

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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Gala
Christmas
Issue

**BEN
AFFLECK
INTERVIEW**

**CITY
GIRLS**
**ORAL SEX,
WILD TALK**
**THEY ARE
HOT AND
THEY ARE
OUT THERE**

**NAOMI
CAMPBELL**
**INCREDIBLY
NUDE**

**THE SEARCH FOR
PLAYMATE 2000
DID WE FIND HER?**

HOLIDAY CONTRIBUTORS
WYNTON MARSALIS
DONALD WESTLAKE
LEROY NEIMAN
JULES FEIFFER
TROY AIKMAN
THOM JONES

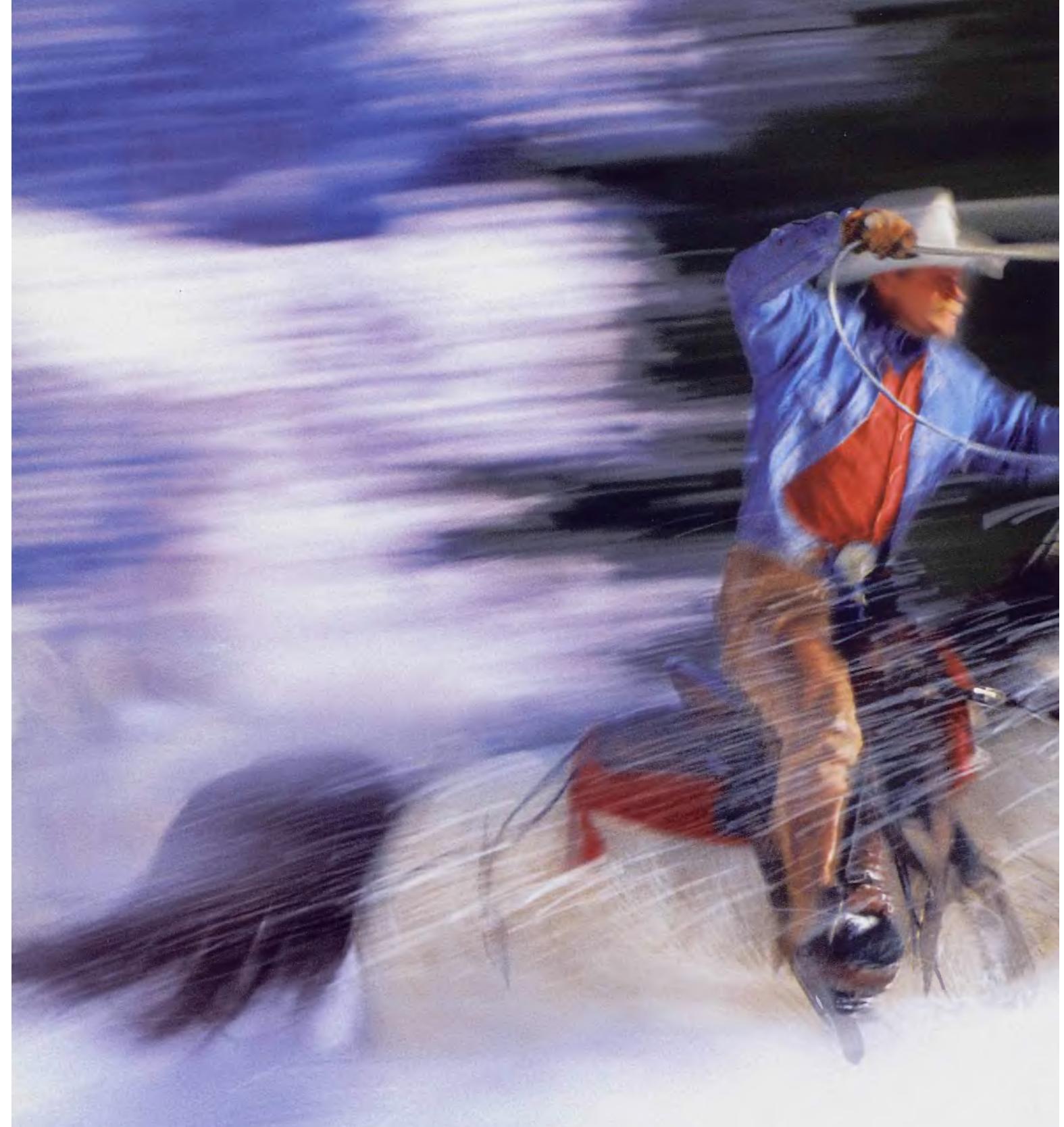
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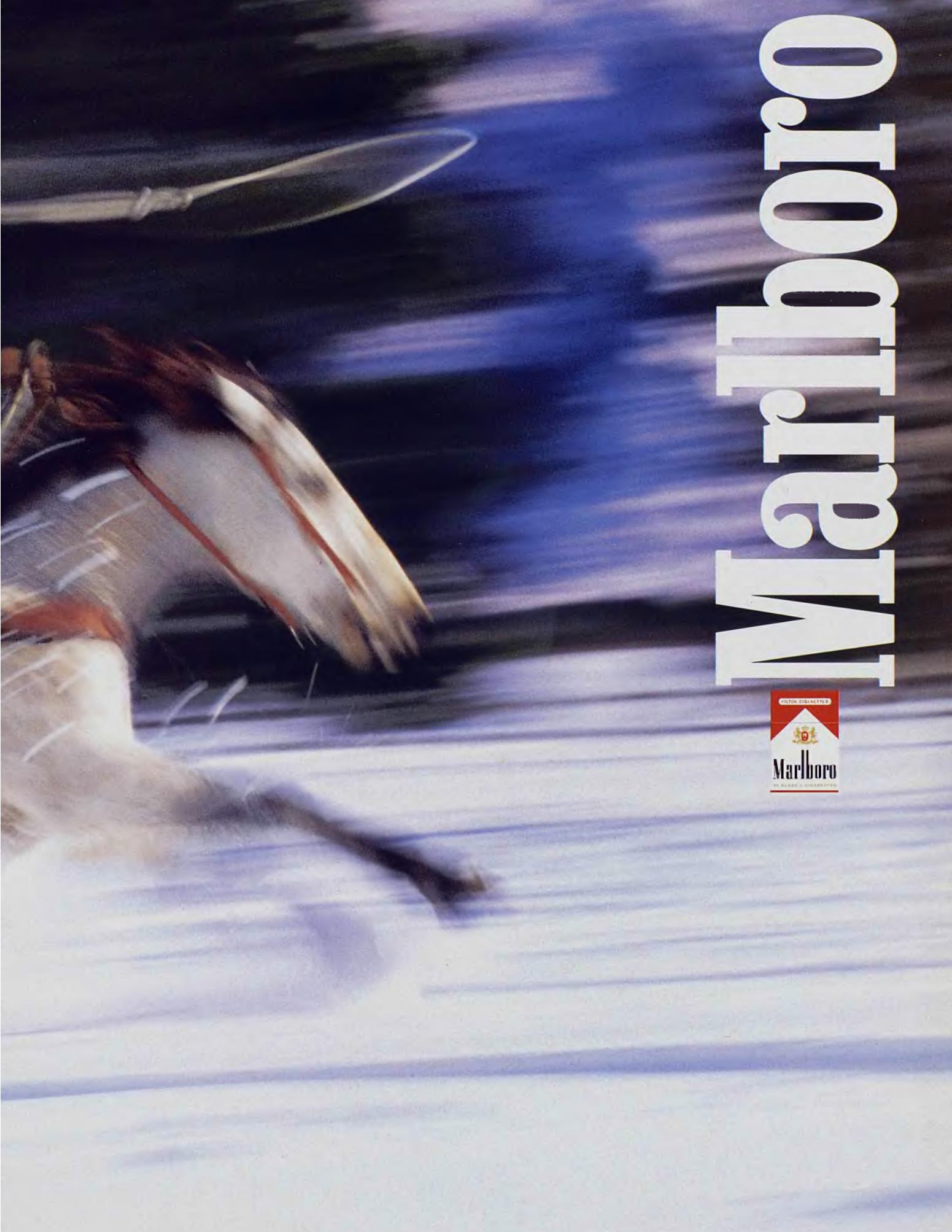
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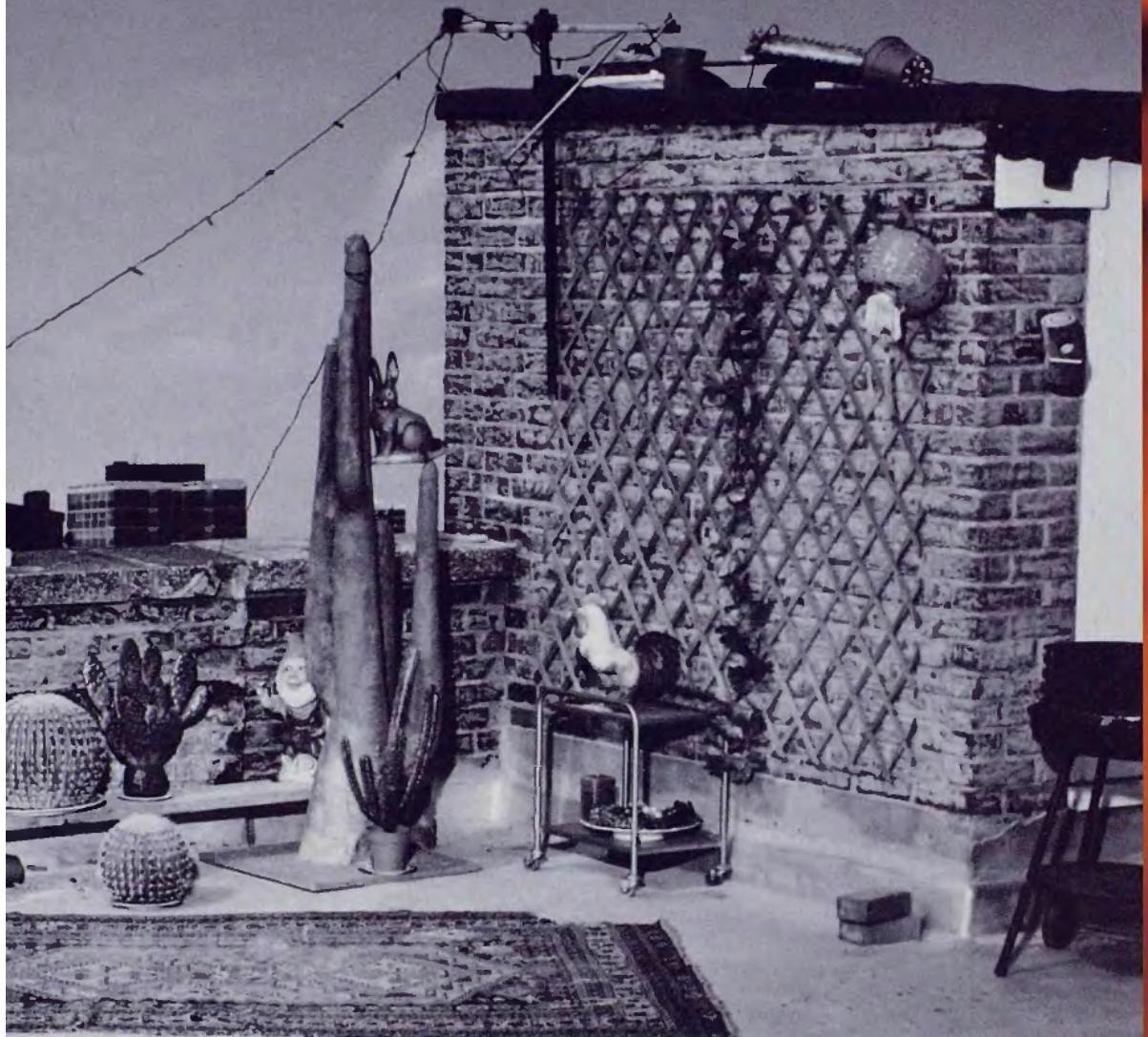


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PLAYBILL

THINK OF PLAYBOY as a runway and this issue as our Winter Collection. We have custom-tailored jazz coverage, pret-a-porter sports pieces and cheeky intimates. Opening the show is **Naomi Campbell**. A member of the supermodel pantheon, she has graced the cover of almost every women's magazine—and now she's on ours. Inside she sashays right out of her designerwear in a distinctly dressed-down pictorial shot by **David LaChapelle**. Visions of her sugarplums will be dancing in your head till Easter. For the soundtrack to your dreams turn to *City Girls* by **Amy Sohn**, inspired by HBO's all-female chatfest *Sex and the City*. We asked Sohn, who chronicled her own sex life in a New York paper and in her fictional *Run Catch Kiss*, whether we could believe what we heard on the HBO series. She gave us an earful. "My conversation with three friends was a little like sex," she says. "We would reach a peak and then it would be quiet and mellow and we'd pull out cigarettes. We really needed those breaks—otherwise we would have gotten too horny."

After a breakout performance in *Chasing Amy*, lanky normal guy **Ben Affleck** became a major star with *Good Will Hunting* and *Armageddon*. Now he's in the films *Reindeer Games* and *Daddy and Them*. In a spirited *Playboy Interview*, Affleck complains about tabloid reports linking him with Pamela Anderson, Calista Flockhart, even Matt Damon—his unambiguously straight writing partner. Life's tough when you're the new heartthrob in town. **Bernard Weinraub** talks to him about instant fame, Hollywood romance and Wonder Woman's rack.

Gina Gershon has the best mouth in Hollywood, and she used it to put smiles on the faces of several women in *Showgirls* and *Bound*. That Elvis-inspired sneer could make more friends this fall when Gershon stars as a private dick in ABC's *Snoops* and plays opposite Al Pacino in *The Insider*. In a sexy *20 Questions* by **Robert Crane**, Gershon keeps her tongue in her own cheek as she talks about naked noodle baths, lap dances and a Jennifer Tilly cocktail. If you want to sample the live action, join **Amanda Green** in her romp through a New York swing club. Just don't tell Rudolph Giuliani.

Duke Ellington recorded more than 800 albums, wrote countless classic songs and garnered praise and adoration all over the world. In honor of his 100th birthday, we asked Grammy-winning jazzman **Wynton Marsalis** to write about his affinity for the man and his music. As for the overarching genius of Ellington's canon, Marsalis writes, "the closest comparison to Duke Ellington's achievement would be that of Homer." (**Gary Kelley** did the artwork.)

When **Evander Holyfield** and **Lennox Lewis** squared off earlier this year in Madison Square Garden, the bout ended in one of the decade's most controversial decisions. In the end, it was the judges who took a beating. Now, just in time for the scheduled November rematch, famed artist and longtime PLAYBOY contributor **LeRoy Neiman** hits the canvas—and splashes the action onto it.

Speaking of a hard right, **Christopher Buckley** throws a round-house punch line at the president in *Bill Clinton's Life Lessons*. Plausible deniability was never this funny. And Buckley's parable of two monks will go over well at the company Christmas party—or in court the morning after.

Further lessons are provided by Pro Bowl quarterback **Troy Aikman** in *How to Throw a Spiral*. Start practicing now and you'll be ready to toss bombs by New Year's. That improved grip could also come in handy on your next date.

As for fiction, *Now What?* by **Donald E. Westlake**, marks the return of less-than-master-thief Dortmunder. He nicks a major



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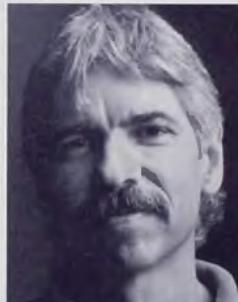
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MARSALIS



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BUCKLEY



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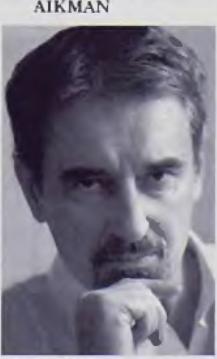
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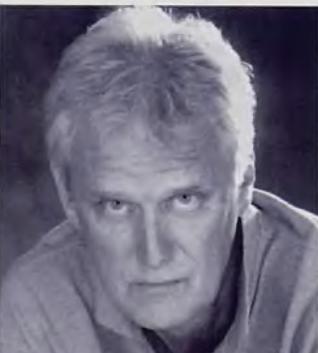
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prize only to stagger onto a scene more hectic than a day-after-Christmas sale. (**Christian Northeast** provides the artwork.) A woman-juggling cad extricates himself from a love quadrangle—and a threeway—in *A Merry Little Christmas* by **Thom Jones** (accompanied by artwork from **Rafal Olbinski**).

Eyes wide shut? Open them for the century's last tribute to the stars who make life worth living. Or should we say make *la vida loca* worth living? This year, the hot beat's latin—Ricky Martin, Jennifer Lopez, Cameron Diaz and Catherine Zeta-Jones (OK, so she's Welsh). And don't forget Charlize, Julia, Nicole, Pamela—still reading, or peeking inside? Credit for the names and faces in *Sex Stars 1999* goes to our vigilant trio, Contributing Editor **Gretchen Edgren**, Senior Art Director **Chet Suski** and Associate Photo Editor **Patty Beaudet-Francès**. The lively text comes from Senior Editor **Christopher Napolitano**.

The women who didn't make the list are screaming. Some of our favorite starlets are camped in horror films. Just in time for release of the final *Scream*, Junior Editor **Robert B. DeSalvo** presents the great scream queens of the Nineties, a bunch of gorgeous shrieking women whose cleavage starts at their lungs. Ah, the horror.

The late **Shel Silverstein** was integral to the identity of **PLAYBOY**. His talent, rococo humor and free spirit were always an inspiration here. In his *Tribute to Shel Silverstein*, cartoonist and **PLAYBOY** colleague **Jules Feiffer** recalls how Silverstein could effortlessly master almost anything—from sketches to pop songs to children's books. To celebrate his talent, we've reprinted some of his best work.

We know you've socked away gift money for your own selfish needs. So have we. Here's what to do with it: Blow it on mindless entertainment—video games. In *Games Galore*, **Joel Enos** and **Jason Buhrmester** pick the best new titles for the computer, Sega Dreamcast, Sony Playstation and Nintendo 64, and find the hottest group action on the Web. They also asked CART drivers Dario Franchitti and Paul Tracy of Team Kool Green to test-drive racing games. Then they offer a sneak peek at next year's killer game systems.

Does it seem like just yesterday we sent troops to oust Saddam Hussein from Kuwait? According to former UN arms inspector **Scott Ritter**, it could be just tomorrow before Iraq's dictator goes on the attack again. Don't count on watching cruise missiles from your living room TV. This time the fight could be a real mess. Check out *Gulf War II*.

Try to forget that **Gary Cole**'s day job as Photography Director leaves just a lens between him and our Playmates. The fact is, Cole is also a canny sports analyst and a bankable oracle. Just check his record. This year he has two Big Ten teams in the top five in *Playboy's College Basketball Preview*. His All-Name Team includes Commander King of Northern Arizona and Majestic Mapp of Virginia.

To help you laugh through the shortest days of the year, we've included a cartoon feature by **Robert Smigel**, frequent contributor to *Saturday Night Live* and *Late Night With Conan O'Brien*. To thwart evil Dr. Brainio, the Ambiguously Gay Duo must don disguises (think the Village People). The art is by **J.J. Sedelmaier**. **Robert S. Wieder** will have you breaking out the was-sail with his giddy batch of *Celebrity Christmas Carols* (art by **Daniel Adel**). Try this one to the tune of *Jingle Bells*: "'Single belle'—what the hell/That could work for me./Oh what fun to dump Bill's ass/Then swing a victory." Oh behave, Hillary! This year you'll hum and snicker about Michael Eisner, Al Gore and Rudy Giuliani.

Pity the boys on the bus. We're talking the Playmate 2000 search bus, whose tireless workers crisscrossed America to screen thousands of candidates vying to inaugurate the next century in **PLAYBOY**. We can't reveal the winner just yet—but the runners-up could fill a year of magazines. Somehow we got their pictures down to 16 pages. **Chip Rowe**, our own Playmate Advisor, was dispatched to report and had to be dragged back. And, wrapping up our runway, the shots of Playmate **Brooke Richards** frolicking in Alaska will make you look differently at that snowy driveway. Thank you, Santa.

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PLAYBOY



vol. 46, no. 12—december 1999

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COVER STORY

"I work hard and I'm worth every cent," says British-born supermodel Naomi Campbell, whose worth is estimated at \$29 million. We don't begrudge her a penny. Our cover was shot by photographer David LaChapelle, with set design by Kristen Vallow and fashion styling by CXA's Patti Wilson. Thanks to Ayako of NARS for Naomi's makeup and to Danilo for hairstyling. Wardrobe credit goes to Nicolas Verlaine and John Galliano. Our wintry Rabbit is in love fur-ever.



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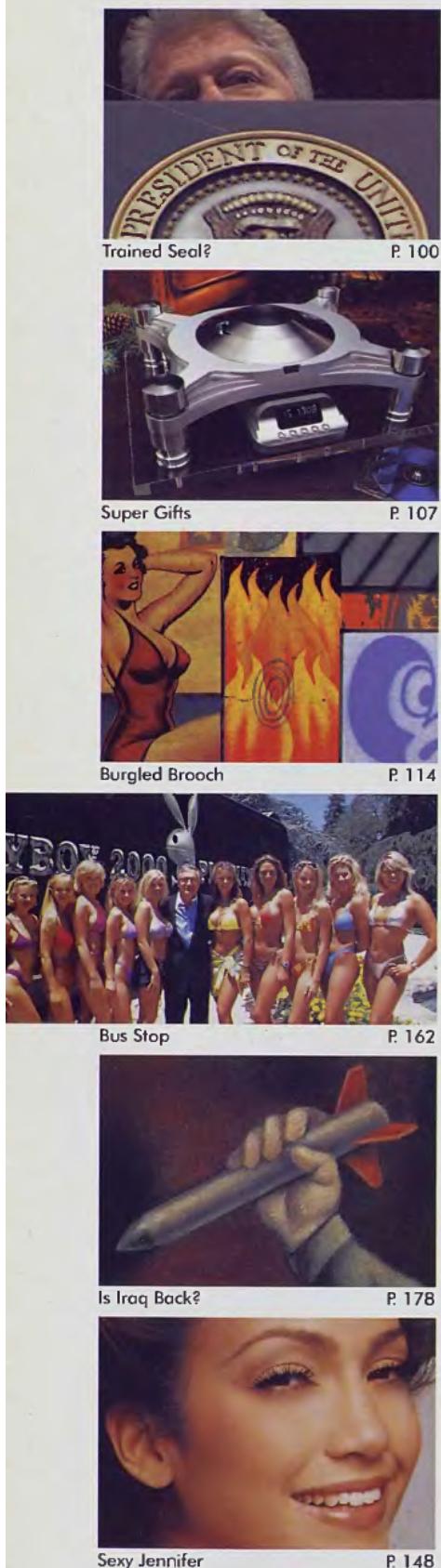


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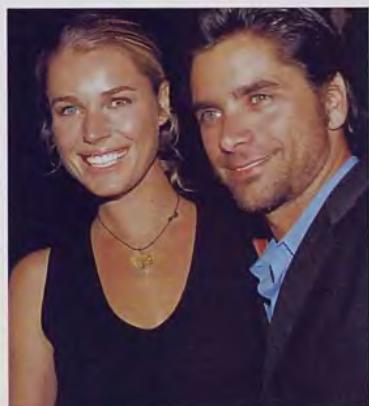
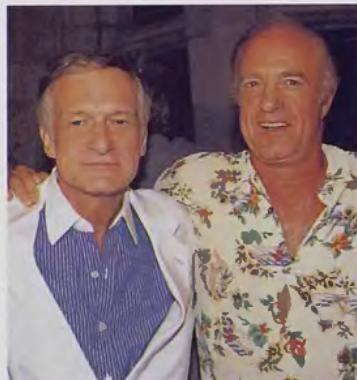
ORIGINAL 1839 RECIPE

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

hef sightings, mansion frolics and nightlife notes

IS THERE A PLAYMATE IN THE HOUSE?

Playmate Reunion Weekend was packed with celebrities (below). Hef welcomed pal Jimmy Caan, who taught Hugh Grant how to talk Mafia in *Mickey Blue Eyes*, to the party. Former MTV video jock and *PLAYBOY* cover girl Julie Brown had a couple of laughs with us. Young Hollywood was represented, including *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*'s Seth Green and *Go*'s Breckin Meyer.



THE CAST PARTY SMELLS GREAT

Following the premiere of *Love Stinks*, its cast came to the Mansion for a whiff of something sweeter. Hef and Sandy Bentley linked up with Nicolette Sheridan and *Love Stinks* co-star Bridgette Wilson (above). Other guests included Rebecca Romijn-Stamos and John Stamos (left), cast members French Stewart, Bill Bellamy and Steve Hytner, plus Oscar De La Hoya and Kato Kaelin.



RAP GETS THE ROYAL TREATMENT

MTV Music Award winner Eminem (left) gave Playmate Stacy Fusion a big smooch at the Interscope Records party held at the Mansion. His debut release, *The Slim Shady*, has gone double platinum. Grammy-winning rapper Dr. Dre (right) caught the undivided attention of a bevy of Playmate admirers.



WE'VE GOT THE HORSE RIGHT HERE

In case you didn't know, Hugh Hefner came in first, beating the favorite at Del Mar in California. No, not our Hef—the horse named for him. Ridden by jockey Corey Nakatani, Hugh Hefner earned a winning purse of \$48,000. It turns out that the Year of the Rabbit has also been good for the horsey set.

THE BEST THINGS IN
LIFE ARE BASIC

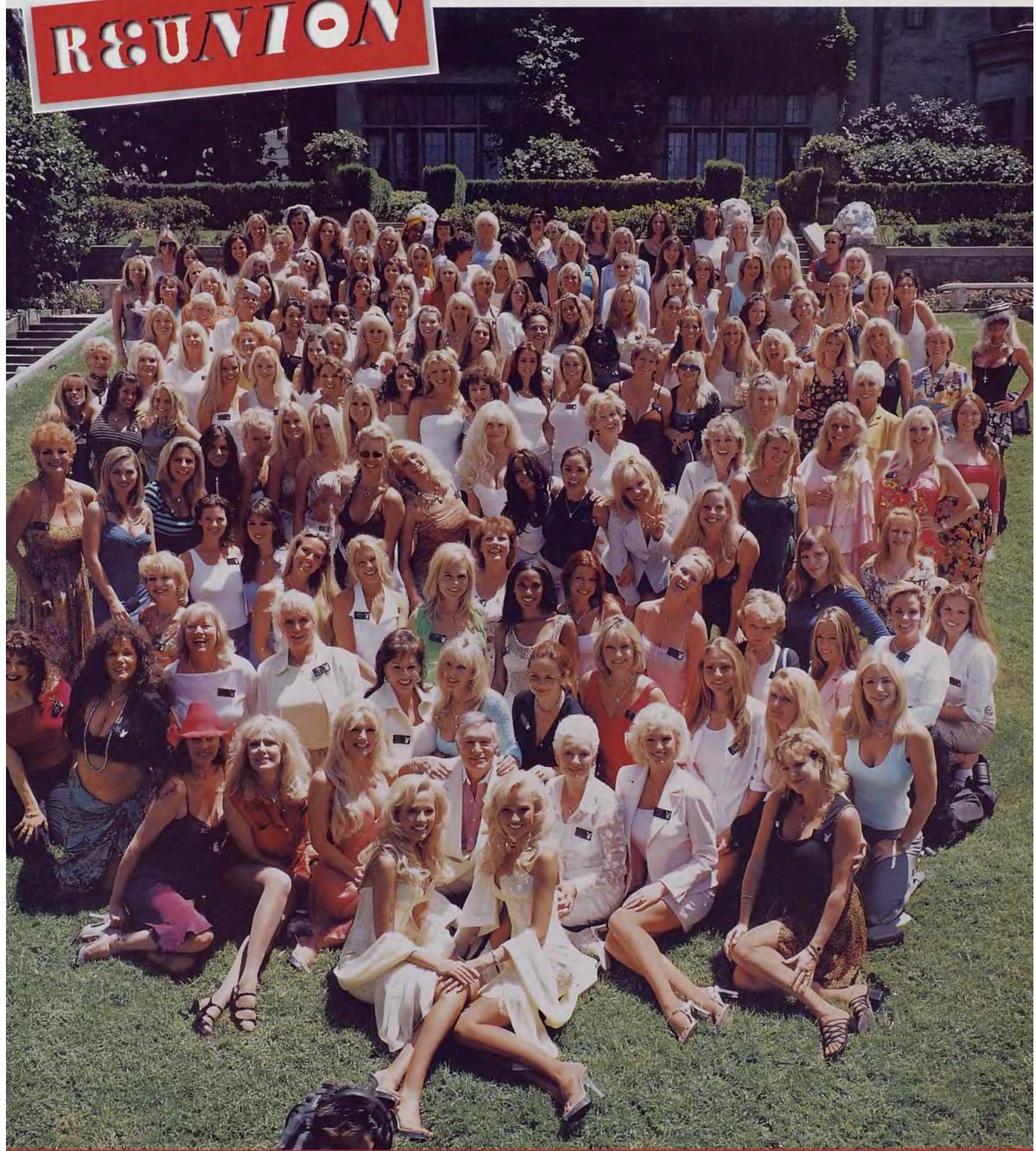


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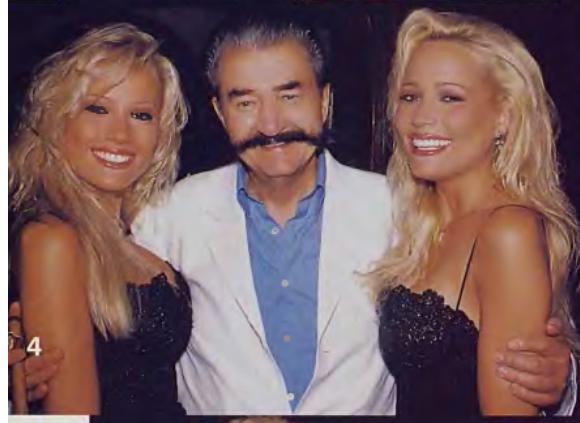
PLAYMATE REUNION



The first Playmate Reunion in 20 years brought together more than 150 Centerfolds at Playboy Mansion West for a weekend of nonstop action. After lunch on Friday (when this historic photo was shot), five decades of Playmates reconvened for a Saturday night disco bash. Three-time Playmate Janet Pilgrim (seated on Hef's left), who traveled from the East Coast to attend, summed up the event: "Playmates have a unique bond. We had a great time sharing memories and creating new ones."

REUNION

CONT'D



Some reunion highlights: (1) Billy Idol with Charlotte Kemp. (2) Hip check: Kristi Cline and Ray Anthony. (3) Janet Pilgrim, Hef and Marilyn Cole. (4) The Bentley twins flank Leroy Neiman. (5) Gianna Amore and Vicki Witt smooch Hef. (6) Lisa Dergan, Jamie Foxx, Oliver Stone and pal. (7) Eleanor Bradley and Dolores Del Monte. (8) Michael Flatley, Heather Kozar and a friend. (9) Ian Ziering, Nikki Schieller, Tori and Randy Spelling hang in their favorite zip code. (10) Susan Bernard, her son, writer Joshua Miller, and his girlfriend. (11) Jean Jani, Ellen Stratton, Linda Gamble and Diane Hunter signed *The Playmate Book*. (12) Mickey Winters, Patti Reynolds and Jonnie Nicely. (13) DeDe Lind, Hef and Cynthia Myers.



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AND LEWD...

— HOUSTON CHRONICLE

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ROCK ROLLS WITH THE PUNCHES

After reading Chris Rock's hilarious *Playboy Interview* (September), I bet my boyfriend a night on the town that Rock's remarks would provoke hostile mail. Did they? What I love about him is that he spares no one.

Sandra Robinson
Chicago, Illinois

Chris Rock is funniest when he's serious, as exemplified by his remarks about black Republicans—including Representative J.C. Watts, who quite probably will be America's first black president.

Orville Shumpsters
Elmira, New York

Rock says it's OK for black people to use the "N" word, but not for whites. Most self-respecting African Americans would never use the word in their public or private lives and wouldn't associate with anyone who does. It's still a racist slur even when coming from a self-debasing black comedian.

Harold Jones
Hermitage, Tennessee

Poor Chris Rock. Like many African Americans, he has fallen for the liberal bullshit that the Democrats shovel. But what he and many others don't see is what the Republican party offers—prosperity and the good life. It's there for the taking.

Angela Sellinger
Concord, California

I've been a Chris Rock fan ever since he asked for "one rib" in *I'm Gonna Git You Sucka*. He was funny then and he's still funny. Rock says what a lot of us wish we could say.

Alphonso Myers
Chicago, Illinois

If a white entertainer ever said that he didn't need to make black friends, that he only "crossed over" for their dollars,

holy hell would ensue. Rock shouldn't expect to pocket any more of this white boy's money.

Philip Devries
Gobles, Michigan

E-CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

As authors of *The Termination Node*, a book on how hackers can destroy someone's life with just a few strokes on the keyboard, we really enjoyed Logan Hill's article, *E-Crime* (September). Internet crime is rushing toward us at the speed of a guided missile, and many unsuspecting people are going to be shocked to discover they have been robbed electronically. It's a scary but inevitable reality: Cybercrime will be the big news of the 21st century.

Bob Weinberg and Lois Gresh
Oak Forest, Illinois

I've always been a little nervous about paying with plastic on the Internet, so I appreciated your sidebar on how not to become an e-crime victim. I know fraud is rampant on the Internet, and that users should always be wary—especially when an offer seems too good to be true.

John Powers
New York, New York

SMORGAS-BORG

Voyager's Jeri Ryan (*20 Questions*, September) is a babe, but, more than that, I like that she's not condescending to Trekkers. In fact, Ryan's comparison of Trekkers to Wisconsin cheeseheads before a Green Bay game is perfect.

Peter Lancaster
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

ONCE IN LOVE WITH STANLEY

I agree with Stanley Kubrick's criticism of writers (*My Adventures With Stanley Kubrick*, August). Only an imbecile would publicly whine about having had an opportunity to work with one of the greatest, though admittedly eccentric, cinematic artists. I suggest to Ian Watson

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GAMES

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Nocturne. In the womb of darkness, a new genre of game is born. It is 1933, and in the shadowed world around you, there exists an ungodly evil: werewolves, vampires, ghouls and flesh-eating zombies that wait just outside the light's unlocked door to feed upon innocence. There also exists guardians of the good and just, tireless vigilantes capable of tracking down this evil and turning it upon itself. You are one of them. And you hunt, as your vile quarry does, by night.

"...the ghouls overwhelmed the hero, clubbing him with their own severed limbs before feasting on his guts. *That* was right about the time we knew we couldn't wait to play *Nocturne*." - *Computer Gaming World*



Age of Wonders. The latest in fantasy strategy, *Age of Wonders* stays true to its strategy roots with nothing less than actual turn-based gameplay, a large, diverse world, an incredibly detailed combat system, and gorgeous fantasy artwork. And for those of you who would love to play more games but simply don't have the time, *Age of Wonders* features Play-by-E-mail, allowing you to have ongoing battles with your friends at your own pace. Simply make your move, click a button, and the file is automatically sent to your foe via e-mail.

"It looks like turn-based strategy is about to get a shot in the arm...it will help solidify and strengthen the genre." - *ICNPC.com*

Get more information, or download the demos at www.godgames.com

that if he really wants his prose to be deathless, he should give up screenplays and start carving gravestones.

Thaddeus Gunn
Seattle, Washington

NO BULL RODEO GAL

You gave the cover to Rena Mero, but in my opinion, bull rider Denise Luna (*Sweetheart of the Rodeo*, September) steals the show as the issue's most breathtaking, beautiful and desirable woman.

Stephen Roldan
Aiea, Hawaii

WHO READS PLAYBOY?

You're always asking what sort of man reads *PLAYBOY*. I'm a single, hardworking 27-year-old woman who owns a hair salon. About a year ago, I started looking for the Rabbit Head on the cover. Next I started reading *The Playboy Advisor*, then *20 Questions* and, before I knew it, *Next Month*. With each issue I learn something new, and I'm not too shy to say I read *PLAYBOY* for the articles.

Linda Smith
Howell, New Jersey

When I met my fiancé and discovered he read *PLAYBOY*, I wanted him to cancel his subscription. But when the next issue arrived in the mail, the two of us leafed through it together. I was amazed that I enjoyed the articles. Now we've made a contest out of who will find the Rabbit on the cover first, and we always read each issue together. I hope more women can overcome their initial reactions.

Diana Rovin
Holland, Pennsylvania

LIPSTICK TRACES

Thanks a lot, *PLAYBOY*. Now that you have told him how to remove a lipstick stain (*Mantrack*, September), how will I ever catch my Mr. Right doing wrong?

Melissa Randolph
Los Angeles, California

GATHERING MOSS

I'm so tired of hearing about the 19 teams that shied away from drafting Randy Moss (*Moss Man* by Kent Youngblood, September) because of his shady past. Isn't it possible some of these teams had needs for players other than a wide receiver?

Tim Zillig
Hiawatha, Iowa

ONLY THE STRONG SURVIVE

Sable Mania, Round Two (September) is magnificent. I can't recall another woman who is so comfortable with her sexuality, or so at home in her body. Thank you, *PLAYBOY*, for giving us a second look.

Allan Burrows
Mississauga, Ontario

Rena Mero is athletic and nicely toned without the pumped-up look of many

women in sports. But what spoils her for me is the navel ring she wears. Why do otherwise beautiful women mutilate themselves with body piercings?

Wilfred DeVoe
Anaheim, California

She's fresh, sexy and easy on the eyes, with her tasteful little belly button ring and her beautifully sculpted body.

Ron Beaty
Bowling Green, Kentucky

Rena can drop the bomb or put a leg scissor on me any time.

David Manion
Torrington, Connecticut

I love *PLAYBOY* and have always felt the magazine's editors use good judgment in choosing pictorial subjects. However, it upsets me to see a 14-page spread devoted to someone as manipulative as



Mero. You should be ashamed for giving her career a boost.

Alex Hass
Las Vegas, Nevada

Remember Thanksgiving at Grandma's house? All the family members gathered round the table, and the aromas of turkey and stuffing and sweet potatoes? Sometime during the meal, an adult would ask the group to think about all of the things that we had to be thankful for. Do you remember that feeling? That's exactly the way I felt when I saw *Sable Mania*. I am genuinely thankful to Rena Mero for posing again, to photographer Arny Freytag for his perfect work and to God for creating a perfect woman.

William Bohrer
Dayton, Ohio

Mero's recent legal action against the World Wrestling Federation was just as cleverly conceived, acted and executed

as any wrestling match in the history of the sport.

Karl Logan
Auburn, New York

After reading about how the WWF treated Rena Mero, I realize that without her, I can't think of a single reason to watch anymore.

Dean Bennett
Portland, Oregon

REJECTION PEPPERED WITH HUMOR

I have comic genius Albert Brooks (*Playboy Interview*, August) to thank for the funniest employment rejection I've ever received. Twenty years ago, as a fresh-faced mailroom clerk at Paramount, I ran into my comedy idol in the parking lot one Friday afternoon. I asked him if he could use an assistant, to which he cordially responded that I should give him a call the next week. After a deliriously hope-filled weekend I called him, only to have him say: "Well, all I'm doing right now is writing, so unless they raise the weight of pencils, I don't think I'll need an assistant. But good luck." I loved sharing that story with my parole officer.

Joel Drazner
West Los Angeles, California

WHERE'S THE BEEF?

I got a laugh out of S. Harris' roadkill cartoon on page 146 of your September issue. Yes, there really is a Road Kill Grill, located in Oregon just west of the village of Drain. I pass it each time I drive from Coos Bay to Eugene, and I think I'll continue to do just that.

Keith Hulsey
Coos Bay, Oregon

ANOTHER SATURDAY NIGHT

Now that we never have to leave the house to watch an X-rated movie, my boyfriend and I watch one every Saturday night. We always argue in the video store. I keep telling him that the ones he likes don't turn me on. After reading *Chick Porn* (September) by Lori Seto, I convinced him to rent *One Size Fits All*. Guess what? It did.

Marion Walker
Chicago, Illinois

Most couples I know don't have the kind of relationship in which the male partner could even suggest they watch a porn film together. But Seto's article points out that women and men prefer different types of movies and actors. Screen presence seems to be an important factor. Asia Carrera is cited as the kind of actor with whom real women identify. That may be true, but I'd be reluctant to take the chance.

Richard Mills
Rochester, New York





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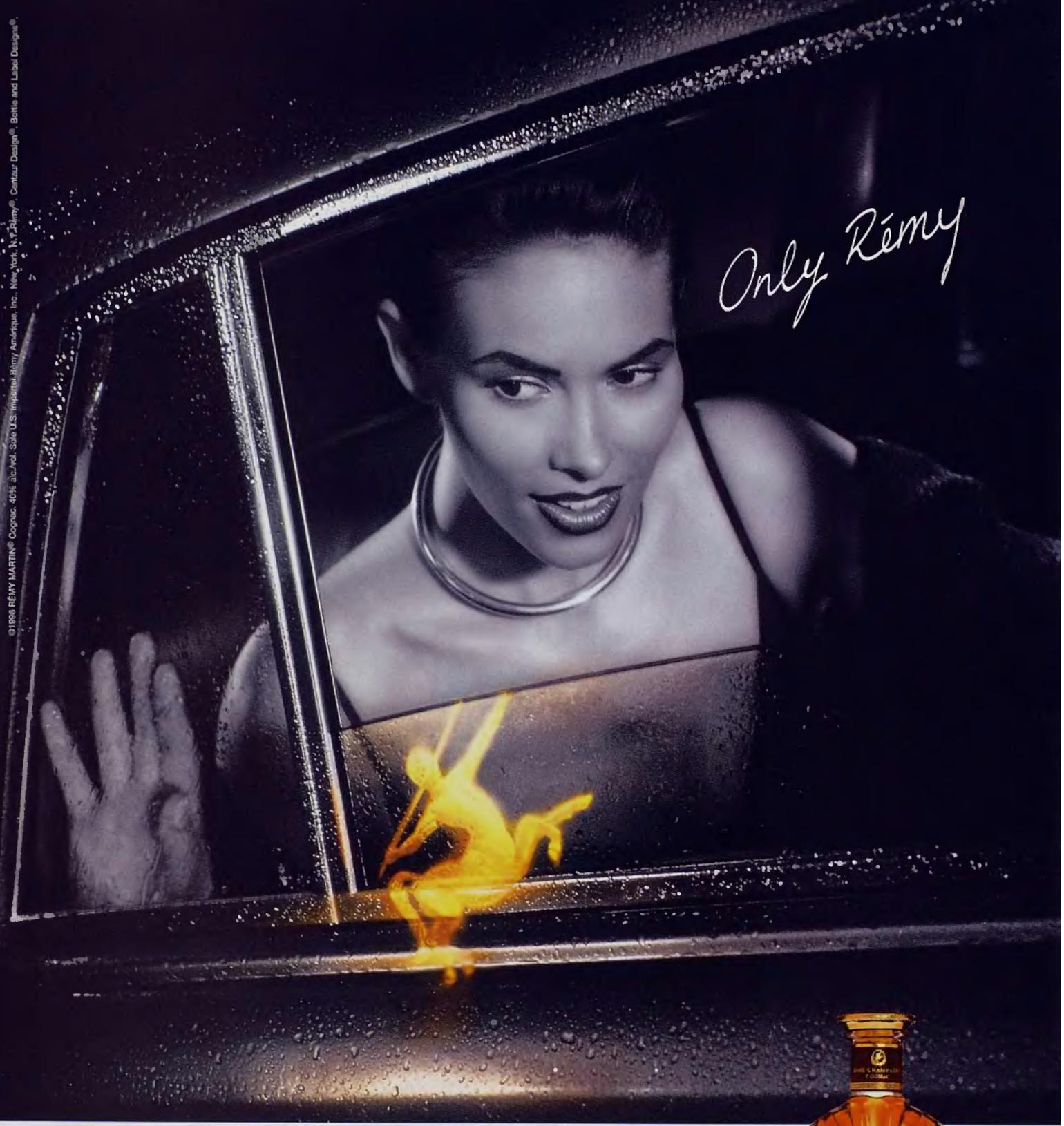
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



WE'RE QUEERS, WITH STEERS, GET USED TO IT!

The gay rodeo is not only alive and well, it's on its way to becoming a hot ticket. The first one was held in 1976, and since then the concept has grown into a network of rodeos in more than 20 cities nationwide. Gay rodeos supplement such traditional events as bronc riding, steer wrestling and calf roping with seriously competitive camp events. Steer deco involves the dangerous task of tying a ribbon to a steer's tail, and goat dressing requires putting a billy goat into a kinky pair of men's underwear. Then comes the wild drag race, which is some sort of chase involving a couple, a drag queen and a steer. Not only is the gay rodeo a fun carnival to check out, but it's the only setting in which the phrase bull dyke is said with a smile.

THE OLD NINE IRON

If you can get it in the hole on the first try, you don't need the prize. Caving in to a local letter-writing campaign, organizers of the Catholic Doctors Association golf tournament in Putrajaya, Malaysia withdrew a bonus purse of a year's supply of Viagra. The pills would have gone to the first two golfers to get a hole-in-one. We figure the real reason for the pullout was that golf officials didn't feel that a virility drug should be associated with the short game.

CALVIN KLEIN AND HOBBS

Scientists at the Dallas Zoo had a mission. Their state's wild population of ocelots—spotted, 20-pound wildcats that are native to Texas—has dwindled to around 100. The zoo wanted to stimulate breeding by attracting ocelots to locations where they could meet, have a mouse martini or two and line up sexual encounters. After a variety of substances failed to attract and turn on the felines, researchers stumbled upon Calvin Klein's Obsession. The fragrance sent female ocelots into frenzies of desire. The ocelots weren't the only animals to respond to it—lions and gorillas loved it too. However, don't expect the place to

stop reeking like a zoo. "It's hard to overpower gorilla smell," the research curator said. "It ends up smelling like perfume on a sweaty guy." Hey, don't blame the guy—it's that damned rubber suit.

HIDE THE SALAMI

People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals introduced a new ad campaign that makes the dire declaration, "Eating meat can cause impotence." Billboard companies have refused to accept the group's ads, which also contain the line "I threw a party but the cattlemen couldn't come." (The American Beef Council had a cow over the ad. The ranchers point out that beef is loaded with zinc, a mineral vital to sexual function.) On a curiously ambiguous note, one PETA ad features a lovely swimsuit model holding a string of link sausages. Clearly, she doesn't intend to eat them.

YANG BANG

An anti-impotence pill has created a stir in China by beating Viagra to the market and using a similar name. Fei-



lang, a producer of herbal medicine, brought out a pill called *Wei Ge*—which means respected brother. But it also happens to be a contraction of Pfizer's Chinese trademark for Viagra, *Wei Er Gang*—powerful steel. Fortunately for Pfizer, the real stuff has a strong presence even though the product has yet to get approval for domestic sale. According to *China Daily*, Viagra is the second most popular English word in China, following *Titanic*. Coincidence?

DICK LIPS

A new generation of cosmetic manufacturers is flogging sex to market their products. And we do mean flog. Old-school innuendo is out; in are such lipsticks as Vincent Longo's Foolish Virgin and Tushi/Booty, and Hard Candy's Tramp and Boink. Blue Q makes a lip balm called Virgin/Slut and a body cream called Dirty Girl. And Nars offers Orgasm blush. What's the difference between a blush and a lip balm, you ask? About three drinks.

TWISTED SISTER

A 66-year-old nun who served as chaplain of a hospital near Chicago admitted to writing racist graffiti on walls in five bathrooms. Police said she told them that she did it to see how the hospital would react. Well, the hospital relieved her of her duties—though she was awarded high grades for penmanship.

THAT'S NO KNIFE YOU SEE BEFORE YOU

Florida's Seminole County recently banned nude dancing—except in "bona fide performances." So adult venue Club Juana hired a local playwright to add drama to its stage show. The scribe, Morris Sullivan, used scenes from *Philosophy in the Bedroom* (by the Marquis de Sade) and *Macbeth*, as well as original material. Of course, there was a twist to the tales: Actors started scenes clothed and managed to finish them naked. The police turned up for opening night and everyone agreed it was a bona fide play. But Club Juana was busted anyway—under a

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"Women might be able to fake orgasms. But men can fake whole relationships."—COMEDIAN JIMMY SHUBERT AT THE MONTREAL COMEDY FESTIVAL

JUST SAY NO

The percentage of Americans who know that George Washington was a Revolutionary War general: 9. The percentage who know that Obi-Wan Kenobi said, "May the force be with you": 55. Percentage who know that "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" is from the Declaration of Independence: 47. Percentage who know that "Just Do It" is from Nike commercials: 79.

MICRONESIA

Number of countries whose combined gross national products are less than the total assets of the three wealthiest officers of Microsoft (Bill Gates, Paul Allen, Steve Ballmer): 43.

BABBLE ROYAL

Of the seven best-selling issues of *People* at the newsstand, number that did not feature members of Britain's royal family on the cover: 3.

PLANE SPEAKING

Number of aircraft in American Airlines' fleet: 648. Number in United's: 575. Average age in years of U.S. airline fleets: 12. Average age in years of European fleets: 8. U.S. airline with the youngest fleet: Alaska Air (8 years).

PIECE DIVIDEND

The world's leading arms supplier in 1998: United States (\$7.1 billion). The increase in U.S. arms sales over 1997: \$1.4 billion. Runners-up in 1998 arms sales: Germany (\$5.5 billion), France (\$3 billion). Amount of



CASEY NOVAK

FACT OF THE MONTH

Americans spent \$4.6 million in 1998 on surgery to lift and firm sagging buttocks.

companies that test their employees for drugs: 98. Percentage of total U.S. workforce that is subject to drug testing: 44. Estimated number of illicit-drug users: 14.3 million.

UNION DUES AND DON'TS

In a survey of distinguished journalists and scholars selected to identify the 100 most significant news events of the 20th century, number of mentions of organized labor: 0.

DRUG TASTING

Amount of money spent by the pharmaceutical industry on consumer advertising of prescription drugs in 1989: \$12.3 million. Amount spent in 1998: \$1.2 billion.

MENU, PLEASE

According to the National Restaurant Association, percentage of adults who eat at a restaurant on a typical day: 46. Percentage who have worked in a restaurant: 33. Number of restaurants in the U.S.: 815,000.

WORLD OF DIFFERENCE

In 1997, gross domestic product of Ethiopia: \$6.4 billion. GDP of Congo: \$5.2 billion. Rwanda: \$1.7 billion. In 1997 total sales of General Motors: \$167 billion. Of Ford: \$147 billion. Of Mitsui: \$145 billion. —PAUL ENGLEMAN

separate law that bans nudity where alcoholic beverages are served.

ARE YOU A MAN OR A MOUSE?

Neuroscientists at Emory University have isolated a gene that holds the biological key to monogamy. Dubbed the "perfect husband" gene, it affects a key receptor gene, called vasopressin, that is responsible for loutish male behavior. According to the journal *Nature*, researchers transferred the gene from the sociable, monogamous male prairie vole to aggressive, promiscuous male mice. The result was a surprise—male mice that were less ornery toward other males and more content with a single sexual partner. They also showed drastically less interest in *Monday Night Football* but have yet to learn how to cry or cook.

NO PUSSYFOOTING

Japanese women have not allowed the year's sexual scandals to pass unnoticed. A detective agency in Osaka is selling 200 S-Check systems per month. The kits are capable of detecting semen on clothing for up to two weeks. *New Scientist* also reports that another Japanese product, "infidelity detection cream," can be applied discreetly to a man's back and then will cause blisters if he showers during the day. The same cream, when applied to socks, changes the color of the fabric if the socks are removed for longer than 15 minutes.

TOP THIS

Whether you like it or not, another presidential election season is upon us. This year we're giving our vote to the guys on the soapbox at Chris White's Top Five (topfive.com). Among the plausible entries on the list of "top signs that your presidential campaign has too much money" are: "You can afford to pay an ex-president to pretend he's your father" and "Your ten-minute Super Bowl halftime infomercial features Marlon Brando and J.D. Salinger." The winning money shot? "At your nomination party, you hire Warren Buffet to sing *Margaritaville*."

SEXICON

Over time, *The Washington Post's Style* Invitational has gathered from readers an impressive list of new words formed by altering one letter of an existing word. A glance at a collection of recent winners shows that readers in the Beltway are just as preoccupied as the rest of us. For example, a taty is defined as "a lecherous Mr. Potato Head." Foreploy is "any misrepresentation about yourself for the purpose of obtaining sex." Osteopornosis is "a degenerate disease." And glibido is an apt word for a town full of pols. It means "all talk and no action."

Movie buffs: feed your addiction.





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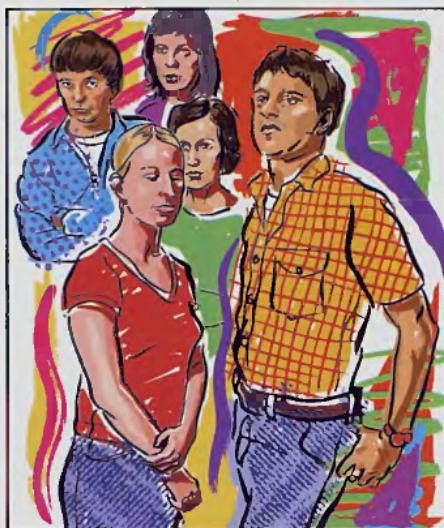
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MUSIC

POP

NO MUSICAL GENRE ever disappears completely. It may fall into obscurity, or uncoolness, but somebody is going to revive it and make it hip again. So it is with psychedelic lounge cheese, a musical form previously appreciated primarily by lonely guys in the Sixties who loved their stereos more than they loved the music. With the aid of serious studio technology, a nod to minimalist Steve Reich and Terry Riley and another nod to French pop music, Stereolab has made psychedelic lounge music symphonic. On *Cobra and Phases Group Play Voltage in the Milky Night* (Elektra), Stereolab delivers almost 76 minutes of gently undulating music that should be effective for inducing reveries, naps, tranquillity and sex (if you prefer it in a relaxed state). What are the songs about? I don't know, and you won't either. Many of the lyrics are in French, anyway. Just undulate gently and you'll get the point.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG



Stereolab's *Cobra and Phases*.

riffs will have you banging your head on the nearest sharp corner. But you won't need first aid.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

LATIN

Café Tacuba makes intimate music the way bands do when they've played together for years and have developed a genuinely original synthesis. Its new two-disc *Revés/Yosoy* (Warner) raises both rock *en español* and art rock to new levels. *Revés*, an instrumental disc, reflects the band's deep knowledge of Mexican musical culture as well as its intense interest in rock and roll. Like such Eastern European bands as Plastic People of the Universe, Café Tacuba plays a kind of art rock, but unlike the rest of that crowd, it understands that no matter how complex your harmonic ideas, they're only as good as the beats. So there's music here that's reminiscent of Frank Zappa and of electronica, of XTC and surf music, of Eno's noise and *La Bamba*. *Yosoy* is more of a song cycle, and it suffers because its vocals are no match for its instrumental virtuosity. Still, wading through the sprawl is a lot like driving across Mexico City, an astonishing journey through a culture ten times more diverse than you might have thought.

—DAVE MARSH

Undulate to Stereolab, revisit the Talking Heads and discover real Latin pop.

COUNTRY

John Prine hasn't recorded regularly since he was in hock to his labels back in the Seventies. The absence of new music after 1995's *Lost Dogs & Mixed Blessings* occasioned no alarm, but it should have: Prine was fighting for his life. He has been cancer-free for almost two years now. *In Spite of Ourselves* (Oh Boy, 33 Music Square West, Nashville, TN 37203) is a duet album that features such female admirers as Trisha Yearwood, Lucinda Williams, Emmylou Harris, Melba Montgomery and Iris DeMent. The cornpone humor of (*We're Not*) *The Jet Set* and the guilt-ridden spouse-swapping of the 1963 George Jones-Melba Montgomery hit *Let's Invite Them Over* are pleasant surprises. Prine wrote the title tune: The lyric "He ain't got laid in a month of Sundays/Caught him once and he was sniffin' my undies" is the work of a man who is glad to be alive under any circumstances.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

ROCK

The Talking Heads were a talented, cerebral band that had the audacity to ditch their quirky art songs in favor of incantatory vocals, primal funk and African polyrhythms. That transformation apparently shrunk David Byrne's head while opening his heart. Nonlinear lyrics and complex beats propelled such songs as *Burning Down the House* and *Once in a Lifetime*. By the time their aptly titled concert film and live album, *Stop Making Sense*, were released in 1984, Byrne had learned to move beyond his intellect.

Stop Making Sense (Special New Edition) (Warner/Sire) includes all nine songs from the original album, as well as seven equally superb unreleased tracks. For the first time, the concert's entire set list is presented in the original order. Another classic live set being expanded and remastered is *Cheap Thrills* (Sony), Janis Joplin and Big Brother and the Holding Company's breakthrough second album. Big Brother was often dissed for being sloppy and unfocused, but when they were on, they were great. Blending psychedelic guitars with R&B grooves, Big Brother was closer to Otis Redding than it was to the Grateful Dead. The band spurred Joplin to incendiary heights on the volcanic *I Need a Man to Love* and *Ball and Chain*. Joplin's solo albums tried too hard to imitate the Stax/Volt soul bands that she loved, but when she was backed by Big Brother she created something original. Other Janis reissues include Sony's remastered editions of four albums with and without Big Brother, and the limited-edition *Box of Pearls: The Janis Joplin Collection*.

—VIC GARBARINI

The Step Kings, a three-piece punk band, really get it on, as you'd hope they would on an album called *Let's Get It On* (Fantastic Plastic). Ferocious as anything in the hard-core scene from which they emerged, they have found just the right balance between melody and assault, between harmony and screaming. Their

Now that the Buena Vista Social Club has been designated the world music event of the millennium, maybe we're ready for some traditional Cuban music untouched by Ry Cooder and his drum-beating son. Like *Estrellas de Arieto's Los Heroes* (Nonesuch), which documents the week in 1979 when the best musicians in Cuba, including many future exiles and many future Buena Vista personnel, entered the deepest groove you've ever heard. Or *Casa de la Trova* (Detour), a collection of Cuban folk-art songs at their most courtly and weird.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

R&B

SWV was one of the most underappreciated acts of the Nineties. The three-woman New York-based vocal group never had the cool imagery of TLC or the big pop hits of Boyz II Men, but the trio had urban soul appeal that resulted in a string of sassy hits. Relatively faceless, SWV were the Shirelles to TLC's glossy Supremes. Now SWV's lead vocalist, Cheryl "Coko" Gamble, attempts to emerge as a solo star with *Hot Coko* (RCA). Early on, SWV was a vehicle for Brian Alexander Morgan, who shows up on *Triflin'*, a hip-hop-R&B blend featuring Ruff Ryders' rapper Eve. Another

FAST TRACKS

R

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Café Tacuba Revés/Yosoy	6	7	7	8	7
Coka Hot Coko	6	7	8	5	6
Jahn Prine In Spite of Ourselves	8	8	6	9	7
Stereolab Cobra and Phases	7	6	8	4	7
Talking Heads Stop Making Sense	5	10	8	8	6

WILL IS ROLLING OVER IN HIS GRAVE DEPARTMENT: Last summer, the Grove Theater Center in California mounted that little-known Shakespearean play, *Twelfth Dog Night*, with music by **Three Dog Night**. Maybe **Gwyneth** packed them in, but how does Malvolio sing *One Is the Loneliest Number*?

