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KISS

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BEASTIE BOYS
MUSIC POLL
WINNERS

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WITH HORNY
DREW CAREY

SEDUCTIVE
RUDOLPH GIULIANI
IRRESISTIBLE
KEITH OLBERMANN

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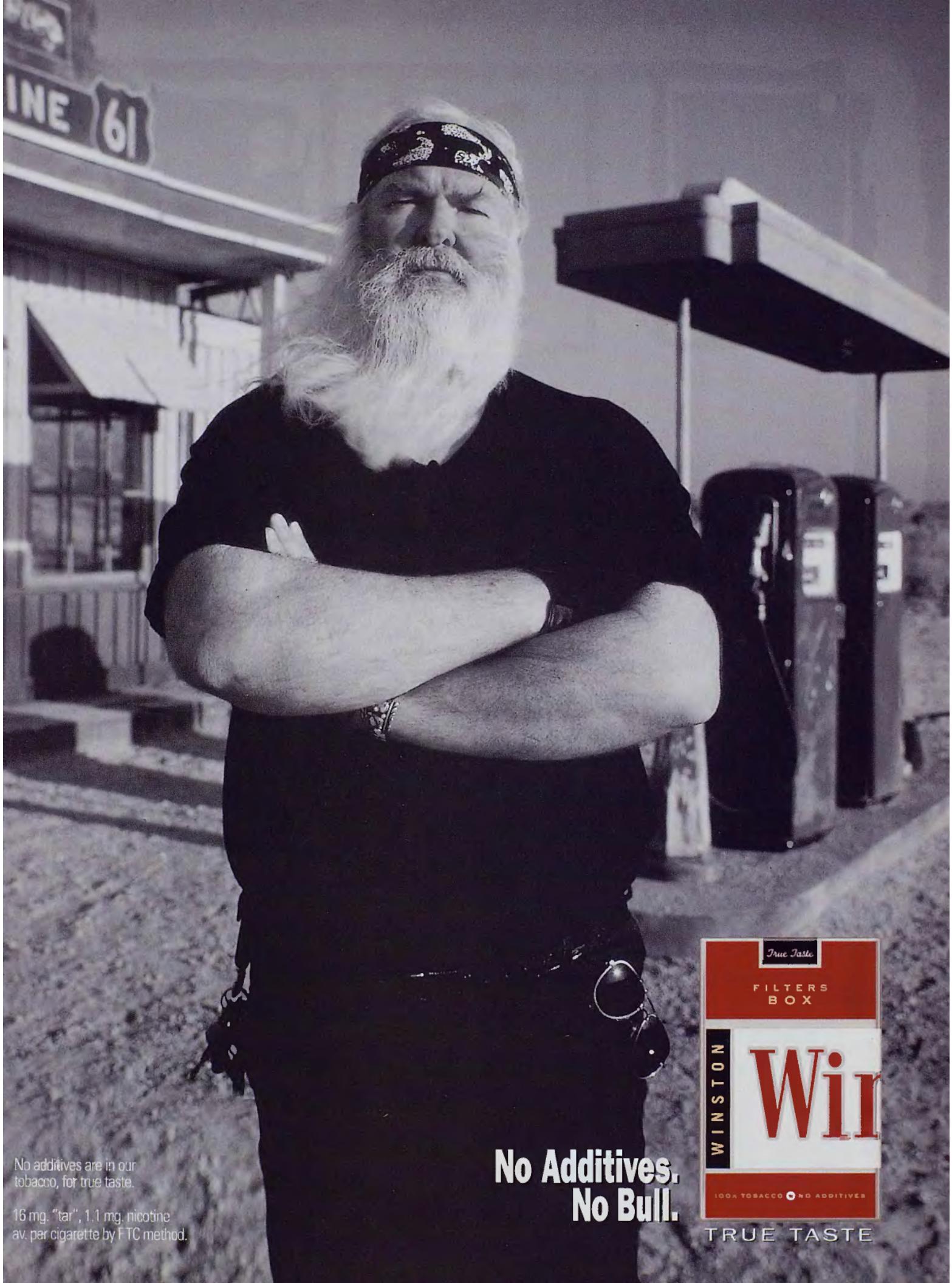
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PLAYBILL

Kiss plays its own trademark brand of rock and roll. In fact, it's the only band with a copyright on face paint. This month we are swept up by the fierce four's resurgent, arena-packing juggernaut. Our **Kiss** kiss, which features interviews, stats, collectibles and a groupie-friendly pictorial, is a refreshing celebration of a genuine rock-and-roll circus. (That's West Coast Photo Editor **Marilyn Grabowski** in **Gene Simmons'** clutches.) Don't miss the rest of our *Year in Music 1999* (the section was orchestrated by Associate Editor **Barbara Nellis** and illustrated by **David Plunkert**). In *They Can't Kill Rock & Roll, but They're Trying*, PLAYBOY music critic **Dave Marsh** argues that radio playlists and video costs stifle diversity. Though you'd never know by two of today's standard bearers—**Lauryn Hill** and the **Beastie Boys** (articles by **Kevin Powell** and **Charles M. Young**, respectively).

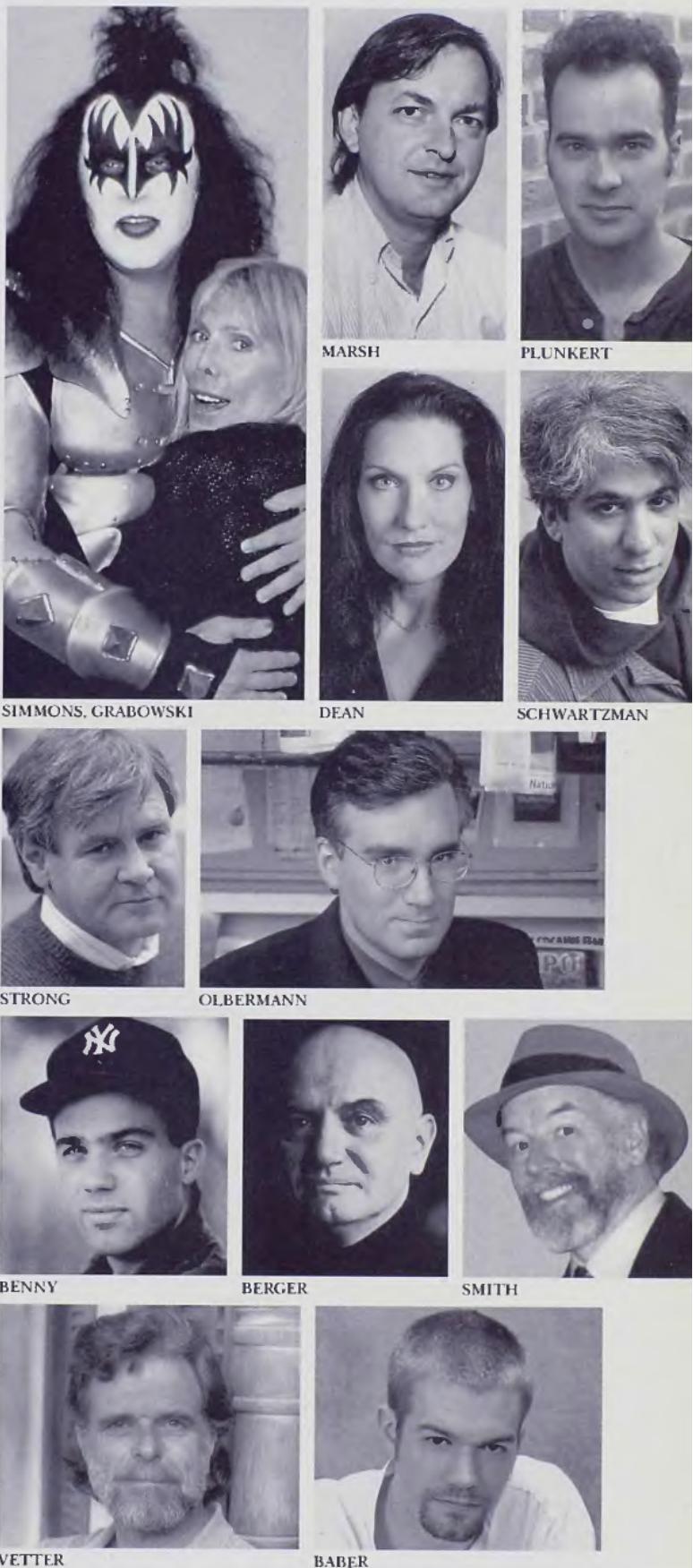
Cleveland rocks. Thanks to hometown hero—and sandwich lover—**Drew Carey**, this underdog city is featured weekly on the year's hottest sitcom. *The Drew Carey Show* is a look at the middle guy—a middle manager with a middling love life—played by a modern-day Jackie Gleason. In a *Playboy Interview* with **Heather Dean**, Carey explores old wounds, such as the death of his father and his own suicide attempts. Then he perks up with tales of strippers and memories of his pierced nipples. Don't worry, Heather—we left in the juicy bits.

Those little town blues may yet bedevil New York, New York's mayor, **Rudy Giuliani**. Even though Giuliani shut down strip clubs and threatens to spank jaywalkers with a yardstick, residents of the Big Apple seem seduced by his abrasive nature. Now he wants to go national. The big question in *Rudy's Rules* by New York *Daily News* reporter **Paul Schwartzman** is whether Peoria will fall for Giuliani's male dominatrix routine. **Gerry Adams** is a former hard-liner turned negotiator. His efforts in Northern Ireland as leader of the IRA's political arm Sinn Féin have earned a Nobel Peace Prize—for his archrival David Trimble. Read his honest critique of Trimble in a remarkable *20 Questions* by **Morgan Strong**.

Last year's home-run derby unified this country in a way that transcends politics. Now comes the home-run hangover. **Keith Olbermann**, formerly of *Sports Center* and *MSNBC* and now America's most acerbic host on Fox, says it's going to be a dinger. Read *So, What Have You Done for Us Lately?* (The artwork is by **Mike Benny**.)

When **Thomas Berger** wrote *Little Big Man*, he changed the way we thought about the Old West. Gone were gung-ho Indian killers and in rode Jack Crabb. In this month's excerpt from *The Return of Little Big Man* (Little, Brown), Crabb staggers into old friend Wild Bill Hickok and, tragically, witnesses the gunslinger's death. The illustration is by **Winston Smith**.

Before we get to the sex part of the issue we have to make sure your love life is in order. *Will Your Relationship Last?* by **Craig Vetter** breaks down the *ars amatoria* into a science. The quiz was designed with the help of **John Gottman**. He's a professor of psychology who devised a system that predicts the fate of couples, with 94 percent accuracy. Revive your ardor by turning to *Hot TV*. Shows such as *Ally McBeal* and *Dawson's Creek* are a titillating reflection of female desire. Girls know who MTV's **Carson Daly** is. They even besiege his hotel room—and that was before we decked him out in vibrant suits for our fashion spread. For a preview of a hot new movie by the director of *Swingers*, check out *Go* by **Brendan Baber**. It's likely that someone from the cast of young actors will be a star. But who? Finally, if you insist on judging a book by its cover model, then **Cindy Guyer** is your dream date. She's on hundreds of romance novel illustrations—and her pictorial is a page-turner.



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ARE MAKING A
COME BACK



(HOW CONVENIENT FOR US)



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PLAYBOY



vol. 46, no. 3—march 1999

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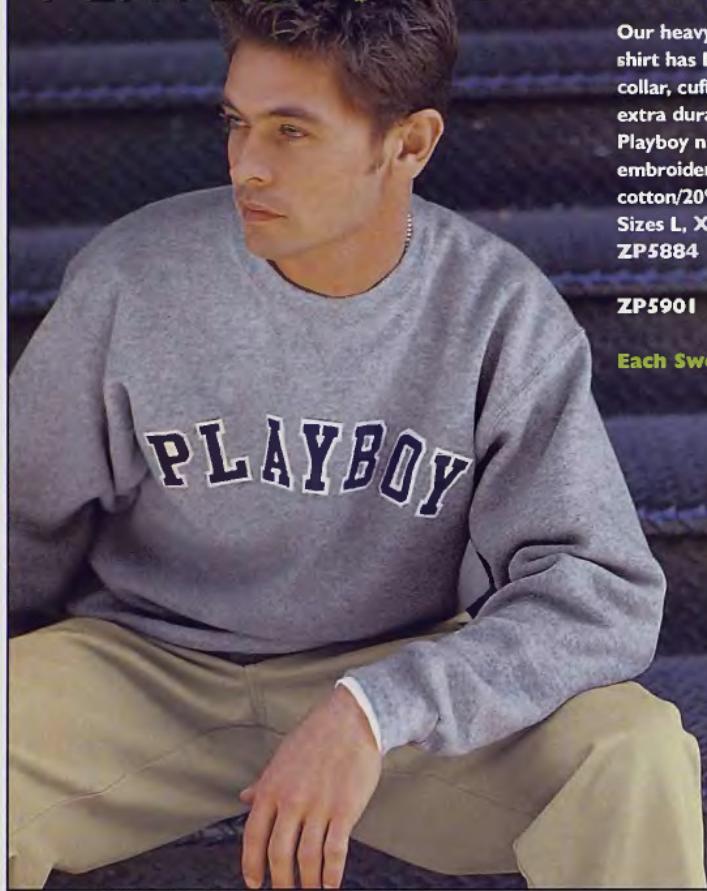
COVER STORY

Kiss is in the midst of the biggest rock renaissance ever—and enjoying every second of it. The original monsters of rock wanted "to show the rest of the world what Kiss girls look like." Get ready for the rock-and-roll fantasy of your life. Our cover was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grobowski and shot by Arny Freytag. Thanks to Scott McClusky for styling the Kiss girls' make-up and Alexis Vogel for styling their hair. Our Rabbit says, "The eyes have it."



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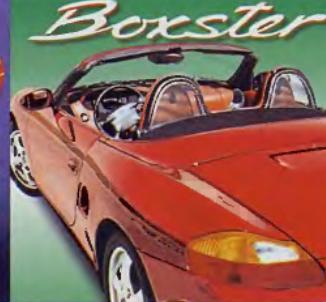
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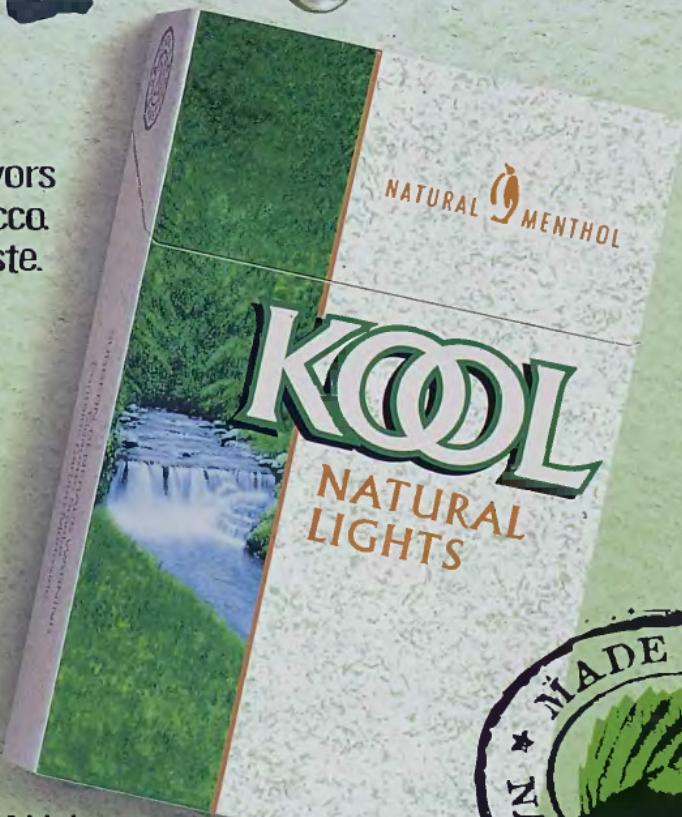
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

hef sightings, mansion frolics and nightlife notes



HEF'S HALLOWEEN

What's Hef doing in prison pajamas? He's a prisoner of love, of course. The Playboy Mansion was the backdrop for ghosts, ghouls, beautiful women and Hollywood stars on Halloween night. At left, Playmates Heather Kozar and Lisa Dergan give the condemned man a last snuggle. Below, the pink and blue dos belong to Kelly Slater and Pamela Anderson. To the right from Pamela, Hef puts the squeeze on Courtney Love. Above them, Playmate Stacy Fuson is all ears.



OUR CAULDRON BUBBLES OVER

Playmate Carrie Stevens (below, left) is the bee's knees. Shannen Doherty shares witchy secrets with the Dahm triplets, and, at bottom, Ben Stiller knows where the girls are on Halloween night.



WITT AND WISDOM

Cover girl Katarina Witt is greeted in New York City by Playboy Chief Executive Officer Christie

Hefner at the kickoff party for the red-hot December issue. Christie also hosted the annual presentation of the Hugh M. Hefner First Amendment Awards, honoring individuals who fight for the First Amendment.

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SO HOT SHE MELTS ICE

Holy salchow! Your Katarina Witt pictorial (*Fire & Ice*, December) is one for the ages. What a fabulous way to end 1998.

Cary Boshamer
Hillsborough, North Carolina

Katarina gives new meaning to the term figure skater. I will never see the sport in the same way again.

Brian Hoard
Charlottesville, Virginia

Ever since Katarina won a gold medal in Calgary in 1988, I've dreamed of seeing her nude. When I saw her on the cover of the December issue, I knew my dream had come true. Her pictures will help me endure northern Ontario's long and cold winter.

Simon Fournier
Hearst, Ontario

Katarina is sexy, real and the antithesis of the generic, plastic-looking models to whom we've become so accustomed in the United States.

Arch Anton
Roanoke, Virginia

Throughout Katarina's long skating career, I had always wanted to see what she looks like under those gorgeous, sexy costumes.

Veronica Bailey
Jersey City, New Jersey

I applaud Lance Staedler for his keen eye and his fine work with Katarina. He captured her magnificent power and beauty in every photo.

Evan Neumann
Seattle, Washington

Every man I know loves the Katarina Witt pictorial, and all my female friends happily relate to this exquisitely beautiful and natural woman.

Lydia Ruth
New York, New York

A VITAL MAN

It's difficult to understand Gore Vidal's position on health care (*20 Questions*, December), because he speaks out of both sides of his mouth. First he claims government has failed to avoid the seductive power of private money and influence, then he says our medical care should rest in the hands of this same government. It's an illogical argument, and while Vidal's influence is substantial, he is woefully ignorant with regard to this issue.

Frank Harris
Irvine, California

Gore Vidal is right to be suspicious of the health industry in this country and is correct when he states that the insurance companies own everyone. As a former merchant marine who made frequent calls to the port of Naples, I applaud Vidal's choice of residence—the Amalfi Coast of Italy, where they have socialized medicine.

Marc Meinzer
Lakewood, Ohio

CHASING KEVIN

Kevin Smith (*The Clerk, the Girl and the Corduroy Hand Job* by Stephan Talty, December) is one of the best filmmakers in the U.S.

Dee Thomas
Mt. Vernon, Kentucky

I've seen all three of Smith's movies and hate them. His characters are vulgar, profane and lazy. His latest effort, *Dogma*, appears to be more of the same.

William Heyer
Toms River, New Jersey

X MARKS THE SPOT

I enjoyed your one-on-one with David Duchovny (*Playboy Interview*, December). I have always found his interviews entertaining, and this is especially true in an open, uninhibited forum such as PLAYBOY, which gives him room to flex

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his wry intellect. Duchovny is an Ivy League poet who loves his wife, takes basketball way too seriously, likes to watch porn and goes to work knowing that he could be replaced at any moment. The truth is out there: He's one of us.

Jeffrey Hunt
South Berwick, Maine

David Duchovny is refreshingly candid. To have such a good-looking, intelligent, successful man admit to enjoying pornography is a wonderful validation for us guilt-ridden porn lovers.

Kolya Renne
Fort Worth, Texas

I am shocked that Duchovny would speak so frankly about masturbating to porn. Of course everyone does it, but how many would admit it to the millions of people who read PLAYBOY? Evidently, Duchovny doesn't embarrass easily.

Jeff Achber
Laconia, New Hampshire

SAIL AWAY

Reg Potterton's article (*Racing the Savage Atlantic*, December) about life aboard an ocean racer on a long passage is incredibly insightful. However, I disagree with him regarding the standing of Charlie Barr's record set on the schooner *Atlantic*. Eric Tabarly broke Charlie's record on the French yacht *Paul Ricard* in 1980. I hope PLAYBOY will publish an article by one of the crew in the Race—an anything-goes sailboat race around the world at the end of the year 2000.

Jock Tulloch
Woodstock, Ontario

Many people have beat Barr's time, but to beat Barr's record you'd have to sail in a fleet of full-displacement yachts on May 17. To our knowledge, no one has done that.

Although money buys the best in racing technology, there are always strings attached. It's a wonder the *Adela* crossed the finish line, let alone won the race, considering some of her crew. Unfortunately, when it comes to American adventures—whether sporting, economic or military—there is so much whining when a record isn't broken. Why not salute the effort put forth by the sailors? Potterton does a disservice to American pride. His article should have been a celebration.

Thomas Mosley
Truro, Nova Scotia

A CHRISTMAS POEM

'Twas seven weeks before Christmas when it finally came/The December issue, we know it by name/Katarina was hung on the cover with lace/While her smile and endowments took up some space/They interviewed David/In *The X-Files* he thrilled/Then he married Téa/

There's a stocking well filled/When what to my wondering eyes should appear/But a Twin City trio in platinum headgear/All three looked good from their heads to their booted/Their Centerfold's not as big as the twins Van Breeschooten/The scariest sights were a couple of pics/The kind that would stand up the beard of St. Nick/One is Willie, our mayor/I see enough in town/The other is fig-leafed Jim Carrey/Lord, keep my lunch down/My critique is now over/I have said my piece/I raise my cup to you, PLAYBOY/For this wonderful feast.

Paul Varga
San Francisco, California

WHO SAYS THREE'S A CROWD?

I'm one of a set of identical triplets, and I think the Dahm triplets (*Three's Company*, December) are gorgeous. If they are ever in South Carolina and



would like to triple-date, my brothers and I would love to accommodate them.

Patrick Gearman
Columbia, South Carolina

The Dahm triplets made a promotional appearance at the store where I work. They are as beautiful in person as they are in their pictorial. The best things come in threes.

Robert Klaers
Minneapolis, Minnesota

I remember watching a Hardee's commercial in which the Dahm triplets stop all the boys they meet dead in their tracks. Their PLAYBOY pictorial achieves the same effect and then some.

Jeffrey Busse
Rapid City, South Dakota

PLAYBOY has featured twins as Centerfolds, and now you've given us the gorgeous Dahm triplets. But I'd like to bet that finding quadruplets to pose is next

to impossible. The bet is on, and I'm hoping you'll win it.

Mel Rosch
Leonia, New Jersey

WE'RE THE TOP, WE'RE THE COLOSSEUM

Congratulations to PLAYBOY for taking sensuality to new heights. First, Cindy Crawford in October, then Katarina Witt in December. It's exciting to see these women photographed in a natural way.

Ben Pearson
Arlington Heights, Illinois

Katarina Witt, the Dahm triplets, even an article on global warming. If the December issue were any hotter, it would burn a hole through my coffee table.

Craig Youngberg
Rockford, Illinois

SHHH, IT'S A SECRET

Bruce Jay Friedman (*The Secrets We Keep*, December) believes some secrets should go to the grave with you. As a newly single person after 30 years out of the dating scene, I can say that keeping secrets in a relationship is one way to cut it short.

Susan Cook
Los Angeles, California

OH, YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL

My boyfriend just showed me Taylor Campbell's picture (*Grapevine*, December), and I have to admit that she has a perfect body and a very sexy smile.

Victoria Jones
San Francisco, California

Taylor is a rose in a field of daisies. She deserves to be a Centerfold.

Jerry Watkins
Tacoma, Washington

One look at the adorable Taylor and I immediately ran out to purchase the calendar in which she appears.

Connor O'Brien
Los Angeles, California

NO MORE MAYHEM

I received the December issue just in time to use a quote from Michael Parish's *Meteorological Mayhem!* article in a college term paper. I've always said I read PLAYBOY for the articles. Thanks for proving me right.

Greg Morton
Guelph, Ontario

WELCOME TO HEF'S PLACE

I've always been fascinated with the Mansion and its history—which is why I loved Bill Zehme's *Inside the Playboy Mansion* (December). I can't stop fantasizing about how it would feel to be in Hef's shoes. Talk about the good life.

Scott Milburn
St. Charles, Minnesota





THE BOMBAY SAPPHIRE MARTINI. AS BALANCED BY HILTON McCONNICO.

POUR SOMETHING PRICELESS.

Bombay®Sapphire™Gin 47% alc./vol. (94 Proof). 100% neutral spirits. ©1997 Carillon Importers LTD., Teaneck, NJ. ©1997 Hilton McConnico.

IT JUST DOESN'T GET ANY SWEETER THAN THIS.



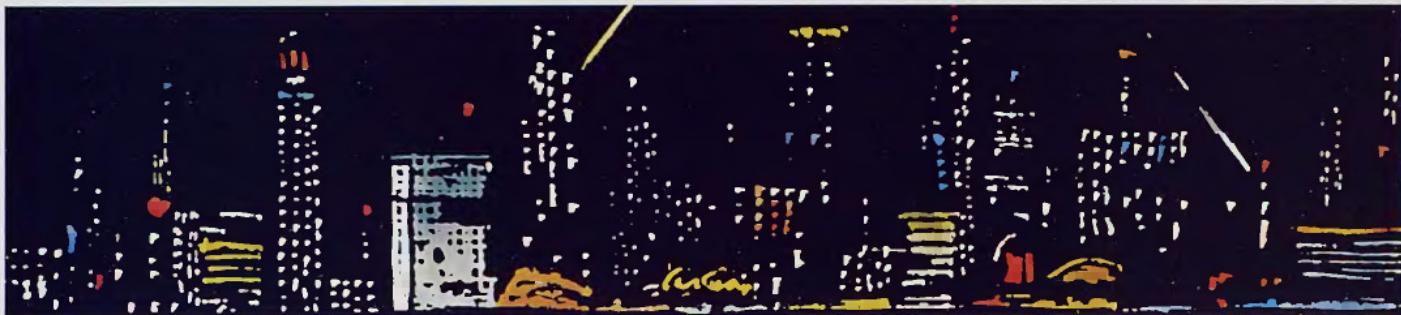
GOOD TIMES. GOOD FRIENDS. GOOD CIGARS.
and a good deal!

SWISHER
SWEETS

LITTLE CIGARS



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



PASSION PLAY

To see what a theater invaded by a Carnival parade is like, check out the De La Guarda troupe's show *Villa Villa* at the Daryl Roth Theater in New York. At each of the sold-out events, audiences gather on the main floor of a former bank. Above them, performers cast shadows on a translucent paper ceiling. Then the actors rip through the ceiling and all hell breaks loose. Forget about plot—this is about special effects. Water pours out of showerheads. Acrobats bungee jump from the balcony. Women dance and wriggle through the crowd to the sound of congas, stopping occasionally to plant kisses on lucky guys. Even more strange, a bare-butted fellow who can only be described as an ass man hauls willing visitors 40 feet in the air. It all ends on a tribal beat with the audience dancing.

CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF ED

Hofstra University in Hempstead, New York recently hosted the world's first academic conference on Frank Sinatra. Quincy Jones and Alan King attended the opening ceremony and provided rudimentary tenets for the new branch of ontology we'll call Frankie's Sense. (Jones recalled Sinatra's telling him, "Live every day like it's your last, and one day you'll be right.") Then the pros took over. Titles from the 43 panels and 120 papers included *All of Me: The Cartesian Soul of Frank Sinatra*; *I Get No Kick From Assimilation, or 'My' Frank Sinatra Problem*; *Prophet, Padrone, Postmodern Prometheus*; and the simple but intriguing *Frank Sinatra and Belgium*. Apparently he was one singer about whom they did not waffle.

HUMPING LIKE RABIDS

Apologies to Anne Rice. A Spanish neurologist has floated the theory that vampire tales may have actually originated with a deadly disease. In an edition of the medical journal *Neurology*, Juan Gomez-Alonso argues that the legends stem from rabies epidemics that struck animals in Hungary between 1721 and 1728. Classic vampire traits correspond

to symptoms reported in rabies victims, such as sensitivity to light, foaming at the mouth and a tendency to chomp on other human beings. Another characteristic the bloodsuckers share with rabies sufferers is hypersexuality. Never mind Dracula's superhuman strength or his ability to transform himself into a bat—some rabies patients of yore reportedly "practiced intercourse up to 30 times a day." Bite me!

DAM NATION

The first FDA-approved latex device for cunnilingus is making its U.S. debut. The product, Sheer Glyde Dam, has already made a big splash down under—almost a million units per year are sold in Australia. *Poz* reports that the Glyde Dam is "larger, thinner and silkier" than dental dams. Amber Hollibaugh of Gay Men's Health Crisis' Lesbian AIDS Project isn't sure if the new product will unseat Saran Wrap, a favorite safe-sex product among lesbians. Saran Wrap is cheap and sold everywhere, she explains—giving rise to the underground phrase for a lesbian cast-off: leftovers.

IT'S 420. DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR CHILDREN ARE?

Thanks to the Internet and Hollywood, an obscure drug term is spreading like a weed. The number 420, stoner code for smoking marijuana, has been popping up all over the Web. And if you noticed that the clocks in *Pulp Fiction* were set at 4:20 and read this as a secret signal from Quentin Tarantino, you must have been high. Not surprisingly, the term's origin is hazy. NPR recently tackled the subject, as did *High Times*. However, Jesse Sheidlower, the editor in charge of slang for Random House, isn't convinced of the word's root. Depending on whom you ask, 420 is either a California police code for marijuana use in progress or shorthand for April 20, the "Stoner New Year"—the date for pro-legalization rallies. Then again, it may be the number of compounds in hemp or the time of day when Professor Albert Hofmann took the first acid trip. Or perhaps it's just a reference to teatime. A more bizarre explanation comes from Steven Hager of *High Times*, who suggests coinage in 1971 by a group of teenagers in Marin County who used to meet after school every day at 4:20 to toke up. We regard the confusion as just another example of long-term collective memory loss.

NOT MADE IN HONG KONG

Our friends at the Top 5 List (topfive.com) have proved once again that the electronic media can produce a shock in the wrong hands. Inspired by reports about actual Cantonese titles for American movies (*After Hours*, September 1998), editor Chris White posted a collection of spurious titles. Stripped of attribution, the list made the rounds and eventually popped up in *The New York Times*. Thing was, the titles were described as real—an honest if lazy mistake and one that gives us a perfect excuse to run the best of the mock titles. On the Top 5 List, *Leaving Las Vegas* became *I'm Drunk and You're a Prostitute*, while *George of the Jungle* received the billing *Big Dumb Monkey-Man Keeps Whacking Tree With*



RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"One, they speak English. Two, when they host a world championship, they invite other countries. Three, visitors to the office of the head of state are only expected to go down on one knee."—JOHN CLEENE ON WHY THE BRITISH ARE SUPERIOR TO AMERICANS

BETTER SIT DOWN

Going price for the chairs used by mourners at the funeral of Princess Diana: \$5100 each.

BY THE BOOK

Percentage of U.S. teachers who would prefer to teach creationism instead of evolution: 30.

CHEESE RINDS

According to *Sports Illustrated*, number of Green Bay Packers season tickets that became available last season: 12. Number of names on the waiting list: 45,681.

MEN SUCK

Percentage increase from 1992 to 1997 in number of men having liposuction surgery: 200.

CIGAR AFICIONADOS

Chances that a 16-year-old male has smoked a cigar in the last month: 1 in 3.

BANANARAMA

Percentage increase in banana consumption by women since the Seventies: 112.

FLOWER POWER

According to a survey by Great Expectations dating service, percentage of women who believe that a man's bringing flowers to a first date is a good idea: 55. Percentage of men



FACT OF THE MONTH

March madness: The Federal Bureau of Investigation estimates that more than \$2.5 billion in bets will be placed with bookies or in office pools during this year's 63-game NCAA basketball tournament—the biggest gambling event after the Super Bowl.

NBC paid for one hour of *ER* in 1998: \$13 million.

LOST HIS CROWN

According to *Women's Sports and Fitness*, percentage of Americans who believe Sharon Stone could kick Leonardo DiCaprio's ass: 58. Percentage who think Leo would prevail: 16.

POP CULTURE

According to the Center for Science in the Public Interest, number of cans of soda the average male teen drinks every year: 868.

QUITE AN ENDORSEMENT

Estimated number of children fathered by Pharaoh Ramses II, namesake of the Ramses condom: 160.

PARIS IN THE SUMMER

Percentage of French population that bathe every day: 47. Percentage of Frenchmen who change their underwear daily: 60. Percentage of all French people who wash their hands after going to the bathroom: 60.

—LAURA BILLINGS

Genitals. But the spoof of Face/Off—Who Is Face Belonging To? I Kill You Again, Harder—never made it into print. Instead, the paper of record boldly printed the fake take on *The Crying Game: Oh No! My Girlfriend Has a Penis!*

COME ON DOWN

Even national heroes get ribbed. Sign spotted recently at a barbecue restaurant in Florida near Cape Canaveral: ASTRONAUTS OVER 75 EAT FREE.

NEWS IN BRIEF

The firm belief that a would-be dad can boost his fertility by wearing boxer shorts instead of briefs is now officially a biomyth. We all know that a cool testicle is a sperm-friendly testicle, and for years the high-and-tight environment of briefs was said to be the equivalent of a sweatbox. However, a study of almost 100 men reported in the *Journal of Urology* revealed that scrotal temperature, sperm count and sperm motility are unaffected by underwear. We're sticking to our contention that a man's chances of impregnating a woman are greatest when he's wearing no underwear at all.

SINUS OF THE TIMES

The weirdest set of directions we've encountered recently was on a bottle of something called High Performance Hygiene Facial Dip from Fred Segal Advanced Hygiene Products. You decide if this is something you'd like to do: "In your basin or a bowl add two capfuls and one tablespoonful of table salt to six quarts of very warm water. Allow the water to do the mixing. Please do not use your fingers. Immerse your face to cover your eyes and nose. Blink several times. With eyes closed, blow out through your nose. Remove face from water and blow your nose with a clean tissue. Repeat."

POETIC LICENSE

We rarely see a license plate rich with suggestion. Consider the Illinois plate we spotted recently on Lake Shore Drive in Chicago: N U ENDO. The driver could be someone who specializes in the careful parsing of words, or he could be a proud proctologist. Or perhaps he's a member of Northwestern University's division of endocrinology.

GO WES!

It seems that students at Wesleyan University took exception to a recent ad campaign that labeled the school the independent Ivy. Upset undergrads at the Middletown, Connecticut campus did what any good students do: They protested. To their credit, they complained with cleverness by pasting notices all over campus with slogans such as: "Reebok, the independent Nike" and "Hydrox, the independent Oreo."

MOVIES

By LEONARD MALTIN

She's an embittered young woman who has Lou Gehrig's disease. He's a failed artist with a cockeyed dream of building his own airplane. Fate brings them together in *The Theory of Flight* (Fine Line), and they eventually form a friendship through which each finds the possibility of fulfilling a dream. I'm afraid that this qualifies as forced whimsy, but it's given strength and purpose by the two compelling actors chosen to play the lead roles: Helena Bonham Carter and Kenneth Branagh. They add weight to a potentially maudlin script—but even they cannot perform magic on a story that never takes off. **2½**

●

Playing by Heart (Miramax), which once bore the much more interesting title *Dancing About Architecture*, is a multi-episodic film about relationships. Sean Connery and Gena Rowlands (a wonderful match) discover, on the eve of their 40th anniversary, that he is ill. Gillian Anderson is a theater director pursued by a genuinely nice guy (Jon Stewart) who can't seem to break down her many barriers. Angelina Jolie finds a challenge in her latest club pickup (Ryan Phillippe), who sports an air of mystery. Dennis Quaid regales the women he meets in bars with stories of his tragic life. Madeleine Stowe and Anthony Edwards enjoy an illicit affair that seems to have reached a dead end. And on his deathbed, Jay Mohr builds a relationship with his mother (the always-welcome Ellen Burstyn). It's no mystery why so many good actors were attracted



Tango: Dance as high drama.

Offbeat romance,
off-center comedy,
off to war.

to this script; it's about people, not exploding cars. But writer-director Willard Carroll's reach exceeds his grasp, and for every pearly moment (and there are some) there are stretches of utter dreariness, in which the mundane realities of life seem, well, mundane. **2**

●

If you saw the much-praised sleeper *Bottle Rocket* several years ago, you might have an idea of what to expect from its creators, Wes Anderson and Owen Wil-

son. Their latest film (which the pair wrote and Anderson directed) is *Rushmore* (Touchstone), and, like its predecessor, it's an off-center comedy that isn't destined to appeal to everyone. But its charms are as substantial as its quirks. Newcomer Jason Schwartzman plays Max, a nerdy student attending Rushmore Academy on scholarship; he's not only brilliant but also spearheads a staggering number of extracurricular activities, from the Astronomy Club to the Dodgeball Society to a dramatic troupe for which he writes original plays.

Max comes to the attention of a parent and deep-pocketed supporter of the school (Bill Murray), and they become friends—until a rivalry for the affection of a first-grade teacher (Olivia Williams) puts them at odds. If this reads badly on paper, imagine what it must have sounded like in the pitch meeting! But Anderson and Murray give it their special spin, and Murray is an inspired piece of casting as an adult who's not entirely comfortable in his own world. Here, finally, is a comedy that isn't sick, or dark, or gross—just offbeat and original. **3½**

●

If you remember Carlos Saura's sensual *Carmen*, you're primed for his Brazilian-made *Tango* (Sony Pictures Classics), in which the line between the drama of dance and real life becomes intoxicatingly blurred. The story concerns a middle-aged choreographer who plots out an ambitious theater piece that pays tribute to the tango while tracing the history of Argentina. He also becomes sexually involved with his leading dancer, who until recently was the girlfriend of

How bad does a film have to be for a studio to decide not to release it?

Considering some of the sludge that makes its way to your neighborhood multiplex, that's a question. But every year, a number of feature films with

THE VIDEO GRAVEYARD

creditable people on both sides of the camera never receive theatrical release, debuting instead on video. (Some films play in just a few cities to fulfill contractual obligations.) *Body Count* has a strong cast: David Caruso, Linda Fiorentino, John Leguizamo, Ving Rhames, Donnie Wahlberg and Forest Whitaker. It also has a strong smell. Polygram decided not to bother opening it in theaters (at least in this country) and sent it straight to video.

But you can be sure that the actors had hoped for something better.

When so many millions have been put into the production of a film, why wouldn't the studio give it at least a minimal release? The answer is money. With the price of advertising and promotion, even an ordinary picture can cost between \$25 million and \$50 million to open. Distributors don't want to throw good money after bad.

We've seen this happen with *Incognito*, which, after minor regional release, was issued by Warner Home Video. Directed by John Badham (*Saturday Night Fever*, *Nick of Time*) and starring Jason Patric and Irene Jacob, this pretty good little picture about an expert art forger is certainly more entertain-

ing than a lot of the junk I saw in theaters last year.

I was curious about *The Maker* because it was directed by Tim Hunter (*Tex*, *The River's Edge*), and stars Matthew Modine, Fairuza Balk, Mary-Louise Parker, Jonathan Rhys Meyers and Michael Madsen. I could see why this one didn't inspire a national showcase: It has its moments but isn't very good overall.

And I couldn't get through *Nevada*, despite a cast that includes Amy Brenneman, Kirstie Alley, Gabrielle Anwar, Bridgette Wilson, Kathy Najimy and Dee Wallace Stone.

Still, millions are spent every year on movies with the hope of theatrical play dates—and I spend time slogging through them on video looking for a neglected gem.

—L.M.



Watson: Compellingly watchable.

OFF CAMERA

The world discovered **Emily Watson** as the waifish, emotionally fragile Scottish girl in Lars von Trier's provocative *Breaking the Waves*—and her performance earned her an Academy Award nomination.

In real life, Watson is tall and far from fragile. She exudes confidence, and has the talent to back it up. As a result she has established herself as one of the most compelling actors on the screen.

In 1997 she held her own opposite the formidable Daniel Day-Lewis in *The Boxer*. (Asked about going toe to toe with the acclaimed actor, she says with a shrug, "Well, if you can't beat 'em, join 'em.") Last year she practiced the cello—which she played for a while in her youth—in order to portray English prodigy and concert musician Jacqueline du Pré in *Hilary and Jackie*. That part may well earn her a second Oscar nod.

Watson's forthcoming films include *Metroland* with Christian Bale, Tim Robbins' much-anticipated production of *The Cradle Will Rock*, and *Angela's Ashes*, based on the international best-seller by Frank McCourt (she mastered the Irish accent for *The Boxer*).

Following the whirlwind of award nominations and trips to Hollywood, she admits, "After a while you turn around to yourself and say, 'Hey, girl, this is fantastic, what's happening to you. Just enjoy it.' I think it happened to me at quite a good age, you know. I'm not 20. 'I'm taking it in stride, and I'm trying to be sensible and enjoy it while it lasts.'

But it's not as if Emily Watson hasn't earned every bit of the applause, and there is much more to come.

—L.M.

his show's principal backer, a local racketeer. The story, however, is just a framework on which to hang a series of incredible dance numbers, each more amazing than the last, especially as photographed by the great Vittorio Storaro. **★★½**

Film buffs have waited 20 years for a new creation by the reclusive Terrence Malick, and *The Thin Red Line* (20th Century Fox) is worth that wait. Entirely different from Spielberg's *Saving Private Ryan*, this thoughtful, sometimes poetic treatise on war in general and World War II in particular requires the viewer to settle into its slow, deliberate pace. Vignettes dealing with heroism, cowardice, egotism and insanity bring us closer to understanding the way real men responded to the enormity of fighting and killing in the South Pacific. Malick has done a fine job adapting James Jones' novel about the battle of Guadalcanal, and he chose well in hiring cinematographer John Toll to help him realize his vision (though judicious pruning would have made an even stronger film). The cast is superb, including newcomer Jim Caviezel, Ben Chaplin, Sean Penn, Elias Koteas and a particularly forceful Nick Nolte. **★★½**

Jawbreaker (TriStar) is a black comedy about a gang of bitches, led by Rose McGowan, who rule Reagan High School until they accidentally kill one of their compatriots. This might have made a good short subject, but 26-year-old writer-director Darren Stein's attempt to both spoof and pay homage to teen movies is too inconsistent (and unoriginal) to demand an hour and a half of our time. He goes so far as to cast Seventies teen movie faves PJ Soles and William Katt as parents—and then doesn't even give them a close-up. **½**

Just because a movie is nice doesn't mean it's bland. **October Sky** (Universal) is a heartfelt film about Homer Hickam, a boy growing up in a West Virginia coal-mining town in the late Fifties. When he sees the Sputnik satellite streaming across the nighttime sky, he develops a determination to build his own rocket—in spite of the fact that he's not a great student, and doesn't have the wherewithal to do so. His biggest stumbling block is his own father (Chris Cooper), the mine foreman who sees no future—and no point—in what Homer wants to do, when his future clearly lies inside the mine. The father-son relationship gives this movie bite and substance beyond its somewhat predictable feel-good surface story. Knowing that the story is true, and that Hickam went on to work for NASA, does indeed make you feel good. **★★½**

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by leonard maltin

Affliction (2/99) Nick Nolte gives a terrific performance in this bleak Paul Schrader film about a man whose life was stifled by his brutish father. **★★**

Another Day in Paradise (2/99) James Woods and Melanie Griffith play surrogate parents to a couple of screwed-up teens on a crime spree. **★★**

The General (2/99) Brendan Gleeson plays a real-life Irish crime lord in John Boorman's interesting but overlong film. **★★½**

God Said, "Ha!" (Listed only) Julia Sweeney's one-woman show about taking care of her dying brother—and her own bout with cancer. **★★½**

Hilary and Jackie (2/99) Emily Watson and Rachel Griffiths are simply great as sisters raised as musical prodigies—but only one goes on to fame and fortune. **★★**

The Hi-Lo Country (Listed only) Woody Harrelson is ideally cast as a hellraising cowboy in this beautifully rendered, if imperfect, film based on a novel by Max Evans. **★★**

Hurlyburly (2/99) Sean Penn, Kevin Spacey, Meg Ryan and others give strong performances in a flat film version of the David Rabe play. **★★½**

Jawbreaker (See review) A tiresome high school black comedy. **½**

Little Voice (Listed only) Terrific filming of the London play about a mousy girl who can sing like Judy Garland. Jane Horrocks, Brenda Blethyn and Michael Caine star. **★★**

October Sky (See review) A genuine feel-good movie based on the real story of a boy who became obsessed with rocketry in the late Fifties. **★★**

Playing by Heart (See review) Sean Connery and an all-star cast populate this uneven multiepisodic film about relationships. **★★**

Rushmore (See review) A charmingly offbeat comedy about a nerdy superstudent. **★★½**

Shakespeare in Love (Listed only) A delicious speculation on how Will Shakespeare came to write *Romeo and Juliet*, with an ideally cast Joseph Fiennes and Gwyneth Paltrow. **★★**

Tango (See review) Art and life intermingle as a choreographer becomes involved with his lead dancer. **★★½**

The Theory of Flight (See review) Kenneth Branagh and Helena Bonham Carter give weight to the forced whimsy of this story. **★★½**

The Thin Red Line (See review) Terrence Malick's film about the battle of Guadalcanal is a must-see. **★★½**

★★★★ Don't miss ★★ Worth a look
★★★ Good show ★ Forget it

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT



"I thought that *Titanic* was just great," says *NYPD Blue*'s Kim Delaney. "It's a spectacle. But underneath it all, it's a simple love story, one that really breaks your heart. I don't necessarily tend toward love stories. I like real emotions and dramas. I thought *Chasing Amy*

was great, *Good Will Hunting* was amazing and I really liked *A Thousand Acres*. I adore Jessica Lange—to me, she can do no wrong. Every time she opens her mouth or just shows up, she's wonderful. Two of my favorites are *Frances* and *Sweet Dreams*. I like character-oriented movies. I enjoy watching how people handle their relationships. But I also love movies like *Liar, Liar*. I love Jim Carrey."

—SUSAN KARLIN

A HIGHER CALLING

We hope Eddie Murphy went to confession after making that bomb *Holy Man*, for what it's worth, now on video. Murphy plays a TV mystic who can't get an "amen"—or a laugh. We like it better when being saintly has a dark side.

The Apostle (1997): Director Robert Duvall plays raving evangelist Euliss "Sonny" Dewey, who falls from grace with Farrah Fawcett and Miranda Richardson. What's wrong with this cleric?

Wise Blood (1979): A crown of barbed wire is just one of the extremes nutty preacher Hazel Motes (crazy-eyed Brad Dourif) uses to promote his Church Without Christ. Director John Huston raises holy hell with Flannery O'Connor's twisted story.

Pale Rider (1985): The black-hatted bad guys in this classic Western are "unforgiven" and dispatched to Hades by gun-slinging man of the cloth Preacher (snarly Clint Eastwood at his finest).

Pass the Ammo (1988): Cunning Reverend Tim Curry has his televangelist show hijacked on the air by Bill Paxton (only to see the ratings go up and the money pour in) in this satire of Pray TV.

Leap of Faith (1992): Phony faith healer Jonas Nightingale (Steve Martin) lays hands on curvy Lolita Davidovich and raises more than the dead, if you know what we mean.

The Night of the Hunter (1955): Psychopathic hillbilly preacher Robert Mitchum—who has HATE and LOVE tattooed on his

knuckles—is convinced God wants him to smite "perfume-smellin' things, lacy things, things with curly hair."

Fall From Grace (1990): The sordid tale of TV holy man Jim Bakker and the affair he has with Jessica Hahn—while wife Tammy Faye looks on through globs of mascara. Kevin Spacey, in an early performance, rocks as Bakker.

Priest (1994): Father Greg (Linus Roache) wrestles with his conscience—and his boyfriend—in this British profile of a cleric who wears a collar with steel bondage studs.

I Confess (1953): Priest Montgomery Clift hears a confession of murder in, well, confession. But church rules say he can't tell detective Karl Malden, and the clues begin pointing toward Father Clift. Great story, but director Alfred Hitchcock's heart isn't in it.

Crimes of Passion (1984): Deranged street preacher Anthony Perkins spends his tithe on schizo prostitute China Blue (Kathleen Turner, wearing an assortment of provocative costumes) in an effort to save her soul. He should have saved his money. Look for the steamier unrated version.

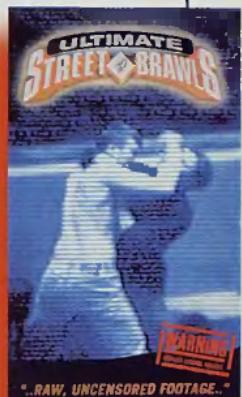
—BUZZ MCCLAIN

LASER FARE

When it comes to double features, we think of nonfiction and fiction as two great tastes that go great together. Especially this month, when director Bernardo Bertolucci's seminal art-house drama **Last Tango in Paris** (1973) arrived on DVD (MGM, \$25) the very afternoon we'd screened **The Story of X**, Chuck Work-

GUILTY PLEASURE OF THE MONTH

In an era of lowered standards, reality videos stand tall. *Cops: Too Hot for TV!* has inspired a bunch of tapes made by police, security cameras and citizen voyeurs. The genre of reality videos elevates stupidity to an art form. At only 40 minutes—despite lots of repeated footage—*Ultimate Street Brawls* (Reality) still packs a punch. The dash-cam pursuits of *World's Scariest Police Chases* make you wonder who's dumber: the cops or the criminals. *Real TV: Extreme and Uncensored* (Real Entertainment) may be cruel, but it has a transcendent imbecility.



...RAW, UNCENSORED FOOTAGE...

man's fascinating history of adult film. Naturally, the controversial *Tango* figures in the latter, with Marlon Brando getting proper credit for putting art ahead of the stigma then (and, to some extent, still) associated with appearing in an X-rated production. But the documentary's brief clips don't do justice to either Brando's extraordinary performance or Bertolucci's deeply felt storytelling, presented in its wide-screen glory on DVD.

—GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER	
MOOD	MOVIE
COMEDY	<i>Love and Death on Long Island</i> (John Hurt pulls a weird Pygmalion on teen idol Jason Priestley; subtle delights), <i>Slums of Beverly Hills</i> (in 90210's poorest, zaniest Jewish family, Natasha Lyonne has just-grown breasts; madcap brilliance).
ACTION	<i>Blade</i> (Eurotrash vampire doomsday unravels around comic-book Nosferatu Wesley Snipes), <i>Snake Eyes</i> (Atlantic City assassination and conspiracy bedevil sleazoid cop Nicolas Cage; director Brion De Polma goes nutty).
SLEEPER	<i>A Friend of the Deceased</i> (despairing cuckold with death wish has second thoughts; dry Ukrainian satire), <i>Return to Paradise</i> (Vince Vaughn's buddy dies unless he goes back to Penang to share a bum rap; affecting, if a tad too earnest).
ROMANCE	<i>Next Stop Wonderland</i> (it takes forever for a Boston nurse to recognize the right, if quirky, guy; can't-miss fairy-tale date flick), <i>Death Takes a Holiday</i> (Grim Reaper Fredric March tries humanity, finds love; ot long lost on video).
MUSIC	<i>Why Do Fools Fall in Love</i> (bigamist Fifties pop phenom Frankie Lymon, through his wives' eyes; you won't pity the poor fools), <i>54</i> (retro disco failure is no <i>Boogie Nights</i> , but Mike Myers is riveting as club owner Steve Rubell).

CAMEL



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MUSIC

ROCK

WHAT DOES the word supposed refer to in Alanis Morissette's *Supposed Former Infatuation Junkie* (Maverick)? Is Morissette formerly an infatuation junkie or is she a junkie addicted to former infatuations? In either case, we're looking at her as she looks at an array of boyfriends. She has a huge talent for throwing a flashlight on normally unilluminated moments in relationships. The music goes through as many shifts as the lyrics do: quiet and introspective one moment, swirling and terrifying the next. But it's her self-consciousness that draws you into her intense world. Take *Are You Still Mad?*, in which she lists a whole bunch of things she did to a boyfriend, things that would annoy anyone interested in keeping his balls. Then she answers, of course you're still mad. Is that honesty? Is that condescension? Is that supposed former infatuation junkieness? All of the above.

From Texas, home of all the great American power trios, Honky hammers its riffs with demented fury on its self-titled debut (Honest Abe's Custom Records). Great for setting the mood at parties, but you might want a metal detector at the door.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

Seven years ago, brothers Chris and Rich Robinson of Atlanta's Black Crowes fired their lead guitarist, brawled in the studio and emerged with an underrated masterpiece, *The Southern Harmony and Musical Companion*. Despite their label as Rolling Stones clones, the Crowes managed to blend churning Stones rhythms with huge Led Zep-style riffs. And their healthy obsession with R&B and gospel provided emotional punch. But on their next two albums they came across as a noodling, psychedelic jam band. In 1997 the Crowes again fired their lead guitarist, had the traditional brotherly punch-up in the studio and finally got their groove back. *By Your Side* (Columbia) is a funky return to form. Robinson's vocals sound thin as he competes with the raging guitars, and the tempos are a bit frantic. Still, it's a major step in the right direction. The Crowes' first four albums have been remixed and reissued as a boxed set, *Sho' Nuff*, with bonus tracks and a live EP. It's worth picking up just for *Shake Your Moneymaker* and *The Southern Companion*.

Bruce Springsteen is such a perfectionist that he often records twice as many tracks as he needs for an album. What happens to the leftovers? A partial if not entirely satisfying answer is provided by *Tracks* (Columbia), which offers four CDs featuring 56 previously unreleased masters and ten rare B-sides. Springsteen has said that many of these songs didn't fit the mood of a particu-



Alanis: *Infatuation Junkie*.

nik spoken word. With its heart in the streets, this is for grown-ups who haven't given up the hard stuff.

—DAVE MARSH

FOLK

On 1996's *Odelay*, Beck catapulted into platinum sales with a detached mix of hip-hop-sampling folk, and was lauded as a champion of postmodern irony and indirection. It's understandable, then, that his fans regard *Mutations* (DGC) as a throwaway. Postmodern it ain't. With Beck singing and playing over a gentle studio pickup band that rarely uses a synthesizer, this is folk-rock, pure and simple. It sounds as if he's keeping up with the times when folk roots are being reimagined all the way back to Woody Guthrie. The album's lyrics can get woozy and depressing, but the directness of its arrangements and song structures is comfortable, the way old forms are supposed to be. Postmodernists who know what's good for them will learn to enjoy it—even if it means consorting with the uncool.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

A fix from Alanis, the Black Crowes fly and Beck mutates.

lar album, and that's certainly true. But many are also second class. The fourth CD, with 14 unreleased songs from the Nineties, makes this set a must-buy. Recorded mostly in Los Angeles, disc four is truly the great lost Springsteen album. On scorching rockers such as *Seven Angels* and heart-stirring ballads such as *Loose Change* and *Happy*, his songwriting and vocal performances are soulful, compelling and mature.

—VIC GARBARINI

It's tempting to label Pearl Jam's *Live on Two Legs* (Epic) for fans only and marvel that it includes a version of *Black*, a great song the band rarely plays, and leave it at that. But this single disc of 16 songs, recorded on Pearl Jam's 1998 tour, also serves as the best introduction to its music. It draws attention to the rock-solid songs Eddie Vedder wrote, and highlights his drone, which functions as a third guitar to complement Stone Gossard's riffs and Mike McCready's leads. It establishes new drummer Matt Cameron (the fourth since 1991) as the band's steadiest and the most complementary to propulsive bassist Jeff Ament. More than anything, Pearl Jam live is a reminder that rock and roll is about freedom—the freedom to keep on *Fuckin' Up*, as expressed in its version of Neil Young's song.

Wayne Kramer has resumed his duties as a general in the guitar army with *LLMF* (Epitaph). This live album features basic punk rock, atonal jazz screech and beat-

RAP

Hip-hop albums have escalated their pretensions. A recent example is Timbaland's *Tim's Bio: From the Motion Picture: Life From da Bassment* (Atlantic). Pretentious or not, the innovative producer and performer is on firm ground in the studio, where his multiple drumbeats and polyrhythmic keyboards define the leading edge of commercial hip-hop and R&B. On these 18 tracks, his regular crew (Missy Elliott, Ginuwine and Aaliyah) make only guest appearances. But it's the new collaborations that excite. Nas works over Timbaland's beat on *To My*, while two rookie females, Mocha and Babe Blue, display skills on *What Cha Know About This*. The highlight is *Lobster and Scrimp*, a funky workout that Jay-Z laces with funny rhymes.

Cypress Hill's *IV* (Columbia) is consistent but uninspired. Nothing grabs you, though *Dead Men Tell No Tales* and *Prelude to a Come-Up*, featuring MC Eiht, are quality cuts.

—NELSON GEORGE

Insisting that his hustling tales are drawn from life, New York rapper Jay-Z honors the gangsta ethos way too much to suit a law-abiding square like me, and I found 1997's *In My Lifetime* easy to ignore. But the smash *Vol. 2: Hard Knock Life* (Def Jam) is hard to deny. This time, the beats are out front where the rest of us can enjoy them. The audacious *Annie* sample made the title cut a hit. The keyboard work of co-producer Swizz Beats shows signs that he listens to Philip Glass

and Steve Reich. And whatever Jay-Z's moral values, the man knows how to put words together and say them real fast.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

GOSPEL

On *Looking Back: A Retrospective* (DCC), the Dixie Hummingbirds remind us that they invented group harmony as we know it. Ira Tucker's lead vocals influenced Bobby Bland, Curtis Mayfield and Stevie Wonder. Guitarist Howard Carroll has been called gospel's answer to B.B. King. On these 15 tracks, including *Christian Automobile*, *Our Prayer for Peace* and *When the Dollar Rules the Pulpit*, you'll never hear greater gospel. —DAVE MARSH

JAZZ

Ray Anderson has played wild-assed avant-garde trombone. So when he indulges his two guilty pleasures—blues and funk—he's used to breaking rules. On *Funkorific* (Enja), the hyperexpressive Anderson unveils his new Lapis Lazuli Band. It's a gem, starring avant-soul keyboardist Amina Claudine Myers and the overlooked guitarist Jerome Harris. Myers alternately preaches and seduces from the organ, and she purrs along with the leader's growling vocals on songs about overactive minds (*Monkey Talk*) and middle-aged love (*Damaged But Good*). —NEIL TESSER

There's a controversy in our office about jazz singer-pianist Diana Krall. Is she the good turtle shirt or merely the mock? Those who love her—the famed trendspotter Joe Dolce, for example—speak in the language of her liner notes: "Her voice is champagne when the bubbles first hit the throat." Then there's the equally estimable musicologist Leo Froehlich, who thinks she's an "ersatz jazz pianist, on the lightweight side of Harry Connick Jr." What's undeniable is that she's blonde and Canadian and appealing, a singing piano player whose music is recognizably jazz. After listening to all of her recorded music, we offer the opinion that, yes, she can bring it some. Her voice is musical and she has range; but she doesn't need to work on effects so much. Her phrasing is often shaky—maybe they don't teach internal rhymes in Canada. But sometimes she can really sell a song, especially less familiar ones. Check out *Peel Me a Grape* on *Love Scene* (Impulse) or *Frim Fram Sauce* on *Stepping Out* (GRP). Krall can get down with the smoky voice thing, but there isn't enough sex, er, jazz at the center of her music. She's a little more patient and intelligent on her earlier CDs than the new ones. We'll call that the Bette Midler effect. In sum, we're glad she's arriving, but we're not going to give up our Dinah Washington records.

FAST TRACKS



ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Beck <i>Mutations</i>	8	6	6	6	6
Black Crowes <i>By Your Side</i>	6	7	7	7	7
Alanis Morissette <i>Supposed Former Infatuation Junkie</i>	8	9	7	8	7
Pearl Jam <i>Live on Two Legs</i>	7	8	9	8	8
Timbaland <i>Tim's Bio</i>	7	5	7	8	6

BETTER FED THAN TED DEPARTMENT: Ted Nugent was hit with a ball of tofu while playing *Purple Haze* at Los Angeles' House of Blues. Was it the work of an animal activist or a Jimi Hendrix fan?

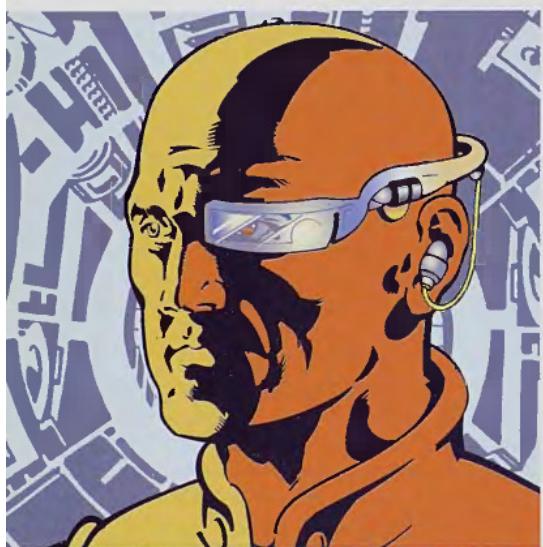
REELING AND ROCKING: Whitney Houston plans to star opposite Will Smith in the romantic comedy *Anything for You*. She will also co-produce a film about the Civil War that may have a part for hubby Bobby Brown. . . . Former Tribe Called Quester Q-Tip is writing a film script. . . . Brandy and Diana Ross perform at least six songs in the TV movie *Double Platinum* which will air on ABC in May. Brandy is also doing a TV movie, *The Whole Truth*, with her brother Ray J. . . . Radiohead's documentary, *Meeting People Is Easy*, has already been released in the UK and will be available in the U.S. this year. It includes footage from the 1997-1998 tour. Look for a new album, too. . . . Primus' Les Claypool, fresh from a second home video, *Videoplasty*, has formed an independent film company in California. Its first project is *South of the Pump*, a Claypool-penned thriller.

