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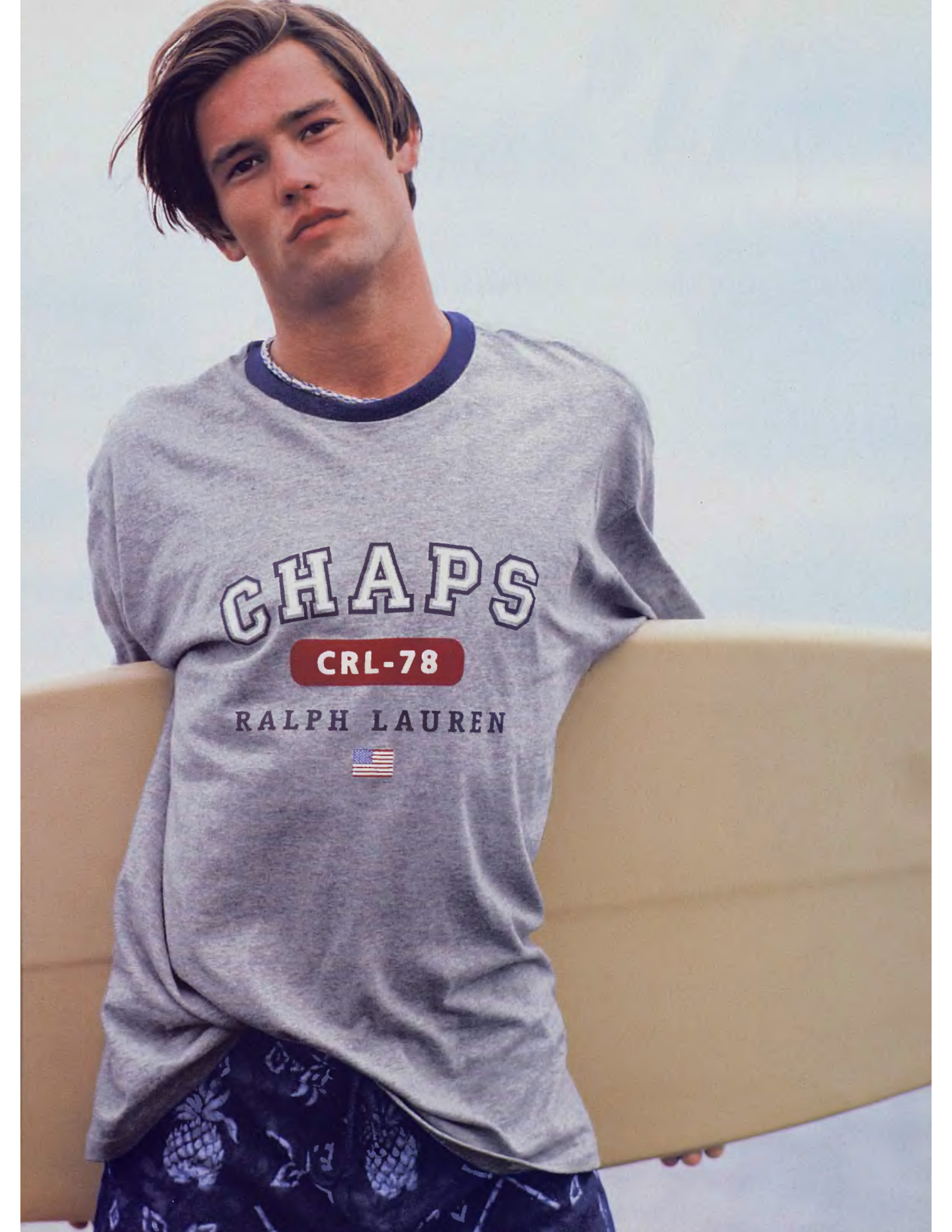
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NOLTE**

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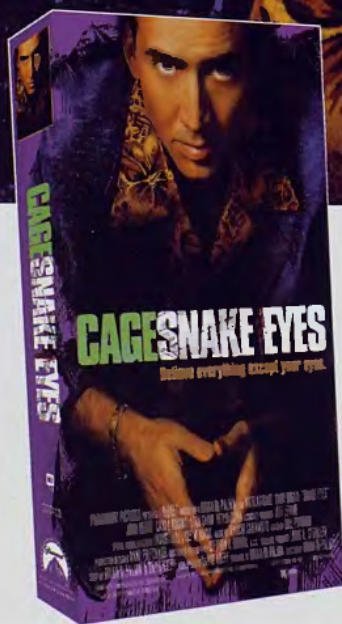


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PLAYBILL

WE'RE WEARING **Sable** this month and we're not keeping her under wraps. As befits the queen of wrestling and a woman who can kick our collective ass, we've given her the cover. Inside you'll find eight pages of the strongest model-turned-wrestler in the WWE, shot by **Army Freytag**. Her pet move is the aptly named Sable bomb. Mix up some Jell-O and prepare to be pinned.

With leonine performances in *The Thin Red Line* and *Affliction*, **Nick Nolte** has reestablished himself as this generation's Robert Mitchum. In an unrehearsed *Playboy Interview* by Contributing Editor **Lawrence Grobel**, Nolte relives how he was sentenced to 45 years in prison for selling fake draft cards and his recovery from professional and personal breakdowns. "It was an enlightening, enriching and healthful Q. and A.," says Grobel about his talk with Hollywood's ex-bad boy. "We ate berries from his garden. He even had me do Pilates in his workout room."

In recent memory, only the great pussy drought of the Fifties outweighs the great repression of the Eighties. In the first era no one talked about sex. In the second there was an overload of information. In the latest chapter of *Playboy's History of the Sexual Revolution* (illustrated by **Tim O'Brien**), Senior Staff Writer **James R. Petersen** connects the wild extremes of the Eighties. There was a new plague (AIDS), new intolerance (the Meese Commission) and new public expression of sexuality (fetishes, MTV). For a snapshot of sexual bliss and blahs today, turn to *Is There (Oral) Sex After Marriage?*—based on an exclusive PLAYBOY survey. Given what Bill Clinton was willing to go through for his desk job, we wondered if other married men also stray for oral sex. You'll find our poll results on the mark and easy to swallow. The accompanying artwork by **Steven Guarnaccia** is equally gratifying.

David Schwimmer is more than just a friend. Some actors would die for his résumé of side gigs. Last year alone he appeared in *Six Days Seven Nights* and *Apt Pupil*, and directed fellow members of the Lookingglass Theater Co. in *Since You've Been Gone*. This month Schwimmer eschews the perks of stardom and meets writer **Robert Crane** for a guys-only *20 Questions* on hair, the unibrow and whether friends can do *Friends*. **Chazz Palminteri** has the background—street fighter, lounge singer, club doorman—of an itinerant stunner, yet he made his major movie debut by writing and starring in *A Bronx Tale*. Now this quintessential Italian is in a flick called *Analyze This*. What gives? He's a complex and passionate man, according to a PLAYBOY profile by **Kevin Cook**. Read it and you'll feel like you're having a late-night espresso with the guy.

No caffeine is necessary for our hot buttered *Spring Break* pictorial. We prowled the sands of Daytona Beach, South Padre Island and Cancún for a lesson in super string-bikini theory. It will give you wanderlust for next season, so check out *Wish You Were Here*, a guide to the hot spots by **Tony Romando**. For a look at the postgraduate PLAYBOY man, you'll want to study our *Spring and Summer Fashion Forecast* by resident killer couturier **Hollis Wayne**. (The pictures are by **Chuck Baker**.)

Way back when, **William Kotzwinkle** wrote a cult classic called *The Fan Man*. Recently this self-described "medieval paranoid" (no phone number, thanks) sent us a short story, *The Fan Man Returns*. Whether you're just meeting the superhero of trash or have been waiting to get reacquainted, you'll want to save him from the recycling bin—particularly after admiring the illustration by **Dave McKean**. Playmate **Natalia Sokolova** is another keeper. A car accident put her in a wheelchair, but she learned to walk again. Now she'll take the legs right out from under you.



GROBEL



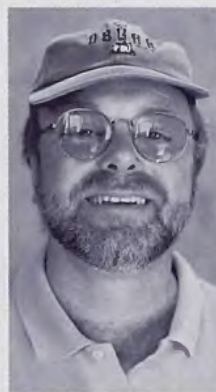
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vol. 46, no. 4—april 1999

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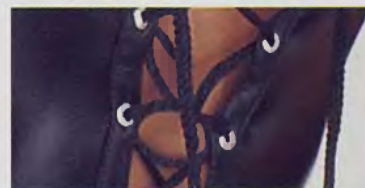
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COVER STORY

The World Wrestling Federation's sexiest wrestling champion, Sable, didn't need her famous finishing move, the Sable bomb ("I flip the opponent through the air and then throw him on his back"), to get our attention. Check inside for the mat action. Our cover was shot by Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag and styled by Lone Coyle-Dunn, with hair and makeup by Alexis Vogel for Fred Segal Agency. Our understandably excited Robbit is a real bodice ripper.



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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

hef sightings, mansion frolics and nightlife notes



HEF HOLDS COURT

Jon Lovitz didn't need to tell any falsehoods to get into the hottest screening room in town. He joined Brande Roderick and Hef at the Mansion for a Jackie Chan action movie. And that's no lie.



CLIMB ON BOARD— THE PARTY'S STARTED

Call it the most famous transport since a streetcar named Desire. The Playmate 2000 Bus made a December stop in Los Angeles during its nationwide tour, and Hef celebrated with a bus bash in Century City. Left and right of him (top) are Mandy Bentley, Brande Roderick, January 1998 Playmate Heather Kozar and Alison Reynolds. Above, Mandy, Hef and Heather break out their dancing shoes.



TRUMP THIS

Lighten up, Donald. You're at PLAYBOY's 45th Anniversary party at a splendid New York nightclub with Playmates Victoria Zdrok and Lisa Dergan. For you, Lisa even took off her Bunny ears.



BOOKEND BLISS

Don't tell Bill Maher (left) that red velvet Bunny ears are politically incorrect. That's Miss May 1998 Deanna Brooks and Miss July 1998 Lisa Dergan keeping Maher in costumed company at a VH-1 party. Never one to be outdone, Jack Nicholson (right) turned up at a Mansion party flanked by three beautiful women, those fabulous December 1998 Playmate triplets, the Dahms—Erica, Jaclyn and Nicole. Some guys have all the fun.



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REALITY BITES

Deepak Chopra's article *One More Reality to Go* (January) shows his flawed thinking. He claims we're all tapped into the nonlocal mind—like those occasions when you think of someone and later hear from that person. But how often does someone come to mind and there's no call? Chopra has found coincidental similarities between quantum physics and Eastern mysticism and calls this science. Recently, he gave a lecture for Breast Cancer Awareness Month in my area. The idea that women may be forsaking medical treatment in favor of meditation and visualization is horrifying. My hope for the new millennium is that there will be an uprising of common sense and critical thinking.

Dale Wilkins
Virginia Beach, Virginia

The completely off-the-wall anecdotal evidence Chopra presents to bolster his superstitions would be laughable were it not for the fact that New Age moonbeamers make loads of money spewing their philosophies to the gullible.

Alex Newsky
Chicago, Illinois

PLAYBOY'S SEXIEST WOMEN

Reading through D. Keith Mano's *Sex Stars of the Century* (January), featuring 18 Playmates and many more stars from PLAYBOY pictorials over the years, I realize just how different this century would have been without the vision and courage of the guy in PJs. Thanks, Hef.

Timothy Fattig
Couch, Missouri

Even though I'm a 20-year-old who doesn't recognize many of the women pictured in *Sex Stars of the Century*, the pictorial is a welcome history lesson. And I used to think history was boring.

Aaron Beuhring
Blacksburg, Virginia

I'm certain you'll receive hundreds of letters regarding your ranking of the top 100 *Sex Stars of the Century*. Some will argue minutiae, others will coo and fawn. I love them all, but I wish you had included Salma Hayek, Linda Fiorentino and Milla Jovovich.

Harry Polgar
Downey, California

I completely agree with your list and ranking of the 100 sexiest women, but if I could extend the number to 105, I would add the following ravishing redheads: Kate Winslet, Cate Blanchett, Nicole Kidman, Angie Everhart and Lolita Davidovich.

Jeff Warshaw
Irvine, California

You gathered an impressive top 100 women, but I would have made room for Jane Seymour.

Russ Cardwell
Summerville, South Carolina

Guys, what happened to Jamie Lee Curtis, Sigourney Weaver, Kathleen Turner, Susan Sarandon, Pam Grier and Tina Turner? I realize the list provokes heated discussion, but I can't believe these ladies didn't make the cut.

James Haggart
Mundelein, Illinois

I love your list, but you left out Daryl Hannah, Carmen Electra and Maureen O'Sullivan.

Charlie Faegle
St. Louis, Missouri

Forty-five awesome years of PLAYBOY magazine! May you have 45 more with dozens and dozens of dazzling blondes, brunettes and redheads.

Alan Gittelson
Miami Beach, Florida

Your list of the most beautiful women is delightful, but you omitted the most

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beautiful Playmate ever, Debra Jo Fondren—and Dian Parkinson, the most beautiful woman who ever lived.

Ralph Peters
Encinitas, California

How could you forget Faye Dunaway?
Brian Stanley
Shorewood, Illinois

BLOW BY BLOW

I'm writing in response to Max Golden's *Dear Playboy* letter (December) in which he claims to have received 2500 blow jobs, of about 20 minutes each, from his wife over the past 17 years. No wonder he protests the fact that Nina Hartley gives her husband a five-minute blow job. Golden has spent 833 hours getting blow jobs. That's a total of 34 days. I can understand why he wants to throw away his Hartley tapes.

Bob McClure
State College, Pennsylvania

A BOND THAT LASTS FOREVER

Raymond Benson has done a fabulous job of bringing James Bond into the Nineties (*Midsummer Night's Doom*, January). His visual style is reminiscent of Ian Fleming's, and his characters—both real and fictional—are well developed and intriguing.

Gary Rosenfeld
Plantation, Florida

Benson continues to tighten his grasp on the legendary secret agent. Partnering PLAYBOY and Bond by having 007 interact with Hugh Hefner and Playmates Lisa Dergan and Victoria Zdrok makes the story that much more interesting.

Neal Alhadeff
Cincinnati, Ohio

James Bond at a Playboy Mansion party was long overdue, but the real surprise was that 007 owns pajamas.

Gary Petzel
Grand Rapids, Michigan

NO BEGGING, PLEASE

I'm a 26-year-old graduating senior at Colorado State University and a PLAYBOY reader since I was 21. While I appreciate Lori Weiss' attempt to unlock secrets in *How to Ask for a Blow Job* (January), I found the content to be unnerving. The general consensus of almost all the women interviewed is that blow jobs are unpleasant unless a man creates a romantic setting and sweeps them off their feet. I've never thought of a blow job as passionate or romantic. It's just a preliminary to sex—not the focus of it.

Kurt Gasko
Fort Collins, Colorado

KURT COMES THROUGH

Kurt Vonnegut's relevant revelations and outrageous remarks about the year

1999 (*Last Words for a Century*, January) coincide with my own fears and obsessions. I'm proud to have Vonnegut hold my shaky hand as we venture toward the close of the millennium.

Thoren Teel
Moscow, Idaho

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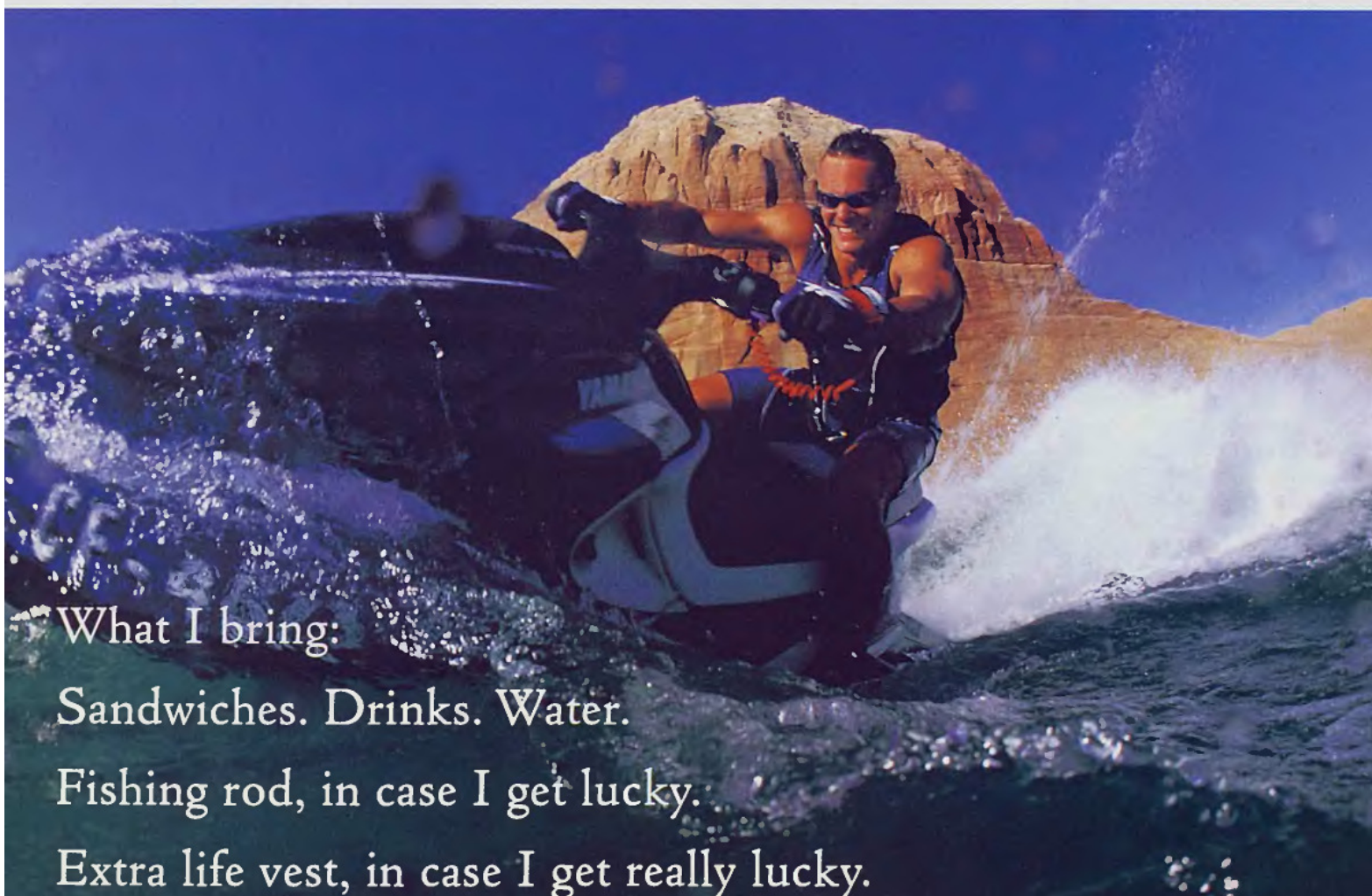
I've been reading PLAYBOY since the Fifties and I've never seen a cover so magnificently eye-catching as that of the January issue. I used a magnifying glass to take a wonderfully nostalgic trip down memory lane with each cover, and I didn't even see Marilyn Monroe until I happened to hold the magazine at arm's length. What a great visual experience.

Joe Kleindienst
Martinez, California

Congratulations to artist Rob Silvers for his photomosaic of PLAYBOY covers. What an inventive way to depict an image. I own one of his other mosaics—hundreds of photos of tiny foreign currencies that create a clear picture of George Washington on a dollar bill. Silvers is a genius.

Dan Yelvington
San Diego, California

I was awestruck when I realized that there was no shading or altering involved in creating the great effect of



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Sandwiches. Drinks. Water.

Fishing rod, in case I get lucky.

Extra life vest, in case I get really lucky.

your cover in which Marilyn Monroe's memorable form is revealed, complete with eye shadow, pouting lips and button nose.

Ted Whitten
Tucson, Arizona

Please tell me if your 45th Anniversary cover is available as a poster. I'd be the first in line to buy one.

Jill Batelman
Oxford, New Jersey

It's available as a limited edition signed by Hugh Hefner for \$99, or unsigned for \$14.99. You can call our toll-free number (800-423-9494) to order one, or send a check or money order to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Source Code 80453, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809. The best part is, you don't have to wait in line.

YEE-HA!

I grew up with Miss January Jaime Bergman (*Playboy's 45th Anniversary Playmate*). I lived two houses away and frequently had meals at her home. I loved to watch Jaime ride at the Rodeo Club in high school and in her parents' horse arena. The pictures on her data sheet bring back fond memories.

Bob Buckley Jr.
South Jordan, Utah

You'll have to start looking now to find someone as perfect as Jaime Bergman to

feature in your 50th Anniversary issue. Jaime has eyes and a smile that would melt any man's heart.

Jeff Felton
Mukilteo, Washington



I've lived in cow country all my life and have yet to see a cowgirl with nicer calves than Jaime's. My hat's off to everyone who helped create this pictorial.

Nathan Ellis
Morrisville, Missouri

MIXING IT UP

Your recipe for a winter bloody mary (*Mantrack*, January) is known in Canada as a bloody caesar and is among the most popular cocktails here. I used to order this delicious drink during my travels to the U.S., but my requests for a spicy caesar were met with blank stares. I've never even found an American bar that stocks Clamato juice so I could share the recipe. I hope this drink catches on—with your help. By the way, a rim of celery salt is expected, and some dill pickle spears are nice, too. I'd like to make a toast: Here's to good neighbors.

Jeni Duquette
Kingston, Ontario

SHE BLINDED US WITH SCIENCE

Kirstie Alley gives a nice plug to Scientology in your *20 Questions* (January). While freedom of speech is a prized possession, so is information. I'd like to urge PLAYBOY readers to get the other side of the Scientology story—one they won't get from Alley, John Travolta or any other mouthpiece of the church. Scientology, unfortunately, has nothing to do with science. It's an abusive, deceptive and destructive cult that uses hypnotism to achieve monetary gain.

Bob Farson
Hollywood, California



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The new 20-foot LS2000



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A few insights into the dreams of men.



*Yes,
men dream
in color.*



*The average male
only remembers 62%
of his dreams.*



*5% of all men
have a recurring
nightmare.*



*Every man gets
aroused at least
once per night.*

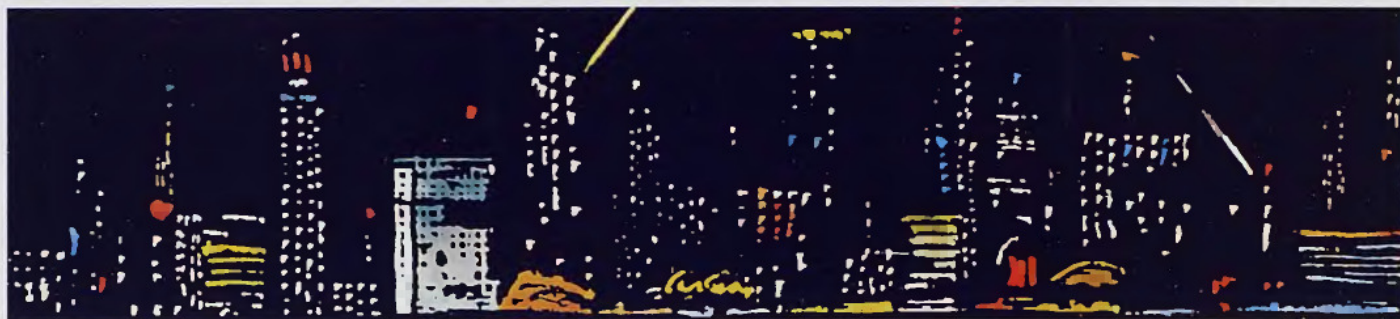


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Rich Brown

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



ONE: STOP SHOPPING

Next time your wife or girlfriend utters those easy-to-resist words "Let's go shopping," you'll have a scientifically valid excuse not to: It could kill you. A British study has found that men's stress levels invariably hit the upper registers when they are forced to negotiate crowded stores, make gift selections and wait in line. At their peak, the male subjects' stress levels equaled those of SWAT team members and fighter pilots in danger. At that level the stress itself constitutes a serious health hazard. If these grim data don't keep you from getting malled, tell her the study also found higher stress levels in women who shop with their men. If someone would only research the link between visiting in-laws and cancer.

CLICK TEASE

Now that Shannen Doherty stars as a witch in the TV series *Charmed*, she seems to have a thing for magic wands. She told *Twist* magazine about a recurring dream: "I swallow my remote control. And it's a big remote control." And we bet it doesn't have a mute button.

YABBA DABBA BREW

A group of archeologists, convinced that residue in a clay jar unearthed in Spain is 3100-year-old Bronze Age beer, put the dregs through microscopic analysis to isolate its ingredients. Then they drafted a few San Miguel brewers to produce a handmade batch from the recipe of barley, emmer wheat and herbs. Although the resulting drink was thick and somewhat flat, tasters braved the prospect of pink mastodons and pronounced the 16-proof beer a worthy quaff.

WEDDING NIGHT SHEIKHDOWN

Men outnumber women about two to one in the United Arab Emirates. To snare a bride, young men of the region have been forced to up the ante for dowries and weddings. However, new legislation will make extremely expen-

sive marriages illegal. The state-run Marriage Fund suggests a top dowry of \$13,700 and allows the groom to slaughter no more than 21 camels on his wedding night. Makes sense to us—anything more than 21 humps seems excessive on any night.

A WINE FOR THE AGES

The vintners at Korbel are justly proud of their new millennium bottle. It is handblown and 120 times the size of the 750-milliliter version (it stands 4'6" and weighs 350 pounds). The megamagnum is calculated to serve one thousand glasses of bubbly—enough to fill two and a half bathtubs.

VLAD THE IMPALER

Russian strongman Vladimir Zhirinovskiy has written a book he hopes will change sexual behavior in Russia and bolster his flagging popularity. In *The ABC of Sex* he outlines his vision for the economy: "Russia faces the task of building a sexually oriented economy. This will give us a big injection of capital." He seeks a compromise between American

sexuality and Soviet-era repression: "The U.S. is not simply a sexually backward country but a country which practically leads a policy of sexual terrorism." He suggests sending prostitutes into orbit to relieve tensions among cosmonauts, and he wants to orchestrate the systematic deflowering of young men and women. He also carves himself a place in the new Russian pantheon. "Zhirinovskiy," he writes, "is the sexual knight to all the girls of Russia."

BEAVIS LANE

According to a local news report, the city council of Appleton, Wisconsin decided to change a particular street name after children were seen pointing at the street sign and giggling. Morningview has replaced what was deemed to be the sexually suggestive name Morningwood.

STAFF OF MOSES

Men living inside Vatican City—various police, laborers, Swiss Guards and the like—must cross the border to give a lift to their secular lives. The Vatican Pharmacy, known as one of the most pharmacologically complete on earth, has elected not to stock Viagra.

DARK SIDE OF URANUS

As part of an agreement between independent Volcano Records and its multi-platinum meal ticket, Tool, the company has the right to distribute the band's records to the world. In an oblique take-this-agreement-and-shove-it gesture, however, the band won the right to distribute its records from Mars to Uranus.

ROUND NUMBERS

Evolutionary biologists at the University of Manchester are thinking with their pants. According to a study reported in *Psychology and Health Update*, a researcher measured the testicles of 80 men and recorded elements of their individual sexual histories for the past ten years. (As you read the results feel free to stop and gather the necessary household objects for comparison.) Men with large



RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"Prison guards in California are accused of pitting inmates against each other, holding gladiator-style fights for the guards' amusement. The prison officers now face criminal charges and a possible television production deal from Fox."—*Saturday Night Live's* COLIN QUINN

COUNTRY LIVING

According to the U.S. Census Bureau, number of unmarried couples who were living together in 1960: 500,000. In 1978: 1 million. In 1986: 2 million. In 1991: 3 million. Number of unmarried couples who were living together as of March 1997: 4,130,000.

PLEASUREVILLES

The population of the town of Concepción, Chile: 330,448. The population of the commune of Condom, France: 8000.

HOT DOGG

Number of times the *Playboy Interview* has been published from September 1962 through October 1998: 417. Number of interviewees who used the word motherfucker: 34. Number of times it was used: 116. Number of the 34 people who are women: 3 (Sara Jane Moore, Sally Field and Whoopi Goldberg). Percentage of all occurrences attributable to Snoo Dogg: 44.

VIRTUAL VEILS

Percentage of Middle Eastern Internet users who are women: 4. Percentage of America Online subscribers who are women: 52. Number of Internet service providers in Saudi Arabia: 0.



FACT OF THE MONTH

According to the Justice Department, the Immigration and Naturalization Service has more armed employees (12,403) than any other branch of federal law enforcement, including the Bureau of Prisons (11,329), the FBI (10,389) and the Customs Agency (9749).

ONLY CONNECT

Percentage of U.S. public schools with Internet access: 85. Percentage of public schools that use the Web as a teaching resource: 14.

GOVERNMENT HOUSING

At current incarceration rates, percentage of Americans who will spend time in prison in their lifetime: 5 (9 percent of men and 1 percent of women). Percentage of black men who will enter a state or federal prison: 28. Percentage of Hispanic men who will spend time in prison: 16. Percentage of white men: 4.

CHICKEN?

Rank of chicken slaughtering among jobs that have the greatest risk of serious injury: 1.

NATURE'S NARCOTIC

According to a *Consumer Reports* poll of more than 400 readers, number who said herbal tea is a helpful remedy for their sleeping problems: 40. Number who find aspirin to be helpful: 80. Number who find sex to be helpful: 180.

HOME RUN BALLS

Price fetched at auction for Mark McGwire's 70th home run ball: \$2.7 million (plus commission). Price fetched at auction for the first home run ball hit by Babe Ruth at Yankee Stadium: \$126,500. Price paid by Charlie Sheen for the baseball that rolled between Bill Buckner's legs in the 1986 World Series: \$93,500. Price paid for Mark McGwire's 50th home run ball: \$46,000. Price paid for baseball signed by members of the 1927 Yankees: \$33,000. Price paid for ball signed by President Kennedy: \$28,600. —EILEEN KENT

testicles (about the size of Ping-Pong balls) had had more sex than men with small testicles (about the size of large grapes). Men with average testicles—think walnuts—were, naturally, average. The doctor hypothesized that larger testes might enable men to ejaculate more frequently. Also, small-testicled men are more faithful than their larger-balled brethren. Of course the larger ones are easier to kick when caught.

RESETTING THE TABLET

Now that the old covenant is some 3300 years old, pop psychologist Leonard Felder has come down from the mount of Los Angeles to deliver a set of *Ten Challenges* (Harmony Books) to replace the harsh old Ten Commandments. "Thou shall not kill" has been transformed into "Don't crush someone's spirit." "Honor the Lord your God" becomes the New Age dictum "Discover the still small voice within." Sinners who formerly encountered the ban on adultery are urged to "Elevate your sexuality to a greater sacredness." And Stephen *Love the One You're With* Stills would be proud of "Feel good about what you have," as the replacement for not coveting your neighbor's flat-screen television.

HOT WHEELS

In South Africa they're taking road rage to a new level with the car flame-thrower. The Blaster is a device designed to subdue would-be carjackers by spraying and igniting liquefied gas from nozzles under a car's front doors. Those recoiling from this barbaric image can rest easy—it doesn't harm the paint job. The severity of the device reflects the exasperation of a South African public that experienced more than 13,000 carjackings last year. Inventor Charl Fourie claims his brainchild is "definitely non-lethal. A person won't just stand there and let you roast him." It appears Fourie has never driven in New York City.

TONGA TIED?

Plans by the kingdom of Tonga in the South Pacific to celebrate the first dawn of the next century have been hindered by Britain's Royal Geographic Society. Tonga hired a Saudi financier to throw a giant party (he plans to organize TV coverage of Tonga as the world's first country to witness the start of 2000). However, the Brits declared that the sun will rise first on Pitt Island, a member of an island chain 500 miles east of New Zealand. Not to be outdone, King Taufa'ahau Tupou IV of Tonga has threatened to institute daylight saving time to guarantee that Tonga rings in A.M. before any other nation. Fiji, Tonga's neighbor near the international date line, has announced that it will follow suit so its celebrations will take place at the same time.

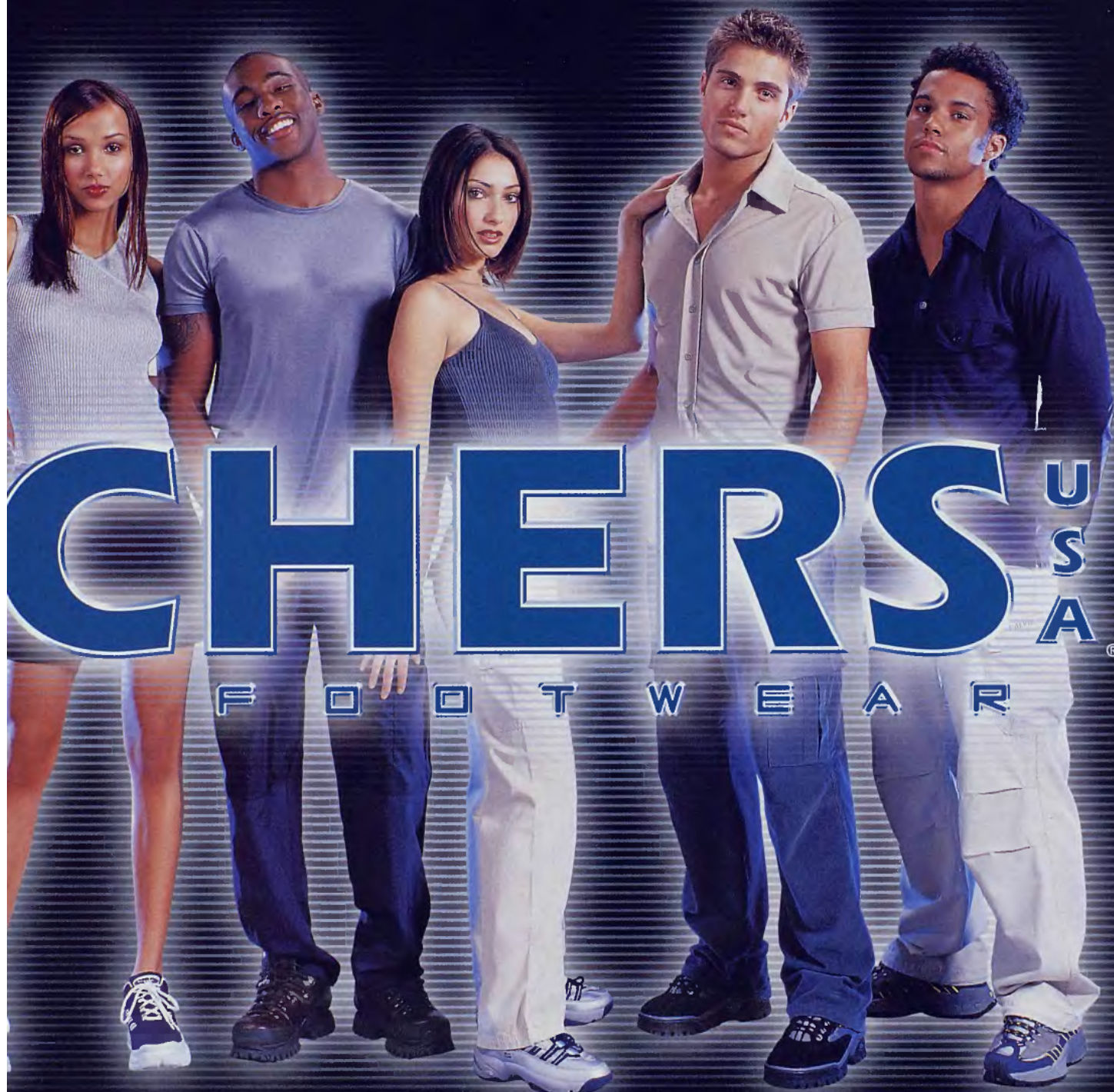


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MOVIES

By LEONARD MALTIN

THE HOT British import *Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels* (Gramercy) falls into a genre best described as nihilist chic. This hip, post-Tarantino underworld yarn is by turns clever, funny, nasty, audacious and brutal. It's the story of a young fellow (Nick Moran) who lives by his wits, until selling stolen merchandise on the street becomes too risky. So, with two mates, he raises the £100,000 he needs to get into a high-stakes poker game, unaware that Hatchet Harry runs a crooked setup. Before long, money is owed, henchmen are dispatched, loyalties are betrayed and guns are brandished. The characters have names like Bacon, Soap, Dog, Plank and Barry the Baptist, and violence is a part of their everyday lives. To his credit, director Guy Ritchie discreetly cuts away from the bloody specifics—but the impact is still enormous. So is the humor. Toward the end, with the inevitability of its climax in sight, the film loses some of its spark. Still, it's a fresh take on gangster noir. **YYY**



Lock, Stock and Barrels is fully loaded.

British pulp fiction,
European madness,
universal obsession.

cently in *Hilary and Jackie*). Postlethwaite and Griffiths are always worth watching, and *Among Giants* definitely scores points for originality. But despite its vivid atmosphere and likable characters, it finally doesn't add up to much. **YY½**

Nancy Savoca has displayed a keen eye for working-class New Yorkers in her previous films (*True Love, Household Saints*), and that is also true of *The 24 Hour Woman* (Shooting Gallery). Rosie Perez plays a staff producer of an up-and-coming, freewheeling morning television show, which her new husband co-hosts. When Perez discovers that she is pregnant, her compulsive, job-consumed boss (Patti LuPone) decides to exploit it for all it's worth on the air, while Perez hires an assistant to help her shoulder the workload. The new assistant (Marianne Jean-Baptiste, impressive in Mike Leigh's *Secrets & Lies*) is re-entering the workplace after four years at home with her children, leaving her unemployed spouse in the role of reluctant househusband. *The 24 Hour Woman* plays like cinema vérité at times, but its conclusion is so obvious and banal, it scarcely seems worth the effort. **YY**

Metroland (Lions Gate) is a deceptively simple film about Chris (Christian Bale), a happily married man whose oldest friend, a hard-living, nomadic, self-styled poet, comes to visit after five

It's not surprising that the screenwriter of *The Full Monty*, Simon Beaufoy, would return to blue-collar turf for his next project, or that its characters would be whimsically offbeat. *Among Giants* (Fox Searchlight), by first-time director Sam Miller, stars the imposing Pete Postlethwaite (*In the Name of the Father*, *William Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet*) as a rough-

hewn loner who wrangles a motley crew of workers to paint scores of electric towers along the Yorkshire Moors. The work is daunting, dangerous and illegal—Postlethwaite is being paid off the books. The newest and unlikeliest member of the team is a feisty female mountain climber (Rachel Griffiths, the rising Australian star who was seen most re-

The recent succès d'estime *Gods and Monsters* brought unprecedented attention to a man who previously was known mainly to film buffs and scholars: director James Whale, played so wonderfully well by Ian McKellen. Bill

OF AUTHORS AND AUTEURS...

Condon's screenplay was based on a 1995 book by Christopher Bram, *Father of Frankenstein*, which speculates about the once-great filmmaker's homosexual liaisons and his final days in Hollywood.

But that book, however rooted in reality, is a work of fiction. James Curtis' *James Whale: A New World of Gods and Monsters* is a full-fledged biography that the author researched over many years. A meticulous effort that deals with the man (who was openly gay, a radical stance in the Thirties) and his achievements (including *Frankenstein*, *The Bride of Frankenstein* and the un-

derrated *Waterloo Bridge*), it had the misfortune of having its publisher change its spots.

Last year Faber and Faber, a venerable British firm, sold its American namesake, a valuable outlet for the publication of worthwhile film books—including director John Boorman's periodical *Projections*, a journal in which filmmakers who are also film buffs and scholars get the chance to write about their work, and the work they admire. Fortunately, it and other Faber and Faber titles have found a new home at Farrar, Straus and Giroux.

There was a time when books about film appeared on almost every publisher's roster; today, those publishers are interested only in celebrity titles. The void has been filled by smaller, specialty publishers (such as the prolific Scarecrow Press and McFarland, which have very limited bookstore dis-

tribution) and earnest kitchen-sink operations (e.g., Midnight Marquee Press of Maryland). Some authors have taken to self-publishing, while others have found a haven at university presses. (University Press of Kentucky brought out veteran director Vincent Sherman's valuable memoir, *Studio Affairs: My Life as a Film Director*, as well as recent biographies of Greer Garson and Martha Raye, while the University of California Press, long associated with highbrow film books, recently issued a serious and well-researched biography on Jeanette MacDonald.) Ironically, the most revered of directors could have his pick of publishers but has turned them all down flat. Billy Wilder's autobiography has been released in Germany and France, but the man who made *Sunset Boulevard* and *Some Like It Hot* says he's not ready to have it published here—yet. Make that one film buff's first wish for the new millennium. —L.M.

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

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Braschi and Benigni: *Beautiful* indeed.

THE BEST OF 1998

Saving Private Ryan: The most visceral war movie ever made—a cinematic kick in the gut.

The Butcher Boy: A harrowing and memorable character study.

Bulworth: Warren Beatty's best movie yet, and one of the few Hollywood films of 1998 that's actually about something.

The Mighty: Peter Chelsom is a poet, as proved again by his moving treatment of this story of outcasts who find strength in each other.

Life Is Beautiful: Roberto Benigni's disarming fable about a man whose irrepressible spirit shelters a boy from the Holocaust.

Gods and Monsters: A keenly observed portrait of director James Whale (brilliantly played by Ian McKellen) and his fragile world.

The Thin Red Line: A thoughtful treatise on war from director Terrence Malick.

A Bug's Life: Boundless invention and ingenuity from John Lasseter and his team at Pixar.

Happiness: A searing yet sympathetic look at desperate people who are all too recognizable.

Shakespeare in Love: Pure delight—a warm and Stoppard-witty historical romance.

Honorable mentions: *Primary Colors*, *Elizabeth*, *Love and Death on Long Island*, *The Opposite of Sex* and *One True Thing*

THE WORST OF 1998

An Alan Smithee Film: Burn, Hollywood, Burn: They should burn the negative of this one.

Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas: Loathsome indeed—despite its vaunted source material.

Almost Heroes: Chris Farley's screen farewell, with scarcely a laugh in sight.

The Odd Couple II: A woefully unfunny reunion.

Sphere: Another successful Michael Crichton novel transformed into a deadly film. How many more of these can we take?

years and rags his pal about selling out to suburban life and a job in an office. Chris already has thought a lot about the past, particularly his youthful sojourn to Paris, where he hoped to live his life as a photographer—and where he met his first love, a sexy, straightforwardly honest woman (Elsa Zylberstein). The presence of his old friend and the seeming inertia of his sex life with his wife (Emily Watson) puts him in a funk and has him wondering if he didn't give up on too much too soon. Written by Adrian Hodges (from the novel by Julian Barnes) and directed by Philip Saville, *Metroland* cuts to the bone and examines the truth of youthful hopes, dreams and reality. It's a quiet but eminently satisfying film. **YYY**

Isabelle Huppert is one of those actors whose mere presence in a film makes it worth watching. In *The School of Flesh* (Stratosphere) she's a well-to-do 40ish woman who, against her better judgment, falls into an obsessive relationship with a young stud (Vincent Martinez) whom she meets at a bar in Paris. He likes her but is incapable of participating in an honest, giving relationship; she, on the other hand, is consumed and desperate to learn all there is to know about him. Benoît Jacquot's film (adapted by Adrian Hodges from the novel by Yukio Mishima) is certainly watchable, if unmemorable. Its examination of relationships is candid—and its stars have charisma. **YY½**

"I don't know if rock and roll should last a lifetime," ponders a young woman who has spent the last 20 years pining for the musician she loved, before he self-destructed. But, given the chance to help keyboard player Stephen Rea reunite their Seventies band, Strange Fruit, she volunteers her services wholeheartedly. *Still Crazy* (Columbia) is an amiable play on the irresistible emotions that surround any reunion story, peppered with the clashing egos and considerable peccadilloes of a rock band that broke up because of divine intervention (their lead singer's microphone was struck by lightning at an outdoor concert). It's refreshing to see Rea in a light-hearted role, surrounded by talented if lesser-known British actors, including Bill Nighy, Jimmy Nail, Timothy Spall, Juliet Aubrey, Bruce Robinson and the wonderful Billy Connolly—who, as the band's roadie, narrates the tale. And if the film, written by Dick Clement and Ian La Frenais and directed by Brian Gibson (who made the Tina Turner biography *What's Love Got to Do With It*), lacks resonance or falls short of greatness, it's undeniably entertaining. **YYY**

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by leonard maltin

Among Giants (See review) An offbeat look at rough-and-tumble British workers from the writer of *The Full Monty*. **YY½**

At First Sight (Listed only) Soap opera deluxe, with Val Kilmer as a blind man who regains his sight—causing problems for him and his well-meaning lover, Mira Sorvino. **YY½**

A Civil Action (Listed only) John Travolta is terrific as the high-living lawyer who tackles the biggest case of his career. **YYY**

Hilary and Jackie (2/99) The stormy lives of British musical virtuoso Jacqueline du Pré and her sister are vividly portrayed by Emily Watson and Rachel Griffiths. **YYY**

In Dreams (Listed only) Annette Bening can read the thoughts of sick child-killer Robert Downey Jr. in Neil Jordan's well-made but woefully unpleasant thriller. **YY**

Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels (See review) *Pulp Fiction* goes British. **YYY**

Metroland (See review) Christian Bale is having a premature midlife crisis, though he's married to the terrific Emily Watson. **YYY**

Playing by Heart (3/99) Sean Connery, Gena Rowlands, Gillian Anderson and an impressive cast do their best in this dreary, episodic look at star-crossed love in Los Angeles. **YY**

Rushmore (3/99) Wes Anderson's admirably off-center look at a prep school nerd, his infatuation with a teacher and his unlikely adult ally and rival (Bill Murray). **YYYY**

The School of Flesh (See review) Isabelle Huppert is obsessed with an unappreciative younger man. **YY½**

Shakespeare in Love (Listed only) A witty romp as Will Shakespeare finds the inspiration to write *Romeo and Juliet*. Gwyneth Paltrow would inspire anyone. **YYYY**

Still Crazy (See review) Stephen Rea and Billy Connolly are among the aging rockers who put their band back together. **YYY**

Tango (3/99) The line between real life and performance is blurred in Carlos Saura's sumptuous melodrama built around a series of sensational dance numbers. **YYYY**

The Theory of Flight (3/99) Kenneth Branagh and Helena Bonham Carter can't save this oddball love story. **YY**

The 24 Hour Woman (See review) Rosie Perez tries juggling marriage and a career. **YY**

YYY Don't miss **YY** Worth a look
YYY Good show **Y** Forget it

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT



"I like drama," says **Chris Carter**, creator of *The X-Files*. "Great Expectations—the old one—*Raiders of the Lost Ark*, *Citizen Kane* and *The Red Shoes*. Those are the movies that have stuck with me over the years. I flash back to them often. Sometimes, you watch movies for inspiration. And if you flip through the cable stations and there are nothing but lousy movies on, it feels like everything you do is lousy. But if you watch a great movie, it actually puts you in the mood to write something terrific. Great work can inspire great work. I do watch some science fiction movies—*Mysterious Island* is one of my favorites. But by and large there isn't a whole lot of science fiction I like."

CUNNING STUNTS

Directors of distinction like to slip a "how'd they do that?" sequence into their movies. Take a look at *Snake Eyes*, on tape now, in which Brian De Palma opens with a nearly 15-minute Steadicam shot that follows overcaffeinated detective Nic Cage through a busy casino into a packed arena. Here's more:

Touch of Evil (1958): One of the most audacious opening shots ever filmed starts with a close-up of a bomb in a car before tracking through goats, pedestrians and a seedy Mexican border town. The seamless three-minute scene ends with a kiss and a bang, thanks to director Orson Welles.

Apollo 13 (1995): Moon-bound astronaut Tom Hanks and his crew make weightlessness look easy. The scenes were shot in NASA's KC-135 "Vomit Comet" jet; at 23 seconds of footage a flight, the cast and crew made more than 500 upside-down flights.

The Player (1992): This Hollywood satire starts with a self-mocking, cameo-laden seven-minute shot that tracks through a studio back lot where real-life stars and moviemakers talk about—what else?—long tracking shots in the movies.

The Shining (1980): Stanley Kubrick rolled out Garrett Brown's new invention, the Steadicam, for harrowing tricycle-high shots of Jack Nicholson's haunted hotel. Brown won a technical Oscar for his camera.

Rope (1948): An interesting experiment and a not-bad murder mystery. Alfred Hitchcock shot the 80-minute movie in a series of ten eight-minute takes (as much

film as the camera would hold), with professor Jimmy Stewart unraveling the plot in real time.

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968): Astronaut Gary Lockwood takes a 360-degree, headstanding, shadowboxing jog around the enormous centrifuge of spaceship *Discovery*. Without women, what else is there to do during a nine-month, half-billion-mile trip to Jupiter?

GoodFellas (1990): In a dazzlingly long single shot, echoed by De Palma's opening in *Snake Eyes*, Martin Scorsese abandons the tripod and sends his camera through the crowded Copacabana's service entrance to Ray Liotta and Lorraine Bracco's front-row table.

Swingers (1996): "Everybody steals from everybody," says a character, while the film intentionally rips off the Steadicam trek from *GoodFellas* and the side-by-side march from *Reservoir Dogs*. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

LASER FARE

The most shagadelic news we've heard in months comes from the set of the *Austin Powers* sequel, where additional camera angles may be shot for inclusion on the eventual DVD release. Viewers would be able to watch scenes from angles other than those chosen by the director. We really could have used that in the carefully choreographed final scene of the original, wherein Elizabeth Hurley manages the most hilariously dignified striptease in film history. Groovy, baby! **The Big Chill** 15th Anniversary Collector's Edition DVD from Columbia

GUILTY PLEASURE OF THE MONTH

As *Saving Private Ryan* and *The Thin Red Line* jockey for Academy Award honors, you may want a dose of the real thing. *Desert Victory* (with *Cameramen at War* from Kino) is a 1943 documentary that uses captured German film and footage from 62 members of the Army Film and Photographic Unit. It tracks the war in North Africa after Rommel's victory in Tobruk and his drive into Egypt. Only one scene was re-created. The rest is the raw and brutal face of battle. It's terrific.



TriStar (\$24) benefits from digital remastering and features a 56-minute documentary on the phenomenon the movie spurred. For some inexplicable reason, though, the famously cut flashback scenes featuring Kevin Costner as Alex, the friend whose death brings these yuppies together, are not among the extras included on the disc. Sidney Lumet makes great points on the commentary track accompanying his *Night Falls on Manhattan* (Paramount, \$30), but he can't dance around the fact that it's not up to his NYPD corruption milestone, *Serpico*. Why not? As we learned in *The Godfather Part III*, Andy Garcia is no Al Pacino. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER	
MOOD	MOVIE
ACTION	<i>Ronin</i> (superthief De Niro masterminds a heist, director Frankenheimer masterminds the cor chases; o wild ride), <i>Rush Hour</i> (Jocke Chon ond Chris Tucker chase bod guys; boilerplate buddy pic soved by Tucker's whip-snop delivery).
DRAMA	<i>Rounders</i> (cordsharper Mott Damon boils out bod-news pol Edward Norton; smoky ond smort, with John Malkovich at his best), <i>Permanent Midnight</i> (Ben Stiller is o yuppie junkie in meltdown mode; mix af teors ond titters shortchonges both).
REVIVAL	<i>Touch of Evil</i> (Chorlton Heston and Orson Welles tongle in the lotter's 1958 noir gem, re-edited per Welles' notes), <i>The Young Girls of Rochefort</i> (Jacques Demy's too-frothy Umbrellas of Cherbourg follow-up; still, see it for Deneuve).
SLEEPER	<i>Without Limits</i> (Robert Towne's balls-out biopic of track titan Steve Prefontaine; Billy Crudup goes the distance), <i>Your Friends and Neighbors</i> (Neil LaBute mixes six thirtysome-things in a provocatively funny sex wor).
COMEDY	<i>Shooting Fish</i> (up-ond-coming London con men boogie to Bochorach ond foll for their temp, Kote Beckinsole; groovy fun), <i>The Alarmist</i> (sleazy Stanley Tucci creates a need for his home-security woress; the dork laughs come slowly).

CAMEL



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Falling Rock

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MUSIC

R&B

WHEN PEOPLE dismiss black pop as manipulative, do they feel threatened by how the new love-men articulate tenderness? After all, most guys aren't above being manipulative—they're just not as good at it as Boyz II Men. That's why they'll feel threatened by R. Kelly's *R*. (Jive). Since *12 Play*, Kelly has been a phenomenal hitmaker, but in the wake of his *Space Jam* smash, *I Believe I Can Fly*, he's jacked up his skills to Prince's level. For over two hours, the boasts, promises and assertions of vulnerability never let up. Most are slow jams, but Kelly adeptly negotiates dance tempos, sometimes in the company of rappers such as Keith Murray and Foxy Brown. The only problem is that, just as guys say, it's all so transparent. There is one song that rings with unmistakable conviction. It's called *Only the Loot Can Make Me Happy*.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Ray Charles wasn't the first black artist to break into mainstream pop charts in the early Sixties. But he was certainly the first to do so without compromising. He did it by stretching Tin Pan Alley ballads with jazz phrasing, gospel fervor and R&B intensity. The key was his genius for cramming emotion into understated arrangements. Or, as the great Dizzy Gillespie marveled, no one else had the guts to sing so slow and still swing so hard. **Ray Charles: Love Songs** (Rhino) is a collection of 16 of his most soulful yet sophisticated ballads. He takes country chestnuts like *I Can't Stop Loving You* and *You Are My Sunshine* and turns them into smoldering R&B masterpieces. And almost 40 years later, both *Ruby* and *Georgia on My Mind* retain their power to transport. To this day brother Ray coyly refuses to say whether the latter song is about a person or a place, but he sure sings it like he's making love to both.

—VIC GARBARINI

To television fans, Cree Summer is known best as the bohemian on *A Different World*. She abandoned acting to focus on music, and the result is the impressive *Street Faerie* (Sony). Produced by rock stalwart Lenny Kravitz, this collection is defined by Summer's voice—a blend of warm honey and raspy authority—and trippy songwriting. Summer's songs have unexpected harmonies and sharp lyrics. The opening cut, *Revelation Sunshine*, is light pop with a strong vocal hook. *Mean Sleep*, a duet with Kravitz, is a passionate piece about a dispiriting relationship. *Fall* places Summer's voice against minimalist guitar, strings and background vocals to haunting effect, and *Soul Sister* is an unself-conscious examination of feminine fellowship. Taken



R. is for rhythm.

Cree Summer takes off,
R. Kelly flies again and
Ray Charles soars.

as a whole, Summer's debut, with an able assist from Kravitz, shows she may be headed for pop stardom.

—NELSON GEORGE

The music business regularly discards great rockers, but there's no reason for you to do so. Not when veteran artists like Peter Wolf of the J. Geils Band make albums as mature and dark as *Fool's Parade* (Mercury), in which his blues and R&B merge beautifully with his confessional writing style. Imagine Mick making an album of Dylan songs, and doing it with dignity.

—DAVE MARSH

BLUES

It was 1961 when harp player Junior Wells first recorded with guitarist Buddy Guy. Their final show together was in 1993, at Guy's Chicago club. The resulting loose-limbed, off-the-cuff, acoustic *Last Time Around: Live at Legends* (Silver-tone) is a joyously musical record. The highlight: Ray Charles' *What'd I Say* is so nice they do it twice. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

WORLD

Steve Tibbetts has made a habit of keeping his musical imagination vibrant by going to exotic mountain ranges and jungles to record with local musicians. On *A* (Hannibal), he extends this tradition with a trip to Norway to work with

Knut Hamre, a master of an ancient variety of fiddle called the *hardingfele*. Tibbetts, who can play both quiet acoustic and roaring electric guitar with amazing facility, keeps mostly in the background here, weaving his counterpoint around the *hardingfele*. Northern Europe has some of the world's most beautiful folk music, and Hamre and Tibbetts really nail it. In its use of simple melodies fading in and out of the foreground, this album is reminiscent of Steve Reich's work. Great for late-night meditation.

