modesty. "The Talmud states that matters of marital intimacy should not be discussed before an audience of three or more," one critic complains. This isn't the first time the young Hasidic rabbi, who is married with six children, has caused tsuris. His first book on sex and relationships was "The Jewish Guide to Adultery: How to Turn Your Marriage Into an Illicit Affair"; his next will be "Dating Secrets of the Ten Commandments."

THE WISE MAN AND THE CLEVER MAN

An ancient Jewish aphorism declares that the difference between a wise man and a clever man is that the clever man can extricate himself from a situation in which the wise man would never have gotten himself involved in the first place. Ours is a clever generation, not a wise one. Your sex life has become boring? No problem. Pull out a bullwhip or tie your partner to a lampshade. Better yet, rent blue videos with such searing titles as *Honey, I Accommodated the Entire Neighborhood*. Your husband ignores you? Toss the bum out and get yourself a temporary lover to restore your confidence.

Most of us are crisis workers, not lovers. Nowhere is this more evident than in our attitudes toward sex. Is it something we should do, watch on TV, discuss, ignore, indulge or suppress? Sex at once excites us, compels us, rules us. It also bores us, provoking yawns and serving as the butt of jokes. We take it for granted. Yet sex is the most important means of keeping a man and woman happily under the same roof for a lifetime. Within marriage, sex is not a luxury but a most basic necessity. It is the only human undertaking that, when done right, rids us of inhibition and manifests our essence. It is the ultimate form of knowledge, the greatest joy of life. During sex, we glorify in the art of being and existing rather than becoming and doing. This does not mean it cannot be debased. Indeed, the ancient Jewish mystics were adamant that the loftier the concept, the more it was subject to abuse.

THE WIVES' PLEASURE

Long ago, well before Christianity enacted legislation forbidding its clerics from marrying or having sex, ancient rabbis were giving explicit advice to married men and women as to how they could enjoy pleasurable yet intimate relations. The rabbis made female orgasm an obligation incumbent on every Jewish husband. No man was allowed to use a woman merely for his own gratification.

Rather than offering prescriptive rules about sex, Judaism offers guide-

lines, or what might be called erotic channels of communication. Judaism does not indulge in guilt, harping on one's sexual past or sins. The essence of Jewish thought is *gei veiter*—always move forward. It is not out to condemn man for his sexual nature, but to uplift him from the realm of the animal. Sex is a motion designed to engender deep and lasting emotions.

I write about sex because it is holy. It is as religious a subject as a discussion of belief in God. It is only through sexual congress that a soul is brought into this world, and that a man and a woman merge as one as they were before creation. It is one of the few mystic experiences of life in which we all share. Rather than fighting our nature, we must harness it. Rather than reversing it, we must focus it. Rather than being

The Torah obligates a man to pleasure his wife so that she reaches sexual climax before him.

ashamed of it, we must understand it and develop it to our advantage. In the bedroom we find and experience God through the warmth and closeness of another human being.

Some feminists portray religion as encouraging women to subdue sexual longing. But the Bible conceives of sex within marriage as the woman's right. The Torah obligates a man to pleasure his wife so that she reaches sexual climax before him, and the Bible records the fundamental rights of the married woman as food, clothing, shelter and conjugal relations. The sex must be pleasurable to the woman, the rabbis explain, for without pleasure there is no bonding.

It is for this reason that Iggeret Hakodesh, a 14th century letter written by a sage on the occasion of his son's marriage, encourages a man to exert every effort to pleasure his wife:

- You should begin with words that will draw her heart to you and will set

tle her mind and make her happy.

- Tell her things that will produce in her desire, attachment, love, willingness and passion.
- Win her heart with words of charm and seduction.
- Never have sex with your wife while she is sleepy, for your minds will not be unified.
- Never hasten to arouse her desire.
- Begin in a pleasing manner of love, so that she will achieve satisfaction before you.

We can still learn from this, for one of the things that has most undermined sex in the modern age is the complete focus on the body. In areas of the flesh, men and women are different and cannot achieve harmony. But in areas of the personality and soul, they can become one. This is why pleasure is so central. The body peels away, masks begin to fade and what is left is a vulnerable and feeling human being.

A CRISIS OF INTIMACY

I was once approached by a 24-year-old man who had been married for two years. He and his wife had just had their first child, and his wife now had lost interest in sex. She had even lost her ability to climax, and this made it impossible for him to climax. He spoke of how he had tried this position and that position. He bought her sex manuals and left them on her bed, but she threw them out, calling them smut. Then, to my surprise, he opened a plastic bag and pulled out about ten books on sexual technique, everything from the *Kama Sutra* to *Driving Your Woman Wild in Bed*.

"What are you doing with all this stuff?" I asked.

"What do you mean?" he said. "I'm doing whatever it takes to make our sex life more exciting and to save our marriage."

It soon emerged that the reason his wife seemed so tired was that her husband, the sex guru, had not lifted a finger to help her with the baby. He wanted to be a husband only in the bedroom. Theirs was a crisis of intimacy, not of sex.

Since the publication of *The Joy of Sex* in 1972, we have been flooded with amazing guides promising to provide enough sensual pleasure to send readers careening through the rafters, or your money back. It seems odd that none should offer sex techniques designed to maximize emotional intimacy. To me, it's a startling fact that even if you were to watch a couple in the throes of passion during the most erotic sexual encounter, you would have no way of knowing if they love each other.

(continued on page 222)



PLAYBOY'S 45th ANNIVERSARY PLAYMATE



cowgirl jaime bergman is riding off into the spotlight

A SMALL-TOWN beauty with a yen for horses and a roomful of rodeo ribbons, Utah's Jaime Bergman is fast becoming an urbane cowgirl. Only a few months ago, our 45th Anniversary Playmate left her day job as an office administrator back home, came to Los Angeles and drove straight to the Playboy Mansion to

launch her new career. Now she shares an apartment with 1998 Playmate of the Year Karen McDougal—and in between PLAYBOY photo and video shoots, she's found time to win modeling jobs in commercials and on magazine covers, as well as acting gigs in a TV pilot and a feature film. In other words, she's fast out of the gate. "People al-

ways said I should be in Los Angeles, modeling," she says with a laugh. "So here I am, doing what I was told."

Q: What's your hometown going to think of these photos?

A: I don't know [laughs]. Utah is a Mormon state, and the town is small enough that you pretty much know everybody. But everyone's been really





supportive, even my religious friends. So I think it's going to be OK.

Q: Was your family religious?

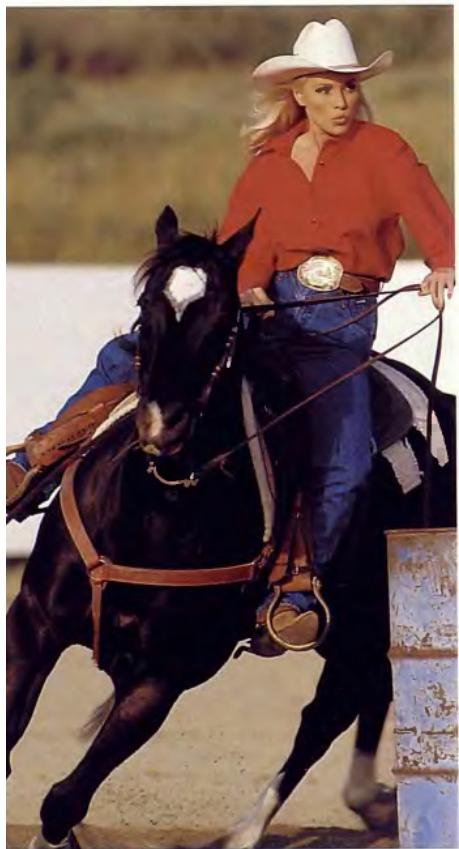
A: No, we never were. My parents divorced when I was three, and for a long time it was just me and my mom. It gave me a chance to become independent, work hard, change the oil, haul the hay, clean the stalls. We had five horses at the time. Now it's up to ten. In fact, my mom and I were out riding when I told her I was going to be in **PLAYBOY**.

Q: And what did she think?

A: Well, once I told her I was going to be a cowgirl in my pictorial, she was excited. She gave me ideas on how to pose and what to wear. I know she would have done the same thing years ago if she had had the opportunity. She's so beautiful.

Q: Were you always passionate about horses?

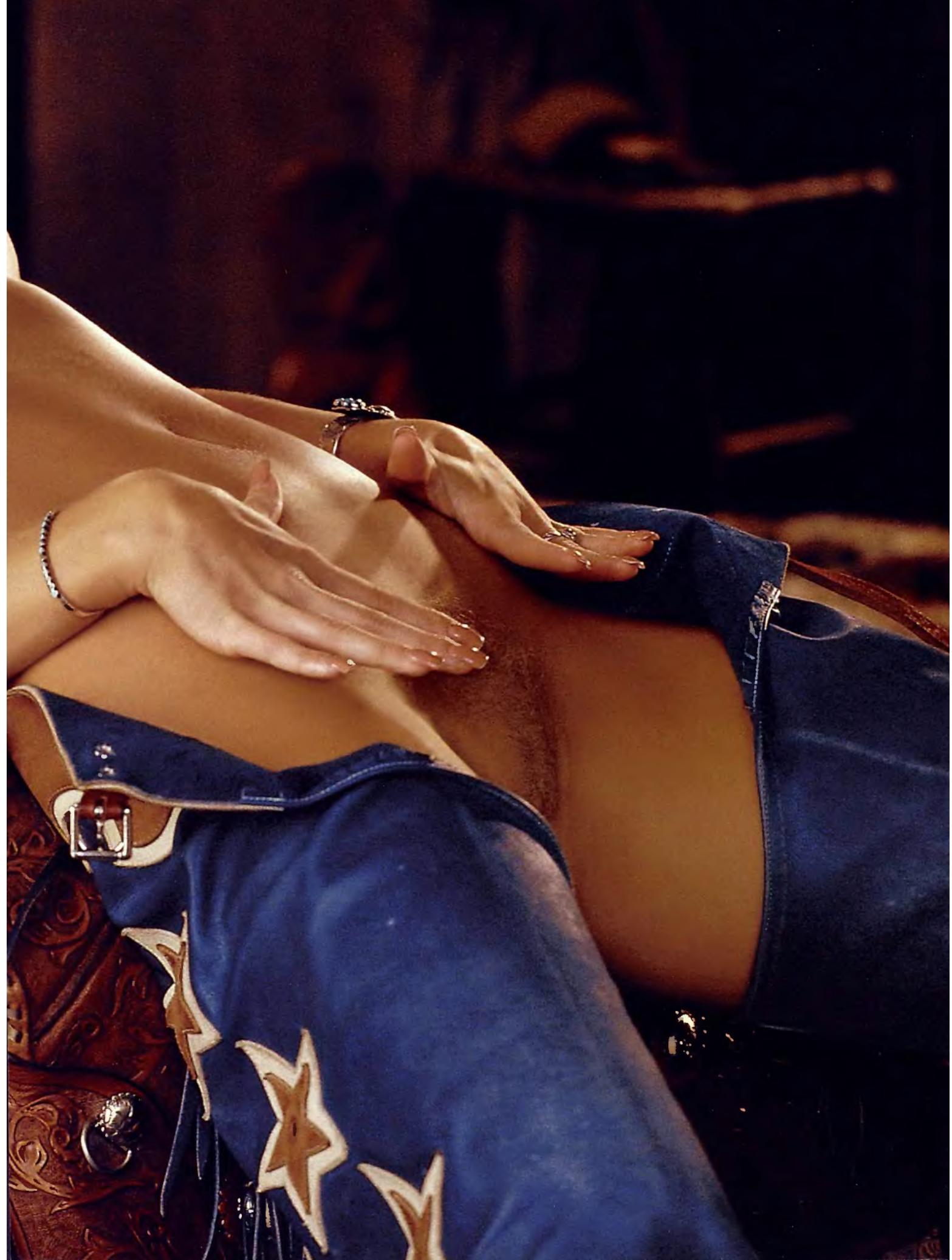
A: Actually, at first I was scared of them, because I had a lot of bad experiences. So I didn't ride for a couple of years. Then a friend of ours gave us a horse



Jaime cuts a stylish figure atop her steed. But for her, rodeo riding was about winning, and not about looking good. "I wasn't into the prissy stuff," she says. "I was into the 'eat my dust' kind of thing." The dust has settled, and she's still a serious rider.









that I just fell in love with. I got more advanced and moved on to riding better horses. Then I competed in high school rodeos with my great horse, Tut. He's a palomino, so people would say, "Look out for the two blondes!" I miss him.

Q: He's back in Utah?

A: Yeah. I really love living in Los Angeles, but if I continue to stay here I'm going to have to find a horse. It's my therapy. All of your problems are gone when you're on a horse.

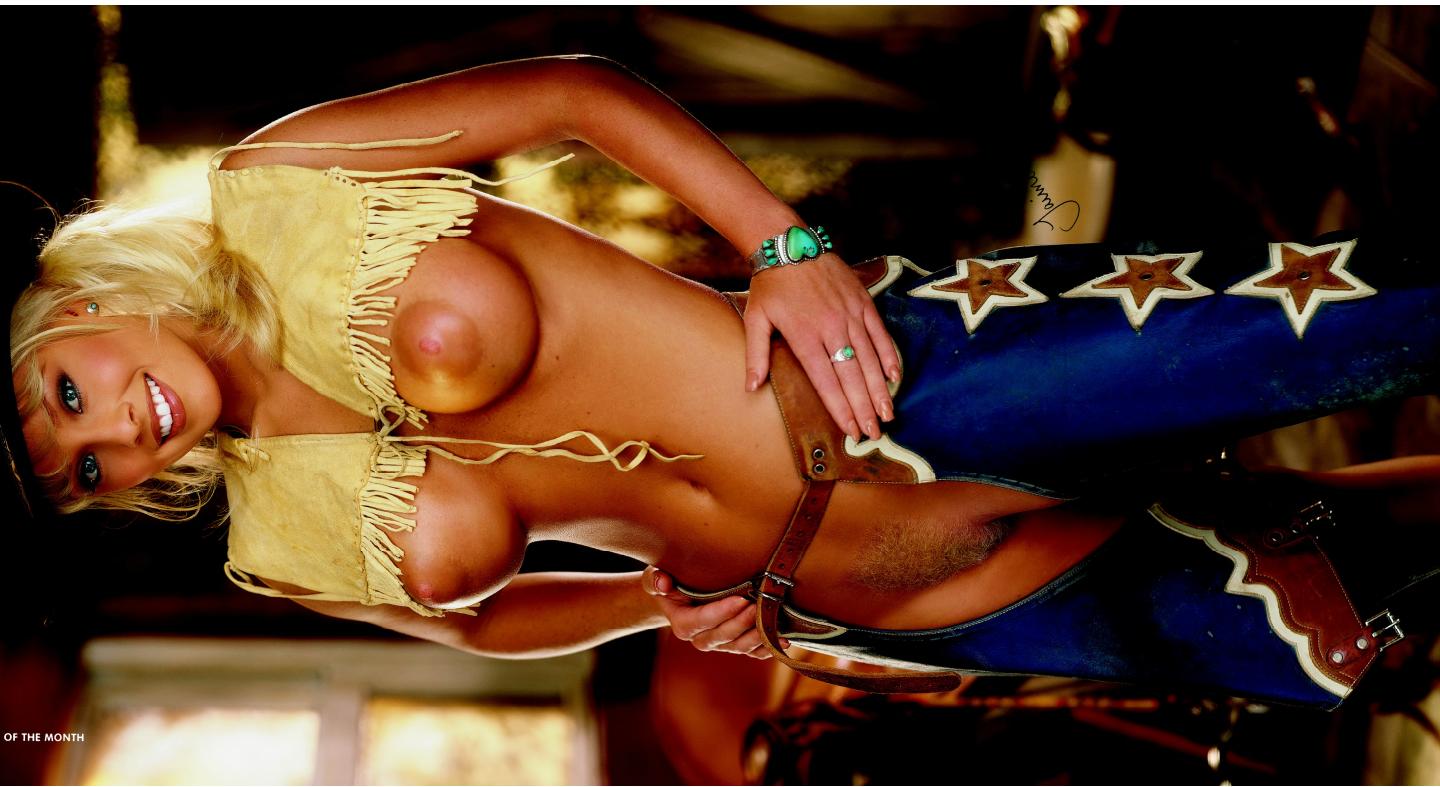
Q: How did you come to pose for *PLAYBOY*?

A: A photographer I met asked me if I'd ever considered it, and I had to admit that I had thought about it, even as a little girl. When I was about six years old I found one of my stepdad's *PLAYBOYS* when my mom was getting ready for work, and I was kind of shocked. I said to my mom, "Why are these girls like this?" And she said, "The human body is a beautiful thing, and that's why they have these women in this magazine." From that time on, I had respect for *PLAYBOY*, and I wondered how it would feel to be one of those girls—to have that life. And now here I am, living the dream.

"At first I was nervous, because they were scrutinizing every detail of my body," says Jaime of the photo sessions. "Then I got so relaxed that when I went home, it felt strange to wear clothes."

MISS JANUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Jaime Bergman

BUST: 34C WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 110

BIRTH DATE: 9.23.75 BIRTHPLACE: Salt Lake City, Utah

AMBITIONS: Acting, have a family and stay healthy, O and independent.

TURN-ONS: Back rubs, bubble baths, a man who has class, a cute smile and a big heart.

TURNOFFS: No sense of humor, disrespect, animal abuse, traffic.

RIDING MY HORSE IS: A challenge, great butt exercise.

BEST ADVICE FROM MOM: Treat people the way you would want to be treated.

A REAL COWGIRL: Isn't afraid to get dirty, knows how to ride and is a little tomboyish.

WHAT MAKES A WOMAN SEXY: A sexy woman has confidence and intelligence and doesn't put anyone down to make herself look better.



Rah! '92

Rodeo Princess '89

Riding
with Mom '93



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A young boy ran down the street looking for a cop. "Please, officer," he cried, "come back to the bar with me. My father is in a fight."

The boy and policeman ran into the bar and saw three guys whaling away at one another. "OK," the cop asked the boy as he separated the combatants, "which one is your father?"

"I don't know," the kid exclaimed. "That's what they're fighting about."

Two blondes walked up to the ticket counter at Grand Central Station. "Can I take this train to Chicago?" the first asked.

"No," the agent replied.

"Can I?" the second blonde asked.



PLAYBOY CLASSIC: As he got older, Joe was increasingly hampered by terrible headaches. He finally came across a doctor who promised to solve the problem. "I can cure your headaches," the medic said, "but it will require castration. You have a rare condition that causes your testicles to press against the base of your spine. The only way to relieve the pressure is to remove the testicles."

Joe was shocked but decided he had no choice but to go under the knife. When he left the hospital he felt like a different person. On impulse he walked into a clothing store and told the salesman he wanted a new suit. The fellow eyed him briefly and said, "Let's see, size 44 long?"

"That's right," Joe replied. "How did you know?"

"It's my job."

Joe tried on the suit and was surprised to find that it fit perfectly. "How about a new shirt?" the salesman suggested. "Thirty-four sleeve, 16½ neck?"

"Right again!" Joe tried on the shirt, and it fit perfectly. As he adjusted the collar the salesman asked, "How about some new underwear? Let's see, size 36?"

"No," Joe said, "I've worn size 34 since I was 18 years old."

"You can't wear a size 34," the salesman insisted. "It would press your testicles up against the base of your spine and give you one hell of a headache!"

Awoman walked into a sporting goods store and asked the salesman if he could help her pick out a rifle. "It's for my husband," she explained.

"Did he tell you what caliber to get?" the clerk asked.

"Are you kidding? He doesn't even know that I'm going to shoot him."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: A guy walked into a bordello, picked out a girl and began to discuss prices. "It's \$100 for a blow job, \$200 for straight sex and \$250 for a Monica," she explained.

"What's a Monica?" he asked.

"That's where I blow you now and screw you later."

Bumper sticker seen on Wall Street: 99% OF LAWYERS GIVE THE REST A BAD NAME.

While leading a Friday evening service, the rabbi was alarmed when a member of the congregation walked in with a dog. He asked the cantor to continue the service and went to talk to the fellow. "Bernie, what are you doing here with a dog?"

"The dog came here to pray."

"You're just fooling around," the rabbi said. "That's not a proper thing to do in temple."

"But it's true!" Bernie insisted.

"Then show me what the dog can do," the rabbi replied, thinking he would call Bernie's bluff.

"OK," Bernie said, nodding to the dog. The animal put on a yarmulke and tallis, opened a prayer book and began reciting in Hebrew. The rabbi listened for 15 minutes. He was so impressed with what he had heard, he asked Bernie, "Do you think your dog would consider going to rabbinical school?"

Bernie threw his hands up in disgust. "You talk to him! He wants to be a doctor!"



Playboy
Playboy

A guy arrived in hell and was met by the devil, who explained that there was a choice of punishments and that he would take the newcomer on a tour of his options. In the first room a young man was being whipped while chained to a wall. In the second a middle-aged fellow was being tortured with fire. In the third an old man was getting a blow job from a gorgeous blonde. "I'll take that one," the suddenly eager guy exclaimed.

"So be it," the devil said, walking toward the blonde. "OK," he murmured, tapping her on the shoulder, "you can go. I've found your replacement."

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.



"Push off, kid—I've decided to stay on for the Millennium Party!"

Midsummer Night's Doom

A JAMES BOND ADVENTURE fiction By Raymond Benson

murder at a mansion west pajama party—
007 investigates with the help of the
proprietor and two irresistible playmates

IVE MINUTES into the briefing, M turned her chair to face him and asked, "What do you know about *PLAYBOY*, 007?"

James Bond blinked. "Ma'am?"

"The magazine, 007, how much do you know about it?"

Bond shrugged and said, "Only that some people have been known to read the articles, and that I need to renew my subscription."

M was not amused. Although she was opinionated and could speak freely about nearly anything, Barbara Mawdsley appeared to be somewhat embarrassed at the notion of a "men's magazine."

"I don't suppose you know Hugh Hefner, do you?" she asked. "You seem to have a lot in common with him."

Ignoring the implication, Bond said, "As a matter of fact, I met him once, in Jamaica. It was a long time ago and I doubt he would remember me. He was on a yacht with an entourage and a beautiful woman. *PLAYBOY* was scouting locations for a club and casino at the time. I was fishing with a Jamaican friend when they pulled up alongside our boat and Hefner invited us aboard for cocktails. He asked my opinion of choice spots on the northern side of Jamaica. I'll never forget the girl, she was one of his *Centerfolds*—"

"Humph," M grunted, sounding much like her predecessor, Sir Miles Messervy. "It looks as if—"

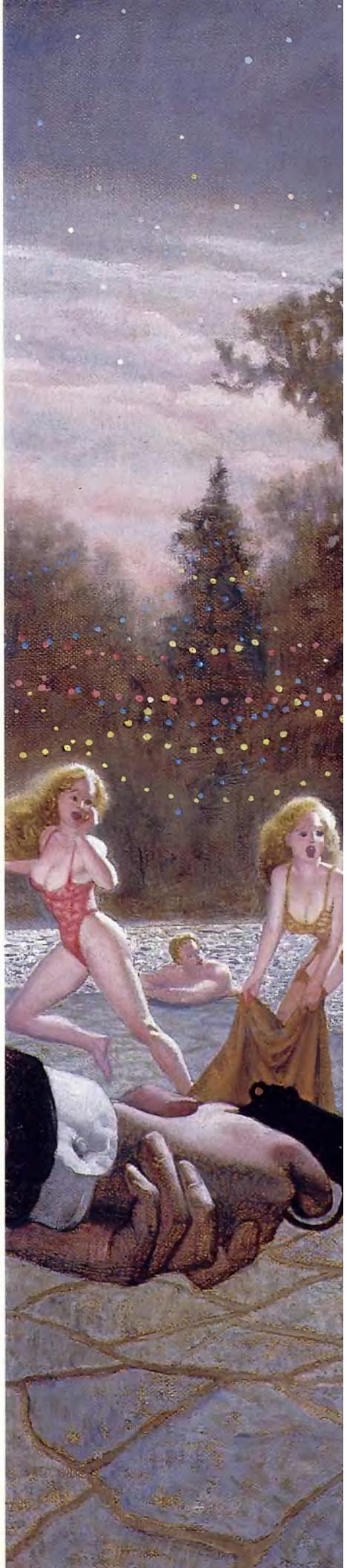
"I think her name was Donna Michelle," Bond continued, lost for a moment in a private reverie. He snapped out of it to ask the inevitable, "Why?"

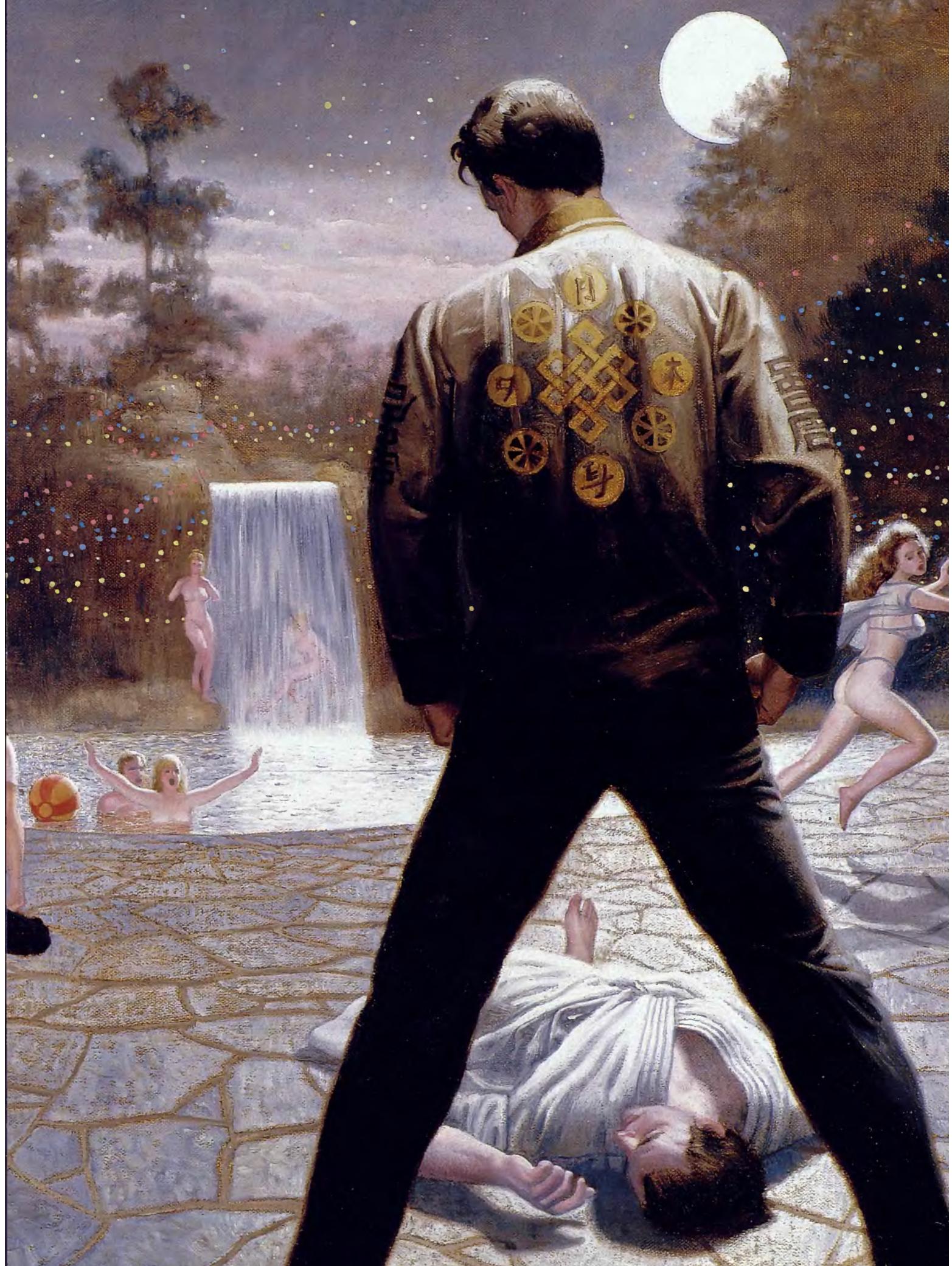
"It's the bloody leak in the Ministry of Defense again," she said. "There is a river of information flowing out of there, and it's apparently changing hands at parties being held at the *Playboy* Mansion West, Hugh Hefner's home in Los Angeles."

"Why would Hefner be involved in something like that?" Bond asked.

"He's not. Mr. Hefner has claimed to be completely unaware, and he's almost certainly telling the truth. But there are many guests at those parties. We've had three reports of sensitive material showing up for sale on the black market that seem to link to the *Playboy* Mansion. The latest is a set of designs for a new class of infrared focal plane arrays, FPAs, as they're called. These new ones will be known as smart FPAs because they imitate human eye capabilities, such as focusing, visualization and processing."

"I've heard about them," Bond said. "They can preprocess data at the sensor itself in image-processing applications such as, oh, say, target detection, and then pass somewhat refined information to dedicated signal processors. They can (continued on page 240)







SHINE On

*wild suits reflect
the mood for
the century's
penultimate
party*

Tear your eyes off our satin doll (her dress is by Anna Molinari) and focus for a minute on her enviable companion. He's wearing a suit by Exte (\$825) made from linen and silk. The jacket has a fly front that hides the buttons, and the pants are pleatless. The iridescent silk and nylon shirt is by Sandy Dalal (\$225). The silk tie is by Kenneth Cole Collection (\$65). The pose is something they thought up on their own.

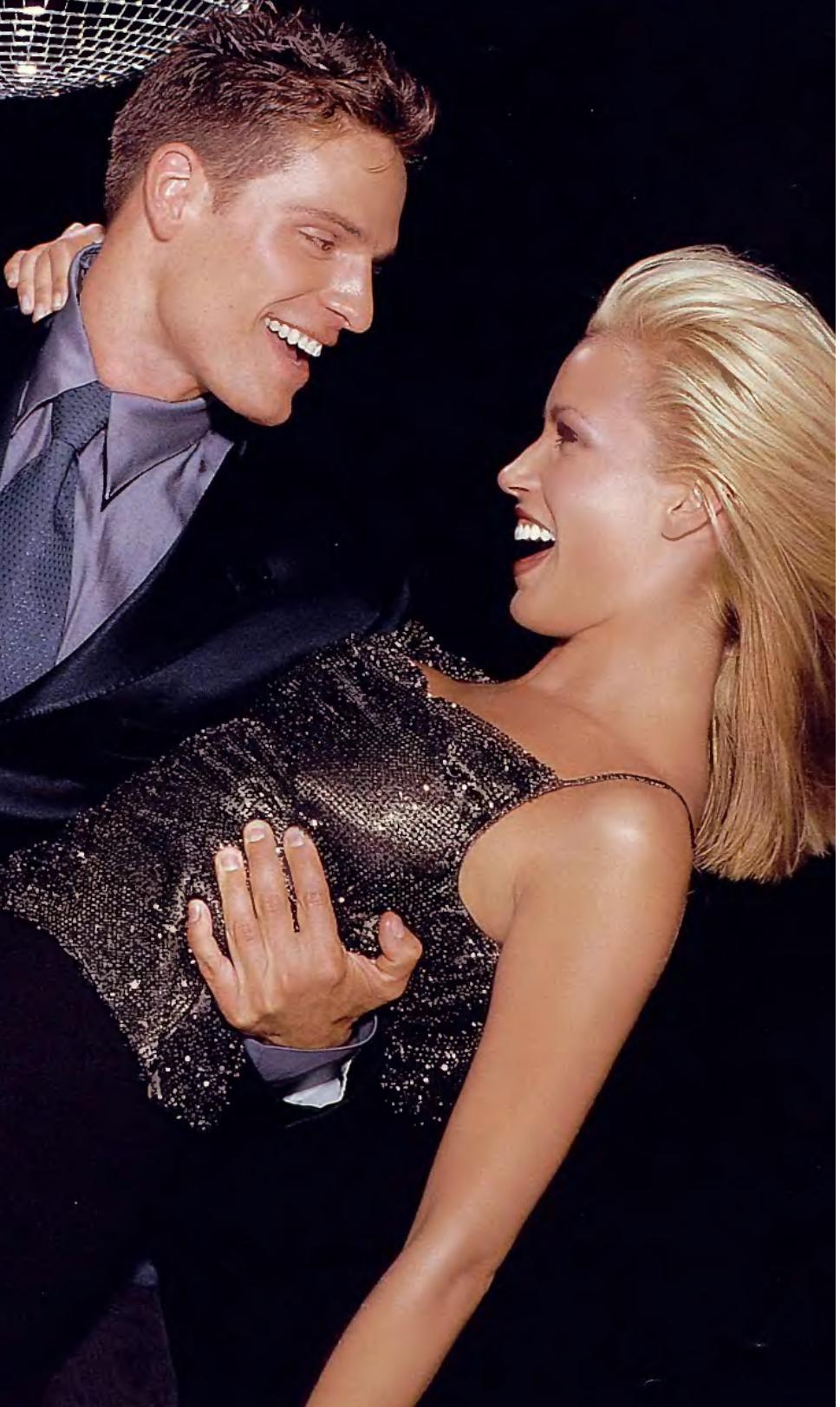
Get ready for millennium night fever. In anticipation of the biggest party in history, designers are creating eveningwear that will make the glitter of the disco-crazed Seventies look like a 60-watt bulb. Think of it. The next three New Year's Eves—which fall on a Thursday night, Friday night and Sunday night, respectively—will be cause for extravagant celebrations, a fantastic end to the Nineties. Speaking

of wild finishes, it's time to make like Mr. Sheen in lustrous and richly textured suits to commemorate the millennial moment. Now your outfit can match the gleam in your eye. Save the pinstripes for work. Show up in one of these new glossies and your date will respond in kind with sparkle dust or a body product that polishes her skin. The brighter the better, we say. So rejoice—and prepare yourself for an extremely slick and slippery New Year.



Mirror ball as mistletoe: The best thing about a girl in a cocktail dress is the way you can feel her warmth through the shimmery fabric. Now you can return the favor. This swinger wears a satin jacket (\$1250) and flat-front moiré pants (\$450) by Paul Smith (note the ticket packet). The silk and rayon shirt (\$175) and silk tie (\$90) are by Donna Karan Collection. Her camisole is by Carmen Marc Valvo.

Fashion
By
HOLLIS
WAYNE





Her pair beats his straight flush any day, but Ace ups the ante with a strong suit. The jacket (\$490) has matching trousers (\$220) by Theory. Complementing it is an iridescent cotton and polyester shirt by Patrick Cox (\$195). The silk tie is by Danna Karan Collection (\$90) and the boots are from Kenneth Cole (\$150). Her dress is from Diane by Diane Von Furstenberg and her shoes are by Stuart Weitzman. Oh—and don't believe your eyes. She's holding all the cards.

We know you'd sit between this mosseuse's legs any day. But would you hit the floor in a \$1300 silk and linen suit by Cerruti? These days you can—and you don't have to worry about worn spots turning shiny on these single-pleated trousers. The iridescent cotton shirt (\$185) and silk tie (\$80) are from Colvin Klein. Her top is from New York Industrie and her see-through skirt is by Vivienne Westwood. Makes for quite a pillow.

HAIR BY FRANÇOIS ILNSEHER
MAKEUP BY RUDY SSTDIMAYOR







Sweet dreams are made of this: lying in the lap of luxury as your girlfriend hails the waiter. Every party has slows moments—and if it doesn't, it should. His silk and wool suit (\$850), silk shirt (\$195) and silk tie (\$85) are by Boss Hugo Boss. Keeping the time of his life is a steel chronograph Speedmaster watch by Omega (\$1995), with a beautiful blue face. Her magnificent bustier is from Cadolle Paris; her skirt is courtesy of New York Industrie.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 215.

PROPS AND WOMEN'S STYLING BY
KATHY KALAFUT FOR PARRELLA MANAGEMENT
GLASSWARE COURTESY OF CRATE & BARREL



*"He finally let me know what he wants for Christmas
last night. Three times!"*

BABES and the BELTWAY

spare me chicks talking politics, says our politically incorrect pig

I WOULD LIKE to address a criticism commonly leveled at *Politically Incorrect*: We don't book enough women on the show. It is true women make up only about 35 percent of our panelists, but it's not for lack of trying. The problem is, we do a current-affairs show, and women are just not as interested in that area of life as men are. Many women, and some men, do not like to hear that—and they blame me for saying it. But politically incorrect means not flinching from saying what actually is, as opposed to stating what should be and then castigating anyone who points out the discrepancy.

Which is what the politically correct do. They purposefully blur the line between aspiration and reality. Like in Orwell, an opinion that is "official" gets stated so much, we forget what is actually true.

But no matter how many times they say it, the WNBA is not as worth watching as the NBA, AIDS is not the great plague of the 20th century (heart disease, cancer, car wrecks, diabetes and even influenza have each killed more), children do not deserve the same rights as adults, all babies are not beautiful and microwave popcorn does not give you a raging eight-hour hard-on.

And so with this matter. The fact that fewer women than men appear on *Politically Incorrect* is evidence to the PC police of a sexist conspiracy, because in a perfect world everything would be completely equal. But in reality, men and women have different interests, and while many women can talk politics with the best of them, most don't. And I'm sorry, but I do this show for the viewing audience, not for the Committee to Make Everything 50-50. The guests we bring back are there because they're good on the show, period.

Even more fundamentally, why is it even a goal for men and women to have the exact same interests and the same proficiency at everything?

That a woman is not interested in politics would in no way make me less

interested in her—it would probably make me more interested.

How come with ethnic stuff, our diversity is our glory, but with the sexes, it's bad? Well, not always bad—quote the title of the book *Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus* to any woman, she'll agree with it. OK, we accept that we're from different planets, so why do we have to be equally good at basketball?

Women, by the way, are the ones who most often express this



sentiment on the show. Comedian Jann Karam recently said, when the subject of the Vietnam war came up, "This is the part of the cocktail party when my eyes glaze over and I head for the guacamole."

I loved it—it was so honest. Jann is hugely smart and hip, but it's a chick thing to hate war! Guys play army, women say, "War is stupid and boring."

Well, they're half right. War is stupid. But for the sake of discussion—and the sake of discussion is my business—let's just say that wars, however stupid, are not boring, that given their prevalence in history and their impor-

tance in people's lives, they usually settle something. Stupid, yes, but without the war, *Gone With the Wind* isn't much.

As if my talk-show competitors would even invite Jann Karam, or any woman, to talk politics! Leno's and Letterman's lead female guests are usually sexy young models and actresses. Half the times I did the show with Jay in 1994 and 1995, I followed a supermodel in sexy, revealing clothes (Vendela, Cindy Crawford and Linda Evangelista, who played the accordion). But I'm sexist because fewer than half the people on *Politically Incorrect* are women? OK, but we want them to speak their minds and to bring points of view, not just short dresses.

As for the reasons for gender differences in this area, it has been pointed out that American women have been trained to be demure. Early in this century it was common for men to withdraw to the den after dinner and talk politics while the women cleaned up the kitchen.

That's true, and maybe we shouldn't have made them do all the cleaning up. But while they were cleaning up, they were definitely talking—and it wasn't about politics.

They could have been talking in the kitchen about the same things the men were talking about in the cigar-and-brandy room—but a bunch of women usually don't.

Again, why is that bad?

I will resist the urge to make the obvious list here of all those things in which women are better versed than men. That would obviously be pandering to an entire sex—and I will not insult them by going on and on about how incredibly beautiful, brilliant, insightful, nurturing, sensitive and sexy they are.

That would be wrong. But I will say there is nothing wrong with the words of the great ape-man: "Me Tarzan, you Jane."

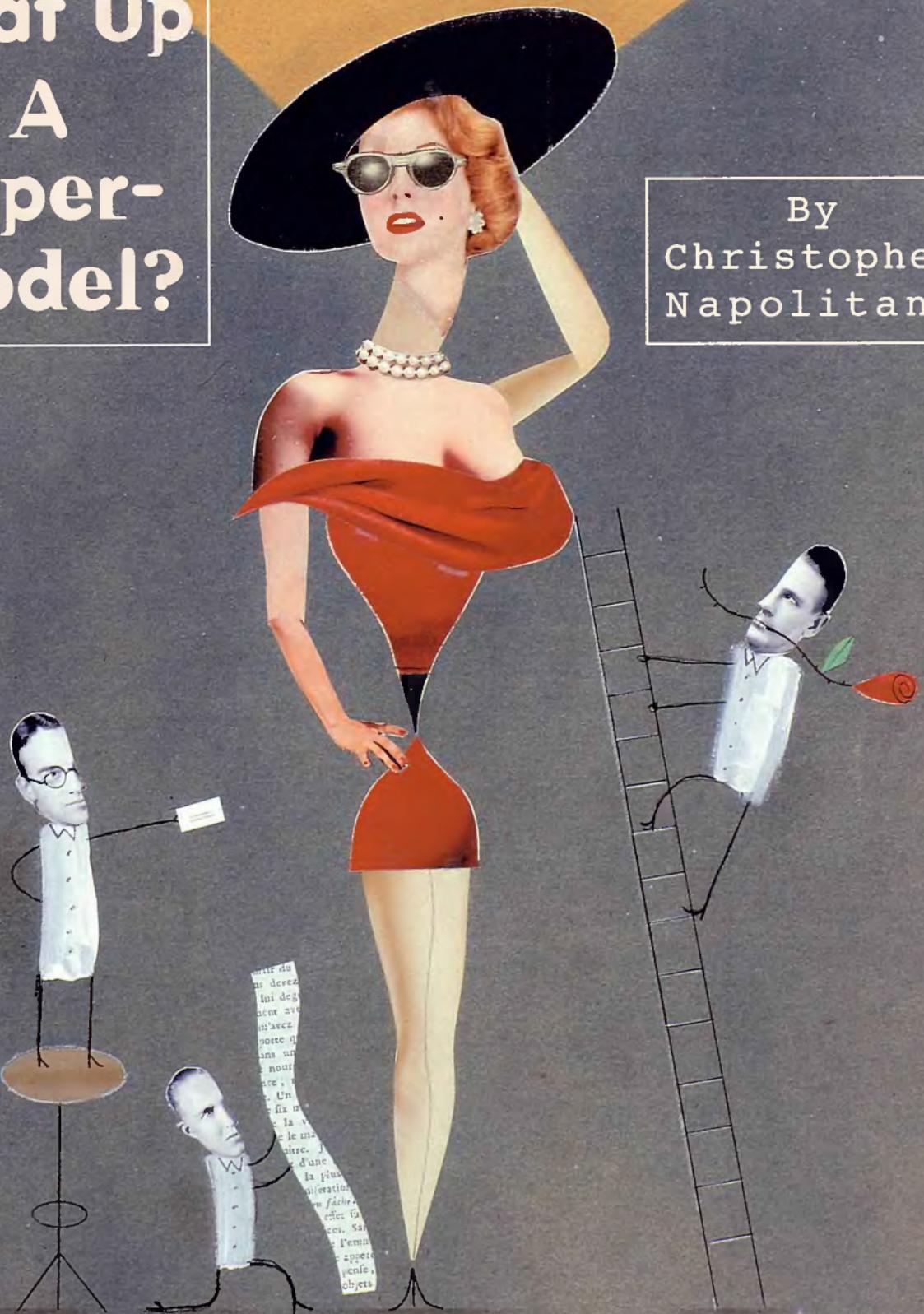
Screed by

BILL MAHER



Can You Chat Up A Supermodel?