NEWSBREAKS: John Lennon's old friend David Bowie plans to celebrate Lennon's 60th birthday in October 2000 with a tribute album. Bowie has already recorded *Mother* for the disc. . . . Feeling creaky? This year marks the 30th anniversary of the *Alice's Restaurant* movie based on Arlo Guthrie's song. . . . U2 hopes its next CD (to be released in the winter of 1999) won't have the same hype that *Pop* did. Edge says, "People started making judgments before they even heard it." Don't expect a world tour, no matter how well the CD is received. Edge said, "We're going to wait a while before making another commitment." . . . Look for arcane but amus-

ing rock trivia in the zine *Oop* (get yours for \$2 cash, 4454 Pennfield Road, Toledo, OH 43612). Pull out your copy of the Stones' 1969 concert album *Get Your Ya-Yas Out* and listen for the girl in the audience shouting, "Paint It Black. Paint It Black, you devils." Then pick up *Oop* and read Joey Harrison's account of going to the concert with his cousin Rachel, the shouter in question. Joey is famous for 15 minutes, but Rachel is famous forever. . . . Bruce Springsteen still isn't saying if the E Street Band will get together for a tour, but then again, he's not ruling it out. . . . The last time Celine Dion announced she was taking a year off, she recorded two albums and toured the world. As of New Year's Eve, Celine will be taking another year off. Who knows what'll happen. . . . If you log on to marilynmanson.net, you can buy a Marilyn Manson bomber jacket and mechanical animals—whatever they might look like. . . . Motley Crue's store on Melrose Avenue in Los Angeles, S'Crue, described by Tommy Lee as "rock and roll's 7-Eleven from hell," sells merchandise from the band's tours. It's decorated with 18 years of rock and roll memorabilia, so it's worth a look even if you don't get a tattoo. Tommy Lee says people congratulate him on his fabled sex tape with ex-wife Pamela Anderson and even ask him to autograph the video. "Why would somebody say that?" he wonders. . . . Glastonbury, Europe's largest annual rock festival, has risen out of the mud. This June, more than 80,000 people will boogie on higher ground. Look for big-name acts. . . . Madonna's late-night TV game show *Truth or Dare* will debut this fall. . . . Look for the Bob Marley theme park now open at Universal Studios in Orlando. Weird, mon. —BARBARA NELLIS

SMALL TALK

In the battle to create the world's smallest computer, IBM recently unveiled its edge—a fully functioning unit housed in stereo headphones. The device combines a hip pack containing a 233-megahertz processor, a one-inch hard drive and a battery. But the kicker is a color liquid crystal display that's no bigger than a postage stamp. It's attached to the headphones and positioned on a thin arm that wraps around the front of the face. The LCD is so close to your eye that, despite its size, it's like viewing a 26-inch monitor. Wisely, the hardware surrounding it is translucent, which helps you to see where you're going when



you're not computing. Voice-recognition software lets you tell the PC what to do via a microphone in the headset. There is also a small Track Point controller if you find yourself at a loss for words. And there are no compatibility problems. This mobile wonder runs Windows 98 and all that software. IBM expects it to be on sale in Japan late this year but has no word yet on the name, the price or when it will arrive Stateside.

—JONATHAN TAKIFF

NET TUNES

A technology called MP3 has music fans more eager than ever to nab tunes off the Internet. Though the actual downloading process is time-consuming, MP3 software shrinks audio files to as little as a twelfth of their original size while maintaining near-CD-quality sound. The downloaded music will take up less hard-drive space and can be transferred (via parallel port cable) to new portable and car stereo MP3 players. The first portable MP3 unit is Diamond Multimedia's Rio PMP 300 (\$200), a pager-sized personal stereo

that boasts no moving parts. The Rio saves about an hour's worth of tunes internally and uses removable flash-memory cards for additional storage. Samsung has introduced its own portable MP3 unit, as have a slew of lesser-known companies. Now for the controversy: The Recording Industry Association of America fears MP3 will be a boon for pirates and is fighting it. To help ease the way, Diamond Multimedia has agreed to add copyright protection to its Rio units. That way owners can download music but won't be able to duplicate their recordings.

—J.T.

TEN MINUTES TO WAPNER

A computer program stands accused of illegally practicing law in Texas. Yes, you read that right. A subcommittee of the Texas Supreme Court is suing Parsons Technology, the publisher of Quicken Family Lawyer, under a Depression-era law meant to protect lawyers from unaccredited competitors. Self-help legal-aid software is a burgeoning \$10 million a year industry that the court views as a threat to traditional means of counsel. But Lone Star lawyers may have met their match: Berkeley, California-based



BORIS ZHEDAN

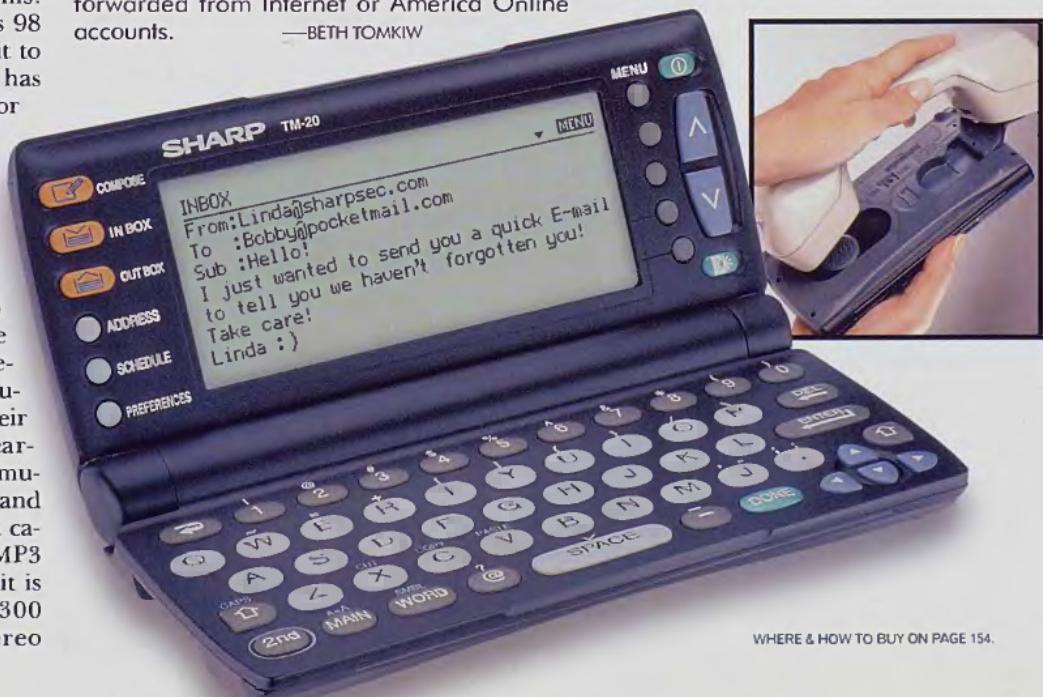
Nolo Press (a company whose motto is "Don't feed the lawyers. Just say Nolo.") has been notified that its product, Living Trust Maker, is also under review and is facing a similar unauthorized-practice lawsuit. Nolo, whose Web site, nolo.com, features 20 categories of lawyer jokes along with plenty of useful legal information, went directly to the Texas Supreme Court and filed a countersuit. The case is pending, and we're laughing.

—JOSHUA GREEN

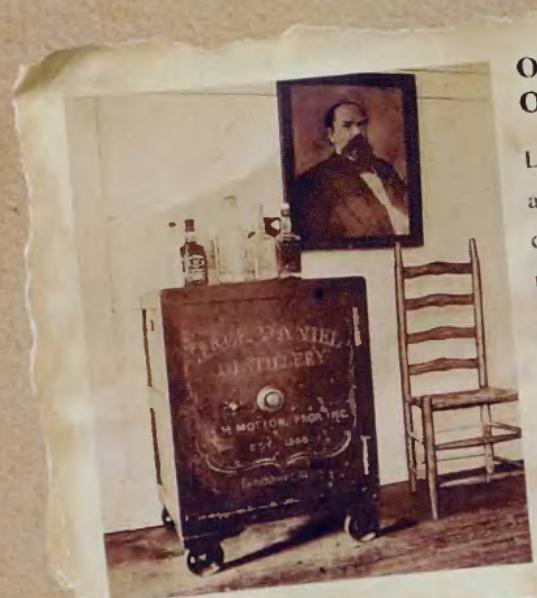
WILD THINGS

E-mail addicts will appreciate the convenience of Sharp's new TelMail TM-20, a palm-sized gadget that lets you send and receive messages of up to 4000 characters from the road—no phone jacks required. Here's how the TM-20 works: Just hold the TelMail unit against the handset of any touch-tone phone (as demonstrated in the photo inset). Then dial a toll-free number and wait a few seconds while a series of acoustic signals sends and receives messages and delivers faxes. The device doubles as an organizer with a calendar and address book. The price: \$150, plus \$9.95 per month, which covers the cost of a personal e-mail address and all transmissions, including messages forwarded from Internet or America Online accounts.

—BETH TOMKIE



★ EVEN IF YOU DON'T ★ CRACK JACK'S SAFE, AT LEAST YOU'LL LIVE TO TELL ABOUT IT.



OLD SAFE PROVES UNDOING OF MR. JACK DANIEL

Lynchburg, TN — An infection incurred during a run-in with his office safe has gotten the best of Mr. Jasper Newton Daniel. A few years back, the old safe refused to cooperate with the renowned distiller, who thought he knew the combination well. Mr. Jack lost his temper and kicked the safe hard enough to break his big toe, resulting in an infection which has now run its full course. Mr. Jack founded the distillery which bears his name in 1866. His whiskey took first prize at th

WIN A CHANCE TO CRACK JACK'S SAFE. YOU COULD WIN A TRIP TO LYNCHBURG, TENNESSEE AND A SHOT AT WHAT'S INSIDE MR. JACK'S SAFE, OR OTHER PRIZES. LOOK FOR DETAILS ON JACK DANIEL'S DISPLAYS AT PARTICIPATING RETAILERS OR AT WWW.JACKDANIELS.COM.



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Your friends at Jack Daniel's remind you to drink responsibly.

Tennessee Whiskey • 40-43% alcohol by volume (80-86 proof) • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Proprietor, Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352 • Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

LIVING ONLINE

MUSIC MUSIC MUSIC

Last Friday, I became an MP3 music pirate. It wasn't hard. First, I went to billboard.com and looked up the name of the current number-one single: *Doo Wop (That Thing)*, by Lauryn Hill. Next, I went to scour.net (a multimedia search engine) and looked for audio files matching "lauryn+hill+wop." More than a thousand different pirate sites offered the song in MP3 format, which squeezes songs to a twelfth the size of an audio CD file (or about a megabyte per minute of music).

I clicked the first link on scour.net—"Error." Either I didn't have permission to access the site, or the site had already folded up and moved on. Same with the second, third, fourth and fifth links. I hit pay dirt on the sixth link. The five-megabyte file started flowing onto my hard disk. Fifteen minutes later I was listening to the song from my laptop speakers, using a shareware MP3 player I got from winamp.com (macamp.com offers players for Apple users). If I had a CD burner (around \$200, and dropping by the month) I could burn the song onto my own audio CD.

Or, if I had the Walkman-like MP3 player from Diamond, called the Rio (also around \$200, see diamondmm.com), I could listen to the song anywhere. Samsung—the South Korean electronics giant—is going to bring out an MP3 reader the size of a credit card. It will be called Yepp, as in yep, I get some cool music here. There are reports about other companies and other models, although many manufacturers have been hesitant to antagonize the recording industry. Imagine the dilemma for Sony, which is now a music industry force. Will they resist MP3, or decide to manufacture a state-of-the-art version of a Walkman for the new digital technology?

Searching for pirated MP3s delivers an illicit thrill the first couple times you try it, but after a while the dead-link factor kills the fun. A better way to get music on the Net is from legal MP3 sites. Plenty of songs from labels and bands who want exposure are offered at mp3.com. I downloaded Kansas' *Dust in the Wind* just to see if it sounded as overwrought and silly today as it did in the

Seventies. (Yep.) You can also buy MP3 tracks from new and old artists starting at a buck apiece at sites such as goodnoise.com and nordiccdms.com. Look for the major labels to join the MP3 fray soon, too.

LET YOUR SHOPPING AGENT DO THE WALKING

It's easier than ever to spend your money online. Fortunately, it's also easier to save money. To find the best deal on computer equipment, consumer electronics, sporting goods, flowers, cigars, books and CDs, try a shopping agent. These Web-based programs crawl retailers' sites, recording the prices of the items offered and storing them in their



HAVE A FREEMAIL FLING

If you want to send and receive e-mail when you travel but don't want to lug a laptop with you, get a Web-based e-mail account. Hotmail (hotmail.com) and most of the hubs (Yahoo, Excite, Lycos) offer free e-mail. You can log in at a cybercafe in Kuala Lumpur or an apartment in Soho—wherever there's a computer connected to the Net. Because freemail can be used anonymously, it's a perfect way to swap fantasies on alt.sex.stories or have an online romance without fear that your electronic love affair will show up on the Drudge Report (drudgereport.com) with your name attached to it.

SCORE A PAD THE SMART WAY

You've heard the Internet saves money because it eliminates the middleman. The truth is, the Net has created a whole new class of middlemen, called infomediaries. But this time, it's a good thing. Say you're in the market for a house. An infomediary such as Home Shark (homeshark.com) can find a good rate in your state for a lower fee than you'd pay an offline mortgage broker. You can also comparison shop for the best rates offered by more than 1300 lenders at Mortgage-Quotes (mortgagequotes.com). After your loan rate is locked in, go hunting for a home at Realtor.com (realtor.com), which lists more than 1 million houses in the U.S.

SEARCHING FOR A GOOD TIME? CLICK HERE

databases. Visit an agent site (try shopfind.com, bottomdollar.com or jango.com) and enter a description of the thing you covet. In a few seconds, you'll be presented with a list of online merchants that offer the item, along with the prices plus links to retailers. One glitch that we've come across—a \$10 book ordered through bottomdollar.com arrived with an invoice for \$25 (although the credit card was charged the proper advertised rate). And here's a shopping timesaver: eWallet (ewallet.com). It's a virtual billfold that stores your name, address and payment information. It saves you from having to enter all those keystrokes each time you purchase something online.

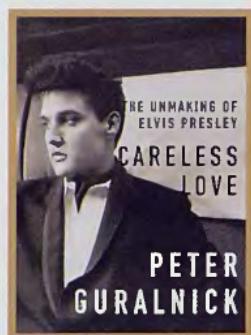
Online city-entertainment guides are getting better, so much so that you can make weekly plans without consulting a newspaper. The beauty of online guides is the search feature. If you've just flown to Austin and get a hankering for shellfish, Citysearch (citysearch.com) will give you ten oyster bars in town. Once you've eaten, you can find out which of the 21 adult entertainment establishments is closest to your hotel. Microsoft's Sidewalk (sidewalk.com) has a clunkier interface, but offers more services, plus a number of ways to focus your search for a fabulous night. —MARK FRAUENFELDER

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

BOOKS

HEARTBREAK HOTEL

Careless Love (Little, Brown) is the second and final volume of Peter Guralnick's biography of Elvis. In the first, 1994's *Last Train to Memphis*, Guralnick depended on interviews with people who knew the American pop icon; their memories enliven the narrative. *Careless Love* relies on the many as-told-to books that have been written about Presley and suffers from the sordid and claustrophobic tone of most of them. Guralnick's original intention was to write a book that would serve as an antidote to Albert Goldman's 1981 *Elvis*, which was informed by contempt for its subject. *Last Train* appealed because it was the story of the rise of a poor but honest and decent boy. It



must have been a joyless pursuit for Guralnick to compile testimony for the current volume, which presents Presley as a child molester, an inveterate adulterer, a weaver of homicidal plots, a coward who attacks women and sucker punches his closest friends, and a drug addict. The last charge, at least, is open to question but isn't questioned by the author. Many of Guralnick's sources—including Presley's doctor George Nichopoulos—are familiar to me. He quotes as authoritative James Cole and Charles Thompson's deeply flawed and sensationalized book *The Death of Elvis: What Really Happened*. A large number of people, each with his own ambitions, have insisted that Presley's death was caused by polypharmacy. But the facts—the position of the body, the amounts and kinds of drugs found in the body—don't support that conclusion. Presley's impact on popular music was profound, and his life was tragically unfulfilled. Sam Phillips, Elvis' first record producer, said at the time of Elvis' death, "I think it's entirely possible to die of a broken heart, and I think that was a contributing factor." In the end, Guralnick has made it even more difficult for us to see the real man.

—STANLEY BOOTH

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

Balzac! Zola! Dickens! Wolfe? Ever since Tom Wolfe's second novel, *A Man in Full* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), was published last November, critics have busied themselves assessing whether Wolfe is America's most astute social critic—and whether his novelistic achievements are equal to those we have singled out with Wolfian exclamation points. Does the book have substantial and enduring artistic merits or is it merely an entertainment of a high order? Certainly, Wolfe is our most adept observer of social behavior from the Sixties through the Nineties. He has now focused his genius for comic realism on our precarious condition. *A Man* is magnificent. This sprawling book is nominally about Atlanta, race and real estate, but it is really about the state of America as we approach the millennium. But interestingly—and confounding to those who dismissed *Bonfire of the Vanities* as brilliant but mean-spirited—Wolfe has added compassion to this story. And that makes his literary flourishes and stylistic pyrotechnics seem all the more real and dazzling.

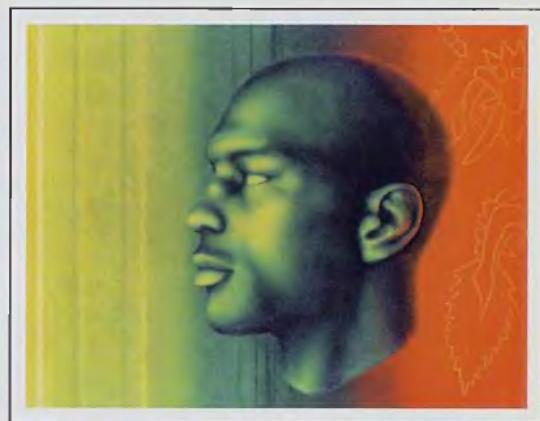


Dave Calver

AIR FARE

If you were hoping to see the private side of Michael Jordan, you won't find very much of it in David Halberstam's *Playing for Keeps: Michael Jordan and the World He Made* (Random House). The most famous sports figure (perhaps the most famous person) in the world has kept his personal life to himself, either to preserve a last vestige of privacy or simply to save his innermost self for his own retirement autobiography. Halberstam, the consummate American postwar cultural reporter, pursues Jordan relentlessly, using the if-you-won't-tell-me-anything-I'll-interview-everybody-who-ever-knew-you method of journalism. The result is an exhaustive study of the concentric circles of Michael's life, a journey that gives more insight into the Jerrys (Reinsdorf and Krause), Davids (Falk and Stern), coaches (Dean Smith, Doug Collins, Phil Jackson) and teammates (Rodman, Pippen, Kukoc) than it does into Jordan. The closest that Halberstam gets to his subject is in his descriptions of Michael's white-hot competitiveness—whether on a basketball court, baseball diamond or golf course or in a card game. It's a competitiveness that can be vengeful, even cruel. But if you've watched Michael play, observing him closely, you already know that. Halberstam delivers much of Michael's world but not enough of the man.

—GARY COLE

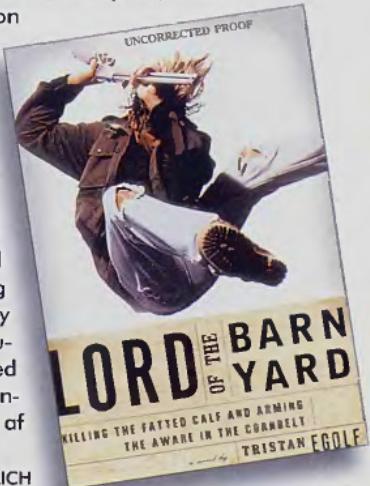


PAINTING BY ED PASCHKE

SOME GUYS HAVE ALL THE LUCK

It sounds implausible. A 26-year-old writer has his novel rejected by 70 American publishers. Then, while playing guitar one cold day on a bridge in Paris, he meets the daughter of a prestigious French publisher. After his novel receives critical acclaim in Europe, the writer finds an American publisher and, no doubt, a lucrative Hollywood deal. That's what has happened to Tristan Egolf. *Lord of the Barnyard* (Grave)—his debut novel, initially deemed unworthy of the American market—is occasionally turgid and awkward. The writing can be labored. But Egolf rewards diligent readers with a mock epic of events in Baker, a small corn-belt town. Barnyard is a darkly comic tale of lawlessness and brigandage set in motion by a garbage strike. It details the Job-like series of catastrophes, bad breaks and raw deals visited upon John Kaltenbrunner, who heroically leads disenfranchised trash collectors in a devastating work stoppage. Midwestern piety and virtue are revealed to be nothing more than hypocrisy and rat. With a ferocity reminiscent of Twain, Egolf unveils the townspeople of Baker as "a hysterical mob of naked apes and misanthropes." Featuring a chaotic cast of river rats, poultry workers and sundry small-town troublemakers—various people stupefied by clockwork labor—*Lord of the Barnyard* is an impressive expression of the indomitable human spirit.

—LEOPOLD FROELICH



FITNESS

TRAINING FOR DISTANCE

BY JOE DOLCE

I've never played on a team or considered myself athletic. Hell, I've never stepped inside a sports bar. But last winter I became obsessed with the idea of seriously training for a sport. So I signed up to cycle in the Boston-New York AIDS Ride—three days, 275 miles, eight to 12 hours a day in the saddle on steep hills. My brain and my butt told me no, but my heart said go. I needed to connect with something bigger than myself. I needed the challenge. It was spring. I was feeling energetic. It was time to get outside.

Though I've been a gym rat for the past ten years—lifting weights and doing duty on the stationary bike and treadmill—I knew hard muscles and aerobic fitness weren't going to be enough. I had to build stamina.

THE THEORY

In strength training, the object is to build muscle mass, quicken nerve activation and increase the ability of muscles to contract under maximum stress—you know, a car falls on your foot and you want to hoist it off *right now*. Endurance training enables muscle to use oxygen more efficiently, so it can recover quickly and keep pumping. According to my personal trainer, Dan Oppenheimer, there are three principles one must observe when building endurance:

Specificity of training. If you're prepping for a bike race, get in the saddle and push those pedals. If it's a marathon, hit the road. Each sport uses different muscles. Lifting weights, swimming or shooting hoops can't substitute for cycling to build the glutes, hamstrings and quadriceps.

Progressive overload. If you can lift 15 pounds but don't attempt anything heavier, you'll never get stronger. The body adapts to reasonable amounts of stress, which you must consistently increase to gain power. In cycling this means faster rpms and bigger hills.

Goal setting. Don't be vague about what you must accomplish. Cycling 275 miles in three days is a lot different from cycling ten miles in one hour. Your body adapts to the demands placed on it. Know your goal and stay focused.

THE TRAINING

Never attempt something this dramatic—and potentially traumatic—without proper training. The goal is to push your body, to familiarize it with the pain of long distance exertion in order to minimize surprises during the actual event. Aside from getting you through the race, the benefits of endurance training include increased bone mass, more resilient tendons, greater amounts of blood pumped through the heart, lower blood pressure and lower cholesterol. Give yourself at least four months to work up to the challenge. Here's how I

prepped with the aid of my trainer:

Month one. Experts urge you to first get a physical exam to assess your baseline heart rate, determine how past injuries might impact your performance and discuss possible future problems. If you're fortunate, as I was, your doctor will give you a clean bill of health along with a check toward your fund-raising goal.

Once you're deemed fit, the key to building endurance is to systematically increase your training base so you can increase the rate at which oxygen gets to your muscles. Most plans encourage you to up your distance by ten percent each week. When I began, I comfortably rode 20 miles a day on flat terrain. By month four, I planned to cycle two 50-mile segments back-to-back.

It hurt at first. My groin developed serious road rash, and the pressure on my urethra caused a feeling of pins and needles in my penis that could last for days. My legs wobbled and my shoulders ached from leaning on the handlebars. Still, it was liberating to be out of the gym and on the road. I was seeing parts of New York State that aren't on maps.

I soon learned that the best information comes from people who practice the sport. One local bike mechanic gave me detailed route maps and recommended cycling shorts with no stitching in the crotch padding (they're less rash-inducing and much more comfortable). Other tidbits: Cycling shirts wick away perspiration and keep you drier, and certain saddles have holes that minimize pressure on the urethra. After one grueling ride left my shoulders and neck seriously out of whack, another mechanic raised my handlebars three quarters of an inch and solved the problem.

Be sure to ask questions, especially of experienced cyclists. They know secrets that might take you months to figure out on your own.

Months two and three—the difficult middle zone. A little physiology: When muscles work, they produce lactic acid, the stuff that causes pain, muscle burn and stiffness. Stamina training increases the body's ability to use lactic acid for short bursts and then clear it out of the bloodstream quickly by delivering extra oxygen to the cells. You'll know you need more training if you grind up a big hill and your muscles burn to such a degree that you have to pull over and rest.

In order to expand the *(concluded on page 165)*



DAVID GORDON

BIKERS BEWARE

Four years ago, Pedram Salimpour, a sex researcher at Boston University School of Medicine, observed that many of his patients with sexual dysfunction—young, healthy men with no apparent physical or psychological traumas—had something else in common: Each had either slammed his penis against the seat or cross-

bar of a bike or had completed a long ride. Studies of the perineum, the area between the anus and the scrotum, showed that most of these impotent cyclists had a blocked or damaged cavernosal artery, which normally delivers blood to the penis.

A survey comparing runners and cyclists found that the cy-

clists were four times as likely to be impotent.

According to Salimpour, there are three things you can do to treat cycling-related impotence: (1) Take Viagra to open blood vessels and allow more blood flow. (2) Have a vasodilator, which causes the muscles to relax so blood can flow more easily, injected into

your penis. (Most recipients say the procedure causes little pain.) (3) Have a microvascular arterial bypass, in which an artery is surgically attached on the other side of the blocked or damaged artery.

For more information regarding treatment, consult a urologist.

—J.D.



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By ASA BABER

It was past midnight when the call came from Washington, D.C. I was working on my taxes so I answered the phone irritably. "Yeah?" I said.

"Is Asa Barber there?" a distinctly nonhuman voice said.

"I'm Asa Barber," I said.

"My name is Zen Forward-Slash G3 DotCom. Just call me Zen for short."

"What's the problem?"

"Your report to the SRS is due."

"Are you with the IRS?"

"No. I'm with the SRS. Also known as the Sexual Revenue Service."

"The Sexual Revenue Service? I've never heard of it," I said.

"Well, we've heard of you."

"Are you a computer? You sound suspiciously like a computer."

"I am so much more than a computer, Mr. Beeber," Zen said. "But stop stalling. Where are your forms?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," I said.

"According to our files, you are delinquent. It turns out that you have never submitted a report to us."

"Excuse me, but what does the SRS do?" I asked.

"That's simple: We keep track of how much money men are spending on women," Zen said.

That gave me great pause. "Really?"

"Yes," Zen said. "It seems to be a universal weakness of the male sex, so we are researching the issue. Throughout history, men have spent inordinate sums on the female gender."

I was not comfortable with this topic because it hit too close to home. "So I'm supposed to be filing reports with the SRS on what I spend on women? Since when, may I ask?"

"Your eighth birthday was your IESP."

"It was what?"

"Your Initial Expenditure Starting Point. On your eighth birthday, you bought Tootsie Rolls and a Wonder Woman comic book for a girl named Francine. That used up your allowance, and all you got for it was a brief kiss in the park. Our records show it was your first significant expenditure on a female, though hardly the last."

"I was supposed to file an expense report at the age of eight?"

"Ideally, yes," Zen said.

"That's absurd."

"Ignorance of the law is no excuse," he scolded.



THE SEXUAL REVENUE SERVICE

"Her name was Francine," I murmured, trying to remember her. I conjured up dark hair, white skin, a Monica-style face. As with all my infatuations, I cataloged the features that most excited me and replayed them at will.

"It's amazing how much you've spent on women in your lifetime," Zen said.

"If you know how much it is, why do I have to file a report?" I asked.

"Because you have to own up to it."

I shuddered. "But I don't want to own up to it. Please, go away. I don't even want to think about it."

"Of course not. It's embarrassing, isn't it?" Zen asked. "You're a typical male, aren't you?"

"Definitely," I agreed.

"You guys," Zen said with a chuckle. "That's why the SRS exists. We force you to look in the mirror."

"But I don't like that," I said. "When I think of how much money I've spent on chicks, it makes me seem—"

"Puny and foolish?" Zen laughed. "Needy and dependent? Fawning and solicitous? Addicted and manipulated? Overzealous and oversexed? Wild and undisciplined? Stupid and broke?"

"That's overstating it," I whined.

"Does your woodie control your wallet? Do your balls blind your brain? Are you a sucker for love that rarely lasts, a hustler who gets hustled, a jerk who

mostly jerks off, a horny twit with no wit, a pimp who acts like a shrimp, a cash machine for a money-hungry queen, a no-account with a bank account?"

"Yes!" I yelled. "I am!"

"You act tough, but in a woman's hands, you're as soft as the Pillsbury Doughboy," Zen said. "You started spending your hard-earned cash at an early age on every pretty face you met, and it hasn't stopped."

"I know I'm insecure," I said feebly, "but I mean well."

"You mean too well, Mr. Bumbler. But are you ready for some hardball? I've got a printout, a record of every cent you've spent in your life as you tried to get laid."

"I am not ready for this," I said.

"Deal with it, Bankrupt Breath," Zen said. "Here we go! Asa Barber's estimated expenditures over a lifetime of lechery and foolishness, listed by category: (A) Food and candy, \$30.9 million. (B) Soft drinks and alcohol, \$123.7 million. (C) Movies and plays, \$16.7 million. (D) Flowers, \$12 million. (E) Jewelry, \$48.5 million."

"This is absurd!" I screamed. "I don't have that kind of money!"

"Shut up, Big Spender," Zen said. He continued: "(F) Books, newspapers and magazines, \$19.9 million. (G) Household furnishings, \$22 million—"

"Twenty million dollars on books? Forty-eight million on jewelry? These are your estimates of what I've spent to woo women?"

"Not exactly," Zen said. "These are our estimates of what your financial support for women has felt like to you over your lifetime."

"What it's felt like?"

"Yes. What it's felt like. Admit it. You're just a street junkie who spends everything he has on his jones—and then goes back for more. You're the King of Denial."

I shed a small tear. "Oh," I said through my shame, "if you're talking about what it actually feels like to spend so much of my money on so many women . . . you've got it right."

Zen sighed like a cyborg. "You can't buy love, Penis Brain. When will you guys ever learn?"

"About the 12th of Never," I said. "And that's a long, long time."



MONEY MATTERS

By CHRISTOPHER BYRON

When it comes to the stock market, there aren't many things a person can be sure of, but this is one of them: There is no way a company named the *Globe.com* was, is or probably ever will be worth \$97 per share. Ditto for a long list of other so-called Internet stocks.

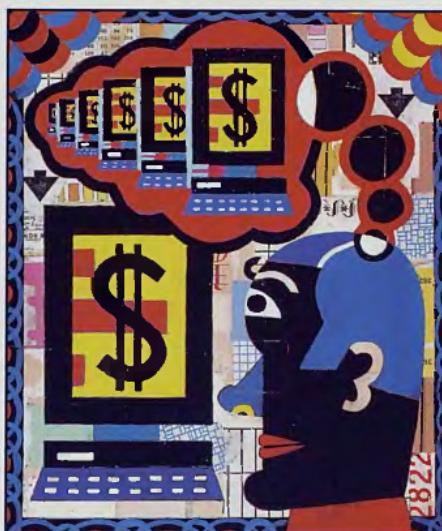
These stocks and others have been driven out of sight by some of the wildest speculation Wall Street has seen. You hear seemingly reasonable justifications for these prices—typically from the brokers who want you to buy the shares. The truth is, these stocks keep rising in price because investors think they'll be more expensive tomorrow.

In my October 1998 column, I warned against shorting Internet stocks (a bet that their prices will soon fall) because the upward momentum in the sector was just too strong to fight for long. That turned out to be good advice, for although the Dow Jones industrial average dropped by 20 percent just about the time the column appeared, Internet stocks quickly rebounded and are now rising faster than ever.

As I said back then, the Internet sector has become what is known in investment parlance as a bubble—suggesting something lighter than air that can pop and disappear in an instant. History is filled with examples of bubbles: from tulipomania in 17th century Holland to the Florida land booms of the Twenties and \$875 per ounce gold in the early Eighties. To that list we may now add the Great Internet Bubble of the Nineties—fueled by investors hopping aboard “the most revolutionary communications medium since the Gutenberg press.” With all such bubbles, the core premise makes some sense, for the Internet may well turn out to be the most important communications medium since television, if not movable type.

Yet on that premise, investors have already piled up such a mountain of speculation that it is impossible to apply any known method of valuing stocks to determine their worth. Price-earnings ratios don't work because most of the companies have no earnings. Discounted cash-flow analyses don't work because the companies don't have cash flow. Risk-reward scenarios don't work because no one knows what the future risks or rewards really will be.

All of which explains why, when asked



BURSTING THE INTERNET BUBBLE

to justify an \$11 billion market valuation for a company such as *Amazon.com*—which has never made a profit and whose business is already deteriorating from intensifying competition—the bubble's true believers offer that the old rules no longer apply.

But in the end, one rule endures. A business must ultimately generate a profit or it winds up consuming its own capital and goes bankrupt. And in the winter of 1998–1999, that is the grim truth facing Internet companies: Nearly all the companies in it are losing money, and none show evidence of turning profitable before the growth of the Internet itself starts to slow.

Most studies of how much the Internet will grow are done by research and consulting firms that depend on the Internet for consulting contracts and research studies. As a result, their forecasts tend to be strongly optimistic. One such outfit, International Data Group, is cited constantly in Internet IPO stock registration filings as evidence of how big—and fast growing—the Internet is. The filings pump up the forecasts further, creating a record over time that is not only excessively optimistic but sometimes internally inconsistent as well.

Thus, when *Infoseek*, the search engine company, filed papers with the Securities and Exchange Commission in

June 1996 to sell stock to the public, the company cited an International Data Group study as forecasting “200 million Internet users by the end of 1999.” (IDG estimated 56 million users at the time.) But two years later, in February 1998, when *Ziff-Davis* filed papers to sell shares in its Internet business to the public, it cited IDG data forecasting that by the end of 1999 there would be 200 million people with access to the Internet.

People with access to the Internet are not the same as users. A household with a computer and a dial-up connection to the Internet may have only one user. But if there are five people in the family, there are five people with access to the Net. Obviously, actual usage is a much smaller number than potential access.

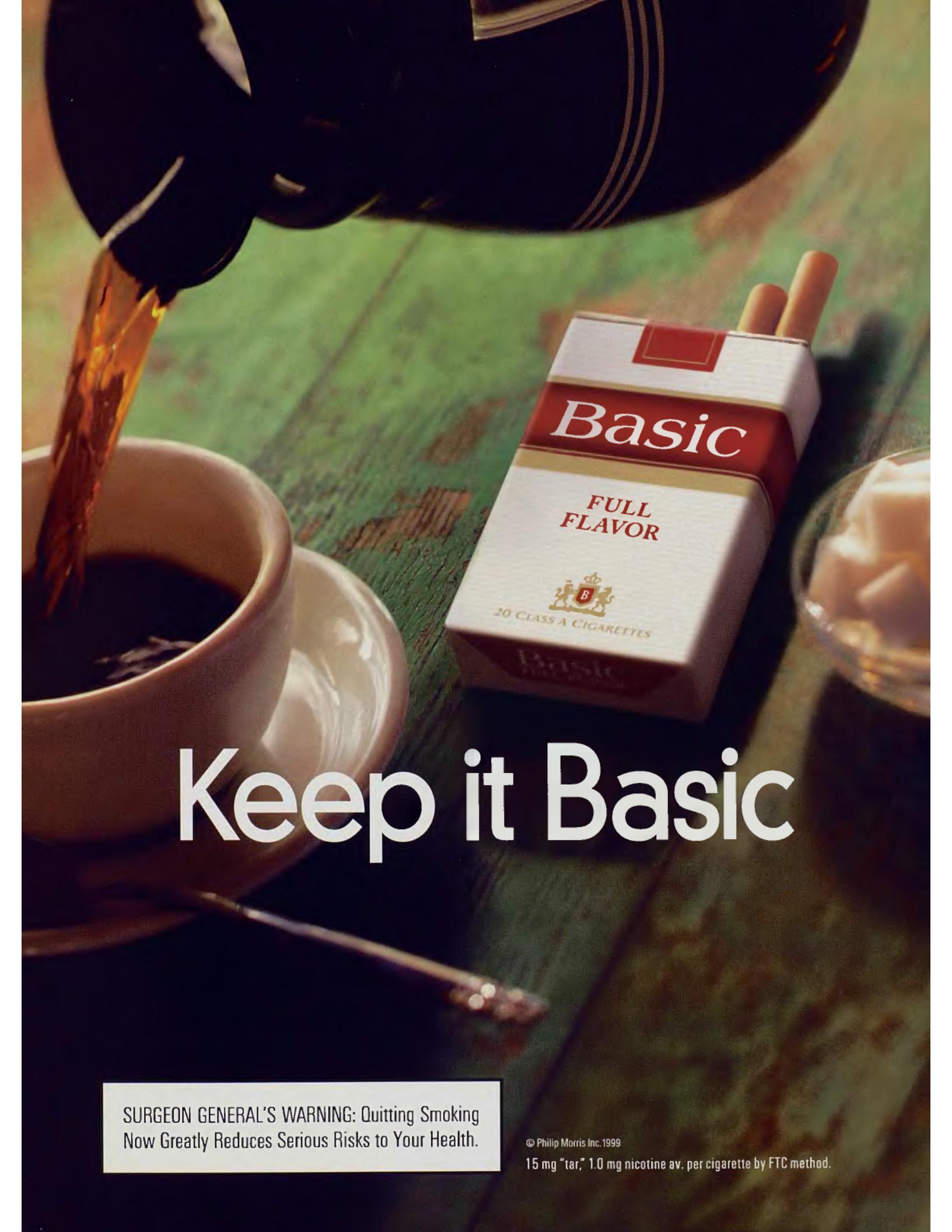
According to the latest U.S. Census data, there were approximately 103.5 million occupied housing units in the nation in 1998, which pretty much defines the present limits of the consumer side of the Internet.

Now if we apply seemingly reliable research data to that census number, we come up with some disturbing possibilities. For example, data from Mediemark Research suggest that as of November 1998 there were 35 million people accessing the Internet from home. Let's postulate that each user represents one household, and each household has one Internet account. If so, then roughly 33 percent of American households have already signed up for Internet use.

Moreover, if we project the 50 percent annual growth rate being registered in the Mediemark data over the next 24 months, 75 percent of all housing units in the country will be wired to the Internet. Inevitably, this will lead to a slowdown in growth. Simply getting customers won't be the issue; getting money from customers will be the challenge.

It is at that point—or to be more precise, at the point when investors realize that the growth phase is coming to a close—that the Internet bubble will burst. How far down the road is that? A year, maybe, or possibly 18 months. Meanwhile, the bubble will keep swelling, creating almost unimaginable profits for short-sellers when this historic speculation finally ends.

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

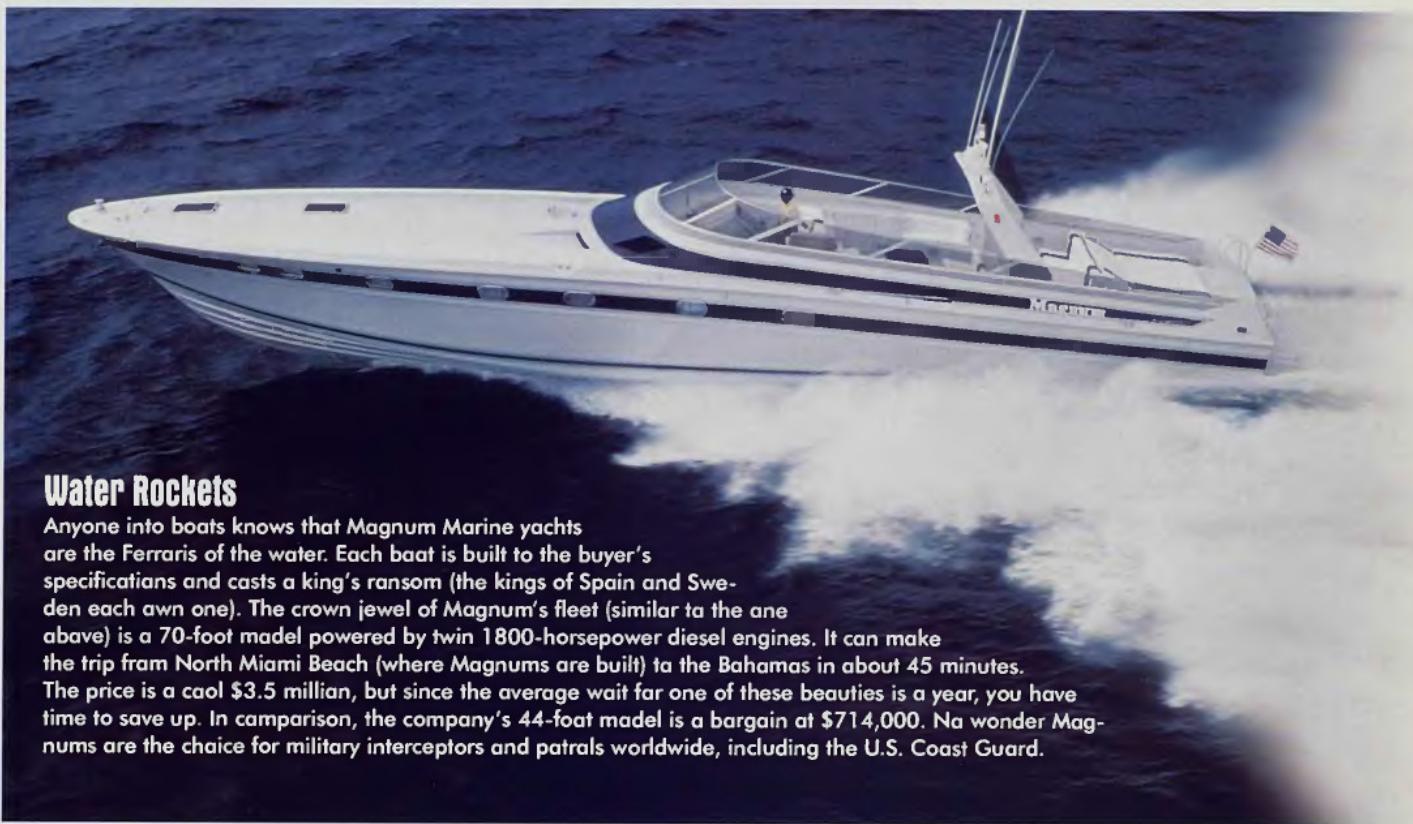


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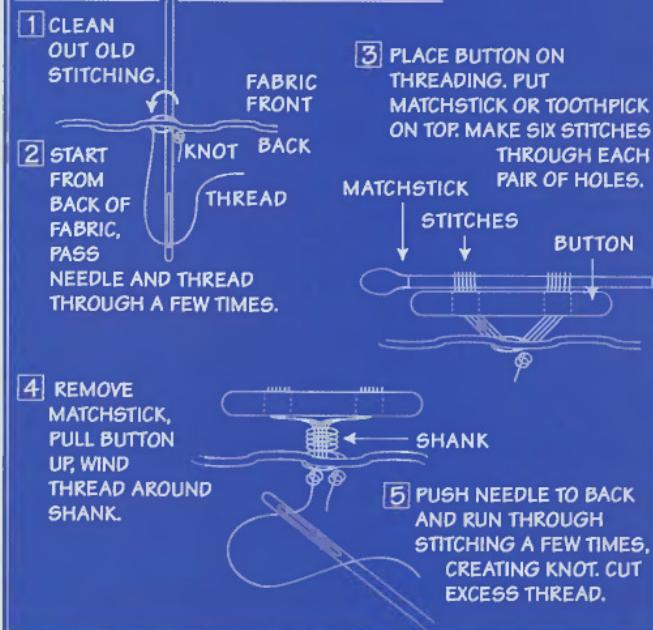
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Water Rockets

Anyone into boats knows that Magnum Marine yachts are the Ferraris of the water. Each boat is built to the buyer's specifications and costs a king's ransom (the kings of Spain and Sweden each own one). The crown jewel of Magnum's fleet (similar to the one above) is a 70-foot model powered by twin 1800-horsepower diesel engines. It can make the trip from North Miami Beach (where Magnums are built) to the Bahamas in about 45 minutes. The price is a cool \$3.5 million, but since the average wait for one of these beauties is a year, you have time to save up. In comparison, the company's 44-foot model is a bargain at \$714,000. No wonder Magnums are the choice for military interceptors and patrols worldwide, including the U.S. Coast Guard.

HOW TO SEW A BUTTON



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Turkey Chili

We know that many people guard their chili recipes—those that feature squirrel meat and other exotica. But here is a light chili variation that isn't authentic, but has gone over well when we've served it. In a large skillet, soften a diced onion in two tablespoons of olive oil over medium heat. Brown a half pound each of ground turkey breast and ground turkey thigh. Cook at medium high for ten minutes—or until the turkey is cooked through. Stir in a heaping teaspoon each of ground coriander and ground cumin. Add two 15-ounce cans of cooked white beans—rinsed and drained—half of which you have mashed with a potato masher. Add four ounces of diced jalapeño peppers, two cups of chicken broth and two cups of corn kernels. Cook at medium heat for 15 minutes. Add four to six ounces of salsa (mild or medium, depending on your heat tolerance) and two tablespoons of a pepper sauce, such as Abode Sauce from American Spoon (800-222-5886). Garnish with chopped cilantro and serve with quesadillas.



MANTRACK



Manhattan by the Month

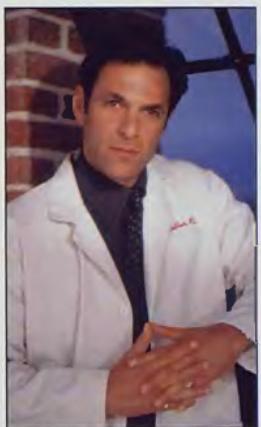
If you're visiting the Big Apple for a month or longer, consider checking into the Marmara-Manhattan extended-stay hotel. At 94th Street and Second Avenue, this 32-story hotel offers more than 100 handsome accommodations that range from studios to three-bedroom units. The mahogany-paneled lobby (left) opens onto a Japanese courtyard garden, and many of the rooms have views of the skyline and East River. Daily housekeeping and valet and breakfast services are available, along with a fitness room, health

club privileges, laundry facilities and other amenities—including silverware and china. The monthly rate for a studio apartment (exclusive of tax) is \$3750 to \$4000—in a 30-day month, that's \$125 to \$133 a day. A \$7250-per-month one-bedroom is \$242 a day. (Cheaper one-bedrooms are available.) A two-bedroom is about \$8000, or about \$260 a day. And if you opt for the \$13,000-a-month three-bedroom unit with a Jacuzzi, you'll pay only \$433 a day. Call 212-427-3100, extension B0207 for more information. Annual rates are also available.



Clothesline: Ken Olin

"I'm most comfortable in Armani suits. There's a casual elegance about them that I like," says Ken Olin, who currently stars in the CBS drama *LA Doctors*. "How I dress is an extension of prep school by way of Los Angeles. Lately, I've discovered Tommy Bahama shirts, and I wear a lot of khakis, chinos, blue jeans and leather jackets—not biker ones, though I do have a couple of Chrome Hearts jackets." Olin does most of his shopping in Los Angeles, dropping by Frontrunners for workout clothes and Ron Herman's for chinos. But his favorite look is Levi's 501s with clogs. "It's a very low-key, chic thing," says Olin.



Put a Sake in It

Even if you're not particularly fond of rice, you owe it to yourself to acquire a taste for Japan's national drink, sake—the beverage fermented from rice. One charm is that it packs a fairly substantial kick—it's allowed to have 12 percent to 20 percent alcohol by volume. Check out *The Insider's Guide to Sake* (Kodansha) by Philip Harper, the only foreign sake brewer in Japan. Harper explains why some sakes are served hot and others are cold, and includes tasting notes on over 100 brands, tips on how to decipher the labels and a list of bars and retailers that cater to sake acolytes.



Guys Are Talking About . . .

Oberhofer Hand-Crafted Computers. The company's Classic Series computer (pictured here) includes a mouse (\$350), keyboard (\$650) and 14" monitor (\$3995). All models are carved from hardwoods and meticulously hand-finished. The result, say the folks at Oberhofer, "is a lasting tribute to the Bauhaus school of unified art and technology." The New York J. Peterman store. Along with vintage-inspired men's and women's apparel and unique gift items that resemble souvenirs of another era, there are one-of-a-kind memorabilia, such as a \$25,000 bronze Babe Ruth plaza marker that once was outside Yankee Stadium. The store opened this past October in the newly refurbished Grand Central Station. The Cigar Directory. This comprehensive softcover lists the names, addresses and phone numbers of major cigar, cigarette and tobacco retailers and wholesalers state by state. You'll never again be stagelless in Yankton, South Dakota. Price: \$19.95. Brooks Brothers Cellar. This new mail-order service ships two bottles of wine a month to customers in New York, New Jersey and Massachusetts for a minimum of three months (\$90 plus shipping). Plans are in the works to expand the sales of wine to 20 additional states. Passport 7500 Radar detector. Escort's newest model has some terrific features, including increased radar range, five laser sensors (four front and one rear) and an Auto Sensitivity mode that minimizes the number of false alarms. The unit sells for \$230. A Smart Cord mute display for discreet visual alerts after dark is \$29.95.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My girlfriend is turned off by dirty words. Once I told her, in the heat of passion, that I loved her beautiful ass. Another time I blurted out, "Fuck me!" In both instances she said I had ruined the moment. Can you suggest words we could use in bed that aren't too clinical or crude?—J.S., Manhattan, Kansas

*Perhaps you should learn a foreign language. In her book *Exhibitionism for the Shy* (800-289-8423), Carol Queen recounts how one of her lovers enjoyed the sound of the French tongue. "I once impelled her to tear my clothes off in the middle of the afternoon by reading aloud to her from a Sabatier kitchen knife brochure." Queen suggests that couples who have a problem with slang—or who prefer English— invent their own bedroom language. She recommends Nicholson Baker's *Vox* or *The Fermata* for inspiration and provides an entertaining appendix of erotic words and phrases to expand your vocabulary. As Queen points out, it's not what you say but how you say it. "If your arousal is reflected in your voice, cries of 'Oh, yeah, do that!' or 'Please put your mouth on me now!' can be devastatingly hot, even though you haven't used a single 'dirty' word." Still, there's no substitute for a good "Fuck me!" once in a while (we always add "please"). When you're so turned on you need that pussy, that ass, that mouth or those tits more than your lungs need air, you don't want to fuss with Shakespeare.*

What is the best way to exchange money when traveling overseas?—C.C., Newark, New Jersey

Use plastic. Every few days, when you need cash, insert your debit card in an automated teller machine that's part of an international network such as Cirrus or Plus. You'll receive the wholesale exchange rate, which is much better than anything offered by a local bank or souvenir shop. Pay for restaurant meals and hotel rooms with a credit card. You'll get the wholesale rate plus one percent. Avoid using credit cards for cash advances; withdrawals begin accruing interest immediately and typically include a two percent fee. Depending on your destination, you may want to carry traveler's checks or U.S. currency in reserve; in some locales, ATMs are hard to find. Change your personal identification number if it's five or six digits; four digits is the foreign standard. And be aware that ATMs in some countries allow you to access only your primary account.

Afeminist friend maintains that there is no difference between male and female desire, that a woman's libido is just as strong, on average, as that of a man. I pointed out that for every gigolo servicing a woman, there are thousands of female sex workers fulfilling men's desires; that women usually grant or withhold



"favors" while men persuade or seduce; that libido is said to arise from androgens such as testosterone, and women have lower levels of those hormones. These facts suggest that a man's libido is generally stronger and more urgent than a woman's. After decades of observing the erotic dimension of our lives, what is the Advisor's take on this?—D.C., Seattle, Washington

Your arguments don't hold. In most parts of the world, prostitution is the result of a lack of economic options for women. And a person's sex drive is not determined by biology alone. It can involve his or her past sexual experiences, confidence, personality and need for intimacy. You also can't discount the sexual double standard: A woman who admits to a strong sex drive is dismissed as easy, while a man is revered as a stud. In our experience, a woman's lust is equal to or greater than a man's. As generations of men have observed, an aroused woman is a force of nature.

Can I catch a cold from my husband while giving him oral sex?—L.F., Chicago, Illinois

No.

I own seven suits, and on average I wear each once a week. Should I expect them to last three years? Five years? A lifetime?—G.D., Rochester, New York

A suit should last long enough to go out of style. With proper care, a well-tailored, conservatively styled suit can last ten years or longer. Clean your suits only when necessary—when you detect dirt or lingering odors from tobacco smoke or perspiration—and always take the coat and trousers in together.

Awoman I met on a business trip wore a lapel pin depicting an apple with a bite taken out of it. When I asked her about it, she winked at me. Am I missing something?—T.E., Duluth, Minnesota

Apparently. Members of the North American Swing Club Association sometimes wear the lapel pin as a sign that they're in "the lifestyle." For information, visit nasca.com or send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to P.O. Box 7128, Buena Park, California 90622.

I started playing a dress-up game with my husband. He looks good, or as he says, "passable," as a woman. He's growing his hair long and has shaved his body hair. He's starting to look more and more like the women in your magazine. Recently he volunteered to drive me to Chicago for a business trip. I was flabbergasted when he showed up at my job dressed as a woman (he told my secretary he was my cousin). On the way to Chicago he asked for a blow job—it was the first full erection I had seen him get in a while, so I complied. He wore women's clothing around the city all weekend without any problem, and we had great sex. I think this game has gone to his head, and I'm trying to get him to stop before he gets too serious. Please help.—A.B., Cedar Rapids, Iowa

He's already serious. Your husband has come out as a cross-dresser after what has probably been many years of hiding his behavior. The practice is more common than you'd think and widely misunderstood. Dr. William Stayton, a professor at the University of Pennsylvania's Program in Human Sexuality Education, counsels cross-dressers and says most hesitate to tell their lovers because they fear it will end the relationship. In many cases, they're right. Women who stay cope by accepting their partner's female persona as a third wheel or friend (one wife says she dishes to her new confidante about her husband). Cross-dressers are usually not gay. They enjoy wearing women's clothing for a number of reasons: It gives them an erotic charge, it provides a sense of well-being, it helps them relax. ("You can't imagine how many politicians can't give a speech in Congress without wearing panties," Stayton has said.) Couples should establish boundaries. For instance, your husband went too far when he showed up unannounced at your office dressed as a woman. Or you may not feel comfortable making love when he's in his female persona. E-mail cdso@hotmail.com to get in touch with Cross-Dressers' Significant Others, an online support group for the wives and girlfriends of cross-dressers. You also may want to attend the Spouses and Partners International Conference for Education this July in Minneapolis (men are

welcome, but no cross-dressing is allowed). For details, write the Society for the Second Self at 8880 Bellaire B2, Suite 104, Houston, Texas 77036 or spice@tri-ess.com.

I am 22 years old and plan to get braces. My husband and I enjoy oral sex, but I'm afraid that my orthodontics will hurt him. Having to wait three years for a little head seems so unfair! Is there a technique to lessen the risk?—E.M., Monterey, California

We've heard from a few guys over the years who claim they've "snagged" while receiving fellatio from a woman with braces. But most injuries of this sort are minor and can be attributed to inexperienced partners or those old nemeses, teeth. Unless you're operating at really weird angles, you won't have problems. If either of you is uneasy about the situation, stock up on the rope wax your orthodontist will supply to prevent your braces from cutting the inside of your mouth.

Perhaps the Advisor can help me figure this out. I just started dating a guy, and he's already driving me crazy. He's into setting the mood whenever we have sex: candles, incense, music, the works. Sometimes I want to be ravaged, or ravage him, but if I start grabbing at his clothes or kissing him hard to get things going, he says, "Hold that thought," and scurries around to get things just right. Most guys I've dated have no interest in any of this stuff—they're ready to go whenever. Should I be concerned?—R.T., Duluth, Minnesota

Your boyfriend sounds like what one of our favorite cultural observers, Lisa Carver, would call a sensualist. You, on the other hand, are a sexualist. "Sexualists are into sex," explains Carver, who edits a zine called *Rollerderby*. "Sensualists are into eroticism—things that aren't sex but that involve the thought of sex. Sensualists are romantics; they like to set the mood. Sexualists aren't waiting around for someone to light some damn candles." Foot fetishists are sensualists, as is anyone who experiments with tantric sex, writes erotic e-mail or fusses over dimming the lights. Henry Miller and Marilyn Monroe were sensualists; Jack Nicholson and Xena the Warrior Princess are sexualists. Like you, Carver is a sexualist. "I had sex with a sensualist once. He hung his hair around my face like a tent, cutting off all light, and said, 'How does that look and feel?' I realized he was waiting for me to compliment him on his eroticism, and until I did, he was withholding his thrusts. So I lied and said, 'That's so cool.'" The issue isn't your different approaches to sex, but the lack of variety. Unless your new boyfriend is willing to set aside his sensualism once in a while and let you take charge, this relationship may be a challenge.

Have you heard about a product that supposedly cuts down the effect of vibrations on audio equipment? It's called

a vibrator pod or something similar.—R.L., Toledo, Ohio

You're thinking of Vibra Pods, introduced last year by Sam Kennard, a St. Louis vinyl products manufacturer and audiophile. As the story goes, a CD player began skipping one day at the factory and Kennard grabbed a few seals from the production line to correct the problem. He spent the next month experimenting with design, dimensions and thickness. Kennard claims his pods provide improved bass definition and a wider soundstage, among other benefits. Audiophiles seem to love them; casual listeners may not notice much difference in the sound but will appreciate that their CDs and albums don't skip whenever someone starts to dance. You can learn more at vibrapod.com, or order the product by phoning 800-782-3472. Each pod costs \$6, and you're allowed a 30-day audition. The four models differ in the amount of weight they can bear (from two to 28 pounds); most components require at least four pods.

When greeting a woman, what is the proper way to shake her hand?—J.K., Raleigh, North Carolina

Extend your hand only if she offers hers first, grasp her entire hand (not just her fingers) and squeeze her hand with no more pressure than she uses to squeeze yours. That last rule applies to other parts of the body as well.

The other night at the bar, two of my friends pointed out a gorgeous woman. After she and I made eye contact, off I went, plowing through the crowd to introduce myself. As I approached, I put my latest pickup strategy into action: I pretended to trip, fell to the floor in front of her, then feigned embarrassment and let her feel sorry for me as I scrambled to my feet. It worked like a charm, but I need a new strategy. My friends and I often go to the same bar, so before long my "falling for you" move will be well known. Can you suggest any techniques?—T.L., Roanoke, Virginia

Wow, that's desperate. Granted, your method makes an impression. As a general rule, however, "klutz" should never be the first thought to cross a woman's mind when meeting you. Women are more impressed by confidence than looks. Be polite and friendly and she'll remember your name rather than your heels.

Is it true that the more a woman enjoys sex, the more likely it is she'll get pregnant?—W.A., Omaha, Nebraska

Perhaps. A recent study suggests that, at least among couples trying to have children, sperm fares better in women who enjoy the sex. A team of researchers examined fertility tests of 54 women with an average age of 30 who had been trying to conceive for at least a year. Each woman was asked to have intercourse with her partner. Two to three hours later, researchers measured the amount of

sperm in each woman's cervical mucus. Each woman also was asked to rate her satisfaction with the sexual encounter, the intensity of her arousal and her orgasm (if any). Nearly half of those who said they hadn't enjoyed themselves had no sperm in their cervical mucus, compared with ten percent of those who had the most energetic sexual response (including orgasm). Some scientists believe the contractions of female climax may speed sperm on their way. Still, rape victims, women who have never reached orgasm and inexperienced teenagers become pregnant, so bad sex should not be considered an effective contraceptive.

I have a beautiful neighbor who is driving me wild. She lives across the street and undresses with her drapes open. She doesn't just change her clothes, though. She'll lie across her bed, naked, fingering herself and playing with her breasts. (One night she pulled out two dildos and found a place for both of them.) After about an hour of this, she'll get dressed (no panties) and head out for the evening. When she brings home a guy, he usually closes the drapes. But she has conducted an entire evening's sex play with the lights on and the drapes open. Naturally, I'd like to move from the audience to the stage. I bribed her doorman for her name, and her phone number is listed. Should I tell her that I'm a fan of her nightly shows? Should I contrive to run into her at the supermarket? Why would this woman act this way, and how can I channel her energy? By the way, her "show" can be seen from at least 20 units in my apartment building. She's hardly providing me with an exclusive.—R.W., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

This woman sounds like a raging exhibitionist, and a wonderful neighbor. Ask her out in the same way you would any attractive stranger, but introduce yourself at the market or on the street rather than making a cold call. That gives her a chance to size you up. If the evening goes well and she invites you back to her place, close the drapes. You never know who might be watching.

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, 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.



THE JOKE HOTLINE

how we keep our heroes humble

Q: What does Bill say to Hillary after having sex?

A: I'll be home in 20 minutes.

Q: Why does President Clinton wear underwear?

A: To keep his ankles warm.

Q: What is Clinton's new Secret Service code name?

A: Unabanger.

Q: How did 500 women surveyed at random respond when asked if they would have sex with Bill Clinton?

A: Eighty-two percent said, Not again.

Q: How does Paula Jones compare with Monica Lewinsky?

A: Close, but no cigar.

Thomas Jefferson will be remembered for the Declaration of Independence, Abraham Lincoln for the Gettysburg Address, and William Jefferson Clinton for his contribution to the joke hotline. While some pundits have celebrated the liberation of language that followed Monica-gate, claiming we are now having sophisticated conversations about oral sex and adultery, the truth is somewhat less elevated. For most Americans, the Clinton quandary begins and ends in blunt humor.

The joke hotline has become America's tragicomic chorus, turning scandal into punch lines. It is said to have originated in the trading pits on Wall Street, as men hawking stocks over the phone used the joke du jour to break the ice. Dentists use recycled jokes instead of nitrous oxide. E-mail would vanish without a steady supply of one-liners. In a way, joke hotlines are as subversive as the Tijuana bibles that surfaced during the Depression. No celebrity is safe from sexual ridicule, especially if caught in a compromising position.

Prior to July 1991 Paul Reubens was known as his alter ego, Pee-wee Herman. The star of the children's show *Pee-wee's Playhouse* and two films (*Pee-wee's Big Adventure* and *Big Top Pee-wee*), Reubens was a kind of human Howdy Doody. A demented giggle. Furniture for friends. A little

weird but essentially harmless.

That changed when he walked out of the South Trail Cinema in Sarasota, Florida and was confronted by a vice squad officer.