RebbeSoul, a.k.a. Bruce Burger, explores his secular Jewish childhood and spiritual awakening on *RebbeSoul-O* (RebbeSoul). An outstanding acoustic guitarist, Burger also plays balalaika and mandolin while singing in both Hebrew and English. His compositions take acoustic rock into a mystical realm, and the traditional tune *Avinu* shines in an arrangement that fits wonderfully with the gorgeous melody. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

Twenty Centuries of Hits (Rhino) is the ultimate greatest hits package. Forget about the best pop music of the century, or even the millennium. These 23 tracks cover every century of the past two millennia. The songs are popular in the sense that they're not classical and are in the Western tradition. The collection starts with a Greek hymn to Apollo that was inscribed at Delphi in 138 B.C. and winds up with Chuck Berry doing *Johnny B. Goode*. The record's heart is in ten centuries of plainsong, or chant—back when the church was the only place to hear real soul music. These haunting hymns really do soothe, and their melancholy modalities later inspired Miles Davis and Puff Daddy. In the 12th century, the troubadours created the medieval equivalent of rock and roll. Harmony and counterpoint come into the picture, and modern ballads such as *Barbara Allen* and *Greensleeves* soon follow. Whether you're down with rap or up on opera, you'll find your musical roots here.

—VIC GARBARINI

RAP

Live albums are rare in hip-hop. Where rock stars define their music via live shows, rappers have usually exploited remixes for that purpose. So *Survival of the Illest: Live from 125 NYC* (Def Jam) is a rare document. That alone makes it worthwhile, but several of the rappers bring even more intensity live than in the studio. DMX, whose recorded work is marked by a manic attack on the mike, is outstanding here on *Stop Being Greedy*, Ruff Ryder's *Anthem* and *Money, Power, Respect* with the Lox. Also shouting and rhyming on the album are the Def

Squad (Erick Sermon, Keith Murray, Redman), Onyx and Cormega, with cameos from Foxy Brown and Method Man.

—NELSON GEORGE

COUNTRY

The country supergroup Old Dogs is kind of a Traveling Wilburys for guys who don't get around much anymore. They are Waylon Jennings, Mel Tillis, Bobby Bare and Jerry Reed, but the bite behind the bark of their debut, *Old Dogs* (Atlantic), is songwriter-cartoonist Shel Silverstein, who penned all 11 songs on this live album. Backed by a veteran 12-piece Nashville band that includes Hargus "Pig" Robbins on piano, Old Dogs covers *Rough on the Livin'*, a still-timely ballad to forgotten Nashville stars that Silverstein wrote in 1980, and the fast-talking blues *Still Gonna Die*. But the 1997 honky-tonker *Cut the Mustard* is the hot condiment for these cool cats as they sing, "I ain't too old to cut the mustard./I'm just too tired to spread it around."

—DAVE HOEKSTRA

What I Deserve (Rykodisc) is a purely ironic title, since Kelly Willis knows there is absolutely no chance she's going to get it. Her sinuous, sensuous, booming, caressing voice is as comfortable sliding through slow blues as it is belting hot honky-tonk. Her ability to draw sexiness out of serious songs probably deserves some kind of historical marker—it's doubtful anyone else named to *People's* list of the 100 Most Beautiful could begin to handle it. Her talent merits a Grammy for her versions of *Not Forgotten You* and *Cradle of Love*, and a medal for definitive versions of Nick Drake's *Time Has Told Me* and Paul Westerberg's *They're Blind*. Rather than the riches and mass audience she truly deserves, Willis will have to settle for having made another magnificent album.

—DAVE MARSH

CLASSICAL

Heinrich Biber (1644–1704) was a peculiar baroque violinist who composed curious works. A great new label, Winter and Winter, has released a hauntingly beautiful two-CD recording of Biber's *Mystery Sonatas*. Violinist Marianne Rönz plays the 15 sonatas with an admirable delicacy. A new seven-CD set, *Masters of the Baroque* (Nimbus), should take care of your baroque needs. Representing compositions by Bach, Vivaldi, Telemann and Handel (among others), this is an especially good recording for lovers of brass music. Anne-Sophie Mutter's glorious tone comes through on her four-CD recording of Beethoven's *Violin Sonatas* (Deutsche Grammophon). Recorded with pianist Lambert Orkis, these sonatas are both virtuosic and pure.

—LEOPOLD FROELICH

FAST TRACKS

R

O C K M E T E R

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Ray Charles <i>Love Songs</i>	8	9	10	10	8
Hamre and Tibbetts <i>A</i>	5	8	6	4	8
R. Kelly <i>R.</i>	7	7	9	8	7
Cree Summer <i>Street Foerie</i>	4	6	9	5	6
Kelly Willis <i>What I Deserve</i>	7	7	8	10	6

SIT DOWN, YOU'RE ROCKING THE BOAT
DEPARTMENT: When the Family Values Tour made a stop in Lafayette, Louisiana, a Baptist minister blessed the seats to protect the fans who were attending. But Korn's management responded by saying, "The Reverend was wasting his time, since no one sits down at a Family Values show."

REELING AND ROCKING: A young filmmaker who financed his own film in part by driving a cab has snagged some of rap's big names for *Boricua's Bond*. Val Lik's movie stars: Method Man, Naughty by Nature and Onyx. . . . The Notorious B.I.G.'s mom has given her OK to Vic Collicchio, who wants to make a movie about her son. Called *Ready to Die*, it's not about how B.I.G. died—which is why Mom is up with it. . . . Wyclef Jean has produced two *Earth, Wind and Fire* tracks, one for a Disney film, the other for the next Eddie Murphy movie, *Life*. . . . Look for the *Offspring's* Dexter Holland in the horror movie *Idle Hands*. . . . Madonna is still set to produce a movie based on Pras' *Ghetto Supastar*. Pras, Wyclef and Lauryn Hill all have parts. . . . Cher has received an offer from a British TV producer to star as Cleopatra. Seems like the right part to us. . . . Bob Geldof is going to examine the relationship between spirituality and pop music in a three-part BBC series called *Upon This Rock*. We suspect it will make it to American TV, too.

NEWSBREAKS: Advertisers are predicting Prince will make at least \$1 million for his 1999 lyrics in 1999, and the offers are pouring in. . . . This year Bloomingdale's is selling products that have labels that say "Made in Liverpool, Home of the Beatles," for goods either manufactured in Liverpool or associated with the Fab Four. . . . The all-star Amnesty Concert wasn't aired live, but a four-hour version will

make it to pay-per-view and radio this year. . . . San Francisco train engineer Cornelius Perdue, a.k.a. Dr. Love, serenades his passengers with R&B classics while driving the Muni train. . . . Spin Doctors will have an album in stores in the spring. . . . The word on Stone Temple Pilots is that they are together recording an album for summer release. . . . Metallica and Ted Nugent plan to ring in the new century together at a concert in Detroit. Jason Newsted said, "We're going to blow a hole right out of the center of Michigan." . . . Linda McCartney was a wealthy woman when she died. Her estate, mostly from cookbooks and her veggie food line, came to nearly \$200 million. . . . Remember Rickie Lee Jones' hit *Chuck E.'s in Love*? The subject of the song, Chuck E. Weiss, has just released his first album in 18 years, produced by Tom Waits, called *Extremely Cool*. . . . Before you get annoyed: Yoko allowed John Lennon's voice to be used in a British phone commercial and donated the fee to charity. . . . In a Beatles-related story: Liverpool is upset by a new documentary, *Mersey Blues*, about gangs and police corruption. Tourism leaders don't feel this subject will lure tourists to Fab Four shrines. . . . *Rock & Rap Confidential* reports on a McGill University study that confirms that music has positive biological effects on the brain and can improve learning ability. Although the McGill study focused on classical music, researchers say the power of music to improve brain function transcends genre. It isn't even necessary to understand the lyrics because the neural mechanisms in the brain for music originally developed as a way of communicating emotion before the development of speech. Interesting, yes, but did they explain *Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polka Dot Bikini*? We think not. —BARBARA NELLIS

HOT PROPERTY

Last year thousands of laptop computers were stolen in the U.S. That's no big deal for people who have just a few rounds of Asteroids stored on their hard drives. Most homeowners and renters insurance covers the hardware. But if your lifework is tucked away in your laptop's innards (and some of it is confidential), the problem is bigger than replacement costs. Our advice: Invest in security. Top-of-the-line protection includes CyberAngel and CompuTrace, which work similarly to the security systems that track stolen cars. Software installed on your hard drive requires you to enter a



JOEL NAKAMURA

password before the computer boots up. If a thief attempts to bypass the log-in (or plugs in the wrong password), the software turns off your modem speakers and silently sends an alarm to a monitoring service (via a network or Internet connection). The assumption is that most stolen computers will ultimately be used for online activities. When that happens, you're notified of the stolen laptop's whereabouts. Presumably, the police will take on the task of retrieving it. Prices start at about \$85 for the first year (including software and monitoring service) and \$50 for each subsequent year of monitoring. At \$100, LapJack is a more affordable choice. To boot up your notebook computer you simply plug an activation key into the parallel port. No key, no access.

—MARC SALTZMAN

E-MAIL READS

The whizbang of the Web is fun, but don't overlook the simple efficiency of e-mail. E-mail newsletters, or e-zines, are launched every day, and subscribing (for free) is as simple as typing your e-mail

address into an online form. Here are a few favorites, along with the websites where you can sign up: *News of the Weird* (nine.org/notw) and *This Is True* (thisistrue.com) live up the week with bizarre-but-true news. *Net-surfer Digest* (www.netsurf.com) reviews websites devoted to technology, current events, science, reference sources and the offbeat. The curmudgeon behind *The Outrage* (theoutrage.com) shares his entertaining rants on topics such as NBA labor negotiations and government waste. *Lockergnome* (lockergnome.com) is an excellent guide to useful Windows freeware, shareware, games, updates, tips and themes. And the sardonic *Ghost Sites* (disobey.com/ghostsites) highlights outdated sites that should be put out of their misery, including the official *Mission: Impossible* movie page.

—CHIP ROWE

DESTINATION SILICON VALLEY

For an adrenaline fix with a brain-boosting chaser, visit the Tech Museum of Innovation in San Jose, California. More a theme park than a stodgy showcase for historic relics, this \$96 million Silicon Valley attraction has its own IMAX Dome Theater, plus a wild range of interactive exhibits that let you play astronaut, roller coaster designer, earthquake survivor and Olympic bobsledder,

among others. The idea is to give visitors a hands-on feel



MICHAEL CARROLL

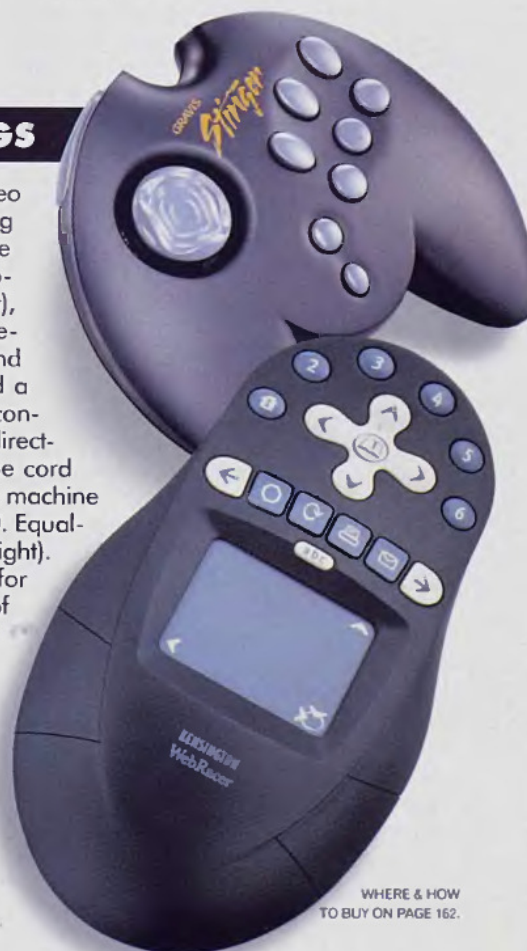
for present and future technologies, says a museum spokesperson. A few not-to-be-missed feels: Jet Pack Simulator lets you experience zero gravity in a NASA-inspired manned maneuvering unit. Underwater Pilot puts you in command of a remotely operated vehicle similar to the ones used to explore the *Titanic* wreck. And for those who want to prep for the Big One, Restless Planet lets you climb aboard a shake table to feel the vibes of the world's most infamous earthquakes. For more details (including museum hours), see thetech.org.

—BETH TOMKIW

WILD THINGS

Using a laptop's arrow keys to control video game action is about as appealing as having phone sex with Linda Tripp. Fortunately, the Kensington Technology Group has introduced the Gravis Stinger (pictured top right), the first game controller designed exclusively for portable PCs. The Stinger is small and smart, with ten programmable buttons and a directional pad that provides joystick-like control for flight and driving sims. It connects directly to your PC's serial port (no add-in game cord needed), and you can use it with a desktop machine when you're not on the road. The price: \$40. Equally cool is Kensington's WebRacer (bottom right). This supermouse combines a touch pad for getting around in documents and a slew of buttons for Internet navigation. Talk about efficient. Six buttons can be programmed to launch your favorite websites. A menu button scrolls through bookmarked sites, and Quick Keys handle the back, forward, reload, stop and print functions of common web browser software. There's even an e-mail Quick Key that takes you directly to your mailbox. The \$100 WebRacer is PC compatible and works with all the essential web browsers and plug-ins.

—B.T.

WHERE & HOW
TO BUY ON PAGE 162.

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LIVING ONLINE

By MARK FRAUENFELDER

WHY COUCH POTATOES LOVE THE WEB

The Critics' Choice Video Catalog (a subsidiary of Playboy Enterprises) has a solid online site (ccvideo.com) with a good selection of foreign and domestic videos. They have a nice assortment of Japanese animation tapes (even *Astroboy* episodes from 1963). If they don't carry what you're looking for, they'll try to track down any video you request. Another terrific place to buy videos on the web is Reel.com (reel.com). With a database of 100,000 titles, Reel is easy to use, and the site has cool features such as reviews and ratings. Reel will also suggest videos similar to the one you're searching for. (I've been known to use this last feature to compile a list of videos before heading to my local rental joint.) With all the sales and specials they offer, you'll find some good deals here, especially on used videos. Reel guarantees the quality of previously owned tapes. They also offer \$4.99 video specials, but the pickings are slim unless you have a thing for Chevy Chase flicks.

If it's adult videos you're looking for, knock on the Blue Door (blue-door.com), which has porn tapes for sale or rent. It's easy to navigate, and the video selections come with ratings and entertaining reviews. It beats standing in the aisles trying to guess what you'll get simply from the pictures on the box.

SURFING IN SUNGLASSES

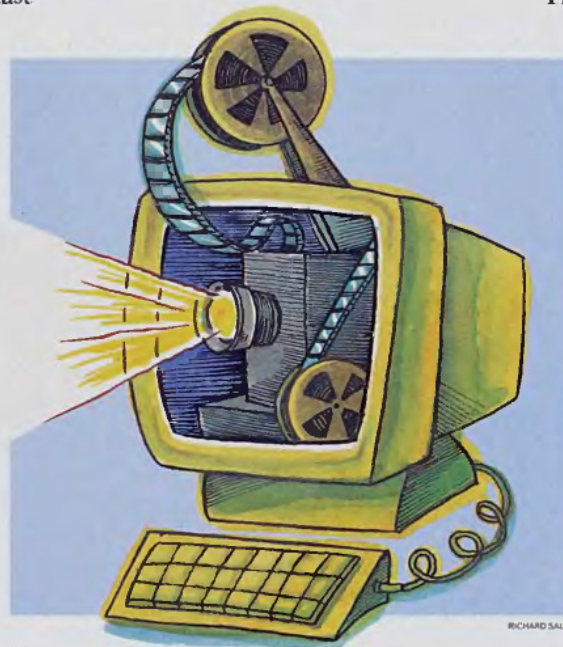
Whenever you surf, you leave your electronic fingerprints all over cyberspace. Website operators can see the last place you visited before you got to their sites. They can also use cookies (bits of data that are used for identification purposes) to monitor your visits to different pages on a site. To surf incognito, try Anonymizer surfing (anonymizer.com). Once you've signed on, the Anonymizer works in the background to strip out all information about you and your computer. The only thing website operators know for sure about you is that you used the Anonymizer. The service costs \$15 for three months and works like a charm, as long as the site you're visiting doesn't require cookies. For example, I had to turn off the Anonymizer before I could access the web page of a mailing list I administer. (The next version will allow users to determine when they want to accept cookies.) I recommend trying the free demo version of the Anonymizer.

THE BEST SEARCH ENGINE YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF

My favorite search engine for finding sites related to a certain subject is AltaVista (altavista.com). But when I want to quickly get to the most authoritative sites on a topic, I use a search engine called Google (google.com). Launched by grad students at Stanford (whose alumni also hatched Yahoo and Excite), Google uses nifty math tricks to place the best sites near the top of your search results. To see for yourself, try "hitchcock" on Google, then compare what you get to results from HotBot or Lycos.

ONLINE? NOT EXACTLY

My first experience using the Web to rent a car was not encouraging. It was 1995. I used the fledgling Alamo site,



chose a car and received a quote and confirmation number. At the pickup counter in Baltimore, the clerk informed me that my actual rate would be a couple of hundred dollars higher than the quote I'd been issued online. I produced a printout from Alamo's site. He looked at it, handed it back and said, "Alamo has no control over what happens on the Internet." I grudgingly paid the higher rate but raised hell with the agency later (and was issued a refund for the difference). Since then, however, I've had no problem renting cars online. I look for the best rates at two sites: Travelocity (travelocity.com) and Expedia (expedia.com). Recently I found a one-week economy rental in San Francisco for \$110 a week through Expedia. The best Travelocity could come up with for the same type of car and city was \$145. On another occasion Travelocity quoted the

better price. Name-brand sites are usually more expensive. The cheapest rate I got from Hertz (hertz.com) was \$280.

LENGTH, WAIST, WAIT

Dockers.com, which sells clothes for men and women, is elegant, easily navigated and a lot of fun to use. I first went to the "Fits and Fabrics" area and took a lesson in what different khaki cuts look like. In the "Changing Room," I quickly scrolled through images of different shirts and pants to see how different combinations work together. After I decided on a pair of Pleated Twill Khakis and specified my size (one that's not often on the racks at stores), I opted for the free U.S. Postal Service ground shipping. A few minutes later, I received e-mail thanking me for my patronage. Then I waited. And waited. Five days later, I received another e-mail, informing me in a chipper tone that my pants were being shipped that day. (I guess they don't keep my size on the Dockers warehouse shelves, either.) After a week, my package arrived. The pants fit well and look great, so I didn't have to test Dockers' no-hassle return policy. But next time, I'm going to pay extra for Fed Ex shipping.

STREAMLINE YOUR SURFING

The net has become an advertising-sponsored medium. I'm not against that, but all those flashing banner ads drive me nuts. Until ads become less distracting and more useful, I'll continue to use a couple of programs—one that zaps banner ads and one that gets rid of those pop-up windows. Ad Extinguisher (ispec.net/adext) is a program that replaces banner ads with a little black lightning bolt. This makes it easier to read a page and speeds up download time because your computer needn't process the image. I also appreciate Ad Extinguisher's ability to freeze animated graphics after one cycle, because I've never been able to read an article online when it's next to a picture of a Chihuahua morphing into a sports utility vehicle. This free program isn't perfect—it'll miss small ads and once in a while an error message will pop up. But I'm willing to put up with these glitches for speedier, less irksome browsing. SIP (Surf in Peace) (iconlabs.net/sip.html) is another free utility that kills pop-up windows—the kind that get in your way whenever you visit a Tripod or other community web page. It does its job silently and quickly, like a good pest-exterminator should.





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GROOMING

THE LASER'S EDGE

Recent scientific developments have made the laser a popular tool in cosmetic procedures. Because it's now possible to separate and purify laser wavelengths, wrinkles, unwanted hair and even tattoos can be easily and safely vaporized. A numbing cream is applied over the area being lasered so that the treatment is almost painless. (We've been told that the procedure feels like a small rubber band is snapping against the skin.) Recovery can take anywhere from two hours to ten days, depending on the extent of the treatment.

Face: According to New York dermatologist Steven Victor, lasers can treat fine or deep wrinkles, sagging, discolored or sun-damaged skin, age spots, acne scars and even dark circles under the eyes. In other words, laser procedures are effective ways to fine-tune your appearance without resorting to plastic surgery. Dr. Victor can even remove a man's beard for a three-week period, and he claims that extended treatments can eliminate facial hair altogether. Costs range from \$200 for a laser facial to \$5000 or so for laser resurfacing. One beard-removal session costs about \$500 and takes about 20 minutes.

Tattoos: Most can be removed with a laser, but Victor points out that black, dark blue and red inks respond best. Green and yellow shades are the toughest to erase. In some cases, five to ten sessions may be necessary to erase a design. Prices range from \$300 to \$500 a treatment.

Body hair: Laser beams can destroy hair follicles and inhibit regrowth. Dr. Mark Glasgold, a New Jersey cosmetic surgeon, explains that the hair being removed must be in a growing state. Because hair follicles sometimes are dormant, it can take three to five sessions for an entire area (such as the back) to be hair free. Body hair removal costs from \$100 to \$500 a session.

Teeth: It used to take Dr. Igor Gerzon, a New York dentist, at least four one-hour appointments to complete a whitening process. Using bleaching gel activated by a laser beam, he now finishes the job in about one hour. Laser tooth whitening costs about \$1500.

Because laser technology is new and constantly changing, it's important that you check out a doctor's laser credentials before going under the beam.

HERE COMES THE SUN

The word sunblock on a tube of suntan lotion doesn't always mean what it says. In a science lab, a sunblock must screen out all UVA and UVB rays to

technically be labeled a blocker. For complete coverage, look for a product that contains either zinc oxide or titanium dioxide.

In the past, both types of blocks gave the user a clown look, especially when the white substance was applied to the nose. The oxide molecules in the newest blocks have been broken down to render them practically transparent. Dermotone UVA/UVB Sunblock Cream and Mustela Hydrating Sunblock Cream from France protect the wearer without making him look like he's trying out for the big top.

GYM TREATMENTS

A workout at the gym isn't really complete until you've taken care of your skin. If yours is oily, shower with hot water and use a soap such as Neutrogena



Oily Skin Formula Cleansing Bar. Sweat and oil glands are connected, so you have to stop perspiring to stop producing oil. Finish your shower with a cool rinse, then try Body Cooling Gel with menthol by Hilfiger Athletics, which inhibits perspiration.

Men with dry skin should shower in cool water and use a moisturizing wash such as Kiehl's Non-Soap Moisturizing Cleansing Bar. A body moisturizer with a higher percentage of lotion than water is also an important grooming aid, as it helps make the skin more supple. Check out Natur Silk Body Cream by Natura Bisse, or Moisturizing Body Lotion With Shea Butter by Krismark.

Men with normal skin should take a cool shower and use a deodorant soap and a light body moisturizer, such as Nut Body Butter for normal to dry skin from the Body Shop.

Instead of your usual deodorant, try Just Won't Quit, a fragrance-free deodorant-antiperspirant from the Aramis

Lab Series, or alcohol-free deodorant from Polo Sport by Ralph Lauren.

SMOOTH STUFF

Most pomades are wax-based products designed to make your hair appear sleek. The trick to getting the look right is in the application. Rub a small amount of pomade between your fingers until it's evenly spread and then run your fingers through your hair. If you like traditional pomades, check out the new Wicked Wax pomade from Liquid U4ea. For fine or thinning hair try a water-based pomade such as American Crew Pomade or Redken's new Water Wax. These lighter pomades will give you a smooth look and won't weigh down your hair or twist it into a messy tangle.

FOOT LOOSE

The average man takes thousands of steps each day. To keep your feet in shape for that daily trip, take off your shoes for a few minutes each day and massage your soles and toes. To treat your feet, try the new Heel, Callus and Cuticle Balm Bar from Foot Fetiche. This product softens and conditions feet. Gena Laboratories offers a collection of foot products, including Pedi Soak (a foot bath), Pedi Ice (a gel to relieve tired feet) and Pedi Septic (a spray to cool and refresh feet). There's also Pedi Scrub to exfoliate your feet, Pedi Care (a sloughing lotion to remove rough, dry skin), Pedi Silk with tapioca (a liquid powder talc to cool and refresh) and even Pedi Mask (a whipped gel mousse that'll cool down your feet). Eucalyptus, sea kelp, aloe vera, menthol and tea tree and peppermint oils are some of the exotic ingredients in Gena Lab products.

GETTING IN CONDITION

To avoid lifeless hair, don't overuse your hair conditioner. Depending on the shape your hair is in you may need to condition once or twice a week. No matter how often you condition your hair, keep in mind that the less hair you have, the less conditioner you need. If your hair is thinning, apply only a dime-sized amount. And rinse it out thoroughly. For dry, thinning hair, try using the product just on the hair ends. If you have a full head of dry hair use a conditioner reinforced with oils such as All Soft (with avocado oil) or Climatress (with olive oil) by Redken. To add body to oily, thinning or fine hair, choose a conditioner with protein such as Fat Cat Body Booster Detangler, Extreme Conditioner or Glypro Plus.

—DONALD CHARLES RICHARDSON
WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 162.

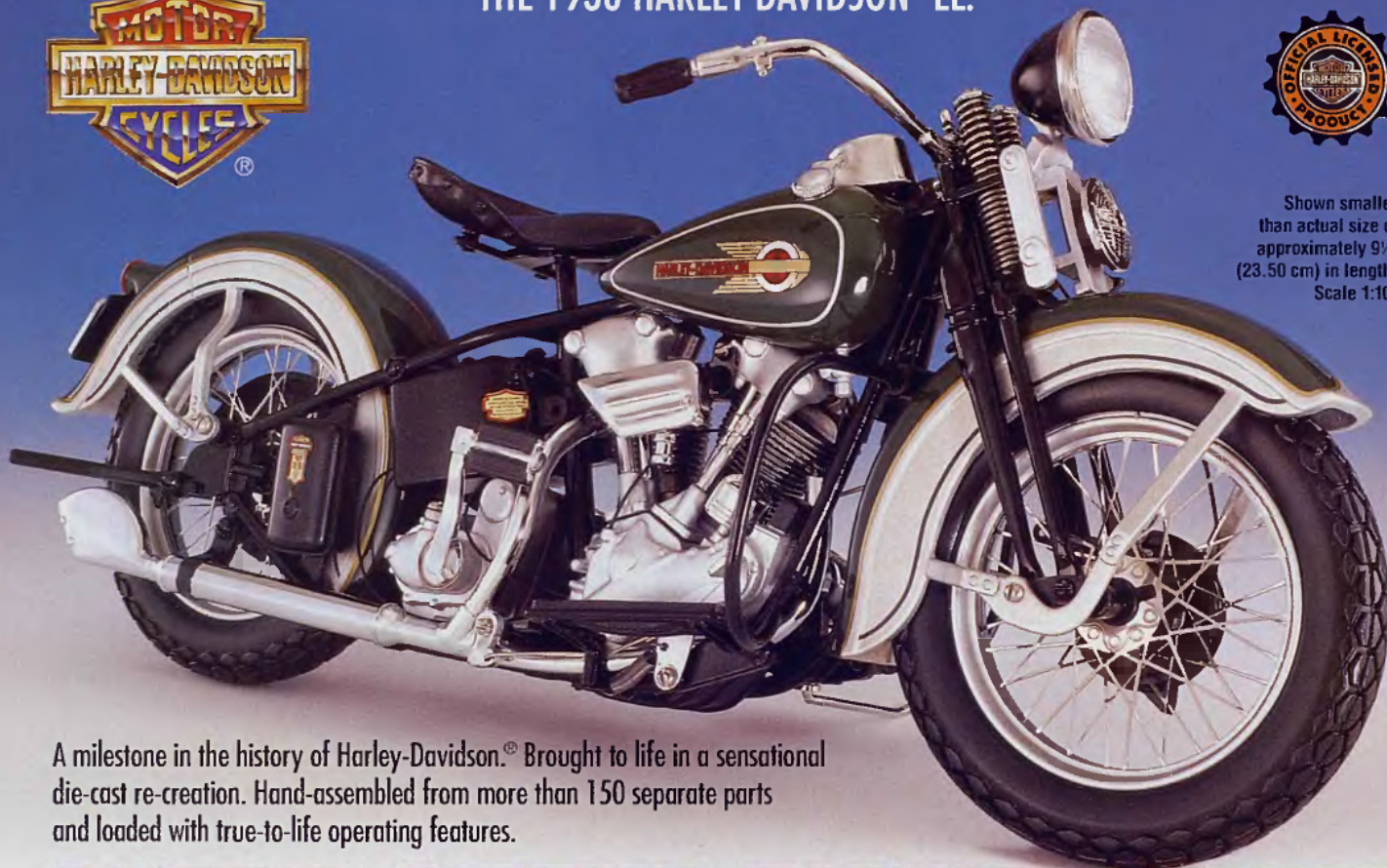
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FRANKLIN MINT PRECISION MODELS® THE COLLECTOR'S CHOICE IN DIE-CAST.

RED-HOT CHILI

Have you noticed that great mysteries are macabre career guides? Elmore Leonard takes a basic criminal—former loan shark Chili Palmer—and uses that character to show the sleazy underside of the entertainment industry. In *Get Shorty*, Chili meandered into a scriptwriting deal, drawing on his intimate knowledge of desperate dreams,

shaky promises and the seduction of easy money. Returning in *Be Cool* (Dellacorte), Chili is an established film producer (his wildly successful *Get Leo* was followed by the turkey *Get Lost*). Hunting for the theme of his next screenplay, he does lunch with Tommy Athens, a record company exec. A wig-wearing hit man does Tommy, and the fun begins. Leonard takes the reader on a tour of the record biz, from promo men to superstars. The sidemen—bodyguards with crossover dreams, and refugees from a Spice Girls cover band—are superb. Adding to the insider's

guide, Leonard lets real acts (e.g., Aerosmith) make cameos. He even borrows real lyrics for his fictional band. In Chili's world, it's not about art, it's about money. In Leonard's hands, it's about art.

—JAMES R. PETERSEN



MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

Photographers have always been fascinated with the human body. What's remarkable is that classic nude photography remains so immediate. Four recently published books reveal that old photos can be as compelling as ones taken yesterday. *Nude Photography: Masterpieces From the Past 150 Years* (Prestel), by Peter-Cornell Richter, surveys the work of 62 photographers (the picture below is 1923's *Portrait of R.*, by Alfred Stieglitz). *Man Ray: Photography and Its Double* (Ginkgo), edited by Emmanuelle de L'Ecotais and Alain Sayag, is a great overview of work from the Twenties and Thirties by the Philadelphia-barn surrealist. There are wonderful nudes here—especially of photographer Lee Miller. *Jacques Henri Lartigue, Photographer* (Bulfinch) entices the viewer into a beautiful belle epoque world of motion, caquetry and childish innocence. With its tremendaus and rare color photographs, *Lartigue's Riviera* (Flammarion) evokes a magical way of life.

—LEOPOLD FROELICH



FICTION STRANGER THAN TRUTH

Science fiction writing has evolved well beyond tales of Martians, but the red planet still provides rich literary terrain for a storyteller with the wit and imagination of Larry Niven. In *Rainbow Mars* (Tor), the five-time Hugo Award winner presents Hanville Svetz, a weary but engaging time traveler whose job takes him to Mars in the Middle Ages with able astronaut babe Miya. Their discovery of a beanstalk beyond anything Jack encountered offers an apparent boon for the budget-conscious Institute for Temporal Research. The beanstalk is an intriguing explanation for the canals on Mars and great reading for science fiction fans. The earthbound 21st century characters in John Barnes' *Finity* (Tor) do their traveling in parallel universes.



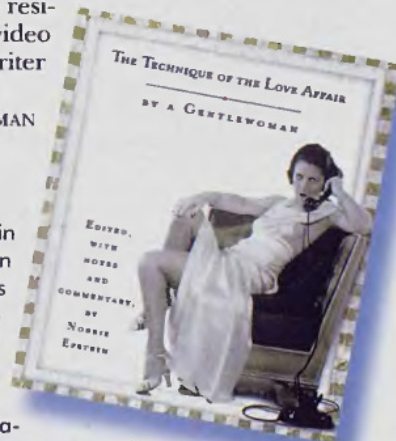
STEVE BISHOP

Skillfully combining the uncertainty principle with virtual reality, Barnes sets up a heady premise in which a group of chat room friends, all American expatriates, slowly realize they have learned different versions of history. The story's sturdy paranoid underpinnings collapse when the characters learn they've been selected for a *Mission: Impossible*-like operation. But their assignment is compelling: Find out what happened to the U.S. Paranoia is the driving force in *Waiting* (Forge), a spellbinding novel by acclaimed master of suspense Frank Robinson. A chance discovery of a different species of humans gives a San Francisco TV newswriter reason to feel paranoid—everyone with whom he shares his information suffers a suspicious but explainable death. He must determine who, or what, is behind the killings, and why he is allowed to live. The science fiction realm has always saved room for humor, but there's barely enough to contain Christopher Moore, the clever comic novelist who transports his own wild universe to every literary genre he visits. In *The Lust Lizard of Melancholy Cove* (Spike), Moore brings an ailing sea monster with a contagious sexual demeanor and an appetite for humans to a California trailer park, where he camouflages himself as a mobile home to elude discovery by a pot-smoking constable. He is nursed back to health by the town's resident nutcase, a faded action-video queen. If there's a funnier writer out there, step forward.

—PAUL ENGLEMAN

AN AFFAIR TO REMEMBER:

If *The Rules* left you reeling, join the club. But long before Ellen Fein and Sherrie Schneider's postfeminist land-the-mon-of-your-dreams guide, there was Doris Langley Moore's *The Technique of the Love Affair* (Pantheon). Those who know that pleasure is serious business will appreciate and be charmed by this 1928 classic—updated and annotated by Narrie Epstein—far its practical approach to Flapper-era sexual pursuit and conquest. And you thought Dr. Ruth knew it all. —HELEN FRANGOULIS



By ASA BABER

You will be pleased to hear that a health club in Miami offers an aerobics class called *Step Is a Drag*, led by Claudio Cantillo, a gentleman who wears spandex tights, makeup and a woman's wig. Not to be outdone, a gym in New York employs a trainer named Anthony Truly, who offers Abs, Thighs and Gossip sessions. During his classes, Truly likes to dish with his clients as he grades—on a one-to-ten scale—the sex appeal of various men who pass by the window.

If those two gentlemen don't do it for you, would an atmosphere of raw macho lunacy get you off the couch? Then try the Basic Training workout at Chicago's East Bank Club. Your hard-ass drill instructor, former U.S. Marine Tyrone Singleton, will be happy to lead you through a boot-camp routine to die for. Along those same lines, you can enlist in Firefighters Training at a club in New York. A real firefighter named Eric Torres will set off radio calls, sirens and flashing lights to motivate you, and then order you to haul around fire hoses and a 125-pound crash-test dummy on an impromptu rescue mission.

Why are health clubs resorting to such outlandish productions? The short answer is money: Gyms need new recruits. The baby boomer generation that fueled the health club mania of the Eighties has matured, and those boomer knees and boomer backs are feeling the aches and pains of middle age. In addition, people are busy and do not want to go through the usual drive-park-work out-shower-drive routine of a trip to a health club. All of this signifies that the 21st century's workout location of choice will be the home.

Americans are already displaying a new do-it-yourself attitude toward physical conditioning. Treadmill sales are still climbing (3.1 million machines were sold in 1997), and inexpensive options in exercise equipment abound. For approximately \$500 (less than the annual cost of many gym memberships), you can outfit yourself and go for the burn on your own: shoes, \$60; exercise mat, \$30; 300 pounds of dumbbells, \$150; exercise bands, \$30; exercise videos, \$15 to \$20. If you feel the need for it, you can hire a trainer for preliminary instruction at about \$45 an hour.

If more people are working out at home, what can gyms offer to lure mem-



DRAG QUEENS IN SPANDEX

bers? As I reported, some executives in the trade seem to think that drag queens in spandex and drill instructors in camouflage will do it. But are those approaches too radical for the average guy? I say they're not radical enough, and I have a few alternatives that do not go for the cheap or tawdry chuckle or lower the level of discourse.

It is in the spirit of sophisticated benevolence that I offer this free advice to the health clubs of America. The following are a few of the workouts you should put on your schedules if you want to attract the majority of men. Please note that I make these suggestions purely in self-interest. If health clubs should ever disappear, my leotard-sniffing nose would twitch like a coke addict's for the rest of my life. Please also note that my suggestions often involve either sex or death, but who's surprised? We're talking men here.

(1) *The There She Blows workout*. Known in some circles as Monica Madness, this brilliant concept for physical conditioning employs one-on-one instruction in which the client is allowed to work with his trainer of choice. And while it is blatantly discriminatory, only straight male clients and female instructors are permitted to do this routine. The workout itself involves knee pads, lobster bibs, hula hoops, vibrators, edible oils, hot

towels and a massage table. Relaxing and gratifying, the *There She Blows* workout should be a real moneymaker and life extender. Rumor has it the American Medical Association is ready to endorse it, as are the White House and the Department of Agriculture.

(2) *The Cunning Linguist workout*. The advantage of this one is that the equipment is the same as that used in the *There She Blows* workout. The same rules also apply, but the client-trainer modes of participation are reversed. In this case, it is the client who spends face time on his knees while his female instructor listens to Barry Manilow singing Oprah Winfrey's theme song or Andrea Bocelli singing *Like a Bat Out of Hell* (with Meatloaf accompanying).

(3) *The Gladiator's Combat workout*. This one is a challenge, but most of my rowdy friends will at least try it. Led by those few remaining professional wrestlers who hold no state governorships or presidential cabinet positions, clients do push-ups, jumping jacks, sit-ups, presses and curls for hours. Good form counts, as do flexibility and grace. But sheer physical endurance is the key requirement here, because the first geek-necked pigeon-chested no-balls lily-livered mama's-boy wussie who drops out from fatigue must face the instructor in hand-to-hand combat until one of them dies. The instructor is allowed to carry a garrote made of snakes and snails and puppy-dogs' tails, so you can see why this workout is guaranteed to hold your interest and cut harmful calories. The only drawback? You have to supply your own body bag. But that, too, imparts a sense of risk, so don't knock it, fella. Because risk is what you are really after in your boring fucking life, right?

Those are my top three suggestions, but there are others, such as the IRS Tax Audit workout, the Angry Divorce Attorney workout, the False Charges of Sexual Abuse workout (not to be confused with the False Charges of Sexual Harassment workout), the Random Drug Test workout, the Banished Father workout, the Men Are Slime But Women Are Beautiful workout and, last but not least, the Ruthless Proctologist workout. And remember our motto at all times: "Clean mind. Clean body. Take your pick."



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MANTRACK hey...it's personal

Cunningham's Comeback

The Cunningham C4R was a 400-horsepower bear of a two-seater that its creator, wealthy yachtsman Briggs Cunningham II, pitted against Ferrari, Mercedes-Benz and Jaguar at Le Mans back in the Fifties. Cunningham never won the race, and within five years he folded the company. Today, an original Cunningham goes for more than \$1 million—if you can find one. The good news is that Cunningham's son, Briggs III, is manufacturing hand-farmed aluminum replicas (pictured here) of the original, powered by a restored Chrysler Hemi engine. This Cunningham's suspension is vastly improved over its predecessor's, and while drum brakes are standard, discs that feel as though they could stop a 757 are a highly desirable option. Snuggled into the spartan cockpit, you sit almost bolt upright in bucket seats. The short-throw four-speed gearbox takes time to learn, but once you've mastered it, hang on. The C4R goes exactly where you point it and it's not hard to imagine yourself blasting through the Arange Corner at Le Mans or hurtling down the Mulsanne Straight. We topped 125 on one deserted stretch of freeway, and there was more speed available. Only 50 C4Rs will be built. For \$159,000 you can own a legend. Rumor has it, once they're sold Cunningham will do a modern version of the C4R.



Clothesline: Greg Gumbel

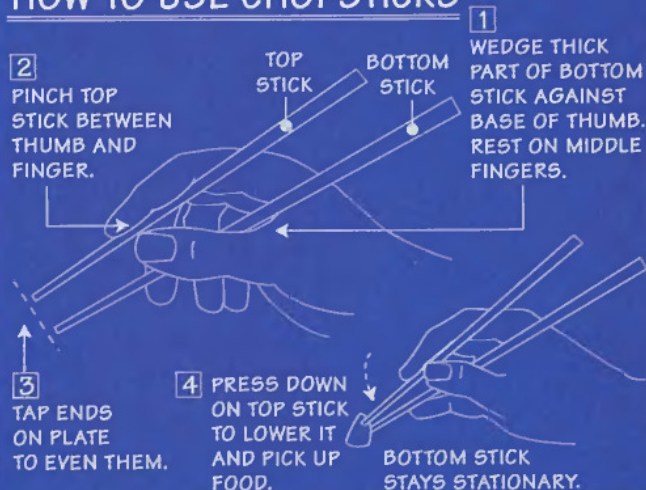
"I'm very involved in choosing the clothes I wear on air," says NFL on CBS sports anchor Greg Gumbel. "I don't hesitate to tell a designer, 'I don't like that.' I've seen broadcasters who must be vampires. There can't be mirrors in their houses—otherwise why would they appear in front of the camera looking like that?" Gumbel's personal taste runs to suits by Joseph Abboud, who happens to be the current supplier for CBS, and to vests, which he began wearing when he covered the Winter Olympics in 1994. "Façonnable supplied my wardrobe at that time, and the day after I wore my first vest, people stopped by their store and asked to buy it." Gumbel also loves to shop from catalogs "because I can avoid the crowds," but he drops by Barneys New York. His favorite article of clothing? A brown leather jacket that he bought in Newport, Rhode Island. He zips in a fox lining in winter. "Once a woman approached me on a street corner in Manhattan saying, 'I wish I had a can of spray paint so I could ruin that jacket,'" Gumbel confided to us. His response: "Is that real leather on your shoes?"



Two Billion People Can't Be Wrong

Much of the world already knows how to use chopsticks, but that skill has not caught on much here in the U.S. Use the blueprint below to learn how. Practice enough and things will just click. As you become proficient with chopsticks, you'll find some foods actually become easier to eat: noddles, for instance. Incidentally, we are seeing a boom in high-end chopsticks. Red Zen, for example, makes handcrafted sticks in four varieties—available in retail stores such as the Chopping Block in Chicago. At the top end, Christoffe makes luxury chopsticks in ebony or ivory resin that are tipped with silver or Chinese lacquer (from \$42 to \$150).

HOW TO USE CHOPSTICKS



MANTRACK



The Recline of Western Civ

Wha among us shoulnd't give his back a break? Park yourself in the Backsaver Zero-Gravity Stress-Free Recliner (from the Relax the Back catalog, 800-290-2225) and you're ready to reduce some serious stress. It elevates your knees above your heart and puts your spine in a neutral position that can relieve pain and promote circulation. We found it to be a great reading chair, although we should caution that it sometimes promotes sleep rather than reading comprehension. Cost: between \$900 and \$2100, depending on materials.

The Mint Julep Made Easy

On Kentucky Derby day, Tennessee squires, Virginia gentlemen and Kentucky colonels all agree on one thing: A mint julep must be made with American whiskey. To do it right, chill a silver julep cup (or a double old-fashioned glass). Then place about four mint leaves and one teaspoon each of superfine sugar and warm water in the cup and muddle the mixture around, coating the cup's bottom and sides. Discard the mint. Fill the cup with finely crushed ice and add about three ounces of your best whiskey. Purists beat the ice in a canvas bag to eliminate moisture. Tap off with more ice, a mint sprig and a short straw. (Optional: Dust the mint with powdered sugar.) Add more whiskey. Bury your nose in the mint, and drink to the running of the roses.



Video Fare

The expression "gourmet TV dinner" is no longer an oxymoron. The next time you're in the mood to video veg, try Wolfgang Puck's line of pizzas, available in supermarkets. There are ten varieties offered, including spicy chicken and pepperoni-and-mushroom. Delicious, especially with a bottle of chianti. But for a real tube-side treat you should make plans to have your dinner (or better still, dinner for two) overnighed. Serious steak eaters consider bison a prime choice. The American Gourmet offers four Salisbury steaks made from lean, tender



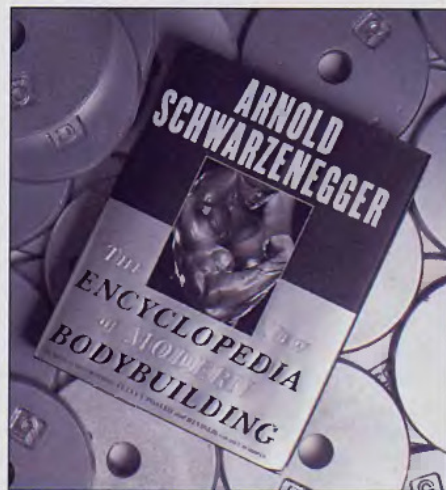
bison, with green peppers and mushroom gravy for \$30. Or try sugar-cured bison with pineapple glaze (three steaks, \$30), a Japanese bison stir-fry with onions, asparagus and teriyaki marinade

(\$40) or bison filet tips Stroganoff (two servings; \$37). Balducci's, New York's premiere gourmet grocer, will pack and ship two filet mignons and two lobster tails overnight for \$52. Or order shrimp scampi in seasoned butter and breadcrumbs for \$35. The Smokehouse Buffet Tower from Seabear Pacific Northwest Seafood includes smoked mussels, oysters, trout and salmon, as well as paté and crackers for \$80. Or call New Braunfels Smokehouse and order buttermilk pancakes, Canadian bacon and maple syrup for \$28. The bloody marys are your responsibility.

Guys Are Talking About . . .



The New Encyclopedia of Modern Bodybuilding. The 800-page revise of Arnold Schwarzenegger's "bible of bodybuilding" (originally published 14 years ago) is heavy enough to be a barbell. Sections on diet and nutrition and methods of training have been added, and half the 1000 photos and illustrations in the book are new. Price: \$50. The return of Maserati. The year 2001 is the target for Maserati's reentry into the States with a convertible version of its sleek 3200 GT four-seater coupe. That's ten years after the marque got out of tawn with its tailpipes between its legs because of shoddy workmanship and poor design. If sales are strong, expect the four-door Quattroporte to come ashore in 2003. Parrot Cay. This new 56-room hideaway in the Turks and Caicos, British West Indies is located on its own 1000-acre island. But sand and seclusion aren't the only things drawing the sun crowd to three miles of beaches. The resort also offers the only Asian-style spa facility in the Caribbean, with Thai and Chinese massages and body treatments of herbs and spices from Asia. Rates range from \$390 to \$1640 per night. Original Polish Vodka. The Spirit Journal just named Original Polish its 1998 White Spirit of the Year. Na wonder: Original Polish is distilled from rye grain that's cleaned six times and then triple-filtered. Price: \$25 for a 750-ml bottle.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My boyfriend loves hand jobs, but I've run out of ideas on how to make them more exciting. Does the Advisor have any suggestions?—W.J., Amarillo, Texas

Are you using both hands? You may be able to double his pleasure. Lou Paget of the Sexuality Seminars has written a sex manual for women, *How to Be a Great Lover*, that diagrams 21 techniques for giving good hand. To start things off, she suggests having your boyfriend pour lube into your cupped palms. "By rubbing your hands together seductively, you'll not only warm the lube, you'll also let him know how good it feels to you and how good you are soon going to make him feel." A favorite technique is called the Ode to Bryan: (1) Hands out, thumbs down. Wrap one hand around his penis so that your wrist is flexed and your thumb rests against his pubic hair. (2) Stroke up the shaft. When you reach the head, twist your hand slightly as if you were opening a jar. (3) Rotate your entire palm over the head as if you were sculpting it. (4) Come over the top and down the shaft firmly until your pinkie touches his pubic hair. Immediately move your other hand into position on top of your "finishing" hand and begin the next cycle. You'll quickly establish a rhythm—the goal is continuous motion and sensation. How well do this and other techniques described in Paget's book work? Just reading the instructions turned us on, and one wife offered this testimonial: "The only audible words in my husband's reaction were, 'Oh Jesus, Mary and Joseph.' And he's Jewish." *How to Be a Great Lover* is available in bookstores; for information about the Sexuality Seminars, call 310-556-3623.

In December, a reader wrote the Advisor because his wife admitted to sleeping with more than 400 guys during the Seventies, and he couldn't handle it. I understand his reaction. Four hundred guys could populate a small town, and knowing that that many men had been with my wife would make my head spin. What does this woman's past say about her self-esteem? Her character? Her childhood? Do 400 one-night stands give someone more experience than several long-term, sexually intense relationships? I prefer the latter experience in a woman's past.—C.O., Syracuse, New York

You sound like a TV analyst. We have no idea what motivated this woman, but what difference does it make now? We didn't say that flying through hundreds of lovers is necessary or preferred, just that it shouldn't be an issue 20 years later. Consider this from another angle: Hugh Hefner has slept with thousands of women, but we don't hear from readers questioning his self-esteem or character. Instead, most envy the sexual freedom he enjoys. According to prevailing views, it's OK for single men to have sex as often as



they can manage it, but women are somehow tainted if they do. Our response irritated a number of male readers. The next letter is representative.

I have subscribed to PLAYBOY for the past 30 years and have always agreed with your advice. But the response in December to R.J. from Oklahoma City must have been written by a woman. Very few men would want to be married to a woman who has had 400 lovers. Sorry, but this time your advice didn't fly.—G.C., Newark, New Jersey

Should this reader have left his wife because of her experience? Should he have chastised her, or made her serve penance? Of course not. We suggested he not dwell on the ghosts of lovers past, and that advice flies. Four hundred lovers is atypical, certainly. But in your view, how many partners is too many? Five? A dozen? A hundred? We're sure that our female readers would appreciate knowing at what point they become unsuitable for marriage.

When I bought new tires for my car, the dealer tried to sell me on siping, a process in which a machine cuts razor-thin slits at 90-degree angles across the width of the tread. This supposedly improves traction, especially on wet or icy pavement. It costs about ten bucks per tire. Does siping work?—A.C., Detroit, Michigan

That depends on who you ask. The company in Phoenix, Arizona that makes siping machines says the process provides a safer and softer ride. Your dealer probably agrees. But our automotive experts don't recommend it. John Sipe introduced the process in the Twenties, long before tiremakers designed

tread patterns with the help of computers. "Traditionally, siping was better than nothing," says Mark Kuykendall, a product manager with Bridgestone/Firestone. "In some cases it might help on wet or icy pavement. But there are too many downsides. If you cut a tire up, you change its design, and that could lead to irregular wear." Siping also could void your warranty, especially if it's done incorrectly and cuts into the tire body.

I found an old copy of *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (But Were Afraid to Ask)*, that book from the early Seventies, and read it for a laugh. At one point the author says Coca-Cola is "the best douche available." Is that true?—R.W., Atlanta, Georgia

No, it's not. Using Coke as a douche could be dangerous. That was the most infamous of many gaffes in Dr. David Reuben's best-seller, published in 1969 and updated for the first time this year. Reuben corrected many of the errors we exposed on these pages in November 1972, but he continues to hold some odd beliefs for a man who aspires to be the nation's sex expert. When discussing female circumcision, the practice in some cultures of removing a girl's clitoris at puberty to prevent her from experiencing sexual pleasure, Reuben can manage only that "everyone's religious convictions must be respected." He sees the ritual as no more an aberration than genital piercing, although the latter is performed on consenting adults. Later, Reuben dismisses the common problem of premature ejaculation as a misogynist mind game, "a most subtle and yet most satisfying form of revenge—always unconsciously." (The doctor's remedy? "Say to yourself: 'I will not spill my milk! I don't want to spill my milk! I am not going to spill my milk!'") In a chapter on homosexuality, Reuben depicts gay people as sexual freaks, as he did 30 years ago in his first edition. He claims that lesbians "tend to be more reserved." He asserts incorrectly that a man who cross-dresses must be gay. He reprints a news account of a gay man beaten to death with a candlestick as evidence that "the homosexual subculture even has its own form of expression." We can only assume that Dr. Reuben forgot to update parts of his book.

On a cross-country flight my girlfriend told me that traveling makes her horny. What's the relationship between travel and sex?—L.B., La Grange, Illinois

They're both great escapes that fuel fantasies. For most people, getting away from it all includes setting aside inhibitions. You're on vacation; anything can happen. Traveling, like romance, provides "the seductive promises of change and renewal, the appeal of seeing and being seen afresh," writes Michelle de Kretser, who compiled the anthology *Brief Encounters: Stories of Love*,

*Sex and Travel. The change in routine, however, can have consequences. Researchers at Cardiff University in Great Britain surveyed 5676 single young adults who traveled outside the UK without a lover. We won't dwell on the fact that 93 percent of them didn't get laid—they're British, after all. We also weren't particularly surprised that people traveling with friends were more likely to meet a new sexual partner, or that solo travelers more often reported multiple partners. What struck us, and the researchers, was that female travelers were less cautious than males when it came to safer sex. Regardless of their habits at home, on the road they often let their foreign lovers dictate the terms of the encounters. "Travel may affect the sexes differently in the degree to which they are liberated from constraints on their behavior," the study's lead author told *The New York Times*. "Travel abroad may be associated with notions of romance, and women may see the relationship in a romantic light, with its connotations of intimacy and trust."*

A PLAYBOY article in January offered several suggestions for curing hangovers, and I remember the Advisor discussing this topic as well. I've heard about and tried many methods over the years, but there is only one surefire cure. It was concocted by Doug Biederbeck at Bix in San Francisco, where I honed my bartending skills. It was even listed on the menu for some time. You need one shot of Fernet Branca, two aspirin, a small glass of Coca-Cola with no ice and a short beer. Drink the Fernet, wash down the aspirin with the Coke and sip the beer. This "cure" is guaranteed to work immediately, primarily because of the Fernet. If you're not familiar with Fernet Branca, pick up a bottle. At Bix, Fernet was known as the breakfast of champions. Bartenders often begin or end their shifts with it. The Italian bitters liqueur is 80 proof and is composed of a secret mix of herbs, roots, botanicals and God knows what else. There is nothing better for an upset stomach or hangover than Fernet. It has saved me many times.—Tim Gaiser, Master Sommelier, Virtual Vineyards, Napa, California

Thanks for the tip. We'll see you in the morning.

I understand that PLAYBOY publishes overseas editions. I'd like to subscribe to a few. Can it be done?—L.T., Lima, Ohio

Sure. We publish all over the world, and our editions in Australia, Brazil, Croatia, France, Germany, Italy, the Netherlands, Poland, Russia and Taiwan fulfill subscriptions to North America. The costs range from \$60 to \$180 annually. We also have editions in the Czech Republic, Greece, Japan, Norway, Slovakia, Sweden and Spain. Each is printed in its native language and includes pictorials and articles you won't see in the flagship magazine. Some parts of PLAYBOY, of course, need no translation. You'll find

addresses and prices at playboy.com/international, or send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Playboy Foreign Editions, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. You also can order sampler packs online with a credit card, or send a check or money order for \$45 for three issues or \$65 for five issues (our choice, but indicate your preferences).

My boyfriend claims that if I kiss or have sex with another woman, I'm cheating on him. I've never met anyone who thinks other women count. He says it's OK if he's with me. What do you think?—K.A., Nashville, Tennessee

If your boyfriend says he would feel betrayed, then it's cheating. He has established his boundaries, and you have to decide whether to respect them.

You said in January that fucking in Denver would not qualify someone for the mile high club. Have you heard of the mile low club? To qualify, you ride the Eurostar through the "Chunnel of Love" between Britain and France and do it in the roomy washrooms during the 20 minutes or so that the train is in the tunnel. I'm a proud member.—C.V., London, U.K.

Sounds like quite a ride, but you're far short of a mile. The Eurostar reaches a depth of 377 feet below sea level about 11 minutes after it enters the tunnel. You'll need at least 14 more trips to reach a cumulative mile, which might be fun but can't be considered an official qualifier. To join the mile low club, figure out a way to claim two of the three seats on a deep-sea research submersible. We're already in training.

Kirstie Alley, in the January 20 *Questions*, refers to a sexual practice called felching. She doesn't define it because she says it is "the grossest thing you'll ever hear." So, what is felching?—P.G., Canton, Pennsylvania

Felching is the act of licking semen from a person's anus after he or she has received anal sex. (More liberal definitions include any orifice.) The licking is typically done by the person who produced the semen.

