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The Girl

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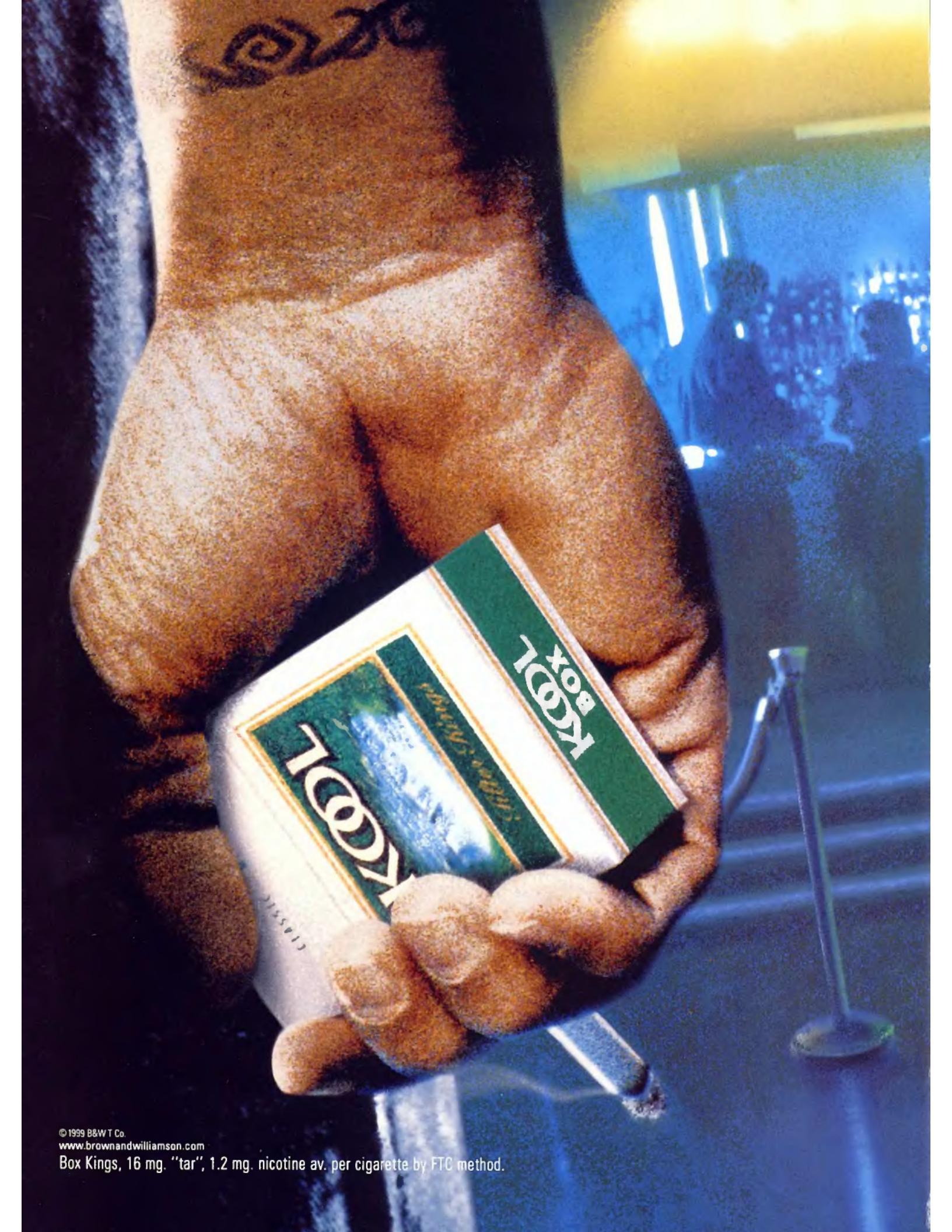
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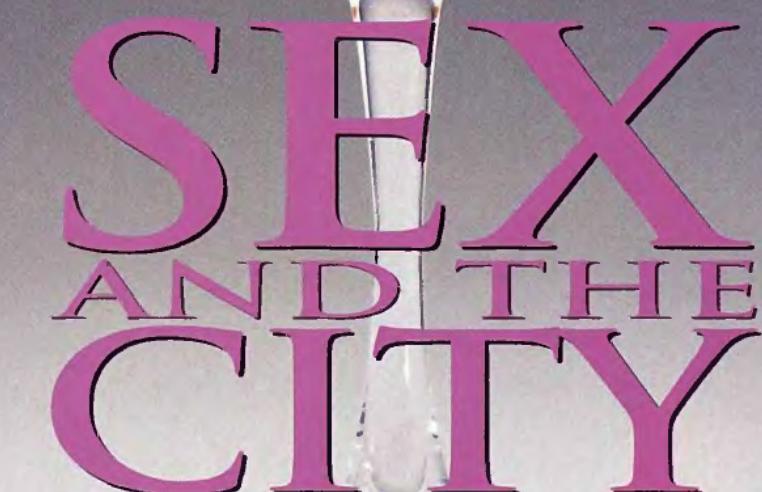
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PLAYBILL

SOME DAYS you can almost taste the heat—and this issue is like a month of those days. Our cover pictorial, *The Girls of Hawaiian Tropic*, is the second time we've uncovered the best bikini contest in the country. The first one was a scorcher; this one features oil slicks even Greenpeace could love.

No one unnerves Republicans on the Hill more than **Barney Frank**, representative from Massachusetts. Intolerance makes Frank incensed. His leadership of the minority made him the clear winner in the Lewinsky mess. Now, in an unadulterated *Playboy Interview* with **David Sheff**, he presses the advantage. He says Jerry Falwell is "nutty, with a compulsion to be a public moron," and explains why **Henry Hyde** has seen *The Bridge on the River Kwai* too many times. For an outsider's inside take on the Beltway, read Frank's mind.

From the Hill to the mat: You know wrestling is fake, you know it's big. A few issues ago, we showed you it could be beautiful. But you probably don't know the dirtiest moves in wrestling take place in the feud between the WWF's **Vince McMahon** and the WCW's **Eric Bischoff**. In *Wrestling Madness*, **Mark Hudis** (with an assist from **William Harlan Pryor**) referees the dispute. We give you an update on Sable as well, and a rogues' gallery of Goldberg, Steve Austin and friends. For our next bout it's **David Wells** vs. **Jesse Ventura**, then **David Wells** vs. **Roger Clemens**—hell, then **David Wells** vs. everybody. *Drinking, Screwing, Defying* by **Mark Ribowsky** is an uncensored Q. and A. with the most likable beer-bellied hurler in baseball. Be warned—it's no autograph session. To wit: "Jesse Ventura is just another politician, a suck-ass with a bald head." In a heavy *20 Questions*, **Warren Kalbacker** tries to brush **Michael Moore** off the plate, but the man behind *Roger and Me* and the new show *The Awful Truth* has a sweet swing. Moore talks about his battles with avoirdupois, the folly of "Buy American" and why factory workers need to play golf.

In the market, volume can turn a tiny price increase into a thousand-dollar gain. That's the allure of day trading. But if the price goes in the wrong direction, you're a loser—big time. *Extreme Wall Street* by **Larry DuBois** (illustrated by **Christian Northeast**) is all about being a grinder (not trying to win big) and knowing where to access information. Does losing thousands by noon sound stressful? Try a dose of kava. Self-medicated with herbs is trendemic. In *Root Rage*, **Carl Sherman** goes low to the ground to unearth the best shrubs and sexual stimulants. Find out what works—and what might not.

Sometimes the right woman knows when to do wrong. Some of the stories **Lori Weiss** gathered for *The Best Things I've Ever Done for a Man* would make Dr. Laura's brain sweat—like the one from a woman who shared her man with another lady. These remembrances of flings past will give you hope for tomorrow. Speaking of optimism, *Sci-Fi TV* by **Daniel Radosh** is an inspired look at how television sees the future. It's an anniversary celebration of everything from *Captain Video* to *Futurama*. Set your phasers to stun.

The Instruments of Peace, our story by **Edward Falco**, pits an honorable man against the Mob. Throw in a virginal daughter and you have trouble. The illustration is by **Bruce Wolfe**. Frankly, we'd rather be fishing. **Gary Cole**, our resident sportsman, recounts the joys of angling in *The Manly Secrets of Fly Fishing*. Hint: It's all in the wrist. After you master casting, you'll deserve one of the concoctions in *Summer Shooters* by **Ray Foley** (the unusual photo comes from *Davis Factor*). For dessert, turn to our **Karen Finley** pictorial with a cameo by **Bill Maher** (**Stephen Wayda** shot it). Finley is a performance artist who covers her body in chocolate. She's our kind of candy ass.



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PLAYBOY



vol. 46, no. 7—july 1999

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL	3
THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY	9
BOOGIE NIGHTS	10
DEAR PLAYBOY	15
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS	19
MUSIC	22
WIRED	28
MOVIES	LEONARD MALTIN 30
VIDEO	33
BOOKS	34
MEN	ASA BABER 36
MANTRACK	39
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR	43
THE PLAYBOY FORUM	45
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BARNEY FRANK—candid conversation	55
EXTREME WALL STREET—article	LARRY DUBOIS 68
KAREN FINLEY—pictorial	72
THE INSTRUMENTS OF PEACE—fiction	EDWARD FALCO 78
LIGHT WEIGHTS—fashion	HOLLIS WAYNE 82
THE MANLY SECRETS OF FLY FISHING—sport	GARY COLE 86
DRINKING, SCREWING, DEFYING—THE WORLD	
ACCORDING TO DAVID WELLS—personality	MARK RIBOWSKY 90
ROOT RAGE—article	CARL SHERMAN 94
JUST PLAIN JENNIFER—playboy's playmate of the month	98
PARTY JOKES—humor	110
THE BEST THINGS I'VE DONE FOR A MAN—article	LORI WEISS 112
TAKE A BIKE—gear	114
WRESTLING MADNESS—article	MARK HUDIS and WILLIAM HARLAN PRYOR 120
20 QUESTIONS: MICHAEL MOORE	124
SCI-FI TV—article	DANIEL RADOSH 126
SUMMER SHOOTERS—drink	RAY FOLEY 130
GIRLS OF HAWAIIAN TROPIC—pictorial	132
LIVING ONLINE	MARK FRAUENFELDER 144
WHERE & HOW TO BUY	153
PLAYMATE NEWS	167
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE	171



Aloha Girls P. 132



Nice Horsey P. 78



Miss July P. 98



Go Bulls P. 68

COVER STORY

Surf's up, and sun goddess Brooke Richards shows off her gorgeous Hawaiian Tropic tan just in time for summer. There's lots more of Brooke and her bronze pals inside, shot in Hawaii and Mexico. Our cover was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski, styled by Lane Coyle and shot by Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag. Brooke's hair and makeup were styled by Alexis Vogel for Fred Segal. Our workout-minded Rabbit, lucky guy, is fit to be tied.



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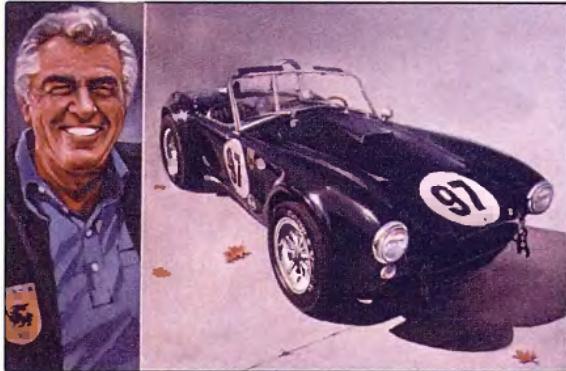


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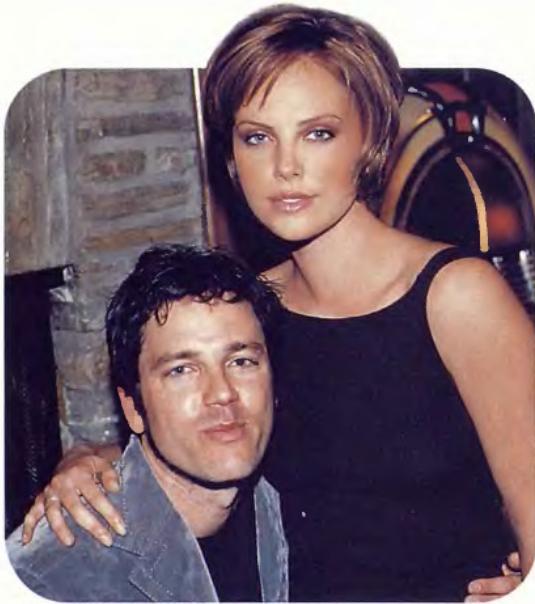
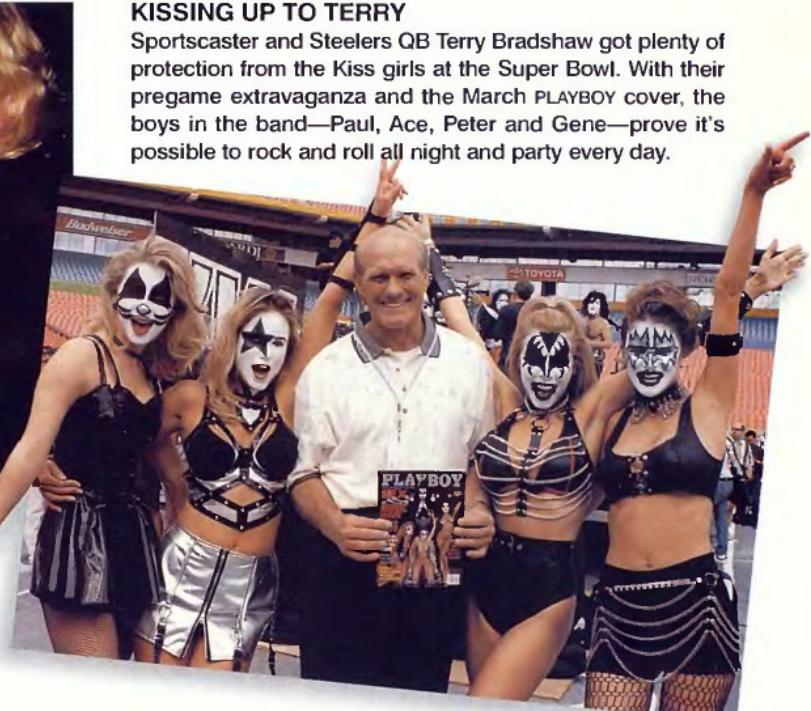
THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

hef sightings, mansion frolics and nightlife notes



LEO PAINTS THE TOWN

Just before Leonardo DiCaprio went to Thailand to make *The Beach*, he made the rounds at Dublin's, where he ran into Hef's party posse. Environmentalists picketed Leo's movie in Thailand, but he got squeezed in Hollywood.



MOVIE NIGHTS AND MOVIE STARS

At the Mansion: Making music together are Charlize Theron and boyfriend, Third Eye Blind front man Stephan Jenkins (above). At a screening for Myles Berkowitz' *20 Dates*, the director brought one of his stars, Tia Carrere, to say hello to Hef (below).

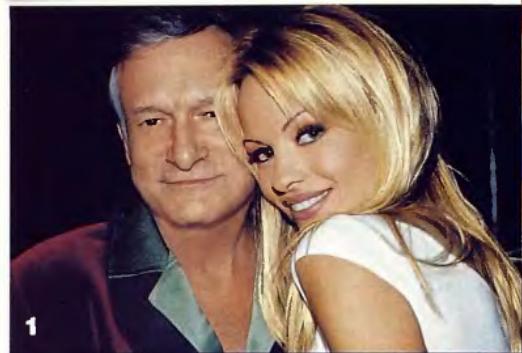


RABBITS, RABBITS EVERYWHERE

During the Chinese Year of the Rabbit PLAYBOY's Rabbit Head took over Times Square in New York City. In Los Angeles, our Rabbit hopped onto the cover of *Inside the Playboy Mansion*, a compilation of Hef's intimate Mansion doings in both Chicago and Los Angeles. Helping Hef make more memories are Mandy Bentley (left) and Brandy Roderick, who joined him at a recent Bren-tano's bookstore signing.



BOOGIE NIGHTS



1



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7

Body glitter. Disco balls. Glam rock. Hundreds of A-listers flashed back to the Seventies at Hef's Boogie Nights bash, and Dirk Diggler would have been proud. (1) Pal Pamela. (2) Tori Spelling and Mandy Bentley: Up to no good? (3) Oscar De La Hoya and fiancée Shanna Mokler. (4) Claire Danes' mod squad: Ben Lee and Mata Kirschner. (5) Stacy Fuson and Jeff Goldblum. (6) Dan Aykroyd, Jessica Paisley, Mandy Bentley, Hef and Brande Roderick. (7) *Talk Soup*'s John Henson. (8) Kevin Costner and Byron Allen. (9) Nikki Schieler and Heather Kozar. (10) Hef and writer Larry Gelbart. (11) Judd Nelson, Kevin Eastman and Julie Strain. (12) Andy Dick and Bijou Phillips. (13) Playmates Daphnee Duplaix, Vanessa Gleason, Kelly Monaco and Jessica Lee.



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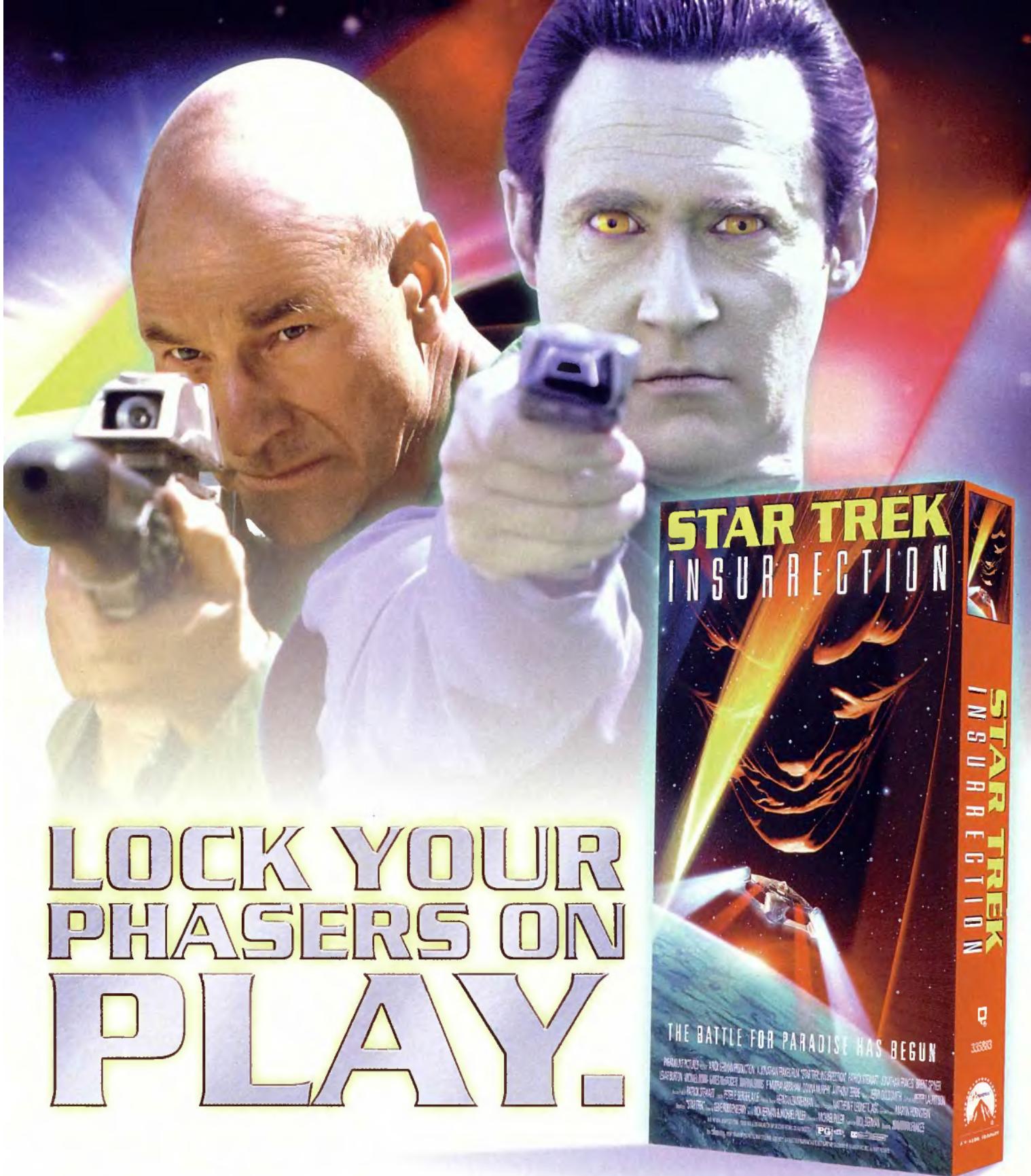
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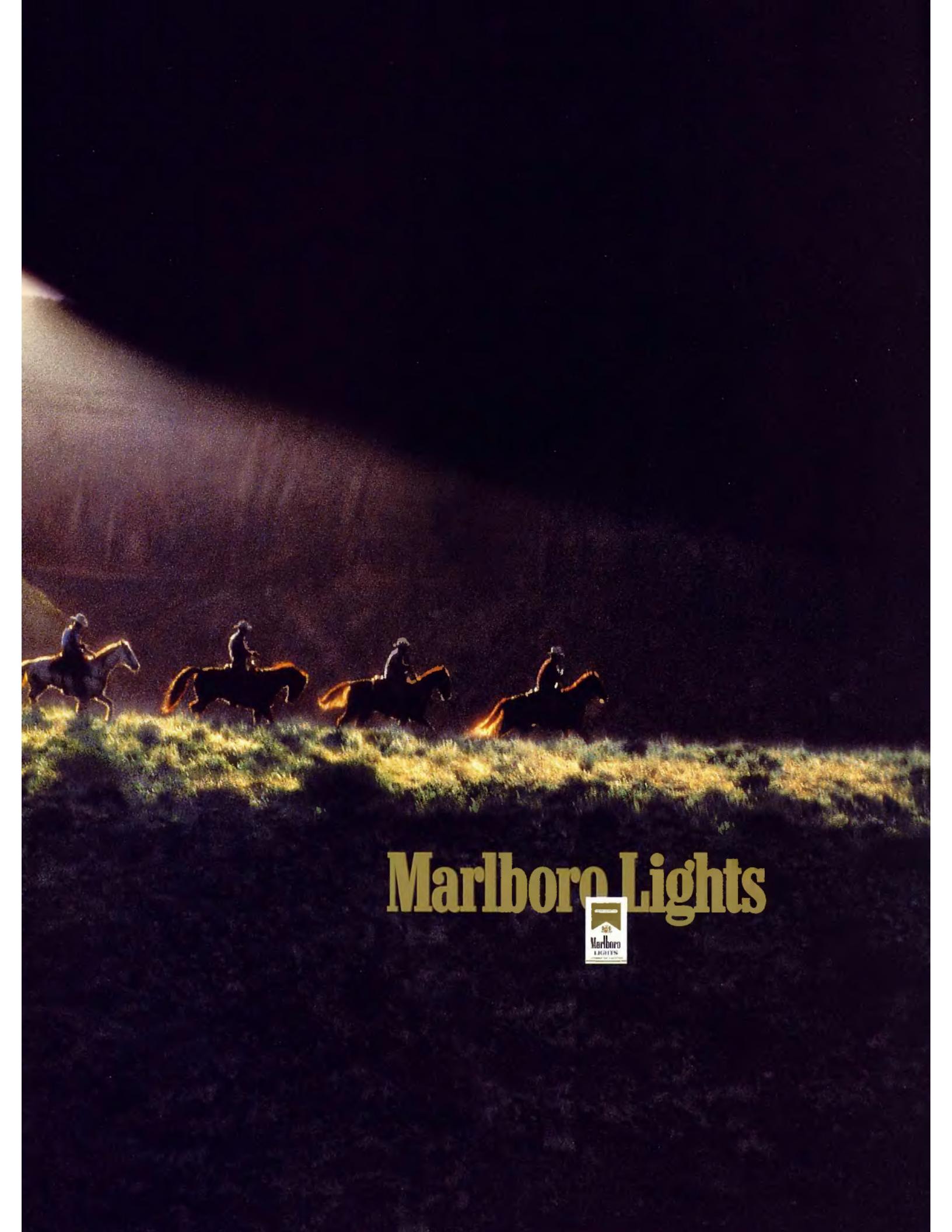




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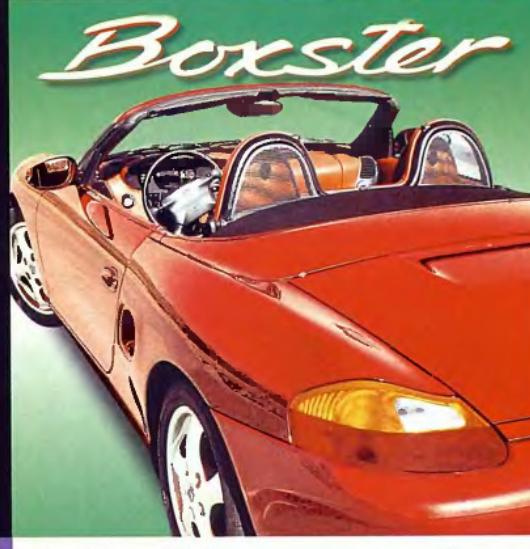
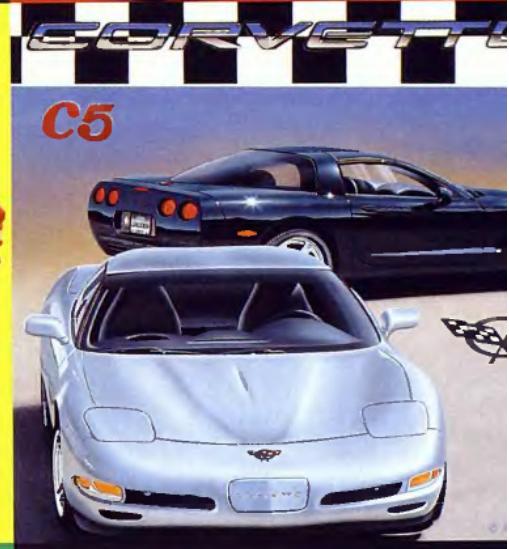
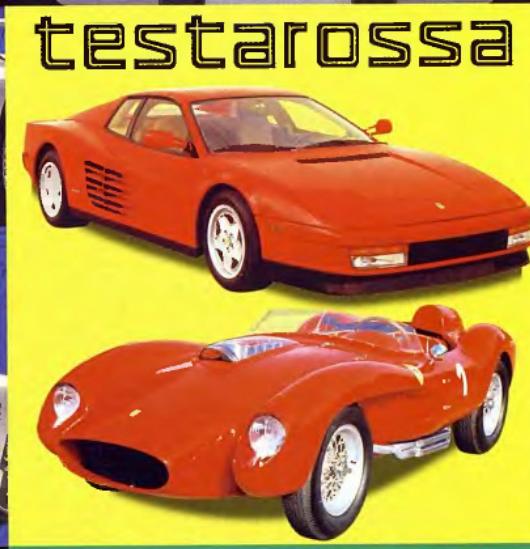
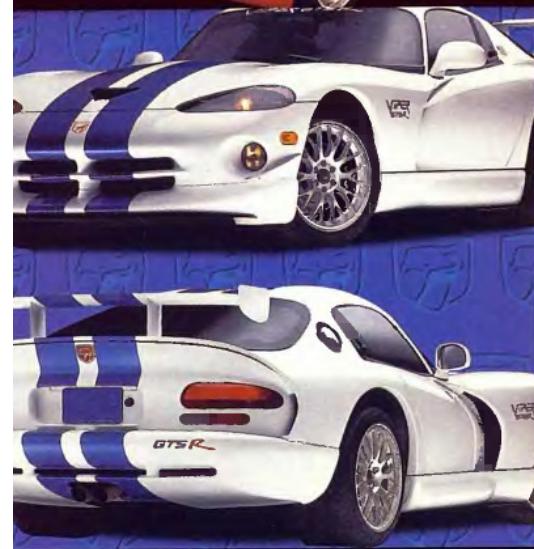
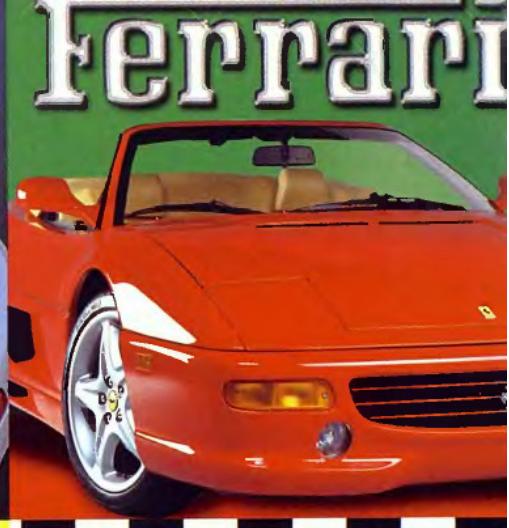
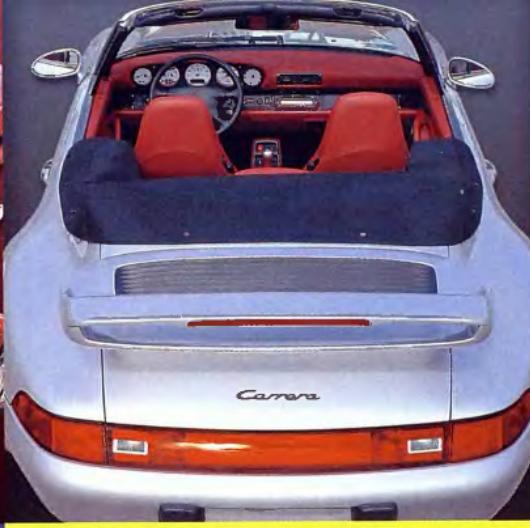
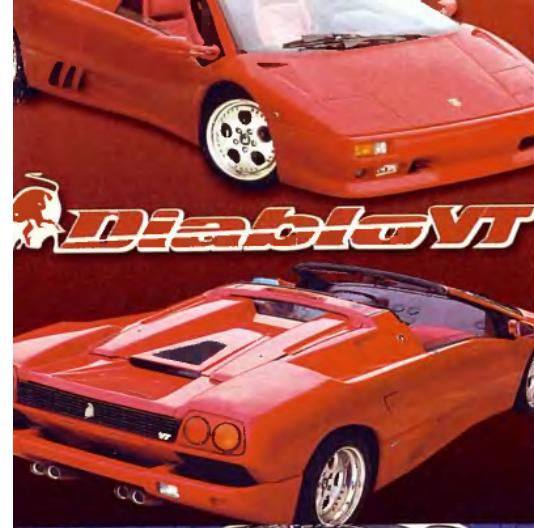
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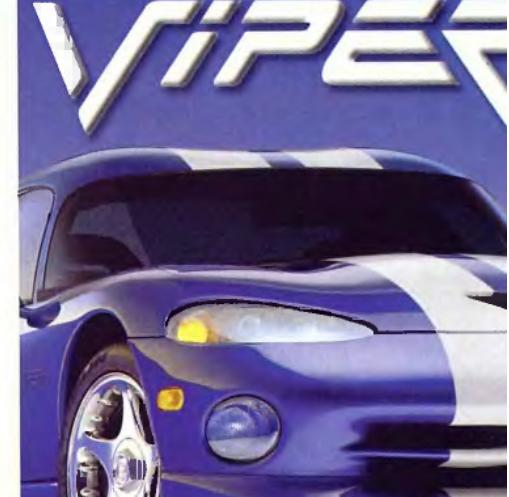




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SABLE SCORES

Rena Mero, known to the world as Sable (*That Touch of Sable*, April), is without question the sexiest woman ever to enter the World Wrestling Federation and the most alluring ever featured in PLAYBOY. I can see why millions tune in to watch *Raw Is War*. Wrestling is no longer just about men in tights proving their testicular fortitude. The new Monday night attraction is Sable.

Donald Wright
Ottawa, Ontario

I'd rather see Sable do a Sable Bomb on a wrestler than watch Bryant Young tackle anybody on *Monday Night Football*.

John Eldridge
Lafayette, Louisiana

First I had to convince my wife I buy PLAYBOY for the articles. Now I have to convince her I'm a wrestling fan, just for another glimpse of the most beautiful woman you've ever photographed. I hope there's a rematch with Sable in the not too distant future.

Robert Bartley
Atmore, Alabama

PLAYBOY really dropped the ball. One of the great things about Sable is the way she dresses, in black leather, latex rubber and wild animal prints. Posing her in all-white against a white background makes her look like any other model.

Eric Fusco
New York, New York

GERRY, GERRY, QUITE CONTRARY

I hate Morgan Strong's interview with Gerry Adams (*20 Questions*, March). The questions sound as if they were written by Adams himself, and the answers are shameless in their bias. Adams is hardly a voice for peace. He's a terrorist with bloody hands who condemns violence by the IRA only with great reluctance. He continues to stonewall the IRA disarmament issue and is an obstacle in ne-

gotiations when he doesn't get his way. PLAYBOY should have asked the hard questions and not played favorites.

Andrew Peterson
Rolling Meadows, Illinois

What Adams fails to mention is that at presstime, more than 200 terrorist prisoners—many of them convicted murderers—had been released. But the IRA has not yet given up any guns or explosives as was agreed. That breach of contract is holding up negotiations. Most of the English are as sick of the conflict as the Irish are, despite Adams' insistence that Trimble is the unreasonable one. There are two sides to every story.

Paul Gibbon
Otley, UK

I was shocked that a magazine with such a fine record on civil liberties would act as a mouthpiece for Adams' blatant fascism. Your interview is so biased it is akin to interviewing the Grand Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan without once challenging his beliefs. Gerry Adams is a more articulate version of Timothy McVeigh, and Adams makes me ashamed to be Irish.

Patrick Walker
Londonderry, Northern Ireland

Morgan Strong's interview is more suited to an IRA propaganda sheet than to your magazine. Having been raised a Catholic, with a father from Belfast, I cannot defend Adams, Paisley or Trimble. Why didn't Strong ask about the scores of murders and the dozens of exiles that have occurred in Catholic neighborhoods since the Good Friday agreement?

Adam Winchester
Beaumont, Texas

MY BIKE'S BIGGER THAN YOUR BIKE

So you think your article on big bikes (*The Art of the Big Bike*, April) covers them

GAMES

The latest and greatest for the PC.



Early last year, the wicked minds at DMA unleashed *Grand Theft Auto* on an unsuspecting American public. Igniting controversy worldwide, from debates in the English House of Lords to discussions on CNN, *GTA* immediately developed a cult following. As petty thieves looking to impress their murderous gangster bosses, players of *GTA* complete missions by stealing cars, running from the law, and mowing down mercenaries, rival gang members, and scores of unsuspecting pedestrians.

Now, Gathering of Developers is announcing the release of *Grand Theft Auto: The Director's Cut*. It contains the original, uncut, full version of *Grand Theft Auto*, with the addition of the all-new *Grand Theft Auto Mission Pack #1: London 1969*. With its outrageous Hollywood-style car handling and freedom of movement, *GTA: The Director's Cut* lets players plow their way through three American cities plus London, covering a total of 6,000 miles of freeways, backstreets, roads, alleyways, and dead ends. A unique, zooming top-down view provides an unobstructed view of the mayhem that ensues. Players of the original *GTA* live out their criminal aspirations to the sounds of a 60-minute soundtrack voted "Soundtrack of the Year" by *PC Gamer*. And *GTA London* promises to deliver the authentic vibes of 1969 through chart-topping ska and reggae hits from the time period.

A word on system requirements: The game's programmers managed to deliver a game with millions of colors and fantastic game play while avoiding high-end system requirements, making *GTA: The Director's Cut* accessible to most home computers. For those who already own the original *GTA*, the *Mission Pack* can be purchased separately. Both titles are available now in retail stores and online at www.godgames.com/playboy.

Next Month: *Darkstone*. The latest Action/RPG for the PC.

Advertisement

all? You're not even close. You forgot about the Boss Hoss, a factory-built 355-horsepower V8 motorcycle. Now that's a big bike.

Mike Pettey
Hot Springs, Arkansas

You gathered an impressive list of big bikes, but you failed to mention the newest of these monsters. Excelsior-Henderson Motorcycle Manufacturing recently unveiled the updated Super X. This is one impressive bike.

Curtis Habib
Orlando, Florida

The Titan Roadrunner Sport RM is the true big bike. It comes with a 107-inch motor and is ten times the bike the others will ever be.

Jay Igo
Gillette, Wyoming

WHERE THE GIRLS ARE

PLAYBOY has provided me with a better travel brochure (*Spring Break*, April) than any travel agent could offer. Panama City Beach, here I come.

Jason Helland
Morris, Illinois

I had the pleasure of meeting *Spring Break* girl Erin Wilson during an autograph session. Her cheerful, down-to-earth personality is matched by her radiant smile and flawless beauty. This was an experience I'll cherish fondly.

Jim Lo
Edmonton, Alberta

A PRINCE AMONG ACTORS

Finally, a man who thinks with his higher head and is honest about it—or at least tells great lies. I've always admired Nick Nolte's (*Playboy Interview*, April) talent as an actor, and now I admire him as a man.

Mickey Creel
Pfafftown, North Carolina

Your interview with Nolte is excellent. He is right in his belief that there is no such thing as absolute truth in three dimensions. Every individual's experience is colored by personal fantasy.

Curtis Brown
Neenah, Wisconsin

IT'S AN ORAL TEST

In the April *Dear Playboy*, Kurt Gasko claims he never thought of a blow job as passionate or romantic. Obviously, he has never had a good one. Many of my partners have said it's better than intercourse. My advice to Gasko is that he date women who read PLAYBOY.

Patricia Jettie
West Chester, Ohio

ARABIAN BYTES

Your information isn't up to date in the *Raw Data* item "Virtual Veils" (April).

Saudi Arabia does have Internet service providers. I know of at least one, based in Jeddah. I've lived there and have friends there with whom I communicate via e-mail.

Sam Gerace
Westfield, New York

ANOTHER RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

Congratulations, Moscow! Natalia Sokolova (*Never Say Nyet*, April) is absolutely the best thing to come out of Russia since vodka.

Greg Rogers
Ottawa, Ontario

Someone put in a call to heaven—it seems that an angel has escaped. Too bad Natalia wasn't around in the Sixties; she's so hot, there wouldn't have been a cold war.

Jerry Harvey
Atlanta, Georgia



Move over, Pamela Anderson. There's a new queen in town, and her name is Natalia.

John Timp
Seminole, Florida

Twenty-two years ago I broke my neck, and, as with Miss April, Natalia Sokolova, it was six months before I took my first steps. Because she escaped paralysis, she's even more beautiful to me. I admire her determination as much as her beauty.

Les Winne
Atlanta, Georgia

THAT'S 420

The term 420 (*Playboy After Hours*, March) is derived from the Grateful Dead. Everyone knows that the Dead and marijuana are nearly synonymous. When the Dead toured, most shows started at 4:30. Therefore, people started lighting up before the show—at 4:20. And so it goes that the Deadheads' offi-

cial favorite time of day was 4:20—which meant only ten minutes until the show and time for a good hit off the bong.

Daniel Mason
Meadville, Pennsylvania

There is an abundance of evidence that the term 420 originated with a small group of friends who called themselves the Waldos in San Rafael, California during the Seventies. The phrase was a code they used to find out if the others were high. Their younger brothers picked up on the lingo and passed it on to their classmates, and so on.

Steve Smith
Los Angeles, California

Your account of the possible origins of the slang term 420 is very different from one I heard from a friend who grew up on the west coast of India. It seems that many years ago there was a sitcom on Indian TV with the number 420 as part of its title—an apartment number or street address. The program was silly, so 420 became a slang code word among English-speaking Indians. It has no connection with recreational drugs—unless it came from people who thought doing drugs was something stupid.

Chuck Hastings
Beaverton, Oregon

We're embarrassed to reveal how much time we have already spent decoding 420. Indian TV? Ha. The Indian connection predates Shree 420, the 1955 Bollywood movie starring Raj Kapoor. Now back to our research.

SAY YES TO ORAL SEX

I'm a 24-year-old female subscriber responding to your survey *Is There (Oral) Sex After Marriage?* (April). I love giving and receiving oral sex; it makes me feel empowered and sexy. Women who protest it are simply not comfortable with themselves sexually.

Jane Donald
Colorado Springs, Colorado

RUDE RUDY

According to Paul Schwartzman, Rudolph Giuliani (*Rudy's Rules*, March) is pro-choice, favors gun control, is for homosexual rights and has been accused of committing adultery. Hell, Giuliani is not a Republican, he's a liberal Democrat. He will never be nominated by his own party.

Dexter Franklin
Romulus, New York

ALL SEWN UP

I have subscribed to and enjoyed PLAYBOY for more than 30 years. The March *Mantrack* item "How to Sew a Button" marks the first time I've ever cut something out of a magazine.

William Bray
St. Paul, Minnesota



In a past life I was a great lover. I left not a heart unbroken in all of Spain or France, or Italy. But Greece, ahh, my apologies to the ladies of Greece. A man does not stay eighteen forever.



In a past life I was pure, glacial spring water.



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



PHARAOH FOUL

Thanks to a report in the British journal *Nature*, people who are sick of getting dumped on professionally can take solace in history. According to a study on ancient Egyptian medicine and pharmacology, one of the more eminent positions on the pharaoh's staff of personal physicians was the Keeper of the Royal Rectum. Back then it meant you were a wizard with enemas. Today it means you're the legal counsel of some chief executive.

DIAL-A-LIE

Pagers, beepers, cell phones. It's a wonderful thing for friends and loved ones to have 24-hour access to you—unless you're doing the wrong thing at the right time. A UK-based service called the Alibi Agency (alibi.co.uk) provides creative excuses for uncommitted people in committed relationships. OUR AIM IS TOTAL PEACE OF MIND FOR YOU AND YOUR FAMILY reads the home page's banner. With the company's services starting at £20, you may obtain fake invitations to business conventions, false receipts, discreet pagers and a telephone line that serves a dummy hotel switchboard. "If you're going to do something, do it—don't talk about it," says the happily married co-operator of the agency, Ronnie Brock. "Stay positive. Why break up a marriage over sex?" However, until the agency sets up shop here, you're on your own when it comes time to explain why the branch office in Ohio has 011 as its access code.

FUKUSHUYA AND YOUR MOTHER, TOO!

Japanese capitalism has reached a new limit. An article in the magazine *Look Japan* describes a new sort of entrepreneur as "fukushuya (revengers), who will exact revenge on your enemies." The revengers stop short of murder but will pour battery acid on cars, kill pets or distribute leaflets reporting extramarital affairs. The article closes with, "And just imagine what they'll do if you don't pay up." Koan, punk—make my day.

WILD PRODIGY

David Bowie, Oasis, CornerShop, Annie Lennox and Luciano Pavarotti have given lip service to the Jubilee 2000 campaign. However, Prodigy's lead singer, Keith Flint, has gone a step further. In keeping with the program's goal of getting industrialized nations to forgive the debts of developing countries, Flint had the words DROP THE DEBT tattooed across his back. The Drop the Debt logo will start to appear on the CDs of many major artists during the next few months. It will probably be on Flint's back longer than many of the albums will be on the Billboard 200.

SEER SUCKER

Nostradamus didn't predict Y2K, but he sure had a thing about July. This month one of his major predictions will be put to the test: "The year 1999, seventh month/From the sky will come a great King of Terror/To bring back to life the great King of the Angoulmois/Before and after Mars to reign by good luck." At least that's one translation offered by the Nostradamus Toolkit at



amae.com. What does it mean? Who knows—we'll just wait for Wes Craven's movie version.

BLOODY MARY

Finnish women are starting off their nights with an unusual new way of soaking up alcohol. Reuters reports that some girls in Finland are apparently bent on avoiding flamethrower breath. The executive director of a Helsinki rehab center says the dainty lasses dip tampons in vodka and then absorb the booze through their vaginas. Throw in a swizzle stick and you have a party.

DEAD SHOW

Leave it to baby boomers to individualize that unavoidably collective experience, death. Dallas-based start-up company WhiteLight helps you make a good last impression with a wide variety of steel caskets laminated with photomontages. "Personal expression isn't something you get at the corner funeral home," says co-founder Patrick Fant. His designs feature cherubs from the Sistine Chapel and a golf-oriented best-seller called Fairway to Heaven. With business exploding, the 17 current designs will soon be supplemented by others—including a casket that appears to be wrapped in plain brown paper, tied with twine and stamped Return to Sender.

ATTRIBUTION NOT FOUND

One of the problems of being so plugged into cyberspace is that you sometimes lose credit for work as it travels around the Net. A popular piece of chain e-mail on new terminology was cobbled together from several years' worth of the "Jargon Watch" column in *Wired*. Now that we've pointed out the proper source, we'll take the opportunity to list the best terms. *Generica* denotes the faceless, boring landscape typical of Silicon Valley—strip malls, light industry complexes and chain stores. The key word (it means clueless) in the phrase "Don't bother him, he's 404" comes from the web error message "404 Not Found." A *flight risk* is an employee entertaining

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"Don't get me wrong. I like to get paid. But what do you do with anything over \$10 million? After that, it doesn't make any sense."—SEAN PENN

BILLION HEIRS

Year in which the world's population passed the 1 billion mark: 1804. Number of years it took to reach 2 billion: 123 (1927). Number of years it took to reach 3 billion: 33 (1960). Number of years it took to reach 4 billion: 14 (1974). Number of years it took to reach 5 billion: 13 (1987). Year in which the world's population is expected to reach 6 billion: 1999.

BAR GRAPH

The largest jury award in 1989: \$75 million. The largest jury award in 1998: \$1.5 billion. The largest jury award ever (a 1996 judgment against Ferdinand Marcos that was later overturned): \$22 billion.

PREGNANT PAUSE

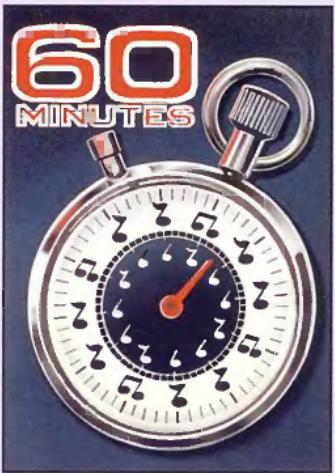
Annual number of pregnancies worldwide: 210 million. Percentage of all pregnancies that are unplanned: 38.

CALI CALL

Charge for the first three minutes of a phone call between New York and San Francisco in 1915: \$20.70. Charge per minute for the same call today: 10 cents.

COMP USA

Based on figures published in *Forbes*, average annual compensation of the 100 highest paid chief executives in the nation last year: \$22 million. According to the Bureau of Economic Analysis, annual per capita disposable income in the U.S. as of July 1998: \$22,316.



FACT OF THE MONTH

60 Minutes is the only network television show with no theme song or music.

GREASY LOCKS

Amount of oil (at a cost of \$2 billion) that Exxon recovered from the 11 million gallons spilled by the *Exxon Valdez*: 1.5 million gallons. According to lab tests at NASA (performed at the suggestion of hairdresser Phillip McCrory), amount of oil that 1.4 million pounds of human hair stuffed into mesh containers could soak up in a week: 11 million gallons.

BITE SIZE

Force exerted by the jaws of a *Tyrannosaurus rex*: 3011 pounds (enough to crush a car). Force exerted by jaws of an alligator: 3000 pounds. Force exerted by jaws of an African lion: 937 pounds. By molars of a human: 175 pounds.

TAKE A BOW—PLEASE

Percentage of 100 million ties sold yearly in the U.S. that are bow ties: 3.

FROM THE MOUTHS OF BABES

According to *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, percentage of college students surveyed in 1991 who did not consider oral sex to be sex: 59.

WAG THE DOUGH

Number of pizzas ordered by the Capitol from Domino's Pizza on Impeachment Saturday: 1500. Number of pizzas ordered by the Pentagon on the first day of NATO's air strikes on Yugoslavia: 800. Number of pizzas ordered by the White House during busiest days of the Lewinsky scandal: 900. Number of orders by the White House on an average day: 50.

HARASS IS OURS

According to the EEOC, percentage increase in number of sex harassment charges since 1991: 120.

—EILEEN KENT

job offers. An *ohnosecond* is the moment after you realize you made a huge error and before the error goes through. Our favorite term proves that resentment is the mother of invention: A *seagull manager* is a consultant who swoops in, screeches, craps on everyone and then flies off.

TWO TURNTABLES AND A FRANCOPHONE

Alizé has been name-checked in songs and interviews by the Notorious B.I.G., Queen Latifah and LL Cool J. Now distributor Kobrand has gathered cocktail recipes for the formerly obscure mixture of passion fruit juice and cognac in a bid for wider recognition. Turns out Tupac Shakur (who mentioned Alizé in eight songs) and Puff Daddy never saw eye to eye, even when it came to cocktails. Tupac's favorite was *Thug's Passion* (Cristal and Alizé). Puffy Combs prefers his P'Diddy (two measures each of Alizé Red and Absolut Citron, one measure each of Chambord and sour mix and half a measure each of triple sec and Rose's lime juice). Either one is enhanced by a pack of Salems.

PASTRAMI TO YOUR EARS

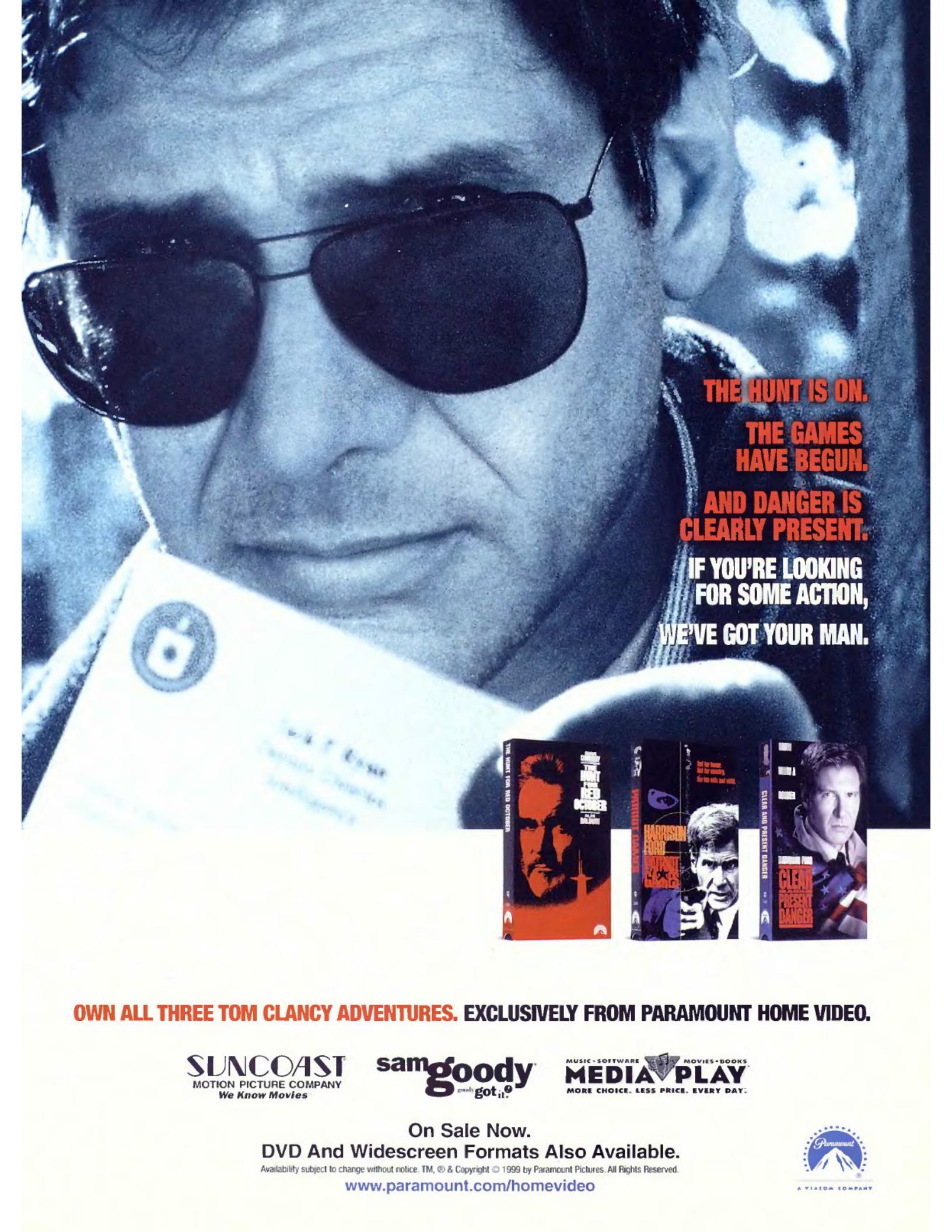
Relax to whale noises? Fuhgedaboutit. Sounds of the City (highstresspress.com) offers a tape of soothing New York City noises—sirens, horns and subways—for rural insomniacs who are afraid of sleeping with the fishes.

FATHERS OF INVENTION

A sharp-eyed patent lawyer drew our attention to U.S. Patent 5,849,803, approved late last year. Called Method of Treating Erectile Dysfunction with Nitroglycerine, this technique of delivering nitro along the urethra was invented by two men born to the task: Nils G. Kock and Gerhard Lycke.

BLACK MAGIC BREAKUP

If your divorce has become a pain in the neck, Stephen Rue will help you return the favor. The New Orleans lawyer is the author of *Voodoo Divorce: Put a Hex on Your Ex Through Preparation and Knowledge* (Forbes). The guide combines aggressive legal advice with unorthodox revenge tactics that call for pins, dolls and animal parts. Here is the spell to win visitation rights: "Light one white and one orange candle. Put catnip, jasmine and peppermint in a red flannel gris-gris bag. Place copies of your children's birth certificates or pictures of your children under your bed. Take a piece of paper that contains your children's names and pin the paper on the heart of a voodoo doll." The easy part is winning custody of your children. The hard part is convincing your kids that chickens and goats make nice house pets.



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MUSIC

R&B

THE ATLANTA-BASED trio TLC reinvented the girl group for the hip-hop era with clever costumes, rapping verses and smart double entendres. Five years ago, T-Boz, Left Eye and Chilli's album *Crazy-Sexy Cool* became a landmark of the decade, ingeniously mixing sing-along melodies, R&B rhythms and rap's frankness. TLC returns with *Fan Mail* (Arista), a 17-track collection that is top-notch. The best producers and writers in contemporary music (Babyface, Dallas Austin, Jimmy Jam, Terry Lewis and Jermaine Dupri) bring their considerable skills to bear. *Unpretty*, written by Austin and T-Boz, is an instant classic about a young woman's self-esteem, articulated with a great hook. The Diane Warren-penned *Come On Down* shows why this songwriter has become one of the chief sources of current R&B material. Young producer Kevin Briggs provides the funny, feisty *No Scrubs*, which captures the TLC attitude. The album's chief drawback is that despite spunk and charisma, the singing is only adequate, particularly on ballads. Still, TLC is distinctive and back on track.

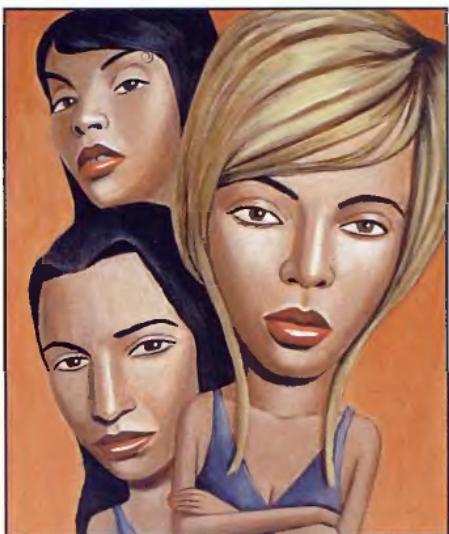
—NELSON GEORGE

ROCK

On its third album, *Vengeance* (North Side), Garmarna continues its plunge into the strange world of medieval fantasy. Garmarna sings about mass murder, torture and leaving your enemy's corpse to be devoured by dogs and ravens. These present-day Vikings seem to have the same preoccupations as gangsta rap. Garmarna, however, transcends its depressing subject matter. Playing a unique blend of heavy guitar, Scandinavian folk music and electronic weirdness, it grooves and drones and trances out, taking the listener with it. The lyrics are in Swedish, but you don't need a translation to know vocalist Emma Hardelin is simultaneously staring into the abyss and dancing. The only way you'd get more chills would be to go for a swim in the Baltic Sea.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

On *Bourbonitis Blues* (Bloodshot), Alejandro Escovedo is reckless enough to open by declaring *I Was Drunk*, sensitive enough to pull off Lou Reed's *Pale Blue Eyes*, folkie enough to fill in for Woody Guthrie on *California Blues* and punk enough for the Stoogian extravaganza *Everybody Loves Me*. On *Guilty*, he gets up enough groove to mirror classic Stones, a tougher feat than you might think. Through it all, Escovedo remains his own man, a wise character whose observant lyrics indicate he's a lot more sober than he's letting on.



Fan Mail from TLC.

ke and McLaughlin tunes. (He thought it was just one guitarist playing everything.) But Johnson's music is about much more than flashy technique. His multilayered folk-jazz compositions have real depth and bite.

—VIC GARBARINI

Duke Ellington holds a nearly incalculable place in jazz history, with more than 2000 compositions to his credit. No surprise, then, that his centennial would yield the largest jazz anthology ever—the 24-disc *Duke Ellington Centennial Edition* (RCA). Ellington recorded these sides from 1927 to 1973, giving this set a grand overview. The highlights include Ellington's great burst of creativity in the Forties, when he and alter ego Billy Strayhorn cemented his legacy with a series of gemlike miniatures, and vibrant large works from the Sixties: *The Far East Suite* and *Sacred Concerts*. But God is in the details of this remarkable discography. (Comparing four versions of *Black and Tan Fantasy* from 1927, 1932, 1945 and 1966 helps trace Ellington's evolution.) The sound reconstruction of old and worn recordings is state of the art, and the liner notes offer accessible analysis in some 20 essays. For those uncomfortable with the \$400 tab, this 24-course meal will be sold in six more-manageable morsels.

—NEIL TESSER

TLC returns, the Duke's birthday salute and Stevie Ray Vaughan remastered.

Paul Westerberg has finally recovered from the breakup of the Replacements, one of indie rock's great glories. *Suicaine Gratification* (Capitol) brings his songs, with their punky puns and laconic vocals, back into focus. Co-producer Don Was does for Westerberg what he's done for so many aging rock stars. It's hard to imagine Westerberg as a grown-up, but that's just why you need to listen.

The irreplaceable Dusty Springfield was the one truly great female artist of the British Invasion. Rhino's *Dusty in Memphis* and *Dusty in London*, sessions recorded between 1968 and 1970, reveal her as a sultry, soulful pop entrancer. She'll be sorely missed.

—DAVE MARSH

JAZZ

Richard Leo Johnson is an Arkansas native whose dazzling major-label debut album, *Fingertip Ship* (Metro Blue), may establish him as the most innovative guitarist since Jimi Hendrix. Johnson is a one-man guitar orchestra. He conjures an entire universe of tones, rhythms and lightning-fast runs on an unaccompanied 12-string acoustic. *Fingertip Ship* is full of roiling celestial chimes, mercurial single-line runs, and a menagerie of pops, taps and slurs. At times you'd swear that 12-string master Leo Kottke, frenetic jazzman John McLaughlin and Jaco Pastorius have morphed into one person. In fact, Johnson was influenced by a friend's unmarked tape of Kott-

RAP

If you think pop music today—dominated by boy groups and dance drivel—lacks creativity, you ought to listen to hip-hop. This is its golden age, as three excellent albums demonstrate. Designed to turn teenagers on while driving their parents nuts, *The Slim Shady LP* (Interscope), by Dr. Dre's white protégé Eminem, recalls the Beastie Boys' *Licensed to Ill* in its hilarity and button-pushing offensiveness. Although it couldn't warn more explicitly against trying its scenarios at home, these do include several revenge murders and one OD. Eminem rhymes with the imagination of a dirty-mouthed Ogden Nash (how about "eyeballs"—"Lysol"—"my fault"?). Here's hoping follow-ups to the irresistible *My Name Is* will give censors ulcers all year.

Prince Paul Presents a Prince Among Thieves (Tommy Boy), by former De La Soul music man Prince Paul, is just as audacious but totally different: a 77-minute rap opera so well plotted, it has been picked up by Chris Rock, who will play a crackhead in the movie. Other cameos go to old-timers Chubb Rock as a drug don, Kool Keith as a weapons dealer and Big Daddy Kane as a pimp. And, yes, the beats are def.

Things Fall Apart (MCA), the fourth album by Philly progressives the Roots, is

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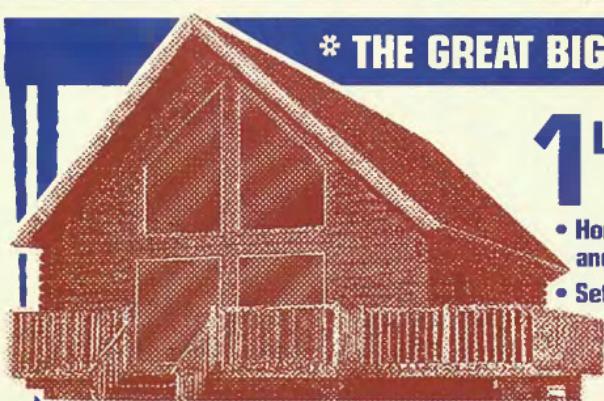
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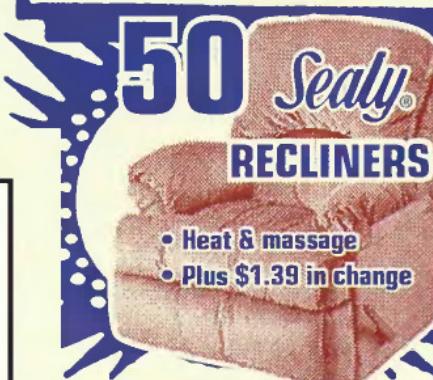
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All entries must be on official entry forms only. No photocopied or mechanically reproduced entry forms accepted. For each additional sweepstakes entry form you would like to receive, send a separate, self-addressed, stamped #10 (business-size) envelope to: Basic Entry Requests, P.O. Box 4399, Blair, NE 68009-4399. Limit one request per outer mailing envelope. Residents of the states of VT and WA only need not affix postage to return envelopes. Participation limited to residents of the U.S. who are smokers, 21 years of age or older. Entry form request must be received by 8/30/99.

3. GENERAL RULES: Sweepstakes open to residents of the U.S. who are smokers, 21 years of age or older at time of entry. Employees of Philip Morris Incorporated (PM USA), its affiliates, subsidiaries, advertising and promotion agencies and the immediate family members of each are not eligible. Void in MA, MI, at retail in VA and where prohibited by law. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. All entries become the exclusive property of PM USA and will not be returned. PM USA will not be responsible for lost, late, damaged, postage due, misdirected or mutilated mail. Incomplete or illegible entries, entries without a signature or entries not including a date of birth will be deemed null and void. A random drawing to award all prizes will be held on or about 10/7/99 from among all eligible entries received by D.L. Blair, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final on all matters relating to this sweepstakes. The odds of winning depend upon the number of eligible entries received. Potential winners may be required to sign and return an Affidavit of Eligibility/Release of Liability/Publicity Release/Prize Acceptance Form within 14 days of attempted notification. Noncompliance within this time period may result in disqualification and the selection of an alternate winner. Winners will be notified by mail on or about 11/1/99. Any prize/notification returned to PM USA as undeliverable will result in disqualification and an alternate winner will be selected. Traveling companions of travel prize winners will be required to sign and return a Release of Liability prior to departure and must be 21

years of age or older at time of winner's notification. Travelers must possess required travel documents (e.g., valid photo ID etc.) and must travel on dates specified by PM USA. Limit one prize per person. Winners are responsible for all federal, state and local taxes; vehicle, pop-up camper and boat winners are additionally responsible for any applicable licensing, insurance, title and registration fees. No transfer or substitution of prize permitted. PM USA reserves the right to provide a cash alternative at its sole discretion. This sweepstakes will also be offered through participating retailers and direct mail. Acceptance of prize offered constitutes permission to use winner's name and likeness for commercial purposes without further notice and compensation, unless prohibited by law.