By
Christopher
Napolitano



it's as easy as abcd—test your skill

There are exactly 247 supermodels in America at any given moment. At the same time, there are 2,685,986 single men who are not grotesquely unattractive—kind of like you. So while your odds of meeting a supermodel aren't great, stranger things have happened. And if we all didn't believe in miracles, the Powerball jackpot would be \$124 a week.

So let's say you meet a supermodel. What happens next? Do you stand there, drool trickling down your chin like you're an extra in a Farrelly brothers movie? Or do you shift into a heretofore unknown gear of charm and wit, like Craig Kilborn without the smirk?

We asked Roshumba (*Sports Illustrated* swimsuit model and VH-1 host) and Patricia Velasquez (leading Revlon lady and another *S.I.* swimsuit model) to tell us what makes a supermodel slick. Next month, we'll help you spend those Powerball winnings.

(1) You're in New York City determined to pick up a supermodel. You:

(a) Head over to the Fashion Café and ask for Elle, Claudia or Naomi.

(b) Shell out \$1500 for a courtside seat for the Knicks versus the Heat.

(c) Bribe Wass, the door god at Veruka, with \$100 (greet him with "Yo, wass up?"). Then get looped on \$9 martinis and chat up a husky-voiced amazon who asks if you're in the mood for a TV dinner.

(d) Go to the Dean and Deluca coffee bar, pay \$4.50 for a short cappuccino and say hi to the first woman who looks like tall iced latte.

(2) You are most likely to find a supermodel:

(a) Shopping in a supermarket for cat food while she's dressed in baggy sweats.

(b) Walking around Soho in baggy sweats.

(c) Standing outside the Ford modeling agency wondering whether she should go downtown and hang out in baggy sweats.

(d) Getting ignored at a Hollywood premiere while wishing she were back home in baggy sweats.

(3) In a late-mid-20s life crisis you decide to ditch your career for a more glamorous lifestyle. Name the occupation in which you're most likely to brush up against a supermodel:

(a) Regular *Gossip Show* correspon-

dent on the E channel.

(b) Detox admittance clerk.

(c) Paparazzo.

(d) Limo driver.

(4) How can you tell a supermodel from a regular model?

(a) The red S on her costume.

(b) The seven-figure balance in her bankbook.

(c) The tattoo that says "I ♥ Leo."

(d) She can't recall whether she left her Filofax in Paris or Milan.

(5) You phone modeling agencies in a desperate and pathetic bid to talk

(d) Something classical. It's hard to avoid a contemporary band that does not include an ex of Helena's.

(7) You bump into Linda Evangelista at the soft opening of a Manhattan histro called Asia de Cuba de Iceland. Which approach works best?

(a) In a clever twist on her boast to *Vogue* about her day rate, you offer her \$10,000 not to get out of bed.

(b) You lean over and say, "I won't tell anyone I heard it from you, but Naomi's a bitch, isn't she?"

(c) You tell her, "Whenever you decide to dump that Kyle MacLachlan guy, you know whom to call."

(d) "I'm a big fan of yours and I have always admired how you never take shit from anybody."

(8) You find Kate Moss hiding behind a lamppost near Central Park. You tempt her out of its shadow by:

(a) Pointing across the street and saying, "Look—it's Johnny Depp and Winona Ryder!"

(b) Pointing across the street and saying, "Look—it's Skeet Ulrich and Johnny Depp!"

(c) Offering her a glass of Nutrashake.

(d) Telling her how much you liked her in the Isaac Mizrahi bio *Unzipped*.

(9) You are introduced to Shalom Harlow in Milan. You say:

(a) "Shalom, Shalom!"

(b) "Hey, I've just learned that shalom can mean hello or goodbye. Which do you feel like right now?"

(c) "Was it Margot, Lady Asquith, who said the T&A in Harlow were silent? Boy was she wrong!"

(d) "Your work at last year's Christian Dior show in Paris made my heart skip a beat. You're obviously not shy when it comes to nudity."

(10) Bijou Phillips has just shaved her head (again). You say:

(a) "You haven't gone out with Scott Baio, ever—have you?"

(b) "Does the Astroturf match the dome?"

(c) "If you want to join me later we can make like Velcro."

(d) "You're friends with Harmony Korine, director of *Gummo*. What did you think about all that stuff in the movie about killing cats?"

(11) You see a supermodel walking down the street. You:

(a) Buy her a rose from the corner and apologize for being so corny, but, hey—"How (continued on page 249)



with a model. You pretend you are:

(a) One of the 427 *Gossip Show* correspondents on the E channel.

(b) A *PLAYBOY* editor with an assignment on how to chat up a supermodel.

(c) A French-born millionaire whose name is Phil T. Lucre.

(d) A rich Wall Streeter who just wants to fax the girls some invites to a party at Pravda.

(6) Through some cosmic wrinkle in the dream-time continuum, Helena Christensen, Eva Herzigova, Stephanie Seymour and Naomi Campbell show up at a party at your house. Which CD do you spin?

(a) *Slippery When Wet* by Bon Jovi, the band of Herzigova's ex-husband, Tico Torres.

(b) *November Rain* by Guns n' Roses, sung by Stephanie's former beau, Axl Rose.

(c) *Zooropa* by U2, with Naomi's ex-swain Adam Clayton on bass.

THE *Magnificent* SEVEN

LANDMARK SPORTS CARS FROM PLAYBOY'S FIRST 45 YEARS



Mercedes-Benz 300SL Gullwing, 1955: Just a decade before 1955, Mercedes-Benz languished in war-torn ruin. Sports car enthusiasts drove spunky MGs and Triumphs. Suddenly the Fifties' first supercar burst onto the roads and racetracks of the world. Almost overnight the 300SLs in both Gullwing and roadster models became the status car to own. (Hef kept his 300SL roadster parked at the Chicago Playboy Mansion.) Original price: \$7463. Today: about \$200,000.

BY KEN GROSS

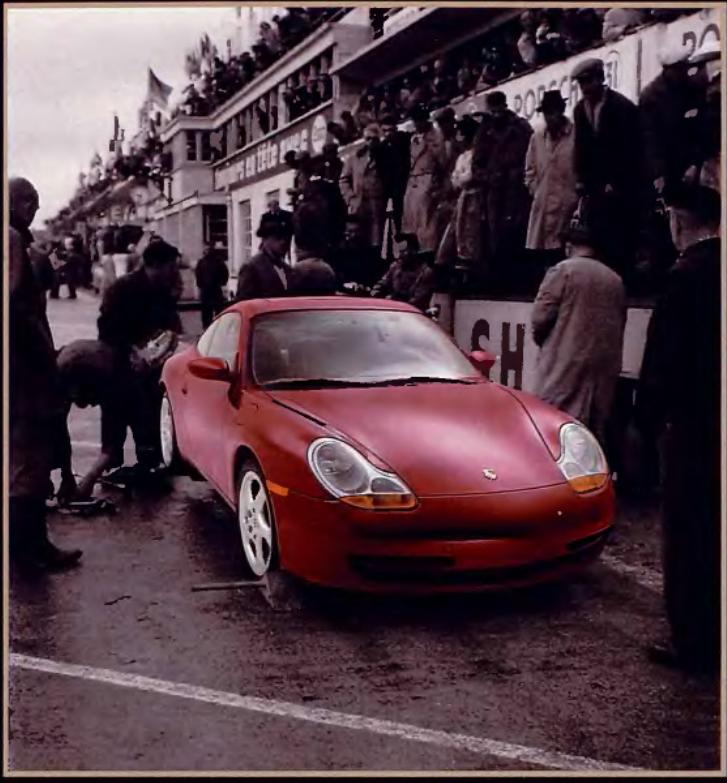


Shelby 427 AC Cobra, 1965: With its yawning scoops, bellowing side pipes and tire-blistering acceleration (zero to 60 time was about four seconds), the 427 AC still intimidates almost everything in its path. As the inspiration for the Dodge Viper R/T, 427s embarrassed Ferraris and Corvettes on racetracks worldwide, bringing accolades to its creator, Carroll Shelby. Anyone who's climbed aboard a 427 knows that it's built for speed, not comfort. The puny top will blow off at serious speeds and the minimalist interior is purely functional. Dozens of replicas are built each year—fitting tributes to one of the world's wildest cars. Original price: \$6995. Today: about \$250,000.



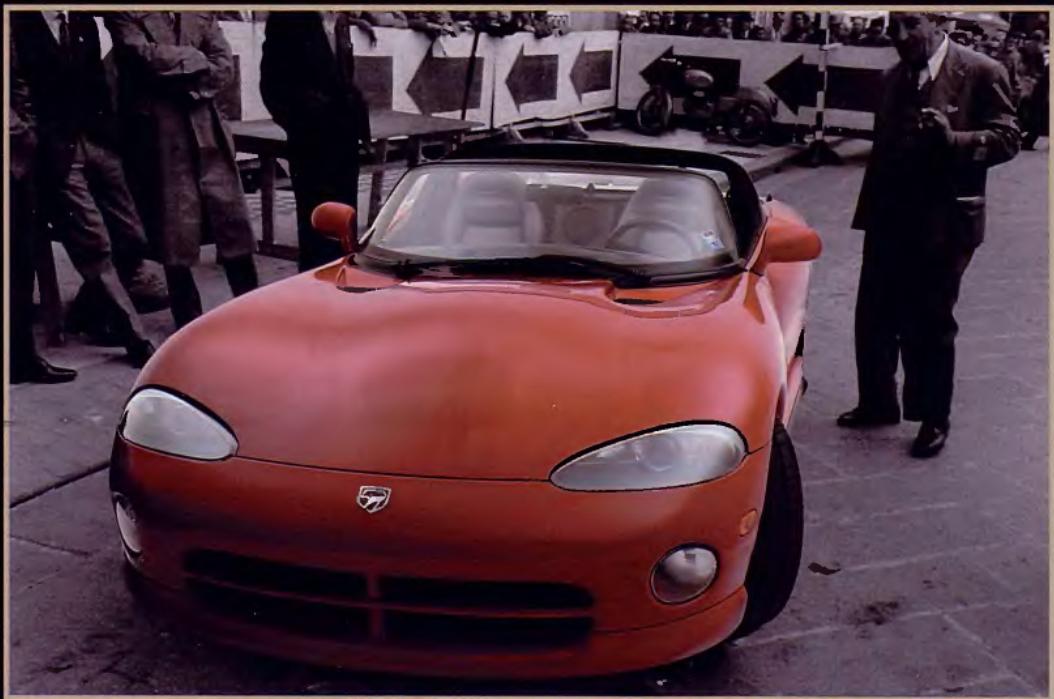
SPORTS CAR is a two-passenger automobile designed for driving pleasure. It must be low, comparatively small, fast, nimble and a head turner. The exceptional ones require little modification to become race cars. Many are convertibles, but one of the world's greatest, the Mercedes-Benz 300SL Gullwing, is a coupe with roof-

hinged doors. To celebrate our 45th anniversary issue, we've chosen seven terrific machines from the dozens of various makes and models that hit the road since **PLAYBOY** first appeared on newsstands 45 years ago. To make the cut, each had to be among the best two-seaters of its era. Phrases such as "technically fascinating," "without a peer" and "a future classic" helped provide key criteria. Our seven selections also had to have instant showroom appeal. Potential customers didn't just want to own these cars, they craved them. And they still do. All our choices are hot collectibles. The 300SL pictured on this spread debuted in 1955 priced at \$7463. Whether you credit its advanced Bosch fuel injection, its clever tubular skeletal structure or the fascinating fly-up doors, a 300SL today is worth close to \$200,000—if you can find one. That's the oldest model in our magnificent seven. Fast-forward to the mid-Sixties and American ex-racer Carroll Shelby, who stuffed a powerful Ford V-8 into a British AC Bristol roadster to create the Shelby 427 AC Cobra. Off the line, the 165-mph car was so fast



Porsche 911 Carrera, 1998: Porsches are among the most remarkable sports cars ever built. From humble beginnings in an Austrian sawmill to a record 16 wins at Le Mans, the marque continues to prove itself. The latest 24-valve water-cooled models have departed slightly from the traditional format of an air-cooled four or six, but they remain remarkably affordable exotics that will outrun and outhandle anything (almost) in their price range. For the company's 50th anniversary, Porsche produced its newest and best production car yet, the 174-mph 911 Carrera. Price: about \$72,000.

Dodge Viper R/T, 1992: By enticing skeptical auto writers to wait for the trucks and sedans that spearheaded Chrysler's turnaround, this limited-edition 1992 sports car saved Chrysler and began a cult of its own. Viper owners personalize their cars, travel in road packs and party down whenever possible—which is often. But the Viper doesn't just look good: Its 400 hp (more in later models), gigantic brakes and six-speed gearbox all combine to make it a truly great-handling car. The current Viper's just over four second zero-to-60 time bests the latest Ferrari 550 Maranello, but it sells for less than one third of the Ferrari's price. Original price: about \$50,000. Today: about \$65,000.

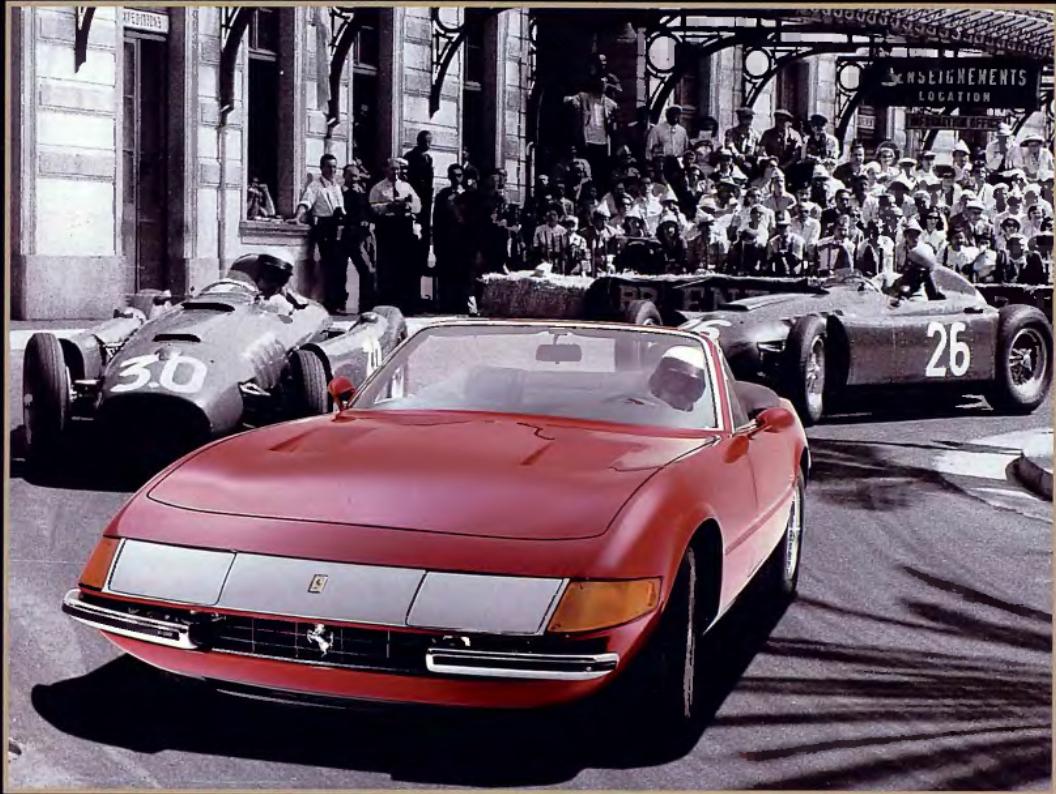


it was scary. Years later, Chrysler would reincarnate the 427 Cobra as the new, improved Dodge Viper, another of our choices. It's a hulking, 400-hp, V10 brute that has become a classic. No roundup of great sports cars would be complete without a Ferrari. We've chosen the 1972 365 GTS/4 Spider, a convertible version of the legendary 365 GTB/4 Daytona model that Ferrari introduced in 1968 to do battle with Lamborghini. Ferdinand Porsche shared one thing with his intense rival, Enzo Ferrari. Both felt that their favorite car would be the one their company built next. Despite a long series of great cars, such as the early Fifties Speedsters, the 1972-1973 Carrera "ducktails" and a parade of turbos, the best Porsche ever is the one you can buy today and it, too, belongs in this feature. When the voluptuous E-Type Jaguar bowed in the early Sixties, enthusiasts were ecstatic. The feline body and curvy lines borrowed from earlier Jaguar race cars concealed a sophisticated independent suspension, powerful disc brakes and a refined version of Jaguar's classic twin-cam six. The XK-E coupe version was attractive, but enthusiasts coveted the gorgeous roadster. Jaguar was quickly overwhelmed with orders. Years later, E-Types gained horsepower, weight and bulk. But aficionados still opted for the earliest cars. Flamboyant GM design chief Bill Mitchell loved the Corvette. In 1963, ten years after its birth, he proposed a complete makeover based on a Larry Shinoda-designed road-racing version. The result was the Sting Ray, an artfully chiseled roadster and a dramatic coupe with its rear window (in 1963 only) split by a peaked flying buttress. With horsepower ratings as high as 360 and finned lightweight wheels, the unique fuel-injected "split-window" was the Vette to keep. Like

Jaguar XK-E, 1964: The E-Type was the car that propelled Britain's Jaguar into the modern era—and what a leap it was. Fully independent suspension, a tightly drawn body, big disc brakes and a powerful 3.8-liter twin-cam six were all contributing factors. Plus, the E-Type's aerodynamicist, Malcolm Sayer, based the car's body lines on his designs for the company's famous C-Type and D-Type racers. Every sports car competitor was influenced by its dramatic shape. The model transformed Jaguar from a specialist sports car purveyor to an international competitor. Almost 50,000 E-Types were sold in the U.S. (The total production run was about 70,000.) Later E-Types gained weight and engine size and the car's nimbleness and svelte looks were somewhat diminished. Purists prefer to seek out finely restored early models. Original price: \$5325. Today: about \$45,000.

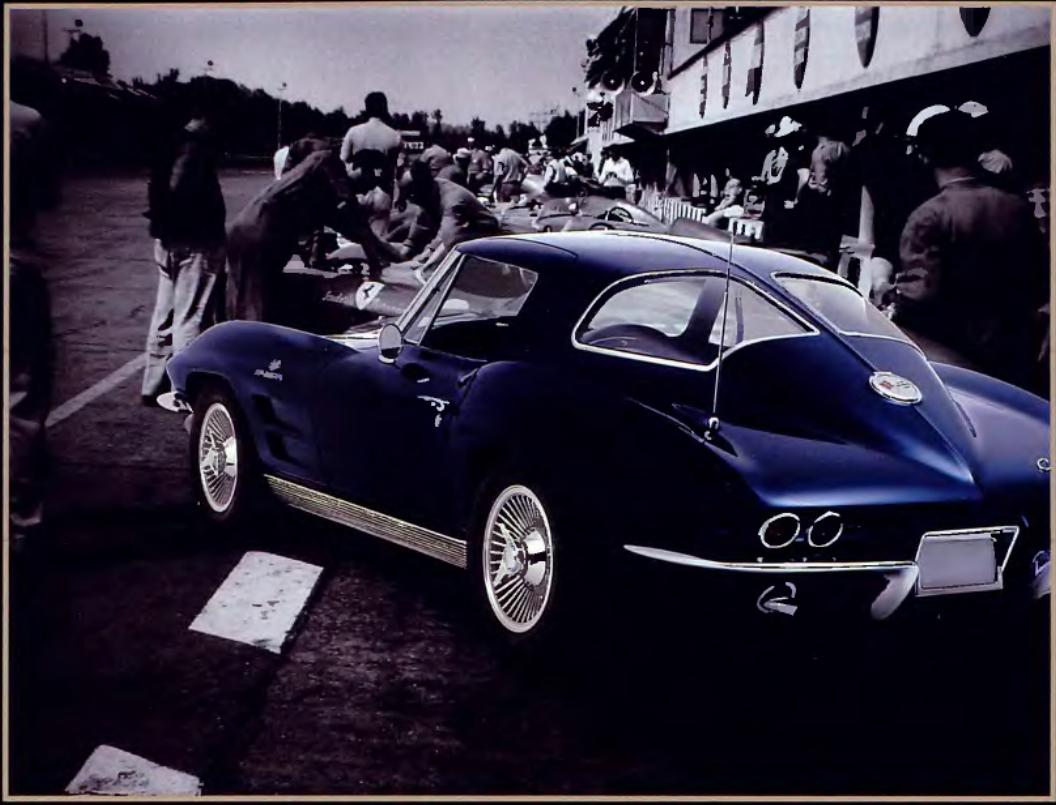


Ferrari 365 GTS/4 Daytona Spider, 1972: If any car epitomized what Ferrari was all about back in the Sixties, this was it. Under the hood was a powerful 352-hp, six-carb, four-cam V12 coupled to a slick five-speed gearbox that is right at home on a racetrack today. Dan Gurney and Brock Yates drove a coupe version (the 1972 365 GTB/4 Daytona) for the 1971 Cannonball Baker Sea-to-Shining-Sea Memorial Trophy dash. (Gurney reportedly told a cop who stopped him that he never exceeded 174 mph.) The Spider pictured here was driven by Burt Reynolds with Dom DeLuise in the 1981 film *The Cannonball Run*. Original price: \$25,810. Today: \$400,000. Only 122 were built.



the Gullwing SL, it's one of the few sports models whose closed versions are more valuable than the open-topped. Just in case your favorite roadster wasn't included in our picks, we've chosen seven machines that are close seconds and listed them here. So if you're a Morgan, Austin-Healey or Alfa Romeo fan, you can relax, we haven't forgotten you. And you'll note that the Mazda Miata is included as the perfect British roadster—made in Japan.

Thanks to the individuals and organizations who generously loaned us their vehicles for this feature: The Mercedes-Benz 300SL Gullwing and the Shelby 427 AC Cobra were courtesy of Bruce Meyer; Porsche Cars North America for the Porsche 911 Carrera; the Petersen Automotive Museum and Robert Petersen for the Dodge Viper R/T and the Ferrari 365 GTS/4 Daytona Spider; William E. Connor II for the Jaguar XK-E and Ed Lopes/Corvette Mike for the Chevrolet Corvette Sting Ray coupe.



Chevrolet Corvette Sting Ray, 1963: Larry Shinoda's adaptation of a Bill Mitchell concept car gave the Corvette Sting Ray an exciting look of its own—especially in the split-rear-window coupe. Unfortunately, that window lasted just one year. Enthusiasts updated some cars with the later coupe's one-piece window, then converted back to the original design when they realized the split-window version was more desirable to collectors. (The Sting Ray series ended in 1967.) Defying a new generation of overhead-cam power plants, the latest Corvette engine shares a variation of the older Vette's overhead-valve fuel-injected V-8. Original price: about \$4700. Today: about \$36,000.

SEVEN MORE FOR THE AGES

- AUSTIN-HEALEY 100-6 MK1, 1959 A classic topless tourer, with a 132 horsepower six and wire wheels.
- ALFA ROMEO SPIDER, 1963 The car Dustin Hoffman drove in "The Graduate." Hello, Mrs. Robinson.
- LAMBORGHINI MIURA S, 1968 This mighty midengine GT sent Ferrari back to the drawing boards.
- DATSUN 240Z, 1969 Jaguar panache and Porsche performance all for the price of an MG.
- LOTUS ELAN, 1973 This English-built fiberglass-bodied roadster still looks snazzy.
- MAZDA MX-5 MIATA, 1989 Slick styling, nimble road manners and a leakproof top. Perfect.
- MORGAN PLUS 8, 1994 Thirties looks and Nineties pickup—a true tweed-cap car.

HOONEYMOON

a couple in the tropics—one dives, the other sneaks valium

fiction BY ROBERT STONE

HE WOKE to the trilling of an island bird in the traveler's palm outside their hotel room. The palm's outline shimmied in the morning sunlight against the aqua curtain. He was lustful and erect. He reached over to touch the young woman he had married.

Feeling his hand on her skin, she slid into his embrace.

"What is it?" she asked, laughing.

"It's me."

She laughed herself awake, leaned up on her elbow, her head back, blinking in the new light. The filtered glow of day gilded her fair, disordered hair. When she turned to him, her eyes were clear, guileless, happy.

"Not you, dope. The bird."

"In these islands," he said, "they call it a divi-divi bird."

"Divi-divi?" she repeated, in burlesqued Caribbean. "Divi-divi."

Then she bent to him. He could not stop marveling at the velvet quality of her skin.

Later, from the bathroom, she called, "And what's the language?"

"Papiamento."

She came out naked and drew the curtain back.

"Oh my God, it's heaven. Heaven-ly," she turned to tell him, already pulling on her bathing suit. "I'm going to the pool."

And she was gone, disappeared like a fragrance in motion, young magic. In the sad afterglow of his pleasure, he called his ex-wife.

"I can't believe you're calling me," she said.

"I'm on my honeymoon."

"Well," she said, "this time you get one."

"I can't do it," he told her. "I'm lonely to the bottom of my soul. I can't cope."

She began to cry. To cry for him. He

wept himself.

"Scotty," she said, "I tried. I hated it. One thing after another. I let you."

"I want to come home," he said.

"I let you," she said. "One goddamn thing after another. I hated you drinking that way. I hated everything, but I never questioned you because I thought, Shit, he loves me. But you didn't."

"I swear," he said. "I do."

"And you finally did it, hurrah for you. And I said to myself, 'He's gone, I'll die, what will I live for?'"

"I'll come home."

"What will I live for. He's gone. Oh, poor little me. But now I think I'll live, Tiger. Fucking right," she said. "You wanted to be gone? Get gone. Have a great honeymoon."

"I'll come home," he said. But she had put the receiver down.

•

On their way to the reef, the dive boat cutting through the sparkling water, they saw flying fish.

"It's heaven," she said, and licked her lips. She was afraid, he saw. It was her first reef dive; she had only just taken up diving.

He thought she had never looked more beautiful. Golden-haired, tall and brave. Frightened, doing it to prove herself to him.

"You talked about diving in your class," she said. "The first one I took. And I swore to myself—one day I'll go diving with him. Isn't that awful?"

Maybe, he thought, she worried that God would punish her for adultery. She had been raised Catholic. The divemaster at the tiller looked at them in turn and smiled.

She was trembling as they got into their wet suits and struggled with the equipment. Then he saw the little vial of tablets in her hand. Valium. You saw

it at every dive site, the Valium pills awash in the scuppers, the unsightly tubes dropped on the coral heads. Couples—one dived and the other sneaked Valium.

"Give me that," he said softly. "You won't need that. I'll be with you."

"Oh, shit," she said, "you caught me."

Neither of them wanted the divemaster to hear. When he was suited up, he slipped the vial into a utility pocket.

The light of day, the first hour after dawn. Pure as creation, he thought. She took his hand. He kept hearing the other woman's voice, the one whose skin was no longer so smooth, though it had been, 25 years before. *You wanted to go. Be gone.*

Helping her climb into the gear, her back to him, he raised the vial to his lips and took in as many of the tablets as he could. When her tank was in place, they each took a swallow of fresh water. She held his hand while the divemaster explained the currents. The morning sun found diamonds in the dun, quartz-veined rock around the bay.

It was a wall dive, and the wall was sublime. Elkhorn and rose coral. There were clouds of damselfish, angels and tang. The brilliant sunshine dappled it all and descended in great columns of light to the blue-gray deep.

He followed one and moved into the uncolored world of 15 fathoms. The weight of the air took him down the darkening wall. Slowly, deliberately, he took off his tank. It sank with him in a dream, a gala of bubbles. Beyond pain and shadow, her fair, desired, long-limbed form diminished against the sky.





NET FORCE

(continued from page 130)

Christine was wrapped in plastic bags in her bathtub under 100 pounds of crushed ice.

on the planet without a blip. Laid on a table, the pistol looked almost as if it had been carved from a bar of Ivory soap.

Strapped to her right inner thigh, almost to her groin, was a sheath knife, also of ceramic, full tang, with a plastic handle. The blade was a *tanto* style, with the angled point, and was both short and very thick—ceramic tended to be brittle, and it needed thickness to keep from snapping if it were going to be used for stabbing and not just throat cutting.

The standard security setups at most government buildings, which were, after all, limited in their funding for such things, involved picture- and finger-print-identification tags, metal detectors and uniformed guards. If you had business in such a place and were not an employee, the process could be as detailed as the security force was willing to make it. A computer check of your ID, a search of your carry-on and your person, somebody from inside assigned to accompany you wherever you went, these were all standard for basic level-three access. Net Force was a level-three through level-one building; that meant getting into the building itself needed only L3 techniques. More private areas would have tighter wards—palm or retinal scanners, knuckle readers, vox codes and such. She wasn't going to slip through those to her target's office and knock on his door, not without a lot more time to prepare. But, then, she didn't really have to.

Getting to a hard target wasn't necessary—if the target made itself easy and came to you.

With even the smallest computer knowledge, it was easy enough to find low-level employees—secretaries, receptionists, maintenance people—who had worked for Net Force only a short time. To find one who was unmarried and living alone that she could impersonate was even easier. The Selkie could look like almost anybody.

Thus it was that Christine Wesson, a not-too-ugly brunette with brown eyes, age 29, came to the end of her short and probably undistinguished life. And now, a woman who looked enough like Wesson to pass for her to anybody who didn't know her well, wearing Wesson's clothes, came to the southwest entrance—the busiest one—of Net Force HQ. It was a thank-God-it's-Friday,

and a crush of day-shift employees arriving for work stood in line at the reader, waiting their turns to slide their ID cards through the scanner slot. It went fast. One swipe, a green light, and you were in.

The Selkie already knew that the card was valid, because it had gotten her into the parking lot—in the late Christine Wesson's eight-year-old ratite-infested Ford.

Christine herself was wrapped in plastic bags in her bathtub under 100 or so pounds of melting crushed ice that should keep the neighbors from complaining about the smell—at least for long enough that the Selkie could finish her work and be long gone.

Once inside the facility there were several places that the Selkie needed to check out, and several other places she could stay to avoid hanging around in the halls.

Two years ago, security people at the interim Pentagon had been found enjoying vids surreptitiously taken of women—and a few men—using the rest-room facilities in the building. Public outcry had been loud and immediate, but the military was long used to ignoring whatever whim-of-the-moment the uninformed civilian public wanted. However, the idea that somebody might see a four-star general's wee-wee as he took a whiz had bothered the brass no end. And who knew but there were similar spyeys in the congressional or senatorial johns? It was amazing how fast some laws could be written and passed when they were really important. Now, surveillance gear in federal buildings was restricted—at least the cameras were supposed to be kept out of bathrooms. The fake Wesson could park herself in a stall with a book and kill a couple of hours. She could dawdle over lunch in the cafeteria. She could go to the outside smoking area for a frowned-upon but still legal low-tar, low-nicotine cigarette, a pack of which had been in Wesson's purse. With her ID tag twisted on her blouse, she'd be anonymous. Nobody knew her, and it was a big bureaucracy.

While the target was safe in the high-security area, he would surely come out to a less-secure area, if she could find the right reason.

Somehow, she had to figure out the right reason during the next couple of hours.

Sooner or later, of course, the office

where Wesson worked would probably notice she had not shown up. They might call her apartment and get the answering machine. No problem, unless, for some reason, those concerned thought to check the building's security computer. If that happened, they would see that Christine Wesson had arrived for work at her normal time—which might cause raised eyebrows. If she was here, where was she? To stall that, the Selkie had asked more or less politely if Christine would do something for her. She had been more than willing to do so. So Christine Wesson had called her supervisor in the office supply section in which she worked and told her she would be a few hours late, that she had an important personal medical errand to run. The supervisor had no problem with that, and a few hours could easily stretch to noon. Then a timed e-mail from Wesson would show up at the supervisor's terminal, explaining that things had run long. A lot longer than anybody but the Selkie knew.

At the least, the e-mail would buy the rest of the day. Which should be more than enough.

Toni Fiorella went through her *djurus*, pausing after each one to do the corresponding *sambut*. She was the only woman working out. There were a few men in the gym today, but her student Rusty was not among them. When she'd told him she wasn't going to be sleeping with him anymore, she thought he'd taken it rather well. No obvious anger, no tears, just a kind of surprised acceptance. "Oh?" It had gone much better than she'd hoped or expected.

Except that she hadn't heard from him since. She'd said she was going to try to be in the gym today, and she'd expected him—he hadn't missed a class before—to show up.

Surprise. So maybe it hadn't gone as well as she'd thought.

She came up from the squat in *djuru* three, threw the right vertical forearm strike, then punched, continued to rise, alternating the next two punches.

She had hoped Rusty wasn't going to quit class. She had been enjoying having a student, and learning a lot in the process of teaching.

But, of course, it was his choice.

She finished the series, shook her hands out. She was still tight.

A brunette in office clothes walked to the water fountain, smiled and nodded at Toni. She didn't recognize the woman, but she nodded absently back. Solving the Rusty problem didn't solve the Alex problem. How was she going to

(continued on page 210)



“Great idea, dumping the Viagra in the punch bowl!”

De domi



Kirstie Alley

tv's voluptuary on the need for drama, the importance of wigs and how kelsey grammer grossed her out

She knows how to live. There's the island retreat in Maine, the ranch in Oregon, the private jets and the entourage that cares for her and her two young children. It takes money, lots of it, but that's no problem when you have your own top-ten-rated sitcom, "Veronica's Closet," as well as having worked six years as part of the "Cheers" ensemble and in movies that include the "Look Who's Talking" series and Woody Allen's "Deconstructing Harry." But if Kirstie Alley simply made a living wage, the girl would still have fun, whether taking bubble baths or adding to a collection of multicolored wigs that put a certain topspin on amour with her boyfriend, actor James Wilder.

She and Wilder currently share adjoining four-story haciendas in the Hollywood Hills. Both have glass-and-copper elevators, are connected by a third-floor bridge that Wilder built and are stuffed with antiques. According to Contributing Editor David Rensin, "Kirstie has inexhaustible energy and an uninhibited mouth, and she's always on the lookout for a good time. It's just as well that Kirstie thinks we all go around more than once. She can't possibly make enough mischief in a single lifetime."

1

PLAYBOY: Is underwear the key to a man's heart?

ALLEY: I think you've got to go about 18 inches below his heart [laughs]. Actually, undergarments can really help. They work on the same principle as unwrapping a Christmas present. If you just put a microwave oven under the tree, without festive paper and a bow, it wouldn't be very exciting. I think women are much sexier when they're wearing something that makes a man use his imagination.

Guys, however, shouldn't wear underwear. There's no style that works. Any man who thinks he looks good in those Speedo-type bikinis needs to think twice. Yuck. If you want to turn me off, just prance by in a Speedo. I be-

lieve most women would rather see a man in 501 jeans—no fashion jeans, please—with three buttons undone. Also a custom-made white shirt, unbuttoned. That would be the same package for women that lingerie is for men. We are talking about a package, right? That's always been sexiest to me. Or jeans and no shirt. Definitely barefoot. No toe hair. And no back hair.

2

PLAYBOY: Waxing: good idea or a sign of a screwed-up society?

ALLEY: I love waxing. I think that you should wax it all. If I were a guy, I would want a woman's body in its native state. Each time I wax I lie there thinking, Do you know how much I love this man? That's part of the game. You're enduring all this pain for him. Women are going to hate me for these answers [laughs].

3

PLAYBOY: An April 1998 piece in *The New Republic* earnestly analyzed female TV archetypes. It cited your character Veronica and Dharma and Ally McBeal as the new feminist role models. Can we really look to TV to define role models? Can life lessons be found on television?

ALLEY: Sure. Life lessons can also be found at Home Depot. It depends on what you're looking for. I view what I do as strictly entertainment. I'm just there to divert somebody for 30 minutes. If I can make someone laugh or teach some sort of lesson, fine. If Veronica is perceived as a successful woman who's fluent in business and illiterate in relationships, it may communicate something to all those working women who don't or can't pay enough attention to their husbands and kids. I understand why it happens. It's easy to get overwhelmed by work and lose touch. I'm not saying what's right or

wrong. But if something makes you notice life, whatever it is, that's good. Otherwise, this all gets overanalyzed. Are there really women out there like Veronica Chase or Ally McBeal? Who cares? My favorite show was *I Love Lucy*. Am I judging her as a housewife? Am I judging Ricky? To me a role model is somebody I dig for whatever reason—and it changes. I never sat down in front of *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* and worried, Is Mary going to really make it? What's her relationship with Rhoda? Are they lesbians? Is this some sort of subliminal message? She's 35—shouldn't she have a man now? I never thought of any of that bullshit. That's why I've told everyone we're never going to have "a very special" *Veronica's Closet*, ever.

4

PLAYBOY: What's in Kirstie's closet?

ALLEY: Wigs. Blue, red, yellow, orange, black, green. It's important to be theatrical and dramatic in life, and my wigs make me feel like different women. Wigs are also my solution to the conundrum of monogamy, in which I believe strongly. You wouldn't want to eat a plain hamburger every day for the rest of your life. Ketchup, mustard, mayonnaise and pickles now and then make it tastier. My wigs let me change the package occasionally. The blue one is sort of ice princessy. The yellow one makes me look like an airhead. The orange one means aloof. The black one is serious stuff. James' favorite is the red, but you'll have to ask him why. My natural color is brown, but I realized I was a little too conservative and I wasn't having enough fun. So I did a small part blonde. Thank God it didn't affect my IQ. Spiritually, I think of myself as an Italian with black hair, wearing Capezio slippers that were hand-beaded by a little slave boy. I have this vision of myself with black Cleopatra hair and blue eyes. (continued on page 190)

One More Reality To Go

We've spent the past millennium unraveling the mysteries of science.

Now let's open the window to miracles and inner space

A

LL AROUND US, an infinite new reality is peering through the cracks of our rigid, bounded conception of the known. If our future is going to be more than just a repetition of the past, we will have to leave the known behind and discover a region of reality not yet explored—the realm of the impossible.

Consider this experience of a friend of mine. He pulled the ligaments in his right foot during a workout. Hobbling and in constant pain, he went to an orthopedist, only to be told that surgery might be in the offing. He was reluctant to have an operation and waited, hoping the condition would improve on its own. When it didn't, he decided on impulse to visit a Chinese healer.

The healer looked at the injured foot and touched it lightly. Then he walked behind my friend's back and made a line of Xs in the air, up and down his spine. "Try to walk now," he said. My friend got up and, to his astonishment, walked around the room free of pain. He asked the healer what he'd done.

"Your body is a projection of your mind, a pattern of energy held together by your awareness. When you are aware that it is well, you hold your body together in a healthy state. But pain caused your awareness to withdraw from your body. You no longer held the right image, so I adjusted it for you."

My friend shook his head. "But all you did was move your hands in the air," he protested.

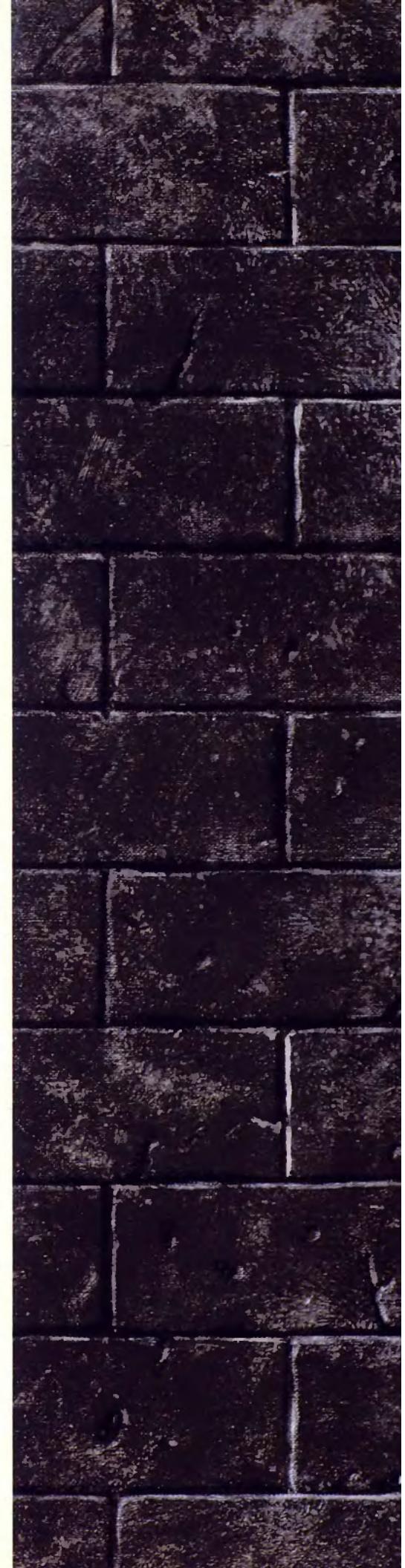
"No, I was shifting your energy," the Chinese healer corrected. "Certain channels were closed that needed to be open—very simple."

