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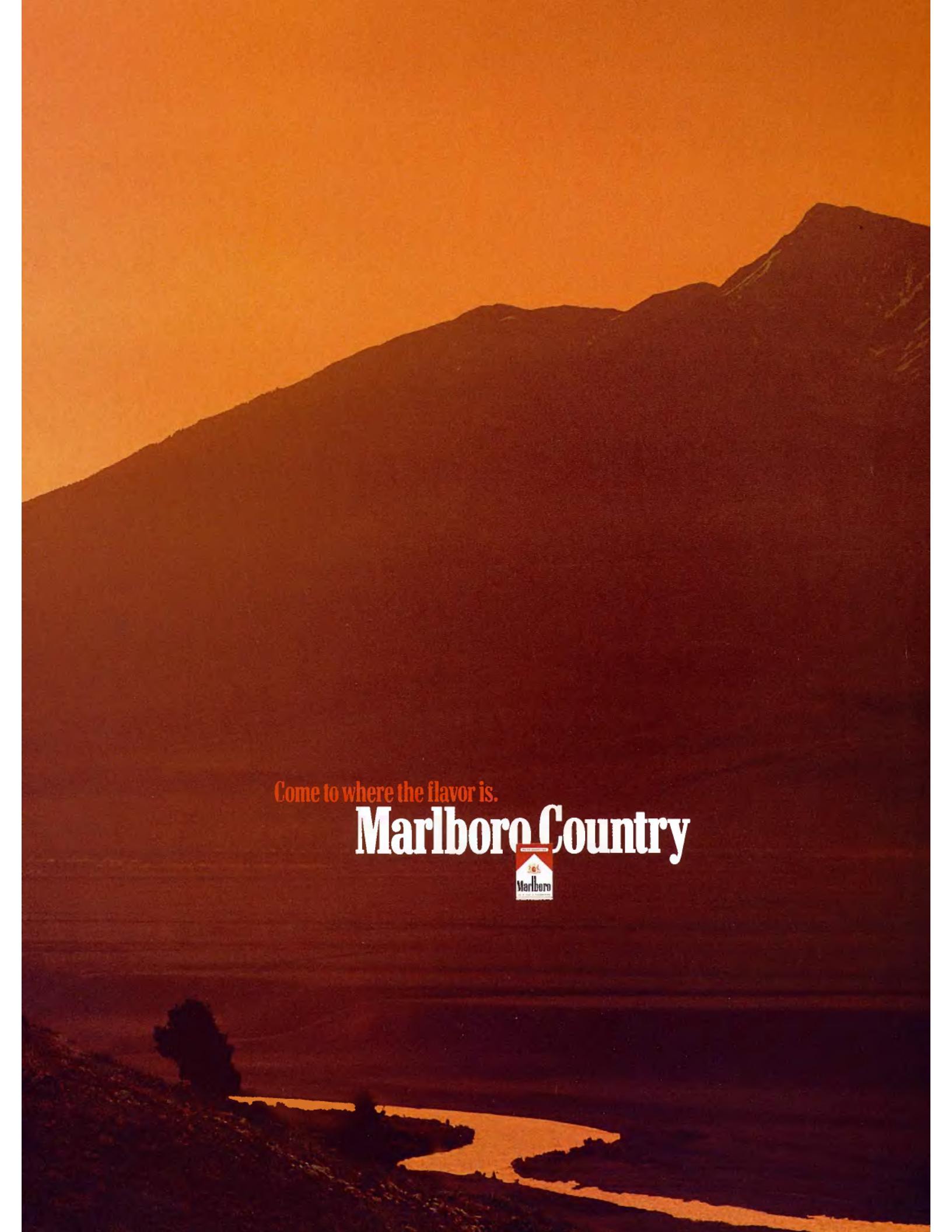
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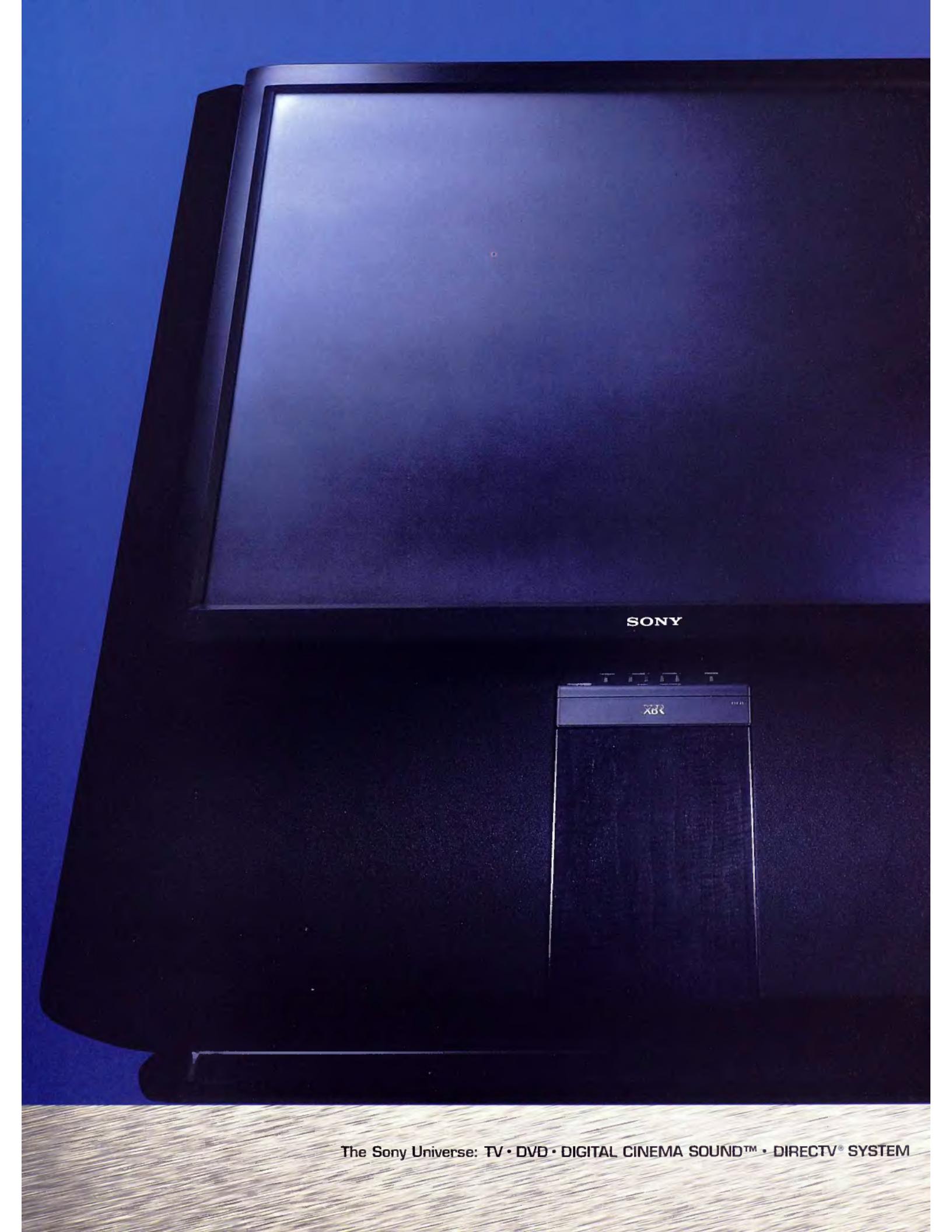
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PLAYBILL

SEX SCANDALS make big headlines. Think Anita Hill. Think Gennifer Flowers, Paula Jones and Monica Lewinsky. In *Playboy's History of the Sexual Revolution, Part X*, **James R. Petersen** highlights the encounters that rocked the world—and nearly toppled a president—in the Nineties. Even if we didn't respect Bill Clinton in the morning, his bad judgment got us talking—about penises, oral sex, cigars and orgasms. With this installment Petersen brings his chronicle of American sexuality to a close. If you want to know how we got here, Grove Press just published Petersen's *The Century of Sex: Playboy's History of the Sexual Revolution*, with an introduction by Mr. Sexual Revolution himself, **Hugh M. Hefner**.

Those of you who think **Jesse Ventura** is just a moron on a lucky streak may be surprised by the Body's mind after reading November's *Playboy Interview* by Contributing Editor **Lawrence Grobel**. Unlike most elected officials, the Minnesota governor and ex-Navy Seal holds nothing back. Ventura's views on guns, drugs, prostitution, taxes and organized religion make for a fascinating read. Jesse for President in 2000? It wouldn't be the first time he slammed expectations. What Jesse Ventura is to politics, **David Duval** is to golf—an anomaly. One of the finest players in the game's history, Duval has the perfect demeanor for his sport. He's cavalier about his talent and his growing celebrity. In our *Playboy Profile*, **Carl Vigeland** lifts Duval's dark shades to reveal some of the young pro's Zen secrets.

Speaking of secrets, there are plenty of stories circulating about the relationships that inspired **Sheryl Crow**'s bluesy pop tunes. But **Mark Ribowsky** gets the truth out of the girl most likely to rock hard in tight leather. His quickie Q. and A. with the former elementary school teacher is a perfect prelude to her forthcoming hipster flick, *The Minus Man*.

Country music legend **George Jones** should be dead. He's waged a decades-long battle with booze and drugs, endured numerous health problems and is currently on the mend from a headline-grabbing car wreck. No Show Jones talks straight about his roller-coaster life and plays possum when it comes to his singing in a *20 Questions* by **Julie Bain**.

If you're into tough chicks, you'll be floored by **Mia St. John**. The undefeated boxer went several rounds with photographer **Arny Freytag** in a rabbit-punching pictorial. Audiences didn't flinch at big screen steam in 1999. Remember Cruise and Kidman's coupling in *Eyes Wide Shut*? How about Hugh Grant's divine turn with Julia Roberts in *Notting Hill* or Shannon Elizabeth à la mode in *American Pie*? **Jamie Malanowski** does, and he proves it by running down this year's most erotic moments in moviedom in *Sex in Cinema*.

You don't need to be a *Dune* devotee to get sucked into the plot of our excerpt of *Dune: House Atreides* (Bantam). **Brian Herbert** (son of *Dune* creator Frank Herbert) and **Kevin J. Anderson** collaborated on this prequel to the science fiction classic, which tracks the boyhood adventures of weapons master Duncan Idaho. In our sneak read, eight-year-old Duncan is being hunted for sport by the same heavies who murdered his parents. The illustration is by **Kent Williams**. We also excerpt best-selling author **Scott Turow**'s latest page-turner, *Personal Injuries* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). Turow relates the story of Robbie Feaver, a charismatic ambulance chaser who learns the not-so-subtle meaning of quid pro quo. It's illustrated by **Daniel Torres**.

Heading to the finish, fashion director **Hollis Wayne** takes dirt bike gear to the streets in *Moto*. **Ken Gross**, our automotive expert, reports on the return of gas-guzzling in *American Muscle*. And staffers **Barbara Nellis** and **Alison Lundgren** compiled *The Campus Buzz*, a cheat sheet to what's cool at colleges. It tells you which schools have the hottest women and the best watering holes.



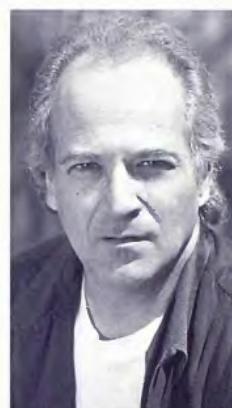
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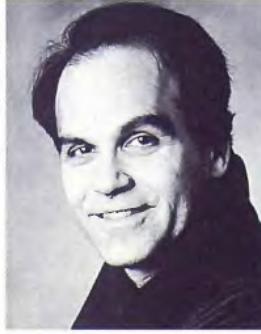
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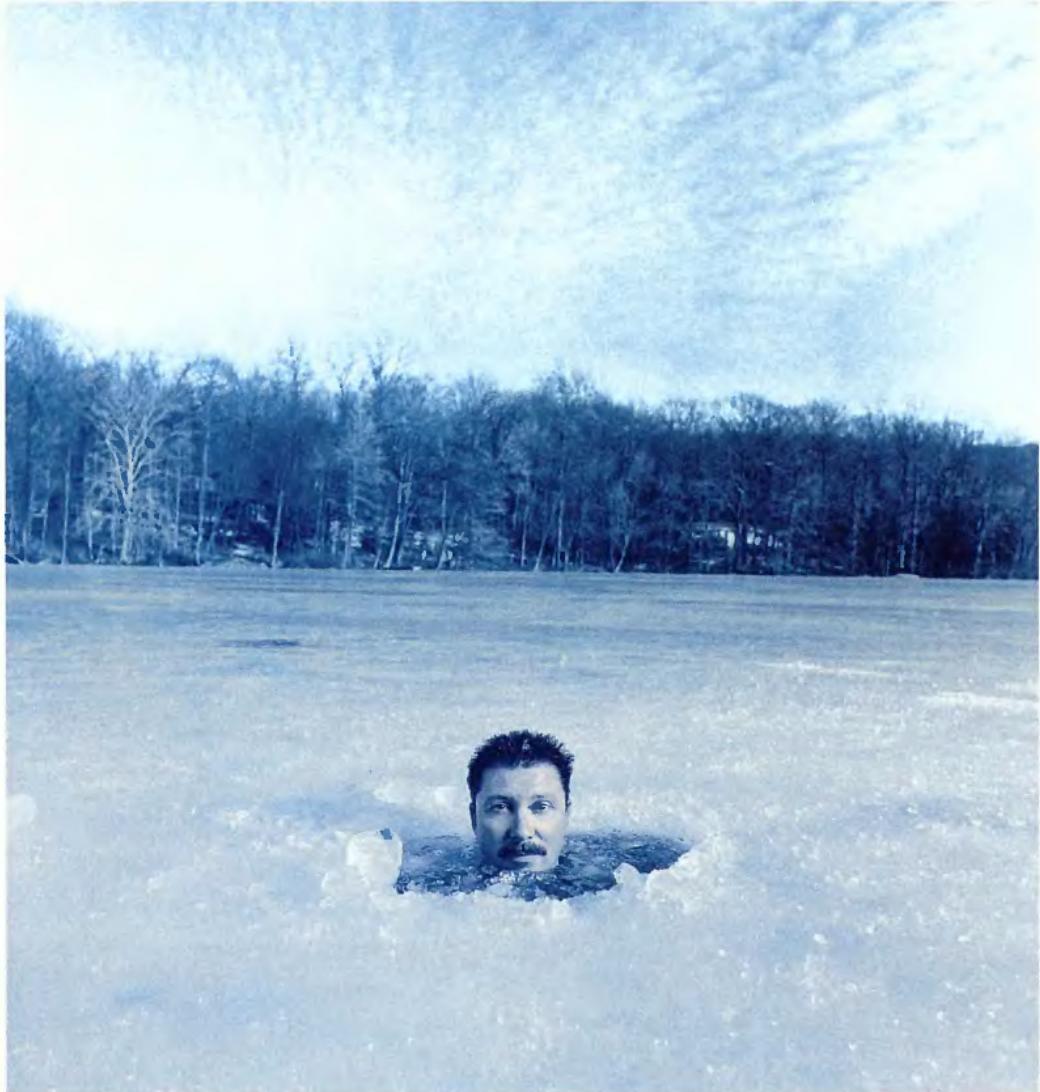


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PLAYBOY



vol. 46, no. 11—november 1999

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL	7	
THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY	15	
PLAYBOY EXPO	16	
DEAR PLAYBOY	21	
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS	25	
MUSIC	28	
MOVIES	32	
VIDEO	36	
LIVING ONLINE	37	
BOOKS	38	
MEN	ASA BABER	40
MANTRACK	41	
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR	43	
THE PLAYBOY FORUM	45	
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JESSE VENTURA—candid conversation	55	
PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION		
PART X (1990-1999): REAL SEX—article	JAMES R. PETERSEN	68
TIME CAPSULE	150	
FUCK AND RUN	166	
THE KNOCKOUT—pictorial	76	
DUNE: HOUSE ATREIDES—fiction	BRIAN HERBERT and KEVIN J. ANDERSON	84
MOTO—fashion	HOLLIS WAYNE	88
CATCH OF THE DAY—playboy's playmate of the month	94	
PARTY JOKES—humor	106	
PERSONAL INJURIES—fiction	SCOTT TUROW	108
AMERICAN MUSCLE—cars	KEN GROSS	110
SHERYL CROW—personality	MARK RIBOWSKY	115
THE CAMPUS BUZZ	116	
DAVID DUVAL—profile	CARL VIGELAND	118
20 QUESTIONS: GEORGE JONES	122	
SEX IN CINEMA 1999—pictorial	text by JAMIE MALANOWSKI	126
LITTLE ANNIE FANNY—humor	RAY LAGO and BILL SCHORR	135
PLAYMATE NEWS	187	
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE	191	



She's a TKO P. 76



Real Sex P. 68



Miss November P. 94



Car Muscle P. 110

COVER STORY

They call her the Knockout—and she has worked hard to earn that nickname. Mia St. John looks more like a supermodel than an undefeated 126-pound featherweight boxing champ. "Female athletes don't have to look like men," says Mia. Rest assured, we won't make that mistake. Our cover was produced by Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski, shot by Arny Freytag and styled by Lane W., with hair and makeup by Alexis Vogel. Our Rabbit is a master red belt.



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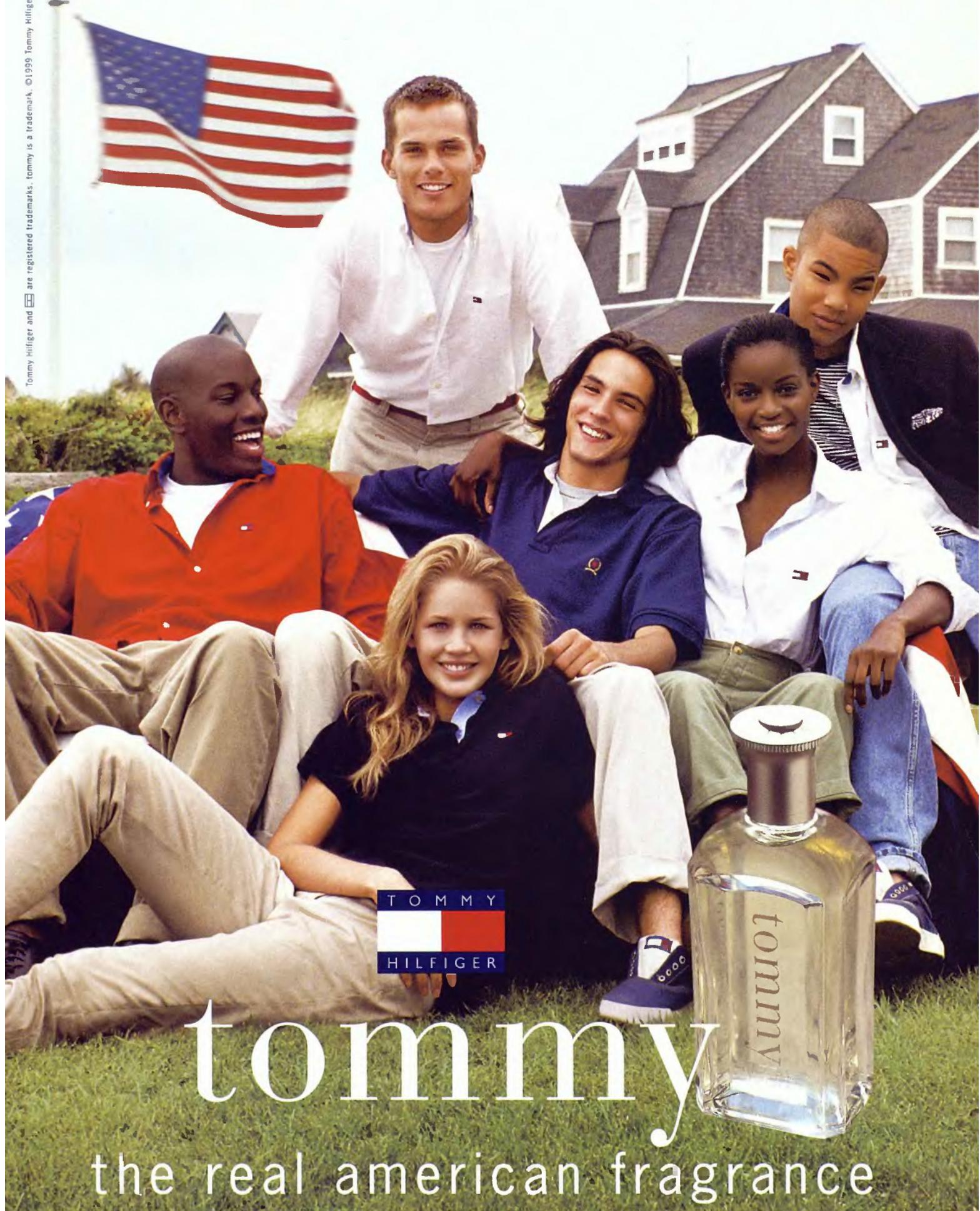
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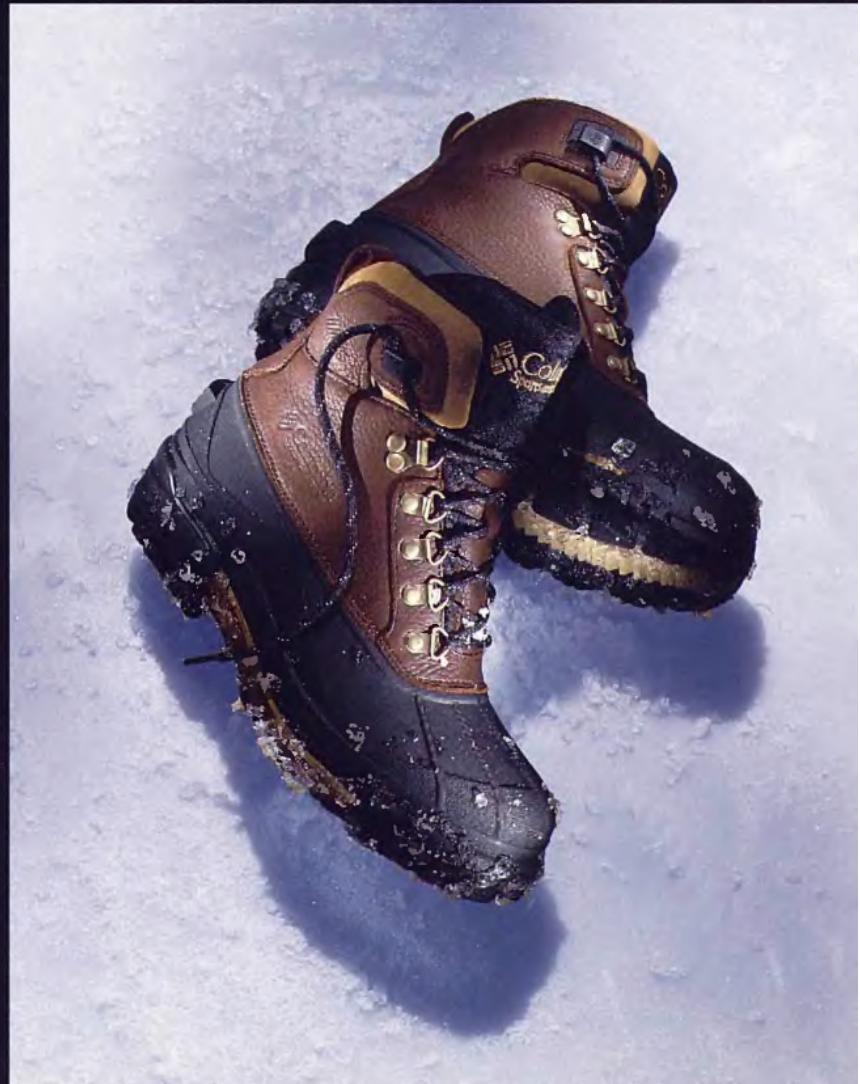


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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

hef sightings, mansion frolics and nightlife notes



HEF AND WARREN HOOK UP

Warren Beatty stopped by Hef's table at Trader Vic's to say hello to his old friend as well as to meet Mandy, Sandy and Brande. Look for Warren in *Town and Country*, a comedy co-starring another old friend, Diane Keaton.

FOX OR SABLE?

The wrestler formerly known as Sable flexed more than a smile in her second PLAYBOY pictorial this past year. At the Mansion to promote Playboy Expo, she proved you don't have to do push-ups to get everyone's attention.



BIRTHDAY BASH

Pals, including Hef and Playmate of the Year 1999 Heather Kozar, had a blast helping Tony Curtis blow out his birthday candles at La Dame.



DR. EVIL'S CLONE

Verne Troyer plays Mini-Me in *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me*. Here, he plays around with Playmate Ava Fabian at a Blockbuster Home Video reception at the Mansion. Austin should be so lucky.



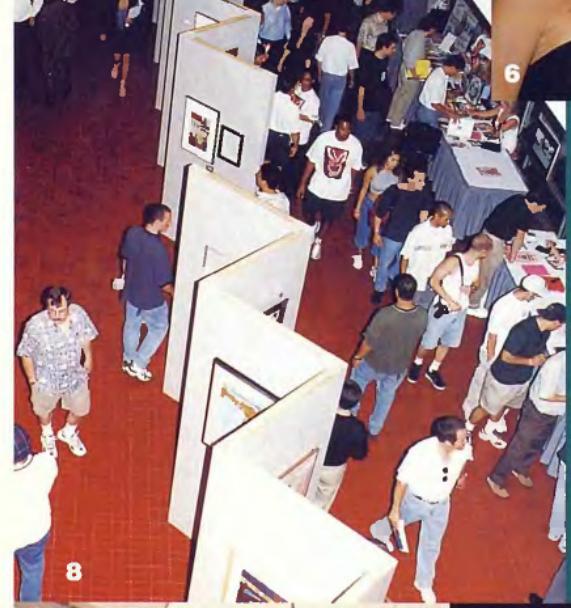
HEF LIKES THE NIGHTLIFE

Hef ran into Jason Biggs (above)—he's one of the stars of *American Pie*—at a party for singer Britney Spears at Hollywood's hippest hangout, the Standard Hotel on Sunset Strip. Stepping out for another evening at one of Hef's favorite clubs, the Garden of Eden, our Adam and seven Eves (left) prepare to eat the apple.

PLAYBOY EXPO



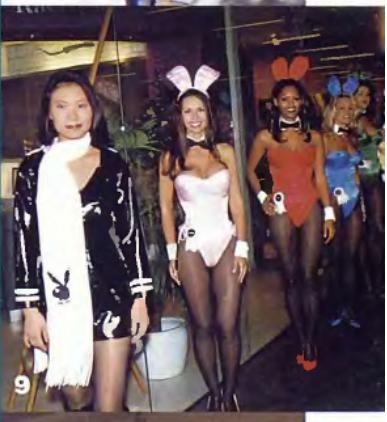
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6



(1) Fans from all around the world made the pilgrimage to West Hollywood's Pacific Design Center for the first-ever Playboy Expo, held in July. (2) Live jazz, and catering by Wolfgang Puck, brightened up the patio, with a hint of things to come. (3) Hef's high on the hog with the Bentley twins. (4) Artist LeRoy Neiman with an autograph seeker. (5) Hef and two Jet Bunnies in front of a model of his airplane, the *Big Bunny*. (6) Kimberly Conrad Hefner and Hef. (7) Hef is interviewed as he autographs a braille copy of *PLAYBOY*. (8) When they weren't hanging out with Playmates, fans admired Playboy's famed art collection. (9) The Bunnies are all ears. (10) A Bunny toots her own horn. (11) Hef responds to questions about his legendary life. (12) A sign of the times.



12



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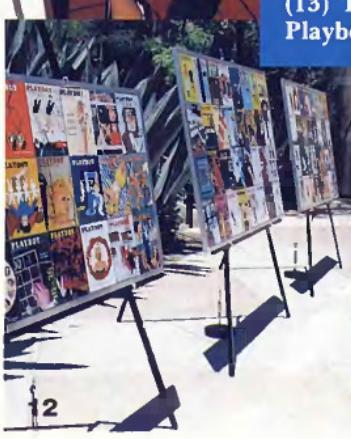


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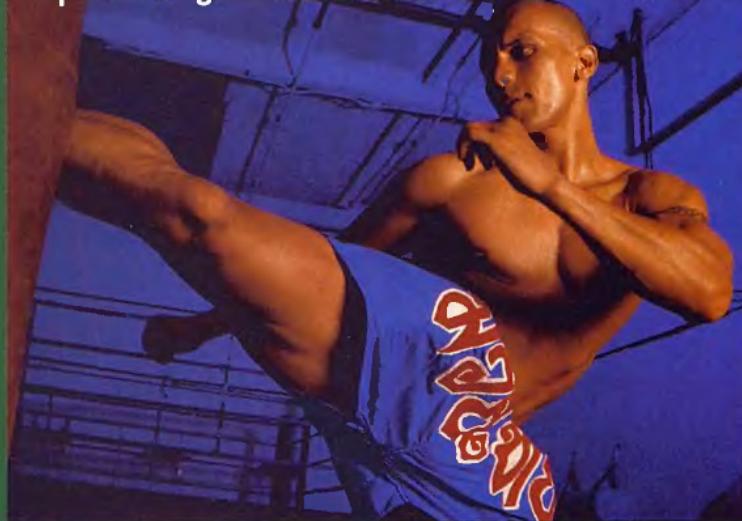


(1) The two-day Expo featured Playmate meet-and-greets, jazz, a cigar bar and a casino where gamblers bet with play money. (2) Playboy TV stars in the flesh. (3) Bunny see, Bunny do. (4) Blackjack and Bunny Dips. (5) Included in the memorabilia were vintage PLAYBOYS and classic Bunny figurines. (6) More than 150 Playmates were on hand. (7) Gene Simmons flaunts his trademark tongue. (8) Heather Kozar, Hef and Brande Roderick warm up his round bed. (9) Jessica Hahn doesn't let an injury ruin her PLAYBOY spirit. (10) Rena Mero, formerly known as Sable, promotes her September cover. (11) Fantasy meets reality as Playmates greet fans. (12) Fans view vintage PLAYBOY covers. (13) The popular Playboy Store.



THE KOOL NATURAL SWEEPSTAKES

Square off against a master kick boxer in Thailand.



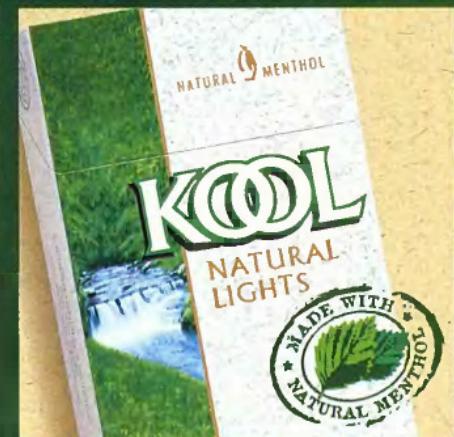
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MAN, OH MAN

Congratulations to Adam Carolla and Jimmy Kimmel (*The Man Show*, August) for taking on the juggernaut that characterizes men as bumbling idiots. When NBC weatherman Al Roker was asked how he succeeds in his marriage, he noted that learning two words early on is vital. Those two words are "Yes, dear." There are many good reasons for men to celebrate manhood, and Carolla and Kimmel are definitely on track.

Denny Huffman
Grand Junction, Colorado

It is screwed-up Fifties attitudes such as the ones perpetuated by Carolla and Kimmel on *The Man Show* that give respectable men a bad name.

Chad Myers
Altus, Oklahoma

I LOVE LUCY

Lucy Liu (*20 Questions*, August) is wrong to think that no one will be curious about her statement concerning her vagina. Perhaps PLAYBOY should consider a pictorial to prove the point.

Brian Stanley
Shorewood, Illinois

You can't imagine how delighted I was when I saw Lucy Liu in PLAYBOY and how disappointed I was when I turned the page expecting to find a pictorial of the Asian beauty. That was quite a teaser. I look forward to seeing much more of Lucy in future issues.

Alan Cozzens
Santa Fe, New Mexico

RULES FOR SURVIVAL

As a school emergency management and planning professional, I appreciate Asa Baber's August *Men* column, "Under Fire: The Rules," on what students should do in situations like the one that occurred at Columbine High. Sadly, countless schools in the U.S. have no effective emergency management pro-

gram in place. Everyone with a child in school should demand to see the school's emergency plan and a log of when and how the drills are conducted. They are likely to be dismayed at what they find. And they should demand effective planning. That doesn't require a lot of money, just dedication from school officials.

Broeck Oder
Monterey, California

I've already taught my children rules one through three, but I would like to thank Asa Baber for bringing the other six rules to my attention. I have repeatedly told my children that it's hard to look cool when you're dead. This mother of three wants to thank Baber for his great insight.

Patty Smith
Beloit, Wisconsin

School is a frightening place nowadays, and I'm afraid for my daughter, who's just three and a half months old. Baber's advice is invaluable. I know it will help me prepare and protect her when she reaches school age.

Carrie Ruth Lennox
Albuquerque, New Mexico

BABBLING BROOKS

Despite what Ross Perot would have you believe, that giant sucking sound you hear is actually Bill Zehme planting a prolonged smooch on Albert Brooks' tokes in the August *Playboy Interview*. For God's sake, man, show some dignity. The only thing more embarrassing is Zehme's assertion that Brooks' loss of the Best Supporting Actor award to Sean Connery constitutes "one of history's most criminal Oscar upsets." Connery gave a great performance in *The Untouchables*. On the other hand, Brooks' performance in *Broadcast News* was the same neurotic, narcissistic nebbish act that he delivers in all his films.

Trevor Gordon-Smythe
Lauderdale Lakes, Florida

Advertisement

GAMES

The latest and greatest for the PC.



Fans of the classic turn-based strategy game genre will find the epic fantasy escape they've been craving with the upcoming release of *Age of Wonders*. This title from Gathering of Developers puts players in charge of a vast fantasy realm on the brink of an apocalyptic battle.

The story begins in the early days of Earth when a fragile balance of peace exists between all ancient races. The introduction of Humans into this utopian world marks the beginning of violent and bloody times. In its quest to expand and destroy, this new race lays waste to the ruling Elfin court. From the rubble, two factions emerge—the vengeful Cult of Storms and the peace-loving Keepers. The gameplay that follows is an elaborate and engrossing process of strategic posturing in which players make critical decisions involving over 100 different fighting units, 50 unique heroes, captured towns, magic spells and alliances.

The game's cast of thousands includes 12 playable races including Humans, Elves, Frostlings, Orcs, Dwarves and the Undead. Strategic alliances can be forged with compatible races to leverage each race's unique skills and abilities. Other strategic decisions include laying siege to towns and managing resources and huge armies. As the game progresses and characters grow in experience and power, magic becomes a critical element. The game features over 100 spells including attack and defense spells. The realm can be explored with the aid of a highly sophisticated map editor and huge detailed maps including subterranean areas, terrain interaction and dozens of special locations.

Age of Wonders features Play by E-Mail (PBEM) allowing you to have on-going battles with your friends at your own pace. For more information or to join a discussion group, visit www.ageofwonders.com. *Age of Wonders* will be in stores nationwide this November. To purchase on-line, visit www.godgames.com.

SINGING FOR SOPRANOS

Thank you for shedding a little more light on the guiltiest form of television pleasure in 1999, HBO's *The Sopranos*. Joe Morgenstern's review (*Television*, August) eloquently describes why this show is like catnip to the discriminating TV viewer who has turned away from the networks. James Gandolfini's portrayal of Tony Soprano knocks me on my ass. If my circle of friends is any barometer, he has sent more than a few women's heart rates rocketing while giving new hope to every guy over 35 who struggles with thinning hair and a few extra pounds. A huge grazie to Morgenstern.

Susan Rudner
Schaumburg, Illinois

Your August review of *The Sopranos* is interesting but not accurate. Tony isn't a hit man, he's a Mob boss. Morgenstern describes Tony as a remorseless enforcer, but I think he's a thinking man's boss—always looking for ways to move from the traditional Mob business to a more profitable one.

Chuck Sever
Enfield, Connecticut

HELLO, MISS AMERICAN PIE

Shannon Elizabeth is a divine gift in your photo layout (August) and in *American Pie*. My girlfriend and I were rolling in the aisle of the movie theater while the guy three rows behind us was escorted out for trying to spank himself during Shannon's big scene. Compliments to photographer Davis Factor for the impressive photos.

Jim Brighton
Havelock, North Carolina

I would like my slice of *American Pie* à la mode.

Kevin Russo
Naugatuck, Connecticut

The Shannon Elizabeth pictorial is a masterpiece. This young woman is going places.

Brian Quillia
New Haven, Connecticut

I've been a subscriber for 27 years, and I've never before been compelled to write to PLAYBOY. Davis Factor has done an amazing job on Shannon Elizabeth's pictorial. She has me spellbound.

Dan Rivard
Pontiac, Illinois

Shannon is so hot, the pictorial pages melted in my hands.

Shane Detert
South Bend, Indiana

GREAT SCOTT

Thank you, PLAYBOY, for showing the world that a woman doesn't have to be tall and thin and have a tiny waist to be a Playmate. Miss August 1999, Rebecca

Scott (*Scott Free*), is drop-dead gorgeous at 5'8", 140 pounds and with a 28" waist. The icing on the cake is that she's 27 years old.

Mary Picard
Hollywood, Maryland

My wife and I subscribe to and are avid readers of PLAYBOY. Sadly, we've noticed that many of the pictorial subjects are much too thin. How refreshing to see Rebecca Scott, a classic beauty with a beautiful face, rounded curves and a well-proportioned figure. We hope to see more average-sized women like Rebecca in future issues. Thanks for proving that you don't have to be a size three to be sexy.

Mike Caldwell
Coquille, Oregon

I haven't seen a heavenly body like Rebecca Scott's since the Hubble Space



Telescope brought us images of distant planetary clouds and formations. A constellation should be named after her.

Decio Silveira
Katy, Texas

Miss August is voluptuous. It's a nice change to see a true representation of the girl next door.

Jaime Bower
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Rebecca Scott is a knockout. It's about time the world discovered that there's more to Wisconsin than beer and cheese.

Rick Richmond
Wausau, Wisconsin

BEACH BLANKET BINGO

I'm a 42-year-old mother of two who has subscribed to PLAYBOY for 24 years. Like suntan lotion and a beach ball, your magazine is an absolute necessity at the beach. I took along a couple of your summer issues so I could catch up on

my reading while basking in the sun. Before long, a group of good-looking men walked past me and one of them stopped dead in his tracks when he saw my reading material. Now that's what I call an ice-breaker.

Laura Hodgkins
Medford, Massachusetts

ACTION FIGURE

I love the Nell McAndrew cover and pictorial (*Action Figure*, August). I have played the Tomb Raider video game and purchased the Lara Croft action figures. I have a question: Is it as easy to push Nell's buttons as it is to push Lara's?

Jay Highfield
Johnson City, New York

Nell McAndrew is the quintessential beautiful English countrywoman, and she likes boxing. I'll happily share my roast beef and Yorkshire pudding with her and go a few rounds any day.

Edward Hallett
Sacramento, California

STAR WARS

PLAYBOY movie critic Leonard Maltin is a man with a level head. Instead of jumping on the *Star Wars: Episode I—The Phantom Menace* bandwagon, he didn't follow the critical pack.

Ryan Bladzik
East Lansing, Michigan

WE'VE COME FULL CIRCLE

Here's how I would follow-up Carl Sherman's *Root Rage* (July) with a brief history of medicine:

2000 B.C.—Here, eat this root.

1000 A.D.—That root is bad.
Here, say this prayer.

1850 A.D.—That prayer is superstition.
Here, drink this potion.

1940 A.D.—That potion is snake oil.
Here, swallow this pill.

1985 A.D.—That pill is ineffective.
Here, take this antibiotic.

2000 A.D.—That antibiotic doesn't work anymore.
Here, eat this root.

Scott Mapes
Irving, Texas

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY

Nell McAndrew and Stanley Kubrick. Shannon Elizabeth and Albert Brooks. Hubba-hubba for the loins and three cheers for the intellect. I will seal a spare copy in a time capsule and call it my favorite issue.

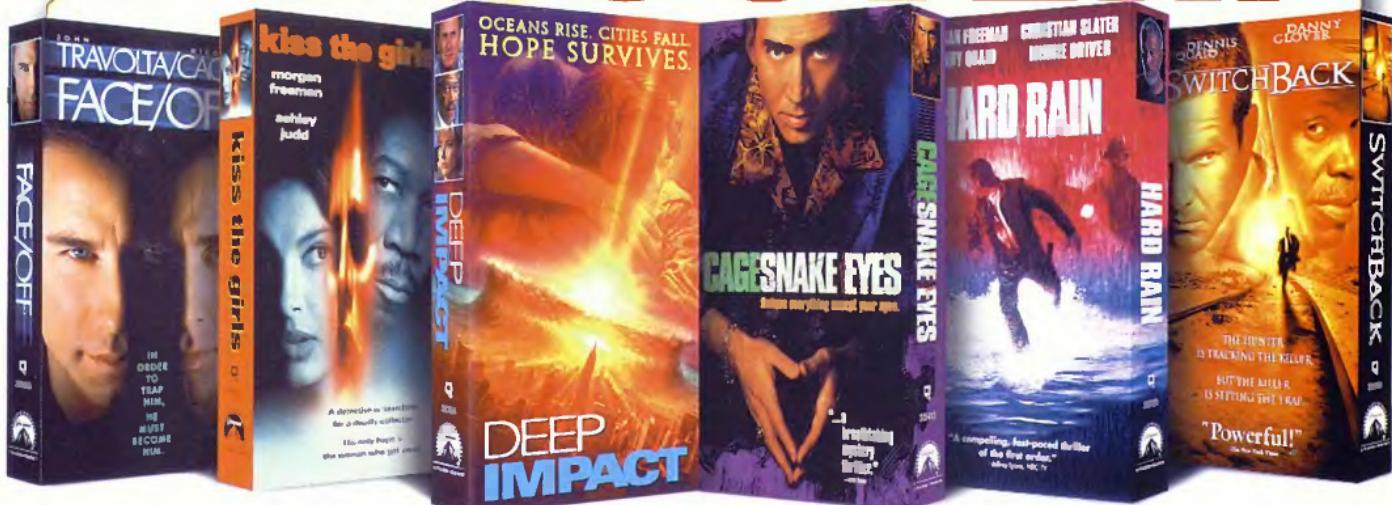
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



G.I. FEEL USED

After all the flak that Mattell's Barbie has received for popularizing a body image no female can live up to, Harvard psychiatrist Harrison Pope decided to take a similar look at G.I. Joe's pecs and specs. While the original Joe doll in the Sixties had biceps measuring, in human scale, a reasonable 12 inches round, the 1997 G.I. Joe Extreme packs 26-inch biceps. That's a good six inches bigger than even the most driven arm pumper. Guess that's what happens when you spend night after night alone in the toy box.

DICKTIONARY

Attention *Maxim* readers. If you still want to talk about the things you already talk about but use words that sound more elevated than their subject matter, refer to *Depraved English* (St. Martin's Press). The book collects terms that are lascivious, derogatory and revolting—so you can leer, insult or disgust with words most Ph.D.s are too square to use. For example, you'll learn that cyesolagnia is a lust for pregnant women. The entries offer historical notes, too: "Feague has had a wide variety of meanings over the century. The only definition that interests us, however, concerns the anus of a horse." And if the image of pony buns strikes you as oddly scintillating, you may have a touch of zoerastia.

BEAM ME UP, FATIMA

Putting a tech spin on the red-light district, Brazilian hookers who work the beach in Rio now grab the attention of potential customers by tagging them with laser pointers.

MOUNTAIN OYSTER SAUCE

Although fast food chains are flourishing in Beijing, there are still restaurants whose biggie fries aren't necessarily potatoes. At the Scorpion King, crowds go wild for fried scorpions garnished with mounds of ants. When shoppers finish at the Playboy boutique they can head for the chain Baked Pig Face, which serves just that—a whole head of a pig baked

for 12 hours with 30 herbs and spices. Like Kentucky Fried Chicken, the owner has patented the baked pig recipe along with another that may soon yield a restaurant chain with an unusual specialty: roast ox penis. That's what we call a Mr. Happy Meal.

DOWN-TO-BUSINESS CLASS

Finally someone has gone the extra mile to add some glamour to transatlantic flights. Virgin Atlantic will be the first airline to install double beds on its jets for business-class passengers who make the run between New York and London. We understand that Air France plans to counter the move by installing single beds—but with the added feature of headrests at both ends.

PSSST.COM

Your boss stinks. No, really—and now there's a way to tell him without losing your job. Several Internet companies will anonymously inform someone about body odor, dandruff or bad breath for you. The put-downs come in plain envelopes and have phony return address-



es. As a rule, we prefer gentlehints.com for its standardized letters that deal with bathroom habits and flatulence. We turn to tellthemforme.com, another notable service, for admonitions regarding strange hairstyles and bad fashion taste.

GO BARES

The University of California's team name, the Golden Bears, is synonymous-ly apt. The campus' student swimming pools now post schedules that include times when toplessness is permitted.

WHY YOU CAN PROCEED WITH THAT MOVE TO NEW MEXICO

The Native American Church has announced a deal with the Pentagon permitting military employees who belong to the church to use the sacramental hallucinogen peyote. However, the agreement prohibits the use of peyote by those who work with nuclear weapons.

SOW WHAT?

We knew they were angry. We never thought they would be funny. A bumper sticker spotted by a reader in Scottsdale, Arizona bears the lines GROW YOUR OWN DOPE. PLANT A MAN.

THE FULL BODY SHOP

From Tae-Bo to tie one on. We have finally found a health regimen that sounds appealing: vinotherapy. The first vinotherapy spa recently opened in Bordeaux (where else?) using products derived from vines (grape-seed oil massages), wine (barrel baths) or wine-making (wine yeast extract wraps). Best of all, after a strenuous day of swimming in wine, you can have some at the spa's world-class restaurant or at a wine seminar. Even if you miss a few workouts, you'll probably head home with a case of long legs and a nice finish.

DEMIGLOBAL POSITIONING

A British inventor is taking women's safety concerns to heart. Now in the testing stage, the Techno Bra prototype is stuffed with a pulse-rate monitor and a

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"Now that I'm in this business, I understand the allure of market share and killing the opposition." —PAUL NEWMAN ABOUT HIS FOOD LINE

HEIDI HO

Annual amount that businesses spend per capita pitching goods and services to consumers in Switzerland: \$415; in the U.S.: \$362; in Japan: \$347; in China: \$3.

BUSINESS BOOLA-BOOLA

Among chief executives of the 100 largest corporations and financial firms in the country, the number who hold undergraduate degrees from Ivy League schools: 11.

HELLO, BABY

Percentage of women in the U.S. who have had at least one unplanned pregnancy during their lifetime: 48.

THE DIAMOND MARKET

Amount a man from Florida paid for the Yankees uniform Lou Gehrig wore when he retired in 1939 (making it the third most expensive piece of sports memorabilia): \$451,541. Amount paid for a Honus Wagner tobacco card (the second most expensive piece): \$640,500. The price paid for Mark McGwire's 70th home run ball (the most expensive piece): \$3 million.

COLLATERAL IN THE WIND

Amount that Elton John reportedly charges on his credit cards each week: \$400,000. Size of loan he is seeking to pay off his bills: \$40 million.

WRECKLESS

Amount paid by a Tennessee doctor for the wrecked SUV in which country singer George Jones was nearly killed: \$22,000.



FACT OF THE MONTH

According to *Useless Sexual Trivia* (Simon & Schuster), the speed of an initial burst of semen: 28 mph. Speed of world-record-holding 100-yard-dash runner: 27 mph.

ing in public erotic: 95.

NET GAINS

According to American Sports Data, percentage increase since 1987 in the number of Americans playing basketball: 26. Percentage increase in number of Americans playing soccer: 18. Percentage decrease in Americans playing baseball: 12; softball: 29.

DRAIN DOUGH

Average annual number of kids who visit emergency rooms because they've swallowed coins: 21,000.

POETRY IN MOTION

In a nationwide survey by Progressive Insurance, percentage of male motorcyclists who are emotionally moved by poetry: 62; percentage of nonmotorcyclists so moved: 23.

BELOW THE BELT

Number of women by whom Evander Holyfield has fathered his 9 children: 6.

BOND RATING

On a scale of one to ten, rating Catherine Zeta-Jones gives Sean Connery for his kisses: "11 plus."

—BETTY SCHAL

global positioning satellite locator. The device, designed by Kursty Groves, picks up jumps in heartbeats that indicate the wearer has been frightened or is in trouble. It then notifies police of the whereabouts of the imperiled hooters.

WISE CRACK

In 1996 Vincent Marino, a.k.a. Gigi Portalla, took a bullet in the butt at a shootout in a New England nightclub. After Gigi underwent surgery to remove it, a federal drug agent whispered in his ear that he now had a bug in his butt instead of the bullet. For years Gigi fretted about the tracking device supposedly implanted in his ass and looked to have it removed. Recently, a U.S. district judge ordered authorities to reveal once and for all whether Gigi was on their radar screen. According to U.S. Attorney Donald Stern, "the Drug Enforcement Administration did not implant a tracking device in defendant Vincent 'Gigi Portalla' Marino's buttocks." But he added, "We cannot speak for extraterrestrial beings." Gigi is sitting comfortably in prison awaiting trial on racketeering charges.

POLITICAL BASE

According to MSNBC, Dan Quayle uses MAC cosmetics when making public appearances. According to MAC president John Demsey, so does RuPaul. Did somebody say Dream Ticket?

CITY OF ANGLES

We understand there is a new position called the California Stretch—a smoking ban contortion performed by bar patrons in Los Angeles. With legs spread, one hand holds a cigarette outside the door while the other reaches to keep a drink on the inside.

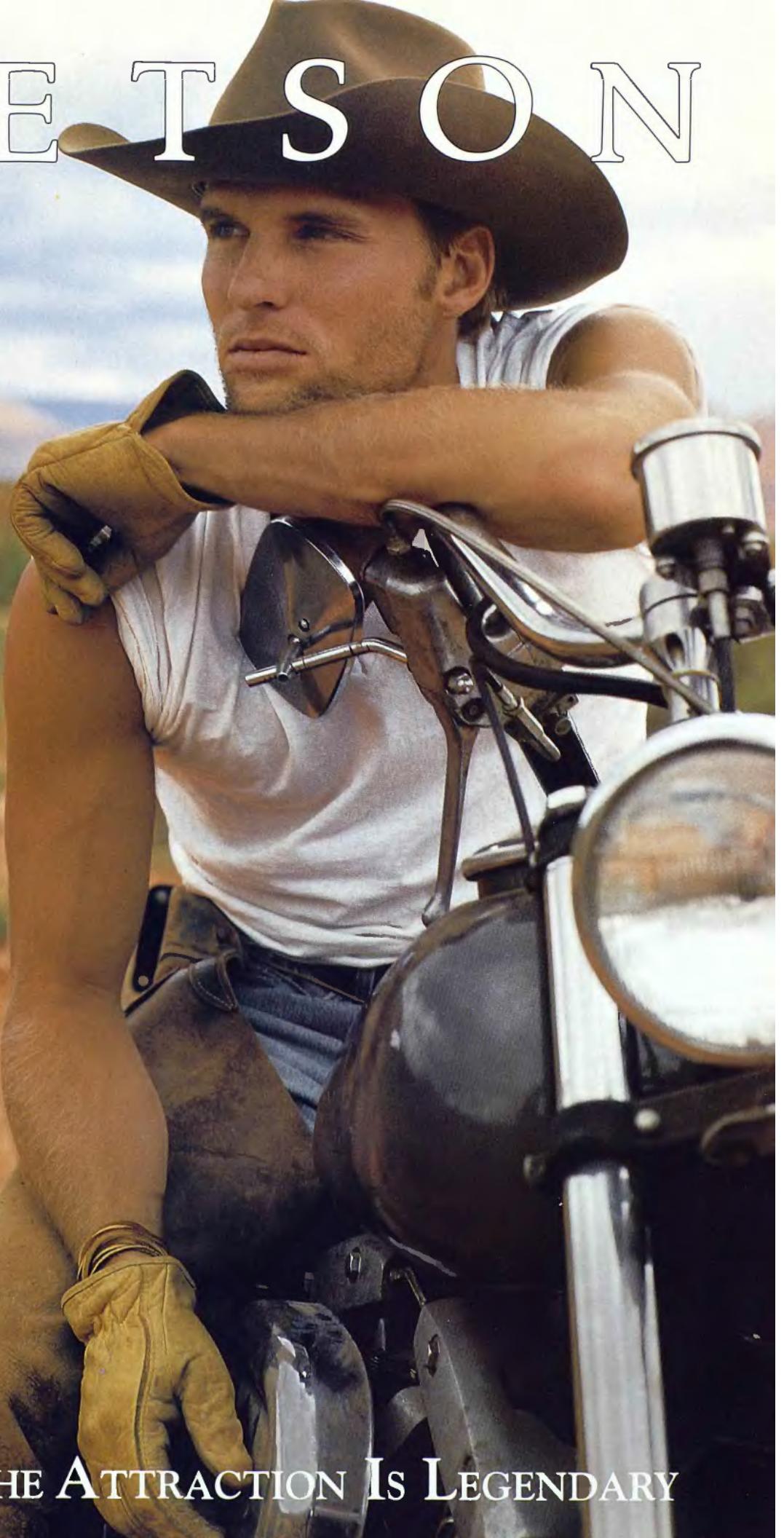
AUSTRALIAN FOR POLICE SWEEP

How do you keep hordes of marauding teens away from the mall? The Warrawong Westfield mall in Wollongong (south of Sydney) came up with this sonic repellent: playing Bing Crosby records over the public address system. Loudly. And it worked. "All the people from Warrawong High used to hang here after school. Now you don't see them," one student told the BBC. The local constabulary is looking at ways to use this successful method in public squares and railway stations. However, if der Bingle's success at taming the teen population wanes, Wollongong officials have an alternate plan. They say they will install pink lights in the mall to heighten the appearance of unsightly pimples.

WORD PLAY OF THE MONTH

A posting on alt.anagrams had this listing for The Playboy Centerfold: Tall honey, perfect body.

STETSON



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THE ATTRACTION IS LEGENDARY

MUSIC

COUNTRY

NEVER COUNT out the great ones. *Cold Hard Truth* (Asylum), George Jones' umpteenth album, proves this conclusively. Jones, the greatest living country singer, has never made a bad album in his 40-year career. But he hasn't made one this good since working with producer Billy Sherrill ten years ago. At times, this album's producer, Keith Stegall, veers close to just remaking those old discs, with their beautifully understated string arrangements. The title track is pretty much *He Stopped Loving Her Today* with new lyrics, and *Our Bed of Roses* reprises *A Good Year for the Roses*. But those are two of the greatest records Jones ever made, and are well worth replicating. *Ain't Love a Lot Like That* is the most effective up-tempo honky-tonk Jones has done since the late Sixties. *Sinners and Saints* somehow manages to combine honky-tonk music with a gospel message of tolerance and an assault on small-town gossip. But the real brilliance of the album is in the way *Choices*, *Cold Hard Truth*, *You Never Know Just How Good You've Got It* and *When the Last Curtain Falls* convey a boozer's confessions. This is autobiographical music Jones has never before even hinted at making. He can break your heart just singing the word fool. When he sings it with a finger pointed at himself, it doubles the pleasure and pain. [For more George, see 20 Questions, page 122.]

When's the last time anybody made a good jug band album? The J-Band, a group led by John Sebastian, has done it with *Chasin' Gus' Ghost* (Hollywood). The title is a tribute to Gus Cannon of Cannon's Jug Stompers, one of the greatest jug bands of the Twenties and Thirties. Jimmy Vivino's production makes the music feel contemporary, but the added touch of authentic jug band originator Yank Rachell adds authenticity to this joyous music.

—DAVE MARSH

BLUES

Albert King With Stevie Ray Vaughan: In Session (Stax) documents an extraordinary 1983 jam session featuring two great blues stylists. Vaughan had just released his debut album and gained worldwide exposure playing on David Bowie's comeback hit *Let's Dance*. He'd been invited to jam with King, his hero, on the Canadian TV show *In Session*. White bluesmen always sang the praises of Muddy Waters and B.B. King, but it was Albert King's style they mimicked. Eric Clapton made Robert Johnson's *Crossroads* a hit, but he played it like King, with the screaming bends and stinging high notes that were Albert's



George Jones' *Cold Hard Truth*.

forms of American music. Phish acolytes Hosemobile and Jiggle the Handle rely on jam-friendly modern Afro-beat, reggae and James Brown funk for their grooves. Mixed with a little Miles and a touch of Zappa, these songs float you into the zone.

—VIC GARBARINI

POP

Kim Richey writes catchy songs, but her introspectiveness takes her out of country and into the realm of Lilith Fair. Successful at writing for others (most notably Radney Foster and Trisha Yearwood) but unsuccessful with her own first two albums, Richey scores as a pop diva with her third, *Glimmer* (Mercury). These 14 tunes have so many hooks that you'll be hitting replay all day while wondering, With a voice like that, why did she ever write for anybody else? She hits all the notes with a bell-like resonance and startling accuracy, projecting a vulnerability that allows her meanings to work at different levels. Even when she's professing optimism (*Can't Lose Them All*), she has a quaver of sadness that betrays a darker reality. Bleak isn't the point, though. Emotional truth is the point, and that's what this music offers.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

R&B

trademark. King felt honored, but also ripped off, by the admiration. So he wasted no time in letting his latest protégé know how he felt about Stevie's work with Bowie: "I heard you doing all my shit on there." Stevie kept his head down and followed Albert's lead through a smoldering version of *Stormy Monday* and four other blues standards. King is clearly moved by the intensity of Vaughan's playing as they trade leads as though they've been on the road together for years. After incendiary romps through Vaughan's *Pride and Joy* and a challenge from King to "play like Hendrix"—which Stevie pulls off—King beams like a proud father. He even admits he's ready to turn over his legacy to Vaughan. It's the emotional climax of the most impressive cross-generational blues summit. For a full dose of Albert's seminal genius, pick up *Blues Masters: The Very Best of Albert King* (Rhino). This retrospective contains his classic *Crosscut Saw*, *Born Under a Bad Sign* and *Blues Power*, with King's searing leads backed by Booker T. and the MGs. —VIC GARBARINI

ROCK

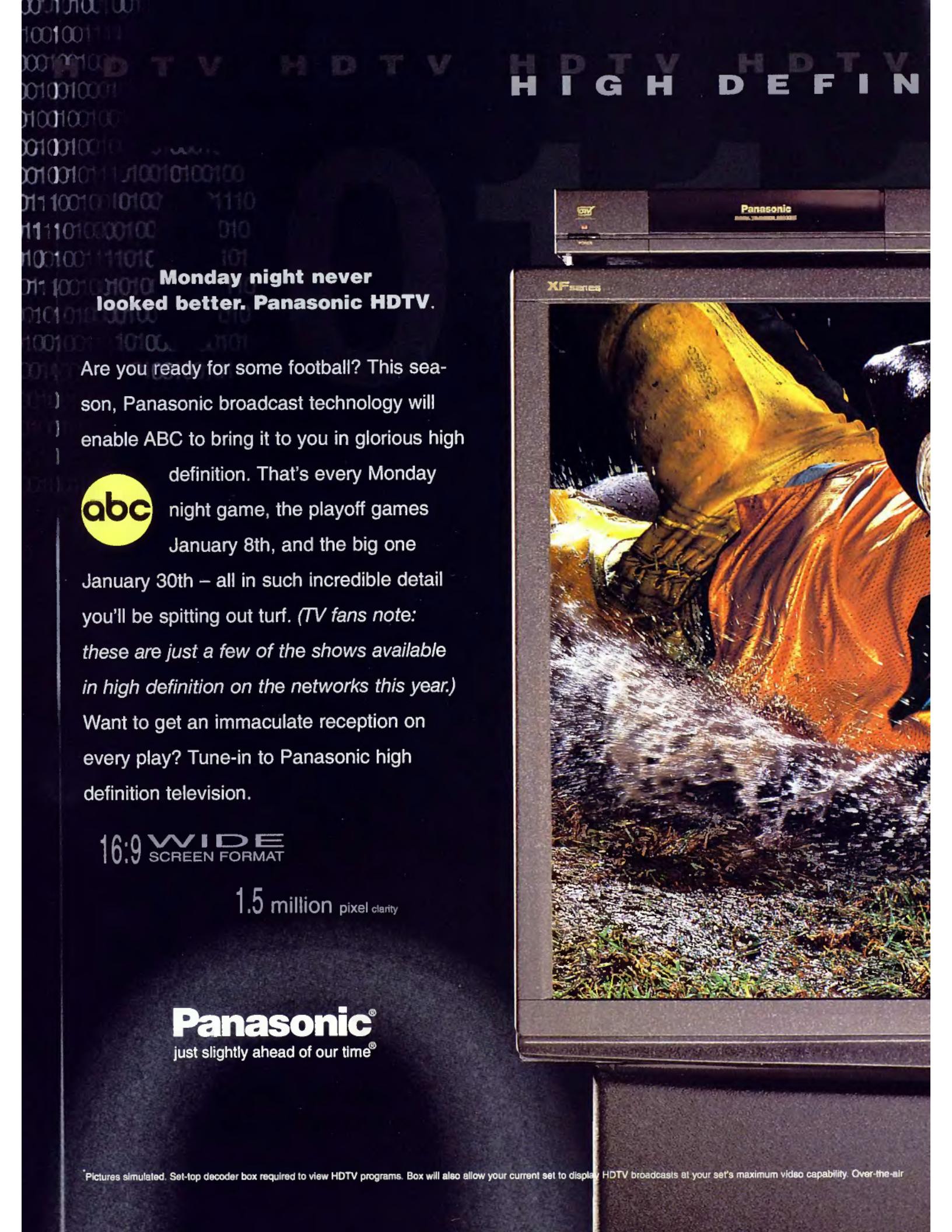
The nine bands that appear on *Help Us Get High* (Shanachie) have seen the future of rock, and they think it's kind of Phishy. That's as in Phish, the Vermont improvisers who've become the current answer to the Grateful Dead. The Dead drew on blues, folk and other traditional

Jack Knight is a New York-based singer-songwriter whose debut, *Gypsy Blues* (Universal), successfully melds R. Kelly's ballad style with more traditional and progressive aspects of R&B. That sounds like a hodgepodge, but Knight brings it off with a soulful vocal style and well-arranged tracks. In particular, the bass and guitar throughout *Gypsy Blues* are funky and tasteful. *Who Do You Love*, the tale of a woman torn between love and addiction, has a strong Seventies flavor. *Blueberry Winter* echoes early Prince. *Ooh I Love It* has a great vibrant bass line that recalls disco without being clichéd. The title cut is a down-tempo track on which Knight delivers a sweet Michael Jackson-like vocal. My favorite is *The Cross*, with its dirty drum sound, bluesy guitar and evocative vocal. I could have done without the cover of the Time's *Gigolos Get Lonely Too*; Knight sings it a little too seriously. Still, *Gypsy Blues* is one of the most impressive debuts of 1999.

Though Curtis Mayfield is justifiably celebrated for *Superfly*, his soundtrack work is more extensive than one masterpiece. *Claudine* (Right Stuff), which accompanied the 1974 film starring James Earl Jones and Diahann Carroll, features the voices of Gladys Knight and the Pips. It's full of juicy cuts such as *On*

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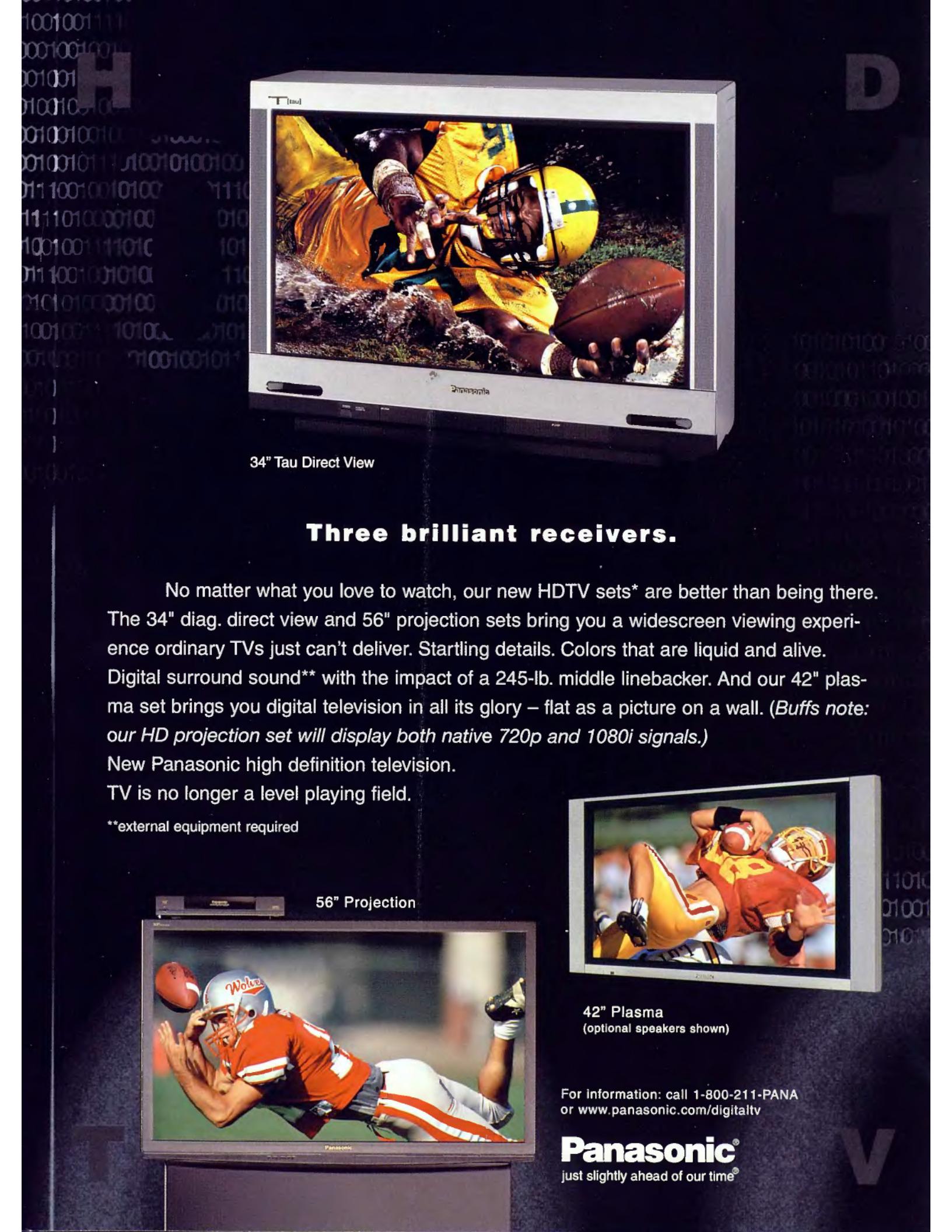
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antenna may be required. As of this writing, standards for Digital TV cable connectivity have not been finalized. Set-top decoder may not be capable of working with your cable system.



