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# PLAYBILL

HAPPY VIP Day. For exactly nine years we have knelt at **Pam Anderson's** substantial altar. Now, as star of her own TV show, she has put her body of work on the line again. In a brand-new, 14-page pictorial, she and Contributing Photographer **Stephen Wayda** deliver a box of sweets you won't forget.

But first, some ham on wry. Men have always liked to eat, and now, thanks to **Emeril Lagasse**, we're kicking it up in the kitchen. *Bam*. His incredibly wild show, *Emeril Live*, is the most popular cooking program ever on the Food Network. And with three of his restaurants in the same town, New Orleans might as well be called the Emeril City. *Bam*. We sent **David Sheff** down to grill Lagasse for a sizzling *Playboy Interview*. Lagasse describes how sex, drugs and rock and roll have been replaced by food, wine and sex—"and an occasional cigar."

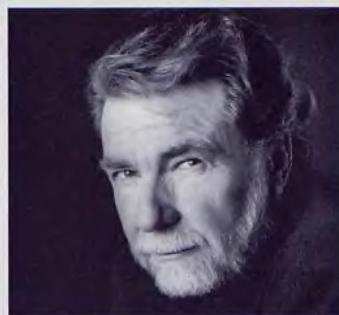
In its heyday, the celebrated New York strip club Scores drew stars, jocks and deejays—and, oh yes, wiseguys. Next thing you knew, two guys lay dead. There through it all was **A.J. Benza**, then a columnist for the New York *Daily News*. In *The Naked and the Dead* (art by **Pat Andrea**), Benza takes you backroom. "It was too good an opportunity to let slip," he says. If you like to meet your girlfriends the old-fashioned way, absorb the lessons in *Dating Disasters* by Hollywood underachiever **Myles Berkowitz**. He filmed a bunch of dates and a studio made a movie. (It's called *20 Dates*.) His three-word secret to success? Quantity, quantity, quantity.

God must have a sense of humor. Why else would he put **Pat Robertson** on Pam Anderson's planet? We would make the obligatory boob analogy here if only Robertson weren't so crafty. His moralistic rants helped bring Washington to its knees. **Mark Bowden's** profile of Robertson, *The Holy Terror*, is a measured account of how Robertson first gained prominence on the strength of forgotten (and false) prophecies.

Speaking of the devil, our fiendishly clever short story this month is by **Jonathan Carroll**. Some guys have all the luck with women; then there's Vincent Ettrich, hero of *The Great Wall of China*, a man who is unnaturally fortunate. The artwork is by **J. Frederick Smith**, an icon among American illustrators.

If you use a computer at work for personal business, don't be surprised when corporate bigs look over your shoulder—if they haven't already. Once you're done with *Who Can Read Your E-mail?* by **Andy Ihnatko** (illustration by **Guy Billout**), you'll wish you hadn't gossiped about the guy who resigned in disgust and is trying to sue the company. The computer age has its ups and downs—just like the stock market. One of the best innovations is the Motley Fool, a financial Web site run by penny-wise English majors **David** and **Tom Gardner**. In a *20 Questions* by **Warren Kalbacker**, the fools rip mutual funds and glorify court jester caps. Clowns make money, too, as **Adam Sandler** explains. With another jock-sniffing success in *Waterboy*, he tells **Kevin Cook** in *Checking In With Adam Sandler* about humping chairs and why he loves toilet humor.

*Life in the Halfpipe*, by **Charles Plueddeaman**, isn't about living on the edge. It's about snowboarding right off the edge and landing on your feet. To keep gravity from weighing you down, check the red zones in our pictorial of *NFL Cheerleaders*. Then cross *The Thin Red Line*—the film based on **James Jones'** classic war novel, which *PLAYBOY* published in 1962. It's anything but battleworn. Read our fashion guide, *Lab Report: Jeans*. Top it off with our nod to mixology, *Cold Gold*, a tribute to premium vodkas. Which brings us to a sober subject. **Bruce Williamson**, our widely loved movie critic for more than 25 years, died last fall. He was a man who served vodka martinis "painfully dry." Hoist one to his memory. He'd like that.



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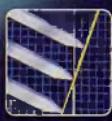
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# PLAYBOY



vol. 46, no. 2—february 1999

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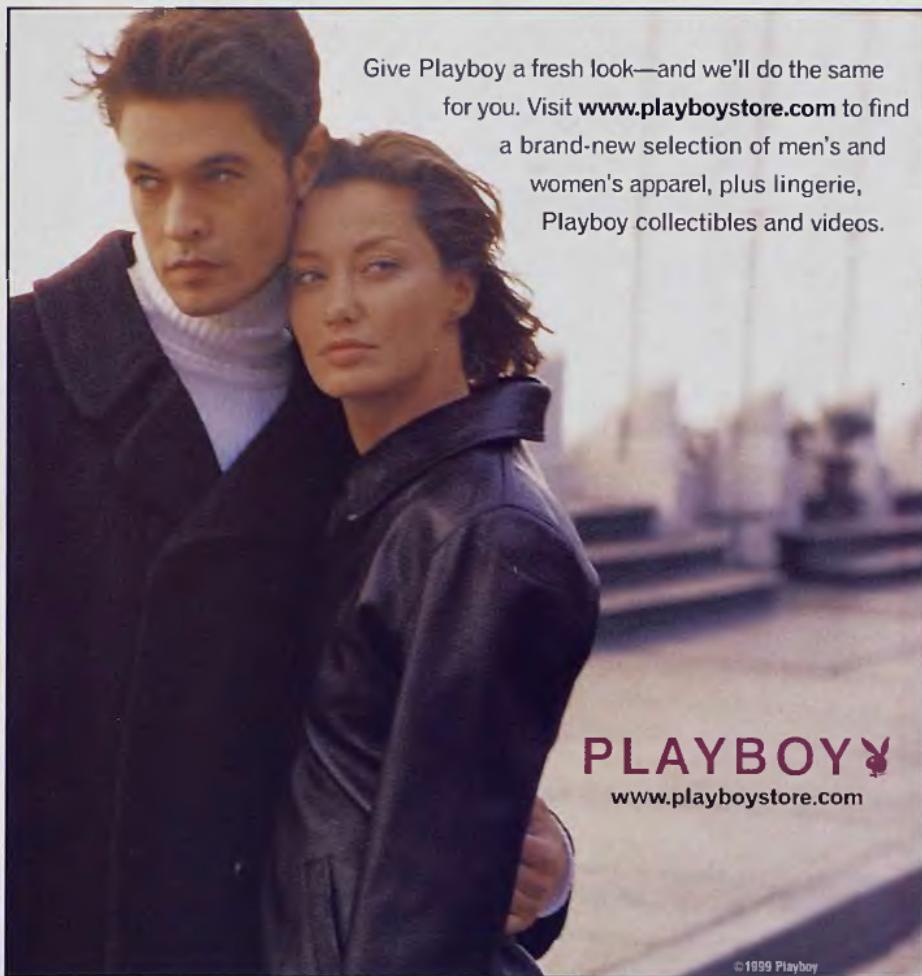
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## COVER STORY

We've said it before and we'll say it again: Pamela rules. Her eighth cover for us is a special valentine to her legions of fans. For a surprise bonus Ms. Anderson invites us into her home for an equally revealing session. Our cover was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabawski, shot by Stephen Wayda and styled by Jennifer Tutor. Thanks to Desmond Miller for styling Pamela's hair and to Emma Nixon for makeup. You can count our Rabbit's pearls of wisdom.



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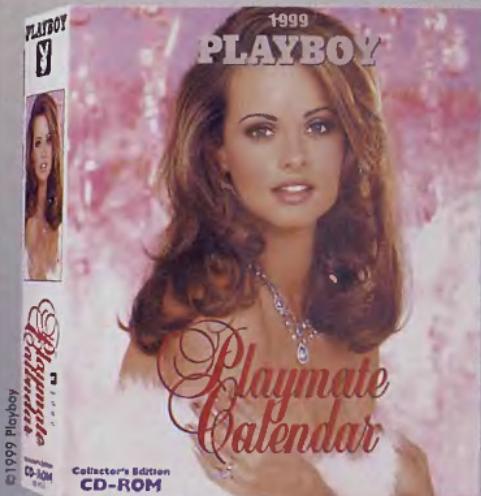


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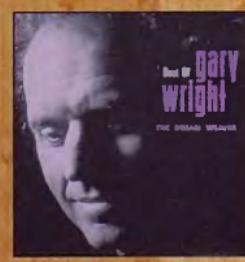
17 songs from America's Sweetheart, including a duet with Bugs Bunny, that showcase her lovely vocal stylings as heard in the films *On The High Seas*, *My Dream Is Yours*, and *It's A Great Feeling*.



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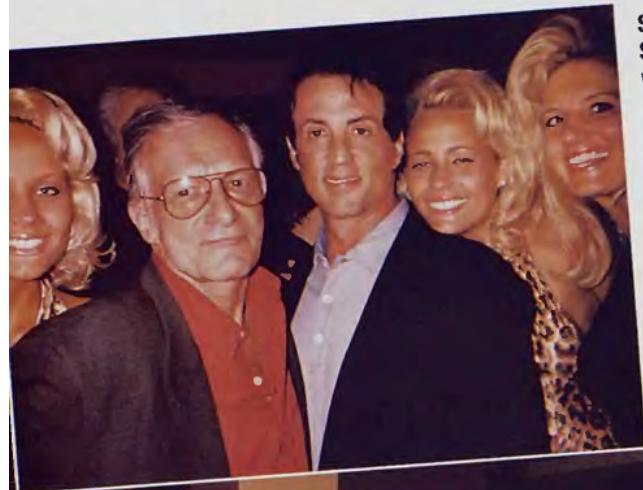
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# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

*hef sightings, mansion frolics and nightlife notes*



## SWINGING WITH SLY AND SAMMY

When Hef hits the nightspots there's no telling who might stop by his table to say hello. Recently, Sylvester Stallone caught up with Hef and the Bentley twins. Later, Chicago Cubs home-run hero Sammy Sosa came by the table to give Hef an autographed ball.



## METALHEADS INVADE THE MANSION

Hef and the Playmates greet musical guests Metallica (top) at the party for Trey Parker and Matt Stone's movie *Orgazmo*. Above, Hef and October Films honcho Scott Greenstein keep the *South Park* boys from the mosh pit.



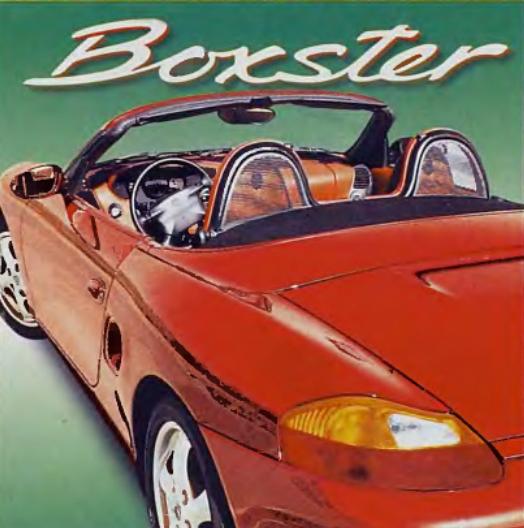
## OUR RASCALLY RABBIT

The Friars Club roasted Hef, presenting him with its Lifetime Achievement Award in Los Angeles with Playmates (from left to right) Victoria Fuller, Deanna Brooks, Ava Fabian, Heather Kozar, Kelly Monaco and Shae Marks. Can you say Bunny Dip?

## A LITTLE BIG APPLE POLISHING

Dynamic duo: Chief Executive Officer Christie Hefner and supermodel Cindy Crawford partied at New York's Whiskey Park in celebration of Crawford's October 1998 cover and pictorial.





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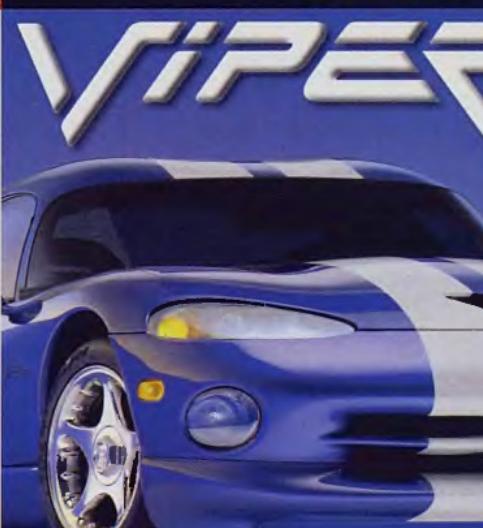


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### RING LEADER

Mike Tyson has been in the public eye for about 15 years, but I learned more about him from Mark Kram's sensational *Playboy Interview* (November) than I have from TV or other media coverage. Tyson is articulate and focused, though certainly troubled. He reveals a side of himself that most of us have never seen—someone who can be loved and is worth caring about.

Dave Leonard  
Ormond Beach, Florida

While I'm disappointed with the Mike Tyson interview for numerous reasons, I'm more bothered that *PLAYBOY* editors practice racist journalism. In the past two years, you haven't interviewed an African American scholar, author or civil rights advocate. Instead, you've stuck to stereotypes that allow your mainstream readers to feel comfortable.

Mark Brown  
Cincinnati, Ohio

Though he lacks Ali's intelligence and charisma, Tyson is the most devastating boxer ever to step into a ring. I don't claim to know Tyson's psychological profile merely by reading the interview, but you don't have to be a shrink to figure out that he's seriously troubled. I hope he can find peace with himself and make peace with those around him so that 50 years from now he won't be remembered as just an ear biter.

Eric Sherman  
Los Angeles, California

Tyson is a man with a sensitive soul, devastating fears and a clumsy, immature directness that may always get him into trouble. But the fact that people are now debating whether or not he's crazy is a lot of raging bull. This man is surprisingly sane considering what he's been through.

Therra Cathryn Gwyn  
Atlanta, Georgia

### MAKE 'EM LAUGH

I admit that I don't read *PLAYBOY* only for the articles. It's the cartoons that cause me to double over with laughter, from Sneyd's watercolor beauties to Buck Brown's caught-in-the-act comedy. No issue is complete without some laughs, just as no holiday issue is complete without a hilarious Santa slipup.

Omar Tinoco  
Memphis, Tennessee

### NO RANTS, JUST RAVES

As a raver, I'd like to thank you for including instructions on how to be one in *After Hours* ("Land Ravers," November). Now that you've armed me with drug-related lingo and fashion advice, I'll have things besides great music to discuss at my next rave.

Darian Nagle  
Iowa City, Iowa

### THE OLD COLLEGE TRY

If coeds (*Girls of the ACC*, November) on other Eastern campuses are this sexy, I'm on the wrong coast.

Shannon Newbold  
Davis, California

As a student at Florida State, I know firsthand how beautiful the women here are. Now everyone else knows, too.

Matt Szeremeta  
Tallahassee, Florida

After reading your hot college issue, I'm heading down to Seminole country. The girls representing Florida State are gorgeous. Studying there must be next to impossible.

Joe Terry  
Pueblo, Colorado

When I heard that the November issue featured a model wearing Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity garb, I ran to the nearest store and bought a copy. It was a thrill to see Caroline Wilson in a Pike hat. We may be the newest chapter, but

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all the guys in our house agree we're the best frat in the world. Hell, we've got a girl in *PLAYBOY*.

Scott Simpson  
Los Angeles, California

*PLAYBOY* has once again captured the energy of America's youth. By the way, what are they feeding those girls at Florida State?

Deen Brower  
Las Vegas, Nevada

As an alumnus of Florida State, I am ecstatic to see the contribution we made to the *Girls of the ACC* pictorial. This sample is typical of our women—especially those sunbathing on Landis Green, the best pickup spot on the entire Seminole campus.

David Kuczenski  
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

#### CLASS ACT

Congratulations on maintaining the high standards that keep *PLAYBOY* on the shelves of PXs worldwide. After five years in the military, I'm glad to see that the soldiers overseas will still be able to peruse your pages when they miss the girls back home.

Nick Yager  
Austin, Texas

#### SEXY CINEMA

What a fabulous shot of ultrafoxy Gwyneth Paltrow (*Sex in Cinema 1998*, November) in her amazing knees-to-chest pose from the remake of *Great Expectations*. The sexy art-style photo prompted me to rent the video.

Anthony Oddi  
Watertown, New York

#### MUSIC TO OUR EARS

Everyone knows *PLAYBOY* attracts the world's best writers. That goes for your well-rounded, articulate music critics, too. I'd like to express my appreciation for their concise reviews and applaud them for having a good ear for music.

Terrance McDonald  
Corcoran, California

#### SURVEYING THE COLLEGE SCENE

Thanks to artist Carol Züber-Mallison for the eye-catching graphs in *Playboy's College Sex Survey* (November). I've read the text several times and still find myself staring at this delectable eye candy.

Dennis Schafer Jr.  
Graham, Washington

#### SHE'S GOT THEM CHEERING

I'd give up all the girls of the ACC for one Centerfold feature of cover girl Julia Schultz. Gimme an H, gimme an O, gimme a T.

Kim Politano  
San Francisco, California

*You don't have to give up anything—Julia is Miss February 1998.*

Your November foldout cover of Julia Schultz in a *PLAYBOY*-style cheerleading outfit more than makes up for last year's *Girls of the Big 10* issue's screwy double-flap cover advertisement. Three cheers for Julia.

E. Matthew Poston  
Charleston, South Carolina

#### TAYLOR MADE

When I first saw Miss November Tiffany Taylor in the *Playboy Newsstand Special College Girls*, I knew she'd be a Playmate one day. If it's not too early, I'd like to place my PMOY vote for Tiffany now.

Michael Schaefer  
LaCrosse, Wisconsin

As a longtime resident of both Virginia and Maryland, I applaud Leesburg-born Terrapin Tiffany Taylor. The Old Dominion and the Free State have shared



the natural beauty of Chesapeake Bay and the Blue Ridge for centuries. Now both states can claim another natural beauty.

James Rousseau  
Odenton, Maryland

As a loyal reader, I was pleased when I stumbled across Tiffany's pictorial—not just because she's a stunning brunette but also because she loves ferrets. It makes me smile to think that she enjoys sharing her time with these adorable carpet sharks.

Joseph Naftali  
New York, New York

#### LIVE AND LEARN

I started buying *PLAYBOY* in the Sixties—initially to learn about sex. I learned a lot from the magazine, but kept my virginity until I was 19. *PLAYBOY* educated me on politics, social values, even the Constitution—things that school, friends and family don't always

teach. During my 20s and 30s, I married and divorced and continued to read the magazine in the hope of becoming more sexually hip. But I remained conservative and learned to be comfortable with it, thanks to you. Now I'm about to turn 50. The country has changed in so many ways. We're no longer the fun-loving nation we were when I became a reader, but I still long for the old days of the clubs, summers in bikinis and news of Hugh Hefner's latest flings. I had allowed my subscription to lapse, but I've decided I need *PLAYBOY* again—not for the sex advice or because I want to recapture my youth, but because my husband will enjoy the pictorials (as he should), my friends will ask to see the jokes page and I will curl up in bed and read it from cover to cover.

Leilani Jones  
Stanley, Idaho

#### LOVE LINE

I'm always impressed when I watch Dr. Drew Pinsky on MTV because nothing makes him stumble. What I like best about November's *20 Questions* is his delivery, even concerning such bizarre things as doing it with a dog. When he's calm, I'm calm.

Louise Clark  
Chicago, Illinois

#### ROAD RAGE

I'm too young to remember Jimmy Hoffa (*Road Rage* by Harry Jaffe, November). The sickening stereotype of corruption within unions still summons the Hoffa name with a disappointing degree of regularity. As a union member and activist, I realize that the stereotype is false, but the elder Hoffa has given our political adversaries plenty of ammunition. Union members know that anyone who attempts to subvert the unionist ideal of representative democracy on the job is an enemy of organized labor. If officers stop representing and become self-serving, they are subject to being thrown out of office by the rank and file—even if their name is Hoffa.

James Charlet  
Wilmington, North Carolina

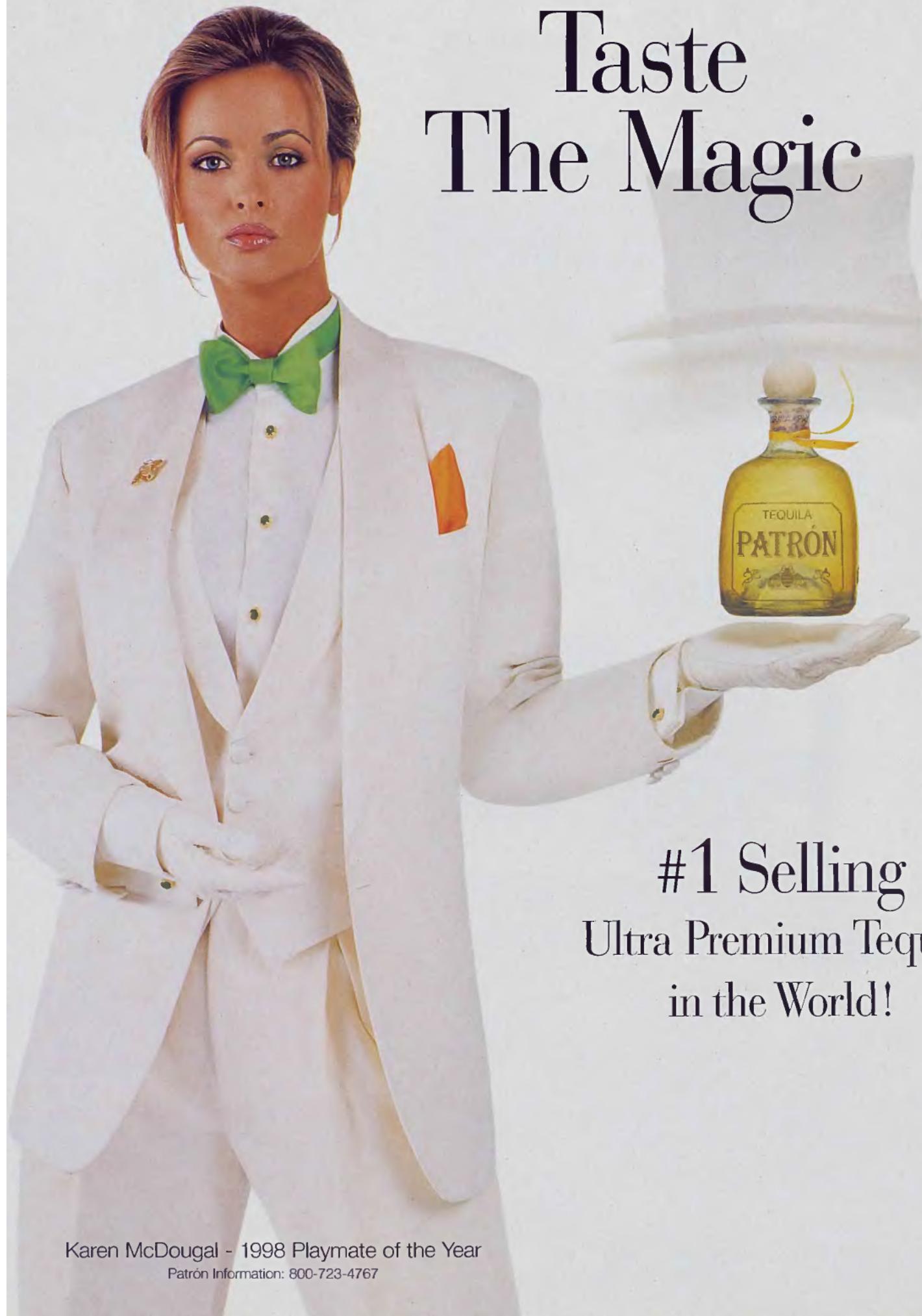
#### NO LAUGHING MATTER

Kudos to Asa Baber for his "Soap-a-Dope" column (*Men*, November). Men relate to "foxhole humor," but every reader knows it's certainly no joke to get a proctologic exam. The soaps are an excellent medium for informing audiences about prostate cancer, a disease that kills nearly 40,000 American men a year. Doctor X's clients may gripe and whine, but in the long run, they'll be healthier.

Tracie Smitker  
Men's Health Network  
Washington, D.C.



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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



## AURAL SEX

Following the dictum that the best sex occurs between your ears, Oglio Records has just compiled *Sex-O-Rama 2: Classic Adult Film Music*. The CD features cover pics of spunky porn star Jenna Jameson, and tunes such as *The Money Shot* and *Blow Me Down* are loaded with loopy drum and bass lines that will get you in the groove. Speaking of Valentine's Day presents, Rhino Records has released *Take It Off! Striptease Classics* for the traditional-minded. While it won't work for you in the bedroom, you won't have to hide it there either.

## HOST IN THE MACHINE

Now that some quadrants of the Web are attracting more dust than flies, the electronic newsletter *Ghost Sites* (check out [disobey.com](http://disobey.com)) is here to point out the clutter. A recent edition refers to the *Mission: Impossible* site as a "pockmarked roadside billboard" that even now screams that the "film is playing all over America." Like movie sites, Web pages for music groups have also fallen by the wayside (Spiritualized's site lists its 1995 tour schedule). America Offline (June 1995–June 1997), which now exists only as "a grumpy virtual shrine," once provided a place where AOLers could exchange tricks and tips, but ended in a flurry of bitter complaints—a real poltergeist.

## BOOK SMART ALECK

Whenever we want to sound smart around the in-laws, we reach for *Sex, Money & Sports* (Prentice Hall) by Michael Maggio. It's a new book of quotations on "the only things men talk about." First, sex. Garry Shandling's take on dating ("I'm driving her home and that's when I start to wonder if there's going to be any sex—and if I'm going to be involved") is an evolved version of Rodney Dangerfield's ("One woman I was dating said, 'Come on over, there's nobody home.' I went over—nobody was home."). When discussing sports, remind friends of Leo Durocher's words: "Baseball is like church. Many attend.

Few understand." If you're feeling flush, you can make liberal use of Woody Allen's line "Money is better than poverty, if only for financial reasons." But if recent market turmoil continues, try borrowing this query from Steven Wright: "If all the nations of the world are in debt, where did all the money go?"

## WAVE OF POPULARITY

Let other presidential hopefuls pursue the blessing of *The New York Times* or *The Wall Street Journal*. Senator John Kerry of Massachusetts has already nailed the coveted endorsement of *American Windsurfer* magazine. How many votes this will bring his way in drier states such as Kansas is open to debate. Perhaps that's why Kerry's press secretary says the senator intends to "work on the Rollerbladers next."

## CHIEF OF STAFF

Every man, no matter how powerful, has a nickname for his favorite female body part. According to the *San Francisco Chronicle*, the closed captioning for a recent installment of the talk show *Lee-*

*za* described Bill Clinton as "touching the breasts and General Talia." Damn straight, private. That's one officer who insists on having his helmet polished.

## NOBEL BOTTOMS

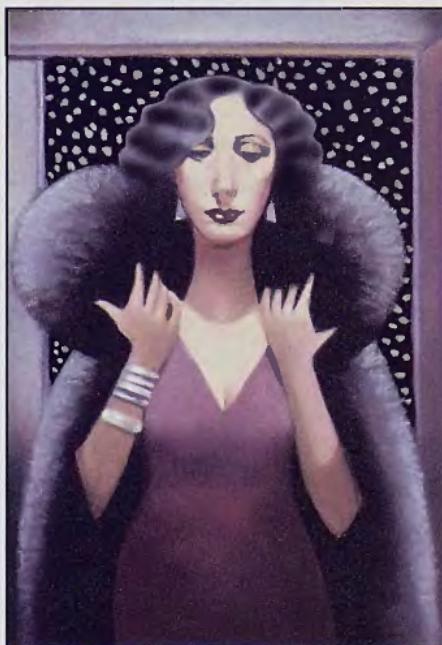
The Ig Nobel Prizes, unlike their illustrious forebears in Stockholm, are awarded by a group of Harvard satirists to people whose achievements "cannot or should not be reproduced." Last year's recipients received recognition in the fields of statistics (for an analysis of foot-to-penis-size ratio), engineering (for developing a suit of anti-grizzly bear armor) and biology (for discovering that when water is spiked with Prozac, molusk's rate of sexual activity soars ten-fold). The Ig Nobel Prize for literature went to the author of a journal article called "Farting as a Defense Against Unspeakable Dread." Though we haven't read the article, it's nothing we'd care to stand behind.

## YIELD FROM TEMPTATION

A good stock isn't always so. The "socially responsible" Hudson Investors mutual fund won't put money into companies having to do with liquor, tobacco, gambling or moneylending. According to *Mutual Funds* magazine, the fund was down 57 percent after a year. At the other end of the market is Morgan Fun Shares, one of our favorite funds. It owns booze, tobacco and gambling stocks as well as holdings in condom makers and Frederick's of Hollywood. Morgan was slightly ahead of the robust S&P 500. Which gives rise to the modified Wall Street adage "Never bet against human interest rates."

## MEN IN STRIPED PAJAMAS CAN'T ASK FOR DIRECTIONS

Fearing inmates will use detailed topographic maps during escapes, Texas prisons have banned the *Texas Almanac*. Authorities claim it illustrates the local roads a bit too well. Larry Fitzgerald, spokesman for the Texas Department of Criminal Justice, explains that "a map would be of great assistance if you were



# RAW DATA

## SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

### QUOTE

"One reason that I went into acting was social: to meet girls. I wasn't athletic and I was a bad student. Acting was the first time in my life that I felt attractive."—DUSTIN HOFFMAN

### BIG LOSERS

Number of Americans can billionaires who were temporarily reduced to millionaires after the stock market dive of last summer: 29.

### STARR SEARCH

Number of times that the word Whitewater is mentioned in the Starr report: 4. Number of times that the word cigar is mentioned in the Starr report: 27.

### CELL BREAK

Percentage of people who don't know their cellular telephone number: 55.

### LOVE AMERICAN STYLE

According to the third annual Durex Global Sex Survey, number of minutes per week Americans spend making love: 28. Global average in minutes: 18. Percentage of Americans who admitted to having had more than one sexual relationship at a time: 50.

### AUSTEN POWERLESS

According to filmmaker Jim Abrahams, percentage of Americans surveyed by Disney's marketing department who don't know who Jane Austen was: 90.

### MCWORLD

Number of languages in which courses are taught at Hamburger University, the training ground for McDonald's managers: 26. Number of countries that have McDonald's franchises: 109.



### FACT OF THE MONTH

The Veterans Administration projected that it would cost \$280 million—one fifth of its total annual drug budget—to supply Viagra to all of its hospitals.

Handicap of 11 executives whose companies performed below standard: 17. Handicap of Microsoft chief executive Bill Gates: 24.

### LAUGH LINES

According to the Center for Media and Public Affairs, number of jokes about President Clinton told during late-night TV from January 1, 1998 to September 17, 1998: 1338. Number of jokes about Monica Lewinsky: 230. About Kenneth Starr: 100. Hillary Clinton: 76. Paula Jones: 72. Linda Tripp: 64.

### SOUTHERN BARBECUE

Amount of pork-barrel spending Congress allocated to Mississippi, the state receiving the most fatty dollars: \$310 per person.

### OLD NEWS

According to a study of newspapers, TV news and newsmagazines by the Project for Excellence in Journalism, percentage of stories in 1977 devoted to straight news: 52. Percentage in 1997: 32. Percentage of news items in 1977 about celebrities, scandals or human interest items: 15. In 1997: 43.

—BETTY SCHAAL

planning to go over the wall." The ACLU and other civil rights groups seem to be unbothered by the ban, and *The Dallas Morning News*, which publishes the almanac, has taken advantage of the ban in its marketing campaign. "If the maps are so good prisoners aren't allowed to read them," their advertisements say, "imagine what they can do for you."

### HEAD COUNT

Cutbacks in Parliament will leave British peers gamely hanging on to their stiff upper lips. A headline in the *International Herald Tribune* announced: LORDS TO LOSE HALF THEIR MEMBERS. It's enough to make you earl.

### DIAL M FOR MOHEL

Modern-day mohels are trying to take a bite out of the competition by advertising their services on refrigerator magnets. The savvy circumcisors use the giveaways to promote such phone lines as 800-BABY-BOY and 800-4-A-MOHEL. "Nowadays," Rabbi Yehoshua Krohn told *New York*, "you wouldn't be an entity in the bris world if you didn't have an 800 number." Thanks for the tip.

### FIRST BARE-BORNE DIVISION

The Washington State Air National Guard charged a flight crew with "serious breach of military discipline" because they recently flew a refueling mission stark naked. The punishment is harsh, because the crewmen violated the military's most sacred rule: Always cover your ass.

### PROZAC NATION

Looks like the American spirit has taken a hit in the past few years. *The New York Observer* tallied the number of Americans who suffer from eating disorders, attention-deficit disorder, panic attacks, obsessive-compulsive behavior, borderline personalities, seasonal affective disorder, chronic fatigue syndrome, restless legs syndrome, severe mental illness, alcoholism, allergies to chemicals, phobias, depression and addiction to sex. The total came to 157 million people. That equals 77 percent of all U.S. adults. The bad news is the other 23 percent were too dumb to understand the survey.

### TONGUE-TIED

The following Reuters news report isn't that remarkable. Two men in ski masks robbed a Pompano Beach night-club of \$50,000. They left behind two tightly bound janitors, one of whom summoned the police by dialing 911 with her tongue. End of wire story. However, we were left with a nagging thought. Given that her place of employment was a strip club called the Booby Trap, the question arises: With that kind of talent, how come she's a janitor?

# MOVIES

By LEONARD MALTIN

IT'S GOOD TO see James Woods in a meaty, major role worthy of his talent. *Another Day in Paradise* (Trimark) gives him a part that plays to all his strengths as an edgy, moody, high-stakes thief and druggie who can turn on the charm when he wants to. His latest victim is Bobbie, a teenage runaway (Vincent Kartheiser) who is inexperienced and impulsive. Woods takes him under his wing and trains him to help out on a couple of big-league heists. In the process, Woods and Melanie Griffith become surrogate parents to Kartheiser and his girlfriend (Natasha Gregson Wagner). These are not heroes in the conventional movie sense, but you find yourself caring about them just the same, as the risks they take become bigger and more daring. Director Larry Clark (who also directed *Kids*) gives the film a loose, fly-on-the-wall feeling that's enhanced by the utter credibility of his actors. **\*\*\***

Certain plays, no matter how great, should remain in the confines of the theater, where the connection between audience and actors is tangible and the words crackle in the air. One cannot fault the people who have brought David Rabe's *Hurlyburly* (Fine Line) to the screen. They seem to have made all the right moves, opening up the stage setting in perfectly natural ways and letting the dialogue play without fancy camerawork. But the result is a hybrid, neither an effective movie nor a simple transcription of the play. A work that has always attracted fine actors, *Hurlyburly* boasts a cast led by Sean Penn and Kevin

Scenes trimmed from a movie used to be routinely discarded, and film buffs have moaned over this for years. (Did Frank Capra really toss the first two reels of *Lost Horizon* into an incinerator after an unsuccessful preview?)

## AN "IN" PLACE FOR OUTTAKES

Nowadays, a different approach is used: Save it for laser disc and DVD!

So-called supplemental material is a key selling point for these discs, which appeal more to a film-savvy customer than do the broad-based VHS cassettes. And most filmmakers welcome the opportunity to.

But not all. Stanley Donen wasn't consulted when discarded musical numbers were unearthed in the MGM vaults and presented on the laser discs



Spacey, Paquin and Penn in the *Hurlyburly*.

Crime on the run, lowlives at home and sisters at odds.

Spacey (who performed it onstage), Meg Ryan (well cast as a benign prostitute), Chazz Palminteri, Garry Shandling and Anna Paquin playing a collection of drugged-out, self-absorbed Hollywood hustlers. They perform in perfect pitch. But it still doesn't work. **\*\*1/2**

You've seen Brendan Gleeson as Mel Gibson's compatriot in *Braveheart*, and in many other supporting roles. Now he takes center stage as *The General* (Sony

of such musicals as *Singin' in the Rain*, which he co-directed. "There was a reason we cut them in the first place," he says. He's not opposed to enhancing the home-viewing experience; he even contributed an audio commentary to the now out-of-print (and sought-after) laser disc of his movie *Two for the Road*. But like his partner Gene Kelly, he would prefer to leave the leftover musical moments in their cinematic grave.

Director Lawrence Kasdan knew that most people felt *Wyatt Earp* (with Kevin Costner) was too long, but he edited an even longer version for home video that was more to his liking. He says he would never do that again, and when Sony asked him to restore the notorious Kevin Costner

Pictures Classics), writer-director John Boorman's account of Martin Cahill, a notorious Irish crime lord who eluded capture by the police for years while pulling off bold escapades right under their noses. That boldness extends to Cahill's private life, in which he manages to have relationships (and even children) with his wife and her sister at the same time. Jon Voight, sporting a perfect accent and attitude, plays the detective who is determined to nail Cahill. Gleeson is so naturally likable that it's hard to fully appreciate the ruthlessness of his character, except in one blatant—and seemingly uncharacteristic—torture scene. The problem with *The General* is that it goes on too long and loses its dramatic momentum along the way. **\*\*1/2**

*Arlington Road* (PolyGram) is a novelty among thrillers: a film that telegraphs everything that's about to happen and still expects you to feel some suspense. Jeff Bridges plays a professor at George Washington University who ostensibly teaches American history but spends most of his time expounding on terrorism—including the botched FBI investigation in which his wife was killed several years earlier. While raising his young son, he becomes wary of the new neighbors across the street (Tim Robbins and Joan Cusack), and when he senses something out-of-kilter in Robbins' stories about his background, he starts investigating. And, by golly, he's right—the guy is a suspicious character. I lost interest at this point, but the film goes on, revealing its grand conspiracy theory to no avail. What a waste of talent. **\*\***

scene into the recent reissue of *The Big Chill*, he refused. "I didn't take out things that embarrassed me, either," he explains. "I left it all there. That's the movie I made at that time, and I don't think that we should revise these things."

On the other hand, screenwriter Richard LaGravane can't wait to prepare the home version of his first directorial effort, *Living Out Loud*, to show off scenes he hated to cut and musical numbers with Queen Latifah that had to be shortened.

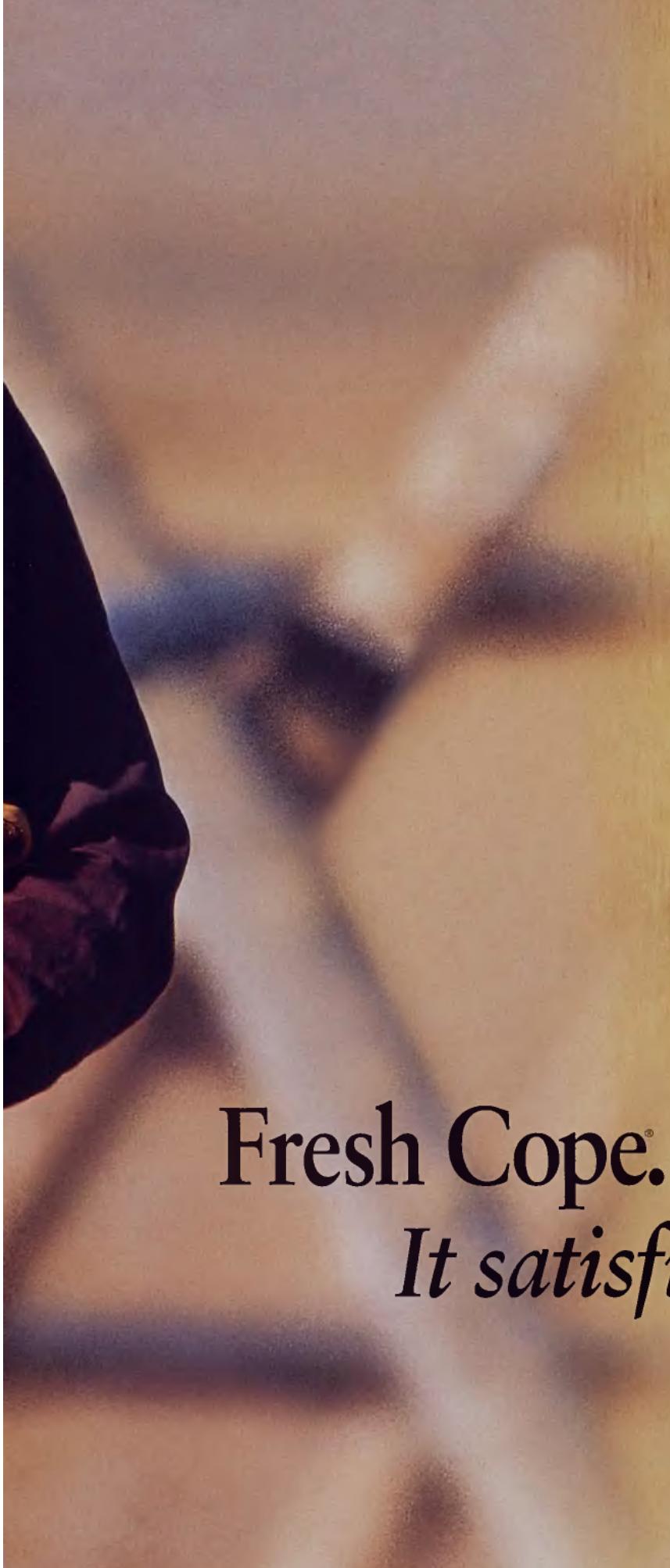
The highest-profile home-video fan among directors has yet to reveal his plans, however, and that has everybody wondering: Just how much will James Cameron add from his reported one hour of cutting-room leftovers from *Titanic*? **—L.M.**



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Platt: Indelible impressions.

## OFF CAMERA

Whether you remember him best for playing the lawyer in *Indecent Exposure*, the smarmy campaign manager in *Bulworth* or the sympathetic high school teacher in *Simon Birch*, **Oliver Platt** has made an impression during his ten years on-screen. Some people think he's in for an Oscar nomination for his work this past year in *Bulworth*.

Pretty good, considering he accepted the part without knowing much about it. "With Warren Beatty, everything's a seduction," he explains. "It's all very cloak-and-dagger, and that can be fun. But through it all you realize he's onto something special. I was smart to take the leap of faith."

His other screen highlight in 1998 was a co-starring role in *The Impostors* that director and co-star Stanley Tucci wrote especially for him. The two actors met years ago while working in a stage production at Yale and became fast friends, mostly because they made each other laugh. Nothing much had changed by the time they shot the film. "We just laughed all day," says Platt.

Educated at Tufts University, Platt says he respects the fact that acting is a mysterious process and doesn't try to analyze what he does too closely. But he knows he's been lucky landing major roles both in mainstream movies and independent films. He has a following just from his work as the furious comedian searching for his roots in Peter Chelsom's cult favorite *Funny Bones* (in which his father is played by Jerry Lewis).

But nothing can match the experience of working for Beatty, who would say, after doing scores of takes—some his way, some the actor's—"OK, now blow one out your ass."

"I'm happy to tell you," says Platt, "that's often what ended up on-screen."

—L.M.

Emily Watson strengthens her position as one of film's most gifted and daring young actresses with her performance as British cellist Jacqueline du Pré in *Hilary and Jackie* (October), an intelligent and challenging biographical drama. Screenwriter Frank Cottrell Boyce and director Anand Tucker decided not to tell the story of two sisters—both musical prodigies—in a linear or conventional manner, and the choice proves to be sound. By examining incidents from the point of view of both characters in separate sections of the film, they cover a lot of ground, both thematically and emotionally. This is as much a story of a complex sibling relationship as it is the story of an immature genius who desperately needs her sister (well played by Rachel Griffiths) as an anchor in her unstable life. *Hilary and Jackie* is a film that makes one want to know more about the real-life woman (who died at 42) and her music. **yyy**

Director Paul Schrader would never be mistaken for a messenger of mirth; his films are sober, thoughtful and provocative. *Affliction* (Lions Gate), from the novel by Russell Banks, centers on a lifelong screw-up (Nick Nolte) who, through patronage and luck, has managed to hold down jobs as traffic cop, snowplow driver and jack-of-all-trades in a small New Hampshire town. He sees his daughter once a week and would like to be a good father, but he doesn't know how; that's because he's afflicted by the curse of his own father, a brutal man who has spent his life making his family miserable. With Sissy Spacek, Willem Dafoe and James Coburn in leading roles, and a wintry atmosphere so vivid you can actually feel the cold, *Affliction* rings true—but it offers no great insights, let alone hope or solace. **yy**

The original (1949) *Mighty Joe Young* was a follow-up to *King Kong*, made by many of the same people. The entertaining remake (Buena Vista), directed by Ron Underwood, is respectful toward the original but not a carbon copy. Charlize Theron plays the daughter of a naturalist who's raised in the African jungle alongside an orphaned ape; the result is a lifelong bond. When Bill Paxton convinces Theron that the outsized Joe will be safer at a Los Angeles animal preserve than he is in the jungle, where poachers and developers are encroaching on his land, she reluctantly agrees . . . and you can guess what happens next. Rick Baker's astonishing gorilla suit, John Alexander's uncanny performance inside it, and some slick computer effects achieve what even the masterful animators of *Kong* and *Joe Young* could not: You forget that the ape isn't real. **yyy**

## MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films  
by leonard maltin

**Affliction** (See review) Nick Nolte lives in the shadow of his rotten father and can't escape his miserable fate. **yy**

**American History X** (1/99) Edward Norton gives another breathtaking performance, this time as a teenage white supremacist. **yyy**

**Another Day in Paradise** (See review) James Woods ignites the screen as a thief and surrogate father to a teenage hood and his girlfriend. **yyy**

**Arlington Road** (See review) Jeff Bridges and Tim Robbins star in this heavy-handed thriller, which is notably lacking in thrills. **yy**

**A Bug's Life** (Listed only) This computer-animated feature from the folks at Pixar (*Toy Story*) is too clever and funny to be given over to kids only. **yyy½**

**Celebrity** (1/99) Woody Allen's latest rumination on life and love is a pale imitation of his better films. **yy**

**Central Station** (1/99) Brazil's Oscar entry for best foreign language film is a physically and emotionally rewarding journey for a calculating woman and an orphaned boy. **yyy**

**Dancing at Lughnasa** (Listed only) Meryl Streep, Michael Gambon and Catherine McCormack head the cast of this adaptation of Brian Friel's play about a close-knit Irish family. **yyy**

**Elizabeth** (Listed only) Superior historical drama with the radiant Cate Blanchett as the embattled 16th century queen who fought to love and rule in her own way. **yyy**

**The General** (See review) John Boorman's new film about a working-class Irish crime lord is watchable but overlong. **yy½**

**Happiness** (1/99) Todd Solondz' controversial black comedy manages to see a pederast, a murderer, a stalker and other malcontents as human beings. **yyy½**

**Hilary and Jackie** (See review) Emily Watson is electrifying as cellist Jacqueline du Pré. **yyy**

**Hurlyburly** (See review) Kevin Spacey, Sean Penn and Meg Ryan head a dynamite cast in a faithful adaptation of David Rabe's scathing play about Hollywood lowlives. Unfortunately, it lacks the impact it had onstage. **yy½**

**Mighty Joe Young** (See review) King Kong's cousin roars again in an entertaining remake. **yyy**

**Savior** (1/99) Dennis Quaid gives a fine performance as a hardened mercenary who reconnects with his humanity through chance and fate in Bosnia. **yyy**

\*\*\*\* Don't miss      \*\* Worth a look  
\*\*\* Good show      \* Forget it

# VIDEO

## GUEST SHOT

"I have a couple of favorite movies," says *America's Funniest Videos'* Daisy Fuentes. "Powder, which I rented about a year ago, is one of those movies that get everyone



in the room talking about life and deep stuff. And the other one is *The Abyss*. It is an intense movie. Again, it gets people thinking and talking about the possibilities of everything that's out there. I enjoy comedies. I'm a big fan of Jim Carrey. I'm a fan of Steve Martin—I love him in *The Jerk*. I'm a fan of Martin Short. I'll laugh at anything he does. He could just stand in front of me and make me laugh. I had the chance to work with him when I was at MTV. We did a weekend stint, like an intensive improv class. I'm a Mel Brooks fan, too. I love *History of the World—Part I*. I watch that over and over again. I also like his earlier stuff, like *Young Frankenstein*."

### FROM TONTO TO TODAY

*Smoke Signals* is the first film written, directed, produced by and starring American Indians. Here are some of Hollywood's efforts that preceded it.

**War Party** (1989): Billy Wirth and Kevin Dillon set out to re-create a historic 100-year-old cowboys-versus-Indians battle. But they don't use blanks.

**Dance Me Outside** (1994): Subversive humor elevates this bleak look at life on Canada's Kidabanesee Reservation after a white man murders an Indian girl. Book is by W.P. Kinsella (*Field of Dreams*).

**Last of the Mohicans** (1992): Indian sympathizer Daniel Day-Lewis has his eye out for lovely Madeleine Stowe while foul French soldiers take aim at his loincloth.

**Gerónimo: An American Legend** (1993): The Apache leader's rep as a bloodthirsty savage seems justified in this action-packed tale of how the West was stolen. Directed by Walter (*The Long Riders*) Hill, it features Matt Damon.

**Dances With Wolves** (1990): Union officer (and debuting director) Kevin Costner likes the native ways so much he becomes an Indian.

**Thunderheart** (1992): Atmospheric telling of part-Indian FBI agent Val Kilmer's investigation of a murder and conspiracy on a Sioux reservation. Directed by Michael Apted.

**Incident at Oglala** (1992): Michael Apted and executive producer Robert Redford reveal that the wounds at Wounded

Knee have never healed in this documentary about Indian activist Leonard Peltier, perhaps wrongly convicted of murdering FBI agents.

**Little Big Man** (1970): This classic has Dustin Hoffman as crusty Jack Crabb, the 121-year-old Indian pal of Wild Bill Hickok and survivor of General Custer's run-in with Indians at Little Bighorn.

**A Man Called Horse** (1970): You think your nipple piercing was painful? Aristocrat Richard Harris is slowly hoisted to the top of the tepee by chest rings in an all-too-real-looking Sioux initiation rite.

**The Searchers** (1956): John Ford's masterpiece (and no Oscar nominations!) in which the Indians are the bad guys. Bitter soldier John Wayne spends years trying to find kidnapped niece Natalie Wood, who is raised as a squaw.

**Flaming Star** (1960): Elvis Presley is an all-shook-up half-breed Kiowa who must take sides in an Indian uprising. Does this make the King the Chief?

—BUZZ MCCLAIN

### LASER FARE

While some blanch at the idea of rebuilding their video library—a logical if costly prospect in this bold new DVD era—we prefer to fill the holes in our laser collection. Among the recent plugs are two breakthrough imports on Voyager's Criterion Collection label: Australian director Peter Weir's haunting 1975 *Picnic at Hanging Rock* (\$30) and director John Mackenzie's *The Long Good Friday* (\$30), featuring Bob Hoskins' most explosive screen performance to



### Guilty Pleasure of the Month

The stylized scorching *Sexy Nurses 3* (Metro) features cardiac-inducing sex between doctor and nurse, physical therapist and patient, nurse and nurse and, of course, that porn staple, patient and nurse. Driving the tape's blood pressure heavenward is the voluptuous Stacy Valentine, a large-scale headliner reminiscent of Anna Nicole Smith gone bad (really bad). Metro has spent time and money producing the video and hopes to distinguish it from its coarser titles by the film's promotional goodies alone. Check out the doctor's kit turned video case above. It comes with condoms, liquid K-Y and Band-Aids (gulp).

date. *Picnic*, a cinematically breathtaking if often impenetrable mystery, appears in its original aspect ratio (1.66:1). The film benefits substantially from Weir's re-cutting and a Dolby Stereo soundtrack.

—GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER	
MOOD	MOVIE
MUST-SEE	<i>Saving Private Ryan</i> (Hanks leads D-day mission to save Matt Damon; Spielberg's shell-shocking flick is an all-time great), <i>Pi</i> (a math geek seeks the missing numeric link; Darren Aronofsky's brilliant debut is like caffeinated Kafka).
COMEDY	<i>There's Something About Mary</i> (Stiller drools after dreamy Diaz; gross-out blockbuster), <i>Mafia!</i> (Hot Shots director Jim Abraham's goofy Godfather send-up got unjustly lost in <i>Something About Mary</i> 's dust).
SLEEPER	<i>I Went Down</i> (an oddball pair of Irish goaffellas manage a bit of dirty work; darkly funny in its own way), <i>Phoenix</i> (dirty cops Anthony LaPaglia and Ray Liotta lead a heist; clichéd, but bad girl Kari Wuhrer is worth watching).
ACTION	<i>The Negotiator</i> (Chicago's top SWAT shrinks face off when one takes hostages; Samuel L. Jackson and Kevin Spacey at their intense best), <i>The Mask of Zorro</i> (Antonio Banderas is chip off the old El Kabong; a Saturday afternoon thrill ride).
INDEPENDENT	<i>Buffalo 66</i> (first-time filmmaker Vincent Gallo as a punk twitching toward normalcy; <i>Mean Streets</i> -era De Niro comes to mind), <i>Bang</i> (pretty, put-upon Darling Narita spends a day in an LA biker cop's boots; contrived but engaging drama).

# MUSIC

## ROCK

SLIGHTLY annoying but lovable, U2 is the musical equivalent of a frisky sheepdog who jumps up and licks your face. The first retrospective in U2's 20-year history, *The Best of 1980-1990*, comes in two formats. The single-disc edition covers the hits through *Rattle and Hum*, and the double-disc adds 15 B sides and rarities. In the Reagan years, the recordings were erratic. U2 could be bombastic, but it had heart and spirit. The studio versions of the early productions included here are drenched in reverb. Drums drown out guitars. The best renditions of early hits such as *Sunday Bloody Sunday* and *I Will Follow*—the songs that broke the band in America—appear on the live EP *Under a Blood Red Sky*. Producer Brian Eno's cerebral touch made U2's albums more adventurous and focused. *Wide Awake in America* was U2's Eighties masterpiece. The music was spectacular, the lyrics dealt more maturely with spiritual crises and hopes, and Bono had learned to "shout without raising his voice." The three songs included are faultless, but any fan should have the whole album. *Rattle and Hum*, its flawed roots album, is overrepresented.

If U2 is rock's superstar extrovert, then R.E.M. is its introverted American cousin. *Up* (Warners) is R.E.M.'s first effort since drummer Bill Berry retired. Lo-fi electronica has replaced the acoustic guitars and mandolins of *Automatic for the People*. At first, the ambient electronic fog obscures the songs' melodies and structures. But if you give *Up* time to kick in, guitars emerge, seducing and enrapturing. R.E.M. has finally conjured an album of musical dreamscapes that perfectly frame vocalist Michael Stipe's ethereal lyrics.

—VIC GARBARINI

In 1955 Doug and John Clark realized they could make more money playing dance music and telling dirty jokes in frat houses than they could picking cotton. When they were the Tops, their fans referred to them as the Hot Nuts group, after their most popular naughty song. Thus began Doug Clark and the Hot Nuts, the world's first obscene rock-and-roll band and one of the most durable acts in entertainment history. Considered so risqué that their first album had to be shipped in unmarked boxes on Greyhound buses, the Hot Nuts had several adult comedy hits in the Sixties, but got monumentally screwed out of their royalties and haven't recorded since. Still a tradition in frat basements and alumni gatherings around the South and on the East Coast, they have released their first compact disc, *A Greatest Hits Collection* (Hot Nuts, 888-902-DOUG), collecting the original material that



U2: *The Best of*.

those bold enough to seek out the bad news along with the good.

Columbia's release of Bob Dylan's *Live 1966: The Royal Albert Hall Concert* (Legacy) presents the greatest rock concert ever recorded. With more than 90 minutes of music on two discs—one acoustic—it's well annotated and has great photos. The concert itself—actually in Manchester—was high drama. Dylan had been playing with a rock band for only a few months, and England's folk music diehards came out to jeer him. Finally, one purist bigot hollers "Judas!" The voice nearly freezes listeners today; imagine how it must have sounded to Bob. His response is immediate: "I don't believe you," he responds with a snarl. "You're a liar," he snaps. Then he kicks his band into a majestic rendition of *Like a Rolling Stone*, as if to say, I have betrayed nothing. It still gives me chills, 27 years later.

—DAVE MARSH

U2 collected,  
the Hot Nuts recollected  
and rap redirected.

made them legends. The Hot Nuts are the missing link between vaudeville and rap, so some of the jokes are funny because they're funny, and some are funny because they're quaint in this age of Oval Office blow jobs. The Hot Nuts remain one of the world's greatest party bands—as well as an important chapter in American social history. "He's got a girl, her name is Grace/She tastes so good when she sits on his face." They don't write them like that anymore.

As long as we're on the subject of parties, check out *Seventies Disco Ball* (Rhino), two CDs of the absolute best dance music of the era. There are also instructions and recipes for throwing the ultimate Seventies party.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

You probably know Sammy Llanas' first group, the BoDeans, from *Closer to Free*—the bright, driving outburst of optimism that TV's *Party of Five* adopted as its anthem. On *A Good Day to Die* (Llanas), Llanas' new group, Absinthe, plays songs that are outbursts of pessimism. Llanas writes about kids bashed and shattered by bullies, parents, life's circumstances, even ominous weather. His music, meanwhile, has also grown gloomier: *Bully on the Corner*, the opening track, sounds like Lou Reed, but with more humor. Llanas can't help himself. He has a penchant for melody that makes his songs attractive, no matter how deep he delves into psychopathology. The result is a kind of perfection for

## POP

On Kate and Anna McGarrigle's *The McGarrigle Hour* (Hannibal), a bunch of middle-aged people sit around singing chestnuts instead of roasting them. The songs of Irving Berlin, Cole Porter and Stephen Foster meld sweetly into sea chanteys and Bahamian spirituals. Although Kate and Anna were plenty salty on 1996's *Matapedia*, unruffled sociability is the intention here, so there's no sex and only gentle jokes. It's obviously not the future of rock and roll, but the warm mood is seductive. Old friends who drop by add flavor. You can almost hear one of the sisters exclaiming, "Why, Linda Ronstadt! I declare—where have you been keeping yourself?" —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

## RAP

Three albums into its career, Outkast has become one of the most innovative acts in hip-hop. On *Aquemini* (LaFace) the team of Andre Benjamin and Big Boi offers a diverse plate of civil rights references (*Rosa Parks*), funk homages (*Synthesizer*, featuring George Clinton) and rhyme skills (*Da Art of Storytellin'*). With a few exceptions, these 15 cuts are sample free and highly melodic, with sung choruses bonding the rapid cadences of Dre and Boi. Guest appearances (Wu-Tang's Raekwon, Erykah Badu) add spice. Outkast brings Southern flavor to Nineties hip-hop.

—NELSON GEORGE

New York rapper Canibus created a buzz outrhyming Wyclef and Common when he guested on their albums. But his own solo debut, *Can-I-Bus* (Universal), failed to meet hip-hop expectations.

What else explains the lukewarm response to a CD where the metaphors keep on coming and the musical effects are witty? He's an old-fashioned bather—arrogant, articulate and impolite.

Between the *Why Do Fools Fall in Love* soundtrack and her protégée Nicole, Missy Elliott is one of R&B's hottest producers. But her niftiest collaboration yet is with the veteran rapper MC Lyte. On Lyte's *Seven & Seven* (EastWest), the Missy duets *In My Business* and *Too Fly* launch a lusty hour of funk. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

#### R&B

There are no surprises to be found on Keith Sweat's *Still in the Game* (Elektra), but that's good. Sweat is a reliable singer of contemporary rhythm and blues. Like Tyrone Davis and Bobby Womack in their primes, Sweat sings of love lost and found in his trademark needy tenor. *Can We Make Love, I'm Not Ready* and *Just Another Day* are well-made, tightly constructed black pop. There are several guest appearances, but Sweat's message of chilled-out love is the selling point.

—NELSON GEORGE

#### COUNTRY

Deana Carter's father, Fred (a respected Nashville session guitarist and producer), wrote the wistful title track for *Everything's Gonna Be Alright* (Capitol). *Alright* features a ZZ Top-like shuffle that defines *You Still Shake Me*, the pop innocence of *Angels Working Overtime* and a steamy Bobbie Gentry-inspired *Never Comin' Down*. Carter connects with her favorite songwriting partner—Matraca Berg—for the lilting ballad *Ruby Brown*. Fred taught Deana to keep her ears open to diverse influences, and this album reflects it. —DAVE HOEKSTRA

#### JAZZ

Other young sax players have received more attention than Dave Ellis, but they don't deserve it. His sound sits between Coltrane and Turrentine, and he has the ability to tell a convincing narrative, a skill that sets him apart from wannabes. Ellis was the third man in Charlie Hunter's original trio. But *In the Long Run* (Monarch) finds him far afield of acid-jazz fun, playing the mainstream from bebop to the present.

Since he left Lou Reed's band in the early Eighties, guitarist David Torn has continued to experiment with swirling textures. On his latest project, *Forever Sharp and Vivid* (Lolo), the sound is a velvet fist. Torn's romanticism links music that travels the map—Spanish serenade, gothic majesty and fusion freedom—while saxman Dave Castiglione helps center the sonic storm. —NEIL TESSER

# FAST TRACKS



## ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Absinthe <i>A Good Day to Die</i>	3	8	8	8	8
Hot Nuts <i>A Greatest Hits Collection</i>	6	7	7	6	9
McGorrilles <i>The McGarrigle Hour</i>	8	8	7	6	8
Outkast <i>Aquemini</i>	7	6	9	8	8
U2 <i>The Best of 1980-1990</i>	6	8	9	8	7

#### IS THIS THE BEST WAY TO REMEMBER ELVIS

**DEPARTMENT:** A California cop who does an Elvis impersonation tours high schools and performs songs about seat belts and alcohol use. No one we know is against safety or sobriety; we just wonder how much more of this stuff the King can take.