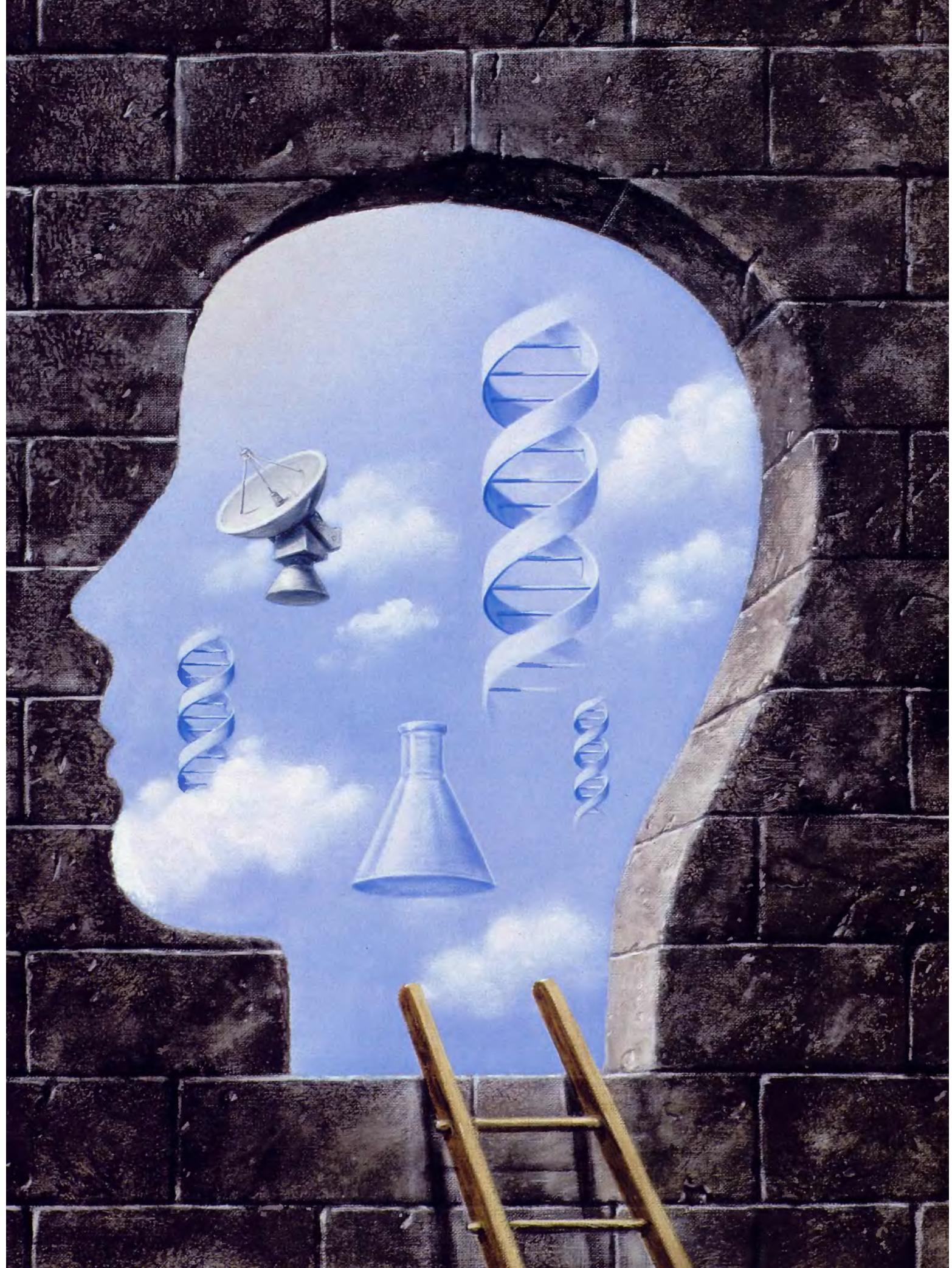
The most remarkable aspect of this healing experience is that my friend did not sense that his entire life had been changed for the better. Although he was pleased that his foot was healed, at first he had no understanding of the key to the mystery of this "very simple" procedure. The power exercised by the healer operated from a level deeper than my friend—or most people—can access. When I pointed this out, my friend suddenly remembered something important he'd overlooked. "The healer told me that anyone can learn to do the same kind of work," he said, "but the first step is giving up the idea that it is impossible."

I can cite books filled with nuggets of the unknown—the impossible—that are pure gold: eyewitness accounts of (continued on page 232)

article

By Deepak Chopra





THE YEAR

“A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke.”

-Kipling

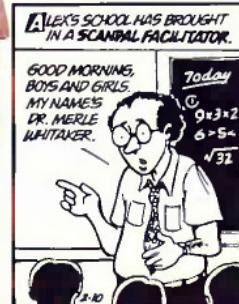


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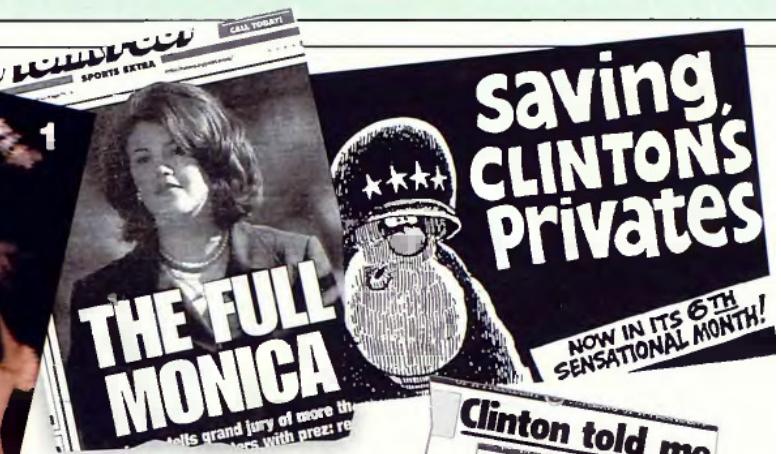


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Doonesbury



5

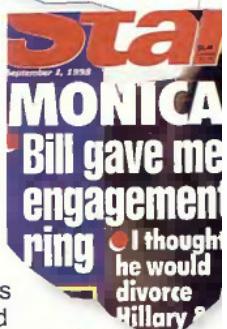


THE KEN STARR CHAMBER-POT REPORT

Politics really does make strange bedfellows, among them a cigar-loving Bill Clinton, who couldn't decide whether to smoke it or poke it, and his friends and enemies, several of whom changed their stories in midstream. Players included (1) White House intern Monica Lewinsky, (2) ex-Miss America (and PLAYBOY model) Elizabeth Ward Gracen, (3) Grand Inquisitor . . . er, Special Prosecutor Starr, (4) Monica's faux friend Linda Tripp, who leaked the news about (5) the Dress, (6) disheveled volunteer Kathleen Willey, (7) Clinton campaign plane attendant turned

White House receptionist Debra Schiff, (8) ex-Miss Arkansas Lencola Sullivan, (9) old Little Rock girlfriend Dolly Kyle Browning, (10) actress Markie Post, (11) country singer Lorrie Morgan, (12) fondled flight attendant and tabloid tattler Cristy Zercher, (13) nose-bobbed Paula Jones, whose suit started it all, and even (14) the presidential dog, Buddy, who got fixed.

Clinton told me he was a sex addict



4

BY GARRY TRUEAU



IN SEX

the f words—
fib, fellatio, fertility and
pfizer—gave the
country a rise



STAND BY YOUR MAN, PART I

Tammy Wynette died in April, but her spirit lives on in the hearts of those who stick with their mates, come what may.

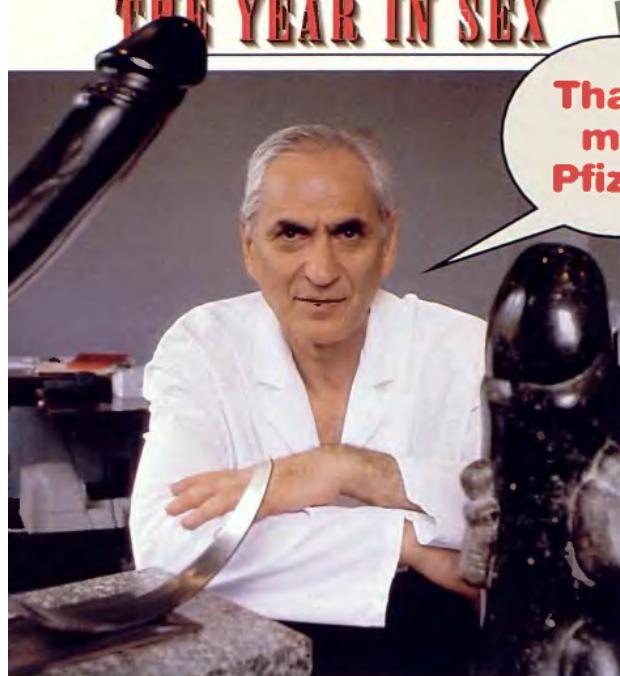
First and foremost: Hillary Rodham Clinton.



MAXIMUM BOB

Republican patriarch Bob Dole admitted he and his wife, Elizabeth, have been having a grand old party ever since he became part of the test group for Pfizer's new potency drug, Viagra.

THE YEAR IN SEX



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

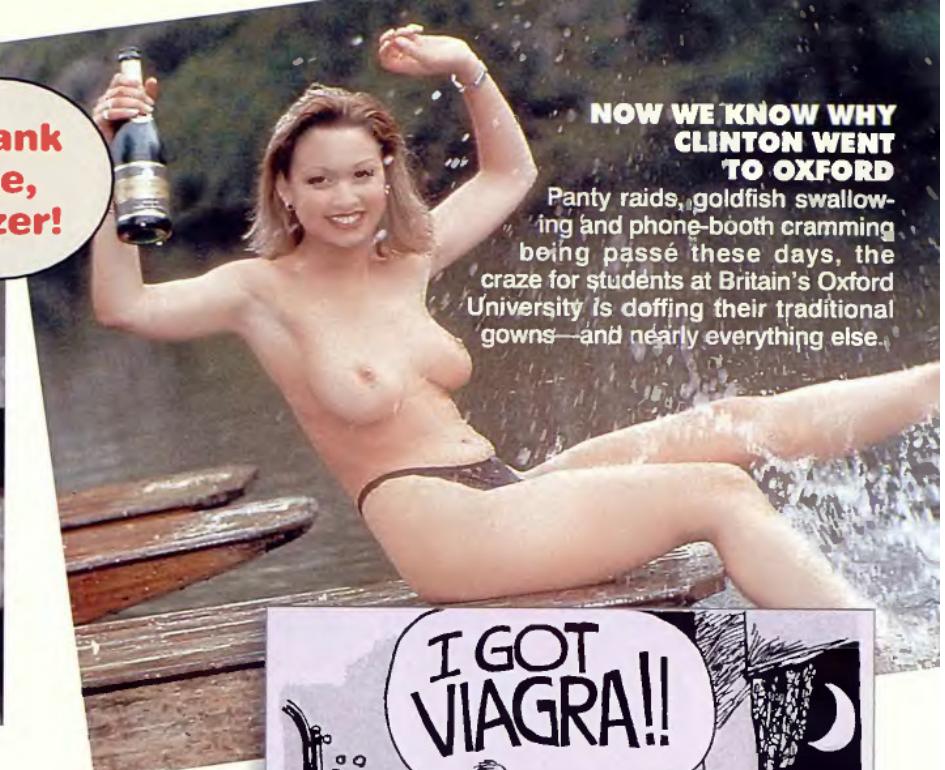
French doctor Ronald Virag, a pioneer in erection technology (he developed the injection-induced hard-on), wants Pfizer to pay him for making Viagra a near anagram of his name.



MORE SEX PLEASE, WE'RE BRITISH

Hyped as the first show of its kind in the United Kingdom, a spectacle called *Erotica Fair* packed crowds into London's Olympia exhibition hall, normally a venue for home shows.

Thank me, Pfizer!



NOW WE KNOW WHY CLINTON WENT TO OXFORD

Panty raids, goldfish swallowing and phone-booth cramming being passé these days, the craze for students at Britain's Oxford University is doffing their traditional gowns—and nearly everything else.



Thank you, Pfizer!



SURVIVAL OF THE HORNIEST

Demand for powdered rhinoceros horn, an alleged aphrodisiac, is expected to fall with rising sales of Viagra.

STAND BY YOUR MAN, PART II

Amy Fisher is in jail for shooting lover Joey Buttafuoco's wife, Mary Jo, but Mrs. B. is still with her Joey.



CLINTON'S
A SCUM
BAG!

FATHER
KNOWS
BEST

TAKES ONE TO KNOW ONE?

In Zippergate's wake, Indiana Congressman Dan Burton had to fess up to fathering a child out of wedlock, while GOP colleagues Henry Hyde and Helen Chenoweth came clean about ancient adulteries.



SO THAT'S
WHAT THEY
MEAN BY
SIDE EFFECTS

Viagra spawned its first palimony suit when, two days after taking his first pill, Frank Bernardo, 70, left Roberta Burke, 63, for a 65-year-old.

VIAGRA TURNED
MY MAN INTO
A STUD

...and now
he's left
me for
another
woman

Nuts
to you,
Pfizer!



JUST SO YOU SPELL MY NAME RIGHT

Claiming she was peeved over Jay Leno's remarks about her *PLAYBOY* layout, Downtown Julie Brown ostensibly flashed his audience—then revealed the true message behind her opened trench coat.

Isn't
this
cool?



FERTILITY RITES: PUTTING UP A GOOD FRONT

Not since Demi Moore posed for *Vanity Fair* have so many celebs been so up front about being with child. Princess Stephanie had a bellyful in Monaco, but she wasn't saying who fathered Camille Marie Kelly. Jerry Hall posed for Lucian Freud while great with Gabriel Luke Beauregard Jagger, her fourth child with

Mick. Elle Macpherson's got milk and more in this ad, shot while expecting her son with beau Arpad Busson. And *Melrose Place*'s Lisa Rinna proudly posed for *PLAYBOY* while she and hubby Harry Hamlin awaited Delilah Belle.



MILK
Where's your milkshake?

THE YEAR IN SEX



SPRINGER FEVER

But what really pissed off talk show host Jerry Springer was the surreptitious videotaping of his alleged romp with a porn star and her stepmother in a Chicago hotel.

Mom who gave birth on Internet
WANTED
is ex-con on run from cops

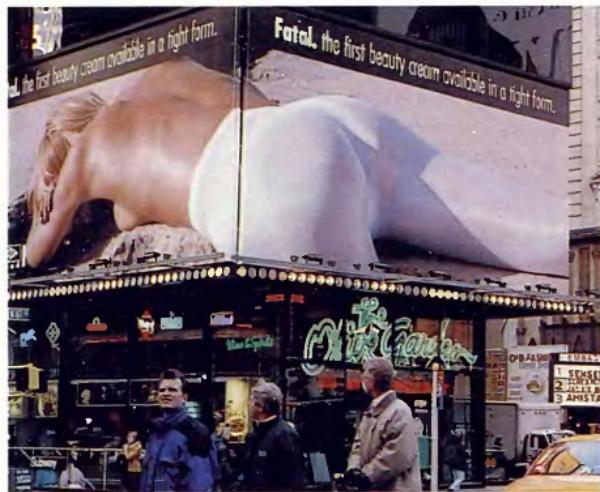
SHE DELIVERED, THEY DIDN'T

After Elizabeth Oliver gave birth on the Internet, viewers ID'd her as a bad-check artist and she surrendered. Charges, though, were dropped as too old. Meanwhile, the promise by "Mike and Diane" (below) to lose their virginity on the Web turned out to be a hoax.



BUMMER!

The billboard version loomed over Times Square, but Helmut Newton's Wolford hosiery ad was nixed as a bus poster by New York's Metropolitan Transportation Authority.



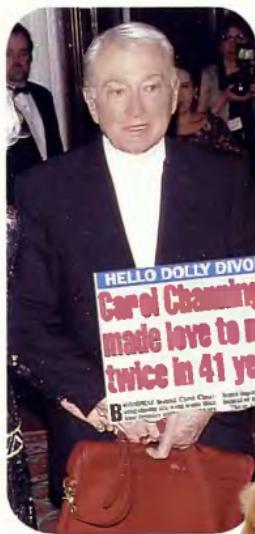
DRESSED TO THRILL

See-through fashions, forecast in *PLAYBOY* as long ago as 1960, now appear regularly on designers' runways (that's an artfully slipped bra at Betsey Johnson's show, right) and at the MTV Video Music Awards (actor Rose McGowan brings up the rear with date Marilyn Manson, below).



GOODBYE, DOLLY

In her divorce complaint, Carol (*Hello, Dolly!*) Channing alleged her husband, Charles Lowe, romanced her only twice in their four-decade marriage.



STAND BY YOUR MAN, PART III

Heather Faulkner and her lingerie-loving beau, Marv Albert, last year's poster boy for kink, tied the knot at a New York City hotel.





CAFÉ FLESHIER

A hard-core sequel to the cult film *Café Flesh* won raves even as *Permanent Midnight*, a bio of *Flesh* screenwriter Jerry Stahl, hit theaters.

NOW IF THEY'D JUST OUTLAW PEARLS

Another Viagra consequence? We hear orders for oysters, long rumored to aid performance, are down at trendy eateries.

Thank you, Pfizer!



TORAH! TORAH! TORAH!

Transsexual thrush Dana International, formerly Yaron Cohen, won the Eurovision song contest for Israel, outraging ultraorthodox Jews.

THE CUM-HITHER LOOK

Grossest of many wacko moments from *There's Something About Mary*: Cameron Diaz' unwitting use of ejaculate as styling mousse.

WE ONLY READ 'EM FOR THE ARTICLES

If you were wondering just how sexy a year it was, check out these publications' covers: *Vanity Fair* sees through actress Gretchen Mol's undies. *GQ* unwraps model Daniela Pestova and *Rolling Stone* flaunts a nude Laetitia Casta. And we're willing to wager that next year will be even hotter.



THE YEAR IN SEX

A LITTLE SOMETHING FOR THE CONTROL FREAK

The Boob Tube universal remote can turn you on, too: Press the nipples to change channels.

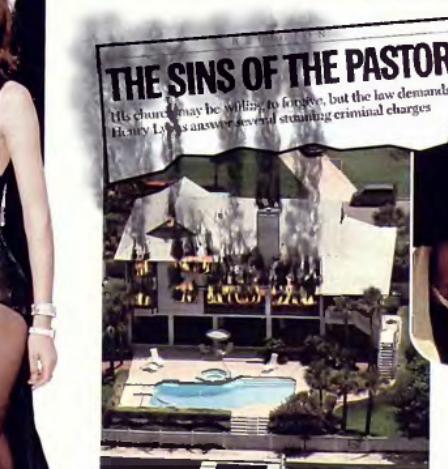


BOOBY JOB

To win a \$100,000 bet, inveterate gambler Brian Zembic got breast implants—and liked them so much he decided to keep them. Dow Corning was less comfortable with the surgery.

WE SEE LONDON, WE SEE FRANCE

In various public appearances, Elizabeth Hurley, Salma Hayek, Ashley Judd and Eva Herzigova reveal more than they intended. Hurley said if she had known they'd show, she would have worn prettier panties.



STAND BY YOUR MAN, PART IV

She set fire to the waterfront home he owned with another woman, but Henry Lyons' wife, Deborah (and the National Baptist Convention USA, which he heads), is sticking by the preacher, who admitted an "improper relationship." He also faces 61 state and federal charges of ripping off millions to finance his roamin' lifestyle.

Thank you, Pfizer!

WORKING GIRLS GET THE BUSINESS

With 90-year-old johns (Viagra in hand) beating down doors, Nevada brothels report a ten percent boost in trade.

MOONLIGHT BUNNYRANCH



Did not...uh, Did so!



THAT'S WHAT DAD LIKED ABOUT THE SOUTH

At their most recent convention, Southern Baptists reaffirmed their belief that wives should obey their husbands. No word yet from Hillary Clinton.

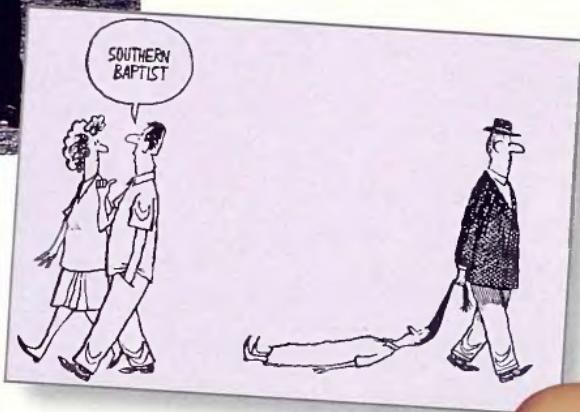
STAND BY YOUR MAN, PART V

Texan Kenny Goss (in shorts) remains with his lover, George Michael, notwithstanding the Brit singer's embarrassing arrest for "committing a lewd act" in the rest room of Will Rogers Park in Beverly Hills.



THE PERFECT GIFT FOR THE MAN ABOUT TOWN

Hmmm—we've seen this guy somewhere. Shortly after Hugh Hefner's separation from wife Kimberley was announced, Dave Letterman presented him with an economy-sized bottle of Viagra. Hefner later told *The Wall Street Journal* it is "the greatest recreational drug ever."



TEACHER FLUNKS SEX ED

Mary Kay Letourneau was sent back to jail when it was revealed that she and her schoolboy lover, Vili Fualaau, whom she was forbidden to see, had managed to get together. The couple—she's 36, he's 15—had their second child, a daughter, in October.



EXPLOSIVE DEVICES

In a simpler era, boys lit farts with matches. The Circus of Horrors entertained Edinburgh with rearview pyrotechnics, while a fireworks device made in alien hangout Roswell, New Mexico is called, we kid you not, the Golden Shower.



WHAM, BAM, NO THANK YOU, MA'AM!

When patron Paul Shimkonis sued a Florida topless club for whiplash caused by impact with the size 60 HHH breasts of *Playboy's Voluptuous Vixens II* model Tawny Peaks, *The People's Court*'s Judge Ed Koch ruled the jugs were too soft to inflict such injury.



daddy's first vagina

fiction by Steve Martin

a man, a woman, a
pill—next stop, the
stars. not exactly

Tonight, under a sky sprayed with stars, I will drink from the spoons of your clavicle and graze my hand along the pulse in your neck. My fingertips will slow on your slight stickiness, and I will know you are with me by the small catch in your breath.

“So when do I take it?”
“A couple of hours before.”
“Does it cause it?”
“You will not notice a thing unless you are stimulated.”
“If I have any questions?”
“Call my nurse.”

We will drive away to a dark motel. In the spare, mysterious room, a rainbow of neon will fall dimly on the floor, as I unlock each button and turn a key inside you.

“Honey, it’s me.”
“I’m on the other line. What?”
“Let’s go out to dinner tonight.”
“Why?”
“A date.”
“With who?”
“With us.”
“Can you call me back?”

Tonight I will lead you up the stairs, warrior and princess. I will place a halo of flowers on your head. I will shape my hands around you, while Rachmaninoff plays on the Victrola. I will lower the lights and see you in your blueness.

“I called you from work before I left.”

“I’m sorry I missed you. I had to

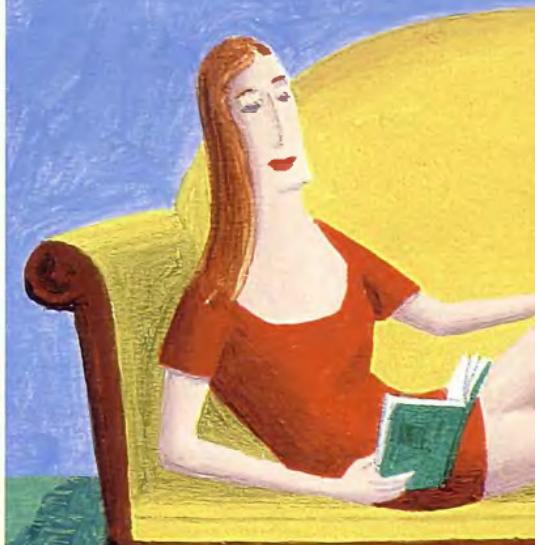
go over to Jane’s.”

“Do you want to go?”
“Tell me what again.”
“Do you want to go to dinner?”
“Out?”
“Out, tonight. Now.”
“I guess.”
“I made a reservation.”
“They don’t take reservations.”
“Not there; another one.”
“Oh. Should we go now? While they’re empty?”
“I want to shower.”
“Oh. Then I guess I will too.”
“I brought you this.”
“Sapone?”
“Italian for soap. Iris-scented soap.”
“Soap?”

Tonight we will go sailing in our bed, with the lamplight as our moon. Our spackled ceiling will be our stars, our dipper and our Polaris, and I will navigate by the four corners of our room.

“The candle blew out.”
“I’ll ask the waiter to relight it.”
“That’s OK.”
“No, I want to.”
“We’re almost done.”
“I want you in candlelight now, and later too.”
“Later?”
“I want you tonight.”
“Clarence?”
“Do you want me tonight?”
“Yes, Clarence.”

My hands on your wrists will ease you toward me, and I will kiss each pulse point. My desire will spin the earth backward and move the planets into retrograde. I will make you remember the past as the present when, tonight, I take back what is mine.





That Was The Year That Was

the last 12 months were awash in high crimes, lowlifes and plain old nincompoops

HUMOR BY ROBERT S. WIEDER



THE CLINTONS

The Clintons' favorite show? *South Park*.
The reasons? Not that many.
They watch it just to hear the line:
"Oh my God, they killed Kenny!"

TITANIC

Titanic grossed 1 billion, most
All-time, and sparked a mania.
And blessed is the soul who owns
The rights to *Lusitania*.

PAULA JONES

When Paula J.'s case died, we feared
She would do something drastic.
And so she did! Thank God it was
Just something rhinoplastic.



LINDA TRIPP

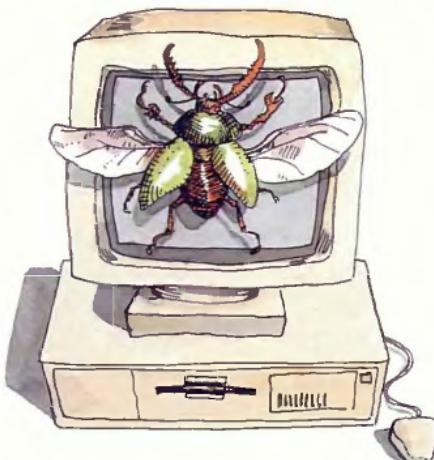
To quickly spread some lurid tale
Of tacky prurience,
Just whisper it to Linda Tripp
In strictest confidence.

HANSON

Based upon artistic talent,
Though we think they're nice boys,
Hanson could as easily have
Used the name the Spice Boys.

VIAGRA

"For those with faulty hearts," warned Pfizer,
"This drug is unwise."
Replied Viagra-gobbling males,
"Hey, if she dies, she dies."



THE MILLENNIUM BUG

Computers were by geniuses designed,
Which makes it stunning
That none of these huge brains could see
The year 2000 coming.

AL DUNLAP

"Chainsaw Al" fired multitudes, and
Bitter though they were,
His sacking gave them cause to rave:
A "Chainsaw" massacre!

THE OLYMPICS

Some Olympic snowboard kid
Got caught with pot: unwise.
So, kid, next time destroy your room
Just like the hockey guys.



KEN STARR

Of dollars spent for kinky sex,
No one will top Starr's ratio:
Forty million just to hear
Some gal describe fellatio.

WILLIAM GINSBURG

William Ginsburg basked in fame, till
Sacked when things went wrong.
Thank God, 'cause never yet has 15
Minutes seemed so long.



MARV ALBERT

Marv Albert, hired to voice the Knicks,
Has come back with a boom.
Big bucks, good ratings and, of course,
His own cross-dressing room.



SPINGER

Guests faked their rage, the fights were staged.
The *Springer Show*? Mere schtick!
'Twas all a ruse. Which means—good news!—
The country's not that sick.

ROCK OF AGES

John Fogerty, Bob Dylan and
James Taylor all won Grammys.
Their fans were watching, but from bed,
Half dozing, in their jammies.

TRENT LOTT

He made gays quite the issue, but
Campaign reform? 'Fraid not.
Based on Trent's lame priorities,
He's just a vacant Lott.

TINA BROWN

"Goodbye, *New Yorker*," Tina said.
"Although it's been a blast,
It seems I've spent near every cent
They have at Condé Nast."



IRS REFORM

"We rolled heads at the IRS!"
The Congress crowed, "We showed 'em!"
The problem, fools, is all the rules,
And you're the clowns who wrote 'em.



MEDIA MISCREANTS

Journalists lied, deceived, contrived
And stole, with no contrition.
They lost their jobs, but not to sob:
They'll make great politicians.



U.S. vs. MICROSOFT

It's U.S. versus Microsoft,
With "bundling" as the door prize.
We protest to the Redmond crew:
Go pick on someone your size.

EL NIÑO

El Niño came to fry and blow
And drown and parch and freeze us.
That's what we get for naming
Rotten weather after Jesus.



SPICE GIRLS

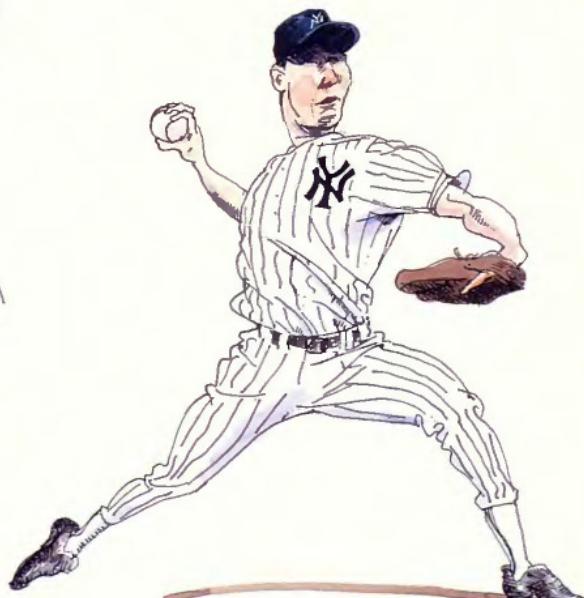
When Ginger walked, the Spice Girls, shocked,
Said, "We'll go on, you know."
A grateful world this cry unfurled:
"One down, just four to go!"

INVESTING

Stocks and bonds and real estate were
Fraught with "ifs" and "maybes."
The smartest blue chip play this year
Was trading Beanie Babies.

INTERNGATE

Whatever Monica may have done
Upon her bended knee,
It paled in comparison to Bill,
Who blew his place in history.



BASEBALL

If this terse rhyme, about our pastime
Seems a little cranky,
It's possibly because the writer
Hates the fucking Yankees.

Kirstie Alley

(continued from page 175)

But then I thought, Why am I burning my bra when I look really good in my bra?

wearing chinoiserie: silk Oriental clothes that are designed for me and are sort of open in the front. I'm standing on a huge stairway, where I greet my gentlemen callers looking like I do nothing.

5

PLAYBOY: Is your life always so dramatic?
 ALLEY: Always. To me, an hour without drama is unimaginable. The worst thing in the world is boredom. There is nothing that will upset me more or do me in faster. I realized last night, while I was sitting in the bathtub feeling sorry for myself about something, that I don't think I've ever spent 24 hours alone. I'm very social. I don't know what people do when they're alone. Curling up with a good book seems unreal to me. Maybe it would make sense if I were curled up with somebody else while reading a good book. But to read a book by myself? Unreal. I can't stand it if there's no drama. [Pauses] Now, by drama I don't necessarily mean conflict—just the drama of life. If all the world is a stage, I'm there. I'm committed. I'm sort of nuts in that way. Everything is like a movie to me, so nothing feels common, and that's a good thing. If I started feeling common, ugh, you might just as well slit my throat.

6

PLAYBOY: Say you're naked and looking in the mirror. What do you see?
 ALLEY: I see a big mistake. I've never looked in a mirror and gone, "Wow. Wow." I've always gone, "What's up with that? What's up with this?" I see all the bad things. I don't think that will ever change. I have always wondered why any guy is with me, especially if he's really cool. When I'm with James I can't believe that it's happening. The girls who have been with the men I've been with all have spectacular bodies. They're the kind of girls who walk into a room and you go, "Oh my God!" That makes me even more introverted. I think, Maybe you can't see under my dress. Then, after he's seen under there I think, Are you high? What the hell are you doing? He says, "You're so beautiful." I say, "You are high!" You'd think that would make me believe I'm beautiful. But it doesn't. It makes me think he's lost his mind. Or maybe he's tired of the big-breasted-whore period and is ready to get down—or he's slumming. I've never been with a man

who hasn't been with beautiful women, so I can't help but compare myself. Why I've been so lucky and gotten beautiful men, I don't know. I must be putting out some vibes. And here's the weird thing: I'm not insecure. I never worry about a beautiful guy leaving me. I understand why he's with me, but I'm never not confident that he is, if that makes sense.

7

PLAYBOY: What is the most romantic thing James has done for you?

ALLEY: One Easter he didn't give me anything. I moped all day. I thought, He doesn't love me anymore; I can't believe this is happening. I know this sounds overdramatic, but it's the truth. I was in the bath and he was off working on a house. He kept calling, saying, "What are you doing now?" I could tell he was being sweet with me, but all I felt was, Fuck you. Don't I at least get an Easter egg? Then he'd call again and say, "Now what are you doing?" I'd say, "I'm taking a bath." I couldn't figure out why he was too busy for me. I contemplated packing my bags and taking off for Italy at midnight, leaving a note that said, "You don't care about me! (By the way, I'm in Italy.)" He came home around nine o'clock and said, "I'll flip you for going over and getting a bottle of wine." We live in two houses, connected by a bridge across the third floor. I lost and he said, "OK, you get the wine and I'll get the glasses." I walked across the bridge into my bedroom and there was this beautiful chinoiserie desk that I'd seen four months earlier in an antique store. It was the most fabulous desk I'd seen in my life, but at the time he said, "Ah, you don't need that. It's too expensive." So I totally forgot about it. But there it was in my bedroom, with candles all over it, and roses thrown all over the room. He also left an amazing note saying that's what he'd been doing all day. He had to get it to the house, hide it in a truck down the street and move it upstairs, all while I was next door moping.

8

PLAYBOY: Your TV character Veronica Chase wrote *The Guide to a Fairy-Tale Marriage*. Based on your experience, which part of marriage is the fairy tale?
 ALLEY: The fairy tale is that most peo-

ple, probably including myself, hope love is just something that happens to you, that you're just zapped with the love bug and you're not responsible. When you meet somebody you are zapped, in a way that puts you on your best behavior. But sustained love—and marriage—has to be created. Even though it takes directed energy it can still be the most romantic thing in the world as long as you don't lie to each other. The fairy tale is that people don't believe they have a responsibility to create that. If married men would continue to court their wives like they did when they met—heavily—they'd never have a problem with their women. It doesn't have to be, "I'm coming over. Turn the lights off, take your clothes off. Get into bed." Flowers, gifts and surprises, on an almost daily basis. The result would be that the women would act like they did when they were being courted. Women would act like women, which is what women want to do [smiles]. Here is what women also want: attention. They want romance. They want the knight in shining armor. Think of men and women as non-gender-specific spirits who are on Earth to play a game. They meet. What do you do? If you dribbled a basketball down the field in a football game, you'd be in the wrong game. Lots of people refuse to play the game. They think there's something wrong with it. I think you play the gender you've selected. If you get the woman's body, be a woman. If you get the man's body, be a man. Both have to play.

9

PLAYBOY: Who makes the first move?
 ALLEY: The man. And I'm not talking only about the bedroom. Feminists are going to hate me for saying this, but I believe women have to yield to a higher strength. It's not always easy for me. I was raised in the feminist era and heard, "Burn your bra." But then I thought, Why am I burning my bra when I look really good in my bra? It's not like somebody told me I have to wear a bra. There's a benefit to all these things. It doesn't mean that I'm not as smart, or as able, or as powerful, or that I shouldn't have equal opportunity and equal pay. But many of the old traditions our society is trying to do away with are basically true for me. I'm not going to pick up a gun and go to war. Am I opposed to shooting somebody if he's the enemy? No. If somebody breaks into my house, I'll blow his head off. But if somebody breaks in and I'm lying next to James, I'll say, "Hey, James, somebody's breaking into the house. Get the gun." My job is to

(continued on page 238)

Playboy's

COLLEGE BASKETBALL

Preview

our annual roundup

of the year's best

teams and players as

schools gear up for

march madness

College basketball is gagging on its own success—the NCAA tournament. The Big Dance is now the overwhelming focus of fans and media alike, eclipsing the regular season, the conference races and even postseason conference tournaments. NCAA tournament attendance is up. Regular season attendance is down. TV ratings are also down. Schedules and strategies are devised not to win conference titles but to entice the tournament selection committee to issue that oh-so-important invitation, the one that garners prestige, visibility and a recruiting advantage for next year. Nobody cares anymore who wins the regular season conference titles. Everything is geared to March Madness, three weeks of all-or-nothing games culminating in a Final Four marketing extravaganza that has become the biggest sporting event in America (sorry, Super Bowl).

But wouldn't you enjoy a basketball season whose drama and excitement lasted longer than three weeks? There is a way, and, no, it's not to expand the tournament to include more or all Division I teams. That would only tighten the lock March has on the sport. The answer is to invite fewer teams and make those teams earn their invitation by winning either or both their regular season conference championships or postseason tourneys. Then every regular season game would become a battle with March Madness significance.

Here's the formula: Give two bids each to the 12 major conferences (ACC, Atlantic Ten, Big East, Big Ten, Big 12, Big West, Conference USA, Mid-American, Missouri Valley, Pac Ten, SEC and WAC). That's two dozen. If the same team wins the regular season and conference postseason tourney, give a bid to the second place regular season team. Mandate that the smaller conference champions play off for a spot in a truly elite field of 32. No more invitations by power ratings and committee.

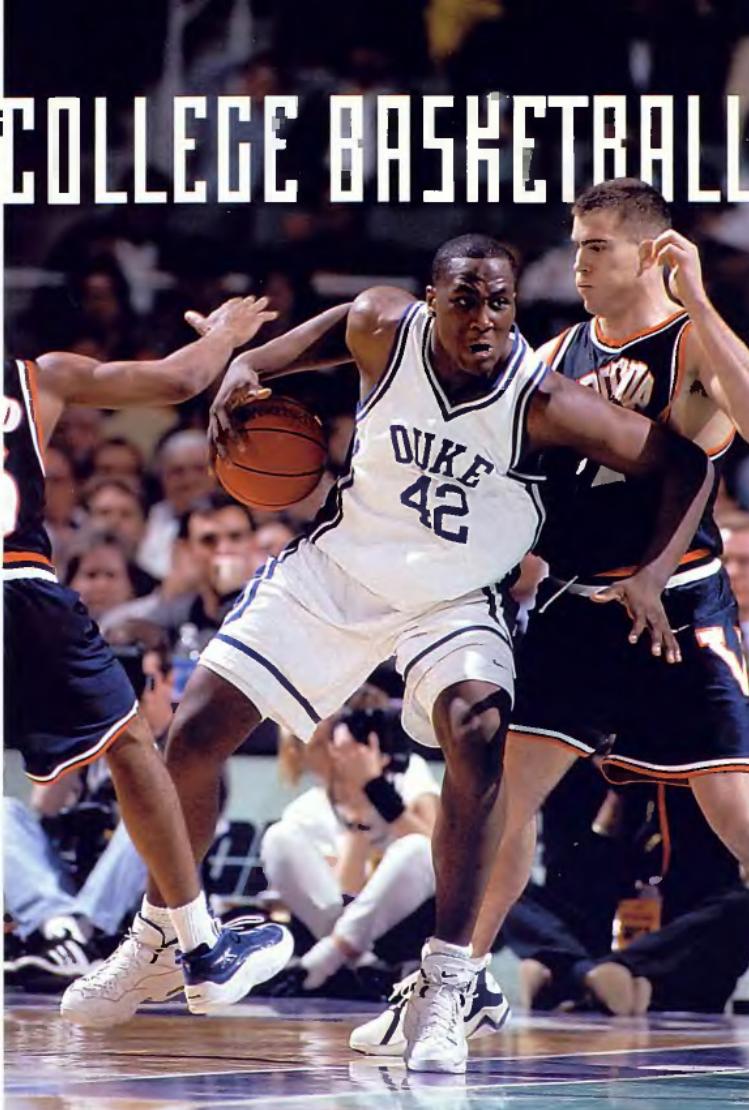
Is such a plan feasible? Of course. Will it happen? Probably not, because too many people are making too much money from the tournament in its current configuration. Too bad. College basketball should be exciting for three months, not just three weeks.

Now we'll climb off the soapbox and take a look at the teams that are most likely to make noise this year, Playboy's Top 40.

(1) DUKE

The strong performance of Playboy All-America Elton Brand in this past summer's Goodwill Games pushed

SPORTS BY GARY COLE



Playboy All-America Elton

Brand will muscle the Duke

Blue Devils to their third

national championship,

their first since 1992.

Mike Krzyzewski's talented and deep Blue Devil team from contender to favorite heading into this year's race for the national championship. Brand proved he is an awesome presence on the court, and with team leader Trajan

Langdon, 6'8" forward Shane Battier, Chris Burgess and point guard William Avery, Duke is good enough to dominate the ACC and put Krzyzewski back in TV commercials. Freshman Corey Maggette will get playing time even with this exceptional lineup.

(2) CONNECTICUT

With all five starters returning from last season's 32-win Elite Eight team, UConn figured to be just about everyone's preseason number one. Then misfortune struck. Playboy All-America Richard Hamilton broke his foot last July during a World Games tryout in Chicago, and UConn's national title stock plummeted. The silky-smooth Hamilton underwent surgery, and hopes to resume his role as leader of the Huskies' offense. Not that coach Jim Calhoun doesn't have other weapons. Playboy All-America guard Khalid El-Amin is an impressive floor general. Six-ten Jake Voskuhl is a force under the boards. Six-eight Edmund Sanders, who sat out last year because of Proposition 48, could have an immediate impact at power forward. Word is Hamilton has recovered nearly 100 percent. If so, Calhoun and his Huskies have a

PLAYBOY'S 1999



BJ McKie
South Carolina



Todd MacCulloch
Washington



Richard Hamilton
Connecticut

Elton Brand
Duke



Andre Miller
Utah

All-America Team

Evan Eschmeyer
Northwestern

Mateen Cleaves
Michigan State

Wally Szczerbiak
Miami (Ohio)

Rick Majerus
Coach of the Year
Utah

Khalid El-Amin
Connecticut

A.J. Guyton
Indiana

PLAYBOY'S TOP 40

1. DUKE
2. CONNECTICUT
3. STANFORD
4. MARYLAND
5. MICHIGAN STATE
6. KENTUCKY
7. UCLA
8. UTAH
9. XAVIER
10. ARKANSAS
11. MEMPHIS
12. CINCINNATI
13. OKLAHOMA STATE
14. INDIANA
15. NEW MEXICO
16. KANSAS
17. TEMPLE
18. ARIZONA
19. NORTH CAROLINA
20. TENNESSEE
21. UNLV
22. PRINCETON
23. RHODE ISLAND
24. MIAMI
25. MASSACHUSETTS
26. PROVIDENCE
27. MISSOURI
28. PURDUE
29. WASHINGTON
30. AUBURN
31. TEXAS CHRISTIAN
32. ALABAMA-BIRMINGHAM
33. TEXAS
34. GEORGIA
35. GEORGE WASHINGTON
36. SETON HALL
37. DEPAUL
38. TULSA
39. SYRACUSE
40. IOWA

chance to cut down the nets in St. Petersburg come March.