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and On and Make Yours a Happy Home. This marriage of Knight's full vocals and Mayfield's compositions, while not so celebrated as his collaboration with Aretha Franklin on *Sparkle*, is pretty damn good.

—NELSON GEORGE

RAP

Only hip-hop obsessives can track the comings and goings of the Wu-Tang Clan, whose members have generated over a dozen albums since *Enter the Wu-Tang (36 Chambers)* laid out the Staten Island street agenda in 1993. In 1999 alone the Wu has thrown up the all-new *Wu-Chronicles* hodgepodge on its own Wu-Tang label, as well as the second solo project by GZA/Genius, *Beneath the Surface* (MCA). This obscure and enticing manifesto adds the balm of some female voices—a welcome touch. But that doesn't mean outsiders are liable to brave its imaginative surface. *The RZA Hits* (Epic) is a welcome solution to this problem. RZA is Wu-Tang's master producer, inventor of the signature sound that added kung fu dialogue, piano and orchestral washes to the funk. On this compilation, RZA cherry-picks the most accessible creations from both *Enter the Wu-Tang* and the solo work of Method Man, Raekwon, Ol' Dirty Bastard and—my favorite—Ghostface Killah. Musically simple by Wu standards, but long on jokes, boasts, come-ons and stories, these street anthems rationalize the collective's survivalist, postgangsta, Black Muslim-derived ethos with poetry and moral dignity. Ghostface Killah sums it up thus: "The truth in the song be the pro-black teaching."

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

CABARET

What a concept: a gorgeous voice and a gorgeous melody. That's what you'll get from Patricia O'Callaghan's *Slow Fox* (Marquis Classics), an exploration of cabaret singing. Even if you're not yet a cabaret fan, O'Callaghan will break (or steal) your heart in those late-night moments.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

CLASSICAL

A lot of Philip Glass' recent recorded music has been disappointing. But two new CDs remind us what he is capable of. *Dracula* (Nonesuch), a score Glass composed for the rerelease of the Bela Lugosi classic, features brilliantly sympathetic work by the Kronos Quartet. *Aguas da Amazonia* (Point) comes perilously close to New Age, but this performance by the Brazilian group Uakti is magically inspired. While *Dracula* evokes Transylvania and *Aguas* conjures up the rain forest, both show us how wonderfully expansive and universal Glass' music can be.

—LEOPOLD FROEHЛИCH

FAST TRACKS



ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
George Jones <i>Cold Hard Truth</i>	6	8	7	9	7
Albert King With Stevie Ray Vaughan: In Session	8	9	8	7	7
Jock Knight <i>Gypsy Blues</i>	6	7	8	5	7
Kim Richey <i>Glimmer</i>	5	7	6	9	8
RZA <i>The RZA Hits</i>	9	5	8	10	8

DIAMONDS ON THE SOLES OF HER SHOES

DEPARTMENT: New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art will feature an exhibit exploring the links between rock and fashion. It begins December 9 and runs until March, when it will move to the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in Cleveland until September 2000.

REELING AND ROCKING: Look for the four-hour CBS miniseries *Shake, Rattle and Roll*, starring the **Mighty Mighty Bosstones' Dickey Barrett** as **Bill Haley** and **Terence Trent D'Arby** as **Jackie Wilson**. *Shake* boasts a previously unrecorded **Dylan** song, a new **Carole King** track and contributions from **B.B. King** and songwriters **Lamont Dozier, Leiber and Stoller** and **Graham Nash**. . . . A comedy called *Woodstock* is in the works. It follows a family that gets stuck in traffic en route to the 1969 festival. A family-friendly *Woodstock* film? What would Janis say?

NEWSBREAKS: **T-Boz** of **TLC** will soon have a book of inspirational poetry and personal essays in stores, published by Harper Collins. It will include her own photos and an audio version on CD. . . . **Twisted Sister's Dee Snider** has been using the airwaves to host a radio show on Connecticut's **WMRQ 104 FM**. . . . **Cypress Hill's** release of their fifth studio album will be followed by a U.S. tour. . . . **Hours**, the new **David Bowie** CD, will include **What's Really Happening**, the song he wrote with cyberspace collaborator **Alex Grant**. . . . Another cybercollaboration: **Pat DiNizio** of the **Smithereens** has launched **psycholaborations.com**, where lyricists can submit prose for DiNizio to set to music, record and deliver back to the writer on cassette, DAT, CD or MP3. DiNizio got the idea from old matchbook covers and ads on the backs of comic books. . . . **Vio-**

linist **Nigel Kennedy** has given **Jimi Hendrix** the classical treatment in *The Kennedy Experience*, an extended instrumental work in six movements. Each movement was inspired by one of Jimi's songs. Kennedy performs with an eight-piece chamber group on *Purple Haze, Third Stone From the Sun, Fire* and *Little Wing*, among others. Of Hendrix, Kennedy says, "He was a great composer." Jimi was known to have loved classical music. . . . Think of them as part of **PLAYBOY**'s adopted family: **LJ, Bobby, Billy D. and Bryce Hefner** make up the Lawrence, Kansas-based combo known as the **Hefners**. The band's goal: to play the **Playboy Mansion**. While they await the call, the Hefners specialize in punk paeans to the **Playmates** on *Lay Off: This Is the Old Man's Private Poison*. You can catch up with them at pilgrimpage.com/micromag/hefners.html. . . . **Bush's** new album, *The Science of Things*, will be out any day. . . . **Metallica's** El Cerrito, California home, the launch site for *Ride the Lightning* and *Masters of Puppets*, went on sale for an asking price of \$250,000. . . . **Tommy Hilfiger** is using **Jewel** in his women's sportswear ads. His company sponsored her tour this past summer. . . . The National Portrait Gallery in London has mounted a show displaying significant people of the century. The group includes **Winston Churchill** and **Virginia Woolf**, of course, but right next to them will be the **Rolling Stones** and **Sid Vicious**. . . . Let's hear it for Busta's shoes: Rapper **Busta Rhymes** has added a shoe line to Bushi, which already sells T-shirts and hats at bushide.com. "These shoes are me, what hip-hop culture asks for," says Busta, whose next big move is to expand the line into retail stores. —BARBARA NELLIS

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MOVIES

By LEONARD MALTIN

STEVEN SODERBERGH is incapable of making an uninteresting film. His latest, *The Limey* (Artisan), is a modest effort about a British criminal who goes to Los Angeles seeking revenge for the death of his daughter. Casting is one of the movie's strong suits: Terence Stamp stars as a gutsy loner who will not be deterred and even appears in his own flashbacks (footage from the 1967 Kenneth Loach film *Poor Cow*). Peter Fonda plays the high-living sleaze who was involved with the daughter, and Barry Newman is his strong-arm sidekick. Soderbergh makes excellent use of offbeat LA locations and employs a showy, nonlinear editing technique. Still, at the core, the story isn't all that compelling. **3 1/2**

•

A G-rated film from David Lynch? Not only that, but a film about old-fashioned, decent Americans who live in the heartland? That's *The Straight Story* (Buena Vista), and it's a treat. Central to its success is the casting of veteran actor and stuntman Richard Farnsworth as Alvin Straight, who decides to ride his lawn mower (his driver's license has been revoked) some 300 miles in order to visit his ailing and estranged brother in Wisconsin. The story, incidentally, is true. Sissy Spacek plays his daughter, and Harry Dean Stanton appears briefly as his brother, but most of the faces on the screen are unknown, and deftly chosen. The deliberate pace and episodic nature of *The Straight Story* may not suit hyper-



Farnsworth: Ageless charisma.

Revenge at any cost,
redemption for sale,
revisiting the heartland.

active viewers, but I defy anyone to resist Farnsworth's rugged charm or the good feeling the film engenders. **4**

•

Lawrence Kasdan is the second director to hang an important film on the yet-unproven screen charisma of Loren Dean (the first was Robert Benton, who introduced him in *Billy Bathgate*).

Dean has the title role in *Mumford* (Touchstone), Kasdan's Capraesque fable about a psychiatrist who has made himself indispensable to the residents of an idyllic California town. In fact, he's too good to be true: He simply uses common sense to identify his patients' problems. Despite an attractive cast that includes Alfre Woodard, Hope Davis, Mary McDonnell, Ted Danson, Jason Lee and Martin Short, *Mumford* never hits the bull's-eye. Some of this is because of Kasdan's much-too-tidy plot turns, and some can be attributed to Dean, a capable actor who's too bland to give this film the magic it needs. **3 1/2**

•

If you're a fan of Robin Williams, as I am, his mere presence can make a film worth watching; such is the case with *Jakob the Liar* (Columbia), on which Williams also served as executive producer. Based on a novel by Jurek Becker and set in a Polish ghetto in 1944, *Jakob* means to show how humor and hope can fuel a downtrodden people. Williams plays a widowed café owner who accidentally hears a radio broadcast that offers a morsel of good news, which his friends blow all out of proportion. The movie's good intentions are obvious, but in the wake of Roberto Benigni's *Life Is Beautiful* they seem disappointingly slight. (In fairness, it should be noted that *Jakob* went into production before Benigni's film.) The star is surrounded by a strong cast, including Bob Balaban, Armin Mueller-Stahl, Alan Arkin and Liev Schrieber. **3 1/2**

While some toy manufacturers are licking their wounds over unrealized profits for *Star Wars* tie-in merchandise, there is a bullish market for movie tie-ins of the past.

The Universal Pictures movie mon-

ed with a variety of companies to issue candy containers, Halloween costumes, ornaments and candles featuring Hitchcock's familiar visage.

To accompany its comprehensive film exhibition, the Museum of Modern Art in New York City has

made a first-ever

foray into CD production with a collection called *Alfred Hitchcock: Music From His Films* (museummusic.com).

Walt Disney continues to be a compelling figure in American popular culture. Howard Green and Amy Boothe Green have captured a personal side of the original imagineer that's rarely been explored in *Remembering Walt* (Hyperion), a beautifully illustrated compendium of anecdotes and observations. And veteran Hollywood biographer Bob Thomas provides a revelatory look at Walt's brother Roy in *Building a Company: Roy O. Disney and*

the Creation of an Entertainment Empire (also from Hyperion).

The Man of Steel is celebrated in Chronicle Books' *Superman Masterpiece Collection*, a boxed set with a facsimile of the first Superman comic, a hardcover book on the character's prime and—best of all—a terrific resin figure of Superman as he looked in 1938. No desktop should be without one.

I discovered the King of the Cowboys, Roy Rogers, on television, but Rhino Records' sensational three-CD boxed set *Happy Trails: The Roy Rogers Collection 1937-1990* is derived chiefly from the star's radio show of the Forties. There are dozens of delightful songs by Roy, Dale Evans and the Sons of the Pioneers, many that haven't been heard in decades. This is a welcome visit to a time that was simpler—in music and in pop culture. Perhaps that's why, for these icons, the force is still with them.

—L.M.

ICONS FOR SALE—OLD AND NEW

sters (Frankenstein, Dracula, et al.) have never been more visible, appearing on everything from postage stamps to a clever line of figurines called Big Heads, designed by Sideshow. I'm particularly fond of the 3 1/4" figure of the Invisible Man that sits on my computer. Its dark glasses cover a head swathed in bandages, and it wears a gentleman's dressing gown—just as Claude Rains did in the 1933 movie.

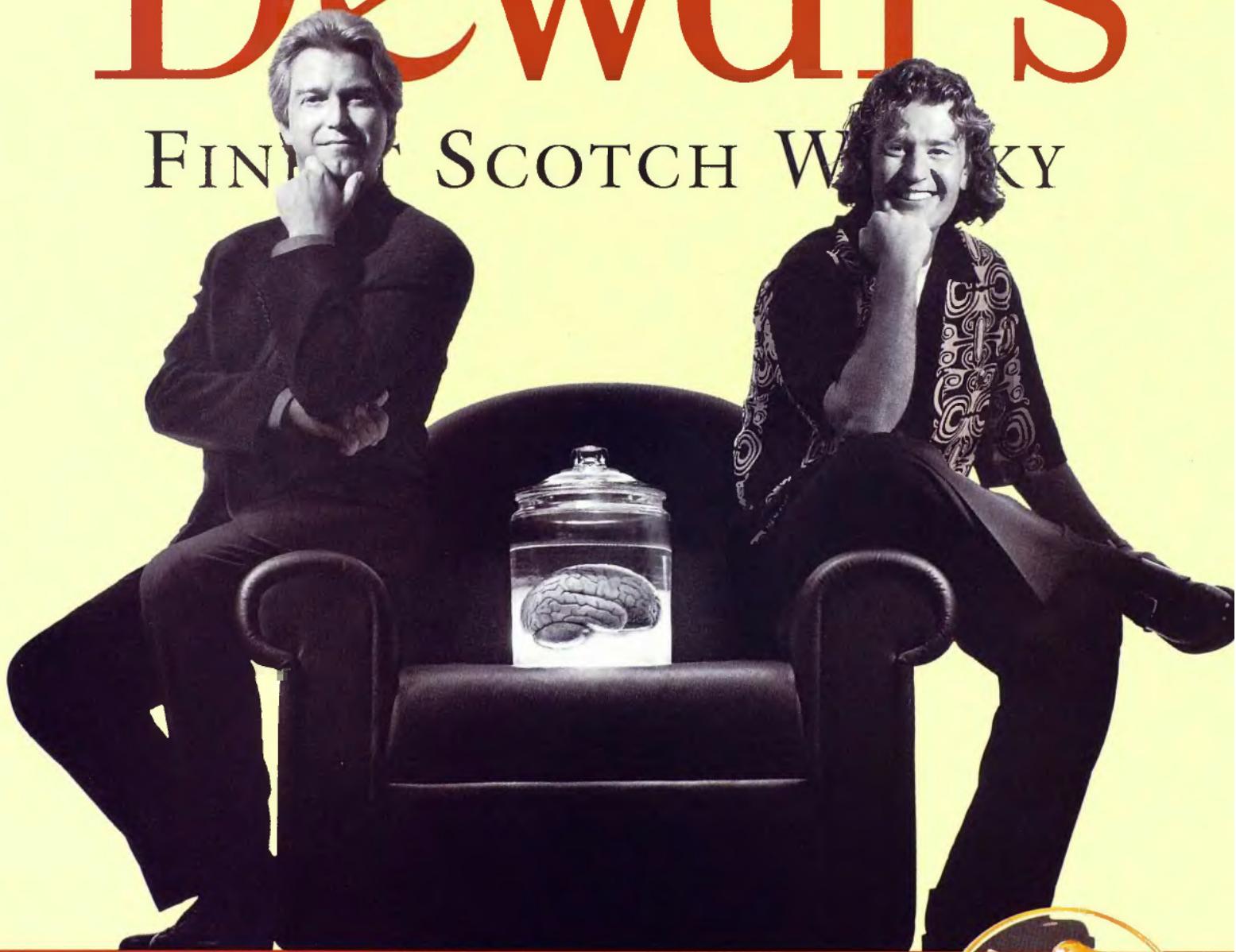
Alfred Hitchcock is being celebrated in his centennial year with retrospectives and video reissues of his films. What's more, Universal has contract-



Whit Alexander & Richard Tait
The co-creators of Cranium

Dewar's

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They're out of their minds. When Whit and Richard walked out the gates of a major software developer to build a board game, friends thought they'd lost it. But they put their heads together with an art guru, a wordsmith and a talkative mime — and the result was Cranium®. It's the first game designed to use both sides of the brain. It's selling like crazy, and they're looking pretty smart.



They're Dewars.



OFF CAMERA

It's not every actor who chooses to walk away from a secure job on a hit TV series. But **Jennifer Esposito** left *Spin City* after a two-year run as New York mayor Barry Bostwick's secretary with the Brooklyn accent. "My parents said, 'Why, Jennifer? You're getting a raise this year.' I've never worked with such a nice group of people, but it was time to move on. They were kind enough to let me leave, which I thank them for, because they could have said no. But they knew I wanted to experience different roles, and maybe do a play again, and on a sitcom you don't have the time."

Having worked onstage in New York, and in such films as *No Looking Back*, *Kiss Me Guido* and *I Still Know What You Did Last Summer*, Esposito has plenty of experience. In Spike Lee's *Summer of Sam* (she portrays the Bronx girl who's attached to Adrien Brody) the dynamic, New York-based performer is a knockout. Did the sexual nature of the role—including the simulated production of a porno film—give her any pause?

"When you're a struggling actor in New York and you get a role in a Spike movie that has some meat, and it's not just 'the girl,' you jump at the chance," she says.

"I don't think it was the wrong decision to leave *Spin City*," she continues. "Maybe one day I'll go, 'What an idiot!' But I'm ready to take the chance. I've just finished my 14th film. I've always worked—I have been very fortunate. And I hope that doesn't change."

She has also been in a handful of indie films, such as *Just One Time* and *Beyond City Limits* (with Nastassja Kinski), and she had a small role with Chris O'Donnell in *The Bachelor*.

But experience hasn't turned Esposito into a hypocrite. When I asked her if she would choose playing 'the girl' in a big-budget movie over a role in an off-Broadway show, she said yes, because she knows it means exposure and more clout to choose good parts. Esposito has candor equal to her ambition. —L.M.

In *Eyes Wide Shut*, a distraught Tom Cruise goes in search of sexual adventure. In Catherine Breillat's notorious French import *Romance* (Trimark), it's a woman (Catherine Ducey) who embarks on a sometimes dangerous sexual odyssey, having been pushed away by her indifferent boyfriend. *Romance* reminds me of the driver's education films I was forced to sit through in high school, filled with vivid and upsetting shots of car crashes. In this case the subject is sex, but the film (despite the most astonishing images this side of a porno tape) is not sexy; instead, the graphic depiction of sexual organs, and one woman's clinical view of their use, produces discomfort, not arousal. The film is provocative, and has the novelty of a woman's point of view, but it's not especially edifying. One bondage scene seems to go on forever. Who knew tying knots could take so long? ******

Get Bruce (Miramax) isn't so much a documentary as it is a diversion, dipping into the showbiz world of comedy writer Bruce Vilanch. We get backstage gossip about the Oscars, but we also get to spend time with Bette Midler, Billy Crystal, Whoopi Goldberg and Robin Williams. An interview with Bruce's mother provides some background, and youthful photos prove he was not always hirsute. A tribute from one of the many AIDS-related charities he supports enables Vilanch (in a thank-you speech) to provide a moment of poignancy and self-revelation in an otherwise lighthearted film. There is a certain disingenuousness about the project, which was clearly made with its subject's cooperation. But the entertainment quotient is so high, it doesn't much matter. *******

Is there a perfect antonym for profound? That's what I kept searching for as I watched *Last Night* (Lions Gate), a speculative drama about the final hours of civilization and how differently people deal with the prospect of their imminent demise. Somehow these story elements really don't add up to very much in Don McKellar's film, which he wrote, directed and stars in. McKellar's mother and father want the family to be together, but he prefers to go it alone. When he does, he encounters a woman (Sandra Oh, in a juicy part) who is desperately trying to get home to her husband, and tries to help her. This leads him to the apartment of a randy friend whose only thoughts in the final hours of life are of sex. With a cast of Canadian luminaries, including Genevieve Bujold, David Cronenberg, Sarah Polley and Robin Gammell, *Last Night* arrives here with an impeccable pedigree, but little else. ******

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by leonard maltin

The Blair Witch Project (8/99) More successful as experiment than as entertainment, this story of would-be filmmakers who get lost in the woods still has some chills. *****½**

Get Bruce (See review) A diverting documentary about comedy writer Bruce Vilanch and his all-star colleagues, including Billy Crystal, Bette Midler and Robin Williams. *******

Happy, Texas (Listed only) Two escaped cons have to pass themselves off as kiddie-pageant impresarios in this likable comedy. Jeremy Northam, Steve Zahn, William H. Macy and Ally Walker star in Mark Illsey's debut film. *******

Jakob the Liar (See review) Robin Williams stars in this well-intentioned story of a Polish ghetto fueled by humor and hope during WWII. *****½**

Last Night (See review) The end of the world is coming, and no two people face it the same way. ******

The Limey (See review) Terence Stamp goes to LA seeking revenge for his daughter's death, in this stylish but slight Steven Soderbergh film. *****½**

Mumford (See review) A psychiatrist solves an entire town's problems—but remains something of an enigma himself. Loren Dean, Alfre Woodard, Martin Short and Mary McDonnell head the cast. *****½**

My Life So Far (Listed only) A delightful look at growing up in an eccentric Scottish family in the Twenties; Hugh Hudson directs Colin Firth, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Malcolm McDowell and Rosemary Harris. *******

Romance (See review) An arrestingly explicit French import about a woman's sexual odyssey—but, curiously, not a sexy film. ******

Runaway Bride (Listed only) Julia Roberts and Richard Gere team again with their *Pretty Woman* director Garry Marshall for a delightful romantic comedy. *******

The Sixth Sense (Listed only) An intelligent, original thriller with Bruce Willis as a shrink trying to help a boy who sees ghosts—all the time. ******½**

The Straight Story (See review) The weathered face and irresistible screen persona of Richard Farnsworth make this tribute to the heartland a must-see. You'd never guess it's a David Lynch film. *******

The Thomas Crown Affair (Listed only) Pierce Brosnan and Renee Russo make a sexy pair in this overlong but entertaining remake. *****½**

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

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VIDEO

GUEST SHOT



"If it isn't a killer movie right off the bat, I just can't stay glued to the television," says World Wrestling Federation champion **Stone Cold Steve Austin**. So what kind of flicks stun the creator of the neck-wrangling "stunner" maneuver? "I'm a big fan of Westerns," reveals the south

Texas native. "Cool Hand Luke, any of the old Clint Eastwood spaghetti Westerns and all John Wayne films. I also like old horror movies, the ones with Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi." Austin also goes for big laughs. "I like slapstick and broad comedy, like *I'm Gonna Git You Sucka* and *Blazing Saddles*," says Austin. "That one gets better each time I see it."

—LAURENCE LERMAN

CINEMA SCIONS

It seems as if some sons and daughters sired by directors have celluloid in their veins. Here's how a few offspring of moviemakers have found their way behind the camera.

Rob Reiner, son of Carl: Dad created *The Jerk* (1979) and cult fave *Where's Poppa?* (1970), paving the way for Rob's *This Is Spinal Tap* (1984). Rob matured quickly, with *Stand by Me* (1986), *When Harry Met Sally* (1989), *A Few Good Men* (1992) and *Ghosts of Mississippi* (1996).

Mario Van Peebles, son of Melvin: Dad's blaxploitative anger—see *Sweet Sweetback's Badass Song* (1971)—is apparent in his son's urban action epics *New Jack City* (1991) and *Panther* (1995), and even his Western, *Posse* (1993).

Nicholas Kazan, son of Elia: The son could have been a contender with *Dream Lover* (1994), but his strong suit is writing—*Frances* (1982), *At Close Range* (1986) and *Reversal of Fortune* (1990). As a director, Nicholas has got some catching up to do: His dad won three Oscars—*Gentleman's Agreement* (1947), *On the Waterfront* (1954) and an honorary one this year.

Jennifer Lynch, daughter of David: Said to be the youngest woman (at 25) to direct her own script—*Boxing Helena* (1993). Jennifer's debut apparently was her swan song. *Helena* wasn't any worse than *Lost Highway* (1997), was it?

Marcel Ophüls, son of Max: Ophüls fils won an Oscar—for *Hotel Terminus* (1988)—while père (best known for 1948's *Letter From an Unknown Woman*) made only the

nomination round for *La Ronde* (1950)—and that was for screenwriting.

Nick Cassavetes, son of John: Father practically invented indie auteurism with *Faces* (1968), *Husbands* (1970), *Woman Under the Influence* (1974), etc. It looks as if Nick has his father's penchant for familial dysfunction, as seen in *Unhook the Stars* (1996) and *She's So Lovely* (1997; based on Dad's script).

Anjelica and Danny Huston, daughter and son of John (and grandkids of Walter): Danny seems to have gone the B-movie route, though we liked *The Maddening* (1995, with Burt Reynolds as a redneck nutcase). Anjelica does chick flicks such as *Bastard Out of Carolina* (1996) and this year's *Agnes Browne*.

—BUZZ MCCLAIN

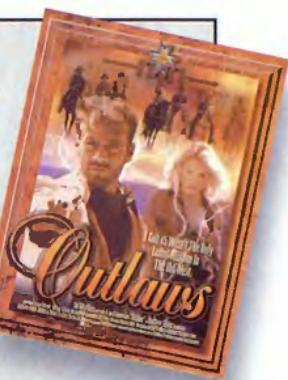
DISC ALERT

Craven imagery: We enjoy a good scare, but New Line's Platinum Series boxed set of the seven *Nightmare on Elm Street* films (\$130) may be too much of a good thing. Director Wes Craven offers commentaries on the opening and closing chapters in the series—*A Nightmare on Elm Street* (1984) and *Wes Craven's New Nightmare* (1994), arguably the two best—and all of the films benefit from digital remastering and wide-screen presentation. Vlad tidings: Watch out for the trio of vampire flicks from Image by French director Jean Rollin. In *The Shiver of the Vampires* (*Le Frisson des Vampires*, 1970), *The Demoniacs* (*Les Démoniaques*, 1973) and *Fascination* (1979), Rollin brings Gal-

GUILTY PLEASURE OF THE MONTH

We all like Westerns, especially if they're made by Europeans. *Outlaws* (*Sin City*) is an extravagant adult movie filmed in Madrid and Marbella, Spain

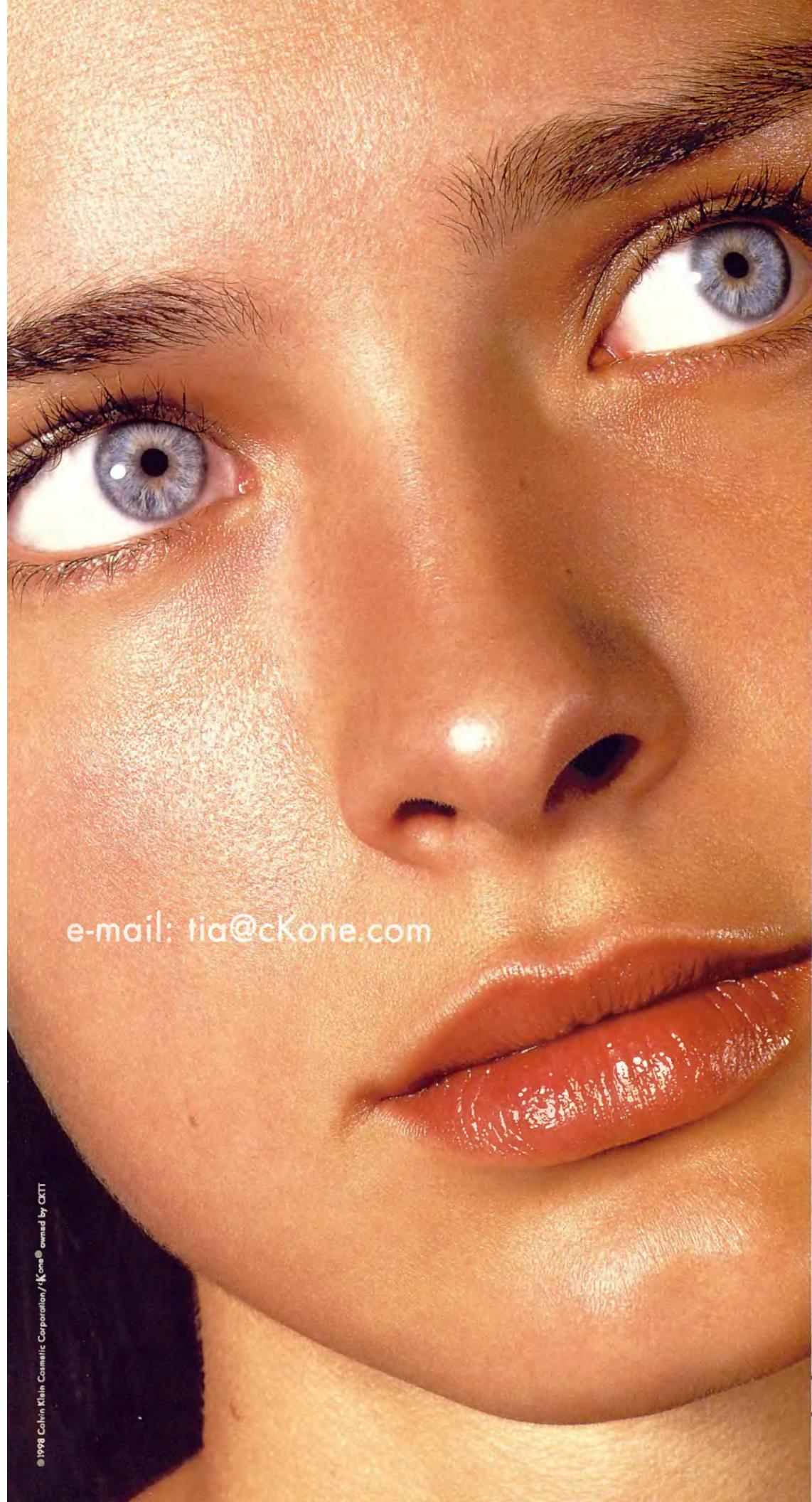
that features beautiful women and the always forthcoming Rocco Siffredi. If we remember the plot right, this Joe D'Amato film tells the tale of a town under siege by a band of sex-crazed renegades. When the town cries out for help, Rocco saves the day and savors the town's appreciation—sometimes two citizens at once. But this film isn't about justice; it's about lusty, silly, epic sex, and it takes care of that business very well.



lic elegance to his low-budget endeavors. That, and lots of sensual lesbian lovemaking. The best news is that Image will be releasing Louis Feuillade's ten-episode silent serial *Les Vampires* (1915) next year. Already available on videotape from Water Bearer Films (water bearer.com, 800-551-8304), the seven-hour epic features the vampy villainess Irma Vep—a serenely sexy femme fatale who would even have us rooting against Buffy.

—GREGORY P. FAGAN

MOOD	MOVIE
GREAT ESCAPES	<i>The Mummy</i> (roused by Brendon Froster, the Mummy tries to take over the world; cheap thrills), <i>Entrapment</i> (thief Sean Connery has a license to rob jewels but not cradles; so-so caper leaves Catherine Zeta-Jones smoldering).
SCI-FI	<i>The Matrix</i> (bullet-dodging messiah Keanu Reeves, like, soves the world to a techno beat; dazzling fun), <i>Existenz</i> (anti-tech jihad targets come girl Jennifer Jason Leigh; less flash, more message, from director David Cronenberg).
COMEDY	<i>Pushing Tin</i> (air-traffic-control king John Cusack meets his cooler match in Billy Bob Thornton; just shy of the runway), <i>Life</i> (Eddie Murphy and Martin Lawrence do serious time; just Shawshank-y enough to make you long for <i>Stir Crazy</i>).
SCHOOL DAYS	<i>Election</i> (class-prez wannabe Reese Witherspoon is too perky for one cranky teacher; savory sabotage ensues), <i>Ten Things I Hate About You</i> (Julio Stiles' hauteur makes teen toke on <i>The Taming of the Shrew</i> surprisingly palatable).
DRAMA	<i>The Winslow Boy</i> (a London bonker goes to the mat for his scandalized son; old tole gets a fresh jolt from director David Mamet), <i>Three Seasons</i> (Vietnam vet Keitel goes back in search of his kin; moving, if unfocused, festival fave).



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LIVING ONLINE

By MARK FRAUENFELDER

PLAN A PARTY

Usually, the problem with inviting more than a few people to an event is, if one person can't make it, you have to contact everybody else to reschedule. Of course, that starts a new round of voice-mail tag. [Evite.com](http://www.evite.com) promises to eliminate the hassle of planning activities for groups. I was suspicious, but I tried it and it really does help. You start by describing the event you are planning—a party, a skiing trip, whatever. Then you enter the e-mail addresses or fax numbers of the people you want to "evite." Evite creates a custom web page for your friends to visit, in order to RSVP or leave comments. They can also see who else has accepted or declined the invitation. Of course, there are lots of little extras, such as the Op-TIME-izer. For example, you want to invite eight pals for dinner at a restaurant. If you know there will be time conflicts, you can use the Op-TIME-izer to offer different starting times for the meal. Your friends can vote for the most convenient time. Whichever time gets the most votes wins.

NAVIGATING THE MATERIAL WORLD

It's a buyer's heaven at [Productopia.com](http://www.productopia.com), with hundreds of product reviews of everything from boom boxes to barbecues. Each review includes online and local retail availability, as well as links to comparable products. When I saw the T-Fal Avante Deluxe chrome toaster review, it was love at first sight. But when I clicked on a picture of designer Michael Graves' playful pop-art toaster (which you can buy at Target), I dropped the Avante like a radioactive fuel rod. The coolest item I found was the Black & Decker Partymate, a slick, battery-powered blender that transforms margarita making into an outdoor sport. Tailgating will never be the same.

SIFTING FOR SPACEMEN

For the past couple of decades, scientists at the University of California have recorded radio signals from space, hoping to find a message from an intelligent being beyond the stars. But if ET had been trying to call us, his signal would be buried in a storm of astronomical noise thrown off by quasars and other heavenly bodies. It takes a rip-roaring supercomputer to process radio astronomy data, and lately the funding for the program called SETI (Search for Extraterrestrial Intelligence) has all but fizzled out. That's where you come in. Head

over to setiathome.ssl.berkeley.edu, download the seti@home program and your computer will be put to work analyzing the data. After I launched the program, it began processing a minute-and-a-half chunk of radio telescope data collected in March at the Arecibo Radio Observatory in Puerto Rico. (The other 500,000 people who have downloaded seti@home so far have received other snippets of radio data.) The program analyzes data whenever I stop working on my PC for more than a few minutes, and you get to see the progress in the form of a colorful screen saver. The best part is, if your computer finds a message from a civilization on another plan-

stand the importance of a clean, easy-to-use web interface. It has small, clear photographs of their merchandise, so you can get in, pick what you want and get out in surprisingly few clicks. Free shipping, too. Smart.

VOICE MAIL FOR CHEAPSKATES

Last year, every major website offered free e-mail. This year, they're offering free voice mail and fax, too. The best of the bunch is [onebox.com](http://www.onebox.com). I signed on, selected an area code (they didn't have a Los Angeles area code when I signed up, but they promise to have most of the country covered by the end of the year), and was issued a number. People can call the number to leave voice mail or send a fax. I retrieve the messages by calling the number or by logging on to the [onebox.com](http://www.onebox.com) site. Two outstanding things about [onebox](http://www.onebox.com): You can set it up to flash a message to your ICQ account (ICQ is an Internet chat program you can download from [icq.com](http://www.icq.com)) whenever [onebox](http://www.onebox.com) receives a voice mail or fax for you, and there's no limit to the number of messages you can receive.

The worst voice-mail service I found is Excite's. I signed up at www.excite.com/Info/mail/vmail_welcome.html and was given the toll-free number (888-EXCITE2) and a ten-digit personal extension number. The toll-free part is nice, but making callers punch in 20 digits to leave a message is off-putting, especially now that long-distance rates top ten cents a minute. Worse, messages longer than 90 seconds are truncated. To retrieve a message, the only choice is to log on to Excite and play the message on a Real Audio player ([onebox](http://www.onebox.com) uses a speedier player, or you can call in for your messages). The nail in the Excite coffin is the maximum of 60 messages a month—enough for misanthropic hermits, but hardly sufficient for anyone with a normal social life. This is one free lunch that'll give you an ulcer.



et, you will be listed as a co-discoverer. (You'll probably be invited to appear on *Letterman*, too.)

FASTER FILA, BUY! BUY!

Imagine if brick-and-mortar stores operated like most online retailers do. You'd walk through the front door and enter a large room with nothing in it but a big sign that read: "Welcome to Clothes-a-Rama! Please wait two minutes for the door leading to the merchandise to unlock." Then a door would slide open to reveal another room with nothing in it but more doors, each with a sign that read: "This way to the Men's Department," or "This way to the Women's." By that time, you would have left. That's what happens online. People don't like waiting around for useless web pages full of blinking lights and theme songs to load. But [Fila.com](http://www.fila.com) gets it. They under-

TOY SHOPPING WITHOUT TEARS

The holidays are upon us. This year, I'll buy my niece and nephew the Barbie Adventure Riding Club set and the Poké-mon Ball Blaster Game through [etoys.com](http://www.etoys.com). This toy site is a joy to use. I got sucked into the "Classic Toys" section, drooling over the gewgaws that turned my crank as a kid: Spirograph, Colorforms, Lite-Brite, Hot Wheels and Uncle Milton's Giant Ant Farm. I can't wait until the big box arrives.

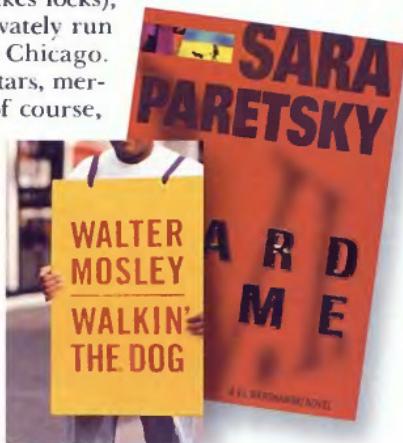
You may contact Mark Frauenfelder by e-mail at livingonline@playboy.com.

BOOKS

CRIME PAYS

After a five-year break, Sara Paretsky's great gumshoe, V.I. Warshawski, is back on the prowl, in *Hard Time* (Delacorte). Known for sticking her nose into interesting places (from deep tunnels to Great Lakes locks), V.I. finds herself in a privately run women's prison outside Chicago. The plot involves movie stars, merchandising rights and, of course, murder. In *Walkin' the Dog* (Little Brown), Walter Mosley brings back one of the most fascinating characters in crime fiction, Socrates Fortlow. He is an aging ex-convict who lives in a two-room shack in an alley in Watts, unloads groceries at a local market and tries to navigate a lawless world. He's an outsider, not unlike Andrew Vachas' Burke in New York City. But where Burke, who recently reappeared in *Choice of Evil* (Knopf), is a tightly wound sociopath, Socrates is a philosopher. *Walkin' the Dog* explores his rage and hope, and what one man can accomplish. Knopf has also published *Nightmare Town*, 20 previously uncollected stories by Dashiell Hammett. Hammett perfected his craft in the pages of *Black Mask*, and then set the mark with his novels *The Maltese Falcon*, *Red Harvest*, *The Dain Curse* and *The Glass Key*. Hammett's Continental Op and the Thin Man first appear in these stories. They still fascinate us. Evil doesn't age.

—JAMES R. PETERSEN

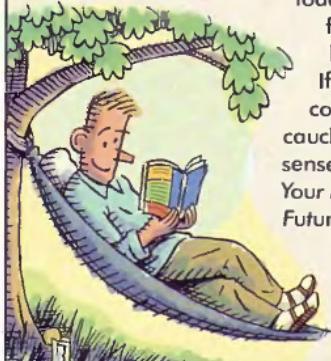


MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

Macmillan Publishing says, "It's OK to do it the lazy way," with a series of Lazy Way guides that stand out from other how-to books. The idea is to help you get stuff done without expending too much energy. If you don't know the difference between calipers and a crankshaft, *Take Care of Your Car the Lazy Way* offers tips to eliminate breakdowns—both the car's and yours—and to free you from spending quality time with your mechanic. Moving from the garage to the home, *Organize Your Stuff* includes a room-by-room plan to conquer clutter and turn piles of paper into efficient files. The recipes in *Cook Your Meals* are so easy you won't break a sweat. If you're lazy enough to use instant mashed potatoes, here are three things to remember: Make them with milk instead of water, disguise them with other food groups, and if you keep the flakes more than 18 months, know you're living on the edge. If your idea of saving money is collecting coins from under the couch cushions, it's time to make sense of your dollars with *Handle Your Money and Build Your Financial Future*. No matter how complex the job, it can be done the lazy way—unless you're too lazy to read the book.

—HELEN FRANGOLIS

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT SIEGMUND



TALKING BOOKS

To fit more books into your busy life, just press play, advises the Audio Publishers Association. But how to separate the good stuff from the earaches? Look to the reader. Some authors are their own best interpreters. There couldn't be a better narrator than Frank McCourt for *Tis* (Simon & Schuster Audio), the sequel to his Pulitzer Prize-winning autobiography, *Angela's Ashes*. Eddie Fisher hits the high and low notes of his own off-key life on *Been There, Done That* (Dove Books Audio). And could anyone match Harlan Ellison's furious yet mesmerizing rendition of *I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream* (Dove Books Audio), the first in a best-of-Ellison series? Not that performers don't know their way around a mike. Brian Dennehy lends considerable vocal presence to Ernest Hemingway's *True at First Light* (Simon & Schuster Audio), a semi-fictional tale about Ernest and his wife Mary on a lion hunt in Kenya. They argue, shoot, drink and argue some more in a rambling first draft that's short on structure and long on atmosphere, punchy dialogue and, surprisingly, humor. Dick Hill gives voice to a variety of middle-class Floridians and the two Jersey hit men who disrupt their ennui in humorist Dave Barry's first novel, *Big Trouble* (Brilliance Audio). The reissue this month of *Ambush at Fort Bragg* (BDD Audio), Tom Wolfe's satiric novelette (now available only in audio format), depends heavily on Edward Norton's nuanced narration. It's a vicious study of devious, self-deluded television news types as they try to coax three soldiers into confessing on camera to gay-bashing and murder. Norton's splendid delineation of the warriors forms a sort of prequel to his Oscar-nominated turn in *American History X*. Eric Idle's droll delivery adds a Monty Python-like bite to his own comic science fiction adventure, *The Road to Mars* (Soundelux Audio). As the master of the wink-wink-nudge-nudge would have it, by the 22nd century, the red planet has become the showbiz capital of the universe. Idle's tale follows two comics and a robot as they travel through space, performing at outposts on their way to the big time. When Douglas Adams' *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* debuted, it was called Pythonesque. Now the circle is complete.—DICK LOCHTE

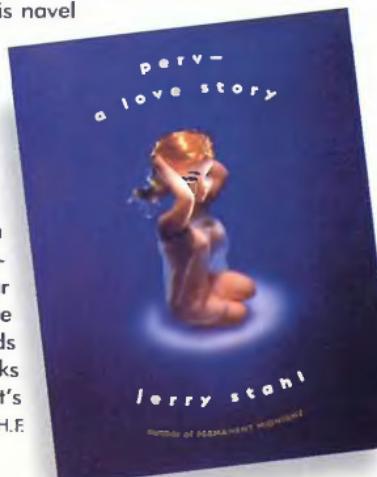


ABBE SENNELL

LITERARY FREAK SHOW:

You know Jerry Stahl from his dark confessional *Permanent Midnight*, a memoir about his strung-out life as a drug user, which later became a Ben Stiller movie. Now, his novel

Perv—A Love Story (Morrow) delivers characters that Stahl also seems to know intimately. He returns to the Seventies, when 15-year-old Babby Stark's life (like Stahl's in *Midnight*) is plagued by demons. The boy's journey to self-discovery includes confrontations with a one-armed tattoo artist and his nymphomaniacal daughter, sex-crazed hippies and a grammar school crush (who has become a Hare Krishna convert) with whom he finds true love. Just like a mad dog, *Perv* sinks its teeth into you and does not let go. It's a powerful story.



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Light A Fire



By ASA BABER

Although *American Pie* may not be the greatest film in the world, it tells the ultimate truth about male sexuality. To put it bluntly, we are crazy for self-service sex, especially in our younger years.

When we discover the joys of masturbation, we feel as if we have found heaven on earth (and many of us would argue that we have). Squeezing the tube steak is thereby placed first on our list of priorities, sometimes never to be removed. As all honorable pud-thumpers do at first, we whack off once or twice for starters every morning before we get out of bed. We continue flogging that snake many times a day for decades, lost in fantasy and reverie, thinking about fucking anything that might feel good. And, as *American Pie* demonstrates, there are a lot of feel-good options out there.

Just about every man you see on the street or at your office has tried to get it on with inert physical objects at some point in his life. Want to embarrass him? Ask him about it. He may not admit it, but he's been there. As I like to say about my own horny history, there was a time when I would fuck a fence if it had a knothole in it. (I'm not into fences anymore. I didn't like splinters in my dick, and the nurses in the emergency room always laughed when I told them I had tripped in a lumberyard.)

Most guys are truly ashamed of some of the sexual partners they chose in their early years—those partners that couldn't talk back, that is. (Please note: This qualification leaves animals out of it. I consider sheep bleating, dogs howling, monkeys chattering and chickens clucking as some kind of interspecies communication. We are talking inanimate objects here, so if you are presently screwing your favorite warthog, I do not want to know about it—unless, of course, you think I should try it, too.)

In the spirit of discovery and revelation, let me quote some of the men I have talked to about this subject that has no blame:

"I was 14 years old," Keith says, "and totally randy. I would beat off any time, anywhere. I had to be careful, because I came close to doing it in public many times. I could just see me having to call my dad from jail. 'Were you speeding again, son?' 'No, Dad.' 'Did you steal something?' 'No, Dad.' 'Did you hit somebody?' 'No, Dad.' 'Then what hap-



RECHNICK/SALSA

NOT THE TURKEY!

pened?' 'Well, I was jerking off at high noon on the corner of State and Lake because a beautiful woman was strolling by, and the cops caught me.'

"Anyway, I walked into the dining room one Thanksgiving Day while my family was at church, and the turkey was on the sideboard. It was golden brown and glistening like a hula girl on a beach in Hawaii—and that did it. I absolutely had to try it. It was stuffed with dressing—pine nuts and pearl onions and moist bread crumbs—and I humped it right there on the platter. I remember my mother walking through the front door almost immediately afterward and finding me breathing hard. 'Is anything wrong, Keith?' she asked. 'No, Mom,' I said. And I wasn't lying."

Roger, on the other hand, made one of the most exciting discoveries of his life on his 13th birthday. "I guess I have a limited imagination," he says. "I'd been beating off for a couple years, and I had this problem that I couldn't solve. You've heard of razor burn? Well, I had penis burn, and I had it bad. It was cramping my style, too. In those days, if I couldn't have an orgasm every other hour, I got depressed. But when my palms felt like sandpaper and my dick turned as red as a chili pepper, I had to stop choking my chicken, sometimes for days—which seemed like years."

"Then it happened. I was at my best friend's house one evening. His sister was 17 and a big tease. She knew I was a walking hard-on, and she also knew that she could make me blush in a second. So when I sat down at the kitchen table while she was making dinner, I tried not to look at her. Then she took this cucumber out of the refrigerator and did a weird thing with it. 'Watch this, Roger,' she said. She started coating the cucumber with olive oil. 'Are you going to eat that?' I asked her. 'No,' she said, 'I just like doing this to it.' And she proceeded to give that cucumber a world-class hand job while she watched me turn red and die. She had her hands twisting and turning and squeezing and stroking, and I wanted to be that cucumber in the worst way. God bless that girl. She turned me on to sexual lubricants, and my life changed. No more penis burn, lots of experimenting with lard and butter and egg whites.

"Did I ever get to make it with my best friend's sister? No. But she knew, and I knew, that she'd taught me something more valuable than anything I would ever learn in a classroom."

Ken was into pillows, mattresses and couches. "It started when I was 11—I found out I could hump my pillow and get off on it. At first, I simply changed pillowcases every day, but my mother got suspicious when she did the laundry. So I wrapped my dick in a tube sock filled with hand lotion and put it between two pillows. Then I found the perfect foam rubber pillow. I carved an artificial vagina in it and violated it for about six months. Then I grew fond of our living room sofa, which was more like a futon than a sofa, but it was hard to explain to my parents why holes kept appearing in it. 'I think it must be a rat or a mouse,' I told them. But my dad knew. He threw out the old sofa and brought in a leather one that was no fun at all. Leather hurts."

I want you to remember that these are stories from other men's lives, not mine. Anybody who says that I am the source for these sinful tales is a foreskin-chewing prevaricator and penny-ante masturbator who probably beats off like a billy goat every time he finds himself alone in an elevator.

Just a regular guy, in other words.



MANTRACK

hey...it's personal

Post Notes

"The epitome of peace and relaxation." "The world's most powerful aphrodisiac." Over the years, the accolades for Big Sur's Post Ranch Inn have been as special as the mist-clad vistas it overlooks. Several types of rooms are offered, including ocean, mountain, tree and coast. Each has its own charm. But whether you opt for an aerie by the sea or in the forest, the menu of spa services, body treatments and gourmet cuisine stays the same. End your day with a soak in your own private hot tub or in the communal basking pool that overlooks the Pacific. Rates range from \$365 to \$645 per night, double occupancy. Call 800-527-2200.



HOW TO EAT SUSHI



Using the blueprint at left, you can get the basics of eating sushi. But there are other things you should know: First, never order a drink from the sushi chef. That's what your waiter is for. It's perfectly fine—a good idea, even—to buy your chef a drink. Have the waiter ask him what he wants. It's improper, by the way, to return a half-eaten nigiri to your plate. Hold it until you finish it. If you're feeling adventurous, let the chef serve you. He will pick out what fish is best and lead you through a succession of pieces in their proper order.

Nikon's New Shooter

No bigger than a pack of smokes, the ultracool Nikon Nuvis S, with its stainless steel shell and now-you-see-it-now-you-don't lens housing, looks like a prop from Inspector Gadget or the next James Bond film. This advanced photo system camera offers three different print sizes and allows you to switch film midroll. You also get a 22.5mm to 66mm zoom lens, automatic film speed settings that range from ISO 50 to 1600, 30 different title selections in 12 languages and many other features. Price: about \$300, in camera stores nationwide. A miniature shutter remote is an additional \$20.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I've been with my boyfriend for eight months. The relationship is wonderful and the sex is awesome. The other night we engaged in anal sex, which we have both done before, but this time I had a total emotional breakdown. My orgasm was accompanied by a crying episode so intense it took us both by surprise. Everything was great and I didn't experience pain, but the tears came in buckets. Can you tell me if this is a normal reaction or why it happened?—T.G., Memphis, Tennessee

*It's nothing to worry about. Many people experience an emotional release with the physical release of climax. Annie Sprinkle calls it a crygasm. "I've talked to so many women who tell me that when making love or having an orgasm they have a little cry at the same time," she says. "It feels so good." There was a time when lovers were expected to cry. "Eighteenth century novels are full of scenes that suggest or, in a few cases, represent orgasm with tears as the most sublime experience possible," notes historian Tom Lutz, author of *Crying: A Natural and Cultural History of Tears*. "Weeping in love was considered the norm, and a lover who couldn't weep wasn't worth having." In your situation, the intensity of anal sex may have played a role. The anus and rectum are more delicate than the vagina, and anal intercourse requires a great deal of patience, preparation and trust. We also carry more stress than we realize in our sphincters. Penetration requires the muscles to relax, and the tension can dissipate in ways that surprise us.*

Frequently, when my girlfriend and I get out of the car, we generate a charge, causing a shock when we touch metal or each other. I have tried to note when this happens, but it doesn't seem to matter what the weather is or even what shoes we're wearing. What causes these shocks, and is there any way to prevent them?—L.F., Seattle, Washington

The shock is caused by static electricity generated when your clothes rub against the seat as you climb out of the car. If you're charged with more than about 3500 volts, you'll typically get zapped as you make contact with the body of the car or the ground. The phenomenon occurs most often in cold, dry weather in vehicles with vinyl seats. If driving naked isn't an option, spray your seats with an antistatic guard, invest in lambskin seat covers or hang rubber ground straps from the back bumper. Or try this trick: As you step out of the car, keep a hand in constant contact with the door while closing it. If you're usually shocked while locking or unlocking the car, touch your key to the door first to disperse the charge. Better yet, install a remote entry system.



Here's a situation described to me by a friend, and we'd like your opinion. A married man whose wife is out of town visits a bar with friends. He strikes up a conversation with an attractive woman. She too is married and her husband is away. They decide to have a nightcap at her place. Although the conversation is somewhat sexual, there is no physical contact. As the evening is winding down, the woman tells the man that she plans to masturbate after he leaves, and that she assumes he will do the same when he arrives home. She suggests they masturbate together. They disrobe and masturbate within sight of each other, but they never touch beyond a chaste kiss as he gathers his clothes to leave. Is this considered cheating?—E.A., The Woodlands, Texas

You bet. The couple shared sexual intimacy, and that meets the definition of adultery even if the participants can't see each other, such as during phone sex or while online. If the guy had returned home to masturbate, he might have escaped on a technicality. But his judgment would still be suspect—married guys generally don't have nightcaps with women they meet in bars.

What constitutes "real" balsamic vinegar? I saw a chef on TV who said that you should use a traditional balsamic to finish a dish, but I tuned in late and he didn't offer more explanation.—J.C., Providence, Rhode Island

Traditional balsamic vinegar originates in the Italian provinces of Modena and Reggio Emilia, its home by law and tradition. Two consortia maintain strict quality controls. To aficionados, the vinegar is so complex and flavorful that using more than a

*few drops is considered wasteful. Considering that a three-and-a-half-ounce bottle runs \$65 to \$150, it's also cost-efficient. Typically, the vinegar is drizzled over pasta or other dishes; it's also delicious over vanilla ice cream or strawberries. Toss hulled berries to create a sauce, then add balsamic and toss again. Traditional balsamic is aged for at least 12 years in different wooden casks as it becomes more concentrated. (To get the real thing, make sure that the word *tradizionale* appears on the label.) Commercial balsamics available in supermarkets are more suitable for salads or marinades.*

T he beautiful women in PLAYBOY motivate me to stay in shape. I only have to picture Karen McDougal's butt when I'm jogging and suddenly I'm inspired to run a little farther. I would love to have a few sexy photos taken as a holiday surprise for my husband, but I'm not sure where to begin. Can you help?—D.B., Los Angeles, California

Funny thing—we think of Karen McDougal's butt and have to stop running. Many portrait photographers specialize in nude or bikini and lingerie shots. You can find reputable "glamour" pros through International Glamour (www.models-link.com) or the Professional Photographers of America (404-522-8600 or ppa-world.org). Before you pose, meet with the photographer to get references and view his or her portfolio. Expect to pay at least \$500 for a day's shoot, plus the costs of a makeup artist and hairstylist (you supply any clothing). Be cautious about signing anything you haven't read carefully. You don't want to unwittingly release your nude self for promotional material, the photographer's portfolio, or—God forbid—the online world. (Most likely the photographer will keep the negatives, but only for the purpose of selling you more prints. Like anything, however, this is negotiable.) During the shoot, you may be more comfortable with a friend present, and an experienced photographer will have techniques to help you relax and seduce the camera.

L ast week I had a hot date. I cooked her dinner at my apartment, but the evening took a sour turn when she insisted on helping me make the salad and cut her finger badly. I checked my medicine cabinet and found only a few old bandages. I had to take her to the emergency room for a cut that I probably could have treated with the right materials and a little know-how. What basic first aid supplies should I have on hand for future emergencies?—M.C., Watertown, New York

Unless you're dating women who are accident prone or you're a klutz yourself, you can get by with ibuprofen and aspirin, a few disposable, instant-activating ice bags,

bandages and gauze pads of various sizes, antibiotic ointment and tweezers. To avoid other potential disasters, we'd add antacids, an antihistamine, contact lens solution, an extra toothbrush, lubricant and condoms.

My favorite pictorial in July featured Karen Finley covered in chocolate. Was it real chocolate? How long did it take to shoot? Why is something like that such a turn-on?—K.R., Portsmouth, Virginia

Because she was naked, and covered in chocolate. The shoot took about eight hours. After experimenting with melted Godivas for body paint, our stylists settled on cake frosting. They used chocolate syrup to create a puddle for Karen to play in. By the time we got our act together and arrived with the whipped cream, they had already cleaned up.

Recently a reader asked how he could increase the amount of semen when he comes. You told him to not to ejaculate for a few days. There is a better way. Since my early 20s, I have masturbated an average of five times a day but always stop short of orgasm. I save that for my wife. When I was in my 20s I could ejaculate about two tablespoons of semen. I'm now 69 and can still produce about one-and-a-half tablespoons. Now, if I may indulge you with a few words about something more important than sex: When I am ready to leave the house, I give my wife of 45 years a deep kiss and tell her how beautiful she is and thank her for marrying me. When I return home, I give her another kiss and tell her how happy I am to be home. Often, she falls into my arms. Love, to remain viable, must be renewed at every opportunity. I hope this letter will be of benefit to others.—D.G., Concord, California

Any man who can keep a romance alive for 45 years deserves space in this column. Thanks for writing.

You should have told the reader who asked about increasing the amount of his semen about a well-known extract made from the bark of the African evergreen tree *Pygeum africanum*. The extract can increase prostatic secretion, which makes up the bulk of seminal fluid. It's been used to treat male infertility because of its apparent ability to improve the composition of seminal fluid. Taking a soft gel capsule (50 to 100 milligrams) twice a day should result in increased volume in three to four weeks.—R.H., Washington, North Carolina

*Although a few studies have suggested that *Pygeum africanum* can improve the quality of semen for fertility purposes, we will say again there is no reliable method to increase volume besides ejaculatory deprivation. Add extended foreplay and you should produce enough semen to populate a village. On the other end of the scale, if your output is consistently less than about a fifth of a teaspoon, see a doctor. He'll probably tell you to*

cut down on the smokes and/or alcohol, or he'll check for infection, a blocked ejaculatory duct or other complications.

Awoman I met online wants to introduce me to underarm fucking. She says the underarm is very sensitive and that she can tighten down as much as it takes to increase a man's pleasure. Ever hear of this?—R.C., Los Angeles, California

*Of course. We're not enthusiasts, but we are all-knowing. According to one of our favorite bedside books, the *Encyclopedia of Unusual Sex Practices*, the technique is more common in Europe, where women typically allow their armpit hair to grow. Some men enjoy axillism more after the woman has shaved, but before stubble forms, which can irritate the penis.*

I was in a relationship last fall, and the sex was terrible. She lay there and did nothing. The second and last time we had sex, I wanted to get it over with. So, after a respectable amount of time, I increased the pace, threw in some appropriate facial expressions and moans and pretended to come. I rolled off, removed the condom, threw it in the garbage and slipped into cuddle mode. I have told some friends this story and they think it's funny, though a bit sad. Have you ever heard of a man faking it? I know I can't be the first guy to try this.—C.D., Fort Bragg, North Carolina

You and your friends are right on both counts: You're not the first guy to try it, and it is rather sad. You'd be surprised how many men fake climaxes. They do it for the same reasons women do: They aren't aroused by their partner or the intercourse and they want to get the situation over with. Others may have trouble coming because of exhaustion, intoxication or for medical reasons and fear how their partner will react. Faking an orgasm wasn't the best way to handle the situation, and the deception seems like too much work to prolong a dud of a relationship. You should have withdrawn and asked your partner (gently) why she wasn't responsive. She may have been as bored as you were, or inexperienced and unsure how to tell you what turns her on.

I'd like to make an important point regarding the mile high club discussed in your column. The only people who can join are the pilot and his or her partner. Passengers, a.k.a. self-loading freight, do not qualify. A purist like myself also says the autopilot should not be used. Am I a member of the club? No, I am simply a pilot who hates to see what began as an exclusive club watered down for groundlings. I'll earn my wings one day, and I will do so in a way I can be proud of.—P.J., San Leandro, California

Now, now—we're all in this together. Your standard is much too strict, and making love in the cockpit of an airborne plane is foolhardy. In our view, a pilot who's having in-

tercourse is freight on a pilotless plane. You fly, and let passengers take care of the sex.

There can't be a better place to greet the new century than the Playboy Mansion. Can the Advisor get me into the New Year's Eve bash? Maybe you know of a secret entrance. If there is one, and you can reveal it, please don't print my letter.—K.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

We thought we'd found a secret entrance once but ended up in the monkey cage. As you suspect, New Year's is a tough ticket. As much as Hef would like to invite every reader (especially the cute, female, single ones), the Mansion is short a few million rest rooms. However, there is a way in, and we'll do our best to keep this from getting out: Each year, a reader attends with a guest because he or she won a sweepstakes sponsored by our circulation department. Entry forms are sent to readers who gave gift subscriptions the previous year. The 1999 forms have been distributed, but you can always shoot for December 31, 2000. That's the eve of the actual turn of the century, anyway, and certain to be just as memorable.

My wife poses nude at art schools. I asked her if it turns her on, and she replied, "Don't be silly. It's for the money." However, I visited her while she was working and noticed that her nipples were erect. To me, that's a sign of arousal. Also, I arrived a few times during her breaks and found her talking to the students without a robe. She said they had seen her naked anyway, so what's the difference? I know she isn't cheating on me, but I have a feeling she might be an exhibitionist. What do you think?—T.H., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Erect nipples don't necessarily indicate sexual arousal. Room temperature is set with the assumption that everyone will be wearing clothes, so your wife may just be cold. A woman who poses nude must be confident and comfortable with her body, which likely means she's confident and comfortable in bed. You want to stifle those instincts? Lighten up and let her do her job. If she's an exhibitionist, then you're married to an exhibitionist. That's not all bad.

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.



WHO WON THE SEX WAR?

the author of *playboy's* history of the sexual revolution recounts the century's battles

For the past three years I have experienced time travel, surrounding myself with words, photographs and film. When I told friends I was writing a history of the sexual revolution that would appear in ten parts in this magazine and later as a book, I always confessed that I couldn't wait to see how it would turn out.

On one of my first days of research I visited the Planned Parenthood offices in New York City to look at docu-

PART II 1910-1919

ments in its Margaret Sanger collection. Before I entered, a security guard checked my bag for weapons and explosive devices. When I had finished copying pages from Sanger's *Woman Rebel* and birth control tracts from the first quarter of the century, the same guard escorted me to the street. Sanger's fight for a woman's right to control her own body had polarized the country. The abortion debate, for years conducted at rallies and teach-ins, is now the province of terrorists.

When I stopped a woman on the Indiana University campus to ask directions to the Kinsey Institute, she expressed envy that I was being allowed into the "innermost sanctum." I was puzzled by her response until I found myself going through rings of security before gaining access to the institute's library. The books themselves are kept behind a green door. I sorted through three card catalogs—from Alfred Kinsey's original guide to a modern though not yet complete computer index.

When a Kinsey intern brought out the books and papers I requested, the discovery began. Kinsey's meticulous notes in margins and on frontispieces were an inspiration. This is what the study of sex looks like, I thought.



By JAMES R. PETERSEN

My research took me to the National Archives, to book and film collectors, to academic libraries and also to *PLAYBOY*'s own considerable holdings. I read journals, novels, biographies, textbooks, leaflets, magazines and letters, looking for signposts of the sexual revolution.

The change that began at the turn of the century got its name in 1946, when psychologist Wilhelm Reich translated *Die Sexualität im Kulturmampf*. He called the culture war *The Sexual Revolution*. Contrasting that tumultuous upheaval with the industrial revolution and the workers' revolution, Reich proposed a more subtle confrontation.

"The word revolutionary in this book does not mean the use of dynamite, but the use of truth. It does not mean secret meetings and the distribution of illegal literature, but open and public appeal to human conscience, without reservations, circumlocutions and alibis. It does not mean political gangsterism, executions, appointments, making and breaking of pacts; it means revolutionary in the sense of being radical—that is, of going to the roots of things."

The sexual revolution ignited conflict on two fronts: the public image of sex (the written word or images flickering on nickelodeons, silver screens, television sets or computer monitors) and the private behavior of adults. What was to be allowed? Who would control sex—the church (through the bully pulpit and the concepts of sin and damnation), the state (through the lawbook and prison), the individual (through courage, cu-

riosity, freedom and choice) or communities of peers (through rumor, gossip and scandal)? Who would have guessed the importance of the latter? We cannot even feed ourselves without running a gauntlet of gossip at the grocery store.

Consider how far we've come. In 1871 Victoria Woodhull addressed Congress (the first woman to do so) on the issue of women's suffrage. In lectures across the country, she advocated free love. To the modern ear that term invokes images of hippies cavorting in hot tubs, of couples tangling in satin sheets on water beds, of naked bodies slithering through Wesson oil orgies. Woodhull's intent was more noble. She challenged the authority of church and state to dictate affairs of the heart: "I have an inalienable, constitutional and a natural right to love whom I may, to love for as long or as short a period as I can, to change that love every day I please, and with that right neither you nor any law you can frame have any right to interfere."