4. PRIZES AND APPROXIMATE RETAIL VALUES: A total of 2,121 prizes will be awarded as follows: 1 Grand Prize - a Lincoln Logs log cabin including \$45,000 towards property and home furnishings (\$150,400). Winner must obtain or provide property on which to build the log cabin within one year of winning prize. 5 First Prizes - a brand new Ford® Pick-up Truck (\$27,995 each). 5 Second Prizes - a Pro-Line 19 foot Sportsman boat, including trailer, sun top and coast guard package (\$22,000 each). 5 Third Prizes - a Coleman® by Fleetwood Pop-Up Camper, including portable toilet and portable TV (\$8,080 each). 5 Fourth Prizes - a 7-day/6-night trip for two to the Grand Canyon, including round-trip coach airfare from winner's nearest commercial airport, hotel accommodations (one room) and \$1,000 spending money (\$4,500 each). 25 Fifth Prizes - a Philips Magnavox 60" Large Screen TV (\$3,015 each). 50 Sixth Prizes - a Sealy® beige recliner (\$995 each). 25 Seventh Prizes - Fuji® Bicycles, 1 male/1 female (\$920 per set of 2 bikes). 50 Eighth Prizes - a Stanley® Proto tool set including 4-drawer tool chest and 158 piece tool set (\$790 each). 50 Ninth Prizes - Coleman® camping equipment including tent, stove, lantern, set of cookware, cooler, flashlight and two sleeping bags (\$416 each). 50 Tenth Prizes - an Ames gardening set, including planter's wagon, a 6-piece tool set and 3-piece hand tool set (\$210 each). 25 Eleventh Prizes - winner's choice of a male or female Timex watch (\$50 each). 100 Twelfth Prizes - an American Flag, including pole and mounting hardware (\$25 each). 500 Thirteenth Prizes - a Zippo® lighter (\$24 each). 1,000 Fourteenth Prizes - a coupon for a free carton of Basic cigarettes (\$22 each). Residents of the states of MN and UT will receive the cash equivalent of the carton coupon. Prizes consist only of those items specifically listed as part of the prize. **5.** For the names of major prize winners, available after 12/1/99, send a separate, self-addressed, stamped #10 envelope to: Basic Sweepstakes Winners, P.O. Box 4397, Blair, NE 68009-4397.

FAST TRACKS

R

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Eminem <i>The Slim Shady LP</i>	9	3	7	9	3
Alejandra Escovedo <i>Bourbonitis Blues</i>	7	8	6	10	7
Garmarna <i>Vengeance</i>	5	6	8	5	9
Richard Leo Jahnsan <i>Fingertip Ship</i>	5	9	7	6	8
TLC <i>Fan Mail</i>	7	6	8	8	6

IS IT A CRIME TO CRY ELVIS IN A CROWDED NIGHTCLUB? DEPARTMENT: San Antonio disc jockey **Larry Johnson** has filed suit against the sheriff's department and others for false arrest. Johnson was arrested for saying **Elvis'** name in the club where he works. Police officers claim it was a code word to alert underage strippers that the cops were there. Everyone's all shook up.

REELING AND ROCKING: **Paul Westerberg**'s collaboration with **Don Was** has moved from the recording studio to the movie studio. Instead of touring, Westerberg wants to make a film of his new band performing. . . . Director **Robert Altman**'s grandson **Dana** made a documentary about **David Crosby** and the band he formed with his long-lost son, **James Raymond**. It will air on PBS and will be available on video. . . . **Billy Idol** has landed a part in the animated movie *Heavy Metal: E.A.K.K.2*. He'll provide the voice of Tyler, who is pursued by a female warrior out for revenge. . . . **Burt Bacharach** will appear in the *Austin Powers* sequel and has written songs with partner **Hal David** for the score of **Bette Midler's Jacqueline Susann** movie. . . . **Rob Zombie** will write and direct *The Legend of 13 Graves* for Madonna's film company.

NEWSBREAKS: Jim Beam bourbon has launched B.E.A.M. (Benefiting Emerging Artists in Music), a program that will provide financial assistance, resources and exposure for up-and-coming musicians. **Pat DiNizio** of the **Smithereens** is chairman of the advisory board. Interested musicians can learn more on the Jim Beam website (jimbeam.com) or by writing to P.O. Box 4723, New York, NY 10163-4723. . . . **Geri Holliwell** is getting more than a million dollars to chronicle her rise from nude dancing and the **Spice Girls** to UN ambassador Other

Spice news: **Mel C** is singing the theme for the new James Bond movie, *The World Is Not Enough*. . . . **Twisted Sister**, reunited after 12 years, will be touring soon. . . . More reunion news: **Dave Stewart** and **Annie Lennox** will have a new **Eurythmics** album ready when they tour in November, and **Bernie Worrell** will reteam with **Bootsy Collins** and **George Clinton** for a Mammoth Records release. . . . **Coolio** stars in a UPN pilot for a comedy series spin-off of *Malcolm and Eddie*. . . . **The Lovers**, **Sting**'s next album, will be out in the fall. . . . **Jimi Hendrix**' father has just published *My Son Jimi*. Now that **Al Hendrix** owns the rights to his son's music, he wanted to "get the story of Jimi's life straightened out." . . . **Courtney Love** narrates an hour-long documentary about the actress **Clara Bow** for Turner Classic Movies. . . . More Courtney: She co-stars in *Man in the Moon*, the **Andy Kaufman** film bio **R.E.M.** provided the title for and is scoring. . . . A sequel to the TV miniseries *The Sixties* is in the works. *The Seventies* will air next season and cover Watergate, feminism and disco. Can a soundtrack be far behind? . . . Expect to see the **John Lennon** tour bus at all the summer festivals—*Lilith*, *Horde* and *Warped*. The bus' mobile recording studio will allow fans to create their own records on the spot. . . . Lastly, it was inevitable that Wall Street would get into the music business, and it has—on two new labels that will emphasize live performances and an Internet radio station (www.radiophoenix.com). Phoenix Media Group marries a music aficionado from Salomon Brothers and Bankers Trust to a group of rock types, an indie and club vet, a soundman and a major-label guy. What's next? *Jammin' at Nynex?* —BARBARA NELLIS

the first to escape the feckless swing of the second-rate jazz they love too much. Here they respect hip-hop's more forthright tradition.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

BLUES

Few musicians can propel the blues with their own energy. **Corey Harris** has done so on **Greens From the Garden** (Alligator), a step into new territory as he expands his much praised command of acoustic blues to include Caribbean and rap influences. Harris is an ace with the slide guitar whatever the idiom, but his main attraction is a warmth reminiscent of **Louis Armstrong**. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

Stevie Ray Vaughan has been hailed as a blues savior by some and dismissed as a Hendrix wannabe by others. Nine years after Vaughan's death, the comparisons to Jimi ring false. Actually, they were opposites: Hendrix was an innovator who used the blues. Vaughan was a bluesman who used innovations. Stevie Ray's raw tone, jazzy Western swing chords and Texas R&B shuffle revitalized the blues and remain major influences on this decade's young artists, from **Kenny Wayne Shepherd** to **Pearl Jam**. Epic has done a magnificent job remastering and expanding Vaughan's first four studio albums, releasing them as **The Real Deal: Greatest Hits Volume 2**. But the real treats here are the four live tracks added to each album—all previously unreleased—that should cement Vaughan's reputation as the finest white American bluesman of all time. —VIC GARBARINI

COUNTRY

True harmony is fading in country music because it doesn't fit on radio. But last winter's **Trio II** (Asylum) found **Emmylou Harris**, **Dolly Parton** and **Linda Ronstadt** weaving a powerful statement about love and loss. The material includes *Lover's Return*, a haunting 64-year-old Carter Family ballad. With Parton on lead, there's a lonesome version of **Neil Young's** *After the Gold Rush*. The sleeper is *The Blue Train*, a pop song originally recorded by **Maura O'Connell**. This album was recorded as a follow-up to the critically acclaimed 1987 collaboration **Trio**. These women are three gold coins in the fountain of traditional country music.

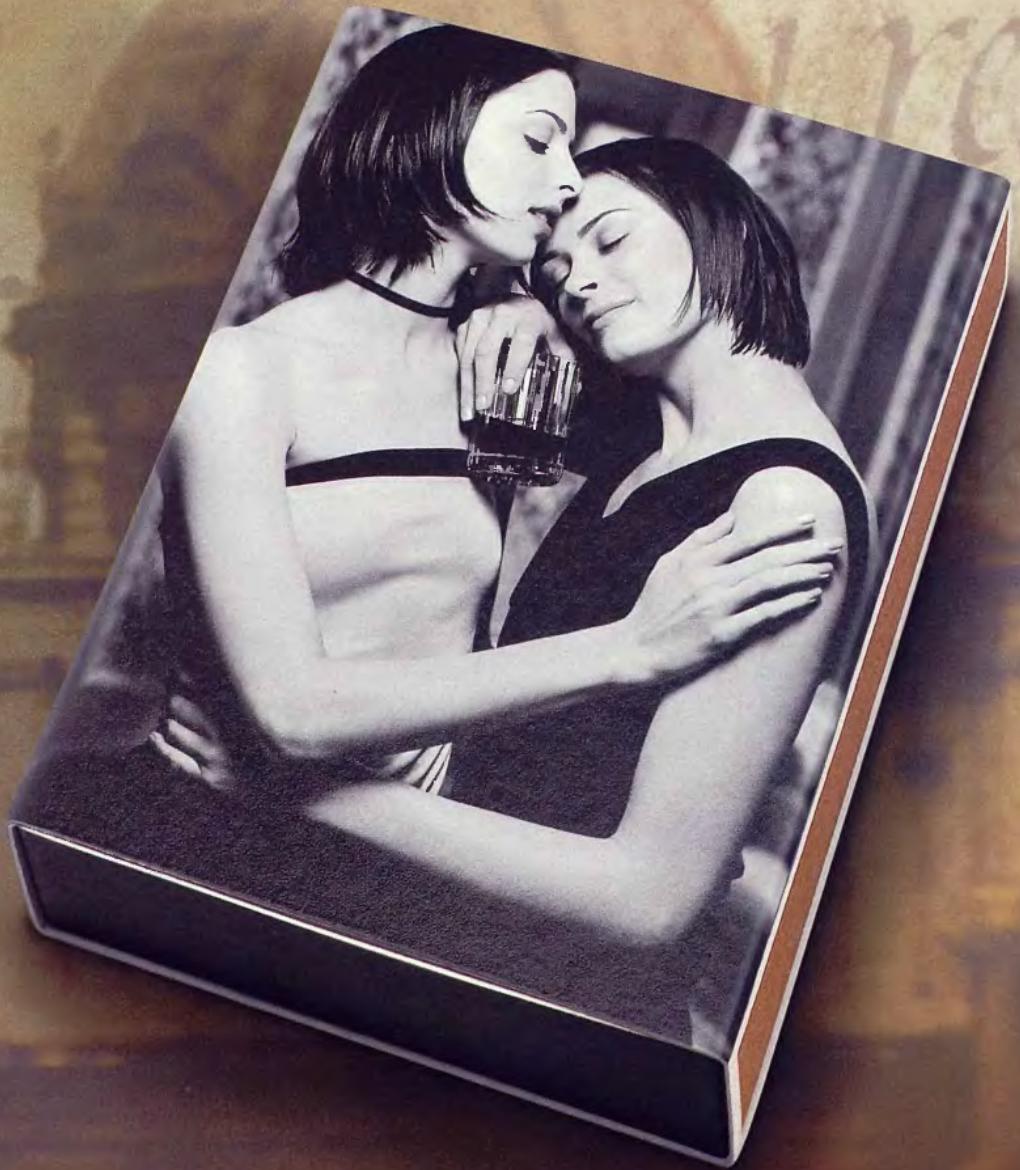
—DAVE HOEKSTRA

CLASSICAL

Mozart wrote his first church music at the age of ten. By the time he completed his final work, the *Requiem* of 1791, he had written 63 pieces of sacred music. **Nikolaus Harnoncourt** has done a wonderful job with Mozart's **Complete Sacred Works** (Teldec), a 13-CD set of musical grandeur.

—LEOPOLD FROELICH

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Light A Fire



PLAYBOY SCOOP: FURBY ACQUITTED

It was headline news: Furby, the fuzzy electronic toy that infiltrated America last holiday season, was labeled a spy. The National Security Agency started the commotion by officially banning the critter from its offices, claiming the microchip that enables Furby to learn English and speak its own language (Fur-bish) also has the capacity to record classified information and later spout it out. Then the Navy fueled the controversy by banishing Furby (for the same reason) from restricted areas at its bases in its West Virginia region. Now, we



know what you're thinking: The jabbering furball would be the perfect tool for spying on the jerk in the next cubicle. But the truth is, a Furby is no Aldrich Ames. "It's a clever toy, but it doesn't record or mimic voices," says Roger Shiffman, president of Tiger Electronics, Furby's creator. According to Shiffman, the NSA and the Navy "did not do their homework" before issuing the ban—and neither did anyone else. Of the many news sources that reported on the exile of Furby—including ABC News and *The Washington Post*—only PLAYBOY called Tiger to verify the creature's ability to carry out the alleged dastardly deeds.

—JOEL ENOS

MP3 HITS THE HIGHWAYS

The days of crackling tapes and CD changers exiled to the trunk are over. Empeg Ltd. has created a car stereo that plays MP3 files, the controversial audio format popularized on the Internet. For those of you who've missed the buzz, MP3 is a compressed digital format with near CD-quality sound. MP3 music files (both legit and pirated) are available at a variety of websites. The major complaints about portable MP3 players are that they hold only an hour's worth of music and that a single track can take a

long time to download. The Empeg Car, by comparison, stores 7000 songs or 35 hours of music on its hard drive. To get the tunes into the player, you remove the stereo from the dashboard and connect it to your PC by means of a USB or serial cable. Once the tracks are transferred (from either music websites or your own CDs), Empeg's Windows and Mac software lets you customize playlists before hitting the road. This auto jukebox also features an FM tuner. The price: \$1000.

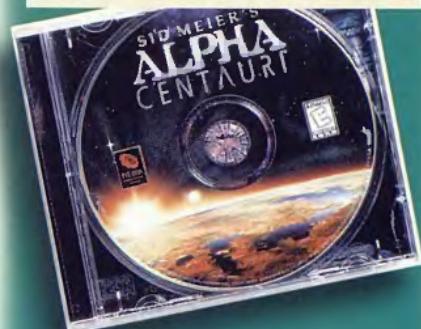
—MARC SALTZMAN

BARGAIN BASEMENT PCs

Computers are becoming as inexpensive as VCRs—and the price to beat is \$500. Sure, you have to make a few sacrifices to cut this kind of deal. Most \$500 computers are made by obscure companies (potentially risky) and they aren't the speediest systems on the planet. But the machines have enough muscle to do what matters—that is, run games and business software, and get you onto the Net. Witness eMachine's eTower 300K. This \$500 PC offers a 333-megahertz processor, 32 megs of RAM, 2.1 gigs of storage, a 56kbps modem and both a floppy and a 24x CD-ROM drive. And eMachine throws in a 17-inch monitor. Not bad. Other bargain computers: Microworkz' zPC and Micro Center's PowerSpec. For more information, visit computers.com.

—JOHN W. ELLIS IV

GAME OF THE MONTH



Set in 2100

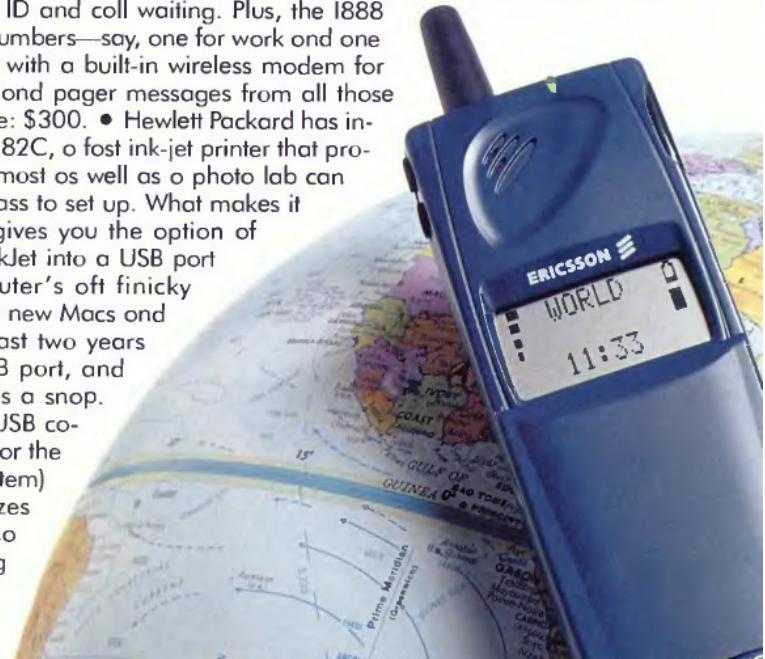
A.D., *Sid Meier's Alpha Centauri* is a strategy game set in a world that's both futuristic and familiar. The futuristic: Mankind is forced to colonize a planet inhabited by worms that devour the human brain. The familiar: Factions of religious nuts, tree huggers, capitalists, warmongers, peaceniks and freethinkers attempt to force their agendas on society while struggling to gain political control. You choose a group to lead and then do whatever it takes to assume power. You can challenge the computer or other players online. Either way, be prepared to get sucked in for days. (For Windows 95 and 98.)

—BETH TOMKIEW

WILD THINGS

Checking in with the boss from Tokyo, Paris and other international posts has just gotten easier with the launch of Ericsson's 1888 World Phone (pictured here). This sleek pocket-size portable cell phone offers roaming in more than 120 countries. When fully juiced, the 1888 lets you talk for nearly five hours straight and supplies 80 hours of standby time. It also functions in 24 languages, has a 99-number phone book and essentials such as caller ID and call waiting. Plus, the 1888 can be assigned two numbers—say, one for work and one for pleasure. It comes with a built-in wireless modem for sending faxes, e-mail and pager messages from all those exotic locales. The price: \$300. • Hewlett Packard has introduced the DeskJet 882C, a fast ink-jet printer that produces color images almost as well as a photo lab can but isn't a pain in the ass to set up. What makes it easy? The \$300 HP gives you the option of plugging the new DeskJet into a USB port instead of the computer's oft finicky printer ports. All of the new Macs and any PC built in the past two years have at least one USB port, and connecting gear to it is a snap. You simply plug in a USB cable, and Windows 98 (or the new Mac operating system) automatically recognizes the new device—with no noodling or configuring required.

—B.T.



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MOVIES

By LEONARD MALTIN

WU TIANMING is one of the founders of modern Chinese cinema—a mentor to such young filmmakers as Chen Kaige and Zhang Yimou. He has returned to his homeland after eight years in exile and created a gem: *The King of Masks* (Samuel Goldwyn). In this mesmerizing tale set in the rural world of Sichuan in the Thirties, a lowly street entertainer named Wang (Chu Yuk) has but one asset, a secret technique that enables him to switch masks in the blink of an eye. Even the country's pampered leading actor bows to the mastery of this humble performer. But Wang is no longer a young man, and despairs that he has no heir—until he acquires a young son on the black market, where a child's life is cheap. How this leads to heartbreak, political gamesmanship and the true expression of love is the magic of this unique and powerful film. **YY½**



The king of masks and his assistant.

Passing on traditions,
running for your life,
living in limbo.

ribly compelling, and are rarely satisfying, though they cover the globe from Italy to China to Austria. Each story is laced with frustration and tragedy because the violin has been cursed. So has writer and co-star Don McKellar, whose central idea never catches on. Even the sight of Greta Scacchi undressed can't raise this ambitious film above a pleasant diversion. **YY½**

Arbiters of mass taste seem to think the public has no memory and cares only about celebrities of the moment. Consider then the phenomenon of two extraordinary female movie stars—one from the silent era, the other from

STARS FOR ALL TIME

the Fifties and Sixties—who are still in the spotlight: Mary Pickford and Audrey Hepburn.

Hepburn is in a class by herself. Her look is utterly contemporary, and more than one young woman I know has pictures of her tacked to her bulletin board at work. When the publisher of *Legends: Women Who Changed the World Through the Eyes of Great Women Writers* (Publishers Group West) had to choose one image to put on the cover, Audrey Hepburn's photo won.

Now there is a book called *Audrey Style* (HarperCollins), by Pamela

Clarke Keogh, with an introduction by the man most closely associated with Hepburn's wardrobe, Hubert de Givenchy. Designer Manolo Blahnik calls hers "the most important look of the 20th century."

In your local toy store you'll find two separate lines of Audrey Hepburn dolls representing her various wardrobes in *Breakfast at Tiffany's* and *My Fair Lady*. There is also talk of Jennifer Love Hewitt's playing Hepburn in a TV biography.

Mary Pickford doesn't have the same degree of contemporary recognition, but on the 90th anniversary of her screen debut, a beautiful new book called *Mary Pickford Rediscovered* (Abrams) by Kevin Brownlow affirms that new appreciation is due for the first great female movie star.

There have been other Pickford biographies during the past decade (by Scott Eyman and Eileen Whitfield).

There's a great deal to be said for energy. The question is whether or not it alone can sustain a film. *Run Lola Run* (Sony Pictures Classics) is a hyperkinetic German import that will attract some viewers because of its sheer momentum. The premise is simple: A young man messes up a drug deal because his girlfriend wasn't there to pick him up at the appointed hour. Now he's in hot water with his unforgiving boss, who's set to meet him in 20 minutes. Lola (Franka Potente) tells him to wait for her; somehow she'll find a solution. Using techniques of animation and manipulation, director Tom Tykwer follows Lola as she runs for her boyfriend's life, racing the clock not once, but three times. How and why should we care about Lola and her boyfriend if each resolution is only a possibility, not a certainty? If technique were all, *Run Lola Run* would be worth running to see. As it stands, it's just a gimmick. **YY**

Emir Kusturica chronicled the tumult of his Yugoslavian homeland most recently in the epic *Underground*. Now he tells a different story in farcical terms—yes, farce. For in *Black Cat, White Cat* (October), the characters and their actions begin ordinarily enough. As the story mushrooms, the plot grows increasingly frenetic. Life, Kusturica seems to say, cannot be normal in a society such as this. Planned marriages, accidental deaths, love and revenge are all part of

There's also been an exceptional book about her valued collaborator, screenwriter Frances Marion (*Without Lying Down* by Cari Beauchamp). They all point out Pickford's groundbreaking status as a superstar, contract negotiator and co-founder of United Artists. (When Jack Nicholson won his first Oscar in 1976, he thanked Pickford, who'd appeared earlier on the broadcast, for opening the door to profit participation for actors.)

Now, best of all, Pickford's films themselves are coming back into circulation. Milestone Film & Video (800-603-1104) has released *My Best Girl*, *Tess of the Storm Country*, *Daddy Long Legs*, *Stella Maris* and *Amarilly of Clothesline Alley*, using the best archival materials available, with new orchestral scores and color tinting. These films confirm what film buffs have known for years: Mary Pickford is as enchanting as ever.

—L.M.



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Cruz: Very much in control.

OFF CAMERA

She's already a major presence in European film, having worked for the enfant terrible of Spanish cinema, Pedro Almodóvar, and in such recent releases as *Open Your Eyes* and *Twice Upon a Yesterday*. Now **Penelope Cruz** is amassing an equally impressive list of American colleagues—including Woody Harrelson (in *The Hi-Lo Country*), Matt Damon and Billy Bob Thornton (who's directing her and Damon in *All the Pretty Horses*).

But **Penelope Cruz** seems to have kept a level head through it all. Perhaps because she's still so close to her family—and hasn't yet made a permanent move to Hollywood (although she lived in New York for a while). Perhaps it's because in her teens she learned discipline when she started working as a dancer.

The impression one gets is of a hardworking actor determined enough to want it all, and sensible enough to be grateful for what she's achieved.

Although she speaks with an accent, Cruz says working in English is actually freeing for her because "I don't recognize myself so much in the character. The more distance there is between you and the character, the easier it is. In *Live Flesh* with Almodóvar, I was a prostitute with a mustache and black teeth and nobody knew it was me. I loved it." She also appears in Almodóvar's next film (*All About My Mother*)—as a pregnant nun with AIDS.

I ask the gracious young actor if, growing up, she ever had a role model. Her answer is immediate: "Audrey Hepburn. It's not that I dare to think I could be like her—she was an angel—but she is my inspiration in the way she was, the things she did. I have seen all of Audrey's movies." Her favorite? *Two for the Road*. "I love that movie. I would like to make a remake of that." Anybody listening? —L.M.

an atmosphere akin to a giant madhouse. The milieu is Gypsy life along the Danube, and the principals are two archrivals, now in their 80s, whose children cause them nothing but grief. Marked by vigorous performances, broad comedy and a never-flagging tempo, *Black Cat, White Cat* is as funny as it is surprising. **★★★**

I admire Mike Figgis' films, from his stylish *Stormy Monday* (now on video) to his uncompromising *Leaving Las Vegas*. So I regret to cite *The Loss of Sexual Innocence* (Sony Pictures Classics) as one of the most excruciating films I've sat through in years. The first sign of trouble was the use of ironic title cards to introduce each section of the film. This has become an unfortunate cliché lately, and seems a desperate measure to prop up weak material. The material, in this case, is an allegorical look at one man's sexual experiences from childhood to the present day, with flashbacks to the original awakening in the Garden of Eden. Dense and pretentious, it plays like a parody of a Sixties art film. Viewers who haven't gone through such collegiate moviegoing may find this a novelty. I couldn't stand it. **★**

Watching a John Sayles movie is like diving into a good novel. Perhaps that's because Sayles is a writer who has an insatiable curiosity about people. He has a particular affinity for the working class and is incapable of writing a line of dialogue that doesn't ring true. Sayles' films never make the weekend top-five box-office lists, but they make up an extraordinary body of work, including *Matewan*, *Passion Fish*, *The Secret of Roan Inish*, *Lone Star* and, most recently, *Men With Guns*. Now, in *Limbo* (Screen Gems), the director takes us to Alaska, where opportunists think of new ways to exploit the state for the benefit of tourism, lifelong fishermen and cannery workers find themselves unemployed, and others simply get along because they have no choice. Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio plays a singer working in a local saloon. Her teenage daughter (Vanessa Martinez), full of doubt and self-loathing, has had to endure her mother's endless string of short-term relationships. David Strathairn is a loner who was once the star player on the high school basketball team. How these three eventually come together, in a series of unpredictable circumstances, forms the core of the film. But Sayles peppers his script with his typically three-dimensional supporting characters. Like many Sayles movies, *Limbo* doesn't fit in any pigeonhole, but for intelligent moviegoers looking for something stimulating, it's manna from heaven. **★★★★**

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by leonard maltin

Besieged (Reviewed 6/99) Bertolucci orchestrates an intriguing and oblique love story for two disparate characters, perfectly played by Thandie Newton and David Thewlis. **★★**

Black Cat, White Cat (See review) A spry Gypsy farce. **★★**

Election (6/99) Reese Witherspoon is fabulous as a high school overachiever, with Matthew Broderick as the teacher who tries to stop her dead in her tracks in Alexander Payne's smart, sassy satire. **★★**

Existenz (6/99) Cult favorite David Cronenberg explores virtual reality, with Jennifer Jason Leigh as a game designer who gets trapped in her own world—or does she? **★★**

Get Real (6/99) This earnest drama, set in England, concerns a teenager who's comfortable with his homosexuality—unlike his parents or the class jock (with whom he's developed an amorous relationship). **★★**

The King of Masks (See review) An aged street performer yearns for an heir to pass on his ancient tradition in this exquisitely realized film. **★★★★**

Limbo (See review) Characters at crossroads somehow come together in Alaska, thanks to director John Sayles. **★★★★**

The Loss of Sexual Innocence (See review) An excruciating treatise on sexual awakening plays like a parody of a Sixties art film. **★**

The Matrix (Listed only) Keanu Reeves is pulled into a parallel world of the near future in which he may be its savior. Overlong and silly at times, but a watchable film with striking effects and production design. **★★**

The Red Violin (See review) A violin's travels are followed from the master's shop where it's created in 16th century Italy to 20th century Canada, where it's the focal point of a feverish auction. This sounds a bit better than it plays. Samuel L. Jackson and Greta Scacchi lead an international cast. **★★**

Run Lola Run (See review) This hyperkinetic, superstylish exercise is a woman's frantic attempt to rescue her boyfriend. **★★**

This Is My Father (Listed only) Aidan Quinn stars in a well-intentioned film directed by his brother Paul about an American schoolteacher's attempt to unlock the mystery of his father's life in Ireland 60 years ago. **★★**

Three Seasons (6/99) Tony Bui's compelling mosaic of stories set in modern-day Saigon. **★★**

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

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT



"My favorite movie has to be *The Dead Zone*," says Kathy Griffin of NBC's *Suddenly Susan*.

"I love David Lynch's *The Elephant Man*, which is, I think, Lynch before he went totally bizarre. I also like a lot of Alan Parker movies—*Midnight Express*,

The Commitments—and Fritz Lang's *M. I love Hitchcock's 39 Steps*. What's my favorite way to watch videos? In silence. I hate going to the theater and hearing people talk."

—SUSAN KARLIN

BAD TASTE, FUNNY FILMS

Judging by Todd Solondz' *Happiness*, arriving on tape and disc this month, the trend in cinema is to see just how dark comedy can get. The boundaries of good taste are stretching, and all we can do is laugh.

Very Bad Things (1998): Five ordinary guys slay and chop up two people before turning their deadly corkscrews on one another. Disgusting, foul and hilarious—and don't miss the painfully funny last five minutes.

8 Heads in a Duffel Bag (1997): The title says it all. At one point mobster Joe Pesci dreams that the heads sing *Mr. Sandman* to him while the decapitated bodies do a jig. Written off by critics, but it gets better with age.

The House of Yes (1997): Creep out! Horny Parker Posey is obsessed with Jackie O., and Posey thinks her brother is John F. Not even Clinton's Lincoln Room has seen anything this daringly distasteful.

To Die For (1995): Nicole Kidman will do anything to be a TV newscaster—that includes sleeping with everyone and arranging the murder of her husband (Matt Dillon). Dark, but Kidman shines.

Parents (1989): What if the moms of *Pleasantville* began serving their dinner guests other guests? It's the Cleavers with meat cleavers.

Spanking the Monkey (1994): We know what the title means, but we didn't know the mother would be the spanker and the son the spankee. Gross!

Curdled (1996): Death-obsessed maid Angela Jones gets a job with Miami's Post Forensic Cleaning Service, which mops up after dapper serial killer Billy Bald-

win's gory mayhem. It is to laugh! Exec-produced by Quentin Tarantino.

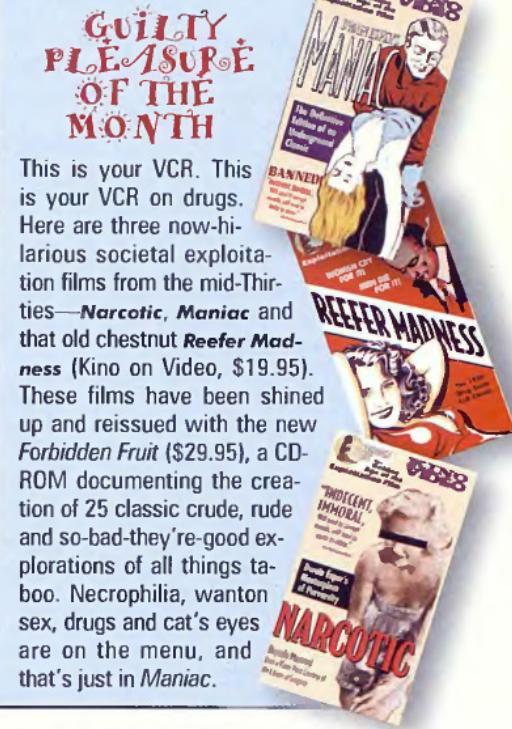
Trainspotting (1996): Scottish drug addicts find the bottom of society's barrel and then crawl under it. Lesson learned: Do not sling a bedsheet full of excrement into your girlfriend's parents' breakfast nook—especially during breakfast.

Harold and Maude (1972): The grandmother of black comedies: Death-obsessed teenager Harold (Bud Cort) falls for 79-year-old Maude (lovable, wrinkly Ruth Gordon), who teaches him about pot and sex. Comically grim—Harold's fake suicides are unforgettable.

—BUZZ MCCLAIN

DISC ALERT

You remasterin' me? Martin Scorsese's **Taxi Driver** (1976), the tale of an alienated New York hack (Robert De Niro) on his way to a psychotic explosion, has been digitally remastered and released on DVD (\$25, Columbia Tristar). A 70-minute "making of" film produced for the release (an abbreviated version appears on the tape release) includes interviews with the director and De Niro as well as Jodie Foster—who made the jump from TV cutie to serious actress with her role as an adolescent street-walker in the film. Both Foster and De Niro earned Oscar nominations for their turns, as did Bernard Hermann's score, which seems even more ominously eerie on this new disc. If Robin Williams' home video of the moment, *Patch Adams*,



is too saccharine for your taste, check out the often-cloying comic in his often-brilliant mode, portraying the man in the moon in **The Adventures of Baron Munchausen** (\$25, Columbia Tristar). Williams' unbilled cameo performance is a highlight of Terry Gilliam's elaborate but uneven fantasy—which is enhanced by the wide-screen DVD's eye-popping clarity. You will want to pause on Uma Thurman's body-painting scene.

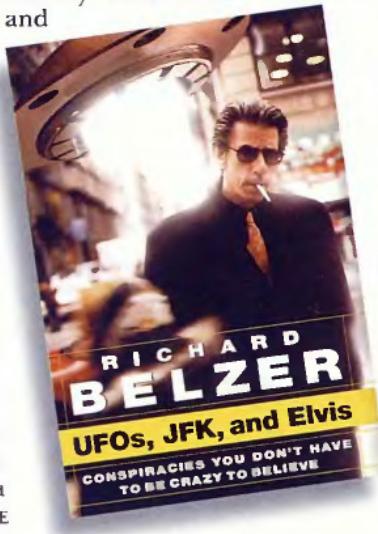
—GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOO		MOVIE
COMEDY		<i>Shakespeare in Love</i> (Fiennes' Bard—blacked, broke and smitten with Paltrow—conjures Romeo and Juliet; 1998's Oscar champ), <i>Rushmore</i> (can-do prep-school dark and his mentor are hot for the same teacher; Bill Murray's best role yet).
ART HOUSE		<i>The Thin Red Line</i> (director Terrence Malick pours blood and poetry at the Battle of Guadalcanal; a gorgeous mess), <i>Happiness</i> (it's painfully elusive and sexual in director Todd Solondz' New Jersey; unsettlingly funny).
DRAMA		<i>A Simple Plan</i> (bumpkin bros who find \$4.4 million in woods soon go separate ways; great good-guy-in-denial bit by Bill Paxton), <i>A Civil Action</i> (families send shark John Travolta after corporate polluters; Robert Duvall rises from the stink).
THEATER		<i>Hurlyburly</i> (Sean Penn and Kevin Spacey as nasty Hollywood scum who leave no scenery unchewed), <i>Little Voice</i> (from the London stage hit, a Kewpie shut-in belts to beat the band; great sleaze by Michael Caine as her agent).
REMAKE		<i>Mighty Joe Young</i> (the ape is 15 feet tall and Charlize Theron is a primatologist; much better at home, with popcorn), <i>Psycho</i> (Gus Van Sant's shot-by-shot Hitchcock homage; fine, if you can get past the "but why?" question).

BOOKS

SERIOUS SHTICK

What makes Richard Belzer's *UFOs, JFK and Elvis* (Ballantine) a must-read isn't the familiar conspiracy material the actor-comedian has gathered. He seriously wants to convince us that "history—past and current—is just a collection of accepted lies." But his sharp sense of humor doesn't allow him to miss an opportunity for laughs. For example, in citing the oft-quoted comparisons made by conspiracy theorists between assassinated presidents Lincoln and Kennedy, Belzer can't help adding a new one: "A week before Lincoln was shot he was in Monroe, Maryland. A week before Kennedy was shot he was in Marilyn Monroe." You gotta love the Belz. —DICK LOCHTE



MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

Earlier this year, artist Damien Hirst designed a \$2000 limited edition of Robert Sabbag's 1976 cocaine-trade classic, *Snowblind* (Canongate). This edition of the book, which tracks the descent of a New York executive turned coke dealer, is a design rush. It has a thick mirrored cover, a diecut containing a rolled-up \$100 bill and a platinum American Express card for a bookmark. We talked with Hirst about what inspired his latest piece.

Q: What characteristic attracted you to Zachary Swan, *Snowblind*'s protagonist?

A: He's a good guy, the fool. In the eyes of the law, he's a bad guy, but not in terms of his conscience and how he cares about his screwed-up couriers. The book is so well researched. A lot of people say it glorifies cocaine. Actually, the book demystifies coke. There are only three reasons to take cocaine: so you can drink ten times more, so you can stay up all night and talk shite, and because you can afford it. If you're doing it for any other reason, you're an idiot. But I think that coke has finally lost its coolness. It's just a babbling drug now.

Q: The mirrored cover tells the reader, "This book is about you." Do you agree?

A: I really like that. The cover almost disappears as well. It reflects space into it—almost like not having a cover.

It marks up easily and gets filthy. That makes you feel dirty, which I quite like. I also like the idea that you buy it and it also has money in it. It's a safe gift for anyone, because they'll look at it and think, Great! I got \$100.

—DEAN KUIPERS



NOVEL TURNS OF THE CENTURY

From two separate offices at the same publishing company come two sprawling first novels that should get plenty of attention. Both are turn-of-the-century epics linked to the latest technology, but one is set at the start of the 20th century and the other at the end. In *Turn of the Century* (Random House), Kurt Andersen introduces George and Lizzie Mactier, a paradigmatic Manhattan couple—smart, sophisticated, successful workaholics with a pair of precocious children and no time to enjoy the wonderful life they've carved for themselves. George is an independent TV producer with a new series designed to blur the lines between news and entertainment. Lizzie owns a computer software company that is weighing takeover bids from Microsoft. As a co-founder of *Spy* magazine, Andersen established himself early on as an astute, facile and irreverent observer of modern culture. In the novel, those qualities are ever present. But over the course of 600 pages, it's possible to get too glib. Andersen's narrative is a hyperkinetic reportage that leaves no detail unnoted. Andersen knows his stuff—corporate takeovers, computer hackers, the stock market, media ratings, unthinkable menu items at fusion restaurants. But with no relief from his droll nonstop commentary on corporate culture, the book seems superficial—as wide as cyberspace but no deeper than a Web page.

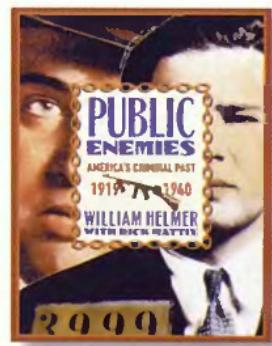
Lauren Belfer's debut novel, *City of Light* (Dial Press), is set in 1901, when the city that stood for progress was not New York but Buffalo. The new century's technological wonder was electricity, made possible by the seemingly limitless power of nearby Niagara Falls.

The story is told from the perspective of Louisa Barrett, whose position as headmistress of a school for girls allows her far more freedom than most women were permitted. When the chief engineer on the electric project is found dead, Louisa fears the husband of her best friend is involved. *City of Light* is a richly textured mystery played out on a grand stage, taking in the significant issues of the day—industrialism, labor unrest, environmentalism, technology, women's rights, race relations and presidential politics (Grover Cleveland came from Buffalo; William McKinley was assassinated there). In what is arguably the most noteworthy historical novel since *Ragtime*, Belfer does for Buffalo what William Kennedy did for Albany. She infuses it with light, creating a living memory that provides perspective not only on the developments of the last century but also on the possibilities for the next.

—PAUL ENGLEMAN

MEET THE MOB

Al Capone, the original media darling of American gangsters, once complained: "When I sell liquor, they call it bootlegging. When my patrons serve it on silver trays, they call it hospitality." For more great quotes from famous outlaws, as well as blood-and-guts period photos (some rare and never before published) pick up *Public Enemies: America's Criminal Past* (Checkmark) by former PLAYBOY Senior Editor William Helmer with Rick Mattix. It's a who's who of bad guys. —HELEN FRANGOLIS





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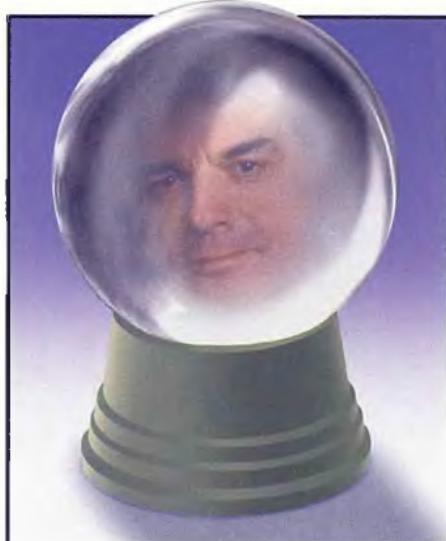
By ASA BABER

The things I do for you guys . . . it's amazing, isn't it? Consider my basic thoughtfulness toward you: Every time I give a massage to a Centerfold and then sip champagne with her in the whirlpool that Hef installed for me next to my cubicle, I never forget my loyal readers. During those moments of whirlpool kiss and bliss, I make it a point to remember everything that is happening to me so I can tell you about it later. You believe me, don't you?

I see myself as your *PLAYBOY* surrogate, your Man in Nirvana who does exactly what you would do if you were lucky enough to be in my shower shoes. I spend my days in service to you, thinking and writing about the issues that concern us, and then I minister to the women of *PLAYBOY* in a hands-on and vibrating style of healing that makes them squeal like the cute and passionate little hellions they are.

Given my self-appointed status as your alter ego, I have recently begun to ponder some particularly vital questions that I know you are wrestling with as you look into the future: What is sex going to be like in the next century? What changes will lie ahead for us in the bedroom? Most important for us as men, what will the women of the next 100 years be like and how will they treat us? Just call me Asa Nostradamus, for I have seen the future and I am here to reveal to you the biggest changes in human sexual habits between now and the year 2100. Here are the top four:

(1) *Permanent peace will be established between the sexes:* This will be the news flash of the century. Shortly after January 1, 2000, Patricia Ireland, president of the National Organization for Women, will make a nationally televised statement that will change both history and herstory. "I have finally seen the truth," Ms. Ireland will report on *Larry King Live*, "and I hereby renounce the hard-hearted positions that NOW has sometimes taken on gender issues. I acknowledge that men are superior to women in every way. However, I came to this conclusion only after meeting Asa Baber. What a piece of work he is! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty! In form and moving, how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! In apprehension, how like a god!" (It will be noted later that Ms. Ireland was cribbing from Shakespeare here, and she will admit it . . .



ALICE STANNETT

CALL ME NOSTRADAMUS

shortly after she and I return from our honeymoon.)

(2) *Transsexualism will become a universal fad of great importance:* By 2010, every human being in the civilized world will have undergone at least one sex change operation. This cultural phenomenon will have its downside, of course, because you will never be able to determine the original sex of any person you are sleeping with unless he/she/it chooses to reveal it to you. But is there an upside? You bet your estrogen there is. A new field called transsexual surgery will surpass plastic surgery as a lucrative career, and hormones will replace vitamins as this country's favorite addiction. In a remarkable announcement, Jacqueline Nicolson will reveal to the public that she was once the actor Jack Nicholson and that she has changed her sex ten times over the past decade. She will also make a movie called *A Few Good Transsexuals*, in which the line "You can't handle the truth!" will be changed to "You can't handle being Ruth!"

(3) *Androids will become the favorite sexual partners of most human beings by 2015:* Put away your inflatable dolls, boys. By the spring of 2015, science will have produced the X-1 and Y-1 androids, incredible creatures whose joints and sexual components are linked by nerve and muscle tissue to the central processing

unit, and whose computers can be programmed any way you desire. Straight or gay, cool or hot, short or tall, your android will flop for you at the flip of a switch. Possible problems? Just two. First, the android software will be controlled by the infamous Microhard Corporation, which will have the ability to tune in to your sexual escapades whenever it chooses. Second, although no major news network will broadcast this information, some men will be immediately emasculated by defective android A-drives that chew up anything you put into them. Larry Schiller's autobiography, *Dickless in Denver*, will expose this horrible scandal in bloody detail.

(4) *Sex with aliens will be the fastest growing sexual activity on Earth during the second half of the 21st century:* Unfortunately, this is not necessarily good news. Notice that I did not say voluntary sex with aliens. While I do not want to alarm you, my job as Asa Nostradamus is to tell you the truth as I foresee it, and the harsh fact is this: Be prepared to be poked, prodded and butt-fucked by slimy alien creatures who haul you into their spacecraft on a beam of light and take control of your body and your mind. These aliens are after your precious bodily fluids for reasons that we do not yet completely understand. But you can bet they will get what they came for unless you can think of a clever method of self-defense. My advice: When those short, gray-skinned motherfuckers strap you down on a lab table and put on their four-fingered latex gloves, start singing a country song. For some reason, aliens love country music. As long as you continue singing, they will dance. (Keep in mind that they are particularly fond of the songs of Kinky Friedman and Hank Williams.) But guess what? Aliens cannot dance for more than a minute without dissolving like icicles in an oven. If you sing your lungs out before they collect your sperm sample, they will start to melt within the first few bars, soon to become a puddle of stinking guts and goo. Think about it, pardner: With the aliens dead, the spacecraft will be under your control. You can beam up anybody you choose and play until the cows come home. So do it, stud. And have yourself a happy, prosperous and sexy 21st century!



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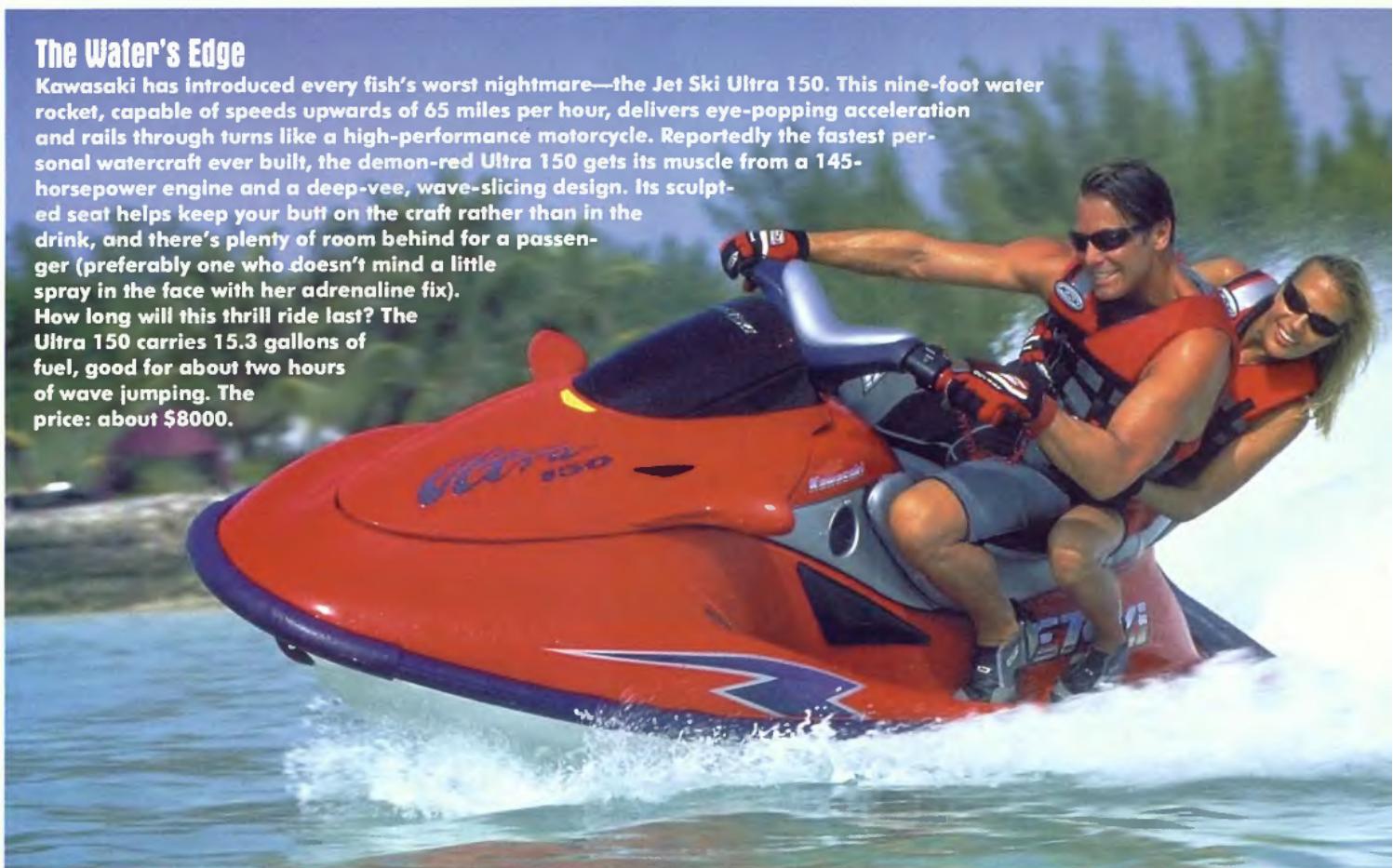
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MANTRACK

hey...it's personal

The Water's Edge

Kawasaki has introduced every fish's worst nightmare—the Jet Ski Ultra 150. This nine-foot water rocket, capable of speeds upwards of 65 miles per hour, delivers eye-popping acceleration and rails through turns like a high-performance motorcycle. Reportedly the fastest personal watercraft ever built, the demon-red Ultra 150 gets its muscle from a 145-horsepower engine and a deep-vee, wave-slicing design. Its sculpted seat helps keep your butt on the craft rather than in the drink, and there's plenty of room behind for a passenger (preferably one who doesn't mind a little spray in the face with her adrenaline fix). How long will this thrill ride last? The Ultra 150 carries 15.3 gallons of fuel, good for about two hours of wave jumping. The price: about \$8000.



Which Bordeaux?

It is as good a time as any to assess the red Bordeaux of the Nineties. The decade started out with the spectacular 1990 vintage. The '91s and '92s were underwhelming. The '93s and '94s were better, with some very good wines, particularly in Pomerol. The '95s are considered outstanding, the '96s are a notch below them and the early returns on the '97s suggest that they are pleasant, early-drinking wines—though they will be expensive.



Don't expect your Tae-Bo training to prepare you for the advanced legwork of the roundhouse kick. The circular, sweeping motion of this martial arts technique is ideal for disarming thugs, and it can create an opening for a pulverizing punch. But its legwork requires practice—first in front of a mirror and then with a sparring partner. Tip: You can use the roundhouse as a "jab" to intimidate an attacker. If you're lucky, he'll mistake you for Jackie Chan and split.

HOW TO DO A ROUNDHOUSE KICK



MANTRACK



Smells Like Summer

Just-mown hay and fresh fruit combined with rich woods and leathers are the olfactory lures of this summer's eaux de toilette and aftershaves. Left to right: UDV for Men mixes the scents of wood, musk, leather and tobacco, while Davidoff's Good Life has a pastoral essence. Jako from Lagerfeld combines fruits with sandalwood and leather to create a mysterious fragrance. Emporio Armani's sophisticated smell is derived from sage, cedar and sandalwood, while Contradiction by Calvin Klein offers spicy fruit mixed with patchouli.

Shaft of Light

When we asked golf expert and teaching pro Kim McCambs to put a titanium shaft into a King Cobra driver head, he said, "This is where the titanium should be. It isn't so important in the head; it belongs in the shaft." Like graphite, Ti-shafts are lightweight to increase club-head speed, but they have more feel and don't torque on impact. They're also consistent and accurate like steel. Ti-shafts are made by Titanium Sports Technologies (which also makes space-age bicycle and wheelchair frames—think maximum strength, minimum weight). True Temper distributes them through better golf shops nationwide.

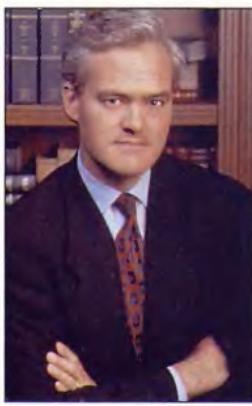


Clotheslines: Dan Rather and Scott Pelley

CBS news god Dan Rather (left), who is also a correspondent on *60 Minutes II*, confides that he prefers to buy suits at his local Sam's Club warehouse (a subsidiary of Wal-Mart) and JCPenney and says, "I'm serious about this." What about designers

such as Armani and Joseph Abboud? "I'm sure their clothes are great, but, generally speaking, they're overpriced." And for casualwear? "I like Lee or Wrangler jeans and almost any kind of cowboy boots except snakeskin. Those are for people who are all hat and no cattle." Scott Pelley

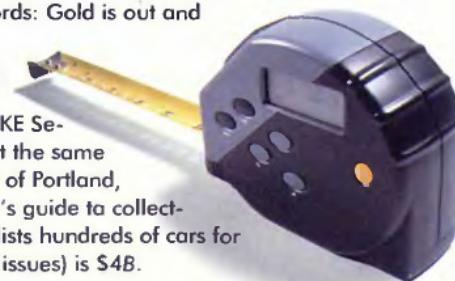
(below), chief White House correspondent for the CBS Evening News With Dan Rather, puts the opposite spin on his personal style. "My tastes run to Armani suits and Ermengildo Zegna ties," he told us, "because the suits hang well and the ties have interesting designs." At home? "I wear Gap khakis."



Guys Are Talking About . . .

Smart tools. New to Stanley's line of "innovative intellitools" are a stud sensor (right) that detects wood, metal and live wires in two-inch-thick walls via electronic signals, a laser ultrasonic estimator (below) that computes a room's square footage and a ruler (bottom) that gives digital and traditional tape readings. The stud sensor and the ruler are about \$35; the estimator is about \$50. Urban time-sharing. The Manhattan Club at 200

West 56th Street offers one-week perpetual ownership of a suite beginning at \$14,990 (not including annual maintenance fees). Owners can swap their units for the use of 3100 other properties in 85 countries. No-brainer translators. Type an English word into Ectaco International's Universal Translator and push a button and a computer voice will respond with correct pronunciation in one of eight languages: French, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Greek, Hebrew, Chinese or Russian. The translator is \$150 and each language cartridge costs \$50. Must-have watches. Rolex' stainless steel, white-faced Daytona (about \$5,000) is hot—as is the stainless steel, black-faced Paul Newman Daytona model that goes for \$10,000 to \$12,000 (if you can find one). Additional watch words: Gold is out and platinum is cool. Used sports cars. A 1957 Morgan Plus 4 in OK shape sold recently for \$16,800 and a 1969 Jaguar XKE Series II went for only \$20,500 at the same auction. Sports Car Market out of Portland, Oregon, "the complete insider's guide to collecting," tracks the prices. Plus, it lists hundreds of cars for sale. A year's subscription (12 issues) is \$48.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Can you wear a striped tie with a striped shirt or suit?—A.A., New York, New York

You want tough? Throw in a striped suit. I've seen a photo of Fred Astaire wearing three stripes, and it looks wonderful," says Alan Flusser of the Alan Flusser Shop in New York City. "It requires a delicate touch. The more sophisticated the dresser, the more likely he'll attempt patterns together." Most guys can handle mixing three solids (one color should stand out) or two solids and a pattern. Fewer can find their way with two patterns. Ideally, one should be stripes, both should share a color and each should have a different scale. "If you're wearing a suit with stripes that have an inch of space between them, choose a shirt that's more of a pinstripe," Flusser says. "If you have a striped tie, make sure it's closer to the scale of your suit than to that of your shirt. You want to avoid wearing small stripes next to small stripes."

Is Gwyneth Paltrow the first actor to win an Academy Award for a film in which she appears nude?—R.T., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

*Far from it. According to Craig Hosoda, author of the *Bare Facts Video Guide* (408-249-2021), 14 other women have bared their breasts in films that won them an Oscar. But besides Paltrow, only three—Glenda Jackson (best actress for *Women in Love*, 1971), Jane Fonda (best actress for *Coming Home*, 1979) and Holly Hunter (best actress for *The Piano*, 1994)—have shown substantial skin. While we're on the topic, three male actors who did scenes in which they briefly exposed their buns have won: Jack Lemmon (best actor for *Save the Tiger*, 1974), Geoffrey Rush (best actor for *Shine*, 1997) and Cuba Gooding Jr. (best supporting actor for *Jerry Maguire*, 1997). There has yet to be an Oscar-winning appearance of a penis.*

A few months ago a reader wrote to ask whether women enjoy giving head. I take issue with your contention that women do not achieve orgasm by performing oral sex. For many years I had a lover whose orgasms were triggered by my coming in her mouth. She insisted that the swelling of the head of my penis before my orgasm triggered hers. This was the greatest turn-on of my life. She told me many times, "I don't do this for you, I do it for me." I have been a subscriber for 40 years and wanted you to know this—or maybe I just wanted to reflect on it again.—S.S., Atlanta, Georgia

You're not the first reader to disagree on this point. Your lover did what all great lovers do: She convinced you that your pleasure dictated her pleasure, and you'll never forget the impression that made. We got ourselves in trouble, as usual, by stating our



*case as an absolute. Certainly the rare woman does reach climax while giving head without direct stimulation, as does the rare guy. However, we're not convinced it occurs as frequently as claimed by those who took issue with our response. For starters, anyone receiving head is hardly in a position or state of mind to observe his or her partner closely. Your lover may have consistently reached climax by placing your erection in her mouth, à la Deep Throat, but we bet that in most cases there were fingers, a floor, a mattress or thighs involved, at least momentarily. That said—and this is a vital point—we would never discourage a woman from trying to prove us wrong. The *PLAYBOY* test bedrooms are being remodeled, but perhaps our female readers would be willing to experiment with their partners. It's for science.*

Can you tell me how to increase the amount of semen I produce when I come? I have a girlfriend who wants more.—D.C., Hartford, Connecticut

The typical ejaculate measures about half a teaspoon (at least among guys who visit sperm banks), though it can range from a fifth of a teaspoon to two teaspoons or more. The only reliable way to increase volume is to hold off from having sex or masturbating for a few days. To satisfy your girlfriend, you'll have to make her wait.

I am a 27-year-old married man with two small children. My wife and I hadn't been getting along, so she cut me off in the bedroom. I began to see prostitutes, telling myself I wasn't cheating because I didn't get emotionally involved. I still love my wife and don't want to hurt her. Everything went well at first. I was getting regular sex, which helped me stay

calm when things got hairy at home. Because I'm less frustrated when my wife is chewing me out, things have improved exponentially. But I still have a problem. I think that I'm addicted to hookers. It's great to be able to get off without the politics, and I can't do it any other way because I'm painfully shy. Another problem is that I've met one girl who I see each week, and I think we're developing a relationship. She tells me about her problems and we counsel each other. We exchange e-mail and she has even given me her home phone number. I don't want to leave my wife, and seeing my new friend is getting risky and expensive. But I don't want to leave my friend out in the cold, either. She has told me what to do to smooth things out. She even reduced her fee so I could see her more often. What should I do?—L.M., San Diego, California

Your wife made a mistake here, and you followed up with your own. Her error was to withhold sexual intimacy to punish you. In her defense, it may be the only thing she feels she can control in the relationship. But it isn't the best strategy. One sex educator advises women, "Don't deny him sex. That deprives you of pleasure. Deny him dinner." You don't say why your wife blows her top, but how much help do you provide raising those two kids? How about keeping the household running smoothly? Perhaps your time could be better spent. Your new friend isn't pushing you toward a stronger marriage; she's moving you toward a new credit card limit. As difficult as it will be, you need to stop seeing prostitutes, stay home and address the problems in your marriage. If you love your wife, arrange for professional counseling that includes both of you. For a referral, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to the American Association of Sex Educators, Counselors and Therapists, P.O. Box 238, Mount Vernon, Iowa 52314.

What is the proper way to clean a pewter flask? I can't get the smell of peach schnapps out of mine.—T.P., Des Moines, Iowa

Serves you right. Neutralize the odor with a solution of baking soda and hot water. Pour in the solution, shake the flask, then let it soak for a few hours. Shake it again, rinse and air dry.

A friend gave me a money clip as a gift and I was hoping you could tell me the proper way to use it. Do you clip over the folded end? How many times should I fold the bills?—M.L., Ottawa, Ontario

Fold once so that the image of the queen or prime minister faces outward. Slide the clip over the fold. Don't cram in more bills than fit comfortably; an overstuffed money clip is a sure sign of a tightwad. We like how Leon

Hale, a columnist for the *Houston Chronicle*, once described the proper use of a clip: "The way a gentleman pulls out his money in public is an indicator of how sophisticated he is, how organized and cool. The last time I was at the airport I watched a guy step out of a taxi, and he was so cool. Watch the way he pays the cabdriver: He sets his briefcase down; left hand goes in side pocket; brings out cash in money clip. Quickly he peels off three bills—flip, flip, flip—and hands them to the driver and makes a small gesture that says, 'Keep the change.' He didn't even look at the bills, which says he knew the denominations of the first three. Amazing. Is it possible the guy is so organized he arranges the money in his clip so the right bills will always be on top?" That, or he carries only tens.

I have been seeing the term "tantric sex" lately and have to plead ignorance. (Or is it innocence?) Quick description, please?—D.P., Omaha, Nebraska

Tantra is a spiritual movement that views prolonged, ritualistic sexual pleasure as a path to the divine. Why can't more religions be like that? It dates from about the sixth century, when it arose within both Hinduism and Buddhism. To extend lovemaking, male tantrists teach themselves to withhold ejaculation during climax, which allows them to maintain their erections. The method takes practice and is accomplished by pressing a point along the perineum or through superior muscle control. Interlocked couples also typically gaze into each other's eyes, searching for enlightenment (they may not find it, but eye contact can be an incredible turn-on). In the West, the word tantra has come to describe any type of meditative sexuality, especially among marketers, but traditional tantra covers a wider range of beliefs and rituals. You'll find an introduction online at the Church of Tantra (tantra.org). There, Swami Nostradamus Virato introduces tantra this way: "There is a most beautiful word for sex in the Sanskrit language, and that is Kama, which means sex and love indivisible. Almost everyone is familiar with the Kama Sutra, a tantric treatise on lovemaking. Kama is also the name of the Hindu goddess of love. And love is what tantra encourages—total unconditional love, including the mind, the spirit and the body. In tantra, the orgasm is with the universe." Talk about a big bang.

My girlfriend and I plan to marry this fall. She would like to take my last name. I want her to keep her own last name. She says she doesn't understand why I am so insistent, since having different surnames will cause problems with financial paperwork and when we have children. I don't see why a woman should have to give up her family name, and I'd rather have an equal partnership than a patriarchal one. What should I do?—T.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Let your fiancée decide what to call herself. She may prefer one name because it's

symbolic of a new family being forged. Many people feel, as you do, that separate names acknowledge the independence of each partner. You could combine names (we have friends, McCord and Silverman, who became McSilver) or use both (Johnson and Turner becomes Johnson-Turner). Hyphenated names are unwieldy, however, and you still have to decide which name comes first. Some women shift their maiden names to the middle, e.g., Hillary Rodham Clinton. Perhaps your fiancée would consider that, and you could be satisfied that she's honoring her heritage. Don't make an issue of this. The name she puts on her checks will have nothing to do with whether your marriage suffers from patriarchy.