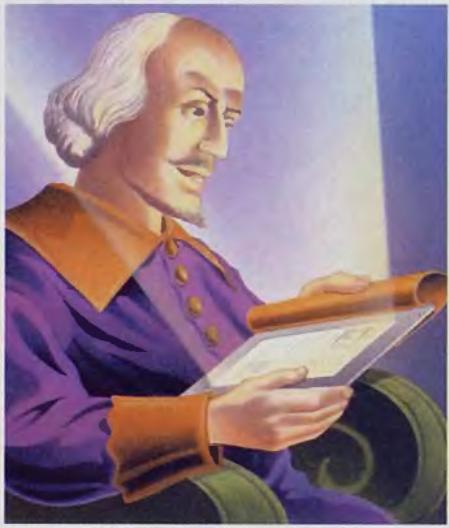
**REELING AND ROCKING:** Mariah Carey is waiting for a script from *Kate (What's Love Got to Do With It)* Lanier for Carey's film debut. Carey says no more CDs until the movie is in the can. . . . Robbie Robertson will be working on *Sunset Strip*, an *American Graffiti*-like movie set in the Seventies. . . . Vince Clarke of *Erasure* scored the music for a short film, *Kiss My Brain*, and would like to move on to features. . . . Natasha Lyonne will play a disco-loving teen in the *Kiss* movie, *Detroit Rock City*. You last saw Natasha in *Slums of Beverly Hills*. . . . *I Love Rock and Roll*, the 26th biggest song of all time (according to *Billboard*), is going to be a movie. We have Joan Jett to thank for that.

**NEWSBREAKS:** Emmylou Harris is overseeing the *Gram Parsons* tribute CD, with tracks contributed by Beck, Elvis Costello, Evan Dando, Lucinda Williams and Wilco. It's due out any day. . . . New Rock and Roll Hall of Fame inductee Dusty Springfield has a reissue of *Dusty in Memphis* in the record stores. It joins *Dusty in London*, which features some songs never before released in the U.S. . . . L.A. Reid has opened Fusebox, a restaurant in Atlanta, with a couple of partners. . . . The Cure is recording again at the former medieval monastery in Bath, England where they made *Wild Mood Swings*. The new disc is due this spring. . . . Heart's Ann Wilson accepted her first theatrical role in the Seattle run of a European cabaret piece called *Teatro Zinzanni—Love, Chaos and Dinner*. Wilson sings both *Gershwin* and *Porter* and calls the role and the songs a challenge. . . . Art Alexakis has built a home studio and recorded a solo CD for release this year. . . . Dave Davies has a double-disc anthology out this month. . . . The *Smashing Pumpkins*' summer charity tour raised more than \$2.8 million to benefit youth groups from each of the 15 cities it played. Who says there's no heart in rock and roll? . . . *Rock and Rap Confidential* called our attention to the graffiti zine *UPS*, which last fall published a manuscript by KRS-1. You can find it on the Web at [www.graffiti.org/UPS](http://www.graffiti.org/UPS). . . . Mary Chapin Carpenter will make her Broadway debut in the spring of 2000 as the writer of music and lyrics for *Shane*, based on the classic Western. . . . For all you music fans born after the Sixties, allow us to hip you to Al Kooper's autobiography *Backstage Passes and Backstabbing Bastards*, published by Billboard Books. For the unfamiliar, Kooper is synonymous with the *Blues Project*, early *Blood, Sweat & Tears*, the French horn at the beginning of the Stones' *You Can't Always Get What You Want* and the unforgettable organ on Dylan's *Like a Rolling Stone*. And that was all before he produced *Lynyrd Skynyrd*. The book is put together like after-dinner conversation with someone who has been at the center of rock and roll for 40 years. Read Kooper to get what you need. . . . We began with the King and we're ending with him, too. Poor Elvis never had the chance to tour Europe, but he wanted to, and now he gets to do it. The 11-city tour of *Elvis: The Concert* began in January. That's an on-screen Elvis touring with a live orchestra. On second thought, Elvis is never going to visit Europe.

—BARBARA NELLIS

## DIGITAL READS

Like the idea of curling up with a good electronic book? Neither do we, but electronic books have their merits. These computer tablets can download and display text from books, magazines, newspapers and other documents, and they are a lot easier to lug than thousands of paper-equivalent pages. E-books are also convenient (you can store several newspapers on one for your morning commute), ecofriendly (no trees or recycling required) and efficient. Don't like your vacation book? Plug in a new one. Remember, you don't have to make a trip to the library or bookstore for a new read. Simply connect your e-book to a phone line, dial up the manufacturer's Web-based bookstore, make a selection



DAN CLYNE  
and wait a few minutes while it downloads. E-books have backlit screens for night reading and easy-to-follow icons for turning and marking pages, taking notes and more. Some models even come with a dictionary and a thesaurus. Prices for the hardware (available from Softbook Press, NuvoMedia and Everybook) range from \$299 to \$1500, depending on storage capacity and features. You may have to open an account (costing upwards of \$10 per month) to get access to content. But all digital reading material will be cheaper than the paper variety. So we're told.

—JOHN WINTERS

## POCKET BROKERS

Your broker may be indispensable for providing hot stock tips, but when it comes to helping you keep tabs on the ticker, wireless technology has him beat. The Beepwear Pro wristwatch (\$150) from Timex and Motorola keeps time and delivers pager messages while receiving real-time stock quotes and alert-

ing you to changes in key holdings in your portfolio. Data Broadcasting leases a calculator-sized FM receiver called QuoTrek, which provides stock quotes as well as news about the day's big gainers and losers. MarketClip is a service from Reuters America and Aether Technologies International that delivers quotes, charts, options and other market information to 3Com's PalmPilot Professional personal digital assistants and Hewlett Packard's handheld PC. Beepwear is the most economical way to go, at a cost of about \$50 per month. The other services require an activation fee of as much as \$100 and at least that much every month in subscriber fees.

—J.W.

## BEEP MY VALENTINE

Leave it to Japanese technophiles to morph virtual pets into virtual matchmakers. The Lovegety, like its distant cousin the Tamagotchi, is an egg-shaped electronic device on a keychain that singles are toting to nightclubs and social events. When a guy packing his blue Lovegety gets within 15 feet of a woman and her pink one, the gadgets emit simultaneous beeps, suggesting each owner is in the mood to mingle. Lovegeties

can be programmed to sound off three ways to indicate whether someone nearby is interested in chatting, getting to know one another better or having a ro-



ROBERT MYERS

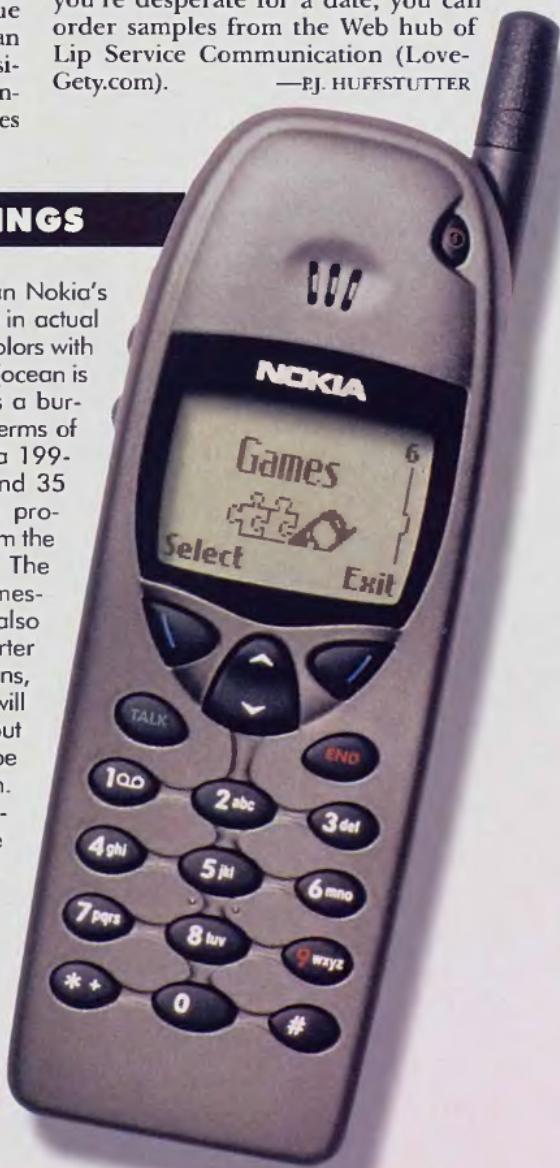
mantic interlude. More than 1 million of the electronic icebreakers were sold in Japan during the first six months of availability. Will jaded Americans share this enthusiasm? There are plenty of people who are betting they will. The \$25 twist-on Tamagotchi is expected to arrive Stateside later this summer. Or, if you're desperate for a date, you can order samples from the Web hub of Lip Service Communication (LoveGety.com).

—P.J. HUFFSTUTTER

## WILD THINGS

Cell phones don't get much slicker than Nokia's 6160. The digital ringer (pictured here in actual size) comes in a selection of iridescent colors with names straight out of a J. Crew catalog (ocean is the greenish hue shown here, earth is a burgundy shade and sky is light blue). In terms of tech, the 6160 is fully loaded. It has a 199-name-and-phone-number directory and 35 distinctive ringing tones that can be programmed to distinguish among calls from the boss, mom and your main squeeze. The phone receives and displays pager messages on its large LCD screen and also serves as a calculator, currency converter and game machine. Four digital diversions, including a variation of Concentration, will keep you occupied at the airport for about five hours. Beyond that, the battery will be out of juice and you'll be out of reach. The price: about \$200; less with a package deal from your cell phone service provider. • Polaroid has entered the computer age. Its ColorShot digital photo printer connects to any PC to reproduce images from the Web, e-mail, digital cameras or scanners in Polaroid print form. Plus, it's small enough to pack in a briefcase if you want to print from a notebook computer while you're on the road. The price: \$300, plus \$30 for a ten-print pack of film.

—BETH TOMKIE



## VIDEO VALENTINES

how to get  
a rise out of  
your loves online

If you plan to e-mail your Valentine's Day greetings this year, consider this: Text is out, video is in. What better way to express your sentiments than by sending yourself—or, at least, a full-motion, full-color facsimile thereof—over the Internet? And with a host of new packages that come with everything you need to capture and send v-mail, you'll be a master of romantic messaging in no time. Note: Don't expect the picture quality of v-mail to match that of television. The business card-sized images look less like MTV and more like a surveillance recording of a liquor-store holdup. Still, it's fun to see your loved one perform just for you on the digital screen. In fact, we recommend that you hand out v-mail cameras (along with your e-mail address) as early Valentine's Day presents. It really is more blessed to give than to receive.

### THE GEAR

The simplest way to become a v-mailer is to get a package that combines the hardware necessary to capture, edit and send video and audio clips. We looked at three systems: **CVideo-Mail**, **Sony's FunMail Video Email System** and **e-Cam**. All three work with computers that run Windows 95 or 98. The easiest and cheapest of the trio is Newcom's e-Cam (\$90), with a cord that plugs right into your PC's printer port. CVVideo-Mail (\$249) and FunMail (\$199) systems require you to get under the hood of your PC and install a video capture card into an unused expansion slot. The advantage to having a video capture card is that you can expand your creativity tenfold by using a camcorder or VCR as your video source. With the e-Cam, you're stuck with the camera you're given, which means you have to lug your computer with you wherever you shoot your video. That's fine if you're using a laptop but confining if your sole PC is a 20-pound-plus desktop model. With all three systems you can easily record audio to accompany your video. The CVVideo-Mail and Funmail packages come with microphones. You'll have to supply your own microphone with the e-Cam. The final step is software installa-

tion—again, a snap on all fronts. With each of the systems, about ten minutes' worth of mouse clicks and drags is all it takes before you're looking at your own image on the monitor. The software that comes with the cameras allows you to e-mail both the video clip and the player in a single "executable" file. This means the recipient doesn't need extra hardware or software to view it.

### TIPS AND TRICKS

**Keep your v-mail short and sweet.** Valentine's v-mail should arouse, not an-

The Toshiba Equim PC plus Sony's Funmail equals hoppy v-mail, indeed.



noy. A 15-second video clip can consume as much as 500 kilobytes, which takes several minutes to download using a 28.8 kbps modem. You can keep the file size tolerable by selecting a small window size and a high compression rate from the preferences option within the application software.

**Once is enough.** If you and your v-pal plan to send lots of videos back and forth, don't bother embedding the viewer software into every file you send. Just e-mail the player program once as an attachment, and send the videos on their own.

**Play it paranoid.** The Internet is not a secure medium. As that video you just shot whizzes through the wires, someone other than the intended recipient could figure out a way to scoop it up. Next thing you know, you or your sweetheart are on a video box next to Pam and Tommy. To prevent this, you should encrypt any file you wouldn't want your mother to see. One of the best encryption programs, Pretty Good Privacy, is

free and can be downloaded from web.mit.edu/network/pgp.html.

### THE OPPOSITE END

Before you send your video, make sure your sweetheart has the necessary player software to view it. Otherwise, your digital flick will be as difficult to access as a box of chocolates embedded in concrete. Both you and your v-pal need Internet service and an e-mail program that can send and receive attached files. If you don't have the proper e-mail software (for example, cc:mail, Internet Explorer,

Netscape Communicator or AOL), go to www.eudora.com and download the popular (and free) program Eudora Light. To listen to the audio portion of your digital love note, the recipient needs a sound card in his or her computer. The SoundBlaster is the industry standard. Make sure yours is compatible with it. If the tangle of wires gets to be too much and you end up giving the camera to the kid next door, you can still add a little color to your e-mail by sending a Web postcard. Try www.wemailcards.com for a selection of free love notes, complete with sound effects. Other fun options: Send her a virtual bouquet of flowers (blue-mountain.com), or a kiss (thekiss.com).

—MARK FRAUENFELDER

### CYBERSCOOP

Attaching a photograph to your e-mail is another way to get your messages noticed. And thanks to Kodak's PhotoNet Online (www.photonet.com), a digital camera or scanner is no longer necessary. For \$4.95 per month (and about \$5 per roll tacked on to your film-processing fees), you can have your images scanned to a private password-protected account on Kodak's PhotoNet Web site. Up to 100 photos can be archived at a time. The benefits? You can order reprints online, attach pictures to e-mail and create T-shirts, coffee mugs, greeting cards or other novelties for yourself, family and friends.

See what's happening on Playboy's Home Page at <http://www.playboy.com>.

# TRAVEL

## HOW TO LEARN A FOREIGN LANGUAGE

Going to Prague for two weeks? You can skip Czech lessons. "It's a very hard language—picking up enough to get by would probably take longer than the trip," says Martin Weiss, press secretary of the Czech embassy. But for any casual traveler who's computer savvy, learning a foreign language needn't mean Czechmate. In fact, interactive CD-ROM software with voice recognition actually makes practice fun. The Learning Company offers some heavy-duty three-CD kits that will have you speaking Spanish, French, or German like a native—if you go the total-immersion route. The average traveler, however, may be better off with the company's *Passport to 31 Languages* CD-ROM, which provides about 2500 words and 250 phrases in everything from Arabic and Indonesian to Swahili and Vietnamese. The Learning Company isn't alone in offering quickie courses in esoteric languages. Syracuse Language System's *Smart-Start* includes Mandarin—which should come in handy if you've been transferred to Shanghai. Syracuse also maintains a Web site, [languageconnect.com](http://languageconnect.com), where you can order software direct or link to other language-related sites. But that's nothing compared to what online bookstores offer. Amazon.com has over 500 titles in its foreign-language section alone. Many are audiocassettes designed to be played while you're driving or exercising. You should also check out Audio Forum's *Whole World Language Catalog*, which offers more than 270 cassettes, videos and CD-ROMs, plus ethnic music tapes and classic films, in almost 100 languages. All the films have English subtitles—use them to see how you're doing.

—ANNE SPISELMAN



UDC/CINE

## NIGHT MOVES: TOKYO

Neighborhoods rule in Tokyo. The locals prefer Roppongi for the discos and live music. Shinjuku is the red-light district gone upscale, but massage parlors and spas (legitimate and otherwise) still line the alleys. Ginza draws tourists with trendy restaurants, pubs, cafés and hostess bars. Many of the popular nightspots in these neighborhoods have mandatory cover and service charges, so take enough money. If you've chosen Roppongi, start with cocktails and live jazz at Birdland, a cozy, candlelit club in the basement of the Square Building (3-10-3 Roppongi). In Ginza, stroll pub to pub (there are hundreds of them). For terrific sushi and sashimi, stop in Fukuzushi (5-7-8 Roppongi). Traditional Japanese cuisine is served at Kamon restaurant in the Imperial Hotel (1-1-1 Uchisaiwai-cho, Hibiya, near Ginza) or try one of Tokyo's German beer halls, such as the Sapporo Lion (7-9-20 Ginza). But the ultimate Nipponese dining experience may be *kaiseki*, a series of morsels served in intricate boxes and bowls. To experience it, make a reservation at Takamura (3-4-27 Roppongi), but be prepared to drop \$200 per person. For cheaper fare, visit a *yakitori-ya*, such as Ataria (3-5-17 Ginza), where grilled chicken and beer are served. Some dance clubs stay open until five A.M. Most geisha bars are closed to foreigners (unless you're with a local), but there are plenty of hostess bars, where the price of a cocktail (\$10 and up) buys you a pretty but platonic drinking companion. Club Maiko (7-7-6 Ginza) is especially friendly to foreigners and the cover charge (about \$80 per person) includes a couple drinks, snacks and a dance show. Hostesses' drinks are extra, of course. —LARRY OLMSTED

## GREAT ESCAPE

### KATHMANDU

The pagodas and cloud-piercing peaks of Nepal have lured travelers since the Himalayan nation opened up in the Fifties. You can plan your own two-week trip for as little as \$3500 and engage in such activities as trekking, white-water rafting and festival-hopping. Visit Kathmandu for the Nepali new year this spring or the Tihar and Dasain festivals in October. Tihar, the festival of lights, pays homage to the goddess of wealth while Dasain is the festival of Durga goddess worship. During these celebrations, processions fill the streets and the nights are bright from oil lamps. (During Dasain, everyone gets slathered with paint and goats' blood. You've been warned.) For the best of the festivals, check [visitnepal.com](http://visitnepal.com) on the Web, then buy a round-trip ticket and stay at the posh Yak and Yeti Hotel. For a 15-day tour of "classic Nepal," call Geographic Expeditions in San Francisco at 800-777-8183. The cost is \$2600 excluding airfare.

—SHERMAKAYE BASS



## ROAD STUFF

Mulholland Brothers' new California Safari line is great luggage, whether you're headed up the Zambezi or catching a Concorde. "We're the last American company to build bent-wood-framed suitcases by hand," says company president Jay Holland. The two styles pictured here, from the Long Bound Collection, are the International Trolley with wheels and a retractable handle (\$1760) and a 36-inch suitcase fitted with removable wheels and a pull strap (\$1485). Both are covered in rugged, waterproof canvas and have leather straps and trim. Hardware is solid brass.

• Phonecoat by Foggy Notion is a phone case in nylon or leather that slips on your belt horizontally. It's priced at \$13 to \$20. For another \$6 you can get a Tag-Along strap for it that attaches your Phonecoat to golf bags, etc. • The 1056-page *World Travel Guide*, 17th edition is the travel industry's best-selling destination publication and a must for anyone with wanderlust. Every country in the world is covered (there are more than 150 pages on the U.S. alone) and information is included on

visa and passport requirements. Price: \$159. —DAVID STEVENS



If you ever get a chance  
to buy one of these women a drink,  
please don't screw up.

CHIVAS REGAL. YOU EITHER HAVE IT OR YOU DON'T.

Enjoy it responsibly

# BOOKS

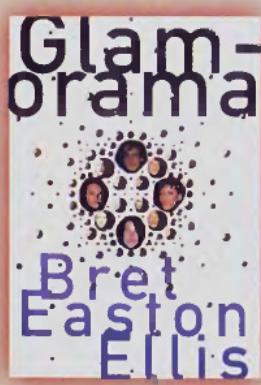
## JUST THE FACTS

In his eighth novel, *Angels Flight* (Little, Brown), best-selling author Michael Connelly brings back Harry Bosch, the solemn Los Angeles police detective whose earlier exploits earned Connelly an Edgar award from the Mystery Writers of America. This time, a wiser, more mature Bosch is assigned to head a highly charged investigation into the murder of a prominent black attorney who was a hero to many (and an enemy to cops) for winning huge settlements in police-brutality cases. Facing pressure from every conceivable angle while the streets of South Central Los Angeles simmer under the spotlights of TV helicopters, Bosch realizes he must first solve the murder of a leading citizen's young daughter to unravel this current case. Connelly draws on his experience as a crime reporter for the *Los Angeles Times* to present a vivid, convincing picture of the inner workings of the LAPD. In this deftly plotted tale in which the suspense builds to an artful conclusion, Connelly elevates the police procedures to a higher standard and moves to the top of the class of contemporary police crime writers. —PAUL ENGLEMAN



## MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

It's easy to slag Bret Easton Ellis for his cartoonish take on gore or his breathless chronicling of vapid pop culture. What's missing in the criticism is that he's a talented writer who may have a great book in him but who seems unable to make the effort to write it. Expect his new book, *Glamorama* (Knopf), to get trashed for its obsession with the world of models. Ellis drops a hundred names in the first 23 pages alone. About 150 pages in, just as you're about to throw the book across the room, *Glamorama* turns surreal and violent. The antihero Victor falls in with a crowd of bomb-throwing models-turned-terrorists. He also begins making mysterious references to a director and a screenwriter who appear to be controlling the plot and his life. Of course—a movie! *Word* (Warner Books) by Coerte V.W. Felske is the book Ellis didn't want to write. It's a straightforward satire of Star Camp, USA, Felske's term for the movie colony. His narrator, Heywood Hoon, is a winning and wicked Ivy League prepster trying to conquer Hollywood. He's a screenwriter, and things are going miserably except for his not-so-little black book of gorgeous LA women. Felske does a



great job with female characters, and his playful language introduces struts (struggling actors), WAMs (waitress-actress-model) and noguls (wannabe movie moguls). Felske also has one eye on the screen, still, sometimes a book is meant to be just a good read, and we're grateful for it.

—CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO

## EAR CANDY

Looking for something to take the boredom out of commuting or jogging? Audio publishers are offering an earful of murder and money and even a laugh or two. In James Patterson's *When the Wind Blows* (Time Warner), read by actor Blair Brown, a newly widowed veterinarian and an FBI agent battle evil scientists engaged in dark DNA experiments. Stephen King's *Bag of Bones* (Simon & Schuster), about a blocked writer who returns to the summer home he shared with his late wife, is already a best-selling book. Now King's twangy narration adds an authentic New England touch to this unabridged, 22-hour rendition of his special blend of small-town horror and human endurance. James W. Hall's *Body Language* (Brilliance) takes a mere ten unabridged hours to fill us in on Alexandra Rafferty, who, more than a decade ago at the age of 13, killed the man who raped her. Haunted by that experience, she's now a Miami police photographer with a particular fascination with a serial rapist. Hall's welcome departure from series books is enhanced by Laural Merlington's multi-accented rendition. Ed McBain's gruff narration aids and abets his latest 87th Precinct police story, *The Big Bad City* (Audio Renaissance). But listeners should beware of *Blue Light* (Time Warner) by Walter Mosley. The author has temporarily deserted his splendid Easy Rawlins crime series for a New Age allegory about people whose consciousness is raised by a mysterious blue light and an inscrutable Gray Man determined to destroy them. In this audio adaptation, at least, the plot seems little more than a string of violent, grotesque sequences leading to an ambiguous conclusion. Stock market success is the subject of *The Motley Fool's Rule Makers, Rule Breakers* (Simon & Schuster), in which Wall Street gurus Tom and David Gardner offer their unique theories on investments (for more foolery, see this month's 20 Questions). Marketing expert Jeffrey J. Fox lays down the rules for corporate ladder-climbing in *CEO: The Rules for Rising to the Top of Any Organization* (Audio Renaissance). And Richard Carlson's *Don't Sweat the Small Stuff at Work* (Simon & Schuster) suggests ways to minimize workplace stress while maximizing productivity. Finally, Steve Martin's *Pure Drivel* (Simon & Schuster) is a pure delight. The popular actor spent three years away from cameras, penning plays, skits and these humorous essays, which reflect his superb timing and dead-on delivery. Consider the bizarre medication warnings in *Side Effects*: "Men may experience impotence, but only during intercourse. Otherwise, a powerful erection will accompany your daily walking-around time."

—DICK LOCHTE

## LET THE MUSIC PLAY

For more than 20 years, Atlantic Records' house photographer Lee Friedlander produced some of the most famous publicity shots, album covers and artist portraits in the music business. These remarkable photos are collected in *American Musicians* (D.A.P.). The legends of jazz, blues, R&B and gospel are all here—Aretha, Miles, Elton, Mahalia, Sinatra. An exhibition of these photographs has already been moved from New York to San Francisco.

—HELEN FRANGOLIS





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# FITNESS

## BODY LOGIC

BY BETH TOMKIW

To call Edward Jackowski opinionated is an understatement. The 39-year-old owner of Exude, a company that specializes in one-on-one fitness, authored *Hold It! You're Exercising Wrong*, a book that disputes almost everything you've heard about working out. He also claims his trademarked fitness regimen based on body types is "the only program in existence designed to help a person improve his shape." Normally we'd dismiss such egotism, but the truth is the program works (we've tried it)—and it is unique. In an industry notorious for offering generic advice, he's precise about what you need to do to get in shape. And it doesn't require taking

aerobics classes, using flashy gym equipment or paying for a personal trainer. To fine-tune your physique, you simply need to know which exercises are most effective for your body type and then commit one hour at least three days per week to performing them. Jackowski's routine, it's worth remembering, will not transform you into Mr. Universe. It's not about building hulking muscles, but rather is designed to improve definition and proportion. Follow the rules and Jackowski

guarantees you'll see measurable results.

**WHAT'S YOUR TYPE:** Jackowski's body types are easy to visualize. You're a Cone if you carry most of your weight in your upper body (think John Goodman). You're a Ruler if you're proportionate top to toe (e.g., Jim Carrey). Guys like Nathan Lane, who pack it on below the waist, are Spoons. And if you have that natural "V" shape, maintaining a waistline when fit or fat, then you're an Hourglass like Arnold Schwarzenegger.

**ORDER IS CRITICAL:** The workout begins with a six- to ten-minute warmup on an exercise bike or treadmill. (Go with a low tension level on the bike and keep the treadmill flat.) With your muscles sufficiently loose, you can safely stretch. Spend about four to seven minutes working the arms, legs and back. Hold each stretch for 15 to 30 seconds and breathe normally. Next comes the workload, a 25-minute combination of cardiovascular and resistance training that gets your heart pumping and your muscles aching. Cooldown,



RICHARD SALA (H)

the final three- to five-minute phase, isn't a repeat of stretching (as most fitness experts would recommend). Jackowski wants you to reduce the intensity of your cardio work in order to return your heartbeat to its resting rate. Bike slower, walk instead of run, lower the resistance on the StairMaster. You're properly cooled when the pounding in your chest subsides.

That's the order. Here are the body types, with our take on the recommended exercises to do and the ones to avoid.

### RULER (40 PERCENT OF ALL MEN)

**The Score:** Rulers appear physically balanced, though they have a tendency to plump around the middle. The goal? To gain muscle definition, lose the gut and build a hardy heart.

**Good Cardio:** Just about anything goes—the more intense, the better. Jog, jump rope, swim, use a StairMaster, stationary bike or rower. Just get moving.

**Bad Cardio:** If you're overweight, avoid too much tension on any machine. Keep the levels moderate and go for speed.

**Resistance Training Tips:** Rulers need to work the upper and lower body evenly. As a rule of thumb, regardless of body type, the thinner you are the more weight you can lift without bulking up. Choose an amount that burns your muscles as you hit 20 repetitions. When that gets easy, increase the heft. If you need to drop pounds, start with light weights and perform one set of 25 to 50 reps. Increase the weight only after you lose mass. And get crunching. Jackowski recommends a combination of sit-ups, elbow-to-knee crunches and reverse crunches. Work up to 100 reps each.



### CONE (30 PERCENT OF ALL MEN)

**The Score:** Cones need to work the legs and burn calories to minimize fat, which tends to accumulate above the waist.

**Good Cardio:** Get busy on a stationary bike, StairMaster, elliptical trainer or any machine that taxes the lower body. Spinning classes, particularly those with simulated hill climbing, also work wonders.

(concluded on page 142)



## ABS FOR SALE

You could spend your life in the gym and still never score a gig as an underwear model. The qualifications for that job are written in the DNA, says Dr. Mark Zukowski, a plastic surgeon in Chicago. "Most guys just don't have the genetic material," he says. But you can buy the look. New ultrasonic liposuction techniques

make it possible for surgeons to sculpt you a six-pack. Still, "most guys just want to eliminate their midriff bulge," says Dr. Zukowski. According to the American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons, liposuction is the most requested form of cosmetic plastic surgery among men, with 20,192 procedures performed

in 1997 (an increase of more than 200 percent since the beginning of the decade). Eyelid lifts are next (14,037), followed by nose jobs (9118) and face-lifts (5067). The price of perfection: Liposuction of the abdomen will set you back between \$1700 and \$5000, depending on the surgeon and the girth that has to go. The

pain factor: Zukowski had ultrasonic liposuction performed on his spare tire. This less-invasive technique, which melts the fat before removing it, offers a quicker recovery time than earlier forms of lipo. "I was back to work in three days," he says, comparing the pain to the muscle soreness that occurs after a really tough workout.—B.T.



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## By ASA BABER

**T**he time has come to discuss a major difference between men and women. But be warned: This particular difference is sensitive and must be handled with great skill.

The leading authority on the issue is Dr. Wiener Schnitzel, a six-time Nobel Prize winner who established his famous Institute of Intestinal Gases in Vienna in 1966. Dr. Schnitzel was born in Melk, Austria in 1932, but shortly before World War II he was sent to the U.S., where he was raised on a hog farm in Arkansas. He received his Ph.D. in flatulence studies from Yale University in 1964 and returned to Austria the following year.

Recently, *PLAYBOY* flew me to Vienna to interview Schnitzel, and the privilege was mine. Schnitzel is a short, bearded man with a thick accent, dirty fingernails and a warped sense of humor. I knew from the moment I entered his laboratory that I was in the presence of greatness. After a few polite preliminaries, I began:

**Baber:** Dr. Schnitzel, your most recent best-seller is called *Farting Is a Gender Issue*. Why did you choose that title?

**Schnitzel:** Because farting is a gender issue. I know of no subject that separates men and women more than this one. They have completely different attitudes toward it. So I decided to research the area and find the answers.

**Baber:** But weren't your publishers afraid your title would be undiplomatic?

**Schnitzel:** Excuse me, Asa. You, of all people, are giving me lessons in diplomacy? You, who irritate more than half the Western world on a continual basis with your shitty little *Men* columns? Spare me. My book title is perfect, and my book sales show it.

**Baber:** But women aren't buying it, and they're the ones who make the book market, you know.

**Schnitzel:** Nonsense. Women are buying it. They just get their men friends to buy it for them. Women are quite curious about my research on farting, but they can't admit it publicly, you see. In this area, they always hide their cards. It's genetic.

**Baber:** Then these attitudes about farting are one of the greatest differences between men and women?

**Schnitzel:** Absolutely. Have you seen the latest pamphlet from the National Organization for Women, entitled *Wom-*



**Baber:** Farting is revolutionary?

**Schnitzel:** Of course. Just take yourself back to your school days: The teacher is in the front of the room droning on about something, the girls are sitting there happy to be absorbing knowledge under peaceful conditions, and you are going crazy with boredom. You gaze out the windows and fantasize about sports and sex and sports and sex. What better way at those moments to disturb the ruling parties than by farting? So you let it rip. And you receive instant gratification and high praise from your male peers.

**Baber:** But it's so immature.

**Schnitzel:** Perhaps, but it does work. Haven't you ever been in a classroom when a Grade A fart was released? The teacher loses control, the girls blush and the boys feel triumphant. There are a few beautiful seconds in their otherwise dominated lives when the boys win. It doesn't last. It never does. The boys are on the road to emasculation and they know it. Sometimes they are sent to the principal's office for a reprimand. Certainly they receive bad grades for conduct. But they have made the revolutionary gesture, and that's what counts. In a few years, they will be sitting in business meetings and other gatherings where they can't do even that. But while they are young, they can do something about it.

**Baber:** You said Grade A farts?

**Schnitzel:** Yes. My work at the Institute has classified farts into several gradations and categories. A Grade A fart has a high volume of noise and a high content of gas. It can fill a normal classroom or meeting hall in only a few seconds. It has moisture, odor, sound, direction, context and subtext. It hits more than one musical note and can jump more than an octave in range. It lasts for several seconds. As I like to say, a Grade A fart is a work of art.

**Baber:** But as boys become men, don't they lose this fascination with such puerile matters?

**Schnitzel:** They pretend to be mature and responsible adults. But bring a whoopee cushion to your next meeting and see what happens. We can drop all pretenses and go back to boyhood in the wink of an eye—or should I say in the wink of a sphincter?



# MONEY MATTERS

By CHRISTOPHER BYRON

**A** decade ago we had the waning days of the junk bond, as practiced by Drexel Burnham Lambert and its salesman extraordinaire, Michael Milken. Now a new religion of riches spreads through Wall Street: so-called day-trading. Come with us for a visit to Broadway Consulting, one of a growing number of schools devoted to teaching how to capitalize on almost any situation where stocks move first one way, then the other.

These moment-to-moment changes allowed hedge fund speculators and investment banks to make some of their greatest profits in the current bull market. Now, the Internet gives everyday investors an opportunity to try it for themselves, creating demand for the skills that Broadway Consulting stands ready to teach.

It is not yet fully appreciated how big a force in the markets day-trading has become in the past few years. Broadway Trading has fewer than 400 clients using its services, yet at the peak of last summer's market boom, they alone accounted for an estimated one percent of all volume on the Nasdaq electronic stock exchange.

And Broadway isn't alone in the day-trading business. In New Jersey, All-Tech Investment Group, founded by Harvey Houtkin, is considered the granddaddy of them all, having been in business since 1988. In New York, not ten blocks from Broadway Consulting, is the day-trading firm Harbor Securities. There's RML Trading in Bellevue, Washington and in San Jose, it's Pacific Day Trading.

One thing day-trading schools seem to have in common is the utterly eclectic array of their students. They range from lawyers, dentists and other professionals like my pal Paul, to cabdrivers and teenagers in jeans and T-shirts—all sharing an awkward intimacy as they struggle to master a trading activity that until recently had been exclusively the domain of Wall Street's wealthiest and most powerful institutions.

Once these schools teach you how to play, the day-trading firms with which they are affiliated stand ready, like Atlantic City croupiers, to take your bet—usually for a fee of around two cents per share on each trade. Because a day-trader can buy and sell the same stock two or three times in a minute, those two-cents-a-share commissions can add up fast.



index. It is used by big institutional money managers around the globe (from mutual fund portfolio managers to banks and pension fund managers), which means its movement tends to drag the rest of the market along with it—at least for a few minutes.

It is, of course, during those few minutes when the day-trader must make his move. "Futures are the leading indicator," explained West, as he drank a Coke and pointed at a jagged trend line on the chalkboard. "After the futures move, cash will follow."

West's lecture was sprinkled with such aphorisms as: Strong stocks get stronger, weak stocks get weaker; never trade a stock when it isn't moving. And from time to time he'd throw out a nugget of wisdom gleaned from his experience. His favorite for a quick killing: When stocks "go up a ton, then go short on the open and slipstream in behind the market makers." Here's another: "When the S&P comes back in and then strengthens, *all* opening stocks are going to do well."

I'm not sure what a lot of this means—and watching the faces of those in the class, I wasn't sure many of West's students did either. On the other hand, they certainly seemed to be listening hard. For one thing, they had each written a check for \$1500 for the privilege of hearing it. For another, after class they'd get to go into another room and watch actual graduates putting the theories to practice.

After the class, I buttonholed West and asked him how he thought his students would do as graduates. His answer was refreshingly honest. A few would do really well, he said. They'd become the ones you read about in the Sunday newspaper supplements: cabbie millionaires on Wall Street, and so on. But most would do only so-so, and some would lose their shirts.

Of course, that's nothing new. In the race for quick riches on America's street of dreams, sometimes you win and sometimes you lose. But when it comes to those who arrange the race and then get to referee the results, well, rarely—if ever—do they lose.

## DAY-TRADERS

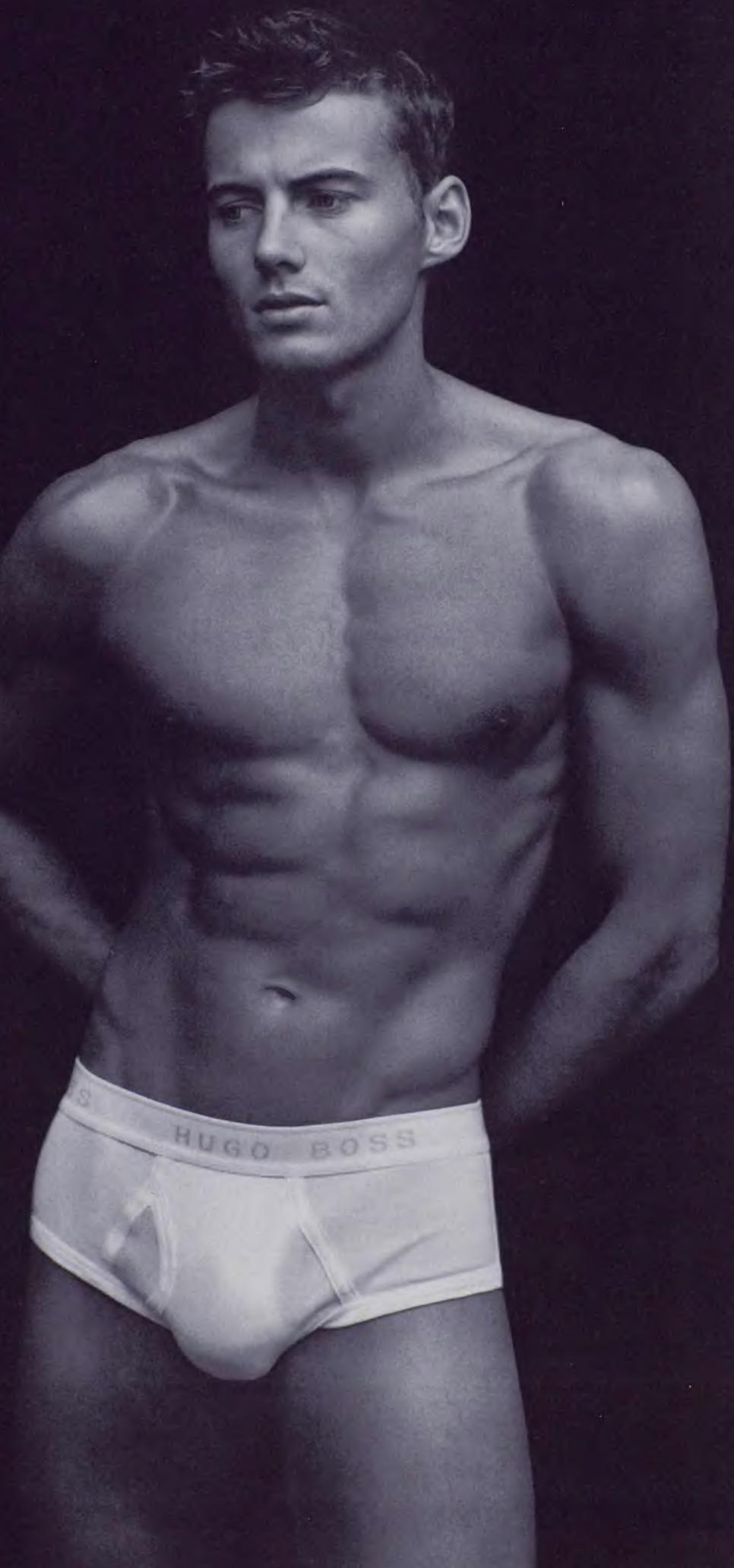
Day-trading is actually a combination of pinball and Nintendo played out in numbers on a computer screen. A day-trader will stare into that screen for hours, hoping to guess which way his favorite stocks will move, based on certain leading indicators. You don't need investment smarts to win this game. You don't need to know the difference between a balance sheet and an income statement. You just have to be able to sit still for six and one half hours a day, eating pizza and drinking coffee, while you stay alert enough to hit a buy or a sell button on the keyboard within a nanosecond of seeing a stock move.

Because there are now thousands—probably tens of thousands—of day-traders doing the same thing, the time between action and reaction has been reduced to mere seconds.

To see for myself what happens in this strange world of playing Nintendo for profit, I not long ago visited Broadway Consulting's offices. I watched the company's president—a 29-year-old fellow named George West—teach a class of 50 students how to trade stocks such as Amazon.com by using price movements in the Standard & Poor's 500 Index as leading indicators.

The S&P 500, which is traded on the Chicago Mercantile Exchange, is the world's most widely traded investment

You can reach Christopher Byron by e-mail at [cbyron1@home.com](mailto:cbyron1@home.com).



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## Wet and Wild

Wall flying is for scuba divers who crave speed. Riding diver propulsion vehicles, guests at Stuart Cove's Dive South Ocean resort in Nassau, Bahamas can have the underwater time of their lives exploring the walls of the Tongue of the Ocean, a trench that's 100 miles long and 6000 feet deep. Cruising at a depth of 60 feet while working a hand throttle, divers explore the coral reef, peer into a blue abyss populated by sea turtles, sharks and eagle rays or motor silently alongside schools of fish. Divers first participate in a training session in which they practice turns and pack formations. Then it's off to the wall for a 50-minute guided dive covering two and one half miles. Cost: \$115. If you crave more excitement, sign up for the resort's other specialty, the Shark Adventure (also \$115), where you go below and watch your guides feed the sharks with pole spears. Scuba certification is required for both dives.



## A Chocolate Primer

Everybody knows that a box of chocolates is a traditional Valentine's Day gift, but many of us are clueless as to which kind to get. What is the difference between fine and ordinary chocolate? First, fine chocolates (such as Godiva or Lindt) use premium cocoa beans and dairy butter. They are usually less sweet than mass-produced chocolates and have natural flavors. Less-expensive chocolates tend to use artificial flavors and add preservatives for a longer shelf life. Fine chocolates should also have a fresh, deep aroma—not the overly perfumed or sugary smell associated with less-expensive varieties. Savor the flavor and the texture. Each piece should be firm and provide a snap when you bite into it. Fine chocolates offer subtle nuances of texture. Less-expensive chocolates tend to be slightly grainy—a result of incomplete refinement. The initial taste of a fine chocolate should be nutty and roasted, followed by sweetness and other flavor components. Fine chocolates, like fine wine, should present a long finish or aftertaste. If your girlfriend is calorie conscious, she may be assuaged by learning that fine chocolate is a more intense experience than the ordinary variety. So much so that she may be able to satisfy her cravings with just a piece or two.

## Let There Be Light

After graduating from art school, Denis Michelson pursued several mediums, but his first love was woodworking. Now he's the owner of Out of the Woodwork, a custom cabinetry and millwork company in Chicago. What caught our eye among Michelson's creations was a nightstand (\$1600, pictured here) that conceals a remote-controlled reading lamp with a halogen bulb that activates as it clears the table top. His Frank Lloyd Wright-influenced furnishings are made in red oak, stained cherry, clear maple and red oak that has been anodized black. Michelson also makes a queen-size bed with twin pop-up lamps housed in the headboard. Price: \$5600. A complete bedroom set (which includes two nightstands, one queen-size bed and a six-drawer dresser) is \$11,000. He also creates lacquered humidors of elaborately patterned woods. Price: \$1000 to \$1200.



# Inside the Playboy Mansion Book

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# MANTRACK



## Calvados: The New Normandy Invasion

In the U.S., it's called applejacking. But in France, where apple brandy is taken most seriously, it's called calvados—and it can be exquisite. It's made in Normandy, where cider making—and the distillation of that cider—has a long history. The Vikings, legend has it, had a profound appreciation for the stuff. Colvados is also the spirit used for a trou Normand—a tradition in Normandy where diners down a shot in the middle of a meal to make room for the next courses. Modern calvados makers have refined their double-distilled art and produce exceptional brandies that can approach the complexity of those other great French spirits—Armagnac and cognac. Among our favorites are L. Dupont Hors d'Age, Hérouet Hors d'Age and Daron XO.

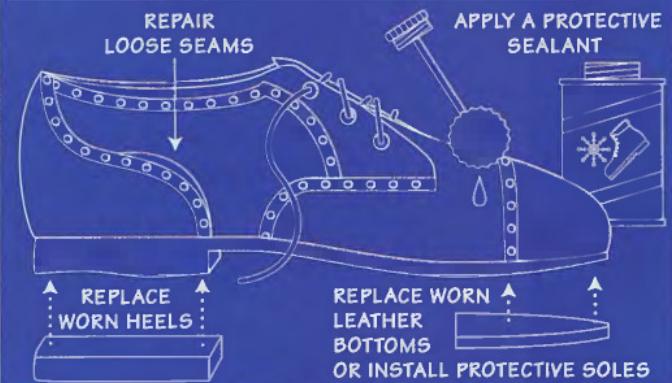
## Clothesline: Dennis Franz

The three-time-Emmy-winning star of ABC's *NYPD Blue* says he's a Banan Republic and Gap kind of guy who doesn't mind putting on a suit. "Because of my size and the shape of my body I don't fit into Armani, though I think the clothes are beautiful." His favorites? Hugo Boss, Ermengildo Zegna and Jhane Barnes. (Franz wore a black, textured Barnes tuxedo to

the Emmys last year. In previous years he has worn tuxes by Donn Koron.) New York is Franz' favorite city to shop in because of the selection—especially what's found in small boutiques. "I'm sort of embarrassed to admit this," he confides, "but whenever my wife and I go into a store, I take longer than she does because I get sidetracked by so many things. I can go into any type of store—clothing, hardware, stationery or furniture—and find something to buy."



## HOW TO WINTERIZE YOUR SHOES



Check your shoes for loose seams or tears. If the leather is pliable, any shoe repair shop can mend the uppers to like-new condition. Inspect for worn bottoms. Good soles will provide maximum support and keep moisture out. You can also add protective soles to your leather-soled shoes, which increase traction, reduce the number of times you have to replace your soles and shield leather bottoms from wet conditions. Next, your shoes should be cleaned with a non-alkaline soap to remove dirt, and reconditioned to restore the lubricants that keep leather supple. And whether your shoes are old or new, always apply a protectant, such as mink oil, at least once a month to guard against wet weather and salt.

## Guys Are Talking About . . .

**G-Shock watches.** The new generation of Hard Bodies (pictured here) are brightly colored, full-featured and indestructible. Prices range from \$90 to \$110. • Proflowers.com. An online flower service that reminds you in advance of special occasions. • Avant-Guides. This "insider's guide for cosmopolitan travelers" series began with Prague and has added New York, London and San Francisco. New Orleans, Paris and Hanoi are in the works. Editor Dan Levine, formerly with Frommer's, said he created the series because he got tired of writing "the kind of guidebooks that appeal to two nuns on a budget." • Macanudo Robust. This new smoke made with dark Connecticut shade wrapper has a full-bodied flavor that kicks ass. Six sizes are available, from \$3.65 to \$6 per cigar. • The Hyper Sledge Hammer 2.0 tennis racquet. Wilson's latest attack weapon is made of a composite material that's four times stiffer and stronger, and 65 percent lighter, than competitors' products. Price: \$350. • Virgin Atlantic's Gatwick Airport lounge. Within its posh confines are a ten-seat cinema, a salon, a video game room and a complimentary bar. Some rooms can also be reserved in advance.



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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

**M**y wife and I hang out with two other couples, one of whom has a pool table. We spend Saturday nights shooting pool and quaffing frosty beverages. A few months ago the women spent a Saturday at the mall while the guys prepared dinner. When the women returned, everyone ate and played the usual round of nineball. The drinks flowed and it didn't take much coaxing to get the women to change into their purchases from Victoria's Secret. We spent the rest of the evening shooting pool with three beautiful babes in lingerie. Lately, garter belts, corsets, catsuits, stockings and heels have become their uniforms for our weekly pool games. We men are starting to wonder where this all might lead but aren't sure how to move things along. Any suggestions? We offered to give the girls a long massage after next week's game. They told us to bring towels and massage oil just in case.—P.G., Brewster, Massachusetts

*It sounds like there may be more than 16 balls on that pool table soon enough. You want to make your lingerie pool nights more interesting? Strip pool comes to mind. Partner up for coed competition but insist on two rules: You can't team up with your spouse, and both players must be holding the cue during each shot. Let us know how it breaks.*

**I**'m heading to Vegas and would like to try my hand at something new. Does the Advisor know any simple blackjack strategies?—R.W., Oakland, California

*Here's a common one: (1) Always split 8s and aces. (2) Double 10 or 11 if your total is greater than what the dealer shows. (3) Hit on a "hard" 11 or less (i.e., no flexible aces), unless doubling. (4) Stand on a hard 12 to 16 when the dealer shows 2 to 6; hit if the dealer shows 7 to ace. (5) Stand on 17 to 21 unless you have a soft 17. (6) Never take insurance. Played perfectly, these six rules will cut the casino's edge by more than half. "Knock-Out Blackjack" (800-244-2224) details a more complex basic strategy and card-counting system that cuts the advantage even further.*

**W**hat is the best way to ask for a raise?—L.A., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

*Go armed with two things: an idea of how much people earn in similar positions (with adjustments up or down depending on your experience and the region of the country in which you live) and a persuasive answer to the question "What have you done for me lately?" Online sites such as the Salary Zone (ioma.com/zone), Salary Calculator (homefair.com) and "The Wall Street Journal" (careers.wsj.com) offer guidance on salaries. To make a case based on your accomplishments, document what those accomplishments have been. It helps if your boss outlines what he*



*expects from the position and offers a project that allows you to earn bonus points. Remember that he isn't concerned about your career path or financial difficulties—he only cares whether the job gets done well. Why? Because that's what matters to his boss, and he wants a raise too.*

**M**y wife knows what drives men wild with desire—her feet. She loves to wear open-toed high heels or sexy sandals. The shiny red polish on her beautiful toenails is enough to make a man light-headed. She is gorgeous from head to toe, which naturally attracts attention. She enjoys the thrill of making men melt at the sight of her feet. Here is my complaint: I don't mind guys looking when I'm with her, but I would like her to tone it down and cover her toes when she's not with me. What do you think?—S.C., Bakersfield, California

*If your wife's feet are as gorgeous as you say, we want no part in covering them up. Consider: (1) Her feet were made for walking, but they always walk back to you. (2) Your real concern isn't her naked toes, but that they'll attract some joker who will steal her away. Don't let your insecurity get the best of you. Your wife likes knowing other men find her and her feet alluring (she knows you do—you married her). At the same time, you enjoy looking at other women's toes, but you don't chase them down. You have to trust your wife's instincts in the same way she trusts yours.*

**I**'ve been married six months; my first marriage, her second. Three weeks ago, I got home from work to find my wife dressed in leather and holding a whip. She said I was to be punished for arriv-

ing home late. I didn't know what she was talking about, but I went along with it. I went upstairs to shower as I always do. Two of my wife's friends were waiting, and they ambushed me, stripped off my clothes and tied me to the bed. My wife beat my ass with the whip until I could barely stand it anymore. Then she made me perform cunnilingus on her friends. She stood over us, telling me that today she was the boss and that I would do as I was told. I got so hard I thought I was going to burst. Then came the real surprise. My wife loves anal intercourse, but she turned the tables, strapped on a dildo and gave me what I had been giving her. She knew enough to use a lot of lube, and it felt great. I've had to wear panties to work every day since, and I'm never sure what to expect when I get home. Is there something wrong with my wife, or do a lot of women enjoy this?—G.K., Des Moines, Iowa

*Did you get her permission to write us, dogmeat? You could be in big trouble. It sounds as if your wife has taken charge, and as you've discovered, that can be an incredible turn-on. Erotic female domination is a place most guys—and couples—never go, but it's out there. Artemis Creations has a catalog of books and audiotapes on the topic (send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to 3395 Nostrand Avenue, Suite 2J, Brooklyn, NY 11229). Or your wife may enjoy a magazine for women who administer punishment called "Whap!" Its editor, Keri Pentauk, says of your situation: "That guy should thank his lucky stars he has such a fantastic wife. A lot of women reach a point where they feel they have no choice but to put their foot down, and it becomes a lifestyle." Visit [www.whapmag.com](http://www.whapmag.com) or phone 323-782-9427 to subscribe. You deserve credit for having an open mind about anal penetration. Most guys never consider it because they think it would make them "gay." But as Carol Queen explains in the instructional video "Bend Over Boyfriend" (800-289-8423), many straight guys love anal penetration because it allows them to relax and receive passive pleasure. The anus is very sensitive and provides access to the prostate gland, sometimes referred to as the male G-spot. Anal play, Queen explains, is "a way for a man to explore the various ways he can be sexual and climax without his cock being touched." The video explains the basics and includes demonstrations. During one, Queen tells her artsy partner, "Wait a minute. I want to fuck you, and then you can fuck me back." It seems to work for them.*

**T**he next time you give men advice on how to get more than a "mercy fuck," as you did in November, emphasize that women remember criticism for a long time—whether it's about her weight, her

housekeeping or her coffee. As I am sure the sophisticates who read *PLAYBOY* know, the way to a woman's heart is aural, not visual. No woman I have ever known wants to fuck a critic. Another letter in the same issue discussed why guys find it erotic to ejaculate on a woman's face. Years ago in the *Playboy Interview*, Clint Eastwood expressed dismay at this practice. Unlike some of your readers, it wasn't something he found to be a turn-on.—T.D., New York, New York

*Critics are a pain in the neck, and many men (and women) should listen to themselves if they're wondering why their lovers have lost interest. You're right about Eastwood: In February 1974 we asked what he thought of adult films. "I don't see that ejaculating in a girl's face is artistic. If that's beautiful sex, then you can keep it. What you want to do in your own bedroom is great, but that's not necessarily what I want to look at." To each his own.*

**S**ince my wife and I divorced and she moved out of state, her sister and I have become friends. I visit her home or she comes to mine. We talk, watch television and take turns cooking dinner. After a while she started watching TV with me in her bra and panties. That progressed to where she now sometimes walks around nude (she usually comes out of the shower and just doesn't get dressed). She says that she feels comfortable around me and thinks nothing of being naked because we're close family. She also has said she could never have sex with anyone who has been with her sister. I can't help but get turned on and struggle to hide my hard-ons. I want to sleep with her in the worst way but I also don't want to spoil the friendship. What should I do?—G.L., Minneapolis, Minnesota

*Your sister-in-law knows she's turning you on, and she loves it. Unless they're nudists or under the age of three, most family members, no matter how close, don't romp around in the buff. She may be reluctant to move in on her sister's turf. But if you want a sexual relationship, you have to ask and ask again. Start the conversation by pointing out you're a normal guy, she's an attractive woman, and the combination naturally causes sparks when she presents herself in the nude. We would find it hard to believe, but perhaps she's naive about the nature of man and simply finds nudity relaxing, which is great for her but bad for you if you're wearing tight pants. You realize, of course, that her body may inspire even more lust if you can no longer see it.*

**A**lot of articles lately talk about sexually transmitted diseases such as herpes and genital warts. Why the sudden concern?—R.E., New Orleans, Louisiana

*It's partly because the presence of STDs greatly increases the risk of infection from HIV. With AIDS-related deaths declining in*

*industrialized countries (even while the HIV infection rate in the U.S. remains steady at 40,000 new infections a year), more attention is being paid to other STDs. Chlamydia, the most common bacterial STD in women, can lead to infertility if left untreated (4 million new cases are reported each year). Certain strains of genital warts can cause cervical cancer, which kills twice as many women as AIDS. Many people don't realize that herpes and genital warts, both common, are incurable—you deal with them for a lifetime. In one survey, nine in ten adults under the age of 45 said they had little or no risk of getting an STD. They're mistaken. Current rates of infection suggest that a quarter of all Americans will contract at least one sexually transmitted disease during his or her lifetime. Make a New Year's resolution to be tested for HIV and other STDs. Hate needles? Ask your doctor or health clinic about OraSure, an HIV test that requires you to do nothing more than place a cotton pad between your cheek and gum for two minutes (phone 800-672-7873 for information).*

**I**t used to be that the bottom of a man's tie would touch the top of his belt buckle. I'm noticing more guys wearing ties that cover half their flies. What's happening?—W.M., Culver City, California

*Some men are wearing their ties too long.*

**M**y boyfriend suggested we each make a list of things we have never done with a lover. Last week, I was driving to work and thinking hard about my list. I began to fantasize I was driving to the mountains with my boyfriend in the passenger seat. I was wearing a cutout bra (never done that before), a garter belt and stockings under a dress that buttoned from hem to collar. My boyfriend started fiddling with the radio and anything else he could get his hands on. The thought of him unbuttoning my dress and exposing my nipples to anyone passing us on the highway, of my bare bottom on the leather seat with my dress around my waist and of me strapped behind the seat belt with my hands firmly on the wheel—it got me so hot I had to pull over. We haven't had time to drive to the mountains, but another thing on my list was writing to the *Playboy Advisor* about a favorite fantasy. I thought I'd take care of that one before Valentine's Day. My boyfriend knows the story but doesn't know I wrote to tell you about it.—T.W., Atlanta, Georgia

*That's the way to get things rolling: Start with an easy one. What now? Complete your lists, then exchange them. Each week choose a fantasy from your partner's list, and without revealing anything, arrange to fulfill it that weekend. When the lists are exhausted—make more lists.*

**I** work at a large car dealership and cringe every time I see someone write about hidden warranties (*The Playboy Ad-*

*visor, November*). Not everyone qualifies for an after-warranty adjustment. If a customer doesn't show his face until he has a problem years after buying his car, chances are slim that most dealers will help. A lack of proper maintenance is the main reason manufacturers refuse to provide after-warranty adjustments. For added protection, purchase an extended warranty.—C.G., York, Pennsylvania

*You're right, not everyone qualifies. "The provisions for secret warranties are usually determined by the factory zone representative, who decides whether the customer will be given a free repair or pay only for parts or labor or pay everything," says David Solomon of the newsletter "Nutz & Boltz." "That decision is often based on whether the car's owner has been a regular customer." Visit your dealer a few times a year for routine maintenance, which will build a service history and improve your chances of hearing about hidden warranties. An extended warranty is usually worthwhile only if your vehicle has a lot of electrical options, antilock brakes or traction control, or if you use it for short trips (most extended warranties have mileage limits).*

**A**fter several weeks of planning, it looks as though my wife and I will be participating in a threesome with a male friend. As the day approaches, we've had some discussions to establish limits and talk about our expectations. My wife has said that if things go well, we should consider a foursome by inviting the friend's wife. The idea of a foursome doesn't appeal to me—it sounds too much like wife swapping. Am I splitting hairs, or is everything fair game once you have a threesome?—J.F., Indio, California

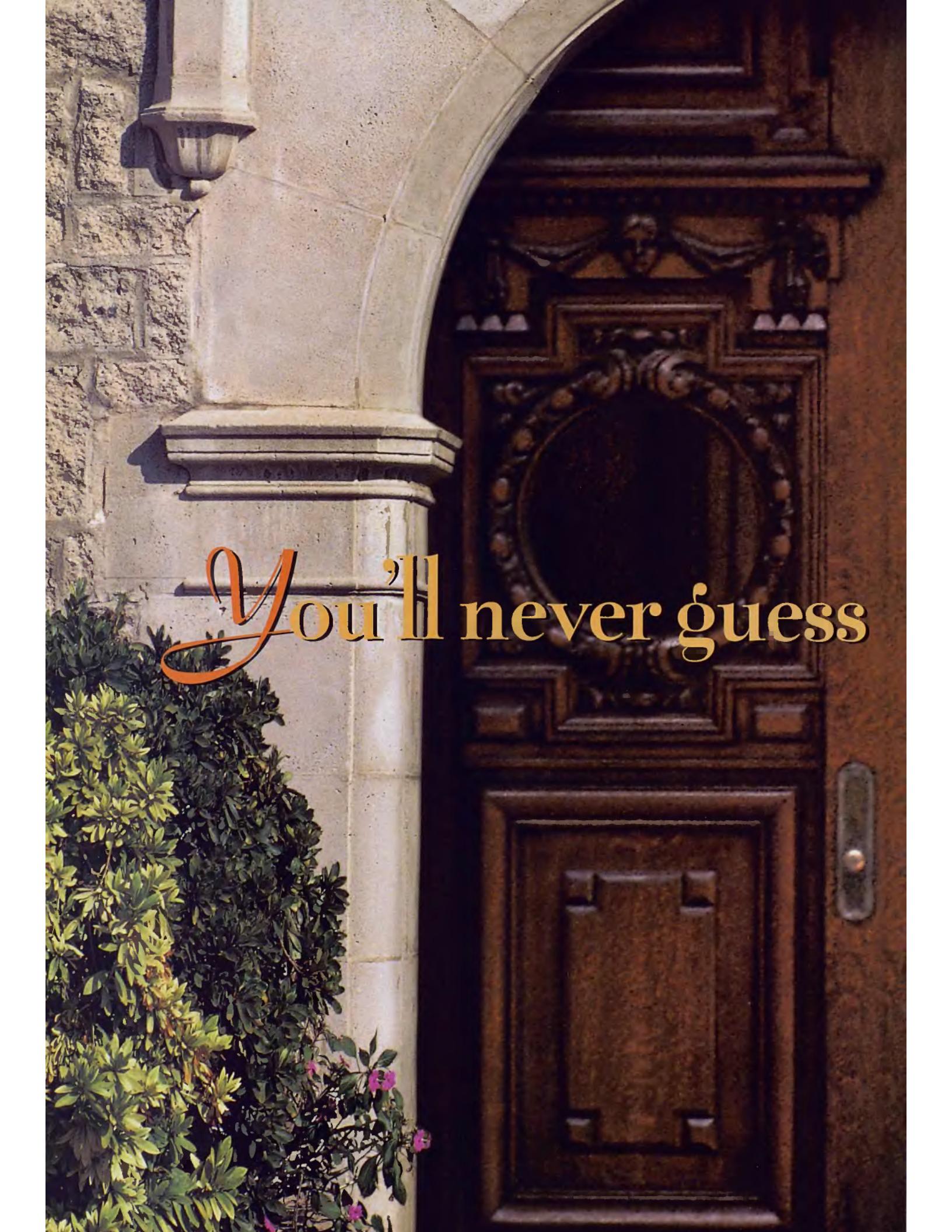
*Take this one step at a time. Many couples who experiment with threesomes never repeat the experience, for a variety of reasons. Others can't get enough. Whatever happens, you are smart to talk about the situation before it plays out; you may want to involve your friend in the discussions, as he'll bring expectations of his own. If all goes well and you're still hesitant to share your bed with another couple, tell your wife to invite at least three people, or five, or seven, or nine.*