Woodhull was outraged at the division between the public image of sex and private behavior, what she called "the compulsory hypocrisy and systematic falsehood" that permeated society. When she exposed an adulterous liaison be-



PART III 1920-1929

tween Henry Ward Beecher (a leading advocate of family values and a pillar of New York's Plymouth Church) and Elizabeth Tilton (a parishioner and the wife of Beecher's best friend), Woodhull, not Beecher, was ostracized. When her newspaper tried to expose a respected Wall Street gentleman who, after seducing a young woman, "carried for days on his finger, exhibiting in

triumph, the red trophy of her virginity," Woodhull was arrested by Anthony Comstock for obscenity.

Ours is not a culture that commemo-
rates the battles of the sexual revolution. At several points during the proj-
ect, I conducted tours of New York,
Washington, San Francisco
and Los



STUDIO MARTIN HOFFMAN

Angeles, looking for sites that a sexually literate culture would mark with bronze plaques or statues. America's sexual history is embedded in its urban landscapes. In New York I could stand on a street corner near Union Square and look from a building that once housed the office of the ACLU (where lawyer Morris Ernst fought the battles that allowed Americans to import both James Joyce's *Ulysses* and the latest in Japanese pessaries) to the studio where Irving Klaw took photographs of Bettie Page. In Greenwich Village I could walk from the home of Edna St. Vincent Millay ("Lust was there and nights not spent alone"), past the labor halls where Emma Goldman preached free love and anarchy, to the courthouse where America watched the first "trial of the century" (millionaire Harry Thaw was accused of murdering architect Stanford White because White had "defiled" Thaw's wife in her youth). In Times Square I saw a billboard promoting *Ragtime*, a musical based on the White-Nesbit-Thaw triangle. The murder story still fascinates America. I also savored an exhibit that showed the evolution of a single building. The New Amsterdam Theater had been home to the Ziegfeld Follies, a temple devoted to the glorification of the American woman. The Depression bankrupted the great showman Florenz Ziegfeld, and the New Am-

sterdam had been reduced to a burlesque house. It followed the decline of 42nd Street into a row of grind houses, then X-rated triple-bill porn parlors. Now, the building is the den of Disney's *Lion King*.

At the time, Mayor Rudolph Giuliani had launched a major cleanup of New York City with an ordinance that forbade the operation of adult enterprises within 500 feet of a church or school. As I walked past Cooper Union, I passed a street vendor selling pornography out of a pushcart.

In Washington, our tour started at Union Station, built at the turn of the century, when Americans traveled to the capital by rail. The building is guarded by statues of Roman centurions standing behind shields. The sculptor had originally created naked warriors, but city leaders demanded modesty panels. The public had to be protected. The city had crushed sexuality

under massive marble buildings. The Ronald Reagan Building stands where a red-light district once flourished and where, during the Seventies, you could get a burger and a massage on your lunch hour.

San Francisco is one city that does commemorate a few landmarks of the sexual revolution. The nightclub where Sally Rand danced naked in the Thirties has been lovingly restored as the Great American Music Hall, and just down the street is the Mitchell Brothers' O'Farrell Theater, where crowds flock to see X-rated movies and to watch porn stars perform in its private booths. Outside the Condor in North Beach, there's a bronze plaque telling passersby that this

PART V 1940-1949

is where it all started, where the world watched Carol Doda's bosom swell from a 36- to a 44-inch monument. Once again, I could stand on a corner and glance from the City Lights bookstore, where Beats laid the seeds of the counterculture, to a block of nightclubs such as

the hungry i, where hip subversives mocked the conformity of the Fifties. The Condor is now a sports bar, which may say more about the outcome of the sexual revolution than any of the other landmarks.

In Los Angeles, the Pussycat Theater, where *Deep Throat* played 13 times a day for ten years, is now the Tomkat, and is devoted to gay fare. On the sidewalk outside, the footprints and handprints of John Holmes, Linda Lovelace, Marilyn Chambers and Harry Reems are immortalized in concrete, though those are the parts of a porn star's anatomy the public is least interested in. The Pleasure Chest is still across the street. Both survivors of the Seventies are in decline, replaced by the world of adult videos and catalog erotica. Ciro's, where Paulette Goddard and Anatole Litvak grappled under a table during World War II, where Lili St. Cyr was paid \$7500 a week to bathe naked in a see-through bathtub filled with soap bubbles, is now the Comedy Store, a breeding ground for stand-up sex historians.

Someone still places fresh flowers on the grave of Virginia Rappé, the actress who died after partying with Fatty Arbuckle in San Francisco in 1921. Near the tomb of Cecil B. De Mille, the filmmaker who made all those biblical orgy epics, is a grave reserved for two men. It says simply COMPANIONS.

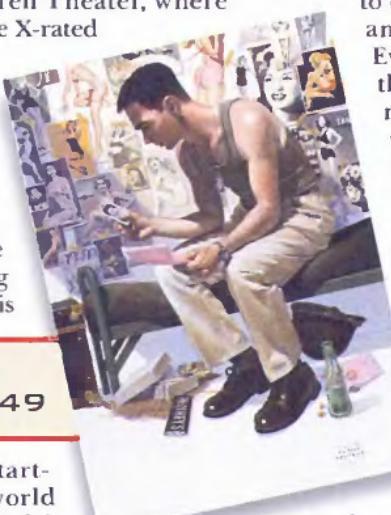
We are no closer to understanding sex now than we were a century ago. Walter Lippmann suggested that lust has a thousand avenues. It is woven in-

to our lives, in ways that slide and slither or rub us raw. Every new technology, from the telephone to the Internet, adds a thread to the weave. We will never go back. We have, in one way, become a single sexual culture—nothing is hidden.

Nearly everyone reacts to a Madonna video, some with arousal, some with loathing.

We have expanded forever the repertoire of private acts between consenting adults. There is no single

way to be a man, no single way to be a woman. Sex has survived attempts to shackle it with adjectives like degrading or dehumanizing. The sexual revolution was a war of words, fought on newsstands and in production studios across the country. In its own way, the American Society of



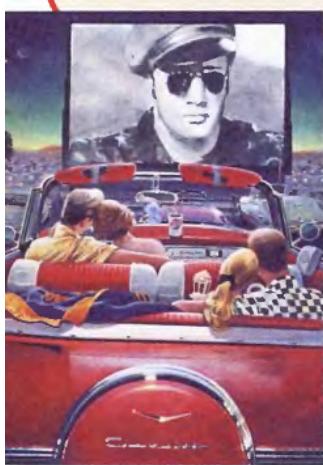
STUDIO MARTIN HOFFMAN

FORUM

Magazine Editors recognized this when it inducted Hugh Hefner and Gloria Steinem into its Hall of Fame.

The battle to control sexuality is careering into the next century. The religious right opposes research in birth control and abortion drugs. Right-to-life groups call RU-486 "the French death pill." The Vatican refers to it as "the pill of Cain: the monster that cynically kills its brother." That debate has moved beyond words. Zealots have fired shots into the homes of abortion providers and set off bombs outside clinics. They have resisted extending common rights to sexual minorities, trying to protect the institution

PART VI 1950-1959



of marriage by eliminating the alternatives. They have beaten, burned and hanged from fences those who disagree. As they have for more than 100 years, different factions seize the tools of government and try to create a canon of sex in their own likeness. Blue laws against sodomy nestle next to codes that criminalize flirtation as sexual harassment; laws that prohibit indecency stand next to the First Amendment. "Abstinence-only" sex education becomes the law of the land.

For more than a century, special interest groups—from the Society for the Suppression of Vice to Charles Keating's Citizens for Decent Literature to Jerry Falwell's Moral Majority—have targeted individuals. They have used panic and the blunt instrument of fear to shape public ideas of sexual propriety. Sexual scandal, the freeze-frame of the information age, nearly toppled a president.

There have been those who have moralized about sex and those who've treated it as a medical problem. There are those who would let disease run rampant as the wages of sin, and those who fight to find cures, to keep sex free of crippling consequences.

Pinned to my bulletin board is this headline from the August 15, 1998 *Bay Area Reporter*: NO OBIT.

have fired shots into the homes of abortion providers and set off bombs outside clinics. They have resisted extending common rights to sexual minorities, trying to protect the institution

For the first time in 17 years, the gay weekly, based in San Francisco, carried no death notices for AIDS victims. At the height of the epidemic the paper was running a dozen obituaries a week.

The news was repeated in official form in October 1998 when the Centers for Disease Control reported that AIDS deaths in America had declined by 47 percent. While no cure for the disease is in sight, doctors have found that a cocktail of protease inhibitors can block reproduction of HIV. The epidemic is slowing: In the mid-Eighties San Francisco doctors recorded some 8000 infections a year; the figure is down to 600. This is good news to carry into the next century, though hope is tempered by reports that in the rest of the world, AIDS is obliterating entire generations.

In 1998, Pfizer introduced Viagra, a pill initially offered as a cure for impotence and erection difficulties. The pill affects the tide of blood that accompanies arousal: It makes for firmer, longer-lasting erections. It was immediately perceived as a recreational drug, D.H. Lawrence in a bottle.

"The penis is back," proclaimed an editorial in *PLAYBOY*. "The Sixties put the clitoris stage center. The penis had been symbolic of male oppression. After 30 years of clitoral tyranny, millions of hours of cunnilingus and battery-assisted orgasms, Viagra offered a return to phallic-centered sex, the great god Cock."

There was surprisingly little controversy surrounding Viagra. Bob Dole, the Republican Party's most recent presidential nominee, became a spokesman for erectile dysfunction. Viagra is the first of a series of quality-of-life drugs. In the pipeline are laboratory concoctions that purportedly increase female response, gels that aid arousal. There are scientists who think increased pleasure is a worthy goal, not an ethical failure. This too is good news.

When insurers agreed to cover Viagra, women who pay for birth control pills pointed out the irony. Now at least 30 states have passed laws extending coverage to the pill.

America will forever be divided into two warring camps. There are those who say, "If you do not control sex, sex controls you." They see in the glimpse of an ankle or an exposed breast the entire universe of sex, the chaos, the

enthusiasm, the loss of self. They look at the world through a keyhole, and what lies beyond terrifies. It is adult. It is demonic. It is not the safety of the untempted, the unaware. For more than 100 years censors have tried to eliminate the sexual from the environment in the name of protecting women and children. Anthony Comstock, who plucked Paul Chabas' *September Morn* from a store window, was a moral ancestor of the person who condemned a *Where's Waldo?* book because you could see part of a woman's breast in a beach scene. Wrath has a way of being undermined by the ridiculous.

Conservatives despise the sexual revolution, viewing it as the assault on a single, sacred model of sex: that of intercourse within marriage, an act bound by consequence and responsibility. An act done, as with the animals on the ark, by couples. We have witnessed a century of alternatives—from commercial sex to premarital sex, from solo sex to sex with multiple partners, from sex in private to sex shared with others through technology. Sex exists in a thousand different forms, almost all

PART IX 1980-1989



of them fascinating.

There are those who embrace sex, who play with the danger, who pass through the keyhole into a universe of pleasure. They swim laps in the "sea of provocation" and consider "genital commotion" to be the most human vital sign. For them, sex is a form of enthusiasm, a playground, a wellspring of intimacy, chuckles and ecstasy. They are the victors in the sexual revolution.

R E A D E R

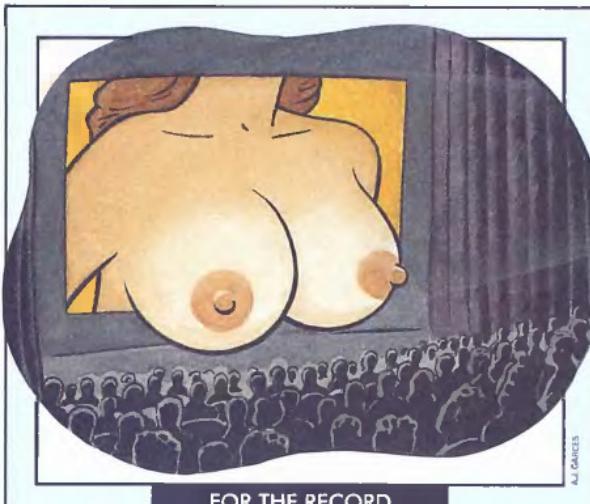
BUZZ CUTS

Susie Bright counts off four states with vibrators on the hit list: Georgia, Louisiana, Texas, and—momentarily—Alabama ("Buzz of the Century," *The Playboy Forum*, August). A few other states, such as Ohio, Virginia and Mississippi, also have laws that could be read to ban sex toys. Mississippi specifies that the devices must be "three-dimensional." Virginia bans any obscene instrument or novelty device used to create "obscene sounds." However, there is good news to report. In July, Louisiana's First Circuit Court of Appeals overturned that state's law. Perhaps soon we will live in a nation where you can sell a dildo from sea to shining sea without legal interference. According to data released by the National Sexual Health Survey, at least 10 percent of sexually active American adults use toys in solo or partnered sex. That translates to more than 13 million people.

Sex toys are not some evil that needs to be eradicated, nor is masturbation a mass social problem that needs to be addressed. Unfortunately, more than one group of prudes still consider masturbation taboo. That doesn't mean they don't do it, just that they don't want to talk about it. I know—whenever I've told people that I'm writing a book about masturbation for Down There Press, there's silence, followed by a change of subject. It's a real conversation derailler. Fortunately, a number of people with brilliant, dirty minds, such as Rachel Maines and Susie Bright, help everyone see the light.

Martha Cornog
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

In its opinion, Louisiana's First Circuit Court of Appeals ruled that the overly broad statute against sex toys "exceeds the limits of the state's legitimate interest and authority." But Chief Justice Burrell Carter was careful to note that he and another judge "personally find the items seized to be shameful, reprehensible and disgusting." He suggested state legislators rewrite the statute more narrowly so that it could pass constitutional muster and "protect children and nonconsenting adults by regulating the sale, promotion, advertising and display of these devices." All



FOR THE RECORD

BLOCKBUSTERS

"Big breasts are the cheapest special effects in the business."

—B-movie director Jim Wynorski in the documentary *Some Nudity Required*, which examines the multimillion-dollar direct-to-video industry. Wynorski directed *Sorority House Massacre II*, *Sorceress* and *Scream Queen Hot Tub Party*.

that bluster over a vibrator?

While awaiting the Louisiana appeals court ruling, the plaintiff in the case, Christine Brenan, restocked her store shelves with sex toys. She also finalized plans to open three new stores in the state.

We asked several San Francisco stores that sell sex toys by mail order or through catalogs on the Internet if they fulfilled orders from states such as Georgia and Texas, and they assured us they ship vibrators and dildos anywhere in the country. They said they interpret restrictive laws against sex toys to apply only to stores that are located within those states.

I was surprised to read in Bright's article that no one knows why ordinary coitus does not give the most efficient means of stimulation to women.

In my book, *The X-Rated Bible: An Irreverent Survey of Sex in the Scriptures*, I share the story of how Hawaiians and members of other Polynesian island cultures surreptitiously observed missionaries having sex with the man on top. They dubbed it the "missionary position," believing it was ordained by God for their spiritual mentors. How-

ever, they knew intuitively that it was not a satisfying position to gratify women, and they almost never had intercourse in that manner.

Half a century ago, Wilhelm Reich turned our topsy-turvy, sexophobic world right side up by stating that in sexual intercourse, the procreative aspect is incidental to the pleasure aspect, not the other way around.

Ben Akerley
Los Angeles, California

GUN RIGHTS

As James R. Petersen reveals in "Guns 'R' Us" (*The Playboy Forum*, July), gun control does not reduce crime. Attacks on the rights of gun owners need to stop. The government should use existing laws to keep criminals off the street, and not penalize the rest of us for exercising our Second Amendment rights.

Those who favor gun control aren't truly concerned about child safety, as two New York state senators have demonstrated. A current proposal would allow the National Rifle Association to teach the "Eddie Eagle" gun safety program in New York schools. Eddie, a cartoon eagle, has a simple message to deliver to children: "If you see a gun, stop, don't touch it, leave the area, tell an adult." This program aims to eliminate accidental shootings caused by children playing with guns. But the senators maligned Eddie Eagle by calling him "Joe Camel with feathers." That these politicians would try to block a program that could save young lives is indicative of their true agenda: to thwart the NRA.

Gun owners enjoy exercising their Second Amendment rights just as much as journalists enjoy exercising their First Amendment rights. The media should stop blindly accepting anti-gun messages.

Todd Strelow
Geneva, New York

SCHOOL DRUG TESTING

This year, the school system in Vilonia, Arkansas began drug-testing students involved in extracurricular activities. Didn't the Supreme Court ruling you mention in the August *Newfront*

FORUM

RESPONSE

item "Say No to Searches" make this practice illegal? I don't have children, but I live with a family that does, and I will endorse home schooling if the school system doesn't change its ways. It concerns me that we may have to remove children from society to protect their rights. If this is happening to our children, I can imagine what's in store for the adults.

Joshua Hethcoat
Conway, Arkansas

My sister recently graduated from the same high school I attended. Since my school days, the administration has implemented a random drug-testing policy. The catch is this: If a student refuses to take a voluntary urine test, his privilege of using the school parking lot is rescinded. Presumably, those who value their personal privacy can no longer park their cars at school. I have two questions: If it's a public school and, by extension, a public parking lot, how can the school refuse a student driver the right to park? This is a public facility where anyone can usually park for an after-school event like a football game. Is this a common problem or is it unique to our uppity suburban school?

Ben Roe
Indianapolis, Indiana

In August you reported that the Supreme Court had ruled public schools could not conduct broad-based drug tests on students. At about the same time, in Holcomb, Kansas, the school board announced there would be random drug testing required for student athletes. Isn't this illegal, according to the Court ruling you cited?

Scott Swann
Fort Bragg, North Carolina

As we reported, the U.S. Supreme Court has indicated it will not allow broad-based testing of an entire student body. In 1995, however, the Court permitted a school district in Oregon to continue a drug-testing policy limited to student athletes. It ruled that because the athletes are minors and typically dress and shower together, they have a reduced expectation for privacy. Last fall, the Court upheld an Indiana high school's policy that requires drug tests for students in any extracurricular activity. This past summer, in Oklahoma City, the ACLU filed suit against a district that demands drug tests for extracurricular activities. The organization objected to the policy because some courses re-

quire students to take part in related after-school clubs to receive credit. Whether school parking lots are fair game remains to be seen; that too may have to be resolved in court.

POINTLESS PROSECUTION

In regard to "Pointless Prosecution" (*For the Record*, August), the problem isn't law enforcement officials who have stopped Diane McCague from distributing needles to addicts. It's the intravenous drug users who kill themselves and possibly others stupid enough to share needles or engage in sexual relations with them. The unfortunate children of these irresponsible fools probably would suffer with or without HIV. Do people who willingly stick themselves with needles just to get high deserve our consideration and tax dollars? Let's stop the flow of needles. More "safe" heroin use won't accomplish anything.

Doug James
Springfield, Missouri
You're wrong. Needle exchanges are an

effective way to stop the spread of disease, and that saves far more people than just addicts. Many studies have concluded that needle exchange programs significantly decrease the spread of HIV without increasing drug use. This is especially important in New Jersey, where McCague was arrested: It has the nation's third-highest rate of intravenous HIV infection. You also overlook the nature of addiction: Addicts don't stick themselves "just to get high," but rather because they've developed a painful physical need for the drug. The difference between a heroin addict and someone addicted to prescription drugs is that one of them can obtain his or her fix through sterile pills with the assistance of a doctor.

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).

FORUM F.Y.I.

The grassroots American Drivers Association wants you to know your rights. Its members are fed up with unwarranted police searches of big rigs and automobiles, so they're posting billboards like the one below, situated on Interstate 20 at the Louisiana-Texas line. The association says it wants to make drivers aware of their right to refuse a search request without being detained. It hopes eventually to place billboards along every interstate in the country.



THE PERILS OF PATERNITY

when is a dad not a dad?

David Ziskind married Sybil Hart in 1980 in Miami. After a year, they had their first child, and then a second, both of them girls. Ziskind, a psychologist, worked in Philadelphia for most of 1987. When Sybil joined him there in January 1988, she was pregnant with a third girl.

Their marriage grew rocky. In 1990 Ziskind moved out and Sybil returned to Miami. Some months later, Ziskind moved there too, so he could be close to his daughters. In 1994 the couple divorced.

The court limited Ziskind's visiting rights to every other Sunday and two hours on Wednesday nights.

Together, his ex-wife and the court had denied him the chance to act as father to the girls. But he was still required to provide a steady flow of child support payments. In other words, his fatherhood began and ended with his wallet.

When work eluded Ziskind in Miami, he began to explore the business opportunities presented by DNA testing. Ziskind thought he could tap the growing demand for paternity tests (one of every three American children is born out of wedlock). The test is easy, requiring a little blood or saliva from both the man and the child. Each year about 250,000 men pay from \$450 to \$600 for a DNA test to learn if they are the fathers of the children the mothers claim they are. About one in seven is not. If the results are positive, courts regularly order the natural father to pay child support.

But what happens when the results are negative, and a man who thought he was the natural father discovers he is not?

Ziskind says he had a DNA test performed on his youngest daughter to gauge the accuracy of the procedure at a lab with which he hoped to do business. When the results returned from the lab, the report read: "The putative father named in this case was not found to possess the appropriate genetic type(s) necessary for him to be the biological father."

Tests on his older children revealed that they, at least, were his; only the youngest was not. Someone else, Ziskind now knew, had knocked up his

By TED C. FISHMAN

wife while he was working out of town. She never hinted that the child was not his, and he had had no reason to suspect otherwise.

With these test results, Ziskind asked the court to reduce his child support payments. If that sounds coldhearted, consider the fact that Ziskind lived with the youngest child for only 18 months, and, thanks to the court, had been able to see the girl only 20 times since the divorce.

The court refused Ziskind's request. To add insult to injury, Hart asked the

issues regarding the children's biological parentage." The judge said he was "seeking to encourage healthy communication between the parties and their children."

Ziskind had other plans. He began representing himself in court, saying he could no longer afford an attorney. He argued that no restrictions should be placed on his conversations with his ex-wife's youngest daughter, saying "it is in the best interests of the children to know their biological heritage, and hiding it for so many years has had a highly detrimental impact."

On December 10, 1998 Ziskind telephoned his ex-wife's home. Her youngest daughter came on the line and started to talk about school. Ziskind changed the subject, saying he had some upsetting news: He wasn't her father. Understandably, the girl took it badly. She stayed home from school and cried for three days. The girl's mother tried to comfort her, but all the girl could say was that she wished she hadn't found out.

When details of the phone call were published in the alternative newspaper *Miami New Times*, which ran a story detailing the family saga, the response from some members of the public was vicious. A letter to the editor railed: "It should be a crime when adults set out to ruin the lives of innocent children. What kind of man is David Ziskind? How can he single-handedly destroy the formative and impressionable years of the youngest child in his family? And all for what? Child support payments? How shameful it must be knowing you've destroyed the beautiful years of a child."

Ziskind believed the girl would find out eventually; he thought he owed it to her to tell her first. The truth, it turned out, earned him a contempt of court charge. He served two nights in jail before he could raise bail.

How, you might ask, can a court force a man to live a lie? How can it punish a man for telling the truth?

The legal principle is centuries old: The man who acts as a father must continue to act as a father. The court will not willingly create an illegitimate child. It is not in the business of bastardy. The interests of the child always

How can a
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court to stop him from calling or seeing any of the girls. Further, she moved with the girls to Texas, where she had accepted a job. Ziskind tracked them down near Lubbock and left a phone message for his ex-wife: "Yes, I'm calling about the Ziskind children. This is David Ziskind, the putative father. Please call me and let me know where they are. Goodbye." Ziskind's new wife, Nadine, then took the phone: "Hey, Syb, this is Nadine, David's wife. We're trying to find the kids, and I'm wondering if you're enjoying your sleep and who you're sleeping with." The Florida judge found these messages, which Sybil Hart saved, to be inappropriate and demanded that Ziskind "not go beyond the scope of normal parental conversations and not discuss with the children any matter relating to the

FORUM

come first, whatever hardship they may bring to the legal, though not necessarily biological, father.

The common law precepts that inform paternity suits draw on the 16th century English tradition that presumes fathers are those married to the women who have birthed the children, whether or not there is evidence to the contrary. Of course, back then, evidence that a man was not the father was more limited. To prove his case, a man had to prove he was sterile, impotent or had been across the ocean at the time of conception. The law embodies the principle that families, or the appearance of a family, ought to be preserved at all costs. It also reflects the traditional notion that women ought to be protected from having their infidelities exposed in a courtroom. The fiction of the virtuous wife and saintly mother would be preserved at the cost of justice. It is an odd alliance of law and love, one that protects the innocent child, plunders the pocket of a deceived husband and rewards the errant wife with a court-ordered subsidy.

Some men have decided to fight the law. When Gerald Miscovich and his wife had a son in 1987, Miscovich never doubted his paternity, although the child was unplanned (at least in Miscovich's mind). He and his wife had agreed to put off starting a family and used birth control. He initially questioned the pregnancy, but took his wife's word that it had been an "accident."

Then, one day in October 1989, Miscovich came home to find his wife had moved out with the boy and taken virtually everything from their townhouse. That night, he had to borrow a pillow to sleep on. Fourteen months later, the divorce settlement obliged him to pay child support. He could visit the boy on the weekends.

Two years later, Miscovich's new fiancée, a nurse, pointed out that the child could not be his biological son. The reason: The boy had brown eyes. Both Miscovich and the boy's mother were blue-eyed, a matching of recessive traits that makes siring a brown-eyed baby between them virtually impossible. DNA tests confirmed that Miscovich wasn't the father.

"I felt betrayed," Miscovich told a local paper, relating how he could not sleep and lost 30 pounds after learning the facts. He broke the news to the boy

in 1992, when the child was four. "He had a puzzled look on his face," Miscovich recalled. "He asked, 'Who's going to be my daddy?' I said, 'Well, we'll have to talk to your mom about that.'"

Miscovich hasn't seen the boy since that day. He knew if he acted in any way that showed the court he was at all attached to the boy, the court would deem him the legal father. But, legal strategy aside, for Miscovich the betrayal by his ex-wife ran too deep. "Once I had the knowledge that I was not his father, I knew I couldn't act as his father."

In 1992 Miscovich stopped paying child support. Two years later, his ex-wife sued another man, whom she presumably believed was the real father, in hopes he would pick up the child support bills. Tests proved he wasn't the dad either.

That effort botched, Miscovich's ex-wife turned her attention back to him. In May 1995, she sued Miscovich for child support. Remarkably, the judge

began seeing a fertility specialist, hoping that treatment would lead to viable eggs. Michael donated the sperm.

By 1996 their marriage had worsened, and on November 15 Debbie announced she planned on filing for divorce. Two days later, her doctor called to report that several of her eggs were ready to be fertilized. Debbie went ahead with the procedure but chose not to use her husband's sperm. On November 18 she had her doctor place an order with a sperm bank; a few days later the fertilized eggs were implanted with sperm from a 5'10", blond, blue-eyed donor. The bill came to \$294.

On November 21 Debbie filed for divorce. When she found out she was pregnant with quadruplets, Michael Turczyn objected on religious grounds to selective abortions that would have reduced the number of fetuses. As the date of the delivery approached, he helped get their home ready, hesitant to abandon Debbie with four babies on the way.

Although Debbie says she told him about the sperm donor at the time, Michael Turczyn says he did not learn he wasn't the actual father until he discovered the charge from the sperm bank on his credit card bill.

Where paternity is concerned, no good deed goes unpunished. Turczyn's efforts on the quadruplets' behalf proved to the courts he was willing to assume a parental role. In Pennsylvania, if a man acts like a father, he is legally the father forever.

Debbie refiled for divorce in March 1998, this time asking for 65 percent of Turczyn's annual \$200,000 income. The court decided that Turczyn had to pay child support.

The judge ignored the issue of the anonymous sperm donor, and whether Turczyn's wife had deceived him. Even if she had defrauded him, the state argued, he still had to pay what might amount to \$2.5 million in lifetime child support. That's not to mention the eventual bills for the quadruplets' college education, which could easily add another million.

Go figure: Laws meant to preserve American families end up rewarding those who cheat and lie to their own.

DNA tests have freed wrongly convicted criminals from prison; it appears they do not have the power to free unfortunate males from the prison of presumed paternity.



DAVE CALVER

refused to allow evidence that he was not the boy's father and reinstated Miscovich's child support obligation of \$537 a month. His wages were garnished to enforce the ruling.

The Pennsylvania Supreme Court and the U.S. Supreme Court both affirmed the judge's decision without issuing opinions.

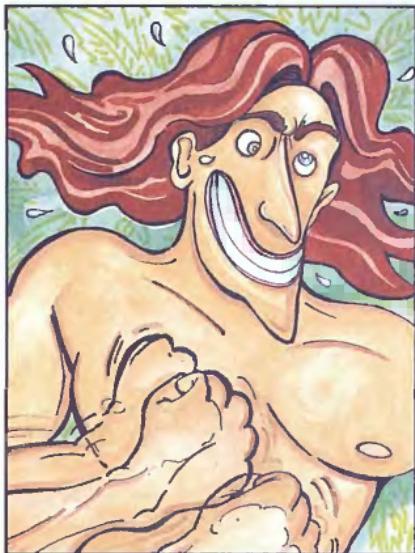
In the age of biotechnology, cuckoldry does not always entail an extramarital affair. Consider the odd case of Michael and Debbie Turczyn, who were married in 1991 in Allentown, Pennsylvania. Over the seven years that their marriage lasted, there were repeated threats of divorce, and each of the parties sought protection orders against the other for alleged abuse. Nevertheless, the couple tried to have children, unsuccessfully. In 1994, Deb-

NEWS FRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

ADULT TDYS

EL SEGUNDO, CALIFORNIA—Raise the right hand of the 12-inch-high *Rad Repeatin' Tarzan* from its loincloth to its chest and the doll emits a jungle yell. Repeat the



*motion rapidly and it looks and sounds like Tarzan is having a grand old time. That prompted Mattel to restrain Tarzan's arm so that it can't be moved below the waist while the doll is in the package, preventing curious kids from trying it out in the store. "We manufacture family products," a spokesperson said. "We want to be careful." Mattel also abandoned its plans for a line of Barbies with tattoos and nose piercings because of complaints from parents about *Butterfly Art Barbie*, who has a tiny tattoo on her stomach. Meanwhile, in Atlanta, Georgia a woman filed criminal charges against a local Toys R Us after her 11-year-old son read the box for an Austin Powers action figure and asked her what horny meant.*

JUDGMENT DAY

LOS ANGELES—A local real estate agent doesn't believe an angry spouse or broken home is punishment enough for adultery. She would like courts to force cheaters to apologize, pay damages for emotional distress and serve jail sentences. Laura Oñate Palacios also would like to see the other man or woman kick in some cash. "I have seen so much anguish and so many ordeals that began with infidelity that I asked myself, Why hasn't anyone done anything

about it?" Oñate says. She paid \$200 to file the initiative with the state but must gather 419,250 signatures from California voters to qualify it for the November 2000 ballot.

RAIN OF ERROR

LORTON, VIRGINIA—A "training mishap" at a firing range used by the Washington, D.C. police department sent gunfire into a nearby neighborhood, where bullets struck a dozen residences and three vehicles and narrowly missed at least one child. Eight members of a SWAT team had fired submachine guns into the air while lying on their backs during a defensive "fallen officer" exercise. The D.C. police chief closed the facility, pointing out that "open-air live-fire ranges and populated residential areas simply do not mix."

CARD FROM HELL

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA—A man acquitted of indecent exposure filed a \$5 million lawsuit against the police chief and three officers because the vice squad mailed him a postcard recommending he be tested for sexually transmitted diseases. The man had been accused of exposing himself in a city park known as a gay cruising area, but trial evidence showed it to be a case of mistaken identity. The postcard, which the police mailed to about 50 men arrested during Operation Clean Park, suggested in large letters that the recipients be tested for AIDS and other STDs. "Have your family tested, also, as your behavior may put them at risk," it read. "We care about the health of our city." The man said the postcard libeled him by implying he was a felon and had a contagious disease.

CLUB PEN

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A federal jury has awarded \$35,250 to a former stripper who said female guards made her and other inmates perform while she was imprisoned four years ago. The woman, who had been arrested for shoplifting, said she had performed three times, including a hot July night when she and other inmates danced atop a table after covering themselves with baby oil. "It was pretty much out of control," she said, adding that the experience made her feel "humiliated, embarrassed and stupid." Another former stripper who said she was forced to take part in the baby

oil performance won a \$5.3 million judgment last year, which the city has appealed.

HARDER TIME

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The U.S. Supreme Court upheld a 1996 law that requires federal prisons to prohibit inmates from receiving magazines that are sexually explicit or feature nudity (see "Hard Time," *The Playboy Forum*, February). Three prisoners challenged the law, and *PLAYBOY*, *Penthouse* and the *Periodical and Book Association of America* joined the suit. A federal judge initially ruled that the law violated prisoners' First Amendment rights. But an appeals court overruled him and the high court upheld that ruling. Previously, prison regulations allowed wardens to ban a publication only if it threatened security or caused unrest.

LIFE SAVERS

LONDON—A chain of stores began attaching labels that explain how to check for testicular cancer to pairs of men's underwear. A hospital prepared the message, which instructs men to check their testicles once a month after a warm bath or shower for a lump or swelling of the testes with or without pain. Heaviness or aching also



can be symptoms. Most cases of testicular cancer occur in men under 35, but if detected early, the survival rate tops 90 percent. Last year the chain added labels that explain how to check for breast cancer to its stock of bras.

THE MOOD IS MENTHOL.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JESSE VENTURA

a candid conversation with the mind behind "the body" about life in the ring, why pot and prostitution hurt no one and how he could trounce bush and gore

It's 11 o'clock Friday morning and Jesse Ventura is at the microphone, headphones on, at Minneapolis radio station WCCO. He's preparing to spend an hour over the airwaves with his constituents. It's *Lunch With the Governor*, and the press and TV reporters are also there—they follow his every public move because, as one cameraman states, "You never know what Jesse is going to say." He begins with a tirade about lawn darts and how the federal government has banned them. "You can go down to your local gun dealer and buy a .44 magnum, but you can't buy a lawn dart," he says. "That's not my law, that's the federal law." He then takes on the movement to tear down the 17-year-old Metrodome, which could be replaced with a new stadium. After the show he talks to a journalist who asks him again about the stadium issue. He realizes that a new stadium will become a huge issue "because you run the risk of losing your professional teams to this blackmail." And he knows if that happens the governor will get blamed. "But you know what? This governor don't care. This governor will stand by his principles. I could understand building a new stadium if this stadium was 35 years old; but you didn't hear one complaint when we won the World Series in 1987 and 1991. Then they called it the Dome-field advantage. Now

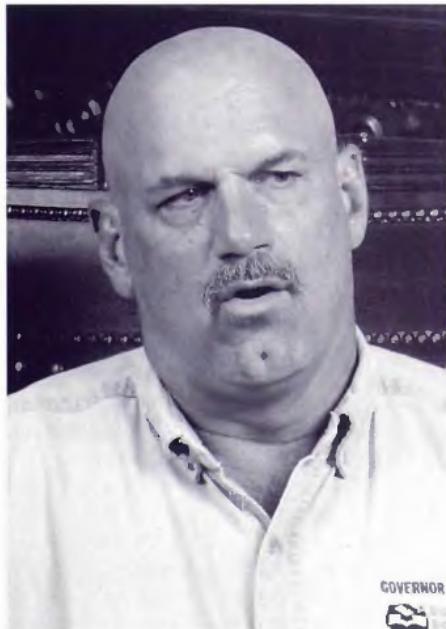
all of a sudden: 'We can't compete here.' They've got businesses that are out of whack like baseball, and then they think building a stadium is going to put them back in competition? If stadiums were a good deal, the private sector would be building them."

On the drive back to his office he takes a call from a *Newsweek* reporter who has the presidency and the control of the Reform Party on his mind. "I'm not trying to wrest control over anything," the governor—currently the party's most powerful member—tells him. "I have the state of Minnesota to run. My priority is not to control the Reform Party. I just feel it's time for some new leadership. We have to move beyond Mr. Perot." A few weeks later, Ventura's handpicked candidate, Jack Gargan, took over as the party's new chairman. That gives Ventura a big voice on who the Reform Party will run for president. "It's important for us to have a viable, fairly well-known candidate. I think a candidate like myself could come in through the back door and take the election. I never led the polls in Minnesota at all, and at the primary six weeks before the general election I was polling only ten percent. They have polls right now that have me in the 20s, and I'm not even a candidate. That's one out of five people saying they'd vote for me—and I'm not running. But I will finish my job as

governor because I'd be a hypocrite if I turned around and ran for president."

This election year, Jesse Ventura is not running for president. Not yet, anyway. But his opinion is sought by the national press. He's a frequent guest or subject of conversation on all the major political talk shows, from *Rivera Live* to *Meet the Press*, as well as a late-night talk show favorite. What Governor Jesse Ventura, formerly known as the wrestler Jesse "the Body" Ventura (and before that as Jim Janos), former Navy Seal, nightclub bouncer, bodyguard, biker, ring announcer, actor and mayor has to say about gun control or the legalization of marijuana or prostitution or his opinion of the Democratic and Republican parties has become newsworthy. He ran for governor last year as a Reform Party candidate against two professional politicians, Democratic State Attorney General Hubert "Skip" Humphrey III (son of former vice president Hubert Humphrey) and the Republican mayor of St. Paul, Norm Coleman. Ventura's surprising victory "shocked the world," a phrase he borrowed from his idol Muhammad Ali. And his performance during his first year in office has continued to surprise many who predicted he would fall flat on his face once he had to actually govern.

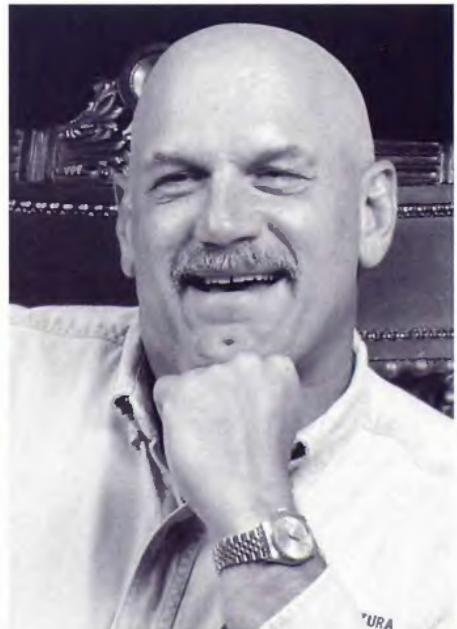
His approval rating has remained high,



"What do we value more today, our children or our money? We put money in banks. Banks are guarded by armed guards to make sure our money isn't touched. We put our children in schools and protect them with nothing."



"You want to know my definition of gun control? Being able to stand there at 25 meters and put two rounds in the same hole. That's gun control. Gun control people don't know what they're talking about."



PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDY KING

"Organized religion is a sham and a crutch for weak-minded people who need strength in numbers. It tells people to go stick their noses in other people's business. The religious right wants to tell people how to live."



locate a rocks glass

add ice

2 oz. Hennessy
1 oz. sour mix

shake

savor the complexity of
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especially as he secured a permanent income-tax cut and made good on his promise of a sales-tax rebate to taxpayers. But his critics complain that he is capitalizing on his name and fame while serving as governor. The advance for his book *I Ain't Got Time to Bleed* was in the mid six figures. His return to the World Wrestling Federation as a referee for a pay-per-view event last August may have paid him even more. (Although he donated his up-front fee of \$100,000 to charity, he received a percentage of videotape sales and compensation for the use of his name.) At the American Century Celebrity Golf Championship, Ventura declared himself a professional and was paid just over \$1000 for his last-place finish. The Minneapolis Star Tribune estimates that Ventura may have earned as much as \$2 million to \$3 million in outside income during the first eight months of his term. "It's one thing to promote your own book," observes Steven Schier, chairman of the political science department at Carleton College. "It's another thing to hire yourself out to a private corporation to promote its event while you're the full-time salaried governor of Minnesota. This is an ethical line that should not be crossed." The governor defends himself by saying he does not earn outside money on government time, that he does so on weekends and in the evenings, and that what he does should be taken "with a grain of salt and a gleam in the eye."

His defenders believe that Ventura has injected a new spirit into politics. Ohio Republican Governor Bob Taft believes Ventura is "bringing more national attention to governors than we've ever had before." Arizona Senator John McCain says he admires Ventura "enormously for telling the truth and having some rational ideas." Former Minnesota congressman Tim Penny has said, "The reason serious-minded, altruistic people agreed to work for Ventura is that he has made politics meaningful again." And the legions of young people who logged onto various Ventura websites greatly contributed to getting others involved in his election.

Growing up in a middle-class family in south Minneapolis, Jim Janos had strict parents, George and Bernice, who both served in World War II. George Janos had been in a tank-destroyer battalion under General George Patton; Bernice served as an Army nurse in North Africa. Of the two boys (Jim and older brother Jan), Jim was the extrovert. Jim and his friends liked to make trouble in school, started drinking beer in junior high and favored sports over academics (Jim was a star swimmer). When Jan joined the Navy SEALs, Jim followed in 1969. By the time he was 19 he was sent overseas and spent a lot of time drinking, whoring and misbehaving in Olongapo in the Philippines. During four years as a SEAL he learned to make explosives, rappel from helicopters and feel as comfortable as a dolphin underwater. Then he left the Navy and rode with a California biker gang, the Mongols, for nine months. In 1974 he returned to Minnesota, where he enrolled in North Hennepin Com-

munity College and took some acting classes. He married Terry Masters, a teenager he met while he was checking IDs at a bar, the Rusty Nail. While working as a bouncer, he attended his first professional wrestling event. Impressed with the way a good wrestler could control the crowd, he joined a gym where wrestlers worked out. He soon became a pro wrestler and for long months traveled the circuit, making \$35 to \$65 a match while building a name for himself as Jesse "the Body" Ventura. Eventually he became a headliner with long bleached hair, wearing feather boas, earrings and glittering sunglasses. The more people booed him, the more popular he became. But in 1984, just before he was slated to wrestle the sport's biggest star, Hulk Hogan, blood clots were discovered in his lungs, and he was forced to quit wrestling. The WWF, not wanting to lose his outrageous mouth, hired him as a ringside announcer. (His relationship with the WWF has been stormy. Ventura sued in 1991, claiming the WWF was marketing his image without his permission. Despite the bad blood, he returned to the WWF in August to referee Summer Slam.)

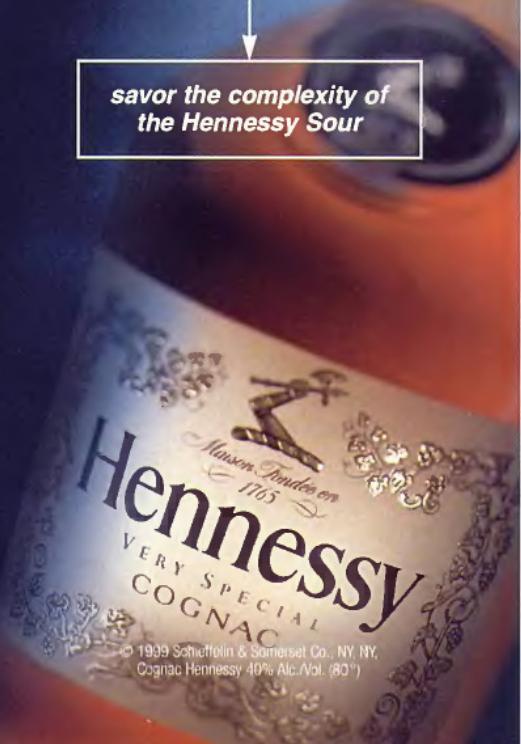
When Hollywood needed a strong body to help hunt down an evil alien, Ventura was cast in *Predator* (1987), which was followed by parts in *The Running Man* (1987), *Repossessed* (1990), *Abraxas* (1991), *Demolition Man* (1993), *Major League II* (1994) and *Batman and Robin* (1997). When a TV series he was to star in didn't pan out and he lost his job as a WWF announcer, he decided to run for mayor of Brooklyn Park, a Minneapolis suburb, over a personal issue—he was angry about a proposed sewer and housing project that threatened the wetlands near his home. He shocked everyone, including himself, by winning 63 percent of the vote in 1990.

We sent Contributing Editor Lawrence Grobel (whose last interview was with Nick Nolte) to the Minnesota state capitol to spend a week with the governor. Grobel's report:

"What I found most refreshing about Governor Ventura was his willingness to defend his positions and attack his interrogators. During our first session, he was sizing me up. By the second day he had invited me to attend the funeral of his high school coach. During our third session he began challenging my positions on subjects I was asking him about. When we discussed handgun control, the governor called me a 'liberal weenie' for not believing every house should be equipped with weapons of destruction. He's an imposing man who's not easily intimidated, and he's convinced he has the aura that will take him to higher places. He also believes he has yet to reach whatever destiny has in store for him. It wouldn't surprise me at all if we'll be knocking at Ventura's door to interview him again, say, three years from now."

PLAYBOY: Did you ever think that one day you would be the center of all this media attention?

VENTURA: No, because I worked in the



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wants a crème brûlée

appropriately complex



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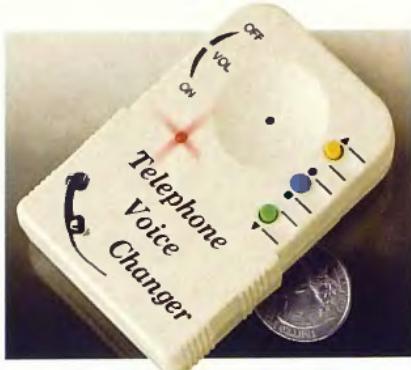
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world of wrestling, which is ridiculed. Nobody ever looks at wrestlers for the talent they have. Most people consider wrestling fans ignorant, and if they're intelligent they've had to live their lives like gay people—they've had to stay in the closet. They are fans of wrestling, but they wouldn't dare tell anyone.

PLAYBOY: You're certainly being taken seriously now. How comfortable are you exchanging your feather boas and ear-rings for a tie and jacket?

VENTURA: Getting used to it. I wear a suit four days a week. Friday is my casual day—I come in wearing blue jeans, cowboy boots and a T-shirt. I dress up to bring dignity to the office. What I do here is an honor that's been given to me by the state. I don't know if I'll ever feel comfortable here, because it's the first office I've had. It's the first desk, really.

PLAYBOY: How has becoming governor changed you?

VENTURA: I try to control my temper more. I try not to react as quickly as I did in my other careers, where it was acceptable. In this job anything you say will be used against you by the press and in the court of public opinion. You're not allowed to joke, or laugh. I do it anyway and I get in trouble for it all the time. I do my radio show every Friday, and when I go into my radio mode it's balls to the walls, no holds barred. When people attack me, I attack back. That's ruf-

fling feathers, because generally a governor has to take it but can't dish it out. I've put myself in a position with my radio show to be able to dish it back, and they don't like that.

PLAYBOY: What are the perks that can spoil a governor?

VENTURA: My chefs. I've got two of the best in the business.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever cook?

VENTURA: No. I will make something in a blender and drink it. It's easy. No dishes. About the only thing I'll cook is soup—you cut it out of a can and stick it in the microwave.

PLAYBOY: What's the best thing about being governor?

VENTURA: It's good to be the king. The best thing is that there's no one in this state who can tell me what to do.

PLAYBOY: And the worst?

VENTURA: You become a slave. I can't go anywhere without guards. You become a prisoner of your own success.

PLAYBOY: In the hierarchy of elected officials, which comes first, governor or U.S. senator?

VENTURA: The executive branch is higher. You can set your own rules, *per se*. As a senator you're just one of 100. As governor you're one of 50, and you're number one within the boundaries of your domain.

PLAYBOY: What is most important for you to accomplish as governor?

VENTURA: To prove that I can govern now. The day after we won the election we all met in my kitchen and looked at each other and said, "What the hell do we do now?" No Reform Party candidate had ever won at a major level. There was no one there who knew what to do. My wife's best friend recommended Steven Bosacker to help me out. He had worked hard on [Independent Party candidate] John Anderson's campaign for president in 1980, and I voted for John Anderson. Bosacker came onboard to be my transition chief of staff and stayed on. It's one of the best decisions I've ever made.

PLAYBOY: What's his job?

VENTURA: He's responsible for running and handling my entire administration. My job is somewhat of an oxymoron: I do everything and yet I do nothing. Steven is like the Ex-O in the military. I'm the commanding officer, but the executive officer in many ways runs the day-to-day operation.

PLAYBOY: That sounds like the way Ronald Reagan governed, by being a good delegator.

VENTURA: I've been compared a lot to Reagan. I appoint experts in their fields as my commissioners and then I get out of the way. I have only a high school education, but I'm street smart, which can be more effective than college degrees. I operate under a rule I learned during my Seals training: Keep it simple and

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stupid. That's common sense.

PLAYBOY: During your book tour you drew a larger crowd at the Nixon Library than Henry Kissinger or Newt Gingrich. Do you find that ironic?

VENTURA: Flattered that I've had that type of impact. The thing people need to ask is: Why is Jesse Ventura outdrawing Newt Gingrich or Henry Kissinger?

PLAYBOY: Do you have an answer?

VENTURA: The answer is that people are searching for the truth, for someone they can truly believe in. The truth may not be what they want to hear, but they at least know they're getting it.

PLAYBOY: How do you distinguish between the Republican, Democratic and Reform parties?

VENTURA: It's simple: I'm fiscally conservative, but I'm socially liberal. If you're a Republican you have to be fiscally and socially conservative. If you're a Democrat you have to be fiscally and socially liberal. I'm half of each, and that's the Reform Party.

PLAYBOY: Governor George W. Bush and Vice President Al Gore are the front-runners for their parties' nominations. What's your take on them?

VENTURA: I met both George and the vice president and found them to be very nice. But all we're hearing about is Bush and Gore. The campaign started a year and half before the election. I'll be so sick of it by the time the election gets

here, I'll want to throw up.

PLAYBOY: Your opinion of Bill Bradley?

VENTURA: Pretty good basketball player.

PLAYBOY: Pat Buchanan?

VENTURA: I respect him. He makes people think. He and I differ drastically on social issues, and that would hold him back from being the Reform Party nominee. Mr. Buchanan puts certain social issues like abortion on the front burner. We in the Reform Party do not. We don't even have abortion on our platform. It's not a political issue. It's been decided by the courts, and it should be challenged in the courts.

PLAYBOY: Steve Forbes claims, like you, that he's a political outsider.

VENTURA: Steve Forbes has been wealthy his whole life. I don't like his flat tax—we already have that; it's called Social Security and look what a mess that's in. I like a national sales tax. It would put the government on a direct budget with the economy, so it would be imperative for the government to work to keep the economy good. Right now the government couldn't care less, because they get your money first.

PLAYBOY: You're a big supporter of Colin Powell, once saying that if he ran for president you'd run for vice president with him. What's so great about Powell?

VENTURA: General Powell and I are alike. We have differences: He supports affirmative action, I don't. But he's fiscally

conservative and socially liberal. I find him to be a powerful leader. One doesn't get to be chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff not knowing how to lead. It would be hard for me to accept orders from anyone today, but I could accept orders from him. I've only met him once, but I'm pretty good on first impressions.

PLAYBOY: If you decided to run for president, what would be your game plan?

VENTURA: My plan would be to stay out of it until next July. I would let Gore and Bush hang each other with all the rope they have, to the point where the public can't stand either of them. Their disapproval ratings would skyrocket. Then you enter the race three months before the election and take the whole thing. All it is is gaining that momentum at the right time, like I did here in Minnesota. We peaked perfectly and they couldn't stop us when it happened. The other two candidates didn't even see it coming.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about issues. Can we clear up what you said and what you meant after the shootings at Columbine High School in Littleton? You suggested that more guns—specifically, concealed weapons—would have enabled students and faculty to defend themselves and prevent the massacre.

VENTURA: That is not what I said. My simple statement was: Had there been a licensed conceal-and-carry in the building, lives would likely have been saved.



PLAYBOY: Wasn't there already an armed guard in the school?

VENTURA: Where was he? What do we value more today, our children or our money? Most people would say the children, but that's not true. We put money in banks. Banks are guarded by armed guards to make sure our money isn't touched, stolen or misused. We put our children in schools and protect them with nothing.

PLAYBOY: So we should put armed guards in all our schools?

VENTURA: Maybe. It's something we need to look at. The two terrorists went into that school and assassinated all those children and there was no one there to stop them. You can't negotiate with people like that. You take them out.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything that could change your mind about the right to bear arms?

VENTURA: Nope. Our forefathers put it in there so the general citizenry has the ability to combat an oppressive government. It's not in there to make sure I can go hunting on weekends. I don't deer hunt, by the way. That's not really hunting. I prefer when the opposition can shoot back—then you're hunting.

PLAYBOY: Do you carry a gun?

VENTURA: Hardly ever. I'm licensed to, but I only carry one when I'm by myself.

PLAYBOY: Why do so many people kill other people with guns?

VENTURA: Because it's an easy tool to use. If that tool were eliminated they would use something else. There weren't guns when Cain killed Abel. You want to know my definition of gun control? Being able to stand there at 25 meters and put two rounds in the same hole. That's gun control. The gun control people don't know what they're talking about.

PLAYBOY: When you were a wrestling announcer, you called Koko B. Ware, a black wrestler, "Buckwheat," referred to Tito Santana as "Chico" and described the moves of another black wrestler, the Junk Yard Dog, as "a lot of shuckin' and jivin'." Have these phrases come back to haunt you?

VENTURA: No. It's wrestling. When I participated in it, it was built on stereotypes. Every Japanese wrestler threw salt and was sneaky, every German wrestler was a Nazi, every Russian a communist. How could anyone possibly look at wrestling and say, "This is what he believes in?" It's entertainment. My job was to irritate people. Another of my infamous wrestling quotes was, "Win if you can, lose if you must, but always cheat." And some people drum that up today like it's some policy. All of a sudden wrestling's real to them? C'mon.

PLAYBOY: Something else you've said is that college athletes should be exempt from taking classes so they can concentrate on games. How much flak did you

take for making that statement?

VENTURA: My point is, the way the system is set up now invites cheating. You've got college athletes in Minnesota playing one level below professional. They have to bust their butts, and when someone offers to write a term paper for them, do you think they're not going to take it?

PLAYBOY: So you're saying that we should redefine the college experience? That athletes don't have to take classes, they just have to play ball?

VENTURA: You're doggone right! If you go to college to play football, why don't they teach you how to deal with agents? Schools should prepare these kids for what they're going to do.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about protesters who burn the American flag?

VENTURA: If you buy the flag it's yours to burn.

PLAYBOY: Many people believe it was a mistake to eliminate the draft. Do you?

VENTURA: The draft was utterly ridiculous. It was the most unfair, bogus piece of crap ever put together. Because who got drafted? If you're going to have a draft there should be no deferments. The way the draft was in the Sixties and early Seventies, if you went to college you got out of it. Why was that a determining factor?

PLAYBOY: Wasn't the idea that the country needs to develop young minds?

VENTURA: Oh really? And the country

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doesn't need auto mechanics? Maintenance people? Laborers have to face the draft, but others can go hide in college? See, I got bitter toward that. If you didn't have money, you couldn't hide in college. The only people getting drafted were the poor.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of gays in the military?

VENTURA: Who am I to tell someone they can or cannot serve their country? I couldn't care less if the person next to me is gay as long as he gets the job done.

PLAYBOY: Would you support or oppose recognizing gay marriage in Minnesota?

VENTURA: I would oppose it. Look up the word marriage in the dictionary. It says it's between a man and a woman. Now, I don't oppose gay people forming some type of legal bonding, but you can't use the word marriage.

PLAYBOY: Why aren't you concerned with crime?

VENTURA: Because that's a local issue and I don't believe in micromanagement. Sure I'm concerned about it, but it's not the governor's job to handle it. That's for mayors, city councils. I'm not going to sit here and be a typical politician [bangs his desk] and say, "I'm going to fight crime." Half these guys wouldn't know crime if it bit them on the ass.

PLAYBOY: How about the death penalty?

VENTURA: I don't support the death penalty. In the private sector I did, but not

as governor. I wouldn't want the responsibility of sending someone to his death. Minnesota doesn't have a death penalty, so it doesn't matter to me. But on the flip side, what bothers me is that life in prison isn't life in prison. Why are you eligible for parole after seven years? Life should be life. And there should be no three strikes. Should be one strike.

PLAYBOY: That's a little rough.

VENTURA: No it isn't. If you commit murder, rape or any other crime, why do you get to do it three times before you go?

PLAYBOY: What about drug crimes?

VENTURA: That's consensual crime. People who commit consensual crimes shouldn't go to jail. We shouldn't even prosecute them. That's crime against yourself. Drugs and prostitution, those should not be imprisoning crimes. The government has much more important things to do.

PLAYBOY: Would you legalize those types of activities?

VENTURA: Nevada has. Nevada has legalized prostitution like the old West and they don't seem to have any big problems. It doesn't seem to create a hostile atmosphere. My wife and I were in the heart of Amsterdam's red-light district, where there are drugs, open prostitution and pornography. Yet amazingly, at ten at night, we saw a busload of senior citizens out for a walking tour. If it's not illegal, chances are there's no violence.

See, we call our country home of the brave and land of the free, but it's not. We give a false portrayal of freedom. We're not free—if we were, we'd allow people their freedom. Prohibiting something doesn't make it go away. Prostitution is criminal, and bad things happen because it's run illegally by dirtbags who are criminals. If it's legal, then the girls could have health checks, unions, benefits, anything any other worker gets, and it would be far better.

PLAYBOY: This isn't a very popular position in America, is it?

VENTURA: No, and it's because of religion. Organized religion is a sham and a crutch for weak-minded people who need strength in numbers. It tells people to go out and stick their noses in other people's business. I live by the golden rule: Treat others as you'd want them to treat you. The religious right wants to tell people how to live.

PLAYBOY: What's the solution to the war on drugs?

VENTURA: Stop the demand. In a free society you can't have martial law, you can't have people battering down doors. In the end it's the individual's decision to make. The prohibition of drugs causes crime. You don't have to legalize it, just decriminalize it. Regulate it. Create places where the addict can go get it. When you prohibit something, it doesn't mean it'll go away. The same with abortion. If

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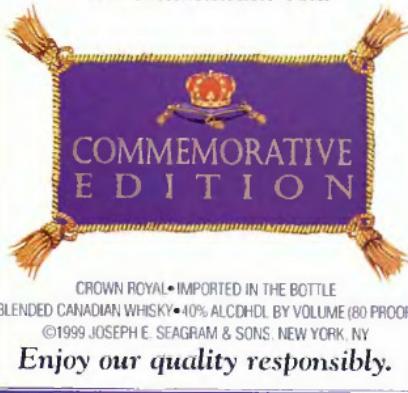
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you prohibit it, it won't stop. It will just go to the back alleys, and then two lives will be in danger.

PLAYBOY: When was the last time you chewed a peyote button, smoked a joint or dropped acid?

VENTURA: A while ago. And most of those things I haven't done. I have smoked a joint, and there's nothing wrong with that. That's one of the biggest atrocities going on right now: marijuana. I have done far stupider things on alcohol. Give someone a Hendrix tape and a joint and stick him in the corner and he's happy.

PLAYBOY: If you had smoked a joint since becoming governor, would you admit it?

VENTURA: No. It's my personal life. That would be like asking me which sex acts I like.

PLAYBOY: But you've said you would never lie to the people of Minnesota.

VENTURA: Right, but that doesn't mean I have to answer everyone's questions. If it's relevant to my job, I'll answer it. You have no business asking anything about my private life.

PLAYBOY: You've said that nowhere in the Constitution does it say government's business is to create jobs. That's the private sector's responsibility.

VENTURA: Am I right? Have you read the Constitution? Does it say anything about government's ability to create jobs?

PLAYBOY: Doesn't that give the impression that you don't care?

VENTURA: The point is, I'm breaking away from this reliance on government, which was not founded to create jobs. Create your own job! Be an individual.

PLAYBOY: Are there any welfare programs that you endorse?

VENTURA: I endorse all welfare. There should be a safety net, but it should not be a lifestyle. What I oppose is when people talk about welfare rights. You don't have a right to welfare—it's charity.

PLAYBOY: Has your opinion of the media changed since you became governor?

VENTURA: They're dangerous. The media have an agenda. They try to make the public think they're just reporters who report facts. Not true. They carry their personal beliefs and attitudes into the articles they write. I'm a firm believer in free speech, but with any freedom comes responsibility, and the media are abusing their position. It happened to my wife, when someone wrote about her taking over my radio show when I was out of town. At the end of the article the person stated that I was off at this celebrity golf tournament with my security guards, who were being paid by the public.

That's an example of the media putting a little twist at the end to incite people to get angry at me. But it's the law: Anywhere I go, I am to be protected. It doesn't matter if I'm on a book tour or play in a celebrity golf tournament or if I take a vacation.

PLAYBOY: Are you still looked upon as a guy who doesn't need protection? As the

bumper stickers boast: OUR GOVERNOR IS STRONGER THAN YOUR GOVERNOR.

VENTURA: People don't realize that I get at least one death threat a week. We've had two bomb threats where the buildings had to be evacuated.

PLAYBOY: You were asked on one radio station to name your state's song, bird, muffin and drink. You missed two of the four. Do you know them all now?

VENTURA: Nope, because they're all irrelevant and unimportant. They asked me the state drink—to me, it's beer.

PLAYBOY: But now you know it's—?

VENTURA: Milk. Which threw me off because Wisconsin is the dairy land.

PLAYBOY: And the state song?

VENTURA: I'd say now it would be something by Jonny Lang or Bob Dylan. [Editor's note: It's *Hail! Minnesota.*] I know the state bird is a loon and the muffin is blueberry.

PLAYBOY: The press may piss you off, but you seem to thrive on attacking them.

VENTURA: They need it. Nobody holds them accountable. No one holds their feet to the fire.

PLAYBOY: What insults have gotten under your skin?

VENTURA: Only the personal ones. They can criticize my policies all they want, but they go beyond that. And when I criticize them everyone gets upset with me. I love how people can dish it out but can't take it.

PLAYBOY: Which is just what Barbara Carlson, the former governor's ex-wife, told *Mirabella* about you: "He can dish it out but can't take it, and that's going to be his downfall."

VENTURA: Consider the source. This is a woman who struck the former governor with a frying pan, who had a name for his private parts. So you have to take that with a grain of salt. She's also a woman who's had her stomach cut out so she don't eat as much. What happened to willpower? I love fat people. Every fat person says it's not their fault, that they have gland trouble. You know which gland? The saliva gland. They can't push away from the table.

PLAYBOY: Some have said you're a vindictive person. Do you believe in an eye for an eye?

VENTURA: No, but I believe in the Seal team code: We don't get mad, we get even [laughs]. Vindictive? Nah, not when it comes to business. As long as no one makes a personal attack on me. If they go personal, I'll go personal.

PLAYBOY: What's the most important thing you got out of the Seals?

VENTURA: The will to never quit; that anything can be accomplished if it's planned right and you have the desire and creativity to execute it.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever feel Seals training was ridiculous, or did you always feel there was method to the madness?

VENTURA: It's done for two reasons. First, to weed out the bananas, the ones who



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don't belong. It's also done so you will develop the attitude I have, and all frogmen have, which is the measuring stick of my life: No matter what I come up against, I always think back and remember that that was harder.

PLAYBOY: Why do the SEALs pride themselves on not wearing underwear?

VENTURA: It's for sanitation purposes. It came about because during our era of the SEALs it was jungle warfare. If you're lying out on ambush for 12 hours and you have to go to the bathroom, in many cases you have to go right in your pants. It stands to reason that if you're going to do a few river crossings, it would get away from you a lot easier if it's not constricted by underwear. Also, the regular Navy wears boxer shorts and we don't consider ourselves part of the regular Navy. We're unto ourselves—we're the brown water Navy—so we do it to be different. If you're ever caught wearing underwear, they'll rip them off you and throw you in either the dip tank or the shit river over in Olongapo. Once you've been in there, you'd rather not wear underwear. It's a macho thing.

PLAYBOY: In the Philippines, how much did you indulge in the decadent nightlife of Olongapo?

VENTURA: Plenty. Just as any 19-year-old would.

PLAYBOY: In your book you describe your dealings with prostitutes before shipping out overseas.

VENTURA: That was just a cutting-loose period. I was getting sent to Asia on a Monday morning, and a friend told me that prostitution was legal in Nevada. I didn't believe him, so we took off to Lake Tahoe for the weekend.

PLAYBOY: You actually made money from one prostitute, didn't you?

VENTURA: I'm probably one of the few people in the world who got paid. The particular girl I chose saw the belt I was wearing—made of spent Stoner machine gun rounds, linked—and she said she wanted it. I smiled and said, "Make me an offer." She said, "How about a trick and ten dollars?" I pulled it off and said, "Sold!" Then we corresponded when I was overseas. It was nice to get a letter from someone. It didn't matter to me that she made a living as a prostitute. She still took the time to write to me. She wasn't out there like the protesters, spitting on the soldiers and blaming us for a political war.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of the sexual harassment charges that are brought against the Navy, as in Tailhook?

VENTURA: I don't condone what happened, but I understand it. These are people who live on the razor's edge and defy death and do things where people die. They're not going to consider grabbing a woman's breast or buttock a major situation. That's much ado about nothing.

PLAYBOY: It's not trivial for the woman

who is being grabbed.

VENTURA: So? You have to create these people for your own protection. You need to listen to Jack Nicholson in *A Few Good Men* when he does his famous speech: "You can't handle the truth." What he's saying is: You create me, you live by the very freedom that I provide for you, then you question the manner in which I provide it? You're incapable of providing it for yourself. You created this Frankenstein, then all of a sudden you're appalled.

PLAYBOY: You've never talked about what you did as a SEAL overseas. Did you do anything you're ashamed of?

VENTURA: No.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to talk about it?

VENTURA: No.

PLAYBOY: Does your family know what you did there?

VENTURA: No.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever killed anyone?