REELING AND ROCKING: **Lisa Stansfield's** movie, *Swing*, is looking for an American distributor. Stansfield, co-starring with **Clarence Clemons** and **Hugo Speer** (from *The Full Monty*), has already released the CD. . . . **Marilyn Manson** will debut as star, co-writer and soundtrack producer of *Marilyn Manson's Hollywood*. . . . The **Doors'** **Ray Manzarek** will make his directorial debut with *Love Her Madly*, a story of love, obsession, madness and murder. It's not a *Doors* documentary, but that's coming too, in 2000. . . . **Dave Stewart** is the director and co-writer of *Honest*, a black comedy set in the Sixties.

NEWSBREAKS: **Shirley Manson** and her **Garbage** bandmates have created a bright-orange nail polish called **Garbage**, natch. You can order it through their website, garbage.com. . . . **Geri Halliwell** has reportedly been offered the starring role in a New Zealand TV production of *Mary Poppins* retitled *A Spoonful of Sugar*. . . . **Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young** have postponed their reunion tour until next year. . . . This fall, the surviving **Beatles** transformed an 18-car train going through the Chunnel into a yellow submarine, to call attention to the rerelease of the movie. . . . Two Chess cousins from the famous Chess Records family have launched the new label **Czyz** (the family's original, Polish name). The first release? A blues album by **Murali Corryell** (son of **Larry**) called *2120*. The title refers to the address on South Michigan Avenue in Chicago where the Chess studios were located (now it's

the Blues Heaven Foundation, run by **Willie Dixon's** heirs). . . . Even though **D'Arcy** has left the band, the **Smashing Pumpkins** still plan to release their next album in February. . . . **Peter Gabriel** is collaborating with **Jocelyn Pook** (who scored *Eyes Wide Shut*) on a millennium show that will mix music, dance and acrobatics, along with a few surprises. . . . The fifth **Elvis** conference this past summer in Memphis focused on Elvis in the Oval Office, taking its theme from the historic meeting between Elvis and **Nixon** in December 1970. . . . Compaq hired **Sting** for an ad campaign that will coincide with the release of his next album. A website will follow the tour, and he may even do some commercials. . . . **Billboard Books** has published *The Encyclopedia of Record Producers*, which lists the people behind the scenes in the music biz throughout the century. There is a companion website, at javemusic.com. . . . In other *Doors* news: *Celebration of the Lizard* will likely have its Broadway premiere in the fall of 2000, with **Billy Zane** playing **Jim Morrison**. And, yes, according to Ray Manzarek, the music will be used. . . . Finally, in his 75th year, **Johnnie Johnson** is stepping out from behind **Chuck Berry** to get his due. Johnson, the subject of *Father of Rock and Roll: The Johnnie "B. Goode" Johnson Story*, will also be the subject of a tribute album from Atlantic Records. . . . Lastly, "feminazis" strike back: **Rush Limbaugh** offered **Chrissie Hynde** a bunch of money to let him keep using *My City Was Gone* as his theme song. She declined the offer. Limbaugh says he started using the song 15 years ago to show his fans he's not a "stuffed shirt and likes rock and roll." He tried to turn Hynde's refusal into a liberal-conservative thing, but she's no pretender.

—BARBARA NELLIS

track, handled by Anita Baker's producer, Michael Powell, is a spirited version of Marvin Gaye's *If This World Were Mine*. But the bulk of *Hot Coko* is produced by R&B hitmaker of the moment Rodney Jerkins. The man behind songs for Monica and Brandy, Jerkins works his considerable magic for another one-name singer. *Hot Coko* is a tasty debut.

—NELSON GEORGE

I've never heard a higher-energy singer than Gino Washington, a lost Motor City legend rescued with *Out of This World* (Norton), 15 tracks featuring some of the wildest R&B ever waxed. From 1962 to 1964, Gino did whatever it took to get songs like *Out of This World*, *Baby Be Mine* and the immortal *Gino Is a Coward* (resurrected by Bruce Springsteen) to an audience. He'd croon, chant, use a bizarre falsetto and cram 14 syllables into a space comfortable for about half as many. Then he'd stand aside for some of the world's cheesiest and hottest guitar solos. If he hadn't gotten drafted and lost momentum, everybody might know his name.

—DAVE MARSH

JAZZ

Pianist Horace Silver did more than anyone else to shape soul jazz, with such tunes as *The Preacher* and *Sister Sadie*. And in the half-century since his first recordings, his music hasn't lost a thing. The proof lies in two new releases spanning his career. Silver's classics of the Fifties and Sixties fill the four-CD *Retrospective* (Blue Note). His quintets were fronted by fledgling stars such as Michael Brecker, Joe Henderson and Art Farmer. But his rhythms are just as bluesy, the piano solos as playful and the melodies almost as infectious on Silver's latest—the aptly titled *Jazz Has a Sense of Humor* (Verve).

Cassandra Wilson and Diana Krall get all the ink, but they're not the only divas worth hearing. Jeri Brown mixes it up with tenor saxophonist David Murray and vocalist Leon Thomas on *I've Got Your Number* (Justin Time). And young Carla Cook makes an impressive debut with *It's All About Love* (Max Jazz). Cook artfully stirs together pop tunes and blues-gospel phrasing, and in her lyric "Loving is the last revolutionary act," she may have come up with the century's epitaph.

—NEIL TESSER

WORLD

Musical travelog of the year: Natacha Atlas' **Gedida** (Beggar's Banquet), on which she focuses on what she does best: the Arab diva act, speeded up and subtly modern. More authentic than *The Mummys*, I guarantee it.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

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WIRED

GIRL GEAR

If you want to impress the wired women on your holiday gift list, bypass the frilly stuff and consider these tech toys instead. **Color me girlie:** Pioneer's Loopmaster personal CD players come in a variety of female-friendly colors including Purple Swirl, Just Peachy and Moonlight White. **Road movies:** Just two inch-



es thick when closed, Panasonic's DVD-L50 Palm Theater is a portable DVD player that weighs less than two pounds, has a five-inch flip-up LCD widescreen monitor and can also simulate surround sound through two external speakers. The price: \$1100. **Finger flexing:** If she's addicted to the Game Show Network, Tiger Electronics offers a better fix—*Wheel of Fortune Deluxe, Jeopardy* and *Hollywood Squares* handheld video games. Each accommodates up to three players and is a bargain at \$30. **Say cheese,** **part I:** Polaroid's PhotoMax PDC 700 digital camera is affordable (about \$300) and a snap to use. The pocket-size shooter has a liquid crystal display for previewing images and offers a 1024 x 768 resolution (ideal for attaching photographs to e-mail or producing wallet shots on a color ink-jet printer). For serious webheads, Logitech's QuickCam Pro is an eyeball-like camera for Macs and PCs that sends still images and video across the Net. At \$150 a piece, you can buy a pair—one for you, one for her—and trade sexy footage online. **Say cheese,**

part II: Give the ultimate party toy and stuff Polaroid's funky I-Zone Instant Pocket Camera into her stocking. It shoots postage stamp-sized images on Polaroid paper and in sticker form (\$25, plus up to \$7 for film). —BETH TOMKIV

TECH TRICK: NAME THAT TUNE

It happens all the time. You're in the car, listening to the radio, a new song comes on—and it rocks. But you don't know the title or the artist, so you stay tuned in hopes that the DJ will identify the song. But he never does. Well, screw him. Thanks to a new service called Star CD, you'll soon be able to punch *CD (that's *23) into your cell phone keypad, speak the station's frequency number into the handset and wait while a computer on the other end identifies the song from its database. Within a few seconds, a recorded voice shares the name of the song, the artist and even the disc on which the tune appears. By following a few more voice prompts, you can listen to a sample of the song, as well as other cuts from the CD. Except for the price of the call, Star CD is free—unless you're in the mood to shop. Then you can issue a few more commands to order the compact disc you've sampled. Star CD purchase prices (including shipping) are competitive with record stores and online music shops, and billing is hassle free. You can preregister your credit card. Ultimately, you'll be able to tack the cost of your road-shopping onto your cell phone bill. Star CD debuted in Philadelphia and is expected to launch in other major cities nationwide throughout 2000. —B.T.

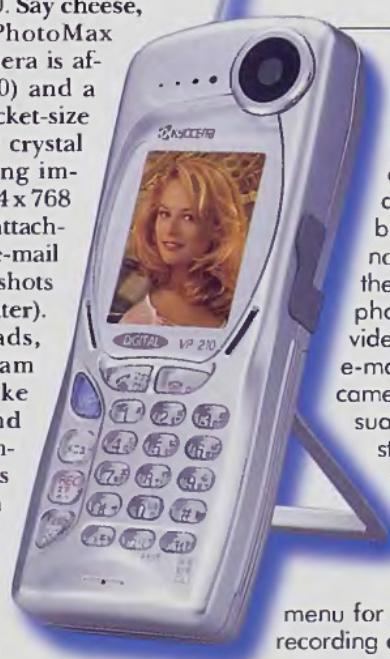
TIPS FOR GOING FLAT

Planning to free up a little desktop space by investing in a flat computer monitor? Here are a few shopping tips. **Check the warranty:** Most manufacturers of LCD monitors warrant the hardware and the fluorescent-tube backlight separately. Look for at least a three-year warranty for the backlight, since it's usually the first to go.

Analog is easy—for now: Digital LCD monitors are available, but 99 percent of all PC video cards are equipped with analog outputs. To go digital, you'll need a video card, so make sure one is bundled with the monitor. **No fun in games:** We could go totally geek and explain why most current video games don't play well on skinny monitors. But just take our word—the two don't mix. **Tolerance required:** Every LCD monitor (regardless of manufacturer) will have a certain number of defective pixels, which appear as little dots on your screen. Before leaving the store, insist on connecting your chosen model to a computer to ensure the inevitable spots are subtle and in places (like corners) you can live with. Also make sure the monitor is consistently bright. Uneven luminance is another common flaw. —MARC SALTZMAN



WILD THINGS

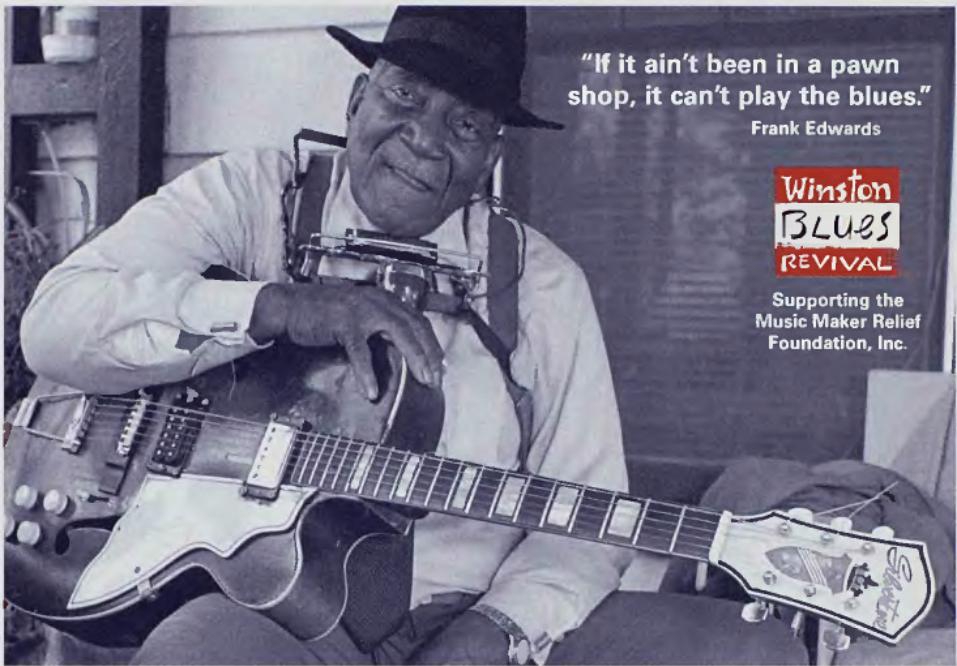


If you think Web surfing via cell phone is the cutting edge of wireless technology, check out Kyocera's VP-210 Visual Phone pictured at left. It's the world's first color video cellular phone, complete with a two-inch color liquid crystal display and a minicamera for transmitting real-time audio and video. The video flows at two frames per second—far from fluid but fine for putting a face with a voice. Other slick features: When you're not available to take a call, a video answering machine kicks in, provided the person on the other end has the ability to receive it on his own visual phone. (We expect future generations to tap into computer and tabletop video phones as well). You can also access the web on Visual Phone's screen, e-mail and snap JPEG images. (The phone's lens doubles as a digital still camera.) Now the bad news: You can't get your hands on one just yet. The Visual Phone is now only available in Japan (for about \$400), but is expected stateside by 2001. **With VCR prices dropping almost daily, you can find some choice deals on high-end machines.** Witness Sensory Science's dual-deck VCRs. These four-head player-recorders look sleek in side-by-side and stacked designs, and are priced at \$300 (for monaural sound) and \$350 to \$600 (for stereo). Either variation features an automatic clock that sets itself when plugged in, as well as an on-screen menu for easy video editing. And yes, you can watch a video on one deck while recording on the other. That's couch spud nirvana. —M.S.

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MOVIES

By LEONARD MALTIN

Being John Malkovich (USA Films) is one of the genuine treats of the fall season, an audacious, wildly original film about a struggling puppeteer (John Cusack) who discovers a "portal" that sends him inside the body of actor John Malkovich. What sounds like a hip party joke is brilliantly developed into a full-length film by writer Charlie Kaufman and director Spike Jonze (making his feature-film debut after a career in high-style TV commercials and music videos). The cast is uniformly fine, with Cameron Diaz as Cusack's slightly dippy wife, Catherine Keener as his ferocious office mate, Orson Bean as his benign but befuddled boss and, best of all, John Malkovich himself, who gives an astonishingly sly performance as a man possessed. This downright bizarre material works as well as it does because the actors are fully engaged—and Jonze puts his faith in them and the script instead of trying to dazzle us with special effects. **VVVV**

Joe the King (Trimark) marks the writing and directing debut of the talented actor Frank Whaley (*Born on the Fourth of July*, *The Doors*, *Swimming With Sharks*) and is reminiscent of François Truffaut's classic *400 Blows*. Its protagonist is a 14-year-old boy (movingly portrayed by Noah Fleiss) whose life is one long losing battle. With a drunken father (Val Kilmer) and an absent mother (Karen Young), he has descended into a life of theft and antisocial behavior. But, in truth, he's not a bad kid: He slaves every night at a neighborhood restaurant (even though he's underage) and tries to cover for his father's constant debts. Is there any relief for him? The answer is no, and that's the problem with *Joe the King*: While



Griffith: Going crazy cross-country.

A reluctant whistle-blower, a whimsical murderer and a genteel psychopath.

Whaley's portrait of lower-working-class life is credible and well observed, it offers no redemption, hope or solace. **VV**

American Beauty (DreamWorks) is one of this year's few outstanding films, a searing—but not unsympathetic—look at a family whose dreams have gone sour. Kevin Spacey is perfect as a man who revels in his newfound liberation from responsibility, while wife Annette Bening finds a different kind of release, from the empty career she has chosen. Daughter Thora Birch, meanwhile, discovers an unexpected soul mate in the

strange boy next door. If they, first-time screenwriter Alan Ball and debut film director Sam Mendes aren't Oscar nominees this year, something is seriously out of whack. **VVVV**

It's no secret that in recent years, news stories have proved to be much juicier (and more unpredictable) than most of the fiction Hollywood screenwriters can concoct. **The Insider** (Touchstone) is the saga of how a dogged producer for CBS' *60 Minutes* (played by Al Pacino) sniffs out an explosive story about secrets of the tobacco industry and persuades an ex-employee (Russell Crowe) to put his career and his life on the line by going public. Not since *All the President's Men* has there been a true-life thriller so involving, so visceral, so surefooted at every turn. Pacino and Crowe ought to be Oscar contenders for their performances, each playing a man who must juggle his moral imperative with the reality of making a living. Christopher Plummer is equally fine as veteran newsman Mike Wallace, and the cast is peppered with first-string actors in supporting roles. Director and co-writer Michael Mann has created a compelling film about integrity in the context of a genuinely gripping story. **VVVV**

Canada's Atom Egoyan is one of the world's most original and provocative moviemakers, but it's only in the past few years, with films such as *Exotica* and *The Sweet Hereafter*, that he's gained major recognition. His newest effort, **Felicia's Journey** (Artisan), based on a novel by William Trevor, was filmed in England and has bona fide star Bob Hoskins in the lead—but it's pure Egoyan. Hoskins is ideally cast as a man whose impeccable manners and grooming mask

(1) Bids for the 16mm camera used to shoot portions of the movie went as high as \$10,000 on e-Bay.

(2) It took nearly 2000 auditions to find actors Heather Donahue, Joshua

Dan Myrick and Eduardo Sanchez.

(5) Artisan, the studio that distributed the movie, got into trouble at the Cannes Film Festival for circulating missing-persons posters of the cast.

comfort is not."

(7) The actors survived in the woods for four days mostly on a diet of Power Bars.

(8) The directors were afraid that they had "lost Heather" during the closing scene in the house because she couldn't stop screaming and was hyperventilating after the final shot.

(9) Despite the above, the actor says she has become "a more avid camper since the film."

(10) After a show promoting *The Blair Witch Project* aired on the Independent Film Channel, three of Joshua Leonard's friends called him to make sure he wasn't dead.

—ROBERT B. DESALVO

TEN SCARY THINGS YOU MIGHT NOT KNOW ABOUT "THE BLAIR WITCH PROJECT"

Leonard and Michael Williams.

(3) The tombstones of children seen at the beginning of the film are actually random markers in Burkittsville's Union Cemetery.

(4) The actors were on their own, except for vague character-motivation notes left along the way by directors

The publicity stunt went awry because, unbeknownst to Artisan, a kidnapper had just been apprehended near Cannes.

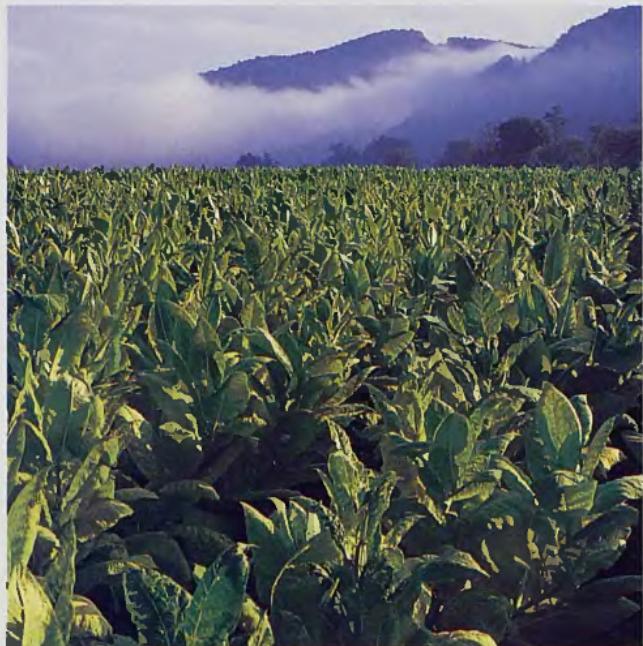
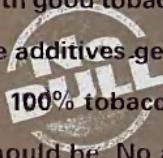
(6) Before the actors embarked on their trek into the Maryland woods, producer Gregg Hale informed all of them, "Your safety is our issue. Your

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York: Eternally young.

OFF CAMERA

To a new generation, he's Basil Exposition, the cheerful head of British intelligence in the *Austin Powers* movies. Could this youthful-looking actor be the same **Michael York** who created such an indelible impression as Tybalt in Franco Zeffirelli's *Romeo and Juliet* 31 years ago? Or Liza Minnelli's leading man in *Cabaret*?

The answer is yes, and York—who, it seems, has never stopped working—is enjoying the outsize reception his work in *Austin Powers* has brought him. But he's quick to remind Johnny-come-latelys that despite his Oxford University and National Theater training (alongside Ian McKellen and Lynn Redgrave), he has never been hesitant to be daring—from taking a pie in the face in the "mod" comedy *Smashing Time* to playing Marty Feldman's twin brother in *The Last Remake of Beau Geste* years ago.

"I know there are actors who test the water before getting in it. I plunge right in and either sink or swim," he says, laughing. "But I'd much rather regret the sins of commission than those of omission."

Although York and his wife, Pat, a renowned photographer, have lived in Los Angeles for many years, his career has given his passport a workout. "I have filmed all over the world, from Norway to India to Brazil to Australia. Now I get the huge pleasure of going to England to film, because it's become this sort of exotic foreign country for me."

But he remains resolutely British in one respect. "I admire professionalism; what I cannot stand is indulgence. I just don't understand the indulgence that's given to bad behavior. I won't have it." Credit his old-school training. If there were a good conduct medal for actors, I suspect York would have won it long ago. —L.M.

a terrible secret. Into his orderly life comes an innocent Irish woman named Felicia (Elaine Cassidy), who has traveled to England in search of the boyfriend who abandoned her. Felicia stirs feelings in Hoskins that he's never had before, and therein hangs the tale. As a long-time admirer of Egoyan, I was disappointed—not with his sinuous storytelling or his deft way of unveiling layers of character, but with his choice of subject matter. I'm tired of films about psychopaths—even if they feature someone as gifted as Hoskins. **YY**

There is little in *Tumbleweeds* (Fine Line) we haven't seen before: A trailer-trash woman breaks up with the latest in a long line of loutish boyfriends and takes to the road with her precociously world-weary daughter. What sets this film apart is a gallery of exceptional performances and a keen eye for detail on the part of co-writer and director Gavin O'Connor. You'd never know Janet McTeer isn't a Southern belle; in fact, she's a British-born, Tony Award-winning stage actress. Kimberly Brown is every bit her equal as the daughter who yearns for some stability in her life. And the truck driver who becomes both live-in boyfriend and father figure is played to perfection by O'Connor himself. **YYY**

Melanie Griffith plays a character who may or may not deserve our sympathy in *Crazy in Alabama* (Columbia). Abused by her husband, she has sought relief the only way she knows how: murder. But like that innocent-looking fellow in the classic *Night Must Fall*, she carries her victim's head around with her, waiting for the right time and place to dispose of it. And she calls on her brother (David Morse) and sister-in-law (Cathy Moriarty) to look out for her oldest son (Lucas Black) while she goes on the lam. Her cross-country journey to Hollywood is played out in counterpoint with her son's first encounter with mid-Sixties Southern racism. The subject is freedom, but the film plays with our emotions too glibly to be fully satisfying. Still, it's a creditable job for first-time director Antonio Banderas. **YY**

I'm drawn to *Man of the Century* (Fine Line), a fanciful tale of a newspaper columnist named Johnny Twennies (Gibson Frazier). Although living in the Nineties, Johnny is blissfully unaware of the realities around him or the contemporary sexual longing of his girlfriend (Susan Egan). The problem with this well-intentioned film (shot in black and white, of course) is that it doesn't make sense. Still, the cast is likable and includes such welcome troupers as Frank Gorshin and Bobby Short. **YY**

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by leonard maltin

American Beauty (See review) One of the year's top films, about a family cracking under the pressure of living the American dream. Kevin Spacey and Annette Bening head a superb cast. **YYYY**

Being John Malkovich (See review) A bizarre but brilliant thrill-ride of a movie with John Cusack finding a portal that puts him inside Malkovich's head. **YYYY**

Bowfinger (Listed only) Steve Martin and Eddie Murphy are fun to watch, but this amusing comedy about a fly-by-night moviemaker, written by Martin, fails to soar. **YY**

Crazy in Alabama (See review) Melanie Griffith plays a Sixties Southern belle who has murdered her mate and hit the road in a quest for freedom. **YY**

Felicia's Journey (See review) Bob Hoskins is a genteel psychopath in Atom Egoyan's deliberate but not altogether satisfying new film. **YY**

Happy, Texas (Listed only) A feel-good comedy about two escaped convicts who pretend to be kiddie-pageant impresarios. Jeremy Northam, Steve Zahn, William H. Macy, Ally Walker and Illeana Douglas star. **YY**

The Insider (See review) Al Pacino is dynamite as a producer for *60 Minutes* who persuades recently fired tobacco scientist Russell Crowe to turn whistle-blower. **YYYY**

Jakob the Liar (11/99) In a Polish ghetto during WWII, Robin Williams gives his fellow Jews a flicker of hope. **YY**

Joe the King (See review) A bleak film about a boy's harrowing—and unrelenting—existence with two parents who don't care. Ethan Hawke and Val Kilmer co-star. **YY**

The Limey (11/99) Terence Stamp travels to Los Angeles seeking revenge for his daughter's death in this stylish if slight Steven Soderbergh film. **YY**

Man of the Century (See review) A quaint film—in black and white—about a New York reporter who lives in the world of the Twenties. **YY**

Outside Providence (Listed only) Alec Baldwin's performance as a blue-collar dad is the best thing about this coming-of-age comedy-drama. **YY**

The Straight Story (11/99) Richard Farnsworth is the real thing in this disarming ode to Americana by—of all people—David Lynch. **YY**

Tumbleweeds (See review) Exceptional acting makes this little film, about a rootless mom and her precociously world-weary daughter. **YY**

YYYY Don't miss

YY Good show

YY Worth a look

Y Forget it

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Real Friends. Real Bourbon.

DATA SHEET

NAME: Jim Beam

BUST: 12" WAIST: 12" HIPS: 12"

HEIGHT: 14" WEIGHT: 2.3 lbs.

AGE: 4 (but I was born in 1795)

BIRTHPLACE: Bourbon County, Kentucky

HEROES: Friends who have picked me up when I was down.

AMBITIONS: Pour the world a great big drink.

PRO: Flask. (You can't sneak a keg into most stadiums.)

CON: Dry Counties. Not exactly where you want to spend your vacation.

FAVORITE BAND: Tough Question. Whatever band's playing Jim Beam's Back Room that week.

PERFECT NIGHT: Hanging with the crew. (Trouble always has a way of finding us.)

THE KEY: Friends. Just couldn't stand the thought of aging without 'em.

BEST ADVICE: Great friendships need fuel.



Leaving home for the
first time.



200th. birthday
(We toasted with me.)



The boys heading out
for another night.

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VIDEO

GUEST SHOT



Guy Ritchie's audacious film debut, *Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels* (PolyGram), is the most darkly gleeful gangster film since *Pulp Fiction*. But Ritchie, a 31-year-old Brit who honed his creative edge in commercials and music videos, does not include Quentin Tarantino among his influences. Mention *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, though, and Ritchie's voice fills with cockney exuberance. "I saw *Butch Cassidy* just the other day and I still think it's a fucking brilliant movie," he says. Ritchie found immediate inspiration for *Lock, Stock* in gritty British crime flicks, including two available on tape: "The Long Good Friday—the most credible gangster movie—and *Get Carter*, directed by Mike Hodges." —GREGORY P. FAGAN

BRINGING THE WAR HOME

With *Saving Private Ryan* and *The Thin Red Line* fresh from the battlefield, it's hard to believe it's been 70 years since *All Quiet on the Western Front* won Oscars for best picture and best director. Here are some other war favorites.

The Guns of Navarone (1961): Strike force scales the cliffs of Navarone to knock out two radar-guided German cannons in Alistair MacLean's version of *Magnificent Seven-meets-Wild Bunch*. Nominated for eight Oscars, including best picture.

Where Eagles Dare (1969): Commandos Richard Burton and Clint Eastwood dress like Nazi officers and infiltrate a Bavarian castle to rescue an American general. Bullets fly, grenades explode and the delightfully demented ending comes out of left field.

Hamburger Hill (1987): A brutally realistic portrayal of desperate GIs (led by a pre-*Practice* Dylan McDermott) assaulting a fortified Vietnamese hill for ten grueling days. They win, but it makes you wonder.

The Dirty Dozen (1967): Imagine if the passengers of *Con Air* were the good guys and had to slay a bunch of Nazi officers on D-day eve. Now put Lee Marvin in charge and get the hell out of the way.

Glory (1989): A company of freemen and slaves, including Oscar winner Denzel Washington, take on Johnny Reb in a battle that was a Civil War turning point. A fitting tribute to the Union's African American soldiers.

The Brylcreem Boys (1996): Based on the little-remembered fact that Ireland was neutral in 1939. Allied pilot Bill Campbell and German aviator Angus MacFadyen shoot each other down, are kept in the same resort-like prison camp and fall for the same lassie. Direct to video, and worth a rental.

Kelly's Heroes (1970): Part WWII saga, part bank heist. Clint Eastwood and a band of merry men sneak behind enemy lines and steal 14,000 Nazi gold bars. Funny, exciting and the best nonwar war movie ever.

—BUZZ MCCLAIN

DISC ALERT

The Beatles' 1968 animated feature **Yellow Submarine** (MGM, \$30) remains such a jubilant trip that quibbling with its shortcomings seems, well, blue and mean. The album was a collaborative effort that stretched the then-nascent art of concept albums to its limit. The movie mixes elements of *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* with new songs, packaging and oodles of extras—but was not greeted with the same enthusiasm as *A Hard Day's Night* (1964) or *Help!* (1965). Perhaps rightly so. That said, MGM's Special Edition DVD is a joy to behold and replay on several levels. This is seminal psychedelia, and digital remastering has brought out the best in it. The soundtrack finds the best of the Beatles. In the extended jam of *It's All Too Much* that closes the movie, we hear a fairly stripped-down Fab Four: guys playing

CINE QUA NON

Carl Dreyer's silent 1928 masterpiece

The Passion of Joan of Arc was destroyed by fire. He assembled another version from the outtakes, which also was lost in a fire. Then a nearly perfect print of the original was found in a Norwegian mental institution in 1981. Now this pioneering film is on DVD, carefully restored and accompanied by composer Richard Einhorn's oratorio, *Voices of Light*. *Passion* is included in many critics' ten-best lists, praised for its use of close-ups and editing and the power of Renée Falconetti's acting. Also included on the disc are a history of the film and a demonstration of how it was restored.



rock and roll, marveling at simplicity, at odds with excess. That MGM included the animated sequence "Hey Bulldog"—cut from the movie, but a John Lennon-delivered highlight of the *Yellow Submarine* album—definitely makes this one a keeper.

—G.F.

VIDEO MOOD METER	
MOOD	MOVIE
STAR TURN	<i>William Shakespeare's A Midsummer Night's Dream</i> (Bard's comic buffet is perfect for highbrow grazing; Kline and Tucci shine), <i>Tea With Mussolini</i> (Franca Zeffirelli recalls his youth in fascist Italy; Judi Dench and Maggie Smith get loopy laughs).
COMEDY	<i>Notting Hill</i> (Julia Roberts walks into Hugh Grant's bookstore, and suddenly it's Roman Holiday; mainstream but sharp), <i>The Castle</i> (Aussie clan goes to court when the airport next door claims its land; a howl, thanks to an oddball cast).
ANCESTORS	<i>Xiu Xiu: The Sent Down Girl</i> (city-barn cutie, cut adrift in the country, turns to tricks; Joan Chen's deft directing debut), <i>This Is My Father</i> (forbidden love in a Thirties Irish village; Aidan Quinn's heartfelt family project is two pints shy of great).
AUTEUR	<i>Besieged</i> (David Thewlis pines for his housekeeper, Thandie Newton; lush yet subtle work by Bernardo Bertolucci), <i>Buena Vista Social Club</i> (Wim Wenders documents a 1998 Carnegie Hall reunion of Cuban musicians; a delight).
THRILLER	<i>Heaven</i> (booze and cards drag family guy Martin Donovan into a vortex of depravity; familiar tale told well), <i>The Thirteenth Floor</i> (Vincent D'Onofrio and Gretchen Mol chase her dad's virtually real killer; looks slick, feels clumsy).

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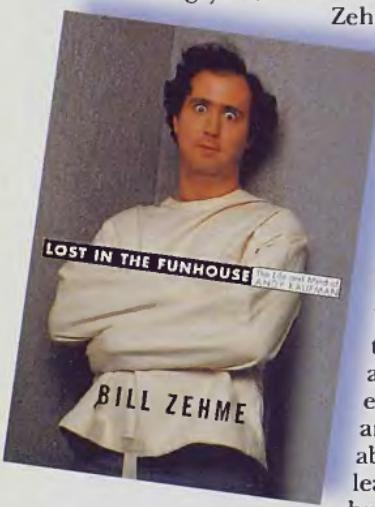
BOOKS

THE JOKE'S ON US

Just how weird was cult comedian Andy Kaufman? We may never know. But Bill Zehme's stylish biography, *Lost in the Funhouse* (Delacorte), goes a long way in excavating the life of this strange guy. Most of the world knows him from his portrayal of Latka, the foreign mechanic on the TV series *Taxi*, or from his debut performances on *Saturday Night Live*, perfectly lip-synching to a recording of the *Mighty Mouse* theme. Zehme gives us a picture of a small boy who grew up on the North Shore of Long Island believing there were television cameras embedded in the walls of his room (so he was always putting on shows). When Kaufman was a student, his teachers "uniformly gave him 65s on everything so as not to flunk him, which he often deserved, to avoid getting him back the following year, which they felt they did not deserve."

Zehme documents Kaufman's obsession with Elvis, his odd attempts at writing (of an adolescent novel, *The Hollering Mangoo*, he explained, "I wrote this book so people would vomit"), his indulgent and exasperated parents—what would you do if you had an Andy Kaufman growing in your living room? Andy embraced transcendental meditation (giving up drugs) and there are transcripts of a legendary exchange between Kaufman and the Maharishi in Majorca about the nature of humor. We learn about each show business break and each performance,

how he honed his Foreign Man "tenk you veddy much" routine and made everyone wonder, Is this funny or just weird? Despite the effort and the stylish curlicue in this biography—and Zehme's adroit and charming handling—we wonder, too.



SANTA'S BOOK BAG

The books you give as gifts last long after the tree comes down and the New Year's hangover lets up. Three American icons—Elvis Presley, Muhammad Ali and Bob Dylan—are represented in *Elvis Day by Day* (Ballantine), *Ringside* (Bulfinch), *Early Dylan* (Bulfinch) and *Bob Dylan Lyrics 1962-1999* (Knopf). An exhaustive, photo-filled chronicle in diary format by Peter Guralnick and Ernst Jorgensen, *Elvis Day by Day* is the kind of complete and detailed account that obsessed Presley fans will appreciate. In *Ringside*, Ali's illustrious career is commemorated in photos and in essays by Alex Haley, Norman Mailer, Joyce Carol Oates and Peter Richmond. In *Early Dylan*, photographers Barry Feinstein, Daniel Kramer and Jim Marshall create a nostalgic portrait of the artist as a young man. Fans will get a Christmas bonus with the reissue of *Bob Dylan Lyrics*, updated and expanded to include *Time Out of Mind*. The Newport, Rhode Island Folk Festival was jolted to attention when Dylan went electric in 1965. In *Electric Guitar* (Courage) Nick Freeth and Charles Alexander explore the twang, with a foreword from musician Mark Knopfler. The final verse in this season's music offerings comes in the form of two lively volumes on album cover design. In *The Groove: Vintage Record Graphics 1940-1960* (Chronicle), by Eric Kohler, examines 300 album covers. In *100 Best Album Covers: The Stories Behind the Sleeves* (DK), Storm Thorgerson and Aubrey Powell take us from 1960 up to the millennium. Science fiction, how-

ever, has always taken us well beyond any millennium. In *Science Fiction of the 20th Century: An Illustrated History* (Collectors), novelist Frank Robinson leads us through the century and puts the genre into thoughtful, entertaining perspective. Notable among the season's contemporary photography books is *Hotel LaChapelle* (Bulfinch), a lavish edition showcasing the work of David LaChapelle (who shot this month's Naomi Campbell cover and pictorial).

A whimsical view of America is offered by inventive lensman David Graham and NPR commentator Andrei Codrescu in *Land of the Free: What Makes Americans Different* (Aperture). Photographer David Alan Harvey and writer Elizabeth Newhouse collaborate in *Cuba* (National Geographic). Harvey was granted unprecedented access to Cuba, and his work presents the Cuban landscape and people in a way unseen by most outsiders. The first comprehensive reference book devoted to black history is *Africana: The Encyclopedia of the African and African American Experience* (Basic Civitas), edited by Kwame Anthony Appiah and Henry Louis Gates Jr. It's a scholarly book (with more than 2000 pages) that covers the entire history of Africa and the African diaspora, meaning readers will find topics ranging from aardvarks to affirmative action to Tupac Shakur. If men and tools are synonymous, you'll want to see *Toolbox* (St. Martin's) by Fabio Morabito. The text, translated from Spanish, offers a post-industrial (and lyrical) look at screws, knives and pipes. Now that you've played Santa so artfully, here are two books to put on your own wish list: *Erotic Art: From the 17th to the 20th Century* (Edition Stemmle) and *Love and Desire* (Chronicle). In *Erotic Art*, editor Peter Weiermair presents uncirculated portfolios from artists such as Pablo Picasso and Hans Bellmer. *Love and Desire*, edited by William Ewing, is a feast of sexy photographs collected from the work of, among others, Man Ray, Robert Mapplethorpe, Brassai and Herb Ritts.

—PAUL ENGLEMAN



HEROES AND VILLAINS:
The product of three and a half years of work and ten individual installments in *PLAYBOY* magazine, *The Century of Sex: Playboy's History of the Sexual Revolution 1900-1999* (Grove Press), by James R. Petersen, edited by Hugh M. Hefner, is something to be proud of. With 32 pages of color photos, the book chronicles the sexual and cultural history of our century. Petersen lets the heroes (Margaret Sanger, Mae West) and the villains (J. Edgar Hoover, Anthony Camstack) have their say.

Then, in lively prose, Petersen has his.



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FITNESS

GET FIT GEAR

By the time we ring in the new millennium, we'll all have heard a zillion ways to avoid indulging—and bulging—over the holidays. Our advice: Ignore the advice. This is a once-in-a-lifetime party; you'll have plenty of time to work off your excesses in the next millennium. Toward that end, we've tracked down smart exercise tools to stuff into your gym bag. Most are practical, portable and modestly priced—and they make great gifts. **Good to Go:** Jump rope if you're looking for a quick fix. Just ten minutes with Ironwear's Bat Wing (draped around our lovely model's shoulders) burns as many calories as jogging for a half hour. Made of rubber with ergonomically designed handles for a better grip, this speed rope costs \$20 and is the perfect go-anywhere piece of gear. Just as compact is Bodylastics, a clever training system that delivers a total-body workout comparable to lifting free weights. Packed in a laptop-sized bag are four bands (of varying resistance), a how-to video and a book outlining 18 exercises you can perform easily at home or on the road—all for \$40. **Get a Lift:** Adding light hand weights to your cardiovascular workout boosts intensity while building strength. Ironwear's Hand Irons are the most comfortable models we've found, thanks to a clever design that allows them to fasten firmly around each hand like a boxing glove. They're available in weights of two, four and six pounds per pair. The price: \$20 to \$30. For guys who want to weight-train but don't have room for an elaborate free-weight setup, Premise Products offers the sleek ProBell 30 Limited bars (\$400 per pair, below). Each bar features ten removable chrome plates totaling 30 pounds, a quick release system for easy weight adjustment and a storage tray. You select a weight on the dial (say, 20 pounds) and then lift. The extra ten pounds of plates are automatically released and remain in the tray. When you want to increase the weight, place the bars in the tray, adjust the dial upward and the extra plates reattach. **It's the Shoes:** Nike's new Air Flightpositives (\$160) look positively 2020. These hoops shoes (in

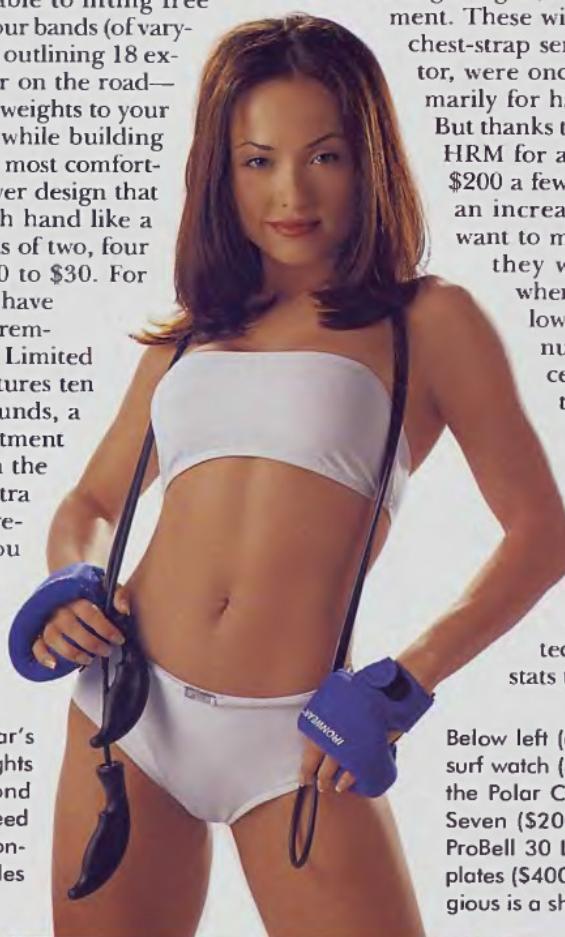
The hard body at right is sporting Ironwear's Hand Irons, one-, two- and three-pound weights that fit boxing glove-style around each hand (\$20 to \$30 per pair). The Bat Wing rubber speed rope (hanging around her neck) is another Ironwear innovation. It features ergonomic handles with performance enhancing fingertips (\$20).

metallic gold and black) are ultrathin and have a cover that zips over the laces, creating a kind of Air Jordan-meets-Aquaman effect. Nike has also introduced the Contagious (\$75), the first shoe designed exclusively for spinning. Created with the help of Johnny G, spinning's Australian inventor, the Contagious is built like a cycling shoe. It combines a rigid nylon plate at the base (for improved pedaling) with a lightweight mesh, which breathes better than leather in those oven-like spinning rooms. **Perfect Timing:** Nike's Typhoon is a \$135 digital watch for surfers that is programmed with high- and low-tide information for 175 beaches worldwide. The information in the Typhoon's database is good for the next 50 years. But even if you never catch a wave, this funky sports watch has useful gym-rat features, including a countdown timer and chronograph race timer. Finally, if you're committed to getting fit, a heart rate monitor is a wise investment.

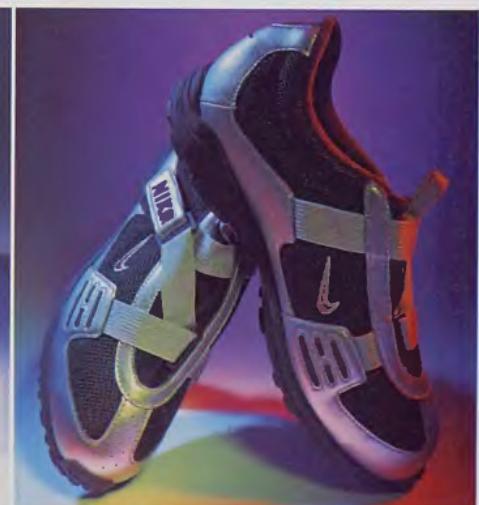
These wireless gadgets, which consist of a chest-strap sensor and a wristwatch-type monitor, were once considered a training tool primarily for hard-core runners and triathletes.

But thanks to falling prices (you can get a basic HRM for about \$60, compared with at least \$200 a few years ago), they're being used by an increasing number of exercisers who want to maximize their gym time. How do they work? Most HRMs emit a beep when your heart rate goes above or below your target training zone (220 minus your age, multiplied by 65 percent and 85 percent). The goal is to avoid setting off the beep. Better HRMs have sports-watch features, including an alarm, a stopwatch function and a lap timer. Our favorites: Freestyle's Circuit Seven (\$200), one of the few HRMs stylish enough to wear outside the gym, and the Polar Coach (\$230), featuring technology for beaming workout stats to a PC.

—KRISTIN JOHNSON



Below left (clockwise from top): Nike's Typhoon surf watch (\$135) and two heart rate monitors—the Polar Coach (\$230) and Freestyle's Circuit Seven (\$200). Below center: Premise Products' ProBell 30 Limited bars with adjustable chrome plates (\$400 per pair). Below right: Nike's Contagious is a shoe designed for spinning (\$75).





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SEX

By AMANDA GREEN

It is unusual to meet a man's balls before you meet him, but that's what happened when J. and I made a couple of new friends at Le Trapeze, a swing club in New York City.

Perhaps I should explain. A week before, J., then my newly intended (now my lawfully wedded), raised the bar on our sexual adventurousness by proposing that we check out a swing club. He called it a reconnaissance mission: a report from the front—and the back, if you will.

At first I was dismissive, chalking it up to his not-so-latent Peeping Tomism. But then I remembered watching commercials for Plato's Retreat on Channel J as a young teen, and I was gripped with a nauseous nostalgia: the cheesy disco music, the white guys with afros and thick mustaches, their arms around foxy wing-haired and willing women holding plastic glasses of champagne. I wondered: Do these people still exist, and what do they look like now? Who, in this age of safe, anonymous sex on the Internet, STDs and Mayor Rudolph Giuliani's draconian sex-club laws, still goes out in public and does this stuff, with *real people*?

High-minded sociological interest aside, J. and I also harbored fantasies of encountering some sexual Shangri-la. An opium den out of the pages of Anais Nin, littered with luxurious throw pillows, the scent of jasmine in the air, fresh figs and delicate wines, peopled with nymphets and sculptured Greek gods bathing one another with languorous caresses. Lurking in the recesses of my ego was the further fantasy: *Maybe they'll all want me!*

We decided to go, blend in with the others and comply with the rules of the house, whatever they might be. The fact that Le Trapeze is well established was a plus, although its reputation as a club for "the serious swinger" made me nervous. From our research, it was apparent that watching was a big activity. I knew that was all I'd be doing, and if J. valued his hide, he'd follow suit.

At the door, the man behind the Plexiglas window took \$95 for the two of us (the club is strictly couples-only). When J. inquired, the man told us it was very quiet inside—just ten couples. When we had called the night before, we learned that the fewer the couples, the more intense the swinging. *Hmmm.* The big double doors opened, and there we were.



THE SWINGING SCENE

A greeter welcomed us politely and escorted us to the locker room. We passed a "juice bar and buffet area" with small tables, one of which was occupied by a respectfully towed couple, happily chatting and digging into steaming platefuls of gray spaghetti and meatballs. Our greeter then walked us past several private rooms with closed doors. He pointed toward a curtained door that led to the Party Room, which he said was very quiet. We nodded authoritatively as we passed an empty, pedestaled, bubbling Jacuzzi on our way to the deserted locker room. We were given keys and towels. I went to the ladies' room to disrobe. The towel was comfortably ample to conceal and stay on. So far, I was relieved at how unthreatening the atmosphere was. J. and I set out to explore.

We hit the Party Room first. Outside, signs were posted: One politely suggesting that couples refrain from anal and vaginal intercourse, in accordance with the Board of Health. The other stated that couples must be fully disrobed to enter. We ignored that one, walked in and were immediately greeted by the sight of three couples in a large, dimly lit, mirrored room with mats on the floor (something like wrestling mats, with a similar smell). *Where were my satin throw pillows? My jasmine?* At first it was hard to tell if the couples were even moving, but

soon we could discern bobbing heads, stroking arms, and we could hear subtle sighs. None of the couples was interacting with the others: two ordinary-looking men were going down on their ladies, one of whom was huge; the third couple was in the missionary position, quietly jiggling with exertion. No nymphets here, no sculptured Adonises.

"OK," I said to J. after a few seconds, "what say we hit the juice bar?"

Upon closer inspection, the juice bar consisted mainly of a soda gun, ice, plastic glasses and a jar of dangerously old-looking fancy cookies. The gray spaghetti clump was the only offering from the buffet. *Where were my fresh figs and mead?* We helped ourselves to Sprite and went to check out another bar area across the way—also empty. A TV monitor overhead was playing a video, a tightly focused shot of a cock going into a vagina; then it showed a woman sucking one man—no, two men—while being taken from behind, in her behind, by a third. Tight shot of his dick going in and out of her anus. OK, I thought, this is a little too much reality. But luckily some marvelous acting made up for it. J. snapped me out of its hypnotic spell by pointing to a little cubicle opposite the bar. We went to look, and it was there we encountered the aforementioned balls.

There was a couple fucking at our feet. All we could see of the woman was a pair of black-stockinged legs winging a man's shoulders as he pumped away. Instinctively, I said, "Excuse me," and quickly left the room, but a feminine voice reassured us, "Hey, no problem at all." We tried to go back in, but another couple darted past us to look, blocking the entryway as we heard cries of a climax. "See?" J. said. "You snooze, you lose."

The cubicle couple emerged, and the man dropped a condom into a wastebasket. They then headed toward the juice bar. We followed.

They looked promisingly friendly and very pleased with themselves and their recent performance. I felt a little like we were going backstage to meet the Lunts after a show, and wanted to shake their hands and say, "Well done!" We introduced ourselves, and they cheerfully invited us to join them. I hastily explained that we were not propositioning them, just interested in talking. But it was unnecessary, as they were interested only in each other. The *(continued on page 232)*

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A broken glass snow globe lies on a dark wooden surface, shattered into many pieces. The globe is decorated with a blue base and a gold chain with a bow. The words "Crown Royal" are written in gold script on the base. The glass shards are scattered across the dark wood. In the background, a Christmas tree and wrapped gifts are visible through a window, suggesting a festive setting.

Crown Royal

By ASA BABER

Here are the six most important questions my readers sent Santa Claus this year. He has agreed to answer them in exchange for a subscription to *PLAYBOY* and a date with two Centerfolds.

Dear Santa: Some boys at school say you do not exist. Are you for real? (J.T., Cotton Plant, Arkansas)

Dear J.T.: Of course I exist, and this response proves it. I have long white hair and a white beard and a red Santa suit with white fur trim. I live at the North Pole with 400 elves and eight tiny reindeer. And once a year, I travel the world in a single night and deliver gifts to all the good children out there. Bad children, of course, get nothing from me but dried reindeer droppings. And while I do not like to single you out, J.T., do not expect any presents from me this Christmas. Not after you secretly videotaped your homeroom teacher doing the nasty on the tumbling mats in the gym with the school guidance counselor and his dog, King.

*Dear Santa: Are you married? If so, have you been faithful to Mrs. Claus? And how will she handle it when the two *PLAYBOY* Centerfolds arrive?* (L.B., Beaverhead, New Mexico)

*Dear L.B.: I was married once, but it was a struggle for me to remain faithful, especially on Christmas Eve (so many women, so little time). Still, I cleaned up my act, attended a sexual addiction seminar and assumed things were coming back into balance domestically. Mrs. Claus, however, took the message of women's lib so seriously she moved to the South Pole and started her own holiday gift delivery service. We divorced years ago, and she is now suing me for unfair labor practices. The battle between us never ends, it seems, so I will experience no guilt at all as I romp like a loon with the pair of gorgeous Centerfolds *PLAYBOY* is sending me.*

Dear Santa: Do the Christmas gift lists you receive from women reveal anything about them? I find today's women to be perplexing and confusing creatures and cannot seem to score with any of them. Please help me! (R.M., Hurricane, Alaska)

Dear R.M.: To answer your question would require the disclosure of proprietary information, but I will tell you this much: In amazing numbers, today's women ask me for things like vibrators and porn tapes. That certainly tells me a lot about them. Why your sexual cup-



pipers piping and a partridge in a pear tree. Get the picture, man? Women today want everything under the sun, and if they can't have it, then they assume it's our fault.

Dear Santa: What's your relationship with your elves? Do you ever get it on with any of them? And what is life like with your reindeer? (M.P., Scipio, Utah)

Dear M.P.: I see you're a Mormon with six wives who feels he has a right to judge other people, but I will answer your question anyway. It is my experience that elves make great companions. The affection I feel for Wyndrogynous, my Chief Elf, is immense, and we have shared many a good laugh together. He knows how to pack a sleigh and repair my onboard computer. My favorite female elf, Synfynia, always accompanies me on Christmas Eve and gives me great aid and comfort as we hop around the globe. As for my reindeer, Dancer and Prancer have a highly campy attitude toward their jobs and need to be monitored carefully, but Donner and Blitzen are wired for endurance and speed. As for Dasher, he sold out and went to work for Mrs. Claus several years ago. (My spies tell me she treats him badly.)

Dear Santa: By this time next year, America will have a new president. Who will it be? (M.G., Urania, Louisiana)

Dear M.G.: The winner of the next presidential election will be that candidate who most reminds the American people of me. Try to picture Ross Perot in a Santa Claus outfit. It doesn't work, does it? Steve Forbes? Pat Buchanan? No way they would make a good Santa. Jesse Ventura scares people. The man called W seems too brash, John McCain comes close to the ideal, Gary Bauer would make a better elf, Elizabeth Dole can't handle the beard and Al Gore is not flexible enough to get down the chimney. So my money is on Bill Bradley, who could be a Santa Claus of the first order. But I have been fooled before, you know. This last guy we elected seemed like an acceptable Santa at first. He had the face and the build and the voice for it—but who could have predicted where he was going to stick his candy cane or how often he was going to lie about it? Not this bowlful of jelly.

DEAR SANTA

board is bare is beyond me—I can truthfully state that women today are hornier than ever. While many of them take matters into their own hands, I am sure they would welcome a little help from their friends if it were offered in the right spirit. My advice? Look in the mirror. Therein may lie the problem.

Dear Santa: I am R.M.'s brother, T, and your previous answer does not satisfy me. What have you learned about women from their communications with you? I think I speak for most men in saying we are thoroughly bewildered about women today, and we look to you for spiritual guidance. (T.M., Hurricane, Alaska)

Dear T.M.: You got me there, big fella. I was trying to dodge your brother's question about what women want because I'm not sure I have an answer to it. Let me refer you to some of the confounding Christmas requests I received this year and see if you can make sense of them. For example, M.B. of Tomahawk, Wisconsin has requested things as disparate as a commodities price chart for soybeans and a certified plaster cast of Barry Manilow's penis. ("If he has one," she adds.) J.S. of Wagon Wheel Gap, Colorado wants a year's supply of beef jerky as well as a bottle of cologne and an autographed picture of Jewel. S.J. of Zapata, Texas asks me to send her a winning Grand Slam lottery ticket, five





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MANTRACK

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Eye Is on the Sparrow

Corbin Motors' Sparrow (pictured above) looks like something Scrooge McDuck would drive. But who cares when you're behind the wheel of an electric machine that travels 30 to 60 miles between recharges and wings it from zero to 65 in 13 seconds? Technically, the fiberglass-bodied one-passenger Sparrow is a three-wheel motorcycle. (You'll need an M classification on your driver's license.) The cycle designation cuts serious red tape and keeps insurance costs down. Power windows, a stereo and a heater are standard equipment. Air-conditioning is nature's own. Behind the seat there's storage space for a briefcase and a bag or two of groceries. Power to the Sparrow's DC motor comes from 13 lead-acid batteries that can be recharged via normal house current in six hours—or booted up in two if you're plugged into 220 voltage. Chuck Gang, Corbin's vice president of marketing, says the company expects to manufacture about 800 machines this year. Look for eight of them in the forthcoming Mel Gibson movie *Million Dollar Hotel*. Price: \$12,900; the Sparrow is available in red, blue, green, pink, teal, silver and purple. It comes in yellow, too, but that may not be the best choice if there's duck hunting where you live.

Attention, Carnivores

The traditional Christmas dinner mainstay is remarkably easy to prepare. Start with an eight- to ten-pound standing rib roast—with rib bones attached. Take it out of the refrigerator and let it come to room temperature—30 to 40 minutes. Follow the blueprint below. Place the roast in a pan outfitted with a rack, so the juices can run off. Insert a needle-nose meat thermometer in the thickest part of the roast and away from any bones for an accurate reading to determine doneness.

A FOOLPROOF ROAST BEEF

- 1 PREHEAT OVEN TO 450°
- 2 RUB ON 5 SEASONINGS:
FRESHLY CRACKED
BLACK PEPPER
COARSE SALT
ROSEMARY
- 3 PUT FAT-SIDE-UP
IN ROASTING
PAN. COOK AT
450° FOR 20
MINUTES.
- 4 REDUCE
HEAT TO 300°.
COOK UNTIL
INTERNAL
TEMPERATURE
IS 125°-130°.
- 5 LET ROAST REST FOR 15-20
MINUTES BEFORE CARVING.

Best Bet: Baccarat

Despite its roped-off location in most casinos and its James Bond mystique, baccarat is a card game with surprisingly friendly odds. In fact, it's really a guessing game. You bet on who wins, banker or player—or on a tie. After bets have been placed, the dealer deals two two-card hands. The values of the cards in each hand are totaled; the object is to come as close to nine as possible. (Tens and face cards count zero. If the total of your cards goes over nine, subtract ten.) A third card may also be dealt, but play follows strict rules, with no decisions made by the players. Banker and player bets pay even money, minus five percent to the house in winning banker bets. Those odds make these bets some of the best in a casino. Betting on a tie pays eight-to-one, but don't go there. It's for suckers. In chemin de fer, a similar game popular in Europe, you bet against other players. Stick with baccarat and break the house.



MANTRACK



Back in Action

The Steelcase Co. in Grand Rapids, Michigan can't do anything about your boss' being a pain in the ass, but it has done something about pains in the back. After four years of research, company ergonomists concluded that a person's upper and lower back move

in different directions when a person changes positions. By providing independent controls for the upper and lower back, the Leop is the first office chair designed to mimic the spine's movements (everyone has a specific "spine print"). Two versions of the Leop are available: a \$700 model with upper and lower back controls, alternate backstops and a seat height control; and a \$1300 chair (pictured above) that also has lumbar height control, a high backrest and extras such as suede, polished leather or pillowed upholstery.



Holiday Champagne

If you planned ahead, you already know which champagne you'll be drinking to ring in the new millennium. We have some 1985 Dom Pérignon and a 1985 Krug Clos de Mesnil saved away for the occasion. But the entire holiday season, from Thanksgiving through New Year's, will afford many opportunities to share champagne with friends. It makes sense to have a few cases on hand. We recommend some nonvintage bruts that will be especially appropriate this season. The full-bodied Pol Roger's Brut remains one of our favorites, but we also like the Veuve Clicquot Yellow Label Brut, Bollinger's Special Cuvee Brut and the Deutz Brut Classic. If you like a lighter champagne, we recommend the Nicholas Feuillatte Brut Premier Cru, the Pommery Brut Royal or Taittinger's Brut La Fronçaise.

Clothesline: Mark McEwen

The co-host of CBS *This Morning* has worn Donna Karan suits ever since the designer outfitted him for the Olympic Winter Games in Nagano, Japan. "I'm a big guy," McEwen says. "Some designers don't make suits for men my size, but Karan does, and so do Ermenegildo Zegna and Jhone Birnes. Giorgio Armani makes the ties I wear." It wasn't always that way. McEwen admits that he's really a casual dresser, having been a disc jockey in Baltimore, Detroit and Chicago before ending up in New York City. "When I first went with CBS I had only jeans and Hawaiian shirts, so I had to make a transition to suits and ties."



Guys Are Talking About . . .