Reubens was arrested for violating a statute prohibiting exposure of sexual organs. The police report stated that Reubens, while watching a porn film in a darkened theater, "did begin to masturbate [sic]."

The Washington Post wondered about police who couldn't spell and about a police department that assigned not one but three undercover agents to spot flapping elbows in a theater. Reubens' lawyer tried to have the charges dismissed, saying it wasn't logical to arrest someone for exposing his genitalia in a room where 20-foot-high genitalia were being projected onto a screen. America wasn't interested in hypocrisy or legal maneuverings.

Q: Did you hear that

Pee-wee Herman declined legal representation? He figures he can get himself off.

Q: Did you hear that Pee-wee's line of clothing is discounted now in stores? His pants are half off.

Q: What are Pee-wee Herman's favorite baseball teams?

A: The Expos and Yanks.

Q: What is Pee-wee's favorite insurance company?

A: Allstate—the Good Hands people.

Late-night television hosts worked the incident into monologs. David Letterman said, "One thing you can say for Pee-wee Herman—at least he wasn't talking during the movie."

Pee-wee became linked to subsequent scandals.

Q: What's the difference between O.J.

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

Simpson and Pee-wee Herman?

A: It took only 12 jerks to get O.J. off.

Q: What do John Wayne Bobbitt and O.J. have in common?

A: They've both been separated from a loved one.

Q: What did Jeffrey Dahmer say to Lorena Bobbitt?

A: You going to eat that?

Q: What did Jeffrey Dahmer say to Pee-wee Herman?

A: Stop playing with my food.

When Hugh Grant was arrested for getting a backseat blow job from Divine Brown, his career may not have suffered, but his place in the public consciousness did.

Q: Why did Hugh Grant buy a BMW?

A: More head room.

Jay Leno joked about Grant's BMW: "And you thought there were stains in the back of O.J. Simpson's car."

When Michael Jackson's sleepovers with boys became public, the hotline lit up.

Q: How do you know it's bedtime in Neverland?

A: The big hand is on the little gland.

Rape trials generated their own crude verdicts.

Q: What does the sign outside the Kennedy's Palm Beach compound say?

A: Trespassers will be violated.

When a woman accused sportscaster Marv Albert of forced sodomy, cross-dressing and assault, the joke hotline gave us these:

Q: What did Marv do when he got a pink slip from NBC?

A: He put it on.

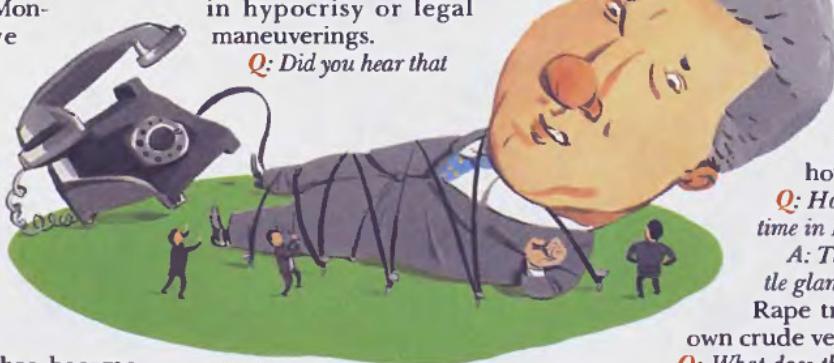
Q: What's the difference between Marv Albert and Sharon Stone?

A: Marv wears panties.

The joke hotline is the modern version of the Puritan stocks, a form of public humiliation.

At least one of the victims recovered his dignity. In 1991 Paul Reubens walked to the podium at the MTV Music Video Awards as Pee-wee Herman, eyed the audience and asked, "Heard any good jokes lately?"

He had caught America in the act.



KEN STARR'S GREATEST HITS

we knew him when

By JAMES BOVARD

Independent prosecutor Ken Starr testified last November before Congress. He was calm and articulate in his attack on President Clinton. He dismissed critics who charged him with abusing the power of his office. He was not the point man for a puritan agenda. Above all, his actions expressed his "reverence for the laws."

Those who are familiar with Starr's career found the performance chillingly consistent.

As solicitor general during the Bush administration, Starr staged blatant attacks on the Bill of Rights. Long before Zippergate, he opposed putting limits on law enforcement.

According to Starr, there was no reason for the Supreme Court to overturn anything—not foolish laws enacted by Congress, not convictions achieved by deceptive prosecutors, not the tainted results of entrapment operations and not huge seizures of property based on minor offenses.

OVERKILL?

In 1989 a federal attorney launched a major effort to put the owner of 13 Minnesota erotica shops out of business. After a grand jury investigation and a four-month trial, a court convicted Ferris Alexander of selling four obscene magazines and three obscene videos—a minuscule proportion of the material sold at his wholesale and retail adult-entertainment outlets.

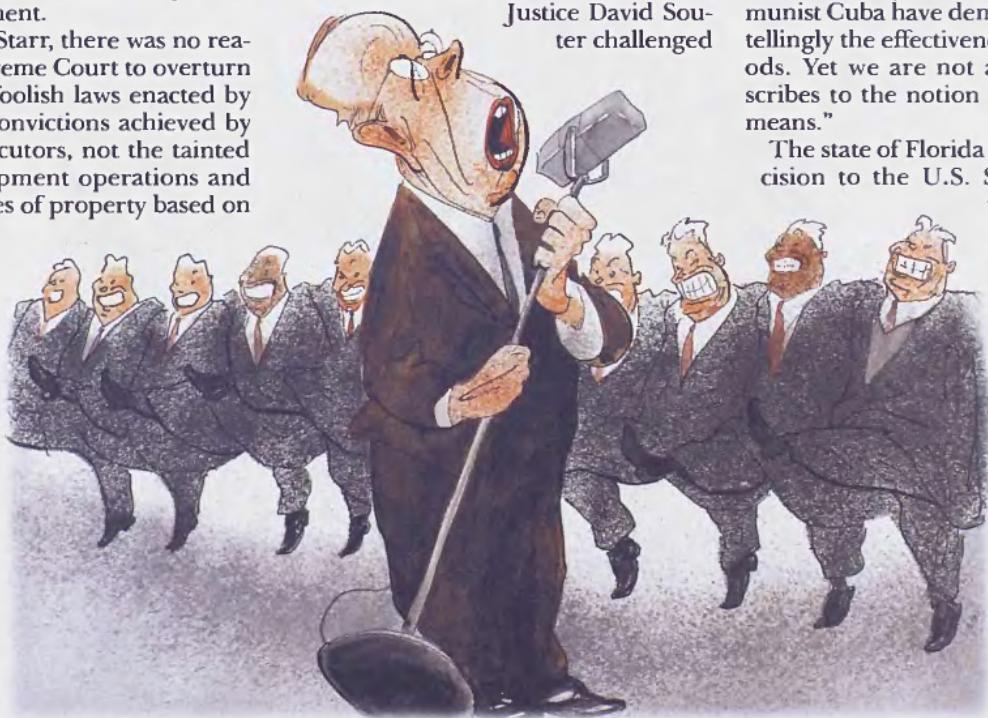
U.S. marshals seized thousands of books, magazines and videotapes from Alexander's stores, as well as the stores themselves, real estate, bank accounts, two vans and a trailer. Alexander estimated the value of the seized assets at \$25 million. The government burned his books and crushed his videotapes. The destruction of the three tons of

materials overwhelmed a Minnesota garbage processing plant, resulting in a minor explosion when a box of nitrous poppers ignited. Most of the items destroyed by the feds had never been declared obscene.

In his presentation to the Supreme Court, Starr, with an eye for prurient sexual detail, stressed that one of the seized films had been *She-Male Encounters* (as if a guy with breasts were enough to justify the obscenity rap and resulting conflagration).

Starr told the justices that all the material Alexander sold "partook of the same nature. They were adult entertainment materials."

Justice David Souther challenged



Starr's logic: "I don't see how we can assume the identity of eroticism with obscenity." Justice John Paul Stevens agreed: "It's puzzling why you burned it all."

Starr: "The government's concern, Justice Stevens, was that these materials were of . . . a similar nature."

Would Starr confiscate all the jets owned by American Airlines if that company "showed three or four obscene movies in a flight from here to California"? Starr conceded that if it were "corporate policy" to show the

films, then the government could lay claim to all the airline's assets.

BUS SWEEP

On August 27, 1985 police in Broward County, Florida searched a bus and arrested Terrance Bostick after they found cocaine in his travel bag. Bostick argued that the search was an invalid seizure. In late 1989 the Florida Supreme Court, in a four-to-three vote, denounced and banned the practice of mass bus searches, declaring: "Roving patrols, random sweeps and arbitrary searches would go far to eliminate [drug courier] crime in this state. Nazi Germany, Soviet Russia and Communist Cuba have demonstrated all too tellingly the effectiveness of such methods. Yet we are not a state that subscribes to the notion that ends justify means."

The state of Florida appealed the decision to the U.S. Supreme Court, where Solicitor General Starr, representing the interests of the federal government and the police, protested.

The defendant "was not confronted by the threatening presence of several officers speaking in commanding tones and blocking his exit or requiring him to move

to an interview room. Instead, he was approached by two officers who spoke in conversational tones, who did not force him to move and who stood in a manner that did not block his access to the aisle."

Oh, really? The government conceded in its argument that one of the officers partially blocked the aisle in front of Bostick, and the defense suggested that the aisle was only about 15 inches wide. The bus driver had left the bus and closed the door after the officers arrived, thereby making it appear that

the bus was sealed off for the duration of the search.

What would have happened had the suspect said no when the officers asked to search his bags? Starr insisted in oral arguments, "This is a free society. You have the right to say no." In his brief, Starr told the court, "It is clear that law enforcement officers may draw no inference justifying a search or seizure from a refusal to cooperate. That is, officers lacking legal justification to detain a person may not bootstrap non-compliance into justification for a detention, because in that event a citizen would in effect have no way of declining to participate in a 'consensual' encounter with the police."

For a man who bootstrapped non-compliance into a writ of impeachment, his 1990 argument seems a touch disingenuous. As the ACLU noted, officers in several cases had "testified that a refusal to cooperate 'might be suspicious' and might cause police to notify authorities." Charles Sullivan, a DEA spokesman in Louisiana, observed that if people are uncooperative, "you cast all your suspicions toward them."

The Supreme Court ruled in Starr's favor, decreeing that "the mere fact that Bostick did not feel free to leave the bus does not mean that the police seized him."

WHAT? ME LIE?

In 1988 a federal grand jury charged John Williams Jr. of Oklahoma with providing false information on bank loan applications. In obtaining the indictment, the prosecution withheld exculpatory information from five boxes of Williams' financial statements and depositions that might have proved he had no intent to defraud or mislead the banks. A federal district court and a federal appeals court threw out the indictment.

Fortunately, Ken Starr rode in to save the honor—or at least the prerogatives—of federal attorneys. Arguing the case before the Supreme Court in 1992, he insisted that while judges might review prosecutorial misconduct on a case-by-case basis, the judiciary should not "tell the prosecutor how to discharge his obligation."

Starr fretted that if the courts could overturn indictments based on misleading information, the result would be "confusion-producing litigation. . . . The criminal justice system needs predictability and it needs certainty." Apparently, it does not need truth.

Starr's arguments won: The Court, by a five-to-four margin, proclaimed

that a grand jury is "an accusatory body" obliged to "hear only the prosecutor's side."

DAMN THE EVIDENCE

Hungarian immigrant and Pennsylvania resident John Pozsgai was convicted of violating federal wetlands law after he put at least 32 truckloads of dirt and landfill on what one reporter described as a "ragged, weed-covered lot bordered by a four-lane state highway, a tire shop, a lumberyard and a junkyard filled with smashed cars." But because the land was near a canal, the feds launched a high-profile prosecution of Pozsgai for violating the Clean Water Act, which prohibits anyone from polluting waterways used in interstate commerce. Although Pozsgai did no environmental harm, he received a three-year prison sentence and a \$200,000 fine.

Starr did not initiate this prosecu-

terms. The Clean Water Act was a good law, even if the facts didn't quite fit.

THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF ENTRAPMENT

In 1984 the Postal Inspection Service got the name of Keith Jacobson, a 56-year-old Nebraska farmer and veteran of the Korean and Vietnam wars, from a bookstore that had sold him two copies of *Bare Boys* magazine. Over the next two and a half years, five government-created entities sent Jacobson ten letters, including two solicitations to buy pictures. A prohibited-mail specialist at the Postal Inspection Service, masquerading as a pen pal, wrote a letter to the defendant describing his "male-male" interest. In his response, Jacobson indicated that he was opposed to pedophilia. One of the government-created companies, Far Eastern Trading Co., supposedly in Hong Kong, required Jacobson to affirm that he was "not an undercover law enforcement officer or agent of the U.S. government acting in an undercover capacity for the purpose of entrapping Far Eastern Trading." Eventually, Jacobson placed an order for one magazine; the Postal Service delivered it, and shortly thereafter, the agents arrested Jacobson and searched his house for other evidence of his deviance. They found the material that the government had sent him and the copies of *Bare Boys* magazine.

One of the major issues in the Supreme Court's review of the case was whether Jacobson was predisposed to order kid porn or whether he was the victim of overzealous investigation. Did the federal government have a reasonable basis to involve the Postal Service and Customs to ensnare a Nebraska farmer who had never been convicted or accused of any crime except for a drunk-driving conviction 30 years earlier? Starr, in his brief for the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit, declared: "The government is not required to have a reasonable basis to believe a person is engaged in criminal activity before it may approach that person as part of an undercover investigation."

Starr was especially worried that requiring reasonable suspicion would undermine government stings. Thus, for justice to triumph, government must have the right to entrap all citizens. For once, the Supreme Court rejected Starr's argument and overturned Jacobson's conviction.

As solicitor general during the Bush administration, Starr staged blatant attacks on the Bill of Rights.

tion, but he did intervene to keep Pozsgai in prison. A key piece of evidence offered at the trial were photos that purportedly showed that a stream on Pozsgai's property ran into the Pennsylvania Canal—which prosecutors claimed had been used for interstate commerce. After the trial, Pozsgai's lawyers discovered that those photographs showed no such thing. They appealed to the Supreme Court. Starr filed a brief that admitted that the pictures were inaccurate: "We have examined the photographs and determined that they do not show the stream flowing into the canal." The canal, which had been designated as a historical landmark, was closed to interstate commerce, but never mind. The conviction should stand.

The Court, as usual, bowed to the solicitor general's wishes. Damn the evidence. The prosecutor will define the

James Bovard is the author of Freedom in Chains: The Rise of the State and the Demise of the Citizen (St. Martin's Press).

READER

EXPOSING FORFEITURE

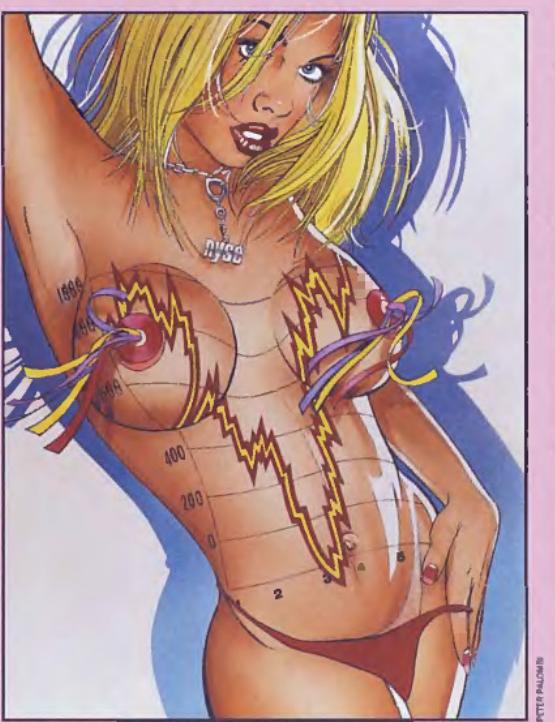
When people think of forfeiture ("The King's Riches," by James Bovard, *The Playboy Forum*, December), it's usually in the context of the war on drugs. But forfeiture reaches far beyond that; it's a law enforcement tool in the war on all crimes. Here is the standard pattern: You're suspected of a crime and officials seize any property "associated" with the alleged crime, whether or not it belongs to you. If you hope to regain your property, the burden has now shifted to you or the owner to prove your innocence—and that's possible only in areas that offer an "innocent-owner defense" statute. No crime has to be proved. If you want to reduce your chance of being charged, forget about reclaiming your property.

Bizarre? Not from a law enforcement perspective. Cops get to keep the property, which explains why forfeiture has exploded in recent years. It's a moneymaker. Until reporters for *The Orlando Sentinel* exposed the practice, the Volusia County, Florida sheriff's department stopped cars on I-95 only because the drivers matched a drug courier profile. Police seized nearly \$8 million on the suspicion that it was drug money. Currently, an unlikely cast of players is leading the charge for reform. Among them are Republican congressmen Henry Hyde (Illinois) and Bob Barr (Georgia).

But the Justice Department is fighting reform at every step. Late in the last session, Congress tried to pass a bill that would actually enhance the government's forfeiture powers. The Justice bill was a veritable law enforcement wish list. Fortunately, Hyde blocked it.

Roger Pilon
Center for Constitutional Studies
Cato Institute
Washington, D.C.

Even so, forfeiture continues to be seen as a source of government funding. In 1997, NBC's "Dateline" documented the practice of Louisiana sheriff's deputies who stopped



FOR THE RECORD

Monkeying With the Dow

"In late July, Mayor Rudolph Giuliani began shutting down strip clubs, and over the next month, the Dow Jones industrial average plunged 1500 points. In September, a court ruling gave some clubs a partial reprieve, whereupon the market began to recover. Last Wednesday, a strip club won another round in court, and the Dow surged 250 points the rest of the week. Mere coincidence? The last time a righteous mayor crusaded to close down strip joints, New York endured a long testosterone drought known as the Great Depression, and it took a world war to get the economy moving again. Fiorello LaGuardia thought those were just coincidences, too."

—JOHN TIERNEY IN *The New York Times*, REPORTING ON RESEARCH THAT SHOWED TESTOSTERONE LEVELS IN CAGED MALE MONKEYS ROSE WHEN THEY COULD WATCH—BUT NOT TOUCH—FEMALE MONKEYS

motorists for little or no cause and seized cars and cash under the state's forfeiture laws. According to NBC, the deputies started a slush fund with the money, which they used to pay for pizza, doughnuts and a ski trip. Meanwhile, some residents of Enfield, Connecticut are campaigning for a canine unit, in part to bring revenue to the town through drug forfeiture laws.

PROTECTING PRIVACY

The growing misuse of personal information is hardly news ("Leaking Data," by Mark Frauenfelder, *The Playboy Forum*, December). The big question is, What can be done? Here are three possible answers: First, let's enact laws to protect privacy. Technology is racing into the 21st century, while our privacy laws reflect the late Seventies. Second, let's put new technologies in place to protect privacy. Good encryption and pseudonymous identities would give us all a little more control over our digital personae. Third, if numbers one and two don't work, let's just turn it all off.

Marc Rotenberg
Electronic Privacy Information Center
Washington, D.C.

WON'T INHALE

I am amazed at David Abolafia's statement ("Reader Response," *The Playboy Forum*, December): "If every member of the Drug Enforcement Administration had a family member in pain from cancer and knew relief was available, marijuana's classification would be changed."

I am a special agent with the DEA and have been in law enforcement for six years. I have seen what marijuana and other drugs do to people: judgments, personalities and families.

Seven years ago, my father died of cancer. He suffered a lot but found relief by using prescribed, legitimate medicine. During his last six months, he never considered a drag on a joint to ease his pain. His appetite was stimulated by medicine, not by an inhalation of marijuana's carcinogens. The medicine prescribed to my father allowed him to die with dignity and pride.

The people who promote medical marijuana overlook the following:

- (1) Medicine is a progressive discipline, not regressive. (Yes, we can learn of new medicines by looking to the past, but not with smoking pot.)
- (2) The active ingredient (THC) in

marijuana has been prescribed for years, but is far less effective than legitimate drugs.

(3) Just because something makes you feel good doesn't mean you should ingest it. Snorting gas or glue fumes gives a euphoric feeling but damages brain cells.

(4) Inhaling smoke, in any form, is unhealthy and can lead to lung cancer and emphysema.

No, Mr. Abolafia, I don't feel that marijuana should be reclassified. Reclassifying marijuana as a schedule II drug would only imply that its use is legitimate and wouldn't change its damaging properties. There is relief available, as new generations of medicine surpass the need to use marijuana.

Your excuse to sit around and get stoned is a thing of the past.

(Name withheld by request)
San Diego, California

WASHED UP

The Federal Emergency Management Agency seems to have taken the cue from James Bovard's article on the agency's spendthrift ways ("The Unnatural Disaster," *The Playboy Forum*, June). Citing a need to curtail out-of-control spending, FEMA director James Lee Witt said he intends to cut by half the \$200 million a year the federal government spends subsidizing flood insurance for properties that are repeatedly damaged.

Bovard wrote that "subsidized flood insurance bribes people to ignore common sense." Flood insurance had "backfired, putting more people in harm's way." Now, James Lee Witt says, "People need to accept the responsibility and the consequences of their choice to live in high-risk areas. We should charge people who live in high-risk areas the fair market rates for insurance, instead of the lower, subsidized federal flood-insurance rates." Maybe Witt reads *PLAYBOY*?

David Arnoff
Boulder, Colorado

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

HMH AWARDS

this year's first amendment champs

"Telling the truth in a town of 2500 can be harder than it is in a big city," says Jean Sutton. She and her husband, Goodloe, publish *The Democrat-Reporter* in Linden, Alabama. The Suttons knew they had a good story when they reported that the local sheriff was using county funds to buy his daughter an all-terrain vehicle. They also knew they were in for trouble. They were harassed and received death threats, but they continued their coverage.

When a source tipped them off that the sheriff was pocketing drug enforcement money and that some of his deputies were protecting dealers, the Suttons ran the story. In May 1997, the Drug Enforcement Administration made southern Alabama's largest drug bust, arresting 69 people, including the county's chief drug enforcement officer. A judge sentenced the sheriff to 27 months in prison for accepting kickbacks; this year we presented the Suttons with a Hugh M. Hefner First Amendment Award.

Established in 1979, the HMH award recognizes individuals whose courage and commitment embody the First Amendment. Our other winners' stories:

Tisha Byars, an honor student at Wilby High School in Waterbury, Connecticut, refused to participate in the pledge of allegiance during class. She says she disagrees with the statement that there is "liberty and justice for all," especially for African Americans. School officials later denied Byars admission to the National



Honor Society, despite her 3.75 grade point average. Assisted by the Connecticut Civil Liberties Union, Byars filed suit. The principal called her treatment "standard procedure." A judge called it oppressive. Beginning last fall, Waterbury school officials made the pledge a matter of personal choice. Byars is now a student at the University of Connecticut.

As executive director of the Oklahoma County library system, Lee Brawner is a staunch supporter of First Amendment rights. For the past several years, Oklahomans for Children and Families demanded that Oklahoma City's library restrict access to controversial materials. At his own expense, Brawner mailed letters to more than 400 residents, warning of the threat to their freedom. With the help of a grassroots organization, Citizens Supporting Open Libraries, Brawner helped block state legislation that would have forced libraries to restrict access. OCAF then charged that the library contained child pornography in the form of the Academy Award-winning movie *The Tin Drum*. They demanded it be removed. Brawner refused. Plainclothes policemen visited the homes of residents who had checked out the videos and seized the tapes. In December 1997, a federal judge ruled the seizures unconstitutional. After 27 years of service to Oklahoma City residents as a champion for free expression, Brawner will retire this fall. We're happy to acknowledge his work with an HMH Award.

SEX FOR SALE

is this the new feminist agenda?

By TED C. FISHMAN

It's every lawyer's dream to come up with a new source of billable hours, and Jane Larson has come up with a doozy. She wants to reinvent common law to redress heartache. The University of Wisconsin law professor proposes a "tort of sexual fraud" that would enable men and women (mainly women) to sue ex-lovers for fraud when they feel jilted. "Feel" is the operative word here, for jilted women could charge fraud and collect damages whenever they felt they had traded sex or emotional commitment for a faded promise.

Swindlers can already be sued for shady business dealings and failed contracts, so why not for welsching on contracts of the heart? Larson's head must have swum with visions of riches when she dreamed that up. At last, she must have thought, redress for 5000 years of bad job prospects and unequal pay. The law could level the field by fining men for being jerks.

This cash-for-sex scheme seemed lunatic in 1994 when we first read Larson's law journal article that laid out her plan. Larson's proposal still would seem crazy today—if her logic hadn't already prevailed in courts in Illinois and California.

Larson and Linda Hirshman, a professor of philosophy and women's studies at Brandeis University, lay out their broader curriculum in *Hard Bargains: The Politics of Sex*. A 312-page history of sex and law in the Western world, from Hammurabi's Code and Greek slave markets to Clarence Thomas and Monica Lewinsky, the book leaves no sheet unturned to make its point that sex between men and women should not be a private matter. Instead, sex is an extension of social life, and every sex act contributes somehow to the public welfare. The argument builds on the anti-sex feminism forged 15 years ago by Catharine MacKinnon and Andrea Dworkin that regards heterosexual sex as a plot to enslave women. The sexual revolution, according to them, was a libertine trap.

Larson and Hirshman want to move feminism to the next level by reshaping even happy sexual relationships. To do

that, they begrudgingly acknowledge that sex is something people seem to want. "History gives strong evidence that, however culturally constructed and malleable sexual desire may be, there is some natural minimum of heterosexual desire within the human population," they note. "In most eras of Western history, both women and men have been recognized as feeling powerful sexual drives, very often for each other."

Burdened with "a minimum of this desire," women comprise one big sorry

**Jilted women
could sue
for fraud
and collect
damages
over faded
promises.**

group. They "face the choice of accepting a bargain of sex on bad terms, or living a solitary life on better terms, but with no sex." Louts or celibacy, that's the choice, with nothing in between.

Seeing history through this lens calls up odd perspectives, such as Larson and Hirshman's view that the Victorian era offered women more power over their sex lives than the modern revolution. Why? Because a century ago the law trapped men and women in marriages with little alternative for sexual fulfillment, and thus forced men to bargain more generously for sex with their wives. That is the thrust of Larson and Hirshman's bold insight into female empowerment: The more prized

women are as chattel, the freer and richer they will be. Trophy wives and White House interns might regard this view as liberating. For the rest of humanity it's a recipe for disaster.

Hard Bargains suggests the government change laws that regulate four kinds of sexual activity: rape, fornication, extramarital sex and prostitution.

For rape, Larson and Hirshman like strong antirape laws not just because rapists violate their victims but because rapists, if allowed to rampage freely, would never get married. "Men should marry more if the rape cost is high," the authors predict. In their odd logic, antirape laws help women by forcing would-be sex offenders into matrimony. The underlying message is not that women will take any kind of men they can get but that all men are rapists. In this absurd, and psychologically simple universe, men who are considering tying the knot don't ask their best friends, "Is she the right one for me?" but "Should I give up force and start haggling for sex?"

Fornication is one more hoary illegality that the authors hope will make a comeback. Strictly speaking, fornication is the offense of sex outside marriage. About half of the states still have laws against fornication, but they are rarely enforced. That, the authors believe, is a shame: "The laws against fornication generally elevated the status of women in history by increasing the price men paid for heterosexual access," they argue.

To their credit, Larson and Hirshman want to spare fornicators prison, though they plan to institutionalize the practice in another way: by making fornication subject to contract. Larson and Hirshman also call for the return of concubinage, or the kept woman. This time around, however, the woman would be kept under contract. "We see no reason why sex should be ruled out as a motivation for exchange between intimates," they write. "When fornication is accompanied by a web of other commitments, the law at least must allow individuals to guard their interests by contract. We propose that express promises be enforced with particular

fidelity—sexual bargains such as 'yes, if you support me,' or 'yes, if you leave me all of your money when you die,' should be accepted as fair trades."

The theorists go further, proposing state laws that would force long-term lovers to share some of their property "whether or not the parties agreed or expected to do so." The conditions under which the concubine might strike it rich are legion. She gets paid if she moves to another town to join her lover, if she drops out of school, if she agrees to keep house, and so on. And she doesn't receive just any amount but "shares of pension, insurance, public benefits or investments" and a share of her man's estate when he dies, "even if the relationship ends before death."

What is the so-called feminist rationale for ceding to kept women forced largesse from their keepers? Professors Larson and Hirshman suggest it's that mistresses are bimbos who need protection. Women "in long-term nonmarital unions," they state, "tend to be weak and foolish."

We could cynically cheer Larson and Hirshman's view of the liberated concubine, applauding the way it scraps 30 years of progress toward sexual equality in favor of the shuttered sex kitten. Men could adopt their economic calculus. We could even extend it, demanding, for instance, that we get paid for the sacrifices we make to keep our kittens. Even better, we could insist that men collect on the future value of their "property" and the opportunities we give them. If you hire a maid to spare your kept woman housework, she should reimburse you when you break up. Pay for her MBA, then garnish her future earnings when she lands the big job at the hedge fund. Teach her some tantric massage technique that helps her bag a richer keeper, and claim your share of his pie! Once everything in a relationship is assigned cash value, there is nothing the accountant need leave out.

Even adulterous affairs are for sale in Larson-Hirshman home economics. Unlike fornication, adultery involves a betrayal of a promise a husband and wife make to be faithful to each other.

For Larson and Hirshman the promise is ironclad. No-fault divorce, in which couples free themselves of each other and the pain of an ugly court battle, lets men off the hook too easily.

"The most appropriate remedy for adultery is civil compensation, either in the form of a 'bonus' in the division of marital property upon divorce, or a tort action for money damages available during the ongoing marriage."

Do these vanguard feminists realize what conventional women they are, endorsing the timeworn male strategy of buying your way out of the doghouse? Their theoretical framework for extracting property from men may be somewhat more sophisticated than a wifely pout or rage. It is, after all, built on the idea that women reluctantly offer themselves sexually to men in exchange for the promise of fidelity. Presumably, then, every kind of philandering has its price. Fondle the secre-

cash? Women whose desire wanes for years ought to have the money to back it up. Do attractive women who "trap" men with wild sex before marriage and then plump up and check out owe their husbands postmarital dowries? A more equitable solution might rely on credit, whereby sex denied at home can be sought down the street.

How much tidier a world we would live in if cash could settle all wounds, and every human interaction had a dollar sign attached to it. We would always know exactly where we stand. Our financial advisors could tally the risks of any extramarital relationship. Actuaries and Wall Street number crunchers could assess our prospects for happiness and heartache. Consider the market for infidelity insurance, for the futures and options on women scorned.

Oddly, while Larson and Hirshman willingly put a price on the sex in marriage and long-term relationships, they are unwilling to let prostitutes get paid for sex. Their position here is their most weaselly. While prostitutes get paid, they argue, it is "at the expense of the collective bargaining power of women in dealing with men who seek female sexual cooperation. Where prostitution is curtailed, wives are better situated to force their husbands to bargain with them for sexual access." In this sordid view, wives continually pit themselves against prostitutes for their husbands' attention. Do

Larson and Hirshman really think that most wives see themselves as interchangeable with streetwalkers? That most men think the same? Do they know any married couples?

In a final show of their upside-down logic, the authors' "solution" to prostitution is to decriminalize it. But there's a catch: They also advocate laws that would make hiring a prostitute an illegal labor contract "subject to the kinds of civil and administrative penalties already applicable to, for example, child or slave labor. Only the employer and not the worker could be prosecuted for violating the law."

The new feminism seems like the old. Once again, only men pay.



JOHN O'LEARY

tary and pay five bucks. Take her to a hotel room, and your wife can sock you for \$100. Sleep with your wife's best friend for a year, and it's a ski trip to St.-Moritz. Enterprising wives could introduce their husbands to fetching vixens and needy widows, then sit back and hope he falls for an expensive pass. If a man were rich enough, he'd never have to sleep with his wife at all, which by Larson and Hirshman's calculation might be the perfect marriage.

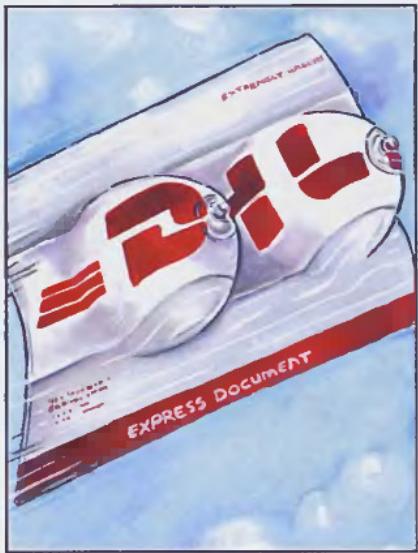
If, as the authors claim, women bargain away their bodies for fidelity, then surely they ought to offer some rebate plan for nights when women demur, go to bed in curlers or plead a headache. Shouldn't frigidity be salved by cold

NEWS FRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

SHIPPER SNAGS

CINCINNATI—A few days after photographer Craig Morey sent four of his erotic prints (two of which depict a nude woman bound at the wrists) to a London publisher



via DHL Airways, the delivery service returned the package. Morey says DHL told him the carrier doesn't handle anything it deems to be pornographic. What prompted the company to open Morey's package? He says the bill of lading described the contents only as "photographs." All three major express services—DHL, Federal Express and United Parcel Service—reserve the right to open packages (read the fine print), although DHL seems to have the most conservative policy. A spokesman says the service "prescreens" some international packages to filter out those that might cause bottlenecks at customs. Morey re-sent his prints by Federal Express, and they arrived safely.

CONSENSUAL CRIMES

HOUSTON—A case in which a judge fined two men \$125 each for "homosexual conduct" may bring down a Texas law that bans gay sex. Police discovered and arrested the men while investigating what turned out to be a false report of an armed intruder. The men's lawyers immediately appealed the fines, arguing that the law violates the state and federal constitutions. In New Orleans, meanwhile, activists have challenged a Louisiana law that calls for punishment of up to five years in

prison for anyone caught engaging in oral or anal sex. (Police arrested about 2000 people for violating the law during the six years before the activists filed suit.) And in Atlanta, the Georgia Supreme Court struck down the state's sodomy law as a violation of the right to privacy. Fourteen states and Puerto Rico still outlaw oral and anal sex; five more restrict the ban to homosexuals (see www.aclu.org/issues/gay-sodomy.html).

AROUSAL CHECK

PLAINFIELD, CONNECTICUT—City officials passed an ordinance requiring a newly opened strip club and an adult-video store to turn away convicted sex offenders to prevent them from becoming aroused. The law requires that each customer's identification be checked against a list of local offenders, which so far includes only a few names. The club's owner says the law also should apply to the local cable company because it shows R-rated films, the phone company because it hosts sex lines, the library because it has art books with nudes, and the public pool because women there wear bikinis.

SMILE AND WAIVE

SAN FRANCISCO—A state commission reprimanded a San Diego municipal judge for asking his female clerk to sign an "absolute, unconditional and total waiver of harassment." The woman refused to sign the agreement, which was presented to her in calligraphy on two scrolled pages. She said that over the next eight months, Judge Harvey Hiber told her dirty jokes, asked her out repeatedly, telephoned her at home, gave her numerous gifts, kissed her and passed her suggestive notes from the bench.

SPIT AND TELL

ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA—The police thought they knew who had committed two rapes during an armed robbery, but they didn't have the evidence to arrest him. When the suspect leaned off his motorcycle at a red light and spit on the street, he wrote his own warrant. An undercover cop who was tailing the ex-con scooped up the half-dollar-size glob with a paper towel. A state crime lab matched DNA in the saliva (which included skin cells from inside the man's cheek) to semen found at the crime

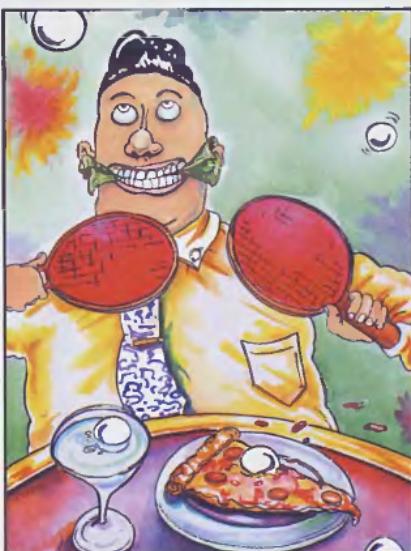
scene. The suspect wasn't charged with public spitting because he didn't hit a sidewalk or spit from a public vehicle.

HIGHER AUTHORITY

ARLINGTON, TEXAS—The police chief fired a patrolman who refused to remove a half-inch gold cross from his uniform. Sergeant George Daniels, a 13-year veteran, believes the chief violated his First Amendment rights. "I want to serve the Lord Jesus Christ, and I want to do it at the Arlington police department," Daniels said. The chief has allowed uniformed officers to wear antidrug pins and ones depicting motorcycles with small wings but says a religious symbol compromises an officer's neutral authority.

SUPER SOAKER

ALBUQUERQUE—A stripper who shoots Ping-Pong balls and water from her vagina returned to the stage despite a warning from the city that her act poses "serious health risks" to spectators. Stephanie Evans, a former gymnast who is billed as "the human super soaker," appears at the Ice House for a week each year. In 1997 the city forbade the club from serving pizza or drinks during her performances. A city at-



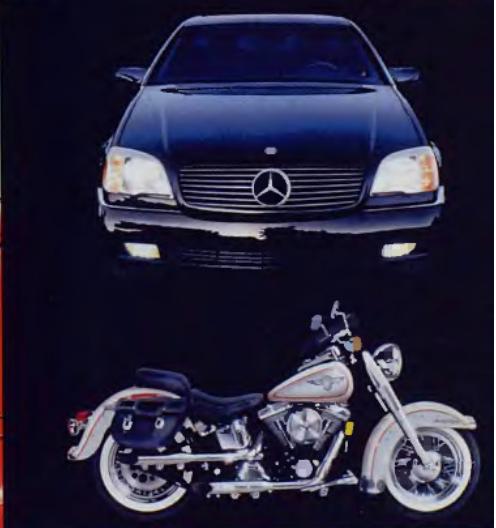
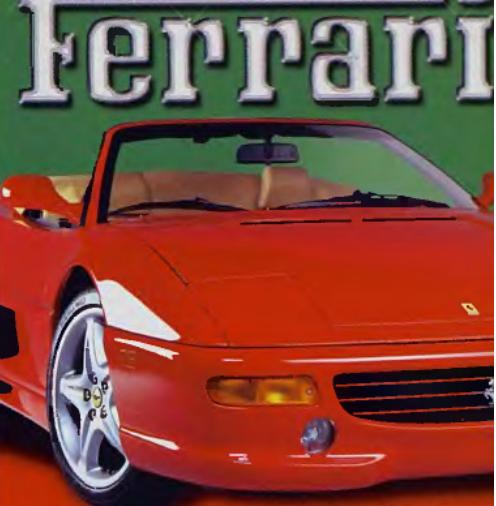
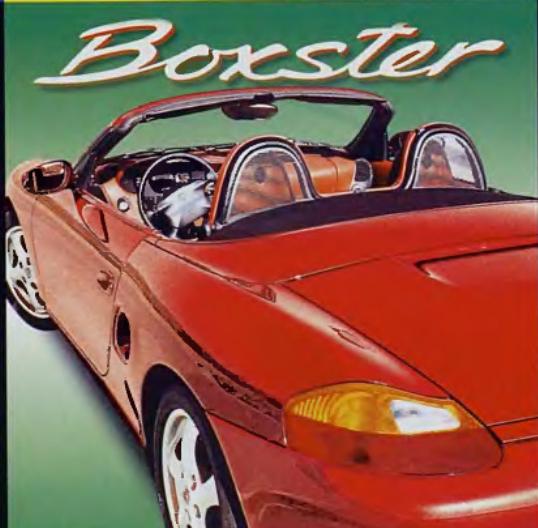
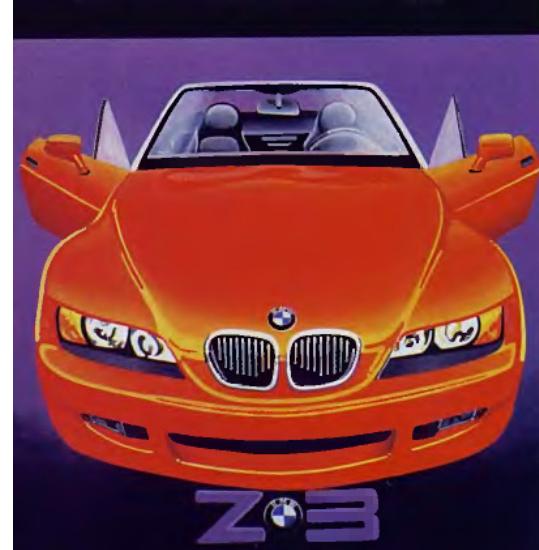
torney wrote, "The water is getting into drinks and onto food, and the city is also informed that some of your patrons catch objects expelled from Ms. Evans in their mouths." The club now warns customers to cover their plates and glassware.



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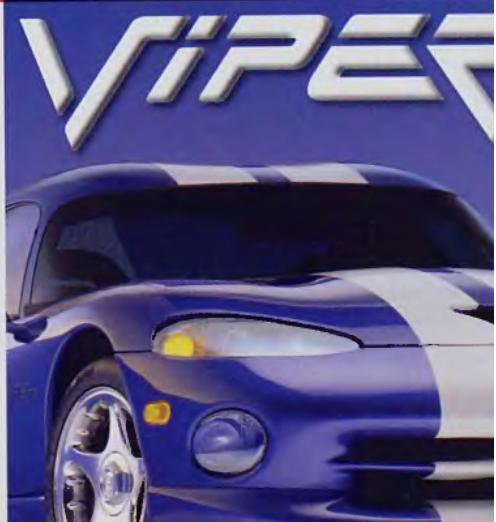
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LET'S KILL THE INDEPENDENT COUNSEL

a former counsel to a former president argues that the law which permitted Clinton's impeachment is an inquisitor's dream

opinion By JOHN W. DEAN

Independent counsel Kenneth Starr's impeachment investigation of President Clinton has set a dangerous precedent. There are currently six unelected independent counsels working in Washington, and they have become the most powerful people in the capital. They are also the most threatening. Following Starr's lead—and Congress' new attitude toward impeachment—any of them could refer alleged impeachable offenses about countless executive officers. But this potential for instability is only the newest and most egregious problem to develop under the troubled independent counsel law.

Criminal investigations by independent counsels have become increasingly aggressive, partisan and ugly. Everything is fair game, from lying about a mistress to accepting a few football or basketball tickets. Minor offenses are often turned into major cases by using the same facts to charge violations under multiple statutes. It is quite clear that independent counsels have become little more than partisan weapons launched by Congress against its political opponents in the executive branch. This symbiotic relationship between Congress and prosecutors has become more of a threat to good government than all the misdeeds these prosecutors are authorized to chase with endless time and money. Now the relationship between Starr and Congress has taken the independent counsel law into a new area: impeachment. While I am violently opposed to violence, there is an imminent solution to the problem. We must kill the independent counsel.

Of course, I'm talking about the post and not about any of the present or past occupants of the Office of Independent Counsel. The independent counsel law will expire at the end of June, providing the perfect opportunity to kill off a law that has already wreaked too much havoc and too many uncalled-for assaults against good people who have sought to serve their country in Washington.

It's not surprising that the independent counsel law has gone astray, for it has bad genes. It is the product of a union between shortsighted congressional expediency in dealing with Water-

gate and political posturing in the aftermath of that incredible 1972-1974 presidential scandal. In truth, these new prosecutorial brutes are the bastard children of Watergate, offspring of a fear that another president might fire a special prosecutor, as Richard Nixon did Archibald Cox during the Saturday Night Massacre. Nixon's attorney general and deputy attorney general refused to execute the president's order and resigned under fire, but his solicitor general, Robert Bork, proved himself no slouch by performing the dirty deed. Never again, Congress said.

This law was initially proposed by the Senate Watergate Committee. It was based, in part, on information I provided the committee about how the Nixon White House had obtained information from the Department of Justice. That information facilitated the cover-up of Watergate and assorted other nefarious White House activities—such as Nixon's ordering the wiretapping of newsmen, and his senior aides' authorizing other break-ins. Much more than a bungled burglary was at stake. Congress also learned that when Cox was fired, I was living in the care of the U.S. Marshal's witness protection program as the principal witness against the president. I was very concerned that if the Watergate investigation were returned to the Justice Department, Nixon would take control of it. That wouldn't have been good for the nation nor for yours truly.

Thus, keeping prosecutors outside of presidential control seemed a good idea. It isn't. Today I know, after researching events that preceded and followed Watergate, that Watergate was an aberration unique to Richard Nixon. Congress ignored that fact, as it ignored what actually occurred during Watergate. Public outrage at the firing of Cox forced Nixon to appoint another special prosecutor, Leon Jaworski, who went where the evidence led him. Nixon, of course, was forced to resign in the face of impeachment and conviction. He would have been criminally prosecuted had President Gerald Ford not pardoned him. The system worked quite well without the law that later created the Office of the Independent Counsel.

Experienced prosecutors on the Wa-

tergate Special Prosecution Force were the first to warn Congress about the problems of creating the OIC. It is the functional equivalent of an ad hoc attorney general's office with no real rules, regulations, time restrictions or financial restraints. The prosecutors foresaw what could happen if you let a bully build a gym just for himself and his friends, gave them all the steroids and equipment they wanted, and told them to police the neighborhood as they saw fit—free of law enforcement's normal supervision. As the Watergate prosecutors said in opposing the OIC law, "Lack of accountability carries a potential for abuse of power that far exceeds any enforcement gains that might ensue." They added in a prescient 1975 report that "the discretionary process of initiating and conducting investigations bears great potential for hidden actions that are unfair, arbitrary, dishonest or subjectively biased."

To make sure this law was not vetoed, Congress provided only temporary authority for appointing special prosecutors and tucked the provisions inside the Ethics in Government Act, which President Jimmy Carter signed in 1978. The ink had barely dried when Carter's attorney general decided he had no choice under the new law's hair trigger but to appoint the first independent counsel to investigate White House Chief of Staff Hamilton Jordan, who had allegedly been spotted snorting cocaine at New York's Studio 54.

After six months, the charges against Jordan proved groundless and the investigation was closed. But the first use of the IC law set a pattern. The thinnest evidence would be inflated by partisans and reported widely by the media, which cherish charges of misconduct.

The independent counsel law clearly doesn't work. Indeed, there are horror stories from both prosecutors and their targets in the records of the 22 investigations conducted under the law.

After over \$150 million and 20 years of investigations, not a single principal target of an investigation has been sent to jail by an independent counsel. Most ICs have not even found evidence sufficient to return indictments, suggesting the initial (continued on page 160) 51

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

DREW CAREY

a candid conversation with tv's working-class hero about dating strippers, battling the bulge, dueling with tabloids and why he prefers sex south of the border

As a bonus for signing his most recent contract with Warner Bros., which produces his hit TV show, *Drew Carey* was given a Porsche, which he now uses for long-distance joyrides. But today, on the Warner Bros. lot, the constantly smiling, defiantly beer-bellied Carey, with his trademark buzz cut and horn-rims, is speeding along on manual power: He is temporarily in a wheelchair because of a minor foot injury—doctor's orders. The world may be safer when he's behind the wheel of the Porsche. He hurls himself around corners and careens down hallways.

Although he maneuvers the soundstage without causing any permanent damage, it's a reminder of the last time Carey rode in a wheelchair. He was at Disney World, of all places, drunk. It was an ugly scene, especially when his date tried to pry his contact lenses off his eyes—a task made more difficult by the fact that he doesn't wear contact lenses. counseled by his friends to take a break in his rampage, he sat down in a wheelchair. Soon he was up again, dashing through Disney World's international exhibitions, making headlines in the tabloids.

Indeed, thanks to his raucous public behavior—he proudly dates strippers, drinks openly, admits to being abused as a child and

having his nipples pierced—Carey is a favorite of the tabloids. But there's more to their obsession with the portly star than his outrageousness. Both in his appearance and in his comedy, Carey is easy to identify with, a guy much more at home in his native Cleveland than he is in Hollywood. *Entertainment Weekly* recently noted, "With *Home Improvement* on the wane, ABC is relying on Carey to deliver the blue-collar goods." Right now he is the closest thing to a working-class hero on prime-time TV.

The real Drew Carey is never more genuine than when he's being the fake Drew Carey on his highly rated ABC sitcom. Set appropriately in Cleveland, the show begins each Wednesday with Ian Hunter's *Cleveland Rocks*, performed by the Presidents of the United States of America. Carey plays the assistant personnel director of a Cleveland department store. As Bruce Helford, the executive producer of the show, has explained, "Drew's persona is that of the little guy who goes out to do battle with the big guys and always returns with a shred of dignity. He's a happy sack, not a sad sack."

Carey, 40, is also executive producer and star of *Whose Line Is It Anyway?* a prime-time improv-based comedy show that has been a surprise hit (it also features Drew co-

star Ryan Stiles as a regular). Carey recently signed a movie deal with Disney and was named among the 100 most powerful people in the entertainment business (at number 78) by *Entertainment Weekly*. He has hosted HBO specials, emceed awards shows and won a People's Choice Award. His first book, *Dirty Jokes and Beer*, was a best-seller. It includes the expected raunch—lots of dick jokes—but turns serious when he writes about his father's death, being sexually molested as a child and his two suicide attempts.

Obviously, Carey's childhood was not a happy one. His father, Lewis, a draftsman at General Motors, suffered myriad illnesses and died of a brain tumor at 45, when Drew was eight years old. His mother worked as a secretary and keypunch operator, and Carey was often on his own. When he was molested and became seriously depressed, he told his mother he thought he should see a psychiatrist. She was so busy working to support Drew and his two other brothers that she never took him.

In school, Carey played trumpet in the band and accordion on his own, performed in an operetta and sang in a choir. He was on the wrestling team in high school, but admits he was so bad he never left the bench during meets. He read and was obsessed with



"Making out is my favorite thing to do. Making out is number one, eating pussy is number two. Well, they can switch places. I love making a woman happy: eating her pussy, shopping, whatever it takes."

"The very best comics aren't ugly, but they're not like Brad Pitt. If Brad Pitt walked out there, all slicked out, and wanted to do stand-up comedy, he wouldn't be accepted. What's he going to talk about?"

"Strippers are generally open-minded. If you're with a stripper you can go, 'Hey, let's try this!' 'You tie me up.' 'I'll tie you up.' Whatever you want. They'll say, 'All right.' Sex is so matter-of-fact with them."

strategy games such as *War in the East* and *1776*. When a magazine writer asked him about this period in his life, Carey responded, "Weirdo. Weirdo. Underachiever. Weirdo. Weirdo."

Carey somehow got into Kent State University, where he majored in criminal justice and minored in partying. When he was 18, at a fraternity party, he looked around and, as he once explained in an interview, "saw everybody having such a good time—I got so mad I could barely control my rage." He swallowed sleeping pills in his first suicide attempt; he survived because friends took him to the hospital.

After two academic dismissals, he quit college and moved to Las Vegas, where he worked at a Denny's to pay the rent. He says his life was devoid of meaningful goals and he was depressed. "I remember thinking, *All my friends have jobs now, and they're succeeding, but what am I doing?*" he once told *People* magazine. He again took sleeping pills, but this time he called a friend, who called an ambulance.

Carey credits self-help books with pulling him out of his depression. As a result of those suicide attempts, he has written, "I'm not afraid of what anyone thinks of me. A lot of people, especially celebrities, stop themselves from doing all kinds of things they would like to do because they're afraid of what people will think of them. Not me. I let myself do whatever I want, with whomever I want, whenever I want. I'm not talking about being rude. I try not to do that. I'm talking about living a life without caring if people like the way you have your fun."

In 1980 he joined the Marine Corps Reserve and worked odd jobs while reading joke-writing books to learn a new craft. Six years later, he made a New Year's resolution to try to support himself as a stand-up comic. Carey spent four more years in comedy clubs before he made his debut on *The Tonight Show*. That led to comedy specials on cable, including Showtime's *Drew Carey: Human Cartoon*, which he wrote. He also made his film debut in *The Coneheads*.

In 1994 Carey co-starred in the short-lived sitcom *The Good Life*, where he met writer Bruce Helford. Helford hired Carey first as a writer on NBC's *Someone Like Me* and then as an actor in the TV remake of *Freaky Friday*. Then, with Helford and contributing producer Sam Simon, Carey launched his own sitcom in 1995. *The Drew Carey Show*, on ABC, was down-to-earth blue collar, heir apparent to *Roseanne* and an antidote to the urban angst of NBC's biggest hits, *Seinfeld* and *Friends*.

Last summer, Carey launched *Whose Line Is It Anyway?* which was so successful that ABC put it in its regular lineup. While putting in 16-hour days on that show and his hit series, he is supervising space-age renovations at his LA home (he has a second home in Cleveland) and occasionally returns to the comedy stage to hone and update his stand-up routine.

Carey's TV character often suffers the indignities of a broken heart, which is familiar

to the actor, too. While waiting for Ms. Right, however, Carey makes no secret of how much he enjoys the company of strippers, showgirls and various other women who wind up in the path of a newly famous celebrity. Still, he has said that he "guards against going Hollywood. It's one of the reasons I always go to Bob's Big Boy and stuff like that in Los Angeles."

When *PLAYBOY* decided to track him down, we sent New York-based journalist Heather Dean, who, like Carey, was born in Cleveland. Here is Dean's report:

"I first caught up with the energetic lug during his run at Caesars Palace. When we sat down at Spago in Las Vegas, he ordered what he called "the breakfast of champions": a sandwich and a personal pizza. Between bites, he talked enthusiastically about his show, his past and his preferred type of sex (hint: he can't do it and eat pizza at the same time).

"I next met with Carey on the set of his TV show in Los Angeles, when he was careening on the lot in a wheelchair. But the foot injury didn't seem to dampen his mood. Indeed, Carey is usually laughing. He doesn't merely grin, nod or chuckle. He laughs with his

*Emmys don't mean
a goddamn thing. If you
get nominated for an Emmy,
it just means people
know your name.*

whole face: The eyes disappear, the lips stretch from ear to ear and the voice is a breathy, amused exhalation. One soon learns that Carey is his own best audience. While he laughs at funny things said by others, he laughs most heartily at his own jokes. An interview with Carey involves lots of laughing, even when the subject gets deadly serious."

PLAYBOY: The central character in your show bears your name, but does he resemble Drew Carey in real life?

CAREY: He's the Drew Carey I'd be if I never became a comic. I'd have some crummy job like his. I'd be a guy with a general degree from Kent State University and I'd be a middle manager. It's how I imagined my life would go had I not chosen my current career: college dropout comic [laughs]. I wouldn't have been that successful as a middle manager, either. I can't boss people around. Real-life middle managers like to bust balls and boss people around. There are a lot of assholes in middle management. I would have been the opposite—sort of like my character, who is usually trying to help people. For his efforts, he gets lots of shit. People relate to the character be-

cause everybody gets lots of shit. It's one of the show's secrets: People relate to Drew because Drew gets all the shit.

PLAYBOY: There are lots of cruel one-liners. Why do audiences seem to like that type of comedy?

CAREY: It's not like we're picking on anybody who is weak. Mimi is the brunt of lots of jokes, but she's not going to crumble. She's overweight, wears a lot of makeup, but it doesn't matter. She's comfortable about who she is. We don't do weight jokes; the writers come up with weight jokes, but we never use them. It would be too mean for Drew to attack her weight. There are fat jokes directed at my character, and I don't necessarily like them. But they're funny. If I didn't want the fat jokes, I would just lose the weight. In the meantime, I put up with them.

PLAYBOY: Do people confuse you and your character?

CAREY: You have to be really stupid to think somebody's like they are on TV.

PLAYBOY: Isn't Jerry Seinfeld like the guy he played on his show?

CAREY: I guess so. I don't think he was acting much. He's not a good actor, either [laughs]. Neither of us are good actors. He would be the first to tell you he wasn't the best actor on his show.

PLAYBOY: It's true that he wasn't nominated for as many Emmys as his fellow cast members were.

CAREY: Emmys? Emmys don't mean a goddamn thing. Are you kidding me? If you get nominated for an Emmy, it just means people know your name. Emmys are a joke. The Emmys don't mean a fucking thing to anybody. If the people who do wardrobe, lighting and directing get an Emmy, they can up their fees. That's all the awards are worth. I shouldn't get nominated for an Emmy.

PLAYBOY: So you're happy that the Emmys for best actor continue to go to Kelsey Grammer and John Lithgow?

CAREY: Who cares? I think they're a fucking joke.

PLAYBOY: Are those sour grapes?

CAREY: Listen: I know people who make a big deal out of it when they win one; there's this cachet. If you win an Emmy, you're like the best one. But you're not necessarily the best at what you do. Same with an Oscar or any award.

PLAYBOY: How do you rationalize emceeing awards shows if you have such contempt for them?

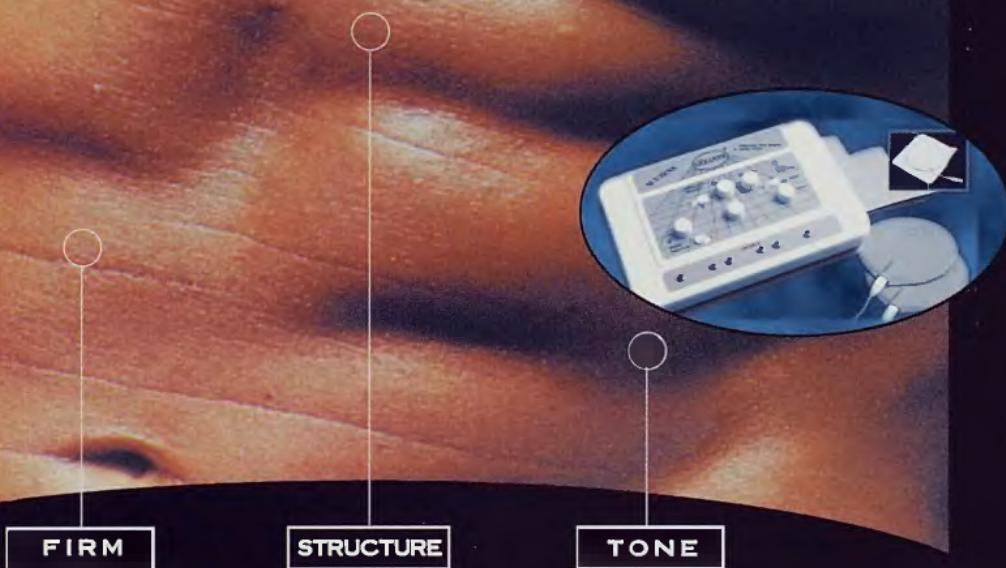
CAREY: They're fun. It's an industry pat on the back. That's it. But it's ludicrous. People at home should think, This show was put together for one reason: to make money.

PLAYBOY: How about the Oscars? Did you watch them when you were growing up?

CAREY: I never cared. But at least when people win an Oscar, they usually deserve it. The good thing is that Oscars and Emmys help people notice a movie or show that they may otherwise have

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missed. But the actors who win are popular. The best shows are the results of the best writing and directing and producing, anyway.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that a disproportionate amount of credit goes to the stars?

CAREY: Some of us give credit where credit is due. A couple of performers don't. They make me mad. Lying motherfuckers. They don't give credit to their writers or producers or anybody. They think it's all them, like they're the only reason the show's a hit. Jesus Christ, man. They take credit for stories that writers thought up.

PLAYBOY: Who, for example?

CAREY: I don't think Roseanne's all that generous. She's one of the ones. *Roseanne* was pioneering and she had a vision of what she wanted the show to be, but I've heard things. Bruce Helford [co-executive producer of *The Drew Carey Show*] was an executive producer of *Roseanne*. According to Bruce, Roseanne's feelings were always right on the money. She's very funny. But somebody cut out an article about Roseanne's new talk show and put it on Bruce's desk. Roseanne said she finally learned to delegate, because she didn't have the caliber of producer on the *Roseanne* show that she does now. And Bruce was like, "What the fuck?" That would be like Bill Gates taking credit for everything Microsoft does. Gates doesn't do that.

PLAYBOY: Do you know Roseanne?

CAREY: I met her once. I'm not saying that she's a totally selfish person. I only know from the interviews I've read. But knowing what you don't want and knowing how to do a sitcom are two different things. Every season she fired people around the 16th episode. The last year was so horrible. By then, the staff knew it was the last season and nobody said no to her anymore. Nobody cared. She got to do whatever she wanted. That's what I have heard from people who worked for her.

PLAYBOY: Is yours a happier set?

CAREY: Very. I would say it's a great set. I hear that from all the people I work with, too.

PLAYBOY: Could you ever become a megalomaniac like some other stars?

CAREY: I like the money I'm getting [laughs]. I like being successful. So I want people to do the work they do. Bruce does a great job running things and the writers are really good. I think it helps that I'm in my show's writers' room as much as I am. But I'm not a writer and I know what goes into the shows; I don't take their contributions lightly.

PLAYBOY: Do you see your show as a potential *Seinfeld*, *Cheers* or *Taxi*—with that type of popularity and longevity?

CAREY: No. I gave up on that [laughs]. Anyway, a lot of people don't love *Seinfeld* or *Cheers* as much as the magazines say they do. Different shows have differ-

ent audiences. There are people out there who can't wait to watch *Third Rock*. We have more people who can't wait to watch our show on Wednesday. Does it make *Third Rock* a bad show? Does it make it more or less beloved? There is no one show that America loves. Even *Seinfeld* has to know that not everybody is a fan of his. I sure know that not everybody is a fan of mine. Every year it's going to be harder and harder for a network show—a typical network show like mine—to keep a stronghold. *Seinfeld* caught the last wave of being able to be a huge network show, because it hit the big time right after *Cheers*. After that, a lot of people started buying computers, and cable TV arrived.

PLAYBOY: For a while there was a war over who got paid more, Tim Allen or *Seinfeld*. How do you feel about the attention to those numbers?

CAREY: Everybody loves to know how much somebody else gets paid. But people get themselves into a big trap when they think, I'm not worth as much as that guy because I don't get paid as much. But I was titillated like everyone

please me. The deal is really generous.

PLAYBOY: Was it as much as you had hoped for?

CAREY: Yeah! You'll never hear me make a sound of any kind of discontent against Warner Bros. for the way they pay me or how they treat me.

PLAYBOY: Have there been any bumps along the road to success?

CAREY: When the show was building, it took a while for me to feel comfortable being famous. Howard was instrumental in that.

PLAYBOY: Howard?

CAREY: Howard Stern.

PLAYBOY: How was he instrumental?