I am 26 and going into my third year of law school, and my ex-girlfriend is 32. I am in debt up to my nose, and the hard times are just ahead. We broke up because she wanted to get married and I could not in good conscience put her through the hardest part of my life. I justified it as getting out of her way so she can move on and find someone who can give her the family she deserves. Knowing the stats on breakups among people in law school, I think I did the right thing. But it feels as if I lost my soul mate. I've never felt what I had with her with anyone else, and there have been plenty of others. Did I make a mistake? Is there any truth to that old saying that

love conquers all?—A.J., Long Beach, California

*Commitment conquers all. If you weren't ready to commit, then you made a wise decision. But before you lose your ex for good, tell her about your fears and concerns. We suspect she knew what she was getting into, and that she was prepared. Money, children, work—those are issues that can be worked out if both partners are willing to make the effort. We don't want to jinx you, but you'll probably face more difficult times in your life than starting a law career. Wouldn't it be nice to have her with you? We like what Rabbi Shmuley Boteach, author of *Kosher Sex*, says about the topic: "Marriage is only partly rational. I always tell my students that it is far better to marry the right person at the wrong time than the wrong person at the right time."*

Several men have written the Advisor because their partners are reluctant to let them ejaculate into their mouths. It occurred to me that, with my wife's help, I could devise a recipe approximating the taste and texture of semen. Women could then experiment with it, and that might give them the confidence to undertake the real thing. After several test rounds, here is the recipe we came up with: Four teaspoons water, four teaspoons finely ground whole wheat pastry flour, a scant eighth of a teaspoon salt, two drops apple cider vinegar. Add the salt to the water. Add the vinegar to the flour. Combine it all. If the mixture doesn't flow slowly down a smooth vertical surface, add a bit more flour. Place one to one and a half teaspoons into a small baster so she can squirt it into her mouth. This recipe makes six to eight "servings." The real thing doesn't have any of the flour's grainy texture, but it is close in flavor. Also, in our experience, the taste of a man's semen varies from time to time. If this helps even one couple find more satisfaction in their relationship, we'll be pleased.—E.M., San Diego, California

The last guy who tried this, his wife left him for the baster.

*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 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.*



BRAINWASHING

antidrug ads are cool. the drug war is not

This is your brain. This is your brain on drugs.

For more than a dozen years, that catchy ad, produced by the Partnership for a Drug-Free America, has flickered at the center of American culture. According to a 1994 study, 96 percent of U.S. teenagers recalled seeing the egg (your brain) drop into the frying pan, and 98 percent of those teens identified the advertisement's message as: "Using drugs is bad for your brain."

Since 1986 the PDFA has created more than 500 antidrug ads. Madison Avenue admen and media barons have donated more than \$2.8 billion in broadcast time and ad space. "Your brain on drugs" and its clones represent the largest public-service media campaign in history. More than 200 corporations and foundations have joined the cause. In recent years, however, there have been signs of declining interest in the campaign—fewer big contributions, fewer ads.

The PDFA created a chart that appeared to link the shrinking ad budgets to increased curiosity among the young about drugs. Without an adult voice to guide them, kids were making their own decisions about the risks of marijuana, ecstasy, hallucinogens, cocaine and heroin.

Uncle Sam took note. This past year, drug czar General Barry McCaffrey announced that the government would, for the first time, use tax money to buy antidrug ads. Rather than relying on private-sector donations, the feds plan to spend \$195 million a year through 2004 (a total of nearly \$1 billion) to buy print space and airtime. With matching contributions from the media, about \$350 million annually will be spent to bring the nation's antidrug message into your home. One newspaper called the new initiative—warmly embraced by Democrats and Republicans alike—"the air war on drugs."

The PDFA's antidrug propagan-

da machine is now the 15th-largest brand campaign in America, reaching 95 percent of homes with four antidrug messages a week.

No one is in favor of kids doing drugs. Negative messages about drugs (even the preposterous ones) help—until kids weigh the hype against their own reality. Credibility was the first casualty in Nixon's war on drugs, a POW/MIA in today's war.

General McCaffrey is willing to spend one percent of his total war budget on propaganda. Unfortunately, it cannot distract us from the consequences of how the other 99 percent is spent.

Image: a small stash of pot. A trail of words leading to two bullets. "Pot hooks you up with a whole new circle of friends." The copy describes a dealer who blew away two cops. The ad is cool.

These are your rights
in the war on drugs.

Not cool: armed men smashing doors with a battering ram and shooting a suspect while his son watches. Marines in camouflage, patrolling for smugglers in the desert, killing an 18-year-old as he tends goats near the border. Houston police, on the word of an informant, breaking down Pedro Navarro's door and shooting him a dozen times in the back. (No drugs are found.)

Image: a young man walking through a ghetto. "I am not a purple dinosaur. What I am is a mentor. Not a psychologist, but I'm a listener. I

make a difference. Kids who have mentors are less likely to use drugs. Be a mentor." The ad is cool.

Not cool: Will Foster, a father of three, serving 20 years for cultivating marijuana he used to treat his rheumatoid arthritis. Rastafarian Calvin Treiber serving 29 years for "marijuana conspiracy." The FBI arrested his wife as well—she's serving 11 years—in effect, orphaning their four children. *Shattered Lives: Portraits From America's Drug War* is filled with pictures of men and women torn from their children by draconian mandatory minimum sentences.

Image: A youth snorts heroin, then falls through the floor to be impaled on a ten-foot hypodermic needle. The ad is cool.

Not cool: Almost 25 percent of reported AIDS cases are attributable to intravenous drug use; 50 percent of new HIV infections come from needles. Yet the director of national drug-control policy believes that "federal treatment funds should not be diverted to short-term harm reduction efforts like needle exchange programs."

In one of the new PDFA ads a teenage girl picks up a frying pan and says, "This is what happens to your brain after snorting heroin." She uses the pan to smash an egg, the kitchen clock, plates and a toaster. "This is what your body goes through. This is what your family goes through. And your friends. And your money. And your job! And your self-respect! And your future!"

"Any questions?"

We could see the same ad with different tag lines: "This is what the war on drugs does to your family. This is what the war on drugs does to the Bill of Rights. This is what the war on drugs does to truth."

Not cool.

Any questions?

BY JAMES R. PETERSEN

DRUG WAR SCRAPBOOK

KIDS AND DRUGS

Percentage of parents who believe drugs are a serious national problem: 82. Percentage who think the problem exists in their local high school: six.

Percentage of parents who tried marijuana in their youth: 60. Percentage who think their kids have tried marijuana: 21. Percentage of teens who have tried marijuana: 44.

Percentage of parents who say that they have talked with their kids about drugs: 94. Percentage of kids who recall having such a conversation with parents: 67.

Advice to parents from the Partnership for a Drug Free America: "Accept rebellion. At the heart of it, drugs, alcohol, wild hairstyles, trendy clothes, ear-splitting music and outrageous language are different ways of expressing teenage rebellion."

Signs of a regular user, according to the pamphlet *How Parents Can Help Children Live Marijuana Free*: "Avoids the family while at home. Interest in Rastafari religion. Extreme rebelliousness à la James Dean in *Rebel Without*

a Cause. Excessive preoccupation with social causes, race relations, environmental issues, etc. Frequent, lengthy or unexplained absences. Runs away or threatens to. Serious sibling conflicts."

THE USERS

Number of Americans who tried illegal drugs in 1962: 4 million. Number

of adults who used drugs in 1985: 23.3 million. Number of adults who used drugs in 1997: 13.9 million.

Number of adults who used cocaine in 1985: 5.7 million. Number of adults who used cocaine in 1997: 1.5 million.

Estimated number of Americans who tried heroin for the first time in 1996: 171,000. Percentage who were under the age of 26: 90.

In a 1996 study by the Drug Abuse Warning Network, number of annual emergency room episodes involving cocaine: 144,200. Number involving heroin: 70,500. Number involving methamphetamines: 10,800. Number involving marijuana: 50,000.

Number of drug abuse deaths in 1995: 9276.

RISK ASSESSMENT

Percentage of reported AIDS cases attributed to intravenous drug use: 25. Percentage of new HIV infections attributed to IV drug use: 50. Number of needle exchange programs in 1993: 37 in 13 states. Number in 1997: 115 in 29 states. For every two Americans, number who support needle exchange programs to reduce AIDS: one. For every three Americans, number who believe that needles should be available without prescription: one.

HARD TIME

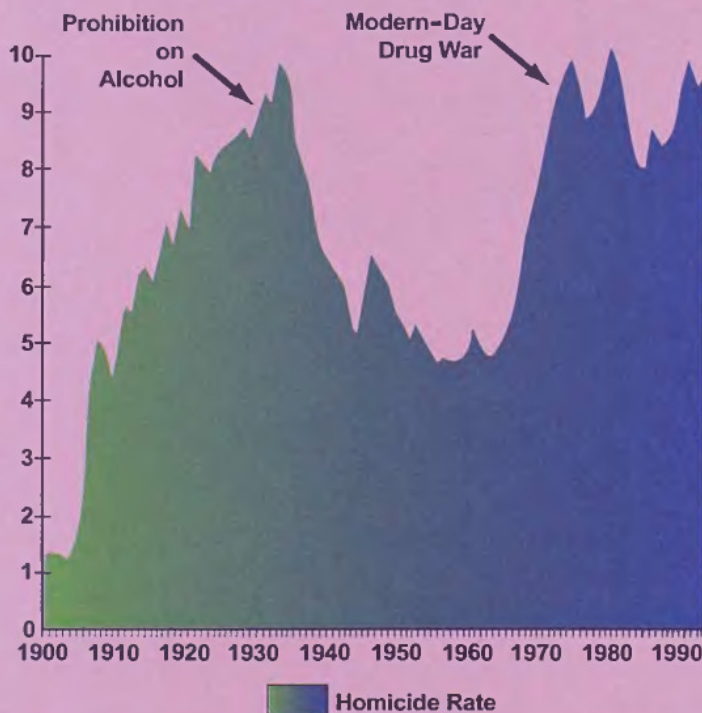
Number of federal prisoners who are drug offenders: 55,624. Percentage of these who are nonviolent first-time offenders: 50. Cost per day to feed,

Punishments for first-time drug offenses, compared with certain other offenses

Offense	Sentence
Drugs	82.4 months
Firearms	73.8 months
Sexual Abuse	66.9 months
Assault	33.4 months
Manslaughter	26.8 months
Burglary	24.6 months
Auto Theft	20 months

Source: Federal Bureau of Prisons, "Quick Facts," September 1996

Homicide Rate: 1900 - 1993



the lunacy continues

clothe, house and guard these 55,624 prisoners: \$3.5 million. Cost annually: \$1.28 billion.

Percentage of federal prisoners incarcerated on drug charges: 59; for violent crimes: 2.5.

Number of Americans arrested in 1997 for drug offenses: 1.5 million. Of these, percentage who were arrested for simple possession: 79.

Number of Americans arrested in 1997 for murder, rape, robbery and aggravated assault (combined): 717,720. Number of Americans arrested for marijuana offenses: 695,200. Percentage arrested for possession: 87.

Number of people in federal and state prisons in 1980 for violating drug laws: 23,900. Number of people in federal and state prisons in 1996 for violating drug laws: 292,794.

FOR THE RECORD

"Penalties against possession of a drug should not be more damaging to an individual than the use of the drug itself."—JIMMY CARTER, 1978

"Government exists to protect us from each other. Where government has gone beyond its limits is in deciding to protect us from ourselves."—RONALD REAGAN, 1980

"Insanity is doing the same old thing over and over again and expecting a different result."—BILL CLINTON, 1992

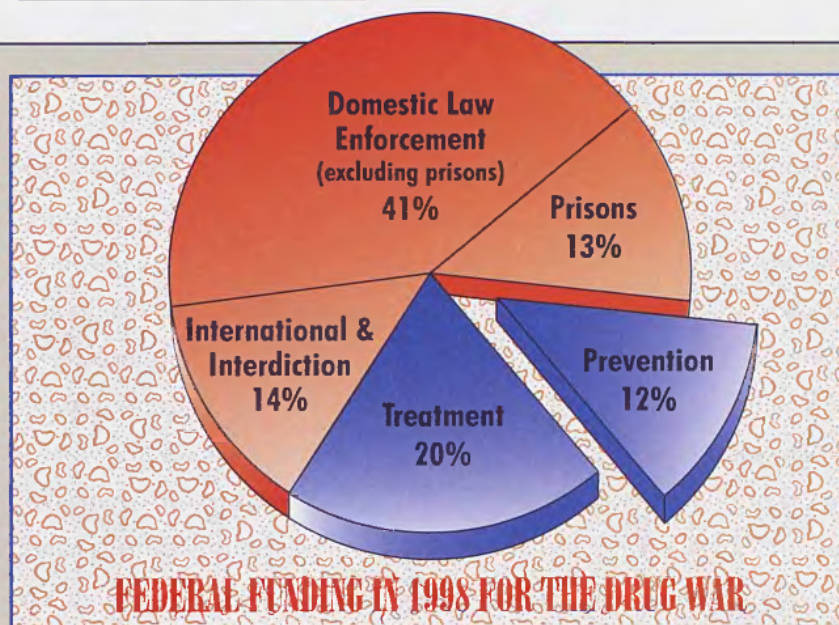
"Parents need to talk to children, but let's do what government is supposed to do and make drug use risky."—SENATOR JOHN ASHCROFT, 1998

THE POLICIES

Federal funding in 1987 for the war on drugs: \$4.7 billion. In 1998: \$16 billion. Percentage increase: 340.

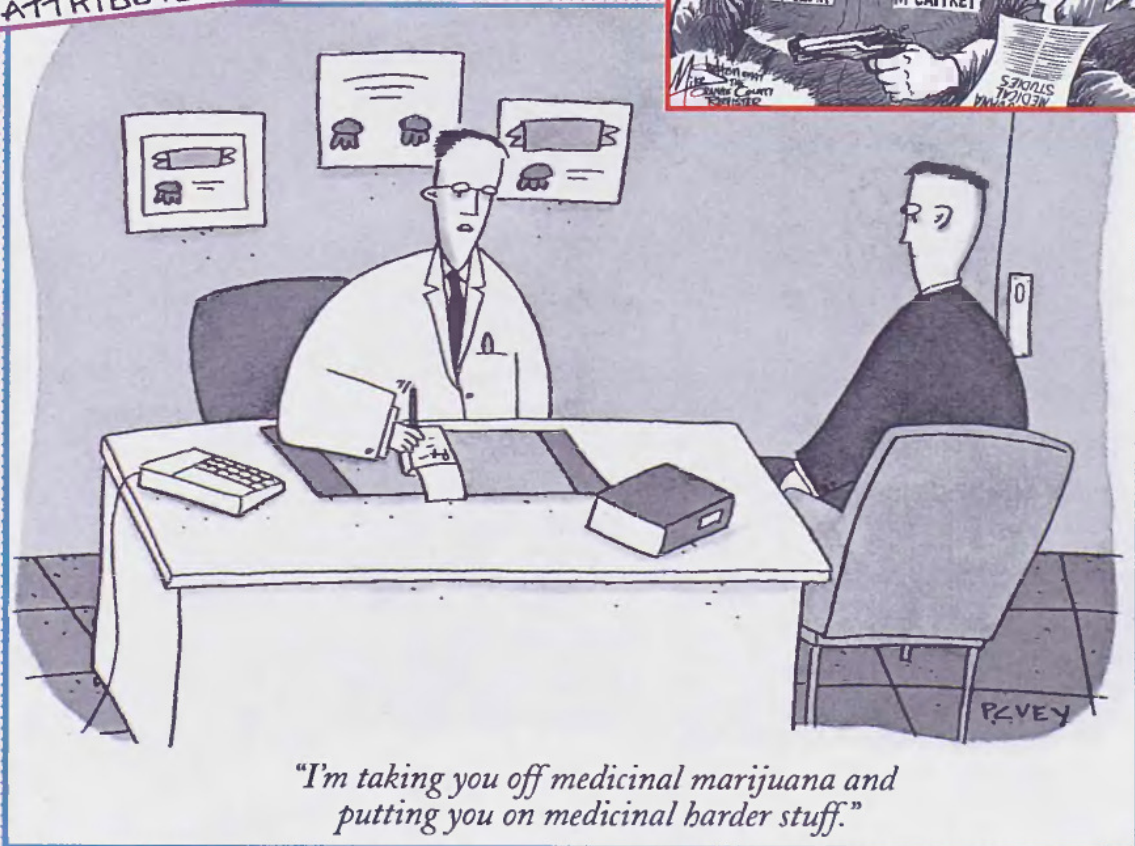
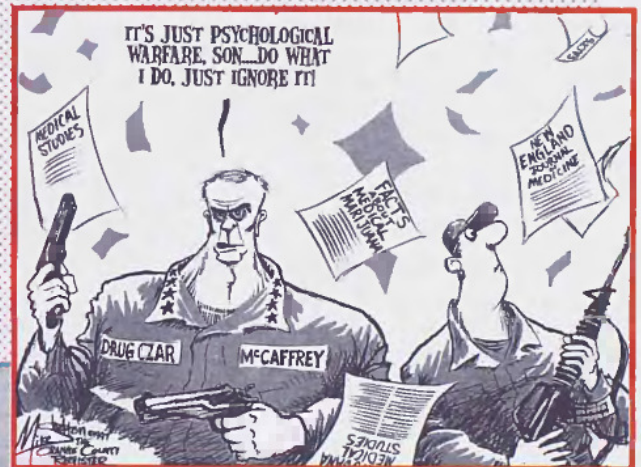
Legislation proposed during the last session of Congress:

Drug Free America Blue Ribbon Resolution; Drug Free Athlete Responsibility Resolution; Drug Free Border Prevention and Infrastructure Act; Drug Free Borders Act; Drug Free Congress Act; Drug Free Hemisphere Act; Drug Free Neighborhoods Act; Drug Free Prisons and Jails Treatment Act; Drug Free Student Loan Amendment; Drug Free Teenage Drivers Act; Drug Free Workplace Act; Drug Free Youth Resolution.



\$2.02 billion: Bureau of Prisons
 \$1.33 billion: Substance Abuse and Mental Health Services Administration
 \$1.18 billion: Department of Veterans Affairs
 \$1.15 billion: Drug Enforcement Agency
 \$865 million: Federal Bureau of Investigation
 \$815 million: Office of Justice Programs
 \$809 million: Department of Defense
 \$747 million: Department of Education
 \$641 million: Customs Service
 \$621 million: Federal Judiciary
 \$549 million: National Institute on Drug Abuse
 \$510 million: Office of Community Oriented Policing Services
 \$389 million: U.S. Coast Guard
 \$367 million: Immigration and Naturalization Service
 \$361 million: Office of National Drug Control Policy
 \$360 million: Health Care Financing Administration
 \$295 million: Interagency Crime and Drug Enforcement
 \$290 million: Department of Housing and Urban Development
 \$281 million: Federal Prisoner Detention
 \$273 million: U.S. Marshals Service
 \$269 million: U.S. Attorneys
 \$232 million: Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms
 \$214 million: State Department
 \$115 million: Centers for Disease Control
 \$90 million: U.S. Secret Service
 \$73 million: Internal Revenue Service
 \$66 million: Department of Labor
 \$61 million: Federal Law Enforcement Training Center
 \$54 million: Administration for Children and Families
 \$48 million: Health Resources and Services Administration
 \$43 million: Indian Health Service
 \$40 million: Corporation for National Service
 \$35 million: Food and Drug Administration
 \$31 million: National Highway Traffic Safety Administration
 \$28 million: Department of Justice Criminal Division
 \$27 million: U.S. Intelligence Community
 \$23 million: Federal Aviation Administration
 \$18 million: Bureau of Indian Affairs
 \$15 million: Women, Infants & Children Supplemental Food Program
 \$13 million: Financial Crimes Enforcement Network
 \$9 million: National Park Service
 \$9 million: U.S. Forest Service
 \$5 million: Bureau of Land Management
 \$5 million: Agricultural Research Service

CARTOONIST'S NOTEBOOK



The holy war against drugs is increasingly about power, and that includes the power of various Beltway bureaucrats to enforce their will against the will of the people. The greatest victim may be democracy.

In 1996 voters in Arizona and California went to the polls and, in sweeping victories, told Washington that federal drug policies—at least as they applied to marijuana for sick people—were wrong. From reefer madness to zero tolerance, from Nancy Reagan's "Just say no" to the Partnership for a Drug Free America's anti-drug sound bites, the demonization of marijuana had gone too far. America wanted a commonsense drug policy, one that allows compassion.

Voting on Proposition 215, Californians approved the medical use of marijuana by a 65 to 35 margin. In Arizona, a solid majority (65 percent) voted to give doctors the right to prescribe a range of drugs, including marijuana, heroin and LSD.

The feds' response was total denial. The votes sent a "disastrous message to young Americans that marijuana is good for you," said drug czar General Barry McCaffrey. "We view this as part of a national strategy to legalize all dangerous drugs. It's a libertarian's strategy that says, 'Let people do what they wish and we'll treat the wounded.'"

McCaffrey called the outcome a tremendous tragedy: "There is not a shred of scientific evidence that shows smoking marijuana is useful or needed. This is not science. This is not medicine. This is a cruel hoax that sounds like something out of a Cheech and Chong show."

He threatened to send federal agents after any doctor who acted on the will of the people. And taking a clue from that old communist witch-hunter Joe McCarthy, he tarred those who disagree with prohibition as "a carefully camouflaged, exorbitantly funded, well-heeled elitist group whose ultimate goal is to legalize drug use in the U.S." But the voters, General McCaffrey failed to note, were the people next door.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

high crimes in the drug war

Not to be outdone, Bill Bennett, the republic's first drug czar, claimed that the voters of Arizona had been "duped."

Politicians in Arizona tried to block the referendum's effect, arguing that voters may not have read the fine print. Local medical-marijuana activists renamed their group The People Have Spoken and tried again. This past November, voters rejected a measure that would have gutted the earlier referendum. By an easy majority, they



STEVE DINIHO

restored the language and intent of their campaign.

They were not alone.

In Alaska, voters passed (by a 59–41 margin) Ballot Measure 8, which would allow patients to possess up to one ounce of cannabis or to cultivate three marijuana plants. Those in need of medical marijuana could register for ID cards indicating their status.

In Nevada, a majority of voters (59 percent) responded positively to an initiative that would allow patients to use marijuana under the supervision of a doctor.

In the state of Washington, a majority of voters (59 percent) passed Initiative 692, which would permit patients

to maintain a 60-day supply of marijuana.

In Oregon, a majority of voters (55 percent) passed Measure 67, permitting the medical use of marijuana. An even larger majority (67 percent) defeated Measure 57, an attempt to recriminalize simple possession.

State by state, voters made their desires known.

In Colorado, a majority of voters (57 percent, according to an exit poll) passed a medical marijuana measure. But the secretary of state claimed the petition didn't have enough signatures.

In the District of Columbia, voters considered Initiative 59, which would allow legalized possession and distribution of marijuana for medical purposes. Prior to the election, Congressman Bob Barr (R-Ga.) attached a last-minute amendment to an appropriations bill. Barr declared that the District of Columbia, whose budget is controlled by Congress, could not use federal funds to conduct the medical marijuana ballot. (The ballots had already been printed. Because of Barr's amendment, election officials could not legally pay the printer.)

Exit polls suggested that nearly 80 percent of voters supported the initiative, but no count was released by the city. The exact results were locked in a computer. The district's election board, afraid of violating the congressional fiat, would not pay for the estimated \$1.64 worth of labor it

would take to tabulate the results. Activists presented Barr with a check for \$1.64 but he refused the funds.

Congress had blatantly tried to stop an election. Failing that, it managed to silence 137,523 voters. The district filed a lawsuit, as did the ACLU. John Ferren, lawyer for the district, called the denial of the vote "an offense to us as human beings." He argued before a federal judge: "Every single moment this vote is not counted is an injury to you, to me, to everyone in this room."

Congress retaliated by passing an appropriations rider that forbade the district from legal action.

Talk about your high crimes and misdemeanors.

R E A D E R

DEATH PENALTY ROULETTE

James R. Petersen puts flesh and bones on the most critical problem of the death penalty: the likelihood that the government will execute innocent citizens. Many of the people he describes in "Death Penalty Roulette" (*The Playboy Forum*, January) were freed from death row only after coming perilously close to execution.

It would be wrong to conclude that these mistakes constitute an acceptable risk because they are uncommon and unavoidable. For every seven prisoners executed since the death penalty was reinstated, there has been one condemned person who never should have been convicted in the first place. This risk is unnecessary. We should stop trying to guess who should live and die, and instead sentence heinous murderers to life without parole. This alternative severely punishes the criminal and protects society, without the risks and costs of the death penalty.

It's a myth that the death penalty adds anything to the justice system by choosing 60 inmates per year for execution. Their crimes are indistinguishable from those of many offenders who receive life sentences. The 60 who will die are more likely distinguished by factors such as race, geography and quality of appointed counsel. And some of them are innocent.

Richard Dieter
Executive Director
Death Penalty Information Center
Washington, D.C.

This past November, a broad-shouldered, muscular man rose to speak before a hushed crowd at the Northwestern University School of Law in Chicago. "My name is Dennis Williams," he said in a booming voice. Then he repeated the mantra of 29 others who had preceded him to the podium: "If the state had its way, I would be dead today."

As Williams returned to his seat, he clasped the hand of Rolando Cruz. The two men had crossed paths before, on death row in Illinois, after each had been convicted for the second time of



STRIPPERS' SYMPHONY

"We might have to play Bach's *Air on the G String*. It's a lovely piece."

—KARL ASHLEY, PRESIDENT OF THE GAINESVILLE, FLORIDA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, UPON LEARNING THAT A LOCAL STRIP CLUB HAD AGREED TO DONATE \$500 ANNUALLY TO THE GROUP

murders they had not committed.

Williams, Cruz and the other former death row inmates were guests at the National Conference on Wrongful Convictions and the Death Penalty. During three days of discussions, lawyers, journalists and activists debated proposals to reform the criminal justice system. Some advocated increased government funding for legal and investigative services for indigent defendants (more than 90 percent of people on death row are indigent and, accordingly, did not have private attorneys at their trials or appeals). Others envisioned creating a privately funded Innocence Network—a consortium of law and journalism schools that would play a watchdog role to right legal wrongs. Still others talked of the need for adequate compensation of the wrongly convicted (under Illinois law, Williams and Cruz qualify for \$8000 for each year they had been in prison).

The unifying theme of the confer-

ence was the abolition of the death penalty. The death row survivors disagree with those who argue that their freedom is proof the system works. Williams, who spent 18 years in prison, credits the efforts of those outside the criminal justice establishment for exonerating him, including three of my students who took up his cause as a class project. "I am alive today in spite of the system, not because of it," he said.

A crusading *Chicago Tribune* columnist who had helped expose the Williams and Cruz injustices raised another argument against the death penalty: cost. "Millions in tax dollars were misspent to confine these innocent men," wrote Eric Zorn.

In Illinois alone, nine prisoners have been released from death row since 1973. During that period, the state executed 11 men, including Williams' best friend, Girvies Davis, who many believe was falsely accused. Conference speakers provided grim metaphors to challenge the efficiency of capital punishment: Would people eat sausage knowing that a high percentage of it was tainted? Would the military allow parachutes to be made for troops if their failure rate was between 15 and 48 percent? For Dennis Williams, the arguments are academic. It's not about numbers, it's about issues.

David Protes
Professor of Journalism
Northwestern University
Evanston, Illinois

Protes is co-author of *A Promise of Justice: The 18-Year Fight to Save Four Innocent Men*.

CRIME AND FILM

As James R. Petersen documented in "Popcorn Justice" (*The Playboy Forum*, January), movies are often scapegoats for criminal behavior. But research I presented last year to the American Academy of Forensic Sciences shows that there are common contributing factors more crucial to criminal acts than popular culture. They include an individual's personality, personal history, direct behavioral models, disregard for consequences and such contextual

RESPONSE

factors as possession of a weapon, provocation and disinhibition.

Time would be more wisely spent studying the psyches of criminals and the reasons they watch the movies they choose rather than merely indicting popular culture.

Joseph Crum
St. Petersburg, Florida

Crum directs psychological services and the Program for Childhood Trauma at All Children's Hospital in St. Petersburg.

SEXUAL FREEDOM

As a recent law school graduate, I am concerned about politicians and prosecutors who restrict our sexual freedoms. After reading numerous Supreme Court decisions and surveying state laws, I drafted the following amendment to the U.S. Constitution:

SEXUAL FREEDOM AMENDMENT

The people of the United States recognize sexual expression as a fundamental human right. Accordingly, any adult has the right to engage in a sexual relationship with another adult, provided there is mutual consent. Neither Congress nor the states shall enact legislation prohibiting such relationships, nor may they seek to control the circumstances surrounding such relationships.

Because sexual expression is a fundamental right, neither Congress nor the states shall enact legislation prohibiting any adult from creating, producing, performing, receiving or viewing sexually explicit material, whether such material is presented for educational or entertainment purposes. Sexually explicit material may be presented in person, or through any media, including but not limited to books, magazines, films, videotapes and digital media and transmissions.

All legislation, whether enacted by Congress or by any state, that is inconsistent with this article will be invalid on the adoption of this article.

Robert Morgan
Tempe, Arizona

PEDRO OREGON NAVARRO

In a past issue you mentioned the DARE program in Houston ("Just Say No," *The Playboy Forum*, October). Here's a suggestion for its \$3.7 million budget: Give it to the family of Pedro Oregon Navarro, who was shot in the back and killed by six Houston police officers as they conducted an illegal,

warrantless search ("Newsfront," *The Playboy Forum*, January). This tragedy will teach the children of Houston that the drug policy kills innocent people.

Gary Wakefield
Henderson, Nevada

In August, a grand jury convened to investigate the incident. After hearing from witnesses and considering the evidence, it indicted just one of the six officers—for mis-

demeanor criminal trespass. In November, the Houston police chief fired the officers.

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).



Each year, London's *Literary Review* awards its Bad Sex Prize for the worst sex scene in a novel. Unfortunately, the Starr report didn't qualify.

"He swelled inside my mouth, a fruit that has to burst its skin. Comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love. And it is a comfort, isn't it, the root, growing so solidly from its mossy bank, the bounty of abandonment, the cry that means full stop. We were riding each other now, perhaps not kindly, like twin animals."—MARY GORDON, *Spending*

"She sucks my tongue so hard it is difficult to form a syllable, besides which my blood rush south is so ferocious that I really have little choice other than to succumb completely, vaguely conscious that should she glide my now throbbing *Titanic* into her icebergs, I would definitely be sunk.

"Kyla's personalized tour around my nether world in 80 glorious ways is not quite the agenda I had in mind for today. Not that I'm complaining. Kyla's furious up-down dedication is fast approach-

ing meltdown, and a synaptic leap synchs two thoughts: (1) Why? and (2) Why not, let's get truly biblical and share and share alike?"—RICHARD GRANT, *By Design*

"She was leaning against the wall in Hogan's living room, allowing him to lift her dress and remove her dress and remove her rebel green underwear.

"Man and Superman! With his melted black shorts around his ankles and his buttocks flexing like the rump of a great stone goat god of mythology. One hand was propped against the wall for support. In the other, he held the luminous green knickers up to his nose and inhaled deeply."—HUGO HAMILTON, *Sad Bastard*

And finally, the winner:

"Her ears were filled with the sound of a soft but frantic gasping, and it was some time before she identified it as her own. 'This is so wonderful I feel I might disintegrate, I might break into a million fragments.' He slumps down gasping on top of her, breaking into tiny dying fragments."—SEBASTIAN FAULKS, *Charlotte Gray*

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

FOREVER HARD

NEW YORK—The United Nations welcomed a new member when officials unveiled a sculpture of a sleeping bull elephant with an erection. The artist had



sedated a wild Kenyan elephant to cast the sculpture, and the tranquilizers apparently caused the hard-on (one observer suggested that the elephant might have been enjoying "a sweet dream"). Officials briefly considered lopping off the appendage because it might scare children, but UN Secretary-General Kofi Annan put his foot down. "Nature made him like that," he said. "I'm not going to change nature." Officials eventually decided to hide the elephant's excitement behind strategically placed shrubs.

THE GUN FILES

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The National Rifle Association asked a judge to shut down a new FBI database that contains the name, address and birth date of anyone who attempts to purchase a handgun, shotgun or rifle. The NRA calls the database a "national surveillance system." The Brady Law, which established the database to support instant background checks, requires that each sales record be purged once a purchase is approved. But the FBI says it plans to keep each record for six months to check the system and detect fraud and abuse. The background checks replace the five-day waiting period required for handgun purchases.

PASSING JUDGMENT

SPARTA, NEW JERSEY—A woman sued her church's pastor because she claims he humiliated her from the pulpit. The trouble began when a former rector of St. Mary's Episcopal Church asked Karen Scott's gay ex-husband to use "proper discretion" and not bring his male companion to church. The pastor raised the issue during a service, rebuking some members of the congregation by name and saying he would not expect any churchgoer to leave a partner at home. The church settled the lawsuit for \$42,500.

MINOR LOOPHOLE

NEW YORK—When the city passed a zoning restriction on adult eating and drinking establishments, a strip club worked around the law by opening its doors to minors. The city sued to close Ten's World Class Cabaret, but a judge ruled for the club. As written, the law applies only to establishments that turn away underage patrons. The cabaret's attorney said one 14-year-old visited with his parents soon after Ten's adopted its all-ages policy, which requires that minors be accompanied by a parent or guardian. "They came in, had a nice evening and left," he said.

SEARCH RIGHTS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The U.S. Supreme Court handed down two rulings on search and seizure. In the first case, a cop ticketed a speeder, then searched his car. He found marijuana and arrested the driver. In a 9-0 vote, the justices ruled that the search was unconstitutional because the cop had all the evidence he needed for the traffic violation. In the second case, a cop outside an apartment peeked through the blinds and saw two men bagging cocaine. Police later arrested the pair, who were visitors to the apartment. The men argued that the officer's "search" through the window had been illegal. The court disagreed, ruling that only guests who stay overnight have a reasonable expectation of privacy.

SPERM ABUSE

ALBUQUERQUE—A 36-year-old real estate broker sued his ex-girlfriend for breach of contract, fraud and conversion of property—his sperm—because she got pregnant and gave birth. Peter Wallis says

he agreed to have sex with Kellie Smith only if she took birth control pills. Smith says her pills failed. In his suit, Wallis accuses her of "acquiring and misusing" his ejaculate; she counters that he "surrendered any right of possession to his semen when he transferred it during voluntary sexual intercourse." Smith's lawyer, who considers Wallis a "whiner," said the case was about "men not taking responsibility for their reproductive capabilities."

JUST SAY NO SHARPENERS

TICONDEROGA, NEW YORK—An educational publisher recalled pencils bearing an antidrug slogan after a fourth grader noticed they carried a "hidden" message. The pencils had been imprinted with the slogan Too Cool to Do Drugs. The ten-year-old alerted the company that when sharpened, the pencils read Cool to Do Drugs, and then Do Drugs.

NUDE BALLET

LONDON—A dance club proprietor recruited seven ballerinas to dance nude to classical, opera and pop music. The club's manager, David Simones, said Sophisticats presents a "very artistically challenging show" that "stirs the emotions." Two of



the classically trained dancers, who also act as choreographers, said they expect to pocket about \$650 each per night for two half-hour performances. That's much more than the \$500 a week they earned with their tutus on.

A woman with long, curly blonde hair is standing in a grassy field under a clear blue sky. She is wearing a light-colored, off-the-shoulder top and a long, flowing skirt. She is holding a large, dark metal can and pouring a thick stream of white milk from it. In the background, several cows are grazing in the field.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

NICK NOLTE

a candid conversation with hollywood's incorrigible bad boy about his life in a whorehouse, his career comeback and his compulsion to lie to the press

It's early morning and Nick Nolte is scrounging for food in the kitchen of his Malibu house. A caged raven, (which fell from a tree, was rescued by Nolte and refused to leave once recovered) is squawking, the five dogs are barking and the cat is hiding under the couch. The 58-year-old actor grabs some yogurt and walks out to the garden, where he picks fresh wild berries, sprinkles them into his dish and enjoys a healthful meal. He has cleansed his body after years of abusing alcohol, psychedelics, mind-altering plants and steroids, and he has taken a keen interest in alternative medicine. "The medical sciences are on the cusp of a big change," he says. "I run around the country hooking up with different doctors and scientists to see what they're doing, to learn why saliva tests are better than blood tests for hormones, to learn more about DNA and how it can signal predispositions for Alzheimer's and heart disease, to understand how protein keeps cellular reconstruction going on. I'm fascinated by all this stuff."

Is this the same Nick Nolte we have come to know over the years, the controversial bad boy of movies, the Robert Mitchum of his generation? While it's true that this actor has always been somewhat of an outsider and

iconoclast, most of us are used to the angry, self-destructive Nolte, the one hated by many of his leading ladies. Debra Winger said she never knew if Nolte's personality was courageous or just stupid when they worked together in *Cannery Row*, Katharine Hepburn warned him about alcohol abuse during *Grace Quigley* and Julia Roberts called him disgusting after they made *I Love Trouble*.

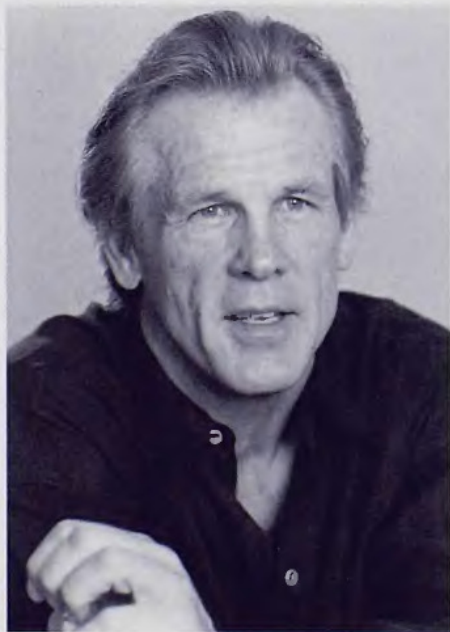
Nolte claims that those "disgusting days" are behind him and says he has cured something beside his health: He has resuscitated his faltering career. After a handful of box office misses and some barely noticed though favorably reviewed smaller films, Nolte has recently reasserted himself in Terrence Malick's *The Thin Red Line*, in Paul Schrader's *Affliction* and in the upcoming *Breakfast of Champions*, an Alan Rudolph film based on the book by Kurt Vonnegut Jr.

That doesn't mean Nolte is any less of a cantankerous free spirit, which is hardly surprising, considering his background. Nolte was raised in Nebraska and starred in baseball, basketball and football throughout high school and at various colleges until his antics got him into trouble with his coaches and with the law. During the Sixties, Nolte found a way to make extra cash by selling phony

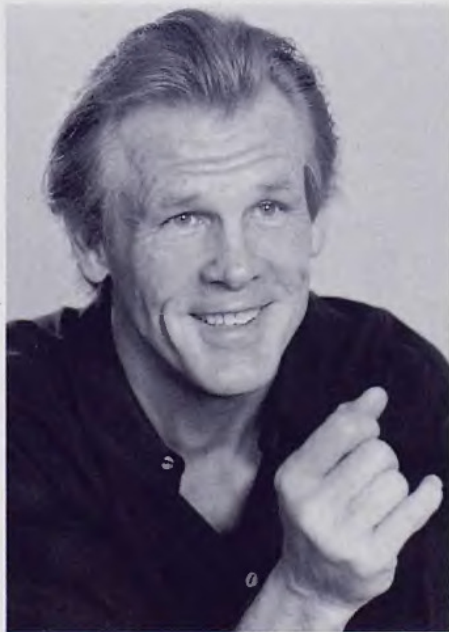
draft cards to college students. He says he did it strictly to help underage kids get served in bars, but the FBI saw it differently. Agents arrested him for dealing in counterfeit government documents and Nolte was given 45 years in jail and a \$75,000 fine. Although the prison term was suspended, he was now a felon, which got him out of the draft and has prevented him from ever voting.

Drinking was something he learned to do at an early age and which he continued to do until he entered Alcoholics Anonymous ten years ago. During his first year out of high school he went to a junior college in eastern Arizona but spent most of his time living in a whorehouse in Nogales, Mexico. For about five years he lived in a commune-like situation with friends from Minnesota, including a woman who later claimed she had lived as Nolte's common-law wife. He denied it, and the woman sued him for palimony around the time *The Deep* came out. The case was settled out of court.

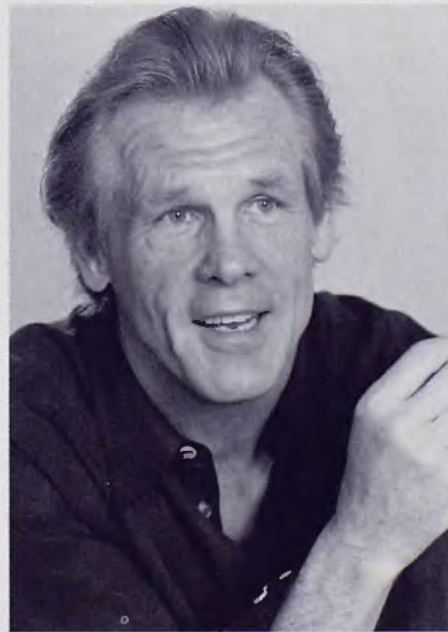
Nolte discovered acting at the Pasadena Playhouse in California. While working in repertory, he also developed a passion for photography and for drugs and a skill for welding when he worked for three summers



"Then I had a breakdown. That happens to me every seven or ten years: I just fall apart, wondering why I'm doing this, this and that. I have these mental breakdowns and I just crumble. It's scary."



"The only time I caught a venereal disease was from a Miss New York. We did it on a trampoline and she was laughing the whole time. I caught gonorrhea from Miss New York. Never got it from a Mexican whore."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"Eddie Murphy came to me and said, 'You know, Nick, I'd like to do some of those small, really gritty pictures.' I said, 'Well, Eddie, the budget doesn't even come close to your salary.' He said, 'Oh, I can't cut my salary.'"

as an ironworker in Los Angeles. Before becoming a star, he did some modeling, even appearing in ads for Clairol. As his acting career took off he drew the attention of directors such as Martin Scorsese and Sidney Lumet (who said Nolte was headed toward becoming the major American actor). He was also called "the master of the inchoate, the deeply mixed-up" by critic Pauline Kael. Nolte fed that image by avoiding confessional interviews, preferring to say conflicting things at different times ("because there is no way to go through life without people making arbitrary decisions about who the fuck you are") and letting journalists sort out fact from fiction. Some of his tales of excess were true; others weren't.

His long list of memorable roles includes: a Vietnam drug runner in *Who'll Stop the Rain*, Beat icon Neal Cassady in *Heart Beat*, a marine biologist in *Cannery Row*, a photojournalist in *Under Fire*, a wild cop in *48 Hours*, a lawyer stalked by a deranged Robert De Niro in *Cape Fear*, a paunchy athlete in *North Dallas Forty*, the shaggy-bearded bum in *Down and Out in Beverly Hills*, a repressed man in need of psychoanalysis in *The Prince of Tides*, a concerned father in *Lorenzo's Oil*, a college basketball coach in *Blue Chips*, a frustrated actor in *I'll Do Anything*, Thomas Jefferson in *Jefferson in Paris*, a possessed artist in *New York Stories*, a racist, psychotic rogue cop in *Q and A* and an American Nazi sympathizer and propagandist in *Mother Night*.

He has been married (and divorced) three times and has one son. Nolte's lord-of-the-manor lifestyle was until recently one of the movie industry's secrets: He lives on six acres of land (once three separate properties) with a total of six comfortably furnished houses, a tennis court, sprawling gardens, a greenhouse and an unconnected satellite dish big enough to contact extraterrestrials. When he's not living in a trailer on a movie set, or in Florida visiting his 13-year-old son, Brawley, Nolte can be found in the house he uses as an office, researching the characters he's preparing to play.

To see if he was ready to separate fact from fiction, we sent Contributing Editor Lawrence Grobel (who last interviewed David Duchovny) to spend some time with this elusive actor. Grobel reports:

"Nolte is a hard man to pin down. I had been after him for years, and each time he said he was ready to talk, he backed away. Appointments were broken at the last minute, a situation that lasted for months. Finally, he relented. During our first meeting we spent eight hours going from one house to another, from one section of the garden to the next, eating fresh berries and talking about the almost unbelievable life Nick Nolte has led. Somehow he has managed to survive to tell his story."

PLAYBOY: Terrence Malick disappeared for 20 years until he decided to direct *The Thin Red Line*. Were you surprised that he chose a World War II story as his return to the screen?

NOLTE: No, not after I read James Jones' book and then talked to Terry. It's about being in the middle of a horror and it's antiwar. It's a piece of work that defies all the rules both visually and in terms of storytelling.

PLAYBOY: Knowing Malick's tendency to procrastinate, were you surprised that the movie actually was released?

NOLTE: I was [laughs]. I asked Grant Hill, one of the producers, "What makes you think Terry will bring this film in on time? What's his incentive? He doesn't make films to make money, that's obvious. He's made only two films—one every 17 years—so this might be his last. Why should he stop shooting?" Grant got all upset and said, "No, no, you can't tell me that. Terry will bring it in." I said, "I see no reason why he should."

PLAYBOY: Do you have any idea why he decided to return to directing?

NOLTE: Yeah—he loves it. It's just a long maturing process for Terry [laughs].

PLAYBOY: Did you get a different feeling being around him compared with other directors?

NOLTE: Yes, definitely. It's the same feel-

*When you're standing
next to a guy
and you know you're
both going to die,
a lot of crap goes
out the window.*

ing you have with Martin Scorsese. You know that they're really about something. They have a commitment to tell a story that is deeply felt or thought out. In your own egotism you say, "I've got to catch up to the director." But you don't catch up to Marty or Terry. You always have a bit of awe when you function with them.

PLAYBOY: Does that awe stay throughout filming?

NOLTE: It does. There's a deep respect and a touch of fear when you're working with someone who has a vision that you can't quite see. Terry has this tremendous vulnerability that makes him more human and a better director. He's maybe more human than anybody I have run across. His feelings are deep. There is a fragileness about Terry, but it doesn't last.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever ask Malick why he had been such a recluse?

NOLTE: I don't have a curiosity about Terry in that way. I relate to him from an artist's standpoint. He's a spiritual man. We would talk about things philosophically, and it was always fascinating because it would go not where you expect-

ed it to go, and it was always in-depth. You can feel pain in Terry. For *The Thin Red Line* we discussed how to explore whatever depth we were trying to get to. He doesn't use his education as a barrier to communication. One of the things in James Jones' book is the transcendence of the commonality of our consciousness that happens in war, into some larger experience, which Jones calls love. That appealed to Terry.

PLAYBOY: Malick is known for making films that are very striking visually. How does he achieve that look?

NOLTE: We were filming a shot in Australia with a young actor, and we reversed it and were shooting over my shoulder onto him. We were in these foothills which had magnificent rolling green grass higher than your waist. I noticed that when the wind would blow, the grass would change color. Terry had arranged soldiers in that grass so they were only revealed when the grass moved a certain way. It was stunning! I turned to Jack Fisk, the set designer, who's worked on all of Malick's films, and I said, "Jesus, that grass is fantastic." And he said, "That's where we focused our art direction. We flew down at the end of winter and we seeded all of these hills with that special grass."

PLAYBOY: With Steven Spielberg's *Saving Private Ryan* and Malick's *Thin Red Line*, there seems to be a renewed interest in World War II.

NOLTE: I'm not quite sure why. It might be that there really hasn't been a serious war in a long time, and it can be visited in a different way. The Malick piece has a certain passion; it's really an antiwar film. James Jones said he learned some things from the experience of war, but that didn't justify the experience. He learned love in a more complete way than in any other place in life. When you're standing next to a guy and in his hands is your life and in your hands is his, and you know you're both going to die, a lot of crap goes out the window, and something truly phenomenal can happen.

PLAYBOY: How do you compare Malick with Paul Schrader, the director of *Affliction*?

NOLTE: Paul in his exploration is just as complete as Terry, though they're different filmmakers. They are both passionately committed to stories of private hell.

PLAYBOY: And how would you describe *Affliction*?

NOLTE: Remember Travis Bickle, Robert De Niro's character in *Taxi Driver*? We never really knew who that guy was. *Affliction* explains it. Paul Schrader wouldn't agree with that. But my character is an afflicted human being, and the film is about his unraveling. It's really quite good.

PLAYBOY: You received positive critical notice—a Golden Globe nomination and a New York Film Critics Best Actor

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award—for your role. Where do you rank your performance?

NOLTE: It's right up there. It's an either/or situation: Either you're in the role or you have trouble with it. This one was seamless. I was totally involved in it.

PLAYBOY: How about your latest movie, *Breakfast of Champions*?

NOLTE: This is an interesting story. Alan Rudolph gave me *Breakfast of Champions* about a year ago. I loved the book, but I thought it was going to take a year to raise the money, that we'd have to fight and scrape. I didn't want to go through that. Then Alan got a call from Bruce Willis, who was looking for something good. Alan sent him *Breakfast of Champions* and Bruce flipped. He said he'd get the money, \$10 million, to do the film. Then Alan got Albert Finney, Barbara Hershey, Glenn Headly—this wonderful cast. Then Liz Smith said in an article that Kurt Vonnegut had said that Nick Nolte should play all the leads in movies based on his books. Bruce read that and got upset. Alan said, "Nick planted that." Alan then called me and said, "You're going to hear from Bruce Willis, because I just told him you planted that item with Liz Smith." I said, "Fuck, I don't want Bruce's wrath on me." Then he told me who had been cast and I said, "Jesus Christ, I'm a little jealous." He said, "Fuck you, you passed. Don't give me this shit now." I asked, "What else is left?" And he said, "One of the best roles of the film, Harry Le Sabre." "The transvestite?" "Yeah." "OK, I'll play that." So that's how I got in.

PLAYBOY: Did Vonnegut really say you should be in all his films? You had already starred in *Mother Night*, based on one of his books.

NOLTE: No. Kurt didn't know where that comment came from either. Kurt is in *Breakfast of Champions*, and he's really good. It's a real pleasure to get to know a novelist whose work I admire. It's been an integral part of my growth and development.

PLAYBOY: Were movies important to you as a kid?

NOLTE: Yeah, that's one thing we did in the small towns in Iowa—we went to movies. I grew up with radio, no television. So we spent a lot of time in movie theaters.

PLAYBOY: Your sister said that in your mid-20s you moved in with your mother in Phoenix, locked yourself in a room for a year and taught yourself to read. Is it true you couldn't read until then?

NOLTE: It's true that I hadn't done much reading. And then I had a breakdown. That happens to me every seven or ten years: I just fall apart, wondering why I'm doing this, this and that. I have these mental breakdowns and I just crumble. It's scary. That is why I used to wear medical clothes all the time—I wore scrubs to say I'm ready for the institution at any time.

PLAYBOY: Can you describe what these breakdowns are like?

NOLTE: It's a reordering of the personality. About every seven years a real inspiring truth will descend upon me and restructure my life.

PLAYBOY: Is it a truth that tells you the past was a lie?

NOLTE: I used to think that, then I would grab hold of the new truth so hard that it would last for the next seven years. I've since gotten a little stability because I don't hang on to things so hard. I'm much kinder with the past.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the past. Besides seeing movies, what did you do as a kid?

NOLTE: Growing up in small-town Iowa, you had a real big avenue for imagination. You could ride your bike into the woods, fish underneath a bridge, spend all day by the river or creeks. Sometimes I'd catch snakes and carry them home in the handlebars of my bicycle. I'd keep them in cages or pickle them. If it was a rare snake I'd kill it and shoot it with a hypodermic needle full of formaldehyde and coil it in a jar. I had a rural upbringing.

*I happen to think that
the lie is the truth. I
haven't been able to find
anybody who tells the truth.
There is mythologizing
in everybody's life.*

ing. A big shock was when the family moved to Omaha, Nebraska when I was in eighth grade and my sister was going into high school. After that experience she went East and never came back. She stayed in New York.

PLAYBOY: Did you get along with your sister?

NOLTE: Yeah. She would always have her girlfriends over and they would sleep nude in the summers. I always found an excuse to get into that room when they were sleeping.

PLAYBOY: You've said that the Fifties created a mentality of no one wanting to rock the boat, which led to rage.

NOLTE: As a Fifties child I grew up pretty angry. The schools were very regimented, the attitudes conservative. I call it the Age of the Girdle: Women allowed themselves to be trussed. It was a real on-the-edge period. I was frightened all through that time: frightened by the atomic bomb bullshit, frightened by the men. My father was a huge man, 6'6", and his physical size frightened me.

PLAYBOY: Didn't your father have some colorful brothers?

NOLTE: Yeah. One, Uncle Cole, raised

jack mules. He had five wives. His last wife was Goldie, who got so jealous when Cole would sexually arouse the horses to screw the donkeys that she would drink iodine. Eventually she ran off with the local barber.

PLAYBOY: What did your mother do?

NOLTE: She was a merchandise buyer for a department store—sportswear. She worked all through Iowa, Nebraska, Arizona, California. She had to buck the Fifties mentality that women stayed at home. So while my father was trying to play traditional head of the family, my mother was breaking every rule possible. I remember her battles with the merchandising managers, who were men. She would build up great departments, very tasteful, then they would come in and take control of them.

PLAYBOY: Didn't your parents wind up divorced?

NOLTE: Eventually, when my sister and I were in our 20s. It wasn't a shock because we always knew it would happen. These were people who were preoccupied with their own interests. But nobody was happy about it. It was just part of the great American dispersal of family that happened and is still happening today. Women work, and the whole idea of the family structure is different.

PLAYBOY: What did you discover about yourself in high school?

NOLTE: That I had to get the hell out of there. I didn't get along well with authority figures and teachers, and my school was very strict and distrustful of individuality. Everything during that time was superficial: the music, the presentation of family in all the TV shows. The Sixties were some form of a revolution, a realignment of the nation within the youth, beginning with a resistance to the Vietnam war that defied authority. Then began the social experimentation. I don't think we give the Sixties enough credit today.

PLAYBOY: You went to high school in Omaha. Weren't you once kicked off the football team for being obnoxious?

NOLTE: Not for being obnoxious. It was basically because a coach didn't like my individuality. That's not the only time I was kicked out of something.

PLAYBOY: Tell us.

NOLTE: There used to be this football camp in Minnesota, with kids from Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota, South and North Dakota, and a shitload of kids from Oklahoma. There was a tremendous rivalry between the other outsiders and the Oklahoma kids. The Oklahoma guys were obnoxious because they were so gung-ho to work as a team. So us guys from the other states would gang together too. At the beginning of the summer session we would shit into paper sacks and tie them underneath their beds. They wouldn't find them until halfway through the summer. Their whole chalet would smell something terrible. Then the shit would

hit the fan when they tried to discover who did it. One year they decided it was me, so one of the coaches came to me and said, "You're going home and I'm going to make sure your coach knows you did this." I was forever being sent home [laughs].

PLAYBOY: How many different colleges did you attend?

NOLTE: Quite a few. There was Arizona State, Eastern Arizona Junior College, Pasadena City College and Phoenix College—the fable is that I went from school to school to play football.

PLAYBOY: Did you?

NOLTE: Yeah, I played at all those schools.

PLAYBOY: Did you have memorable moments in sports?

NOLTE: Oh yeah. Scored the last shot in several basketball games, got carried off. Scored winning touchdowns. Picked up a fumble, scored a touchdown. When I was playing short-stop in Little League there was one year when everything was in sync between my body, my glove and the ball coming off the bat. I could not miss a ball and I knew it. I made phenomenal fielding plays. Nothing matches that, and it went on for a whole season.

PLAYBOY: How about your first encounter with the law? Weren't you jailed for reckless driving?

NOLTE: I went to a junior college in a little town called Thatcher in Arizona. Right off the bat the coach came to me and said there was a problem with my reckless driving, that there was a citizen's arrest for me. But he told me not to worry about it because he had it all worked out with the justice of the peace. So we went to see the justice of the peace, and I was told, "You're going to spend the rest of the semester in jail after school. You'll be picked up right after football practice and taken to the Safford jail"—which

was in the next town over—"spend the night there and go back to school each morning." That was their solution! I got over to Safford and found myself among real people, including the cops at the jail. So I would just go riding with them at night and meet all the people in Safford, go to the bars. I did that the whole semester. And as soon as that time was

PLAYBOY: How did you wind up living in a whorehouse in Nogales, Mexico?