Two-wheelers to go. Bikes don't get more portable than the Strida (pictured here), an English-made model that weighs only 22 pounds, folds into the compact unit shown and features a low-maintenance Kevlar belt drive. Price: about \$550. • Female football. The Women's Professional Football League kicked off this fall with two teams—the Minnesota Vixens and the Lake Michigan Minx—doing battle on the gridiron in six exhibition games. The copper, Super Bowl 1, will be played December 18 at the Metrodome in Minneapolis. • Cider. The Ace in the Hole, a cider pub, opened recently in Sebastopol. It's owned by the California Cider Co., and only house brand Ace hard ciders are served. In addition to apple cider there are exotic quaffs made from honey and pears. • Great pillows. The Company Store sells a king-size pillow for \$2300 that's stuffed with the sinfully luxurious down of the Arctic Circle eider duck. For less-demanding sleepers, there's Medisana's \$70 Orthoform Head Pillow with a foam core that's shaped to adjust to the ears and back of the head. • Wine Brats. This group of young adult wine enthusiasts has 45 chapters nationwide, but their approach to the grape is more Bacchus and Butt-head than enological. Tastings sponsored by Beringer, Korbel and Gallo rock to a techno DJ and the Brats are affiliated with a magazine called Wine X, whose tag line is "Wine, Food and an Intelligent Slice of Vice."



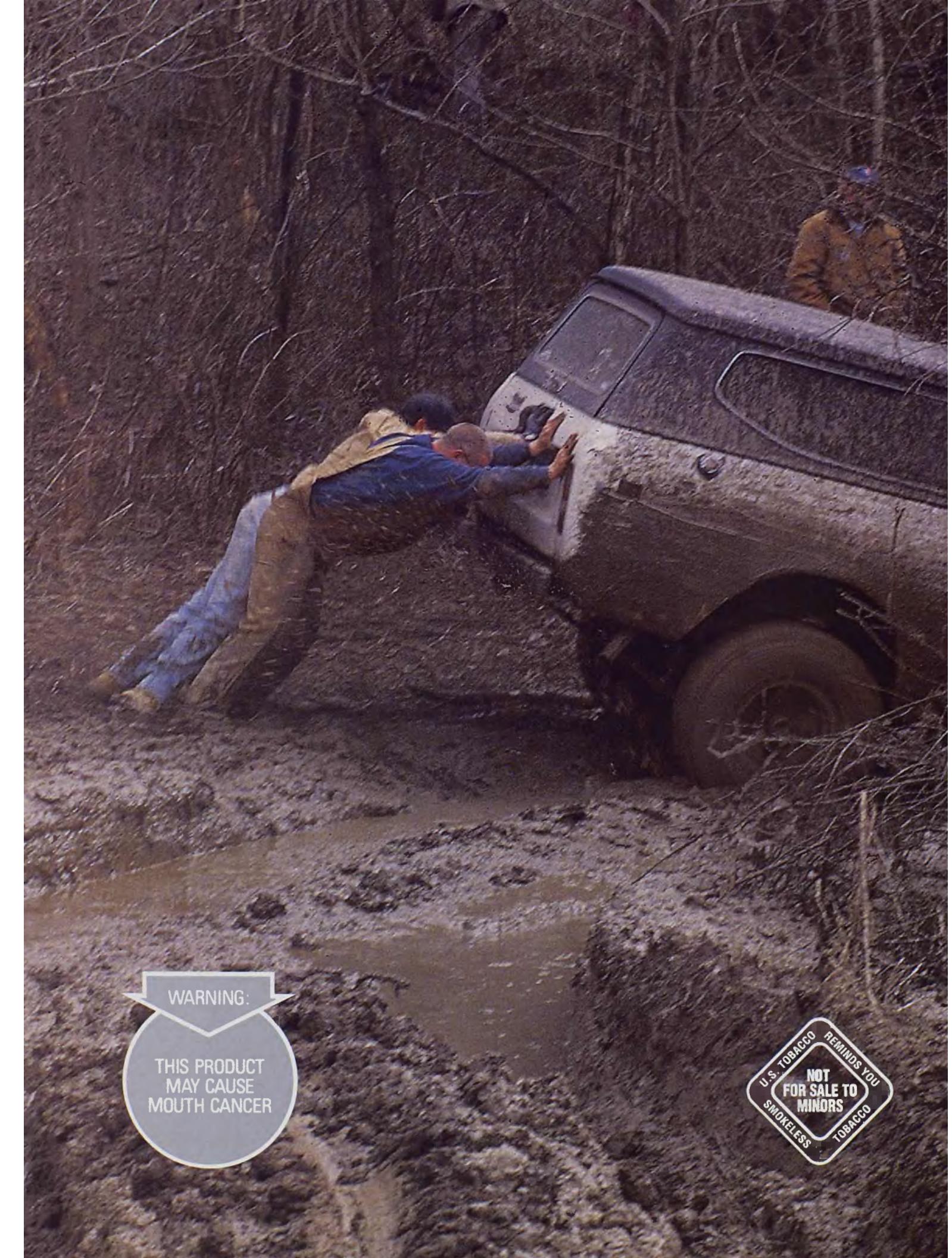
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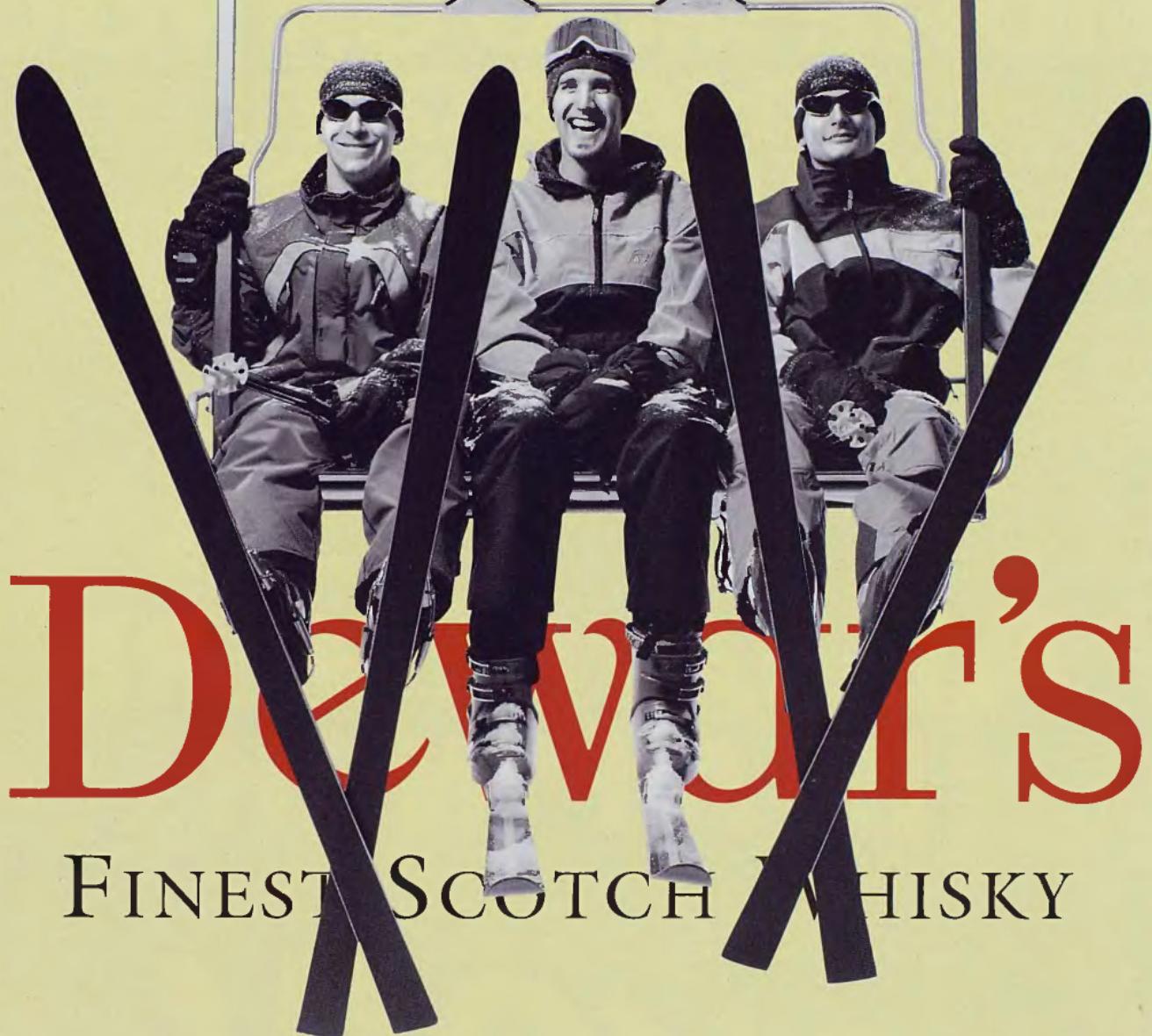
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Adam Sherman, Bryce Roberts & Niki Singlaub
The upstarts at Igneous Skis



Dewar's

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

About three years ago, I began getting monthly therapeutic massages. My masseuse is a lovely woman with a warm personality, not to mention a great touch. Initially I was apprehensive about being alone and naked with her (except for the obligatory sheet), but as we got to know each other I found it easier to relax. I became so comfortable, in fact, that I began to get erections during the massage. I remember the shot of fear when I became hard for the first time. I expected my masseuse to ask me to leave. (I had signed a form before our first session acknowledging that the massages would be therapeutic and not sexual.) But she never said a word about it, even after the massage had ended. That put me even more at ease. I became erect again during the next session, and made the sheet rise like a pup tent. During the third session in which I became hard, my masseuse aggressively massaged my inner thighs, moving her fingers close to but not touching my penis or testicles. The sheet rubbed rapidly against the swollen and sensitive head of my penis. After a few minutes, I realized I was going to come. While trying to decide what to do, I had an orgasm. My masseuse paused while I spurted and quivered on the table, then finished the massage. This pattern has been repeated, almost without interruption, every month since. She has never exposed or made contact with my genitals. I have told my wife about this and she says that as a strongly empathetic woman, my masseuse is following her instincts to make me feel good. My wife says the therapist allows this to happen and maybe even assists in my pleasure because I am considerate and discreet. But I'm left with a few questions: How common is this experience? Is there any possibility that my masseuse is oblivious to my orgasms? Should I broach this with her, or would I risk ruining a good thing? Also, is she violating any ethical standards?—A.R., Albuquerque, New Mexico

You told your wife? Forget the masseuse; your spouse is the real find. Of course your massage therapist knows what's going on. She's seen plenty of erections and nipples propping up that sheet; it's a natural reaction. Orgasms are less frequent, but only because most people become self-conscious, as you did, and the tension deflates their arousal. We see no need to verbalize the understanding you've reached—enjoy the ride. Your orgasms are a by-product of the massage rather than its goal, so in our view your masseuse isn't violating any ethical standards by not interrupting your pleasure. She also wouldn't be violating any standards by refusing to continue. Each masseuse establishes her own personal boundaries, and



many aren't comfortable knowing that their client is getting turned on.

Is there a way to combine the miles from various frequent flier programs? I have 10,000 to 15,000 miles with each of several airlines. But that's short of the miles required by any one of them to get an award.—L.R., Des Moines, Iowa

The airlines want your loyalty, which is why they created award programs. Allowing passengers to combine miles would accomplish nothing besides generating general goodwill, and that doesn't pay the bills. (Among the major carriers, only U.S. Airways and American have a domestic partnership that allows passengers to combine miles.) Randy Petersen of webflyer.com is an authority on award programs, which can be more difficult to navigate than the tax code. He suggests this loophole: Convert your miles into Hilton HHonors points, which allow you to switch air miles from different airlines to hotel points and back. The downside: You pay a hefty fee—as much as 70 percent of your miles—to convert. Since most miles no longer expire, maybe you should hang on to them. You also could redeem them for reduced-fare tickets, hotel stays and rental cars, or give them to charity.

I had a personalized license plate on my car for more than three years that read YOMAMMA. When I attempted to renew it, the DMV denied my request, saying it was "objectionable." I tried URASPAZ. This was turned down too. What is going on? What happened to free speech?—T.T., Gainesville, Florida

Free speech absolutists argue that the state shouldn't restrict what people put on their cars; pragmatists say there's enough road

rage without inciting more (presumably, Florida believes URASPAZ could provoke a violent spaz). The pragmatists are in the driver's seat for now (vanity plates are seen as a privilege, not a right) and state DMVs are given broad mandates to deny any request that might alarm someone, including drug slang, ethnic slurs, insults, salty language and sexual innuendo. Some people have beaten the system: California approved a cat lover's request for APussy, and a bald guy got the OK for NAKDHD. A few years ago, we asked the California DMV for a printout of its nearly 87,000 unacceptable configurations (Florida has a similar but smaller list). We couldn't figure out why most of them had been banned (Obscure drug slang? Foreign cuss words?), but some stood out in the "looking for trouble" category: ICU2COP, IH8DMV, PHUCOPH, XWIFTSUK, IWILLSU, SRYPU and REFEREE. Forbidden sexual terms included 9BU6BME, FL8ME, EASYLAY, GR8TUNG, 3WAYOK, NT2BZ46, TURBLO and the desperately honest NEEDSEX. When the DMV prevents drivers from getting laid—that's when we get angry.

How many people does it take to have an orgy?—W.S., Los Angeles, California

Technically? Two is a couple, and three is a threesome. Four could be described as an orgy, but more likely it's two couples, or a threesome and a guy saying, "I thought this was an orgy." Five is more likely a threesome and a couple. Six could be two threesomes or three couples or a couple, a threesome and the same poor sap. You get the idea. It's an orgy when you lose count.

I've lived the PLAYBOY lifestyle. I've had sports cars, speedboats, motorcycles and an ultralight plane; I have traveled to 13 countries, served in the Navy, owned a business and dated dozens of great women. But I just turned 48 and there is nothing in my life that excites me anymore: not my toys, not sex, not sports, nothing. I look at beautiful young women and become sad; I know they're thinking I should be playing checkers in the park with their dads rather than hitting on them. As Peggy Lee once sang, "Is that all there is?" I suppose I am experiencing a midlife crisis, but what to do about it?—R.T., Phoenix, Arizona

We've never embraced this idea of the midlife crisis. Every man reevaluates his life when it's about half over, and the huge majority don't miss a step. Your loss of interest in activities you have always enjoyed, especially sex and sports, points to at least mild depression. That's something a doctor can determine, and treat. Not that you need a pep talk from us, but the aging process seems to accelerate in the 40s and 50s—you feel more aches and pains, your libido loses some ground, you gain a few pounds, your cholesterol may rise. On the bright side, your

immune system is in peak form. Now, more than ever, it's critical to stay active and engaged and figure out what challenges you'll meet over the next 48 years. As for those beautiful young women: Those who like older guys are a barrel of fun, but don't rely on them to validate your virility. You haven't lived until you've been with a woman over 40, especially one who has pursued the PLAYBOY lifestyle as well.

Which is better, wax or polish?—J.R., Hinsdale, Illinois

How do you feel about your car? If you're in love, polish once a month. It's easier to apply than wax, and polish will remove light scratches and restore gloss to the paint or clear coat. If you're just friends, apply a protective coat of natural or synthetic wax. Avoid direct sunlight while you're doing this, and don't cover a large area at once, as it may be difficult to buff if it has too long to dry. You won't need to apply a new coat until water no longer beads on the surface. If a car you love is painted a dark color, consider polishing and waxing. Also, keep a mist-and-wipe product handy to remove bird shit and other corrosives before they damage the paint, or you may have problems that can't be fixed with a rubdown.

I read an article a few years ago about a Beaujolais wine that is best served fresh. Supposedly there was a party in New York at which the hosts served a Beaujolais that had been flown in from Paris on the Concorde and delivered by ambulance. Do you know which label it was and how much a bottle costs?—A.L., Nashville, Tennessee

You're thinking of Beaujolais Nouveau, a light, fruity red released each year on the third Thursday of November, six weeks after it's produced. It costs about \$9, unless you pay the air freight. To generate publicity, vintners in the Beaujolais region, south of Burgundy, rush their young wine to Paris on the official release date, where it's loaded onto a Concorde bound for New York. They have distributed cases in other unorthodox ways, such as by ambulance, elephant, rickshaw and balloon. The publicity has made the wine so popular that it now accounts for as much as half of the production of the region. That's unfortunate, because the hoopla steals attention from the other wines produced there. Our favorite is Moulin-à-Vent, which needs at least three years to develop.

My sex life sucks. My wife and I have a ten-month-old son. Toward the end of her pregnancy, our sex life began to deteriorate. If I want sex I have to be "good" (i.e., if I don't talk about it or beg, I may get a treat). I used to fondle my wife when she bent over or came out of the shower. She became frustrated with my always "grabbing" her. One day I made a comment about how I had stopped fondling her and she replied, "I know. My body thanks you." I get tired

of masturbating when I have a wife. Everyone tells me to leave, but I can't abandon my son. Are there any pills, potions or spices to make my wife horny again? I cannot live forever like this—sometimes I feel like I'm useful only as a sperm bank.—G.M., Sarasota, Florida

Raising a child can be exhausting—have you noticed? When your wife has an hour to herself, she's looking for a corner to relax in. Sex, as wonderful as it can be, isn't on her mind. That won't last forever, but you're not helping matters by whining about your needs. Beat off and lend a hand. The arrival of a kid changes everyone's priorities, and the relationship has to work around that. It's not unusual for a woman's libido to disappear during the third trimester and for some months after the birth. Postpartum depression, the constant stress of caring for an infant and sleep deprivation all take a toll on the sex drive. Breast-feeding also depresses the libido and causes the vaginal lining to become dry. This may be evolutionary: After an infant arrives, a woman can't risk another pregnancy or spend her energy on anything but keeping that helpless kid alive. Are you touching your wife in ways besides a grope? Rethink your view of foreplay. Turning on a new mother can be as simple as no-obligation shoulder rubs, stroking her hair, bathing your child together, giving her time alone. Your wife and her libido will be back, but only if you don't drive her nuts first.

One of our favorite positions is 69. Recently, I was on my back when my husband came, and semen ran up my nose into my sinuses. Within a day, I was hit with one of the worst allergy attacks I've ever had. I didn't have the sneezing and runny nose that usually occurs but instead suffered a sore throat and earache. The pain began on the same side of my head as the nostril the semen entered. Could this have been an allergic reaction?—M.M., Grand Rapids, Michigan

Dr. Jonathan Bernstein of the University of Cincinnati College of Medicine, an expert in human seminal plasma hypersensitivity, says that rather than an allergy, your case sounds like an intense response to an (unusual) irritant. If you were allergic to your husband's semen, you'd have realized it long ago. When a woman who is allergic to her partner's semen comes into contact with it during intercourse, she commonly experiences vaginal burning, itching or swelling that can last for hours. A few women have systemic reactions: wheezing, itching and hives, chest tightness, vomiting or diarrhea. The giveaway that it's a semen allergy, Bernstein says, is that there are no symptoms when the man uses a condom.

How do you open a Swiss bank account?—S.T., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Something you'd like to tell us? The easiest way is to visit a bank in Switzerland with passport and money order in hand. A personal visit also is the only way to get an

"anonymous" numbered account (bank officials will know your identity, so it's not a complete secret). You can open an account by mail, but you'll generally need \$10,000 to \$25,000 and must prove your identity with a passport. The chief appeal of a Swiss bank account is privacy. Bankers there can legally reveal information about their customers only in exceptional circumstances, such as when there's evidence of drug trafficking, insider trading, money laundering or another serious crime. Swiss banks also offer a range of international investment services, and the Swiss franc is relatively stable. Mark Skousen, the author of *Scrooge Investing* and an expert in financial privacy, suggests Austria as an alternative: Its secrecy laws are stronger, the Austrians require smaller opening deposits and pay more interest, and the banks don't nickel and dime you with fees, a practice for which the Swiss are notorious. Keep in mind that the IRS requires you to report any foreign bank account that has a value of more than \$10,000 at any time during the previous year.

Someone on an Internet bulletin board asked for the nude codes for the game Tomb Raider. I'm assuming that means there's a way to have Lara Croft go through her adventures in the buff. True?—J.W., Seattle, Washington

Rumors have been circulating for years that Tomb Raider includes a code that, when entered during play, removes Lara's clothes. The gamemaker says that's bunk, though there is a rogue code for a PlayStation cheat cartridge called Xplorer that supposedly makes Lara nude for the first level of Tomb Raider III. The code, which contains 1164 characters, must be carefully entered with a game controller, which can take hours (our tester gave up). Some gamers have created a similar effect for earlier PC versions of the game; search at game-revolution.com for "nude patch." It's all mildly interesting but not nearly as erotic as, say, an actual nude woman. Like the one walking around your bedroom. Trying to get your attention. Because you're busy at your PlayStation pecking in codes.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or advisor@playboy.com. Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions at playboy.com/faq, and check out the Advisor's latest collection of sex tricks, *365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life*, available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.



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WHO CHANGED SEX?

a hundred years of heroes and villains

James R. Petersen, author of *The Century of Sex: Playboy's History of the Sexual Revolution*, ranks the men and women who changed the face of sex, for good or bad, during the past hundred years:

1. Thomas Edison: Electricity powered the amusement halls and introduced downtown Saturday night, giving men and women a destination for dates, and created, in effect, a single sexual culture. Moving pictures taught the nation about romance, how and when to kiss.

2. Anthony Comstock: In 1873 Comstock persuaded Congress to beef up a law that prohibited mailing obscenity, which included information and items concerning contraceptives and "things intended for immoral use." As a special agent for the Post Office and secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, he arrested those who sold "immoral" books, art and photographs. He threw abortionists and advocates of birth control into jail. More than 80 years after his death in 1915, his influence is still felt. The Communications Decency Act of 1996, which would have crippled free expression online, merely added the word computers to the original Comstock Act.

3. Havelock Ellis: At the turn of the century, the first modern sexologist enthusiastically attacked Victorian stereotypes—the ideas that modesty is a virtue, that women have no desire, that masturbation is a disease, that the state has a right to intervene in the behavior of consenting adults. His style—collecting case histories and anecdotes from other cultures—expanded the universe, showing that sex was not only completely natural but infinitely varied.

4. Henry Ford: Who changed sex more—Sigmund Freud or Ford? Easily, it was Ford. Americans were doing it in backseats long before they took to talking about it on a psychoanalyst's couch. The automobile gave lovers mobility and privacy. Away from prying eyes, anything was possible.

5. Margaret Sanger: She argued for

"family limitation" in 1914 and had to flee the country. She opened the nation's first birth control clinic in 1916 and went to jail. She wrestled with doctors to make birth control a medical concern, and lobbied Congress and the Post Office to dismantle the Comstock Act. During Prohibition, she smuggled diaphragms into the country among shipments of contrac-

were to be shed and sex lay at the root of everything. Desire was a drive equal to thirst or hunger, nothing more, nothing less. Not having sex caused horrible neuroses. During the Fifties, Freud was resurrected by conservatives to herd women back into traditional sex roles. One team of Freudians claimed that for men sex was as easy as falling off a log; for women it was like being the log. In the Sixties, after Masters and Johnson rediscovered the clitoris, radical feminists such as Shere Hite and Anne Koedt labeled Freud the ultimate sexist oppressor. The good doctor had claimed that only vaginal orgasms (and not clitoral) were mature.

7. Alexander Graham Bell: His 1876 invention was a coast-to-coast party line by 1915. Dial telephones (1919) and private lines added convenience and intimacy. The telephone put your lover's voice on the pillow next to your ear. If she wasn't there, you had a way to reach the other names in your black book. It moved commercial sex from the tawdry world of brothels and bars to the more sequestered world of call girls. In the Eighties, dial-a-porn reminded the nation of the erotic power of aural sex. By the Nineties, novels such as Nicholson Baker's *Vox*, and government documents like the Starr report were devoted to phone sex.

8. Dr. Prince Morrow: In 1901, this controversial physician approached venereal disease as a medical problem, not a moral one. No longer would the wages of sin include death and disease. Morrow estimated that 75 out of every 100 men in New York City had been infected with gonorrhea, between five and 18 percent with syphilis. To battle the scourge, he organized the American Society of Social and Moral Prophylaxis, which later became the American Social Hygiene Association.

9. Dr. John Mahoney: In 1941, at the onset of World War II, Howard Florey, Ernst Chain and Norman Heatley turned Alexander Fleming's penicillin into a viable drug, a miracle



band Holland gin. She founded what would become Planned Parenthood. In 1950 Sanger persuaded benefactor Katharine McCormick to underwrite research for a form of birth control that would be as simple as taking aspirin. Within ten years, gynecologist John Rock and endocrinologist Gregory Pincus had developed the pill.

6. Sigmund Freud: Hero or villain? The jury is still out. Freud visited the U.S. once, in 1909. His works were translated into English during the Teens. By the Twenties, flappers and philosophers had grasped the essentials—repression was bad, inhibitions

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cure for infection. In 1943 Army physician Mahoney discovered that penicillin cures syphilis. Shortly after, Monroe Romansky and George Rittman found penicillin also cures gonorrhea.

10. James Mann: The country has periodically been swept by moral panics. Mann exploited the first of the century—a rabid belief in the existence of a white slave trade ("60,000 daughters kidnapped into prostitution!"). In 1910 he pushed a bill through Congress that made it against the law to transport a woman across state lines for the "purpose of prostitution or debauchery or for any other immoral purpose." The Mann Act launched a national vice force, the Bureau of Investigation, later known as the FBI.

11. J. Edgar Hoover: From 1924 to 1972, he was the nation's top sex cop. He raided brothels, locked up doctors who treated prostitutes, selectively enforced the Mann Act (from Charlie Chaplin to Chuck Berry), kept secret files on political enemies and fanned the homosexual panic of the Fifties with a sexual witch-hunt of "deviants" in government. Hoover was a master of sexual politics (read: blackmail).

12. Will Hays and Joe Breen: In 1922 former Postmaster General Hays left Washington to become the moral guardian of cinema. He created a list of dos and don'ts for directors, but it lacked teeth. In 1932, after the Legion of Decency threatened a boycott of Hollywood, Hays and Breen enforced the Motion Picture Production Code, which kept couples in separate beds, cut the length of a screen kiss from four seconds to 1.5 seconds, forbade nudity and any depiction of sexual pleasure and censored any mention of abortion, breast-feeding, pregnancy or childbirth. The code controlled Hollywood for more than three decades.

13. Mae West: She went to jail for her words, serving eight days for starring in a Broadway play called *Sex* in 1927. She challenged sexual stereotypes—what we now view as camp was revolutionary in its time. She played with the Hays office and was the nation's first shock jock—an appearance on Edgar Bergen's radio show led to an

FCC investigation. West was subsequently banned by 130 stations.

14. Morris Ernst: This lawyer for the fledgling ACLU believed sexual expression was a civil liberty, an essential freedom. He defended Mary Ware Dennett's right to provide sex education to young people (1929), fought U.S. Customs to free literary lust (he championed James Joyce's *Ulysses* in 1933) and worked with Dr. Hannah Stone to allow the importation of birth control devices in 1933. Following the publication of the Kinsey report in 1948, Ernst advocated reform of repressive state sex laws.

believed that sex was good and that the unmarried had a right to a sex life.

18. William O. Douglas, Harry Blackmun, William Brennan and Thurgood Marshall: The liberal heart of the Supreme Court worked the concept of privacy into the law of the land. First articulated by Justice Louis Brandeis in 1928, the "right to be let alone" grew to encompass the right to possess erotica, the right to obtain birth control and the right to choose when and whether to bear children. While credit also goes to the individuals who launched test cases (lawyers such as Charles Rembar, who defended *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and *Fanny Hill*, and Sarah Weddington, who argued before the Court in *Roe vs. Wade*), these men in black heard them out—and agreed.

19. Alex Comfort: The direct heir of Havelock Ellis, this eccentric English writer served up a wonderful dish in his best-selling book *The Joy of Sex* (1972). He introduced a culture locked in the missionary position to sexual exotica—bondage, sex in swings, "mouth music," grope suits and techniques such as pompoir (milking the penis with vaginal contractions).

20. Betty Friedan: Her 1963 best-seller, *The Feminine Mystique*, exposed the trap of family togetherness, the plight of housewives living in suburbia. She founded the National Organization for Women, inspiring a second wave of feminism among women who were seeking fulfillment outside the home.

21. Masters and Johnson: In the Sixties, this couple provided a detailed description of the physiology of sex. They placed sex in the whole body, rediscovered the clitoris and cataloged multiple orgasms in women. They devised cures for premature ejaculation and treated nonorgasmic women, and, in doing so, created the field of sex therapy.

22. "J": The author of the 1969 classic *The Sensuous Woman* taught that oral sex was delicious. Some nine million women got the point. Her prose female voice helped launch the second sexual revolution, paving the way for the likes of Germaine Greer, Nancy Friday and Lonnie Barbach.

23. Linda Lovelace and Marilyn



15. Margaret Mead: The anthropologist tested Freud's theories of repression and neurosis in the field. She depicted a sexual paradise, free of the restrictions of puritan culture, in *Coming of Age in Samoa*, published in 1928. Here was an educated, adventurous woman saying that "sex is a natural, pleasurable thing."

16. Alfred Kinsey: His landmark surveys in 1948 and 1953 gave a statistical portrait of sex in America—the way it was, not the way it ought to be—and punctured centuries of hypocrisy.

17. Hugh Hefner: In 1953, when other magazines were promoting family togetherness and the middle class was in flight to the suburbs, Hefner started a magazine for the urban male. He was the unabashed bachelor who

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Chambers: In 1972, Gerard Damiano's *Deep Throat* and the Mitchell brothers' *Behind the Green Door* made porn chic, taking stag films from the all-male world of smokers and frat parties and transforming them into feature-length couples' fare. These movies depicted wholesome, prurient fun, everything from enthusiastic oral sex to shaving pubic hair. When Sony introduced the VCR in 1976, the visual revolution was complete.

24. Catharine MacKinnon: Pioneered the concept of sexual harassment, bringing law to bear on sex in the workplace. What the Mann Act was for this century, sexual harassment law will be for the next century.

25. Newt Baker: The Secretary of War in 1917 ordered the closing of New Orleans' Storyville district and San Francisco's Barbary Coast as a prelude to World War I (unintentionally spreading jazz throughout the world). Redlight abatement laws coupled with "Keep fit to fight" patriotism drove commercial sex underground. Baker also launched the Commission on Training Camp Activities—the military's training pamphlets on VD were the nation's first formal sex education.

26. W.F. Robie: During the Twenties, this doctor was a one-man sex industry, writing manuals such as *Rational Sex Ethics for Men in the Army and Navy* and *Sex Histories: Authentic Sex Experiences of Men and Women Showing How Fear and Ignorance of the Sex Life Lead to Individual Misery and Social Depravity*. Eventually, he summarized his knowledge in the less wieldy tome *The Art of Love*. The so-called doctor books were seduction manuals celebrated by everyone from Edmund Wilson to James Thurber and E.B. White.

27. Elvis Presley: Elvis was sex for sex's sake, an heir to Valentino, wearing out his pants from the inside, showing that men could move.

28. Anaïs Nin: *Delta of Venus* and *Little Birds*, short stories written on commission for a connoisseur of erotica, along with Nin's intimate diaries, made sex an adventure in self-discovery for generations of women. For that reason, she was more important than her lover Henry Miller. She challenged women

to take up pen and typewriter to record their fantasies in collections such as *Ladies' Home Erotica* and *Herotica*.

29. Helen Gurley Brown: The female Hefner, her *Sex and the Single Girl* (1962) gave young women permission to embark on sexual adventures.

30. Ida Craddock: Wrote a series of advice manuals for newlyweds at the turn of the century, in which she recommended "an hour of tender, gentle, self-restrained coition." She described female orgasm and counseled that women take an active role in intercourse. Arrested in 1902 and convicted of violating the Comstock Act, she committed

(*Barbarella*) to political (*Coming Home*). Her exercise videos launched the fitness revolution.

34. The American Law Institute: The unsung heroes of the sexual revolution. In 1960 this group of legal scholars drafted a model penal code that decriminalized sexual activity between consenting adults (from sodomy to fornication).

35. The Stonewall Rioters: In 1969 these patrons of a gay bar in New York resisted police and launched gay pride. In 1974 the American Psychiatric Association dropped its definition of homosexuality as a "sexual deviation."

36. Mary Ware Dennett: She founded the Voluntary Parenthood League and petitioned Congress to dismantle the Comstock Act. In 1915 she wrote *The Sex Side of Life*, a primer on the facts of life, for her sons. In 1929 the Post Office put Dennett on trial for sending the pamphlet through the mails. The court that reversed her conviction ruled that "an accurate exposition of the relevant facts of the sex side of life in decent language cannot ordinarily be regarded as obscene."

37. Pope Pius XI: His *Casti Connubii* in 1930 tied sex to procreation. "Any use whatsoever of matrimony exercised in such a way that the [sex] act is deliberately frustrated in its natural power to generate life is an offense against the law of God and of nature, and those who indulge in such are branded with the guilt of a grave sin." He sentenced Catholics to Vatican roulette. In 1966, a papal commission voted 60 to 4 to change the church position and allow birth control. Pope Paul VI ignored their advice, and in *Humanae Vitae* banned the pill for Catholic women.

38. Merrill Youngs: In the Twenties, this producer of condoms challenged the Comstock Act and won. Establishing rubbers as legitimate, he persuaded pharmacies to sell Trojans. Before that, condoms were sold primarily in gas stations, bars and barbershops.

Runners-up include the inventors of the water bed, the personal vibrator, Polaroid and video cameras, Viagra, cable TV and the Internet. Thanks. (To order *The Century of Sex*, call 800-423-9494.)



ted suicide rather than go to jail.

31. D.H. Lawrence: In 1928 he published the first great dirty book, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, immortalizing the notion that sex is natural. In 1959, when the courts ruled that *Lady Chatterley* was not obscene, literature was at last free.

32. Hedy Lamarr: Her on-screen orgasm in *Ecstasy* (released in 1932) flickered in more than 400 theaters over a 20-year span, a beautiful portrayal of a woman liberated by sex. It would take American filmmakers three decades to reach this level of expression.

33. Jane Fonda: She and Brigitte Bardot toppled the Fifties bombshells, moving America's eyes from a breast fetish to total-body impishness. The successor to Hedy Lamarr, Fonda's on-screen orgasms ranged from camp

Browse any drugstore and you'll see shampoo bottles decorated with flowers, teddy bears on toilet paper and toothpaste boxes with reflective swirls. Each package is more eye-catching than the last—until you reach the condoms. With their muted colors and minimal designs, condom boxes could be taken as visual evidence of America's enduring prudishness.

Three companies control 99 percent of the U.S. condom market. The biggest, Trojan, has the ugliest packaging. The only image on the washed-out-pastel boxes is one portraying a couple in silhouette that looks as if it was designed by an airbrush artist back in 1978. The second-largest brand, Life-Styles, uses no artwork, just a different colored box for each style. Two of the colors

are gray. The third manufacturer, Durex, tries a little bit harder. Earlier this year it dropped the names Sheik and Ramses and brought all its products together under one line. Durex' new packages are stylish, as condom packages go—black backgrounds with monochromatic swirls. Still, you would have to call them understated.

The common denominator among all major brands is color coding. Condom packages, says Life-Styles' marketing director, Carol Carrozza, should be "easy to read, easy to select." She notes that "people don't want to spend a whole lot of time in front of the condom display looking at pictures." And, rather than experimenting with different brands, Americans generally stick with what they know. The packaging makes it possible to find "your color" and grab it before, God forbid, anybody sees you pondering your sex life. Choosing a color is also

CONDOMIZZ

the dull gray of
modern marketing

By DANIEL RADOSH

easier than figuring out whether you should buy Ultra Comfort, Ultra Thin or Ultra Sensitive. (We prefer Ultra Comfort.)

LifeStyles' online site (which opens by asking visitors if they "haven't gotten any in a while"), its new Condom Discs (individually wrapped with easy-to-open "peel-back

lids" that the company compares to single-serve butter packages) and an ad campaign that highlights "romance and sexual attraction rather than safety and responsibility" are the condom maker's latest attempt at young and edgy. Still, Carrozza concedes "there's a lot more that could be done" to spice things up. "It's a fairly conservative category," she says, and the brand leader, Trojan, "has not really put its neck out to do anything different," especially with packaging.

With the exception of those purchased from a few trendy specialty stores with names like Condomania and Igor's Dungeon, most condoms are sold in pharmacies, which have never had a reputation for being the hippest spots in town. Condoms have been available at U.S. drugstores since the early Twenties (they were also sold at gas stations, tobacco shops and barbershops), but the federal government decreed that they could be sold strictly for the prevention of then-incurable diseases. Many states at the time had laws against disseminating birth control information, which criminalized any discussion of a condom's ability to prevent pregnancy.

Condoms were not supposed to be fun. They were medicine.

These days, that view hasn't altered as much as you might expect, given that sex is used to sell just about every product under the sun. It seems that even condom manufacturers don't want to make them look so appealing that they might entice someone to go wild in bed. Durex recently became the first major U.S. company to distribute flavored condoms (traditionally sold as novelties), but you have to read between the lines to figure that out. The box mentions only colors and scents. "Some of it is FDA guidance and some of it is legal guidance," a spokesman for Durex explained. Though public health experts advocate the use of condoms to prevent the transmission of HIV, the FDA has approved them only for vaginal intercourse. If a woman tore a flavored condom with her teeth and became infected, Durex might face a lawsuit. The company decided to play it safe.

It is still possible to find condom packaging that goes against the somber trend. An offshoot of Life-Styles produces condoms with such names as Erotica, Bareback and Rough Rider and sells them in boxes that resemble those of Eighties porn videos. Just as eye-catching, and much more classy, are Sagami condoms—Japanese imports with clever pop art boxes. Another Japanese import, Beyond Seven, has subtle artwork stenciled onto the condom itself. And an American independent brand, the cult favorite Pleasure Plus, recently came out with a sleek aluminum package.

If elaborate and artistic design catches on with modern condom boxes, it will recall the glory days of the Thirties and Forties, when condom tins were illustrated with dancing girls, playing cards, peacocks and pirates. The old tins are now collectibles, selling for as much as \$2000 each. It's hard to imagine the dull gray packaging of today being worth anything the morning after.



The General's Loophole

drug czar cripples reefer tests

In his most recent round of unintended self-immolation, drug czar Barry McCaffrey effectively nullified drug testing for marijuana users nationwide. In a move that he hoped would bring the medical marijuana movement to its knees, the retired general instead gave pot smokers legal carte blanche to fail every urine test they take.

Here's how it happened: This past July, the Drug Enforcement Administration, with a nod from the Food and Drug Administration, reclassified the prescription drug Marinol, which is synthetic THC, the most psychoactive of marijuana's many cannabinoids. Marinol was moved from Schedule II, the most restrictive category of drugs available by prescription, to Schedule III. The change makes it much easier for doctors to distribute the drug. Notably, they now can phone or fax prescriptions to pharmacies and provide for as many as five automatic refills every six months. They also won't have the DEA looking over their shoulder each time they write a Marinol prescription.

McCaffrey, director of the White House Office of National Drug Control Policy, used the reclassification to again attack the idea of marijuana as medicine, calling Marinol the only "safe and proper way" to make THC available to the public. "This action will make Marinol, which is scientifically proven to be safe and effective for medical use, more widely available," McCaffrey said, implying that marijuana itself is not safe or effective, despite much evidence to the contrary.

The government's message is clear: Now that "safe and proper" Marinol is more readily available, we don't need to legalize unsafe and improper marijuana for medical use. This plan worked once before, which seems to have given McCaffrey some confidence it will work again. In the mid-Eighties, when marijuana was on the verge of being reclassified so it could

be legally prescribed, the federal government funded the development of Marinol and pushed it through the FDA approval process. It then used the availability of synthetic THC as a pretext for refusing to remove marijuana from the same forbidden Schedule I classification it shares with heroin.

es as "the most comprehensive summary and analysis of what is known about the medical use of marijuana," concluded that THC could be useful not only to stimulate appetite in AIDS patients and prevent the nausea that's caused by cancer treatments such as chemotherapy, but also to relieve chronic pain. (The full report, *Marijuana and Medicine*, is available online at books.nap.edu.) The potential for Marinol to treat chronic pain is enormous. Experts estimate at least 75 million Americans suffer from chronic, debilitating pain. This includes pain caused by cancer, arthritis, migraine headaches and severe back injuries.

Seventy-five million! That means nearly half the adult population of the U.S. is properly and legally entitled to Marinol and, by extension, free from the burden of passing clean urine. There is no legally recognized test that distinguishes between the synthetic THC of Marinol and the natural THC of marijuana. Once a testee obtains a prescription for Marinol and shows it to the drug-testing authorities, THC levels in urine, hair, saliva and sweat no longer indicate a failed drug test. The test comes up dirty, but the prescription washes it clean. Employers aren't able to say, "You can't use Marinol if you work here," because it's a legal and now widely prescribed drug. Marinol could become as big as Viagra. (Marinol is a great high, too, rather like eating hash brownies. Don't even think about driving on it. Marinol's makers suggest you take your first dose only in the presence of "a responsible adult.")

So, in his cruel attempt to keep an ancient medicine from modern sufferers, Contrary Barry has created a loophole that allows all users to use their drug of choice and keep their jobs. McCzar, this bud's for you!

in and other narcotics.

So while they have the same active ingredient, marijuana remains forbidden while Marinol moves into the polite society of Tylenol with codeine. How easy is it to get a prescription for Marinol? Very easy. Doctors are permitted to provide any prescription drug for "off-label" use. That is, if a doctor determines that a prescription drug labeled by the manufacturer to treat, say, nausea, would also be effective for treating pain, the doctor can prescribe it for pain.

This is going to happen with more frequency. A recent report by the National Academy of Sciences' Institute of Medicine, which McCaffrey prais-



ABBE SONNETT

McWilliams awaits trial in California on federal charges of growing marijuana.

READER

RUTHERFORD RESPONDS

Because Stanley Booth took the time to interview me and my staff and family, to get to know us better, I have few complaints with *PLAYBOY*'s airing of his opinions on the subject of the Rutherford Institute and the Paula Jones suit ("Rutherford Redux," *The Playboy Forum*, September). Despite his thorough research, the article contained several inaccuracies and unfair inferences.

Booth's statement that before the Paula Jones suit the institute was "antigay and anti-abortion" implies that our viewpoint changed as a result of that case. While I acknowledge that some of my rhetoric in the past may have been overheated, the truths by which I live my life have not changed. I was especially surprised to read that the institute is the "legal arm" of the religious right, since neither I nor the institute has ever had ties to the Moral Majority or any other organization in the so-called movement. In fact, the leaders of some religious organizations have criticized me publicly for stands I have taken. Booth also accuses the Rutherford Institute of using sexual titillation as a fundraising tactic by, among other things, turning Jones' story into "porn for puritans." To suggest that a candid but tactful description of acts of sexual harassment or the unlawful genital examinations of sixth-grade girls (as happened at a school in Pennsylvania) is "pornography" in any sense is not only an uneducated description but tragically insulting to the victims of these outrages.

Further, Booth is wrong both to claim that sexually charged cases bring in contributions to the institute and to imply that that is our motivation in defending these cases. It is precisely because we believe that sexual harassment and other forms of abuse are wrong that we continue to take cases, file briefs with the U.S. Supreme Court and write extensively on the topic of women's rights and the right to privacy. The Rutherford Institute does these



FOR THE RECORD

sex CRIMES

"The bulk of sex in today's crime novels belongs to bad people: rapists, child molesters and serial killers; the most perverse of sex murderers. Their sex acts are specific, personal and unique; they're dwelt on at length, are related to character and are significant to the plot. It's true there is a tendency to deal with the criminal aspect of any sort of behavior, since we are writing crime novels. Thus we have criminal politicians, criminal businessmen, criminal lawyers. But it goes quite beyond that. There is, without doubt, a new puritanism, a group mind that sees sex as one of the forces of evil, to be feared."

—Author Larry Beinhart, on the place of sex in the modern crime novel, from his book *How to Write a Mystery*.

things at no cost to the clients and often with no remuneration at the conclusion of the cases. In many instances, our expenses far outweigh any tax-deductible donations made to support our work.

The more egregious untruths in the article seem aimed at me personally. Booth charges that I have set up myself "as an arbiter of religious and political morality." Through experience I know better than most that no one can arbitrate or legislate morality. Booth also

states that I pay myself \$195,000 in annual salary and my wife (who has served as my personal secretary since I started the institute 18 years ago) \$30,000. I would simply inform your readers that since founding the institute, my wife and I have often gone without compensation. My salary is set by Rutherford's board of directors and is commensurate with that of other leaders of national nonprofit organizations.

Finally, while many of the Rutherford Institute's attorneys and staff are Christians, the institute is committed to defending the civil and religious rights of all Americans. We have come to the aid of Orthodox Jews, Buddhists, nuns and members of other faiths, as well as atheists. In keeping with our view that the rights of any person must be defended so that the rights of all remain protected, the institute has defended AIDS victims and those who take their right to free speech to extremes.

I hope your readers will see Booth's article not as a statement of who I am but rather as an introduction. For those interested in learning more about how I came to my views, my autobiography, *Slaying Dragons*, will be available soon.

John Wayne Whitehead
Charlottesville, Virginia

*Booth responds: As John Whitehead states, I took the time to get to know him. Examining him up close, I saw him for what he is: at best a poseur, at worst a charlatan and purveyor of pseudointellectual snake oil. I intended my characterization of the Rutherford director and his cottage industry as a champion of freedom to be taken with a dose of irony. Perhaps Whitehead isn't as perceptive as the average *PLAYBOY* reader. It's typical of the man that he concludes his letter with a sales pitch, which is what he does best. 'The sky (of sexual harassment, denial of free speech, rights of the unborn, etc.) is falling,' he says. 'Send me your money, and I will fight the good fight; I will slay the dragons.'*

'Also typical of Whitehead's tactics is his statement that my article contained 'inaccuracies and unfair inferences,' followed by

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R E S P O N S E

the contention that the article contains 'more egregious untruths.' He establishes no untruths by me in the first place, but then says that parts of my article are even bigger lies. I did not conclude that his antigay and anti-abortion biases had changed as a result of his discovery of Paula Jones. He's still opposed to women having control over their bodies, or at least he was when we last spoke. His opinions change with the breeze. To his credit, he now believes it's wrong to mistreat homosexuals, a view which can be considered a radical position among his circle of friends."

REBEL FLAG

In the article "America's Other Flag" (*The Playboy Forum*, September), Grady Hendrix seems unclear as to the meaning of the flag. Perhaps I can help explain this elusive meaning. I display the rebel flag on my bumper to proudly proclaim what I am not, in a manner that only the Stars and Bars allows.

From my support of the Confederate flag you can assume two things about me: I ain't no damn Yankee and I am not a slave to politically correct conformism. It's this type of rebellion that flag supporters have in common.

Patrick Taylor
Palm Bay, Florida

Perhaps I can help Hendrix understand the meaning of the Confederate flag. It's a simple reminder of our heritage. My heritage may not be politically correct, but it isn't all that different from African-derived fashions and music that remind blacks of their heritage. The Confederate flag was not created as a symbol of racism, and I applaud Hendrix for pointing out its origins as that of a military standard. While it's true that the Confederate States Congress didn't approve it, the congress enjoyed only a brief existence. Furthermore, the Stars and Stripes was not made the official flag until 1912.

I'm a conservative Southerner, and the flag is on my car. Anyone else who wants to rebel, such as members of the Klan or Eastern bloc radicals, should get an earring. The flag is neither a novelty nor a souvenir. It reminds us of men who died fighting not for a government or its policies, nor for rich planters and their right to own slaves, but for something they believed in—freedom from a government that they found oppressive. In this way it is much the same as the Stars and Stripes.

You don't have to love the Confederate flag, but show it some respect.

Tony Ragas
Buras, Louisiana

Hendrix should do a little more research before telling your readers that the Confederate flag was the reason for David Beasley's failure to be reelected governor of South Carolina. The biggest red flag Beasley raised in that race was his opposition to the video poker industry. If taxed, these machines could add millions of dollars to state coffers for education improvements. During Beasley's term, South Carolina ranked near the bottom in the nation for average SAT and ACT scores. I'll concede that the Confederate flag was the most visible sign of Beasley's ouster, but it certainly was not the most important one.

Tim St. John
Surfside Beach, South Carolina

GOOD NUDES IN SARASOTA

In the September *Newsfront* item "No Nudes are Good Nudes," you note that the Manatee County, Florida Commission voted to ban public displays of nudity. The dateline for the story was Sarasota. We here in the city of Sarasota have our own county government, so the proper dateline would have been Bradenton. We laughed along with you at the story of Manatee's nudity ban. Please don't make us a part of their folly.

Gary Snyder
Sarasota, Florida

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

BRIGHT IDEAS

What's the difference between porn and erotica? *Playboy Forum* contributor Susie Bright tackles that timeless question in her book *Full Exposure: Opening Up to Your Sexual Creativity & Erotic Expression*. Bright argues that the porn-erotica debate is "a hoax of a dispute, thwarting any genuine progress in sexual expression. The truth of the matter is that your sexual speech is no better, no more attractive nor healthier than anyone else's." We couldn't agree more.



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NEWS FRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

NICE CHOPS

SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA—A woman who says construction workers harassed her and hollered, "Hey baby, show me your meat!" did just that. She wore a costume



with a pork chop over each of her breasts, then picketed the company that employed the workers. Kitten Reynolds said she was tired of women being treated like pieces of meat. The company apologized.

THE SPY WHO SHAGGED ME

MIAMI—In 1992, Juan Pablo Roque swam to a U.S. Navy base in Guantánamo Bay, Cuba seeking political asylum. He relocated to Miami, where he became active in the exile community and met and married Ana Margarita Martínez. Eleven months later, Roque disappeared, then showed up on Cuban television announcing that he had been a spy. Now his former wife has filed a personal injury lawsuit against the Cuban government, saying she never would have married Roque or slept with him had she known he was using their marriage as a cover. In fact, she says, the deception constitutes rape. Her lawyer explains: "When one fraudulently induces another to have sex, that is rape. One must give knowing consent to intercourse."

OUT OF STOCK

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS—Wal-Mart, the nation's largest retailer, announced that its pharmacies won't sell emergency

contraception. Two FDA-approved kits, Preven and Plan B, enable women to prevent pregnancy by taking a fixed dosage of certain birth control pills within 72 hours after unprotected sex. The pills prevent the egg (which may or may not have been fertilized) from implanting on the uterine wall. Wal-Mart says "a variety of business considerations" led to its decision not to stock the Preven kit. Information about emergency contraception is available by calling 888-NOT-2-LATE, or it can be found online at opr.princeton.edu/ec.

REEFER MADNESS

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA—B.E. Smith thought he was following the rules. The Vietnam vet, who suffers from post-traumatic stress syndrome, informed the state of California that he was growing medical marijuana (legalized in 1996 following voters' passage of Proposition 215) and dispensed the drug only to those who had a physician's written recommendation. The U.S. government saw it differently. Following Smith's arrest on federal marijuana charges for cultivating 87 plants, U.S. District Judge Garland Burrell Jr. ruled that the veteran could not use his illness or the state's Compassionate Use Act as a defense (at one point, the judge ranted that marijuana is "an evil gateway to violence, gangs and the destruction of families and communities"). A jury convicted Smith, and Burrell gave him the maximum 27 months in prison.

THE PRICE OF FREEDOM

GEORGETOWN TOWNSHIP, MICHIGAN—Earlier this year, library officials installed filtering software on Internet terminals to prevent patrons from accessing violent or sexually explicit websites. But then a state law went into effect that seemed to say libraries must allow unrestricted access for adults. While a township attorney mulled over the law, the library's temporary solution was to remove the filter on a single terminal, then charge \$100 an hour for access. There were no takers.

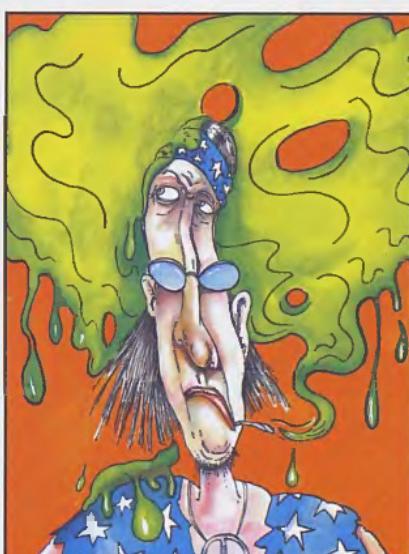
PRY-ORITY MAIL

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The U.S. Postal Service adopted regulations that strip the anonymity from mail drops. Under the rules, anyone who rents a box from a private service such as Mail Boxes Etc. must

show two forms of ID and provide a Social Security or serial number, a home address and home phone number. The information is filed with the mail drop and in a Post Office database. The Postal Service says the regulations are necessary to prevent mail fraud. But undercover police officers, family law and criminal defense lawyers and victims of stalking or domestic abuse believe the regulations may put renters in danger. (The Postal Service says only law enforcement personnel can access its database, but who's guarding the mail drop's records?) In addition, the regulations stipulate that all mail addressed to private mailboxes after April 26, 2000 must include the designation PMB. One watchdog group estimates that that rule alone will cost small businesses as much as \$1 billion in stationery costs.

COVER YOUR BROWNIES

TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA—The state's Office of Drug Control wants to unleash a fungus to destroy open-air marijuana crops. The company that produces a commercial version of *Fusarium oxysporum* insists the soilborne fungus "does not affect animals, humans or crops" other than marijuana. But scientists at the state's Department of Environmental Protection fear that once dusted over large areas of



vegetation, *Fusarium oxysporum* could mutate and spread, killing other crops. Despite their misgivings, heads of the environmental protection and state agriculture departments approved tests with the fungus at a quarantine lab in Gainesville.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

BEN AFFLECK

a candid conversation with the hot young star about why women love actors, the perils of viagra, the truth about gwyneth and what he really thinks about matt damon

Ben Affleck, in jeans, T-shirt and sneakers, drives his pale blue 1970 Chevy Malibu convertible, a boat of a car, into a parking space on Beverly Boulevard in Los Angeles. He puts a couple of quarters into the meter and, while turning a few heads, walks into a restaurant called Red. He apologizes profusely for being late, even though it's only 15 minutes. "I'm not one of those asshole actors who gets off on being late," he says. Affleck orders iced tea. He's a little embarrassed when the manager recognizes him and suggests moving from a table by the window to a more comfortable—and discreet—booth. The handsome 27-year-old millionaire whose life, it would seem, is now the stuff of male fantasy is still surprisingly modest, unguarded and at times wildly indiscreet.

*Affleck smokes, drinks, works out, laughs a lot and clearly has a good time. Only a few years ago, as a struggling actor, he slept on sofas in friends' apartments in Hollywood. Now, thanks to such hits as *Good Will Hunting* and *Armageddon*, he's in the midst of renovating a six-bedroom 8000-square-foot Spanish-style villa in the Hollywood Hills, replete with fountains and pool. It cost him about \$1.7 million. He also has a comfortable Tribeca loft in New York with an array of vintage video game machines.*

*Affleck earns about \$6 million for a studio film now, and his appeal rests not only on his good looks and screen charm but also on his all-American boyishness and comedic talent. "Ben's the real thing," Jerry Bruckheimer, *Armageddon*'s producer, told *Details*. "He's got that square jaw, that real Americana look, without being pretty. Women want to be with him and men want to be like him—which is what movie stars are made of."*

*The veteran director John Frankenheimer, whose thriller *Reindeer Games* is set to be released this month, chose Affleck for the lead role as an ex-con who becomes involved in a plot to rob a casino. "I needed a vulnerable actor, a strong, masculine actor and a very good actor," said Frankenheimer in the *Los Angeles Times*. "Ben is all those things."*

*Another film with Affleck will be released in December. In *Daddy and Them*, a comedy directed by and starring Billy Bob Thornton, Affleck plays an attorney in Little Rock, Arkansas, who, with his lawyer wife (played by Jamie Lee Curtis), becomes entangled with an eccentric Southern family.*

*Affleck, who shares an Academy Award for the screenplay of *Good Will Hunting* with his friend Matt Damon (the two also starred in the film), is one of the busiest actors in town. His recent films include Kevin Smith's*

*controversial religious satire *Dogma* (which reteams Affleck with Damon), as well as a romantic drama, *Bounce*, opposite ex-girlfriend Gwyneth Paltrow, with whom he still has a friendly, if complicated, relationship. Affleck and Damon are also writing at least two projects and, through their company, Pearl Street Productions, are producing their first film, *The Third Wheel*, a comedy in which the two actors have supporting roles.*

*Affleck likes to say that he was once a gangly and awkward teenager who was shunned by girls. But now his name appears frequently in gossip columns and tabloids as a man-about-town. "I've been linked to Pamela Anderson, Calista Flockhart—and Matt Damon," he joked to the *Detroit News*. But a longtime friend, French Stewart, who stars on the television series *Third Rock From the Sun*, told *Details* last year that women fall all over themselves when they meet Ben. "If they get within 50 feet of him, their pants will fly right off their bodies." Affleck cringes and laughs at the comment.*

Benjamin Geza Affleck (Geza is the name of a Hungarian family friend) was born on August 15, 1972 in Berkeley, California. One year later the family relocated to a middle-class neighborhood in Cambridge, Massachusetts. His mother, Chris, with whom



PHOTOGRAPH BY MIZUNO

"The most grim view of marriage is from the entertainment business. Everyone has a story. Peter O'Toole told me that I should find a woman I hate, give her my house and skip the rest of it."

"This girl, very attractive blonde woman, probably about 25, a little drunk, walked over to me and goes, 'How would you like it if I sucked your cock until your eyes came out?' I was taken aback."

"Kevin Bacon once said, 'Anybody can get laid when they're famous. The champion thing is to get laid when you're not famous. That's what's really hard.' Boy, does that turn out to be true."

Affleck is very close, is a schoolteacher. His father, Tim, worked with the prestigious Theater Company of Boston (which featured Dustin Hoffman, Robert Duvall and James Woods). He also worked at a series of blue-collar jobs including bartender and as a janitor at Harvard (the basis for Matt Damon's role in *Good Will Hunting*).

Affleck says his father was an alcoholic, which led to the divorce of his parents when he was about 11. As the older of two kids (his brother, Casey, is also an actor), Ben remembers often playing the role of peacemaker. Tim Affleck became sober around 1990 and works at a recovery center for drug and alcohol abuse in Indio, California. Affleck says he speaks to his father periodically and has a good relationship with him.

At Cambridge, Ben grew up two blocks from Matt Damon, and the two were childhood friends. They played Little League together and were both students at the Cambridge Ridge and Latin School, where they took drama courses.

At the age of eight, Affleck got his first big break on the PBS television series *The Voyage of the Mimi* and then landed small parts in television series and commercials. His mother wasn't enthusiastic about her son's involvement in acting, partly because it seemed frivolous. She put the money he earned in a college trust fund. Yet Ben persisted.

After graduating from high school, Ben spent a semester at the University of Vermont in 1990, later switching to Occidental College in California in an effort to keep his mother happy. But Affleck dropped out of college and lived in a grungy Hollywood apartment. In 1992 he was cast together with Damon as anti-Semitic students in the drama *School Ties*, about a Wasp prep school in New England.

In 1993 he had a small role in the NBC series *Against the Grain* and landed his first significant part, in the Seventies retro movie *Dazed and Confused*. It didn't help his career.

"After that film, I was probably the poorest I ever was," Affleck told *Premiere*. Moreover, he was told by producers and studio executives that the baby fat on his face and his height (6'3") made him an improbable leading man.

But to Affleck's delight, he secured a lead role in Mark Pellington's *Going All the Way*. The sweet-natured film failed, but it was one of the few times Affleck hadn't played a bad guy.