(3) STANFORD

With all five starters returning from a team that won 30 games and battled all the way to the Final Four last spring, Stanford has to be considered a national championship front-runner. On paper, the Cardinal has everything going for it. Senior guards Arthur Lee and Kris Weems average in double digits. Seven-foot-one pivotman Tim Young can block and tackle with the best. And Mark "Mad Dog" Madsen brings a competitive fire to the court that ignites his teammates and intimidates opponents. Add the cool coaching style of Mike Montgomery and a developing cast of supporting players that includes 6'7" Peter Sauer and 6'9" Jarron Collins and it's hard to imagine that Stanford doesn't have another Final Four appearance in its near future.

(4) MARYLAND

This is Maryland's year to become one of the ACC's big boys. Coach Gary Williams has been rebuilding the Terps' basketball tradition, which was derailed by Len Bias' death and the subsequent departure of coach Lefty Driesell 12 years ago. Williams has come close to having all the pieces before, but this year they might just fit. Six-eight Laron Profit is the point maker (15.8 ppg) on the team. Center Obinna Ekezie is the second-best center (to Duke's Elton Brand) in the conference. Terrell Stokes is smooth and experienced at the point. Add Steve Francis, a two-time junior college All-American, and Danny Miller, a six-sixer with a mean outside shot, and the Terps appear to have the full package. Maryland has played in five consecutive NCAA tournaments. This team has the talent to stick around to the end.

(5) MICHIGAN STATE

The Spartans surprised nearly everyone in the Big Ten last season, winning the conference title with a 13-3 mark. Biggest reason was Playboy All-America guard Mateen Cleaves, who led the conference with an average 7.2 assists and 16.1 points per game. Much to the disappointment of NBA scouts, Cleaves stayed in East Lansing, giving coach Tom Izzo the luxury of five returning starters plus a strong bench. The Spartans won't surprise anyone in the Big Ten this year, but they should win another conference title anyway.

(6) KENTUCKY

Talk about a program on a roll. Rick Pitino wins a national championship, then heads for the NBA. Tubby Smith

takes over and wins a national championship in his debut season. The Wildcats are loaded again this season despite losing team leader and top scorer Jeff Sheppard and center Nazr Mohammed, who departed for the pros with college eligibility remaining. But Smith again has guns Scott Padgett and Wayne Turner plus strong support that includes Heshimu Evans at guard and Jamaal Magloire at center. If freshmen Tayshaun Prince and Desmond Allison live up to their advance billings, the Wildcats could have a shot at a third national title in four years.

(7) UCLA

If coaching success were based on recruiting success, two-year Bruins coach Steve Lavin would have to be judged a winner. Last year's class was one of the nation's best, even after Schea Cotton didn't qualify academically. This year's class is a hands-down winner and features Dan Gadzuric and Jerome Moiso, plus McDonald's All-Americans JaRon Rush and Ray Young. While this fab four may augur well for the future, the season's success will hinge on guard Baron Davis, whose spectacular freshman season was ended by a knee injury in the NCAA tournament. Davis has had surgery, and Lavin expects him to be at full strength by the beginning of the season. If Davis and this group of recruits stick around, UCLA should hang some new championship banners in Pauley Pavilion in a season or two.

(8) UTAH

North Carolina, Duke, UCLA and Kentucky may have history and hype on their side, but by the end of last year's NCAA tournament, it was the Utah Utes and their affable coach Rick Majerus who won the hearts of America's basketball fans. With an emphasis on defense and rebounding (they led the nation in rebounding margin last season), Utah proved that strong fundamentals and an intelligent game plan can shut down more athletically talented teams, a fact that was brilliantly illustrated in the Utes' clinical dismemberment of North Carolina in the tourney semifinals. The good news for Majerus is that guard Andre Miller, who graduated in June, spurned the NBA and took advantage of the new NCAA rule offering nonqualifiers an extra year of eligibility. Center Michael Doleac and Drew Hansen are gone, but 6'10" Hanno Möttölä and 6'9" Alex Jensen are both juniors. Majerus is grooming 6'11" Nate Althoff to fill Doleac's spot and has brought in Tony Harvey and Jeremy Killion from the junior college circuit.

(continued on page 226)



"Wow! I never dreamed there was a 13th day of Christmas!"

EARTH TO

UNIVERSE:

DO YOU

READ?

after centuries of speculation, astronomers have discovered fifteen new planets. there may be millions more. so where are the aliens?

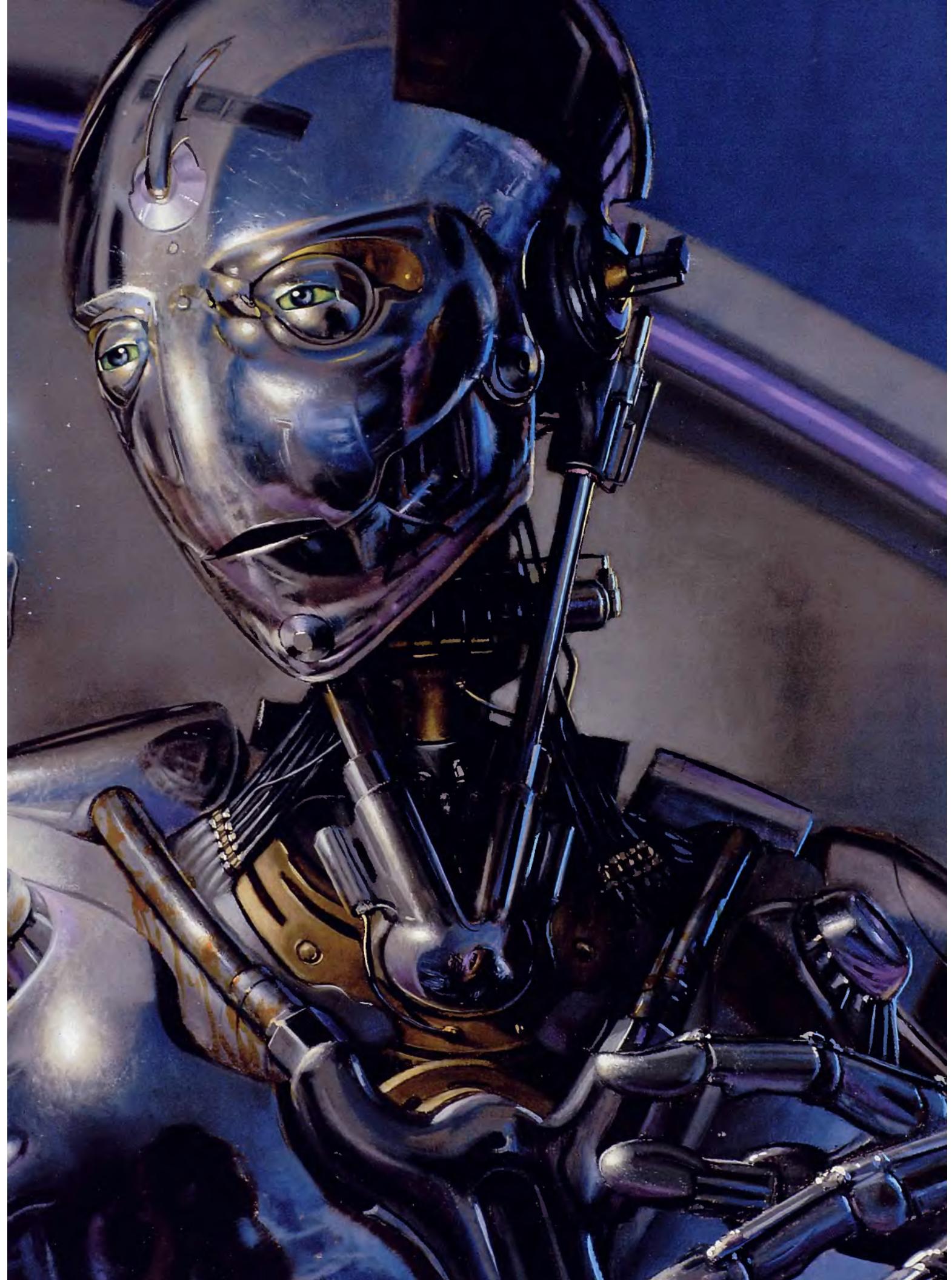
article By Michael D. Lemonick

GEORGE MARCY has to work nights, and his graveyard shifts last three or four days at a time. He arrives at work 2200 miles from home with heavy eyes and jet lag from crossing two time zones. But what choice does he have? You can't study the stars with the sun in the way. And the mammoth telescopes used by astronomers such as Marcy are built far from the air- and light-pollution that muck up the crystalline purity of the night sky.

Marcy had it tougher a few years ago. Then he wasn't only exhausted, he was also an unknown. Today he is the king of planet hunters, answering questions asked for thousands of years by sky watchers who imagined distant worlds. If gray, saucer-eyed extraterrestrials are hovering overhead, they haven't provided enough evidence to satisfy the hundreds of scientists who spend their careers looking for less-fanciful signs that we are not alone. These researchers probe meteorites from Mars for evidence of ancient bacteria, listen for radio messages from deep space and search the stars for worlds that might support microbes or mammals or

(continued on page 235)





PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

a roundup of 1998's fabulous 14

WHO SHOULD BE THE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR?

Milestones abound at PLAYBOY this month. As you can tell from the stellar collector's issue in your hands, we're celebrating our 45th anniversary. Look to the right, and you'll notice another landmark event: For the first time in PLAYBOY history, 14 women vie for the coveted title of Playmate of the Year. The 1998 candidates include one Cuban import, three natives of Ohio, three identical sisters from Minnesota, four California girls, a makeup artist, a cop-in-training and someone who can kick your butt in golf. They range in age from 19 to 28. Their



Karen McDougal, the preschool teacher turned 1998 Playmate of the Year, wants you to rock the vote. Who will be the next to wear the crown? It could be up to you.

ambitions run the gamut from having a big family and ten dogs to becoming the next Bond girl. But enough drooling, big guy. You have work to do. Review the breathtaking lineup and pick your favorite. Take your time. Reminisce. And imagine which lady (or ladies, in the case of the triplets) would look best behind the wheel of a brand-new sports car, with a check for \$100,000 in her pocket. The PMOY will also be the star of her own new pictorial later this year. Now pick up the telephone, cast your vote (as many times as you like; each call costs \$1) and revel in the realization that you have made a Playmate very happy.

HELP US CHOOSE
THE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR
CALL YOUR FAVORITE PLAYMATE: 1-900-737-2299

ONLY \$1 PER CALL. YOU MUST BE 18 OR OLDER.

Phone us—and your chosen Playmate—at the number above to register your preference for Playmate of the Year. When instructed, tap in the appropriate personal code: Miss January, 01; Miss February, 02; Miss March, 03; Miss April, 04; Miss May, 05; Miss June, 06; Miss July, 07; Miss August, 08; Miss September, 09; Miss October, 10; Miss November, 11; Miss December, 12. Call now. Polling ends February 28, 1999.

A product of Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Service not available in Canada.



MISS JANUARY—01



MISS FEBRUARY—02



MISS MARCH—03



MISS APRIL—04



MISS MAY—05



MISS JUNE—06



MISS JULY—07



MISS AUGUST—08



MISS SEPTEMBER—09



MISS OCTOBER—10



MISS NOVEMBER—11



MISS DECEMBERS—12



Miss November
TIFFANY TAYLOR

In her Playmate profile, Miss November revealed she truly is the girl next door. She lives in sweatpants, considers her pets (seven ferrets and a leopard gecko) her babies and would rather watch *South Park* than attend a Hollywood party. She's smart, too: Tiffany, 21, is a few semesters away from becoming a law enforcement officer. "I recently learned how to stop a criminal," she says. "You go up behind him, knock his knees and push your head against his head so he falls against his arm. He'll pass right out."

Miss February
JULIA SCHULTZ

When Miss February's pictorial hit newsstands last year, she was a fresh-faced high school graduate voted Most Likely to

Become a Model. Julia has proved her classmates correct.

and then some. Besides appearing on three magazine covers, including the November 1998 PLAYBOY, Julia has landed spots on *Baywatch*, *Pictionary* and *Pensacola: Wings of Gold*. She has also played a lifeguard in a Starburst commercial and completed her first feature film,

Love Stinks, with Tyra Banks.

And she's only 19 years old!





Miss March MARLIECE ANDRADA

Miss March joined the long list of Playmates (including Pamela Anderson and Donna D'Errico) cast as lifeguards on *Baywatch*. Mariece, 26, retired her red swimsuit and had a boatload of other acting jobs, including a flight attendant in *Love Stinks* (with aforementioned Playmate Julia Schultz). For those who want to get interactive with Mariece, she also stars as Super Agent Extra in the video game GeX. "I have the greatest fans in the world," Mariece says. "They've made this an incredible experience."

Miss Decembers ERICA, JACLYN and NICOLE DAHM

Our Playmate triplets, Misses December, have always shared the spotlight. At the age of eight, they introduced three new burgers in a Hardee's commercial. When they were 16, they won a *Teen* magazine model search. Now they are basking in their Centerfold fame. But are Nicole, Erica and Jaclyn ready to ditch their native Minnesota for seductive Los Angeles? "We'd love to act, but I don't think we're going to move to LA to pursue it yet," Jaclyn says. "We need our family. It's hard to be away from them."

Miss August ANGELA LITTLE

Miss August is a small girl who is realizing big dreams. Since becoming a Playmate, the Alabama-born model-actor-makeup artist has landed a slew of acting jobs, including a role as a Centerfold model on the TV series *Buddy Faro* ("I beat out 40 Playmates to get the part") and a role in the Gus Van Sant film *Speedway Junkie*. How else has the adorable 26-year-old's life changed? "I've been living in hotels. I'm not used to traveling so much. I've been working a lot of 19-hour days," she says. "But I love it!"





Miss June
MARIA LUISA GIL

One of the first things we noticed about Miss June was her determination, a quality that comes from growing up in a "repressed" Cuban society. "When I saw my first *PLAYBOY*, on a visit to the U.S., it had the sexiest pictures I'd ever seen. I wanted to be part of it," she said last year. Not surprisingly, America—and *PLAYBOY*—welcomed Maria with open arms. Today, the 21-year-old still marvels at her newfound freedom of expression. "It was hard being a sexy girl in Cuba," she says. "That's why I'm here."

Miss July
LISA DERGAN

On her Playmate Data Sheet, Miss July cited her ambition to become the next Bond girl. Done deal. In this issue, Lisa, 28, is featured in Raymond Benson's *Midsummer Night's Doom*. "I'm the one who hooks up with James Bond at the end," she says. There's a reason Lisa gets everything she wants: blonde ambition. It has earned her a bachelor's degree in interior design, roles in two Budweiser commercials and a modeling gig with Guess. Plus, she golfs with a 25 handicap. In other words, she's perfect.





Miss September VANESSA GLEASON

We led off Miss September's pictorial with a shot of Vanessa horseback riding, a sport the California native took up as a child. Today, the 19-year-old still aspires to be a trainer and own a stable, but she has put those plans on hold to concentrate on modeling and acting. So how did Miss September's appearance in *PLAYBOY* come about? You can thank Julia Schultz, who encouraged Vanessa to try out to become a Playmate. "I figured if she could do it, why couldn't I?" Vanessa says. That's what friends are for.

Miss May DEANNA BROOKS

Miss May is a woman who stands up for her beliefs. As you'll recall, Deanna left her job as a bank manager when her employer found out she had posed for *PLAYBOY*. ("My only crime was being less conservative than the people I worked for," she said at the time.) Obviously the situation was a blessing in disguise. Deanna, 24, has moved to Hollywood and finds herself in demand as an actor. Among her credits: the television show *Buddy Faro* and the feature film *Rowdy Girls*. Bankers, eat your hearts out.

Miss October LAURA COVER

It's hard to believe, but 21-year-old Laura had never modeled before she became Miss October. What prompted her to drop by *Playboy* one day for a test shoot? Curiosity. "I'd been interested in being in *PLAYBOY*, but I had to get over my nervousness first." Laura divides her time between Arizona and California, but she has become a celebrity in her hometown of Bucyrus, Ohio. "I hear I'm a big deal there," she says. "They even had an article about me in the newspaper." You better get used to it, Laura.





Miss April
HOLLY HART

"I'm proud to be counted among the most beautiful women in the world," says Miss April, who hit the road when her issue hit the newsstands. "I've been traveling around the country, making appearances at concerts, judging bikini contests, signing autographs and meeting lots of fans." The gorgeous 22-year-old has realized that as a Playmate, she is no longer anonymous. "Even if I'm at the grocery store in sweats, a hat and no makeup, five people will come up and say, 'Hey, Holly, great PLAYBOY layout!'"

Miss January
HEATHER KOZAR

Last year, we introduced Miss January as a woman ready to spread her wings. Today, the 22-year-old has relocated to Los Angeles, enrolled in acting classes and become a frequent guest at the Playboy Mansion.

Naturally, Heather has made a number of A-list acquaintances. "I met Jack Nicholson, who was so much fun. I've also met Leonardo DiCaprio, George Clooney and Puff Daddy. Celebrities are as human as everyone else. I was starstruck only by Clooney." George, are you listening?



She would use the stubby ceramic knife strapped to her thigh under her skirt to do both of them.

get him to notice her?

The brunette went into the locker room. Toni dismissed her from her thoughts, but a moment later, the brunette came out, all upset.

"Excuse me, miss." She said. "There's a lady having some trouble in there, she looks like she's having some kind of seizure! I called Medical, but, oh, I'm afraid she's going to hurt herself! Can you help?"

Toni nodded. "Sure."

She followed the brunette into the locker room.

His secretary came into Alex Michaels' office. "Commander? Toni Fiorella on the private line."

He waved the secretary off. "Hello?"

"Commander Michaels? This is Christine Wesson, from Supply? I was working out in the gym and Subcommander Fiorella asked me to call you, this is her vigil unit. She's had an accident, Medical is on the way, but I think maybe she's got a broken leg."

"Toni was hurt? A broken leg?"

"One of the exercise machines fell over on her. She says she's OK, she just wanted to let you know she'd be late for her meeting. But between you and me, she's in a lot of pain."

"I'm on my way," he said.

Michaels started for the hall.

Half in and half out of the shower stall, the Selkie held the gun aimed at the woman sitting cross-legged on the tile floor inside. If anybody came in, they would not see Fiorella, nor would they see the gun. She was tempted to shoot her, but she didn't want to risk the noise—or to waste any of her precious ammunition. If something went wrong, she might need the gun to escape. She also might need the woman to get the target in here; after that, Fiorella was as dead as Michaels. She would use the stubby ceramic knife strapped to her thigh under her skirt to do both of them. Shut them up in a shower stall, rinse away any blood spatter, and she could be halfway across Maryland before anybody discovered the bodies. A double deletion inside Net Force HQ—they'd be talking about that forever.

Fiorella twitched.

"Keep your hands on your head," the Selkie said.

"You can't get away with this."

"If you wiggle crooked, it won't matter to you."

"We know who you are."

"Uh-huh."

"You're not as good as you think—Mora Sullivan."

That surprised her. How the hell had they found that out? She had a quick spasm of panic, fought it down. Sullivan was just another name now, one more disposable ID. Still. . . . "We're going to have to have a little talk before I leave," the Selkie said.

The woman was scared—as she should be—but she said, "I don't think so."

Gutsy woman. Damn. Too bad she had to kill her.

"Toni?" came a voice from outside the locker room door.

"In here!" the Selkie said. "Hurry!"

She heard the sound of fast footsteps. She grinned.

Give him credit, the Selkie thought. As soon as he saw the gun, he knew what was going on. She quickly pointed it back at the woman in the shower. "Move and she dies."

The target nodded. "I understand. I'm not armed." He spread his hands wide, to show they were empty.

The Selkie shook her head. How stupid of him *not* to be armed.

"All right. Slow and easy, over here."

Michaels felt the fear in the pit of his belly like shards of cold glass, but he knew he was going to have to go for the assassin anyway. He had to keep her from shooting Toni. And if he was going to die, he was going to go out on his feet, moving toward the threat and not away from it.

He took a slow breath. Held it—

Toni sat very still, watching. She was going to have to make her move soon. She tried to keep her breathing calm and steady, but it was hard. For sure, if Toni didn't do something, the woman was going to kill her and Alex. The gun was one of those ceramic things, but that didn't make it any less deadly.

She could come up from a cross-legged sit, had done it in practice thousands of times. A *silat* player had to be able to work from the ground. If the woman were six inches closer, she could reach her with a kick.

If, if.

Alex said, "Toni? You OK?"

"Yes," she said.

Alex was getting closer. The gun was

still pointed at her, and Toni knew if she moved, she was certainly going to get shot. But that would buy Alex a second or two. She had to do it.

Toni inhaled slowly, a long breath. Held it. Made herself ready—

"Don't move! FBI!" somebody yelled.

Toni looked at the reflection in the shower door.

Rusty!

The Selkie reacted without thinking, almost a reflex. When the man at the locker room entrance jumped into the room, pointing what looked like a gun at her, she swung her own pistol over and fired. The little gun bucked hard in her hand, light as it was, but she saw the man react as the shot took him in the center of mass. He went down. No vest.

The target lunged at her, screaming something.

Too fast to get to the knife. She thrust the pistol at him, fired—

"No!" the woman in the shower screamed. Then she slammed into the Selkie and they both went flying. The assassin lost the pistol, hit next to a bench, managed to roll up as Fiorella also got to her feet.

The Selkie kicked away her shoes, ripped her skirt off, grabbed the knife and jerked it from the thigh sheath, gripped the blade in front of her to slash or stab. She glanced at the target—he was down, hit in the leg, it looked like, and no threat to her. The Fiorella woman was the danger. She was up, trained, prepared.

The Selkie turned to face her, knife held ready. She would have to hurry. The shots would draw attention.

She had first learned street-fighting from her father, who had survived several hand-to-hand encounters. She had trained with half a dozen fighters since, including a couple of Filipinos who were experts with a stick or blade. She would cut the woman down, finish the target and run. If she hurried, she could still get free in the confusion.

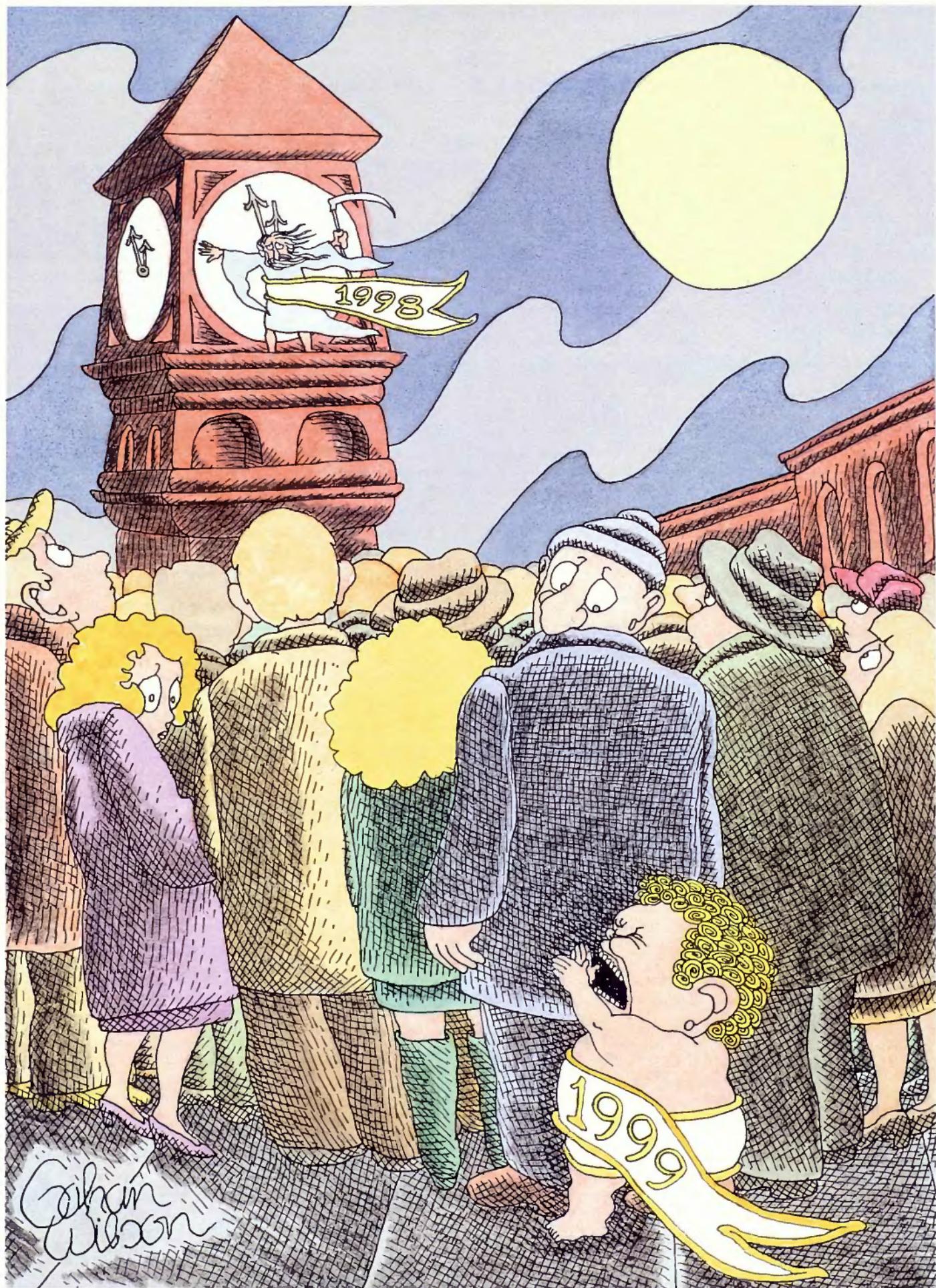
She moved toward Fiorella—

Michaels felt the bullet hit him, a hot ball peen hammer smashing against the front of his right thigh. He fell. It didn't really hurt, but he could not get back on his feet. The shot leg didn't want to work.

In front of him, Toni faced the woman, who had torn off her skirt and pulled a white-bladed knife. The assassin edged toward Toni. It wasn't over. He had to do something—

The gun! She had dropped the gun. Where was it?

Toni actually felt calmer now than she had since the assassin had first pulled



"Jump! Jump! Jump!"

the gun on her. An attacker with a knife, this was something she had dealt with in practice, over and over again. High, low. The most important thing was to control the knife—you couldn't trade a punch for a stab, so you had to take high line and low line, you had to stop the knife arm at two points, high, low, to control it.

The Selkie moved in, keeping her balance. Fiorella stood and watched her, waiting, and she looked as if she knew what she was doing. It didn't matter. She had to finish this and go.

The Selkie feinted with a kick, then lunged—

Back of the arm, back of the arm, where there are fewer vessels to get slashed! Guru's instructions came back crystal clear, as sharp as the approaching blade: *Against an expert, you will get cut. Give him a sparse target.*

The kick was a feint, but the slash was also a feint. When Toni threw up her left arm to block, the assassin jerked the knife back. The edge scored a deep line along the outside of Toni's forearm. She shifted her feet, waited.

Fiorella didn't react to the cut, didn't look at it, kept watching the attacker. The Selkie grinned. She was good, but time was running out.

There was a sequence attack: two feints, a shift of the knife to the other hand, then the heart stab between the ribs, followed by the backslash to the throat. It always worked in practice, and she had also killed a man with it in real combat.

The party was over. It was time to do

what she did best, then leave.

The Selkie moved—

The attacker came in again, feinted, faked, thrust, then flipped the knife to her other hand as Toni went for the block. Toni would have been impressed watching from elsewhere, but she didn't have time to be impressed now. All the years of practice had to take over, no time to think anymore!

Toni shifted her stance, passed the fake and did the block and break on the attacker's knife arm. Her right arm stopped the thrust at the wrist—low. Blood flew from the cut on her arm as she slammed the back of her left wrist under the woman's elbow—high.

The arm broke, the knife fell. Toni moved in, went over the wrecked arm and slammed her elbow into the woman's face. Followed her as she hit the lockers, drove a knee into the attacker's belly, then did *sapu luar* and dropped her to the floor. She hit hard, but she rolled, dived for the knife, caught it in her good hand, came up and cocked the blade for a throw. Her nose was broken and bloody, her eyebrow split.

She knew now she couldn't take Fiorella in a one-on-one, even if her arm hadn't been broken. One chance. The knife wasn't the best for throwing, but it would back the other woman off if it hit, point or butt. She'd lost, but she could still get away. The Selkie aimed her elbow at the target, knife held by the blade next to her ear—

Michaels found the white gun, rolled over his bad leg—*now it hurt!*—and

shoved the weapon out in front of himself. He yelled to distract the woman who was about to throw the knife: "Hey!"

She didn't waver, started to make the throw—

He pulled the trigger.

The recoil twisted the gun from his grip, and the sound was so loud it was like a bomb going off next to him.

A long moment held. Eons passed. Nobody moved.

The knife flew but clattered to the floor five feet away.

He'd hit her. Right in the middle of the back. The woman dropped to her knees, tried to reach the wound in her back with one hand, could not. She turned to look at him, her face puzzled more than anything. Then she toppled over onto her side.

Toni ran to where Alex lay. "Alex?"

"I'm OK, I'm OK, she just got me in the leg."

The sound of approaching and excited voices rolled over them.

"You're hurt," he said.

"Just a cut. Looks worse than it is," she said. "Stay there, I'll get us some towels."

"I'm not going anywhere."

She got to her feet. Remembered Rusty. She hurried to where he lay. He had a bloody wound in the center of his chest, wasn't breathing, there was no pulse in his neck.

Two of the men from the gym ran in. "He needs help!" she said, pointing at Rusty. She dropped to her knees.

The two men were joined by a third. "We got it, Toni," one of them said. "Go wrap up that cut."

Alex had dragged himself over to where the woman lay. He rolled her onto her back. The assassin turned her head and moaned. She looked at him. Toni moved back toward Alex and the assassin, found a towel and pressed it against the wound in Alex' leg.

"Ow." He looked at Toni. "Thanks." Then he looked back at the woman.

"Son of a . . . bitch," the woman said. Her voice was burbly. Probably bleeding into a lung.

Alex said, "Who paid you?"

The woman was dying. But she laughed, a bubbly noise. "Who—"

She took a rasping breath and started to finish her sentence. And just like that, she blinked out. Whatever she intended to say was chopped off in midsentence. There was a final outrush of air, and she was gone.

Alex and Toni looked at each other. Somebody from Medical ran in. The place seemed filled with people. Toni felt an overwhelming urge to hug Alex. She did.

He let her. And he hugged her back.



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Everything about her has an uptilt: cheeks, mouth, breasts, pelvis, all sort of sexily slung.

We gave the task of explaining our choices to our silver-tongued Contributing Editor D. Keith Mano, whose memory and eye for detail are legendary. What follows is the rhyme and reason for this exercise. Did we mention we are also including pictures?

100. I, who live life in the exact-change lane, began gasping when I first saw **Lillian Müller**, 1976 Playmate of the Year. Everything about her seemed to have its own private focus. Müller could make even your nose get hard.

99. Tall, dark, pseudoexotic (Dutch, really) and willing to dance more or less nude, **Mata Hari** was the toast of Paris in

1905. In 1917 she was just plain toast—shot by the French for being a German spy, though the whole affair may have been orchestrated to draw attention from French gaffes on the battlefield.

98. **Blaze Starr**, you'll recall, was the stripper who had a good old boy kind of affair with Louisiana Governor Earl Long in the late Fifties. *Plus ça change, y'all, plus c'est la même chose.*

97. With breasts the size of church kneelers and an explosive bottle-blonde wig, the 5'0" **Dolly Parton** once said, "It's a good thing I was born a woman, or else I'd have been a drag queen."

96. **DeDe Lind**, Miss August 1967, was

the most popular Playmate during the Vietnam war. Though shy, she is cuter than dim sum and, yes, freckled, as if young trout were swimming in her cleavage.

95. Think of those mighty thighs and how, axel by axel, they lifted **Katarina Witt**'s sophisticated grace to four ice skating world championships, two Olympic golds and, in those preposterously sexy hams, her very own pedestal of shining flesh.

94. Actress **Carroll Baker** is a palomino, blonde on blonde on blonde. Watching her performance as *Baby Doll* (in the film of the same name) is like taking Viagra by I.V. drip.

93. OK, maybe it's not so hard to look luscious when you're being hung spread-eagle as an ape's entree. On the other hand (which is also the title of **Fay Wray**'s autobiography), there was something peculiarly wrenching in the sound of that Betty Boop voice when it escalated from playful squeak to primal shriek.

92. Actress **Diana Dors**, born Mavis Fluck, whose lower lip was plump as a stuffed grape leaf, called herself "the only sex symbol England has produced since Lady Godiva."

91. The **Marilyn Chambers** look is rare and improbable. Everything about her has an uptilt: cheeks, mouth, breasts, pelvis, all sort of sexily slung. Whether in *Ivory Snow* or behind the X-rated *Green Door*, Chambers always appeared ravishing and ravished at the same time.

90. **Lynda Carter**, who as Wonder Woman used to go around wearing something like colored linoleum, is understatedly glamorous, if no longer invincible, with a navel you could slide a Susan B. Anthony dollar into.

89. A petite, exuberant Oscar-nominated actress (for *Come Back, Little Sheba*), **Terry Moore** also played a nicer Fay Wray to Mighty Joe Young's smaller King Kong—and secretly married Howard Hughes, for which she was handsomely reimbursed.

88. Julie Newmar was the superbodacious Stupefyin' Jones in *Li'l Abner* both on film and on Broadway. Newmar's catchy face and wall-to-wall 5'11" body defibrillated you right where you stood.

87. A silent-film star in America and Germany, **Louise Brooks**, from all accounts, had an insatiable sex drive to go with the pert bobbed hair and the legs as powerful as charged fire hoses.

86. A talented British actress made a celebrity by several notorious wet T-shirt scenes, **Jacqueline Bisset** either looked too much like Jackie O or (as in *The Greek Tycoon*) not enough.

85. With the face of an almost cartoonish Varga Girl, beauty **Loni Anderson**, former star of the TV series *WKRP in Cincinnati*, now appears in ninja films. Her nunchakus are majestic.

84. I know you couldn't get it up for **Mommie Dearest** and her wire hangers.



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But think of the young **Joan Crawford** (in *Grand Hotel*, say) with eyes as big as follow spots, whose radiant smile today would require an environmental impact statement.

83. I was 13 in 1955 when **Janet Pilgrim** (then *PLAYBOY*'s subscription manager) first appeared as a Centerfold. I remember taping her photo under a bureau drawer, where my mother promptly found it. Mother absorbed Janet's sweet, almost Asian face and her mammoth spheres of influence and said, "She's very pretty," and handed the photo back. I owe a lot to Janet Pilgrim's innocence.

82. Film actress **Gene (Laura, The Ghost and Mrs. Muir) Tierney** was as sensuous as the Fertile Crescent. She had deep cheek hollows and kinky, tent peg-shaped teeth that made her lips seem, um, oral and sore.

81. **Shannon Tweed** has the best legs of the century. They support an extraordinary 6-foot-tall woman who has been a star of *Falcon Crest* and more than 30 films, as well as 1982 PMOY. Thinking of her too much can cause a cerebrovascular accident.

80. Actress **Linda Evans**, here seen at prayer, is as lovely as a gas-ripened peach in January.

79. **Lena Horne** is a lusty, charismatic songteller and actress. Considered the first black female film star, she has a smile as electric as a plasma torch and torrid eyes the color of grand pianos.

78. **Gypsy Rose Lee** was one of the first burlesque luminaries to make taking off one's clothes respectable. Goosed along by her pushy stage mother, Gypsy was starring at Minsky's on Broadway by 1931. When burlesque was closed down in New York, she went to Hollywood and later to TV and eventually wrote her autobiography, *Gypsy*, from which the musical was made.

77. **Liv, as in PMOY 1972 Liv Lindeland**, means "life" in Norwegian. She was *PLAYBOY*'s first full frontal Playmate. LL's crystal blonde smile lit every part of her, from those dark, suggestive eyes right down to her warm fiord.

76. A twelve-time *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit model and video fitness queen, **Kathy Ireland**—of the sexy brown caterpillar eyebrows—has more definitions than *Webster's*.

75. Dame **Diana Rigg**, the first Mrs. James Bond, star of *The Avengers* (playing sexy, leather-clad Mrs. Peel), Tony award winner for *Medea*, tall, graceful as a bullwhip, with wide-spaced, secretive eyes, can be a walking double entendre when she feels like it.

74. A famous pin-up of U.S. grunts in Vietnam, December 1968 Playmate **Cynthia Myers** doesn't use a bra—she uses two hard hats and a lot of scaffolding.

73. Irish **McCalla** was *Sheena: Queen of the Jungle*. I used to buy *Sheena* comic books for ten cents and I would (very

carefully) erase Sheena's leopard-spot outfit (where'd she get it? Frederick's of the Congo?). Then I'd draw Sheena's body with a gia-gunda pair of nude knockers and resell the comic for a buck.

72. Sloe-eyed model **Cheryl Tiegs**, who must have more vertebrae in her neck than anyone else, is still, after four husbands, as lithe as a gazelle.

71. Light-coffee-to-go in a linguine-string dress, the ensorcelling **Janet Jackson**—who looks like she would be good enough to drink and eat—won *Soul Train's* Lena Horne Lifetime Achievement Award at the age of 31.

70. Ikonoclastic (she has said that modeling sucks), world-wise (her parents escaped from communist Czechoslovakia) and as lovely as a solar wind, you aren't surprised—blink!—when **Paulina Porizkova**'s eye color changes naturally to accommodate her wardrobe.

69. **Lili St. Cyr** invented the reverse striptease (she began her act nude, in a bathtub). Lili was incomprehensibly gorgeous, with a face like a carved alabaster cameo, and I, at the age of ten or so, prayed for her happiness every night when I went to bed.

68. **Anna Nicole Smith** is as well endowed as Harvard. Her selection as 1993 PMOY represented a filling-out of our ideal cultural physique. And lawdy, what man wouldn't ache to fire a few shots from her grassy knoll?

67. **Ava Gardner** was the queen of chin music. We're not talking about anything so obvious as a dimple here. This was a major cleft—in fact, Gardner's chin represented a cherub's vulva. And her skin was perfect—more icing than epidermis.

66. From 1984's *Blame It on Rio*, in which **Demi Moore**'s breasts seemed blown out of a bubble pipe, to 1996's *Striptease*, in which they were jubilant muscles, through pregnancy and body painting, it has been an intimate, almost civic pleasure to watch Demi grow.

65. Unspoiled, mischievous, with hair the color of UPS trucks, British mannequin **Naomi Campbell**'s Coca-Cola eyes flash as she models what seems to be a Roman centurion's negligee.

64. With pellucid eyes and a mysterious upper lip that turns in on itself like a Möbius strip (plus three well-deserved Oscar nominations), **Michelle Pfeiffer** gives me sweet angina.

63. **Sally Rand**, nightclub performer, sewed ostrich feathers together and created a nudie fan dance that scandalized the 1933 Chicago World's Fair. Rand danced until she was 74, sometimes with five-foot plastic bubbles.

62. Game, set and, with **Jimmy Connors**, a match for 20 years. In her photo shoots, PMOY 1977 **Patti McGuire** almost always made potent, provocative eye contact with the reader. It was hard to tell: You or Patti—who was the voyeur?

61. It's a wonder that **Stephanie Seymour** can stand up at all. Her body is so

lissome and spectacular that even her groin seems double-jointed. It's as if she were a kit out of which a woman might finally be constructed—knees, ankles, thighs are in place, all they need is a little airplane glue and some time to dry.

60. Brown and soft as antler velvet, the ravishing **Christie Brinkley** is *bien dans sa peau* (at home in her own skin), as the French say of those who are supremely natural and spontaneous. She makes my heart go pan-pan-pan.

59. Eyes you could skinny-dip in, a mouth as lyrical as the sound hole of a Stradivarius—even in this exalted gathering and after more than 200 magazine covers, **Claudia Schiffer** is still the prototypical beauty of our time.

58. One question in particular haunted our American sexual conscience at the end of the Sixties: Should the ultra-sexy, Asian-eyed **Barbara Eden** from *I Dream of Jeannie* show her navel? Eden never did, imbuing her belly button, for me at least, with almost occult meaning.

57. Everything about stripper **Tempest Storm**—including her name—was exaggerated and titillative. TS smeared lipstick almost to her nose, and on her stupendulous breasts she wore pasties the size of yarmulkes.

56. For me, **Barbi Benton** was *PLAYBOY* (heck, hadn't Hef put his imprimatur on her?). Barbi is bright, otter-sleek, athletic, positive, talented, clear-eyed, American and blue-veiner sexy—with breasts like puppies, a killer smile and tan lines she must have had since birth.

55. I've saved the simple word exquisite for **Dorothy Stratten**, killed by a jealous husband in 1980. A Chinese poet defines beauty as "love touched by death."

54. **Vanna White**, co-host on *Wheel of Fortune* since 1982, walks and claps for a living. She is as delicate-looking as a sea horse, with eyes that, like great wine, are "light held together by moisture."

53. **Christa Speck**'s size-38 pontoons helped carry her as 1962 PMOY. She had a beehive hairdo that would have qualified her to stand guard outside Buckingham Palace.

52. The first film superstar to be confectioned by publicity, silent actress **Theda Bara** played such notable vamps as Cleopatra, Salome and Carmen. In this photo she seems to have gotten her bra from a hot-pretzel stand.

51. **Greta Garbo** was a bit gawky, truth be told. She had eyebrows the shape of buggy whips and teeth that were crooked from processing her accent. But underneath all this there was a comical passion as inscrutable and horny as a Gibraltar ape's behind.

50. Her smile is as broad as general delivery, but her gaze has an empathetic poignance. **Suzanne Somers** overcame a difficult childhood (her father was an alcoholic), and she has since founded the Institute for the Effects of Addictions on the Family.

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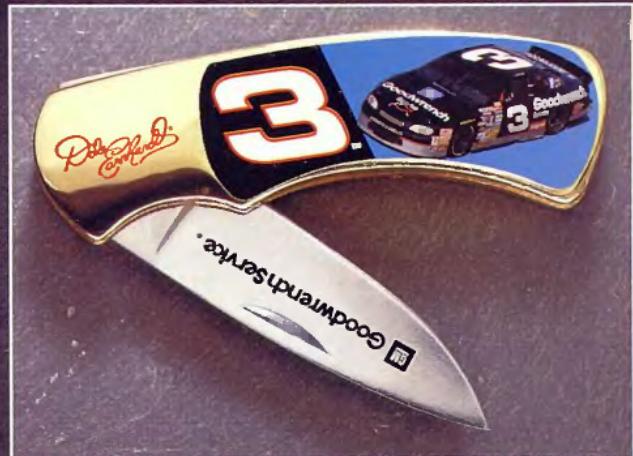
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49. For those who turn on to that eternal prep-school sweater-sleeves-tied-around-the-waist attitude, **Brooke Shields** is not just the sexiest woman alive, she's the only woman ever. The nude shots in *Pretty Baby*, taken when she was 13, were a breakthrough in American prurience.