*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*. Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions at [www.playboy.com/faq](http://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.*

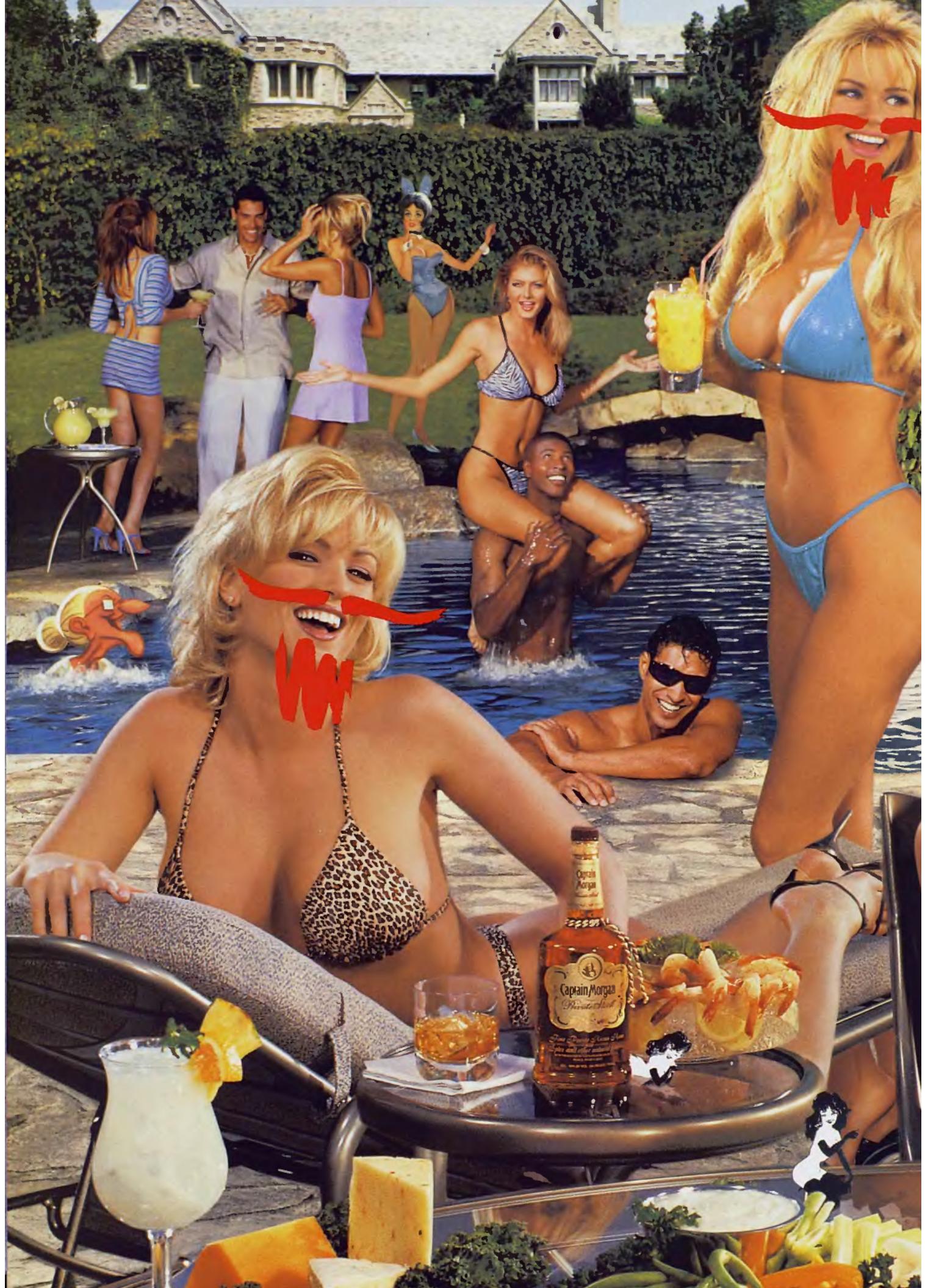


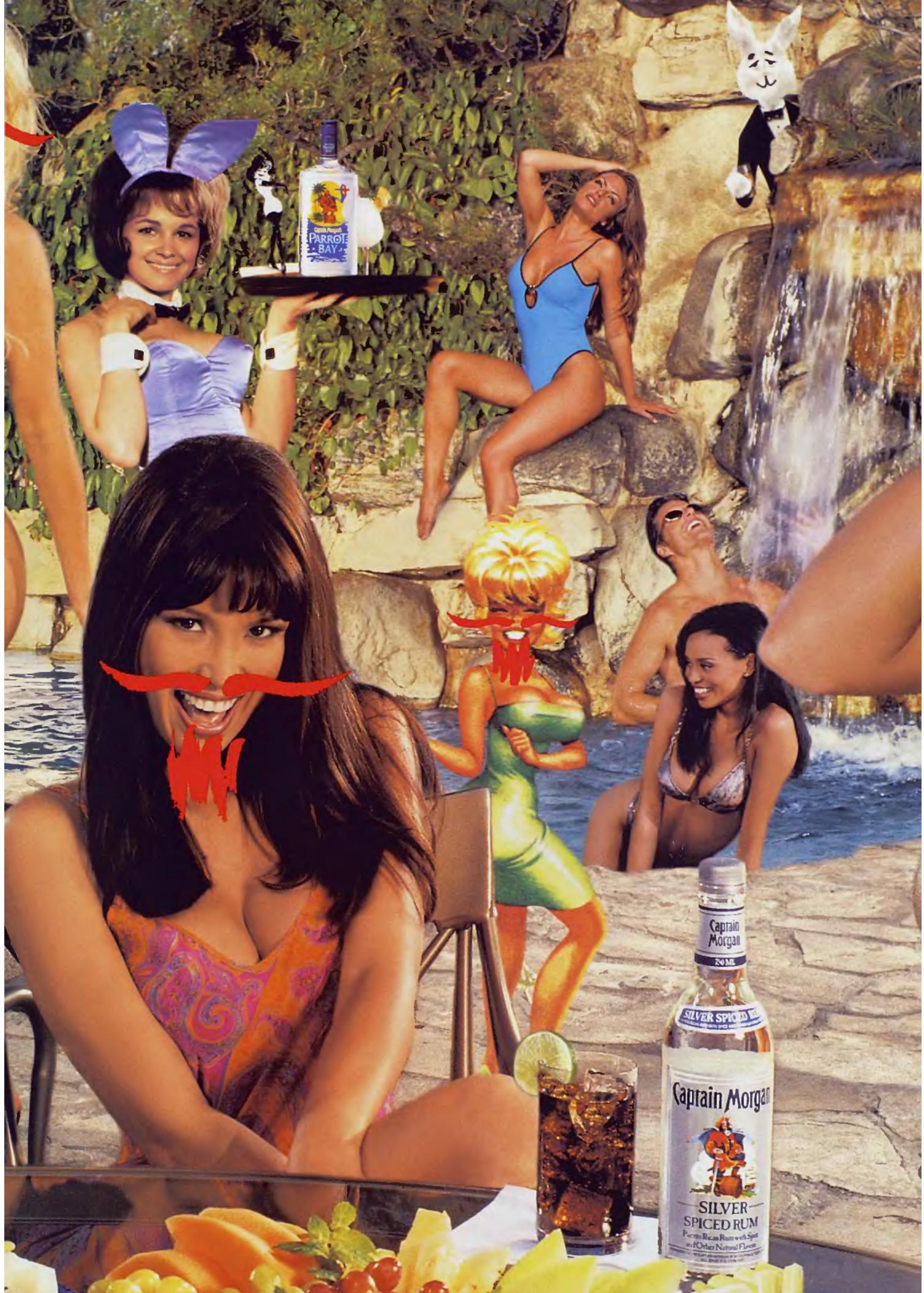


*A peek*  
inside Playboy's  
**45<sup>th</sup> Anniversary**  
*Bash*



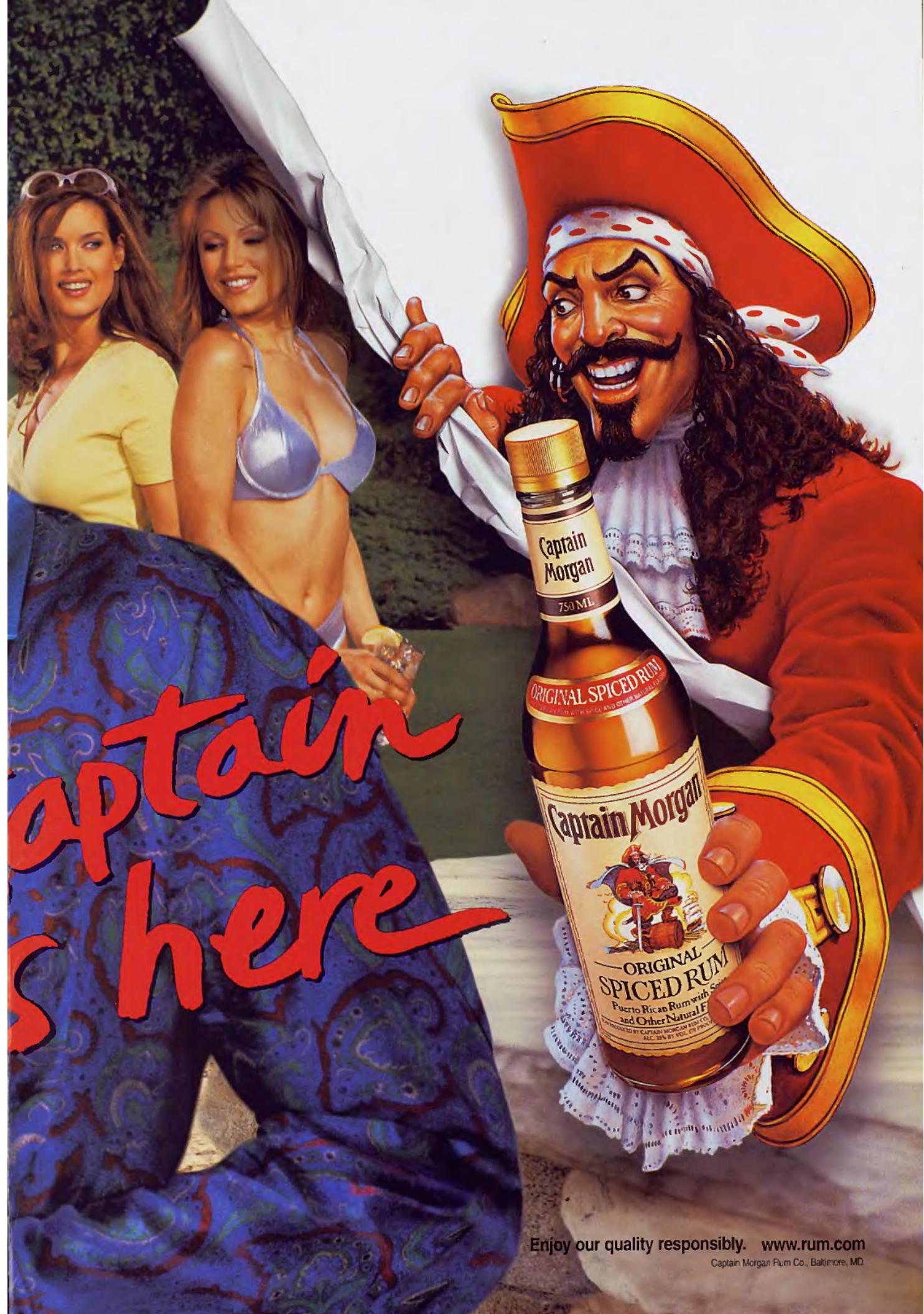
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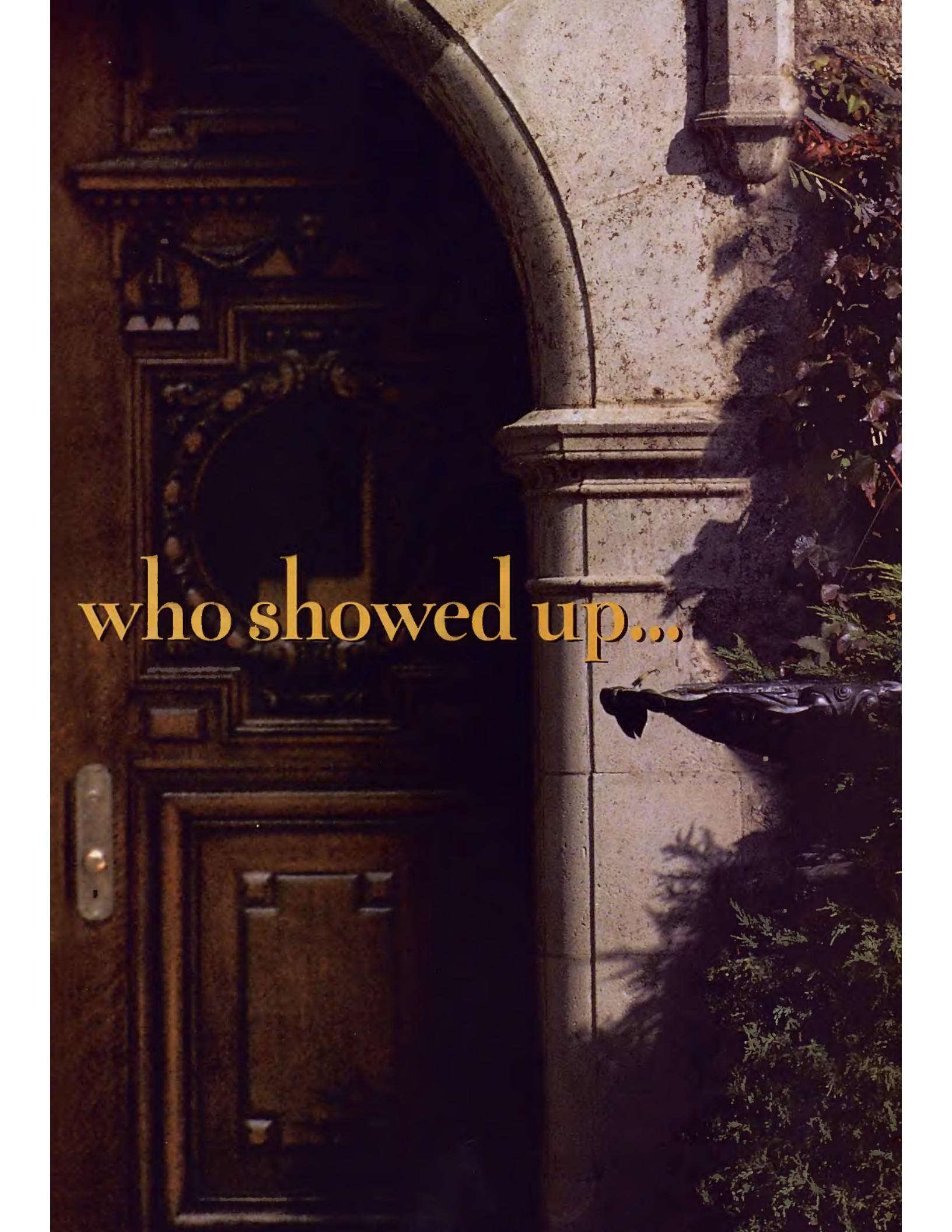


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# THE RULES ~~of an~~ AFFAIR

what we learned from monica and bill

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

**I**n the aftermath of Ken Starr's report, a reporter for *The New York Times* called PLAYBOY. Her call was directed to the office of the Playboy Advisor. She wanted to know about the state of monogamy in the Nineties.

We told her that PLAYBOY does not endorse affairs, but that we recognize that extramarital sex is a part of human nature, that sex is seldom contained by the institution of marriage. We do not as a rule write *Cosmo*-style articles extolling the virtues of affairs. Our memory may be selective, but we can recall only a few letters that have dealt outright with infidelity.

We have always assumed that most of our readers know that discretion is the better part of valor. When one asked us about the etiquette of an affair, we were, quite frankly, stumped. We turned to *Stalemates: The Truth About Extramarital Affairs* by Marcella Bakur Weiner and Bernard Starr. The book, published in 1989, issues guidelines for conducting an affair.

Consider how many rules Monica and Bill violated.

(1) *No picture taking or receiving. (Somehow they will be found.)*

The presidency is a living, breathing photo op. We've seen to the point of exhaustion the beret-clad Monica hugging and being hugged by the president. Too bad photographers missed the time she grabbed his crotch.

(2) *Nothing in writing. Affairs are allergic to anything in writing. That goes double for diaries, strictly a no-no.*

No e-mail. And no unmailed letters. Without those, the Starr report would have been a haiku.

(3) *No souvenirs. Pack rats as we are, we want mementos of everything. Definitely not a good idea for those engaged in liaisons.*

What was it with all those gifts? The road to Clinton's hell is littered with knickknacks from Martha's Vineyard. Nothing about an affair is meant to gather dust. Clinton is known as a man who gives gifts to everyone, but the inscribed copy of Whitman was a warrant for arrest or revenge. Of course, Monica used gifts like darts at

a pub: anything to pin the man down. The exchange of gifts between the two—all recorded in logs and on receipts—was a flurry of activity unmatched by any return window the day after Christmas. Of course, it was not so spectacular as the division of property that occurs in the dissolution of more-lasting relationships.

(4) *Not in the neighborhood or in public. Also, never display affection in public places, no matter how far away you are from the neighborhood.*

Can we replay the crotch-grabbing tape? You mean the Hubble telescope

(6) *Never in the home.*

Not even with Betty Currie keeping watch. But the most sympathetic comment in the aftermath of the Starr report was the speculation that Hillary thought Bill's libido was contained because living in the White House is like being in jail.

(7) *Never forget to keep track. For males, particularly, comes the suggestion to check all pockets before going home after a tryst. This also applies to briefcases. And check your jacket and shirt for stray hairs. Ask your lover not to wear perfumes or scented cosmetics that leave traces. Be careful of presents or calls that appear on credit cards or itemized phone bills.*

Phone logs, for Christ's sake. This from a man who nearly lost the 1992 election because Gennifer Flowers spliced together incriminating conversations with him.

(8) *Never change your style. For better or worse, each marriage has its own style. Your spouse knows how you act and respond. Don't change your style because you feel different.*

The picture from the Virgin Islands. Bill seemed to be getting along with Hillary. Big mistake.

"How do you tell if your spouse is having an affair?" is not a question we have an-

swered, though we do have a dandy of a study if anyone ever asks. A researcher at the University of Texas came up with an adulterer's psychological profile a few years ago. Several telltale traits—impulsiveness, narcissism, an inability to delay gratification, low levels of conscientiousness and psychotism—identify mates who are likely to cheat. The researcher, David Buss, told reporters that personality quirks such as habitual lateness, preening, mean-spirited jokes, leaving the lights on after stepping out of the room and running up debts could all be marks of a wayward spouse. Also—and we're not making this up—a callous response to roadkill is a giveaway. Adulterers are utterly unsympathetic when driving past an animal that has been killed in a road accident.

Especially if the roadkill happens to be Kenneth Starr.



didn't catch that? Monica and Bill found the four square feet of space inside the Beltway that wasn't occupied by lobbyists or camera crews.

(5) *No thoughtlessness. Just one moment of incaution can bring down the whole world of risk. You may unthinkingly throw a bra or a panty into the glove compartment of a car.*

The dress. Coming on the dress. Not taking the dress to the cleaners immediately. Letting your so-called best friend talk you into keeping the dress for evidence. Having the so-called best friend in the first place. Talking about your relationship to someone who is wearing a wire.



# WHAT HAPPENED WITH

in the eighties and early nineties, dozens of people fizzled, but the nightmares continue—for

## Manhattan Beach, Cal. 1983

**INITIAL CHARGE** An alcoholic who was diagnosed as an acute paranoid schizophrenic accused McMartin Preschool teacher Ray Buckey of sodomizing her two-year-old son. Eventually police would charge Buckey, his mother Peggy McMartin Buckey, his sister Peggy Ann, his grandmother Virginia McMartin and three other teachers with sexual abuse.

**THE INVESTIGATION** Police notified 200 parents; none reported anything suspicious. But a doctor for Children's International Institute, a child welfare agency, examined 150 children and concluded that 120 had been abused. Social workers at the agency questioned 400 children and concluded that 369 had been molested. During interviews, children denied abuse, but investigators coaxed them with leading questions and rewards. Police seized as evidence a rubber duck, a black gown identified as a satanic robe and two issues of *PLAYBOY*. Children told social workers of being abused in secret tunnels beneath the school. One boy said Ray Buckey made him perform oral sex during a game called Naked Movie Star, killed a horse with a baseball bat and showed the children dead bodies. A boy said that Ray undressed, molested and dressed a group of children during a one-minute trip through a car wash. Another boy testified that the family had taken children to a church, where strangers in black robes killed a rabbit and told him to drink the blood.

**THE TRIAL** The CII doctor testified that the genitals or anuses of 42 children showed signs of abuse; medical experts for the defense found nothing. The children's answers to questions typically were "I don't know" or "I don't remember." Police found no tunnels. The black robe was Peggy Ann's graduation gown.

**SENTENCES** Prosecutors dropped charges against Peggy Ann, Virginia and the three teachers in 1986. A jury acquitted Peggy on all counts and Ray on most counts. His retrial ended in a hung jury. Ray spent five years in prison during trial; his mother spent two years.

## Malden, Mass. 1984

**INITIAL CHARGE** A five-year-old at Fells Acres Day Care Center wet his pants. An aide, Gerald Amirault, attended him. The boy, after a great deal of questioning by his mother, said he had been molested in a "secret room." Police instructed parents to ask their children about a magic room, a secret room and a clown. Police arrested Gerald and later his sister, Cheryl LeFave, and his mother, Violet Amirault, and charged them with sexual abuse. Fells Acres had operated for 20 years without incident.

**THE INVESTIGATION** When they were questioned by police, the children denied abuse, but investigators persisted. Children who continued to deny abuse were described as "not ready to disclose." Police seized a camera from the day care center, which led to a search for kiddie porn. One child said he had seen a four-year-old sodomized with a 12-inch butcher knife that got stuck. Another said he had been tied naked to a tree in front of the other children while Cheryl cut the leg off a squirrel. The children said they drank urine and described a robot that bit their arms if they didn't agree to sex. This abuse allegedly lasted for two years, though no child mentioned it before being questioned by police.

**THE TRIAL** Prosecutors presented no evidence of the wounds that such violent and persistent abuse would have caused. Although no child porn was found, a postal inspector graphically described for the jury what it might have looked like. Prosecutors claimed that common vaginal infections found in several girls pointed to abuse. Despite an exhaustive search and help from the children, police never found a "secret room."

**SENTENCES** Gerald received a sentence of 30 to 40 years. His mother and sister received eight to 20 years each. Their insurance company paid 16 families settlements totaling \$20 million. Cheryl and Violet, who were denied parole because they steadfastly maintained their innocence, each served eight years before being released. Violet died in 1997. Gerald remains in prison.

## Maplewood, N.J. 1985

**INITIAL CHARGE** While having his temperature taken rectally, a four-year-old told a nurse, "That's what my teacher does to me at naptime. . . . Her takes my temperature." On the advice of her doctor, the boy's mother notified the state child protection agency. Prosecutors and social workers began interviewing the boy's classmates at the Wee Care Nursery. Three weeks later, police arrested Kelly Michaels, a 23-year-old woman who had been a teacher and naptime monitor at Wee Care, and charged her with six counts of sexual abuse.

**THE INVESTIGATION** The children frequently denied abuse (one child screamed, "It's all lies!"), but social workers were able to solicit stories from dozens of children that described Michaels licking peanut butter and sometimes jelly off their genitals, playing *Jingle Bells* on the piano naked, forcing children to eat feces, inserting forks, knives, swords, Lego toys and wooden spoons into vaginas and anuses and playing a nude pile-up game. Other teachers, parents and visitors at the school said they saw none of this. Few of Michaels' colleagues rushed to her defense, however.

**THE TRIAL** The judge allowed the children to testify by closed-circuit television. He denied requests for the defense's experts to examine the children. Evidence was introduced that the children had never shied away from Michaels, but prosecutors dismissed this because the accused was an aspiring actress and because "child abusers are very clever people." A prosecution witness claimed that children frequently deny abuse because they suffer from Child Sexual Abuse Accommodation Syndrome. The state supreme court would later rule that the trial contained "egregious prosecutorial abuses."

**SENTENCE** After a ten-month trial, a jury found Michaels guilty of sexually abusing 20 children (although not the boy who sparked the investigation). She had served five years of a 47-year sentence (including 15 months in solitary confinement) before the verdict was thrown out on appeal. A year later, all charges were dropped.

# THE WITCH-HUNTS?

were accused of devilish crimes. the hysteria  
the accused By ANTONIA SIMIGIS

## Olympia, Wash. 1988

**INITIAL CHARGE** Ericka Ingram, 22, and her sister Julie, 18, told police that their father, Paul, and two of his poker buddies had sexually abused them since they were young girls.

**THE INVESTIGATION** Unable to believe his daughters would lie about such a horrendous crime, the deeply religious Ingram told police he must be guilty. Encouraged by police, he later fell into what appeared to be a trance and began producing third-person memories. Ingram's confession included descriptions of men in black, animal sacrifices to Satan and the murder of a prostitute. When a psychologist who suspected Ingram's innocence tested him by inventing an incident that never happened, Ingram "prayed on it" and produced a vivid recollection. As investigators continued interviewing the girls, Ericka's charges quickly became outlandish. She recalled attending 850 satanic rituals and seeing 25 babies sacrificed. She claimed on a talk show that community members (including policemen, judges, doctors and lawyers) gave her an abortion when she was 16, cut up the baby on her stomach and ate its parts. She said her parents and their friends defecated on her and forced her to have sex with animals. Both girls claimed they had suffered deep cuts (Ericka said her father once nailed her to the floor); doctors found no scars on Julie's body, and the only scar on Ericka was from an appendectomy. Using a map drawn by Ericka, police dug for infant remains but found none.

**THE TRIAL** Ingram pleaded guilty to six counts of third-degree rape. Two days later, charges against the other two men were dropped. According to *Remembering Satan*, a book on the case by Lawrence Wright, a psychologist hired by the prosecution concluded that Ingram was probably guilty only of being highly suggestible, that Ericka was a habitual liar who hadn't expected her claims to reach a courtroom, and that the impressionable Julie followed her sister's lead.

**SENTENCE** Ingram, who attempted to withdraw his plea, received a 20-year sentence. He remains imprisoned.

## Martensville, Sask. 1991

**INITIAL CHARGE** A two-year-old came home from day care and told her mother she had ridden in a blue car, been poked by a stranger and shopped for elephants. When pressed for details, she said, "Shhh. It's a secret." After interviews with the girl, her older brother and other children, police arrested Ronald and Linda Sterling, who ran the day care, and charged them with sexual abuse. Police also arrested and charged the Sterling's son, Travis, their teenage daughter and five police officers whom a child had accused of taking part.

**THE INVESTIGATION** After they searched the Sterlings' home, officers seized as evidence four soft-core movies, 15 porn magazines and a sketch by Travis of a nude woman. They also photographed a vibrator found in a dresser drawer. During interrogations, a five-year-old claimed he had seen human sacrifices at a remote farm building he called the Devil's Church, and a body dumped into an acid bath. He said he saw Linda bite off part of a child's nipple. The two-year-old said a woman had been murdered and her eyes poked out. A ten-year-old boy said the children were taken to Devil's Church in a police van—that Linda pressed a vibrator into his anus and drew blood from his arm and drank it, that Ron Sterling molested the five-year-old with an ax handle and that the children were kept in cages.

**THE TRIAL** None of the children showed physical signs of abuse, so prosecutors relied on their testimony. The 10-year-old was the oldest and most credible of the seven who testified. The judge, clearly not impressed, referred to his testimony as "stories" (prosecutors objected, but the judge declined to change his description).

**SENTENCES** Although the children had accused the entire Sterling family and the five officers, only Travis and his sister were convicted. He received a sentence of five years; she received two years. The Sterlings and three of the officers were ordered to leave town. Except for two charges against Travis, all of the convictions were overturned on appeal in 1995.

## Wenatchee, Wash. 1994

**INITIAL CHARGE** The nine-year-old foster daughter of the city's sex crimes investigator told him of a church-based pedophilia ring. The girl had previously accused her parents of sexual abuse, and both had been imprisoned.

**THE INVESTIGATION** The investigator, Robert Perez, drove the girl around town and asked her to identify where children had been abused. She pointed out about 20 sites and accused dozens of townspeople. After coaxing, other children told fantastic stories of orgy nights at a Pentecostal church involving dozens of people (one child claimed the pastor would write notes for children who were too tired to attend school from servicing the adults), of inflatable sex toys kept under the altar, mass child rapes by men in black and women holding colored pencils, of the congregation yelling "Hallelujah" while worshipers raped children and sexual round robins in which each adult took a turn.

**THE TRIALS** The investigation resulted in 29,000 charges involving 60 children (prosecutors accused one woman of 3200 rapes). Many townspeople, afraid they would receive lengthy prison terms or lose custody of their children, agreed to sign confessions. Kathryn Lyon, author of *Witch Hunt: A True Story of Social Hysteria and Abused Justice*, notes that a number of the accused were illiterate and recanted when their confessions were read aloud in court. No one who could afford counsel went to jail. One woman who hired a lawyer had all 168 counts against her dropped two days before trial.

**SENTENCES** Twenty-eight people were charged; 14 pleaded guilty and five were convicted. Fourteen people remain in prison, some serving sentences of more than 40 years. A few have exhausted their appeals and will remain imprisoned unless new evidence is introduced. In 1996, the initial accuser recanted. She later recanted her recantation. Four of the accused filed a \$60 million civil suit against Perez and his officers for violating their civil rights; a jury found no liability.



## R E A D E R

## SEX ADDICTION

In many ways, Daniel Radosh's "Addicted to Sex?" (*The Playboy Forum*, November) is similar to articles written in the Thirties and Forties about the "radical" concept of alcoholism. Those who sought to help alcoholics were frequently criticized for being religious fanatics.

Participating in sexual fantasy and activities leads many people to an addictive desire for more. I should know. It has been more than 35 years since Miss August 1962 did a frontal assault on my hormones and helped rearrange some neurological connections in my brain. I was a lonely 12-year-old who didn't think many people liked me, and certainly not girls. Miss August was one of the first fantasy ladies I used to medicate my loneliness. It was an illusion, and the pages of *PLAYBOY* taught me many incorrect messages about sexuality and how to ease my pain. I don't blame *PLAYBOY*. It was just there in the absence of people who might have told me the truth.

I'm not surprised that Radosh and *PLAYBOY* don't understand sexual addiction. I think you have to be an addict to realize how unmanageable sex can become. Today I avoid images in magazines such as *PLAYBOY* not only because I'm a recovering addict but because I choose a higher way. I pray for the day that pornography isn't out there. It would make my life easier; I don't like being assaulted by it in the most common of places.

I tried the *Playboy Philosophy* and it didn't bring me fulfillment. What does bring me immense joy is being physically, emotionally and spiritually intimate with one woman—my wife, Miss Every Month of Every Year—for the rest of my life. I would encourage *PLAYBOY* to take the same approach that the alcohol and gambling industries have taken toward addiction by supporting research by the medical and religious communities. *PLAYBOY* could



FOR THE RECORD

## LAST MAN STANDING

*Adam Black Video Illustrated, Adam Gay Video Erotica, Adam Presents Amateur Porn, Assertive Women, Barely 18, Barely Legal, Beach Girls, Beau, Best of Beaver Hunt, Big Butt, Big Girls, Black Beauties, Black Legs, Black Lust, Black Tail, Blue Boy, Boy Next Door, Buf, Bump and Grind, Busty, Buttime Stories, Candy Girls, Cheaters Club, Cheeks, Cheri, Cherry Tales, Chic, Club, College Girls, Contact Girls, Cream of the Crop, D-Cup, Dude, Family Affairs, Fantasy Imports XXX, Fiesta, Fifty Plus, First Hand, Forty Plus, Fox, Gallery, Genesis, Gent, Hard, Hawk, High Society, Hometown Girls, Honeybuns, Hot Shots, Hustle, International Black Pleasure, Jock, Juggs, Juniors, Just Come of Age, Just 18, Key Club, Kinky Fetish, Kinky Konnections, Knave, Leg Action, Leg Scene, Leg Sex, Leg Show, Leg World, Lips, Locker Room Tales, Machismo, Mantalk, Mayfair, Nasty, Naughty Neighbors, New Rave, New Talent, Nude Readers' Wives, Nugget, Numbers, Only 18, Options, Oriental Dolls, Original Letters, Oui, Over 50, Panty Play, Penthouse, Petite, Pictorial, Players, Playgirl, Plumpers, Portfolio, Ravers, Rookies, Rough Trade, Salza, Score, Skinny and Wriggly, Special Ravers, Stacked, Sticky Buns, Street, Sugah, Swank, Taboo, Tail Ends, Teaser, Turn-Ons, Velvet, Voluptuous*

—SOME OF THE 153 "ADULT SOPHISTCATE PERIODICALS" BANNED FROM MILITARY NEWSSTANDS UNDER THE MILITARY HONOR AND DECENCY ACT. THE PENTAGON DECIDED THAT *PLAYBOY* IS NOT "SEXUALLY EXPLICIT" AND CAN CONTINUE TO BE SOLD ON BASE.

help us better understand sexual addiction.

Mark Laaser

Chanhassen, Minnesota

Laaser is a member of the National Council on Sex Addiction and Compulsivity and author of the book "Faithful and True: Sexual Integrity in a Fallen World."

You need a good definition of sex addiction in order to discuss it intelligently. I propose: anyone who has more sex than the therapist.

William Richardson  
Sherman, Texas

As a retired psychotherapist with 28 years' experience, I can tell you there are sex-addicted people. They see sin in joyful sex. If it's fun, it must be bad. When I was growing up many years ago in Boston, these people were called "bluenoses." Those who view any sex outside their own narrow definition as deviant are the true addicts. More people need psychological help because of the guilt put upon them by bluenoses than for any other reason. Listen to the vociferous clamor of the hypocrites in Congress. Read Ken Starr's drooling report. That's what real sex addicts look and sound like.

Robert Healy  
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

A few months ago Ann Landers praised a letter from Mary Anne Layden of the Center for Cognitive Therapy at the University of Pennsylvania. Layden wrote, "I have been treating sexual violence victims and perpetrators for 13 years. I have not treated a single case of sexual violence that did not involve pornography. Most often, it is video pornography. In almost every case of sibling incest I have treated, the pornography involved was soft-core porn in a magazine. I have found that pornography addicts have a harder time getting into remission than cocaine addicts. Also, pornography addicts are more likely to relapse than

## RESPONSE

cocaine addicts are." This is contrary to everything I have read about pornography. Even the Meese Commission could not come up with anything like this. Layden must be from Reverend Donald Wildmon's camp.

Ken Howland  
Boston, Massachusetts

*We're familiar with Mary Anne Layden. Writing in "The Philadelphia Inquirer," she explained away Andrew Cunanan and Ted Bundy, among other killers, as suffering from sex addiction. Pornography, she claims, must be seen as "a form of violence, or at least as a dangerous thing in the hands of an addict. Addiction to print, video or live pornography (like stripping) produces mental imagery that is permanently implanted and sealed in by brain chemistry. This is the first addictive substance for which there is no hope of detoxification." Watching strippers or adult videos causes brain damage? C'mon. So many people consume pornography—it's a multibillion dollar industry—that you can blame it for just about any crime or mental disorder. Like other anti-porn crusaders, Layden has a penchant for weak science. She notes, for instance, that there are 80 sex addiction programs in the Philadelphia area, and cites that as proof that a lot of people suffer from sex addiction. All it proves is that a lot of people are diagnosed as sex addicts.*

## THE DRUG MARIJUANA

Dr. Lester Grinspoon's article "Cannabis Clubs" (*The Playboy Forum*, November) reviews federal efforts to thwart the implementation of California's medicinal marijuana law. Before the FDA can approve marijuana as a prescription medicine, more studies are needed. The Clinton administration is making sure these studies cannot be conducted.

The problem is that the National Institute on Drug Abuse has a monopoly on the legal supply of marijuana for research in the U.S. Since 1995, we have been asking the institute to remove the bureaucratic hurdles that prevent qualified researchers from obtaining marijuana. The American Medical Association also has recommended that NIDA change its procedures.

We encourage your readers to call NIDA director Alan Leshner at 301-443-6480 and tell him, "NIDA should provide marijuana to all FDA-approved studies, without further requirements." For more details about this issue, visit our organization's site

on the World Wide Web at [www.mpp.org/NIDAbro.html](http://www.mpp.org/NIDAbro.html).

Chuck Thomas  
Marijuana Policy Project  
Washington, D.C.

California's medicinal marijuana law called on state officials "to implement a plan to provide for the safe and affordable distribution" of medicinal marijuana. Patients still have no state-sponsored channels through which they can receive the drug. Because politicians failed to act, buyers' clubs picked up the slack. The medical needs of seriously ill patients and the unique healing properties found in whole smoked cannabis give us reason to continue the struggle to support the clubs' efforts.

Paul Armentano  
The NORML Foundation  
Washington, D.C.

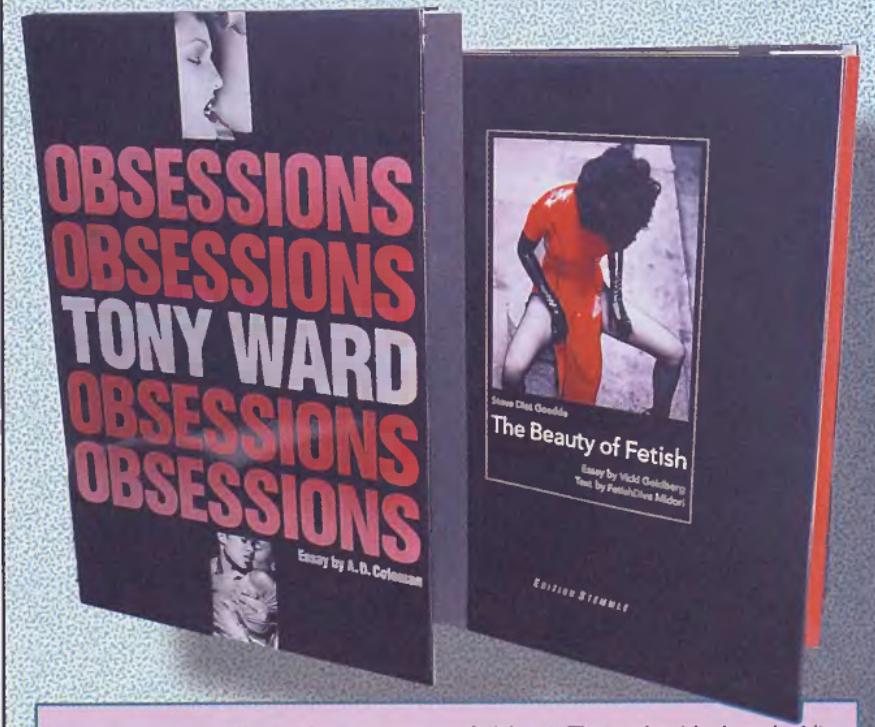
Despite threats by the feds to shut down marijuana clubs, Oakland Can-

nabis Buyers' Cooperative remains open. Others, like myself, have started our own informal clubs. I'm not afraid of the Gestapo tactics of the feds. When you are dealing with a life-threatening illness, you will do anything to stay alive. That includes breaking immoral drug laws that would doom me to a painful death. If authorities don't like it, they can go to hell. I have a right to relieve my pain and nausea. If the police come to take us sick folks away, they'd better have plenty of empty hospital beds.

Lynn Waltz  
Fremont, California

*Soon after we received Waltz' letter, a judge cleared the way for federal marshals to close the Oakland club, which has 1400 members. The city council promptly declared a public health emergency. A month earlier, DEA agents had raided the Humboldt Cannabis Center in Arcata, destroying 155 plants intended for use by the club's more than 300 members. The center's director*

## FORUM F.Y.I.



Coming to a coffee table near you . . . fetish art. The grainy black-and-white shots in Tony Ward's *Obsessions* showcase stiletto heels, oral fixations, threesomes, anal beads, contortions and a woman in a dog collar using a nightstick as a sex toy. Steve Diet Goedde's playful book, *The Beauty of Fetish*, highlights corsets, gas masks, garter belts and rubber dresses. Don't say we didn't warn you.

said, "I guess the DEA would rather have patients buy on the black market."

Is it just me, or does it seem that your editorial staff consists of a bunch of over-the-hill potheads? Of all the topics concerning the world, it seems like PLAYBOY could come up with other dead horses to beat than the legalization of marijuana.

Robert Watson  
Garland, Texas

#### JUST SAY NO MILITARY

The danger of programs such as DARE ("Just Say No," *The Playboy Forum*, October) is that police, whose work necessarily involves social control through the threat or use of force, are presented to youngsters as authorities on an extremely delicate issue. These "feel good" programs are public relations for a self-destructive drug war. That the military has become involved in this war is equally troublesome. According to a magazine published by the U.S. Army War College, the National Guard has more counternarcotics officers than the DEA has special agents, and each day takes part in 1300 counterdrug operations that involve 4000 troops. The Guard routinely works with an organization called Community Antidrug Coalitions of America. One of CADCA's goals is to prevent the passage of medicinal marijuana initiatives.

Like police departments across the country, the Guard also now offers prevention programs for kids. The Indiana National Guard, for example, sponsors campouts, provides speakers and, in cooperation with other state agencies, produced a comic book depicting Guardsmen and other law enforcement characters as drug-fighting superheroes.

The zealotry of the drug war has eroded the traditional limits on the power of the police and the military. Let's think long and hard before we expand their powers any further. Your readers can learn more online at [www.stophedrugwar.org](http://www.stophedrugwar.org).

David Borden  
Executive Director  
Drug Reform Coordination Network  
Washington, D.C.

*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](mailto:forum@playboy.com) (please include your city and state).*

## IF IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE NBA...

### how about penalties for politicians?

**N**ews item: President Bill Clinton today received a \$30,000 fine and a two-week suspension for his indiscretions with intern Monica Lewinsky.

Athletes occasionally exhibit their human frailties and stray from the straight and narrow. A transgression might involve an illegal substance, fisticuffs with a fellow sportsman, expectorating on an official, kicking a cameraman or biting off a piece of an opposing professional's ear. We accept that sort of behavior because professional athletic associations have wisely developed systems of sanctions. In some of the more contentious sports, such as hockey, a penalty box is part of the game. If a player violates the rules, he is sanctioned, and the focus can return immediately to the tasks at hand—winning games, fleecing fans and making incredible piles of money that players and owners can bicker over.

No such mechanism exists for our elected representatives. When they violate one or more of the Ten Commandments, their only recourse is to deny it. This leads to leaks and spins, long committee hearings, independent counsels and a parade of lawyers. Millions of tax dollars are wasted, the business of government doesn't get done and no one is happy except the media and the aforementioned lawyers.

Politicians should take a lesson from professional athletes. We should institute an organized system of sanctions. Penalty boxes could be installed in the White House and on the floors of the House of Representatives and the Senate to punish those guilty of transgressions. While in the penalty box, a politician could not vote; could not introduce, sign or veto legislation; could not speak in public; and could not accept any money from special interests.

A more extreme system of fines, suspensions and penalties (such as having to appear in public with Jerry Falwell) could be established for repeat offenders.

These sanctions would be determined and imposed by rotating groups of citizens chosen to represent the electorate. Anyone who bought a Powerball ticket in the preceding month would be eligible to serve. Revenues generated from the fines, suspended wages and undelivered PAC mon-



MICHELLE CHANG

ey could be used to pay citizens for their time. Because we can be reasonably sure that our politicians won't stop lying, selling their votes or violating God's commandments any time soon, these revenues also could be used for campaign finance reform. Such a system of sanctions would not only solve the problem of how to deal with ethics violations, but it would also preclude spectacles such as the vice president soliciting campaign contributions from Buddhist monks.

Although constitutional scholars and political scientists may quibble with the finer points of this proposal, it is basically sound. Any system good enough for professional wrestling has to be good enough for Washington.

—FRED LEONARD

# HARD TIME

the puritan vision is alive and well—in prison

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

**I**n 1996 Congress passed the Ensign amendment, which bars inmates in federal prisons from receiving material that is "sexually explicit or features nudity."

Representative John Ensign (R-Nev.) convinced his colleagues that "Congress should not be fueling the sexual appetites of offenders, especially those who have been convicted of despicable sex offenses against women and children. Magazines that portray and exploit sex acts have no place in the rehabilitative environment of prisons."

Law-and-order types may scoff at a prisoner's right to receive *PLAYBOY* or other adult material. Others may find irony in a view that places *PLAYBOY* as a privilege—the denial of which is a form of punishment. The Ensign amendment (and the dozens of state laws that cover the same ground) has less to do with the rehabilitation of prisoners than with bizarre theories on the dangers of nudity and sexual expression. It is part of a government campaign to criminalize sex—and to eradicate the First Amendment one issue at a time. In the past few years we have seen a bill that bans the sale of sexually explicit materials on military bases explained away as protecting our troops' "defense readiness." GIs and jailmates have to obey; they don't have the same rights as the rest of us, right?

The Supreme Court has long held that "prison walls do not form a barrier separating prison inmates from the protections of the Constitution." When three federal prisoners challenged the Ensign amendment, a circuit court in Washington, D.C. upheld the government's right to deny access to sexual images.

The court's reasoning was as bizarre as it was familiar. Resurrecting a mid-19th century model of prisons, the decision described rehabilitation this way: "The penitentiary, free of corruptions and dedicated to the proper training of the inmate, would inculcate the discipline that negligent parents, evil companions, taverns, houses of prostitution, theaters and gambling halls had destroyed. Just as the criminal's environment had led

him into crime, the institutional environment would lead him out of it."

In other words, remove temptation and we would all be model citizens. That's what the Puritans believed. The ability to repress natural sexual feelings was a sign of character, and the lawbooks were (and are) filled with statutes guaranteed to keep you proper. The judges who upheld the Ensign amendment proclaimed, "Congress might well perceive pornography as tending generally to

caring and affection, of joining eros to agape. The supposition that exclusion of pornography from prisons will have much of an impact in this direction may be optimistic, but it is not irrational."

Without using the word, the court ruled that masturbation is the root of all evil. Prison should not allow publications that "elevate the value of the viewer's immediate sexual gratification over the values of respect and consideration for others. Common sense tells us that prisoners are more likely to develop the now-missing self-control and respect for others if prevented from poring over pictures that are themselves degrading and disrespectful."

If appreciation of the nude female (or male) form keeps prisoners from becoming model citizens, what does that say about the millions of model citizens who pore over the same pictures outside prison walls? If you entertain sexual fantasies, will you become a sociopath?

Years ago, feminist Robin Morgan claimed famously that "pornography is the theory, rape is the practice." Researchers have struggled in vain to prove it. None has found a causal relationship between porn and sexual aggression. However, that did not deter the circuit court.

The judges cited research by social scientists that shows violent pornography increases levels of aggression. Never mind that one of the same studies also found that mild erotica lowers levels of aggression. The judges said that the actual evidence didn't matter.

In the wake of the decision we were inundated with letters from prisoners who reported that wardens were prohibiting *PLAYBOY* and other publications containing erotic images, including the swimsuit edition of *Sports Illustrated* and fitness magazines that featured female bodybuilders. In case after case, prison officials banned material after ruling it was "detrimental to the safety, security, order or rehabilitative interests" of the facility. Sexual materials especially created a "risk of disorder."

If they can do it to prisoners, they can do it to you.



thwart the character growth of its consumers."

To drive home its point that prisoners exposed to photos of naked women are certain to become violent and disorderly, the court cited Catharine MacKinnon, a law professor who wants to rid the world of pornography. She is the prime advocate of sexual harassment laws that seek to purge the workplace of sexual images, language and gestures. The judges parroted MacKinnon's mantra that porn degrades women by portraying them as sexual objects. To its credit, the court recognized the Victorian nature of the ban, saying, "This viewpoint shares at least a core with ideas that have a lineage of a few centuries, perhaps millennia, stressing the desirability of deferring gratification, of sublimation of sexual impulses, of channeling sexual expression into long-term relationships of

## NEWS FRONT

*what's happening in the sexual and social arenas*

## CONDOM NATION

TALLAHASSEE—Administrators at Lincoln High disciplined 14 seniors because they wore T-shirts to school with the image of a condom package on the front pocket



and the slogan 99 PERCENT EFFECTIVE: THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GOOD GRADUATION CAP on the back. An assistant principal said the "sexually suggestive" shirts violated the school's dress code. The student who made and sold the 125 shirts received a two-day suspension. Nine other students were suspended for a day.

DURHAM, NEW HAMPSHIRE—Officials at the University of New Hampshire were not pleased with a condom advertising insert in the student newspaper that unfolded into two posters of sexy models with the slogan HOW 2 HAVE MORE FUN IN BED. An administrator said the insert promoted "sex for the sake of sex." The newspaper's editor disagreed, saying the ad spoke directly to college guys.

## HIV ASSAULT?

COLUMBUS, MISSISSIPPI—A judge sentenced a 45-year-old man to the maximum of five years in prison for failing to tell two sex partners that he is HIV-positive and use a condom with spermicide, as required by a health department order. In Akron, Ohio, meanwhile, prosecutors charged an accused rapist with attempted murder because he allegedly told his victim he wanted to give her HIV. The same month, the Canadian Supreme Court ruled that peo-

ple who know they have HIV but don't tell sex partners may be guilty of assault. As in Mississippi, the case involved a man who had been ordered to inform potential sex partners of his status and wear a condom. A lower court acquitted him of aggravated assault (neither of the two women he slept with contracted the virus), but the high court ordered a new trial. Health advocates worry that the ruling will discourage people from being tested.

## HARD LESSONS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The recently passed amendment to the Higher Education Act disqualifies anyone convicted of drug charges from receiving federal student aid. A student can requalify by completing rehab and testing negative for drugs over a six-month period. Critics of the feel-good measure note that the law may keep a teenager caught with a joint from attending college. They also point out that the law amplifies the effects of an already discriminatory drug war: While a relatively small percentage of blacks use illegal drugs, they account for more than half of the people convicted of drug possession.

## ASSEMBLE THE TROOPS

PHILADELPHIA—The ACLU and other groups filed suit in federal court to block the Child Online Protection Act, which requires adult Web sites to verify that each visitor is at least 17 years old (usually by asking for a credit card number). The law, which punishes violators with fines and jail terms, applies only to sites that contain material considered "harmful to minors." Disney and other companies lobbied lawmakers for a last-minute exemption, arguing the law should apply only to sites whose "principal business" is explicit material. Lawmakers also approved a three-year moratorium on new Internet taxes but said it won't apply to companies that violate the Child Online Protection Act.

## PRO-LIFE PUNISHMENT

CLEVELAND—A county judge sent a college student to prison on a minor forgery charge to prevent her from having an abortion. "She is not having a second-term abortion," Judge Patricia Cleary told the woman's lawyer, according to a court transcript. An appeals court later set bond, allowing the 21-year-old to be freed. Howev-

er, it was too late for her to have a legal abortion in Ohio, and she must remain in the state as a condition of her release.

## STAGS STALLED

NEW YORK—The Whitney Museum of American Art canceled an exhibit called "Secret Cinema: The History of the American Stag Film," which had been supported in part by a \$50,000 grant from the Hugh M. Hefner Foundation. Set to run from December 17 through April 14, the exhibit would have been the first scholarly presentation of films at a major U.S. museum. The Whitney planned to screen hundreds of stag films dating from 1915 to 1969, as well as distribute a 240-page illustrated catalog. After a lack of funding forced the museum to cancel an exhibit called "Great American Nude" that would have run at the same time, administrators decided the stag films lacked the "cultural and academic context" to go it alone.

## SEWER SNIFFER

CALGARY—Police raided an indoor marijuana-growing operation and seized 75 plants following a tip from a sanitation worker. The worker smelled marijuana while repairing a four-inch sewage line

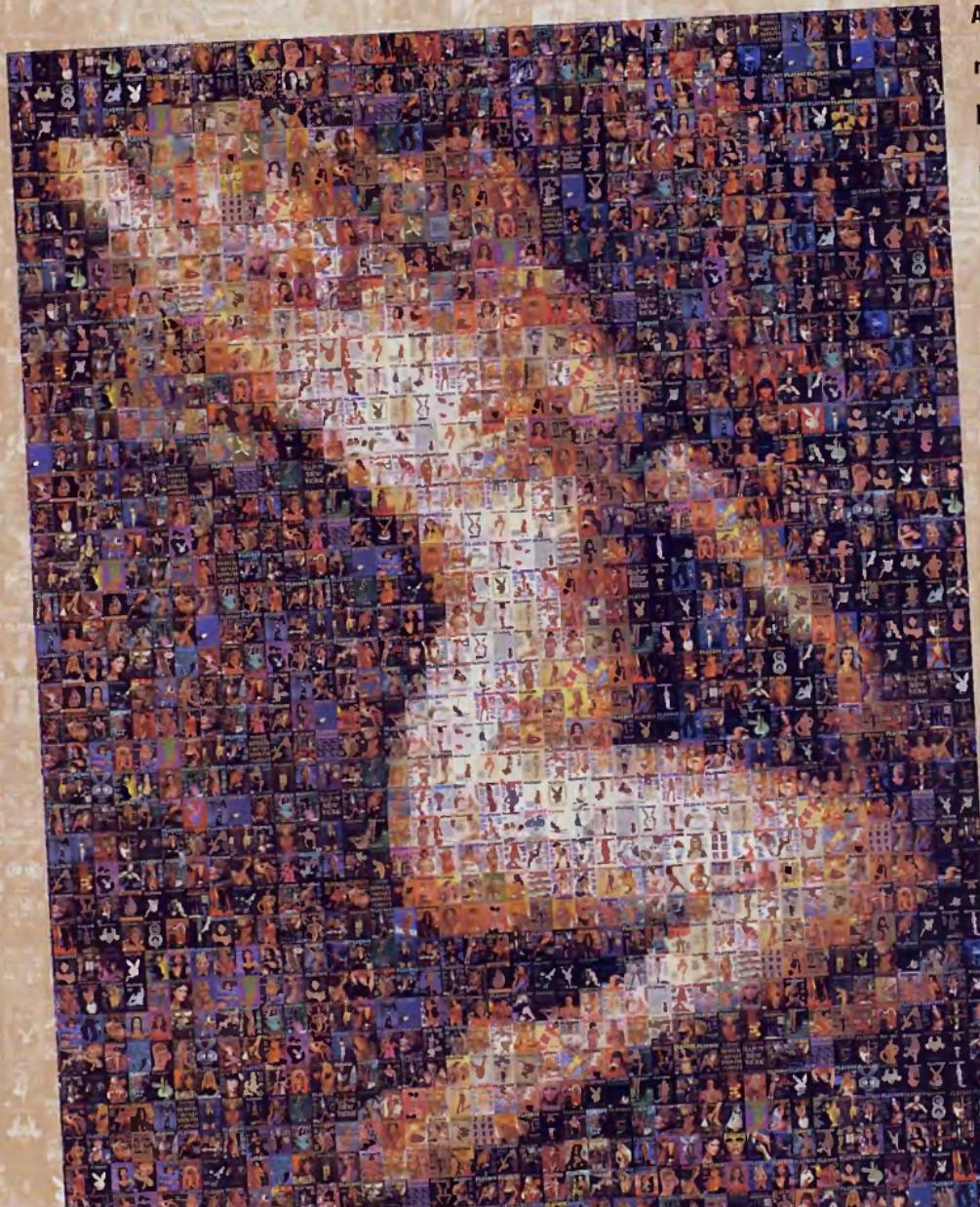


that ran into a nearby house. "The growth was being ventilated through an exhaust fan connected to the basement sewer line," a detective explained. Police charged a 37-year-old man with possession of marijuana and theft of electricity.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

# EMERIL LAGASSE

*a candid conversation with tv's wildest chef about food and men, food and sex, food and celebrities and how he taught julia child to suck head and pinch tail*

Emeril Lagasse hits the stage to the type of whooping and hollering normally reserved for, say, Chris Rock or Eddie Vedder. Wearing a starched white coat and a toque, he hunches over a hunk of beef, which he gleefully pierces. Into the incisions he stuffs cloves of garlic. "Should we kick it up?" he asks, and a raucous audience of police and firemen yell back, "More! Yeah!"

Lagasse adds more garlic. Thirty, maybe 40 cloves.

The meat is shoved into an oven and Lagasse turns to a bowl that contains eggs, flour and other ingredients. He stuffs his hand into a big bowl of powder, grabbing a handful. "What do you think, guys?" he asks. "Shall we kick this one up a few notches, too?"

The audience cheers louder. "All right!" he says. "Let's kick it up just like you said." He throws in the powder, his spice mix called Essence, and lets out a staccato, "Bam!" Then other ingredients are tossed in. "Bam! Some pepper. Bam! Some salt. Bam! More Essence."

Lagasse picks up the bowl and mixes its contents with a hefty wooden spoon. There's music from a studio band that consists of a guitar picker and a harmonica player, and Lagasse breaks into a huge smile. "Man," he says, "food rocks, don't it?" The audience

members cheer and stomp their feet. "Bam!" Time for a commercial.

On the slim chance that you're one of the uninitiated, "Emeril Live" is the wildest, most popular cooking show ever to appear on American television. Lagasse himself has become a megastar, not only one of the world's most heralded chefs but a TV personality who has been called "the Jerry Seinfeld of the Food Network" and is known for "banning" and such platitudes as "Pork fat rules."

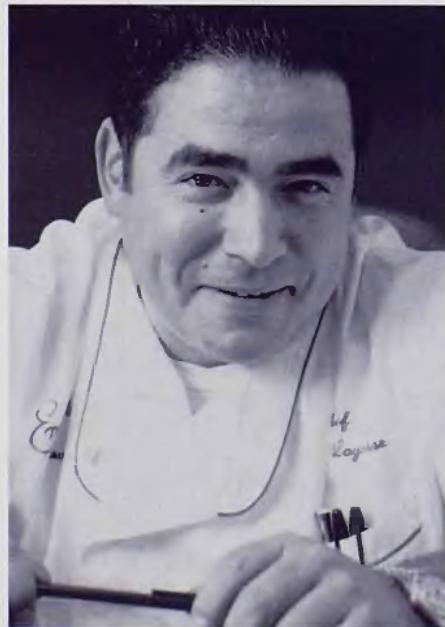
"Emeril Live," available to the Food Network's 35 million subscribers, is unlike any other food show. Lagasse, a cookbook author and famed restaurateur, makes cooking so much fun that stuffy foodies have called him bombastic and the show cartoony. But there have been far more raves. "Time" named "The Essence of Emeril" one of TV's best shows in 1996.

Lagasse has been on television since 1993, when he signed with the Food Network to host his first cooking shows, "How to Boil Water" and "Emeril and Friends," both scripted and predictable. Next came "The Essence of Emeril," which allowed him more freedom. But it wasn't until the freewheeling, spontaneous "Emeril Live" debuted in 1997 that Lagasse was unleashed. Attracting people who weren't typical cooking-show

viewers—men from college age on—the show grew wilder by the week. As Doreen Indica Vigue described it in "The Boston Globe," "It's a mashed-potato Mardi Gras revel, complete with a live band and a host who acts as if he'd consider a warning from the cops proof of a good party. When the biscuits are ready, Lagasse doesn't just stack them on a serving plate; he tosses a few into the audience like a giddy peanut vendor at a ball game. It's Rocky Balboa with oven mitts, Fred Flintstone as the Galloping Gourmet. 'Hey!' he yells. 'This is like a real cookin' show we got here!'"

Before television, Lagasse had a smaller but passionate following thanks to his restaurants in New Orleans. Emeril's, his flagship restaurant, is considered one of the best in the country, praised in magazines such as "Condé Nast Traveler," "Esquire" and "Travel & Leisure." "Restaurants & Institutions" awarded Emeril's the prestigious Ivy Award for 1994 and Lagasse has been nominated four times for best chef in America by the James Beard Foundation. Always packed (reservations are coveted), Emeril's has hosted numerous luminaries, including President Clinton and Bruce Springsteen, who is a fan of Lagasse's killer banana cream pie.

After the success of Emeril's, Lagasse



PHOTOGRAPH BY KERRI MCCAFFETY

"Cooking is cool. You don't have to stay in the closet if you like to cook dinner. You don't have to worry that the guy across the street is going to laugh at you—because he's probably doing the same thing."

"I wanted to make my TV show fun. Cooking isn't rocket science. You're basically dumping all the shit into a bowl. You don't need a doctorate. Fun should equate to delicious. It doesn't have to be difficult."

"People don't go to nice restaurants because they need to be nourished, but because they want to be entertained. It's no longer sex, drugs and rock and roll. Today it's food, wine and sex—and an occasional cigar."

opened two other restaurants in New Orleans—NOLA and Delmonico—as well as Emeril's New Orleans Fish House in Las Vegas and his newest, Emeril's Orlando, in Florida. Each has a different menu, but all feature Lagasse's "kicked up" food, which is centered on Creole and Cajun classics but includes Asian, Italian and Southwestern touches. A typical evening's menu might include eggplant-and-shrimp beignets, crawfish étouffée, quail stuffed with corn bread-and-andouille dressing, and pan-roasted chicken with oyster dressing and sweet potato pudding.

Lagasse's growing fame as a chef led to the TV shows and his position as a food correspondent with weekly spots on "Good Morning America." He has also written popular cookbooks, including "Emeril's Creole Christmas," "Louisiana Real & Rustic" and the latest, "Emeril's TV Dinners."

Food has been his obsession since he was a child in Fall River, Massachusetts, where he got his accent ("garlic" is pronounced "gaw-llick") and his inspiration to cook. His first teacher was his mother, who taught Emeril her Portuguese specialties, including kale soup and Portuguese stew. (Now Hilda Lagasse is an occasional guest on his TV show. She once scolded him when he changed one of her recipes. "Come on, Ma!" he responded. "It's my show.")