In another failed film, Kevin Smith's *Mallrats*, Affleck played a store manager. Smith wrote his next film, *Chasing Amy*, with Ben in mind for the lead role. The independent 1997 comedy-drama, in which Affleck plays a cartoonist who falls in love with a lesbian, was a hit at the Sundance Film Festival. Producers and studio executives took a second look at him.

Affleck owes a great deal to Smith. It was Smith who took the screenplay for *Good Will Hunting* to Harvey Weinstein, co-chairman of Miramax, who salvaged the project and

purchased it for \$1 million from Castle Rock. (Castle Rock owned the movie but clashed with Affleck and Damon over who should direct it and where it should be filmed.)

The 1997 film, directed by Gus Van Sant, was a sensation. It earned nine Academy Award nominations, and Oscars were given to Affleck and Damon for their screenplay and to Robin Williams for best supporting actor. Affleck and Damon became instant celebrities as well as stars.

Affleck, regarded for several years as an indie actor, was then offered a top role in the megabudget action film *Armageddon*. At the request of producer Jerry Bruckheimer and director Michael Bay, Affleck had his teeth capped and buffed himself up to play a wildcat oil driller who falls in love with Bruce Willis' on-screen daughter, Liv Tyler, even as Ben, Bruce and several other tough guys save the world from a fiery collision with an asteroid. He earned \$600,000 for the part.

"I just thought, I'm set for life," he told *Premiere* last year. "Gone fishing. I've got my 600 bones, and I won't have to do any more shitty movies that I don't want to do."

Affleck followed that film with *Shakespeare*

Most people are like me. Not that I've lost my sex drive. There's just a difference between the fantasy and when it really happens.

in *Love, 200 Cigarettes* and a comedy, *Forces of Nature*.

We asked *New York Times* entertainment reporter **Bernard Weinraub** (who previously interviewed Clint Eastwood for *PLAYBOY*) to meet with Affleck. Here is Weinraub's report:

"The first time I met Ben was at a Miramax party at the Sundance Film Festival in Park City, Utah. It was the year that *Going All the Way* was shown at the festival, and Affleck was practically unknown. He seemed to be the tallest guy in the room, and he was also one of the most engaging. When he heard that I had once covered politics he dropped all conversation about acting and wanted to talk about President Clinton (this was way before Monica) and his troubles with Congress. (Affleck is a serious Democrat.) He seemed not only smart but surprisingly well versed in politics.

"I saw him at Sundance last year under different circumstances. He was already a star. His name and picture had been in the tabloids with Gwyneth Paltrow. But he had flown into Sundance to see some films. At the Holiday Village Cinema, Affleck waited, just like all of us nonstars, to get into the overheated theater. He chatted with the crowd

around him and bitched about the long line, just like everyone else.

"When we got together in Los Angeles, Affleck was funny, eager to please and seemed a little dazed at his success. Beneath his self-deprecating humor, though, he is shrewd about his career and acting choices and seems to know exactly where he's heading. He's also aware of his public persona. While we were seated outdoors at one restaurant—the air-conditioning inside set off his allergies—a Jeep suddenly stopped and three teenage girls climbed out, giggling and asking for his autograph.

"He smiled, signed the autographs and posed for a picture or two with each girl. They left happily. Affleck returned to his iced tea and grinned. 'Who would have thought?' he said."

PLAYBOY: It's been two years since *Good Will Hunting*. How has success changed your life?

AFFLECK: There was a kind of hysteria, a publicity frenzy, that changed my life from total anonymity to going to shopping malls in Pittsburgh or South Dakota and hearing everybody say, "Hey, that's that guy—he and his friend won the Academy Award." And that was really overwhelming. I mean, a lot of people do it a little more gradually. Having the Oscars at the end of March and then *Armageddon* in July required a lot of adjustment. Someone told me Madonna said, "People are basically worthless the first year after they become famous." I think that's something both Matt and I felt, which was a complete sense of bewilderment and being in a daze. Imagine having to renegotiate your relationship with the entire world.

PLAYBOY: Does that mean your relationships with women as well? How have they changed?

AFFLECK: It wasn't like this before and I'm not stupid enough to think that it's me. I remember when I first got on the TV series *Against the Grain* back in 1993. All of a sudden I hooked up with three hot women in a month and I couldn't believe it. I was telling my friends, "Man I'm on the hottest fucking streak right now. I don't know what it is. I'm on fire."

They were like, "Do you think it has something to do with the fact that you're on TV?"

It had never occurred to me until then—and I never forgot it after that. Kevin Bacon once said, "Anybody can get laid when they're famous. The champion thing is to get laid when you're not famous. That's what's really hard." Boy, does that turn out to be true.

PLAYBOY: Have you figured out why being famous helps?

AFFLECK: Women can be attracted to things other than men, which has to do with power, money, status, that provider kind of thing. Being a successful actor represents those things. You can be seriously disfigured or whatever and women

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will still be attracted to you. And that's a change for me. Women were never that way with me. Teenage girls didn't used to shriek when I walked into a room. I was lucky if I could get a phone number. Part of it's just the power of being on the screen. And now there's something that's less appealing about it.

PLAYBOY: Something less appealing?

AFFLECK: I was in a casino a month ago, at the Hard Rock Cafe's casino expansion. And I was sitting at a table playing blackjack with a couple of buddies of mine from high school. And we were sitting there, bullshitting and drinking, playing cards. And this girl, very attractive blonde woman, probably about 25, a little drunk, walked over to me and goes, "How would you like it if I sucked your cock until your eyes came out?"

I was taken aback and I was kind of like, *Wait a minute*. OK, she was a little bombed. That was just her line. That was her approach. I don't know this lady from anybody else. Maybe she's mentally ill, but every now and then people say things like that. Another one was, "I really want you to go down on me. That's all I want in life." All of a sudden there's something that makes you kind of go, "Ah, this is weird and not that appealing."

My friends said, "What are you doing? Go to the room, now." They were really, really disappointed in me. But there's something about it that kind of kills the magic. It's just not that appealing. And I bet you that most people are like me. Not that I've lost my sex drive. There's just a difference between the fantasy and when it really happens. Anyway, I'm not a one-night-stand kind of guy. To me, sex is much, much better

and much more interesting and satisfying when it's got a psychological element to it. When I don't know the person, I tend not to be that into it.

PLAYBOY: When you date, it tends to make news. How does that feel?

AFFLECK: One of the weirdest things in my life was the time I had fallen asleep

PLAYBOY: Would the woman have been Gwyneth Paltrow?

AFFLECK: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: How is a relationship with a movie star different from one with somebody unknown?

AFFLECK: It gets more attention from the paparazzi. It gets more attention from

the tabloids, which is definitely more difficult. I've only really had one relationship with a movie star, but I found that person to be so bright and mature and sort of together that I didn't find it difficult at all.

PLAYBOY: So the difficulties come from the paparazzi and the tabloids?

AFFLECK: Most intelligent people understand tabloids to be about 80 percent false. But some people read them and call my mom and ask, "Is this true?" And then my mom calls me and says, "Are you married?" And I say, "Mom, if I were married, don't you think I would have called you? Are we on the outs? I mean, don't you think you might have been there?"

PLAYBOY: That really happened?

AFFLECK: That actually happened to my mother. They said that I had married Gwyneth. Or they'll say you're sleeping with any number of different people when there's no truth to it, or they will say something that casts you or somebody you care about in a negative light. I mean, look, it's part of the deal.

I totally understand that. I accept that they're there. It's really just a small ongoing battle between a few tabloid publishers and a few celebrities and nobody else gives a fuck except to flip through them in the supermarket line. So it's not like some great epidemic. I just don't care for them all that much.



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on my couch watching television and was dreaming about this relationship I had with this woman. When I woke up I was watching CNN and there was this story about me and this woman. On CNN. I thought, This is madness. It felt sort of weird, like I was living somebody else's life.

PLAYBOY: The tabloids seem to be fascinated that you've remained friends with Gwyneth.

AFFLECK: Yeah. We're about to work together, on *Bounce*. It's directed by Don Roos, who did *The Opposite of Sex*.

PLAYBOY: Is it going to be strange working with her?

AFFLECK: No. We talked about it. I'm just finally arriving at the point where I'm mature enough to be friends with somebody I've had a relationship with. And this is really the first time. Luckily it happens to coincide with a very public relationship. So that's fortuitous. But it's a combination of her being really great, us getting along really well and both of us wanting it to be this way. We broke up, decided we were better if we weren't a romantic couple. But we never had enough acrimony toward each other to override the fact that we care about each other and enjoy each other's company.

PLAYBOY: Are other former girlfriends generally pissed off at you?

AFFLECK: Mostly, yeah.

PLAYBOY: Why?

AFFLECK: Probably justifiably so. If I were the next guy to go out with them I'm sure I would be nodding in agreement about what an asshole their ex-boyfriend was. It's not like I was a womanizer or physically abusive or psychologically abusive or whatever. It's just that these relationships never end well. I think what happens is, I end up wanting to be out of the relationship. During the course of a relationship, if you get dissatisfied and unhappy and don't say something, if you don't deal with it right then, it just festers and stays there. So instead of saying, "Look, don't do that, please don't act this way," I go along with it until I just don't want to be in the relationship at all. Then I create some incident or do something or just don't call. And then she's pissed. And I can't necessarily blame her at that point since I've developed such a passive-aggressive rage that I have no sympathy and tell her, "Well of course I didn't call you. If you weren't such a nagging, shrewish harpy I'd call you." But that hopefully is something I'm growing out of.

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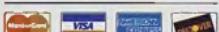
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through it. She's not only really talented but she's incredibly perceptive. I think it's what makes her a really good actress. Gwyneth has this almost scary capacity for being able to see into people in a nonjudgmental way. Plus I have to work hard just to stay up to her level of work, which she seems to do almost effortlessly. **PLAYBOY:** When you started getting a lot of press attention, you earned a reputation for saying some wild things. How did that affect you?

AFFLECK: I made a lot of mistakes and did a lot of stupid things and ended up probably being a little bit more conservative than I used to be—the way I deal with people. You are accustomed to being able to say whatever you want, voice

whatever opinion you want and nobody really cares all that much. Your friends sort of know you, and that's about it. All of a sudden you feel like getting into a bunker.

PLAYBOY: Was there ever a time when you thought that success might be going to your head?

AFFLECK: First of all, you just have to be careful. You have to remember the standards of the real world. I caught myself being impatient about something that I had no business being impatient about or feeling irritable about. "I don't want that sparkling water!" or "I can't believe this is an old limo." Then you just think, What kind of an asshole am I? My feeling is that people who are complete assholes were like that before.

PLAYBOY: What happens now when you go to the supermarket? Or the movies?

AFFLECK: Sometimes people don't recognize me and sometimes they do, and in some instances it can turn into a real nightmare.

PLAYBOY: Care to explain that?

AFFLECK: Look, it feels bad to be the kind of person who says, "Please leave me alone, I'm trying to watch a movie." But, by the same token, people sometimes just come up to you in the middle of a movie. You go to the Cineplex and you buy your ticket and you think, OK, I'm here and I'm just going to watch the movie. Then slowly people will cluster by the exits, then come over and say, "Would you sign this real quick?"

And you're like, "Hey, I'm in the middle of the movie."

PLAYBOY: Is money an issue with you and your friends and family? With the exception of Matt Damon, you're earning much more money than they are.

AFFLECK: It's a strange thing. I don't know if my dad ever made more than \$30,000 in a year. If he did, I didn't see any of it. But he was a carpenter and an auto mechanic and then a janitor at Harvard, and my mother was a public school teacher with a capped salary of \$45,000 a year. So we were somewhere around middle class. And it's kind of weird. I mean, it's satisfying. I give money to my mom, and I'm going to buy her a house, and that kind of stuff feels really good.

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And I'm pretty generous. If people need a loan here and there, I'm perfectly happy to help out because I understand my good fortune. But I also am cautious about letting myself get taken advantage of. Most of my friends are pretty cool about the money. Most of them, if they borrow money, are really conscious of paying it back. I think they're self-conscious about feeling like suckweeds or whatever. So it's not as much of an issue as I would have thought. You know, whatever that number is on your ATM receipt, it can separate people.

PLAYBOY: That's quite different from your financial situation when you first came to Los Angeles.

AFFLECK: When I got to LA, my family had me go to dinner with this guy who had been acting here for 20 years. He gave me this big lecture and said, "You know how much money I made in 20 years of acting? Eight thousand dollars. And I'm a carpenter." He was just really unhappy and it was depressing. Then he got really stoned and I went home and felt sick. I think it was just morbid fear. I was 18. That fear stays with you so intensely and you're constantly just getting turned down for what you think of as the most vapid, stupid kind of paycheck, *Baywatch* things, and you think, Jesus, if I'm not good enough for this then I'm not going to make it. This town is too hard, and people were always telling me, "You're too big, you're too tall, you can only play bullies and you will never be a leading man."

PLAYBOY: They said you were too tall?

AFFLECK: Too tall, 6'3". All the actors are like 5'10" or 5'6". Or you'd be an extra for money and then get shit on by the crew, who tells you, "Stay away from the table, you can't have any of *that* food. That's real people's food." The extras have their separate food table. It's sub-human the way you get treated.

PLAYBOY: Welcome to LA.

AFFLECK: I came to LA and looked on my map and it was like, "Well, what's Hollywood?" Drove there, and got an apartment where more crack was sold in half an hour than I'd ever seen in my entire life. I realized that Hollywood was the Times Square of LA.

PLAYBOY: Were you able to get work?

AFFLECK: I did a Danielle Steel TV movie with Patrick Duffy and Lynda Carter and I was all psyched—it was with Wonder Woman, you know what I mean? All my friends would ask me about her tits. Well the tits, they're big, right? She's got nice tits? I said, "Yeah, yeah. They're pretty nice." So I was happening, because I had seen Lynda Carter's tits in real life. And then I got cast in *School Ties*, but I had a real shitty role. It really sucked.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't Matt Damon in that movie, too?

AFFLECK: Yeah, and Matt had a better part. He was the main bad guy. I was like the junior bad guy. But at least he was

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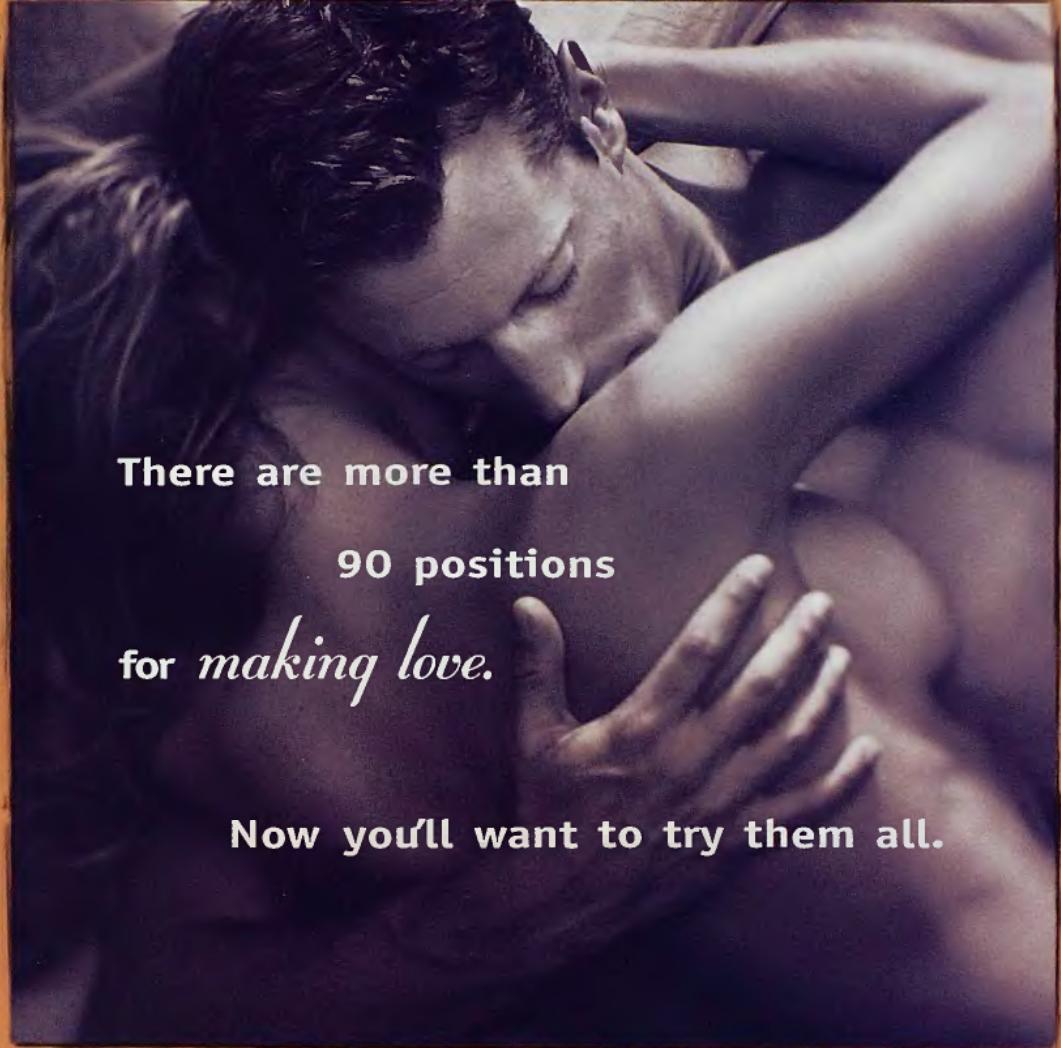
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three-dimensional anti-Semitic, whereas I was paper-thin anti-Semitic.

PLAYBOY: Describe how you lived back then.

AFFLECK: I lived all over the place. I lived in Hollywood, then I moved. Matt and I got money from *School Ties* and we blew it all in a couple of months. We made \$35,000 or \$40,000 each and thought we were rich. And we were shocked later on to find out how much we owed in taxes. We were appalled: \$15,000! What? But we rented this house on the beach in Venice and 800 people came and stayed with us and got drunk. Then we ran out of money and had to get an apartment. It was like everything was exciting. So we lived in Glendale and Eagle Rock and we lived in Hollywood, West Hollywood, Venice, by the Hollywood Bowl, all over the place. We'd get thrown out of some places or we'd have to upgrade or downgrade depending on who had money.

PLAYBOY: Where are you living now?

AFFLECK: Near the Hollywood Bowl. It's a really great place. I rented a house there first. Matt and I and a couple other guys we went to high school with rented a place up there when we sold the script for *Good Will Hunting*. I really liked it. LA is kind of zip code snobby. Anything east of La Brea is going to be less expensive. For no real reason, you know what I mean? So I got a pretty cool place. Needs some work. And it feels like that Tom Hanks movie *The Money Pit*. I am so living in the money pit. Guys come at five in the morning and start working.

PLAYBOY: There are some great old houses up there.

AFFLECK: There are two great things about looking for a house in LA. One, every house has some elaborate history—Buster Keaton once slept with three women in the attic. Second is that they are currently being lived in by people who you know, or people you've heard of. When I was looking, every time I went to an open house I would try to sneak around and look at what awards or scripts or movie posters there were, so I could figure out, OK, this must be so-and-so's house. It was great.

PLAYBOY: What about your romantic life. Are you seeing anybody now?

AFFLECK: Nope. One hundred percent single.

PLAYBOY: Are you on guard when it comes to women?

AFFLECK: I'm not too guarded. What's fun for me is flirting and having a good time—that's really fun. But a lot of times it's much more fun than all the bullshit, the responsibilities and compromises that go along with sustaining a relationship that I hardly have enough energy for at the end of the day. But I like flirting and meeting somebody and saying hi and letting it happen. In this day and age, as soon as you sleep with somebody it conjures up this whole set of issues and you've created this whole thing. There's

this responsibility. It's almost more appealing to just be flirtatious and have a good time. Then you can flirt with as many people as you want and it's fun, it's relaxing and you're not a bad guy and you're not doing something wrong. Maybe I'll look back at this time in my life in ten years or 50 years and say, "God, I really should have capitalized." I'm certainly no monk, but it just seems a little skeezy to me to do that. But you've got to have fun in life.

PLAYBOY: How many serious relationships have you had?

AFFLECK: Serious, serious relationships, heavy-duty relationships? Four or five. I qualify those as relationships that last a year or more. I started when I was 14. She was a little older. I was a freshman in high school, she was a senior. When you're 16 you can fall in love every ten minutes, but these were people I really cared about and still care about.

PLAYBOY: What happened in terms of meeting women when you got out here to Hollywood?

AFFLECK: I got shot down pretty regularly, but I didn't mind. There's some honor in taking a shot, going down swinging. So I guess in that respect I've been confident, but not in the sense that I assume women will like me.

PLAYBOY: Have you been burned much by women?

AFFLECK: Yeah. I've had my heart broken a couple of times. There was a heavy heartbreak when I was 13 or 14, and then I had a pretty traumatic experience breaking up with this woman I'd gone out with for a long time when I was in my early 20s. This woman cheated on me and I found out. I got upset and confronted her and didn't really want to break up. It's that really humiliating thing where even though you feel like you've been wronged, you're still so in love. What's really painful is that you don't even want to end it, even though you know you should. Of course, eventually I did and we broke up and I got over it, but it was kind of scarring.

I've probably been pretty lucky, I haven't been burned too badly. Like I said, my past two major relationships have ended amicably and I'm really good friends with the women still, and that's a nice thing. So I think I'm on the right track.

PLAYBOY: What has been your biggest disappointment with women?

AFFLECK: One of my biggest disappointments was Viagra. I figured it's this old-guy drug, if you can't get a hard-on you take Viagra. But then these guys start telling me, "No, no, no, you can take it too, and it's like you were 14 and jerking off six times a day." So somebody gave it to me. I took half and felt like I almost had a heart attack. I had to sit down and all it did was make me sweat and feel dizzy. And really unnerved. I felt no sexual effects whatsoever. So maybe I'm im-

mune to Viagra. That was a huge disappointment for me. I thought I'd be able to recapture those days when I was 15.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever thought of getting married?

AFFLECK: I'm starting to get to the age where you can feel that shifting of awareness. All my friends, men and women, but particularly women—there's something that comes over them and it's almost palpable. I think it happens earlier in women, starts to happen around my age—I'm 27. I don't know when it happens with men. A little later. They will go along with it and get married. But usually it's because of the women—they love babies, they start looking at wedding books, going to their friends' weddings and talking about who's gotten engaged.

PLAYBOY: Does marriage scare you?

AFFLECK: I try to be very up-front. I'm not in a consistent enough place where I can say, "Well, here are my ground rules for relationships," because they are in flux. They're changing and I'm changing. One of the reasons I'm not in a relationship right now is that I just know at some level that I don't want to be married, I don't want to have kids. I'm just not ready for that. Everybody tells me not to get married. Every single person I talk to who's over the age of 40, they give me this look like—and it's unsolicited, too. They'll just say, "By the way, wait, just wait. At least till you're 40. The only reason to do it is if you want kids." That's what everybody tells me. The most grim view of marriage is from the entertainment business.

PLAYBOY: What do they say?

AFFLECK: Oh, everyone has a story. Guys' wives running around on them, taking their money. Peter O'Toole told me I should find a woman I hate, give her my house and skip the rest of it.

PLAYBOY: You were about 11 when your parents split up. What effect did that have on you?

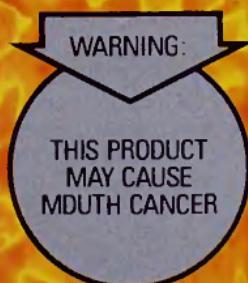
AFFLECK: I probably haven't been through enough analysis to answer that question. I don't know. I had to be the man of the house. I had to take more responsibility at an earlier age. I think it left me kind of schizophrenic—I never knew if I was young or old. I can be serious and heavy and feel very burdened and adult. Alternatively, I can be very juvenile. I had a pretty good childhood. It wasn't like we had a lot of money, but we weren't poor.

PLAYBOY: Your father worked several jobs, didn't he?

AFFLECK: My dad was sort of a jack-of-all-trades. He was an auto mechanic for many years, an electrician, did some kind of construction stuff and then was a bartender and a janitor at Harvard. He left and went into alcohol recovery around 1990 at a really interesting place called the ABC Club in Indio, California. I think Indio's chiefly famous for being the place where Jimmy Swaggart got caught with a prostitute. My dad went

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through recovery at this place and ended up getting a job there. He sobered up and I was able to reestablish a relationship with him and become friends with him, which is really a nice thing.

PLAYBOY: Your father was a stage director, too.

AFFLECK: He was once a director or stage manager of a theater in Boston and worked with a bunch of people who are famous now: Dustin Hoffman, Robert Duvall, Jon Voight and James Woods.

PLAYBOY: What sort of man is your dad?

AFFLECK: My father had an extremely difficult life. A lot of stuff in *Good Will Hunting* was inspired by things that I came to know about the world through my father. And Matt knows my dad real well.

PLAYBOY: So the characters in *Good Will Hunting* were based on your dad?

AFFLECK: The character that Matt played has a lot more in common with other people, older people we know. People who are working class but who we think are really bright. That's one of the inspirations—when you're young and you're looking at people and you're trying to figure out the hierarchy of the world, who's smart and who's in which position, and then you start to recognize that there are a lot of really smart, capable people who aren't afforded a lot of respect or position by the societal hierarchy. And so then it was about trying to reconcile that with the academic side of the world.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you surrounded by a lot of upper-class kids who went to Harvard?

AFFLECK: Yeah, I didn't know quite where I fit because I wasn't a fifth-generation Irish cop. My mother went to Radcliffe but then was a teacher and a product of that. I used to ask her, "Why don't you get a job that pays some money instead of being the idealistic Sixties person who teaches in public school?" But there was something about going to the public schools in Cambridge, we were like the town kids. There were the real townie kids and there were these university kids at MIT and Harvard. It was weird when Matt got into Harvard and was able to see both sides of it. I would go hang out with him there and we had all these prejudices about these fucking Harvard kids. Then I kind of got to know a lot of them and they were really interesting, kind of cool people. There were some dicks and some stereotypical elitist assholes. But more often I found some pretty neat people there.

PLAYBOY: Are you friendly with your father now?

AFFLECK: From about 13 to about 18, I didn't really have a lot to do with my dad. Or see him very much. Then he went through recovery, and I moved out to LA. I was a long way from home and it was like I had just thrown my shit in the car and decided, Fuck college, this is what I want to do, I'm not going to waste

my time, I want to go strike out and pursue my dreams. I came out here and my dad was a couple hours away, so I would go out and visit him frequently. It was nice. We'd spend long afternoons together. It was 110 degrees out in the desert in this quiet old town, inhabited almost entirely by Mexican Americans and Mexican nationals. And it's a place that hasn't really been built up much since the Fifties so it sort of looks like the Fifties. Except for the cars, it's a quiet place, real hot, but kind of therapeutic. I think it was really good for my dad to be out there. We would go out and talk all day, and over the years I reestablished a relationship with him. And it's now pretty solid.

PLAYBOY: What led you to acting?

AFFLECK: I guess I was outgoing, precocious and obnoxious, like any child actor. You know—these kids with unbearably big smiles, and they're four and wearing little fucking cutesy suits. Luckily my mother always hated the idea of my being an actor. Her best friend from college was a casting director in Boston who made an independent movie and needed a seven-year-old kid. So I did that. I barely knew what I was doing. It was like, "Go over there and come back here." I guess I took to it and had fun. Then there was a casting call for a public television series that was coming through town. I was eight years old and ended up getting that. I did that one show, but every two years I'd go off for a month and a half or longer and shoot this kids' drama show called *The Voyage of the Mimi*. The *Mimi* was a boat. They still inflict this thing on sixth graders in science classes all over the country.

PLAYBOY: It was on PBS?

AFFLECK: Yes. I was 13 or 14 when I finished my last *Mimi* assignment, and by that point I really liked acting, liked being out there and being in the adult world and working and pretending and having fun. They gave me ten bucks a day, which was like a fortune to me. I bought comic books with that money. I had to maintain the lifestyle.

PLAYBOY: Was there a breakthrough role?

AFFLECK: It's hard to say. I did *Dazed and Confused*, but that was considered a bomb when it came out. It later became a cult college movie. I was the bad guy in that. I got sick of playing bad guys. But I really liked this guy, Kevin Smith, who'd done *Clerks*, so I went in to audition for *Malrats*. That was a break in a lot of ways, though I didn't realize it at the time. Kevin and I became friends; he decided to write *Chasing Amy* for me. I never auditioned or anything—he just cast me, which was a huge break. While we were shooting *Chasing Amy*, me and Matt were also working on *Good Will Hunting*.

PLAYBOY: Kevin Smith seems to have been an important force in your life. He cast you in *Malrats*, *Chasing Amy* and now *Dogma*.

designer

architect

demolition expert

appropriately complex



AFFLECK: I started to get some parts, but I was the bad guy in almost every other fucking thing. Kevin called me one day, and it seemed too good to be true. He said, "I'm writing this movie about a guy who falls in love with a lesbian and I want you to play the lead. I think there's a side of you that people really haven't seen. You can really be a leading man and do some romantic things, and I don't think you're too big." That was the running joke because there was a producer who told Kevin not to hire me because I was too big.

PLAYBOY: What appealed to you about *Dogma*? Was it the controversy? Some people view it as anti-Catholic.

AFFLECK: I actually read it a couple of years ago, when I was making *Chasing Amy*. During the rehearsals he gave me the script as a kind of "Oh, hey, look what else I wrote. I'd like to make this down the road." I read it and thought it was the most unusual, original, interesting script I'd ever read. In a world of homogenized movie products, where it's just *Die Hard* this or *Die Hard* that and where everything has to fit into a mold, here was a movie that was completely fresh. And whether you loved it or hated it, you hadn't seen anything like it. That's what got me into it. I wanted to do it badly, so much so that I kind of secretly looked at the entire process of *Chasing Amy* as a two-month audition for this movie. He didn't ask me to do it until we wrapped *Chasing Amy*, so I guess in some ways I was right.

PLAYBOY: Are you surprised at the controversy? Disney, which owns Miramax, said the film was "inappropriate." Miramax had to go elsewhere to release it.

AFFLECK: I think Disney was nervous about it because Disney has had problems in the past with certain groups. The issue of same-sex health care benefits really irked a radical and vocal fringe element of the religious right. There's this sense that Disney is a liberal entity. It's a vague and nebulous idea, and I think it irks the religious right that Disney puts itself forth as a family company when really, by God, it endorses homosexuality, among other awful things.

PLAYBOY: How did you make *Good Will Hunting*?

AFFLECK: It was kind of embarrassing. Everyone is an actor with a script, and you feel like just another asshole with a screenplay. So we banged it out in two months one summer. We wrote the vast majority of that script in L.A.

PLAYBOY: When you sold it, the deal was that you had to be in it. And it all happened almost overnight.

AFFLECK: It was like a fairy tale that started over the course of a week. There was a bidding war. We got \$600,000 to split, which was more money than either one of us had ever seen in our lives. It was like winning a lottery: \$300,000! Jesus Christ! Can you imagine? I had just bro-

ken up with another girlfriend, which is why everyone says I was homeless. I had moved out of this girl's house. She hates me now, by the way. I moved back in with Matt and another friend and I was staying on the couch and I said, "I'll find an apartment. Whatever." They didn't really care. And it was easier to write over there. I didn't have an apartment of my own, but all of a sudden I had \$300,000—or \$130,000 after taxes and an agent. But I liked to think that I had \$300,000. And fuck if it wasn't about the most incredible experience in the world.

PLAYBOY: But then Castle Rock, which bought the film, wanted to revise it.

AFFLECK: Castle Rock didn't want to revise; they were ready to make it. This is kind of a sensitive area and I don't mean to bash them, but they had somebody who they wanted to direct the movie and it was a disagreement over that. We wanted to offer it to other people first, our dream people. I don't know how to say this without sounding like a fucking cheap laminated poster in some sixth grade guidance counselor's office, but we didn't want to accept anything less than exactly what we wanted. We had ten directors in mind, the great directors. We wanted Gus Van Sant or Martin Scorsese and we felt like the material was pretty directable. We wanted to at least have these guys read the script—at least send it to them, offer it to them. Castle Rock wasn't willing to show it to anybody else. They had their one person they wanted to make it with, and that was it. It was unusual, but they were true to their word and said, "If we ever have a creative disagreement with you guys, we'll give you the script back." And so they did. They said, "If you guys don't want to do it this way, you'll have to find someone else who'll buy it back from us." Which we did.

PLAYBOY: You were making *Chasing Amy* at that time?

AFFLECK: Right. Well, we had sold our script a year and a half before that, but by the time we sold it to Miramax I was rehearsing *Chasing Amy*. And then no one wanted to buy it. Everybody in New York and Los Angeles got that script and every single person, everybody who was in the business of making movies, turned it down. Every single person. Harvey Weinstein and his brother, Bob, were the only people who wanted it.

PLAYBOY: Why?

AFFLECK: We weren't cool. We weren't anything but two upstarts who got overpaid for a screenplay in the first place and had the audacity to think we could act in it too, when it was well known that we could probably get Johnny Depp or Brad Pitt or somebody like that to do it. Studios said they didn't want to do it because we were encumbering the movie. That's what we were told over and over again. And then we said we wanted to make it for \$6 million or \$7 million, \$15

million tops. The people at Fox said, "We don't make movies at that budget. We don't make those kinds of movies." Why don't they fucking do those movies? Since it only cost \$15 million and grossed \$200 million, seems like those are the movies to do.

PLAYBOY: The fact that you got Robin Williams helped.

AFFLECK: It became easier for everyone to believe in it once he signed on. It became a Robin Williams movie, so it didn't matter who we were or who anyone else was. Robin is possibly the most commercial actor in the world. To his credit, he cut his price—Robin made a deal where he would only profit in the success of the movie. He believed in the movie, he showed up and worked incredibly hard in rehearsals. I thought that was rare then, and I realize it now even more. Robin Williams worked harder on that movie than anyone I've ever seen.

PLAYBOY: Shortly thereafter, you got the part in *Armageddon* and worked side by side with Bruce Willis. It was the first time you held your own with a big star.

AFFLECK: It was an education. I mean, Bruce ended up being really nice to me, but he could have made my life hell on that movie. I wasn't accustomed to the idea of a power struggle on a movie. There's a kind of alpha dog thing that goes on between the studio, the director and the star. And this kid shows up who no one knows. Well, is this kid the real thing? There was a certain amount of tension, which I didn't understand. Later I figured out it was all the interested parties trying to figure out who was going to end up running the show. Michael Bay [the director] is headstrong. Bruce is headstrong. I was cooperative and amiable, but proud. I didn't want to be told to go fuck myself and sit in the corner. As long as no one was going to tread on me I was going to be perfectly amiable. Then you had the whole *Dirty Dozen* thing with a bunch of other guys in the movie. So that added to the testosterone. Everybody was sniffing around. I ended up getting along with Michael and Bruce, and I still talk to Bruce. He turned out to be just a normal guy.

PLAYBOY: After *Armageddon*, you took a small part in *Shakespeare in Love*, when you could certainly have taken a big-bucks, high-profile part in another studio film. Why?

AFFLECK: Everybody told me to pass on that. Michael Bay said, "Don't do some Shakespeare movie in tights." People said, "It's not a lead. You're doing somebody else's movie, and this is like some art movie, and you got to build a career as a leading man, and you're coming off *Armageddon* and on and on. And besides Gwyneth, there are a bunch of British actors in it, and nobody has heard of Joseph Fiennes." But I loved it. I saw Joe's screen test and thought that he was

(continued on page 204)



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He's a world-class spender. That's why she reminds him months ahead of her birthday—and Christmas and Valentine's Day and her dog's birthday. He does his own indulging. PLAYBOY men spent nearly \$7 billion on clothing, shoes, watches and jewelry this past year. That's more than the clotheshounds at GQ, more than the ab-obsessives at *Men's Health*, more than the gear-heads at *Rolling Stone*. PLAYBOY—we're big and we spend like it. (Source: Spring 1999 MRI.)



A Merry Little Christmas

jesus, baby, how crass do you think i am?

 a three-way sounds great 

Fiction by Thom Jones

From: tj34
To: CC14
Date Sent: December 23, 1998
Subject: Re: Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas!

Feliz Navidad and just what in the fuck are you trying to pull here? Christ! Calling me at my house?!!! Drunk on your ass?!!! Two in the morning?!!! Right after the bars close?!!! What were you thinking? What can I do after someone pulls a number like that except change the phone number and sever all contact? Crazy-ass bitch. Goddamn it, I don't care how fucking drunk you get, that's something you just do not do *ever* no matter what happens. Never! Ever! It's not permissible. I was fucking ready to fucking kill you. Now I have to memorize two new phone numbers, and for this old dog new tricks come hard. So tell me, are you proud of yourself? Did you actually think you could win me back with a caper like that? Stupid fucking psycho bitch. If I was lovesick no matter how bad, I would never do what you did. There are rules. I'm not going to wreck *your* marriage, suck marriage though it may be. This is absolutely my last contact with you. This is absolute and unequivocal. I'm closing your ignominious file today; it's over!

You must realize that after that drunken-ass screaming insane bullshit phone call waking up everyone in the fucking house, I can never trust you again—you crossed the line. I do *like* you and think of you fondly—it's just over. Anyhow, the whole affair was bullshit. I was really going after your pal, Lisa, the psychiatrist. She was the one I was





chasing and you kind of interjected yourself. I really hate it, the way you did that and then got all fucking clingy dependent. How was I going to come on to Lisa after that?

Your whole insecure jealousy thing is virtual paranoia. You should take Thorazine or something. I'm serious. So long, pretty baby—and Feliz Navidad. Have a holly jolly Christmas,

As always, I remain your sweet potato,
XXXXX

Maximilian Schell

P.S. Please delete this e-mail message immediately.

TO: CC14

RE: Lisa Knows About Your Tawdry
Unnatural Desires

DATE SENT: December 26, 1998

I can't believe you told Lisa I was hot for her. Shit! Why did she break up with that asshole? Don't tell me. What else did she tell you? I want to savor every detail. I'm in Oxford, MS. Staying in Faulkner's well-preserved house. Wm. never was much of a screenwriter and I don't know a soul who's read his books. Overrated doncha think?

Love,
Uncle Ho

TO: CC14

RE: Have Yourself a Merry Little
Christmas!

DATE SENT: December 31, 1998

Look, perhaps I did go too far, but you have to stop making these crazy threats. And calling up Lisa was not a good move. True, I did kiss her, but it was just one of those one-time things. Maybe you should tell her how you called me up at 2 A.M.: "Motherfucker! I hate you, you fucking cocksucker! I don't care if I wake up the whole fucking house—I hate you. You ruined my life!" Tell Lisa that. Tell how you stormed and raged like a fucking maniac. You don't think people in bed next to someone can't hear screaming over a telephone? Jesus! Talk about uncalled for.

Nonetheless I'm slightly sorry. I do have a measure of empathy and compassion. But you knew what I was when you got into it with me. You were forewarned. Now you say you're dicking Seth Holmes, that cornball anesthesiologist? You better watch out. You'll get caught and Bob will slap divorce papers on your ass before you can pull your panties back on. Really. You're a fucking amateur, babe. You don't want a divorce, believe me. So cool your jets. OK? And don't try to track me down again through the studio. My agent informed them never to disclose my whereabouts. Chill! You'll be fine,

Sonny Barger

TO: CC14

RE: Oh Yeah! Well You Can Kiss My
Ass!

DATE SENT: January 26, 1999

Hey babe, calm the fuck down. I didn't say you were insane per se. It's just a figure of speech. Screwing a new guy? You're playing with fire. Didn't I tell you to watch your ass? Of course Bob *suspects* something. You *changed* your look. You are *never* home. That "on call" bullshit only goes so far. You are violating your pattern and you don't know how obvious it is even to the unthinking dullards of the world. You wanna know something else? The way they really can tell you're fucking somebody? Sex is different, that's how. You can keep the same schedule and so on but it's different. That's the giveaway beyond. But it's not conclusive 11th-hour Perry Mason courtroom testimony. Bob doesn't want to believe it. It's your job to allay his fears. Whatever you do, admit to nothing. Deny it! He isn't going to go anywhere. He's just blowing off steam. It will pass. Just play it cool, OK?

Yours,
Dr. Zarkov

TO: CC14

RE: Ace, Man, You Are One Stupid
Asshole!

DATE SENT: January 29, 1999

Look, if the little Bobcat interrogates you, gets a little rowdy and smashes some furniture, a few priceless antiques—it only means that he loves you. Whatever you do, don't confess and don't knuckle under. I know you're guilty, feel like Hester Prynne and all of that, but don't let it show. For Christ's sake. Just tell him to go fuck himself. He hasn't got aerial photography. It's all paranoid conjecture. The green-eyed monster has got Bobby-boy in its clutches, but cool out. He's a dependent personality. He won't leave you. Guaranteed. You can take that one to the bank.

Hang in,
Xxxs
Ace

TO: CC14

RE: He Did It! He Packed the Sam-
sonite and Blew Town!

DATE SENT: February 2, 1999

Hey babe, so sue me, I was wrong. But he'll be back. Three days max. And this is your story: You were having a late snack with a colleague after a long shift. That's *all* it was. Perfectly innocent. Give Bob shit for following you. What kind of crap is that, anyhow? Who is this new guy anyhow? You said he was a resident. How old is he? Is he hot?

Zarkov

TO: CC14

RE: One Night Stand

DATE SENT: February 4, 1999

A one night stand. Right! Well, I told you that you would get caught if you weren't careful—but here's the good news: You weren't really caught! How many times do I have to tell you this? It's like talking to a brick wall. You deny everything. All you were seen doing is having a snack. You weren't holding hands in the restaurant, were you? No. You're just sitting there with stars in your eyes. Well, that's not getting caught, baby. Is this new one a surgeon? How tall is he?

James Douglas Morrison

TO: CC14

RE: Jealous

DATE SENT: February 7, 1999

No, I am not jealous, and if that's what is motivating this bullshit hanky-panky, you can forget it! What does Lisa think? Are you giving her the blow-by-blow? What kind of shit-for-brains shrink is she, anyhow? Use that high-priced intellect of yours. Be logical.

Meanwhile, I've been getting back into my novel these last few weeks. Novel? Sonnets? Corporate advertisements—all of these things are preferable to scriptwriting.

Ming of Mongo

TO: CC14

RE RE RE: Happy Valentine's Day!

DATE SENT: February 14, 1999

Baby, this is ridiculous. I *couldn't* read all your e-mails. You just hit me with the whole Library of Congress! I didn't write back not because you are pathetic but because each time I write back, you fucking flip.

Yours truly,
Captain Torch

P.S. Do not scan photos and send them to me. It's obvious that your new look is an attempt to transform yourself into a second Lisa. You're not her. You looked fine the old way. This new look *is* pathetic. I mean (LOL)—it's not you. Dig? Assemble your senses and quit pulling crap.

TO: CC14

RE: Malicious Slander

DATE SENT: February 16, 1999

In no way, shape or form do you appear in the book, I swear! And Lisa neither. Jesus, baby! How crass do you think I am?

Xxxs
A

TO: CC14

RE: Touching Reunion

DATE SENT: February 17, 1999

I told you Bob would come back and

(continued on page 206)



"After she sends the Christmas cards, Christmas is over for my wife."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID LACHAPELLE



N A O M I

C A M P B E L L

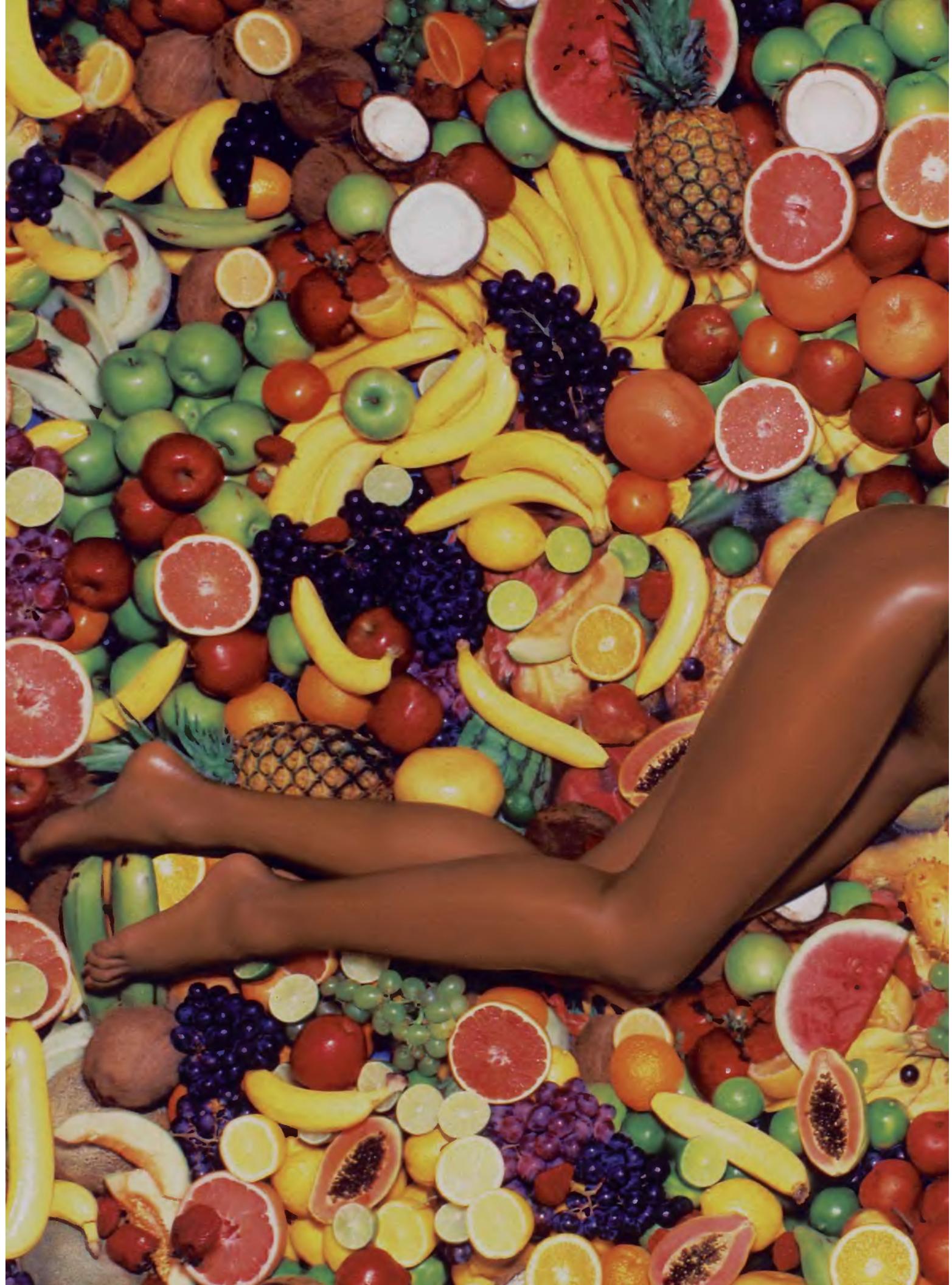
SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY





HERE IS something about Naomi Campbell that sets her apart from other supermodels. While she can seduce the camera and work a catwalk with the best of the streamlined beauties, Campbell has a taste for risk taking and an absolute self-confidence that has fueled her success and her longevity. In an industry where women are often given their walking papers before they hit 25, 29-year-old Campbell is still one of the top-paid models in the world. "I work very hard and I'm worth every cent," says Naomi of her net worth, which *Business Age* has estimated at \$29 million. She was discovered at 15, and it wasn't long before the British-born beauty's exotic good looks (a mixture of Jamaican and Chinese ancestry) made her grace the covers of *Time* and *Vogue*. Like many of her peers, Campbell has endured her share of PR embarrassments over the years: a reported near drug overdose in the Canary Islands (she said it was an allergic reaction to antibiotics), her part ownership of the Fashion Café and an allegation that she assaulted an assistant. But she shrugs off criticism in the wake of two successful books, an album on Epic Records that was big in Japan, roles in films such as Spike Lee's *Girl 6* and her contributions to children's charities. She's been called the black panther, and her impressive physique tells us why. What's her secret? "I never diet. I smoke. I drink now and then. I never work out," she says. Captured here, Naomi shows off a sensual versatility that will keep her in demand for years to come.



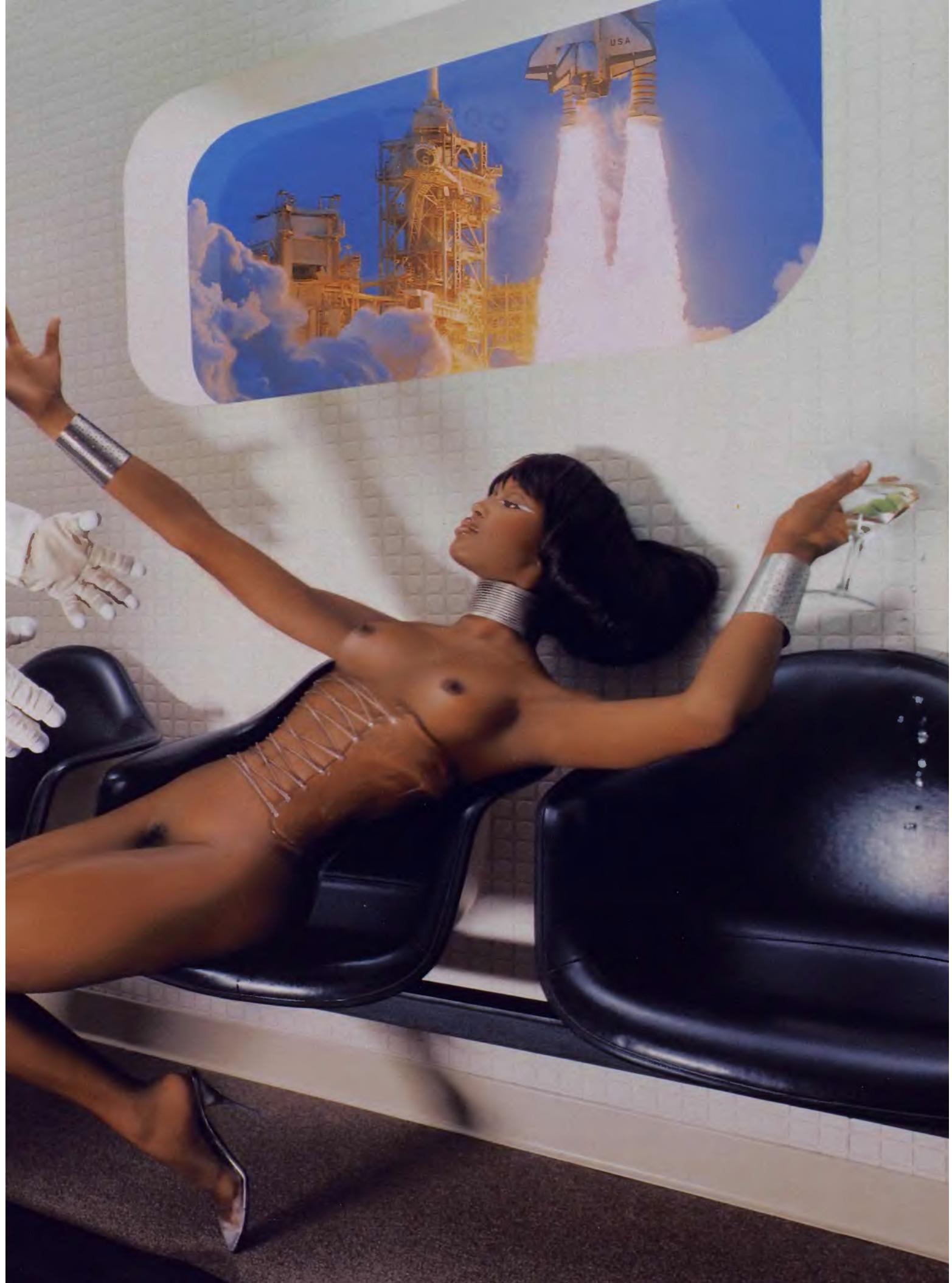




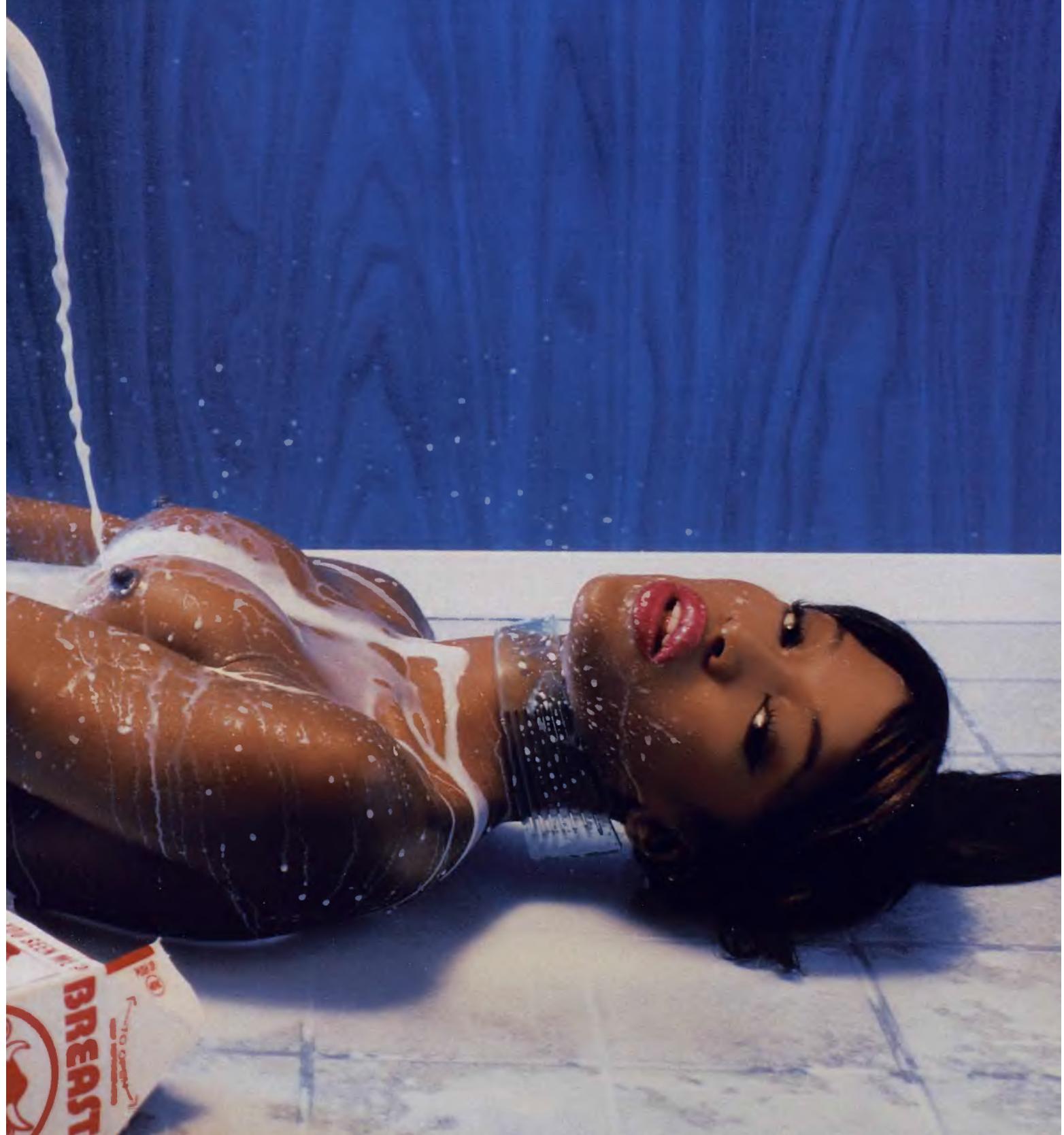




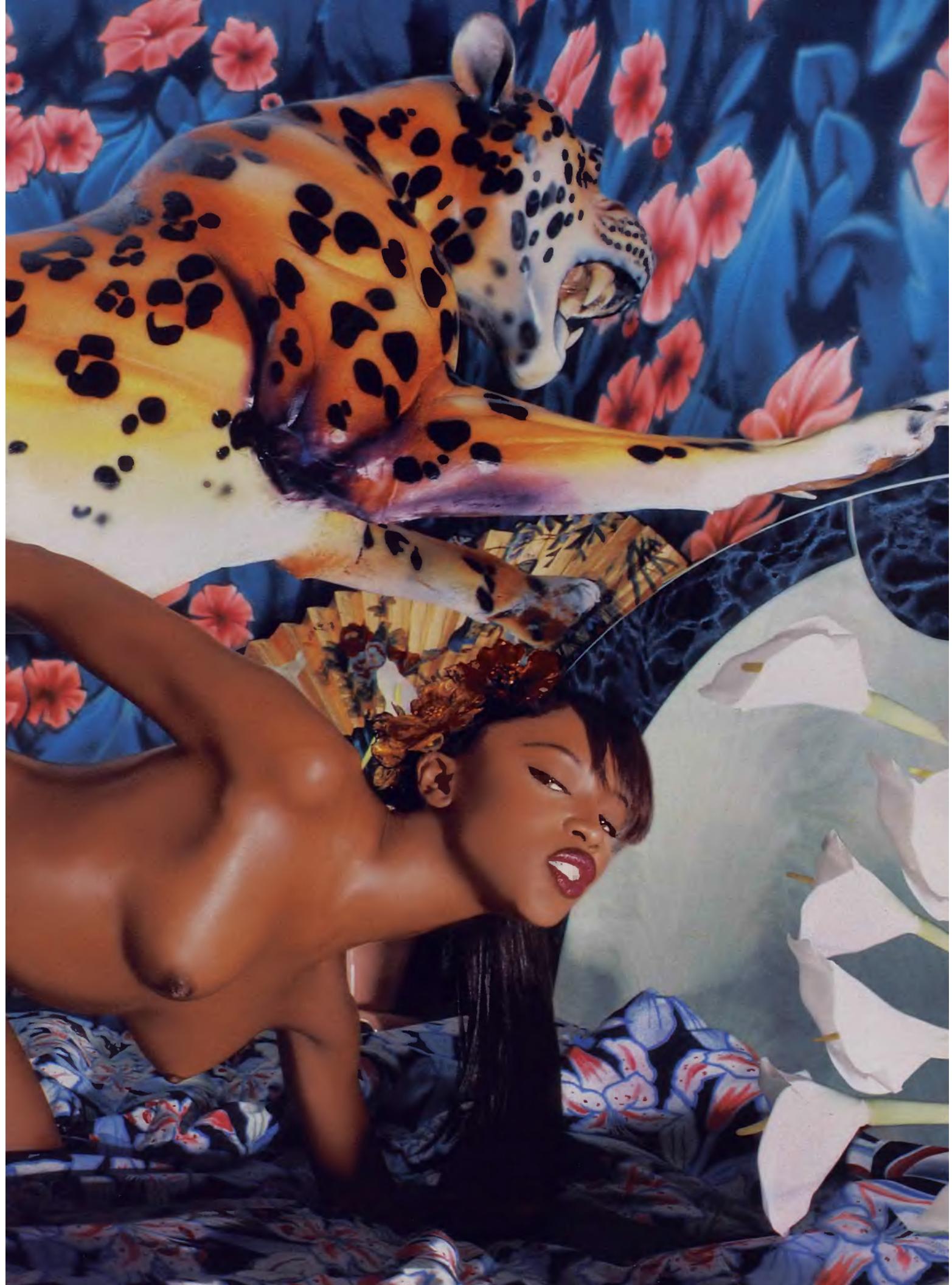








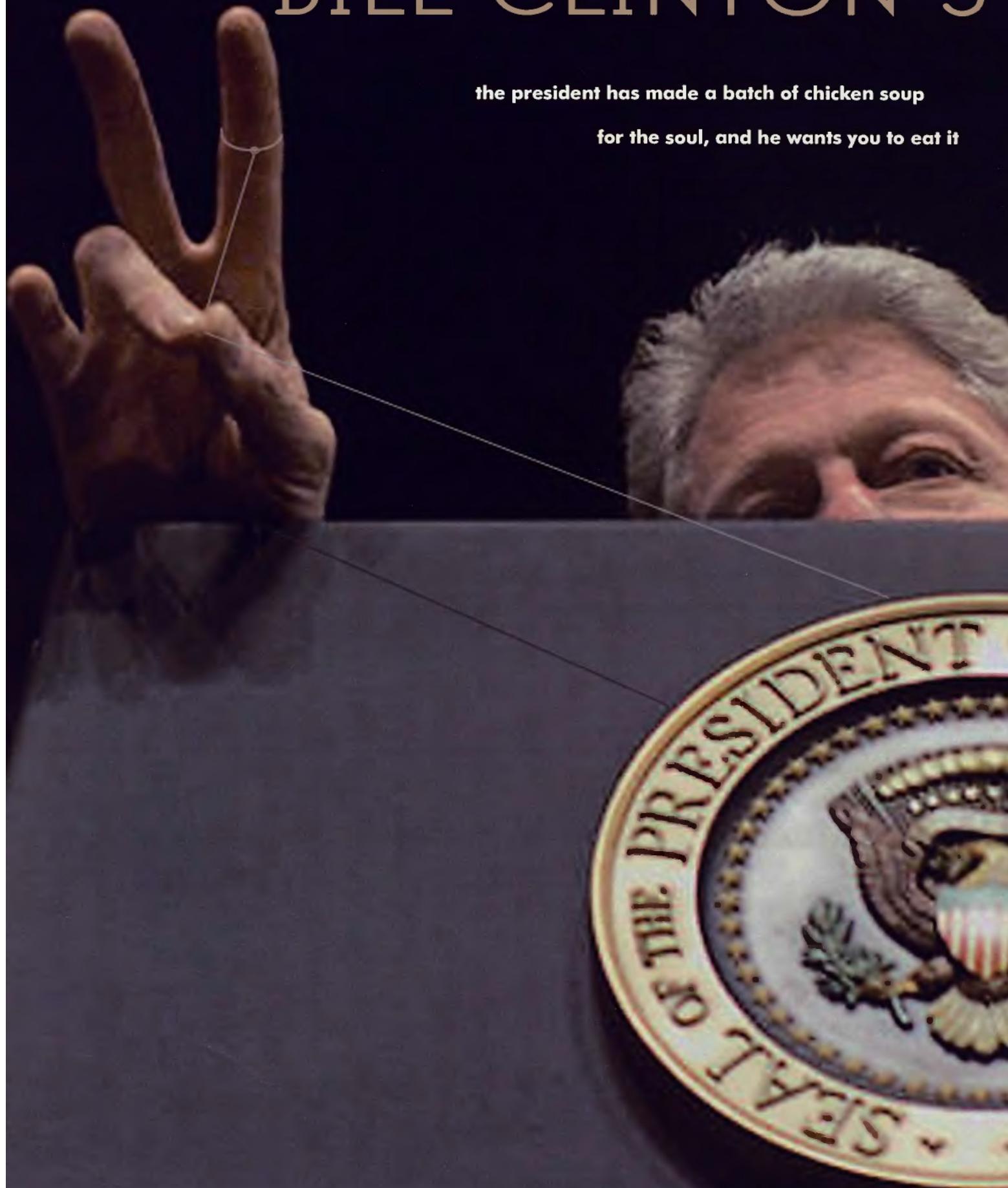




BILL CLINTON'S

the president has made a batch of chicken soup

for the soul, and he wants you to eat it



LIFE LESSONS

If the wife is away,
If the dragon wants to play,
What the hey.
Kiss it."