48. **Candy Barr** was the Empress of Ecdysiasts back when there was serious competition—such as **Irma the Body** and **Evelyn "\$50,000 Treasure Chest" West**. Barr was Jack Ruby's girlfriend in 1963 and later was shot by a jealous wife.

47. **Halle Berry**, with her Chiclets smile, is the luscious color of caramel on crème brûlée. "Being sweet and nice to people," she says, "goes a long, long way."

46. With those bee-stung bimbette lips (she never broke a smile when posing), 1964 PMOY **Donna Michelle** didn't come across as the concert pianist-ballet dancer she was—but her breasts were as cuddly as gophers in a petting zoo.

45. C.S. Lewis might have been writing of **Catherine Deneuve**'s sexsational performance as the hooker-housewife in Buñuel's *Belle de Jour* when he wrote that "innocence through modesty becomes lasciviousness." The more lamblike she is, the more she inspires rut.

44. Sure, you knew **Mae West** was sexy, but did you know she was also the highest-paid American woman in 1935? She wrote, directed and starred in several Broadway plays, appeared in her first flick when she was almost 40 and wrote her own screenplays. No wonder she said, "Start without me." She was busy.

43. Film star **Hedy Lamarr** was often endangered by her beauty. One lover even tried to get her into an industrial-strength chastity belt. When that failed, he molded a replica of Hedy from plastic and rubber and raped it when the original wouldn't comply. Still frustrated, he shot a dangling earring off her earlobe.

42. In the steam-filled shower scene from *Dressed to Kill*, **Angie Dickinson** (and her great body double) fetch out orgasms so rapturous and authentic that they'd be enough to dilate a spinster's cervix. And all without troubling her mascara.

41. Born in St. Louis, black American dancer-chanteuse **Josephine Baker** was a major figure in the Harlem Renaissance, made her home in Paris, toured Europe and America for 50 years and spied for the Allies in North Africa. She was also known to dance nude but for a girdle of rubber bananas.

40. The Jazz Age's It girl was the child of an abusive father. **Clara Bow**'s sex drive was insatiable, and legend claims she did it with the entire USC football team. Bow was a captivating silent star, but the advent of talkies revealed her to have a prodigious Brooklyn accent, plus "mike fright." Bow was forced into retirement before she hit 30.

39. Silver Anniversary Playmate **Candy Loving** is an exercise in softness. She seems always to be just on the edge of complete sexual meltdown, which Shakespeare's Cleopatra called "discandyng."

38. **Joan Collins**' playfully evil presence—in its Venus-flytrap eyelashes and dark-cheekbone parapet—gives the impression of someone who is ruthlessly willing to maximize her recumbency.

37. Once thought to be as defunct as the slide rule industry, ex-Miss America **Vanessa Williams** is now a triumphant and bankable singer-dancer-actress with shimmering blue-green eyes and the immense drive of a body-stopper bullet.

36. **Heather Locklear** has a unique crumple zone built into her upper lip that twitches with sarcasm whenever, as supreme bitch **Amanda Woodward** of *Melrose Place*, she smiles—even when in innocence.

35. Flaunting an attitude—and her armpit hair—**Madonna** starred in a September 1985 PLAYBOY pictorial. It was a spectacularly raw and complex transaction between model and voyeur, a transaction she elaborated in her raw and charismatic book, *Sex*.

34. **Linda Lovelace**, her front tooth out of line, looked so ordinary—despite her shaved pubes—that she became profoundly arousing. This was no unattainable sex diva giving head down to her toes; this was the barmaid, the bank teller, the intern. *Deep Throat*, made for \$24,000 in 1972, has generated more than \$100 million since.

33. A week after my father's death I found some pictures of **Bettie Page** in his personal file—the same photos, pretty much, that I had in my file. Page was more than our most famous underground pin-up girl, she was a legacy that connected the generations.

32. German film star **Marlene Dietrich** flashed nudity, wore men's clothing and told Hitler to go stuff his swastika. During her sexual prime—which lasted approximately 60 years—she jumped into more strange beds than **Bernadette Castro**, the Castro Convertible girl.

31. When German actress **Elke Sommer** smiles, little puckers form at the corners of her mouth, making a sexy pout like a drawstring purse. Sommer is an exhibited artist who speaks seven languages and is here shown projecting 100-watt thigh glare.

30. Though dubbed the **Bosom** by PLAYBOY in 1958, actress **June Wilkinson**, as you can see from our photo, also had loins that went on forever.

29. **Mamie Van Doren** has had a full career from B-movie queen (and wife to Ray Anthony), to jetset life with Joe Namath, to New Wave singer, to her aptly titled autobiography, *Playing the Field*.

28. I was always surprised at the considerable effect **Jane Fonda** had on me sexually. Athletic, with breasts sharp as box cutters and commas around her

mouth that made everything she said seem in quotation marks, Jane was vulnerable and sweet underneath. Now every October I watch her fall asleep on Ted Turner's lapel.

27. January 1960 Playmate **Stella Stevens** could look as cute as a scholarship student at twirling camp. Yet as an actress, her oeuvre—especially *The Ballad of Cable Hogue*—is distinguished and far too overlooked.

26. Alfred Hitchcock said that actress and (later) princess **Grace Kelly** had "sexual elegance." By this he meant, I think, that she could have been nude, possibly, but never naked.

25. As well as anyone, **Lana Turner** could express the nuts-and-bolts business of making love on-screen. She more or less ate a cigarette. And Turner was so voluptuous in her World War II sweater and skirt that you could almost see her ovulate.

24. **Sharon Stone** unwove her springbok legs and, in that flash of pink, cinematic sexuality clicked into a new, freer mode. One of the very (very) few women in whose presence laughter and a hard-on can coexist.

23. A photo shoot of **Elle** "the Body" Macpherson turns out looking like stock footage from the Creation story in Genesis. If, as it is said, ordinarily statuesque women are "built," then cool, magnificent Elle must have been calved like an iceberg from a glacier.

22. At the age of ten, I began to think about saving **Jane Russell**'s life. Monroe and Mansfield and Lamarr, you understand, wouldn't have me, but Jane had a wanton look that said, "Sure, kid, daydream all you want." I'll always be grateful.

21. The preeminent architect Stanford White seduced 16-year-old **Evelyn Nesbit**, who used to ride nude on a red velvet swing. Nesbit was so childlike under that salvo of dark hair that you thought if she smiled, she'd still have her milk teeth.

20. Most women just have breasts. **Gina Lollobrigida**, however, was one of those special women who had a bosom, which is something more substantial, like a piece of furniture, a magnificent credenza, maybe. In Italy around 1950, bosoms were called *lollos*.

19. **Ursula Andress** (Honey Ryder in *Dr. No*) has what are known as backlit eyes. They glow from inside like Pacific tide pools at twilight.

18. Film actress **Kim Novak** taught me about the power of napes. She had—along with luna moth eyebrows and exceptional teeth—this butch haircut that made her look like a great guy from behind. Does that mean I'm gay? One can only hope.

17. Fox insured **Betty Grable**'s lisome gams for \$1 million. A pin-up photo that posed her looking back over one shoulder was the most popular with GIs

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16. Farrah Fawcett has a face that's enchanting enough to drive a human hair through wood. I knew the first gentle sexuality of my male children by how they responded to her playful poster in their room. Hers were the most prominent clothed nipples in America.

15. There are no still photographs of Jenny McCarthy. As her stint on MTV's *Singled Out* showed, Jenny never just lies there like prosciutto on melon. Her superjock bod and angel face, like a futuristic statue, streamline the air around her.

14. I remember being just a little afraid of Swedish actress Anita Ekberg—afraid of being absorbed by her. When you looked at any part of Anita (whether chubby knuckle or abyssal cleavage) you

knew you were seeing only the tip of the Ekberg.

13. Swedish-born actress Ann-Margret has always been a major vasoconstrictor in New York, Hollywood and Vegas. Her sexual kindling point is low. She focuses like a heat-seeking missile locked onto her audience.

12. The sexiest eyes of the century, period. Sensuous as musk, Kim Basinger still walks more lightly than the rest of us. A film performer and a heroic animal-rights activist.

11. Of all American film actresses, only Rita Hayworth had her pin-up picture attached to a nuclear bomb, which was then dropped over Bikini Atoll. Did the earth move, sweetheart? Well, now that you mention it. . . .

10. Jean Harlow was so over-the-top

glamorous that she seemed at times grotesque. Harlow had, for starters, neon peroxide hair, plus a dimple, a beauty mark, a dynamic voice and the most explicitly sexy abdomen ever seen before or since.

9. Actress Bo Derek should have been ranked one tick lower to honor her role as the perfect woman in Blake Edwards' *10*. Only a woman of spectacular visual clout could have made cornrows (with all those tiny, tiny braids) seem worth the effort.

8. Miss February 1990 and former *Baywatch* regular Pamela Anderson is as dramatic and lovely as a bursting star shell. "I love the dumb-blonde image," she says. "I have nothing to live up to. I can only surprise people."

7. The resemblance is eerie: Elizabeth Taylor sat for the bust of Queen Neferiti. And the rest of Liz is so soft and warm on-screen that if dashboards were made of her, we would have no need for air bags.

6. You know the photo I'm referring to: Sophia Loren topless, wearing harem togs. Loren's mammary equipment was second breast to none, and she seemed happy about it. As though she had special implants—not silicone, not saline, but helium.

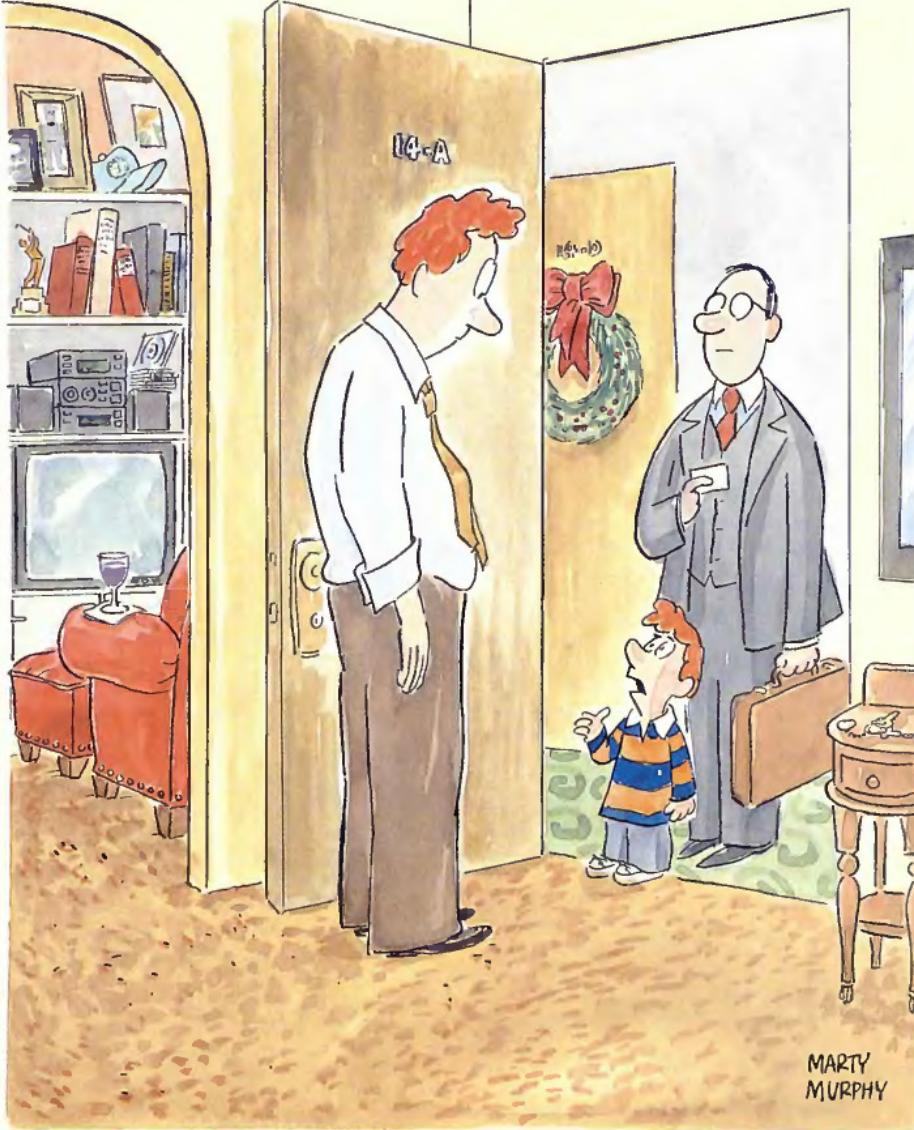
5. In any year, Cindy Crawford is the real Miss America. That a model, even one as multitalented as CC, should wind up between Loren and Bardot on a list of the century's sexiest women is a staggering tribute to her limpid and sweet-natured Americanness. The Statue of Liberty should have a beauty mark—right there.

4. French actress Brigitte Bardot served as a cultural weapon, revenge for American Coca-Cola diplomacy. Her *pneumatique* body was, pound for pound, the most perfect ever and the only irrefutable proof of God's existence.

3. Raquel Welch may not be the sexiest woman of the century—but she is close. No one has ever questioned the primacy of that magnificent frame. Through an admirable, interesting career she has accorded us all both decency and charm.

2. Marilyn, we knew, was the original and Jayne Mansfield the Xerox copy. And yet Jayne was real, too—those pneumothoracic dolphin squeals that issued from her sinuses had an originality to them. The question is: Had Marilyn not been born, would Jayne now be number one by default? Or would Jayne not be on the list at all?

1. Marilyn Monroe was not just the sexiest woman of our century, a brilliant siren that men might fantasize about: We know now that her body was the actual nexus of American male power, a mystic chalice that heroes came not to drink from but to fill.



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BACK TO BASICS

Judaism insists that there should be one principal sexual position: the much-maligned missionary position. In no other position do we see a meeting of the mouths accompanied by a full integration of all the limbs. The ancient rabbis draw our attention to the belief that humans are the only creatures who make love facing each other. Biologists have suggested that the size of the human penis—which, proportionally, is far larger than that of most mammals—enables humans to have intercourse face-to-face (who says size doesn't matter?). Women have stated in study after study that what they enjoy most in sex is this physical embrace. Other positions, while physically pleasurable, close off some or all of the other outlets: verbal, mental, emotional. They are flawed in that they bring together only genital and other erogenous zones. The lovers are connected, but on only one plane. Breathing, words, the digging of nails and the clawing of flesh can all serve as gauges of our partner's arousal, but these are no substitute for looking into his or her eyes. There is nothing more alluring than watching your spouse come alive as a sexual being in response to your touch.

IS ORAL SEX WRONG?

I once received a visit from a very religious Jew who asked if he could discuss a personal problem. He was 23 years old and had married a girl his age who also was very religious. He arrived without his wife, and we met in my living room. He immediately closed all the doors and windows. "I need your help," he said. "When I asked my wife for oral sex, she started to cry and accused me of degrading her. I may be religious, but I'm

also a man."

God wishes for husbands and wives to be happy together. This happiness cannot be achieved by throwing in prohibitions that limit a couple's sexual repertoire, especially within the already difficult constraints of monogamy. To add an unnecessary prudishness is to sometimes invite disaster and inhibit a couple's bonding process.

Many students of Jewish thought cite the Code of Jewish Law, which advises husbands and wives to minimize direct oral contact with the genitals, and to never stare at them. (Staring leads to erotic parts of the body becoming as exciting as an elbow.) Students of Jewish thought also may point to the rulings in the code which say that for a man to kiss his wife in the genital region is lewd (thereby prohibiting cunnilingus) and that wasted seed is a severe prohibition (thereby prohibiting fellatio).

To see these pronouncements as laws is a travesty. In Judaism the more conservative sexual rulings are given only as advice. The great medieval Jewish codifier Maimonides advised husbands and wives to abstain from overindulgence in nonmissionary positions. At the same time, he confirmed that the actual law was: "A man's wife is permitted to him and therefore, whatever he and his wife wish to pursue sexually, they may do. They may have intercourse whenever it pleases them and he may kiss any organ he wishes, and he may have intercourse in a natural or unnatural manner."

The definition of holiness in sex is anything that serves to bring a husband and wife closer together, barring intentional destruction of sperm and sex during menstruation and a week thereafter. A religious wife has every right to refrain

from oral sex if she feels uncomfortable, and a husband should never push her to do anything that repels her. That doesn't mean he can't try, lovingly, to persuade her—just that neither spouse should base their objections on piety. The purpose of oral sex is not to destroy the seed. It is to try something new and pleasurable, something that will cause husband and wife to increase their dependency on each other and lessen their dependency on strangers.

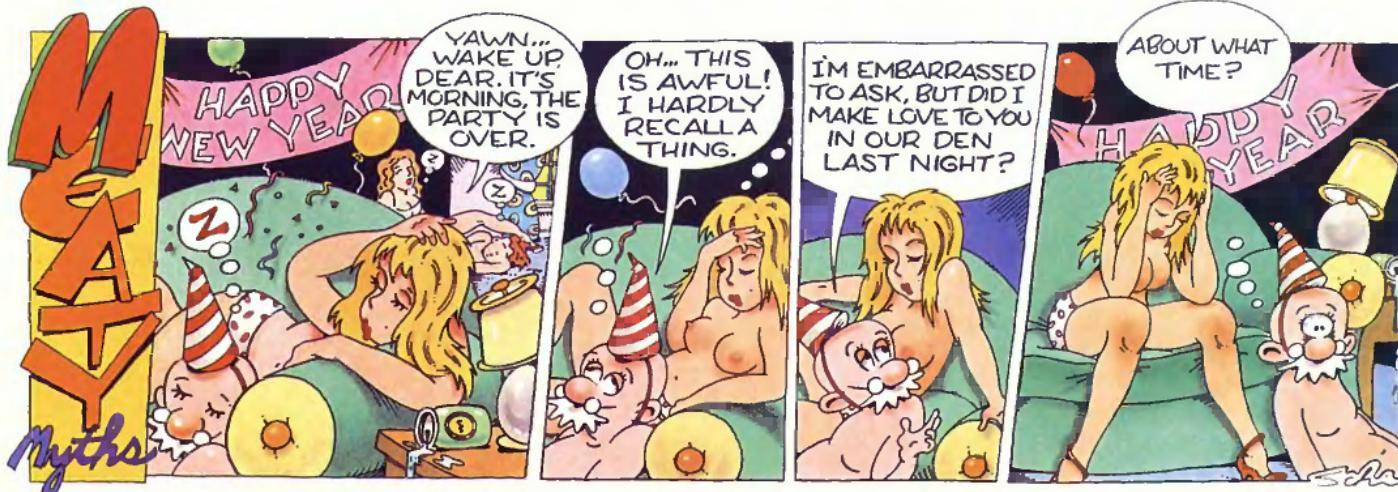
THE MARRIED MAN AND MASTURBATION

During a debate at Oxford against a psychosexual counselor, my opponent launched a diatribe against me for offering that masturbation lessens our dependency on our partners. She was adamant that, on the contrary, the more we masturbate, the better our sex lives become. "People who don't masturbate are the most sexually repressed people around, and they are also the worst lovers," she said. David, a businessman I came to know, favored masturbation because he traveled constantly. Although he was trying to become more religious, he scoffed at any prohibition.

"Tell me what you think is better, Shmuley," he said. "I have to go on long business trips. We have two small children at home, so my wife cannot always accompany me. Is it better that I sleep with strange women or that I masturbate to those movies they have in hotels? I would never cheat on my wife, but I'm not made of wood."

His argument gave me an opening: "Who says you are meant to be away from your wife for weeks at a time? You are telling me you need sexual release. Masturbation allows you to be away from your wife. But if you refrained and had no other sexual outlet, you would have to come home. Your marriage is more important than your business, and your sexual dependency on your wife reminds you of that always."

Masturbation is certainly not kosher. The most common modern argument in favor of it (and one that is advanced



almost exclusively by female experts) is that it is unfair that a woman should have to serve as her husband's exclusive outlet for sex. A woman, they say, should not have to wait for her husband to pleasure her, which most of the time he fails to do anyway. Since most surveys contend that women have stronger orgasms masturbating than during intercourse, why should this pleasure be denied them?

Often the problem with experts is that they focus on details and miss the bigger picture. What David is doing is not neutral and harmless. It has grave consequences for his marriage. One of the most beautiful moments of marriage is when a husband and wife who have been forcibly separated reunite after longing to be in the same bed again. There are few moments as passionate or as powerful as that night when all the pent-up sexual tension erupts. By masturbating, David is allowing his sexual steam to escape. Imagine how his wife feels. If he were not sitting in front of those blue movies, he would return voraciously hungry for her. As it stands, their life remains unmarked by the long separation. In a sense, he has cheated on his wife because he is meant to make her feel loved and attractive.

A BRIEF WORD ON MODESTY

It is sometimes argued that modesty prohibits certain sexual practices. Pious people who dress modestly because they think that lustng after the body is ungodly have it all wrong. The reason God commands us to dress modestly is so that the natural power of the body to attract remains intact. Sex must always be a journey of discovery fueled by curiosity. When watching a BBC documentary on the western Amazon rain forest becomes more interesting than watching your wife undress, you know your marriage has had it. Menachem Meiri, one of medieval Jewry's greatest rabbis, declared: "Although a wife must be modest in public, her loss of all modesty in private is not a contradiction to this in any way, because the idea of modesty in public is that she preserve her feminine charm for her husband." Notice that the Ten Commandments prohibit you from lustng after your neighbor's wife, but offer no prohibition against lustng after your own wife.

KOSHER SEX TOYS

One of the most precious and important laws within the Jewish guidelines for lovemaking is that no one may fantasize about anyone other than his or her spouse during sexual intercourse. What kind of intimacy is it when you are thinking of your spouse's body as a mere form of friction? At the same time, isn't it better that a couple rejuvenate deadened sexual interest with marital aids than watch some boring television, turn off

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the lights and go to sleep? The answer is yes. But there is a clear distinction between marital aids and pornography. Any erotic device which causes us to be more focused on our spouse, however outlandish, may be used. An example is a wife buying sexy lingerie to stimulate her husband. I even know of one very old and respected rabbi from Russia who, when a husband told him that he was losing sexual interest in his wife, gave the man very explicit ideas about what he might buy (naturally, this rabbi is popular among his congregants).

The same can be said of sexual toys and devices which allow a couple to expand their sexual play. This may not be everyone's cup of tea, but that doesn't make it unkosher. If a store that sells pornography can truly become a marital-aid shop, then the existence of such places should be applauded. Every form of lingerie, mirror on the ceiling or plastic object that helps break a pattern of monotony is kosher. At the same time, any form of explicit sexual material that leads a husband and wife to focus on someone or something other than each

other is harmful.

The truth is, we really don't even need pornography to get sexually stimulated when we become bored with our spouses, and here is the proof. In the past few years, there has been an explosion of amateur pornographic material. The biggest sellers are not the professionally made videos of beautiful and shapely men and women yelling at the top of their lungs. Rather, they are ordinary housewives filmed by their husbands. In other words, what the guy down the street wants most to see is your wife taking off her clothes. So, then, why are you bored with her? Of course it's because you've seen her a thousand times and want something new. Seeing your neighbor's wife take off her bra—now that would be damned exciting!

But you, and not your neighbor, should be having those dirty thoughts about your wife. And acting upon them. Rather than buying a video or magazine that is an insult to your wife, go out together and get erotic things and acquire ideas that bring newness to your marriage. Far better to take photographs

and make videos of yourselves together, if you feel you truly need external aids to jump-start your passion, than to sit together and watch strangers.

I once made this argument about pornography versus marital aids during a seminar in London for Jewish married couples. Little did I know there was a reporter in the audience. The next morning, a newspaper appeared with the headline: RABBI ADVOCATES OPENING OF MORE SEX SHOPS AROUND BRITAIN. I was not the most popular man in my religious community that day. I wrote a letter to the newspaper correcting the report, and emphasizing that I had supported the idea of marital-aid shops, not sex shops.

A week later I received a letter from the owner of a string of sex shops asking if I would give my official rabbinical seal of approval if he changed his advertising to say their purpose was to help married couples. I was prepared to go ahead with the outlandish idea, on three conditions. First, he had to rid his shops of all pornography. Second, he had to restrict access to married people. Third, he had to make me a 50 percent partner. He turned me down on all conditions. The point is that sexuality pulls us outside ourselves. It is not at all private or solitary, or something we can fully enjoy on our own.

SEXUAL LOSS

A few years ago I saw the movie *Total Recall* with a friend. While I marveled at Arnold Schwarzenegger's proficiency with a ray gun, my friend claimed he was more impressed by the plot. "It's about memory being the essence of human personality," he said. "You can alter a person radically just by changing his memory."

"I've often thought," he continued, "that when I meet the woman of my dreams we should both have partial lobotomies. Then we could wipe out the memory of our old lovers and love each other exclusively."

He was speaking to the age. By the time people get married these days, there is the latent, lurking entanglement of premarital sex. It would be unnatural not to feel exceedingly close to someone after you have sex. But with premarital sex, that is not meant to be. People stifle the powerful emotions that should flow in the wake of intimacy.

It is simply not natural to sustain the loss of a close relative and to be back at work a couple days later, smiling at colleagues. Similarly, it cannot be healthy for adults to consciously suppress the emotions that are born of sexual congress. The repeated disappointment of breaking up with boyfriends or girlfriends snuffs out an essential part of us. We become hardened from the pain, unable to trust anyone all that much. And it shows. People marrying today surrender



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only parts of themselves, incrementally, to ensure that they never get hurt again. When a problem crops up that in times gone by could not have severed a married couple, the modern husband and wife find themselves torn apart.

GOD'S GIFT TO WOMEN

Men have a terrible fear of committing to marriage, one of the foremost causes of which is a falsely inflated opinion of themselves. They have this uncanny knack of believing that every woman in every situation is interested in them. Furthermore, many young (and not so young) men feel that by taking themselves off the market they would be depriving hundreds of women. It is therefore almost an act of cruelty for them to pledge allegiance to one woman.

At Oxford I hear this refrain all the time. "Did you see the way that clerk handed me my change? I could tell she wanted me." "You know Melody, who lives across the hall from me? Although she has never even said hello and often crosses herself and throws salt over her back when she passes by, I can tell from the way she dropped her key as she walked by my room last week that she can't wait to have me." "Did you hear how that waitress asked me if I want milk and sugar? I have that effect on all women."

If a man felt he would be lucky to have the affections of even one woman—who would love him despite his faults—he would feel privileged should anyone agree to marry him. It is humility that allows us to share a healthy relationship with another human being, and it is arrogance that makes it impossible to commit.

Sometimes I wonder whether women understand what their agreement in the Sixties to commitment-free sex did for them. It ensured that men could get sex readily and without strings attached, which gives men no good reason to commit. As one attractive 29-year-old who had broken up with a longstanding boyfriend said to me, "If we women all agreed not to give men any sex, they'd be lining up at the altar."

Another friend flew in from Miami to discuss how unhappy she was. She had been living with her boyfriend for four years, though he had promised that they would marry after two. Women today have forgotten what a real compliment is. A guy will tell a girl he loves her and that he wants to share his life with her, that she is beautiful and that he cannot live without her. She is impressed and flattered. So she saddles up her stuff and brings it around to his place. But there is only one compliment a man can give a woman: "Will you be my wife?" It comes with a price he is prepared to pay. All other compliments are just words.



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Talk about a program on a roll: The Kentucky Wildcats are loaded again this season.

(9) XAVIER

With Top 25 finishes in each of the past two seasons, Xavier and coach Skip Prosser continue to raise excitement and expectations for the Musketeers. There will be no backing off this season. Prosser has basketball talent galore, from James Posey and Darnell Williams in the front court to the dynamite guard combination of Lenny Brown and Gary Lumpkin. Xavier exerts relentless full-court pressure on opponents, using speed and quickness to run opponents off their game and off the floor. Six-eight junior college transfer Desmond Williams should provide more depth and muscle inside, an area that was sometimes vulnerable last season.

(10) ARKANSAS

No one in the SEC West is likely to keep up with Nolan Richardson's Razor-

Pat Bradley, the Hogs' leading scorer the past two years, already holds the school record for three-pointers with 273. The coach is excited about the six new recruits he landed, his biggest and best class since the Lee Mayberry-Todd Day-Oliver Miller group. Richardson, the 1995 Playboy Coach of the Year, thinks the SEC will put six teams in the Big Dance this year. "I just want to make certain we're one of them."

(11) MEMPHIS

Tigers senior forward Omar Sneed gets our unofficial award as Best Player You've Never Heard Of. The 6'5" Sneed averaged 20.9 points and 9.2 rebounds a game. But that doesn't tell the whole story. He piled up those impressive numbers while being double and triple teamed most of the season. And he got stronger over time, upping his scoring average to 25 ppg during the last 16

combination that could make them a formidable opponent by tourney time.

(12) CINCINNATI

Winning basketball games has been coach Bob Huggins' top priority since taking over Cincinnati's program nine years ago. His Bearcats teams have won five conference titles, six conference tournaments and 219 games in the Nineties. What Huggins hasn't done is make many friends or graduate a significant number of players from his teams. Now the NCAA has announced that UC is being investigated by the infractions committee. Despite the problems, Huggins remains focused on winning, and he has plenty of talent to do it. Center Kenyon Martin and guard Melvin Levett will be joined by Pete Mickeal, who led his junior college team to national championships two years in a row. Jermaine Tate, a transfer who started 41 games at Ohio State, will also make an impact.

(13) OKLAHOMA STATE

Eddie Sutton has assembled a team in Stillwater that is going to leave opponents bumped, bruised and mumbling, "Who are these guys, anyway?" The Cowboys have four starters back from a 22-win season, including guard Adrian Peterson and forward Desmond Mason. Sutton also added transfer Glendon Alexander, the most prolific scorer in Texas high school history. And to beef up an already robust front line, junior college transfer Roy Candley stands 7'2" and weighs 390 pounds.

(14) INDIANA

Can Bob Knight still coach? This year should provide the answer. The erratic, irascible, unpredictable and intriguing man in the red sweater has enough talent to take the Hoosiers higher than they've flown the past few years. Leading the show is Playboy All-America guard A.J. Guyton, who averaged better than 16 points per game last season. Sophomore Luke Recker is solid at a forward spot. Freshmen Dane Fife and Kyle Hornsby should help on the perimeter. But Andrae Patterson will be missed underneath and Jason Collier has transferred. William Gladness will have to pick up the slack, and lots of rebounds. With no player taller than 6'8", look for Knight to quicken the usually deliberate pace of the offense.

(15) NEW MEXICO

Senior Kenny Thomas is on track to become the Lobos' all-time leading scorer and rebounder despite the fact that he will not be eligible to play until December 19 under an agreement he reached with the NCAA after it challenged his freshman eligibility. While Thomas will be back for most of the season, three key starters from last year (Clayton Shields, Royce Olney and David Gibson) have graduated. Guard

Rest of the Best

GUARDS: Trajan Langdon (Duke), Louis Bullock (Michigan), Wayne Turner (Kentucky), Adrian Peterson (Oklahoma State), Tony Harris (Tennessee), Ed Cota (North Carolina), Arthur Lee (Stanford), Jeryl Sasser (SMU), Kris Clack (Texas), Shaheen Holloway (Seton Hall), Baron Davis (UCLA), Geno Carlisle (California), Darnell Williams (Xavier), Kenny Price (Colorado), Jamel Thomas (Providence), Brandon Wharton (Tennessee), Jason Terry (Arizona), Donnie Carr (LaSalle), Byron Mouton (Tulane), Brett Eppehimer (Lehigh), Donald Watts (Washington), Marcus Wilson (Evansville), Shawnta Rogers (George Washington), Lonnie Cooper (Louisiana Tech), Kenyan Weakens (Florida), Chico Fletcher (Arkansas State), Chris Herren (Fresno State), Kareem Reid (Arkansas), Keith Carter (Mississippi), Ryan Robertson (Kansas), Roberto Bergesen (Boise State), Damien Baskerville (Weber State), Jason Rowe (Loyola-Maryland), Ray Mickens (Central Connecticut), Craig Claxton (Hofstra), Terrell McIntyre (Clemson), Stan Simmons (UNC-Wilmington), Bevon Robin (Fordham), Justin Bailey (Hartford), Fred Meeks (Maine), Haywood Eaddy (Loyola Marymount)

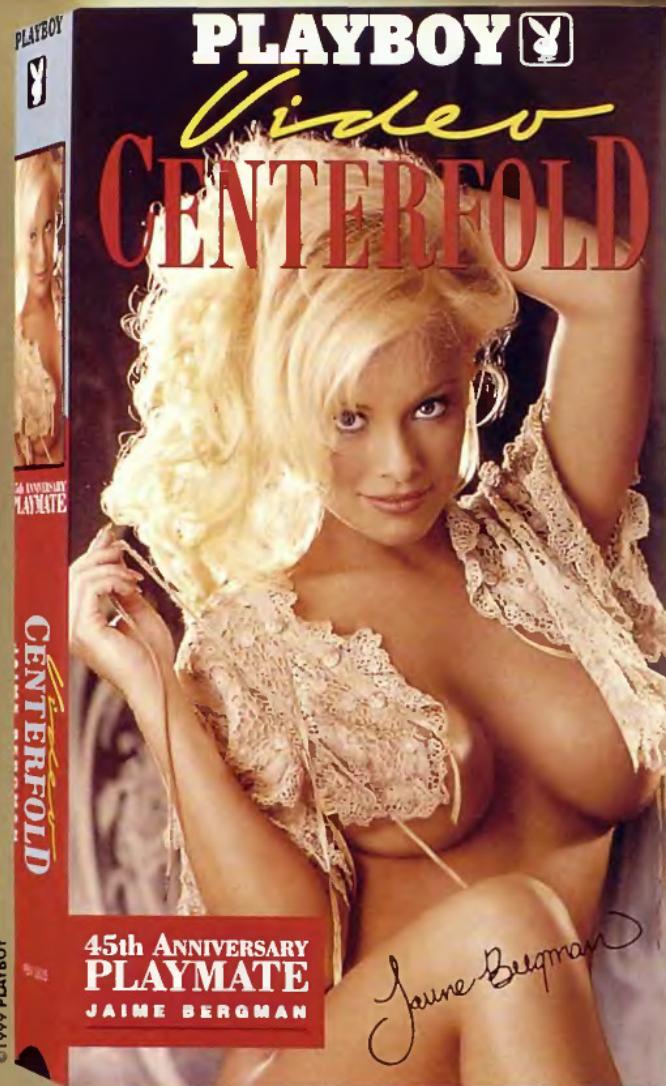
FORWARDS: Omar Sneed (Memphis), Tim James (Miami), James Posey (Xavier), Kenny Thomas (New Mexico), Mark Madsen (Stanford), Jumaine Jones (Georgia), Yegor Mescheriakov (George Washington), Michael Ruffin (Tulsa), Hanno Möttölä (Utah), Manny Dies (Kansas State), Rodney Buford (Creighton), Luke Recker (Indiana), Laron Profit (Maryland), Richie Parker (Long Island), Scott Padgett (Kentucky), Desmond Mason (Oklahoma State), Isaac Spencer (Murray State), T.J. Lux (Northern Illinois), Ryan Blackwell (Syracuse), Joe Linderman (Drexel), Marcus Fizer (Iowa State), Fred Williams (Alabama-Birmingham), Mike Pegues (Delaware)

CENTERS: Tim Young (Stanford), Lari Ketner (Massachusetts), Obinna Ekezie (Maryland), Lamont Barnes (Temple), A.J. Bramlett (Arizona), Lee Nailon (TCU), Etan Thomas (Syracuse), Brad Millard (St. Mary's), Venson Hamilton (Nebraska), Chris Mihm (Texas), Kashif Hameed (Iona), Lamar Odom (Rhode Island)

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Lamont Long, one of the better three-point shooters in the nation, will up his point production, and coach Dave Bliss will look for help from transfers Damion Walker and Donfay Hicks. Says a confident Bliss: "I'm not trying to be dramatic, but we're going to get to the Sweet Sixteen this year."

(16) KANSAS

For the past couple of seasons, people expected coach Roy Williams to bring a national championship to Lawrence. The Jayhawks won Big 12 titles and lots of games (64 in just the past two seasons) but always managed to come up short at tournament time. With Raef LaFrentz and Paul Pierce gone to the NBA, Williams' challenge is to keep KU in the Top 25. Guard Ryan Robertson and forward Lester Earl return, but the development of big man Eric Chenowith in the middle will be the key to the Jayhawks' success.

(17) TEMPLE

Coach John Chaney, who needs just 19 victories to reach the 600-win mark,

(18) ARIZONA

Regardless of how much talent a team has, there's always a bit of fate involved in winning an NCAA championship. Arizona returned the major components of its 1997 national championship team last year. Serendipity, however, was in short supply when the Wildcats ran into Utah, a team in the midst of its own magical moment. The Wildcats fell hard (76-51), and now the mainstays of that team—Miles Simon, Mike Bibby, Michael Dickerson and Bennett Davison—are gone. Coach Lute Olson is undeterred, having been through the rebuilding process many times. He'll center this year's team on 6'11" A.J. Bramlett on the inside and senior guard Jason Terry on the outside. Two 6'8" freshmen could make big contributions this year: Michael Wright from Chicago and Richard Jefferson from Phoenix.

(19) NORTH CAROLINA

An amazing assemblage of talent that included Antawn Jamison, Vince Carter, Shammond Williams and Ed Cota took the Tar Heels and Dean Smith successor

least until freshmen such as Jason Capel and Ronald Curry step up.

(20) TENNESSEE

The Volunteers are on the fast track from basketball also-ran to national power. Last season, new coach Jerry Green took some of the good talent left by predecessor Kevin O'Neill, revved up the pace of the offense and turned the Vols into 20-game winners for the first time since 1985. With all five starters back, plus freshman flash Vincent Yarbrough, the winning will continue. Tennessee's backcourt combination of Brandon Wharton and Tony Harris is one of the best in the nation.

(21) UNLV

Plagued by suspensions that kept Kevin Simmons out of the lineup for 14 games and Keon Clark out for 11, coach Bill Bayno still managed to coax 20 wins and a WAC tournament championship out of the Runnin' Rebels. Clark is gone but Simmons returns, as does rapidly improving Kaspars Kambala at center. Shawn Marion, one of the best junior college players in the nation, will step into the starting lineup at forward. If Bayno can keep his players focused and eligible, UNLV will be another of those WAC teams no one wants to play come tourney time.

(22) PRINCETON

With a two-year record of 51-6, coach Bill Carmody has proved a worthy successor to Princeton legend Pete Carril. Whether under Carril or Carmody, the Tigers shoot well, play great team defense, don't turn the ball over—and they win. Although three four-year starters are gone from last year's Ivy League champion, there may be more pure talent in the Princeton system than ever before. Brian Earl and Gabe Lewullis will be the best of the Tigers this season and could be the best two players in the entire league. There are three new candidates at center, all with the first name of Chris—Young, Martin and Krug. If one develops quickly, Princeton will crack the Top 25.

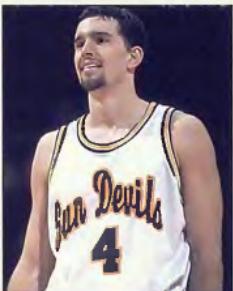
(23) RHODE ISLAND

Jim Harrick may not be able to fill out an accurate expense report, but he certainly knows how to coach basketball. The man who led UCLA to a national championship only to get bounced a year later, for allegedly lying about what he spent and why, landed on his feet at Rhode Island and promptly established the Rams as a force on the national basketball scene. With guards Tyson Wheeler and Cuttino Mobley both gone to the NBA, the strength of Harrick's team is inside, where Antonio Reynolds-Dean, big Luther Clay and 6'10" newcomer Lamar Odom should dominate. Preston Murphy will handle the point while

Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete

The Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award recognizes achievement both in the classroom and on the basketball court. Nominated by their colleges, the candidates are judged on their scholastic and athletic accomplishments by the editors of PLAYBOY. A donation of \$5000 has been made by PLAYBOY to the general scholarship fund of the winner's school.

This year's Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award in basketball goes to Bobby Lazor from Arizona State University. A 6'9" senior, Lazor was the Pac Ten Newcomer of the Year last season, finishing 12th in the conference in scoring (16.8 ppg), sixth in rebounding (7.8 rpg) and third in field goal percentage (.558). He was a Pac Ten first-team all-academic selection and had the highest grade point aver-



age (3.61) of any Pac Ten first-team member. Lazor has already earned a bachelor's degree in business management and is pursuing a master's in business during his final season of competition.

Honorable mentions: Michael Ruffin (Tulsa), Corey Reed (Radford), Donte Harvey (Southern), Greg Gaffney (Drexel), Scott Cross (Texas-Arlington), Ryan Robertson (Kansas), Colin Ducharme (Virginia), Ross Land (Northern Arizona), Yegor Mescheriakov (George Washington), A.D. Smith (Oregon), Greg Stephens (East Tennessee State), Bart Hyche (Mississippi State), Ryan Humphrey (Oklahoma), Neil Reed (Southern Mississippi), Zoran Viskovic (Valparaiso), Curtis King (Morgan State), Jeremy Hays (Alabama), Mike Pegues (Delaware), Matt Baniak (St. Louis).

has a team brimming with talent, depth and experience. Pepe Sanchez, Lamont Barnes and Rasheed Brokenborough are all capable of double-figure scoring. Chaney also has two McDonald's All-Americans on the roster: 6'9" freshman center Kevin Lyde and 6'5" sophomore Mark Karcher, who was an academic nonqualifier last season. The Owls should make their tenth straight trip to the Big Dance.

Bill Guthridge to the Final Four but not a national championship last season. With only Cota returning, coach Gut may find Smith's lingering presence around Chapel Hill to be more oppressive than helpful. Much of this season's success hinges on the development of 7' sophomore Brendan Haywood. Cota, who operates so effectively as a setup man in the offense, may have to take on more of the scoring burden himself, at

freshman Zach Marbury, brother of the NBA's Stephon, will vie for the two-guard spot.