NOLTE: That was right out of high school, when I first went down to Thatcher. While I was there I would go to Mexico on the weekends. I got \$4000 from my grandmother for college and spent it all in the whorehouse. That's the education I had. It was a great liberation.

PLAYBOY: Did you have a strong attachment to anybody in the whorehouse?

NOLTE: Yeah, there was one gal. I really liked to get up in the morning, give 50 cents to the mariachis, have some eggs, drink beer and then sit around all afternoon.

PLAYBOY: How long did you stay there?

NOLTE: I lasted one semester. Got sent home on a train. I had a pillowcase full of beer. Went back home to Nebraska.

PLAYBOY: No diseases? No crabs?

NOLTE: No. The only time I caught any kind of venereal disease was from a Miss New York. It's true. We did it on a trampoline and she was laughing the whole time, saying, "Oh Jesus, we shouldn't be doing this." I caught gonorrhea from Miss New York. Never got it from a Mexican whore.

PLAYBOY: Not to cast any doubt, Nick, but you've been known to tell stories about yourself that don't always check out.

NOLTE: I have always been a bit of a Roger-dodger. Rather than going silent with a journalist, limiting the verbiage, I like to put out mixed things and let the journalist pick them. My experience has al-

ways been that journalism is a highly subjective form. You're always at war with the media, privately, because they wield so much power—power to undo something that maybe you've worked hard to create. They're trying to see you apart from your work, as a person, and that's the last thing you want them to see.



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up I moved right out of Thatcher and over to Safford, behind a jockey's house. The jockey had a son, and I got to know them. The jockey ran these little horse races in Arizona. I'd bet on them big time—\$25, \$50. That was my routine in 1959, my first year away from home. Not quite Jack Kerouac, but it was close.

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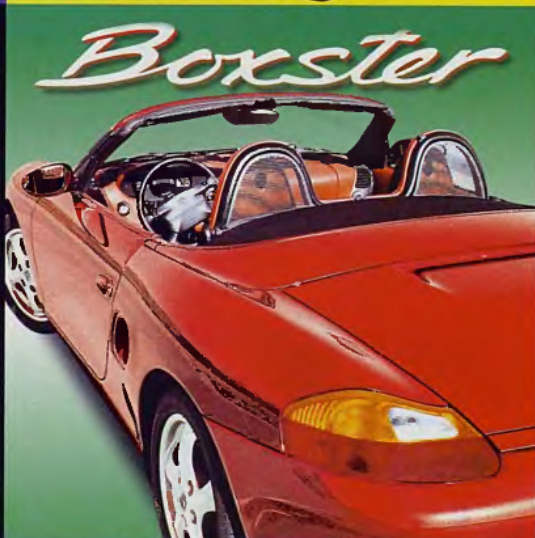
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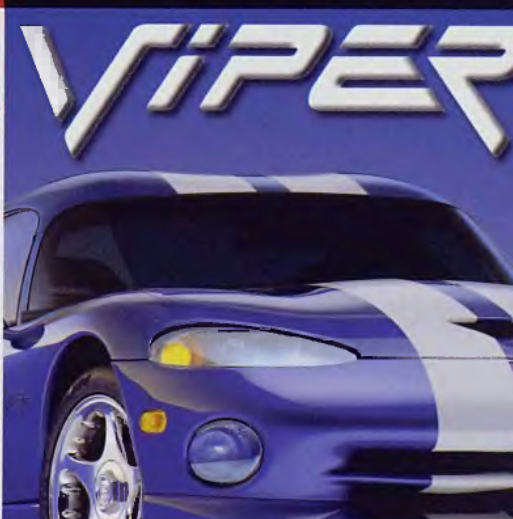
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PLAYBOY: So you lie?

NOLTE: I happen to think that the lie is the truth. I haven't been able to find anybody who tells the truth. There is mythologizing in everybody's life.

PLAYBOY: What are some of the lies that you have concocted over the years?

NOLTE: I don't think anybody believes me. Ever since I had to lose my anonymity and become public, there were two things I could do: either totally hide from the experience, or find some way to comfortably exist with it. You can't get anybody to view you the way you want to be viewed. I decided not to struggle with that impossibility. So I basically invented things.

PLAYBOY: We'll keep that in mind. Between sports, college-hopping, whoring and run-ins with the law, how did you discover acting?

NOLTE: In the early Sixties I went to school at Pasadena City College and was introduced to acting through someone at the Pasadena Playhouse. Then, during one of my breakdowns, I got to see my internal processes creating my own character. And that's how acting got to be a hook. I said, "Oh my God. This goes here, that goes there," and then I got right into Stanislavsky.

PLAYBOY: Without knowing Stanislavsky?

NOLTE: Without knowing Stanislavsky. I opened the pages of his first book and thought, Yes, yes, yes. And I started to

shed my societal illusions. I went into this profession so that I could bring my darkness to it. I couldn't do that in a WASP society. I could do it in Mexico, but I would have had to have been an outlaw. My introduction to the stage came when I was mentally sick. I was psychologically damaged and the only place that felt safe to me was the stage. No matter how terrified I was of it, I knew the minute I hit it that I would be in a world I could begin to comprehend and feel secure in.

PLAYBOY: Quite unlike the world outside, where Vietnam loomed over everyone of draft age.

NOLTE: Vietnam was the turning point in my generation's lives. I was in Minneapolis, around Lake Minnetonka, during that time, and I'd sit around with the guys and listen to records, get stoned and argue about moral responsibility and whether to go off to Canada, go to jail or accept being drafted. Our concentration was Vietnam. I felt there was nothing moral going on, so why play up-pity about it? Just get to your physical and tell them you're gay or puke or take a bunch of speed for two days. I knew this guy who had another guy break his arm before his physical. Twice he did it.

PLAYBOY: Isn't this when you got into trouble selling phony draft cards?

NOLTE: Yeah, but that was an apolitical act, before the politicalization of Nick

Nolte. The draft cards were good IDs because they had no photographs, they weren't laminated, you just had to sign them. We'd use them to drink in bars. If a guy had to go off and die, he could certainly get a goddamn drink. I would get the cards in a clandestine manner—I'd meet a guy in downtown Omaha, and he'd have a hundred in a pack and I'd give him \$5 apiece and resell them for \$10 or \$15. I'd take orders at fraternities. I went around the Midwest doing pretty good with this, not realizing the political ramifications. As the Vietnam war escalated, some guys started using the cards to delay getting drafted. The draft board would call you in and you'd show them the phony card and say, "Geez, this doesn't match up with the birth date you've got," and they'd say, "Well, go home, we'll figure it out." You could buy some time that way. Then the FBI came in with a series of questions I really hadn't thought about.

PLAYBOY: What did they ask you?

NOLTE: They wanted to know where the counterfeit government documents were coming from. I said, "What do you mean? Draft cards?" They said yeah, and asked who was making them. I told them I had gotten them from some guy, didn't know his name. They said I was full of shit. They let me go, then came back and arrested me on seven counts of counterfeiting government documents. I got 45

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years in jail and a \$75,000 fine. Then they suspended the jail term, put me on probation.

PLAYBOY: Which means you can't vote, right?

NOLTE: Can't vote, can't own property. I was a felon. But I got my deferment out of it. I was immediately classified 4-F.

PLAYBOY: So instead of wearing a soldier's uniform you wound up in LA as an ironworker?

NOLTE: Yeah, I put in a lot of the storm drains in Los Angeles.

PLAYBOY: Then you became a photographer. How serious were you about that?

NOLTE: Very. Besides working in the theater, I shot photographs for five years. It was tremendous training for film acting, in the sense that you know lenses, framing and light.

PLAYBOY: In 1973 you appeared in William Inge's *The Last Pad*. Did Inge's suicide on opening night affect you?

NOLTE: Yeah. Everybody was shocked. Bill was real despondent at the end of his career. He was chronically depressed. He felt terribly beat-up by the theater world in New York.

PLAYBOY: How do you cope?

NOLTE: Well, I started drinking at the age of 16. I come from a family of drinkers. They would party through the weekend. So 15 of us kids would all be together and we would watch the adults and that was the lifestyle. I was fine with it until it just stopped working about nine years ago.

PLAYBOY: Did you stop because your drinking frightened your son?

NOLTE: No, you don't stop because of other people. Nothing outside affects an alcoholic. I just reached a point where the pain was unbearable. My body couldn't take it, my mind couldn't take it. The problem was me, not just alcohol. I was using that substance to deal with anything that was difficult. I used alcohol as pain medication, as suffering medication, as love medication, as lonely tonic, as isolation tonic. I used it for everything.

PLAYBOY: Did you and your buddies really get on planes after the bars closed just to keep drinking in another time zone?

NOLTE: Not only to drink but to keep flying. I had my first credit cards and we

would go from airport to airport all over the country. You'd pick up a waitress somewhere and she'd travel with you for four or five days, then you'd end up somewhere like Oklahoma and wonder, How do we get home? By then we'd have gone from California up to Seattle over to Minneapolis and into Dallas and then Oklahoma.

PLAYBOY: When you made *Grace Quigley* with Katharine Hepburn, she called you irresponsible when you showed up late on the set.

NOLTE: Oh, she tore into me. I had been out all night riding around with New York FBI guys, going to little gambling joints, scaring people. And I was 20 minutes late for an early screen test. I hadn't

She knew it would make me catatonic for a fucking year if I took it! You can't move on that drug. So I'm thinking, What the fuck is this broad up to? Thorazine? That is for psychotic people who are breaking so bad that they have to be strapped down. So when she walked away I thought, Wow, OK, tomorrow, no more booze.

PLAYBOY: What about drugs? When did you first try cocaine?

NOLTE: I don't know. It was never my drug of choice, but it became a nemesis that I really had to battle. We were the psychedelic generation, we were into mescaline, marijuana. Coke was good for the psychological state I was in. I was already moving in a real fast world—a

little bit scary, a lot of emphasis on things that aren't really important—so the coke fit right in. Cocaine mimics a certain kind of creative fire that ultimately will burn you out.

PLAYBOY: Where do you stand today with drugs?

NOLTE: I did all my experimenting in the Sixties and Seventies. I haven't smoked a joint in 15 or 20 years. The few times that I changed my mindset by changing the chemistry of my mind, I found it a narrowing of awareness rather than an expansion. The reason I started taking drugs was to expand my consciousness. As long as it provided me that feeling, it worked well. I had a good relationship with plants and different pharmaceuticals. But through the years it became a self-

centered activity, and I started using harder drugs to close off the pain and suffering of life—in other words, to escape life. Then I got addicted and in trouble.

PLAYBOY: If you no longer drink or take drugs, what vices do you have left?

NOLTE: Ah, that's the mystery! And only an addict would say something like that. When the addict gives up everything, the whole world opens up, because he has closed himself down so much.

PLAYBOY: You got your start in *Rich Man, Poor Man* on television. But after that you turned down a lot of TV offers. Why did you do that?

NOLTE: I wasn't really interested in television. I was going to do film if I could get



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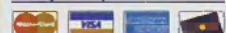


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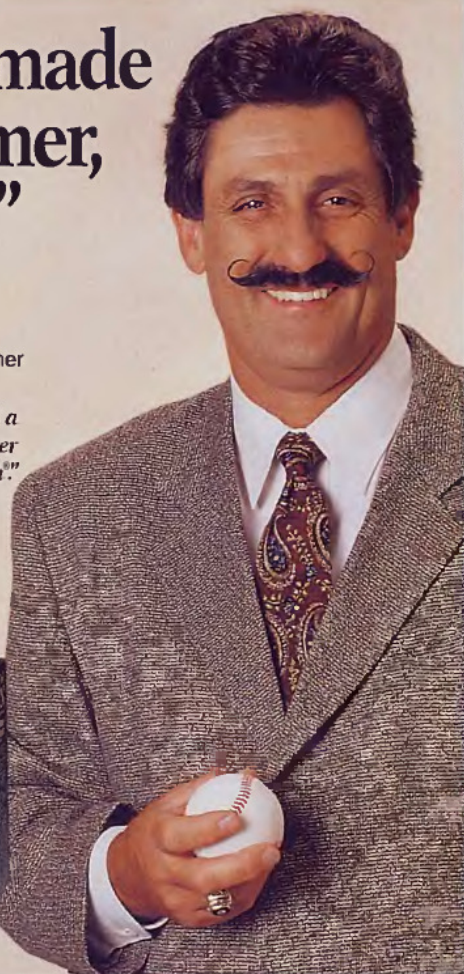
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a film.

PLAYBOY: What films were you trying to get?

NOLTE: There was Coppola's *Apocalypse Now*, Billy Friedkin's *Sorcerer*, George Roy Hill's *Slap Shot*. I was up for all of them, but nothing happened. So I sat for a year and the only thing they kept coming at me with was *The Deep*. I kept saying, "No fucking way." But finally, after about a year and a half, I took it.

PLAYBOY: And you were never happy about that?

NOLTE: Boy, I was an unruly son of a bitch on that. I was miserable. Bob Shaw used to grab me and say, "It's only a treasure picture, Nick." Bob and I hung out a lot. He was very despondent about his acting. He thought of himself as a novelist and was kind of pissed off and angry that he had spent a lot of his career doing things like *The Buccaneers* when Peter O'Toole and Albert Finney were doing *Lawrence of Arabia* and *Tom Jones*. But we matched up perfectly. God, we had a good time.

PLAYBOY: Around that time you turned down *Superman*. Was it because you saw it as *The Deep* in the air?

NOLTE: It didn't make any sense to do *Superman*. It was a silly thing. I thought the cutest way of rejecting it was to say I had to play him as a schizophrenic, because he thinks he's two different people—and he does.

PLAYBOY: After *Who'll Stop the Rain* you were offered \$1 million for *Fort Apache, the Bronx*. That was a lot of money then. Why didn't you take it?

NOLTE: Because it was a 300-page script and a fucking mess. It was way out of my territory to play a Fort Apache cop. It didn't make any sense. Paul Newman played the role I was supposed to play. I remember the producer getting all pissed off and screaming at me, "How dare you turn down a million dollars!"

PLAYBOY: How dare you?

NOLTE: It didn't make any difference to me. When I was young I didn't want anybody to perceive that I was having any difficulty dealing with a fucking monster. I'd just say, "I'm fine, I'm doing OK." They're coming at you with millions of dollars and then somebody else is saying, "You have to really work with Scorsese." It's difficult to sort through. The only time money came into play was after *Cape Fear* and *The Prince of Tides*. Oddly enough I was fine with whatever money I made until then, and then I got sucker punched. They upped my salaries to huge amounts and that's all I could focus on for a couple of pictures. And then you get miserable and sick of doing things you don't want to do. That's why I like to talk to young actors. I always tell them, "This fucking shit's a bitch." Because they're thrown out into this world where it's a battle for them to

maintain connections with what they love to do and against the people who treat it as totally economic.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like you have a proper handle on the advantages of fame and stardom.

NOLTE: Fame is a demon. It's "I want." You want to be something. Another whole being gets created in fame. It takes on a life of its own and you can't do anything about it, not a fucking thing—except to quit and get out. It destroys any perspective you have in life, any connection. It inflates your self-worth. And being a star, where the studios provide you with the planes, the nannies and the assistants, is destructive to the process and takes a tremendous toll on the spontaneity of the actors themselves. I don't mean spontaneity on the set, I mean spontaneity as a real human being. When that's no longer there, your whole structure crumbles. The other thing is, once you set up that star structure most of your energy goes into maintaining it, not into being free to make a choice to go do a film that's got only a \$5 million budget. Eddie Murphy came to me and said, "You know, Nick, I would like to do some of those small, really gritty pictures." I said, "Well, Eddie, the budget doesn't even come close to your salary." He said, "Oh, I can't cut my salary." And if you talk to Nicholson or anybody else they'll say, "Don't ever cut your fucking

salary, man."

PLAYBOY: Don't you prefer to hang with older actors, such as Rod Steiger and James Coburn?

NOLTE: Almost all the older actors I meet I want to hang out with. I see Rod a lot. Coburn was a lot of fun. Alan Arkin's a good friend. On *Cape Fear* Mitchum was fascinating. He told me a great story about Ava Gardner. George Cukor was directing them, and while he was setting up a shot Ava was sitting with Mitchum. She kept saying, "Bob, when are you going to fuck me?" "Oh Jesus, Ava . . . I don't know." And Cukor overheard this and came running out and said, "The man protests too much." Mitchum told me that part of the story one day and left it like that, so the next day I asked him, "Well, did you ever fuck Ava?" He said, "Oh no, too addictive." That is one of the greatest compliments you can give an actress. Too addictive. She must have been that kind of beauty.

PLAYBOY: Are you seeing anyone now?

NOLTE: Yeah, I have people in my life. I've been going with Vicki Lewis—who's on *News Radio*—for six years.

PLAYBOY: And how do you feel about the relationship?

NOLTE: It grows, it changes, it's good. She lives with me.

PLAYBOY: Are you more comfortable alone or with someone?

NOLTE: Equally. I can't do without my aloneness and I can't do without someone, either. I need relationships to mirror what I am. And I need aloneness to be what I am. It's all about seeing who you are.

PLAYBOY: You've said you've never been able to get a handle on the male-female thing. Why do you suppose it's been such a slippery concept to grasp?

NOLTE: Because of the false way we view relationships between men and women. We're taught that marriage is the sanctity of the relationship, but historically marriage is not a real old concept. Men and women really haven't spent that much time together, and we expect them to fucking get along? It's absurd! So I question the structure of marriage. There seems to be an inherent conflict between a man and a woman shortly after the marriage begins. I don't see any reason not to question the relationship between men and women.

PLAYBOY: One of your most successful films was *48 Hours*. How did that come about?

NOLTE: Oh Jesus, it was the last thing I wanted to do. The original script had two white guys. Nobody took anybody out of prison. I went to San Francisco and got with some detectives up there, and one guy told me the whole story about getting someone out of prison. Then Walter Hill told me about this actor he met in New York named Eddie Murphy. I hadn't heard of him; I didn't watch *Saturday Night Live*.

PLAYBOY: Was the sequel, *Another 48 Hours*, which earned \$81 million, the highest-grossing picture that you've appeared in?

NOLTE: That or *Prince of Tides*. *Another 48 Hours* is one of those sell-out, good-for-the-money things. Miserable experience, for Eddie and Walter Hill too. There was no way of doing anything good, even if we'd started with the best of intentions, which we didn't. Eddie by that time had evolved into a mega-mega-mega star and was encumbered by entourage and didn't come to work until noon as standard procedure.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever behaved in such a prima donna way?

NOLTE: No, never have. One, because I've never reached that kind of glorification; two, that isn't my intent. My intent isn't to do stories that I think the audience will go to. I do stories that appeal to me.

PLAYBOY: Such as *Down and Out in Beverly Hills*, in which you played the homeless bum, Jerry. Is it true you prepared by sleeping on heating grates and not bathing?

The next day I asked him, "Well, did you ever fuck Ava?" He said, "Oh no, too addictive." She must have been that kind of beauty.

NOLTE: Shit, that was the most fun part of it. That's why I wanted to do it! We'd drive down to the mission in LA and we'd see guys being deloused and put through Christian indoctrination. I stayed a night down there. I let my beard grow for two months, lived in the street, didn't wash, drank wine with some of those guys, went through some really hopeless moments.

PLAYBOY: You also had an unconventional diet. You dined on dog food for a while. Have any favorites?

NOLTE: Gourmet Pup out of Beverly Hills, \$7 a can. Ingredients purer than some canned stews. I ate that. The dog in the film was a vegetarian.

PLAYBOY: Jessica Lange said that during *Cape Fear* you drew a lot from your personal history and what you were going through at the time. Can acting help heal personal wounds?

NOLTE: I was going through a divorce during filming, so in order to deal with it I played it out in the open and then took it right into my character. I put out a big garbage can so the crew and everybody else could donate money. I called it Camper Divorce. All I fucking got from

the crew was a Canadian dollar, some quarters and an old broken watch.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about acting with and being directed by Barbra Streisand in *The Prince of Tides*. Was it scary? Was it enlightening?

NOLTE: Barbra's great will and determination and fight to get down in the trenches—that comes from her feminine side having to fight in the male world. The passion of that battle is part of her brilliance. She was totally thorough, totally prepared and researched. She knew exactly how she wanted to tell the story and was tremendously connected to the material. What appealed to her was the story of a man and the women involved in his life and how they played out in this relationship around a theme of love. I liked her discipline. She was never satisfied, would always search more. We'd rehearse and have versions of scenes. People would go, "Oh my God, she's got four versions of this scene!" It was kind of an agonizing process. I would get a little frustrated, but it was always, ultimately, the right way to go.

PLAYBOY: For *The Prince of Tides*, you were nominated for an Oscar by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, an organization you're not a member of. Why aren't you?

NOLTE: I don't like the concept, the competition, the picking of actors for best performance of the year. You can't make that kind of a judgment. It smacks of unfairness. It's popularized and highly commercial. I have nothing against a group of actors getting together to honor each other's good work for the year, but I'm really opposed to allowing the whole world in on the process. I don't think you can pick the best picture of the year, or the best actor.

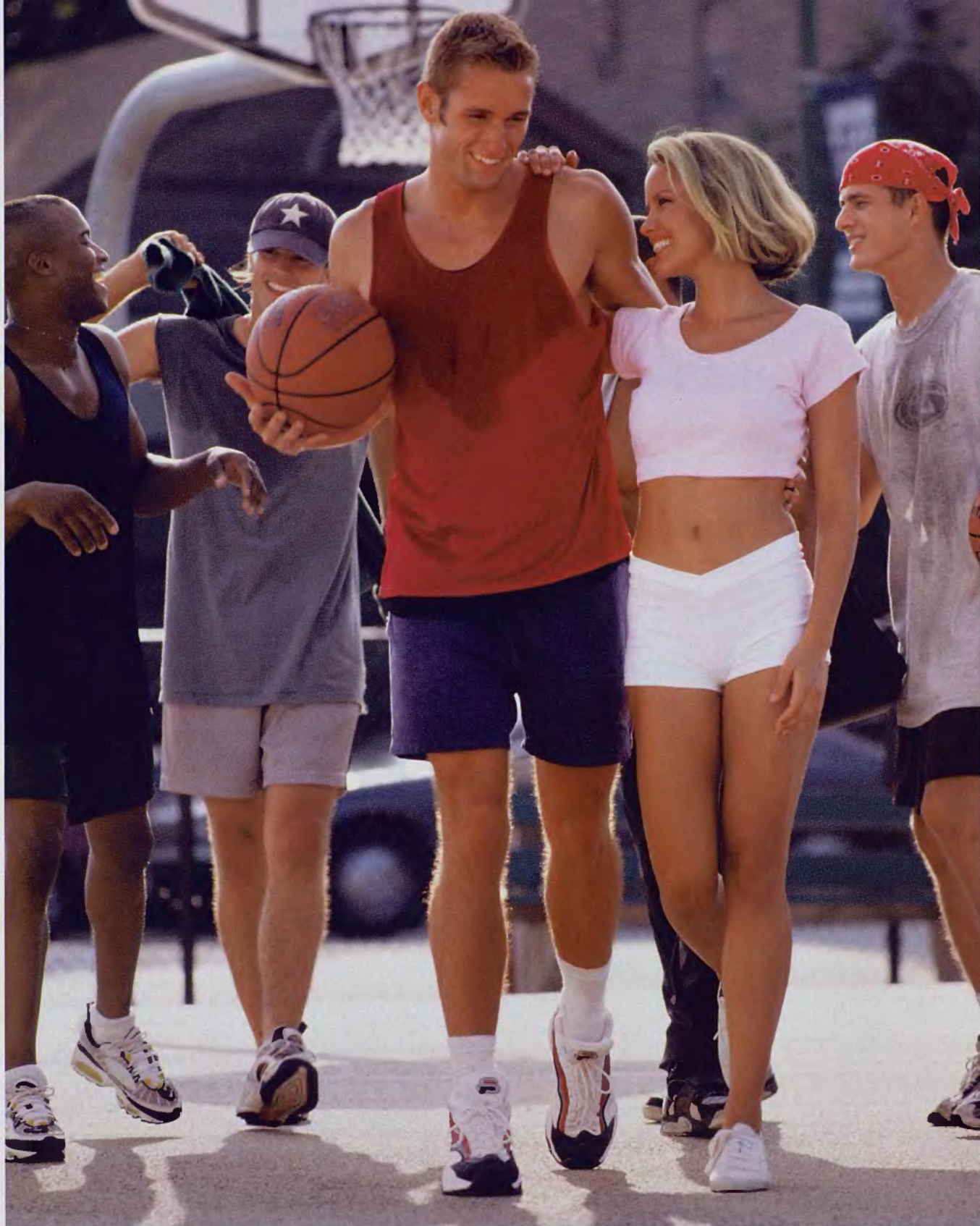
PLAYBOY: Would you have turned down the Oscar had you won it?

NOLTE: No, I don't have that kind of political willpower. I don't have anything to prove in an action against the Academy. I just don't agree with it. Listen, it's a terrible time for this town. It's a terrible time for the business. On the commercial side it's a great thing to expose millions of people to the film industry. But everybody turns into a maniac. Everybody drops his persona and becomes terribly greedy. They all are anyway, but it really comes out at that time.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever had a plan for what you want for yourself?

NOLTE: On some levels, yeah, because there are so many people operating inside me. There's the surface Nick who wants the attention and money and wants to get laid; there's another Nick who knows all that is crap, that there's no certainty in any of it—that the moment after sex you're again back to the anxious being. After the moment of making the money you have to continue

(concluded on page 168)



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PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION, PART IX:

1980-1989

the great repression

ARTICLE BY JAMES R. PETERSEN

The pitch begins with a Sensuality Quiz: "If you've ever greeted your mate in the nude, give yourself ten points.

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Sales reps for Undercover Wear Inc. and Just For Play tour the nation staging sex toy Tupperware-type parties. A reporter who covers an event expresses shock at "women who would look at home in a Betty Crocker ad" snatching up crotchless panties and lacy brassieres with the nipples snipped out, telling one another their sexual preferences like patrons at an AA meeting. "My name is Linda, and I like luscious lip service."

Marabel Morgan, author of *The Total Woman*, may have told *Time* magazine that she is too busy these days to greet her husband at the door each night, naked and wrapped in Saran Wrap, but housewives are arming themselves for delight.

And sharing what they learn. A group of women in the Bay Area form

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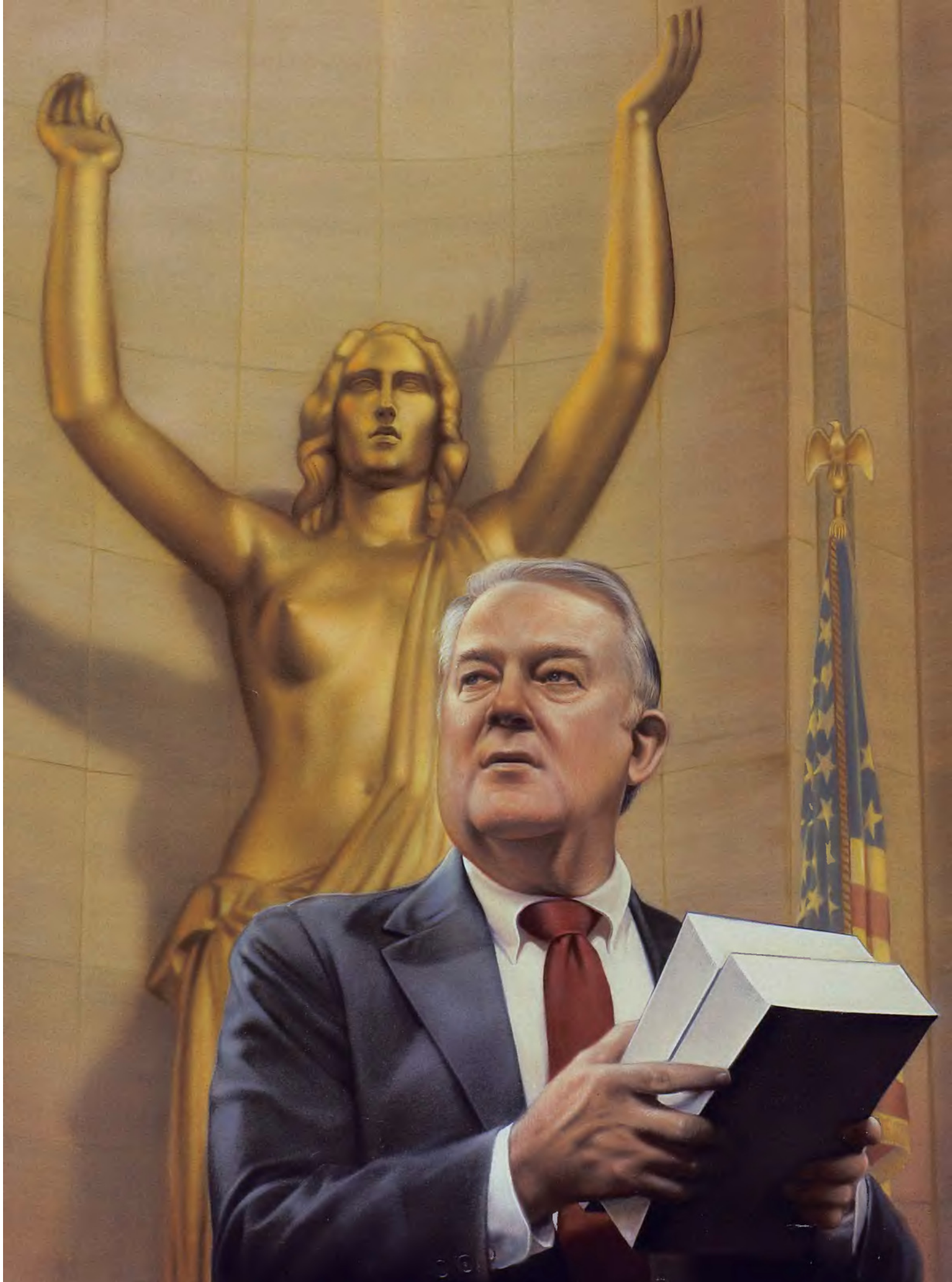
down onto Times Square. Magazine ads show bodies entwined in ménages à trois, and sultry voice-overs whisper about Obsession. In store windows, posters of Nastassja Kinski wearing only a serpent embody temptation, the union of sex and danger.

On radio and TV a silver-haired mother figure dispenses sex advice. Dr. Ruth asks a caller, "Are you having good orgasms?" trilling her Rs, swinging her feet off the floor. She talks of "brue balls," the joys of masturbation, the delights of throwing fried onion rings on an erect penis. There's a book, *Dr. Ruth's Guide to Good Sex*. A board game, *Dr. Ruth's Game of Good Sex*. If you land on the wet spot you lose a point. And if good sex isn't enough, there's a video, *Terrific Sex*.

The great permission unleashed during the Seventies continues to pulse

If the Seventies had been the best of times, the Eighties were the worst. Faced with a deadly virus, the sexual revolution faltered. Conservative politicians exploited our fears. Attorney General Ed Meese (right) ushered in an era of sexual McCarthyism with an attack on pornography.







this is
your
brain
on
drugs

WALL ST

STOP
PORN

CONDOM
ON
BOARD



THE DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN MEN AND BOYS
IS THE PRICE
OF THEIR TOYS

The Gay Plague

By Michael VerMeulen

A mysterious immune disorder is spreading like wildfire.

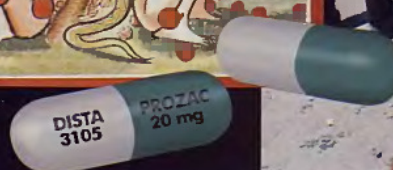
Patients, a robust 33-year-old homosexual male, noticed two slightly red, vertical patches behind his ears. They appeared to be bruises but were not itchy.

Epidemic!

Year	Cases Reported
1978	2
1979	7
1980	35
1981	183
1982	1,212
1983	3,000

Mary L. Spear, a 33-year-old homosexual female, noticed a persistent, itchy, red, vertical patch on her upper arm. She also found, "I was dying."

TIME SEX IN THE '80S The Revolution Is Over



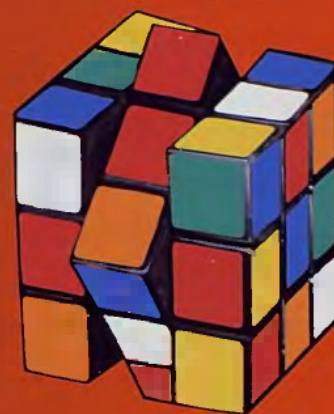
Calvin Klein Underwear



Safer Sex K · I · T

Condoms • Spermatide • Lubricant
• Oral Dam •

Donor Copyright 1987



through the culture. In bookstores, authors describe new physical wonders. Alan and Donna Brauer reveal *How You and Your Lover Can Give Each Other Hours of Extended Sexual Orgasm*. Naura Hayden divulges the secrets of *How to Satisfy a Woman Every Time and Have Her Beg for More*. John Perry, Alice Kahn Ladas and Beverly Whipple, authors of *The G Spot and Other Recent Discoveries About Human Sexuality* announce a new erogenous zone. An inch or so up the anterior wall of the vagina is a small bean-shaped area that when stimulated supposedly produces a profound orgasm (and sometimes a female ejaculation). At least six book clubs offer the title, including the Better Homes and Gardens Book Club and the Cooking and Crafts Club. For lovers whose sexual fondling had been gridlocked at the clitoris, the discovery creates a new quest. At the very least, it is a peace offering, a distraction from the anatomical war between clitoral and vaginal orgasms.

Not everyone can locate the elusive trigger. A stand-up comic,

Time and *Esquire* declared the end of the sexual revolution. But sex had as many faces as a Rubik's Cube, from Jessica Rabbit, Madonna and Tootsie to Boy George, Michael Jackson, the Mayflower Madam and Jim and Tammy Bakker. We were still body-conscious—witness the sultry sexuality of Calvin Klein ads, the fitness fad sparked by Jane Fonda, the search for a new erogenous zone. The death of Rock Hudson awakened us to the threat of AIDS. The epidemic taught us compassion (the AIDS Memorial Quilt) and caution. The Reagans advised "Just say no."

THE ORIGINAL, UNCUT CLASSIC!



DAISY WOODS
NIGHTY WINTER • RICHIE WYND
PRE ALLURE • AND MORE!

2 MONTHS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST
THE BOOK THAT IS CHANGING THE WAY WE MAKE LOVE

THE G SPOT

AND OTHER RECENT DISCOVERIES
ABOUT HUMAN SEXUALITY

ALICE KAHN LADAS, BEVERLY WHIPPLE,
AND JOHN D. PERRY

Akroyd and Belushi: Port
Cheers!: Bonus

Esquire

Man At His Best

The End of Sex

by George Leonard

Written by
the Foster
the Brain by
the Brain by

THE
SEXUAL
REVOLUTION
R.I.P.

EAT AGAIN



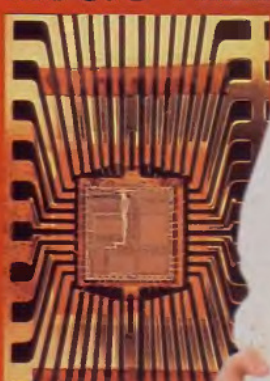
**Homosexual Diseases
Threaten American Families**

The media gave us mixed messages. On MTV, music videos oozed attitude. Cyndi Lauper announced that *Girls Just Want to Have Fun*. Prince told us to party like it was 1999. As for Billy Idol, well, Dr. Ratz urged radio listeners to have good sex. PLAYBOY went cable. Self-appointed moral guardians Donald Wildmon, Jerry Falwell and Charles Keating tried to protect us from hedonism, militant gays and demon porn. Surgeon General Koop broke ranks with the religious right by advocating a commonsense approach to AIDS. Scandals toppled television ministries (Jim Bakker-Jessica Hahn) and Presidential hopefuls (Gary Hart-Donna Rice).

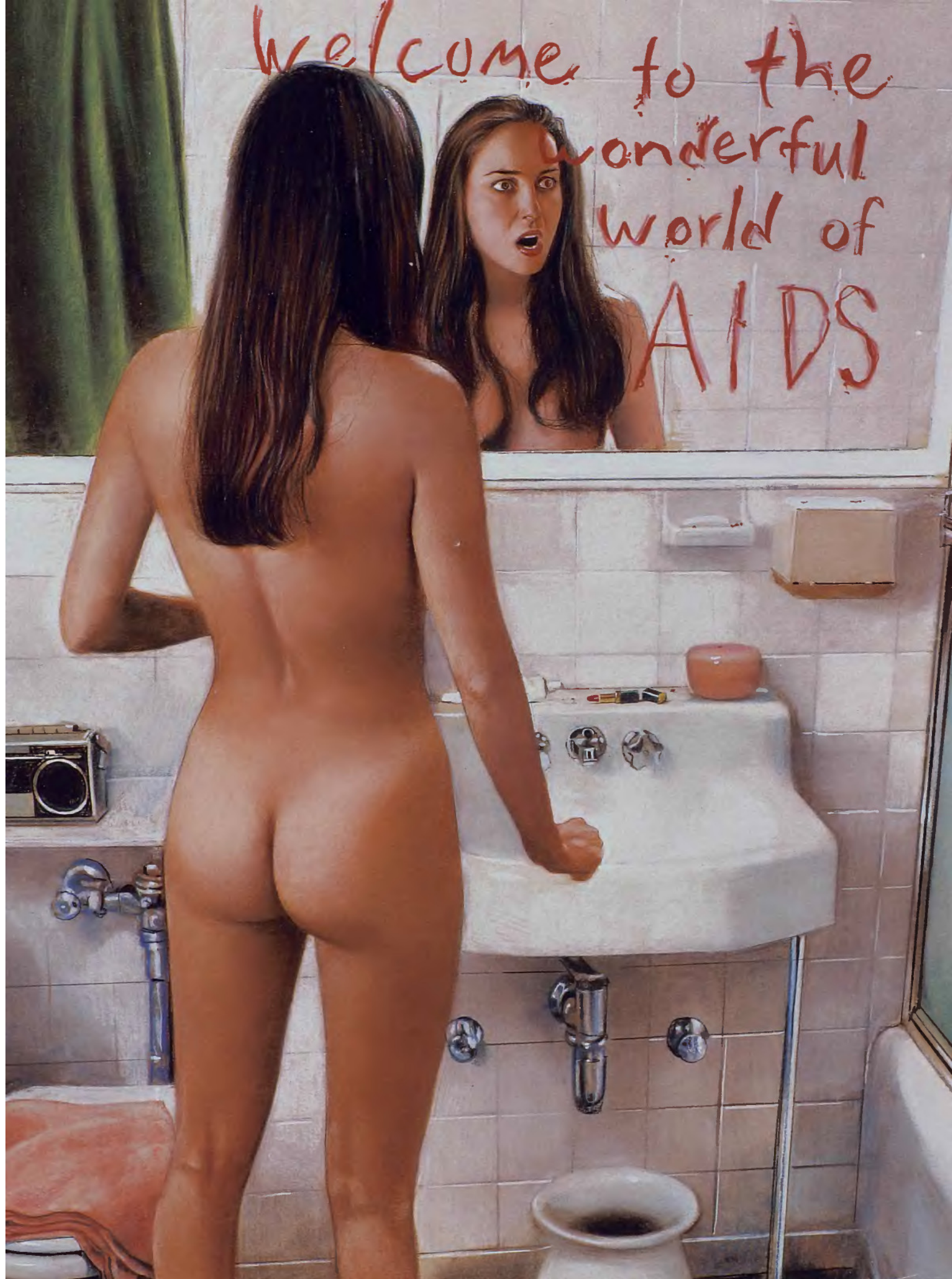
It happened to a friend of a friend. A one night stand. Great sex. The next morning, she woke to find the message in the mirror (right). AIDS inspired an urban legend.

JUST SAY
NO

ILLUSTRATION BY ALAN BEINGOLD



Welcome to the
wonderful
world of
AIDS



after months of exploration, announces the discovery of the Y spot. "You touch it and your partner asks, 'Why are you doing that?'"

"What's the difference between the G spot and a golf ball?" another comedian wonders. "A man will take half an hour trying to find a golf ball."

College students discover a sexual use for Pop Rocks, a candy that fizzes when wet. Fellatio and cunnilingus end in a grape-flavored foam. On *LA Law*, scriptwriters create a running gag around a sex technique known as "the Venus butterfly." The trick, never described, involves something you order from room service. Female recipients of the technique have been known to pass out from the pleasure.

Lust grows new tentacles, new eyes. Broadcast television, which had long been the bland wasteland of *The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet*—*Father Knows Best* family values, faces competition from cable. For a few dollars a month viewers can connect to the sexual underground, experience adult programming in the privacy of their homes. *Time* describes the fare as "the first programming made directly for people who still own waterbeds."

The programming ranges from the exotic (*Private Screenings* and *Escapade* are two of the options) to the curious. In *The Ugly George Hour of Truth, Sex and Violence*, a lone cameraman with a video backpack sprouting a parabolic microphone tours Manhattan, asking women to disrobe for their 15 minutes of fame. In doorways, stairwells and apartments, a surprising number comply. Why not?

Cable gives birth to MTV, a 24-hour world of music videos. At first considered a novelty, MTV becomes a hypnotic art form. The stars don't just lip-synch, they body-synch, fashion-synch and sex-role synch. Videos teach America how to look, how to move (Michael Jackson's moonwalk draws more attention than Neil Armstrong's), how to yearn. In *Brass in Pocket*, Chrissie Hynde of the Pretenders describes the ammunition of desire: "Gonna use my arms, gonna use my legs, gonna use my style, gonna use my sidestep, gonna use my fingers, gonna use my, my, my imagination." The Pointer Sisters sing of wanting a lover with a slow hand, someone who will spend some time, not come and go in a heated rush.

Cyndi Lauper tells the world that *Girls Just Want to Have Fun*. Madonna wears thrift shop lingerie, crucifixes and a belt buckle proclaiming BOY TOY and becomes an international sensation, a sexual role model for millions of girls. *Like a Virgin* and *Material Girl* sell millions. America discovers the power

of the exposed midriff.

The music channel presents unprecedented sexual diversity. No matter your preference, somewhere on MTV there's a band to match, from the androgynous to the ridiculous. Video producers are the journalists of the sexual revolution. There are songs about teenage pregnancy and domestic violence with a beat you can dance to. Some songs seem to capture the aura: Phil Collins sings, "I can feel it coming in the air tonight, oh Lord. And I've been waiting for this moment, for all of my life, oh Lord." The song finds its way into the pilot of *Miami Vice*—a show about narcs driving Ferraris and wearing designer clothes while in pursuit of bad guys. The show kills Friday night, with 20 million people staying home to watch the war on drugs—at the same time many of them do the drug in question. Cocaine has replaced the user-friendly drugs of the Sixties with a substance that defines appetite and greed. George Carlin jokes about it, saying you do a line of coke and you feel like a new man. Then the new man wants some. Richard Pryor, while free-basing cocaine, sets himself on fire. Scientists report that monkeys, given free access to cocaine, will forgo all other pleasures—including food, sleep and sex—until they die.

Something in the air tonight. In 1983, *Risky Business* uses the Phil Collins' song to set up a late-night ride on the Chicago Transit Authority. The scene between Tom Cruise and Rebecca De Mornay suggests that if you ride the train long enough, you can have it all to yourself, have the best sex of your life and get accepted into Princeton.

The VCR takes the public sex explosion of the Seventies private. One video exec boasts, "The VCR put porno where it belongs: in people's bedrooms." Bruce Taylor, a lawyer for a Cleveland-based antipornography group, complains that "people are bringing home the kind of movies people used to go to jail for." Exactly.

At the start of the decade, some three million homes have the ability to turn their TVs into sex toys. The X-rated film industry responds. Between 1969 and 1979, porn directors had shot features on film. In 1979 some 1000 titles were available on video. Switching to less costly video their output quintupled; more than 5000 titles were available by 1990. They now turn out 5000 titles a year. Before the end of the decade, Americans will be renting 100 million X-rated tapes a year. Some 40 percent of the devotees will be women.

Lovers grapple with one eye cast toward the blue light, making love in the presence of someone else's fantasy. It is a shift no less profound than when the

phonograph and radio allowed Americans to make love to music.

Technology evolves to tempt long neglected senses. The telephone company relaxes its hold on 976 numbers; suddenly you can have 57 seconds of heavy breathing and short recorded sexual scenarios at the touch of a finger. Dial-A-Porn competes with Dial-A-Prayer and wins, hands down. One company gets 500,000 calls a day. An audit of the Virginia state phone bills revealed that in one month alone, state employees made 2509 calls to a porn line. None, reports the spokesperson, came from the Governor's office.

Almost immediately, aural sex becomes interactive. Americans, long familiar with the heightened intimacy of radio and records, find that phone sex creates a sense of sexual conspiracy. Voice-activated lust. An article in *Rolling Stone* gave a sample of the art of "giving good phone."

GIRL: Hi, baby, where are you?

CALLER: In the bedroom. On the bed.

GIRL: What are you wearing?

CALLER: Just some underwear.

GIRL: Mmmm. I'm wearing a black silk robe, and nothing else. You can see my tits. They're so big. Do you want them?

"You're very close now. I can feel your breath. I want you to kiss me."

"I want to do it so badly it hurts."

"You are now biting my nipples."

"I'm coming."

"I love you." (Click)

It's out-of-body sex, where a voice can sound blonde, where everything is permitted, no one is harmed and the caller is in complete control of the relationship. It costs a dollar a minute. Phone bills of \$2000 a month, the press reports, are not uncommon.

For every out-of-body experience, there is an inner-body equivalent. The sexual revolution ignites a fitness revolution. Hedonists locate their world in the pleasures of their bodies. Now it's time to see what the suckers can do. We're not talking about entering the New York Marathon. The ads for Soloflex home gym equipment tease, "A hard man is good to find." Jane Fonda's workout tape does for the leotard what Frederick's of Hollywood did for lingerie. Millions follow her instructions to "feel the burn." And millions just watch.

Gyms replace singles' bars and discos as the place to meet. In the locker rooms, the conversation has switched from sex to success, how to survive on \$100,000 a year.

Flashdance, a 1983 Hollywood hit, captures the sexuality of the fit.

(continued on page 86)



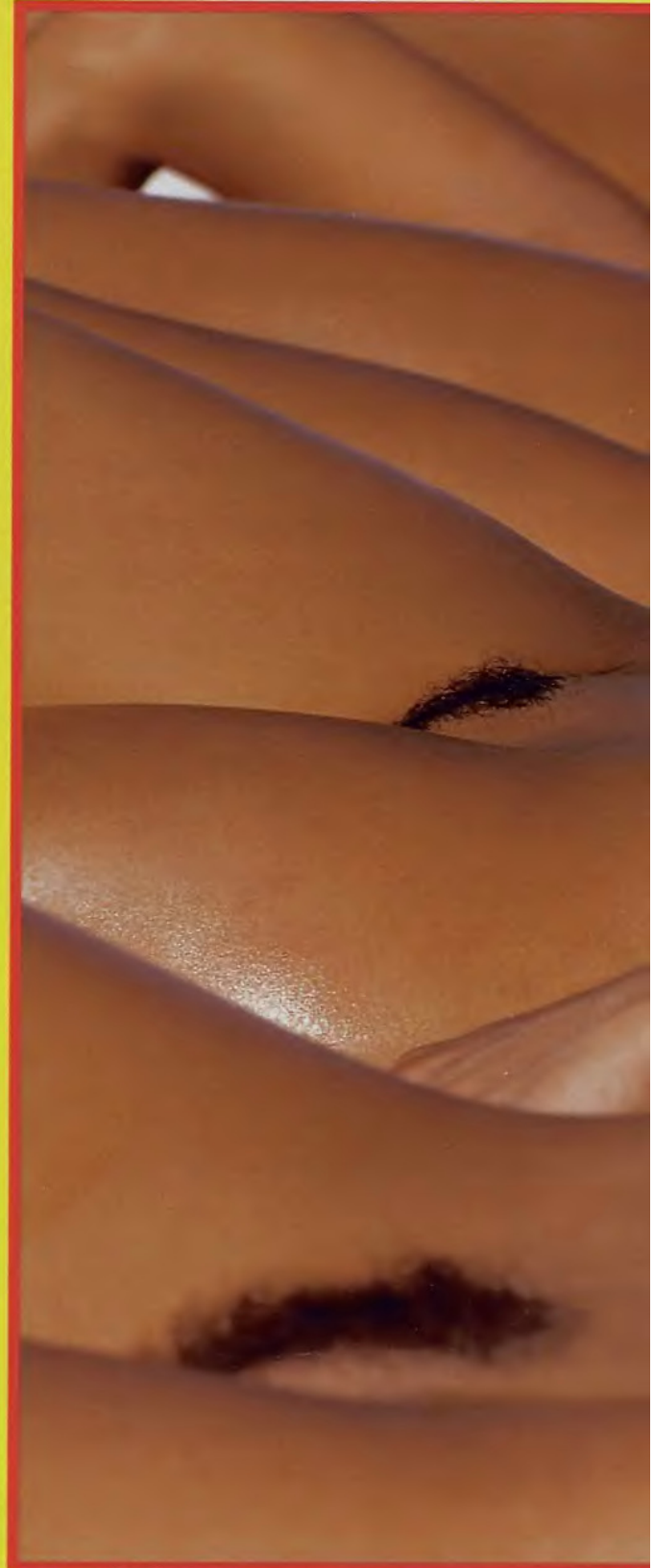
"Miss Petrie dines here with Mister Burton every Wednesday evening as a condition of Mister Burton's will."

sing hallelujah, america: bikini season has begun

At left, Georgian Wyndi Pinckney (left) and Kentucky native Missa Blanton join an impromptu parade down the strip in Panama City—dressed accordingly. The oiled-up foursome (below, from top) of Erin Wilson, Shannan Snider, Monica Petschulat and Michelle Guice grab rays on a nearby balcony. More of Erin and Michelle later.



NOT SO LONG AGO, it was simple for exam-weary collegians to determine their spring break itineraries. It was either Daytona or Fort Lauderdale—period. Not anymore. Today, students are more worldly-wise, so when it came time to track the nation's annual spring break posse, we headed to the newest spots on the bikini front: South Padre Island, off the southern tip of Texas; Cancún, off the coast of Mexico's Yucatán peninsula; Panama City, Florida; and, for old time's sake, Daytona Beach. Our crew, led by Contributing Photographer David Mecey, returned with a portfolio that makes us wish we were in college again—or at least dating someone who is.

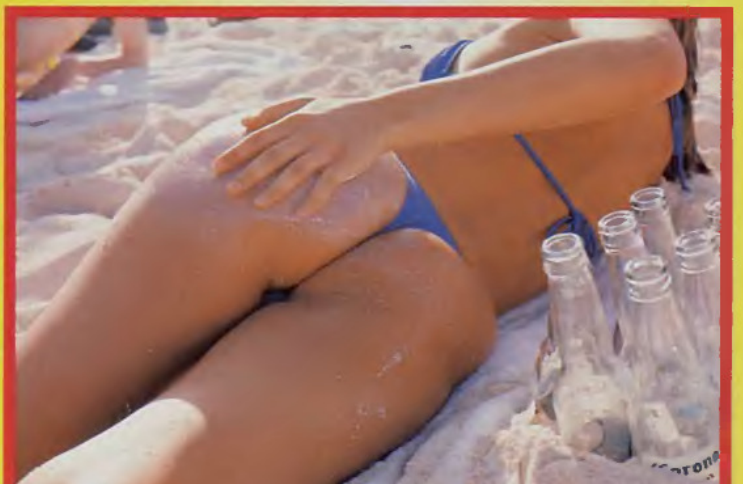


SINCE DEAF





Michelle Grafwallner (above left) headed to South Padre Island from chilly Wisconsin, where she's gunning for a Ph.D. in education. To Michelle's right is Panama City slicker Lee Ann Koskie, a Georgia volleyball goddess who confesses to being a tomboy. (Fooled us.) Below, Green Boy escapee Brenda Archiquette enjoys some beachside manhandling by a gaggle of New Yorkers on the prowl in Cancún.





From Austin, Texas, meet South Padre visitor Colleen Evilsizer (left), a native of Limestone, Maine and a bona fide poster girl for spring break revelry. Colleen loves swimming, roller-skating, video games and any Six Flags park she comes across. Above, a decidedly male audience takes in a Panama City bikini contest with a thong in its heart; below, a fair pair of surf worshipers soak up the beauty of sunny Cancun.



Say hey again to Michelle Guice (below), who plans to become a zoo veterinarian. Below Michelle, Michiganian Emily Bowling bends over backward to please the gang at Tequila Frags on South Padre Island (hosted by Saved By the Bell's Maria López). Another Padre partyer, Mikyla Chernaff (right), is a former circus performer and devoted mom. On the facing page, Julie Drain (bending) came to Cancún from Tyler, Texas, while Panama City drop-in Melanie Starr (to Julie's right) earns a living in Indiana. And check out the frenzied naughtiness at Tequila Frags (opposite, bottom), as Memphis' Ashley Burnette licks the competition, namely, Tennessean Jammie Parker.







At left, jet-skiers Julie Drain and Stephanie Lindsey (steering) make waves, as fellow Cancún beauties (opposite, bottom, from left) Melissa Cordeiro, Tonya Millard, Alissa Poterson, Jessica Enlers and Jennifer Terra blow kisses. You can see from the shot above them that their B-sides are also hits. Daytona denizen Brandi Sawyer (below) lives in Apopka, Florida, where she's an avid aerobiscist. The results are apparent. Below Brandi, Texan Nicole Kosich (left) and Oklahoman Leslie Thomas share a moment at Tequila Frogs. And here's a parting shot from Canadian coed Erin Wilson, who works as a Hawaiian Tropic model.



Wish You Were TOP 100

playboy's guide to spring break 1999

Best-case scenario, spring break 1999: You travel, hassle free, with three of your best buddies to Shangri-la for seven days of sun, sex and hedonism. You attract more horny chicks than Tommy Lee does at a Motley Crue show. You get no sleep, eat and drink as much as you want and return home disease free, more tanned than George Hamilton and with a stellar selection of digits in your pocket. (Note: Those are for show only—no spring break fling should go beyond spring break). Worst-case scenario: Thanks to a freak snowstorm you lay over in Cleveland and then arrive at your destination: a tourist-saturated beach town offering nothing but prudish girls and \$10 pitchers of alcohol-free beer. Your souvenirs include herpes, second-degree sunburn and a tattoo of Daffy Duck saying, I QUACKED UP ON SPRING BREAK '99. Don't want to become a casualty? Follow our fail-safe guide. The trick is to do everything you wouldn't be comfortable telling your mother about, but nothing that will result in jail time, a paternity suit or permanent body modification.



Superhot Spot

Rosarito Beach, Mexico

Tourist Trap

Daytona Beach, Florida

Best Guy-to-Girl Ratio

Cancún, Mexico

Best Place to Snowboard

Mount Hood, Oregon

Couples Only

Tulum, Mexico

Best Comeback Spot

Palm Springs, California

Two Reasons to Go to Mexico

Drinking age is 18

No liability (bars aren't responsible for your behavior, so you can dance on tables)

Best-Kept Secret

Jacó Beach, Costa Rica

Best Package Trips for Rich Kids

LA Ski and Sun Tours

by Tony Romando

Two Great Things About South Padre Island, Texas

The bus system to and from Mexico
Texas Week (when all of the state's college kids have break)

Flight for Your Right to Party

Mexicana Airlines to Cancún (open bar)

Least Exotic Beach

Daytona Beach, Florida

Best Chance for a Threesome

Lake Havasu, Arizona

Most Nudity

Sunset Beach Resort, Montego Bay

Bar to Barf On

Island Oasis, South Padre Island

Coolest Bars

La Boom, Cancún
Margueritaville, Montego Bay
Tequila Frogs, South Padre Island

Best-Looking Bartenders

Red Garter Saloon, Key West

Meet Markets

600 North, Daytona Beach
Wanna-Wanna Beach Bar & Grill, South Padre Island

Fake Majors That Don't Suck

Forensic Science
Global Conflict

Best Wet T-Shirt Contest

Tequila Frogs, South Padre Island

Should-Not Shirts

IT'S NOT A BALD SPOT, IT'S A
SOLAR PANEL FOR A SEX MACHINE.