—OLD CHINESE PROVERB

"Oo la la!"

—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, *Maxims*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This book is the result of a lot of hard work, even more than went into making the atomic bomb or building the inter-

state highway system or putting a man on the moon. It's incredibly difficult assembling a book of inspiring stories about uninspiring people. Oh—special thanks to Williams and Connolly, the Washington law firm, and to the moderate Republicans who voted against impeachment. We love you very much!

LUST: THE DRIVING FORCE

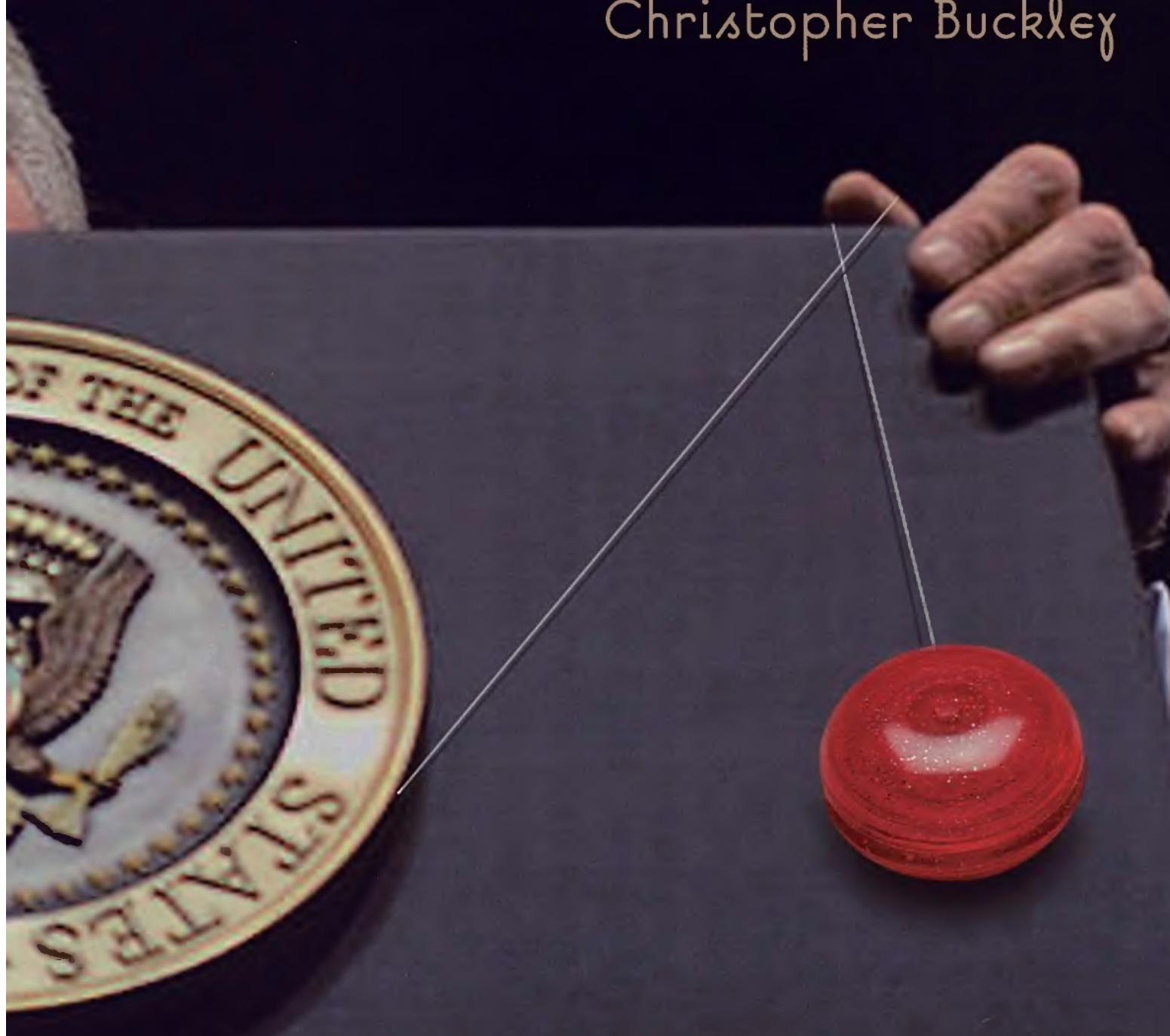
A president had been thinking all morning in the Oval Office about how

to bring peace to a troubled part of the world that had a nasty tendency to cause things like world wars. His advisors were divided. Just what he needed! One wanted to send big planes full of bombs and "turn the whole region into a parking lot." Others wanted to spend more time trying to convince the ruler of the region to stop killing so many of his own people in horrible ways.

"I need to think about this by myself," the president said, dismissing all

humor by

Christopher Buckley



of the advisors.

He was still thinking when a plump young woman brought him a pizza. She showed him her thong underwear and called him Handsome. "Why don't I give you oral sex?" she offered pleasantly. "That might make it easier to come to a decision."

"That would be great!" the president exclaimed. While she was "doing" him, the president telephoned a congressman to discuss the troubled region.

Gosh, thought the congressman, the president really does care about this situation. But why does he keep calling me "Baby, oh baby baby baby"? When, months later, the congressman read in the newspapers that the president had been having oral sex at the time, at first he was cross. He called the president's chief of staff. "I look like an idiot!" he complained.

"Don't," said the chief of staff, "spinning" him. "You should feel privileged that the president feels so comfortable with you that he can have oral sex while discussing with you whether to commit U.S. troops." "Oh, well," said the congressman. "In that case, I feel great!"

INCRIMINATING BUT NUTRITIOUS

The first lady was sipping tea and tearing the young aide a new rectal orifice when a call alerted her to the fact that a White House lawyer and old friend had gone and stuck a gun barrel in his mouth while having lunch in a park outside the nation's capital. Worse, he had pulled the trigger.

She jumped up, knocking the whimpering aide into the fireplace, and ran all the way across the White House, her sharp heels making a clickety-click sound on the floor.

Upon arriving at the dead aide's office, she accosted some assistants who were standing around discussing how to fire the longtime staff of the White House travel office so as to make room for more cronies from Arkansas.

She told them to go get some bricks and lumber and mortar and Sheetrock. The puzzled aides inquired why, despite the fact that the first lady was known to tear off the testicles of any aide who hesitated to carry out her whims immediately.

But instead of getting angry, she calmly explained, "I want to turn his office into a shrine. I want to leave everything just the way it was. And I don't want those troublesome FBI agents going through it and making a mess of everything. So we will seal off his office and pretend it was never there. Now move it, or I will have you burned alive." The aides scurried off lickety-split to get the materials. They returned and immediately sealed off

the dead aide's office. It wasn't until the following Monday that they heard a frantic knocking from the other side. In their haste, they had walled up the dead aide's secretary!

But all was not lost, for the hungry secretary had eaten all the incriminating documents in the dead aide's office, leaving nothing for the FBI agents to find when they—of course!—made a mess of the place.

TAPE WORMS

A frightening New York literary agent was chain-smoking while talking on the phone to a scary-looking woman. The scary-looking woman had worked in the White House and was now afraid that the president's lawyers and henchmen were going to "make me look bad." "You mean," said the literary agent, laughing up some lung, "worse than you already do?"

"Oh, stop," teased the scary-looking woman. The reason all the president's men were "gunning for her" was that she had seen a woman crawl out of the Oval Office on all fours after being vigorously "hugged" by the president, who liked to hug desperate women who came to him asking for a job.

"Don't be a stupid _____," said the literary agent, using a colloquial word for a part of the female anatomy. "Start taping your phone conversations with the _____," she advised, using the word for female dog to refer to the scary-looking woman's young friend, who had been having regular "oral" sex with the president.

"What a great idea!" exclaimed the scary-looking woman. She stopped eating the box of Ring-Dings on her lap.

Suddenly, she said, "J_____, using the name of the Lord in vain.

"What?" said the literary agent, spitting up phlegm.

"I'm so nervous, I've been eating the wrappers!" At that, the women burst out laughing. It wasn't at all a pleasant sound, but it made both of them feel good.

CHILL!

The president hadn't had sex in an awfully long time and he was about to burst. Ever since the big scandal over his special friendship with the young intern and the trial and everything, it had been impossible to "get it on" with anyone, including his wife. The first lady had been acting very cross with him—for, as she put it, "acting like a pig in heat."

Finally, one night, the president couldn't stand it anymore. He came into the bedroom, undressed and obviously excited. The first lady was in bed with her hair in curlers and her face covered with cold cream, reading a

novel by Harold Robbins called *The Carpetbaggers*.

She looked up, saw the president's excitement and said, "You better put some ice on that."

FIVE THINGS TO REMEMBER WHEN YOU'RE BEING DEPOSED

(1) The day before, sit in front of a mirror and practice having a heart attack. (Hint: It's your left arm that's supposed to hurt.)

(2) If they ask you a tough one, like, "Are you shtupping the help?" try a humorous comeback, such as "Have you been listening in on people's phone calls?" Or "Are we going to be here much longer? I'm double-parked!"

(3) Don't reply, "I do not recall at this point in time," when they're asking preliminary questions like, "What is your name?" and "What is your present occupation?"

(4) If you hear the word cigar, fake the heart attack. (See number one.)

(5) Being deposed isn't much fun, but it sure beats being decapitated!

SOMETIMES A CIGAR IS NOT JUST A CIGAR

A foreign head of state was visiting the president to ask him to please use his influence on the Israelis to stop them from building new settlements so darn-tooting close to what little land his people could call their own. That and the Israelis' habit of shooting his people with rubber bullets for sport was making them fidgety.

To put the foreign leader at ease, the president went to a big box he kept on his desk, took out a long, fat cigar and offered it to him. The foreign leader had been reading a lot about the president and cigars lately.

"No thanks," he said to the surprised president. "I'm, uh, trying to cut down."

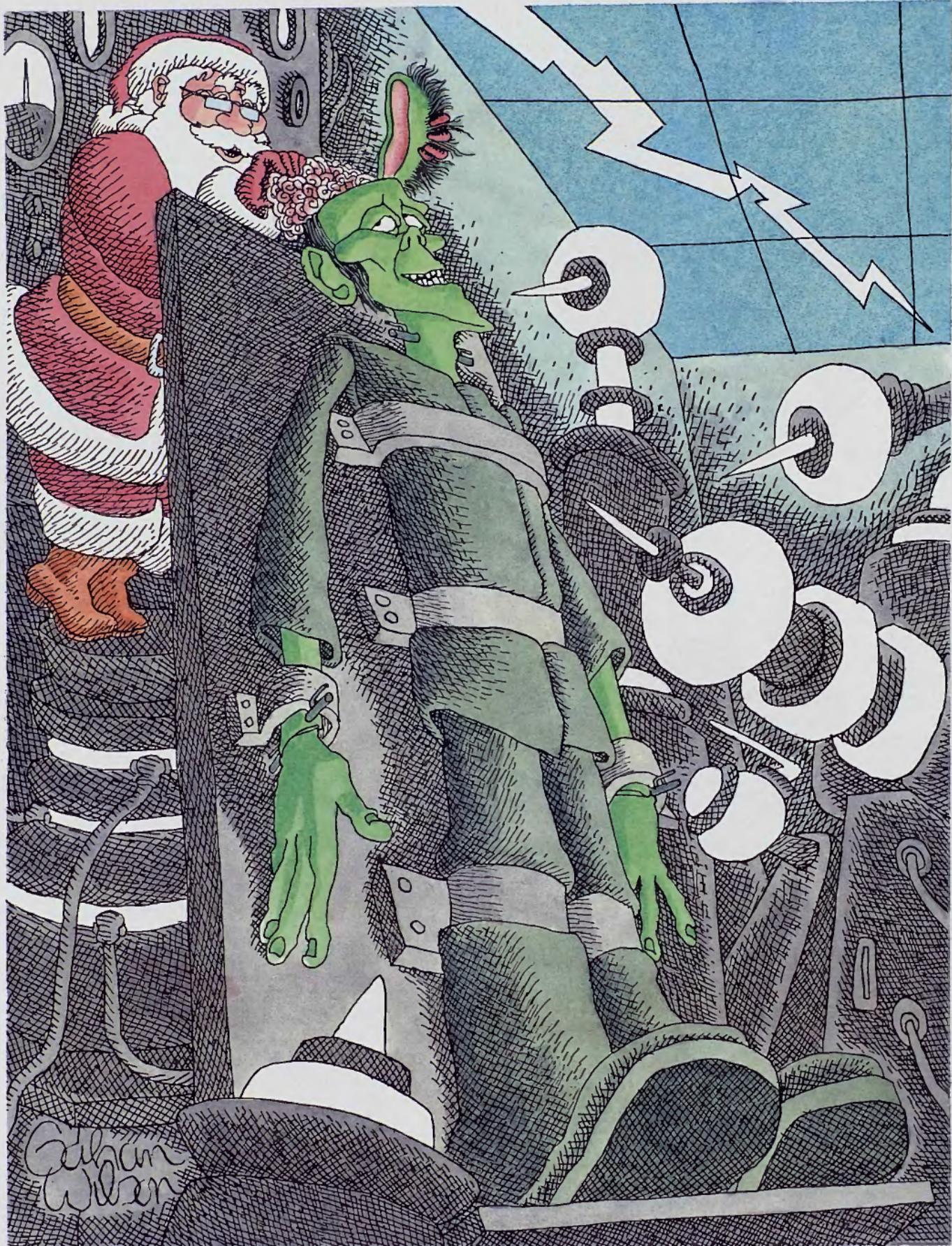
After the visit, the president told his advisors how impressed he was by the foreign leader's self-control. That night, he called his friend the Israeli prime minister and urged him not to shoot quite so many of the foreign leader's people with rubber bullets.

NO DOZE

The Secret Service agent standing guard outside the Oval Office was so exhausted from pulling double shifts on a recent visit to Asia that he had to struggle to keep his eyes open. To stay awake, he kept telling himself that he was the last line of defense between danger and the leader of the free world.

Just then, a chubby, hysterical 23-year-old came down the hallway. She said to the Secret Service agent, "Is Creepo in there? Get out of my way."

(continued on page 222)



*"I thought you might like to have a merrier brain for
the new millennium!"*

A long time ago, in a galaxy not so far away, a little independent movie called *Halloween* chilled audiences and impressed critics as one of the most masterful horror movies since *Psycho*. Its big-lunged young star, Jamie Lee Curtis, created the mold that every latter-day scream queen tried to fill. Soon every aspiring actor dreamed of breaking out in a hot horror film—but more often ended up in career-breaking schlock. Even Curtis stopped screaming and moved on to mainstream fare as the *Friday the 13th*, *Nightmare on Elm Street* and *Hellraiser* series and other Eighties slasher films ran their courses.

In 1996, another little independent movie, *Scream*, reinvented the genre with subversive humor, hip characters, witty dialogue and genuine scares. Critically acclaimed and a killer at the box office, *Scream* made a star out of Neve Campbell and opened the doors to another round of actors dying to be discovered. *Scream* fever was contagious and a slew of imitations followed. Even the matriarch of scream queens, Curtis, returned to the genre for a 20th anniversary sequel to *Halloween*. With the impending release of the third and final *Scream* this month, this pop-culture-savvy, self-referential movie trend appears to have passed as gritty, realistic horror films like *The Blair Witch Project* forge a brave new direction. In the annals of scary cinema, here are the nubile neophytes who made it fun to scream in the final decade of the millennium.

A DECADE OF SCREAM QUEENS

by robert b. desalvo

the ten divas of dread who make it hip to be scared

HEATHER DONAHUE



The Blair Witch Project

Lung Power: Immeasurable
Pre-Scream Queen Activities: The graduate of the Philadelphia University of the Arts was an improv and stage actor in Philly and New York. Best Cut: Because of her bone-chilling, flashlight-lit last confession in *Blair Witch Project*, people will think twice about camping without a cell phone.



JENNIFER LOVE HEWITT

I Know What You Did Last Summer, I Still Know What You Did Last Summer

Lung Power: Visible
Pre-Scream Queen

Activities: Sang, jiggled and aerobized her way through *Dance! Workout With Barbie* before toning down to play boozehound Bailey's love interest on *Party of Five* and its spin-off, *Time of Your Life*. Best Cut: Has so many upper-body close-ups that her slasher-film debut was referred to as *I Know What Your Breasts Did Last Summer*.

DREW BARRYMORE



Doppelganger, Scream

Lung Power: Incalculable
Pre-Scream Queen Activities: Besides acting in one of the biggest blockbusters of all time, the *E.T.* star had been through rehab and written her autobiography by the time she was 15. Best Cut: Because of her horror hall-of-fame opener in *Scream*, no one will look at Jiffy Pop the same way again.

COURTENEY COX



Scream, Scream 2, Scream 3
Lung Power: Debatable
Pre-Scream Queen Activities: First person to say the word *period* on American TV, in a Tampax commercial before *Friends*, boogied with Bruce Springsteen in his *Dancing in the Dark* video. **Best Cut:** Questioned about nude photos of herself on the Internet in *Scream 2*. Cox replied, "It was just my head—it was Jennifer Aniston's body."

SARAH MICHELLE GELLAR



I Know What You Did Last Summer, Scream 2
Lung Power: Laudable
Pre-Scream Queen Activities: 1982 Burger King commercial (she taunted McDonald's for skimping on meat) got her sued at age 5. **Best Cut:** During beauty contest in *Summer*, a high-heeled, swimsuit-wearing Gellar says, "Through art I shall serve my country."

NEVE CAMPBELL



The Craft, Scream, Scream 2, Scream 3
Lung Power: Undeniable
Pre-Scream Queen Activities: Starred opposite an oversize prehistoric rat that dines on buried folks in the no-budget *The Dark* before getting gooey for TV's *Party of Five*. **Best Cut:** The original Ghostface Slayer fulfilled many a girl's fantasy by getting to punch Courteney Cox twice—in *Scream* and in its sequel.

MICHELLE WILLIAMS



Species, Halloween H20: Twenty Years Later

Lung Power: Commendable
Pre-Scream Queen Activities: Co-starred with collie in 1994's *Lassie*; hit it big in *Scream* scribe Kevin Williamson's *Downson's Creek*. **Best Cut:** Busted up grand-daddy of all knife-wielding psychopaths, Michael Myers, with mother of all scream queens, Jamie Lee Curtis, in *Halloween H20*.

ALICIA WITT

Urban Legend

Lung Power: Questionable
Pre-Scream Queen Activities: Played Cybill Shepherd's smart-mouthed daughter in the imaginatively titled TV show *Cybill*. **Best Cut:** Got to shoot Noxzema-Girl-turned-hooded-serial-killer Rebecca Gayheart full of lead in *Urban Legend*.

ROSE McGOWAN

Scream, Phantoms

Lung Power: Formidable
Pre-Scream Queen Activities: A goth murderer in *The Doom Generation*; shacked up with Marilyn Manson. **Best Cut:** Faceriously says "Please don't kill me, Mr. Ghostface. I want to be in the sequel!" He crushes her head in an automatic garage door.

REBECCA GAYHEART



Scream 2, Urban Legend

Lung Power: Incredible
Pre-Scream Queen Activities: Known to most of the civilized world as the Noxzema Girl. **Best Cut:** Proved she really could act with an over-the-top, deliriously psychotic performance as the campus slasher in *Urban Legend*. Who knew?

A TIMELINE OF SLASHER CINEMA



Psycho (1960): Alfred Hitchcock's mother of all slasher films made everyone who saw it afraid to take a shower.

Texas Chain Saw Massacre (1974): This gritty, grainy film loosely based on the true story of a man who played dress-up with human body parts still toys with your sanity.

Halloween (1978): An escaped mental patient returns to his hometown to stalk baby-sitters and, in doing so, makes a star out of Jamie Lee Curtis and sets a precedent for fright films.

Friday the 13th (1980): Leonard Maltin claims the popularity of movies like this summer-camp slashfest is the reason SAT scores have plummeted.

The Shining (1980): Director Stanley Kubrick found a way to make Jack Nicholson's scenery chewing work for a film—and made the best adaptation of a Stephen King novel to date.

The Fog (1980): Psycho shower victim Janet Leigh reclaims her scream queen crown alongside daughter Jamie Lee Curtis in John Carpenter's eerie follow-up to *Halloween*.

Friday the 13th: The Final Chapter (1984): Paramount promised this would be the last time we'd see hockey-masked killer Jason Voorhees. Five sequels followed.

A Nightmare on Elm Street (1984): The hideously burned, blade-lingered Freddy Krueger became the most unlikely antihero superstar with this shocker about a man who kills teens in their dreams.

Hellraiser (1987): It's a fine line between pleasure and pain. Clive Barker found it in this dark, kinky tale featuring demons that wear bondage gear.

Child's Play (1988): A woman can't afford a new \$100 doll so she buys one that is possessed by a serial killer from a street peddler.

Candyman (1992): Say his name in the mirror five times and you're as good as dead.

Wes Craven's New Nightmare (1994): Probably the first movie that had the balls to ask, "What effect do slasher movies have on children?"

Scream (1996): Drew Barrymore turned down the lead role played by Neve Campbell and became the sacrificial lamb in the opening sequence, scaring audiences into thinking anyone could bite it any time. It worked wonderfully.

I Know What You Did Last Summer (1997): Gordon's, purveyor of frozen fish foods, fielded concerns that its Fisherman was affiliated with this movie's slicker-wearing killer.

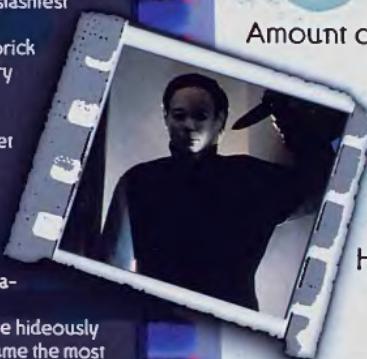
Scream 2 (1997): "Sequel sucking," says a character in *Scream 2*. "They're inferior films." Not this one.

Halloween: H2o (1998): Jamie Lee Curtis returns to finish off Michael Myers 20 years after the original, accompanied by her mother, Janet Leigh, and *Dawson's Creek* cutie Michelle Williams.

Psycho (1998): Gus Van Sant decided that a shot-by-shot "re-creation" of one of the best movies of all time was a swell idea.

The Blair Witch Project (1999): Was it "the scariest movie ever" because it really was scary or because people flocked to see a movie with the budget of a new car?

Scream 3 (1999): The final chapter in the *Godfather* of horror films.



SCREAM QUEEN

VS.

Screen Queen

Neve Campbell

Number of movies: 12

Horror movies: *The Dark*, *The Craft*, *Scream*, *Scream 2*, *Scream 3*

Movies directed by Wes Craven: *Scream*, *Scream 2*, *Scream 3*

Number of Oscar nominations: 0

Number of MTV Movie Awards nominations: 3

Amount of money her last five big-screen films made in the U.S.: \$276 million

Meryl Streep

Number of movies: 29

Horror movies: None, unless you consider starring with Roseanne in *She-Devil* scary

Movies directed by Wes Craven: *Music of the Heart*

Number of Oscar nominations: 11

Number of MTV Movie Awards nominations: 0

Amount of money her last five big-screen films made in the U.S.: \$127 million

TEN

Scary Videos That Will Keep Her Close to You

1 *The Exorcist*

2 *The Shining*

3 *Halloween*

4 *The Blair Witch Project*

5 *The Haunting*

6 *Jacob's Ladder*

7 *The Serpent and the Rainbow*

8 *Hellraiser*

9 *Seven*

10 *Alien*



Playboy's Christmas Gift Guide

LAST CHANCE THIS CENTURY TO SPEND IT



For the angler on your Christmas list there's Mulholland Brothers' newest collection of piscatorial accessories in red Latigo leather: angler's bag with a shoulder strap (\$435), fly book lined with sheepskin (\$44), 56-inch fly rod case (\$430) and a fly reel case (\$73).



Above: Not all stereo components are boring to behold. Oracle's CD turntable looks like a sleek aluminum sculpture and features sophisticated suspension and disc-clamping systems that eliminate CD "chatter," giving you the purest sound possible (about \$900). **Below:** This 45-pound Swiss courier bicycle is the same type of one-speed two-wheeler seen in countless World War II films. It's fitted with an oversize leather seat, magneto-driven lights, a document rack and a leather tool case with tools, a tire pump, a rear-wheel locking mechanism and a Swiss license plate, from Deutsche Optik (about \$700).



Below: Lego has come up with the ultimate big-boy toy—the Mindstorms Robotics Invention System. This \$200 kit lets you design and program an actual robot (such as the Coin Sorter, pictured here, which uses sensors to determine coin size and separate pocket change accordingly). Each Mindstorms package includes more than 700 plastic pieces, plus all the motors, gears and computer accessories necessary to get your invention going.





Above left: Loewe's 30-inch Planus standard-definition digital television has a platinum finish and combines a 16:9 viewing area (ideal for letterbox movies and digital broadcasts), six built-in speakers and audio technology that creates surround-sound effects from stereo (about \$4400). Above right: Braun's new 24-kt.-gold-plated Ultra Speed electric razor features a triple shaving system that delivers 640,000 cutting actions per minute (about \$250). Below left: Whether you are planning to go underwater in style or are just dropping by your neighborhood bar, Bulgari's steel-cased Scuba Chrono with a rubber strap makes a status statement. It's certified to a depth of 200 meters (\$4600). Below right: Fujifilm's aluminum-bodied MX-2700, a double megapixel digital camera with a telephoto lens, has the ability to store up to 142 images on a memory card. On the camera's back side is a liquid crystal display that shows nine images simultaneously, for instant editing (about \$700). In front of it is Alfred Dunhill's sterling silver Torpedo Pen, which houses a tiny pair of scissors (\$595).





Above: This burl walnut veneer wine table with ebony inlay is perfect for New Year's Eve. Each of its four brass wine buckets contains a bottle of Dom Pérignon cuvée 1990 champagne. (In the center of the table is an additional ice bucket.) On the table's tooled-leather top is a silver-plated Dom Pérignon cork holder. The table is from the Champagne Furniture Gallery (about \$2200). The bottle of bubbly and the cork holder are \$200.

celebrity *Christmas Carols*

humor by Robert S. Wieder



Al Gore

(To the tune of *I'll Be Home for Christmas*)

I'll be home next Christmas.
Back in Tennessee.
A tree in pants has got no chance
And that's how folks see me.

Plus Bill's dirty laundry
Is my load—that's rich.
And Hillary's upstaging me
With her campaign, the bitch.

I could get elected.
I'd just need great luck.
And several graphic videos
Of "Dubya" with a duck.

Can't foresee next Christmas.
But it seems quite sure.
If I'm in the White House,
It's 'cause I'm on the tour.



Charlton Heston

(To the tune of *Deck the Halls With Boughs of Holly*)

Load and lock and fire a volley.
Rattatattat, kapow pow pow.
Hit Spike Lee and I'll be jolly.
Rattatattat, kapow pow pow.
Hope that Santa makes you merry.
Rattatat, rattatat, pow pow pow.
If not, blast the little fairy,
Rattatattat, kathump, ow! ow!

Gun-control wimps, I abhor 'em.
Rattatattat, kapow pow pow.
Columbine, Shmolumbine; just ignore 'em.
Rattatattat, kapow pow pow.
Christmas is no time to cower.
Rattatat, rattatat, pow pow pow.
Give the gift of firepower.
That'll shut 'em up, kapow, right now.

Boris Yeltsin

(To the tune of *Good King Wenceslas*)

Plotters scheme to throw me out.
I know what they're thinking.
Stalin tells me all about
That stuff while we're drinking.
How I miss the good old days:
Everyone would hail me.
Now, thank God I'm President,
Otherwise they'd jail me.

I've so many enemies,
Da, I should have whacked them.
Guess I'll fire my cabinet
(That tends to distract them).
Christmastime, my wish is that
You'll not starve or shiver.
As for me, beneath my tree
I could use a liver.



Michael Eisner

(To the tune of *Joy to the World!*)

Oy! Screw the world!
I'm sorely bummed.
Of bad luck, I'm the king.

Our network's ratings took the shaft.
So Disney cut my pay in half.
Our parks were boycott-prone.
'Cause we just leave gays alone,
And none of my hair transplants
Have really grown.

But nothing irked
Like Katzenjerk.
He screwed me like a bulb.

The dwarf won, that's a major hit;
The trial made me look like shit.
Our bottom line's rubbed out.
Our stock is down the spout—
Better wish you glad tidings
While I've still got clout.



Marilyn Manson

(To the tune of *Jolly Old Saint Nicholas*)

I may look ridiculous
To the average schlub:
One part fag-hag drag queen,
One part Beelzebub.

Actually, at heart I'm just
A family guy, a bore.
But satanic weirdness
Is what kids pay for.

Here's my Christmas wish: Don't bust
My chops for Littleton.
Though I'm nuts, I've never
Sold a kid a gun.

Jesse Ventura

(To the tune of *Let It Snow!*)

Oh you may think I'm quite frightful,
A far cry from insightful.
But I conned the most voters, so
Let it go, let it go, let it go.

Because politics, like rasslin'.
Is just a way of hasslin'.
For bucks: Either way, you know.
It's all show, it's all show, it's all show.

[Chorus]
If I really was such a goon.
By now you'd have seen Keillor bleed.
Hell, I wrote me a book! And soon.
I'm thinking I'll get one to read!

Oh they hate me 'cause the truth is
That any schmuck can do this.
Best wishes, and to my foes:
You can blow, you can blow, you can blow.



Tom Cruise & Nicole Kidman

(To the tune of *Frosty the Snow Man*)

Stanley the showman
Had big hopes for "Eyes Wide Shut."
But like everything we two team in,
It just landed on its butt.
"Far and Away" tanked.
"Days of Thunder" ate it, too.
For two superstars, we sure leave scars
On whatever we both do.

Hepburn and Tracy
Never had this malady.
Even Woody's flicks with Mia clicked!
Is it Scientology?
Oh, well, forget it.
Just enjoy your holiday.
Laugh and dance and sing—and one more thing:
Screw the tabloids . . . we're not gay.



Hillary Rodham Clinton

(To the tune of *Jingle Bells*)

"Single belle"—what the hell,
That could work for me.
Oh what fun to dump Bill's ass.
Then swing a victory.

"Woman wronged, comes back strong,
Gets divorced, wins big!"
Who needs Bill? That dimwit still
Thinks Chelsea's his, the pig.

[Chorus]
Boy, a Senate seat
Would show that bag of guts.
And, what's really neat,
Twould drive the right wing nuts.
This "proud victim" bit
Could make my fantasy:
Ravished in my Senate suite
By "interns" Greg and Lee. Oh,

Bill's disgrace is my ace,
Bless Lewinsky's knees.
Even if I lose, I'll get
Six-figure lecture fees.

So, to Bill: If you will,
Tell her for me, dear—
"Merry Chrismas, you fat slut.
And thanks for my career!"



Rudy Giuliani

(To the tune of *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer*)

"Rudy, the red-faced mayor."
That's what they've been calling me.
A politically tone-deaf tyrant."
And that's just the GOP.

I cracked down on jaywalkers.
Drinking drivers, blacks and browns.
Meaning I've now pissed off most
Of the people in this town.

[Chorus]
I thought I was Senate bound.
But even Clinton foes.
Though they're sick of Hillary.
Loathe my personality.

Beats me why I'm not loved more.
Anyway, my wish to you:
"Have a temific Christmas.
Or I'll have your butt reamed, too."

NOW WHAT?

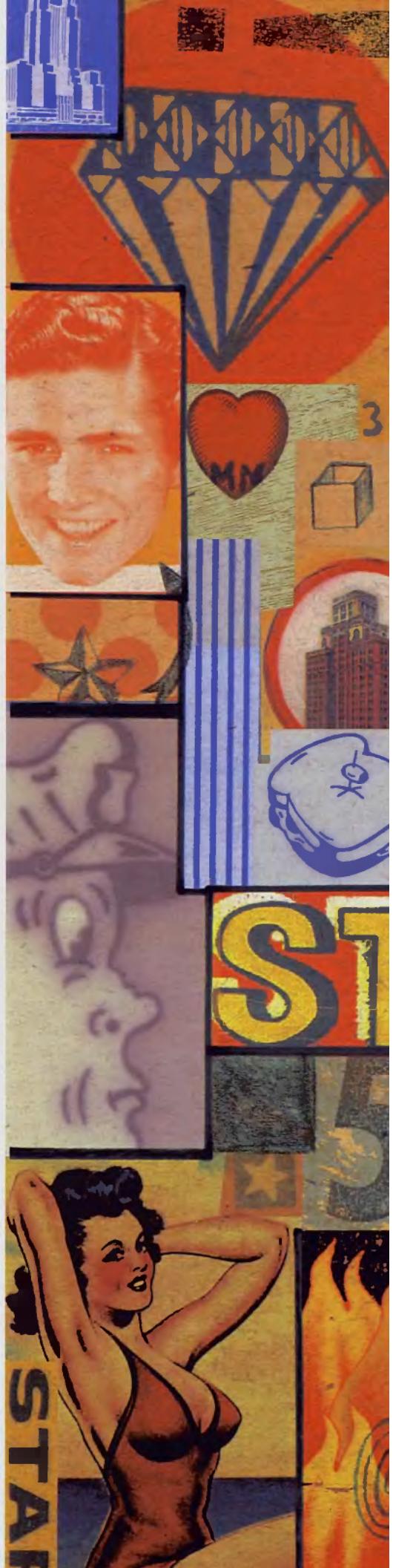
FICTION BY DONALD E. WESTLAKE

the rock star's rock just fell into dortmunder's hands. fencing the thing, disguised as a ham sandwich, wasn't going to be easy

everybody on the subway was reading the *Daily News*, and every newspaper was open to the exact same page, the one with the three pictures. The picture of the movie star, smiling. The picture of the famous model, posing and smiling. And the picture of the stolen brooch. Shaped vaguely like a boomerang, with a larger dark stone at each end and smaller lighter stones scattered between (like stars in the night sky, seen, say, from a cell), even the brooch seemed to be smiling.

Dortmunder was not smiling. He hadn't realized how big a deal this damn brooch would be. With pictures of the brooch in the hands of every man, woman and child in the greater New York metropolitan area, it was beginning to seem somehow less than brilliant that he should smuggle the thing into Brooklyn disguised as a ham sandwich.

Over breakfast (sweetened orange juice, coffee with a lot of sugar, Wheaties with a *lot* of sugar), that concept had appeared to make a kind of sense, even to have a certain elegance. John Dortmunder, professional thief, with his sloped shoulders, shapeless clothing, lifeless hair-colored hair, pessimistic nose and rusty-hinge gait, knew he could, if he wished, look exactly like your normal average working man, even though, so far as he knew, he had never earned an honest dollar in his life. If called upon to transport a valuable stolen brooch from his home in Manhattan to a new but highly recommended fence in Brooklyn, therefore, it had seemed to him the best way to do it was to place the brooch between two slabs of ham with a *lot* of mayonnaise, this package to be inserted within two slices of Wonder Bread, the result (continued on page 136)



8th

LUCKY



a tribute to

Shel Silverstein

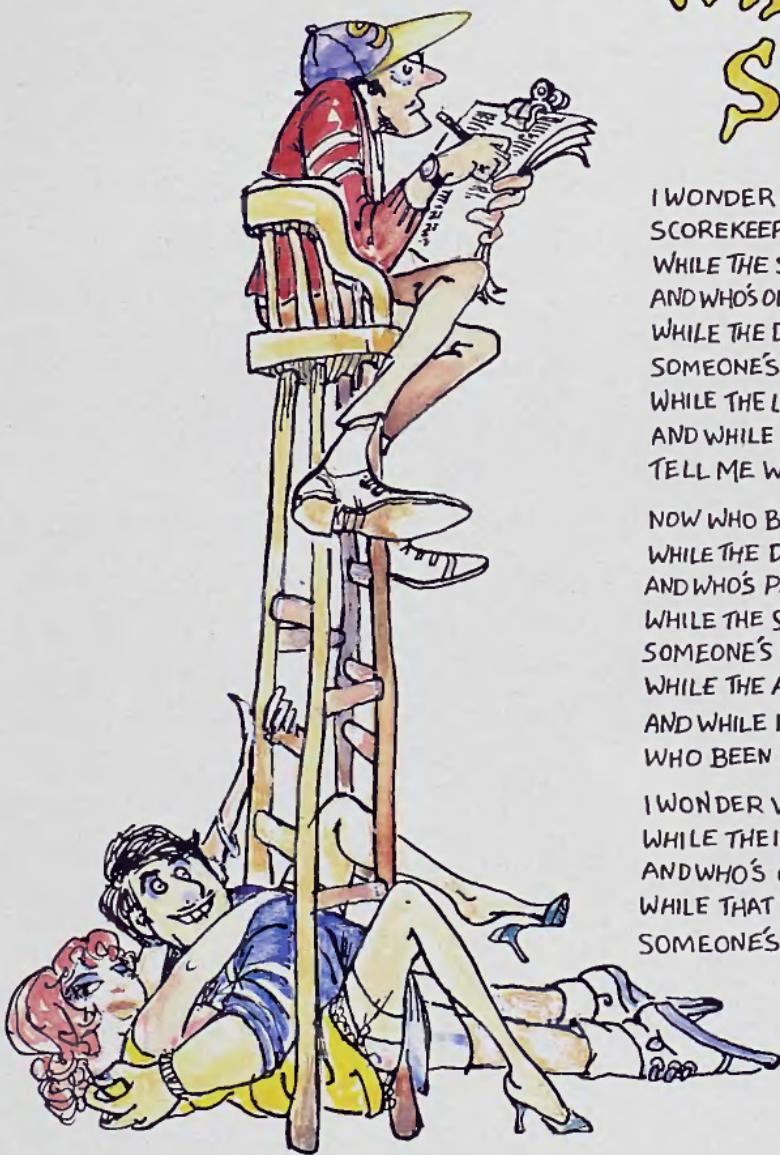
by Jules Feiffer

Shel and I started out as cartoonists at roughly the same time, though he was at PLAYBOY a couple of years before me, drawing from his own experiences (I assumed) about guys who got laid. When I landed at PLAYBOY, I drew from my own experiences as well, about guys who wanted to get laid but got screwed instead. That was only one reason I envied Shel.

The second reason I envied him was his line. He drew in a loose scrawl that looked as much like handwriting as it did cartooning. It floated in puddles of line, expressive and exact, resembling no one else's work, influenced by whom, I couldn't begin to guess.

We all were influenced, and there was brilliant talent about to be influenced—by giants who converted many of us into happy and second-rate imitators. There was Saul Steinberg (text concluded on page 206)

Silverstein's Song Book



Who been Scorin'?

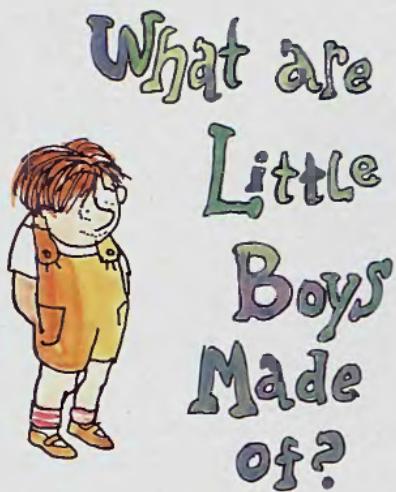
I WONDER WHO BEEN SCORIN' WITH THE SCOREKEEPER'S SWEETIE
WHILE THE SCOREKEEPER DOESN'T KNOW THE SCORE,
AND WHO'S ON THE FLOOR WITH THE DOORMAN'S DARLIN'
WHILE THE DOORMAN'S BUSY MANNIN' THE DOOR,
SOMEONE'S SAVIN' THE LIFE OF THE LIFEGUARD'S WIFE
WHILE THE LIFEGUARD'S GUARDIN' LIVES OUT IN THE SEA,
AND WHILE I BEEN MOVIN' ALL AROUND THIS TOWN
TELL ME WHO BEEN MOVIN' IN ON ME?

NOW WHO BEEN DIGGIN' THE DITCHDIGGER'S DAUGHTER
WHILE THE DITCHDIGGER'S DIGGIN' IN THE DITCH,
AND WHO'S PLAYIN' SWITCH WITH THE SWITCHMAN'S BITCH
WHILE THE SWITCHMAN'S BUSY TWITCHIN' AT THIS SWITCH,
SOMEONE'S GRABBIN' THE ASS OF THE ASTRONAUT'S LASS
WHILE THE ASTRONAUT IS FLYIN' THROUGH THE BLUE,
AND WHILE I BEEN GOIN' ALL AROUND THE WORLD,
WHO BEEN GOIN' ROUND THE WORLD WITH YOU?

I WONDER WHO KEEPS GETTIN' INTO THE INNKEEPER'S CUTIE
WHILE THE INNKEEPER'S KEEPIN' THE INN,
AND WHO'S CUTTIN' IN ON THE TIN CUTTER'S SIN
WHILE THAT TIN CUTTER'S CUTTIN' HIS TIN,
SOMEONE'S GETTIN' THE HONEY FROM THE BEEKEEPER'S HONEY
SO WHAT CAN A POOR BOY DO...
I MIGHT AS WELL GO SCORE
WITH THE SCOREKEEPER'S SWEETIE
WHILE THE SCOREKEEPER'S SCORIN' WITH YOU!

Shel
Silverstein

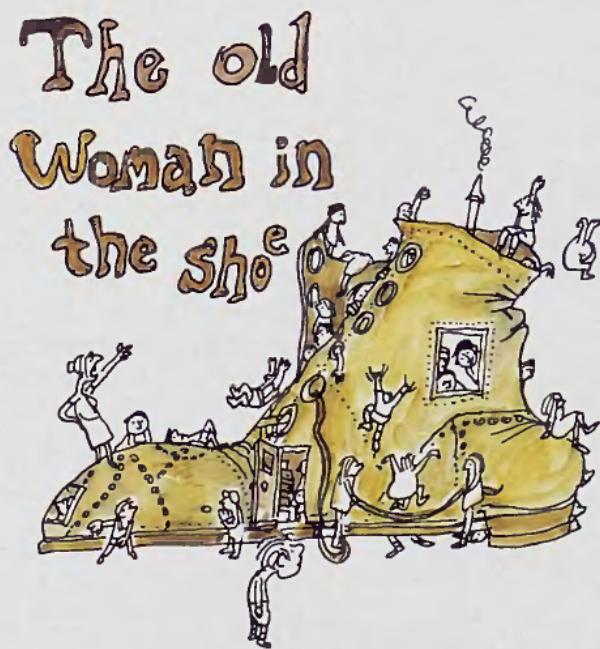
Uncle Shelby's Mother Goose



WHAT ARE LITTLE BOYS
MADE OF?
FROGS AND SNAILS AND
PUPPY DOGS' TAILS
AND BLOOD AND ENTRAILS
AND MUSCLE AND INTESTINE AND...



THREE BLIND MICE
SEE HOW THEY RUN
THEY ALL RAN AFTER THE FARMER'S WIFE
SHE CUT OFF THEIR TAILS WITH A CARVING
KNIFE JUST AS THE MAN FROM S.P.C.A.
WALKED IN AND ...



THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN
A SHOE
SHE HAD SO MANY CHILDREN SHE DIDN'T
KNOW WHAT TO DO
BUT HER PROBLEM WAS SOLVED AND HER
WORRIES WERE THROUGH
WHEN SOMEONE PUT HIS FOOT IN THE SHOE.

Poem

PLEA
SE DO
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AKE F
UN OF
MEAN
D PLE
ASED
ON'L
AUGH
IT IS
NT EA
SY TO
WRITE
A POE
M ON
THE N
ECK O
F A R
UNNIN
G GIR
AFFE.

Uncle Shelby's Scout Handbook

Code



AN UNCLE SHELBY SCOUT CAN SEND MESSAGES WITH FLAGS! SEE THE BUILDING ON FIRE DOWN THE BLOCK? RUN DOWNSTAIRS WITH YOUR FLAGS AND SEND A MESSAGE FOR HELP AND YOU WILL BE A HERO!

Swimming

AN UNCLE SHELBY SCOUT IS AN EXPERT SWIMMER. HE CAN DO THE CRAWL, THE BACKSTROKE, THE BREASTSTROKE AND THE SIDESTROKE. NEVER MIND THE UNDERTOW—LET US JUMP INTO THE WATER AND SWIM, SWIM, SWIM! BUT FIRST LET US EAT A.. NICE.. BIG.. LUNCH!



Shel Silverstein



REMEMBER—★
"A GOOD DEED
A DAY
KEEPS THE
JUVENILE
OFFICER AWAY"

HERE ARE SOME POSSIBLE GOOD DEEDS.

- ① HELP A RICH OLD LADY CROSS THE STREET.
- ② HELP SOMEONE FIND HIS CONTACT LENS.
- ③ BEAT UP A MASOCHIST.
- ④ TELL YOUR MOTHER SHE WAS RIGHT!
- ⑤ SQUASH A RED ANT...OR A BLACK ANT..I FORGET WHICH.
- ⑥ WHISTLE AT AN UGLY WOMAN.
- ⑦ HELP TWO BIG NICE GUYS DEFEND THEMSELVES AGAINST A SMALL BULLY.
- ⑧ FIND A BAG CONTAINING \$50,000 AND DONATE IT TO CHARITY!
- ⑨ FIND A BAG CONTAINING \$50,000 AND DONATE MOST OF IT TO CHARITY!
- ⑩ CATCH PNEUMONIA AND GO INTO A COMA SO THAT A FOOTBALL TEAM CAN WIN ONE FOR YOU.
- ⑪ FORGIVE A MAN WHO HAS JUST KILLED YOUR FATHER IN A RIGGED DUEL.
- ⑫ STEP ON THE GLASSES OF A NEARSIGHTED JUDGE WHO IS JUST ABOUT TO SIGN THE PAPERS CONDEMNING AN INNOCENT MAN TO HIS DEATH!

Uncle Shelby's ABZ Book

D

IS FOR DADDY

SEE DADDY SLEEPING ON THE COUCH
SEE DADDY'S HAIR. DADDY NEEDS A HAIRCUT
POOR DADDY. DADDY HAS NO MONEY FOR
A HAIRCUT. DADDY SPENDS ALL HIS MONEY
TO BUY YOU TOYS AND OATMEAL. POOR
DADDY. DADDY CANNOT HAVE A HAIRCUT.
POOR POOR DADDY.



The Flying Festoon and I



I AM GOING TO RIDE ON THE FLYING FESTOON,
I'LL JUMP ON HIS BACK AND I'LL WHISTLE A TUNE,
AND WE'LL FLY TO THE OUTERMOST TIP OF THE MOON.
THE FLYING FESTOON AND I.

OH, I'M TAKING SOME CRACKERS, A BALL AND A PRUNE,
AND WE'RE LEAVING THIS EVENING PRECISELY AT NOON,
FOR I'M GOING TO FLY WITH THE FLYING FESTOON,
JUST AS SOON AS HE LEARNS HOW TO FLY.

F

IS FOR FINGER

FINGERS ARE FUN.

STICK YOUR FINGER INTO
YOUR NOSE. DOESN'T THAT
FEEL NICE? CAN YOU STICK
YOUR FINGER INTO THE
BABY'S EAR? THE BABY
IS CRYING. MAYBE HE
WANTS HIS BOTTLE. YOU
CAN STICK YOUR FINGER INTO
THE FIRE—OOH—THE FIRE
IS HOT.

QUICK—STICK YOUR FINGER INTO
THE MAYONNAISE—THERE—ISN'T
THAT NICE AND COOL?
PRINT "C-O-O-L" ON THE
MIRROR IN MAYONNAISE
AREN'T FINGERS FUN?
TOMORROW WE WILL FIND SOME
NEW THINGS TO DO WITH FINGERS.

Silverstein's Zoo

The Unfortunate end of a Dickeree

I THINK I'VE KILLED A DICKERE. I DID IT BY MISTAKE.
I THOUGHT SHE WAS A BALL, YOU SEE,
SO I BOUNCED HER ON THE WALL, YOU SEE,
I DIDN'T THINK AT ALL, YOU SEE,
THAT SHE MIGHT BREAK.





"No, seriously. What could you possibly want?"

City Girls



do real girls talk about **SEX** the way they do on
sex and the city?

See For Yourself

EPISODE 1: giving head

The three women who met me at Lot 61 to dish about their sex lives were so gorgeous and illustrious I had trouble keeping my head above the table during the meal. Though we all got along, we didn't agree on much of anything having to do with sex (except that we all love it). We are all in our 20s and 30s, we all live south of 14th Street and we all have swanky job titles such as fashion executive or comedy writer. In the interest of privacy, we decided to choose pseudonyms from the golden age of feminist TV, the Seventies. The names we selected were Barbara Cooper, Gloria Bunker Stivic, Pepper Anderson and Flo Jean Castleberry. (You'll have to guess who I am.) We began with the age-old controversial question, "Which is more intimate—a blow job or sex?"

Barbara: For some reason during the last few years, having something to do with AIDS and wanting to have safe sex without sucking on a condom—

Pepper: Who's ever used a condom for a blow job?

Flo: They do in these pornographic books I read. I'm not kidding. They give head with condoms on. She rolls the condom down and gives the best blow job. She sucks that head, whatever.

Gloria: That's ridiculous.

Flo: It's absurd.

Barbara: I'm not saying I've ever done that. I'm just talking about the issue of safe sex.

Gloria: You would be more inclined to have sex using a condom than to give head without protection.

Barbara: But beyond the safety thing, I actually feel more comfortable having sex with someone I don't know well than giving head to someone I don't know well.

Flo: I'm just the opposite. I will give head left and right, but I won't let them fuck me.

Barbara: It would seem like that's the normal thing. But there's something about it I just don't enjoy.

Gloria: I love it!

Flo: But do you finish?

Gloria: Yes.

Flo: I would never swallow, ever, in my life.

Pepper: Why not?

Flo: Because it makes me sick.

Gloria: Have you ever swallowed?

Flo: I have, and I threw up Taco Bell on his stomach. I'm not kidding.

Barbara: The big burrito special.

Flo: It was the worst. At least he was my boyfriend.

Gloria: Is that the only time you've ever swallowed?

Flo: No. I've swallowed in the past, but it just makes me gag. It's so foul, so disgusting.

Pepper: See, I'm aware of what it tastes like because I'm

a vegetarian. I can taste the meat, their food, their fish. I'm like, "OK, this person had chicken." I can taste that. I swear to God I can.

Barbara: You have to be kidding. You are so crunchy. To me it all tastes exactly the same, every single guy I've ever swallowed.

Pepper: Well, you guys are all meat-eaters.

Flo: Aren't you grossed out by it?

Barbara: Pretty much, but not enough that I won't do it.

Flo: I don't like a guy going down on me either. Do you?

Barbara: Not that much.

Flo: Do you ever get off from it?

Barbara: No. Like once in my life.

Flo: [Shrieking with joy] Me neither! Like once or something! I'm so glad! Because all the girls I know are like, "Oh, I love it, it's fabulous."

Barbara: They're like, "Yes! Yes! It's the only way!" But in years of sex and comfortable relationships, long-term lovers, I have never been able to train a guy to make me come. The times I have come have been totally random, and I've been fantasizing like nobody's business or grinding myself into them. I especially don't like it early on. I'm just like [whistles and pretends to be filing her nails].

Flo: I'm the same way. I'm like, "Hurry up and get up here so we can fuck."

Barbara: I give them the little tap and beckon. A rap on the shoulder, then a "come here" with my finger.

Flo: That's what I do, too. I do the leg move to tell them to come up.

Gloria: And they want to keep going because they're loving it.

Barbara: And they don't want to deal with the fact that they're not doing it right and I'm not going to come. It's also an ego thing, you getting them up there. Some little part of them knows it's because you're not going to come.

Pepper: Do you explain that it just doesn't do it for you, so they don't take it personally?

Flo: Never, because then they think something's wrong. The general male population thinks women love head.

Barbara: The only guys I've ever explained it to are the guys who made me come, which was like two. I said, "Oh my God. That was unbelievable. That never happens. You are indeed a true genius." But to the others I'll say, "It's tough to make me come that way. Don't worry about it."

Flo: It's foreplay for me.

Pepper: I love it—as long as he's clean. I have to feel like he's brushed his teeth.

Flo: I won't let him go down there if I haven't bathed like two minutes before.

Pepper: I'm so nervous about (continued on page 160)





AS BROOKE RICHARDS walks toward you in the Playboy Mansion West gym, extends a hand (it's warm) and offers that down-to-earth smile, she is instantly familiar. Featured in several of our newsstand specials (including *Girlfriends* and *Sexy Girls Next Door*) and as our July 1999 cover girl, the 23-year-old South Carolina native is the center of attention as this century's last Playmate. And why not? As the youngest of 14 children, Miss December is unquestionably the pick of the litter.

Q: Did you realize that you had an unusual family?

A: A big family seemed normal to me because I had nothing to compare it to. I have five brothers and eight sisters. The oldest was born 25 years before me, to the month. There are no multiple births,

MELTING BROOK

miss december
warms hearts
in frozen alaska

and we have the same parents. Mom was just very fertile, I guess.

Q: Was it weird to visit friends with smaller families?

A: It was a lot quieter [*laughs*].

Q: What did your parents do for a living?

A: My mom stayed home to raise us. My dad, who passed away last year, did a little of everything. He drove a truck. He had his own business. He worked for the county. He was a skilled mechanic.

Q: How did you get attention?

A: As the baby, I got a lot of attention. I'm also the wildest.

Q: Were men attracted to you early?

A: Yeah. I developed really young. Even in third grade, guys would write me notes and give me gifts. They'd build me little things with their dads' tools and bring them to school. My mom still has a wooden heart on a stick, painted red and put on a stand, that I got.

Q: What's your taste in men like today?

A: A heart on a stick is nice [*smiles*], but I like somebody with goals. He doesn't have to be successful yet, but he needs that drive. Being honest and genuine is necessary, too. I like attractive men. I'm a sucker for a tall, dark and handsome man. But I'm open. I don't have a list.

Q: What's unacceptable?

A: I've met a lot of men who say, "Oh, I'm this and that, and I have this, and I can do this for you." I don't want anybody to do anything for me. I want somebody to fall in love with. My biggest turnoff, besides men who cheat, is somebody who has a big ego. It's so unattractive. I prefer someone who's kind of humble, who knows he's good-looking but doesn't show he knows it. I don't like a prima donna. I grew up dirt-poor, and though I didn't like it at the time, looking back, I'm so glad I was raised that way.

Q: Does your family endorse your appearance in PLAYBOY?

A: Some do, some don't. Some are indifferent. In a family this size, that's typical. It's something I wanted to do. I didn't call everybody to ask if it was OK. I do my own thing and don't judge them for what they do. I expect the same treatment.

Q: What makes you feel sexy?

A: Wearing a tank top with no bra, and baggy pants.

Q: How do you like to be kissed?

A: Where or how [*laughs*]? Just passionately. I like to feel it the whole way up my body, from my stomach through my chest.

Q: How do you feel about being the final Playmate of the century?

A: Wonderful. It's an honor. Also, of all the months, I wanted to appear in December because when it's cold and you're naked—well, there's something very sexy about that.

Q: You have eight sisters. Do they all look like you?

A: You mean, are there more where I come from? Yes.