CAREY: I went on the air and told him I didn't like being famous. He said, "Are you crazy? I love being famous!" Ever since, I swear to God, I just started to enjoy it.

PLAYBOY: What didn't you like about being famous?

CAREY: The tabloids. All the other things that go with celebrity really bothered me. It felt like I was the schlub in high school again. It felt like I was in the marching band. Everybody likes people in the band, but not as much as they like looking at Jennifer Aniston and her hot body. But now it's OK. I don't mind it.

PLAYBOY: Are you uncomfortable making conversation with other celebrities?

CAREY: Whenever you meet other celebrities it feels like some kind of family reunion or a wedding. When celebrities meet celebrities from other shows, they act the way they would at a wedding. Everyone is on their best behavior and they're real polite: "Love your show." "Love your show, too." There are exceptions. I was at Disney World at a party ABC threw for its affiliates. The ABC executive types were sitting in the balcony, looking down and saying, "I'll bet he's trying to pick her up. I'll bet they get together." One guy was openly trying to pick up an actress from another show. He was dancing with her and I guess he nailed her. That was the big rumor the next day, at least [laughs]. So they had a good time at a showbiz party. It's possible. If it's a public event and you go off with someone, the tabloids write about it—though when they write about relationships they're usually wrong. They usually have no idea.

PLAYBOY: When have the tabloids been wrong about you?

CAREY: One said that I met Heather Graham at a party. I've never met her in my life. She played Rollergirl in *Boogie Nights*. They reported that I said, "Hey, Rollergirl, how's about you and me getting together," or some stupid line like that. I would never say anything like that. The tabloids make up that shit. *The Star* once said that I was on a potato diet and lost 17 pounds on it. They printed two pictures of me weighing exactly the same [laughs]. Ryan Stiles [who plays Lewis on *Drew*] and I were waiting to

*I like it when
women are the
pursuers. I'm not
really good at picking
up women.*

else to hear that *Seinfeld* got his \$1 million per episode and then Tim Allen got \$1 million, too. A few years before, they were on the air opposite each other. *Home Improvement* used to kill *Seinfeld*. To save *Seinfeld*, NBC had to move it away from *Home Improvement*. The first thing I thought was, That must have stuck in *Seinfeld*'s craw to learn about Tim Allen's raise, because I would have been like, "What the fuck?" and throwing newspapers all over the place.

PLAYBOY: When it was time for your contract renegotiation, you said you'd walk away from your show unless Warner Bros. "backed up the money truck." What happened?

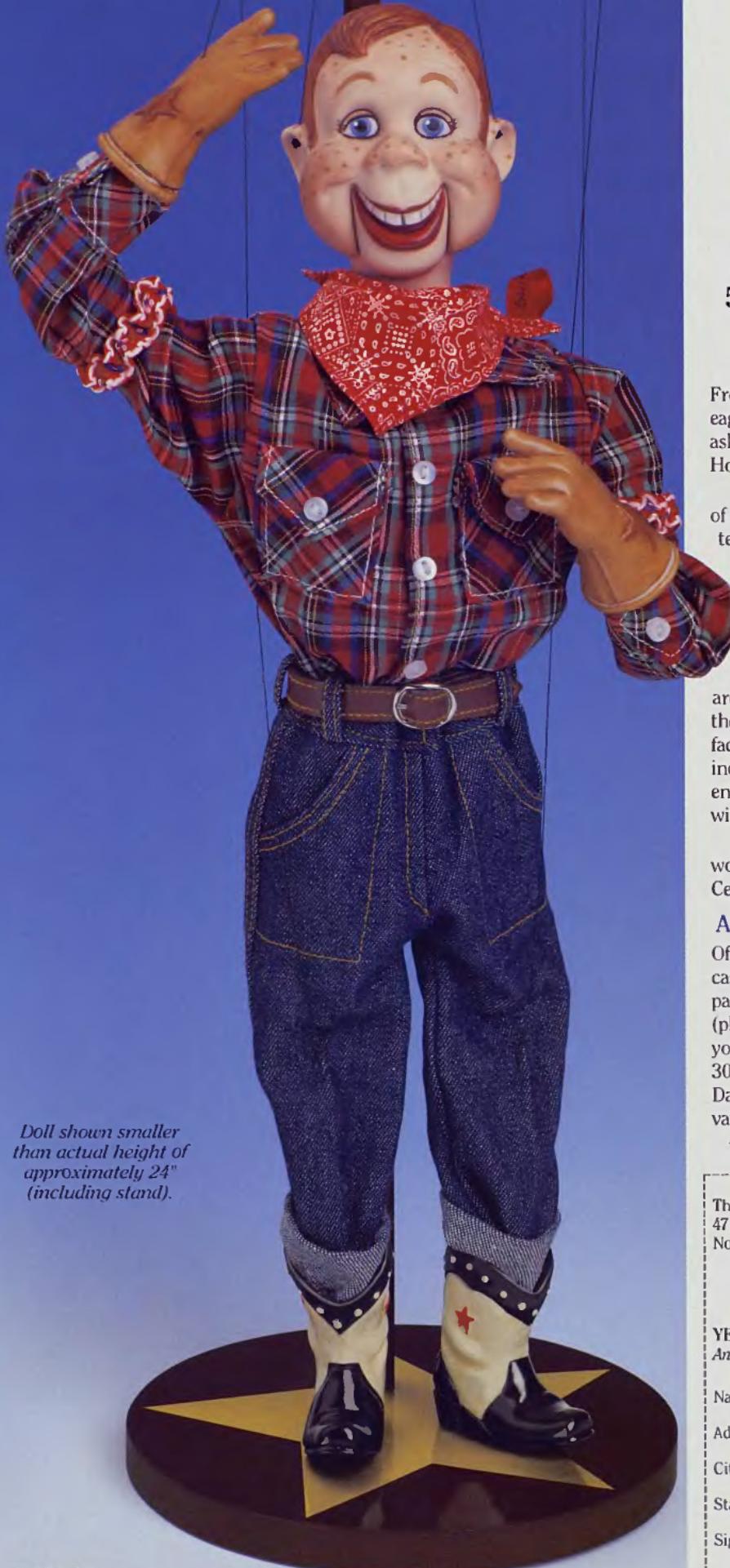
CAREY: They pulled it up early. I gave them two more years. I'm in the fourth year of seven.

PLAYBOY: At what point did the big money kick in?

CAREY: I'm making great money already, but the total value of the deal is really stupendous.

PLAYBOY: Well?

CAREY: Let's just say there aren't any complaints from me. They really went to bat for me; they went out of their way to



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catch a plane together once, and he opened up *The Star* and saw that story. He looked at me while I was eating a Sausage McMuffin and I had another one in my lap ready to go. He said, "How's that potato diet coming?" It's really laughable. But it's so wrong and so stupid. You'd think they'd have some sense of shame. When I asked my lawyer about getting them to stop, he said that unless it's libelous there's nothing you can do.

PLAYBOY: Here's your chance to do something about the gossip. Tell us how to spot tabloid truth from fiction.

CAREY: If it's a really structured sentence and doesn't sound natural, it's made up. If it's said by a friend—"Friends say

he's never been happier," "Friends say

that she's madly in love"—it's all bull-

shit. They always use the same type of phrases. They make

sure what they say isn't harmful and that they're not

saying the celebrity is bad. But it's still

made up. I'd say 90 percent of what

they report are made-up lies. They never know what

the fuck they're talking about. The

halfway-true stories have pictures to

back them up. The *Globe* reported that

I was drunk at Disney World. I was

wearing mouse ears and trying to drink

my way around the world with my

friends. Someone I was with supposedly told the guys who

worked there to get a wheelchair so they

could wheel me out of there. The *Globe*

actually sent a guy

down to Florida to talk to the Disney

guide who was with me. They got my

guide's unlisted number. They got confirmation that I was drunk. The *Globe*

paid people off, then they took pictures of me drunk, sitting in a wheelchair

[laughs].

PLAYBOY: Truth or fiction?

CAREY: I was totally drunk. I wasn't trying to hide anything. I even joke about it in my act. But the *Globe* made it sound like they got this big scoop. And the only thing they got wrong was that I was wheeled away because I was too drunk to stand up. The real ending was that I sat down in a wheelchair for only a second and said, "Whew!" Then I got up

My friends wanted to get me out of there because I was really wasted. I was so drunk that Bruce Helford was chasing me around while I was saying, "No, I want to see the fireworks." But I broke away from Bruce, who's this really little guy. I was running and laughing through Mexico over in the international area. I had a girlfriend with me during the trip. I had to shove her off me because she was drunk, too. She was trying to get the contacts out of my eyes and I wasn't even wearing contacts. She was jabbing her fingers in my eyes. The hotel room was a wreck the next day. That's the story the *Globe* missed.

PLAYBOY: What sort of effect has celebrity had on your love life?

terested in one-night stands?

CAREY: They have happened to me, but that's the emptiest masturbation-type sex you can have. It's like masturbating with somebody else's body [laughs]. It's not lovemaking.

PLAYBOY: When you were on the road, did it matter?

CAREY: I would hook up with a woman I met on the road and it would last for that week. I'd meet somebody, and by the end of the week I'd get together with her and that would be the last time I'd see her. Maybe I would talk to her a few times afterward, but that was it. That's happened only two or three times. Back then I didn't get laid. I'm the jack-off king, man [laughs].

PLAYBOY: And you're proud of it.

CAREY: Yeah. Could you please title this "PLAYBOY Interviews Jack-Off King Drew Carey"? Man, oh man.

PLAYBOY: In your book you claim that you unloaded your weapon—that's what you called it—three times in one hour.

CAREY: It's true. The next day, my elbow was tender and pretty sore, like tennis elbow. I was like, *Oooh, man*, holding my arm like this [close to the body]. It really hurt. I couldn't believe it. That's a lot for a guy. I know there are some guys who can do that—porno guys or whatever.

PLAYBOY: Teenage boys can, too.

CAREY: Yeah, I could when I was a teenager. But that's my own record: three times in one hour. I

haven't had any cause to jack off three times in one hour since then. But I also have a daily record [laughs]. You know, if you're going to keep stats, you might as well have a lot of categories.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

CAREY: Home. Away. Left-hand pitchers. Right-hand pitchers. Turf, grass. When it comes to women, though, I wouldn't want to be with somebody who wanted to sleep with me because I'm on TV. Women want to meet me because I'm on TV, but there has to be a mutual sexual attraction to get anything going after that. And for some women, my being a celebrity doesn't mean a fucking thing. I'm too terrified to ask them out because

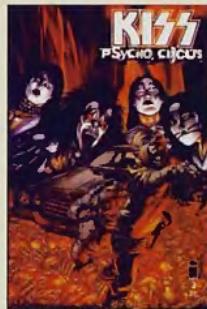
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CAREY: My date this weekend in Las Vegas was with me when I was signing autographs after my show and said, "You could get laid all the time, couldn't you?" I said, "I guess I could if I didn't care about it." I've had plenty of one-night stands, but I don't like them as much as I like forming a relationship, even if it's a casual relationship.

PLAYBOY: Does that mean you're looking to settle down?

CAREY: When I say relationship, I don't mean a committed relationship. A relationship is when you know the person; you're not meeting someone just once, fucking her and never seeing her again.

PLAYBOY: Does that mean you're not in-

I don't want them to say no. I'd be really embarrassed if anybody found out.

PLAYBOY: Do you know immediately whether you're sexually attracted to a woman?

CAREY: There's no way it's a five-second thing for me. Sometimes it doesn't happen until I've known somebody for a while. Then I think, Hey, I bet she and I could have sex together.

PLAYBOY: Don't you ever experience lust at first sight?

CAREY: I don't think of women in those terms. I know a lot of guys think, She's fuckable, or She's not fuckable. I've heard those phrases, but I don't think of women like that.

PLAYBOY: How do you deal with female fans who come on to you?

CAREY: No woman has come up to me while I'm signing autographs and said, "I'd like to have sex with you." But a couple of women have intimated that. I drove down to Kent State last summer with a friend. We were drinking at this place called Ray's Place and I was signing autographs, and a woman there was really coming on to me. I knew that if I'd said, "Hey, let's go, what are we waiting for," that would have been all I needed to say. She was putting her tits right up against my shoulder and saying, "Oh, you're so cute." I just couldn't bring myself to do anything. I'm not stupid. I just thought, Wow, everybody has probably fucked you. I don't want to fuck you if everybody else has fucked you. If she's the bar slut, everybody's going to say, "Drew Carey got the bar slut." So I just said, "Nice meeting you." We enjoyed our chat. And that was it. I never saw her again. The whole idea was creepy.

PLAYBOY: When you want to date a woman, do you like being the pursuer or do you prefer being pursued?

CAREY: I like it when women are the pursuers. I'm not really good at picking up women. So women kind of have to be—well, what are you talking about, dating or sex?

PLAYBOY: Let's start with dating.

CAREY: I don't mind asking them. If I've had a nice conversation with someone, I'll say, "Hey that was a pretty good time, why don't we go out and have dinner?" If she were to say the same thing to me it would be fine. I don't care who asks first.

PLAYBOY: Do you fall in love easily? When was the last time?

CAREY: There's a woman I was dating last season. We never ran out of things to talk about. I thought I could be around her 24 hours a day and never tire of her company. I couldn't wait to see her. She was a complement to me. We weren't exactly alike, but she brought out the best in me. On the other hand, there have been women I've dated and then didn't call them for a few days. I'd think, Oh, maybe I'd better call so-and-so. That's when I know I'm not in love [laughs].

PLAYBOY: So what happened with the



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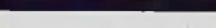
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woman who complemented you so well?

CAREY: She doesn't live in the city anymore. Actually, the last two women I've been in love with haven't really reciprocated. The circumstances weren't right. We didn't live in the same town, or they moved or got some kind of job so I wouldn't be able to see them as much. The last ones killed me. I was really in love and thought I could have married them, but they didn't work out.

PLAYBOY: How did you get over them?

CAREY: I said to myself, "Get thee to a strip club!" Actually, I thought I'd just stay miserable until I met somebody else and fell in love again [laughs].

PLAYBOY: How often do you go out with strippers?

CAREY: When I have a chance to go out with a stripper, I do it. I always wondered what it would be like. If I fall in love with a stripper, or a writer, or an actress, or an executive, or whoever, it's fine with me. I don't care. I want to experience a lot of different things before I die—and while I'm young enough to do them. I never want to say I didn't have the balls or I was a chickenshit or had a mental block and that's why I didn't do something.

PLAYBOY: What guides you, your heart or something lower?

CAREY: My heart guides me more than my dick does. Once in a while I give in, but not that often. If my dick guided me all the time, I would have fucked tons of women that I haven't fucked. If some woman sells her story and says, "Me and Drew had a wild night and he was really kinky and we did all these weird things," then I've met a dishonest girl who's really hot. It was my dick saying "Let's hang out with this chick" even though I shouldn't have.

PLAYBOY: We talked about dating. What about sex? Is it hard for you to make the first move?

CAREY: I'm afraid to make the first move. I'm a lot more comfortable when a woman is aggressive. There was this one stripper I met when she was dancing. Between dances we were talking and really got to know each other. I thought

she was really great, so I flew her out to Vegas. Now here's a girl who dances naked and comes out to Vegas with me. We slept in separate beds. Same room, separate beds. We took our showers separately. I never made a move on her the whole weekend. And she's really attractive. Great body, you know, fun, fun, fun. But I was a perfect gentleman. The most we did was hold hands and put our arms around each other. I never even kissed her. Later, after she had a boyfriend, she told me, "If you would have done something you could have had me all weekend." I was like, "Really? I had a chance?" "Yes, you idiot." If she would have just thrown me down on the bed and started it, it would have been great. Then I would have known she was into it. But that's how fucking stupid I am sometimes.

PLAYBOY: Did you learn? Do you now try to make the first move?

CAREY: No. I worry some woman might say, "Drew Carey tried to do something with me and it was unwanted." I don't want to get in the paper for that. It used to be easier for me when I wasn't doing stand-up and before I was well known. But now it worries me. I've done a lot of freaky things and things I'm not really happy with. That's always in the back of my mind.

PLAYBOY: Are you as shy with strippers?

CAREY: They're generally open-minded. If you're with a stripper you can go, "Hey, let's try this!" "Let's do that." "You tie me up." "I'll tie you up." Whatever you want. They'll say, "All right." Sex is so matter-of-fact with them. After a woman has worked in a strip club for a while, she's heard every fantasy a man can have. Strippers know all about men's sexuality and they don't care anymore. They're open-minded and free. That's the greatest thing.

PLAYBOY: How does dating strippers compare with dating other women?

CAREY: With a regular girlfriend, you have to ease into it. You have to delicately say, "I have this fantasy. I would like to try this one thing with you." They could go, "Wow, I'm never going to do that!"

What are you, a creep? A weirdo?" You never get any of that from strippers. They may laugh with their friends about what they do with you, but it doesn't mean they won't do it.

PLAYBOY: What do you do on a date with a stripper?

CAREY: It's just a regular date. We go to the movies, we talk, see what happens. There's no guarantee about anything. I've taken a lot of dancers to Vegas. They look good, they're fun to party with, they'll stay up all night drinking with me. Sex is a secondary thing.

PLAYBOY: May we assume you use protection when you have sex?

CAREY: Correct. I am very responsible when it comes to that.

PLAYBOY: What's your favorite method of contraception?

CAREY: Oral sex and masturbation. And I'll definitely wear a condom if I'm going to have sex or I'll make sure she's on the pill. And if I don't know whether she is on the pill and there's no rubber, there's no fucking. Or I'll just stop. Guys complain about condoms. They say, "I don't want to take the time to interrupt the moment." Why not? You'd rather get a stranger pregnant and skip out on the responsibility? You can always start again. As a matter of fact, you should always do that anyway, unless you're having a quickie. Sex, to me, is not fucking.

PLAYBOY: What is sex to you?

CAREY: Sex to me is the whole setting-it-up. During the day we're talking about getting together later. There's the anticipation, the teasing, the making out, the cuddling. But fucking—that's like way down on my list of sexual acts. When I was younger, I'd think, Oh, man, look at me go! An hour! Not anymore. But it doesn't matter. To me, it's great when you build up to a little thing and then stop. Rest. Cress. Whatever you need to do. Start again, build up. It's no big deal to stop and say, "Hey, by the way, where are your condoms?" or, "Hey, are you on the pill?" I think that all this should be discussed ahead of time anyway. But if it stops before getting that far, it's fine with me. Making out is my favorite thing



to do. Making out is number one, eating pussy is number two. Well, they can switch places. But those are my two favorites. I love to make out, man. That is the greatest. You cuddle, you make out, you kiss, you touch, you can talk, you can really feel somebody's warmth. There are so many good things about it.

PLAYBOY: As opposed to intercourse?

CAREY: There's a closeness and an intimacy that you can't get from having intercourse. During intercourse, you can't talk and whisper sweet nothings. You don't discuss hopes and dreams and things you like. You can when you're having a big make-out session. Making out goes beyond just kissing. It's like, "Oh, man, I love this about you. This is just great." And kiss, kiss, kiss. And you can have music playing and it won't distract you. It's also fun to sit around and watch TV and make out. And I do like eating pussy. I have to admit it. It's a big turn-on for me. I love making a woman happy: eating her pussy, shopping, whatever it takes. I love pleasing women. I don't know if there's something psychologically wrong with me, but I love making women happy. If somebody asked me, "Would you rather get a blow job or eat somebody's pussy?" I would eat the pussy. I like everything about it. Everything. Texture. Taste. I love the way the legs feel. I love the position of the body. I love that I'm in the dark. I love having my mouth on a woman's body—anywhere: head, toes, all over. It's the greatest. The best thing is giving her a great orgasm by going down there.

PLAYBOY: Might you be confessing this because you think it will help you pick up more women?

CAREY: No, I'm not saying that to pick up more chicks. Oh yeah, I am. But I can back it up. I love it. It was like the first fantasy I ever had when I started masturbating. It's a big fascination. I used to think about doing it to famous models in magazines. It didn't even take *PLAYBOY*. Every time I read about the Reverend Donald Wildmon or someone who wants to ban *PLAYBOY* from 7-Eleven, I think, Why not ban *Glamour* and *Cosmopolitan*?

Or the Sunday JCPenney ads? The women in the lingerie ads? Those are the ones I was jacking off to.

PLAYBOY: Penney's?

CAREY: Oh, my God! My mother's going to read this [laughs]. "Drew Carey, Pussy-Eating Freak."

PLAYBOY: We read that you lost your virginity when you were 18. Was sex all it was cracked up to be back then?

CAREY: I don't know. I can't remember her last name, Debbie somebody. She was a sorority girl. I wasn't sober. That was a bad thing. It wasn't very special at all.

PLAYBOY: Was it a big deal to you to lose your virginity?

CAREY: I can't remember having thoughts like, Wow, I've got to get rid of this virginity thing. It wasn't a big stigma for me. I wasn't missing anything. Afterward, it wasn't like all of a sudden I got the jokes. It was no big deal. On the other hand, the first time I went down on a girl I thought, This is great. I have to do this over and over. That I remember. Loved that. Reminds me of a really good joke I forgot to do last night because I forgot to write it down. There was this woman I knew and all she could talk about was George Clooney. George Clooney this, George Clooney that. So I said, "I'll tell you what, I'll take a picture of George Clooney and tape it to my balls so you can look at him while you're sucking my cock." [Laughs] Isn't that funny?

PLAYBOY: How important are good looks in your business?

CAREY: They're important for actors like George Clooney. But name one handsome comedian. Jerry Seinfeld is not a really handsome comic. He's average-looking. Same with Bill Maher. Bill's not classically good-looking. He's not an ugly guy, but you wouldn't put him on a magazine cover if he weren't a comic. He wouldn't get half the women he has now. Neither would I. It's so ridiculous. It's insane. The very best comics aren't ugly, but they're not like Brad Pitt. If Brad Pitt walked out there, all slicked out, and wanted to do stand-up comedy, he wouldn't be accepted. People don't re-

late to him. What's he going to talk about? *Oh, yeah, my girlfriend and I just broke up. Boo-hoo [laughs]. Fuck you!* The crowd wouldn't accept it. But you really believe it when Rodney Dangerfield says, "I get no respect." He totally looks like a guy who gets beat up all the time and whose wife fucks around on him. He can get away with those kinds of jokes. Audiences want to relate to somebody who has faults. A comic has to be average-looking at best. That's why there aren't many beautiful women in short skirts up there. Other women aren't going to relate to that. Are you kidding me? "What does she have to complain about?" "I got a ticket when the cops stopped me at the traffic light." "Why don't you fuck him? Why don't you show him your tits and get out of the ticket?" "Shut up and quit complaining." Comedy opened the door to people who aren't great-looking. I always wanted to be the star on a show, but the people in charge always want me to be part of an ensemble. I wore glasses and had short hair and a big gut and people would say, "America doesn't want to watch him"; America loves looking at good-looking people. If Neve Campbell's character on *Party of Five* were played by somebody less attractive—but still a good actress—I don't think it would go over. Nothing against Neve Campbell; she's really beautiful, very talented, and I'm a big, big fan. In comedy, however, it's better if you don't look too good.

PLAYBOY: Last year, Bill Maher posed this question to the panel on *Politically Incorrect*: How large do a woman's breasts have to be before she's not taken seriously anymore? What's your answer?

CAREY: I think fake tits are just—forget it. If it's a question of getting fake tits, I hate 'em. Don't do it. I don't think the issue is big breasts or not big breasts. It's implants or no implants. Implants imply that you're shallow and vain and all you need is a pair of tits to get by. Natural breasts, big or small, state, "I'm happy with who I am."

PLAYBOY: Can you always tell fake ones from real ones?

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CAREY: I've dated women with fake tits. It's not like it's the worst thing in the world, don't get me wrong. But none of them really needed it. There was one girl I dated who was totally beautiful; she had fake tits but didn't need them. I couldn't figure out why she did it. I never brought it up with her, but I thought, Why did you waste your money? She's a model. She probably gets more work. Every stripper I know who's gotten fake tits says she gets more money with bigger tits. Some of them get really big ones, which is a bad thing to do. My manager and I went to a strip club in Cleveland when I was doing my Showtime special there. We didn't know they had a special act that night. The woman who was appearing supposedly had the biggest breasts in the country. They were huge. They were like insane—cartoon huge. It was such a turn-off. I felt bad for her. It was like going to the freak show at a fair. I didn't want her to dance for me. I didn't want to be anywhere near her. She mutilated herself. Ugh, it was horrible.

PLAYBOY: But you've had your nipples pierced. What inspired that?

CAREY: They're not pierced anymore. But I thought it was kind of cool, because it was something nobody would ever expect of me, considering the way I look. I remember hearing George Schultz from the Reagan administration say he had a tattoo of a tiger on his ass from when he was in college, which I believe is true. Every time I saw Schultz after that I thought, He's a lot cooler than I thought he was.

PLAYBOY: Did it hurt?

CAREY: The initial pain of getting your nipples pierced is tremendous. It's like getting stabbed. But after it healed it made my nipples ten times more sensitive than they were before. It feels great for anybody who likes having their nipples pinched or played with or whatever during sex—and everybody does, men and women. But I took one out because it was put in too close to the skin. If something was rubbing against my shirt, my nipple would feel sore. I could put up with it for a while because it was like having a bruise. But then I just got tired of it and took it out. I couldn't put on a seat belt for a few weeks after I got them done. One time I was carrying a shoulder bag through the airport and I let the strap slip. It felt like somebody punched me, and I went down on one knee. I pierced them just to see what it was like. It was a macho thing: "I'm not going to be a wimp." [Laughs] "See what a man I am? I got my nipples pierced, there's nothing you can do to me!" I almost got my dick pierced too, but I was on my way to a strip club. I didn't want to be getting lap dances when I just got my dick pierced. That's what kept me from getting it done. I think you have to wait at least a couple of weeks before it's OK

to have sex again. And I don't want to tear anybody up. It's now out of my head. I'm over that phase.

PLAYBOY: When you see an attractive, clothed woman, what's the first thing you notice about her?

CAREY: Her face.

PLAYBOY: And when she's not clothed?

CAREY: I'm a leg man. I like legs and asses. I was never much of a tits guy. Flat-chested, big-chested, it doesn't matter to me. Save your implant money.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel sexy?

CAREY: Not lately. I feel dumpy and fat because I'm overweight. I just hate being overweight. It's unattractive. I hate having a big gut. I don't like being out of shape because I get tired quicker. It's like a weird body, this gut sticking out. I'm always aware of it. A lot of women can get past it—I don't think women are as hung up on looks as men are. But that's not my reason to exist. My goal in life isn't to have sex with beautiful women. That's ridiculous. How shallow does a person have to be to make that their life's goal? In the military I was in great shape. I used to be really vain about my looks. Even though I was slim, I never thought I was. I thought I was fat when I'd see somebody with a washboard stomach that I didn't have. I was really very attractive. I just didn't give myself any credit.

PLAYBOY: Ellen DeGeneres said that the week she came out of the closet, she lost weight because she felt liberated by speaking her truth.

CAREY: Right. Well, once this eating-pussy stuff comes out in *PLAYBOY* maybe I'll lose the weight. Wow, I've never talked about sex so much in an interview.

PLAYBOY: From whom did you learn the facts of life?

CAREY: My mom brought me a pamphlet from church called *Almost 12*. I got it when I was 13. I still have it. There's a fuzzy picture on the cover and line drawings of a uterus and stuff in the middle. She came home from church one day and said, "Here, I have this for you." I read the thing and thought, Oh, that's what this is called! It's a penis, not a cock. I thought it was called a cock.

PLAYBOY: Do you always have this much fun?

CAREY: [Laughs, nods his head]

PLAYBOY: Clearly, your life hasn't been all fun. You have tried to kill yourself. Twice. Why?

CAREY: I was in pretty bad shape in those days. You can't be well if you try to kill yourself [laughs]. It's so unnormal. It's not a sane decision. I couldn't tell you exactly how I was feeling at all. The situation is so far removed from me now, I have no idea what I was doing or what I was thinking. But I do remember thinking, What an idiot.

PLAYBOY: How did the suicide attempts change you?

CAREY: I'm hardly afraid of anything. It

takes away a lot of fear when you're not afraid of dying. You know everybody dies and you accept it. You think, Yeah, I'll try anything, because you want to experience stuff before you go. While you're on the earth, you want to live, so that's all there is to that.

PLAYBOY: What sorts of things were going through your mind when you awoke from those experiences?

CAREY: The first time, I was in my fraternity house after I took the pills. I thought, Oh man, what's going to happen? Am I going to hell? That thought came into my head right away. I was really afraid of it. I ran and got somebody right away. The second time, I don't know what I was thinking. I took a lot of pills and called this girl I knew to say goodbye to her. I told her what I did and she called the police. I didn't think they would get to me in time, but they did. I felt, Wow, what a loser. What a stupid thing to do. How could I be such a bonehead?

PLAYBOY: Afterward, what helped?

CAREY: When you start over, there's a rebuilding process that you have to go through. Once you start, it forces you to take a second look at yourself. If you do it in a good way, you think, Well, I did something stupid, but at least I have both hands and feet. After the first attempt, I bought a Wayne Dyer book called *Your Erroneous Zone*, which helped. It gave me an easy-to-understand, logical, acceptable explanation for what I was going through. I thought, Why didn't somebody tell me this before? After the second attempt, I read the self-help books I hadn't read. They helped. I never tried again.

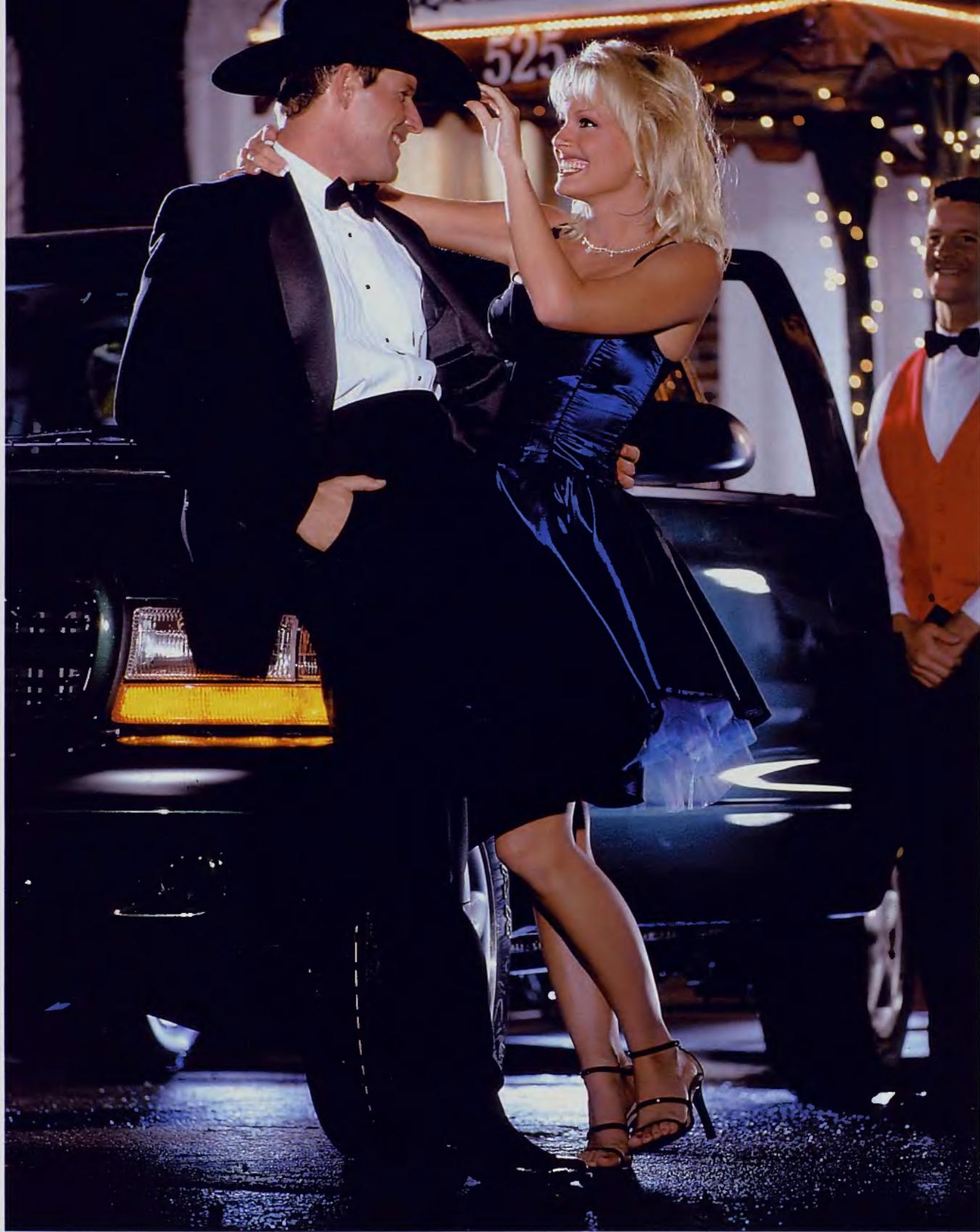
PLAYBOY: You wrote that you were sexually abused when you were nine years old. Was that connected to the suicide attempts?

CAREY: I'm sure it had a domino effect. I've read books about it. I bought a book called *Abused Boys*. Most books about sexual abuse are about women. Ryan Stiles' joke on our set is, "We'll be back with *Touched by an Uncle* right after this" [laughs]. That's the typical thing you think of, but sexual abuse could come from an older woman. It could be another teenager. There are a lot of ways a child can be sexually abused. It's not necessarily by a parent or an uncle when it's inappropriate sexual contact with a person that age.

I don't want to make it out to be too big a thing. Nothing I read about in *Abused Boys* ever happened to me. Those guys were repeatedly raped by a grandfather or an aunt or somebody.

That book was horrible to read. Man, it was really heartbreaking. But I don't want people to think that's what happened to me. It was a one-time thing. It wasn't a good thing, but it wasn't the worst thing that could ever happen to

(continued on page 140)



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THE RETURN OF LITTLE BIG MAN

WHEN I CAME TO DEADWOOD
AFTER LITTLE BIGHORN,
THE FIRST PERSON
I RUN INTO WAS WILD BILL HICKOK,
WHICH WAS LUCKY FOR ME—
IF NOT FOR HIM

FICTION BY THOMAS BERGER

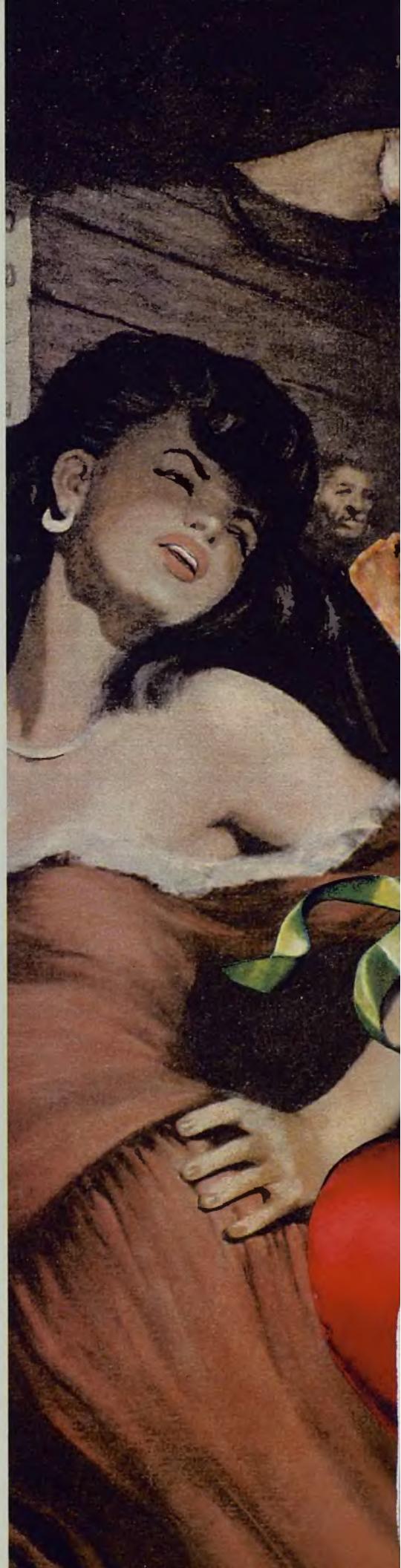
my name is Jack Crabb, and in the middle of the last century I came West with my people in a covered wagon, at age ten went off with and was reared by Cheyenne Indians, given the name of Little Big Man, learned to speak their language, ride, hunt, steal ponies and make war, and, in part of my mind, to think like them. In my teen years I was captured by the U.S. Cavalry and went on to have many adventures and personal acquaintanceship with notables of the day and place like General George A. Custer, James B. "Wild Bill" Hickok, Wyatt Earp and many others, surviving General Custer's fight at the Little Bighorn River, which the Indians called Greasy Grass, the so-called Battle of the Little Bighorn.

Where I'm starting in here is

not long after the death of Old Lodge Skins, the Cheyenne chief who was like a father to me.

I managed, traveling on foot and mostly by night, after about a month, to get down to the mining town of Deadwood in Dakota Territory, undamaged except for being three-fourths starved because food is hard to come by in the dark without the eyes of a catamount, and I had to eat wild turnips and unripe plums and bullberries still green and hard, along with a lot of bark and weeds. I had no weapon but a real poor knife I had begged off my recent red comrades who despite their big victory was poor as ever—a kind of standard Indian situation.

Deadwood at this time was more or less one long ditch of, depending on the weather, mud or dust, lined on both sides by saloons. They had spared





from the ax one or two tall pines like what the Indians used for lodepoles—another reason the Black Hills was precious land, the plains being treeless—a few stores, a number of harlotries and a bathhouse.

I took the lay of the land in the wee hours of the morning, by which time the streets was deserted and even the soiled doves had turned down the lamps in their rooms, else I might of tried to get past the madam (who was always a hard case) and talk one of the girls into extending me a little loan.

I hadn't ate real food in ever so long, and I was in grievous need of funds, now I was amidst whites once more. I had to figure out a profession for myself. Looking along that street, all that immediately come to mind was something connected with whiskey, gambling and whores. There was plenty room for legitimate business establishments, but to set up a shop you had to be grubstaked to lay in your stock, and credit is mighty hard to come by in a gold-strike area. I had not washed a lot on the route down here. I hadn't shaved in ever so long, either, but the way my whiskers growed I still looked more dirty than bearded to the quick glance I give my visage now and again when I knelt to drink in a stream slow-moving enough to reflect an image.

Now, while I'm standing there on the board sidewalk in front of an establishment bearing a crude handpainted sign, THE CONGRESS, which was more likely to be another saloon rather than a legislative chamber, though glass windows was rare in Deadwood, so I couldn't see inside, who should step out through the door but a frock-coated tall figure who was right familiar to me.

Under the broad-brimmed sombre-ro, he looked considerably older than when I had last seen him just the previous spring in Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory. His hair was still shoulder length, but it had gone wispy at the ends, as had his drooping mustache, and his once clear gray-blue eyes was red-rimmed and kinda watery. His face was real pale. That long hooked nose of his had got pointier.

"Wild Bill Hickok," I says. "So you got here too." Now that I seen him, I recalled we had talked of prospecting for gold in Deadwood.

The keen nostrils at the end of that long nose were twitching, and he backs away. "Is that stink coming from you, hoss?"

I was more than embarrassed. "I'm down on my luck, Bill," I says, "and ain't ate in some time. I don't know if you heard yet, Custer and most of the Seventh was rubbed out by the hostiles up in Montana. I happened to be there

but got away with my life due to a Cheyenne I knew...."

Hickok had backed away a few more paces as I spoke. He was shaking his head, his long tresses brushing the shoulders of his swallowtail. "Hoss," he says, breaking in, "I never shot anyone for telling tall stories of that nature, which I've done myself to greenhorns. But I've knocked him down. If a hand-out is what you need, then you oughta ask and not try to make a fool of me." He sweeps away the coat with his left hand and plucks a silver dollar from the lower pocket in his fancy vest. Bill was famous for his sartorial taste, as well as his personal cleanliness. "I will stake you to a bath, shave and a trim."

I didn't persist with my story but right away said, "Thank you kindly. I wonder if you would mind if I get something to eat with some of the money?"

Wild Bill slowly blinks those sore-looking eyes and goes again into the vest pocket with two left fingers and finds me another dollar. This one felt funny, and I looked and saw it was nicked at one edge, but I guess it was still good, and I thanked him again.

"After a plate of bread and beans, you'll have enough left to pick up a shirt and pants where they sell used clothes, down the street. Then burn what you're wearing now."

He turns and moves away, though not with the assured stride of old. Also he stayed on the walk, instead of the middle of the street, which he had once been famous for using so he could scan the area for possible bushwhackers and also keep a certain distance between him and them who might fire on him from ambush. But one thing I was sure about: Namely, that when he played poker he still sat with his back to a wall.

I had no reason not to act on his suggestion, having some pride in my appearance when I could afford as much. I purchased a pair of canvas pants in reasonably good condition and almost clean, along with a flannel shirt that was wore through at the elbows but had no discernible odor. These with the other goods heaped in the tent of the old-clothes dealer had been sold by gold-rushers who had run out of funds, either because they never panned any dust or lost it all gambling. Imagine what the original owners had got for a pants and shirt that cost me 70 cents altogether. That dealer throwed in a beat-up old hat with so greasy a sweatband I tore it away.

I had enough money left for coffee and two orders of beans and bread, the second of which I made sandwiches from. Believe me when I say prices was greatly inflated at Deadwood, as at all gold towns.

I put the sandwiches in the pockets of my pants, which as always was too roomy for me, cinched at the waist with a length of rope and folded up at the cuffs, and went out along the street trying each of the saloons, of which already at that time there must have been two dozen or more within a mile and a half. As time went on, somebody told me the number rose to 76. Some of them I looked into had a bar consisting of a wooden plank supported by a barrel at either end, a bottle or two, and tin cups you'd never see washed out between drinkers if you watched all day. They didn't have no windows usually, so they was lighted by oil lamps at high noon in blazing sunshine outdoors. The bartender might not have a towel or apron—fact is, he was often dressed like his customers, even to the hat—but he was never without a prominent shotgun, leaning close at hand. This was used mostly as a pointer to indicate the door when the level of bad feeling among the drunks sounded like it would take another form than mere verbal abuse. But since only two or three people per week was shot to death in Deadwood at this time, it was not considered necessary yet to hire an officer of the law.

I didn't have no more money and therefore could not afford a drink, which in some of these places was as much as a dollar per shot, being at that price presumably something on the order of real whiskey, whereas the cut-rate joints, at 50 cents per, no doubt served up a kind of concoction of tobacco juice, gunpowder, pepper and snake venom.

I hadn't looked in more than three or four places when in the darkest place I had been yet, I made out a table full of poker players back a ways, under the light of a hanging lamp, and one of them was Wild Bill Hickok.

For a number of reasons I did not want to disturb Wild Bill, who took his poker real serious, so I returned outside to eat my sandwiches.

Wild Bill was just leaving the poker game when I was done, and was asking them standing at the bar if anyone wanted to take his seat, and one fellow went over and pulled the stool up to the table. He had a sandy mustache and there was something wrong with his eyes, which in his case were slightly crossed.

"You're greatly improved, hoss," Wild Bill says to me, inspecting me at close quarters. He buys me a shot of whiskey, which I drank down real slow, as I had not tasted any for ever so long. Even so, I felt its vapors hit my brain shortly after the first sip.

Wild Bill introduced me to the
(continued on page 84)



"In the year of the rabbit you should stock up on condoms."

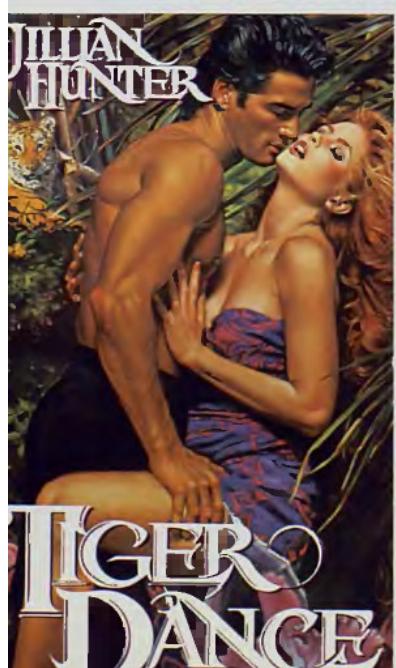
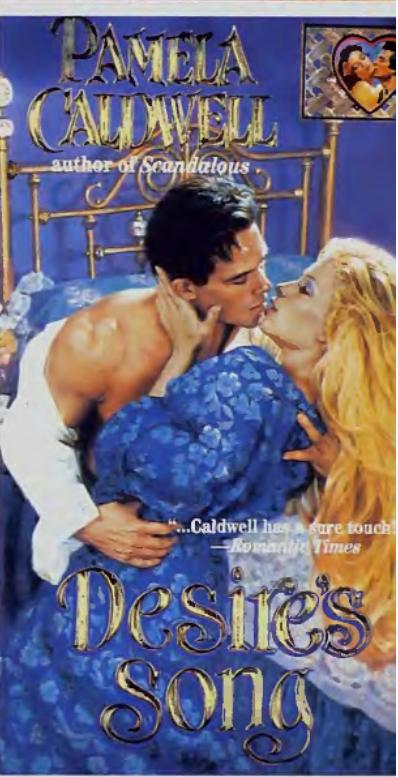
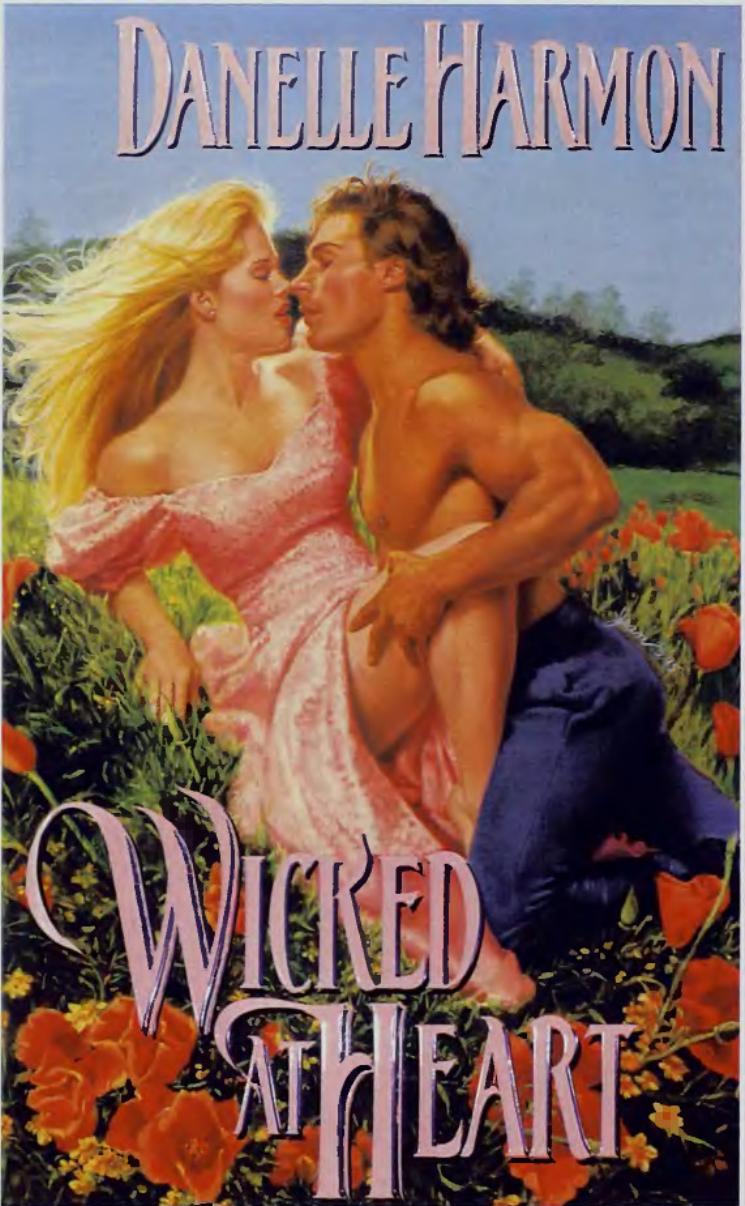
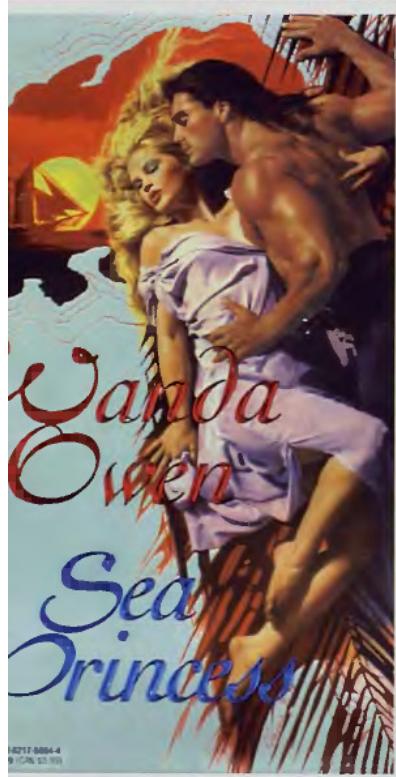
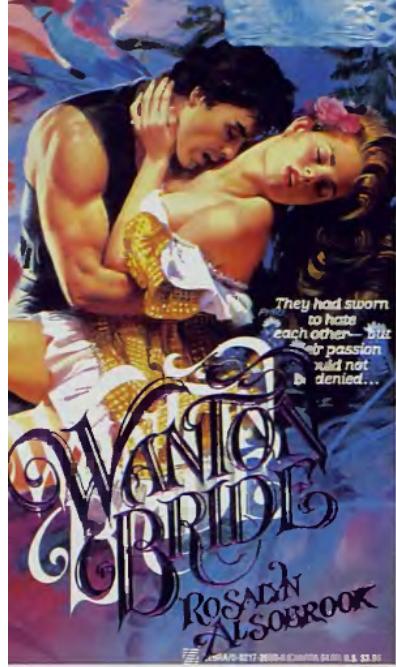
She'll Take Romance



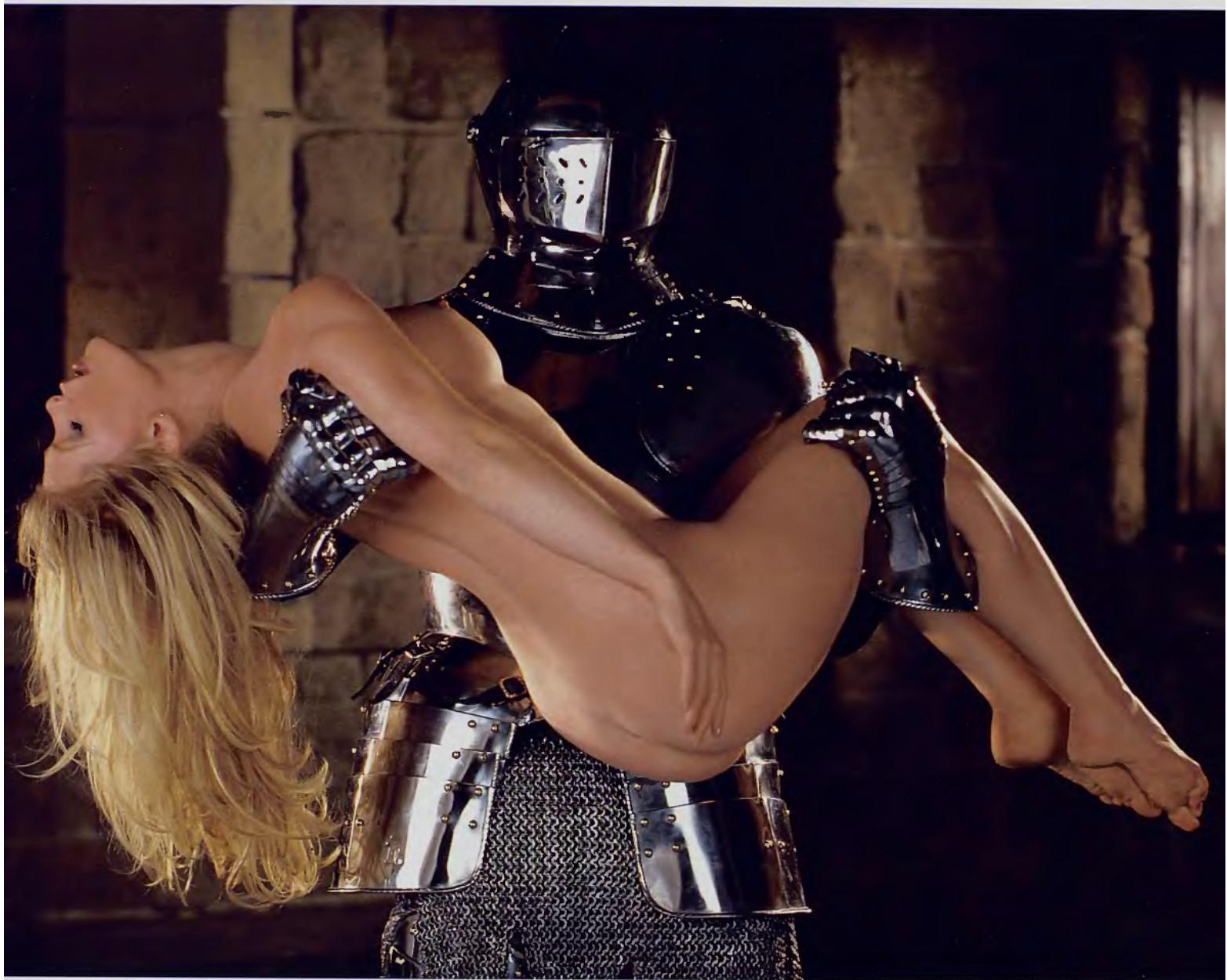
meet cindy guyer, a model of passion

CINDY GUYER, master of the come-hither-and-rip-my-bodice look and cover model for more than 2500 romance novels, waxes rhapsodic about life thus far: "I'm independent. I have a great family. My job calls for me to act out torrid love stories and portray strong women. How cool is that?" Pretty cool, considering that Guyer was discovered by a modeling agency when she was 14, while lunching with her parents. Two years later, she landed her first romance novel cover. Now 30, Guyer is a rising actress, an Internet presence (cindyguyer.com) and a matchmaker ("Four friends are married because of me," she says). What's missing from this fairy tale? A "Prince Charming," Guyer says. We predict a happy ending.

In a world full of cynics, Cindy's upbeat demeanor is refreshing. "I have problems like everyone else, but I always look on the positive side. Of all the terrific women I've known in novels, my favorite is Glinda the Good Witch. She makes wonderful things happen."







Guyer is looking for a strong man who isn't intimidated by her sexy line of work. On potential knights in shining armor: "Chivalry is not dead. I love it when a man brings flowers and holds open doors. I won't have sex with a guy on the first date. In fact, I like to wait as long as possible. I think it's important to maintain the mystery."





"Posing for PLAYBOY is a 30th birthday present to myself," Guyer says. "I wanted to document how I look before I get much older. Also, I want to broaden my image, to let people know that I'm not just a good girl. In fact, I'm so much more."





you can take this test or you can take your chances

Will Your

You have just had one of those incredible weekends together: laughing at each other's jokes, listening to each other's stories, talking about your best dreams for the future, then rolling again and again into the kind of lovemaking that almost sets the drapes on fire, un-

til finally you can't help wondering if maybe you shouldn't just go ahead and start looking for the kind of jewelry that asks, "Um, do you want to try this . . . I mean . . . till . . . um . . . death do us part?"

It's never easy to know through the first blinding strike of love and sex if the relationship is doomed or blessed to go the distance. There is a man, however, whose scientific

approach to couples' research over the past 28 years has produced unequaled accuracy in predicting exactly that. His name is John Gottman, and before he took his Ph.D. in psychology he graduated from MIT with a master's in mathematics. As a result, he began examining the powerful emotional currents that run through all relationships in much the same way mathematicians look at chaos theory. By attaching numbers to the myriad physical and psychological reactions a couple has to each other in conversation, he has developed a formula that can predict the success or failure of a relationship 94 percent of the time.

"John Gottman is the Mozart of social

article By Craig Vetter



Relationship Last?

science research," says one of his colleagues. "If anybody ever wins a Nobel Prize in family research, it's going to be him."

Gottman, an animated man with a gray beard and receding hair, is a professor of psychology at the University of Washington in Seattle, where he runs his experimental sessions. In a small room, the subject couple is seated facing each other, then wired as they would be for a lie detector test to chart their heart rate, breathing, sweating, fidgeting and the speed at which blood flows from the heart to the extremities. Then, as video cameras record their facial expressions, body language and gestures, the couple is asked to discuss a continuing conflict in their relationship. Following the discussion, the two are separated, shown the video of their reactions and asked to turn a dial calibrated to indicate positive or negative feelings about what they are seeing. Those numbers (along with the physiological data and numerical values his team has attached to gestures and expression)

are fed into a computer programmed with the formula Gottman has developed to forecast whether the couple will survive the storms that every inti-

mate relationship eventually suffers.

"There is no relationship that does not have recurring problems," says Gottman. "We've found that when you commit to someone, you automatically choose your set of unresolved problems with that person. If you had chosen somebody else, you'd have different problems. Successful relationships develop a dialogue with the problem, the way we develop a dialogue with physical problems as we age. Failing couples get gridlocked on their disagreements. They sabotage each other's attempts to communicate and constantly hurt each other's feelings."

Gottman's measure of the physical and emotional tides that wash over couples in these conversations have identified four signs of potentially fatal gridlock. They are criticism, contempt, defensiveness and stonewalling. He refers



"YES, THERE'S HOPE"

So you failed the tests. That doesn't mean the end is near or that you can't change. John Gottman has some advice on saving your relationship.

• For those who are just too critical, Gottman warns that attacking your partner will almost certainly bury your legitimate complaint in an avalanche of bad feelings. During your next argument, he suggests, try to take the blame out of your peeves. Be direct. Say: "When you were late for dinner it rattled me," instead of, "The reason you're always late is that you don't give a damn about anyone but yourself."

Leave your partner's personality out of it. Don't color your remarks with insult ("You know your timing sucks"), mockery ("I guess we all ought to get ourselves a watch that doesn't have a big hand or a little hand") or sarcasm ("We had a great time eating cheeseballs and watching the roast shrivel while we waited for your entrance"). And limit yourself to a single complaint rather than piling all your angry baggage into one bewildering onslaught ("And the body stocking was a bit much, not to mention the way you talked with your mouth full, then ate with your fingers off the boss' plate while everyone stared and I felt like a complete idiot").

• Is too much criticism leading you to contempt? Unchecked contempt is a sign that the fondness and admiration you brought into the relationship is dying. When couples attack each other in cruel and careless ways, one of them, usually the man, is likely to experience a flood of adrenaline and other stress chemicals that trigger increased heartbeat, respiration and sweating. Gottman's studies have shown that this flooding goads the mind into a cycle of distorted and distressing thoughts, from which it is difficult to recover. When you begin to feel that your partner doesn't even like you, it becomes nearly impossible to think of ways or reasons to repair the rift.

The antidote to contempt is the kind of admiration that friends share. "Our work," says Gottman, "has shown that simple friendship between a couple is not only a powerful predictor of long-term success, it's also the mainstay of good sex."

If you find yourself in or near contempt in your next heated argument, try to inject a note of respect or affection somewhere in the cloud of vitriol as a way

of acknowledging that your basic friendship has not died in battle. Don't use arguments as opportunities to retaliate or exhibit your superior moral stance. Disputes that sink consistently into contempt almost always end in righteousness, shame and disgust, and virtually guarantee that the third horseman will come charging into the fray.

• It's difficult not to be defensive at times. In general, the defensive person feels wronged, misunderstood, unfairly treated and unappreciated. These feelings are not easy to overcome, but Gottman's research has shown that if you can hear your partner's words as information strongly expressed rather than as an attack, you may be able to defuse the situation. If you can be genuinely open and receptive even in the face of hard accusations, your partner's attack will probably soften. If it doesn't, if you dig in and remain defensive the fourth horseman will likely arrive to close the circle of failure around your relationship.

• Even if your relationship is being attacked by the fourth horseman, Gottman has a remedy. He points out that stonewalling is most often a physiological reaction, and the best way to break out of it is to calm yourself: Take deep breaths, tell yourself that the attack is not personal but the result of a mutual and perhaps natural difficulty in the relationship. Remind yourself that though this is a bad moment, things are not always this dark. Tell yourself that it's better to hang in there, maybe even to admit that you feel like fleeing, instead of actually running out on the conversation. Even painful exchanges are usually better than no exchange at all. Even heated disputes can be cooled.

Gottman has found that if you can break off the conversation for 20 minutes—enough time for heart rates and adrenaline to diminish—things can be different when you return. He stops couples after 15 minutes of arguing and asks them to read magazines for 20 minutes. When they resume their discussion, both have lost the fire that was consuming them. It doesn't work if they take the 20 minutes to rehearse further argument or to replay the bad moments they have just been through. But after a simple distracting task, they return to the conversation with the productive calm that they had lost during the argument.

to them as the four horsemen of the apocalypse.

"Every relationship has some of the four horsemen," he says. "Everybody screws up. Repairing the damage is critical. If it isn't repaired, each horseman cuts a path for the next one until the relationship goes into a free fall toward failure. Our research has specifically identified the degree to which couples engage in four conversational styles as early warning signs of the beginning of the end. There are things you can do to change a downward spiral, but first you have to be aware of the behaviors that feed the destructive cascade of discord and negativity."

Given his success at charting the chaotic emotional dynamics in relationships, we have asked Gottman to help us fashion a four-part test that will give you some idea of how your horses are running. Ideally, your pretest relationship should be at least six months old, and though no test can be a foolproof measure of the human heart, your scores here should at least give you a sense of whether you and your sweetheart will still be together down the road. For those of you who find the hoofbeats loud and close, Gottman's suggestions on how to turn the stampede are included in the *Yes, There's Hope* sidebar at left.