(24) MIAMI

While the Hurricanes have been diminished recently as a football power, they are on the verge of establishing themselves as a force on the court. Coach Leonard Hamilton has a bona fide star in senior forward Tim James (16.8 ppg), plus an experienced supporting cast that includes center Mario Bland and guard Johnny Hemsley. Junior college transfer Kevin Houston and freshman John Salmons should give Miami added depth. The Hurricanes were ranked number one in the nation in defense last year, holding opponents to 37.9 percent shooting from the floor.

(25) MASSACHUSETTS

Senior center Lari Ketner will be the main man for Bruiser Flint's aspiring UMass team. The 6'10" Ketner will be joined by three other returning starters, plus formidable freshman Kitwana Rhymer (who sat out last year with eligibility problems) and juco transfer Anthony Oates. The Minutemen have five front-court players 6'8" or taller.

(26) PROVIDENCE

It's called the Coaching Shuffle. Jeff Jones gets dumped at Virginia. Pete Gillen leaves Providence to replace Jones. Tim Welsh says adios to Iona and takes over the Friars. One coaching change invariably leads to three or four others. The opportunity for Welsh at Providence is significant. He inherits five returning starters who couldn't break .500 last season (13-16) but have the potential to do much better. Six-six Jamel Thomas (18.5 ppg) will be Welsh's best player. Welsh adds freshman Sean Connolly as well as Jamaal Camah, who sat out his freshman season because of Prop 48. Improved rebounding would make the Friars a Big East title contender.

(27) MISSOURI

The Tigers fell short of their usual 20-win record last season (17-15). The team was dogged by inconsistency and couldn't win on the road in the conference (0-10). Thirty-one-year coach Norm Stewart, who shows no inclination to retire, has landed a strong recruiting class and expects his team to improve despite the graduation of Kelly Thaines and Tyron Lee. Forward Albert White will step up his game, and freshman Keyon Dooling (described as Big Mo's most promising recruit since Anthony Peeler) will contribute immediately.

(28) PURDUE

Coach Gene Keady must replace leading scorers Brad Miller and Chad Austin, each of whom averaged 17 points per game last year. But Keady, who is

one of the most consistently successful coaches in college basketball, has been there and done that. Expect Jaraan Cornell, the Big Ten's best percentage three-point shooter, and forward Brian Cardinal to be the Boilermakers' major point producers. Two transfers—Greg McQuay from Southern Idaho and Carson Cunningham, a member of the Pac Ten all-freshman team a couple of years ago—should see a fair amount of playing time.

(29) WASHINGTON

We had lots of queries last year after naming Huskies center Todd MacCulloch to the Playboy Preseason All-America Team. Who? From where? As the season unfolded, MacCulloch asserted himself, leading the Huskies to 20 wins and the third round of the NCAA tournament. He led the nation in field goal percentage for the second year in a row and improved his scoring and rebounding totals for the third year in a row. And he's back. So is guard Donald Watts, who averaged 16.9 points per game last season. Coach Bob Bender has to find an answer to the Huskies' proclivity to turn the ball over. A little more muscle in the paint wouldn't hurt, either.

(30) AUBURN

The Tigers were one of the SEC's most improved programs last season. And with the top four scorers and the two best rebounders returning, coach Cliff Ellis expects the improvement to continue. Adding two-time junior college All-American Chris Porter and 6'9" freshman David Hamilton to the mix will give Auburn its best team since the mid-Eighties.

(31) TEXAS CHRISTIAN

After Lee Nailon averaged 24.9 points per game and was named WAC Pacific Division Player of the Year, he figured he could skip his senior season and go straight to the NBA. After a trip to the NBA's predraft camp in Chicago, Nailon realized he wasn't quite ready and made the intelligent decision to withdraw from the draft and return to TCU. Coach Billy Tubbs couldn't be happier. With Nailon on the inside and senior guard Prince Fowler on the outside, the Horned Frogs have a chance to repeat as WAC Pacific Division champs. Tubbs' biggest problem will be breaking in ten newcomers, a job for which the veteran coach is well suited.

(32) ALABAMA-BIRMINGHAM

With nine of its top ten players returning from a team that won 21 games last season, the Blazers will be one of the hot teams in the competitive Conference USA. Murry Bartow showed he had the tools to be a successful head coach in his first two seasons since succeeding Papa Gene, who is now the athletic director at

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COLE'S ALL-NICKNAME TEAM

Mark "Mad Dog" Madsen
Stanford
Jermaine "Squirt" Hicks
Chicago State
Brad "Big Continent" Millard
St. Mary's
Mahcoe "Punchy" Parker
Texas-San Antonio
Marvis "Bootsy" Thornton
St. John's

TOP FIVE FRESHMEN

Quentin Richardson 6'5" DePaul
Ron Curry 6'2" North Carolina
Mike Miller 6'8" Florida
Joel Przybilla 6'11" Minnesota
Dan Gadzuric 6'11" UCLA

TOP FIVE JUCOS ENTERING DIVISION I

Shawn Marion 6'7" UNLV
Steve Francis 6'2" Maryland
Pete Mickeal 6'7" Cincinnati
Chris Porter 6'7" Auburn
Victor Avila 6'10" Oklahoma

TOP FIVE FOREIGN-BORN PLAYERS IN DIVISION I

Todd MacCulloch (Canada)
7' Washington
Yegor Mescheriakov (Belarus)
6'8" George Washington
Hanno Möttölä (Finland)
6'10" Utah
Mamadou N'Diaye (Senegal)
7' Auburn
Ademola Okulaja (Germany)
6'7" North Carolina

TOP FIVE TRANSFERS

Jason Collier 7'
Georgia Tech from Indiana
Adrian Crawford 6'5"
Florida State from Tulsa
Scoenie Penn 5'10"
Ohio State from Boston College
Damion Walker 6'7"
New Mexico from TCU
Ryan Bailey 6'2"
UCLA from Penn State

UAB. The team's best players are forwards Fred Williams and Willie Mitchell. Better perimeter shooting and fewer turnovers will put the Blazers in the race for a conference title.

(33) TEXAS

Enticing Clemson coach Rick Barnes to replace the departed Tom Penders as head coach proved that the Longhorns are committed to becoming a major player on the college basketball scene. Barnes doesn't exactly have to start from scratch. He has four starters returning from last season, including standout guard Kris Clack and center Chris Mihm, who set a UT record for blocked shots in his freshman year. Barnes' emphasis on defense will show immediate positive results.

(34) GEORGIA

The Bulldogs have one of the most exciting young players in sophomore Jumaine Jones. A highly touted recruit, the 6'7" power forward lived up to the hype last season and carried Georgia to 20 wins and a third-place finish in the post-season NIT. Now second-year coach Ron Jirsa's challenge is to make Georgia more than simply the J.J. show. Two center prospects, 7'1" sophomore Robb Dryden and 7' Eric DeYoung (who sat out last season as a redshirt), could be part of the answer. Freshman guard D.A. Layne, who broke the Louisiana high school scoring record of Shareef Abdur-Raheem, could be another.

(35) GEORGE WASHINGTON

Coaches who win are never out of a job for long, even if the departure from their last position was under a cloud. Tom Penders gets forced out at Texas and comes up smiling at George Washington. And he'll likely keep smiling, because departed Mike Jarvis left him a cupboard full of goodies, namely dead-eye shooting guard Mike King, Shawnta Rogers (at 5'4", college basketball's little big man) and Yegor Mescheriakov, one of nine foreign-born players on GW's roster.

(36) SETON HALL

With his initial year as head coach out of the way, Tommy Amaker, a former Playboy All-America guard for Duke, is eager to establish Seton Hall as a perennial basketball power. "We've shown that we can become a team," said Amaker. "Now can we become a program?" No question he has a player who can win games in Shaheen Holloway. The lightning-quick 5'10" guard was the Big East's top assist man (6.5 apg) last season and averaged 15 points per game. The Pirates need muscle inside, and Amaker must develop a pair of 6'10" freshmen, Manga Charles and Damian Dawkins, if the Hall is to make a run at the Big East powers.

(37) DEPAUL

Even though his Blue Demons stumbled through a 7-23 season in Pat Kennedy's first year at the helm, DePaul's fans and administration couldn't have been happier with their new coach. That's because Kennedy, previously head coach at Florida State, staked out talent-rich Chicago as DePaul territory. He signed three blue-chip locals at the head of what is clearly the best freshmen class since Mark Aguirre and Clyde Bradshaw hung out at Alumni Hall. Leading the list of newcomers is consensus high school All-American Quentin Richardson, who averaged 25 points and 12 rebounds in his senior year. Then comes 6'7" Bobby Simmons and 6'9" Lance Williams. With some strong juco transfers and returning guard Willie Coleman, DePaul could be on the cusp of returning to its glory days under Ray Meyer.

(38) TULSA

The WAC is going to be full of competitive teams this year, and Tulsa will be one of them. Forward Michael Rufin, one of the top defensive players in the nation, returns, as do three other starters from last season's 19-win squad. Coach Bill Self adds a couple of promising juco recruits in Brandon Kurtz and Tony Heard, and freshman DeAngelo McDaniel was a third-team McDonald's All-American last year.

(39) SYRACUSE

Jim Boeheim piled another 26 wins onto his impressive career stats and the Orangemen made it to the third round of the NCAA regionals before falling to Duke. Not bad for what was supposed to be a rebuilding year. With forward Ryan Blackwell and 6'9" center Etan Thomas returning, expect Syracuse to accept another Big Dance invitation this year. Freshmen Tony Bland and Preston Shumpert should help on the perimeter.

(40) IOWA

The hoops news from corn country isn't good. Ricky Davis, who led the team in scoring last year as a freshman, decided one year in Iowa City was enough and declared for the NBA. And 12-year coach Tom Davis announced he would retire next year. So the Hawkeyes find themselves without their most promising player in years and with a lame-duck coach, which makes recruiting more difficult. There are a few bright spots. Returning guard Kent McCausland is one of the top three-point specialists in the nation. Wisconsin transfer Sam Okey will help, but not until the second semester, when he becomes eligible. At 7'2", freshman Antonio Ramos is a project for Davis' eventual successor.



CHICKEN LITTLE

(continued from page 104)

and cannot explain it coherently now. Tragedy can be averted, but there is no reliable consensus among government authorities about what to do.

A BRAVE NEW WORLD

In the spring of 1993, a ferociously quick fire swept through a huge toy factory on the outskirts of Bangkok, killing more than 180 workers and injuring nearly 500 others. All but 14 of the victims were female, some as young as 13 years old. It was the worst industrial fire in the history of capitalism, yet it was reported on page 25 of *The Washington Post*. *The Wall Street Journal* carried a brief account a day later on page 11.

The story was treated dismissively, like a typhoon in Bangladesh or one more earthquake in Turkey. But those Thai workers were killed while they were making toys for American children—Muppets, Bart Simpson dolls and Play-Skool Water Pets. The labels included all the famous brand names, including Fisher-Price, Hasbro and Kenner. We Americans rarely hear about those cheap industrial workers, but their deaths pose a core question about values. Do we have any responsibility for the random inhumanities at the other end of the global system? We are connected to those distant others in myriad ways and benefit from far-flung transactions, as consumers and producers, shareholders and managers. But we have not yet accepted the moral obligations in these new social relationships.

In one form or another, the question of interconnectedness is pushing its way to the center of American politics. Financial turmoil, trade deficits and the pressures on U.S. jobs and wages—as well as questions about sweatshops and child labor—are likely to claim a much larger place in the presidential campaign of 2000. The consensus that for many years supported free trade and deregulation is badly eroded, though multinational finance and commerce still have enormous political influence. Some political voices may preach a neo-isolationist withdrawal. Others will argue for moderating reforms in the trading system—new rules to protect labor rights, the environment and standards of human decency that are in fact universal.

If Americans can see the choices clearly, the new millennium offers a great opportunity to lead the world on behalf of America's proclaimed values—economic fairness and progress, an honest regard for individual destinies, democracy and tolerance. Global finance and commerce have opened a vast new vista. It remains for citizens and societies to grasp the possibilities for social progress and to promote their values.

One Sunday afternoon in Indonesia, I

met with a group of young workers in an industrial zone outside Djakarta, where they make Nike and other shoes. Those sweet-mannered kids were bewildered by their new circumstances as industrial workers, eager to understand how the world works and where they fit in. But they did not have to be told by me that they are being exploited. They know this from their working conditions and wages. They are struggling with old questions of industrial life—how to make a decent living from their work, how to organize in order to gain a measure of power, dignity and a voice in their own destiny. They need help.

As they talked about their lives, I reflected on a serious scandal in Washington that rarely gets reported. While professing a righteous commitment to free speech and freedom of assembly, our government makes cynical commercial alliances with regimes and industries that brutally repress those freedoms for their own citizens. This is changing slowly. As Americans learn the ugly realities on the other end (such as sweatshops and child labor), they are mobilizing against the amoral status quo.

Our economic self-interest seems to be converging with our sense of altruism. If we come to the aid of distant others who struggle for the right to speak for themselves, we are actually protecting our own hearth and home. The great dislocations and wage depression caused by global cost-price competition will not abate so long as firms are racing to the bottom, searching for the next source of cheap workers.

Henry Ford might understand. The

only real solution to the global shortfall of consumer power is to boost wage incomes, redressing the inequalities of recent years. As a practical matter, that means bringing the bottom up as rapidly as possible. Securing basic labor rights and other civic freedoms as standard terms of the global trading system will give people the means to make that happen—even in such unlikely places as China. Those \$60-a-month machinists in Xian who make Boeing 737 tail sections are capable workers, but they need the freedom to bargain for themselves and become capable consumers.

If nations can get the economics right, the most extraordinary—and radical—dimension of this revolution will be its potential for unifying different peoples. Technology leaps across ancient barriers and biases of race, religion and political history, as well as distance. Stereotypes are demolished when impoverished people in unpromising circumstances make advanced goods of modern life.

The promising future is already becoming visible in loopy ways, in the spread of new gadgets. Even very poor people get some of the good toys. At a street market in Malaysia, I bought a fistful of "Rolexes" for a few dollars each. "Genuine copy," the teenage peddler assured me. Down the street, a Malaysian girl rode behind her boyfriend on a Japanese motorcycle. She was wearing the traditional Muslim veil, but her T-shirt proclaimed in English: THE NIGHT IS STILL YOUNG—PARTY HARD.

Anything is possible.



You have just accessed the nonlocal mind. You are touching the control panel of the cosmic computer.

psychokinesis, telepathy, miracle cures, premonitions that came true, prayers that were answered, people seen in two locations at once, holy figures who emanated light from their bodies and angels encountered by the roadside on rainy nights.

How do we explain the documented experience of an Italian military officer in the Sixties, his hip totally dissolved with cancer, who visited the shrine at Lourdes and grew a new hip in a matter of months? And what about the dying lymphoma patient in the Fifties who was injected with saline solution as a placebo and, because he believed the injection was powerful chemotherapy, had every trace of cancer vanish from his body in a matter of days—the tumors “melting like snowballs on a hot stove,” as one commentator described it? Are these not “impossible” achievements?

Writing about the “rare but spectacular phenomenon of spontaneous remission,” the renowned physician-essayist

Lewis Thomas declares, “No one has the ghost of an idea how it happens. It is a fascinating mystery but at the same time a solid basis for hope in the future.”

On the eve of the first millennium, the greatest event in history—the end of the world—was predicted. It failed to happen. Now, on the eve of the year 2000, the greatest event in our history is within reach: the final explanation of the material universe—creation, time, space, the origin of DNA and the physical dimensions beyond the four we have already mapped. It is the realization of the so-called Theory of Everything, or TOE. Stephen Hawking foresaw it as knowing the mind of God, or, in nonreligious terms, coming to grips with a universe that has no beginning and no end, no boundaries in time and space, no limits of any kind.

So-called miracles, anomalies and “impossible” phenomena that stand outside material existence await to be included in a Theory of Everything. No matter

how much information we gather about them, anomalies are not explainable as information, energy or even as virtual energy—that invisible power source that supplies the physical universe with its atoms and molecules.

What will it be like to live in a TOE world? It seems inevitable that when we exhaust our curiosity about physical existence, we will at last be ready to explore the next universe: the immaterial domain of consciousness—in other words, inner space.

For example, if you tried to explain Beethoven’s *Fifth Symphony* by taking apart a CD player, you would be totally stymied. The CD player can transmit the music, and the electrical patters of that transmission are incredibly complicated, but the origin of the music lies with Beethoven himself. He is the next universe, and so are you and I.

Go outside where you can stand on the grass and look up at the sky. Hold your hands in the air and feel the heat of the sun, the movement of the wind brushing over your skin. As the wind touches your hand, it deposits molecules of every chemical needed to create life. As the sun warms your face, it radiates all the energy that generates life. You are nothing more than these chemicals, this energy, but with one tremendous difference: An invisible principle holds you together.

Because of this invisible principle, you were created out of the whirlwind of atoms that fly through the universe. Instead of being scattered inside a galactic dust cloud, your body has organized itself into thousands of precise operations. With every breath, you inhale hundreds of millions of gaseous molecules, and within a tenth of a second, the ones that sustain life—primarily oxygen and hydrogen—enter your cells to create enzymes and proteins.

How do they know to do this? They don’t. The oxygen in your blood is no more alive than the oxygen in a diver’s tank; the sugars in your brain are no more intelligent than those in a sugar cube. Yet the whirlwind turns into life somehow, and the invisible principle causes this transformation.

Although the principle cannot be seen nor weighed, it possesses certain qualities:

- It is intelligent.
- It is conscious of itself.
- It has power.
- It can organize things, creating complexity out of simplicity.

Without any religious belief, you know that these qualities exist in yourself, as human beings have known for centuries. The invisible principle operates within all life, and it cannot be extracted without doing harm. The cells of your body will be chemically the same the instant after you die as the instant before, yet some difference has occurred to cause death. The composition of a shopping



“Nobody gave me a damn thing.”

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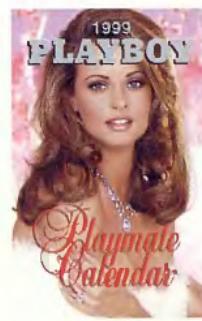
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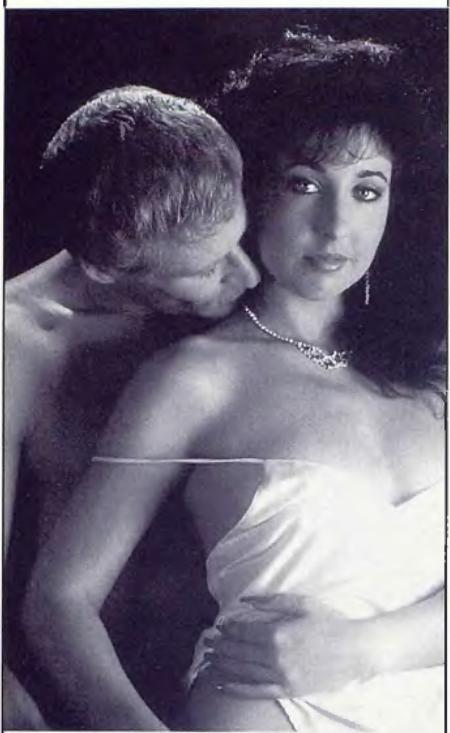


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cart full of groceries is the same as that of a fetus in the womb, yet the fetus is imbibing something that makes it alive and growing.

The invisible principle doesn't need your cooperation to support life, but if you choose, you can bring it into your awareness. This is how the spiritual connection is made.

The Theory of Everything, as currently envisioned, will unite the four fundamental forces of nature (electromagnetism, gravity and the strong and the weak interactions) into a single unified-field theory. But as the virtual graviton joins the virtual photon in a grand theoretical marriage, one glaring flaw will become evident. Physics treats the universe like a *thing*, an object that scientists stand outside of and measure, when in reality we humans are all woven *into* the universe. We are children of the field, and our minds must explain themselves or risk being wrong about everything else. Faith is at its best when it leads to an understanding.

In ancient India, one truth applied to the whole universe: "As is the microcosm, so is the macrocosm. As is the human body, so is the cosmic body." Quantum physics is on the verge of asserting the same truth but in different words: One unified field embraces galaxies and cells, stars and atoms, quasars and thoughts.

For nearly a hundred years, we have known that the material world is an illusion. Everything that seems solid—a rock, a tree, your body—is actually 99.999 percent empty space. Within this void, packets of energy winkle in and out of existence millions of times per second. When you throw a baseball, you see a solid sphere making an arc through the air. But in truth the baseball is an energy packet with no hard-edged boundaries of any kind, disappearing completely and reappearing slightly ahead of itself in space-time.

You, and everything around you, are a cloud of probabilities actualizing yourselves in the quantum field. Nothing you sense is reliable—no smell, sound, taste, touch or sight actually exists. You are swimming through the quantum soup, trying to understand infinity with the crude tools of the five senses. Your brain disappears and reappears at every second, and yet this magic act occurs too quickly for you to detect it. You try to change the whirling dance of the cosmos into slow-motion events that seem "real."

When people catch up to reality and stop moving in slow motion, they will realize that the Theory of Everything suddenly makes things real for the first time. We will be free to throw away the crude tools so long outmoded—our limited senses, the conditioned beliefs frozen in our brains, the stupefying legacy of materialism—and truly become free.

As we cross this new frontier, we will

find that there is one more universe to go before we know who we are and what reality is. I join with those who believe the Age of Information is about to become the Age of Awareness, and that cyberspace will implode into inner space. When that happens, the next generation of scientists—the Einsteins of consciousness—will emerge to explore this new universe. A technology of mental physics will be established. In effect, that's what healers, miracle workers, paranormals, saints and other "anomalous" people already know how to apply; they are the technicians of their own awareness.

You cannot be a respectable futurist without making predictions, and mine center on self-knowledge. "Know thyself" will become the most important dictum for the next millennium. Psychology will give way to a hard science of consciousness, and there will be new rules for living:

- Every thought causes a shift in the whole field of reality. With your slightest desire, you make the universe tremble.

- Information cannot be created nor destroyed, only rearranged. Thus, every possible piece of knowledge can be accessed in the mind, regardless of time and space.

- The entire cosmos is intelligently ordered and self-organizing. There is no essential difference between life and nonlife, except for intensity of awareness and concentration of information.

- Any aspect of reality can be changed at the quantum level by shifting its information and energy. The technology to create such shifts is contained in the human mind.

- The brain is the sender and receiver of mental activity, but it isn't the mind. Mind is a nonlocal phenomenon. It has no fixed place in time or space but is a quality of the field. In other words, when you have a thought, you are activating the cosmic computer.

The future lies with the cosmic computer, and we will rely on it to organize our thoughts, wishes, visions, plans and, eventually, our whole world. Next time you think of someone's name, only to have that person call you on the phone, and next time you finish someone else's thought or have an overwhelming sensation of *déjà vu*, don't dismiss it. You have just accessed the nonlocal mind, at least in a small way. You are touching the control panel of the cosmic computer.

There is tremendous mystery in every coincidence, every flash of inspiration, every new insight. With the desire and willingness to explore these mysteries as we cross the border of the second millennium, infinite possibilities will become open to us. There is one more universe to go.



EARTH TO UNIVERSE

(continued from page 196)

intelligent beings. Marcy can't yet say if any have life, but he's finding planets all over the place.

Marcy and his colleague Paul Butler discover planets not by peering through a telescope—no working astronomer does it that way anymore. Instead, they use computerized telescopes with 33-foot mirrors to capture light from objects so far away we can't fathom the distance. Marcy's favorite is the Keck, which sits atop the 14,000-foot peak of the dormant volcano Mauna Kea in a Hawaii most visitors wouldn't recognize. Gentle tropical breezes do not blow here. Palm trees do not sway. The only difference between December and July is that July has blizzards, and the thin air is only technically breathable. Even standing still, you'll develop a terrific headache and nausea.

Mauna Kea is paradise to Marcy, because the Keck lets him see as close as he can to forever. Prior to 1995, only four people had found planets invisible to the naked eye: William Herschel discovered Uranus in 1781, John Couch Adams and J.G. Galle found Neptune in 1846 and Clyde Tombaugh located Pluto in 1930. Searching among 700 of the stars nearest the Earth, Marcy and Butler have found 12 planets, each orbiting its own sun. Other astronomers have discovered three more, for a total of 15, and the number won't stop there. Evidence of new planets, Marcy says, "is coming down the conveyor belt."

Scientists have reason to believe that at least one future astral discovery will be teeming with life. First, if life exists elsewhere in the universe, it almost certainly does so on a planet, or on a moon that orbits a planet. Photographs taken by the *Galileo* explorer have revealed a half-mile-thick layer of ice covering Europa, one of Jupiter's moons. It appears to hide a vast ocean of water—one substance biologists believe must be present to support life. The wanderings of the robot Sojourner over a patch of Mars added to a conviction that the Red Planet had water flowing across its surface billions of years ago and may still have water beneath its surface. Recent discoveries on Earth have shown life to be hardier than anyone suspected: Bacteria flourish in boiling springs in Yellowstone National Park, in the ice and frigid waters of lakes in Antarctica, around 250-degree thermal vents on the ocean floor and in solid rock two miles deep. Distant planets with inhospitable conditions may yet surprise us.

These findings add up to a major advance for a branch of science that didn't exist until a few decades ago. Its practitioners can't even agree on a name—it's

WHERE



HOW TO BUY

To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 34, 51, 53, 97-99, 132-133, 154-159 and 255, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

WIRED

Page 34: "Start Me Up": Remote control car starters: By *Viper*, from Directed Electronics, 800-753-0600. By *Crimestopper*, 800-998-6880. By *Clifford*, 800-824-3208. By *Ungo*, from Clari-on, 800-733-3336. "Wild Things": Computer tablet by *A.T. Crass*, 800-510-9660. TV game by *Hasbro*, 800-255-5516.



MANTRACK

Page 51: "Thrill of the Winter Grill": Gas grill by *GrillMaster*, Delray Beach, FL, 800-641-2100. "How to Shave With Straight Razor": *Barbershop, Peppe and Bill*, NYC, 212-751-8380. Straight razor by *Trumper*, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC, 212-753-7300. Page 53: "Guys Are Talking About": Dry snuff by *Fribourg & Treyer*, at the Sheffield Exchange, Ltd., Mechanicsville, VA, 804-746-7900. X-rated DVD by *Vivid Interactive*, at 800-822-8339. Remote control by *Marantz*, 800-270-4533. Tire sealant by *Access Marketing*, slimesealant.com and at Ace and True Value stores.

THE ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA

Page 97: Multitool by *Leatherman*, 800-762-3611. CD player by *RCA*, 800-336-1900. Personal digital recorder by *Toshiba*, 800-350-4105. Page 98: Camera by *Nikon*, 800-526-4566. Lamp from *Untoys*, 714-662-5875. Chocolate candy by *Pfister*, pfisterchocolate.com. Page 99: Boom box by *JVC*, 800-252-5722. Computer by *Panasonic*, 800-662-3537. Backpack by *North Face*, 800-719-6678. Golf clubs and bag by *Liquidmetal*, at retail outlets nationwide.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

Pages 132-133: "Five Things to Do if You Hate New Year's Parties": *Marathon Six-Pack*, 937-898-7015. *Eastern & Oriental Ex-*

press

, 800-524-2420. *La Casa Que Canta*, 888-523-5050.

"Three Off-the-Wall Parties": NYC, 877-NEW-YEARS or newyears.com. *Jamaica, Hedonism II*, 876-957-5200.

New Jersey, Toga Joe, P.O. Box 421, Oldbridge, NJ 08857, 732-591-5569. "Hangover Helpers": *D.R. Harris & Co.'s*, 29 St. James St., London, SW1, UK. "Celebrate New Year's Eve Twice": Auckland, *Travel Ar-*

rangements, 800-392-8213.

SHINE ON

Page 154: Suit by *Exte*, at City's Edge, NYC, 212-827-0153 and Traffic, Los Angeles, 310-659-4313. Shirt by *Sandy Dalal*, at Camouflage, NYC, 212-691-1750. Tie by *Kenneth Cole Collection*, 800-KEN-COLE. Page 155: Jacket and pants by *Paul Smith*, at Paul Smith, NYC, 212-627-9770, Barneys New York, NYC, 212-826-8900 and Neiman Marcus stores. Shirt and tie by *Donna Karan Collection*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC, 212-753-4000 and Beverly Hills, 310-275-4211. Page 156: Jacket and trousers by *Theory*, at select Bloomingdale's, Neiman Marcus and Saks Fifth Avenue stores. Shirt by *Patrick Cox*, NYC, 212-759-3910. Tie by *Donna Karan Collection*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC, 212-753-4000 and Beverly Hills, 310-275-4211. Boots by *Kenneth Cole*, 800-KEN-COLE. Page 157: Suit by *Cerruti*, 888-299-1881. Shirt and tie by *Calvin Klein*, at Calvin Klein, NYC, 212-292-9000 and select Neiman Marcus and Saks Fifth Avenue stores. Pages 158-159: Suit, shirt and tie by *Boss Hugo Boss*, 800-HUGO-BOSS.

ON THE SCENE

Page 255: "Champagne 2000": *Champagne*: By *Champagne Ruinart*, 800-395-5478. By *Pol Roger*, frederickwildman.com. By *Gosset*, 612-544-7780. By *Deutz*, 510-286-2000. By *Perrier-Jouët*, *Taittinger*, *Dom Pérignon*, *Moët et Chandon* and *Veuve Clicquot*, at fine wine shops.

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been called exobiology, bioastronomy or astrobiology. The discipline's guiding philosophy was cobbled together in 1960 by astronomer Frank Drake, the first scientist to listen for radio signals from extraterrestrials (a notion popularized by films such as *Contact*). As he began his research, Drake attempted to calculate the probability that he would ever hear intelligent messages amid the static that continuously bombards Earth.

The result became known as Drake's equation. Written in scientific terms ($N = R^* F_p N_e F_l F_i F_c L$), it appears daunting. Translated, it makes perfect sense. Drake figured that the number of detectable alien civilizations would depend on factors such as how many stars have planets, how many planets have life and how much of that life is intelligent enough to have developed interstellar communication and put it to use before losing interest or destroying itself.

Forty years ago, when Frank Drake first worked out his equation, the only thing he could say with any certainty was how fast stars form. Taking his best shot at the other variables, he calculated that the number of planets with intelligent life capable of communicating with us falls between 1000 and 100 million. Drake needed only one.

As Frank Drake listened for the message that would solve his equation in one full-court shot, other astronomers at-

tempted to work through the problem step-by-step. For two decades they made no progress. That began to change in 1983. At the time, Geoff Marcy was a fellow at the Carnegie Observatories in Pasadena, California. He loved astronomy but needed a challenge to renew his childhood passion for it.

Marcy decided to tackle Drake's equation. First he would find a new planet, then he would find a planet resembling Earth. He could hardly have chosen a more quixotic project. Planets beyond our solar system are impossible to observe directly, even with a telescope as powerful as the Keck. Spotting one would be the equivalent of seeing a candle from a distance of 500 miles when it's sitting next to a billion-candlepower searchlight aimed at your face. What astronomers do instead is chart the effect that a planet's gravitational pull has on a star. For instance, our sun wobbles because of the pull of its nine planets, though the most distinct influence (by Jupiter) moves it to and fro at a rate of just 28 miles per hour. It takes some expertise to nail down star wobble so minuscule from tens of trillions of miles away.

During the years it took them to fine-tune their instruments for the task, Marcy and Butler recorded light from a sample of 120 stars. Initially they expected it would take decades of observations to determine if a star wobbled. Butler wrote a computer program to analyze

the data on hand, but it was so complex it took four to five hours to process a five-minute observation of a single star. When the astronomers described their laborious techniques at a conference at Harvard, they encountered laughter and some derision. It's no coincidence that virtually the entire Harvard astronomy department is on Butler's list of scientific scoundrels.

During the spring of 1995, Marcy and Butler decided to redouble their efforts. Astronomer Steve Vogt had refurbished the light-reading instruments at the Lick Observatory near San Jose, California, making them far more sensitive, and Butler had refined his software. Marcy and Butler had never been more confident that they would be the first astronomers to identify an extrasolar planet. And they would have been, but for an accidental discovery. On October 6, Swiss astronomer Michel Mayor announced that while searching for failed stars known as brown dwarfs, he and a colleague had stumbled across an odd mass orbiting the star 51 Pegasi. According to Mayor's calculations, the mass was at least half the size of Jupiter yet orbited closer to its sun than Mercury does to ours. Its year was four of our days.

Still, it was a planet. If they had known where to look, Marcy and Butler might have found it over a long weekend. They were disappointed but also thrilled. A barrier had been broken. Butler had grown up admiring scientists such as Copernicus, Kepler and Galileo, and an Italian philosopher named Giordano Bruno, who was burned at the stake in 1600, in part for asserting there might be other worlds among the stars. Now the day had come, centuries later, when those courageous thinkers were proved correct. "The universe was screaming in my head, 'There are planets out there!'" Butler recalls. He and Marcy took Mayor's discovery as a call to action. No one else had eight years of telescope observations on tape. Surely other planets—including better candidates to support life—lurked in the data.

Butler began crunching numbers around the clock. For nearly three months, nothing. Then, five days after Christmas, Marcy received a call at home from Butler: There was something Marcy had to see. Working overnight, Butler's software had charted the wobble of a star called 70 Virginis, 200 trillion miles from Earth, so clearly that there was no question what it meant. A few weeks later, the software found another planet, this one circling the star 47 Ursae Majoris. Each orbited at a respectable distance from its sun—somewhere between the distances of Mars and Jupiter from our sun in the case of 47 UMa b, and between Venus and Mercury for 70 Vir b. The latter orbit implies a surface



"I'm just here to speak to my lawyer."

temperature of about 185 degrees, well within the freezing and evaporation points of water, which might support life but doesn't meet the Goldilocks conditions (not too hot, not too cold) scientists hope to find. In reality, 70 Vir's planet is almost certainly, like the giant planets of our system, made mostly of gas. But what about a moon? Jupiter, Saturn and Neptune each have large moons that may be more receptive to life than are the planets they orbit.

Amid all the conjecture, Marcy had mentioned the L word—life—and nobody in the press missed it. The phones rang for months. NASA also took note: Among its projects is a series of huge telescopes that will orbit Earth and provide views thousands of times deeper into space than the celebrated Hubble can. If all goes well, these telescopes will allow astronomers to identify Earth-size planets and examine their atmospheres. NASA also has been pumping money into land-based reflectors, including a second Keck. The twin towers will help determine how many stars have large planets and whether they are anything like Jupiter or Neptune. Marcy and Butler expect planets to be common. Since the days of Copernicus, who challenged religious leaders with the heresy that Earth is not the center of the universe, scientists have operated on a principle bearing his name: Our planet is nothing special, our sun isn't unusual, the Milky Way is garden-variety. If solar systems are common, then ours must be typical.

Or maybe not. The majority of newly discovered planets are unlike anything astronomers had imagined. Several, like 51 Pegasi b, are what Marcy calls "hot Jupiters": huge gassy masses circling close to their suns. Some have egg-shaped orbits, which make their surfaces furnace-hot and then freezing cold, sometimes within days. Hot Jupiters also may form farther out and spiral in, ejecting or destroying other planets. "It appears that the largest planet in a solar system dictates whether other planets survive," Marcy says. "In our system, the bully is Jupiter, but it's sitting in a nice, well-behaved orbit 350 million miles from Earth."

These bullies appear to be so aggressive that life may not be as common as scientists had hoped. But it may be too early for such pessimism. Hot Jupiters are easy to spot. Well-adjusted Jupiters, like our own, are wallflowers. "Within the next decade or so, we'll have charted just about every planet the size of Jupiter, or maybe Neptune, around every sun within 100 light-years, or 588 trillion miles," Marcy says. Based on what astronomers have seen so far, at least five percent of stars have planets. With 100 billion stars in the Milky Way alone, life seems a reasonable bet.



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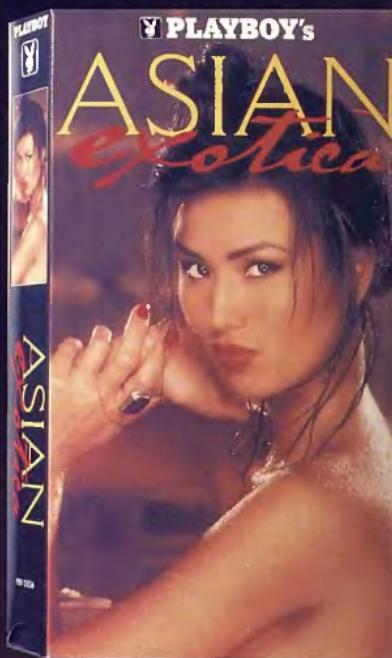
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If I were stranded on an island, I would want eyeliner. It speaks the word woman to me.

call the cops. The right to vote, the right to have equal pay—those things should have nothing to do with sexuality or gender. That's the world of business affairs. But in the game of men and women, the better you are at playing a woman, the better a man can be a man. That's why people love romantic movies. In a romantic movie, a woman lets a man be a man.

10

PLAYBOY: What should America pay attention to?

ALLEY: How about the fact that our kids are on psych drugs and that they're in school systems that don't teach them

anything? How many kids are on Ritalin? It's bullshit. The same kind of kid who stuck pencils in his nose 30 years ago is now called sick? While we're so worried about street drugs, how much of the population is on psych drugs? And yet we're sitting around wanting to know who's fucking whom?

11

PLAYBOY: What would you like to seal in a time capsule to be opened in a hundred years?

ALLEY: Eyeliner. I know it's been around for thousands of years, but who knows what's going to happen in another century? Women are nothing without black

eyeliner. It's perfect for any occasion. If I were stranded on an island, I would want eyeliner. It speaks the word woman to me. Cleopatra, Bardot, Verna Lisi, Sophia Loren. It's mysterious, a bit on the edge, stained. No eye shadow. I also like eyeliner on men. Kohl, on the top and bottom. Women, top only. When I was young I wasn't allowed to wear makeup. So I took my eyeliner to school, put it on and then washed it off in the bathroom right before classes ended. My dad had this theory that women are most beautiful when they're natural. But I have the theory that only beautiful women are beautiful when they're natural. God should make all women naturally beautiful so that they can then whore themselves up a little bit. Every man likes a bit of whore, and to me, black eyeliner does it.

12

PLAYBOY: Describe your last shower.

ALLEY: I never shower. Showers are for sex. It's the place to do anything and everything that you wouldn't do if you weren't in the shower. Showers are for men.

13

PLAYBOY: What's so great about baths?

ALLEY: Bubble bath. I like the natural kind, like marigold, that comes in beautiful bottles. I put a ton in my bath and then pour in some Estée Lauder Youth Dew—which I also go crazy for. I'm such a queer when it comes to baths. I make the room totally black and I light one candle. I put it on one side of my big bathtub. Then I turn on the Jacuzzi and make the bubbles so high that when you scrunch down you can't see out. I dig a huge tunnel in the suds that I can fit inside. At the other end of the tunnel I see the light. My kids, on the other hand, do not like bubble baths. Can't stand them. They think they're weird. I can't imagine why.

14

PLAYBOY: What *Cheers* memorabilia did you take when the show ended?

ALLEY: The only thing I wanted I didn't get because everything was supposedly so valuable that it ended up in a museum. I always walked around with a cigar box. If you remember the show, it was my only prop. We could never figure out what Rebecca Howe should do. Ted ate, Woody cleaned the counters. Norm drank. But what did Rebecca do? She was supposedly the manager, so we decided she would have receipts. We put them in a cigar box. But that's not all. My lines were also inside. I was always going off my lines, so that helped me keep my place. Before me, Coach had line problems and he wrote them all over: on trays, the bar, everywhere. When I watch the show now, I always



"Believe me," I told her. "Vibrators just don't do it for me."

laugh when I open the cigar box because I know I'm trying not to mess up.

15

PLAYBOY: When you and Kelsey Grammer are having dinner, what do you talk about?

ALLEY: Once, during dinner while we were doing *Cheers*, Kelsey told me the grossest thing I've ever heard. We were talking about something most people wouldn't know about, sexually. With me there are a lot of such things, so it wasn't hard. I can't even repeat what he said. [Pauses] OK, he told me about felching. Do you know what that is? You don't want to know. It is the grossest thing you will ever hear. I can't tell you. It's too embarrassing. You'll have to ask Kelsey. When he told me I said, "Did you really do that?" It was so disgusting I couldn't even eat. [Laughs] I went crazy. Every time I look at him now I think, Oh my God! Oh my God! When he'd go out on a date I'd think, Is he doing that? When he got married I thought, Are they doing that? I should add that he never actually told me it was something he liked to do; he just felt it was his duty to tell me about it in case the occasion arose. Woody and Kelsey and Ted took great pleasure in coming up with things I hadn't heard of.

16

PLAYBOY: What's left out of everyone's story on Scientology? For instance, what don't the Germans get about it?

ALLEY: That it's fun. Say you have a problem in your life: a compulsion to strangle mice. [Pauses] That just came up. No reason. Anyway, say you wake up every day and you just can't wait to find a mouse, and it's taking up a lot of your time. You'd have a couple sessions in Scientology and soon you wake up and decide you'd rather go to Home Depot. You'd see a mouse on the way and not have any desire to strangle it. You're just, "Hey, there's a mouse." Scientology takes barriers out of your life and lets you have more fun. What I'm saying is that it's fun to have control, to solve problems, to eliminate compulsions. I define compulsion as anything you feel like you have to do that you don't necessarily want to do. It all boils down to whether what you're doing gives you more survival or less survival. If it gives you more survival, then it's a good thing.

17

PLAYBOY: Sounds like you have all the answers. Where do we go when we die?

ALLEY: We just pick another body. We go to the nearest hospital where women are giving birth, find some good-looking parents and jump in. I don't think there's a rest period, though there might be a confusion period if you were killed in an accident and knocked out of your

body. It would all depend on the shape you're in as a spiritual being, which is our natural state. The better the shape you're in, the less confusion. At least that would be my hope. This is just a prison planet—and here's what it takes to get out: a Get Out of Jail Free card or a Get Off of Planet Earth Free card. You should have one in your wallet or purse at all times, just in case. You know how we're all looking for the big secret in life? That's it.

18

PLAYBOY: As a Scientologist, you must own an e-meter. What happens when your non-Scientologist friends come over and want to play with it?

ALLEY: I own three. I do the pinch test with them. When somebody's not a Scientologist, they want to know what an e-meter is. All an e-meter does is help a person locate moments of pain or unconsciousness and disagreement. It doesn't tell right or wrong, it locates moments. For the pinch test I have them hold the e-meter cans. Then I show them the meter face, the dial. Then I pinch them. When I do, the dial reacts. The needle jumps. Then I say, "OK, good. Recall that pinch." They think of the pinch and the needle jumps again—without the actual pinch. You think again and again about the pinch, and each time the needle jumps less until the memory of it isn't painful anymore.