Brooke's idea for her Centerfold was to be a girl next door who becomes a "glamorous, sexy lady." We surprised her by having the transformation take place in Alaska. "On the plane I thought, Oh my God, it's so beautiful!" says Brooke. "Then they wanted to photograph me standing on a chunk of glacier—in the water!" Brooke grabs herself and shivers. "It was too unstable. If I had fallen in, I would have caught pneumonia for sure." Most of the pictures were shot in Tolkeetna.

"The last time PLAYBOY was there was 1970," Brook recalls. "It was cool. They still had the pictures from that shoot on the wall."



Miss December has artistic ambitions for her future—but not the acting kind. "I was president of the National Art Honor Society in high school. I enjoy making pottery and painting scenes on unfinished furniture. My goal is to open my own store. I know that if somebody comes in and says, 'Hey, that's beautiful. I want to buy it,' it will make me feel a lot better than hearing, 'You know, you played a great bimbo nurse in that film.'"









MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME:

Brooke Richards

BUST: 34 DD WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'7 1/2" WEIGHT: 119

BIRTH DATE: 10-17-76 BIRTHPLACE: York, Pennsylvania

AMBITIONS: To have my own art store
and to fill it with my own art.

TURN-ONS: A sexy smile, full lips,
steamy eyes and a passion for me.

TURNOFFS: Liars, cheaters and stealers!

B.D. isn't far behind.

MY FANTASY GUY NEXT DOOR: Sexy, no shirt,
workout blue jeans, dusty boots,
working outside in the hot sun
and looking at this fantasy girl
next door - me.

FAVORITE MOVIE: Monty Python and the Holy Grail.

PEOPLE THINK I'M: Stuck up at first, until
they get to know me.



Dark and sultry
Kiss



Struttin' my
stuff!



Caught you
lookin'!



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A man repeatedly refused his friend's offer of free tickets to football games, always saying, "Dundesti is playing tonight."

"Who the hell is this Dundesti guy anyway?" the friend finally asked. "I've never heard of him."

"He plays bass in a jazz group at a beer joint across town."

"So?"

"So, when he plays," the guy explained, "I fuck his wife."

What do you call an eye doctor from the Bering Sea? An optical Aleutian.



A guy walked into a bar, sat down next to a good-looking woman and immediately started looking at his watch. The woman noticed this and asked him if his date was late. "No," he replied, "I just got this state-of-the-art watch and I was about to test it."

"What does it do?"

"It uses alpha waves to telepathically communicate with me."

"What's it telling you now?"

"It says you're not wearing panties."

"Ha! Well, your watch must be broken, because I am!"

"Hmm," the guy murmured, "damn thing must be an hour fast."

What's a lawyer's ideal weight? About three pounds, including the urn.

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: Charlie was desperate. He had lost his job, the bills were piled up and he had no money for rent or food. He decided to end it all. As he stood on a chair with a rope around his neck, he psyched himself up to jump: "All I've given my poor wife is 14 kids and no way of supporting them."

Just then his wife burst in. "Don't do it, Charlie!" she screamed. "You're hanging an innocent man."

When his physician told him he ought to take up a sport, the executive decided to play tennis. After a couple of weeks his secretary asked him how he was doing. "Fine," he said. "When I'm on the court and I see the ball speeding towards me, my brain immediately says, 'To the corner! Backhand! To the net! Smash! Go back!'"

"Really? What happens then?"

"Then my body says, 'Who, me? Fuck that!'"

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: John told his barber he was in a rut. "I'm tired of looking like everyone else," he complained. "I want a radical change. Part my hair from ear to ear."

"Are you sure?" the barber asked.

"Yes, I've given it a lot of thought," John replied.

The barber did as he was told and the satisfied customer left the shop. Three hours later the guy returned. "OK, that's enough," he said. "Put it back the way it was."

"Tired of being a nonconformist already?" the barber asked.

"No," he answered, "I'm tired of people whispering into my nose."

Scuttlebutt in D.C. is that Bill Clinton has already written his presidential memoirs. He's calling it *The Johnson Years*.

Dan married one of a pair of identical twins. Less than a year later he was in court filing for a divorce. "Tell the court why you want a divorce," the judge said.

"Well, Your Honor," Dan started, "every once in a while my sister-in-law would come over for a visit, and because she and my wife are identical, sometimes I'd end up making love to her by mistake."

"Surely there must be some difference between the two women," the judge said.

"Exactly, Your Honor. That's why I want the divorce."



Alvy Neiman

An old guy came home in the middle of the afternoon to find his young wife standing in the middle of their apartment in three inches of water, wearing a red G-string and seven-inch heels. "What in God's name happened here?" he bellowed.

"I think the water bed busted," the trembling woman replied. Just then a naked guy floated by. "Who the hell is that?" demanded the husband.

"I don't know," she said in wide-eyed innocence. "Must be a lifeguard."

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.



Illustration

"Bah . . . hey, nice tits . . . humbug!"

NOW WHAT?

(continued from page 114)

wrapped in paper towels and the whole carried inside an ordinary wrinkled brown paper lunch bag. It had seemed like a good idea.

Only now he didn't know. What was it about this brooch? Why was its recent change of possessor all over the *Daily News*?

The train trundled and roared and rattled through the black tunnel beneath the city, stopping here and there at bright-lit white-tile places that could have been communal showers in state prisons but were actually where passengers embarked and detrained, and eventually one such departing passenger left his *Daily News* behind him on the seat. Dortmunder beat a bag lady to it, crossed one leg over the other and, ignoring the bag lady's bloodshot glare, settled down to find out what the fuss was all about.

300G BROOCH IN DARING HEIST

Lone Cat Burglar Foils Cops, Top Security

Well, that wasn't so bad. Dortmunder couldn't remember ever having been called daring before, nor had anyone before this ever categorized his shambling jog and wheezing exertions as that of a cat burglar.

Anyway, on to the story:

"In town to promote his new hit film, *Mark Time III: High Mark*, Jer Crumbie last night had a close encounter with a rapid-response burglar who left the superstar breathless, reluctantly admiring and out the \$300,000 brooch he had just presented his fiancée, Desiree Makeup spokesmodel Felicia Tarrant.

"It was like something in the movies," Crumbie told cops. "This guy got through some really tight security, grabbed what he wanted and was out of there before anybody knew what happened."

"The occasion was a private bash for the Hollywood-based superstar in his luxury suite on the 14th floor of Fifth Avenue's posh Port Dutch hotel, frequent host to Hollywood celebrities. A private security service screened the invited guests, both at lobby level and again outside the suite itself, and yet the burglar, described as lithe, in dark clothing, with black gloves and a black ski mask, somehow infiltrated the suite and actually managed to wrest the \$300,000 trinket out of Felicia Tarrant's hands just moments after Jer Crumbie had presented it to her to the applause of his assembled guests.

"It all happened so fast," Ms. Tarrant told police, "and he was so slick and professional about it, that I still can't say exactly how it happened."

What Dortmunder liked about celebrity events was that they tended to snag everybody's attention. Having seen, both on television and in the *New York Post*, that this movie star was going to be introducing his latest fiancée to 250 of his closest personal friends, including the press, at his suite at the Port Dutch Hotel, Dortmunder had understood at once that the thing to do during the party was to pay a visit to the Port Dutch and drop in on every suite except the one containing the happy couple.

The Port Dutch was a midtown hotel for millionaires of all kinds—oil sheiks, arbitrageurs, rock legends, British royals—and its suites, two per floor facing Central Park across Fifth Avenue, almost always repaid a drop-in visit during the dinner hour.

Dortmunder had decided he would work only on the floors below the 14th, where the happy couple held sway, so as not to pass their windows and perhaps attract unwelcome attention. But on floor after floor, in suite after suite, as he crept up the dark fire escape in his dark clothing, far above the honking, milling, noisy red-and-white stage set of the avenue far below, he met only disappointment. His hard-learned skills at bypassing Port Dutch locks and alarms—early lessons had sometimes included crashing, galumphing flights up and down fire escapes—had no chance to come into play.

Some of the suites clearly contained no paying tenants. Some contained occupants who obviously meant to occupy the suite all evening. (A number of these occupants' stay-at-home activities might have been of educational interest to Dortmunder, had he been less determined to make a profit from the evening.)

A third category of suites was occupied by pretenders. These were people who had gone out for an evening on the town, leaving behind luggage, clothing, shopping bags, all visible from the fire escape windows, providing clues that their owners were second-honeymooners from Akron, Ohio who would repay an enterprising burglar's attentions with little more than Donald Duck sweatshirts from 42nd Street.

Twelve floors without a hit. The not-quite-honeymoon suite was just ahead. Dortmunder was not interested in engaging the attention of beefy men in brown private security guard uniforms, but he was also feeling a bit frustrated. Twelve floors, and not a sou: no bracelets, no anklets, no necklaces; no Rolexes, ThinkPads, smuggled currency; no fur, no silk, no plastic (as in

credit cards).

OK. He would pass the party, silent and invisible. He would segue from 12 up past 14 without a pause, and then he would see what 15 and above had to offer. The hotel had 23 floors; all hope was not gone.

Up he went. Tiptoe, tiptoe; silent, silent. Over his right shoulder, had he cared to look, spread the dark glitter of Central Park. Straight down, 140 feet beneath his black-sneakered feet, snaked the slow-moving southbound traffic of Fifth Avenue, and just up ahead lurked suite 1501-2-3-4-5.

The window was open.

Oh, now what? Faint party sounds wafted out like laughing gas. Dortmunder hesitated but knew he had to push on.

Inch by inch he went up the open-design metal steps, cool in the cool April evening. The open window, when he reached it, revealed an illuminated room with a bland pale ceiling but apparently no occupants; the party noises came from farther away.

Dortmunder had reached the fire escape landing. On all fours, he started past the dangerous window when he heard suddenly approaching voices:

"You're just trying to humiliate me."

Female, young, twangy, whining.

"All I'm trying is to teach you English."

Male, gruff, cocky, impatient.

Female: "It's a pin. Anybody knows it's a pin!"

Male: "It is, as I said, a brooch."

Female: "A brooch is one of them things you get at the hotel in Paris. For breakfast."

Male: "That, Felicia, sweetheart—and I love your tits—I promise you, is a brioche."

Female: "Brooch!"

Male: "Bri-oche!"

Most of this argument was taking place just the other side of the open window. Dortmunder, thinking it unwise to move, remained hunkered, half-turned so his head was just below the sill while his body was compressed into a shape like a pickup's spring right after 12 pieces of Sheetrock have been loaded aboard.

"You can't humiliate me!"

An arm appeared within that window space above Dortmunder's head. The arm was slender, bare, graceful. It was doing an overarm throw, not very well; if truth be told, it was throwing like a girl.

This arm was attempting to throw the object out through the open window, and in a way it accomplished its purpose. The flung object first hit the bottom of the open window, but then it deflected down and out and wound up outside the window.

(continued on page 180)

Playboy's College Basketball Preview

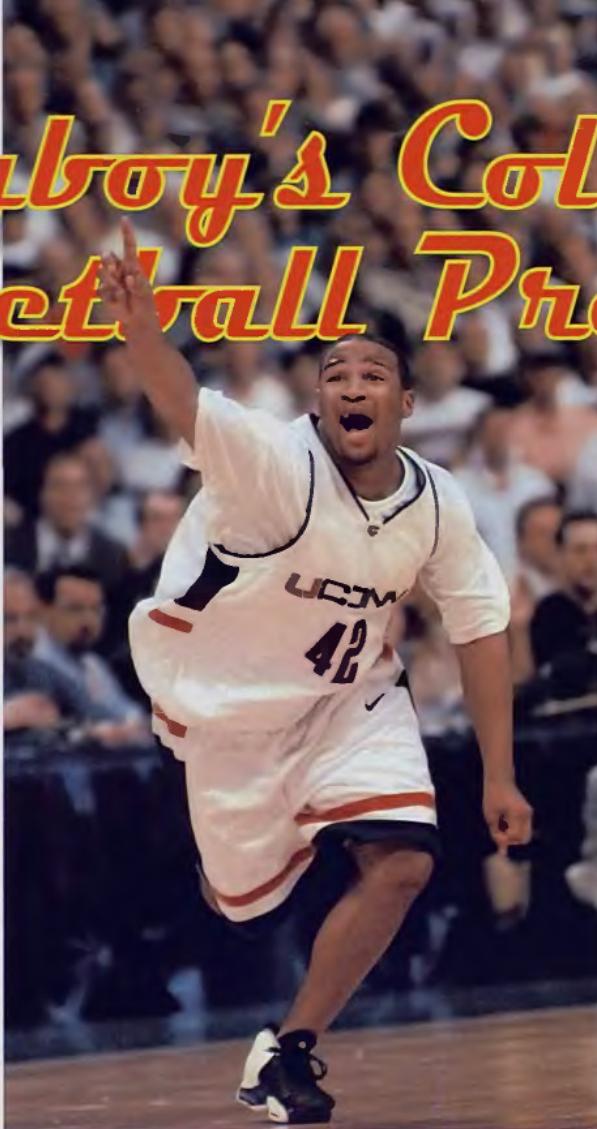
sports by
Gary Cole

INCREDIBLE but depressingly true—that's the Aleksander Radojevic story. Alex is a 20-year-old, 7'3" basketball player from Yugoslavia who attended Barton County Community College in Kansas with the hopes of transferring to and playing for Ohio State University this season. You think, Great—a big kid with solid basketball skills who wants to go to college rather than jump to the NBA before the ink on his high school diploma dries. Then, the NCAA rules that Alex can't play ball at Ohio State or any other college because he once accepted a few dragoons for playing glorified pickup games back in Yugoslavia. Never mind that he didn't know (and couldn't know) the NCAA rules back then.

Lamar Odom isn't allowed to return for another season of college hoops either. He made the mistake of changing his mind a few times before deciding that he wanted to stay at Rhode Island. (Odom declared for the draft but wasn't allowed to undeclare because the NCAA ruled he had hired an agent.) Wait a minute. Didn't former Rhode Island coach Jim Harrick flip-flop more than once before he decided to take the job at Georgia? That's different. Harrick is a grown-up. Lamar is still a kid. He should know better.

And everyone moans about the kids not staying in, or sometimes never going to, college.

This year even Duke, a school that had never lost a kid early to the NBA, heard three underclassmen say, "Show me the money now." Everyone agrees it would be better if these kids, especially those under the age of 20, learned more about life before taking on the rigors of professional basketball. But the NBA drafts away (12 underclassmen in the first



UConn beat favored Duke for the national title last season. Dare the Huskies dream of repeating?

20 picks, with number five pick Jonathan Bender heading to the Indiana Pacers from Mississippi's Picayune Memorial High School). And the NCAA says no to Alex Radojevic.

Jim Calhoun, the astute coach who led UConn to its first national championship last season and who is our Playboy Coach of the Year, puts it succinctly. "The NCAA is not for the kids."

For all the problems and frustrations, there are still plenty of talented teams who will make us forget everything that's wrong with college basketball by the time March Madness 2000 rolls around in a few months. Let's take a look at the best.

(1) CONNECTICUT

While purists don't acknowledge the end of the millennium until December 31, 2000, the rest of us will consider 1999 the end of a thousand years. And we'll consider Connecticut the last na-

our annual roundup
of the best teams and
players in college hoops

tional hoops champion of the millennium, a crown earned when the Huskies upset Duke in one of the best title games ever. Now the challenge for coach Jim Calhoun and his charges is to repeat without the scoring grace of forward Richard Hamilton, who has gone to the NBA, and the defensive skills of Ricky Moore, who graduated. Playboy All-America Khalid El-Amin, the roly-poly guard with the quick feet and the irrepressible smile, is ready to do his part. Big Jake Voskuhl, UConn's starter in 101 of 104 games over the past three years, will again be "our goalie," as Calhoun refers to him. Kevin Freeman, the third returning starter from last season, should increase his 10.4 points-per-game scoring average. And Calhoun has other cards to play. Six-eleven senior Souleymane Wane and juniors Albert Mouring and Edmund Saunders (all solid contributors off the bench last season) will be back. Calhoun has high hopes for 6'11" sophomore Ajou Ajou Deng and freshmen Doug Wrenn, Tony Robertson and Marcus Cox. There are few things in sports more daunting than repeating as college basketball's national champ, but without any dominant competition, the Huskies could pull it off.

(2) MICHIGAN STATE

Playboy All-America Mateen Cleaves guaranteed Michigan State's position as a national title contender when he elected to play out his senior season in East Lansing. The Spartans—who last season won 33 games, the Big Ten conference and tournament titles and made it all the way to the national semifinals before falling to Duke (68-62)—return everyone except forwards Antonio Smith

Playboy's 2000

**Matt
Santangelo**
GONZAGA

**Eduardo
Najera**
OKLAHOMA

**Mateen
Cleaves**
MICHIGAN
STATE

**Scoone
Penn**
OHIO STATE

**T.J.
Lux**
ANSON MOUNT
SCHOLAR/ATHLETE
NORTHERN
ILLINOIS

**Jim
Calhoun**
COACH OF
THE YEAR
CONNECTICUT



All-America Team

Chris
Mihm
TEXAS

Khalid
El-Amin
CONNECTICUT

Quentin
Richardson
DEPAUL

Eric
Chenowith
KANSAS

A.J.
Guyton
INDIANA

Hanno
Möttölä
UTAH



Playboy's Top 40

1. CONNECTICUT
2. MICHIGAN STATE
3. AUBURN
4. OHIO STATE
5. TEMPLE
6. KANSAS
7. NORTH CAROLINA
8. FLORIDA
9. DUKE
10. CINCINNATI
11. ARIZONA
12. KENTUCKY
13. SYRACUSE
14. DEPAUL
15. UTAH
16. ILLINOIS
17. UCLA
18. TEXAS
19. ST. JOHN'S
20. TENNESSEE
21. GONZAGA
22. INDIANA
23. OKLAHOMA STATE
24. ARKANSAS
25. OKLAHOMA
26. MARYLAND
27. NEW MEXICO
28. PENNSYLVANIA
29. VALPARAISO
30. UNC-CHARLOTTE
31. GEORGIA TECH
32. TULSA
33. STANFORD
34. WEBER STATE
35. DETROIT MERCY
36. TEXAS CHRISTIAN
37. NC STATE
38. BRADLEY
39. NEW MEXICO STATE
40. MISSOURI

and Jason Klein. Tom Izzo, now in his fifth year as MSU coach, expects seniors Morris Peterson and A.J. Granter to fill those spots. Plus, Duke transfer Mike Chappell and David Thomas (a redshirt last season) should be significant contributors.

(3) AUBURN

Auburn's football team is down, but its basketball team is near the top of the world. The Tigers dominated the SEC last season, finishing 14-2 and winning their first conference title since 1960. Their 29 overall wins were the most ever by any Alabama Division I hoop team. Coach Cliff Ellis loses only one starter from that squad and adds two exceptional recruits in Jamison Brewer and Marquis Daniels. Of course, last season's studs will be this season's studs: Chris Porter, guard Doc Robinson and seven-foot Mamadou N'diaye. With a year of tournament experience under their belts, the Tigers could be Final Four material.

(4) OHIO STATE

We will never know how good this year's Ohio State team could have been if Aleksander Radojevic had been allowed to play college basketball in the USA. The NCAA ruled the 7'3" junior college player ineligible because, in the past, he had unwittingly accepted small amounts of money to play in Yugoslavia. Radojevic has gone on to the NBA. Ohio State, under coach Jim O'Brien, will still be one of the best teams in the nation, primarily because of the outstanding guard combination of Playboy All-America Scoonie Penn and junior Michael Redd, who led the Buckeyes in scoring with a 19.5 points-per-game average. With 6'11" Ken Johnson being Ohio State's only big man, expect O'Brien to emphasize a perimeter-oriented offense.

(5) TEMPLE

Savor the coaching talents, the soulful expressions, the anger—and even the tenderness—of Temple coach John Chaney. Whenever he decides to call it a career, we'll probably not see another quite like him. Chaney has rolled up 380 victories at Temple, more than 600 in his coaching career, and he's done it all with integrity and intensity. Last year's Owls finished 24-11 and made it to the Elite Eight. This year's squad may be as good or even better. While Chaney directs from the bench, point guard Pepe Sanchez runs the show on the floor. The points will come from 6'10" Lamont Barnes and 6'5" Mark Karcher. Look for last year's outstanding sixth man, Quincy Wadley, to push his scoring average into double figures this year.

(6) KANSAS

Only the most rabid KU fan failed to sense that last season would be a struggle for Roy Williams and his perennially powerful Jayhawks. Losing players with the quality of Paul Pierce and Raef LaFrentz would lay any team low. Plus, coach Williams, for the first time in his 11-year tenure in Lawrence, seemed to have failed to land a blue-chip recruiting class. And the Jayhawks did struggle, dropping five games in conference, two to upstart Nebraska. But by Big 12 tournament time, guard Ryan Robertson had established himself as KU's floor general and young center Eric Chenowith had begun to dominate inside. The Jayhawks finally beat Nebraska and went on to win their third consecutive Big 12 tourney title. Robertson graduated, but Chenowith, a Playboy All-America this year, is ready for a banner season. Guard Kenny Gregory should have a big year, and Williams has added Texas transfer Luke Axtell and McDonald's All-American Nick Collison.

(7) NORTH CAROLINA

Bill Guthridge was coach Dean Smith's right-hand man for most of the Smith-North Carolina glory years. Insiders say Guthridge was an important ingredient in Smith's success—recruiting, running practices, studying film and planning strategy. Nevertheless, it's difficult to succeed in the shadow of a legend. Guthridge and the Tar Heels won 24 games last season with a team that started two freshmen. Still, the boo birds came out when Carolina failed to win the ACC and were upset by Weber State in the first round of the NCAA tournament. Guthridge is undeterred by his detractors. With four starters returning from last year's squad plus a bench brimming with potential, the boos will likely turn to cheers. Guthridge's best performers will be point guard Ed Cota and seven-foot center Brendan Haywood. Sophomore guard Ronald Curry, who doubles as quarterback on Carolina's football team, could be another Charlie Ward.

(8) FLORIDA

Gators coach Billy Donovan has taken his team to the NCAA tourney each of the past two seasons, last year going all the way to the third round. Now, he's ready to get serious. Donovan, who returns four starters plus three strong bench players from last year's 22-win team, has landed the number one recruiting class in the nation. Freshman Brett Nelson was a McDonald's All-American, as was 6'8" Donnell Harvey, who was also named the 1999 Naismith player (continued on page 144)



"Santa's real cool, Cheetah—he even leaves gifts in the jungle."

THE DUKE

a century after his
birth, duke ellington
still swings. a fellow jazz
great explains why

article By
WYNTON MARSALIS

Born in Washington, D.C. a century ago, Edward Kennedy "Duke" Ellington is a titanic figure in 20th century music. He was an ordained original in two distinct areas—as a composer whose thousands of enormously varied works range from classic songs to long-form suites of unprecedented ambition and scope, and as a bandleader who led one of the most inventive orchestras in jazz from the early Twenties to his death in 1974. Among the countless centennial tributes to Ellington has been a yearlong celebration by New York City's Jazz at Lincoln Center. "It's been wall-to-wall Duke, around the clock," says artistic director (and Pulitzer Prize-winning jazz musician) Wynton Marsalis, who remembers the Duke:

I didn't like or care about Duke Ellington's music when I first heard it. As a typical American kid and a victim (continued on page 238)





The Playboy All-Americans

Our Coach of the Year, **JIM CALHOUN**, led Connecticut to an amazing victory over Duke as the Huskies won their first-ever national championship. But Calhoun is used to winning. In 13 seasons at UConn, his teams have totaled 304 victories, an average of better than 23 victories a year. The Huskies have won the Big East regular season title a league-record six times, including sole possession of the crown in five of the past six seasons. Connecticut's postseason record under Calhoun is equally impressive: 31-9 in tournament competition.

KHALID EL-AMIN—Guard, 5'10", junior, Connecticut. Third player in UConn history to score 1000 points as a sophomore. Averaged 14.9 points, 4 assists and 1.7 steals over 73 games. He's a two-time Playboy All-America.

MATEEN CLEAVES—Guard, 6'2", senior, Michigan State. Another two-time Playboy All-America, he holds the number two spot for career assists and is number five in career scoring at Michigan State. He was one of five finalists last year for the John Wooden Award.

JAMES "SCOONIE" PENN—Guard, 5'10", senior, Ohio State. Before transferring to OSU in 1997, he was East Coast Athletic Conference Rookie of the Year at Boston College. Last season, the media voted him Big Ten Player of the Year. He averaged 16.9 points per game and totaled 154 assists and 70 steals.

MATT SANTANGELO—Guard, 6'1", senior, Gonzaga. Averaging 14.1 points per game over his three-year college career, he led his team last season to a West Coast Conference regular season and conference tourney crown and then all the way to the Elite Eight before the Bulldogs were beaten by eventual champion Connecticut. He has already surpassed John Stockton's scoring mark and is on pace to surpass Stockton's record 554 assists.

A.J. GUYTON—Guard, 6'1", senior, Indiana. He has registered at least 400 points, 100 rebounds and 100 assists in each of his two seasons at Indiana. The only other Hoosier player to accomplish that feat was Isiah Thomas. Guyton is a two-time Playboy All-America.

QUENTIN RICHARDSON—Forward, 6'7", sophomore, DePaul. Last season's Conference USA Player of the Year, he finished his freshman season with an average 18.9 points and 10.5 rebounds per game.

EDUARDO NAJERA—Forward, 6'8", senior, Oklahoma. His hard-nosed play made him the mainstay of his Sooner team. He averaged 15.5 points and 8.3 rebounds per game. Starred on Mexico's national team this past summer.

HANNO MÖTTÖLÄ—Forward, 6'10", senior, Utah. Started 67 consecutive games for the Utes. Averaged 15.3 points per game last season while earning first-team all-conference honors. Also a member of the Finnish national team.

ERIC CHENOWITH—Center, 7', junior, Kansas. Started all 33 games for the Jayhawks last season and averaged 12.9 points and 9.1 rebounds per game. He already ranks sixth on KU's all-time blocked-shots list with 140, 78 of which he recorded last season.

CHRIS MIHM—Center, 7', junior, Texas. He recorded 19 double-doubles last year and is ranked second on Texas' all-time blocked-shots list, with 174. He averaged 13.7 points and 11 rebounds per game last season.

Basketball

(continued from page 140)

of the year. The best of Donovan's returning starters are senior guard Kenyan Weaks and sophomore forward Mike Miller.

(9) DUKE

Being Goliath in college basketball isn't easy. You win every game in the ACC regular season and conference tournament. You stomp through the competition right up until the championship game, where you run into a David who doesn't know he's supposed to lose and whose rock is a little bigger and harder than you were expecting. And when Goliath falls, the crash is loud. In the aftermath of defeat, things managed to get worse for coach Mike Krzyzewski. Elton Brand became the first player in the school's history to leave early for the NBA. William Avery was the second. Corey Maggette, still more potential than skill, was the third. And Trajan Langdon graduated. Krzyzewski assistant Quin Snyder took a head coaching job at Missouri. Talk about turnover. But don't worry about Goliath. He's got resources. Two pretty good starters are coming back: Chris Carravell and Shane Battier. Nate James will step up from his bench role, and Matt Christensen is ready after a redshirt year. Krzyzewski has pulled in some stellar recruits, including Carlos Boozer, Mike Dunleavy Jr., Nick Horvath and Jason Williams. Perhaps Duke will get to play giant slayer this year.

(10) CINCINNATI

Bearcats coach Bob Huggins finds a way to put great basketball teams together. Some years underclassmen have jumped to the NBA. This year the NCAA has saddled Cincinnati with probation and a loss of scholarships. Huggins is unfazed. Six-eight Kenyon Martin, who is probably good enough to play in the NBA, decided to stick around for his senior season. Small forward Pete Mickeal should improve on last year's 14.9 points-per-game average. And Huggins has added three talented freshmen (DerMarr Johnson, Kenny Satterfield and Leonard Stokes) to complement returning point guard Steve Logan. Huggins is 108-25 over the past four seasons. He's not likely to hurt his winning percentage this year.

(11) ARIZONA

Coach Lute Olson has created a basketball juggernaut in Tucson that just keeps winning games and recruiting talented players. Last year, the Wildcats lost the premier guard combo of Miles Simon and Mike Bibby to the

(continued on page 190)

the S2000, the Boxster S



and tomorrow's Freelander

DIREE STRAITS GOT IT RIGHT: Sometimes you're the windshield, sometimes you're the bug. This month, I'm the bug. A deadline crisis prevented me from accepting Honda's short-lead invitation to test-drive its new S2000 roadster in Atlanta, so PLAYBOY's Editorial Director, Arthur Kretchmer, reached for the keys (and didn't put up a fuss about it). Here's his critique of the car: "Hype—as in hyperbolic praise—is going to surround the Honda S2000, and all of it will be justified. This new Honda roadster is pure, a go-cart with leather seats and a CD player. It's a 240-horsepower toy racer that can go from zero to 60 in less than six seconds, corner flat out, stop on a match-head and meet stringent California emission standards. The two-liter motor has the highest power output per liter of any normally aspirated production engine in the world. The six-speed close-ratio manual transmission has an aluminum shifter that goes snick-snack, and the huge antilock brakes go stop-stop. When you drive this car, you don't need a personality.

"The only problem is that Honda plans to bring a scant 5000 or so into the U.S. each of the next two years. After that, who knows? They're supposed to sell for about \$32,000 each. The supply-and-demand curve will not be pretty. Your local Honda dealer may get three a year. Your best bet might be to find out if he has a daughter. Then try to charm her into putting your name at the top of the waiting list.

"We drove the S2000 on mountain passes, in the Georgia countryside,



For a good time, call this number: S2000. Honda engineers say they used five decades of racing experience to design something fun to drive. We think they designed it to show off. The S2000 has racing speed, race-inspired aluminum pedals and a racer-derived "engine start" button, plus electric steering, AC, cruise control, a CD player, leather seats and power windows, top and door locks. The digital instrument gouges come from F1 racing. The monocoque body and "X-bone" frame with roll bars make a strong, stiff, safe car that gives you the feeling that your vital parts are protected—unusual in an open-top vehicle. The price: about \$32,000.

cars by David Stevens

and then on the Road Atlanta racetrack. For comparison, Honda also brought a Porsche Boxster, a BMW Z3 and a Mercedes-Benz SLK roadster to the track. When we arrived, someone asked why Honda hadn't included a Miata; by the time we left, we were asking why they hadn't brought a Ferrari. Many manufacturers introduce



basic Boxster, the 252-hp S (for "stronger, swifter, superior?") boasts a 3.2-liter mid-engine six with the Carrera's longer crankshaft and ventilated disc brakes. There's also a six-speed gearbox (or an optional Tiptronic S transmission that allows you to shift manually using toggle switches on the steering wheel), firmer springs, stabilizer bars and suspension pieces and flashy 17-inch swirl-spoked alloys.

For the safety-conscious, there are strengthened windshield posts and side air bags. A new cooling duct (for an extra radiator), twin tailpipes and a revised rear badge enable the sharp-eyed to spot the new model. An optional hard top (pictured below) transforms the Boxster S into a cozy coupe for winter driving. Tested



Above: A rare photo of Porsche's new Boxster S standing still. The optional color-coordinated hardtop adds about \$2300 to the car's \$49,930 price. It's available in silver, black, red, yellow or white, along with a variety of optional metallic shades and custom hues. The interior (top) has been jazzed up with what Porsche describes as a "black soft-effect paint finish on the plastic parts." This includes the instrument panel, the center console and the door panels. Leather seats are optional.

cars at racetracks. The S2000 belonged there. The Honda blew the doors off the competition. More important, it felt like a race car, and from somewhere deep inside its rigid monocoque frame, it filled us with the thrill of running wild.

"If this front-engine rear-powered marvel isn't the best-driving car of the year, it will be interesting to see what is."

KEN GROSS REPORTS: Three years ago, Porsche's Boxster roadster was an immediate hit. It was sheer genius to meld the sleek lines of a classic Fifties Porsche 550 Spyder road racer with a 911-inspired flat six and an affordable sticker price (just under \$40,000). You'd have thought there wasn't much they could do to improve it. But then Porsche's engineers basically jacked up the Boxster's sleek shell and slid most of a new 911 Carrera underneath. For about \$8500 more than a

on twisty roads overlooking the Adriatic in Italy, the wickedly quick new S proved itself an adroit handler that repeatedly dashed to 60 in less than six seconds. Top speed is an easy-to-believe 161 mph. The metallic whine of the torque flat six is hypnotic, especially when it closes in on its 7200-rpm redline. Trust Porsche not to gild the lily but to reengineer a hot property that's already proved itself a future classic.

SHORT RIDES: The following are seat-of-the-pants critiques of wheels I've driven recently.

SUZUKI GRAND VITARA: This mini sport utility is fun to drive. Its six-cylinder engine gives it a can-do personality that comes alive in deep snow or on the highway. Its wheezy younger brother, the four-cylinder Vitara JX, just doesn't have enough oomph.

MITSUBISHI DIAMANTE: An unappreciated model in the sport sedan market that is fast, luxurious and possibly

the best buy in the low \$30,000s.

SUBARU LEGACY GT LTD.: An all-wheel-drive five-speed sedan aching for a winding road. Go find one.

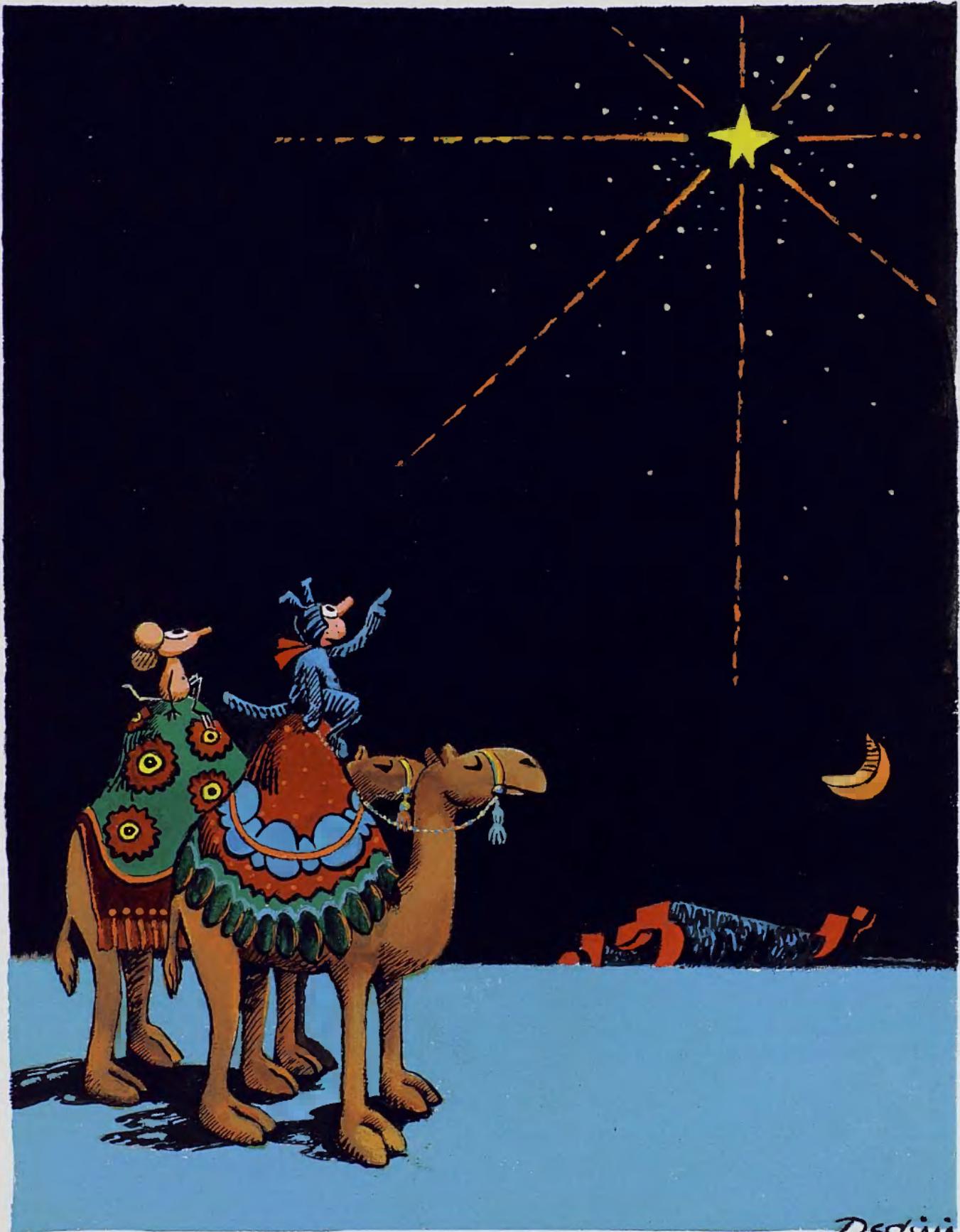
VOLKSWAGEN JETTA GLS VR6: Loved the car, hated the automatic door locks, which clunk like the closing of a cell door at San Quentin when you reach about five miles per hour.

BUICK REGAL LS: A competent V6 sedan that's quiet and surprisingly fast. The dashboard's swoopy ski-slope styling seemed dated to me but may appeal to guys who wear black socks to the beach.

LAND ROVER FREELANDER: Business—and a lot of pleasure—took me some months ago to South Africa and Namibia, where I got to spend time behind the wheel of a new three-door Land Rover Freelander, a baby turbo diesel that will be on sale Stateside in 2001. (Our version will be a gas-powered V6 with a five-speed automatic transmission.) Dave Johnson (the car's owner) and I went off-road and found the ground clearance not so high as that on larger Landys—a limitation in the bush but a plus on highways. In other words, don't head balls-to-the-wall for the horizon, hoping the vehicle can handle anything in its path. Another caveat: Quite a few of the Freelander's functions are controlled by computer. Johnson has been in a situation where the car's immobilizer would not deactivate because of a computer malfunction. It was impossible to override the immobilizer, so the car had to be towed to where a new computer could be installed. Imagine if he'd been in the bowels of Botswana's Okavango Swamp. Apparently, gone are the days when a Land Rover could be repaired in wondrous ways by bush mechanics using little more than a hammer, pliers and fencing wire.

Below: Stevens and the Freelander took a break on the coast at De Kelders, South Africa after a day of off-roading. Look for the Freelander Stateside in 2001, priced around \$30,000. Initially, only a V6 five-door model with automatic transmission will be imported.





Dedini

*"Must be a long time ago in a galaxy far, far away, and
somebody's mojo is working."*

SEX STARS 1999

this year's crop of steamers
is *muy caliente*

text by

CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO

Feels like everyone wants to be a sex star these days. Movie and TV producers seem intent on hitting us right below our Deepak Chopra. Everywhere we turn there are girls in tight clothes and cold studios, shaking more tail than the NBC peacock. However, allure is an ephemeral thing. Beautiful celebrities abound—but not all have mojo worth stealing. Sexiness is hard to fake. Whenever a starlet strikes the obligatory provocative pose, it's time to wonder, Is she doing it for lust or for money?

The winsome wild things in *Sex Stars 1999* have one thing in common: They are all sexy by intent. They're money and they know it. On other fronts, brunettes are running even with blondes, thick curly hair is edging (text continued on page 242)





1 RICKY MARTIN In a gadda la vida, baby

2 JENNIFER LOPEZ Music ahead, acting behind

3 CATHERINE ZETA-JONES Sexual entrapment

4 ELIZABETH HURLEY Veni, Vedi, Versace

5 SOPHIE MARCEAU Kiss my accent

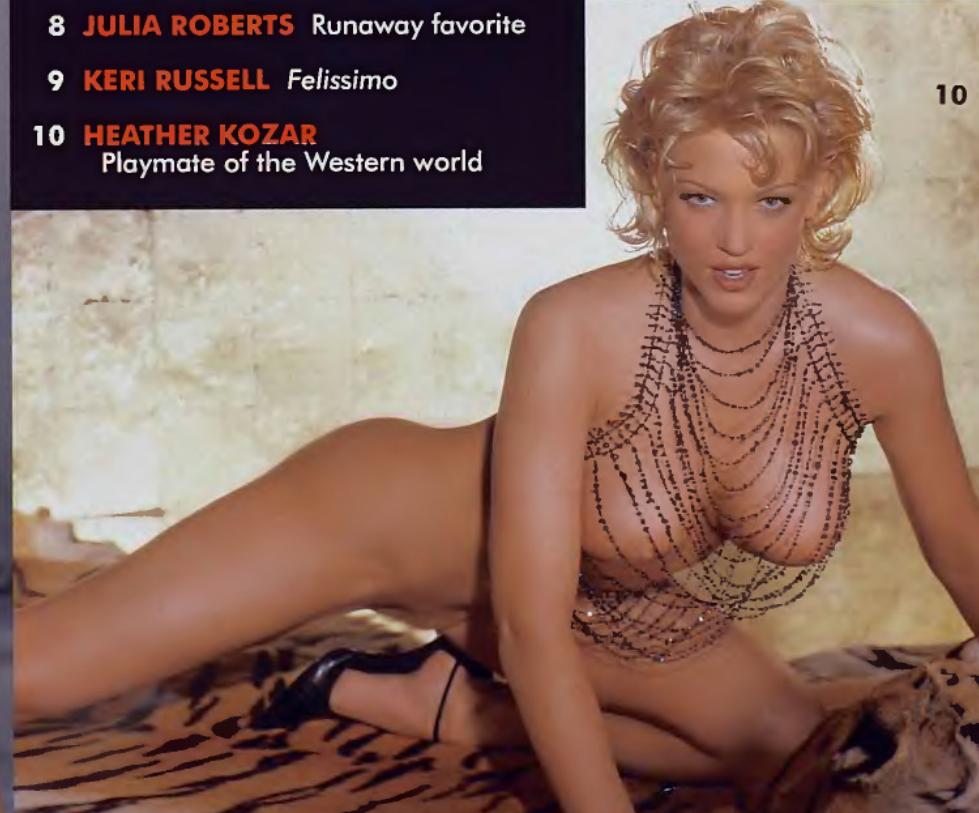
6 HUGH GRANT Divine blue eyes

7 SHANIA TWAIN Country grrl

8 JULIA ROBERTS Runaway favorite

9 KERI RUSSELL Felissimo

10 HEATHER KOZAR Playmate of the Western world





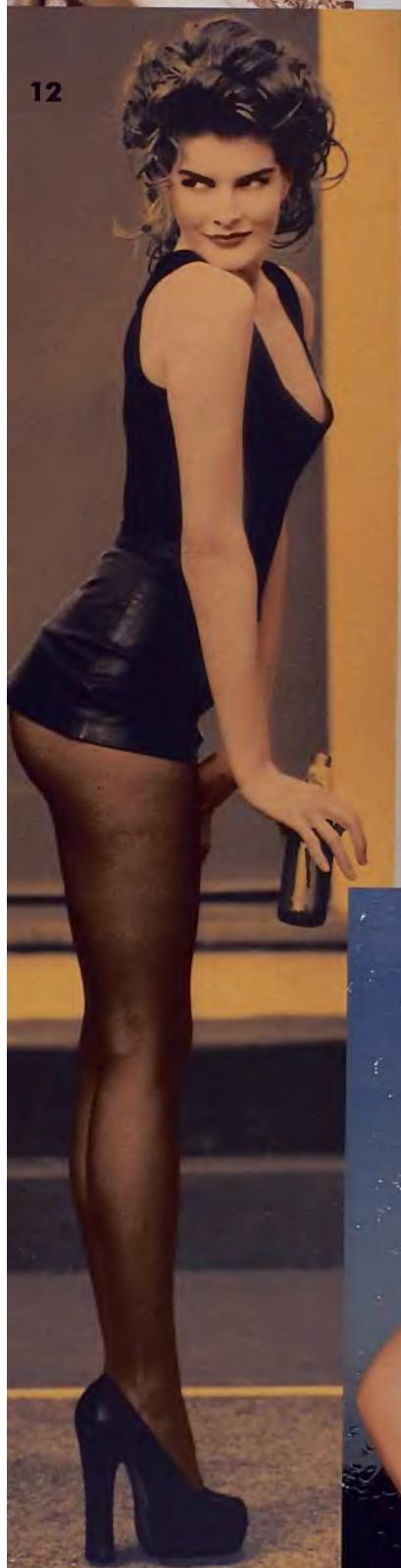
11



13



15



12



16



17



14

18



11 **DENISE RICHARDS** It's a Bond world
 12 **RENE RUSSO** Looking good on the back 40
 13 **REBECCA ROMIJN-STAMOS**
 Show us your hyphen
 14 **CAMERON DIAZ** Hair today, gonzo tomorrow
 15 **LAETITIA CASTA** Victoria's secret obsession
 16 **NIKKI SCHIELER** The price is right
 17 **CAPRICE** On a whim and a pair
 18 **TOM CRUISE AND NICOLE KIDMAN**
 The star, his wife and their lovers
 19 **PAMELA ANDERSON** Size doesn't matter
 20 **PIERCE BROSNAN** Double oh-man
 21 **MIA ST. JOHN** Ring barer

19



20



21



22



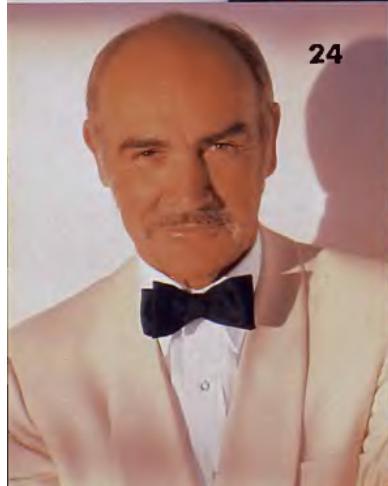
25



26



23



24



27

22 ANGELINA JOLIE A Voight for bisexuality
23 HALLE BERRY Got her Dandridge up
24 SEAN CONNERY Millennium man
25 NELL McANDREW Tomb bombshell
26 CHARLIZE THERON Diamond import
27 WILL SMITH Westward ho!
28 HEATHER GRAHAM
 Shagwell and shagworthy
29 TARZAN The original swinger
30 RENA MERO Bonecrusher blondie





THE AMBIGUOUSLY GAY DUO

TAKING ON EVIL COME WHAT MAY!
FIGHTING ALL CRIME TO SAVE THE DAY!
EXTREMELY CLOSE IN AN AMBIGUOUS WAY!

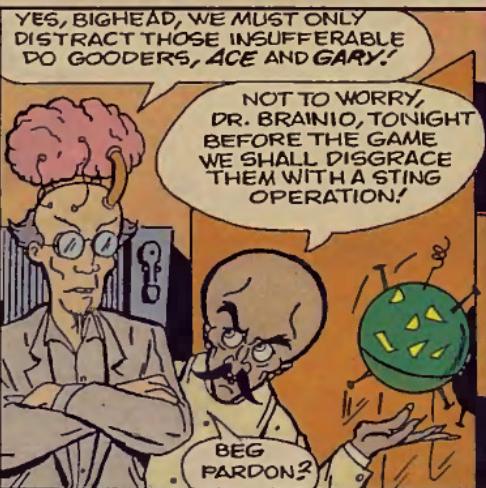
IN "TROUBLE
CAME 3 TIMES"

IT'S POSITIVELY
DELICIOUSLY DEMONIC,
DR. BRAINIO!

THEN IT IS SET.
WE SHALL RELEASE THE
CREATURE AT THE **NBA**
CHAMPIONSHIP AND ADDRESS
THE WORLD WITH OUR
ORDERS!!

CREATOR
AND WRITER - ROBERT SMIGEL
DESIGN AND ART DIRECTION
J.J. SEDELMAIER
ARTWORK AND COLORING -
J.J. SEDELMAIER PRODUCTIONS
LAYOUT AND LETTERING -
DICK AYERS

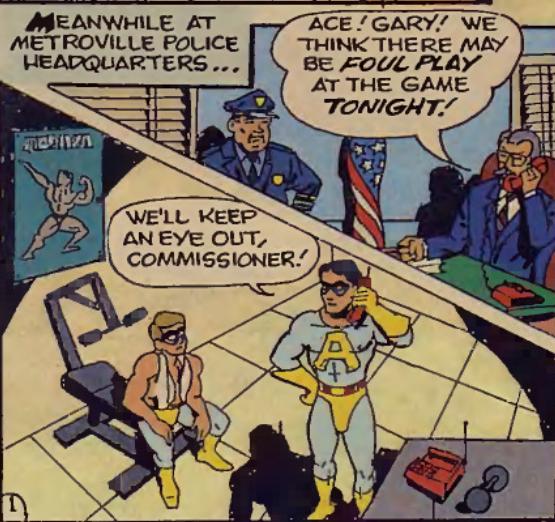
THE EARTH
IS OURS!



* TRANSLATION:
THERE'S A BAR
CALLED THE
OILY FAUCET
NEAR
METROVILLE
ARENA!

OH, AGAIN
WITH THE
GAY
THING?
YOU KNOW
THEY MIGHT
JUST BE
SUPERPALS!

OH
PUL-EEZE!



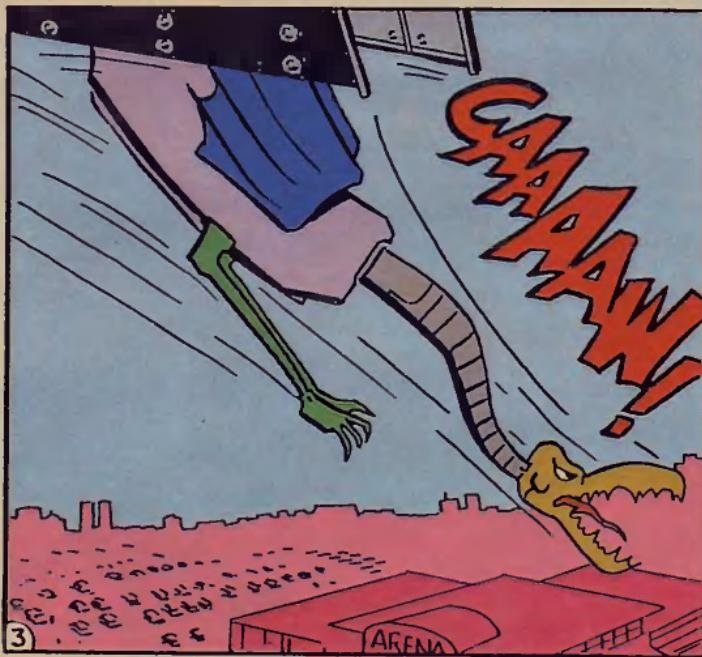
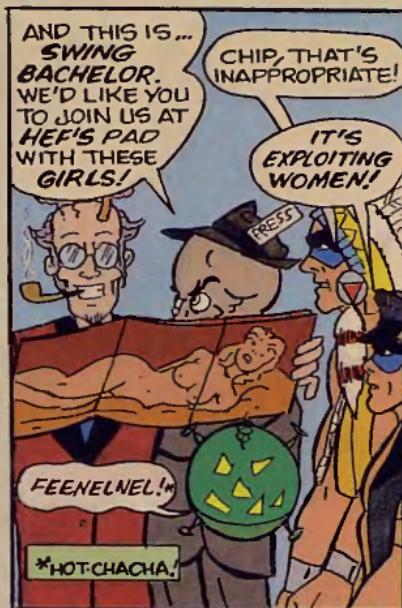
THE AMBIGUOUSLY GAY DUO, No. 1, Dec., 1999. By Robert Smigel and J.J. Sedelmaier. Published monthly by HEFZAPOPPIN' PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS, Right Behind that Hot Balance Chick, Chicago, Ill. 60601. Seymour Faenestein, Editor. Bob McAdoo, Editorial Director. My Son, Waste of Space. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT SPARTA, Ill. under the Second Class Postage Should be Paid at Sparta, Ill. Act of March 3, 1874. Subscription U.S., \$19.95 for 12 issues. CANADA, \$35.95 for 12 issues. Screw you, Canada. We don't want you. All other foreign, eat me. You're not getting' a copy. For advertising rates address Richard A. Lehman & Co., New York, N.Y. Tell them you'd like to advertise and would like to know the rates. Ask if there's a way the rates could be sent to you, or perhaps just read over the phone. Better yet, let me call. You'll just fuck it up. Copyright © The Dan Carvey Show, Inc. 1996. All rights reserved under Pan-American and Sino-American Copyright Conventions and Slave Trade Cooperations. The stories, characters, and incidents mentioned in this magazine are absolutely hilarious. Kudos to all involved. No actual persons, living or dead, are ambiguously gay.

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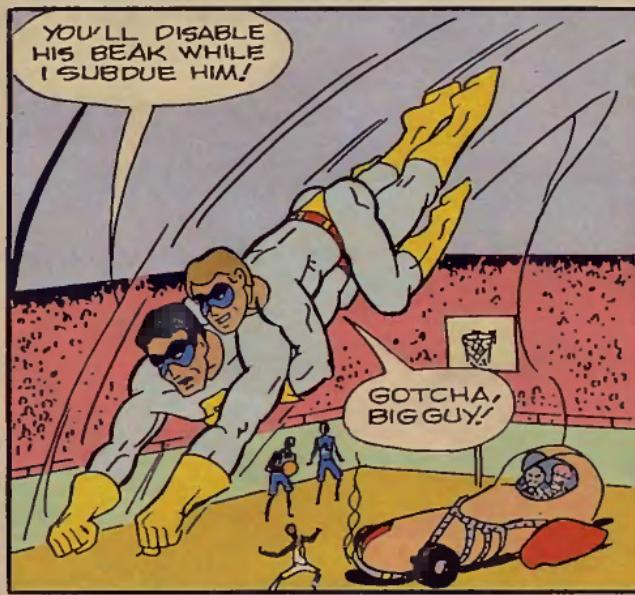
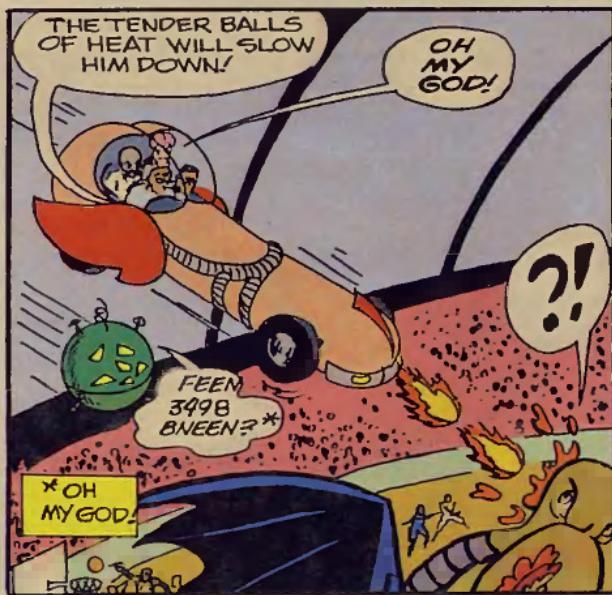
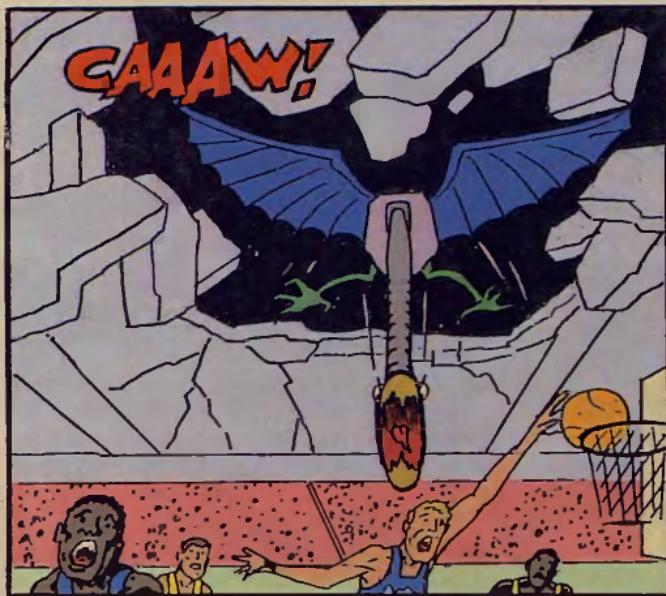
THE AMBIGUOUSLY GAY DUO

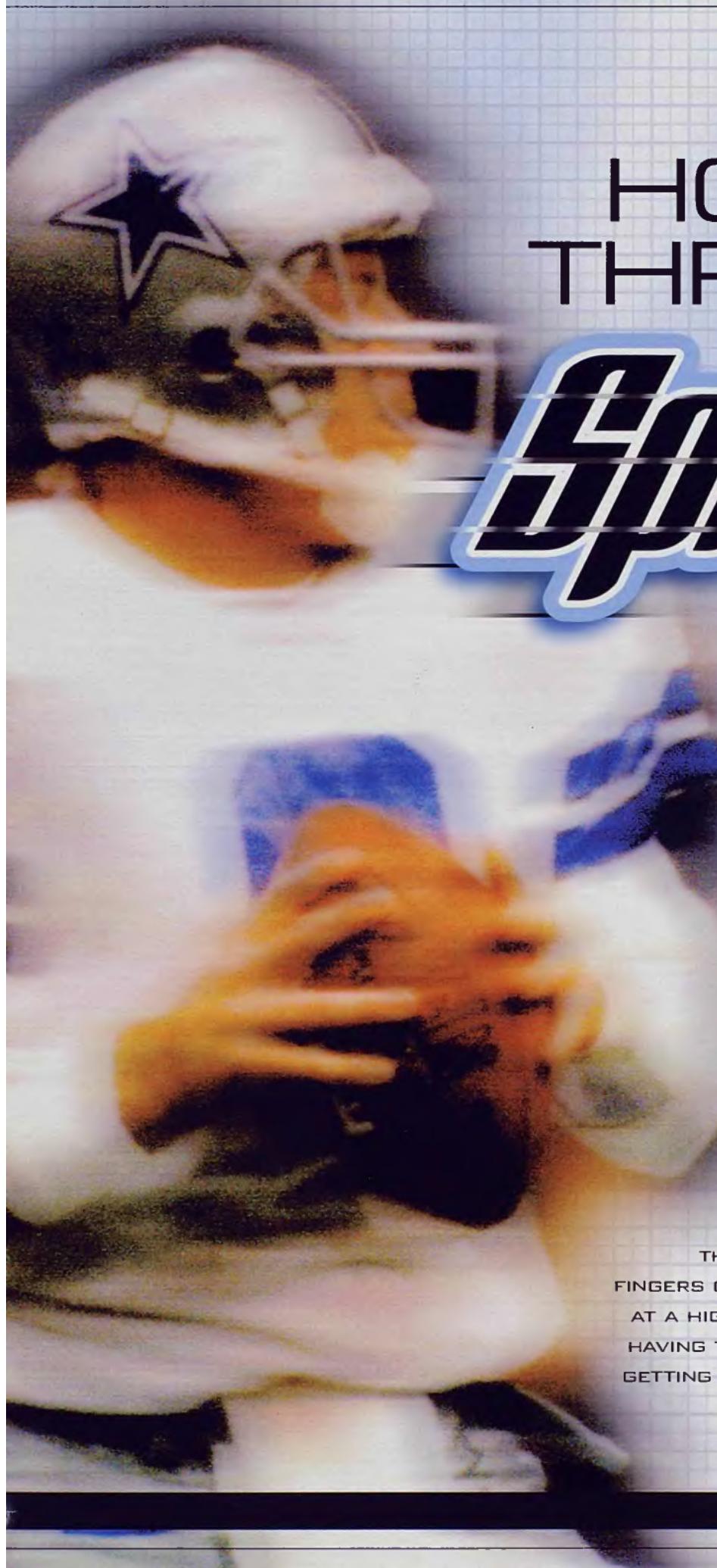


THE AMBIGUOUSLY GAY DUO



THE AMBIGUOUSLY GAY DUO





HOW TO THROW A

Spiral

BY TROY AIKMAN

THE NFL'S TOP QUARTERBACK SHARES HIS SECRETS ON THE PERFECT PASS. FOR HIM, THROWING A TIGHT SPIRAL WITH ACCURACY REQUIRES TOTAL BODY MOVEMENT. IT'S A PRODUCT OF A PAIR OF LEGS, ONE ARM, A HAND AND FIVE FINGERS WORKING IN CONCERT.