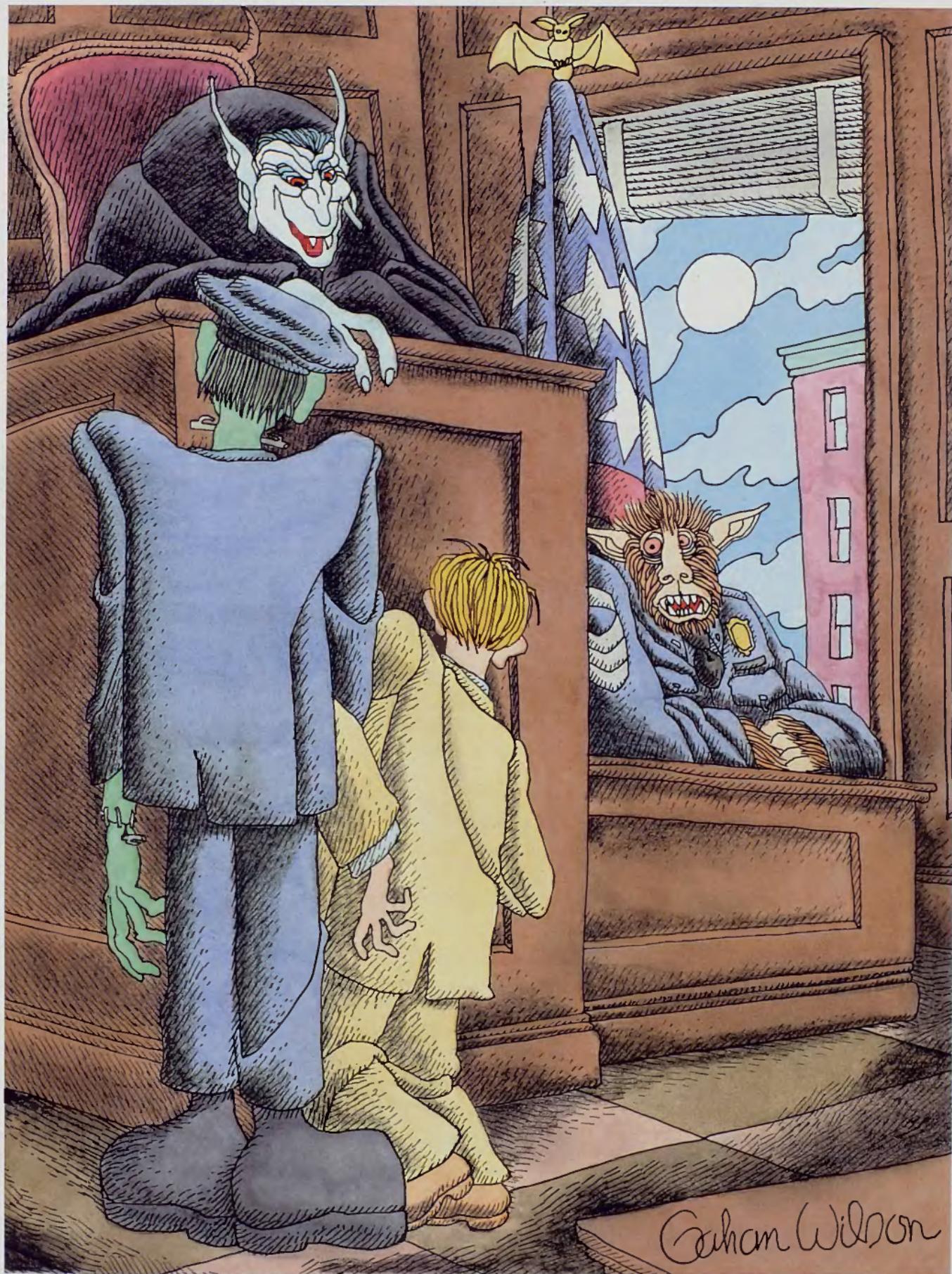
CRITICISM

Every couple has its complaints, which is really just a sign that you're two distinct human beings. It's fine to tell your partner that you didn't like it when she arrived an hour late for the dinner you were cooking for your boss and his wife. But when you load the complaint with an attack on her personality or character ("What is it about your upbringing that makes you think it's all right to keep everybody waiting?"), that's criticism. All couples fall into criticism around their hot-button issues, but if the tough conversations revolve relentlessly around phrases such as You always, or You never, the first horseman is loose and the others are probably on their way.

Think back to your last argument and answer these statements with a yes or no:

- (1) I thought it was important to establish who was at fault.
- (2) I was trying to see patterns and analyze my partner's personality as part of my complaint.
- (3) I wanted to make a general point instead of sticking to the specific issue we'd started with.
- (4) I didn't censor my complaints at all. I let my partner have it in a really vicious way.
- (5) When I was complaining I felt

(continued on page 88)



"This is what you get in night court, sonny."

.....FUTURE.....



TIME

FASHION BY
HOLLIS
WAYNE

THE MOMENT IS
AT HAND. PUT
TWO THOUSAND
YEARS' WORTH
OF TECHNOLOGY
ON YOUR WRIST

In less than a year, we're all going to have to adjust our mental clocks, so it's appropriate to think about time—and timepieces. Looking at the watches at left, you'll see but a few traces of the digital age. There's a reason the watch of the future looks like it could fit over your father's wrist. Digital readouts give a linear interpretation of time—the kind of thinking that gave us Y2K. Round faces, with their circular depiction of time, require a mature understanding of the fourth dimension. The modern man realizes that what goes around comes around—in all price ranges: At top left, you'll find the Omega Speedmaster Professional X-33 Mars Watch (\$2595). It has a red Kevlar strap, but the basic color scheme is silver and black. (The watch of the future does not come in gold!) From left to right: The titanium watch by Tissot has seven functions and costs \$595. Then comes Heuer Monaco by TAG Heuer (\$2300), a limited-edition timepiece with a square, water-resistant case. The Swatch Irony Scuba 200 is a water-resistant diving watch (\$90) with an aluminum case. The Luminor watch from Panerai comes with two straps—one calfskin, one rubber (\$2300). The Bulgari Aluminum watch also has a rubber bezel and rubber bracelet (\$1400). Starting off the bottom row at left is PLAYBOY's 45th Anniversary watch, a collector's item for the ages, made by Xemex (\$495). Next, the Hemipode watch by Ikepod was conceived by interior designer Marc Newson (\$3950). It has a monocoque case (one piece instead of many). The Seiko Kinetic watch is run by a small electric generator—it's charged every time you move your arm (\$675). At bottom right is the Ventura watch (\$3000). With a thick post and wide bezel, it works well on either the Washington or lunar shuttle.





FRESH ENERGY. FRESH FACES. FRESH BODIES. HOLLYWOOD LICKS ITS CHOPS

It has happened before. *American Graffiti*, *The Breakfast Club* and *Fast Times at Ridgemont High* captured life on the brink of adulthood and launched careers. Now comes *Go*, the first slasherless and scream-free movie to showcase a group of young actors since *Feeling Minnesota* froze up at the box office. It's the work of director Doug Liman, whose *Swingers* was an influential anthem to road trips, martini culture and big band music. In *Go* the action revolves around three sets of actors and a drug deal gone bad. Perhaps its main achievement is throwing high-definition attention on a cast of young, easy-to-look-at actors who will be Most Likely to Succeed in the class of 2001. From Timothy Olyphant's Santa-hatted drug dealer to Scott Wolf's murderous soap opera actor, the roles double nicely as casting advertisements. Liman freely admits, "We spent more time casting than shooting—four and a half months." He poached such demographically correct TV shows as *Dawson's Creek* and *Party of Five* while keeping an eye on indie films. "Go has two teenage girls as its leads. If we'd been willing to cast 30-year-olds playing 17, we could have cast it in a day."

The widespread appeal of *Swingers* was in inverse proportion to its small budget. Liman never expected such a broad reaction to his directorial premiere. "I knew I'd get great performances, show the tape to actors and get them excited about working with me," he says. "That was the extent of my hopes for *Swingers*. I don't think you can set out to have a cultural impact. Anyone setting out to do it will fail." *Go* may not have quite that seismic rumble (the rave scene is nothing new), but it is intriguing—sort of a cross between *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* and *Rashomon*. "There's a celebration of being 18 in the script," says Liman. "When you're 18 you can do the most socially irresponsible, morally questionable stuff and get away with it. You and your friends do things you shouldn't survive. You're all in a car crash, and it's a miracle nobody gets killed."

Even if you don't like the film, you'll love the actors. They're talented and should be household names by the year you-know-what. With that in mind, we've written thumbnail sketches on our two thumbs-up.

PLAYBOY PREVIEW

Scott Wolf

Currently known for: Party of Five

About to be known for: Leaving Party of Five. ("I don't want to be around when this thing turns to shit.")

Age: 30

Broadens horizons in Go by: Playing a gay soap actor who hits a woman with his Miata.

Honest career assessment: "I've had more attention than Urkle, and less than Leo."

Has the potential to be: An elfin version of Brad Pitt.

Wolf has the highest profile in the cast. His character's taste for E has turned him into a narc, with amusing results. His interaction with his lover (played by Jay Mohr) is one of the film's hot spots. "It's one of those films where the whole point is the ride," he says. "It is independent filmmaking at its purest. There were times when I wasn't sure we had cleared the location. Everyone was like, 'Let's just sneak back, open up the lights and don't make any commotion.' At the same time, Doug has an amazing gift with the camera."

Katie Holmes

Currently known for: Dawson's Creek

About to be known for: More Dawson's Creek

Age: 19

About-face in Go: Moves from playing naive girl next door who kisses Dawson to playing naive girl next door who kisses drug dealers.

Next big hurdle: Playing somebody other than the girl next door.

"I met with Katie Holmes before *Dawson's Creek* started," says Liman. "The moment I met with her I knew she was the character Claire." We could tantalize you with how we see Katie Holmes. We could run some of her shy, unassuming comments in which she denies her role as heartthrob. Instead, here are testimonials from two of her smitten male co-stars. "Katie Holmes, she's a hottie," says Taye Diggs. "After talking to Katie for (continued on page 144)



ARMED WITH A HANDHELD CAMERA, DIRECTOR DOUG LIMAN HAS CREATED A



CULT FILM COMPLETE WITH A HOTEL FIRE, TANTRIC SEX, A CAR CHASE, GUN



WOUNDS, VEGAS, AN EXTRAHEAVY DOSE OF E, TECHNO MUSIC, NARCS WITH



WIRES AND TWO NATURALLY CUTE WOMEN. IT'S BOUND TO GIVE YOU A RUSH



LITTLE BIG MAN

(continued from page 68)

Bill comes back out with a photo. "Now tell me if that isn't the finest-looking woman you ever seen."

bartender, man name of Harry Sam Young, and told me he knew him too, from back in Kansas.

"This town's full of friends," he went on. "California Joe, Colorado Charley Utter, White-Eye Jack Anderson, they're all here. But the real news is I recently got married." He got a refill from Harry Young. I was still working on my first. "Which reminds me." He looks around like he's worried somebody's listening in, and decides maybe they might yet, and asks me to step aside for a confidential matter.

Coming into the bright sunlight from a semidarkness smelling of lamp oil, liquor and sweat was probably more the cause of my swimming vision than even the fiery hooch (which in case you never knew it is an Indian word, though not Cheyenne).

Wild Bill's own eyes was squeezed into sightless slits, and it's funny that what I thought of was how helpless he would be if someone was to shoot him at such a moment.

He takes me by the elbow of my shirt and bends down and in a subdued voice he says, "Hoss, I seem to recall being in your company once in a certain kind of establishment, or am I wrong?"

"That's right, Bill, you and me went to a whorehouse."

He flinches and says, "Keep your voice down, willya?"

I had not been shouting, but I did as asked, and went on. "That was right after you shot Strawhan's brother, which was the damnedest thing I ever witnessed. Not only did he have the drop on you, he was about to shoot you in the back. You seen him in the mirror. My God, you was fast."

He showed a thin smile, lifting his head and opening his eyes away from the sun. "I'm not that good anymore, hoss. I don't say I'm bad, but I don't see as well as I used to. They still get me to shoot coins on edge, but nowadays it's dollars, not the dimes of the old days."

I reflected that one of the dollars he give me had that nick in it. "I saw you put ten loads into the O in the sign across Market Square in K.C., a hundred yards away."

Wild Bill continues his distant smile. "The Odd Fellows' sign," says he. "I couldn't do that nowadays. I'm taking something for my eyes. It makes me pale, and maybe it is doing something

to my well-being. But here's what I wanted to tell you, hoss. If you remember that sporting house, well, I'd as soon you forgot about it insofar as I am personally involved."

Now Wild Bill Hickok wasn't the sort of man from who you would deny a favor requiring as little effort as this, so I hastened to reassure him.

"I got nothing against sporting women," he goes on. "Some of them been real good friends of mine. Fact is, the wagon train we brought up here from Cheyenne stopped at Laramie and loaded on Dirty Emma, Sizzling Kate and others who have set up shop down the street here, should you have a natural need." Now his smile became something you might of seen on a preacher. "Now I'm married I have changed my ways." He looked real high-minded, lofty eyebrows, pious mouth under the drooping mustache. "Agnes," says he, "owned her own show, she and her previous husband, one of the noted clowns of the day until some little bastard shot him through the heart on account of not getting in free one day."

Wild Bill had told me about Aggie on a previous occasion, so I was able to say, "I do believe she is a celebrated equestrienne," says I, using the word as he originally did, and he was right pleased now.

"That's right, hoss, also a tightrope walker, but them days is behind her now. You might of heard of Ada Isaacs Mencken, who is renowned for a theatrical presentation called *Mazepa*, where she is tied buck naked to a horse that runs around the stage. Well, those who saw both of them in the part gave their preference to Agnes, and she never rode naked, I'll tell you that: She always wore tights that looked that way." He frowns. "I don't even like that, for I know there were sons of bitches who thought she was naked." He clears his throat. "Well, like I say, that's a thing of the past. No wife of James B. Hickok, Wild Bill, is ever going to work. I want her home in our little nest, sweet Agnes of mine."

He had taken to calling himself by the whole two names together, like it was some legal matter of correct identification, and maybe it was, for Wild Bills were all over the West in that era, at least one of them a white man who claimed to have joined the Cheyennes at an early age—no, not me, obviously

some goddamn liar.

"I'd be proud to meet her, Bill. Has she come along with you to Deadwood? Or is she back in Cheyenne?"

Wild Bill snorted. "Neither, hoss. She's a fine lady. I wouldn't let her set foot in a hog wallow like this. I just come here to make some money. She's back in what they call the Queen City, Cincinnati, Ohio, waiting for my return."

"Say," Wild Bill says now, "come on back to my wagon and I'll show you her picture."

We walked not far along Deadwood Canyon to what was still then the outskirts of town and found there, amongst a goodly number of tents that constituted the residential district, a covered wagon that was a bit smaller than the vehicle in which me and my family come West years earlier. I believe this one was from the Army.

Bill climbs up inside and comes back out with a photo, which he hands down. "Now tell me if that isn't the finest-looking woman you ever seen."

Wild Bill was not the kind of man I would have disagreed with even if he wasn't lovesick, so I was as complimentary as I could be, but as it happened I admit I found his Agnes to be remarkably plain in appearance, at least as she was represented by the camera, which is not to say I doubted what he said about her talent.

"What you might wonder is why a person of her high type would be interested in me," he says with what I took as real modesty for a man many ladies had had a crush on, but then I never knew any dead shot on either side of the law that did not attract more women than anybody peaceful. "I'm trying my hand at something more dignified than what I done previously, and also more profitable. You can't put aside much on a lawman's eighty-to-a-hundred per month, and you can always get shot for your trouble."

He brought a bottle with him when he climb down from the wagon, and we sat on a couple wooden boxes, former Army ammunition crates. He took a big gulp himself and then passed the bottle to me.

That whiskey was nowhere near the quality of that which Harry Sam Young had poured for us at No. 10, but Wild Bill didn't seem to notice. I could hardly get it down or keep it there.

"I ever tell you about my time as a showman?" Wild Bill asks.

"Wasn't you at Niagara Falls with a herd of buffalo?"

"That's right," he says and takes another slug from the bottle. "But later I traveled around the East for a time, performing in a stage play with Bill

(continued on page 153)



"Hey, Pop, how about lifting me up so I can watch the monkeys fuck."

Hot TV

Intro

Want to know what a woman sees when she looks in a mirror? Turn on the TV. Thanks to a new generation of inventively frank programs, the mirror may as well be on her bedroom ceiling. Following the trend of building plots around three-way secret trysts and mate swapping—a trend started on *Melrose Place*—shows such as *Dawson's Creek*, *Dharma and Greg*, *Just Shoot Me*, *Ally McBeal* and, best of all, *Sex and the City* have a lock—no, handcuffs—on the female psyche. Yes, TV is still a sanitized version of real life. It's a filter. But there's some good to that. If the women on the TV are getting raunchier, just think of the fantasies dancing through your date's head. To skip the innuendo and learn about her true views on sex, ask her about her favorite television shows.



Seminal Moments

During the brief history of hot TV, the arc of development from amusing innuendo to graphic sex has been short and steamy. It's only fitting to find it happening on sitcoms, where scriptwriters have long referred to plot devices and one-liners as teasers and hot buttons.

"You're going to get so lucky tonight": Sex-laden shows still tiptoe around sex. This minor art form reached a high point on *Seinfeld* with the rhymes-with-a-female-body-part episode, and the struggle among Jerry, Kramer, George and Elaine—especially Elaine—to remain masters of their domains. (We got a particular thrill when Elaine caved.) Fast-forward to Samantha (Kim Cattrall) on *Sex and the City*, who took an ill-advised vow of chastity. Unable to hold out any longer, she propositioned a man in her yoga class. No luck. She turned to the instructor. No luck. Desperate, she set her sights on another guy in class and whispered to him. He couldn't hear her. So she shouted, "Wanna fuck?" Who needs euphemisms?

Blue Velvet: *NYPD Blue* plotted quite a course. First we were blessed with female nudity. The high-water mark came when Jimmy Smits was bitching about his rotten day to Kim Delaney in the bathtub. Slowly, her hand reaches under the water to give him a real scrubbing. Sure beats all those shots of Sipowicz' butt.

Toys Story: They're not just talking about blindfolds and whipped cream anymore. These days we're getting a peek into Veronica's padded closet. *Ally McBeal* (Calista Flockhart) is always looking for the perfect man. When she finally finds him, she pulls him out of the box and inflates everything but his ego. *Dharma and Greg* is also not beyond lubricating the laughs. To spice up her mother-in-law's marriage, *Dharma* takes the prude shopping for sex toys and finds bottled karma—fat-free motion lotion.



chicks on dicks

Ally McBeal devoted an episode to the "size matters" debate when the female attorneys took a sculpting class. As the buff male model disrobed, the girls asked for more clay. Lots more. Then Ally boffed the guy, simply because he was well hung. For the uncensored truth, you need to watch only one show: *Sex and the City*. From the mouths of babes: "I was once with a guy



who was the size of one of those miniature-golf pencils. I couldn't tell if he was trying to fuck me or erase me."

—Miranda (Cynthia Nixon)

"I love a big dick. I love it inside me. I love looking at it. I love everything about it."—Samantha

"Whoever holds the dick holds the power."—Miranda

"Personally I'm loving it up to the point that the guy wants me to swallow."—Miranda

Don't have cable? Check out this quote from that teenage angstfest, *Dawson's Creek*: "He's a 15-year-old boy. He doesn't know what love is. All he knows is that he goes to sleep jerkin' his gherkin and he wakes up humping his mattress. You're a sex kitten, Jen. Wear something scandalous. Seduce him. His tighty whities will be in a ball at the foot of his bed before you can say 'Joey Potter is a virgin.'"

VIDEO

MENU

VOL.

CH.

REMOTE

POWER



HORNDOG HALL OF FAME



SEX AND THE CITY

Samantha (Kim Cattrall): Mixes business with pleasure by screwing customers at condo showings. Has voracious sexual appetite and a need to "go out and have sex like a man. I mean, without feeling." Apparently she hasn't heard of the female condom.



ALLY MCBEAL

Elaine (Jane Krakowski): Sucks her boss' tongue to demonstrate how to avoid too wet a kiss. Hires a male stripper for a company party. Uses cleavage-enhancing tops to distract male co-workers. Refers to herself as a "human window of opportunity."

HONORABLE MENTIONS

Lexi (Jamie Luner) of Melrose Place: Has sex for money. Has sex for power. Has sex because it's Tuesday. Monica (Courteney Cox) of Friends. Got busted videotaping her sexcapades with Chandler. Admitted (albeit jokingly) to being a sex addict. Nina (Wendie Malick) of Just Shoot Me. Injured a guy by taking off her top. Jen (Michelle Williams) of Dawson's Creek. The bad girl-turned-good girl-turned-bad girl once told Dawson: "I know you're with Joey and I accept that. I just don't respect it. I don't mean this in a slutty, self-deprecating way, but I want to let you know that you've got options. And I'm one of them."



CARTOON COITUS

All hail The Simpsons! Sex between Marge and Homer makes that of their flesh-and-blood competition seem two-dimensional. They have sex all over Springfield— inches from people in a parlor, outside on the lawn, in a hazard at the miniature-golf course and even in a hot-air balloon. The following exchange says it best. Marge: "The fear of getting caught is kind of a turn-on!" Homer: "There's the dirty girl I married. Come on, I have a disgusting idea!"



SEX SLANG

Flying solo: Dharma and Greg's term for self-gratification, often with a shower massager.

Rabbit intervention: When the girls on Sex and the City have to take away a friend's vibrator because she's getting too attached to it.

Keeping the cobra in the basket: A voluntary vow of celibacy on Dharma and Greg.

A giver: Ally McBeal lingo for someone who has indiscriminate sex. Our favorite kind of benefactor.

A modelizer: A man who has sex with gorgeous women to validate himself. Only on Sex and the City, only in our dreams.

Size queen: Dawson's Creek may be new, but the kids have learned this old term for a girl who prefers guys with large penises.



Full frontal friend: A penis. From the addictively clever Sex and the City.

Gherkin: A small penis. Dawson's Creek again.

Walking the dog: Masturbation. Unleashed humor from Dawson's.

Martini with a twist: A term for gay, from Sex.

Having a near-lesbian experience: A way of keeping up with a trend without actually having to engage in sex. First described on Just Shoot Me.

ten truths we learned from **Hot TV**

1. Big dicks are to women what big tits are to guys: A mouthful is never enough.

2. Threesomes are the new blow jobs.

3. The best way to do a three-way is to guest star. You show up, have guilt-free sex and leave the couple to stew about whether they did the right thing.

4. The frequency of student-teacher flings is directly related to the number of ratings points in the 18-to-24-year-old demographic.

5. When it comes to laughs, Astroglide has replaced the banana peel.

6. Supermodels don't starve themselves—they're man-eaters.

7. You need cable TV to get anal sex.

8. A man's stiffest competition is a woman's vibrator.

9. Whacking off to Katie Couric is a common teenage experience.

10. Women fuck and tell. Just like we do.

The couple is not likely to last if disagreements sink to this knock-down-drag-out level.

completely out of control.

(6) I didn't exactly make my point in a detached, evenhanded way.

(7) When I got going, I brought up my partner's faults.

(8) I resented having to bring up these issues in the first place.

(9) I regret my tactless choice of words.

(10) When I bring up a problem I don't stop until my partner sees I'm right.

(11) I used phrases like You always or You never.

(12) As I complained, something unlocked an overwhelming tide of emotions in me.

Yes answers to four or more of these questions suggest that the couple has fallen into an angry critical style. Couples who habitually criticize each other are likely to be preparing for the second horseman, a meaner, angrier version of the first.

CONTEMPT

Contempt is criticism run wild. Now the partners' remarks are not only critical, but they are intended for insult and psychological abuse as well. "You're wrong" becomes "You're stupid." Words such as fat, ugly, jerk, bastard, bitch and wimp are dramatized with angry body language and facial expressions. Name-calling, hostile humor and mockery are clear signals of contempt and convey a collapse of respect for the other. On bad days, even those in the best relationships can stoop to contempt, but the couple is not likely to last if disagreements sink to this knock-down-drag-out level too often.

Think back to your most recent dust-up and agree or disagree with these statements:

(1) During our tiff, I couldn't think of a single thing that I admire in my partner.

(2) When I got upset I could see glaring faults in my partner's character.

(3) I tried to point out how my partner was foolish in certain situations.

(4) I found myself putting my partner down.

(5) My partner can be incredibly arrogant at times.

(6) When my partner got negative I found myself thinking of insulting things to say back.

(7) I had no respect for my partner's behavior.

(8) When my partner is upset with me I think of all the ways I've been let down in the relationship.

(9) I always feel a sense of righteous indignation when my partner gets negative.

(10) When I get dumped-on I think of ways to get even.

(11) I was disgusted with the way my partner acted.

(12) My partner was too stubborn to compromise.

(13) I felt that my partner was utterly stupid.

If you agreed on five or more of these items, the second horseman is probably at work destroying the baseline respect that is the long-term glue in any partnership.

DEFENSIVENESS

Most people defend themselves when attacked. Some react defensively to criticism or even simple complaints, but in the face of contempt it is nearly reflexive. Nevertheless, defensive phrases and attitudes tend to escalate the conflict rather than resolve it. Most of us are not aware of how defensive we become when we are faced with criticism or contempt, but there are several signs that mean we are reacting to the attack rather than listening to the issues at hand:

- Denying responsibility. No matter what the charge, you insist you're not to blame. "I didn't take the clothes to the cleaners because you didn't leave them out."

- Making excuses. Forces beyond your control made you do it. "I was late because the freeway was jammed."

- Cross-complaining. Adding an unrelated complaint or criticism to whatever has been thrown at you. "The fact that we never have people over is not because I'm antisocial, it's because you never clean the damned house."

- Yes-butting. Insisting that you have a morally justifiable reason for doing what you are accused of. "I may not be home for dinner as much as you want, but if I don't work late we won't be able to pay the bills."

- Repeating yourself. Making the same point over and over despite what the other says, as if simple repeated denials of the issue will defuse it. "How many times do I have to say it? Golf four days a week is not too much. You have to play often to be any good."

- Body language. Physical signs of

defensiveness include false smiles, rolling the eyes, pursing the lips, shifting the body from side to side and folding the arms across the chest.

Think back to your last argument and agree or disagree with these 12 statements:

(1) When my partner complained, I felt unfairly picked on.

(2) I didn't feel I got any credit for all the positive things I do.

(3) I wasn't responsible in any way for what went wrong.

(4) When my partner started complaining, I realized I also had a set of complaints that needed to be heard.

(5) My partner's negativity became too intense and out of proportion.

(6) My partner was too touchy and feelings were hurt too easily.

(7) When my partner complained, I had no choice but to ward off the attacks.

(8) I had to deny the complaints against me that were inaccurate.

(9) My partner's views of the problem were completely self-centered.

(10) All my partner did was find fault with me.

(11) I felt like I was being beaten with a baseball bat.

(12) As my partner rattled on, I spent most of my time thinking of ways to retaliate.

If you agreed on five or more items, defensiveness is probably standing in the way of your progress.

STONEWALLING

Stony silence is a powerful act. Removing yourself from the conversation conveys disapproval, distance and smugness. Stonewallers usually deliver their angry message in monosyllabic mutterings ("Yeah, right; Uh-huh, sure"), attempt to change the subject ("Yeah, I'm late. Got caught in traffic. What's for dinner?") or by just leaving the room. What it says to the other is that the game is over; somebody just took the ball and went home. Interestingly, Gottman has found that 85 percent of stonewallers are men, and he thinks the reason may be biological. "Men tend to be more physiologically overwhelmed than women in moments of marital tension" he says. "Their pulse and blood pressure rise, which initiates a desire to get the hell out. When he does, the woman is left with even greater anger and frustration. If either partner becomes a habitual stonewaller, the couple is most likely to end up apart or living lonely, parallel lives in the same house."

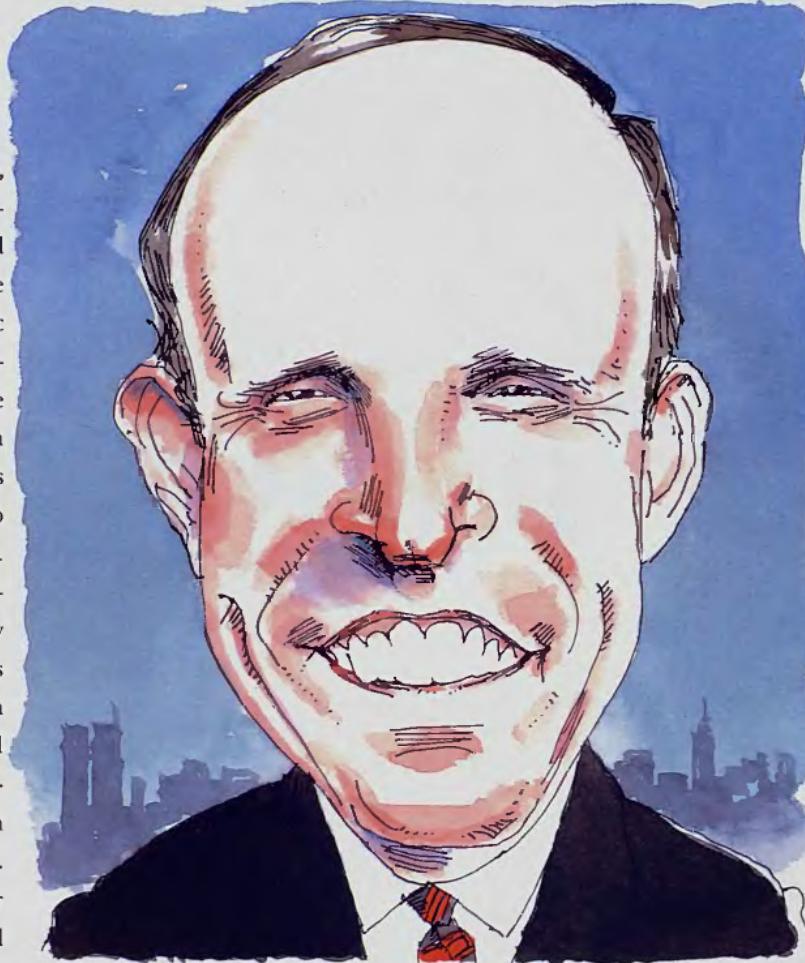
Remember your latest skirmish and agree or disagree with the following statements:

(concluded on page 145)

Rudy's Rules

CAN RUDOLPH GIULIANI—NEW YORK'S PRO-CHOICE, ANTIGUN
REPUBLICAN CRIME FIGHTER—SCOLD HIS WAY INTO THE WHITE HOUSE?

Forty years ago, Rudolph Giuliani declared his intention to be the first Italian Catholic president of the United States. If we have learned any lesson from his life since then, it is that it's dangerous to laugh at what he says. Now, just a year before the 2000 primary season, New York's high-riding mayor is a frequently mentioned candidate for the Republican nomination for the White House. It's easy to scoff. After all, he's pro-choice and favors gun control and homosexual rights—and he once married his second cousin. But Giuliani, whose ambition is as raw and unrelenting as the city he governs, has never bowed to conventional wisdom. How else could a Republican rise to power in a city where Democrats rule by a five-to-one margin? And who would have thought that anyone could make Times Square a destination for families looking for good, clean fun? Part of the pleasure of watching Giuliani in action is wondering where his inner turmoil will send him next. He is a man to watch—and while you do, remember this: He knows how you should behave, and his ambition has always been to make people behave. To New Yorkers, Giuliani is Mother Superior with a nightstick, famous for his snarling tirades against beggars, cabdrivers and critics of his policies. On the road, he is the seductive Rudy Lite, charming unchallenging audiences with raspy-voiced mobster imitations (*The Godfather* is his favorite film) and boasting about New York's



economic revival, the 70 percent decline in murders and how *The Lion King* has replaced hookers and dope dealers as the main attraction on 42nd Street. The story of New York's renaissance has been suggested in headlines such as AMERICA'S SAFEST CITY and COMEBACK CITY, and Giuliani is often hailed as a miracle worker. But New Yorkers see a city where, despite many improvements, life remains difficult for the poor and the middle class, with crumbling schools, filthy subways and sky-high rents.

New Yorkers also see a mayor who believes that his way is the only way, who woos friends by making enemies, who once defined freedom as "the willingness of every single human being to cede to lawful authority a great deal of discretion about what you do and how you do it." In New York, lawful authority is otherwise known as Rudy's Rules. He is a man of many contradictions: a Republican who grew up worshiping the Kennedys, a scolding advocate of civility who delights in verbally bludgeoning foes, a self-professed reformer who pads the city's payroll with cronies and relatives, a self-proclaimed antipolitician who has been stoking political dreams since high school, an often dour suit who never looked happier than the night he dressed for a charity show as Marilyn Monroe, complete with blonde wig, tight dress and cigar. Giuliani has been remarkably consistent across his 54 years: smart, shrewd and ferociously devoted to his own rise. If that means betraying his political (continued on page 106)

Playboy Profile By Paul Schwartzman



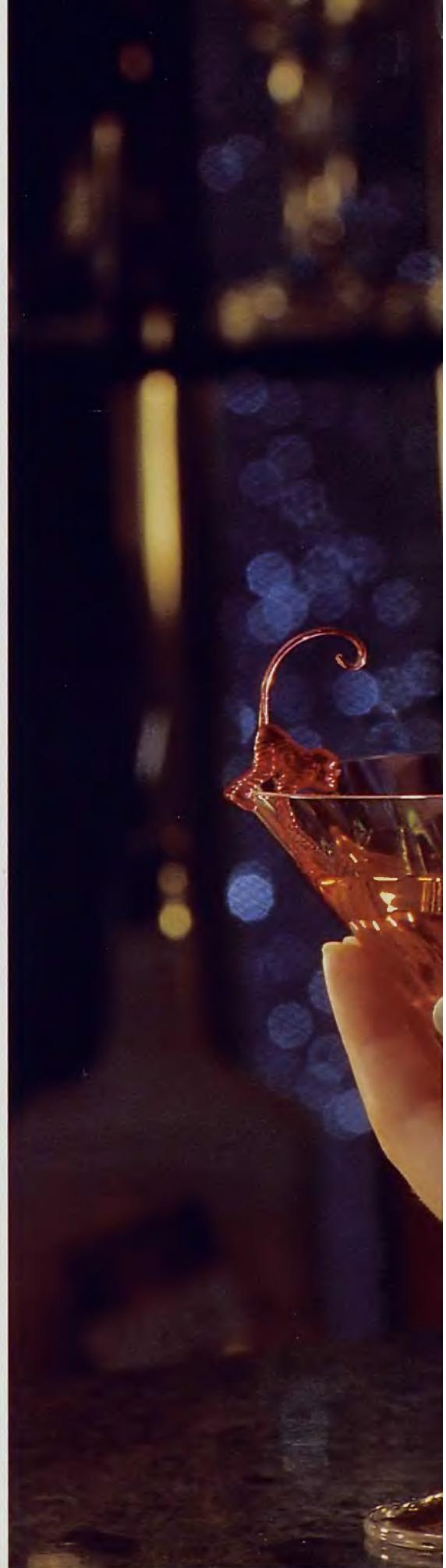
INVESTING WITH *Lexie*

miss march
offers some attractive returns

ALEXANDRIA KARLSEN is used to the fast track. She grew up in Mesa, Arizona and started reading before she was four. At the age of 11 Lexie would devour a Stephen King novel in one sitting. At 15 she edited her school's newspaper and wrote columns for three local papers, and at 18 she earned a license to deal in mutual funds (that's her on the trading floor, above). She also found time to show off the other side of her beauty-and-brains equation, by sending her photos to *PLAYBOY*. Clearly, her stock is on the rise.

Q: You've pursued a variety of career options in your 20 years.

A: I know [laughs]. I get bored easily, so I do a lot of different things. That's





PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA AND ARNY FREYTAG



been for the best, though I have had some weird experiences.

Q: Such as?

A: I was stalked when I was 15, by total strangers. I once had a psycho boyfriend who chased me with a knife and got arrested. I moved out of my parents' house when I was 15 and dropped out of high school in my senior year. I was already taking college courses, so I knew I'd be able to get into college.

Q: In other words, you had a turbulent adolescence.

A: Yeah, totally. I've had to work to keep my sense of humor, but now I can look back and laugh. Because I had so much craziness growing up, I like being mellow. I have my dog and a good boyfriend, and we have a normal life.

Q: So what's next? Modeling, writing, finance?

A: They're all options. I'm writing a lot of poetry and working on a novel. It's hard to write when you're traveling as much as I am. I need a laptop.

Q: That would probably suit you better than an office job.

A: Definitely. I want to go back to school to study finance, and I'd like to start trading over the Internet. That way I could both do my work and have a home life.



"When I first tested for **PLAYBOY**, I was skinny," says Lexie. So she went back to Arizona, gained ten pounds and jumped at the chance to become a Playmate. "Why not?" she asks. "After all, I'm still young."









MISS MARCH

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Alylandria ("Lexie") KjærseBUST: 34c WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 107BIRTHDATE: 10/26/78 BIRTHPLACE: MESA, AZAMBITIONS: To balance a career and family, & being happy with my chosen path in life.TURN-ONS: A wicked sense of humor, kindness, consideration & a good thunderstorm.TURNOFFS: Hypocritical or judgmental people; someone who doesn't care about being a better person or evolving & learning new things.BOOKS I LOVE: "Steppenwolf" by Hermann Hesse & "These Are My Rivers" by Lawrence Ferlinghetti.I'M BULLISH ON: Being domestic and spending time at home; snuggling with my man, and mutual funds... Buy low, sell high! Reinvest your dividends!WORDS TO LIVE BY: Always try to smile & keep the ability to laugh... life isn't that bad (well... not always!).

Hanging out with my crazy dog Take.



Mom & me before catching a flight to Vegas.



Age 16, looking a little like Audrey Hepburn.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The phone rang in the church office early one morning. "May I speak to the head hog at the trough?" a man asked.

"If you're referring to the preacher," the startled secretary replied, "then you may refer to him as Pastor or Brother, but please don't call him the head hog at the trough!"

"Well," the fellow said, "I was thinking of donating \$100,000 to the building fund, but if you're not interested, I'll just—"

"Hang on," the secretary chirped, "I think the fat pig just walked in!"



THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: Hillary and Chelsea were having a mother-daughter talk during spring break. "So, you've been away at college for a while now," Hillary said. "Have you, um, well, had sex yet?"

"Of course not!" Chelsea exclaimed. "At least not according to Dad."

A man was shipwrecked on a deserted island for ten lonely years. One day he spotted a ship on the horizon. He frantically waved his arms until he saw a rowboat making its way to shore. In it was a man in a captain's uniform. "Thank God!" the shipwrecked fellow rejoiced. "I thought I was never going to be rescued."

"How long have you been here?" the captain asked as he waded ashore.

"Ten years," the man replied.

"How have you coped all that time on your own?"

"Well, I'm quite a resourceful fellow. I built a house, learned to hunt and fish."

"But ten years without sex?" the captain exclaimed.

"Not completely," the man replied sheepishly. "About six months ago I was down here on the shore when I noticed an ostrich up the beach with its head buried in the sand. I crept up behind it, and . . ."

"Oh, you poor man, that must have been horrible."

"Well, it was all right for the first five miles," he replied, "but then we got out of step."

Fred and Jim were having a drink one night when Fred announced he was going to divorce his wife. "Are you serious?" Jim asked. "You and Sue are the happiest couple I know."

"Well," Fred replied, "I'm tired of poking the same hole night after night after night. I guess I want a bit of variety."

"If you want a bit of variety, why don't you just, you know, turn her over every now and again?"

"What, and have a houseful of kids?"

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: "Lad, look out there to the field. Do you see that fence? I built that fence stone by stone with my own two hands. But do they call me McGregor, the fence builder?" The old man gestured at the bar. "Look at this bar. Do you see how smooth it is? I planed that surface down with my own hands. But do they call me McGregor, the bar builder?" Then the old man pointed out the window. "Ladie, look out to sea. Do you see that pier that stretches out so far? I nailed it board by board. But do they call me McGregor, the pier builder?" The old man took a sip of whiskey. "No, they don't. But," he continued, "you fuck one goat . . ."

A man called his mother in Florida. "How are you doing, Mom?" he asked.

"Not too good," she replied. "I've been very weak."

"Why are you so weak?"

"Because I haven't eaten in 38 days."

"For heaven's sake, Mother," he exclaimed. "Why not?"

"Because," she explained, "I didn't want my mouth to be full when you called."

The judge fined a motorist \$25 for speeding, and gave him a receipt. "What am I supposed to do with this, frame it?" snapped the driver.

"No, save it," replied the judge. "When you have three, you get a bicycle."



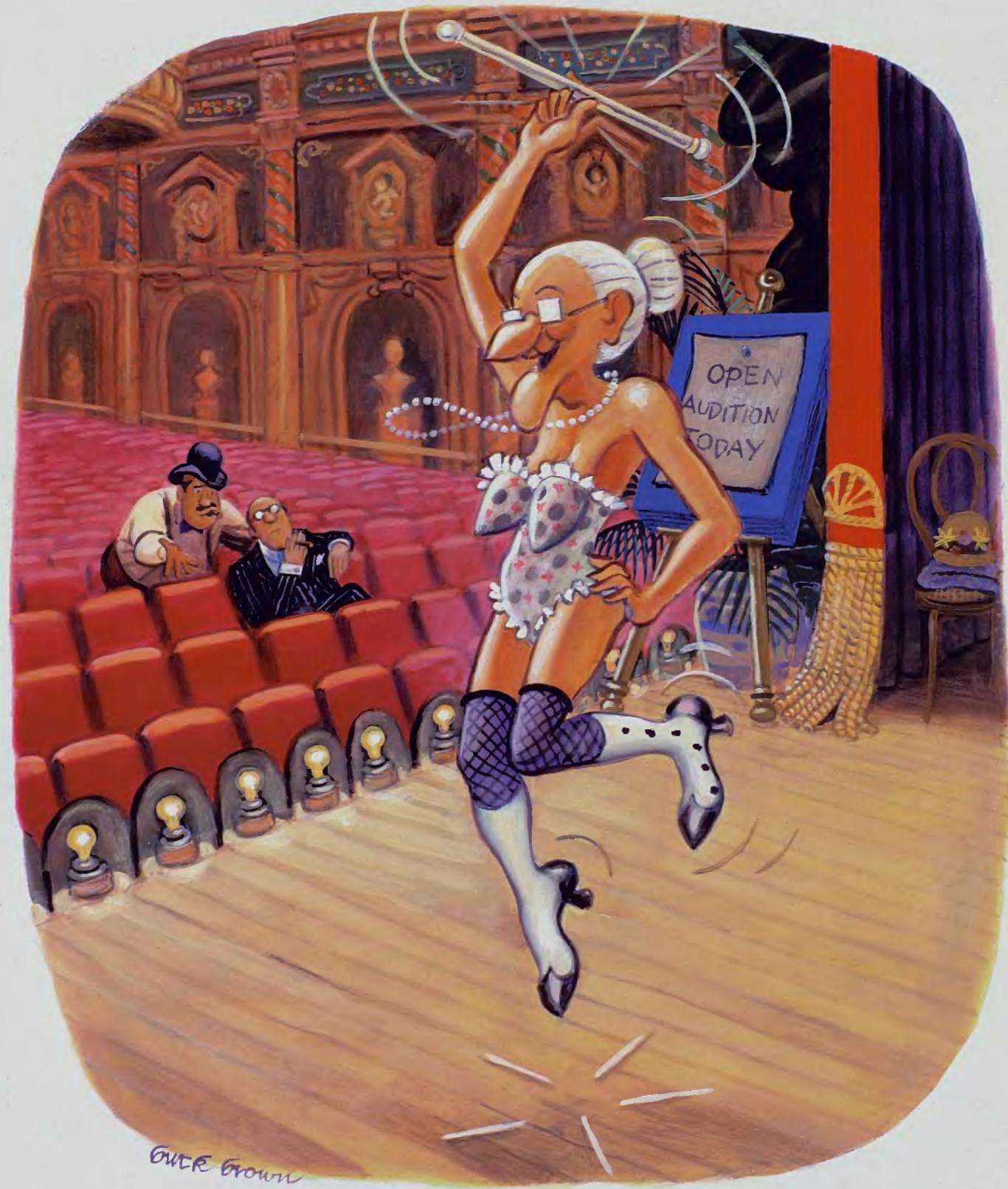
I'd like a pair of size eight tie shoes," the fellow told the salesman.

"But, sir, I can see from here you're at least a size 11."

"Just bring me size eight tie shoes."

The salesman brought the shoes. The guy stuffed his feet into them, then stood up in obvious pain. "I lost my business and my house," he explained, "my wife is screwing my best friend, my daughter is pregnant and my son is gay. The only pleasure I have in life," he sighed, "is taking off these fucking shoes."

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



Bruce Brown

*"C'mon, give her a break. What's she gonna do,
kill vaudeville?"*

So, What Have You Done For Us Lately?

**only a major league maverick could send a warning
that the home run race was bad for baseball**

IT'S TIME to put Mark McGwire and baseball up on the shelf next to Neil Armstrong and NASA. It's the same shelf that Orson Welles perched on after *Citizen Kane*, the one Robert Plant reached after *Stairway to Heaven*, the one Dustin Hoffman was taking the bus to, with Katharine Ross at his side, at the end of *The Graduate*. It's the what-can-you-possibly-do-for-an-encore shelf. And, thanks to Mark McGwire and Sammy Sosa, it's the new home of Baseball 1999: the Season of the Home Run Hangover.

The flaw in having McGwire hit 70 homers last year, and Sosa hitting 66, probably dawned on Commissioner Bud Selig sometime after the winter winds of Milwaukee began to fog up his glasses. Baseball's marketing scheme since the early Nineties has centered on one idea: that the game would recapture the hearts and wallets of America when someone finally challenged Roger Maris' home run record.

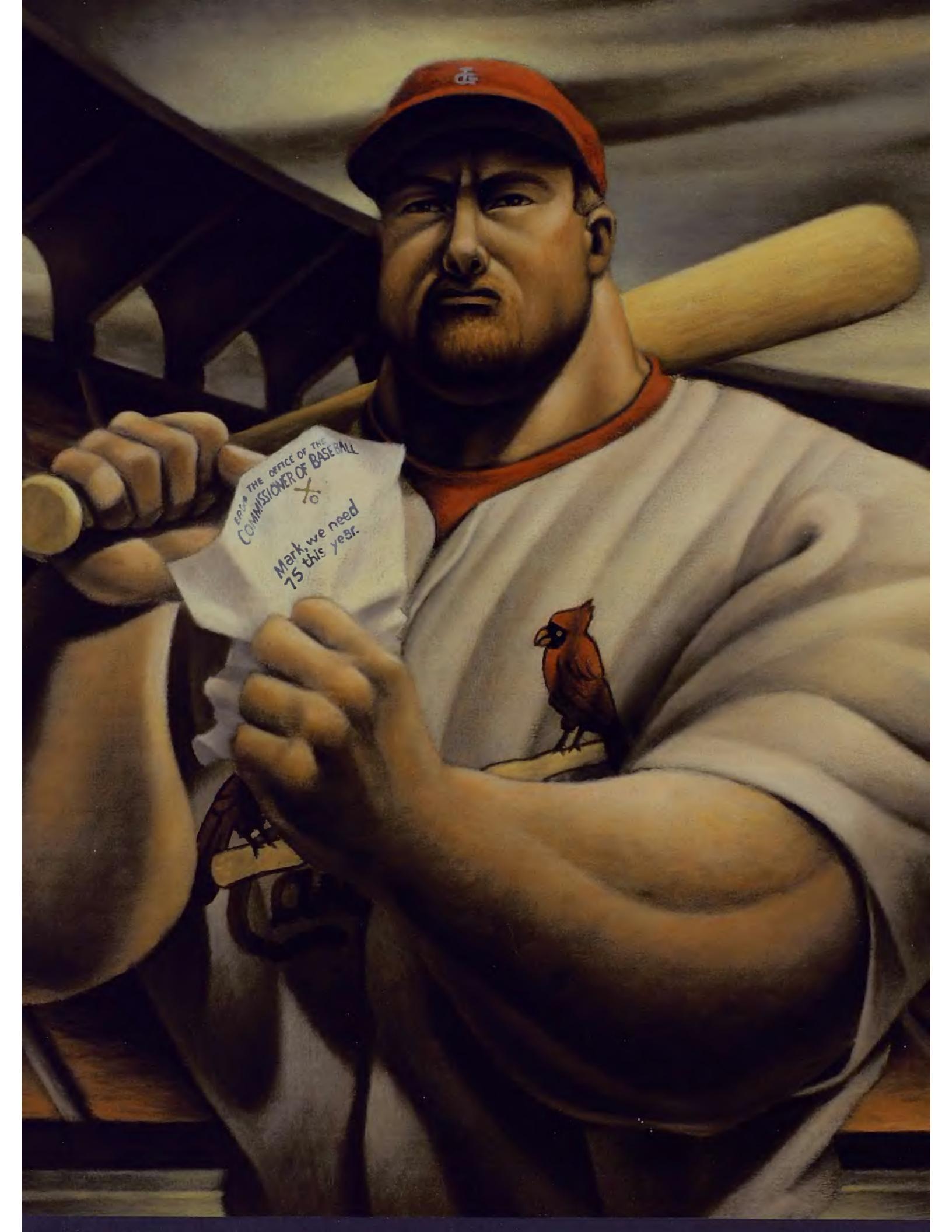
But under no circumstances was the damn fool supposed to *break* it! What's left for the season after the monument falls? How do you sell the public on the pursuit of a one-year-old record? Do you expect people to believe that McGwire will hit 75 homers this year? And if he does, don't you think people will wonder if it's legit? Legendary tightwad Connie Mack once pulled back the veil far enough to reveal

that he would rather have had his Philadelphia Athletics finish a strong second every year than to win the pennant, because the fans would keep coming back for more, and he wouldn't have to raise his players' salaries.

Fact is, the breathless television coverage of the home run race climaxed the day McGwire hit his 62nd. As the statistics began to move up toward those of fast-pitch softball or the Longhorn League of 1954, the questions began to crop up. Because of interleague play and expansion, did McGwire and Sosa see a wider range of awful pitchers in one season than Babe Ruth saw in his lifetime? Didn't it matter that from early on, McGwire was hitting in a vacuum? Unlike Maris in 1961, or Ruth in 1920, 1921 or 1927, the closest he got to a pennant race was watching highlights on television. For crying out loud, even Sosa's supposedly playoff-relevant season ended with his Cubs losing nine of their last 12 games.

Then there's the little matter of backlash. Maris took a few healthy knocks in 1961 from Ruth-friendly old-timers. But his real troubles didn't begin until the spring of 1962, when he snubbed a group of powerful New York sportswriters who proceeded to paint him as the undeserving ingrate incarnate. Maris also made the mistake of hitting "only" 33 homers the year after. The tear-him-down process kicked into high (continued on page 148)

article By Keith Olbermann



From the Office of the
Commissioner of Baseball
Xo

Mark, we need
75 this year.



Rudolph Giuliani

(continued from page 89)

His wife's testimonials ended amid reports of an affair with his 32-year-old press secretary.

party, so be it, as he did when he endorsed New York Governor Mario Cuomo for reelection in 1994 over his own party's nominee, George Pataki. If that means trashing someone who does not agree with him, so much the better. When General Barry McCaffrey, Clinton's drug czar, questioned Giuliani's opposition to using methadone to treat heroin addicts, the mayor called the war hero "a disaster."

More than anything, Giuliani thrives on conflict, on the opportunity to lay an opponent flat. Enemies give him a purpose, a reason to stand apart, whether they were the booze-happy fraternity brothers he rebuked in college, or the mobsters he busted as a federal prosecutor, or the rhythms, traditions and pathologies of the city he has lorded over since 1994.

Giuliani is a ubiquitous presence in New York, bouncing from one press conference to the next, from fires to cop shootings to ribbon cuttings, while the city's four newspapers and seven TV stations inhale his every word. Hardly a news cycle passes without the mayor hailing himself for, say, the reduction in crime ("You don't have conditions of safety like that anywhere in America"), bureaucratic reform ("New York City has shrunk its government sooner and faster than anyplace in the country") or his administrative prowess ("I'm hoping to set a record for having performed more weddings as mayor of New York City than any other mayor").

At monthly town hall meetings, New Yorkers rail at him about everything from slow bus service to welfare cuts. "When students read history books 20 and 30 years from now, they're going to say I took a city of dependency and made it into a city of workers!" he shouts at a crowd in Brooklyn, sweat brimming beneath his comb-over.

When he's booed, Giuliani lectures audiences for their poor manners. Such outbursts set a "terrible example" for children, he says, his tremulous voice touched by a faint lisp. Touchy? He ordered city buses to stop displaying a playful *New York* magazine ad that read: "Possibly the only good thing in New York Rudy hasn't taken credit for."

Giuliani is so intent on being the only voice of his administration that he bars aides from speaking publicly without his permission. Nor are they encouraged to question his directives, even privately, even for no other pur-

pose than to prepare him, say, for a press conference.

In 1994 the newly elected Giuliani appointed William Bratton as police commissioner. Crime had already begun to decline in New York, but the improvement accelerated and became big news. Bratton enjoyed good press, in part because he often dropped in at Elaine's, the media watering hole, for a late supper. Soon enough, newspapers reported that the two men were feuding and that Giuliani was angry that Bratton was getting credit for the more cheerful crime statistics. In January 1996 Bratton appeared on the cover of *Time* magazine, a development that reportedly enraged the jealous Giuliani. A few months later Bratton resigned. "It's a big stage, but he doesn't want anyone else on it," Bratton says. "One person is coming out for the curtain call, and that's Rudy."

When he was mayor, Ed Koch gleefully reduced foes to pulp, but the city's reputation for raucous debate thrived. Koch praises the mayor for slashing crime, but he says Giuliani's venom keeps him from greatness. "He can't help himself," Koch says. "Character is fate, and Rudy's character requires that he go for the jugular and destroy his critics."

Giuliani seems to enjoy his role as Goliath. He slapped taxi drivers with new rules and stiffer penalties for reckless driving, erected pedestrian barricades in midtown to prevent jaywalking (a New York rite of passage) and rewrote zoning laws to push topless bars and X-rated video stores into desolate neighborhoods. At one point or another, he seems to have enraged every part of the city—except the very rich and powerful.

Corporations such as Condé Nast and Reuters, for example, were tempted with millions in tax benefits to not leave town. When George Steinbrenner threatened to pull the Yankees out of the Bronx, Giuliani offered to build a new stadium in Manhattan, then fought to quash a referendum in which New Yorkers would vote their preference on where the team would play.

"I don't see him taking on anyone but weak people," said writer Jimmy Breslin. "He takes on small things and says they're big things. Has he ever had a mean word for Steinbrenner? No! He's a mean little man."

Giuliani relied on his wife, Donna

Hanover, a local TV news anchor, to swear to his humanity. But Hanover's testimonials ended during his first term amid reports he was having an affair with Cristyne Lategano, his 32-year-old press secretary. For months the mayor's sex life was the subject of gossip within New York political circles, but did not become public until the 1997 campaign, when an article in *Vanity Fair* reported that his relationship with Lategano was damaging his marriage.

Giuliani denied the story and insisted that his marriage was his own business. Voters apparently agreed, and Giuliani's private life remains a puzzle that would no doubt prompt questions in a national campaign.

These days, Giuliani attempts to soften his image by talking about his golf game, gushing over the Yankees and reading children's books to kids (he even had a kid's book ghostwritten under his name).

Inevitably, the scowl returns. Last summer, New Yorkers learned that Giuliani was planning to build a \$15 million emergency shelter—Rudy's Bunker, the newspapers called it—that would feature bombproof walls, a hotline to the White House and a foldout couch for the mayor. One critic said the bunker represented Giuliani's hopes, not his fears. "Nuts," Koch called him, while a newspaper cartoonist drew Eva Braun flashing Rudy a *sieg heil*.

He makes no apologies. "Everything good has come out of turmoil," Giuliani likes to say. "I'm the mayor of a city, not, like, a feel-good society."

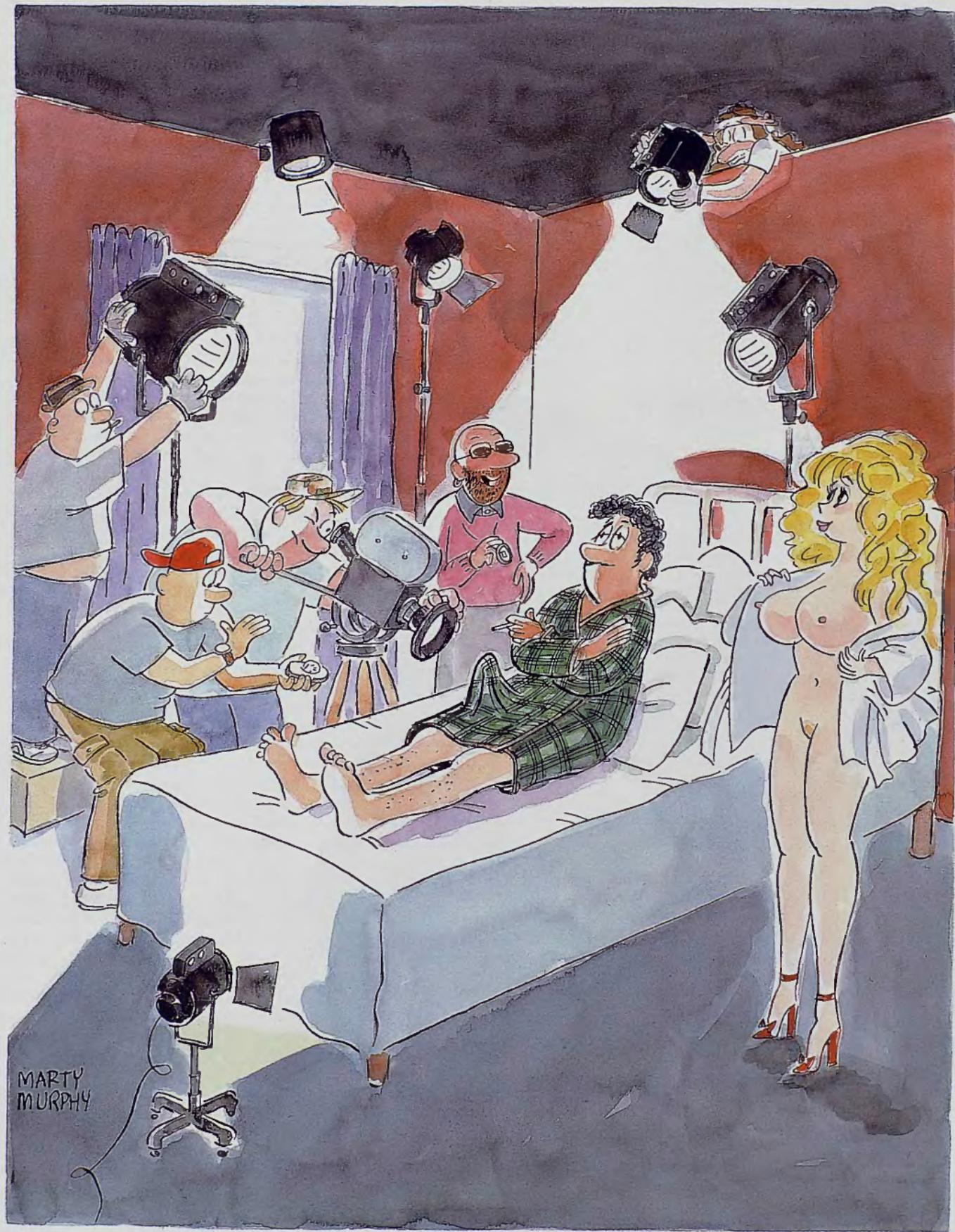
One morning last July, a senior advisor to Giuliani saw the mayor eyeing him from a ballroom stage where he was about to make a speech. "Get away, he's looking at us," the aide mumbled to this writer. "If he sees me talking to you, he'll fire me."

Giuliani, who declined to be interviewed for this article, has always been guarded about discussing himself. He demands the same secrecy from his inner circle, a white male-dominated band of former prosecutors, campaign aides and childhood friends. Even those who wanted to praise him declined to talk on the record for fear of incurring his wrath.

Giuliani inherited his swagger and bombast from his father, Harold, a Brooklyn tavern owner who was not afraid to use a baseball bat to keep rowdy customers in line.

In Dodgers-crazed Brooklyn, where the family lived before moving to Long Island, Harold raved about the Yankees and enjoyed dressing young Rudy

(continued on page 150)



"We're ready for your close-up now, Miss Windham. . . ."

DIY STARTER KIT

BY BETH TOMKIEW



DO-IT-
YOURSELF
STUDIO
TOYS FOR
BOSS
WANNABES

Although the tale of Bruce Springsteen recording *Nebraska* in his bedroom is legend among musicians, the four-track technology he used in the early Eighties is prehistoric compared with the home recording gear available today. "It's like comparing the *Niña*, *Pinta* and *Santa María* with the space shuttle," says PLAYBOY music critic Dave Marsh. Of course, the concept of home studios isn't new; Marsh cites Les Paul, Pete Townshend, Todd Rundgren and Prince as pioneers. But thanks to digitally driven hardware and prices that are falling faster than Hootie on the charts, even starving artists are exploring do-it-yourself territory. Folk-punk princess Ani DiFranco is probably the biggest DIY success story, having made a mint producing her own music for the past eight years—and snagging a *Rolling Stone* cover in the process. On a smaller scale, Preston Klik, leader of My Scarlet Life, has cut five CDs from the studio he assembled in the bedroom of his Chicago loft. The band (think Garbage meets Portishead) took a traditional route with its first CD, renting a small studio and working with an industry friend who cut them a lot of slack. "But we still spent more money than we could possibly recoup," admits Klik. So,

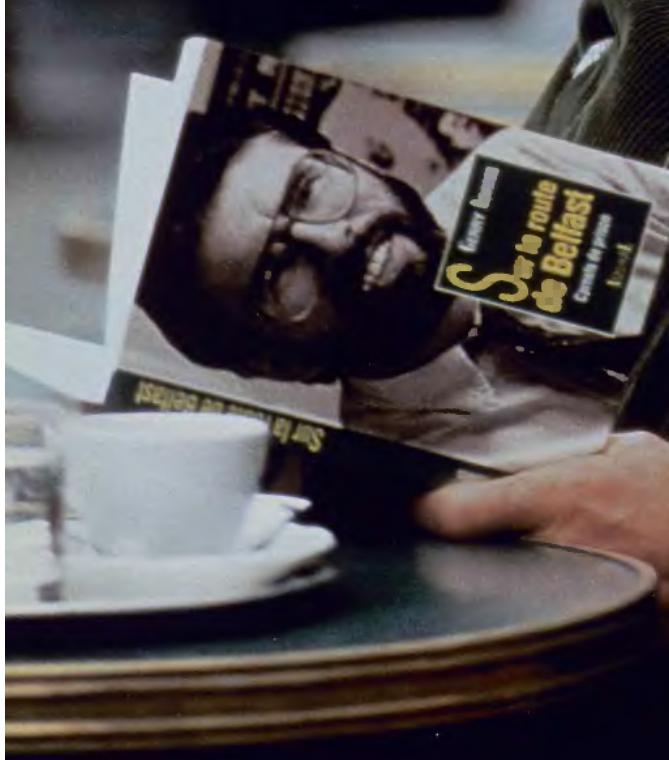
he did what any inspired musician in the Nineties would do, break out the plastic. "I wouldn't have been selling records for the past six years if I hadn't done it," he says. Indeed, making the investment—even with ridiculous interest rates—can be both economical and smart for fledgling bands. For the same \$5000 to \$15,000 you'd spend on studio time to cut a 60-minute CD, you can buy your setup and produce multiple discs, à la My Scarlet Life. There's also the creative advantage of being on your own clock. If you're inspired at three in the morning, you can power up your equipment and lay down a track. "You have to think and listen differently," says Klik. "I'm a musician, but owning gear means I've had to become an engineer and develop an objective ear for my own music." To shorten the learning curve, Klik recommends that prospective DIYers pick up *Golden Ears*, a five-CD course on how to hear music. "And read everything you can get your hands on." Magazines such as *Recording* and *Electronic Musician* not only offer tips on buying and operating the latest hardware but often share the production techniques and tricks behind *Billboard*'s latest hits as well.