Lagasse's father, Emeril Jr., worked in a Fall River textile-finishing plant, which is where most of Emeril's friends wound up. But Emeril's first job was at the local Portuguese bakery, where he learned to bake bread and make pastry. He later worked at restaurants while studying music. A promising percussionist, he joined a dance band, the Royal Aces, and won a full scholarship to the New England Conservatory of Music. He turned it down, much to his parents' consternation. Instead he enrolled at Johnson & Wales, a culinary school in Providence, Rhode Island. After graduating, he worked in restaurant kitchens in France, New York, Philadelphia and Boston. In 1982, when he was 26, he left the East for the top job at Commander's Palace in New Orleans, replacing the celebrated chef Paul Prudhomme. He left Commander's and opened Emeril's in 1990.

Lagasse, 42, has been married twice. His first wife, Elizabeth, a schoolteacher, is the mother of his daughters Jessica, 19, who is a student at Cornell, and Jillian, 17. In 1989 he married Tari Hohn, an actor, who worked with him at his restaurants until they went their separate ways recently. Now single, he says he has little time for dating. He cooks even on Sundays—the one day he doesn't work—for his parents or friends.

PLAYBOY tracked down Lagasse during a break in his frantic schedule. He had just returned to New Orleans from New York City, where he tapes his television show. Contributing Editor David Sheff, who recently interviewed Matt Drudge and Paul Reiser, found Lagasse at his namesake restaurant in New Orleans. Here's Sheff's report: "Lagasse, downing shots of espresso at a back

table at Emeril's, was more serious than on TV, though he laughs heartily and punctuates his stories with an occasional 'Bam!'

"Before dinner each night the waiters and kitchen staff gather in the main dining room at Emeril's, where they are prepared for the evening by the boss and his head chefs and managers. Servers' fingernails and uniforms are inspected, and waiters present their corkscrews, pens and cigar cutters.

"After the inspection comes a reading of the night's VIP reservations. A local politician has requested privacy. 'Please respect that request,' the staff is told. The sommelier is informed that the politician prefers 'big, red wines.'

"During dinner, Lagasse is both the conductor and a player in a complex orchestra, barking orders, answering questions and presenting meticulously prepared plates of his specialties to some guests—including me. Here is what he fed your humble reporter: crepes stuffed with scallops and black trumpet mushrooms. A parfait of salmon tartare layered with a savory pastry cream, osetra caviar and shaved hearts of palm. Hand-cut noodles with truffles. Barbecued shrimp with rosemary biscuits. Esoclar, the fish he has

*People are sexy just being around the whole food thing, whether they are cooking and chopping, kneading, stirring—and that's before you even start to eat.*

served President Clinton, in a Creole sauce, with pecans and vegetables. Venison and mashed potatoes with andouille. Finally, a taste of every dessert on the menu: lemon icebox pie, banana cream pie drizzled with chocolate and butterscotch, homemade ice cream and sorbet, Creole bonbons and a chocolate Grand Marnier soufflé. And then there was the wine.

"Later, I asked Lagasse if he had tried to kill me with the outrageous seven-course dinner. He said, 'If I'd wanted to kill you, you wouldn't be here to ask me about it.'"

**PLAYBOY:** Not long ago, cooking was primarily for women. What changed?

**LAGASSE:** In the mid-Seventies, the Department of Labor changed its classification of cooking from a blue-collar to a white-collar profession. Cooking became more respected. Maybe that's what it was, because suddenly men were cooking. When I came along doing my thing, it was no big deal. Most of the top cooks were men. The biggest audience for *Emeril Live* is men—college kids to guys 50 and older. And they're not the kinds of guys you might expect to find in aprons. These are regular Joes who

come from regular backgrounds. Because it's OK now. You don't have to stay in the closet if you like to cook dinner. You don't have to worry that the guy across the street is going to laugh at you—because he's probably doing the same thing.

**PLAYBOY:** Is part of the change because now men share more in domestic chores, including cooking? Or have men been cooking all along but in secret?

**LAGASSE:** Both. There definitely were a lot of men in the closet. There still are some closet bammers out there—you don't fool me. I know that you're waiting until the kids aren't looking and the wife is gone. As soon as she drives down the street, you're at the stove bammering. But there's no need to be in the closet. Everyone is bammering. Cooking is cool now.

**PLAYBOY:** It's always been OK for guys to cook on the barbecue. Why was there a distinction?

**LAGASSE:** Maybe it's a caveman thing. Playing with fire is acceptable. But now men can cook anything. Emeril helped plow the path, but I'm definitely not the only one. In America, the famous chefs used to be women—Julia Child and Marion Cunningham. In Europe there were always male chefs. Here we have the Galloping Gourmet, Graham Kerr, who is still around and is still doing a great job. But women used to rule cooking. No more. Wolfgang Puck, Charlie Trotter, Paul Prudhomme. There are many of us.

**PLAYBOY:** Do men eat differently now? Do real men eat quiche?

**LAGASSE:** Real men eat whatever is delicious. Delicious is the word now. Several years ago it was "macho." But now it's cool to appreciate any good food. Incidentally, quiche is coming back. Everything—automobiles, fashion, music and food—evolves. Led Zeppelin is back. Quiche is coming back.

**PLAYBOY:** What else? Don't men still want mostly meat and potatoes?

**LAGASSE:** And fish and salads and great sauces. I want a good steak once in a while, but variety is the spice of life.

**PLAYBOY:** Personally, do you have a favorite ingredient?

**LAGASSE:** I love garlic. I love onion. I love potato. I love truffles. Really, everything.

**PLAYBOY:** And apparently it doesn't matter what time of day or night you eat, right?

**LAGASSE:** It's the civilized way. Here you can eat anytime. In New York you can have dinner at three in the morning. But in other cities, the bars close at 11. Why? I try to stay away from those places as much as I can. For me, going out to a great dinner is good entertainment. I don't want to be rushed. I want to relish every course, enjoy the wine. Twenty years ago, many of us considered rock and roll the only true form of entertainment; you'd wait all day to get tickets for

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some show. What else? Maybe go to a hockey game or major-league ball game, depending on where you lived. What were you going to do? Go to the roller-skating rink? Bowling? Most people I know get together but don't do those things much. What they do is go out to dinner. Good restaurants today are entertainment. I'm not talking about the way they do it at Earth Hollywood or whatever you call it. The food is very mediocre. In those places the entertainment isn't the food, it's the pictures on the wall. When it comes to great food, though, dinner is an experience. People don't go to nice restaurants because they need to be nourished, but because they want to be entertained. Food is a significant part of life. It's no longer sex, drugs and rock and roll. Today it's food, wine and sex—and an occasional cigar.

**PLAYBOY:** Or, presumably, a combination. Is food sexy?

**LAGASSE:** No question about it. First of all, people are sexy just being around the whole food thing, whether they are cooking and chopping, at the stove, kneading, stirring—anything. Food is sensual, and that's before you even start to eat. Food covers almost every sense: sight, smell, taste and feel. Food can be very seductive. I have to tell you: I get in these food modes where I can basically blow somebody right off her chair if I want to. That's because food can inspire other senses, other moods.

**PLAYBOY:** What exactly do you mean by blowing someone off her chair?

**LAGASSE:** I can put someone on a food high. It's like getting such an unbelievable massage that you feel drunk. Food can do that, too. People have come to our restaurant and proposed. They didn't plan to do it, but they got caught up in this heady, excited state. You never know what will happen.

**PLAYBOY:** That sounds dangerous.

**LAGASSE:** More often, it's the opposite. People usually come to the restaurants in a pretty good mood, but I have to say that they usually leave a lot happier.

**PLAYBOY:** How much do wine and other libations contribute?

**LAGASSE:** It all works together. It is all part of the experience. But when you

have had transcendental meals, or however you want to put it, you know what happens: You put something new in your mouth and you have the taste and the flavor and it hits you and you just can't believe it gets better than that. And then it does—with the next course. Food is seductive. It seduces. People can win hearts with food.

**PLAYBOY:** Are certain foods aphrodisiacs?

**LAGASSE:** I think they are. Some of the experts say oysters are. Some say chocolate is; the Aztecs used to drink chocolate to become sexually aroused. They ended their meals with chocolate just like we often do.

**PLAYBOY:** So chocolate cake works?

**LAGASSE:** I think it does. It seems to work

have told me that gravlax and other cured fish does it for them. For some people it's Japanese food: sushi or sea urchin, those little gifts from the sea.

**PLAYBOY:** What does it for you?

**LAGASSE:** It doesn't have to be a fancy dinner with multiple courses. I had roast chicken last night. It was perfectly cooked, simple and ideal. When I finished, I felt, If something came down and crashed into the world right now, I could accept it; I would be fine.

**PLAYBOY:** Can you recommend a recipe for novice cooks who want to impress a date?

**LAGASSE:** There are guidelines I can recommend. Do something simple so you can relax and enjoy the evening; you don't want to spend the entire time in the kitchen.

Start light—an easy salad or something similar. An elegant but simple main course. Find out in advance what she likes; do some detective work. Select wine or champagne or whatever the meal calls for—or whatever she prefers. Finally, follow the seven Ps.

**PLAYBOY:** What are the seven Ps?

**LAGASSE:** Prior proper planning prevents piss poor performance. In other words, experiment in advance. Try out the meal on your friends or family beforehand. You don't want any surprises.

**PLAYBOY:** How about when people cook for you? Are they intimidated by that?

**LAGASSE:** All I know is that I rarely get invited over to anybody's house, even though I am really the simplest

guy. You don't have to make anything fancy. I don't eat "gourmet." I just want you to cook me a great hamburger and I'll be happy. A good mac and cheese would make me very happy. Simplicity goes a long way. I always tell people that to have great cuisine you just have to have great ingredients prepared honestly. Nothing has to be expensive. Preparations don't have to be complicated. There's nothing like fresh, delicious, simple vegetables that are cooked well.

**PLAYBOY:** So what is your opinion of vegetarianism?

**LAGASSE:** I think it's a great choice for some people. All our restaurants have a vegetarian sense about the menu. You are not going to find any asterisks or



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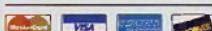
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for a lot of people who leave our restaurant very happy. Now whether they run home and jump into bed, I don't know. But they have left here on the right track. Maybe it was the chocolate. For some people, the turn-on is another dessert. For some, it is a particular caviar. For others, it's a sauce. I do a sauce that's like a love potion. I swear, you could put it on anything and you would have to be an idiot not to score.

**PLAYBOY:** Are there other aphrodisiacs?

**LAGASSE:** Champagne works. Alcohol in general works, but there are other foods, too. Some people tell me pork fat works.

**PLAYBOY:** Pork fat?

**LAGASSE:** Hey, I'm just reporting. Bacon, sausage or some other pork fat. People

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hearts or circles with lines through them that signify vegetarian food. Why does it have to be singled out? I don't believe in singling out people because they don't eat pork or have dietary constraints or are vegetarian. In our kitchens we think nothing of creating a whole vegetarian tasting for someone who wants it. And I think vegetables are good. The challenge is to be creative with simple ingredients. How much of a challenge is it to be creative with caviar, foie gras or truffles? But try being creative with a snow pea or a French bean or a potato. *That's* a challenge.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you too much of a carnivore to consider giving up meat?

**LAGASSE:** I don't need to. I believe in moderation. I don't preach what you should or shouldn't eat, but I do tell people that moderation is everything in life.

**PLAYBOY:** How concerned are you about the healthfulness of your recipes?

**LAGASSE:** Very. Educating about healthy food is a mission of mine. Again, I preach moderation. You don't have to forsake butter, you don't have to give up fried food or beef or lamb or shrimp. You don't have to give up wine. Unless you have an allergy to any of these things. Moderation is everything. I'm the guy who says pork fat rules. But I don't eat pork fat every day. I'd be the first one to sit down with you and eat a bag of cracklings, but we can't do that every day.

**PLAYBOY:** Moderation? How about a meal we saw you prepare on your TV show that included a thick steak with both bordelaise and Maytag blue sabayon sauces and a fried potato sandwich stuffed with grilled onions, a pile of cheese and tons of bacon?

**LAGASSE:** That was an off-the-chart kind of show and an off-the-chart kind of dish. Once in a while, go for it. Most of the time, moderation. I've been criticized because I use pork fat and butter and all this other stuff, but a panel of dietitians tested recipes of the chefs on the Food Network and Emeril's came out the best, with the lowest calories and cholesterol. I'm a purist. I don't believe in anything artificial. I make my own everything—Worcestershire sauce, ice cream—because I don't believe in stabilizers or chemicals that can keep things on the shelf for a long time. So I'm a purist, but I eat everything.

**PLAYBOY:** But study after study has shown that butter, cream, eggs and beef can be harmful.

**LAGASSE:** OK, but look. I'm going to make a roux, and I use oil or butter as the fat. Let's say I'm making a gallon of gumbo, which is, with rice, enough to serve eight people as a main course. For a gallon of gumbo, you'd need a roux made with a half cup of fat and a half cup of flour. Divide that into eight or so servings and look at how much of the fat each person is really consuming. People

don't think things through.

**PLAYBOY:** What about deep-frying, the preferred method for many Southern dishes? Do you think that's OK, too?

**LAGASSE:** In moderation. But, also, the frying has to be done right. You have to use the right fat. You have to keep it at the correct temperature. If you do, how much oil absorbs into an order of fried chicken or soft-shell crab? Where people go wrong is they don't use the right oil and the correct temperature, so all the saturated fat is sucked into whatever they're cooking. That's when the food gets greasy and really hurts you. McDonald's french fries are good and they sell billions because they use vegetable oil and fry them the right amount of time at the right temperature.

**PLAYBOY:** What's your cholesterol level?

**LAGASSE:** Less than 200, and I eat foie gras at least once a week.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you exercise?

**LAGASSE:** I'm not a fanatic. I do when I can, but I don't have a lot of time.

**PLAYBOY:** In France there is less heart disease despite all that butter, cream and wine. Some people say the red wine is responsible for the good checkups.

**LAGASSE:** All I know is that I am very serious about wine. It's one of my hobbies. I drink wine every day. It makes me feel happy and makes me feel good. I recently had a physical, and the doctor said, "I can't believe this! Your cholesterol is fabulous! Your blood pressure is great! Your heart is great!"

**PLAYBOY:** Instead of the good report, how would you have responded if your doctor had put you on a diet of boiled chicken and cottage cheese?

**LAGASSE:** No way! I couldn't do it. I'd have to find an alternative.

**PLAYBOY:** What if the doctor said there was no alternative?

**LAGASSE:** Sorry. I love food too much. I eat a proper balance of foods, which I think is important—grains, vegetables, greens. You mix it up. I think that's why I'm OK. You can't eat steaks seven nights a week.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you smoke cigars?

**LAGASSE:** We started a cigar program at Emeril's before it was cool. It started in 1990 and is probably one of the largest cigar programs in North America.

**PLAYBOY:** It would be tougher in California, with its law against smoking in restaurants.

**LAGASSE:** That is why I don't live there. California is beautiful, but I could never live there. New Orleans is one of those feel-free cities. In California, you go to a bar, you're out with the guys, you're out with the gals, you're having a few pops, and you can't even smoke! You have to go out to the parking lot to smoke between the quarters of a football game! It is a little too extreme as far as I'm concerned. Give me a smoking section. Make it mandatory that restaurants and bars have air-purification systems. We

have them even though we aren't mandated to. But come on.

**PLAYBOY:** But can't cigar smoke at one table in a restaurant get in the way of a great meal at another table?

**LAGASSE:** Of course. First, we have smoking and nonsmoking sections. We also have times that cigar smoking is permitted and times it's not. Late at night, when the evening is winding down and new guests aren't coming in to start their meals, the cigars come out. We live in what's probably one of the most European-influenced cities in America. It's nothing for us to have 11:30 reservations on Friday and Saturday nights. That puts people at the bar smoking cigars at 1 or 1:30 in the morning, before they go out to a club. They'd be long asleep in most American cities.

**PLAYBOY:** Are there any rules that you enforce at Emeril's?

**LAGASSE:** We try to have you keep your clothes on while you're eating and have you pay the check. Actually, we may not always care about the first. In fact, that rule has occasionally gone out the window.

**PLAYBOY:** Are Cubans the best cigars?

**LAGASSE:** [Big smile] That's what they say. We have a broad selection of cigars in all our restaurants, a hundred at Emeril's. All the waiters have clippers; you have to have the tools to work.

**PLAYBOY:** When President Clinton recently ate at your restaurant, what did you serve?

**LAGASSE:** We did a cold soup with cucumber and Louisiana crabmeat and a light relish. Then a prawn-encrusted escolar, a fish that is difficult to get. It's line-caught, very juicy, unlike tuna, which can get dry. We served mashed potatoes, a crawfish meunière sauce and some French beans with a little relish. He was blown away.

**PLAYBOY:** Though he's known to love McDonald's french fries, does Clinton have a sophisticated palate?

**LAGASSE:** He greatly enjoys good food.

**PLAYBOY:** President Bush was famous for his loathing of broccoli. Could you have done what Barbara Bush was never able to do: Make Bush like broccoli?

**LAGASSE:** Definitely. I would make it in a cheese sauce and he wouldn't know what hit him.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you ever eat at McDonald's?

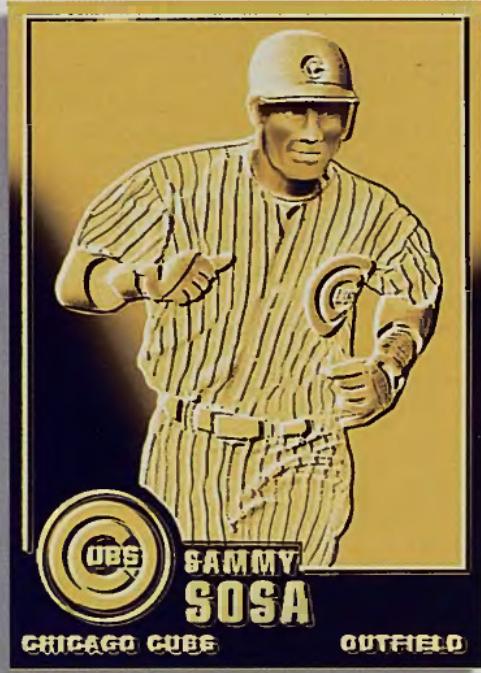
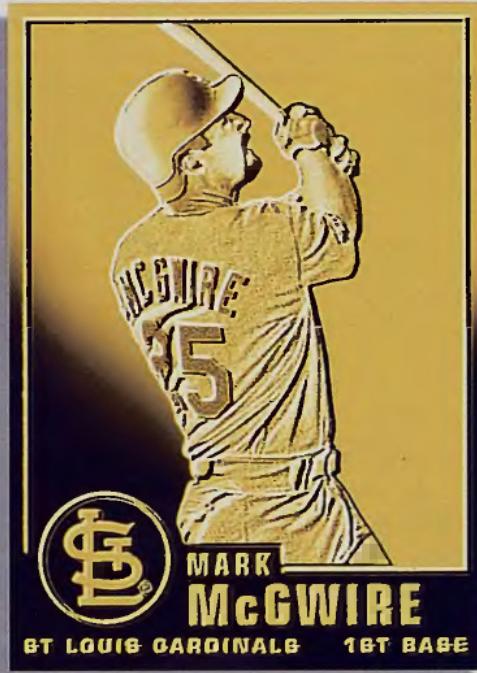
**LAGASSE:** No. Well, rarely. If I have a kid with me who demands it. I can count on one hand the number of times I go in a year. I get my annual craving for Popeye's, generally around Mardi Gras. But if I want to eat a great cheeseburger, I go to a great cheeseburger place.

**PLAYBOY:** Such as?

**LAGASSE:** I have spent quite a bit of time researching this. I've been all around America looking for the greatest cheeseburger. Now I'd say it's in Mount Pleasant, South Carolina, outside Charleston. It's a barbecue place known for its ribs.

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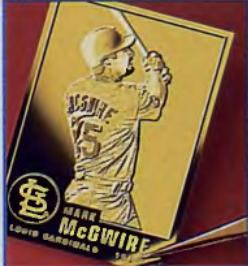
City/State/Zip

ure 1. The effect of the number of nodes on the performance of the proposed algorithm.

for shipment.

MARK McGWIRE		HEIGHT-6'0" WEIGHT-225	
		BORN-10-04-62, POMONA, CA	
MAJOR LEAGUE RECORD			
YEAR	TEAM	GAMES	AB
1985	OAK	11	59
1987	OAK	165	557
1988	OAK	163	520
1989	OAK	163	499
1990	OAK	159	521
1991	OAK	164	483
1992	OAK	130	497
1993	OAK	27	84
1994	OAK	47	135
1995	OAK	104	317

*The player's career statistics — including 1998 — are highlighted on the back.*



*A final striking is inspected to ensure the highest quality.*

The name is Melvin's.

**PLAYBOY:** What makes it the greatest cheeseburger?

**LAGASSE:** They cook them on a grill. There's a bit of hickory in the grill, too. There's a great bun and real cheddar cheese, none of that processed junk. The guy is a fanatic. He has the best fresh sliced onion, the best lettuce he can buy and the best vine-ripened tomatoes. It's also served with homemade pickles.

**PLAYBOY:** What trends in cooking do you loathe?

**LAGASSE:** The worst was that nouvelle cuisine nonsense.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you have against nouvelle cuisine?

**LAGASSE:** Seventy-five percent of the dishes had a butter sauce, though they were flavored with mustard or tarragon or orange or whatever. But butter sauce is butter sauce, right? We would take a two-ounce piece of duck and make it look like it was 18 ounces. The whole thing was about presentation and adding a blueberry. I did it and I'm glad I got out of it real quick. We were mixing and matching lobster with blueberry sauces and salmon with rhubarb and all this crazy stuff. Food is chemistry, and that was bad chemistry. It never worked for me. I've always preferred the basics. There's another terrible trend that some of us had to go through. In fact, I'm sad to say that there are still pockets where it's happening. It's the bastardization of what was stamped Cajun cuisine. People had no knowledge about what it is, so any food that burned your throat was called Cajun. Food was rubbed with every kind of spice. Everything was blackened, from English muffins to prime rib. I'm glad that we're leaving that behind.

**PLAYBOY:** Did that come from Paul Prudhomme's influence?

**LAGASSE:** Paul certainly didn't encourage it, but it happened because of his popularity. People who never really experienced New Orleans cooking, who never experienced the ingredients and techniques that have made it one of the true American cuisines for hundreds of years, made up their own ridiculous versions, which were even worse than lobster in rhubarb sauce.

**PLAYBOY:** What types of food were you raised on?

**LAGASSE:** My mother was an incredible cook, Portuguese. She made everything. Her repertoire includes things I still do: her kale soup, her beans, her stuffing, her chicken. She used to do a chowder, crusted pork chops, New England boiled dinner. I'm getting hungry. Now that my parents live here, she has learned New Orleans food, too. During crawfish season, my mom and dad have a stovetop crawfish boil every Saturday at home. My first job was in a bakery in my hometown. Unbelievable. I was ten years old. I started by washing pots and pans.

Then I started baking with the old bakers at night. I watched them make breads, sweet breads, Portuguese pastries, custards, cornmeal breads.

**PLAYBOY:** Your father worked in a textile plant, and it was expected that most of the kids in your neighborhood would work there, too. Is that how you thought you would end up?

**LAGASSE:** No way. My dad always told me that I had to go and make something of myself. I saw the lives of the people in those plants. That's not what I wanted to do. That's not what I considered fun.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you have any sense that you could make a living as a cook?

**LAGASSE:** Not really. There were no fine-dining restaurants in my hometown. I thought I might do something with music, which I loved and studied. I could have gone in that direction. I had a scholarship to a music college but chose instead to pay to go to cooking school.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you decide?

**LAGASSE:** Music is inside me; when I cook, music is constantly going through my body and my brain. But cooking was more seductive to me because of the way you can play with people's senses. My parents were crushed when I told them I was choosing cooking over music. My mom cried and was upset for the first couple of years. She just couldn't understand how I could make a choice like that. I had a free ticket to the New England Conservatory of Music. I had already done two summer camps at the conservatory. Plus I had made a lot of money as a child playing music. I was in bands: the Saint Anthony Band, which was an orchestra, a Portuguese band that played orchestra music; and a symphony. I played percussion for one of the original backup bands with Aerosmith when Aerosmith was just coming up. My forte was the drums. But I got something else from cooking. I think there are a lot of similarities between them. Music is also about giving people a wonderful pleasure; it makes people happy. But food is more pure. It taps a lot more sensations. There is a more direct response. I never got a royalty check or an award for selling a million pieces of banana cream pie, but I have had a lot of experiences making people happy.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you train to be a chef?

**LAGASSE:** I started with my mom's Portuguese cooking, with a little influence from my dad's French Canadian background. Then I got interested in the classics and began a formal education in them. I paid my way through cooking school. Then I got firsthand experience in restaurants. I went to New York City to cook but had trouble there because I was American. Americans weren't supposed to know anything about food; all we supposedly knew was about hamburgers and cheeseburgers and macaroni and cheese. At the time, in the mid-Seventies, the good New York kitchens

were run by French and German and Swiss cooks. It was difficult to get a job. So I went to France to work in kitchens there.

**PLAYBOY:** In some of the great French restaurants?

**LAGASSE:** In some great ones and some not-so-great ones. I definitely got an education. I was beat up and pushed around and shoved and made to do all the grunt work. But that was OK. That was part of it. I didn't speak the language. Didn't make any money. In a lot of the fine-dining restaurants the dishwashers were Portuguese; they were the inexpensive labor. So I had to cross that road also. "Oh, you're just a Portuguese? You're lucky to be shucking oysters. You should be washing pots." Fine, I'll wash pots. I just sucked in every piece of knowledge I could. Meanwhile I ate a lot of employee meals. I had to eat a lot of mystery meat and nasty cheese and drink a lot of watered wine.

**PLAYBOY:** When you returned to America, what was your first significant job?

**LAGASSE:** I went to work for a small hotel company, Dunphy Hotels. I did a stint for them and a little bit at the Parker House. I worked with a man who became a mentor, a German chef named Andreas Soltner. Dunphy ended up buying a hotel that later became one of the original Four Seasons Hotels. I went there as a sous-chef. He became the director of food and beverage, and I ended up taking over the chef's job. Next I did a restaurant for another hotel. For a while I worked for Wolfgang Puck.

**PLAYBOY:** What's your assessment of his cooking?

**LAGASSE:** Wolfgang is one of the most talented chefs there is. He is also a nice man. This was a new project in New York City; I was part of the team. Wolf was very hard on me when I worked for him. He didn't know me. I was no one. He was a perfectionist and very talented. But he worked me hard. We're great friends today. But the big change came when I was working and consulting in Cape Cod. The famous New Orleans Brennan family, whose restaurant is Commander's Palace, vacationed there. I met them. When Paul Prudhomme was leaving Commander's Palace to start his own restaurant, K-Paul's, I was asked to come in. That was 1982. It was like going to another university, Brennan University. They were one of the older families running one of the most important institutions in New Orleans.

**PLAYBOY:** But you were an Easterner!

**LAGASSE:** You'd be surprised at the relationship of the foods I ate when I was growing up and Acadian and Creole cooking. I was also a student of food in general, open to learning and experimenting. At first there was some distrust, I imagine, but soon I was an adopted son and a damn serious one, too. These were some big shoes I was filling. At the same

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time, I was a young 26. I came in with guns drawn. I lost a lot of people real quick because I was young, but I wasn't stupid. I wasn't going to put up with any nonsense. I wasn't going to put up with mediocrity. I began right out of the gate setting standards: No, we weren't going to use canned this. We weren't going to use frozen that. We were going to cook from scratch. I brought in a young sous-chef from France. When I was at Commander's Palace, it was truly one of the greatest restaurants in America. Even *PLAYBOY* said so. Then I finally got my own restaurant.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you learn Louisiana cooking on the job?

**LAGASSE:** I did. I loved every one of those traditions and just added my own thing to them. Fusion is what made me what I am now. These were exciting cuisines, defined by local ingredients. The river influenced the Creoles, who lived and cooked in the city. The lands, bayous and sea influenced the Acadian or Cajun cuisine. These people hunt and fish and forage, live off the land. New Orleans, a large port city, also got ingredients from around the world, and they filtered into the cuisine. So I was very happy here. I fell in love with the people, first of all. I fell in love with the elements of what New Orleans stands for. I close my eyes and feel as if I have never been out of New Orleans. And then there was the food. It excited me to see people excited about food; it's why I decided to cook as a profession. And there's the music, which is in the air in this city along with the food. I also love the architecture and the whole feel and spirit of New Orleans. It's my whole feel and spirit. I love to live. I live to eat. I don't eat to live. I love the soul, the soil, the sea, the bayou, the trees. Like I said, I often close my eyes and feel like I have never not been in New Orleans.

**PLAYBOY:** Was Emeril's an instant success?

**LAGASSE:** It was. It was a big risk, because I built the restaurant in a part of town that wasn't yet redeveloped. But it did well and got lots of attention and we were turning people away every night. It led to the other restaurants. With the new one in Orlando, that's five.

**PLAYBOY:** What led to *Emeril Live*?

**LAGASSE:** I got approached and decided to try it. I wanted to be able to influence people, especially young people. That's God's honest truth. I knew TV could reach people I never would reach otherwise. I started and did a basic cooking show. Cooking isn't rocket science; you're basically dumping all the shit into a bowl. You don't need a doctorate. But I wanted to make it fun. I didn't like the boring thing: take a quarter cup of this and an eighth cup of whatever. Do most people cook like that? Do they go home after a hard day's work and use a recipe at the stove and put in the cup of flour? Give me a break. For the most part, peo-

ple are throwing together a decent meal, adding a bit of this, a bit of that. Maybe there is something to throw in that's left over from last night. So instead of another dreary show, I wanted to do something fun. Fun should equate to delicious. It doesn't have to be difficult.

**PLAYBOY:** Your first show was *How to Boil Water*. Are there secrets you can impart?

**LAGASSE:** That one didn't last because there really weren't any. The president of the Food Network called and said, "Emeril, I've got good news and bad news. The bad news is that we think you're a little overqualified for *How to Boil Water*. The good news is we think you've got some television ability and you're a heck of a cook. We want to try something else." Eventually, it was *The Essence of Emeril*. My schedule was insane. I worked 90, 100 hours a week at the restaurant. I would leave the restaurant on Saturday night at three or four in the morning, sleep for an hour or two, pack and blaze up to New York City on Sunday. I'd hit La Guardia and go right to the studio and shoot five shows. Then on Monday I'd shoot seven. Tuesday I'd do seven more. Then I'd get back on the airplane on Wednesday so I could get back on the line and cook at the restaurant. I drank a hell of a lot of espresso. I was bored out of my mind. There was no audience. Everybody in the studio was in what I call Houston: behind glass in the control room and behind cameras. I'd be ready to fall asleep, so I started the "bam" thing to wake everybody up. I grabbed a pinch of spice, elevating the level of spice in the dish, which transformed into "kicking it up a notch." Those things became my signatures. But the real talent—and what keeps it fun for me—is the people. Cooking shows on TV don't generally have a studio audience, which is why we changed to *Emeril Live* with an audience. That's when the magic came.

**PLAYBOY:** There have been some criticisms of *Emeril Live*—that you don't take food seriously enough, that it's too cartoonish. How do you respond?

**LAGASSE:** I don't hear those things anymore. I did at first, but who cares? Who said that food should be serious? Food should be fun. Who made these critics gods of the culinary world?

**PLAYBOY:** Did *Emeril Live* lead to your job as food correspondent for *Good Morning America*?

**LAGASSE:** I was asked to do it and needed that job like a hole in the head. But what stoked me was the opportunity to reach even more people. I'm not the resident chef on the show but a "food correspondent." That means I can impart my knowledge beyond just a chicken dish of the week. It is a real opportunity to educate people about food. I have done segments on everything from buying eggs to cooking with oils. People take this stuff for granted, but there's a lot to learn.

**PLAYBOY:** What is there to learn about oil, for instance?

**LAGASSE:** In a supermarket, you see an aisle of oils. How do you know which one to use? Which one should you fry with? Which should you use for salads? There are a dozen types of olive oil alone. I'm doing a piece about that.

**PLAYBOY:** Well? Is olive oil best?

**LAGASSE:** It completely depends on what you're cooking. If you use extra virgin olive oil in some salad dressings, you can overpower your salad. You have to be careful to balance. In a light dressing I might use vegetable oil or peanut oil. Nut oils bring great flavors, but they're more perishable than other oils.

**PLAYBOY:** How about eggs? What's so complicated about buying them?

**LAGASSE:** The main thing is what we don't do. We're all guilty of this: We go into the supermarket, find the eggs and look around to see if anybody is watching. We pick up a carton and open it and play with the eggs to see if they're broken. We think that if the eggs are totally intact it's a great carton of eggs.

**PLAYBOY:** It's not?

**LAGASSE:** Not necessarily. Nine out of ten people never look at the expiration date on the carton. When they buy milk, they check, but not with eggs. It's simple but people don't know to do it.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you prefer eggs from farmers or from a store?

**LAGASSE:** The fresher the better, but you have to be careful about the eggs from farmers. They may have been sitting in the sun all day at the roadside stand. There seem to be more and more reports of problems from bacteria like *E. coli*. Recently Costco recalled all those burgers. You have to be careful.

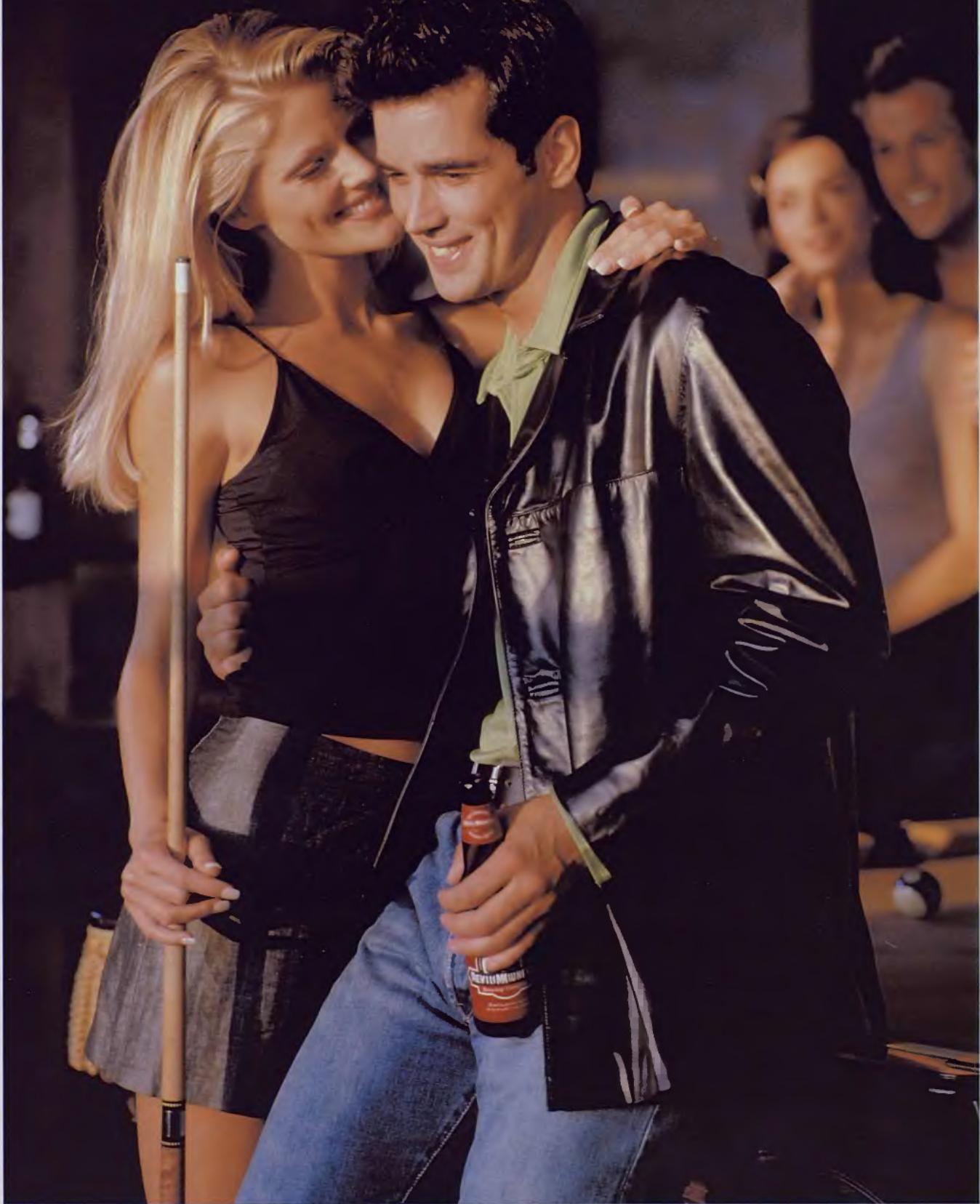
**PLAYBOY:** What else should you watch for?

**LAGASSE:** If you buy a car at a not-too-reliable dealership, you'll probably end up getting a bad car. If you buy eggs from a person you don't know, you are in jeopardy. At least meat is controlled. It has to be graded. There aren't the same restrictions on fish. But with anything, you could get pretty sick if you don't know what you are buying and whom you are buying it from.

**PLAYBOY:** Is your advice to buy from local butchers and produce markets instead of the big chains? Is smaller better?

**LAGASSE:** Not necessarily. You need to have a good butcher or fishmonger. If you shop at smaller places, you'll probably be able to establish relationships with the people who are serving you, which means a lot. At farmers' markets, which are great places to get produce, you come to know the people you're buying from. I don't really blame the beef problem on Costco. They had to rely on someone to make that purchase. But the closer you are to the source of your food, the more accountable people are and the

(continued on page 151)



## WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He knows some girls just want to have fun. Forget the champagne and caviar—pool goes better with beer. More than 5 million PLAYBOY men are beer drinkers, more than can be found among the readers of *Rolling Stone*, *Men's Health*, *GQ* or *Esquire*. One in six regular pool players reads PLAYBOY. Why? Because PLAYBOY is the world's best-selling entertainment magazine for men—and a pool girl's best friend. PLAYBOY—bank on it. (Source: Spring 1998 MRI.)



# THE NAKED AND THE DEAD

ARTICLE BY A.J. BENZA

in its heyday, scores was new york's classiest strip joint, the hot hangout for demi, madonna, dennis and, no surprise, the mob

**I**T DIDN'T MATTER that I was lying in my own blood, sweat and tears in a hospital bed. Nor did it matter that I was several hours removed from spinal surgery at New York Hospital—courtesy of an old football injury—and well into my umpteenth morphine-induced dream. All that mattered to my editors at the *New York Daily News* was that there had been a possible double homicide at Scores, the country's premiere strip club and the place I had made my home for the previous four years. When it came to Scores, I had an angle on everything—even murder. The phone call shook me awake, but not enough to grab the phone on the first ring. It's always like that when drugs are swimming through your blood—you need another ring or two to accept the duty of answering.

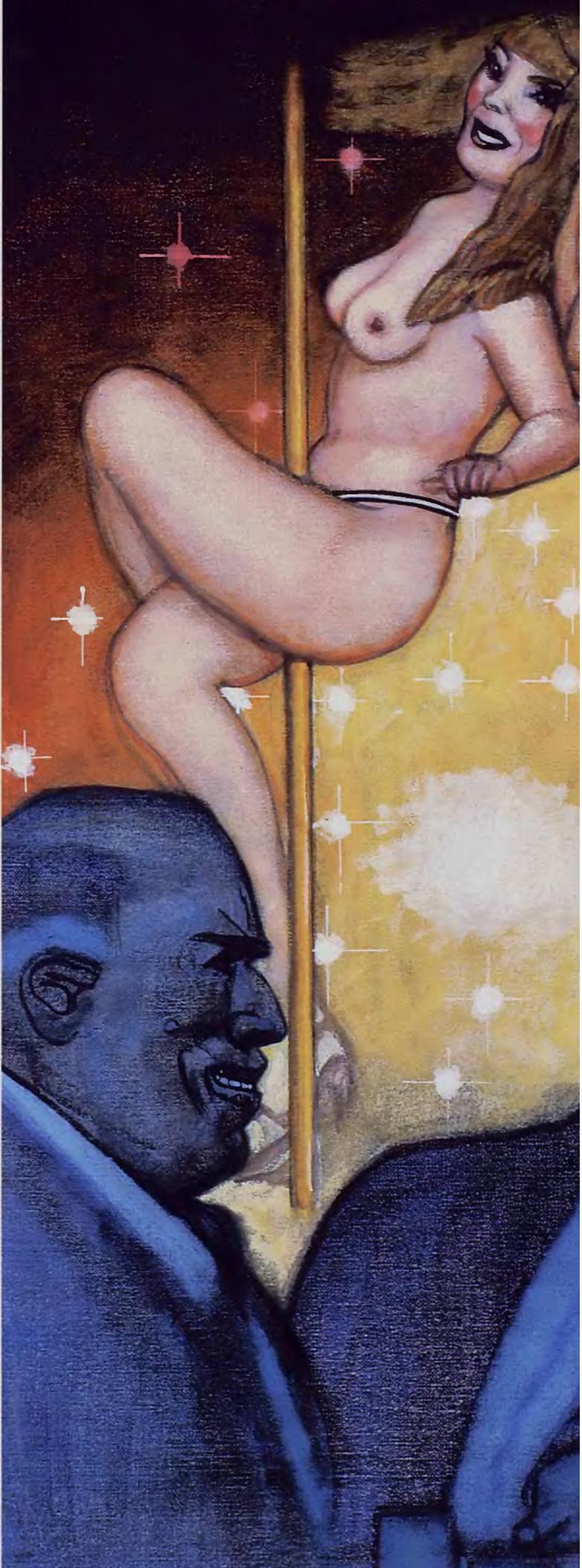
"Hello?"

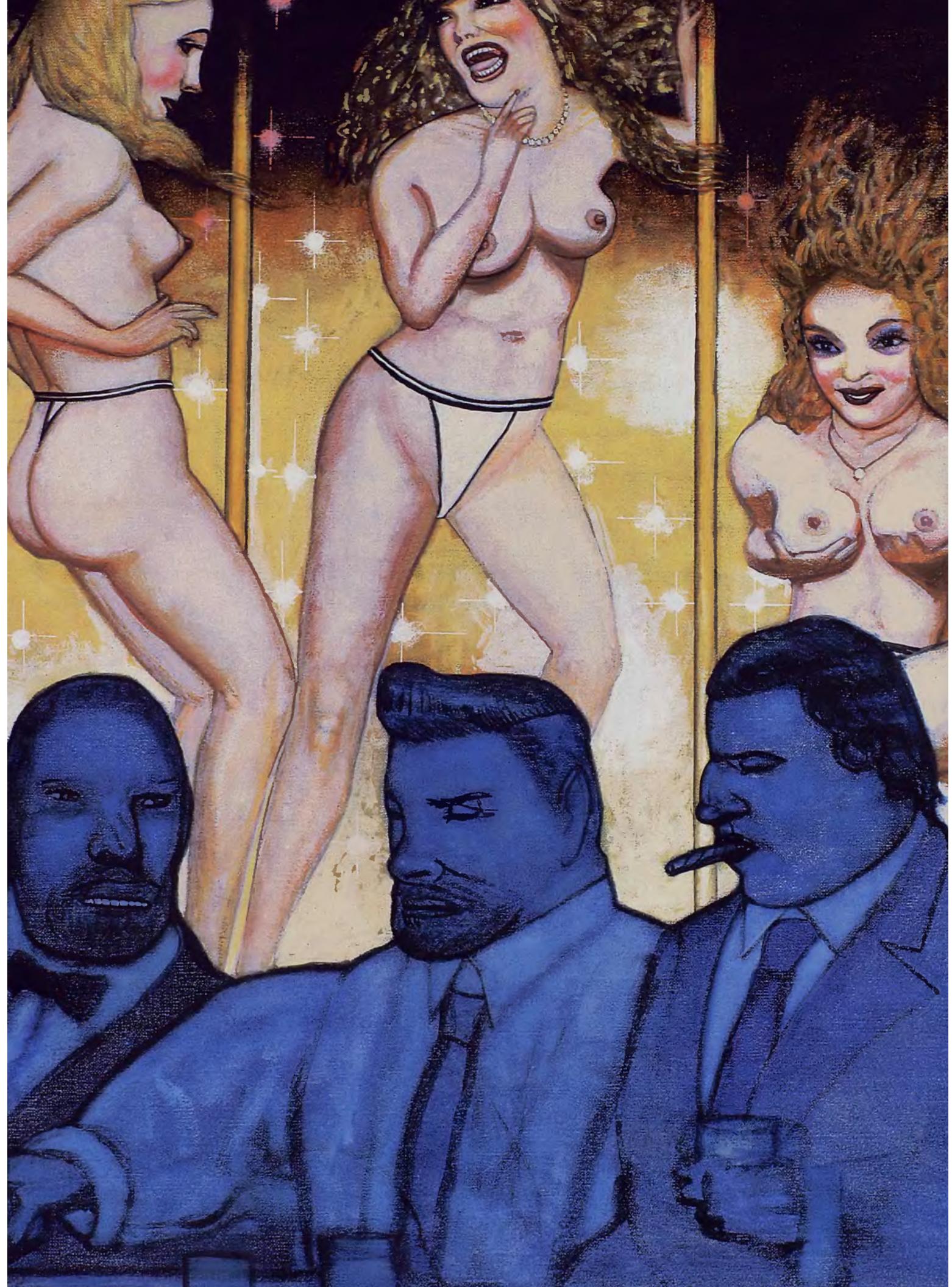
"Benza? Good, you're out of surgery. Richie Rosen here. Listen, two employees were shot at Scores. One guy is dead, the other ain't gonna make it. He's in ICU at your hospital right now. You feel up to reporting this one out?"

"Richie, I don't need a byline tomorrow. I need more morphine."

"We really need you on this."

"I'll make some calls in a few hours," I said,





# SETTLING SCORES



How Greed for More  
Led to Topless Club  
And Ties to the Mob

By SELBYN RAAB

As the story begins, Michael D. Bistrich and Lyne K. Pfeffer, two sons from upscale, middle-class stock, became the first to ride high. Mr. Bistrich, a founder and owner in a politically connected Park Avenue law firm, and Mr. Pfeffer, a stockbroking tycoon, capitalized, were such taking in more than \$100 a year.

But they wanted more. Greed, envy and ambition inspired them to become prominent players in two major conspiracies: bigamous and from a Florida-based insurance company and the Gambino organized crime family to run their secret partners in Scores, a topless club on the Upper East Side of Manhattan.

Although the money rolled in at Scores, they say that for all the cash they were commanding, their Mafia

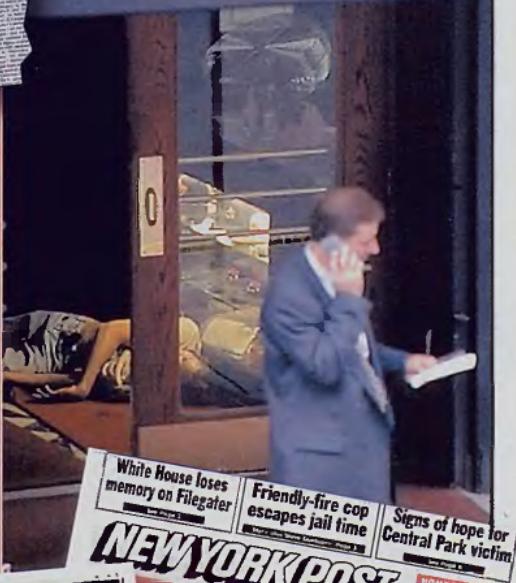
New York Report  
The New York Times

Ruined and Afraid, Partners  
In a Manhattan Strip Club  
Blame Greed and the Mob



**There was no place quite like Scores. But behind the spectacle was a darker side, involving Mob ties, shakedowns and even murder. Amid harsh headlines, the club's popularity faded, its stellar clientele quickly disappeared and, by the end of last year, Scores filed for bankruptcy protection.**

## SCORE NEW YORK A SPORTS CAB



White House loses  
memory on Filegater  
Friendly-fire cop  
escapes jail time  
Signs of hope for  
Central Park victim

NEW YORK POST

LATE CITY FINAL



squeezing my morphine button and beginning the cold fadeaway. "Richie, there's one more death you can add to this story."

"Who's that?"

"Scores. It's done. I don't think it can survive this."

The motionless bodies of waiter Jon Segal and bouncer Mike Greco lying in Scores' gaudy foyer were merely the club's blood and guts on display for the entire city to see. What was to come was the slow and painful hemorrhaging of a club that was nothing if not the fastest and most riotous ride the city had ever taken.

The gunshots that echoed throughout the glass and marble foyer announced the end of an era at the close of a century within a city to which I owned a set of keys. I never did get around to making those calls. I stayed comfortably numb. And I dreamed dreams of what used to be.

It didn't matter what your poison was, you could get it at Scores and the supply seemed endless. You want a couple of Cohibas and a nice single malt to take with your Bolivian stash? Want to bang out a muldoon? That's a stolen credit card, and drunken suits are famous for leaving them behind before they drive back to the Jersey suburbs. Well, you're in luck. One of the waiters glommed an Amex off some poor bastard just last night and he's moving more for a nickel a pop.

Want to get a peek at Madonna? It just so happens she's in the President's Club, Scores' own VIP room, with Tupac Shakur and his homies. Want to see who Dennis Rodman is fucking? She's the killer blonde on the stage. Want to check out the woman the diminutive billionaire was bringing to family functions? She's the towering Italian who used to work as Julia Roberts' body double. Need a blow job? Come back around 3:45. That's when Daisy drops her primo ecstasy and probably won't

say no. Just don't count on getting to work on time in the morning.

Want a dose of publicity? A break from reality? An escape from your wife? Want a pretty girl to listen? Just pay your \$20 at the door and slip Helter Skelter a fifty and he'll put your ass in the right seat.

Scores strung together what was arguably the best lineup of beautiful women in the country along with the richest men in the world. Why else would Texas honeys leave the Cabaret Royale, or Florida's cuties cut out of Pure Platinum or Atlanta's Southern belles bolt the Cheetah Lounge? They did, neatly packing their Frederick's

(continued on page 138)



*"He's asked me to unbutton him many times."*

NFL

# CHEER LEADERS



let's take a time-out for the fabulous sideline sirens

**A**DMIT IT, you wish TV networks would show more strutting cheerleaders and fewer tense-coach-on-the-sideline shots. A lot more. You're not alone. The Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders sell more posters than some NFL teams do. As Bonnie-Jill Laflin can tell you, becoming an NFL cheerleader is a singular feat. Bonnie-Jill is the Deion Sanders of the sidelines, the only woman to lead cheers for both Dallas and San Francisco. "It was a thrill to be a Cowboys Cheerleader, but I cherish the Super Bowl rings I got with the 49ers in 1994 and 1995," she says. Bonnie-Jill is the unofficial captain of her cheer unit, but she's not the only one with a Super Bowl ring. Carla McFarlan got one from the 1997-1998 Broncos, and you can see it if you stop by the health club in Colorado where Carla is athletic director. Vaneeda Trukowski is a former Hooters girl and Hawaiian Tropic model who became a Tampa Bay Bucs cheerleader. Want more? Go ahead and turn the page and cheer.

## BONNIE-JILL LAFLIN

On the field at San Francisco, Bonnie-Jill Laflin (right) strutted her stuff for the 49ers as a star of the San Francisco Gold Rush. A descendant of the Apache leader Geronimo, Bonnie-Jill—also seen in the inset—is the only woman to be a member of both the Gold Rush and the Dallas Cowboys cheerleading squads.







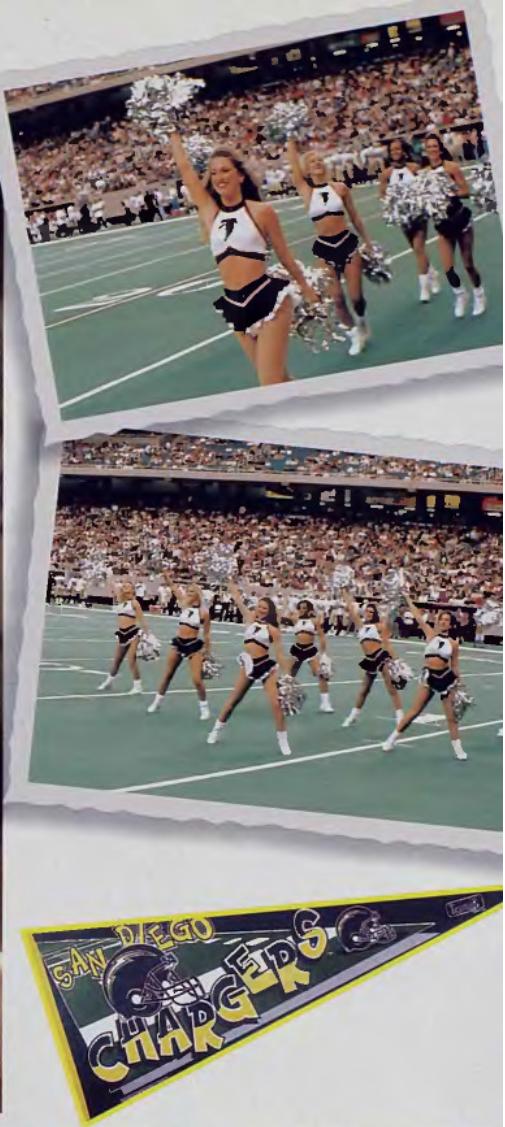
## LISA MARIE

Who puts a charge into Seahawks games? Lisa Marie (right), a communications major in college in Washington. Lisa appears delicate, but look out below—she's a kickboxer.



## KELLI HUCKINS

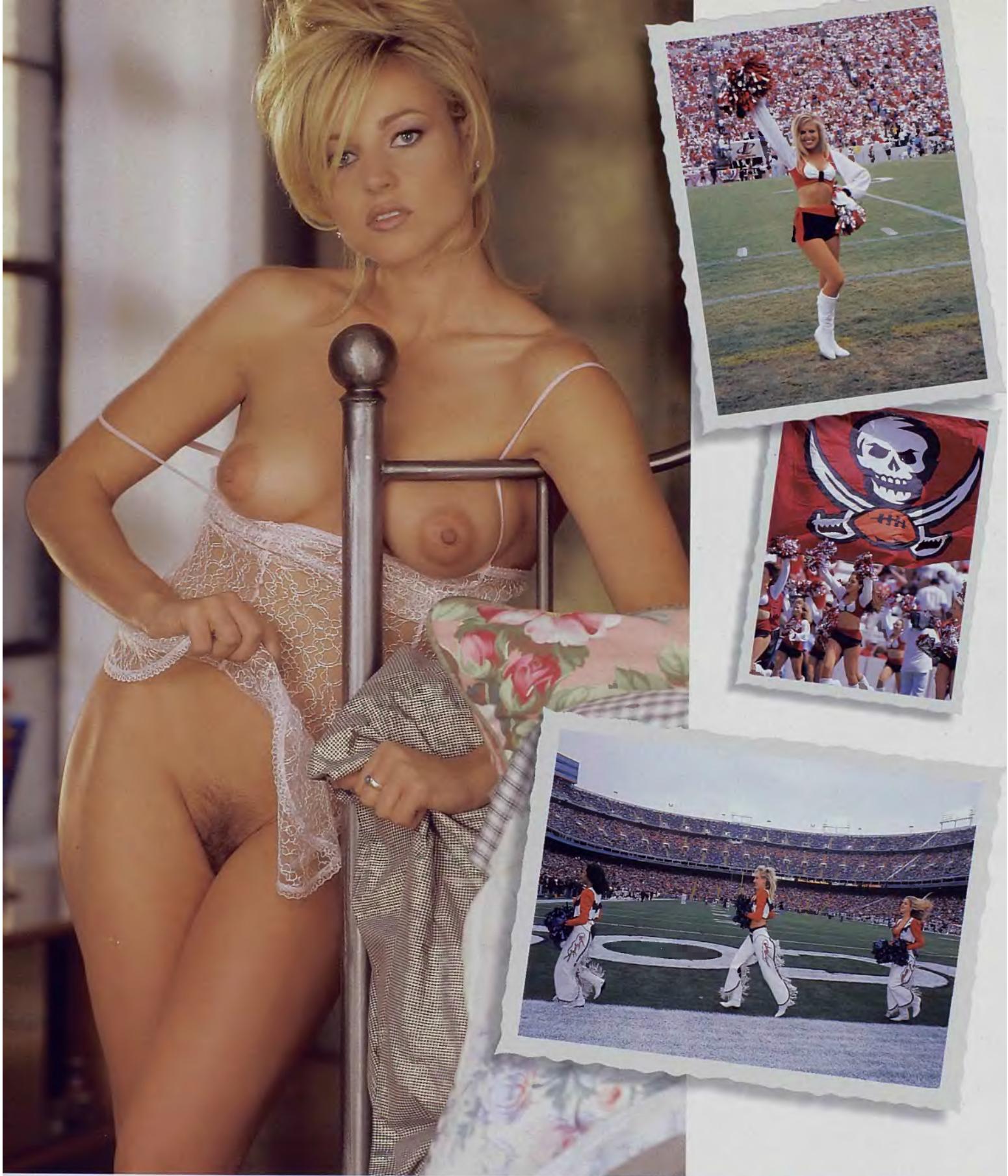
Lucky San Diego—here's a prime Chargers cheerer. Kelli Huckins (below), who keeps fit playing volleyball and roller-skating, has the moves to make Chargers fans sit upright.





## PAMELA WELLHAM

"Life is a blast," says the cheerfully positive Pamela Wellham (above and inset), who likes nothing better than provoking an Atlanta Falcons blowout. "I'm an only child who was spoiled rotten," she tells us without the slightest hint of remorse or guile, "and I still like to be spoiled." It doesn't take a high-paid sports statistician to figure there are plenty of football fans who would definitely be glad to oblige her.



## CARRIE SWOBODA

Denver Broncos cheerleader Carrie Swoboda (above) isn't just in the fast-paced and colorful pam-pam business. She has a lot on the ball off the field. This sprightly maver and shaker is a proud graduate of the University of Colorado. She has her sights on a modeling career and one day running her own business.





## VANEEDA TRUKOWSKI

"I've been a cheerleader since I was 11," says Tampa Bay Bucs heartthrob Vaneeda Trukowski (above and left inset), who still thinks young. "I love my Barbie doll collection and the color pink."

## RACHEL KERR

The Seahawks come first for Seattle's Rachel Kerr (below), however she's not a one-team woman. "NFL football with beer, pizza and my guy friends—now that's my idea of heaven," Rachel says.



## CARLA McFARLAN

Broncos cheerleader Corla McFarlan (left and left inset) went on the injured reserve list during Denver's Super Bowl season. "I really tore up my knee," says Corla, "but now I'm back at work, and I'm as good as ever."



## LEAH-MARIE DURYEA

When "yea" is part of your nome, cheerleading would seem downright inevitable. Oakland Raiderette Leah-Marie Duryea (right) also loves walking her dog, Flex, and doing aerobics. "Anything for health," she tells us.





# THE HOLY TERROR

pat robertson's prayers  
have all been answered!

Suppose Pat Robertson is right. About everything: Bill Clinton is a sex-crazed, lying, drug-dealing mass murderer. Darwin was wrong. Secular public schools and palm readers are satanic. Disney World and all of greater Orlando are doomed for allowing "gay days." Homosexual behavior isn't just a sin: It's "the last step in the decline of Gentile civilization." The end days are here. He could be right. The Starr investigation has

painted our nation's capital as Sodom and Gomorrah. In these dark days of terrorist bombings, nuclear proliferation, ethnic slaughter and Oval Office blow jobs, when the presidential seal has become a splotch of dry semen on a dress from the Gap, that dim light on the western horizon may just herald the approach of divine wrath and earthly doom. Ignore the signs at your peril. Pat has been warning us for years, hasn't he? And there have always been signs, for those willing to see, that Robertson and God are, well, tight. Without a doubt, the man has prospered. He took over a broken-down, debt-ridden TV studio in Portsmouth, Virginia 39 years ago and built it into an international broadcasting network. Robertson's venture into politics led to the creation in 1989 of the Christian Coalition, which has become the most formidable voice of the religious right. For a decade he has told us that America is going to hell in a hurry, and now, with X-rated impeachment hearings in the news, his day is at hand. He clearly has something going for him. Robertson knows exactly what that something is. Suppose, as he does, that God, the All-Knowing and Never-Ending Supreme Arbiter, Creator, Ruler, Fashioner and Artificer of the Universe, has been steering the Christian Broadcasting Network and has personally anointed avuncular Marion Gordon "Pat" Robertson to spread God's word. Then we're cooked. You and I. Assuming, that is, that my writing for and your reading this hedonistic magazine means we're not members of *The 700 Club* or born-again Christians in that heightened, touched-by-the-spirit sense Pat preaches. I myself am not, and even here in

my fallen state I consider it my duty to warn those of you who are to promptly stop reading this. Cooked! Consider things from Pat's perspective: The world is in its last days. Washington, D.C. reels with tales of lust. Great natural upheavals regularly rock the planet, such as volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, hurricanes, tornadoes and the storms of El Niño. Social welfare indexes (the ones Robertson reads, anyway) are off the charts: violent crime, sexual promiscuity, abortion, divorce, spousal abuse, child abuse, drug use, religious persecution. "We are in a period of crisis," Robertson says, often. He is charged with sounding the warning and herding as many faithful as possible to the safe shores of charismatic Christianity. Speaking in tongues, healing by the laying-on of hands, having direct conversations with God and believing in the commonplace occurrence of miracles are among the tenets and practices that separate charismatic or Pentecostal Christians from other Fundamentalists, though all believe that every word in the Bible is literally true. Mainstream Catholics and

by mark bowden



D. Levine 99

# A Hell Of A Deal

how pat robertson turned water into wine

In a little more than seven years, Pat Robertson and his son Tim turned \$183,000 into more than \$200 million. It was not a miracle.

By the late Eighties, Robertson had a not-for-profit, tax-exempt gold mine on his hands. The Family Channel, started up in 1977, was a cable station owned by the Christian Broadcasting Network, which Robertson founded in 1960. In effect, CBN is a church that reaches its flock through the airwaves. Its flagship program, *The 700 Club*, is a religious talk show hosted by Robertson that has an estimated 1.5 million viewers in the U.S. In response to Robertson's constant appeals for money, those viewers have contributed hundreds of millions of dollars over the years, just as if they were putting money into a church collection basket.

The Family Channel was a huge success for CBN, and its growing viewership fueled ad and licensing revenues. By 1989, Family Channel revenues approached \$100 million a year, which in turn threatened CBN's tax-exempt status.