VENTURA: You don't ask a question like that—it's inappropriate. That's no one's business. It's between the person and his beliefs. You're asked to do your job, and in light of the job you do it's a great possibility that you could, and it will never go away if you did.

PLAYBOY: You became a biker for nine months after you left the SEALs. What's the difference between a Harley, a BMW, a Yamaha and a Honda?

VENTURA: Harley's the only bike, all the rest are motorcycles. I sold my Harley when Sonny Barger, president of the Hell's Angels, said it was time to buy a Honda. It's no longer the bike of the one-percenters. Every stockbroker, accountant and lawyer now owns a Harley.

PLAYBOY: Why have you opposed helmet laws?

VENTURA: Freedom.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever wear a helmet?

VENTURA: No.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it a safety issue?

VENTURA: No, then people in convertibles would have to wear them too. See how far that will fly.

PLAYBOY: Your wife Terry was 19 when she agreed to marry you. What did her parents think of you?

VENTURA: That I was a bit eccentric and off the wall because I had bleached blond hair down to my shoulders, I chewed tobacco and I wasn't quite what they thought their daughter should marry. Her mom tried to talk her out of it.

PLAYBOY: You seem to have mastered the art of getting under people's skin, which began when you were wrestling. Did you spend a lot of time then thinking up ways to piss off a crowd?

VENTURA: You drew people with your interviews. I always tried to stay on top of the local issues wherever I wrestled, and then took the most outrageous position I could. In Denver all you have to do is insult the Broncos. If you go to a Western town where they're all cowboys, you insult the male ego. You call them drug-

store cowboys and goat ropers.

PLAYBOY: Did you find "Jesse sucks" to be music to your ears?

VENTURA: Completely. That meant I'd done my job. That's like Nureyev getting a standing ovation and roses thrown on the stage.

PLAYBOY: Were you told who would win before each match?

VENTURA: Sure. But you were told that if you revealed the business, something bad would befall you. In my early days if someone called me a fake, I'd punch him in the face and say, "Is that fake?"

PLAYBOY: You would go on steroids for a month, then get off them for six months. How did you discipline yourself not to abuse them?

VENTURA: My mom was a nurse, so I knew that for every upside to a drug there's a downside. The main one I took was testosterone, which gives you nothing but an overabundance of male hormones. The downside was when you came off it. If your body is getting an artificial amount of testosterone, its own production will cut back. Then there's this guadotropic, or whatever they call it, which you take a shot of when you're done. That causes your body to produce more testosterone again. I never abused testosterone, and I always got it from doctors.

PLAYBOY: Did most wrestlers you know abuse it?

VENTURA: Oh yeah.

PLAYBOY: How do you rate yourself as a wrestler?

VENTURA: Phenomenal. The name of the game is, How well do you draw? I drew sellouts just about every time. I sold out Madison Square Garden three times. I was the Pacific heavyweight champion after nine months in the business.

PLAYBOY: During your wrestling days, weren't the real bad guys the promoters, who took advantage of the wrestlers?

VENTURA: Sure, and they still do today. It's still a backward business. There's no union, no benefits. The biggest fraud is that they call wrestlers independent contractors, and the government allows them to get away with it. They're not independent contractors. You can't wrestle for Ted Turner and then wrestle for Vince McMahon the next week.

PLAYBOY: You've written that Hulk Hogan sabotaged your attempts to unionize. Has he responded?

VENTURA: I heard him on *Larry King*, and he said he didn't do it. But I got my information in a sworn deposition, under oath. Hulk Hogan's credibility needs to be questioned anyway, because he also went on national TV and said he never took a steroid. He took many steroids in large doses.

PLAYBOY: You've returned to wrestling as a referee, but there's talk of promoters wanting to pay you \$3 million to wrestle again. Would you consider it?

(continued on page 184)



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

Sometimes, he whispered, a good cigar is just a smoke. She blushed and clasped his hand. How did you get so smart? she asked. Simple, he replied, I read PLAYBOY. Did you know that more than 1 million PLAYBOY men smoke cigars? That PLAYBOY men smoke more cigars than the readers of GQ and Esquire combined? I knew you were my kind of guy, she said, when I saw you reading my favorite magazine. PLAYBOY—the stuff of romance. (Source: Fall 1998 MRI.)



PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION

PART X: 1990-1999

REAL SEX

ARTICLE BY JAMES R. PETERSEN



re we having sex now or what? The question seems to float on the tongue. Greta Christina, a columnist for *On Our Backs*, first raises it in an essay in a volume called *The Erotic Impulse: Honoring the Sensual Self*. "What," she asks, "counts as having sex with someone?"

When she slept only with men the criterion was simple. Sex begins when the man enters a woman's body. You could keep count.

"Len was number one," she writes. "Chris was number two, that slimy awful little heavy-metal barbiturate addict whose name I can't remember was number three."

But what about the fondling, the groping, rubbing, grabbing, smooching, pushing and pressing with other men? Sex? Not sex?

And since the author has a classic San Francisco résumé, what about the women? "With women, well, first of all there's no penis, so right from the start the tracking system is defective," she writes. "And then there are so many ways women can have sex with each other, touching and licking and grinding and fingering and fisting—with dildos or vibrators or vegetables or whatever

happens to be lying around the house or with nothing at all except human bodies. Between women, no one method has a centuries-old tradition of being the one that counts."

Christina struggles with definitions, trying to find the line. Is sex what happens when you feel sexual?

"I know when I'm feeling sexual," she writes. "I'm feeling sexual if my pussy's wet, my nipples are hard, my palms are clammy, my brain is fogged, my skin is tingly and supersensitive, my butt muscles clench, my heartbeat speeds up, I have an orgasm (that's the

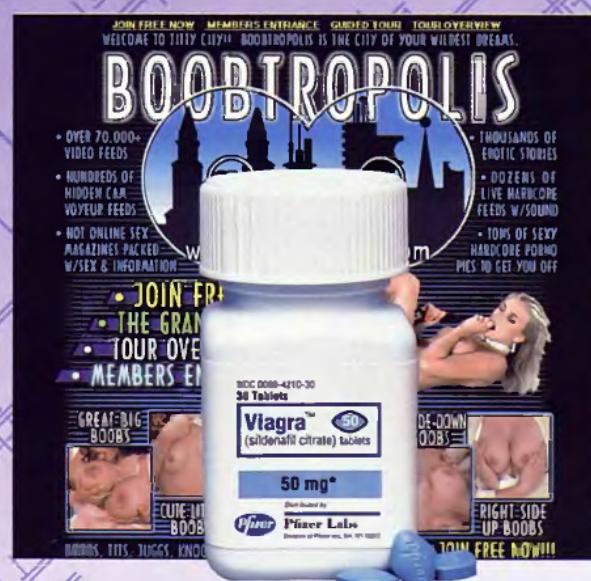
real giveaway) and so on."

A friend suggests a simple rule: "If you thought of it as sex when you were doing it, then it was."

Christina confronts the array of sexual options open to a resident of San Francisco. She hosts an all-girl orgy with 12 other women. "The experience, which was hot and sweet and silly and very, very special, had been created by all of us, and although I really got down only with a few, I felt I had been sexual with all of the women there. Now when I meet one of the women from that party, I always ask myself: Have we had sex?"

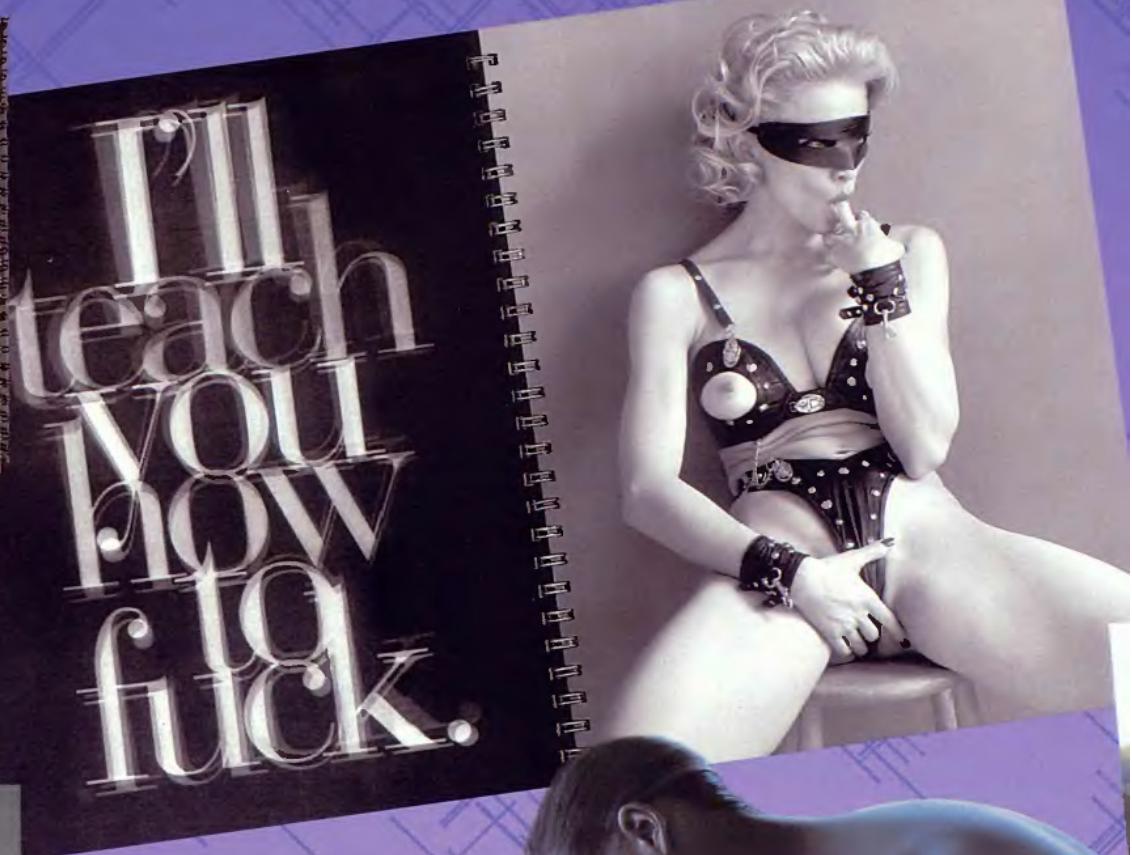
She worked as a nude dancer in a peep show. When a customer watches her and masturbates, and she masturbates right back, is that sex?

Nicholson Baker, another West Coast explorer, writes *Vox*, a 165-page novel about phone sex. Two strangers, one lying on a chenille bedspread, the other in a darkened room, tease each other's imaginations, finding things in common. Both



Technology has changed the sexual landscape. On the Internet (left) erotic play is only a click away, but is it sex? Viagra restored potency to millions and sent the revolution into overtime.





The barrier between public and private wavered, then disappeared completely as sex became part of the news. Madonna rocked the world with erotic fantasies. Dennis Rodman lived his, as did Ellen DeGeneres, Marilyn Manson and Marv Albert. U.S. Surgeon General Joycelyn Elders contemplated teaching kids masturbation. Woody Allen and schoolteacher Mary Kay Letourneau offered other lessons.



Fashion ads grew increasingly explicit, while elsewhere scandals became the national obsession. We forgave Hugh Grant, and maybe Mike Tyson, but not the Hollywood Madam. Clarence Thomas and Anita Hill conducted a teach-in on the nature of sexual harassment. John Gray turned the battle between the sexes into interplanetary warfare. The Religious Right and the FCC targeted Howard Stern's on-air bawdiness. Austin Powers satirized sex in the Sixties. A post-Viagra Hef restored the rep of the Playboy Mansion as Party Central.



PULP FICTION

A film by Quentin Tarantino/produced by Lawrence Bender



PLEASURE IN PAIN

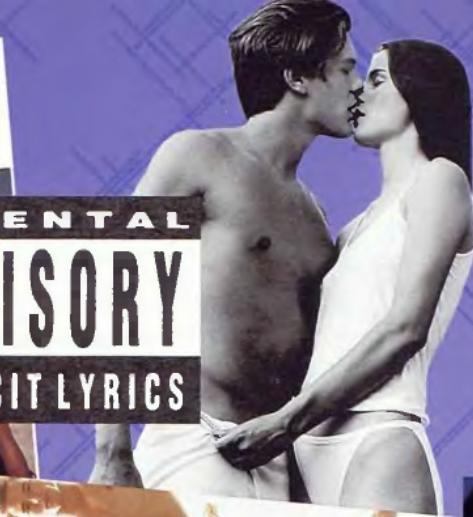
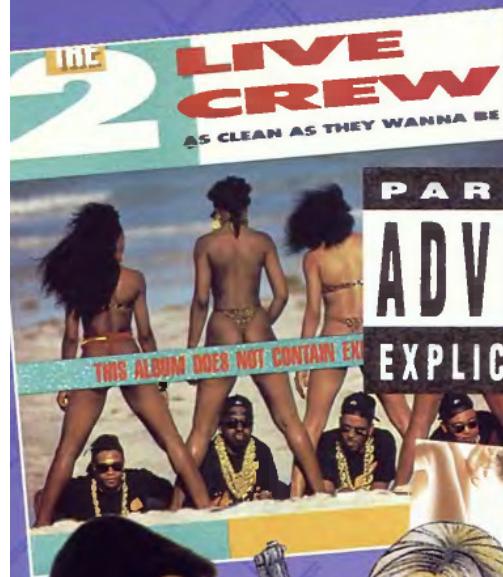
THE CURIOUSLY STRONG MINTS

LA PERLA

A Practical Guide for
Improving Communication and
Getting What You Want in Your Relationships

JOHN GRAY, Ph.D.





The culture wars continued as censors went after rap groups in Florida and a museum director in Cincinnati. A banner by artist Mike McNeilly urged NO GLOVE, NO LOVE from one giant wall of Playboy's Sunset Strip offices. Some suggested that cybersex would replace the real kind—you just clicked on the virtual babes. Videohounds watched Pamela and Tommy Lee cavort. Television heated up with *Sex and the City*, as well as the Clinton thing. Bob Dole became the spokesperson for erectile dysfunction. Our appetite for sex would brook no obstacles.

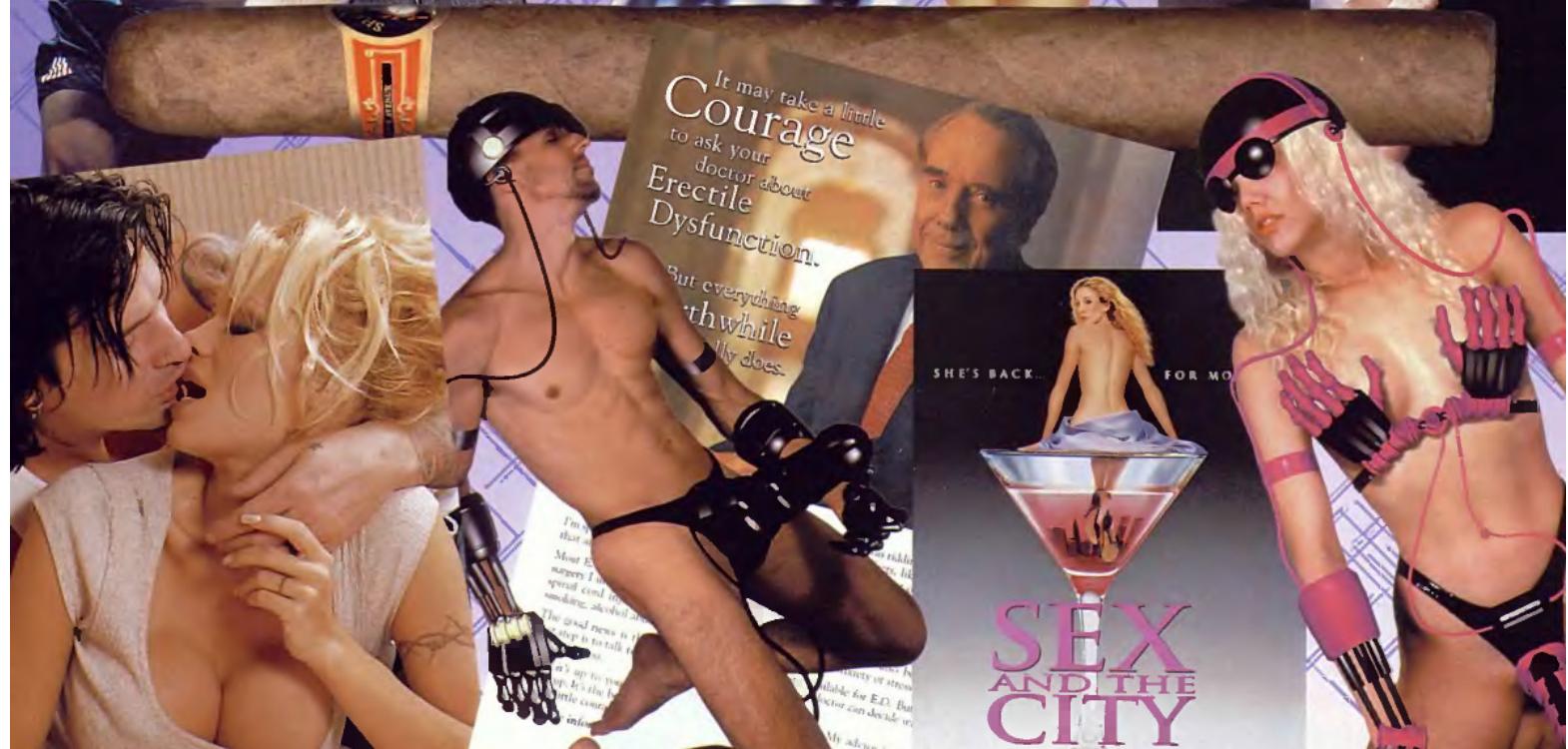




ILLUSTRATION BY ALAN REINGOLD

share a voyeur's delight in a lingerie catalog called *Deliques Intimates*. The woman tells of becoming so aroused she stains a silk chemise. But a private act can have more participants than intended (in this case, an employee of a dry cleaning service). When the chemise came back from the cleaners "there were these five dot stains on it," she says, "little ovals, not down where I'd been wet, but higher up, on the front."

Excitement is a shared experience. The phone lovers fantasize about shipping boys at *Deliques* wrapping a pair of tights around flagstaff-size erections, indulging themselves before putting the apparel into a mailing carton.

Phone sex is as seductive as the confessional. She shares sexual details with her unseen lover, telling him that when she masturbates she pulls her bra down so that it catches under her nipples. He tells her about strumming orgasms, of watching X-rated videos, "fast-forwarding through the numbing parts, trying to find some image that was good or at least good enough to come to." There are times, he says, when you just want a fixed image. "I felt at that moment that I wanted to talk to a real woman, no more images of any kind, no fast-forward, no pause, no magazine pictures." After a night of shared sexual history, they describe in detail what they would do in person. They climax. But is it real sex?

Sexual energy leaks across boundaries. Dean Kuipers, writing for *PLAYBOY*, recalls watching two people having sex from the Chelsea Hotel: "I sat in the dark, a short but uncrossable distance from the couple working on each other in their own well-lit erotic theater. It was clear they wished to be watched: The entire back of the hotel was their grandstand. And yet, they didn't acknowledge the lights or look out the window. Their reward was my response. I did what they wanted me to do: have sex with them, without ever meeting them, without touching them, without intruding into their lives in any messy way and without being able to recapture the moment except in memory."

Would he count them on his list of lovers? Is it real sex?

Kuipers' anecdote sets up an article on amateur pornography. The journalist finds that sex can exist beyond the moment. Lovers record and play back their own sexual encounters to prolong arousal, or to create layers of ecstasy. They time-shift orgasms. Are they having sex with themselves?

Some trade videos in a new sexual black market. How many Americans share the wedding night of Olympic skater Tonya Harding and Jeff Gillo-

ly? To whom does she offer that open palm?

An artist named Sunshine explains to Kuipers the role of the camera: "It's like an interesting sort of robotic voyeur. You are aware of its presence. It's just this gentle statue of excitement, right over there. This weird kind of eye. It's sort of like your own eye. It's wonderful."

In cyberspace there are no boundaries. You log on to an Internet relay chat or a multiuser dungeon for what some call "speed writing interactive erotica."

You describe a scene in a hot tub to a crowd of silent watchers whose names appear across the bottom of the screen: "Furry Clam, Babyface, Madcap and Falc are here."

Who is Furry Clam? She says she is 21, is built like Venus and wants your body. She creates a character who climbs into the hot tub and performs outrageous acts on your noncorporeal body. Is she real? Does it matter? On the Internet everyone is beautiful. But it is also as likely that your correspondent is a 14-year-old guy.

Is it sex? How can it be if you don't exchange bodily fluids? If you can't taste the sweat or feel the slippery sensations of arousal?

The desire to create a border between sex and not-sex, to contain the great god Lust in a cage without consequences, sweeps the country. We seem to look for loopholes. Where once young girls looked at promiscuity as "building a police blotter" against themselves, now girls find permission in making distinctions. The teenagers in the 1994 film *Clerks* discuss past lovers. The boy is relieved to hear that his girlfriend has had only three lovers. But she destroys his equanimity when she admits she has given blow jobs to 37 guys. Her defense: Oral sex isn't real sex.

The confusion swirls through the world of consensual sex. When the debate moves to the question of unwanted sex, the whole nation will change.

THE MORALITY PLAY

On October 11, 1991 the nation attended a national teach-in on sexual harassment. Anita Hill, a quiet-spoken, conservatively dressed woman, faced the Senate Judiciary Committee.

"Mr. Chairman, Senator Thurmond, members of the committee, my name is Anita F. Hill, and I am a professor of law at the University of Oklahoma."

She told of being born on a farm, the youngest of 13 children, of going from Oklahoma State University to Yale Law School, to a job with Clarence Thomas, first when he was an Assistant Secretary of Education for Civil Rights, then when he served as chairman of

the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. She wrote an article for Thomas, she said, that went out under his signature. They had a positive working relationship.

"After approximately three months of working there, he asked me to go out socially with him. What happened next and telling the world about it are the two most difficult experiences of my life. It is only after a great deal of agonizing consideration and a number of sleepless nights that I am able to talk of these unpleasant matters to anyone but my close friends."

She told the Senators she had declined Thomas' invitation, saying it would jeopardize a good working relationship, that it was ill-advised to date one's supervisor.

He continued to ask her out, pressuring her to justify her refusal. Then, she said, the talk turned sexual.

"He spoke about acts he had seen in pornographic films involving such matters as women having sex with animals, and films showing group sex or rape scenes. He talked about pornographic materials depicting individuals with large penises, or large breasts, individuals in various sex acts. On several occasions Thomas told me graphically of his own sexual prowess. Because I was extremely uncomfortable talking about sex with him at all, and particularly in such a graphic way, I told him that I did not want to talk about these subjects."

She offered an example of their discussions. "One of the oddest episodes I remember was an occasion in which Thomas was drinking a Coke in his office. He got up from the table at which we were working, went over to his desk to get the Coke, looked at the can and asked, 'Who has put a pubic hair on my Coke?'

"On other occasions he referred to the size of his own penis as being larger than normal and he also spoke on some occasions of the pleasures he had given to women with oral sex."

She had suffered harm, she said. In late 1982, she "began to feel severe stress on the job. I began to be concerned that Clarence Thomas might take out his anger with me by degrading me or by not giving me important assignments. I also thought that he might find an excuse for dismissing me."

She said that when she finally left, Thomas asked her to dinner one last time. She accepted. He admitted that what he had done could ruin his career.

The circus was under way. When President Bush nominated Clarence Thomas to replace Thurgood Marshall on the Supreme Court, liberals had been alarmed. Thomas, like Hill, a

(continued on page 92)



"Isn't it great that after all these years together, we still have the same interests?"

The KNOCKOUT

mia st. john lives up to her nickname

She is known as the Knockout, and for good reason. Since blasting into women's boxing in 1997, Mia St. John has earned a reputation as a formidable fighter, with one distinction: She looks more like a movie star than like an undefeated (12 wins, including seven knockouts) featherweight. "Female athletes don't have to look like men," St. John says. At the age of six, Mia took up tae kwon do. She competed as an amateur and considered training for the 2000 Olympics before deciding she was too old. "The only thing left to do was go pro, but I traded martial arts for



boxing, the sport that, thanks to [superstar boxing pioneer] Christy Martin, is the most recognized women's combat sport." After watching St. John in the ring, it's clear she has found her niche. "Ever since I was 12, I wanted to be Rocky Balboa. I live, eat and breathe boxing." Considering St. John's success thus far, it's natural that she has her detractors. "Most female boxers hate me. People say I'm successful because of my looks. They say the same thing about Oscar De La Hoya. They're jealous. But I don't care. My posing can only help give women's boxing the recognition it deserves."



"Everyone says my straight right is my best punch," says St. John (pictured here during a recent victorious bout with Mary Ann Haik), "but I think it's my left hook. The key is to sit down on your punches." With her flawless record, St. John is one of boxing's most valuable assets. "I've been told I'm the highest-paid female boxer, but money was never an incentive."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG





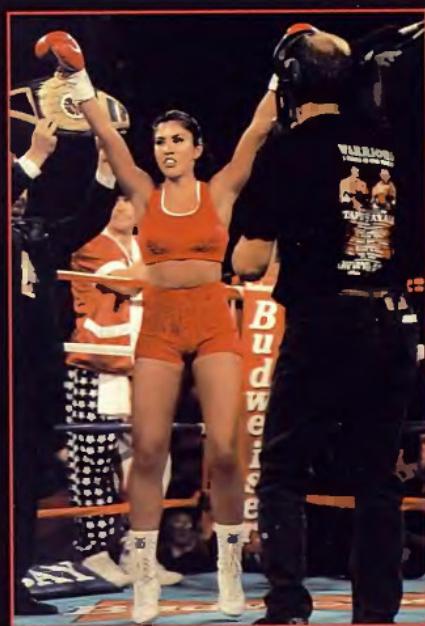


Think your workout is tough? A typical training session for St. John includes two hours of boxing, 90 minutes of weight lifting and five miles of running. "I'm a marathon runner, so I run ten to 13 miles when I'm not training. People think it's crazy, but I look forward to it," she says. "A day without training is incomplete."









After four rounds, St. John wins against Haik by decision. "I think you have to be a little off to get in the ring and risk your life. Fighters are a special breed." Next up for the Knockout? A line of athletic wear and an appearance, as herself, on *Pacific Blue*.



DUNE

HOUSE ATREIDES

THE PREQUEL TO DUNE, THE GREAT SCIENCE FICTION NOVEL

duncan idaho was eight years old,
alone on an unknown world and just paces
ahead of the hunting party

BY BRIAN HERBERT AND KEVIN J. ANDERSON

THE LIGHT CRUISER soared out over a night wasteland unmarked by Giedi Prime's city lights or industrial smoke. Alone in a holding pen in the belly of the aircraft, eight-year-old Duncan Idaho watched through a plaz port as the expanse of Barony prison dropped behind them like a geometrical bubo, festering with trapped and tortured humanity.

The bare metal walls of the cruiser's lower hold were etched with a verdigris of frost. Duncan was numb, his heart leaden, his nerves shocked into silence, his skin an unfeeling blanket around him. Glossu Rabban—nephew of the Baron Harkonnen—had murdered the boy's enslaved parents, just to make him angry and willing to fight in the grotesque "hunt" to come.

The engines throbbed through the floor plates. On the decks above, he could hear the restive hunting party shuffling about in their padded armor. The men carried guns with tracking scopes. They laughed and chatted, ready for that night's game.

Rabban was up there, too.

In order to give young Duncan what they called a sporting chance, the hunting party had armed him with a dull knife (saying they didn't want him to hurt himself), a hand light and a small length of rope—everything a child should need to elude a squadron of professional Harkonnen hunters on their own well-scouted ground.

The cruiser flew far from the prison city, away from the oil-soaked industrial areas, to a wilderness preserve on high ground, a place with dark pines and sandstone bluff faces, caves and rocks and streams. The tailored wilderness even hosted a few examples of genetically enhanced wildlife, vicious predators as eager for a boy's tender flesh as the Harkonnen sportsmen themselves.

The cruiser alighted in a boulder-strewn meadow; the deck canted at a steep angle, then shifted to norm as stabilizers leveled the craft. Rabban





sent a signal from the control band at his waist. The hydraulic door in front of the boy hissed open, freeing him from his cage. The chilly night air stung his cheeks. Duncan considered dashing out into the open. He could run fast and take refuge in the thick pines. Once there, he would burrow beneath the dry, brown needles and drift into self-protective slumber.

Rabban, too, wanted the boy to run and hide, and he knew he wouldn't get very far. For now, Duncan's instinct had to be tempered with cleverness. It wasn't the time for an unexpected, reckless action. Not yet.

The upper hatch slid open behind him to reveal two light-haloed forms: a person he recognized as the hunt captain, and Rabban, the broad-shouldered man who had killed Duncan's mother and father. Turning away from the sudden light, the boy kept his dark-adapted eyes focused on the open meadow and the thick shadows of black-needled trees. It was a starlit night. Pain shot through Duncan's ribs from earlier rough handling, but he tried to put it out of his mind.

"Forest Guard Station," the hunt captain said to him. "Like a vacation in the wilderness. Enjoy it! This is a game, boy—we leave you here, give you a head start and then we come hunting." His eyes narrowed. "Make no mistake. If you lose, you'll be killed, and your stuffed head will join Lord Rabban's other trophies on a wall."

Beside him, the Baron's nephew gave Duncan a thick-lipped smile. Rabban was trembling with excitement and anticipation, his sunburned face flushed.

"What if I get away?" Duncan said.

"You won't," Rabban answered.

Duncan didn't press the issue. If he forced an answer, the man would lie to him. If he did manage to escape, he would just have to make up his own rules.

They dumped him out onto the frost-smeared meadow. He had on thin clothes, worn shoes. The cold of the night hit him like a hammer.

"Stay alive as long as you can, boy," Rabban called from the door of the cruiser, ducking back inside as the throb of the engines increased in tempo. "Give me a good hunt. My last one was disappointing."

Duncan stood immobile as the craft lifted into the air and roared off toward a guarded lodge and outpost. From there, after a few drinks, the hunting party would march out and track down their prey.

Maybe the Harkonnens would toy with him awhile, enjoying their sport. Or maybe by the time they caught him they would be chilled to the bone, longing for a hot beverage, and they'd

simply cut him to pieces at the first opportunity.

Duncan sprinted toward the shelter of trees.

Even when he departed the meadow, his feet left an obvious trail of bent grass blades in the frost. He brushed against thick evergreen boughs, disturbing the chaff of dead needles as he scrambled upslope toward some rugged sandstone outcroppings.

In the hand-light beam, Duncan saw breath steam bursting like heartbeats from his nostrils and mouth. He toiled up a talus, tending toward the steepest bluff faces. When he struck the rocks, he grasped with his hands, digging into crumbling sedimentary material. Here, at least, he wouldn't leave many footprints, though pockets of old, crystalline snow had drifted like small dunes on the ledges.

The outcroppings protruded from the side of the ridge, sentinels above the carpet of forest. Wind and rain had eaten holes and notches out of the cliffs, some barely large enough for rodents' nests, some sufficient to hide a grown man. Driven by desperation, Duncan climbed until he could barely breathe from the exertion.

When he reached the top of an exposed sandwich of rock, rust and tan in his light beam, he squatted on his heels and looked around, assessing his wilderness surroundings. He wondered if the hunters were coming. They wouldn't be far behind him.

Animals howled in the distance. He flipped off the light to conceal himself. His ribs and back burned with pain, and his upper arm throbbed where the pulsing locator beacon was implanted.

Behind him, more shadowy bluffs rose tall and steep, honeycombed with notches and ledges, adorned with scraggly trees like unsightly whiskers sprouting from a facial blemish. It was a long, long way to the nearest city, the nearest spaceport.

The young boy had spent most of the nearly nine years of his life inside giant buildings, smelling recycled air laden with lubricants, solvents and exhaust chemicals. He had never known how cold this planet could get, or how clear the stars.

Overhead, the sky was a vault of immense blackness, filled with tiny light-splashes, a rainstorm of pinpricks piercing the distances of the galaxy. Far out there, Guild Navigators used their minds to guide city-sized Heighliners between stars.

Duncan had never seen a Guild ship, had never been away from Giedi Prime—and now doubted he ever would. Living inside an industrial city, he'd never had reason to learn the patterns of stars. But even if he had known his

compass points or recognized the constellations, he still would have no place to go.

Sitting atop the outcropping, looking out into the sharp coldness, Duncan studied his world. He drew his knees up to his chest to conserve body heat, though he still shivered. Off in the distance, where the high ground dipped into a wooded valley toward the stark silhouette of the guarded lodge building, he saw a train of lights, bobbing glowglobes like a fairy procession. The hunting party itself, warm and well armed, was sniffing him out, taking its time. Enjoying itself.

From his vantage point, Duncan watched and waited, cold and forlorn. He had to decide if he wanted to live at all. What would he do? Where would he go? Who would care for him? He was just a boy with a dull knife, a hand light and a rope. The hunters had Richesian beacon trackers, body armor and powerful weapons. They outnumbered him ten to one. He had no chance.

It might be easier if he just sat and waited for them to come. Eventually the trackers would find him, inexorably following his implanted signal, but he could deny them their sport, spoil their fun. By surrendering, by showing his contempt for their barbaric amusements, he could gain a small victory at least—the only one he was likely to have.

Or he could fight back, try to hurt the Harkonnens even as they hunted him down. His mother and father hadn't had an opportunity to fight for their lives, but Rabban was giving him that chance.

He stood up on stiff legs, brushed his clothes and stopped shivering. *I won't go down like that, he decided, just to show them.* Yes, he would fight—for all he was worth.

He doubted the hunters would be wearing personal shields. They wouldn't think they'd need such protection, not against a helpless boy. The knife handle felt hard and rough in his pocket, useless against armor. But he could do something else with the blade, something painfully necessary.

Crawling up the slope, climbing from rock to fallen tree, maintaining his balance on the scree, Duncan made his way to a small hollowed-out hole in the lumpy sandstone. He avoided the patches of remaining snow, keeping to the iron-frozen dirt so as to leave no obvious tracks.

The tracer implant would bring them directly to him, no matter where he ran.

Above the cave hollow an overhang in the near-vertical bluff wall provided

(continued on page 142)



"Egad, Clarissa, how exquisitely nouvelle—a lap gavotte!"

A large, high-contrast image of a motocross rider's helmet and goggles, with the letters 'M' and 'C' overlaid in white, creating a stylized 'MC' logo.

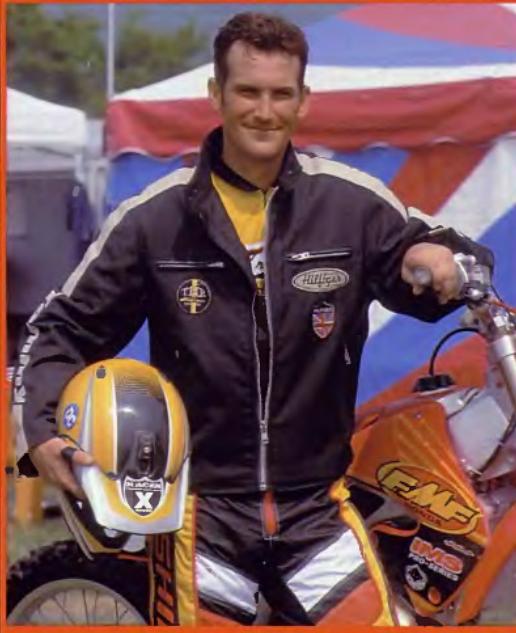
MC

FASHION

A large, high-contrast image of a motocross rider's hand gripping the handlebars of an orange and black dirt bike.

CO

MUD-BUSTING
RACEWEAR
IS FINALLY
STREET LEGAL



DAVEY COOMBS

Thirty-three-year-old Coombs is retired but he still hits the motocross circuit and provides commentary for ESPN2's supercross and motocross coverage. Wearing a nylon and leather Hawk jacket by Tommy Hilfiger (\$295), Coombs says, "MX racing is where surfing was in the early Seventies. It's about to break out."

I

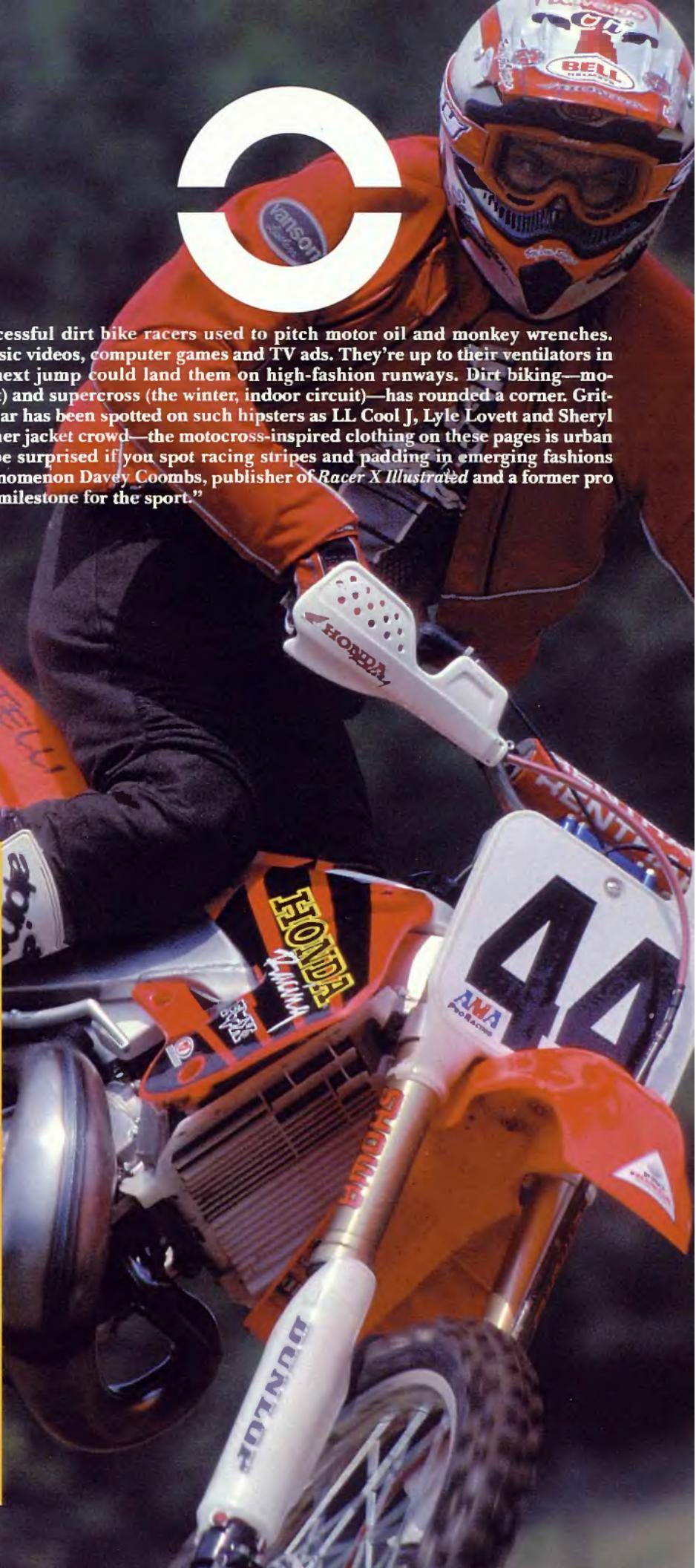
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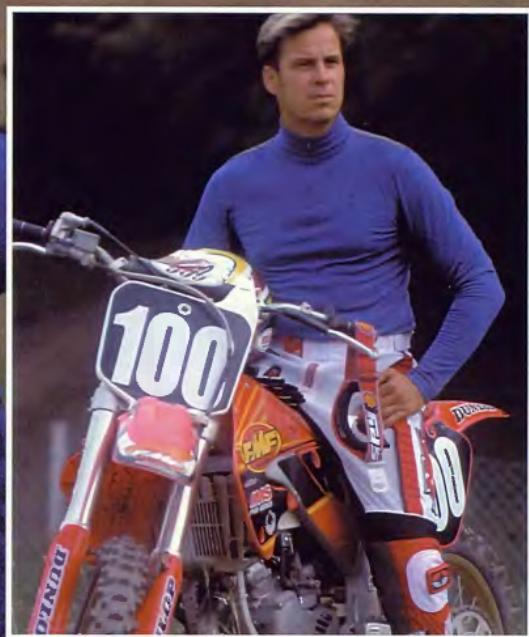
By HOLLIS WAYNE Successful dirt bike racers used to pitch motor oil and monkey wrenches. These days they star in music videos, computer games and TV ads. They're up to their ventilators in endorsements, and their next jump could land them on high-fashion runways. Dirt biking—motocross (the outdoor circuit) and supercross (the winter, indoor circuit)—has rounded a corner. Gritty and glamorous riding gear has been spotted on such hipsters as LL Cool J, Lyle Lovett and Sheryl Crow. This is no black leather jacket crowd—the motocross-inspired clothing on these pages is urban and street-friendly. Don't be surprised if you spot racing stripes and padding in emerging fashions by top designers. It's a phenomenon Davey Coombs, publisher of *Racer X Illustrated* and a former pro racer, calls "a mainstream milestone for the sport."



SEBASTIEN TORTELLI

As a boy in Bordeaux, Tortelli learned to jump on his dad's dirt bike. Now 21, he's won two world titles. When not in racing armor, Tortelli likes clothes that leave him "free to move the way I want." On this page, he's taking a spin in a Cordura Avenger jacket (\$375) and Corduro Sport Rider pants (\$239) by Vanson.





SCOTT SEPKOVIC

After Sepkovic quit pro racing, he designed casualwear. Now he works for Spy Optic. His mack turtleneck by DKNY (\$50) has stripes down the arms—the look is straight off the track. Sepkovic thinks dirt biking is the granddaddy of extreme sports: "Flying 30 or 40 feet through the air is pretty extreme to me."



JEFF EMIG

"The most I've ever done is 41 races in a year," says Emig, a 28-year-old supercross (1997) and motocross (1996 and 1997) champ. "That's a lot of frequent flier miles. But when I'm on a winning streak, I want to keep it going." His cat-tan jacket by Byblas by John Bartlett (\$590) boasts race-inspired padding and a jersey-like collar.



REAL SEX

(continued from page 74)

bootstrap-raised product of the Yale Law School, was a conservative black who was opposed to affirmative action and a cipher on the issue of abortion rights. Republican supporters had ushered him through the confirmation hearings. They were ill-prepared for the media frenzy that followed the disclosure that their candidate had, ten years earlier, sexually harassed a subordinate. The same subordinate had followed her alleged harasser when he changed jobs and had said nothing when Thomas was appointed to a circuit court judgeship. Now she was willing to come forward to challenge the character of the nominee.

SEXUAL HARASSMENT

For three days, Americans watched the events in the Senate Caucus room on television. Apparently outraged politicians pushed for details. Hill said that during one exchange Thomas had alluded to a well-endowed porn actor, calling him by name. "Long Dong Silver" became part of the *Congressional Record* and penis size part of dinner conversation across America.

Senators made asses of themselves, first posturing about the monstrous nature of Thomas' remarks. Said Utah Republican Senator Orrin Hatch: These are "gross, awful, sexually harassing things which, if you take them in combination, would have to gag anyone."

He continued: "That anybody could be that perverted—I'm sure there are people like that, but they're generally in insane asylums."

Other Republicans saw a different kind of monster. Senator Arlen Specter (R-Pa.) sensed a liberal conspiracy. "It is my legal judgment that the testimony of Professor Hill was flat-out perjury."

Hatch accused Hill of concocting her story, borrowing the detail of the pubic hair from a scene in *The Exorcist*, the comment about Long Dong Silver from a 1988 Wichita, Kansas federal district court case in which a woman charged her employer with flashing a picture of the man with a 19-inch penis. They brought forward a former co-worker who suggested Hill suffered from erotomania, that she built elaborate fantasies around people she barely knew.

Thomas claimed the charges against him were untrue. He had never "attempted to date" Hill. He called the hearing a "high-tech lynching." He was confirmed by a 52-48 vote of the full Senate.

Polls showed that almost twice as many people believed Thomas (40 percent) as Hill (24 percent). One year later, the credibility of the participants

had changed, with 34 percent believing Thomas and 44 percent believing Hill. Americans seemed to believe that something had happened, but not the way either had described it.

What was this thing called sexual harassment? Lin Farley, a professor at Cornell University, invented the term sexual harassment in 1975. She was teaching a course called Women and Work and, as an activist, was looking for a universal issue. At a speak-out, women complained about male co-workers who wouldn't leave them alone. "We have to have a name for it," Farley told Peter Wyden, a reporter for *Good Housekeeping*. The group considered "sexual coercion" and "sexual blackmail" before settling on the more elusive "sexual harassment." It would take decades to fully define the term.

Catharine MacKinnon wrote the definitive text, *Sexual Harassment of Working Women*, in 1979. In it she argued that sexual harassment was a form of intimate violation that included coerced sex, unwanted sexual advances and retaliation. She claimed the behavior extended along a continuum of severity and unwantedness, from "verbal sexual suggestions or jokes, constant leering or ogling, brushing against your body 'accidentally,' a friendly pat, squeeze, pinch or arm against you, catching you alone for a quick kiss, an indecent proposition backed by the threat of losing your job and forced sexual relations."

A study by the Center for Women Policy Studies reported that as many as 18 million American females were harassed sexually while at work during 1979 and 1980. Antifeminist Phyllis Schlafly told a Senate committee that those 18 million were asking for it: "Sexual harassment on the job is not a problem for virtuous women," she said, "except in the rarest of cases. Men hardly ever ask sexual favors of women from whom the certain answer is no. Virtuous women are seldom accosted."

Throughout the Eighties the crusade had languished, as MacKinnon spent her energy trying to turn pornography into a civil rights action. In 1980 the EEOC issued guidelines on sexual harassment, making it part of Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964. It forbade outright coercion—the quid pro quo of a supervisor's saying, "Sleep with me or you lose your job."

In 1986 the Supreme Court ruled that sexual harassment is a form of discrimination. Mechelle Vinson, a teller at the Meritor Savings Bank in Washington, D.C., had filed suit against her employer, charging that her manager had made sexual demands. She had submitted to him 40 or 50 times, in the bank vault, in the ladies' room, at mo-

tel. Lower courts had looked at the case and declared that Vinson's actions were voluntary. The Supreme Court agreed with the appeals court ruling, which held that her boss' sexual demands created a hostile environment, that the workplace should be free from "discrimination, ridicule and insult."

In 1988 the EEOC adjusted its guidelines, saying that harassment could occur when "unwelcome sexual conduct unreasonably interferes with an individual's job performance or creates an intimidating, hostile or offensive working environment."

In the Eighties, magazines still ran articles on how to run an office affair. Michael Korda told PLAYBOY readers: "Two things will happen as more women join the executive ranks—the politics will get tougher and the sex will get terrific."

The EEOC granted that sex was alive and well in the workplace, carefully crafting the following: "Because sexual attraction may often play a role in the day-to-day social exchange between employees, the distinction between invited, uninvited but welcome, offensive but tolerated and flatly rejected sexual advances may well be difficult to discern. But this distinction is essential because sexual conduct becomes unlawful only when it is unwelcome in the sense that the employee did not solicit or incite it, and in the sense that the employee regarded the conduct as undesirable or offensive."

Perhaps sensing the danger of allowing Mrs. Grundy or an equivalent blue-nose to dictate what was offensive, the EEOC advised that harassment should be judged from the standpoint of a reasonable person: "Title VII does not serve as a vehicle for vindicating the petty slights suffered by the hypersensitive."

From 1980 to 1990, 38,500 sexual harassment cases were filed with the EEOC. Some were clear-cut examples of coercion, women fired because they would not submit to their bosses' advances. Some were examples of hostility, bosses who would say women had "shit for brains" and belonged not in the workplace but at home, "barefoot and pregnant."

But other cases were not so clear. Lois Robinson, a welder at Jacksonville Shipyards, filed suit along with other women welders in 1986, claiming that her workplace was a virtual obstacle course of pornography, sexually demeaning cartoons and graffiti. (After conferring with the New York-based Women Against Pornography, she had kept a list of every pin-up and lewd remark she encountered. When her co-workers became aware of her cru-

(continued on page 147)



"He seemed very interested. He examined me from head to toe, with a long pause halfway."



Cara Wakelin's mother made her do it. It was a cold day in October 1998, and when Cara's mom read that the Playboy 2000 Playmate search bus was coming to their hometown of Toronto looking for new Playmates, she urged her hesitant daughter to go for a photo test. Thank goodness she did.

Q: This is your first modeling gig. How did your mother persuade you to try out for **PLAYBOY**?

A: When she saw the newspaper article about the Playmate 2000 search, she started jumping up and down, saying, "You have to do this. You can do it." I've never been very confident about my appearance. As we pulled into the parking lot, I saw ten beautiful blondes waiting in line. I said, "Mom, take me home. What am I doing here?" She said, "Cara, if you don't get out of this car right now, I'm dragging you in there." After the test shoot, I thought, It would have been tragic if I had bailed out at the last minute.

Q: Your family was homeless for a year. Has that influenced your views on money?

A: For various reasons, we were financially in the hole. We would rent places and move from house to house. During my childhood, we moved 15 times. I remember some days eating nothing but soup. I lost weight because there wasn't enough food. Being poor seems like such a negative thing, but my mother taught me to turn it into a positive experience. There

CATCH OF THE DAY

cara wakelin is the one who almost got away





Anyone who went to school with Coro Wokelin will be surprised by this pictorial. "I used to be extremely shy around boys," she says. "I was a flat-chested tomboy skateboarder with a paper route. Some girls had massive jugs, and I thought, When will I get mine? Am I going to live with grapes my whole life? Then, in grade 12, they grew."





Cara's art portfolio shows her passion for nature. "It would be cool to work at a zoo or at an animal shelter," she says. "In terms of a career, I'll try almost anything respectable that comes my way. If someone offers me an acting job, I'll try it. Studying sociology and philosophy has broadened my horizons and opened my mind. In a way, I'm sure my degrees have helped prepare me for doing this pictorial."









are so many rich kids who don't know how it feels to work for their money. But I'm not one of those women who care about having tons of money.

Q: Is it true that your nickname in school was Skippy?

A: Yes, because I skipped so many days of class. For a while, I hated school. My mom was open-minded and understood if I didn't want to go. Eventually, I realized that if you don't have an education, you're not going to go very far. I pushed myself to go all the way.

Q: What's your favorite waste of time?

A: I love to get in my car and drive. I also love to draw. I went to art school for five years. My artwork depicts wildlife and other forms of nature. I love animals. I've had so many fun, strange pets: anoles, iguanas, boa constrictors. At one point I had 13 rabbits, 40 gerbils, mice, guinea pigs, four cats, a dog, frogs and fish.

Q: What three things should a visitor from the U.S. know about Canadian culture?

A: First, we love hockey. Second, there is a difference between university and college. University is more theoretical and a bit more prestigious. College is hands-on. I graduated from university with degrees in philosophy and sociology. And finally, yes, Canadians say "Eh?" all the time.

Q: Do you plan to move to the States?

A: Probably. Even though I was born in Australia, I've lived a geographically sheltered life. I can't wait to experience different cultures.



MISS NOVEMBER



PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Cara Wakelin

BUST: 34 C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35
(nature's own)
HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 113



BIRTH DATE: 02/08/77 BIRTHPLACE: Melbourne, Australia

AMBITIONS: Anything that leads to success & happiness - I'm open to many possibilities!

TURN-ONS: In men: intelligence, charisma & humour. In life: quality & sweets.

TURNOFFS: In men: selfishness, possessiveness, big egos & ignorance. In life: insults.

MY FAVORITE QUOTE: "We wouldn't worry so much about what people thought of us if we knew how seldom they did." (Landers)

I WISH I HAD: Legs as long as ropes!

SEX ADVICE: Two minutes just doesn't cut it.

MY PHILOSOPHY: Never bite the ass of the cow that feeds you.

WHY I COULD NEVER BE PRESIDENT: I'm honest.



born to be
WILD!



my Mom - best
friend, mentor &
my biggest fan.



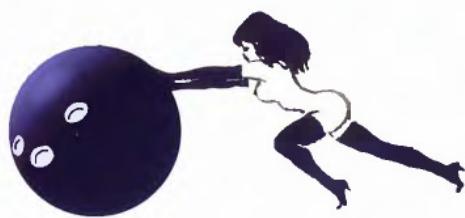
Sitting proud:
as a recent
university grad.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A middle-aged couple had two beautiful teenage daughters. They decided to try one last time for the son that they had always wanted. After several months, the wife became pregnant and later delivered a healthy boy. The joyful father rushed to the nursery and was horrified to see the ugliest child he had ever imagined. "We have two beautiful daughters. How could this boy turn out to be so ugly?" he moaned. Then turning suspicious, he glared at his wife. "Have you been fooling around on me?"

"No, darling," she replied sweetly. "Not this time."



An African village was troubled by a man-eating lion. So its leaders sent a message to Marriott-Smalley, the great white hunter, to come and kill the beast.

For several nights the hunter lay in wait for the lion, but it never showed up. Finally, he told the tribal chief to kill a cow and give him its hide. Draping the skin over his shoulders, Marriott-Smalley went to the pasture to wait for the lion.

In the middle of the night, the villagers woke to the sound of blood-curdling shrieks coming from the pasture. As they carefully approached, they saw Marriott-Smalley lying there, groaning in pain. There was no sign of the lion.

"What happened, bwana? Where is the lion?" asked the chief.

"Forget the damn lion!" the hunter howled. "Which of you morons let the bull loose?"

Bumper stickers of the month:

- 100,000 SPERM AND YOU WERE THE FASTEST?
- YOU ARE DEPRIVING SOME POOR VILLAGE OF ITS IDIOT.

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: Dan got a frantic call from his girlfriend. "I've got a problem," she said.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Well, I bought this jigsaw puzzle, but it's too hard. None of the pieces fit together and I can't find any edges."

"What's the picture of?"

"A big rooster."

"All right," Dan said. "I'll come over and have a look."

The woman led Dan into her kitchen and showed him the puzzle on the table. "For Pete's sake, Buffy," he exclaimed after he saw it. "Put the cornflakes back in the box."

What do you call a bottle blonde who belongs to Mensa? A peroxymoron.

During World War II, an American warship was under attack by the Japanese. A torpedo was headed toward the ship and a strike seemed inevitable. The captain told the first officer to go down to the crew quarters and tell a joke, so at least the men would die laughing. Gathering the men around him, the first officer said, "What would you think if I could split the whole ship in two by hitting my dick against the table?"

When the crew burst out laughing the officer pulled out his penis and whacked it on the table. Just then, a huge explosion tore the ship apart. The only survivors were the captain and the first officer. As they floated around in a lifeboat the captain remarked, "You sure got the crew laughing. What did you do?" The first officer told him. "Well, you'd better be careful with that dick of yours," the captain said. "The torpedo missed!"

What's the first thing Dan Quayle wants to do if he becomes president? Put the E back in NATO.

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: A woman was in her physician's office when she suddenly asked him to kiss her. "No, Mary, that would be against my code of ethics."

Twenty minutes went by and the woman again pleaded for him to kiss her. Once more he refused, explaining that as a doctor he simply could not. After another 15 minutes passed, the woman begged him again. "Look, I'm sorry. I just can't kiss you. In fact," he sighed, "I probably shouldn't even be fucking you."

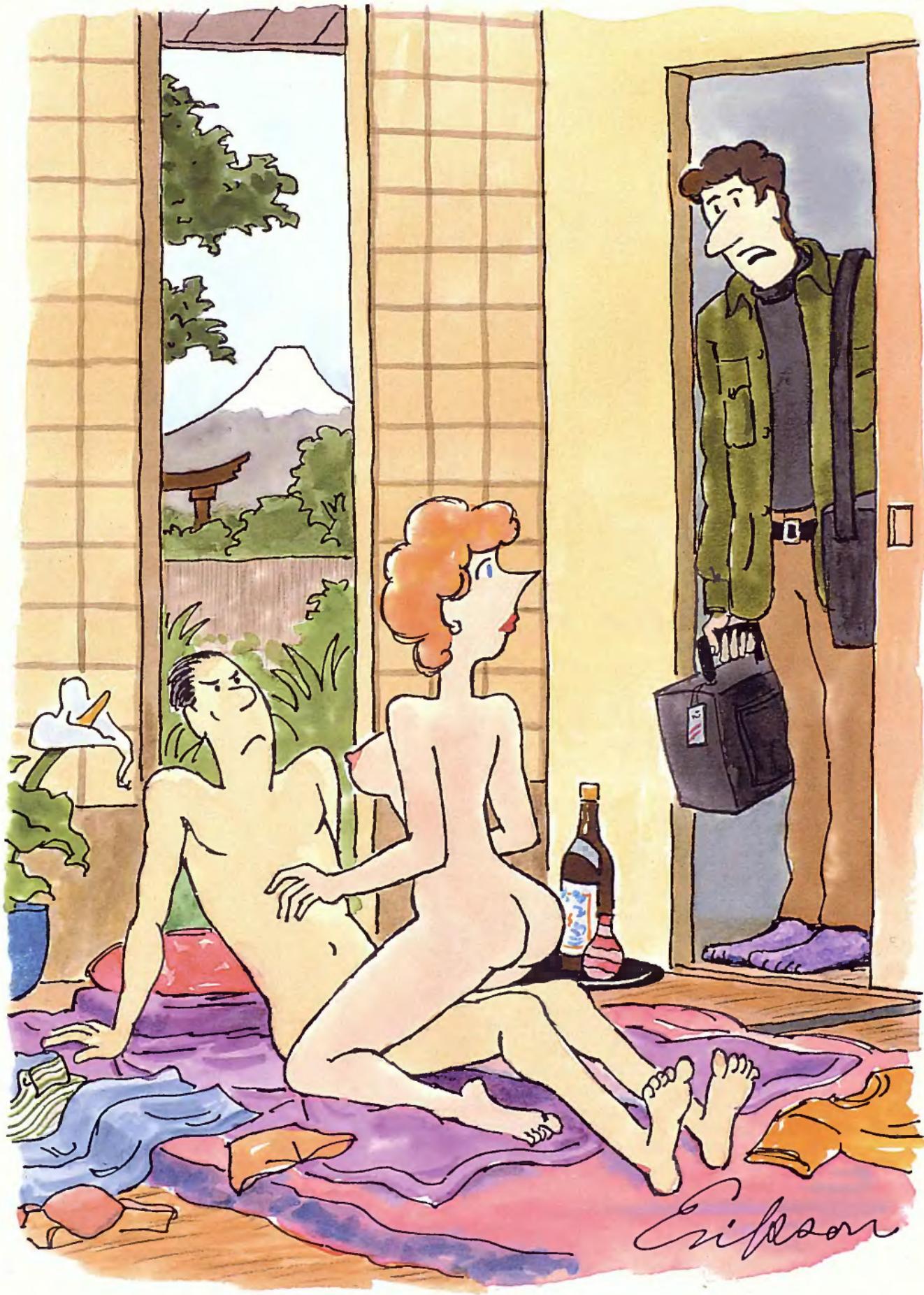


Alex was a sports fan whose face was always either buried in the sports pages or transfixed by the television screen. One night as he lay in bed next to his wife watching a football game, she got up, walked across the room and unplugged the TV. "Hey," Alex shouted, "what do you think you're doing?"

"I'm sick of sports, I'm sick of TV," she replied. "You haven't touched me in months. We're going to talk about sex right now!"

"OK, OK. So," he asked after a moment, "how often do you think Brett Favre gets laid?"

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.



"But Jennifer—your postcard said, 'Wish you were here'!"

PERSONAL INJURIES

Fiction By

SCOTT TUROW

HOW ONE LAWYER CAME TO LEARN ABOUT PAYOFFS

HOW THIS STARTED," Robbie Feaver said, "is not what you think. Morty and I didn't go to Brendan and say, 'Take care of us.' We didn't have anything to take care of, not to start with. Mort and I had been bumping along on workmen's comp and slip-and-fall cases. Then about ten years ago, even before Brendan was appointed Presiding Judge over there, we got our first real chance to score. It was a bad-baby case. Doc with a forceps treated the kid's head like a walnut. And it's the usual warfare. I got a demand of 2.2 million, which brings in the umbrella insurer, so they're underwriting the defense. They're making us spend money like there's a tree in the backyard. I've got to get medical experts. Not one. Four. OB. Anesthesia. Pedes. Neurology. And courtroom blowups. We've got \$125,000 in expenses, way more than we can afford. We're into the bank for the money, Mort and me, with seconds on both our houses.

"The judge we're assigned is Homer Guerfoyle. Now, Homer—I don't know if you remember Homer. He's long gone. But he was a plain, old-fashioned Kindle County alley cat, a ward-heeling son of a bootlegger, so crooked that when they buried him they had to screw him in the ground. But when he finally maneuvers his way onto the bench, all the sudden he thinks he's a peer of the realm. I'm not kidding. It always felt like he'd prefer Your Lordship to Your Honor. His wife had died and he hooked up with some socialite a few years older than him. He grew a fussy little mustache and started going to the opera and walking down the street in the summer in a straw boater.

"Now, on the other side of my case is Carter Franch, a real white-shoe number, Groton and Yale, and Guerfoyle treats him like an icon. Exactly the man Homer would like to be. He just about sits and begs whenever he hears Franch's malarkey.

(concluded on page 138)







orsepower. Tire-shredding, rubber-burning horsepower is what launched the American muscle-car era in the early Sixties. GTOs, 442s, Z28s, Boss 429s and other lean and hungry coupes with big-block engines were on the prowl, just itching for a fight. "She's real fine, my 409" and *Little GTO* played on the radio, but who could hear the lyrics over the rumble of a Hemi-Charger exhaust? Soon, real hot rods were mothballed because you could buy brand-new cars with at least 350 horsepower. But the golden age of horsepower didn't last long. Almost overnight, owning a gas-guzzler became the eighth deadly sin and the gloriously indulgent muscle car gave way to the fuel-efficient, front-wheel-drive snoozemobiles of the Eighties. But as the century ends, the American manufacturers who created the original cars are reawakening the raw thrill of pedal-to-the-metal. Ford, Pontiac and Chevrolet have introduced Mustang Cobra, Trans Am Firehawk and Camaro SS models that do everything but ease on down the road. You can't buy a 600-hp Nascar coupe that's street legal from your local dealer, but these rear-wheel-drive babies are the next best thing.

Right: Scoops and flares are just part of the Pontiac SLP Trans Am Firehawk's retro charm. The 327-horsepower V8 under the hood, coupled with a fun-to-shift six-speed gearbox, make the most of the car's meaty torque. Forget the marque's Grand Prix models with their sissy V6 engines and pantywaist front wheel drives. This is one Hawk that really flies. Price: about \$32,500.

AMERICAN *Muscle*

SO YOU CAN'T DRIVE LIKE JEFF GORDON. FAKE IT

BY KEN GROSS

Firehawk





C a m a r o



Above: Think of the Chevrolet Camaro SS as a four-seater Corvette for \$13,000 less. Most of its specs are similar to those of the Pontiac Firehawk, but the Chevy's sleek front end with Ferrari-like grill and hood scoop eclipses its cousin, the Trans Am. Inside, two snug bucket seats are hunkered next to a short-throw six-speed gearbox. The 13-second quarter-mile reading of 106 mph will give you the edge in most stoplight duels. Price: about \$28,000.



Above and below: Ford's raucous, restyled SVT Mustang Cobra packs a 4.6-liter, 320-hp V8 paired with a crisp five-speed; it's no wonder the zero-to-60 spec is a neck-snapping 5.4 seconds. Independent rear suspension, new to the machine, virtually eliminates axle hop on twisty roads. ABS brakes are standard, as are wide 17-inch tires on slick alloy wheels. The interior includes leather seats and a drop-dead sound system. Price: about \$28,200.





"Of course, if you don't want to buy the vacuum cleaner, there's always the other option."



31248



SHERYL CROW

HOW SHE TURNS ROCKY ROMANCES INTO REVENGE ROCK

There's something about Sheryl Crow that makes men—even innocent men—feel guilty. For those who are guilty, namely the men who have done Crow dirt in past relationships, the "something" is clear whenever she launches into one of her impeccably crafted songs about male shortcomings: This song is about you, loser. What's more, exacting payback has been sweet for the 37-year-old Crow. Two of her three albums have gone multiplatinum, and she's nabbed six Grammys along the way, including Best New Artist and Record of the Year. Even Hollywood has taken notice—Crow contributed the theme song for the Bond flick *Tomorrow Never Dies* and a cover of the Guns n' Roses song *Sweet Child o' Mine* for Adam Sandler's *Big Daddy*. And she's not just singing in Tinseltown—she plays a junkie opposite boyfriend Owen Wilson in *The Minus Man*.

Few predicted such noteworthiness for the stringy-haired former music teacher from Missouri who broke out in 1994 with *(continued on page 180)*



31247

THE CAMPUS BUZZ

our way to get an A

GREAT EATS

Dojo, New York
University
Papa Del's Pizza,
University of Illinois
Lamonica's NY Pizza, UCLA
Cooter Brown's, Tulane



WHERE TO PARTY LIKE A ROCK STAR

Green Elephant, Dallas
Washington Street Tavern,
Athens, Ga.
City Grocery, Oxford, Miss.
Bullwinkles, Tallahassee, Fla.
Clarence Foster's, Raleigh, N.C.
Newby's, Memphis, Tenn.
Club DeVille, Austin, Tex.