Last week, I hired an escort. When she arrived at my place, she said she would dance nude and touch herself, but that we couldn't have intercourse because she was a Catholic and wanted to remain a virgin until she was married. That's a new one. Perhaps *PLAYBOY* could do a pictorial featuring virgin adult entertainers.—R.M., Las Vegas, Nevada

Turned you on, didn't it?

What is the advantage of an advanced photo system camera over one that uses 35mm film? The only advantage I see is that you can shoot wide-angle photos. The disadvantage is that the film and developing cost about 15 percent more.—R.K., Vacaville, California

APS film and processing cost more, but for the point-and-click set, it's often love at first sight. As you know, APS cameras don't require you to thread the film; you drop the cassette into the camera case and it loads automatically. You can switch within the same roll between three print sizes—standard, wide and panoramic. High-end APS cameras allow you to remove the cartridge before you finish the roll without damaging the shots you've taken (i.e., you can switch from color to black-and-white film, then back). Because the negatives are stored within the cartridge after processing, each developed roll comes with an index sheet. Depending on how many photos you take, storing handfuls of cartridges and keeping each with its index sheet can become a hassle. On the upside, APS film contains a magnetic strip that can record information about each photo—everything from event names to the light source to how many prints you'd like. The latest cameras have zoom lenses, and scanners are available that create digital reprints from developed cartridges. APS cameras can't use standard 35mm film, so stock up if you're traveling to any place exotic.

I have tried in vain to explain to my girlfriend that we are not friends. I've also had more than one conversation with others who don't agree that a parent is not his or her child's friend. While elements of friendship might be present in these relationships, calling each other

friends isn't accurate. I believe my view is logical, while others are using their emotions. They see not being "friends" as horrible, while I view it as it should be: something better and deeper. I'm either not explaining it well enough, or I'm wrong. Help!—K.P., Lancaster, Ohio

Are you expecting to get laid anytime soon, Mr. Spock? We see your point, but you're laboring it. Lovers, as well as children and their parents, are more than friends. But a relationship that isn't built on the combination of loyalty, respect and empathy commonly described as friendship isn't going anywhere. While you and your girlfriend aren't just friends, you also aren't just lovers.

I have developed an unusual fetish: I love to have my hair cut. I thought I was the only one until I discovered websites such as *My Beautiful Barberette*. I also saw a film called *The Hairdresser's Husband*, which explores this theme. I find haircuts an erotic experience, especially when electric clippers are used to get close to the scalp. I rarely get an erection in the barber's chair, but I almost always masturbate when I get home. I suppose this is a "true" fetish in that it's the experience itself that arouses me rather than the attractiveness or even the gender of the barber. I remember hating haircuts as a child, and it wasn't until I was in the military and getting frequent buzz cuts that it turned me on. Perhaps it makes me feel more manly or virile. What does the Advisor think about all this?—B.P., San Diego, California

We never have a sexual thought—not one—when Fat Charley cuts our hair. His assistant, however—her shampoo massage could go on forever. We've heard from guys who fantasize about bald women ("naked from the neck up," as they say), but never from anyone who gets turned on from sitting in the chair. It's not surprising that you find the experience arousing; the scalp is overlooked as an erogenous zone (try massaging your lover's head, or rubbing her hair, and gauge her response). If a haircut is the only way you can get turned on, you have a true fetish. That's not healthy, or much fun. May you never suffer from male pattern baldness.

*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*, available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.*



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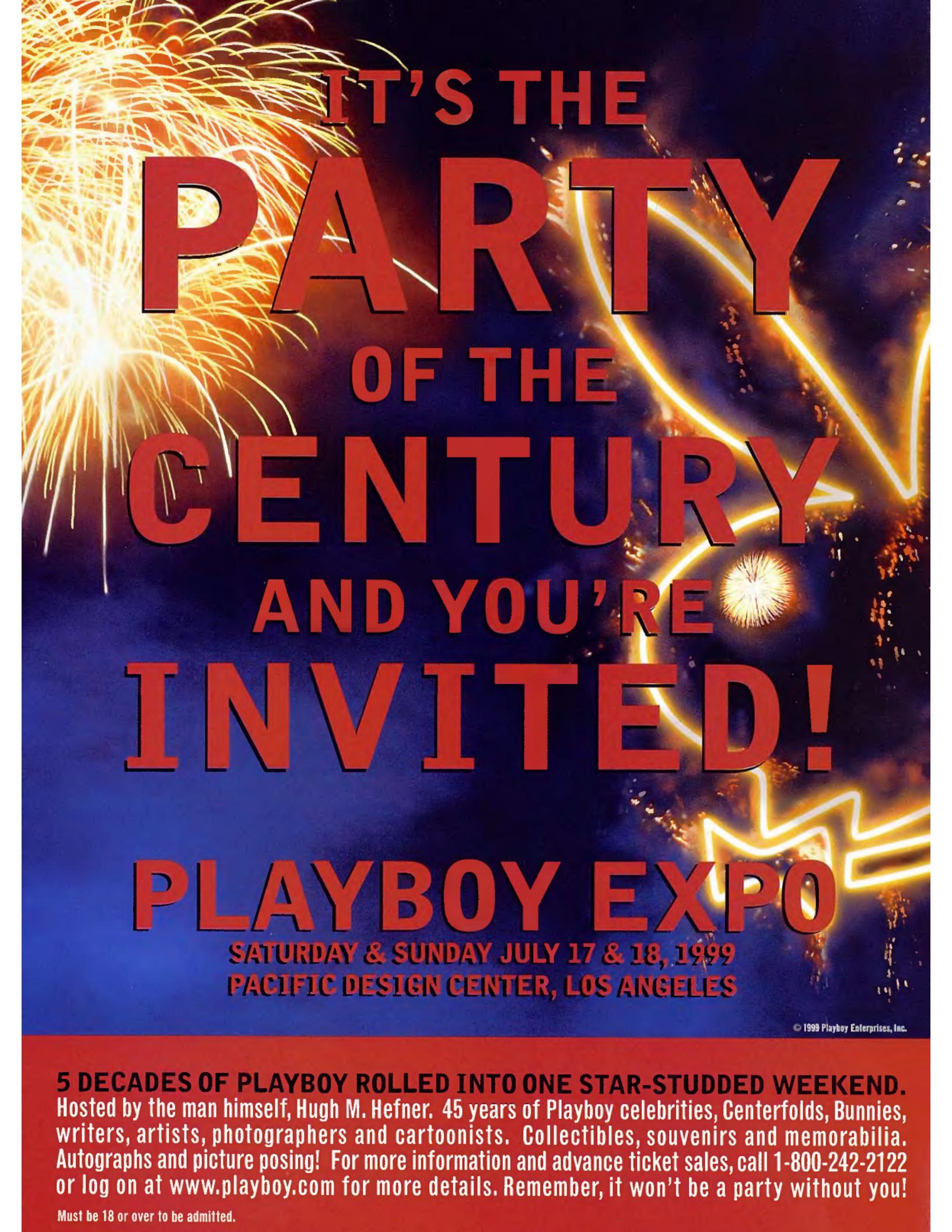
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TRUE CONFESSION?

crime, cops and videotape

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

Q In the PBS series *Prime Suspect*, Helen Mirren, playing detective Jane Tennison, walks into an interrogation room and turns on the recording machine; to her, it's second nature. Before she asks the first question, she takes the step necessary to memorialize the confession.

Compare the English procedure with what we see on American television. In recent years interrogation has become a favorite dramatic device for cop shows such as *NYPD Blue*. The battle of wills has familiarized us with the fine points of interrogation: the pressure of good cop-bad cop routines, the isolation of the suspect, the power of accusation, the pitting of one criminal against another, the lies, the bluffs, the intimidation—not to mention the occasional violence. This is the stuff of great ratings. In almost every confrontation, confession is offered as the only way out, a catharsis.

Real life is not so tidy. Professors Richard Leo and Richard Ofshe studied 60 police-induced false confessions and came up with this conclusion: "In a criminal justice system whose formal rules are designed to minimize the frequency of unwarranted arrest, unjustified prosecution and wrongful conviction, police-induced false confession ranks among the most fatal of all official errors."

Why would someone confess to a crime he didn't commit? Leo and Ofshe argue that the techniques of psychological interrogation have progressed to the point where it is easy to force innocent parties to confess.

- In 1990 police in Austin, Texas administered two lie detector tests to Billy Gene Davis. After failing both, he finally confessed to killing his ex-girlfriend. She later turned up alive.

- In 1987 Los Angeles police got Ruben Trujillo and Pedro Delvillar to confess to the same double murder and robbery. Both were in police custody at the time of the crime.

- In 1991 sheriff's deputies in Phoe-

nix interrogated Leo Bruce, Mark Nunez and Dante Parker for some 21 hours, during which time the men confessed to the mass murder of nine people at a Buddhist temple. Police later found a rifle and traced it to the actual killers.

A confession is "universally treated as damning and compelling evidence of guilt," say Leo and Ofshe. "It is likely to dominate all other case evidence and lead a trier of fact to con-

they were lying.) Finally they asked Gauger to imagine a hypothetical situation—if he had killed his parents, how might the crime have happened? Gauger gave it a try, but the details of his "confession" did not match the details of the crime.

Although no physical evidence connected Gauger to the killings, prosecutors told the jury that he had confessed. He was found guilty. Three years later, his conviction was overturned. Wiretaps in a federal investigation of a Midwestern motorcycle gang indicated that two members had committed the murders during a robbery.

In Illinois, police may have reason to avoid taping interrogations. No fewer than ten prisoners on death row insist they were tortured by former Chicago Police Commander Jon Burge. The Chicago Police Board dismissed Burge after investigators identified 50 people who said they'd been electroshocked, suffocated, kicked or beaten during the course of interrogation. *Chicago Tribune* columnist Eric Zorn described some of the forced confessions that put men on death row. Ronald Kitchen's conviction for a 1988 quintuple homicide was "based on the hearsay of a jailhouse snitch and the results of a Burgian interrogation that left him with severe injuries to his genitals." Leroy Orange confessed to a 1984 quadruple slaying after police placed electrodes on him and also attempted to suffocate him.

Two states, Alaska and Minnesota, require that officers record interrogations. According to a report in *The New York Times*, some 2400 sheriff's and police departments across America use audiotape and videotape during investigations and confessions. Studies indicate that these measures actually help the judicial process—they can prevent defense attorneys from speculating about police misconduct. This should be the law of the land, as simple as throwing a switch on the wall.



vict the defendant." And the odds of correcting an injustice are slim. Police and prosecutors are not inclined to reopen or investigate further a case that has been solved.

Gary Gauger was sentenced to die for the 1993 murder of his parents. He found his father's body on the floor of the family's motorcycle shop. His mother lay dead in a nearby trailer. Police thought Gauger's response was suspicious (he seemed too calm). They took him to the station and interrogated him for 18 hours. During the night, police told him they found evidence proving he was the killer. (They were lying.)

Gauger was a recovering alcoholic. Police suggested to him that he had committed the murders during a blackout. He took a polygraph exam, which he was told he failed. (Again,

DEADLY TRAFFIC

kill thy neighbor

By TED C. FISHMAN

I live in Chicago in a mixed-income, but mostly well-off, neighborhood on the South Side. Every week I read the police blotter in the neighborhood paper and breathe a sigh of relief when the crimes at gunpoint—there are always crimes at gunpoint—happen on someone else's block. No matter how many illegal guns the police seize, thousands more keep pouring in.

The city of Chicago banned handguns in 1982, yet the city has become the murder capital of America. Since 1965, handguns have killed 17,000 of its citizens. In 1998 alone, 536 of the 700 people killed in Chicago died from bullet wounds.

Determined to find out how dealers were funneling thousands of guns to Chicago street gangs and other criminals, Mayor Richard M. Daley sent undercover officers on a gun buying spree in suburban towns. One

policeman wore camouflage fatigues, complete with a knife on his belt. One couple aped outlaw bikers and three donned gang colors and demeanors. The undercover officers conducted business at gun stores just beyond the city line, making no bones about the jobs they hoped their new guns would perform. One ostensible gang member asked for a gun that would "protect my spot" and that wouldn't "hang up on me in the heat of battle."

Another man posing as a gangbanger picked out twin 9mm pistols then told the clerk he wanted to settle up with the creep who ratted him out. Obliging store clerks proffered the best hardware, from gel-impregnated bullets guaranteed not to "hit a little girl on the next block" to huge guns and shells that would "go through car doors and everything." The clerks split

up orders to circumvent government registration requirements. One clerk backdated receipts, skirting the mandatory waiting period and allowing the biker couple to take immediate delivery of six semiautomatics. Guns that can be sold only to license holders were sold to customers without the official paperwork. In two months, the undercover officers bought 171 guns for

has wrought on the city that is obliged to police the streets and treat the victims of violence in public hospitals. The suit also aims to force the gun industry to be more watchful.

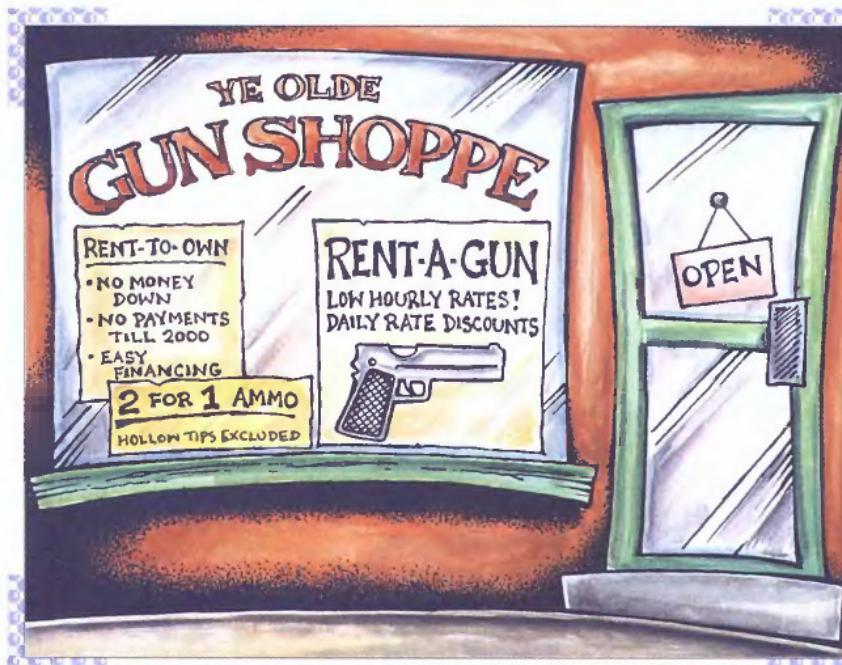
Atlanta, New Orleans and Bridgeport, Connecticut have adopted Daley's legal tactics in their own crusades against handguns. Taking a somewhat different tack, those three cities argue

that gunmakers ought to be legally bound to make their products safer. City attorneys have filed lawsuits that cite the availability of smart technology (e.g., trigger locks) that would prevent anyone but the rightful user from firing the weapon, thereby protecting kids from gunshot accidents and thwarting criminals who find the guns.

In a recent federal suit in Brooklyn brought against the gun industry by shooting victims' families and one survivor, the jury

found gunmakers negligent in their sales practices and liable in two fatal shootings. One statistic that swayed the jury was that 90 percent of all guns used in New York City crimes come from outside the state, and that many of those were bought new. Further, a study by National Economic Research Associates found that 20 percent of the handguns sold nationwide are used in crimes within four years.

More suits are in the works. By this fall as many as 50 other cities will join the legal coalition against handguns. Only a national effort can make much difference in the way guns are distributed; guns move nearly as easily from state to state as they do from suburb to city. NERA determined that states with lax gun laws—mostly those in the Southeast—ring up sales far out of proportion to local demand.



CLAY BUTLER

\$65,000. That included such superstars of destruction as AK-47s and Uzis, as well as guns with laser scopes.

The investigation uncovered one shop, in a suburb with a population of only 14,000, that had sold 6500 guns that were later confiscated by Chicago police after being used in crimes.

Based on its investigation, the city filed a \$433 million suit against 38 gun manufacturers, distributors and shops for pursuing sales and marketing strategies that intentionally target Chicago. The suit relies in part on public nuisance laws that are more commonly marshaled against polluters who ruin the environment of nearby localities. The city argues that, like upriver toxic sludge, the flow of illegal handguns from outside the city creates a deadly environment. The \$433 million is meant to recover the costs gun violence

GUNS 'R' US

not so fast, guys

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

Sure, the videotapes were compelling. Chicago cops posing as members of drug gangs, visiting gun shops, hauling away handguns by the bushel, filling the air with bullshit and badass posturing.

Would you have been swayed if the cops had posed as Bill Cosby, Cybill Shepherd, Dianne Feinstein, Howard Stern, Donald Trump, William F. Buckley, Laurance Rockefeller, Tom Selleck, Robert De Niro and Erika Schwarz (first runner-up in the 1996 Miss America Pageant)? These are just a few of the Americans who have applied for concealed handgun permits.

Would you have been swayed by a woman who described pulling a handgun out to deter a rape? Or by a man who described an attempted carjacking in which the would-be perpetrator gave up when the driver pulled out his handgun?

The Chicago story captured our imagination and caused outrage because the guns purchased by undercover cops seemed destined for criminal use. But if 20 percent of guns sold in one year are used in crimes, what of the other 80 percent?

It is almost impossible to depict the impact and effect of normal gun ownership, although the National Rifle Association certainly tries. No single profile covers the collectors, hunters, target shooters, libertarians, mock militias, creative anachronism groups and frightened citizens who keep a gun. There are as many reasons to own a gun as there are guns.

Handguns, for most Americans, represent a means of self-defense—one that is largely silent. One reassuring statistic reports that in 98 percent of the cases where a handgun is used to prevent a criminal act, it is not fired.

But it is possible to measure the effect of those millions of legal weapons.

University of Chicago law and economics fellow John Lott Jr. has energized the gun debate with some startling research, published last year in a book with the counterintuitive title *More Guns, Less Crime*. Surveying crime statistics for 3054 U.S. counties, Lott found that most obstacles to gun ownership do nothing to lower crime rates. "Violent crime rates were highest in

states with the most restrictive rules, next highest in the states that allowed local authorities discretion in granting permits and lowest in states with non-discretionary rules." The difference is most striking for murder: "States that ban the concealed carrying of guns have murder rates 127 percent higher than states with the most liberal concealed carry laws."

Put another way, if states had rewrite

JOHN LOTT
FOUND THAT
MOST OBSTA-
CLES TO GUN
OWNERSHIP
DO NOTHING
TO LOWER
CRIME RATES.

ten their handgun laws and issued handgun permits right and left, Lott estimates "murders in the U.S. would have declined by about 1400. The number of rapes would have declined by 4200, aggravated assaults by 60,000 and robberies by 12,000."

There is a halo effect—citizens who don't carry guns can benefit from an armed citizenry. Criminals fear gun owners and potential gun owners. According to Lott, in countries where citizens have little or no access to guns (the UK and Canada), almost half of all burglaries are "hot burglaries," in which the criminal enters the house while the resident is at home. In the U.S., 76 million people are armed with an estimated 150 million to 200 million guns and the hot burglary rate is 13 percent.

Yes, guns are used to commit crimes

of violence—though people are more inclined to use them against themselves (18,503 suicides in 1995) than against others (13,790 homicides and 616 justifiable homicides in the same year). In contrast, polls estimate that guns are used defensively from 760,000 to 3.6 million times a year. The cops are not always there to protect you, but your handgun is.

Lott points out that there are far fewer accidental deaths than antigun politicians would have us believe. In 1995, 233 citizens died in handgun accidents. Citizens using guns in self-defense accidentally kill about 30 people each year, believing them to be intruders. In contrast, cops kill up to 330 innocent individuals annually.

Lott forces one to reconsider the favorite claims of gun control advocates. Sarah Brady used to boast that the background check bill named for her husband had "helped keep more than 100,000 felons and other prohibited purchasers from buying handguns." In 1996 a report from the General Accounting Office indicated that "initial rejections based on background checks numbered about 60,000, of which over half were for technical reasons, mostly paperwork errors that were eventually corrected. A much smaller number of rejections (3000) was the result of convictions for violent crimes. By the time the background check provision was found to be unconstitutional in June 1997, only four people had gone to jail for violations."

The attempt to force manufacturers to install gun safety locks is as simple-minded as forcing air bags on all Americans to make up for those who forget to buckle up. The lawsuits that try to recover damages from gun manufacturers for producing lethal products are equally absurd. Try stopping a carjacker with your finger. Mayor Daley's lawsuit shows the failure of prohibition. Gun laws did not make Chicago safer, they just forced citizens (both law-abiding and criminal) to travel outside of the city to buy security.

The pollution metaphor is catchy and may well work on gullible jurors, but it shifts the blame from killers to corporations.

READER

WAR ON DRUGS

The 19th century German philosopher Arthur Schopenhauer once said: "All truth passes through three stages. First, it is ridiculed. Second, it is violently opposed. Third, it is accepted as self-evident."

It appears that in the war on drugs, America is in the throes of stage two.

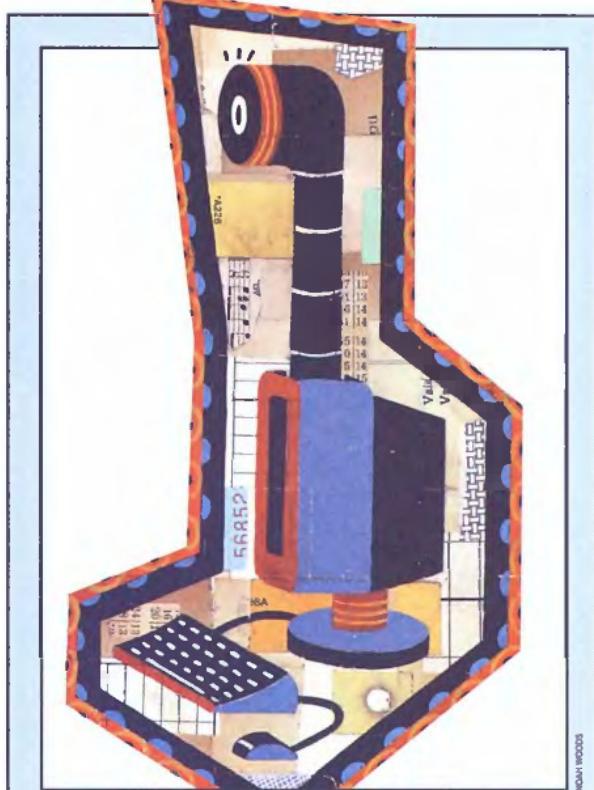
After reading April's *Playboy Forum*, one can hardly identify a more misguided public policy than the federal government's war on marijuana smokers. It's hard to imagine what it will take to close the chasm between the mores of responsible marijuana users and the antiquated, wasteful and mean-spirited laws most politicians favor.

Since 1970, the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws has led the charge to end marijuana prohibition. The time is right, again, for citizens who believe prohibition is unworkable to act. Our message is clear: Stop arresting marijuana smokers.

Allen St. Pierre
Executive Director
NORML Foundation
Washington, D.C.

Twenty-two years ago your magazine was among the first national publications to report my success in obtaining legal access to marijuana for medical purposes ("Glaucoma and the Killer Weed," *The Playboy Forum*, March 1977). At the time I was the only citizen in the country using Uncle Sam's marijuana to treat a serious illness. Naively, I believed that compassion would prevail. Along with my partner, Alice O'Leary, I began a 20-year odyssey to help others legally obtain this often critical medication.

Longtime *Forum* readers will recall the victories of the late Seventies and early Eighties, when 36 states enacted laws recognizing marijuana's medical value. Some may remember the arduous court battle of the Eighties that resulted in the chief administrative law judge of the Drug Enforcement Administration declaring that "the overwhelming preponderance of evidence in this record establishes that mariju-



NET LOSS

"You already have zero privacy—get over it."

—Scott McNealy, chairman of Sun Microsystems, in response to the charge by privacy groups that computers and the Internet are eroding personal freedoms.

na has a currently accepted medical use in treatment." Then, as today, the reaction of the federal government was denial and obfuscation. For two decades it has thwarted the will of the people with respect to controlled, medical access to marijuana.

Lyn Nofziger, former deputy chairman of the Republican National Committee, put it succinctly in the foreword of our book *Marijuana Rx: The Patients' Fight for Medical Pot*: "Marijuana clearly has medicinal value. Thousands of seriously ill Americans have been able to determine that for themselves, albeit illegally. Like my own family, these individuals did not wish to break the law, but they had no other choice. The medical marijuana issue calls out for responsible, honest leadership at the federal level. Until that time, seriously

ill individuals who can benefit from this substance will continue to rally around any possible solution. We owe it to them to provide safe and controlled access to this drug."

The federal government's behavior concerning medical marijuana has been scandalous. Federal officials know marijuana can help many who suffer from life- and sense-threatening disorders, but they are willing to let those people suffer. Why? Because for 60 years the government has lied about marijuana's medical utility.

Lies beget more lies and, like a house of cards, the entire federal policy could collapse if someone were to tell the truth about marijuana. It's hard work to untangle a lie. "It's not my job," say the pensioned bureaucrats. And then there's the money. The *Forum's* "Drug War Scrapbook" (April) reveals just how much is being squandered to maintain the war on drugs. You can understand why there is little bureaucratic incentive to do anything that might upset this very rich gravy boat.

Robert Randall
Sarasota, Florida

As co-founders of Patients Out of Time, a nonprofit organization dedicated to reinstating cannabis as a legitimate medicine, we have worked with hundreds of patients over the past 20 years. Some have been helped by modern medicine, including the father of the DEA agent who wrote to you in March, but others have not. The agent is mistaken in assuming that what worked for his father will work for everyone. His declaration that marijuana is a "regressive" drug is also misguided. The poppy plant, and even drugs like aspirin, is not always replaceable with newer medicine. As a DEA agent, he must be aware that marijuana can be ingested or applied topically in addition to being smoked.

We suspect that what really troubles the agent is his perception of marijuana as nothing more than a harmful, illegal drug. We're confident that further studies of medical marijuana, such as the Institute of Medicine study that

RESONSE

was commissioned by the White House Office of National Drug Control Policy, will reveal its benefits and help end the hysteria that surrounds the issue.

The medical marijuana initiatives recently passed in five states have moved our organization to co-sponsor the First National Clinical Conference on Cannabis Therapeutics, to be held April 7-8, 2000. The University of Iowa's colleges of nursing and medicine will also sponsor and host the event. We invite all health care professionals to attend this accredited conference, and of course the DEA and its agents are welcome and expected.

Mary Lynn Mathre
Al Byrne

Charlottesville, Virginia

The Institute of Medicine study, released on March 17, lends support for certain medical uses of marijuana. The report says that for people suffering from symptoms of the late stages of AIDS and cancer, marijuana may be among the most effective treatments. While the report also points out the medical risks of smoking marijuana, it notes that "for certain patients such as the terminally ill or those with debilitating symptoms, the long-term risks are of no great concern." The investigators suggest that the future of medical marijuana lies in the development of synthetic cannabinoids and smokeless delivery systems such as inhalers. Predictably, drug czar Barry McCaffrey called for more research.

I read the "Drug War Scrapbook" with great interest. As a DEA chemist for more than five years, I never totally believed that marijuana should be ranked up there with cocaine and heroin. The drug war certainly earmarks some of its funds in the wrong places. But what do you propose: legalization of all drugs or just marijuana? At a time when cigarettes are taking it on the chin, how can anyone condone the smoking of any unfiltered plant? The most glaring aspect of the article, which shows an utter lack of research by your staff, is that DEA stands for the Drug Enforcement Administration, not Agency, an egregious error. Nice try to gain some credibility with me. I'd like to read PLAYBOY for the articles but with such drivel as this, it's hard to look at more than the nudie pics.

David Floyd
Eugene, Oregon

You're right, it's Administration, not Agency. The point of our Drug War Scrap-

book wasn't to debate legalization, but rather to point out the police state that is developing behind the government's campaign to punish drug users. Many need medical treatment; instead, they receive jail terms. And while cigarettes may be "taking it on the chin," no one goes to prison for selling them.

DEATH ROW DEBATE

On January 28 Missouri Governor Mel Carnahan commuted the death sentence of Darrell Mease at the request of Pope John Paul II. As a Missouri death row inmate, I applaud this action, but it also troubles me. Condemned inmates should not live or die based solely on whether their execution date coincides with a papal visit. Mease's pardon sets a troubling precedent. His sentence was commuted as a display of mercy rather than on legal grounds. When will others receive such mercy? I fear it is too late for two of my

fellow inmates, James Rodden, who is scheduled for execution just hours after I write this, and Roy Roberts, who I expect will die on March 10.

Michael Worthington
Potosi Correctional Center
Mineral Point, Missouri

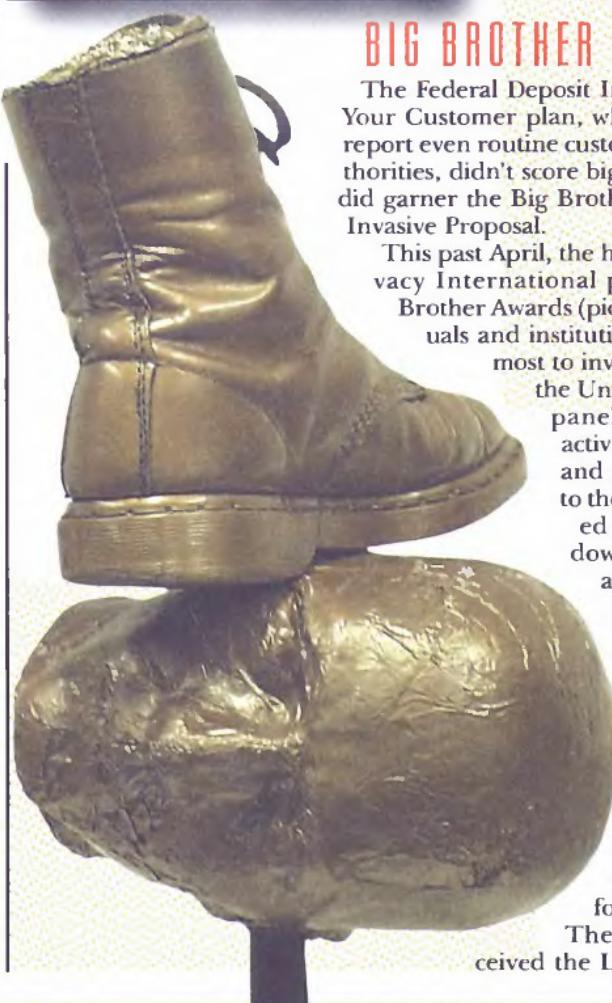
James Rodden was executed on February 24, and Roy Roberts on March 10. Roberts' case again highlights the disparity in treatment of death row inmates. Roberts was found guilty of capital murder for holding down a prison guard in 1983 during a prison riot, while two other inmates stabbed the man to death. Though prosecutors admitted that Roberts did not stab the guard, he was sentenced to die by lethal injection. Neither of the two inmates who killed the guard are on death row (one received a life sentence; the other is awaiting a new trial). Furthermore, even Roberts' limited role in the killing was in dispute. The initial investigation did not name Roberts as one of the

FORUM F.Y.I.

BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING

The Federal Deposit Insurance Corp.'s Know Your Customer plan, which required banks to report even routine customer transactions to authorities, didn't score big with the public. But it did garner the Big Brother Award for the Most Invasive Proposal.

This past April, the human rights group Privacy International presented its first Big Brother Awards (pictured at left) to individuals and institutions that have done the most to invade personal privacy in the United States. The judging panel included civil rights activists, journalists, lawyers and academics. In addition to the FDIC, winners included Microsoft, for its Windows 98 "registration wizard," which acquires ID numbers to PCs and transmits them back to the company, and the Massachusetts marketing firm Elenys, which obtained prescription drug records from pharmacies without customers' permission, then used the information for marketing. The FBI, meanwhile, received the Lifetime Menace award.



FORUM

perpetrators, and an internal report concluded that the killers might never be identified. According to the news reports, the state had no physical evidence linking Roberts to the crime, and he passed a lie detector test just weeks before he was executed. By contrast, Mease, whose execution was commuted by Governor Carnahan at the bequest of the Pope, murdered the disabled teenage grandson of his narcotics partner. He also killed the partner and his wife but wasn't tried for those crimes. You are right to be troubled by your governor's sense of justice.

Thank you for the informative letters about wrongful convictions and the death penalty in the April *Forum*. Northwestern University professor David Protess noted that nine prisoners have been released from death row in Illinois, while 11 have been executed. Since that letter was published, two more men have been freed from Illinois' death row. Protess and his journalism students—who helped free two death row inmates in 1997—were again responsible for saving one of these

lives. This time, the benefactor was Anthony Porter, who at one point was 48 hours from being wrongfully executed.

These cases underscore a point that is often missed in discussions of the death penalty—that the concept is entirely separate from the actual practice. Remove emotion and look at the issue pragmatically; it becomes clear that morally, economically and socially, the death penalty is bad public policy. I hope it doesn't take the execution of an innocent man to prompt important changes in the system.

Abraham Bonowitz
Citizens United for Alternatives to
the Death Penalty
Tequesta, Florida

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

FOUL CALLED

In June 1986 I was the subject of the *Playboy Interview*. In the interview, I suggested that Thomas Jefferson and George Washington had fathered children with slave women on their respective plantations. I based my opinion on black oral history dating from the time these births occurred. At the time, *PLAYBOY* added a parenthetical statement that history had "concluded there were no such children." DNA evidence has since linked Jefferson to at least one of Sally Hemmings' children. Another person claiming to be a descendant of Washington's is seeking DNA material to substantiate a similar claim.

PLAYBOY should set the record straight on these issues. The truth is the only thing that will enable all Americans to move past a painful aspect of U.S. history that has been denied or buried by white historians and publishers. This denial is best exemplified by what Mary Chestnut, the wife of a Confederate military commandant in Charleston during the Civil War, wrote in her diary during March 1861: "God forgive us but ours is a

monstrous system, a wrong and an iniquity! Like the patriarchs of old, our men live all in one house with their wives and concubines; and the mulattoes one sees in every family resemble the white children. Any lady is ready to tell you who is the father of all the mulatto children in everybody's household but her own. Those, she seems to think, dropped from the clouds."

As this letter is being written, no response has been heard from Washington's estate. I am anxiously waiting to see if this issue will be settled once and for all.

Kareem Abdul-Jabbar
Los Angeles, California

*Science has a way of making fools of us all. The DNA evidence you refer to in Jefferson's case was published last fall in the British science journal *Nature*. In January one of the study's co-authors clarified that the research indicates conclusively only that a member of the Jefferson family—perhaps not the president—fathered Hemmings' youngest child. That aside, it's long past time we shed the hypocrisy that continues to taint our history.*

it's
everywhere.
why?

We first noticed herpes making a media comeback almost one year ago, when our Editorial Department received three story suggestions in a single day. Freelance writers wanted to discuss the forgotten epidemic, the shadow epidemic, the silent epidemic, the "other" STD.

Suddenly it seemed like every other ad on MTV and VH1 showed a couple running in slow motion toward each other, mimicking the old Clairol shampoo ads that suggested "the closer he gets, the better you look." Except that these ads promoted a new antiviral drug and one of the lovers was presumably infected with herpes.

Clearly, we are having another herpes moment. The disease hasn't changed in 2000 years, but our perception of it has. One STD expert, Dr. Karl Beutner, says, "In the Seventies and Eighties we told people that herpes was rare, very serious, and that you could transmit it only during an outbreak. Now we're telling people it's incredibly common, not that serious, and that you can pass it on even when you are not having an outbreak."

The disease, it turns out, can be as nonintrusive as a suntan. "Roughly 90 percent of those who carry the virus are unaware they have it," says Dr. Beutner, an associate professor of dermatology at the University of California-San Francisco.

The most recent media twitch can be traced to two events: (1) researchers have developed a new diagnostic test for herpes and (2) the first line of defense against herpes, acyclovir, went off patent. Facing competition from generic (cheaper) products, pharmaceutical companies have developed new treatments.

In October 1997, *The New England Journal of Medicine* published a survey by the Centers for Disease Control that showed alarming increases in the prevalence of herpes. Researchers found that seven out of ten Americans had been infected by HSV-1 (the virus that produces cold sores on the mouth) and that one in five have had contact with HSV-2 (the virus that infects the genitals). With an estimated 45 million Americans over the age of 12 carrying the

THE HERPES MOMENT

HSV-2 virus, herpes was fast becoming the most common sexually transmitted disease.

Herpes, spread by indifference, ignorance, apathy or denial, was itself a victim of neglect. "While the CDC spends over \$100 million to prevent and treat syphilis, gonorrhea and chlamydia," *The New York Times* noted, "herpes gets almost no funding."

In modern times, VD is about money, not morals. Which brings us to the second factor in the current media blitz. In late 1997, the International Herpes Management Forum hosted a conference in Cannes and, in 1998, another in Morocco. The IHMF receives funding from the pharmaceutical giant GlaxoWellcome, which—coincidentally—had new herpes treatments in the pipeline.

To promote the new drugs, the company needed to convince doctors that herpes is serious. Only a quarter of herpes patients who visit doctors are given medication. Physicians seem to think that if there are no outbreaks or lesions, there is no need for intervention nor a maintenance dose of antiviral drugs.

To steer this potential market toward the new drugs, the pharmaceutical companies called for universal testing. The message behind the MTV ads was: Get a test and take your medicine and you won't give the gift that keeps on giving. But there were also those who pointed out a drawback of universal testing. An article in *New Scientist* charged that "the new test is part of a campaign to market herpes as the sexual scourge of the modern world." Undergoing treatment for a disease that for most individuals causes no great suffering poses a psychological burden. We already live in a culture where between a quarter and a third of college students have taken an AIDS test.

We examined the media reports on herpes to see what, if anything, is new.

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

Most of the articles stressed the same three concerns:

- *Contrary to popular wisdom, a person who shows no signs of the disease can still pass the virus on.* There is no safe period. Sexually active individuals are encouraged to use condoms (which do not cover the entire genital area) or one of the new drugs. There is some evidence that a strong counterattack during initial infection can eliminate the virus. Good news.

- *People with active herpes outbreaks are more vulnerable to HIV infection.* One researcher suggested that herpes suffer-

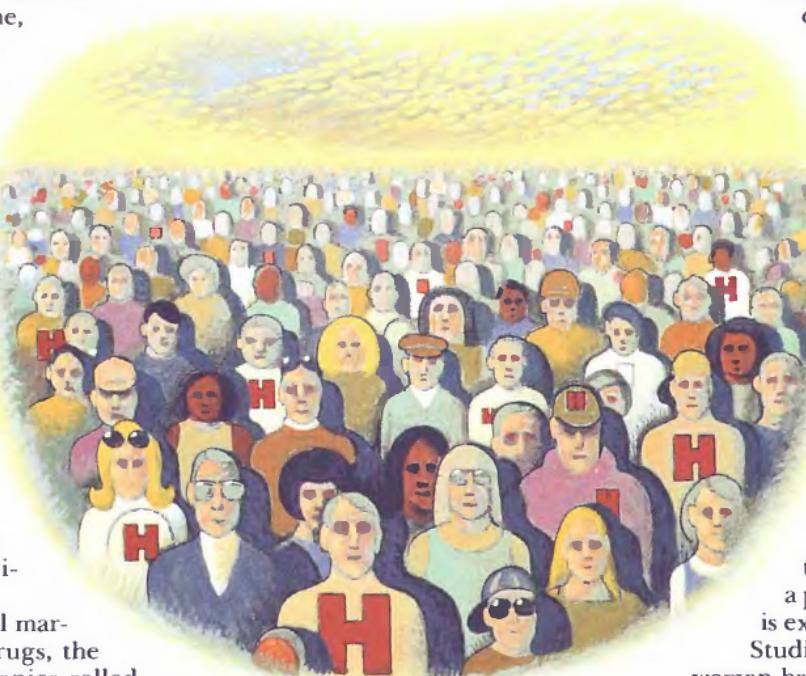
warnings and still inject drugs and share needles are not going to suddenly, in a pang of conscience, begin treating their herpes.

- *The virus can kill newborn infants.* If the mother is infected, the infant can pick up the infection in the birth canal. Complications include blindness, retardation or worse. When herpes surfaced in the Seventies every major magazine printed this scare story without giving the odds. There should have been dead babies stacked like cordwood outside delivery rooms. The new media take is more honest. A study of almost 5 million deliveries in 1990 found 38,054 cases in which the mother reported having herpes. Only 202 fetal

deaths were attributable to herpes. Infection can have severe consequences this side of death, but newer figures reinforce the rarity: Researchers estimate between 1000 and 3000 neonatal infections per year. If 20 to 25 percent of pregnant women have herpes, fewer than 0.1 percent of babies contract it. Dr. Zane Brown states that "neonatal herpes is a remarkably rare event. Compared to all the other possible risks in a pregnancy, the herpes risk is extremely small."

Studies have shown that if a woman has herpes before pregnancy, she transmits her antibodies to the fetus. The chances of transmission increase if she contracts an infection for the first time during pregnancy. Advocates of testing play on the consciences of would-be fathers. Test, and if the results merit action, take antivirals before and during pregnancy.

Herpes isn't back. It's always been with us. The herpes moment is evidence that we have advanced since 1982, when *Time* called the virus "The New Scarlet Letter" and the adjective incurable pulsed through every article. Now there are new ways to control it, and more companies that want to sell them to you. Venereal disease, like everything else, turns on marketing.



JOHN DEARY

ers are nine times as likely to get AIDS. Not only that, a herpes lesion on an HIV-positive lover may act as a viral factory, increasing the chance of transmitting AIDS. This is hardly news, though. In Africa, where AIDS is rampant and heterosexual transmission is the rule, genital lesions have been the main portal.

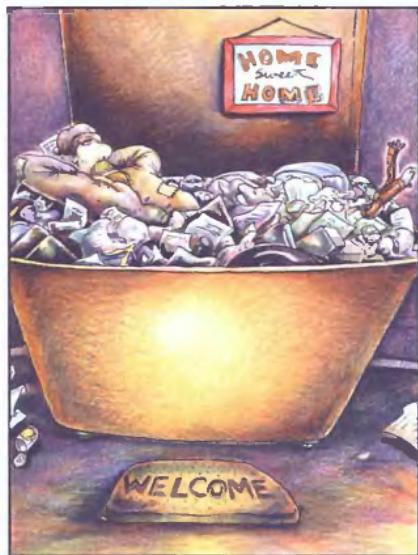
In the United States, one researcher warned, inner city dwellers seem particularly vulnerable to this route of transmission. But will a group hard-pressed to seek medical attention, or to buy condoms or sterile needles, embrace the new medications? It seems unlikely. People who ignore safe sex

NEWS FRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

THIS PLACE IS A MESS

DAYTON, OHIO—The public defender for an accused bank robber plans a novel twist on an old defense—she claims police illegally searched her client's home.



After police found Donnie Tunstall in a Dumpster, they confiscated bedding, \$4068 in cash, a mask and a sawed-off shotgun, then arrested him for allegedly robbing a nearby bank. His public defender says Tunstall had lived in the Dumpster for "a substantial amount of time" and notes that courts have ruled that police need warrants to enter even modest homes, including cardboard boxes. She asked, "If you make something your home, be it a box or a Dumpster, do you have an expectation of privacy?"

NO MEN ALLOWED

BOSTON—A theology professor at Boston College who has taught female-only classes for 25 years took a leave of absence rather than allow male students to enroll in her feminist ethics course. Mary Daly permits men to absorb her wisdom in independent study projects but says allowing them to participate in class discussions would inhibit her female students. She says women have been socialized to "nurse" men and defer to them, which would alter the dynamic of the course. Men also tend to be disruptive, which would "dumb down" the class and keep it from "soaring," she told *The Boston Globe*. "This is not about discrimination," she said. "This is about

leveling the rights of women and minorities so that white male power reigns." The university says Daly's policy only became an issue after two male students complained, and one threatened to sue. A spokesman noted that if administrators allowed a male professor to bar women, "we'd be run out of town."

Center for Phallic Worship. "If the school district permits religious symbols," he said, "then it should permit mine." Baker asked to install a six-foot marble penis next to each tablet. He even created a photo illustration to show how it might look. While the board ignored Baker's jest, it didn't have that luxury when the ACLU filed suit on his behalf, arguing that religious displays have no place in public schools.

WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK—Three Catholic families sued the Bedford Central School District, claiming that a number of classroom activities encourage the practice of Satanism, the occult, pagan religions and New Age spirituality. They cited as evidence students' making models of Aztec gods during a lesson on Mexico, examining an owl's vomit to discern its diet, taking a field trip to a historic cemetery, learning yoga techniques to reduce stress and celebrating Earth Day.

A MOTHER'S BURDEN

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA—Doug and Sharon Detmer learned that their 16-year-old daughter had become pregnant by her boyfriend and took her to get an abortion. The procedure and ensuing therapy cost more than \$11,000. Who should pay? The couple asserts they had no idea their daughter was sexually active but that her boyfriend's mother must have known. They sued Dawn Bixler for negligence, arguing that she had failed to supervise her son. A judge, after allowing a jury to hear evidence, threw out the case.

URINE TROUBLE

COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA—A state senator introduced a bill that would make it a felony to buy or sell urine for the purpose of cheating on a drug test. Offenders would receive up to five years in prison. The owner of Privacy Protection Services cried foul, claiming the law targets his company. The South Carolina firm sells \$69 kits that include "pretested" human urine and a heat pack so you can furtively warm it to body temperature before handing it to the tester.

TESTICLE CURE

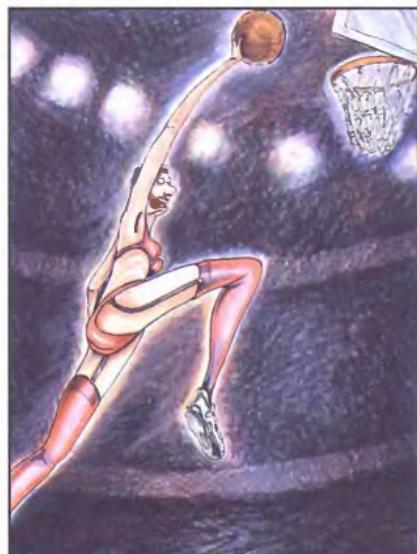
ANAHEIM, CALIFORNIA—Scientists are hopeful that cells taken from the testicles of pigs and rats hold the key to correcting brain damage. A researcher from the University of South Florida said at a scientific meeting that Sertoli cells, which protect and provide nutrients needed to develop sperm in humans and other mammals, may also stimulate new brain growth. The technique is being tested on stroke victims.

CHURCH TEACHINGS

WEST UNION, OHIO—When the county school board voted to display the Ten Commandments on stone tablets at the entrances of four high schools, Berry Baker decided the time was right to create the

PANTY DRILL

PARDEEVILLE, WISCONSIN—School officials disciplined a junior varsity basketball coach for organizing a drill in which the last player to grab a rebound had to wear pink panties. An unsigned letter to the school district claimed one boy was told he would have to wear a matching bra if he lost the drill three times. "They were regu-



lar panties," reported one varsity player. "They weren't lacy or anything." Although some parents called the drill a form of sexual harassment, the coach said it was designed to "teach an aspect of rebounding and put some fun into practice."

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BARNEY FRANK

a candid conversation with the outspoken congressman about angry republicans, gay marriage, his personal scandal and the price of impeachment

It's a typical, though unglamorous, day at the Newton, Massachusetts office of Congressman Barney Frank. In the outer office it's standing room only for the eclectic collection of Frank's constituents and representatives of special interest groups awaiting an audience. One man is here to ask for Frank's help in convincing the Congressional Black Caucus to support his project, the American Antislavery Group. A distraught woman says she wants federal protection because of a domestic problem involving a child.

One by one, they are escorted into a conference room where Frank holds casual court. The meetings are brief—five to ten minutes—after which the visitors are led out, apparently satisfied. The distraught woman is one exception. She is sobbing as she is guided from the congressman's office. "He'll do what he can do," her friend consoles. The crying woman isn't convinced and utters a homophobic remark.

Following the meetings, Frank throws on his suit jacket and overcoat and heads out of the office, trailed by a documentary filmmaker with a camera. As the congressman passes her desk, one of his assistants chuckles. "It's nice to see Barney with an entourage," she says. "He never gets to have one."

Soon Frank is behind the wheel of a rented sedan, driving through Boston on his way

to meet with a group of hospital administrators concerned about recent Medicare cuts. Changing from one freeway to another, the car hits a bottleneck and is forced to inch along slowly. Frank swears under his breath. "I can't believe this traffic," he says. He doesn't laugh when one of his passengers suggests he write his congressman.

It's a far cry from the picture of him that is familiar to many Americans: Frank in congressional hearings railing eloquently against the Republican accusers of President Clinton, an image televised throughout last year's impeachment hearings. Indeed, although Frank has been a congressman since 1981 and is considered a prominent and effective legislator on domestic and international issues, he gained immense visibility outside his home state of Massachusetts during the hearings. As the second-ranking Democrat on Chairman Henry Hyde's House Judiciary Committee, Frank was one of the most visible congressmen—loved or loathed, depending on the viewer's opinion about the impeachment.

Though Frank was a harsh critic of the partisanship that characterized the debate leading to Clinton's impeachment, he was in his element in the contentious hearings, trading witty barbs with his adversaries across the aisle. (Early on he described the

hearings as "an impeachment in search of a high crime.") He was a thorn in the Republicans' sides, arguing about everything from procedure (for example, he wanted deliberations to be open to the public) to whether the president could be censured instead of impeached. Outside the hearing rooms, Frank was an architect of the Democrats' strategies. When some of his colleagues pushed for expanded hearings that would have included witnesses to support President Clinton, Frank's view prevailed: "When your opponent is busy committing suicide, get out of his way," he said.

Though it put him at the center of the year's biggest story, the impeachment was by no means Frank's first time in the middle of controversy. As America's first openly gay congressman (he came out in 1987), Frank is often in one storm or another, many of them connected to gay issues. When he compromised on gay-related legislation, he was condemned by gay-rights groups; when he pushed gay rights, he was attacked by conservatives. While all politicians are attacked for the stands they take, some of the vindictive attention Frank received was directed at him because he is gay. In 1995 Dick Armey called Frank "Barney Fag," claiming later that it was easy to confuse "Frank" and "Fag."

But Frank is hardly a one-issue legislator.



"Ken Starr became the first wildly unpopular prosecutor I can think of. Prosecutors tend to be the good guys, heroes. The public reacted against the voyeurism. There is a sphere of privacy that they respect."



"They're saying that my ability to marry another man somehow jeopardizes heterosexual marriage. Then they go out and cheat on their wives. That doesn't jeopardize heterosexual marriage? It's nonsense."



PHOTOGRAPH BY SAM KITTNER

"Gingrich represented the worst trends in American politics. He was creative in his vicious and negative campaign, and he was successful. But it ultimately consumed him, which was extremely satisfying."

Since arriving in the House in 1981 after eight years in the Massachusetts state legislature, he has taken strong, mostly liberal stands on issues that include gun control, the North American Free Trade Agreement, affirmative action, the death penalty, workers' rights and the International Monetary Fund. He is fiercely pro-choice and pro-welfare. (He once said of his adversaries on the first of those issues: "Sure they're pro-life. They believe life begins at conception and ends at birth.") His current causes include a reduction in military spending, a universal health care system in America and what he calls an "international New Deal" that would strengthen America's position in the emerging global economy.

Frank also suffered a personal scandal that preceded Clinton's by a decade. It stemmed from his 1985 relationship with a male prostitute named Stephen Gobie, whom Frank befriended and employed as a housekeeper and driver. Gobie later betrayed Frank, claiming he had operated a prostitution ring out of Frank's home with the congressman's knowledge. There were calls for Frank's resignation. Frank, by then living with an economist named Herb Moses, had thrown Gobie out when he was alerted to the illegal activities by his landlady. He contested the allegations in the House Ethics Committee and asked for an investigation, which found no evidence that Frank knew about the prostitution ring. He was nonetheless officially reprimanded by Congress. (At the time, Congressman Newt Gingrich pushed for the more serious punishment, censure.)

Despite the scandal, Frank ran again and was handily reelected. Since then, he has become one of the most powerful, highest ranking members of the House, serving on the most important committees, including banking and judiciary. His congressional seat is so firmly sealed that he ran unopposed in two of his last three elections.

Frank, who was born in Bayonne, New Jersey in 1940, was interested in politics at an early age. He is one of four children (his sister Ann Lewis is Clinton's communications director), and when he wasn't in school, he worked part-time at his father's truck stop. But he also read voraciously—news as well as literature—and was always sensitive to social injustice. It was his early glimpses of racism and bigotry that led him into politics.

He studied political theory at Harvard and planned to pursue a Ph.D. but left academic for politics in 1967, when he went to work for a Boston mayoral candidate. In 1972 he ran for office for the first time and won a seat in the Massachusetts House of Representatives that he kept for eight years. He ran for the U.S. House in 1980.

Frank was an enormously effective legislator, popular with his constituents and many of his peers in the House. He earned a reputation for his skills as an orator and is often referred to as the smartest man in Congress. He made history when, in 1987, he told a Boston Globe reporter that he was gay, explaining, "I don't think my sex life is relevant to my job, but . . . I don't want to leave the impression that I'm embarrassed by it."

In the election that followed, his opponent attempted to make Frank's personal life an issue (at the time he was living with Moses, though the couple has since separated and Frank is now single). The incumbent won 70 percent of the vote.

In the aftermath of the impeachment, immediately after the Senate voted to acquit Clinton, we sent Contributing Editor David Sheff to meet with Frank. Here is Sheff's report:

"Frank is famous for his frumpiness. In 1976, running for reelection to the Massachusetts House, one of his campaign posters read NEATNESS ISN'T EVERYTHING. So I was surprised by his tailored dark suit, recently pressed. But nothing else about Frank was polished. In fact, his casual style and unpretentiousness—even the fact that he drove himself around town—made him seem like an oddity in Congress. For a politician he is also unique in that he seems unswayed by opinion polls.

"The most instructive forum in which to watch Frank is not in televised hearings but in his meetings with constituents and numer-

It's not just that Jerry Falwell is nutty, attacking Teletubbies and the Antichrist. Americans now understand how obsessive and mean this right wing is.

ous special interest groups. When he met with the group of hospital administrators, he was clearly knowledgeable about such issues as HMOs, prescription medicine and Medicare. Frank listened but was also quick to point out contradictions and hypocrisies in the arguments of others. Immediately after that meeting, he had scheduled yet another face-off with voters. 'Now that we don't have to waste our time on the Lewinsky-Clinton scandal, the American people expect us to get on to some real issues,' Frank said at one point. 'I, for one, think they deserve that.'

PLAYBOY: After the impeachment ordeal, are you feeling discouraged?

FRANK: I was discouraged in August—the whole thing was sort of messy and unpleasant. But now I'm less pessimistic. In fact, it was heartening to watch the American public through all this. They behaved enormously well. It was a delight to watch them.

PLAYBOY: Are you referring to the public's consistent support of Bill Clinton throughout the impeachment process?

FRANK: It was that the public refused to be told what to think. They ignored the experts, including the media. Ordinarily

the public is instructed on their politics, because they feel they lack expertise in many issues, whether science, economic or environmental issues or complex foreign policy. But they knew what this was about. A married man had sex with someone he shouldn't have had sex with. She worked in his operation, it was consensual. There was nothing about the Clinton-Lewinsky affair that required experts. And the public quickly made up its mind. That drove the press and most of the Republicans wild.

PLAYBOY: As a result of this scandal, are politicians' personal lives fair game or verboten?

FRANK: The public was clear on this. There is a sphere of privacy that they respect. Throughout the scandal, they weren't simply reacting against the Republicans and for Bill Clinton. They reacted against the voyeurism. Ken Starr became the first wildly unpopular prosecutor I can think of. Prosecutors tend to be the good guys, heroes. But Starr was one of the most unpopular political figures in American history, and not because people wanted to let Clinton off the hook. People felt that Clinton looked kind of cheesy in all this, but they correctly understood that the force behind the anti-Clinton effort was far more insidious. That force represents the people in this country who want to tell the rest of us how to live—how to make the most intimate and personal choices in our lives: how to worship, whom to love and when and where and how we may do it. The public said no. Americans viewed Starr—correctly, I think—as the agent of this, and Americans saw that it was both ridiculous and dangerous.

PLAYBOY: But Republicans maintained the impeachment wasn't about sex.

FRANK: Though they said it wasn't about sex, the Republicans spent an awful lot of time talking about the philandering S.O.B. They were mortally offended. It was all about sex.

PLAYBOY: They claimed it was about lies.

FRANK: The American people didn't even care about the lies. A lot of them said, "We expect you to lie about sex." In matters that aren't their business, they don't want to be told the truth. They don't want to know every detail of a person's life. We all know someone who has done something like what Clinton did. In everyone's circle, among all of our family and friends, there has been a betrayal, a failure to live up to the moral code. Most of us have learned that life goes on. People thought, If I have to throw Bill Clinton out as president for this and apply the same standard to my life, I can never speak to my brother-in-law again. My nephew can never come to Thanksgiving dinner. This is about families who don't speak to one another. This is about intolerance and lack of forgiveness—if someone screws up, saying, "Don't ever come to my house again." It's the stern

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father who, when his daughter shows up after having had a child out of wedlock, turns her away in his self-righteousness. That's not the way most people want to live. We may criticize, but we don't judge so harshly that which is completely human. The public understands human complexity.

PLAYBOY: Were the Republicans simply out of touch?

FRANK: They were so out of touch that it was astonishing. They acted stupidly throughout the impeachment and afterward. There's nothing more frustrating than winning a contest with a good loser. On the other hand, it's wonderful to win when there is a bad loser. And the Republicans were the worst losers imaginable, snarling and unhappy.

PLAYBOY: If private lives are no longer fair game, at least according to the public, why did Bob Livingston have to resign his seat in the Congress when his affair was revealed?

FRANK: The fact is, three Republicans were shown to have committed adultery, and they acknowledged it and paid no political price whatsoever. Livingston was a separate case because he was running for Speaker. The electorate didn't care—he wouldn't have been hurt in his home district—but some of the right-wing Republican members of Congress would have stopped him from becoming Speaker.

PLAYBOY: Are you suggesting that he was pressured to resign—that he didn't resign on his own in an attempt to take the high ground?

FRANK: He was pressured, pure and simple. Livingston was told he wouldn't get elected as speaker. He was told there were enough Republicans against him—it would have taken only six—to make it a fait accompli. Despite their saying that the impeachment wasn't about sex, there were enough Republicans who had condemned the cheating, adulterous Bill Clinton that they couldn't then go ahead and vote for Livingston. But the other Republicans who admitted having adulterous affairs paid no price. Hyde, Chenoweth and Burton have had their elections and paid no price—even when there was hypocrisy. When the report about Hyde's affair broke, it engendered more sympathy for him than criticism. It's another example that negative politics no longer works.

PLAYBOY: Yet some Republicans—Dan Quayle, for one—are volunteering, even bragging, that they have been faithful to their wives.

FRANK: Yes, and that will hurt them. It is demeaning and injects an issue that people think shouldn't be injected.

PLAYBOY: Livingston was a victim of Larry Flynt's campaign of fighting fire with fire. Do you support it?

FRANK: I think there is something to be said for using people's hypocrisy against them. In Livingston's case, I don't see

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that there was that much. He wasn't one of the people who exploited the Clinton affair. But I understand the instinct to fight fire with fire. On the other hand, I'll be happy when revelations about personal lives are dead and buried.

PLAYBOY: Throughout the impeachment, the Republicans maintained that they were following their consciences, which is why they didn't bend to public pressure. Were they?

FRANK: Nonsense. That was an after-the-fact rationalization. For years the Republicans argued exactly the opposite—that the left was out of touch and that Republicans represented the public. They said the Democrats, especially the liberals, arrogantly ignored public opinion about issues like the death penalty, affirmative action and welfare. They made a big point of saying how much they represented the public and chastised the Democrats for being uncaring about public opinion. Suddenly they're arguing that it's a good thing not to care about public opinion.

PLAYBOY: Were they surprised by the public's reaction?

FRANK: Completely. They thought impeaching Bill Clinton would be very popular. They were planning national TV ads about it. They thought this scandal was going to be the end of Clinton and great for them. Throughout the impeachment, even when it wasn't working, their strategy was to try to turn public opinion against Clinton. If they didn't care what the public thought, why did they release grand jury testimony on television? Why did they want Monica Lewinsky on the floor of the Senate? They kept hoping that something they did would turn around public opinion.

PLAYBOY: At some point wasn't it obvious that the strategy wasn't working?

FRANK: That's when they tried to hide what they were doing as much as possible. They said, "We're going to vote to impeach Bill Clinton, but it doesn't really mean he'll be impeached." They said, "The public doesn't have the right to watch our debates and to know exactly where we stand." They were afraid by then of having to pay the price of their so-called moral convictions. To allow the membership to hide from the public is a violation of democracy—which is exactly what they did. But in the end, the public spoke. They knew the impeachment was being used as a political tool, not as the founders had meant for it to be used. The truth is, they knew that the main sanction for the kind of flaw Bill Clinton showed was not impeachment but the election process. In a democracy, the main way you penalize elected officials is not to vote for them.

PLAYBOY: But Clinton can't run again.

FRANK: That's right, and the problem with a second-term president is that there is no way to punish him in an election. If there were, I don't believe he

would be reelected. It's one thing to keep the guy in office; it's another to reward him with another term. But since they couldn't vote him out of office, the Republicans were frustrated. So they tried to circumvent the political process. In that, Americans saw who really controls the Republican Party. They saw that the right wing controls the party and they saw that the right wing is nuts. It's not just that Jerry Falwell is nutty, with his compulsion to be a public moron, attacking Teletubbies one week and the Antichrist the week before. But Americans now understand just how obsessive and mean this right wing is. They also understand that the right controls the Republicans. There had been a misconception that the Republican Party was generally free of that ultraconservative influence. The mask was stripped off.

PLAYBOY: Did you know that the right-wingers controlled the Republicans so thoroughly that the party would allow them to destroy it?

FRANK: I actually thought that self-preservation would keep them from impeaching the president as late as early September. I really thought they would stop it when they saw how unpopular it was. So I underestimated not just the self-destructive tendency of the right wing but also the inability of the rest of the Republican Party to do anything about it. I guarantee that there were Republicans who wanted the process to stop a long time before impeachment, but they were powerless. They watched it unravel and were helpless.

PLAYBOY: Do you think more-moderate Republicans would have voted with you, against impeachment, but that they were blackmailed? Would the party have withheld money for reelection campaigns?

FRANK: They were blackmailed with votes, not money. Liberals always think it's about money, that they are going to be unfairly outspent. Money is a factor, but a much smaller factor than the right wing's organization. They get out the vote. Mainstream Republicans have more money than right-wing Republicans. The mainstream are the rich people, but they don't get out the vote. So moderate Republicans were in a quandary. They felt they couldn't break from the party because they would have been targeted by the right wing.

PLAYBOY: Was it subtle or overt pressure?

FRANK: It was overt pressure. Some of it was public. Bob Livingston, when he was running for Speaker, said that anyone who voted against them on the procedural issue involving censure would be defying the leadership. What that means is that you might have trouble getting a subcommittee chairmanship, or that you wouldn't have leadership support in getting projects approved for your district. It was not subtle pressure.

PLAYBOY: Some Republicans maintain they wanted to vote for censure but were

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not given that choice.

FRANK: Yes. They're saying, "They wouldn't let me vote for censure." You wouldn't let you vote for censure. These people helped the Republican leadership prevent censure and then used the fact that they couldn't vote for censure as an excuse to vote for impeachment.

PLAYBOY: Some of the Republicans felt that censure was too mild—a slap on the wrist. In one memorable speech, you argued that your reprimand by the House was indeed a big deal. Was that an emotional speech for you?