Finally I'll say, "Recall that pinch," and the needle will "float," just move back and forth, and my friend remembers no pain. A new pinch starts it all over again, but that would be a new pinch.

19

PLAYBOY: When you were a kid, what did your friends say about you that you hated but which has now become an asset in your life?

ALLEY: I've always been told I'm crazy. Always. When I wanted to come to Hollywood to be an actress, I was crazy. When I was at a party and wanted to do something, I was crazy. I've always believed I was sane but extroverted. And when I look back on the things I've done, I can honestly say that very few of them were harmful or destructive. They were crazy but fun. I guess being called crazy is a good thing.

20

PLAYBOY: If you never gained weight, what would you eat?

ALLEY: I'd drink five glasses of wine and eat caviar and tons of sour cream, and then eat a box of chocolates, then have a big bowl of pasta as a snack. I like everything in abundance. I've always aspired to be a lush. I guess I'm like Henry VIII, except I don't have syphilis.



"I got to thinking Christmas shouldn't be just for children."

"Mr. Bond? I'm Lisa Dergan. Miss July 1998. I've been asked to greet you and take you to Hef."

make advanced military applications affordable because of significant reductions in size, weight and power consumption. I didn't realize the designs had been completed."

"Thank heaven you understand them, because I don't," she said, glancing upward. "Anyway, MI5 have handed over the investigation to us because they believe the designs were copied onto miniature microfilm and smuggled out of the UK to America."

"Do we know who did that?"

"Yes. Martin Tuttle."

"Martin Tuttle?" He had to think. "You mean the rock musician?"

"That's right. It seems Mr. Tuttle's former wife works at the Ministry. Or rather, she did, before she was arrested yesterday. You remember how public their divorce was a couple of years ago?"

"Not really, ma'am," Bond said. He remembered that the famous rock star from Clapham had married a girl from Glasgow, but the honeymoon had been spoiled by messy accusations of drunken orgies on the road. Bond couldn't care less. He wasn't a fan of rock music and he despised the rock star lifestyle.

"Tuttle's wife had been under suspicion for some time. Although the Tuttes had publicly denounced each other, surveillance proved otherwise. They met on numerous occasions—lunch together, that sort of thing—and appeared to be perfectly cordial. Evidence was gathered. They had a pretty good swindle going between them. So she was arrested, just as Martin Tuttle hopped a plane

from England to Los Angeles, where he currently lives. She confessed to supplying him with the documents that were missing over the past year. Apparently, he took them all to California. She claims the exchanges took place at the Playboy Mansion every few months, whenever there were elaborate parties. She claims she doesn't know who his contact is and we believe her. Tuttle doesn't yet know she has been arrested."

M leaned forward in her chair. "We think Martin Tuttle is selling the material to the Russian Mafia," she said. "Our Afghanistan station intercepted coded messages from a syndicate in Moscow indicating they would soon have smart FPAs for sale."

"Where do I come in, ma'am?" Bond asked.

"SIS have arranged for you to be invited to a party, 007. You're to observe Mr. Tuttle and retrieve the microfilm, if possible. But we're more interested in finding out who his contact is, so try to catch him in the act."

Leaving the office, Bond found Miss Moneypenny with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes as she prepared the envelope containing his paperwork.

"I know that look, Penny, and it means you'd like to say something naughty but won't," he said.

"If they're turning you loose at the Playboy Mansion, I think you had better have a chaperone," she said, looking at her calendar. "Oh dear, I'm not doing

anything that night."

Bond smiled. "Penny, I'd love to take you, but it will probably be a bore. I expect it's nothing like what one imagines a PLAYBOY party to be."

"The invitation says it's 'a place where fantasy becomes reality.'"

"I have no fantasies. Is it black tie?"

"You have to wear pajamas."

"You must be joking."

"It's true. It's the annual Midsummer Night's Dream party, and everyone is required to wear nightshirts, pajamas or lingerie."

Bond groaned. "It all sounds terribly decadent and hedonistic."

"It sounds just your cup of tea," she glibed.

Bond snatched the envelope from her hand, leaned over and kissed her on the forehead.

•

Playboy Mansion West is situated in the exclusive Holmby Hills area of Los Angeles, adjacent to Bel Air, Beverly Hills, UCLA and the Los Angeles Country Club. Bond drove his Jaguar XK8 coupe to the imposing wrought iron gate at the bottom of a tree-lined drive off Sunset Boulevard and was greeted by a voice in a large rock on the driver's side. He provided his credentials, and the gate opened slowly. He drove through and was treated to a spectacular view of a marble frieze, a replica of a painting by Guido Reni displayed in the Rospigiosi Palace in Rome. The car made its way up the steep, curving drive that was lined with redwood trees and juniper hedges, ending at a circular drive with an ornate, flower-ringed marble fountain in the center. Busy valets signaled for Bond to stop. Even though he had arrived unfashionably early, there was already a queue of cars waiting to be parked.

Bond entrusted the Jaguar to a valet and took a moment to gaze at the Mansion, a marvelous stone edifice in a 16th century perpendicular Tudor style. Bond thought he detected a Scottish influence as well.

"Mr. Bond?" A radiant blonde in her late 20s appeared through the open massive oak door. She was dressed in a white baby-doll slip dress, high heels and a smile. Bond thought she looked like an angel from heaven.

"I'm Lisa Dergan. Miss July 1998. I've been asked to greet you, give you a brief tour and take you to Hef."

"I'm delighted," Bond said, taking her hand. Her bright-green eyes displayed an air of self-confidence and intelligence. He could easily get lost in them, he thought.

She led him into the Great Hall, a splendid foyer with a Botticini marble floor and hand-carved oak paneling. A beautiful antique chandelier hung over the room, and two sets of curved stairs guarded by 18th century greeting



"I feel tired and run-down."

monkeys led to the second floor and balcony overlooking the hall. Bond noticed Dali and Matisse originals and asked, "How old is the Mansion?"

"It was completed in 1927. Hef is the third owner, not counting a brief period when it was a place where heads of state came to stay—people like the king and queen of Siam, the king of Sweden and loads of others. I've been a visitor here several times, and I've learned all kinds of stuff about it."

Miss July 1998 took him into a living room, where clusters of people stood with hors d'oeuvres and drinks. The men were dressed in silk pajamas and robes, and the women were draped in lacy lingerie and other forms of transparent sleeping attire. The room was furnished with 17th century antiques, a Steinway grand piano and more hand-carved oak paneling.

"What did Mr. Hefner add to the existing property?" Bond asked.

"It was redesigned to his specifications. The tennis courts and pool were put in then, as well as the sauna, bathhouse and the one-of-a-kind Grotto and Jacuzzi. You have to see it to believe it."

"Will you show it to me?" Bond asked.

"Later, perhaps," she said, blushing.

She took him through the rest of the ground floor, including the exquisite dining room where De Kooning's *Woman* hung over a marble fireplace and three 15th century French tapestries of lions hung above the sideboard. Bond was impressed by the manor. It was a palace fit for any king, and a warm, friendly atmosphere pervaded each of its rooms.

As they came back into the Great Hall, Bond noticed Hugh Hefner himself, talking with guests and holding a glass. Bond caught the scent of Jack Daniels. Hefner was wearing purple tailor-made silk pajamas and a smoking jacket. Two gorgeous young women, a blonde and a brunette, stood on either side of him. They were wearing next to nothing.

Bond loved pajamas, so he felt some kinship with his host in that respect. He had decided to wear a navy satin set, also tailor-made, covered by his beloved Hong Kong housecoat decorated in Chinese characters, which comfortably concealed his shoulder-holstered Walther PPK.

"Excuse me, Hef," Lisa said, stepping up to the group.

He turned to her and beamed. "Lisa!" he said, interrupting his conversation to give her a hug. "You look lovely."

"Thank you. May I introduce Mr. Bond?"

He held out his hand to Bond and said, "Hugh Hefner."

"Bond. James Bond." The handshake was firm and dry.

The founder and editor-in-chief of *PLAYBOY* looked fit and energetic and was taller than Bond had remembered. He

carried himself with authority and dignity, yet also exhibited characteristics of playfulness and good humor.

"Welcome to the Mansion." He indicated the others standing near him. "This is my personal physician, Dr. Mark Saginor, and this is one of our great American singers, Mel Tormé." He introduced the two young women as Tracy and Sandy. Apparently Hefner had not one but two dates for the party.

"It's a pleasure to be here," Bond said, shaking hands with the others.

Hefner said, "Excuse me, I need to speak with Mr. Bond alone. Thank you, Lisa."

She smiled at Bond and said, "If you need anything else, just look for me. There's a lot more you haven't seen."

"Especially that Grotto," Bond said. Lisa wagged her finger at him as Hefner and Bond withdrew into the library. The library boasted a LeRoy Neiman original and a backgammon table designed especially for Hefner. An elegant bookcase built into the wall next to the fireplace held leather-bound volumes of every *PLAYBOY* magazine, dating back to 1953.

"The CIA came to see me today to tell me what you're here to do," Hefner said.

Bond nodded. He knew that Hefner would have been briefed. After all, if there were any threat of violence at a social event attended by 500 celebrities and Centerfolds, Hefner would know about it.

"If there's anything I can do, just ask," he said.

"Just try to relax and enjoy your party, sir," Bond said. "No one else knows of my real purpose here?"

"No one knows. Not even the security guards."

"Do you know if Martin Tuttle has arrived?"

"I haven't seen him. You know, there was always something I didn't like about that guy. I'm not sure why I kept letting him visit the Mansion. Some of our younger guests enjoyed having him around, I suppose. I always found him to be obnoxious."

"Do you have any idea who his contact might be?" Bond asked.

Hefner shook his head. "He knows a lot of people. Show business people."

"Such as?"

"Another musician, Chocky Day. A couple of film stars are in his circle."

"Is there anyone out of the ordinary coming tonight?"

"I would hope so, or it wouldn't be a party at the Playboy Mansion," Hefner grinned broadly. "But I know what you mean. We have some foreigners coming tonight. I'll ask Mary O'Connor, my personal assistant, to point them out to you. They're all in the film industry. I'm sure there will be dozens of people here tonight whom I've never met before. I suppose it could be anyone. Sorry."

"That's quite all right, you've been

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very helpful," Bond said.

Bond was fairly sure Hefner had not recognized him. Their encounter in Jamaica had been a long time ago.

Bond turned to go, saying, "I'd like to walk around the grounds to get a feel for the place before the big crowds arrive."

"By all means," Hefner said. "Wait, I have something I want to give you. You might find it useful."

He opened a cabinet next to the backgammon table and took out three objects. One was a Sheaffer Levenger exclusive Mediterranean fountain pen. It was made of beautiful blue translucent polymer with a jewel-like appearance, further enhanced by gold-plated rings and pocket clips. The other objects were a black device the size and shape of a cassette tape case and a small waxy thing that looked like an earplug.

"This is an ordinary fountain pen with a 14-karat-gold tip," Hefner said, handing it to Bond. "What's unusual about it is that it's also a CSS 600 UHF transmitter with a range of a thousand meters. The receiver will fit neatly in the pocket of your housecoat, and you can listen discreetly with this tiny earpiece. No wires are needed. It has two channels, but you'll need only one. If you can get the pen attached to Tuttle somehow, you'll be able to listen to everything he says."

Bond was amused and impressed. "Where did you get this?" he asked, taking the pen, receiver and earplug.

"People give me thingamajigs all the time," Hefner said with a smile. "My two greatest interests are gadgets and girls."

"I can relate to that."

Bond surveyed the grounds, which were decorated with an Arabian Nights

theme and entirely covered by connecting tents extending to the swimming pool, the Grotto and beyond. Bright colored flowers and fairy lights covered the hillside, bushes and trees, and by nightfall the effect was magical. There were bars at the pool and in the main tent area. Staff circulated with plates of rumaki, skewered Nile River shrimps, cold mussels stuffed with pine nuts and rice, Egyptian meatballs, grape leaves stuffed with lamb and phyllo puffs with spinach and feta.

Bond had heard the place described as a "Shangri-la where time stands still," and it was true.

An endless parade of California's elite began to arrive, and within an hour, the party was in full swing. A disc jockey provided music while guests danced to everything from big band to Fifties doo-wop to disco and rap. The sight of scantily clad women of all ages gyrating on the dance floor attracted a large group of spectators. Celebrities from all fields—entertainment, sports, politics—were among the guests. Bond recognized Tony Curtis with two lovely girls. He was introducing them to Robert Culp as "Monday" and "Tuesday." ("The rest of the week couldn't make it," Curtis explained.) Bond noticed attorney Vincent Bugliosi in a heated discussion with writer Larry Gelbart. Jim Brown was dancing with his date. Hefner and his two girlfriends seemed to know everyone, and he was always greeted with enthusiasm and affection.

Bond noticed that the party was not without security. Several well-built men stood about, not so inconspicuously, armed with concealed Beretta Model 92F 9mm handguns.

He was scanning the crowd near the main buffet line when he noticed Lisa

Dergan talking with another striking blonde who had just entered with a tall, handsome man in his 50s. Behind him was an even taller man, a beefed-up bodyguard. The blonde was in her mid-20s and had a wide face, clear blue eyes and a fabulous figure. She was wearing a black leather catsuit with a low neckline and open-lace sides from her arms down to her ankles. An impressive pearl necklace accented her cleavage. Her companion had short, curly hair, brown eyes and a swarthy complexion. He looked as if he had eastern-European Gypsy ancestry.

"Oh, there you are," Lisa said, beckoning to him. "Mr. Bond, this is my friend Victoria Zdrok, Miss October 1994."

Victoria beamed and shook his hand. "How do you do?" She had a distinct accent that Bond placed immediately.

"What's a nice Ukrainian girl like you doing in a place like this?" he asked.

She gave him a sexy smirk. "Maybe I'm not so nice," she purred. "How did you know where I come from?"

"Oh, let's just say that Russia and her neighbors used to be one of my hobbies."

"Victoria was one of the first students from the Soviet Union to come to America to attend high school and college," Lisa said. "She finished college before she was 18 and now has a law degree and a master's in clinical psychology, is that right?"

"That's correct," Victoria said.

"Be careful," the man warned with a much thicker Russian accent, "she will prosecute you before you can say *na zdorovie*." Bond placed him nearer to Moscow.

Lisa continued, "And this is Anton Redenius, the movie producer."

"James Bond," 007 said, shaking the man's hand. Redenius had a viselike grip.

"What brings you here, Mr. Bond?"

"I work for Playboy Enterprises. I'm a lawyer in their UK office."

Redenius pulled away his hand as if he had burned it. "Aaieee, a lawyer! God help us!" He laughed, and the girls laughed along with him. When the bodyguard, Estragon, didn't laugh, Redenius scowled at him. The thug forced a guffaw, satisfying his boss.

"You must forgive Estragon. He has no sense of humor," Redenius said to Bond.

The man was boorish, Bond thought. He was the type of person who used his power and charisma to bully people.

"Redenius . . . that sounds German," Bond said.

"My father was German, my mother was Russian. I was born in what became East Germany, but I was raised in the Soviet Union," the man said. "Now I live in Hollywood, make movies and play golf!"

"I want to dance," Victoria said. "Anton, will you dance with me?"

"No, no, my dear," the man said. "I



really must have something to eat. Please join me for some of this incredible food first."

"I'm not hungry. Mr. Bond, will you dance with me?" she invited.

Bond said, "Certainly," and allowed Miss October 1994 to pull him toward the dance floor.

It was a song with a heavy beat, something Bond had never heard. He normally disliked disco dancing. He preferred the more traditional ballroom and big band swing. But he had learned early on, when he was a young man in the sixth form, that being able to dance went a long way toward impressing the opposite sex.

Victoria began to bump and grind in front of him, then took his arms and pulled him to her. He followed along, gazing into her eyes. The sleepwear made the body contact extremely sensual. She pressed her breasts into his chest. The pearl necklace glinted in the mirror ball lights, a direct signal to her magnificent cleavage.

"That's quite a necklace," Bond said.

"Thank you," Victoria replied. "It was a birthday present from Anton."

"Really?"

"Can you believe it? He's asked me to star in his next movie! We're going to film it in Russia. We leave in two days. I'm so excited! I try to go back once a year anyway."

"I thought Miss Dergan said you have a law degree."

"I do. I'll continue that, of course, but acting might be fun. I still model, so it's really the same thing, isn't it? It's only for two months. I wouldn't want to make a career of it, because I need more intellectual stimulation. But he needed a blonde Russian girl who speaks English, so he asked me. I suppose it didn't hurt that we've been dating."

"Ah-ha," Bond said, "the old casting couch trick."

She shoved him playfully. "Stop, it's not like that. Besides, I date other men, too. I'm terribly unfaithful." With that, she moved closer to him. "You like the pearls? Anton wants me to wear them in Russia as part of the character. I'll be nervous traveling with something worth as much as these are. But I think pearls are sexy, don't you?"

They continued to dance silently, as Victoria slowly removed the pearl necklace and used it as a prop to tantalize Bond. She pulled it up along his face, over his head and down the other side. She rolled the pearls on his skin, allowing him to feel the smooth texture. Then she placed the string against his mouth. He opened his lips and sucked three pearls into his mouth. He bit them gently, noting their smoothness.

Bond reached up, removed the necklace from Victoria's hands and placed it around her neck. The song ended as he glanced up to see Martin Tuttle

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entering the tent.

"Thank you," he said to the girl. "That was thoroughly enjoyable. However, you must excuse me. There's someone that I must speak to."

"That's OK," she said. "I enjoyed it, too. I hope I'll see you later!" She quickly snared bandleader Ray Anthony from the sidelines as the music picked up with a disco hit.

Martin Tuttle was dressed in a white terrycloth robe that had big pockets. It looked as though it might have been provided by a hotel. His date was a young woman with a pierced nose and crimson hair. Behind them were two more couples of the same ilk.

Lisa Dergan stepped up to Bond and hooked his arm, saying, "Who is this handsome guy standing over here by himself? You want to get something to eat—oh look, Martin Tuttle and Chocky Day!" She squeezed his arm. "Sorry, I'm a little starstruck. This is all pretty new to me! I knew being a Playmate would put me in contact with a lot of famous people, but I had no idea! Come on, Mr. Bond, let's go talk to them."

"All right. But you have to call me James."

They walked across the floor and caught Tuttle and his entourage heading for the buffet line. Bond and Lisa joined the queue behind them. Tuttle was telling Day a story about how his manager had swindled him.

"You're going to have to sue," Day said.

"Well, that's possible, but I just might not have to now," Tuttle replied.

"Oh? Got something up your sleeve?" "Definitely."

"Excuse me, Mr. Tuttle?" Lisa interrupted. "I'm Lisa Dergan, Miss July 1998. I just wanted to meet you. I love your music."

Tuttle's eyes widened as he took in the lovely girl. "Well, hello." He held out his hand. "Nice to meet you."

"This is embarrassing, I swear, but can I have your autograph?" Lisa gushed. She picked up a napkin with *MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM* printed on it. "I don't usually do this, but I just had to ask." She was so charming about it that Tuttle laughed.

"Of course," he said. "Do you have a pen?"

"I do," Bond said. He handed the Sheaffer Levenger to Tuttle. The rock star took a second to admire it, then wrote his name with a flourish. He handed the napkin to Lisa and said, "Here you are."

"Thank you!"

Tuttle offered the pen back to Bond and said, "Thanks."

"Keep it."

"Huh?"

"Go ahead, you can have it," Bond said. "You might be accosted by more fans tonight."

"Why, thank you, this is a nice pen." Tuttle stuck the pen in his robe pocket, as Bond hoped he would. "Say, you're from my side of the pond, aren't you?"

"That's right," Bond said without elaborating.

The buffet spread was the pièce de résistance of the party. Cubes of fruit formed a three-foot pyramid, cascading down mirrored blocks into a river of colors on the table. There were five Middle Eastern salads. Dinner consisted of roasted crown of lamb; grilled skewered swordfish marinated in lemon juice, olive oil and bay leaves; grilled kebabs of tomato and colorful bell peppers; mousaka made traditionally with extralean ground beef and lamb, eggplant, tomato and cheese; and a saffron-scented pilaf.

Bond and Lisa sat on cushions on the floor and ate at a low table. The place was packed now, and the scene reminded Bond of a sultan's harem. One woman in a bra and panties removed her top and began feeding grapes to a man lying on his back with his head in her lap. As the party progressed into the night, the amount of bare skin increased. The atmosphere became erotically charged as disrobed couples went swimming or disappeared into some of the more private areas such as the Grotto, the bathhouse or the more intimate rooms in the Game House. The older guests were more modest, but they seemed to be reveling in the spirit of the event as much as the younger crowd was.

"Isn't Hef a nice man?" Lisa asked. "For his birthday I baked him a chocolate chip cookie in the shape of a rabbit. It was big, too—it filled a pizza box! Hey, do you golf?"

"A little," Bond replied with a shrug.

He found Lisa delightful. Her girl-next-door wholesomeness was a contrast to Victoria's more worldly bad-girl image. When Lisa wasn't looking, though, Bond slipped the earphone into his ear and adjusted the volume on the receiver in his housecoat pocket. He immediately heard Martin Tuttle talking to his date.

"We'll go back to England as soon as I finish the job," he was saying.

"But you promised, Martin!" she said.

They continued the conversation for a few minutes, then Tuttle said to his friends, "I'll be right back. Watch my plate, will you?" He slipped through the crowd and left the main tent. Bond concentrated on listening to Tuttle, but Lisa was attempting to make conversation. He did his best to pay attention to her, but when he heard Tuttle's voice whisper, "There you are, I've been looking for you," Bond held up his hand to shut her up.

"What?" she asked, confused.

"Shhh," he said.

Another man's voice, one with a thick accent, replied, "What are you worried about? We were bound to run into each other, Martin." Bond recognized the ac-

cent as that of the Russian filmmaker, Anton Redenius.

"Look, I delivered your stuff yesterday. You promised me my money tonight. A deal is a deal," Tuttle said.

"Quite so. Haven't you made plenty of money on our little deals? Fine, we are prepared to give you your payment for this one," Redenius said. "Estragon?"

Tuttle gasped and made a choking sound. Bond jumped up from the pillows, catlike and without saying a word to his bewildered Playmate companion, and ran past the pool and out of the tent. Outside he heard the gurgling and wheezing sounds intensify.

"I'm sorry, Martin. This is your midsummer night's doom," Redenius said. "Keep him quiet, Estragon. We don't want anyone to hear us."

Tuttle continued to choke and gag. Bond raced past one of the security guards, who was dressed in a lightweight suit.

"Sir, you need to stay within the—hey!" he shouted as Bond jumped across a rope barrier and ran into the darkness. The guard followed, but Bond was far ahead of him.

He ran past the caged squirrel monkey, causing an outburst of chattering, and into a grove of redwood trees. Then he saw them. Anton Redenius and his henchman, Estragon, were standing over the body of Martin Tuttle. Estragon was holding a wire garrote extending from his wristwatch. He looked up and saw Bond, then released the wire, which snapped back into his watch.

Bond drew his gun and said, "Freeze!"

"No, you freeze!" came a voice from behind him. It was the security guard, training his Beretta on Bond.

Bond didn't move but said, "These men are criminals. The tall one just murdered the man on the ground. I work for the British government."

"Don't be a fool!" Redenius said to the guard. "We found this man here. I think it was this Brit who killed him!"

"All three of you!" the guard said. "Hands up. You, drop the gun. Now!"

Bond did as he was told. The three men raised their hands. The guard kicked the Walther away and gestured with the Beretta. "All right, walk back toward the tents, slowly."

The guard reached for a walkie-talkie with his free hand and spoke into it. "John, I've got a dead man in the woods and three suspects. We're walking toward the tents from the redwoods. Send backup immedi—"

His words were cut short as Estragon surprised him. The brute grabbed the guard's gun arm with a well-practiced maneuver and brought it down hard on his knee, snapping it in two. The Beretta flew into the air. Estragon deftly caught it, then kicked the guard in the chest. The man went down, crying in agony. Estragon swung the gun around to

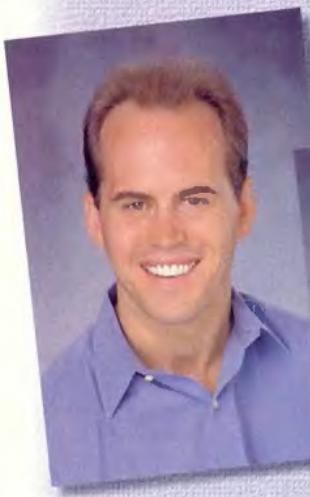
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Bond and prepared to fire, but 007 was a second ahead of him. He lunged for the big man's waist, tackling him. The gun went off in the air. They struggled for control of the weapon as the guard writhed helplessly. Anton Redenius, meanwhile, slipped away and disappeared into the darkness.

Estragon punched Bond several times in the face, in rapid succession. The blows stunned him, giving the bodyguard time to get to his feet and run. Dazed, Bond stood up, got his bearings and chased after the man.

Estragon was big and agile, but he wasn't fast on his feet. Bond caught up to him inside the tent at the pool, just as other guards arrived on the scene. Bond leaped for the man and they both went into the water with a splash. Naked revelers screamed and jumped out of the way, climbing over the sides to grab their towels.

Two guards drew their guns and aimed at the men, but they were stopped by Hugh Hefner, who appeared behind them with his head of security. "Hold your fire!" he shouted.

The fight continued in the pool,

where Bond was in his element. He was an expert swimmer and one of only three double-O agents who had taken a first in SIS' underwater combat course, and he quickly gained an advantage by using Estragon's weight and size against him. Bond got the man's neck in the crook of his arm and squeezed, pulling him below the surface. Able to hold his breath for an extraordinary amount of time, Bond had no problem keeping his opponent submerged until he began to panic. Bond had saved an ounce of strength for this very moment. He applied more pressure, locking Estragon's neck in a tight grip, forcing him to swallow water. The struggling continued for another minute, and then the bodyguard went limp.

Bond pulled him out of the water and rolled him onto the deck of the pool. Completely beaten, Estragon began to cough and gasp as two guards handcuffed him. Another pair of guards approached Bond with cuffs, but Hefner said, "Wait. Not him."

By now, a large, semidressed crowd had gathered next to the pool. They had heard the commotion and the gun-

shot. Lisa Dergan was there, as were Victoria Zdrok and her companion, Anton Redenius.

Bond pointed at Redenius. "He's the one you need to arrest," he said, fighting for breath. "He's a killer and a spy."

"How dare you!" Redenius said. "I shall sue you for slander! No one lies about me that way!"

Bond stood up and faced him. "You are involved in organized crime in Russia. Martin Tuttle stole classified strategic information from my country and gave it to you. You're planning to smuggle it into Russia when you go there to make your movie, then sell it to your Mafia friends. Martin Tuttle has been supplying you with data for some time now, but instead of paying him off, you had him killed."

"Lies!" Redenius shouted. He turned to the shocked crowd. "He tells lies!"

Victoria was looking at him oddly. "Is this true, Anton?" she asked.

"Of course not! He can't prove anything he says!"

Bond calmly approached Victoria and said, "I can prove it. May I borrow your necklace, please?"

"What?"

"Your valuable pearl necklace. May I?" He held out his hand.

She hesitated for a second, then unclasped the necklace and gave it to him.

Bond asked one of the guards to shine his flashlight on the ground. Then, surprising everyone, Bond dropped the necklace into the pool of light. He squatted down, picked up a stone and crushed the pearls with one blow. Victoria screamed.

Bond sifted through the pearls' debris and picked up three tiny black objects.

"Miniature microfilm cartridges," Bond said, holding them in his palm. "I'm sorry, Victoria, I couldn't tell you before, but these pearls are fake. This man was using you as an unwitting courier. If you had been caught, you could have gone to jail for the rest of your life."

"How—how did you know?" Victoria asked.

"When you put the necklace in my mouth, I tested the pearls with my teeth. That's how you can tell if they're real or not. If they feel smooth, they're fake. Real pearls are gritty, like sandpaper. I knew immediately that they were hollow. I had to be sure that Redenius was Tuttle's man before I told you."

Victoria gasped and looked at Redenius. "You bastard," she said through her teeth, then slapped him hard on the face, almost knocking him down. Redenius was dumbfounded.

Victoria turned away, saw Dr. Saginor watching with amazement and said, "Come on, Doctor, let's dance." She took Saginor by the hand and led him out of the crowd.

"Wait, my dear!" Redenius called after Victoria, but the guards roughly



"I've checked the list twice and everybody's been naughty!"

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descended upon him. He was cuffed and taken away as he shouted obscenities and protests.

Hefner addressed the rest of the crowd. "Please, go on with the party. I apologize for this disturbance. The party will go on!"

The guards helped disperse the spectators and the swimmers dropped their towels and jumped back into the pool. Lisa remained behind with Hefner and Bond. The head of security returned Bond's Walther PPK to him, saying the crime scene in the woods had been sealed off for the police.

"You got what you came for?" Hefner asked.

"Yes," Bond said, pocketing the microfilm and holstering his gun. He gave the receiver and earphone back to Hefner. "You'll find your fountain pen in the pocket of Martin Tuttle's robe."

"I don't care about that. I have three or four of them," Hefner said. "You know, that was good advice you gave me in Jamaica. We had a nice club in Ocho Rios."

Bond was amazed. "I'm surprised that you remember that day, Mr. Hefner," he said.

"We have always kept up with you, James," Hefner said with a wink. "We're a lot alike, you and I. And please, call me Hef."

Lisa said, "James, you'll probably have to make a statement to the police when they get here."

Bond nodded. "That will kill the rest of the evening. We don't have much time."

Hef cleared his throat, shook Bond's hand and politely withdrew.

"Come on, let's continue that tour," she said, taking Bond's arm and leading him toward the Grotto.

It was a dimly lit and misty facsimile of a small cavern with a warm spring running through it. There were at least two other couples snuggled in the nooks and crannies. Lisa chose a small alcove that was lined with cushions.

They got comfortable, lying together arm in arm.

"This is wonderful," he said.

She kissed him lightly on the cheek. Then she rose a bit and slipped the straps of her slip dress off her shoulders, letting it drop down to reveal her firm, round breasts. She put her arms around his neck, reclined next to him and whispered, "I don't normally do this sort of thing, you know. But they say that the Playboy Mansion is a place where fantasy becomes reality."

Bond ran a hand through her hair and said, "I've heard that before. Whoever 'they' are, they have my vote of complete confidence."

Then he brought his mouth ruthlessly down on hers.

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SEX

(continued from page 48)

"I don't mean any disrespect, but I'd really like to have you nibble on me a bit." That's a good line.

He should definitely moan. Put his hands on my head, even tell me to do this or that. But he should say something, because that's a turn-on.

Some women find that insulting.

I like to know what men like. I like when I'm giving a guy head and he takes it out of my mouth and starts playing with himself. Seeing him give himself pleasure totally turns me on.

Janis, 21, college senior

How can a guy put the idea in your mind so he doesn't have to ask?

When I was living in California, I used to go down to the Sunset Cliffs in San Diego. There's a beautiful view of the sunsets. I was with one man who talked about all his fantasies involving one sunset, to see how many I would fulfill. One of them was my going down on him on the cliff, another was that he would come just as the sun was setting into the ocean. That was kind of sexy—to know I was his fantasy sunset girl. And even if I

wouldn't satisfy all of them right away, it would always be in the back of my head that he once mentioned he likes this. And then one day I'd just do it.

Elise, 42, teacher

Why do you love to do it so much?

Because you know they love it. It's a power thing. You feel very sexy and sensual because you can do that for them.

How do you like them to ask?

I want him to just grab me and say, "Hey baby, suck my cock." More like a forceful thing—like pushing your head down. Or if you're lying down and he just gets on top of you and sticks his cock in your face. That turns me on—I love that. But that probably wouldn't work for most women. I think a guy needs to be passionate and loving and romantic to get her to do it.

Wendy, 27, research analyst

What can a guy do to make you want to do it?

Really cool guys don't ask. They kind

of just lead you toward that area. Like if you're lying there kissing him, he'll go, "Kiss my chest," then lean back farther and farther. You don't mind because he's not really asking, just expressing what would make him feel good.

Would it bother you if he actually came out and asked?

Not if he asked in a really nice way. "You have the most beautiful lips. I can only imagine what they can do. I bet you're really talented with your mouth." Be sweet. Women like honesty and sincerity. "I don't mean any disrespect, but I'd really like to have you nibble on me a bit." That's a good line. Or make it a dare: "I don't think you can make me come with your mouth." I sure can—give me a minute!

That works?

Depends who's asking.

Amy, 26, botanist

How do you feel about blow jobs?

Giving them is a wonderful thing. If you know what you're doing and you have confidence, it can be great. It's like when a guy goes down on a girl and he loves the fact that she's squiggling and moaning. You're doing something for the guy. You're creating pleasure for him.

What if a woman just isn't interested in giving blow jobs? Is there anything a guy can do to persuade her?

If she won't give him one, he should ask her why. Reassure her. Give her confidence. Stroke her ego. Make her feel that even when she attempts it, it's wonderful for him. I think most people are really insecure about sex. And women are especially insecure about blow jobs.

Is there a good way to offer a little instruction?

Always make a woman feel like she's the best lover you've ever had. Do this, and it will be even better.

What makes you really want to do it?

When my boyfriend says [laughs], "Would you like a little Polish sausage tonight?" It's the corniest line in the world, but it's funny.

When men do something extraordinarily nice, we think we need to reward them. When I came home from Europe, my boyfriend brought me a big bouquet of roses. I thought, Wow, he thought ahead, he planned this. I thought, All right, he's getting a blow job tonight!

How can a guy get a woman to initiate oral sex on her own?

Talk about his fantasies. Tell her, "I had this dream the other night that I woke up and you were sucking on my cock. It was the most amazing dream I've ever had." Chances are she's going to want to fulfill your fantasies. She may not want to do them all the first month. It may take her six months to get up the courage, but chances are, she will want to try.



"His job approval rating has increased enormously since he admitted that he used to be a porno film star."

Supermodel

(continued from page 163)

many times does a guy get to meet a supermodel?"

(b) Scream, "Holy shit, baby got back—and front!"

(c) Write a quick note and slip it into her hand.

(d) Hand her a business card and say, "Don't be afraid to call me." Then walk away like the slick idiot you are.

(12) You get only one opening line. Which would you choose?

(a) "I would love to talk with you or see you somehow. Would you care for a lollipop?"

(b) "I know you're probably tired of hearing it, but I'm going to tell you anyway just to get it out of the way: You're beautiful."

(c) "Are you into the comedic stylings of Pauly Shore?"

(d) "You know, darling, I made a million dollars last week."

(13) You score a date with a supermodel. When she asks you what you think of Ibiza, you say:

(a) "I've never been. What's it like?"

(b) "I love it—especially loaded with pepperoni."

(c) "Ibiza is all right, but Nevis is more exclusive if you're looking to be pampered. For wild beauty, nothing beats Mauritius."

(d) "Ibiza? Is that near Cancún?"

(14) When do you bring up the celebrities she has dated?

(a) Only when she asks you about women in your past.

(b) Right away. It's a great way to tell her you know all about her.

(c) Never. It's bad form to work over past histories. Anyway, she was just "good friends" with all those guys.

(d) Only after you've told her about the supermodel shrine you have at home with all her guest appearances on MTV's *House of Style* on tape.

(15) What is a supermodel's drug of choice?

(a) Starbucks.

(b) Black market phen-fen.

(c) Clearasil.

(d) Heroin.

(16) Which topic would probably lead to the best conversation?

(a) Her favorite places to go in whatever city you find her in and how they compare to Paris.

(b) The number of people she meets and the offers she gets and the incredible head she must have learned to give when she was 18 in Rome.

(c) The difference between supermodels and regular models.

(d) Her height. And whether she ever thought of joining the WNBA.

(17) "Who are your favorite photographers?" she asks.

(a) Herb Ritts, Francesco Scavullo and Steven Meisel.

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Modeled by
Playmate
Victoria Zdrok

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A close-up photograph of Victoria Zdrok, wearing a white and black leopard print lingerie set. She is leaning forward, resting her head on her hand, with a playful expression. The background is a soft, out-of-focus white.

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(b) Weegee, Diane Arbus and Sally Mann.

(c) Bruce Weber, Peter Arnell and Davis Factor.

(d) "My mom, that Zapruder guy and whoever did the Farrah poster."

(18) Time to order cocktails. What do you request?

(a) Cristal or Dom or Veuve Clicquot.

(b) A double tequila and a Zima chaser.

(c) Whatever she's having.

(d) Thug's passion: Alize and Cristal.

(19) Which of these is too fattening for supermodels?

(a) Foie gras.

(b) Haricots verts.

(c) The air from the can of Reddi Wip you're about to spray all over her body.

(d) Caviar.

(20) What type of man does a supermodel look for?

(a) A regular, confident guy who has the cash to hop on a plane and visit her

photo shoot in Hawaii.

(b) A buff young stud whose nickname is Viagra.

(c) A famous face who can accompany her to premieres and openings.

(d) A man's man—someone who will look out for her, chase away other guys and help with career decisions.

(21) "How much does your best suit cost?" she asks.

(a) More than \$750.

(b) "Nike or Reebok?"

(c) Under \$750.

(d) "What suit?"

(22) Who is a supermodel most likely to date?

(a) Leonardo DiCaprio.

(b) Charlie Sheen.

(c) Another supermodel.

(d) You.

OK, time to tally up. As you may have noticed (and if you haven't, give up right now) questions 1 through 5 judge your

ability to find a supermodel and actually engage her in conversation. Give yourself 5 points for all questions you answered with b or d, zero points for answering a or c.

Questions 6 through 10 test your supermodel cultural literacy quotient. You don't want to know too much of this stuff, but you also don't want to be a dunce. If you don't know anything about her, why would she want to know anything about you? (Unless, of course, you own a Porsche.) For questions 7 through 10, take 2 points for answering a, b or c to each question and take 5 for answering d. Deduct 10 points if you answered anything but d to question 6. What were you thinking?

Questions 11 through 22 are the most important part of the test. You could just as easily substitute the words beautiful woman for supermodel. Aptitude here could translate into some real-life conquests. Each a answer equals 8 points, b equals 2, c equals 5 and d equals 2.

If you scored 22 to 58 points: You are not fit to push racks of ready-to-wear down Seventh Avenue, let alone shmooze with a goddess.

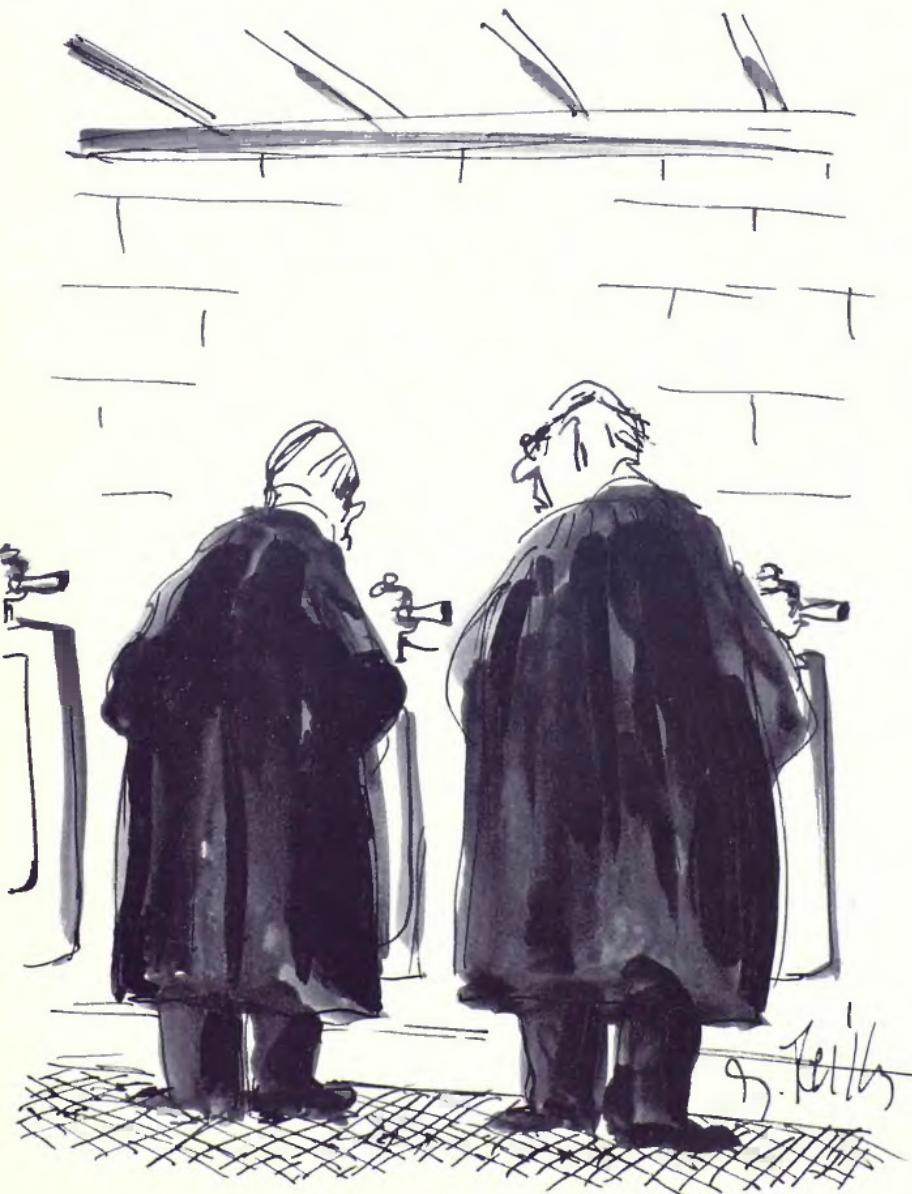
59 to 100 points: You probably went for humor over panache. Yes, beautiful women like a guy with a funny bone, but they have to feel comfortable first. You'd be lucky to come away with an autograph.

101 to 139 points: You'd probably get what you wanted out of an encounter with a supermodel—a little banter followed by a sense of validation. Then the next guy who wants his Cindy calendar signed will step up to the plate. Next time put yourself—and your wallet—on the line.

140 to 176 points: Way to go, stud. Either you're Christy Turlington's hairdresser or you should have written this quiz.

As Patricia Velasquez says, "We like to talk. So bring up lots of subjects—we're exposed to many different discussions through our travels. To me, an appreciation of food and wine is a sign of sophistication. If you have an interest in me, you know I'm Latin and I like hot weather, the ocean and spicy food. Remember, we're models—we're passionate people and we crave drama."