Most important, be prepared to go on the road. Most do-it-yourself bands sell the bulk of their CD inventories at live performances.

"We get in our vans and drive from one gig to the next to build our fan base and sell our music," says Klik. And consider the Internet. Unsigned bands can sell self-produced CDs from their home pages; they don't need a record label or a music superstore. In fact, given the low overhead of DIY artists, and the Net's growth, Marsh predicts a future in which David Geffen is replaced on the *Forbes* 400 list "by someone who actually knows how to make music."

Our roundup of DIY gear (most of it courtesy of Guitar Center in Chicago) includes an Ensoniq ZR-76 keyboard (\$2800) and the Sennheiser Digital Compatible headphones (\$150) that July 1997 Playmate Dophnee Lynn Duploix wears above. Pictured opposite (clockwise from top left): Apple's Macintosh Powerbook G3 300DVD computer (\$4400) is where postproduction happens. The 300-MHz speed demon with 164 megs of RAM and an eight-gig hard drive is running Cakewalk's Metro 4 music-mixing software (\$200). Stacked next to the Mac (top to bottom) are Yamaha's rewritable CD recorder (about \$600), TC Electronic's Finalizer Plus mastering tool (\$2900) and D8X' 586 Tube Mic preamp (\$1000). Up front: Mackie's mixer (\$600) and Shure's new KSM32 cardioid condenser microphone (\$1030).





Gerry Adams

ireland's new voice for peace on the nobel prize, meeting yasir arafat and the need for jokes

We first talked to Sinn Féin's president Gerry Adams a decade ago. Northern Ireland was then a battle zone in a war that had waged for nearly 1000 years to decide who would rule all of Ireland. The British who had once dominated had seen their control reduced to the province of Ulster. And for the past 30 years the tenacious Irish Republican Army has tried desperately to drive them out of this last bastion of the empire.

Gerry Adams emerged as leader of Sinn Féin, the political wing of the IRA, in the late Seventies. He was described by the British as a murderous thug, and a front man for terrorists. He was arrested and convicted of terrorist activities without benefit of trial, and served four and a half years in the notorious Long Kesh prison. He was shot and nearly killed by pro-British supporters on the steps of the Belfast Court House. Adams was so feared and despised by the British that the government had banned his voice from British television and radio, insisting that it be dubbed over during all newscasts.

PLAYBOY, too, ran afoul of British censorship and Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher in our first interview with Adams. All copies of PLAYBOY exported to the British Isles were seized and held until three pages of the interview with Adams, Sinn Féin press secretary Danny Morrison and an active-duty IRA Provo were torn out. After a protracted court fight, PLAYBOY, under strenuous protest, allowed the offending pages to be removed. Our correspondent Morgan Strong, who conducted the interview (and this one as well), was subject to arrest for violating antiterrorist laws, should he ever return to Britain.

But times have changed. Adams, once denied entry to the U.S., has been a guest of President Clinton at the White House. He has been elected to the British Parliament but refuses to take an oath of allegiance to the Queen, and he has met with his former enemies to begin the painful process of peace talks. He was rumored to have been nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize. But Adams' archenemy, the Ulster Unionist leader

David Trimble, got it instead. All in all, things are looking up for Northern Ireland, Adams and the hoped-for peace.

But only days after the interview was conducted in Belfast, one of the worst terrorist attacks in the history of the conflict took place in the town of Omagh, west of Belfast. Twenty-eight people were killed and more than 200 were injured in a car-bomb attack in the village marketplace. We arranged another interview with Adams to discuss the aftermath.

1

PLAYBOY: The "troubles," as they are referred to in Ireland, have gone on for nearly a thousand years. Are you any closer to peace?

ADAMS: It is my conviction that we are going to get peace from the talks. I stay very conscious of the fact that we are going to have reversals and ups and downs, but we will get there. I think all the difficulties are part of the terrain we have to cover. But we haven't got a peace settlement yet.

2

PLAYBOY: The process is agonizingly slow. David Trimble, your opposite in the peace talks and the leader of the pro-British Ulster Unionists, refused to speak with you. Then there was the terrible tragedy of Omagh. Why does it require more slaughter, in a place infamous for slaughter of innocents, to get you together?

ADAMS: Trimble wouldn't speak to me, even to say hello. Until Omagh. The smart thing would have been to get behind the peace process, to consolidate the pro-peace vote within his party earlier. I mean, President Clinton said on St. Patrick's Day that it is not a concession to be civil to your enemy.

We should have been talking a long time ago. It should not have taken another incident. You really have to put that question to Trimble. But I think

the reason he finally agreed to talk with me had to do with the number of civilians killed. And also because it happened at a time when there was a clear alternative to move forward—an alternative that the majority of people in Ireland support.

3

PLAYBOY: Have Trimble and the pro-British Unionists become any more flexible because of this?

ADAMS: I think everything is relative. The answer to your question is no. He remains dogged in his refusal to fulfill his commitments under the Good Friday agreement. It is positive that we are meeting and listening to each other, and that we are being exposed to each other's views. Though the discussions have so far not resolved the matters troubling the peace process, the discussions themselves are valuable. But we have not made progress on a number of critical issues.

4

PLAYBOY: Why is Trimble choosing to obstruct the peace process?

ADAMS: The Unionists are dictating the pace, and they want the pace to be very slow. When we got to close quarters with the British establishment, the people who have been running this place, I said that it was going to be a grudge match. And that's what it is every single day—a continuous battle, because they are against change. They can obstruct and delay all the things they fear: political and cultural rights for the Irish here. They see it as a fight to the death, a fight to remain the privileged class. We have to be determined in our just and reasonable demands.

5

PLAYBOY: World opinion seems to support the peace process and some form of equity for (continued on page 120)



FOR A GUY WHO
ONCE WAS HAPPY ON
\$14,000 A YEAR,
MTV'S ANCHOR DUDE
KNOWS WHEN TO
DRESS IT UP

FASHION BY
HOLLIS WAYNE

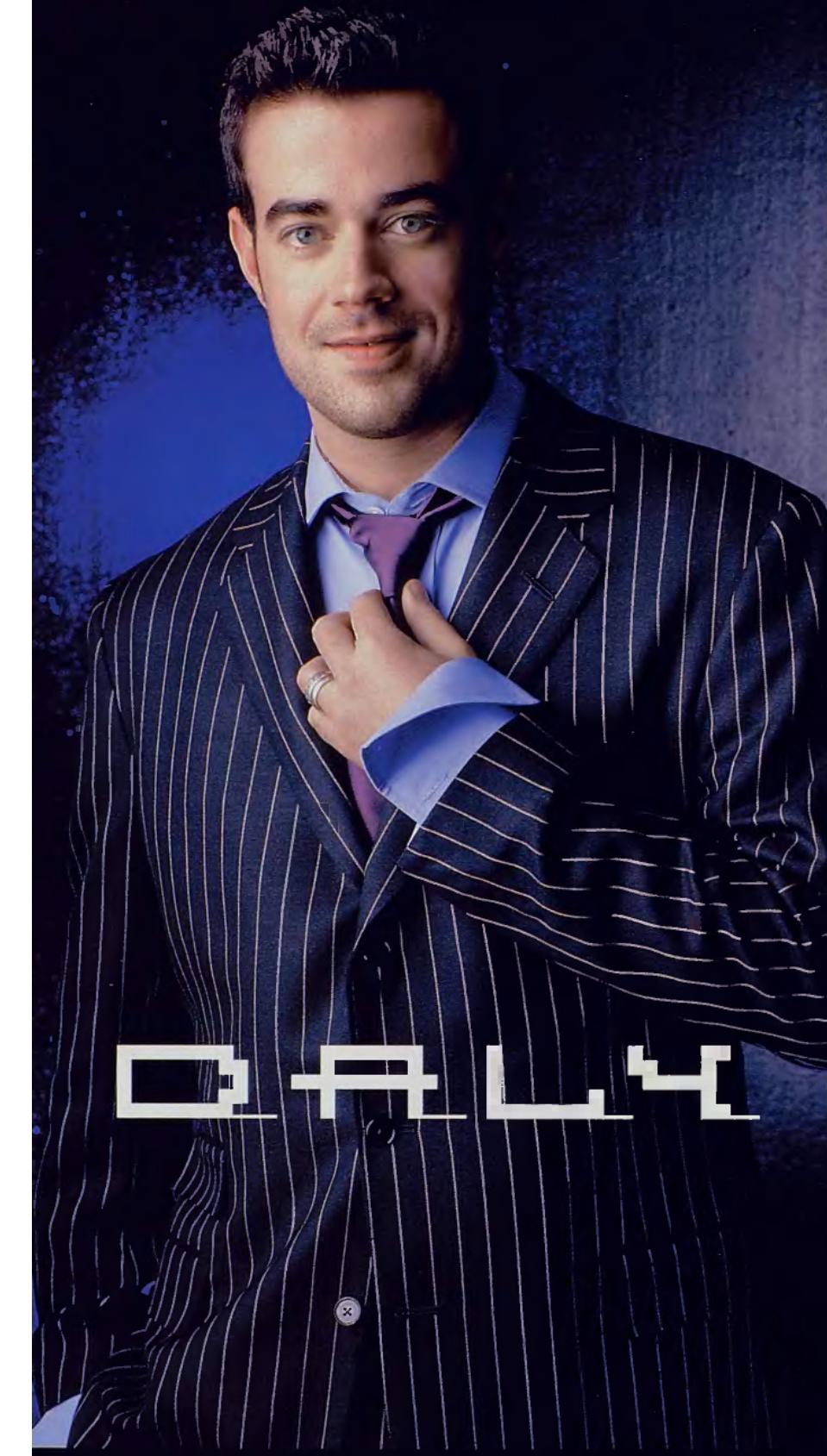


CARSON



Clothing is on Carson Daly's mind. The host of MTV's music and interview show *Total Request Live* recently told Liz Smith, "Today I'm hot, tomorrow I'm ice, ice, baby. Always be prepared to go back to working the counter at the Gap." One of 1998's sexiest men, according to *People*, Daly wears his modesty well. It has helped his Q quotient among many guys who would otherwise shoot their TV sets in envy: He's 25 and good-looking, and has been linked romantically with the edible Jennifer Love Hewitt. He's equally charming on the set of a fashion shoot. When he was a DJ at KROQ-FM all he wore were swag T-shirts—giveaways from record companies—and boxer shorts. "Being on the radio is like being grounded in your room," he says. "You wear anything you want and play loud music." It's not that he doesn't like dressing up. Recently he purchased a Hugo Boss suit. "My grandfather was a menswear tailor in Los Angeles. The first thing I learned about fashion was how to hang pants." He's a natural in the English-cut suit (\$1895) at near right. It has a subtle stripe and is matched with a cotton dress shirt (\$175) and satin tie (\$115). The ensemble is by Ralph Lauren Purple Label. At left, Daly likes the "downtown prep" look of the leather jacket (\$995) and cashmere sweater (\$385) from Barneys New York. The white T-shirt is from Banana Republic (\$16) and the dark jeans are by Helmut Lang (\$135). The Jil Sander suit (\$2110) at far right lends Daly a slick Euro-hip style. The black shoes are by Johnston & Murphy. The cashmere sweater is by Ralph Lauren Purple Label (\$495). The cotton T-shirt is from Ralph Lauren Underwear (\$20).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANDREW ECCLES
GROOMING BY ASSUMPTA CLOHESSEY FOR PRICE, INC.
STYLING BY RANDY SMITH FOR BRADLEY CURRY
WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 154.



DR. L





"Part of me died with old Charley. But fortunately old Charley's favorite part of me is still alive and ticking."

THE ABSOLUTE POWER OF LAURYN HILL

the leader of hip-hop's new school is a hot teacher

by Kevin Powell

Forgive us, Father, for we men know not what we do when Lauryn Hill jumps on the scene. Yes, Lord, she is that fine. I can swear that it's the same in person as it is on video: Lauryn Hill gives great face. Her dark, almond-shaped eyes are beyond seductive. Her lips, when slightly pursed, seem capable of mouthing anything you are capable of imagining. And her muscular legs—like those of an Alvin Ailey dancer—belie the limits of her petite frame. She is the queen of her hill.

"I could wear a full scuba suit, snorkel and a hat and the guys would still be like, 'Yo, she's fly,'" Lauryn told a British publication a while back, and, yeah, it's real like that. But what makes Lauryn Hill even more incredible is that she is also a 23-year-old musical genius.

Her multiplatinum solo effort, *The Miseducation of Lauryn Hill*, is easily one of the finest albums of the Nineties. A mixture of hip-hop, R&B, classic soul and gospel, *Miseducation* is certain to garner plenty of Grammys this season. With a title that evokes Carter Woodson's landmark book *The Miseducation of the Negro*, the record, as Hill likes to say, doesn't have "a materialistic approach to music." Which means Hill didn't settle for predictable hip-hop and R&B clichés: the sampling of an entire song, the overdone sappy love ballads, the obligatory use of tried-and-true producers. In fact, the subject matters of her songs—the disappearance of love, the lack of community and the states of racism and sex-



ism—make her album stand out. When I spoke with Hill a few months ago she told me, "I'm not embarrassed to expose myself in the sense that I'm human. I make mistakes and bad judgments and I've had my heart broken. I'm also not embarrassed to tell someone how happy I was when I had my first child or how conflicted I was. Or how much I love God. I don't feel like I have to put up a front to the people who want to hear my music. I don't want to write about things that separate me from the audience."

My time with her was more proof that her allure is rooted in reality. Lauryn began her day at the house she bought her parents in northern New Jersey. (Her dad is a computer consultant, her mom a teacher.) She was accompanied by Rohan Marley—father of her two children, son of Bob Marley and former star linebacker for the University of Miami. Their charisma was apparent at once. Their humility and ease was remarkably refreshing. In an era loaded with sex, hustle and self-aggrandizement, Lauryn Hill is a dream girl next door. She's the ponytailed neighbor you always knew was going to go somewhere.

For *Miseducation* Lauryn spliced together life experiences. She grew up in a suburb of Newark, New Jersey. In an early display of talent, she appeared as a child singer at the Apollo Theater. As a teenager, she acted opposite Whoopi Goldberg in *Sister Act 2*. She was a year into college at Columbia
(continued on page 142)

VACANCY

THEY CAN'T KILL

Rock & Roll

BUT THEY'RE TRYING

how record companies, radio stations, music videos and retail outlets keep you from the music you love

by dave marsh

Twenty-five years from now, who will be inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame? Paul McCartney, Bruce Springsteen and Billy Joel, the 1999 inductees, built their careers over missteps and time. Paul McCartney became a star in a band whose first several releases failed in North America. Today, the Beatles would not be able to buy an American record contract. Springsteen's first two albums flopped, with sales of less than 200,000 between them. Then he refused his record company's demand to go to Nashville and record with a different band. These days, that would sink him for being a prima donna. After his first album, Joel went to California to play piano in a cocktail lounge. He managed to find another record contract a year later. Today, he'd be marked "No Sales." Those were hardly glory days, but at least the music business of the Sixties and Seventies paid more than lip service to the idea that talent takes development. Today, the music industry snatches artists as young as 14 or 15, has them generate a hit or two, then tosses them aside when their sales falter. Who needs to foster a bunch of superstars who get paid for their work and often take their time making it? And who knows how to sell a performer without teen appeal anyhow?

Changes are coming. Internet

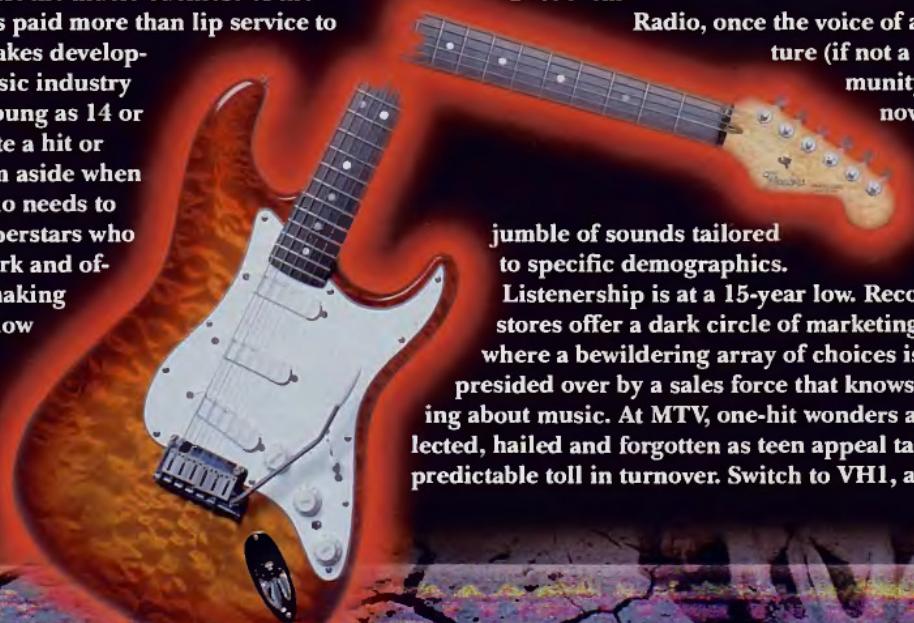
delivery systems such as MP3 files make it possible for musicians to market their work without any record label distribution. Devices that allow you to download CD-quality music off the Internet already exist; they're portable and not terribly expensive. When these devices become commonplace, you can bid most of the \$12 billion music industry—retailers, distributors, underassistant West Coast promotion men and their bosses in executive suites—a sweet goodbye.

"Record companies as we know them will soon be gone," Keith Richards said recently. "There are too many other ways to distribute music, and once those are established there will be no place for record companies and their pigeonholes. They can take that as a threat if they like. It will be a big change. But as an artist I love change. Who needs 'em?"

Radio, once the voice of a culture (if not a community), is now a

jumble of sounds tailored to specific demographics.

Listenership is at a 15-year low. Record stores offer a dark circle of marketing hell, where a bewildering array of choices is presided over by a sales force that knows nothing about music. At MTV, one-hit wonders are selected, hailed and forgotten as teen appeal takes its predictable toll in turnover. Switch to VH1, and



"Nirvana had to happen after the Eighties. But I have no idea what's going to save rock and roll now."

Celine-Shania-Mariah will numb you. Concerts have become little more than lighting effects and gimmicks—the foreplay of marketers who want us to go directly to the T-shirts, hats and jackets at concession stands.

All this amounts to the homicide of popular music. With the exception of hip-hop—whose demise has been predicted as often and as futilely as rock and roll's ever was—*Billboard's* album sales charts look the way they did four decades ago, before Elvis. Veteran rockers show up once in a while, along with an insurgent band here and a clever solo performer there. But their tenure is as brief as the one-hit wonders, only sadder.

"We have cannibalized ourselves," says Kenny Laguna, a veteran songwriter, producer and artist-manager who's now head of Blackheart Records. "When I felt awareness of industry or cultural doldrums before, I could always prognosticate the solution," says Atlantic Records executive Tim Sommer, who signed on Hootie and the Blowfish, among others. "Nirvana had to happen after the Eighties, and most of us saw it coming. But I have no idea what's going to save rock and roll now."

The recent crisis among the big five record companies supposedly stemmed from dubious investments in talent. That crisis has ebbed, but hasn't disappeared. Focusing on just the problems of the five (recently six)—Sony, Seagram, Time Warner, BMG and EMI—doesn't tell the tale. Despite a huge increase in the number of albums released during the past four years, sales are stagnant. Without the impetus of CDs, which in the late Eighties and early Nineties prompted boomers to repurchase entire Sixties and Seventies collections, sales might have been flat for longer than that. Debt affects

the decision-making process at each stage. Over the past decade, the major record labels have bought up most of the smaller labels, often overpaying for elusive market share: Virgin Records, whose artist roster consisted of Janet Jackson, the Rolling Stones and not much else, went for \$1 billion dollars.

Now the big labels have begun to eat one another: The \$10 billion purchase of Polygram by MCA/Sea-



gram's won't be the last such deal. Mergers and acquisitions siphon off money that once was used to promote, market and otherwise support developing talent. Since the deals are fueled by borrowed money, there's intense pressure for quick results. The labels don't have time to work a new artist for two or three records before bringing home a big, long-lasting score. They don't even have time to work on new superstar releases for more than a couple of weeks: If a superstar's music meets resistance from radio programmers, you can kiss that album's commercial prospects goodbye, even if the maker received an advance that would make Michael Jordan blush.

Radio programmers are under the same pressure. Records used to be played because relatively independent disc jockeys and radio stations were swayed by a combination

of promo man sweet talk, listener response and outright payola. But a wave of mergers spurred by changes in FCC rules about station ownership means that in any given city there may be 20 radio stations but only two or three owners. The owner in Boston either tells the stations in Tulsa and Tacoma what to play, or tells them to stop playing music altogether to avoid competing with more profitable stations elsewhere. Although playing records may be the cheapest way to program a station and may create a heritage of listeners, music may not be the most immediately profitable format. *The Wall Street Journal* reports that some FM stations are leaving music for the kind of talk that now dominate AM. Talkers who play any music at all have power. "In the Sixties, to break an artist, you knew what you had to do," says Universal executive Steve Leeds, whose music credentials go back to Murray the K. "You went to Ed Sullivan. Today, the only thing that approaches Ed Sullivan is Howard Stern." On his daily show each week, Stern plays about as much music as Sullivan did.

Texas venture capitalist Tom Hicks wields even more clout than Stern. He has exploited the government's new ownership laws to generate more profit than ever from the broadcasting license. His Chancellor Media Corp. is a network that rules markets across the country.

Stations used to battle one another to capture audiences, wrestling over exclusive releases and artist interviews. Segmenting, however, is the rule today. Audiences are narrowly defined by gender or age, and the playlists reflect this niche marketing. With playlists so refined, Chancellor and CBS make sure that those who don't want all Alanis all the time or the *Titanic* theme in titanic doses will

stay away in droves. Hip-hop, which tends to draw diverse listeners—most of whom don't have money to spend on sports cars—is anathema to this kind of radio. As a result, fewer bands and singers and fewer kinds of music are heard.

In the unlikely event that a record gets made and played, there are fewer places that sell it. The country has only three specialty music chains, and I think chances are good that two of the three superstore multimedia chains—Tower, HMV, Virgin—won't make it far into the 21st century. Unable to match Best Buy's loss-leader price strategy, most mom-and-pop record stores that traditionally served small communities and special markets, have been driven out of business. But despite the deck being stacked in their favor with lower prices for volume purchases and advertising supplements from the labels, many chains have gone bankrupt, too. Back in the day, artists got around lack of record company support and radio airplay by hitting the road. But a dozen or more of the country's top concert-promoting firms, including Bill Graham Presents in San Francisco and Don Law Co. in Boston, have been merged into a single company, SFX. To control the nation's important summertime markets, SFX has to use its remaining cash to buy exclusive rights to superstar tours—guaranteed sellouts such as Jimmy Buffett or the Rolling Stones. What that means is ever higher ticket prices and fewer opportunities for midlevel and baby bands.

"In the good old days, I didn't need MTV or contemporary-hit radio. All I needed was a great performing act," says legendary booking agent Frank Barsalona, whose Premier Talent Agency virtually invented the live rock business, building superstars such as the Who, Van Halen and U2. "Today you can have a great performing act, but it doesn't mean a thing if you haven't got MTV and contemporary-hit radio. And there are 14 levels to go through before you get on the radio."

In the past, acts released albums in coordination with extensive concert tours; radio stations focused on albums, not just hits; and bands sold millions in specialty stores before the chains ever became aware of them. When acts such as Springsteen or Rod Stewart then caught on over top 40 radio and at Kmart—usually three to five albums into their careers—superstars were born. Steady touring and the development of recording skills also meant the performers had achieved an artistic identity and a marketable image that gave them a chance to last.

Now the pace has quickened, so musicians looking for a big score have to

make it fast or not at all. One reason is music video. Each video costs in the neighborhood of \$250,000 to produce. Pop music's tremendous profitability stems in part from how cheap it is to make a hit. A typical superstar album costs, in actual production, perhaps half of what it costs to make a video for just one of its tracks. Video sucks up the money that once went for tour support, which helped an act develop a sustaining presence. Almost always, the artist goes in debt to the record company for the costs of video and promotion. That money gets paid back out of record royalties. (P.M. Dawn's first album sold more than 500,000 copies without earning any royalties.) Acts that depend on video appeal have a short half-life: Try to name a prominent MTV performer from five or six years ago who's still around.

Big record companies need to do tonnage, which usually means selling immediate hits to young people. A band such as R.E.M. needs marketing and promotional attention over a longer period to find the bulk of its audience. Almost every performer who has had a long career is in bad shape commercially. One record executive told me his company did a study of all the bidding-war acts—that is, the veteran performers who finished their contracts and went shopping for new ones. All of them, he claimed, had lost money. So why do labels keep making those deals? Record companies want R.E.M. or U2 on their rosters to help attract younger bands. U2's 1997 album *Pop* flopped about as badly as a superstar album can—because the industry was expecting big sales—which means it sold over 5 million copies worldwide but not enough to earn back advances. Nevertheless, late last year, U2 signed a new contract for a \$50 million guarantee with Polygram that apparently didn't want to look vulnerable on the verge of its purchase by Seagram. In 1996, R.E.M. signed an \$80 million contract with Warner Bros. and then watched each of its next two albums sell half of what its previous one had. This kind of story can be repeated with Bruce Springsteen, David Bowie, the Rolling Stones or George Michael.

It's possible that this is artist-driven. Maybe we're just waiting until the next Beatles or Elvis Presley or Louis Armstrong comes along. But it's been a long time since such a galvanizing artist has appeared. Kurt Cobain has been dead five years.

And then there's the possibility that the next big thing has already given up. The savior we crave has either gotten lost in the jumble of music industry politics, or has decided to keep the day job and just go on making music for neigh-

bors and whoever finds the Web site.

The exception among the superstar deals is Madonna. Since re-signing with Warner Bros. several years ago for a reported \$30 million to \$40 million, she has managed to keep her sales high. More important, she has developed her Maverick label into a vehicle for new acts such as Alanis Morissette, Candlebox and Prodigy.

Morissette is an interesting test case for whether a long-lived contemporary star is still possible. *Jagged Little Pill*, her debut album, sold more than 16 million copies. She has made some of the more notable videos in recent MTV history. She also toured extensively, expanding her audience beyond her initial teen base. Maybe executives will remember that there is something better than an instant hit.

There are other exceptions. Pearl Jam spit the bit on superstardom, canceled tours, refused to make videos and then went back to playing live and recording on a smaller scale. They're still a platinum act, but they've built something that may last for the long haul. Prince declared that his deal with Warner Bros. was slavery, then turned his back on big labels altogether and started independently marketing his albums—with a focus on the Internet. Phish, Dave Matthews, Korn and Ani DiFranco have all prospered with a decentralized approach that emphasizes live shows and generally ignores radio play. These acts, and musicians such as Bob Dylan and Neil Young, work steadily and hard and release records often enough to keep their names out there. Record companies are well aware of the alternatives. "If you play the game, the machine will chew you up, burn you and spit you out," says Universal's Leeds. "Or you can just chug along and have a long career, but never have that huge success. It's going to be hard to find superstars with careers that span decades."

Record companies regard the Internet with a mixture of worship and fear. Its promise is prerecorded music delivery without the expense of warehousing, shipping and sacrificing half the money to retailers. Its threat is to make music just another kind of information swap. The biz has been a lot more aggressive in defending its current turf than in pursuing Internet opportunities. Palm-sized devices for playing music that download wherever you go, not just at your computer station, are already on the market. There is no history of the courts preventing such a technology from reaching consumers—*influential movie companies couldn't stop the VCR*.

Thousands of Web sites offer MP3s, (concluded on page 159)

BEASTIE BOYS TO BEASTIE MEIN

the annals of three pretty-fly white guys

by Charles M. Young

Over the years, a lot of musicians have identified themselves as boys: Beach Boys. Boyz II Men. Boy George. But only Adam Horovitz, Mike Diamond and Adam Yauch have called themselves boys twice—Beastie being an acronym for Boys Entering Anarchistic States Toward Internal Excellence. The Beastie Boys can stake a claim not just to redundancy but also to twice the boyhood of all the other boys who play rock and roll.

Enthusiasm, energy, willingness to mock power, an ability to focus on the new because they don't know a lot about the old—these are the virtues of boyhood, Beastie and otherwise. Boys also grow up. Even Beastie Boys develop a sense of mortality, a concern with a world beyond babes, beer, theft and proclaiming one's greatness to adoring fans and an annoyed world. But let's not jump to premature maturity.

The Beastie Boys formed in 1981 as a punk band. The New York hardcore scene at that time was an odd subculture. Punks insisted that lyrics should address the horrors of reality and singers should appear alienated. Metaheds, on the other hand, thought lyrics should explore pagan mythology and singers should make grand gestures, like professional wrestlers. Everyone agreed that punk was supposed to be anticonformist, so you would be viciously criti-

cized for having a short spiky haircut. If you didn't have a short spiky haircut, you'd be viciously criticized for

not looking like a punk. And if you were an NYU student who dared go to a hardcore show at A7 or CBGBs, the only question was whether you should have your nose broken before or after you paid admission.

Somewhat the Beastie Boys emerged from this scene with their sense of humor intact, which is in evidence on 1982's *Polly Wog Stew*. Like other hardcore bands, they were loud and fast and had no interest in melody. For reasons that are still unclear, in the song *Michelle's Farm* they equate going to school with fucking farm animals. Influenced by Bad Brains, a black band that ruled the New York scene and alternated hardcore with reggae, the Beasties put out a single called *Cooky Puss* in 1983. Where most bands sought only to play harder than the next guy, the Beasties experimented with sound and combined styles outside hardcore's ideological boundaries. In the case of *Cooky Puss* they put an electronic dance beat under a prank phone call. It sort of worked.

In 1984 they abandoned punk entirely for rap, after coming under the influence of NYU student and budding

producer Rick Rubin. They put out several 12-inch singles for Rubin's influential label Def Jam. In 1985 they opened for Madonna on her *Like a Virgin* tour. Then, in 1986 they opened for (and sounded a lot like) Run D.M.C. It was a historic moment: the first all-white rap group going over with a black audience. Their respect for the form and their lack of respect for everything else somehow made them the real thing.

Combining hip-hop beats with punk and metal riffs, the Beastie Boys kept the punk idea of writing about their closely observed reality and added the rap custom of

(concluded on page 142)



Left to right, the Beasties: MCA, Ad Rock and Mike D.

Gerry Adams

(continued from page 111)

When Riverdance played King's Hall in Belfast, it played to packed houses—both Unionists and Irish.

the Irish Catholic portion of the population. Why would Trimble and the Unionists resist? After all, he has just won the Nobel Peace Prize. You would think he'd try to make it appear that he deserves it.

ADAMS: They resist because they believe in what they're doing and because they are fighting for their way of life and their dominance over the province and its people. And because, and this is a big danger, if they delay it long enough people may think the tragedy is over in Ireland. The awful things that are happening around the world—terrible loss of life in Honduras and Nicaragua, the war in Kosovo—make the struggle here seem small. I am trying, in traveling to other parts of the world, to remind people that the struggle here is by no means over.

6

PLAYBOY: We understand you spoke to Yasir Arafat during his meeting with Benjamin Netanyahu in Maryland.

ADAMS: Yes, I spoke with him at the Wye Plantation when I was visiting the prime minister of Canada. We discussed the struggle for justice for our separate people in our two countries. And we talked about the need for democracy and justice. I have been invited by Chairman Arafat to visit Palestine, and I'm going. We haven't decided when, but it will be soon.

7

PLAYBOY: You were rumored to have been a candidate for the Nobel prize. Are you disappointed that Trimble got it and you didn't?

ADAMS: No. I never considered that I would get it. Never thought about it, to tell you the truth. I'm pleased that they recognized Ireland, that it was worthy to award the prize to the peace process in Ireland. Besides congratulating both winners, especially John Hume, I really haven't wasted much time thinking about it. I know there was a sense of disappointment and anger among the members of my community that I didn't get the Nobel, so I almost became disappointed on their account. I haven't dwelt much on it.

8

PLAYBOY: In all of this, is there any sense of relief? Any common ground sense of cultural Irishness? Do you ever lighten

it up when you talk?

ADAMS: Well, even in the grimmest moments there can be some humor. We do on occasion find common ground to laugh a bit. Humor is the Irish way of coping with the injustices of the world, and the Unionists are beginning to recognize this. [Laughs] Unionism has a new crisis of identity. Irish music and literature, which they so far have rejected, is our common legacy, the legacy of all the people on this island. It's no accident that when *Riverdance* played here in the King's Hall in Belfast, it played to packed houses—both Unionists and Irish. And there are some Unionists on the voyage of discovery, some who are happy in their Irishness, who have become a little more confident in being Irish.

9

PLAYBOY: It seems Prime Minister Tony Blair and President Clinton got the peace process started. Why was it necessary for these two men, when it is in the interests of those in Ulster, to come to some accommodation with each other?

ADAMS: I think two things happened. Blair inherited a potential peace process that John Major had made a mess of. He responded positively. And President Clinton understood the protocol of Irish Americans. Of course, Ireland is not as strategically important to the U.S. as Britain is, so we don't hear Clinton talking about denials of human rights here, or the victims of state terrorism, who number more than 400. But Clinton has nonetheless encouraged the process. The first call he had with Blair after Blair's election was about Ireland. It's obvious Clinton is emotionally and intellectually committed to trying to bring peace along with Blair. Clinton's visit to Ireland coaxed the British and Irish governments to put something together. Blair and Clinton deserve credit.

10

PLAYBOY: What has Blair done?

ADAMS: David Trimble refused to negotiate with me, so Blair did it for him. Maybe if Trimble had negotiated himself we would not have moved as far as we have.

11

PLAYBOY: But the process, as you point out, has not moved far. Trimble seems

to have backed off. Is that wise? Can the whole thing collapse and there be a return to violence?

ADAMS: I think the Unionists tactically have delayed the peace process. So it's almost a case of who blinks first. That is part of the problem. Trimble voted for the agreement and then stepped back, but if and when we begin to talk seriously, and it's likely we will, the real progress will begin.

12

PLAYBOY: There is a certain provincialism here, particularly among the Orangemen, as they are called. They continue to celebrate victories in ancient battles. Doesn't that curious insulation make it even more difficult to negotiate? Do they know about the world outside Ulster?

ADAMS: It is curious. I can't say I have knowledge of this personally, but I was told by members of the U.S. Congress that when Trimble first went to lobby in the U.S., he was very arrogant. He was more or less dismissive of senators and congressmen. He treated them like underlings. Somebody pointed out to him that you don't lobby somebody for something by trying to push them around. So on his second and third visits he was gentler and more thoughtful.

13

PLAYBOY: Can he change?

ADAMS: You know, he was a leader of the Vanguard movement. The Vanguard was a bigoted, anti-Catholic organization that had no other purpose or reason for its existence. For David Trimble to have gone from that background to where he is now is remarkable. Intellectually he has come around, but emotionally he's still into vanguardism. So every so often he will take a step back. I think we have to understand the difficulties that he faces, and we have a responsibility to understand that we will be faced with people like this. Trimble has to treat us the way he wants to be treated.

14

PLAYBOY: The marches the Orangemen hold to commemorate the glorious victories of a few centuries ago must be particularly difficult to tolerate.

ADAMS: It's tribal. I was curfewed along with the residents of my neighborhood this time last year when the Orangemen marched through. Right past my front door. Three policemen surrounded my front door and assaulted me. They pushed me back with their huge plastic shields. One of the policemen pointed a gun directly at my head over his plastic shield. Over the policeman's

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"Not all girls are sugar and spice and everything nice. Some of us are whips and chains and things that bring pain."



THE GIRLS OF



THE 20 BEST-LOOKING REASONS TO START A BAND

It is just another night at the office for Kiss. The band is in the middle of its latest tour: Lasers cut through smoky air while giant screens project Gene Simmons' enormous tongue in gory 3D glory. The true test of any band is onstage and Kiss knows it. They churn through *Love Gun*, *Detroit Rock City* and *Rock and Roll All Nite*. The band whose

albums *Alive!* and *Destroyer* were emblematic of the Seventies is blowing the roof off the Nineties.

In 1995 the four original members gathered on-stage for the first time in more than a decade to do a few songs on MTV's *Unplugged*. Response was so great they went on an arena-packing tour. In late 1998 they again went (text continued on page 132)







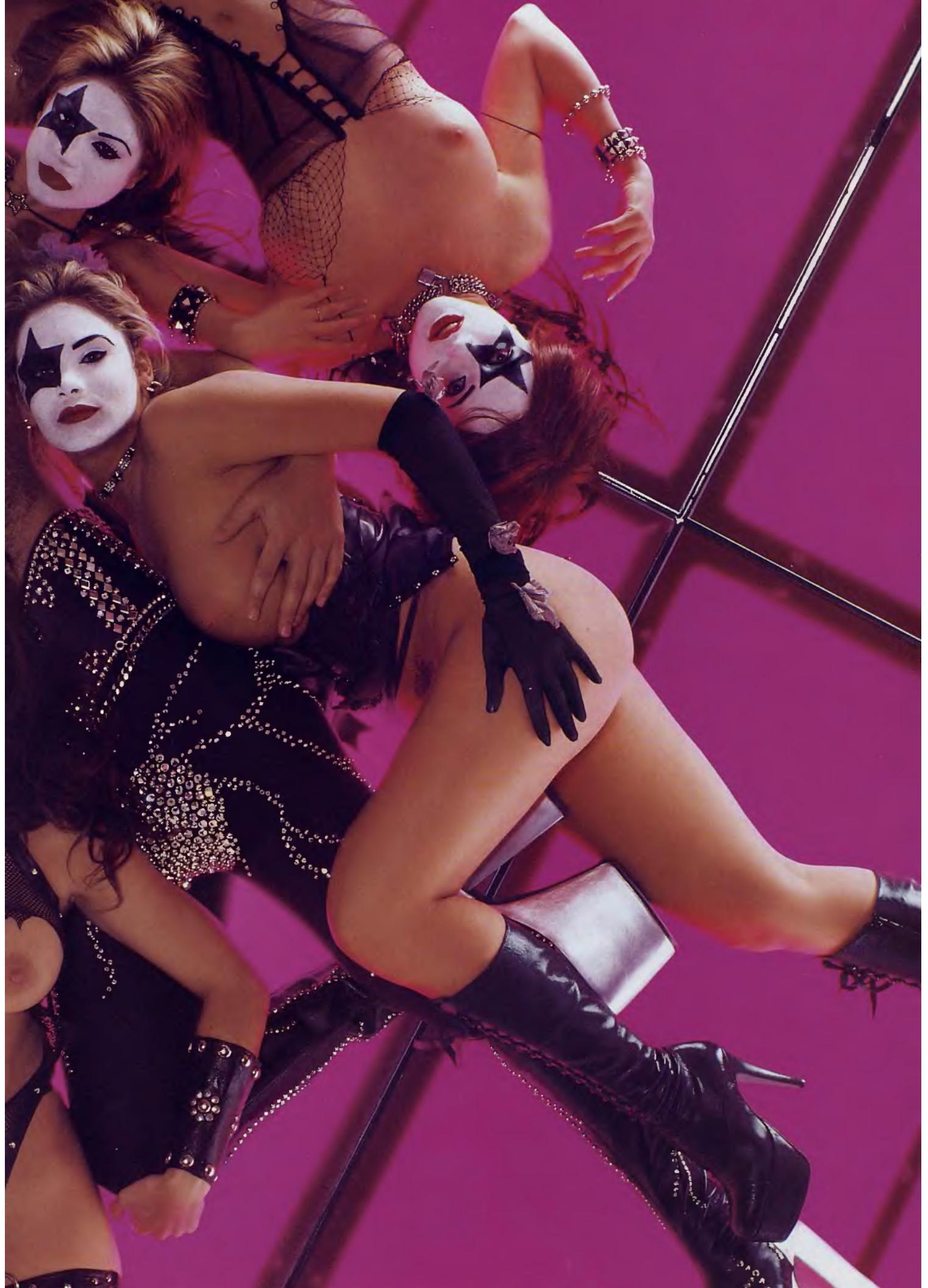
Peter
Clyde

AC
Kiss
4











KISS FOR SALE

music, mayhem, merchandise



In a small club in Queens in 1973, four guys in makeup were pulling in about \$30 a night. Baby, have things changed. The Kiss merchandise industry is a manymaking machine. Memorabilia buyers and sellers (frankkiss.com) have vintage stuff, and catalogs from Sany Signatures have the latest goodies, including the wall hanging, phone and boxer shorts pictured here. This past New Year's Eve, Plymouth's custom Kiss Prowler, valued at \$75,000, was given away, but if you haven't started collecting, you might think smaller: The ticket stubs, condoms, comics, zines, albums and art, books (Kisstory, above, is autographed), love gun, mask and 3D figure are from private collections. There is more than one way to party every day.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 154

on tour and released a new album, *Psycho Circus*, which promptly went gold. Now comes the band's new movie, *Detroit Rock City*, out this April, which will add another dimension to the Kiss carnival. Unlike 20 years ago, today's leading artists gladly acknowledge the influence of Kiss' thunder rock. Yes, the thought of eight-inch heels and helmet-sized codpieces still seems comical. It should be noted, however, that on the night Kiss packed Madison Square Garden, Marilyn Manson, glam's latest avatar, was across the street playing the much smaller venue, the Hammerstein Ballroom.

When PLAYBOY caught up to the band midtour in a Chicago hotel room, the talk soon turned to second-generation groupies. Simmons, the satirical libertine, shared an anecdote of mother-daughter threesomes and ended by saying, "Within 45 minutes we're all in bed together—one big happy family." Paul Stanley described the tour's opening on Halloween night in Los Angeles' Dodger Stadium. On the way back to the hotel the van became stuck in traffic. So the band left the van and walked in full costume. "It was like *Star Wars*," said Stanley. "No one paid attention. One girl looked at us and said, 'Wow, you must really like Kiss.'" Peter Criss talked about his favorite drummer (Gene Krupa) and favorite 3D movie (*House of Wax*). And when Simmons interjected the word patois, the others busted him for throwing around three-dollar words. When we caught up with Ace Frehley, he told us more than we ever knew about the International Space Station and the importance of populating other planets. The guys bounced their stories, jokes and impersonations off each other constantly (Paul does a wicked turn as Sammy Davis Jr.)—and, ever the merchandisers, they were quick to mention their behind-the-scenes video of the Alive Worldwide tour, *Kiss: The Second Coming*. "They're hysterical together," says Adam Rifkin, director of *Detroit Rock City*. "They're like the Marx Brothers. They have more fun as stars than anyone else I've ever met."

For any touring band, accessibility translates into profits and longevity. In this regard Kiss is, incredibly enough, like the Dead or Phish. In the Eighties Simmons and Stanley held day-long Kiss conventions for diehard fans. Of course there are always people—women, say—who want to get closer to the band.

When Simmons was gathering information on toys and games for a second volume of *Kisstory*—a follow-up to the deluxe Kiss bible—he also saw a chance to feature the band's tradition of all-

(continued on page 146)



"I thought you said he was into muff diving!"

music 1999

The Year In Music

washed over by titanic, smelling the roses with aretha, swing dancing and looking for a ray of light—it was a year of changes

The music consumer is a giant monster that eats itself. We tend to fill up on something—say an all-women concert series like Lilith—and half an hour later we're hungry for something else. Strong music did come along this year—from deejays in clubs and Fugee power to the new kings of swing. But will they last? Each has put something together out of scraps. Each has tapped into older forms and recycled them into something new. The hottest concert ticket was Joni Mitchell and Bob Dylan—who would have guessed a year ago? Or that the Stones could replay the States for up to \$300 a ticket on a tour that lasted for more than a year?

Although rap is still a surprisingly powerful medium of expression, our readers seem to be looking for something with a melody—witness Aretha Franklin, Boys II Men and Mariah Carey, winners in the R&B-Rap category. Will Smith, another winner, takes us to the optimistic side of rap. But stay focused on Jay-Z, Outkast, Missy Elliott, Method Man, Bizzy Bone, Lauryn Hill and the Beastie Boys for an edgier, denser sound. Notice, too, that women are coming on strong in hip-hop. Will there be a Lilith Fair for them?

Country was all Garth all the time. After he conquered New York, he did coast-to-coast live TV and sold millions of CDs. Shania Twain, his female counterpart on the fast track, won our poll with both vocalist and country album of the year. The album, *Come On Over*, has gone platinum on the charts six times over. News we liked in country this year was the hatching of the Dixie Chicks. These adorable Country Music Association award winners gave Brooks & Dunn a serious run for our country group award.

The last days of 1998 were a buying bonanza—U2, R.E.M., Alanis, Jewel, Beck and the Black Crowes were just some of the heavy hitters whose albums came out in November and December. Would any of these artists release the rock album worth waiting for? And if they did, would it matter? (Dave Marsh tackled this question on page 116 in *They Can't Kill Rock and Roll*.) These artists were up against the shock value of Marilyn Manson, ongoing



Seventies nostalgia, a quartet of great singles—from Chumbawamba (*Tubthumping*), Barenaked Ladies (*One Week*), Offspring (*Pretty Fly for a White Guy*) and Fatboy Slim (*The Rockafeller Shank*)—and soundtracks that are better than radio. The real money is in pop: the diva power of Whitney, Celine and Mariah. But 20 years from now, will we still need them, will we still feed them, like we have those four lovely boys from Liverpool? I doubt it.

Jazzsters cried and celebrated this year. When Francis Albert, the Chairman of the Board, died, 60 years of American popular music was stilled. At the same time, we tickled the ivories in honor of George Gershwin's 100th birthday. Louis Prima's swing music was borrowed by the Gap. The Cherry Poppin' Daddies had a *Zoot Suit Riot* on the charts and in our poll. Brian Setzer's Orchestra sounded like the real deal. Herbie Hancock, our poll winner for best jazz instrumentalist, had a chart winner with his renditions of *Gershwin's World*. But if you want to catch the next wave, Joe Lovano's CD *Trio Fascination*

and anything with a Latin or Cuban beat is the spot to trot.

The message from the summer concert extravaganzas is that they need to be a great show as well as a value. Most didn't sell out or well. The Guinness Fleadh, a great show, fell apart when it left New York City. In Chicago, there wasn't enough food and water, and then—to top it off—we had to pay \$10 for a copy of the lineup. On the other hand, people shelled out with no complaints for the Stones and Jimmy Buffett, and arenas filled for Korn's tour, Dave Matthews and Phish.

MTV heard the grumbling, and returned to music programming. VH1 produced new editions of *Behind the Music* and the *Storytellers* series, saturating that channel with sound. Network TV used pop songs on shows such as *Dawson's Creek* and *Party of Five*, while Fox just broke down and called its new hit *That '70s Show*. The ratings for the NBC Temptations miniseries during the November sweeps and the 15th anniversary rerelease of *The Big Chill* served as potent reminders that boomers love to revisit their past.

With technology changing rapidly, our Hall of Fame winner, Prince, has been putting his music out through the Internet and keeping the profits. More bands will eventually sell their CDs and merchandise on a home page and keep their fans feeling connected.

Damn the expense, it was boxed-set heaven. This year saw the release of Yoko's John Lennon, of

Hank Williams, Bruce Springsteen, Randy Newman, and Ray Charles' country cuts. And thanks to Rhino, the goofiest one of the year was *Nuggets*, a love song to garage bands from the psychedelic era 1965–1968.

Our favorite moments this year range far and wide, from Ginger Spice remade into Geri Halliwell, UN goodwill ambassador, to Jay-Z's *Annie* sample, *Hard Knock Life*. We watched Joni Mitchell get her proper and Bob Dylan become a concert draw. Metallica played a

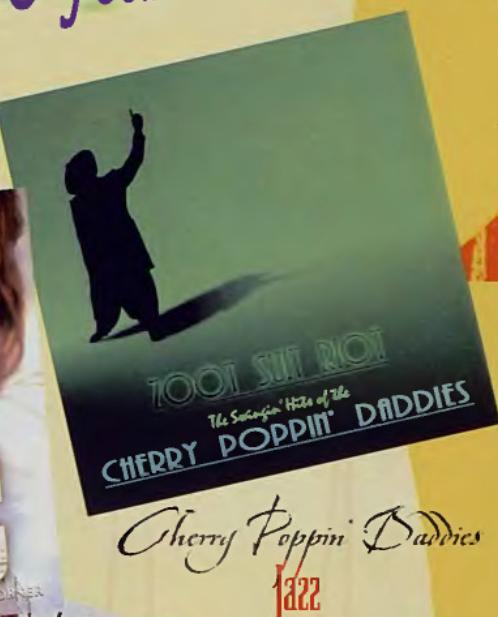
It was a year when expectations didn't always pan out. Record sales were unpredictable: Jewel and R. Kelly went platinum in less than four weeks, while neither Alanis Morissette nor Whitney Houston kept pace with their releases.

few tunes at a party at the Mansion and glam rock had a revival at the movies and onstage. We rediscovered Stevie Nicks on VH1 and bought her album. We laughed at Mick Jagger's serious hour on A&E's *Biography*. We were thrilled to see the Kingsmen win ownership of *Louie Louie* in court. We want music to reinvent itself every year. It's a bummer when radio is mediocre, concerts are too expensive and record companies are cynical. So we wait for the next big thing, even if it's small. We check the clubs, the Internet, college radio, the back bins at the record store. We keep an eye on technology. All we want is to be all shook up.

—BARBARA NELLIS



CDs of the year



Madonna
Rock

Titanic
Soundtrack



Shania Twain
Country



Hall of Fame Prince

where, in order to do business, black culture had to cross over. A guitarist, drummer, pianist, vocalist, producer and lyricist, Prince burst onto the scene and changed the face of music with his sexually explicit content, eccentric ideology and brilliant marketing. Driven by ambition, confidence and talent, the Artist Formerly Known as Prince has always enjoyed creating great music and great controversy. How appropriate that this year's Hall of Fame inductee wants you to party like it's 1999.

What can we say about a man whose name has become a symbol? Born Prince Rogers Nelson in Minneapolis 40 years ago, this boy wonder emerged in the Seventies in a city

1999 PLAYBOY

Music Poll Winners



CÉLINE DION
Female Vocalist—Rock



**EDDIE VAN
HALEN**
Instrumentalist—Rock



BEASTIE BOYS
Males of the Year



WILL SMITH
Male Vocalist—R&B—Rap



**HARRY
CONNICK JR.**
Male Vocalist—Jazz



**HERBIE
HANCOCK**
Instrumentalist—Jazz



BOYZ II MEN
Group—R&B—Rap



**MARIAH
CAREY**
Female Vocalist—R&B—Rap



GARTH BROOKS

Male Vocalist—Country



NANCY WILSON

Female Vocalist—Country



BROOKS & DUNN

Group—Country



CHUMBAWAMBA

Single of the Year



ERIC CLAPTON

Male Vocalist—Rock



ROLLING STONES

Group—Rock & Concert



BELA FLECK AND THE FLECKTONES

Group—Jazz

I got a book on how to write jokes. It was like a miracle: This is how you write jokes.

somebody.

PLAYBOY: You state in your book that the main reason you wrote about the incident was to encourage others in that situation to get help.

CAREY: You shouldn't be ashamed of anything that happens when you're a kid. You're a kid! What are you going to do? There is nothing to be ashamed of. It happens. It happens when you're a kid. So deal with it and then shut up. That's what I did. That's what I hope to do. I dealt with it. I'm over it. But anybody who says something like "My husband beat me up, so I'm allowed to act like a total bitch for the rest of my life" is wrong. You're not. Your husband beat you up, and after you deal with it, don't bring it up again. It doesn't affect you today. Now you're just being a cunt [*laughs*]. It doesn't matter if your husband beat you up or not.

PLAYBOY: Since you revealed the molestation, do your fans take some of your punch lines in your stand-up act differently—specifically, when you joke about getting fucked up the ass?

CAREY: I didn't get fucked up the ass. I'll go on the record [*laughs*]. Comedically, that's a really embarrassing, funny thing to talk about, being fucked up the ass. It works for jokes. But I didn't get fucked up the ass. So there. You happy?

PLAYBOY: On the show, Ryan Stiles plays Lewis. Is his name an homage to your father?

CAREY: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: Your dad was ill most of the time while you were growing up, in and out of the hospital. He died when you were nine years old. What do you remember about him?

CAREY: I remember certain things. After he had his eye taken out he'd show me what was behind his eye patch. He'd go, "Hey, watch what I can do, I can breathe through my eye." He'd make the patch go in and out, and then he'd let me look inside. I thought that was really cool.

PLAYBOY: After your father died, did you feel the absence of a male role model?

CAREY: My mom started dating this guy when I was 14, but when she married him I was already in my 20s. I didn't like him at first. It's weird having your mom date somebody. I got along with him, but he had no influence on me really. He's a great guy and everything, don't get me wrong. He just never had a hand in raising me or anything like that. He was always George. Never Dad, you know? I joined the Big Brothers program. The Big Brother I had was a really nice guy. I still keep in touch with him. But there's

no substitute for a father. My Big Brother was just a guy who took me to the ballpark once a month. It was my mom's idea. Me and my Big Brother got along great, but it wasn't like I ever confided anything to him. If I ever had a really big problem or worried about something, I'd always look in a book. I never went to my family.

PLAYBOY: And now you have your audience. Do you remember when you decided to be a full-time comedian?

CAREY: The official first time was in 1986. But before that, in 1979, the only reason I got started was to get this performing thing out of my system. I had no idea what I was doing at that time in my life. Comedy was one of the things I wanted to try just to see what it was like, but I couldn't figure out the secret of jokes. I would get up and, oh man, even just walking up those three stairs to the stage was like the death march. So I went to the library and I got a book on how to write jokes. I remember that day. It was like a miracle: This is how you write jokes. Before that, when anybody said something funny in a conversation I'd think it could be in my act. And that was the extent of my act. It was the saddest fucking thing. I had all these you-had-to-be-there-type comments.

PLAYBOY: What did the library books teach you?

CAREY: One book said, "To write a joke about cars, make a list of everything you can think of about cars: women drivers, traffic lights, old drivers, new cars, old cars, big cars, small cars, gas prices, car mechanics, repairs, buying a car and car salesmen, for example." Then you take one of those things and break it down even more, and then apply these funny ways to twist a word around, exaggerate a feature. Next thing you know, you'd have like ten jokes about cars, and maybe one of them might be pretty funny. If you want to break it down further, just write one-liners. The one-liner gag is the basis for every stand-up act, no matter what the style of comedy is. Once I did that, I thought maybe I could try doing it on amateur night. I started listening to self-improvement tapes by Denis Waitley and Zig Ziglar. They were such a big influence on my life. Waitley said, "You should try to do something you're good at, even if you don't make a living at it; do it for a hobby and you'll get a lot more fulfillment out of your life." I thought, Well, I'm good at telling jokes. People at work think I'm funny. Maybe I'll try this out at amateur night.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember your first

amateur night?

CAREY: I won 50 bucks. I kept going back, and then the guy who owned the place hired me as an emcee. That was my first paid gig. I got 100 bucks for nine shows at the Akron Comedy Club, the first place I got paid to do stand-up. All kinds of stuff came after that. Once I was booked at a colostomy convention. I stepped up to a podium with a goose-necked microphone. It was in the middle of the day, and everybody was sitting there, a lot of old people wearing colostomy bags. For three days they'd heard nothing but how to live with your colostomy bag, and don't feel bad about yourselves because you have this problem. My part was called "Laughter Is the Best Medicine with comedian Drew Carey," sponsored by one of the companies that makes the bags. It was the worst.

PLAYBOY: Did you edit your material?

CAREY: I didn't have to. I worked really clean back then.

PLAYBOY: That has obviously changed.

CAREY: I started thinking, I've got to make a living. What's the big deal if I say a couple of swear words? So after a while I started talking the way I normally talk. I had to change from jokey to loose. I went with this concept of caring enough not to care. That's one big secret to doing really successful stand-up comedy or anything: Care enough not to care. It's your attitude when you walk out there. It has nothing to do with your language or the subject matter. If you walk on a stage thinking, These people like me, you're dead. You have to walk out thinking, Here's my thing, either you like it or you don't. That's what gives you the confidence to present it. People in an audience want to be led. You have to be the leader when you go out there. You can't be the leader if you're worried about them liking you. I'd hear from people, "If you work clean, you'll get a lot more work," but that didn't turn out to be true. It's actually how funny you are. I don't like the whole discussion of certain words you should or shouldn't say. You know, nowhere in the Bible does it say you can't say the word fuck.

PLAYBOY: There's a section of your book devoted to jokes about having a big dick.

CAREY: I really don't have a big dick. Those are just jokes. They're funnier than "My dick is so average" jokes. Those aren't so funny [*laughs*]. I've done a lot of "My dick is so big" jokes. My friend Les Firestein came up with really good ones, like "My dick is so big, there's a shoe called Air My Dick." I've done time-travel jokes of things my dick does in the future: "My dick is so big, it graduated high school a year ahead of me." These all started when John Caponera, the star of a show I was in called *The Good Life*, was rehearsing a scene that had a megaphone in it. He stuck his dick into the opening of the megaphone and wagged it at me. He said, "Hey, Drew." I

looked over and he went, "Ehhh!" And I waved, "Hey, man. You call that a dick? My dick is so big—" and I thought of one. Then he came back with one a minute later. Then the other comic on the show was doing them. Every day we would come to work and try to outdo one another with big-dick jokes. Caponera even called me at like two in the morning and said, "Hey, Drew, my dick is so big, ships use it to find their way into the harbor." And without even thinking or saying hello or anything, I go, "My dick is so big, if you look up in the sky, you can see the girl I'm fucking right now. All right, bye." That was the whole conversation. I could hear his wife giggling in the background. I never asked him, but it sounded like they'd just gotten done fucking.

PLAYBOY: We would think many of your "My dick is so big" jokes wouldn't have made it past your editor's red pencil. How did they avoid being censored?

CAREY: Some didn't. Want to hear a couple they wouldn't let me use? "My dick is so big that when I come I can hit Kennedy from the book depository." I wish I could have used that one, but the publishers wouldn't allow it because it has to do with body fluids. I had to fight for "My dick is so big clowns climb out of it when I come," because it has "come" in it. I don't know if this one's in there: "My dick is so big my girl-friend needs a snorkel to blow me—because of the amount of come," something like that. They were grossed out by that kind of thing. I couldn't believe it. Really homo-ey.

PLAYBOY: How have women reacted to your "My dick is so big" jokes?

CAREY: Every woman I know loves them. Even Kathie Lee Gifford. That was her favorite chapter in the book. On the air, she said that she got together with her husband, Frank, and her friends. She said they laughed till they fell off their stools. She has that squeaky-clean image, but it doesn't mean she can't like a good big-dick joke.

PLAYBOY: You've said that if you didn't have *The Drew Carey Show* you would probably still be living in Cleveland.

CAREY: Yes, if things hadn't gone well in my comedy career, I would probably still be living in that house. I don't see why I wouldn't be.

PLAYBOY: Which city would you pick to raise kids?

CAREY: Cleveland. It's normal. The schools are better. They're not so sucky as the LA schools [laughs]. Never in a million years would I put a child of mine in the Los Angeles school system. Never. [Grimacing] Blehhh. I don't want my kids going to school with gang kids, metal detectors, crime and graffiti. Forget it. You can't get an education in Los Angeles, not in those schools. Won't happen. I want a school system with some standards. I want my kids to learn to speak well and I want them to get an education. They don't educate the children in Los Angeles because people don't want to pay for education. At least Cleveland has average schools, and there are good private schools.

Cleveland has a really good park system. Good neighborhoods. Arguably the best symphony orchestra in the world. You can't find a better party spot anywhere in the country than the Flats. You just park your car and go bar to bar. It's unbelievable. I don't think there's any other city with a party area like the Flats. What does Los Angeles have? Universal City? Give me a break. I want to die in Cleveland.

PLAYBOY: But isn't it cold in Cleveland?

CAREY: Yeah, it snows there, but it's not the end of the world. People are wimps. There's nothing to it. Shovel your fucking walk. It takes ten minutes to shovel a goddamn driveway and then you drive out [laughs]. Thirty years from now, I'll be 70 years old, and I'll go to Cleveland and die.

PLAYBOY: You're giving yourself 30 years?

CAREY: I don't know. I might have one year or 30. Who knows? There's only thing I know. Whether it's one year or 30, I hope I go out having as good a time as I'm having now. I hope I go out laughing.



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BEASTIE BOYS

(continued from page 119)

bragging on their major-label debut album, *Licensed to Ill*, in 1986. The first rap album to reach the top of *Billboard's* album chart, *Ill* has sold over 5 million copies. Its anthem, *Fight for Your Right (To Party)*, will probably remain a staple at frat parties for decades. But every cut celebrates the demented energy of young men who tell tall tales of crime and tumescent tales of following your dick wherever it may lead.

At various points along the trail blazed by the Beasties, we find some of today's most vital acts: Rage Against the Machine, Korn, Limp Bizkit and a host of others in trip-hop and electronica. And in the ditch by the side of the trail we find Vanilla Ice and Faith No More.

The Beasties continued to sound lively, although they concluded that they didn't have a lot of money to show for their association with Def Jam. They moved to California, switched to Capitol Records and released *Paul's Boutique*.

Unfortunately, they decided not to tour for the album and *Paul's Boutique* bombed. They moved back to New York in 1990, founded their own label, Grand Royal, and built a studio, G-Son. Getting back to their roots both geographically and musically proved liberating (they were playing instruments again, as well as manipulating sound electronically). In 1992 they had their first hits since *Licensed to Ill* with the neopsychedelic album *Check Your Head*. Most notably they scored with *So What'cha Want*, a hilarious but disturbing single that became a staple on MTV.