HAPPY HOURS WORTH

8.13.1

HOT COMMODITIES

Bootlegged concert tapes
Virgins
Palm Pilots
Fat Tire beer

TRENDS

Laxing
Coed fraternity backlash
Sorority hazing
Girls who don't drink or
smoke but do X
Buying term papers online
Bisexual experimenting
Millennial anxiety
disorder
Day trading

COOL BARS

Hideaway, Duke
Mango's, Hawaii Pacific
Grotto, University of
Missouri-Rolla
Monty's, San Diego State
Third Edition, Georgetown
Tally Ho, Lehigh
Dill Street Bar and Grill,
Ball State

PARTIES OF THE YEAR

Playboy on Campus, Dalhousie
University, Halifax
Reggae Sunsplash, San Diego State
Escape From Alcatraz,
Kent State
Jell-O Party, Stanford
Pike Studio 54 Party, USC
Sigma Chi Italian Wedding,
University of California-
Santa Barbara

SUPERHOT SEX SPOT

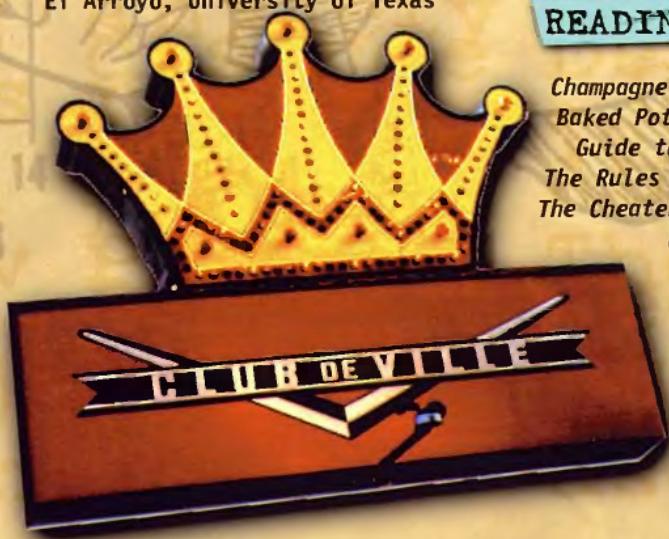
In your absent roommate's bed
(then sleep in your own)

CLASSES WORTH WAKING UP FOR

Introduction to Wines, Cornell
Golf, Duke
Alfred Hitchcock,
Georgetown
Magic, Witch-
craft and
Science in
the Early
Modern World,
Ball State
Waterskiing,
Rollins College

READING LITE

Champagne Cocktails
Baked Potatoes: The Pot Smoker's 3.31.64
Guide to Film and Video
The Rules of Attraction
The Cheater's Handbook: The
Naughty Student's Bible





YOU'RE WASTED. NOW WHAT?

Cheese steaks at Billybobs, Penn State
 A bagel from the street vendor, Southern Illinois University
 Burritos at La Bamba, U. of Illinois
 Pizza from Mama Teresa's, Cornell
 Cajun burger at Igor's, Tulane



BANDS ON THE BRINK

Pete Moss and the Fertilizers, Marist College
 Geraniums, NYU
 Loraxx, University of Illinois-Chicago
 Dominant Seven, Cornell
 Colonel Catastrophe and His Loaded Shotgun, Kenyon College

MUSIC JOINTS

Vinyl, NYU
 Lounge Ax, De Paul
 Cat's Cradle, University of North Carolina-Chapel Hill
 The 9:30 Club, Georgetown

WHERE TO CHILL

Caffe Reggio, New York City
 Spillway, Carbondale, Ill.
 The Tombs, Washington, D.C.
 The rock quarry, Athens, Ga.



PUNKY FLICK HOUSE

Cinema 21, Reed College

WE ALL SCREAM FOR

Ben & Jerry's National Free Ice Cream Day

ONE-STOP SHOPPING (WHERE TO BUY TOILET PAPER . . . AND SEX TOYS)

Ricky's on Broadway, NYU

GREAT PLACE FOR KARAOKE

Trader Todd's, Northwestern



IF IT'S NOT BEER, IT'S

Ecstasy
 Ritalin
 Jalapeños (for the endorphin buzz)
 Coke
 Liquid acid
 Viagra stolen from your dad
 Xanax
 Percocet
 Ibuprofen (600 mg)

STUCK IN HANGOVER HELL?

Red Bull energy drink

COOL TV

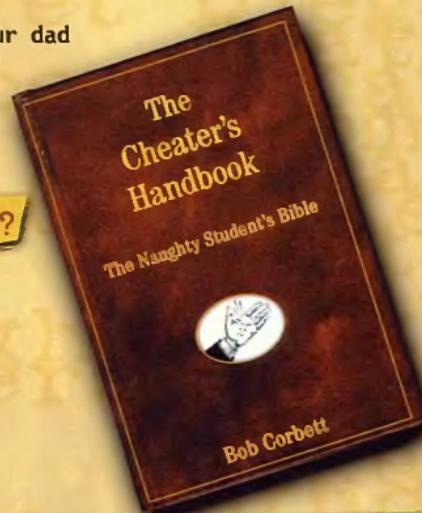
The Simpsons
Tom Green Show
Real World (Hawaii)
That Seventies Show
Late Late Show With Craig Kilborn
Monday Night Football
Fox reality specials
Jerry Springer
Futurama
Family Guy

WHERE TO IMPRESS YOUR DATE

Duke: Magnolia Grill
 University of Texas: Chez Nous
 San Diego State: George's at the Cove
 Cornell: John Thomas Restaurant
 University of Washington: Golden Gardens for a barbecue on the beach

EXOTIC ROAD TRIPS

Pill runs to Mexico
 Graceland for Elvis' birthday
 Burning Man Festival, Nevada



SCHOOL REP

Duke: "Ivy League academics with better weather."
 Lehigh: "Binge drinking."
 Dalhousie: "Cars stop for you when you cross the street."
 Davidson: "Everyone has too much money."
 Ball State: "David Letterman went to school here."

ILLINOIS

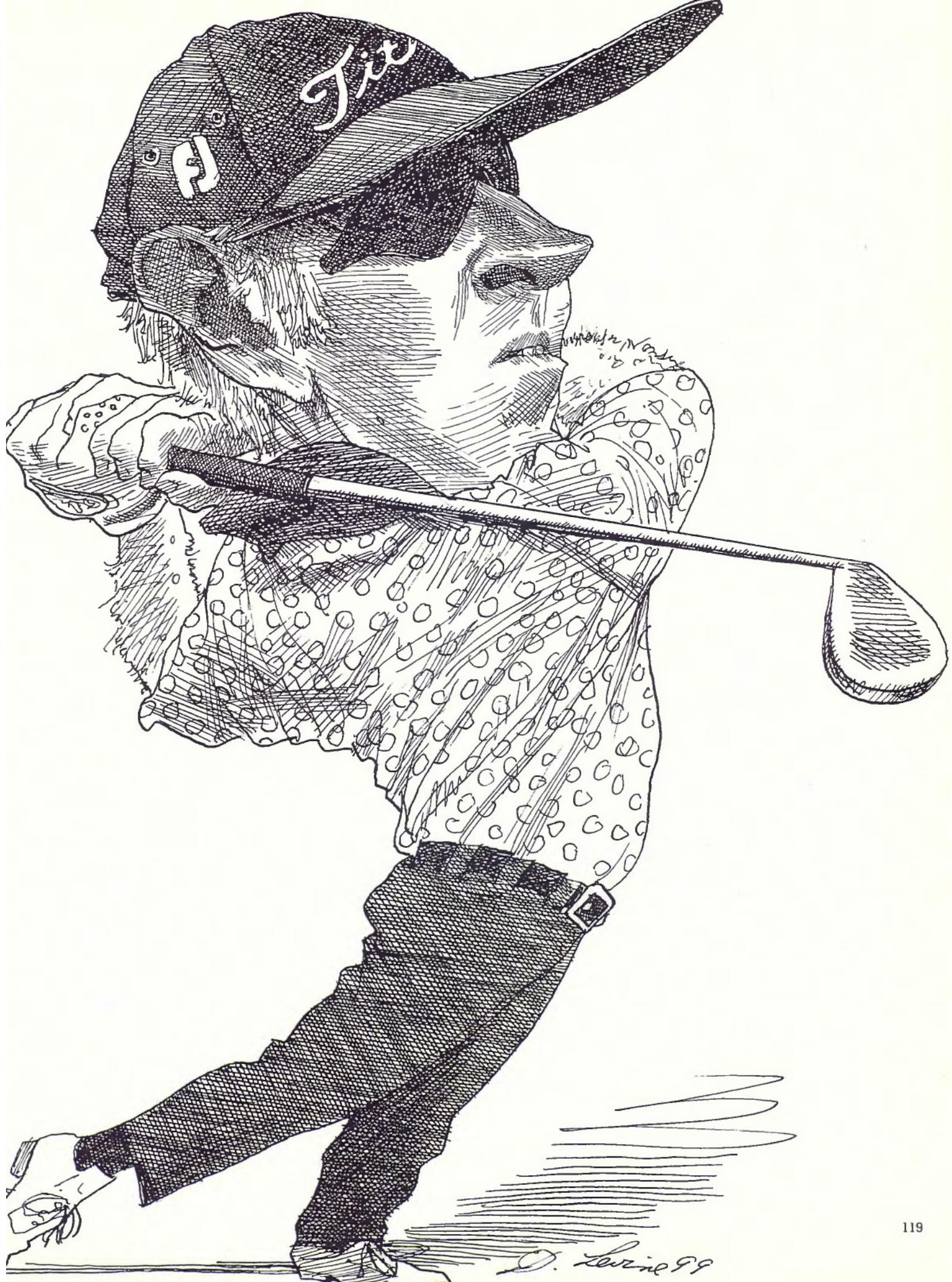
Homer loves Marge

DAVID DUVAL

golfer cool
playboy profile

by carl vigeland

Quiet, please. He's on the first tee. After an obsequious official in shirt and tie introduces him and his opponent, another official whispers to the first fellow, "You forgot to introduce the marshals." Something to do with TV or the sponsors. The first guy looks puzzled, then nods his head. "I'll do it again," he says. The golfer on the first tee has been getting set to hit his drive. In his Tommy Hilfiger clothes, the shirt buttoned to the collar, and wraparound Oakley sunglasses, he doesn't look quite like most of the other men on the professional golf tour. His posture is comfortable; he seems so relaxed he could be waiting for a bus. He lets the strap on his Titleist hat hang loose from its buckle. Sometimes, too, a shirttail will appear from his waist, over his belt. But anyone mistaking this cool for casualness ought to be with him



on the first tee, inside the ropes that keep the crowd from getting too close.

It's silent except for the whispers of the officials. Waving his driver back and forth in short half-swings to dispel tension, he seems ready to take his stance. The only sounds are a traffic hum from beyond the course and birds singing in the fairway trees—and the whispering of the officials, which has been going on while the golfer completes the ritual that precedes his first shot. Suddenly the golfer stops the movements with his driver, and glares at the man who contemplates a repetition of his introduction, with the addition of the marshals.

"No, sir," the golfer says to the official, with a severity that belies his relaxed demeanor and briefly reveals the chasm separating the difficulty of what he does for a living from the ease with which he appears to go about it. "You're done. You did your job."

•

The golfer's name is David Duval. In the opinion of many people, including a large number of his own peers, he is at 27 years old one of the two finest golfers in the world and a kind of standard-bearer in golf for a new generation. Duval is dismissive about rankings and dislikes labels, especially that of celebrity. "I can't understand this fascination with me," he maintains, in a voice that can be a cross between country singer and icy blackjack dealer. "Celebrity is strange. I personally do not have that fascination." During this year's AT&T Pebble Beach National Pro-Am, when Tiger Woods was partnered with Kevin Costner and Mark O'Meara was joined by Ken Griffey Jr., Duval chose to play with his hometown friend Scott Regner.

Whatever you call him, Duval is the real thing, often the most talented and certainly the most curious golfer of the game's new age. In late 1997 he won his first tournament on the PGA Tour. He followed that victory with another in his next tournament, and then another for three in a row. He added four more wins in 1998 and four in the first four months of 1999, including one in which Duval became only the third PGA pro ever—and the first in a final round—to shoot a total score of 59. Last season he won more money playing professional golf than anyone else on the PGA Tour. Today, in only his fifth full year on the tour, he is already among golf's career money leaders, having earned \$9 million and counting. The money and victories have invoked comparisons between Duval and the greatest players in golf's history, despite his admission that his play in this year's majors was not "much above mediocre." Duval places the blame for

that on a putting slump, although by late summer he was feeling "very good about what's going on in my golf game." But with his rapidly growing fame, Duval is coming under new and not always comfortable scrutiny. Ever since a stellar college career at Georgia Tech, Duval has contended with the false perception that he is aloof and unfeeling, an automaton making birdies. In fact, he plays the game with passion, but it is hidden behind the quirks that have gained attention—the ever-present dark glasses, the intimidating stare, the fuck-it shoulder shrug whether a shot doesn't work out right or it comes off dead solid perfect.

Duval's steely-eyed presence can unnerve opponents and interlopers alike. He never raises his voice, doesn't repeat himself and laughs at himself easily (except on the golf course). With a shade of impatience, he listens carefully to questions, each of which he answers directly. On the golf course, Duval prepares for each shot by looking at the next target and asking himself, How am I going to get there? But don't ask him about technique. "Don't take me wrong," he explains, speaking in a slight drawl, "but I don't analyze. I try to get the ball on the green. In the hole. I play what's in front of me."

I play what's in front of me. "The biggest thing is, you cannot be afraid of shooting low scores," he says. "It might sound silly but it's not. I think a lot of players in the game get six, seven under par and instead of picking up two or three more they start thinking about holding on to where they are. You just can't be scared of making more birdies and keeping going lower."

"I know what it is to get lower. The reason I'm not afraid is that I grew up around my dad and I saw it with him. He was never scared of shooting those scores. And so that's how I got."

With a disarmingly uncomplicated perspective on a complicated game, Duval doesn't try to remember a long list of things. "I just try to make sure my feet, knees, hips and shoulders are aiming at the same place," he says, as if that were all there was to it. A fitness nut since he began a weight-loss program in 1996, he believes he has become "more balanced in strength from my right side to my left side, and from my front to my back." This improves his posture, he says, and "just gives me a better feel every day when I get up." There are no secrets to his workouts—regular sessions on the VersaClimber and a mix of arm curls, bench presses and pull-downs. Duval plays Titleist DCI irons, but he's not an equipment geek. "I could make your clubs work for me," he says to an inquisitive stranger. "I could adjust."

Duval strives to keep things simple off the course, too. He's not superstitious. He has no rules about sex the night before a big match. "Never really thought about that," he says, smiling. He carries his cash—\$100 bills—in a money clip. At home, when he plays skins with his father and teacher, Bob Duval, \$200 might change hands in a match. He listens to talk shows on the radio, and music—R.E.M. and Pearl Jam—"but not too loud." He enjoyed *Saving Private Ryan*. He is a voracious reader, with tastes that vary from Richard Rhodes' *Making of the Atomic Bomb* to Elmore Leonard's *Be Cool*.

In a game that tests patience and resolve, Duval plays as if he understands something about golf that no one else does. "I'm not going to criticize my peers and say I know more about their game than they do," he murmurs. But it's clear from his recent record that he must. "I know how best to play for me" is all he will admit. "That's the most important thing. That's what I focus on. I don't focus on what other players focus on. I focus on what I think is best for me and the way that's best for me to play."

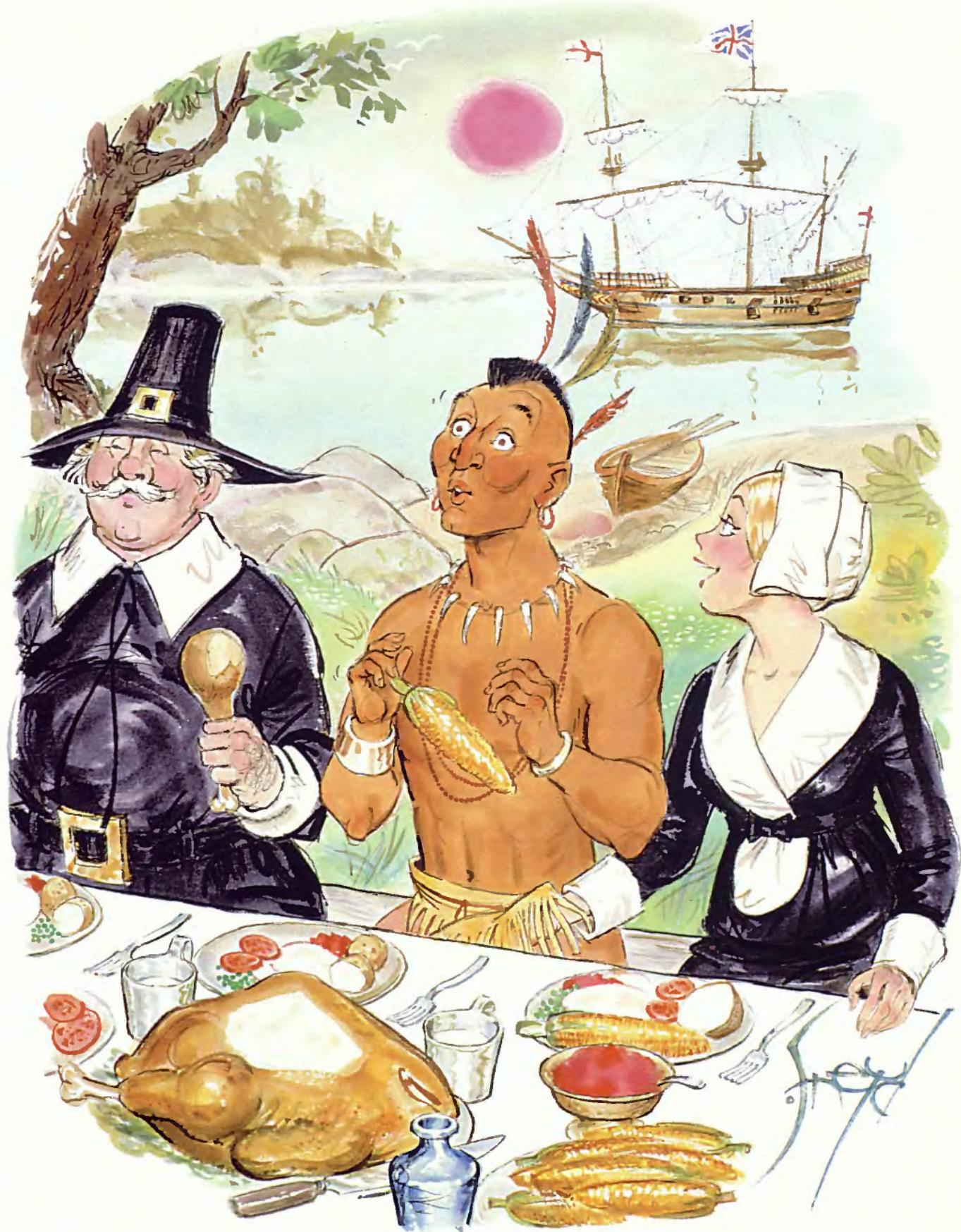
Figuring it out has not been easy. What Duval knows about golf and life he has paid for with personal pain. A native of Jacksonville, Florida, where he still lives, Duval grew up around golf. His paternal grandfather was a teaching pro in Schenectady, New York and his father was a club pro near Jacksonville. All through his childhood, Duval hung out at the golf course.

In 1980, David's brother Brent, who was three years older, was diagnosed with a rare disease called aplastic anemia. David volunteered to be a bone marrow donor to save his brother's life. The procedure was successful, but his brother died afterward of complications. David was only nine.

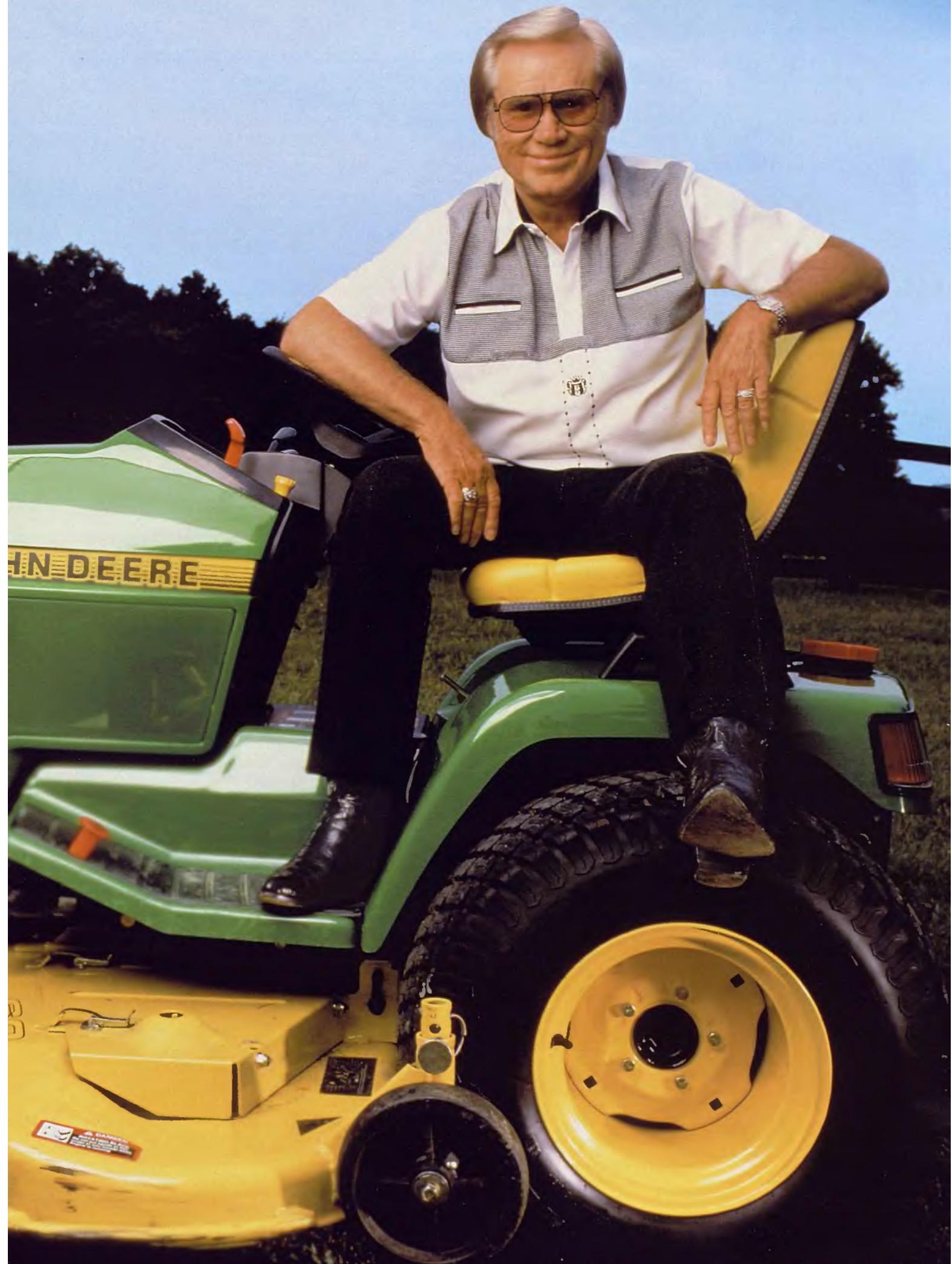
The Duval family was devastated. The strain was especially hard on David's mother, Diane. His parents eventually divorced, and that event affected David's relationship with his father, though they reconciled after a difficult period. "David went through a hell of a lot," his father says. Suddenly, at an age when most kids are learning to ride a two-wheeler, David had to deal with questions of human mortality. In response, he focused on golf. Somehow, his father asserts, "David turned what happened into a positive." Forced when he was young to make decisions about what was important in life, he began to develop an ambition and dedication that drive a fierce competitiveness.

Duval rejects the repetitive hitting of hundreds of practice balls as "boring," so he's not the kind of player that you find on the driving range under the

(concluded on page 178)



"Want something you can really be thankful for?"



George Jones

the king of country on goofy hairdos, glittery outfits and the women who make him want to sing

George Jones shouldn't be alive today. He should have used up all his luck. Yet here he is at 68 years old, 40 years after his first number one record. He's healthy and happy, with a splendidly landscaped 150-acre spread south of Nashville, a beautiful wife who is the love of his life, and an album climbing the charts and wowing a new generation of country music fans.

He's had more chart singles than any artist in any kind of music. But the man who, according to *The New York Times*, is "the finest, most riveting singer in country music" nearly blew it on numerous occasions. During decades of alcohol and drug abuse, he endured four failed marriages, hundreds of lawsuits from missed bookings, bankruptcy, car accidents, bus accidents, voices in his head, gunfire, bar fights, overdoses and near-fatal heart trouble.

After growing up poor in Beaumont, Texas, Jones got his start singing on the Texas honky-tonk circuit. Soon he was recording, and he had his first number-one hit in 1959 with *White Lightning*. He married Tammy Wynette in 1969, and—although their six-year marriage was stormy—their musical collaborations were wildly successful.

After their divorce in 1975, Jones began a bender that lasted years and almost killed him. In 1979 he was committed to Hill Crest Hospital in Birmingham, Alabama. The doctors there measured his IQ at 74 and said his capacity to reason was gone. Yet the hits continued. Jones' 1980 epic sad song *He Stopped Loving Her Today* won a Grammy and stayed number one for 18 weeks.

Then, in 1981, he met Nancy, who would become his fourth wife. Although she would ultimately help him recover from his addictions, it took years to begin that process. In 1992 he was inducted into the Country Music Hall of Fame. Two years later, he nearly died of heart disease because he refused to go to the doctor. In 1996 he told the amazing story of his life in the book *I Lived to Tell It All*, which reached number six on the *New York Times* best-seller list.

Last spring everything seemed to be going great for Jones. He had signed with Asylum

Records and had just recorded a new album (called *Cold Hard Truth*) that was the best he had done in years. But, in March, while driving near his home, he hit a bridge. The injuries almost killed him. Police found an open bottle of vodka under the seat. "That wreck put the fear of God in me," he said. And it motivated him to get well—for good.

Julie Bain met with Jones at his home near Nashville. She reports: "I wasn't sure what to expect of this bad-boy legend. I knew he doesn't like doing interviews. But he was funny and thoughtful and straightforward. And when he sang for me to demonstrate the Lefty Frizzell style that used to drive women wild, I got goose bumps."

1

PLAYBOY: Your life is one of the most amazing stories of survival in show-business history. Who could top your exploits?

JONES: I don't believe anybody could. My favorite singer in the whole world is Hank Williams. Bless his heart, he wasn't even in the business that long. In a period of just three years he had all those tremendous hits, but he also drank and got into trouble with the law. He had something wrong with his spine from falling off a horse, so he was in pain all the time. And I think he had a quack doctor who overdosed him. Of course, there were others. Lefty Frizzell was a big drinker. Just about all the old-timers were pretty wild. But none of them ever hit the headlines with the types of things that I got in trouble for.

2

PLAYBOY: A psychologist might say that your troubles began during your poor childhood in Texas. How do you remember those years?

JONES: Well, we didn't have nothing, and not the best food in the world to eat. But my daddy worked hard and he was never mean to us. He drank on the

weekends, and sometimes he would come home late and get my sister Doris and me up to sing. He loved music, and he wanted to hear us sing in harmony. So we'd get up at one or two o'clock in the morning and say, "All right, Daddy, one song and then can we go back to bed?" He never beat his kids. But he was always fussing at my mother. She wasn't a pushover. She was strong. That was her biggest problem. If she wouldn't have to get the last word in, he probably would have shut up, had another drink and passed out. I didn't have a lot when I was a kid. The only thing my seven brothers and sisters and I ever had under our Christmas tree was fruit. There were hard times, naturally, sad times. But we had a lot of love in our family.

3

PLAYBOY: When you were 11 years old you took your Gene Autry guitar and headed, barefoot, to downtown Beaumont, Texas where you sang. When people started throwing money at you, what was your reaction?

JONES: I had never seen so much money in my life. I couldn't believe it. It was nearly \$25. A Sunday-school teacher had taught me the basic chords, and I picked up the rest real fast. I was down there sitting on a shoeshine stand on a Sunday, and a few people were coming out of the big downtown churches. They walked by while I was singing a Roy Acuff song. Pretty soon I had a crowd. But did I take that money home with me? No. I went inside the penny arcade, and I blew every bit of it.

4

PLAYBOY: You started your singing career when you were very young. When did the drinking start?

JONES: I've always gotten nervous before shows. It's something that's been with me my whole career. I started off

in honky-tonks, and in those days you had to go out and mingle with the crowd. They're blowing their breath on your face and slobbering all over themselves wanting to buy you a drink. I was drinking Coca-Colas at the time, but pretty soon I started having a beer backstage. That would calm me down a little bit. But it's right there in your face, you know, and being offered to you every few minutes, and the next thing you know, you're drinking.

5

PLAYBOY: You earned the nickname No Show Jones for being too drunk to show up at your bookings. One time in Ohio you ditched your crew and went and sang for two old ladies on their front porch while the fans were starting to riot nearby. Why go to such lengths to avoid your shows?

JONES: Well, I couldn't get off the booze, and I knew I was in bad shape. I didn't want the people to see me that way. I'd hope the booking agents would cancel my shows. But they didn't, and that made it worse for me. I got so bad as a no-show that a manager I had would book me in two or three different places at once to get the front money in, and then all the blame would come to me. It got to the point that the no-show thing was really only about 50 percent my fault. Sometimes I didn't even know where I was supposed to go.

6

PLAYBOY: When you added pills and cocaine to the drinking, things got much worse. Most of the anecdotes in your book from that time are heartbreaking, but some are also funny. Like the time you incorrectly decided Porter Wagoner was after Tammy Wynette, then your wife. So you grabbed him by the penis at a urinal in the Grand Ole Opry and said, "I want to see what Tammy's so proud of!" You caused him to pee on himself in his sequin suit. But the most amazing thing is, he forgave you. Why did so many people forgive you for the terrible ways you treated them during those years?

JONES: It is amazing to me, because I did treat people in some pretty bad ways. I said a lot of harsh words to people. I'm really and truly thankful I still have the friends and fans I have. Country fans are the most forgiving fans in the world. They're great people. They say, "Well, he's just a human being."

7

PLAYBOY: What's your stance on spangles on men's suits?

JONES: Porter, now, he just wouldn't be Porter without his look. He's a legend. Maybe it's too much today, but back in

the Sixties and Seventies, just about all of us wore those rhinestone suits. But in the Eighties, some singers went too far with the slouchy look. It looked like they'd slept in their clothes for a week in the car and hadn't washed their hair or beards in a month. I've always had to be neatly dressed. I've gone to jeans and a nice shirt now because you've got to join them a little bit. I still like the rancher type of suits.

8

PLAYBOY: If Porter Wagoner has the most distinctive clothes in country music, who has the most distinctive hair?

JONES: I guess I do [laughs]. Back when I had that flattop, oh boy, I looked like a possum then! That's where I got my nickname "Possum." But now, Mel Tillis' daughter Pam says you can always see George Jones coming. There's not a hair out of place.

9

PLAYBOY: You and Tammy Wynette had such magic together onstage. Why didn't it work in your marriage?

JONES: We fell in love with each other's talent. When we were singing, we were happy as can be. Maybe we were more fascinated with each other than we were in love. It doesn't take long for that part to wear off, though. But I was glad that we did become friends again before Tammy died. And we got to do one last album and a short tour together. I was really happy about that. We did have a sweet little girl out of the marriage—Georgette—and she's singing now and trying to get a record deal. She sang with me in Andalusia, Alabama, the first night I came back after the accident. That helped me a lot, because I was really weak. Of course, she was raised apart from me, and they were telling her all this stuff about me. I always hoped that someday she would see through all the smoke and come over to my way. She did. So everything's fine now.

10

PLAYBOY: Alcohol is often an enemy of love. Is it possible to drink that much and still get the bus rocking?

JONES: Oh, no problem whatsoever! I was active, believe me. That was in my younger days, in my 20s, 30s, 40s. There's a difference in the later years. About 60 is when the sex starts slowing down. It finally catches up with you.

11

PLAYBOY: What do you think all those female fans found most appealing about you?

JONES: I don't know, I suppose it was

the heart and soul I put into my ballads. I live the song at the moment I'm singing it. I just feel it, and I'm all into it. I've got my voice, but I got a lot of my style from three different artists: Lefty Frizzell, Hank Williams and Roy Acuff. They were my favorite singers all during my young years. Every time I'd sing I'd think of these people. In certain songs you'll hear a little Roy Acuff and in certain songs you'll hear a little Hank Williams. But in just about all of them you'll hear Lefty because I love to do all them wiggles and what have you. He would make five syllables out of one. The women would go crazy when he did that. So I did it, too. I really admired Lefty because he was the Elvis Presley of country music. That's when they wore a lot of fringe. And the women would tear the fringe right off of Lefty's clothes, just like they did with Elvis. And I've never seen them do that to any other country artist. They'll try to get around you and you'll be pushed and shoved, but tearing your clothes off—that's wanting a piece of you.

12

PLAYBOY: In your book you say, "Money has just never been that important to me, but I always suspected that love was." Were your troubles really because of a search for love?

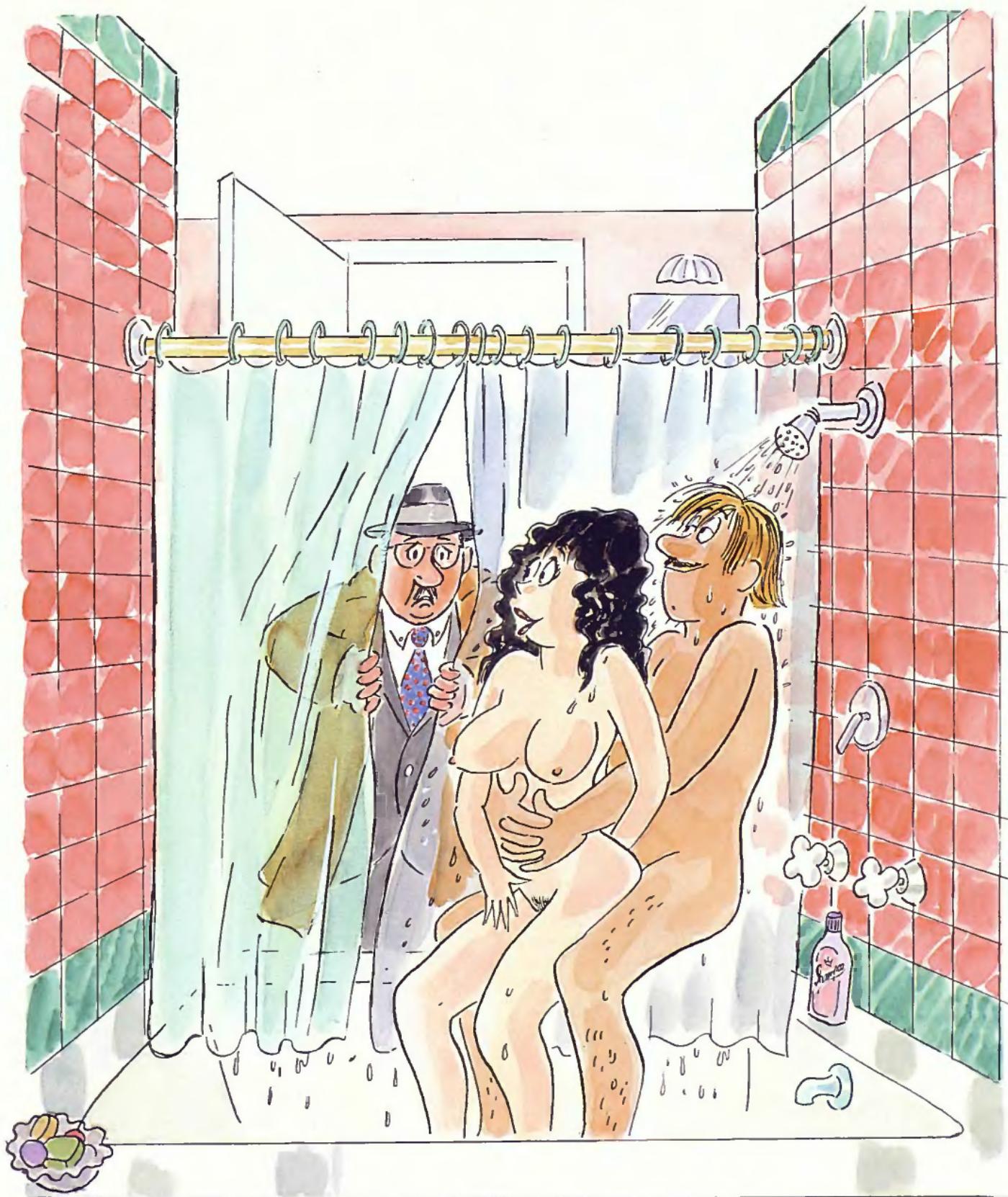
JONES: Probably. I had a lot of luck finding the right woman, the one who could endure me long enough to get me straight. When Nancy and I met in 1981, we had \$20 between us. I was capable of making more money, but not in the shape I was in. She didn't marry me for the money, because there was none. But we've come a long way. She has been a jewel. She stuck with me through thick and thin when most women wouldn't hang around. It was her being so strong that really made this work out. And it's paid off for her, thank God—finally.

13

PLAYBOY: As you were getting ready to release *Choices* as the first single on your new album, you made a choice on March 6 that almost cost you your life. Any idea what possessed you?

JONES: When I bought that bottle of vodka before I had my wreck, that was the first strong thing I had to drink in about 13 years. I felt like having a drink. It was my choice, and I guess I made the wrong choice. A lot of people say, "Well, he just don't want to admit it," but honestly, I hadn't drunk that much out of the bottle. But it didn't really take a lot, since I'd been off of it. But really and truly, I was very alert. It happened on the bridge only about a mile

(concluded on page 140)



MARTY
MURPHY

"Sweetheart! . . . You gave me quite a start! . . . You know how jumpy I've been since seeing that remake of Psycho. . . ."

SEX IN CINEMA

this year's sizzle came from unexpected places



1999

text by

JAMIE MALANOWSKI

Last March, we saw the Academy Award for Best Picture go to *Shakespeare in Love* (1998 release, 1999 phenomenon), a sparkling romantic comedy that sets forth the proposition that love, desire, creativity, wit and nudity all spring from the same animating spirits.

Inasmuch as *Shakespeare in Love* was simply the sexiest Best Picture ever, we might have expected to see an abundance of films seeking to reproduce its formula for success. Instead, we watched the usual parade of special effects-laden extravaganzas, only a few of which managed to work up some wows. Meanwhile, *Eyes Wide Shut*, which was expected to be an intelligent and gripping exploration of sexuality, turned out to be wrongheaded and dreary. *American Pie*, on the other hand, which was expected to be just another gross adolescent sex comedy, in fact was surprisingly intelligent and tender. *Notting Hill* was expected to be the year's sexy romantic; it was, however, about fame.

And whatever anyone thought the cinematic sex trend of the year was going to be, nobody had his money on coitus interruptus. To analysts of the American psyche this might suggest an ambivalent attitude toward sex. But, hey, this is Hollywood, where it's all entertainment. (text concluded on page 134)

THE EYES HAVE IT For the first time in decades, a major-studio release is actually about sex: Stanley Kubrick's final film, *Eyes Wide Shut* (top and bottom left), takes Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman on a wild, jealousy-fueled ride. Also exploring kinky carnality: *Inside Club Wild Side* (top right), featuring performers in a sex show, and *I Like to Play Games, Too* (right), in which a strip club is unmasked as a front for a prostitution ring.





WATER SPORTING When moviemakers need an excuse to get performers out of their clothes, they dunk them. Above, Scott Carson and Maria Ford in a sudsy interlude from *The Key to Sex*. Below left, Anna Kaminskaia indoctrinates pupil Susan Featherly in *The Awakening of Gabriella*. Below right, husband and wife Christian Bale and Emily Watson share a bathtub in *Metroland*. And, bottom right, Jeannie Pepper and Lexington Steele heat up while cooling off in an adult film for couples, *Candida Royalle's Eyes of Desire: Part 2*.





COMING OF AGE Unaware there's a computer camera aimed at her, Shannon Elizabeth, star of an August *PLAYBOY* pictorial, strips (above left) in the bedroom of horny Jason Biggs, who famously finds sexual release in *American Pie* (above right). Nina Hoss issues an irresistible invitation in *A Girl Called Rosemarie* (left), while in *Edge of 17* (below), just-learning-he's-gay teen Eric (Chris Stafford) strikes out sexually with his friend Maggie (Tina Holmes).





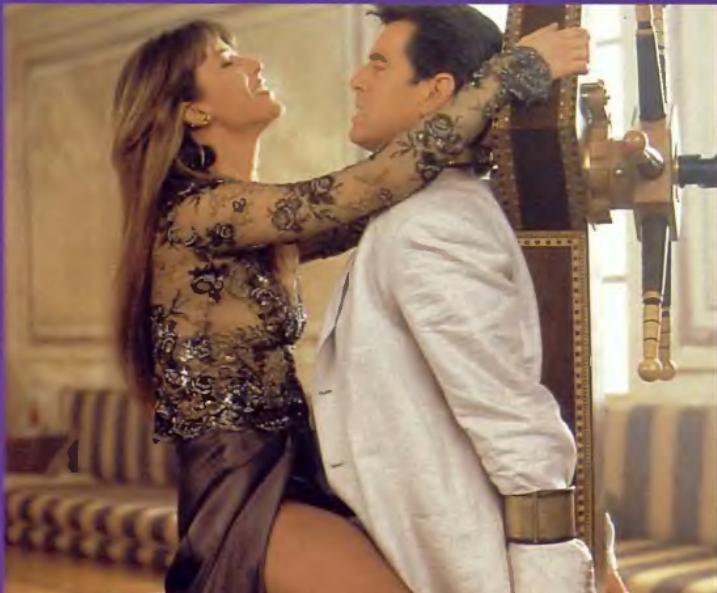
GIRL POWER The women get all the attention in *Better Than Chocolate* (above left), with Maggie (Karyn Dwyer) meeting the luscious Kim (Christina Cox); *Life of a Gigolo* (above right), in which investigative journalist Lauren Hays learns plenty from a female pimp (Gwen Somers); and *Surrender* (below), wherein the legendary might of the god of love, Eros, inspires Annie (Shyra DeLand) to join Gail (Chase Conville) and Brian (Brad Bartram) in a threesome.





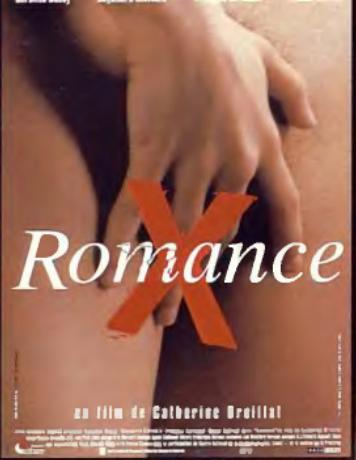
LUST WEEKEND *Friends & Lovers* (above) features a sextet of young Californians finding and changing partners on a skiing holiday. From left are Claudia Schiffer dallying with a ski instructor (a peroxided Robert Downey Jr.), Alison Eastwood up against the wall with Neill Barry, and Suzanne Cryer with George Newbern, whose dad plays host.

STAR STUDDING Among 1999's cinematically coupled celebrities: Julia Roberts and Hugh Grant in the romantic comedy *Notting Hill* (below left); devious heiress Elektra King (Sophie Marceau) and a captive Agent 007 Pierce Brosnan in the latest James Bond flick, *The World Is Not Enough* (bottom left); and Diane Lane and Viggo Mortensen creating extramarital sparks in a revisit to the original Woodstock summer, *A Walk on the Moon* (below right).



EUROPEAN SIZZLE Imported films that heat up the screen include (left, from the top) the Italian-Canadian co-production *The Red Violin*, which traces a 17th century fiddle through historical adventures (here, Victorian Brit Jason Flemyng plays it for mistress Greta Scacchi); the Franco-British *Hideous Kinky*, with Kate Winslet falling for Moroccan acrobat Saïd Taghmaoui; and, from Italy, Lina Wertmüller's *Ferdinando e Carolina*, starring Sergio Assisi and Gabriella Pession as King Ferdinand of Naples and his bride, Maria Carolina of Austria. Controversial posters for France's ultragraphic *Romance*, with Italian porn star Rocco Siffredi and Caroline Ducey (right), were torn down in Paris, while *The Dream-life of Angels* (with Natacha Régnier and Grégoire Colin, below) won a best-picture César (France's equivalent of the Oscar).





THE NEW CLASSIC

Director Paul Weitz' *American Pie*, the story of four likable high school seniors, virgins all, who pledge to have sex before the end of prom night, was the biggest surprise of the year. The film deftly combines good humor and an appreciation of people's vulnerabilities with a willingness to mine laughter from situations that both astonish and disgust.

American Pie delivers the news not only that the sexual revolution is over and the revolutionaries have won, but that sex itself is no longer revolutionary. Sex in this movie is a part of everyday life—a special part, an important part, an often consuming and confusing part, but not a shameful part. The boys and girls in the film are eager and open and curious about it.

THE BIG ANTICLIMAX

The most anticipated movie of the year was *Eyes Wide Shut*. Stanley Kubrick's return to the screen after a 12-year absence, with Nicole Kidman and Tom Cruise in a film about sex, guaranteed that this film would generate a buzz. Add to the buzz the stories about the prolonged shooting schedule, Kubrick's perfectionism and his death, and *Eyes Wide Shut*, it seemed, had the ingredients to be not just a movie but a legend. Although it turned out to be a serious and intelligent film, it unfortunately didn't have a lot of spark.

Based on Arthur Schnitzler's 1926 novella *Dream Story*, *Eyes Wide Shut* is the tale of a respectable physician who grapples with the unsettling emotions brought on by his repressed sexual dreams and the sexual fantasies of his wife. The centerpiece of the movie, and unfortunately its phoniest moment, is a ritual masked orgy in an opulent Long Island mansion. There Cruise and about a hundred other masked and caped guests watch a dozen or so tall, lithe, slim-hipped, splendidly breasted women—did I mention that they're wearing big, stupid masks?—move sinuously though a ceremony of sorts, then select a guest and slink off for action (at least all the action that wasn't digitally obscured to avoid an NC-17 rating from the MPAA).

Never was a film so desperately in need of Mel Brooks.

LIFE OR DEATH?

Sex in *Eyes Wide Shut* is never far from death. The daughter of a patient who has died comes on to Dr. Harford (Cruise) while the corpse is still in the room. The prostitute learns she has HIV. The party girl dies. Connecting sex and death isn't a brainstorm for Hollywood; as every fan of teen slasher movies knows, after first base comes

second, after second base comes third, and after third base comes decapitation. That axiom got other workouts this year. In *Elizabeth*, Cate Blanchett returns to celibacy to become the virgin queen after learning that her lover had been part of a plot to kill her. In *Summer of Sam*, Spike Lee uses the 1977 Son of Sam murders, most of which claimed women who were parked in cars with their boyfriends, as the backdrop to a hairdresser's struggles over sex. The city's fears and his anxieties get twisted into a big knot, and the conflict gets taken out on a friend who dances at a gay strip club—a sexual other, in other words. Unlike Kubrick, Lee seems to lament the connection between sex and death.

That connection is also established in *Cruel Intentions*, a smart update of *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*. Here, rich, depraved superbrats enjoy destroying the reputations of their classmates and aim to ruin a new girl in school who is proud of her virginity. For a movie that doesn't expose a great deal of flesh, *Cruel Intentions* is hot. The scene in which a primly dressed Sarah Michele Gellar tutors the nubile Selma Blair on the art of French kissing, and the one in which she arouses Ryan Phillippe by grinding against him are among the sexiest of the year.

NAP TIME FOR CENSORS

Unless Kevin Smith's latest film, *Dogma*—wherein a descendant of Jesus works in an abortion clinic and Alanis Morissette plays God—gets a distributor (and at this writing it hasn't), the nation's bluenoses will have had a fairly calm year.

South Park: Bigger, Longer and Uncut came across as one long, witless effort to provoke a fight with the MPAA. It must have come as a terrible disappointment when the ratings board allowed even the title to pass by without a peep. Meanwhile, in Georgia, a woman filed a criminal complaint against a local Toys R Us after her 11-year-old son read the box for an Austin Powers action figure and asked her what horny means.

A more vivid response no doubt awaits French director Catherine Breillat's *Romance*, which caused a storm of publicity when it opened in Paris (the controversy should continue when the picture opens here next year). *Romance* has been called the most sexually audacious movie since *Last Tango in Paris*, though it far outstrips that film in what it reveals. In the first five minutes, the heroine, a teacher named Marie, performs oral sex on her boyfriend, who not only declines to reciprocate but refuses to touch her at all. Marie decides she had better shop around, and she

begins picking up men, one of whom is played by Italian porno king Rocco Siffredi. Her graphic odyssey includes scenes of ejaculation and bondage, leading a number of critics to label the film as pornography.

BEFORE, DURING AND AFTER

The movies this past year provided a cinematic gallery of horrible pickup lines. In *American Pie*, one of the teenagers, parked in a lovers' lane with a girl, starts off asking her questions about herself, then abruptly points to his crotch and tells her, "Suck the big one, beautiful!" In *Go*, one supermarket clerk (male) pays another clerk (female) to take his shift. "I'll throw in \$20 for a blow job," he offers. She demurs. In *Election*, a frustrated teacher befriends a divorcée. "What do you think?" he blurts out following an afternoon of friendliness. "Should we get a room?" "That's not funny," is the woman's reply. In *200 Cigarettes*, Courtney Love propositions Paul Rudd in a coffee shop with the line "Do you want to fuck? 'Cause if you really want to fuck, we'll fuck."

Rudd accepts, but he and Love, sad to say, are interrupted by Rudd's ex-girlfriend, played by Janeane Garofalo. This moment calls to mind the scene in *Ed TV* where Jenna Elfman and Matthew McConaughey are interrupted during sex by a TV crew, and the later scene in *Varsity Blues* when a couple going at it atop a clothes drier are interrupted by a big drunken football player who barfs into the washing machine, and the scene in *The Red Violin* when a Byronic violinist and a gypsy lass are interrupted midfornication by Greta Scacchi, the violinist's mistress, who threatens them with a pistol.

What happens afterward? Well, in *Notting Hill*, Julia Roberts discovers that someone has put naked pictures of her on the Internet. In *Cruel Intentions*, Ryan Phillippe, seeking to embarrass his psychiatrist, seduces her daughter and puts pictures of her on the Internet. In *Ed TV*, Jenna Elfman is embarrassed to find that she has attained enough celebrity as Ed's girlfriend that someone has posted nude pictures of her on the Internet. And, of course, in *American Pie*, an entire sexual encounter, albeit a prematurely concluded one, is broadcast over the Internet.

Bad pickup lines, coitus interruptus, nude pictures on the Internet. American screenwriters: In the coming year, please try to get out more.



Little Annie Fanny

BY RAY LAGO AND BILL SCHORR
WITH DON WIMMER

ANNIE HAS ACCOMPANIED AD EXEC BENTON BATTBARTON TO PARIS FASHION WEEK FOR THE DEBUT OF WUNDERKIND LEONARDO LASCIVIOUS' NEW FALL LINE. IF THE SHOW IS A SUCCESS, BENTON WILL PUT THE NAME LASCIVIOUS ON THE LIPS OF EVERY CONSUMER—AND THE LIPS OF HIS BOSSSES AT J. WALTER HUCKSTER ON HIS POSTERIOR.

HURRY, ANNIE... LEO'S SHOW STARTS IN TEN MINUTES!

I'M SORRY... BUT I JUST LOVE PARIS... IT'S SUCH A SOPHISTICATED CITY... EVEN THE CHILDREN DRINK WINE!

WHICH EXPLAINS WHY THEY GROW UP LIKING MICKEY ROURKE AND JERRY LEWIS!

HERE ELAINE IS DISPLAYING THE **LOST IN LOST** ENSEMBLE FROM OUR AMELIA EARHART COLLECTION, SUPPLE MULE-HIDE ACCENTUATED WITH A STONEWASHED GOAT FLEECE TRIM... FOR GOING AROUND THE WORLD... OR JUST GOIN' DOWN!

... AND NOW DEE DEE WITH OZARK PLUMAGE PAJAMAS... OUR ENDANGERED SPECIES LINE FEATURING UNUSUAL TRIBAL WEAVES ACCESSORIZED BY THE FEATHERS OF A **NOW EXTINCT YUMAC BIRD!**

GLORYOSKY! THIS AUDIENCE IS FULL OF MOVIE STARS... ROCK STARS... BILLIONAIRES... AND AREN'T THOSE THE EDITORS FROM VAGUE, BIZARRE AND WOMEN'S WHERE DAILY?!

QUEL PHYSIQUE!

FANTASTIQUE!

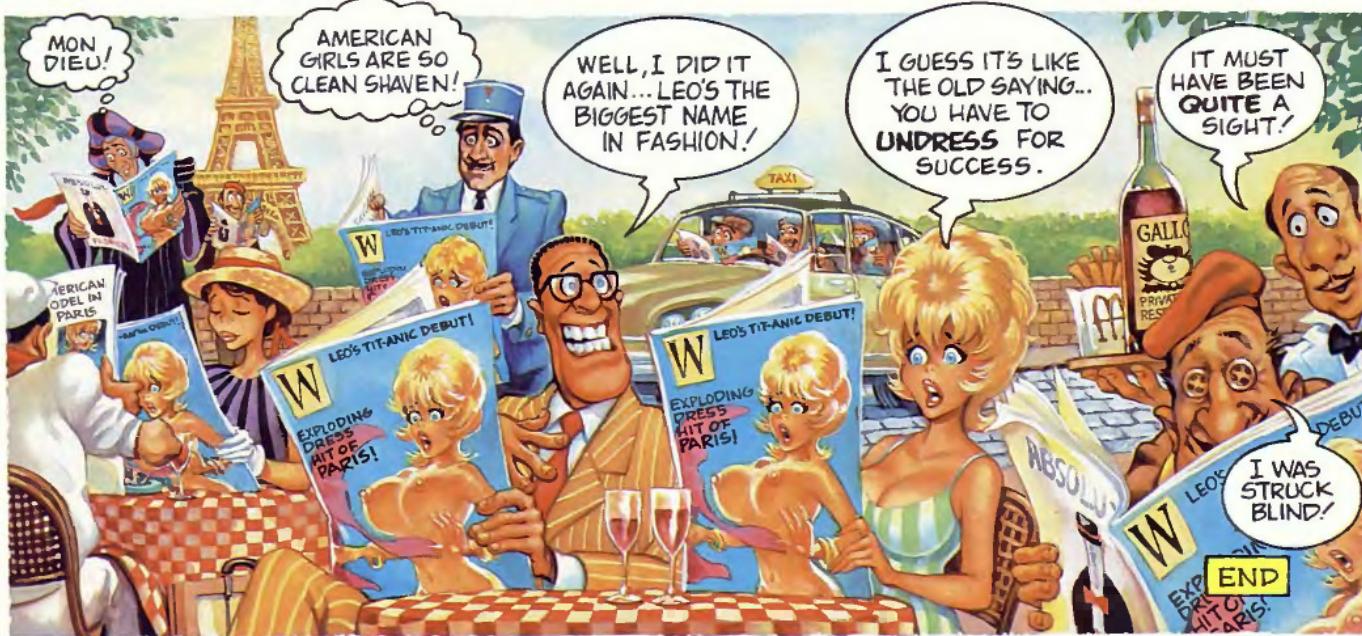
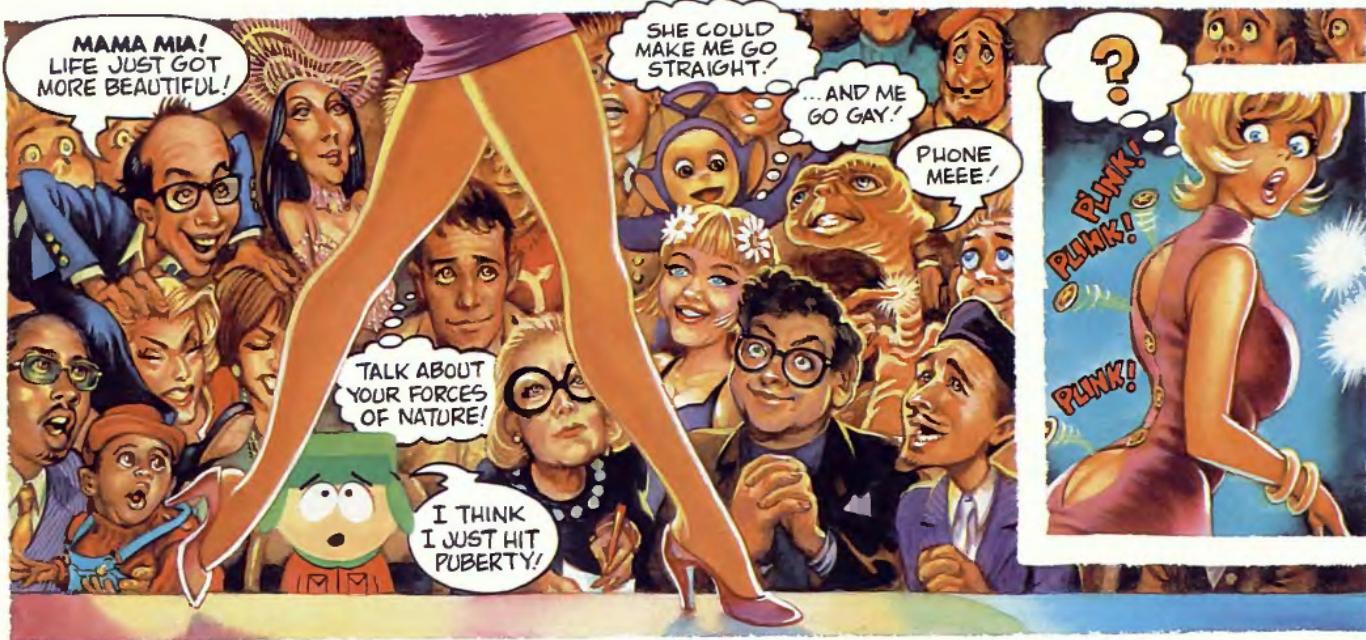
I WONDER IF THAT THONG COMES IN SPINACH?!

YEP... IF THIS CROWD LIKES MY CLIENT'S SHOW, I'LL BE ABLE TO TURN LEONARDO LASCIVIOUS INTO A HOUSEHOLD NAME LIKE ARMANI... GUCCI... BUDWEISER...

AND I THOUGHT THE FRENCH WERE RUDE!

PSST... BENTON, IT'S ME, LEO. WE'VE GOT A PROBLEM BACKSTAGE.





PERSONAL INJURIES

(continued from page 108)

"So one day Mort and I, we have breakfast with Brendan, and we start drying our eyes on his sleeve, about this trial coming up, what a great case it is and how we're gonna get manhandled and end up homeless. We're just young pups sharing our troubles with Morty's wise old uncle. 'Well, I know Homer for years,' says Brendan. 'He used to run precincts for us in the Boylan organization. Homer's all right. I'm sure he'll give you boys a fair trial.'

"Nice that *he* thinks so," said Robbie. Feaver looked up and we all offered the homage of humoring smiles to induce him to continue. "Our case goes in pretty good. No bumps. Before we put on our final expert, who'll testify about what constitutes reasonable care in a forceps delivery, I call the doc, the defendant, as an adverse witness, to establish a couple things about the procedure. Last thing, I ask the usual jackpot question, 'Would you do it again?' 'Not given the result,' he says. Fair enough. We finish, and before the defense begins, both sides make the standard motions for a directed verdict, and, strike me dead, Guerfoyle grants mine. Robbie wins liability by TKO! The doc's to blame, Ho-

mer says. He admitted he didn't employ reasonable care when he said he wouldn't use forceps again. Even I hadn't suggested anything like that. Franch just about pulls his heart out of his chest, but since the only issue now is damages, he has no choice but to settle—1.4 mil. So it's nearly 500,000 for Morty and me.

"Two days later, I'm before Guerfoyle on a motion in another case, and he takes me back to his chambers for a second. 'Say, that's a wonderful result, Mr. Feaver.' Yaddie, yaddie, yaddie. And I've got no more brains than a tree stump. I don't get it. I really don't. I'm like, Thanks, Judge, thanks so much, I really appreciate it, we worked that file hard. 'Well, I'll be seeing you, Mr. Feaver.'

"Next weekend, Brendan's guy, Kosic, gets Morty in the corner at some family shindig and it's like, 'What'd you boys do to piss off Homer Guerfoyle? We have a lot of respect for Homer. I made sure he knows you're Brendan's nephew. It embarrasses us when you guys don't show respect.' Monday, Mort and I are back in the office staring at each other. *No comprende.* Piss off? Respect?

"Guess what happens next? I come in with the dismissal order on the settlement and Guerfoyle won't sign. He says he's been pondering the case. On his own again. He's been thinking maybe

he should have let the jury decide whether the doc had admitted liability. Even Franch is astonished, because at trial the judge was acting like he was deaf when Franch had argued exactly the same point. So we set the case over for more briefing. And as I'm leaving, the bailiff, a pretty good sod of the name of Ray Zahn, is just shaking his head at me.

"So like two goofs from East Bumblefuck, Mort and I put all the pieces together. Gee, Mort, do you think he wants money? Yeah, Rob, I think he wants some money. Somebody had to finance Homer's new lifestyle, right?

"We sit on that for about a day. Finally, Morty comes back to me and says no. That's it: No. No way. No how. He didn't sleep. He hurled three times. He broke out in a rash. Prison would be a relief compared to this. That's Morty. Nerves of spaghetti. The guy fainted dead away the first time he went to court. Which puts the load on Robbie. But you tell me, what was I supposed to do? And don't quote the sayings of Confucius. Tell me real-world. Was I supposed to walk away from a fee of 490-and-some-thousand dollars and just go home and start packing? Was I supposed to tell this family that's got this gorked-out kid, 'Sorry for these false hopes, that million bucks we said you got, we must have been on LSD'? How many hours do you think it would be before they got themselves a lawyer whose word they could trust? You think I should have called the FBI, right then? What's that mean for Morty's uncle? And what about us? In this town nobody likes a beefier.

"So Morty or not, there's only one answer. And it's like tipping in Europe. How much is enough? And where do you get it? It's comical, really. Where's that college course in bribery when you really need it? So I go to the bank and cash a check for 9000, because over 10,000 they report it to the feds. And I put it in an envelope with our new brief and I take it over to the bailiff, Ray. And man, my mouth's so dry I couldn't lick a stamp. What the hell do I say if I've read this wrong? 'Oops, that was my bank deposit?' I've put so much tape on this envelope, he'll have to open it with a hand grenade, and I say, 'Please be sure Judge Guerfoyle gets this. Tell him I'm sorry for the miscommunication.'

"I go to a status call in another courtroom and as I'm coming out, the bailiff, Ray Zahn, is waiting for me in the corridor, and there's one damn serious look in his eye. He strolls me a hundred feet, and honest to God you can hear my socks squish. Finally, he throws his arm over my shoulder and whispers, 'Next time, don't forget something for me.' And then he hands me an order Homer's signed, accepting the settlement and dismissing the case."



"So what if they're pirated—I paid him in counterfeits."





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ULTIMATE MUSIC EVENT AND GOT

INTIMATE WITH...

STONE TEMPLE PILOTS AND

TENACIOUS D AT HOUSE OF BLUES

IN LAS VEGAS.



TENACIOUS D

ALSO FEATURING
DJ CHRIS MONACO



MGD BLIND DATE

WHO'S
PLAYING?



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No purchase necessary. Must be a U.S. resident 21 years of age or over.
Void where prohibited. Sweepstakes ends Dec. 29, 1999.

George Jones

(continued from page 124)

from home. My biggest problem was that I was leaning over toward the middle of the vehicle trying to rewind a tape. I'd just picked up the rough mix copy of our new album. We had picked *Choices* the day before to be the first single. I had my stepdaughter, Adina, on the speakerphone, so I was trying to run the thing back to find *Choices* to play it for her. I took my eyes off the road just that one second, and you can't do that when you're driving a vehicle. You have to watch every minute. I was in a Lexus 470 SUV, up real high, you know, and they said if I'd been in a car, lower, I'd be dead. It's a miracle that I survived.

14

PLAYBOY: You suffered a punctured lung, a ruptured liver and internal bleeding. You were unconscious and in critical condition. What was the toughest thing about your recovery?

JONES: My biggest problem was that for about two months I couldn't eat. Nothing sounded good, and I was so weak. The main thing, they said, is just to get back to singing. It's going to be rough for a while. It was nerve-racking when I tried to sing at first. I couldn't hit a high note, I couldn't hit a low note. It really

had me scared to death, even though I should be happy because my life was saved. But my voice came back. In June I worked two days in Texas and one day in Louisiana. We beat the record for ticket sales at all three places. We beat Merle Haggard and a bunch of other artists. And I wish you could have heard the young people there screaming. I felt like Elvis Presley. I said, "I love what's goin' on out there!"

15

PLAYBOY: Has the publicity from your accident helped your comeback?

JONES: At 68 years old, I've got a hit. If you had told me before my car wreck that I'd ever have a record on the *Billboard* charts again, I would have said you're crazy. Maybe they can give me an award for being the oldest artist ever on the charts. This is the best album I've had in ten or 15 years. Before then there were a lot of mediocre songs and "let's get in there and just get an album done." That's the way you feel about it when you know you're not going to get radio play. So you get to thinking, Oh what the hell. This gives me new hope. If we keep this kind of good material out there, maybe they'll stick with it. I don't think you're ever too old to sing. I don't know what they've got against age. All it's ever been is age discrimination.

16

PLAYBOY: If you could summarize your life in a song title, what would it be?

JONES: My life in a song title? The song *Choices* tells the story. We picked it to be the first single off the album before the car crash. But the truth is, *Choices* fits everybody. I don't think there's anybody walking around on two feet who hasn't done something they would change if they could. It's just the type of song that fits people in general.