1

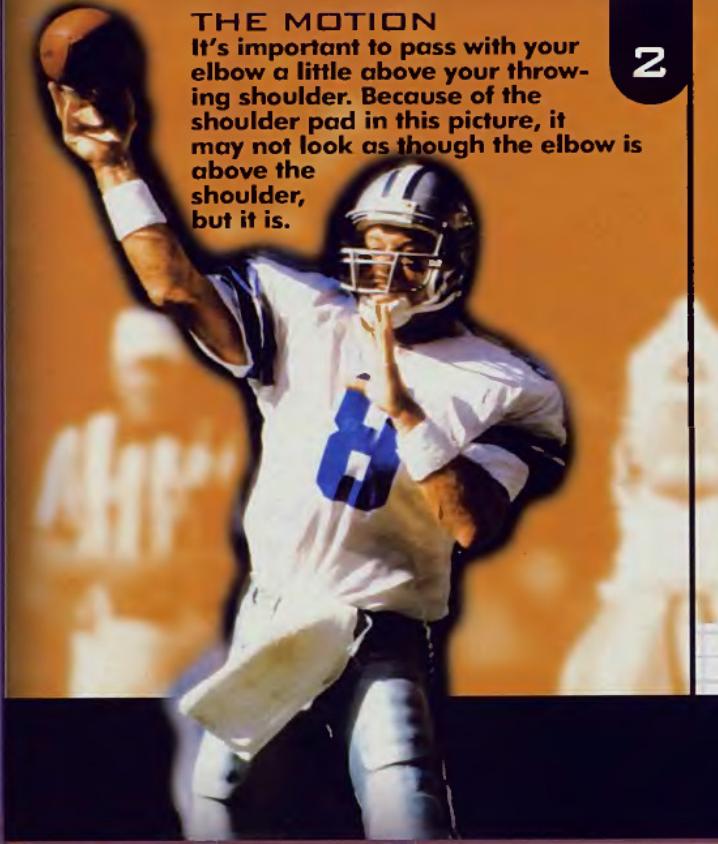
THE GRIP

BECAUSE MY HANDS ARE FAIRLY LARGE, I CAN GET AWAY WITH USING A SOMEWHAT UNORTHODOX GRIP. ONLY MY RING FINGER AND LITTLE FINGER AT THE LOWER KNUCKLES COME IN CONTACT WITH THE LACES. FOR MOST PEOPLE, THE FINGERS COME IN CONTACT WITH THE LACES AT A HIGHER POINT. IT'S ALL A MATTER OF HAVING THE BALL FEEL COMFORTABLE AND GETTING THE BEST POSSIBLE GRIP FOR THE SIZE OF YOUR HAND.

THE MOTION

It's important to pass with your elbow a little above your throwing shoulder. Because of the shoulder pad in this picture, it may not look as though the elbow is above the shoulder, but it is.

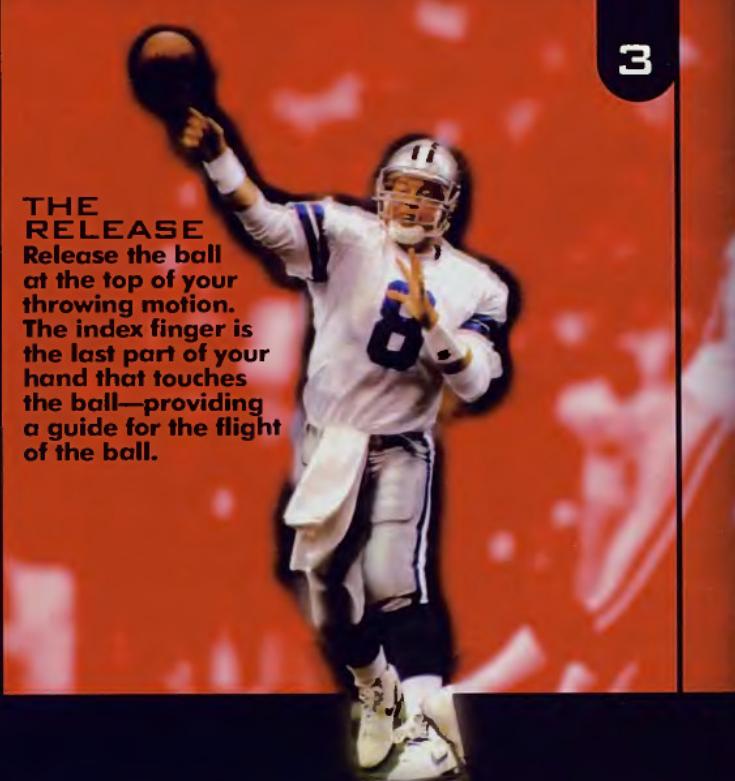
2



THE RELEASE

Release the ball at the top of your throwing motion. The index finger is the last part of your hand that touches the ball—providing a guide for the flight of the ball.

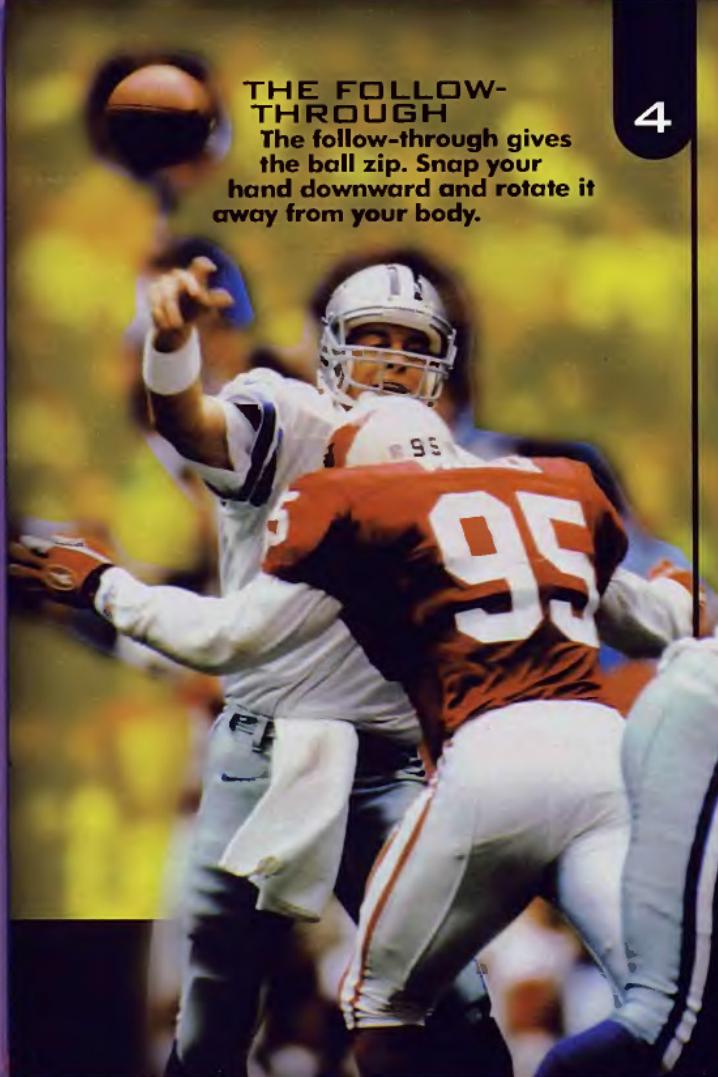
3



THE FOLLOW-THROUGH

The follow-through gives the ball zip. Snap your hand downward and rotate it away from your body.

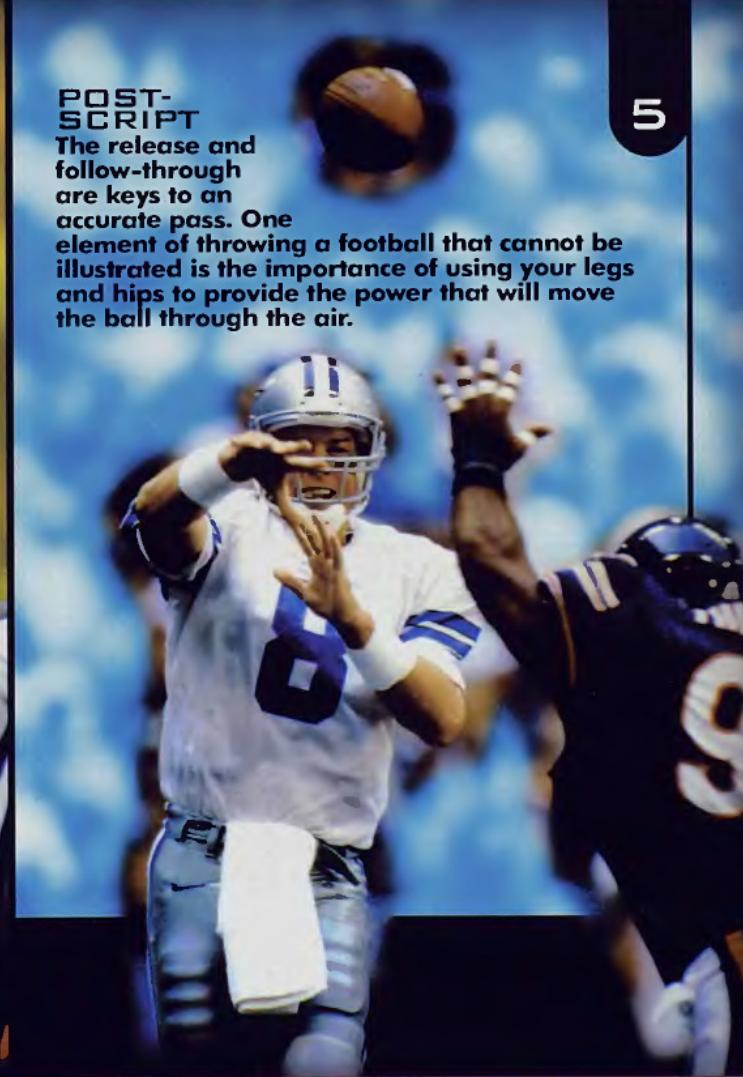
4



POST-SCRIPT

The release and follow-through are keys to an accurate pass. One element of throwing a football that cannot be illustrated is the importance of using your legs and hips to provide the power that will move the ball through the air.

5



City Girls

(continued from page 121)

If a guy doesn't offer to give you oral sex, it's like he's come to your house and won't do the dishes.

them smelling it.

Flo: Sometimes you can't stop a guy from going down on you even though you're not fresh and clean. And then he kisses you and you smell your pee, your pussy, on his face.

Pepper: The sexiest guy who ever went down on me smelled like baby powder. His whole genital area. It was so clean.

Gloria: You don't like the smell of sweat? It turns me on so much.

Flo: [To Gloria] You're kind of earthy. I can tell.

Gloria: What do you mean? I shave my pits.

Flo: No, I know that. Still.

Gloria: But there are so many hot smells during sex. The dick smell and pussy smell and sweat smell and come smell.

Pepper: I don't want to smell anything. I want it to feel good and not smell.

Flo: What happens if you go down to give him a blow job and you smell that been-working-all-day kind of smell between the balls? Do you give him a blow job?

Gloria: I love that smell!

Flo: I hate that smell! But I go ahead and do it anyway. I bite my tongue and I do it.

Pepper: First of all, I've never been with a man who has that working-all-day smell.

Flo: Oh, come on! What is she talking about?

Pepper: I'm not with construction workers.

Gloria: It's not just construction workers. I love smelling the balls. It's kind of dirty, but that's exactly why it turns me on.

Pepper: It's not like I'm saying, "I won't go down on him if he smells." If I'm attracted to someone, I can get past the smell because I know in the future I'll be able to edify him. It took me a long time to learn to like getting head. It was difficult at first because the face is very public and the vagina is very private. It was like public meets private, private meets public. It was very confusing. There was a real disparity and I had to reconcile it. Then I got used to it. [To Barbara and Flo] I can understand why it would make you uncomfortable.

Barbara: It doesn't make me uncomfortable. It just doesn't hit the right spot for me.

Pepper: My theory is that you're not relaxed. If you could relax, you might not be uptight about it.

Barbara: I can get pretty relaxed, sweetie.

Gloria: Have you ever had a guy go down sideways—give you a lip job?

Flo: What do you mean, sideways?

Gloria: [Demonstrates with her fingers a guy lying perpendicular to the woman, crouched over her pussy from the side] I was the same as you until I met a guy who did it sideways, so his lips ran parallel to my pussy and his tongue moved against the grain of my clit. When the guy goes perpendicular the friction is much better. The other way, he's lifting the hood and then the hood's going down and sometimes it's too intense and sometimes it's not intense enough. But this way he's on top of it the whole time. He's also got a finger in there at the same time, which is a huge turn-on.

Pepper: Wait a second. That's like a whole other ball of wax. I don't like double duty.

Barbara: Me neither.

Flo: Me neither.

Pepper: I like one or the other. Tongue or finger. I get overwhelmed when both are down there.

Flo: The rhythm is not right. There's no way you're going to get the tongue and the finger working in the same way. They're competing against each other.

Gloria: I'm not talking coordination, just general finger action. The rhythm is all in the tongue.

Barbara: General finger action I always get rid of immediately. I yank it right out.

Pepper: I didn't understand how good oral sex could feel until I was with someone who did it really well. Now it's so much easier for me to have oral sex than it is to have intercourse. With intercourse, I'm being penetrated and it makes me so much more vulnerable. With oral sex it can just be about the orgasm, whereas with sex I get much more attached. When someone's inside me and they withdraw, I start to cry and get very emotional. Oral sex both ways, giving and getting, is much more detached.

Flo: I have to disagree with that. Giving head is detached. But I won't let them give me head until after we've had sex and they've gotten to know me. That's so personal for me. But giving head—

Gloria: You give it just like that [snaps fingers].

Flo: I do.

Barbara: I'm just the opposite. I'll take it whenever, but I don't enjoy it.

Flo: You're such a martyr. "I'll take it—but I won't enjoy it, damn it!"

Barbara: I enjoy that they're doing it and I enjoy that they're into it.

Flo: I have a problem with a guy who doesn't want to do it. He should almost beg to do it.

Pepper: But what if he just doesn't like it? Then what do you do? I said lightheartedly to someone once, "So, how do you feel about oral sex?" As in, "Hint, hint." And he responded, "Not good."

Gloria: That's really fucked up.

Pepper: How come guys can't have the option not to feel good about it, but women can? Why isn't it acceptable the other way around?

Gloria: Because there's this whole history of men claiming that going down is nasty. And I feel like we can't control the fact that our genitalia are inside. That we have holes and not sticks.

Pepper: If you go over to someone's house and they make you dinner, you offer to do the dishes. If a guy doesn't offer to give you oral sex, it's like he's come to your house and won't do the dishes. You want him to at least be interested in helping out.

Barbara: I'm with you. I appreciate the effort.

Pepper: It's the effort. Most guys don't understand that their interest in it is the thing. "You wash, I'll dry."

Gloria: What about getting a finger up the ass? Do you like that?

Pepper: That is an exit, not an entrance.

Gloria: I love doggy with a finger in the ass.

Flo: I love it too. It puts me over the edge.

Pepper: OK. That, to me, is not right.

Gloria: And, Flo, I'm not talking deep, are you?

Flo: No. I'm talking first joint, just circling the anus range.

Barbara: I like doing that to them.

Flo: Guys love it.

Barbara: When I discovered it for the first time it was like hitting the magic button.

Flo: They get so hard. It's because the prostate is up there.

Pepper: I don't want to give him a prostate exam.

Gloria: I'm much more willing to take it than give it. I get grossed out about sticking it in—

Flo: Doo-doo.

Barbara: For some reason it doesn't bother me.

(concluded on page 220)



“Susan, how could you? You don’t even believe in Santa Claus!”



PLAYBOY 2000 PLAYMATE SEARCH

HEY, GUYS—LOOK WHAT WE FOUND



Here's one proven method for meeting women: Lease a 45-foot leisure bus typically used by rock stars on tour and refurbish it with a photo studio, two changing rooms and a reception area. Paint it black, then add a seven-and-a-half-foot silver Rabbit Head on each side and the words PLAYBOY 2000 PLAYMATE SEARCH. Hire an experienced driver, no-nonsense security and an online reporter. Assign PLAYBOY photographers to work in each of the 36 cities visited by the bus and 12 more where hotel suites double as temporary studios. Install seven phone lines so that test images of promising candidates can immediately be posted

to the Playboy Cyber Club. Dispatch a publicist to spread the word in each city before the bus arrives, inviting women to audition for a chance to become the January 2000 Playmate (the winner, featured in this pictorial, will be revealed next month) and receive a check for \$200,000. Erect an air-conditioned tent along the side of the bus as soon as the lines become too long to fit everyone on board, which happens in most cities before nine A.M. Usher each woman into the changing area, where she can slip into a Playmate 2000 robe before being called into the studio. Log 17,392 miles over five months as (text concluded on page 246)

It's not every day a PLAYBOY phatagrapher comes to town, camera in hand, with a studio on wheels. Above, Contributing Photographer David Chan, wha snapped aspiring Playmates aboard the bus during its stops in three cities, shoats Megan McKenney, a student at the University of Haustan. As with every woman who posed, Megan's photos were sent by express service to the search headquarters in Chicago. Opposite page: In Louisville, the bus happened upon 26-year-old twins Jamie and Julie Jardan. Both are 5'8", 36-25-33 and enjoy horseback riding and skiing. Julia Seidelin, center, is a California resident. Her parents live in Copenhagen, where Julia was born. She attended USC and is now a model and TV actor. Laura Han, who turns 22 in December, is currently enrolled at USC. Climbing aboard in Oklahoma City is Twila Young, far right, who hopes someday to teach elementary school. We're grateful her family didn't come along to show its support. Her father has 11 siblings, and her mother has 19.

*Jamie & Julie Jordan -
LOUISVILLE*



Laura Chan - LOS ANGELES





Using both Polaroid and digital cameras, a *PLAYBOY* photographer shot each woman who visited the search bus. Everything seems to be in working order in Miami, left. A local photographer who had taken shots of Katherine Zarria, below, phoned her when he heard the Playmate 2000 bus was coming to their hometown of Austin, Texas. His instincts were right. Katherine, 20, plans to become a dentist, but she may have a career on-screen; at bottom left, she's interviewed by *Playboy* TV after her test shots. Joei Horlow can thank television for her appearance at bottom right. Her stepmother was watching a story on the local news about the bus arriving in Sacramento, which is near Joei's home. She encouraged Joei to pay us a visit, and, in this case, stepmother knew best. Joei, 22, had never modeled.





We discovered 21-year-old Samantha Speer, left, in Vancouver. She almost chickened out when she arrived at the bus, but a girlfriend goad-naturedly threatened to kick her butt if she didn't pose. Feather Frazier, above, has siblings named Raven, Dallas and Turquoise. A friend e-mailed the *New Yorker* about the bus. Texan Shelley Lane, below, sent in her photos after spotting an ad in *PLAYBOY* for the search.





If you can believe it, we managed to fit every member of the U.S. Congress on the bus (left). They voted unanimously that it was "neat." Bridget Show, shown at top right on the opposite page, is a CPA in the other Washington. She walked past the bus on her way home after a day of crunching numbers. "I've always been impressed with PLAYBOY," she says. Samantha Corder, right, grew up in Alabama. Jessica Jurkowski, opposite page center, is a full-time mom from Oregon. She mentioned the search to her best friend, who encouraged her to pose. More women should have friends like that. At bottom right, Bill White shoots Kristino Sanchez in Vegas.



Nicole Lenz, left, grew up near Cleveland. The 19-year-old loves to rollerskate at night down long, steep hills, and to make fashion statements. She certainly makes one here. An attentive PLAYBOY employee in Los Angeles spotted Amanda Callan, above, having dinner in a restaurant, and encouraged her to submit her photos for the Playmate 2000 search. A native of Virginia, she's discovered that meditation is the key to maintaining balance in her hectic Los Angeles life. The bus stopped for Tara Fletcher, right, in Tampa, but she hails from a small town in Minnesota. Beautiful, eh?



Samantha Corder - ATLANTA



Jara Fletcher - TAMPA





Sara Steele (left), 24, jumped aboard during the visit to San Francisco. She hadn't planned to pose, but a friend asked her along. Suzanne Stokes (bottom), 20, who grew up in the Everglades, visited the bus during its three-day stop in Miami. Her family owns an alligator farm, so she's learned to stay one step ahead. Flo Wu (right) was born in Taiwan. Below, candidates fill out all that dull paperwork as they wait to board in Austin.



Flo Wu - HONOLULU





Barbara Adi -
SAN FRANCISCO



Casey Ross, left, is a 20-year-old bank teller in Oklahoma City. "I heard an ad on the radio announcing the arrival of the Playmate 2000 bus and I thought, Why not?" Jennifer Corliss, below left, is an antiques dealer in Georgia. Her great-grandfather, George Corliss, invented the Corliss steam engine. Polly Belleville, below, is a 29-year-old kindergarten and first grade teacher near Los Angeles. Barbara Adi (above), 25, stole our hearts in San Francisco.





What would you do if Jessico Tindall, left, arrived at your door and asked to come in? You'd invite her on board, and grab your camera. The 23-year-old visited the Playmate 2000 bus in Sacramento, where she's a business student. She advises men, "Don't get on my bad side." Jill Monas, below left, is a model and actor in Los Angeles who describes herself as "low maintenance." She attends USC and plans to become a physical therapist. We hurt all over. The bus team discovered gorgeous Kimberly Burkhead (below), 28, in Atlanta. She used to own a nightclub in Louisville, but now she's a photographer's assistant. Kimberly likes men "who know how to relax, how to play and how to make love." Do you qualify? At right, Aubrie Lemon, 20, poses aboard the search bus during its stop in Orlando, Florida. Like an angel, one of her interests is playing the harp.

Aubrie Lemon - ORLANDO





Even the magic of the bus couldn't help the Cubs this year. Leanne Burns, 26, left, is a Chicago native who says she'd love to become a stuntwoman. She's already thrilling. Everyone told Carla Alapont, 22, below left, that she belonged in PLAYBOY. We're happy to oblige. Born and raised in Spain, she's now a property manager in California. We met 23-year-olds Darlene and Carol Bernaola, below, in Miami, but they were raised in Peru, where their mother grew and exported coffee. Carol (on the right) heard from her fiancé that the bus had arrived in town; she casually mentioned to a photo editor she has a twin sister.





During our stop in Las Vegas, right, everyone came up a winner. Sonia Flores, 26, above, hails from Texas. When she heard about the Playmate search, she knew she had to submit her photos. Why? She says she's always enjoyed "freedom from clothes." Sonia has been a lifeguard and, more recently, a Hooters waitress. If you choke on your burger, she knows CPR. Born and raised in Houston, 23-year-old Wendy Rosprim (below) visited the search bus in her hometown. She loves to camp and fish, and she teaches kids to dance. We discovered Merritt Cabot, above right, in New Orleans. The 22-year-old, who wants to teach elementary school, loves men in suits. Guys in Speedos, on the other hand, need not apply. Massage therapist Katie Lohmann, 19, below right, heard about the Playmate search and headed straight for our offices in Los Angeles to pose. She has taken voice lessons for years, and she's turned on by a guy who can sing her to sleep. Bring your tuning fork.





If you have a chance to peer into the eyes of computer consultant Katie Hammers, above right, you'll see she has gold specks amid those deep blues. Melissa Keil, below right, was working at the Las Vegas Hilton when she heard that the Playmate bus had come to town. She loves reading Stephen King novels and catching up on her beauty sleep. It shows. At right, production assistant Mikki Chernaff has her hands full with candidate Nancy Lesco aboard the bus in Houston.



The bus drew all sorts of enthusiastic reactions as it traveled from city to city. The friendly passenger at left flashed our driver en route from Austin to Houston. Does this happen often down there in Texas? Virginians Amy and Angela Overton, below, decided the Playmate search was the perfect excuse to send in their photos. Amy is an interior designer; Angela has plans to become a stenographer. They both enjoy dancing, including tap, ballet and jazz.





As happened in every city we visited, a friend asked Jackie Currier, above left, to accompany her to the bus when it stopped in Sacramento, California. Jackie went, we saw and here she is. Katia Corriveau, left, 20, figured the bus' arrival in Toronto was a sign she had to take a chance. "I've wanted to be a Playmate since I got my first bra," she says. It was Sasha Peralto's sister who mentioned that the bus was in San Diego. "I've always been fascinated by the women in PLAYBOY," says Sasha, below left, 19. Now she's one of them. Jana Rehácková, above, also 19, grew up in and lives in the Czech Republic but happened to be visiting Los Angeles during our search. It could only have been fate. She loves hockey, spaghetti and exploring her homeland. Jaimie Chiaravalle, below, is a 22-year-old personal trainer who showed up at the bus almost the minute it pulled into Las Vegas. Her motto: "No whiners." At right, Bill White photographs Angi Pyne during the same stop.





Laura Lee, above, visited the bus in Portland the day after she turned 18. She's studying computer science at a nearby university. **Miriam Gonzales**, below, majors in fashion design and theater in Florida. **Regina Usvyat**, right, who's also a college student, came aboard in Boston.



Annie Proulx - MONTREAL



The millennium search kicked off in grand style at the Playbay Mansion in Las Angeles with a party attended by Playmates. At left, ten Playmates pose with Hef, including three Playmates of the Year—can you name them all? Crystal Beddows (right) says all her friends knew she wanted someday to pose for *PLAYBOY*. When an article about the bus search appeared in the *Toronto Sun*, she realized that day had arrived. A former go-go dancer (her stage name was Bubbles), the 21-year-old today works behind the bar. French-speaking Annie Proulx, 29, stopped by the bus when we visited Montreal, while future nurse Sharon Wilson made the trip in Miami. College student Ashlee Miller, 22, says hello in Raleigh, North Carolina.

Sharon Wilson - MIAMI



Ashlee Miller - RALEIGH



GULF WAR II

Saddam Hussein could spring an attack in the next few years, warns the ex-UN arms inspector. And this time the war won't be a video game

*As a U.S. Marine Corps intelligence officer, Scott Ritter, now 38, monitored missile buildup in Russia and missile destruction in the Persian Gulf. In 1991 he was hired as a weapons inspector for the UN Special Commission. He resigned seven years later, charging that U.S. intelligence had taken over a program Ritter had started—to monitor Saddam Hussein's personal safety and Iraq's concealment of major weapons—and then had denied Unscom the data collected under their auspices. More damagingly, Ritter has told PLAYBOY, 1998's Operation Desert Fox, ostensibly designed to bomb Baghdad into letting UN inspectors back in, was a botched secret attempt to kill Hussein. Ritter is the author of *Endgame: Solving the Iraq Problem—Once and for All*.*

If you want to get an emotional response from someone, ask what the U.S. should do about Saddam Hussein and Iraq.

As an intelligence analyst who served on the staff of the U.S. Central Command during the Gulf war, I'm pretty sure that unless we can overcome this emotional response, we'll have another war with Iraq in three to five years.

I was recently approached to speak at two national meetings: one of an American Islamic group, the other of an American Zionist group. Protests from within each organization caused the invitations to be withdrawn. Both groups' event organizers said they didn't want their meetings to become "political." I took this to mean that neither group wanted to be presented with facts that might require them to consider options outside those framed by their respective political platforms. When it comes to Iraq, a politics of irrationality reigns supreme.

Obviously, the international consensus that supported economic sanctions against Iraq is disintegrating. The sanctions are going to be either formally lifted or informally disregarded.

ed. When the sanctions are no longer effective, Iraq will rearm. But without sufficient reconstruction, Iraq's devastated economy won't be able to sustain this military buildup. Baghdad's inability to service its foreign debt, which triggered its invasion of Kuwait, will be repeated. When the debt-service crunch comes, three to five years from now, Iraq will once again attempt to seize sources of additional oil revenue. The U.S. will again be compelled to respond with military action. But such a future conflict will bear little resemblance to Desert Shield or Desert Storm.

In August 1990 Iraq limited its advance to Kuwait. There was, despite propaganda to the contrary, no Iraqi intention to move into Saudi Arabia. This shortsightedness on the part of the Iraqi leadership allowed the U.S. and its coalition partners to carry out a huge military buildup in a friendly environment. The Iraqis simply sat back and watched as nearly a million allied troops and tens of thousands of combat vehicles poured into Saudi Arabia.

Iraq has had plenty of time to learn from its 1990 error. If Iraqi forces move south in the future, they will roll through Kuwait into the eastern province of Saudi Arabia.

Last time around, the U.S. brought in hundreds of thousands of U.S. troops via Saudi airfields and ports without any Iraqi resistance. This time we will have to fight our way into the Saudi city of Dhahran. We may even have to land an army at the Red Sea port of Jidda and move it across Saudi Arabia to forcibly enter the country's Iraqi-occupied sector.

Making matters worse, the military forces the U.S. will be able to bring to bear in any future conflict with Iraq won't resemble the juggernaut deployed in 1990. Reductions in defense spending have resulted in significant cutting of our combat (concluded on page 202)

BY SCOTT RITTER



ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE BENNY

NOW WHAT?

(continued from page 136)

In Dortmunder's lap. Jewelry, glittering. What looked like emeralds on the ends, what looked like diamonds along the middle.

Any second now somebody was going to look out that window to see where this bauble had gone. Dortmunder closed his left hand around it and moved. It was an automatic reaction, and since he'd already been moving upward he kept on moving upward, rounding the turn of the landing, heaving up the next flight of the fire escape, breathing like a city bus, while behind him the shouting began:

Male: "Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!"

Female: "Oh, no! Oh, no! Oh, no!"

Up and over the hotel roof and into the apartment building next door and down the freight elevator and out onto the side street, a route long known to Dortmunder. When he at last ambled around the corner onto Fifth, merely another late-shift worker going home, the police cars were just arriving in front of the hotel.

•

Newspapers tell lies, Dortmunder thought. He read on, to find a description of the thing in his ham sandwich. The things that looked like emeralds were emeralds, and the things that looked like diamonds were diamonds, that was why the fuss. Altogether, the trinket the bride-perhaps-to-be had flung ricocheting out the window last night was valued, in the newspapers, at least, at \$300,000.

On the other hand, newspapers lie. So it would be up to Harmov Krandelloc, said to be an ethnic so different from anybody else that no one had yet figured out even what continent he came from, but who had recently set himself up in a warehouse off Atlantic Avenue where it crossed Flatbush as king of the next generation of really worthwhile fences, who paid great dollar (sometimes even more than the usual ten percent of value) and never asked too many questions. It would be up to Harmov Krandelloc to determine what the thing in the ham sandwich was actually worth, and what Dortmunder could hope to realize from it.

But now, on the BMT into deepest Brooklyn, surrounded by newspaper photos of his swag, realizing that the celebrity of its former owners made this particular green-and-white object more valuable but also more *newsworthy* (a word the sensible burglar does his best to avoid), Dortmunder hunched with increasing despondency over his borrowed paper, clutched his brown

bag in his left hand with increasing trepidation and wished fervently he'd waited a week before trying to unload this bauble.

More than a week. Maybe six years would have been right.

Roizak Street would be Dortmunder's stop. While keeping one eye on his *News* and one eye on his lunch, Dortmunder also kept an eye on the subway map, following the train's creeping progress from one foreign neighborhood to another; street names without resonance or meaning, separated by the black tunnels.

Vedloukam Boulevard; the train slowed and stopped. Roizak Street was next. The doors opened and closed. The train started, roaring into the tunnel. Two minutes went by, and the train slowed. Dortmunder rose, peered out the car windows and saw only black. Where was the station?

The train braked steeply, forcing Dortmunder to sit again. Metal wheels could be heard screaming along the metal rails. With one final lurch, the train stopped.

No station. Now what? Some hold-up, when all he wanted to do—

The lights went out. Pitch-black darkness. A voice called, "I smell smoke." The voice was oddly calm.

The next 27 voices were anything but calm. Dortmunder, too, smelled smoke, and he felt people surging this way and that, bumping into him, bumping into one another, crying out. He scrunched close on his seat. He'd given up the *News*, but he held on grimly to his ham sandwich.

"ATTENTION, PLEASE."

It was an announcement, over the public address system.

Some people kept shouting. Other people shouted for the first people to stop shouting so they could hear the announcement. Nobody heard the announcement.

The car became still, but too late. The announcement was over. "What did he say?" a voice asked.

"I thought it was a she," another voice said.

"It was definitely a he," a third voice put in.

"I see lights coming," said a fourth voice.

"Where? Who? What?" cried a lot of voices.

"Along the track. Flashlights."

"Which side? What way?"

"Left."

"Right."

"Behind us."

"That's not flashlights, that's fire!"

"What! What! What!"

"Not behind us, buddy, in front of us! Flashlights."

"Where?"

"They're gone now."

"What time is it?"

"Time! Who gives a damn what time it is?"

"I do, knucklehead."

"Who's a knucklehead? Where are you, wise guy?"

"Hey! I didn't do anything!"

Dortmunder hunkered down. If the car didn't burn up first, there was going to be a first-class barroom brawl in here pretty soon.

Someone sat on Dortmunder. "Oof," he said.

It was a woman. Squirming around, she yelled, "Get your hands off me!"

"Madam," Dortmunder said, "you're sitting on my lunch."

"Don't you talk dirty to me!" the woman yelled, and gave him an elbow in the eye. But at least she got off his lap—and lunch—and went away into the heaving throng.

The car was rocking back and forth now; could it possibly tip over?

"The fire's getting closer!"

"Here come the flashlights again!"

Even Dortmunder could see them this time, outside the window, flashlights shining blurrily through a thick fog, like the fog in a Sherlock Holmes movie. Then someone carrying a flashlight opened one of the car's doors, and the fog came into the car, but it wasn't fog, it was thick oily smoke. It burned Dortmunder's eyes, made him cough and covered his skin with really bad sunblock.

People clambered up into the car. In the flashlight beams bouncing around, Dortmunder saw all the coughing, wheezing, panicky passengers and saw that the people with the flashlights were uniformed cops.

Oh, good. Cops.

The cops yelled for everybody to shut up, and after a while everybody shut up, and one of the cops said, "We're gonna walk you through the train to the front car. We got steps off the train there, and then we're gonna walk to the station. It's only a couple blocks, and the thing to remember is, stay away from the third rail."

A voice called, "Which is the third rail?"

"All of them," the cop told him. "Just stay away from rails. OK, let's go before the fire gets here. Not that way, whaddya looking for, a barbecue? That way."

They all trooped through the dark smoky train, coughing and stumbling, bumping into one another, snarling, using their elbows, giving New Yorkers' reputations no boost whatsoever, and eventually they reached the front car, where more cops—more cops—were helping everybody down a temporary metal staircase to the ground. Of

(continued on page 224)

LeRoy NEIMAN RINGSIDE

EVANDER HOLYFIELD vs. LENNOX LEWIS FOR THE UNDISPUTED HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD
12 ROUNDS AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, MARCH 13, 1999

Establishing their individuality, both champions entered the ring supported by their identifying music—Lennox moving to the rhythm of reggae and Evander singing to gospel. Lewis, with no robe, backed by the Union Jack in his corner, and Holyfield praising the Lord with his disciples in his corner. Both in unmatched physical preparedness, each hoping to have an edge on the other. At the bell there was little to choose from—that is, until Lennox starts tossing those accurate left jabs and repeated overhand rights.



LeRoy Neiman

At the end of 12 rounds, while waiting for the judges to add up their scorecards and render their decision, Evander bends his head, exhausted, while Lennox stands in the background convinced, along with the majority of the crowd, that he is the winner. The great house gathering of 20,000 quiets at the inexplicable verdict—a draw—nobody failed, nobody won.

LeRoy Neiman

Lennox Lewis - Holyfield
March 13, 1999 Head 59 in. LeRoy Neiman



Gina Gershon

the showgirls survivor on lap dances and cigars and how she got those snarling lips

A few years ago, Gina Gershon played two different, aggressively sensual lesbians—first in the universally scorned *Showgirls*, then in the critically acclaimed *Bound*. It set her up for every actor's nightmare—typecasting.

But Gershon shifted gears and reinvented herself in the hit *Face/Off*, opposite John Travolta and Nicolas Cage; in *Palmetto*, co-starring Woody Harrelson; and now in Michael Mann's *The Insider*, with Al Pacino. She also appears on network television, playing a private investigator in *David Kelley's Snoops* for ABC.

Gershon was a troubled teenager growing up in Los Angeles when her parents persuaded her to attend Beverly Hills High School, where she immersed herself in drama classes. Upon graduation, she moved to New York and earned a bachelor of arts degree from New York University.

She studied acting with such prominent teachers as David Mamet and Sandra Seacat and appeared onstage in *The Substance of Fire*, *Camille* and *Nanawatai*. Gershon also became a founding member of the New York City-based theater company *Naked Angels*.

Robert Crane caught up with the closest comedian in Los Angeles. He reports: "Although Gershon doesn't do many interviews, it's not because she's slow with a remark. She's wonderfully funny. The exotically beautiful actress doesn't take the celebrity side of her career seriously, but when the mention of work comes up, she adjusts her hat and becomes the intense, studious actor. Either way, I couldn't keep my eyes off her."

1

PLAYBOY: We've noticed you love cigars. When is a cigar just a cigar?

GERSHON: When it's lit. I did the cover of *Cigar Aficionado*, so I'm supposed to talk about loving cigars. I've smoked them a couple of times. My father used to smoke cigars. I love the idea and the concept, and I love the smell of cigars.

2

PLAYBOY: Do you bite off the ends or do you use a cigar briar?

GERSHON: I have a *mohel* come over with a special clipper. I hold down the cigar and he clips it, and everyone cries.

3

PLAYBOY: Tell us, to what extent is size important?

GERSHON: Size counts. That's all.

4

PLAYBOY: Explain the enduring allure of Jennifer Tilly.

GERSHON: She's so damn girlie. It's her voice and her mannerisms. She's just fun to watch. I always find people who are unique very attractive. And I think she's really a character. She is who she is. In fact, she takes who she is to the next level, which I think is great.

5

PLAYBOY: If she were a cocktail, how would you make a Jennifer Tilly?

GERSHON: She'd be like a cosmopolitan but with rum; something kind of fruity and intoxicating. You don't quite know how drunk you are until all of a sudden you're on the floor.

6

PLAYBOY: What were the best things to come out of *Showgirls*?

GERSHON: Love and adoration from drag queens. Drag queens come up to me on the street and can show me the dance moves. RuPaul knew my lipstick color. I was flattered.

7

PLAYBOY: Do you recommend that women give their boyfriends or husbands lap dances as presents?

GERSHON: Sure, on a regular basis. It doesn't have to be a present, though it

makes a nice gift. It's a fun way to exercise and loosen up at the end of the day. It's the gift that goes on giving.

8

PLAYBOY: On *Snoops* you play a private investigator. Have you ever been investigated privately?

GERSHON: Not that I know of. The whole point is that you don't know.

9

PLAYBOY: Is it an honorable profession?

GERSHON: Sure. But in any profession, there's a sleazy side and an honorable side. I'm an honorable investigator. I make too much money for sleaze work. It's the type of operation that's 20 grand just to walk in the door. I don't think many sleazy people have that much money, or it must be really good sleaze if they do.

10

PLAYBOY: Is it a good idea to investigate the people you're emotionally involved with?

GERSHON: No. If you don't trust the person, there's a problem.

11

PLAYBOY: In one article you mentioned you'd like to frolic with friends in a Jacuzzi full of noodles. We can set that up, if you like.

GERSHON: That was a high school fantasy of mine. I had this dream of moving to New York and having a loft with a Jacuzzi in the middle of it. I would have parties where I would fill the Jacuzzi with noodles, people would sit in there and then put their bodies into paint—primary colors like really serious deep, deep blue and really pure red—and paint these huge murals. The noodles would kind of loosen everyone up to be free on the canvas. I thought that (concluded on page 188)

GAMES GALORE

by Joel Enos and Jason Buhrmester

TIRED OF BLOWING AWAY the same old demons and festering zombies? 'Tis the season when software developers release their greatest video games. You'll find plenty of sequels in the mix—most notably Quake III: Arena, Resident Evil 3: Nemesis and Wipeout 3. But if you're looking for a fresh digital rush, let this feature be your guide. In addition to picking the best original titles for each of the current platforms (PC, Playstation, Nintendo 64 and Sega's new Dreamcast), we asked CART racers Paul Tracy and Dario Franchitti of Team Kool Green to test the latest auto racing games. They name the champs and the chumps—and share slick tips for leaving challengers in the dust. Bored playing solo? The web can hook you up for a threesome, fivesome or even with a crowd for multiplayer game action. We point your browsers to the hot spots. We also rank the latest video gear to go (great for killing travel time) and provide a heads-up on next-generation video game systems.



DRAKAN'S MEDIEVAL MAMA, RYNN.

GAMES TO GO

For more than ten years, the Nintendo Game Boy has been the best portable boredom-buster. But new handheld game machines are giving it fierce competition. Here, we rank the finest of the game gear to



go. **The Champ:** With more than 500 titles, including Resident Evil, Duke Nukem and a rocking version of Pokémon Pinball, the \$80 Game Boy Color has a solid edge. And with the Game Boy Camera and Nintendo 64 Transfer Pack, you can use your portable game machine to drop real faces into specially designed N64 games, including NBA Live 2000 and the forthcoming Perfect Dark. **The Contenders:** SNK's new Neo Geo Pocket Color (\$70, pictured) may steal some Game Boy business with its vibrant graphics and slick design. But with a mere 20 games, it has some catching up to do. **The best:** Pac-Man, Sonic the Hedgehog, Bust a Move and Samurai Shodown 2. **Honorable Mention:** At less than half the price of the Game Boy Color, Tiger Electronics' black-and-white game.com.pocketpro doubles as a low-end PDA by cramming a phone book, calendar and optional e-mail access into its colorful casings. Games include WCW Whiplash, Madden Football and a version of the strategy blockbuster Command & Conquer. Also cool (and cheap) from Tiger are the one-trick pony Sports Feel portables. Shaped like golf clubs, fishing rods, bowling balls and tennis rackets, these handhelds require you to fake a swing, cast, throw or serve, as if the gear were the real deal. The price: \$20 to \$25 each.

THE WILD, WILD WEB

Going one on one with your computer can get boring fast, which is why online gaming has become a big draw on the Internet. The fees range from zilch to about \$7 per month. Here are some prime spots to hit.

SEGA HEAT

(heat.net): This is the site where the tough go gaming. You can test your weapons in top shoot-'em-ups such as Quake II and Kingpin, or go the strategy route in Command & Conquer: Red Alert and Age of Empires.

MSN GAMING ZONE

(zone.com): Microsoft's web hub covers all the gaming bases—action, adventure, arcade, puzzles, sports and simulations galore.

BATTLE NET

(battle.net): Brainiacs head here to play Bliz-

zard's real-time strategy games, including Diablo, Starcraft and Warcraft.

BEZERK.COM

Go goofball in online rounds of You Don't Know Jack, the Net Show, Acrophobia (an acronym-based brain-teaser) and Cosmic Consensus.

ULTIMA ONLINE

(owo.com): Leave your physical identity at the portal and go deeper into medieval fantasy than Dungeons and Dragons ever dared. Warning: It's addictive.

POGO.COM

(pogo.com): Formerly the Total Entertainment Network, this revamped site has gone cerebral. When we logged on, there were more than 8000 people playing backgammon, chess, checkers, card games and more.

BURNING RUBBER

Paul Tracy and Dario Franchitti of Team Kool Green rate the hottest racing sims

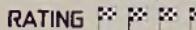
Video games are as close as most of us will get to living out that racing fantasy—which is why there are dozens to choose from. To narrow the field, we went to the experts: CART drivers Dario Franchitti and Paul Tracy of Team Kool Green. Neither of these ace racers endorses any of the games selected. They're just a couple of pros who appreciate speed—real or fake—and agreed to head our video game test drive. Along with their insights, we offer a few tips for leaving your competition in the dust.

THE GAME Beetle Adventure Racing (Electronic Arts, for Nintendo 64)

THE GIST Race Volkswagen Beetles through six long tracks in imaginary locales. Stick to the courses or barrel through unexplored territory in search of shortcuts through bushes, walls or windows.

REALISM Entertaining despite poor handling of the cars. But what do you expect when you take a Beetle off-roading?

KOOL TIP Have fun. Bang doors. Floor your Bug.

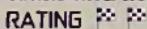
RATING 

THE GAME CART Flag to Flag (Sega, for Dreamcast)

THE GIST Make like Mario Andretti, or one of 26 other CART drivers (Dario and Paul not included), on 19 beautifully rendered super-speed ovals, road and street courses.

REALISM Looks great, but the play is disappointing. Cornering and steering were way off track. The cars seem weighted at the center, causing them to spin out of control.

KOOL TIP Take it easy. The best way to compensate for this game's shortcomings is to steer smoothly and brake and accelerate gently.

RATING 

THE GAME Grand Prix Legends (Sierra, for the PC)

THE GIST Race amazing re-creations of five cars from the 1967 racing circuit, including the Ferrari 312 and Brabham BT-24. Watkins Glen and Monaco are among the 11 true-to-form courses.

REALISM Sierra nailed this one. Each car handles differently, but you can tweak your ride by adjusting the steering linearity, cambers and tire pressure.

KOOL TIP This game is tough. Adding down-force and softening the tires will help keep your car on course. A steering wheel controller such as the Interact V4 Force Feedback Racing Wheel (pictured at right) makes the game easier. Definitely take the Lotus-Ford 49 and Eagle-Weslake for a spin.

RATING 

THE GAME Gran Turismo 2 (Sony, for Playstation)

THE GIST GT-style racing game with 20 courses and hundreds of authentic cars, from the Honda Civic hatchback to the Mazda RX-7.

REALISM The best racing game, bar none. The cars and tracks are dead-on accurate. You can fine-tune your vehicles to the extreme. And there's a bonus: Each time you complete a course, you can unlock hidden vehicles.

KOOL TIP Go for maximum down-force and horsepower. Also, "draft" other drivers by riding their bumper until the final straightaway. This adds five to six miles per hour to your car and lets you blow past them to the finish line.

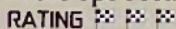
RATING 

THE GAME Need for Speed: High Stakes (EA, for the Playstation and PC)

THE GIST This bad-boy racer is a winner-takes-all (and loser walks) showdown to own your opponent's wheels—or evade the fuzz in Hot Pursuit mode.

REALISM Great graphics can't disguise the poor handling of these hot rods.

KOOL TRICK This dead end becomes interesting when you play policeman and work to trap abusers of the open road.

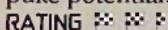
RATING 

THE GAME Rollcage (Psygnosis, for Playstation)

THE GIST You can go off road and across the walls and tunnel ceilings of 20 spiraling tracks in this futuristic racer. With an arsenal of incredible weaponry, you can also annihilate anyone foolish enough to get in your way.

REALISM Good concept—and the guns may come in handy—but it's pure fantasy.

KOOL TIP Focus on the course rather than on destroying your opponents and you'll quickly take the lead. But first pop some Dramamine. The game's tight corners and nonstop rotating cars have serious puke potential.

RATING 



Paul Tracy and Dario Franchitti take a game break.

THE GAME Viper Racing (Sierra, for the PC)

THE GIST By flooring Dodge's Viper GTS, and winning races on eight courses, you earn a spot behind the wheel of the 700-horsepower Viper GTS-R.

REALISM The cars handle well—almost too well. Making changes to the tires, wheels, suspension, etc., has little effect. But the courses are a kick, especially Castle Green and Rock Island.

KOOL TIP Steady steering and even acceleration do more than a lead foot to put you ahead of the pack.

RATING 

PLAYBOY'S PICKS

KEY

weapons &
explosions
gore



killer
soundtrack
sports fix



multiplayer
action
strategy



role-
playing
babes

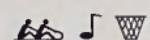


PLAYSTATION

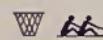
1. WWF ATTITUDE Hit the mat as one of 40 WWF contenders, each with signature moves and backup weapons (such as shovels and a bedpan).



2. THRASHER SKATE AND DESTROY This sport sim takes boarding back to the streets with the moves of Cairo Foster and other pro skaters.



3. NBA LIVE 2000 The new import-a-face feature in this hoops classic pits you against 60 NBA legends in one-on-one street court matches.



4. DINO CRISIS Government agent Regina, a tasty, tough chick, takes on an evil professor and his band of beasts. Use a dual-shock controller to feel the pain.

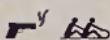


5. PAC-MAN WORLD 20TH ANNIVERSARY Six 3D worlds and three levels send Pac-Man and pals straight out of Nostalgialand and into the 21st century.



DREAMCAST

1. SOUL CALIBUR This stylized fighting game with a historical bent has remarkably fluid animation, wicked weapons and warriors from all walks of warfare.



2. SEGA BASS FISHING Laugh all you want, but when used with the fishing controller, this game feels like the real deal—with your fridge close by.



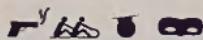
3. READY 2 RUMBLE BOXING Choose among 16 boxers, each with his own fighting style. If your pick sucks in the ring, work him in the gym for extra points.



4. NFL 2K This is one serious gridiron game, with 1500 motion-captured moves from seven pro players, Hollywood stuntmen and a lone referee.



5. SHENMUE Hundreds of characters and thousands of spectacular environments make this samurai-kung-fu adventure a cool time waster.



NINTENDO 64

1. GAUNTLET LEGENDS Midway's arcade hit goes from flat to fantastic with the medieval wizard, archer, warrior and token chick rendered in amazing 3D.



2. KNOCKOUT KINGS 2000 Put on the gloves of 25 champion prizefighters and enjoy virtual boxing so realistic you can almost feel the broken bones.



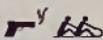
3. DAIKATANA Travel from the Dark Ages to a futuristic San Francisco on the trail of a mad scientist who's changed history. Your task is to set it straight.



4. ARMORINES Using high-powered weapons and a parasite-proof suit, you and your troops are out to stop toxic alien bugs that plan to snack on your leader.



5. DK64 The new Donkey Kong in blazing 3D adds weapons and state-of-the-art special effects while staying true to that old-school arcade feel.



PC

1. DRAKAN A fantasy adventure with all the right ingredients: sexy girl in skimpy medieval outfit, big sword and a fire-breathing (ridable) dragon.



2. ONI A role-playing game that skips all that find-the-key-and-solve-the-puzzle nonsense and gets straight to the blowing-away part. Great Japanese animation.



3. MICROSOFT FLIGHT SIMULATOR 2000 This sequel seems all new with 17,000 extra airports and cities, including London, San Francisco and Chicago.



4. HOMeworld With DNA tampering, revolutionaries and aliens with unpronounceable names, this outer-space game is a brain workout.



5. VAMPIRE—THE MASQUERADE REDEMPTION Journey through time as Romuald, a conflicted bloodsucker who tries to come to grips with his unlife.



GAME SYSTEMS: THE NEXT GENERATION

PLAYSTATION 2

THE HYPE

This DVD platform promises to outperform the Dreamcast on all fronts. It's also backward compatible, so you won't have to trash all your favorite PSX games.

THE REALITY

It won't arrive until next fall. Still, Playstation 2 is a powerhouse with the ability to spin DVD movies and audio CDs. Sony has the edge. Price: \$300 to \$500.

SEGA DREAMCAST

It's faster, better and stronger than any machine currently available, and it hit the shelves with 18 games (more than any new system ever).

It may be the early bird, but it's the least powerful of the three systems. And in Sega's screw tradition, it doesn't play Saturn games. Price: \$200.

NINTENDO DOLPHIN

Nintendo has divulged little, except that its future DVD- and Power PC-based game system will have plenty of muscle—and it won't play N64 games.

So far, Dolphin is all talk. But with IBM and Panasonic involved, it could prove to be a killer machine—which won't debut until late 2000. Price: TBA.



"Oh, by the way—Merry Christmas!"

Gina Gershon

(continued from page 183)

would be a really fun party. Unfortunately, I never got around to doing it. It reminds me of a Magritte painting, but it would be live-action. You could even make a video of people doing it. It's probably a lot more interesting to imagine, though.

12

PLAYBOY: Do you like to cook or just eat?

GERSHON: Both. I like to eat so much I'm actually a pretty good cook. But I cook mainly breakfast. At night I never get around to it, though I'd like to. I make excellent eggs in the morning.

13

PLAYBOY: Sexually speaking, can too many cooks spoil the sauce?

GERSHON: That depends what kind of sauce it is.

14

PLAYBOY: Describe how sexy food is.

GERSHON: It's oral. It's tasty. There are different textures to it. It's satisfying. I don't trust people who don't eat. And I

would bet that if you don't love food or enjoy eating, you probably don't enjoy sex that much. I think there's a correlation, because it's just so sensual and primal. Eating, sleeping, fucking—those are primary needs. If you don't enjoy eating, there's a primal instinct that is being repressed, and I think it affects everything.

15

PLAYBOY: Is food sexier when you make it or order it?

GERSHON: Probably when you make it. It's good to get your hands dirty. Anything dirty is kind of sexy. I like the idea of starting off clean and then getting really dirty. There's something primal about that too, because there's an uninhibitedness that goes with it. It's like when you're a kid and you play football—you don't care how muddy you get because you're so involved in the moment. You just enjoy what you're doing. I think it's the same with sex and with cooking food.

16

PLAYBOY: You've described yourself as a roller coaster. Tell us about the ride. Do

your boyfriends find it exhilarating or do they hurl?

GERSHON: Oh God, a nauseating ride. Just kidding. My favorite part of a roller-coaster ride is when you're going up and you're slightly scared and really excited. You don't know what's coming next but you know it's going to be good. My boyfriends find it terrifying and exhilarating. If they can't hang on, they get off the ride. You can't handle it, go on the carousel.

17

PLAYBOY: Those snarling lips. Natural or acquired?

GERSHON: They must be natural, because I'm not aware of when I do it. Sometimes I'll watch a film and I'm like, Oh my God, I had no idea I was doing that crooked thing. I was obsessed with Elvis Presley when I was little. Maybe it's unconscious Elvis, wishing to be Elvis. I have no idea. Maybe it comes from watching my dog. Even when he growls he looks so cool.

18

PLAYBOY: Your family consists mainly of musicians. Which instrument best describes you? Do you finger it or blow into it?

GERSHON: Probably both. I like blowing instruments and fingering them. Actually, I love playing the Jew's harp, which you do both to. There are a lot of musicians in my family—composers, musicians, managers.

19

PLAYBOY: Your character in *Bound* was appealing for many reasons. Do you actually know how to fix plumbing?

GERSHON: Not at all. My mother told me she thought I was a very good actress because she believed the plumbing part. I'm clueless about plumbing. I can barely plug a light into a wall. I'm not proud of this, but I can pick locks now. I'm better at that stuff.

20

PLAYBOY: You have described yourself as chameleon-like. If we put you on your back and rub your stomach, will you fall asleep?

GERSHON: Depends on who's doing the rubbing. I think I said that in response to a specific question. Someone probably said to me, "You're very chameleon-like." It's one of those things that gets turned around and makes you sound like an asshole. I think I was probably talking about my eyes, because I blink like a lizard—I don't close my eyes all the way. The doctor once said, "That's very chameleon-like—very lizard-like." I blink like a lizard. Does that make me cold-blooded or just dry-eyed?



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Basketball

(continued from page 144)

NBA, yet still won 22 games and showcased the talents of Jason Terry, the national player of the year in many media circles. Now Terry and A.J. Bramlett have left for the NBA. Result: The Wildcats are better than they were last season. Sophomores Michael Wright, Richard Jefferson and Ruben Douglas are ready to step forward as bona fide stars, plus Olson will add 7'1" Wake Forest transfer Loren Woods. And there's more talent in the wings in such players as juco transfer Lamont Frazier and freshman Jason Gardner. Olson will win his 600th game this season.

(12) KENTUCKY

The Wildcats got two good pieces of news in the off-season. Tubby Smith, who was rumored to be on his way to another coaching job, is still in Lexington. And Jamaal Magloire, after initially declaring

early for the NBA draft, returned to college, a change-of-heart allowed by the NCAA because Magloire had not hired an agent. Still, Kentucky will have some obstacles to overcome—namely, the loss of team leader Wayne Turner and dead-eye shooter Scott Padgett—if the Wildcats are to be the stuff that top ten teams are made of. Talented freshmen Keith Bogans and Marvin Stone will get the opportunity to contribute early.

(13) SYRACUSE

The Orangemen met or surpassed the 20-win mark last season (21-12) for the 21st time in the 23-year tenure of head coach Jim Boeheim. With all five starters returning, Syracuse is almost certain to accomplish the feat again. Boeheim's best player is 6'9" center Etan Thomas, who will become the school's all-time leading shot blocker this year. Thomas will get strong support from guard Jason Hart, who holds the school record for steals (270), and Ryan Blackwell, who

will reach 1000 points before the end of the year.

(14) DEPAUL

Pat Kennedy knew exactly what to do to revive a moribund basketball program at DePaul when he took over two years ago: mine the basketball talent of the Chicago Public League high schools. Last year the Blue Demons started Bob-

Cole's All-Nickname Team

Harold "The Show" Arceneaux
Weber State

James "Scoenie" Penn
Ohio State

Raymond "Peanut" Arrington
Radford

Marvis "Bootsy" Thornton
St. John's

Brad "Big Continent" Millard
St. Mary's



by Simmons, Lance Williams and Quentin Richardson, all from Chicago's inner city. Playboy All-America Richardson resisted the inclination to turn pro after being named Conference USA Player of the Year in his first season. This year Kennedy has added more Chicago-area talent with seven-footer Steven Hunter and junior college transfer Paul McPherson. If Kennedy coaches as well as he recruits, DePaul will have its best team since the glory days of coaching legend Ray Meyer.

(15) UTAH

Rich Majerus must be the most desirable coach in the game today. It seems that every time a job opens anywhere, Majerus is mentioned as a candidate. The basketball world and the media that cover it love the guy, which only demonstrates that competence and honesty wrapped around a good heart can take a fat, bald guy from Milwaukee a long way. And Majerus takes his Utah Utes a long way with him. With only starter Andre Miller returning from the previous season's Final Four team, Utah swept the Mountain West regular season (14-0), won another conference tourney title and was set to make a serious run at the Final Four until they entered Wally's World (as in Szczerbiak) on a hot night. Although Miller graduated, Majerus returns four starters this season. Playboy All-America Hanno Möttölä will be the Utes go-to guy. Gary Colbert or juco transfer Trent Whiting could take Miller's point guard spot.

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(16) ILLINOIS

Last season had a *Titanic* feeling to it for the Illini, who were barely better than .500 in the preconference schedule and finished a miserable 3-13 in the brutal Big Ten regular season. Then came conference tournament time and the big turnaround. Illinois consecutively shocked Minnesota, Indiana and Ohio State, all ranked teams, before finally falling to Michigan State in the tourney title match. Said coach Lon Kruger, "Some teams take a little longer to jell than others." With all starters returning—including silky-smooth guard Cory Bradford (15.4 ppg)—plus McDonald's high school All-Americans Frank Williams and Marcus Griffin, Illinois should be ready to roll from game one this season. The Illini could turn last year's conference record upside down.