Ill Communication in 1994 included the metalicized hit *Sabotage*, which combined turntable scratching with a Ted Nugent-style drone. But the most remarkable aspect was the expansion in subject matter. In *The Update* they did their first serious political rap, warning about the ecological crisis and commit-

ting themselves to the tradition of Martin Luther King. During a snowboarding trip to Nepal, Adam Yauch became interested in Buddhism, and his vows started showing up in lyrics. Could this be the same band that recorded *Licensed to Ill*? Well, they don't perform most of that early crimes-and-babes material anymore. Even Beastie Boys grow up.

At last summer's Reading Festival in England, they asked Prodigy not to perform *Smack My Bitch Up* on the grounds that it promoted violence toward women. Prodigy retaliated by denouncing the Beasties from the stage. "We explained that although this may sound hypocritical, we have been trying to be more careful choosing what songs we play, and changing some of the lyrics in songs we do play," said Adam Yauch in an e-mail exchange. "We are in the process of learning from our mistakes, and feel that some of the things we did in the past that we thought were a joke ended up having lasting negative effects."

Named for the phone greeting you get when you call their PR firm, Nasty Little Man, 1998's *Hello Nasty* continued the band's traditional commentary on popular culture with the hit *Intergalactic*, a parody of cheesy Japanese science fiction. The fans who wanted them to play the Merry Pranksters every time out were happy enough to buy more than 3 million albums. But there were again new elements, namely self-doubt, from the former masters of ego inflation.

Even boys have to face that eventually. In the meantime, the Beastie Boys have provided us with a link between the comic vision of youth in Leiber and Stoller's hits with the Coasters in the Fifties and Mike Judge's Zen stupidity with Beavis and Butt-head in the Nineties. That's a lot for one lifetime, and there's more to come. They're a band you want to watch grow up.



LAURYN HILL

(continued from page 115)

University when she became the anchor of the Fugees. Amid it all she made time to found and chair the Refugee Project, an outreach organization for inner-city youth in New Jersey. Not since such singers as Marvin Gaye and Stevie Wonder were at their peaks have we heard a record so full of love, pain, healing, raw truth and beautiful music as is *Miseducation*. In defining a generation and a gender, it also manages to overstep generations, gender and group politics.

Part of Hill's success has to do with the new ascension of black music in the late Nineties. Scan the *Billboard* charts on any given week and peep the number of hip-hop and R&B acts jacking spots once held by rock acts. The Fugees' sophomore album, *The Score*, has sold nearly 20 million copies worldwide since its release in February 1996. It single-handedly stretched the boundaries of hip-hop beyond the ghetto walls. Hill credits her parents for giving her confidence. She acknowledges that she has built on themes established by her musical forebears. From Aretha Franklin (who, she says, "smells just like church—like paper fans with wooden sticks") has come a hard-earned respect. Like Janis Joplin, Hill reaches for spiritual immersion in all of her songs. And like Madonna, Hill knows that beauty and sexuality can be used to your advantage, particularly if you are the one in charge of it. Hill balances her art with a sense of self that defies the pressures of society.

Consider a span of activity at the end of last year. Two weeks after the birth of her second child, she appeared lithe and sexy on *Saturday Night Live*. She and her new band ripped through *Doo Wop (That Thing)*. Two days later she was in Los Angeles performing on the *Billboard Music Awards*. Then it was back to New York for a photo shoot that extended until two in the morning. However, the best news was her announcement that she'll be touring with Outkast in March. Now we'll all get to see her up close.

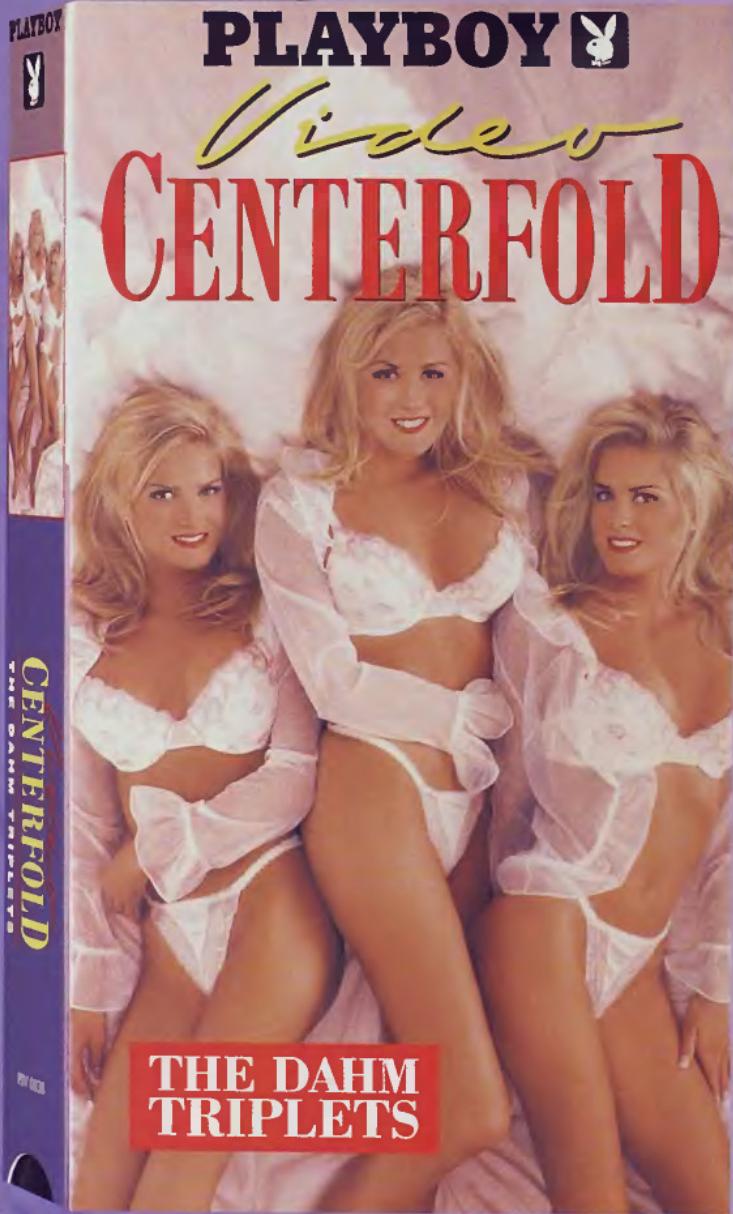
Miseducation wins, ultimately, because it is Lauryn's brainchild. She was the executive producer and she wrote all the songs. That's a rarity for women in the music business. "But," Hill told me last fall, "for some reason, women aren't taken seriously as thinkers and creators and arrangers and producers. The industry thinks there always has to be some man somewhere puppeteering the whole situation. It doesn't make you feel good as an artist when you are having conversations about your music and people don't take it seriously." Lauryn Hill has proved that a woman, a young woman, can go into a boys' club and play the game better than most of the boys. And look incredibly sexy doing it.



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The bizarre striptease isn't about sex—he's checking to see if she is wearing a wire.

five minutes, you feel as if she could be your sister or best friend," adds Nathan Bexton.

Taye Diggs

Currently known for: Giving Stella her groove back (in style).

About to be known for: *The Wood*, with Omar Epps, and *The Best Man*.

Age: 27

Broadens horizons in Go by: Shooting people and stealing cars in Las Vegas while making a mustard-colored jacket look good.

Prepared for film by: Going to strip clubs. "We had to do the research," he explains.

He'd rather not talk about: When he was an actor in *Rent*, he was overjoyed to hear he had landed his first film role. He celebrated by tearing off his clothes in midperformance and running naked through the theater.

The marvelous Diggs was struck by how different this project was from his big-budget debut, *How Stella Got Her Groove Back*. "In *Stella* everything was glossy and the makeup had to be perfect.

If your skin was even slightly imperfect, they'd put makeup on your booty. In *Go*, nobody paid attention to how we looked, since we were supposed to look pretty busted up."

Jay Mohr

Revealing interview exchange: "So, Jay, what else have you been in?"

"Jerry Maguire, Picture Perfect, Suicide Kings, Paulie, Small Soldiers, Mafia!"

"I should rent movies more often."

"Yeah, you should."

About to be known for: Honing his craft in more supporting roles.

Age: 28

Broadens horizons in Go by: Playing a gay jerk instead of a straight jerk.

Defines Go as: "Pulp Fiction with a cast from the WB."

Best described as: New Jersey boy makes good.

"Most of the film was shot with a handheld camera," says Mohr. "You feel like you're making home movies. Liman definitely thumbs his nose at the filmmaking establishment." Mohr is prickly in person, which translates nicely on the

screen. In his best scene he screams at Scott Wolf while they drag a wounded and unconscious Sarah Polley out of a ditch. If abrasiveness can be art, he's got it made.

Sarah Polley

Currently known for: Outstanding performance in *The Sweet Hereafter*.

About to be known for: *Go*

Age: 19

Reason she'll be huge: Strong acting chops, good looks and a grounding in the Toronto film scene.

Reason she might not be huge: Hates Los Angeles with a passion. ("And that's understating it a bit," Polley says with a laugh.)

Example of this problem: "She wouldn't even read the script for *Go*," according to Liman. "She passed on the film three times."

Will most likely resemble: Rebecca De Mornay, as she gradually moves from indies to mainstream.

U.S. audiences first saw the Canadian Polley as a girl of eight in Terry Gilliam's critical and commercial flop, *The Adventures of Baron Munchausen*. "PLAYBOY gave it one of its only good reviews," she says. "It was pretty strange being in PLAYBOY when you're eight." She has worked on two feature films in Los Angeles. "But I can't picture doing this for the rest of my life," she says. "The thought is sort of horrifying."

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Timothy Olyphant

Currently known for: Indie films (*No Vacancy* with Christina Ricci), *Scream 2* and stage roles.

Breakthrough role in *Go*: The Santa-hat-wearing drug dealer.

Age: 30

How he managed to be so threatening on-screen: "You don't have to play a badass. If you pick up a switchblade and cut somebody, that makes you a badass."

Has the potential to be: His badass of choice.

Olyphant plays the asshole you want to like but can't trust. One of the weirdest moments comes when he turns up the music and pantomimes to Sarah Polley to take off her shirt. The bizarre striptease isn't about sex—he's checking to see if she is wearing a wire. And what he does with Katie Holmes in a public stairway is heaven. Olyphant is from the know-your-lines-and-don't-bump-into-the-furniture school of acting. "I always try to keep things simple. If the writing is good, all you have to do is memorize your lines," he says. He was the second actor to be cast after Katie Holmes. "They cast us first. Then they said, 'Columbia is picking it up,' and I said, 'With me, right?'"

William Fichtner

Previously known for: Big science fiction flicks: He was the blind scientist in *Contact*, the nuclear bomb-activating astronaut in *Armageddon*.

About to be known for: A shockingly good comic performance in *Go*. He's one scene away from stealing the film. (Think Peter Lorre in *Casablanca*.)

Age: 42

How he feels about being the old man: "Somebody called me Sir on the set, and I just about died."

Closest equivalent of older dude in young movie: Harry Dean Stanton in *Repo Man*.

Strangely resembles: An older, respectable Kevin Bacon.

In *Armageddon* Fichtner is the only one who's worth watching. *Go* gives him more room to play. "It's a good script—it's sick and demented enough to sink into and find the weirdness," he says. Which he managed to do with gusto. "Bill is amazing," Wolf recalls. "I tried to imitate some of the stuff he was doing, but it didn't work. He's on his own planet."

Nathan Bexton

Best known for: *Nowhere and Dangerous Minds*.

Breakthrough role in *Go*: Drug-addled teen who talks to cats.

Age: 20

Reason he'll be huge: He's young, talented, funny, good-looking.

Reason he won't be huge: He's going to appear in *Children of the Corn, Part Six*.

Bexton brings a sense of ease to the screen, an unusual quality in a young actor. In *Go* he has a wonderful scene with a talking cat who wants to eat his soul. It's that sort of movie. —BRENDAN BABER

Relationship

(continued from page 88)

(1) When my partner complained, I just wanted to get away from all of the garbage.

(2) I had to work hard to control myself so that I wouldn't say what I really was feeling.

(3) I thought, It's best to shut up and avoid a big fight.

(4) I withdrew to try to calm down.

(5) I just had to leave the room.

(6) When my partner gets negative, I think my best response is not to respond at all.

(7) I'd rather pull back than get my feelings hurt.

(8) Most of the time, withdrawing is the best solution.

(9) I wondered why small issues suddenly became big ones.

(10) I shut down when my partner's emotions seemed out of control.

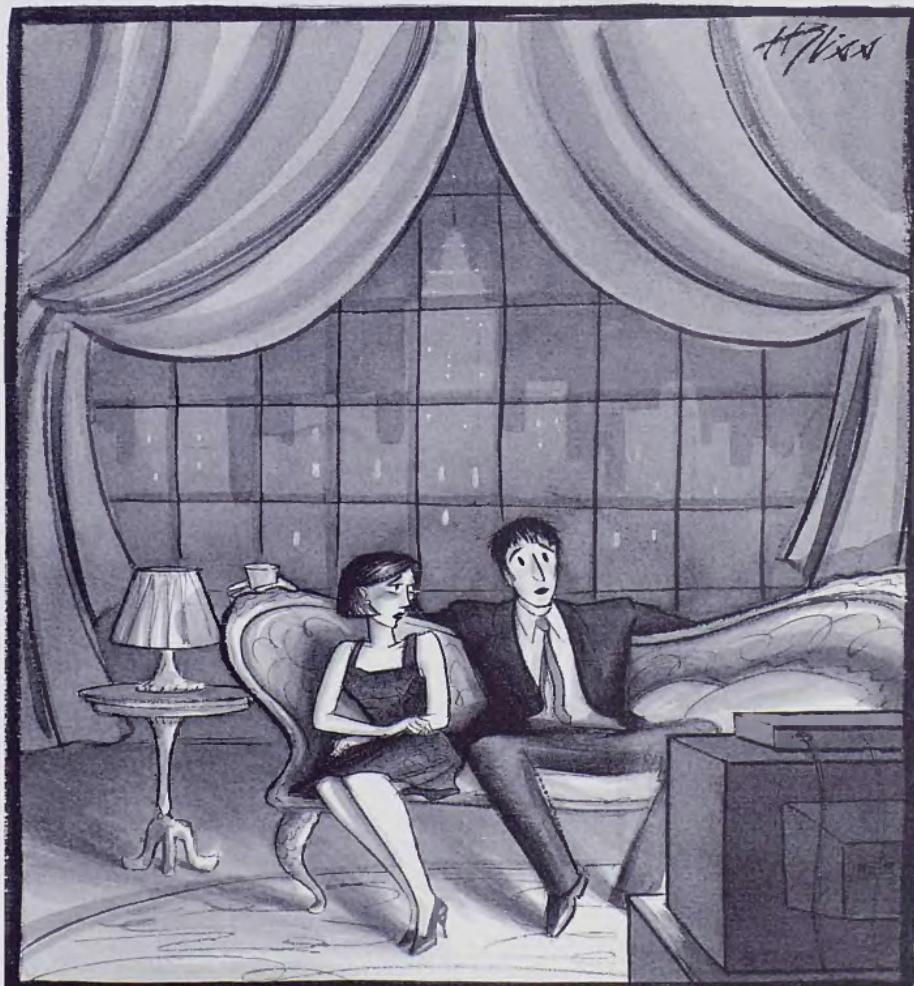
(11) I thought, There's no way in hell I have to take this crap.

(12) I didn't want to fan the flames of conflict, so I just sat back and waited.

(13) I cannot tolerate it when our discussions stop being rational.

If you agreed on five or more items you're probably a stonewaller.

The four horsemen occasionally trample hoofprints into every relationship, so there's no reason to despair if you've felt their hot breath in your arguments now and then. And no matter how you've scored on these tests, only you and your partner can finally decide whether it's worth the work it takes to avoid or repair and resolve the inevitable angry episodes. The happiest, most stable couples accept that all relationships have limitations, frustrations and lamentations. What gets them through is their ability to show each other underlying love and respect even while they squabble. And though every intimate relationship is complicated, Gottman's laboratory research with hundreds of couples has yielded a mathematical principle that describes all the solid partnerships he has studied. "It's a simple equation," he says. "Couples with a ratio of five good moments to every bad one succeed." Simple. But never easy.



"I figure, if you run the country, you deserve the sex."

"I fuck my brains out. I fuck everything that moves. If it doesn't move, we work something out."

access beauties. Word went out via the Net and fan clubs that it was time to show the rest of the world what Kiss girls look like (at least the parts below the makeup). When first-row photos of women in various states of undress began arriving, Simmons decided to offer the pics to Hef for possible inclusion in *PLAYBOY*. (Simmons, of course, lives with Shannon Tweed, 1982 Playmate of the Year, and their two children.) West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski was brought in to road-manage the project. The idea was then expanded to add Kiss-happy hotties who would be thrilled to pose for *PLAYBOY* photographers. Dozens of outrageously adorned women—Ace cadettes, Gene genies, Paul barbers, Peter Criss catwomen and *PLAYBOY* models who were also fans—showed up for a casting call that lasted several days. The shoot produced as much energy and pyrotechnics as a typical arena show. The resulting pictorial may be the only piece of evidence that Kiss has ever been upstaged.

As the project grew in scope, we went on a Kiss binge. We looked at all the material we had gathered—the hotel interviews, the books, the raw data, the toys—and decided to do what Kiss always did: We packaged it. (Check out Playboy Online for audio clips.) What follows is a collection of Kiss notes—some facts and quotes to digest while you bang your head to *Psycho Circus*.

GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS

Over the years Simmons has let his tongue do the talking when it comes to his views on sex. Here's a sample of his more expressive quotes from the past and from his conversation with *PLAYBOY*.

"Women seem to think, That one's not your type. There is no type. We're men. We're dogs."

"I've never been interested in porn films. The idea of watching other people go at each other never did it for me. It's the same with watching sports—passive participation. I'm either doing it or I'm not."

"I love all women and I will never stop that, no matter what society tells me. In short, yes, I want every girl that ever lived."

"I fuck my brains out. I fuck everything that moves. And if it doesn't move, we work something out."

"Sometimes they wore Kiss makeup, sometimes I did. Many times beauties have wanted to sleep with the beast. I always found that strange."

"The most bizarre thing was seeing

my face wrapped around the gateway to hell. A tattoo. If you can imagine my mouth wide open—her lips at that point were not shut either. You know the phrase, Go fuck yourself?"

ROLE MODELS

"They were the coolest, fucking demonic monster loud rock band. They were superheroes to me."—TRENT REZNOR OF NINE INCH NAILS

"I used to worship Kiss. In fact, Kiss is one of the reasons why I picked up an electric guitar."—KIRK HAMMETT OF METALLICA

"I can't duplicate the master. He's got this low vibrato that's hard to imitate."—J. MASCIS OF DINOSAUR JR. ON ACE FREHLEY'S GUITAR SOLOS

Courtney Love stole a Kiss T-shirt when she was a child.

Mike McCready of Pearl Jam had a Kiss lunch box.

STAKISSTICS

- Number of minutes it took for Kiss to sell out Detroit's 38,000-seat Tiger Stadium in 1998: 47.

- Price for a scalped front-row ticket to the show: \$7000.

- Amount of money the 1996 tour raked in: \$150 million to \$200 million.

- Price of a bottle of Kiss wine: \$50.

- Number of albums Kiss has sold during its 25-year career: more than 75 million.

- Number of Kiss gold album releases: 25 (four shy of the Beatles' record of 29).

- Rank of Kiss among highest-grossing acts of the 1996–1997 touring season: 1.

- The year members of Kiss decided to take off their makeup: 1983. Year they put it back on: 1996.

- Date of the first U.S. prime-time TV appearance by the band (it was on Dick Clark's *In Concert*): February 14, 1974.

- Length of Gene's tongue: 5 inches.

- Size of the Kiss Army Fan Club at its peak in 1978: 100,000.

- According to *Forbes*, amount Kiss was grossing annually at its peak in 1978: \$119 million.

BAND LINER QUOTES

"It's like taking pictures of Marilyn Monroe taking a dump. It kills the illusion."—Paul Stanley on being photographed without makeup

"The best gimmick I've seen is bands with multiplatinum albums going onstage in ripped-up clothes making believe they're poor. That's a great gim-

mick."—Paul Stanley

"If you're going to watch bands stare at their boots, you might as well come to our shows. Our boots are more interesting."—Paul Stanley

"Two days ago we saw this guy who had his whole back tattooed with our portraits. Stupid."—Peter Criss

"One guy had Gene's face on his ass so shit literally comes out of his mouth."—Paul Stanley

"He was about 300 pounds, looks like a wrestler. He won a contest, he won tickets because he tattooed me on his butt. I wonder what it all means. I think it's good."—Gene Simmons

"I like to say Posh Spice, Baby Spice, Scary Spice come jump on Old Spice. I think the music they make is great."—Paul Stanley

"I think we're artists. I think the makeup is art. We create a lot of art up there and I don't see a lot of bands coming near it."—Peter Criss

"The photo shoot was fun, especially the panoramic shot. I don't think I've seen that many naked women in Kiss makeup in my life. I was impressed."—Ace Frehley

"I think my guitar playing is probably average. It's overrated. But I guess I've developed my own style. I didn't realize when I was in my 20s that I'd have an impact on a whole generation of guitar players. Now it looks like I have a chance to affect a new generation. This time I'm going to practice a bit more."—Ace Frehley

DID YOU KNOW?

- Gene's real name: Gene Klein, born Chaim Witz. Paul's real name: Stanley Eisen. Peter's real name: Peter Crisscoula. Ace's real name: Paul Frehley.

- What the makeup represents: Gene is the Demon. Paul is the Starchild. Ace is Space-Ace. Peter is the Catman.

- Gene and Paul's first band was named Wicked Lester. When they put together a band with Ace and Peter they thought about using the name Fuck.

- Before they adopted the Kabuki-style makeup, the band modeled themselves after such glam stars as the New York Dolls and Alice Cooper. Pieces of early costumes came from New York City's Pleasure Chest.

- During the Seventies they recorded for the Casablanca label, home of the Village People and Donna Summer.

- The official ingredients for Gene's fake goat's blood: melted butter, food coloring, ketchup, eggs and yogurt.

- Ace designed the Kiss logo.

- One of the more unfounded and idiotic interpretations of the name as an acronym was Knights in Satan's Service.

- Lou Reed has songwriting credits on the concept album *Music From the Elder*. Katey Sagal—who played Peg Bundy on *Married With Children*—was a backup singer on Gene's solo album.

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• Rolling Stone once likened Kiss' music to "buffalo farts."

• Gene has a collection of Polaroids of groupies that numbers in the thousands.

• *Kiss Meets the Phantom of the Park* is the name of the campy 1978 made-for-TV movie starring the band. It was the second-most-watched show of the year on NBC, after *Shogun*.

• Before 1983, bodyguards would routinely buy film off fans who managed to snap the foursome without their makeup on.

• The band's new film, *Detroit Rock City*, is about four kids desperate to attend a Kiss show. The concert set was an exact replica of the stage from 1978's Love Gun tour.

• Two of the Kiss toys that never made it past prototypes were the Kiss Kite and the Kiss Kamera. The camera was modeled after Gene's face and the tongue flicked when the shutter snapped.

• Blood was drawn from each band member and was then mixed with the ink used for the first special-edition Kiss comic book by Marvel Comics.

BUY THE BOOK

Kisstory: Official band bio and collectibles guide. Called an "amazing package" by Jake Austen of the zine *Roctober*.

Kisstory II: All about the second coming of Kiss.

Black Diamond by Dale Sherman: An unauthorized, turgid account of Kiss.

Black Diamond 2: A huge discography and music guide also by Dale Sherman.

Kiss and Sell by C.K. Lendt: A readable eyewitness account of the Kiss juggernaut by a former business manager of the band.

Kiss and Tell by Gordon G.G. Gebert and Bob McAdams: Sour grapes rant about Ace Frehley by two ex-hangers-on. One revelation: Ace partied hard.

KISS AND PLAYBOYS

February 1977—Gene Simmons' girlfriend Star Stowe is the Playmate of the Month. "To me, his music is what sex would sound like if you could hear it," she said at the time. A snapshot of Simmons, Criss and Stanley with Stowe also appeared in the spread.

January 1978—Debra Jensen, a Coppertone suntan model, is the Playmate of the Month. In December 1979 she becomes Peter Criss' second wife.

1982—Shannon Tweed is the Playmate of the Year. Later she will meet Simmons, who had previously dated Diana Ross and Cher. Today the couple still lives together and has two kids.

October 1996—British pop star Samantha Fox appears in *PLAYBOY*. At one time she was linked to Paul Stanley, who also counts Lisa Hartman, Lesley Ann Warren and Donna Dixon among his exes.

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The financial end of the sport is still a mess. Marketing seems random, hokey and sometimes naive.

gear after the record was set, not while it was being pursued.

It began to kick McGwire last October 17. Who threw out the first pitch at the World Series? Sammy Sosa. Three days later, whom did *The Sporting News* select as its Player of the Year? Sammy Sosa. Baseball has already begun to put Mark McGwire down and back slowly away from him, and not merely because he probably can't replicate the 70-homer season. He left a time bomb ticking in August, one that could barely be heard over the boosterism of the sports media and national news outlets, one called androstenedione.

Don't just dismiss this performance-enhancing drug as readily as the sports-media complex has done. All it adds is strength, say the defenders; McGwire still has to hit the ball. And what do you suppose makes the difference between 70 homers and 70 fly balls caught at the warning track? And sure, it was legal in baseball in 1998. So was an array of dubious performance-enhancing substances. Yet, not long before the stuff was spied in McGwire's locker, androstenedione had been banned by Australia's

National Football League. They are the people who bring you a sport that looks like a cross between rugby and demolition derby. In the Australian NFL, the story goes, the winning team gets to kill and eat the loser. Were he still playing, McGwire's own quarterback brother Dan would've been suspended by our NFL if he'd tried to use the stuff. It's against the rules in college and Olympic competition, no matter the sport. And don't be snowed under by the argument that it's a legal, over-the-counter supplement. That's not only not true in France and Switzerland, but you can't even buy it with a prescription in Canada. This is the stuff the East Germans developed to turn their swimmers into one-third men, one-third women, one-third porpoises. Back here, General Nutrition Centers, the largest retail "health" chain in the country, simply won't sell it. GNC apparently has higher drug standards than major league baseball.

That's another problem. As pitcher-turned-author Jim Bouton pointed out last fall, sooner or later, baseball will have to establish a policy on steroids and testosterone precursors. The ticking got a

little louder last October 29 when the *Toronto Globe and Mail*, quoting an unnamed baseball source, reported that a special joint player-owner committee will have declared androstenedione off-limits within baseball by Opening Day. The choice, simply, was between endorsing androstenedione—which may threaten your life or at least shrink your testicles to the size of peanuts—or banning it. Inevitably that decision slaps an unofficial and retroactive asterisk on McGwire's record.

The saddest part of this inevitable McGwire controversy is that, from a marketing point of view, it may not have even been worth it. With McGwire gone hunting, fishing or andro shopping, and with Sosa and the Cubs vanishing once the big-kid Braves got out of school, the playoff television ratings were up only marginally. The Yankees-Padres World Series actually came in with ratings lower than those of that interminable Indians-Marlins debacle of the previous season.

Baseball claimed a seasonal attendance jump of nearly 12 percent over 1997. But those numbers have not only been cooked, they've been cooked with the sophistication of a fourth grader cheating on a long-division test. Attendance was up 12 percent. The number of franchises was up seven percent—they expanded last year. This means that not counting the 6 million fans who went to the games of the new Arizona and Tampa Bay teams, the actual increase in attendance amounted to only 589 families per game.

The images of the "great postseason stage" can't be inspiring to baseball's marketers. Who will forget the Yankees' Chuck Knoblauch moronically arguing with an umpire while ignoring the still-live baseball—and the game-deciding run—rolling away from him? Or the amazingly bad management by Atlanta's Bobby Cox and then by San Diego's Bruce Bochy (No, no, Bruce, you use the team's best pinch hitter, John Vander Wal, to pinch-hit in the bottom of the ninth of a World Series game, not to pinch-run)? And, of course, there was the apparent outbreak of infectious delusional paranoia among the umpires. The arbiters not only widened or narrowed strike zones as unpredictably as a myopic tailor wearing borrowed eyeglasses, but they threw out one manager three pitches into one game, and—now it can be told—threatened to eject a television set from the American League Championship Series.

The television was the one supplied me by NBC at my reporting vantage point, wedged between the third-base camera and the Indians' dugout. As game six started, third-base umpire John Shulock came over to me and demanded that the eight-inch monitor be angled "away from the field, so players



"It wasn't my fault. It was because of a dearth of moral leadership during a lapse in presidential probity."

can't see the replays." When one of the Indians tried to view the videotape of a clearly botched call, Shulock raced back to my warren and started screaming at me that he'd warned me once "to move that damn thing away from the dugout" and that if another player even seemed to be looking at it, he would shut the set off and have it removed. To Shulock's credit, he shortly returned to apologize for yelling. To his discredit, it seemed never to have dawned on him that a player seeking to watch a replay in the Bronx needed to jaunt just 44 steps from the dugout to the clubhouse. In Cleveland there were actually two full-size televisions in a room directly behind each dugout. And they had big comfy chairs in front of them.

None of this silliness, of course, diminished the increased esteem Mark McGwire et al. earned for the game. But esteem is a fleeting thing easily upended by whatever nitwitted idea lurks on deck. The game might never have been stronger, for example, than in August 1994. Then the owners forced a players' strike, canceled the World Series and made many fans wonder why, if there was to be no World Series, they should pay in money or attention for those April weeknight games between the Tigers and the Royals.

The financial end of the sport is still a mess. Big-money teams grab talent as needed. Postseason ticket prices rise so steeply that there were actually thousands of seats empty for the first two NL Championship Series games in Atlanta. Marketing seems random, hokey and sometimes naive. The home run thing has been done, Cal Ripken has benched himself and the next challenge to his ironman streak is at least 2000 games and 13 years away. The wild card produced only a new form of the same old pain for eternally suffering Cubs and Red Sox fans. For every cuddly superstar like Sosa, there is an unpredictable Barry Bonds or an increasingly irritable Ken Griffey.

The game has always managed to survive the stupidity of the people who ran it. Maybe they could even sell it that way: Come watch our executives make every mistake imaginable and still not kill off a tradition that is woven into the fabric of American history! Watch us overcharge you! See the pitching deteriorate before your eyes! Enjoy your favorites today because we're going to trade them away tomorrow! Try to guess which homer left the park through the miracle of androstenedione and which one left under its own power! Or they can push all the outfield fences back 100 feet and see if McGwire can break Chief Wilson's 1912 record of 36 triples in one season. Just so long as the damn fool doesn't actually do it!



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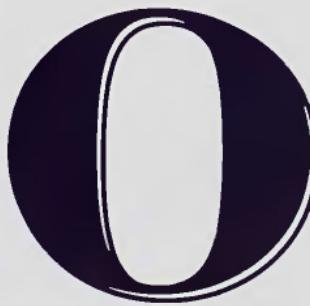
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Rudolph Giuliani

(continued from page 106)

"We had to drag Rudy down because he was going to kill Sal," says Tony Mauro, a frat member.

in a miniature Yankees uniform and sending him outside where he was taunted by neighborhood kids. "To my father, it was a joke," Giuliani has recalled. "But to me it was like being a martyr. I'm not going to give up my religion."

Rudy's zealousness flourished during the late Fifties at Bishop Loughlin Memorial High School in Brooklyn.

While his classmates bopped to Elvis, Giuliani started an opera club. Friends asked their parents for cars at graduation; Giuliani requested an oversized desk and a high-backed leather chair. He spent hours debating philosophy, religion and politics.

Giuliani graduated from high school mulling the priesthood, an interest he dropped several years later because he could not fathom a life of celibacy. His classmates knew where he was headed. In its senior poll, Bishop Loughlin's class of 1961 elected Giuliani class politician.

At Manhattan College he majored in political philosophy and sparkled in his

government classes.

He lost a close election for junior class president to Jim Farrell and displayed the fury for which he is now known, and which may be a burden if and when he encounters the daily indignities of a national campaign. "His eyes looked like the fires of hell," says classmate Bernie McElhone, who saw Giuliani after the results were announced. "He was enormously, gargantuanly pissed off."

Apparently, Giuliani never got over it. Farrell, a lawyer at Colgate Palmolive, has run into Giuliani over the years. At a 1994 St. Patrick's Day luncheon just after Rudy became mayor, Farrell was urged to greet the mayor at the dais. "I reached up my hand," Farrell recalls, "and Giuliani looked at me like, 'Who the fuck are you?'" Then, Farrell says, the mayor turned away.

If defeat provoked Giuliani's rage in college, it also shaped his ability to rebound. In his freshman year, Manhattan's elite fraternity, Alpha Sigma Beta, rejected him after he complained about hazing rituals that required pledges to

waddle like ducks across campus. Giuliani joined Phi Rho Pi, Manhattan's least popular fraternity, stocked it with friends and transformed it into his own campus power base—and an arena for conflict.

Phi Rho Pi was split between those who favored wild drinking parties and those who preferred sedate affairs. Tigers and Pussies, they called themselves. "Rudy was one of the Pussies," says Sal Scarpato, a retired California businessman who, as a Tiger, lost a race for frat president to Giuliani.

At frat meetings, Giuliani enraged the Tigers by citing *Robert's Rules of Order* to end debates. During one angry exchange, Scarpato hurled a soda bottle at Rudy's head (he missed) and they ended up slugging each other in a nearby park. Another time, Scarpato made a lewd comment about Kathy Livermore, Giuliani's girlfriend. "We had to drag Rudy down because he was going to kill Sal," says Tony Mauro, a frat member.

Giuliani met Kathy one college summer while working at a bank (he had previously sold vacuum cleaners). She was blonde, blue-eyed and leggy—a dead ringer for Julie Christie—and they dated for two years. Kathy often listened while Rudy practiced political speeches from behind his oversized desk at home. While friends considered careers in law and medicine, Giuliani, according to Livermore, liked to say, "Rudolph William Louis Giuliani III, the first Italian Catholic president of the United States." She and friends laughed because Giuliani was so earnest. "We'd joke about it, 'Oh there's Rudolph William Louis Giuliani III, the first Italian Catholic president of the United States.' He said it enough that it was part of him. He didn't say things lightly."

In 1965, Giuliani enrolled at New York University Law School and immersed himself in his books and made Law Review.

"He was antiwar, he defended Stokely Carmichael and he hated Nixon," says Republican Congressman Peter King of New York, who was an intern with Giuliani at Richard Nixon's Wall Street law firm in 1967. "I once told him Goldwater could have beaten JFK, and he burst out, 'What the hell are you talking about?' When he argued, there was no steady increase in the hostility. But suddenly, he'd be yelling and his eyes would pop out."

In 1968, Giuliani married Regina Peruggi, his second cousin. They had been close since childhood. "It seemed a little strange to me. I mean, they were related," says his aunt, Anna Davanzo.

Their childless marriage was often strained, Giuliani has said, because of his devotion to his work. After a long separation, they were divorced in 1982. That



"Hasn't lost his attitude, man!"

same year he met Donna Hanover and, after a six-week courtship, Giuliani proposed to her at Walt Disney World. Their wish for a Catholic wedding required that he get his first marriage annulled—an often difficult process. Giuliani succeeded by citing a technicality. He claimed he had failed to obtain the proper church dispensation required when second cousins marry and, as a result, the 14-year marriage had never been valid. "I was under the impression that we were third cousins because I had never calculated the lines of consanguinity," is how Giuliani explained it to *The New York Times* in 1997. He and Hanover were married in 1984.

While Peruggi refuses to talk about the mayor, her brother and friends have said Giuliani always knew he and Regina were second cousins but feigned ignorance to get the annulment. In any case, his apparent oversight seems at odds with his eye for detail and zeal for following the rules.

After graduating from NYU in 1968, he joined the U.S. Attorney's Office in New York's Southern District. He became a star with a reputation for aggressiveness. He busted veteran Brooklyn Congressman Bertram Podell for conspiracy and conducted such a rattling cross-examination that Podell accidentally poked out a lens of his glasses. After a recess, Podell pleaded guilty.

After voting for George McGovern in 1972, he became an Independent, then registered as a Republican in 1980. He left the Democrats, he has explained, not to ingratiate himself with the GOP but because he believed that the Democrats were moving too far to the left. In 1981 Giuliani was appointed number three man in Ronald Reagan's Justice Department.

He captured national attention in 1982 when he argued the administration's case for denying political asylum to thousands of Haitians fleeing Jean-Claude "Baby Doc" Duvalier's dictatorship. "The situation of political repression does not exist, at least in general, in Haiti," he said in a statement widely criticized by human rights activists.

At the height of his power in Washington, he announced that he wanted to run the U.S. Attorney's Office in New York's Southern District. The move was a step down (even his mother objected), but Giuliani said he missed being a prosecutor. He also knew that returning to Gotham was a first step toward entering politics.

Giuliani's tenure as U.S. Attorney in the mid-Eighties was marked by unprecedented successes and amazing misfires. RUDY became a fixture in tabloid headlines, as Giuliani busted Mafia bosses and Wall Street traders, tax cheats and politicians. "The way you end corruption," he told a reporter, "is to scare the daylight out of people."



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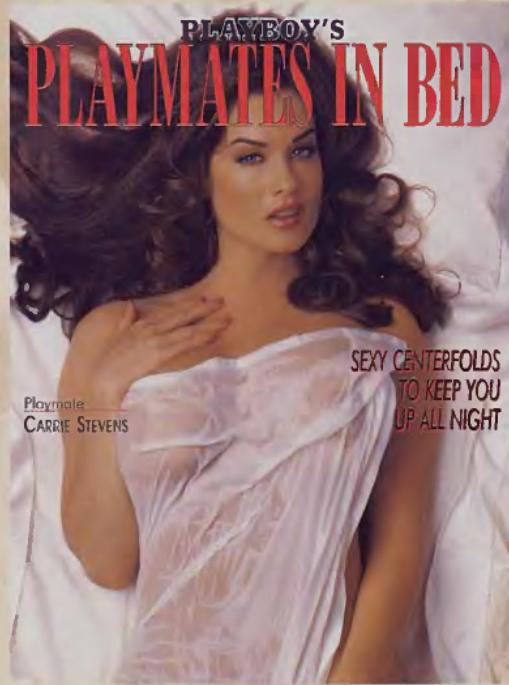
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One of Giuliani's most publicly cruel moments came when he ordered three Wall Street traders to be handcuffed at their offices on insider trading charges in 1987. The cases against two of the men were eventually dropped; the third pleaded guilty to a lesser charge. "It was completely unjustifiable," says Stanley Arkin, a lawyer for one of the traders. "Generally, you arrest people that way if you're afraid they're violent or they're going to flee. There was no law enforcement reason other than to make a display of his prosecutorial power."

By then, Giuliani was poised for his next step. He ran for mayor in 1989, narrowly losing to David Dinkins, who cast him as a ruthless prosecutor. In his second mayoral race in 1993, Giuliani reassured voters that he was a tough guy, but he was also a husband, a father and a Yankees fan. He won by fewer than 40,000 votes.

The darker shades of Giuliani's persona rarely reach people who live west of the Hudson, where the mayor plans more forays to establish a benign image as New York's good cop, one of those likable, rough-edged New Yorkers from *Law and Order* and *NYPD Blue*. Sipowicz without the gun. Tough but tender.

Giuliani's 13 appearances on David Letterman since 1993 have included his unveiling of "We can kick your city's ass" as New York City's slogan. National audiences also saw the mayor on *Seinfeld* and *Cosby*, and saw him dress up as an

old Italian woman on *Saturday Night Live*.

"There's a great curiosity about Rudy Giuliani," says Ed Rollins, now a GOP consultant who believes Giuliani's best next step is to run for Pat Moynihan's senate seat in 2000. "With a couple of years in Washington, there's no limit to how far he could go."

For all of Giuliani's successes, many New Yorkers recoil at the thought of his seeking national office. In one poll, 53 percent said they would not vote for him for president. Former Giuliani aides share the dread. "Do I want him near the button?" asks a former staffer. He bursts into laughter. "Fuck no. Reality is reality. The guy likes to fight too much."

Can he remain a tirade addict and still not scare people? Consider the case of James Schillaci, a Bronx limousine driver who is evidence that sometimes the mayor tramples even his most ardent supporters.

Schillaci provoked the mayor's ire by videotaping police officers writing bogus traffic tickets near his home. On the day in August 1997 when his claims were published in the *Daily News*, two cops arrived unannounced at Schillaci's apartment to arrest him for not paying 13-year-old traffic tickets. Schillaci was handcuffed and driven to court, where a judge quickly threw out the case.

Giuliani's aides then claimed that Schillaci was a convicted sodomist, only to amend their statements the next day because he had only been *accused* of sodomy. They also released his arrest record, which included 11 convictions

(the most recent was 15 years old).

Of course, not one iota of Schillaci's past—not even the fact that he once was commended for helping catch two arsonists—was considered relevant to his well-documented case against the police. But Giuliani was more than willing to tar Schillaci to score points with the cops. "Just because you call yourself a whistleblower doesn't mean you are," the mayor said. "I can see behind things because I have a respect for our police officers."

So did Schillaci, which is why he once voted for Giuliani. He also didn't want David Dinkins to become mayor. "Why? Because he's black. I know it doesn't sound good, but that is how I felt." Schillaci's clash with Giuliani may have produced at least one positive result. "Rudy cured me of my prejudice," Schillaci says. "Now I can see voting for a black guy because I know I can be screwed by a white guy."

On a warm night last summer, Giuliani traveled to Staten Island, the city's most conservative borough, where some 200 residents greeted him with a standing ovation.

Mitchell Diggs, 30, business manager for the rap group Wu-Tang Clan, was among the few blacks in the audience. With crime down, Diggs asked Giuliani how the city would help future generations avoid violence. "What," Diggs asked, "are we going to do for those gentlemen to give them jobs?"

In Mitchell Diggs, the mayor found his chance to be himself.

"Just in asking the question, you're missing the point," Giuliani said. "The City of New York does not bring up children! Parents do!" As the crowd applauded, the mayor raised the subject of child abuse, an issue seemingly unrelated to Diggs' query. "The reason a child is abused," Giuliani exclaimed, jabbing his forefinger in Diggs' direction, "is not because of a social worker, it's not because of a teacher and it's not because of a police officer. It's because some adult"—the mayor was shouting now—"some mother, some father or some boyfriend of the mother who shouldn't be living in the apartment in the first place beats the hell out of the kid!"

By lecture's end, the crowd was roaring. Diggs might also have applauded, for he too believes in the concept of personal responsibility. But he was trying to understand why Giuliani was shouting at him.

The mayor, it seems, knows no other way—until, that is, he leaves New York for the national stage and transforms himself into Rudy Lite. It remains to be seen what America west of the Hudson will make of the two personalities.



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LITTLE BIG MAN

(continued from page 84)

Cody, but I forgot my lines half the time even though they was the same night after night and I was playing myself, so it didn't call for much acting on the face of it. But the fact is, hoss, the hardest thing I ever tried to do was to be a make-believe Wild Bill Hickok. It got to be too much for me to be the real myself pretending to be the fake Wild Bill, speaking words written by some little fellow that never been west of Chicago, and shooting blank rounds, which foul up a barrel real awful. I got to drinking too much and having some fun to pass the time, like using live ammunition and firing too close to the toes of them real actors, and they whined to Cody, who asked me to tone it down. But I couldn't take it for long, even though the pay was real good, the best I ever made. I ain't got Bill Cody's way with horseshit. Nothing against Bill, God bless him, he always dealt straight with me, but he's got a natural talent for showmanship. I don't, that's for sure." He swallowed more of that awful whiskey and was just offering me the bottle when somebody spoke nearby.

"This is what you been doing?" asked a peevish voice. It come from a fellow not much bigger than me but all duded up in fringed buckskin and wearing a pearl-handled pistol in a fancy holster held by a tooled belt with an enormous silver buckle. His hair was long and fair, as were his mustache and pointy little beard. "Sitting here with him and that bottle?"

"Simmer down, Charley," Wild Bill said in a mild tone. "Me and him are old friends from Kansas. Shake hands with—"

But as this dandy turned up his nose at the idea of meeting me, the shaking did not take place.

"My pardner, Colorado Charley Utter," Bill said, when the other went into a tent that was pitched nearby. Most of the other Deadwood tents was all torn and tattered, but the canvas of this one looked brand-new and was taut-stretched and well-pegged. "We got plans for an express service between here and Cheyenne."

I had never seen Wild Bill so bluffed by anybody else. The next instant, out comes Charley Utter from his tent, saying, "Goddamn it, Bill, you been sleepin' in my blankets again? They're all messed up."

Wild Bill smirks and shrugs. "I'm real sorry, pardner. They're nicer than that scratchy old Army blanket of mine."

"I want you to stay out of there," Utter says. In the old days Wild Bill would have laughed in the face of a little fellow like that, as he had laughed at me first time I flared up at him. But now the once fearsome gunfighter only repeated

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WIRED

Page 26: "Net Tunes": Technology and hardware by *Rio*, from Diamond Multimedia and Samsung Electronics, www.mp3.com. "Wild Things": Portable e-mail device by *Sharp Electronics*, 800-237-4277.

MANTRACK

Page 35: "Water Rockets": Powerboat by *Magnum Marine*, North Miami Beach, 305-931-4292. Page 36: "Guys Are Talking About . . .": Mouse, keyboard and monitor by *Oberhofer Hand-Crafted Computers*, Beverly Hills, 310-246-0555 or 888-557-7786. *J. Peterman Co.*, at Grand Central Station, NYC, 212-490-1769, Lexington, KY, 606-268-0990, Troy, MI, 248-649-2263, Newport Beach, CA, 949-719-9884 or, to place an order or request a catalog, 800-231-7341. *The Cigar Directory*, from C.A.R. Services, Quincy, IL, 217-228-1950. Mail-order wines by *Brooks Brothers Cellars* from Geerlings & Wade, Canton, MA, 781-821-4152. Radar detector by *Escort*, 800-433-3487.

FUTURE TIME

Pages 80-81: Watches: By *Omega*, 800-76-OMEGA. By *Tissot*, at *Tourneau*, 800-284-7768. By *TAG Heuer*, 800-321-4832. By *Swatch*, 877-839-5223. By *Panerai*, 877-PANERAI. By *Bulgari*, 800-BULGARI. By *Xemex*, www.playboystore.com. (The watch is a limited edition of 200.) By *Ikepod*, at the Art of Watchmaking, 26 East 64 St., NYC, 212-588-8808 and *Bergdorf Goodman*, NYC, 212-753-7300 or by e-mail, *Boris@TheWatchmuseum.com*. By *Seiko*, 800-840-6980. By *Ventura*, at *Tourneau*, 800-284-7768.



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ON THE SCENE

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his apology. When Utter went back into the tent, where he could be heard fussing with his property, Bill says to me, "He's a good friend and has got a real head for running businesses. My own specialty is the ideas: I don't always have the knack for the practical details." He tilts his head back till the rear of the brim of his big hat, touching him between the shoulders, stops him, at which he removes the sombrero so as to align his throat with the verticalized bottle, and he drains the remaining liquid in the latter down the former. Now that he is momentarily bareheaded for the first time since I became reacquainted with him, I see his hair is thinning in front, and I got a right funny feeling, for Custer too was losing some hair on top, which is why the Indians claimed they never scalped him. Never knowing baldness themselves, redskins see it as still another strange and distasteful thing about whites, whereas they find cutting off an enemy's crowning glory and hanging it on their belt perfectly normal and even admirable, and when I lived as a Cheyenne I admit so did I.

Having emptied the bottle, Wild Bill tossed it over his shoulder into the area between his wagon and Charley Utter's tent, and no sooner than he did, out come Colorado Charley, who picked it up and brought it back to hand to Wild Bill without a word.

"Oh," Wild Bill says. "Sorry about that."

"If you're back here this time of day," says Utter, "you already lost the money you was advanced."

Hickok replaced his hat. "Well, you wouldn't believe the hands that I had, Charley."

Charley hooked his thumbs in that fancy gunbelt. He hmmped and said, "It's like that every single day, ain't it?"

Wild Bill got to his feet real slowly. He didn't seem to be drunk though he had undoubtedly been drinking for hours before he topped it off with the remainder of that bottle. But he could still apparently hold his liquor as of old.

He tossed the empty bottle up into the wagon and clumb up to follow it. "I'm going to catch 40 winks, so I'm rested for tonight's game." Then, on hands and knees, he looked down at me. "Hoss, if you ain't got a place to stay, why there's lots of room here, and I got an extra blanket if you don't mind the smell of horse."

"Right nice of you, Bill," says I. When he had crawled back into the interior, I told Colorado Charley I wouldn't do it if he objected, for I wasn't in no position to make enemies at this time.

"Hell, that's between he and you," Charley said in a kinder tone than he had used theretofore. "I noticed you ain't a drinker."

He had been watching Wild Bill from

his tent. "Never to excess," I said, which was true except when it wasn't.

"You don't look like you've had the best luck lately."

"Thank you for noticing," I says, but then decided it sounded too sarcastic, so I added, "That ain't the half of it."

"Well, spare me the facts," Charley says hastily. "I got an offer for you. There are them in Deadwood who like it fine without law, and maybe I agree with them up to a point, but some think Wild Bill come up here to be marshal, like he was in Abilene, and will clean up the town. They're wrong about that, but I hear they might be gunning for him. Nobody's going to come at him straight on, I tell you that. He might of lost some of his powers, but he's still better than anybody hereabouts." Charley fingered his fair mustache and goatee. I found it amazing that he looked as clean and shiny as he did in that place. "What worries me is he might get absentminded while playing cards." He glanced with concern up at the wagon and spoke in a lowered, confidential-type voice. "Also lately he's been feeling real low. He told me the other day he thinks his days is numbered."

"He ain't the Wild Bill I once knew," I told him. "I'll swear to that. But maybe he'll change if he begins to win at poker."

Colorado Charley screwed his face up. "He told me he wrote a letter to the same effect to that new wife of his. Now, ain't that some weddin' present!" He had raised his voice some to say this, and he glanced up at the wagon again as he lowered it. "Now, what I want to offer you . . . your name is?" I told him, and he continued. "I'll pay you to keep an eye on him. I'll give you a dollar a day, which seems to me mighty generous considering all you got to do is watch his back."

I can't be condemned for trying to sweeten the deal. "Bodyguarding Wild Bill Hickok ought to pay a little better than that."

"Did I say bodyguard? Bill don't need none, and from the looks of you, you couldn't do much anyway, and I ain't going to supply you with no firearms. What I'm talking about is just keeping an eye on him—and just when he's playing cards. Rest of the time I'm with him, or California Joe Milner or his other friends. You see something funny going on behind his back, you give a holler. He'll do the rest himself. He can still use a gun better 'n anybody who'd go up against him: He can see that good."

I didn't like his insults, but a dollar a day would keep me going till something better turned up, so I accepted his offer but did ask why he trusted me. How'd he know I wasn't one of them who wanted Wild Bill rubbed out?

"You'd of made your move by now," says Colorado Charley.

He wasn't necessarily right about that, but not wanting him to mistrust me after all, I didn't say anything more on the subject, but I did promise to show up that evening at the No. 10 Saloon and watch Wild Bill's back, then walk him home and collect my dollar.

I got to No. 10 before Wild Bill showed up, but the poker game was already in progress. I explained to Harry the bartender I was working for Colorado Charley Utter, but he said I couldn't sit there unless I was drinking, so I waited outside till Wild Bill showed up, which he did before long, looking none the worse for all the liquor he had drunk earlier.

"Charley says you're working for us now," says he.

"You know about that?"

"I'm not too proud to have somebody watching my back. Way I've lasted up till now is not because I'm faster or shoot straighter than every one of them I've gone up against. It's because I never lie to myself. I never lied much to others, but I would do so if my life depended on it, like everybody else. But not to myself."

"All I can do is holler," I told him. "I ain't got no gun."

"Just as well, hoss," said Wild Bill. "You might shoot yourself in your manly parts."

This jibe irked me some, for it was him, back in Kansas City, who taught me to use a pistol well. "Your pal Harry Sam Young won't let me hang around without spending money, and Charley won't be paying me till later."

"I'll speak to Harry," Wild Bill said. "Now, about Charley, such money as he advances me for cards ain't his own but from the funds of our partnership. I threw my savings into the pot, which he manages better than I ever could, but I'm not on his charity."

This information made me feel better about him. "I ain't forgot I owe you two dollars, Bill."

"You'll pay me when you can," says he and saunters through the door into No. 10 looking more like the old Wild Bill than I seen him for a while. One of the fellows at the card table wanted to vacate his stool immediately, though I don't think the hand was finished, so influential a presence was Wild Bill Hickok, but the latter grandly waved him down and stepped over to the bar, where Harry had already poured him one.

Wild Bill swallowed the whiskey, then throwed a thumb towards me and says, "This little fellow is working for me 'n' Charley. Put him on my tab, don't serve him so much he can't see." He laughed at that statement.

As it happened, all I swallowed that evening was some of the coffee which Harry, like all bartenders I ever met,



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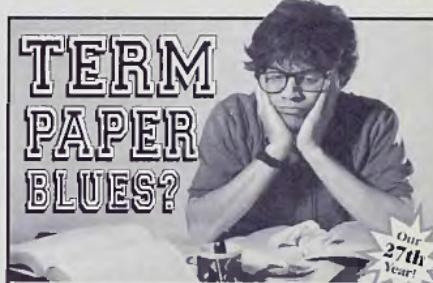
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drank instead of what he sold. Unfortunately they didn't serve no food there, and I guess Harry had already ate his supper, so there wasn't anything I could mooch. I just stayed there, watching Wild Bill's back for hours while they played hand after hand, with the usual curses, grunts and other such noises made by the participants that don't mean anything whatever to anyone not in the game.

But what was special, I gathered, was that Wild Bill was winning for a change. After a while, one of the original players, being busted, had to drop out, and the same short fellow with the same sandy mustache and slightly crossed eyes who had took Wild Bill's place the day before come over from where he had been watching the game to claim the vacated stool, as he had taken Wild Bill's place that afternoon. But now Wild Bill stayed in the game, winning hand after hand, his luck still holding, and before long this man too was cleaned out, and he pushed away from the table, looking more sad than mad.

"Damn," says he, head down, "I ain't got enough left to get a bite to eat."

Wild Bill stood up too. "Look here, Jack, I done well tonight after a long run of bad luck. I'd be proud to stake you to your supper." He picked up some of the piled coins in front of him and proffered them to this Jack McCall, as Harry Young told me he was called.

McCall took the money, nodding, still not looking at Wild Bill, and left the premises.

To the other players Wild Bill said he was turning in, being not as youthful as he once was, but tomorrow would give them all their chance to get even.

We walked back to the wagon. It was still early enough on the midsummer evening to see our way there without a lantern.

"You must of give me luck, hoss," said Wild Bill. "I always square my debts, so you're getting a dollar bonus for tonight, and I'm also canceling what you owe me."

"That's mighty generous of you, Bill."

"Well, I want to do it while I can, for luck that's good today won't necessarily hold on forever, or even tomorrow." He was taking such long strides, tall as he was, I had to make two for every one of his. "Custer's luck," he says. "He was famous for it, till it went bad."

I considered trying again to tell him a first-person account of the Little Big-horn fight, but decided against taking the chance as yet, for I needed this job.

"I believe you was acquainted with him."

"And liked him," said Wild Bill. "I had to shoot a couple of his men when four or five of them jumped me once in Hays, and I had a difference of opinion one time with his brother Tom, but the general was always mighty nice to me. Cou-

ple years back, he complimented me in the written word, or so I was told. His lady is a fine woman, and now a widow at a tender age, poor little gal."

"Beautiful," I says with feeling. "I saw her once."

"Well," Bill says with that new sanctimoniousness of his, "you might be right about that, hoss, but I am married to the most beautiful lady in the world myself."

I figure his eyesight must be even worse than I thought, on the basis of that photograph of his Aggie, but naturally did not say anything, and we had by now arrived at the camp, where I was looking forward to getting my wages from Colorado Charley.

But when I peeked into the door of his tent, the interior of which was arranged neat as a hotel room in a city, with a cot and square-folded blankets, a leather-strapped trunk, and a nice hide rug on the ground, no Charley was in evidence.

When I informed Wild Bill, who was still standing there breathing the evening air with apparent satisfaction before mounting the wagon, he said, "He's probably down to the bathhouse. He missed his bath this morning, being too busy at the time. He takes one every day whether he needs it or not. He's famous for that habit."

"I thought the same was true of yourself, Bill."

"Not to that extreme," says he, and by now it was getting too dark to accurately judge by his expression if he was joking. He goes into the pocket of the rock coat where he had put his winnings and withdraws two dollars and drops them clinking into my now outthrust hand. "There you go, hoss. After you drink it all up, if you want to come back and bunk in the wagon, kindly don't kick me when you climb in. You'll find that extra blanket in back."

I went back to town to find the place, a kind of lean-to open on three sides, where a burly woman, one of the few females in Deadwood at the time not working as a harlot, cooked up beans and the stone-heavy loaves she called bread, in which you was likely to find not just hairs but whole strands as well as other substances not so easily identified.

I was still real hungry. "Ain't you got no meat?" I asked the cook.

"Had some couple days back but ate it myself," says she, shifting the wad in her jaw and spreading the feet beneath her so she could spit between them. I reckon the unusual flavor her beans had was from spattered tobacco juice. I've ate a lot worse than that when famished, which, like the Cheyennes who raised me, I so often was as a young man. "It wasn't no goddamn good, so you didn't miss nothing. And you could not of afforded it nohow."

I've got a policy of seldom passing up an insult when I'm in a position to answer, so I says, "You think you run the

grand dining room of the Palace Hotel?"

She spits again, this time right near me, and grins with her teeth brown in the light from the lantern that hung from a nail in a support pole.

I went back to get a night's rest in Wild Bill's wagon, which was real cozy in the rear where I slept. Wild Bill seemed asleep when I stepped past him, and I thought if I could so easily gain access to the wagon, so could an assassin, but Colorado Charley had not hired me to guard him 24 hours a day, without a weapon, and I was real tuckered out by then.

I had a good sleep that night, waking up at dawn to look over and see Wild Bill's blanket already empty. By time I got up and out and took a leak, careful to keep well away from Charley Utter's tent, and returned, I see Wild Bill's tall figure oncoming at a brisk pace up the gulch.

"You're up and at 'em," I says when he gets there.

"Generally at first light," says he, "I trot down for a wake-me-up."

"Get your coffee from that big gal who cooks beans?"

"Whiskey's what I mean, hoss. Coffe'd put me back to sleep."

Colorado Charley come out of his tent at this point, looking bandbox fresh as always, and according to Wild Bill went off to arrange a competition in which their pony express went up against a rival outfit to see who could run the Cheyenne newspaper up to Deadwood the fastest.

I throwed some water on my face from the rain barrel Wild Bill pointed out, and having got his schedule said I'd see him around noon and went into town. No. 10 was crowded at midday as always, by which I mean a dozen or so persons, for it wasn't spacious. A game was in progress with three players, one of them occupying Wild Bill's favored place, that which had a view of the front and back doors and only a wall behind it. Carl Mann, part owner of the joint with a man named Jerry Lewis, was one of the men at the table, and a gent called Captain W.R. Massie, who like old Sam Clemens had been a Mississippi riverman, was another.

I went outside and leaned against the raw boards of the wall and begun to think about a deal for myself. If I performed in the current part-time employment to Colorado Charley's satisfaction, then maybe he would promote me to something better in his express operation. My luck had turned up on running into Wild Bill Hickok.

Who I now saw coming along the street, looking real tall and stately in his sparkling clean-looking linen (which he must not have worn to bed in the wagon), Prince Albert coat and wide sombrero, walking the confident way he had in the old days when he was the most

fearful man on the frontier, with eyes like an eagle.

But he never recognized me now till he almost reached the door of No. 10.

"Hoss," says he, blinking, like I appeared out of nowhere. "I been looking for you. Step over here for a spell." He moves to the corner of the building.

He stares down at the rough wood boards underneath us, an uncharacteristic thing for him, for there was nothing significant to see at our feet. "I got this feeling my days are numbered. I can't shake it off." He raised his head and looked at the high and cloudless sky on that August day in Dakota Territory, which reminded me some of the one in June over the Greasy Grass, and he said, "If your number's up, you've got to go." He shrugs.

His voice had taken on such a melancholy tone that to change the subject to something lighter, I says, "Ever notice how most everybody you meet west of St. Louie turns out to be named either Bill or Jack?"

This had the desired effect. Wild Bill brooded on the matter for a moment, and then he threw back his head and uttered a big guffaw. "You're a comical little fellow, and that's a fact, hoss. My own real name ain't even Bill, but Jim." Which seemed to amuse him even more, so he was feeling good when he strode into No. 10, as usual attracting the attention of all present. Nobody paid me any mind, bringing up the rear.

I glanced over the little crowd again but still couldn't see nobody who looked like a threat to anybody's life but their own, if they kept drinking like that. Several wasn't even carrying visible weaponry, which didn't mean they didn't have any hid out, but if so it would take longer to bring it into play, by which time even a somewhat impaired Wild Bill could have emptied five cylinders into their vital areas.

All of them except one or two soon turned to the bar, backs to the game. Speaking of backs, Wild Bill sat down on the empty stool that presented his own spine to the world at large. It was a man name of Charley Rich who had Bill's habitual seat on the wall side. Wild Bill thought it only a temporary arrangement, for he says, "Let's swap places, Charley. You got mine."

Rich snickers and says, "There's nobody in Deadwood man enough to take you on, even from behind. You know that, Bill."

So Wild Bill had sat down, but he asks again a little while later, and Rich just shrugged, examining the hand he had been dealt, while Captain Bill Massie says with good-natured impatience, "Come on, Bill, I wanna win back what you took off me last night." The other player was Carl Mann, as before, and he too had no interest in the subject.

So Wild Bill begins to play without

further complaint, maybe because he was counting on me to do my job behind him. I say this with the guilt that has bothered me ever since, whenever I think of this episode, and not till this moment have I found the nerve to tell of my role, or lack of it, in what happened that August 2, 1876, in the No. 10 Saloon. But here it is now, blame me if you will.

Wild Bill proceeded to lose hand after hand this evening, and Captain Massie did win back his losses and more, to the point at which Wild Bill was out of the ready money, and he twists on the stool and calls me over to him. What he wants is for me to get him 15 dollars' worth of pocket checks from Harry Sam Young at the bar.