FRANK: It was very emotional. I thought censure was a way to break the country out of this miasma. I thought censure was appropriate. The anticensure arguments were totally inconsistent. They maintained that censure would cripple future presidents because it can be used so easily. At the same time they said that it doesn't mean anything. But how can something that doesn't mean anything cripple future presidents? So I made an argument against the suggestion that a reprimand like censure was meaningless. I also wanted to point out the hypocrisy surrounding Gingrich. If they cared so much about lying, why did they vote him a new term after his investigation? Under House rules, I couldn't mention Gingrich's reprimand on the floor, believe it or not. I knew that if I pointed out the hypocrisy, I could be ruled out of order. It occurred to me, however, that if I mentioned not only Newt Gingrich but also myself, it would be hard for them to rule me out of order.

PLAYBOY: Why couldn't you mention Gingrich's reprimand?

FRANK: We have rules that protect us. I can get up on the floor of the House and say outrageous things about anybody in the world except another member of the House and Senate. We can lie with impunity about anybody else, but we can't tell the truth about one another. So I spoke about my own experience in order to address the hypocrisy around Gingrich and to show that reprimand is meaningful. They always knew that censure was meaningful, by the way. They, like me, care about this place—the United States Congress. To be reprimanded by this body is no small thing.

PLAYBOY: When your scandal broke, did you lie about it?

FRANK: Not under oath, but I did lie in a letter I sent to a friend. I lied about how I met Gobie [the central figure in the scandal]. I didn't lie in any judicial proceedings like Gingrich had, but I nonetheless regret what I did. It was irresponsible. I was terribly afraid that it would damage gay causes. Ultimately it wasn't as bad as I'd feared, but it hurt some. So I had political motivations in bringing up my past transgressions, but also personal ones: It was another way of expiating my mistake.

PLAYBOY: In retrospect, did you handle

your scandal any better than Clinton handled his?

FRANK: Given that it happened, I reacted about as well as I could have.

PLAYBOY: There were calls for your resignation. Even *The Boston Globe*, which had supported you, wanted you to step down.

FRANK: Yes. The *Globe* had a brief Puritan period.

PLAYBOY: Was there ever a chance you would resign?

FRANK: No. There was a good chance I wouldn't run again, but I never considered resigning. The reason is that it would have ended the House ethics proceedings. I knew I had done something stupid—and wrong—in engaging Gobie and keeping him around and getting involved with him to the extent I did. But I also knew that most of what he accused me of—letting him run prostitution in my apartment, among other things—were lies. The only forum in which I could prove that was the House Ethics Committee. If I had resigned, it would have ended the proceedings and I never would have been able to prove my innocence on those charges. But I did decide I didn't want to run again. By this time I was living with my lover, Herb Moses, who told me I should run. He said, "You're going to be a mess if you don't run again." But I was afraid I'd lose the seat for the Democrats, and that I would be doing more harm than good. Finally I agreed to poll my district to determine whether or not I should run. The results were that I should: People thought I had behaved stupidly, but they wanted me to run.

PLAYBOY: Was the public served in any way by knowing about that scandal?

FRANK: No, though it's important that people know I'm gay.

PLAYBOY: Why is your sexuality an issue?

FRANK: Because there is prejudice toward gay and lesbian people based on misunderstandings about us. You don't go from a prejudiced situation to an unprejudiced situation without knowledge. So it's important for me to speak openly about my sexuality to help educate people. Forty years ago, when there was a lot of anti-Semitism, it would have been important for them to know that I'm Jewish. Today it is not a big deal that I'm Jewish. Where there is prejudice, it is important to be open. Then people can see for themselves that their prejudices are unfounded. It is important for gay people to let the rest of society know the fact of discrimination and the pain of discrimination. Even the Gobie stuff helped in a sense. When I came out, people said, "Why did you come out? We didn't want to know. Why did you have to tell us?" My answer was, I can't live a life in which you don't know, because that would require me to do all kinds of dumb things—it's what led me to Gobie.

PLAYBOY: And how did it lead to the relationship with him?

FRANK: The fact that I had used the services of a prostitute and then befriended him are examples of how crazy I felt living in the closet and why coming out was a prerequisite to a healthy life.

PLAYBOY: But you had come out by then.

FRANK: I had come out by the time he made the accusations, but I wasn't out when I met him. The order was: I met him, I was with him, I broke off with him, I came out, I met my lover Herb. I was living a normal, healthy life by the time he made the accusations. The accusations went back to events that began prior to my coming out.

PLAYBOY: What led to your decision to come out?

FRANK: Primarily, I couldn't live anymore in this frustrating, closeted way. I was not having a healthy emotional life. I thought it would hurt me politically, but not mentally. And I thought it would be politically advantageous for gay causes. Still, I can't claim that as a primary motive. It was a secondary motive. The primary motive was that I could no longer live like that.

PLAYBOY: At the time, you said that the troubles involving Gobie were due to your low self-esteem. What did you mean by that?

FRANK: It all came down to the same thing: being in the closet. I had a hard time meeting people. I hired men for sex, then tried to make a friend out of them. Being a prominent person in the closet meant it was hard not only meeting people but also developing emotional relationships. I thought there was something the matter with me, some flaw: "Why can't I relate to people better?" I finally realized it was because I was keeping this secret. I couldn't be myself, and I was afraid. I had to be careful who knew. I couldn't be seen in many places. I had to be careful who I called. Relationships are difficult anyway, but I was multiplying the difficulty.

PLAYBOY: Back to the president's scandal: Did he thank you for your support?

FRANK: Yes, the president thanked me. Several times.

PLAYBOY: Did it bother you that he lied to you personally? Did he apologize?

FRANK: He never lied to me. I never asked him what happened. By the way, I never said I believed him. There were all these people fretting that he lied not only to the public—as if that were excusable—but also to his friends and cabinet members. That's crazy. In fact, if a public figure were telling a lie to the public and the truth to his staff, he would be putting his staff in a worse position. He would then be asking them to lie.

PLAYBOY: But do you acknowledge that he lied to the American people?

FRANK: Sure, and that was wrong. He lied in the deposition when he said he didn't remember being alone with Monica Lewinsky. It wasn't perjury, since it wasn't material to the case, but it was a

lie. But the lie that bothered me the most was when he lied to the American people. He thought that he was technically telling the truth, but he was wrong and he shouldn't have done it. He had the right not to say anything, but he should not have lied. That's why I was for censure early on.

PLAYBOY: Was the vote to impeach the low point for you?

FRANK: The low point was when the House voted in September to release the Starr material. Three hundred and sixty members of the House, including the great majority of the Democrats, voted with all the Republicans. Everybody thought it would kill Clinton. Everyone expected nasty, salacious stuff. That was the low point, because I thought that he might be thrown out of office—a terrible victory for the right wing. It wasn't that I didn't think we could survive Bill Clinton not being president, but I didn't want to see that set of values win. Also, I thought it would do tremendous damage to the Democrats. People like Dick Morris, whose desire for vengeance on Bill Clinton has driven him around the bend, were writing stories about how the Democrats were going to get wiped out. So was Bob Novak. They've all forgotten that now. So that was worse for me than the vote to impeach, because the impeachment vote was clearly partisan and everyone knew it.

PLAYBOY: When the impeachment was handed to the Senate, did that body behave better than the House?

FRANK: The moderate Republicans in the Senate showed more spine, though only slightly more.

PLAYBOY: Were they acting out of political expediency?

FRANK: They were being politically expedient when they voted in the beginning to keep the trial going. They could have ended it—there were numerous calls to dismiss. If they had really voted their consciences, they would have stopped it. No one other than the rabid right-wingers believed this was the kind of thing you throw out a president over. Every Republican on the House Judiciary Committee, even after Newt Gingrich was found to have lied 13 times to the House Ethics Committee, voted to give

him a new term as Speaker. How in the hell do you make a man Speaker for a new term if he has lied 13 times to the House Ethics Committee over campaign financing, and then go after Clinton? These are people who praised George Bush's pardoning Casper Weinberger when he was indicted for perjury. So, no, I don't believe that most of them seriously cared about the charges. It was miscalculated political expediency.

PLAYBOY: When you look back at Clinton's part in the scandal, do you blame his arrogance, or did the president simply use bad judgment?

FRANK: There was a lapse in judgment when he engaged in sex with Monica Lewinsky in the first place. Beyond that,

people who did bad things a long time ago. It exists because it's impossible to come to a judgment about whether something happened or not many years after the fact. Witnesses' memories just aren't that reliable. I feel that this accusation isn't consistent with other accusations against the president, so I'm less inclined to believe it. It doesn't make sense in terms of a pattern, but there's no way to know about something that happened 20 years ago.

PLAYBOY: What's your reaction to George Stephanopoulos' account of the scandal and the Clinton presidency in his book?

FRANK: Mixed. He has a right to write a book about Bill Clinton that's critical of the president's policies. I worked for Kevin White, then the mayor of Boston, and was very high on him—thought he did a great job. But then I came to disagree with things he did and opposed him when he ran for his last term. People said I was being disloyal. But the idea is not to work for a person but for your ideals. You are working for the public interest. So I don't fault Stephanopoulos for disloyalty. I do, however, criticize him for quoting private conversations. That's wrong.

PLAYBOY: After the books and news accounts and yearlong attention to the Clinton scandal, what is your prediction for the 2000 elections?

FRANK: The Republicans hope new issues will come along and the public won't care about the impeachment. But the public now judges everything the Republicans do through a screen of dislike. If they fight with Clinton, they are not going to get a fair shake. I would be surprised if the Democrats don't do much better than usual in 2000. We'll take the House and will make serious gains in the Senate—perhaps take it back.

PLAYBOY: Yet early polls suggest that a Republican, specifically George Bush, could beat Al Gore for president.

FRANK: Personality can transcend other factors when it comes to the presidency. Those poll results aren't a foregone conclusion by any means. George Bush has a long way to go before an election. So far, he has taken a pass on the Republican right's issues, but they aren't going



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saying "I didn't have sexual relations with her" reflects one of his weaknesses. He thinks he can talk his way out of anything. He's a good talker, but he's not as good as he thinks he is.

PLAYBOY: What did you make of the charges that came out after the impeachment that he raped Juanita Broaddrick?

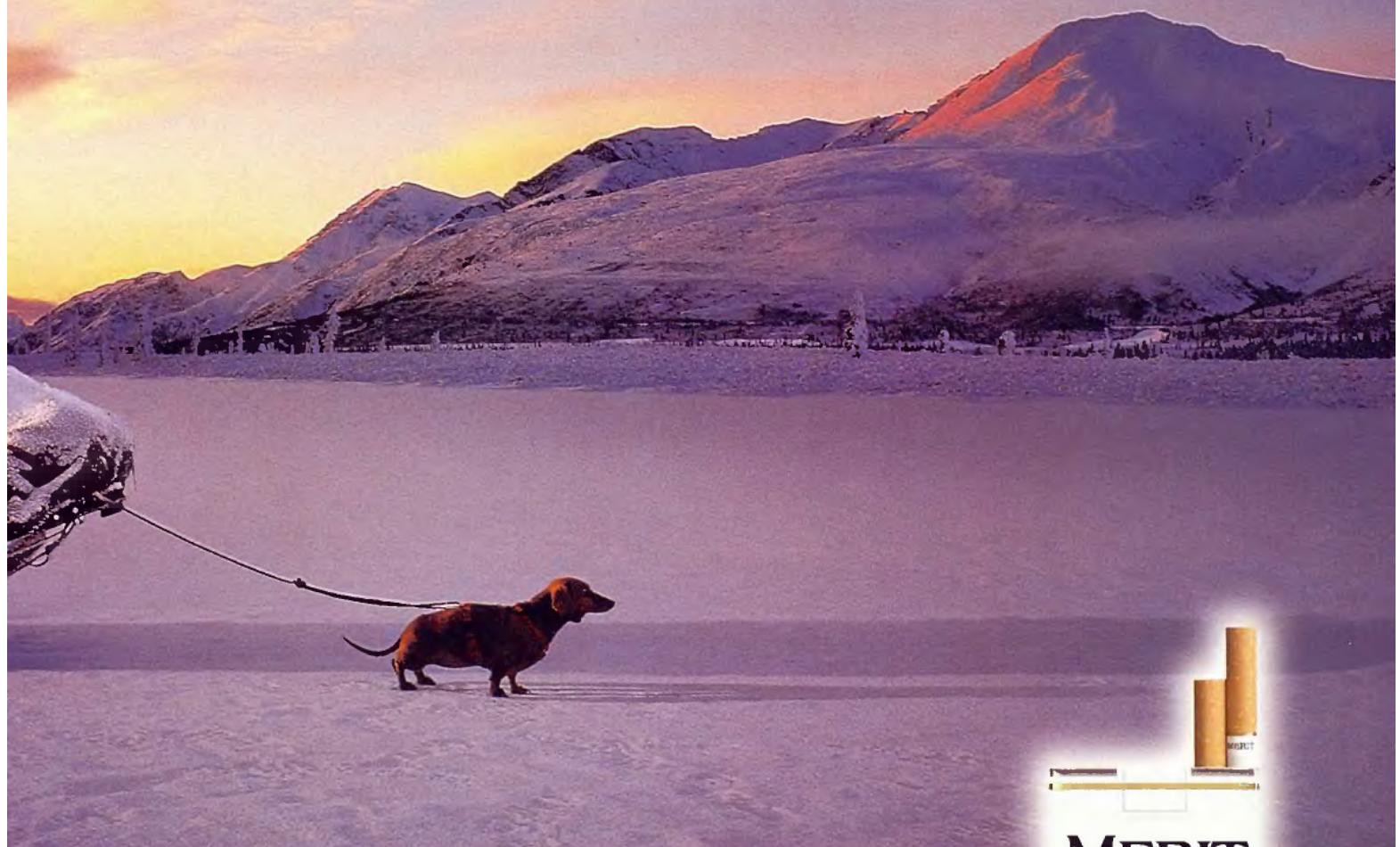
FRANK: I'm glad he can't run for reelection. If he were able to run again, we would all be obligated to come to judgment about whether that is true or not. If it's true, he shouldn't be impeached—he should be imprisoned. On the other hand, that's why we have a statute of limitations. There's no way anyone can tell whether this charge is true. The statute of limitations doesn't exist to protect



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PLAYBOY: How about the next race in New York for the U.S. Senate? Would you support a bid by Hillary Clinton?

FRANK: I think it will be great if she runs. She would be very good.

PLAYBOY: What will happen to the Republicans? Will the moderates in the party break with the right?

FRANK: At some point they are going to have to. But part of the reason the right has so much strength is that its members vote. There's a catch-22. The more the right dominates the party, the less other people will vote. Though they are a minority in this country, considerably less than 20 percent, the right is well organized. They are a powerful force. They register to vote and show up at the polls. I wish gay and lesbian people and African Americans and others would follow their example and organize. So I don't know how the Republicans will break out of that. I assume at some point they will throw out the ultralight if they lose badly enough. But it may take a truly disastrous defeat for that to happen—more disastrous than the 1998 elections.

PLAYBOY: One casualty of those elections was another former adversary of yours, Newt Gingrich. Were you happy to see him go?

FRANK: Thrilled. Gingrich represented the worst trends in American politics. He more than anyone else brought in the negativity. He made a conscious decision in the Eighties to attempt to elevate his party by delegitimizing the opposition. He said to the others in his party, "Don't act as if these are reasonable people with whom you disagree. These are bad people, corrupt people." He was creative in his vicious and negative campaign, and he was successful. But it ultimately consumed him, which was extremely satisfying.

PLAYBOY: Besides the possibility of gaining seats in the House and the Senate, how does the Democratic Party stand after the impeachment?

FRANK: We are on the verge of doing well. Bill Clinton has done a good job of purging our excesses.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean that he brought the party into the center?

FRANK: Yes, though in some cases he went too far.

PLAYBOY: On which issues do you think he went too far?

FRANK: Welfare, for example. I'm still worried about the repercussions of welfare reform—the part that says you are cut off after five years. There are people who just won't make it. What about the people who have kids? I don't understand punishing kids because they have lousy parents. And I don't think it's necessary. I am all in favor of getting people working, but it isn't the only issue. The economy has been good, so we have been able to get a lot of these people

jobs. But what happens when we reach people on welfare who no one would hire? They aren't quite disabled, but you wouldn't hire them. The bill doesn't consider them. Cutting them off assumes they are all just lazy. Some aren't. Some are dysfunctional.

PLAYBOY: How would you help them?

FRANK: We are a rich country. If we were a poor country, maybe we'd have to worry that somebody might get a nickel they don't deserve. But we are rich enough to err on the side of not starving or abusing children. I believe in the safety net. It's essential and humane. Sadly, there may be casualties before people see the need to fix it.

PLAYBOY: Other than welfare, what issues have you and President Clinton disagreed on?

FRANK: The biggest policy split between us was when he bought into the global trickle-down theory. A lot of us on the Democratic side support a global free market, too, but only if we can address labor rights and general human rights as well as environmental protection. We also have to take care of the people at

*I don't understand
why people can't
validate their own
beliefs without
victimizing
other people.*

home. The president is now moving in that direction. The defeat of fast track [which increases the president's power over trade issues] was very important. The passing of the International Monetary Fund bill was important because it included a lot of stuff about human rights and environmental concerns. There will be more of those.

PLAYBOY: But you opposed the North American Free Trade Agreement, which Clinton supported.

FRANK: That is the best example of why trickle-down doesn't work. What we need is an international New Deal. Essentially what is happening is that technology has transformed capitalism. What FDR did was deal with fully mature capitalism on a national level. He found a system that produced a lot of wealth but also assured stability and equality. The free market system worked as the main generator of wealth, but there were controls to protect people from unrestrained capitalism. Now technology has come along and transformed everything. Borders don't mean much anymore. But as we take our place in the new world economy, we need to protect

our workers. We need to protect the environment. We need to protect the poor in other countries from being exploited and at the same time protect American companies from unfair foreign competition. So what we now need is an international New Deal.

PLAYBOY: How do you protect American interests beyond our borders?

FRANK: We can't tell other countries what to do, but we can use the fact that other countries want two things from us: American capital, encouraged and to some extent protected by the American government, and the ability to sell in the best market in the world. We have the right to condition access to our capital and our market. Clinton is coming around. In his State of the Union address he said, "We have got to put a human face on the global economy." We can do that by saying that if you want money from the World Bank, you have to agree to let your workers join unions. Our companies shouldn't have to compete against companies that pay their workers ten cents an hour. Other countries need environmental rules that are enforced. If they use child labor, they shouldn't be able to sell goods in America. We want to protect people and we want competition to be fair.

PLAYBOY: But Nafta addressed issues such as child labor, the minimum wage and environmental protections.

FRANK: Nafta paid lip service to them. I say let's redo Nafta with teeth. I think Clinton sees that that's what we need. We're stronger now as a party and we can go forward with tougher stands on issues like this. We're more united on a plausible agenda than we have been in my memory. Clinton did a lot of this: He purged a lot of the negatives associated with Democrats.

PLAYBOY: Is liberalism still a bad word?

FRANK: It is, but it shouldn't be. I want to make it a better word.

PLAYBOY: Democrats are traditionally seen as weaker on defense. Are we underdefended now?

FRANK: No, we are not underdefended.

PLAYBOY: Some of your colleagues argue that we need to be—and aren't—ready to fight two wars at the same time.

FRANK: Against whom? It's ridiculous. South Korea is already well armed. We have to help South Korea against North Korea and we have to fight Iraq, but Iraq is in pretty weak shape. We could help South Korea against North Korea and defeat Iraq with much less than we now have. We have way too many nuclear weapons. We haven't really scaled down since the end of the cold war. There has been a qualitative change. For 50 years, from the late Thirties until 1990, we faced heavily armed totalitarians who opposed freedom and were ready to attack us and had the capacity to damage us. The Nazis and the Communists had the capacity to do real

damage to America. Since then, there have been countries that are irresponsible, dangerous to their neighbors, but none are a danger to us. It is a qualitative difference. There is no combination of forces in the world today that threatens our existence as a free society.

PLAYBOY: If the new threat is terrorism, what more would you have us do?

FRANK: We've done a fairly effective job so far. There has been virtually no successful foreign terrorism inside the U.S. But we need to continue to fight it through intelligence and other means.

PLAYBOY: What would you do with the freed money if you were successful in trimming the military budget?

FRANK: We need money in many domestic areas. My single greatest priority is universal health care. Then I would improve education, the environment, housing and law enforcement. There are a lot of things that involve the quality of life in a complicated urban society that you can't pay for as an individual. We must again look at all the people in our society—the ones falling through the cracks.

PLAYBOY: Another contentious domestic issue is affirmative action. Do you think it is doomed?

FRANK: Because of the courts, we may have to use economics instead of race as a marker. It is not a perfect marker, but it's better than nothing. There is no constitutional argument against economic discrimination. Politically, the enemies of affirmative action

will have a hard time arguing against economic-based affirmative action. They say they aren't against helping poor people, they just don't think it should be based on race. I disagree, of course. It should be about race because America has a long racist past and we can't get from prejudice to no prejudice without corrections, taking our history into account. It would be better than nothing to have it be income based, though, because race and income are related.

PLAYBOY: After the divisive impeachment ordeal, will you be able to work with the Republicans on this or other issues?

FRANK: I will. I can't work with Barr or Burton, but I couldn't work with them

before. I'll work with the others. When you're a professional, you do that. This is not the sharpest dispute I've had with those people. I was pretty angry at the demagoguery on the Defense of Marriage act. I have been angry at their homophobia and racism. But you learn to work with them because you have to.

PLAYBOY: But how deep does this sort of rancor go?

FRANK: With most people, not that deep. I think they way overdid it, but Bill Clinton was not some innocent person walking down the street. They didn't mug a charity case. He brought a little of this on himself, which mitigates the anger.

PLAYBOY: But do you like these guys? Do you argue with them in front of the cam-

can Party—one of the top five Republicans in the country—say something like that. He's fallen pretty far since then in terms of people's opinion of him, but it was serious. I thought hard about how to respond. I wanted to show my anger, but I didn't want to look like a victim. People don't respect victims. I never want to project weakness. I don't want to say, "Oh, poor me." I want to say, "Poor son of a bitch who crosses me." I want to be aggressive in defense of my rights.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised that he said it or surprised that he said it out loud?

FRANK: That he said it out loud, mostly. I was talking to Steve Gunderson, who is a gay Republican who does very good work but is far too prone to apologize for his gay-bashing colleagues. Gunderson said, "I know Dick Armey and he doesn't have a prejudiced bone in his body." I said, "I don't know about prejudiced bones in his body, but I know he has a prejudiced thought in his head."

PLAYBOY: How did you decide to respond to him?

FRANK: I held a press conference. I explained that I wanted to respond on behalf of all gay people who feel prejudice such as that expressed by Armey. I said, "This is an outrageous example of bigotry. Armey said he didn't mean to say it. I accept that, but he was thinking it. His argument was that it was simply a physical mispronunciation—he had simply mangled the syllable." I said that

era and then go out for cocktails?

FRANK: No, we don't do that. We don't socialize much across party lines. But we can work together.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised if not horrified when you heard that Dick Armey referred to you as Barney Fag?

FRANK: Yeah, I was. I usually shoot from the hip and comment. But I took this one very seriously. I checked the tape to make sure he'd said it. Then I sat and thought about it for a while before I decided on a response. It seemed to me very grave. This was early 1995. The Republicans had just taken over as kings of the hill. So it felt pretty serious to have one of the major figures in the Republi-

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FRANK: I don't think so. Maybe I'm kidding myself. I think Armey is unusually boorish. But I really don't think there is much of that. I would hear about it—there are gay staff people in their offices who are in the closet, and I would hear it from them. Part of the reason it came out then was the Republicans were particularly mad at me during that period. They had taken over and were running the House. A lot of Democrats were discouraged to find themselves in the minority. A lot of my colleagues had never been in the minority before. But I've been a minority all my life. I'm gay, Jewish and left-handed. I'm used to it. So I was more visible as one of their opponents, and they found me particularly obnoxious.

PLAYBOY: As the first openly gay congressperson, you drew a lot of attention to gay issues. One was gays in the military. Do you feel Clinton sold out the gay community in his compromise?

FRANK: No, because he got through as much as he could have at the time. I was against the don't-ask-don't-tell policy, but it wasn't his preference, either.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you help make the compromise?

FRANK: No. I voted against it. Sam Nunn first came up with a version of the policy. I presented an alternative version that was rejected. The villains in this are Sam Nunn and Colin Powell. Powell wouldn't go along with anything meaningful.

PLAYBOY: What were you pushing?

FRANK: I would have accepted a policy that says, "You won't talk about being gay while you are on duty, but when you are off duty it is not a problem. If somebody finds out, it's none of his business." The policy they adopted is not a very good one. What's even worse is that the military has been abusive of the policy. They hate it. They think it goes too far, though it doesn't go nearly far enough. Clinton has been so afraid of the military that he won't enforce it. He lets them get away with abusing people.

PLAYBOY: Is it just a matter of time before that changes?

FRANK: Nothing is automatic. It's a matter of our mobilizing politically.

PLAYBOY: Meanwhile, there seems to be less, not more, tolerance of gays. A survey showed that homophobia is on the rise among teenagers. Also, there has been a spate of hate crimes against gays.

FRANK: What we need to do is fully support secondary schools teaching that prejudice—any prejudice—is wrong and that you don't beat people up because you don't like them. The two thugs who murdered Matthew Shepard were sadly just a few years out of high school, 21-year-old pieces of shit. Kids have to be educated about tolerance—of different races, sexual orientation, whatever.

PLAYBOY: Did you take it as a personal affront when the Republicans pushed through the Defense of Marriage Act, Re-

which essentially prohibits same-sex marriages?

FRANK: Of course. When Henry Hyde's marital affairs were revealed, I said to him, "I agree with those who say that this isn't relevant as far as the impeachment is concerned. But it is as far as Doma is concerned." Given his prominence as committee chairman in pressing Doma and arguing to me that gay marriages violate the sacrosanct institution of marriage, I think there was justification in what I said. They are arguing that legally acknowledging gay unions will undermine conventional marriages. It's nonsense. They're saying I can't get married. They're saying that my ability to marry another man somehow jeopardizes heterosexual marriage. Then they go out and cheat on their wives. That doesn't jeopardize heterosexual marriage? So there's some reconciling to do.

PLAYBOY: When you confronted Hyde, how did he respond?

FRANK: He said, "It's complicated. I understand your point." But we'll see what happens.

PLAYBOY: What can you do?

FRANK: The vicious part of Doma says that if a state recognizes same-sex marriage, the federal government will not honor it. So if and when a state recognizes gay marriage, I will try to push through legislation that challenges the federal government's stand. It will be a state's-right argument—that it's not up to the federal government. It will also be challenged in court.

PLAYBOY: What do you think is behind the right wing's homophobia?

FRANK: I think it is a vestige of religious influence. Beyond them, however, Americans take a generally pro-gay position, though not yet on marriage. If you ask the public, "Should you be fired because you are gay?" they say, "Of course not." Knowing that, when the bigots try to kill legislation that prohibits discrimination, they say, "Gays already are protected. Everyone is protected. Gays are looking for special rights." They get support that way, but it's nonsense. If the question were, "Should people be able to have recognition of the fact that they love someone else and legally share rights with them?" you would get a yes. I think everyone should have the same rights and anyone being discriminated against should have special protection. Doma meanwhile was mostly political. Hawaii was debating same-sex marriage and some gay groups said, "If Hawaii allows it, we're going to use the U.S. Constitution to argue that every state must allow it." It isn't good constitutional law, but it gave the Republicans a plausible argument that a decision in Hawaii to allow gay marriages was going to lead to gay marriages everywhere in America. Hawaii unfortunately didn't go through with it, but it helped the right-wingers

push the Defense of Marriage Act. Re-

publicans saw a political wedge issue. They proposed Doma in 1996 and brought it to a vote. They figured they were going to make Clinton either sign the bill and piss off gay people or veto the bill and piss off everybody else. It was political. Completely.

PLAYBOY: After serving as long as you have in this House, are you less idealistic and more pragmatic?

FRANK: I'm no different now. And I reject the idea that pragmatism and idealism are opposed. The more idealistic you are, the more pragmatic you should be. The more you care about your values, the more you are morally obligated to get them implemented. It is not always easy to figure out how, but you have to try: You try to reconcile your ideals and the real world.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a plan for the next election? Do you see yourself running for a different office, or will you run again for Congress?

FRANK: I am going to run again. The only other office I would run for would be the Senate, and there are already two very good senators from Massachusetts. I'm 59 years old, rather late in life to be picking a new job. I expect to spend the next 15 or so years at this job and move on to retirement.

PLAYBOY: Does it get tedious, or is it still interesting?

FRANK: It is about as tedious as anything else. Every job has elements of tedium, but on the whole it is still very exciting.

PLAYBOY: In general, do you find that your congressional colleagues are an impressive group? Are the American people well represented?

FRANK: Absolutely, at least in terms of general intelligence. I served in the state legislature for eight years and saw that the people who left the state legislature and went to Congress tended to be the people you would want to see do so. Holding values constant, I think people are well represented. There are some notable exceptions, but that's inevitable.

PLAYBOY: We assume you are referring to the congressmen you refer to as "rabid Republicans." Do you include Hyde in that group?

FRANK: Henry was especially dogged in the impeachment, but I think he convinced himself. He had the *Bridge on the River Kwai* syndrome. He probably didn't want the job at first, but he got it and was a good general.

PLAYBOY: You've already indicated your dislike of Bob Barr. You once said that you would douse the flames if he were on fire but would regret it afterward.

FRANK: There's an old joke about a little Jewish boy in Russia. He sees a man drowning and jumps in and saves him. The guy says, "Son, you have just saved the czar. I am going to give you a wish. What would you like?" The boy answers, "My wish is that you never tell anybody I

(continued on page 148)



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He's a man who's plugged in. Whether composing songs or buying CDs, he wields major marketing clout. PLAYBOY men spent nearly \$500 million on audio equipment last year—more than the readers of *Rolling Stone* and *Spin* combined. Every month, PLAYBOY delivers almost 4 million men who listen to music, which is 1.2 million more than the total like-minded men of *Esquire*, *Spin* and *Stereo Review*. PLAYBOY—isn't it time you listened? (Source: Fall 1998 MRI.)





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166 9/16 -7/1

EXTREME WALL STREET

By Larry DuBois

I REMEMBER SITTING in a hotel ballroom in early 1993, when the Dow Jones industrial average was at about 3000, listening as the manager of one of America's largest mutual funds shocked his audience by announcing: "Dow 10,000 by the year 2000." Nobody believed him. The general feeling among his polite questioners seemed to be that he had taken leave of his senses. Stocks more than tripling in seven years? No way. As it turned out, he was just about right on the money. But not even that visionary saw that the market was about to become a national obsession. Who would have believed that millions of Americans who had never watched so much as a soap opera would become passionate fans of CNBC, watching nothing but stock market news from morning till night? Who could have predicted the impact of the Internet? Even Bill Gates was late seeing that one.

In the Nineties, the volume of stocks traded on the New York Stock Exchange and the Nasdaq market has more than quadrupled, from a few hundred million shares a day to nearly 2 billion—and occasionally more. It used to be that anyone who wanted to trade a stock called his broker and paid a commission steep enough to discourage even adventurous souls. Then came discount brokers. Next came the Internet. Now anyone can sit at home and click a mouse and buy and sell IBM or Microsoft for a commission that amounts to lunch money.

And that was just the prelude to the next great wave: day trading. Using sophisticated software leased for a few hundred dollars a month, some brave (or foolhardy) pioneers (estimates range from a few thousand to tens of thousands) are now linked electronically into the same computer systems used by the giant brokerages on Wall Street. Day traders compete directly with the so-called market makers for the quick profits to be made as stocks blip up and down. Forget investing. For day traders, as an ad on CNBC says, "an hour and a half is the long term." Ideally, they're out of stocks altogether before the market closes, ready to start fresh the next morning. Hence the title day trader. Holding a stock, any stock, overnight is a definite no-no. As one of them says, "Don't ever let a trade turn into an investment."

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70 5/8 -1 7/16

What follows is the account of one guy in his 30s who started day trading just after it all began, about three years ago. Steve Poulter worked as a television reporter on the East Coast after college. Then he realized that network stardom was going to require years of paying dues in small towns he didn't want to live in, so he moved home to Salt Lake City. He switched to day trading after a couple of years as a successful stockbroker. He's been doing it ever since, living a quietly comfortable life as he builds his trading bankroll. By now Poulter regards himself as an old-timer in a new business, and says that

of a TV, so I can watch them both at the same time. I sit in a comfortable chair. If I walked you into the room where I work, you'd think you were in an office. I won't even bring in coffee or juice. Spilling that on my keyboard in the middle of a trade is the last thing I need. I eat away from where I work.

I turn on CNBC and CNN to see what happened overnight in the Asian markets and what's going on domestically. I check out a few websites to gather information (the one I use most is Briefing.com), to see which stocks are splitting, that sort of stuff. I use Silicon Investor (www.siliconinvestor.com) for

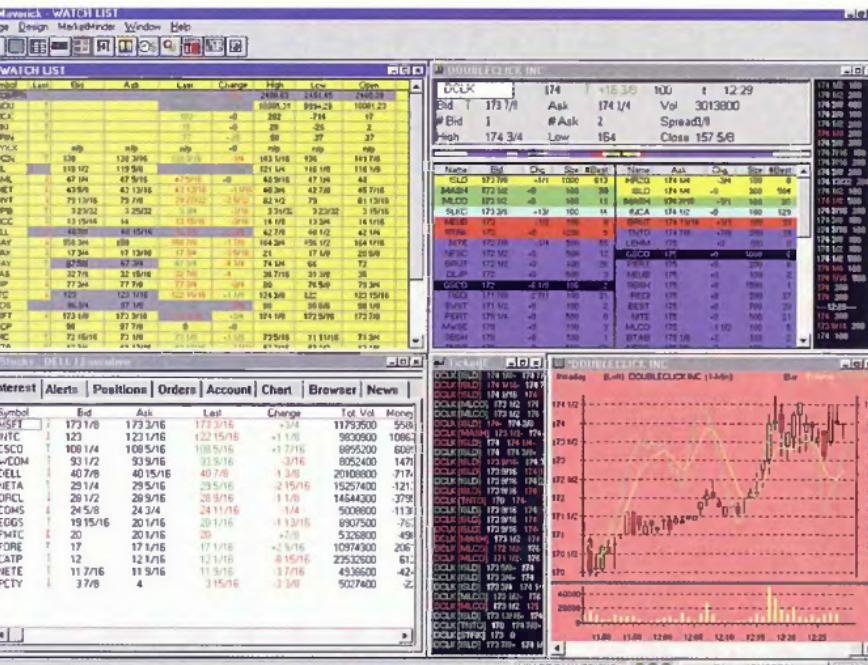
ple—and a few minutes is all you need.

If you live in the Midwest or on the West Coast, you could trade for an hour before you go to work. That's a good deal, because if you can hold a job while you're learning, it takes a lot of pressure off your trading.

There are about 50 stocks that day traders track. The stocks that are driving this craze of day trading are the same companies that make it possible for us to do this: Cisco, Dell, Microsoft, Compaq, 3Com, Yahoo, Sun Micro and Internet stocks. All the usual suspects. Day trading exists because of their beautiful new technology. Who ever thought that a guy could live anywhere in the world and be hooked right into the market alongside the Merrill Lynch trading desks on Wall Street? I have a friend who day trades from his ranch near Devil's Tower in Wyoming and another one who sits on the back porch of his mansion making trades on his laptop. He said a while ago that this damned day trading was getting in the way of his golf game.

Just before the market opens, I check my e-mail. It comes from—how can I say this?—a damned guru. A fat buddha. Even day traders have gurus. But this one's good. He gets up even earlier than I do and studies even more news sources. Finally, I check out which stocks the market makers are looking to buy, which ones they want to sell and how they're tinkering with prices in the moments before the market opens to the public.

I'm seeing this on a Level II screen. I use the software from Maverick Trading in Salt Lake and run my trades through them. Level II gives me access to Nasdaq-only information—live, streaming data—that you never see if you go online with a discount broker such as Schwab or E-Trade. They work fine for what they do, but they're just showing you a bid price and an ask price—Microsoft is at 149% at 149%. They're not showing you how many market makers want to buy or sell how many shares of a specific stock. If I see 50 market makers trying to sell Microsoft at 150, that tells me it's going to be tough for Microsoft to go higher than 150 right now. There's resistance at that price. If a lot of market makers are offering to buy Microsoft at 149, it's going to be tough for it to go below that. There's support at that price. Day trading is about learning to spot those small, likely movements in price—and trading them to your advantage. If you want to move in and out of stocks fast, you need Level II software. If you don't have the information the market makers have, then day trading is a gamble that the house always wins. If you



Tools of the Trade: Thanks to computer software dubbed Level II, the day trader has access to the same up-to-the-second information available to the market makers on Wall Street. He can, for example, monitor the activities of many stocks, displayed in the two quadrants on the left of the computer screen shown above. He can simultaneously focus on one, such as Doubleclick Inc., and track trades as they happen, see what the market makers are offering to buy and sell DCLK and follow price movement and volume of sales before he makes a decision.

he's committed to it as a career. Here is Steve's story:

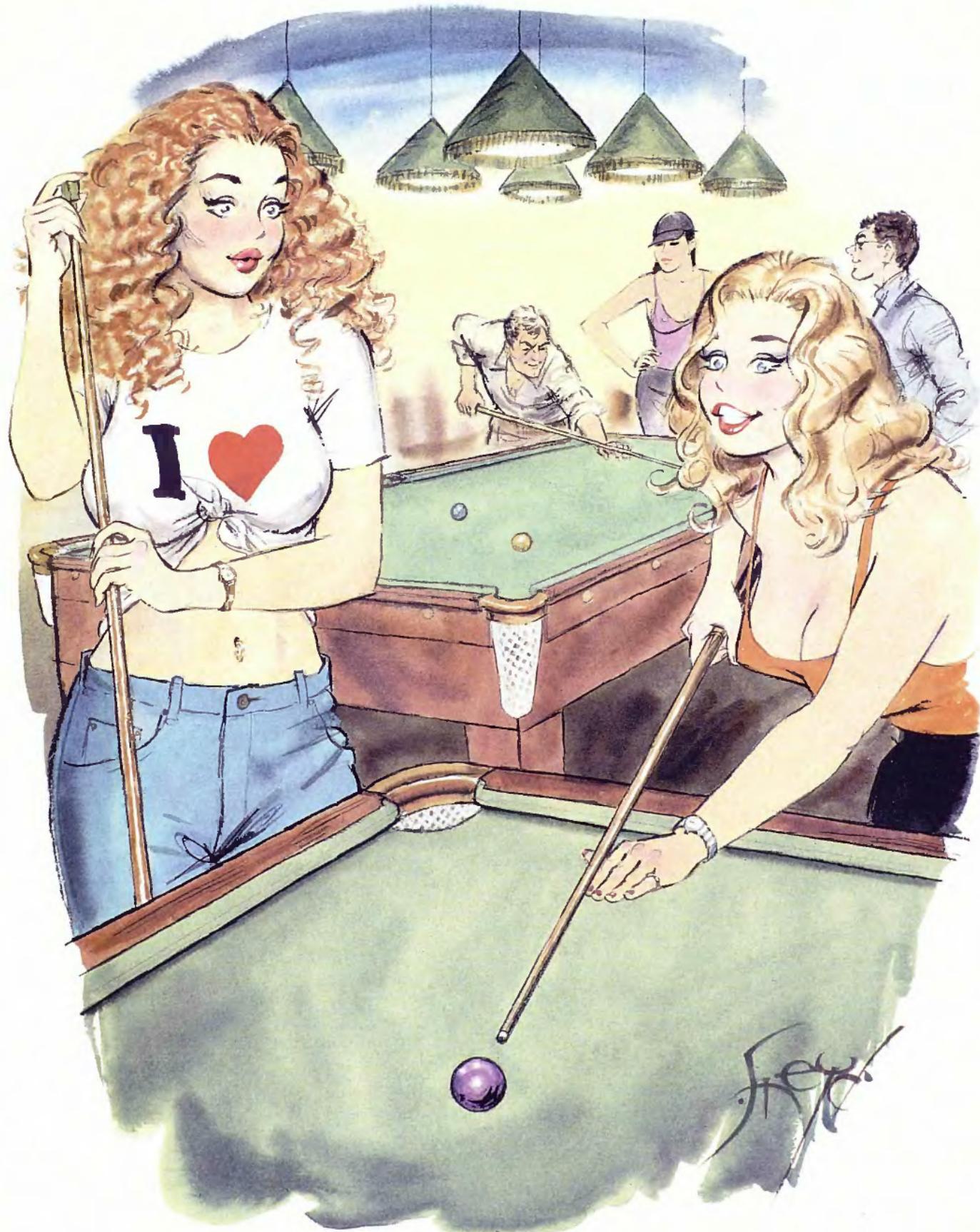
My first rule is that I'm showered and dressed before I sit down in front of my computer, because if I roll out of bed and go online half awake in my T-shirt and shorts, I'm just asking to get hammered. I assure you that the professionals who are making markets in stocks at Goldman Sachs and Merrill Lynch aren't sitting there half asleep in their T-shirts and shorts. They're dressed for business. If I want to compete with them, I have to take it as seriously as they do.

So I'm dressed and at my workstation about 45 minutes before the market opens. My monitor is set up in front

news about tech stocks. Then I go into the day trader chat rooms to see which stocks people are talking about. Day traders are a tight-knit group.

There are good and bad chat rooms. In the bad ones people are hyping mostly junky stocks that sell for \$1 or \$2. If you try to hype anything in the good chat rooms, they will kick you out. Most of the good ones offer a free introductory service, but if you want to get into the heavier stuff, you have to subscribe. I see what the other day traders are doing, and that's important, because their trading action influences the price of stocks. They're plugged into all sorts of news sources, and as soon as they get news, they post it. That puts you a few minutes ahead of most peo-

(continued on page 118)



"It didn't work out. We both wanted to see other women."



"Licking chocolate off Karen Finley reminds me that the First Amendment is always in danger unless everyone follows our example and does something about it," says "Politically Incorrect's" Bill Maher (tasting danger himself, below). "So do something, people! Find an ass and lick candy off it!"



KAREN FINLEY

*bill maher develops a taste
for her performance art*

TO HER FOLLOWING she's the Lady of Godiva, Wilhelmina Wonka, the best thing to happen to chocolate since Nestlé added the crunch. But artist Karen Finley's cocoloco fame goes back nearly a decade. It was in 1990 that her one-woman performance piece *We Keep Our Victims Ready* so irked U.S. senator and perpetual party pooper Jesse Helms that he encouraged the National Endowment for the Arts to pull the plug on Finley's funding. Among the rants, chants and poetry, Finley's show had included a segment in which she coated her naked body with chocolate as a symbol of degradation. That's what triggered the Helms attack, setting in motion Finley's decade-long battle with the NEA over the issue of decency—a fight that she lost last summer, just in time for her new show, *Return of the Chocolate-Smeared Woman*. As a public service, here is your backstage pass to a Karen Finley frolic, with the king of the politically incorrect, Bill Maher, providing the Hershey's kisses. Cheers.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA



In addition to performance artist and lightning rod for the for right, Finley's résumé includes author (her most recent book: *Shut Up and Love Me*), actor (she was Tom Hanks' doctor in *Philadelphia*) and musician (she has collaborated with Sinéad O'Connor). As for nudity in her work, she says, "I am concerned with the power of looking. Being nude, I am like the art." Sweeter words were never spoken.









The **INSTRUMENTS OF PEACE**

i hired a mobster's
son to work the farm.
things didn't work out
the way i expected

fiction By Edward Falco

The kid drove up in a chartreuse sports car. Convertible. He arrived with the top down, his dark hair wind-blown, a small gold ring in his right ear. When he stepped out of that car in my driveway, wearing blue jeans and a red T-shirt, my 16-year-old daughter went ghost pale and leaned back against the wall by the living room window. I was in the kitchen making breakfast, scrambling eggs in a pink bowl with a wire whisk. I could see my daughter's back, and beyond her, through the window, Chad Barnett, the youngest son of a well-known criminal. He was tall—six-one, maybe six-two—broad-chested and muscular. I had agreed to give him a job for the summer. We lived in the boondocks on a small farm where we stabled standardbreds from the racetrack ten miles away toward town. It was just me and my daughter. Her mother had left me before Amy had turned three.

"Oh my God," Amy said when she could finally speak. "Is that him?"

"Seems likely." I put the eggs down on the stove and joined her at the window. Chad appeared to have decided he was at the right place. He pulled a lightweight jacket out from behind the front seat, slipped it on and started up the walk to the front door.

Amy bolted for her room. It was a little after nine and she'd been out of bed for an hour, though she hadn't showered and cleaned up yet. She stopped at the stairs and pointed to me emphatically. "Do not tell him I'm up," she stage-whispered. "Tell him I





was out late last night and I'm sleeping in." She charged up the stairs two at a time, like a little kid, her pale-blue, wrinkled sleepshirt billowing out behind her.

I went out to meet him, and whatever anxieties I had about housing the son of a gangster dissipated quickly. He had a sweet smile and the kind of good looks that charmed even an old guy like me, who had essentially been ordered to give him summer work, as well as a place to stay. Not that I was actually given an order. Ollie Lundsford, the trainer who accounted for virtually all of my farm's business, had asked me to do him a favor. Every Friday night, I played poker with Ollie and a bunch of characters from the track, and I saw him just about every day. When he asked me to hire Chad, I didn't think twice. I hired someone every summer anyway. Still, there was something in the tone of his voice that suggested an urgency to the request that couldn't really be refused. "I need you to do me a favor," he had said—and the word need had carried a ton of weight. Chad offered me his hand. "Mr. Deegan?"

I nodded, we shook hands and I invited him in for coffee. In the kitchen he sat at the table and commented on the huge copy of Shakespeare's collected plays that was propped up and open on the counter next to the stove so I could read while I was cooking. He asked me if I was reading Shakespeare; I told him I was, and he told me he had read him for the first time in his English classes. He was 22 and had just finished his first year of college after working odd jobs out of high school. He liked sports, especially basketball and football, both of which he played on intramural teams. By the time I called up the stairs for Amy to join us, I wasn't worried anymore about this kid being the son of Jimmy Smoke, which is what the papers called his dad.

"Amy," I yelled from the foot of the stairs, holding the skillet in my hand and scrambling her eggs. "Come on down here and meet our guest."

A moment later Amy came into the kitchen wearing apple-green velvet-trimmed pajamas that looked more like elegant evening attire than something you might sleep in. Her shoulders were bare and her breasts were prominently outlined under a flimsy camisole before she covered herself—to my great relief—by buttoning a matching cardigan. Her hair was brushed, and she had makeup on.

Chad stood up when she entered the room, and they shook hands politely. "Pleasure to meet you, Amy," he said in a tone of voice downright avuncular, which pleased me.

"Uh-oh," Amy said, gesturing to-

ward Chad's eggs, toast and orange juice. "I see my father's started taking care of you already." She sat next to Chad at the table. "You got to watch out for him," she whispered, as if I couldn't hear her. "If you let him, he'll be tucking you into bed at night."

"Amy thinks I'm overprotective." I put her eggs and toast on the table in front of her, and buttered her toast and dipped it in egg before she figured out the joke and slapped my hand away.

Chad laughed. He said, "You guys are pretty funny."

"We're a team," I said. "Me and Amy."

"Oh, please," Amy rolled her eyes. "I can't wait to get out of here and go to college. This is like hell, living in the middle of Nowhere, USA. You know how far you have to drive to get to a decent music store? Two hours. You know—"

"Amy," I said. "I'm sure Chad wants to hear about how miserable your life is." I picked up Chad's plate and gestured for him to join me. "Time to see the farm."

Outside, the early summer weather had turned the land into an expanse of mud and grass. Everything that wasn't green was brown and muddy—and a lot of what was green was muddy too. Things would remain that way until July, when the heat finally baked the ground dry. In the anteroom, two pairs of galoshes stood upright and waiting. I picked up my pair and directed Chad to a closet, where old galoshes and boots were piled in a corner. "I hope you don't mind mud," I said. "You'll be living with it for the next month." On the brick walk, I looked up and drew in a deep breath of fresh air and let the sun warm my face. "So," I said, when he came up beside me, "you have a girlfriend?"

"Several," he answered, grinning in a way that was supposed to be a between-men thing, as if he expected me to pat him on the back for being such a hotshot.

"I'll show you the barns first," I said.

Chad followed along quietly while I gave him the tour. He seemed troubled by the mud, which he sank into up to his calves at one point, muddying his clean denims. There were a handful of fractious racehorses on the farm, and I pointed them out to him first. At the stud barn, we stopped in front of His Majesty's stall. HM was the worst of the lot. "This one," I said, pointing to HM, who had come to the front of the stall to check out Chad, "stay away from him. I'd put him down if it was up to me, but Ollie insists on keeping him."

Chad moved to the stall. "He doesn't look mean," he said. "He doesn't look any different from the others."

"Take my word for it," I said. I

moved him along.

Just out of the barn, he stopped suddenly and looked around, as if he were actually seeing the place for the first time. He looked up toward the mountain ridges, which were already lush and green, and his eyes followed the satiny folds of hollows and rises down to the green pastureland of the farm, which was divided and enclosed by white fences. Inside the farm's corrals, horses grazed lazily.

"Not a bad place to spend your summer," I said. "As long as you don't mind working some."

"I don't mind," he said.

At his cabin, he leaned against the doorway to pull off his boots.

I opened the door for him. "It's hardly luxury," I said. "But it's cozy enough."

He looked though the doorway at the single bed with its brass headboard, at the oval, cord rug in the center of the wood floor and at the red-and-white checked curtains over the windows on the back and side walls. "It's nice," he said. "It looks good."

I opened an old ball-foot armoire I had dragged over from the storage barn and cleaned up a few days earlier. "This is your closet," I said, and then I pointed to the bathroom, which was directly across from the bed. "I thought about putting a door on the bathroom for you, but then I figured, it's only you in here, so—"

Chad nodded. "Be fine."

"OK, then. I'll send Amy to get you for lunch." I started for the door.

"Mr. Deegan," he said, stopping me. "I didn't mean, before, what I said about having girlfriends. . . . I didn't mean to sound like some sort of loverboy or something. It's not like that."

"That's good," I said, "because— I was standing in the doorway and moved back inside the cabin and closed the door. "Because Amy's at that age now where she's still a kid but doesn't want to be one anymore. It's a dangerous age for a young girl."

"I understand," Chad said. "You don't have to worry about me." He brushed his hand through his hair. "I'll tell her I have a serious girlfriend."

"Good," I said. "Because, don't tell her I told you this, but—" I hesitated a moment, not certain I should continue. I said, "She hasn't even had a first boyfriend yet. She'd be mortified if she knew I told you that, but it's something you should know. It's because we live out here in, as Amy says, Nowheresville. Still, she thinks she knows things, but she doesn't know anything yet."

"Like I said," Chad touched his heart, as if swearing an oath. "You have nothing to worry about from me."

(continued on page 142)



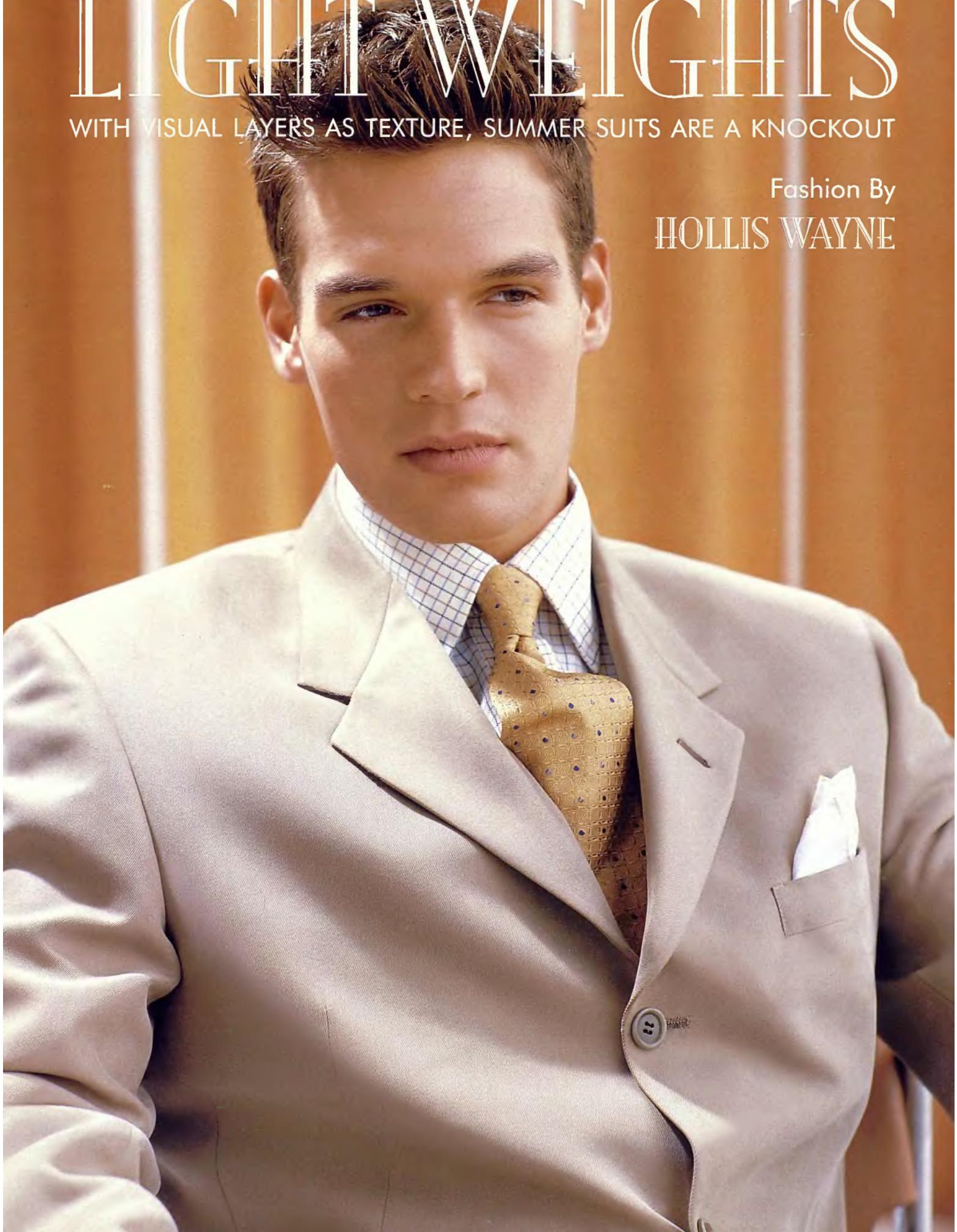
*"How about if we stick you in a rocking chair and call it
Whistler's Mother?"*

LIGHTWEIGHTS

WITH VISUAL LAYERS AS TEXTURE, SUMMER SUITS ARE A KNOCKOUT

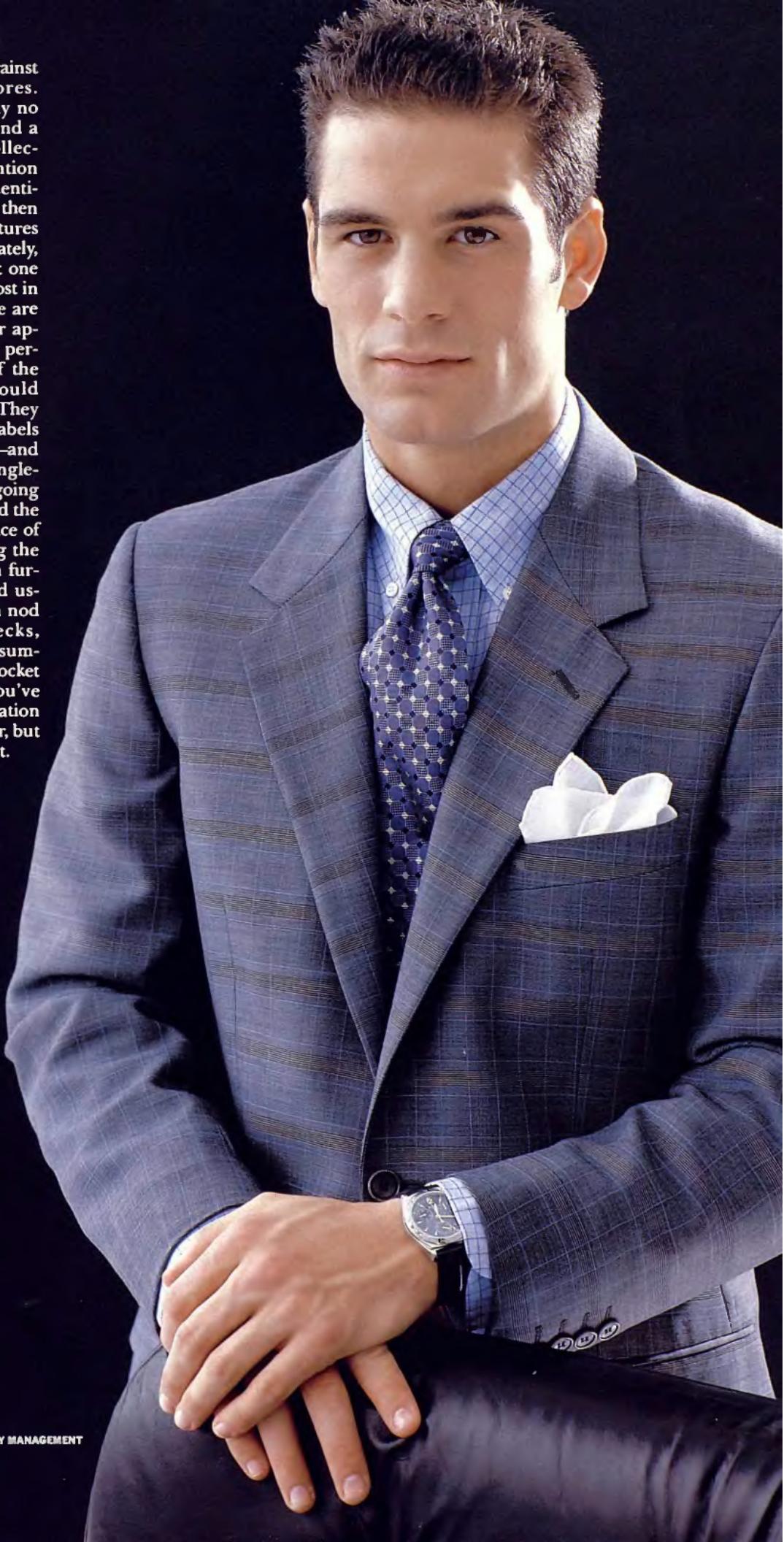
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HOLLIS WAYNE



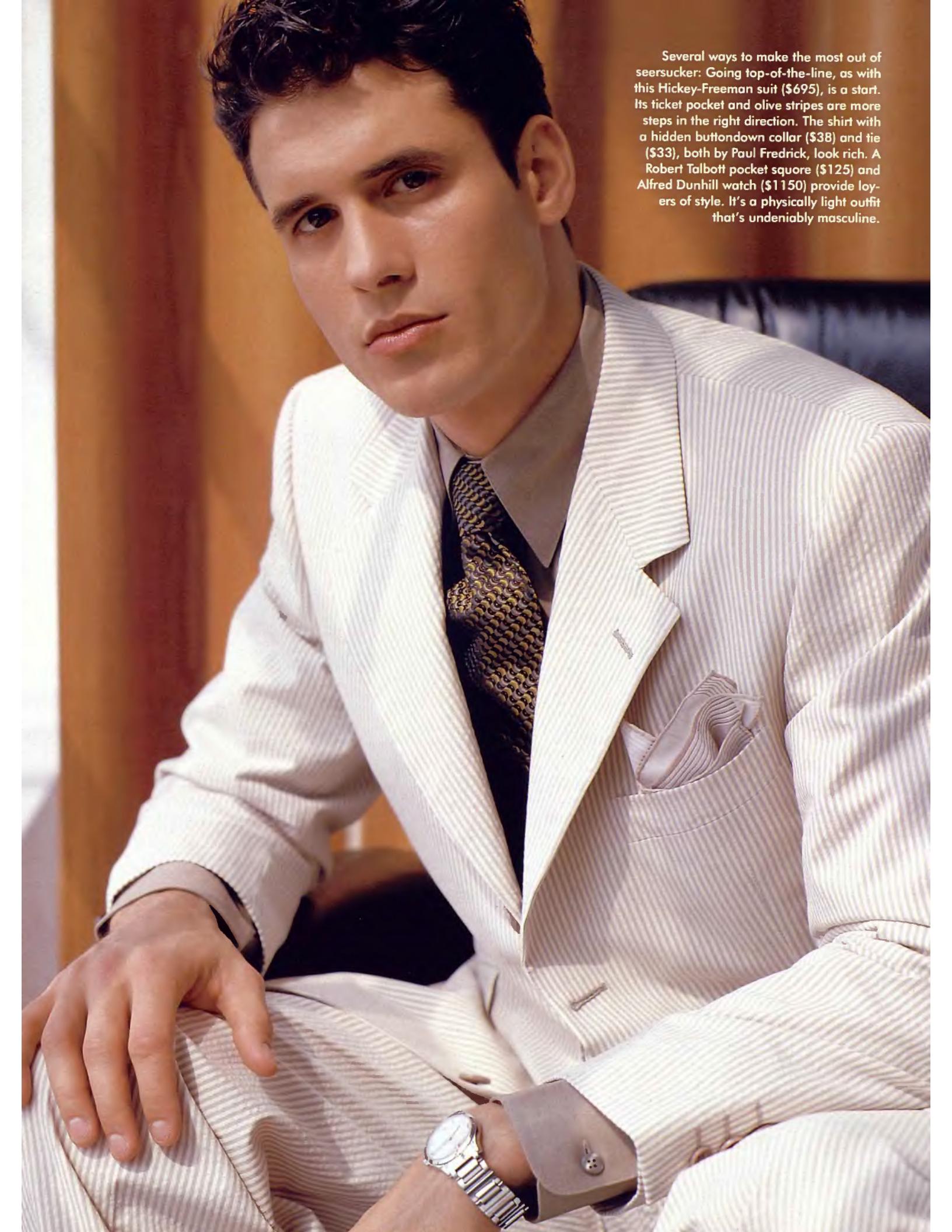
We have nothing against department stores. There is probably no better place to find a full designer collection (not to mention sportswear). It's all about brand identity—you find the designer you like, then go to the corner of the store that features yards and yards of his or her line. Lately, though, taking pride in buying just one label seems like the easy way out. Lost in the Armani mania and Karan craze are traditions of the haberdashery. Our approach this year is to serve as your personal shopper—to remind you of the **PLAYBOY** style. Men with taste should think about their entire ensemble. They should feel comfortable mixing labels and wearing suits of different cuts—and personalizing every outfit. The single-breasted suit, for example, is still going strong. Manufacturers have softened the look by taking the high-button stance of a three-button jacket and lowering the top button. You can take it a notch further by rolling down the lapel and using the middle button only. With a nod toward British stripes and checks, it's smart to combine lightweight summer suits with plaid shirts. Add a pocket square and a patterned tie and you've struck a balance between sophistication and daring. Easy, right? It's summer, but that doesn't mean you have to sweat.

A rumpled khaki cotton suit might look good on a commuter, but there's no need to pine for the crabgrass frontier just yet. One of the sweetest variations on the theme is the three-button suit at left. It's made from a wool-silk blend by Kenneth Cole (\$495). The plaid shirt by Robert Talbott (\$145) is off-white and has French cuffs. Nothing sets off the tan better than a gold tie by Studio by Fumagalli's (\$48) and a linen pocket square by Robert Talbott (\$125). At right, the tropical wool of this CK Calvin Klein number (\$650) has visual depth atypical of summer suits. The parquet check sport shirt by Alfred Dunhill (\$150), jacquard tie by Boss Hugo Boss (\$95) and pocket square by Robert Talbott (\$125) give it added gravity. The timepiece is by Hugo Boss Watch.