Robertson devised a plan that not only protected CBN's wealth from the tax-man (and eventually increased that wealth) but also started him and his son on the road to their \$200 million. With Tele-Communications Inc. as an 18 percent minority partner, Robertson

created a shell corporation called International Family Entertainment in order to buy the Family Channel from CBN. Robertson and his son paid \$150,000 for 4.5 million shares of IFE stock, at 3.3 cents a share, which gave them a controlling voting interest. They also set up a management incentive plan that allowed the Robertsons to pay about \$33,000 for an additional 1.5 million shares. In other words, they invested \$183,000 and owned 6 million shares in IFE.

IFE performed well. By 1992 it was time for the next step. The Robertsons took IFE public at \$15 a share, and their \$183,000 investment turned into \$90 million.

In June 1997 Fox Kids Worldwide, a venture half-owned by Rupert Murdoch's News Corp., bought IFE at \$35 a share in a \$1.9 billion deal. The Robertsons earned more than \$200 million from the sale of their shares. CBN, still a mighty prosperously not-for-profit enterprise, also cashed in by selling the more than 3.8 million shares of IFE stock it received when it sold the Family Channel to IFE. Those shares brought CBN \$136.1 million.

Meanwhile, contributions from the faithful, usually in small sums, flow in at a rate of about \$150 million a year.

As Ben Franklin said, God helps them that help themselves. —MARK DURAN

Protestant denominations long ago stopped insisting that the world was created in seven days and that all living things on earth (save Noah and those on his ark) were destroyed by flood some 4000 years ago, bowing to overwhelming evidence to the contrary. These are the best-known archaic beliefs still embraced by Fundamentalists.

Robertson's God is more concerned with justice than with mercy. This God's anger is a terrible thing, and his vengeance is at hand. It will start with war in the Middle East, which will suddenly halve the amount of crude oil available on world markets.

"Power goes out in the big cities," Robertson explained to his CBN staff on New Year's Day 1980. "You don't get to drive your automobiles. Factories are closed down and people are out of work. There is an awful lot of dislocation. They're going to be starving. There are going to be breadlines. There are going to be riots. People are going to go crazy." Things will rapidly grow worse and worse, weirder and weirder, until finally, as Robertson paraphrases the prophet Zephaniah: "I will utterly consume all things from off the land. I will consume man and beast. And I will cut off man from the earth. For the day of the Lord is at hand. And I will bring distress upon men that they shall walk like blind men, because they have sinned against the Lord, and their blood shall be poured out as dust."

You get the picture. We're the blind men. But we're in good company. According to the creed embraced by Robertson, not only will atheists and agnostics be with us but also unreborn Catholics, Confucians, Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Muslims, Buddhists, Hindus, Jehovah's Witnesses, Rastafarians, Mormons, etc. If Robertson is right about all this, and God does in fact speak with him regularly, we owe the man tremendous gratitude. Throughout his adult life, he has worked hard to spare us from hellfire. He's still at it on *The 700 Club*, his popular daily TV show. He's charming, persuasive, dressed in an oversize conservative-cut suit with a knot on his tie half the size of his face. He's a little goofy in an endearing way, with big ears and an elfin smile. He invites us nicely, softly, to pray with him, and when he bows his head and closes his eyes, his broad, fleshy forehead closes down over them like a fist. This is serious business. But he's no pulpit-banger. Robertson, on the surface, is a softie. He's nothing if not accessible. He has a way of chuckling warmly while speaking, as if to say, "We're all sensible people and what I'm saying is of course (continued on page 154)



*"Who is to say they didn't do it that way?"*

# dating disasters

## And How To Avoid Them

the unlikely creator of the movie 20 dates reveals how he became a master of romance, and how you can, too!

article by myles berkowitz

Dorothy Parker once said, "Hollywood is one place where you can die of encouragement." Well, no one ever encouraged me. For me, it was all failure. Failed actor, failed writer, failed waiter. Studio executives would call to reject scripts of mine that they hadn't even read. Their assistants called to reject scripts I didn't even write. The biggest Hollywood producers would call me over to their tables to reject the wrong appetizers I had brought them and to demand a different waiter.

Things were bad for me in Tinseltown. There were plenty of mornings I couldn't even get out of bed. I call that period in my life the Nineties.

But at least women loved me. They really dug my broke-and-angry routine. I can't tell you how many times over the past few years I've found myself in a trendy Hollywood nightclub with a beautiful starlet clinging to my arm, screaming over the music to her equally hot girlfriend: "He's a writer. He has no career and no money and he can't do anything to help me. He

can't even help himself. Now keep your hands off him! He's mine."

Actually, there was one woman who liked me, but then she quickly divorced me. Apparently my lack of success in Hollywood was as much an aphrodisiac for the Missus as it was for me. Yet even a failed, miserable bastard like me is entitled to one great idea in his life. My one idea happened to be so brilliant that most of my friends were convinced I had stolen it from somebody. I hadn't. I simply combined my two biggest failures—my personal life and my professional life.

I decided to go out on 20 dates to find a girlfriend. The other part of my idea was even better—I hired a small camera crew to film those dates. Some of the women knew I was filming them. Some didn't. We'll get to the lawsuits later.

The important thing is that I went out on the 20 dates. I finished the movie; a major motion picture studio bought it and is going to release it around Valentine's Day. My movie is called *20 Dates*.

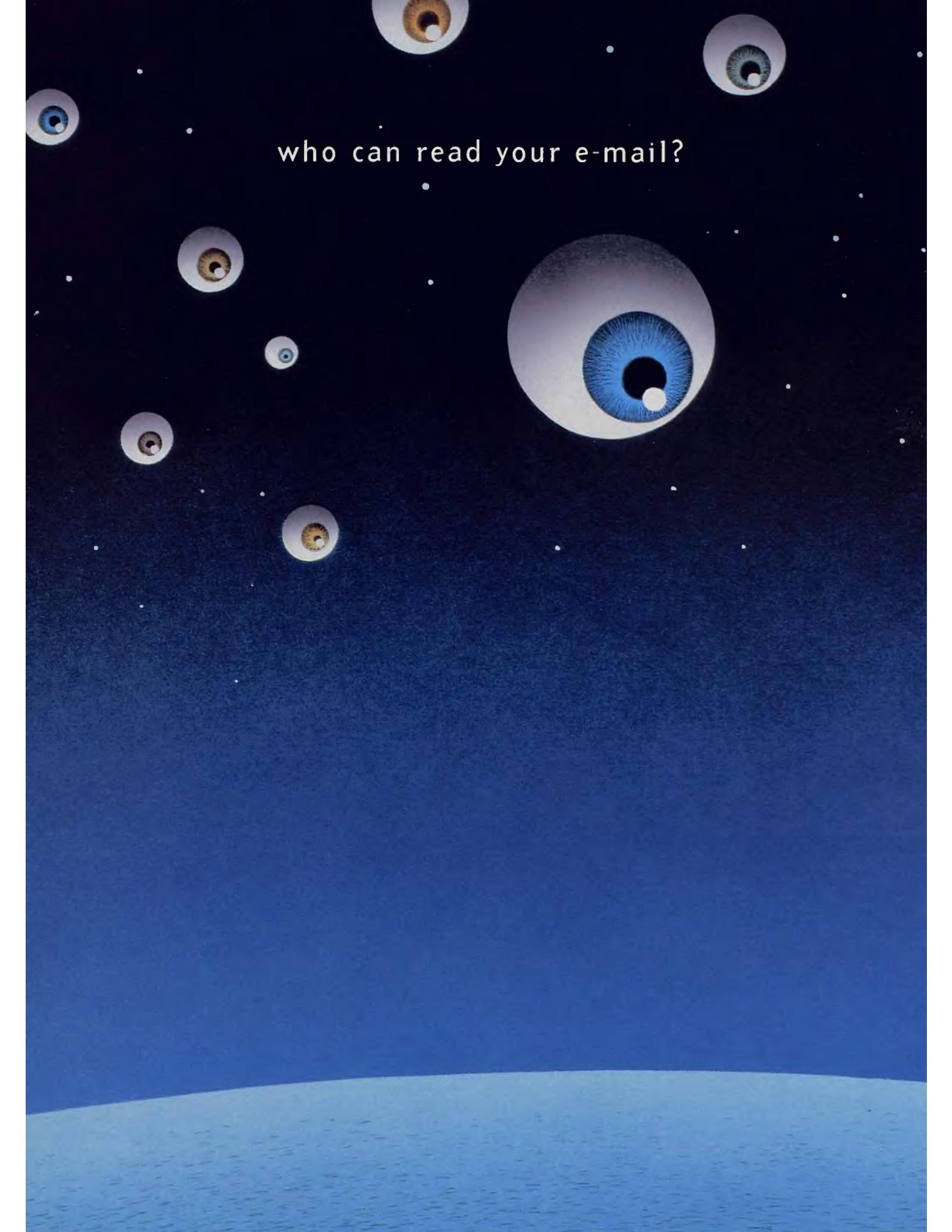
But wait. It gets even better. It seems that after going out on 20 dates, I actually learned how to date. As a matter of fact, I learned the only secret about dating that any man will ever need to know.

Before I made this movie, the only part of dating I seemed to have any expertise in was getting over yet another woman who'd dumped my pitiful ass: three days alone, one case of tequila and Bob Dylan's *Blood on the Tracks* played 37 times in a row.

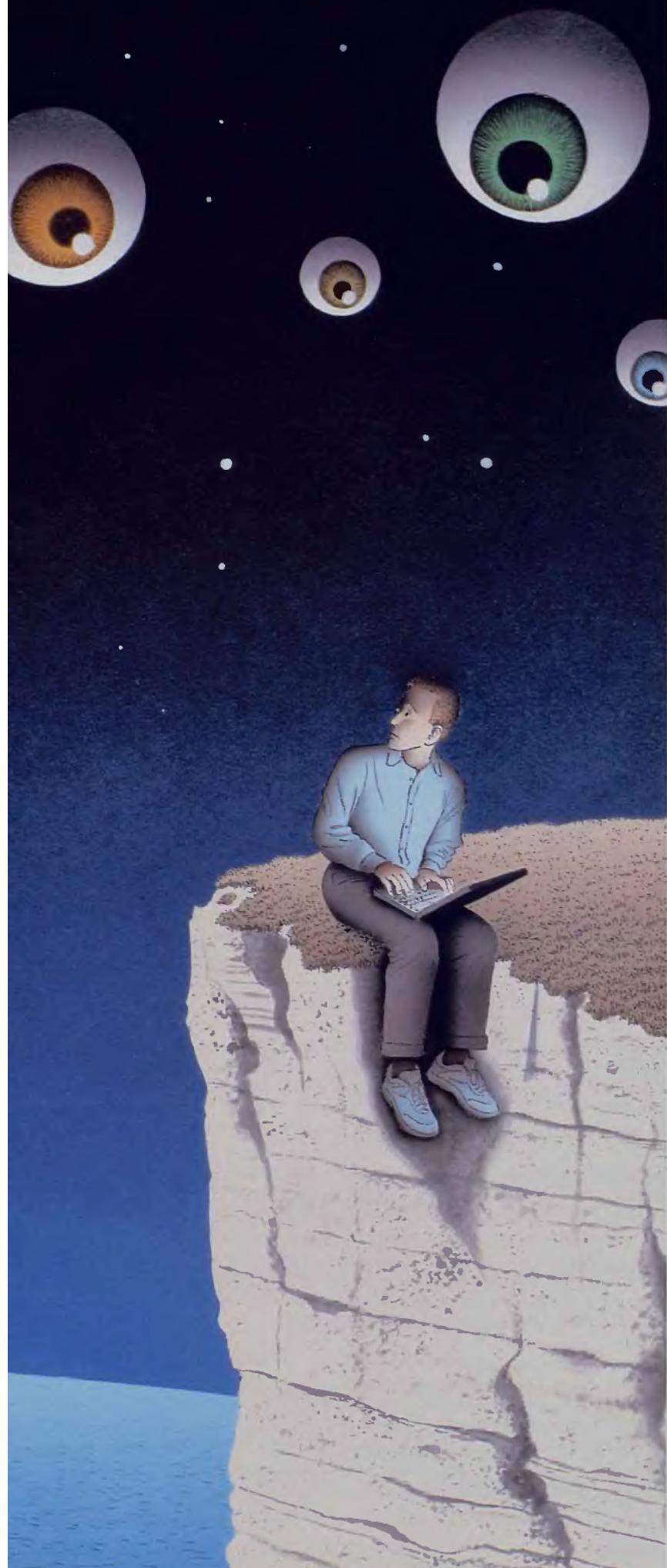
Maybe if I had remembered how bad I was at dating, and with women in general, I wouldn't have rushed into this project. But I had a secret fantasy of becoming successful in Hollywood and then rubbing it in the faces of my ex-wife and every other she-demon who had ever pulled my heart out of my chest and bit into it, laughing as my blood dripped out of the sides of her mouth while I lay on the floor in front of her screaming in agony. It was a simple fantasy, but inspiring nonetheless.

I pretty much rushed into this project without (continued on page 149)





who can read your e-mail?



- (1) the addressee
- (2) your boss
- (3) your worst enemy
- (4) all of the above



LET'S SAY you have just finished a sensitive letter—one detailing company secrets or one giving the blow-by-blow account of an illicit romance, for example. And you're about to send it off by e-mail. A troubling thought occurs to you: Can someone eavesdrop on this e-mail?

Of course they can.

Ask Oliver North, who conducted much of Iran-contra via e-mail, no doubt patting himself on the back for not writing anything down on paper but unaware that White House e-mail traffic is archived electronically for years. Or ask Monica Lewinsky, who deleted e-mail from both her Pentagon mail account and her home computer pertaining to her affair with the president. She was unaware that there were backups on her work account, but she also didn't know that the standard Windows and Macintosh "delete file" functions leave the data intact. (They can be easily recovered with any of a number of commercial or public-domain disk utilities.)

But Ollie and Monica were using secret government computers. It's different when you're just using your office network, right? Absolutely. Because the North and Lewinsky investigations were instigated after long and costly bureaucratic processes. At your office your bosses don't have to fill out any forms. Almost every major U.S. corporation now has e-mail policies that allow it to monitor employees' electronic files. They can rifle through your electronic IN box just for the fun of it or to protect the company's secrets or to defend themselves from potential lawsuits. Maybe the joke about the stripper, the elephant and the individual of a specified ethnic heritage is funny to you, but a judge may decide the punch line contributes to a hostile workplace environment and award an offended employee the marketing department's budget for the next three years.

*(concluded on page 154)*

article by Andy G. Ihnatko

# COLD GOLD

PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO THE WORLD'S BEST PREMIUM VODKAS

## DRINK BY JOHN RAME

C

ONSIDERING that "no taste, no smell," was the pitch used to sell "white whiskey" to a nation of bourbon drinkers, it's a wonder the spirit ever caught on. But the flavorlessness of vodka made it the perfect mixer for orange, tomato and clam juice, as well as for tonic, ginger beer and bouillon. In *Straight Up or on the Rocks*, a cultural history of American drink, William Grimes cites the theory that vodka found a home on Hollywood soundstages because it allowed stars "to drink on the set and still elude the sharp eyes (and nostrils) of studio spies." Once scorned, "wodka" or "water of life" (as the Poles originally referred to it) has become the best-selling spirit in the world. Furthermore, premium brands such as Stolichnaya Gold and Grey Goose have attained the status of single malt scotches. Almost no one orders just a vodka martini or vodka on the rocks. Drinkers must specify Ketel One, Tanqueray Sterling or one of several dozen other call vodkas on the market. These new spirits are distinguished from "white whiskey" by production factors, including the raw materials from which the vodkas are made (cereals, molasses, potatoes, water), the number of distillations and whether the final filtration process is through charcoal, granite or even diamond dust. Every vodka manufacturer has its formula for perfection, and the differences among brands are often subtle.

### FROM ABSOLUT TO ZUBROWKA

Most American drinkers prefer Western-style vodkas produced in the States and Scandinavia, usually from wheat. Absolut from Sweden is a winner. It's dry and clean with a hint of what professional tasters call "needle"—a tingling sensation that occurs when alcohol "dances" on your tongue. Sundsvall, a Swedish spirit, is perhaps the

sweetest of the Western-style vodkas, with a distinct aroma and a lingering taste. Ketel One from Holland is strong, with plenty of needle to remind you of the alcohol.

Rain is a pure, quadruple-distilled American vodka made from organically grown grain and Kentucky limestone water. Each bottle lists the grain's harvest date, and the final filtration is through diamond dust. Some tasters detect a hint of lemon in this exceptionally clean spirit.

Grey Goose is French with little needle or aroma and a hint of citrus. The British gin distiller Tanqueray also produces Tanqueray Sterling—the gentlest 80 proof vodka we've ever sipped. Finlandia (from Finland, of course) is nippy, with a little bite to accompany a strong aroma. Fris, from Denmark, is decidedly softer, with a slight aftertaste of anise. Skyy from San Francisco is the least peppery. It's smooth with minimal needle and a warm, rich aftertaste.

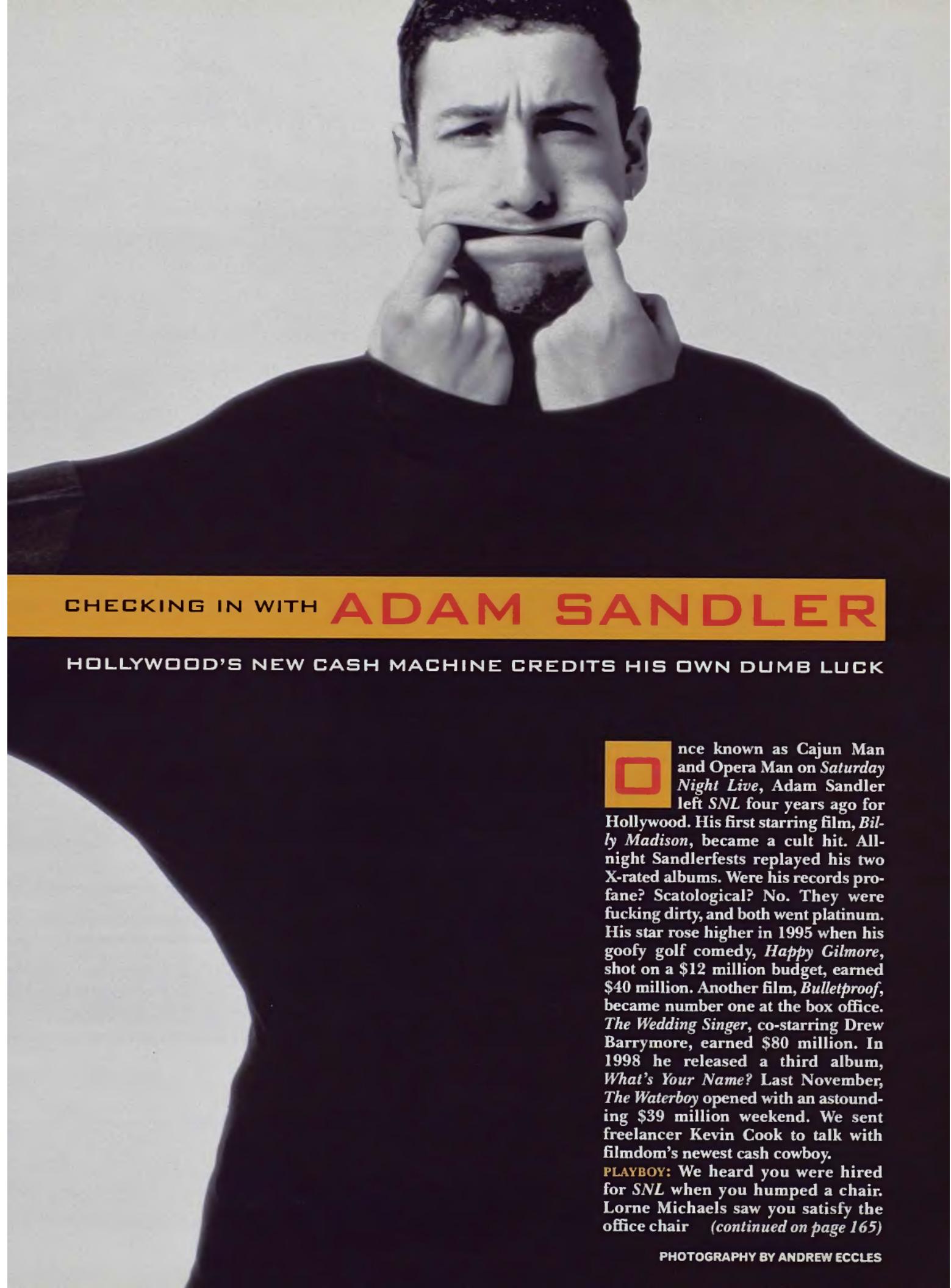
For something different, try Italian vodka. Mezzaluna's marketing pitch has a little cartoon character, Julius Mezzaluna, pouring freshly distilled alcohol into a pitcher of lemon juice at a party. Mezzaluna is slick and distinctive, as is the tall, asymmetrical bottle it comes in.

The Russians have come a long way from the days when they filtered their vodkas through river sand. Stolichnaya Gold is rich and smooth, and along with the grain taste comes a powerful tingle. The Poles have always made their vodka from rye (a stronger grain than wheat, and one that leaves more flavor in the distillate) and from barley malt and potatoes. Wyborowa is the Jim Beam of Krakow, a sweet rye vodka that's easy to drink and a deserved favorite. The new bottling is Chopin. It's a potato vodka, made in small batches. Chopin is smooth but fierce, not unlike the composer's music. You may want to drink it in the snow to see if it's as warming as it seems. Luksusowa, an 80 proof Polish vodka made from potatoes, is sweet, with surprisingly little bite (though it's 40 percent alcohol). This is also—(concluded on page 169)





*"I realize that money can't buy love. I was hoping to  
lease with an option to buy."*



## CHECKING IN WITH **ADAM SANDLER**

HOLLYWOOD'S NEW CASH MACHINE CREDITS HIS OWN DUMB LUCK



Once known as Cajun Man and Opera Man on *Saturday Night Live*, Adam Sandler left *SNL* four years ago for Hollywood. His first starring film, *Billy Madison*, became a cult hit. All-night Sandlerfests replayed his two X-rated albums. Were his records profane? Scatological? No. They were fucking dirty, and both went platinum. His star rose higher in 1995 when his goofy golf comedy, *Happy Gilmore*, shot on a \$12 million budget, earned \$40 million. Another film, *Bulletproof*, became number one at the box office. *The Wedding Singer*, co-starring Drew Barrymore, earned \$80 million. In 1998 he released a third album, *What's Your Name?* Last November, *The Waterboy* opened with an astounding \$39 million weekend. We sent freelancer Kevin Cook to talk with filmdom's newest cash cowboy.

**PLAYBOY:** We heard you were hired for *SNL* when you humped a chair. Lorne Michaels saw you satisfy the office chair (continued on page 165)

# Nuclear Fusion

miss february

has a career that's about to explode

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG



"I'm warning you," says Stacy Fuson as she sits down to a mozzarella salad and a plate of pot stickers in a Sunset Boulevard restaurant, "I eat a lot." But, then, she needs the nourishment. Ever since moving to Los Angeles from Tacoma, Washington two years ago, Stacy has been on the go—modeling, doing shows for Ocean Pacific swimwear, traveling the world, taking acting classes, appearing in a music video and on a couple of episodes of *Baywatch*, calling her mother every night and occasionally checking in with her boyfriend, who, inconveniently, lives in France.

A veteran model at the age of 20 (she started appearing in beauty contests when she was four), Stacy is enjoying her whirlwind life and focusing on an acting career. Of course, she

finds time to play, too. "You should tell your readers," she announces midbite, "that I love my bird."

Q: Your bird?

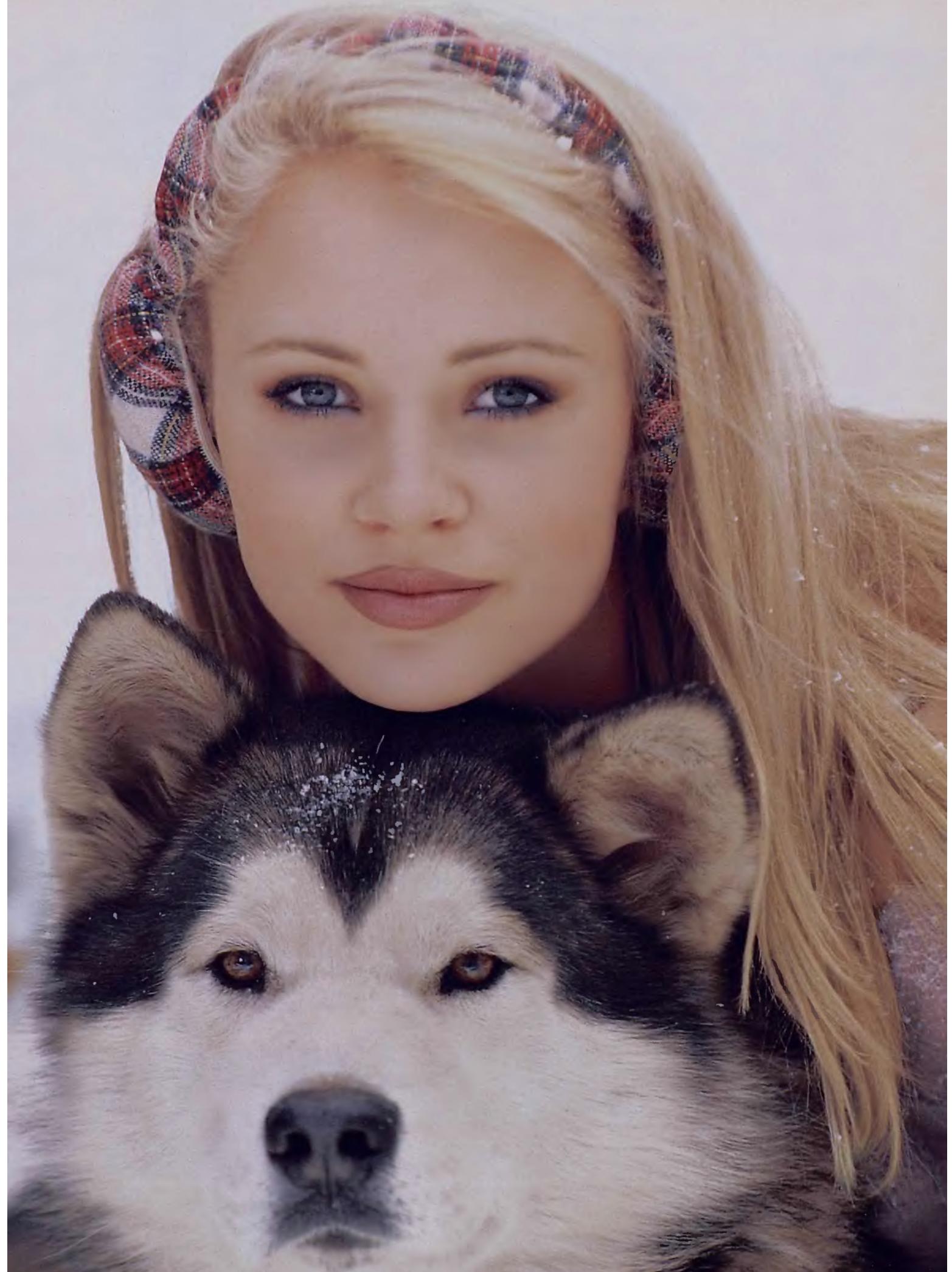
A: My cockatiel, Pretty Bird. I love her. She's so smart. She can pick up her claw and wave at you. She's tame, but to get a bird to be that tame, you have to spend a lot of time with it.

Q: So how do you spend quality time with a cockatiel?

A: I take her into the shower with me. She sits on the shower ledge, and I splash water on her. She shakes her wings and acts like she's taking a bath.

Q: How did a girl from Tacoma end up in Los Angeles?

A: I'd always wanted to move to LA. After I graduated from high school, I just got up one morning and said, "Mom, I'm leaving for LA in a couple of weeks." I felt I had to do it. I





"There's nothing wrong with showing your body," says Stacey. "In France, they have nude TV commercials. But here, everybody makes such a big deal out of it." A day on the town in Seattle, Tacoma's bigger neighbor, includes (right) two handfuls of fresh seafood for our voracious Playmate, then a hug from Sonics forward Stephen Howard.

came here when I was 18, and soon after that I was on the cover of the October 1997 PLAYBOY.

Q: Sounds easy.

A: It was strange. I had done a Playmate test shoot, and they asked me to stand in for another model for a lighting test. I did that, and then they had a meeting and asked, "Do you want to work tomorrow?" I said, "Sure, what will I be doing?" They said, "Well, we're going to put you on the October cover." I was shocked.

Q: Had you ever thought about posing for PLAYBOY?

A: It had crossed my mind. My freshman year in high school, I got a Rabbit Head decal. I've thought about being in the magazine ever since. [Laughs] That sticker is still on my bedroom door.

Q: Were you popular in high school?

A: I was an ordinary girl, I guess. Mostly, I wanted to hang out with my older brother, who would help me any time I had a problem. Sometimes I had crushes on his friends, but they thought of me as just Doug's little sister.

Q: What are they going to think of Doug's little sister now?

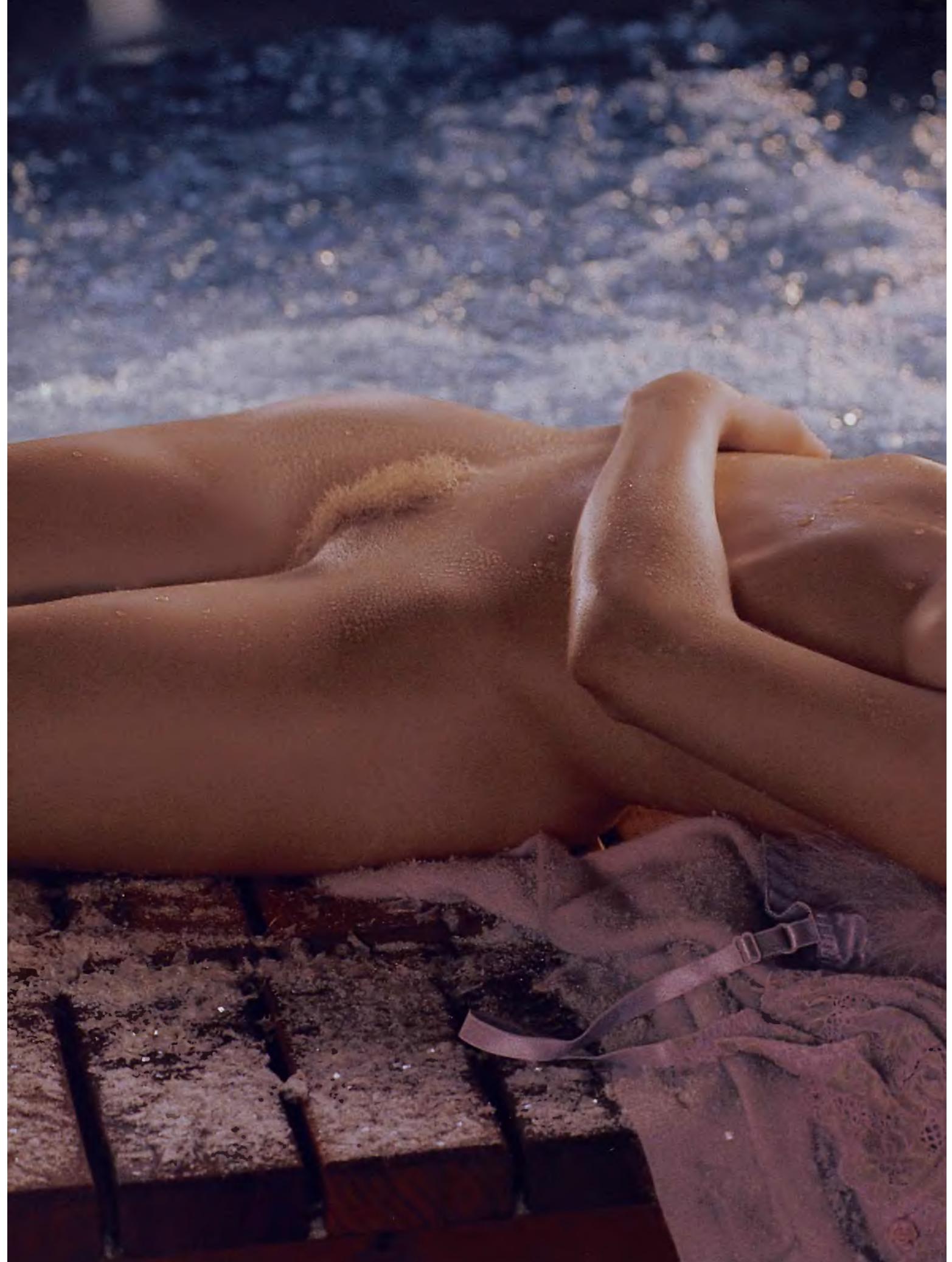
A: They'll probably be surprised. One of my brother's friends used to make fun of my boobs, saying I should wear Band-Aids on them. Before high school, I didn't have much there. But then I started to fill out, and one day he was like, "Wow, what happened to you?" So now I rub it in: "Didn't you make fun of me because I didn't have anything there?"

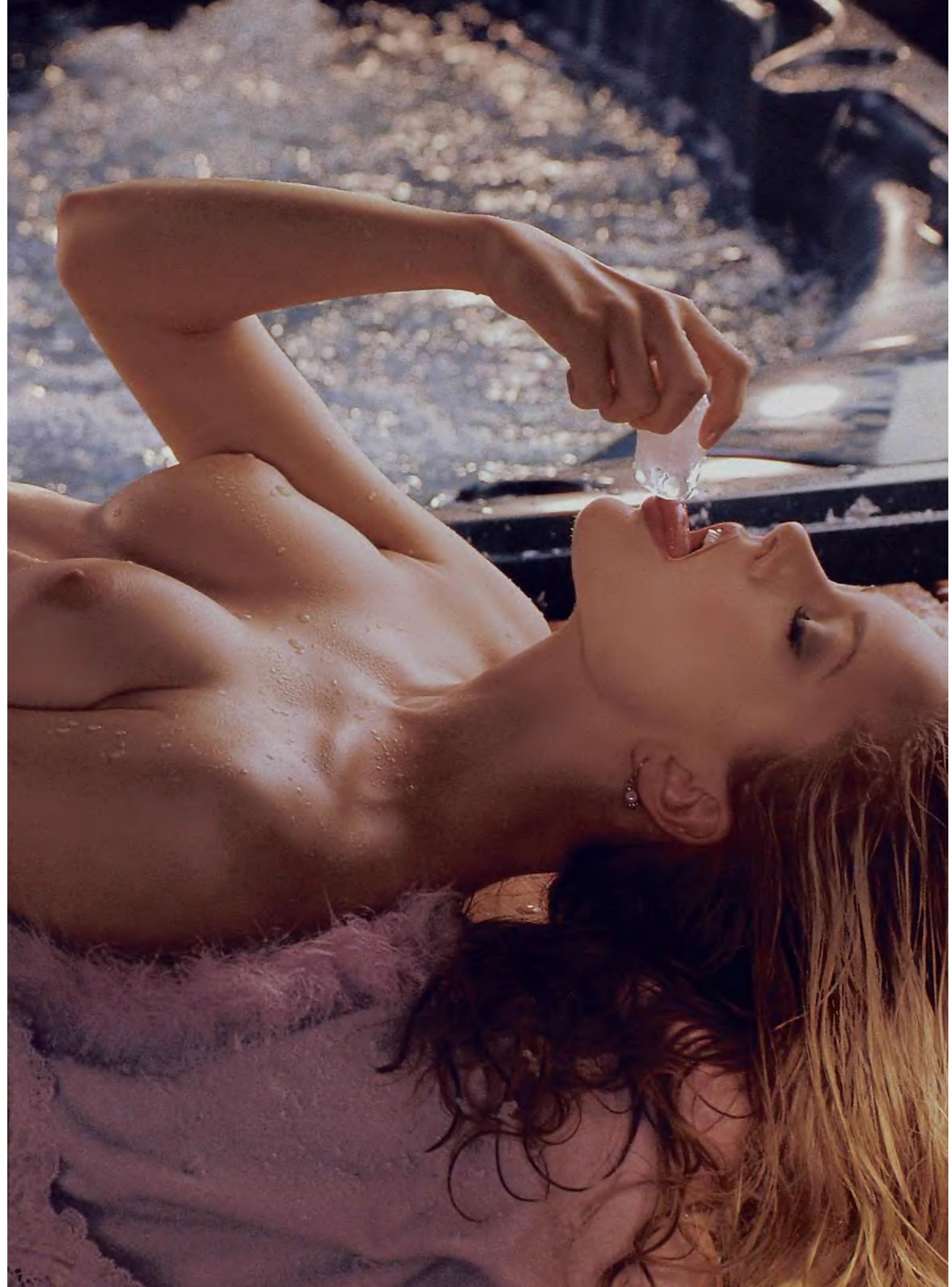
Q: Do you miss Washington?

A: I miss fishing. My family would go fishing where the Columbia River flows into the ocean. Everybody would go: my mom and dad, grandma and grandpa, aunt and uncle. I loved it. If I ever have enough money, I'm going to buy a boat and take my family fishing—to that same spot.













MISS FEBRUARY

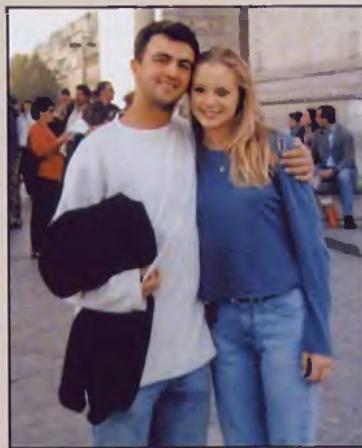
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Stacy Risen

## PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Stacy Marie FusionBUST: 34C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 120 lbs.BIRTH DATE: 8-30-78 BIRTHPLACE: Tacoma, WashingtonAMBITIONS: To be happy, healthy, and pursue my modeling and acting career.TURN-ONS: Affection, romantic music, walks on the beach, intelligence and French accents.TURNOFFS: Unappreciative people, dishonesty, men who drink and act stupid, cold weather and bad hygiene.THINGS I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT: Love, affection, animals, true friends and good food.PLACES I'VE BEEN LATELY: France, Croatia, Japan, Mexico and all around the United States.WORDS TO LIVE BY: Always be honest, treat people the way you want to be treated, and always be grateful for what you have.WHAT MAKES A WOMAN SEXY: Attitude is everything!

High school



My honey and me in Paris.



Modeling shoot age 12.



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

**W**hy did you marry your husband?" asked the neighborhood gossip. "You don't seem to have too much in common."

"It was the old story of opposites attracting each other," the woman explained. "I was pregnant and he wasn't."

**B**en & Jerry's new presidential flavors:

Scandalberry  
Tubby Bubba  
Subpoena Colada  
Impeach-o-Mint



**A** reporter went way up into the hills of West Virginia to research an article about the area. He met an old man in a small town and asked him about memorable events in his life. "Well, one time my favorite sheep got lost," the old man said, "so me and my neighbors got some moonshine and went looking for it. We finally found the sheep. Then we drank the moonshine and wound up screwing the sheep. It was a lot of fun!"

The reporter knew he couldn't write an article about that, so he asked the old man to tell him another story. "Well, one time my neighbor's wife got lost," he said, "so me and all the village men got some moonshine and went out looking for her. We finally found her. Then we drank the moonshine and screwed her. Now, that was a lot of fun!"

The frustrated reporter told the old man that he couldn't write articles about those stories and asked him if he had any sad memories he could talk about.

The old man paused, then said, "Well, one time I got lost. . . ."

**G**raffiti seen outside a magic shop: "All those who believe in psychokinesis, raise my hand."

**P**LAYBOY CLASSIC: Bob's greatest achievement was his brood of six children. In fact, he was so proud of himself that he started calling his wife "Mother of Six," despite her continual objections.

One night at a cocktail party, Bob decided it was time to go home and shouted across the room, "Shall we go home, Mother of Six?"

His irritated wife hollered back, "Any time you're ready, Father of Four."

**R**oger lived by himself on a remote stretch of beach. One day as he was riding his horse along the shore he saw a beautiful woman painting a canvas. He rode up and down in front of her, but she didn't react to him. "I'll paint my horse yellow," he decided, "and then she'll notice me. She'll say, 'Oh, I see you have a yellow horse.' And I'll get talking to her and then I'll invite her back to my cabin for lunch and we'll have a bottle of wine, and then I'll open another bottle and we'll talk some more, and then it'll start to get cold so I'll light a fire, and we'll be sitting close in front of it. Soon we'll gently touch, then kiss, then make beautiful love all night. Yeah, that's what I'll do."

The next day he painted his horse yellow and went in search of the woman. As he approached she looked up and said, "I see you have a yellow horse."

"Yeah," Roger said. "Wanna fuck?"

**G**raffiti spotted in a Dallas men's room: "Express lane—five beers or less."

**W**hile proudly showing off his new apartment to friends, the man led the way into the den. "What's that big brass gong for?" one of his guests asked.

"That's the talking clock," the man replied.

"How does it work?"

"Watch," the man said, giving it an ear-shattering pound with a hammer.

Suddenly someone on the other side of the den wall screamed, "Knock it off, asshole! It's two A.M.!"



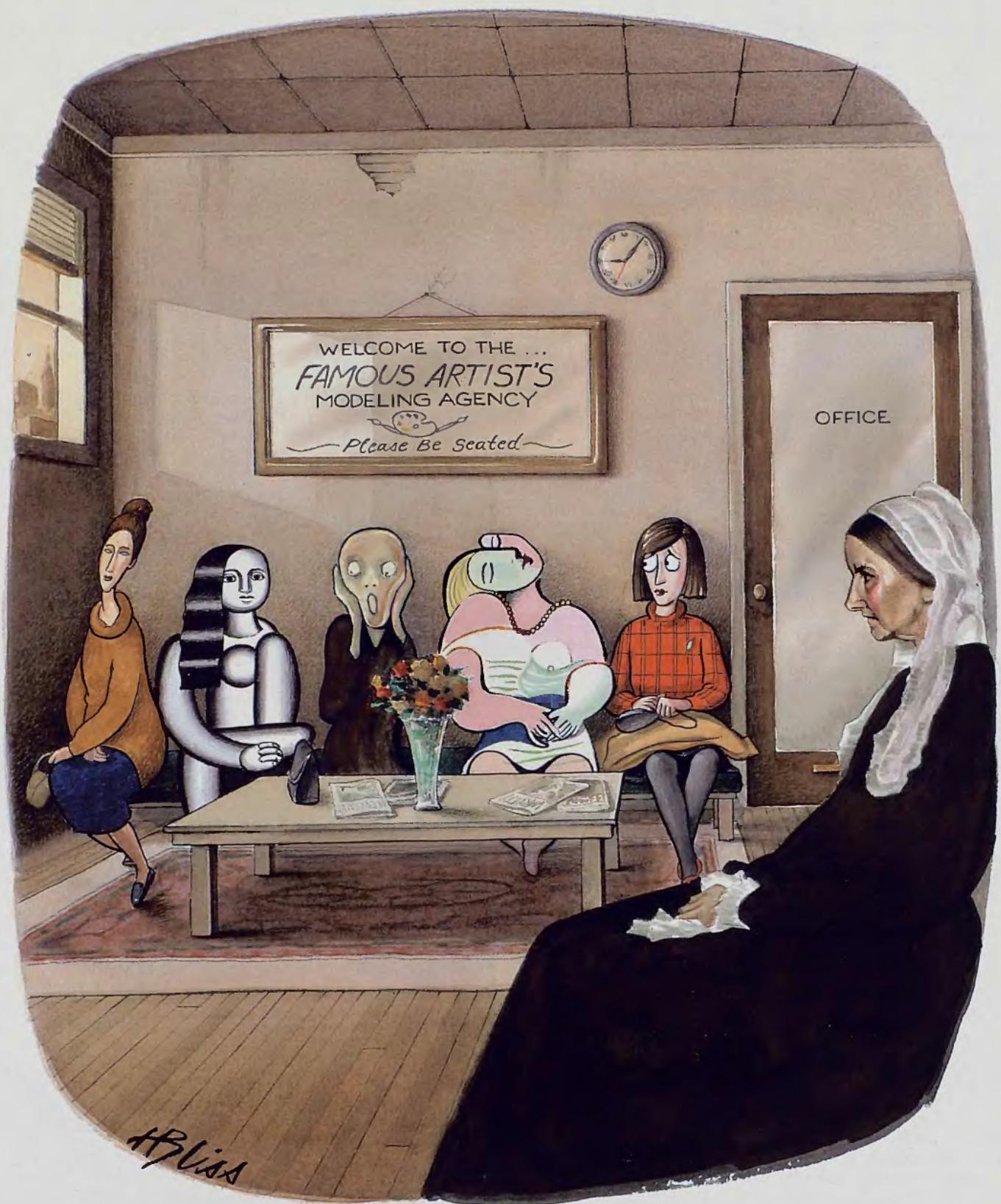
**T**HIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: What happens when you give an attorney Viagra? He gets taller.

**F**light 1234," the control tower advised, "turn right 45 degrees for noise abatement."

"Roger," the pilot responded, "but we're at 35,000 feet. How much noise can we make up here?"

"Sir," the radar man replied, "have you ever heard the noise a 727 makes when it hits a 747?"

*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](mailto:jokes@playboy.com). \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.*



H. Bliss

OFFICE

# THE GREAT —WALT— OF CHINA

Ettrich was always surrounded by beautiful women, and so many of them! it was as if he had a special deal to attract them. maybe he did

FICTION BY JONATHAN CARROLL

**i** think this is a simple story to tell, but knowing Vincent Ettrich, it will probably end up complicated. Sometimes it seemed everything about him was complicated, often for no reason at all.

This happened when he was alive, a long time ago. I knew him when he lived in Europe, when he was a successful man. He had things then, he wore cashmere socks. People spoke well of him; his family was proud. He was at the height of his success then, a couple of years before he got sick.

I wasn't in Europe long, but we met almost as soon as I arrived because we worked for the same company and were in the same division. From the start I liked him very much and went out of my way to be with him whenever the opportunity arose. He was a businessman, but he had the kind of presence that would have made him a good politician or actor. Not only did Vincent speak well, he also said things you remembered: one of those charismatic people who can hold a room whenever they want, making others sit forward unconsciously in their chairs just to hear better and not miss a thing.

Perhaps that's one of the reasons why, whenever we traveled together, beautiful women met him at airports. Not always his wife, though she was lovely too.

There were so many. Once, a small English woman with Audrey Hepburn eyes lifted a manicured hand and waved merrily at us as we came through the gate in Heathrow. Once, a dark and dramatic-looking Peruvian was there, but only because she was so angry at something Vincent had done that she wanted to hit him. By the time her limo had reached our hotel, however, the two of them were laughing and exchanging secret looks.

*(continued on page 116)*





# THE THIN RED LINE

In the summer and fall of 1962, PLAYBOY published James Jones' powerful story of men at war, *The Thin Red Line*. Jones' novel continued his chronicle of American troops in the Pacific that began with *From Here to Eternity*, a book that brilliantly retold the days leading up to World War II. *The Thin Red Line* has endured, and today, nearly 40 years later, it is considered a classic. In fact, *The Thin Red Line* is the story that has coaxed one of Hollywood's most revered but reclusive directors, Terrence Malick, out of a 20-year hiatus. When *The Thin Red Line* first appeared in PLAYBOY, in August, September and October 1962, the story of a group of American soldiers involved in the bloody battle to claim Guadalcanal

THE OTHER THING WHICH CAUGHT STEIN'S ATTENTION WAS SOMETHING WHICH CAUGHT THE CORNER OF HIS EYE IN THE GLASSES AS HE LAY LOOKING AT TELLA AND WONDERING WHAT TO DO. A FIGURE EMERGED FROM THE GRASS ON THE RIGHT-HAND RIDGE PLODDING REARWARD ACROSS THE FLAT AND BEGAN TO MOUNT THE FORWARD SLOPE OF THE FOLD. TURNING THE GLASSES ON HIM, STEIN SAW THAT IT WAS HIS SERGEANT McCRON, THAT HE WAS WRINGING HIS HANDS, AND THAT HE

WAS WEEPING. ON HIS DIRTY FACE TWO GREAT WHITE STREAKS OF CLEAN SKIN RAN FROM EYE TO CHIN ACCENTUATING THE EYES AS IF HE WERE WEARING THE HAUNTING MAKEUP OF A TRAGIC ACTOR IN SOME GREEK DRAMA. AND ON HE CAME, WHILE BEHIND HIM JAPANESE MGs AND SMALL ARMS OPENED UP ALL ACROSS THE RIDGE, MAKING DIRT PUFFS ALL AROUND HIM. STILL HE CAME ON, SHOULDERS HUNCHED, FACE TWISTED, WRINGING



The text above is a selection from PLAYBOY's original publication of "The Thin Red Line," which we printed in three installments in 1962. When Terrence Malick decided to make the movie, a platoon of celebrities signed on, including (opposite, top, left to right) Adrien Brody as Fife, Will Wallace as Hoke, Woody Harrelson as Keck, Dash Mihok as Doll and Sean Penn as Welsh. Upper right: John Travolta as Quintard. Center: Nick Nolte as Tall. Overleaf: A casualty of war.





from the Japanese (a battle in which Jones himself fought and was wounded) was viewed as bracing proof that the writer had rebounded from a disappointing second novel, *Some Came Running*. It reaffirmed his position as a voice as profanely eloquent as any other to emerge in the mid-20th century. "The *Thin Red Line* moves so intensely and inexorably that it almost seems like the war it is describing," wrote Maxwell Geismar in *The New York Times*. If anyone can do justice to Jones' words, it would be someone like Malick, one of the screen's true visionaries. The Rhodes scholar, former journalist and philosophy professor has made only two prior films: 1973's *Badlands*, an unsettlingly poetic depiction of two teenagers on a murder spree, and the unbearably gorgeous and disquieting 1978 epic *Days of Heaven*. After those movies, Malick became a recluse; scattered reports had him traveling the world, studying Buddhism and living in Austin, Texas. But a pair of movie producers got him interested in *The Thin Red Line*. After he wrote a script and received the blessing of Jones' widow, Gloria Jones, he agreed to direct his first film in two decades. Actors clamored to work with him; the cast includes Woody Harrelson, Sean Penn, John Travolta, George Clooney, Nick Nolte and John Cusack.

So here is *The Thin Red Line*, then and now: the words that Jones wrote, and the images that Malick has drawn from those words. "We take pride in launching the first published portion of this important work," we wrote in *Playbill* back when the first installment ran. Understandably, we feel intensely connected to *The Thin Red Line*'s newest incarnation.

—STEVE POND

HIS HANDS, LOOKING MORE LIKE AN OLD WOMAN AT A WAKE THAN AN INFANTRY COMBAT SOLDIER, NEITHER QUICKENING HIS PACE NOR DODGING. IN A KIND OF INCREDULOUS FURY STEIN WATCHED HIM, FROZEN TO THE GLASSES. NOTHING TOUCHED HIM. WHEN HE REACHED THE TOP OF THE FOLD, HE SAT DOWN BESIDE HIS CAPTAIN, STILL WRINGING HIS HANDS AND WEEPING.

"DEAD," HE SAID. "ALL DEAD, CAP'N. EVERY ONE. I'M THE ONLY ONE. ALL 12. TWELVE YOUNG MEN. I LOOKED AFTER THEM. TAUGHT THEM EVERYTHING I KNEW. HELPED THEM. IT DIDN'T MEAN A THING. DEAD."

OBVIOUSLY, HE WAS TALKING ONLY OF HIS OWN 12-MAN SQUAD, ALL OF WHOM STEIN KNEW COULD NOT BE DEAD.

FROM BELOW, BECAUSE HE WAS STILL SITTING UP IN THE OPEN BESIDE HIS PRONE CAPTAIN, SOMEONE SEIZED HIM BY THE ANKLE AND HAULED HIM BODILY BELOW THE CREST. TO CORPORAL FIFE, WHO HAD SEEN THE VOMITING SICO GO AND WHO NOW LAY LOOKING UP AT McCRON WITH HIS OWN FEAR-STARTING EYES, THERE WAS SOME LOOK NOT EXACTLY SLY ABOUT HIS FACE BUT WHICH APPEARED TO SAY THAT WHILE WHAT HE WAS TELLING WAS THE TRUTH, IT WAS NOT ALL THE TRUTH, AND WHICH MADE FIFE BELIEVE THAT LIKE SICO, McCRON HAD FOUND HIS OWN REASONABLE EXCUSE. IT DID NOT MAKE FIFE ANGRY. ON THE CONTRARY, IT MADE HIM ENVIOUS AND HE YEARNED TO FIND SOME SUCH MECHANISM WHICH HE (concluded on page 164)



*"You are about to be swallowed whole!"*

# LAB REPORT: JEANS

OUR RIWETING REVIEW OF THE BEST AND TIGHTEST

C

OMES A TIME in a guy's life when his girlfriend will slide into a pair of his jeans, roll the waistband low on her hips and head for the door. Her scheme to walk off with your jeans won't work. A guy gives away his jeans only when they don't fit. And these days there is no excuse for buying jeans that don't look perfect on you. To save you the trouble, we road tested dozens of pairs—from ball-busters to oversize baggies. First, we judged them on color, gauge of denim, pocket stitching and, most important, fit. Next, we knocked them around a bit before we gave them to our model to play with. Then we took them back. (Sorry, darling.) These (concluded on page 144)



Fashion By  
**HOLLIS  
WAYNE**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHUCK BAKER

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 151.

- 1 STRAIGHT LEG, POLO JEANS CO.
- 2 VINTAGE STYLE, LUCKY BRAND DUNGAREES
- 3 DARK DENIM, A/X ARMANI EXCHANGE
- 4 PRESHRUNK 501, LEVI STRAUSS & CO.
- 5 SHRINK-TO-FIT 501, LEVI STRAUSS & CO.
- 6 STONEWASHED, CK CALVIN KLEIN JEANS
- 7 DARK BASIC, DIESEL
- 8 CLASSIC ZIP FLY, TOMMY JEANS

STYLING BY KATHY KALAFUT FOR  
PARRELLA MANAGEMENT  
HAIR & MAKEUP BY FRANCOIS ILNSEHER



5

6

7

8

## GREAT WALT OF CHINA

(continued from page 108)

They always seemed to be there for Ettrich—women and their secret looks. Some took us back to their cities in dark expensive cars that played quiet jazz. Other times the three of us got into battered, exhausted taxis—Ladas, once-yellow Fiats—and rode cramped together toward new lights. By then Vincent was usually talking fast with them, trying to catch up and make plans at the same time.

I have never known a man who appreciated women more. He was convinced he had been one in a past life because they did things he not only understood but usually knew were coming long before they happened. One said to me over dinner, "Vincent scares me sometimes. He even understands why you hate him." When I asked why she hated him, she stared blankly at me a moment, then said, "Isn't it obvious?"

It's easy to hate someone who knows our secrets, most especially when we don't know theirs and never will. That's not to say Vincent Ettrich was a secretive man. If you asked him a question he would answer it. More than once I heard him say the most painful or embarrassing things about himself without any hesitation. Perhaps that's what made others nervous and convinced he was not telling the truth: No one answers certain questions fully, particularly not when it's too close for comfort.

One more snapshot of him, and in many ways it is the most important. It was late spring and I had been staying at the Ungelt Hotel in Prague. The morning I checked out, I strolled onto the hotel's beautiful terrace to have one last look around before leaving to the airport. It was early for lunch, but since it was such a great day, all the tables were full. I took a slow deep breath and sighed, feeling the deliciously bitter mixture of elation and sadness that comes when, alone in a foreign city, you see something marvelous and wish you had someone to share it with. The trees were in full bloom, sunlight cascading through their new leaves. Women at the tables wore summery clothes that showed off their beautiful arms and, more than that, *skin everywhere*. Skin that had spent so many months hibernating beneath heavy sweaters, leather coats, gloves.

As usual I felt alone but happy looking at faces and hearing, like pleasant distant music, snatches of conversations here and there. At the last moment, as I was about to turn and go back inside, I saw Vincent Ettrich and a woman sitting at one of the tables. I would be lying if I said she was special.

She was beyond doubt pretty. Long black hair she kept brushing back with a dismissive flick, wide, thin shoulders. One thing I do remember was how she laughed. It was a big thing—deep and loud, absolutely uninhibited. In fact, when she laughed, it was so brassy that people at adjoining tables stopped their conversations and looked over. But Vincent and the woman were too engrossed in each other to notice.

What struck me most was how their tableau looked like an advertisement in a glossy magazine for expensive perfume or jewelry. The good-looking man in an elegant dark suit, his large strong hands playing with the woman's black sunglasses as he listens to her. His expression is amused and mischievous. He knows this woman intimately and thinks she's terrific. She's leaning in toward him across the glowing white tablecloth. She brushes her hair back one moment, touches his hand the next. She can't stop talking; she has to tell him everything.

Years later, when I visited him in the hospital and told him this impression, he scowled and said, "She wasn't smart enough. If the women in those ads were real, they'd have to be gorgeous and smart. Part of the reason you want to hang around with someone is to hear what she thinks. Waltraud talked only about herself. Not an endlessly interesting subject, believe me."

Waltraud Pissecker. If life made sense, the woman I saw across the terrace that April day would not have had that name. When Vincent told it to me the first time, I couldn't suppress a smile. He smiled too.

"Some name, huh? That's why I called her Walt. She didn't mind. Actually, she thought it was cute. As long as you were paying attention to her, you could have called her Mud. Walt's worldview stopped with Ptolemy. Only it wasn't the earth that was the center of her universe, it was Waltraud Pissecker."

I sat in the chair next to his bed and looked at my folded hands. What I had to say next was difficult but necessary. He needed to be reminded. "But she was what you wanted."

He turned his head slowly and looked at me. "Yes, what I thought I wanted. Do you remember that night we first saw her?"

"At Langan's in London."

He smiled and looked at the ceiling. "Yup. I even remember what you and I were eating: bangers and mash. I always loved the name of that dish—sounds obscene and sporty at the same time. I was just about to put a forkful of mashed potatoes in my mouth when she walked across the room."

"And you groaned, Jeeeeesus."

"That's right. It was the combination of that great, thick mane of black hair and her plum-colored dress. Whenever we got together after that, I asked her to wear it. Once she met me at a Chinese restaurant we liked. When she came in wearing that dress, I stood up, holding up my glass, and toasted her with, 'To the Great Walt of China!'" Vincent stopped and was silent a long few moments. "She didn't get the joke, didn't know who I was toasting. She looked at me like I was crazy. Asked what I was talking about."

"That must have been . . . disheartening. But what was it about her that made you—"

"Say yes to the deal? You can't imagine how many times I have asked myself that question. Don't you know?"

Offended, I touched a palm to my chest and stared at him. "Me? Why would I know, Vincent? You're the one who chose." My voice rose a little too much at the end of the sentence.

He tried to lock his fingers behind his head, but the pain must have been too great. Grimacing, he lowered his arms carefully to his sides. "She wasn't even that great looking, though you've got to admit there was something to her, something overwhelming. I don't know what. Anyway, who cares? What difference does it make now?"

None. It made no difference because Vincent was dying by then and his doctors held out no hope. Even worse, he was alone. No one came to see him but me.

I came as soon as I heard the sad news. The first day I walked into his hospital room, he looked at me as if I had just returned from Venus. We had been out of touch for years, and in this day and age, who comes running when they hear an old friend is sick? Not many people, but I am one of them. It isn't part of my job, but I like to complete circles, tie up loose ends, close the door when I am leaving the house.

When Waltraud Pissecker had passed by our table that fateful evening in London, years before, Vincent put his fork down and groaned quietly. It sounded something like a French bulldog snoring. I looked at him, looked away, looked again. I asked what was the matter because he even looked like a French bulldog, with the bulging eyes that make that breed of dog look like it's in a permanent state of alarm.

He asked if I had seen the woman and I said yes. He said he wanted to have her child. I laughed and asked if it wasn't supposed to be the other way around. He said, "Whatever," and rose a bit from his chair to see if he could catch another glimpse of her.