17

PLAYBOY: Country fans say there will never be another voice like yours. Is there anybody who can carry on your style?

JONES: I can't see where my voice is that good. I'm not trying to be modest; I'm serious. But a lot of my voice probably comes from the way I was raised and the way I've lived. When I'm singing, whether I'm in a recording studio, onstage or at home, I'm in another world. I forget everything going on and I just feel it.

18

PLAYBOY: Which country artists do you listen to these days?

JONES: I was a real fan of LeeAnn Rimes when she first came out, before they put her in that pop vein. I'm a fan of Kenny Chesney and Alan Jackson. I liked Mark Chestnut until he cut those last two pop-rock things. But if that's what they want to do, well, that's good. He was probably told he'd have a huge crossover hit. No telling what they've been told. Often they don't have any control over what they do. Back in my day nobody told us what music we had to record. We found our own songs and we recorded them.

19

PLAYBOY: With whom would you like to work that you haven't?

JONES: Can't think of anybody. They'd probably be hard to get along with. But put me with Keith Richards and I'm all right. He can play! When he did a session with me [*The Bradley Barn Sessions*], we really enjoyed being together. He's quite a character. I'll bet he thought I was, too. It takes one to know one.

20

PLAYBOY: On your A&E *Biography* show, Wynonna Judd said your 1980 hit *He Stopped Loving Her Today* is "stone butt country. It's so sad I go into a trance when I listen to it." Educate the city folk: What is "stone butt country"?

JONES: Some call it hard-core. They've called me hard-core country all my life. I call it traditional. You may call it old-timey, but there are still people out there who love it. It's American music.



"Don't tell me I don't understand—I was having sex
when condoms were rubbers!"

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(continued from page 86)

his second opportunity: loose, lichen-covered sandstone chunks, heavy boulders. Perhaps he could move them.

Duncan crawled inside the shelter of the cave hollow, where he found it no warmer. Just darker. The opening was so low that a grown man would have to belly-crawl inside; there was no other way out. This cave wouldn't offer him much protection. He'd have to hurry.

Squatting, he switched on the small hand light, pulled off his stained shirt and brought out the knife. He felt the lump of the tracer implant in the meat of his upper left arm, the back of the triceps at his shoulder.

His skin was already numb from the cold, his mind dulled by the shock of his circumstances. But when he jabbed with the knife, he felt the point dig into his muscle, lighting the nerves on fire. Closing his eyes against reflexive resistance, he cut deeply, prodding and poking with the tip of the blade.

He stared at the dark wall of the cave, saw skeletal shadows cast by the wan light. His right hand moved mechanically, like a probe, excavating the tiny tracer. The pain shrank to a dim corner of his awareness.

At last the beacon fell out, a bloody piece of microconstructed metal clinking to the dirty floor of the cave. Sophisticated technology from Richese. Reeling with pain, Duncan picked up a rock to smash the tracer. Then, thinking better of it, he set the rock down again and moved the tiny device deep into the shadows where no one could see it.

Better to leave the tracer here. As bait.

Crawling outside, Duncan scooped up a handful of grainy snow. Red droplets spattered on the pale sandstone ledge. He packed the snow against the blood streaming from his shoulder, and the sharp cold deadened the pain of his self-inflicted cut. He pressed the ice hard against the wound until pink-tinged snow melted between his fingers. He grabbed another handful, no longer caring about the obvious marks he left in the drift. The Harkonnens would come to this place anyway.

At least the snow had stanched the flow of blood.

Duncan scrambled up and away from the cave, being careful to leave no sign of where he was going. He saw the bobbing lights down in the valley split up; members of the hunting party had chosen different routes as they climbed the bluff. A darkened ornithopter whirred overhead.

Duncan moved as quickly as he could but took care not to splash fresh blood again. He tore strips from his shirt to dab the oozing wound, leaving his chest naked and cold, then he pulled the ragged garment back over his shoulders. Per-

haps the forest predators would smell the iron blood scent and hunt him down for food rather than for sport. That was a problem he didn't want to consider right now.

With loose pebbles pattering around him, he circled back until he reached the overhang above his former shelter. His instinct was to run blindly, as far as he could go, but he made himself stop. This would be better. He squatted behind the loose, heavy chunks of rock, tested them to be sure of his strength, and dropped back to wait.

Before long, the first hunter came up the slope to the cave hollow. Clad in suspensor-augmented armor, the hunter slung a lasgun in front of him. He glanced down at a handheld device, counterpart to the Richesian tracer.

Duncan held his breath, making no move, disturbing no pebbles or debris. Blood sketched a hot red line down his left arm.

The hunter paused in front of the hollow, noting the disturbed snow, the bloodstains, the targeting blip on his tracer. Though Duncan couldn't see the man's face, he knew the hunter wore a grin of scornful triumph.

Thrusting the lasgun into the hollow ahead of him, the hunter ducked low, bending stiffly in his protective chest padding. On his belly, he crawled part-way into the darkness. "Found you, little boy!"

Using his feet and the strength of his leg muscles, Duncan shoved a lichen-smeared boulder over the edge. Then he moved to a second one and kicked it hard, pushing it to the abrupt drop-off. Both heavy stones fell, tumbling in the air. He heard the sounds of impact and a crack. A sickening crunch. Then the gasp and gurgle of the man below.

Duncan scrambled to the edge, saw that one of the boulders had struck to one side, bouncing off and rolling down the steep slope, gathering momentum and taking scree along with it. The other boulder had landed on the small of the hunter's back, crushing his spine even through the padding, pinning him to the ground like a needle through an insect specimen.

Duncan climbed down, gasping, slipping. The hunter was still alive, paralyzed. His legs twitched, thumping the toes of his boots against the frost-hard ground. Squeezing past the man's bulky, armored body into the hollow, Duncan shone his hand light down into the man's glazed, astonished eyes. The dying hunter croaked something unintelligible at him.

Duncan did not hesitate. His eyes narrowed, no longer the eyes of a child, as he bent forward. The knife slipped in under the man's jawbone. The hunter squirmed, raising his chin as if in acceptance rather than defiance—and the dull blade cut through skin and sinew. Jugu-

lar blood spurted out with enough force to splash and spatter before forming a dark, sticky pool on the floor of the cave.

Duncan rummaged through the items on the man's belt, found a small medpak and a ration bar. Then he tugged the lasgun free from the clenching grip. Using its butt, he smashed the blood-smeared Richesian tracer, grinding it into metal debris. He no longer needed it as a decoy. His pursuers could hunt him with their own wits now. They might even enjoy the challenge.

Duncan crawled out of the hollow. The lasgun, almost as tall as he was, clattered as he dragged it behind him. Below, the hunting party's trail of glowglobes came closer.

Armed, and nourished by his improbable success, Duncan ran into the night.

Hidden by the thick pines, Duncan Idaho knelt in the soft needles on the ground, feeling little warmth. The cold night air deadened the resinous evergreen scent, but at least here he was sheltered from the razor breezes. He had gone far enough from the cave that he could pause and catch his breath. For just a moment.

Duncan opened the medpak and brought out a small package of newskin ointment, which he slathered over the incision on his shoulder where it hardened to an organic bond. Then he wolfed down the ration bar and stuffed the wrappings into his pockets.

Using the glow of his hand light, he turned to study the lasgun. He'd never fired such a weapon before, but he had watched the guards and the hunters operate their rifles. He cradled the weapon and fiddled with its mechanisms and controls. Pointing the barrel upward, he attempted to understand what he was supposed to do. He would have to learn if he meant to fight.

With a surge of power, a white-hot beam lanced out toward the upper boughs of the pine trees. They burst into flames, crackling and snapping. Smoldering clumps of evergreen needles fell around him like red-hot snow.

Yelping, he dropped the gun to scramble backward—then snatched it up again before he could forget which combination of buttons he had pushed. The flames overhead flared like a bonfire beacon, exuding curls of sharp smoke. With nothing to lose now, Duncan fired again, aiming this time, just to make sure he could use the lasgun. The cumbersome weapon was not built for a small boy, especially not one with a throbbing shoulder and sore ribs, but he could use it. He had to.

Knowing the Harkonnens would run toward the blaze, Duncan scurried away from the trees, searching for another place to hide. Once again he made for higher ground, keeping to the ridge-



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line so he could see the scattered glowglobes. He knew exactly where the men were, exactly how close.

But how can they be so stupid, he wondered, making themselves so obvious? Overconfidence . . . was that their flaw? If so, it might help him.

The Harkonnens expected him to play their game, then cower and die when he was supposed to. Duncan might just disappoint them.

Maybe this time we'll play my game instead.

As he dashed, he avoided patches of snow and noisy underbrush. But then he heard a snap of dried twigs behind and above him, the rustle of bushes, then the click of claws on bare rock accompanied by heavy, hoarse panting.

Skidding to a halt, Duncan looked up, searching for gleaming eyes in the shadows. But he didn't turn to the stark outcropping over his head until he heard a wet-sounding growl. In the starlight, he discerned the muscular, crouching form of a wild gaze hound, its back fur bristling like quills, its lips curled to expose flesh-tearing fangs. Its huge eyes focused on its prey: a young boy with tender skin.

Duncan scrambled backward, firing off a shot with the lasgun. Poorly aimed, the beam came nowhere close to the stalking creature, but powdered rock spewed from the outcropping below the gazehound. The predator yelped and snarled, backing off. Duncan fired again, this time sizzling a blackened hole through its right haunch. With a brassy roar, the creature bounded off into the darkness, howling and baying.

The gaze hound's racket, as well as the

flashes from his lasgun fire, would draw the Harkonnen trackers. Duncan set off into the starlight, running.

Hands on his hips, Rabban stared down at the body of his ambushed hunter by the cave hollow. Rage burned through him—as well as cruel satisfaction. The devious child had lured the man into a trap. Very resourceful. All of the tracker's armor hadn't saved him from a dropped boulder and the thrust of a dull dagger. The coup de grâce.

Rabban simmered for a few moments as he attempted to assess the challenge. Death smelled sour even in the cold night. This was what he wanted, wasn't it—a challenge?

One of the other trackers crawled into the low hollow and played the beam of his hand light around the cave. It lighted the smears of blood and the smashed Richesian tracer. "Here is the reason, m'lord. The cub cut out his own tracking device." The hunter swallowed, as if uncertain whether he should continue. "A smart one, this boy. Good prey."

Rabban glowered at the carnage for a few moments, then grinned slowly and finally burst out into loud guffaws. "An eight-year-old child with only his imagination and a couple of clumsy weapons bested one of my troops!" He laughed again. Outside, the others in the party stood uncertainly, bathed in the light of their bobbing glowglobes.

"Such a boy was made for the hunt," Rabban declared, then he nudged the dead tracker's body with the toe of his boot. "And this clod did not deserve to be

part of my crew. Leave his body here to rot. Let the scavengers get him."

They looked up to see flames in the trees, and Rabban pointed. "There! The cub is probably trying to warm his hands." He laughed again, and finally the rest of the hunting crew snickered along with him. "This is turning into an exciting night."

From his high vantage Duncan gazed into the distance, away from the guarded lodge. A bright light blinked on and off, paused, then 15 seconds later flashed on and off again. Some kind of signal, not from the Harkonnen hunters, far from the lodge or the station. *Who else is out here?*

Forest Guard Station was a preserve for the sole use of Harkonnen family members. Anyone discovered out here would be killed outright, or used as prey in a future hunt. Duncan watched the tantalizing light flickering on and off. It was clearly a message. *Who's sending it?*

He took a deep breath, felt small but defiant in a large and hostile world. He had no place else to go, no other chance. So far, he had eluded the hunters, but that couldn't last forever. Soon the Harkonnens would bring in additional forces, ornithopters, life-tracers, perhaps even hunting animals to follow the smell of blood on his shirt, as the wild gaze hound had done.

Duncan decided to make his way to the signal and hope for the best. Maybe he could find a means of escape, perhaps as a stowaway on a vehicle.

First, though, he would lay another trap for the hunters. He had an idea, something to surprise them, and it seemed simple enough. If he could kill a few more of the enemy, he'd have a better chance of getting away.

He studied the rocks, the patches of snow, the trees, and selected the best point for an ambush. He switched on his hand light, directing the beam at the ground so that no sensitive eyes would spot a telltale gleam in the distance. The pursuers weren't far behind him. Occasionally, he heard a muffled shout in the deep silence, saw the hunting party's firefly glowglobes illuminating their way through the trackless forest, as the trackers tried to anticipate the path their quarry would take.

Duncan wanted them to anticipate where he would go . . . they would never guess what he meant to do. Kneeling beside a particularly light and fluffy snowdrift, he inserted the hand light into the snow and pushed it down through the cold as far as he could. Then he withdrew his hand.

The glow reflected from the white snow like water diffusing into a sponge. Tiny crystals of ice refracted the light, magnifying it; the drift shone like a phosphorescent island in the dark clearing.



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Slinging the lasgun in front of him, ready to fire, he trotted back to the sheltering trees. He lay on a cushion of pine needles flat against the ground, careful to present no visible target, then rested the barrel of the lasgun on a small rock, propping it in position. Waiting.

The hunters came, predictably, and Duncan felt that their roles had reversed: Now he was the hunter, and they were his game. He aimed the weapon, fingers tense on the firing stud. At last the group entered the clearing. Startled by the shining snowdrift, they milled about, trying to figure out what it was that their prey had done. Two of them faced outward, suspicious of an attack from the forest. Others stood silhouetted in the ghostly light, perfect targets—exactly as Duncan had hoped.

At the rear of the party, he recognized one burly man with a commanding presence. Rabban! Duncan thought of how

his parents had fallen, remembered the smell of their burning flesh—and then squeezed the firing stud.

But at that moment, a scout stepped in front of Rabban to give a report. The beam scored through his armor, burning and smoking. The man flung out his arms and gave a wild shriek.

Reacting with lightning speed for so burly a body, Rabban hurled himself to one side as the beam melted all the way through the hunter's padded chest and sizzled into the snowdrift. Duncan cut loose another blast, shooting a second tracker who stood outlined against the glowing snow. The remaining guards began firing wildly into the trees, into the darkness.

Duncan targeted the drifting glowglobes. Bursting one after another, he left his pursuers alone in flame-haunted darkness. He picked off two more men, while the rest of the party scrambled for cover.

With the charge in his lasgun running

low, the boy scurried back behind the ridge where he had set up his attack, and headed out at top speed toward the blinking signal light. Whatever the beacon might be, it was his best chance. Knowing he had one last opportunity, Duncan threw caution to the wind. He ran, slipping, down the hillside, smashing against rocks, ignoring the pain of scrapes and bruises. He could not cover his tracks in time, did not attempt to hide.

Somewhere behind him, as he increased the distance, he heard muffled growls and snarls, and shouts from the hunters. A pack of wild gaze hounds had converged on them, seeking wounded prey. Duncan grinned and continued toward the intermittently blinking light up ahead near the edge of the forest.

He approached, treading lightly to a shallow clearing. He came upon a silent flutter thopter, a high-speed aircraft that could take several passengers. The flashing beacon signaled from the top of the craft, but Duncan saw no one.

He waited in silence for a few moments, then cautiously left the shadows of the trees and moved forward. Was the craft abandoned? Left here for him? Some kind of trap the Harkonnens had laid? But why would they do that? They were already hunting him. He was only eight years old and could never pilot this flutter, even if it was his only way to escape. Still, he might find supplies inside, more food, another weapon.

He leaned against the hull, surveying the area, making no sound. The hatch stood open like an invitation, but the mysterious flutter was dark inside. Wishing he still had his hand light, he moved forward cautiously and probed the shadows ahead of him with the barrel of the lasgun.

Then hands snatched out from the shadows of the craft to yank the gun from his grip before he could even flinch. Fingers stinging, flesh torn, Duncan staggered backward, biting back an outcry.

The person inside the flutter tossed the lasgun with a clatter onto the deck plates and lunged out to grab the boy's arms. Rough hands squeezed the wound in his shoulder and made him gasp in pain.

Duncan kicked and struggled, then looked up to see a wiry, bitter-faced woman with chocolate-colored hair and dusky skin. He recognized her instantly: Janess Milam.

This woman had betrayed him to the Harkonnens.

She pressed a hand over his mouth before he could cry out and clamped his head in a firm armlock.

"Got you," she said, her voice a harsh whisper.

She had betrayed him again.



"Booooo!"



REAL SEX

(continued from page 92)

sade, they retaliated by putting pin-ups on her toolbox. Whether their hostility was directed toward Robinson as a woman or as a prude provocateur is hard to say.) A judge ordered the locker rooms cleaned out. He fined the shipyard nominal damages.

In another case, five women employees sued the Stroh Cos., claiming the company's television commercials (featuring the Swedish Bikini Team) contributed to a hostile work environment. The commercials depict manly men out fishing or hiking, drinking beer and commenting, "It doesn't get any better than this." At which point a cascade of blondes arrives by parachute or raft.

In January 1991 Kerry Ellison, a female agent for the Internal Revenue Service, received unwanted attention and love letters from Sterling Gray, a colleague (not a supervisor). The letters were not what most people would call hostile: "I know that you are worth knowing with or without sex. I have enjoyed you so much, watching you. Experiencing you. Some people seek the woman, I seek the child inside. With gentleness and deepest respect. Sterling."

Ellison complained. Gray was transferred, but he filed a union grievance and sent her another letter. Then Ellison filed suit.

The first judge who heard the case dismissed it, but appeals judge Robert Beezer had a different opinion. While Gray might see his own conduct as a "modern-day Cyrano de Bergerac" wishing only to woo Ellison with his words, conduct that many men consider unobjectionable may offend many women.

Judge Beezer concluded that the case should be decided from the viewpoint of "a reasonable woman." His rationale was right out of a radical feminist Take Back the Night rally: "Because women are disproportionately victims of rape and sexual assault, women have a stronger incentive to be concerned with sexual behavior," Beezer wrote. "Women who are victims of mild forms of sexual harassment may understandably worry whether a harasser's conduct is merely a prelude to a violent sexual assault."

John Leo, in *U.S. News & World Report*, saw the dangerous shift toward Big Sister sex police: "Driven by feminist ideology, we have constantly extended the definition of what constitutes illicit male behavior," he wrote. "Very ambiguous incidents are now routinely flattened out into male predation."

This mind-set, Leo went on, "is a rich compost of antisex messages: Males are predatory, sex is so dangerous that chit-chat about it can get you brought up on charges, hormone-driven gazing at girls will bring the adult world down on your neck. The most harmful message, per-

haps, is that women are victims, incapable of dismissing creeps with a simple 'Buzz off, Bozo.'

The feminist chorus chanted, "Men don't get it." Anita Hill's story struck a chord. Between October 1990 and September 1991 the EEOC received 6883 complaints. In the year following the hearing, sexual harassment suits filed with the EEOC jumped to a record 9920.

A few weeks after the Anita and Clarence show, *The New York Times* interviewed Michelle Paludi, a psychologist at Hunter College who coordinated a campus committee on sexual harassment. She told about a hypothetical scenario that was presented to men and women in the college and asked the students when sexual harassment occurred.

"In one scenario, a woman gets a job teaching at a university and her department chairman, a man, invites her to lunch to discuss her research. At lunch he never mentions her research, but instead delves into her personal life. After a few such lunches, he invites her to dinner and then for drinks. While they are having drinks, he tries to fondle her.

"Most of the women said that sexual harassment started at the first lunch when he talked about her private life instead of her work," said Paludi. "Most of the men said that sexual harassment began at the point he fondled her."

A *PLAYBOY* editorial challenged the account: "There is a gulf here, but not between men and women. It is between the bold and the brainwashed. The rush to judgment is as suspect as it is incendiary. Legally, sexual harassment has not occurred. There is no quid pro quo (she already has her job) and no hostile sexual environment (nothing in the scenario indicates that the attention is unwanted). What you have here is the standard American mating ritual. Lunches lead to dinner. Dinner leads to drinks. At some point, the participants move from talking to touching (or in this case, attempted touching). The man expresses interest. In the absence of a clearly expressed lack of interest, he proceeds. In the absence of a clearly stated rejection, what happens is not harassment. It is, quite simply, none of our business."

Writing in *The New York Times*, Lloyd Cohen saw sexual harassment as a final campaign in the Sexual Revolution: "In our open, dynamic and multicultural society, there is no discreet set of accepted ways in which men and women make known their availability, to say nothing of their attraction to a particular person. And one can no longer read people's sexual standards from their dress, occupation, the places they frequent or their activities. The prudish and the promiscuous are forced to rub shoulders, but often fail to recognize each other's sexual values."

Surveys found that huge percentages of women had experienced sexual ha-

rassment, but a *PLAYBOY* writer questioned the term. "Substitute 'sexual interest' for 'sexual harassment' and the hysteria dissipates." He asked us to consider the following rewritten statements:

- "Anywhere from 40 to 80 percent of all working women will find themselves subjected to sexual interest at some point in their careers."
- "Although nearly half said they had been the object of sexual interest, none had sought legal recourse and only 22 percent said that they had told anyone else about the incident."
- "Sexual interest is the single most widespread occupational hazard."

Congress tried to demonstrate a new sensitivity to women's issues. Lawmakers passed a bill that put a price on harassment. Where once an aggrieved woman could sue only for lost wages, now her lawyers could seek punitive damages. Peggy Kimzey, a clerk at Wal-Mart whose supervisor snickered when she bent over to pick up a package, sued. The oaf had muttered something to the effect that "I just found someplace to put my screwdriver." A jury awarded Kimzey \$50 million, which was later cut to \$5 million.

Sexual harassment suits promised big bucks, a huge redistribution of wealth. In 1997 the EEOC fielded 15,889 charges, with monetary settlements totaling nearly \$50 million. Men were getting it, and getting it big.

POLITICALLY CORRECT SEX

As they had in the Twenties and Sixties, college campuses in the Nineties led the culture in sexual change, only this time the trend was toward repression.

Administrators formed committees to review issues of harassment and sex. Groups with titles such as the Committee on Women's Concerns applied power politics to sex, drafting codes that proclaimed: "A faculty member may not make romantic or sexual overtures to, or engage in sexual relations with, any undergraduate student."

Doug Hornig, in a *PLAYBOY* article titled *The Big Chill on Campus Sex*, reported that Harvard's code included a spy system. "Whoever witnesses an illicit liaison is required to report it. If you aid and abet one, you share liability with the guilty parties. If you merely fail to turn in miscreants, you may be subject to sanctions."

When University of Virginia officials moved to consider a code, the whole nation watched. Student council president Anne Bailey told CNN, "It's an invasion of the private lives of consenting adults. It reeks of paternalism. We're old enough to go to war and to have abortions, so I think we're old enough to decide who to go to bed with."

Ann Lane, the director of Virginia's women's studies program and one of the proponents of the code, had a different view. "We're trying to create a set of 147

guidelines for ethical behavior in the university faculty," she explained. "We're not trying to curtail students' sexual freedom. Ultimately they have that authority. What we are saying is, 'Don't fuck your students.'"

Lane also concluded that "free sex is not a right. Society is an agreement on the part of people to give up some of their privileges in exchange for community control. In any case, there are certain cultural benchmarks of maturity, and 18 isn't one of them."

Tom Hutchinson, a professor who opposed the code, had married a woman he met when she was an undergraduate and he was a faculty member. "A tawdry little affair," he told *PLAYBOY*, "that's lasted, oh, about 35 years now."

He pointed out that the hysteria exceeded the problem. In 1992 the school had received 47 complaints: 26 from students, 15 from faculty and six from nonuniversity personnel. Out of a community of 18,000, said Hutchinson, "this seems to me an extraordinarily small number."

At a debate on the code, a man received a standing ovation for remarking: "We cannot consider any proposal that has the potential to limit, restrict or preclude quality intercourse at this university."

DATE RAPE

Where the woman's face would be, a blue dot hovered. One hand played with a string of pearls as she answered questions from the prosecutor.

More than three million Americans watched as the 30-year-old single mother accused William Kennedy Smith of rape.

On Good Friday in 1991, the woman met Smith at the Au Bar in Palm Beach. He accepted her offer of a ride home. She said he seemed like a nice man, a medical student she trusted because he could talk about the problems she had experienced with her prematurely born daughter.

In the car they kissed and fondled. They took a walk along the beach at 3:30 A.M. Then, she said, he threw her to the ground, pulled up her skirt, pulled aside her panties and raped her. She struggled and tried to protest. She said he told her, "Stop it, bitch."

"I thought he was going to kill me," she said to the court.

When she'd confronted him, told him that what had just happened was rape, he said, "No one will believe you." But police and prosecutors did. Wrote *Time*, "Perhaps it was the bruises on her legs, or the instincts of the investigators who found her, panicked and shaking, curled up in the fetal position on a couch; or the lie-detector tests she passed."

J'accuse. During her last minutes on the stand, the woman pointed at Smith: 148 "What he did to me was wrong."

She told Smith's lawyer, "Sir, your client raped me."

Smith did not deny that sexual intercourse had taken place on the lawn. Smith and his accuser had met, then kissed in her car, where she had removed her shoes and pantyhose. They had had sex twice. When he ejaculated, her mood had changed, as she suddenly feared pregnancy. She had asked if she could come in the house. Smith told her it was late, explaining, "I'm tired, I'm going to bed."

Rebuffed, she confronted him in the house. They argued over the meaning of the sexual encounter that had taken place.

She said, "Michael, you raped me."

He said, "I didn't rape you, and my name's not Michael."

The prosecutor scoffed at Smith's description. "Well, Mr. Smith, what are you? Some kind of sex machine?"

The prosecutor lined up three of Smith's female acquaintances who had undergone similar experiences, moments of trust that turned into wrestling matches. Smith had forced himself on one of them, holding her down with his full weight, releasing her only after she struggled and protested. The judge ruled the testimony inadmissible, because the jury would not hear about the victim's past (which included three abortions and childhood sexual abuse).

The jury deliberated for 77 minutes. William Kennedy Smith, they said, was not guilty of rape.

Harry Stein, writing in *PLAYBOY*, noted: "The central question was not whether the sex on the Kennedy lawn had been strictly consensual, but what the hell was Bowman doing there at 3:30 in the morning if she didn't expect something to happen."

THE EPIDEMIC

The confusion about real sex was mirrored in the debate about unwanted sex. A *Time* story asked, "When is it rape?" According to *Time*, women consider date rape to be "the hidden crime; men complain it is hard to prevent a crime they can't define. Women say it isn't taken seriously; men say it is a concept invented by women who like to tease but not take the consequences. Women say the date rape debate is the first time the nation has talked frankly about sex; men say it is women's unconscious reaction to the excesses of the Sexual Revolution. Meanwhile, men and women argue among themselves about the gray area that surrounds the whole murky arena of sexual relations, and there is no consensus in sight."

At colleges across America posters covered walls: DATE RAPE IS VIOLENCE. NOT A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

WHEN DOES A DATE BECOME A CRIME? asked a poster put out by the Santa Monica Hospital Rape Treatment Center. "It

happens when a man forces a woman to have sex against her will. And even when it involves college students, it's still considered a criminal offense. A felony. Punishable by prison. So if you want to keep a good time from turning into a bad one, try to keep this in mind. When does a date become a crime? When she says 'No' and he refuses to listen. Against her will is against the law."

In 1985 *Ms.* magazine published the Project on Campus Sexual Assault. Researcher Mary Koss found that "one in four women had reported having been the victim of rape or attempted rape, usually by an acquaintance." Koss appeared to have a figure for every sexual outrage:

- 53.7 percent of women revealed some form of sexual victimization.
- 11.9 percent had experienced sexual coercion.
- 12.1 percent had experienced attempted rape.

• 15.4 percent had experienced rape.

Koss' claim of "one in four" became a rallying cry for Take Back the Night marches. The last statistic became a poster: "Think of the six women closest to you. Now guess which one will be raped this year."

Men were predators; women, victims. At Brown University, feminist students printed a list of names of students accused of rape. Guerrilla graffiti squads created castration hit lists—students deemed too aggressive on dates. If Susan Brownmiller had said in her 1975 book, *Against Our Will: Men, Women and Rape*, that rape is "nothing more or less than a conscious process of intimidation, by which all men keep all women in a state of fear," then the date rape propaganda was the reverse, the attempt to intimidate all men.

Schools created rape crisis centers and conducted date rape awareness seminars for incoming students. Stephanie Gutmann, writing in *Reason* and in *PLAYBOY*, was one of the first journalists to question the wave of hysteria. Noting that there had been 70 mentions of date rape or acquaintance rape in *The New York Times* in the previous ten years, she charted how the most toxic word in the language had been stretched to cover all male behavior.

The training guide for Swarthmore College's Acquaintance Rape Prevention Workshop stated: "Acquaintance rape spans a spectrum of incidents and behaviors, ranging from crimes legally defined as rape to verbal harassment and inappropriate innuendo."

Dr. Andrea Parrot of Cornell University had an equally broad definition: "Any sexual intercourse without mutual desire is a form of rape."

The mainstream media spread the slander. *Newsweek* wrote of colleges working "to solve—and stop—a shockingly frequent, often hidden outrage." The



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TIME CAPSULE

RAW DATA FROM THE NINETIES

FIRST APPEARANCES

Norplant. NC-17. Iron John. Same-sex marriage. *Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus*. World Wide Web. Netscape. Yahoo. Amazon.com. Playboy.com. Hubble Space Telescope. DVD. Tae-Bo. Harvesting sperm. Dream Team. First female Attorney General. First female Secretary of State. Female condom. Morning-after pill. Protease inhibitor cocktails. Viagra. Women in combat. *The Vagina Monologues*.

WHO'S HOT

Bill Clinton. Monica Lewinsky. Bill Gates. Helen Hunt. Jack Nicholson. Harrison Ford. Bruce Willis. Madonna. Demi Moore. Tom Hanks. Tom Cruise. Nicole Kidman. Cindy Crawford. Katarina Witt. Pamela Anderson. Jenny McCarthy. Neve Campbell. Jay Leno. Hef. Xena. Calista Flockhart. Jennifer Lopez. Liv Tyler. Steven Spielberg. George Lucas. Drew Barrymore. Cameron Diaz. Jim Carrey. Matt Damon. Ben Affleck. Beastie Boys. Spice Girls. Seinfeld. Will Smith. Adam Sandler. Mel Gibson. Janet Jackson. Courtney Love. Leonardo DiCaprio. George Clooney. Kevin Costner. Lauryn Hill. Camille Paglia. Princess Diana. Evander Holyfield. Oscar De La Hoya. Michael Jordan. Dennis Rodman. Mark McGwire. Sammy Sosa.

WHO'S CAUGHT

Pee-wee Herman. Hugh Grant. Eddie Murphy. George Michael. Frank Gifford. Marv Albert. Charlie Sheen. Bob Livingston. Bob Barr. Helen Chenoweth. Henry Hyde. Bill Clinton.

CANDID CAMERA

Rob Lowe. Pamela Anderson. Tommy Lee. Tonya Harding.

WE THE PEOPLE

U.S. population in 1990: 250 million. Population in 1999: 271 million. Percent of MBAs received by women in 1970: 4. Percent by 1999: almost 40. Percent of law degrees received by women in 1970: 5. Percent by 1999: 40. Percent of senior managers at Fortune 1000 industrial and Fortune 500 service companies in 1995 who were women: 5. In 1998, amount paid by Mitsubishi Motors to women on assembly line to settle sexual harassment suits: \$34 million.

FAMILY VALUES

In 1970, percentage of U.S. households occupied by traditional family (i.e.,

married couple with kids): 40. In 1998, percentage of U.S. households occupied by traditional family: 25. In 1970, percentage of U.S. households occupied by unrelated roommates (including gay couples and unmarried heterosexuals living together): 2. In 1998, percentage of households occupied by roommates: 5.

VIAGRA

Estimated number of Viagra prescriptions filled in eight months (1998): nearly 4 million. Number of men who died after taking Viagra during first four months it was on market: 69. Amount received by the Department of Defense



Dolly the clone: Who needs sex?

to provide Viagra to military personnel: \$50 million.

QUEER STUDIES

Date of first American academic conference on gay and lesbian studies: 1987. Number of participants: 200. Number of participants in 1992: 2000. Number of papers presented: 200.

THE STARR REPORT

Number of pages in the Starr report: 445. Number of words: 119,059. Number of times oral sex is mentioned: 92. Number of times breasts are mentioned: 62. Number of times the word genitalia is used: 39. Number of references to phone sex: 29. Number of times cigar is mentioned: 27. Number of times semen is mentioned: 19. Number of times bra is mentioned: 8. Number of times thong is mentioned: 1.

MONEY MATTERS

Gross national product in 1990: \$5.6 trillion. Gross national product in 1998: \$8.5 trillion. National debt in 1990: \$3.2 trillion. National surplus for fiscal year ending Sept. 30, 1998: \$69 billion.

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT

Amount of money grossed in the U.S. by the film *Titanic*: \$610 million. Number of hits on Playboy's free website per day: 5 million. Number of hard-core videos produced in 1996: 8000. Number of new X-rated titles per week: 150. Number of X-rated rentals in 1985: 75 million. In 1996: 665 million.

Number of Americans who engage in commercial phone sex each night: 250,000. Length of typical call in minutes: 6 to 8. Amount Americans spent on phone sex in 1996: \$750 million to \$1 billion. Total amount that Americans spent on hard-core videos, peep shows, live sex acts, adult cable programming, sexual devices, computer porn and sex magazines in 1996: \$8 billion.

IS IT SEX?

How Merriam-Webster's defines "sex act": sexual intercourse. How it defines "sexual relations": coitus. How it defines "coitus": "physical union of male and female genitalia accompanied by rhythmic movements leading to the ejaculation of semen from the penis into the female reproductive tract; also intercourse." How Merriam-Webster's defines "orgasm": an "intense or paroxysmal emotional excitement. The climax of sexual excitement typically occurring toward the end of coitus; specifically, the sudden release of tensions developed during coitus, usually accompanied in the male by ejaculation."

FINAL APPEARANCES

1990: Greta Garbo. Paulette Goddard. Ava Gardner. Keith Haring. Leonard Bernstein. Sammy Davis Jr. 1991: Frank Capra. Miles Davis. Dr. Seuss. 1992: Marlene Dietrich. Alex Haley. Benny Hill. Sam Kinison. 1993: Thurgood Marshall. Myrna Loy. Lillian Gish. Rudolf Nureyev. Federico Fellini. Arthur Ashe. 1994: Richard Nixon. Jackie Kennedy Onassis. Cab Calloway. John Candy. 1995: Jonas Salk. 1996: Timothy Leary. Ella Fitzgerald. 1997: Allen Ginsberg. William Brennan. Princess Diana. 1998: Frank Sinatra. Dr. Mary Calderone. 1999: Stanley Kubrick. Harry A. Blackmun. Mel Tormé. Shel Silverstein.

Chicago Tribune announced: "Fear makes women campus prisoners." A rape counselor told *Newsweek* in 1986 that acquaintance rape "is the single largest problem on college campuses today."

Gutmann did some sleuthing and discovered that during the five years prior to 1990, Columbia University's security department reported zero rapes. A year later, Peter Hellman, a writer for *New York* magazine, rechecked the figures. At Barnard College, not one of the school's 2200 students had reported a rape in 1991. At Columbia, there were just two rape accusations for a student body of almost 20,000. Neither of the charges held up under investigation. One of the victims said her attacker had just pushed her onto a bed. The rape crisis centers stood empty. Hellman found one center that had treated just 79 clients, only 10 percent of whom were the victims of recent assaults.

And yet the rallies continued, with date rape martyrs recounting their sexual abuse. One victim claimed, "I counted the times I had a penis in me that I haven't wanted and had to stop at 594." Say what?

The date rape pamphlets painted a grim and absurd picture of fractured courtship. "Remember," warned the sex ed pamphlet from the Santa Monica Hospital's Rape Treatment Center, "that some men think that drinking heavily, dressing provocatively and going to a man's room indicates a willingness to have sex."

Well, yes. And the advice to men was equally befuddling: "Don't assume that just because a woman has had sex with you previously she is willing to have sex with you again. Also don't assume that just because a woman consents to kissing or other sexual intimacies she is willing to have sexual intercourse."

The codes seemed bent on breaking the momentum of courtship, on hobbling desire. When Antioch University created a code that required students to have explicit verbal permission for each "escalating sexual act," howls of laughter could be heard as far as Washington. "If you want to take her blouse off, you have to ask. If you want to touch her breasts, you have to ask." Columnist George Will described it as the legislation of sexual style by committee.

The Antioch code sounded like a cross between the adolescent game Mother May I and the script for a dominance and submission fantasy: Mistress May I. It assumed that the man always makes the first move, that a woman never reaches a hand down the front of a man's jeans, or ties him to a bed and reads him poems by Emily Dickinson.

Besides, there was plenty of evidence that the so-called victims of date rape didn't view themselves as victims. Some 43 percent of the women classified as rape victims in the *Ms.* study hadn't re-

alized they had been raped. A similar study by Sarah Murnen, Annette Perot and Donn Byrne questioned 130 women about "their most recent encounter with unwanted sexual activity." The researchers said 55.3 percent of the women felt that they had been subjected to unwanted sex. Although the study had a bias (the authors' report of the survey called males "coercers," sexual initiative an "attack" and any act of unwanted intercourse "rape"), the students held a different view. The vast majority said they had had moderate to total control of the situation. Half had subsequent contact with the so-called attacker. None had reported the "attack," said the authors, "due to a belief that the event was not important."

Katie Roiphe, a graduate student at Princeton, looked at the controversy and concluded, in *The New York Times*, "These pamphlets are clearly intended to protect innocent college women from the insatiable force of male desire. We have been hearing about this for centuries. He is still nearly uncontrollable; she is still the one drawing the line. This so-called feminist movement peddles an image of gender relations that denies female desire and infantilizes women. Once again, our bodies seem to be sacred vessels. We've come a long way, and now, it seems, we are going back."

She continued, "The date rape pamphlets begin to sound like Victorian guides to conduct. The most common date rape guide, published by the American College Health Association, advises its delicate readers to 'communicate your limits clearly. If someone starts to

offend you, tell him firmly and early.'

"Sharing these assumptions about female sensibilities, a manners guide from 1853 advises young women, 'Do not suffer your body to be held or squeezed without showing that it displeases you by instantly withdrawing it. These and many other little points of refinement will operate as an almost invisible though a very impenetrable fence, keeping off vulgar familiarity and that desecration of the person which has so often led to vice.' And so ideals of female virtue and repression resonate through time."

CRY VICTIM

Rush Limbaugh, a conservative talk radio host, began to call the radical sisterhood "feminazis." The antimale politics of activists on campus and in the workplace drove a wedge between men and women, and even divided feminists. The philosophy that all men are rapists justified increasingly bizarre political dramas.

In the early hours of June 23, 1993 Lorena Bobbitt took an eight-inch carving knife and cut off her sleeping husband's penis. As she drove away from their home, she tossed the severed organ into a field. She told police that her husband had raped her, adding, "He always has an orgasm and he doesn't wait for me to have an orgasm. He's selfish."

Police launched a search for the missing organ, found it and dropped it into a plastic bag. Nine hours later, John Wayne Bobbitt was almost whole again.

The story made *The New York Times*, initially as a medical miracle. The article detailed how surgeons had successfully



"One thing I've learned is don't make your Christmas card list too early."

reattached a severed penis, tagging individual blood vessels, arteries and nerves with sutures.

But the real story soon became a rallying cry for radical feminists. Lorena was photographed waiflike in a swimming pool for the November 1993 *Vanity Fair*. A new heroine? A role model? Lorena was a woman pushed to the edge: "I remember many things," she told *Vanity Fair*. "I was thinking many things. I was thinking the first time he hit me. I was thinking when he raped me. I just wanted him to disappear. I just wanted him to leave me alone, to leave my life alone. I don't want to see him anymore."

Some women told the surgeon's wife they were upset that Lorena had not tossed the male organ down the garbage disposal. Lorena was acquitted of the charge of "malicious wounding."

John Wayne Bobbitt took his story on the road, appearing as a guest on Howard Stern's 1994 New Year's Eve pay-per-view special and selling T-shirts depicting a knife-wielding woman and the words LOVE HURTS. He marketed a line of penis protectors and starred in the porn film *John Wayne Bobbitt: Uncut*—which had all the morbid appeal of a driver's ed film showing accident victims.

FATAL FEMMES

Hollywood capitalized on the decade's antimale theme with a series of movies such as *Sleeping With the Enemy* (1991) and *La Femme Nikita* (1990), which suggested that women would find equality in the Second Amendment through the judicious use of weaponry. Women were armed and dangerous.

Thelma and Louise were the ultimate male-bashers. When Geena Davis and Susan Sarandon decide to take a weekend away from an oafish husband and noncommittal boyfriend, a girls' night out turns into a murderous escapade. The pivotal scene occurs early in the film. A cowboy follows an intoxicated Thelma into a parking lot and forces himself on her. Louise pulls a gun from her purse. When he suggests, "Suck my dick," she shoots him.

When a redneck trucker ogles the pair, the assertive femmes blow up his gasoline tanker. Facing arrest, the two choose death, sending their car over the edge of a cliff. The movie sparked a firestorm of debate. Ellen Goodman called it a "PMS movie, plain and simple."

The braggadocio of the antimale feminists would surface at a University of Chicago Law School conference attend-

ed by Catharine MacKinnon and Andrea Dworkin. Buttons proclaimed: DEAD MEN DON'T USE PORN. THE BEST WAY TO A MAN'S HEART IS THROUGH HIS CHEST. Another button: SO MANY MEN, SO LITTLE AMMUNITION. Over a drawing of a bloodstained .45, the words FEMININE PROTECTION.

GRRLS

A nervous media went looking for women who liked men. A February 1994 *Esquire* article titled simply "Yes" presented a lineup of young ladies who embraced lust.

Patricia Ireland, president of the National Organization for Women, said: "What's going on is not your mother's feminism. The young women who grew up in *Ms.* households feel the need to assert that they're not antimale, not anti-sex, that they don't believe all sex is rape. But they're also nobody's victim. There are two parts to these young women's view: One, they're going to enjoy sex; two, on their terms."

Esquire dubbed the new generation Do Me Feminists—an odd term for women who advocated sexual independence. These were women just as willing to strap on dildos and do you.

Lisa Palac, the editor of *Future Sex*, a San Francisco-based magazine, explained her politics after discovering she liked porn: "Even though I got liberated, it's still very complicated. I say to men, 'OK, pretend you're a burglar and you've broken in here and you throw me down on the bed and make me suck your cock!' And they're horrified—it goes against all they've recently been taught. 'No, no, it would degrade you!' Exactly. Degrade me when I ask you to."

Bell Hooks, then a professor of women's studies at Oberlin College, gave her guidelines for the new male. "If all we have to choose from is the limp dick or the superhard dick, we're in trouble. We need a versatile dick who admits that intercourse isn't all there is to sexuality, who can negotiate rough sex on Monday, eating pussy on Tuesday and cuddling on Wednesday."

In the same issue, the editors of *Esquire* threw in the towel. In an article listed under the category "Savoir Faire," Susie Bright told men "How to Make Love to a Woman: Hands-On Advice From a Woman Who Does."

As Susie Sexpert, Bright had written the advice column for *On Our Backs*. Now, she proposed a quickie book on *How to Pick Up Girls Using the Real-Live Dyke Method*. Among her suggestions

was the Look.

"Because, for humans, it all begins with seeing. Look at her. All over. Linger anywhere you like. When she notices (and she will if you're really looking), hold her eyes with yours. Hold them close. Every second will feel like a minute. You'll be tempted to avert your gaze, but don't. This is the essence of cruising, the experience that all the virtual reality and phone sex in the world will never replace. It is also the moment of truth: You'll know then and there whether she wants you or not."

"If she doesn't, she'll complain to her friends about how you objectified and degraded her, but ignore all that crap. Calling a man a sexist interloper is just a trendy way of expressing an old-fashioned sentiment: 'He's not my type.'"

She warned men not to confuse girl watching (checking out every passing chick) with looking ("to exercise the power of vision").

Bright also revealed the secret of the Touch: "Lesbians too have probing, yearning, insistent sex organs. We call them hands. And if you have not had the pleasure of taking a woman in your hands—your thumb parting her mouth, your fingers tracing her ears, your hand curled up inside her—you are missing some of the finer points of ecstasy." At the turn of the century, Ida Craddock had insisted, in a suppressed sex manual, that the proper finger of love was the male organ. Now we learned that the proper finger of love was, well, the finger—if not the whole hand.

Bright edited a series of feminist porn stories called *Herotica* and *Herotica II*. Male authors such as Norman Mailer, Philip Roth and John Updike had liberated sexual language in the Sixties; now it was time for female writers to develop a sexual voice. The factor that distinguishes feminist porn from male erotica was simple, Bright said: "The woman comes." In male-centered stories, "we read about how he sees her responding to him, but we don't see inside her explosion."

Ms. feminists would have us believe that women needed protection from sex. Women authors suggested otherwise. A PLAYBOY review, *Clit Lit 101*, gave this assessment: "The heroines make love in oceans, lakes, rivers and swimming pools, in the back of pickups, on trains, in buses, bent over tires in gas stations, handcuffed to beds, on top of tables and desks, on beaches, in cliffside tents, in backcountry stores, on living room

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couches and, oh yes, occasionally in bed. They have out-of-body sexual experiences with the ghosts of dead lovers and enjoy the attention of extraterrestrials in off-planet brothels. They mate with beams of sunshine and with shapes of glowing light that rise from the depths of summer ponds. They use feathers and nightsticks, lotions and leather. They fuck potters, cowboys, motorcycle cops, young boys, ocean waves, strangers, dildos, dykes, vibrators and their own fingers." Women in the Nineties delighted in transgressing boundaries, real and imagined.

Women charted their own arousal. A character in Susanna Moore's *In the Cut* complained, "I can remember every man I ever fucked by the way he liked to do it, not the way I liked to do it." If reading is thinking with another man's brain, reading feminist porn was feeling with another gender's body.

Female rebels rocked America. Girls who had grown up watching Madonna grab her crotch in concerts now listened to Liz Phair sing about things unpure and unchaste, about wanting to fuck her boyfriend like a dog, to fuck him till his dick turns blue, to be his blow job queen. Alanis Morissette topped the charts by taunting a former boyfriend about his new lover: "Is she perverted like me? Would she go down on you in a theater?"

Madonna published her own collection of erotica—a portfolio of nudes and S&M shots stitched together with short fantasies—bound in aluminum and sealed in mylar. Called *Sex*, it was a world event—mocked in monologs on late-night television, but a major success. At a Chicago conference of radical feminists, antiporn activist Nikki Craft led a mob action, tearing to shreds the pages of *Sex*.

LESBIAN CHIC

Decades of propaganda had tarred and feathered male sexuality and, indeed, most heterosexuality. The only sexual activity that was not villainous was lesbian love.

Looking for something to celebrate, the national media focused on fabulous femmes. Madonna and Sandra Bernhard flaunted their relationship at the end of the Eighties. Singer K.D. Lang appeared on the cover of the August 1993 *Vanity Fair*—getting a close shave from supermodel Cindy Crawford.

Lesbians had their own clubs, their own conferences. (Some 500 lesbians turned out for LUST [Lesbians Undoing Sexual Taboos] at the NYU Law School in 1992. Included was a workshop titled "Toys R Us: Ropes, Whips and Dicks.")

Gay characters appeared in movies (*Go Fish* and *Boys on the Side*) and on television—*Roseanne*, *Married With Children* and *Friends*. When Ellen DeGeneres, star of *Ellen*, told the world she was gay, Reverend Jerry Falwell called her "Ellen DeGenerate." Singer Melissa Etheridge

and Julie Cypher appeared on the cover of *Newsweek* to announce to the world: "We're Having a Baby."

BISEXUAL CHIC

The boundaries between sexual roles continued to dissolve. In 1995 a Harvard professor released a 600-page celebration of *Vice Versa: Bisexuality and the Eroticism of Everyday Life*. Marjorie Garber argued that most people would be bisexual if not for "repression, religion, repugnance, denial [and] premature specialization."

Heterosexuality and monogamy—reduced to the "premature specialization." What's your sexual major? I haven't decided yet. Garber wondered if bisexuality was merely the badge of the non-conformist: "Is sexuality a fashion—like platform shoes, bell-bottom trousers or double-breasted suits—that appears and then disappears, goes underground only to be revived with a difference? Do we need to keep forgetting bisexuality in order to remember and rediscover it?"

She resurrected the century's sexual celebrities (Jagger, Bowie, Marlene Dietrich, Oscar Wilde, James Dean, Madonna) and concluded that sex was a performance art. "Celebrities do constantly reinvent themselves," she wrote. "One of the ways in which they have done this is by renegotiating and reconfiguring not only their clothes, their bodies and their hair, but also their sexualities." She spoke of a sex star's ability "to shock and give pleasure" as an art.

Newsweek described bisexuality as "the wild card of our erotic life" and profiled young couples who proclaimed, "Sexuality is fluid. There is no such thing as normal."

Michael Stipe, lead singer for R.E.M., confessed, "I've always been sexually ambiguous in terms of my proclivities. I think labels are for food."

Another said simply, "I don't desire a gender. I desire a person."

In 1998 a former porn star named Annie Sprinkle toured the country with an evening of performance art called Annie Sprinkle's Herstory of Porn: From Reel to Real. The veteran of 25 years of X-rated self-expression, she played a visual record of her past, of her skill in the art of shock and pleasure. In the Seventies she had been a child of the counterculture, performing fellatio and group sex in film after film. She had become famous as the woman who would do anything—she had sex with vegetables, sex with amputees, golden showers, bondage, S&M, sex with postop transsexuals. In 1976, she was arrested for sodomy, the infamous crime against nature, but, explained Annie, "Nature didn't mind."

In the Eighties she abandoned heterosexual porn for films that celebrate sluts and goddesses. One clip shows an arm buried almost to the elbow, one woman giving another a G-spot orgasm.

Sprinkle had moved into New Age sex, finding the goddess within through extended, vibrator-assisted orgasms. In one era she had turned to live shows in which she inserted a speculum and invited audience members to look at her cervix. By the time of her 1998 tour, she had discovered the Internet. Those of you, she said, "who missed it, don't despair—you can still see my cervix on my website."

Now she produced her own films, concluding the show with a clip devoted to mermaid sex. Attired in fins, Annie and a young woman have a ménage à trois with a male. The scene, which seemed to suggest a return to heterosexuality, climaxed with the removal of the male's penis, revealing it to be a dildo.

In the question-and-answer session following the performance, an audience member asked Annie, "Of all the faces we've seen, which was your true self?"

It was a question that, as we approach the end of the century, many Americans could ask of themselves.

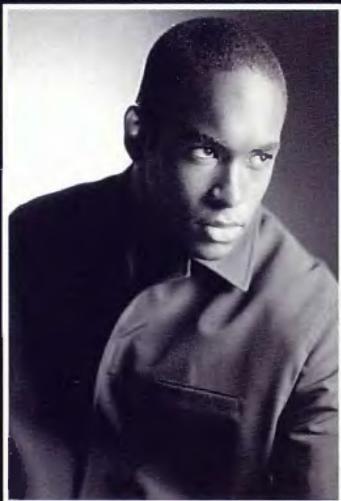
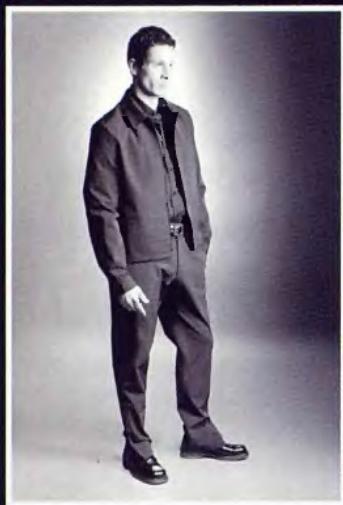
STUDENT SEX

The generation that came of age in the Nineties received mixed messages about pleasure. For them, sex education was AIDS education. They learned not about the birds and the bees, but the stark message: Sex can kill you. When Magic Johnson announced on November 7, 1991 that he had contracted HIV, the message seemed to be: It can happen to anyone. In *Last Night in Paradise*, Katie Roiphe recounted growing up with the object lesson of Alison Gertz, the girl next door who contracted AIDS from a one-night stand with a bisexual bartender from Studio 54. Gertz had become the poster child for heterosexual transmission, wrote Roiphe, proof that "it takes only one night with the wrong man."

The Religious Right advocated abstinence ed and condemned safe sex campaigns that stressed condom use. When the Free Congress Foundation declared that condoms do not protect one from AIDS, Dr. Ronald Carey at the FDA pointed out that even the worst-quality condom is 10,000 times better in terms of reducing exposure to HIV than unprotected sex. Ira Reiss, co-author of *An End to Shame: Shaping Our Next Sexual Revolution*, put it bluntly: "We can no more assume that every believer in abstinence invariably abstains from sex any more than we can assume that every condom user will have perfect condoms and be a perfect user. When one makes an unbiased comparison of promoting abstinence versus promoting condom use the results are obvious. Vows of abstinence break far more easily than do condoms."

When a psychologist asked Surgeon General Joycelyn Elders if she would consider promoting masturbation to discourage children from trying all-out sex,

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she replied, "With regard to masturbation, I think that is something that is a part of human sexuality and a part of something that perhaps should be taught."

An outspoken woman, Elders had favored giving condoms to public school students. ("Well, I'm not going to put them on their lunch trays, but yes.") In earlier years, as a state health official, she had kept condoms as a desk ornament labeled "Ozark Rubber Plant."

Rush Limbaugh labeled her the condom queen. The Traditional Values Coalition, claiming to represent 31,000 churches, condemned her for her "malicious attacks on heterosexuals and Christians" and urged her resignation. On December 9, 1994, she stepped down.

But a generation that watched its elders bicker about sex had also grown up watching Madonna. Girls bought the lingerie they wore under or over their prom dresses at Victoria's Secret. They'd grown up in a world where sex was not a mystery, but was visible, explicit and sophisticated.

In 1996 *PLAYBOY* commissioned a survey of a dozen colleges. Two years later, the magazine went back for a second look. The two surveys present a snapshot of a generation that had grown up in the shadow of AIDS and in the dim blue light of MTV. The surveys found that students had incorporated both caution and creativity. In 1996, almost half the men and women had masturbated in front of one another—sometimes because they didn't have condoms, sometimes as a stand-in for intercourse, sometimes as a hot form of hooking up. More than two thirds had performed phone sex.

The learning curve was immediate: Approximately a third of the students had tried bondage and spanking, one in five had used a blindfold during sex or posed nude for a lover. More than half of the males and four out of ten girls had had sex in the presence of other people. The vast majority had watched X-rated videos, many with a partner.

Students had created a new permission, a kind of double-entry bookkeeping. Approximately half said that oral sex was not real sex, three quarters said they hadn't included in their list of lovers those partners with whom they had had only oral sex.

The survey uncovered a haphazard approach to sex: Almost half of the students had not—on the night they lost their virginity—expected to have sex. Sex, sometimes, just happened.

The lesson they had learned was that intercourse was OK—as long as you used a condom. In the first survey more than a third of the students had taken an AIDS test. A few years later the figure

dropped to nearly one out of four. The test was a way of admitting they had made a sexual mistake or of assuaging panic. Or it was a ritual of purification with a new partner, one that would allow them to enjoy naked sex.

The survey in 1998 also found that 15 percent of college students chose to remain virgins. Admittedly, the definition of virgin meant only that you had not had intercourse. Even technical virgins experimented with touching, kissing and extreme fondling. But sexual autonomy—defined by the right to say no—became a central issue.

The cult of virginity recruited its ranks from high schools. True Love Waits asked teenagers to take a pledge: "Believing that true love waits, I make a commitment to God, myself, my family, my friends, my future mate and my future children to be sexually abstinent from this day until the day I enter a biblical marriage relationship."

In 1996 the movement held a rally in Georgia during which teens took the chastity oath and strung 350,000 pledge cards from the ceiling. Virgins carried picket signs that declared: DO YOUR HOMEWORK, NOT YOUR GIRLFRIEND. SAVE SEX, NOT SAFE SEX.

In an event organized by the Pure Love Alliance, some 500 virgins actually marched on Washington in 1994, staking their pledges on the Mall and urging passersby to "honk for purity." The media created the concept of Virginity Chic, rolling out such celebrity virgins as singer Juliana Hatfield, actresses Tori Spelling and Cassidy Rae and MTV veejay Kennedy.

CENSORSHIP

How to protect all these virgins, that was the question. The answer was more than a century old. The Religious Right continued its crusade against indecency. Their first target was *As Nasty as They Wanna Be*, a rap album by 2 Live Crew. James Dobson's Focus on the Family alerted followers that "there has never been an album recorded in our nation's history for sale to the public with this level of explicit sex and degradation. There are 87 descriptions of oral sex, 116 mentions of male and female genitalia and other lyrical passages referring to male ejaculation."

In Florida a born-again lawyer named Jack Thompson copied the lyrics to *As Nasty as They Wanna Be* and sent them to lawmakers and sheriffs' departments around the state. Parroting radical feminist rhetoric, he claimed, "These guys are out promoting the idea that women are there for nothing but to satisfy men's desires. This stuff makes it more likely that women will be abused."

U.S. District Judge Jose Gonzalez listened to the album and declared the opus obscene. Songs like *Me So Horny* appealed "to dirty thoughts and the

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loins, not to the intellect and the mind."

Sheriff's deputies in Broward County tape-recorded a 2 Live Crew concert at a nightclub in Hollywood, Florida and arrested rappers Luther Campbell, Mark "Brother Marquis" Ross and Chris "Fresh Kid Ice" Wongwon for obscenity.

Moving on a second front, police also arrested Charles Freeman, a record store owner, for selling *As Nasty as They Wanna Be*.

The 2 Live Crew trial was a farce; the jury laughed out loud at the tapes of the performance and acquitted the rappers. A second jury found Freeman guilty of selling obscenity. Freeman was fined \$1000 plus court costs and his lawyer said Freeman would appeal. The album sold more than two million copies.

State legislators introduced labeling bills that would require record companies to issue parental advisories for explicit lyrics that describe or advocate "suicide, incest, bestiality, sadomasochism, sexual activity in a violent context, murder, morbid violence or illegal use of

drugs or alcohol."

Fundamentalists and feminists began to launch attacks against shock jock Howard Stern. Stern was the bad boy of radio, whose shows included segments called "The Adventures of Fartman," "Lesbian Dial-a-Date," "Bestiality Dial-a-Date" and "Sexual Innuendo Wednesday."

Stern had a menagerie of guests, from a guy named Vinnie (who volunteered to put his penis in a mousetrap) to a guy who played piano with his penis (that last bit earned Stern a \$6000 FCC fine). Stern talked about diminutive testicles and having sex with Lamb Chop. In 1991 a series of bits that involved gerbils, Pee-wee Herman's legal problems and Aunt Jemima resulted in a record \$600,000 fine. A sample of the offending remarks: "The closest I ever came to making love to a black woman was masturbating to a picture of Aunt Jemima on a pancake box." Stern called the FCC "thought police" and continued. Bits on television celebrity Kathie Lee Gifford,

toilet habits and church scandal heroine Jessica Hahn earned a \$500,000 fine. An on-air analysis of lubricants, buttocks, sexual aids and panties brought a \$400,000 fine.

The Reverend Donald Wildmon, head of the American Family Association, led a crusade against Stern, and the National Organization for Women threatened a boycott when Stern moved to cable television.

In 1995 Stern faced almost \$2 million in fines. It was not until Wildmon pressured the FCC to deny Infinity Broadcasting's right to acquire new stations that Stern's employers paid the fines, making a "voluntary contribution" to the Treasury Department of \$1.7 million. It was simply the cost of doing business. Stern generated \$15 million for Infinity in 1993, from which he took \$7 million in salary. Infinity earned \$8 million a year.

The most disturbing antisex crusade erupted in Cincinnati, home of Charles Keating's Citizens for Decent Literature. Sheriff Simon Leis had conducted an attack on pornography, closing 11 adult bookstores, five adult movie houses and a massage parlor over six years. Leis had hounded not only peep shows and nude dancing bars, but also kept *Vixen*, *Last Tango in Paris* and Martin Scorsese's *The Last Temptation of Christ* from corrupting the citizens of Cincinnati.

The Religious Right saw the opportunity to lay siege to the hallowed ground of high culture. Al Goldstein, publisher of *Screw*, used to defend the newsstands as art museums for the blue-collar crowd. Cleaning up newsstands was not enough—the Religious Right wanted to eliminate sex from the fine arts as well.

In April 1990 Cincinnati's Contemporary Arts Center put on an exhibit of 175 photographs by Robert Mapplethorpe. Mapplethorpe, who died of AIDS in 1989, had documented his sexual subculture. The exhibit included floral still lifes, portraits, male nudes and photos with sadomasochistic and homoerotic themes. One part of the exhibit asked viewers to compare the sex organs of flowers with those of gay males. The exhibit had toured Chicago, Berkeley and Hartford without incident.

Senator Jesse Helms (R-N.C.) condemned the photos on the floor of Congress. In an act of political cowardice, Washington's Corcoran Gallery of Art canceled the exhibition.

On opening day, Cincinnati police shut the doors of the CAC, videotaped the photographs and served an indictment to museum director Dennis Barrie for "pandering obscenity" and for "using minors in nudity-related material."

The museum remained open. Some 81,000 citizens lined up to see the now infamous photos—including five shots that detailed fisting, golden showers and



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anal insertion of different objects, as well as two shots that showed a nude boy on a chair and a little girl whose lifted skirt exposed her genitals.

The prosecution brought in Judith Reisman, the former songwriter for *Captain Kangaroo* turned antiporn expert. She told the jury to look at how the child's legs come together in a triangle, calling attention to the genitals in a lewd and lascivious manner. She invoked the specter of child molesters. "By placing images of children that are focused on the genitals, that have been sexualized, whose sex organs are clearly visible on the walls of our museums, what we are doing is legitimizing the public display of the photograph. And I think you are then putting at risk additional children."

Lou Sirkin, lawyer for the CAC and for Barrie, challenged the jury. "If you think those pictures are frightening or that they are a lewd exhibition that concentrates on the genitals of those children, that they are anything more than the display of moral innocence, I don't believe the people of this city have that kind of evil eye. If you take things and try to turn them the way the state wants you to do, the way Judith Reisman wants you to do, you turn something human into something dirty and ugly. The human body is not ugly. It is ugly only if you try to make it that way."

On October 5, 1990 a jury took less than two hours to find Barrie and the Contemporary Arts Center not guilty of all charges. On the same day, the Cincinnati Reds were playing game two of the National League Championship. The radio station broadcasting the game interrupted its coverage to announce the verdict. Fans gave a standing ovation.

Conservatives thought they had found a political hot button. In Congress lawmakers tried to impose sanctions on art grants that funded "indecent art." The strategy to purify existing technologies—radio, records and film—was nothing compared with what greeted the newest form of communication.

CYBERSEX

Boundaries disappeared via technology. Throughout the century, technology had created new avenues for lust. Mr. Bell's telephone let lovers create a sexual space in intimate conversation. A boyfriend's voice could enter the house and be heard on the pillow next to one's ear, without violating community propriety.

Sex drives technology. Ask the swingers who bought Polaroid cameras, who used videocassette recorders to create home porn theaters, who turned their own video canis into time-shifting sex toys. And it was sex that sold the Internet.

Cyberspace was an invisible, intimate realm that allowed free expression—and, even more important, the right to

chat rooms and newsgroups devoted to every aspect of sex. Like blondes? Try alt.sex.blonde. Reading literary lust? Try alt.sex.erotica. Do you have a taste for whips and chains? Try alt.sex.bondage. The list was endless, from basics such as alt.sex.backrubs and alt.sex.masturbation to fringe activities on alt.sex.fetish, diapers and alt.sex.hello-kitty.

Matthew Childs investigated *Lust Online* for PLAYBOY in 1994 and found the Nineties version of the zipless fuck, posted by a woman who called herself Sara: "Just as the train is about to pull out of the station, a young woman boards the car you're on. The train moves along the tracks and you can feel the vibrations of the rails. As you begin to feel hot, you feel your cock getting harder and you squirm in your seat trying to get comfortable. You imagine yourself touching the silky fabric of her dress, realizing that it has fallen apart at your touch and that you are touching bare skin—everywhere. Your fingers move down her body, absorbing the wonderful sensations. You hear a slight moan in your ear as you near that part of her that is getting hot and wet."

•

Was sharing fantasies a sex act? Chat groups debated the question. Were people online exchanging virtual bodily fluids? Childs concluded that modem sex "allows users to test-drive their fantasies with other people while still preserving their anonymity. With that facelessness comes the freedom to try different sexual personae."

Putting your fantasies on public display was never safer. Imaginary whips don't leave marks. Two individuals half a continent apart meet in cyberspace:

PRIAPUS: My tongue lashes out at your clit, licking furiously.

NIKKI: Lick me! Hard, long, from front to back.

PRIAPUS: I taste your mingled juices and my hand runs up and down my cock. Long swipes of my tongue from your clit back over the lips of your pussy.

NIKKI: My lips graze your cock, lick its tip, taste the salt.

PRIAPUS: I thrust up my hips seeking to enter your mouth.

And so forth. A few rounds of this, and maybe, just maybe, the woman who typed, "Goddess, give me more" will give you a telephone number.

Chat groups debated whether a participant in one of these fantasies was male or female, as though the imagined male or the imagined female was a Platonic ideal of masculine or feminine. Without physical clues, what determines sexuality? There were no gender-specific characteristics in cyberspace, no five o'clock shadow or high-pitched voice to give one away. The vision of too much freedom, of sex without limits, summoned the monsters.

There was no topic too obscene or too boring that a million geeks couldn't find time to discuss it. The Internet provided support groups for the weird. Stephen Bates, in an editorial for *The Wall Street Journal*, worried that the cyber right of free association might empower pedophiles.