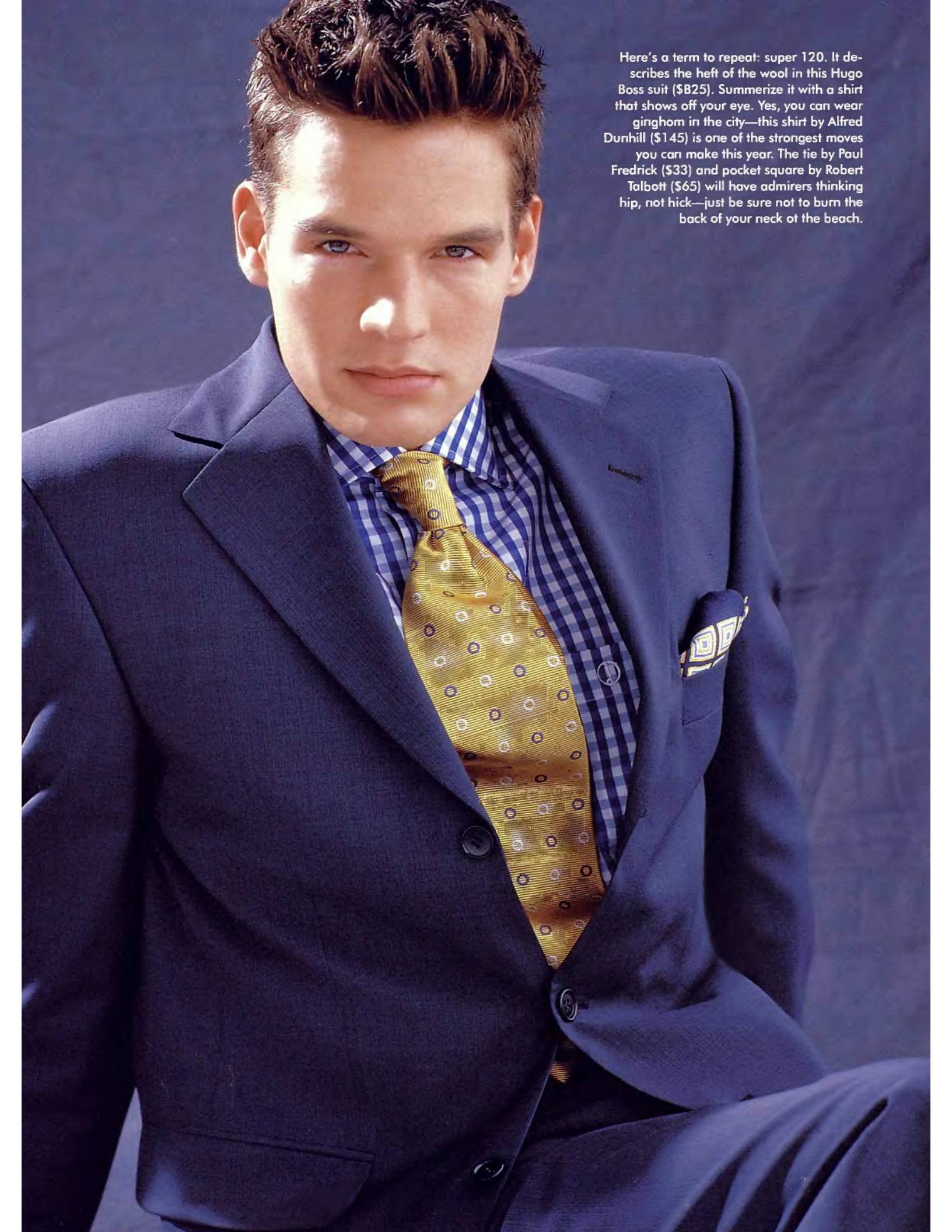


PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHUCK BAKER

GROOMING BY SCOTT SUMMERS FOR BRADLEY CURRY MANAGEMENT
WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 152.



Several ways to make the most out of seersucker: Going top-of-the-line, as with this Hickey-Freeman suit (\$695), is a start. Its ticket pocket and olive stripes are more steps in the right direction. The shirt with a hidden button-down collar (\$38) and tie (\$33), both by Paul Fredrick, look rich. A Robert Talbott pocket square (\$125) and Alfred Dunhill watch (\$1150) provide layers of style. It's a physically light outfit that's undeniably masculine.



Here's a term to repeat: super 120. It describes the heft of the wool in this Hugo Boss suit (\$825). Summerize it with a shirt that shows off your eye. Yes, you can wear gingham in the city—this shirt by Alfred Dunhill (\$145) is one of the strongest moves you can make this year. The tie by Paul Fredrick (\$33) and pocket square by Robert Talbott (\$65) will have admirers thinking hip, not hick—just be sure not to burn the back of your neck at the beach.



THE MANLY
SECRETS OF

Fly Fishing

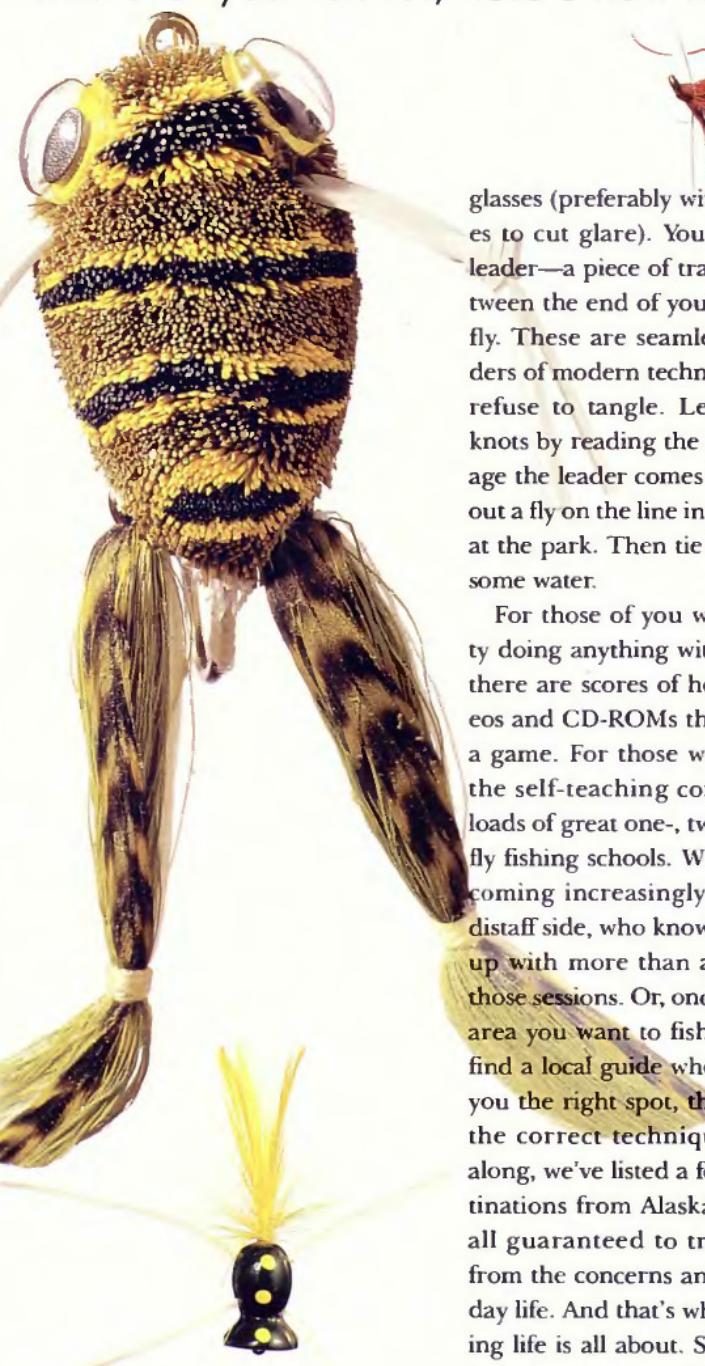
trout, tarpon, zen calm—whatever you fish for, here's how to reel it in

SOME GUYS don't fish. Maybe Dad was a brain surgeon who never had time to take you to the shore. Or perhaps Uncle Harry took you—three o'clock wake-up call, smelly night crawlers, bobbers floating interminably. If you were lucky, there were stringers full of crappies to be garroted, gutted and scaled. And now that you're a grown-up, maybe sailing around a swamp full of dead trees in a bass boat isn't your idea of relaxation.

Consider fly fishing. Wading a clear mountain stream, gracefully arcing a line over the head of a waiting rainbow. Fly fishing is athletic and artistic, physical and intellectual. It's solitary and absorbing. It touches the primal instinct but is ecologically friendly. No kill required. In fact, if you're interested in a fish dinner, don't take up fly fishing. Go to a restaurant.

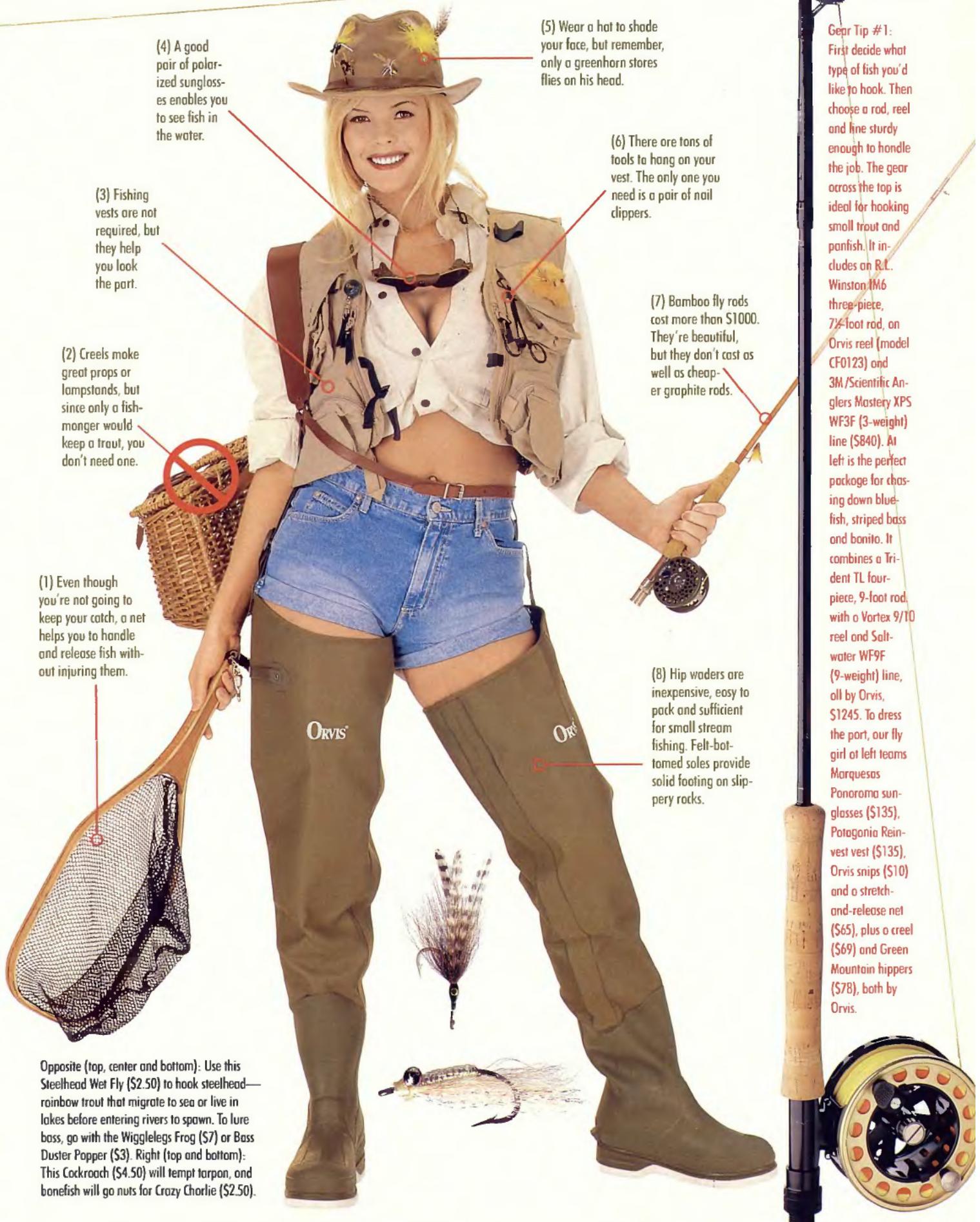
OK, so you want to try it. But you're intimidated—the double haul, mending line, knots to tie, a million bugs to identify, techniques to master, equipment to acquire. Don't despair. Making a decent cast is a thousand times easier than driving a golf ball straight.

All you need to get started is to know which kind of fish you'd like to catch. Then pick up a suitable rod and reel with the right line on it, a few basic flies in a matchbox, a pair of high rubber boots, nail clippers and proper sun-



glasses (preferably with polarized lenses to cut glare). You will also need a leader—a piece of transparent line between the end of your fly line and the fly. These are seamless tapered wonders of modern technology that almost refuse to tangle. Learn a couple of knots by reading the back of the package the leader comes in. Practice without a fly on the line in your backyard or at the park. Then tie on a fly and find some water.

For those of you who have difficulty doing anything without instruction, there are scores of how-to books, videos and CD-ROMs that make learning a game. For those who struggle with the self-teaching concept, there are loads of great one-, two- and three-day fly fishing schools. With fly fishing becoming increasingly popular on the distaff side, who knows? You may hook up with more than a trout in one of those sessions. Or, once you pick out an area you want to fish, you can always find a local guide who's ready to show you the right spot, the proper fly and the correct technique. To help you along, we've listed a few to-die-for destinations from Alaska to the Yucatan, all guaranteed to transport you far from the concerns and stress of everyday life. And that's what a man's sporting life is all about. So go ahead. Step into the stream and let fly fishing take you someplace special.

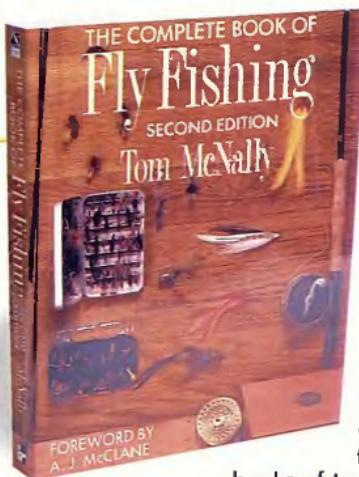


Opposite (top, center and bottom): Use this Steelhead Wet Fly (\$2.50) to hook steelhead—rainbow trout that migrate to sea or live in lakes before entering rivers to spawn. To lure bass, go with the Wigglelegs Frog (\$7) or Bass Duster Popper (\$3). Right (top and bottom): This Cockroach (\$4.50) will tempt tarpon, and bonefish will go nuts for Crazy Charlie (\$2.50).

ARMCHAIR ANGLING

Fishing is better than reading about fishing. However, a suitable body of water may not always be handy, so books can provide the vicarious experience of wetting a fly. Plus, there's always the chance you'll pick up a useful tidbit along the way. Hardcover. Paperback. Glorious color photos. Diagrams and charts. It's all there for the reading. We suggest starting with your prey. An Angler's Guide to Fish (DK) is an illustrated paperback that offers tips for snaring more than 450

breeds of fresh and saltwater swimmers, as well as the best tackle and bait to use for each. One of the best all-around tomes is Tom McNally's *The Complete Book of Fly Fishing* (Ragged Mountain), which covers everything from fly-casting basics to techniques for a wide variety of situations. Once you've mastered the skills, pick up *Prospecting for Trout* by Tom Rasenbauer (Delta) or Lefty Kreh's *Advanced Fly Fishing Techniques* (Delta). Rosenbauer gives valuable insight into what's happening beneath the surface and how it will affect your fishing success. Kreh explains how to spot fish before they strike and how to hook them properly when they do. Another informative how-to—*Fly Fishing for Trout in Streams* (Cowles Creative)—provides all the background information you will need to learn the techniques for



upstream, cross-stream and downstream angling. *Traut & Salmon* (Lyons Press) is more eloquent than educational. The book's charming narratives pay tribute to a dozen of the world's top waters for trout and salmon fishing, each accompanied by beautiful photographs taken by R. Valentine Atkinson, a frequent contributor to *Travel and Leisure*, *Spots Afield* and other outdoor magazines. Want to see beautiful fishing spots without getting out of your chair? Take a look at *Seasons of the Yellowstone*, by Kim Leighton, or *Seasons of the Bighorn*, by George Kelly, both from the Great American Rivers series (Willow Creek Press). These books feature photographs that practically set you on the

banks of two magnificent rivers as they change with the seasons. *Watermark* (Lyons Press), by Grant McClinton and Mike Crockett, offers beautiful portraits of some of North America's famous eastern fly fishing rivers. *Flashes in the River* (Willow Creek Press) is an American fly fishing odyssey written by Ed Gray with paintings by watercolorist Arthur Shilstone. Gray's essays are also featured in another Willow Creek hardcover, *Shadows on the Flats*. This time, painter Chet Reneson provides the artwork, a wonderful vision of the poetry and grace of fly fishing the shores and lagoons of the Bahamian flats. And finally, if you're up for some computer angling, *Saltwater Fly Fishing* (ValuSoft) is a Windows 95 CD-ROM that lets you chase down 14 species of virtual fish. Now, if only casting with a mouse would prep you for the real deal.

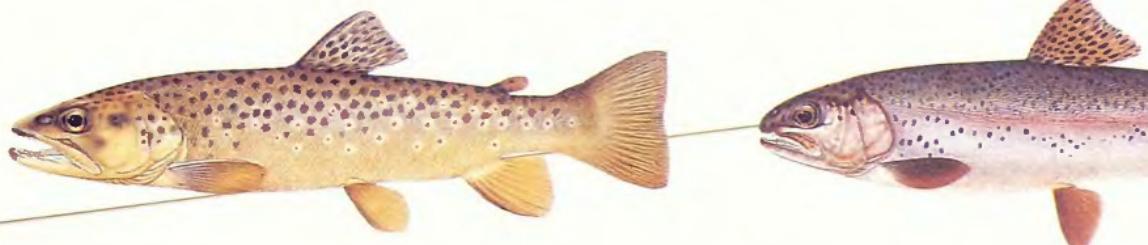
SCHOOLS



Gear tip #2: If you want top-notch performance and portability, go with a three- or four-piece rod. New models made of graphite offer excellent strength and flexibility, and you can stash them in an airplane's overhead baggage compartment. For bass fishers, the portable setup across the top of the page handles smallmouths and largemouths equally well. It includes a Scott Heliply three-piece, 8'6" rod, a Bauer MacKenzie 3 reel and Orvis Bass Taper WF7F (7-weight) line (\$960). At left is a great rig for taking trout out of large streams: a G. Loomis GLX four-piece, 9-foot rod with a Ross Gunnison 2 reel and 3M/Scientific Anglers Mastery GPX WF5F (5-weight) line (\$870).

You don't need to go to school to learn to fly fish. But if you're not the self-teaching type, a day or weekend session at a fly fishing school will prepare you to tie a knot, make a cast without tangling your line and walk into a tackle shop without feeling intimidated. There are scores of schools around North America. One of the most popular is the original Orvis school in Manchester, Vermont. A weekend course includes classroom work on everything from knot tying to selecting the right flies to how to wade in a river. There are practice sessions on Orvis' casting pools and a trip to Vermont's Battenkill River, where the trout are almost always smarter than the fishermen. Price for the two-day session is \$345, which includes instruction, lunch, fishing license and the use of equipment. Orvis will also hook you up with accommodations in the area, with hotels offering rooms at special group rates. Orvis also hosts schools in Evergreen, Colorado, Tallahassee, Key Largo, Caeur d'Alene, Idaho, Chat-

ham, Massachusetts and Millbraak, New York. For details, consult orvis.com or call 800-548-9548. Want to get your significant other hooked on the sport? L.L. Bean offers a two-day fly fishing workshop for women. It also organizes three-day courses (\$425) that include gear, lunch and even a hat. Call 888-552-3261 to enroll. Out West, try the California School of Fly Fishing. Husband and wife Ralph and Lisa Cutter will take you into the Sierra Nevada for an intense learn-by-doing trout-fishing experience. Cost of the two-day semiprivate session is \$449, which includes equipment and lunch. Call 800-588-7688. And finally, fisherman extraordinaire Jerry Knight runs a school for beginners and intermediates at Ponte Vedra Beach near Jacksonville, Florida. It's a great place to catch sea trout and tarpon while you hone your casting skills. Jerry will give you private lessons, or you can take a one-day crash course and call yourself a fisherman by the time the sun sets. Call 904-285-5411 for details.



MECCAS

The best way to experience the joy of fly fishing is to do it in a spectacular place under ideal circumstances. There are plenty of spots in North America and beyond that qualify, and we're sharing our favorites. Visit any one of these destinations and you'll be hooked.

Crystal Creek Lodge, Dillingham, Alaska. One of the finest fishing lodges in North America, Crystal Creek attracts fishers of rainbow trout, arctic char, Dolly Varden, grayling and five species of salmon. Guides take you wading and drifting; when further mobility is needed, jet boats are provided. There are even helicopters to transport you to remote locations.

Baja on the Fly, Southern Baja Mexico. Go for dorado, tuna or billfish off Baja in the game-fish capital of the world. Custom tours include special instruction for salt-water angling.

Pond's on the Miramichi, Ludlow, New Brunswick. Fish for Atlantic salmon and native brook trout on nine miles of private spring-fed pools.

Elk Creek Lodge, Meeker, Colorado. This destination offers world-class trout fishing on a 20,000-acre working cattle ranch. Though you could spend months here and still not fish all the hot spots, the lodge offers an optional fly-out to Utah's Green River.

Captain Danny Watkins, Clewiston, Florida. With Captain Danny as your guide, you can fish for tarpon in the Gulf of Mexico's inshore waters and for redfish, trout, snook and bass on Lake Okeechobee.

Key West Angler, Key West. Would you believe the guys below are fly fishing for shark? They are, with the help of Key West Angler. This 4000-square-foot waterfront outfitter works with 30 of the best Lower Keys guides, who spe-

cialize in fly fishing for tarpon, bonefish and permit on the flats, and blackfin tuna, king mackerel and sharks offshore.

Eagle Nest Lodge, Hardin, Montana. There's superior fly fishing in "the last best place," and this is also a superior spot to rest your head after a day of it.

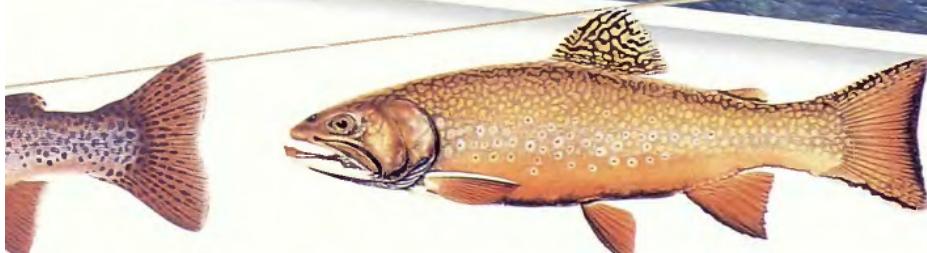
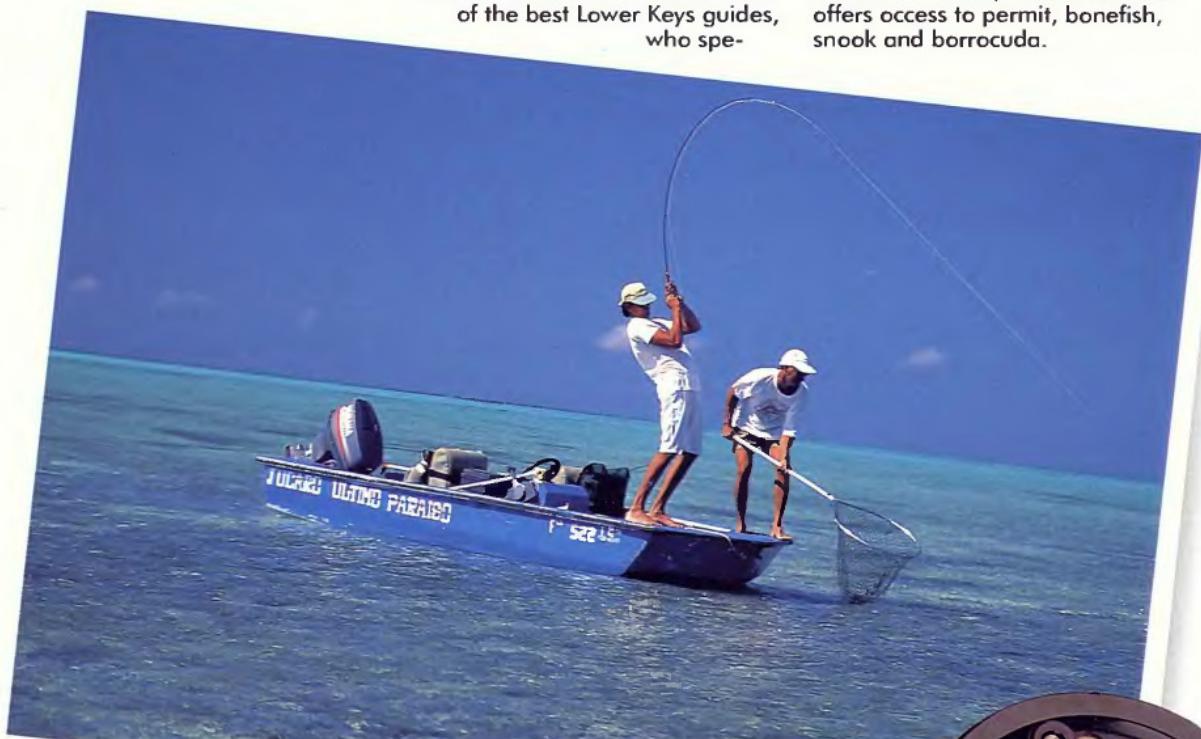
Firehole Ranch, West Yellowstone, Montana. Fish for trout in the famous Madison, Yellowstone, Gibbon, Firehole and Henry's Fork of the Snake, then return to your cabin, build a fire and kick back in deluxe comfort. The Firehole Ranch can accommodate up to 20 guests in ten cabins. And there's a bonus: Kids under 12 aren't allowed.

SeaClusion Villa, Yucatan. Situated on Ascension Bay and considered one of the top fishing sites in the world, this hidden villa offers access to permit, bonefish, snook and barracuda.

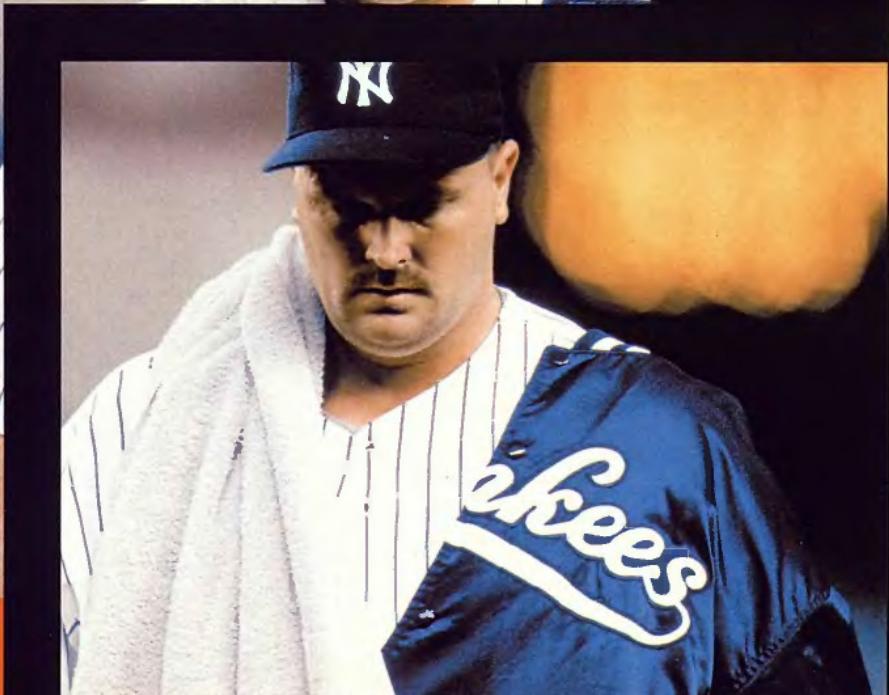
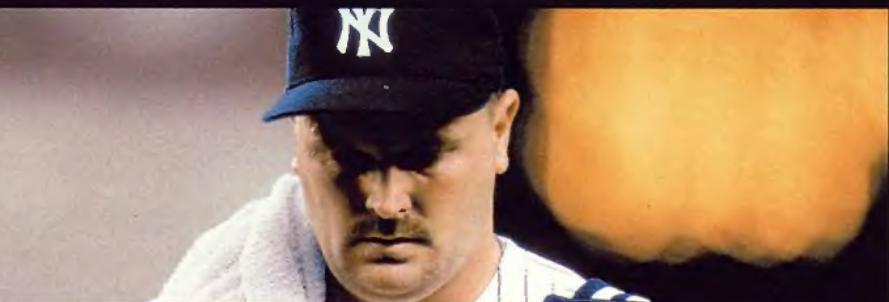
Gear Tip #3: If you're investing significant cash in a fly rod, buy a solid case to protect your goods. Prices range from \$30 to \$125. (Look at the Orvis website—orvis.com—for some options.) If you're going for big prey—as in marlin or sailfish—you'll want to grip the rig at right.

It combines a G. Loomis GLX two-piece, 8 1/2-foot rod, an Orvis Vertex 13/14 reel and 3M/Scientific Anglers Billfish Taper WF13S (12/13-weight) line (\$1810).

Along the bottom is the best setup for hard-hitting tarpon. It teams a Sage RPLXi three-piece, 9 1/2-foot rod, an Abel Super 12 reel and 3M/Scientific Anglers Tarpon Taper WF11F (11-weight) line (\$1330).



WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 153.



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DRINKING,
SCREWING,
DEFYING—
THE WORLD
ACCORDING TO
DAVID
Wells

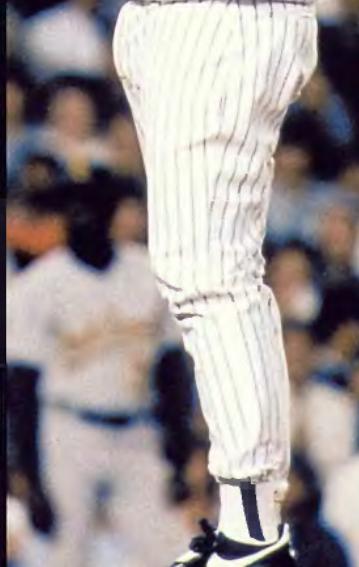
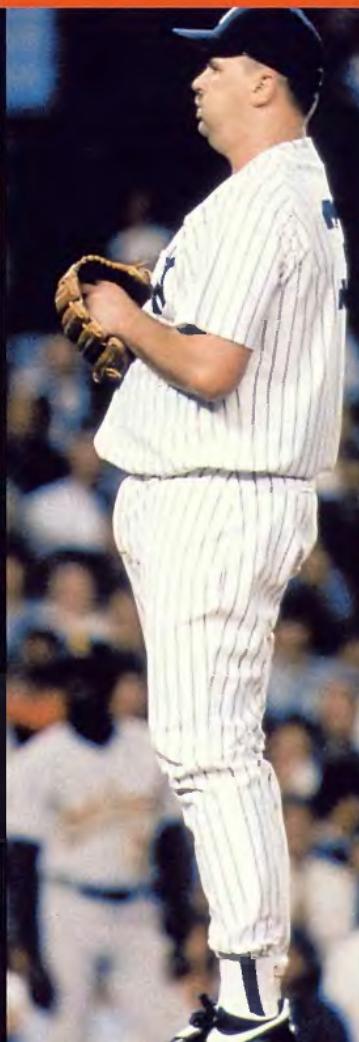
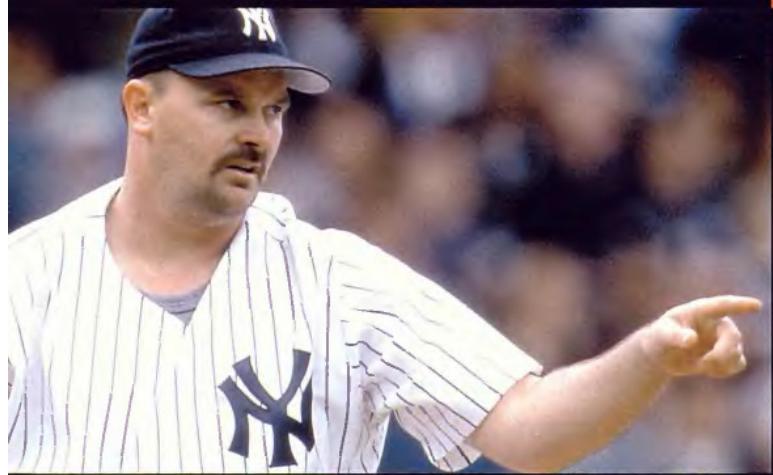
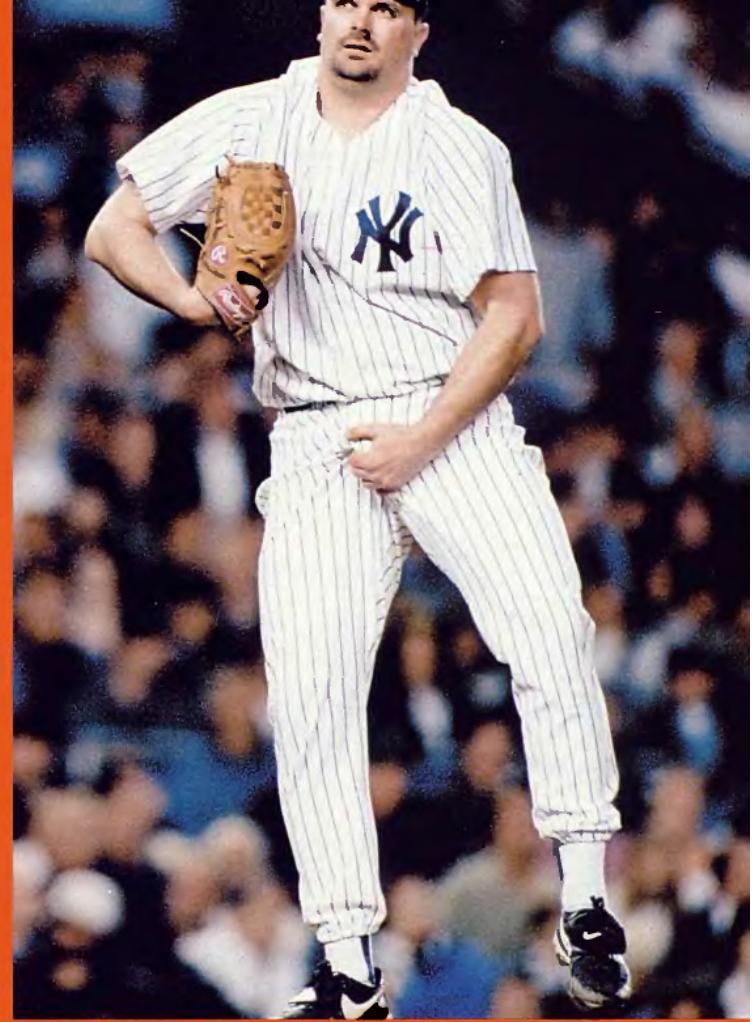
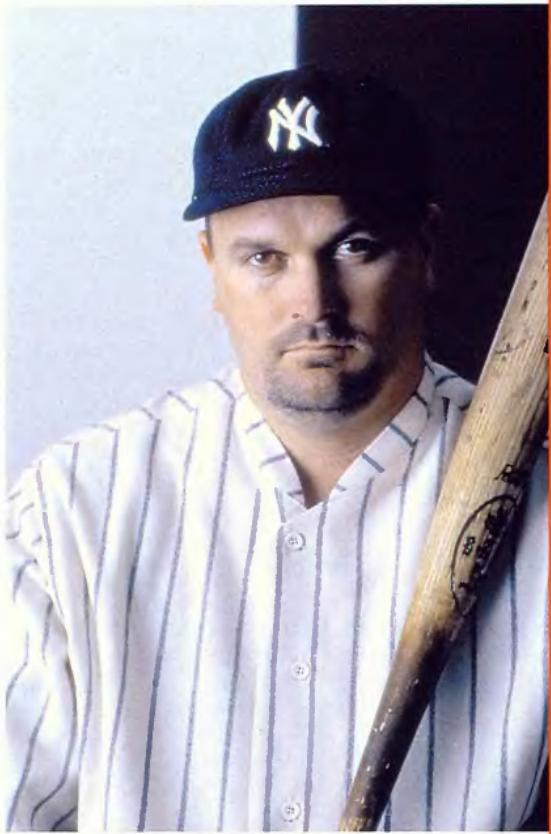
By Mark Ribowsky

FOR 12 YEARS, David Wells has been a stranger in the strangest of lands—a ballplayer with a walrus' body and an outlaw biker's mentality trying to fit into the game's conservative conventions and protocols. He is nicknamed Boomer for the sonic concussion he creates when he collides with authority. It came as no surprise when he reacted negatively to his new status as the Blue Jays' replacement for Roger Clemens. (Clemens had demanded to be traded to a winner, and he was—to the New York Yankees for Wells and two lesser players.) Wells was so bummed out by the trade he could barely wolf down his sixth chili dog at lunch.

Though routinely at odds with managers, owners and umpires, he assumed the role of the Yankees' best pitcher during their epic 1998 championship drive. Wells had an 18-4 record and in 214 innings racked up 163 strikeouts and 29 walks. That's one walk every seven innings. With control like that, Wells was primed for his virtuoso performance on May 17, 1998, when he threw a perfect game against the Twins at Yankee Stadium, just the 15th perfecto in history. In fact, he set an American League record by retiring 37 consecutive hitters between that and his previous game.

Not too bad for a guy who nearly blew his Yankee career by getting in a bar brawl and breaking his pitching hand. He was also diagnosed with gout when his foot swelled up as a result of his high living. Wells weighed his options at the time: "If the cause is beer, I'll go to whiskey. If it's whiskey, I'll go to vodka."

The Boomer doesn't reform, he



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adjusts, as he explained to writer Mark Ribowsky.

PLAYBOY: The trade really hurt you, didn't it?

WELLS: It was shocking. I had an empty feeling. It was hard to let go, because New York was my bag, baby. Those fans liked me for me. Didn't matter what else I did, they let me do my business. But shit happens. It's a business. I knew that a long time ago. I have played for a lot of teams and teams have released me, traded me or passed on signing me. Those were all business decisions, and I can look back now and take satisfaction that they all screwed up by not going with me.

PLAYBOY: Did the Yankees screw up by letting you go?

WELLS: Listen, everyone wants a Clemens. You can't take anything away from the way he pitches. Rocket and I are both hard-core pitchers, and I'd like to be as intimidating as he is, to throw as hard. But you know what? He's not the savior, I'll guarantee that. He's not a team player, he's an individualist. He's a desperate man now, dying to win a championship. But he's gonna worry about his records, his strikeouts, another Cy Young award. I don't have any of that, but I got a championship ring and he doesn't. Shit, two years ago he said he didn't even like New York, he wanted his family to be in a better place. That was a slap in the face. Well, Roger Clemens is going to go into the Hall of Fame, but he's going to go in empty, without a ring.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you an individualist?

WELLS: I'm a team player, not a fucking individualist. Not on the field. That's why we won. We played together, as a team. We had that chemistry, and we had it without Roger Clemens.

PLAYBOY: But you have also had some stormy relationships with managers.

WELLS: Only when they didn't respect me. It's a two-way street. Actually, one of my managers changed my life, Sparky Anderson. There's a guy who didn't worry about my weight or how I look. Sparky taught me the game of baseball and let me play, and it's something I'll never forget.

PLAYBOY: Do you want to kill George Steinbrenner for trading you?

WELLS: George wanted Roger for a long time, but I don't think he wanted to lose me. George is a wonderful man. There were times I could have killed him, but that's nothing. People say things and, I don't care who it is, when they rub me wrong they're going to hear from me. George came in after I had a bad game once and he told me that I wasn't the pitcher he thought I was. I told him, "Trade me." He said nobody wanted my fat ass and it deteriorated into an argument over who's

fatter—and I still think he is. I love him, but I always knew I might have to punch George, and it almost got there. Hey, it still might.

PLAYBOY: What's the biggest difference playing in Canada?

WELLS: It's colder.

PLAYBOY: Will you commit to staying with the Blue Jays when your contract is up in two years?

WELLS: They may commit me first. No matter where you are, even if it's a place you hate, you go out and play together. Right now, all I want to do is kick the Yankees' ass when we play, and I want to kick the shit out of Roger Clemens.

PLAYBOY: Which is the better drinking town, Toronto or New York?

WELLS: New York is. But now that I have a restaurant in Toronto, it's going to be the best place on earth to get drunk. So plug it, the Indian Motorcycle. Right by the Skydome.

PLAYBOY: Are you left wing or right wing?

WELLS: I'm left-handed. I stay out of politics. I don't vote. Never voted, never will. Politics in America are so fucked up. It doesn't matter who votes for who. They'll suck your ass until they get what they need from you, then say fuck you. Why get all pumped up for somebody that's going to turn around and shit on you? Jesse Ventura is no different. He's just another politician, a suck-ass with a bald head.

PLAYBOY: Who do you think is the greatest living American?

WELLS: All of us glorified white trash. We're not just any white trash. We're more elite than Paula Jones white trash. We're high-profile white trash. Howard Stern's high-profile white trash. Howard's a scumbag, he's my boy.

PLAYBOY: Are you an idealist? Do you dream of a perfect world?

WELLS: You can dream all you want, but it's never going to happen. All you can do is live a day at a time and try somehow to find an inner peace. I get inner peace on the mound, man. I talk to my mother [who died two years ago] out there, because I know she's with me. I also get a major inner peace from Metallica and Van Halen and AC/DC.

PLAYBOY: You get inner peace listening to Metallica's *Kill 'Em All*?

WELLS: It ain't the words, dude. It's not about death and doom. It's the music, the sound. It's balls to the wall. It's talking to me. That's why I hang with Eddie Van Halen when I'm in Los Angeles, watch him record his music, shoot hoops with him. It's the vibes, man. As Iggy Pop says, life is all about drinking, screwing and defying. Ain't nothing wrong with that.

PLAYBOY: Was your mother the biggest influence in your life?

WELLS: I was riding Harleys with her when I was ten. It wasn't what you would call a traditional upbringing. My father walked out on us and she raised us, but she had her own life, too. She hung with the bikers around San Diego. They would be at our house every weekend, man. And I wasn't stupid. I could con those dudes. They'd sit in the stands when I pitched in the Little League, drink beer and bet on the games. They never believed I was as good as I was, so I'd bet on myself and I'd come away with a lot of money. It wasn't your typical middle-class life, but my mom never let anybody fuck with her kids. Her name was Eugenia Ann, but she was always Attitude Annie to me. That's what it says right there on a tattoo on my chest over my heart.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any father figures who helped raise you?

WELLS: A few. There was a guy named Crazy Charlie, he was my mom's boyfriend. He really wasn't an inspiration in my life, but he did give me some great advice. He told me, "Don't ever put your fists up without using 'em." He was right. Because the other guy might use his before you and, boom, you're smoked. I met my real father when I was 22 after I saw him in a dream out of the blue. I saw him living in West Virginia, and that's where I found him. We talk, we get along. I don't blame him for cutting out. Back in the Sixties it was tougher than it is now. It won't ever be the same as if he had stuck around, but we're friends. We'll go from there.

PLAYBOY: So he didn't get tattooed somewhere on your body?

WELLS: No. I just got the five: my mother—as a three-year-old and the Attitude Annie one—my grandma and my grandpa, and my seven-year-old son, Brandon.

PLAYBOY: You were divorced years ago. Is marriage a failed institution?

WELLS: Mine was. I think marriage can work, but it takes hard work, more than I could put into it. At least my ex-wife and I are starting to talk again. That's a good thing, because in a divorce the only ones who suffer are the kids. My son did. I'm still trying to make it up to him.

PLAYBOY: Are you in love now?

WELLS: I'm content. Sometimes.

PLAYBOY: Who is the sexiest woman alive?

WELLS: I haven't found her yet. Naomi Campbell said on *David Letterman* that she liked me. She's a great chick. The rock stars aren't the only ones who can get a supermodel. So can a fat pitcher. And then Winona Ryder, *ooooh*, she can give a massage, dude. She can get deep. We were hanging out and I said,

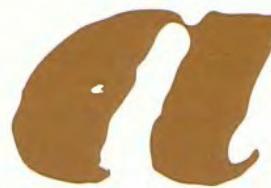
(concluded on page 169)



Interlandi

"Care to have your timbers shivered?"

Root Page



article by
**CARL
SHERMAN**

MERICA IS getting back to its roots. To say nothing of its leaves, bark and flowers. In the pursuit of health and well-being, we shelled out close to \$4 billion last year for plant preparations prized for their medicinal properties. In other words, we bought a lot of herbs.

People who a few years ago might have thought St. John's wort was a skin condition are now convinced it's nature's answer to Prozac, making an extract of the yellow-flowered plant the fastest-growing herbal remedy in the land. Trolling health food stores, supermarket shelves and drugstores for ginkgo, ginseng, echinacea and saw palmetto, about one third of Americans opt for the botanical solution to wellness.

Why the excitement? Many people are driven by dissatisfaction with traditional doctors and toxic drugs, and the desire to take responsibility for their own health. And many herbs promise to do more than just cure disease; they promise to make good health better.

But with more than 20,000 herbal and related products on the shelves, there's a lot of confusion. "Patients come in with bags full of herbs, clueless about why they're taking them," says Dr. David Edelberg, founder of American

WholeHealth, a Chicago-based chain of clinics that blend conventional and alternative medicines. One survey found that only three percent of herb users feel confident in what they're doing.

"Most people's knowledge of herbs comes from ads," says Dr. Edelberg. Those who seek to know more risk information overload from books, TV specials and hundreds of websites that offer a mix of science, traditional lore and just plain balderdash. How to separate the hype from the hard data?

The use of plants for good health goes way back—through 3 million years of human history, according to James Duke, a retired USDA ethnobotanist who has studied herbs for more than 50 years. The remedies that worked were passed along, and virtually all those in current use derive from the folk medicine of cultures around the world. In fact, more than one fourth of today's prescription and over-the-counter drugs were found by following up such leads (the most common example is aspirin, which came from willow bark—a traditional pain remedy).

Unlike drugs, which are generally single chemicals, herbs are complex combinations of compounds that often work synergistically. "The active principles are diluted by other plant material, which makes them milder than conventional drugs," says Varro Tyler, distinguished professor emeritus of pharmacognosy (the study of drugs from natural sources) at Purdue University. This means fewer side effects but less dramatic benefits. You often must take herbs for weeks, if not months, to realize their full effect, and they're best for chronic conditions rather than acute diseases.

Many of today's herbs have science as well as tradition behind them. But you can't tell from the label. Because the FDA regards herbs as dietary supplements and leaves them virtually unregulated, just about anyone can call just about any nontoxic plant product an herbal remedy. And because herbs haven't been subjected to the rigorous tests demanded for drug approval (which can cost half a billion dollars), no claims can be made about their effectiveness—even if the data are there.

The picture is different in Europe and Asia, where a lot of research has been conducted and herbs are

Herbs Online

whatever ails you, the plant doctor is just a click away



The rain forest has nothing on the Internet when it comes to profuse growth. Entering "herbs" in a standard search engine is likely to get you more than 1000 sites, some good, some bad, some downright ugly in their mix of ignorance and avarice. We recommend these: ars-grin.gov/duke. Ethnobotanist James Duke offers a huge database on traditional herb use and scientific research. ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pubmed gives you access to abstracts of 9 million scientific papers from the National Library of Medicine, including a wealth of herb studies. www.nal.usda.gov/fnic/ibids contains citations and abstracts of more than 250,000 scientific articles on dietary supplements, including vitamins, minerals and herbs. Produced by the Office of Dietary Supplements of the National Institutes of Health. walden.mvp.net/~tonyork: The Ethnomedicinals Home Page provides links to many sites—some more reliable than others—devoted to botany, herbal studies, nutrition and health.

stressed? impotent?

sleepless? herbal

medicine has a cure

for you—maybe



pass The Herbs, Please

your problem	the good news	the downside
Sex		
Yohimbe	Source of approved drug for erectile dysfunction, modestly effective	Serious side effects include nausea, vomiting and soaring blood pressure
Ginkgo biloba	Improves blood flow, may restore potency and improve mental acuity	Results unclear, takes time to work
Ginseng	Accelerates sexual behavior in lab mice, increases sperm in humans	Its aphrodisiac properties are unproven
Colds and Flu		
Echinacea	Studies have shown less frequent colds; stimulates immune system	Shouldn't be taken for more than eight consecutive weeks
prostate		
Saw palmetto	Works to control prostate enlargement, no serious side effects	Treatment could mask infection or cancer
Heart Disease		
Garlic	Sustained consumption can lower cholesterol and blood pressure	Possibility of fewer close friends
Stress		
Kava	Reduces anxiety and nervousness, few sedative effects	Less potent than Valium
Valerian	Good for sleep; nod off faster, sleep more soundly, wake up refreshed	Few trials
St. John's wort	Effective in mild to moderate depression, few side effects	Takes six to eight weeks to kick in
performance		
Ephedra	Good for concentration, alertness, confidence	Serious side effects—irregular pulse, high blood pressure, even death
Ginseng	Has been shown to increase aerobic capacity and sharpen concentration	Takes a long time to work—up to two months

widely prescribed instead of conventional drugs. In Germany, a government agency (Commission E) subjects herbs to systematic evaluation. After weighing traditional experience and scientific data, the commission has approved more than 300 herbs for use as medicines sold in German pharmacies. It has turned down 108 that haven't stood up to scrutiny. Tyler calls the commission's findings "the most accurate body of scientific knowledge on the subject available today."

The Complete German Commission E Monographs: Therapeutic Guide to Herbal Medicines, published here last year, is the closest thing we have to an authoritative guide on herbs. But this isn't to throw softer data out the window. Science has always lagged behind folk wisdom in this department, and knowledgeable people such as herbalists, botanists and folklorists often have useful information to contribute.

So what can herbs offer you? Besides keeping you healthy, can they help you play harder, longer, stronger? Here's a rundown on some of the most popular remedies.

If you don't have much use for saw palmetto extract now, check back in a decade or two. Many men in their 50s develop an enlarged prostate, making urination more difficult and frequent. Urinary tract infections and kidney damage can follow. Seven years ago the drug finasteride (Proscar) was approved for the condition, but its side effects include sexual dysfunction.

Saw palmetto, a low-lying palm that grows in the southeastern U.S., has been used in Europe for generations and seems to work as well as Proscar. An analysis of 18 controlled trials involving nearly 3000 men, published in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* last year, found improvement equal to Proscar with virtually no side effects (other than occasional headaches and stomach upsets) and no impact on sexual function.

Scientists have speculated that saw palmetto, like Proscar, prevents the transformation of testosterone into a brother compound that works on the prostate.

"Saw palmetto extract could be considered a treatment option for men with symptoms of prostate enlargement but no complications," says Dr. Leonard Marks, clinical associate professor of urology at UCLA. But he suggests that men see a doctor first, because symptoms such as urinary frequency could indicate an infection or even cancer.

At any age, you have to contend with colds and flu, which explains why echinacea has become a top-selling herb.

(continued on page 162)



"Cameras ready, folks? You never know what's coming up here in the Big Swamp."



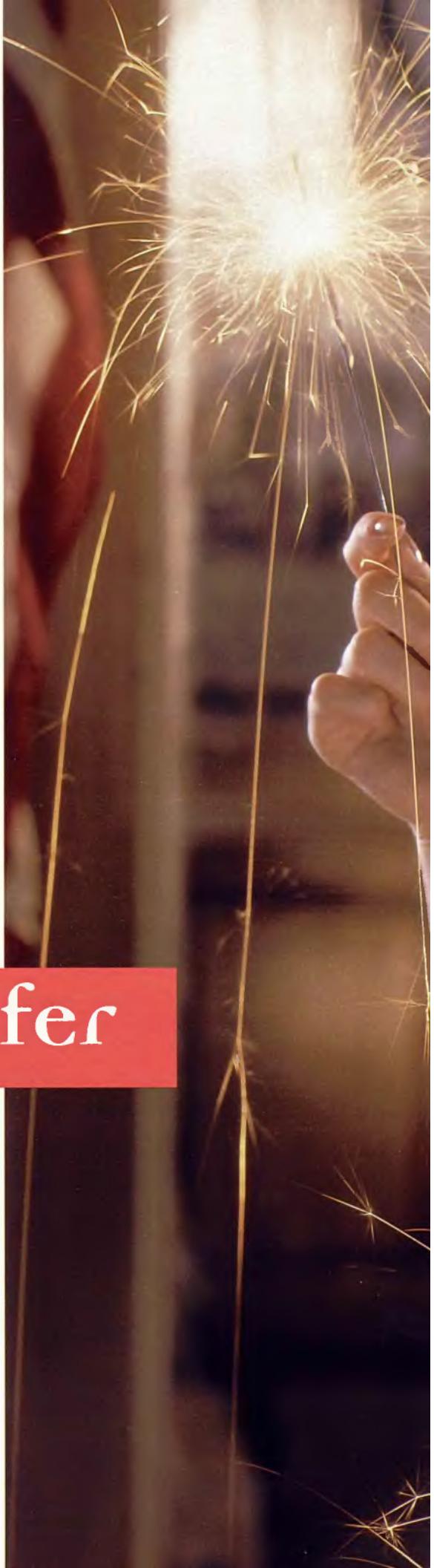
miss july wants to celebrate her independence

just plain jennifer

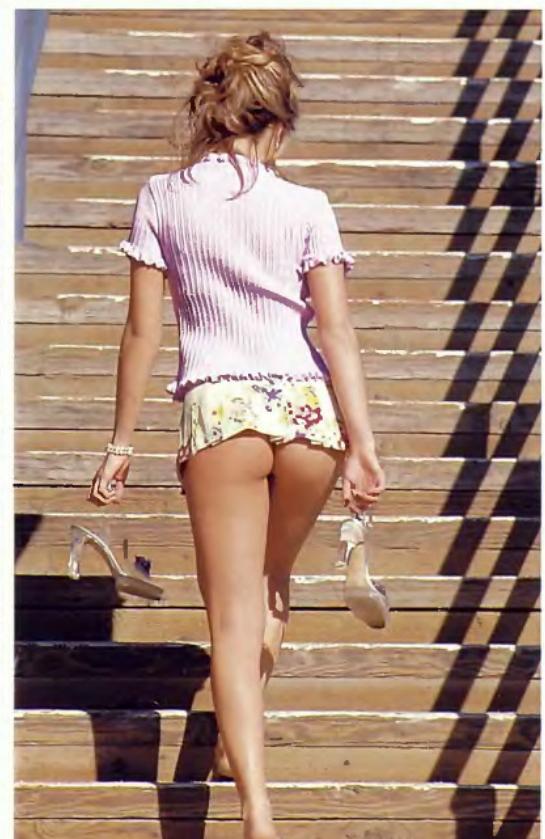
SHE SHOWS UP at a West Los Angeles restaurant the way she shows up most places these days: dressed down in a T-shirt and denim overalls and accompanied by her best friend and roommate, Stacy Sanches. The two women share a wicked but inscrutable sense of humor and are convinced they'd make great MTV co-hosts. But first, Miss July, Jennifer Rovero, has to learn the *PLAYBOY* ropes from Stacy, the 1996 Playmate of the Year. It's a new world for Jennifer, who spent her childhood traveling between Venezuela (where her parents lived, though her mother is English), Texas, California and Florida. Evidence on these pages to the contrary, Jennifer says she's "just an average girl from Jacksonville who got lucky." But when she adds that she feels uncomfortable signing autographs, her friend laughs. "You're a Playmate now," Stacy reminds her. "Get used to it."

Q: Are you ready for the attention?

A: Well, I've always been an actress. Growing up, I acted out things at home, always liked attention. When I was 13, I started entering beauty contests. They were nothing big, just little local pageants, but I went from contest to contest, picking up \$500 here, \$500 there. [Laughs] I've been in









When Jennifer leaves her apartment, more often than not she's wearing her outfit of overalls, a T-shirt and the floppy black hat she's always borrowing from Stacy Sanches. "When people see Jen in anything else," laughs Stacy, "the usual reaction is, 'Oh my God, you clean up well.'" Jennifer admits that she cleans up—and dresses up—every so often, but sorry, guys, she doesn't do it for just anybody. "When it comes to men, I'm picky," she says. "And in a relationship, you have to stand up for yourself and be a strong person. Especially if you want it to last."









bathing suits way too long. Q: And now you're in less than that. Are your friends in Jacksonville surprised, or did they expect this?

A: My friends in Florida always knew I wanted to get out of there, so they're excited for me. My guy friends are freaking.

Q: Why did you want to leave Florida?

A: I like a fast-paced life, and Jacksonville is sort of a business town. I still love it because of my friends, but I don't really fit in there anymore. Everybody there says I've gone Hollywood, but I haven't. I have just learned a lot of new things, and grown up a lot.

Q: How did you hook up with **PLAYBOY**?

A: I was at a Hawaiian Tropic International contest, and I went up to the **PLAYBOY** people and told them they ought to shoot in Venezuela, because it's so beautiful. And Arny Freytag, the photographer, said, "Why don't we shoot you there?" So it was like a *Forrest Gump* thing—I just wandered into it. At first I didn't take it seriously. Anybody who knows me will tell you I don't take anything very seriously. But then I realized that it's really hard to be chosen by **PLAYBOY**, and I should be proud of it and get serious about it.

Q: Where do you want to go from here?

A: My goals are to be an actress and a model. But when it comes down to it, nothing is as important as being a mom. Family is really important to me. I keep forgetting that I'm only 20 years old—I guess I don't need to rush things.

*"You wouldn't think a mom would be excited about this, but mine's been telling everybody, 'Jennifer's going to be in **PLAYBOY**!' She knows I have a head on my shoulders, so she's proud of me."*



MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: jennifer Rovero

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5' 8" WEIGHT: 120

BIRTH DATE: 12/12/78 BIRTHPLACE: Austin, Texas

AMBITIONS: To write short stories. I have a lot of material in my head, I need to get it on paper.

TURN-ONS: Quick-witted, well-read men. Also men who have a strong sense of individuality.

TURNOFFS: People who are close-minded or who have a lot of insecurities.

PHOBIAS: Not being able to make something out of all my creativity.

WORDS TO LIVE BY: Avoid hatred, avoid any kind of mischief and jealousy. Clear your head and live!

I JUDGE A MAN BY: The way he carries himself, by the small details that make all the difference.



Trying to model



Surfer girl



Wannabe
Adidas ad



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Russian President Boris Yeltsin, French President Jacques Chirac and President Bill Clinton were wrapping up a summit in a five-star Parisian restaurant. "Le café?" the waiter asked.

"Oui," they all replied.

The waiter looked at Chirac. "Le cognac, monsieur?"

"Oui," Chirac replied.

"Le vodka?" he asked Yeltsin.

"Oui," Yeltsin answered.

Finally, the waiter looked at Clinton. "Le whiskey?"

"If you wouldn't mind," Clinton yelled, "please don't mention that woman again!"



As a husband and wife were taking a weekend drive in the country, the wife suddenly said, "Honey, stop! Let's do what we did here 40 years ago!"

The husband parked the car and they eagerly jumped out. The woman backed against a fence and her husband began making love to her. Soon she was screaming, gyrating and shaking uncontrollably, and when it was over, much to her husband's surprise, she fainted.

After he revived her and got her back into the car, he said, "Darling, you sure never moved like that 40 years ago—or any time since that I can remember."

"Forty years ago," the wife said, gasping for breath, "that fence wasn't electrified!"

Favorite Amish summer pastimes:

- Drinking molasses till you heave.
- Blowing past Dairy Queen on a bitchin' Clydesdale.
- Sleeping till six A.M.
- Driving to Reading and kicking some Mennonite butt.
- Buttermilk keggers.

A golfer hit his drive on the first hole 300 yards right down the middle. When the ball came down, however, it hit a sprinkler and bounced into the woods. Muttering angrily to himself, the furious golfer went into the woods and smacked a two iron, which hit a tree and rebounded, hitting him in the temple and killing him.

At the pearly gates Saint Peter looked at the big book and said, "I see you were a golfer, is that right?"

"Yes, I was," the newcomer replied.

"Did you hit with any distance?"

"Damn right," he boasted. "I got here in two, didn't I?"

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: The blonde's boss asked her to report on her department's progress in dealing with the Y2K problem. "I hope I haven't misunderstood your instructions," her memo read, "because, to be honest, none of this Y to K problem makes any sense to me. At any rate, I have finished converting all the months on all my calendars so that the year 2000 is ready to go with the following new months: Januark, Februark, Mak and Julk—and the following new daks: Sundak, Mondak, Tuesdak, Wednesdak, Thursdak, Fridak and Saturdak."

What happened when the blonde tried to give her boyfriend a blow job while he was driving? They both fell off the motorcycle.

A guy told his doctor that he hadn't been able to have sex with his wife in months and asked for a prescription for Viagra. "I'll give you a sample to see if it's worth spending the money for a prescription," the medic said. "Take this pill now, go home and tell me if it works."

Almost immediately the fellow noticed results. By the time he got home the Viagra had kicked in, but his wife had gone shopping. He called the doctor. "What do I do? My wife's not home. Only the maid's here."

"Well, have sex with the maid to see if it works."

"But Doc," the man moaned, "I don't need Viagra for the maid."



Alley Neiman

As a senior citizen was driving down the freeway, his car phone rang. His wife was on the line. "Herman," she said, "I just heard on the news that there's a car going the wrong way on 280. Please be careful!"

"Hell," Herman replied, "it's not just one car. There are hundreds of them!"

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: Harry approached a prostitute and asked, "How much for a blow job?"

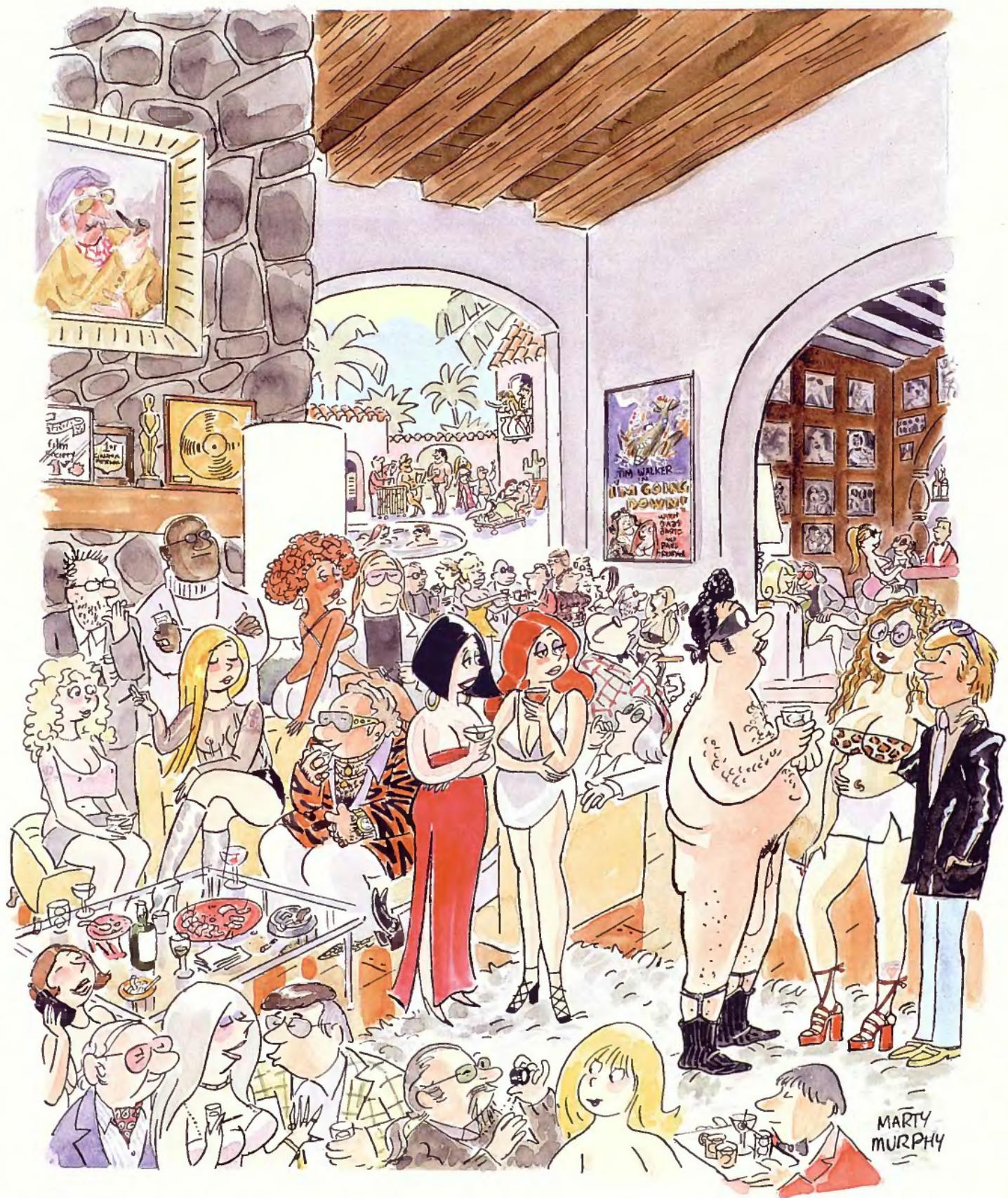
"A hundred bucks."