Now remember, I had been with  
(continued on page 162)



*"I don't mind your getup, Masked Man, but must you keep  
humming the William Tell Overture?"*

# THE AWE-INSPIRING, AIR-GRABBING, DOUBLE-BACKFLIP WORLD OF SNOWBOARDING'S COOLEST SUBCULTURE

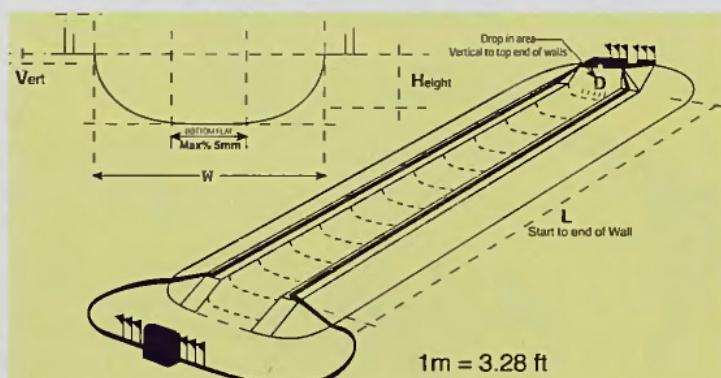
BY CHARLES PLUEDDEMAN

**S**EEN FROM a chairlift, the halfpipe looks like a colony apart from the slopes, an encampment of the Hey Dude tribe dedicated to the pursuit of aerobatic hang time. Riders fly down a monster-sized ditch carved into the snow, soaring up the sides and into the air, attempting tricks that would put mere mortals in traction. The stereotype is that the halfpipe is Slackerville, populated by goateed and pierced Mountain Dew drinkers who sleep in dope-smoky vans in Pizza Hut parking lots. The truth is that you'll find some of the best riders on the mountain in the pipe. Pierced maybe, but they are clean and lucid. Shredhead lingo—please don't say "bitchin', dude"—and army surplus pants with duct tape accents are passé. Ross Powers, 20-year-old Olympic bronze medalist at Nagano, now counts Polo Sport among his sponsors. How radical is that? "The perception is of a hard-core clique, but you'll find a diverse group of snowboarders at the halfpipe today," says Kurt Hoy, a rider for 13 years and an editor at *Snowboard Life* magazine. "To many boarders, mastering the halfpipe is part of being a good all-round rider, as important as carving groomed runs and floating in the powder." According to Hoy, the biggest lure of the halfpipe is "that feeling of weightlessness as you go vertical at high speeds." But the experience is also about camaraderie, about urging your buds through the long and sometimes painful process of learning a new move. Rookie riders are

almost universally welcomed. If you're ready to give it a try, or just want to get dialed to the scene, here's a short guide to pipe culture. **Halfpipe History:** Legend has it that the first snowboard halfpipe was actually a natural gully discovered by a group of riders in the early Eighties near California's Tahoe City dump. Tom Sims, a snowboard pioneer and skateboard pro, constructed the first groomed "halfpipe ravine" in 1983 at Soda Springs, California for a world championship event. From that point on, downhill, alpine-style snowboard racing was considered snoozeville compared to the freestyle tricks and maneuvers being performed in the pipe. So the subculture grew. **Dig It:** Early halfpipes were roughed out with backhoes and Sno-Cat tractors and hand-packed by crews with shovels. Today,

they're created with special groomers such as the Pipe Dragon and the Bombardier Half-Pipe Grinder, which are mounted on Sno-Cats and produce a pipe uniform in shape, top to bottom. The process can take several days, according to halfpipe designer Pat Malendoski of Planet Design and Consulting. "A good halfpipe is as smooth as a swing," he says. "You should flow through a nice arc from side to side. While every pipe is a little different, specifications have been created for competitions. An Olympic-caliber pipe has an inclination of about 18.5 degrees, is 110 meters (361 feet) long, 15 meters (49 feet) wide and five meters (16 feet) high, with the last foot of the wall a near-vertical 85 degrees. To put that into perspective, picture a football field with a trough carved down the middle that's as deep as a single-story building. **Trick Bag:** This is what the pipe is all about—radical maneuvers, big air and hang time in a league with Michael Jordan. Most halfpipe

tricks and their names come from skateboarding. Frontside describes a maneuver that begins on the toe edge of the board, while backside is one that starts on the heel edge. A grab involves reaching down and grasping the board. Skaters do this to keep the board close to their feet. For snowboarders, it's strictly a style thing, as the board is attached to their boots. Two basic airborne moves are the method grab and the indy. To perform the former, riders bring the board up behind them while bending their knees, arching their back and grabbing the heel



Looks easy enough on paper: The International Ski Federation's diagram of a competition halfpipe. Unlike the romps skateboarders and in-line skaters use to perform aerial tricks, the snow variety is like a custom-carved ski run. Riders "drop in" at the top and then fly from side to side (and high into the air) down a ditch that is as long as a football field and as deep as a one-story building.

edge of the board. An indy is a grab of the toe-side edge with your trailing hand on your backside wall. Spins are described by the number of degrees of rotation, from 360 to 720 and beyond. Fakie is simply riding backward, or tail first. So when Canadian pro Michael Michalchuk lands his signature "frontside double-backflip method grab to fakie," he's going up the wall on his toe edge and high into the air, flipping backward once while grabbing his heel edge, flipping again and then landing on his heel edge going tail first. Piece of cake. **Number Crunching:** Most pipe riders are between the ages of 16 and 23. There are about 200 resorts in the U.S. with at least one halfpipe. Pros can squeeze six to nine hits (runs to the lip of a pipe) into a single pass. High-flying pro Terje Haakonsen (concluded on page 144)



**life in the**

**HALFPIPE**



# The Motley Fool

wall street's court jesters on patience, risk and the difference between warren and jimmy buffett

**B**rothers David and Tom Gardner wanted to loosen what they perceived as Wall Street's grip on investment information. Their principal tool: the Internet, where investors can share advice and compare strategies.

The Gardners, both English majors and fiercely proud that they hold degrees in neither business nor finance, have dubbed their outfit the Motley Fool, after the colorfully garbed court jester.

The brothers—who claim to have “grown up with common stocks” and began investing family money in their teenage years—started “Ye Olde Printed Fool,” an investment newsletter in 1993. It sputtered, but a year later the Gardners offered free copies over the Internet. The reactions that they encountered proved more interesting than the hard copy, and their online forum was born.

The Motley Fool advises beginners to invest “money you don’t need” in index funds and large, well-known companies for the long term. As investors grow more interested and sophisticated, they might wish to try a shorter term, higher pressure, higher risk way of investing.

The Motley Fool does not manage investors’ money, though the Gardners run several portfolios in public view. The organization—originally built around a cadre of volunteers—has attained something of a cult status among online investors. But the Gardners’ ambition has been to build a media company around their online offerings. They now oversee 120 employees, host a weekly radio show, sell software and even offer a line of merchandise with their jester logo, called Foolmart. They’ve also written several best-sellers, beginning in 1996 with “The Motley Fool Investment Guide.” Subsequent books have taken aim at credit card debt, state lotteries and casino gambling, all of which the Gardners perceive as bad deals for consumers.

Contributing Editor Warren Kalbacker journeyed to Alexandria, Virginia to meet with the Gardners at Fool headquarters. “I didn’t expect to find pinstripes and button-down collars, but the game room, cots for

employees who write on the night shift and the foolscaps came as a surprise,” Kalbacker recalls. “The Gardners spoke for several hours in a conference room and had pizza delivered for lunch. One of their mantras is ‘invest in what you know,’ and they’ve advised investors to ‘look in your refrigerators’ when considering a food company’s stock. Sure enough, when the pizza arrived, the talk turned to the outlook for that particular chain as well as the taste of the pepperoni.”

## 1

PLAYBOY: You quote Shakespeare and tout your backgrounds as English majors. But aren’t you the latest in a long line of opportunists seeking to get rich from investments instead of pursuing rigorous scholarship in literature, science and the classics?

DAVID: Who doesn’t want to profit from investments? We try to work literature and science and the arts into our writing. That’s some of our appeal. I’m reading a book about mercantilism in the Renaissance and I included a passage in my portfolio report about the book trade and how it joined cultural innovation with business opportunity. That’s exactly what’s happening in our society—look at Amazon.com.

TOM: There are a lot of businesses that should have English majors writing their business plans, because then people could read them. I taught linguistics and English at the University of Montana and then taught summer classes on the stock market and how to get started in investing. I had a lot of fun teaching. I didn’t have training that would have put me on a tenure track. The University of Montana is not as rigidly structured as some of our Northeastern liberal arts schools.

## 2

PLAYBOY: What’s with the bell-decked caps and the funny name?

DAVID: We saw one too many Super

Bowl ads where guys in flashy suits claimed they were “wise” and told people: “Invest your money with us.” We decided if they were wise, we were going to be fools. The fool was the fellow who could give advice to the king without having his head lopped off. We try to instruct and amuse. We love Shakespeare. We pulled our name from act 2, scene 7 of *As You Like It*. It’s the greatest fool scene in Shakespeare.

TOM: We had a good head start. We had family money and a father who didn’t bore us to death. When we were kids, we’d go to the supermarket with him and he would say, “Look, kids. There’s chocolate pudding over there. We own stock in that company. Let’s pick up some boxes of chocolate pudding.”

## 3

PLAYBOY: You failed in your effort to get a stock market newsletter off the ground. Did you price subscriptions too low?

DAVID: We should have charged about \$10,000 a year for that newsletter. We would have had to sell three copies. What separates us from most of the other people quoted in the financial press is that they’re managing other people’s money. We don’t actually manage anybody’s money. We have no aspirations to do so.

TOM: We didn’t intend to start a business. We were publishing that newsletter for friends and family. A lot of people who subscribe to financial newsletters know there’s no great value to them, but there’s some allure to the tip, the secret source. People pay for the dream. The Fool subverts the idea that you have to be an expert. Financial advertisements on TV promote this giant disconnect between daily life and personal finance. People can do this themselves. Poking fun at Wall Street is great fun for us, but we can provide guidelines for a secure approach to investing.

## 4

PLAYBOY: The Motley Fool has been credited with moving a stock price after a mention in your online forum. Isn't that heady stuff for a couple of guys who insist they invest for the long term?

TOM: It's such a shame. Some organizations promote the idea that they move the markets. It happens for us in the smaller companies we invest in, but we don't want people to duplicate the portfolios we manage. We're trying to defeat the herd mentality—unless the herd has done its research. A lot of the focus in the financial world is: What can I make today? If a broker has 200 clients and he can send a trade through all 200 accounts, he can make a substantial amount of money in just a day. Others see great opportunities to sell their advice through books, newsletters and faxes. If someone has a great marketing pitch and shows extraordinary performance over a short period of time, and implies that this can be duplicated, he gets a lot of attention.

DAVID: It's pretty much a one-day phenomenon. We'll announce that we're buying something the next day. That's radical. Wall Street always loads up ahead of time and then announces a strong buy in the stock. But because we're long-term investors, that one day is insignificant to us. It catches headlines, but it's of no importance because we're going to be holding the stock for three years or longer.

## 5

PLAYBOY: Do stock symbols dance in the Gardner brothers' heads?

DAVID: I know about 150 out of 9000. I check 20 stocks a day on the computer. That may sound hypocritical, because we say you don't have to check stocks at all. We encourage people not to sit and watch the ticker symbols go by, or react to every zig and zag of the stock market. The nightly news and movies such as *Wall Street* show guys running around the exchange floors. It looks like high-energy action, but it's a tremendous waste of time.

TOM: You know more symbols, Dave. You have the 30 Dow stocks plus the top 150 S&P. I know a few hundred. My favorite is DJT, Donald J. Trump. I never watch the ticker. The message we send out is to be in control of your money and know how you're doing relative to the market.

## 6

PLAYBOY: You made the cover of *Fortune* a while back. Doesn't that represent the guru status you claim to hold in such low esteem?

TOM: It was fun. You're not going to resist *Fortune* when it wants to put you on the cover. But as we were doing the photo shoot we became cognizant of what was going on. The guy who put the article together was telling us to look nervous and anxious: "Remember, the market's moving right now! Things are happening!" We told him that's not our approach to the market. That story is not one of my favorite *Fortune* pieces.

DAVID: It was a good cover. How many financial magazines show guys in crazy hats hanging from a Wall Street lamp post? We don't want anybody to describe us as experts. We put on foolscaps every time we speak in public to remind people to be skeptical of what we say—and also because we're funnier when we have them on.

## 7

PLAYBOY: Where will we find the Gardner brothers when the next stock market crash occurs?

DAVID: We'll be at the Bayou Pub, a block from here, with our laptops, signed on to the Internet. People react in different ways. There will be panicky newer investors who can't believe the market crashed a week after they bought their first stocks. And there will be old-timers who have been through it numerous times. Unless we're about 72 years old and planning to pull a lot of our money out of the market the next day to live on, we won't be that troubled. We're the first to say, "Let the market crash 30 percent tomorrow." Crashes matter only to people who need money, and we speak to people who invest money they don't need. That's the core of our message.

TOM: Warren Buffett says that when the market crashes, it just means all the stocks are on sale. A lot of people refer to the Bayou as our employee lounge. We've talked stocks with motorcycle gang members we've met there.

## 8

PLAYBOY: Warren Buffett and Jimmy Buffett: Explain the differences.

DAVID: Warren and Jimmy are cousins. Most of the world knows Jimmy Buffett. He has a lovely, relaxing and lyrical sound to his music. Most people don't know Warren, who is a lot richer than Jimmy. He got that way by being patient. Warren's approach goes against what the average person would expect from a rich investor. You would think he made his money quickly, and that maybe there is something fishy about how he got it. But Warren took his time. No big secret. No hot tips. He wasn't buying some unheard-of technology company that the rest of us

could never figure out. He bought Coca-Cola, and at various points he's had one third of his net worth in the stock.

TOM: Warren has a lovely, lyrical approach to the market. He's shy compared with the sharp, well-dressed wise man in those brokerage advertisements who is going to take care of everything for you. And you have Warren, who also owns a minor league baseball team in Omaha, saying, "You know what? I've eaten Wall Street's lunch for four decades." Jimmy Buffett brought out *Cheeseburger in Paradise*, while Warren bought out International Dairy Queen.

## 9

PLAYBOY: The Motley Fool has been described as a cult. Is it because of those hats? Or the Internet? Or both?

DAVID: I used to resist the term, but *Star Trek* was considered a cult. It started small and grew into Paramount's most valuable property. Let's be a cult! We attract fanatical people who love making jokes about Wall Street and all its pretensions. Let's grow that.

TOM: It's Mao's revolution. We tie the brokers to stakes in the town square and berate them. We follow as much as anyone. That's how our forum is structured. I'm ignorant about oil exploration, the environmental effects of that business, global demand, how oil gets priced and the costs of the business. And I'm not going to learn much about it any time soon. But if I wanted to learn, I'd go into an area of our forum where 20-year oil-industry veterans talk. I believe the people who come to our forum have good intentions, such as telling those starting out, "This was my dumbest investment. Make sure you don't do this."

## 10

PLAYBOY: Patience ranks far ahead of faith, hope and charity on the Motley Fool's list of virtues. Please explain.

TOM: Everyone's out to rush you, from the car dealer to the stockbroker to the real estate broker. But in more cases than not, another train is coming. The chef at the summer camp where I once worked had an opportunity to invest in Marvin Hagler when Hagler had only three fights in the northeast and was three and zero. The guy passed. The story sounds like the fish that got away—one speculation that would have dramatically changed his life. It would have. But if you talk to the guy you learn that methodical and patient investments in other things have done extremely well for him.

DAVID: Patience comes down to compounding returns. Warren Buffett has

(continued on page 160)



*"You want to know what I think? I think both you and your royal locksmith are fucking crazy!"*



# *She is...*

*W*itty, wicked, a bit wiggy—she is Pamela. Discovered by **PLAYBOY**, Miss February 1990 became the sex goddess of our times—provocative, controversial, alluring. Of all the heavenly bodies to grace these pages, Pamela Anderson rules the decade. On the occasion of her eighth cover, we were invited to her home for an intimate session.





# Pamela

america's most dazzling single mom





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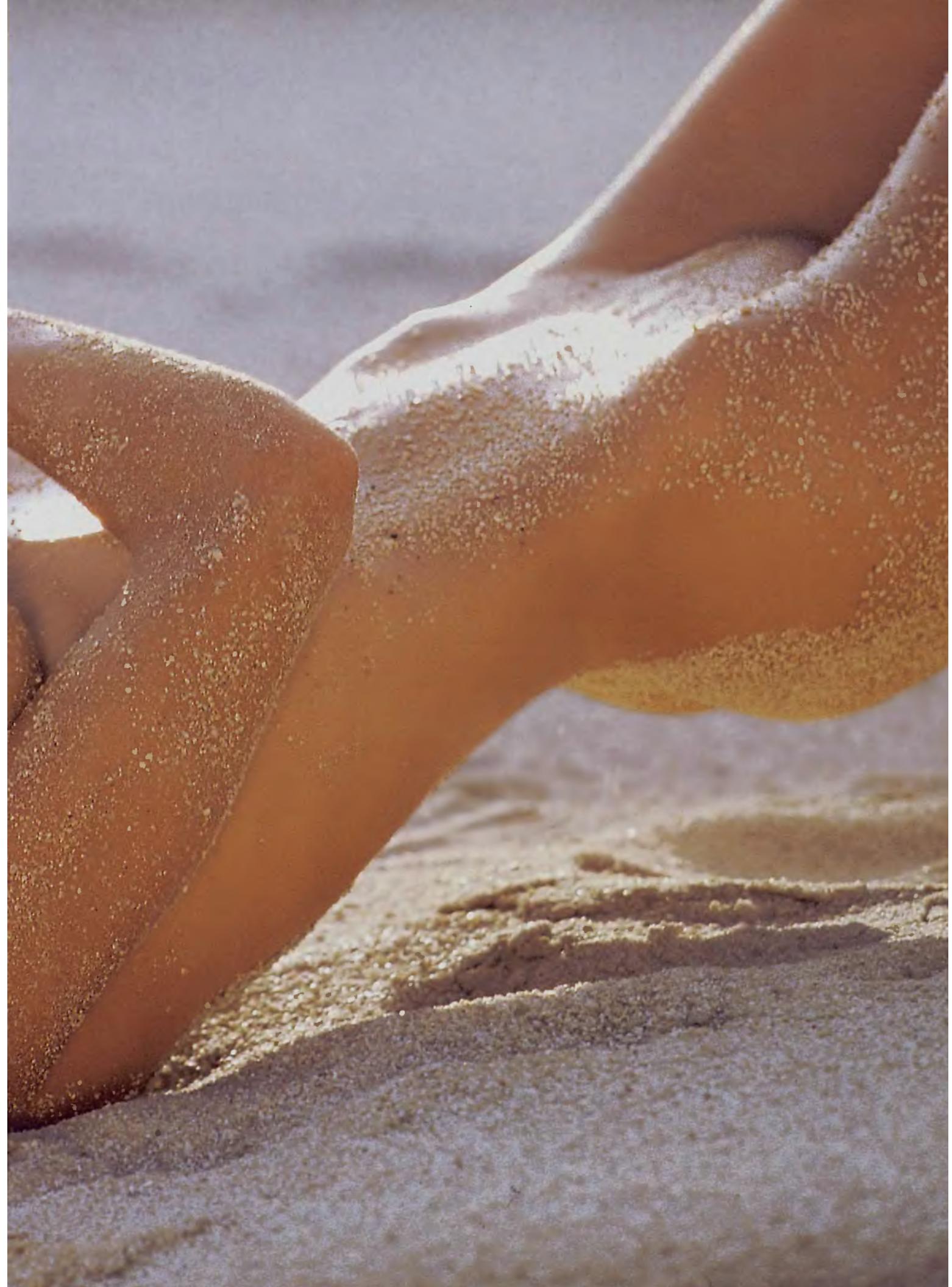
orget the big hair, lined lips and kinky Malibu Barbie outfits. The Pamela who greets us in the garage playroom of her Hollywood Hills home is freshly scrubbed and dressed in simple white lounge-wear. She fusses over her two sons, Brandon Thomas, two and a half, and Dylan Jagger, one. "When I'm with my children, it's like men are not even present," she explains. "That's a big thing with me, that someone can appreciate and understand and love me as a mom instead of being threatened by it."

"Motherhood," Pamela says, "is the most feminine you can be. It's empowering. When I gave birth with a midwife at home, I felt like, *I am woman*." And there was another perk: "The most sexual time in my life was when I was pregnant. After a few months, there were no sharp corners on any piece of furniture."

Pamela takes us on a tour of her new house. In each of her boys' rooms is a giant Paddington bear, birth gifts from Hef. In her boudoir, there's an enormous and sumptuous bed, soft as a cloud. Beyond it lies a marble tub set into a bay window; as she soaks in it, Pamela can survey most of the San Fernando Valley. Downstairs, she shows us the kitchen. There's a selection of herbal brews on the counter. She chooses the Lover's Tea for us. "Let's see how this works," she says. We spy (text continued on page 145)



















## SCORES

(continued from page 72)

*Bedroom phones across America started ringing with news of girls making upwards of \$2000 a night.*

gowns and fuck-me pumps before boarding redeye flights into the City That Never Sleeps to dance for the men who stay up with it. The faces might have changed over the years, but the quality of the entertainment has always been measured in hard-ons. How long an erection is sustained is directly proportionate to the lines forming around the block. And that speaks mouthfuls of the beauties dropping their dresses on East 60th Street. After New Yorkers—and their most notable hometown sports heroes—made repeated forays to the club, it wasn't long before the rest of the country realized something special was going on at this particular Manhattan strip club. In what seemed like no time at all, Madonna and assorted bicurious pals dropped by. Demi Moore made frequent stops to prepare for her role in the film *Striptease*. Geraldo Rivera dragged in almost all of the tired O.J. Simpson gang to the club. Dennis Rodman made a leggy Texan named Stacy Yarborough his own. Steven Spielberg tugged his hat way down low and sat in the closed-door confines of the President's Club. And, of course, Howard Stern held court whenever he wanted with a soft-core massage party or poker game for those truly on the inside of cool.

Almost every scandalous person in the news found his way to the T and A palace: Dwight Gooden trudged in several hours before he was to be booted from baseball for the second time. John Wayne Bobbitt made the horrifying decision to flash some of the damage his slasher wife, Lorena, caused. Hugh Grant made several post-Divine Brown forays. Jerry Seinfeld stared into his drink after his breakup with Shoshanna Lonstein, because—let's face it—where else is the man going to go after love with a busty beauty like that goes bad? Even David Smith, husband of convicted child-killer Susan Smith, took in four hours of table dances almost immediately after he was through hawking his book on the death of his two young sons. And, in perhaps the most notorious visit by a professional sports team, the New York Rangers carried in the Stanley Cup and repeatedly filled it with bottles of champagne until every fan and dancer had taken a sip from it. However, somewhere in the revelry, not one of the players remembered to take the

cup home.

It got to the point that some of the guys out front were fixing a line on how soon President Clinton would show up. Since the club hasn't closed down just yet, he might still do it. If a blow job isn't cheating, a lap dance must be like bringing Hillary flowers on her birthday. And the most beautiful part of it all is that Scores girls keep their mouths shut.

Legs open, mouths shut. You want better than that?

Let's talk about the girls for a minute. You can say all you want about service and ambience and location, location, location, but it was the girls that made Scores different from any other club. I remember watching *Showgirls* and wondering where the hell screenwriter Joe Eszterhas got his information. What club was he hanging around? Which girls did he chat up? With dialogue and a plot like that, Eszterhas couldn't get laid in the President's Club with a fistful of fifties and a promise to make every stripper a star. What Big Joe—and the makers of the equally horrible *Striptease*—don't understand is that the main story in a club like this one almost never takes place onstage. At Scores, the real drama started at the lowly valet stand—where ballsy drivers pulled quick pieces of work for local mafiosi with some poor schmuck's Mercedes while a selected peeler kept the guy occupied—and it weaved through the nightly bacchanalia and the parade of movie stars, models, millionaires and mobsters until it finally reached a climax with the "right" guys taking the "right" dancers home.

One night, when a Cy Young Award-winning pitcher waltzed into the club, some of the boys took it upon themselves to get the ace nice and drunk past four A.M. so he couldn't possibly take the mound at Shea the next afternoon and beat the Mets. I watched as he vomited in the street before falling into a Town Car and heading to his hotel a mere seven hours before he was to pitch. And I watched as a dozen men immediately ran to the phone and placed large action against his team. "No doubt about this one," one tough guy barked to his bookie. But when there's never a doubt, there's always doubt. The pitcher ended up winning and costing a few of the tough guys some \$40,000 in foolish wagering.

Whenever Howard Stern decided

that it was time to let his hair down, he chose Scores. And on those days—call them "poker games" or "Super Bowl celebrations" or "massage parties"—the brass at Scores would simply shut the doors all day and let the wild man run wild. No questions asked, no answers given, no secrets told. And for the next few days Stern would go on and on about Scores to millions of his entranced listeners. (The club, to this day, has never paid for a single advertisement in any newspaper or for a television or radio spot.)

Then there was the time when Trudie Styler was swinging topless on a brass pole as her husband, Sting, proudly looked on. Not for one night. Not for two. But for three straight nights. True Scores drama unfolded with a drunken Charlie Sheen discarding \$100 bills as if they were infectious, or with George Clooney mysteriously showing up with a quartet of the club's strippers while on vacation in South Beach, or with actor and Hell's Angel henchman Chuck Zito orchestrating closed-door knockouts with Mickey Rourke, Jean-Claude Van Damme and yours truly. Not for publicity's sake, mind you, but because all three of us were guilty of violating a street code that may no longer exist outside Scores. Chuck was just the man the Devil sent to make sure we understood. And two years after the fisticuffs, I have to respect the poetry of it all: The tough guy who found an empty room for Chuck to kick my ass in is the same guy who had combed me dinners and drinks for half a decade.

Sadly, few people know anything about this. Because of Hollywood's watered-down depiction of life inside a pulsing strip club, the public has no respect for the type of woman who stands between a man's legs and dances for a living. What's really sad is that Scores girls end up more maligned than the mobsters who shake them down every night for a little mad money, or the married millionaires who cut them checks at the table—with no questions asked.

The perception is that strippers are trampy, that they use sex—or even the possibility of it—as a means to money and influence. That they couldn't possibly have any morals when they charge a man an hourly fee for speaking to him while he eats his filet mignon and mulls over the ridiculous possibility of a love affair. While all of those allegations are partly true, they are no more prevalent at Scores than they are at your own workplace. Or at the White House, for that matter.

The truth is, most Scores girls—however surgically enhanced or cosmetically altered—drove themselves to the big city with dreams of becoming actresses



"What turbulence?"

or models and fell a few inches shy. They were too short for the runway and too busty for editorial, but they were just right to reap the rewards that awaited them at Scores. It was almost too easy: Several self-conscious minutes spent auditioning for a strip club manager in a sweaty back room, and they were one night away from the riches they had dreamed about in Podunk and Nowheresville. OK, so maybe some girls took a knee and went a bit further in their desire to impress the boss in the nine millimeter gray suit. What do you want me to say? A chain of power was established, and that was that.

Legs open, mouths shut. You want better than that?

The long and short of it is, before you could say last call, bedroom phones in all the tiny towns across America started ringing with the news of girls making upwards of \$2000 a night. Heather Lynn called Krista and she called Tiffany, who was on the phone with Amber, who relayed the news to Tatiana, who had a friend named Zoe who flew in with Jazz. You get the picture.

Now put yourself in their stilettos: Some guy with money to burn, who just wants to have a lady listen to him, offers to pay for Issa's college education or buy Ally a Mercedes or secure Jade an apartment in Battery Park City or send Vanessa and a friend to Europe. Should the girls turn the man down, especially when he comes in every night and repeatedly makes the same offer—no ques-

tions asked?

Hell no. And most Scores girls didn't. They understood the cardinal rule of plying the flesh trade: Guys like girls who like them back. So it wasn't unusual to see a tall Texas beauty forcing laughter from her pretty little mouth even though the man paying her fee was a short, balding, fat banker staying at the Sheraton for a convention. The smart Scores girls learned to take that guy's money and run—or politely step off—and continue to do their jobs until Tommy Lee or George Clooney or Antonio Sabato Jr. or Charlie Sheen walked in later that evening with a pocket full of promises. But somehow the women are given the dumb-blonde label. I don't know many 23-year-old girls who can afford to buy their parents houses on both coasts or who come to own several horses, girls who support their out-of-work boyfriends and drive to work in Jaguar convertibles.

I can't do that.

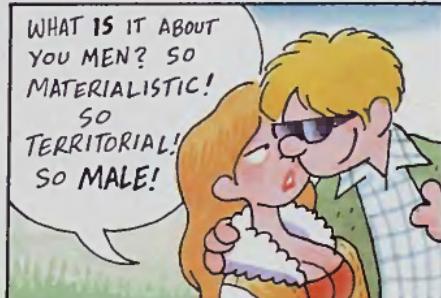
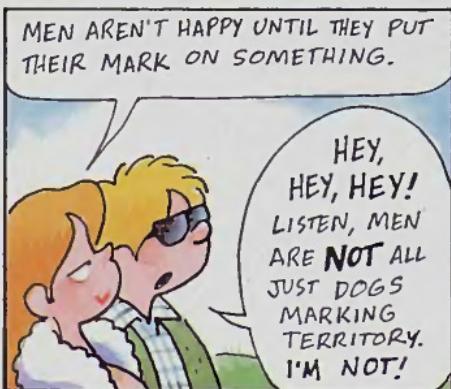
Can you?

Perhaps what was most beautiful about a Scores girl, and what was once most respected about the club itself, was the girl's ability to watch a secret die in a crowded room. Of course there were times when publicity was at a premium and when calls to the proper gossip columnists and paparazzi had to be made. But by and large, the club—from the girls on up—had a sweet way of never ratting out anyone. It didn't matter that a famous basketball coach asked for

Tammy's home number, or that the married action star took a peeler to an after-hours club three nights in a row, or that the female sitcom star is having a relationship with the dancer with the pierced tongue, or that the top movie hunk waits for his Florida honey at the Mark Hotel every time he's in town, with a bottle of champagne, a box of chocolates and a supply of condoms. What was comforting to the celebrities and athletes and diplomats and federal agents and politicians and cops and, yes, rabbis was that they could be confident that their Scores girls were not going to head for the tabloids. There was too much at stake and the fellows with the crooked noses up top made sure everyone walked the straight and narrow, even on the nights when they stumbled out of the club. Pray silence, baby.

How sad then that the candy store would start to lose its flavor because two of the owners, Michael Blutrich and Lyle Pfeffer, agreed to talk with authorities when crimes they had allegedly committed—having nothing to do with Scores—were uncovered. It turns out that along with slapping together a good strip joint, Blutrich and Pfeffer were good at embezzling millions through National Heritage Life, an insurance company they ran in Florida (whose eventual \$400 million collapse was one of the largest failures of an insurer as a result of fraud in U.S. history). It was a nasty deal that enabled U.S. attorneys in Florida to piece together an impressive criminal case

## CRUISER



Chris Browne

against the pair. Then the swindling duo, in an effort to reduce their sentences, decided to spill the beans on the history of the club.

Most of the city's adult entertainment clubs routinely pay a mob tax to one of New York's five families. Scores was "on record" with the Gambino crime family. A long-documented relationship between Gambino associate Michael "Mikey Hop" Sergio and Michael Blutrich guaranteed the Gambinos a weekly envelope. This tribute permitted Scores to operate freely, immune to the threats of unorganized crime. Sergio's son, Steve "Sigmund the Sea Monster" Sergio, was installed to oversee security for the club.

Not surprisingly, the shakedowns quickly began with almost every employee—from bathroom attendants to coat-check girl. When Blutrich and Pfeffer called for the ouster of Craig Carlino, the club's management consultant, who is widely credited with turning Scores into a mecca, things got even crazier. Blutrich and Pfeffer were unhappy paying Carlino his rumored \$20,000 per week and asked Sergio to remove him. The dispute was resolved in classic Mafia fashion, with Sergio calling in his respected muscle—Greg and Craig DePalma—a father-and-son team connected with the Gambinos. The DePalmas' presence motivated Carlino to call on a top Genovese capo, Angelo Prisco, to vouch for his interests. Unfortunately, Prisco outranked the elder DePalma, so DePalma had to drop a name that would trump Carlino. The name DePalma uttered was John Gotti Jr.

It was the type of sordid mess you see in movies. The feds had bugged DePalma's house. Blutrich and Pfeffer began wearing wires. Eventually the government was able to make a case that John Gotti Jr. was shaking down the club. A sweeping RICO indictment followed, which included extortion, loan-sharking, fraud and gambling, and is set to go to trial early this year. And that's why everyone at Scores—*notte macchia di tutti notte macchia* (nightclub of nightclubs)—is in the mess they're in.

The feds also uncovered the names of the gunmen who shot Segal and Greco on the first night of summer several years ago. The killers are believed to be Simon and Victor Dedaj, Albanian brothers from the Bronx who frequented the club. The motive? An argument about wrestling that escalated beyond reason.

And so with all the talking and taping and a few squeezes of a trigger, the beautiful carousel that was Scores started to buck and throw some of the pretty and powerful people off their horses. They landed with a loud thud at the feet of Rudolph Giuliani, the most powerful and meddling mayor in New York City's history. Giuliani had decided it was time

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# playboy's (e-)male room

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to improve Big Town's quality of life. So the guy with more vowels in his last name than anybody facing a RICO rap swept into office on a platform that he would direct an assault against businesses and practices that he found morally lacking.

His first task was to clean up the prostitution and pornography on display in Times Square with a city ordinance that prohibits the operation of any adult entertainment within 500 feet of a school, church or residential dwelling. The law further decrees that any business designating more than 40 percent of its floor space to adult entertainment also must comply with the legislation. Scores, along with the city's other popular strip clubs, Ten's and VIP's, was in direct violation of this policy. Its survival threatened, Scores headed a coalition that fervently worked to have the ordinance overturned, but after several years of legal wrangling, state and federal courts upheld the law. As a consequence, all topless establishments were relegated to Manhattan's West Side meatpacking district. This created a catch-22 for Scores. To relocate the club would require a huge financial investment, an unlikely occurrence given that the principal owners were running the nightspot from the confines of the Witness Protection Program. Furthermore, any change of address would require an abundance of new licensing, which, given the club's history, would never be granted.

Now we're left with a club that allows topless nudity in only 40 percent of its

space and drapes a black felt curtain around the dance area to separate dancers from diners. Patronage isn't the same, either—there are fewer beautiful people, and their visits are no longer pasted all over the city's gossip columns. Even the mobsters are gone, casting an echo to the joint not heard since the days when it had pool tables in the back, sawdust on the floor and dancers with visible C-section scars.

Laugh all you want, but in terms of fun it was my generation's Ebbets Field and Studio 54 rolled into one. And it didn't have to die. In the end, it was all the talking that brought the club to its knees, and while the tough guys sang and the multimillionaire owners went into the Witness Protection Program, the girls kept dancing and never said a word.

It's as if they understood the code of silence better than the men who live by that code every day. It's almost as if the girls knew that Scores was the end of the line, a switching point, where everyone involved could have changed course or identities and moved on. All they had to do was play the game and pray silence along the way. If the people who once ruled Scores had taken a cue from girls who drop their dresses for a living, we all might be having a little more fun this evening.

Again—legs open, mouths shut. You want better than that?



## FITNESS

(continued from page 30)

**Bad Cardio:** Pass on the rowing machines and NordicTrack.

**Resistance Training Tips:** Go with light to moderate weights and high reps to tone muscles above the waist. Squats and lunges will beef up those calves and thighs. Once you're in shape, do squats with a ten-pound or 20-pound body bar or the equivalent weight in dumbbells.

### HOURGLASS (20 PERCENT OF ALL MEN)

**The Score:** This may sound like a girly category, but remember that Arnold Schwarzenegger is an example of an Hourglass male who can kick major Ruler, Cone and Spoon butt. Hourglasses gain or lose mass easily throughout the entire body and tend to be narrower in the waistline.

**Good Cardio:** Because you can pack it on quickly, you need to move consistently and intensely. Jumping rope is an ideal way to keep trim, as are riding a stationary bike and using a rowing machine (both at a low tension level). Cross-country skiing is effective, too, as well as martial arts, swimming and calisthenics—anything that uses the entire body.

**Bad Cardio:** Forget stair climbing and step aerobics. Both put too much emphasis on muscles below the waist.

**Resistance Training Tips:** Stick with low to moderate weights and high reps. Avoid squats, lunges and leg presses.

### SPOON (TEN PERCENT OF ALL MEN)

**The Score:** Guys can be hippy, too. If you fall into this category, you need to focus on upper-body weight training to create balance. And, of course, you need to burn fat so it doesn't accumulate on your lower abs, hips and thighs.

**Good Cardio:** Jump rope, ride a stationary bike (low tension, high rpm), walk fast or jog on flat terrain. Take a bootcamp class or do calisthenics. You need to haul booty to minimize it.

**Bad Cardio:** Avoid StairMaster and step aerobics like the plague.

**Resistance Training Tips:** Focus on your upper body—biceps, triceps, pecs, abs—using moderate to heavy weights to build mass. Do toning exercises to keep your lower body lean, and avoid squats and leg presses.

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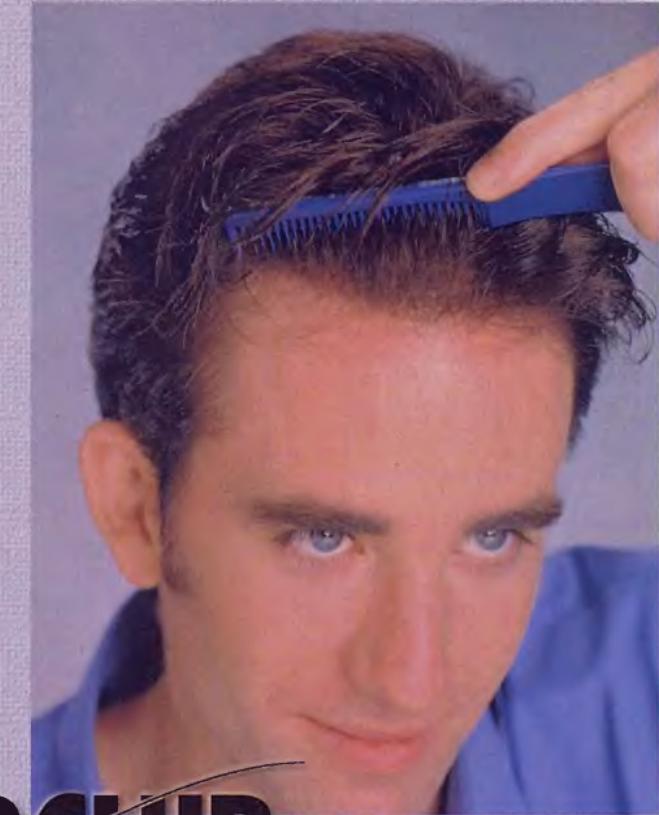
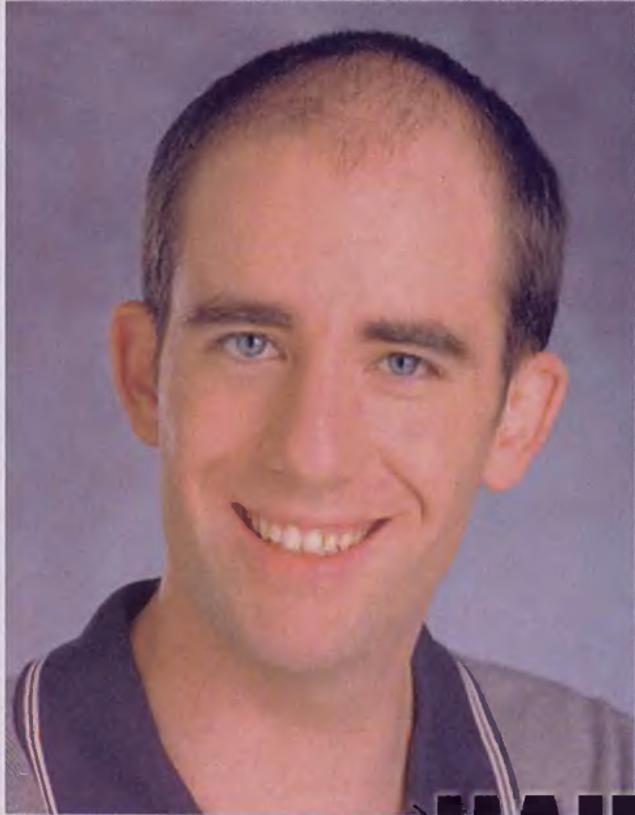


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## LIFE IN THE HALFPipe

(continued from page 118)

from Norway lofts 14 to 15 feet above the lip of the pipe. Guillaume Chastagnol of France is the acknowledged pro spin-master, having landed a 1440—that's four times around. • There are more than 100 halfpipe competitions held each year. Upwards of 10,000 people attended the halfpipe event at the 1998 U.S. Open Snowboarding Championships, the nation's oldest boarding competition, held annually at Stratton Mountain in Vermont. More than 2.3 million people tuned in to ESPN and ESPN2 last January to watch the 1998 X Games halfpipe competition. More than 165 million fans in 178 countries watched the rebroadcast. Bone Crunching: Dr. Peter Janes of Vail-Summit Orthopedics has cataloged more than 7400 snowboard injuries in Colorado over a ten-year span. The most common injury (20 percent) is a fractured or sprained wrist, usually caused by reaching to break a backward fall. Other injuries include ankle sprains and fractures (14 percent) from catching a toe edge, knee ligament damage (12 percent) from jumping, and closed (i.e., bloodless) head injuries (2.6 percent).

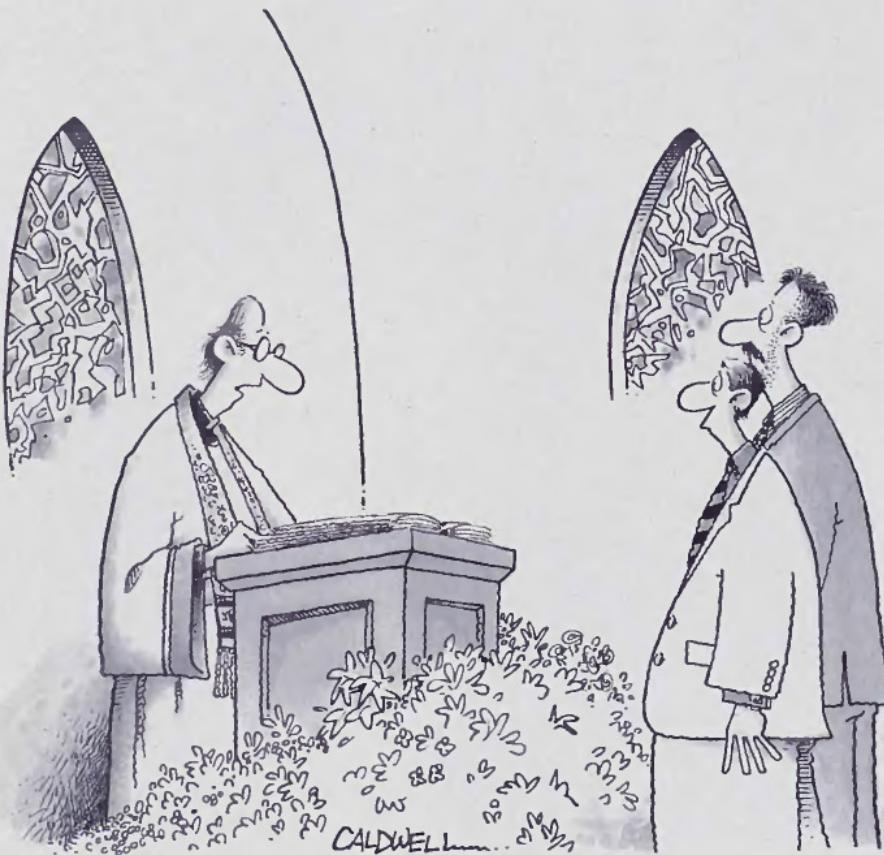
Not for Newbies: Smart jocks would not kayak a class V rapid without mastering calmer waters first. The same goes

for riding the halfpipe. "It's considered an expert run at most resorts," says Kevin Delaney, two-time overall world champion and president of Delaney Snowboarding Camps at Copper Mountain, Colorado. You should have some intermediate-level riding skills before entering a halfpipe. Pipe Etiquette: Riders wait their turn and shout "dropping in" before they enter the pipe. They give the guy in front of them a two- or three-hit head start. And when they wipe out, they haul ass out of the way. Ride the Best: Snowboarders are usually loyal to their local pipe, but the following resorts rate high with pro riders: • Whistler and Blackcomb, British Columbia: These neighboring mountains offer expertly maintained pipes and interesting terrain gardens that attract pro riders each season. • Snow Summit, California: Pipes designed by top pros are well maintained at this resort, which often has more snowboarders on the mountain than skiers. • Stratton Mountain, Vermont: The home hill for Burton Snowboards and top riders in the East opened for snowboarding in 1983. The halfpipe is groomed frequently and lighted for night riding. • Vail, Colorado: Offers small pipes for beginners and two monsters for the many pros who winter here.

## JEANS

(continued from page 114)

are the best jeans out there. Regardless of your body type, you should be able to find a pair that suits you. In your quest, keep these rules in mind: *Levi's are the mother of all jeans*. When they fit properly, classic five-pocket Levi's are the jeans of choice. *Dark is delicious*. Though our model is human Viagra, you're not experiencing a side effect. Dark blue rules. Roll up the leg of a pair of dark jeans to show a three- to four-inch cuff and you have the most popular look today. *Remember the cold-water blues*. To keep the color of your new pants, turn them inside out and throw them in a cold-water wash. Don't launder them after every wearing (but you don't need to be told that). If you screw up, don't worry—as summer approaches, lighter blue denim will be in style. *Take the straight and narrow*. Unless you're raving every weekend, wear straight legs with just enough room to accommodate boots. Now prepare to meet your new best friends. (1) Straight-leg, selvaged denim button-fly jeans. Manufacturer: Polo Jeans Co., Ralph Lauren. Price: \$98. Fit: This pair rides high on the butt but is looser in the thighs. Go a size up in the inseam to get the four-inch cuff. (2) Vintage-style button-fly jeans. Manufacturer: Lucky Brand Dungarees. Price: \$68. Fit: These pants are looser all over—good for a gym rat who needs room in the thighs, calves and butt. A tag under the fly says **LUCKY YOU**. Our model's call? "These button-fly studs are a lot of work, but they're sexy as hell." Back at ya. (3) Dark denim jeans. Manufacturer: A/X Armani Exchange. Price: \$78. Fit: The lightweight denim is prewashed, and there's enough room in the seat and thigh for comfort. (4) Preshrunk 501 button-fly jeans. Manufacturer: Levi Strauss & Co. Price: \$50. Fit: Levi's have been around since 1873. Ralph, Calvin and Tommy wore them, then based their own jeans on the classic 501 style. (5) Shrink-to-fit 501 button-fly jeans. Manufacturer: Levi Strauss & Co. Price: \$50. Fit: You need to go about three inches larger in the waist to shrink to fit and more than five inches longer in the inseam to cuff them. (6) Stone-washed jeans. Manufacturer: CK Calvin Klein Jeans. Price: \$50. Fit: Nothing came between Brooke and her Calvins in the Seventies, and not much has changed. These jeans have a slim, Western fit. (7) Dark basic jeans. Manufacturer: Diesel. Price: \$99. Fit: These are slim in the legs and hug the butt. The denim is heavy. (8) Classic zip-fly jeans. Manufacturer: Tommy Jeans. Price: \$50. Fit: These jeans rise high on the behind, and the slim leg won't fit over a boot. Like all Tommy Jeans, they have a cool hangtag that shows how the pants should fit you.



"Do you promise to love, honor, cherish, and remain the same sex?"

## Pamela Anderson

(continued from page 128)

another variety: Pregnancy Tea. She catches our glance and giggles. "That's not how you get me pregnant."

We sit on a sofa in her den. (Her current beau, five-time world surfing champion and *Baywatch* alumnus Kelly Slater, has gone golfing.) After a hard, public year in which her marriage to Motley Crue's Tommy Lee foundered and their honeymoon home movie was released on video, Pamela is remarkably calm and composed.

She rolls her eyes when I mention the tape. "I'm so over that," she says. "I mean, I'm fighting it with lawyers, but it's a bottomless pit. What really sucks is that it's our personal life. It makes me afraid to take pictures, make scrapbooks, shoot videos of my children. Nothing's sacred. Every once in a while I catch myself thinking, What if my mammogram ends up on the front page of the *Enquirer*? Which is just stupid."

Not that she has anything against racy material. She admits she has rented adult videos. "I've seen more in hotels and on Playboy TV. It's kind of fun to watch once in a while."

On the subject of her marriage, she is sadder but wiser. "A lot of my friends' parents were alcoholics who abused them," she tells me. "I thought all relationships were abusive. I really haven't been in happy relationships. I'm trying to learn to be friends with someone and care about him instead of trying to hold on to something so intense."

"Tommy and I were like this," she says, crossing her fingers. "Inseparable. It's exactly what I asked for. And I don't blame him for everything. I think it's what we thought true love was. But when you really love somebody, sometimes you just have to leave and let him find his way. It's hard. You're the one who gets abused, and then you're the one who has to be strong enough to stay away. You can't constantly be the rescuer." She sighs. "It's so much easier to get married than divorced."

She smiles shyly at me. And in this moment of candor and vulnerability, her ocean-colored eyes, freckled button nose, full pink lips and gleaming white teeth have never looked more natural or beautiful. The smile widens to a flirtatious grin. "This has to be the classic PLAYBOY interview," she announces. "It's got to be funny. It's got to be kooky."

Yes, ma'am.

You were born on July 1, which according to *The Book of Birthdays* is "the Day of Emancipation." Care to discuss?

I used to be really shy and modest. Then I started working out heavily because I thought if I competed in a bodybuilding championship maybe I'd get over my shyness. I always thought there was a barrier for me to cross, to be

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Drew, physician (NE) "I wear it on some days and not on others. I am convinced the 10X works, and I see results both with my wife and with my office staff. Thank you very much. You have a very fine product."

Enzo (IN) "I just put it in my cologne. And then it was really interesting. It has this magnetic effect. And everything changed... People were coming to me that wouldn't normally be as friendly. They were all of a sudden different; women found me very attractive. I am 50 and I'm single. I found that women, even those that were early 30's suddenly found me... just an interesting person. One was my tennis instructor. ...she has been teaching me for 3 years, now suddenly she was interested!"

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myself. And when I did PLAYBOY the first time, that was it. It was just like playing a character, and it felt good to do that instead of hiding.

**Do you remember the first time you saw PLAYBOY?**

I saw an old one of Dad's and thought it was beautiful. Then I had a boyfriend who was a photographer and he had a bunch of them. When someone came up to me and said I should be in PLAYBOY he said, "Absolutely not." And I said, "That's kind of weird. You think they're so great but I'm not allowed to be in one?"

**What was your favorite shoot for PLAYBOY?**

The one I did in St.-Tropez in 1994. I was single. It was totally me, free and having fun. In my Bardot mood. Every one I've done since I've felt a little guilt. I even did one shoot when I was married that Hef decided not to run because he said I looked unhappy. We have a great relationship. He's like a dad to me.

**I hear you almost got busted doing your 1992 PLAYBOY shoot.**

We were shooting on Route 66 in Arizona and the police were going to arrest me for indecent exposure. I had on a sheer dress and I think one nipple was sticking out. I said, "You can't arrest me for a nipple." But a female officer read me my rights and took me to the station. I had to write a letter of apology to this Baptist minister who was living on the

road where we were shooting.

**Have you ever been to a strip club?**

Lots. The guys I go with always think I'll feel uncomfortable, but they end up getting mad because I get to go backstage and hang out with the girls and I'm the one who gets the lap dances. There was one girl who said, "My stage name is Pamela because everyone says I look like you and I'm so flattered" while she's rubbing her boobs in my face. And I was giving her tips: "Well, if you're going to be me, you have to part your hair to the other side and cut your bangs."

**Did you ever imagine that you would become an international sex symbol?**

No way. That was so unlike me. I was so not vain. If my hair got in the way, I'd cut it off. I never wore makeup. It's funny that I now do what I do. I'm a drag queen. I love playing dress-up.

**Do you remember the first boy who paid attention to you?**

I had two boyfriends, Matthew and Kenny, when I was five. I used to kiss Matthew, and that would make Kenny punch him. Then I'd kiss Kenny so they'd fight again.

**When was your first serious kiss?**

In fifth grade. I hated it and wondered what everyone was talking about, because this guy jammed his tongue so far down my throat. I avoided kissing people for a long time after that.

**What happened when you looked in the mirror and realized you were be-**

**coming a woman?**

I went completely nuts as soon as I started getting hips and curves. Even though I was shy, I was wearing dresses and going out with a bunch of different guys. But I didn't get my period until I was 18. I was always athletic. I was on four volleyball teams. I was a setter, because I'm a midget. Thank God I didn't play field hockey, because my girlfriends who did have banged-up shins and no teeth.

**Have you ever had a woman come on to you?**

Oh, yeah. They're worse than men. I've had friends grab my leg and say, "I know you want me as much as I want you." There have been all sorts of opportunities to experiment, but I've never really had the desire. I'd sit around with a bunch of girlfriends telling stories and I'd always be like, "Wow, that's really cool." And then they'd come on to me and say, "Pamela, you totally led me on." But just because I listen doesn't mean I want to partake. I think women's bodies are really beautiful, but I prefer men's bodies. [Laughs] Penetration is good.

**So if a guy really wants to impress you, what should he do?**

Besides penetration? It's the little things.

**A lot of men define themselves by the car they drive.**

I drive a Tahoe. A family vehicle. It says I'm a mom.

**Which would you prefer: flowers or candy?**

Both: Roses and organic chocolate.

**Tight jeans or Dockers?**

Dockers. Not too baggy, though. I'm not into the supertight-jeans thing. You can't tell much from that anyway. The guy might just have big balls. All potatoes and no meat.

**Taller or shorter than you?**

Taller, but not too much. You fit together better, standing up and lying down. It's more cuddly.

**Older or younger?**

In spirit or in years? Kelly is younger than me, but he's much older in his soul than a lot of people who are older than me.

**White collar or blue collar?**

Blue. I'm not into executive types. I don't want to be with anyone for financial reasons. I have my own money. I prefer to be with someone who can look after himself, though. I have enough people to look after.

**Muscles or lean?**

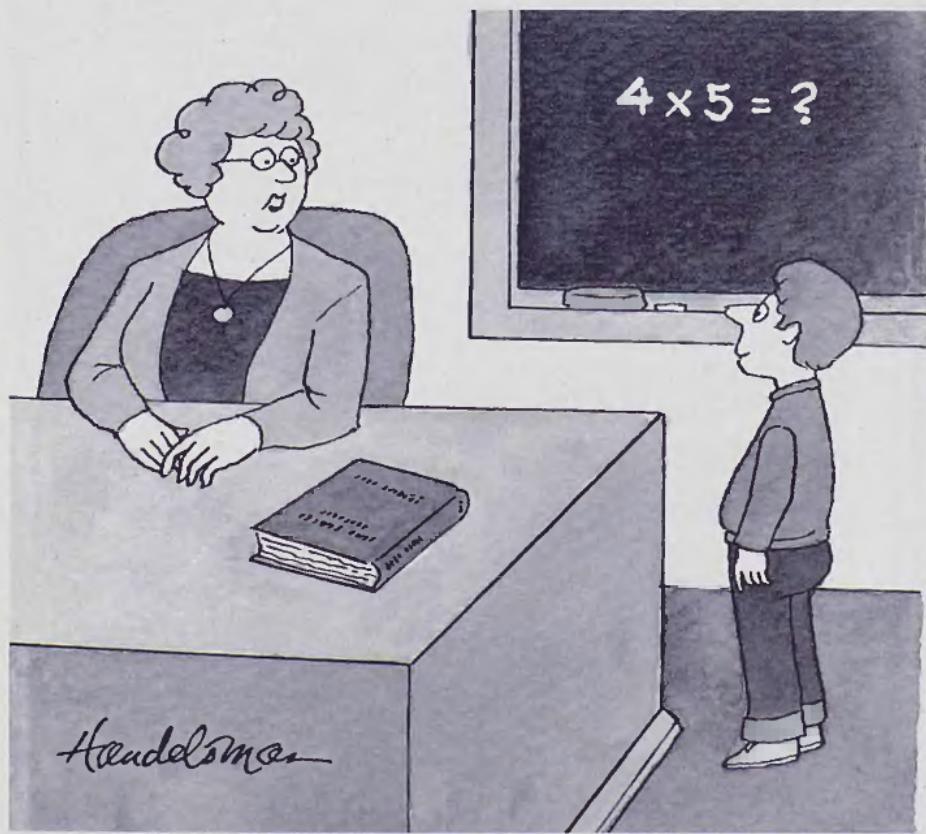
I don't like really big guys, but a little muscle is good.

**Hairy or smooth?**

Smooth. I don't mind a little stubble on the chin. That works on different parts of the body. It's a good exfoliant.

**Sweaty or showered?**

I like taking lots of showers and baths. And he has to be there with me. It's a



*"Take the Microsoft job if you must, Robert, but in later life you may wish you had finished the third grade."*

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I made \$8,000 in 2 days. You may do better!

My name is John Wright. Not too long ago I was flat broke. I was \$31,000 in debt. The bank repossessed my car because I couldn't keep up with the payments. And one day the landlord gave me an eviction notice because I hadn't paid the rent for three months. So we had to move out. My family and I stayed at my cousin's place for the rest of that month before I could manage to get another apartment. That was very embarrassing.

Things have changed now. I own four homes in Southern California. The one I'm living in now in Bel Air is worth more than one million dollars. I own several cars, among them a Rolls Royce and a Mercedes Benz. Right now, I have a million dollar line of credit with the banks and have certificates of deposit at \$100,000 each in my bank in Beverly Hills.

Best of all, I have time to have fun. To be me. To do what I want. I work about 4 hours a day, the rest of the day, I do things that please me. Some days I go swimming and sailing—shopping. Other days, I play racquetball or tennis. Sometimes, frankly, I just lie out under the sun with a good book. I love to take long vacations. I just got back from a two week vacation from—Maui, Hawaii.

I'm not really trying to impress you with my wealth. All I'm trying to do here is to prove to you that if it wasn't because of that money secret I was lucky enough to find that day, I still would have been poor or maybe even bankrupt. It was only through this amazing money secret that I could pull myself out of debt and become wealthy. Who knows what would have happened to my family and me.

Knowing about this secret changed my life completely. It brought me wealth, happiness, and most important of all—peace of mind. This secret will change your life, too! It will give you everything you need and will solve all your money problems. Of course you don't have to take my word for it. You can try it for yourself. To see that you try this secret, I'm willing to give you double your money back. (I'm giving my address at the bottom of this page.) I figure, if I give you a double your money back guarantee, I get your attention. And you will prove it to yourself this amazing money secret will work for you, too!

Why, you may ask, am I willing to share this secret with you? To make money? Hardly. First, I already have all the money and possessions I'll ever need. Second, my secret does not involve any sort of competition whatsoever. Third, nothing is more satisfying to me than sharing my secret only with those who realize a golden opportunity and get on it quickly.

This secret is incredibly simple. Anyone can use it. You can get started with practically no money at all and the risk is almost zero. You don't need special training or even a high school education. It doesn't matter how young or old you are and it will work for you at home or even while you are on vacation.

Let me tell you more about this fascinating money making secret:

With this secret the money can roll in fast. In some cases you may be able to cash in literally overnight. If you can follow simple instructions you can get started in a single afternoon and it is possible to have spendable money in your hands the very next morning. In fact, this just might be the fastest *legal* way to make money that has ever been invented!

This is a very safe way to get extra cash. It is practical, risk free. It is not a dangerous gamble. Everything you do has already been tested and you can get started for less money than most people spend for a night on the town.

One of the nicest things about this whole idea is that you can do it at home in your spare time. You don't need equipment or an office. It doesn't matter where you live either. You can use this secret to make money if you live in a big city or on a farm or anywhere in between. A husband and wife team from New York used my secret, worked at home in their spare time, and made \$45,000 in one year.

This secret is simple. It would be hard to make a mistake if you tried. You don't need a college degree or even a high school education. All you need is a little common sense and the ability to follow simple, easy, step-by-step instructions. I personally know a man from New England who used this secret and made \$2 million in just 3 years.

You can use this secret to make money no matter how old or how young you may be. There is no physical labor

Here's what newspapers and magazines are saying about this incredible secret:

**The Washington Times:**

*The Royal Road to Riches* is paved with golden tips.

**National Examiner:**

John Wright has an excellent guide for achieving wealth in your spare time.

**Income Opportunities:**

*The Royal Road to Riches* is an invaluable guide for finding success in your own back yard.

**News Tribune:**

Wright's material is a MUST for anyone who contemplates making it as an independent entrepreneur.

**Success:**

John Wright believes in success, pure and simple.

**Money Making Opportunities:**

John Wright has a rare gift for helping people with no experience make lots of money. He's made many people wealthy.

**California Political Week:**

...The politics of high finance made easy.

**The Tolucan:**

You'll love...*The Royal Road to Riches*. It's filled with valuable information...only wish I'd known about it years ago!

**Hollywood Citizen News:**

He does more than give general ideas. He gives people a detailed A to Z plan to make big money.

**The Desert Sun:**

Wright's *Royal Road to Riches* lives up to its title in offering an uncomplicated path to financial success.

involved and everything is so easy it can be done whether you're a teenager or 90 years old. I know one woman who is over 65 and is *making all the money she needs* with this secret.

When you use this secret to make money you never have to try to convince anybody of anything. This has nothing to do with door-to-door selling, telephone solicitation, real estate or anything else that involves personal contact.

Everything about this idea is perfectly legal and honest. You will be proud of what you are doing and you will be providing a very valuable service.

It will only take you two hours to learn how to use this secret. After that everything is almost automatic. After you get started you can probably do everything that is necessary in three hours per week.

### PROOF

I know you are skeptical. That simply shows your good business sense. Well, here is proof from people who have put this amazing secret into use and have gotten all the money they ever desired. Their initials have been used in order to protect their privacy, but I have full information and the actual proof of their success in my files.

#### 'More Money Than I Ever Dreamed'

"All I can say—your plan is great! In just 8 weeks I took in over \$100,000. More money than I ever dreamed of making. At this rate, I honestly believe, I can make over a million dollars per year."

A. F., Providence, RI

#### '\$9,800 In 24 Hours'

"I didn't believe it when you said the secret could produce money the *next morning*. Boy, was I wrong, and you were right! I purchased your *Royal Road to Riches*. On the basis of your advice, \$9,800 poured in, in less than 24 hours! John, your secret is incredible!"

J. K., Laguna Hills, CA

#### 'Made \$15,000 In 2 Months At 22'

"I was able to earn over \$15,000 with your plan—in just the past two months. As a 22 year old girl, I never thought that I'd ever be able to make as much money as fast as I've been able to do. I really do wish to thank you, with all of my heart."

Ms. E. L., Los Angeles, CA

#### 'Made \$126,000 In 3 Months'

"For years, I passed up all the plans that promised to make me rich. Probably I am lucky I did—but I am even more lucky that I took the time to send for your material.

It changed my whole life. Thanks to you, I made \$126,000 in 3 months."

S. W., Plainfield, IN

#### 'Made \$203,000 In 8 Months'

"I never believed those success stories...never believed I would be one of them...using your techniques, in just 8 months, I made over \$203,000...made over \$20,000 more in the last 22 days! Not just well prepared but simple, easy, fast...John, thank you for your *Royal Road to Riches*!"

C. M., Los Angeles, CA

#### '\$500,000 In Six Months'

"I'm amazed at my success! By using your secret I made \$500,000 in six months. That's more than twenty times what I've made in any single year before! I've never made so much money in such short time with minimum effort. My whole life I was waiting for this amazing miracle! Thank you, John Wright."

R. S., Mclean, VA

As you can tell by now I have come across something pretty good. I believe I have discovered the sweetest little money-making secret you could ever imagine. Remember—I guarantee it.

Most of the time, it takes big money to make money. This is an exception. With this secret you can start in your spare time with almost nothing. But of course you don't have to start small or stay small. You can go as fast and as far as you wish. The size of your profits is totally up to you. I can't guarantee how much you will make with this secret but I can tell you this—so far this amazing money producing secret makes the profits from most other ideas look like peanuts!