I GIVE MOUSTACHE RIDES.

Best Place to Get Road Head

Driving down the strip,
Daytona Beach

Surefire Way to Go Home Alone

Leave her with your
friends when you go to
buy another round

If You Have No Shame

Tell her you're
Canadian and have
never been with
an American girl

Biggest Breasts on Break

Babes by the Bay,
South Padre Island
Booby Trap, Pompano Beach
Pope's, Palm Springs

Don't Be That Dude

Lubing up with a spray bottle
Sporting cutoff jean shorts

Piss-Poor Pickup Lines

"I want to use your thighs
as earmuffs."
"You don't say. . . . What house
are you in?"

You Cheated. Now Bullshit Your Way Out of It

"She looked just like you."
"She slipped me some Viagra."
"Your best friend said you
cheated on me two months ago."
"If the Commander in Chief can
do it, why can't I?"



Where to Party With Jerry Springer's Panelists

Panama City Beach, Florida

Wish You Were Her Thong

Oasis Beach, Cancún

Don't Leave Home Without . . .

Bail money
Friends who are fatter than you

So Uncool It's Cool

Beer coozie
TOO DRUNK TO FUCK T-shirt
Velcro wallet with a pot-leaf
appliqué

Best Way to Blow \$100

Five lap dances at the Pink Pony,
Daytona Beach



the great repression

(continued from page 74)

Jennifer Beals, playing a welder who moonlights as a cabaret dancer, becomes famous for "that thing with the bra." Young women cut the shoulders off T-shirts and sweatshirts, master the art of taking off bras without removing an outer garment. Insouciant sexuality. Beals is an independent woman who has a rule about sleeping with the boss. She breaks that rule, but, hey, this is the Eighties. After a knockout audition, she gets into the school of her choice.

The obsession with the body knows no limits. Body artists rediscover piercing and tattoos. David Letterman asks the Playboy Advisor what's the weirdest letter he's ever received.

"A guy wrote in and said, 'I masturbate with sandpaper. Do I have a problem?' I said, 'Yes, but not for long.'"

The Advisor continues: "The guy went to two therapists out in California. They cured him of the habit by switching him to lighter grades of sandpaper. Then velvet. Then a real woman."

The progression seems to convey the message of the sexual revolution, that no one really gets hurt. It's all right to go to the edge, we'll bring you back.

The revolution is in full roar. But there's something in the air.

IS SEX DEAD?

A September 1980 poll of readers of *Cosmopolitan* magazine reports the beginning of a backlash. "So many readers wrote negatively about the sexual revolution—expressing longings for vanished intimacy and the now elusive joys of romance and commitment—that we began to sense there might be a sexual counterrevolution under way in America."

By December 6, 1982 *New York* magazine would ask, "Is Sex Dead?" and proceed to answer the question: "In popular culture, the sexual backlash is readily apparent." The article tells of a post-casual sex syndrome known as Windows: "You look at the woman sleeping next to you, then you look out the window and you want to jump."

Some veterans of the sexual revolution speak of changing attitudes. "The rule of thumb for sleeping with someone in the Sixties and Seventies was, you'd sleep with them if you couldn't think of any reason not to. Now, you don't sleep with them unless you have a compelling reason to."

The author notes that "on *The New York Times*' bestseller list, Leo Buscaglia's *Living, Loving and Learning* has superseded Alex Comfort's *The Joy of Sex*."

Esquire announces "The End of Sex,"

illustrated by a tombstone with the legend THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION—R.I.P. Alas. George Leonard writes, "As it has turned out, the sexual revolution, in slaying some loathsome old dragons, has created some formidable new ones."

A July 1983 *Psychology Today* article bemoans "A Revolution's Broken Promises." An April 9, 1984 *Time* cover story announces, "The Revolution Is Over." According to writer John Leo, "There is growing evidence that the national obsession with sex is subsiding. Five-speed vibrators, masturbation workshops, freshly discovered erogenous zones and even the one night stand all seem to be losing their allure. Veterans of the revolution, some wounded, some merely bored, are reinventing courtship and romance and discovering, often with astonishment, that they need not sleep together on the first or second date. Many individuals are rediscovering the traditional values of fidelity, obligation and marriage." Caution and commitment are the new buzzwords.

Who celebrates the end of sex? Could you conceive of a magazine announcing the end of civil rights? The end of freedom? What made writers so willing to capitulate, to surrender the gains of liberation?

THE SCARLET LETTER

As the sexual revolution reached its peak, doctors began to notice and comment on the rise of venereal infections. The Pill had removed the threat of conception. Penicillin had defeated the specters of syphilis and gonorrhea. Promiscuity flourished without consequence. That complacency was soon to be shattered. An article in the May 1980 *McCall's* echoed turn of the century VD warnings about sin. "Sexual Freedom: The Medical Price Women Are Paying."

Scientists had reclassified a disease, isolating two viruses called herpes simplex. But herpes was not simple. The affliction had been around for centuries, but it was not identified as sexually transmitted until 1967. Dr. Walter Dowdle, a virologist at the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta, and Dr. André Nahmias, a physician at Emory University School of Medicine, identified the cause of cold sores as Herpes Simplex I. They announced that a related virus, Herpes Simplex II, could cause a sometimes painful rash on the genitals. The two viruses could change places through oral sex. A disease that had been as morally neutral as the common cold would become a new plague.

At first, the discovery languished. Most doctors had ignored cold sores as

harmless, and had even misdiagnosed the rashes as the heartbreak of psoriasis. Genital herpes was at worst a medical curiosity, something the body seemed able to cure by itself. No one kept track of the disease; while doctors were required by law to report the more familiar syphilis and gonorrhea, no one collected data on herpes.

Dr. David Reuben, the man who had told us everything we wanted to know about sex but were afraid to ask—including much that was wrong—tried to sound the alarm in the mid-Seventies, telling readers about "the grim new venereal disease in our midst." Dr. Reuben claimed that conservative estimates indicated 300,000 cases per year.

"If a pregnant woman is actively infected with venereal herpes, there is a one in four chance that her child will die or be seriously damaged." The sins of the mother could be passed to the innocent. And "six of every 100 women with HSV-2 of the cervix will develop cervical cancer."

"There was no cure, he said. The virus lingered in the body and could, without warning, multiply and produce a vigorous recurrence."

As wave after wave of Baby Boomers became sexually active, doctors were seeing more of everything. The young and the restless—those walking point for the sexual revolution—were turning up with bacterial vaginitis, pelvic inflammatory disease, yeast infections, chlamydia, trichomoniasis, venereal warts. Rumors circulated about bugs brought back from Vietnam, of new strains that resisted antibiotics. A doctor told the readers of *Harper's Bazaar* to toss their lingerie in the microwave.

But only herpes infected the imagination. On August 2, 1982 *Time* magazine ran a cover story on herpes titled "The New Scarlet Letter."

John Leo and Maureen Dowd reported that herpes was "the scourge, the new scarlet letter, the VD of the Ivy League and Jerry Falwell's revenge."

The Centers for Disease Control had new estimates: Up to 20 million Americans had genital herpes, with as many as half a million new cases each year.

"Those remarkable numbers are altering sexual rites in America," claimed Leo, "changing courtship patterns, sending thousands of sufferers spinning into months of depression and self-exile and delivering a numbing blow to the one night stand."

Time magazine concluded: "The herpes counterrevolution may be ushering a reluctant, grudging chastity back into fashion."

The article produced a former swinger who said he would go to Plato's Retreat only if he could wear a full wet

(continued on page 114)



"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? Fuckin' A——"

the fan man returns

yes, it's horse badorties, back again and once more on the lam from the landlord. rescue me, gorgeous chicklet, rescue me!

fiction By William Kotzwinkle

I'm on the rooftop, man. Horse Badorties has climbed up onto the roof for some nude sunbathing in his overcoat. How wonderful, man, to be grappling along the edge of the roof in my overcoat. There is no danger of sunburn, man, owing to the overcoat covering me and the fact that it is nighttime. It has unexpectedly turned out to be night, but these things happen, man, it's to be expected in an ever-changing world.

God, man, look at the view. It is awesomely inspiring to be standing here in my overcoat on a hot summer night looking out over the twinkling city into the window directly across from me where a chicklet is beating the heat by walking around with her blouse off. I am moved, man, you might even say I'm deeply touched. God, man, how I would love to have her singing in the Love Chorus with her blouse off. I'm going to send her a message on the clothesline that runs from the edge of this roof to her window. I'll send her a piece of sheet music with a simple note of introduction on the back. I'm opening my snatchel, man, and a precious valuable object is surfacing out of the snatchel. It is my Horse Badorties jogger's pulse watch, man, so I can monitor my pulse while being pursued by my landlord. This handy pulse watch will tell me if I'm overdoing it. Vigilant as I am about physical fitness, man, I don't want to strain myself.

Here's the sheet music, man. And here is my Horse





Badorties award-winning pen with the special greased tip for slippery salutations. I'm writing to the chicklet at once, man, because you never know where a great voice will be found. Look at her, man, moving nimbly past her window. She has youthful bounce, man. She's just what I need in my overcoat.

OK man, I am crawling along the edge of the roof with my overcoat dragging at my feet and threatening to trip me over the edge. It's a wonderful oversize overcoat, man, for complete coverage of daily events taking place in and around my body, why am I wearing it, man, I must have thought it was wintertime. A slight miscalculation, man, it could happen to anyone.

I've reached the clothesline, man. I have it in my hand. It's a soot-covered New York Lower East Side clothesline, man, I wish I had a sock for drying. Some other time, man, this is no time for domesticity.

I'm fastening the note, man. I have a successful attachment. Now, man, to send it discreetly across to her. The chicklet, man, should be delighted to know that a complete stranger in an overcoat has been watching her from the nearby rooftop.

There it goes, man, there goes my modest note, over the air shaft. It's fluttering, man, the line is creaking. Communication, man, it's everything.

She hears the creaking clothesline, she's looking up. She sees me, man. Visual contact with another 15-year-old chick has been made.

She's giving me the finger, man, a powerfully uplifted middle digit in the air, she's a born conductor.

And now my note has reached her window, man. Without bothering to put her blouse on, she is leaning out and collecting the gentle communiqué. She's reading it, man, and now she's tearing it up into little pieces and throwing the pieces down the air shaft, how spontaneous, man.

And, once again, the finger. To reinforce, as it were, the feeling she wishes to convey. Now she's yanking down the shade with a single vigorous tug.

Her silhouette remains, man. I have a powerful intuition she'll be singing in the Love Chorus soon. Meanwhile, man, since I'm poised here on the edge of the roof, it might be well to perform a few deep yogic breaths. Breathe deeply, man, inhale the poisonous cloud of noxious vapor replete with fumes of rat piss, oh, man, I can't get enough of this, don't overdo it, man, I feel dizzy and am noticing peculiar lights going off in my head.

Sit down, man, over here on this ventilator before you fall off the roof.

That's better, man, indescribably so. The ventilator is sending a faint breeze

up my overcoat flaps. I'm cool, man. The benefits of being up here are numerous, chief among them that I have avoided my landlord once again. He wants his rent, I wonder why. Ten years is not a long time to wait.

I'm resting, man, on the roof. Somewhere above me in the pollution is the moon, man. If I could see it I'd be tempted to write a poem of 13 syllables.

What's that flash of white on the next rooftop, man?

It's Hawkman, man. In his custom-fitted sheet. He lives on the adjacent rooftop in an old Portosan, man, to which he's attached some packing crates. He's standing on the edge of the roof and spreading his sheet, man. He's looking at his territory. The rooftops, man, he knows them all. Look at him, man, with his spiked hair and his iridescent fingernails. He's a reassuring sight, man, a sort of touchstone for reality. Compared to Hawkman, man, I'm a normal, productive human being, for he is a complete lunatic sailing through the dark and I am only sunbathing at night in my overcoat.

He turns his head slowly from left to right. He sees me, man. Here he comes.

Dropping down from his roof to mine, a drop of 15 feet, man, but Hawkman knows how to land in his designer sneakers, with his sheet fluttering around him. And he comes up on his toes, man, twirling. What form, man.

Coming my way, man, Hawkman approaches. His hair is pink and green, man. He has his feathered earrings on. The glass jewels embedded in his nose are sparkling, man. I hope he won't be too violent, man, I'd hate to have to hit him with a weighted snatchel.

"How're you doing, man?"

"Le's go to the subject. How're you like my new cape?" He models it, spreading it wide and turning slowly.

"A flowered sheet, man, to go with the season."

"I steal it only a few hours ago."

"It has a fresh look to it, man."

"A hundred percent cotton."

"Right, man, you don't want to corrupt yourself with synthetics."

We're on the roof together, man. We're infinitesimal specks in the vast night of the universe, but if you saw Hawkman looking in your window, he would be more than a speck, man.

He looks at me and nods thoughtfully. What is he thinking, man? What is going on in his Hawkman mind? He continues to nod. "Sometime I will score satin sheets."

"Then you'll be complete, man."

"I play everything for everything. I make some big jumps tonight."

"Born to the rooftops, man."

"Couple of times I thought I bought it, but—" He smiles, showing his

gold teeth. "I manage to hang on."

"Tenacity, man."

"I hang on and I pull myself up."

"A motto for our time, man."

He suddenly jumps to his feet, flashing his gold teeth. He spreads out his sheet. "I am Hawkman!"

It is during such moments of ego reinforcement that he can be dangerous, man, so I am clutching the handle of my snatchel, which contains many pounds of valuable precious objects suitable for braining.

"I fly like a fucking bird!"

"You are aerodynamically sound, man."

"I defy gravity!"

He's hopping around, man, preparatory to takeoff.

"Don't anybody touch with my perch!"

"Nobody would dare, man."

"My sheet is hundred percent cotton percale! Says so right in the label."

And there he goes, man, racing across the roof. He leaps to the edge, poses with his arms outstretched, and then jumps, man. His sheet billows out and he lands on the next roof, arms overhead triumphantly. He collects himself, straightens his sheet and then moves on. I watch him growing smaller, from rooftop to rooftop, until he vanishes. Hawkman, man, making his rounds. He's Wild America, man, he's an endangered species. It gives you neighborhood pride to know that he's out there, nesting and mating.

What is that sound, man, like chopping? It's coming from down below in the building, on my floor, man.

I am creeping over to the roof door, and carefully opening it just a crack. The sight I behold is a terrible one, man. I am looking at a crazed being. He does not see me. He thinks I'm in my pad. I am seeing the lizard brain at work. I am witness to a violent outbreak of savage, unrestrained landlord. He has snapped, man, and is chopping a hole in my door. As he does so, he is releasing animal cries.

"You sonnamabish, I get you now!"

I've got to record this, man, it may prove valuable in the never-ending court case I've got going with him. For years, man, I have held him at arm's length, and now I'm holding the microphone of my Japanese plastic falling-apart tape recorder at arm's length, man, to record the sound of his mind at the end of its tether.

"No good sonnamabishing bastard, I kill you!" I've seen other landlords performing this operation on doors of mine, man, and I have to say this landlord's form is classic. He's reached the pitch of perfection, man. There goes the doorknob, hacked off in one blow.

(concluded on page 96)

The Art Of The

CHROME AND THE CREATIVE SPIRIT

Explaining the need for bigger engines, a product developer at a motorcycle company once told his bosses that American men want three things: pussy, money and horsepower. "Women control 100 percent of the pussy and 80 percent of the money," he said. "The only thing left is horsepower." Bigger is not only better, it's bigger. This is what they mean by living large. Power is the gift men give themselves.

Big Bike



BMW

Curb appeal is the first level of aesthetics—another word for art you can ride. The

R 1200 C has an eye-catching, radical design, one that's completely at home in a James Bond movie or an exhibit at the Guggenheim.

The Boxer twin, telelever suspension and shaft drive offer a smooth ride. In blue, \$15,400.



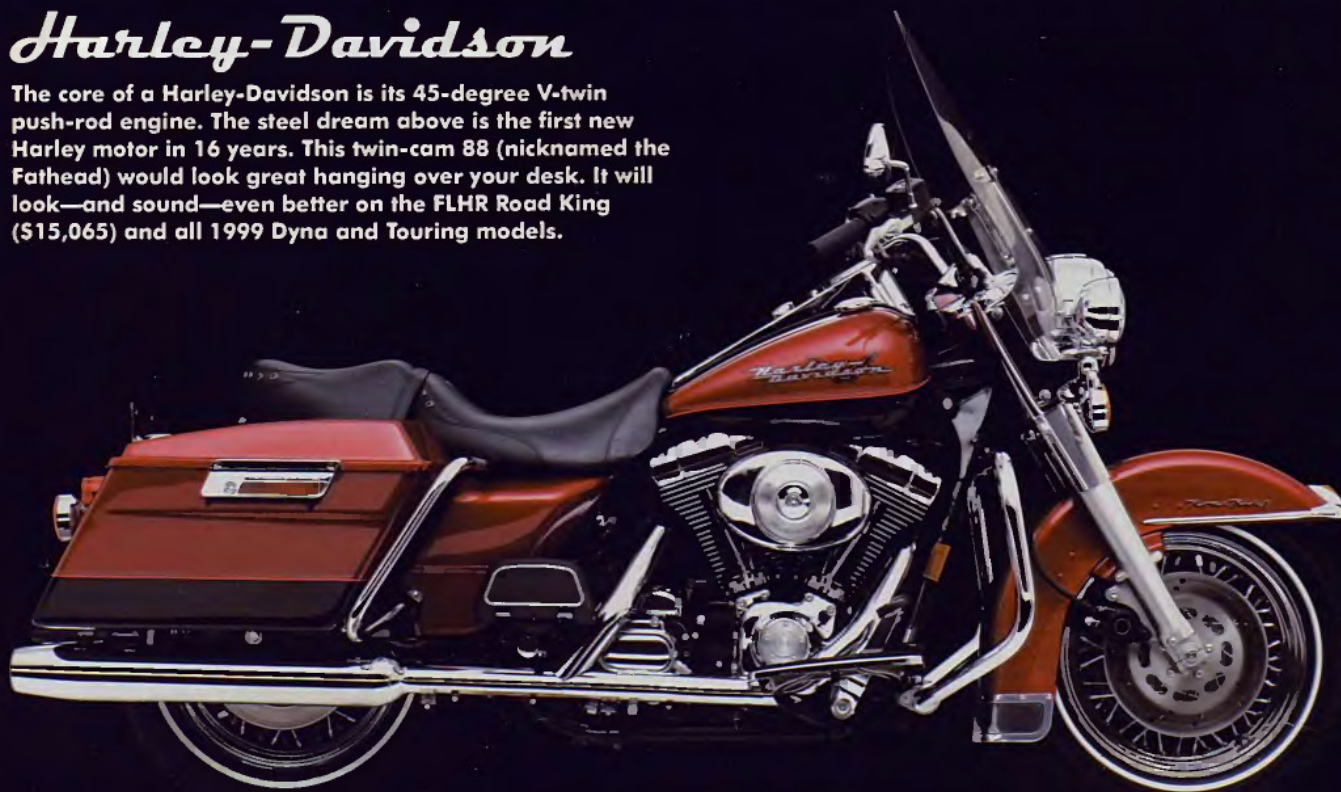
Kawasaki

The man who owns the Drifter (\$11,499) doesn't chase skirts—he rides them. Its vintage sculpted fender treatment, triple headlights (optional) and low-slung two-into-one fishtail exhaust pipe recall an era when motorcycles were known as iron horses, when renegades and rebels took to the highway to discover America. The soul of an old machine has the heart of a modern cruiser, from the rubber-mounted 1500cc engine with digital fuel injection to computer-assisted diagnostics. Kawasaki offers a selection of aftermarket parts to turn this red-and-black beauty into a personal way-back machine. Go for it on Glory Road.



Harley-Davidson

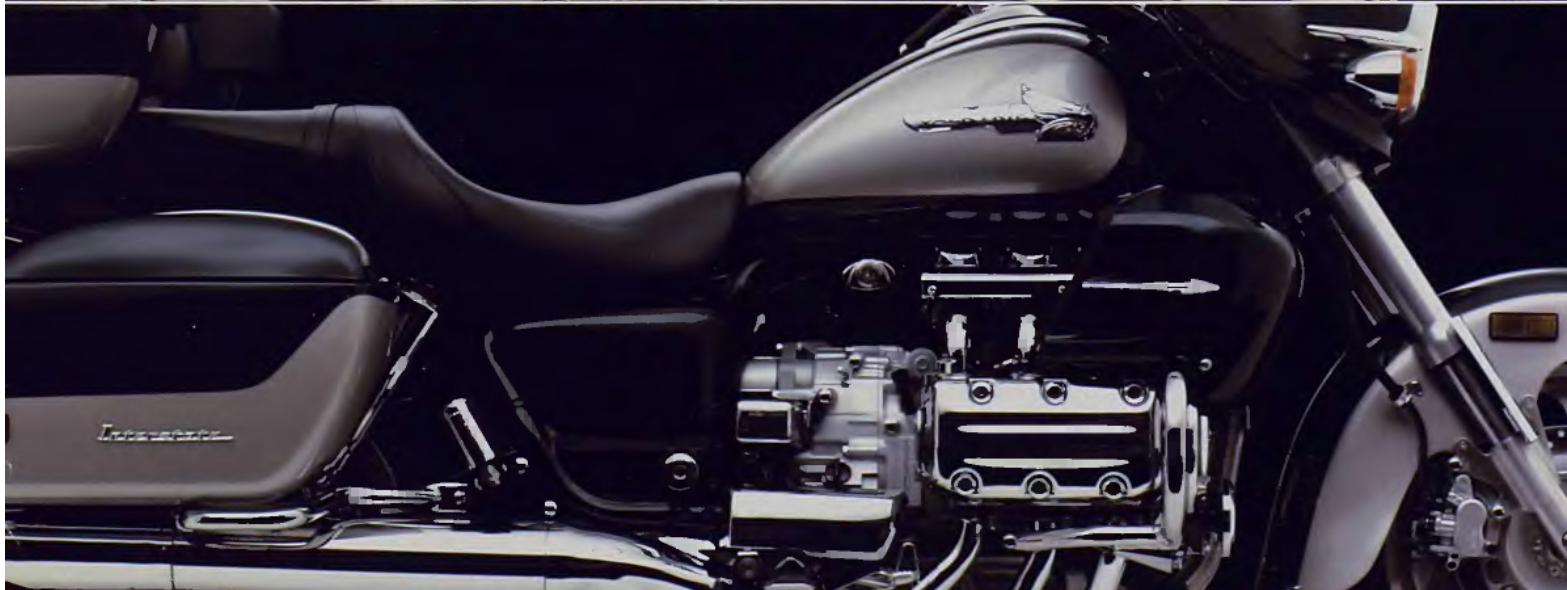
The core of a Harley-Davidson is its 45-degree V-twin push-rod engine. The steel dream above is the first new Harley motor in 16 years. This twin-cam 88 (nicknamed the Fathead) would look great hanging over your desk. It will look—and sound—even better on the FLHR Road King (\$15,065) and all 1999 Dyna and Touring models.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

Honda

Cruisers have always been associated with big twins. It's time to defy tradition. The six-cylinder 1500cc engine that powers the Valkyrie is a behemoth. Add a five-speed transmission and shaft drive, and the Valkyrie is one of the ballsiest hot-rod bikes on the boulevard. The trunk, saddlebags and fairing on the Interstate (\$15,999) add comfort and class.





A close-up photograph of the upper front section of a Yamaha Road Star motorcycle. The image shows a large, round speedometer with a white face and black markings, mounted on a chrome bezel. Below the speedometer are two smaller gauges. The fuel tank is painted in a two-tone scheme of maroon and cream. A chrome fuel filler cap is visible on the right side of the tank. The words "Road Star" are written in a stylized script on the cream-colored side panel. The overall aesthetic is classic cruiser style with chrome accents.

Yamaha

Yamaha already has a successful line of classic cruisers (the Royal Star and V Star); now it has decided to go big. Very big. The Road Star is a hymn to heavy metal. Its 1600cc push-rod V-twin is a bold beast. It annihilates distance, running as smoothly as a wide-screen movie—the perfect mount for a roadhouse rendezvous. Prices start at \$10,499.



fan man

(continued from page 90)

"Ha! I get you, Mr. Smartass Badorski! I fix you good!"

The ax just went all the way through. It comes back out covered with decaying muck, man, he must have penetrated to my fungus cupboard.

"I . . . get . . . you . . . now!"

The hinges just popped, man. The entire door fell inward. He stands in the naked threshold, man, of a Horse Badorties pad.

We've seen it often enough, man, but it is always a peak experience. I think it's worth watching.

He's staggering backward, man, overwhelmed at what he beholds.

"Oh my Gott!"

Clutching the doorframe is typical, man, for this moment. Quite understandably, he needs support. He is facing a Horse Badorties multilayered, composite shit pile. Everywhere he looks he sees undulating pillars of crap. The ordinary mind can't deal with the sight, man. At the very least, special garbage goggles are required. He pushes himself back from the doorframe, and sways.

"I can't belief the trash he got in dere."

He'll come to believe it in the fullness of time, man. When he tries to haul it away. Then its corporal solidity will dawn for him, as he grapples with unspeakable mold forms.

Uh-oh, man, he's preparing to step into it. Much as I abhor the violent behavior he's exhibited against my door, man, I can't let him throw his life away like that. Landlords have been lost before, man. They've ventured into my pads and had to be rescued by trained animals, and even then, man, their minds were never the same. I've got to stop him before it's too late.

"Don't do it, man. It's more than you're up for."

He whirls toward me, man, ax in hand. "Sonnamabish!"

"Restrain yourself, man. You're liable to have a seizure."

"You sonnamabish!"

Here he comes, man, up the stairs with vigorous steps, waving his ax. His nose hairs are bristling, man. I tried diplomacy, but he's trying to satisfy a basic need to kill me. In some ways it's understandable, man. When people don't know me really well, they frequently want to hammer me with blunt instruments. I'm too pure, man. They can't deal with my light.

"I . . . kill . . . you . . . Badorski."

I have no choice but to close the roof door in his face, man, and bolt it. There, man, now he is beating on it with his ax but it's a fire door, man, made of steel. He won't be able to chop

through that, he's chopping through it, man, this is amazing. I should enter him in the Angry Landlord Olympics, man. Twisted, tearing steel, man, the door is crumbling before my eyes. This is what years of pent-up rage can do, man, it's truly remarkable.

"Ha-ha . . . I get you now . . . Mr. Badorski."

His face is contorted with glee, man, as he hacks through solid steel. I stand just beyond him on the other side in my overcoat, in an attitude of dignity holding my snatchel. "I hope reason can prevail here, man."

"I eat . . . your fucking . . . liver."

"Harsh words, man. I know you don't mean them."

"I . . . got you now . . . sonny boy."

Faint paternal overtones are sounding, man, of concern. He wants to guide me down life's hallway with muted authority.

"Roast . . . your balls . . . for you . . . Mr. Wise Guy."

He's gently hacking off the hinges, man. The door is about to go south. Gazing as I am into his eyes, man, from just a few feet away, I don't like to say our differences are irreconcilable, but they are significant. An ax in the head could be imminent.

It's time to follow Hawkman over the side, man. The fire escape awaits me once again, man, as it has so often in the past. I'm hurrying toward it, man, dragging overcoat and snatchel. My pulse watch is sending off an audible signal, man, I've reached my training level. If I can maintain my heartbeat at this rate or any rate, man, I'll be happy.

I'm jumping onto the rusted, falling-apart fire escape, man, how wonderful. It has seen better days undoubtedly, but it's completely safe, it's coming off the side of the building, man, I'm watching the bolts pop before my eyes, out of the crumbling mortar. The entire thing is swinging out into the air, man, very unusual behavior for a fire escape, it must have been severely repressed for years to act this way.

I'm in a perilous situation, man. I've got to think calmly and clearly with my attention fixed on, one might even say riveted to, the problem at hand, man. Only by concentrating one-pointedly on the subtle balance point of this fire escape can I hope to succeed, what's that, man, holy God, the 15-year-old chicklet with her blouse off is lifting her shade, man, she's looking at me, man, she's rethinking the note I sent her. Look at her, man, her complexion is flawless, and like every young girl she is just stupid enough. She's gazing at me, man, she sees my crude intentions were honorable.

"Hey, baby, hey, come and sing in the Love Chorus, when you tip your head

back to sing those high notes, it floods the medulla and you really feel alive."

"Grab onto the clothesline!"

The chicklet is sharp, man, she reads the situation. Of course, man, the clothesline is right beside me. When the fire escape collapses I can dangle on the line in my overcoat.

"I am reaching for it, baby!" I'm reaching, man, and I am hearing bolts popping off the fire escape four stories below, man, the whole thing's coming unbuttoned. My landlord is watching from the edge of the roof, he, too, is deeply concerned.

"Now you break my fire escape, you sonnamabish!"

"What can I tell you, man." I'm a foot short of the clothesline, man, it is eluding my frenzied grasp. With cool deliberation, man, I must revert to searching my snatchel for my portable back-scratcher shaped like a little wooden hand, man, it is exactly the length I need, here it is, man, a device of deceptive simplicity. I'm extending it, man, and its wooden fingers are gripping the line. There goes the fire escape, man, out from under my feet, but I'm dangling by my Chinese wooden hand. And the 15-year-old chicklet is reeling me in as if I were a pair of her newly washed panties, man, what an act of personal daintiness.

She's reeling me, man, slowly and carefully, how wonderful. Saved from a four-story fall, man, the line is sagging, man, it just snapped, man, and I'm falling. My life is rushing past my eyes, I see the trash piles of yesteryear as I turn end over end in the air. Neighbors wave to me, man, as I sail past their windows. So long, man, it's been real. And now the moment of impact, on the harsh pavement where I will become an insignificant grease spot.

The pavement is yielding beneath my form, and I am sinking into some peculiar soft green smelly substance. It feels so familiar, man, as I cascade through its depths, it's a garbage bag, man, it is in fact a mountain of garbage bags. Trash has broken my fall once again, man, like a mother receiving her child. Her arms close around me, man, enfolding me in eggshells and rotting turnips. Uff, man, I've landed at the bottom of the pile, my rightful place in the scheme of things.

Buried in garbage bags, man, fighting for air. Thrusting upward, man, emerging like a tulip from the soil. I've survived a four-flight fall, man. My Chinese wooden hand snapped, man, but there were no other injuries. My snatchel and I are intact. I'd better lie back down here and recuperate, man, in the embrace of Mother Trash.



IS ^{oral} THERE SEX AFTER MARRIAGE?

OUR PLAYBOY SURVEY GIVES THE LOWDOWN



ave you heard this one?

A guy is standing at the altar on his wedding day, grinning from ear to ear. The best man asks him why he's so happy. "See that girl in the wedding dress?" he asks. "She gives the best head I've ever had. In 20 minutes she's going to be mine for the rest of my life."

Facing him from the aisle is the bride, who also has a huge smile on her face. Standing near her, the maid of honor says, "You must be so happy." "Damn right," the bride says, pointing to the groom. "See that guy? After this ceremony, I'll never have to give him another blow job for the rest of my life."

At the height of the Monica Lewinsky media storm, that joke showed up in our e-mail more than once. The punch line captures an element of the scandal that couldn't be discussed on the nightly news. Conventional wisdom says the president went for what he couldn't get at home. The pundits were obsessed with the fabricated issue of whether or not oral sex is adultery. Sure it is. But the hard question raised by the president's dalliance is more personal and universal: Is there sex after marriage? More precisely, is there oral sex after marriage?

To find an answer, we sent a research team into the field—to New York, Chicago and Los Angeles—to do a confidential survey of married

men and women between the ages of 25 and 45. We also invited a group of married men to participate in an electronic survey on Playboy's website.

Not surprisingly, the responses varied widely. A significant number of married couples have vigorous sex lives. The field survey indicates that half the husbands and wives have sex more than three times a week. Almost as many of them (40 percent of men, 51 percent of women) have oral sex three or more times a week. (None, we suspect, serve on the House Judiciary Committee.) But a quarter of the husbands and wives reported having oral sex maybe once a month. Some 14 percent of the men and 20 percent of the

women reported never having oral sex. That's no joke.

To keep things simple, we asked this direct question: *Before you were married, did your spouse give you more oral sex, less oral sex or about the same amount you're getting now?*

Nearly 40 percent of the men surveyed said they received more oral sex before they were married. Thirty-five percent said they receive about the same amount and 26 percent said they are getting more oral sex after marriage than before. Of the women, 29 percent said they received more before marriage, 53 percent said they're getting the same amount and about 18 percent said they are getting more after marriage.

For 40 percent of the men, Woody Allen's line is true: "Marriage is the death of hope." Hope for a blow job, at least.

Implicit in oral sex jokes is a presumption of gender difference, the old Mars and Venus thing. It's a stereotype that, in their desire for oral sex, men slobber, beg and buy expensive trinkets, while women can do without. Are these sorts of stereotypes true?

Almost half the married men want oral sex every day. Only one in five wives craves daily cunnilingus. In oral sex, enthusiasm is everything. Seventy percent of the wives (con-

cluded on page 166)

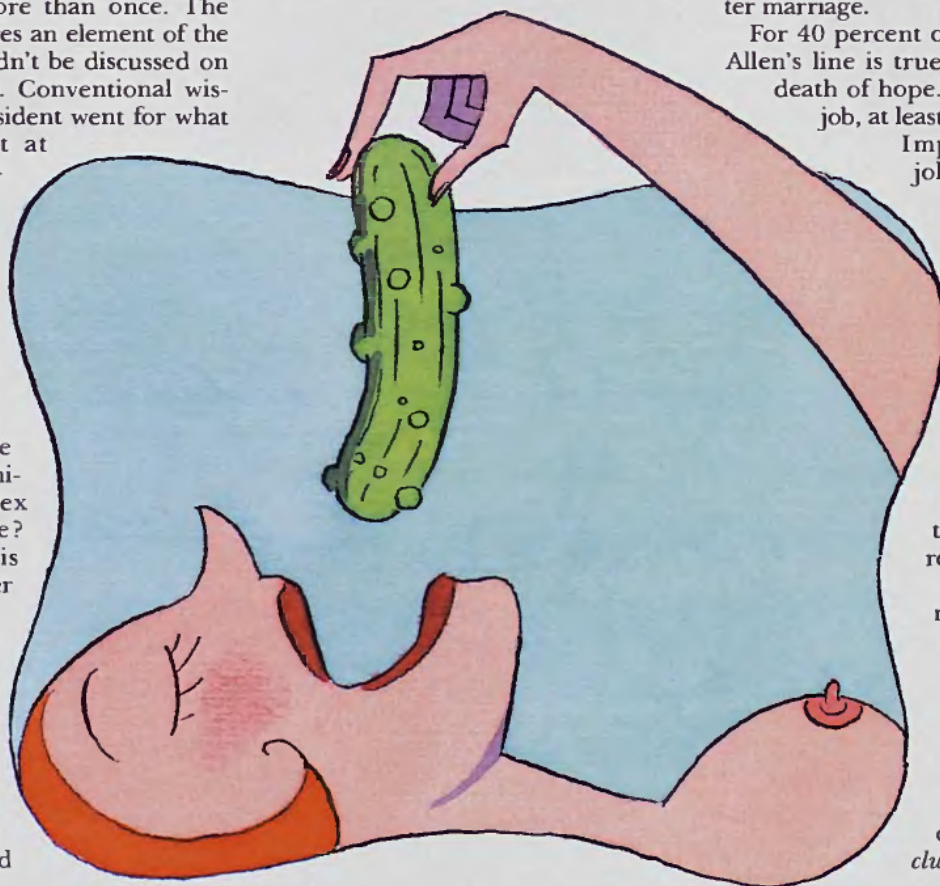


ILLUSTRATION BY STEVEN GUARNACCIA





Never Say Nyet

not even an auto accident could keep this
moscow native from
finding the good life in the u.s.

NATALIA SOKOLOVA has come a long way. Born and raised in Moscow, Miss April journeyed from the shadow of the Kremlin to the pages of *PLAYBOY* by way of the University of Maryland and the Hawaiian Tropic International competition in Las Vegas. But the trip wasn't easy: Five years ago, just after beginning her freshman year at Maryland, Natalia was in an auto accident that left her facing life in a wheelchair. "I returned from the dead," she says of her remarkable recovery. Now determined to explore her new life, our statuesque Russian beauty delivered her hard-earned wisdom over lunch in West Los Angeles: "My great-grandmother's favorite saying was, 'There's no such word as can't. There are only such words as don't want to.' That became my motto."

Q: How did the accident happen?

A: I fell asleep in the backseat of the car, and after that I remember only flashes. I woke up in the hospital. First the doctors thought I might not make it because I'd lost so much blood, then they said I would never walk again, that at best I'd spend my life in a wheelchair.

Q: How did you take that news?

A: It was a total nightmare, being 17 years old and not being able to do anything. Before that I was very athletic. For me to be in a wheelchair for the rest of my life seemed impossible. My attitude was, I'm going to walk again, or I'm not going to live.

Q: When did you start to walk again?

A: It was six months until I took my first steps. Even now I feel some effects

"The first photo session was hard," says Nofolio. The roughest part of all? "To wake up at four A.M. and be on the beach before sunrise with my makeup on and my eyes open."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA
AND ARNY FREYTAG





of the accident, but I am getting stronger. I'm not all the way back, but I can work out every day for an hour or so. I never had the time to do that before, because I was always so busy with school.

Q: Why did you shift gears from studying to modeling?

A: I had never really thought about modeling. I'm an honors student, and I thought about going right back to graduate school to get my MBA. But also, I wanted to take a break, to live a little. For the past four years, I have had no time off from school or work. And then modeling opportunities came along. Everything in my life has been circumstantial.

Q: How did you feel when you were approached by PLAYBOY?

A: It took me a month to consider it. I was raised conservatively. My family is ancient, like a royal family. It can be traced back to the 12th century. So even though I've been on my own since I was 16, it was instilled in me that I could never even consider something like PLAYBOY. But now I'm glad I chose to do it.

Q: So are you in America for good now?

A: I'm definitely going to stay in the U.S., and someday I want to own a business here. I miss my family, my dog and my friends, and I love Moscow because it's so beautiful. But I also love California. I love the weather. And I'm near the water. In Russia there are no oceans like the ones here, and it's so cold. I talked to my mom in Moscow yesterday, and it was -20°C . When I walk outside and the sky is gray, it's depressing. I like sunshine and blue skies. If I can just steal my dog from my mom, I'll be happy.











MISS APRIL

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Natalia Bobalova

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Natalia Sokolova

BUST: 34 D WAIST: 22 1/2 HIPS: 34 1/2

HEIGHT: 5'11 WEIGHT: 127

BIRTH DATE: 10-15-76 BIRTHPLACE: Moscow

AMBITIONS: Receive an MBA degree, have a happy family with a couple kids, and open a preschool.

TURN-ONS: A great sense of humor, love for animals, kind eyes, intelligence, romantic dinners.

TURNOFFS: Lack of manners, rudeness, indecency, imprudence, lies.

MOTTO: Nothing is impossible - the secret is persistence & hard work.

PASSIONS: Loving, cooking, playing tennis, jet-skiing.

YOU CAN NEVER HAVE ENOUGH: Time.

I AM HAPPIEST WHEN: I can make others happy.

MY ATTITUDE: Everything I do must be done perfectly, and with the best results I can achieve.



High school prom '93



Playing tennis
Greece '97



Hawaiian Tropic Int'l
'98 (Las Vegas)



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Two guys sat down for lunch in the office cafeteria. "Hey, whatever happened to Pete in payroll?" one asked.

"He got this harebrained notion he was going to build a new kind of car," his co-worker replied.

"How was he going to do it?"

"He took an engine from a Pontiac, tires from a Chevy, seats from a Lincoln, hubcaps from a Caddy and, well, you get the idea."

"So what did he end up with?"

"Ten years to life."



While vacationing in the Middle East, an American couple ventured into a marketplace and passed a small shop. "Salaam aleikum," a man in the doorway said. "Come into my humble shop." The couple walked in. "I have some special sandals I think you will like. They make you wild at sex like a great desert camel."

Hearing this, the wife became interested, but her husband was dubious. "How could sandals make you into a sex freak?"

"Just try them on, my friend."

After much badgering from his wife, the man agreed. As he put on the sandals, he got a wild look in his eyes—raw sexual power—that his wife hadn't seen in many years. Suddenly the husband rushed the shopkeeper, threw him on a table and began tearing at the guy's pants. "Stop!" the proprietor screamed. "You've got them on the wrong feet!"

THINGS YOU LEARN FROM THE MOVIES:

- 80 percent of all women are under 30.
- 70 percent of all black men are Denzel Washington. (The other 30 percent are Morgan Freeman.)
- During all police investigations it is necessary to visit a strip club at least once.
- When they're alone, foreigners prefer to speak English to one another.

A few friends got together every Friday after work. One week Dave showed up particularly late, sat down at the bar and threw back his shot in a single gulp. "Times are getting tough," he finally said. "Today my wife told me she's going to cut me back to only two times a week. I can't believe it."

Bob put his hand on Dave's shoulder. "You think you have it bad," he consoled. "There are some guys she's cut off altogether."

Upon walking out of the mall, a couple discovered their car had been stolen. After they filed a report at the police station, a detective drove them back to the parking lot to see if any evidence could be found at the scene of the crime. To their amazement, the car had been returned. On the windshield was an envelope with a note that read, "I apologize for taking your car, but my wife was having a baby and I had to hot-wire your ignition to rush her to the hospital. Please forgive the inconvenience. Here are two tickets for tonight's Garth Brooks concert."

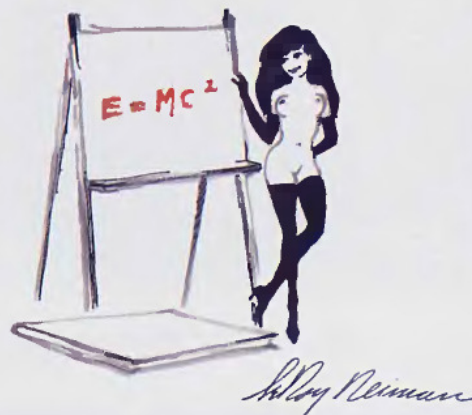
Their faith in humanity restored, the couple attended the concert. But when they returned home, they discovered their house had been ransacked. On the bathroom mirror a note read: "Well, you still have your car. I have to put my kid through college somehow, don't I?"

Why does the female black widow spider kill the male after mating? To stop the snoring before it starts.

A man walked into a drugstore and asked the pharmacist if he had something to cure hiccups. The pharmacist promptly reached out and slapped the fellow's face. "What did you do that for?" the man asked.

"Well, you don't have the hiccups anymore, do you?"

"No, but out in the car my wife still does!"



THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: Three buddies died in a car crash and immediately went to heaven for orientation. "When you're in your caskets and friends and family are mourning you," they were all asked, "what would you like to hear them say about you?"

"I would like to hear them say that I was a fine doctor and a great family man," the first one replied.

"I'd like to hear that I was a wonderful schoolteacher who made a difference in children's lives," said the second.

"And I," the last fellow said, "would like to hear them say, 'Look, he's moving!'"

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.



*"To Sally. May she be as good to Harry here as she was
to all us guys at Centerville High!"*

G I V E ' E M T H E F I N G E R

A NEW GENERATION OF GADGETS POWERED BY TOUCH

If you're a guy who gets off pushing buttons, the latest touch-screen gadgets are for you. Slick on the surface and loaded with bells and whistles, these wired wonders employ the kind of sophisticated liquid-crystal touch technology once limited to pricey business machines. You've probably tapped out commands on ATMs and shopping mall kiosks—now you can do the same on cellular phones, universal remote controls and home theater audio-video receivers. Virtually anything that has buttons can be operated by a touch screen, according to Chris Cudina, senior product marketing manager of video at Sharp Electronics. A

world leader in LCD research and development, Sharp pioneered the use of touchpad control in handheld electronic organizers and recently introduced the first camcorder with an LCD screen that doubles as a controller. The VL-PD1U, pictured at right, offers in a streamlined package all the features of the most advanced video shooters. The absence of buttons, says Cudina, is a big draw of touch-screen tech. "Touch gadgets are intuitive. The menus prompt you along." So how do you keep your grubby mitts from mucking up the gear? Just wipe the screen with a clean, dry cloth—"or your shirttail or tie in a pinch," says Cudina.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO
WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 162



The best touch-screen gadgets include (clockwise from top right): Kenwood's LZ-700W, a seven-inch wide-screen car TV with inputs for a VCR or DVD player (\$1200). Sharp's VL-PD1U Digital Slimcam has a four-inch LCD touch-control view screen and 40x digital zoom (\$1500). You can operate all your home theater gear with Kenwood's KM-Z1 Stage 3 Home Theater amplifier (\$1200) and companion KC-Z1 Touch Panel controller (\$2800).

Casio's Touch Screen Databank chronograph stores up to 200 phone numbers (\$120). Attaching the Philips touch panel Accent to the company's Trapeze PCS phone enables Europeans to send and receive e-mail and faxes wirelessly (\$450 for both). (No word yet on when they'll arrive here.) The Net and e-mail can be accessed via Cidco's iPhone (\$300). Dictaphone's Walkabout Quest is a digital recorder and organizer with PC connectivity (about \$400). The RM-AV2000 by Sony commands up to 12 audiovisual components (\$180).

the great repression

(continued from page 86)

suit, and a prostitute who claimed to have given herpes to 1000 clients. Another woman angrily stated she had infected 75 men in three years. One man bragged he had infected 20 women. "They were just one night stands, so they deserved it anyway."

The article described the "leper effect," the feelings of guilt, of feeling "unclean, dirty," of being "damaged goods." (The last phrase echoes Eugène Brieux's 1913 play *Damaged Goods*, which dramatized the plight of syphilis victims.)

Just as Prince Morrow had described the impact of VD on innocent wives in 1905, *Time* wrote: "In a monogamous relationship the unsuspecting person who picks up herpes from a partner is hit with a double whammy: evidence of betrayal and a lifelong disease as a memento of the event." Herpes is the gift that keeps on giving.

As evidence that the disease had changed behavior, *Time* dragged out Stan the pickup artist. "When the chit-chat has moved far enough along that the woman is peering his way with bedroom eyes, he caresses her right hand, then presses his thumb sharply down on her wrist and barks, 'You have herpes, don't you?' 'If her pulse jumps, she has it,' he says. 'If she doesn't, she just laughs.' Sometimes, of course, a woman is offended by his personal lie-detector test. 'I lose a few women that way,' he says with a shrug, 'but at least I don't have herpes.'"

The final sermon was Puritan New-speak: "For all the distress it has brought, the troublesome little bug may inadvertently be ushering in a period in which sex is linked more firmly to commitment and trust."

Phyllis Schlafly brought up the article at a meeting of the Moral Majority and got a round of applause when she said the herpes epidemic could again make virginity something to be prized.

Dressed to Kill, a Brian De Palma film, captured the panic. Angie Dickinson portrayed a wife dissatisfied with her marriage. She pursues a stranger at an art museum, then, with barely a word, follows him into a taxicab for a scorching act of oral sex and an afternoon of pleasure at his apartment. Wanting to leave a note, she opens his desk drawer to find a letter from the Department of Health, Lower Manhattan District that reads: YOU HAVE CONTRACTED A VENEREAL DISEASE. The zipless fuck was not what it seemed in the Erica Jong version.

She recoils in horror and flees the apartment, only to be slaughtered in the elevator by her analyst's alter ego—a preop transsexual who is wearing a

wig and sunglasses.

Transgress the boundaries of marriage and you die.

A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE

In the 1980 film *Cruising*, Al Pacino portrayed an undercover cop who dons leather to hunt for a serial killer prowling Manhattan's S&M bars.

The director had recruited leather boys from the bars. Pacino walked through crowds of bodies buffed by hours on Nautilus machines. In nooks and crannies of underground bars, men were fondling, sucking, fucking, fisting. In apartments and on walks, someone was killing and dismembering victims.

Gays protested the film. "The most positive benefit of *Cruising*," one extra said, "would be for it to make gay men examine their promiscuity, the areas they frequent, the type of sex they seek out, even the thrill of danger. The life we save may be our own."

Writer Arthur Bell defended the clubs. "These places are not hellholes of murder. It is all theater and these guys are pussycats."

Gays were not the only ones testing life on the edge. In 1983, PLAYBOY assigned a writer to take *A Walk on the Wild Side*. Attending Mistress Belle's S&M theater in a loft in downtown Manhattan, he witnessed the following: "A girl is forced to perform a pagan ritual, to hold a skull above her head. A man who is swathed in a tattoo of indecipherable design lights a candle and then, with a sweep of his arm, throws hot wax across her body. The act is exact, graceful, succinct. As the drops of wax meet her skin, she does not flinch. He takes the skull from her hands, binds her feet, then hoists her upside down till she spins free of the floor. He works his way through a ring of candles, splashing her body with wax, then extinguishes each one in turn. He removes a knife from his belt and slips it beneath her panties. Blood flows down her stomach in rivulets. He lowers her and they leave the stage."

"A man comes out and sits on a chair. He places a board between his thighs. Mistress Belle approaches. She swabs a nail in alcohol, then proceeds to drive it through his scrotum into the board. She follows with a second nail. The man wails, in mock horror. 'My cock! You've ruined it! It will never work again!'"

"Belle answers, 'That's just a piece of flesh. You still have a mind.' The man stands up, holding the board, and walks off the stage. His genitals look like a tray of canapés."

The act was not something the writer had read about in *The Joy of Sex*. It was underground theater. Perhaps it was a

response to the confused sex roles in the world above ground. Participants explained that the blood was calf's blood, that the descending hammer was a test of trust. In the world of sado-masochism, trust became the ultimate aphrodisiac.

But trust would be betrayed from within.

THE UNINVITED GUEST

Something was killing gays. A headline in *The New York Times* in 1981 gave the first mainstream indication: RARE CANCER SEEN IN 41 HOMOSEXUALS.

Dr. Alvin Friedman-Kien had noted outbreaks of Kaposi's sarcoma in New York City and San Francisco. Most of the victims were "homosexual men who have had multiple and frequent sexual encounters with different partners, as many as ten sexual encounters each night, up to four times a week."

Many reported having used amyl nitrate inhalers and LSD to heighten sexual pleasure. The article cautioned, "Cancer is not believed to be contagious, but conditions that might precipitate it, such as particular viruses or environmental factors, might account for an outbreak among a single group."

Dr. Friedman-Kien reported that some of the patients had severe defects in their immunological systems.

Charles Kaiser, author of *The Gay Metropolis: 1940-1996*, says that "at the beginning, in Manhattan, it was known as Saint's disease in honor of the downtown discotheque favored by the most beautiful and sought-after men—because so many of the best-looking were among the first to die."

On May 11, 1982 *The New York Times* reported that a serious disorder of the immune system had afflicted at least 335 people, of whom 136 had died. Researchers called it gay-related immune deficiency or acquired immunodeficiency disease. The disorder had been identified in 13 heterosexual women. The number was "just the tip of the iceberg."

"Preliminary results of immunological tests," reported Dr. Lawrence Altman, "have led some Federal health officials to fear that tens of thousands of homosexual men may have the acquired immune dysfunction."

Magazines such as *Us* and *New York* called it the Gay Plague. *Rolling Stone* asked, "Is There Death After Sex?" *The Saturday Evening Post* declared, "Being Gay Is a Health Hazard."

The hunt was on. Epidemiologists discovered that the median number of male sexual partners for an infected man was 1100. Journalist Randy Shiltz recorded the moment one researcher was told some victims had had as many



"High-speed multitasking, a wide range of peripherals and a user-friendly interface. But enough about me."

as 2000 sexual contacts: "How on earth do they manage that?"

By August 8, 1982 the disease had killed more people than toxic shock syndrome or the original outbreak of Legionnaires' disease. It had appeared in Haitians, hemophiliacs, IV drug users and homosexuals. Researchers spoke of risk groups and routes of infection. They had somehow managed to identify one man, a Canadian airline steward named Gaetan Dugas, whom researchers made famous as "Patient Zero." Dugas, who viewed himself as "the prettiest one," had jetted back and forth between France, New York and San Francisco. At least 40 of the first 248 gay men diagnosed with AIDS before April 1982 "had either had sex with Dugas or had had sex with someone who had." Doctors spoke of avoiding bodily fluids—blood, urine, saliva and semen. Bill Kraus, a San Francisco gay activist, wrote a warning: "We believe it is time to speak the simple truth—and to care enough about one another to act on it. Unsafe sex is—quite literally—killing us. Unsafe sex with a number of partners in San Francisco today carries a high risk of contracting AIDS and of death. So does having unsafe sex with others who have had unsafe sex with a large number of partners. For this reason unsafe sex at bathhouses and sex clubs is particularly dangerous."

"The sexual revolution has begun to devour its children," wrote Pat Buchanan in the spring of 1983. The former speechwriter for Nixon, and an archconservative, saw AIDS as Old Testament revenge: "The poor homosexuals—they have declared war on nature, and now nature is exacting an awful retribution." He warned that Democrats who traveled to a convention in San Francisco were putting their spouses and children at jeopardy by exposing them to homosexuals "who belong to a community that is a common carrier of dangerous communicable and sometimes fatal diseases."

The Moral Majority urged the government not to waste tax dollars on research, to allow the wages of sin to be death.

The Reverend Jerry Falwell spoke of a "perverted lifestyle" and "subanimal behavior." "When you violate moral, health and hygiene laws," he thundered, "you reap the whirlwind. You cannot shake your fist in God's face and get by with it."

A Baptist minister in Reno was less subtle: "I think we should do what the Bible says and cut their throats."

We faced two epidemics: one involving an unknown agent that wreaked havoc with our immune system, the other an epidemic of fear. So little was

known about routes of transmission that police and firemen began wearing face masks and rubber gloves at accident scenes. Conservatives spoke of quarantining gays, or of tattooing carriers of the disease.

AIDS presented scientists with a medical mystery. In the spring of 1983, Dr. Luc Montagnier isolated a virus at the Pasteur Institute in Paris from patients suffering the immune disorder. A year would pass before Health and Human Services Secretary Margaret Heckler announced that a team of U.S. scientists led by Dr. Robert Gallo had discovered the culprit. (Later, it would be revealed that Gallo had actually cultured a sample of lymphadenopathy-associated virus sent by Montagnier.) The discovery held promise of a blood test for antibodies. Heckler boldly announced that a vaccine would be forthcoming.

When an antibody test was finally developed it indicated that more than half the men in one San Francisco test were already infected, that 35 percent of gays tested on the East Coast harbored the virus, that 87 percent of intravenous drug users at one clinic in New York had tainted blood.

On July 23, 1985 headlines reported that actor Rock Hudson was fatally ill with cancer of the liver. The star of *Pillow Talk*, the square-jawed hero forever linked with professional virgin Doris Day, had contracted AIDS.

In the fall of 1986 Surgeon General C. Everett Koop issued a blunt 36-page report. AIDS was a major public health issue. He recommended AIDS education at the "lowest grade possible." He advised that people restrict themselves to "mutually faithful, monogamous sexual relationships." Everyone else should use condoms.

The report ignited a firestorm. According to Randy Shilts, Phyllis Schlafly claimed that the "disgusting, embarrassing, pornographic, offensive descriptions of sexual activity forced on children in the classroom are a major factor in the problem of promiscuity." Koop, she said, wanted to teach elementary schoolers "safe sodomy."

Church leaders condemned condoms as promoting perverse lifestyles, as a "shortsighted, self-defeating and ultimately false solution to a serious moral problem."

Koop addressed the National Religious Broadcasters' convention in February 1987. He wanted broadcasters to join in the "fundamentally moral crusade [against the] brutal, humiliating and fatal disease."

The virus was the enemy. He would not condemn the people who "engage willingly and knowingly in sexual and drug-taking practices that risk their own lives."

The "moral bottom line," he said, was to save lives.

CONDOMMANIA

Americans got the message. Between 1980 and 1986 annual condom sales rose from \$182 million to \$338 million. Women bought half of the estimated 800 million condoms sold yearly.

Ads for Life Styles condoms showed a lovely young woman saying, "I enjoy sex, but I'm not ready to die for it."

You did not see the ads on television until 1987. Networks were more afraid of offending viewers than losing them. Planned Parenthood ran an ad that claimed television characters had sex 20,000 times a year without ever mentioning the C words (condoms and consequences).