"OK," he said, and then began to jerk off.

"What the hell are you doing that for?"

"For a hundred bucks you don't think I'm going to give you the easy one, do you?"

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.



"I understand he's considered some kind of pioneer in the film business."

THE BEST THINGS I'VE DONE FOR A MAN

EIGHT WOMEN TURN SEDUCTION UP A NOTCH
BY LORI WEISS

Sheila, 25, dental hygienist

I worked with this woman, Hilary, who was a dead ringer for Pamela Anderson. She had big fake boobs. She even let me feel them once because I was curious about breast implants. I knew she was bisexual, and even though I had never been sexually attracted to a woman, I wanted her. One



night, me, my husband and Hilary went out drinking. Out of nowhere, Hilary told me that I was beautiful. She touched my face and lips. She put my hands on her breasts.

A woman seduced you and you didn't flip out?

No, I kind of liked it. And remember, we'd been drinking. When we got to the next bar, she started kissing me. Then we got hot, feeling each other up and licking one another.

What kind of bar was this?

It was dark. People were gawking, but we didn't care. In the car on the way home Hilary went down on me.

What was your husband doing?

Driving. Getting into it. There was a lot of three-way kissing. Eventually the three of us went to our house and got into bed. She kissed me and licked and caressed my breasts. Then my husband got behind her and started having sex with her while she was eating me out.

How did you feel about that?

It was weird, but I know he loved it.

How did it end?

The way that it's supposed to end: We all came.

Natalie, 23, graduate student

I used to work as a stripper to pay for school. The guy I was dating had no clue about my extracurricular activities. Most people didn't know. One night, I overheard him and his friends making plans to go to a strip club. I knew the owner, so I arranged to be there. I put on a black G-string, a see-through top, thigh-highs and six-inch heels. I told the DJ which song to play and I hit the stage dancing. My boyfriend was shocked. I stared at him like a lion stalking its prey. Then I did a round of lap dances. It turned him on to see how much the other guys wanted me.

When he couldn't take it anymore, I led him into the VIP room, stripped off my shirt and rubbed my breasts in his face. He tried to touch me, but I pulled away. Then I stripped off my G-string and started to grind on his lap. I wanted to know how hard his penis was. I kissed him on his neck and his chest—but just teasingly. It was the ultimate foreplay.

And then?

We had built up so much anticipation at the strip club that I couldn't wait to get back to his house and fuck him. So that's exactly what I did.

Courtney, 21, production assistant

I'm all about being kinky. One night, my boyfriend wanted me to cook him a candlelight dinner, but that's not my style. Then I thought, I'll be his dinner. While he was at work, my friend came over and tied me up naked on the table. I was like a sexual tablecloth. I had opened a bottle of wine and left a note on the door that said, "Come in. You're just in time to eat." When my boyfriend walked in, he looked like he was about to indulge in the best meal he'd ever had. I was submissive; he was totally in control. He worked his way around the table for the next two hours, tying me up in different positions and having sex with me.





Monica, 45, public relations executive

For my husband's 50th birthday, he told me he wanted two women. It got my wheels turning. I wondered how I could fulfill his fantasies without feeling uncomfortable. I decided to throw a birthday party for him, including a few of his friends and a stripper. I had never been to a strip bar, but I assumed a stripper would come in with a boom box, do a little dance and take her clothes off. Simple as that.

So what happened?

She started the music and handcuffed him to a chair. Within 30 seconds she had her clothes off and was shaking her boobs in his face. Then she rubbed her crotch and ass all over him. The guys were going nuts. My husband's eyes almost popped out of his head.

His friends must have thought you were a great wife for doing that.

Oh yeah, I was the queen that night! But there's more. Next, she asked for a dollar bill and stuck it to his forehead—my husband was sweating big time. How did she get it off? With her tits! Then he opened his mouth, like he was ready to chomp on one of them. I had to leave the room. I knew it was all in fun, but if he had put her tit in his mouth, I would have died! Was I intimidated? Yes. Was I uncomfortable? Absolutely. The whole time I kept reminding myself, This is a treat for him.

Beth, 26, biologist

We were driving on the Beltway in Washington, D.C., on the way back from his parents' house. It was

Christmas, so everybody was on the road. We hadn't had sex in a few days. We couldn't keep our hands off each other. He put his hand down my pants. Then I started masturbating. I'm surprised he didn't crash the car! He kept saying, "Oh, my God, I can't believe you're doing this!"

Could people in other cars see you?

Oh yeah. I don't have a poker face when I'm getting myself off. That exhibitionistic element was really exciting. So there I was, totally into it, touching myself and rolling around in the front seat. I have to say, it made the ride go by much faster.

Patti, 34, art dealer

We were living in France. One afternoon we were coming home from work on the train. My boyfriend wondered out loud, "What would happen if we had sex right here?" So we did. It was a spur-of-the-moment thing. I straddled him in front of everyone. Sure, people gawked at us, but no one said a word.

No one?

It must be a European thing! I couldn't believe it either. But it got us thinking. On our next train trip across Europe, we had sex in every country, at every border crossing.

Did you find any spots where no one would see you doing it?

No. It was usually right by the tracks, within 200 feet of someone. The first time we weren't sure what would happen, but we were a hit. We drew a crowd of 20 people. We figured, If they're going to watch, we're going to put on a show. We went from oral sex to every position you could imagine. When we finished, some guy in the crowd offered me a cigarette! In Czechoslovakia, I was told by the border guard that I couldn't continue giving my boyfriend a blow job unless I gave him one too.

And?

I rocked both their worlds that night!

(concluded on page 146)



TAKE A BIKE



Choosing the height of the sissy bar and whether to go with a saddle or a banana seat were once the toughest decisions a guy had to make when buying a bicycle. But today's two-wheelers are specialized—for racing, touring, careering down mountains, etc.—and are made of materials that require a degree from MIT to decipher. Hint: the more space-age-sounding the metals, the lighter, faster and pricier the ride. Here are six of this season's coolest picks.

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Right: Get past the odd-ball looks of Trek's R200 recumbent bike and you'll discover a mode of transport that's particularly guy friendly, if you catch our drift. This jumbo recumbent combines 40-gear combinations with an aluminum frame that folds to fit in a car trunk (\$1650). Opposite, top to bottom: While the Harley-Davidson Velo Glide won't emit the classic rumble, it has that same "hog" head-turning appeal. Only 1000 of the four-speed cruisers are being made. Features include a Rockshox suspension and optional leather saddlebags (\$2500). Looking for a dream racing bike—price no object? Check out the Litespeed Liege, a 16-pound titanium marvel with 18 speeds, top-shelf Campagnolo Record components and a carbon fork (about \$6000).

RECUMBENT



CRUISING



RACING

TOURING



Above: Bruce Gordon Cycles' slick BLT (that's short for basic loaded touring) is an entry level road bike with such high-end features as a chrome-moly frame, full Shimano LX components and hand-built wheels (\$1255, including the front and rear racks). **Opposite top:** When blurring the landscape on a single-track trail, you'll appreciate the dual suspension design of Cannondale's Super V Raven 700. This mountain bike boasts Shimano LX/XT components plus a frame made with an aluminum core covered in carbon fiber to cut weight (\$2400). **Right and opposite bottom:** The Mongoose Transport SX is the ultimate commuter vehicle. Its sturdy aluminum frame and fat tires can handle the toughest urban (or suburban) terrain. Plus, the bike folds down to half its size in only a few seconds, making it an equally stellar plane, train and automobile traveling companion (about \$500).



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

DUAL SUSPENSION MOUNTAIN



URBAN HYBRID

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 153.

Day Traders

(continued from page 70)

have it and learn how to interpret it, you'll see some of the same clues the market makers see about which way prices are likely to move during the next few seconds or minutes.

When the market opens, I know the three or four stocks that provide my best opportunities, but then I have to sit on my hands. I don't want to buy or sell a stock short at the opening. That's when the market makers are filling all the orders that have flowed in overnight from brokers around the world. That price movement tells you what investors are doing. The opening is for investors, not day traders. The buying pressure from those orders may be enough to move a stock up for five minutes, but after the orders are filled, the stock may sag. I don't want to take my shot until I know what I'm shooting at. If I commit at the open and I'm wrong, it hurts. Investors won't even notice. They bought the stock and they'll hold the stock. Big deal what happens in the first five minutes. But for a day trader there's nothing more painful than a loss first thing in the morning, because then you're not even trying to get ahead, you're trying to catch up.

I'll wait until I see which way the market is going and which stock has the most buying or selling pressure. I'll wait until my heart and mind give me the signal: This is the stock and this is the moment to buy it. I'll set my limit price, what I'm willing to pay. I always buy at limit, because if I enter a market order, I'm at the market maker's mercy. I want to pay my price, not his.

Once I make my decision, I click the mouse. Instantly! Fill out your order! Press the button! The best traders move in milliseconds. If I want a stock, I don't hesitate. If it's going up, I want to own it now. If it's going down, I want to sell it short now. I'm playing the momentum. I don't care about the company's future. I don't care about its next earnings report. I don't even care if the stock's going to be up next week. I care about whether it's going to be up in the next three minutes.

It ticks up a quarter point or half a point, and I'm getting ready to sell because I don't know how long that momentum is going to last. The Level II screen shows me who's buying and selling how much and gives me a minute-by-minute chart of the stock's movement that day. After a while, you learn how to read your feelings. A lot of it goes against what we've heard all our lives. I don't want to buy at the lowest possible price. If I think a stock is about to move up, I want to see it start before

I buy. I don't want to be the first one at the party. I want to catch the momentum after it's already begun.

Once I enter my trade, I get my confirmation in about two seconds. That's the key difference between day traders and the millions of people who are just trading stocks online. They may buy on Monday and sell on Wednesday or next month, if it takes the stock that long to go up. I call that position trading. They may not get their confirmations for several minutes. That wouldn't work for a day trader, because he might not want to hold the stock that long. If I buy a stock at the same moment that a regular person—not a day trader—buys it from his discount broker, there's a good chance I'll have sold it before he knows for sure that he bought it.

He covered at
about \$108.
He turned a \$4000
gain into a \$74,000
loss. Adios. That was
painful to watch.

INTC	KO
1/16 -7/16	115 3/16 +1/16
66 -1 11/16	

Most people lose at day trading. I've seen dozens of day traders come and go. I have seen people lose \$5000 or \$10,000 in their first few days and then decide they don't want to do it anymore. And I made the same mistakes everyone else makes. I lost money at first, but I didn't get blown out, because I'm bullheaded. I was determined to make a lot of money in this life, so I stayed around long enough to learn from my mistakes. I think you need a minimum of \$25,000 trading capital to start—preferably \$50,000. And the success rate is going up. People are getting some time under their belts using the software. The teaching is better. There are some good books on how to use these powerful new tools.

How can you tell if you might qualify as a day trader? Can you stand losing some of your money before you learn how to make money? Can you stand not making a lot of money when you begin? When I started, my two major goals were not to try to get rich quick and not to lose everything. When I teach people how to day trade, I always tell them that their goal as a beginner is

not to make money; it's to learn how not to lose money. If I want to sit down in my T-shirt and shorts and outsmart the market for \$900,000 and retire next year, I figure my odds are about one in a million. I have had some spectacularly good days. Yahoo went my way once, for about \$3500 in a matter of minutes. But that was a combination of luck and timing; it was one trade, one day. I didn't outsmart the market, even though that's the kind of glossy story you might read in the press. I don't believe those articles about day traders who start out making \$600,000 a year. I say, send me their tax returns. If you want to start off making \$10,000 one day and losing \$5000 the next day, go to Vegas.

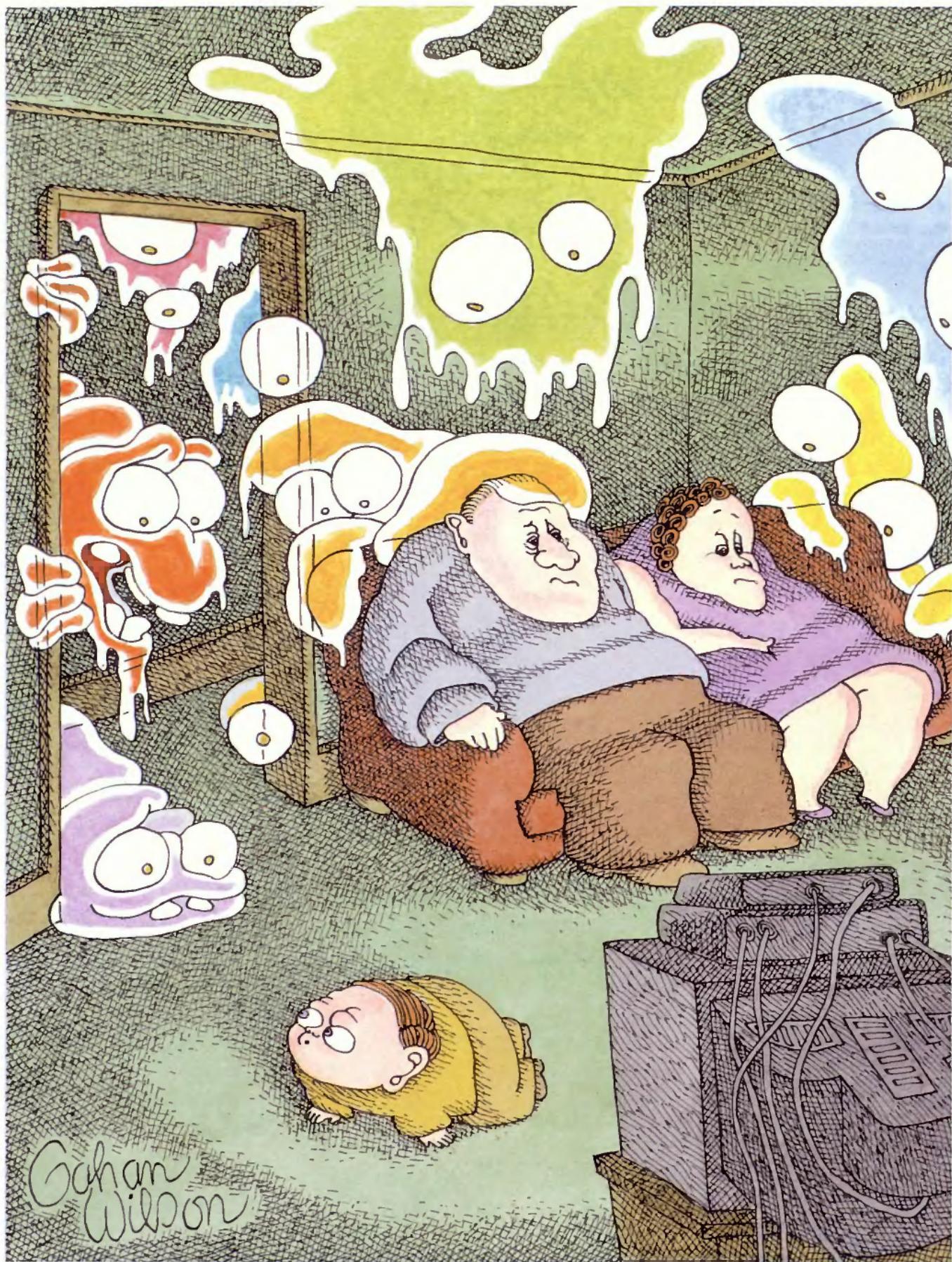
Did you see the movie *Rounders*? It's about professional poker players—a home-run hitter, and the flashy guy, who doesn't last long. But there was another character who said, "I've got a mortgage, I've got child support, I'm just here to earn a living." And he did. They called him a grinder. Well, I'm a grinder. That's the attitude you have to have if you want to stay in the game. If I'm a surgeon, I'm not going to get rich and retire next year. Why would I expect to do that as a day trader? I'm up against the smartest people, with the best training, the best information and the best technology.

But I can make a good living and be my own man as a day trader, as long as I don't try to do too much. I'm just going to buy—or sell short—one stock, and I'm going to be correct about that one stock. Or I'll cut my loss before it hurts. Then I'll buy another stock and be correct again. I don't try to be a mutual fund, buying 40 stocks at once. I just stick to making small, quick profits. But I had to learn how to make \$100 a day, after commissions, before I could learn how to make \$200 a day.

I know day traders who swing bigger sticks than I do. I've seen some make \$50,000 in one day. They bought a few thousand shares of lower-priced stocks—\$8 to \$12 a share—and rode them up a few bucks each and sold them. The rule is: Let your winners run and cut your losses. I'm still learning about letting my winners run. That's an art form, knowing when to take your profit. I've left tens of thousands of dollars on the table, and I'm not talking about difficult profits; I mean easy money. I'd picked the right stock and it was going my way, and I just covered my position too soon.

But the most successful day traders aren't the ones who are best at picking winners. I know a lot who are good at that. The most successful traders are

(continued on page 150)



"Why do you suppose it's only the kids who spot us?"

WRESTLING

MAONESS

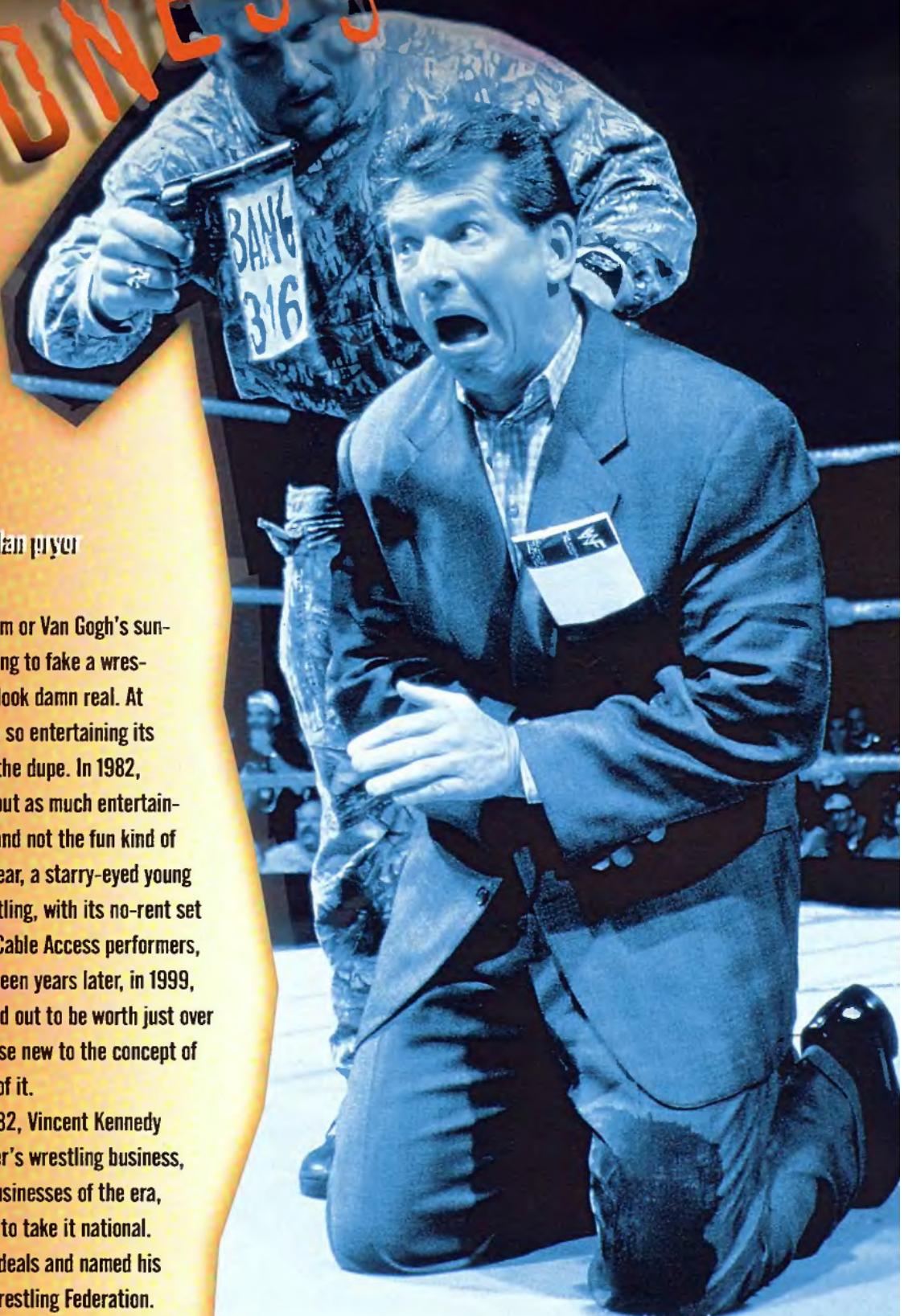
it's crude
it's huge
it's fake—
and we love it

by mark harris
with research by william harlan pryor

Like a woman's orgasm or Van Gogh's sunflowers, if you're going to fake a wrestling match, it had better look damn real. At the least, a fake should be so entertaining its spectators actually enjoy the dupe. In 1982, wrestling matches had about as much entertainment value as a goiter—and not the fun kind of goiter, either. That same year, a starry-eyed young man decided to send wrestling, with its no-rent set design and Not Ready for Cable Access performers, to finishing school. Seventeen years later, in 1999, that simple idea has turned out to be worth just over \$1 billion annually. For those new to the concept of money, that's a whole lot of it.

Flashback. In 1982, Vincent Kennedy McMahon bought his father's wrestling business, which, like all wrestling businesses of the era, was regional, and decided to take it national. He made enemies, signed deals and named his new company the World Wrestling Federation. Then, in a

(text continued on page 151)



pro wrestling's most wanted

with additional research by nick randall



ALIAS: STONE COLD STEVE AUSTIN

Real Name: Steve Williams

Affiliation: WWF

Need to Know: Locked in an ongoing, megalomaniacal, Roadrunner-versus-Coyote-like fight with WWF owner Vince McMahon. Took his name from the old TV show "The Six Million Dollar Man."



ALIAS: GOLDBERG

Real Name: Bill Goldberg

Affiliation: WCW

Need to Know: Wrestling's newest superstar. Also, for those keeping score, a nice Jewish boy, son of a nice Jewish doctor. Possibly the only wrestler in history who wrestles from right to left.



ALIAS: DIAMOND DALLAS PAGE

Real Name: Page Falkenburg

Affiliation: WCW

Need to Know: Was Jay Leno's tag-team partner during a new low in celebrity self-humiliation. Is dyslexic and therefore may not realize Goldberg wrestles from right to left.



ALIAS: THE ROCK

Real Name: Dwayne Johnson

Affiliation: WWF

Need to Know: Former college football star (University of Miami) and the first third-generation wrestler in the WWF. Oddly, also always refers to himself in the third person.



ALIAS: THE UNDERTAKER

Real Name: Mark Calaway

Affiliation: WWF

Need to Know: Dresses in black, heads the Ministry of Darkness and gives the WWF a hint of mock Satanism. Famous for casket matches. Finishing move: the Tombstone Piledriver.



ALIAS: MANKIND

Real Name: Mick Foley

Affiliation: WWF

Need to Know: Turned a cult following into a WWF title reign. Wrestled under three different personas (e.g. Cactus Jack and Dude Love). Famous for being thrown off a 20-foot cage.



ALIAS: HOLLYWOOD HULK HOGAN

Real Name: Terry Bollea

Affiliation: WCW

Need to Know: His \$5 million-per-year contract is the most lucrative in professional wrestling. Locks horns with George Hamilton in competition for world's worst fake tan.



ALIAS: THE BIG SHOW

Real Name: Paul Wight

Affiliation: WWF

Need to Know: At 7'4" and 500 pounds, he complains: "I was watching one of my matches on tape. My wife says, 'Honey, when you stand next to Lex Luger, you look like a tub of shit.'"



ALIAS: JESSE THE BODY VENTURA

Real Name: James George Jenos

Affiliation: Reform Party

Need to Know: Governor of Minnesota. In the ring, he was known for outlandish attire and outrageous statements. In the statehouse, he's managed to tone down his wardrobe.

Sable

the WWF's sexiest superstar—and our favorite wrestler—tells what goes on behind the scenes

The Burden of Being a Champion: "The championship belt weighs at least 20 pounds—I can't wear it, it just slips down to the floor—and they cost about \$10,000 to make, so you carry it with you on airplanes. When airport security sees it in the x-ray, they go crazy. My husband [wrestler Marc Mero] is the worst. He takes it out, holds it up over his head and shouts, 'I'm the WWF's Women's



Champion of the World? It embarrasses me to death."

Signs of the Times: "It's getting so that everyone in the crowd is holding a homemade sign. Lately, I've seen a lot of Ready, Willing and

Sable and Sable Got

Milk signs. The one Marc and I got the biggest kick out of was, Marc Mero is a wife beater—because that's all he can beat."

Locker Room

Practical Jokes: "Before the match is a loose, fun time. Some of the guys play football and stuff. But there's a lot of practical joking, too. You'll find your bag locked shut with a strange padlock. Or they'll just hide your bag right before your match. Owen Hart is probably the worst practical joker of the group. You always have to keep your eye on Owen."

Brushes With the Rich and Famous: "We've met everyone: Hank Aaron, David Copperfield, Geraldo Rivera, Muhammad Ali. Michael Jackson wanted to know where I got my costumes made. Jerry West of the Los Angeles Lakers came backstage once with a poster for me to autograph. I said, 'Who would you like this to?' and he said, kinda sheepishly, 'To me.' And Jimmy Carter told us his mother, Lillian, had been a big wrestling fan and he used to watch wrestling from the White House. No wonder the country went to hell—he watched too much wrestling."



The Numbers

[hey, they don't lie]

8 Of the top 15 Nielsen-ranked cable TV programs (March 1-7, 1990), number that were WWF or WCW programs.

1 Number that were news, conventional sports, dramas or concerts.

93,173 Largest paid attendance for indoor sports-entertainment event (Wrestlemania III in 1989).

29,376 Average major league baseball attendance in 1990.

2.3 million Approximate number of paying fans who attend a wrestling match in one year.

90 seconds Time it took Wrestlemania XIV to sell out Boston's Fleet Center.

8.5 minutes Approximate time it takes light from the sun to reach Earth.

\$1 billion Approximate revenue grossed by the WWF and WCW in one year.

you make the call

in the ring, fights are scripted.
outside the ring, real tempers
flare. who's right? who's
wron? you make the call!

complaint:

Stone Cold Steve Austin (formerly Stunning Steve Austin) says he was unceremoniously fired from WCW by Eric Bischoff.

Austin's side: "I was in WCW. I was talented in the ring, but they didn't have a whole lot for me to do. I called a meeting with Eric Bischoff and said, 'I don't see you guys going in any direction with me.' Bischoff told me right to my face, 'Steve, you go out there in those black trunks and those black boots, and there just aren't a whole lot of ways we can market that. If you can't think of something better to do, you need to call Extreme Championship Wrestling or New Japan and see if they can give you a job.' WCW sent me to Japan. In a match, I jumped off a top turnbuckle and tore a triceps. I wrestled another two and a half weeks with a torn triceps. When I went home, I had surgery and was out of action for six months.

That's when I got fired."

Bischoff's side: "That's a flat-out lie. That is bullshit. I can show you the footage of probably the last five appearances Austin made here at WCW. He wasn't in black tights and black boots. He was wearing glitter and long blond hair. The torn triceps? That's another lie. He blew out his knee. Steve had been on the injured list for quite some time. I was paying him a lot of money. We had tried to call Steve several times to get an idea of his rehab status. We were getting a lot of evasive answers. My feeling, whether I was right or wrong, was that he wasn't being forthright about his injury. I wasn't inclined to continue to pay him six-figure money while he was sitting at home pouting.

So I got rid of him."

Steve Austin or Eric Bischoff? You make the call!



Ric Flair cried real tears on air during his feud with the WCW.

complaint:

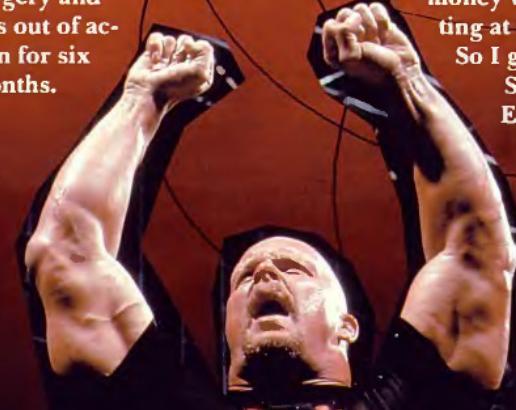
"Creative differences" forced Vince McMahon to unceremoniously oust WWF champion Bret Hart.

Hart's side: Hart, unhappy with the increasingly racy WWF story lines, made his displeasure known publicly, prompting McMahon to call for his resignation. Hart, a Canadian, claimed McMahon demanded he surrender his title in Canada. Hart was

averse to the idea, fearing a loss would ruin his hometown image. McMahon and Hart ultimately agreed that, rather than losing outright on native soil, Hart would save face and surrender his belt and title because of a disqualification.

McMahon's side: During Hart's match with Shawn Michaels, McMahon decided to alter the bout's predetermined outcome. While Hart was on the mat—but not pinned—the referee, under orders from McMahon, signaled the bell to ring, ending the match. Hart suffered the ignominious defeat he had feared and engaged McMahon in a real postbout backstage screaming match, which was caught by a documentary crew and later aired on A&E.

Bret Hart or Vince McMahon? You make the call!



ADAM SINGS

Did the WCW blow it with Stone Cold Steve Austin? He became the WWF's biggest star.



Michael Moore

corporate america's most vocal critic on foreign shoes, private schools and owning stock

Michael Moore has made himself less welcome in America's corporate boardrooms than a hostile takeover offer.

General Motors was among the first targets of Moore's sharp left jab. In his 1989 film *Roger and Me*, Moore pursued Roger Smith, then GM's chairman, for an explanation of why he was shutting down plants in Moore's hometown of Flint, Michigan.

The son of a GM employee, Moore veered off the path to the assembly line, first to a Catholic seminary when he was 14. But he didn't remain there long. "The hormones kicked in," he recalls.

After high school, Moore edited an alternative newspaper known as the Michigan Voice and was later lured to San Francisco for a short, unhappy stint as editor of *Mother Jones*. His return to Michigan set the stage for his career in film and television.

He has continued to wage class warfare through his Emmy Award-winning TV *Nation* and his best-selling book, *Downsize This*. On his latest television venture, *The Awful Truth*, Moore again pursues titans of business and industry.

Contributing Editor Warren Kalbacker caught up with the man in the ball cap who travels in the left lane. Kalbacker reports: "Moore manages to be opinionated and congenial at the same time. He's capable of producing a belly laugh while referring to *The Wall Street Journal* as 'the enemy's tip sheet.'

"Moore insists he's uneasy with his New York residency but lives there because the city is the center of the media business. 'I've had to get adjusted to such a conservative red-neck place,' he says. 'I've never lived in a city with a Republican mayor.'

"And, of course, the man remains a firm believer in the benefits of government intervention in the economy. He contrasts Michigan's ten-cent bottle deposit with New York's nickel. 'You don't see any litter in Michigan,' says Moore. 'It's all picked up.'"

1

PLAYBOY: Your breakthrough film, *Roger and Me*, presented a jaundiced view of Flint's relationship with the auto in-

dustry. How close did you come to having a career on the assembly line?

MOORE: I quit the first day. The dad of my best friend in high school worked in the personnel department at Buick. He told my friend and me that he could get us jobs for the summer after our senior year. We said, "Great money. Save for college." But we had seen a lot of people who took that summer job and didn't leave it because the money was so good. They never went to college. The day I was supposed to go in, the alarm clock went off and I lay there in bed. My dad was downstairs getting up to go to his job at the AC spark plug factory. He worked hard for us so our lives could be better—so we wouldn't have to get up at 4:30 in the morning to go to work at the factory. And I decided at that moment that I wanted to do something else with my life.

2

PLAYBOY: *The New York Times* recently reported that Ford workers who are assembling sport utility vehicles at the plant in Wayne, Michigan are earning a hundred grand a year with overtime. Doesn't that sound like a job worth getting up early for?

MOORE: The workers deserve every penny that they get. They make a good living and they should because it's hard work. Besides, people believe they'll get out to the Hamptons quicker in a bigger truck. Henry Ford understood something important—if you don't pay workers enough money to buy the product, the product will eventually die. You've got to create the consumer class to make your profit. The founders of General Motors—Mott and Durant—realized that if they did not give this vast working class some of the accoutrements of wealth, sooner or later those people would revolt. In Flint, back in the Thirties, GM built five public golf courses, most of them next to the factories. The company set it up so

our dads would leave the factories at three in the afternoon and go play a round of golf.

3

PLAYBOY: So the United Automobile Workers sometimes can be a better bet than the media industry unions you belong to?

MOORE: The Directors Guild is a great union. Its primary concern is for the creative rights of the artist. It stopped movie colorization. No studio executive can enter the editing room until ten weeks into the editing process. It's completely your film and you have the right to deliver a cut. But we also have great health care. No co-pay! Your neck's stiff? "Go get a massage. We'll pay for it." The Writers Guild is weak, it's ineffective, it doesn't support its members and it'll always back down in the face of adversity. The one good thing that it has done is get the writer a better credit than the producer. The UAW is better. No union I belong to can match it. If you are a UAW member you get the real deal—100 percent Blue Cross, not an HMO. One hundred percent coverage for dental and eye care. If you need a lawyer for any kind of civil case, from a divorce to your will, it's free. Four weeks paid vacation. You usually have a paid week or two off in the summer during model changeover. There's maternity leave and day care. The UAW will help you pay for college. These are things that were fought for over decades.

4

PLAYBOY: Were you born to conduct ambush interviews or did you work hard to develop your style?

MOORE: Being raised in an Irish Catholic household, you're instilled with a sense of right and wrong, socially and morally—a (continued on page 152)

Sci-Fi TV

By Daniel Radosh

Fifty years ago, on June 27, 1949, the DuMont Network declared, "Let there be *Captain Video*." The program's prop budget totaled \$25 per week, but that was enough for an opticon scillometer, an atomic rifle, a trisonic compensator and a cosmic ray vibrator. Science fiction television was born. In the decades that followed, *Star Trek* cleared the path, *Star Trek: The Next Generation* paved the road and *The X-Files* added shoulders. A few newcomers, such as *Blade Squad*, which featured futuristic police wearing in-line skates, could be as painful on the eyeballs as phaser burn. Others, such as Matt Groening's *Futurama*, keep hope alive.

SPACE PIONEERS

CAPTAIN VIDEO AND HIS VIDEO RANGERS (1949–55)

In the 22nd century, Captain Video hawks plastic decoder rings.

TOM CORBETT, SPACE CADET (1950–55)

In the 24th century, Tom listens to his crew bicker as he saves civilizations.

SPACE PATROL (1950–55)

In the 30th century, Commander Buzz Corry uses his brainograph to reform evildoers.

BUCK ROGERS (1950–51)

In the 25th century, Buck defends Earth from his base behind Niagara Falls.

ROD BROWN OF THE ROCKET RANGERS (1953–54)

In the 22nd century, Rod battles a copyright infringement lawsuit by the producers of *Tom Corbett*.

FLASH GORDON (1953–54)

In the 23rd century, Flash battles villains who have thick German accents.

ROCKY JONES, SPACE RANGER (1954–55)

In the 21st century, Rocky wages an oddly familiar cold war.

SUPERNOVAS

ten best shows

(1) THE TWILIGHT ZONE (1959–64)

When something weird happens, what tune do you hum? Best episode: Burgess Meredith as a postapocalyptic bookworm in "Time Enough at Last."

(2) STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION (1987–94)

An unwavering moral code, a Shakespearean star and effects that enhance, not replace, great stories. Best episode: The *Enterprise* blows up before the first commercial in "Cause and Effect."

(3) THE PRISONER (1967–68)

So stylish and cynical you hardly notice that the best effect is an overinflated condom. Best episode: The double mindfuck in "The Schizoid Man."

(4) STAR TREK (1966–69)

The original space Western is rootin' tootin' fun. Best episode: Joan Collins plays in traffic in "The City on the Edge of Forever."

(5) DR. WHO (1963–89)

An eccentric gadabout traverses time and space in a phone booth. Best episode: The doctor has a chance to prevent the creation of his deadliest foes in "Genesis of the Daleks."

(6) COLD LAZARUS (1996)

In this trippy miniseries by Dennis Potter, scientists 400 years in the future

plumb the memory of a cryogenically frozen head.

(7) THE X-FILES (1993–)

But has it overstayed its welcome? Best episode: Peter Boyle as a sad-sack psychic in "Clyde Bruckman's Final Repose."

(8) MAX HEADROOM (1987–88)

Too clever for its own good.

(9) V: THE MINISERIES (1983)

Ragtag rebels take on gerbil-eating aliens.

(10) QUARK (1978)

Buck Henry's attempt to do for sci-fi what *Get Smart* did for spies. The travels of an intergalactic garbage scow with a crew that includes a smart houseplant and the ex-Doublemint twins.

BLACK HOLES

ten worst shows

(1) LOST IN SPACE (1965–68)

In its first year, this show was dreary, juvenile, mirthless and insufferable. Then it got bad.

(2) IT'S ABOUT TIME (1966–67)

From the fertile imagination of Sherwood (*Gilligan's Island*) Schwartz comes the story of two astronauts stranded in prehistoric times.

(3) WILD PALMS (1993)

This miniseries begins with a rhinoceros in an empty swimming pool and ends . . . well, if you ever meet someone who sat through it, they can tell you how it ends.

(4) GALACTICA 1980 (1980)

Adding a cool year to the title is the last gasp of a dying show. It didn't work for *Knight Rider 2000* or *seaQuest 2032*, and it didn't work here.

(5) BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25TH CENTURY (1979–81)

"Beedeebeedeebeedee, show sucks, Buck!"



Captain Video and His Video Rangers aired live weeknights until 1955. Richard Coogan hosted the first season, followed by Al Hodge, the voice of radio's Green Hornet (right, with Ranger Don Hastings). Only two episodes survive.

(6) SMALL WONDER (1985-89)

Precocious daughter is actually an android. Wacky! The worst in a long line of *My Favorite Martian* rip-offs.

(7) THE STARLOST (1973-74)

An Amish man discovers his hometown is part of an interstellar Noah's Ark.

(8) MERCY POINT (1998)

ER meets *Deep Space Nine*. Audience meets coma.

(9) WOOPS! (1992)

A comedy about a nuclear holocaust that kills everyone on Earth except a yuppie, a homeless man, a black activist, a curvy airhead, a radical feminist and a nice Jewish boy.

(10) BAYWATCH NIGHTS (1995-97)

Too many purlined *X-Files* plots, too few buxom babes running on the beach in slow motion.

ESSENTIAL SCI-FI TV GIZMOS

TRANSPORTER (*Star Trek*)

You can get there from here.

K-9 (*Dr. Who*)

Loyal, user-friendly portable computer bundled with its own ray gun.

OMNI (*Voyagers*)

Time-traveling device tells you when it's OK to change history.

STUN GUN (*Space: 1999*)

No mess, no permanent damage and you can ask questions later.

TOM SERVO AND CROW T. ROBOT (*Mystery Science Theater 3000*)

Snarky drinking buddies with a fondness for pranks and pop culture.

CREATE YOUR OWN CLASSIC SHOW!

Millions of miles from home, you and your heroic crew encounter . . .

- a dangerous asteroid belt.
- a never-before-seen physical or temporal anomaly.
- an unexplained power surge that threatens to blow your ship apart.
- a distress signal from a planet long thought dead.
- an unmanned spacecraft that destroys everything in its path.



Commander Buzz Carry and his sidekick Cadet Happy anchored *Space Patrol*, which premiered in 1950. Here the patrol carefully zaps a plywood hatch.



Space Patrol introduced babes to the genre: The evil Tonga (Nina Bara) fixes her sonic ray pistol on Carol Karlyle (Virginia Hewitt). Tonga later turned to good.



Tam Carbett, *Space Cadet*, starring Frankie Thomas, completes the trifecta of early space operas. Astro the Venusian (right) became sci-fi TV's first alien character.

An investigation leads you to the surface of an alien world where . . .

- an evil government rules with an iron fist.
- a primitive people live in the aftermath of a global war.
- incorrigible prisoners are deposited to fend for themselves.
- everyone is a little too cheerful.
- the entire population has vanished into thin air.
- everything is exactly like it is on Earth, yet . . . somehow . . . different.

You and your crew meet . . .

- a seductive woman who turns out to be an android.
- a crusty old-timer who deals in spare parts and information and is missing a leg, arm or eye.
- the planet's sole inhabitant, who guards an ancient secret.
- your evil twin.

He, she or they reveal . . .

- a secret society with many odd and amusing rituals.
- a computer that became self-aware and has gone insane.
- a weapon of mass destruction that must not fall into the wrong hands.
- a zoo filled with . . . humans!

You are forced to battle . . .

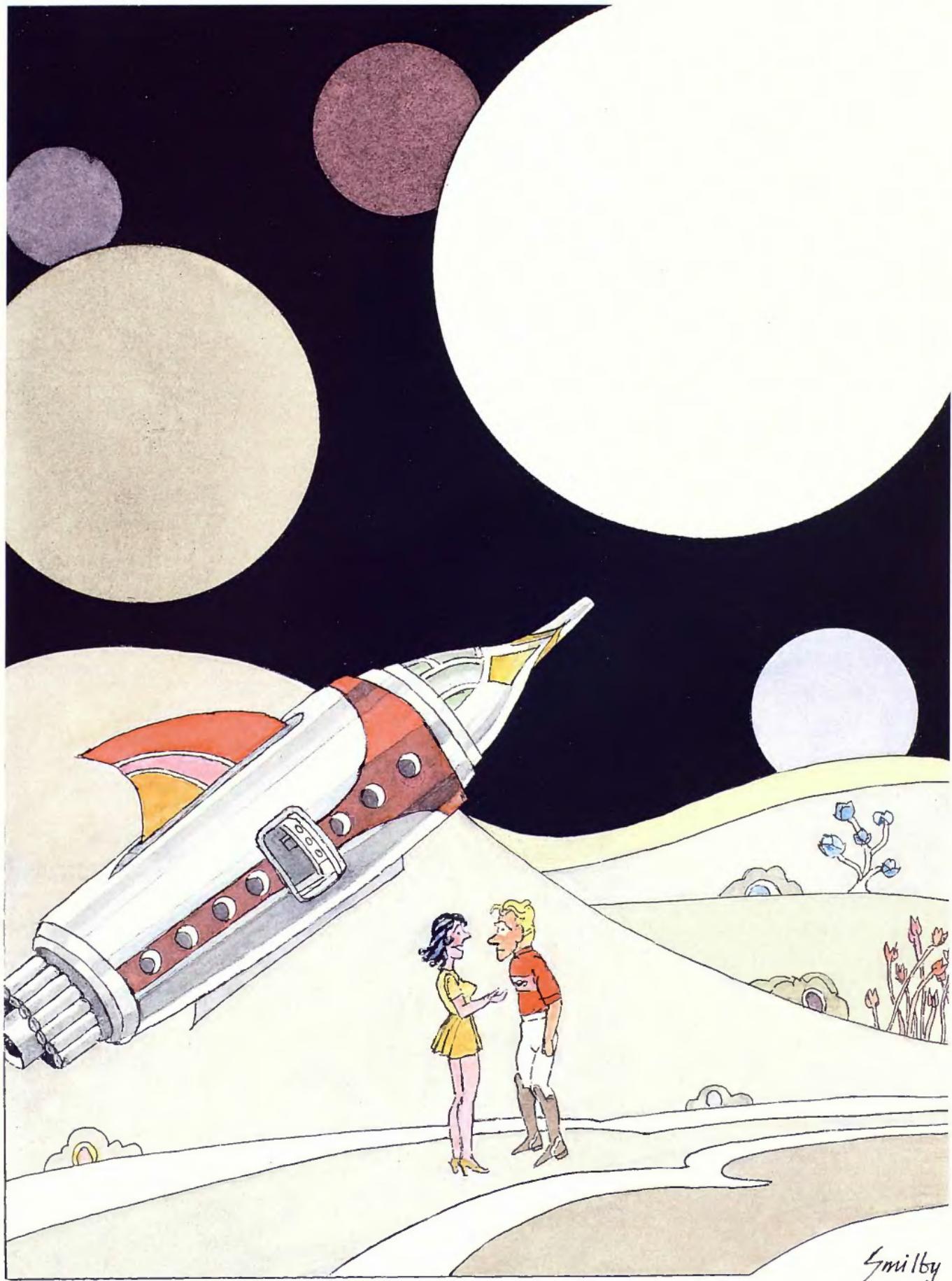
- emotionless killer cyborgs.
- a being who can control weak human minds.
- attractive people who turn out to be monsters in disguise.
- an automatic defense system fighting a long-concluded war.
- an eerily calm, faintly homosexual computer.

Just when things seem hopeless, you and your crew . . .

- overwhelm the computer by feeding it data that do not compute.
- discover that the evil aliens have a fatal reaction to the common cold.
- teach the planet's inhabitants the importance of personal freedom.
- resolve everything with stock footage of a large explosion.

Safely back on your ship, you and your weary crew . . .

- look forward to some peace and quiet for a change!
- come to grips with your realization that nothing is as it seems.
- wish there could have been another way.



*"You're a sweet guy, Flash, and I'm really sorry, but you've never
seen Ming with his shorts off."*

SUMMER SHOOTERS

IF YOU'VE HAD
ONE TOO MANY
BIKINI LINES,
TRY A LITTLE
SAND IN YOUR BUTT

SHOOTERS first came in vogue in the anything-goes Sixties, not only for the drinks themselves but for their naughty names as well. Everyone was having Sex on the Beach (Chambord, Midori melon liqueur, vodka and pineapple juice) or Sex on the Pool Table (vodka, Midori, blueberry schnapps, orange and pineapple juice) or Sex in the Dirt (Southern Comfort, amaretto, crème de cassis and orange juice). Guys ordered a Slippery Nipple (sambuca, Irish cream and grenadine), while their girlfriends came back with a Screaming Orgasm (Kahlúa, amaretto, Irish cream and vodka) or tried a Blow Job (equal parts Kahlúa, amaretto or Frangelico and Irish cream topped with whipped cream and served in a shot glass—the trick is to drink it without hands).

Today, the ladies are having Sex With the Captain (amaretto, Captain Morgan spiced rum, peach schnapps, cranberry and orange juice) and guys are doing Quickies (crème de banana, blackberry brandy and Irish cream). The glassware used ranges from two-ounce shooters that resemble miniature yard-of-ale glasses to oversize shot glasses. And in case you're wondering, the difference between a shooter and a shot is simple. A shot is one liquor in one glass. A shooter is a mixed drink of two or more ingredients in a container that holds a maximum of two and a half ounces. Any more, pour everything into a rocks glass. It's a cocktail.

Here are this summer's hottest shooters and their bars of origin. All the brands of spirits given are what the bartenders pour on the premises. (You may prefer your own liquor.) Shake each of the shooters with ice and strain into a chilled shooter glass. Fire when ready! *(concluded on page 146)*

DRINK BY

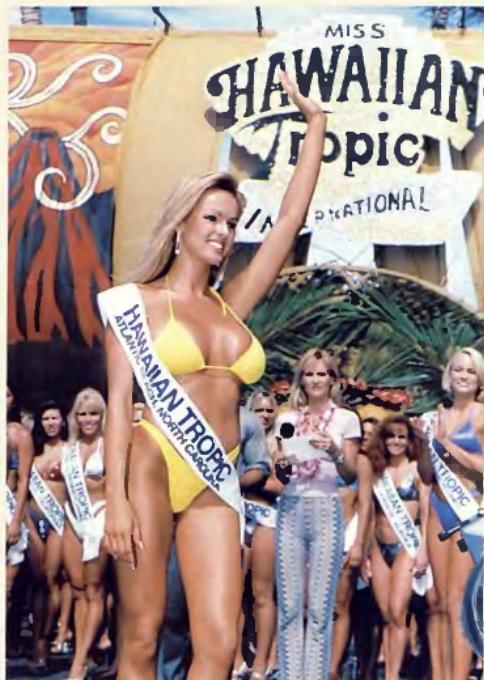
RAY
FOLEY







GIRLS



in these summer games,
silver and gold
have nothing on bronze

HOU WOULDN'T expect a little bottle to make such a big noise, but the story of Hawaiian Tropic is the stuff of legend. Thirty years ago, Florida high school chemistry teacher Ron Rice began working on a recipe that would tap nature for its ingredients rather than rely on chemicals. His winning elixir—a magical mix of avocado, coconut oil, bananas, aloe and a few other goodies—soon became as emblematic of summertime as sand in your swimsuit. But Rice wasn't through. Next, he marshaled an army of Hawaiian Tropic women, a jaw-dropping corps that would travel the world—from Cannes to Red Square—advertising his products' success in living color (mostly bronze). In 1995, PLAYBOY published a portfolio of these sun goddesses that shows off more tan than you see on the average bus stop billboard. Ever since then you've been telling us you want an encore. Who are we to argue?

Surf's up. At right, making waves with head-to-toe tans are (from left): North Carolina's Brooke Richards, Californians Jennifer Braff and April Abraham and Florida's Johan Berube. (That's them again, top left. We leave it to you to figure out who's who.) And here's Brooke in action (bottom left), wowing the crowd at the Miss Hawaiian Tropic U.S. face-off in Oahu. Eat your heart out, Miss America.

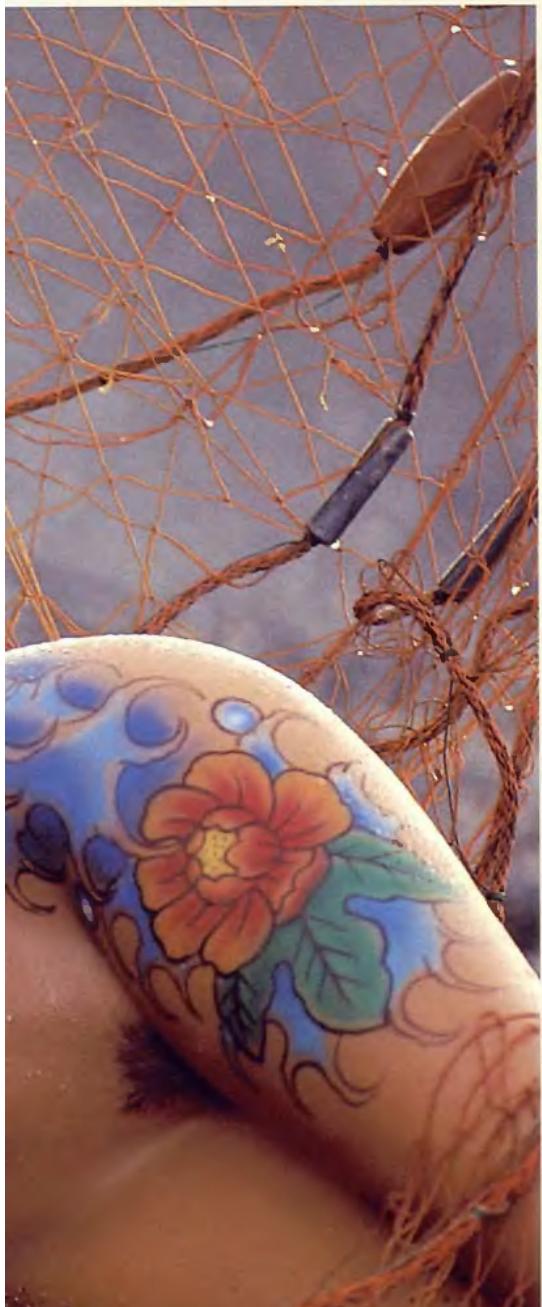
ΦΕ ΗΑΨΑΗΑΠ ΤΒΦΡΙC

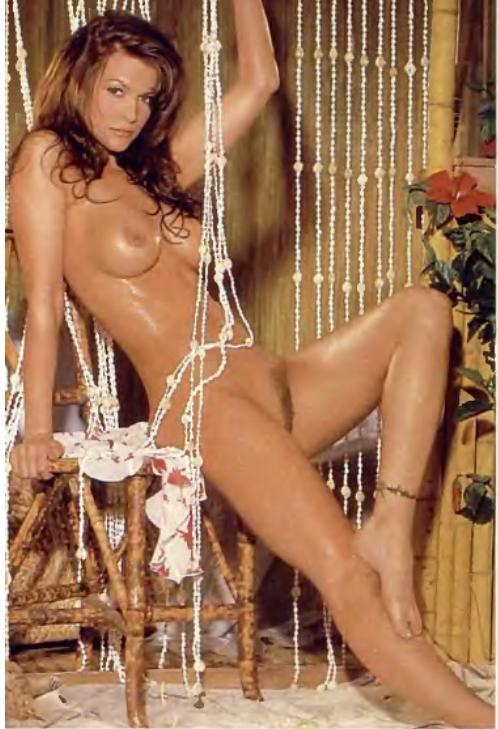






Clockwise from top left: Call the folks at Ripley's—California singer-songwriter (and nanny) Jennifer Bratt actually has a 17-year-old son. One of six children, Jennifer loves the outdoors and traveling to exotic places and says she is of Filipino, Austrian, Spanish and Chinese extraction; Texas karate buff Nicole Carter, meanwhile, claims French-Moroccan lineage, as well as a passion for sunsets and candlelit dinners; Boca Raton's Johan Berube (seen in the opening spread) is a native of Ladysmith, British Columbia who says heaven is "eating nachos and drinking beer after a hard day on the ski slopes"; and tattooed lady Gemma Sutton of Miami Beach gives delightful new meaning to the sunbather's phrase "getting a little color." At right: Well-heeled Hawaiian Tropic pageantees strut their stuff.





From California comes model Renée Sloughter (above), whose idea of relaxation is riding her Harley through the LA canyons. Patti O'Donnell (below) is a born and bred St. Louisan who studied business at the U. of Missouri and makes a living at Hooters. At right, that's Hoosier Michell Domm, a half-German, half-Filipino billiards parlor secretary who aspires to a business degree. Michell thanks Hawaiian Tropic for putting her "in the public eye." We thank them, too.





Carrie Flaska (left) is a New York model who loves beach-bumming, roller-skating and shopping. But mostly, Carrie is hell-bent on "making the most out of life." Jennifer DeYonker (right) works for General Motors, where she's a member of the vehicle design support team. (No chassis jokes, please.) And Tennial Gacayan (below and bottom) hails from Honolulu, where she models and tends bar. Her hobby: being pampered.





Hawaiian Tropic vet and *PLAYBOY* Playmate (August 1997) Kalin Olsen (above) hails from Hot Springs, Arkansas and still considers herself a "small town girl with big dreams." Historians (and *Playmate* aficionados) may recall that 60 years ago, Kalin's great-grandfather, Culbert Olson, was the governor of California. Toronto model April Morgan (left) enjoys communing with nature. Her hobbies are "camping, boating, hiking and all that outdaarsy stuff." Ducking under the shower (opposite, top) is Tanna Holly, a Wisconsin native and future CPA. "I grew up on the back of my dad's motorcycle," says Tanna, who says she's on the prowl for "shy, corruptible men." Jersey girl Jennifer Canale (to Tanna's right) enjoys playing the stock market and dreams of becoming a sports broadcaster ("I love sports but I am not good at playing them"). And Santa Ana's Michelle Vaden (far right), who represented Las Vegas in the big Hawaiian Tropic showdown, digs architecture and snow skiing and plans to attend the University of Southern California Law School. At right: That's Jennifer with the flower and Tanna on the runway.







April Abraham and Brooke Richards (far left) prove that even for fierce competitors in the sunshine business, lotion is thicker than water. (That's April again, bottom left, bending over backward to please.) At left, a gaggle of Hawaiian Tropic sun worshipers give the babes of Boywatch a run for their money; at right, a beaming bikini-and-lei contingent takes time out from the festivities for a little bit of publicity. They are (from left): Charlotte Arlt of Houston; Tenniel Gacayan (our previously pictured Honolulu honey); the ubiquitous Brooke Richards; and Angie Chittenden of Aspen, Colorado. Finally, signing off below is that fetching foursome from the opening spread (from left): Jennifer Braff, Johan Berube, April Abrohom and Brooke Richards.



INSTRUMENTS

(continued from page 80)

I put my hand on his arm, as if to say thanks, and then turned to leave.

"Long as we're talking," he continued. "You know about my family, right?"

"I know what I read about your father in the newspapers."

Chad closed his eyes for an instant, as if gathering the resolve to explain and pushing down frustration, like a celebrity who's just been asked the same dumb question for the millionth time. "He's not my father," he said. "He's my mother's husband. We have a simple relationship. I hate him and he hates me."

I looked at him in a way that I thought might prompt him to explain, but his eyes had gone steely, as if he had just said all he had to say on the subject. I pushed a little. "Doesn't that worry you?" I asked. "Having someone like that hate you?"

"My mother would never let him do anything. I'm not worried."

"Well," I said, meaning to dismiss the subject, "maybe time will make you closer."

"I doubt it," he said. "He had my father killed."

"He had—" I started to echo him stupidly, the amazement in my voice momentarily turning me into the boy.

"You can see the problem."

"I guess so," I said. "Like Hamlet." I had no idea how to continue.

"I have nothing to do with Jimmy and he has nothing to do with me. So you don't have anything to worry about on that score either. I just want to be a college student with a summer job, you know what I mean?"

"Yes," I said. "I do," and I touched his arm. I said, "I'll send Amy for you for lunch," hoping my tone let him know that the subject of his family was done with as far as I was concerned. On the way back to the house, I turned it over in my mind. I was curious, of course, but I wasn't about to ask. In a way, it made me feel protective. Amy never understood that about me, my protectiveness. Linda, her mother, hadn't either. There's a reason for it. I was raised poor, in a bad part of Brooklyn. My father was a mean drunk, my sister was raped when she was 16, and when I was not much older I was robbed and beaten half to death by two guys wearing sweatshirts with hoods pulled to tiny openings around their eyes. They beat me just because they wanted to—no special reason.

After the attack, I spent months in the hospital, my heart full of murder. Nights, I'd have dreams in which beatings my father delivered merged with the street beating. Days, I'd fall into

long, bloody reveries of violence so awful it frightened me—half daydreams, half trances in which I'd inflict every manner of nightmare on the men who beat me. For a while I thought I was losing my mind. I came back slowly. I didn't lose my mind and I didn't withdraw from the world. I just moved to a more secluded part of it. My father's boss owned a horse farm up in the mountains, and I went to work for him when I got out of the hospital. I've worked around horses and on farms ever since. I became careful, protective.

Amy couldn't appreciate these things, but I thought maybe Chad could, having been through some himself—and after working with him only a few weeks, it was clear that I was right. He rapidly turned into a combination ally and mediator in my frequent, though usually minor, conflicts with Amy. Whatever he told Amy, she seemed to hear clearly. I suspected his working without a shirt, sweat glistening over the muscles of his chest and stomach, had something to do with the explanations always being so convincing.

In any event, things ran a lot more smoothly with Chad on the farm. Amy seemed happier with him around, even if he did—as he had told her—have a serious girlfriend. She took to going to bed early most nights and sleeping late in the mornings, and in general appeared to be more relaxed and comfortable than she had been in years. She was looking forward to the fall, when she'd start her senior year in high school. Chad turned out to be excellent help, working all day, finishing up the jobs I'd given him and often going on to other things that needed doing. Evenings he spent in his cabin, hardly ever going into town. The only problem I had with him involved the phone bill, which was exorbitant. When I took it to him, he explained he was calling a girlfriend and buddies from home and college and agreed to pay the extra charges. When I pointed out that if he didn't cut back on the calls, he'd wind up sending a good portion of his summer earnings to Ma Bell, he nodded, but not resentfully, the way Amy would have nodded. By midsummer, I was already worrying about his leaving and thinking of ways I might entice him back next year.

●

Ollie stopped by the farm more frequently with Chad here, which I also considered a benefit. Ollie was probably less than ten years older than me, but he always treated me in a fatherly way. He was a stocky, blond-haired, blue-eyed Swede with a fondness for poker and his stout, churchgoing wife. He supposedly had some dubious con-

nnections at the track—I had heard this implied by other trainers and farmers—but I never heard a word about it from him, and I never saw him do anything the least bit unseemly. Asking me to hire Jimmy Smoke's son for a summer job was the only thing in 12 years that had given me the least cause for worry—and that was going fine. Then, on a morning in the first week of August, when I was at his stables picking up hay, he invited Amy and me to his house for dinner.

I backed my truck into the stable and lowered the tailgate, while he opened the stall door and dragged out four bales of special high-grade hay he had been holding for me. He tossed a bale onto the truck. "Hey, Paul," he said. "The wife's making something special tonight. Why don't you and Amy come out and join us?"

I didn't answer right away. I pulled a bale of hay from the stack, threw it onto the truck and went back for another, which I slid onto the tailgate. Ollie had never invited me to dinner before. Ollie never invited anyone to dinner. I said, as if he didn't know it, "We've never been to your house for dinner. Actually, we've never been to your house at all."

"This will be the first time then, won't it?" he said, tossing a bale of hay at me, playfully too hard.

I was knocked back a couple of steps before regaining my balance. "OK," I said. I didn't see how we could refuse. "What should we wear?"

"Dress nice," he said. "My wife'll bring out the good china. We'll do the whole deal for you." He winked at me and closed the stall door. "Be there by seven. Don't be late." He turned and hurried to the other end of the stable, where he had an office.

At my truck, I pulled a ball of twine from under the front seat and took my time tying down the hay, which didn't need to be tied down at all. The pit of my stomach stirred the way it does when something doesn't seem right. I was tempted to follow Ollie into his office and ask him what was going on, why all of a sudden the invitation to dinner. By the time the hay was tied down, I had decided to let things play out as they would. I got back into the cab of the truck and instead of heading out the front entrance I did a three-point turn and started down the dirt road that crossed the stables and went through the farm and wound around to a back entrance, which was closer to town, where I planned on stopping at the supermarket. In the rearview mirror I saw Ollie come out of his office. He watched me drive away, looking annoyed. I usually asked him if it was all

(continued on page 156)



Buck Brown

"I think he's out of his coma now, Doctor."