Roshumba, who has heard every line in the book (she was the one who fell for the guy with a lollipop), has a few more rules. She suggests "using the tricks that worked for you in high school—slipping her notes, giving her something other than a business card. As much as men are boys, women are girls. We're not afraid of having just a lover, either. We don't want to marry everyone. Whatever you do, do it with sincerity and passion. Throw in a little real man and you have a nice recipe."



"I've been waiting for a moment to say that I thought your last dissenting opinion was gratuitously picky."



PLAYMATE NEWS



CALIFORNIA DREAMIN'

Hef wasn't the only cool cat in pajamas at the Midsummer Night's Dream party. Jim Carrey, Leonardo



Playboy Mansion West became a who's who of Hollywood for the night. Guests included Pamela Anderson (right) and 90210 star Ian

Ziering (above, with his wife, Nikki Schieler, and twins Rasie and Reneé Tenison). At left: Heather Kazar boogies.



DiCaprio, Jeff Goldblum, George Clooney, Cameron Diaz, Cuba Gooding Jr., the Foo Fighters, Matthew Perry and Jon Lovitz abided

by the bedclothes-only dress code to hobnob with Hef and dozens of lingerie-clad Playmates at Playboy Mansion West. Miss January 1998 Heather Kazar, who wore a baby blue negligee, gave this firsthand account: "My night began in an upstairs bedroom, where a bunch of us Playmates were getting dressed, putting on makeup, doing our hair and drinking

champagne. When we finally went downstairs—we had waited awhile—the place was packed. For the first hour, it was like, 'Hi! Hi! Hi!' I got to meet Aaron Spelling, which was a thrill. And the decorations were huge! The grounds were decked out with flowers and fake tropical birds. There were TV sets all over the place, showing footage of Mansion parties from long ago. The food was incredible, too—lamb chops, pasta, chocolate-covered strawberries, pies.

I hung out by the hors d'oeuvres table, which was full of sex food—shrimp and oysters. Of course, there were people in the Grotto getting naked. But you know what? Some of the older guys said that it was a tame Midsummer Night's Dream party. I can't imagine what the others were like!"



ALICIA RICKTER:

"At my PLAYBOY photo shoot I was thinking, Oh my God, I'm naked! But no one cared. They were just walking around like normal."

25 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH



"Although the future of magazines is clouded," we wrote in *Playbill* for our 20th anniversary issue, "the future of this magazine looks good." Our birthday celebration included fiction by John Updike, Saul Bellow and Vladimir Nabokov, nonfiction by Bruce Jay Friedman, and a

history of organized crime by Richard Hammer. Our special Centerfold gave readers a look at the flip side of Nancy Cameron. We rounded out the issue with a *Playboy Interview* with Hugh M. Hefner, whose pursuit of the good life would influence the nation forever. "If you don't encourage healthy sexual expression in public, you get unhealthy sexual expression in private," Hef said. All that, and it cost only \$1.50.



BUMP, SET, SPIKE

More than 250 good sports gathered at North Beach, an athletic mecca-cum-watering hole in Chicago, for PLAYBOY's third annual Sand and Suds Volleyball Challenge. On hand along with PLAYBOY staffers, sales reps and clients was 1998 Playmate of the Year Karen McDougal, who joined participants for more than two hours of on-court action. "I haven't played since high school," McDougal admitted in a pregame interview. But that didn't stop the brunette from getting down and dirty in the sand, diving for balls and at one point acing an opposing team with a skillfully placed serve. Team Playboy won four games and snagged third place in the tournament.



Life's a ball, especially when you get to rub shoulders (and kick sand around) with 1998 Playmate of the Year Karen McDougal (left), who joined Team Playboy (below, left to right: Joe Hoffer, Heidi Davies, James Dimonekas, Alison Lundgren and Wade Baxter) in kicking butt in its first four volleyball games.



PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS — JANUARY

- January 3: Miss October 1958
Pat Sheehan
- January 11: Miss January 1993
Echo Johnson
- January 24: Miss June 1965
Hedy Scott
- January 26: Miss November 1975
Janet Lupo
- January 30: Miss February 1986
Julie McCullough

My
Favorite Playmate
By Joyce Carol
Oates



"My favorite has to be Marilyn Monroe. I'm actually writing something about her at this moment. Obviously, Marilyn remains the most famous Playmate because she was in the first issue of *PLAYBOY*. They weren't Playmates back then—they were Sweethearts, and Marilyn was the best. It's amazing that this picture of a girl with such innocence, taken for a small-time calendar before she was famous, would turn Marilyn into the sex symbol of America. That first issue has gone down in publishing history. And Marilyn was where it all started."



LIV LINDELAND:

"I go to the Mansion on Sundays. I see Cathy St. George and Sharon Johansen. I like to hang out with the youngsters now. They make me feel young."

FAN MAIL

Dear Kelly Monaco:

You're the sexiest Playmate I've seen in a long, long time. Besides being physically stunning, you have a kind smile. You are a natural beauty.

I have lived all my life in Allegan, Michigan. I too am a middle child—I have an older brother and a younger sister. I'm single and a homebody, but

I'm trying to change and meet people. I have always tried to be my own person and not follow the crowd, and I think I've succeeded. If you ever want to marry a small-town boy, don't hesitate to look me up.

Your biggest fan,
Matt Davis
Allegan, MI



Kelly Monaco's latest film, *Baseketball*, is now available on home video.

PLAYMATE NEWS

QUOTE UNQUOTE

It has been six years since Echo Johnson joined the *PLAYBOY* family as Miss January 1993, a fresh-faced model aspiring to own a "hip, upscale clothing store." We caught up with Echo, who turns 25 this month, to get her thoughts on fame, guys and coming of age.

Q: What do you know now that you didn't know when you were 18?

A: That it's nice to be important, but it's more important to be nice.

Q: When did you realize you had grown up?

A: Just recently. I'm less naive and I have more business sense. Things I've been working toward are starting to pay off.

Q: Like what?

A: I'm anticipating that my Web site—www.echojohnson.net—will take off. I'm surprised by the following I have. It's proved that there's an audience out there for me and that I should market myself to the fullest.

Q: What would you consider your image to be?

A: I suppose that people perceive me as what they see in the magazine—as a sex symbol. People are surprised when they meet me because I'm so down-to-earth.

It's always, "You're so different from what I thought you'd be."

Q: How do you stay grounded?

A: My family has a lot to do with it. I hate it when I meet women who are bitchy just because they're beautiful. I'm kind to everyone.

Q: Do you remember your first kiss?

A: [Laughs] Yeah. I think I was 12. The guy shoved his tongue into my mouth and I was really disgusted.

Q: What's your advice for men who want to date Playmates?

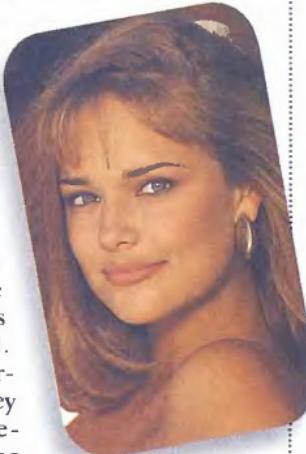
A: Don't go out with her just to have a Playmate on your arm.

Q: Do you have any embarrassing sex stories?

A: When I was in high school, my dad walked in on my boyfriend and me having sex.

Q: And?

A: He said, "That's what locks are for, Echo."



LEEDY NEILMAN

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Julia Schultz hailed her hometown by posing on the cover of *San Diego* magazine's "Best of Everything" issue. Inside, the California girl modeled swimsuits. . . . Petra Verkaik goes celluloid in two forthcoming films: the independent feature *Butterfly Ball* and the straight-to-video feature *Crimson Kiss*. . . . Victoria Silver



Julia Schultz sizzles.

Guess Collection and Guess jeans. . . . Elke Jeinsen is no drag. She will sport a suit in a tongue-in-cheek print ad for men's clothier Amir Fashions. . . . Miss May 1960 Ginger Young has a formula for staying young: "I kickbox, sculpt and do yoga," she says. Ginger is also a published poet. . . . Kerri Kendall knows a thing or two about the simple life. She recently returned from a yearlong trip around the world, during which she lived like a gypsy, hitchhiked and made jewelry on the beach. "It's amazing how few material items you really need," Kerri says. . . . Daphnee Lynn Duplaix' continuing rise to fame includes

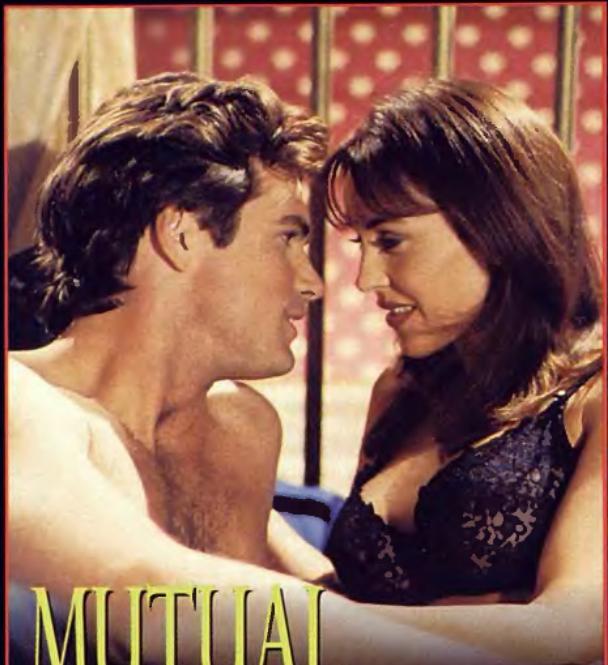
roles in two forthcoming films. Daphnee



The many faces of Victoria.

snagged the lead in *Foolish Waive*, as Eddie Griffin's girlfriend. She'll also share yucks with David Spade in *Lost and Found*.

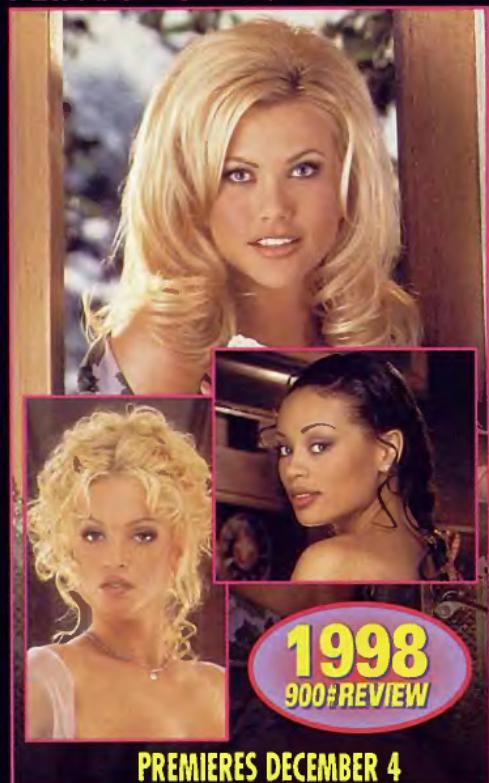
PLAYBOY ORIGINAL MOVIE



MUTUAL NEEDS

PREMIERES DECEMBER 12

PLAYBOY ORIGINAL



PREMIERES DECEMBER 4

PLAYMATE HOSTS

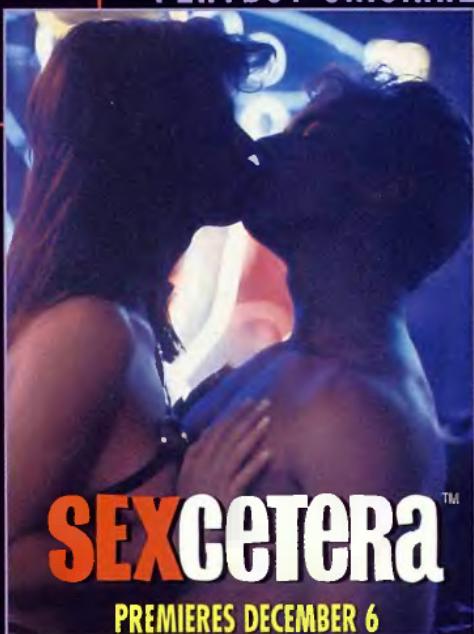


The Dahm Triplets
December Playmates



Jaime Bergman
Miss January

PLAYBOY ORIGINAL



SEXcetera™

PREMIERES DECEMBER 6



ADULT MOVIES

FOREVER NIGHT

The WAGER

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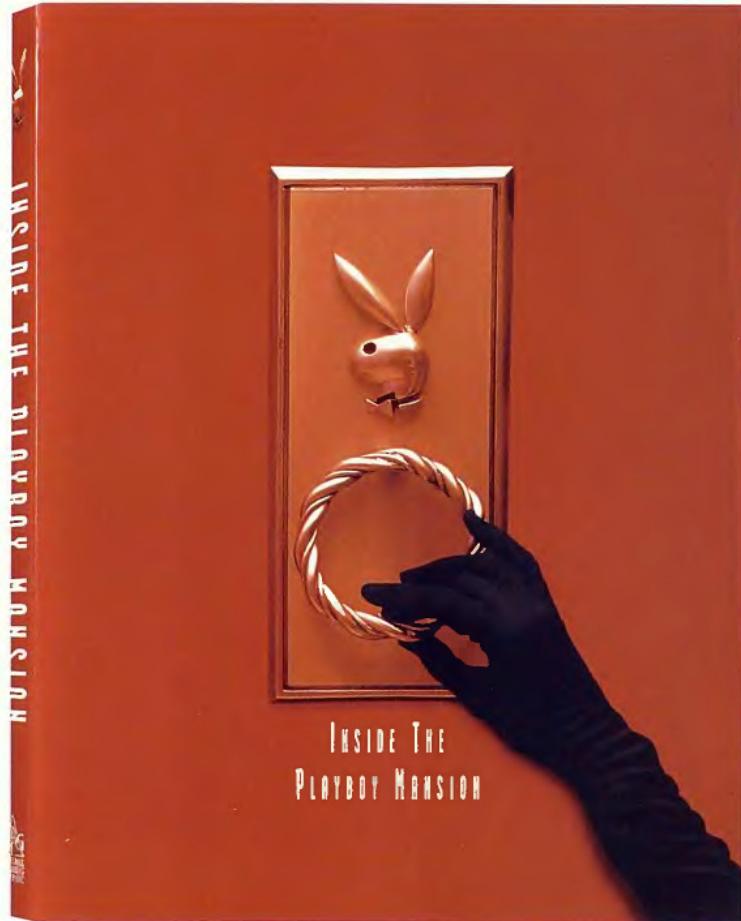
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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

CHAMPAGNE 2000

The millennium really doesn't begin until January 1, 2001, but that's a mere technicality. At least 20 champagne houses are preparing special bubbles to herald the new century, and many are on sale now. Remember, we're talking exclusive here—as in Champagne Ruinart's L'Exclusive de Ruinart, a blanc de blancs champagne (pictured at right) made from wines from six grands crus vineyards and bottled in a magnum encased in a Christofle silver-filigree cage. Fourteen thousand of these hand-numbered magnums will be cushioned with white leather pillows in African-walnut boxes. The emptied magnum can be used as a decanter and the box becomes a cigar humidor. Price: \$1500. Louis Roederer is producing 2000 Methuselahs (about eight bottles) of its prestige cuvée, Cristal, from the extraordinary 1990 vintage—a creamy champagne with layers of vanilla and tropical fruit flavors. Each Methuselah is numbered and embossed with the figure 2000 and will be delivered in an elegant wooden case with a copper plaque that bears the name of the collector and the number of the bottle. Price: \$2000. Perrier-Jouët's millennium package will entice Francophiles and lovers of champagne alike. The company has de-

signed 2000 jeroboams with hand-applied platinum-and-gold-enamelled anemones to hold its prestige cuvée, Fleur de Champagne, from the outstanding 1995 vintage. In addition, each Fleur purchaser and a guest will be welcomed for dinner and an evening's stay at Perrier-Jouët's intimate guest house, Maison Belle Époque, the family's chateau in Epernay. The house is filled with art nouveau furniture and objets d'art, including works by Auguste Rodin and glass-



Above: A 1990 vintage Cristal 2000 Methuselah in a handsome wooden case with engraved plaque costs (you guessed it) \$2000. Pol Roger's Selection 2000 bottle of 1990 vintage is about \$160 a magnum.

maker Émile Gallé (who designed the original Perrier-Jouët flower bottle). It will be available to millennium guests throughout 1999 and 2000. Price: \$2000. One of the loveliest prestige cuvée cham-



Above: Ruinart's elegant magnum of L'Exclusive champagne comes wrapped in a silver cage and nestled in a box that converts to a humidor (\$1500).

pagnes, Nicolas Feuillatte's 1990 Palmes d'Or, will be offered in special millennial jeroboams (\$1000) and magnums (\$250). For label collectors, Pol Roger will offer its splendid 1990 vintage in Selection 2000 magnums with gold labels following a design used near the end of the 19th century. Pol Roger promises the design will not be used again for another 100 years, and the \$160 price makes it a bargain. Taittinger's millennium bottle, pictured below, features an enameled design of a woman in evening dress seen through a champagne flute. It contains a blend of grands crus wines, predominantly from the 1996 vintage. Twelve thousand numbered magnums will be available for \$200 each. Gosset's prestige cuvée, Celebris, containing its complex, nutty 1990 vintage or its rich 1995 rosé, will come in a numbered wooden box with a programmable watch counting the number of days until M day (\$595 a magnum). Dom Pérignon's 1990 vintage gift boxes (about \$125) contain a certificate that you return to the company with a check for \$65. A silver Christofle cork engraved with your name and the date December 31, 1999 will be sent to you by return mail. Moët et Chandon offers a slick, silver-colored millennium party case packed with two Year 2000 commemorative magnums of Brut Impérial, a disposable camera, a 5" x 7" picture frame engraved with DECEMBER 31, 1999 and a silver-paint pen to autograph the bottles. Price: about \$225. Veuve Clicquot is releasing a library selection of exceptional older vintages of its prestige cuvée, La Grande Dame, along with magnums of Vintage Réserve 1985

and Rosé Réserve 1985 and a selection of older-vintages Veuve Clicquot. Prices range from \$100 to \$700. Deutz has created 15,000 bottles of a limited edition blanc de blancs champagne from the 1993 vintage that will be packaged in a transparent bottle for the millennium and offered in 750ml for \$125 and magnum size for \$250. —LAURENCE PEARSON

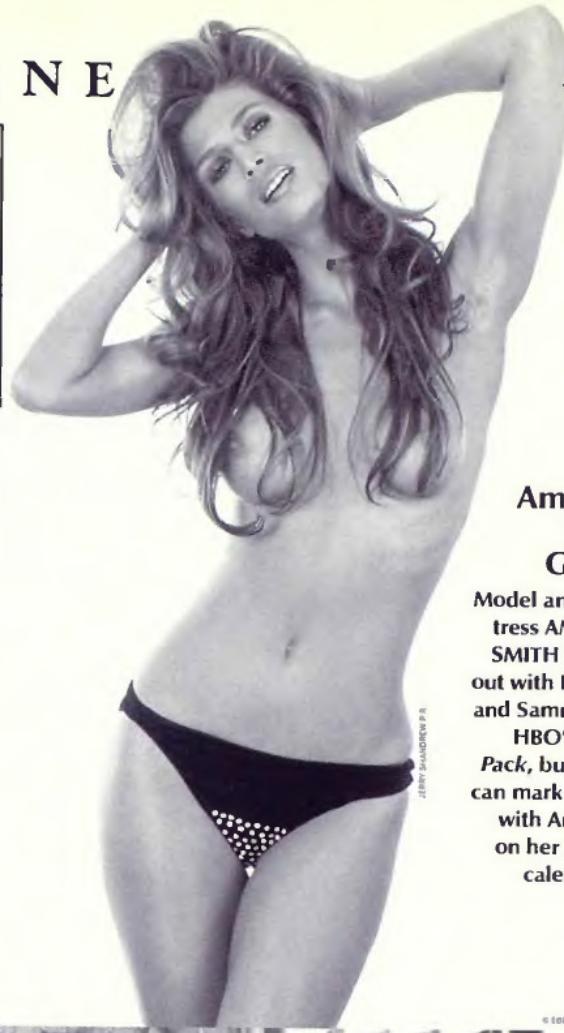
Right: Taittinger's 12,000 non-vintage millennium magnums are \$200 each. Perrier-Jouët's jeroboams of Fleur de Champagne cost \$2000 each and include dinner for two and an evening's stay in Epernay.



GRAPEVINE

Up for Inspection

California model PAYTON LEIGH can be found in two Hot Body International videos and showing off in the sun. She passes our test.



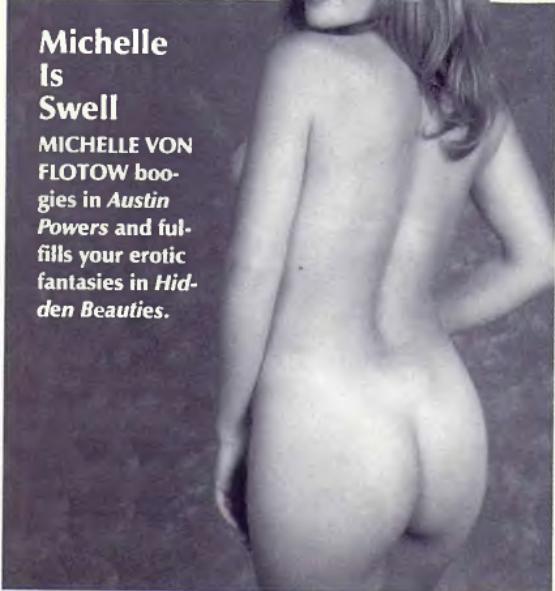
Amber Is a Gem

Model and actress AMBER SMITH hung out with Frank and Sammy in HBO's *Rat Pack*, but you can mark time with Amber on her 1999 calendar.

© EBET ROBERTS

Michelle Is Swell

MICHELLE VON FLOTOW boogies in *Austin Powers* and fulfills your erotic fantasies in *Hidden Beauties*.



Oh Danny-Boy

DAN AYKROYD followed *Blues Brothers 2000* with the next installment of *Ghostbusters* (number three for those who are counting). Check him out in the animated *Antz*, and in *Sundowning* with Kirk Douglas. Who you gonna call?



© PAUL NATION PHOTO PRESERVE INC.



© DOUGLAS STRUGLITER

Naturally, Laura

You can spot LAURA LEMASTER in *Model Look International* and the *Revco Beauty Handbook*. She had a day's work opposite John Travolta in a *Primary Colors* crowd scene. Color her ready for more.

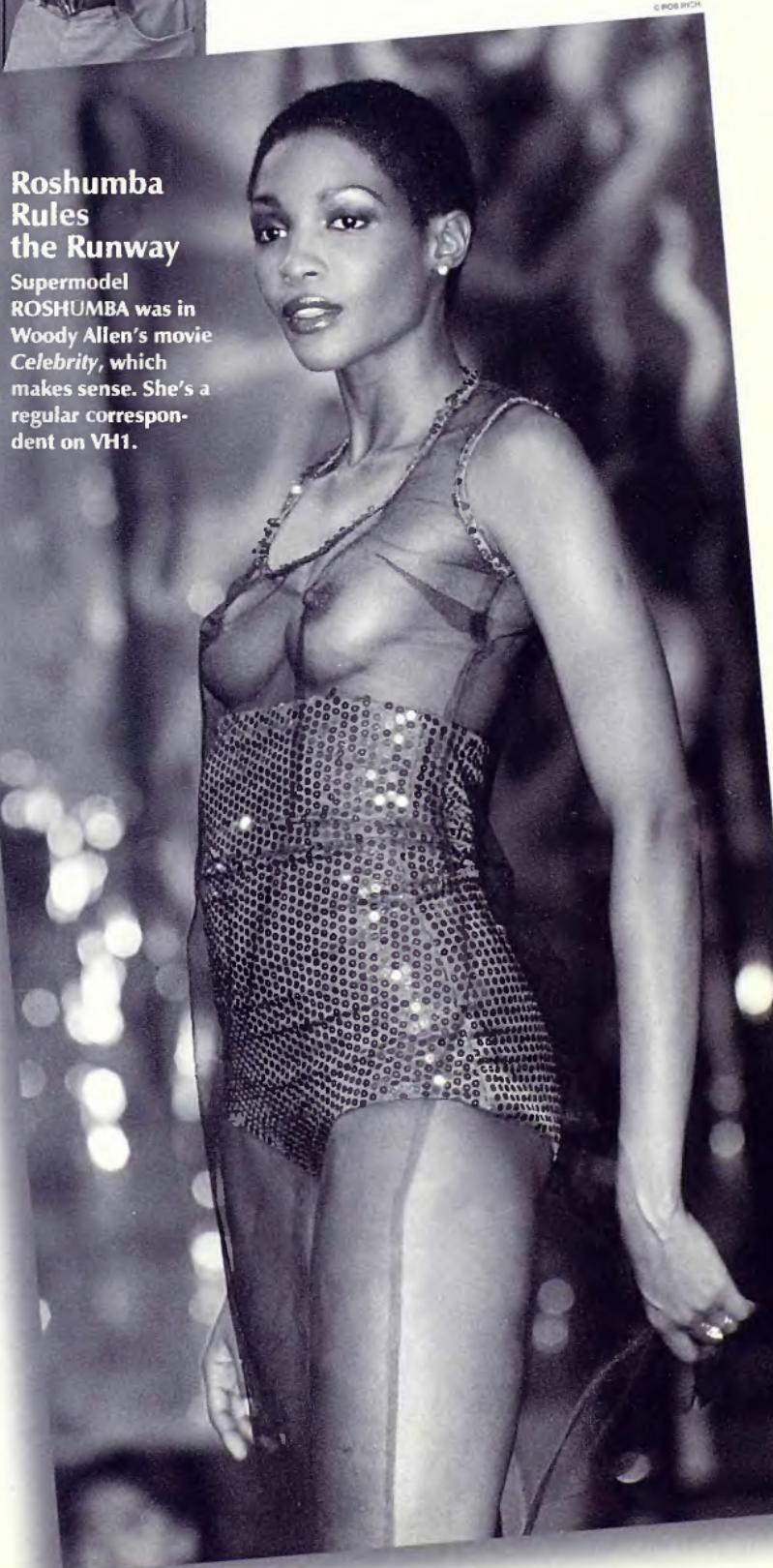
Barenaked Fully Dressed

It's not every day that a rock band has two CDs on the charts, one gold and one platinum. If you weren't humming BARENAKED LADIES' *One Week* from *Stunt* last summer, you were unconscious. The boys in the band called the single freestyling. We just call it stylish.

© ROB WICH

Roshumba Rules the Runway

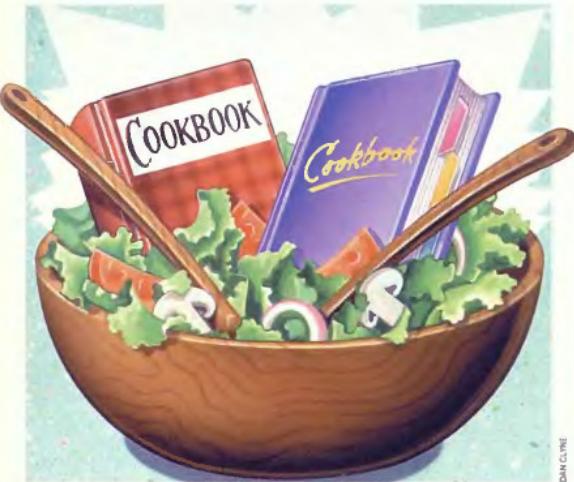
Supermodel ROSHUMBA was in Woody Allen's movie *Celebrity*, which makes sense. She's a regular correspondent on VH1.



POTPOURRI

GET COOKING

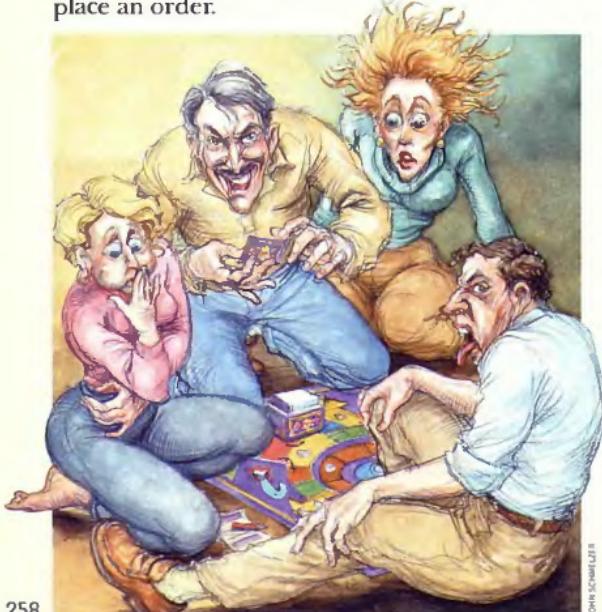
Whether read at the stove or in an armchair, these great new cookbooks are a feast. *How to Cook Everything* is an "homage to food" that tackles culinary chores, from boiling an egg to preparing an elaborate dinner (\$25). *Dining Out* contains "secrets from America's leading critics, chefs and restaurateurs" (\$29.95). *Hollywood Dish* offers recipes and tales from Hollywood caterer Nick Grippo (\$29.95). Paul Newman and A.E. Hotchner have teamed up to create *Newman's Own Cookbook*, which contains such delicacies as Whoopi Goldberg's Big Badass Beef Ribs and the Newmanburger (\$25).



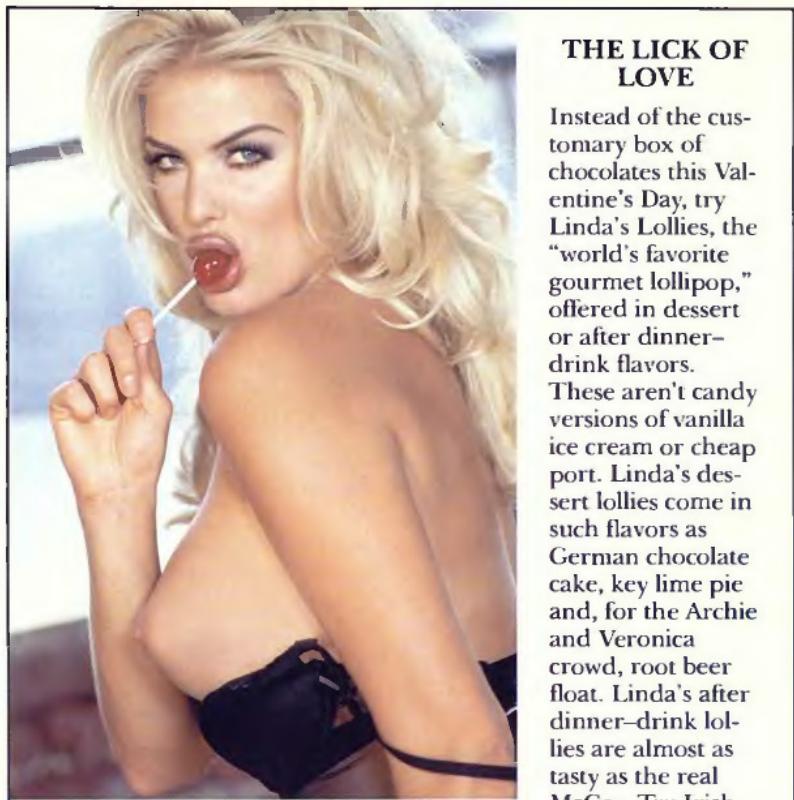
DAVID CAYNE

YOU'VE BEEN ZOBMONDOED

Zobmondo is a board game that asks crazy questions that reveal your innermost whims and desires. An example: "Would you rather chew shards of broken glass or sit on a lighted barbecue grill?" Or "Would you rather marry a person who loves you but you will never love, or marry someone you love but who will never love you?" The winner of the game is the person who most often predicts other players' answers. Price: \$34.95. Call 800-417-0017 to place an order.

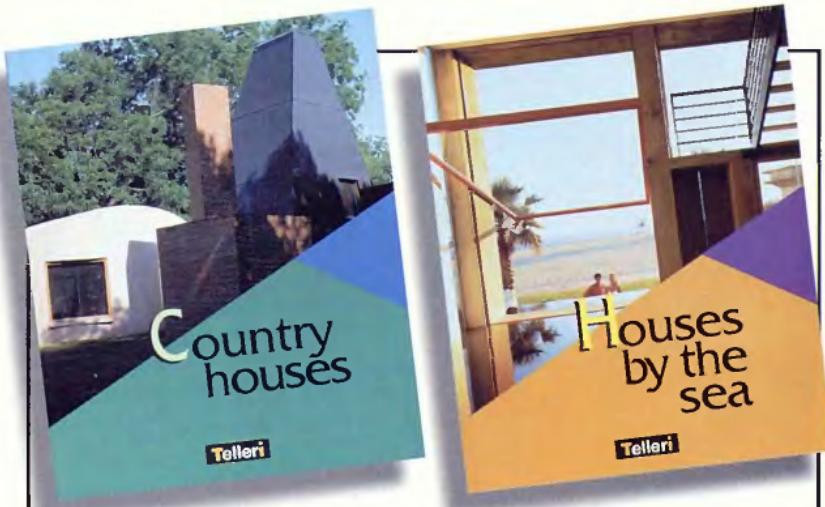


JOHN ACHALI/LIA



THE LICK OF LOVE

Instead of the customary box of chocolates this Valentine's Day, try Linda's Lollies, the "world's favorite gourmet lollipop," offered in dessert or after dinner-drink flavors. These aren't candy versions of vanilla ice cream or cheap port. Linda's dessert lollies come in such flavors as German chocolate cake, key lime pie and, for the Archie and Veronica crowd, root beer float. Linda's after dinner-drink lollies are almost as tasty as the real McCoy. Try Irish crème, coffee liqueur, crème de menthe or our favorite, sambuca. A boxed set of ten fat-free lollies of either kind costs \$15. Call 888-418-8466 to order. Surprise, guys, Linda isn't the lolly-licking model pictured on this page. It's Victoria Silvstedt, our 1997 Playmate of the Year—but you already knew that.



GET AWAY TO IT ALL

Who hasn't fantasized about trading city living for a manor in the English countryside or a Malibu Beach pad? Problem is, you'd have to be Prince Charles to afford the bachelor dream houses featured in some shelter books. That's why we like *Country Houses* and *Houses by the Sea* from the French publisher Telleri. The 19 country houses are more Frank Gehry than Mad King Ludwig. In fact, one of the homes is a Gehry creation in Wayzata, Minnesota. Our favorite ocean dwelling is a metal domain on stilts in Queensland, Australia that "surfs on a sea of trees" as it opens to the Pacific. Price for each book: \$24.95. To order, call the Antique Collectors' Club Ltd. at 800-252-5231.

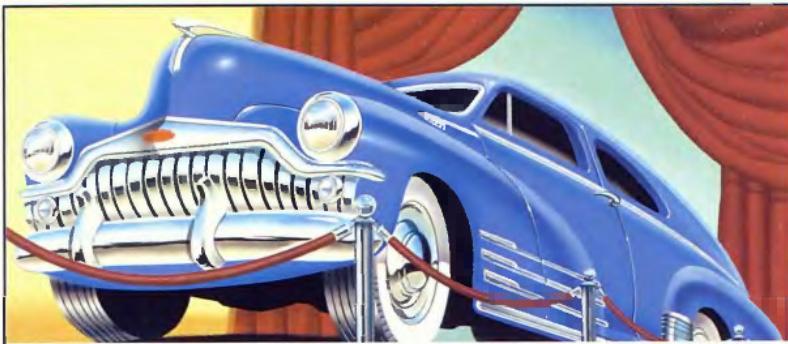
WORLD OF THE RICKSHAW

From Agra to Yogyakarta, the rickshaw is a popular means of transportation. Lonely Planet's *Chasing Rickshaws*, by Tony Wheeler, does just that in a dozen Asian cities. Among the models featured is the Macao triciclo, which is heavy with a wide seat, and the Rangoon sai kaa, which has a sidecar bolted on. This is an intriguing book that treats rickshaws with respect. Price: \$34.95; call 800-275-8555.



RUM FOR THE MONEY

For 137 years, the Bacardi family and their friends have sipped and savored an exclusive aged rum that was created from a special formula by Don Facundo Bacardi in 1862. Now Bacardi 8, a rum aged eight years in the tropics in select oak casks, is being offered nationally for the first time. Savor it after dinner in a snifter and save the Coke for basic Bacardi. Price: about \$25 for a 750ml bottle.



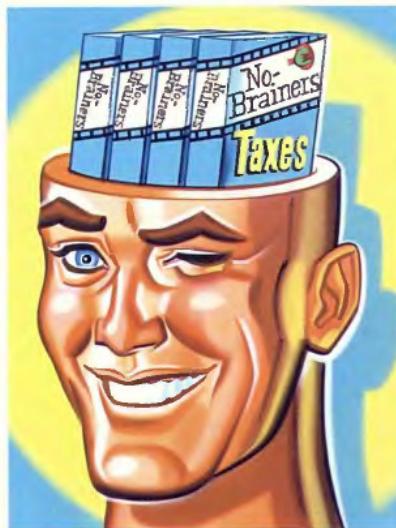
STEVE BOYD/WICK

ROLLING STOCK

The Museum of Automobile History at 321 North Clinton Street in Syracuse, New York claims to have the largest private collection of automobile memorabilia in the world. There are no cars, but you will find posters, toys and models, even a speeding ticket given to James Dean. The museum is the property of Walter Miller, who for 30 years roamed the world looking for objects that connect people to cars. Call 315-478-CARS for hours.

THAT'S A NO-BRAINER

Think of No-Brainers, the "video guides to life," as the hip dad, mom, older brother or best friend you never had. Whether it's public speaking, buying a car, investing, personal finance or dating (with John Gray, author of *Men Are From Mars*), the No-Brainers series covers the subjects in ways that are as funny as they are informative. Cerebellum Corp. created the series, which also offers videos on calculus, statistics, physics, differential equations and other brain-busting subjects. The videos are about \$15 at Borders and Barnes and Noble stores.



MITCH O'CONNELL



JOHN O'BRIEN

MILLENNIUM CRUNCH

It's not enough that the millennium is coming at us like a runaway freight train. Now there's a desktop Millennium 2000 Countdown Clock that ticks away the days, hours, minutes and seconds until midnight on December 31, 1999. But the clock doesn't stop working at the stroke of 12. At that moment it begins flashing, and you can switch to the regular clock mode. Price: \$24.95 from 888-313-2001, or look for it in department stores.

NEXT MONTH



PAM MAGIC



HOLY TERROR



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Natural Lights 100's Box, 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine;
Natural Box, 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

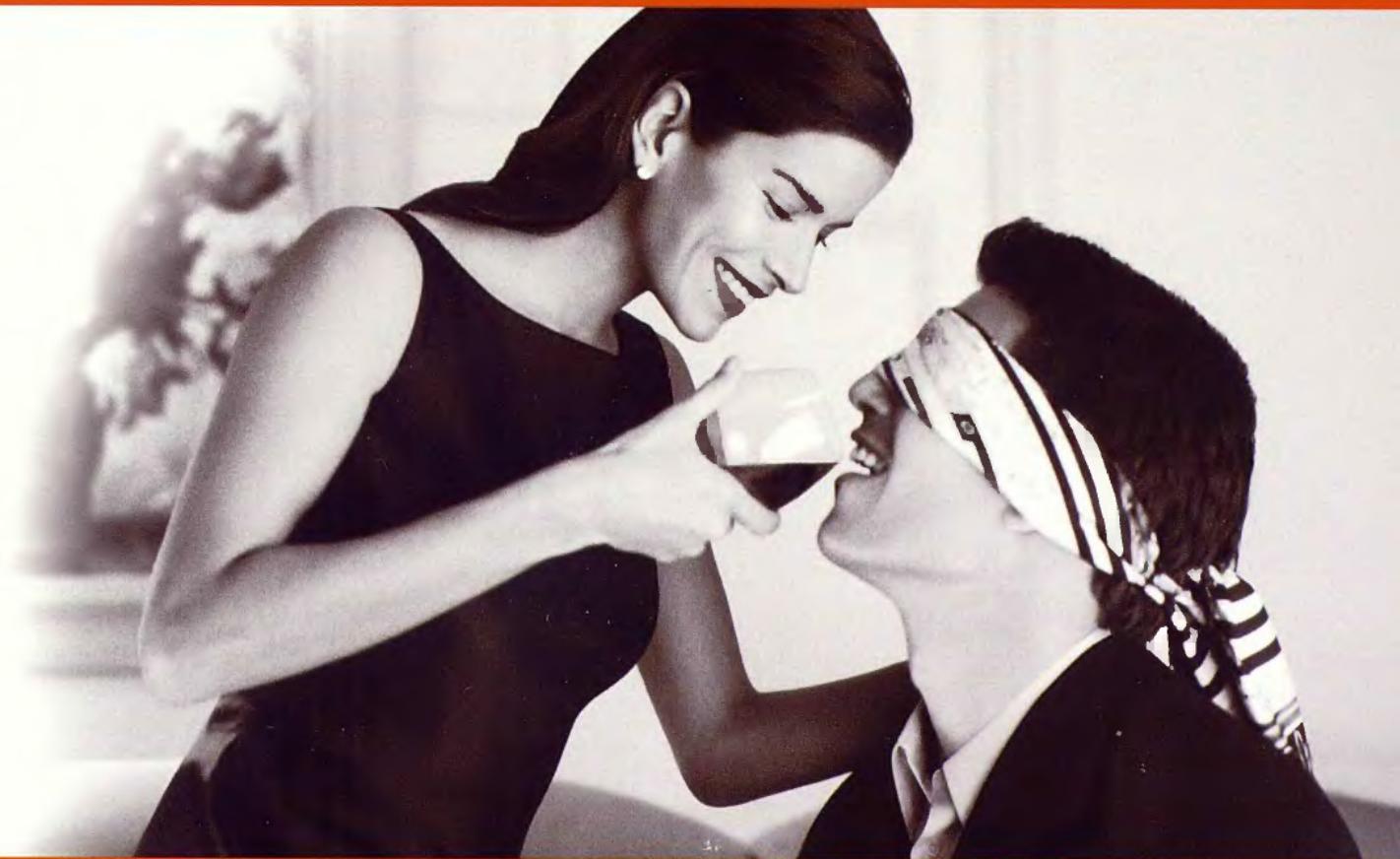


KOOL Natural Lights are a special blend of tobaccos and natural menthol with other natural flavors for a smooth, fresh taste. We add no artificial flavors to this blend. We're not saying these cigarettes are safer than other cigarettes, but we think you'll enjoy the perfectly balanced taste. If you have any questions and would like more information, E-mail us at info@kool-natural.com or call us at **1-800-341-5211**.

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