Cagney and Lacey worked condoms into a script. Tyne Daly tells her husband to advise their 16-year-old son about protection, then does the job herself: "Harv, if you care enough about a girl to make love with her, you should also care enough to keep safe."

Talk shows carried the message: "On *Donahue*, we're discussing body cavities and membranes and anal sex and vaginal lesions," said the host of America's leading talk show. "We've discussed the consequences of a woman's swallowing her partner's semen. No way would we have brought that up five years ago. It's the kind of thing that makes a lot of people gag."

The porn industry produced *Behind the Green Door: The Sequel*, in which the actors all wore condoms or otherwise practiced safe sex. The movie bombed. People interested in fantasy did not want to be reminded of caution.

Hollywood movies didn't call the prop department. In *Broadcast News*, Holly Hunter drops a condom into her purse before going out with William Hurt. In *Cross My Heart* Annette O'Toole plays a condom-packing, self-assertive heroine. In bed, she asks Martin Short, "If I sleep with you, am I going to die?" He responds: "I don't think so, I'm not that good."

On the other hand, fear of AIDS gave us a new lens through which to view movies. Some viewers saw *Fatal Attraction* (1987) as a disguised AIDS movie. When Michael Douglas had an affair with Glenn Close the audience knew that he was putting his family at risk—although the plot had Close portray a psychopathic career woman, who slaughters the family's pet rabbit and goes after everyone with a butcher knife. AIDS lurked outside the plot-lines of a rash of nouveau film noir hits.

On college campuses activists handed out T-shirts that proclaimed DON'T
(continued on page 126)



CHAZZ

CALOGERO PALMINTERI SAW MURDER, GLITZ AND CANCER UP CLOSE. NOW HE'S FACING HAPPINESS

PROFILE BY KEVIN COOK



Start with the name. *Chazz*. Pure street. Calogero Palminteri was 11 when he got the name. A tall, pouty-lipped Bronx kid, maybe the only 11-year-old on Belmont Avenue who needed to shave. Good with his fists. "I had my fights. Not in the gym, in the street," he says. "The rule in a street fight is this: First guy gets in a shot, he usually wins. So what you do is to sound like you don't want to fight. 'Listen, we don't have to do this,' or 'Look, I don't want to fight you,' like that, till you're close enough to hit the guy. *Bam*. First shot."

He was tough. The local don talked about backing him as a prize-fighter, but Calogero had other plans. Everybody in the neighborhood knew his dead-on Brando impression—"Charlie, I coulda been a contenda." Calogero wanted to be an actor. Which meant he'd need a pronounceable name, which is why he was pleased one day when a friend of his took a chunk of chalk and wrote on the sidewalk: CHAZZ.

"*Chazz*, that's you," the kid said. With two z's, that's right, like jazz, music you make up as you go along, like the talk on the street.



Chazz and friends spent their days checking their reflections in storefront windows, combing their hair. Also sneaking into a movie house known as the Dumps or running from cops, but mostly just sitting on the steps of their apartment buildings, watching the neighborhood go by. That's what Chazz was doing the day he watched a murder.

"The shooter was as close to me as you are now," he says. "Two shots, and the dead guy goes down, and I'm just staring. It's all in slow motion. The gun—his gun arm—going down, and now the shooter's looking right at me, this little kid." Palminteri's eyes widen. He is telling the story not in the Bronx but on the porch of his grand white manse in New Jersey, where the Oscar-nominated actor lives with his wife, Gianna, and their three-year-old son, Dante. "Our eyes

meet," he says. There's a pony capering nearby, a BMW in the garage and a par-three hole for golf practice out back, but Palminteri doesn't see them. Today, lunching on pasta marinara more than 30 years after the fact, he still sees that long-ago shooter's gun-metal eyes. "It still comes to me, that look." The look in the shooter's eyes as the dead guy's blood traced cracks in the sidewalk. The stone-calm look the actor Palminteri, putting down his dripping fork, fixes on you now.

"I could have been that," he says. "That was my element." So why is he starring with Robert De Niro and Billy Crystal in *Analyze This* instead of on *America's Most Wanted*? Largely because Lorenzo Palminteri, an immigrant from Sicily who drove a Bronx city bus, didn't want a wiseguy in the family. Lorenzo drummed into his son the idea that crime was for pussies.

"Who's a tough guy," Lorenzo would ask, "the guy who pulls a trigger? No. I'm a tough guy."

"OK, pop. I know, I know."

"Extorting money? That's a fucking coward. It's the guy who gets up every morning to do a job he doesn't like for money that's not great, but he feeds his family, puts his kids through school—that's the fucking tough guy."

Lorenzo paid the local mafiosi their due respect but kept his boy away from them (except when Chazz sneaked out of his room to roll dice with New York's wisest in late-night craps games). But the tough-guy bus driver had nothing to worry about. His boy would not join the brass knuckles brigade. "No way would I do that," Palminteri says. "I didn't want to get my nose broke, since I was vain about my looks. I was going to be a performer."

Determined to make it in showbiz, Chazz got his start as a singer. He was by nature a crooner, but the Seventies weren't crooner-friendly. He wound up fronting for a heavy metal band called Human Sacrifice. "We played clubs in the Bronx and Manhattan. This was before slam dancing; everyone just got high and listened." Eventually he played hotel lounges up and down the East Coast as the singer for a group called RazzmaChazz. If you were in a Holiday Inn bar in Boston or Bayonne on a Saturday night in the mid to late Seventies, you may have heard him sing *Strangers in the Night*. While singing was fulfilling, he had another drive to contend with. One night he told his band it was over, and he never sang professionally again.

Actor Chazz Palminteri returned to New York, honed his craft in off-off-Broadway stage productions and waited for his career to take off. Next thing you know he's under the bright lights,

with limousines lined up in front of him. He had become Chazz Palminteri, nightclub doorman.

"Acting wasn't working out. I needed the work."

At least it was the hottest club on earth. Limelight was Andy Warhol's place, the hangout of New York's leading party people. Palminteri—who got the job because he could talk as well as fight—kept out the riffraff while Warhol and his entourage wafted through a thicket of social climbers at the door. The Perry Como of bouncers, they called Palminteri. A tough guy who might break into song if the mood struck, or break your face if you lipped off. This doorman was finicky, but there were two ways to get past him. One was to be famous. The other: "Easy," he says. "Show me a picture of Andrew Jackson." Palminteri made only \$10 an hour on the books, but tips could make the job pay up to 20 times as much. After moving to Los Angeles, where he made his TV debut in *Hill Street Blues* but never had steady work, he manned the door at the then-hot 20/20 club. One night he turned away a hopping mad Swifty Lazar. That didn't please the owner, but it wasn't giving Swifty the kick that got Palminteri fired. It was the balance of power. "You're one of the best men I ever had," the owner said. "You're fired." Palminteri was a victim of his own success. The doorman at a hot club develops his own relationships—who gets in, who doesn't—which saps the owner's power. Changing doormen restores an owner's omnipotence. Now the only door Palminteri controlled was the flimsy one at his rathole apartment in the Valley.

After his last night at 20/20, the failing actor sat on his bed and cried. He was 37 years old. He had \$183 in the bank. He spent some of it on pens and notepads and started writing. Slowly at first, he flashed back and fleshed out the Bronx of his youth. The words came faster as a string of all-nighters filled his notebooks with a play, and soon the Bronx Community College dropout—the Perry Como of playwrights!—was hustling out into the North Hollywood night for more pens and notepads. When he finally showed the world the result, the response was so good you would have thought he had used those pens to write the reviews himself.

His one-man show, *A Bronx Tale*, opened at Los Angeles' West Coast Ensemble Theater in 1988. Starring Chazz Palminteri as the whole neighborhood, *Tale* is the story of a boy torn between the glamour of the Mob and loyalty to his bus driver father Lorenzo. The show instantly knocked crowds

and critics deader than a snitch in the Gambino family. First night, standing O. The crowd would not leave. The star stuck around, shaking hands. "Everybody piled out of the theater," he says. "Everybody was hugging me, and then they all got in their cars, and my car was around the corner because I was embarrassed by it, this piece of shit 1978 Honda I had, and I was left alone. And I started to cry. Now, you'll say this guy Chazz, he cries all the time. OK, I'm Sicilian, which is heavy-duty Italian, which means passionate, and after all the suffering, going to auditions and getting nowhere, and then writing this thing nine, ten hours at a time, talking my lines into a tape recorder, blocking the play out in this little theater between one and five A.M. because that's the only time I could get—"

Ten years later, telling the tale, he has tears in his eyes.

"I'm sorry. It's just—I can feel it right now. I'm standing in the middle of the street," he says, his fists clenched, "and I go, 'Yeah!' Then I scream it. 'Yeah! Yeah!' My voice just fills up the street, the whole night. That night was mine."

With *A Bronx Tale*, Palminteri made his bones, as the wiseguys say. Yet the play didn't make him rich. He was still driving a Honda that got four boilothers to the mile, still living like a pauper in North Hollywood, just over the hill from success. He still had time to reflect on the difference between being broke in New York, which can be OK, and broke in LA, which sucks. In New York you have family, friends, always a place to crash. You can walk, hop the subway, visit a pub or two, never go a day without seeing a guy you know who'll buy you a drink, or a girl who'll keep you warm if you keep her company. "In LA," says Palminteri, "you got to drive 20 minutes to get anywhere, and the women when they see your car do not want to talk to you."

A bidding war among studios began with offers of \$100,000 for the movie rights to his play. There was always one catch: A movie star would have to play the lead. Palminteri said no. He hadn't busted his *Tale* just so some Christian Slater could play Sonny, the play's sympathetic mobster. Palminteri kept thinking of another Italian unknown, Sylvester Stallone, who more than a decade before had fought for his own vision of *Rocky*. Finally, after turning down offers that mounted into seven figures, Palminteri took his play home to New York, where one night the word filtered backstage that Robert De Niro was in the house. Throughout that night's performance, Palminteri

(concluded on page 164)

PLAYBOY'S SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST


work the cool side of the room in light checks and patterns with color

By HOLLIS WAYNE

There's a thaw in the air and it's snapping the grip of downtown minimalism. It's time to decommission the Prada army. We're creating a new look for spring. We've combined a British feel for stripes with a unique Playboy 2000 sensibility. Prepare to mix labels, layer patterns and work color into your wardrobe. And the next time a fashion femme asks you where you got your outfit, tell her PLAYBOY. Our man is wearing a cashmere sports jacket by Brioni (\$2500), pants (\$350) and a tie (\$75) by Joseph Abboud and a shirt by Thomas Pink (\$110). His watch is by Tourneau (\$995).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
CHUCK BAKER






Well-dressed foreplay: The man at left is decked out in a Joseph Abboud suit (\$795) and shirt (\$79). It's matched with a tie (\$95) and belt (\$95) by Hugo Boss. Her brother in arms (right) is clothed in a Hugo Boss suit (\$850) and belt (\$95). Notice the mix of a Thomas Pink shirt (\$110; the links are by Turnbull & Asser, \$125) and the tie by Paul Smith (\$95). Bachelor number three sports a suit by DKNY (\$595) and a shirt and tie from Addison on Madison (\$79 and \$85). The watch is by Gucci (\$1195). The right-hand man's Ralph Lauren suit costs \$2195. We match it with a Thomas Pink shirt (\$110), a Donna Karan tie (\$95) and a Barneys New York tie bar (\$160). The watch is by Longines (\$850).







On the facing page we have still life primavera. That's a wool sports jacket (\$675) and a one-button polo shirt (\$115) by Hugo Boss at center top. Moving clockwise, you'll find a tank watch by Longines (\$895) and a silver watch by Saint Honore (\$1395). The silver-framed sunglasses are by Alain Mikli for Philippe Starck (\$395). Hugo Boss makes the suede belt (\$95), and Addison on Madison scores points with the tennis racket tie bar (\$125). Joseph Abboud is responsible for the rust silk tie (\$73) and the jacquard tie (\$65). The pattern on the linen shirt by Paul Smith (\$275) is called windowpane. The dress shirt behind it is by Joseph Abboud (\$79). Now for the chiaroscuro on this page. The windowpane pattern makes this three-piece suit by Ralph Lauren Purple Label exceptional (\$2195). With such a distinctive look, a Purple Label shirt offers the best match (\$195) when paired with a tie by Hugo Boss (\$95; the tie clip is from Barneys New York, \$160). The pocket square is by Robert Talbott.

WOMAN'S STYLING
BY KATHY KALAFUT
FOR PARRELLA MANAGEMENT;
HAIR AND MAKEUP
BY RUDY SOTDMAYOR
FOR GARREN NEW YORK

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WEBCAMORAMA

from the sack to the sea to
the snowy slopes of aspen—
web cameras are watching

article By Carla Sinclair

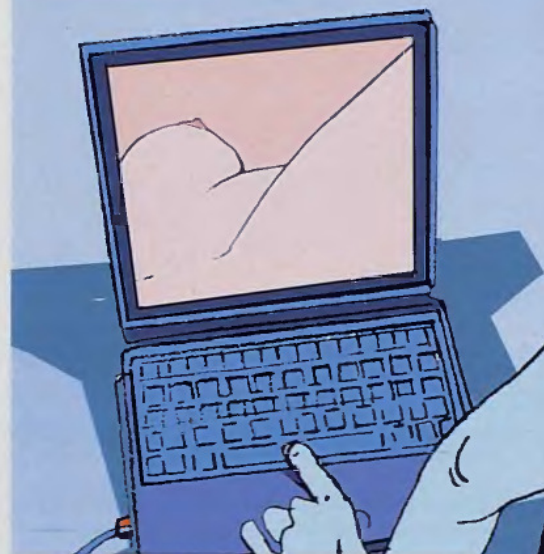
T

o think that the webcam craze—and the ability to use the Internet to peek into our bed-

rooms, bathrooms and backyards—got started with a coffee pot. Back in 1991, a bunch of hackers at Cambridge University grew tired of trudging to their break room only to find the coffee pot empty. Rather than waste precious computing time, they installed a camera to keep an eye on the pot and, in turn, to tell people that it was time to brew a new batch. Today, surfers by the thousands continue to visit the Trojan Room Coffee Pot (www.cl.cam.ac.uk/coffee/coffee.html) as well as the hundreds of other webcam sites that transmit images from oddball locations around the world. Here are our favorites. **Webcam Classic:** *The Amazing Fish Cam* (www1.netscape.com/fishcam/fishcam.html): If you're thinking of owning an aquarium, this tank will show what that will entail. Yes, it's cool watching exotic fish swim around, but have you ever seen such murk? **Popular Peeks:** *Aloha Cafe* (aloha-cafe.com/ns2/cafe_cam.html): This 24-hour Honolulu hangout is as close as you're going to get to sipping lattes at a virtual café. Except here you can stare at the customers without being caught. *Baddgrrl* (baddgrrl.com/BigScreen3Main.htm): The star of this site is a San Francisco sexpot who rides a motorcycle, has a blue belt in tae kwon do and has been known to flip off visitors who

e-mail messages like "Show me your tits." Although live cameras run in both her home and office, Baddgrrl makes it clear up front—you'll never see skin. Guess she's not so bad after all. *Crown Bar* (www.belfasttelegraph.co.uk/crown/): Point your browser here to catch drunks dancing the jig on top of tables or falling off their bar stools in fits of hysterics. Just make sure you drop in at the right time—this Belfast pub is open from 11:30 A.M. to half-past midnight BST. *The Nerdman Show* (nerdman.com): The ultimate egotist on the Web has to be Nerdman. He has 17 live cameras running simultaneously in his house, office and parking lot. *Playboy Live* (www.playboy.com): The next best thing to partying with Hef and the Playmates at the Playboy Mansion is watching them party via our own web camera. We've rigged our electronic eyeball to webcast all the hottest scenes, from Hef's Halloween and New Year's bashes to Mardi Gras 1999. Our next hot ticket? The 1999 Playmate of the Year Party. Be there. **Pointless Fun:** *Random Camera* (www.xmission.com/~bill/randcamera.html): This game of Net roulette spins you off to one of the hundreds of webcam sites. **Tech-Savvy:** *Steve Mann's Wear Cam* (genesis.eecg.toronto.edu/myview.html): Our Webcam Creativity Award goes to Mann, who hooked up a small wireless video camera to his glasses so we could see the world through his eyes. *Australia's Telerobot* (telerobot.mech.uwa.edu.au): Relying on the same remote-control technology that NASA uses to manipulate the space shuttle, this interactive

webcam allows you to command a robot located at the University of Western Australia. *PumaPaint* (yugo.mme.wilkes.edu/~villanov/): Using similar remote-control gear, Puma lets you play Picasso, painting a picture across the Net. Provide your address and the creators of this site will mail you your masterpiece. **Adult-Cams:** *JenniCam* (jennicam.org): Thank Jennifer Ringley for initiating the bedroom-cam trend. Jenni, as she's known to her fans worldwide, installed her first webcam in her dorm room at Pennsylvania's Dickinson College. Now the strawberry blonde has 24-hour cameras peeping at her home office and bedroom. Let's just say Jenni ain't the shy type. She's single, open-minded and has been known to meet some of her site's visitors for dinner. Get your best e-mail line ready. *Sex Is Good* (sexisgood.com): Chad and Kyla—a pair of California hardbodies—share their boudoir (including convenient mirrors) with the world. For the bargain price of \$2 (for 24 hours) or \$60 (per year), you'll enjoy plenty of bang—so to speak—for your buck. **Vacation Spots:** *Beach Cam: Venice, CA* (westland.net/beachcam/): Sun, surf and plenty of *Baywatch* wannabes make this a must-bookmark webcam site. *Snowride Webcams* (snowride.com/index.html): Who needs TV meteorologists? Snowride has webcams watching over some of Colorado's best winter resorts, including Aspen, Copper Mountain and Steamboat. Some of the cams, like the one perched at Eldora, give you a prime shot of the skiers, too. Say cheese.





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SWING YOUR BAT WITHOUT A PARTY HAT. Or Sammy Safe Sex (a cartoon condom) said SLIP IT ON BEFORE YOU SLIP IT IN! Another cartoon condom cropped up on T-shirts with the slogan WRAP THAT RASCAL. Schools handed out matchbooks containing condoms and the message SLEEP WITH A LIFEGUARD.

Dorms stocked condom machines. Some schools handed out safe sex kits with condoms, spermicidal foams with Nonoxynol 9 (it appeared to kill the virus on contact), K-Y jelly and dental dams. The last was a three-inch square of plastic. Those who practiced rimming—aniilingus—were supposed to cover the anus before tonguing. Heterosexuals and lesbians were supposed to use the dam over the vagina before oral sex.

Complained one student: "It's like going down on Tupperware."

Activists intent on salvaging sex became creative. Pleasure was still possible. *The Boston Phoenix* published a guide to alternate activities.

"Try talking to each other about safer sex. Kissing and hugging. Back rubs, foot rubs and body rubs while still partially dressed. Listening to music and/or dancing together. Caressing, tickling, pinching and nibbling each other through clothes. Reading erotic literature together. Looking at erotic pictures. Watching erotic movies on the VCR. Talking sexy or sharing fantasies. Showering together. Petting with no clothes on. Stroking, caressing and fondling your partner's body (including the genitals and anus). Mutual or simultaneous masturbation to orgasm with your hands (with or without condoms, with no exchange of semen or vaginal fluids). Body painting with non-petroleum-based body paints. Holding each other. Talking to each other. Sleeping together. Eating breakfast, lunch or dinner in bed. Starting over."

In San Francisco, an enterprising young man organized the first Jack-and-Jill-Off, a coed safe sex orgy.

Old-fashioned sermons against promiscuity took a new form. Although early reports showed that most heterosexuals who contracted the disease did so as a result of a long-term relationship with a single seropositive partner (an IV drug user or bisexual), the fear-mongers pulled out dossiers. "Now," said Dr. Otis Bowen, the Secretary of Health and Human Services in 1987, "when a person has sex, they're having it with not just that partner. They're having it with everybody that partner has had it with in the past ten years." This was group sex in the Eighties, a

broad swipe at promiscuity. Freudians used to say that whenever two people had sex there were actually six people in bed—the lovers and their respective parents. Now sex was a chain letter. A company manufactured safe sex videos that actually showed past lovers climbing into bed with a reckless couple. Should that happen in real life, someone might die, but not from AIDS.

The religious right used the public health threat to push their own agenda. *Sex Respect: The Option of True Sexual Freedom* was developed in 1983 by a former Catholic school teacher and anti-abortion activist. Her message was simple: "Just say no." The *Sex Respect* workbook told students, "There's no way to have premarital sex without hurting someone." As for AIDS: "Anyone can be carrying your death warrant." In direct mockery of the Brooke Shields Calvin Klein ads, *Sex Respect* warned, "Keep all of your clothes all the way on all of the time. Don't let any part of anyone else's body get anywhere between you and your clothes. Avoid arousal." The program sold T-shirts that proclaimed STOP AT THE LIPS.

Sex Respect told teenagers, "You can choose to go on having sex before marriage with all its risks or you can choose to stop and gain sexual freedom."

The latter choice was called "secondary virginity." It was never too late to be a born-again virgin.

The Reagan-inspired Adolescent Family Life program pumped more than \$26 million into chastity programs by 1992. Government sponsored pamphlets urged teens to "Pre-tend that Jesus is your date."

PANIC IN THE SHEETS

In a tour of campuses, the Playboy Advisor tried to calm a building hysteria. "You've heard the line about sleeping with every person your lover has slept with for ten years? No wonder I'm tired. Face it, though. Ten years ago you were sleeping with your teddy bear. Unless Teddy was shooting up drugs or getting butt-fucked in San Francisco, you're relatively safe. You can count your lovers on one hand, and, for many of you, the only lover was your hand."

We began to look at prospective partners as petri dishes. Robin Williams tried to make light of the paranoia. "In the Eighties, you meet someone you like and say, 'God, Helen, I really care about you. Can I have some blood and urine?'"

Casual sex, spontaneous sex, enthusiastic sex—all were signs of irresponsibility. AIDS enforced a new reticence. Bruce Weber, writing in *Glamour*, told of meeting an attractive woman at a bar. She scribbled her number on a

matchbook: "'Call this number and change your life.' I carried it around in my wallet for a day or two, puzzling over what to do. I'm not saying what I finally decided, just that I regret it."

Damned if you do, damned if you don't. *Mademoiselle* reported on this friend-of-a-friend story in September 1987: "She told me about this friend of hers who lives in Chicago. Her friend went to a club one night and met a really attractive man and they got a little drunk and ended up going back to her place. He spent the night, but in the morning when she woke up he wasn't there. When she went into the bathroom she saw a message written on the mirror in her lipstick. WELCOME TO THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF AIDS."

The AIDS epidemic seemed to fall upon the country like a plague. There were those who were willing to exploit the tragedy.

THE RISE OF THE RELIGIOUS RIGHT

Near the end of the Seventies the religious right launched a crusade to take over America. In a PLAYBOY article entitled *The Astonishing Wrongs of the New Moral Right*, Johnny Greene reported on a secret meeting in Washington, D.C., where the Moral Majority created the agenda it would take to the Republican Party.

"When the Christian majority takes over this country," one of the planners said later, "there will be no satanic churches, no more free distribution of pornography, no more abortion on demand and no more talk of rights for homosexuals. After the Christian majority takes control, the state will not permit anybody the right to practice evil."

Religion had discovered the power of electronic media. The same cable channel that brought you blondes in lingerie also carried the bully pulpits of Jerry Falwell, Jimmy Swaggart, Jimmy Bakker and Pat Robertson. The new congregations numbered in the thousands. The collection plate was the size of a satellite dish.

The language of fire and brimstone collided with the sexual revolution. The preachers spoke in terms of pestilence and plagues. Robertson railed against such sins as "the plagues of abortion, homosexuality, occultism and pornography."

"We see a virulent humanism," he wrote, "and an anti-God rebellion of which blatant homosexuality, radical feminism, the youth revolt and the Year of the Child, drug abuse, free sex and widespread abortion are just symptoms."

Falwell used his *Old-Time Gospel Hour* to attack "secular humanism" and

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Interdena

"Aren't you supposed to yell when you're coming home?"



That Touch of Sable

meet the wwf women's champ, a minky study in beauty and brawn

ON ANY GIVEN MONDAY, millions of 12- to 34-year-old males ditch out on televised football to watch *Raw Is War*, the World Wrestling Federation's in-your-face grappling extravaganza. The program, a *Jerry Springer-All My Children* crossbreed, features a whole lot of ass whupping and melodramatic plot lines involving good versus evil. It's very entertaining. But the real reason we tune in,

and perhaps the reason *Raw Is War* is the USA Network's highest-rated series ever, can be seen on these pages. Her name, in case you've been living under a wrestling mat, is Sable. Known outside the ring as Rena Mero, the Florida native modeled for Guess, Pepsi and L'Oréal before becoming the WWF women's champion. We pinned her down for an exclusive interview. (text concluded on page 173)

Above: Sable was voted "dressed to kill" at the 1997 Siammy Awards, and for good reason. **Below left:** Sable executes the Sable bomb, her signature move, on unlucky victim Jacqueline. **Below right:** Sable and husband "Marvelous" Marc Mero, who have a "happy and loving" marriage, battle it out. Can you guess which Mero wears the hotpants in the family?







"Because Marc and I are constantly in the spotlight, my ideal romantic evening means spending time alone with him," Sable says. "We would have a nice dinner that I cooked, walk on the beach, look at the ocean, kick off our shoes and become one with the sand."









"The rule in wrestling is that there are no rules," Sable says. "You're not supposed to use a closed fist, but that's done every day. As long as the referee doesn't see, you can pretty much get away with anything. In terms of other wrestlers, I idolize no one. I appreciate anyone who is motivated to be the best they can be. That applies to life in general."



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the burning issues of "pornography, homosexuality and obscene school textbooks." For \$10, viewers could receive a JESUS FIRST pin and join Jerry in the fight to stamp out "pornography at home and in the streets."

By 1980, the Moral Majority claimed it had recruited 72,000 ministers and four million laypersons, creating a political machine that rivaled the old Legion of Decency. It spent an estimated \$5 million, sending volunteers door to door, targeting liberal Democrats and delivering the evangelical vote for Ronald Reagan.

Two days after his inauguration, Reagan welcomed Falwell to the White House—the first representative of a special interest group to be honored by the new President. Outside, more than 60,000 members of the New Right staged a March for Life.

At the meeting Secretary of Health and Human Services Richard Schweiker pledged to end funding for sex education and family planning information for minors and indigents. In the Sixties the John Birch Society had viewed sex ed as a Communist conspiracy; the religious right viewed it as the handiwork of Satan.

At the time, it seemed that Ronald Reagan bought the election for peanuts: a promise to appoint Supreme Court Justices who might undo *Roe vs. Wade*, a little seed money to social scientists to find evidence that pornography was related to sexual aggression and juvenile delinquency. Reagan appeared tolerant. His son, after all, wrote for *PLAYBOY*; his renegade daughter, Patti Davis, would pose for a pictorial in 1994.

But he gave a bullhorn to the antisex forces and, wittingly or unwittingly, unleashed a reign of terror. The New Right had a scapegoat. Porn, the most visible expression of the sexual revolution, was evil incarnate. Porn was everywhere. The Right wanted to control the public image of sex, if not the actual behavior.

THE TUPELO AYATOLLAH

Shortly after the Reagan landslide, a Methodist minister from Tupelo, Mississippi approached Jerry Falwell with a modest proposal. Would the Moral Majority be interested in a crusade to rid television of sex, profanity and violence? The goal: a boycott of companies that advertised on the most offensive shows.

Falwell signed on. The Reverend Donald Wildmon created a letterhead and a fund-raising machine called the Coalition for Better Television. Claim-

ing to represent five million families in all 50 states, Wildmon was the ambassador for Christian couch potatoes.

Falwell and Wildmon took a page from the early years of the sexual revolution. Before the turn of the century, wealthy Protestants had funded the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. Anthony Comstock, the self-appointed national censor, was an honorary Postal Inspector who conducted a one-man inquisition. He confiscated "obscenity," which included dirty books, pictures and movies, along with information about birth control and abortion. Comstock, with the power to arrest and prosecute those who did not share his Puritan views, created havoc in the public discourse of sexuality. Wildmon, too, would wield the power to punish. He was well suited for the job.

Wildmon, the son of a venereal disease inspector, had experienced an epiphany one night in 1976, when he sat down to watch television and discovered it was "filled with sexual comments and skin scenes." The next show contained "earthy language and unbelievable profanity." He decided then to devote his ministry to cleaning up television. He called for a national boycott, an idea that greatly amused the press.

The Wall Street Journal sent a reporter in November 1978, who recorded Wildmon's reaction to an ad for English Leather. Sitting in a motel room, the two watched a leggy blonde in white shorts and a white T-shirt lean toward the camera. "All my men wear English Leather," she says, loosening her hair, "or they wear nothing at all."

"Did you hear that?" the good Reverend asked the reporter. "Did you catch the suggestiveness in that?"

Wildmon had launched the National Federation for Decency. He'd recruited silver-haired church ladies to monitor television. He would publish the naughty bits (profanity, drinking, sexy ads and jiggle scenes) in the *NFD Informer*, a sort of fundamentalist version of *TV Guide*. The bias was pure Bible Belt. *The Wall Street Journal* wrote, "One monitor, a woman, cited the September 13 episode of *Charlie's Angels* for 23 jiggle scenes. Another monitor, also a woman, didn't note any such scenes. 'Obviously the other monitor didn't look for jiggle scenes,' Mr. Wildmon says, 'I'd just use the higher estimate and not bother with the other one.'"

The NFD listed among its tenets of faith, "We believe the Holy Bible contains all information necessary whereby man can be saved from his sins and live a godly life following the will of God." The National Federation for Decency existed "to promote the biblical

ethic of decency in American society, especially—but not exclusively—in the communication media."

Apparently, the Bible's prohibition against bearing false witness was not part of the NFD's "ethic of decency."

Falwell promised \$2 million to the crusade. Recruiting 4000 monitors from the Moral Majority, Phyllis Schlafly's Eagle Forum and the American Life Lobby, Wildmon went after the networks.

In the spring of 1982, the monitors found prime-time filth on all three networks—2138 incidents of sex, 300 scenes that suggested intercourse outside of marriage, 71 scenes that suggested intercourse inside marriage and 831 skin scenes.

The *CBTV/NFD Informer* attacked such hits as *Archie Bunker's Place*, *Cheers*, *Dallas*, *Falcon Crest*, *Dynasty*, *Fantasy Island*, *Hill Street Blues*, *Knots Landing*, *Magnum P.I.*, *MASH*, *The New Odd Couple*, *Saturday Night Live* and *Three's Company*, as well as movies and miniseries.

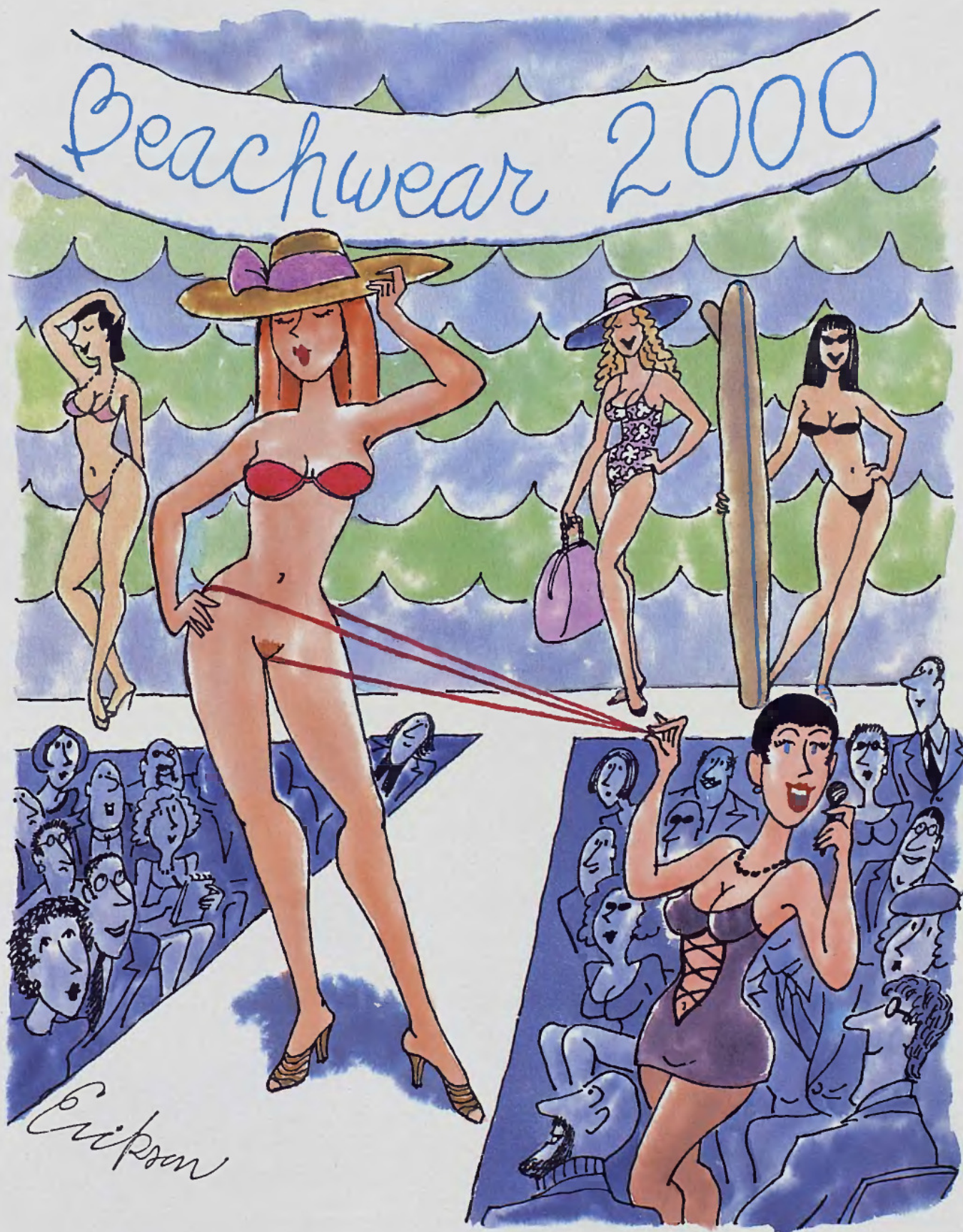
Wildmon told *Time* magazine that "everything on the air has a message. TV represents behavior modification, or monkey see, monkey do. A child sees it and it leaves an impression."

George Higgins, a former prosecutor turned novelist, scrutinized *Dynasty*, *Hotel*, *Dallas* and *Falcon Crest* to see if Wildmon's observers were accurate. In a *Harper's* article titled "TV Puritans: Who Killed J.R.'s Sex Life?" he announced the results: "What these shows don't offer is sex. There isn't any nudity—I didn't see a single naked nipple, not even a male one. The scripts don't tell how to do it and the camera doesn't show what to do with it. Any viewer subject to sexual arousal by such fare is so autoerotic as to need no television for the purpose, and should have an operation—for his or her own good, if not for the overriding reason of public safety. Lots of people watch this stuff. Statistically speaking, few of them misbehave."

Most people viewed the Reverend as harmless. The networks said Wildmon was trying to impose the will of the Moral Majority on the rest of America, that they would let the marketplace decide what was worth viewing. Americans would vote with the remote.

But Wildmon was far from harmless. He turned the *NFD Informer* into a kind of *Red Channels*. (In the Fifties, rabid anti-Communists had listed the names of performers, writers, composers and producers who were alleged to be friendly to the Communist cause. *Red Channels* became an unofficial blacklist. Advertisers, networks and program packagers who wanted to avoid controversy avoided names on

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"Attention, everyone! Watch how slowly this revolutionary new stretch fiber snaps back!"



David Schwimmer

20Q

the mopey friend—on hair care, private photos and what you should say after sex

A former NYPD Blue semiregular and now co-star of the wildly successful NBC comedy series *Friends*, David Schwimmer is making his way in films.

Born in Queens, Schwimmer enrolled in a high school drama class on a whim. Schwimmer's instructor encouraged him to attend Northwestern University in Illinois, where he received a degree in speech and theater. Schwimmer and seven other Northwestern graduates co-founded the Lookingglass Theater and have written, directed and performed original plays all over the world, including the Edinburgh Festival in Scotland. The Lookingglass troupe also took roles in the film *Since You've Been Gone*, directed by and starring Schwimmer. Other Schwimmer film appearances include *6 Days 7 Nights* opposite Harrison Ford and Anne Heche, *Apt Pupil* opposite Ian McKellen, *The Pallbearer* and *Kissing a Fool*. Schwimmer also starred in *Breast Men* for HBO.

Robert Crane caught up with Schwimmer at Du-par's, a 24-hour coffee shop in Los Angeles. Crane reports: "Schwimmer chose to meet at an off-hour and in an unhip locale. Despite his *Friends* celebrity and the big salary that goes with it, Schwimmer is low-key. His stack of pancakes and cup of black coffee bore no traces of glamour."

1

PLAYBOY: What are the hairstyle options for men with low hairlines?

SCHWIMMER: The pompadour—you know, the big thick greasy look of the Fifties. If you want to, take a marker and draw in the widow's peak. Just make sure the tip doesn't go all the way to the eyebrows. I did that when I was a kid. I thought Dracula was really cool—you know, sexy, dark—and I wanted to be him every Halloween. I'm very lucky with this head of hair. I wash it every day and put whatever product I want in it. You can do just about anything. I had it down to the middle of my back in college, and I had a crew cut for pretty much the first year of *Friends*.

2

PLAYBOY: Should the eyebrows touch or not?

SCHWIMMER: They should definitely not touch. Wax, shave, pluck, do whatever you need to do. Women don't find the unibrow attractive.

3

PLAYBOY: You played a plastic surgeon in HBO's *Breast Men*—a film about breast augmentation. Does that procedure do a favor for a specific woman or does it do all women a disfavor?

SCHWIMMER: So long as there is no health risk, then it's up to each woman to determine what it is she wants to do with her body. Some women may feel they're not as sexual or as womanly as they'd like to be, and if augmentation would help them overcome that, then they have every right to do what they want.

4

PLAYBOY: Break it down: What makes a good stage, TV and film actor.

SCHWIMMER: It's a question of education. My first experience was acting for the stage, and then I gradually learned to act for TV cameras and I'm still learning how to act for film. They're very different. If you come from the stage it's hard to understand the camera and what can be achieved by doing less in film. It's actually a lot harder to go the other way, to be a film actor and then try to do a play. There are very few who can do it, because you really have to train your voice and body and have endurance as an actor to do a scene for more than two or three minutes. Often you're onstage for two or three hours without a break, which is my favorite thing. That's the biggest high there is. I've never understood actors who don't watch the movies they've completed. I watch the things I've done over and over because I feel

that's the only way I'm going to improve as a film actor. Gary Sinise and John Malkovich are phenomenal in all three mediums.

5

PLAYBOY: Discuss the tax problems of a successful show.

SCHWIMMER: Look, \$100,000 a week is a ridiculous amount of money for anyone. But consider how much the people who create the show and the studio and the network make. Our request that the six of us be paid equally, which we weren't in the beginning, was important to us. We'll be around as long as all of us are happy creatively and are still being challenged as actors, and as long as the writing stays as good as it has been and, of course, as long as the public wants to tune in.

6

PLAYBOY: If a pirated photo of you were to appear on the Internet, what would it show you doing?

SCHWIMMER: I would hope to have a man's body. Someone once did a computer distortion of our faces, all six of us, that made us 60 years old and fat. I got a real kick out of that. But no, I haven't seen myself nude on the Internet yet.

7

PLAYBOY: Just so we can start looking, have you ever lost any photos or tapes?

SCHWIMMER: Do you know something I don't know? You're getting me scared. I'm racking my brain—when I was 18 did I do some kind of video?

You know what's really interesting about that? I'd just graduated from college and had been seeing this girl for a year and a half. One day I was taking a shower and I had shampoo in my hair and eyes, and she whipped open the shower curtain and with an Instamatic took a couple (concluded on page 170)

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the list.) Wildmon published lists of advertisers who sponsored "sex oriented programs," "violence oriented programs" or "profanity oriented programs."

The friends of sex were the enemies of the Reverend Donald Wildmon.

By the end of the Eighties, Wildmon and his crew (having changed their name to the American Family Association) had protested movies (*The Last Temptation of Christ*), taken credit for forcing Pepsi to drop an ad campaign with Madonna and hounded advertisers of *Saturday Night Live* (30,000 letter writers protested that the word penis was used 23 times in one show). The AFA attacked Dr. Ruth: "For 60 minutes every night, Dr. Ruth gets to undo 2000 years of Christian teachings on the beauty and joy of sex." The diminutive sex therapist's "free sex philosophy is the ultimate in hedonism and antifamily, anti-Christian values." Wildmon protested the use of a blow-up sex doll on *Night Court*, implications of incest on *The Golden Girls* and *Alf*, bitchiness on *Murphy Brown*, bondage on *LA Law*, drug use in a *Mighty Mouse* cartoon and a made-for-TV movie on *Roe vs. Wade*.

Arthur Kropp, of People for the American Way, pointed out: "Wildmon can find an antifamily conspiracy in a test pattern."

Wildmon's journal revealed the demonic imagination of the religious right. In one 18-month period it offered up human sacrifice, sexual molestation, incest, child pornography, public masturbation, teen suicide, rape and/or murder caused by viewing pornography, porn

addicts who commit crimes, abortion as a cause of insanity, abortion as a cause of the decline of Western civilization, transvestites, transsexuals, cohabitation, drugs, illegitimate children, Dial-A-Porn, Walt Disney, Ozzy Osbourne and, of course, PLAYBOY.

Wildmon wasn't alone in demonizing PLAYBOY. He would soon be joined by Judith Reisman, a former songwriter for Captain Kangaroo. The religious right turned amateurs overnight into experts. Instead of real science, they relied on rabid sound bites and overheated headlines. The propaganda machine was up and running.

POLITICAL SCIENCE

The headlines were unrelenting and unchallenged. The Eighties were a decade of slander against male sexuality, almost unprecedented in scope.

- A survey in San Francisco claimed 44 percent of women had been victims of rape or attempted rape.

- A study funded in part by Ms. declared that one out of four college females had been a victim of rape or attempted rape. One in four. The figure appeared on protest buttons, on posters and in date rape literature that was handed out at freshmen orientations.

- At UCLA, Neil Malamuth asked college-age males: "If you could be assured that no one would know and that you could in no way be punished, how likely, if at all, would you be to commit such acts" as "forcing a female to do something she really didn't want to do" and "rape"?

The headlines screamed the shocking answer: 35 percent of males admitted some likelihood of rape.

Line up any four college women and one of them would have been a victim of rape. Line up any three college males and one of them was a rapist. And researchers seemed to know what would summon the beast.

As part of an ostensible learning experiment, University of Wisconsin researcher Dr. Ed Donnerstein put students into a situation where they could administer electric shocks to confederates. He then showed different groups neutral films, erotic films or slasher films. The students who saw violent films or violent erotica administered higher levels of shock. This too made headlines: "Sexually violent movies on TV and in theaters—now at an all-time high—increase men's willingness to inflict violence on women, including wife beating, random rape and forced sex in dating," read one summary. *The New York Times* leaped from the lab to the street in a single bound: "Violent Pornography Elevates Aggression, Researchers Say," reporting that "violence against women depicted in pornographic films may lead to criminal behavior."

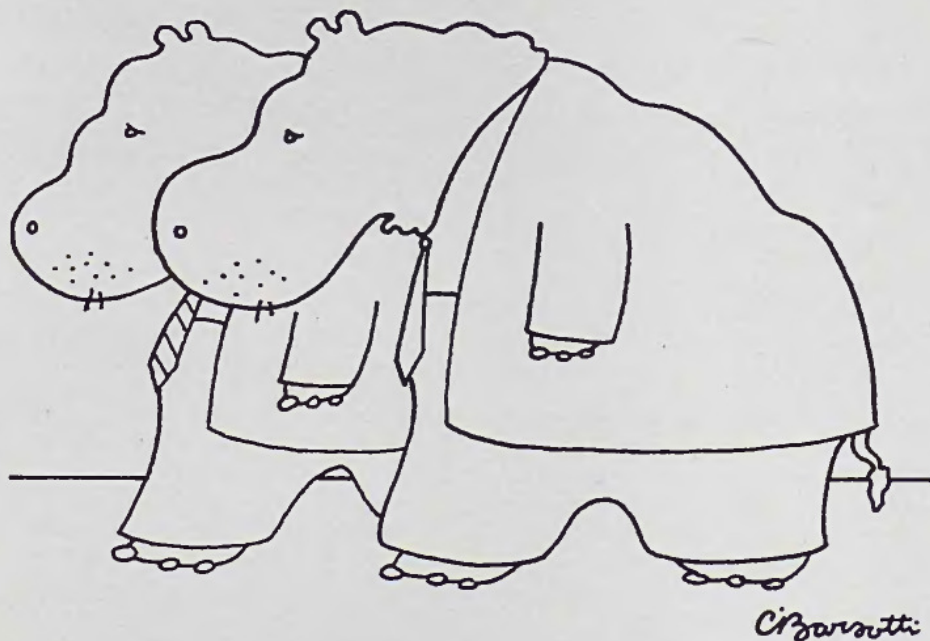
And the same researchers sounded the alarm that violent content in mainstream men's magazines was on the increase. Neil Malamuth and Barry Spinner looked at five years of PLAYBOY and *Penthouse* (from 1973 to 1977) and announced that violent images had increased. Such images, the authors warned, could contribute to a cultural climate that sanctioned violence against women.

No one questioned the scientists. The government funneled money into "victim research"—studies that would amplify danger or that would suggest a cause-and-effect relation between sexual expression and sexual violence. Many of the researchers came not from psychology departments, but from schools of communication, the reading of cultural messages.

REVISIONIST CHIC

At first glance Judith Reisman seems a strange bedfellow. During the Seventies, as an antiporn feminist writing under the nom de guerre Judith Bat-Ada, she had warned that the moral arbiters of the sexual revolution were a "triumvirate—Hugh Hefner, Bob Guccione and Larry Flynt—who are every bit as dangerous as Hitler, Mussolini and Hirohito." Reisman made waves (and a friendship with conservative Pat Buchanan) when she charged (without evidence) that Alfred Kinsey was a child molester who was "involved in the vicious genital torture of hundreds of children" and who had cooked the books to make homosexuality look normal. Such a revisionist stance was just what the party needed.

She soon came to the attention of Al Regnery, son of conservative publisher



"I think you'll like this place. They just throw the food at you, but there's plenty of it."



"I have a feeling I may have to keep you after class again tomorrow, Robert."

time capsule

raw data from the eighties

FIRST APPEARANCES

CNN. *USA Today*. Post-it notepads. RU-486 abortion pill. AIDS. AZT. Vietnam Memorial. IBM PC. Pac-Man. Liposuction. The thong. Compact discs. Camcorders. Nintendo. Computer mouse. Time Warner Inc. Crack. Condom commercials on TV. The G spot. Hackers. MTV. Reaganomics. Leveraged buyouts. Poison pills. Golden parachutes. Junk bonds. Prozac. Star Wars defense. Iran-contra. Stonewashed jeans. Date rape. Sex addiction.

WHO'S HOT

Ronald Reagan. Jerry Falwell. Pat Robertson. Jim and Tammy Bakker. Jimmy Swaggart. Madonna. Princess Di. Prince. Harrison Ford. Arnold Schwarzenegger. Tom Selleck. Tom Cruise. Tom Hanks. Kevin Costner. Bruce Willis. Cybill Shepherd. Al Pacino. Robert De Niro. Jack Nicholson. William Hurt. Kathleen Turner. Michael Douglas. Michelle Pfeiffer. Jane Fonda. Bo Derek. Kim Basinger. Meryl Streep. Linda Evans. Joan Collins. The Brat Pack. George Lucas. Steven Spielberg. Martin Scorsese. Oliver Stone. Bill Cosby. Michael Jackson. Janet Jackson. Brooke Shields. Dr. Ruth. Oprah Winfrey. Max Headroom. Donald Trump. Michael Milken. Vanessa Williams. Jessica Hahn. Donna Rice. Eddie Murphy. Robin Williams. Whoopi Goldberg. Christie Brinkley. Vanna White. Don King. Mike Tyson. Magic Johnson. Michael Jordan. Generation X.

WE THE PEOPLE

U.S. population in 1980: 226 million. Population of U.S. in 1990: 249 million. Percentage of college students in 1966 survey who thought their parents were too promiscuous: 1. Percentage of college students in 1986 survey who thought their parents were too promiscuous: 31. Percentage of Americans under 44 who reported having premarital sex: 65. Percentage who said they regret having premarital sex: 8.

Percentage of sexually active women (between the ages of 18 and 44) using contraception: 93. Number of abortions per 1000 live births in 1985: 354. Number of pro-lifers who

marched on Washington in 1981: 60,000. Number of pro-choice women who marched on Washington in 1989: 300,000.

Ofi-repeated quote of 1986: "Women over the age of 40 are more likely to be killed by terrorists than to marry." Actual odds that a woman of 30 would marry: 2 in 3. That a woman of 40 would marry: 1 in 5. According to



census, actual number of single men between 24 and 34 for every 100 single women: 119.

MONEY MATTERS

Gross national product in 1980: \$2.7 trillion. Gross national product in 1990: \$5.6 trillion. National debt in 1980: \$909 million. National debt in 1990: \$3.2 trillion. Percentage the stock market dropped on Monday, October 19, 1987: 22. In points: 508.

The decline in standard of living in percentage experienced by divorced women: 30. The improvement in standard of living in percentage experienced by divorced men: 10 to 15.

VD BLUES

Number of American AIDS cases reported in 1981: 189. Number of cases reported in 1990: 43,339. Total number of AIDS cases reported between 1981 and 1990: 161,073. Number who had died by 1990: 100,777. Estimated number of Americans infected with HIV in 1991: 1 million.

Estimated number of infections reported by World Health Organization: 8 million to 10 million adults, 1 million children. In 1991 number of infections predicted for the year 2000: 40 million. In 1989 rank of AIDS as cause of death among men between the ages of 25 and 44: second. The four next leading causes of death: heart disease, cancer, suicide and homicide. In 1988 rank of AIDS as cause of death among women between the ages of 25 to 44: eighth.

SAFE SEX SLOGANS

Just say no. Control your urgin', be a virgin. Don't be a louse, wait for your spouse. Do the right thing, wait for the ring. Sleep around and you could wind up with more than a good time.

NO NEWS LIKE BAD NEWS

In a Nexis search of newspapers, magazines, wire services and newsletters between 1980 and 1990, number of stories that mention casual sex: 1071. Number of stories that mention rape: 91,425. Number that mention pornography: 21,769. Number that mention acquired immune deficiency syndrome: 43,105. Number that mention sex within ten words of pleasure: 896. Number that mention sex within ten words of death: 3976.

FINAL APPEARANCES

1980: John Lennon, Dorothy Stratten, Mae West, Alfred Hitchcock, Steve McQueen, Henry Miller, Marshall McLuhan, William O. Douglas. 1981: Joe Louis, Bill Haley, Natalie Wood, Anwar Sadat. 1982: John Belushi, Henry Fonda, Grace Kelly, Ingrid Bergman, Ayn Rand, the Equal Rights Amendment. 1983: Tennessee Williams, Gloria Swanson. 1984: Johnny Weissmuller, Count Basie, Richard Burton, Indira Gandhi, Truman Capote, Marvin Gaye, François Truffaut. 1985: Rock Hudson, Orson Welles, leaded gas. 1986: *The Challenger*, Chernobyl, Cary Grant, Benny Goodman, Desi Arnaz, Roy Cohn, L. Ron Hubbard. 1987: Fred Astaire, Bob Fosse, Jackie Gleason, Rita Hayworth, John Huston, Liberace, Andy Warhol. 1989: Lucille Ball, Irving Berlin, Laurence Olivier, Hirohito, Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini.

Henry Regnery and crony of Jerry Falwell, Phyllis Schlafly and Pat Robertson. Regnery had wound up as head of Reagan's Office of Juvenile Justice and Delinquency Prevention. That Regnery was completely uncredentialed and inexperienced did not seem to bother anyone. Reporters noted that he drove an automobile with a bumper sticker that read: HAVE YOU SLUGGED YOUR KID TODAY?

In December 1983 Regnery approved a grant for \$798,531 to allow Reisman to study "images of children, crime and violence in *PLAYBOY*, *Penthouse* and *Hustler* magazines." If she could link mainstream erotica to antisocial activity, the Sexual Revolution would be over.

The size of the grant (but not the topic) sparked a controversy. Congress, accustomed to paying \$640 for a toilet seat, could not comprehend the cost of cartoon counting (especially when an internal memo noted that the "research" could be done for between \$20,000 and \$60,000).

At a Congressional hearing into the need for such a study, Senator Arlen Specter (R-Pa.) said he had "never seen pictures of crimes against children appear in those magazines" and asked Reisman for an example. She offered a cartoon showing people at a beach. "A man is underwater with his hands" on a girl, she explained.

"You're seeing a different picture than I am," said Specter.

When Regnery suggested cartoons that depicted child fairy-tale characters might "affect the mind of the adult," Senator Howard Metzenbaum (D-Ohio) stated, "It's difficult to understand how an adult gets turned on by Dorothy or the Wizard of Oz or Snow White."

Regnery trimmed the grant slightly, and Reisman went to work. After 22 months, Reisman's staff came up with "a total of 6004 photographs, illustrations and cartoons depicting children in the 683 magazines from 1954 to 1984. These 6004 images of children were interspersed with 15,000 images of crime and violence, 35,000 female breasts and 9000 female genitalia."

The report was loopy. Reisman accused *PLAYBOY* of creating "cut and paste female images" with older faces on adolescent bodies. And you thought airbrushing was bad? A model in pigtails or holding a teddy bear was a "pseudochild." Little Annie Fanny, a cartoon character with breasts the size of bazookas, was "an image of a child." Reisman counted each panel as a separate child image. Go figure.

The Justice Department shelved the study as worthless. Dr. Robert Figlio, a University of Pennsylvania criminologist who served on a peer review panel, critiqued the manuscript and questioned the researcher. "Quite frankly," he said, "I wondered what kind of mind would consider the love scene from *Romeo and Juliet* to be child porn."

This was terrible social science, but totally effective political science.

Reisman would tour the country with her slide show and her executive summary. An unquestioning press generated doomsday headlines: KIDDIE PORN MAY BE TIED TO SEXUAL ASSAULTS, EXPERT SAYS. Reisman would become a "consultant" for various right-wing groups.

Regnery resigned before *The New Republic* revealed his secret life as a porn consumer. A reporter investigating his background had uncovered a fantastic story. In Madison, Wisconsin, while running for district attorney in 1976, Regnery told audiences he was the target of "Watergate-style" dirty tricks. One night his wife called the police to say she had been attacked by two men (one white, one black), that she had been cut repeatedly with an embroidery needle, violated with a can of feminine hygiene spray and forced to perform oral sex. The police did not believe her story.

Doctors who examined her found 73 faint scratches, none of which required medical attention. There were no signs of rape. When police searched Regnery's house they found a cache of pornography under the bed.

When you follow the trembling finger of the self-appointed moral guardian back to the mind behind the call

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to censor, you inevitably uncover a nightmare.

TAKE BACK THE NIGHT

In 1982 a group of prosex feminists met at Barnard, concerned about the direction in which radical feminists were taking the movement. Anthropologist Gayle Rubin saw America descending into a moral panic akin to the white-slavery hysteria of the turn of the century or the antihomosexual frenzy of the Fifties: "During a moral panic, the media become ablaze with indignation, the public behaves like a rabid mob."

The target of the latest moral panic was demon porn. "This discourse on sexuality is less a sexology than a demonology," Rubin said. "It presents most sexual behavior in the worst possible light. Its descriptions of erotic conduct always use the worst available example as if it were representative. It

presents the most disgusting pornography, the most exploited forms of prostitution and the least palatable or most shocking manifestations of sexual variation. This rhetorical tactic consistently misrepresents human sexuality in all its forms. The picture of human sexuality that emerges is unremittingly ugly."