LIVING ONLINE

the best of the net every month By MARK FRAUENFELDER

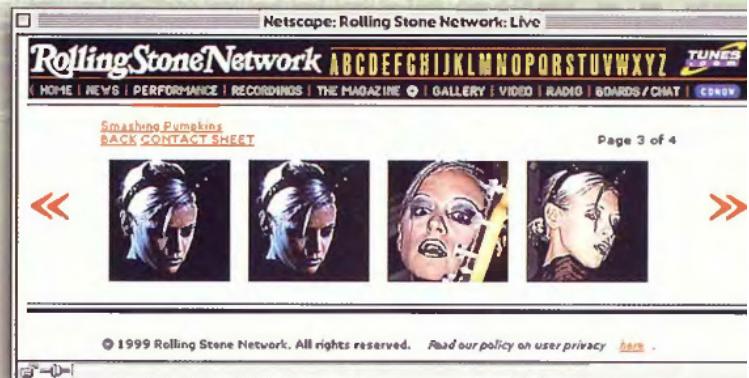
AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL

Here's a great online resource. My friends were flying in from San Francisco, and I typed their flight number into [thetrip.com](http://www.thetrip.com)'s Flight Tracker and found out that the plane would land half an hour later than scheduled. The information is updated once a minute, and you can even see where the plane is on a map. Flight Tracker saved me half an hour of waiting at the airport. You can also use the service to automatically send e-mail to your friends when your plane lands.



GOOD MUSIC

Rolling Stone's new portal, [tunes.com](http://www.tunes.com), offers what you'd expect from any decent commercial music site—a million song clips, a thousand videos, profiles of 85,000 artists. But the thing I like most about tunes.com is the way it lets you tap into other users' music collections to find out what you've been missing. Here's how it works. When you click on a picture of an album you like, you get a list of other people who like the same album. You can then click on a person's name to see what other albums he likes and to hear 30-second sound clips. If you want to get in touch with a like-minded music fan, you can contact him



through tunes.com's messaging system. The site was designed with pest protection in mind, so other users won't know your real name or e-mail address unless you provide it for them.

FOR MOVIE MANIACS

The Internet Movie Database ([imdb.com](http://www.imdb.com)) is the Net's best resource for movie and video information. Among its 180,000 movie titles, I've always found what I've been looking for, from Fifties bondage queen Bettie Page's *Teaserama* to George Lucas' 1970 science fiction classic, *THX 1138*. The reviews and credits are linked, so a click on Lucas' name, for instance, will produce a page with everything he's directed, written or produced. The site offers more than reviews, plot summaries and credits. You can read memorable quotes, trivia, "goofs" and the details of alternate versions of the film in question. You can also review, comment on or rate a movie. When I'm in the mood for a video but am not sure what to watch, I cruise around IMDb and follow interesting links. Sooner or later I'm able to find what I want.

The Internet Movie Database was purchased by Amazon, so if a movie is available on video, or if there's a biography of the director or a cast member in print, you can be certain there'll be a link to a site that sells it.



SURFER, HEAL THYSELF

A few months ago I had a flu that I couldn't shake. As soon as I'd start to feel good—wham!—I'd wake up in the middle of the night with another fever and chest congestion. My doctor couldn't tell me anything I didn't already know, so I went online to treat myself. At www.healthshop.com I

filled out an anonymous questionnaire about my condition, and the site suggested, among other things, that I might have a "disturbed immune system." It prescribed a regimen of 30 supplements, including primrose oil, ginseng concentrate, saw palmetto concentrate, essential fatty acids concentrate and echinacea. It also offered to sell me the stuff for around \$300. I wanted a second opinion.

Andrew Weil (askdrweil.com) integrates traditional and alternative medicine. I've used Weil's site before—it was the source of two surefire remedies (stinging nettles tablets to treat hay fever, and very hot water to relieve the itching of poison oak). This time I found an article about how the immune system works and how to keep it strong. Besides suggesting a low-fat, low-protein diet to boost your immune system, Weil recommends the use of "tonic" mushrooms from China and Japan: zhu ling, maitake, shiitake and enokidake. I ordered a bottle of Mushroom Complex capsules on vitaminshoppe.com for \$11.20. They seem to have helped—I haven't so much as sniffled in nearly three weeks.

HOW TO GET THERE FROM HERE

One day, all cars will have computer navigation systems with a dashboard video map and a friendly voice that tells you you missed your exit. You can buy one now (try Alpine's Navigation and Information System at alpine1.com), but it'll set you back a couple grand. Until the price drops, I'm happy using driving directions I print from online map sites such as maps.yahoo.com and mapquest.com. You enter your starting address and your destination, and the sites create turn-by-turn directions along with a map that traces your route. I've become hopelessly dependent on online driving



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TODAY'S QUESTION

A Second Life

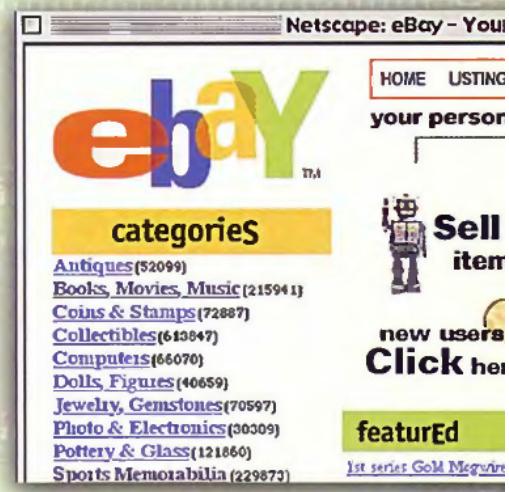
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directions, but every once in a while I run into trouble. Near the end of a trip from Los Angeles to Pismo Beach, the printout told me to "turn left on unnamed road." I ended up at a landfill. Now, I always make sure the directions are complete before I hit the highway.

BEYOND AMAZON

I went to amazon.com to buy a copy of Gordon Sander's book *Serling: The Rise and Twilight of Television's Last Angry Man*, but it was out of print. When Amazon doesn't have a book in stock, it throws up a page that says, "We'll query our network of used bookstores for you and send an update within one to two weeks." Fortunately, many places online will sell me the book today. First I went to isbn.nu and found a used copy for \$12.45. Then I checked another bookseller search engine, addall.com, which located several other online stores carrying the book, with prices ranging from \$12.45 (powells.com, 10- to 15-day shipping) to \$19.90 (fatbrain.com, two-day express). When I'm looking for a book that's way out of print, like Roger Price's hilarious polemic *The Great Roob Revolution*, I turn to BiblioFind (bibliofind.com), a search engine that contains the inventories of thousands of used bookstores. Four booksellers had the book, at prices ranging from \$10 for a well-worn copy to \$25 for a copy in very good condition. Barnes and Noble (barnesandnoble.com) offers a rare-and used-book service that's worthwhile. If you still can't find what you're looking for, try an online auction site, such as ebay.com.



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SHOOTERS

(continued from page 130)

HOT AND HORNY

(KEY WEST, PANAMA CITY BEACH, FLORIDA)

1 ounce Hot Damn! schnapps
1 ounce Sauza Hornitos tequila

SUNTAN LOTION

(JUST A FEW TAVERN, BAY SHORE,
NEW YORK)

1 ounce Baileys Irish Cream
1 ounce Captain Morgan rum

BLUE SHARK

(TRIANGLE WEST BAR, RIVER RIDGE,
LOUISIANA)

1 ounce Jose Cuervo tequila
1 ounce vodka
1/2 ounce blue curaçao

RUBY RED SUMMER BREEZE

(BELL IN HAND TAVERN, BOSTON)

1/2 ounce Bacardi Tropico
1/2 ounce Bacardi light rum
1/2 ounce Bacardi Select rum
1/2 ounce cranberry juice

BIKINI LINE

(PARKER HOUSE, SEA GIRT, NEW JERSEY)

1/2 ounce Chambord
1/2 ounce Tia Maria
1/2 ounce vodka
Splash of pineapple juice

SAND IN YOUR BUTT

(BOHAGER'S, BALTIMORE)

1/2 ounce Southern Comfort
1/2 ounce Midori
1 ounce pineapple juice

JÄGER VACATION

(EMPIRE, YBOR CITY, FLORIDA)

1/2 ounce Jägermeister
1/2 ounce Captain Morgan rum
1 ounce pineapple juice

BEACH BALL

(BAR ANTICIPATION, SOUTH BELMAR,
NEW JERSEY)

1/2 ounce Malibu rum
1/2 ounce blueberry schnapps
1/2 ounce pineapple juice

SHARK BITE

(MARQUIS WEST, SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA)

1/2 ounce Myers's Original Dark Rum
1 1/2 ounces orange juice
Splash of grenadine

HOME JEROME

(SOAPY SMITH'S, DENVER)

1/2 ounce Wild Turkey
1/2 ounce peppermint schnapps
1/2 ounce white crème de cacao
1/2 ounce Grand Marnier



BEST THINGS

(continued from page 113)

Amy, 24, copywriter

This guy I was dating was into bondage and experimentation. He built a loft over his bed from which he could hang handcuffs and sex toys. He loved to see me in nothing but go-go boots. So I decided to combine his two interests. I went out and bought a trapeze. Then I went to his place wearing my boots and a dress with nothing underneath. I hung the trapeze from the loft and got naked. When he walked in, all he could see were my boots, my ass and my back. I gave him a blow job he'll never forget.

Cindy, 26, attorney

My husband and I had two couples over to drink wine. I'd been taking massage therapy classes, so when one of the girls said her back was hurting, I gave her a massage. It became pretty sensual, as most massages do. The next thing I knew, I was kissing her. The other girl, who had been watching us, asked, "Can I join you?" We were like, "Sure!"

Where were the guys?

Having their own conversation. They didn't notice at first. Then they became intrigued. I'm sure they were thinking, My girlfriend's kissing your girlfriend! Neither of the other girls had been with a woman before.

Why do you think the women decided to experiment?

I guess they felt safe because their boyfriends were there. Once we got going, it felt right. I'd been with women, so I took the lead. No one pushed anyone to do anything. Then we turned the lights down. The guys focused on watching us. It was soft and sensual at first—a little touching, massaging and kissing. We worked our way to the bedroom. The guys actually brought chairs into the room and sat and watched. When we took off our clothes and brought out the vibrator, things got supersteamy. Of course, the guys could only sit there watching for so long. One guy started touching his girlfriend, and pretty soon everyone was naked and groping everyone else. While I was going down on one of the girls, my boyfriend was having sex with me from behind. Every time you turned around, there was something to touch or kiss. The women were all over one another.

Talk about an orgy.

I know! It was an incredible night that was by no means planned.

How did it end?

One girl had so many orgasms that she couldn't take it anymore—we had that vibrator inside her for a long time. Everyone had a cigarette and ventured home, presumably to carry on for the rest of the night. At least I know my boyfriend and I did.

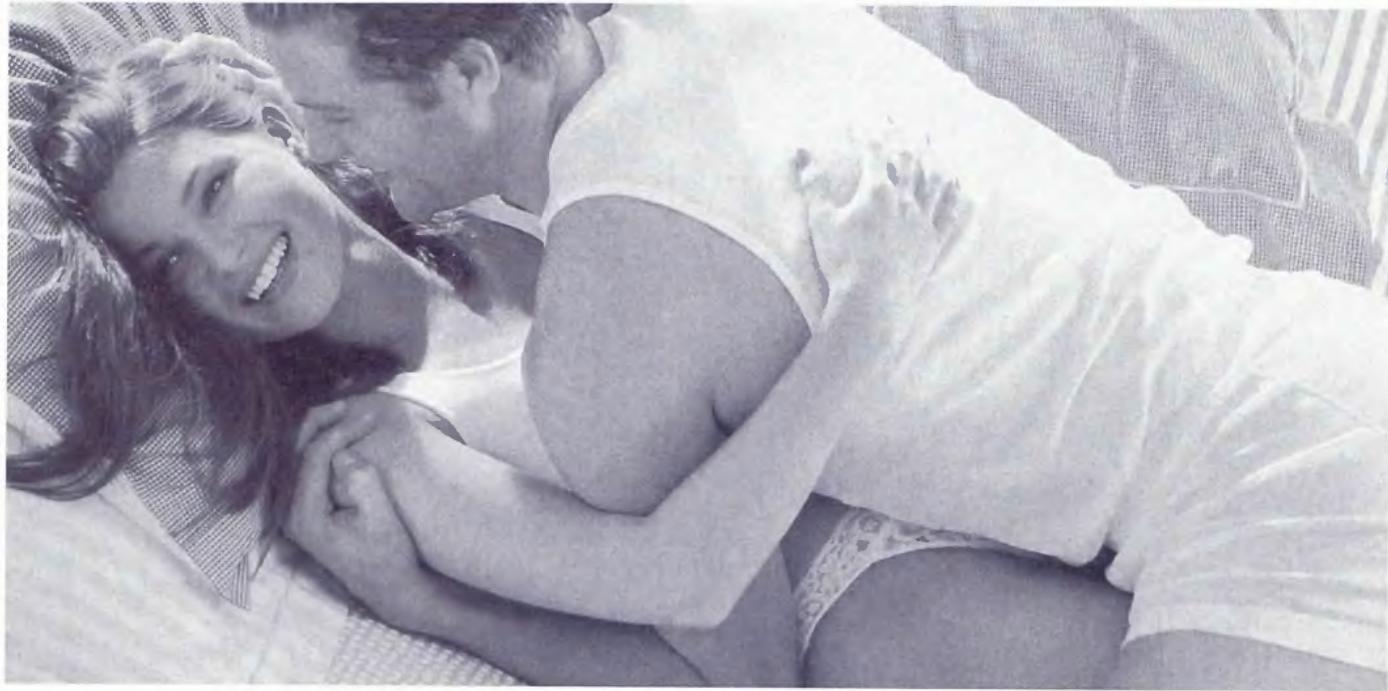


Mark Helberg

"Why can't you just read a newspaper in the morning like other men?"

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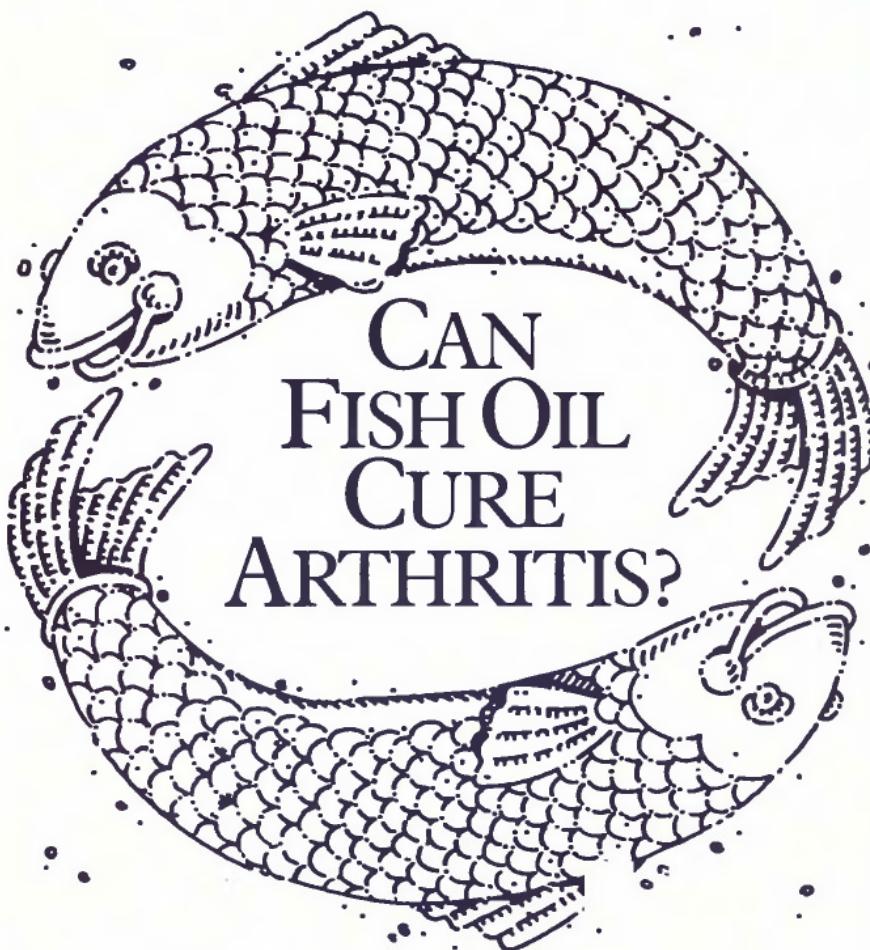
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BARNEY FRANK

(continued from page 66)

saved you. If my parents find out I saved the czar, they will kill me." So I would save Barr out of duty but wouldn't like doing it. He is a terrible influence. He's a mean and hateful man. He has consort ed with racists. He seems to be a man whose primary interest in life is to use official power to make other people's lives miserable. Barr is part of the fringes who believe that they are obligated to impose their private choices on other people. Religion is conceived as a wonderful thing and it can be a source of great love and good. But some people use it to make other people's lives miserable. Religion becomes a stick with which you beat other people. There are fringes throughout the world, the Haredim in Israel, Islamic fundamentalists, fundamentalist Protestants and Catholics, the Hindus and the BJP in India who tear down mosques and burn Christians. I don't understand why people can't validate their own beliefs without victimizing other people. I just don't understand it. I don't understand what motivates a straight person to make as his or her major political goal to deny the rights of gay people. I don't understand why someone would worry about what movies the rest of us see, what we read. In the case of forcing children to pray in school, it's not about wanting a child to be allowed to pray in school if he wants to—a child can do that now. They want prayer in schools because they think everyone should be forced to pray. They feel that if you leave it to the average citizen, he won't pray. So they want to use the public school mechanism to force kids to be more religious than their parents want them to be. I don't understand that impulse. It's dangerous.

PLAYBOY: Do you at least understand the view of the extreme right? Reagan and the Moral Majority bemoan what they see as the moral degradation of the country. Clinton is just the most prominent example.

FRANK: Absolutely. And here was their chance to do something about it. Clinton was a scapegoat. They truly hate what is happening to America. They went to sleep in a painting by Norman Rockwell and woke up in a Hieronymus Bosch. Instead of nice, clean-cut, well-defined figures of Americans, they saw a nation of people writhing and squirming in pain: People are getting abortions, they are tolerating homosexuality, people of many races are mixing, there's salacious material on television, people who aren't religious are making fun of religion. Culturally, these conservatives are losing the country, and they absolutely hate it. They can't believe the public really disagrees with them, though, because their roots are deeply populist. So they need an explanation. They have to blame

something or someone. And that person is the Wizard, Bill Clinton. They really believe that Bill Clinton, with Hillary helping him—Hillary, who represents everything they dislike in a woman, including being a forgiving wife—is stealing America. With his cleverness and the Clintons' alliance with the media moguls who are shallow and corrupt, they are stealing America. They really believe Bill and Hillary have temporarily bewitched the American people. And they believe that if they could have gotten rid of Bill Clinton, they could have had their country back. They didn't really want to impeach Bill Clinton: They wanted to drive a stake through his heart.

PLAYBOY: If Clinton had not provided the opportunity—with his relationship with Monica Lewinsky—would it have been someone else?

FRANK: Maybe, though they wanted Clinton badly. Clinton slipped through in 1992, but the Republicans blame George Bush for that. They say, "Bush was sort of namby-pamby." The true believers never accept defeat as a repudiation of their ideas. It is always that their ideas weren't presented with enough authority. The left does it, too. They thought that if George McGovern hadn't compromised on amnesty and abortion he would have won the presidency. The right thought Bush was just weak. In 1994, however, when the Republicans won big, they thought it showed where America really was. Yet in spite of winning big, they accomplished little of their agenda. And that was blamed on Clinton. The scandal erupted and they thought they had him. They were rubbing their hands together. That he survived it makes them hate Clinton more than ever: "The son of a bitch got away with it." Once again, the extreme right doesn't see it as a repudiation of its values. But that's exactly what it was. The American people spoke. In 2000, they will speak again.

PLAYBOY: One last question: What exactly does a congressman do?

FRANK: Two things. First, we try to implement a set of values through the federal government. In my case, I want to work for more fairness in our society. But whatever your values, you're trying to affect public policy to bring things closer to the way you think they should be. Second, you're an advocate for the specific concerns of the people you represent. Whatever it takes, you want to make sure that people aren't treated unfairly by bureaucracy and that they get their fair share. That's the job—pushing your values and protecting the people you represent. It may sound corny, but it's really trying to make the world better. That's what it's all about. If you're not here to try to make this a better world, you have no business being here.



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PLAYBOY

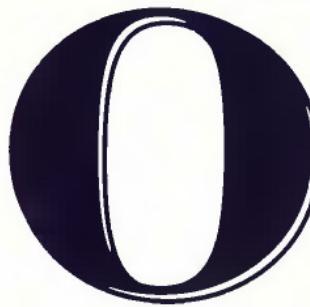
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fastest at getting rid of their losers. The cardinal rule of day trading is: Cut your losses. If a trade goes against you, get out. Fast. It sounds simple, but it's the most difficult part. I've learned the hard way. The Internet stock Excite went against me one day for \$100. But my ego got involved and I wouldn't admit I'd

made a mistake. In a heartbeat, I was down \$1500. I finally pulled the plug a few minutes later with a loss of \$2000.

Those damned Internet stocks are scary. It's a new industry, so they're going to be volatile, and when you add day traders, you get these huge swings. The day traders are aggressive about Inter-

net stocks. They know the future of commerce is on the Internet, because they're on the Internet themselves. They see its power every day. So when CNBC says it looks like Internet stocks are going to run that morning (which means there's going to be a lot of volume) or that Yahoo or Amazon.com or America Online is announcing positive news (which will bring up the whole sector), then I'll try to make some money. I won't buck the trend.

I'll pick up Excite, for instance, as soon as I dare, and I'll know in advance how much I want to make. Even if it looks like it's going to run rampant, I won't get greedy. I buy 1000 shares, I'm up \$1 a share, I'll sell into strength. That's \$1000. There are day traders who will go for a lot more, but I've been around long enough to know that \$1000 a day is \$250,000 a year. On those days when Internet stocks are up \$20 or \$30, not many day traders take the entire ride. Or even most of it. It's too dangerous. They'll take bits and pieces of it. I bought Yahoo once, sold it a few seconds later down \$1, and two minutes later it was up \$3 and I'd been panicked out of it. But I keep trading Internet stocks because of the profit potential. You buy Yahoo at the right moment, you're up \$5 in two minutes. It's pure adrenaline. But you have to keep a cool head.

There's a guy in Chicago who's the best trader I've ever seen. Why? Because he has mastered the most difficult thing of all: emotional control. There's no emotion in his decisions. No ego. God, that's tough. But he'll sit there with four monitors, like a damned machine, pushing a button and making 60 to 80 trades a day, and even his good friends won't know if he's up \$40,000 or down \$30,000. You won't see this guy high-fiving after he takes a quick \$7 a share out of some Internet stock. You won't even know he did it. He can turn on a dime faster than anyone I have ever seen. Wrong? OK. Click. Next. He's made a small fortune from admitting his mistakes. He buys a stock, it goes down, he'll turn around and sell it short—click, click—and he's gone from a bad trade to riding a profit.

I also watched a good trader blow himself out because he was determined to prove he was right. On one trade! He shorted 2000 shares of Dell at about \$75 and it went his way for a quick \$4000 profit. But he wouldn't cover. He got greedy. Dell turned up and suddenly he had a loss. He was too stubborn to let go now, so he stayed in overnight. Big mistake. Dell kept going up; he kept holding. He wouldn't admit he was wrong. He eventually covered at about \$108. He turned a \$4000 gain into a \$74,000 loss. Adios. That was painful to watch.

So, is day trading just a crazy Internet boom? No. It's here to stay—even if the market crashes. Maybe that would scare people away, cut the volume. But it won't

WELL, AT
LEAST
YOU HAVE
A ROOF
OVER
YOUR
HEAD.



stop day traders. What happens to a day trader in a crash? Nothing. Day trading is my liberation from fear of a crash. That's for investors to worry about. If I have done what I'm supposed to do and go home at night (well, I'm already home) holding no stock, then the market heading south the next morning is an even greater opportunity for me. Why? Because the market goes down a lot faster than it goes up. Fear beats greed. Every time. So I can short the market. I care less about the market's direction, up or down, than I do about how much it moves. What counts for a day trader is volatility.

Market makers blame us for the incredible volatility now, and there's some truth in that. We're so aggressive playing the momentum in either direction that a stock can move up or down \$5 or \$10 in a day—and it's still the same stock. No news. The underlying value remains the same. We make life more difficult for market makers. They hate us. They call us bandits. They say we're going to wreck everything for everybody with all this volatility. We'll drive stock prices too high, then drive them down into a crash. Nonsense. We have as much right to buy and sell stocks as they do. What we're really wrecking is their easy profits. They now have to work harder—and smarter—for their money.

Where do I go from here? I've started an e-mail service for new day traders. I'm always looking for a larger account than my own to trade, and I'd like to pair off with a rich investor. That's happening a lot between good traders and wealthy people who are too busy to trade for themselves but want to participate in the action. They want more return with more excitement, so they bankroll a young trader with a good record and then split the profits. I even know of stockbrokers who have left their firms to day trade for their former clients. That kind of action used to be the private preserve of the very rich. No longer.

Those millions of people who are now trading stocks online are eyeing their next step. A lot of them will try day trading and some will stay with it. That's great, because they'll show that this is a legitimate way to make a living. If I had never heard of day trading, I'd still be happy as a stockbroker. I was making a good living. But no way am I going back. Even the New York Stock Exchange is catching up with us. They're talking about opening from 5:30 A.M. until midnight. I can just see millions of people sitting at home after dinner with nothing to do: "Hey, honey, let's jump online and trade a few stocks." Talk about an explosion in volume! Ron Insana on CNBC got it right. He said, "If you like day trading, you'll love night trading."



WRESTLING MADNESS

(continued from page 120)

bold move, he came clean and told the audience what it had long suspected: Wrestling is as fake as an air kiss from your lesbian ex-girlfriend. "Wrestling is entertainment," McMahon says. "Story line is really what the World Wrestling Federation is about. Come on, this is *Dynasty*. This is *Dallas*." Who could have predicted that fans would like wrestling more when they knew it was fake?

McMahon's WWF competes in the national wrestling marketplace with Ted Turner's World Championship Wrestling. It's a new generation of wrestling in which the distinction between heels (bad guys) and baby faces (good guys) is fuzzy and the plots are laced with sexual innuendo and profanity. Cable TV is the main battleground. On Monday nights, the WWF's *Monday Night Raw*, on the USA Network, takes on WCW's *Monday Nitro*, on TNT. The edgier *Raw* targets viewers in the 18- to 34-year-old demographic, while *Nitro* courts the deeper-pocketed 18-49 set. Both companies offer a glut of wrestling programs during the remainder of the week, but the Monday night shows are so popular they're siphoning off audience share from ABC's *Monday Night Football*, an actual

sporting event where fewer than half the games are fixed. Smaller wrestling outfits such as Philadelphia-based Extreme Championship Wrestling employ the same basic concept but include liberal amounts of blood, barbed wire and assorted cracking sounds. But for casual wrestling fans, there are only two choices: the WWF and WCW.

As Shakespeare almost said, "the feud's the thing," and the front men in the WWF-WCW feud are McMahon, 53, and Eric Bischoff, 43, president of WCW. Each man constantly bad-mouths the other, and even the wrestlers take a break from kicking the crap out of weaker guys to berate the rival organization.

"Vince McMahon genuinely cares about this business," says WWF star the Rock, a.k.a. Rocky Maivia. "Ted Turner, however, couldn't give two pieces of monkey shit about it." Interestingly, this interpersonal and interleague animosity is real, making it an anomaly in the scripted world of pro wrestling.

Blurring the line between what is real and what is fertilizer is a big part of wrestling's success. Both Bischoff and McMahon cast themselves as key players in their leagues' never-ending dramas. One WWF plotline that lasted several weeks had McMahon clashing with Stone Cold Steve Austin and firing him



"You're very welcome."

on the air. Austin then filled McMahon's new convertible with concrete. McMahon had him arrested, and Austin retaliated by hunting McMahon with a crossbow. Then Austin kidnapped McMahon, tied him up, put a pistol to his head—and fired it. The pistol was a gag gun—it shot a flag out of the barrel—but it caused McMahon to lose control of his bladder. All this on national cable television. And you thought *South Park* was racy.

And it's not just management. Wrestlers do their part to confuse reality. Take Austin's official stance on charity appearances for children: "I'm not kissing any snot-nosed rugrat." In real life, there is Austin's alter ego, Steve Williams, a different man with a publicity-friendly attitude. "I meet a lot of Make-a-Wish kids," Williams said. "They're so inquisitive. I never have seen one of them scared. Meeting those kids is a thrill for me." WWF's Big Show, a.k.a. Paul Wight, a terror in the ring at seven-foot-four and 500 pounds, says being a bad guy "hurts my feelings a little bit" and "I hope my mom doesn't find out."

Purists, fret not: Two elements of wrestling are entirely real: the athleticism of the wrestlers and the pain they endure. The current megastar of WCW is Goldberg, a.k.a. Bill Goldberg, former nose tackle for the Atlanta Falcons and one of the world's toughest Jews (not counting the waitresses at the Carnegie Delicatessen). Diamond Dallas Page, also

a WCW star, is a former college basketball player who usurped the Diamond moniker from that sport's diamond defensive alignment. In addition to being athletes, wrestlers must be cagey performers and quick thinkers, because, while wrestling's story lines are scripted, the action isn't.

"On the *Monday Nitro* telecasts, five minutes before the match I don't know who my opponent will be," explains Page. "Things change." And while Page says the bout's outcome "is predetermined, the match is not choreographed. If it were, wrestlers would be the greatest memory experts in the world. When a guy like Goldberg grabs you, he just takes you. Things change, people get injured. There are broken necks, torn knees. Right now we've got nine guys out after knee surgeries."

But there is a pot of gold at the end of the injured-reserve rainbow. When Jesse "the Body" Ventura was elected governor of Minnesota last November, several wrestlers realized there was a world beyond camel clutches and hammerheads. On November 9, during *Monday Nitro*, WCW's Hollywood Hulk Hogan announced his candidacy for president. McMahon, Hogan's former boss, won't say whether or not he'll vote for Hulk, but does maintain, "If Hogan wins, it'll be a hell of an inauguration ball."



Michael Moore

(continued from page 125)

sense of fair play. I'm actually shy and introverted. I dread going in to do a shoot in some corporate office. I'm a bundle of nerves. But if nobody's going to do it, that means I have to.

5

PLAYBOY: Putting labor and management issues aside, do you feel any nostalgia for tail fins?

MOORE: Tail fins scared me as a child. I never thought something that could hurl toward you at 80 miles an hour should have anything so sharp on it. I always had this vision of being impaled by somebody going in reverse.

6

PLAYBOY: If you were sitting in a class at the Harvard Business School, you'd raise your hand and say what?

MOORE: When the Kennedy School of Government at Harvard asked me to give a lecture, a lot of business school students showed up because they wanted to debate me. A student got up and said, "This is a business, and its responsibility is to its shareholders." I said, "If you keep repeating that line, then you have lost your moral compass. I really believe what it says in the Bible about a camel having an easier time passing through the eye of a needle than a rich man does getting into heaven." It was awfully quiet. Then I said, "I'm ready to support higher wages, full employment, day care and health care. And I want you to support them, but not for my liberal do-good bleeding-heart reasons. I want you to support them because it's best for you. If everyone is working and making \$40,000 or \$50,000 a year, what are the chances that he's going to break into your luxury home and steal your entertainment system?" It was a great evening, and I think many of the students were affected by what I said.

7

PLAYBOY: As a keen observer of the labor movement, compare the Fifties Jimmy Hoffa with the current model, the son who has just taken over as head of the Teamsters.

MOORE: It's sad what's happening with the Teamsters. I remember Teamsters setting fire to a dry cleaning store in Flint in the early Sixties when the owner would not use Teamster truck drivers. A dry cleaner, man—that's a dangerous fucking place to light a match. All that fluid. The guy who set the fire caught on fire and went stumbling into the hospital with all these burns. But that was typical Hoffa style. If you're in a war, sometimes you don't really care about the weapons you choose. The UAW chose not to use those weapons and became just as strong.

And it's much more democratic. I feel bad that the Teamsters Union has elected Hoffa Jr.—a lawyer, not a worker. I have a lot of friends who are Teamsters and Hoffa supporters. They don't see their real income going up. And when you're up against the ropes like that, you feel like you need a fighter. To them, the Hoffa name represents "Up against the wall, motherfucker, here I come." I understand that. But I don't support him, his slate or his policies.

8

PLAYBOY: Ball caps. Headgear of choice for the working-class hero?

MOORE: There's no statement I'm trying to make. People send them to me all the time. And I don't wear them because I'm bald. I'm 44, not a hair missing. Virtually no gray. I went to my 25-year high school reunion and all the guys were bald. They were all saying, "Come on, man. You're going Hollywood. This is fake, right?" And they're all pulling my hair. I said, "Hey, that's the only part of my body that's working."

9

PLAYBOY: If you look under the tongue of the right shoe in a pair, you can usually find the country of its origin. As a champion of the American worker, do you care?

MOORE: That's a dead issue. You can't buy anything that's 100 percent American made. These companies do not consider themselves American. They're global corporations. "Buy American" is an illusion. I wear New Balance. I have Converse on today because I had to wear them for a shoot. I wear New Balance because they fit. I have a wide foot, and Nike and others don't make a wide size. If you wear anything more than a D width, you're screwed. No American car is made with American parts. If General Motors can get the average worker to think it's the Mexicans or the Japanese who are taking their jobs from them instead of General Motors, it deflects from the corporation the anger and the political response.

10

PLAYBOY: Rush Limbaugh has slimmed down over there in the right corner. Is Michael Moore aiming to get into fighting trim here in the left?

MOORE: I lost 50 pounds this year. When I edited *Mother Jones*, I weighed 175. I ran in 5K and 10K races. Then when I lost that job in 1986, I didn't get out of bed for a month. I just sat around and made calls. If you're unemployed for a period of time, your weight goes up because you eat those 39-cent hamburgers at McDonald's and fill up on starch because it's cheap. Fortunately, I don't drink. I prefer chocolate and sugar. I've got to get back to the old me. I recently

W H E R E

&

H O W T O B U Y

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 28, 39-40, 82-85, 86-87, 89, 114-117, 146 and 171, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



WIRED

Page 28: "Playboy Scoop: Furby Acquitted": Electronic toy by *Tiger Electronics*, 888-844-7767. "MP3 Hits the Highways": Car stereo by *Empeg Ltd.*, www.empeg.com. "Bargain Basement PCs": Computers by *eMachine* and *Microworkz*, www.computers.com. By *Micro Center*, www.mei-microcenter.com. "Game of the Month": Software by *Firaxis Games*, 800-245-4525. "Wild Things": Cellular phone by *Ericsson*, 800-374-2776. Printer by *Hewlett Packard*, 800-752-0900.

60093, 847-501-3111, www.grandslamshops.com. Page 89: *Meccas: Crystal Creek Lodge*, 800-525-3153 or 907-245-1945. *Baja on the Fly*, 800-919-2252 or 619-223-5080. *Pond's on the Miramichi*, 506-369-2612. *Elk Creek Lodge*, 970-878-4565. *Captain Danny Watkins*, 800-741-2517 or 941-983-7773. *Key West Angler*, 305-296-0700. *Eagle Nest Lodge*, 406-665-3711. *Firehole Ranch*, 406-646-7294. *SeaClusion Villa*, 888-829-9240.

TAKE A BIKE

Pages 114-117: Bikes: By *Trek Bicycle Corp.*, 800-369-8735. By *GT Bicycles*, for *Harley-Davidson*, 888-482-4537; from *George Garner Cyclery*, Northbrook, IL, 847-272-2100. By *Litespeed*, 423-238-5530; from *Johnny Sprockets*, Chicago, 773-244-1079. By *Bruce Gordon Cycles*, 707-762-5601. By *Cannondale*, 800-245-3872; from *Higher Gear*, Chicago, 773-472-7433. By *Mongoose*, 800-257-0662.

SUMMER SHOOTERS

Page 146: Drinks and bars: *Hot and Horny*, 6804 Thomas Dr., Panama City Beach, FL. *Suntan Lotion, Just a Few Taverns*, 61 Bay Shore Rd., Bay Shore, NY. *Blue Shark, Triangle West Bar*, 10801 Jefferson Hwy., River Ridge, LA. *Ruby Red Summer Breeze, Bell in Hand Tavern*, 45 Union St., Boston. *Bikini Line, Parker House*, 1st and Beacon Blvd., Sea Girt, NJ. *Sand in Your Butt, Bohager's*, 515 South Eden St., Baltimore. *Jäger Vacation, Empire*, 7th Ave. and 19th St., Ybor City, FL. *Beach Ball, Bar Anticipation*, 703 16th Ave., South Belmar, NJ. *Shark Bite, Marquis West*, 3110 Santa Monica Blvd., Santa Monica. *Home Jerome, Soapy Smith's*, 1317 14th St., Denver.

ON THE SCENE

Page 171: "Pocket Brokers": Stock Market Gadgets: By *Data Broadcasting Corp.*, 800-367-4670. By *Reuters/Aether*, 888-978-6257. By *3Com*, 800-881-7256. By *Qualcomm*, 800-238-3672. By *Timex/Motorola*, from *Beepwear*, 888-727-2931. By *Wolfe-Tech*, 800-965-3383. By *Research in Motion*, 888-423-9663. By *Motorola*, 800-548-9954. By *Fidelity Investments*, 800-544-8888. By *JVC of America*, 800-252-5722. By *Sharp Electronics*, 800-237-4277.

LIGHT WEIGHTS

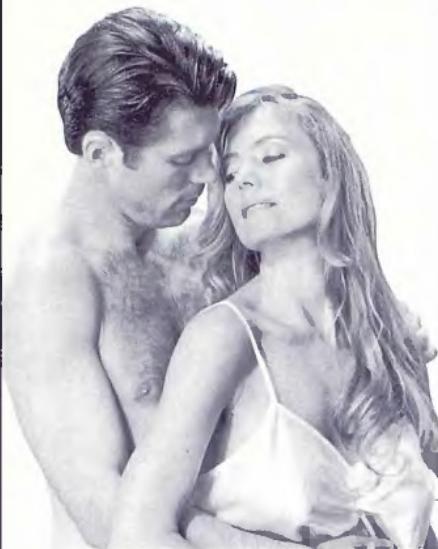
Pages 82-85: Suit by *Kenneth Cole*, 800-536-2653. Shirt and pocket squares by *Robert Talbott*, 800-747-8778. Tie by *Studio by Fumagalli's*, at *Macy's*, *Bloomingdale's* and *Dillard's* stores. Suit by *CK Calvin Klein*, at *Lord & Taylor* stores. Shirt and watch by *Alfred Dunhill*, 800-860-8362. Tie and suit by *Boss Hugo Boss* and watch by *Hugo Boss Watch*, 800-484-6267. Suit by *Hickey Freeman*, for store locations call 800-295-2000. Shirt and ties by *Paul Fredrick*, 800-247-1417.

FLY FISHING

Pages 86-87: Fishing merchandise: *Orvis*, Manchester, VT, 800-548-9548, www.orvis.com. Fishing equipment: *Trout and Grouse*, 300 Happ Rd., Northfield, IL

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started eating a little differently—not really a big change—and I drink a lot of water. I started out losing like three pounds a week, and now I'm losing a pound a week. I'm in my fourth pants size this year.

11

PLAYBOY: Would Michael Moore buy a bleacher ticket in a publicly financed stadium?

MOORE: I don't think people's tax dollars should be spent on a huge profit-making enterprise. It's extortion. It's like somebody asking you to chip in on a movie they're making. I would not go to the New York City Council and say, "I want \$20 million to make this movie on the Upper West Side and if you don't give it to me, I'm going to move the film out of New York City." But I love sports, so I'll always go regardless of who paid for the stadium. One's politics can never overtake one's primal urges. I'm a strong Tigers fan and a strong Pistons fan.

12

PLAYBOY: Does the expression "Take this job and shove it" resonate with you?

MOORE: I haven't had positive experiences being someone's employee. It's best when I'm my own boss. Because I know the feeling, I try to make sure my employees are treated in a way that I would want to be treated. I would say the average paycheck for those working on my TV show is \$2000 a week. These days, it's difficult to get anything but an HMO for a small company. But our policies are extremely liberal. Unlimited sick days. If you're sick, I believe you and I want you to get better. For family issues you take as many days as you want—when the kids are sick, for bereavement, whatever. You have a right to criticize me without getting fired. I said to everybody the first day, "I want you out of here at a decent hour. I want you to go out and have a life, have relationships, get married, have babies."

13

PLAYBOY: Critique a few automobile production movies: *The Betsy*, *Gung Ho*, *Tucker* and *Blue Collar*.

MOORE: *Blue Collar* is as close to the truth as you will see in a Hollywood movie. When you live in a factory town like Flint, you are living on the edge. It's amazing more people don't go over the edge, considering the work and the lifestyle it creates. All you need to do is listen to the music that comes out of Michigan, whether it's the MC5 or Ted Nugent. *Tucker* is a good film in terms of its representation of how the monopolies of that time prevented independent people from building a better car. *Gung Ho*'s heart was in the right place, but it was misdirected because the enemy isn't the Japanese. I remember going to see *The*

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Betsy in Flint and walking out of the movie thinking, Damn. I want to work for that car company. Get me some ass. The film that will be probably the best depiction of an auto worker's life is one that I hope will be made in the next year, from my friend Ben Hamper's book. It's called *Rivethead*.

14

PLAYBOY: You drive a minivan. Did you base your purchasing decision on a high level of domestic parts, good fit and finish or maybe because you have a relative at a dealership who was able to give you a good deal?

MOORE: I bought the new Chrysler minivan. It's red. I bought it for the only reason anybody should buy any product. It gave me the best value for my dollar. Only the dilettante liberal who has money sits around thinking about the political implications of what they're purchasing. The average working-class person works hard for his money and wants to spend it on something that isn't going to fall apart and that's going to protect him and his family. I purchased a minivan with a good fit and finish and a comfortable ride. It's relatively safe, and the gas mileage is good. It has a CD player and air-conditioning. If it were loaded it would have rich Corinthian leather seats and four-wheel drive, which I regret not having because I got stuck a couple of weeks ago.

15

PLAYBOY: Like many liberals, you send your child to a private school. Do you feel any guilt that she's benefiting from an expensive education?

MOORE: She goes to a school that has values we believe in. My friends at work would not call themselves liberals, yet everything they believe in and say and do is beyond liberal. When you grow up working class, your dream is to be able to make enough money to send your kid to the best schools. My child is not a social experiment, and my child is not the one who's going to be used to undo the damage that the rich have done to this society. Liberals who say, "I'm going to send her to the inner-city school to make things better," are so misguided politically. Your little five-year-old did not create the racist, segregated, class-based society we live in. I didn't go to public school. My parents busted their butts so we could go to Catholic school.

16

PLAYBOY: Ever worry that security guards and PR people lose their jobs as a result of a visit from Michael Moore and his camera crew?

MOORE: No one has ever lost a job as a result of me. I'm careful to check back. I just did something for the TV show that made me worry about a guy who was too nice to me. Security guys are great. We

are always filming them doing their job, which is to throw me out. They do it well. PR people are different. Most people who work in public relations went to college to be journalists because they wanted to tell the truth. Then they got out of school and went to work at a paper for a few years and found they could make three times as much money not telling the truth. Their job is to come out and lie to the camera. They made a choice. I have little respect for that.

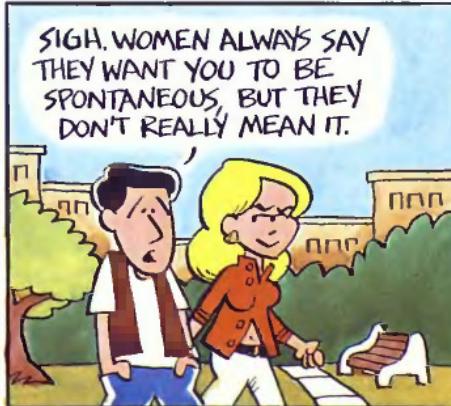
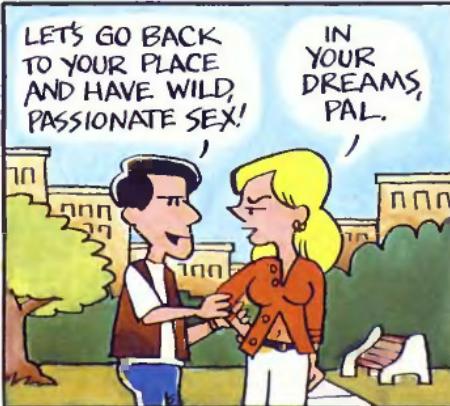
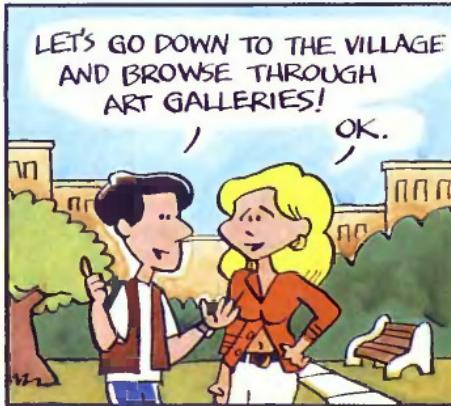
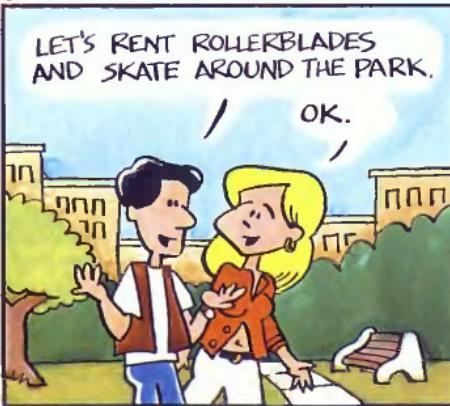
17

PLAYBOY: We recently heard of a young girl in a choir practice at an Episcopal church in Greenwich, Connecticut who asked if it would be appropriate to pray for a rising stock market. As a former Roman Catholic seminarian, what's your comment?

MOORE: It's appropriate to pray for the child who wants to pray for the stock market. They're always just a little off, those Episcopalians. They go to Mass, they take communion, but their priests can have sex. All that sex makes them have these weird ideas. The Pope has been saying that capitalism is an evil system. The economic system that we live in is unfair, it's unjust, and it's not democratic. It's not a moral system. Like I said at the end of my last film, "One evil empire down, one to go." I'm hoping someone will invent an economic system that takes the best parts of socialism, which

Saturday Nite Jive

BY BILL JOHNSON



says that everyone should get a fair shake and have a safety net, and the best parts of capitalism, which respects the will of the individual to create and invent and doesn't lump you together as part of a large, faceless mass.

18

PLAYBOY: Should there be one, will you be working for Hillary Rodham Clinton's New York Senate campaign?

MOORE: I will be doing more than just working for her. I'll be holding her hand the entire way. Give her a neck rub now and then on the campaign trail. She's one hot, shit-kicking feminist babe, and I don't understand why a lot of guys are threatened by her. I met her at a White House dinner. I went through the reception line where the Marine announces your name, and then you have five seconds to say hello. There are 300 people behind you. I shake Clinton's hand, and he says, "I'm such a fan of yours. I love *Roger and Me*." Hillary hears this and she says, "I'm a bigger fan." Then she takes me by the hand and she keeps her hand on mine. Her other hand goes on my forearm, and she says, "I've seen all your stuff. I really want to thank you for that chapter you wrote about me in your book." My face goes red. I'm having the only physical reaction that the Roman Catholic Church allows me to have. She goes on and on, and I'm so embarrassed that she actually read the chapter where I listed some Internet jokes about her. Like the one about the new Hillary combo at Kentucky Fried Chicken: two small breasts, two large thighs and two left wings. My response: If you can get those three things in a woman, you're smok-

ing. I'm into my second minute with her. The line is being held up. Time Warner chairman Gerald Levin is standing behind me. I tell her she should run for the Senate. She spends another minute talking to me. If she needs any help after she's out of the White House, I'm there for her 100 percent. Well, 99 percent.

19

PLAYBOY: Where have you and your wife invested your 401(k)?

MOORE: My wife and I have some kind of retirement thing. We don't own stock. But not for political reasons. Part of it is just our upbringing. Our parents never owned stock, though they do now, because as GM employees they've been given stock. My wife and I weren't raised in homes where our dads were sitting at the table figuring out their assets. It's a foreign concept. We'd be wealthy beyond belief had we invested in the stock market eight years ago.

20

PLAYBOY: Tell us something wonderful about Michigan.

MOORE: People do not normally think of Michigan as one of the most beautiful states in the country. It is. You would never go into Michigan unless you were definitely planning to go to Michigan. There are no laws against sodomy in Michigan. It's a state of sodomites—in the upper and lower peninsulas, all over the place. There's more tolerance there than in New York.



"Behold, m'Lord. 'Tis very user friendly."

INSTRUMENTS

(continued from page 142)

right to drive across the farm—but he had walked away and I couldn't imagine why it wouldn't be OK. I couldn't imagine—until I passed the bunkhouse where he sometimes put up extra help.

At the back of the house, taking overnight bags out of the trunk of a deep-blue Lincoln Continental, were two guys who might as well have had the word gangster emblazoned in neon on their backs. They wore dark suits with dark shirts and matching dark ties. Their hair was cut short and slicked back. At the sound of my truck, one of them turned around quickly, and I saw the straps of a shoulder holster before he could adjust and button his jacket. Then the other turned around and our eyes met as I drove past. They didn't look happy. In my rearview, I saw one of them slam the trunk shut, and then they both went into the bunkhouse. I drove only a little farther up the road before pulling onto the grass and spinning back around toward the stables.

Ollie was still standing outside with his hands on his hips, and I pulled the truck right up to his toes before cutting the engine and jumping out and slamming the door. "Ollie," I said. "Guess who I just saw."

Ollie set his jaw and crossed his arms over his chest.

"Two of the king's men. Back at the bunkhouse."

He looked perplexed. "You saw who?"

"I saw the two guys Jimmy Smoke sent. That's why we're having dinner together tonight, isn't it? So it's just the kid on the farm when they get there?"

Ollie looked at me with disgust and shook his head slowly. He went back into his office and stood by the open door, waiting for me to join him.

I hesitated a moment, then went into the office and took a seat at the side of his desk, as if I were about to be interviewed for a job. I stared at his empty leather chair.

Ollie closed the door. "You saw two guests of mine. They're staying at the bunkhouse."

"No . . ." I said, slowly, as if I had considered and then rejected his assertion. "I saw two killers. Sent to do something to a boy I've been working with all summer. A kid I like."

"Really," Ollie said. "You like him?" He walked around me and took his seat behind the desk.

"Yes," I said. "I like him."

Ollie leaned forward. "Why would you think—"

"Will you stop it?" I said. "I know about the kid's relationship to his stepfather. I know who his stepfather is. I know they hate each other. Now all of a sudden you arrange for me and Amy to be off the farm, and two thugs show

up wearing guns under their thug uniforms. Have I led you to believe I'm a stupid man, Ollie?"

"Never thought it for a second."

"Then stop bullshitting me."

Ollie folded his hands in his lap and looked at me patiently. "Those phone calls you mentioned, the ones the kid was making all over the country? What if they weren't to his college buddies and his girlfriend? What if the little asshole was trying to have Jimmy killed? What if the clown had it stuck in his head that Jimmy killed his father and nothing but revenge would do? What about that, Paul? Would that make things a little more understandable to you?"

I hesitated before answering. Half of me was ready to argue with Ollie. The other half was in shock to hear him tacitly confirm a killing. After a long moment, I said, "The details are supposed to make a difference to me? Not that I'm sure I believe them. But what is it you think—that if I understand why, then it'll be OK? I'm not going to have a problem with two killers coming out to my farm after a kid who's working for me?"

Ollie put his elbows on the desk and covered his face with his hands. He spoke into his palms. "All that I said is what if."

"Well, what if nothing. It makes no difference."

"None at all?"

"None," I said, still amazed he'd think it might.

He crossed his arms on the desk and moved closer to me. "What if I happened to know for a fact that Jimmy's raised this kid like his own son? That he did everything a father could do, but the kid's been screwing up since puberty, between girls and drugs and money? What if Jimmy's spent a small fortune between abortions and lawyers and rehab with this kid, and now the little asshole is hell-bent to do away with him, hell-bent trying to pull together every old enemy Jimmy's got? What if, Paul? What if it's either one way or the other, Jimmy or Chad—and this is all Chad's doing. This is the way Chad wants it. Then what? Still make no difference?"

"I don't believe it about this kid," I said. "He's—"

"He's slick, is what he is," Ollie said, raising his voice a little.

"That's not the way he comes across to me."

Ollie stared at me. "I thought you were smarter than this," he said. "I thought you knew more about the way things were than this."

"How's that?" I said. "What have I ever done to make you think you could arrange a murder on my farm and I'd look the other way?"

"What I just said," he answered. "I thought you knew the way things were."

"Look. I'm going back to the farm; I'm warning Chad."

Ollie stood up behind the desk. "And what good will that do, Paul? Except to complicate your life."

"Is that a threat?" I said. "To complicate my life?"

"Not from me," Ollie said. "I can't tell you what Jimmy's going to do."

I said, "I thought that you were my friend."

"I am your friend," he said. "Come to my house for dinner tonight. What's going on between Jimmy and Chad—you can't do anything about it. Only a fool would get in the way of a thing like this. It's an act of God. The only thing you should be looking for is how to keep you and yours safe. *That*," he said, "is what I thought you'd understand."

"Like I said," I started for the door. "I'm going back to the farm. I'm finding the kid."

"Think about what you're doing," Ollie said. When I was already out the door, he called after me. "I'll be expecting you for dinner!"

I didn't answer. I got in my truck and went out the front gate and started for the farm. My foot fell heavily on the gas as I sped along the two-lane roads, worrying over Ollie's threat. I didn't believe he'd do anything to harm Amy or me. I didn't think it was possible I had so misjudged the man. Nor did I think he'd let Jimmy Smoke do anything to us—as long as it was in his power to prevent it. That, of course, was the problem. What if he couldn't keep Jimmy Smoke from, say, burning down the farm, which is where his name came from, as I understood it—his connection to mysterious fires. While I was worrying about all this, I recalled Ollie stopping by the farm a few days earlier to check on His Majesty—he had looked the horse over, gone through his stall, even asked me if he was as mean as always—and I realized with absolute certainty that he kept HM for Jimmy Smoke, I was sure of it. When the time came that Jimmy needed a believable accidental death, HM would be waiting. Sometimes I'm good at reading things, and I read this with certainty: Chad was going to wind up in the stall with HM, crushed and beaten to death.

He'd get Chad out of the way in an accident no one would question—an accident on a farm where the kid was working a summer job hundreds of miles away from Jimmy and his associates. Jimmy got rid of his kid, and he kept his wife. When I realized these things, I started worrying that maybe I had misjudged Ollie all these years. Maybe I'd be in trouble once I warned Chad.

None of this, though, had any bearing on what I was about to do. I wouldn't let it. When I considered Ollie's arguments and they began to gather weight—what if this was really a skirmish in a war between killers? I reminded myself that Chad was a kid, a boy, and that to go eat a pleasant dinner while he was

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getting beaten to death would make me a murderer. That pushed me hard, that thought. On the farm, dust flew up in clouds behind the truck as I drove the dirt road out to Chad's cabin. The horses looked up from their grazing to watch the truck speed by, as if they were my audience. Otherwise, the farm was so quiet, you'd think no one worked it. Amy was in the house probably, enjoying the air-conditioning. Chad was either working or eating lunch. I pulled up to the cabin and hit the brakes, and when I skidded into the concrete foundation, the rubberized front of my bumper thumping into the cabin wall, I realized how fast I had been going.

I got out of the truck carefully, not wanting to look panicked. At the cabin, I knocked twice and when Chad didn't answer, I opened the door and stepped inside. I was shocked for a moment by the mess. The bed was unmade and the

sheets were rumpled and soiled. The floor was littered with garbage: grocery store bags, pizza boxes, clothes, even farm tools. I noticed, sticking out from under the bed, the wooden handle of a twitch I had been looking for just that morning. I knelt to retrieve the twitch and then jumped back at the sight of someone moving in the bathroom. It only took me an instant to realize it was my own reflection in the mirror. When I straightened up, my heart was pounding. The mess in the cabin made me angry. It seemed like a small matter compared to the larger situation at hand—but it angered me. I couldn't help it. Even the walls, which I had painted at the beginning of the summer, appeared soiled. At the top of the bed, a large discolored area darkened the white paint. I couldn't imagine what had made the stain. Sweat? Did he stand on his bed and lean against the wall naked and

sweaty? The stain had roughly the proportions of someone's back.

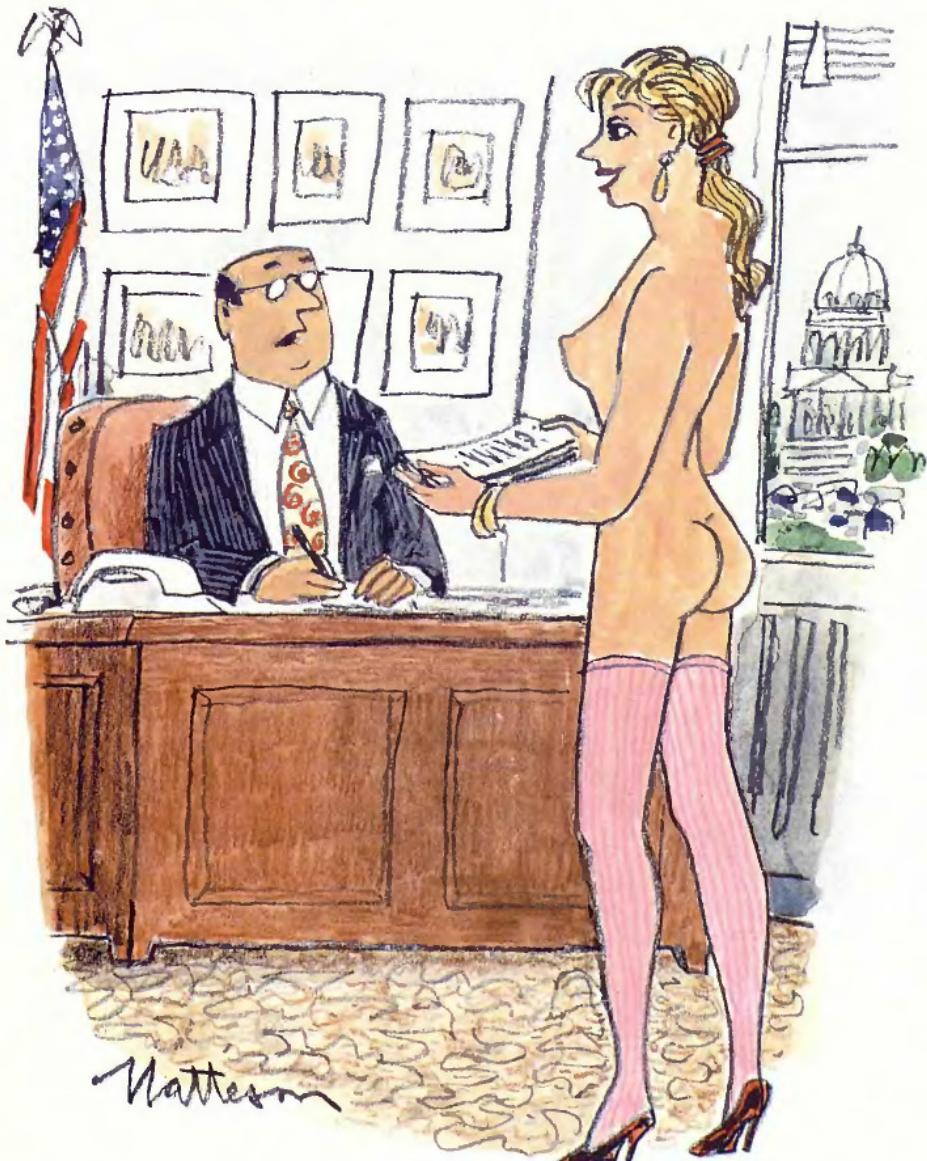
I muttered a curse at the condition of the cabin and looked around one more time for damage. In the bathroom I noticed a grapefruit-sized hole in the plasterboard by the sink, and my mouth fell open. When I examined it, it looked like he might have simply put his fist through the wall. "Son of a bitch," I said aloud, and I touched my hand to my forehead and looked down, gathering my thoughts. At my feet, the bathroom's wastebasket overflowed. Under a crumpled, stained sheet of toilet paper, something glittery caught the light, and when I moved the paper away with my toe, I saw it was an empty condom wrapper. I kicked the basket over and scores of wrappers spilled onto the floor, along with a good number of used condoms, some of them still soggy, others stiff and brittle. I leaned back against the sink and heard myself moan, as if I had just been told someone I love had died. In the bedroom, a brief search turned up Amy's pajamas, the apple-green ones she had worn on his first day at the farm. They were folded neatly in one of the armoire's drawers, along with several other items of her clothing—and something about how her few things were neatly folded and stacked, surrounded by the squalor of his things, made it all more painful. I picked up the pajamas and held them to my chest, and when I turned around, Chad was standing in the doorway.

At first he looked like the same Chad, same boyish, sweet expression. Then he saw that I was holding Amy's pajamas, and he noticed the overturned wastebasket, and the pleasant expression on his face melted away. It was as if a mask came off, revealing someone I didn't know, someone different: cold where Chad was warm, impenetrable where Chad was vulnerable. He stood in the doorway, his legs spread as if for solid balance, his arms crossed on his chest. He said, "She wasn't going to stay a virgin forever, Deegan. She's nearly 17."

I dropped her pajamas back into the dresser drawer. I wanted to ask him when it had happened. I wanted to ask how long it had been going on. I knew, though, that it had to be at night, after I was asleep. Probably every night. The whole damn summer. That was why she had taken to going to bed early and sleeping late. It explained her mood, too—which I realized now was happiness. Hard to believe, how I didn't see it all summer. She was in love with him.

Chad remained in the doorway, solid as a statue. I wanted to get past him, into the sunlight and out of the squalor of the room. He met my eyes, his stare hard and powerful, as if he were the stronger man and he knew it. "Chad," I said. "Just get out of my way."

He didn't move. "Deegan," he said.



"Part of me is willing to believe I'm irresistible, but a voice within me is shouting, 'Entrapment!'"

"You can't protect her from the world. I'm telling you as a favor. She's not dumb. She sees the way you've kept boys away from her, the way you've kept her hidden out here."

"You're giving me a lesson on raising kids, Chad? After taking advantage of my 16-year-old daughter. After—"

"I didn't take advantage of her, Deegan. I'm the best thing that ever happened to her. Those are her words. Ask her. She'll tell you."

"I'm sure," I said. "I'm sure she will." I looked down at the floor a moment and then back up at Chad. I took a step toward him. "Get out of my way, Chad."

He moved aside. "It's insulting," he said, "trying to keep her from growing up. Not letting her make her own choices, whatever the consequences."

I stepped past him. From outside, I said, "You make a good argument, Chad. You make your point well." I closed the door on him and walked away.

At the house, I found Amy sitting on the porch rocker, writing in her journal. She was wearing a white summer dress with bright-red flowers, and she had her legs crossed under her, the light cotton fabric draped over her knees and the chair. She appeared sullen and barely looked up until I spoke to her, telling her we were going to the Lundsford's for dinner. She gave in without a serious struggle. She went up to her room and a minute later, I heard music come on. In the living room, I sat and held my head in my hands. I wasn't thinking much about anything. Somewhere outside a colt whinnied, and the sound slid through the house, high, along the ceiling and out the windows, while the low pulse of bass notes from Amy's room traveled through the floorboards.