Now at last, I've completely explained this remarkable secret in a special money making plan. I call it "The Royal Road to Riches". Some call it a miracle. You'll probably call it "The Secret of Riches". You will learn everything you need to know step-by-step. So you too can put this amazing money making secret to work for you and make all the money you need.

To prove this secret will solve all your money problems, don't send me any money, instead postdate your check for a month and a half from today. I guarantee not to deposit it for 45 days. I won't cash your check for 45 days before I know for sure that you are completely satisfied with my material.

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### Boxers or briefs?

The kind that are in between, the long brief. I wear those all the time. I wear briefs, too, but just around the house.

Have you ever made a man wear your underwear?

Oh yeah. And bikinis and dresses. I just say, "Put this on and I'll take pictures." It shows he has a sense of humor, which is sexy. I'd have to stop Tommy from going down to the card tables in Vegas in my dresses. They were a little too short for him, if you know what I mean.

**What can men do to make their bedrooms more appealing to women?**

Candles. That's an easy one. Good sheets. My favorites are by Shabby Chic; they're soft like T-shirts.

### Do you like phone sex?

That's the bomb. You learn how to talk to somebody; that's the sexiest thing to me, talking when you're making love. So if you're not together a lot and you have phone sex, it makes it that much better when you're together.

**What could someone say that would kill the mood?**

On the phone he could say, "Can you wait? I've got someone on the other line." If we're together he could say [laughs hysterically], "I have gas."

### Have you ever tied up a man?

Oh yeah. Chains, silk ties. Many times I just used whatever was around. The guy was never being punished, but he didn't necessarily ask for it.

**When do you feel the most sexually powerful?**

When we're playing burglar-and-victim and I'm the burglar.

**Which of the seven deadly sins are you guilty of?**

If you asked me these questions two years ago, I'd have said the most-ridiculous, off-the-wall things. But I've mellowed out. I'm much more low-key. OK, seven deadly sins? Anal sex!

**Is that gluttony or lust? Have you ever done it to a guy?**

Yeah. I mean the finger thing is a no-brainer. I never strapped on anything, but I have used a vibrator. He put his feet over his head. [Laughs] I couldn't resist. He liked it and that kind of freaked me out. I called all my girlfriends and we had an LPC meeting—the Little Players Club—where we exchange our sexual secrets. They all tried it on their guys and then we all broke up with our boyfriends and went out with new people.

### How do you know when it's lust?

When you're having sex four or five times a day.

### How do you know when it's love?

When you don't have to have sex four or five times a day. You can sit back and eat guacamole and watch golf for a whole day and not attack each other.

**What are the most sensual places you've been?**

Tahiti, Bora Bora, Hawaii. Really warm places with water.

### Describe making love in a steam bath.

Oily, steamy. We could get graphic.

### Sauna?

I barely remember. That was a long time ago.

### In the backseat of a car?

That's always good, because you're kind of cramped in there.

### In a swing?

A swing is good. You don't swing very far. Only nine or ten inches, if you're lucky.

### Are you a size queen?

No. I think I've just been fortunate.

**Have you ever enjoyed horizontal recreation in a forest?**

Oh yeah. Up in a tree. On a branch. Kind of dangerous, and it hurt my back.

**Which leads us to the classic Newlywed Game question. As Bob Eubanks would ask, "What's the strangest place you've ever made whoopee?"**

That'd be in the butt, Bob. [Thinks a long time] I was in a coat closet when someone's parents were in the room.

### Can you have sex without love?

I guess I have in the past, but since I've been married and had children, my idea of that has changed. I think it's a spiritual thing: When you have sex your souls see each other.

**You play saxophone. Would you like to play a duet with that hornblower Bill Clinton?**

No. And I don't have advice for Hillary. I don't know why she's still there. But then I don't even know what the real deal is.

### Why do you think men cheat?

It's human nature. It really doesn't have anything to do with the girl they're with. It has to do with men's needs. People say men have a greater need for sex, but in the right relationship, it's pretty equal. Women can be very sexual. It depends on your attraction to the other person.

### Have you ever cheated?

When I was married I never even looked at other guys. I've gone through phases when I've had more than one boyfriend, but I never told someone I was 100 percent committed if I wasn't.

**What's the thing about women men will never understand?**

Women aren't as needy as men think they are. They want to love and nurture. And for a man to really experience the love of a woman, he has to be mothered by her. Men get real jealous when women have children—they don't know how to handle being second. But this is the way women love: They are nurturers and mothers.

**Is that why men are so obsessed with breasts?**

They're a novelty, something they don't have. Maybe it goes back to when they were breast-fed as kids. Or not.

—DAVID A. KEEPS

# dating disasters

(continued from page 86)

thinking, and it wasn't until I faced the reality of 20 dates looming in front of me that I began to panic. I suddenly realized it was more than coincidence that: (a) my friends refused to set me up with anyone, (b) women would tell me I was the worst date they had ever had and (c) mothers would grab their children, cars would stop running and angels would stop singing whenever I walked down the street holding a bouquet of roses and a scrap of paper with my date's address on it. I didn't think about these things, largely because I assumed every single person in the entire world had just been fucking with me.

I was about to make a movie about dating, when, unfortunately, I knew nothing about dating. I always had intended to make this movie a comedy, but I didn't want it to be all at my expense. I needed help with this whole dating thing. I needed expert advice. And sure enough, the self-help aisles of the bookstores were crammed with titles that promised to teach me everything I needed to know about dating.

There were books such as *Smart Dating, Some Day My Prince Will Come, You Can Hurry Love* and, of course, the cottage industry: *The Rules* and *The Rules II*. And you could bone up on romance with *Dating for Dummies*. You wouldn't believe the sage advice these experts were shoveling out for an average of \$11.95:

"Be positive."

"Don't ask her out for Saturday night if it's past noon on Wednesday."

"Go someplace where you can talk without getting thrown out."

"Avoid arm wrestling. It's rude and she might beat you."

"If you break wind, open the car window and apologize."

And that's only the useful stuff. How about:

"Listen to her." No. You think? Aren't you supposed to talk the entire time? Or better yet, how about making an evening of that delightful game we enjoyed as children and repeating everything she says, exactly the way she says it. For even better results, don't let up until both of you have said, "Stop it, I'm serious. Take me home," for 15 minutes straight.

"Practice being a good listener. If you don't know if you are a good listener, ask your friends." If they can't finish their sentences when you ask them, that means you are constantly interrupting them, and thus, are not a good listener.

"End every phone call first." "End the date first." As she opens her apartment door when you pick her up yell, "Bye!" and run away.

"Learn to dance." No comment.

For those readers who are inept not only at dating but also at life itself, it is probably helpful to learn that you might

be losing your date if she "keeps nodding her head and yawning." But what does it mean if her eyes roll up into her head, her skin turns blue and the sickly stench of death floats through the restaurant?

The supposed experts had nothing for me. I didn't know what the hell to do. As a result, I failed miserably on the first bunch of dates. The first hour of my movie isn't just a comedy, it's a public service announcement. Any guy who ever messed up on a date or is too scared to date or is reading this article while he is on a date can go see my movie and walk out of the theater feeling pretty good about himself.

At the risk of sounding like one of those dating experts, I'll rattle off some of the stuff I learned on my first ten dates:

Don't accuse her of lying, at least not before your second date.

Don't tell her she's eating too much.

Don't secretly film an intimate evening without retaining an aggressive lawyer who lacks any moral backbone.

Yes, I was lousy at dating. For those of you too cheap to pay for a ticket to my movie, I will summarize the emotional atmosphere that surrounded my first ten dates. Imagine Hillary's reaction when the president told her that Monica was more than just an intern. Now, take away all the love that was in that room. The only reason I didn't stop dating was that I couldn't raise the money to make a movie called *I'm Stopping After Only Ten Dates*.

So I forced myself to keep knocking out those dates, one after another—boom, boom, boom. And that's when, completely by accident, I discovered the one secret to dating, the only dating secret that every guy has to know:

It's quantity, not quality.

That's the secret. You have to go out on lots of dates to get really good at it. Don't confuse this secret with the old "ask 100 women to sleep with you and maybe you'll get lucky" theory. I'm much deeper than that. This is the tao of dating.

It's volume, volume, volume.

I realized that dating is an art. And, like any artist, you have to practice your craft before you become good at it. Da Vinci didn't just come up with the *Mona Lisa*. He had to fail with lots of women before he could wipe that smirk on his canvas.

Dating is a bloody contact sport, and just like an athlete, you have to warm up your muscles. You have to get your routine down before you become comfortable enough with yourself and not go crazy second-guessing and overthinking when the pressure is on.

Consider the hundreds of decisions you make for just one date. Which cologne is safe on you? Which makes you smell like a woman? Shave? No shave?

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How long before a date do you shower so you don't show up with wet hair? Do you dress like the sissy dancers in Gap ads or are you going to be comfortable in an Italian suit like the sissy models in the Zanetti posters?

What music should you have playing in your car? Do you listen to your all-knowing single female co-worker and take your date for sushi? Or do you follow your heart, listen to the moron in sales and try to get her drunk? Do you quote Shakespeare to her, or repeat a line you heard the night before on a *Seinfeld* rerun, confident that your delivery is actually better than Jerry's?

Do you read the daily editorials in *The New York Times* so you have something to say on your dates, or do you skip the homework and let her spout crap and then summarily disagree with her? No

expert can tell you the right answer. Only you can know what's right for you, and you'll know it only if you practice.

You might be really bad at dating at first. God knows I was. Maybe, at the beginning, you might even date in another city. Yes, she'll think you're married, but what do you care? The first ten or 15 dates are batting practice anyway.

Just have faith that no matter how bad you are on any date, there is still one guy who is even more socially inept than you ever were, who has said more stupid things to waiters in five minutes than you've said in an entire evening, who has consistently worn worse clothes than you will ever hang in your closet and who still managed to get it right on at least one date. He's called your father. And all you need to do is get it right on just one date also.

I promise you that if you keep practicing, one day or one Saturday night you are going to find yourself in a restaurant with a woman who is so far above you that in ancient India you would have been stoned for defying the caste system. But you're not going to blow this date, because you're going to be ready. You are not going to be nervous. You are going to be your charming, witty, confident self.

You want to know how I know this? It's not because I've memorized *Oh, the Places You'll Go*. It's because that's exactly what happened to me. I actually met my dream woman on one of those 20 dates. And now she's my girlfriend. Maybe now you'll think about shelling out eight bucks for a ticket.

This woman is smart, and yet she tells me I'm brilliant. She's witty, and yet she's polite enough to laugh at all my jokes. She pushes me out the door to go watch football with my friends on Sunday mornings. Everyone who meets her loves her. Animals love her. Every little girl wants to grow up to be like her. Even some little boys wouldn't mind growing up to be like her.

Oh, and by the way, she looks like a model. Talk about a Doug Flutie hail-mary pass in the game of life! Some of you may believe that such a woman actually exists. But none of you would believe a woman like her would ever go out with a guy like me.

I had been through so many dates that by the time I got to "The Lovely," I wasn't nervous anymore. I had made all my mistakes already. I didn't pretend I was something I wasn't, I didn't play games, I didn't blow it. I was brilliant.

Let me put this in some perspective. I am now a member of that select group of seemingly common men who have landed unbelievable women. Roger Rabbit may be a dork, but Jessica Rabbit is all over him. King Kong behaves like a goddamn animal, but he still has a gorgeous blonde eating out of the palm of his hand. (True, he's a giant, hairy ape. But in Hollywood, that's not necessarily a bad thing.) All three of us—Kong, the cartoon and me—are overachievers because we practiced.

I know what I'm talking about. Follow my example and go out on lots of dates. Do that and I'll bet you one day you will be walking down the street with your arm around your girlfriend and some guy is going to look at the two of you together and say, "Someone must have hurt her very badly."

Trust me. You will interpret that comment as the ultimate compliment that asshole unintentionally meant it to be. Even if you don't, I guarantee you'll at least get used to comments like that. I did. But it took a lot of practice.



"Sorry, sweetheart . . . I'm a member of the Promise Breakers."



# EMERIL LAGASSE

(continued from page 68)

more likely the food will be safe. I am a fanatic about every ingredient I serve in my restaurants. I get fish at the back door from people I know. I work with the same produce farms year after year. I raise my own hogs and make my own ham and bacon and tasso, a lean spiced ham that's predominant in Acadian and Louisiana food. You wouldn't necessarily have a tasso sandwich, but you would use it in a good étouffée or gumbo. You gettin' hungry?

**PLAYBOY:** You make it a point to use fresh ingredients. But what about people who don't have access to fresh ingredients?

**LAGASSE:** There are fewer and fewer excuses. There are farmers' markets in more and more cities. But if you can't get fresh ingredients, you can't get them. You do the best you can.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever used frozen vegetables?

**LAGASSE:** We don't have much of a freezer in my restaurants, except for storing ice cream and a few other things. I'm not saying there's anything wrong with frozen vegetables. We just don't use them; it's not part of our philosophy.

**PLAYBOY:** Does that mean that we won't be seeing a line of Emeril's frozen foods similar to Wolfgang Puck's?

**LAGASSE:** I don't foresee that. The only commercial lines we have are my spices and the cookbooks. For what it costs for one of those pizzas, which barely feeds two, you can get a cookbook that I hope provides multiple meal memories.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you feel about canned ingredients?

**LAGASSE:** When you need to. Let's take tomatoes. There are probably 20 types of canned tomatoes in any grocery store, whether you are in Des Moines or New York City. Find the one you like. You can read reviews, too; even canned tomatoes are reviewed. There's nothing wrong with a canned tomato so long as it's a good canned tomato.

**PLAYBOY:** How about canned meat? Have you ever tried Spam?

**LAGASSE:** I've been a big Spam fan for a long time. I have a good friend, Sam Choy, a great chef and restaurateur in Hawaii, who is famous for his Spam laie moco; there was an article about him in *The Wall Street Journal*. Laie moco is on the menu at his very kicked-up fine-dining restaurant. It's this Spam loco moco dish, a delicious, incredible, fried rice loco moco kind of thing with brown gravy. It's to die for. I wish that I had some right now.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the best meal you've ever had?

**LAGASSE:** With some colleagues, I had the great fortune to get reservations during the last week that Fredy Girardet had his restaurant in Switzerland. A lot of us considered him the pope of cuisine,

## WHERE

&

## HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 24-25, 26, 35, 37, 91, 114-115, 144 and 171, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

### WIRED

Page 24: "Digital Reads": Electronic books: By Softbook Press, 800-222-5861. By NuvoMedia, Corte Madera, CA, 650-470-5371. By Everybook, Middletown, PA, 717-939-3995. "Pocket Brokers": Wristwatch by Beepwear, 888-727-2931. FM receiver by Data Broadcasting, 800-367-4670. Stock quote service from Reuters America and Aether Tech., 888-978-6257. "Beep My Valentine": Electronic keychain by Eftrol Co., from Elka Enterprises, Montreal, 514-931-2572. "Wild Things": Cellular phone by Nokia, 888-665-4228. Photo printer by Polaroid, 800-343-5000. Page 25: "Multimedia News and Reviews": V-mail cameras: By Cubic Corp., 888-295-0833. By Sony Electronics, 800-352-7669. By Newcom, 800-563-9266.

### TRAVEL

Page 26: "How to Learn a Foreign Language": Software: By The Learning Co., Cambridge, MA, 671-761-3000. By Syracuse Language Systems, 800-797-5264. By Audio Forum, 800-243-1234. "Road Stuff": Luggage by Mulholland Brothers, 877-685-4655. Phone case by Foggy Notion, 800-555-9205, ext. 9810. Book from *World Travel Guide*, 800-322-3834.

### MANTRACK

Page 35: "Wet and Wild": *Stuart Cove's*, 1045 S.E. 17th St., Fort Lauderdale, FL 33316, 800-879-9832, 954-524-5755 (outside the U.S.). "Let There Be Light": Nightstand, bedroom set and humidor by *Out of the Woodwork*, 4001 N. Ravenswood, Chicago, IL 60613, 773-665-4580, [www.OTWoodwork.com](http://www.OTWoodwork.com). Page 37: "Guys



Are Talking About": Watches by G-Shock, 888-BY-G-SHOCK. Guidebooks by Dan Levine and distributed by Empire Press, at Barnes & Noble, Borders and the travel sections of major booksellers. Cigars by Macanudo, at fine tobacconists, [www.cigarworld.com](http://www.cigarworld.com). Tennis racquet by Wilson, at sporting goods and retail stores, Wilson Sporting Goods, Chicago, 773-714-6400. Airport lounge for Virgin Atlantic, 800-862-8621, [www.fly.virgin.com](http://www.fly.virgin.com).

### COLD GOLD

Page 91: Parka with shadow fox by Bogner, \$758, 800-737-8043.

### LAB REPORT: JEANS

Pages 114-115: Jeans: By Polo Jeans Co., Ralph Lauren, at Polo Jeans Co. stores, select Dillard's and Macy's stores or call 888-765-6532. By Lucky Brand Dungarees, at Lucky Brand retail stores in Santa Monica, 310-395-5895, Santa Barbara, 805-564-1340, San Diego, 619-230-9260, NYC, 212-625-0707 and Aventura, Florida, 305-792-9695. By A/X Armani Exchange, at A/X Armani Exchange stores nationwide. By Levi Strauss & Co., 800-USA-LEVI. By CK Calvin Klein Jeans, at Macy's, Dillard's and Bloomingdale's stores. By Diesel, at Bloomingdale's stores. By Tommy Jeans, at fine department stores.

### LIFE IN THE HALFPIPE

Page 144: Resorts: *Delaney Snowboarding Camp*, 800-743-3790. *Whistler and Blackcomb, BC*, 800-766-0449. *Snow Summit, CA*, 888-786-6481. *Stratton Mountain, VT*, 800-787-2886. *Vail, CO*, 800-404-3535.

### ON THE SCENE

Page 171: "Battle of the Boxes": Entertainment systems: By TiVo, 877-367-8486. By *Replay Networks*, 877-737-5298.

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and he was closing down and it was very sad. But we had two back-to-back reservations a couple of days before he officially retired. The dinners were phenomenal, unbelievable. Before that the meals I remember were on a trip I took with my chef de cuisine from Monte Carlo to Paris. Some days we drove four or five hours just to eat another great meal. We did two extraordinary meals a day for eight days straight. In this country, probably some of the best food I have had was at my friend Charlie Trotter's restaurant in Chicago.

**PLAYBOY:** What has Trotter contributed to American cooking?

**LAGASSE:** He's a phenomenal cook, a phenomenal chef—just a tremendous restaurateur, a guy who can uphold and set amazing standards for the restaurant industry in this country. His style is stripped down—lots of vegetables and immaculate seafood. Fresh ingredients. He flies them in.

**PLAYBOY:** What has your former boss, Wolfgang Puck, contributed?

**LAGASSE:** Not only did he—along with Alice Waters—pioneer California cuisine, but he brought back a sense of the classics into whatever he cooked. He was one of the first guys to fuse the Asian Pacific Rim, too.

**PLAYBOY:** What about Alice Waters?

**LAGASSE:** She is the godmother of American cuisine. I have a lot of respect for her. She is the one who inspired me to use local produce from local farms, to work with local farmers and to bring that element back into restaurants.

**PLAYBOY:** And James Beard?

**LAGASSE:** Beard influenced a lot of peo-

ple, particularly men. He was the first man to show that it was OK to be a guy and to cook. One of his disciples, Larry Forgione, a chef in New York, influenced me a lot.

**PLAYBOY:** Paul Prudhomme?

**LAGASSE:** A great guy. A special human being. Certainly he was one of the guys responsible for the regional movement of American cuisine. You couldn't find a more humble, nicer man than Paul Prudhomme. A great cook.

**PLAYBOY:** Julia Child?

**LAGASSE:** There is only one Julia. That lady is just amazing. One of my first experiences as a cook was cooking for Julia Child in the mid-Seventies. I introduced her to crawfish and étouffée. I taught her how to suck head and pinch tail.

**PLAYBOY:** To suck head and pinch tail?

**LAGASSE:** That's a crawfish thing.

**PLAYBOY:** What exactly does it refer to?

**LAGASSE:** To eat the crawfish, you have to snap it. You suck the head, which is where the fat and juice are. Then you peel the tail and pinch it to get at the tail meat.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there an up-and-coming chef we should watch for?

**LAGASSE:** There's Anne Kearney in New Orleans, who has a new restaurant called Peristyle. *Food & Wine* magazine named her one of the top ten new chefs in America. Annie is going to make a significant contribution to the movement of American cuisine. It's classic Provençal cooking mixed with New Orleans. Bernard Carmouche is an up-and-comer, though I may be biased. He is with me at Emeril's and was my first pot washer at Commander's Palace. We made a deal at

that time: You finish school and get an education and a degree; I'll teach you how to cook. He's my chef de cuisine now.

**PLAYBOY:** Why have so many chefs become stars?

**LAGASSE:** There were big-name chefs in Europe for a long time. In America it has all changed within the past five years or so, when we began respecting regional cooking and fresh ingredients right from the farms. Now some chefs are respected on the level of rock stars or opera singers or third basemen for the New York Yankees. In my case, television is obviously powerful.

**PLAYBOY:** Celebrity chefs seem to hobnob with other celebrities. Has your cooking brought you in contact with any of your music or movie heroes?

**LAGASSE:** Music and food go together. That's for sure. We've had people on the show who love food. The people who make music are in my life because they come to me for food. I get the best of both worlds. Billy Joel is a great cook and a great guy. I think I influenced his cooking a little. Certainly I think I might have kicked up his wine palate a few notches. And there is nothing like Bruce Springsteen pulling up in a limousine, saying, "Can I have one more banana cream pie before I leave town?"

**PLAYBOY:** Are there any films that make you hungry?

**LAGASSE:** *The Godfather* makes me hungry and puts me in one of those seductive moods we talked about earlier. I have had about four *Godfather* affairs with very close friends. I get up early in the morning and make a pot of red sauce that simmers all day and smells up the whole house. I get some really big, luscious, gutsy wines. I make a bread dough that proofs for several hours and then smells up the house, that whole crusty-bread thing. I get a big wheel of Parmesan cheese, and I make the pasta. Invite a few friends over and watch *The Godfather*, maybe even parts one, two and three. We eat pasta once or twice, drink a lot of red wine and eat crusty bread.

**PLAYBOY:** What's a typical day for you foodwise?

**LAGASSE:** I don't usually eat breakfast. I have coffee and a piece of bread. I don't eat pastry. I'll have a simple lunch—could be a salad, could be a sandwich, could be a piece of fish. My big meal is at night after the last customer leaves the restaurant. We set a table for everyone and have a full dinner, always with wine, before we lock up and go home. That's how it's been for ten, 15 years straight. I don't mind the crazy hours and the schedule and the pressure and the people and the customers. I don't have any problem with that—as long as dinner-time comes and I get to sit down to at least one good meal each day.



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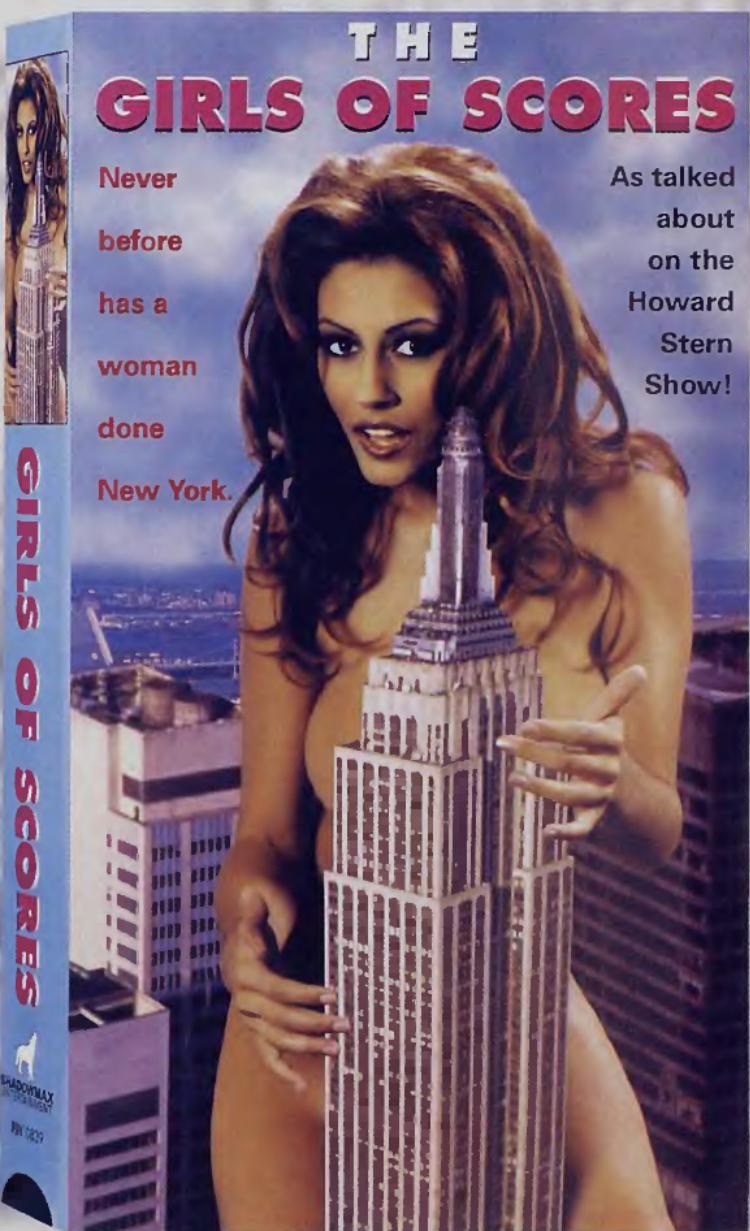
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## e-mail

(continued from page 89)

What company wants to take that risk, when tools such as Mimesweeper are available? This software is designed to control network content and can invisibly screen all e-mail sent to, from and within a company for any key words or phrases your bosses define.

All intraoffice espionage is perfectly legal. The Electronic Communications Privacy Act extends our right to private communications into the digital frontier, but the courts have repeatedly determined that when you're using your company's computer on the company's network to send e-mail via the company's mail server, it's the company's mail, not yours, and legal protection doesn't apply. On the other hand, a company's liability remains. Amazon.com recently initiated an operation called Sweep and Keep, in which employees were awarded free lattes for seeking out and destroying old electronic mail. Once the sweep was completed, the company distributed a memo outlining its new "document creation" policy. It pointed out that some information simply shouldn't be committed to paper or e-mail.

Take heart, though: Your mail is relatively safe from that small percentage of the hacker community that have joined the dark side. A successful cracker typically depends on the unwitting assistance of someone on the inside (most likely, a systems manager who hasn't patched a well-publicized security hole in his company's network, or a user who hasn't changed his password since Duran Duran had a hit song). A magazine editor marveled at how one celebrated accused systems cracker managed to confront the editor about a proposed article on the hacker's exploits just 20 minutes after the editor wrote about the

project via private e-mail. In truth, the prevailing opinion is that the nerd pulled this off not by sniffing the entire Internet for any mention of his name (an impossible feat) but by exploiting old passwords and weak systems and targeting major media outlets.

So what are you to do? If you want private e-mail to remain private, don't send it on your company's computers. Change your mail passwords often. Be aware that if you've set up your computer to send your account name and password automatically when you log on, anyone who can double-click on your mail program can paw through your mailbox. And always remember that e-mail goes everywhere at once. Just because you've deleted it from the system doesn't mean you've deleted it from the server or from the computers that maintain copies of the server's data.

If you want to take a more active defense, encrypt the text before pasting it into that mail message, using a commercial or freeware program that employs PGP, or Pretty Good Protection. PGP-encrypted text is supposed to be so secure that if the government tried to unscramble it without the password, the job would keep their hardware tied up for years. And when you delete files that contain sensitive information, use a utility (such as BCWipe for Windows—free from [www.jetico.com](http://www.jetico.com), and Burn for Macintosh—[thenextwave.com](http://thenextwave.com)) that overwrites the data with garbage before you erase them—the equivalent of spray-painting the paper black before tossing it out.

But nothing's more effective than acknowledging that electronic mail, even private mail, is not secure. You should never write anything in e-mail that you wouldn't put on a postcard.



Shanahan

## PAT ROBERTSON

(continued from page 84)

obvious." The only hint that there may be something stranger than a gentle, prayerful gesture here is his comment ending the prayer, forehead still fisted, as he invokes his special direct link to the almighty to effect whatever conversion, cure or balm he has requested. "May the power of the Holy Spirit touch them *now* in Jesus' name." It's the *now* that's a little jarring. Robertson wants you to know that his prayer is not getting filed away in the divine in-box to be answered in the order in which it was received. Then the elfin grin is back in place. The whole world may be going to hell, but Robertson isn't. And you aren't either, my friends, provided you surrender to the Spirit *now* and join the cause by dialing this 800 number, and for just 65 cents a day, \$20 a month. . . .

Charismatic TV preacher, international businessman, presidential candidate in 1988, founder of Regent University, would-be Third World evangelist and entrepreneur, self-styled political boss, Robertson is on a mission from God. He wants a godly nation, which sounds to his enemies like a fundamentalist Christian state, one that might apply the Word to all facets of American life (much as the Afghan Taliban and Iranian mullahs are applying their Word). Robertson denies working toward a theocracy. He isn't likely to start flogging women for showing their faces, or lopping off the hands of thieves, and he most certainly wouldn't ban television (as the Taliban did). He wants a country where abortion is outlawed, where the Bible is back in schools, where "children are cared for by two married, heterosexual parents." He wants a popular culture that is strictly PG, that, he says, "glorifies not what is seamy and sordid and violent but what is good, beautiful and noble." He wants to combat the "white witchcraft, black magic and satanic worship" he sees behind astrology, UFOs, Zen and New Age religions, and he wants to encourage a strictly patriarchal view of marriage: "Christ is the head of the household, and the husband is the head of the wife." He wants to save the world, but first and mostly he wants to save America.

Precinct by precinct, district by district, his Christian Coalition has assembled a national political machine. He wants school boards, town councils, city halls, state legislatures, Congress and the White House, and with those he can start reshaping the godless liberal judiciary as well. And he has a plan.

"There are 175,000 precincts in the country, and we wanted ten trained workers in each one of them," Robertson told members of the Christian Coalition in an off-the-record speech at its annual Road to Victory conference in

September 1997. "That's about enough to pretty much take the nation. But we're talking about a very simple thing. When you get it down to the school board races and the city council races and the legislative races, it is amazing. A few thousand votes make the difference. Sometimes the total vote in a state legislative race won't be more than 4000 or 5000. So if you have a couple thousand people, you can do wonderful things. This was the power of every machine that has ever been in politics—you know, the Tammany Halls and Frank Hague and the Chicago machine and the Byrd machine in Virginia and all the rest of them."

Such talk panics Robertson's enemies, who see him poised to merge church and state. But it also delights them because it shows the raw practical ambitions of his religious organization, which must limit its participation in partisan politics if it wants to stay tax-exempt. The Federal Election Commission has sued the Coalition for violating election laws, and the Internal Revenue Service is still reviewing the group's request for tax-exempt status. Last spring, the IRS dropped a fine on CBN and revoked its tax-exempt status for 1986 and 1987 for contributing to Robertson's presidential run. After gleefully publicizing a bootlegged tape of Robertson's remarks (in which he also told any reporters present to "please, shoot yourselves, leave, do something"), the Americans United for Separation of Church and State portrayed the speech as a smoking gun, proving that Robertson may be, as they have labeled him, "the most dangerous man in America."

"He's a man far more interested in power and politics than in Providence," says Barry Lynn, Americans United's executive director. "His goal is the political takeover of this country, and that ambition dwarfs his moral pursuits."

Occasionally goofy? Yes. An effective right wing political leader? Yes. But Robertson is no corrupt political boss seeking only power. By all indications, Robertson is sincere. It would have been a lot easier in 1988, when he ran for the Republican presidential nomination, for him to sell himself as a candidate by explaining his two-way chats with God and his propensity for speaking in tongues as excesses rooted in the early fervency of his conversion. But Robertson didn't. He stood up for the most bizarre features of his beliefs, even when his advisors knew he was talking himself out of the mainstream. There is no reason to disbelieve that his goal all along has been exactly what he says it is.

And there is little chance Robertson will pull off a political takeover of this country. For one thing, Pat Robertson has been with us since the Puritans were denouncing witches. A century ago it was the wildly popular Dwight Moody,

who told his followers, "I look on this world as a wrecked vessel. God has given me a lifeboat and said, 'Moody, save all you can.'" Then there were William Jennings Bryan, Billy Sunday, Aimee Semple McPherson, Gerald Winrod, Charles Coughlin and Gerald L.K. Smith, whom H.L. Mencken called "the damnedest orator ever heard on this or any other earth." The wall between church and state still stands.

The political strategy Robertson described at the Coalition's 1997 conference is not exactly top secret stuff. Robertson likely learned it at the knee of his father, Absalom Willis Robertson, who served in the U.S. Senate from 1946 to 1966. Descended from a signer of the Declaration of Independence, the son of a successful Virginia politician father and a devoutly Christian mother, Pat Robertson is much the man he was raised to be. He was groomed for establishment leadership—attending Washington and Lee University and Yale Law School, and serving in the Marines during the Korean War. He graduated from the New York Theological Seminary but was always inclined to go his own way. He wasn't too constrained by traditional family values to have gotten his wife, Dede, pregnant with their first son, Tim, before they were married. Robertson had founded an electronics-component company with several law school buddies, and was chairman of the Staten Island Adlai Stevenson for President campaign, living the life, as he would later put it, "of sophisticated New York swingers," when a voice first spoke to him in his mid-20s.

"God has a purpose for your life," the voice said. Robertson's spiritual journey took him into the Christian ministry and then into charismatic circles, where worshippers shouted out prayers in what sounded like gibberish, but which the faithful believe is a special language of the Holy Spirit. This "gift" came upon Robertson one night after his son was lifted from a bad fever.

"I felt waves of love flow over me as I began to give praise to Jesus," he wrote in his 1972 autobiography. "Praise your holy name!" I shouted. 'Praise you, Jesus.' It was in this moment that I became aware my speech was garbled. I was speaking in another language. Something deep within me had been given a voice, and the Holy Spirit had supplied the words."

To understand Robertson's sometimes confusing opinions (his strong support of Israel, for instance), it's important to know the basic outline of his beliefs. The God of the Fundamentalists is a wrathful, jealous God, not the benevolent, forgiving ruler embodied by Jesus Christ. The Jews are his chosen people, and the Second Coming will not occur until Zion (Israel) is restored as a Jewish state and a Jewish temple is erected in Jerusalem on



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the site of the Dome of the Rock (a sacred Muslim shrine). The world will be destroyed soon in a great conflagration called Armageddon. Only the faithful will be spared. Jesus will lead his forces back to earth and defeat the forces of Satan. His faithful will then reign on earth with him for a thousand years.

To become one of these sheltered faithful, one must be reborn in the spirit, accepting Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior. Believers see the U.S. as a nation founded on Christian principles but given over to godless secular humanists who banned the Bible from public schools and public life, and who form powerfully entrenched central bureaucracies to enforce such blasphemies as abortion rights, the teaching of evolution and tolerance of homosexuality.

Ever since Pat Robertson's conversion some 40 years ago, he has seen the hand of God in his every move. He has complete faith in everything he says and does, because he believes he is divinely guided. "I know you're not supposed to read the back of the book first, but I did, and we win," he assured his supporters in 1997. "I'm on the side of victory because I serve the victor."

That righteousness has survived some major disappointments. Gerard Thomas Straub, a former CBN producer who worked with Robertson for two and a half years and was dismissed after having an adulterous affair, struck back with the book *Salvation for Sale*. In it Straub recounts an eerie lecture Robertson gave to his staff on New Year's Day 1980, in which he predicts the imminent conflagration. Robertson explained that in his conversations with God, he asked for a general prediction about what the next year would bring. In all previous years, he said, the Almighty predicted good things. In that year the answer was different: "And he said, 'It will be a year of sorrow and bloodshed that will have no end soon, for the world is being torn apart and my kingdom shall rise from the ruins of it.' We're not going to have good years anymore."

Robertson went on to foretell of major war in the Middle East, followed by seven years of tribulation, Armageddon and Jesus' return. Instead, 1980 brought the election of President Ronald Reagan (a development Robertson would later call "the direct act of God," in a good sense), inaugurating a giddy era of deficit spending and illusory prosperity. The U.S. fought in the Persian Gulf in 1991, but the ground war lasted less than a week. Instead of escalating oil prices, financial collapse, unemployment, riots and starvation, nearly two decades later America has experienced the most aggressive financial growth since World War II. Unemployment and inflation are lower than they have been in decades, the federal deficit has been replaced by a surplus, violent crime rates

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Don Henley, founder of The Walden Woods Project.  
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are down, illegal drug use is falling, divorce rates have slowed, the Soviet Union is no more, gasoline prices in the U.S. hover at just over a dollar a gallon, and life expectancy is up. Robertson either was hearing God wrong or wasn't hearing God at all.

Like all determined prophets of doom, however, Robertson is unfazed by fizzled forecasts. He simply adapts. His views on working reform in this sinful world, and in this reprobate country, have mellowed. It's sometimes hard to see how much Robertson has tempered his views because they remain, from a mainstream perspective, extreme. At the time of that dire homily Straub recorded in 1980, Robertson had yet to enter the political arena. He saw other Fundamentalists and Evangelicals banding together with Jerry Falwell to start a movement for restoring Christian values in American life, and he opted out. Eight years later, Robertson wasn't just politically active, he was running for president. God told him to do that, too. Early returns during the primary season seemed to suggest Providence. Robertson put up a strong fight in Michigan, and scored a major upset by finishing second in Iowa, establishing himself as a serious candidate. Yet as his political stature grew, his charismatic roots began to show. His religious zeal, which had brought him into politics, began to work against him. Many conservative religious voters who shared his basic values balked at his more-bizarre beliefs.

His Midwestern organization was built on an emerging framework of Christian activism, much of it growing out of the anti-abortion movement. But those activists, many of them Catholic, not only didn't share Robertson's charismatic faith, they found it embarrassing. Reporters dug up an incident from *The 700 Club*, in which the future candidate claimed to have turned away a hurricane from the Virginia shoreline with prayer. (Never mind the folks up in Long Island, where the storm came ashore.)

"I was never that concerned with his extreme beliefs, because I never felt he really would be president of the United States," says Marlene Elwell, a Detroit Catholic who as a political director with Robertson's campaign was a big part of his surprising early success in 1988. "I saw Pat as a vehicle for the movement. He is a brilliant man, and I thought he was a wonderful voice for Christian concerns about the moral fiber of our nation, but I didn't get involved in his campaign to see him elected president. I became an important spoke in that wheel, but that's not why I joined."

Elwell sometimes found it difficult working with the charismatics and Fundamentalists around Robertson during that campaign. "I'm Catholic, and we're much more tolerant of other people's faiths," she says. "Robertson's people

would look at me and say, 'You know you're not saved.' I struggled with it. I thought, My gosh, I'm here working as hard as I can for this man, and every day I'm with these people with whom I have to defend my faith. It was quite an experience. I was the token Catholic in the inner circle. Eventually, I found it to be fun. I would give it right back to them, standing up for what I believed. When they would become judgmental, condemning this group or that one, I'd tell them, 'You talk about your love for Jesus, but this isn't the way he did things.'"

Elwell says she found Robertson to be the most open-minded fundamentalist Christian involved in the campaign.

"He really opened up to others," she says. "By the end of the campaign we had many more Catholics and mainstream Protestants involved in key positions. He realized that political success demanded coalition and compromise."

After early successes in small states and those with caucuses, Robertson's campaign sputtered and stalled. Another of God's plans hadn't worked out.

Today the religious right has more clout than it did in 1988, but Robertson's influence appears to have waned. The Christian Coalition's importance diminished in 1997 with the resignation of Ralph Reed, who is credited with bringing a shrewd professionalism to the group's grassroots activism and with broadening and somewhat moderating the group's base.

"He can still probably turn people. He can aim his troops in a given way, but his power and influence have been defused," says William Martin, author of *With God on Our Side*. "Reed's departure was a sign that the Christian Coalition had peaked. Reed was growing and he felt himself pinched between Robertson above him and the membership below: Robertson was unpredictable and the membership was less adaptable than necessary. The basic problem is that politics is the arena of compromise, and compromise is anathema to staunchly religious people."

Early success emboldened Robertson. He saw himself as the one to usher in the end of the ages. It may be hard to view a man with the Midas touch as a failure (witness Robertson's near-miraculous \$1.9 billion sale of International Family Entertainment to Rupert Murdoch; see sidebar on page 84), but Robertson has never been primarily about moneymaking. His goals are far grander. Measured by his own standards and prophecies, he has tasted defeat.

But he's not out of the game yet. Robertson's influence was felt in last year's midterm elections. His convictions and money were behind an expensive national ad campaign against homosexuality, featuring Green Bay Packers star



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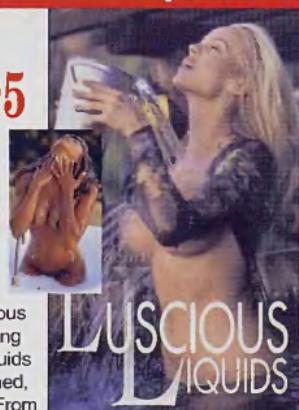
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and throwback social theorist Reggie White. The campaign indirectly supported Republican congressional candidates who oppose legislation that would protect the civil rights of gays and lesbians. Homosexuality is an especially shrewd choice of issue. Most Americans are heterosexual and uncomfortable with the alternative. So the ad campaign was true to Robertson's agenda, but it also played comfortably in middle America.

Visiting Robertson's complex in Virginia (CBN's headquarters, the Founders Inn and Regent University) is more like a trip to a tidy college campus than a visit to a charismatic theme park. The architecture is Georgian, traditional red-brick mostly devoid of overt religious display. The young woman behind the counter at the Inn is no bubbly charismatic Kewpie doll; her nails are painted black and she has rings through parts of her ears where rings have not traditionally gone. She seems appropriately frazzled by a crush of arrivals and departures. The hotel room (apart from an absence of salacious video offerings) is no different from that of a Holiday Inn.

At CBN's main office building, Patty Silverman, the network's public relations director, descends the staircase with a smile.

"We consider PLAYBOY to be pornographic, and pornography a sin," she says sweetly. "It would violate our principles to lend support to a story that would appear there. I talked to Pat about it, and that's how he feels."

"If PLAYBOY is a sinner's magazine, he might want to consider going where the sinners are."

"Believe me, I thought about that," Silverman says. "But we feel it would be inappropriate."

Robertson is not one to go where the sinners are. In writing about his early experiences as a minister in Brooklyn, he didn't disguise the horror he and his wife felt living among the unwashed. As they fled for the safer grounds of Virginia Beach, Robertson wrote, "God had lifted from me the fear that one day he might send me to minister in a slum." He's about the opposite. He's about creating a comfortable home for middle-class Christians everywhere. That's why there's nothing overtly religious about the Founders Inn, and why the good Dr. Pat doesn't drop to his knees and begin pealing off gibberish on *The 700 Club*.

"Robertson is a wolf in sheep's clothing," says Barry Lynn, of Americans United for Separation of Church and State. "He hides the nature of his agenda as much as possible. When you hear him talking about restricting third trimester abortions, sounding reasonable, he doesn't tell you his final destination is off the cliff somewhere. He doesn't tell you he believes states should have the right to recriminalize birth control. Ralph Reed was good at stopping Pat

from going off the deep end, so don't be surprised if you see Robertson showing his true colors more often now."

Perhaps, Robertson slips up now and then, and his enemies keep diligent track. On a *700 Club* segment he once appeared to suggest that those who believe in flying saucers and space aliens should be put to death. Robertson explained that the funny-looking creatures described by those believers were, in fact, demons: "Can a demon appear as a slanty-eyed, funny-looking creature? Of course he can, or it can." He quoted Deuteronomy to the effect that those who worship false gods ought to be stoned to death. He has voiced a sometimes alarming fondness for God's tendency to wipe out entire classes of sinners. Comparing the godless secular humanists in power to "termites," reported *New York* magazine in 1986, Robertson called for a "godly fumigation."

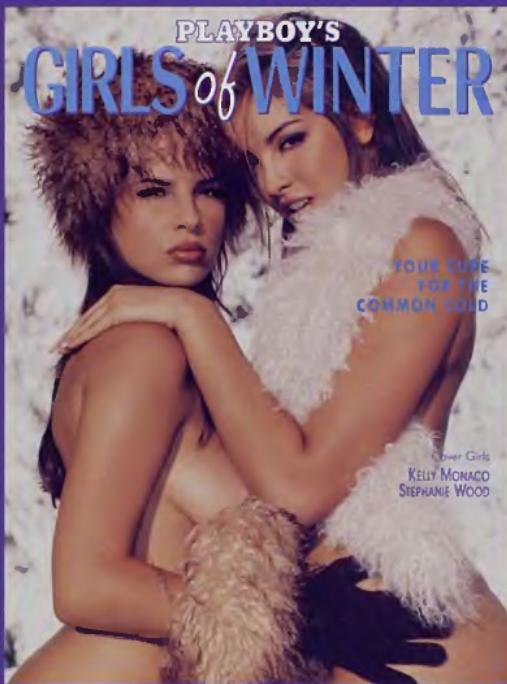
One hopes he was speaking figuratively, but his enemies believe he meant it literally. The American political system, despite its many failings, leaves fanatics on the fringes. So Robertson tones down his rhetoric and urges compromise within the ranks of the religious right. But his fundamental course is set. He wants a presidential candidate enough to the right to please God and, hence, carry the day. What many less doctrinaire members of the religious right believe, however, is that to nominate anyone who fits that description is to play doormat to Vice President Al Gore, whom Robertson derides as Ozone Al.

But Robertson has no such doubts. Day after day, *The 700 Club* features stories of those who embrace his message, pray with him, accept Jesus and, if you believe the slick corporate segments CBN produces, see all the pain and suffering in their lives instantly fall away: cancer, alcoholism, sexual perversion, bulimia, depression—you name it. "In a matter of seconds, my whole life changed. I stopped with the heroin and cocaine, and I had a desire to get off the methadone," says one blissful convert, whose HIV infection, Robertson tells us, "has remained benign." He offers an alternative vision of modern life, in which the poor, misguided, suffering masses, tormented by demons and their own sinful natures, exist far apart from the happy, blessed few. Why wouldn't a country want some of that, too?

"In Jesus there are no losers," Robertson says. "Jesus Christ says, 'You're special!' God says, 'I love you.' What you've got to do is change and come into his covenant." He chuckles to himself over the obviousness and joy of it. Eyes clenched, smiling, reaching with an open hand, he pleads, "Just pray with me, right now."



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## The Motley Fool

(continued from page 122)

made more money in the past five years than he did in the previous 35. You can be sold on the newsletter that promises you the ten of spades, but patience is the ace, the strongest card you have in your hand.

11

**PLAYBOY:** Admit it: Every once in a while, a Gardner stock pick turns out to be a dog.

**DAVID:** Styles on Video was absolutely my dumbest investment. I introduced it to my investment club, where I'm the youngest member by about 25 years, and the club bought it. Styles on Video involved taking a picture of your face and then digitally changing the image to show a number of hairstyles. It was mainly for women. The company was a big growth business. The stock went from \$5 to \$20. The problem was that when presenting the product to hair salons, the salesmen said, "Take this and pay us later." The accounts receivable on the balance sheet mushroomed, but sales and earnings were what the market was focused on. No doubt that stock will always be associated with my name in the investment club, and it came crashing down.

**TOM:** I invested in the CML Group, which made the NordicTrack. It was a larger company, a financially strong business. The problem was that NordicTrack eroded overnight. It was a cumbersome exercise machine, and if you did two or three weeks on it, you were tempted to call it a day and go have a martini. And people were reselling them, posting notes on bulletin boards: "Here's my NordicTrack, take it away. It's taking up too much space in my house."

12

**PLAYBOY:** Baby boomers have a less than sparkling reputation when it comes to saving. Any advice from the Motley Fool about funding kids' college educations?

**DAVID:** I have a friend whose daughter has her heart set on a college out West that costs \$30,000 per year. But there's a college here in the East she can attend that costs half as much. He can't pay the 30 grand and he asked me what to do. The answer: Get her to go to the cheaper school. The college experience is enormously overrated. If she really wants the expensive education, maybe she can contribute \$10,000. There are a lot of high-paying jobs in California.

**TOM:** If I had attended Brown as a non-paying student, nobody would have tracked me. I could have sat in the back of the classrooms. I would have spent time at Oliver's, a campus bar, and I would have come out of college looking

like an entrepreneur somebody would want to hire. I would have gone for a job interview and said, "Here's the deal. I don't have the degree, but I took all the classes. Here are my notes and we can talk about how I fit into your workplace. I just decided not to pay the \$20,000 a year." I would have been a celebrity on campus.

13

**PLAYBOY:** You frown on credit card debt, casino gambling and lotteries. Do the Gardners hold bluenose views on dancing and sex?

**TOM:** I don't dance well. Answering my e-mail is pretty much the beginning and end of my social life. What I really want to do is purchase a lottery ticket every day for the office, just to demonstrate that it's putting money down the sinkhole.

**DAVID:** I'm not a puritan. Our main point about a state lottery is that it's ludicrous for the government to enjoy a monopoly. Open it up to competition. The puritanical notion would be that there should be no lottery at all.

14

**PLAYBOY:** Surely you can enjoy Las Vegas without gambling. Have either of you seen the Siegfried and Roy show?

**DAVID:** I got snowed in once in Las Vegas and I wasn't interested in Siegfried and Roy. I gambled in the Bahamas when I was underage. I've been to horse races where I tried to create a system, but it never worked. If you want to gamble, gamble with your friends. If you lose, you might as well have your friends take your money.

**TOM:** I walked into a casino in Reno, Nevada while driving across the country with my friend Eric. I put a single quarter into a slot machine and won \$50 in quarters. Then I went to make a telephone call, and Eric, who's usually careful with his finances, took my \$50 worth of quarters and blew half of it while I was gone. Gambling casinos and the stock market are both speculative. Some people spend their entire lives trying to beat the casino. The nice thing about the stock market for gamblers is that at least they're making bad short-term decisions in a world where the market appreciates 11 percent per year.

15

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't the ease of buying and selling stocks on the Internet an invitation to trade, trade and trade some more?

**DAVID:** There is no question that we have a bunch of people in the Motley Fool who do not invest the way we do. It takes time to place the Internet in your life. People are more into it when they experience the initial excitement of their first online stock trade or getting their first great airfare. Late at night is the

dangerous time. I don't read newspapers anymore. I have 20 sites I enjoy: half a dozen on finance and my baseball team page. I check to see how the North Carolina Tar Heels are doing and check new developments in computer gaming. I do all this at 2:30 A.M. rather than go to bed, which I should do since my wife is fast asleep. We've been married a long time and know each other's schedules well. She goes to bed around 10:30 and she knows I go to bed between three and four A.M.

TOM: I've been dragged Dave's way. I go to bed later now. I've become an e-mail addict. The day trader does exactly what we think is really bad news, and we wouldn't want a first-time investor to get the idea that that's the way to make money. But that day trader may contribute elsewhere. He or she may say, "Be very careful about insurance. If you blindly buy a whole-life plan, you're going to get screwed."

## 16

PLAYBOY: You advertise jobs on your Web site and claim the Motley Fool is the "bestest company to work for." Do you keep track of employees who cross the street to buy lottery tickets?

DAVID: We're irresponsible in terms of overseeing our employees because we don't require them to be here at any given time. We don't count vacation days, so we're definitely not counting lottery ticket purchases. We have a game room with a pinball machine, a pool table and a Ping-Pong table. We're probably having too much fun. The health care plan is extremely good. Our first company health plan was a "you don't get sick" plan. Now you get free X rays and you can pick whichever doctor you want. Another key benefit: stock options. We recently downsized a little. We needed some organization because we're not really businessmen.

TOM: We hired my best friend, Eric, who started the newsletter with us. He agreed to come back when we went online. And when he came to our office, which was then a little shack on the back of David's property, he walked in and found 80 uncashed checks from people who had ordered products from us. Dave and I weren't managing our accounts receivable.

## 17

PLAYBOY: Do you celebrate April Fools' Day in a big way?

DAVID: Last year we took one of our primary tenets—that 91 percent of mutual funds underperform the stock market—and published an open letter on our Web site that told how four years ago we pasted data into a shareware spreadsheet, which spat out the results upside down. We showed graphs. We said our premise was incorrect and we were

wrong, and that we were very sorry and hoped it hadn't affected anyone's investments. Of the 2000 e-mails we received over the next 24 hours, 65 percent of the senders understood we were joking and 35 percent did not. That was a shock.

TOM: There were financial pros who said they knew our numbers were wrong, that the majority of funds were high performers and that they were happy to see us fall flat on our faces. Two law firms said they were organizing class action suits against us. A radio show host in Charlotte said we should be thrown in jail.

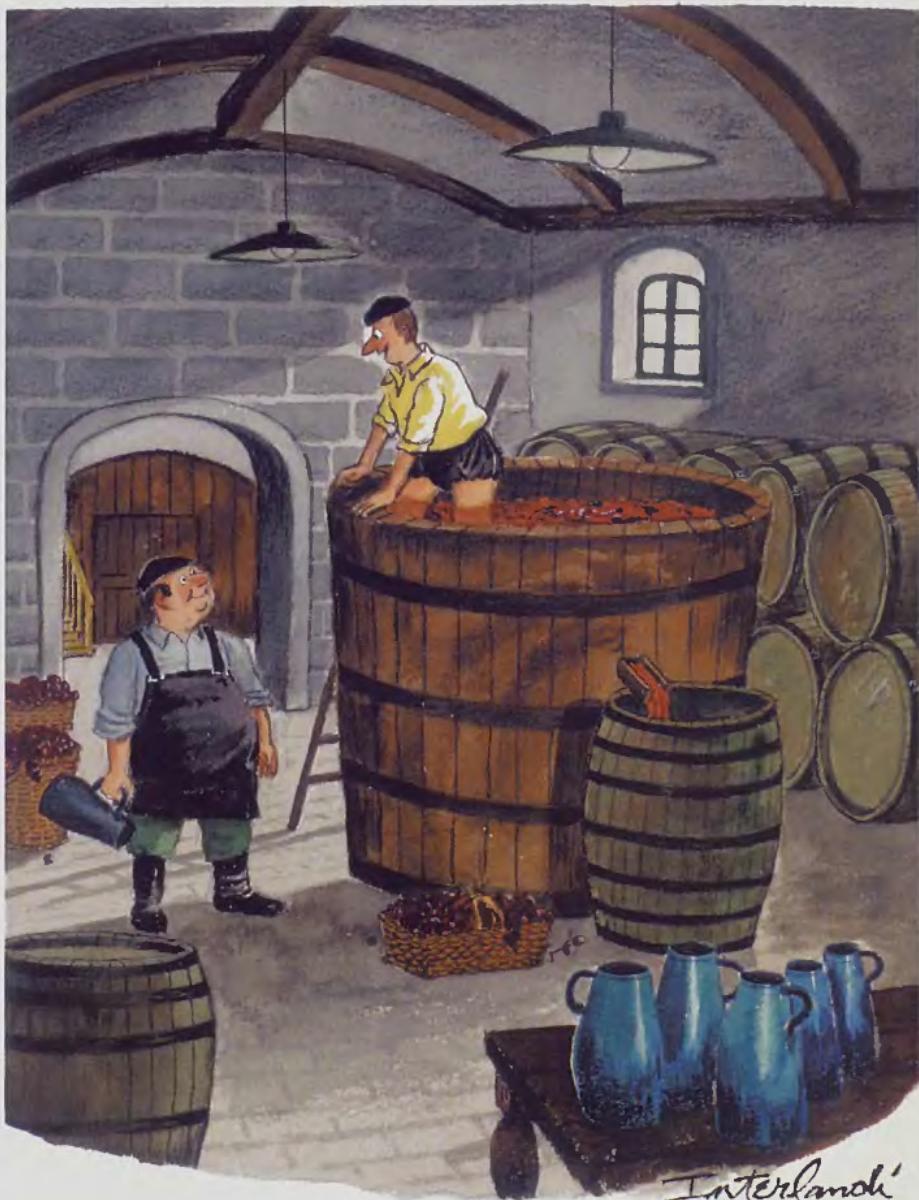
## 18

PLAYBOY: You don't earn fees from portfolio management. Does Foolmart merchandise pay a large portion of the Motley Fool's freight?

DAVID: We have good quality. We heard

about a cop who conducted a sting operation wearing a Fool ball cap. It's the ultimate sting garb. Anything can be made more fun with a little Fool on it. The Fool pin—sterling silver—has a happy little jester. And we've got golf balls. Actually, portfolio tracking products are what do very well for us.

TOM: We sold 75 bell caps last year at 30 bucks a pop. But my favorite is the Fool ball cap. It's so dramatic—black with white lettering. You can wear a Fool tie into the office of your financial advisor when you ask why your account is up only five percent in a year. Or if somebody buys a stock we're into and for some reason it doesn't do well, he can tee up a Fool golf ball and smack it. We should provide golf balls to all the brokers who are angry at us for telling people they make money based on number of trades, and to all mutual fund managers who



*"When I think of all the screwing this will lead to, I never get tired."*

are angry at us for giving the basic numbers on what's happening in their industry. Then they can hammer us.

19

PLAYBOY: Financial pros warn investors never to "marry a stock"—become emotionally attached to an investment—because there may come a time when it's smart to bail out. Do you agree?

DAVID: There's a lot of overlap between marriage and long-term investing. You want to buy a stock you love and try to hold on to it. And if you end up not selling it, you'll have a richer life.

TOM: I disagree. My married friends say marriage is an investment with ups and downs. You try to stick with it, but you're evaluating it and trying to be constructively critical. The more you can become a partner with the business you're investing in, the more you can affect its business. You can raise questions at shareholder conferences. You can say,

"This product sucks and I don't like it for these reasons." The Internet allows that. When it comes to investing, and marriage, if you're married to someone and you fall in love with someone else and think you made a mistake with your first marriage, there's a way to make the move toward the person you're really in love with. Look at how Europe treats marriage.

20

PLAYBOY: Would you be able to deal with a young Gardner who wanted to marry a stockbroker?

TOM: Our sister is marrying a stockbroker. He's a great guy. He's also much bigger than we are. We approve. We approve.

DAVID: We always say there are some very good stockbrokers. Apparently we need to find out more about the guy.



*"You're talking 'whirlwind romance.' How come I'm hearing 'one night stand'?"*

## GREAT WALT OF CHINA

(continued from page 116)

Vincent and his amours many times. Vicariously, I enjoyed his ardor and envied his rate of success. But sometimes he became boorish about his devotion to women, and it became dark, off-putting.

He continued to talk about this one and how much he would like to meet her. In addition, he stopped having dinner with me and simply stared across the room for whatever looks he could grab.

Frankly, I was offended and eventually tapped him on the wrist. "What would you do to meet her?"

It took him a moment to realize I had spoken. When what I said registered, he smiled slyly. "Why, do you know her?"

"I'm asking a question, Vincent. What would you do to meet her? No, better, what would you be willing to give up to meet her?"

"I don't understand." His full attention was mine now. He liked this—women and wagers, the cost of connecting.

"Of course you do. What would you be willing to sacrifice to meet that woman? A hundred dollars? A thousand? Because even if you did, there's no guarantee of anything happening after you met. You might hate each other. Could be a very expensive rejection."

A smug look crept over his face. "I'd take that chance. I'd pay a couple of hundred dollars."

"All right, but you have money. That's easy. What else would you give up?"

His self-satisfied look grew. "A month of Saturdays. Park Place and Boardwalk. Two women I already know and like. The Premise account. You're talking to an optimist here. Great women are always worth the risk."

The Premise account was a big one our company was vying for, and we all knew our getting it hinged on whether Vincent could pull it off.

I was impressed his zeal went that far. "How about this: How many truly great memories do we have? I'm talking about the ones carved in stone, the ones that define and help make us who we are."

His eyes narrowed. "Like the day you got married or the kids were born?"

"Those, sure, but smaller ones too. When you and your father went to a hockey game and it was one of the few times you felt he really cared. Or when you took the kids to Disneyland and the whole day was full of love. Memories like that. Would you give up one of those for an introduction?"

To his credit, Vincent didn't answer immediately. He tapped the table with his index finger and made a few fast circles on it. Clockwise. Counterclockwise. "A bird in the hand, huh? What would I give up that was great in exchange for something that has the possibility of being even greater?"

"Exactly. But you couldn't cheat. It

would have to be a big memory. One that you'll cherish at 80 when there's nothing left but memories."

"How would the Fates know I'm not cheating and just pretending that it's a big one?"

I took a sip of wine. Good wine. Always good wine when you dined with Vincent. "They'll know."

He crossed his arms and looked at me. He was taking it seriously. Then a big loud laugh rang out across the room and distracted him. We both looked toward that laugh and saw it came from the woman. Her head was thrown back, her mouth wide open, and her hands were in her hair. Her arms were long and bare. Beautiful arms. Hard to resist.

Vincent's eyes slid slowly left from her to me. "When I was first married, Kitty and I spent a summer in Brittany. On nice days we used to pack a picnic and go to the ocean. I remember once we were sitting on a beach eating roast chicken. No one else was around. There are lots of remote spots near Vieux Bourg where you can be alone. Kitty stood up and took off her clothes. She was so beautiful. I still couldn't believe she was mine. When she was naked, she picked up a chicken leg and walked down to the water. She stood with her back to me, eating and watching the sea." He pursed his lips. "I've never forgotten that."

"That's a beautiful memory. You'd give that up?"

"It was a long time ago." He pointed to the laughing woman. "Today's today."

I took a roll out of the basket and, tearing off a piece, offered it to him. "Eat this."

"Why?"

"Just eat it, Vincent. You'll like it."

He looked at me quizzically but took the bread and ate it.

The nurse brought in his lunch tray and put it down on the table. She gave a bright fake smile and left again. He looked the food over but it was a sad sight, certainly compared with the exquisite meals he had eaten over the years. Among other dull things on the tray was a slice of square white bread. He picked it up and took a small bite. He chewed a few times, frowned, and put the rest of it back on the tray.

"So it was the bread, huh? When I ate the bread that night it sealed the deal, right?"

"Right."

"And then they transferred you to Washington."

"I've been transferred a lot. But I saw you that day in Prague. You two looked wonderful together. Just like an ad."