The women's libbers who had tossed bras into trash cans at the 1968 Miss America Pageant now fired bullets into bookstores that sold men's magazines. Radical feminists stormed newsstands and poured blood over PLAYBOYS and films and sex toys. They protested screenings of *Snuff* (a film purporting to show the murder of a woman) and billboards for a Rolling Stones album that had a bound model proclaiming, "I'm black and blue from the Rolling Stones, and I love it." The zealots of the radical left were as antisex as the religious right. The posse called itself by different

names (Women Against Violence Against Women, Women Against Pornography, Women Against Violence in Pornography and Media) but their target was clear. They were against images of sex. What the sexual revolution had made visible, they wanted burned. They hijacked the feminist movement, charging that sexual liberation was not the same as female emancipation.

Betty Friedan, the visionary whose *Feminine Mystique* created the modern feminist movement, was aghast at the direction taken by these daughters of the sexual revolution. In 1981 she published *The Second Stage*—a plea for sanity. Friedan warned that sexual politics "distorted the main thrust of the women's movement for equality and gave its enemies a powerful weapon."

The radical fringe, she warned, "directed too much of its energy into sexual politics, from personal bedroom wars against men to mass marches against rape or pornography. Sexual war against men is an irrelevant, self-defeating act of rage. It does not change the conditions of our lives. Obsession with rape is a kind of wallowing in that victim state."

"It was easier to liberate yourself from the missionary position," she lectured, "than to take the test for law school, to fight for parenting leave or lobby the state legislature to ratify the Equal Rights Amendment."

The daughters of the feminist revolution did not listen.

They had their own mantra of rage, a manifesto called *Take Back the Night*. "In the last few decades," the editor claimed, "women have been bombarded with ever increasing numbers of pornographic images in liquor stores, bookstores and drugstores; in supermarkets; in the hands of fathers, uncles, brothers, sons, husbands, lovers and boyfriends; in films and on street corner newsstands; on the covers of record albums, on the walls of poster stores and in shop windows. The media have subjected women to dramatized rapings, stabbings, burnings, beatings, gaggings, bindings, tortures, dismemberments, mutilation and deaths in the name of male sexual pleasure or sheer entertainment."

Cadres hit the college circuit with a blood-soaked slide show that could have been titled "Fear and Loathing in Times Square." A visual barrage of bondage shots, S&M fashion ads and clips from purported snuff movies assaulted the audience, while organizers read an account of a woman being raped. These performances had the subtlety and objectivity of a lynch mob.

Although they targeted porn as "antifemale propaganda," the shows were antimale and antisex. Women Against Pornography had its own notions of politically correct sex, its own versions of Orwellian Newspeak. Andrea Dworkin



"Got to go, Doris. My husband's home."

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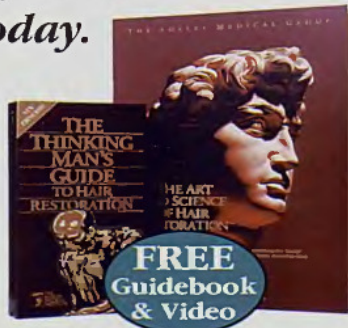



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stated, "Sexual relations between a man and a woman are politically acceptable only when the man has a limp penis." Robin Morgan contributed a novel definition of rape: "I claim that rape exists any time sexual intercourse occurs when it has not been initiated by the woman out of her own genuine affection and desire."

Barbara Ehrenreich, Elizabeth Hess and Gloria Jacobs issued a report on the sex crisis for *Ms.* The debate on porn was also really a debate among women about the future of female sexuality. Freud had once asked, "What do women want?" Now the question was, "What do liberated women want?" The radicals, however flamboyant, seemed to yearn for a return to the straitlaced Victorian era, a time when, women believed, "as the late-19th century feminist writer Eliza Duffey did, that women's sexual needs could be satisfied by six episodes of intercourse per lifetime." Or less.

Modern women wanted erotica that was "personal, emotional, refreshing, with an element of trust or caring or love, natural, circular."

Applying the new rhetoric of sexism, women were wary of images that catered to male desire. Porn "defined by the penis shows a power imbalance, suggests violence; is heavy, voyeuristic, linear and depicts bodies contorted."

At meetings of the National Organization for Women, *Robert's Rules of Order* collided with resolutions about female lust. Pat Califia, a lesbian and practicing sadomasochist, ridiculed the cuddly sex of her sisters. "Sex will consist of wimmin holding hands, taking their shirts off and

dancing in a circle. Then we will all fall asleep at exactly the same moment. If we didn't all fall asleep, something else might happen—something male-identified, objectifying, pornographic, noisy and undignified."

MACKINNON AND DWORKIN INC.

The campaign against male sexuality took a new form in 1983. Catharine MacKinnon, a graduate of Yale Law School described as an "itinerant lawyer/lecturer" (meaning she had not been granted tenure by any university), and Andrea Dworkin, a militant feminist known by her bib overalls and fiery rhetoric, were teaching a course in pornography at the University of Minnesota. The city council in Minneapolis asked their help in drafting a zoning ordinance that would restrict adult bookstores.

Instead, the two wrote a proposed ordinance that treated pornography as a form of discrimination based on sex and a violation of the civil rights of women. Wrote Dworkin, "We hallucinated those rights in a frenzy of hope, in a delirium of dreaming. We hallucinated that women could be recognized as human beings in this social system, human enough to assert those rights in the face of systematic sexual exploitation, brutality and malice."

Hallucination was the proper word.

THE HEARINGS

The Sixties taught America the evils of discrimination. Bigotry and racism had denied millions the right to the American dream, be it employment, labor union membership, housing accommo-

dations, property rights, education, public accommodations and public services. The Minneapolis ordinance was a catalog of biases, from race, color, creed, religion, ancestry, national origin, sex, sexual harassment, affectional preference, disability, age, marital status. These were weapons that degraded individuals, fostered intolerance and hate. They created and intensified unemployment, substandard housing, undereducation, ill health, lawlessness and poverty. They injured the public welfare and were against the law.

MacKinnon and Dworkin wanted to add pornography to the list of acknowledged biases. They completely bypassed the city's commissioners on civil rights, the men and women who dealt with real harm on a daily basis. They wanted the council to endorse a special finding—that porn was central in creating "the civil inequality of the sexes," that porn was a "systematic practice of exploitation and subordination," that porn promoted "bigotry and contempt," that porn harmed women's opportunities for "equality of rights in employment," that porn "damages relations between the sexes [and restricts] women from full exercise of citizenship and participation in public life."

Porn was the cattle prod, the attack dog, the high pressure hose, the burning cross that kept women in place. MacKinnon and Dworkin offered this definition of demon porn: "Pornography is the sexually explicit subordination of women, graphically depicted whether in pictures or in words, that also includes one or more of the following:

- (i) women are presented dehumanized as sexual objects, things or commodities; or
- (ii) women are presented as sexual objects who enjoy pain or humiliation; or
- (iii) women are presented as sexual objects who experience sexual pleasure in being raped; or
- (iv) women are presented as sexual objects tied up or cut up or mutilated or bruised or physically hurt; or
- (v) women are presented in postures of sexual submission; or
- (vi) women's body parts—including but not limited to vaginas, breasts and buttocks—are exhibited such that women are reduced to those parts; or
- (vii) women are presented as whores by nature; or
- (viii) women are presented being penetrated by objects or animals; or
- (ix) women are presented in scenarios of degradation, injury, abasement or torture, shown as filthy or inferior, bleeding, bruised or hurt in a context that makes these conditions sexual.



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Anyone who produced, sold, exhibited or distributed porn was guilty of discrimination. Any woman could file suit on behalf of all women.

Any person who claimed to have been coerced into performing for pornography could sue, whether or not she had appeared in other porn, had appeared to cooperate in the production, had signed a contract or otherwise showed a willingness to perform.

Any woman, man, child or transsexual who had pornography "forced on him/her" could sue.

Any woman, man, child or transsexual who was assaulted, physically attacked or injured as the result of a specific piece of pornography could file a claim for damages against the person who assaulted him/her/it as well as the maker, distributor, seller or exhibitor of the porn.

Monkey see, monkey do, sue the monkey and the magazine or movie he rode in on.

The Minneapolis city council still had to be persuaded. The hallucination began. Dworkin and MacKinnon re-created in public the traveling horror show that had mesmerized women's studies groups.

STORMING TOWN HALL

At public hearings on the ordinance, MacKinnon spoke of porn being used to season children, prostitutes, wives and girlfriends to make them more compliant sexually. She spoke of men consuming porn, forcing it on their partners, demanding that they perform sexual acts they had no desire to perform.

Dworkin followed with the boilerplate. Porn was a "\$7 billion industry that buys and sells women's bodies." She read into the record a magazine article that stated that "at least 25 percent of all heterosexual material sold in Washington's adult bookstores, for example, depicts explicit violence against women, torture of all kinds, whipping, beating, mutilation, rape and murder."

Then came the parade of witnesses. First was Professor Ed Donnerstein, who spoke about his research into the effects of sex and violence. Donnerstein said that violence, not sex, begets violence. MacKinnon and Dworkin, however, seized on the interrelation between images and action.

Speaking over images of the Rolling Stones billboard, a *Hustler* layout, scenes from *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* and *The Toolbox Murders*, Donnerstein informed the politicians about lab findings. To him, R-rated films posed a greater threat than X-rated films, which contained almost no violence. He read from the cassette of one film: "See bloodthirsty butchers, killer thrillers, crazed cannibals, zonked zombies, mutilating maniacs, hemoglobin horrors, plasmatic perverts and sadistic slayers slash, strangle, mangle and mutilate bare-breasted



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Miss You Much • Back to Life • Wind Beneath My Wings • Straight Up • Lost in Your Eyes • Don't Know Much • Forever Your Girl • Cold Hearted • I'll Be There for You • She Drives Me Crazy • Baby Don't Forget My Number • Two Hearts • Don't Rush Me • Don't Wanna Lose You • Hangin' Tough • Miss You Like Crazy • Wild Thing • Secret Rendezvous • Living in Sin • Love in an Elevator • She Wants to Dance With Me • Crazy About Her • Cover Girl • Mixed Emotions • Dreamin'

beauties in bondage." Dr. Fredric Wertham would have been proud.

Donnerstein talked about desensitization, which allowed people who watched enough of this stuff to actually find humor in it. Donnerstein was a dupe of the feminists; neither group saw that slasher films were repeating a cultural message as old as Cotton Mather: America had always linked sex and punishment. The sex hadn't changed, just the means and degree of punishment, which had escalated from stocks and public dunkings to death by chain saw and nail gun. Donnerstein's slasher films weren't antifemale—they were antisex. But the hearings were obviously not the place for fine distinctions.

Next up was Linda Marchiano, a.k.a. Linda Lovelace. The former porn star had rewritten her life story in a 1980 biography titled *Ordeal*. The book recounted her path from porn star to born-again prude. Overnight she became the darling of Gloria Steinem, who passed her along to MacKinnon and Dworkin.

Marchiano told the commissioners that for two and a half years she had been held captive and forced to perform as Linda Lovelace, "the sex freak of the Seventies."

The happily married housewife now blamed Chuck Traynor for her previous excesses. Her first husband and manager had dragged her from "prostitution to porn films to celebrity satisfier." She told of being forced to have sex with five strangers in a motel room and of her ultimate degradation, having sex with a "D-O-G."

She said Traynor had hypnotized her and taught her to perform deep throat, that he had beaten her after the first day of filming. "So many people say that in *Deep Throat*, I have a smile on my face, and I look as though I am really enjoying myself. No one ever asked me how those bruises got on my body.

"Virtually every time someone watches that film," she said, "they are watching me being raped."

Traynor had created the Linda Lovelace doll, but the hands manipulating the Linda Marchiano doll belonged to MacKinnon and Dworkin.

The celebrity porn victim was followed by feminist experts, who entered into the record Diana Russell's sexual assault research. Russell had asked, "Have you ever been upset by anyone trying to get you to do what they have seen in pornographic pictures, movies or books?" Ten percent of the women answered "yes" to the question.

One might wonder about the 90 percent who had not been upset, and being upset is not exactly being raped. Another witness itemized in alphabetical order some of the supposed victims of porn: Miss B was upset by group sex. Miss F drew the line at spanking. Miss G protested oral sex. Miss K resisted a lout

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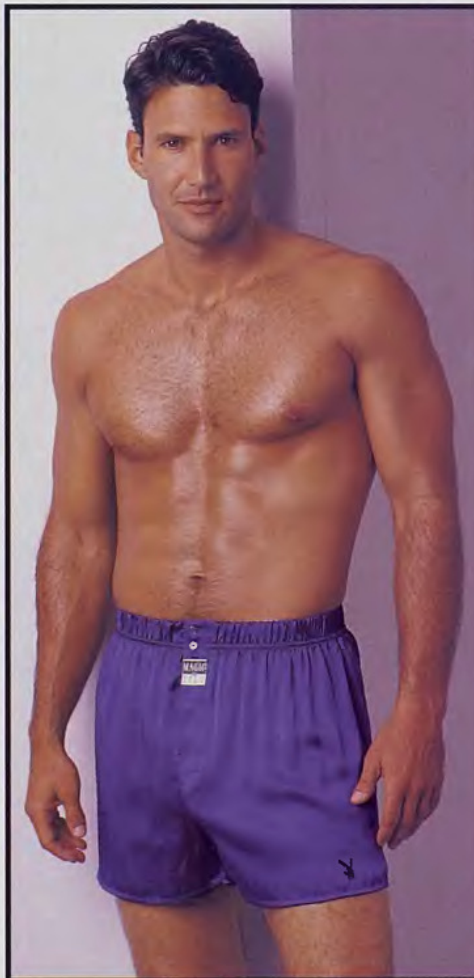
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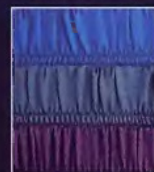
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who wanted to pour champagne on her vagina. Miss M was upset by anal sex.

Tim Campbell, a gay activist, challenged the Minneapolis ordinance, saying it would allow people to bring suit against the Bible. "Cinderella is a myth that would not pass the test. In fact, I defy the city council members to sit down now and write a three-sentence story involving a woman and sex that would pass the test of this ordinance. I don't think you would be able to write anything. It is un-American, it is fascist, it is antisexual and it is antiheterosexual. Basically, the missionary position is no longer acceptable storytelling. The only thing you can do is Jack met Jill, maybe, and neither one pursued the other and they lived happily ever after. That's the only love story you could write now."

MacKinnon and Dworkin paraded witnesses who claimed to have been harmed in the making of porn. One told of being photographed naked by an art student boyfriend, of being cast in plaster with her arms tied over her head (which had caused some other models to faint). After that, she said, he switched to watercolors.

Mackinnon read into the record a letter from actress Valerie Harper, star of *Rhoda*, who had been mortified to find that a company called Shock Tops was selling T-shirts with the images "of seven famous women pictured in the nude," that a porn magazine had run a likeness with her head on a full-length figure, naked except for high-heeled shoes and stockings, taking off a shirt.

"I felt upset, ripped off, diminished, insulted, abused, hurt, furious and powerless," wrote the actress. She spoke of casting-couch horrors and the fear of the ultimate audition, for a snuff movie—a film in which a woman's actual murder would be presented as pornographic entertainment.

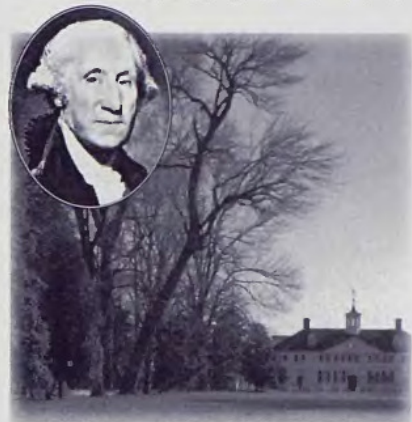
The parade continued. A county attorney told of a stepfather or boyfriend who had a young girl hold up nude photographs while he masturbated. A woman from a battered-women's shelter spoke of a husband who had "two suitcases full of Barbie dolls with ropes tied on their arms and legs and with tape across their mouths."

The testimony was unrelenting. One of the last to speak gave her name and address and said, almost apologetically, "I have not yet been raped."

Dick Marple, a member of the audience, grew tired of the litany of abuse. Approaching the microphone, he had the courage to complain about the unremitting slander. "If we have a civil rights ordinance trying to discourage presenting women as whores by nature," he said, "then I believe that men have a civil right not to be presented as rapists by nature."

On December 30, 1983 the city council passed the ordinance by a vote of

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seven to six. Almost immediately, Mayor Donald Fraser vetoed the bill, saying it was "probably" unconstitutional.

On July 10, 1984 Ruth Christenson, a witness in the hearings and a devoted follower of Dworkin's, walked into Shinder's, a bookstore in downtown Minneapolis. Dousing herself with gasoline, she set herself afire, then ran through the store. Her backpack was filled with antipornography brochures.

THE ROAD SHOW

William Hudnut, the mayor of Indianapolis, had followed the Minneapolis hearings with great interest. Self-described as "just a dumb preacher who fell from grace and went into politics," Hudnut saw the appeal of the MacKinnon-Dworkin argument. He invited MacKinnon to introduce similar legislation in Indianapolis.

MacKinnon staged a streamlined side-show of vice cops, incest victims, prostitutes and pontificators. Although she billed the ordinance as a necessary step in women's rights, she did not enlist the aid of local feminists. Indeed, some accounts hinted that MacKinnon had made an unholy alliance with fundamentalists and right-wing politicians. Beulah Coughenour, a political conservative who had fought to defeat the Equal Rights Amendment, sponsored the bill in Indianapolis.

On May 1, 1984 the bill passed by a vote of 24 to 5. Within two hours of its

passage, the American Booksellers Association and the Media Coalition filed suit. The constitutionality of the anti-porn statute would at last be tested in courts.

The American Civil Liberties Union and the Feminist Anti-Censorship Task-force filed amici curiae briefs opposing the ordinance. Nan Hunter and Sylvia Law argued that "the ordinance vests in individual women a power to impose their views of politically or morally correct sexuality upon other women by calling for repression of images consistent with those views."

They said that the ordinance ignored the rights of prosex women: "It makes socially invisible women who find sexually explicit images of women in positions of display or 'penetrated by objects' to be erotic, liberating or educational. These women are told that their perceptions are a product of false consciousness and that such images are so inherently degrading that they may be suppressed by the state. At the same time, it stamps the imprimatur of state approval on the belief that men are attack dogs triggered to violence by the sight of a sexually explicit image of a woman. It makes socially invisible those men who experience themselves as gentle, respectful of women or inhibited about expressing their sexuality."

Judge Frank Easterbrook, in overturning the statute, agreed. "This is thought control. It establishes an ap-

proved view of women, of how they may react to sexual encounters, of how the sexes may relate to each other. Those who espouse the approved view may use sexual images; those who do not may not."

The MacKinnon-Dworkin road show was terrible law, but great politics. And it was the answer to Republican prayers.

THE MEESE COMMISSION FOLLIES

The religious right began to pressure President Reagan for more dramatic action. In March 1983 he had told representatives of the Moral Majority that porn was a form of pollution. His Administration had "identified the worst hazardous waste sites in America. We have to do the same with the worst sources of pornography."

In May 1984 he outlined his war on sex. The enemy, he declared, was the 1970 President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, the landmark research that said pornography had no significant effect on crime or delinquency. Nixon had rejected the report, but America had gone on to enjoy the Seventies anyway. Now something more was needed.

"I think the evidence that has come out since that time, plus the tendency of pornography to become increasingly more extreme, shows that it is time to take a new look at this conclusion," said Reagan, "and it's time to stop pretending that extreme pornography is a

Saturday Nite Live

BY BILL JOHNSON



victimless crime. And so I want to announce that the Attorney General is setting up a new national commission to study the effects of pornography on our society. We consider pornography to be a public problem."

The original President's Commission had spent nearly \$3 million on original research. Reagan could soothe the religious right for a mere \$500,000. He would create a national hearing on porn, similar to that conducted by the feminists. Eleven handpicked commissioners would travel the country like war correspondents touring a battlefield. One glance at the lineup and you knew there could be only one possible verdict.

Henry Hudson, a smut-busting county attorney from Arlington County, Virginia, was chosen to head the Commission. Father Bruce Ritter, a Franciscan who ran Covenant House, a shelter for runaway kids on Times Square, revealed his bias: "I would say pornography is immoral, and the source of my statement is God, not social science." James Dobson, described by one reporter as a "professional Christian," was an author, radio commentator and founder of the ultra-conservative Focus on the Family. He viewed the sexual revolution in apocalyptic terms, as a struggle between ultimate good and evil. At one point he would announce that Satan, in retaliation for Dobson's role on the Commission, had pursued members of his family in a black Porsche. Frederick Schauer, a professor of law, believed the First Amendment was irrelevant. Porn was more like a dildo than a form of speech. It was simply sex. Dr. Park Dietz was a psychiatrist and criminologist who believed that detective magazines were more harmful than Centerfolds. A judge, a speechwriter for Richard Nixon, a child abuse expert, a women's magazine editor, a psychologist who worked with sex offenders and a community activist rounded out the panel.

Kurt Vonnegut called the Commission "sewer astronauts." They would go where no man had gone before, or, rather, where enough men and women

had gone to create a multibillion-dollar industry. Like the vice investigators of the 1910s, who chronicled licentious behavior in dancehalls and red-light districts, the team of handpicked citizens visited peep shows, adult bookstores and mom-and-pop video stores, and heard about warehouses filled with dildos. They sat through slide shows, listened to so-called victims of porn speak from behind curtains. Just as Anthony Comstock had weighed confiscated porn, the Commission tabulated titles of 2325 magazines (from *Big Tit Dildo Bondage* to *Wham Bam Window Washers*), 725 books (*Bound, Whipped and Raped Schoolgirls*, *Daughter Loves Doggy Fun*, *Mom's Golden Shower Nights*) and 2370 X-rated films (from *Adam Foreskin Fantasy #1* and *#2* to *Wet Shorts* and *Wrestling Meat*).

Asked to define a porn-related injury, Dr. Judith Becker, a psychologist tapped to serve as a commissioner, suggested "a paper cut from turning porn magazine pages."

The hearings presented a stacked deck of antisex witnesses. Barry Lynn, an observer from the ACLU, gave this tally: "Of the 208 witnesses before the Commission, at least 160 were urging tighter controls over sexually explicit material. These included 68 law enforcement officers, eight elected officials, 30 alleged victims of pornography, 14 representatives of antipornography groups, eight representatives of local or national organizations whose policies include opposing pornography, ten individuals who are prominent antipornography activists, and 22 clinicians or social science researchers who have seen patients or collected scientific data that they conclude would support suppression of some or all pornography."

Philip Nobile and Eric Nadler, authors of *United States of America vs. Sex: How the Meese Commission Lied About Pornography*, noted a more crucial bias. Only one witness out of 208 spoke positively about porn as an aid to masturbation.

Moving from Washington to Chicago, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami and New York, the Commission provided a plat-

form for the weird. Recruiters sought witnesses who would make their presupposed point that there was a causal relation between porn and social ills. An agent of the Commission approached Dr. Lois Lee, head of Children of the Night (a Los Angeles-based organization devoted to rescuing teenagers from street life and prostitution). The agent wanted Lee's kids to testify that pornography had been used as a tool when their parents molested them and that this experience had led them into prostitution. Lee replied, "None of our kids got started turning tricks because their fathers started using pornography. None. Even if you got rid of all the pornography in the world, you couldn't get rid of abusive or drunk fathers."

The agent said, "I don't think we're going to need your kids."

Surgeon General C. Everett Koop released a statement warning that, "Pornography may be dangerous to your health." The world contemplated warning stickers on erections.

Koop, an outspoken foe of abortion, spoke from the heart, unsupported by any research. "Pornography is a destructive phenomenon. It does not contribute anything to society, but rather takes away from and diminishes what we regard as socially good." For Koop, pornography "intervenes in normal sexual relationships and alters them." When asked if he had scientific studies to support such conclusions, Koop admitted it was just his hunch. He promptly convened a body of social scientists to produce *The Report of the Surgeon General's Workshop on Pornography and Public Health*. It would conclude that the evidence still showed no direct harm.

The Commission buried itself in the grotesque. They listened while a born-again Christian claimed that seeing a deck of pornographic playing cards at the age of 12 warped him for life. Soon he was shoplifting PLAYBOYS from the local grocery store. "From the pictures, I was stimulated to practice oral and finger stimulation on my parents' dogs."

FBI agent Kenneth Lanning gave a



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presentation of child porn and fetish magazines. The Commission looked at pictures of nails driven through fore-skins, pins driven through scrotums, nipples pierced by rings, men and women having sex with dogs, a young girl disemboweled by fist-fucking.

The closest thing to normal porn was a close-up of "a vagina surrounded by a woman."

Judith Reisman gave a slide show and warned about the danger of shaved genitalia. Linda Lovelace repeated her testimony from Minneapolis. Andrea Dworkin told the Commission about snuff films in which "a woman is killed and the orifices in her head are penetrated with a man's penis—her eyes, her mouth and so on." Of course, she could not produce a sample. "This information comes from women who have seen the films and escaped," she said.

The Commission toyed with definitions, trying to distinguish between the brutal images they had uncovered in their tour of the sewer, and mainstream erotica. One bystander of the debate, a vice cop, suggested this difference between porn and erotica: "It is erotic when you stroke a woman's naked body with a feather. And it is kinky when you rub her with the whole chicken."

A CONVENIENT TARGET

Dr. Victor Cline, an outspoken critic of the 1970 President's Commission, claimed that sexual expression was a slippery slope. Porn, he said, was physically addictive: After getting hooked, porn users moved to harder stuff. Soon, he said, they began acting out their fantasies. Seduction, sexual aggression against women, group sex and partner switching, voyeurism, exhibitionism, fetishism and necrophilia—all were inevitable outcomes.

The Commission played a shell game. Although it seemed to focus on the extreme world of fetishes and child porn, its real target became clear.

The Reverend Donald Wildmon pulled the trigger. The head of the NFD and crusader for clean television had a

new cause. With Jerry Falwell he organized pickets outside 7-Eleven stores and retail outlets that sold PLAYBOY and *Penthouse*. A legion of old ladies sent postcards emblazoned with charges such as "Why do Revco drugstores sell pornography?" to chief executives. On the backs of the postcards was the statement "Pornography is a cancer that warps minds, corrupts morals and destroys souls." The truly zealous phoned retailers and advertisers in the magazines and sent them postcards calling them Pornographer of the Month. Some harangued advertisers at home, terrorizing whomever answered the phone, including children.

Now Wildmon told the Commission, "The general public usually associates pornography with sleazy bookstores and theaters. However, many of the major players in the game of pornography are well-known household names. Few people realize that 7-Eleven convenience stores are the leading retailers of porn magazines in America. Indeed, 7-Eleven is perhaps the most important key to successful marketing of pornography in the family marketplace."

He gave the Commission his enemies list. Alan Sears, executive director of the Commission, acted on Wildmon's testimony, sending an ominous letter on Justice Department stationery to the heads of the named companies in February 1986. "During the hearing in Los Angeles in October 1985, the Commission received testimony alleging that your company is involved in the sale or distribution of pornography. The Commission has determined that it would be appropriate to allow the company to respond to the allegations prior to drafting its final report section on identified distributors."

Sears included Wildmon's testimony without naming the source. The Commission never considered PLAYBOY to be pornography, and Attorney General Edwin Meese would later explain that the magazine was not what the Commission had been established to investigate. But the damage was done.

Lawyers from Southland Corp. (parent corporation for 7-Eleven) had probably heard that the commissioners were planning to recommend applying racketeering charges to the porn industry. A company identified as a distributor stood to forfeit all its assets. On April 10, Southland's president, Jere Thompson, announced that 7-Eleven would no longer sell PLAYBOY. More than 10,000 stores across the country cleared their shelves of the most popular men's magazine in America.

Hugh Hefner attacked the Commission's tactic, calling it sexual McCarthyism. Playboy Enterprises filed a lawsuit against Meese, Sears, Henry Hudson and the members of the Commission and won a small victory: Sears wrote a second letter affirming that PLAYBOY was not obscene, and the companies targeted by Wildmon's testimony would not be listed as pornographers in the final report. To show that Jere Thompson was not in touch with even his own employees, PLAYBOY's editors put together a nude pictorial celebrating *The Women of 7-Eleven*.

A DECLARATION OF WAR

The Commission released a 1900-page report, initially printing 2000 copies and offering them to the public at \$35 apiece. In one of the clumsiest photo ops of the century, Attorney General Ed Meese stood before a bare breasted statue of the Spirit of Justice when he met the press. In 1970 William Hamling published an illustrated version of the Report of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography and went to jail for his troubles. In 1986 Michael McManus, a syndicated columnist on religion and ethics, released his own version of the Meese Commission Report, selling more than 30,000 copies to conservative ministers and antiporn groups.

Barry Lynn, who had dogged the Commission, issued a 188-page rebuttal, noting that the report clearly tried to tar sex with the brush of the grotesque. *Time* called the Commission "a kind of surrealist mystery tour of sexual perversity,



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peeping at the most recondite forms of sexual behavior known—though mostly unknown—to society.”

The Commission's report was easily the steamiest document of the decade. Susie Bright, the resident sexpert of *On Our Backs* (the magazine billed as entertainment for adventurous lesbians), announced proudly that she had masturbated to the Meese Report. Most readers were baffled by the endless list of movie, book and magazine titles. But the tome serves as a time capsule. In it are recorded some of the first erotic chats on computers:

"Slick: Do you wanna come all over my titties and my pretty face? Maybe I should get out my instant camera so I can take a picture of your come shooting out.

"Lust: Do you really have a camera? I think the keyboard would look great covered with your come."

The report contained a description of 63 photographs in the magazine *Tri-Sexual Lust*, scene by scene descriptions of *Deep Throat*, *The Devil in Miss Jones*, *Debbie Does Dallas*, a pictorial in *Pregnant Lesbians*, and lengthy transcriptions of a novel called *Tying Up Rebecca*.

The report stapled together personal statements from different commissioners. Father Bruce Ritter admitted that "one man's nudity is another man's erotica is another man's soft-core pornography is another man's hard-core obscenity is another man's boredom."

He was saddened that the Commission had not been tougher on sex. "I think it fair to say that by its refusal to take an ethical or moral position on premarital or extramarital sex, either heterosexual or homosexual, the Commission literally ran for the hills."

Ritter found that pornography "degrades sex itself and dehumanizes and debases a profoundly sacred relationship." Other commissioners saw porn as propaganda for the sexual revolution, a banner for promiscuity. Porn depicted sex "outside of marriage, love, commitment or affection. There are undoubtedly many causes for what used to be called the sexual revolution," the Commission reported, "but it is absurd to suppose that depictions or descriptions of uncommitted sexuality were not among them. Although there are many members of this society who can and have made affirmative cases for uncommitted sexuality, none of us believes it to be a good thing."

The report attempted to draw distinctions between erotic material. The Commission asserted that sexually violent material was harmful. Images that were nonviolent but degrading were condemned. Explicit material that was neither violent nor degrading, was, well—damn the evidence—not "in every instance harmless."

The Commission made 92 recommendations. It called for an all-out war on porn, including appointing a national

porn czar. It encouraged boycotts, pickets and letter-writing campaigns by citizens' action groups.

It seems that while on their cross-country circus, the commissioners must have watched MTV in their hotel rooms. The report suggested monitoring rock lyrics. "Many popular idols of the young commonly sing about rape, masturbation, incest, drug usage, bondage, violence, homosexuality and intercourse."

Following the release of the report, the nation saw a wave of censorship. Store owners pulled from their shelves copies of *Vogue*, *American Photographer*, *Ms.*—at the mere sight of a nipple.

Ed Donnerstein, one of the social scientists quoted by the Commission, publicly declared that the report was "bizarre," that it had misrepresented their research, but, once again, it was too late. The lie was taken as truth.

THE TRUTH SQUAD

Eventually, more-objective scholars exposed the ghosts in the machine, the flaws that guaranteed headlines. Diana Russell's study—which claimed the real rape rate was 13 times higher than the official FBI estimate—included in her definition of rape such acts as "unwanted sexual experience, including kissing, petting or intercourse" or attempts at such behaviors. Augustine Brannigan, a professor of sociology at the University of Calgary, and his colleague, Andros Kapardis, called the flaw overinclusion and asked simply: "How meaningful is it to collapse intercourse, kissing and petting, as well as attempts at these things? There appears to be an interest in letting virtually anything count as rape for the purposes of establishing an epidemic, while at the same time treating it all as the same, grave, undifferentiated harm. Surely this mystifies the very thing we are trying to understand."

Similarly, the *Ms.* study on college sex had an overinclusive definition of rape. Included in the survey were questions that asked if a woman had had sexual intercourse when she didn't want to after a man had served her alcohol or drugs, and if she had "given in to sexplay (fondling, kissing or petting but not intercourse) when you didn't want to, because you were overwhelmed by a man's continual arguments and pressure." Whining is not rape.

Only 27 percent of the women *Ms.* said had been raped labeled themselves as rape victims. If three quarters do not believe what happened to them was rape, it wasn't. Some 42 percent of the so-called rape victims continued to have sex with the so-called rapist.

Neil Malamuth was another researcher who would not take no for an answer. College-aged males who answered the hypothetical "Would you rape?" question did so on a scale that ranged from one (not at all likely) to five (very likely).



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The vast majority who circled one were not exempt—they were classified as having a low likelihood of rape. Anyone who scored two or higher was said to have a high likelihood of rape. Malamuth over-estimated. Only three to five percent circled the five option. That figure (three to five percent of males say they are very likely to rape) just doesn't have headline appeal.

Similarly, the headlines that suggested the violent content of porn was on the increase were clutching at straws. Malamuth's study claimed the increase was fivefold—from one percent to five percent. A more exhaustive study by Joseph Scott and Steve Cuvelier at Ohio State University examined the so-called violence in PLAYBOY from 1954 to 1983: They found there was no increase—indeed, there was something of a decrease—if you could find images to begin with. Overall, they noted, sexual violence occurred in about one page out of every 3000 and in less than four out of every 1000 pictures.

Ed Donnerstein's lab experiments at the University of Wisconsin were tempting to liberals and conservatives alike: At last there was science that seemed to support their politics. Feminists used the "shock the attractive lab assistant" model to crow that these sexually violent materials increased violence toward women. Liberals seized upon the finding that it was violence, not sex, that increased aggression.

Both of these assertions were nonsense. Watching violent material increased overall agitation or arousal, and that found its way into increased aggression. But other things produced the same effect. Loud noise "caused" the same increase in "violence toward women." Watching a movie of eye surgery had the same effect as watching a movie about bestiality.

Working out on an exercise bicycle in-

creased aggressive behavior. Humor increased aggressive behavior. In the lab, Brannigan pointed out the folly of trying to base laws on such flawed research: "Would we prevent jogging and issue noise bans on the pretext that this would make the world safer for women?"

And, of course, the government overlooked the evidence that certain factors (tropical heat, marijuana and mild erotica) reduced aggression against women. Should the government make it mandatory to smoke weed and look at girlie calendars?

The government had its own agenda.

THE SUPREME COURT ON SODOMY

Within a week of the release of the Meese Report, the Supreme Court betrayed the sexual revolution. In a series of landmark decisions throughout the Sixties and Seventies, the Court had upheld a right to privacy, defined succinctly as "the right to be let alone." Under that fundamental liberty, a man had the right to enjoy erotica in the home, men and women had the right to birth control, women had the right to determine when and whether to reproduce. "The makers of our Constitution undertook to secure conditions favorable to the pursuit of happiness," the Court had said. "They sought to protect Americans in their beliefs, their thoughts, their emotions and their sensations."

If a man were not free in his bedroom, in his most intimate affairs, then freedom was meaningless. Unfortunately, lawbooks were filled with statutes dating from the colonial era, blue laws that intruded into intimate relationships. The classic argument against reform was simple: The laws were symbolic and never enforced. Through the late Seventies and early Eighties a number of cases had come to light, indicating that the sex police were still active. PLAYBOY chronicled the exploits of Officer Green Knees, a

cop in Wauwatosa, Wisconsin who liked to crawl up to couples in parked cars. (The resulting stains on his uniform prompted the nickname.) In one summer, he made 16 arrests for "lewd and lascivious" conduct. When challenged over a verdict that threatened to send a couple to jail for having sex in a vacant house they had been hired to paint, the circuit court judge said he was drawing on the "law of Moses." The defense attorney tried to point out that "going to hell was one thing. Going to prison is quite another."

The Constitutional guarantee of the right to privacy was meaningless if it didn't protect behavior between consenting adults. Lower court judges had ruled in a consensual sodomy case that "the right of two individuals to choose what type of sexual conduct they will enjoy in private is just as personal, just as important, just as sensitive," as the decision "to engage in sex using a contraceptive to prevent unwanted pregnancy."

By 1989 some 25 states had overturned laws forbidding sodomy, that infamous crime against nature. Some thought it was time to free the remaining states.

On July 5, 1982 Atlanta police officer Keith Torrick saw Michael Hardwick leave a gay bar with a bottle of beer in his hand. He cited Hardwick for drinking in public. When Hardwick missed his court date (there was a mistake on the ticket), Torrick went hunting.

On August 3, Torrick entered Hardwick's house and, peering through a bedroom door, observed Hardwick engaged in "mutual oral sex" with another man. He arrested them for sodomy and, after allowing them to dress, handcuffed them and dragged them off to jail. The ACLU contacted Hardwick and asked if he would join a suit challenging the Georgia statute—which forbade both heterosexual and homosexual sodomy.

After hearing arguments, the Supreme Court straw-pollled and tallied five to four to overturn the statute. The majority included the champions of privacy—Justices William Brennan, Harry Blackmun, Thurgood Marshall, John Paul Stevens and Lewis Powell. Opposed were Justices Warren Burger, Byron White, William Rehnquist and Sandra Day O'Connor. But Lewis Powell, who said he had "never met a homosexual" and was quoted by a colleague as saying "I hate homos," changed his mind.

The confusion of the Court was evident in the number of separate opinions. Burger declared, "In Constitutional terms there is no such thing as a fundamental right to commit homosexual sodomy." In words that belonged more on Jerry Falwell's *Old-Time Gospel Hour* than in the nation's highest court, Burger thundered on: "Condemnation of those practices is firmly rooted in Judeo-Christian moral and ethical standards.



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Homosexual sodomy was a capital crime under Roman law." His loathing oozed through the brief. He cited those who called homosexuality "the infamous crime against nature" and "an offense of deeper malignity than rape."

For Burger, the crime "not fit to be named" was an act "the very mention of which is a disgrace to human nature." To uphold the practice of homosexual sodomy would "cast aside millennia of moral teaching."

Harry Blackmun penned a passionate dissent: "Depriving individuals of the right to choose for themselves how to conduct their intimate relationships poses a far greater threat to the values most deeply rooted in our nation's history than tolerance of nonconformity could ever do."

Justice White dismissed the right to privacy championed by the Court of the Sixties and Seventies: "None of the rights announced in those cases bear any resemblance to the claimed Constitutional right of homosexuals to engage in sodomy. No connection between family, marriage or procreation on the one hand and homosexual activity on the other has been demonstrated," and "to claim that a right to engage in such conduct is 'deeply rooted in this nation's history and tradition' or 'implicit in the concept of ordered liberty' is, at best, facetious."

Critics of the logic pointed out that the nation's tradition had tolerated slavery, that the past was not a prison. The issue was not that the Constitution granted a special right to homosexuals, but rather that they deserved the same rights as all Americans. Laurence Tribe, the law professor from Harvard who had argued the case, said the Court had missed the point. The question before the Court was "not what respondent Michael Hardwick was doing in the privacy of his own bedroom, but what the State of Georgia was doing there."

The New York Times called the decision "a gratuitous and petty ruling, an offense to American society's maturing standards of individual dignity."

Time produced "Sex Busters," a cover story linking the Meese Commission and the Supreme Court decision as the "new moral militancy."

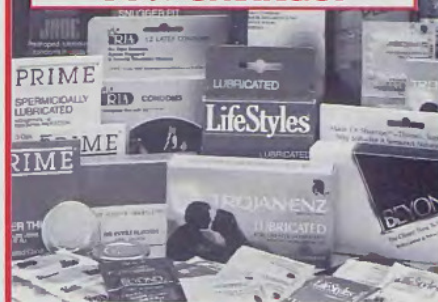
"If Jerry Falwell had a divine plan for America, then the Supreme Court's sodomy decision and the Meese Report would both be on his drawing board. Falwell views these two events as the trophies of the New Right's gradual rise to power."

Falwell announced that the Court decision was "a clarion call that enough is enough."

THE ARMY OF GOD

The Meese Commission had encouraged vigilante action by private citizens' groups. The call for direct action was an

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implicit support for anarchy. The new moral militancy would turn ugly.

In 1974, one year after *Roe vs. Wade*, some 7000 right-to-lifers marched on Washington, D.C. In 1981, 60,000 came, carrying signs that stated: WANTED FOR MURDER: FIVE MILLION MOTHERS AND THEIR DOCTORS.

The pro-lifers' crusade had moved in halting, frustrating waves. The courts had whittled down a woman's right to abortion, ruling first that Federal funds could not be used for the procedure. Religious zealots were offended that their tax money was going to the slaughter of innocents.

In June 1982 *The Playboy Forum* reported on a bizarre case in which an 18-year-old pregnant woman tried to obtain an abortion. The cost (\$1000) was beyond her means. No public funds would cover the operation. Distraught, she took a loaded .22 pistol and shot herself in the stomach. The court found her guilty, not of attempted suicide, but of illegal abortion. Abortion by bullet.

At the Federal level, conservative politicians drafted laws declaring that life began at conception. In Congress, Representative Bob Dornan (R-Cal.) invoked the Holocaust: "American citizens dying in their mothers' wombs have gone beyond the Herodian slaughter of the Hitler regime. And that's a conservative estimate. Only 30,000 were killed at Dachau. We kill 30,000 innocent citizens in their mothers' wombs every month!"

In April 1981 Representative Henry Hyde and Senator Jesse Helms proposed a congressional statute asserting that the fetus is a person. The Senate vote (47 to 46) was shy of the two thirds needed. An amendment proposed by Orrin Hatch, which would return control of abortion laws to the states (undercutting *Roe vs. Wade*), got 50 votes to 49, again short of the two thirds needed.

The religious right took its crusade outside the law. In 1982, three clinics were targets of bomb or arson attacks. A group calling itself the Army of God took credit for a Washington, D.C. clinic

bombing. The violence escalated. A man who torched four clinics in the Pacific Northwest claimed he acted "for the glory of God." Bombings struck more than 24 clinics in 1984. A lay minister, Michael Bray, and two confederates were charged with planting bombs at seven Washington, D.C. clinics in 1985.

When police arrested four people who bombed clinics in Pensacola, Florida on Christmas day, Kaye Wiggins said the bombings were "a gift to Jesus on his birthday."

Time reported Falwell's response to the bombings. He called for a "national day of mourning" on the 12th anniversary of *Roe vs. Wade* and a right-to-life march in which followers would wear black armbands "in remembrance" of all aborted babies.

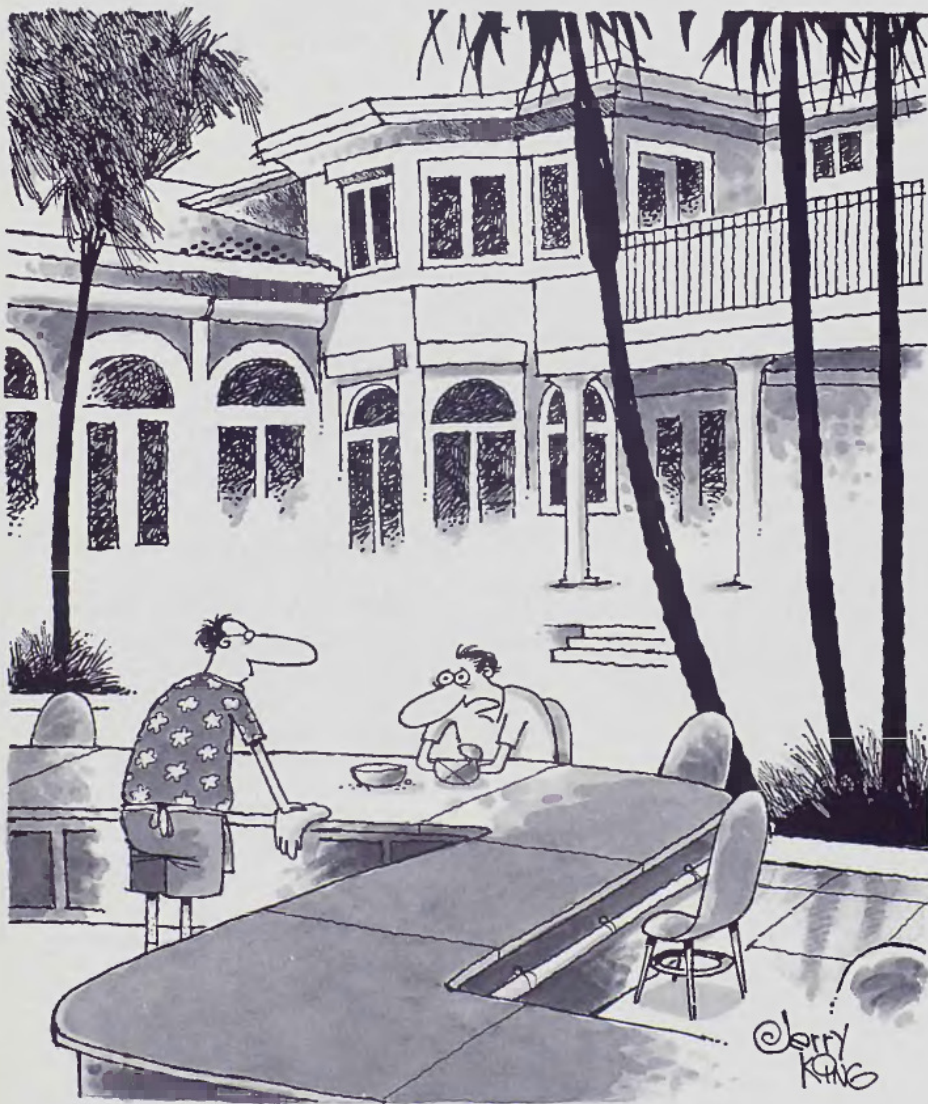
GOD SAVE THE CHILD

The child was the centerpiece of the decade's sexual hysteria. One can trace the roots of this panic to the end of the Seventies. In 1977 Dr. Judianne Densen-Gerber, the founder of Odyssey House, pulled a trunkful of child porn into a Congressional hearing. Having scoured adult bookstores, she claimed there were 264 kid porn magazines produced each month. She said as many as 1.2 million children were victims of kid porn and prostitution. Some, she claimed, were sold to produce snuff movies.

By 1980, she had "arbitrarily doubled" that number to 2.4 million. Sergeant Lloyd Martin testified that 30,000 children were victims of sexual exploitation in Los Angeles alone. He alerted the nation to the Rene Guyon Society, part of a "vast network of pedophiles" whose motto was Sex Before Eight, or Then It's Too Late. The press fanned the hysteria. *Ladies' Home Journal*, for example, titled its exposé "Innocence for Sale" and said the kiddie porn industry was "estimated at" between \$500 million and \$1 billion annually. Father Bruce Ritter told the *Journal*: "This sickness exists because a small segment of society wants it, another segment profits by it and the rest aren't doing anything about it. Maybe we don't know enough—or care enough."

There were real monsters out there. In 1981 Adam Walsh, a six-year-old in Florida, disappeared. His body was found in a field, the head severed. Concerned citizens launched a campaign that put the pictures of missing children on milk cartons and posters in toll-booths. The new experts claimed that 50,000 children were kidnapped every year. If the figure had been true, our schools would have soon been empty.

The religious right seized upon the statistics. Donald Wildmon sent out newsletters claiming, "Each year, 50,000 missing children are victims of pornography. Most are kidnapped, raped, abused, photographed and filmed for



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porno magazines and movies and finally, more often than not, murdered." In another fund-raising letter the figure had soared. "The latest craze in filth is now child pornography. Each year some 600,000 youngsters—some just babies—are kidnapped or seduced for pornographic magazine photos."

At the turn of the century, the white slave hysteria raged for years before a thoughtful journalist published the real news—there was no traffic in souls. Halfway through the decade, journalists began to question the inflammatory figures on kiddie porn. The FBI reported that it investigated a total of 68 abductions by strangers in 1985 and 69 the year before. Most of the 30,000 (not 1.5 million) children reported missing every year were runaways who returned

home within 24 hours. Most of the rest were taken by a parent during a custody dispute. FBI spokesman Bill Carter put it this way: "The high figures are impossible. More than 50,000 soldiers died in the Vietnam war. Almost everyone in America knows someone who was killed there. Do you know a child who has been abducted? That should tell you something."

The FBI conducted a 30-month investigation into child pornography. Agents simultaneously raided 60 warehouses where child porn was supposedly stored. There was none found. An independent three-year investigation by the Illinois Legislative Investigating Committee reached the same conclusion: "Neither child pornography nor child prostitution has ever represented a significant

portion of the porn industry."

A study of Federal arrest records revealed this:

"Between January 1, 1978 and May 21, 1984, only 67 defendants were indicted under all the Federal statutes covering the creation, importation, mailing, production, receipt and exchange of child pornography. Many of those 67 were guilty only of buying one or two child pornography magazines or films from Europe for personal viewing. Since May 1984, around 600 defendants nationwide have been indicted on child-porn related crimes. It must be stressed that the increase in child pornography indictments—61 in 1984, 126 in 1985, 147 in 1986 and 247 in 1987—was not a result of better law enforcement or a rise in child pornography crimes. Instead, it is wholly attributable to the mass marketing of child pornography by U.S. Customs and the U.S. Postal Service. Anyone looking for a child-porn underground will find only a vast network of postal inspectors and police agents."

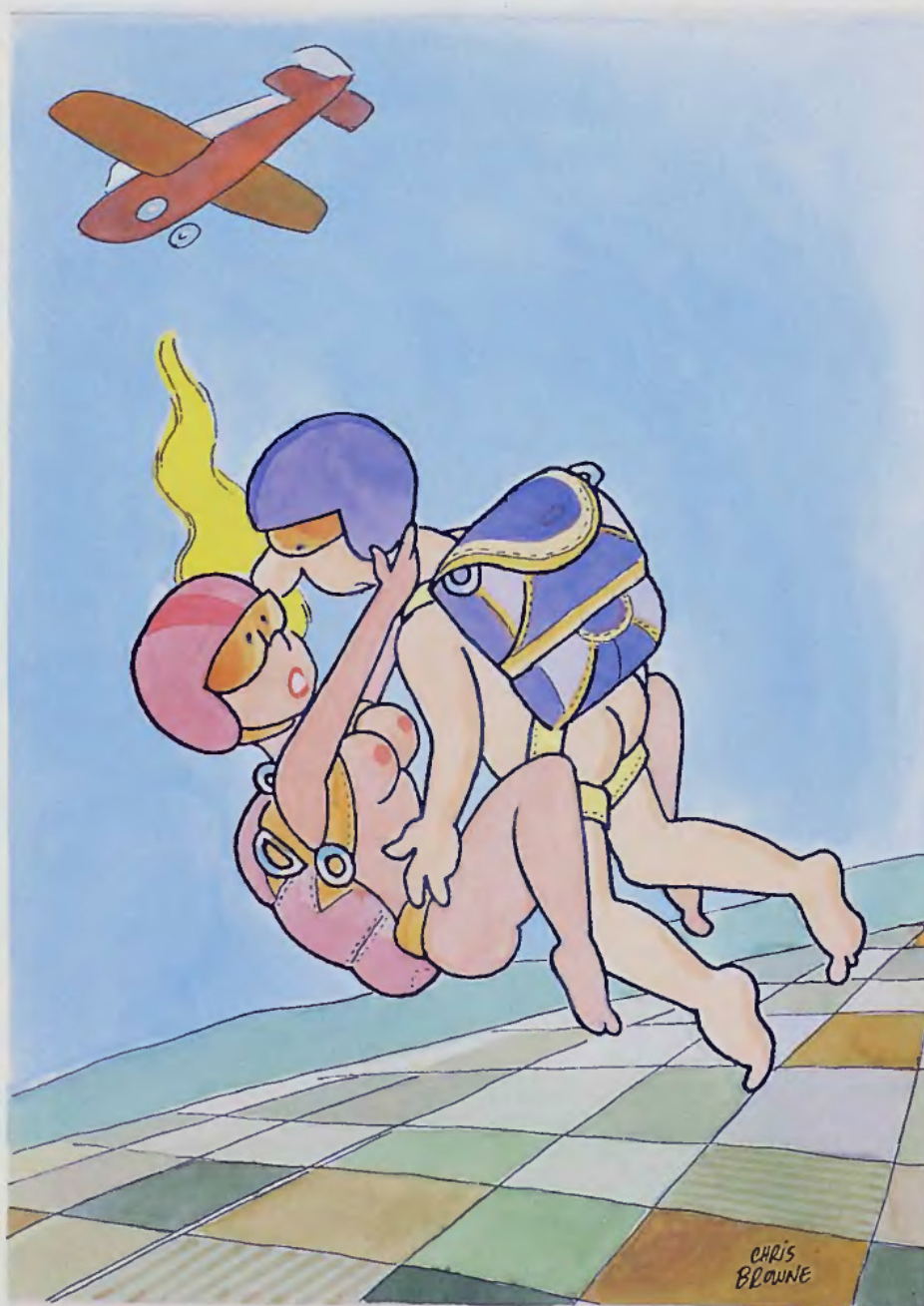
The legions of missing children haunted and twisted the American psyche. In 1980 Michelle Smith and her psychiatrist, Dr. Lawrence Pazder, co-authored *Michelle Remembers*, a supposedly true account of satanic ritual abuse. The popular book pitted an innocent Christian girl against a satanic cult, whose members abused her, raping and sodomizing her with candles. They also sacrificed babies and butchered adults. The experience had been so traumatic that Smith had repressed the memories for more than 20 years. The horror was exposed during therapy, in the form of "recovered memories."

The FBI investigated the evidence in more than 300 alleged crimes by organized cults and found no satanic cults. Michelle may have glimpsed hell, but it could not be found on earth.

In 1988 Ellen Bass and Laura Davis created *The Courage to Heal*—what became known as the bible of the recovered-memory movement. The authors claimed that one third of American women had been abused as children. According to Bass and Davis, some girls forgot the experience in order to survive, others created multiple personalities. Within a decade, an estimated 40,000 patients would be diagnosed with multiple personality disorder.

Survivors of abuse turned up on *Donahue*, *The Larry King Show* and *The Oprah Winfrey Show*. Celebrities such as Roseanne and LaToya Jackson came forward to chronicle past abuse. Gloria Steinem rallied around the movement. (Not only were women victims of inequality, they had been abused! Trauma dragged through a woman's life like an evil anchor. It seemed to fit.)

No one pointed out that the recovered memories all seemed to stem from a distant past—the very time when the



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sexual revolution took off. The symptoms were those of mass hysteria, not isolated disease. If you doubted such claims you were the enemy and possibly an abuser yourself.

It was only a matter of time before the hysteria claimed new victims. The call to arms was simple: Believe.

THE MCMARTIN WITCH-HUNT

The story broke on February 2, 1984. A TV reporter in California sat in front of a large graphic of a mangled teddy bear and said that more than 60 children, "some of them as young as two years of age, who were enrolled in the McMartin Preschool in Manhattan Beach have now each told authorities that he or she had been keeping a grotesque secret of being sexually abused and made to appear in pornographic films while in the preschool's care—and of having been forced to witness the mutilation and killing of animals to scare the kids into staying silent."

Less than a year earlier, a distraught mother called the Manhattan Beach police. She'd noticed blood on her two-and-a-half-year-old son's anus, she said. Her son had said something about a man named Ray at his nursery school. When police investigated, they could not get the boy to talk to them at all. But the mother, an alcoholic and paranoid schizophrenic, continued to talk. She told the police that Ray Buckey, an employee at McMartin, had sodomized her son while he stuck the boy's head in a toilet, that he had worn a mask and a cape, that he had made her son ride naked on a horse, and had molested him while dressed as a cop, a fireman, a clown and Santa Claus. She claimed that McMartin teachers had jabbed scissors into her son's eyes and staples into his ears, nipples and tongue, and that Buckey "pricked [her son's] right finger and put it in a goat's anus and [that Buckey's mother] killed a baby and made the boy drink the blood." She charged that the three women at McMartin were witches who had buried her son in a coffin, that her son had watched a ritual in which one of the teachers had killed a real baby.