I spent the rest of the afternoon in a strange, spacey state of mind. It seemed impossible that I would just go to Ollie's for dinner while I knew Chad was being beaten to death. I would tell him. I had to. Yet the afternoon went by and I never left the house. At six, I went up to my bedroom and showered and dressed for dinner. I knocked on Amy's door to tell her we would be leaving soon. She didn't answer right away, but opened the door instead and offered me a bright smile and a kiss on the cheek. She said she'd be ready in half an hour, and I said fine and then went downstairs, thinking that gave me plenty of time to go tell Chad. But I never left the kitchen. I stood by the sink looking out the window, until I heard Amy coming down the stairs. I was looking at the mountains, at their velvety coat of trees in the evening light and the way the darkness of the hollows was accented by the bright sun on the rises, turning the lush green woods into a garment fit for a king, thick and luxurious, draped over the body of the mountains.

"Well?" Amy said.

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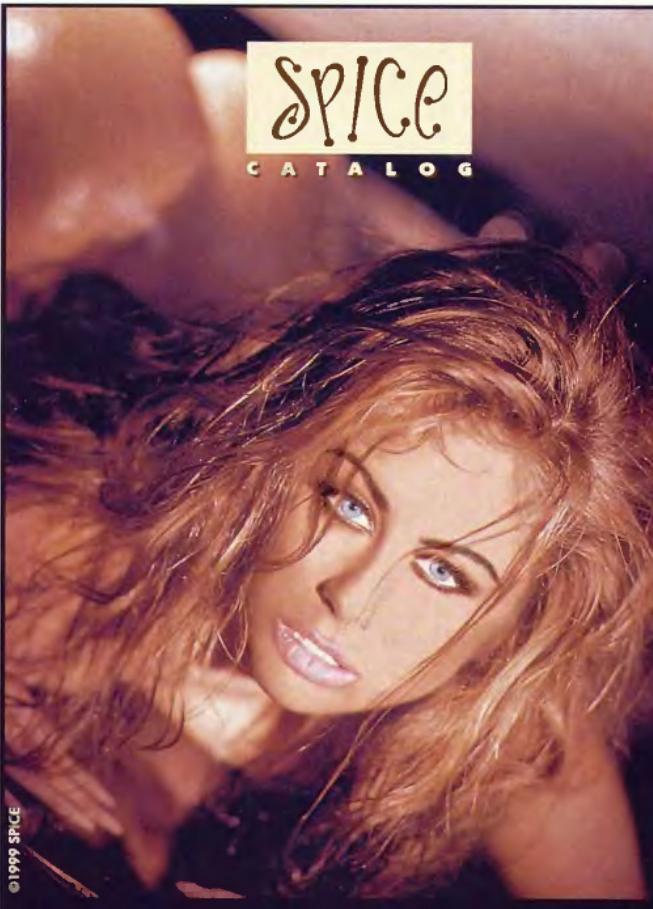
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I turned away from the window and found Amy dressed neatly in a long, dark, drawstring skirt and a modest white blouse. "You look lovely," I said.

Amy smiled and did a pretend curtsey.

In our car, in the driveway, with Amy in the passenger's seat alongside me, I took the keys from the glove compartment. I put them in the ignition but hesitated then, as if I were trying to remember something.

Amy said, "Is anything wrong?"

I turned to look at her but didn't respond.

"You're sweating," she said, and handed me some napkins from the glove compartment.

"Must be hot flashes." I mopped the sweat from my forehead and understood in that moment that I was planning on going to dinner and leaving Chad to his fate; that someplace, on some level, I had decided that Ollie was right, that what was going on between Chad and Jimmy was one act in an endless bloody drama and that my responsibility was to Amy, to keep her safe, to take care of my family. I also understood in that moment before I started the car that I couldn't do it. I said, "Would you mind waiting one minute, Amy? I need to tell Chad something before we leave."

"What?" she asked, obviously annoyed at my timing.

"It won't take a minute," I said, and I hurried from the car to the pickup, which was parked alongside us in the drive. I winked at Amy as I drove away. She looked back at me as if I had grown another head.

At the cabin I flung the door open without knocking and found Chad

standing by the armoire. "Chad," I said, approaching him. "How well did you do in that English class?" I hit him hard across the chest with a forearm and knocked him down on the bed. "Remember Rosencrantz and Guildenstern? Remember what Claudius tries to do to Hamlet?"

For a moment he looked like he was going to jump at me. Then he seemed to change his mind. He said, "What the fuck are you talking about, Deegan?" He pulled himself along the mattress and sat up with his back against the headboard.

"I saw two guys at Ollie's farm. They were driving a blue Lincoln Continental and wearing shoulder holsters. I saw them right after Amy and I were invited to dinner by a guy associated with your stepfather, a guy who's never invited anybody to dinner before in his life."

Chad didn't say anything, but his face started to go pale at the mention of the blue Lincoln.

"You recognize the car?"

"Yes," he said. He stopped abruptly, as if he suddenly remembered who he was talking to. "What did they look like?"

"Turns out your stepfather owns HM, Chad. Why do you think he would own a horse like that? That's a dangerous animal."

Chad seemed to think a moment. "Sure," he said, talking more to himself than to me. "Of course."

"Be gone when I get back, Chad. You can leave Amy some sort of note—but don't see her again. Is that fair?"

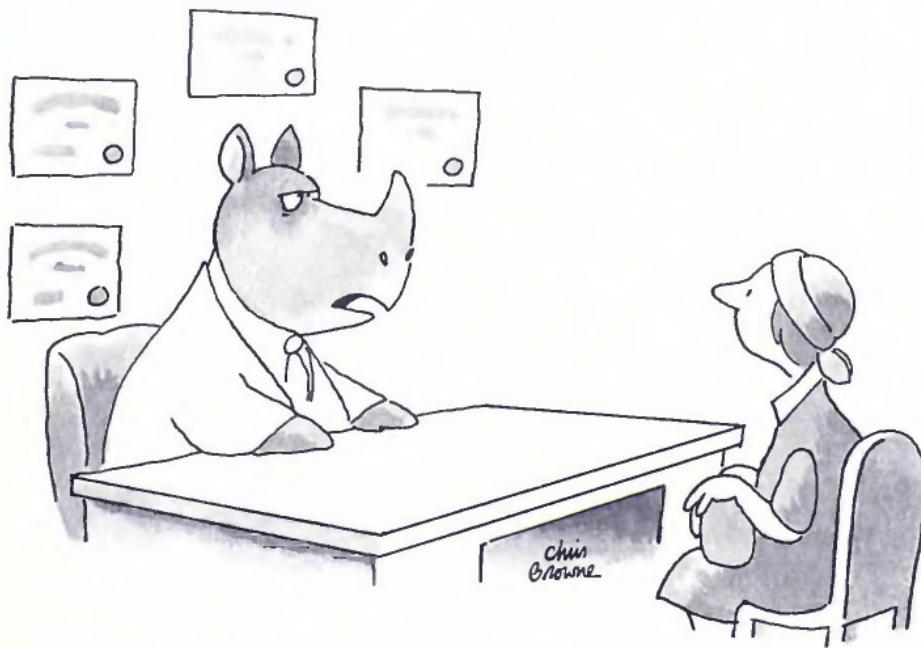
He didn't answer. He was still pale and looking away from me, at the far wall, as if he were looking through it to the mountains beyond.

I closed the door firmly and drove back to Amy, who was waiting for me with a puzzled, exasperated expression. "All done," I said, and started for Ollie's.

It didn't take long to figure out why Ollie never invited anyone to his home. We weren't in the house two minutes before Margaret asked us if we were saved. In the years since I'd last seen her, she'd gone from stout to massive, and the glittering intensity in her eyes struck me as half mad. She brought out the Bibles, three of them, one for Amy, one for me and her own. Ollie watched all this with a sad, impotent expression, letting us know he was sorry for her behavior but unable to do anything about it. Until dinner was ready, Amy and I sat trapped on two uncomfortable, straight-back chairs, answering questions posed by Margaret about our interior, spiritual lives. She asked questions, we answered politely and then she lectured us, beginning every little speech the same way: *When you know Jesus*, she'd start, and then she'd tell us how much fuller our lives would be once we were saved.

Ollie and I never got a chance for a private word, though I'm not sure I would have told him anything. From time to time, while Margaret went on and on, I worried over the consequences of what I had done. I imagined a blue Lincoln Continental arriving at our door and delivering a pair of thugs who'd execute us, gangland style, a bullet apiece in the back of the head. At one point, I had a vision of the farm in flames, while a dark-suited young man held a gun to the back of Amy's head. The image was so disturbing, I think I must have made a noise of some kind, grunted or moaned, because Ollie and Amy both turned to look at me, though Margaret went on, deaf to anything but the import of her message.

Eventually there was dinner, a dried-up, barely edible meat loaf. Margaret had indeed brought out the good china for us, but she had apparently neglected to wash it before setting the table. The plates and glasses, even the pewter candleholder at a center of a wrinkled, white tablecloth, were coated with a thin, greasy substance, the kind of grime that might accumulate after years of disuse on a pantry shelf. It was a strange experience, that meal. It began with a standing grace, during which we all held hands while Margaret intoned St. Francis' Prayer, the one that begins *Lord, make us the instruments of thy peace*. No one ate more than a bite or two of meat loaf, which Margaret seemed not to notice. By the time we were back in our car, heading for the farm, Amy had gone from discomfort to distress to amusement. "She's crazy," she laughed, grasping her seat belt with both hands, as if she needed to steady herself. "The woman's out



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of her mind!" She leaned close and gave me a deadpan look. "Did you see that meat loaf?" She screamed.

I laughed along with Amy, but my thoughts raced ahead to the farm. There was a stretch of driveway right before we reached the garage from which Chad's cabin was visible, and the spot alongside the cabin where he parked his car. It was late but the moon was almost full and Amy would be able to see the cabin clearly if she was looking—and I suspected she would be looking. I started up the drive speedily, hoping to hurry past the clear view of the dark cabin, and then almost hit the brake when I saw Chad's chartreuse convertible. Alongside me, Amy stretched and yawned, though I had seen her head turn toward the cabin as soon as it came into view. "I'm sleepy," she said.

I nodded, my throat suddenly so dry I wasn't sure I could speak. I got out of the car at the house and stood silently while Amy started for the door. I listened hard but heard only the sounds of the farm: a breeze rustling leaves, a horse rattling a bucket in one of the barns.

"Are you coming?" Amy held the door.

I looked down at the front tires, as if I had been concerned about the car, and then followed Amy into the house. I went to the kitchen and opened the fridge. I cleared my throat. "I think I need something to eat."

"No kidding," Amy said. She put her arm around my shoulder and looked into the fridge with me a moment. "I'm tired, though." She kissed me on the cheek and said, "I'll see you in the morning," and went up to her room.

I closed the refrigerator, and when I heard the door to her room shut, I turned off the lights and looked out the back window. Chad's car was exactly where it had been when Amy and I left. I hesitated a minute at the sink, looking out at the farm's shadows, at the fence and the posts and the dark planks of the barns, the only sounds those coming from Amy's bedroom and the dull knocking of my own heart. I went out the back door and cut through a corral, walking at first but then jogging until I reached the steps of Chad's cabin. The lights were out, but the door was half open. "Chad," I said, and it came out sounding like a question I was asking myself. I pushed the door open and called his name again, though it was obvious, even in the dark, that the cabin was empty. In the bathroom I heard a steady trickle of water falling from the shower nozzle. I turned on the lights and the only things I saw clearly before bolting out the door and hurrying to the stud barn were the bloody handprints on the shower stall.

"I told him," I said aloud. I almost shouted it. When I reached the barn, I was running, and when I saw the light on in HM's stall, I knew what I was going to find. I stopped running before I



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got to the stall. HM stood looking out, facing me. He threw his head back twice, cocky and full of himself. "You bastard," I said to him, and then I said, again, "I told him." I knew what I was going to find in the stall and I didn't want to see it, and then when I did finally step up to the door and take hold of the bars and look in, it was as if I had stepped into a dream. I felt the numb paralysis of a nightmare, and I was unable for an instant to understand what I was seeing. When I did finally understand, I couldn't think about it. I backed away from the stall empty-headed. I backed away from both of them, with their dark suits and dark ties, their heads bashed in, their faces bloody and slack over the crushed bones of their skulls. I backed away from the sight of them and walked out of the barn dazed.

I made my way toward the house, through the open gates of the empty corral, in the moonlight. I was stunned and dizzy. I wasn't thinking at all. I was listening—to the small sounds coming from the grass at my feet, to horses moving in the pastures, like there was a peaceful song being composed around me in the dark somewhere and I had to strain to hear it. I was looking—at the mountains, which seemed to undulate in the moonlight, powerfully, like ocean

swells. I made my way toward my house, as if moving to a place of safety, a place where I could rest and figure things out. As I neared the back door, a light came on in Amy's bedroom window, and I stopped a moment and watched her lean close to her dresser mirror, carefully examining her face, and then lean back and begin lazily brushing her hair. I touched my face and felt that both my hands were slick with still-wet blood—and for a moment then I must have lost my mind, because I stood there thinking I had murdered them, those two kids in HM's stall, those boys who were only Chad's age if not younger. It lasted a second or two, that belief, that *knowledge* that I was the murderer, before I solved the equation and understood that the bars of the stall must have been bloody and I got blood on my hands when I gripped them. But still, it lingered, that sense that I was the murderer. I was shaken. I struggled toward the house, surrounded by the peace of dark mountains and fields, knowing only that I needed to get cleaned up before Amy saw me. I didn't want to frighten her. I didn't want her to see me with blood all over my face and hands. I didn't want her to wonder who I was.



"Your anger management therapist is here early. Shall I tell him to fuck off?"

ROOT RAPE

(continued from page 96)

Echinacea was a prized medicine among Plains Indians and has been approved by the German government as a treatment for upper respiratory and urinary tract infections.

Two controlled double-blind studies linked echinacea to less frequent colds and a reduction in the length and severity of flu-like symptoms. Other studies suggest that echinacea stimulates the immune system, helping your body fight off nasty bugs.

Despite echinacea's widespread use, no serious side effects have been reported, but the German Commission E advises that people take it for no more than eight weeks at a time.

Heart disease remains the number one killer of American men, and there's reason to believe garlic can offer protection. Active chemicals in this pungent herb make it a lot more than just a cooking ingredient: It has been shown to kill bacteria and fungi, and evidence suggests it can lower cancer risk.

Most studies show that sustained garlic consumption can also lower cholesterol by six to 11 percent (particularly LDL, which has been linked to heart disease) and reduce triglycerides as well.

Similar research indicates that garlic lowers blood pressure (another coronary risk factor) by five to seven percent, and studies on animals show that it makes blood less likely to clot, which would further reduce the chance of a heart attack or stroke. New data imply it makes blood vessels more elastic and thus less likely to plug up.

Side effects? It depends on who you hang out with.

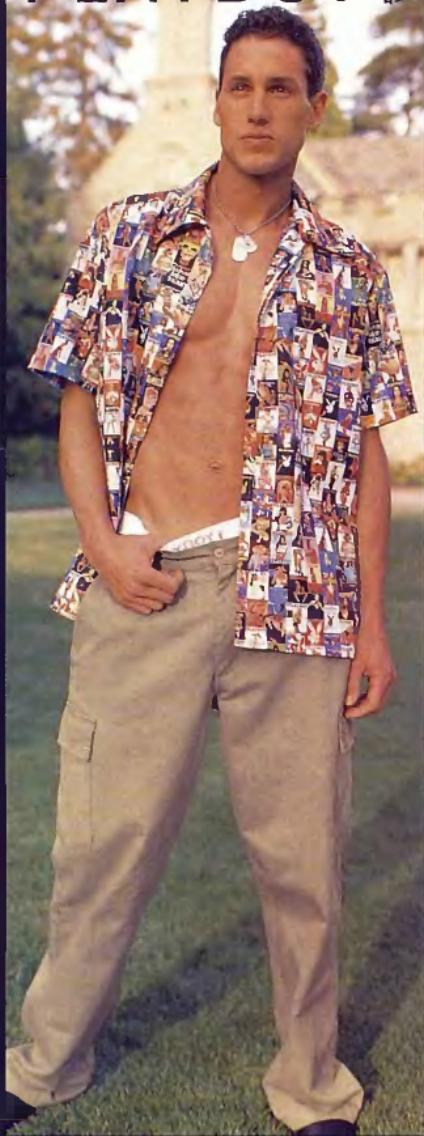
You can get a sufficient amount of garlic eating a raw clove daily (cooking may inactivate allicin, the chemical that appears to do the work) or taking the equivalent in capsules (about 300 mg, two or three times a day).

Even if you're healthy, it's unlikely you can escape stress. What you need is an herb, such as ginseng, to help you cope. Ginseng is considered an adaptogen—that is, it improves the body's ability to adapt to both physical and mental demands.

Studies suggest that ginseng helps normalize the pituitary and adrenal hormones that stress can send out of whack. The Commission E report approves the herb "as a tonic for invigoration and fortification at times of fatigue" and for "declining capacity for work and concentration." Side effects are rare, though insomnia and nervousness can come with excessive doses. Some experts advise a week off ginseng after two or three weeks on.

It's important to know that several herbs go under the name ginseng. Most research has been done on Panax

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ginseng (also known as Korean or Asian ginseng). Siberian ginseng (a.k.a. eleuthero) is actually a distantly related (and somewhat less potent) plant that also seems to have adaptogen properties.

When the demands of work and home life have you anxious and off the wall, consider kava. This herb, prepared from the root of a tropical plant, is "the most powerful anti-anxiety preparation available without a prescription," says Jerry Cott, a pharmacologist with the National Institutes of Health. Several studies have shown significant reductions in nervousness, though less than with drugs such as Valium. By the same token, kava doesn't dull your mind and memory like heavy meds do.

Save kava for occasional use when the stress gets you, Cott suggests. If you need it all the time, there's probably something in your life (job? a relationship?) that should be changed.

If you're too stressed to sleep, valerian may do you good. This nasty-smelling root extract has been calming insomniacs for centuries. Two small random trials (and a number of other studies) found that valerian helped people nod off faster and sleep more soundly—and left them refreshed, not logy, in the morning.

Unlike prescription sleeping pills, valerian doesn't lose any of its effect with continued use. In fact, it seems to work better after you have taken it for several weeks.

Too much stress can take its toll on your mood. The effectiveness of St. John's wort against mild depression led to a 20-fold increase in U.S. sales last year. The herb has been used for thousands of years and is widely prescribed in Europe (in Germany it outsells all other antidepressants combined). A major study in the *British Medical Journal* analyzed results from 23 controlled trials and called St. John's wort effective in mild to moderate depression; several of these trials found it works just as well as do prescription drugs. So great is the interest in the herb that the National Institute of Mental Health and other U.S. agencies have started a \$4.3 million study of it.

While prescription antidepressants come with a host of distressing side effects—including sexual problems—St. John's wort appears to have few, though it can make fair-skinned people sensitive to the sun. And it may be six to eight weeks before you're feeling better.

Note: If your mood is dark enough to interfere with work, or your personal life, don't treat it on your own. Ask a doctor about St. John's wort—or something stronger.

There's a category of herbs that is directed not at negative conditions but rather at increasing your health potential. In this area, ergogenic herbs promise to enhance athletic performance. But



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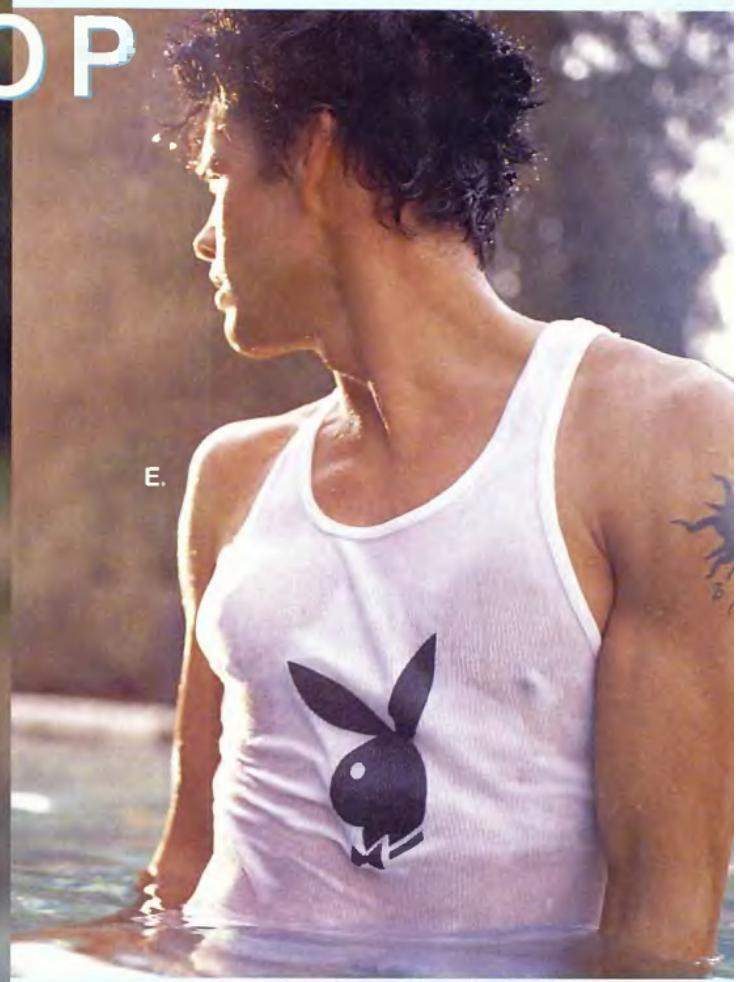
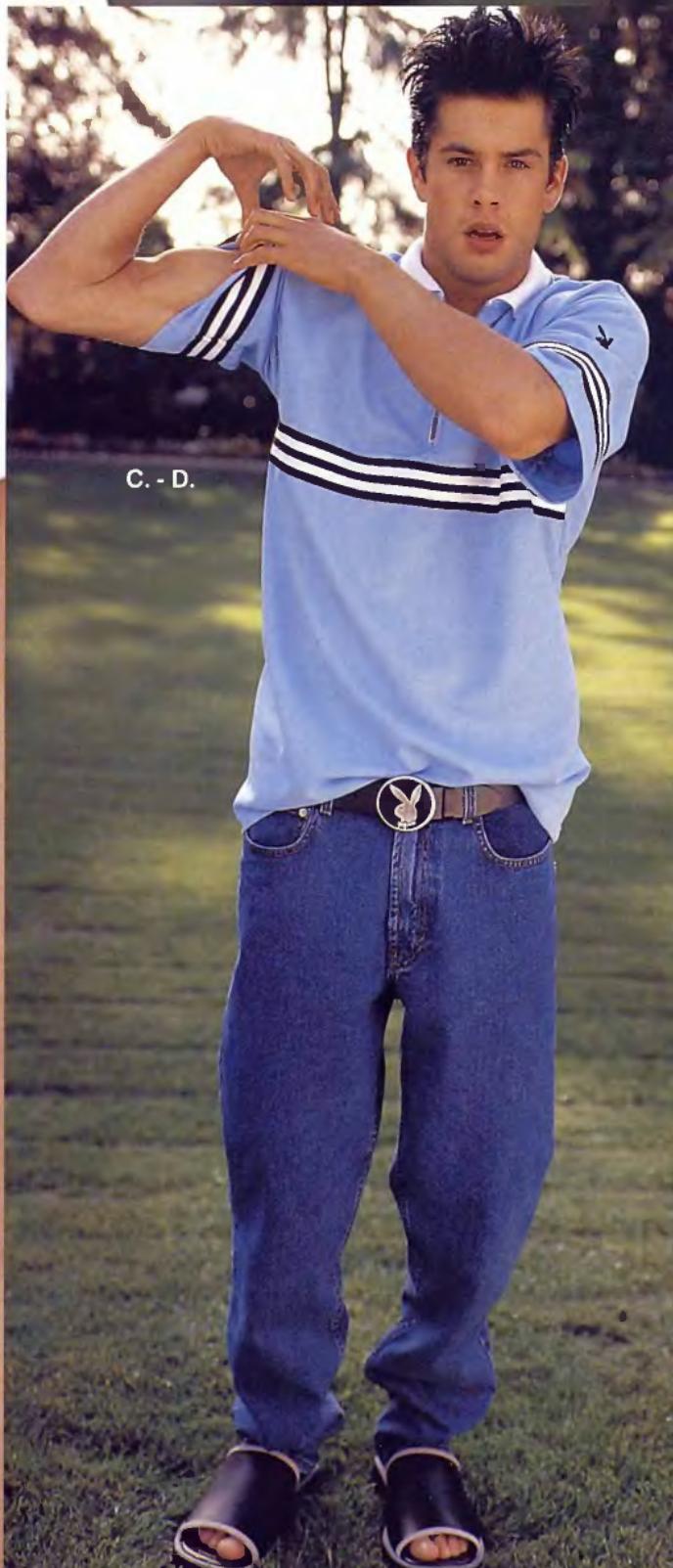
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do they deliver?

Ephedra has gotten a lot of press in recent years, most of it bad. Serious side effects—irregular pulse, increased blood pressure, shakiness—and some deaths have been associated with its unwise use.

But ephedra apparently works—on the mental side of sports, anyway, suggests Luke Bucci, vice president for research at Weider Nutrition International. "It's more for concentration, alertness, confidence. Weight lifters use it to motivate themselves."

If you take ephedra, limit it to 24 mg of the active ingredient, ephedrine, per day. And don't combine it with other stimulants, such as caffeine (which many ephedra products contain).

Speaking of which, coffee has similar effects and is a far safer (if less sexy) natural product. Caffeine revs you up and gets your muscles to burn fat instead of stored glycogen, for an endurance boost.

Another possibility if you're into long runs or bike rides is eleuthero (a.k.a. Siberian ginseng). Several studies have shown it can improve aerobic capacity—your muscles burn more oxygen, which (according to a few reports) enables users to run faster and farther.

Real (Asian or Korean) ginseng could be most helpful for long-term training. As an adaptogen, it helps your body bounce back after a heavy workout. Besides that, Asian ginseng seems to sharpen mental performance—concentration and reaction time—and not just in sports. One controlled study found that college students who took it for 12 weeks performed math calculations faster.

Again, note that Siberian and Asian ginseng require time to work. "If you want to see things happen, allow at least two months," says Bucci.

Ginkgo biloba is also used to enhance mental performance. Ginkgo improves

blood flow to the brain and throughout the body and is approved in Germany for a host of circulatory problems. Here, a yearlong study of patients with Alzheimer's disease found that the herb improved thinking ability about as much as drug treatment.

Does ginkgo help the healthy? In his clinical experience, "it improves attention, concentration and memory," says Dr. Dharma Singh Khalsa, president and medical director of the Alzheimer's Prevention Foundation in Tucson, Arizona. Because it gobble up free radicals—high-energy molecules that damage cells slowly but steadily—gingko is said to protect the brain against the toll of time.

Deciding which herbs to use may be easier than choosing a brand. "There are some good products out there, and lousy forms of the same herbs," says Tyler. "The trouble is that there are no official standards for quality. You're at the mercy of the manufacturer."

While experts are loath to endorse particular brands, most suggest going with the bigger and better-known, on the theory that they have more to lose by selling faulty goods. Herbs marketed by pharmaceutical companies (a growing trend) can be assumed to have undergone reasonable quality control.

Look for products that are standardized—the label will tell you how much of the herb is in every capsule, plus the amount of a key ingredient. If the product has the same formulation that was used in scientific trials—the best-case scenario—the label should say so. (For example: the ginkgo extract used in research is EGb 761; the tested form of St. John's wort extract has 300 mg of the herb, containing 0.3 percent hypericin.)

Combinations of herbs are rarely tested as thoroughly as single ones—you're likely to get useless crap along with the good stuff. "Products containing a lot of different herbs often have too little of any to do much," says Tyler.

Don't bother with such cute ideas as ginkgo-flavored potato chips, kava candy bars or ginseng tea bags. These so-called fortified foods are more likely gimmicks than meaningful sources of herbs, says James Duke.

As for safety, don't fall prey to two common misconceptions: that because something is "natural" it can do you no harm, and that if one pill is good, two or three are better. Take no more than the recommended dose.

Herbs that will ordinarily cause you no trouble may become toxic when used along with drugs (ginkgo and garlic, for example, can cause bleeding for someone who is on a blood thinner). If you're taking any medication—prescription or over-the-counter—ask your doctor or pharmacist about possible interactions.

Better Sex, Botanically

sometimes you just can't beat mother nature

The search for a safe and natural product to make men harder has gone on for centuries, all around the world, without unearthing a botanical Viagra. But there are some herbs that deserve more than a second look.

The bark of the African yohimbe tree has the strongest claim—its active ingredient, yohimbine, is an approved drug for erectile dysfunction. But the modest benefits from yohimbine are a lot less impressive than its possible side effects, which include high pulse and blood pressure, nausea, vomiting and anxiety—hardly the recipe for a romantic evening. The German Commission E refused to approve yohimbe, citing its poor risk-to-benefit ratio. In this case the drug is safer and more effective than the herb: If it's yohimbine you want, get a prescription.

A lot more promising is ginkgo biloba, which may well raise more than your IQ. The herb improves blood flow throughout the body—including the penis. In one trial involving 60 men with erectile dysfunction, six months of ginkgo restored potency to half. Recent research strongly suggests that ginkgo can redress the sexual damage (impotence, delayed ejaculation)

wreaked by antidepressant drugs, and a controlled study is under way to evaluate the effect.

Ginseng has been described by James Duke as "North America's most famous unproved aphrodisiac." The herb's "tonic" properties have been shown to accelerate sexual behavior in mice and to increase testosterone and sperm production in human subjects.

Garlic may sound like an unlikely sex enhancer, but Duke swears by it. The theory is intriguing: The herb is a rich source of arginine, an amino acid that aids the manufacture of nitric oxide. Nitric oxide activates an enzyme that allows the penis to swell with blood. (Viagra works by enhancing the effect of nitric oxide.)

There are more—many more—herbal helpers whose value remains unproved. Ashwaganda, India's answer to ginseng, hasn't undergone much study in this country. The sexual reputation of muira puama has followed it all the way from the Amazon rain forest, but research doesn't justify its nickname of "potency wood": Commission E left muira puama on its unapproved list. The same goes for avena sativa, whence comes the phrase "sow one's wild oats."

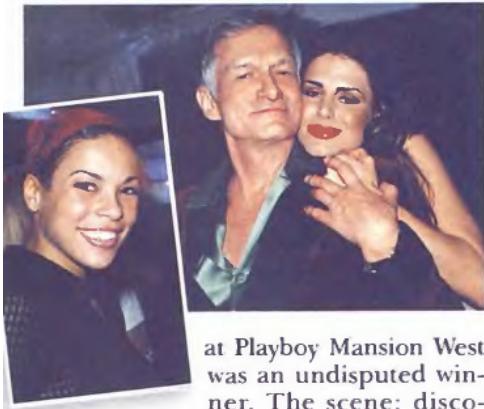


PLAYMATE NEWS

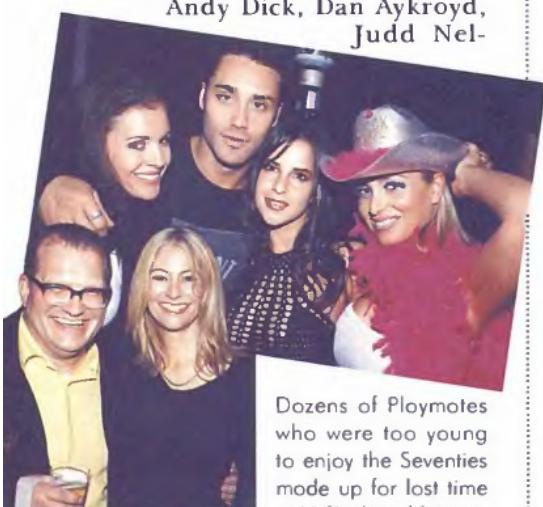


FIGHT NIGHT

The Evander Holyfield-Lennox Lewis battle for the heavyweight title ended in a controversial draw, but Hef's postfight Boogie Nights party



at Playboy Mansion West was an undisputed winner. The scene: disco-clad Playmates whooping it up with hundreds of TV, movie and sports stars, including Kevin Costner, Jeff Goldblum, Drew Carey, Claire Danes, Oscar De La Hoya, Andy Dick, Dan Aykroyd, Judd Nel-



Dozens of Playmates who were too young to enjoy the Seventies made up for lost time at Hef's disco blowout.

Top, from left: Daphne Lynn Duploix, Hef and Tishora Cousino. Middle: Jessica Lee, Kelly Monaco and Deonna Brooks belly up to 90210 star Vincent Young. Above: Drew Carey yucks it up with 1988 Playmate of the Year Indio Allen.

son, Jonathan Silverman, *Talk Soup's* John Henson, Tori Spelling and Jon Lovitz. "It's amazing how many cool people have shown up at the Mansion lately," reports Miss May 1998 Dean-

MICKEY WINTERS:

"As for being a Bunny, I loved it. We were like celebrities then."

na Brooks. "You never know which stars to expect." As for her funky pink boa and space-cowboy hat (pictured below left), Deonna explains with a laugh: "I went all out in full disco gear. A friend of mine designed my silver cowboy hat. It says F*** OFF, and Hef thought it was hilarious."

BUNNY HUNT

Gloria Steinem, watch out: Playboy Bunnies are back in a big way. Miss August 1986 Ava Fabian (below) traveled to London, Amsterdam, Stockholm and Munich to recruit 20 women to staff the new Playboy Casino at Hotel des Roses on the Greek isle of Rhodes. More than 300 women auditioned with hopes of joining the new generation of Playboy Bunnies. After the cottontail-worthy were chosen, they were whisked away to Bunny School for four weeks of in-



25 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Our summer celebration included *Glug, Blub, Snap!*—a rousing feature on underwater cameras; *Wish You Were Here*, a humorous look at naughty postcards; and *The American Nightmare: Part XII of Playboy's History of Organized Crime*. But the issue's luminary was Miss July 1974 Carol Vitale, a sunny Bunny turned Playmate from Miami. Although Carol was set to trade in her Bunny ears for a career with a major airline, she ultimately decided she would miss working with *PLAYBOY* too much. "I've got lots to do, and I'm happy all the time," she said in her Playmate profile. We can't imagine the summer of '74 without her.



Beach blonde

tensive training (mastering the Bunny Dip is still a must) from Bunny Mother Judi Bradford.

WE KNEW THEM WHEN



Before they become movie stars, television regulars and household names, the women featured in *Playboy's Playmate Tests* (Playboy Press) were girls next door with a dream. The newly published Newsstand Special showcases more than 15 of your favorite Centerfolds in the early days, including (clockwise from top left): Shoe Marks, Lisa Marie Scott, Karen Velez, Alesha Oresko, and Julie McCullough.

My
Favorite Playmate
By
Tori Spelling



I think all the Playmates are beautiful and individual. My favorite, though, is Miss September 1997 Nikki Schieler—otherwise known as Nikki Schieler Ziering. I'm not just saying that because she's a personal friend and the wife of my *Beverly Hills 90210* co-star Ian Ziering. She's beautiful and one of the sweetest people I have ever met. There's nothing fake or pretentious about Nikki. And she's funny, which is something a lot of people probably don't know.



SHALL WE DANCE?

"On February 12 and 13 I participated in my first dance competition, the California Open DanceSport Championships. I danced the tango, merengue, mambo, rumba and cha-cha and ended up with 14 first places,

four second places and two third places. I've been training for only four months and am excited about a future in professional dance and working in various shows, commercials, movies, TV and more. In this picture, I'm doing the cha-cha with my dance instructor, Jorge Geronimo."

—BARBARA MOORE



ALL THE RAGE

This year more fans than ever expressed support by casting their votes for Playmate of the Year through the magazine, Playboy TV and the Internet. In addition to PMOY Heather Kozar, reader favorites included Laura Cover, Lisa Dergan, Tiffany Taylor, Vanessa Gleason, Angela Little, Julia 168 Schultz and the Dahm triplets.

PLAYMATE NEWS

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

July 3: Miss August 1977
Julia Lyndon
July 4: Miss July 1966
Tish Howard
July 9: Miss May 1975
Bridgett Rollins
July 22: Miss March 1980
Henriette Allais
July 31: Miss March 1992
Tylyn John

LEIGH NEWMAN

QUOTE UNQUOTE

Four months into Playmate life, Miss March 1999 Alexandria Karlson wants you to know one thing: She's having a blast. We checked in with the Arizona native over the phone.

Q: Have you used your Playmate status to do anything cool?

A: [Laughs] I try to. It's nice to be allowed into exclusive clubs. Truth is, I don't go out very often.

Q: Your Centerfold appeared in the March 1999 issue, which featured Kiss on the cover. Have you ever fantasized about being a rock star?

A: I have always wanted to be a singer. Unfortunately, I'm tone-deaf.

Q: What are some of the jobs you had before you became a Playmate?

A: Nothing crazy—I was a receptionist at a car dealership and I worked at a brokerage firm. I've been modeling on and off since I was 15.

Q: What are your vices?

A: I don't drink or smoke, but you wouldn't believe how much candy and junk food I eat.

Q: What do women want from men?

A: I can't speak for all women, but I like a guy with a great sense of humor, who is well read and able to speak intelligently about current events.

Q: Are you a good kisser?

A: Let's just say I haven't had any complaints.

Q: Do you tan topless on vacation?

A: No, but I'm willing to try.

Q: What's the most bizarre place that you've made love?

A: [Laughs] It was just the other day, in the car in an airport parking garage.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Julia Schultz is the new spokeswoman for Poway Road of Cars, a chain of six auto dealerships near her hometown of San Diego. In addition to appearing in a new locally televised commercial every month for the next two years, Julia scored a 1999 red Mustang convertible. . . .

Want a free autographed copy of the Tenison twins calendar that's pictured at right? Click on tenisontwins.com and become a platinum member; the calendar is a bonus. To see Reneé Tenison in action, look for her in episodes of *Mortal Kombat* and Pamela Anderson's TV show, *V.I.P.* . . . Did you catch Victoria Silvstedt's appearance

as nurse Ingrid in the series finale of *Melrose Place*? For more news on the beautiful PMOY 1997, check out www.officialvictoria.com. . . . Angel Boris has two new movies under her belt: the independent science fiction movie *Interceptors* and *Warlock: The End of Innocence*. . . . Wondering what's shaking in Carmen Berg's life? Drop her a line at P.O. Box 3157, Beverly Hills, California, 90212. . . . Lisa Dergan and Kelly Monaco blew into the Windy City for a radio chat show gig and to host a Year of the Rabbit party at Rednolive. When they arrived in classic Bunny costumes, the crowd went wild.

Lisa and Kelly



DAVID Wells

(continued from page 92)

"You know, my shoulder hurts, my arm," and she just took my arm and, man, she had me on the ground, begging. I have to find her and get another of those things. Last time, we were in public. I wish we weren't. Maybe next time. I really enjoy Winona. She's a rebel. I like that. PLAYBOY: Why would Bill Clinton risk so much for a blow job?

WELLS: Blow jobs are good. Receiving them, that is.

PLAYBOY: Even if your presidency could be wrecked?

WELLS: Doesn't matter. It's an awesome thing, man. It doesn't have to be a goddess, either. In the heat of the moment, fuck it. Go for it. There is nothing wrong with what he did. He just got caught. That bitch who turned in his ass, fucking Linda Tripp, she's a piece of shit. She wanted all that recognition and all she did was corrupt the world for a year. I have one word for Linda Tripp: piece of shit.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever had phone sex?

WELLS: A couple times. But I'm not doing it with you, dude.

PLAYBOY: Does glorified white trash wear cologne?

WELLS: Yeah. Come to Me. Does it smell like come to you?

PLAYBOY: Which team has the best locker-room buffet?

WELLS: The good spreads are in New York, Texas and Tampa, but the best is in Oakland, because they have Mexican food.

PLAYBOY: What's your biggest turn-on?

WELLS: A chick with blue jeans, boots and a T-shirt. Kinda makes you want to jack, don't it?

PLAYBOY: And a turnoff?

WELLS: Rude people.

PLAYBOY: Favorite movie of all time?

WELLS: *The Outlaw Josey Wales*. Love Clint Eastwood. Love Westerns.

PLAYBOY: Do all umpires suck?

WELLS: Not all of them, but there are plenty of incompetent ones. They just don't try to get it right and don't want to improve. They just want to be hard-ass. Then you get one who's got a chip on his shoulder. You piss him off and he's pissed the whole game, then he holds a grudge against you and screws you every time. One guy last year just kept squeezing my ass. I'm throwing

pitches right down the frickin' middle and he's calling 'em all balls. I told him he was horseshit and for some reason he ran me. That sucks. That's what makes the game go bad.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel like caving in a guy's face when he comes up after taking you out of the park?

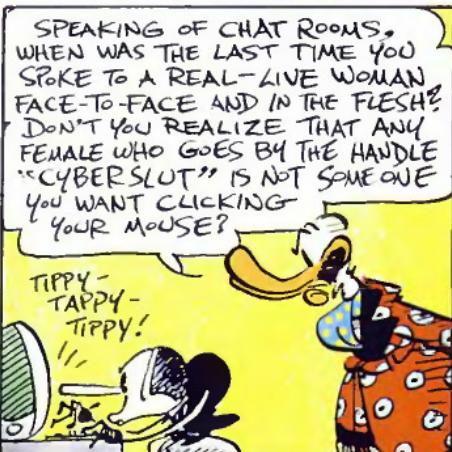
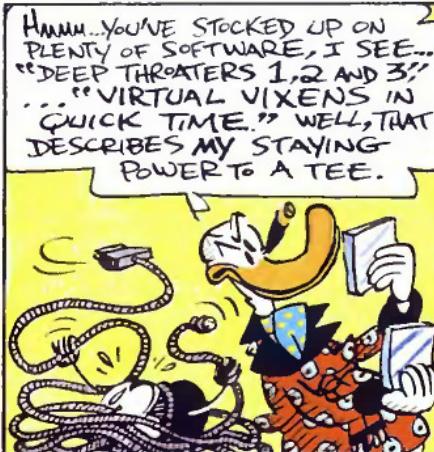
WELLS: Nah. Greg Vaughn took me out twice in game one of the World Series, on two real good fastballs. I just tipped my cap to him. Jim Thome hit one against me in the playoffs that went so high and so far I just said, "Wow." What should I do? Yell "Fuck you!" as he's going around the bases? You can't take it personal. I do take it personal if a guy hits one out and stands there admiring it. Do that, you're going to get a problem. You're going to get the next one in your ear. I will hit you. You will pay.

PLAYBOY: You like to buzz guys who are leaning over the plate, don't you?

WELLS: You can't be afraid to pitch inside. Too many pitchers are. They're afraid to hit a guy. So what? Hit the fucker! *Kill 'em all!*



Dirty Duck by Bobby London



PLAYBOY ORIGINAL SERIES



Sex COURT

DEPOSITION POSITION

PREMIERES JUNE 18

PLAYBOY ORIGINAL MOVIE



I LIKE TO PLAY GAMES TOO

PREMIERES JUNE 12

PLAYMATE HOSTS

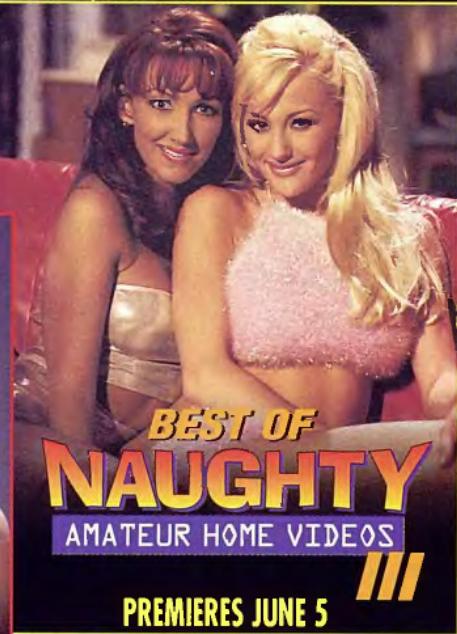


Kimberly Spicer
Miss June



Jennifer Rovero
Miss July

ORIGINAL SERIES



PREMIERES JUNE 5

ADULT MOVIES



DOUBLE
FEATURE
STATUES

more
than
you
ever
imagined...

Your summer just got hotter with Playboy TV's programming in June. In the Playboy Original Movie *I Like to Play Games Too*, a seductive businesswoman gets involved with the most daring and dangerous deal of her life. Next, Earth-invading aliens plotting sex-driven domination and a sexually insatiable monster set the stage for the hilariously campy adult movie *Double Feature*. Then revel in the sheer spice that adventuresome amateurs capture on tape in the Playboy Original Series *Best of Naughty Amateur Home Videos III*. And in the Playboy Original Series *Sex Court: Deposition Position*, the sexy bailiff's handcuffs and tickle-whip are always ready to administer Judge Julie's every punishment. Finally, a beautifully shy librarian seeks pleasure in a garden filled with erotic marble figures in the adult movie *Statues*. It's a Playboy TV sizzlin' summer 24 hours a day.



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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

POCKET BROKERS

Wireless gadgets that receive information pertinent to your stock portfolio are being introduced faster than you can say "dump 200 shares of almostnewyugos.com." Although some come with blue-chip price tags (hardware can cost upwards of \$300 with monthly service fees of \$100 or more), there are plenty of moderately priced alternatives for those who want an efficient way to monitor the market. Hardcore day traders, for example, should check out QuoTrek and MarketClip. The former is a calculator-sized FM receiver that provides financial updates from all the major U.S. markets. MarketClip is an accessory that turns Windows CE computers and the Palm organizers III, IIIx and V into traveling tickers. For an \$80-per-month subscriber fee, stock quotes, charts and cross-market overviews are delivered to MarketClip-equipped gear via Reuters and Aether. The new Palm VII (with a wireless modem) comes loaded with E-Trade, a service that offers stock market information as part of the Palm's monthly \$10 wireless fee. E-Trade is also loaded on Qualcomm's pdQ800, a combination digital and analog cell phone and Palm organizer. Prefer to get your updates on a pager? Beepwear Pro, a wristwatch pager from Timex and Motorola, provides stock updates while displaying messages and e-mail. WolfeTech's PocketGenie software lets you pull up stock quotes, news, sports updates and movie listings on the Research in Motion 950 interactive pager and Motorola PageWriter 2000. If all of your eggs are in one bas-

ket (namely that of Fidelity Investments, Siebert, Mobeo or W-Trade) you can opt for an interactive pager that tracks your portfolio's performance and also allows you to make instant trades. And should you find yourself out of

Left: Sharp's TelMail TM-20 receives stock-quote updates via standard phone lines (\$150, plus \$10 per month for PocketMail e-mail service). Above: QuoTrek, by

Data Broadcasting, is an FM receiver that taps into the major stock and futures markets, including Nasdaq, the New York Stock Exchange and the Dow Jones (\$300, plus \$100 per month). Right: 3Com's Palm VII has an onboard wireless modem and E-Trade software, which delivers instant portfolio data (about \$800, plus \$10 per month).



In front: Fidelity Investments' Instant Broker Service lets qualified clients make trades via a Research in Motion interactive pager. The price: about \$350 for the RIM pager and \$50 to \$60 per month, depending on service options. **In back:** Qualcomm's pdQ800 is a combination cell phone and Palm organizer that lets you access stock information via the Internet (between \$500 and \$1000).

wireless range—or unwilling to pay exorbitant roaming charges—the JVC HC-E100 and the Sharp TelMail TM-20 can zap data across standard phone lines. You simply hold the device up to a telephone receiver, listen while it emits a series of signals and then wait a few seconds while your messages and stock quotes are downloaded as e-mail.

—JOEL ENOS



GRAPENE

Feast Your Eyes on Cherisse
CHERISSE LAMOUREUX has appeared on *Beverly Hills 90210* and *Fantasy Island*. She's in our fantasies, too.



Se Habla Español

ENRIQUE IGLESIAS (Julio's baby) has been the best-selling Latin artist for the past three years and has received both a Grammy and an American Music award for *Things of Love*.

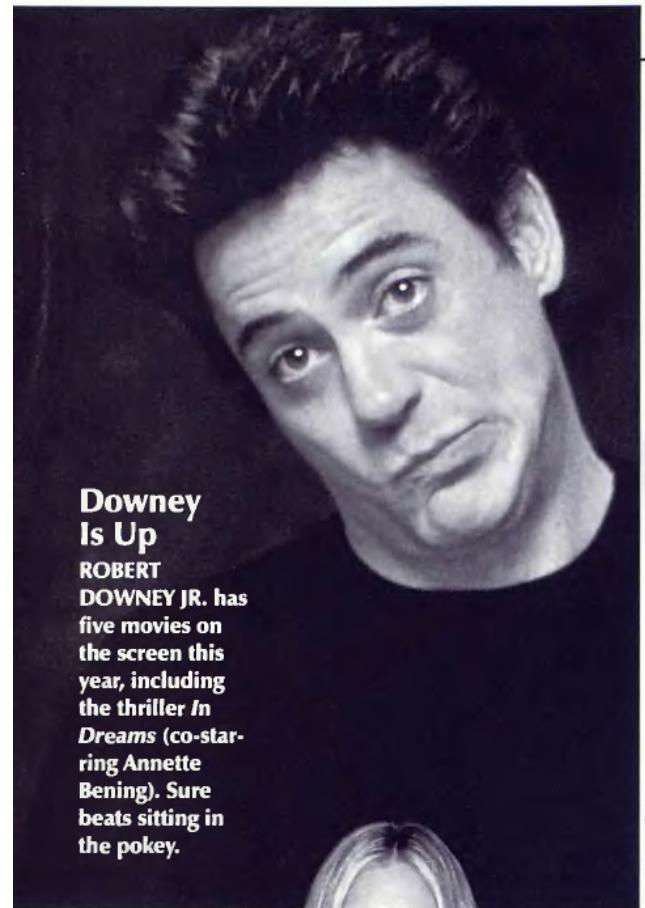


Tweak Those Cheeks

A few hints: She has appeared on *Spin City* and in the Victoria's Secret catalog, and she's had a *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit cover. Give up? She's HEIDI KLUM.

Beach Peach
If ASHLYN GRAHAM looks familiar, check your *Hooters* calendar or scope out her all-star *Hula Bowl* poster. Ashlyn's modeling career has legs.





Downey Is Up

ROBERT DOWNEY JR. has five movies on the screen this year, including the thriller *In Dreams* (co-starring Annette Bening). Sure beats sitting in the pokey.

Who Wears Short Shorts?

CORY LANE has been on *Silk Stalkings* and in the movies *Maui Heat* and *Baseketball*. We're just happy watching her work on her zipper.

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A Bunch of Daisy

America's Funniest Home Videos co-host DAISY FUENTES is still styling, though her days on MTV's *House of Style* are over. In beaded black, she has our number.



POTPOURRI

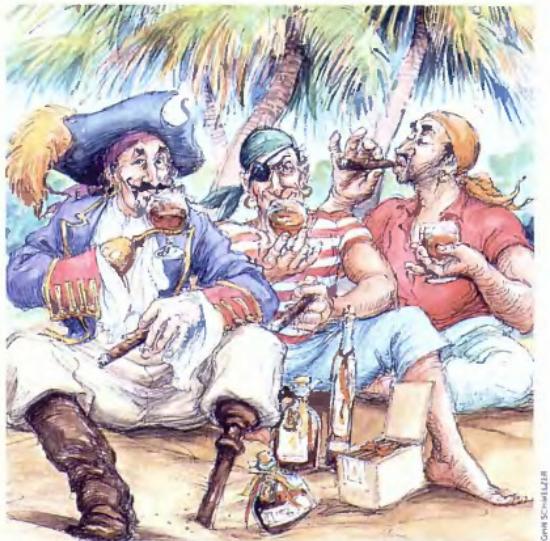
SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

Gerber's rugged Sport Utility Pack is the perfect backup for a day in the boondocks. Housed in the 12" x 11" x 3" kit are a folding spade and saw, an ax, a needlenose Multi-Plier 600 tool with a slew of blades, screwdrivers and openers, and an aluminum-bodied 2-D Mag-Lite. For the klutzy, there's a compartment stuffed with bandages, wound wipes, iodine ointment, aspirin and instructions. Price: \$250, at sporting and automotive stores nationwide. Or check www.gerberblades.com.



RUM, ME HEARTIES

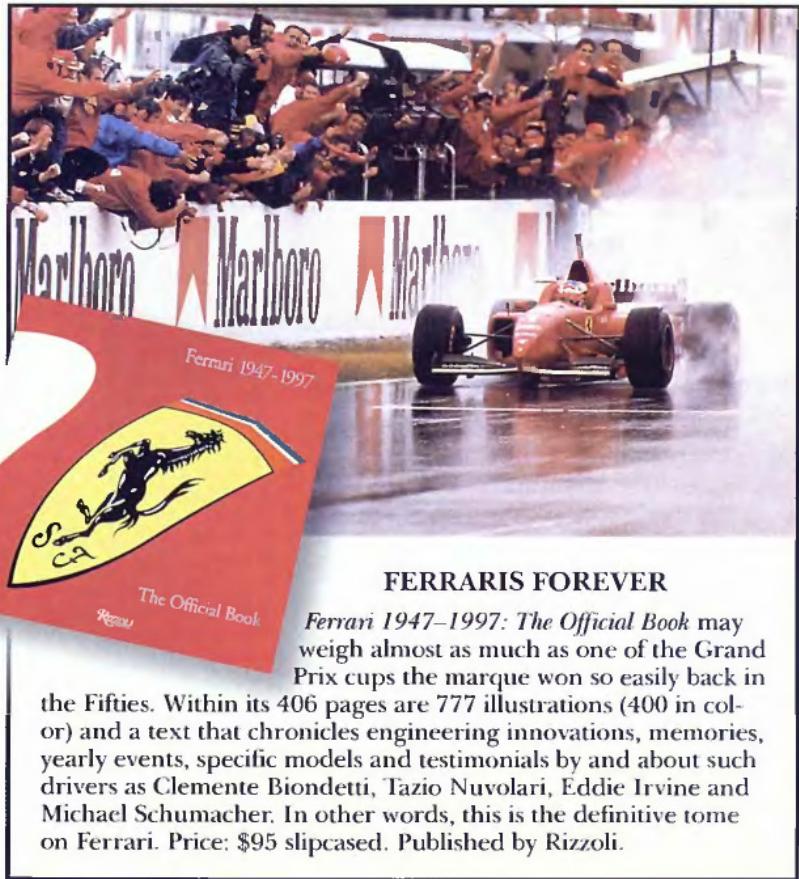
Pyrat is old English for "pirate," but any way you spell it, Anguilla Rums' Pyrat ultrapremium rums are fine drinks. Three types are available: Pyrat Pistol, a lighter spirit in 375-ml bottles; Planter's Gold XO Reserve, which is darker and richer; and Pyrat Cask 23, a limited-edition bottling comparable to a vintage cognac. Price: \$25 for the Pistol, \$45 for the XO Reserve and \$260 for the Cask 23. You can also buy Pyrat cigars, priced at about \$325 for a box of 23. Call 800-723-4767 for more information.



CARLY KORN

BOOKS FOR THE BEDROOM AND BEACH

The long, hot summer just got hotter with these new reads. Rivercross Publishing's *The Sexy Book* (\$15.95) by Alicia Roach contains witty listings of who and what is sexy in a variety of categories, including soap opera stars and places to make love. There's even a chapter that helps you rate what kind of lover you are. *Cooking as Courtship* (Penelope Press, \$30) by Susan Wiegand is a hardcover that explores "the ins and outs of love and friendship in the presence of food." *Outfoxing the Foxes* (\$28.95) by Ray Gordon reveals "how to seduce the woman of your dreams," and it's dedicated to Hef, "a true inspiration to all foxhunters." (Contact Snodgrass Publishing at www.cybersheet.com to order.) And two 1998 books, *Nerve: Literate Smut* (Broadway, \$15)—the best of the webzine Nerve.com—and *Aphrodisiacs: A Guide to What Really Works* (Citadel, \$10.95), are still in bookstores.



FERRARIS FOREVER

Ferrari 1947-1997: The Official Book may weigh almost as much as one of the Grand Prix cups the marque won so easily back in the Fifties. Within its 406 pages are 777 illustrations (400 in color) and a text that chronicles engineering innovations, memories, yearly events, specific models and testimonials by and about such drivers as Clemente Biondetti, Tazio Nuvolari, Eddie Irvine and Michael Schumacher. In other words, this is the definitive tome on Ferrari. Price: \$95 slipcased. Published by Rizzoli.

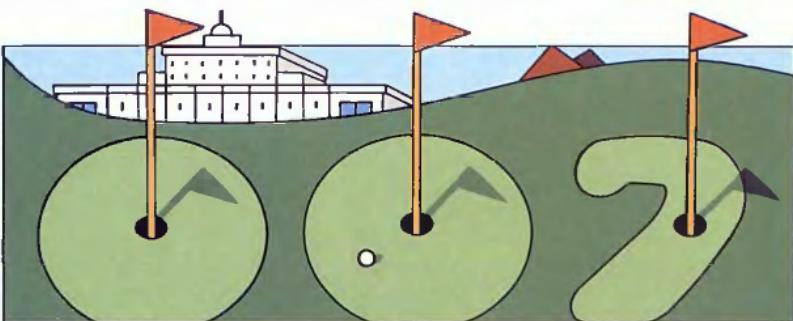
WHAT A DISH

Unused vintage plates, glassware and tableware are the house specials at Dish, a funky Miami Beach store at 939 Lincoln Road in the Sterling Building. Owner Barbara Gillman says the Z-stem martini glasses (below) are popular with guys because "by their third drink the stem looks straight." Price: \$4.50 each. The Manhattan Blue Plate (also below) is \$10.95. There are hundreds of other items to choose from, including Club Havana ashtrays, \$40. Call 888-347-4827 for info.



THE SANDS OF TIME

"Architectural marvels you can build at the beach" is the cover line for *Sand-tiquity*, a softcover book that shows you via color photos how to create pyramids, a Greek amphitheater and other structures of yore using wet sand and a straight-edge implement such as a shingle. Best of all, at the end of the day you get to play Godzilla. From Willow Creek Press, at 800-859-WILD. Price: \$16.95.



STEVE TURN

STROKES AT STOKES

The Ian Fleming Foundation is dedicated to the study and preservation of his works—"and, no, members don't dress up in white tuxedo jackets and smoke cigarettes in holders," says Doug Redenius, the vice president. To raise money for projects such as a literacy scholarship program, the foundation will host a celebrity golf event September 24 at Stoke Poges, the golf course featured in the 1964 James Bond film *Goldfinger*. A playing spot costs \$475. For more information, call Redenius at 815-472-3002.



THE CAMERA ART OF LUCIEN CLERGUE

In 1969, Lucien Clergue founded Les Rencontres Arles, one of Europe's most important photography festivals. A 30th anniversary showing of his work will be held July 7-31 at the Van Acker Gallery in Arles near Marseilles. In addition to Clergue's nudes (above) and bullfighting photos, a new book of his work, *Grand Nus*, will be available. If you'll be in the south of France during that time, drop by.

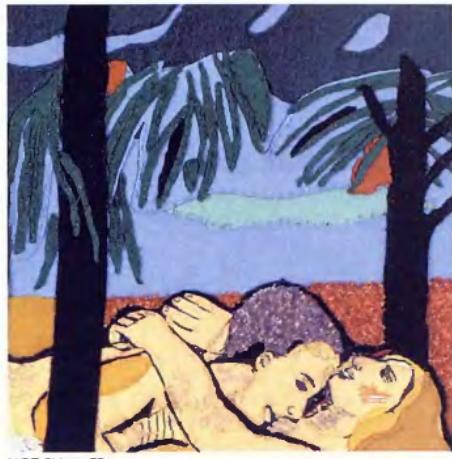
CLASS VROOM

"Think of it as a school with a 120-mph study hall." That's the message on T-shirts at Freddie Spencer's High Performance Riding School. But according to one of our editors, who survived two days aboard a Honda 600 at the Las Vegas Motor Speedway, "smoothness is everything. You learn to steer with your palms and discover the secrets of traction." Prices range from \$1595 for the Basic Sport Rider course to \$1895 for professional-level training. Call 702-643-1099.

NEXT MONTH



HAIL SHANNON



HOT SUMMER



KUBRICK'S EYE



TOMB RAIDER

ALBERT BROOKS—THE FUNNIEST WHITE MAN IN AMERICA ON LOSING HIS VIRGINITY TO A PROSTITUTE, BECOMING A FATHER IN HIS 50S AND THE OSCAR ACCEPTANCE SPEECH HE NEVER GAVE. A LONG-AWAITED PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **BILL ZEHME**

MY ADVENTURES WITH STANLEY KUBRICK—IT'S NOT EVERY DAY YOU'RE SUMMONED TO WORK FOR A LEGEND. **IAN WATSON** SHARES A GLIMPSE INSIDE THE HOME AND HEAD OF THE LATE, GREAT FILMMAKER

PAPA'S 100TH—A TITAN OF THE CENTURY IS GONE, BUT HIS LIFESTYLE LIVES ON. A TRIBUTE TO ERNEST HEMINGWAY AND THE ADVENTURER IN ALL OF US. BY **CRAIG BORETH**

LARA CROFT—NOT SINCE JESSICA RABBIT HAS A CARTOON VIXEN GOTTEN US SO SEXED UP. MEET THE REAL-LIFE INSPIRATION FOR TOMB RAIDER'S PISTOL-PACKER IN THE FLESH

THE MAN SHOW—PROPRIETY BE DAMNED. ADAM CAROLLA AND JIMMY KIMMEL JAW ABOUT THEIR TESTOSTERONE-FUELED TV GIG, FEATURING MIDGETS, PYROTECHNICS AND SCANTILY CLAD WOMEN ON TRAMPOLINES. Q. AND A. BY **ROBERT CRANE**

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY OR DO YOU WANT TO FOOL AROUND?—SAGE INVESTMENT ADVICE FROM A GUY WHO HAS SPENT 40 YEARS IN THE TRENCHES. BOOK EXCERPT BY **JOHN SPOONER**

THE SOPRANOS—THE BEST SHOW ON TELEVISION IS A FAMILY SAGA IN EVERY WAY AND **JAMES GANDOLFINI** IS ONE TALENTED CAPO. BY **JOE MORGENSTERN**

WEB MUSIC—THE FAMILIAR WAYS TO GET MUSIC ARE INCREASINGLY PASSE. HERE'S HOW TO USE YOUR COMPUTER TO ACCESS MUSIC LIKE A 21ST CENTURY TECHNO MAN. BY **DEAN KUIPERS**

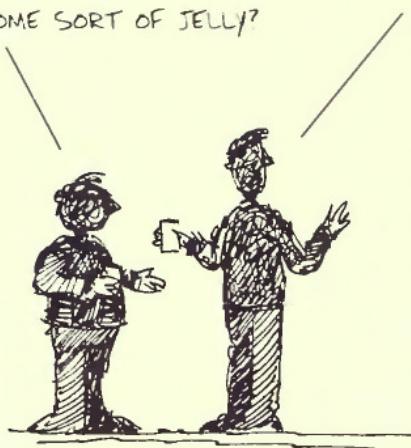
SUMMER SWEAT—A WOMAN AND A MARRIED PROFESSOR HAVE A SEXY OUTDOOR AFFAIR. FICTION BY **JOYCE CAROL OATES**

SHANNON ELIZABETH—WE WAITED FOR HER HOT SUMMER MOVIE, *AMERICAN PIE*, TO BE RELEASED. SHANNON'S WORTH THE WAIT—TAKE OUR WORD. A SIZZLING TEN-PAGE PICTORIAL

PLUS: MUSCLE CARS, GOLF CRUISES, DRIVING SHOES, **LITTLE ANNIE FANNIE** DISCOVERS VIAGRA AND WE UNCOVER OUR WARM-WEATHER PLAYMATE

WHY IS EVERYBODY SO HUNG UP
ON THIS Y2K THING?
ISN'T THAT SOME SORT OF JELLY?

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AND A NEWSPAPER FOR MY FRIEND HERE.



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CAMEL



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THIS AD CONTAINS:

HW Hungry Women

HG Hot Guys

MS Man Stew

Mighty Tasty!



11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.