Good sport that he was, he chuckled. "And now that I'm here, like this, you still won't tell me the memory I gave up? I mean, come on, what difference does it make?"

I paused to give him hope that I was seriously considering the idea. But I wasn't. "I wish I could, Vincent. But that goes against the rules. I'm sorry."

He waved it away. "It doesn't matter. Hey, I'm just really touched you came to see me. It's a great thing. It's great to see you."

"Thank you. It's good to see you too." Naturally, I didn't tell him I went to see all of my clients one more time. To reminisce. And, if they hadn't figured it out yet, to explain.

"But even without that one, I've got a lot of memories. That's all I do now anyway: lie here and run through my Rolodex of memories. Even Waltraud Pissecker. Even with her there are some nice things to think about." He picked up the bread again but put it right down. "You know, though, of all my memories one keeps coming back again and again. And it's about my wife Kitty, of all people. Or sort of.

"After we divorced, I went to Greece with someone nice. A small island off the coast of Turkey. One day we were sitting together on the beach and I was very happy, you know? My marriage was finally over, I was free to do what I wanted. I liked it.

"But then I saw a young woman a few feet away who didn't look exactly like Kitty but enough so that it startled me. And worse, she looked like Kitty when we were young and first married and I just wanted to touch her all day long. I was trying to sneak as many peeks at her as I could. Suddenly she stood up, took off her bathing suit and walked down to the water. Totally uninhibited. No big deal to her. She stood there with her back to us, staring out at the water like life and time were spread out in front of her like one long endless day.

"It crushed me. Long hair down her back, the same legs. I looked at the woman I was with but she didn't matter anymore. All I could think was, What have I done? What the fuck have I done with my life? And you know, I can't stop thinking about that moment. All the other memories, all the good ones, the sexy, wild, exotic. . . . They come and go. But not this one. Son of a bitch. Not this one."

There was a loose thread on the cuff of my sports jacket. I would have to have that fixed. I hate shoddy workmanship. I sighed.

Vincent mistook the sigh for sympathy. "Don't worry about me. I'm all right. Really. I just get blue sometimes."

To keep from smiling, I quoted an old Jewish proverb. "No man dies with even half his desires fulfilled."

He thought about that awhile and then smiled gratefully. "That's nice. Did you think that up?"

"Just this minute," I lied.

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## THIN RED LINE

(continued from page 112)

might use with success himself.

Stein apparently felt somewhat the same thing himself. With only one further look at the handwrapping, still weeping, but now safe McCron, Stein turned his head and called for the medic.

"Here, sir," the junior medic said from immediately below him. He had come up on his own.

"Take him back. Stay with him. And when you get back there, tell them we need another medic now. At least one."

"Yes, sir," the boy said solemnly. "Come on, Mac. That's it. Come on, boy. It'll be all right. It'll all be all right."

"You don't understand that they're all dead," McCron said earnestly. "How can it be all right?" But he allowed himself to be led off by the arm. The last C-for-Charlie saw of him was when he and the medic dropped behind the second fold, now 75 to 100 yards behind them. Some of them were to see his haunted face in the Division's hospital later, but the company as a whole saw him no more.

Stein sighed. With this last, new crisis out of the way and taken care of, he could turn his attention back to Tella. The Italian was still screaming his piercing wailing scream and did not seem to show any indication that he was ever going to run down. If it kept on, it was going to unnerve them all. For a fleet second Stein had a lurid romantic vision of taking up his carbine and shooting the dying man through the head. You saw

that in movies and read it in books. But the vision died sickly away, unfulfilled. He wasn't the type and he knew it. Behind him his reserve platoon, cheeks pressed to earth, stared at him from their tense, blank, dirty faces in a long line of white, nerve-racked eyes. The screaming seemed to splinter the air, a huge circular saw splitting giant oak slabs, shivering spinal columns to fragments. But Stein did not know what to do. He could not send another man down there. He had to give up. A hot unbelieving outraged fury seized him at the thought of McCron plodding leisurely back through all that fire totally unscathed. He motioned furiously to Fife to hand him the phone, to take back up the call to Colonel Tall which Tella's first screams had interrupted. Then, just as he was puckering to whistle, a large green object of nature on his right, a green boulder topped by a small metallic-colored rock, rose up flapping and bellowing. Taking earthly matters into its own hands, it bounded over the crest of the fold growling guttural obscenities before Stein could even yell the one word, "Welsh!" The first sergeant was already careering at full gallop down into the hollow.

Welsh saw everything before him with a singular, pristine, furiously crystal clarity: the rocky thin-grassed slope, mortar- and bullet-pocked, the hot bright sunshine and deep cerulean sky, the incredibly white clouds above the towering highup horseshoe of the Elephant's Head, the yellow serenity of the ridge before him. He did not know

how he came to be doing this, nor why. He was simply furious, furious with a graven, black, bitter hatred of everything and everybody in the whole fucking gripe-assed world. He felt nothing. Mindlessly, he ran. He looked curiously and indifferently, without participation, at the puffs of dirt which had begun now to kick up around him. Furious, furious. There were three bodies on the slope, two dead, one alive and still screaming. Tella simply had to stop that screaming; it wasn't dignified. Puffs of dirt were popping up all around him now. The clatterbanging which had hung in the air at varying levels all through the day had descended almost to ground level, now, and was aimed personally and explicitly at him. Welsh ran on, suppressing a desire to giggle. A curious ecstasy had gripped him. He was the target, the sole target. At last it was all out in the open. The truth had at last come out. He had always known it. Bellowing "Fuck you!" at the whole world over and over at the top of his lungs, Welsh charged on happily. Catch me if you can! Catch me if you can!

Zigzagging professionally, he made his run down. If a fucking nut like McCron could simply walk right out, a really bright man like himself in the possession of his faculties could get down and back. But when he skidded to a stop on his belly beside the mutilated Italian boy, he realized he had made no plans about what to do when he got here. He was stumped, suddenly, and at a loss. And when he looked at Tella, an embarrassed kindness came over him. Gently, still embarrassed, he touched the other on the shoulder. "How goes it, kid?" he yelled inanely.

In midscream Tella rolled his eyes around like a maddened horse until he could see who it was. He did not stop the scream.

"You got to be quiet," Welsh yelled, staring at him grimly. "I came to help you."

It had no reality to Welsh. Tella was dying, maybe it was real to Tella, but to Welsh it wasn't real, the blue-veined intestines, and the flies, the bloody hands, the blood running slowly from the other, newer wound in his chest whenever he breathed, it had no more reality for Welsh than a movie. He was John Wayne and Tella was John Agar.

Finally the scream stopped of itself, from lack of breath, and Tella breathed, causing more blood to run from the hole in his chest. When he spoke, it was only a few decibels lower than the scream. "Fuck you!" he piped. "I'm dying! I'm dying, Sarge! Look at me! I'm all apart! Get away from me! I'm dying!" Again he breathed, pushing fresh blood from his chest.



## ADAM SANDLER

(continued from page 93)

and said, "Now that's funny." True? SANDLER: It's true that I have humped chairs, but I auditioned for the show. So that's a lie, unless it really happened and I blocked out the memory.

PLAYBOY: What are the highlights of your non-show business employment?

SANDLER: I lost a job in a drugstore for miscounting pills. Then I lied to get work as a waiter. I said I had restaurant experience, but after a couple days the manager says, "You don't know what you're doing." Demotes me to the kitchen. Now I'm working with Brazilian guys who speak only Portuguese. I kept trying to make them laugh. I took a hunk of filet mignon—before you slice it, the filet is a long piece of meat—put it up to my mouth and did Groucho Marx: "That's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard." Manager walks in and sees me. "Adam, you're fired." My next job was singing in New York subways.

PLAYBOY: What subway stop has the best acoustics?

SANDLER: Christopher Street. I liked it because my friends would go by and say, "What the hell is Sandler doing now?" I'd open up my guitar case and sing Beatles tunes. You could make \$20 an hour that way. When I got to \$20 or \$25 I'd buy food and go write some comedy.

PLAYBOY: Ever meet a Beatle?

SANDLER: When Paul McCartney did *Saturday Night Live* we duetted on *Red-Hooded Sweatshirt*, one of the first songs I ever sang on the show. Well, I make a bigger deal of it than it really was. Paul just sang "Dip dip dip," but he sang the shit out of it. And Linda sang "Shama lama ding dong."

PLAYBOY: That's one of the few Sandler tunes that doesn't get bleeped when it's played on the radio. There's a love song on your first album that goes, "Pull up my scrotum,/And take the shampoo bottle/Out of my ass./Pretend I'm the pizza delivery guy." Modern mood music?

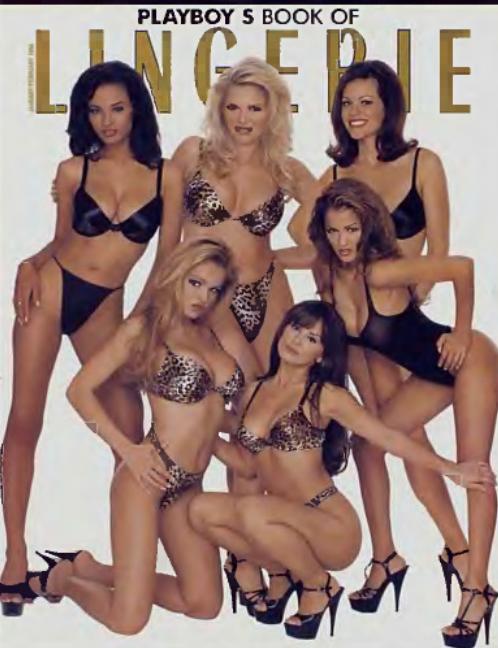
SANDLER: When I tour colleges with my band we look out and see couples slow-dancing to that song. It makes you feel like Johnny Mathis. I'll be singing, "Make me push my dick and balls back between my legs, call me an ugly woman," and they're gliding along together. It's demented, but touching.

PLAYBOY: Your backup band is called the Goat Band. A goat appeared on your platinum second record: a foulmouthed goat tied to a pickup truck, looking to score some weed and concert tickets. Explain.

SANDLER: When I first came to Los Angeles I used to drive past a goat in Van Nuys. Every day this goat is standing in a pickup. You start to wonder—what's his story? So one night my buddies and I were driving to a Beastie Boys concert. We pass the goat and I start doing his

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voice: "Fuck me, I'm stuck in this truck." I decided the goat was from Europe. He gets beaten by the old man who brought him here, but the goat never gives up. He loves flowers. To me, there's an Anthony Quinn feel to him. I did five minutes of the goat on my record and the people who buy my albums—guys from 12 to 30 years old, mostly—got heavily into the goat. I had to include *The Goat Song* on my third album to give the goat's life story. I had to tell the whole saga so his fans could sleep at night.

PLAYBOY: Do fans send you goat stuff?

SANDLER: Gibson sent me a special goat guitar to take on tour. It may be the first musical instrument shaped like a goat. I might smash it onstage sometime. But first I want to see if it's insured.

PLAYBOY: Your records feature severe beatings of schoolteachers. How did you get the sound of the Spanish teacher's skull being smashed?

SANDLER: Celery. You snap a stalk of celery. We also stepped on some other vegetables.

PLAYBOY: What do you consider to be your cinematic influences?

SANDLER: I have seen *Caddyshack* 300 times. It's the reason I got into comedy. Mel Brooks was a huge influence, too. I

couldn't believe how hard my dad laughed at the 2000 Year Old Man album, and I loved anything that made my pops laugh. *Young Frankenstein* was the first movie I'd quote lines from. I couldn't get enough of *High Anxiety* and *Blazing Saddles*.

PLAYBOY: *Blazing Saddles'* famed fart scene—right up your alley?

SANDLER: There are different styles of fart jokes. On *SNL* we had Kevin Kline playing a fantastic lover who had a stomach problem. The guy farts and ruins the mood. It's like the farting hypnotist on my record—it's funny in context. I don't like it when the noise itself is the joke.

PLAYBOY: Do you prize a good pee?

SANDLER: Always have. I remember my dad peeing when I was little. I'd respect his privacy and look the other way, but I listened. He was a big, big man. Sometimes he'd have a long, minute-and-a-half flow and then I'd high-five him. "Good pee, Dad!"

PLAYBOY: You had a pee riff with Damon Wayans in *Bulletproof*. Did you do a lot of ad-libbing?

SANDLER: That's something guys think about. If you pee on yourself it's not so bad, but if I pee on you, that's bad. If I get an animal to pee on you, or a whole

farmful of animals peeing on you all at once, that's worse.

Another ad-lib was when I said a video was "Seventies porno—you can tell because the guy's dick has sideburns." Today's porn? I'd say there's less of those nice wa-wa jams in the music, probably less drugs and more fake genitalia. But that's just a guess.

PLAYBOY: Most of your movie comedy is sports-related. Are you a sports fan?

SANDLER: I met Eric Lindros recently. He's a big, tough guy. I shook his hand and the whole time I was thinking, "You're not hitting me. Thanks for not beating the piss out of me."

I think being a fan isn't healthy. It teaches you to hate the other team. But growing up I was a big Jets and Knicks fan. One of my best memories is going with my family to see the Knicks in the Walt Frazier and Earl the Pearl years. I'm a little kid at the Garden, and one night I get to shake Phil Jackson's hand. This giant hand dripping with sweat. All the way home I kept looking at my hand saying, "Wow!" But there was something weird there, too, because I was also smelling it. I'm just a kid but now there's this hardworking ballplayer odor on me. I thought, Geez, I really need to wash my hands.

PLAYBOY: In *Bulletproof*, Wayans handcuffed you to a toilet after he used it. We saw your disgust in a shot from below, inside the bowl. Was it the first time a film had the P.O.V. of human feces?

SANDLER: I'm sure it's been done. Scorsese probably did it, but maybe it landed on the cutting room floor.

PLAYBOY: What's your first memory of *SNL*?

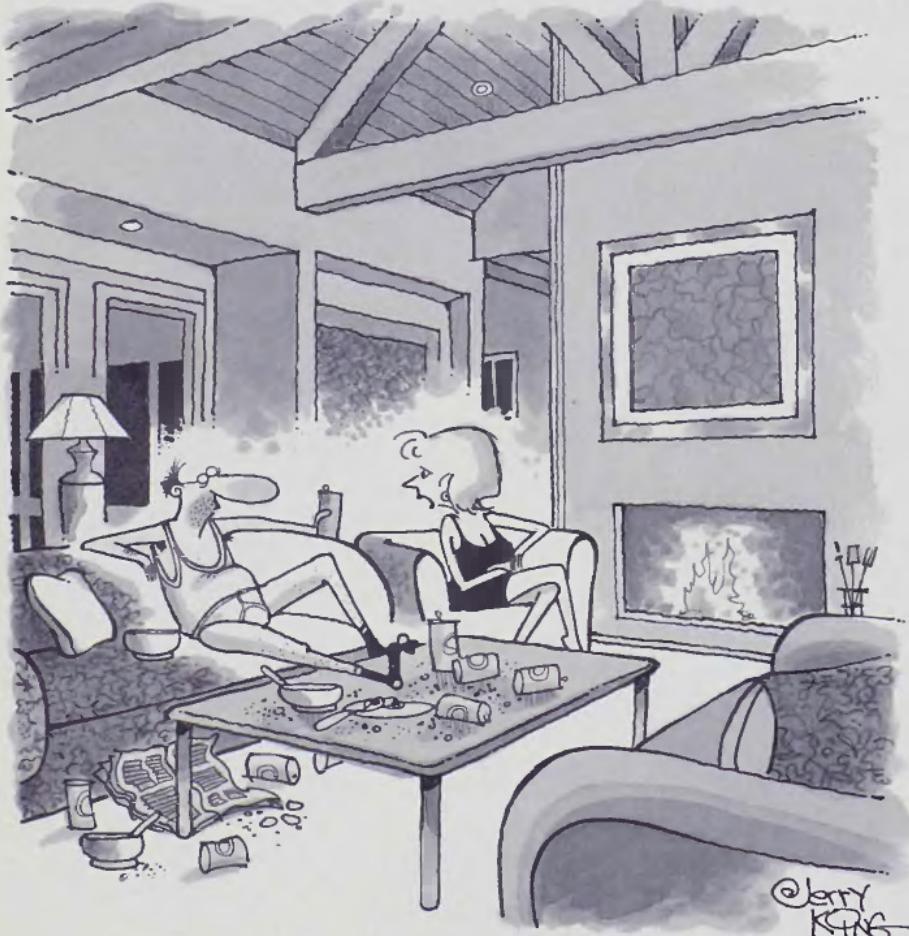
SANDLER: Sitting with Tom Hanks ten seconds before the lights come up on my first skit on the air. I said, "I might faint. There is a good chance I'm going to faint." Hanks looks over, real concerned, and says, "Well, don't."

PLAYBOY: What is your view of penis-enlargement surgery?

SANDLER: If a guy has trouble changing in front of the boys at the golf club, there's a new tool for him. He can say, "Look here, fellows, I hit puberty late. I just turned 55 and all of a sudden it grew."

PLAYBOY: Were you a typical college student?

SANDLER: No, and NYU isn't a typical college. You have no campus and no marching band. There's not much school spirit. I was a comedian in the Lee Strasberg acting program. Everyone else was pretty intense, whipping out the names of playwrights. We're all supposed to go onstage and dig out our emotions. At that time I couldn't even look another person in the eye. I'm thinking, Once I dig out my emotions, where do they go?



*"I'm impressed. It usually takes a man a lot longer than two dates to be this comfortable with me."*



# PLAYMATE NEWS



## CHICAGO GLAMOURCON

The Playmates came bearing collector's cards, never-before-seen photos and Sharpie pens. The fans came bearing Polaroid cameras, favorite past issues and elaborate floral arrangements. It was Glamourcon Chicago, the bi-



Indio, Devin De Vosquez, Echo.



annual opportunity for average Joes to meet their dream girls, snag an autograph (or 40) and capture them on film. The dozens of Playmates who attended the two-day affair ranged from a vintage Playmate, Miss February 1959 Eleanor Bradley, to a newcomer, Miss October 1998 Laura Cover. Eleanor, still remarkable with turquoise eyes and red hair, took the event in stride. "It's wonderful to see Playmates and faces I haven't seen in years," she said.

A few tables away, Playmate of the Year 1967

Lisa Baker and Miss August 1967 DeDe Lind were laughing about old times. "I feel 20 years old again," DeDe said. The Playmate with the most swamped ta-

ble had to have been Miss September 1986 Rebekka Armstrong, who at one point was asked to sign more than 20

autographs for a collector. Armstrong, who learned in 1989 that she is HIV-positive and has since actively promoted AIDS awareness, made sure that her table was stocked with condoms and pamphlets titled *How to Use a Condom*. After the first day of meeting and greeting, the Playmates hopped on a bus and headed to a party at Drink, the Chicago nightclub. There, Miss October 1983 Tracy Vacaro, Miss May 1998 Deanna Brooks, Miss April 1998 Holly Joan Hart and Playmate of the Year 1988 India Allen took to the dance floor while Miss January 1993 Echo Johnson, Miss April 1993 Nicole Wood and Miss July 1978 Karen Morton cruised the VIP room. Next up: Los Angeles Glamourcon.



Miss November 1975  
Janet Lupo.

## 40 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

The February 1959 issue was heavy on romance. Richard Armour wrote a humor piece called *Girls of My Dreams*, Fashion Editor Blake Rutherford showed readers how to dress for an intimate fireside liaison and the pictorial *Girls in Their Lairs* showcased female interpretations of the Playboy Pad. But the issue's highlight was our Valentine Playmate, Eleanor Bradley. In a scene straight out of a dreamy beach movie, the then 20-year-old Eleanor was on her first West Coast vacation, strolling the strand in Los Angeles, when PLAYBOY Photographer Ron Vogel discovered her. Vogel took some test shots, and with that Eleanor became Miss February 1959, our siren by the sea.



Eleanor Bradley.

### SCRAPBOOK

Clockwise from above: Jessica Lee, Avo Fabian, Deanna Brooks, Victorio Fuller and Vonesso Gleason; Michael Bergin and Victorio Silvstedt; Matthew Perry and Julie McCullough; Brandi Brandt, Jon Lovitz and Fabian.

From top: Debra Jo Fondren, Lillian Müller, Korin Taylor.

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My  
Favorite Playmate  
By Raymond  
Benson



The Playmate who continues to knock my socks off is Miss February 1980, Sandy Cagle's pictorial appeared during a bad winter in New York, where I was living at the time. Photographer Pompeo Posar captured a secret-log-cabin-in-the-country setting, which complemented my mood. Sandy was cast as the fresh-faced beauty who is so categorically American that one could swear one knows her—from school, work or the bus stop. James Bond would fancy Sandy because she loves the outdoors and is at home in the snow. Perhaps they should heat things up in one of my future 007 novels.



FAN MAIL

Dear Vanessa Gleason:

I have been a fan of PLAYBOY for five years, but it wasn't until I saw your Centerfold that I realized there really are angels on earth. I love that you ride horses, and that you want to be a horse trainer and own a stable someday. There is a particular picture of you taking a shower that, I swear, Vanessa, makes my heart palpitate.

I heard from some of my friends who met you while you were signing autographs at Tower Records that you are a cool, down-to-earth girl. I was happy to hear it, considering that so many models are stuck-up. Maybe someday we will meet, but until then, know that you have made millions of young guys like myself smile. Yours truly, Mark W. San Diego, CA



# PLAYMATE NEWS

QUOTE UNQUOTE

By now you've probably heard about Playboy's X-Treme Team, the athletic beauties who, since 1998, have kicked butt in the Hi-Tec Adventure Racing Series. The race, an alternative triathlon, consists of kayaking, trail-running and mountain-biking. We cornered team captain Danelle Folta (Miss April 1995) after her morning workout.

Q: What prompted the creation of the X-Treme Team?

A: I was snowboarding at Playboy Winterfest when someone from Hi-Tec, an athletic footwear company, said, "You're out of control. You should try an adventure race!" I said, "OK! What is it?"

Q: Why were you so eager to try it?

A: I guess I'm crazy enough to do anything. So many women don't have fun with sports or think they can't participate in physical activities. We're living proof they can.

Q: Which Playmates are on the team now?

A: Jennifer Lavoie, Ulrika Ericsson, Lynn Thomas, Kelly Monaco, Jessica Lee, Tylyn John, Nicole Wood and Alesha Oreskovich are on the team or have expressed interest. The more I talk about it, the more my friends say, "I want to do that!"

Q: What's your training regimen?

A: We work out with a U.S. Army ranger, and he makes us run, lift weights, do push-ups, everything. He helps us overcome mental obstacles, too. During the race, you can't get freaked out that you might not be able to complete a task.

Q: Have other teams been receptive to the Playboy X-Treme Team?

A: At first everyone thought we were a joke. ESPN wanted nothing to do with us. Now people know how serious we are—we're the team to beat.



PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS — FEBRUARY

February 6: Miss March 1965

Jennifer Jackson

February 8: Miss May 1965

Maria McBane

February 12: Miss March 1972

Ellen Michaels

February 20: Miss December 1985

Carol Ficatier

February 25: Miss August 1993

Jennifer Lavoie

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Lisa Dergan, Kelly Monaco, Karen McDougal and Stacy Faison flaunted their flair for comedy in a skit on *The Tonight Show With Jay Leno*. In it, a Bill Clinton impressionist met with a Hef look-alike to inquire about purchasing Playboy Mansion West as his new home. . . . Nikki

Schieler and Barbara Moore share a scene with Michael Caine in the forthcoming film *The Debtors* (also starring Randy Quaid). . . . Victoria Silvstedt makes waves

in the forthcoming *Beach Movie* with PLAYBOY cover girl Traci Bingham. . . . It's no coincidence that former *Baywatch* lifeguard Donna D'Errico looked flawless in her red swimsuit—she's a fitness enthusiast whose exercise video, *Power and Strength*, is now on store shelves. . . . Unfortunately, the 1999 Echo Johnson calendar we mentioned in September is no longer happening. The good news? Echo's still gorgeous. . . . Renowned photographer Bunny Yeager recently bonded with Playmates Helena Antonaccio, De-De Lind, Julie McCullough, Diane Hunter, Denise McConnell, Janet Lupo, Lisa Baker, Patti Reynolds and Dolores Del Monte at the Holly



Donna makes it burn.

Bunny Yeager and friends.

wood Collectors and Celebrities show in Fort Lauderdale. Don't you wish you had been a fly on the wall?



The Playboy President.



# COLD GOLD

(continued from page 90)

true of 100 proof Smirnoff Black. It's smooth and gentle, almost like a liqueur.

Zubrowka, from Poland, is artificially flavored to taste like the buffalo grass that grows in Poland and Russia. It's a bit harsher than the other vodkas mentioned here, but still distinctive.

## HOW TO DRINK IT

Vodka is best drunk cold. The Western standard has been purity, clarity and tingle, and the cleaner and crisper the taste, the colder you'll want it. These vodkas should be served ice cold in frosty glasses. Russian and Polish vodkas have a residual taste that benefits from even more chilling. Drink vodka on the rocks if you must, but remember that it's already diluted with water to achieve its 80 or 100 proof, and more water just reduces the distinctive tingle.

Vodka was originally drunk from slim, tall cylinders, like miniature champagne flutes. The glasses you use should be clear, with enough stem or solid bottom to keep your hands from warming the liquid. Look for oversize shot glasses, five or six inches tall, heavy and narrow.

## THE FLAVOR FACTOR

What about vodkas flavored with pepper and lemon and currant and orange and anything else you can imagine? They're gin, more or less. Neutral grain spirits with aromatics are what distillers in Holland had in mind when they started adding juniper berries to their nightly tipple. Which isn't to say flavored vodkas aren't enjoyable. The Poles have been drinking Starka—powerful stuff, aged in Tokay barrels and infused with Malaga wine, which leaves it dark and tasty—for generations. But it isn't what most people think of as vodka. Desmond Begg, author of *The Vodka Companion*, says that if you feel the need to flavor your vodka, do it yourself. The only rule is to be careful not to cloud the vodka. If you like it spicy, steep several chili peppers in your favorite brand. Or try lemon peel, cherry pits or peaches. Or skip the steeping altogether and just add a flavor to your glass. If you love lemon, try a few drops of the Italian liqueur Limoncello.

## VODKA ACCOMPANIMENTS

Americans think of vodka primarily as an ingredient in a cocktail. In Baltic countries, especially Russia, it's also a spirit meant to be consumed with rich dishes, the same way drams of scotch often accompany haggis in Scotland.

To really appreciate the finer points of matching vodka to food, make a reservation at one of New York's Russian restaurants. The ultrahip, subterranean Pravda (281 Lafayette) stocks more than 70 vodkas. Choose one to accompany its

smoked-fish platter, which consists of sturgeon, trout, mackerel and salmon with blini. Baby baked potatoes served with caviar and crème fraîche, and smoked-salmon and caviar pizzas are also vodka-friendly choices. At Firebird (365 West 46th), buttered blini wrapped around marinated herring, salmon roe and chopped egg are served with ice-cold flutes of premium Stolichnaya. Chef Ari Nieminen pairs the restaurant's honeyed vodka with desserts, such as Russian honeycake, roasted pears filled with Bavarian cream, and strawberry charlotte (a kind of custard and sponge cake).

Petrosian—whose name is synonymous with caviar—has a restaurant at 182 West 58th, where you can choose from 15 or so vodkas to accompany smoked salmon served four different ways: gravlax, Black Sea spiced, sliced paper thin and shaped into rosettes crowned with salmon roe, and as a thick Czar's cut that's as rich as a filet mignon.

## RAISE YOUR GLASSES

Ray Foley, the publisher of *Bartender Magazine*, contributed the following recipes for premium vodka cocktails. Try them instead of vodka straight up.

### SKYY BLUE BUDDHA

(301 SAKE BAR AND RESTAURANT,  
SAN FRANCISCO)

2 ounces Skyy vodka  
½ ounce sake  
2 ounces grapefruit juice  
Splash of blue curaçao

½ ounce lemon juice

½ ounce lime juice

Splash of simple syrup

Blend everything with ice, pour into tall glass and garnish with orange slice.

### SONIC GOLD

(C3 RESTAURANT AND LOUNGE, NEW YORK)

1½ ounces Stolichnaya Gold

1½ ounces Campari

Splash of cranberry juice

Splash of tonic

Soda water to fill glass

Pour all ingredients except soda over ice in tall glass. Fill glass with soda. Stir and garnish with orange slice.

### CINNAMON TOAST

(OBSERVATORY HOTEL, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA)

2 ounces Absolut vodka, chilled

½ ounce cinnamon schnapps

1 cinnamon stick

Swirl schnapps in martini glass and pour out excess. Pour Absolut into glass, stir with cinnamon stick and serve.

### HOTZINI

(CHARLESTON PLACE HOTEL, CHARLESTON,  
SOUTH CAROLINA)

2 ounces Ketel One vodka

1 serrano pepper

Prick five to ten pinholes in pepper. Stir Ketel One and pepper in cocktail shaker and chill. Strain into chilled martini glass and add pepper.



PLAYBOY ORIGINAL MOVIE



PLAYMATE HOSTS

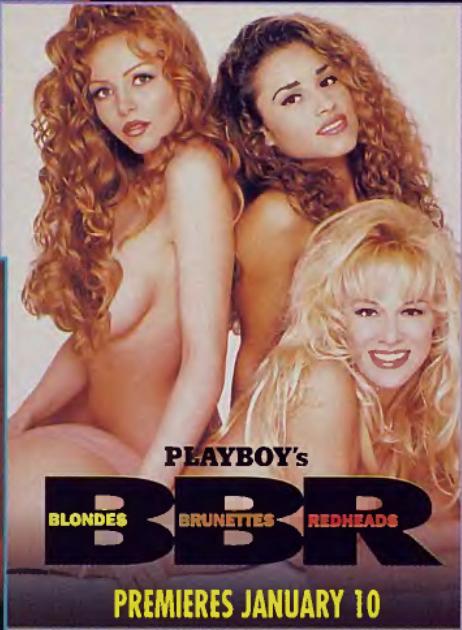


Jaime Bergman  
Miss January  
45th Anniversary Playmate

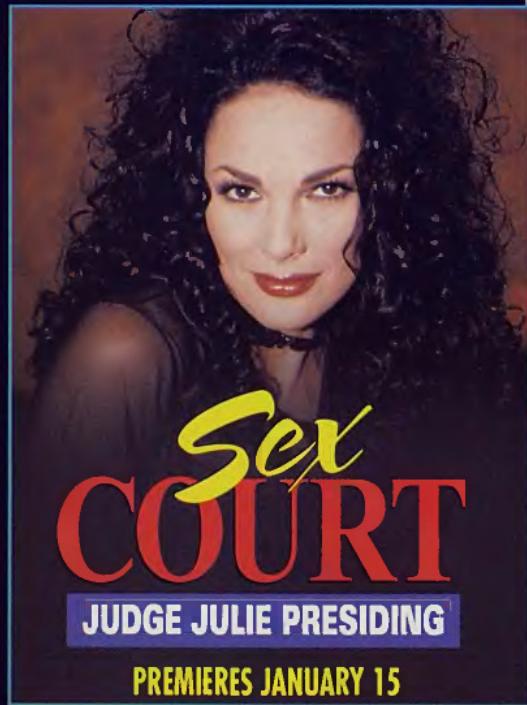


Stacy Fuson  
Miss February

PLAYBOY ORIGINAL



PLAYBOY ORIGINAL SERIES



erotic entertainment at its best

more than you ever imagined...

Let Playboy TV ring in your New Year with so many reasons to celebrate. First, shimmering blondes, smoldering brunettes and warm and fiery redheads set the screen ablaze in *Playboy's Blondes, Brunettes and Redheads*. Then, in the adult movie *On the Hot Track Parts 1 & 2* a smart and sexy all-girl stock car team shifts into high gear, but not without their share of seductive twists and turns. Next, a journalist fails head over heels for the male escort she's writing about in the Playboy Original Movie *Life of a Gigolo*. And in the Playboy Original Series *Sex Court: Bad Boys, Bad Girls* sexual wrongdoing is the order of the day and defendants are doled out sentences they can't wait to serve. Finally, a time machine becomes the plaything for a lusty woman, played by Juli Ashton, and her adventuresome gal pals in the adult movie *Vortex*. So let Playboy TV transport you to another place and another time 24 hours a day!



PLAYBOY TV

Visit our website:

[www.playboy.com/entertainment](http://www.playboy.com/entertainment)

Playboy TV is available from your local cable television operator or home satellite, DIRECTV, PRIMESTAR, or DISH Network dealer.

# PLAYBOY

## ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

### BATTLE OF THE BOXES

**S**atellite subscribers understand the rush you get the first time you power up a 200-channel television system. With the press of a button, it's TV nirvana. Seven HBOs. Forty-two movie channels. More sports than your office pool can afford. Playboy TV around the clock. But reality hits before you can say "Night Calls at ten." Little things like your job, dinner with friends, the golf league—life, basically—make it impossible to enjoy all the programming you're paying for. And even if you're wired for just the free



stuff (i.e., broadcast television), it can be a challenge to catch the shows you want, when you want.

Enter ReplayTV and TiVo, two recently launched home-theater components with the potential to make the VCR obsolete and revolutionize the way we watch television. Here's what they have in common: Replay and TiVo are computer-type hard drives that connect to your TV or audio-video tuner, storing several hours' worth of programming. With absolutely no direction, both machines record what you're watching. That way, if the phone rings, you can hit "pause" on the remote control, take your call and then resume viewing where you left off. Though you won't be watching the Bulls play the Knicks in real time, you also won't miss a single shot.

That's slick. But even slicker is Replay and TiVo's ability to customize television viewing. Because both systems receive program schedules from standard broadcast, cable and satellite services, the machines know exactly what airs at any given time. They also receive information on individual shows, including actors, director, plot and genre. In other words, Replay and TiVo boxes know that *NYPD Blue* airs at 10:00 P.M., E.S.T., every Tuesday and is a drama starring Dennis Franz, Kim Delaney, etc. You can use these smarts two ways—to specify what you want to record (a one-button process) and to create custom channels. Want to record episodes of *The Simpsons* every Sunday and also reruns? You can set up a *Simpsons* channel that will do exactly that. Or say you're a fan of big-screen hottie Denise Richards. With Replay or TiVo, you hit a couple of buttons on your remote to create a Denise Richards channel. After that, any time one of her movies runs, it's

**And in this corner:** ReplayTV's \$1000 home-theater component stores six hours of television at better-than-VHS quality. (A \$500 unit is expected later this year.) Features include effortless recording, channel customization and optional storage upgrades.

recorded automatically. Replay warns you when your hard drive is getting full and allows you to decide what to dump. TiVo discards stored programs after a few days unless you give it other instructions. The big difference between the two systems is TiVo's smarts.

**In this corner:** TiVo is a \$500 entertainment system and service with intelligent technology that's capable of learning your viewing preferences and recording 20 hours of DVD-quality shows. The \$9.95 per month subscription fee covers custom channel options and access to exclusive TiVo programming.

recorded automatically. Replay warns you when your hard drive is getting full and allows you to decide what to dump. TiVo discards stored programs after a few days unless you give it other instructions. The big difference between the two systems is TiVo's smarts.

Thanks to its Intelligent Agent technology, TiVo knows which episodes of *The Simpsons* you have seen and optimizes hard-drive space by not recording them unless you tell it to (via remote). Over time, it also learns the types of shows you prefer and automatically records similar programs—presumably gems you would no longer have to miss.

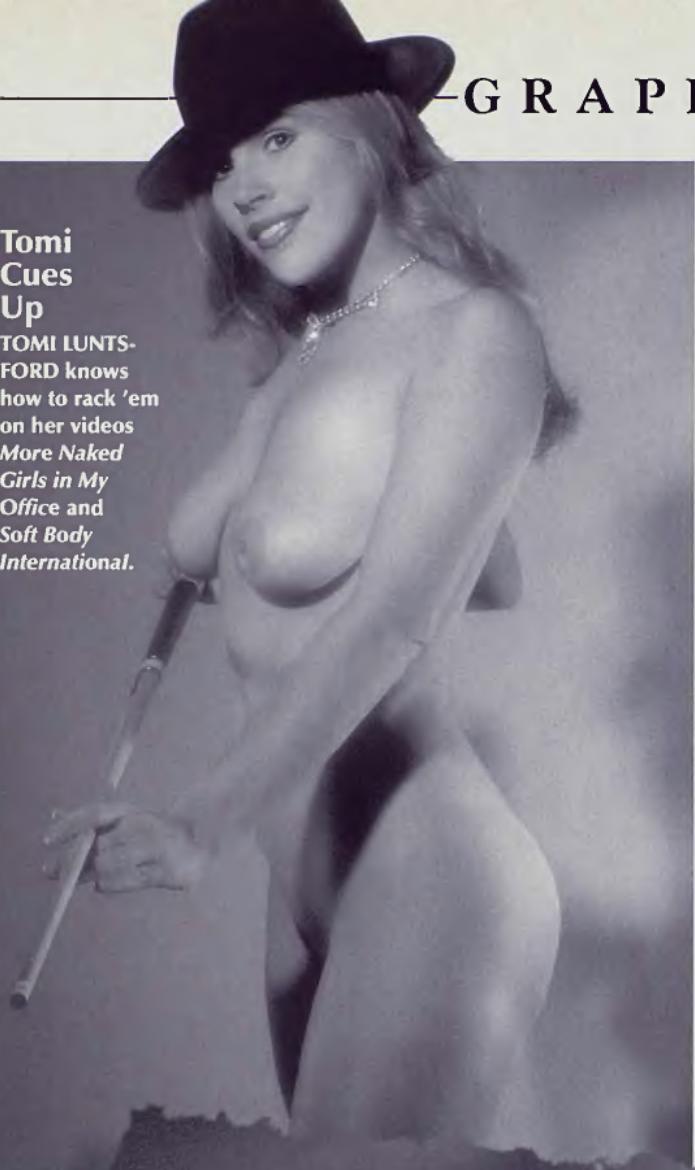
Both Replay and TiVo hope to have their technologies built into future television sets, DSS receivers and other home-entertainment components. They're also promising greater storage capacity as hard-drive prices fall. TV the way we want it? This is one battle we'll be watching closely.

—BETH TOMKOW

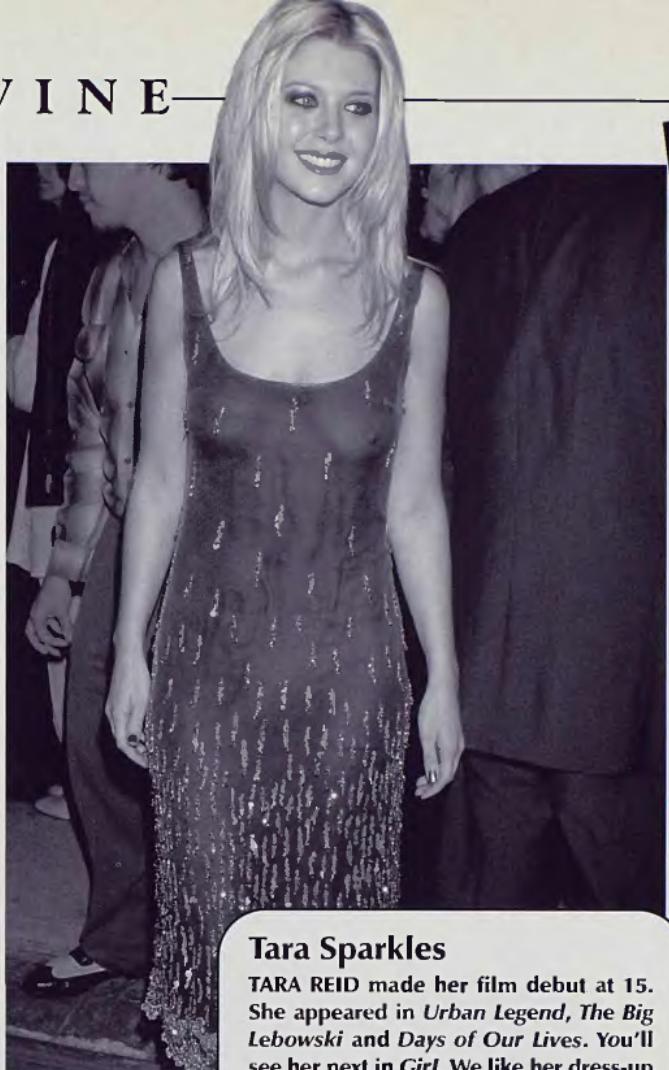


## Tomi Cues Up

**TOMI LUNTS-FORD** knows how to rack 'em on her videos *More Naked Girls in My Office* and *Soft Body International*.



© HUGH FRASER JR.



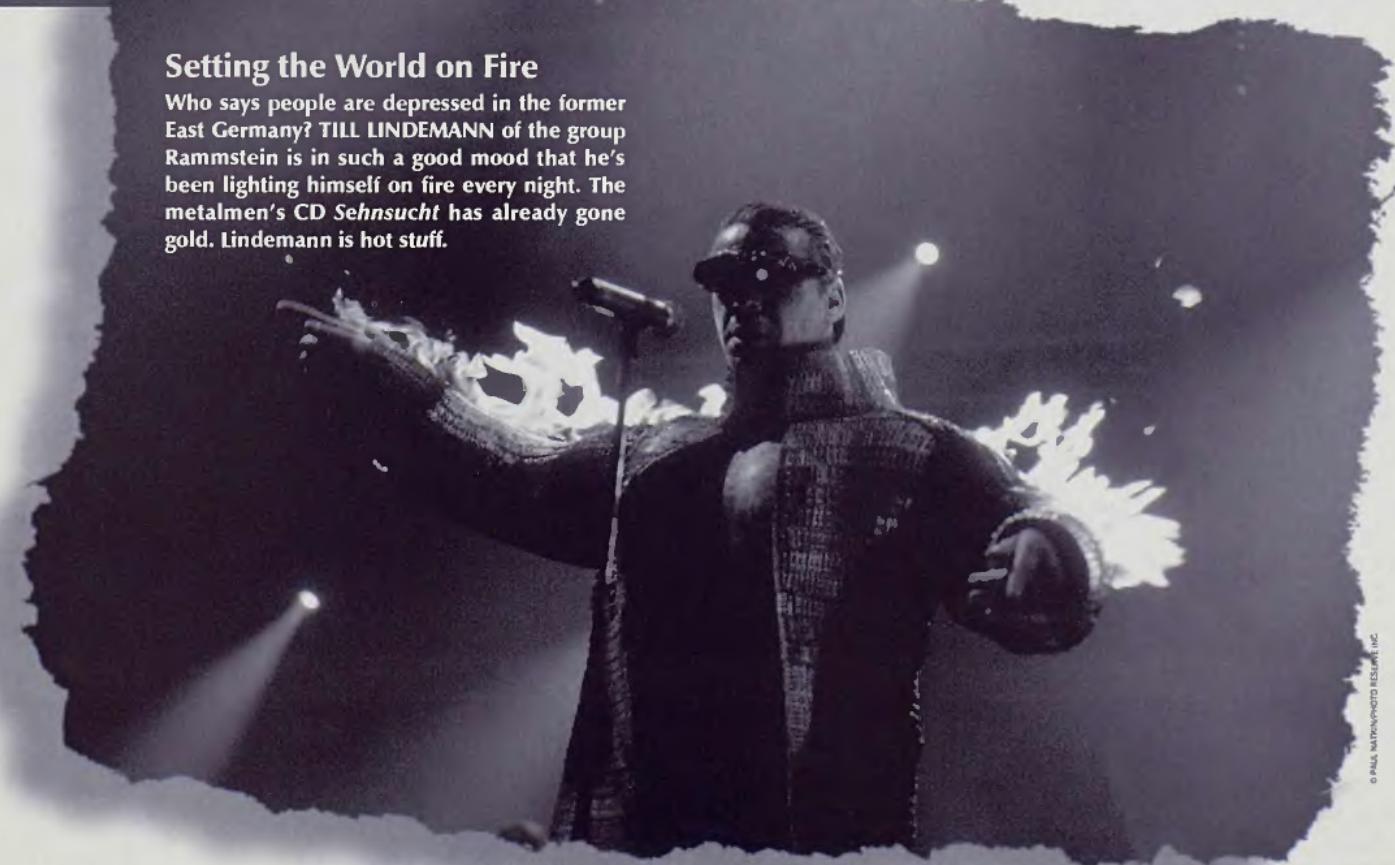
© USA TODAY/PHOTO PHOTOS

## Tara Sparkles

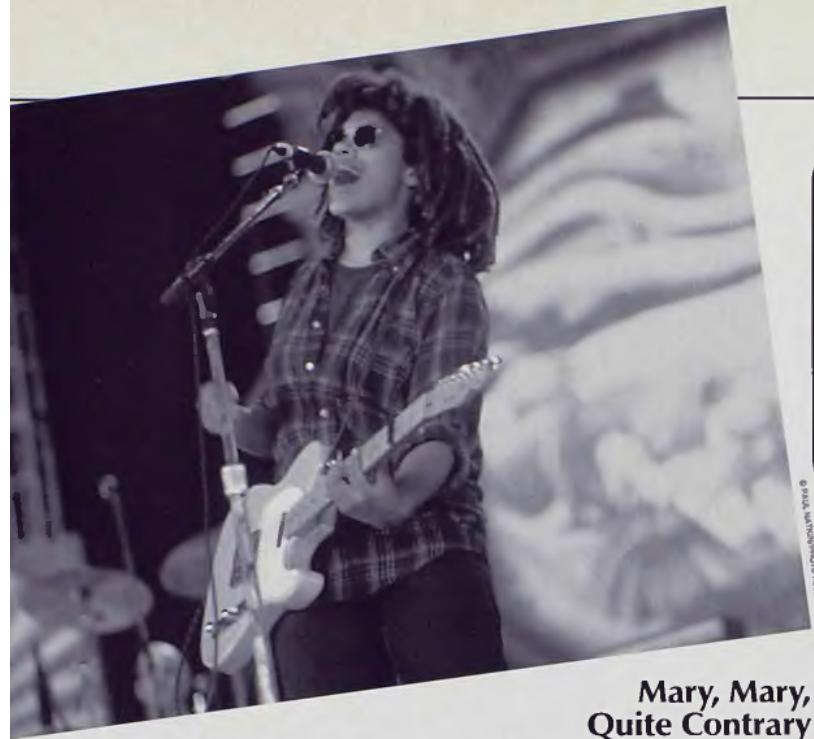
**TARA REID** made her film debut at 15. She appeared in *Urban Legend*, *The Big Lebowski* and *Days of Our Lives*. You'll see her next in *Girl*. We like her dress-up days best.

## Setting the World on Fire

Who says people are depressed in the former East Germany? **TILL LINDEMANN** of the group Rammstein is in such a good mood that he's been lighting himself on fire every night. The metalmen's CD *Sehnsucht* has already gone gold. Lindemann is hot stuff.



© PAUL MATON/PHOTO RESEARCHERS INC.



### Tracy's Bottom Is Tops

Next time you're in a video store, grab *Bare Balloon Babes* volume eight. TRACY KLUTHE highlights the back cover. Until then, give us all the credit.

### Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary

MARY CUTRUELLA is likely to have an unusual career. She's a Yale and a country rock musician who has been touring with Greg Allman and Kenny Wayne Sheppard. Mary's CD, *When the Night Is Through*, is just the morn-



© ANDY PEARLMAN

### This Knockout Will Knock You Out

Miller Brewing spokeswoman, *Baywatch* regular, Playboy video model and calendar girl CHRISTINE CORNELL rolled with the punches and came out a winner.



### Net Assets

Obsessive *90210* watchers know that KARI WUHRER was Ariel Hunter in the early Nineties. Now you can see her in *Kissing a Fool* and *Ivory Tower*.

© FITZROY BARRETT/GLOBE PHOTOS



© HUGH FRAZER JR.

# POTPOURRI



## BUBBLE YOUR PLEASURE

Instead of candy and flowers this Valentine's Day, send a Bucket of Bubbles. Tucked into the black acrylic champagne bucket pictured here is a bottle of Kriter Brut, two champagne flutes, two bubble-shaped scented candles, a bar of Champagne Caress soap and a thong bikini (with a pocket containing a miniature champagne bottle of liquid bubble solution). For the pièce de résistance of bubbly bounty, a crystal-and-pearl pin designed

in the shape of a champagne glass is included in the surprise bucket. The price: \$89, from Bright Ideas Unlimited at 888-588-4332. When you call, ask about the Bright Ideas Romantic Gift of the Month Club. We've been told that the choice for March will definitely have a St. Patrick's Day spin.

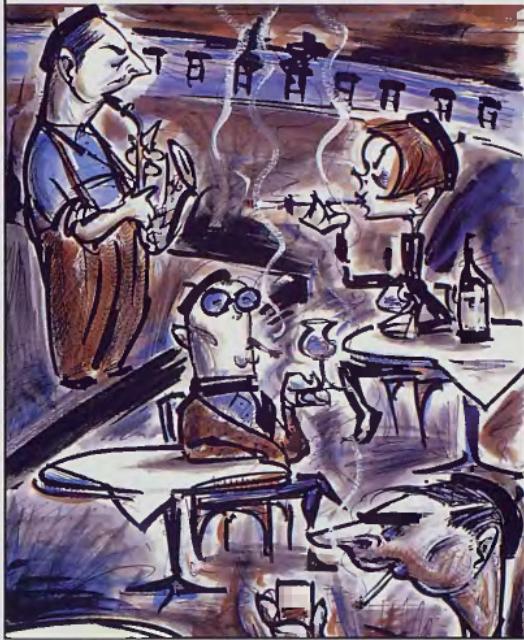


## BIG ARTISTS, LITTLE BOOKS

What did Jackson Pollock create other than drip-and-dribble paintings? Why do Edward Hopper's people look like aliens? Harry N. Abrams Publishing has the answers. Its *The Essential* series of compact (6" x 6") hardcover books on Vincent van Gogh and Salvador Dali, as well as Pollock and Hopper, are for "busy people who think these artists are important but don't get what the big fuss is all about." Read any of the four books and you'll understand. Read all four and you'll talk like an art critic. Price: \$12.95 each at bookstores.

## ALL THAT SMOKY JAZZ

During the occupation of Paris in World War II, writers, artists and members of the Resistance hung out in smoky subterranean clubs while Nazis marched in the streets. The CD *Jazz à Saint-Germain*, on the Higher Octave Music label, pays tribute to those Bohemian days with 14 tracks that include such classics as *I'll Be Seeing You* (Françoise Hardy and Iggy Pop). Price: about \$17. Call 800-234-5043.



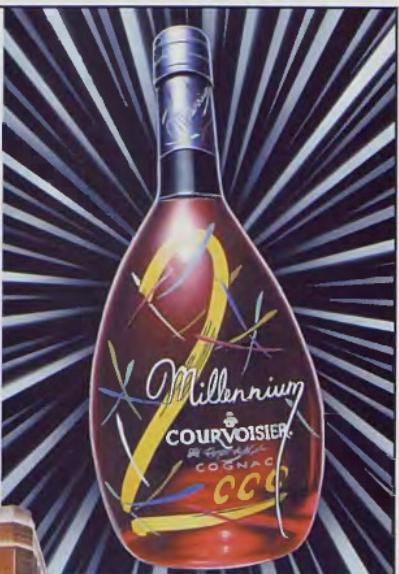
## BEST READ IN BED

*Love: A Century of Love and Passion* by Florence Montreynaud features 100 famous couples (ten for each decade), beginning with King Albert I and Elizabeth of Belgium and ending with Paul and Linda McCartney. (John and Yoko, here, are one of the Sixties' couples.) Sexy topics such as lingerie are discussed, and there are 440 illustrations to savor. Price: \$40. Taschen is the publisher.



## COURVOISIER 2000

Cognac is perfect for a celebration, so it stands to reason that one of the world's great cognac houses, Courvoisier, would introduce a brandy created for the millennium. According to master blender Jean-Marc Olivier, Courvoisier Millennium combines both Petite and Grande cognacs that are aged six to 12 years. "Smooth, with the aromas of prune, gingerbread and fruitcake" is how he describes it. The bottle, with its symbolic 2000, is a commemorative keeper. Price: about \$40.



JOHN BROWN



## THE ROAD TO MANDALAY

Rudyard Kipling would have dropped dead upon seeing Mandalay Bay, the Las Vegas resort on the Strip due to open soon. Mandalay Bay will feature a sand-and-surf beach, a three-quarter-mile lazy river ride, a swim-up shark tank, a huge spa, restaurants and nightclubs (including a House of Blues), a Four Seasons hotel and shops stocked with artifacts from around the world. Circus Circus Enterprises is the parent company.

## AFRICA CALLS

*Safari Chic* by Bibi Jordan (\$40) and *Safari Style* by Tim Beddow and Natasha Burns (\$45) are must-reads for old Africa hands—and those who want to be. These books explore colonial homesteads, as well as the safari lodges and camps available to visitors. Whether you're on your way to the Dark Continent or just dreaming of going, pick up a copy of Bartle Bull's new novel, *A Café on the Nile*. Set in 1935, this entertaining African epic combines romance and high adventure in Egypt and Ethiopia.



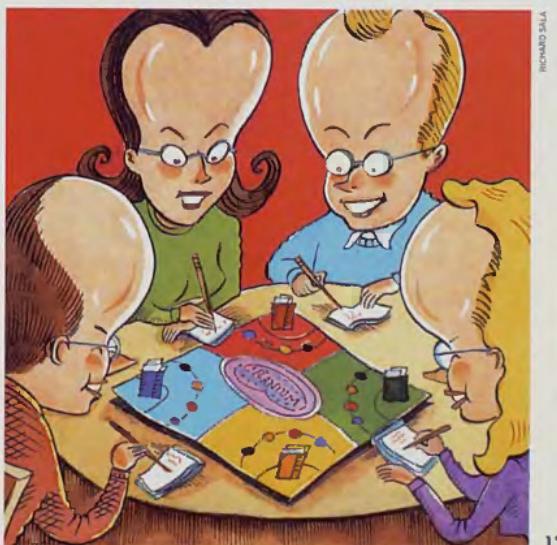
## BEAR WITH US

In 1902 President Theodore Roosevelt refused to kill a bear cub while hunting. As a result, children's stuffed bears became known as teddy bears. To commemorate the 140th anniversary of TR's birth, Steiff has brought out a limited-edition (4000) teddy bear dressed as Roosevelt, with a bear cub companion. Price: \$500. (An antique Steiff teddy bear sold at auction a few years ago for \$170,000.) Call 212-779-2582 to order.



## GREAT BRAIN DRAIN

Cranium is the ultimate icebreaker game. Players must show their skills in 14 categories, including humming or whistling, sketching, acting, solving puzzles and spelling words backward. "The game always brings out hidden talents," says onetime Microsoft executive Richard Tait, one of Cranium's inventors. Along with the board and a timer, you get Cranium Clay and pads and pencils—just like in the third grade. Price: \$34.95; call 877-272-6486.



RICHARD SALA

# NEXT MONTH: SEX AND MUSIC ISSUE



JACK CRABB'S BACK



HOMER IS HOT



MMM . . . MARCH



OH, THAT TONGUE

**KISS KISS**—GENE SIMMONS, THE SCARIEST TONGUE IN MUSIC, HAS LAUNCHED HIS BAND'S NEW TOUR WITH 40 GORGEOUS WOMEN. IT'S ONLY ROCK AND ROLL, AND YOU'LL LIKE IT

**HOT TV**—NOT LONG AGO, SEX ON TV WAS A PRIME-TIME NO-NO. NOW IT'S AN X-RATED CHATFEST LED BY A DISHY GROUP OF FABULOUS FEMALES. HOW DID PRIME TIME GET SO, WELL, PRIMAL?

**THE ULTIMATE RELATIONSHIP QUIZ**—IS YOUR LOVE LIFE DOOMED? ARE YOU HEADED FOR THE ALTAR OR THE DUMPSTER? RESEARCHER JOHN GOTTMAN HAS DEVELOPED A TEST THAT'S MORE THAN 90 PERCENT ACCURATE. SHARPEN YOUR PENCILS. **CRAIG VETTER** GIVES THE EXAM

**THE YEAR IN MUSIC**—POLL RESULTS AND A HALL-OF-FAME SURPRISE. WE CELEBRATE THE BEASTIE BOYS AND LAURYN HILL. PLUS, COULD IT BE? THE DEATH OF ROCK BY **DAVE MARSH**

**DREW CAREY**—TV'S FAVORITE WORKING-CLASS COMIC MOUTHS OFF ABOUT THE EMMYS, ROSEANNE, THE TABLOIDS AND THE JOY OF CUNNINGUS. PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **HEATHER DEAN**

**BASEBALL BLOWS IT**—HOW DO YOU TOP MARK McGWIRE, SAMMY SOSA AND THE NEW YORK YANKEES? HOW DO YOU SELL A SPORTS BOOM? NOT SO FAST, BUDDY. FOX SPORTS NEWS' **KEITH OLBERMANN** CHALLENGES BASEBALL'S MARKETING STRATEGIES

**THE RETURN OF LITTLE BIG MAN**—JACK CRABB IS BACK. THIS TIME THE QUIRKY MOUNTAIN MAN TEAMS UP WITH WILD BILL HICKOK FOR SOME VIOLENT SCRAPES IN DEADWOOD. FICTION BY **THOMAS BERGER**

**RUDOLPH GIULIANI**—NEW YORK'S GET-TOUGH MAYOR TURNED 42ND STREET INTO DISNEYLAND. NOW HE HAS THE REST OF THE COUNTRY IN HIS SIGHTS. PLAYBOY PROFILE BY **PAUL SCHWARTZMAN**

**WAKE UP AND TRAIN**—WANT TO PREPARE FOR A 275-MILE BIKE RIDE? WE OFFER THE INSIDE DOPE ON HOW TO EAT, BUILD STAMINA AND PROTECT THE FAMILY JEWELS. FITNESS BY **JOE DOLCE**

**PLUS:** 20Q WITH SINN FÉIN PRESIDENT **GERRY ADAMS**, THE BUZZ ON HOME RECORDING, A SNEAK PREVIEW OF THE MOVIE GO, A GOLF SWING FOR THE NEW MILLENNIUM, MTV'S **CARSON DALY** DOES SPRING FASHION, AND PLAYMATE **ALEXANDRIA KARLSEN**

How can you make  
two months' salary last forever?



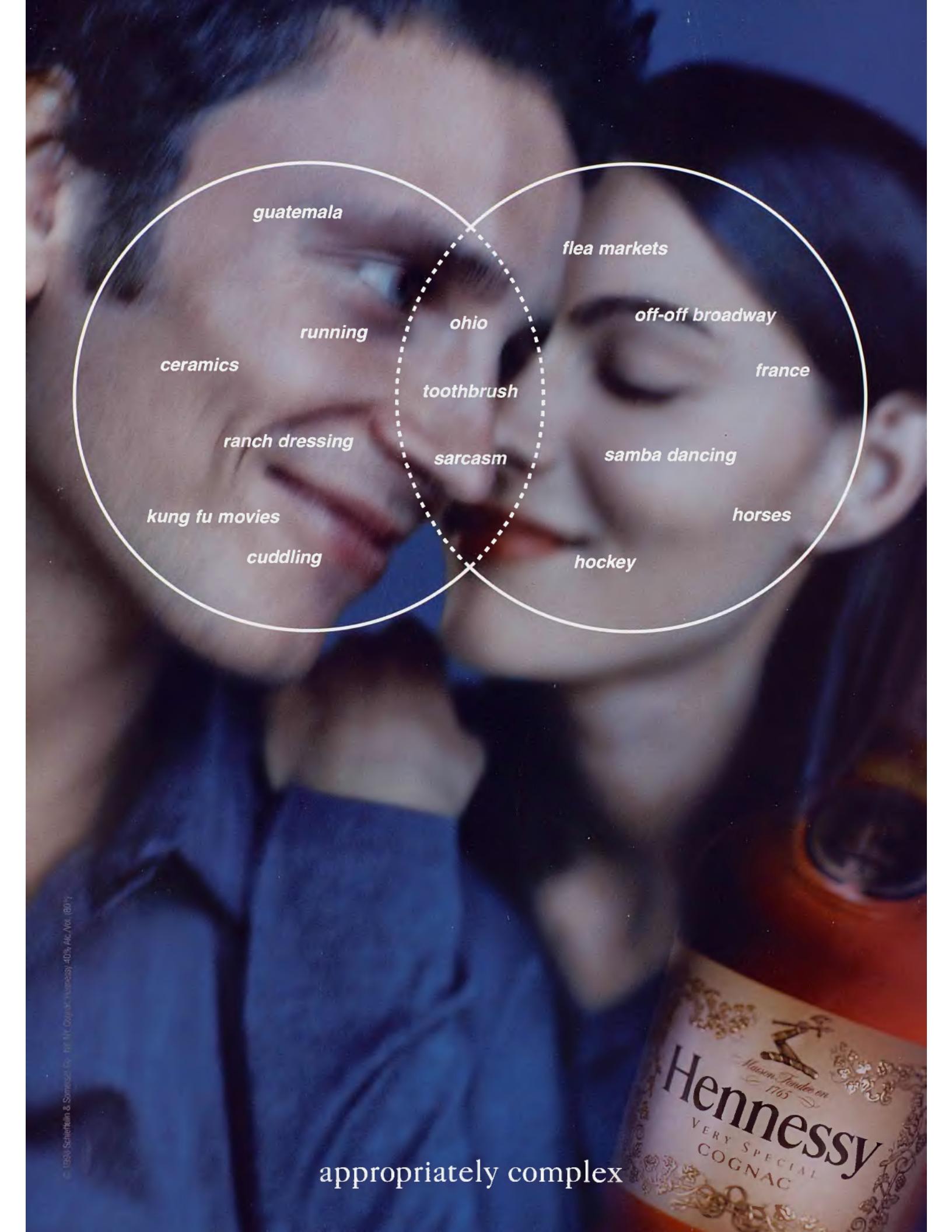
The Diamond Engagement Ring.

When you've found the woman of your dreams, give her the diamond of her dreams. The two months' salary guideline helps you find a diamond of quality, brilliance and breathtaking beauty. For other tips on buying, and the 4Cs—cut, color, clarity and carat weight—consult your jeweler. Or call 1-800-FOREVER Dept. 31 for a free diamond buying guide.

[www.adiamondisforever.com](http://www.adiamondisforever.com)

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samba dancing  
horses  
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appropriately complex