So I tell Harry, and he says all right, he would bring them himself, and while he was doing that, the door opens and in comes that cockeyed fellow Jack McCall who Wild Bill had staked to supper the night before. Now, McCall was nothing to look at except if you wanted the perfect picture of a loser, so as he slinks along the bar I don't pay no further attention to him, he being if not a close pal of Wild Bill's then an acquaintance anyhow, who Wild Bill furthermore had lately befriended.

What I was doing instead was keeping an eye beyond McCall on the rear door, through which a bowlegged, red-mustached fellow had lately entered, showing a horse tied up right outside, a fact that bothered me a little, as if it was for a quick getaway. But that man proved to be no trouble, just drinking whiskey at the bar.

My attention was claimed by Wild Bill saying, with some spirit, to the river captain Massie, "You broke me on that hand!"

And right at that point Jack McCall, now directly behind Wild Bill's stool, cursed loudly and brought up a pistol so close the muzzle all but touched him, and he shot Wild Bill through the back of the head, just under the brim of the sombrero, which flew off in the short forward pitch of the body, after which Wild Bill went over backwards off the stool and crashed onto the floor like a felled tree.

Still cursing at his fallen victim, Jack McCall next turned his smoking gun on everybody else at hand, shouting, "Come on, you sons of bitches, and get yours!" He keeps pulling the trigger, but his weapon proves defective after that one cowardly shot that dropped the greatest of all gunfighters and never fires again, so he drops it, and at that I run at him, but he's quick out the back door, and by the time I get there he's mounted that horse right outside and starts to ride away, but the cinch was loose and he don't get far before the saddle slips off the horse, him sprawling with it.

I'm almost on him at that point but

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stumbled on something hard in them soft-soled Indian moccasins, laming me briefly, and he gains ground. We was out on the main street now, and the people rushing out of No. 10 had joined the chase, yelling, "Wild Bill's shot!" "He kilt Wild Bill, get the little bastard," and the like, with McCall still out well ahead of us, but then he does a fool thing for himself, ducks into one of the stores there which turns out to be Jake Shroud's butcher shop, and I run in and corner the yellow skunk cowering behind a bloody side of beef hanging from a hook in the ceiling, and though he is if on the small side still bigger than me, I pull him out and draw my knife to cut out his gizzard, but the others who now arrive stopped me, presumably in the name of the law which did not exist in Deadwood at that time.

If you're wondering why revenge seemed to mean more to me than Wild Bill's health, why I chased McCall instead of checking to see if my friend was still alive and could have been helped, all I can say is I seen enough violent deaths by that time in my life to recognize one that took place within a few feet of me. You get shot through the head point-blank with a lead slug the weight of them used in those days, you was a goner beyond all doubt.

And it could be seen as my fault. I knew Colorado Charley would sure see it that way. The least I could do was catch

the killer. After I done that but was prevented from doing him in on the spot, I sadly returned to No. 10. The others took McCall someplace where they held him, there being no jail.

They had already locked the saloon up, waiting for the doctor to come, and I had to talk Harry Young, the state he was in, into letting me enter. First other person I seen was Captain Bill Massie, with his forearm wrapped in a bloody kerchief. The bullet that killed Wild Bill had passed through his brain to strike Massie, across the table, in the wrist.

Wild Bill's body lay on its side, his knees bent in the position they had assumed when he had sat down to play poker. From the flow around him, it looked like he had already lost every drop of blood that ever circulated through his tall person. His fingers too was bent as they had been when he held his last hand, but the cards had stayed on the table: the aces of spades and clubs and two black eights, ever afterward known as the Dead Man's Hand.

Finally, in hurried the aproned barber whose shop I had visited the day before on the money Wild Bill give me. He turned out to be the local doctor as well, which was not necessarily as bad as it sounds, for haircutters learned how to staunch wounds, apply bandages, etc., and Doc Pierce acted like he knew his way around a corpse.

Colorado Charley Utter made his ap-

pearance not long after. It took him a while to get around to me, and I could have avoided him that night if I had tried, but like I say I did believe I was at fault, so after they carried Wild Bill out to prepare him for burial, probably at Doc Pierce's barbershop, I went up to Utter, who was talking to Carl Mann, and I says, "All right, Charley, shoot me if you want."

"I heard what happened," says he. "You couldn't have done much about it, with him sitting where he was. There's nothing can be done about somebody who decides his number's up." He nods in his decisive way and goes back to a practical discussion of funeral arrangements with Mann. That's the kind of fellow Charley was and why he was a good businessman. And next day he gave Wild Bill a good send-off, out there at their camp.

The coffin had been quickly pounded together from some pine boards of the type used as siding on the Deadwood shops, but it was made presentable by covering the outside with black cloth and the interior was lined with white. Wild Bill himself looked nice, his long hair all cleaned of blood and brushed out, the big mustache with a more agreeable curve in death than the melancholy droop it had lately acquired in life. You could hardly see the wound the slug had made on exiting through the cheek, like only a little scratch. Doc Pierce was also an accomplished undertaker, having much practice locally. He had even, so somebody said, changed Wild Bill's underwear for clean, though that sounds like Colorado Charley's idea. And Wild Bill Hickok did not go into the afterlife unarmed: his Sharps rifle lay alongside the body. As to his famous ivory-handled six-guns, somebody must have walked away with them between his death and now, for they wasn't buried with him or ever seen again.

Once Wild Bill had been lowered into his mountainside grave, the assembled throng rushed back in a mob to the town saloons and had I not been quick on my feet I'd of been trampled down. Within a few seconds nobody was left but Charley Utter and, standing back a ways in respect, me. Charley had found a rock and was using it to hammer a flat board into the earth at one of its short ends. When he finished, I went close enough to where I could read what was cut or really scratched into the wood with a knife-point. I can't quote it verbatim after all these years, but I do recall that after giving Wild Bill's age and day of death at the hands of Jack McCall, Charley Utter had wrote, "Goodbye Pard Till We Meet in the Happy Hunting Ground."

I was right affected by the sentiment. Them two really was good friends, unlike me and Wild Bill, who I knew for a number of years but would have to admit not closely for all that. In fact, I was



"She makes good grades and she practices safe sex, so I suppose we should overlook the stogies."

privately critical of him for a large part, maybe mostly because of envy, even though all in all he done me a number of favors.

Charley had been alone with his thoughts, but when he turned to head back to his camp, he noticed me. Now, in distinction to the way he acted in the No. 10 Saloon just after Wild Bill was murdered, he narrows his eyes to mean slits, and he says, with real bad feeling, a hand on the butt of the gun in the holster at his hip, "If I ever see you again, I'll kill you."

"What?" I was not prepared for this.
"You heard me."

"You said you wasn't blaming me," I reminded him.

"I wasn't standing by his grave at the time," said Charley Utter. "God damn you!"

"All right," I told him. "I got it coming, I admit, and you have a right to hold me responsible. I do myself. I'm leaving Deadwood directly anyway."

Charley drew his pistol. "By God, I think I'll kill you anyway. You rotten little son of a bitch, to stand there and lie through your teeth on a sad occasion like this." His eyes was bulging with fury, and I judged it would not be long before he couldn't restrain his trigger finger, so I didn't try to make the point that he ought to first shoot Jack McCall, but went away as ordered and kept going without looking back, taking the shortest route out of town.

In the days to come I heard about what happened to Jack McCall, who was tried right away for the cold-blooded murder committed before the eyes of a dozen witnesses, but was found not guilty by a jury of Deadwood miners, a number of who even cheered him on announcing their verdict, and despite all the threats by Wild Bill's friends, the murderer left town with his skin intact.

But before long it was determined that the first trial had been illegal, due to Deadwood's own illegality as a town, being part of an Indian reservation! Which was real ironic, for none of the Americans would of been there, including General Custer, had the treaty forbidding them from the area not been broken when gold was discovered in the Black Hills on land guaranteed to belong to the Sioux unto eternity.

Anyway, a few weeks later Jack McCall was rearrested and retried in Yankton, and they hanged the bastard. Nobody ever knew for sure why he did the deed, and his own explanation was a barefaced lie: He never had a brother for Wild Bill to kill. Probably he was hired by people who was afraid Wild Bill Hickok would bring law to unlawful Deadwood—there's another example of how reality can be at odds with what's supposed to be.

CAN'T KILL ROCK

(continued from page 118)

most without anybody's permission. The industry thinks this is illegal. Some artists agree, others (Pearl Jam's Stone Gossard, for instance) don't. In an effort to join them before being beaten, the industry and the executives of the five major labels said they will work with tech companies to prepare a standard for delivery of music over the Internet by the end of this year.

But if Keith Richards is right, will it matter if the record companies become extinct? If the labels can declare artists expendable, regardless of talent, why shouldn't the public be able to declare the labels expendable, regardless of how music has been circulated for the past century? The fact is, the most passionate musicmakers have operated in ways business can barely detect. Rap acts and rock bands alike are born on the street, folksingers still have their network of clubs and coffeehouses, and best of all, this music circulates on mix tapes as often as on official record and tape releases. In entire cultures of music—rap, techno and just about every kind of hard-core dance music—the deejays who play the records are more important than the musicians and singers who make them. Who needs a concert pro-

moter if you're staging a rave for 5000 people—probably a bigger audience than Buddy Holly ever saw in his life—somewhere off in the woods? CDs sound just as good if they're made in somebody's basement or garage and pressed for a company whose headquarters is an apartment house in Philadelphia, not a skyscraper in Manhattan.

In short, there's going to be music. There was music for millennia before there were record companies. Musicians will find a way to get paid. They always have, back to the troubadours. Given current record company economics, musicmakers might be paid better in a world without the business.

If what you want is music, there is great stuff out there in every style, from jazz to heavy metal. Some of it is old, but an amazing amount of it is new and exciting. To find it, you have to want something other than a little noise to accompany you while you're stuck in traffic, and you have to do a little work. Finding it requires some of the grit and rebellion that said rock and roll would never die.

If you're not willing to go that far, it's OK. The record business is the business of instant gratification. It'll have a new version of the Spice Girls any day now.



"When I took out the loan, I sincerely believed I'd hit the lottery before it came due."



Starr provided the black powder and defined the targets. He did this with no legal authority.

investigations were uncalled for.

The biggest trials (e.g., Reagan's secretary of labor Raymond Donovan, Reagan's longtime advisor Lyn Nofziger and White House aides Oliver North and John Poindexter) resulted in acquittals or were reversed on appeal. The premise of the law as a tool for removing corruption in high places (the type of conduct that occurred during Watergate) is not well-founded.

The federal offenses that are consuming millions of dollars and endless years of effort to prosecute are more often than not petty, small-time stuff. They're far removed from the serious abuses of power in high places that prompted the law. For example, independent counsels have investigated cocaine use (Carter aide Jordan and campaign manager Tim Kraft), lobbying after leaving office (Reagan aides Michael Deaver and Nofziger), lying—not under oath—to Congress (Iran-contra targets North, Poindexter and Elliott Abrams), failure to file an income tax return (Reagan Justice Department official Lawrence Wallace), misuse of presidential candidate Clinton's passport files (Bush's State Department and White House staff), firing White House travel office employees and misuse of FBI files (Clinton White House aides), accepting sports tickets, luggage and a crystal bowl from long-time friends subject to regulation by his department (Clinton agriculture secretary Mike Espy) and making a false statement to the FBI about a mistress (Clinton HUD secretary Henry Cisneros).

One experienced Watergate prosecutor told me that, given enough time and money, any overzealous federal prosecutor could indict anyone, because sooner or later that person would either violate one of the myriad federal laws or make a mistake during the course of the investigation. Unlimited time and resources to

pursue a target have thus become standard operating procedure under the IC law. This, of course, is how the government investigates the Mob, gangs and drug dealers. Independent counsels often hire career prosecutors experienced in pursuing tough criminals to go after their targets, and they can employ every investigative tactic except wiretapping (though, as Monica Lewinsky learned, there are ways around that problem).

The media (except for *The Washington Post*, of course) that missed the story of Nixon's dirty deeds during the early days of Watergate appear determined never again to give the benefit of the doubt to any Washington official. Many in the media now assume an official is probably guilty of whatever wrongdoing with which he is charged. Those in government must, in effect, prove their innocence. The IC law has worked well for Congress in this atmosphere.

Independent counsel investigations, rather than the inciting conduct, often lead to the most-serious criminal charges, such as perjury before a grand jury or obstruction of justice. When Agriculture Secretary Mike Espy learned he may have violated a law by accepting gifts from friends, he sent letters explaining his mistake and reimbursed his friends or returned the gifts. The IC charged him with mail fraud.

When reporting the closing arguments against Espy, *The New York Times* noted the trial had been "not only about Mr. Espy but also about the wisdom and effectiveness of the law that allows for the appointment of independent counsels to investigate accusations of wrongdoing by senior administration officials." In the coming months Congress will focus on this law, and two counsels will attract the most attention: Donald Smaltz (who went to trial and lost against Mike Espy) and Kenneth Starr.

Donald Smaltz (the first and, to date, only independent counsel with a Web site: oic.gov) argues for the continuation of the law, but with amendments. As is evident from the many recent bar association and law school conferences on this law, Smaltz' activities as an IC are a case study on what has gone wrong with this law. He spent \$20 million to prosecute alleged improprieties relating to \$35,000 worth of gifts. (Espy estimates the value to be far less.) Espy received these gifts from longtime friends over an extended period of time and did nothing of an official nature in return. If Smaltz did not shoot himself in the foot when he filed this case, he certainly did when he concluded it. After Espy's acquittal, Smaltz said that "the actual indictment of a public official may in fact be as great a deterrent as a conviction." That is a frightening statement, which one Espy lawyer called Kafkaesque. But it's not as frightening as Starr's activities.

Without question the Starr investigation of Clinton and Lewinsky makes the most compelling case for ending the independent counsel law. Not because Starr may have proceeded without authority in commencing the investigation of Lewinsky, nor because he ignored Justice Department regulations in calling Monica's mother. Not because he pushed the law against the wishes of the Justice and Treasury Departments and forced Secret Service agents to testify about the president. And not even because he may have leaked secret grand jury information to hurt the targets of his investigation. What Starr has done is far more dangerous.

Rather than merely conducting an overly aggressive criminal investigation, he has rewritten the IC law and established a precedent that may affect our government's stability. By building a case for impeachment in the secrecy of a grand jury and by using his powers to gather evidence to overturn a national election, he has made himself an impeachment counsel. That is Kafkaesque.

Starr has been around Washington long enough to know the House Judiciary Committee isn't very good at investigating (and I speak as a former chief



minority counsel of that committee)—so he did it for them. Starr also knew that the House would find his impeachment work irresistible. He, in effect, assembled the munitions for a little legislative coup, a putsch by a group of right-wing Republican ideologues hell-bent on imposing their will on a nation that has rejected them at the polls. Starr provided the black powder and defined the targets for the most powerful political weapon in the constitutional arsenal: the impeachment process. He did this with no legal authority.

There is nothing in the independent counsel law that authorizes a counsel to become an investigator or advocate for impeachment. That is why Sam Dash, Starr's ethics advisor, a Georgetown law professor and Senate Watergate Committee chief counsel, resigned. The law merely instructs the independent counsel to "advise the House of Representatives of any substantial and credible information which such independent counsel receives, in carrying out the independent counsel's responsibilities under this chapter, that may constitute grounds for an impeachment." The law does not authorize an IC to investigate for impeachable offenses, and he is instructed to report only what he receives in carrying out his responsibilities under the law.

Even though the Constitution is quite clear (Article I, Section 2: "The House of Representatives . . . shall have the sole power of impeachment"), the partisan House ignored its responsibility and welcomed Starr's referral (you won't find anything about "referrals" in the law, either) of alleged impeachable offenses by President Clinton. The House Judiciary Committee used Starr's information as if he were an impeachment investigator for the House of Representatives. This is a remarkable relinquishment of responsibility. It may even be a delegation of authority to every IC to look for impeachable offenses.

Even if there were no other problems with the IC law, this new interpretation alone would justify killing it.

How long will it take for another of the currently active counsels digging near the White House to expand his or her investigation and send another impeachment referral to the pliant House of Representatives?

Since 1870, when the Department of Justice was established, it has done quite well at prosecuting misconduct by high government officials. The IC law wasn't around when Watergate was resolved. If the 106th Congress cannot agree to let this law expire by bipartisan agreement, then the Democrats must filibuster it to death, as the Republicans did in 1992.

Please, Congress, let the IC law R.I.P.



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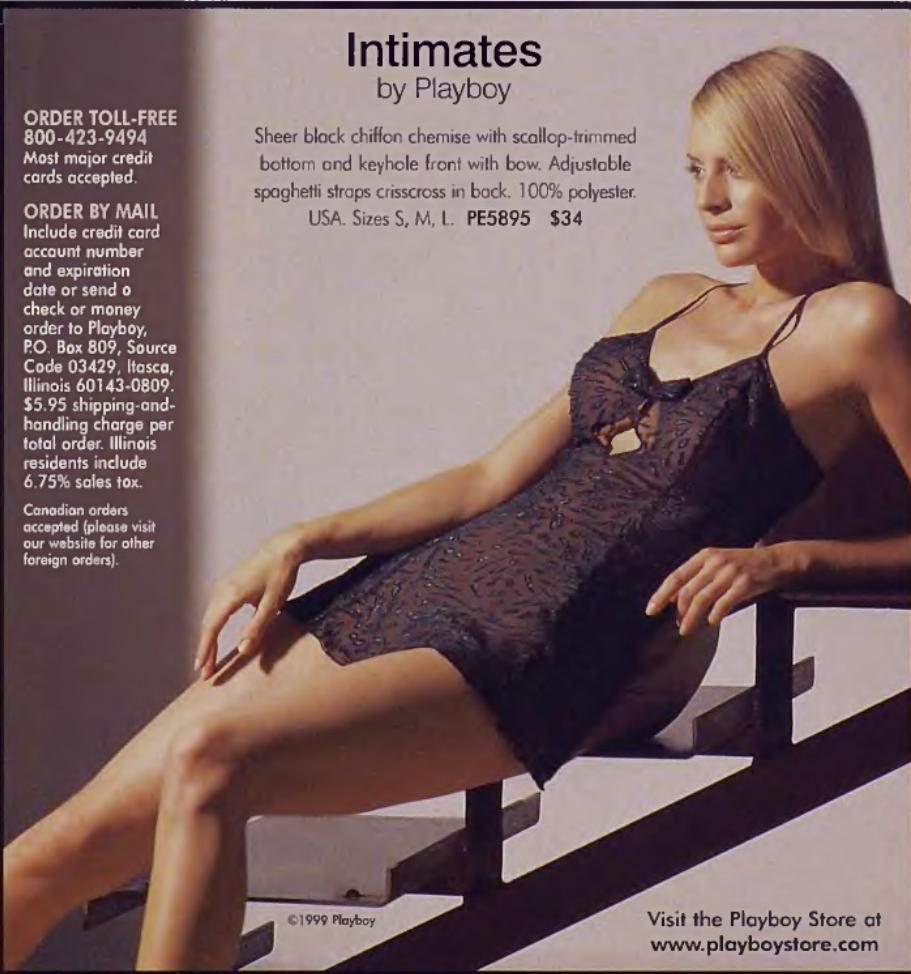
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Ian Paisley is a demagogue and uses the language of demagoguery to demonize people.

shoulder I could see the Orangemen marching. It was 8:30 on a Saturday morning. I felt sad for them. I felt sad for the futility and silliness.

15

PLAYBOY: Three children were burned to death as a result of these marches. And it was another of your antagonists, Ian Paisley of the Orange order, who may have incited the men who did it. Do you blame him?

ADAMS: I sat with Paisley in the Forum during the peace negotiations. It was the first time that I had actually watched him or that I was part of a debate with him. My overall sense of him was sadness, that a faction of our people could be so twisted by a racist agenda. Ian Paisley is a demagogue and uses the language of demagoguery to demonize people. He talks about the pope, who he says is the Antichrist. He whips people

up. He engages in this type of exhibitionism and demagoguery. And at the end of the spectrum of hate is someone who kills three wee boys.

16

PLAYBOY: Do you blame Paisley for the deaths?

ADAMS: I don't want to apportion blame or responsibility. I think that all factions of our people have suffered enough; no one has had a monopoly. But over the past 20 years there have been specific incidents of violence, and you have to cite him as the cause. Ian Paisley is symptomatic of the type of state and of the type of political conditions which exist in this part of Ireland. Granted, he's an extreme manifestation of it, but, remember, a lot of people support Paisley. He received his doctorate in divinity from the States—from Bob Jones University in South Carolina.



"Now, Officer Kilmer, I'm going to throw a lot of shit at you and I don't want you to take it personally."

17

PLAYBOY: Bob Jones made no secret of his racism. Is it a racist dispute or a political dispute?

ADAMS: The difference is one of political allegiance. I mean, you can't tell a Protestant from a Catholic. Unionism is a political ideology, it upholds the union with England as far as it upholds the privileged way of life for those loyal to Britain here. And without British support, it would not exist.

18

PLAYBOY: You seem to be forgiving them. Is that a fair assessment?

ADAMS: An interesting thing is that the Irish flag stands for peace and equality and independence between the Orange [Unionists] and the Green [Irish]. The white stripe in the middle represents unity between them. I think we have a long way to go. And I won't be satisfied until we have peace, freedom and Irish unity.

19

PLAYBOY: You have become an international celebrity in the process. A recent article in *The New York Times*, by Maureen Dowd, describes your sudden celebrity. You are now, she says, radical chic: wearing Armani suits, with women hanging all over you. Is it true, as she says, that Bianca Jagger is one of your groupies?

ADAMS: [Laughs] No! Absolutely not. I don't own an Armani suit. And I met Bianca Jagger once when she was here traveling with Senator Robert Torricelli. I haven't talked to Maureen yet, so it wouldn't be fair to be critical, but none of that is true.

20

PLAYBOY: Irish humor is celebrated for its instructive insights. Do you have a joke that can lead to peace?

ADAMS: There is a joke I tell often that in some way sums it up. There is a little old Irish lady standing on a corner in one of the projects in Belfast. There is a group of British soldiers standing in the street looking at maps. The street signs have all been torn down by the Irish to make it difficult to find the way. A British officer walks over to the old woman and says, "Madam, can you tell me where this road goes?" And she says, "I've lived here all my life, and I've never seen it go anywhere." And the officer says, "Madam, you are a stupid Irishman." And the old lady says, "Maybe so, but I'm not the one who is lost here." It is something of a metaphor for the British in Ireland. They got lost here. They couldn't find their way out. Now maybe they can and just go home.



PLAYMATE NEWS



MONSTER BASH

Take the best costume party you've ever attended, add dozens of Playmates, a gang of celebrities, decorations worthy of Dream Works and, of course, Hef, and you have an idea of what went down in



What angelic devils. That's Miss January 1996 Victoria Fuller with Hef (above) and PMOY 1990 Renée Tenison (left) with her sister Rasie. Inset, above right: Miss December 1958 Joyce Nizzari.

Holmby Hills this past Halloween. It was the first goblin and ghoul gala that Hef has tossed in 18 years. Highlights included Misses December 1998 Erica, Jaclyn and Nicole Dahm as identical Wonder Women; Victoria Fuller, Miss January 1996, as a latex-clad she-devil; and Miss July 1998 Lisa Dergan, cruising around on roller skates in a pink gingham dress. Ce-

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS — MARCH

- March 10: Miss November 1981 (and PMOY 1982) Shannon Tweed
- March 12: Miss March 1957 Sandra Edwards
- March 20: Miss July 1962 Unne Terjesen
- March 21: Miss September 1991 Samantha Dorman
- March 25: Miss December 1974 Janice Raymond

lebrity guests who rose to the occasion included Shannen Doherty in gothic garb, Rebecca Romijn-Stamos and her husband John Stamos as an angel and devil, and Steve Martin as a



Miss March 1954 Dolores Del Mante on the Dahm triplets: "They're the newest Playmates and I'm the most vintage one."

nerd. Hef, who was accompanied by Brande Roderick and twins Sandy and Mandy Bentley, showed his romantic side in a black-and-white-striped getup. He wasn't just a jailbird—he was a prisoner of love, complete with a red heart and a chain on

20 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

The March 1979 issue featured nonfiction by Alex Haley, fiction by Harlan Ellison and *The Playboy Report on American Men*. But Playmate Denise McConnell held her own with the boys. Denise was born in Germany and started in the private-eye business as a secretary. She quickly moved up the ranks to become a gun-toting private investigator. "It's an advantage being a female in this business," Denise told us at the time. "If I want to talk to someone, especially a man, it's easy to get his attention."

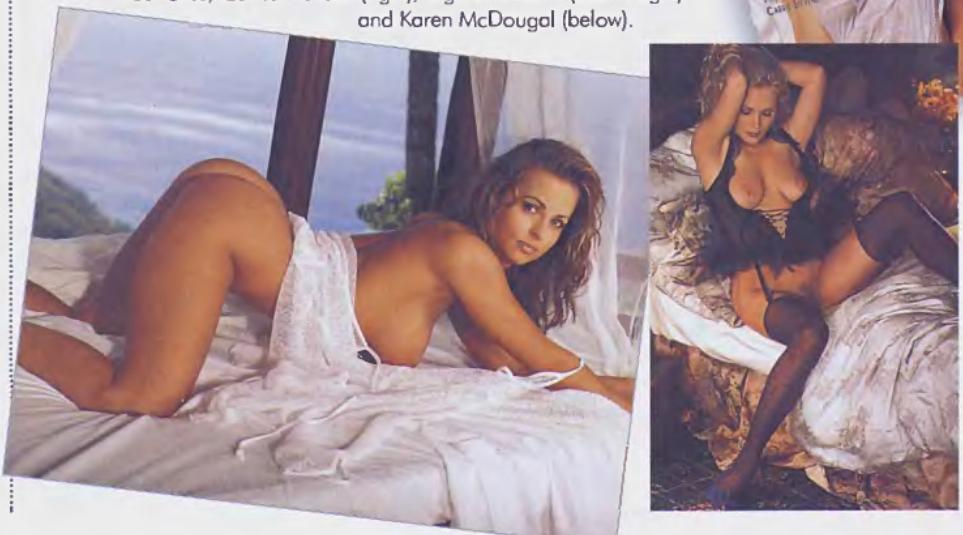


Denise McConnell

his ankle. "There were so many great costumes," said Erica Dahm. "There were eight other Wonder Women there, which was funny. It was the kind of party nobody wanted to leave. The last guests left at 6:45 A.M. The butlers had to drag them out."

BETWEEN THE SHEETS

Getting intimate with the Playmates just got easier, thanks to *Playmates in Bed* (Playboy Press). The 96-page Newsstand Special, on sale now, takes you under the covers with 28 Centerfolds, including Kona Cormack, Kalin Olson, Karin Taylor, Jami Ferrell, Samantha Torres, Gillian Bonner, Layla Roberts, Lisa Marie Scott, Stacy Sanches, Carrie Stevens (right), Inga Drazdava (below right) and Karen McDougal (below).



My
Favorite Playmate
By Adam
Carolla



Miss December 1981 Patricia Farinelli is one of my favorites. Most guys, I think, would pick the Playmates they remember from when they were in their most vulnerable states. It's in high school, that sweet zone, when you get crushes on Playmates. When I look at magazines from back when I was in high school, I'm transported to tenth grade. What attracted me to Patti was that she was busty. Also, I'm Italian and she's Italian, so I thought of her as a *pae-san*. I guess you could say I came for the boobs and stayed for the heritage.



BOTTOMS UP

It seems as though everything Jaime Bergman touches becomes a collector's item. First there was the 45th Anniversary issue of *PLAYBOY*, in which she was chosen out of thousands to become Miss January 1999.

And now there's the 1999 St. Pauli Girl poster that features Jaime as an authentic German barmaid. "Jaime's resemblance to the original St. Pauli Girl made her the obvious choice," the brand's publicists said. There are only 500,000 copies of the free poster available, so hurry to your nearest St. Pauli Girl retailer. To see previous posters, visit www.stpauligirl.com.



FAN MAIL

Dear *Playmate News*:

Dorothy Mays' *Playmate* story (July 1979) mentioned that she cut hair for a living. Graduation was coming and I needed a haircut, so I called Dorothy's shop for an appointment. At the shop, everyone went wild over the T-shirt I wore, which said **MISS JULY GAVE ME A HAIRCUT!** Dorothy shared with me the



PLAYMATE NEWS

adventures that went with her *Playmate* status. I invited her to my graduation ceremony but never thought she would come. But there was Miss July, at the Friends School of Baltimore's commencement ceremony. Eighteen years after graduation, I am still asked, "How is Miss July?"

Scott Loane
Baltimore, MD

QUOTE UNQUOTE

What went on behind the scenes of this issue's *Kiss* pictorial? We asked Miss December 1989 Petra Verkaik (her new Web site address is petra-central.com) for the dirt.

Q: Were you excited to dress as Gene Simmons?

A: I was until I saw myself in his makeup. His character, the Demon, is just plain ugly. I looked in the mirror and screamed.

Q: Was Gene flashing his tongue all over the place?



A: Gene is a cross between a sex-crazed dog and a complete gentleman, if you can imagine that. I caught him staring at me, and he started barking: "Arf! Arf!" It was amazing how he could twist his tongue around.

Q: Have you ever been to a *Kiss* concert?

A: The band members were oohing, aahing, barking and humming at my photo shoot. Does that count?

Q: What was your first rock concert?

A: The Grateful Dead.

Q: Have you ever dated a rock star?

A: Yes. Well, at least he promised he would be a rock star as soon as he got his record deal.

Q: Are you a good kisser?

A: Kissing is a sensual part of getting to know someone. It's especially erotic when you're making love. I've been complimented on my kissing, so I guess I can say yes.

Q: What's your cocktail of choice?

A: I've been craving bloody marys lately.

Q: What's your idea of the perfect bedroom music?

A: Tchaikovsky. It keeps me relaxed. I save rock and funk for when I'm in a party mood.

Q: Have you ever videotaped yourself having sex?

A: Not yet. It's an intriguing thought, but scary after the Pamela and Tommy disaster!

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Looking for a great coffee-table tome? Try *The Book of Twins* (Delacorte), which features a portrait of 1990 PMOY Reneé Tenison and her sister Rosie. . . .

Next time you go to a club, don't be surprised if you hear Nadine Chanz' voice over the speakers. She's a vocalist in the band Body Talk, whose new CD is called *Princess of the Night*. . . . Here's a toast to Carrie Stevens, Elisa Bridges, Morena Corwin, Lisa Dergan, Kalin Olson, Holly Joan Hart, Heather Kozar, Stacy Sanchez and Nikki Schieler, the lucky ladies who were chosen to pose with Hef for a Captain Morgan Spiced Rum ad. . . . Devin



Princess Nadine

De Vasquez' recent birthday party was no modern affair. Devin and her guests flashed back to the Sixties, complete with hippie costumes and an Elvis impersonator. . . . Heather Kozar

and Layla Roberts know how to talk trash. The two appear in the *E Lingerie Special* on behalf of Los Angeles' best underwear store, Trashy Lingerie. . . . Julia

Devin De Vasquez

Schultz has done it again. On the heels of her first national commercial (for Starburst), Julia has landed another one. This time Miss February 1998 touts Tostitos tortilla chips. . . . The photo below is not a mirage. It's Elke Jeinsen, who hung out with David Copperfield after one of his recent performances in Las Vegas. A

plea to David: Please don't make Elke disappear.



Elke and David

Everyone told me what to expect. No one, however, could predict my experience.

oxygen-carrying capacity of my muscles, I added one high-intensity, hilly ride each week, two when possible. A perfect week of training consisted of two longer, easier rides and two shorter steep hills. I also started to focus on pacing myself. Now that I was logging more than 30 miles a ride, I had to counter my natural impulse to attack a hill, rip down a straightaway and get to the end as quickly as possible. To avoid burning out within two hours, I bought an odometer and discovered that 12 to 14 miles per hour was a comfortable and sensible pace. I also added a few cross-training sessions to build secondary muscles.

Another reason to train for your chosen sport: You quickly learn what hurts and have time to compensate for it. As I discovered, riding strains the lower back, the triceps and shoulders. To strengthen these muscles, I devoted about two hours each week to weight training.

Month four. In the last weeks of training, experts say you should be hitting 60 to 75 percent of your ultimate daily distance. But 40 to 50 hilly miles were causing my legs to cramp and my ankles to swell. Furthermore, I was anxious about having to double that distance on day one of the actual ride. So I started downing creatine and glucosamine, two amino acids that are said to speed muscle recovery. Creatine reportedly increases the force of muscular contraction as well as the rate of recovery, enabling your pecs, quads and abs to do more and hurt less. You have to spend a week "loading" (i.e., swallowing 20 grams a day for six days to saturate your muscles) before dropping down to a daily, two-gram maintenance dose. The powder I took had virtually no taste, just a gritty, sandy texture that never quite dissolved in juice. By day four, I knew my relationship with creatine was to be short-lived. The stuff slipped through my system and wreaked havoc on my digestion. (I have a sensitive stomach.) Another person might have a different experience with this trendy power booster.

Glucosamine has been shown to relieve swelling and speed the recovery of the cartilage that cushions joints. You swallow 1500 milligrams every day, and supposedly in one to three months, your joints feel better. Digesting it was no problem, but my ankles continued to swell and throb.

In the end, Advil became my drug of choice: It blocked minor pain and cost a lot less. I also popped vitamins C and E daily to absorb the additional free radicals the body spawns during exercise.

ENDURANCE EATING

Food takes on a new meaning during stamina training; it's less about flavor and more about fuel. Working out to the extreme four or five times a week meant I needed high octane. So I adjusted my diet to ensure I was getting 60 percent complex carbohydrates, 20 percent protein and 20 percent fat (the good kind, from nuts and vegetables, rather than the artery-clogging saturated variety). I also learned that there's a prescribed order when eating for maximum power: carbs and protein early in the day, fats later. The perfect breakfast is egg whites, cereal and skim milk, bread with peanut butter, and bananas. This gives the body immediate energy and some to store. The same formula applies to lunch. Dinner is the optimal time to ingest fat. You're finished training for the day, so the muscles aren't in play and more blood can be sent to the stomach to help digestion. I saw this theory in practice during one 40-mile outing after I'd downed a cheese sandwich for lunch. It sat like lead in my stomach and made me sluggish on the bike.

I don't like the taste of Gatorade, but energy drinks do replenish salt and potassium. So I alternated one bottle of Gatorade with one bottle of water.

THE RIDE

I spent four months training, and everyone told me what to expect. No one, however, could predict my experi-

ence. Even though the first day was the longest (ten hours, 97 miles), and hilliest, I was surprised at how my adrenaline kept pumping, my mind stayed focused and my bike chewed the pavement. The only problem occurred during the night, when I inexplicably found myself peeing every hour. I wondered if it was the constant jostling of my kidneys and bladder or something messing with my prostate.

Day two slapped me around and brought me close to tears. My legs and calves knotted and sharp pains stabbed at every muscle, from my toes (who knew there is a big muscle on the tops of your feet?) up into my hands and along my triceps. My lower back was hobbled—I stooped when I dismounted the bike. My penis went numb (no pins and needles, even). Ditto my brain.

By day three I was miraculously back in the groove. My muscles actually felt better when they were in motion than when they were still. Walking, however, especially down stairs, made me scream.

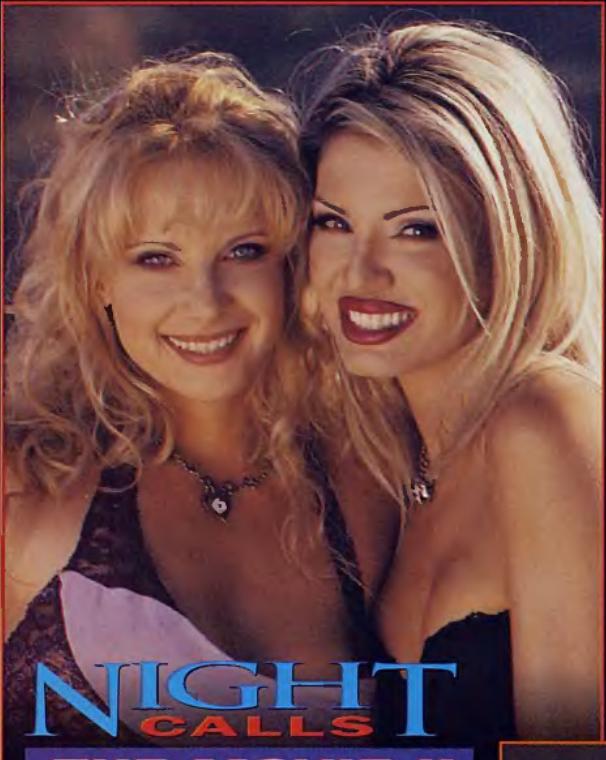
EPILOG

I made it. As did the 60-year-old gray-haired woman who pinned photos of her friends who had died of AIDS to her bike, the overweight guy with varicose veins and the skinny dude with HIV who's been on protease inhibitors for a year. On the final day, when I was struggling toward the finish line, he sped up to me on the left. "Bend down," he screamed encouragingly. "To break the wind." I obeyed, got control and watched as he zoomed ahead. That was one hell of a good surprise.



"Since our date ended so abruptly, what with the icy patch and the bridge abutment, I was wondering if you'd mind finishing that blow job now?"

PLAYBOY ORIGINAL MOVIE



NIGHT CALLS THE MOVIE II

PREMIERES FEBRUARY 20

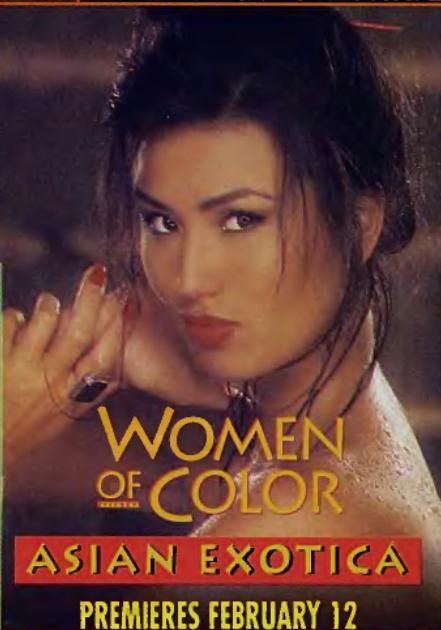
PLAYBOY ORIGINAL



PLAYBOY'S GEN-X GIRLS

PREMIERES FEBRUARY 26

PLAYBOY ORIGINAL



WOMEN OF COLOR ASIAN EXOTICA

PREMIERES FEBRUARY 12

ADULT MOVIES



CASHMERE



MY SECRET Diary

erotic entertainment at its best

PLAYMATE HOSTS



Stacy Fusion
Miss February



Alexandria Karlsen
Miss March

more
than
you
ever
imagined...

With Playboy TV, the season of love will truly make your heart flutter. In the adult movie *My Secret Diary*, the seductive wife of a renowned surgeon leads a daring double life as a high-priced hooker at a Beverly Hills brothel. Then, extra cute, extra sexy and extra vivacious Gen-Xers paint the town red in *Playboy's GEN-X Girls*. Next, leave your inhibitions behind when mysterious and alluring beauties from the Far East play out their deepest desires in the Playboy Original, *Women of Color: Asian Exotica*. And in the adult movie *Cashmere*, the tight-sweatered lead singer of a sensational Sixties band soothes one lonely man's heart. Finally, a mountain retreat and its sexy locals provide the erotic backdrop for Juli Ashton and Doria in the Playboy Original Movie *Night Calls: The Movie II*. Celebrate Valentine's Day all month long with Playboy TV 24 hours a day!



PLAYBOY TV

Visit our website:

www.playboy.com/entertainment

Playboy TV is available from your local cable television operator or home satellite, DIRECTV, PRIMESTAR, or DISH Network dealer.

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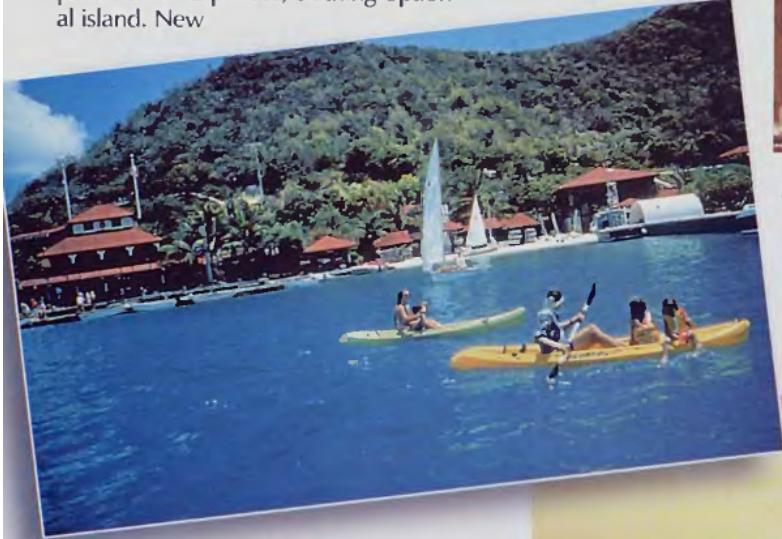
PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

—NEW YEAR'S EVE 1999: PLAN B—

New Year's Eve 1999 will be a spectacular time for parties and a dreadful time for making reservations. Because major hotels worldwide are already booked for the big night, use Plan B and consider resort getaway packages with one price that covers accommodations (and in some cases, meals and multiple nights of fun). Since this is the only millennial blowout we'll see, let's think high end. Virgin Gorda's Bitter End Yacht Club in the Caribbean still has openings for a nine-night package that's \$10,800 for double occupancy. Long Bay Beach Resort's ten-night bash on Tortola is a comparative bargain at \$4499 per person. At Couples, Jamaica's all-inclusive resort for adults, the seven-night party costs \$5000 for a twosome, including transportation to its private, clothing-option island. New



Go for broke at Virgin Gorda's Bitter End Yacht Club (above). The nine-night package for New Year's Eve 1999 includes a millennial gala, plus sailing, windsurfing and the use of watercraft for uninhabited-island hopping. That way, you and a friend can greet the year 2000 in your birthday suits (right).

Year's Eve in Rio is always over the top, but the Reveillon 2000 festival promises to go way over. A seven-night stay at the Copacabana Palace on the beach begins at \$4200 per room. New York's Rihga Royal hotel beats that with a \$10,000 per couple package that includes the penthouse suite, breakfast in bed and more. At Philadelphia's Park Hyatt, a three-day fete, including a Night in Vienna feast, is about \$2000 per couple. Two nights in a suite at New Orleans' Windsor Court Hotel costs \$2000 per couple. Another Big Easy hotel, Le Meridien, offers a \$5000 per couple Mardi



Above: The Venice-Simplon Orient Express' bar car will be rocking this December as revelers traveling from Paris stop off in Venice for New Year's Eve hoopla before rolling on to Portofino in grand style.

Gras Extravaganza that lasts three nights. The Venice-Simplon Orient Express (above) departs from Paris for a six-day journey to Venice and Portofino for \$16,500 per person. Finally, the superluxury Silversea line offers 15- and 16-day sailings from Tahiti to New Zealand, and from Australia to Tahiti aboard its sister ships, the *Silver Cloud* and the *Silver Wind*. The ships will link up on Fiji and then sail across the international date line to celebrate the millennium again. Cruise prices start at \$30,195 per person.

—SUSAN JONES



GRAPEVINE



It's Only Rock But We Like It

CHRIS ROCK is HBO's edgy comic hit man, which makes him a natural to play one in Neil Labute's next movie, *Nurse Betty*. Add a producer's credit for *The Hughleys* to Rock's creative concoctions, then mix in some charm and watch him stir it up.

© PETER KRAMER/GALELLA LTD.



Patti Suits Her T

PATTI O'DONNELL is a Hooters calendar girl, has modeled swimsuits on the E Channel and *Entertainment Tonight* and reigns as a Miss Hawaiian Tropic.



Bernie Unzipped

BERNIE DEE plays one of Joe Mantegna's girlfriends in the MGM/Showtime remake of the boxing classic *Body and Soul*. Ray "Boom Boom" Mancini provides the punches, but Bernie provokes whistles.



Here Comes the Judge

You can check out JULIE STRAIN on Playboy TV's *Sex Court* ("where it pays to be guilty") or on-screen in *Some Nudity Required*—which is our motto.



© JOHN SWERD/RETNA LTD.

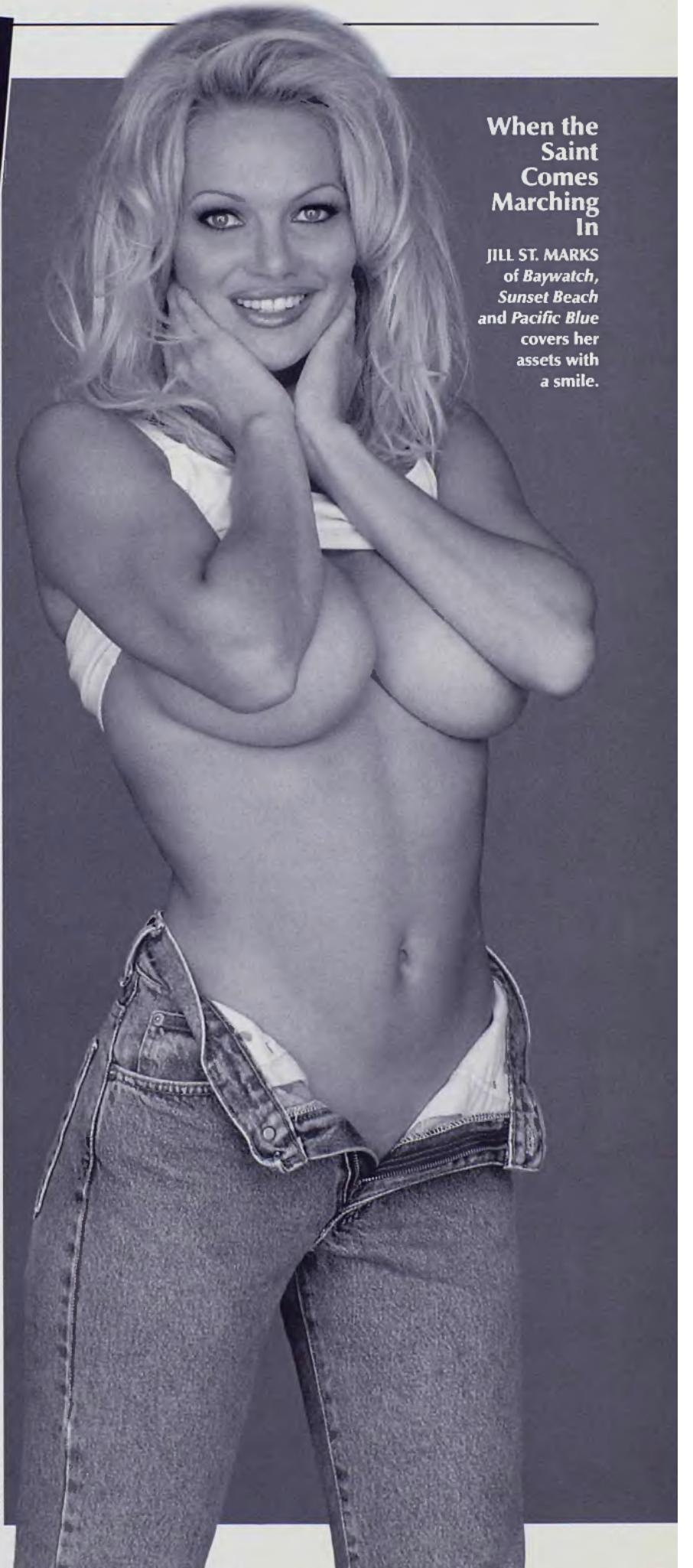
The Dress Fools No One

LELA ROCHON is on a streak. She fell in love in *Why Do Fools Fall in Love*. She exhaled in *Waiting to Exhale*. She went for action with Jean-Claude Van Damme. And she knew this dress would work.



Hold That Pose

BJÖRK plays a Ginger Rogers type in the forthcoming Swedish movie *Dancer in the Dark*. But she sings her own tunes.



When the Saint Comes Marching In

JILL ST. MARKS of *Baywatch*, *Sunset Beach* and *Pacific Blue* covers her assets with a smile.

© ANDY FRIEDMAN

POTPOURRI

ROCK-AND-ROAD FOOD

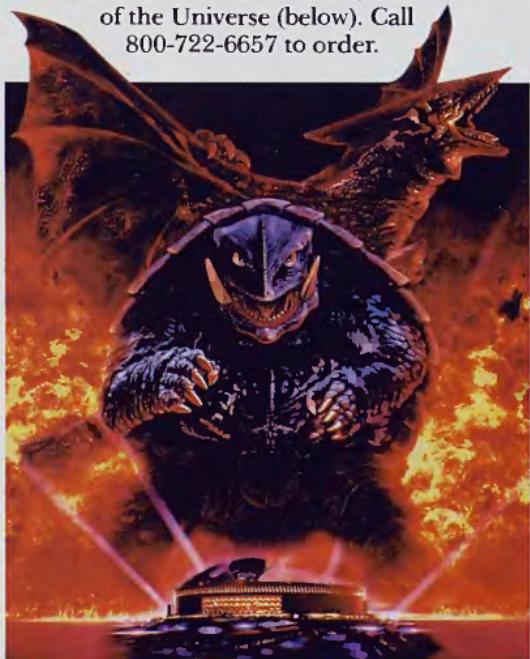
Metallica won't perform without pears and Kleenex in its dressing room, Old Blue Eyes required Campbell's chicken-and-rice soup, and Jimmy Buffett's demands are simple: a case of Coronita beer and two liters of Evian. These are some of the tamer demands related in *Backstage Pass*, "a diary of backstage gossip and official recipes" compiled by Behind the Scenes Inc., a California catering company that has served music stars from Janet Jackson to Yanni. Price: \$18.95. Call 888-439-2665.



JOHN SPALDING

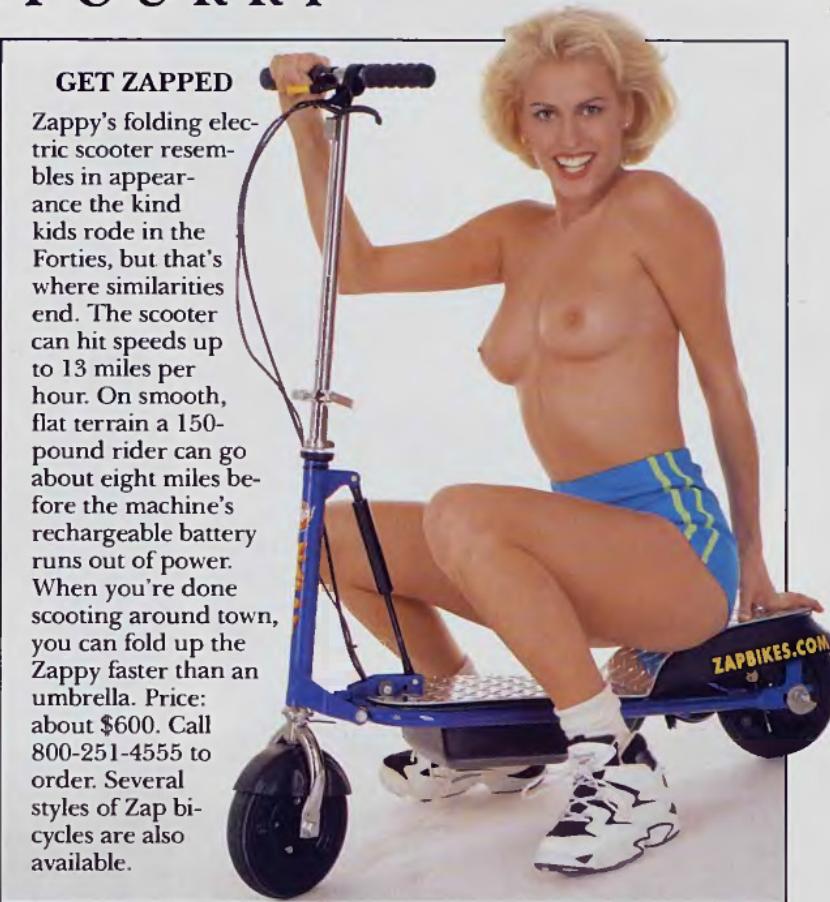
LOVE AND DEATH, ASIAN STYLE

Despite the fact that the Asian movie industry is well represented each year at international film festivals, few Americans know much beyond *Godzilla* and *Jackie Chan*. Chronicle Books fills that void with *Asian Pop Cinema: Bombay to Tokyo* by Lee Server, a \$16.95 paperback that explains the intricacies of Indian love stories, and such movie monsters as *Gamera*, the *Guardian of the Universe* (below). Call 800-722-6657 to order.



GET ZAPPED

Zappy's folding electric scooter resembles in appearance the kind kids rode in the Forties, but that's where similarities end. The scooter can hit speeds up to 13 miles per hour. On smooth, flat terrain a 150-pound rider can go about eight miles before the machine's rechargeable battery runs out of power. When you're done scooting around town, you can fold up the Zappy faster than an umbrella. Price: about \$600. Call 800-251-4555 to order. Several styles of Zap bicycles are also available.



DAN CINE

GENTLEMEN, START YOUR COMPUTERS

"Takes your computer racing to a higher level" is how SLP Performance Parts describes its 64-inch Racing Simulator illustrated here. For \$500, you get the simulator plus a racing seat. Then you add either a Nascar Pro Racing steering wheel and pedals (\$139.95) or a Formula T2 racing wheel and pedals (\$89.95) and your own computer, monitor and keyboard. The racing software that's available from SLP includes Cart Racing (\$30), Soda Off-Road Racing (\$50), Nascar Racing 2 (\$50) and several others. Jeff Gordon, eat your heart out. Call 732-349-2109, extension 35.

A FOOL FOR TOOLS

Harry Abrams' book *Tools: Making Things Around the World* is a \$75 tome that feels as heavy as an anvil. Its 350 pages are devoted to the evolution of "the tools family" as it relates to wood, metal, textiles and more. In it, author Hubert Comte, who holds a doctorate from the Sorbonne, discusses more than 300 implements, including tailor's scissors. Call 800-288-2131 to order a copy.



FOR THE MARTINI HOUR

According to LumiSource, the Suspended Olive Cocktail Table, designed by Chicago artist David Krys, is a tribute to drinks served with an olive. It's 37 inches high and features an adjustable tabletop and a permanent vinyl coaster. Price: \$160. Atop the table is a Rocket Shaker, also by Krys. Price: \$50. Call 888-461-5864.

PLANES, TRAINS AND AUTOMOBILES

If you're flying through Miami and have a few hours to spare, take a ten-minute cab ride from the airport to the Gallery of Transportation at 165 Aragon Avenue in Coral Gables. The store's specialty is fine-art models of locomotives and cars that range in price from about \$1200 for a circa 1930 B&O 060 Switcher to \$25,000 for a Ferrari Type 801 by famed model maker Jeron Quarter. (The World War II German BR 50 pictured here is \$8500). Call 305-529-8599 for more information.

KEEP YOUR GIN UP

Vodka may be the world's best-selling spirit, but gin is fast recruiting new converts. From France, there's a new product, 88 proof Citadelle, that's as smooth as silk hosiery. Plymouth gin has also returned to the States after a two-decade hiatus. The 82.5-proof spirit, which is produced in the oldest gin distillery (it dates back to 1793) and packaged in a replica of one of the company's oldest bottles, is right up there as our liquor of choice when we mix martinis. Both Citadelle and Plymouth are available nationally at \$20 to \$25 a 750 ml bottle.



MARK O'JOHN



JENNIFER'S WILD CARDS

Jennifer Janesko began her career as a fashion illustrator, but now she's famous for her pin-up paintings. Pictured above are three trading cards, which are part of a 72-card Janesko Premiere Pin-Ups set. To obtain it, send \$28 to Janesko Mail Order, P.O. Box 12843, Kansas City, Kansas 66112. A binder to hold the cards is \$24 (if you want one signed by Janesko, the price is \$35).

NEXT MONTH



APRIL'S FINEST



SCHWIMMER'S IN HEAVEN



THE NO-SEX EIGHTIES



GIVE US A BREAK

NICK NOLTE—ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S GREAT BAD BOYS COMES CLEAN ABOUT HIS TROUBLESOME REPUTATION, LIFE IN A MEXICAN BROTHEL, HIS GIFT FOR LYING AND HIS NEW HEALTH KICK—PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **LAWRENCE GROBEL**

MARRIED SEX, AN OXYMORON?—IS ORAL SEX SEX? HOW MANY TIMES A WEEK DO YOU MAKE LOVE? HAVE YOU EVER HAD AN AFFAIR? MARRIED PEOPLE TELL ALL IN OUR GROUNDBREAKING SURVEY

SPRING BREAK PICTORIAL—DON'T WORRY, WE DIDN'T FORGET THE PHOTOS: TEN PAGES OF COLLEGE WOMEN AT PLAY IN CANCUN, PANAMA CITY BEACH, DAYTONA BEACH AND ON SOUTH PADRE ISLAND

DAVID SCHWIMMER—FRIENDS' NEUROTIC BIG BROTHER ON PREMATURE EJACULATION, ACTRESSES HE'D LIKE TO HOOK UP WITH AND THE JOYS OF MAKING \$100,000 A WEEK—20 QUESTIONS BY **ROBERT CRANE**

PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION—BETWEEN HERPES, AIDS AND THE MESE COMMISSION, THE EIGHTIES WERE THE DARK AGE OF THE LIBIDO. PART NINE OF OUR SERIES BY **JAMES R. PETERSEN**

THE FAN MAN RETURNS—HORSE BADORTIES IS BACK AND ON THE LAM. LUCKY HE HAS A GORGEOUS CHICKLET TO RESCUE HIM. FICTION FROM THE AUTHOR OF *THE FAN MAN*, **WILLIAM KOTZWINKLE**

WISH YOU WERE HERE—IT'S THAT TIME OF YEAR. WET T-SHIRT CONTESTS, EXTREME SPORTS, NUDE BEACHES, HOTEL ROOMS, PICK-UP LINES, COCKTAILS, SCANTILY CLAD SHOT GIRLS—THE ESSENTIAL GUIDE TO SPRING BREAK BY **TONY ROMANDO**

LIVING ONLINE—DOWNLOAD MUSIC, USE SEARCH ENGINES TO SHOP, E-MAIL ON THE ROAD, RESEARCH A CITY. YOU CAN DO IT ALL ON THE INTERNET—OUR NEW REGULAR FEATURE BY **MARK FRAUENFELDER** SHOWS YOU HOW AND WHERE TO CLICK

BIG ONES—CHECK OUT THE BIGGEST, BADDEST HEAVY-METAL CRUISERS ON THE ROAD. WE CELEBRATE THE MOTORCYCLE AS CHROME-AND-STEEL ART

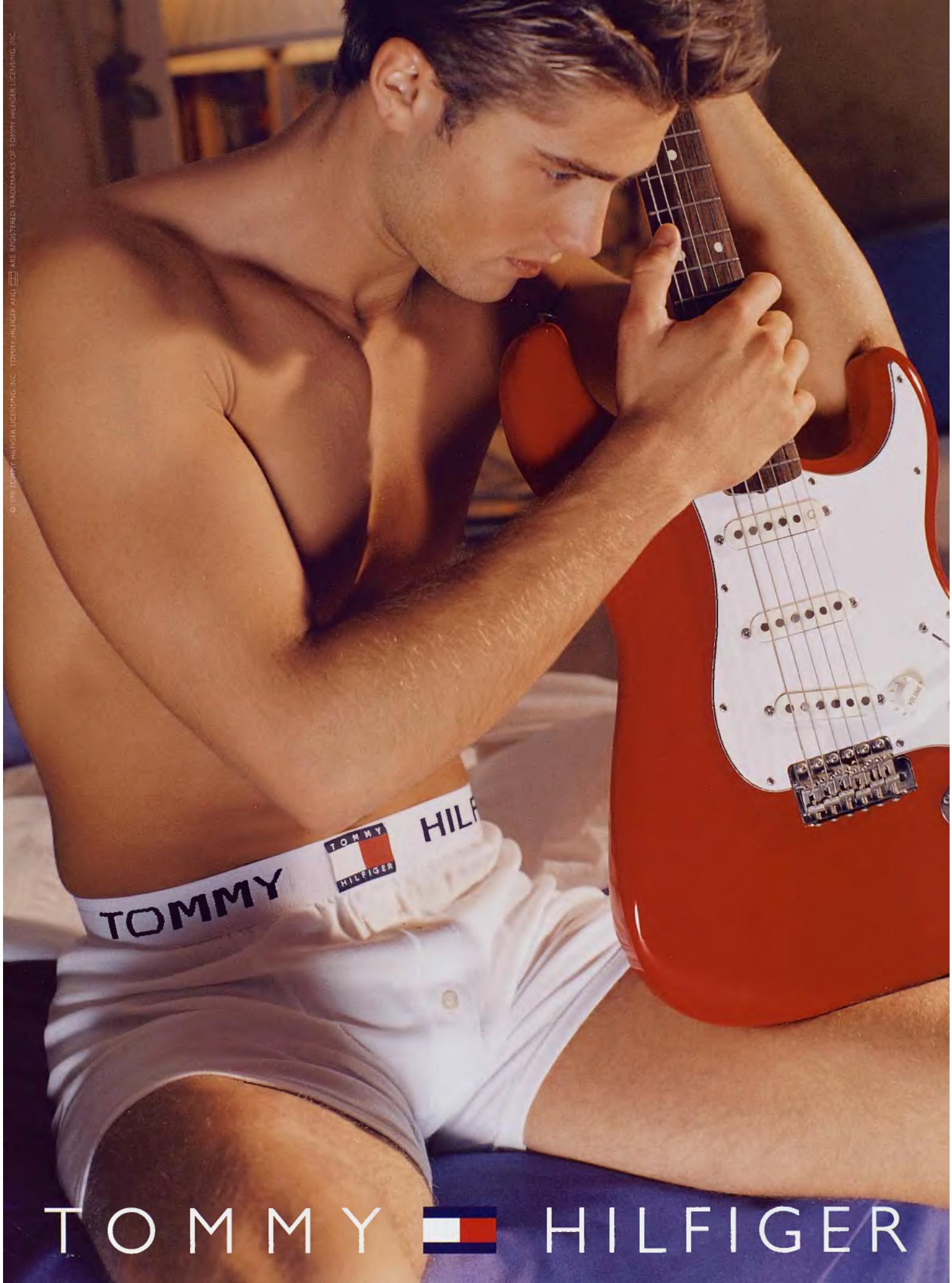
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TOMMY  HILFIGER