Instead, the anonymity of the Internet proved a boon to police. The tactics employed by the government were as old as the postal stings conducted by Anthony Comstock. Agents posed as young girls. When potential pedophiles sent pornography to their new friends, they were arrested. When they made dates and flew halfway across the country to do the things they had talked about in e-mail, they, too, were arrested.

Newspapers ran accounts of teens lured to S&M sessions by online stalkers. Henry Hudson, the former Meese Commission star, oversaw a huge investigation that netted two men who were into S&M fantasies and pedophilia. Agents, posing as mobsters interested in making snuff films (the very existence of which has never been documented), met with two men in a motel. The group speculated about kidnapping, torturing and killing someone. An army of agents then placed the two under surveillance. Although no victim was targeted and no kidnapping attempt made, the two men were sentenced to more than 30 years in prison.

The stories were lurid—and rare. The media made the most of ten or so high-profile cases. Those with access to computers went directly for the sexual. *The Harvard Crimson* looked at activity on the school's computer network and reported that 28 students had downloaded some 500 pornographic pictures in one week. Patrick Groeneveld, the sys. op. who ran the Digital Picture Archive at the University of Delft in the Netherlands, kept a record of the 50 top consumers of erotica. The list included AT&T, Citicorp and Ford.

Every new technology creates its own moral panic. Senator James Exon (D-Neb.) introduced legislation to control the Internet, saying, "I want to keep the information superhighway from resembling a red-light district." The Communications Decency Act of 1996 was intended to punish anyone who "makes, transmits or otherwise makes available any comment, request, proposal, image or communication" that is "obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy or indecent." Modern morality.

But was what happened on the Internet real sex? A University of Michigan student named Jake Baker posted a bunch of sordid torture fantasies on alt.sex.stories. Baker used his real name and, like an idiot, gave the victim in a story the name of a woman in one of his classes.

The authorities at Michigan ordered a

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psychiatric interview, then suspended Baker. The feds arrested the student and had him held without bond "to prevent rape and murder."

Target: Cyberspace, an editorial in the July 1995 PLAYBOY, revealed the irony of the charge. "Jake Baker is author of a grubby little chronicle in which he and a friend hold a woman captive (tying her by her hair to a ceiling fan), then abuse her with clamps, glue, a big spiky hairbrush, a hot curling iron, a spreader bar, a knife and finally fire. He lands in jail. Bret Easton Ellis comes up with a novel, *American Psycho*, in which the protagonist holds a woman captive, sprays her with Mace, decapitates her to have sex with her severed head, nails a dildo to her genitals and drills holes in various parts of her body, all while capturing the events on film. Ellis has a table at Elaine's [a fashionable New York watering hole frequented by writers]."

The Internet had its own way of punishing bad behavior: flaming and scorn. "Within days of Baker's arrest, stories began to appear on the Net with characters named Jake Baker. Drag queens in prison rape the fantasy Jake and cut out his tongue. A woman meets the fantasy Jake on the street, tortures and shoots him. The devil asks the fantasy Jake to torture a woman, then masturbate, and when the fantasy Jake is unable to obtain an erection, the devil shoves a curling iron up fantasy Jake's ass."

Senator Exxon held a stag party on the floor of Congress, wielding a little blue book with images he said were available "at the click of a button." The Communications Decency Act passed 84 to 16 on its original voyage through the Senate in 1995.

Time devoted a cover story to "Cyber-porn," illustrating the article with the face of a terrified child. On the inside was a picture of a man having sex with his computer. The story presented the findings of a study conducted by a Carnegie Mellon research team, which had appeared in a *Georgetown Law Journal* article with the daunting title "Marketing Pornography on the Information Superhighway: A Study of 917,410 Images, Descriptions, Short Stories and Animations Downloaded 8.5 Million Times by Consumers in Over 2000 Cities in 40 Countries, Provinces and Territories."

It was pure propaganda, a college prank, a bit of political science that recalled Judith Reisman's inept study of images of children and violence in men's magazines. And most magazines fell for the ruse. Philip Elmer-DeWitt, a reporter for *Time*, boiled it down: "There's an awful lot of porn online."

Meaning 917,410 is an awfully big number.

"It is not just naked women. The adult bulletin board system market seems to be driven largely by a demand for images that can't be found in the average

magazine rack . . . a grab bag of deviant material that includes images of bondage, sadomasochism, urination, defecation and sex acts with a barnyard full of animals."

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"The appearance of material like this on a public network accessible to men, women and children around the world raises issues too important to ignore—or to oversimplify."

But oversimplify they did. Ralph Reed, the executive director of the Christian Coalition, appeared on *Nightline* to sound the clarion call: "This is bestiality, pedophilia, child molestation. According to the Carnegie Mellon survey, one quarter of all the images involve the torture of women."

Never mind that these statistics were not in the Carnegie Mellon report, nor were they on the Internet. Politicians were batting around a McCarthy-esque figure: "Of the images reviewed, 83.5 percent—all on the Internet—are pornographic."

Marty Rimm, the researcher who concocted the survey, looked at data from 68 essentially adult-oriented bulletin board systems. He cataloged how images were described, not the images themselves.

Carlin Meyer, a professor at New York University Law School who actually read the study, noted, "Interestingly, the Carnegie Mellon study never found such descriptions as snuff, kill or murder, and rarely found such others as pain, torture, agony, hurts, suffocates and the like. The term rape appeared fewer than a dozen times in descriptions of more than 900,000 images."

People who didn't know how to program their VCR could not discern the difference between a Usenet group and a private bulletin board, yet they made public policy.

Rimm had sought out the bizarre, actually counseling operators of adult bulletin boards on how to spice up the language in listings. Then he studied the world he helped create. Mike Godwin, a lawyer for the Electronic Frontier Foundation, saw the bias. Rimm's study was "as if you did a study of bookstores in Times Square and used it to generalize about what was in Barnes & Noble stores nationwide."

Of course there were bulletin boards devoted to sex, but they weren't a click away. To get onto Pleasuredome, Throbnnet, Swingnet, Studnet or Kinknet usually involved access codes, passwords and credit cards, not exactly the tools of childhood. Rimm, when pressed, admitted that pornographic content represented a mere 0.35 percent of traffic on the Net.

Parents sought out so-called George Carlin software that would block out not only the original seven dirty words (shit, piss, cunt, fuck, cocksucker, motherfucker

er, tits) but also words such as genitalia, prick and asexual.

The ACLU successfully challenged the Communications Decency Act. In 1997 the Supreme Court voted unanimously to overturn the law. Justice John Paul Stevens noted a lower court ruling that said: "Content on the Internet is as diverse as human thought." Overzealous policing of the Net would eliminate information on AIDS, safe sex, birth control and homosexuality—all topics of vital interest in the Nineties. Justice Sandra Day O'Connor wrote that trying to restrict the Internet was "akin to a law that makes it a crime for a bookstore owner to sell pornographic magazines to anyone once a minor enters his store."

SEX IN THE MILITARY

As America struggled to impose codes of sexual behavior on campuses and in workplaces, one arena repeatedly commanded attention.

At different times in the century, the military had been the target of sex crusaders. In World War I, progressives created the equivalent of an Army Corps of Moral Engineers, instructing recruits to keep fit to fight. The nation's sex education came in the form of military pamphlets and films warning about the dangers of venereal disease. In World War II, the government again took an active role in educating Americans about sex.

In 1991 a group of Navy and Marine Corps aviators attended the Tailhook 1991 Symposium at a Las Vegas Hilton Hotel. During the event, drunken officers took over a third-floor corridor for a ritual "running of the gantlet." Women who traversed the gantlet were fondled, touched, pushed and treated to conduct unbecoming. A drunken male forced his hands down a female officer's shirt, grabbing her breasts. She had to bite his hand to escape. Another reached under her skirt and tried to remove her panties. Another woman told of being repeatedly bitten on the buttocks by a Navy officer. She kicked her assailant, who then departed.

When women complained, they were told: "That's what you get when you go to a hotel party with a bunch of drunk aviators."

Lieutenant Paula Coughlin, one of the 26 women who were attacked at Tailhook, went public with her charges. The Navy launched an investigation.

Admiral Frank Kelso declared, "It's not 'Boys will be boys.' The times have changed." Acting Navy Secretary Dan Howard told *U.S. News & World Report*, "There's a subculture here, the macho man idea, the hard drinking and skirt chasing that goes with the image of the Navy and Marines. That crap's got to go."

The Navy ordered all units to stand down for a day of sensitivity training; administrators at the "Top Gun" school added a six-week course in core values.

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- Barry T., Contractor



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In the wake of Tailhook, the Navy received more than 1000 sexual harassment charges and 3500 charges of indecent assault.

The toll on this new battlefield was staggering. In 1996 *Newsweek* would point out that no admiral had been lost in combat since 1944, but within the past year the Navy "had lost five admirals to sex—to disgrace for sexual harassment or inappropriate sexual behavior."

The crisis moved through the armed forces. A Pentagon survey of 90,000 active-duty service members in 1995 found that between one half and two thirds of military women had experienced some form of harassment—from teasing and jokes (44 percent) to looks or gestures (37 percent) to pressure for sexual favors (11 percent) to actual or attempted rape (4 percent).

At the Aberdeen Proving Ground in Maryland, 19 female soldiers charged they had been raped or sexually assaulted by drill sergeants, instructors and commanders. The Army set up a hotline to process rape and sexual harassment complaints: It received 4000 calls in the first week alone. Investigators thought 500 were serious enough for further in-

vestigation. The Veterans Administration concluded that one in four women veterans had been raped or sexually assaulted while on active duty.

The military announced a policy of zero tolerance and launched a series of courts-martial that produced mixed results. Juries found some charges to be clear-cut assault, others to be instances of consensual sex.

The armed forces proved to be as politically correct as college campuses. In January 1995, Captain Ernie Blanchard addressed cadets at the Coast Guard Academy in New London, Connecticut. He told a joke about a cadet's fiancée wearing a brooch featuring maritime signal flags. "She said the flags meant I love you. They really said, Permission granted to lay alongside."

When the commandant of cadets complained, Blanchard apologized. But a dozen Coast Guard women demanded officers launch a criminal probe into the joke. Blanchard offered to resign, but was turned down. On March 14, 1995, he committed suicide.

The crusade to reestablish moral authority in the ranks spread to other acts. Lieutenant Commander Kelly Flinn was

tossed out of the Air Force for having an affair with the husband of an enlisted soldier. The hierarchy tried to explain that Flinn was ousted because she had disobeyed a direct order not to see the man and that she had lied about continuing the affair.

The notion that sex was something subject to direct orders made for water cooler conversations, but at the heart of the controversy was America's puritanical mean streak.

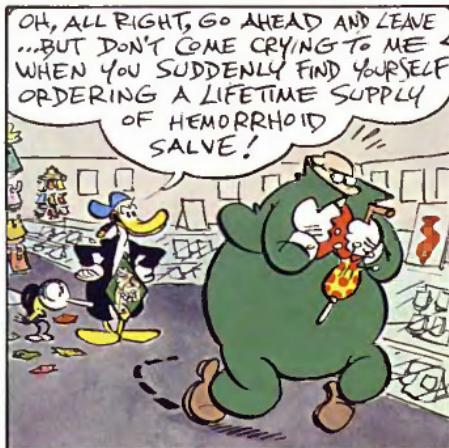
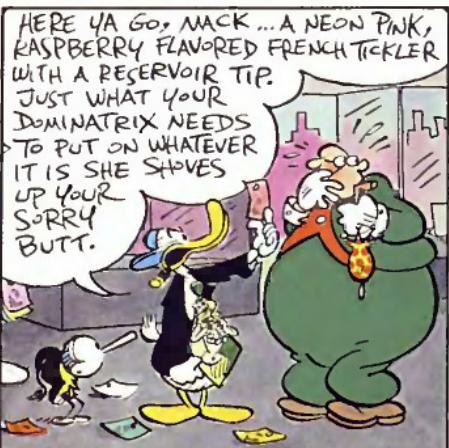
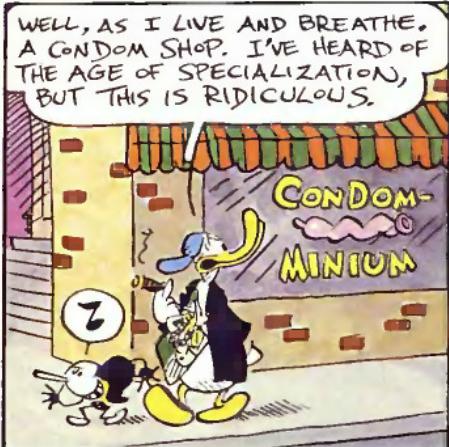
Sex would not do as it was told. In the wake of Flinn, some 67 officers were court-martialed for adultery in 1997. Air Force General Joseph Ralston had to turn down a top post when it was revealed he had had an affair more than a decade earlier. The blade of zero tolerance reached deep into the past.

DON'T ASK, DON'T TELL

The desire to use the military as a proving ground for moral ideas appealed to Presidential candidate William Jefferson Clinton. In his 1992 campaign he promised to ban sexual discrimination from the armed forces. On taking office, he promised, his first act as commander in chief would be to allow gays

Dirty Duck

by **Bobby London**



to serve in the military.

Gays had always served, sometimes with distinction. Clinton would end the witch-hunts, the persecutions, the cause for dishonorable discharge. Just as Truman had ended racial discrimination in the military with the stroke of a pen, so Clinton would end sexual discrimination.

No single act would incite such hatred or invite so much retaliation from the Religious Right. Jerry Falwell had stepped down as leader of the Moral Majority in 1989, saying he was going back to saving souls. But the issue of gays in the military had Falwell pleading for funds to fight the "new, radical homosexual rights agenda." Viewers could telephone a 900 number (at 90 cents a minute) to add their names to a petition urging Clinton not to lift the military ban. Some 24,000 viewers responded, within hours. Falwell began to churn out fundraising letters that asked, "Are we about to become a hedonistic nation of unrestrained homosexuality, abortion, immorality and lawlessness?"

Televangelist Pat Robertson asked viewers of the 700 Club to telephone Capitol Hill. More than 434,000 calls came flooding into the congressional switchboard.

D. James Kennedy, of Coral Ridge Ministries in Florida, beseeched his supporters: "I'm writing today to ask your support in fighting this depravity. I'm deeply saddened that [Clinton] believes it's OK to go against the laws of God."

The Reverend Lou Sheldon labeled Clinton "the homosexual President with his homosexual initiatives."

Americans were split on the issue. A poll in the February 8, 1993 *Newsweek*

found that 53 percent of Americans favored allowing gays to serve, 42 percent opposed it.

The arguments reflected the depth of the bias. Senator Sam Nunn (D-Ga.) thought allowing gays to remain in the military could violate the privacy rights of heterosexual soldiers. Being the ob-

don't tell, don't pursue." Recruits did not have to testify to their heterosexuality or homosexuality on enlistment. The military would no longer conduct queer hunts. But the line wavered. Open homosexuality would still be grounds for discharge. Gays who went public—say, by marching in a gay rights parade or making public statements—would face discharge.

What constituted going public? Was cyberspace the same as a parade ground? In one widely publicized case, sailor Timothy McVeigh was discharged after he described himself as gay on America Online. Naval investigators demanded and received the identity of the man calling himself Tim and discharged him.

The policy, designed to shield gays, actually increased the number of discharges, from 597 in 1994 to 997 in 1997.

THE PLAYBOY PRESIDENT

A right to privacy was central to the Sexual Revolution. Conservatives castigated the notion, saying that the Supreme Court had concocted it out of thin air, that the word appeared nowhere in the Constitution.

The right to privacy was first articulated in 1890 in a *Harvard Law Review* article by Louis Brandeis and Samuel Warren. The two were concerned about the rise of yellow journalism, in which reporters paraded personal gossip,

tales of suicide, accidents, engagements, elopements and divorces. According to scholar Rochelle Gurstein, author of *The Repeal of Reticence*, Brandeis and Warren were alarmed by the scandal-hungry mob and papers that served them: "The unprecedented reporting of subjects previously believed to fall beneath public 165



ITS TASTE IS LIGHT. IT DISAPPEARS FAST. NO WONDER THEY CALL IT CANADIAN MIST.

And no wonder it's the best-selling imported whisky in America.*

ject of another man's gaze would unnerve America's finest and incite violence. Gays scoffed that they already shared showers with heterosexuals—in college dorms, in steam rooms at health clubs—without chaos.

Nunn and the Joint Chiefs of Staff hammered out a policy of "Don't ask,

FUCK AND RUN

tunes from the nineties

Justify My Love • Groove Is in the Heart • Nothing Compares 2 U • Suicide Blonde • The Humpty Dance • Friends in Low Places • Down at the Twist and Shout • It Only Hurts When I Cry • Been Caught Stealing • Crazy • She Talks to Angels • Kool Thing • Whip Appeal • Hold On • Free Fallin' • Feels Good • Two to Make It Right • Around the Way Girl

One • It's So Hard to Say Goodbye to Yesterday • All the Man That I Need • I Wanna Sex You Up • Jeremy • Crucify • Right Here Right Now • Let's Talk About Sex • I'm Too Sexy • That's What I Like About You • Finally • I Touch Myself • Head Like a Hole • Into the Fire • More Than Words Can Say • OPP • Unbelievable • Gett Off • Cream • Girl Trouble • Emotions • My Next Broken Heart • Smells Like Teen Spirit • We Die Young • Enter Sandman • November Rain • Something to Talk About • Losing My Religion • Two Princes

Fever • Tennessee • A Bad Goodbye • Under the Bridge • Sometimes Love Just Ain't Enough • Real Love • Runaway Train • Girl, You'll Be a Woman Soon • Jump Around • These Are Days • So What'cha Want • Even Better Than the Real Thing • Erotica • Nearly Lost You • My Lovin' (Never Gonna Get It) • Tears in Heaven • She's Got the Rhythm (And I Got the Blues) • Little Earthquakes • Bed of Roses • Human Touch • Giving Him Something He Can Feel • Save the Best for Last • Damn, I Wish I Was Your Lover • End of the Road • Everybody Hurts

I Will Always Love You • Laid • Fuck and Run • All I Wanna Do • If • No Rain • Today • I Am Free • Are You Gonna Go My Way? • The Crying Game • Shoop • That's the Way Love Goes • Right Now • Breathe Again • Rebirth of Slick (Cool Like Dat) • Mama Said Knock You Out • Gentlemen • Debonair • Sister Havana • Cryin' • Blame It on Your Heart • All Apologies • Heart-Shaped Box • Love Shoulda Brought You Home • Dream-

lover • Another Sad Love Song • I'd Do Anything for Love (But I Won't Do That)

I Wanna Be Down • Juicy • Take a Bow • Where It's At • I'll Make Love to You • Loser • Doll Parts • Waterfalls • Love Is Strong • Unity • Lightning Crashes • Ants Marching • Sabotage • Basket Case • You Don't Know How It Feels • Run Around • Good Enough • Bang and Blame



Hold My Hand • Here I Come • One of Us • Wonderwall • Constant Craving • I Only Want to Be With You • Gangsta's Paradise • Dear Mama • Don't Let Our Love Start Slippin' Away • You Oughta Know • Forever Failure • Queer • Brown Sugar • Somebody's Crying

I Believe I Can Fly • Crash Into Me • Sitting Up in My Room • Did I Shave My Legs for This? • Killing Me Softly • Rockin' in the Arms of Your Memory • Who Will Save Your Soul? • Just a Girl • Blue • One Headlight

On and On • You're Still the One • You Make Me Wanna • Bitch • Everytime I Close My Eyes • Wannabe • Tubthumping • My Heart Will Go On • Where Have All the Cowboys Gone? • A Rose Is Still a Rose • Brick • Impression That I Get

Gettin' Jiggy Wit It • The Boy Is Mine • One Week • My Way • Ray of Light • The Time of Your Life • Thank U • My One True Friend • Torn • Jump, Jive and Wail • Doo Wop (That Thing) • I Don't Want to Miss a Thing • Building a Mystery • My Favorite Mistake • Miami • The Power of Goodbye

Livin' La Vida Loca • If You Had My Love • I Want It That Way • Believe • Nookie • Every Morning • No Scrubs • Why Don't You Get a Job? • Kiss Me • Fly Away • Save Tonight • Heartbreak Hotel • American Woman • Someday • That Don't Impress Me Much

notice led to a rancorous debate concerning the proper role of the press in a democracy."

Brandeis and Warren invented the concept of a right to privacy, "the right to be let alone." Although men who became public figures "renounced their right to live their lives screened from public observation, [there are] some things all men alike are entitled to keep from popular curiosity, whether in public life or not."

In the Sixties and Seventies, the Court used Brandeis' formulation to support the Sexual Revolution—finding in the right of privacy the right to birth control, to read erotica, to possess pornography, to choose when and whether to have a child. It stopped short of kicking the state out of the bedroom in a 1986 ruling that upheld a Georgia sodomy statute.

With a few notable exceptions, the press had previously respected the privacy of public figures. And public figures had practiced reticence. In 1976, when a *PLAYBOY* reporter asked Jimmy Carter his views on sex, the candidate responded that he was human, that he had lust ed in his heart for women other than his wife. That disclosure made Carter the first politician to talk openly about his sex life. It almost derailed his campaign.

In 1987 the press questioned Gary Hart about his private life. He challenged reporters to "follow me around." They did and produced a photograph of young Donna Rice sitting on Hart's lap aboard a boat called *Monkey Business*.

Sex became a character issue. Hart's blatant escapades—as well as his cavalier taunting of the press—was proof, it was said, that he lacked the discretion and judgment needed for high office.

The confrontation between Clarence Thomas and Anita Hill scorched the boundary between public and private behavior. Hill's backers, from whatever motive, charged that Thomas' sexual character disqualified him for the nation's highest court.

If there were skeletons in a candidate's closet, they had better not be wearing lingerie.

On October 3, 1991, William Jefferson Clinton, governor of Arkansas, declared his intention to run for the Presidency of the U.S. He was the first candidate to have come of age with the Sexual Revolution of the Sixties, and the first to put his sex life to a vote. The rumors started early.

According to a lawsuit filed by a disgruntled state employee, Clinton had had an affair with a lounge singer named Gennifer Flowers. She denied the story. Others whispered that Clinton had a black love child, that he had slept with Miss America, that he hit on anything wearing a skirt.

Bill Clinton admitted that his marriage had not been perfect and took his

campaign to New Hampshire. *New York* called it the Bimbo Primary. *Time* called it Clinton's "moment of truth."

Gennifer Flowers later changed her story and sold it to a supermarket tabloid for a reported \$100,000. **MY 12-YEAR AFFAIR WITH BILL CLINTON**, screamed the headline in the *Star*, PLUS THE SECRET LOVE TAPES THAT PROVE IT!

On the evening of the 1992 Super Bowl, the Clintons went on *60 Minutes*. Clinton admitted knowing Flowers, saying that she was "a friendly acquaintance." He said the allegation of a 12-year affair was false.

CBS correspondent Steve Kroft asked, "You've said that your marriage has had problems, that you've had difficulties. Does that mean you were separated? Does that mean you contemplated divorce? Does it mean adultery?"

Clinton replied, "I'm not prepared, tonight, to say that any married couple should ever discuss that with anyone but themselves. I have acknowledged wrongdoing. I have acknowledged causing pain in my marriage. I think most Americans who are watching tonight—they'll know what we're saying, they'll get it and they'll feel we've been more than candid."

It was up to the nation and the press, said Clinton, "to agree that this guy has told us about all we need to know."

Mrs. Clinton, after denying that she was doing a Tammy Wynette *Stand by Your Man* routine, put it this way: "I'm sitting here because I love him and I respect him and I honor what he's been through and what we've been through together. And, you know, if that's not enough for people, then heck, don't vote for him."

Time spoke of Clinton's "zipper control" problem and the threat posed by the "bimbo du jour" (at least three other women he had explicitly denied sleeping with were making Gennifer-like charges). Clinton's own staff worked to contain "bimbo eruptions."

The story was huge in New York and Washington. Both *Newsday* and the *Daily News* ran the same headline: **SEX, LIES AND AUDIOTAPE**.

The mainstream press recoiled from the tabloid stench. But the crisis seemed to provoke a dick-measuring contest. *The New York Times*, for example, buried its coverage in an unsigned story eight inches in length in the back pages, while *The Washington Post* devoted 43 inches.

In an eerie moment of voyeuristic self-loathing or delusions of grandeur, the press inserted itself into the story. Edwin Diamond, in a *New York* article called "Crash Course: Campaign Journalism 101," confessed that the press had dozed through the Kennedy years, "missing three years of phone calls, round-the-clock FBI stakeouts, coast-to-coast liaisons and an organized crime connection," but that "eight Presidential campaigns later, the sex lives of Presidential candidates

are a more open field of inquiry."

"The press," he lamented, "is thoroughly confused, and at times both confused and sanctimonious, about its role in such matters. Currently, the media are drowning in a sea of self-recriminations about their coverage of Clinton and Flowers."

"Pornographers are trying to hijack democracy," wrote a *Boston Globe* columnist. *Time* titled a story on the New Hampshire primary "The Vulture Watch."

Robert Scheer, the *PLAYBOY* reporter who had been present when Jimmy Carter brought up lust, suggested that Clinton should have said, "I've lived a full-blooded life. So far as I know, no one got hurt and I was always careful to use a condom and I urge others, when the need calls, to do the same."

It would not be the last time America played the game of "What he should have said."

THE QUAYLE MOMENT

The Religious Right had pitted family values against the excesses of the Sexual

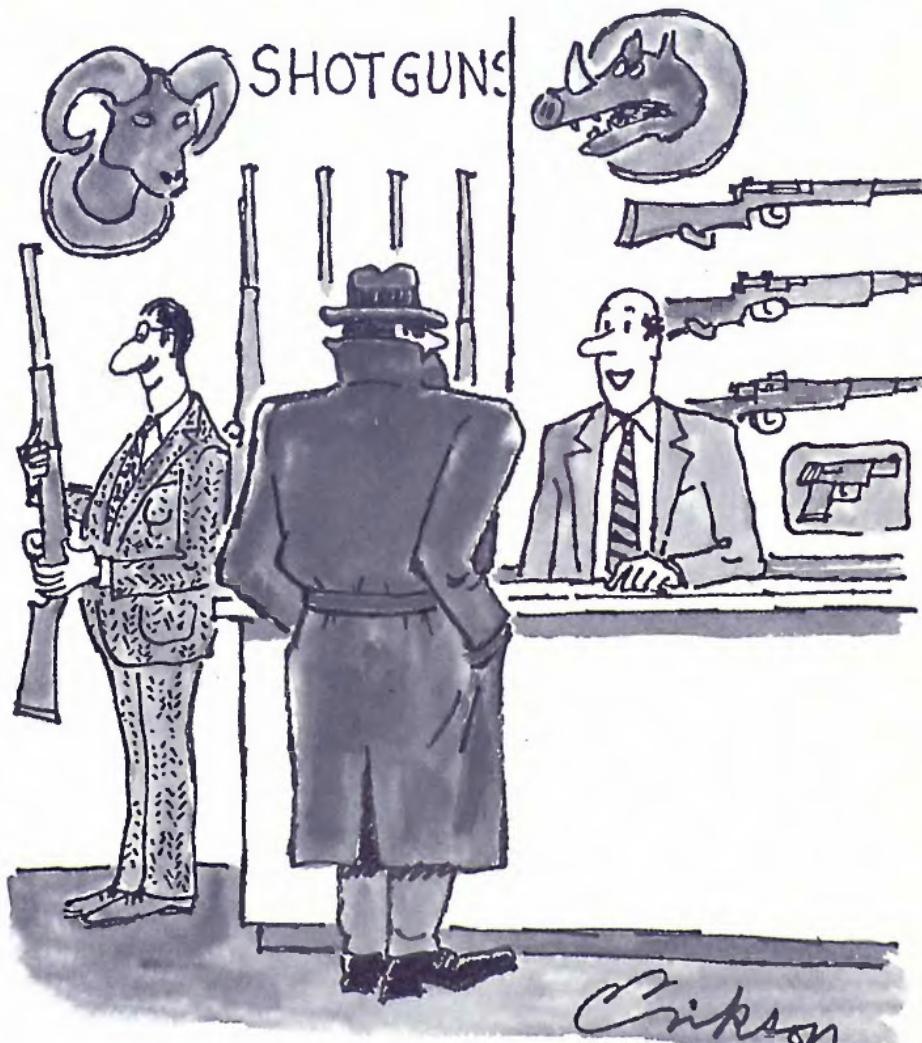
Revolution. The Clinton moment was soon overshadowed by what journalist Lance Morrow called "one of those vivid, strange electronic moral pageants."

Vice President Dan Quayle, who had himself survived a charge he had dallied with a lobbyist when his wife came to his defense (saying, "Dan would rather play golf than have sex any day"), crossed the boundary between the real world and fantasy.

In a speech before the Commonwealth Club in Los Angeles, Quayle invoked the traditional law-and-order theme of the Republican Party. He castigated "indulgence and self-gratification" and an entertainment industry that "glamorized casual sex and drug use."

Quayle launched into familiar territory. "The failure of our families is hurting America deeply. Children need love and discipline. They need mothers and fathers. A welfare check is not a husband. The state is not a father. Bearing babies irresponsibly is, simply, wrong."

"It doesn't help matters," said Quayle, "when prime-time TV has Murphy



"We don't saw them off here, sir—but we'd be happy to recommend someone."



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Brown—a character who supposedly epitomizes today's intelligent, highly paid professional woman—mocking the importance of fathers by bearing a child alone and calling it just another lifestyle choice."

Quayle shot himself in the remote. The nation did not want a TV critic one heartbeat from the Presidency. Single mothers and women who wanted to protect their reproductive rights voted Bill Clinton into office.

DÉJÀ VU DEBAUCHERY

In 1991, in the wake of the William Kennedy Smith trial, Congresswoman Susan Molinari (R-N.Y.) proposed the Sexual Assault Prevention Act. The bill was a feminist wish list, a catalog of victims' rights that sought to change the rules of justice.

The bill established a new double standard. Women had won protection in rape trials—shield laws kept their names (but not those of the accused rapists) out of the press. A woman's past sexual history could not be introduced by the defense to establish promiscuity.

The SAPA embedded into law feminist theories about men as sexual predators. Not only were men rapists and abusers, they were rapists and abusers all the time. Sexual harassers, it was said, exhibited a pattern and practice of abuse.

Senate investigators had turned up a second woman who claimed that Clarence Thomas had harassed her. In the William Kennedy Smith trial, women came forward to say that they too had experienced rough sex at the hands of the defendant. The stories were not heard by the jury.

Molinari's bill gave victims of sexual crime the right of "discovery." A man's past was prologue; prior misconduct would be admissible in court. In 1994 President Clinton signed the bill into law. In doing so, he laid the foundation of his own ordeal.

Long before it affected courts of law, the new double standard made itself felt in the court of public opinion. The press took the character issue as a permit to probe public figures. A woman who had once worked for Senator Bob Packwood (but had turned up in his opponent's campaign) charged that years earlier he had made an unwanted sexual advance. The press subsequently uncovered more than 20 women who said the same thing, that the Senator was a serial fondler. Packwood resigned from office.

The American public had forgiven Clinton's past by voting him into office. His political enemies, knowing that scandal has no statute of limitations, that confessions can and will be used against the unwary, saw an opportunity. Conservative Richard Mellon Scaife subsidized a fund for anti-Clinton journalism. It rapidly bore poisonous fruit.

The American Spectator hit the stands in

late December 1993. David Brock reported that several Arkansas state troopers claimed to have provided then-Governor Clinton with women on various occasions. At the Excelsior Hotel, on May 8, 1991—five months before announcing his Presidential candidacy—Clinton had entertained a woman named Paula in his room. She had left smiling and had reportedly told the trooper she was willing to be Clinton's regular girlfriend if he wanted.

On February 11, 1994, the Conservative Political Action Conference introduced Paula Corbin Jones at a press conference. The Paula in Brock's story said a trooper had escorted her to Clinton's hotel room. After several minutes of small talk, Clinton suggested "a type of sex" that would not require her to remove her clothes.

The New York Times mentioned the press conference in a 250-word story buried on page eight.

Jones began to supply details. She told a reporter for *The Washington Post* that Clinton had dropped his trousers and underwear and asked her to perform oral sex. She had headed for the door. She then told two women about the encounter. The *Spectator* story, she said, had humiliated her.

Although it was too late to file a sexual harassment claim with the EEOC, her lawyers drafted a "tort of outrage" and filed suit on May 6, 1994. She sought \$700,000 from Clinton (she also sued the state trooper for defaming her by suggesting she had sex with Clinton). Her new lawyers added to the story. Their client could identify "distinguishing characteristics [in Clinton's] genital area."

Clinton's lawyer called the charge "tabloid trash with a legal caption." James Carville, his campaign advisor, said simply, "Drag \$100 through a trailer park and there's no telling what you'll find."

Jones' own sister and brother-in-law depicted her as something of a slut. Her sister told the press that Paula had told her, "Whichever way it went, it smelled of money."

Jerry Falwell began hawking a pair of anti-Clinton tapes for \$40 a pop.

The case of *Jones vs. Clinton* moved through the courts. Initially, the press continued its reticence, or rather, its bend-over-backward practice of reporting the story about the story. Thomas Plate of the *Los Angeles Times* said, "What the American press is asking is whether Clinton is a serial bonker and, if he is, whether that is related to some basic element of character."

William Henry III pondered in the pages of *Time* "How to Report the Lewd and Unproven."

Joe Klein, a *Newsweek* reporter who had covered the Clinton campaign, realized the way to cover Presidential sex was through fiction. *Primary Colors* (by Anonymous) was a brilliant depiction of

the Stantons—a womanizing politician and his wife—that was so thinly veiled, it could have been the naked truth. The novel ends with the narrator facing a moral choice: Can he separate the public man from the private and work for a sexually compulsive candidate out "to make history"?

THE LUST LOOPHOLE

The stories were there for those who were looking.

In 1995 Anne Manning confessed in a *Vanity Fair* article that as a young campaign worker almost 20 years earlier, she had performed oral sex on Newt Gingrich when they were both married to other people. According to Manning, Gingrich insisted on oral sex so that, if questioned, he could say, "I never slept with her."

The Washington Post explored "the new lust loophole" in an article that revealed how Senator Charles Robb of Virginia had defended himself against charges of adultery. In a memo to his staff, then-Governor Robb explained, "I've always drawn the line on certain conduct. I haven't done anything that I regard as being unfaithful to my wife, and she is the only woman I've loved, slept with or had coital relations with in the 20 years we've been married—I'm still crazy about her." He too could answer a reporter's question with the coy denial, "I haven't slept with anyone, haven't had an affair." But Robb had reportedly accepted nude massages and oral sex from young beauties.

Are we having sex now, or what?

The oral sex loophole was shared by Clinton. One of the troopers involved in the Paula Jones case came forward to say that Clinton had found proof in the Bible that oral sex is not adultery.

Politics made fellatio a national topic. On *Nightline* Ted Koppel wondered whether "oral sex does or does not constitute adultery." Experts on the Bible and Talmudic texts opined that the answer wasn't clear.

In May 1997 the Supreme Court voted 9-0 that the President was not above the laws of the land, that Paula Corbin Jones could pursue her lawsuit against Clinton while he was still in office. The Justices believed that his lawyers could handle a sexual harassment suit in such a way that it would not diminish or distract him from his duties as the President.

Never had the Court been so wrong.

THE FEEDING FRENZY

The Jones team, now supplemented by private investigators, pro bono hairdressers, plastic surgeons and fashion consultants, moved forward. They exercised their rights of discovery, tracking down women (an estimated 100 victims) alleged to have been propositioned by the President. And they set a date on which to grill Clinton about past indis-

cretions that might fit the pattern of a sexual predator.

Journalists began to look at the legal merits of Jones' case. Trying to explain why feminists were not outraged by the charges of sexual harassment, as they had been over Anita Hill, Gloria Steinem pointed out that, unlike Thomas, Clinton took no for an answer.

PLAYBOY noted that even if you believed Paula Jones' account, no sexual harassment had occurred. There was no quid quo pro. Even if the invitation was unwanted (about which there was some doubt), it was not repeated. Jones was free to leave, as she did. You can't outlaw sexual interest. If you love a person who doesn't love you, that is unrequited love—the basis of all of country-and-western music.

Jones recruited a new legal team, funded by the conservative Rutherford Institute. Interrogatories filed in October 1997 asked Clinton whether he had or had proposed having sexual relations with any woman other than his wife during the time he was Attorney General of Arkansas, Governor of Arkansas or President of the U.S.

Clinton refused to answer.

In December, the lawyers amended their lawsuit to charge that Clinton had discriminated against Paula Jones by treating favorably women who had accepted his sexual advances. On the list of possible witnesses was a White House intern named Monica Lewinsky. On January 17, 1998 lawyers interrogated Clinton for six hours.

MONICAGATE

Judge Susan Webber Wright placed a gag order on the deposition, but within days the nation knew the details of the inquiry. The President had been asked about Kathleen Willey, a former flight attendant and Clinton fund-raiser, who claimed he had fondled her when she came to him for a job.

The President denied the charge. The lawyers asked if he had had sexual relations with Monica Lewinsky.

The most bizarre aspect of the deposition was the definition of sexual relations crafted by Paula Jones' lawyers and Judge Webber Wright: "For the purposes of this deposition, a person engages in sexual relations when the person knowingly engages in or causes contact with the genitalia, anus, groin, breast, inner thigh or buttocks of any person with an intent to arouse or gratify the sexual desire of any person."

What kind of definition of sexual relations leaves out the lips and mouth? Tossed out by the judge were definitions that specified "contact between any part of the person's body or an object and the genitals or anus of another person" and "contact between the genitals or anus of the person and any part of another person's body." Contact meant "intentional

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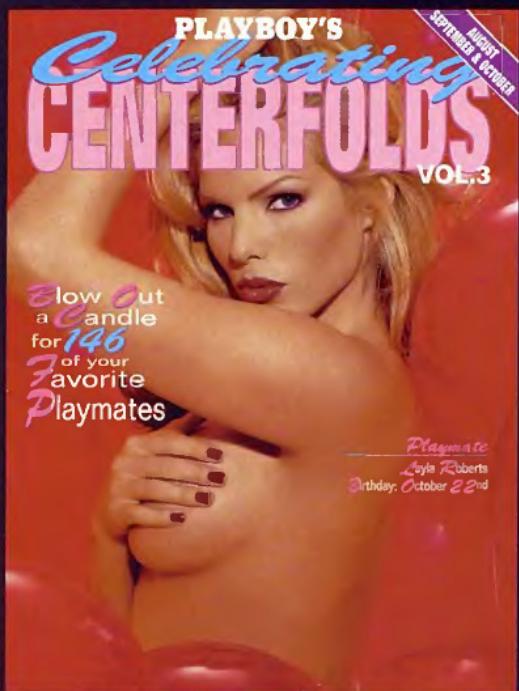
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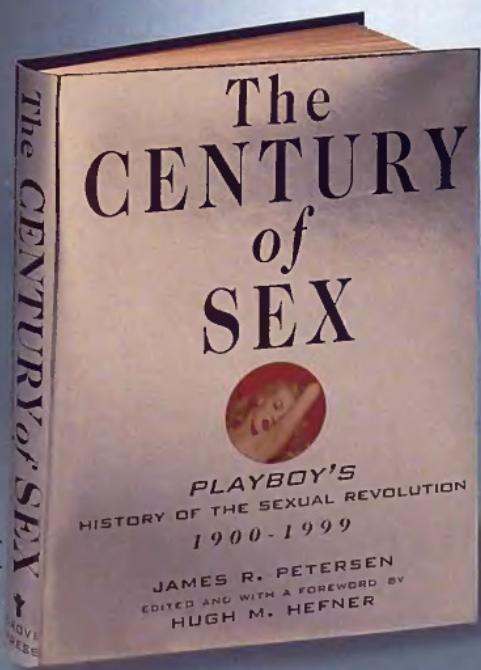
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touching, either directly or through clothing."

Focusing on the first definition, the President denied having sexual relations with Monica Lewinsky.

Matt Drudge, an Internet gossipmonger, challenged the President's account. *Newsweek*, he said, had known of an affair between Clinton and Lewinsky, but had chosen not to run with it.

Newsweek responded on February 2, 1998 with a cover story by Michael Isikoff and Evan Thomas. Isikoff had been in contact with Linda Tripp, a former White House employee who had taped conversations with Monica Lewinsky in which the two discussed Lewinsky's affair with "the big creep." In one tape, the two discussed how many men Monica had slept with. "What about the big creep?" asked Tripp. "No," replied Monica. "There was no penetration."

The dialogue was right out of *Clerks*, except that one of the friends had a tape recorder.

Both women were possible witnesses in the Jones case and had exchanged ideas on what, if anything, they should say. In her affidavit, Monica denied having sex with the President.

Lewinsky told Tripp she and the President had engaged in phone sex, talking dirty at two or three A.M. She had performed oral sex. Lewinsky said she was keeping a navy blue dress stained with Clinton's semen. "I'll never wash it again," she said. There were rumors about sex with a cigar.

Everyone seemed willing to comment on the allegations. Andrea Dworkin declared that Clinton's "fixation on oral sex—nonreciprocal oral sex—consistently puts women in states of submission to him." Camille Paglia said that Clinton used oral sex "to silence women."

There was no shortage of stereotypes. Lewinsky was the exploited intern, the victim—except that friends told the press she had gone to Washington to earn her "Presidential knee pads." She was an innocent debauched by a powerful man—except that she was a Beverly Hills girl who grew up in a culture where blow jobs were as casual as handshakes.

The producer of *Wag the Dog*, a movie about a President who molests a "Firefly Scout" and tries to cover up the scandal by launching a war against Albania, addressed the nation. "Hey," wrote Barry Levinson, "we were just kidding."

On January 12, 1998, Tripp played her tapes for Ken Starr, the independent investigator who had inherited the stalled Whitewater probe. Starr had spent four years and \$40 million trying to establish that the Clintons had been involved with fraud and obstruction of justice regarding an Arkansas real estate deal.

Starr asked for and received permission to expand his investigation. The witch-hunt was on. It was not the sex, the nation was told, it was the lying, the

perjury, the obstruction of justice. It was about the sex.

THE STARR CHAMBER

The President angrily denied the affair, as he had with Gennifer Flowers and every other alleged sex partner. Wagging his finger, he declared, "I did not have sexual relations with that woman, Miss Lewinsky."

Hillary Clinton said the affair reeked of a vast right-wing conspiracy. Linda Tripp had tried to sell a book on the White House to Lucianne Goldberg, a literary agent who had previously attempted to publish anti-Clinton trash. Alfred Regnery, whose conservative publishing house had looked at the manuscript, was the Reagan-era Republican who had commissioned Judith Reisman's absurd study of cartoons in men's magazines. His political career had ended when the press disclosed that police, while investigating an odd situation that supposedly included threats to his wife and forced oral sex, once found a cache of porn. A lawyer associated with the Rutherford Institute, which seemed strangely in sync with Starr's office, had represented Reisman in an outlandish lawsuit against the Kinsey Institute. (Reisman had charged that Kinsey was a child molester with a homosexual agenda, that the Sexual Revolution was a lie.) A group of conservative lawyers known as the Federalist Society worked in the shadows, drafting legal motions and exchanging leads.

Starr was a one-man national inquisition. He papered Washington with subpoenas. America watched the parade of shell-shocked witnesses, and grew used to the leaks and abuses of power. When Starr seized the records of the bookstore where Lewinsky had bought a copy of Nicholson Baker's *Vox*—a novel about phone sex—only a few cried outrage. Starr stripped away executive privilege, lawyer-client privilege, mother-daughter privilege, the bond between President and Secret Service bodyguards, between President and friends.

Almost unnoticed, on April 1, 1998, Judge Webber Wright dismissed the Paula Jones lawsuit. While the then Governor's behavior may have been "boorish and offensive," she wrote, "the plaintiff has failed to demonstrate that she has a case worthy of submitting to a jury." There was no quid pro quo. Jones had not suffered setbacks at work (indeed, she had been given satisfactory job reviews, a cost-of-living increase and a merit raise). That she had not received flowers on Secretary's Day in 1992, one of her claims of harm, "does not give rise to a federal cause of action."

It was too little too late.

•

Through it all, the President's popularity rating remained high. Most Amer-

icans, it seemed, thought that the President's sex life was none of our business. When a cartoonist drew a Presidential seal with the Playboy Rabbit Head, Hugh Hefner dubbed Bill Clinton "the Playboy President." Here was a politician who embodied lust, whose libido refused to wilt under the pressures of the office, who was vital, sexual and competent. But that very insight—that Clinton was the first politician to have come of age in the Sexual Revolution, to have dabbled with sex, drugs and rock and roll—played to the passions of conservatives fighting a culture war.

It is said that television brought the Vietnam war into our homes. Media response to Monica Lewinsky brought the Sexual Revolution home. According to the Center for Media and Public Affairs, the major networks had aired just 19 stories about Gennifer Flowers' original allegations of adultery. They had run just one story of Paula Jones' first press conference, nine stories covering the filing of her lawsuit. In the week of January 21, 1998, the networks devoted 124 stories to the White House intern. By August 15, 596 stories had run on the network evening news shows. Oddly, it was a silent movie. We saw clips of Monica Lewinsky and Linda Tripp walking to their cars, of White House aides and battalions of lawyers emerging from grand jury interrogations, but it was almost a year into the scandal before we heard Monica's voice.

The scandal forced America to confront the often contradictory views it held about sex. News commentators found themselves using words they had never used on air (reporting that when the President played golf with Vernon Jordan, they discussed "pussy").

An editorial in *The Washington Post* asked, "What is sex?" The author, an associate editor of the *Journal of Sex Education and Therapy*, saw the Clinton scandal as a wonderful opportunity to define sex. She pointed out that most Americans think only of intercourse when asked such questions as, "Is it OK for teenagers to have sex?" Get rid of the foreplay-intercourse-orgasm model and "sex would become characterized not as a single act, but as a wide, open-ended and fluid range of physical intimacies." A more succinct statement of the goal of the Sexual Revolution cannot be found.

The real beneficiaries, according to the author, "would be our children: All sexual behaviors between people, we could explain, are to be considered real, meaningful and significant. All involve real feelings, real decisions and real accountability. There are no ethical free spaces when it comes to being sexually active, whether that activity happens to include sexual intercourse or not."

Jay Leno, host of *The Tonight Show*, had the most honest reaction to the scandal. Sex was above all ludicrous, Clinton a

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laughingstock. Hardly a night passed without a shot at the President:

"Al Gore is now just an orgasm away from the Presidency."

"I don't want to imply President Clinton is getting a lot of sex on the side, but today Pamela and Tommy Lee asked to see his movie."

"This was the first State of the Union speech that was simulcast on the Spice Channel."

"Mike McCurry said today the President denies ever having an affair with this woman and he is going about his normal daily routine. Denying having an affair with a woman pretty much is Clinton's normal daily routine."

"If President Clinton had followed Joycelyn Elder's advice, he wouldn't be in trouble now."

"Hillary has hired her own White House intern: Lorena Bobbitt."

"Clinton says he wants to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. The problem is, to Clinton, those are three different things."

Leno's monolog helped the President. It humanized sex and pulled the rug out from under the stern moralists. Humor is a form of tolerance, a recognition that love and lust regularly include ridiculous behavior.

Compared to the official inquiry, Leno's nightly monolog was lighthearted

and free of prudery. He was Everyman, and the laughs shared with six million viewers a night the best indicator of our fin de siècle sophistication. Without it, Clinton and America might not have survived.

•

On August 17, 1998, Starr's staff set up video cameras in the White House and interrogated President Clinton for four and a half hours.

That evening the President told the nation, "I did have a relationship with Miss Lewinsky that was not appropriate."

On September 9, Starr sent his report to the House Judiciary Committee. Cameras showed agents hauling dozens of sealed boxes into the Capitol. The independent prosecutor charged Clinton with perjury (claiming he had lied about having sexual relations with Monica in his deposition and to the grand jury), obstruction of justice for conspiring with Lewinsky to conceal the truth of their relationship, further obstruction of justice (deliberately misleading lawyers and asking Vernon Jordan to get Lewinsky a job) and abusing his power (misleading staffers and frustrating lawyers by claiming executive privilege). The Starr report was grimly attentive to sexual details, a Puritan document that was worthy of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

For more than a century, the Sexual Revolution had been about the control of sex. Who should judge—the church, the state or the individual? On the morning of September 11, Clinton played the religion card, telling a breakfast prayer meeting, "I don't think there is a fancy way to say that I have sinned. It is important to me that everybody who has been hurt know that the sorrow I feel is genuine—first and most important my family, also my friends, my staff, my cabinet, Monica Lewinsky and her family and the American people. I have asked all for their forgiveness."

Most networks carried the extraordinary speech live. On CNBC Clinton's face was surrounded by the stock market tickers, by the Dow Jones and Nasdaq indexes, which twitched like the scrolling lines of a polygraph. The Dow moved upward more than 100 points within an hour of the talk. God was silent, but the market had forgiven Clinton.

On that same Friday the House voted to release the 445-page Starr report on the Internet. Newspapers and magazines reprinted the report, or carefully edited portions.

The frenzy continued. The reaction came in two waves. Talking heads in Washington discussed, in sober tones, recklessly destructive behavior, impeachable offenses, the death of outrage and, oh yes, sex.

The Starr report was about sex—oral sex without climax, oral sex with climax, the stained blue dress, sex with cigars,



"Now what have you been up to? It's a Mr. Saddam Hussein on the phone and he's really cross with you about something."

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phone sex and footnote sex. A level of sexual detail that once landed works by artists such as Theodore Dreiser, Edmund Wilson and D.H. Lawrence in court now was part of the *Congressional Record*. We knew the numbers: He had touched her bare breasts nine times, stimulated her genitals four times, brought her to orgasm three times, once to multiple orgasm. Footnote 209 alleged oral-anal sex. The President had masturbated during phone sex and described the act as the ultimate wake-up call.

Some read the report and saw a touching portrait of a man whose sexual world had been reduced to a space no larger than a doorway, who found erotic refuge in the electronic whisper of phone sex, who found himself in a world where it was impossible to consummate passion with real sex. His denial was the stuff of the adulterer discovered, not of a perjurer. Whatever the feminists could say about the imbalance of power, this was a man who was captivated by the glimpse of thong underwear. The leader of the Western world was a fool for love.

There were some who called the re-

port pornographic, pointing out that the very Congress that had voted to cleanse the Internet of porn had itself despoiled cyberspace. But pornography is meant to arouse. The style of the Starr report was more conducive to loathing. The "explicit, but coldly clinical report is a furtive sex drama" was *Time's* appraisal. "Sanctimonyfest," said columnist Molly Ivins. The formula was as old as Anthony Comstock's annual report to the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice: You were allowed to share the salacious details of various sexual scandals and be aroused—so long as the emotion aroused was prudery, not passion, punitive, not pleasure-bent.

For George Will, a *Newsweek* columnist who evidently has never masturbated, the question for the country was, "Should this man, who is seen in Starr's report masturbating in the West Wing after an episode with the intern, be seen for 28 more months in the Presidency?"

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And there it was. The Starr report had obliterated the fences that make good

neighbors. In the classic Puritan worldview, the moral agenda of the community imposed itself completely on the individual. Every detail of lust was subject to scrutiny and loathing.

For more than a hundred years, America had evolved away from that invasive, totalitarian code, creating and protecting a space for individual pleasure, individual freedom. The Starr report presumed that privacy was an illusion, or worse—that it was the breeding ground of conspiracy. The report exhumed e-mail, recorded private conversations and forced Monica Lewinsky to divulge the most intimate details of her life. It was an act of public shaming unprecedented in 20th century America.

Ken Starr was Cotton Mather reincarnate, a Christian champion in the grand tradition of Anthony Comstock and Charles Keating. "Who better to bring Bill Clinton to justice," *The Wall Street Journal* asked, "than a hymn-singing son of a fundamentalist minister?"

Monicagate was a culmination of something, the bloodletting that follows any revolution, the final conflict, a sexual Armageddon. Margaret Carlson, resident scold for *Time*, had written months earlier, "We've been building to this sexual peak for decades, through scandals concerning bold-type names from stage, screen and sports, Congressmen, Senators and Presidential candidates. And now, live from the capital, it's the President. As the ultimate celebrity trial goes forward, there's little hope of truth and every chance we'll all be diminished."

René Girard, literature and religion scholar at Stanford, told Joe Klein that Clinton was a classic scapegoat. "In Greek mythology, the scapegoat is never wrongfully accused. But he is always magical. He has the capacity to relieve the burden of guilt from a society. This seems a basic human impulse. There is a need to consume scapegoats. It is the way tension is relieved and change takes place."

Clinton, wrote Klein, is "all that his accusers loathe most about themselves: the guilt about the sexual excesses of the past quarter century, the self-hatred of a generation reared in prosperity and never tested by adversity."

Congressman Bob Barr (R-Ga.), who had on occasion ranted about the "flames of hedonism, the flames of narcissism, the flames of self-centered morality" of our permissive society, now called for impeachment.

Ronald Brownstein, in the *Los Angeles Times*, declared, "With its unmistakable tone of disgust, Starr's manifesto is not only the opening bell in a battle over impeachment but a resounding salvo in the culture wars that have raged for a quarter century about the impact of the Baby Boom generation on American morals."

The House Judiciary Committee voted to release the tape of Clinton's deposition. The nation watched four hours of



legal jousting. Clinton steadfastly defended his admission of inappropriate conduct as sufficient; the definition concocted by Paula Jones' legal team was bizarre. His denial was legally true, if absurd. It was not his job to do the work for the opposing counsel. His anger became our anger. His approval rating rose to extraordinary heights.

Salon magazine, an Internet publication, revealed that Henry Hyde, the Republican who had spearheaded the impeachment inquiry, had himself had an adulterous affair—and, indeed, had broken up his lover's marriage. Hyde dismissed it as a youthful indiscretion. He was 41 at the time. Congressman Dan Burton (R-Ind.) and Congresswoman Helen Chenoweth (R-Idaho), both Clinton opponents, confessed they had had extramarital affairs. Columnists began to question what we required of a public figure, where the inquisition might lead. *USA Today* reported that an "air of sexual McCarthyism chills the nation's capital."

Larry Flynt offered a \$1 million bounty for anyone who could prove adultery in high places. If Ken Starr could squander the taxpayers' money on a sexual witch-hunt, why not a private citizen?

Voters in the November 1998 election expressed their dissatisfaction with Republican moralizers. When the GOP lost five House seats, Newt Gingrich stepped down as Speaker of the House and strategist for the party.

A hearing would only reveal the true sin of America—the hypocrisy of self-appointed moral guardians. But the Republicans still moved forward. When they voted, they would vote with stones.

The House Judiciary Committee split 21–16 along party lines to move the articles of impeachment to the entire House. It's not the sex, the majority said, it's the lying.

The nation watched Republicans who had themselves cheated on wives and broken marital oaths make speeches about sacred honor, the rule of law, about what to tell the children, about the meaning of oaths, about truth and lies and the ability to lead. They watched Democrats discuss the triviality of the charges, the Founding Fathers' intent when they first drafted the words "high crimes and misdemeanors."

It was moral karaoke, practiced indignation, the inspired reading of a Starr-scripted score. It was the great American art of hypocrisy played large. On the day of the vote, Robert Livingston, a Louisiana Republican slated to become Speaker of the House, stunned his peers. Livingston admitted to a series of marital infidelities. He offered his resignation as a model for the President. Larry Flynt's million-dollar bounty had claimed its first victim.

Along strict party lines, the House voted 228 to 206 to impeach Clinton for

perjury in his grand jury testimony, 221 to 212 for obstruction of justice. The air inside the Beltway was bitter, brittle and bipartisan. Clinton's response to the vote (and to Livingston's resignation) was a simple statement: "We must stop the politics of personal destruction."

On February 9, 1999, Henry Hyde, acting as manager of the House prosecution team, made his closing argument before the Senate. "I wonder if after this culture war is over," he warned, "an America will survive that's worth fighting to defend."

The Senate acquitted Clinton of perjury (55–45) and obstruction of justice (50–50). That vote, more than any other measure, became the lasting battlefield statistic of the Sexual Revolution. Are we having sex yet? It was almost too close to call.

POSTSCRIPT

The Sexual Revolution had begun as a clash of personalities. Self-appointed champions grappled to control the sex lives of millions. Anthony Comstock versus Margaret Sanger. Will Hays and the Legion of Decency versus Hollywood. Charles Keating and the Citizens for Decent Literature versus Lenny Bruce. Ed Meese and the Meese Commission on Pornography versus *PLAYBOY*. The Reverend Donald Wildmon and the National Federation for Decency versus television. Ken Starr and the Religious Right versus Bill Clinton. Like two actors fighting atop a speeding train, the conflict was fascinating. But the train moved on and we returned to everyday life.

In the wake of the vote, Paul Weyrich, president of the conservative Free Congress Foundation, threw in the towel. "I no longer believe there is a Moral Majority," Weyrich told followers. "I do not believe that a majority of Americans actually shares our values. The culture we are living in becomes an ever wider sewer. In truth, I think we are caught up in a cultural collapse of historic proportions, a collapse so great that it simply overwhelms politics."

The future of sex would arrive, propelled by forces outside the political. The attempted Puritan coup was defeated by the city electric, the technology that entertained and educated Americans, providing free and open discussions of sex. No longer could a prosecutor rise and condemn an act with the accusation that good citizens don't do such things. Ever since Edison's vitascope gave us the flickering image of the kiss, Americans have increasingly made sex visible. The electric lights that had taken sex out of the shadows now provided not a sewer, but a pulsing, sensuous, saner environment. A carnal consensus for the new millennium.



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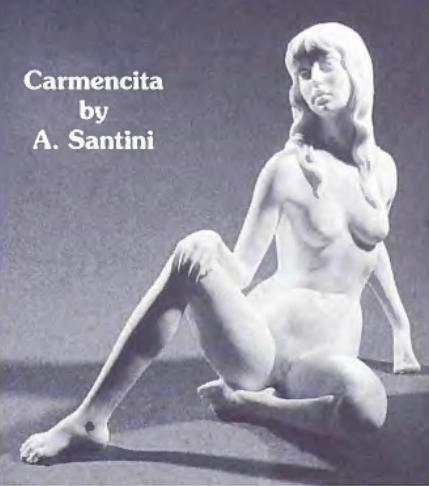
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DAVID DUVAL

(continued from page 120)

tutelage of a highly paid coach. Nor does he have a particular method of practicing. "Different stuff" is a typical answer to a question about what he works on. Would he concentrate on one thing to the exclusion of another? "It depends." Does he ever resort to such practice aids as placing another club on the ground to check alignment? "Now and then."

Duval is equally laconic when it comes to describing the touring life. He has no set sequence of things he does when he gets up. His goal is to arrive at the course with enough time to begin warming up about 40 minutes before he tees off. He may watch TV or read the newspaper or talk on his cell phone, but he doesn't socialize. "I have very few friends who come to tournaments," he confesses.

"David has some more money and a few new toys," his friend Scott Regner observes, "but he's still the same guy he always was." The toys include a Porsche, except Duval prefers to drive his truck. Though he doesn't regularly drink, he's been known to order a cognac after a victory, and he's been trying to quit chewing tobacco. But his tastes are unaffected, and if he has an extra hour on the road somewhere, he's apt to spend it at the local Barnes & Noble. He daydreams about owning a bookstore-café someday. "When I step away from golf it would be something to do," he says, laughing at the image of himself behind a retail counter. "It would be a place to hang out," he continues. "And I could go fishing whenever I wanted to."

In a profession where many of the elite have forgotten they are playing a game, Duval strives to keep his approach basic and enjoyable. When he feels something in his swing going out of sync he simply asks his caddy, Mitch Knox, or his friend, Golf Pride sales rep Hank Friede, to look at what he's doing.

"I don't actually teach him anything," explains Friede, a former club pro. "We talk about alignment or his position at the top. Small adjustments."

"David is unique," his college coach, Puggy Blackmon, adds. "He's focused on what he wants to accomplish. And he's brutally honest. He was difficult to coach. I never questioned his motives or method. But he was different." In part, Blackmon means that Duval didn't need physical instruction. He already knew how to swing a golf club and, more impressively, he knew that he knew. "He had this air about him," recalls Blackmon.

When Duval began playing on the tour, that air rankled others. With the sunglasses and apparel and a goatee, it was no pose. The goatee is gone, but the air, the cool attitude, has remained. In fact, it has deepened to the point of being impenetrable. But so, too, has Duval's command of his game. According to

Blackmon, "he is secure in the fact that he is a great player."

To watch Duval play golf is to be impressed by the superiority of his driving—almost as long as Tiger's and more consistent in the fairway. Equally striking is the general excellence of every other facet of his game, from accurate long irons to extraordinarily sensitive touch around the green ("soft hands" in the trade). If he has a weak point, it is his bunker play. Duval also makes quick decisions on the course about such matters as club selection. Unlike many golfers, who ponder and second-guess every shot, he never seems indecisive.

But the amazing things about Duval's golf are invisible; what his opponents and fans see are only the results. The strong grip (right hand under the shaft), the fluid swing (with tremendous body action), the power fade (a ball flight that veers left to right)—these are the things we notice, but they are not what make Duval's game. Rather, they are manifestations of something going on inside his head. Duval simply plays a kind of golf unfamiliar to most people.

"Your mind is always a little ahead of your hands," sports psychologist Bob Rotella points out, referring to the phenomenon in any kind of performance of getting ahead of yourself, thinking about where you're going (if I just hit this in close I'll get the birdie I need). Rotella has been working with Duval since Blackmon introduced them when Duval was at Georgia Tech. "David gets his mind out there where he's looking for the target," Rotella notes. Staying in the present moment, he sees the target, undistracted by thoughts about what may happen after he hits the target or, as so often is the case in golf, misses it.

Even the most stoic pro usually displays some kind of emotion. Most, in fact, show a range of reactions. Duval, on the other hand, always acts the same. Before a shot, or before an opponent's shot, he betrays not the slightest sense of predicting what may happen.

"I get on," he says. "That's what I do."

And then, afterward, instead of responding to whatever has happened, "I keep on." No voices tell him if it was a bad shot or good. Duval's so-called attitude is in fact mental discipline; rather than wasting energy criticizing himself for a bad shot or crediting himself with a good one, he directs his strength to the task at hand. He never deviates from this Zen-like behavior. He neither projects (oh no, there's a pond in front of the green) nor judges (I choked on that putt). He doesn't think about how a round is going. "I never put stock in it," Duval says, "because, yeah, so you make a putt on one hole. Well, you have to make one on the next hole, too. Obviously, some days are better than others. I'm not concerned. I'm thinking more about making sure my score's as good as it can

be for that day, whether I'm really hot or I'm not. You have to be focused on your score while you're playing and not on how you're performing. You need to do the best you can. You have to be concerned with the present and not with what could happen a few holes ahead or what happened at the last hole."

"Golf out here is very difficult," remarks Knox, his caddy. "You've got 144 of the best players in the world coming after you every week." Faced with that onslaught, and the inherent frustrations of the game itself, most golfers sooner or later retreat. Not Duval. "He has a great feel for what's going on," continues Knox, who ought to know. He was by Duval's side when Duval hit a five-iron over water to a pin 226 yards away to set up a thrilling eagle putt on the 18th hole that clinched the 59 on January 24.

Feel. It's the most important word in Duval's game. Going back to the childhood afternoons on the golf course with his dad, Duval has learned to play golf by feel. "We'd hit goofy shots," recalls Bob Duval, who with his son's encouragement now plays on the Senior PGA Tour, where he won a tournament—his first—the same day David captured this year's Players Championship. "Big slices, big hooks, hitting through branches, running the ball through a bunker, skipping it over the lake."

When he was asked what was the most important shot in golf, Ben Hogan said, "The next one." Like everyone who plays, Duval gets in trouble—maybe not so often, but he makes mistakes. So many golfers, however—after getting into trouble—fear that next shot so badly that, in the words of David's father, they "are afraid to hit the shot that they see will work."

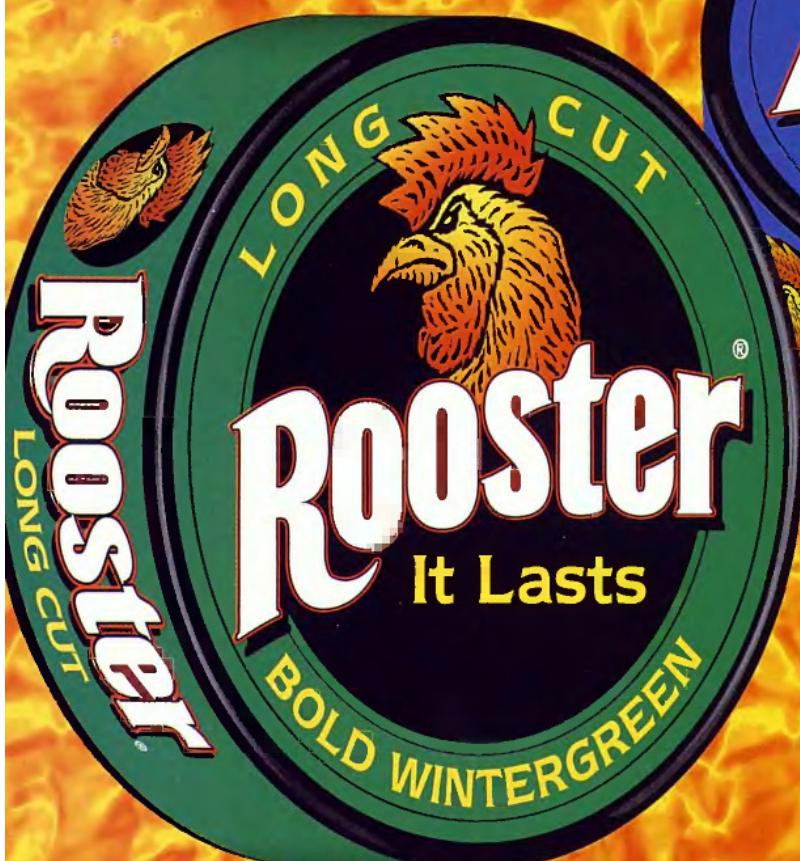
When David was a kid, his father used to tell him that golf has nothing to do with par. "A golf score is a progression of 18 numbers," he still reminds David. "You add them up at the end of your round." The son learned the lesson so well he could beat his teacher.