The police arrested Ray Buckey on September 7, 1983. Searching his house, they found two issues of PLAYBOY, a camera and a graduation robe. No video cameras, no porn films, no pictures of children.

The police sent a letter to 200 parents of McMartin preschoolers, indicating that Buckey was a suspect. "Please question your child to see if he or she has been a witness to any crime or if he or she had been a victim. Our investigation indicates possible criminal acts include oral sex, fondling of genitals, buttocks or chest area, and sodomy, possibly under the pretense of taking the child's temperature. Any information from your child is important."

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ON THE SCENE

Page 175: "The Wetter the Better": Hair-and-body washes: *Estée Lauder*, 888-731-6024. *American Crew*, 800-598-2739. *Calvin Klein Cosmetics*, from *Bloomingdale's*, 800-555-7467. *Ralph Lauren Fragrances*, 800-422-2360. *Aramis*, 212-756-4801. Radio by *Sony*, 800-222-7669. Mirror by *Shower Tek*, 800-776-6364. Shaver by *Panasonic*, 800-338-0552. Shower massagers by *Waxman*, 800-531-3342.

In *McMartin: Anatomy of a Witch-Hunt*, *PLAYBOY* reported: "Not one parent reported abuse. Not one child disclosed anything suspicious."

Prosecutors referred parents to the Children's Institute International, an agency that cares for abused and neglected children. The *McMartin* parents who took their children to the institute initially did not believe they had been abused, and none of the children had indicated they had been abused. But suspicion flowed into concern, then panic.

By mid-1984 the CII had questioned 400 children. It filed reports indicating that 369 had been abused. The parents began to believe.

Rewarded for inventing stories, the children talked of underground tunnels, digging up coffins, of having sex at a car wash. "The children identified community leaders, gas station attendants and store clerks as molesters," noted *PLAYBOY*. "They picked the pictures of the chief councilman of Los Angeles and actor Chuck Norris out of a stack of pictures as being abusers."

District Attorney Robert Philibosian brought charges against seven adults who worked at the school. Basing his case solely on the CII interviews, he filed 208 charges involving 42 children. He jailed Ray Buckey and his mother.

The pretrial maneuvering generated a media frenzy. Philibosian claimed that the "primary purpose of the *McMartin* Preschool was to solicit young children to commit lewd conduct with the proprietors of the school and also to procure young children for pornographic purposes." The DA's office claimed "millions of child pornography photographs and films" existed.

Despite an extensive investigation by the FBI, the U.S. Customs Service and Interpol, and despite the parents' offer of a reward of \$25,000 for a photo, no picture of a *McMartin* child was ever found. No videotape or film turned up. Nothing.

The trial lasted 28 months—the longest such proceeding in American history. It cost an estimated \$16 million.

A juror who watched the taped interviews saw immediately that the horror existed in the minds of the interviewers, not in the children. Social workers had brainwashed the supposed victims, planting ideas, rewarding fantasies. In the end Peggy Buckey was acquitted. Ray Buckey was found not guilty on 52 of 65 counts (the jury was hung on the rest of the charges).

We had believed and innocents had suffered. The *McMartin* tragedy was repeated at school after school across the country. Papers continued to fan the flames through the decade, with headlines such as MOMMY, DON'T LEAVE ME HERE! THE DAY CARE THAT PARENTS DON'T SEE and WHEN CHILD CARE BECOMES CHILD MOLESTING: IT HAPPENS MORE OFTEN THAN PARENTS

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LIKE TO THINK.

In *Backlash: The Undeclared War Against American Women*, Susan Faludi argues that the hysteria seemed to burn along party lines, centering on the favorite targets of the New Right. The witch-hunt obscured the true abuse. "In 1985," she writes, "there were nearly 100,000 reported cases of children sexually abused by family members (mostly fathers, step-fathers or older brothers), compared with about 1300 cases in day care."

Those who fanned the flames soon became engulfed in scandals of their own. A box in *The Playboy Forum* pointed out the hypocrisy of Donald Wildmon's newsletter: "Average number of soft-porn readers who commit violent crimes and are reported in the *AFA Journal* each month: 3. Number of ministers currently facing sexual child abuse charges in America: 200. Number of ministers accused of sexual child abuse who are reported in the *AFA Journal* each month: 0."

Jim Bakker, televangelist superstar and head of the Praise the Lord ministry, confessed to "one afternoon of sin in 1980" with Jessica Hahn, a 21-year-old church secretary. He had been caught using church collections to pay her hush money. The Reverend Jimmy Swaggart, another televangelist who railed against sex, claimed the Bakker scandal was a "cancer that needed to be excised from the body of Christ." Swaggart would soon find himself in disgrace, when he was caught visiting prostitutes in Louisiana.

Father Bruce Ritter, a moral conscience of the Meese Commission, was forced to resign when four former residents came forward to say he had molested them when they were in his care at Covenant House. Ritter traded sex for favors, paying his favorite kids out of church funds.

Charles Keating, the self-appointed protector of decency, tottered toward self-destruction. At the annual Children's Ball that he staged at his Phoenixian Resort in Arizona, he told "sad stories about depravity against children" and raised money for moral mercenaries like Alan Sears (hired fresh from the Meese Commission) and Bruce Taylor. He used other people's money (from the teetering Lincoln Savings and Loan) to help the soon-to-be-disgraced Ritter buy a Times Square hotel for runaway children. Keating surrounded himself with attractive, large-breasted women, handing out bonuses that would pay for breast implants, dresses and jewelry, and prepared to fight the government lawyers who accused him of stealing millions.

Those most opposed to the sexual revolution would themselves reap the whirlwind.



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never once looked in his hero's direction. He couldn't handle returning that gaze. But De Niro loved *Tale* so much that he bought the rights for his production company, Tribeca Films, for \$1.5 million and played the bus-driving father in the movie. He also made his debut as a director.

After the film came out, Palminteri was Hollywood's flavor of the month: Italian ice. He was so cool that Woody Allen hired him to ice Jennifer Tilly in *Bullets Over Broadway*. "Chazz Palminteri was born to play this part," Allen said of "Cheech," the film's poetical goon. When Palminteri, like Cheech, suggested ways to improve the script, Allen listened. Several of his lines made the shooting script.

Next thing you know, Palminteri had an Oscar nomination for *Bullets*. Soon he was Oscar winner Kevin Spacey's foil in *The Usual Suspects* and Sharon Stone's leading man in *Diabolique*. Along the way he ditched his old Honda and bought a shiny black BMW 750, the car he had dreamed of ever since he heard that's what Tom Cruise drove.

All the while Palminteri has been watching, waiting, saving things up, filling but never forgetting. "I have these X-ray eyes," he says. "Maybe it comes from the street, where you have to see through all the scams you encounter. 'Is this guy cool? Is he bullshitting me? What is he out to get?' You ask yourself these sorts of things. You watch

Woody Allen learned how closely he was being watched one day when Palminteri asked about shooting multiple angles of a scene. That way, a director can cover himself; if one shot doesn't work, he has two or three others to choose from. Allen never did it that way. He said he could make one shot count.

"But even Hitchcock shot coverage," Palminteri said.

Thus spake the cerebral thug, who plans to cover his butt when he follows fellow actors Allen and De Niro to the director's chair. That will be on *The Wanderer*, a film bio of the singer Dion, another guy from Chazz' old neighborhood. Before that, though, he'll make his debut as a dog. Palminteri provides the voice of Buster, the top dog in *Lady and the Tramp II*. His is also the voice of Red, the top cat in the animated *Stuart Little*. "I get only top roles now," he jokes. Why do cartoons? "I had to do something my little boy could see."

The rest of the world has seen Palminteri this year as Phil, the doomed actor in *Hurlyburly*. Like the pre-*Bronx Tale* Chazz, Phil gripes constantly about the career-making movie parts he's about to get. Palminteri thought he had landed the role of his life in *Pretty Woman*, but director Garry Marshall cast weenie Jason Alexander instead. Palminteri would wait four more years before becoming a self-made star. Now he follows *Hurlyburly* with *Analyze This*.

There's a backstory to that, too.

Nine years ago, when *A Bronx Tale* was

a theatrical hit Palminteri made his first visit to a psychiatrist.

"So what's bothering you?" asked shrink-to-the-stars Phil Stutz.

"Nothing. But I'm about to get famous." Palminteri worried that success might soften him. With Stutz, the movie tough guy plumbed his sensitive soul and found—

Peace? No, peace is kryptonite to such a man. What Palminteri found by saying "Analyze me" was that he was made to spar, to get stronger with each one of life's fights until he was ready to take on the heavyweights—fate, love and death.

At least that's what he told himself when he got cancer.

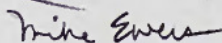
Ambling around his big white house, the 6'3" Palminteri shadows his three-foot son, named for the Florentine poet who saw hell and told the tale. Two years ago, Dante's dad was told that he had throat cancer. Surgeons at UCLA excised the cancer, and today the actor's prognosis is good. "I'm probably in the clear," he says, tapping his knuckles on the dining table. Still, he shivers thinking of the nights before he knew he would survive, when he would watch his boy sleeping and involuntarily touch his own throat, feeling for the seeds of death inside.

"That changes you," he says. Now you think he might weep again. Instead, he looks suddenly fierce. "I pray a lot, and I read," he says. "Do you know the philosopher Rudolph Steiner? He writes that experience is the best teacher. Wearing the skin of the dragon, he calls it. That means you've seen the darkness. And I have. I was in a band. I got high. I fooled around with women. Now I've even had cancer, and I bargained like crazy with the Big Guy about it. 'Don't cash in my chips,' I prayed. 'Not yet.' And in all that, I think I figured out a little something. Which is, if you have a gift—acting, fighting, whatever it is—you have to fulfill it. If you don't, you're smacking God in the face. Now, does that mean you're exempt from tragedy if you live a good life? No. Life brings things on. It's how you react that matters. If you get hit with a left hook and go down, you got to get up. And that's the beauty of life. When Job got banged around, he never once cursed God. He kept getting up, and he was rewarded. He even got his family back.

"We all want immediate gratification. 'I want that girl, that money, that suit, that car, that fame, that Oscar.' But that's all about pleasure, not happiness. Pleasure you can grab," he says, making a fist, "but it doesn't last. Happiness——"

Touching his throat, watching Dante zip by on an electric mini motorcycle.

"Takes longer."



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SEX & MARRIAGE

(continued from page 97)

think their husbands enjoy giving oral sex; fewer than half of the husbands think their wives take any pleasure in going down on them.

One of the intriguing aspects of the Starr report was the disclosure that President Clinton frequently received oral sex without reaching orgasm. He had his reasons—he didn't want to overcommit himself. Without such restrictions, two thirds of our husbands always or often reach orgasm from oral sex, and nearly half of the women always or often climax from it.

And in an almost unanimous difference of opinion with the president, most men and women said oral sex is sex.

We wanted to measure people's yearning—the secret world of oral sex. For years sociologists viewed masturbation as a substitute for intercourse. They may have been wrong: Sixty percent of the husbands we surveyed masturbate; 40 percent of the wives do. Of these, the vast majority fantasize about oral sex (70 percent of the men, 65 percent of the women).

Women with kids are roughly twice as likely to fantasize about oral sex as women without them. Call it the rugrat effect. Not surprisingly, the arrival of kids has a measurable effect on every aspect of sex. Sixty-five percent of the dads and 54 percent of the moms said their sex lives have changed. Couples without kids have markedly more intercourse and oral sex than parents do.

Does parenting affect a man's desire for oral sex? Not likely. But is there an assumption that the arrival of kids means the subject is off the table? It would seem so. Men with kids are half as likely to want oral sex on a daily basis as

men without (33 percent compared with 63 percent). They are half as likely to think their spouse enjoys giving head (33 percent versus 60 percent). They are much less likely to have oral sex all the way to orgasm (48 percent of the dads come nearly every time; 79 percent of the nondads do).

Married dads are twice as likely as married nondads to have had affairs. We wondered if the husbands and wives who stray behave differently with their paramours than with their spouses. It was a toss-up. Some 28 percent of the men and 22 percent of the women said they have more oral sex with their lovers; 22 percent of the men and 20 percent of the women said they don't behave differently.

Do men have affairs to get blow jobs? It might be useful to step away from the stats and get a different perspective. In an article about infidelity called *Cheating Hearts* (PLAYBOY, October 1993), author Lori Weiss covered this subject. Her article does not describe the universe of all men, as this survey does. She interviewed men who had already cheated. But her report sheds light on why some men cheat:

Q: Are there things that you'd ask a girlfriend to do sexually that you would not ask a wife to do?

A: No, but I think there are things a girlfriend is more willing to do.

Q: Like what?

A: Oral sex. Every married man I've talked to said the blow jobs stopped on the wedding night.

Another example:

Q: What else do you get from these young girls that you don't get at home?

A: Oral sex.

Q: Your wife won't do that with you?

A: No.

Q: Why not?

A: She doesn't like to do it. And if she is going to do it, she has to get herself mentally prepared.

As we mentioned, we also did an online survey. Social scientists might argue that a survey of visitors to the Playboy site has a bias, that the sample isn't random. For example, visitors to the site are likely to be more interested in sex than a random sample of men would be. However, there may be offsetting virtues—the geography on the site is truly random, the men who visit represent a surprisingly good cross section of the male population. Curiously, the online sample included far more dads than our random sample. In any case, the results look convincingly similar to the more scientific results you've already read. Terri Carroll-Bunofsky, an experienced researcher who supervised both surveys, gave us these highlights from the online responses.

- On average, respondents have sex 97 times a year (about twice a week).

- The longer they have been married, the less sex they have. But sex seems to revive after 20 years of marriage.

- Married guys with kids have sex 1.6 times a week versus 2.4 times a week for married guys without kids.

- Guys get oral sex less than once a week, on average. (This is significantly different from the preceding survey.)

- Guys married one to five years, and those without kids, get the most oral sex.

- Guys married six to ten years get the least.

- Guys would like to get oral sex about 3.5 times a week. The longer they are married, the less they want it (or maybe they've learned to do without).

- Forty percent of the men don't think their spouse enjoys performing oral sex.

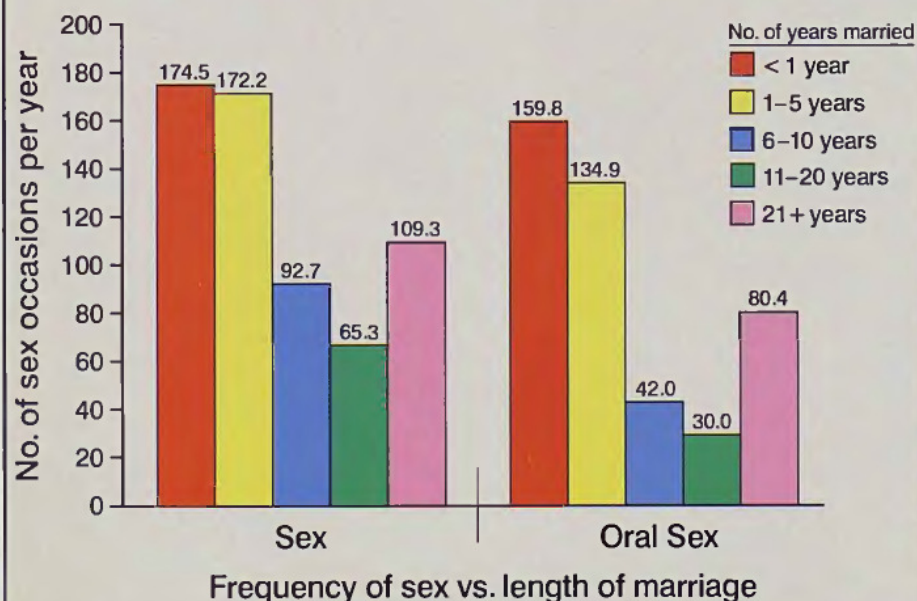
- Forty percent said they received more oral sex from their spouse before marriage.

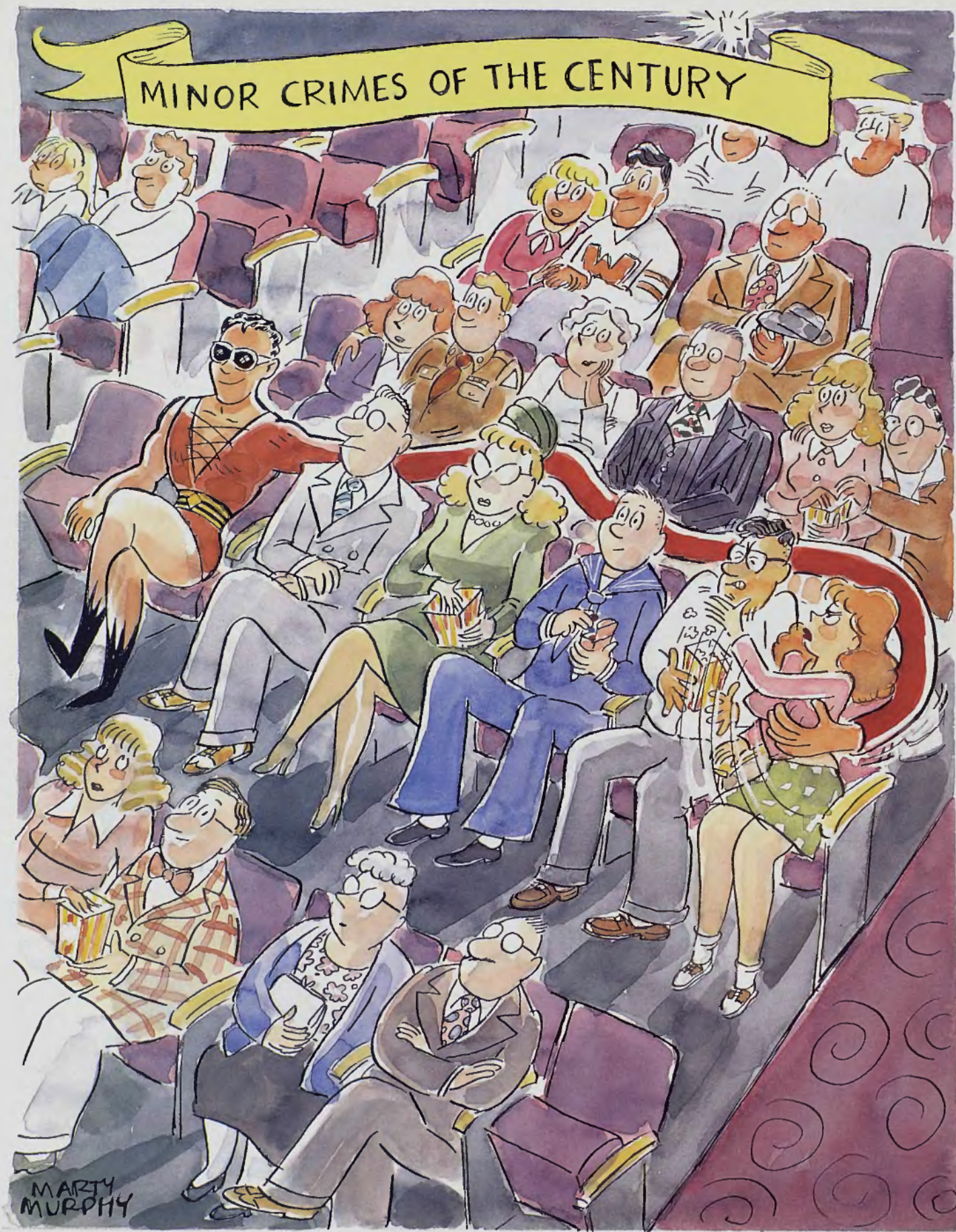
- About two thirds of the men who replied have kids. Seventy-six percent said their sex life changed afterward.

In sum, marriage decreases sex—especially oral sex—to a degree. But it's the arrival of kids that takes the head out of your sex life. Kids have such a dampening effect on married sex life that one of the fascinating findings from the mall-intercept survey is that married sex heats up again when the kids leave the house. The remarkable chart (left) shows that couples who stay together longer than 21 years have more sex than couples married from six to 20 years. The survey suggests that there is a dangerous time in a marriage, when men start stepping out. If we were a women's magazine, we'd advise our female readers to add an item to the weekly list. Schedule a start-to-finish blow job for your husband once or twice a week. That might keep him in the house.

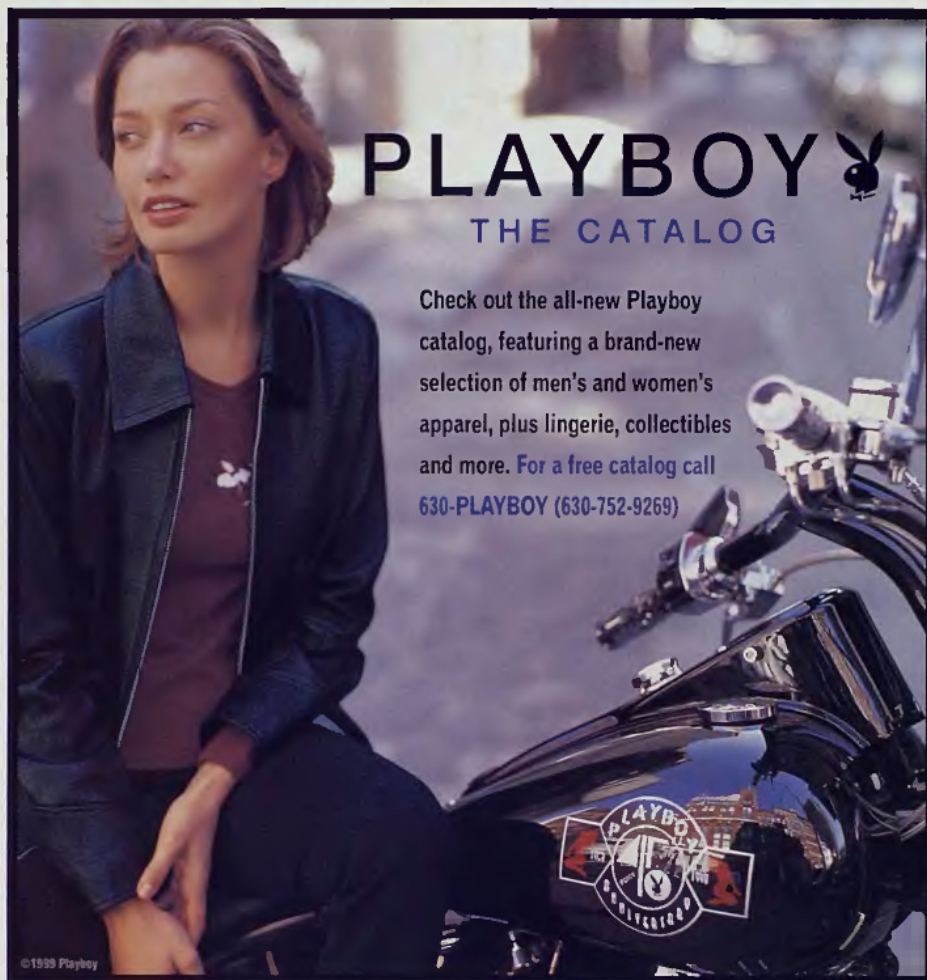


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NICK NOLTE

(continued from page 66)

to make more to feel any kind of security, and there's never enough to take away the essential insecurity of life. Same thing with recognition. Then there's the Nick who wants to let go of all that.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever felt a kind of nameless dread?

NOLTE: Yeah, it's a vague feeling, coming from an archaic criminal background, some kind of crime or bestial kind of darkness that I don't want to face. It's in my nightmares, in my daydreams, in my thoughts if I'm quick enough to catch it. You want to walk around the world feeling good, you don't want to feel pain or fear—and all the work that goes into that side leaves this big monster that haunts you. That's what I get.

PLAYBOY: What's the dark side of the American dream?

NOLTE: Success and achievement. That is what will bring America down.

PLAYBOY: Ever achieve any success on the golf course?

NOLTE: I haven't played golf in five years. Last time I played I had a 54" driver with a psychedelic green shaft, and somebody took it. It was fun to hit with. The idea was to see how far away I could get from the ball and still make contact.

PLAYBOY: What's the farthest you've ever hit a golf ball?

NOLTE: 350 yards.

PLAYBOY: When we began you warned us that you often make up stories. How much of our conversation have you invented?

NOLTE: A large part of it! I've been far too serious, and any time I'm too serious it's got to be full of shit. Now I don't know when specifically, so I can't say I've looked you in the eye and lied to you. I haven't done that. I just know that some of the things I've said are part fact, part imagination, part hope, part desire, part life. What I've told you is an interpretation that, psychologically, I'm probably feeling comfortable with right now. Reality is an evolving thing. There's a great desire in man to achieve some kind of certainty, and that's where all the illusion comes from. There's a great desire in me to feel permanence and certainty, and that's where I get in trouble, that's where I get serious. It's disconcerting. I've had some journalists get real pissed off about it. But the fact is, nobody tells the truth.

PLAYBOY: Not even before God?

NOLTE: I have difficulty with God and with beliefs. You have to ask the question, If God created man in his own image, what kind of an image is God?

PLAYBOY: If there is a God, what do you hope he overlooks about you?

NOLTE: I hope God would overlook that he made me in his image, because he sure fucked up.



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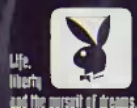
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David Schwimmer

(continued from page 139)

of pictures of me, naked. Though we were happy together, something told me to dis-
pose of the film, and I did. Eight years ago
I was thinking, One day I want to be an
actor. I don't want photos turning up.

8

PLAYBOY: When is it best not to have
video mementos of one's love?

SCHWIMMER: I think it's best not to video-
tape yourself steering a boat with your
genitalia. If you want any serious consid-
eration as an actor, that may hamper it,
though in certain cases it may not. It
may even elicit more interest in you.

9

PLAYBOY: What combination of the
Friends cast would create a well-adjusted
human being?

SCHWIMMER: The toughest would be find-
ing the best trait for myself. The others
are easy: Matt Perry's sense of humor,
Matt LeBlanc's big heart—I was going to
say big heart for all of them. Courteney's
old-fashioned common sense and hon-
esty. Lisa's basic intelligence. Jennifer's
generosity. And I guess my loyalty.

10

PLAYBOY: What plotlines will never be ex-
plored on *Friends*?

SCHWIMMER: Three guys in the sack. The
one in which Ross and Monica do the
unspoken deed. The one in which Ross
kills someone.

11

PLAYBOY: We understand you're a poker
player. Are you a good bluffer?

SCHWIMMER: It's easier to bluff when
you're playing with friends. You get to
know who you can bluff and who you
can't. Strangers are tougher. I've played
only once in Vegas with strangers, and I
don't think I was that great.

12

PLAYBOY: Give us some telltale signs
of tells.

SCHWIMMER: There's a guy I play with
sometimes who suddenly gets incredibly
serious. He doesn't laugh with everyone
else when he's got the hand. He's very
quiet, waiting for play. He thinks he's
bluffing by not raising, thinking he's go-
ing to bag it at the end. But I know he's
not bluffing, because he's quiet, he's not
raising, and I fold unless I know I can
take him down.

13

PLAYBOY: If you needed quick cash, who
would be at your poker table?

SCHWIMMER: If I could get them, the girls
on the show.

14

PLAYBOY: Your agent gives you a script
about a schlub who has a series of erotic
adventures with a lot of gorgeous wom-
en before finding his true love. Name
the actresses you'd cast and the actress
you'd wind up with. By the way, there's a
lot of nudity in this film.

SCHWIMMER: I'd probably have to en-
counter Helena Bonham-Carter, Audrey
Hepburn, Sophia Loren, Shirley Mac-
Laine. Winona Ryder, of course. I think
at one time I would have said Holly
Hunter. Maria Grazia Cucinotta, the ac-
tress from *Il Postino*. And Maria Conchi-
ta Alonso. I would probably end up
with her.

15

PLAYBOY: In one episode of *Friends*, Ra-
chel thinks Ross has suffered a prema-
ture ejaculation in a museum. Have you
found most women to be as forgiving as
she was?

SCHWIMMER: I wouldn't know about that.
I'm a lucky man.

16

PLAYBOY: You're in bed and see some-
thing for the first time you don't like.
What do you do?

SCHWIMMER: I remind her that I have to
be up very early and excuse myself.

17

PLAYBOY: Do *Friends* fuck friends?

SCHWIMMER: You're not talking about the
show, right? I've never crossed that line.
I know right away if I'm physically at-
tracted to someone. Rarely have I been
good friends with someone and then at
some later point found her suddenly
physically attractive enough to sleep
with her. So my answer is no. I guess I
operate on a primitive kind of behav-
ior—I either want to grab on and not let
go for quite a while, or it's just not there.

18

PLAYBOY: What sorts of scripts should
your agent look out for?

SCHWIMMER: Anything but black comed-
ies or anything with a really low bud-
get. I've done that. I don't have any in-
terest in big broad comedy. I like more
sophisticated comedies, character-driv-
en movies, dramas, action movies, sus-
pense. I'm up for anything. My agent of
ten years knows pretty much what I like.

19

PLAYBOY: We understand the entertain-
ment value of female bisexuality in films.
Why do you suppose male bisexuality
never caught on?

SCHWIMMER: No clue. I've only watched
heterosexual adult films. I don't under-
stand guys who are bisexual—it's a mys-
tery to me because I don't know any. I
knew some guys who were straight once
and are now homosexual, but I don't
know any guys who are bi. To each his
own, I guess. I can't imagine. All I can
think of is watching a guy and a girl to-
gether and getting turned on, then sud-
denly another guy enters the room. Oh,
OK, shut that off. Not even fast-forward.
Switch to *Letterman*.

20

PLAYBOY: In the moments after sex, what
should a man say?

SCHWIMMER: Uncuff me.



"And if it turns out none of these
others does the trick, you can always say bye-bye with
a bottleful of these babies!"

PLAYMATE NEWS



PAJAMARAMA

We'll let you in on a secret: Sleepwear makes only a cameo appearance in *Playboy's Playmate Pajama Party*. The 55-minute video, which is on sale now, follows a dozen Centerfolds (Heather Kozar, Jaime Bergman, Deanna Brooks, Elisa Bridges, Jennifer Allan, Stacy Sanches, Layla Roberts, Vanessa Glea-



Top: Miss January 1998 Heather Kozar takes it off during a titillating billiards game. Bottom: Heather tries to distract Miss July 1998 Lisa Dergan during a heated tennis match. Was the score love to love?

son, Stacy Fuson, Alexandria Karlsen, Lisa Dergan and Laura Cover) as they spend a day exploring Playboy Mansion West and its grounds. After arriving at the manse by limousine they start off with a champagne toast,



Above: Is that a five-card flesh? Deanna Brooks and Elisa Bridges practice their strip poker faces. Right: Jaime Bergman without comment.

then take advantage of every fabled inch of Hugh Hefner's fantasyland. They play strip poker in the game room, serve up a coquettish match of tennis, engage in poolside backgammon and lather up one another in the

cave shower. How does the Playmates' evening end? With a pillow fight, of course, during which both feathers and lingerie fly.

45TH ANNIVERSARY BASH



Our hats go off to the Playmates and model Rashumba, the girls with the most cake.

It's not every day you see Olympic gold medalist Katarina Witt, fashion designer Thierry Mugler, film director Michael Bay and Donald Trump sharing space in the same restaurant. But these diverse bigwigs united to celebrate *PLAYBOY's* 45th Anniversary. While bunny-costumed Playmates Heather Kozar and Daphnee Duplaix made their way through the doors of Ivy on New York City's Upper West Side, model Roshumba chatted with Lisa Dergan and Victoria Zdrok, who were dressed as Bond girls. Elsewhere, 007 writer Raymond Benson and members of the New York Jets

25 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

It was April 1974. Roald Dahl contributed *The Great Switcheroo*, Donald Hall celebrated the opening of baseball season in *Fathers Playing Catch With Sons* and in a joint *Playboy Interview* with her then-husband Tom Hayden, Jane Fonda revealed why she'd been pissed at us for years. But the issue's big-ticket item was Centerfold Marlene Morrow. Having modeled for two years in London before appearing in *PLAYBOY*, Marlene was already a pro. "If someone tells me to look sexy with a string of pearls," she said at the time, "I know exactly how to do it." And she did.

Marlene Morrow



compared offensive strategies, while *Playboy's* 45th Anniversary Playmate Jaime Bergman turned heads in a slinky beige gown. When the action at Ivy died down, late-night revelers headed to the popular Manhattan nightclub Life.

VETERANS DAY

Playmates volunteered for a good cause coast to coast. On November 11, 1998 Karen McDougal and Jo Collins turned Veterans Day into a dream come true for hundreds of men at Brooklyn's VA hospital. For hours, the Playmates made their rounds, passing out autographed photos and posing for pictures with the veterans. Meanwhile, in Los Angeles, Miss September 1985 Venice Kong, Miss November 1957 Marlene Calahan, Miss February 1968 Nancy Harwood, Miss September 1977 Debra Jo Fendren and Miss May 1998 Deanna Brooks joined forces in a festive Veterans Day parade that was sponsored by the West Los Angeles Medical Center.



"One of the highlights of being Playmate of the Year is visiting the veterans," says PMOY 1998 Karen McDougal (above). "It's wonderful to make them happy." Inset right: PMOY 1965 Jo Collins with a Brooklyn vet.

My
Favorite Playmate
By
Steve Dahl



When I close my eyes and visualize the Playmates with whom I've had fantasy relationships over the years, I see them as a collection of fine thoroughbreds. PMOY 1982 Shannon Tweed instantly comes to mind. Playmates



such as Shannon have given men like myself a chance to see the Creator's art at the peak of its form. Here's to next month, when another example of perfection is added to the stable.

SHOW AND TELL



Miss July 1974 Carol Vitale, a cross between Veronica Lake and Joan Rivers, has established herself as a TV star. Her offbeat, addictive chatfest, *The Carol Vitale Show*, which debuted in 1989, gives viewers VIP access to such events as the Oscars. "I've interviewed thousands of celebrities," says Carol, who doubles as the show's executive producer. "My favorite guest was, of course, Hugh Hefner." For more information, visit carolvitale.com.

PRICELESS MOMENTS

"After the last PMOY luncheon, where the Mir station astronauts were introduced by Hef, Jonnie Nicely and I were riding the bus back to our car. The only other people on the bus were these distinguished-looking gentlemen seated in the rear. I said to



PLAYMATE NEWS

Jonnie, 'I would have loved to meet the astronauts.' We heard a chuckle from behind us and someone said, 'We are the astronauts!' What a delight. Jonnie and I had them all to ourselves.

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS — APRIL

April 4: Miss August 1986
Ava Fabian
April 11: Miss August 1962
Jan Roberts
April 13: Miss August 1978
Vicki Witt
April 16: Miss April 1959
Nancy Crawford
April 30: Miss May 1998
Deanna Brooks

We chatted and took pictures in the parking lot. We are still corresponding with them." —CYNTHIA MYERS

QUOTE UNQUOTE

Ally McBeal didn't invent the beautiful, brainy lawyer. At the age of 16, Victoria Zdrok became the first Ukrainian student permitted to study in the U.S. She whipped through high school and college in two years and now works as an attorney, model and actor in Manhattan. We telephoned the genetically blessed Miss October 1994.



Q: Has America lived up to your expectations?

A: It's all that and a lot more. When I stepped off the plane from Russia, I was amazed at how often Americans smile. When I walked into a grocery store, I cried. I'd never seen such abundance.

Q: When was the last time you visited your home country?

A: In 1994, with *PLAYBOY*, for a fashion show at the Kremlin.

Q: What were the highs of 1998?

A: There were so many. I started my own website—www.planetvictoria.com. It's sexy and intellectual. The mind is one's most erotic tool.

Q: Do other lawyers take you less seriously because you're beautiful?

A: Maybe at first. But once I start talking and doing my job well, I prove them wrong.

Q: What book has had the biggest effect on your life?

A: *How to Argue and Win Every Time* by Gerry Spence. It teaches you how to have the self-confidence to project your point of view.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Have you bought your special 20th-anniversary edition of *National Lampoon's Animal House*? The new edition of the 1978 movie, which features Martha Smith as Babs Jansen, includes bonus interviews and behind-the-scenes footage and is available in stores now. . . . Miss July 1967 Heather Ryan has a new nickname: Miss Rambo. The wildlife biologist works with mountain lions, wolves and



Do you know who's who?

bears and trains people in wilderness survival. . . . Dahm triplets Erica, Jaclyn and Nicole appear in ads for Japan's 24-Hour Fitness clubs. They were also featured in a profile for Japan's Nippon Television. . . . Who knew? Antiglamour comedian Janeane Garofalo's forthcoming feature, *The Independent*, includes a bevy of Playmates. Stacy Fuson shares a scene with Julie Strain of Playboy TV's *Sex Court*, while Priscilla Taylor, Stacy Sanches, Victoria Fuller and Deanna Brooks appear in cameos. A different, yet-untitled Garofalo project features



Get closer to
Karin Taylor.

Victoria Silvstedt as a motorcycle-riding honey. . . . Look for Alicia Rickter in a Blockbuster Video commercial. . . . Attention, Karin Taylor fans: Joining her fan club is as easy as clicking on www.karintaylor.com. It's a perfect site for Karin swag, including T-shirts and autographed photos.

Sable

(continued from page 128)

Q: What is it that makes *Raw Is War* so popular?

A: The show deals with real-life situations. Wrestling isn't so comical anymore. Wrestlers used to have gimmicks or personalities that people couldn't relate to. Now, people tune in each week to see what's going on with their favorite characters. It's a soap opera.

Q: How did you get into wrestling?

A: I was a model, and the WWF asked if I would like to be (now-husband and WWF star) Marc Mero's manager. I said yes. One night during the show, I was attacked by another woman and had to fight back. When the WWF saw how physical and capable of defending myself I was, it decided to put me in the ring.

Q: Why the name Sable?

A: The name was given to me by the WWF. I was given other options, one of which was Precious, but Sable represents me best. It's wild and daring like me.

Q: What's real and what's fake in wrestling?

A: All the moves are real. Any time you pick someone up and throw him down, you're really picking him up and throwing him down. Wrestlers are like stuntmen. You learn how to fall properly in wrestling school. That's not to say people don't get hurt. Some wrestlers have been paralyzed and will never walk again. Some have died in the ring. It's one of the most physically demanding sports. It's hard for Marc and me to get life insurance because of our jobs.

Q: What's it like having two WWF stars under one roof?

A: The best thing about it is that Marc and I are together 24 hours a day, seven days a week. If one of us had to travel without the other it would be difficult.

Q: What's your favorite wrestling move?

A: My finishing move is called the Sable bomb. I pick up my opponent over my head, flip her around and throw her down on her back. My fighting style is New Age, woman-of-the-Nineties street brawl. I incorporate a lot of kickboxing.

Q: Do wrestling moves translate well in the bedroom?

A: Marc and I have tried a few moves, but for the most part, we like to come up with our own sexual techniques.

Q: Is sex as important to you as your workouts?

A: Yes. Sex keeps you young, makes you feel alive and makes your relationship thrive. I love being sexy. It's more a state of mind than an appearance.

Q: During one recent pay-per-view event, your bikini top consisted of nothing but two painted-on hands. Whose hands were those?

A: (Laughs) Those were Marc's. We practiced painting them on over and

over. We had a lot of fun.

Q: How do you balance being tough and feminine?

A: I always try to present myself like a lady. Being a woman doesn't mean you have to be prissy. You can be classy and strong. I love being able to play both roles. Men don't have that option. They always have to be masculine.

Q: How did you earn respect in a male-dominated field?

A: In the beginning, I worked hard. Everyone was watching me closely and I knew I had to prove myself. Once I proved I was strong and competitive, I was accepted.

Q: Do you intimidate men?

A: I hope not. A confident man shouldn't be intimidated by a self-assured woman.

Q: Do you ever get into catfights outside the ring?

A: Not as an adult. I was competitive in school, which led to fistfights with other girls. Once you mature you're able to settle your differences in other ways.

Q: Do you have any interesting scars?

A: No. I've been lucky. The only wrestling injury I've had is a broken toe.

Q: How does it feel when the audience is screaming your name?

A: It's really cool. Exciting. Exhilarating. The fans come to see you put on a great performance, and the chanting makes you feel powerful.

Q: Do you look at the hundreds of

Sable websites?

A: I'm so busy that when I have free time, I'm not dying to spend it in front of a computer. Marc reads every one of them. The only website that's authorized is wwfsable.com. The rest were created by fans. It's flattering.

Q: What are the differences between Rena Mero and Sable?

A: I don't think Rena and Sable are that different. In real life and in the ring, I'm a woman who's confident, strong, competitive, adventurous and spontaneous. What my fans probably don't know is that I'm totally domesticated. I love to cook, ride horses and read. I'm sure my fans don't picture me cooking in the kitchen.

Q: How do you keep in shape?

A: I eat healthfully 350 days a year. I try to do something active every day. Don't get me wrong—there are definitely days when I splurge.

Q: What's your guilty pleasure?

A: Dunkin' Donuts. Put a blueberry glazed or a Boston creme donut in front of me and I'm a happy girl.

Q: Jesse "the Body" Ventura is a governor. Is there an elective office in your future?

A: I have no political aspirations. My aspirations are in the entertainment field. I'd love a part in an action film. Nothing against Jesse, but politics aren't for me.



"If you have to ask, you can't afford me."

PLAYBOY ORIGINAL PROGRAM



Sex COURT

ENTRAP ME!

PREMIERES MARCH 19

PLAYMATE HOSTS



Alexandria Karlsen
Miss March

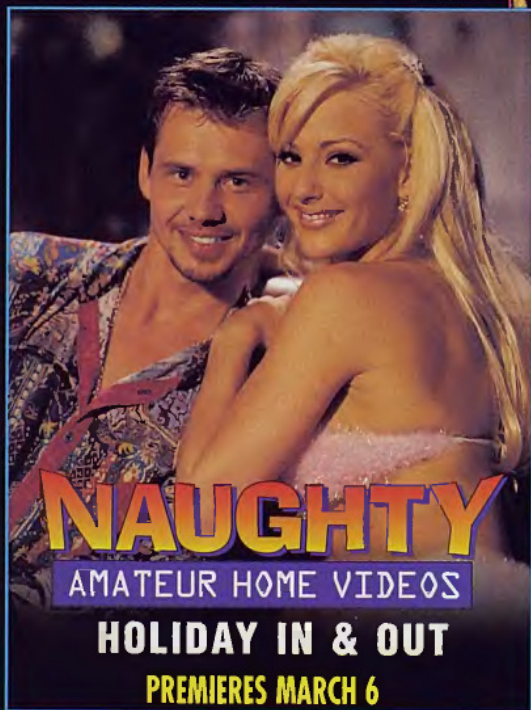


Natalia Sokolova
Miss April

more
than you
ever
imagined...

On Playboy TV, good luck comes in all shapes and sizes this month. For starters, a beautiful performance artist brings a handsome painter into her private love den in the Playboy Original Movie *Club Wild Side 2*. Then, don't miss the 1998 AVN Award winner for best group sex scene, *Zazel*, where a world-famous sculptor makes a splash with an intoxicating fragrance in an erotic bottle. Next, in the Playboy series *Sex Court: Entrap Me!* Judge Julie presides over the only court where entrapment leads to rapture. And in the Playboy series *Naughty Amateur Home Videos: Holiday In & Out* adventuresome couples transform everyday loving into exciting erotica. Finally, in the adult movie *Playback: Fast Forward*, a sex-starved filmmaker comes between an amorous couple and learns a thing or two about how to make his movie sizzle. With Playboy TV, you'll be surrounded with sensual pleasures 24 hours a day!

PLAYBOY ORIGINAL PROGRAM



NAUGHTY

AMATEUR HOME VIDEOS

HOLIDAY IN & OUT

PREMIERES MARCH 6



Club Wild Side 2

PREMIERES MARCH 13



ZAZEL

ADULT MOVIES



PLAYBACK:
FAST FORWARD

erotic
entertainment
at
its best



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

THE WETTER THE BETTER

Think of your shower as another room. With Sony's wet-friendly Shower Mate, you can listen to your favorite radio stations, the audio portion of TV shows or a weather band. You can shave with Panasonic's Linear Wet/Dry shaver, which delivers steady speed even if your beard is like steel wool. Panasonic's blade does 12,000 strokes per minute, recharges in an hour and delivers about 14 shaves before the juice runs out. (There's a five-minute quick-charge function for touch-ups, and it also converts to international voltage automatically.) Your morning battle with the beard is made even easier with a ShowerTek Optima fog-free magnifying mirror that easily attaches to your showerhead.

A thermal process transfers heat from the shower water directly to the back of the mirror and then sends the water out through the showerhead. Talk about efficiency. And for those mornings when you don't want to see your face magnified, the mirror's flip

side is a true image. The latest shampoos are for the body as well as the hair, creating shelf space for your shower radio and shaver. Try the body wash by American Crew that's great for exfoliating, or Calvin Klein's Contradiction for Men, designed for daily use with gentle cleansers and conditioning panthenol. The hottest bath items are dual hand-held showerheads, just right for tandem scrubbing. The ones pictured on this page are by Waxman and feature seven spray selections (turbo jet, jet massage, power massage, soft massage, massage spray, spray jet and drenching spray).

An efficient pair: Shower Tek's Optima fog-free 3x magnifying mirror for in-the-shower shaving (about \$100 in chrome or brass), and Panasonic's Linear Wet/Dry shaver with a slide-up trimmer that's great for a goatee (about \$250).



Three- and six-selection models are also available. Each comes with a six-foot hose that gives the user terrific maneuverability in water fights (turbo jet is the best setting). In a shower fight, even the loser is definitely a winner. —DAVID STEVENS

Hair-and-body washes include Lauder Pleasures for Men, American Crew Scrub Total Body Wash (it's also a scalp exfoliant), Contradiction for Men by Calvin Klein, Polo Sport Water Basics Shower Wash and Aramis' Invigorating Body Shampoo.

side is a true image. The latest shampoos are for the body as well as the hair, creating shelf space for your shower radio and shaver. Try the body wash by American Crew that's great for exfoliating, or Calvin Klein's Contradiction for Men, designed for daily use with

gentle cleansers and conditioning panthenol. The hottest bath items are dual hand-held showerheads, just right for tandem scrubbing. The ones pictured on this page are by Waxman and feature seven spray selections (turbo jet, jet massage, power massage, soft massage, massage spray, spray jet and drenching spray).



Sony's water-resistant Shower Mate four-band radio features 25 station presets for AM-FM, TV and weather (about \$60).



Two are better than one—even with shower massagers. These Spray Sensations by Waxman have seven selections—from soft massage to turbo jet—and come in brushed aluminum and brass finishes (\$40 and \$45).

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 162.

GRAPEVINE

Close to the Net

Calendar and beer company model AIKO TANAKA is all caught up in her steps on MTV's *The Grind* and as a dancer on *Soul Train*. We have a yen for her.



JEFF HOGAN

The A-List Does New York

First Lady HILLARY CLINTON cheered the lovely GWYNETH PALTROW for her smashing turn in *Shakespeare in Love*. We're cheering too—for Gwyneth's dress.



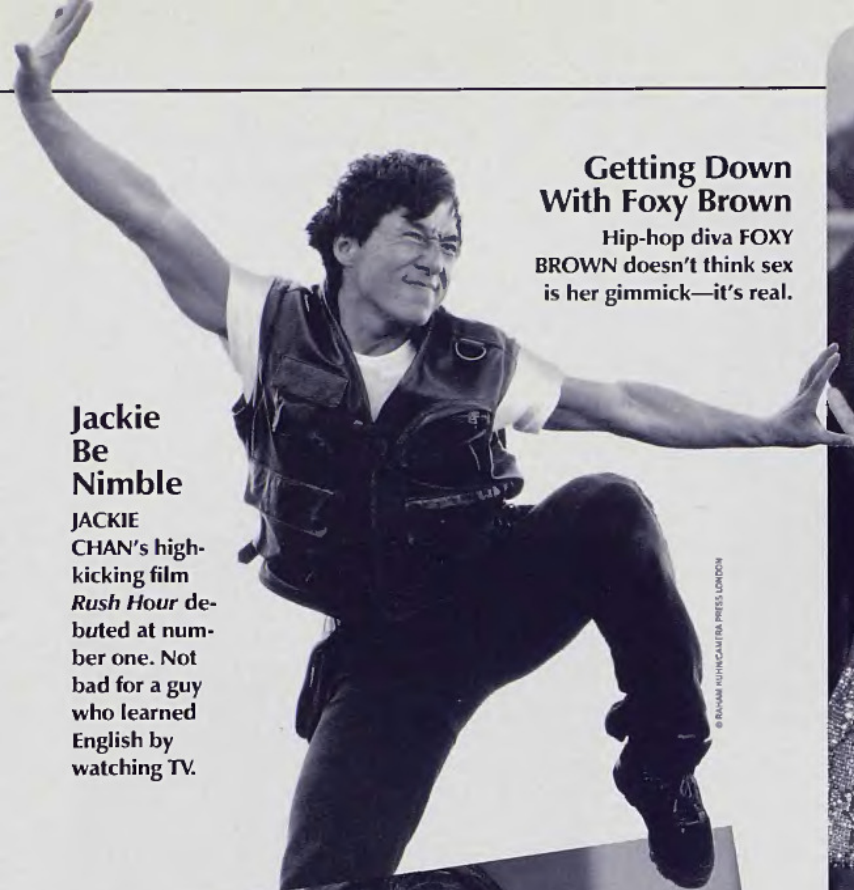
PETER MARBERG/CALLA LTD.

It's Miller Time

NADINE MILLER acted her way through college and grad school and has appeared on both Nickelodeon (*Hey Dude*) and the big screen (*Harley Davidson and the Marlboro Man*). Here, she gives you the shirt off her back.



© TIM JAHNS



Getting Down With Foxy Brown

Hip-hop diva FOXY BROWN doesn't think sex is her gimmick—it's real.

Jackie Be Nimble

JACKIE CHAN's high-kicking film *Rush Hour* debuted at number one. Not bad for a guy who learned English by watching TV.

© RAYMOND A. HUNTER/CASTLE PRESS LONDON



© WIMAGRA, SHOOTING LIBERTY PHOTO



USA PRESS/CLASH PHOTO INC.

Lana Holds Up—Nicely

You'd expect to find LANA KINNEAR on such shows as *Baywatch*, *Pacific Blue* and *Beverly Hills 90210*—and that's just where she's been.

© ANDY PEARLMAN



A Sneak Peek at Cher

Is CHER looking great, or what? She's been making her public happy talking up a triple threat: a CD (*Believe*), a book (*The First Time*) and a movie (*Tea With Mussolini*) co-starring two dames (Maggie Smith and Judi Dench) and a lady (Joan Plowright). Not bad company for a babe.



PLAYBOY'S OTHER BUNNY

Of the thousands of gorgeous models Bunny Yeager has photographed in her 40-year career, Bettie Page is the most famous. But Bunny also discovered Lisa Winter, one of our most popular Playmates ever, and authored 24 books on glamour photography. She even dated Joe Di-Maggio. While Bunny's photographic role has mainly been behind the lens, she's now offering the 11"x14" signed and numbered nude self-portrait pictured above that reveals what we've all been missing. It's sure to become a collector's item. Send \$30 to Bunny at 9310 N.E. Sixth Avenue, Suite C-311, Miami 33138.

CULINARY LOVE FOR SALE

With glazed pheasant breast baking in the oven and Carmen McRae's rendition of *Just in Time* playing in the background, how can dinner for two go wrong? The secret to your perfect meal is packaged in *A Recipe for Romance*, a boxed set that includes a CD featuring Mel Tormé, Sarah Vaughn and others plus a mini cookbook containing easy three-course meals from five award-winning chefs. The price is \$16.95. Call 800-914-3990 to order.



PEN ULTIMATE

The Sir Edmund Hillary Mount Everest fountain pen shown here comes with a specimen of rock from the summit mounted in its cap (see inset), and its manufacturer, Krone, includes a sculpture of the mountain on which to display the limited-edition writing instrument. Pen Perfecto in the Little Nell Hotel in Aspen sells the Mount Everest for \$1400. Call 800-250-5089 to order—and, when you do, request a catalog.



FROM CAMPBELL'S SOUP TO MR. PEANUT

Planters' Mr. Peanut is worth his weight in gold, not goobers: Gift packs, masks and other products bearing his likeness command hundreds of dollars. If Pez dispensers are your preference, check the back of your desk drawer for a Lion's Club model dating back to the Sixties. It's going for \$800, according to Harry Rinker's latest *Official Price Guide to Collectibles*, a 400-plus-page softcover that includes more than 40,000 prices, on everything from Yogi Bear to Beanie Babies. Yes, PLAYBOY is also mentioned. Don't part with our first issue in mint condition for less than \$1500. The guide costs \$19.95 at bookstores.

A MARTINI WITH ZIP

Team two classics, the Zippo lighter and the martini, and the result is an artist's proof series of sophisticated pocket lighters in a limited edition of 200. Kyle Cunningham is the artist who interprets the cocktail five ways, from the Thirties through the Seventies (pictured here). Each lighter costs \$32 (\$130 for the set). Send a check to Know Talent Studio, 1291 East MacArthur, Sonoma, California 95476. Limited-edition Zippo pin-up lighters are also available.



NEW YORK'S WILD SIDE

How did Mayor Rudy Giuliani miss this? The Erotica Exposition debuts at the Jacob K. Javits Convention Center in Manhattan April 15-18 with dozens of manufacturers and creators of sexy and sensual products and services displaying their naughty wares. Ticket prices begin at \$25. Spend \$150 for admission on all four days and nights, plus the opportunity to join a "hot club tour" and attend the Erotic Fetish Ball. Call 212-447-4330 for more info.



THE MILLENNIUM GOES 3D

Twenty-six years ago, Stanley Stankiwitz of 12 Stone Flagons, Ltd. in Pittsburgh purchased Usquaebach, a little-known Scotch blend with a Gaelic name that means "water of life." Today, Usquaebach boasts annual sales of about 100,000 cases. To celebrate the millennium (and his company's success) Stankiwitz has commissioned a hologram designer to create a special label with a 3D effect that changes according to the angle of view. A 750-ml bottle costs about \$45 at liquor stores nationwide.

THE LEGION LIVES ON

First read *The Y2K Computer Crash Scenario* by Dr. John Mrozek and learn "what to expect and how to protect your assets, your credit and your way of life" (it's available from Paladin Press for \$15). Then you may decide to follow the advice in another Paladin title, *The French Foreign Legion*, "a guide to joining" by Simon Jameson (\$23). You'll find out what life is really like as a Legionnaire, where you could be posted, how much you'll be paid and all about the code of honor. Call 800-392-2400 to order.

THE ELVGREN YEARS

Some of Gil Elvgren's calendar art has been released by the original printer, Brown & Bigelow, in *The Best of Gil Elvgren*. It's easy to see why he's been called the Norman Rockwell of cheesecake. Almost every Elvgren painting tells a story, as former PLAYBOY Associate Art Director Reid Austin points out in the text (Austin is the author of best-selling biographies on Alberto Vargas and George Petty). The book, which is priced at \$24.95, will be the first in a collector's series. Call 877-358-4736 to order.



NEXT MONTH



WILD THINGS



SHADOW MILITIA



STILLER'S REVENGE



LAS VEGAS JACKPOT

PLAYMATES ON SAFARI—IT'S YOUR CHANCE TO WATCH ELEPHANTS GRAZE WHILE THE WOMEN GET NAKED IN TENTS. TEN STUPEFYING PAGES WITH PLAYMATES **JAMI FERRELL, RACHEL JEÁN MARTEEN** AND **KARIN TAYLOR**.

WRESTLING MADNESS—WCW AND WWF SHOWS ARE KICKING BUTT ON MONDAY NIGHTS, JESSE THE BODY VENTURA IS GOVERNOR. WHAT'S NEXT—STONE-COLD STEVE AUSTIN FOR PRESIDENT? BY **MARK HUDIS**

ASHLEY JUDD—HOLLYWOOD'S BRILLIANT GOOD OLD GIRL ON WIGGING OUT AT KENTUCKY HOOPS GAMES, BEING CALLED A COME BUCKET AND THE STORY BEHIND THAT MEMORABLE SLIT-TO-THERE GOWN. 20 QUESTIONS BY **ROBERT CRANE**

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