"You know," David says, "it's a simple game when you get down to the nuts and bolts of it. It's the most difficult game to perfect, but the game is based on scoring. The game is about nothing else. So you can forget all technical, mechanical, feel—you can eliminate everything. It's about scoring. Period. Low score wins. Not best swing, not best ball striking. So I practice and I prepare, I work on my game. At times I'm mechanical when I'm practicing, at times I'm mechanical when putting. But when I'm playing, I'm out there to score. I might make a six on a hole. That might be the best score I can make. But if I make three or four twos through the course of the round, I sure made up for that six."



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SHERYL CROW

(continued from page 115)

the bluesy pop tune *All I Wanna Do*, in which Crow professes the simple desire to "have some fun until the sun comes up over Santa Monica Boulevard." But her vulnerability and understated beauty have made her one of rock's most desirable women, and subsequent hit singles such as *If It Makes You Happy*, *A Change (Would Do You Good)*, *My Favorite Mistake* and *Anything but Down* demonstrate that what's really on her mind is anything but fun and games. Many have speculated that Crow's most trenchant songs are directed at her ex-lovers, including Eric Clapton. While she doesn't kiss and tell, Sheryl confessed to writer Mark Ribowsky that her alternately scathing and plaintive songs are a mirror of her never-ending angst about life and love.

PLAYBOY: It seems that men to a large degree have inspired you to turn personal pain into commercial success.

CROW: I have been inspired by many things. A lot of women have inspired me. A prostitute inspired me to write one of my favorite songs, *Sweet Rosalyn*. One of my mother's friends inspired me to write *Oh, Marie*. I went through a phase when John Fante was my muse. He was a pulp novelist in Los Angeles in the Thirties who was known for writing, because he wrote about the dark underbelly of fame and celebrity. The characters in his novel *Ask the Dust* are beautiful derelicts, and I used his

hero, Arturo Bandini, in the song *Superstar*—"I beat around the streets like Bandini looking for Camilla. I'll be satin and speed. If you and I are still alive, we'll get off these streets." After my first album became such a huge hit—against all odds and logic—I became a pariah among my old band, who resented me because I was the one being noticed. I was so pissed off at them I wrote *If It Makes You Happy*, which basically told everyone I knew to fuck off. At the same time, it taught me a lot about the nature of this business. I am completely uncomfortable with the idea of superstardom. I was labeled an angry woman, which I never have been. I have a healthy cynicism, but not anger. So I wrote the song *Am I Getting Through*, which has the line "I am sweet, I am ugly, I am mean if you love me."

PLAYBOY: You have quite a range of subject matter in your song catalog.

CROW: I have written about people buying guns at Wal-Mart—which cost me the sale of half a million units when Wal-Mart refused to carry my album because of the song—the feeding frenzies of the media, the decadence of daytime television and the O.J. trial, which, by the way, forced me to throw away my television because I was so outraged.

PLAYBOY: You toured again with Lilith Fair this past summer. Being a man, I must ask: Why is Lilith Fair necessary?

CROW: A lot of guys obviously have a problem with Lilith Fair—even Jerry Falwell has gotten into it. He says the mythological character Lilith was a demon

woman. You know we must be doing something right to draw that guy's ire. Right from the start there have been jokes about Lilith Fair, and everybody in the industry thought it would be a bust. That might explain why it's become such a smashing success. I mean, it blew the Rockapaloozas, or Lollapaloozas, or whatever they were, right off the map. A lot of what's on the radio now is onstage at Lilith Fair. I feel very matriarchal about it, because I'm an old fart now. I don't know who a lot of the artists on the charts are—I don't know who 702 is, I don't know 98 Degrees or the Sporty Thievez. At Lilith Fair this year, you saw Chrissie Hynde and the Pretenders! Is there a sane person who wouldn't rather see them than Limp Bizkit?

PLAYBOY: You've written some intriguing lyrics about the nature of celebrity, such as: "Wanna be Madonna but the price is too high/Perfect Rhythm Nazis in the pagan rhythm nation/Everybody's equal in the glow of radiation."

CROW: That's my Dylan imitation. We all try to write in that stream of consciousness, but only Bob Dylan got it right. That fixation with celebrities is a big thing with me. You have all these television shows with audiences that get vicarious thrills watching people beat up each other. It's just a queer sort of time warp, searching for something that has meaning amid all this shit. When we did the first album, we were cynical about the whole Reagan-Bush mind-set, which led to so much social unrest—the Rodney King riots and so on. The "pagan rhythm nation" thing is an homage to that whole Janet Jackson sound, the military-style dancing, robots without souls. That's what we thought about everybody. And things haven't gotten much better since then. I worry now about what will happen if George W. Bush gets elected president, because I think that we're on the verge of some serious change, and it won't be real good. The first thing the Republicans will do is try to get abortion outlawed and end all gun laws. I keep hoping that Colin Powell will get elected. It will take a nonpolitician to save us from the politicians who will eventually destroy us.

PLAYBOY: There is another Dylanesque riff in *A Change (Would Do You Good)*—"He's a platinum canary, drinkin' Falstaff beer/Mercedes rule and a rented Lear/Bottom feeder insincere/Prophet lo-fi pioneer." Was that a former paramour of yours?

CROW: [Laughs] Again, people would be surprised where these characters come from. I had read a couple of articles about the reissue of the Joe Meek collection. Joe Meek was a really lo-fi music producer in the early Sixties. He was



producing music in his apartment, recording drums in his kitchen and vocals in his bathroom. He eventually went crazy. He shot his landlady, then went and shot himself. He was really a loon, and that's what the song is about.

PLAYBOY: Still, by the time of *The Globe Sessions*, the bulk of your subject matter was clearly romantic treachery.

CROW: That album was the result of taking some time off and kind of processing the last five or six years of relationships. I sat down to make it with all kinds of great intentions, and every time I would write a line about a relationship in the first person, I'd put the song away and say, I'm not going to put *that* on the record. By the end of the process, I had 18 songs that I had put in the B pile and none in the A pile. So I decided that that was the album. I remember getting on an airplane months later and seeing in *USA Today* the release date. I just started bawling. I called my manager and said, "We can't put it out, it's a piece of crap! It's not finished and I don't even know what it is." And then Bob Dylan called and said, "I have a song for you," which turned out to be *Mississippi*, a beautiful piece of work that blew me away. That really turned it around for me, to be able to tack that on the album.

PLAYBOY: The rumor, of course, is that the "love sucks" songs on the album are about your past relationship with Eric Clapton.

CROW: I don't really feel it's my responsibility to go into every detail of my romances, because at the end of the day the lyrics are all universal anyway. Everybody, whether they're heterosexual or gay, has relationships, and they wind up either for the best or in hell. I understand it's human nature to try to figure it all out. Any time I'm seen with another celebrity, it's food for fodder. I went on *Letterman* the day Matt Lauer was on, but I didn't even meet him. The next day I was engaged to him in the newspapers. And I can't tell you how many people I know have said, "It's me, right?" about my songs. I think they want to believe it's them. In reality, very few references are about anyone specifically. *My Favorite Mistake* is about several people in my life who weren't very good ideas—but not Eric. I've known Eric for over ten years, and I can't look at that relationship as a mistake.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel guilty when Kevin Gilbert, your ex-boyfriend and a musician in your original band, was found with a leather noose around his neck in May 1996, dead of autoerotic asphyxiation?

CROW: Not at all. I loved Kevin, but he was a really unhappy person. He was unhappy when I was with him, and nothing I did made him any happier. I've never seen anyone more at odds with the universe than he was—not even me. Kevin's death was a colossal waste of a young and talented mind, but he just wasn't

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able to help himself. I knew exactly what he was going through, because I've gone through that myself. I was a good Missouri girl, raised in the Bible Belt, and all I wanted to do for a long while was just end it all. If I couldn't get a record deal, if the industry disillusioned me, if I felt unhappy, well, then I just wanted to kill myself. It's not really that you want to kill yourself, though, and I don't think Kevin wanted to kill himself when he died. You just want to get rid of what's making you so sad. It took five years of therapy for me to stop repeating the same stupid mistakes and find a strong identity. Kevin never got to that point.

PLAYBOY: What's the best thing about your current relationship, with the actor Owen Wilson?

CROW: That it's still going great after a year. I made a movie with him called *The Minus Man*, which was directed by Hampton Fancher. Janeane Garofalo is in it, and Mercedes Ruehl and Brian Cox. I play a junkie, which is perfect because I always wanted to be a junkie. I just didn't want to do the drugs.

PLAYBOY: Are you a true feminist?

CROW: Up to a point, sure. But I'm an old-fashioned girl. I want to settle down, have my babies. I love Bonnie Raitt, but when she gets up at Lilith Fair and says, "Let's synchronize periods," I cringe. I mean, do we really need to hear that?

PLAYBOY: You're a friend of Hillary Clinton's. Do you pity her?

CROW: I admire her and I pity her. I've met her and her husband. I thought they were both hung out to dry by some good old backwoods Arkansas swindlers. I know the type; I grew up only three miles from the Arkansas border. But I've been disappointed in him, like everyone else has been, for being so goddamn reckless. I think Hillary could write some kick-ass songs, but they wouldn't be rock songs. They'd be opera songs. She'd be Aida, and she'd probably die with Bill in the crypt.

PLAYBOY: What do you put on the stereo when you're about to have sex?

CROW: Barry White. He's better than any aphrodisiac. Barry's been there for the conception of more children than anyone else in history.

PLAYBOY: Is doing a great concert or seeing one of your songs go to number one as good as great sex?

CROW: A great concert is. Sex and great live music are both very transportive. They take you out of your body, or deep inside it. Both can make you have an orgasm. Performing with the Rolling Stones was a complete sexual experience for me. Singing *Honky Tonk Woman* with Mick Jagger is my definition of sex. But having a hit? Hell no! That's not sex. That's pure, cold fear. Sex takes you higher. A hit means there's nowhere to go from there but down.



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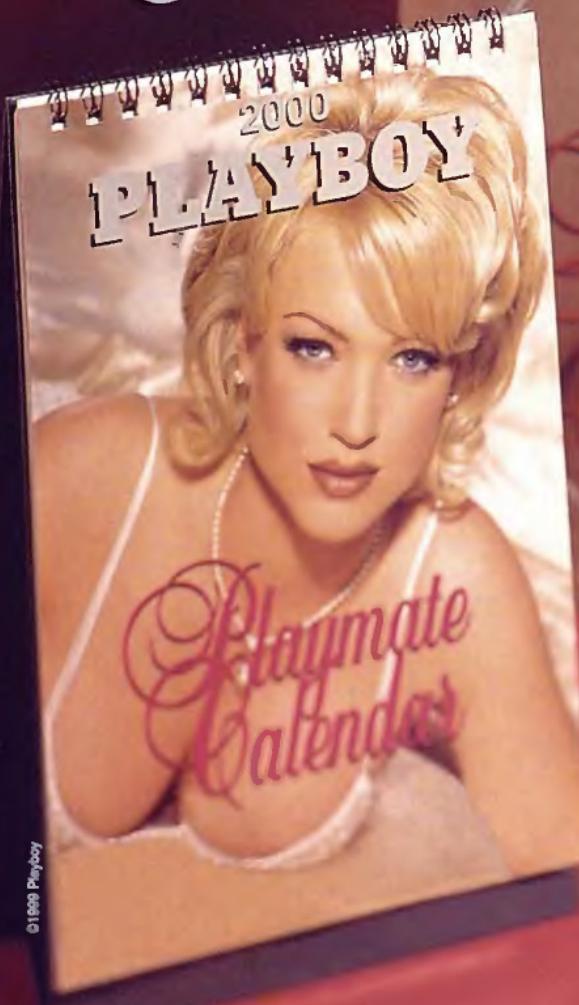
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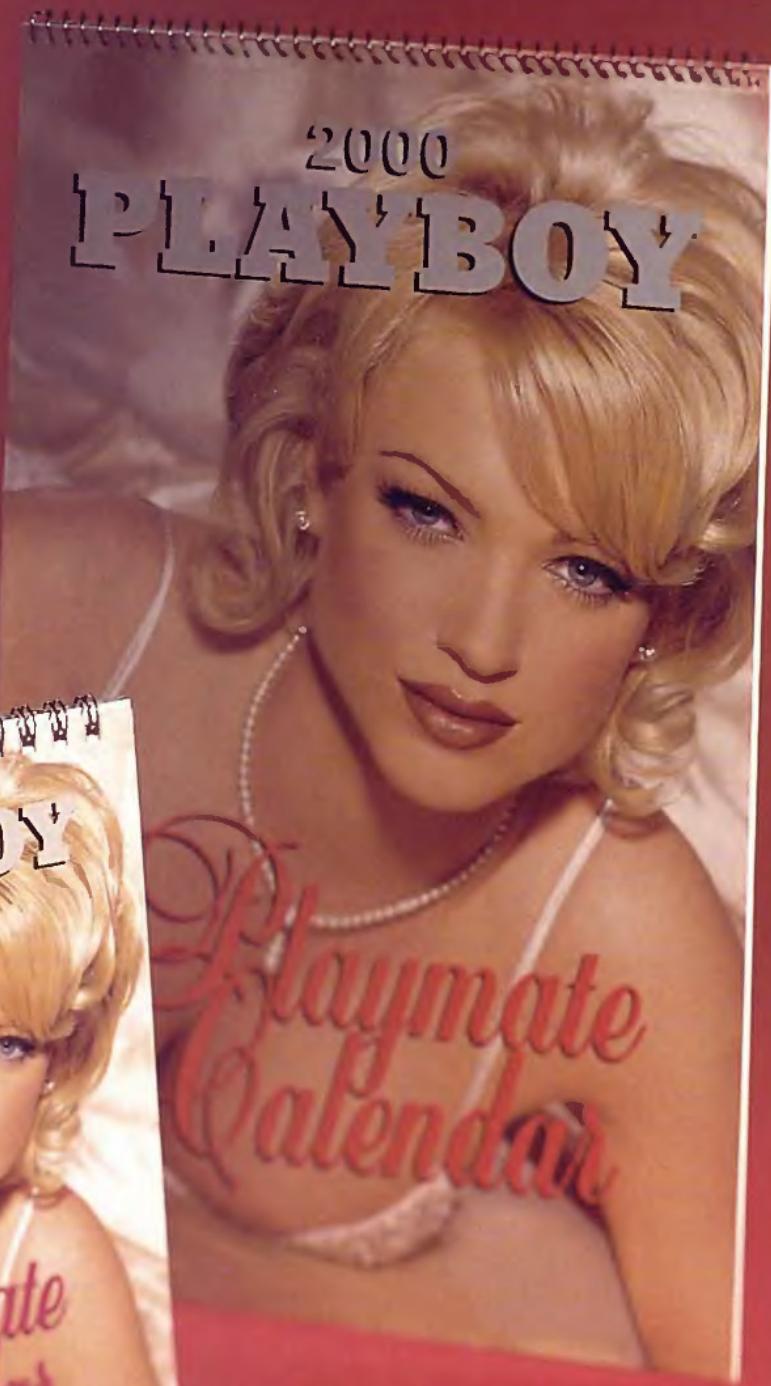
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JESSE VENTURA

(continued from page 66)

VENTURA: I've heard that, but I've never received an offer. Who wouldn't consider it?

PLAYBOY: How long would it take you to get into shape to wrestle?

VENTURA: Three to four months of hard training. I'm in the worst physical condition of my adult life.

PLAYBOY: Would you grow your hair and wear the boa?

VENTURA: No, I'd go back as I am. I'd put the earrings back in. But it's not going to happen. I'd like to be the one who retired when he said he did.

PLAYBOY: Any opinions about Stone Cold Steve Austin? Goldberg? Mankind? The Undertaker?

VENTURA: I knew Austin in the WCW. He was a phenomenal talent. Steve Austin was a jewel waiting to be discovered. Vince McMahon discovered him when the WCW couldn't see it. The WCW is just Vince's retreads. Goldberg's their only original, and they may lose him. I heard he's very unhappy there. Mankind is a crazy guy. By the time he gets to be 40 he'll be lucky if he's walking. The Undertaker's been around a long time now, a good talent. I don't know if he's the original one though.

PLAYBOY: What about Sable?

VENTURA: T and A will sell, but as far as talent goes, I don't know if she's got any. Women's wrestling can thank silicone. Breast implants are what make it popular. Before that, it was right up there with the midgets, an added attraction.

PLAYBOY: Which sports do you like to watch?

VENTURA: I love NBA basketball, NFL

football, boxing—though I went to the last Holyfield-Lewis fight and when it was over I turned to everybody and said, "I don't want to hear one word about wrestling." I watch baseball when I want to go to sleep. The only thing that would get me to watch soccer is if they removed the goalies. Hockey I'd enjoy if they'd stop the fighting. Charles Barkley said to me, "Hockey's a great game. It's the only sport where you can beat the crap out of your opponent and the only penalty is that you spend two minutes in the box."

PLAYBOY: We haven't talked about your career in Hollywood. Of the TV shows and films you appeared in, which role was the most challenging?

VENTURA: *The X-Files*. I played a Man in Black. I've had more people say to me: Why didn't they spin you off into a TV series? Boy, were they stupid. That was the most challenging because of the dialogue. When I first read it I didn't even know what the hell I was talking about. My favorite role was Blain in *Predator*, because that was going back to what I'm very good at. When I first got to the set of *Predator* they gave me my gear, including a rubber knife. I said, "What's this?" They said, "That's your knife." I said, "Give me a real one. I don't carry a rubber knife."

PLAYBOY: Did you ask for real bullets too?

VENTURA: No, I was shooting blanks. But I got my knife. And they were scared to death of me the whole time. I unsheathed the knife in front of [producer] Joel Silver one day. He had become infatuated with my wife, Terry. He said to me on the set, "I'm going to make a big star out of Terry. What do you think of that?" I said, "Great. I'll be happy to stay home with the kids." So he couldn't get

to me. Then he said, "I'm going to make her take her top off. What do you think about that?" I calmly took out the knife and started filing my thumbnail with it. I said, "Joel, that's cool. But just remember something." He goes, "What?" I said, "You've got to sleep sometime." And he went, "This guy's crazy. He's crazy."

PLAYBOY: Who among the talent you worked with most impressed you?

VENTURA: Arnold Schwarzenegger. He's a delightful man, one of the most focused, ruthless businessmen I've ever seen. More ruthless than even I can be. Who else? I like Sly Stallone—he's personable. A little more aloof than Arnold, though. Arnold will hang out with you more than Sly will. Oh, and John Lithgow. I admire him; he's a phenomenal actor. In our fight scene in *Ricochet* we did it virtually by ourselves. He'll get down and dirty with you.

PLAYBOY: Would you be surprised to see Arnold run for office?

VENTURA: I believe it intrigues him, but why would he? When you're getting paid what he gets paid to do a movie, I can't imagine why you would want to subject yourself to politics.

PLAYBOY: Which actress turns you on the most?

VENTURA: I've always been in love with Sophia Loren. She's the most beautiful woman who's ever set foot on the planet. I fell in love with her as a child when I saw her in *El Cid*. Even today, closing in on 70, she doesn't have to take a backseat to any 20-year-old. And I'd say Sophia's real, if you get what I mean. I don't think Sophia's been enhanced.

PLAYBOY: What other women are attractive to you?

VENTURA: I've always been attracted to brunettes more than blondes. I enjoy women whose bodies are real. I don't care for the ones who have had breast enhancements and their lips done. I've told my wife, "Don't ever think you need to do that stuff to keep me."

PLAYBOY: You dined with Sean Penn and Jack Nicholson when they came to Minnesota. Any insights?

VENTURA: I've got to confess to people that Jack really isn't a good actor. Jack is Jack. The Jack you see on-screen is the Jack you get in your house! Who could ask for more?

PLAYBOY: Your daughter Jade's favorite movie star is Leonardo DiCaprio.

VENTURA: Yeah, that goddamn *Titanic*.

PLAYBOY: Think you can pull enough strings to get her an introduction?

VENTURA: Sure. When she was very little she was just as infatuated with Tom Petty. When Tom came to Minneapolis I arranged for Jade to meet him before his show. I don't think DiCaprio is out of the question.

PLAYBOY: What's your favorite movie?

VENTURA: *Jaws*. I thank God the movie wasn't made until I was done being a frogman.



PLAYBOY: Favorite music?

VENTURA: I'm a big fan of Led Zeppelin, the Rolling Stones, Jonny Lang. Lang is the future of music. God works in strange ways, and God took Stevie Ray Vaughan from us and replaced him with Jonny Lang. He's now a friend. The moment the guitar is in his hands he goes to a level none of us will know. He's a phenom.

PLAYBOY: If you could sing like anyone, who would it be?

VENTURA: Robert Plant in his heyday.

PLAYBOY: You were the first governor to declare an official Rolling Stones Day.

VENTURA: Yeah, February 15. We met them before their concert and Mick presented the first lady with a tour jacket; Keith Richards looked at me and said, "You were our bodyguard in 1978 and 1981 and now you're the governor. Fucking amazing!"

PLAYBOY: Who's your favorite writer?

VENTURA: It has to be Louis L'Amour. I named my son after one of his characters. Louis could write a book and tell you how the guy gets the shit kicked out of him and how tired he is, he's laying by this quiet stream with the stars overhead, and the next thing you know you're sound asleep. He could talk you right into sleeping along with the cowboy character.

PLAYBOY: Ever read any Hemingway?

VENTURA: No, Hemingway lost his credibility with me when he killed himself. I've seen too many people fight for their lives. I have no respect for anyone who would kill himself.

PLAYBOY: That's a pretty harsh thing to say without knowing the circumstances.

VENTURA: No it is not! It's an easy thing to say. If you're to the point of killing yourself, and you're that depressed, life can only get better. If you're a feeble, weak-minded person to begin with, I don't have time for you.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about some of your other outspoken beliefs—such as the JFK conspiracy.

VENTURA: Name me one person who can verify that the Warren Commission is factual. You're talking to an ex-Navy Seal here. Oswald had seven seconds to get three rounds off. He's got a bolt-action weapon, and he's going to miss the

first shot and hit the next two? If Oswald was indeed who they say he was—a disgruntled little Marine who got angry and became pro-Marxist and decided to shoot the president—please explain why everything would be locked in the archives until 2029 and put under national security? How could he affect national security?

PLAYBOY: So after all your reading and research, who do you think killed President Kennedy?

VENTURA: I believe the hired shooters could be from anywhere—Europeans, Cubans. They're just hired guns.

PLAYBOY: Who hired the shooters?

VENTURA: I don't know if I want to get into this on your tape. I don't want people

there were a Monica Lewinsky in your life?

VENTURA: I won't even answer that question, because there's not. And there won't be. She would not stay with me, I guarantee you that. She wouldn't be married to me for power, prestige or to be the first lady.

PLAYBOY: Are you criticizing Hillary Clinton, who stood by her man?

VENTURA: I'm not going to judge their marriage. Only they know their marriage. I can only say that Terry would have been gone.

PLAYBOY: If you think you're in prison here as governor, would you feel like a caged animal at the White House?

VENTURA: Sure. The president lives in a jail cell. He's the king of the jail cell [laughs]. He's the most powerful man in the free world, but he's not really free, is he? That's one of the reasons I won't do it. See, when I'm done being governor, I can leave this and go back to some semblance of a private life. But I can put up with this because it's no different from when I obligated myself to the Navy: You enlist and then you go off to boot camp and wonder how you'll make it through, then your resolve takes over and you do the job. But at the end of four years here, who knows, I may not seek reelection. I could go back to the private sector just as quickly as I came here.



PLAYBOY: We doubt, somehow, that you'll disappear from public view three years from now.

VENTURA: I could do a second term. But very probably I'll end up a beach bum. That's why I'm going to shave my head and face the whole time I do this, because when I'm done I'm going to go into seclusion for six to nine months and grow out my hair. Then I'll go back into public where I'll be unrecognizable.

PLAYBOY: Let's say your life is over and you discover that you can return as anything you want. What would you come back as?

VENTURA: If I could be reincarnated as a fabric, I would like to come back as a 38 double-D bra.

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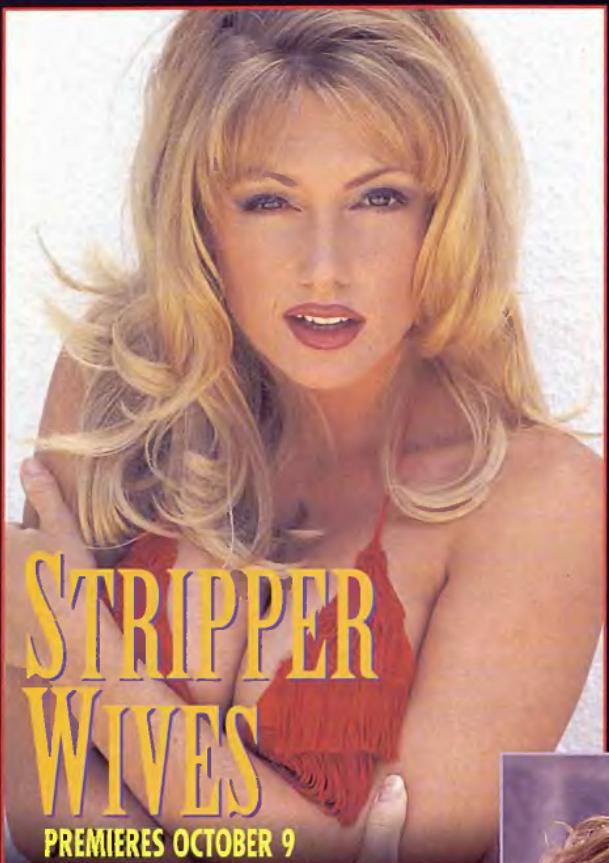
to think I'm some sort of erratic nut running the state of Minnesota. If you truly want to know, I believe we did. The military-industrial complex. I believe Kennedy was going to withdraw us from Vietnam and there were factions that didn't want that.

PLAYBOY: But maybe the strongest case against a conspiracy is that we can't keep secrets of this magnitude for nearly 40 years. Everything leaks. The president can't get a blow job without the world finding out about it.

VENTURA: That's because every bit of real evidence is ridiculed. The method is to dismiss it by saying: "Oh, that's just those conspiracy nuts."

PLAYBOY: How would your wife react if

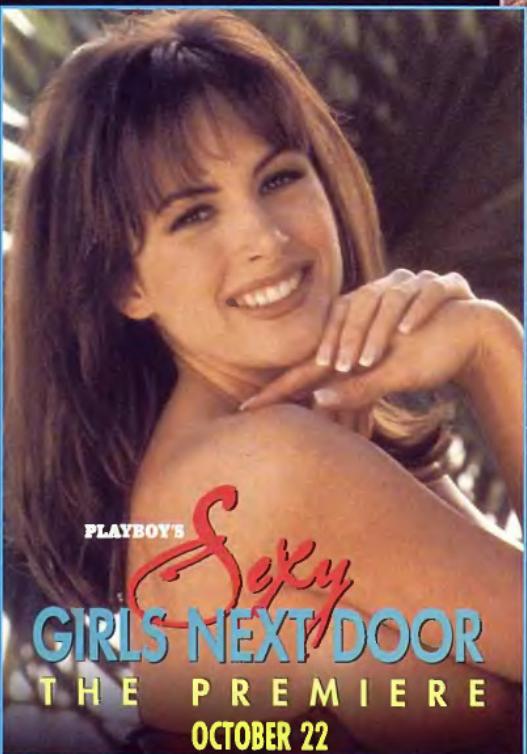
PLAYBOY ORIGINAL MOVIE



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PLAYBOY ORIGINAL SERIES



PLAYBOY'S
Sexy
GIRLS NEXT DOOR
THE PREMIERE
OCTOBER 22

PLAYMATE HOSTS



Jodi Ann Paterson
Miss October



Cara Wakelin
Miss November

ORIGINAL SERIES

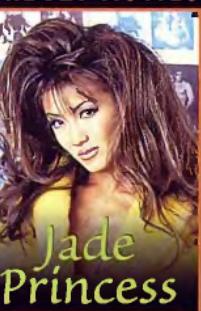


NIGHT
CALLS
LIVE
OCTOBER 6 & 20

ADULT MOVIES



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ever
imagined...

This October it's nonstop action with Playboy TV's lineup of pleasure-filled programming. Join us for the sizzling new show *Playboy's Sexy Girls Next Door: The Premiere*, featuring five lovely ladies all competing for the chance to shoot their fantasy-come-true video. Next, in the adult movie *Jade Princess*, a single man in search of the perfect woman becomes linked to Kobé Tai, a royal temptress trained in the fine art of seduction. Then, when it comes to public displays of affection, a group of curvaceous women take bump and grind practice to the max by performing for a turned-on crowd of jealous husbands in the Playboy Original Movie *Stripper Wives*. Also, in the adult movie *Magic Eros*, a cute young employee and her feisty female boss play for keeps in their quest to acquire a company that produces the hottest virtual sex program ever created. Finally, let Playboy TV's *Night Calls LIVE* take you to a whole new level of awakening as the outrageous Juli Ashton and Tiffany activate the lines of communication sexually. At Playboy TV, the excitement never stops, 24 hours a day.



PLAYBOY TV

For program schedules go to:
www.playboytv.com

Playboy TV is available from your local cable television operator or home satellite, DIRECTV, PRIMESTAR or DISH Network dealer.

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erotic entertainment at its best

PLAYMATE NEWS



IT'S A PLAYBOY WORLD

If you host it, they will come. Which is what happened when Hef and his Playboy family held the first Playboy Expo, at the Pacific Design Center in Los Angeles, on July 17 and 18. More than 6000 enthusiastic fans flocked to West Hollywood to check out five decades of



Above: Hef gives Victoria Silvstedt a loving hand. Right: Miss August 1986 Avo Fabian shows off her merchandise. Below: Miss March 1990 Deborah Driggs can't contain her excitement.



PLAYBOY legends and memorabilia. On hand were more than 140 Playmates (including three-time Playmate Janet Pilgrim), artist LeRoy Neiman, comedian Bill Maher, former PLAYBOY cover girl Jessica Hahn, Kiss bassist Gene Simmons, photographer David Mecey (who dispensed advice on how to photograph beautiful women), Playboy Advisor Chip Rowe, PLAYBOY Senior Staff Writer James R. Petersen (author of *The Century of Sex: Playboy's History of the Sexual Revolution*), Kimberley Conrad Hefner and, of course, Hef (the wait for his autograph was reportedly more than an hour and a half long). In addition to meeting PLAYBOY legends, fans hung out at the Femlin cigar bar, gambled at the faux casinos, posed for photos

on Hef's legendary round bed and listened to jazz on the outdoor patio while indulging in pizza and sandwiches by Wolfgang Puck. To cap off the



Left: Miss January 1996 Victoria Fuller wears the classic PLAYBOY covers comp shirt. Below: Miss March 1981 Kimberly Herrin and Miss February 1968 Nancy Horwood share a chuckle.



Left: PMOY 1995 Julie Lynn Ciolini enhances a table of Julie merchandise. What's she smirking about? We'll never know.

successful two-day fete, a copy of the first issue of PLAYBOY was sold for \$15,600. "This isn't a record, however," Hef says. "The most paid for

25 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

"I want to have my own career, my own identity," Bebe Buell said in her Playmate story. Since then, Bebe has become one powerful rock-and-roll poster girl. Besides having a relationship with Todd Rundgren (who was featured in Bebe's November 1974 pictorial), Bebe is notorious for dalliances with Mick Jagger, Iggy Pop, Elvis Costello and Rod Stewart. She has also raised a movie star (Liv Tyler, her daughter with Aerosmith singer Steven Tyler), fronted two bands (the B-Sides and the Gargoyles) and, as we reported in September, reemerged on the music circuit. "I like the sex, the power and the noise of rock and roll. I like it dirty and dangerous," Bebe says. Rock on.



Bebe Buell.

a first issue to date is \$16,400. That is twice the initial investment that launched the magazine in 1953."

PLANET JANET

Janet Pilgrim, Miss July 1955, December 1955 and October 1956—and one of the most popular Playmates—made an appearance at the Playboy Expo. "The compliments I got were incredible," says Janet. "People said things such as, 'PLAYBOY wouldn't be PLAYBOY without you.' I've been on a high ever since." Janet was plucked out of PLAYBOY's Circulation Department by Hef to pose for the magazine. "She was the girl next door with her clothes off," Hef says. "What a revolution that notion would inspire." Left: Janet and LeRoy Neiman. Below: Greeting a devoted fan.



My
Favorite Playmate
By Howie
Mandell



My favorite Playmate is every Miss November, such as Miss November 1993 Julianna Young. My birthday is on November 29, and I like to think that each November Playmate has been selected just for me. I say to everyone, "Look at what Hef did for me. In lieu of a birthday cake, he gave me this pictorial!"

IT'S HER PARTY

Devin De Vasquez (Miss June 1985) was hoarse at her birthday party, but she didn't let that spoil the fun. Her recent bash, which also celebrated the relaunch of her website (devindevasquez.net), took place at Barfly in Los Angeles and attracted such Centerfolds as Neriah Davis, Reneé Tenison and Elke Jeinsen. Devin's guests ate sushi and danced while the birthday girl worked the room. "I had no voice," she says with a laugh, "so all I could do was shake hands with everyone and smile."

HI-YA!

Don't mess with Elke Jeinsen. Miss May 1993 is a serious martial arts student. She trains in West Los Angeles six days a week, in traditional karate jitsu, under seventh-degree black belt Shihan Robert Cabral. "It

started when I auditioned for an Arnold Schwarzenegger action movie. They asked me if I could do karate, and I lied and said yes. When I came back for my second audition, they asked me to perform a certain karate move, and I had no idea



PLAYMATE NEWS

what they were talking about. I was pretty embarrassed." Elke started studying martial arts after that, and she has just earned her black belt. (Check out elkej.com for more photos.) "Knowing self-defense is awesome," Elke says. "I'm not afraid of anyone anymore. Plus, I've been getting a lot more job offers." Did you hear that, Arnold?

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

November 1: Miss October 1993 and PMOY 1994 Jenny McCarthy
November 4: Miss December 1989 Petra Verkaik
November 11: Miss January 1967 Surrey Marshe
November 20: Miss August 1972 Linda Summers
November 25: Miss September 1968 Dru Hart

GIRL TALK

If you've had the chance to meet June 1969 Playmate Helena Antonaccio, then you've heard her infectious giggle. We called the Garden State native and, between laughs, she filled us in on her life.

Q: What have been the highlights of 1999?

A: Going to the Playboy Expo, starting my website, helenaantonaccio.com, and gearing up to write a book.

Q: A novel?

A: No, it's going to be a book about maintaining one's health and beauty as one ages. I'm thinking about calling it *What's Your Secret?* because everyone comes up and asks me that.

Q: All right, then—what's your secret?

A: I work out every day. First on a ballet bar and then with weights. After that I walk for hours in the woods.

Q: Who was your first adolescent pop crush?

A: I used to love Ringo Starr. I know that he wasn't the most popular Beatle, but he has a great sense of humor and, more important, a great nose.



Helena Antonaccio.

Shannon Tweed, on her boyfriend, Gene Simmons: "I don't think Gene likes being upstaged by breasts."

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Come on down! Nikki Schieler has landed a prime gig as one of Barker's Beauties, those sexy women who show

case the prizes on *The Price Is Right*. . . .

PETA ac-

tivist

Pamela

Anderson

has launched a new line of cruelty-free cosmetics. In tube news, Pam's hit series, *V.I.P.*, garnered an Emmy nomination. . . . Ava Fabian and Hef's gal pal

Snoky girls.

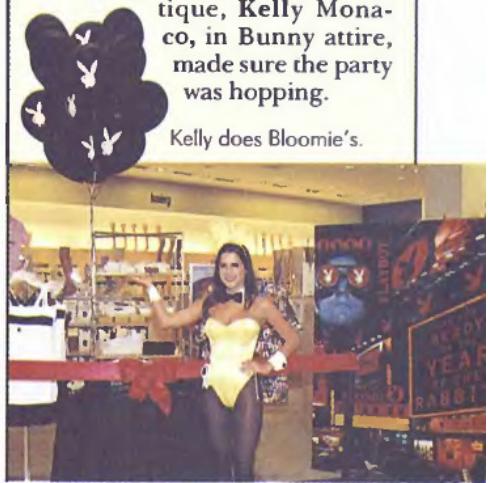
Brande Roderick were sharp in matching snakeskin pants at a recent Mansion fete. . . . Duffer Lisa Dergan, whom we've dubbed the female Tiger Woods, can be



Deanno.

seen in a recent issue of *Avid Golfer* magazine. . . . Deanna Brooks (at left) joined Team Playboy in the annual Los Angeles Revlon Run to benefit breast cancer research. . . . Julia Schultz recently became a member of the prestigious Aaron Spelling TV family. Look for her in a leading role on his new show *Tahiti Royale*. . . . Layla Roberts sizzled on-screen in the action flick *Armageddon*. Next up? A part in a yet-to-be-titled romantic comedy starring Jon Favreau and Famke Janssen. . . . Watch closely, that's Vanessa Gleason in a new Pepsi commercial. . . . When Bloomingdale's launched its new Playboy clothing boutique, Kelly Monaco, in Bunny attire, made sure the party was hopping.

Kelly does Bloomie's.



HUMIDOR, SHMOOMIDOR.



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The cigar shown, *actual size*, on this page is the Montecristo Kilimanjaro. This 7 inch masterpiece is wrapped in aromatic Spanish cedar and sealed in an air-tight glass tube, to preserve every iota of flavor and freshness it had the day it left the factory. If you're looking for the smoke of a lifetime, and the buy of a lifetime, *this is it*.

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PLAYBOY

2000 VIDEO PLAYMATE CALENDAR



© 1999 Playboy

Our most exciting Video Playmate Calendar ever! The fabulous Dahm Triplets bring the Playmate count for this edition up to 14—those blonde beauties join Jaime Bergman, Vanessa Gleason, Stacy Fuson, Angela Little, Laura Cover, Tishara Cousino, Lisa Dergan, Alexandria Karlsen, Natalia Sokolova, Tiffany Taylor and 1999 Playmate of the Year Heather Kozar for 12 scenes of raw, uninhibited Playmate power. Full nudity. Approx. 55 min. **Video KH1885V \$19.98**

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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

HEAD GAMES

Sony's Glasstron (pictured on our model below) looks like a prop from the movie *Matrix*, but it's actually one of several new products designed to create a more intimate audio-video experience. To watch a movie in private during a flight from New York to Los Angeles, for example, you just connect the Glasstron (or the i-O Display Systems i-glasses pictured below) to a portable DVD player, strap on the headset and shut out the world. Both devices have stereo sound and an LCD panel that creates the illusion of watching a jumbo television screen from about six feet away. If your apartment is too small for a home theater speaker system, check out the Sennheiser DSP Pro (\$270), which fits like a collar and simulates surround audio from any two-channel source. Want to rig your PC for multimedia sound? Sennheiser also offers the \$300 computer Surrounder pictured below. Sony, Panasonic and Pioneer are just a few of the companies that make excellent CD players, cassette decks and AM-FM radios to go. However, if you want to turn heads, Aiwa makes the slickest models. Its XP-series CD players, which come with sil-

JAMES IMBROGNO

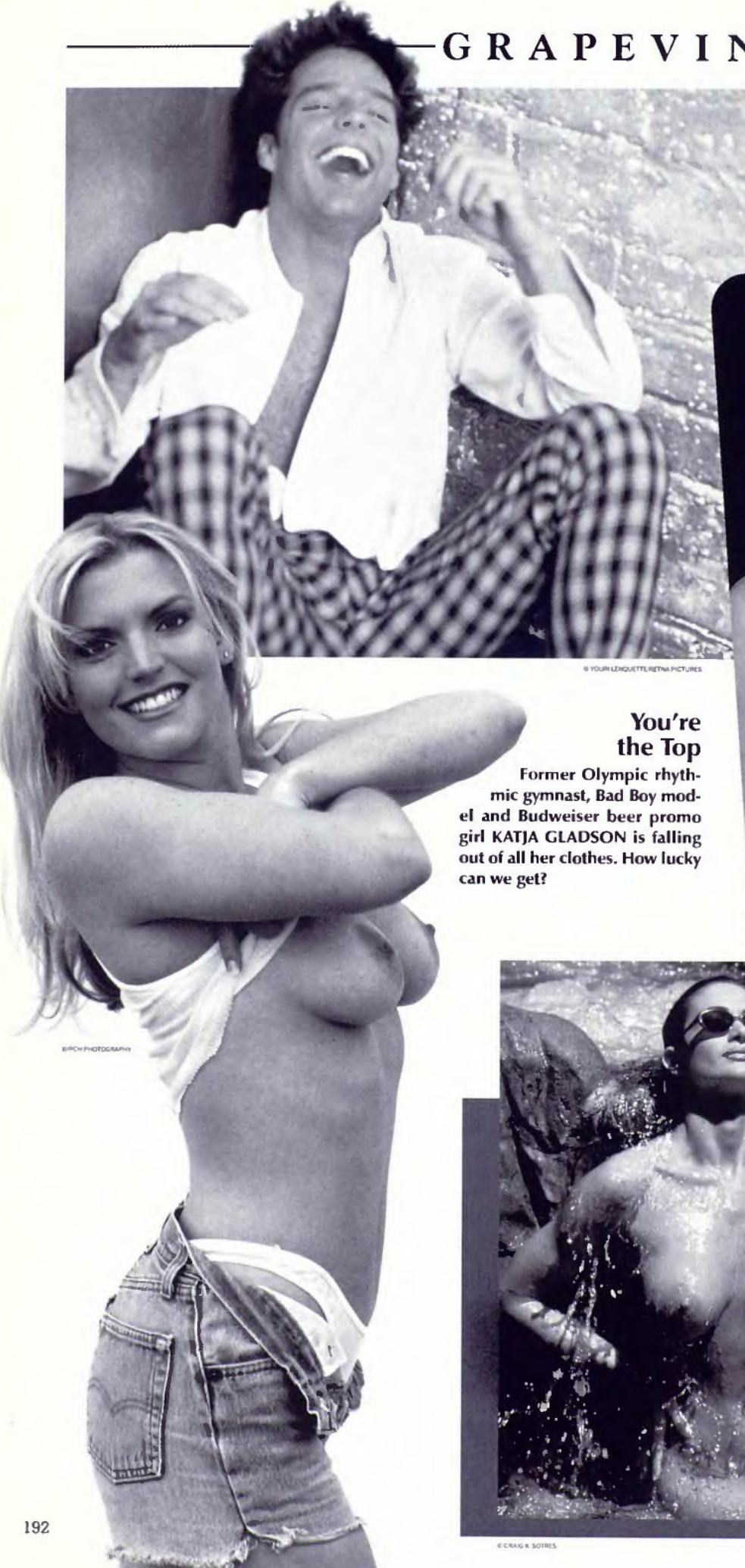
ver Swoop headphones that fit around the back of the head, are particularly easy on the eyes (and hair). Sony offers a variation of the Swoop with its Sports Discman and Walkman units, as does Panasonic with its Shockwave personal stereos. Finally, if you have to juggle phone calls while doing chores, several companies, including Thomson and Cobra, are introducing cordless phones equipped with headsets. Typically, these 900-megahertz models come with a headphone jack and a gadget that enables you to clip the handset to your belt when you're going mobile. For something more streamlined, try the General Electric option below. It's no bigger than the palm of your hand and is designed solely for hands-free talk.

—BETH TOMKIE



Left: Sony's six-ounce Glasstron headset features flip-up goggles containing dual liquid crystal displays. It functions in any lighting condition and connects to a DVD player, VCR, camcorder or stereo system (about \$900). Clockwise from top left: General Electric's 40-channel 900-megahertz phone (model 2-9917) clips to your belt and features a headset with adjustable volume control (\$100). The Televizer pack from i-O Display Systems combines the i-glasses pictured, Panasonic's P10 DVD player and a 3 1/2-hour rechargeable battery in a carrying case (\$1500). Aiwa's XP-V70 CD player has a 40-second shock memory and Swoop headphones (\$100), and Sennheiser's Surrounder is a Dolby Pro Logic audio system for the computer (\$300).

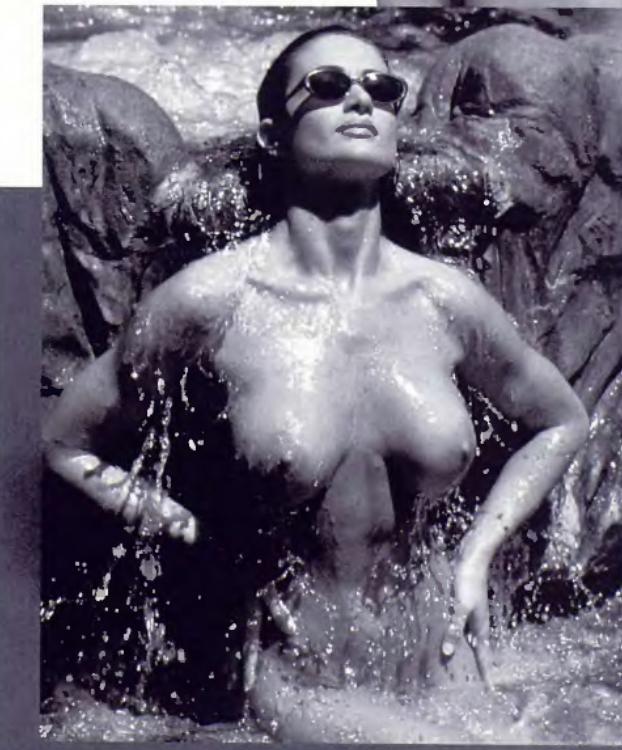
GRAPEVINE



© BIRCH PHOTOGRAPHY

You're the Top

Former Olympic rhythmic gymnast, Bad Boy model and Budweiser beer promo girl KATJA GLADSON is falling out of all her clothes. How lucky can we get?



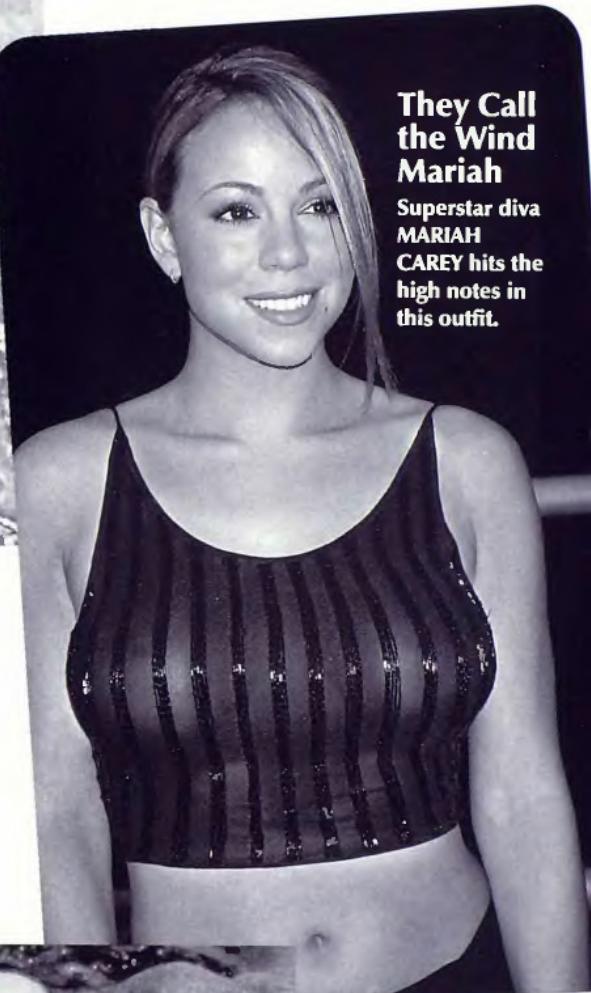
© CRAIG K. SOIRES

My Favorite Martin

It's a laughing matter: RICKY MARTIN has two platinum CDs on the charts and hordes of screaming fans—including Madonna, who signed up for a song, and Luciano Pavarotti, who invited him onstage. *Viva Latin pop.*

They Call the Wind Mariah

Superstar diva MARIAH CAREY hits the high notes in this outfit.



© JANET GOUGH/CELEBRITY PHOTO

Water, Water Everywhere

Hot Body model BRIDGETTE ANN was a Marine in Operation Desert Storm. Now she storms in the 1999 Midwest Exotics Calendar and the DVD *The Summer Wet T-Shirt Finals*.

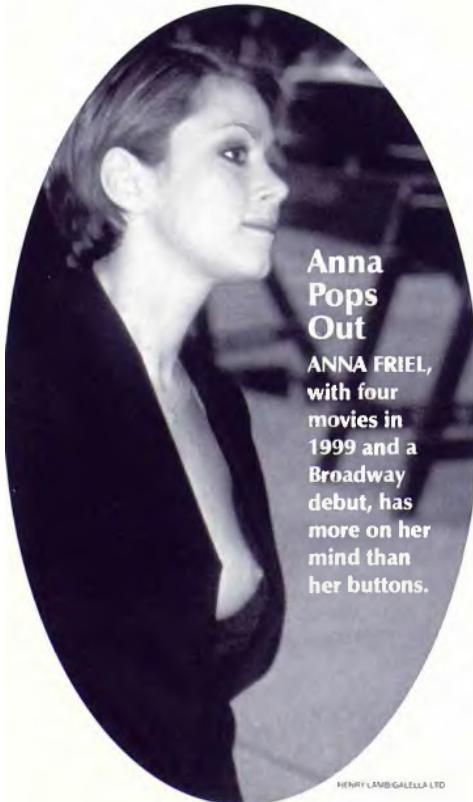


Strike a Pose
KELLY MILLER went West to participate in the Hot Body Booty Contest and was featured on the cover of *Leg Action* last spring. We've examined the booty and the leg. They deserve the tributes.



Summer in the City

You remember CREE SUMMER from *A Different World*. But now you'll know her for her album *Street Faerie*, produced by Lenny Kravitz. Jazzy, grainy-voiced and savvy, Summer is always in season.



Anna Pops Out

ANNA FRIEL, with four movies in 1999 and a Broadway debut, has more on her mind than her buttons.

HENRY LAMB/GALELLA LTD

POTPOURRI

PENGUIN POWER

Penguin Caffeinated Peppermints are a new confection that offer fresh breath with a kick. Three Penguins, the company says, pack the same caffeine wallop as one cola beverage. "We've gotten e-mail from clubbers, truckers and Silicon Valley CEOs," says company vice president Adam Smith. "Apparently people were just waiting for this product." Urban Outfitters and other hip stores sell the mints; they're about \$3 for a tin containing 75.



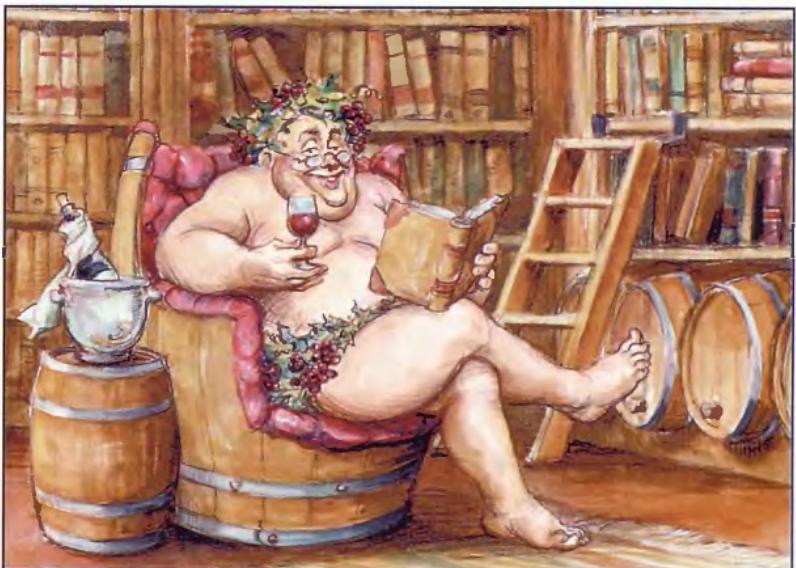
BOARDWALK 2000

Parker Brothers' Millennium Edition of Monopoly takes everybody's favorite rainy-day pastime into the 21st century with style. The gameboard has an unusual foil look, there are eight redesigned tokens (inline skate, computer, cell phone, globe, bike, dog, airplane and car) and the money and buildings have been updated. The whole shebang is packaged in an embossed tin and should become a hot collectible. Price: about \$40 in department and toy stores.



BE PREPARED

"How can you get more cutting edge than wearing a condom as a fashion accessory?" asks Tom Grant, president of Durex Consumer Products. His company and fashion designer Maurice Malone have teamed up to create a line of men's boxer shorts featuring a pocket that holds a Durex Extra Sensitive condom. Five styles of shorts are available, priced from \$15 to \$22, in red, white, black and blue. For information on ordering, go to mauricemaloneusa.com or try a specialty store, such as Bernini in Los Angeles, or Exito or Doha Fashion in New York.



WE'LL DRINK TO THAT

Here are some new wine books to savor while you sip: Kevin Zraly's *Windows on the World Complete Wine Course* (\$24.95) is a revised, millennial edition with new sections covering the wines of Chile and Argentina. *The Wine Lover's Cookbook* by Sid Goldstein (\$22.95) contains 100 recipes "specifically created to complement particular varietals," along with some terrific food shots by photographer Paul Moore. *Wine Uncorked* by Fiona Beckett (\$24.50) is a "practical introduction to tasting and enjoying wine," and features a flavor wheel as a visual aid. *Tasting Pleasure* by Jancis Robinson (\$15.95) presents the "confessions of a wine lover." And if you fancy the bubbly, *Champagne Cocktails* by Anistatia Miller, Jared Brown and Don Gatterdam (\$12) includes "recipes, lore and a directory of the world's poshest lounges."

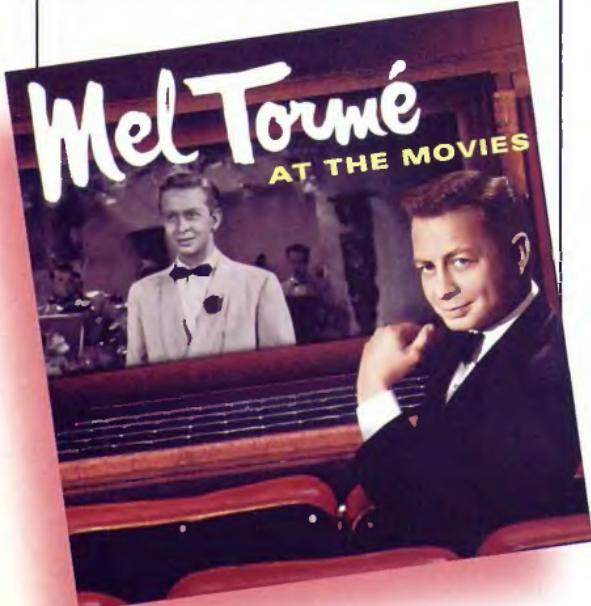
ULTIMATE WHISKEY

You'll need a pot of gold if you go shopping for Knappogue Castle vintage 1951 Irish whiskey. Aside from being a single malt instead of a blend, Knappogue 1951 (pronounced na-POG) has been aged in sherry casks for 36 years, giving it a depth of flavor that whiskey connoisseurs have called "truly awesome." The price: about \$600 a bottle.



HOLLYWOOD'S VELVET FOG

Mel Tormé left a wonderful recording legacy of both classic and campy tunes, many included in films spanning five decades. Now his most memorable cinema hits are collected in *Mel Tormé at the Movies*, a CD from Turner Classic Movies Music in conjunction with Rhino Movie Music. His signature song *Blue Moon* from the 1948 movie *Words and Music* is one of the selections. The CD, which includes previously unreleased tracks, is \$17; look for it in record stores.



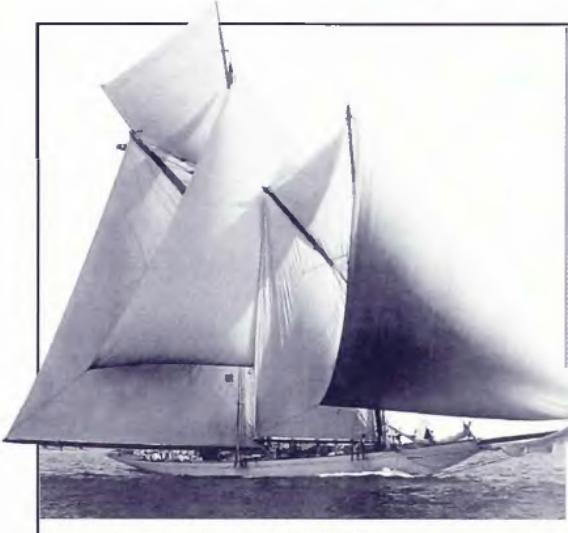
NOW YOU'RE COOKING

For the socially insecure there's *Help! My Apartment Has a Dining Room*, a cookbook created by the mother-son team of Nancy and Kevin Mills that tells "how to have people over without stressing out." The copy is amusing ("Barbecuing reduces cooking to its basics: meat, fire and swear-words"), the recipes are simple and the Mom Tips and Warnings following dishes make your culinary survival easier. Sample Mom Tip: Don't use wine labeled "cooking wine" for beef bourguignon since this dish will pick up the flavor of the wine. Price: about \$16, available in bookstores nationwide.



YACHTS OF LUCK

Yachting's Golden Age: 1880-1905 by former naval officer Ed Holm is a \$65 coffee-table book that celebrates in text and more than 100 pictures the romance of an era when men went down to the sea in style. That often meant wearing a coat and tie



while at the helm of a 90-foot schooner. One yacht, the 247-foot *Niagara*, featured a huge renaissance revival drawing room, a darkroom and other extravagances, all maintained by a 65-man crew. It cost the owner, Howard Gould, \$500,000 in 1898 (equal to \$15 million today). Another yacht, *Lysistrata*, included a sea-going dairy complete with two cows.

I'VE GOT THE MUSIC IN ME

"A real FM radio inside your head" is how Sound Bites promotes Sound Bites Pop Radio, a device that sends sound vibrations through a lollipop into your teeth and upward to your inner ear. All you do is slip a lollipop into the Pop Radio, pop the candy into your mouth and turn on the gizmo. With all that music in your head just try and keep your toes from tapping. Or you can save the calories and listen through a plastic bite bar instead of the lollipop. Weird, but it works. There's also a speaker that amplifies sound outside your head. Price: about \$10 at Target, Kmart and other stores.



NEXT MONTH: GALA HOLIDAY ISSUE



NAOMI RINGS OUR BELL



BUMBLING BURGLAR



NAUGHTY LITTLE CHRISTMAS



2000 AND ONE

NAOMI CAMPBELL—SHE HAS POSED FOR VICTORIA'S SECRET AND MAGAZINES AND HEATED UP MUSIC VIDEOS. NOW THE SUPERMODEL TOPS IT ALL WITH FUNKY PHOTOGRAPHER DAVID LACHAPELLE

BEN AFFLECK—HOLLYWOOD'S HUNKY TALENT TALKS ABOUT GIRLS (ESPECIALLY GWYNETH), HIS BOND WITH MATT DAMON AND THE PERILS OF BEING RICH, SINGLE AND TALENTED. PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **BERNARD WEINRAUB**

CELEBRATING SHEL—JULES FEIFFER PAYS TRIBUTE TO SHEL SILVERSTEIN, THE INCREDIBLE CREATIVE TALENT WHO GREW UP WITH PLAYBOY

PLAYMATE 2000 SEARCH—MORE THAN 20,000 AMBITIOUS BEAUTIES CAME OUT FOR OUR COAST-TO-COAST SEARCH. HERE'S YOUR 17-PAGE BACKSTAGE PASS

THE DUKE—IN HONOR OF ELLINGTON'S 100TH BIRTHDAY, A DISCIPLE EXPLAINS HOW THE DUKE REMADE JAZZ AND SPREAD IT AROUND THE WORLD. BY **WYNTON MARSALIS**

OUR NEXT WAR WITH IRAQ—THE CONTROVERSIAL UN ARMS INSPECTOR SAYS SADDAM WILL STIR UP BIG TROUBLE MUCH SOONER THAN ANYONE THINKS. BY **SCOTT RITTER**

SCREAM QUEENS—ON THE EVE OF SCREAM 3, WE TOAST THE BIG-LUNGED WOMEN WHO MADE SLASHER FLICKS FUN AGAIN. STARRING NEVE, COURTENEY, JENNIFER AND DREW—IT'S A KILLER

NOW WHAT?—A BUMBLING BURGLAR GETS HOLD OF A ROCK STAR'S JEWELRY AND CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET RID OF IT. FICTION BY **DONALD E. WESTLAKE**

PLUS: A ROLICKING 20Q WITH GINA GERSHON, CELEBRITY CHRISTMAS CAROLS, GUEST SHOT FROM SNL'S ROBERT SMIGEL—HIS AMBIGUOUSLY GAY DUO, **LEROY NEIMAN** RINGSIDE, NAUGHTY CHRISTMAS BY **THOM JONES**, COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW, **CLINTON'S** LIFE LESSONS, **TROY AIKMAN** THROWS A SPIRAL, SMASHING GIFTS AND A GORGEOUS HOLIDAY PLAYMATE, **BROOKE RICHARDS**

It takes patience
waiting for the
WHISKY
to age so it can be bottled.

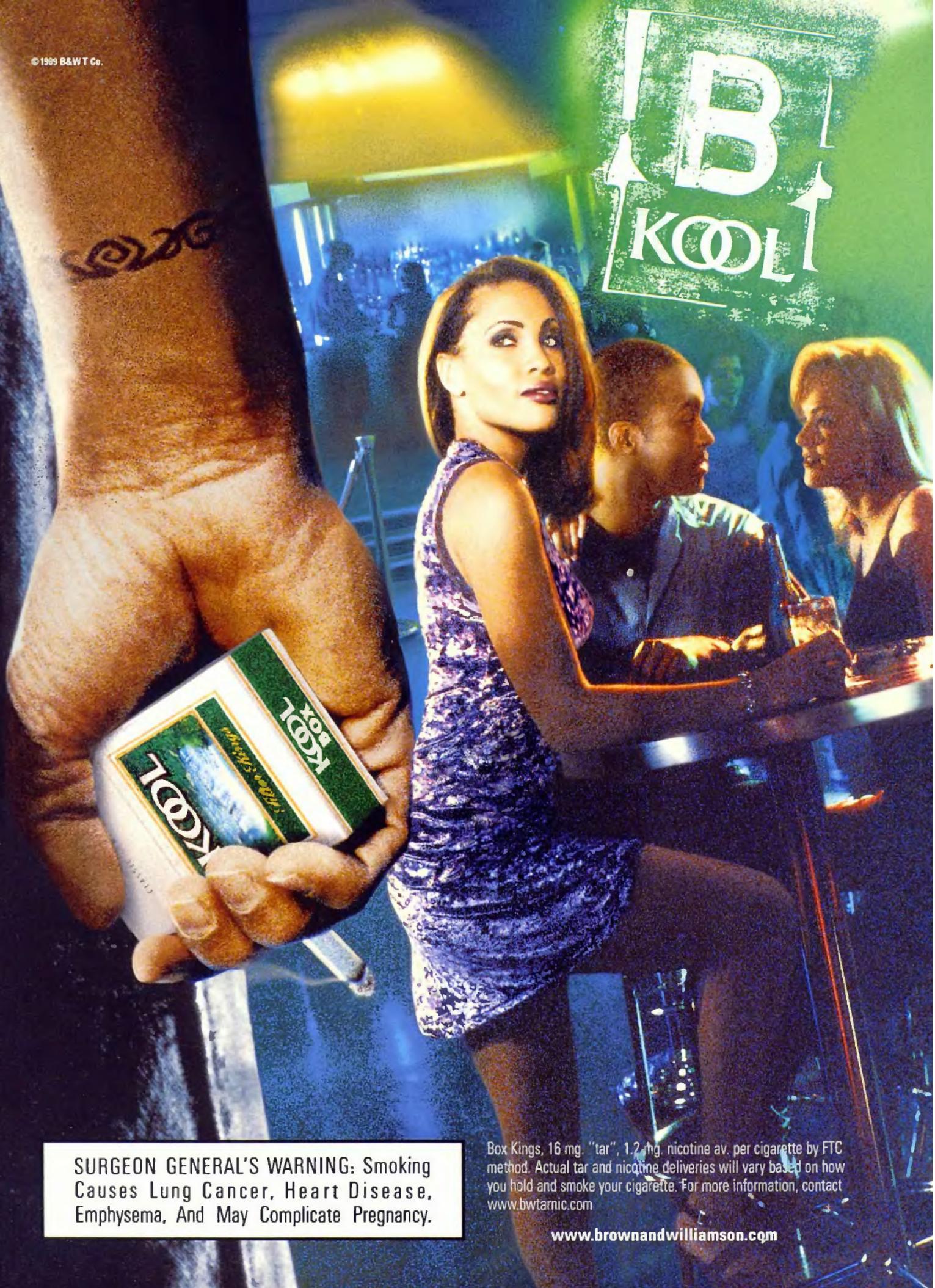
It takes patience
waiting for the
WIFE
to leave so it
can be enjoyed.

One place.



One whisky.

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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

Box Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. Actual tar and nicotine deliveries will vary based on how you hold and smoke your cigarette. For more information, contact www.bwtarnic.com

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