(17) UCLA

Fourth-year coach Steve Lavin has already proved he can recruit. Now Lavin has to prove he can coach. That task was made tougher with the decision of point guard Baron Davis to take an early leave for the NBA. Ryan Bailey and Earl Watson will try to fill Davis' role as floor general. Center Dan Gadjuric and forward JaRon Rush are potential superstars. Jason Kapono is one of the top freshmen in the nation. But this is still a young team, with only one senior among its top

Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete

The Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award recognizes achievement both in the classroom and on the basketball court. Nominated by their colleges, the candidates are judged on their scholastic and athletic accomplishments by the editors of **PLAYBOY**. A donation of \$5000 has been made by **PLAYBOY** to the general scholarship fund of the winner's school.

This year's Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award in basketball goes to T.J. Lux from Northern Illinois University. A 6'9" fifth-year senior, Lux was the nation's number one returning rebounder going into the 1998-1999 season, but he suffered an injury that resulted in a medical hardship waiver. Over the course of his career, T.J. has averaged 16.4 points and 9.8 rebounds per game and has recorded 45 double-doubles. He's already earned a degree in mathematics education with a 3.41 overall GPA and is currently enrolled in graduate school.

Honorable mentions: Robert S. Krimmel Jr. (St. Francis-Pa.), Valter Karavanic (Bucknell), A.D. Smith (Oregon), Mike Ensminger (Miami U.), Matthew Williams (Montana), Paul Shirley (Iowa State), Corey Osinski (Siena), Mario Layne (Texas Tech), Kevin Cuttica (Cornell), Josh Reid (Kansas State), Devin Pack (Alcorn State), Hanno Möttölä (Utah), Mike Babul (Massachusetts), Mike Pegues (Delaware), Lavor Postell (St. John's), Alejandro Olivares (Fordham), Etan Thomas (Syracuse), Jeremy Hays (Alabama), H. Earl Flowers (Southern Mississippi).

nine players. Lavin definitely has the pieces. Can he solve the puzzle?

(18) TEXAS

It's transformation time down in Austin. Mack Brown has turned around the football program. Now coach Rick Barnes will do the same with the Longhorn hoops team. In his second season since coming over from Clemson, Barnes has added six new faces to give substantial depth to the Texas squad. In the meantime, Playboy All-America Chris Mihm will assert himself as the best big man in the nation. Forward Nnadi Gabe Muoneke will provide additional power underneath the basket and plenty of challenges for play-by-play announcers.

(19) ST. JOHN'S

The Red Storm would have been a true powerhouse this season if super soph Ron Artest hadn't taken an early exit for the NBA. But second-year coach Mike Jarvis, a winner when he was at George Washington and a 28-game winner in his debut season at St. John's, thinks a strong backcourt and solid athleticism up front will keep the Storm blowing strong again this season. Erick Barkley and Bootsy Thornton will be one of the best guard tandems in the Big East—or anywhere—while frontcourt power could come from junior Reggie Jessie and newcomer Anthony Glover. Without Artest, another Elite Eight appearance is unlikely, but Jarvis will have his team in the thick of the race for the Big East title.



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(20) TENNESSEE

Jerry Green has posted 41 wins, the most for any Tennessee coach after two seasons. But he is far from satisfied. "We have sold lots of tickets and gotten some national attention, but we still have lots of work to do." That work has been made easier with the return of junior guard Tony Harris, who led the Southeast Conference last season in three-point shooting with a .470 average. Isiah Victor, who started only eight games last season, will be a double-digit scorer this year. Green is excited about freshman Ron Slay, who led Virginia's Oak Hill Academy to *USA Today's* number one national ranking last year. The Vols would love to repeat last season's sweep of Kentucky, which enabled them to win the SEC's Eastern Division for the first time since divisional play began, in 1992.

(21) GONZAGA

Last season, the Bulldogs were everything that's good about college basketball—high energy underdog scrappers from a little school whose only basketball claim to fame is that John Stockton once matriculated there. Led by Playboy All-America guard Matt Santangelo (a player who maximizes his talent better than any other in the nation), Gonzaga battled from an opening season loss at

Kansas to a 28-7 record that included a West Coast conference title and three memorable NCAA tournament victories before finally falling to Connecticut in the West Regional Final. Gonzaga returns Santangelo and two other starters from last year's team, but coach Dan Monson took the Minnesota job that opened up when Clem Haskins resigned. Gonzaga wasted no time in naming Mark Few, formerly an assistant, to be its new top Bulldog. Six-eleven Axel Dench and 6'8" Zach Gourde, who redshirted last year, need strong seasons in the paint if the Bulldogs are to re-create last year's magic.

(22) INDIANA

When Luke Recker announced that he was transferring from Indiana to Arizona, you might have thought it would be the arrow that finally hit the heart of controversial coach Bob Knight—that is, if you were one of the faithful who still believed that Knight has a heart. Recker had seemed to be the quintessential Hoosier—a great shooter, good fundamentals, team player, Indiana born and bred. This defection could have ended the 28-year reign of the enigmatic Knight. But, love him or hate him, Knight life will apparently continue undisturbed in Bloomington. Playboy All-America A.J. Guyton will play his senior

season for Indiana, and Knight has found a budding star in 6'10" forward Kirk Haston.

(23) OKLAHOMA STATE

The Cowboys have enough returning talent to exceed the 23-win total of last season that took them to the Big 12 tournament title game (they lost to Kansas) and as far as the second round of the Big Dance (they fell to Auburn). Veteran coach Eddie Sutton (632-252 career) thinks 6'6" senior forward Desmond Mason is ready for a break-out season. Doug Gottlieb, who totaled 299 assists last season, will quarterback the Cowboys from his point guard spot. Junior college transfer Roy Candley (7'2", 380) will command attention inside if he's in shape. Joe Adkins and Glendon Alexander will try to fill the perimeter role of graduated Adrian Peterson, OSU's leading scorer the past three seasons. In a stronger Big 12, the Cowboys have to be better than last year if they hope to succeed.

(24) ARKANSAS

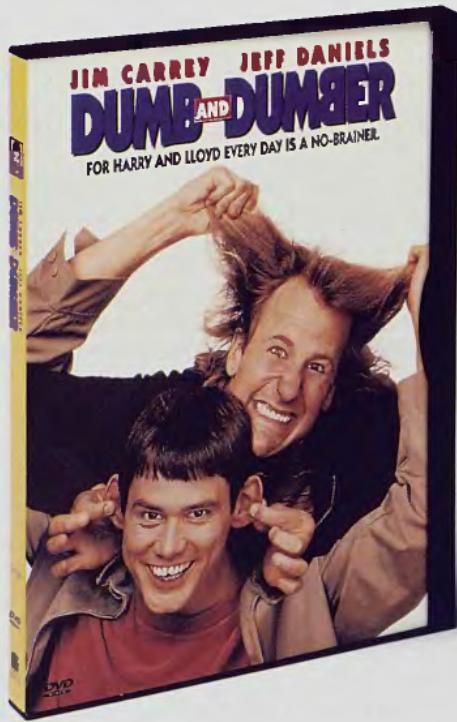
With the departure of the Razorbacks' three leading scorers from last season (Kareem Reid, Pat Bradley and Derek Hood), this year would appear to be a rebuilding one for perennial winning coach Nolan Richardson. "This is definitely one of the youngest teams I've ever coached," says Richardson. And yet he thinks his squad has the potential to contend for the SEC West division title and more. He's putting a lot of stock in his only senior, Chris Walker, who scored a career-high 22 points in the Hogs' NCAA tournament loss to Iowa. Richardson is also confident that Sergio Gipson, Brandon Dean and T.J. Cleveland are ready to handle big-time competition. As green as the Hogs are, Richardson will have them running hard and playing stubborn defense.

(25) OKLAHOMA

The Sooners have lost four starters from last year's team, which won 22 games and battled toe-to-toe with Michigan State in the Midwest regional semi-final of the NCAA tournament before losing by eight points. Fortunately for coach Kelvin Sampson, his one returning starter is Playboy All-America Eduardo Najera, generally regarded by his opponents as the nicest guy off the court, but the baddest of the bad when you have to play him. (This is the fellow who split his chin in a collision with Mateen Cleaves and returned moments later with bandage and stitches.) Najera will have help from guard Tim Heskett, who set a school single-season record for three-point shooting (.473). Sampson thinks J.R. Raymond, who couldn't play



"... And I need some new golf clubs, underwear. I could use some sweaters. I take a large and I look good in green. . . . You're not writing this down."



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Y last year because of academic problems, will be a factor this season.

(26) MARYLAND

With superstar Steve Francis leading the way, coach Gary Williams had everything lined up for a shot at the national championship last season. But then the Terps got waylaid by hot-shooting Ron Artest and St. John's in the tournament's third round. Four starters are gone from that team (including Francis), but Maryland has enough talent left to again be a factor in the ACC and possibly the national picture. Points will flow from 6'8" junior forward Terence Morris, who would love to fill Francis' scoring shoes. Williams says of Morris: "Every once in a while you have a player who doesn't seem to have a ceiling to his game. Terence has a chance to be great, and I don't say that about many players." Freshmen Steve Blake, Tahj Holden and Drew Nicholas have a chance to be impact players in their first season, with Blake likely to start as point guard.

(27) NEW MEXICO

As the Kenny Rogers song goes, "You got to know when to fold 'em." Dave Bliss, Lobo coach for 11 years, hadn't been able to nudge New Mexico past the second round of the NCAA tournament in any of the past four seasons. Star Kenny Thomas had exhausted his eligibility, and wingman Lamont Long was thinking about the NBA. Bliss saw an opportunity at Baylor and took it. The Lobos

promptly hired a new coach from New York City, Fran Fraschilla, who had great success at Manhattan and a too-short run at St. John's. "When I got on a plane

good news as well as applause when Lamont Long decided that he would return to college for his senior season. Freshman guard Marlon Parmer will be

Rest of the Best

GUARDS: Michael Redd (Ohio State), Cory Bradford (Illinois), Eddie House (Arizona State), Gee Gervin (Houston), Ed Cota (North Carolina), Jason Hart (Syracuse), Doc Robinson (Auburn), Tony Harris (Tennessee), Bootsy Thornton and Erick Barkley (St. John's), Michael Jordan (Penn), Lamont Long (New Mexico), Johnny Hemsley (Miami), Kevin Braswell (Georgetown), Jami Bosley (Akron), Robert O'Kelley (Wake Forest), Monty Mack (Massachusetts), Chico Fletcher (Arkansas State), Ramel Lloyd (Long Beach State), Trenton Hassell (Austin Peay State).

FORWARDS: Chris Porter (Auburn), Troy Murphy (Notre Dame), Mark Madsen (Stanford), Morris Peterson (Michigan State), JaRon Rush (UCLA), Michael Wright (Arizona), Jason Collier (Georgia Tech), Lamont Barnes (Temple), Mike Miller (Florida), Marquise Gainous (Texas Christian), Terence Morris (Maryland), Pete Mickeal and Kenyon Martin (Cincinnati), Lubos Barton (Valparaiso), Marcus Fizer (Iowa State), Sean Lampley (California), Ron Hale (Florida State), Chris Williams (Virginia), Harold Arceneaux (Weber State), Marcus Goree (West Virginia), Malik Allen (Villanova), Kaspars Kambala (UNLV).

CENTERS: Mamadou N'diaye (Auburn), Etan Thomas (Syracuse), Brendan Haywood (North Carolina), Jamaal Magloire (Kentucky), Ruben Boumtje-Boumtje (Georgetown), Ugo Udezeue (Wyoming), Brad Millard (St. Mary's), Darren Fenn (Canisius).

at La Guardia, no one noticed," he reported. "When I got on a plane in Albuquerque to take my first recruiting trip, people applauded." Fraschilla received

an immediate hit. If Fraschilla can find someone to muscle up inside, the Lobos could be very good.

(28) PENNSYLVANIA

And you thought you'd never get the chance to see Michael Jordan play basketball again. Penn's Michael Jordan may not be the best basketball player on the planet, but he is the best in the Ivy League. The six-foot guard, who averaged 15.3 points per game, led the Quakers to 21 wins overall last season and 13 in conference, good enough to take home the Ivy League title. Coach Fran Dunphy expects highly touted freshmen Koko Archibong and 6'8" Ugonna Onyeke to make significant contributions. Someone will have to play the Quakers when tournament time rolls around. No one will look forward to it.

(29) VALPARAISO

The names Valparaiso and Homer Drew conjure up the best scenes from the movie *Hoosiers*. Little guys taking on and beating the big guys. Backboards nailed against the sides of barns. And coach Homer Drew's Crusaders play the kind of team basketball that Gene Hackman's character tried to inspire. These days, however, Drew relies on a cast of characters who didn't cut their basketball teeth in America's heartland: Ivan Vujic and Lubos Barton, both European-born talents. But Homer's basketball melting pot works. The Crusaders, who



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won 23 games last season and sewed up a fourth straight conference championship, should be even better this year. The motto of last year's team was "exceeding expectations." If the Crusaders exceed again this year, they will certainly be a factor when the madness rolls around in March.

(30) NORTH CAROLINA-CHARLOTTE

When you think of powerful teams in Conference USA, you think of Cincinnati and Louisville. But the team that beat them both on the way to the conference tourney crown last season was UNC-Charlotte. In fact, the 49ers have been in the conference championship game each of the past three years and are one of only nine teams that have advanced to the NCAA second round in each of the past three seasons. Coach Bobby Lutz thinks his team can be a winner again this season despite the loss of talented forwards Galen Young and Kelvin Price. The leader of this year's squad will be guard Diego Guevara, who will likely improve his 12.5 points-per-game average of last year. Lutz expects help from junior college transfer James Zimmerman and 6'8" freshman Rodney White.

(31) GEORGIA TECH

A severe knee injury forced budding superstar Dion Glover to miss all of last season, dooming the Yellow Jackets to a losing record (15-16) and a third consecutive year without an invitation to the Big Dance. But coach Bobby Cremins is smiling this year despite the fact that Glover is now in the NBA. Seven-foot forward Jason Collier, another transfer from Indiana, is back after averaging 17.2 points per game last year. Junior center Alvin Jones is already Tech's leading all-time shot blocker. And to make a good situation better, Cremins has added 6'5" guard Shaun Fein, a transfer from Stonehill College.

(32) TULSA

With muscular power forward Michael Ruffin and 6'10" Brandon Kurtz inside, the Golden Hurricane left 23 opponents bruised and defeated last season. Ruffin has graduated, and coach Bill Self will shift to a perimeter-oriented offense that will better use team quickness. Guard Greg Harrington, one of four returning starters and the WAC freshman of the year last season, will be an important ingredient in Self's new strategy.

(33) STANFORD

Based on the fact that Stanford returned all five starters from its 1997-1998 Final Four team, expectations were high that the Cardinal would make a serious bid for the national title last season. It didn't happen. Stanford quietly bowed out of the second round of the tournament after a good, but not dominant, season. Only forward Mark Madsen returns from that starting five. Coach Mike Montgomery expects some of last year's bench players to step up big in starting roles. He has particularly high hopes for brothers Jarron and Jason Collins and Michael McDonald. Look for freshman Casey Jacobsen, a McDonald's All-American, to be an immediate hit.

(34) WEBER STATE

One of the beautiful things about the NCAA tournament is that there is almost always an upset (or near upset) of a major power by a school that most people have never heard of. Last year it was Weber State's first-round defeat of North Carolina. Just exactly where is Weber State anyway? Ogden, Utah. And who was the Weber State player in the zone for that game and a good part of the subsequent close call loss to Florida? Harold Arceneaux. What most people didn't realize was that Harold (his nickname is appropriately The Show) has been in the zone many times. Those games just didn't happen to be on national TV. The Show returns for his senior season along with guard Eddie Gill and a 6'10" player from Italy, Ivan Gatto.

(35) DETROIT MERCY

"It all starts with defense," says Detroit Mercy coach Perry Watson. Last year the Titans finished second nationally in field goal percentage defense and third in scoring defense, a strength that netted them a second consecutive MCC championship and a second straight upset of a higher ranked opponent in the NCAA tournament first round (St. John's in 1998, UCLA in 1999). Watson thinks his Titans will get the job done again this year despite the graduation of Jermaine Jackson, last season's MCC player of the year. Guard Rashad Phillips is the top returning scorer in the MCC (15.7 ppg) and 6'7" Desmond Ferguson is the best three-point shooter in the conference. Forward Terrell Riggs, who sat out last year for academic reasons, will be an immediate contributor.

(36) TEXAS CHRISTIAN

The loquacious Billy Tubbs predicts his Horned Frogs "will struggle early, but we'll end up with a team that will be a handful for anyone by February." Biggest problem for the sixth-year coach will be finding someone to score and

Top Five Freshmen

STEVE BLAKE 6'3" MARYLAND
JOSEPH FORTE 6'4" NORTH CAROLINA
NICK COLLISON 6'9" KANSAS
DONNELL HARVEY 6'8" FLORIDA
CASEY JACOBSEN 6'6" STANFORD

Top Five Juniors Entering Division I

TERRY BLACK 6'7" BAYLOR
MARCUS GRIFFIN 6'9" ILLINOIS
ANTONIO JACKSON 6'5" MISSISSIPPI STATE
PAUL MCPHERSON 6'4" DEPAUL
LAMONT ROLAND 6'4" LSU

Top Five Transfers

LUKE AXTELL 6'9" TEXAS TO KANSAS
MIKE CHAPPELL 6'8" DUKE TO MICHIGAN STATE
CHRIS OWENS 6'8" TULANE TO TEXAS
KARIM SHABAZZ 7'2" FLORIDA STATE TO PROVIDENCE
LOREN WOODS 7'1" WAKE FOREST TO ARIZONA

Top Five Foreign-Born Players in Division I

JAMAAL MAGLOIRE (Canada) 6'10" KENTUCKY
EDUARDO NAJERA (Mexico) 6'8" OKLAHOMA
HANNO MÖTTÖLÄ (Finland) 6'10" UTAH
MAMADOU N'DIAYE (Senegal) 7' AUBURN
RUBEN BOUMTJE-BOUMTJE (Cameroon) 7' GEORGETOWN

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Connecticut

Souleymane Wane
Connecticut

nab rebounds as adeptly as graduated forward Lee Nailon. Six-nine Marquise Gainous will pick up some of the slack while Myron Anthony (a transfer from Kentucky) and 6'10" juco transfer Derrick Davenport get acclimated. TCU was second in scoring in Division I last season with an 86.8 points-per-game average. Tubbs thinks a better defensive effort would push that average even higher.

(37) NORTH CAROLINA STATE

With Duke busy kicking everyone's butt in the ACC last season, North Carolina State's respectable 19-14 season went unnoticed. With all five starters returning and a couple of seasoned contributors ready to come off the bench, coach Herb Sendek's squad may be the ACC dark horse. Sendek also recruited Damien Wilkins (rated by talent expert Bob Gibbons as the number one high school senior in the nation last year) and Wisconsin high school player of the year Marshall Williams.

(38) BRADLEY

Jim Molinari has gained a reputation as a great defensive coach during his eight years at Bradley. In seven of those seasons the Braves have finished among the top 24 teams in the nation in scoring defense. This year the Braves should be able to put up some offensive numbers to compare with their defensive stats. All five starters return from last season's 17-win squad, including guard Rob Dye, who averaged over 17 points per game last year. The Braves will get a boost from Jermaine Brown, brother of NBA veteran Randy, and 6'11" Jeff Rabey, who was the national rebounding leader (12.2 rpg) on the junior college Division II level last season.

(39) NEW MEXICO STATE

Turns out that Thomas Wolfe was wrong. You can go home again. Lou Henson did exactly that after stepping down as longtime coach at Illinois a couple of years ago. Everyone assumed Lou would work on his golf game, his garden, his hair. But instead he reclaimed the New Mexico State head coaching job, a position he had held before joining the Illini. And Lou quickly proved that he can still coach, leading the Aggies to a 23-10 record, a Big West tournament title and a first-round appearance against Kentucky in the NCAA tournament. Henson has four starters plus three solid bench players returning. And he's recruited very well in-state, persuading New Mexico high school scoring phenom Kelsey Crooks to come to Las Cruces.

(40) MISSOURI

There's been a change of the guard at Missouri. Norm Stewart, hired 32 years ago at the age of 32, was pushed out. Pulled in was 32-year-old former Duke assistant Quin Snyder. Stewart's last team finished a respectable 20-9, including 11 wins in the Big 12. He left behind some good players for Snyder to begin with, the best being backcourt combo Keyon Dooling and Brian Graver. Snyder quickly latched onto Missouri high school player of the year Kareem Rush and juco transfer Tajudeen Soyoye. Snyder brings a renewed sense of urgency to the Tigers program, a closet full of slick suits, but little head coaching experience. "As of now," quipped Snyder at his introductory press conference, "I have about ten minutes' worth."



"I think I've got a Y2K problem!"

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 32, 41, 49-50, 107-111, 184-186 and 251, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

WIRED

Page 32: "Girl Gear": **CD** player by *Pioneer Electronics*, 800-746-6337. Portable **DVD** player by *Panasonic*, 800-211-7262. Handheld video game by *Tiger Electronics*, 847-913-8100. **Cameras**: By *Polaroid*, 800-343-5000. By *Logitech*, 800-231-7717. "Tech Trick": **Radio service** by *Conneaus*, 610-578-0800. "Wild Things": **Dual-deck VCRs** from *Sensory Science*, 480-922-0896.

FITNESS

Page 41: "Get Fit Gear": "Good to Jump": **Rope and hand weights** by *Ironwear* and *Reebok*, 877-273-3265. "Get a Lift": **Resistance system** by *Bodylastics*, 800-500-1979. **Weight bars** by *Premise Products*, 877-333-7867. "It's the Shoes" and "Perfect Timing": **Athletic shoes** and **watch** by *Nike*, 800-344-6453. **Heart rate monitors**: By *Freestyle*, 800-776-6449. By *Polar*, 800-227-1314.

MANTRACK

Page 49: "Eye Is on the Sparrow": By *Corbin Motors*, 831-634-1100. Page 50: "Back in Action": **Office chair** by *Steelcase*, 800-333-9939. "Guys Are Talking About": **Portable bike** by *Strida*, 800-787-4322. **Female football**, 612-833-2029. **Cider**, 707-829-1101. **Pillows**: From the *Company Store*, 800-285-3696. By *Medisana*, 800-928-9366. **Wine brats**, 707-545-4699. *The Wine Brats' Guide to Living*, available at your local bookstore.

CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

Pages 107-111: **Fishing goods** by *Mulholland Brothers*, 877-685-4655. **CD turntable** by *Oracle*, 819-573-5488. **Bike** from *Deutsche Optik*, 800-225-9407. **Robotics kit** by *Lego*, 800-510-5773. **Digital TV** by *Loewe*, 877-563-9388. **Electric razor** by *Braun*, 800-272-8611. **Watch** by *Bulgari*, 800-285-4274. **Digital cam-**



era by *Fuji*, 800-755-3854. **Pen** by *Alfred Dunhill of London*, 212-753-9292. **Champagne table** from *Champagne Furniture Gallery*, 65 W. Illinois St., Chicago, 312-923-9800. **Champagne** by *Dom Pérignon*, 800-421-9705.

GAMES GALORE

Pages 184-186: "Introduction": **Software**: By *ID Software*, 800-434-2637. By *Capcom*, 408-774-0400. By *Psynopsis*, 310-399-7022. "Games to Go": **Handheld games**: By *Nintendo*, 800-255-3700. By *SNK*, 877-752-9765. By *Tiger Electronics*, 847-913-8100. **Software**: By *Capcom*, 408-774-0400. By *3D Realms*, 800-337-3256. By *Nintendo*, 800-255-3700. By *EA Sports*, 800-245-4525. "Burning Rubber": **Software**: By *Electronic Arts*, 800-245-4525. By *Sega*, 800-872-7342. By *Sierra/Havas Interactive*, 800-757-7707. By *Sony Computer Entertainment*, 800-345-7669. By *Psynopsis*, 310-399-7022. By *Midway Home Entertainment*, 888-335-5907. **Steering wheel controller** by *Interact*, 407-333-1392. "Playboy's Picks": **Software**: By *Acclaim*, 516-656-5000. By *Rockstar Games*, at software stores. By *Electronics Arts Sports*, 800-245-4525. By *Capcom*, 408-774-0400. By *Kemco*, 425-869-8000. By *Sega*, 800-872-7342. By *Midway Home Entertainment*, 888-335-5907. By *Psynopsis*, 310-399-7022. By *Bungie*, 312-255-9600. By *Microsoft*, 425-882-8080. By *Sierra/Havas Interactive*, 800-757-7707. By *Activision*, 310-255-2050. **Game systems**: By *Sega*, 800-872-7342. By *Sony*, 800-345-7669. By *Nintendo*, 800-255-3700.

ON THE SCENE

Page 251: "Mail-Order Gourmet": **Lobster clambake** from *Legal Seafoods*, 800-343-5804. **Chocolates** from *Harbor Sweets*, 800-243-2115. **Specialty meats** from *D'Artagnan*, 800-327-8246. **Bread** from *Pane e Salute*, 802-457-4882. **Boutique wines** from *California Wine Club*, 800-777-4443. **Caviar** from *Gourmet USA*, 888-889-1949. **Cheesecake** from *Jubilations*, 800-530-7808.

GULF WAR II

(continued from page 178)

forces. Operational changes have lowered morale and curtailed training, impairing effectiveness.

Simply put, the U.S. lacks the military resources to refight Desert Storm. In 1990 we dispatched more than 540,000 troops to the Persian Gulf to defeat Saddam. They were joined by an additional 258,000 troops supplied by other members of the coalition. Today, the U.S. would be lucky to amass 250,000, and even this number would require an extensive call-up of reserves—something politicians will be reluctant to do. Three to five years from now, this figure will have deteriorated. And far from being able to assemble an impressive coalition, the U.S. would be hard-pressed to line up half a dozen nations willing to commit troops to take on Saddam. In a second Gulf war, we will probably be called on to respond to a greater threat, with fewer troops and questionable allied support.

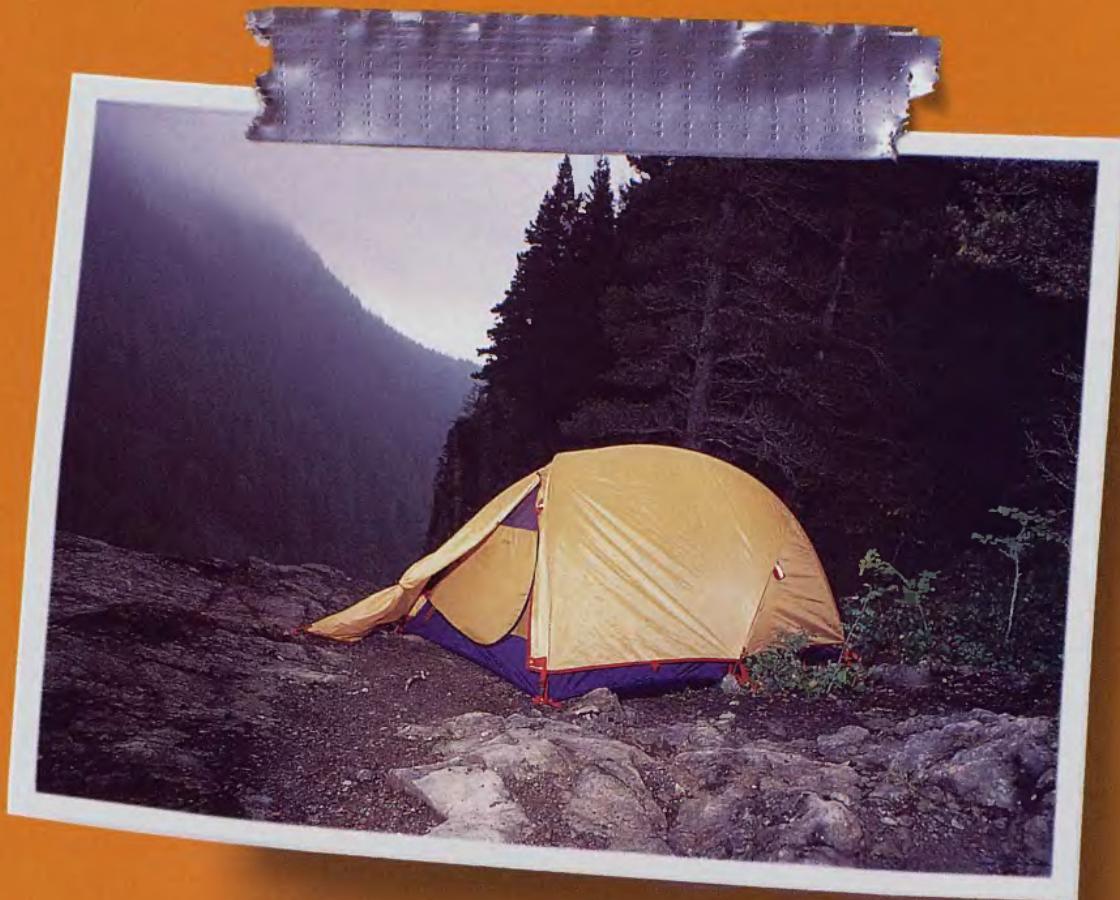
Even with our military cutbacks, there is no nation on the planet that can stand up to the U.S. in armed conflict. But this time around, the war will not be a video game. It is unlikely that Iraq would use weapons of mass destruction in such a war; the consequences of such an action are well known in Baghdad. But Americans will have to fight and die—probably by the hundreds, if not thousands—especially if U.S. ground troops penetrate deeply into Iraq in a final effort to get rid of Saddam Hussein. Any move into the Iraqi capital would necessitate a long-term, large-scale commitment of American forces in an occupation role, which obviously wouldn't sit well with the region's Arab nationalists and Islamic fundamentalists.

Once the smoke clears and the Iraqi military once again lies shattered, it will be hard to claim the results of such a conflict as a victory for the U.S. A second Gulf war will not be surgical. It will be drawn out, bloody and ultimately devastating for our national interests.

Such a conflict, inevitable if the U.S. continues on its current course with Iraq, can be avoided. We need a diplomatic solution based on fostering Iraqi economic recovery. But such a solution would require us to overhaul our Iraqi policy.

The posturing of the Clinton administration and the Republican-controlled Congress reminds me of my experience with the Islamic and Zionist groups: They differ in ideology, but are identical in their narrow-minded pursuit of irrational politics. Our elected officials and representatives have to rise above their petty politicking and reformulate our Iraqi policy—before it's too late.





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BEN AFFLECK

(continued from page 80)

tremendous. I loved the script and I loved all those actors, like Judi Dench, and it was intimidating. I thought, At least I'll get the chance to prove to people that I can do this. A lot of people could have done *Armageddon*, but this was a stretch. I was going to do a British accent. And to be in the company of some of those extraordinary actors and not be completely wiped off the screen was what I wanted. I am so glad I did it. People cautioned me about doing *Dogma*, and I'm glad I did that one, too.

PLAYBOY: What sort of parts are you offered now?

AFFLECK: There's no shortage of parts for a leading man between 25 and 35; probably 80 percent of the movies are written with that guy as the protagonist. So I get comedies and action-adventure movies, superhero movies, weird independent movies, bad independent movies, good

independent movies. I even get scripts where the lead is a black woman, but, "We can change it and rewrite it if you're interested."

PLAYBOY: With your career going so well, do you appreciate what's happening to you?

AFFLECK: I don't think I have appreciated enough the good fortune I've enjoyed. I get the opportunity to do incredible things and sometimes I just feel numb. I'll be with my friends, and they're pointing to a woman and saying, "She's really beautiful and she's looking at you and she wants to come over here." And there are times I just don't have the interest or the energy to pursue all those things, be it women or the opportunity to travel somewhere or meet someone. Sometimes I just want to stay at home. Then I think, This is going to go away and I'm just going to be sitting on my porch and I might wish I'd enjoyed it more. But you can't make yourself do that. I don't know why.

When I was 16 I got my own money and bought a four-door 1977 Toyota Corona station wagon. It leaked, it was a shitbox. This was in Boston, so when winter would collect on the floorboards it would freeze, so there was ice in the car. It just sucked. But I had a car and I got around. I was always so envious of the guys with the Lexus and Mercedes and the big SUV. They're always middle-aged guys. I said, "This is wasted on this guy, this is unfair, he doesn't appreciate this car and I would really, really appreciate it." So in a weird way I feel like I'm that guy. I feel like fame is almost wasted on me. I already don't want to have sex five times a day. It's kind of depressing.

PLAYBOY: Are you writing another screenplay with Matt?

AFFLECK: Well, the trick now is that we're writing two movies at once. So whichever one turns out better will be the one we turn in first. We also happen to have been paid by two separate movie studios to write something. Not much money, by modern screenplay standards. But we've cashed the checks anyway, so we owe scripts. We've put off doing them because both of us, I think, wanted some time between *Good Will* and our next movie. We were sick of hearing about ourselves. And I assume everyone else was sick of hearing about us.

PLAYBOY: Are there strains in your friendship with Matt?

AFFLECK: Matt and I have strains in our relationship the way I have strains with the rest of the friends I've known my whole life. I mean, Matt's a fucking slob and he won't clean and he can be annoying. He comes over and he leaves his shit around and I say, "I'm not your fucking maid, pick up your dishes." It's the same way my friend Aaron will leave the newspaper all over the bathroom floor of my house, no matter how many times I say, "Don't do that." But actually, with Matt, it's probably helped to have somebody who is going through the same experiences. We were always around each other. We're probably better friends now. We're able to bounce stuff off each other. I think we value our friendship more and understand how rare it is to have a good friend. There's a small group of guys I've known since I was a kid. I value all those guys more. Obviously Matt in particular, because we have a common experience. We can say, "You know how weird this is?"

PLAYBOY: How competitive are you with Matt?

AFFLECK: It's always been an issue, ever since we were teenagers. Always, every single movie. So that's something we came to terms with a long time ago. Same with my brother, who's an actor and is working a lot now. I think the way that we've dealt with it successfully is to be really straight up about it. We're both auditioning, we both want to get the



"Stick with him and you'll be spreading more than Christmas cheer tonight . . .!"

Shel Silverstein

(continued from page 116)

and Andre François and Robert Osborn and Sam Cobean and William Steig. At one time or another, I tried to look like all of them, but Shel was Shel from the start. How come? I never asked. I'm sorry I didn't.

He seemed to always know where he was going, and he went all sorts of places, always in search of the same thing—and it wasn't culture. PLAYBOY sent him around the world, on sexual missions to exotic places. Not only did he get paid for this, but he got famous.

It was just one of the things he became famous for. Shel, whose drawings looked as effortless as doodles, managed a career that made him a legend but was also a doodle. He got up each morning and seemed to do exactly what he felt like doing, living out a kid's paradise: Was he in the mood to cartoon? There was always PLAYBOY ("Now here's my plan"). Was he of a mind to write songs? There was always country music (*A Boy Named Sue*). Was he into verse that day or into a children's story? No problem

(*Where the Sidewalk Ends, The Giving Tree*).

He doodled out classics in the many forms that interested him. And when he couldn't figure out what to do next, Shel wrote one-act plays and screenplays (one with David Mamet). He made wordplay pay. And philosophical.

*Inside you, boy,
There's an old man sleepin'
Dreamin', waitin' for his chance.
Inside you, girl,
There's an old lady dozin',
Wantin' to show you a slower dance.*

*So keep on playin',
Keep on runnin',
Keep on jumpin', till the day
That those old folks
Down inside you
Wake up . . . and come out to play.*

—“The Folks Inside”

Shel is that old man sleepin' who came out to play. Go ask any kid in any class in any school: He's playing still.



LITTLE CHRISTMAS

(continued from page 84)

I also told you you would despise him if he did. But look at it like this—you were totally freaked when he walked—a fucking basket case. I don't know how you can be so cool in the ER and such a hysterical in real life. You should take a lesson from Benjamin Franklin and eradicate jealousy from your list of emotions. If you can do that, great deeds await you, babe. As for this resident you're dickin—it's simple infatuation and it will pass. The only way for two people to live happily ever after is for them to get killed in a car crash on their third date. I mean, name the happy couples you know—you can probably count them on one hand. Falling in love is extremely hazardous. Just don't expect anything from people and enjoy them while it lasts. As for Bob—fuck Bob. He's a loser. Divorce him.

Hey, last night I fucked a blonde lawyer. Harvard grad. Patrician. Not bad for a greaseball, huh?

Yrs,
Da Fonz

TO: CC14

RE: Nice Reviews, Tiger

DATE SENT: February 22, 1999

Yeah: *Time*, *Newsweek*, *People*, *USA Today*, *Boston Globe*—all raves. Nielsens are good. Another Emmy? Well, don't be surprised, I won't be. Anyhow, thank you, my dear. One irksome development: Did you see the *LA Times* review? The script got trashed. Reviewers? Some asshole who wants to be a scriptwriter and can't hack it, pissed off at the whole world. Well, fuck him! I just might go look up the cocksucker and inject a little terror in his life. Or hire some thugs to do it for me.

Yrs,
Wild Bill

TO: CC14

RE: Now What Do I Do?

DATE SENT: February 28, 1999

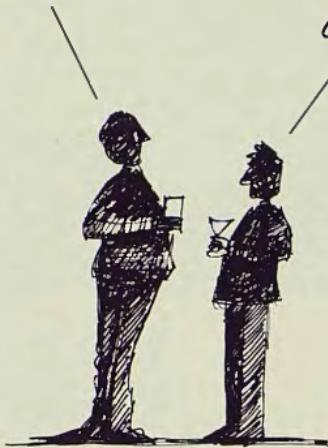
Jesus, not another one! Well don't let the resident know. You have to keep your victims isolated. Remember: *You* are the center of the universe and they are mere satellites. Isolate him. Magnetic Seth and the fresh resident must never meet. And yes, it is a wicked web, but you're an energetic little spider. Go out there and repair that web on a daily basis. Keep the victims isolated and keep that net in good repair. Fun, isn't it? I'm proud of you. Just watch out for space debris—comets, meteor dust and the rusting hulks of Citroën Deux Chevaux.

So we're shooting in Miami this week and it is hotter than a motherfucker. The Diet Pepsis in my bar cabinet are like only ten ounces at four bucks a crack! I can drink five at once. I dunno, I feel guilty drinking \$50 worth of soda before



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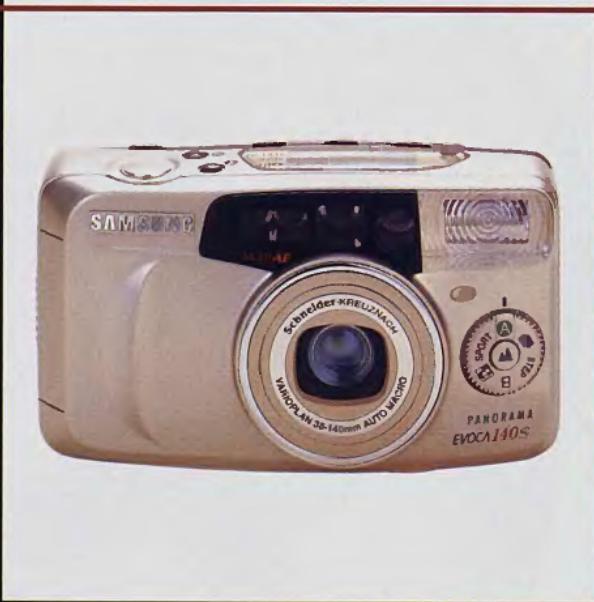
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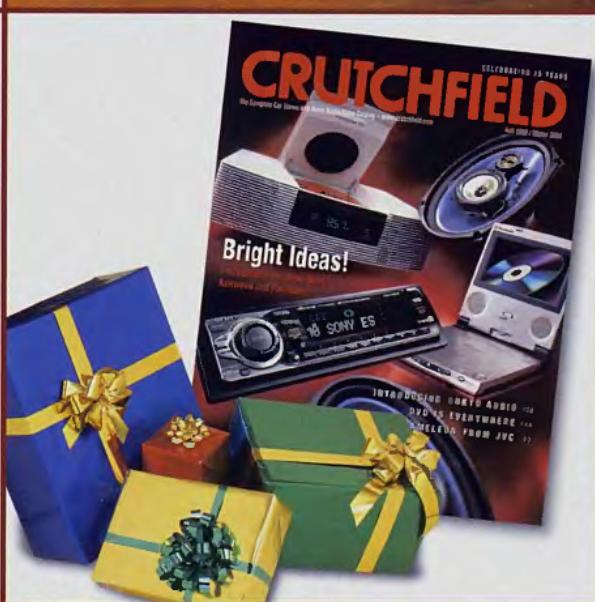
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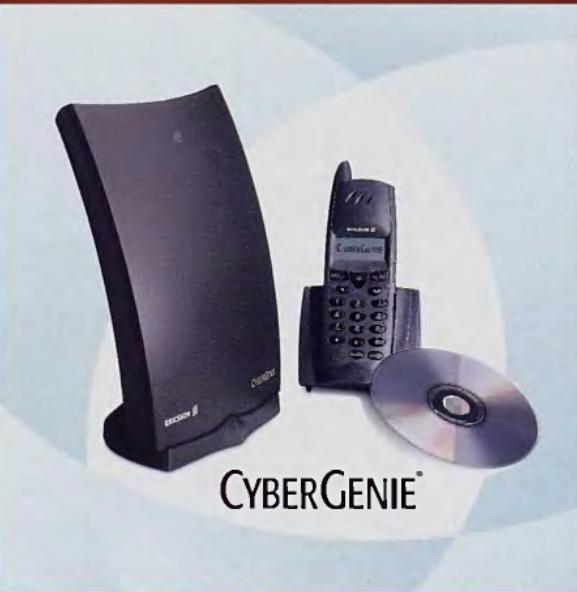
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lunch. Apart from screwing starlets, what I like best about location shooting is the sound of that room service cart jingling down the hall, you know? The clatter of bone china and the aroma of fresh coffee. Here comes one now. Gotta go.

Xxss
Richard # III

TO: CC14
RE: Bob Thinks I'm Fucking Lisa!
DATE SENT: March 4, 1999

LOL—babe, it's better that he thinks you're a dyke, believe me. A whole lot easier on his ego. Personally, I think he just went to the lawyer to blow off steam. He is hurt and he wants to strike back. It's the oldest story in the world. No matter what, he's not going to divorce you. And so what if he does? I don't know why you are so hot for that old house anyhow; it's nothing but work, and you're never there. Get yourself a little fuckpad and pay back your medical school loans. Power to the people, babe. I gotta go.

Eldridge

TO: CC14
RE: I *Am* Fucking Lisa!
DATE SENT: March 5, 1999

You, a dyke? No way. Jesus, give me a break! Look, I know you're stressed out. These things happen. It doesn't mean you're some hard-core lesbian. Trust me, I know you better than you know yourself. But just the same: My God! Is Lisa a good fuck?

Your partner in crime,
Ace.

P.S. What are the kids at the Foxhead saying about the show?

TO: CC14
RE: Three-Way Sex: Are You Up to It, Sport?

DATE SENT: March 6, 1999
Whoa! Are you *shitting* me? Yeah! I'm up for it. Boing! Way up! LOL. Señor Caligula is up for most anything. A three-way sounds absolutely great! Tell me though, what are Lisa's tits like? She hasn't got tobacco-brown nipples, has she? That just makes it impossible for me. It ruins everything. She's very fair-skinned, so I doubt this will be a problem. But please advise me at the first possible opportunity.

Ready and Rarin',
Yrs,
Stickman

TO: CC14
RE: C cups, Pink Nipples
DATE SENT: March 7, 1999

God! C cups! Pink and well formed! I thought so! I thought so! Goddamn. Man! I'm in heaven! Crack out the Viagra. Heh heh. And well formed, too! Boy! Shit. Usually at 30, they start to sag. Well, maybe she had a tit job. Didn't she run with a cosmetic surgeon for a time? Jeez, this sounds too good to be true. I can't wait. Just tell me this: If you two are such dedicated lesbians, why do you want to fuck me? You said she gives you

multiple orgasms. I didn't give you multiple orgasms. What's the deal, comrade?

V.I. Lenin

TO: CC14

RE: Divorce Papers

DATE SENT: March 8, 1999

Babe, you're better off without the sorry-ass motherfucker; good riddance! Bob was nothing but "poor me." Dump him. Put the house on the market and get on with it.

Your loving crisis counselor,
Maynard G. Krebbs

TO: CC14

RE: Ovulation

DATE SENT: March 9, 1999

I knew there had to be a catch. And I can't believe Lisa, either. How did this plan get hatched? You suddenly want me to knock you both up so you can be single parents? Is Lisa stealing drugs from the meds cabinet? Anesthesiologists will do that—and she hangs with your guy Seth. He's probably got a shitload of good stuff. Or have you both lost your minds? Flipped out completely? Goddamn! I think those long shifts in the ER are taking their toll on you. Burnout. Get a grip on yourself, woman.

Zamboni, King of the Kongo

TO: CC14

RE: Contracts

DATE SENT: March 11, 1999

Look, I'm going to be in town one night. Even if by some miracle of chance you're both ovulating, I'm not going to get you both pregnant. It's statistically unlikely. I mean, you're the doctors. Figure. And contract or no, I'm going to know that I've got kids—kids living with lesbian parents. This is the stupidest thing I've ever heard of. I quit screwing physicians a long time ago as most of them are out of touch, fucking psychotic. What if one of you gets pissed and decides to sue for child support? I've been out there too many years to fall for this bullshit. The answer is no!

Sincerely,
Ace

TO: CC14

RE: Oh Baby, Please Please Me

DATE SENT: March 13, 1999

OK, here are the rules: It has to be all natural. I'm not leaving sperm samples. And remember: Don't let my good looks fool you, writers are crazy. These kids are going to be getting some fucked-up genes. And you are no paragon of mental health either, dear heart. I'm not the one who has to live out the consequences; you are. Think about that. Christ, the whole idea of this reduces me to a piece of meat. It's demeaning. You're audacious, babe. You're coming up in the world. You're like . . . almost totally amoral. Congrats!

Rocky Balboa



"Hasn't anyone ever told you about wearing white after Labor Day?"

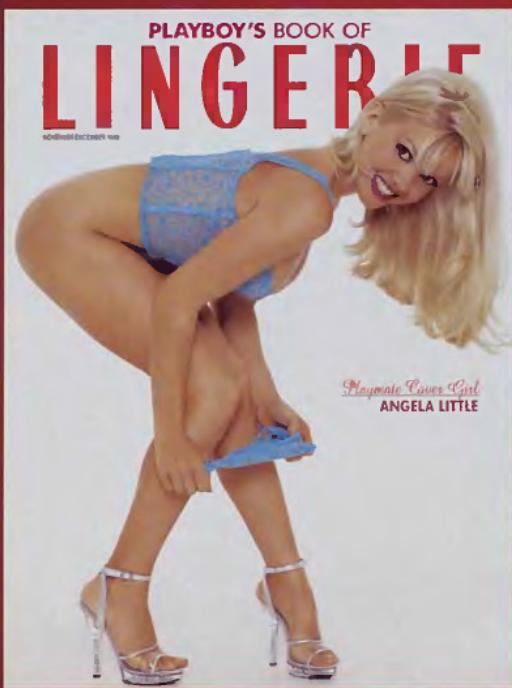
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TO: CC14

RE: Lisa

DATE SENT: March 14, 1999

No, I said I could have fallen for Lisa *at that time*. Things change. I'm not—look, in light of what's happened, I'm certainly not going to fall in love with her, OK? As to who gets fucked first, let's just play it by ear. I've got to run, I'm doing a radio interview. San Francisco has so many good places to eat, but try and find a parking spot. It can't be done. LOL.

Yrs,

Frederick J. Flintstone

TO: CC14

RE: The Big Day

DATE SENT: March 15, 1999

I'm at a computer room over at Stanford killing time before the flight. Four—well, actually three—chicks came on to me in Palo Alto. You know the one about the Polish chick who tried to get ahead by fucking the scriptwriter? LOL. Pure power. Anyhow, I declined some true delectables so I could get back to my room and be well rested for tomorrow night. It made me sick to do it. And then, instead of sleeping—the couple in the next room got into a fight and kept me up all night. Well, I'll do my very best to get the job done.

Love,

Iago

P.S. Give my regards to Lisa. ROFL

TO: CC14

RE: Hey There, Big Boy, You Fucked Our Brains Out

DATE SENT: March 17, 1999

No, dear heart, the both of you fucked *my* brains out. LOL. That was a fantastic experience. I think it's Darwinian or something when you screw with the intent to have kids. Very affirming. And her tits were even better than advertised. Christ! I came six times. What a glorious night! Thank God we're in Chicago for two days. I gotta catch up on my sleep. I'm all fucked out!

Your boy,

Slick

P.S. I'm sorry I had to leave the party so early. ROFL! Heh heh.

TO: CC14

RE: Beware the Ides

DATE SENT: March 22, 1999

Shit! Back home with a deadline. That tour took it all out of me. Woe is Aceman. I feel vile and I hate everybody in the entire world including myself. Thank God the season is over.

Yrs,

Big Daddy

TO: CC14

RE: Bingo!

DATE SENT: May 15, 1999

Both on the same day? Well, you were

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both fucked on the same night; it only makes sense, doesn't it? I mean, in a highly improbable way. Anyhow, congrats (I guess). If Lisa gives up her practice to take care of the kids—I mean *what*? Who is the catcher and who is the pitcher in this deal? I know shrinks don't make that much relative to surgeons but she has a bold personality. I figured she would be assertive in bed. I guess it's none of my business.

Yrs,

Chas. Manson

P.S. Screwing Bob just after I left town was a master stroke. Now you can nail him for child support. Baby, that's cold. Way to go. You are truly dedicated in service to the Master, Lucifer. You may even be due for a promotion soon. I'm sensing real hellish evil in you, dear heart. It's such an adorable quality. Cultivate it.

P.P.S. How can you be so sure he won't ask for a DNA test?

TO: CC14

RE: So Horny I Could Die

DATE SENT: May 22, 1999

You fucked another young buck! I didn't think you were a dedicated dyke. I never bought that. Just remember, web repair. Use your head. If you are now screwing a hot-piece-of-ass intern on the floor, be very careful. It's a small town and an even smaller hospital. Also, do not change your sex habits with Lisa. If she finds out, the whole shitting deal will go down the drain. A med student is not marriage material, babe. Also, tell me this: Do guys like dating pregnant women? The times they are a changin'. Indeed! Befuddled, I must bring myself up to speed.

Alistair Cooke

TO: CC14

RE: Ultrasound Confirms It: Girls

DATE SENT: August 5, 1999

Hey, if you guys are happy, I'm happy. I already told you, I don't plan on being an active father. I doubt that I will ever even meet the kids. Don't give me reports. I don't want that kind of involvement. I don't want guilt and I don't want attachment. Seriously,

Joseph Mengele

TO: CC14

RE: Caught!

DATE SENT: September 4, 1999

Flagrante delicto, huh? At least Lisa was cool about it. Remember how vindictive and pissy Bob was? That this guy is an intern from Salt Lake City is all to the good. Christ, he's not a fucking Mormon, is he? Anyhow, Lisa isn't going to be threatened by a teenybopper. But isolate your victims and maintain web repair. And always remember this: *You* are the center of the universe and *they* are the satellites. If you hold that thought, there is no conquest that is beyond you. Coolio, no?

Ace

TO: CC14

RE: Retaliation

DATE SENT: September 11, 1999

After the shock wave of betrayal wears off, then comes the anger, babe. Lisa wanted to get even, that's all. I wouldn't make too much of it. And listen: You weren't keeping the web under control, it's your own fault.

Hey! What's the deal anyhow—are guys suddenly into hitting on chicks that are six months pregnant? Maybe I just don't know the score anymore. Even an

experienced evildoer such as myself has blind spots and makes mistakes. She'll come crawling back. Don't you worry, baby.

P.S. I just finished a motherfucker of a rewrite job. It was a suck-ass from start to finish. The producer is always saying, "Breathe some life into this piece of shit." I'm not kidding; this is the most nonglamorous profession in the world. I want to get back on the novel.

Johnny Ringo

TO: CC14

RE: Encouragement

DATE SENT: October 19, 1999

Thanks babe. It was nice to hear from you. I don't know what the fuck is wrong with me anymore. I can't think of a single thing. My skull feels like it's got rancid malted milk balls rolling around inside it. I put my .357 in the attic in case I get the impulse to shoot myself. It takes so long to get into the attic, I'll think better of it before I get to the pistol. Suicide really isn't me in spite of the family history. Maybe that's because I'm just a big chickenshit. Maybe it is the ultimate act of nobility. Yes, given a moment to reflect—a breather from the onslaught of life's travail—and I'm a philosophical individual.

Used and confused,
Algonquin J. Calhoun

TO: CC14

RE: Lisa

DATE SENT: November 1, 1999

Remember, babe, I actually don't know Lisa all that well. You were the one that said she was a dyke. Maybe because she's pregnant, she has an urge to have a husband suddenly. Honestly, she wasn't that hot of a fuck. I mean, to me it seemed like I was fucking a straight-out man-hating lesbian. Three-ways seldom work. They involve too much tension and jealousy unless everyone is drugged and drunk out of their minds. Or complete degenerates. Anyhow, Lisa wasn't into me all that much and—whatever else you say about me—I'm an experienced lover. Man, then she stands on her head after I came in her. That was kind of strange, no? She must really want a kid to let my greasy lips press against her own. She wouldn't French. But standing on her head? I thought I had seen it all until that one. Don't get jealous again. (Read a Ben Franklin book and eradicate that emotion from your personality.) Personally, my guess is that this is a temporary thing with her. Most men don't want to marry a woman carrying some other guy's kid, you know? This guy will get sick of her, I'm sure of it. Anyhow, keep me informed. If I didn't have such high self-esteem and such supreme confidence, she would have made me feel like a reptile. So, fuck her.

Satan



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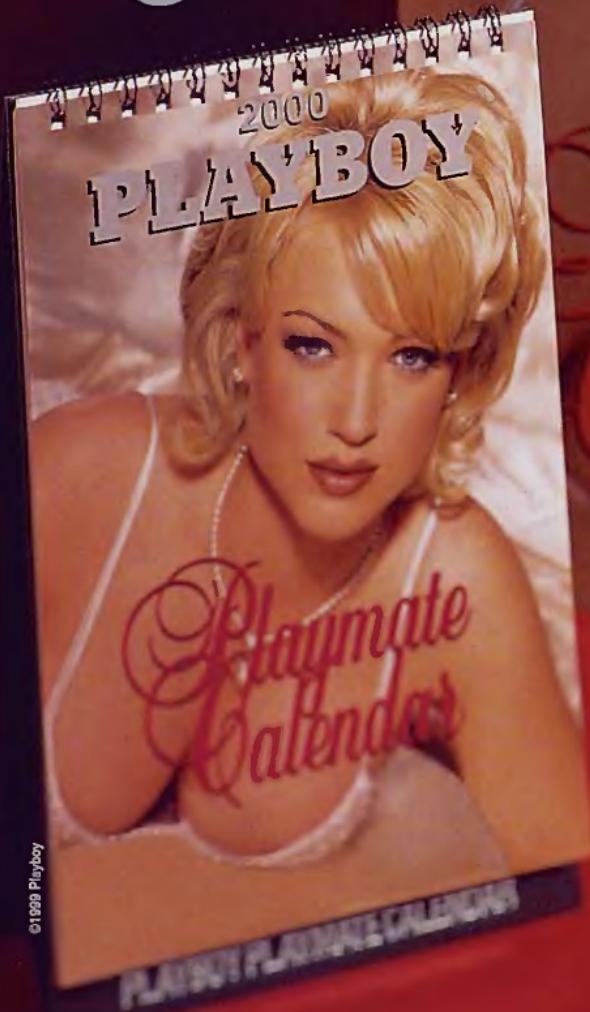
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TO: CC14

RE: Tears on My Pillow

DATE SENT: November 3, 1999

Heh heh! I told you she was a dyke! She was just getting even with you and it got out of hand. That is why it is so essential that you care for and maintain the wicked web on a daily basis. Lisa is just a satellite. So don't act overly thrilled because she cried her heart out to you. Show some frost.

Yrs,

Duke

P.S. How did you give her seven orgasms? I mean are you a couple of Chinese acrobats all of a sudden? Do you use vibrators? Butt plugs? Oral sex with Altoids? *What?* Let me mention one other thing: I don't want to introduce negatives but consider this with an open mind: You are not a dyke. Not really. Once the motherhood thing becomes routine, don't be surprised if you find yourself pining over some guy. And if that happens, act with restraint. Ignore the mood swings and whatnot. You must always let the head rule above the dictates of the heart if you want to play this game. Concerned,

Earl, the Duke of

TO: CC14

RE: Any Day Now

DATE SENT: December 15, 1999

The ninth month is *supposed* to suck. Quit your goddamn fucking bitching. Hey, check it out—I think I finally found the right voice for this fucking novel. *Finally*!

A

TO: CC14

RE: Good on Ya, Spote!

DATE SENT: December 16, 1999

Thanks, babe. I *am* a sportin' man. No doubt about it. And I'm really into this novel. The work. It's all about the *work*. The rest is bullshit. Man, I feel great: This is the best part. The part I really like. My fingers are scorching the keyboard. I'm just a fucking conduit now. All the angst is gone. My mind is clicking at levels unsurpassed. You might say I'm experiencing my personal best. But, really, I'm humble. I take no credit. It all comes from the Holy Spirit and all the credit belongs to God. That's no lie. Praised be his name! I'm just his servant. But shit, I wrote 12,000 words last night. Fucking great stuff, too. Man! I am a genius! Over and Out!

Slim

TO: CC14

RE: Hannah Marie

DATE SENT: December 21, 1999

Lisa got what she wanted. And your turn is coming. Shit, I can't believe she cursed *me* through labor. I thought that Lamaze shit was a fad from the Eighties or something. When it's your turn, I advise you to avail yourself of painkillers, or get a spinal block. Why suffer needlessly?

Yrs,

Dukester

P.S. Do not tell me the kid's name. I don't want to know names, remember? That was part of the deal. Don't start violating rules this early in the game. I know you're a woman and have poor impulse control, but don't fucking do it. I'm serious.

Duke

TO: CC14

RE: 19,000 Words

DATE SENT: December 22, 1999

Hey, I'm a genius, what more can I tell you? Not only that, I've got myself a new little baby—you know, a "baby." LOL. She's cute as hell. When I feel this good I have so much confidence I can pick them up in supermarkets, take them home and fuck them on the floor while the ice cream melts in the grocery bag. Heh heh. Nookie. To get it, you will tell any lie, do whatever—the feeling of power is so incredible. I'm totally stoked. I have never been so happy in all my life. It's like the veil has been lifted and I can suddenly see. Life is grand, babe! I'm a happy fucking guy.

Yrs,

Hanoi Harry

TO: CC14

RE: New Babies

DATE SENT: December: 23, 1999

Hey, babe. *Pissy*? Don't get that way. It's just pussy. I told you that our three-way in Iowa City was all about you. Lisa was a flop. You were the one. You were the star. This new stuff is just fool's play. A diversion. Frivolous folly.

Those ugly things I said a year ago when you got crazy on me were in self-defense. They were calculated to bring you to your senses. I didn't "mean" any of it. The sex we had before you freaked out was incredible. We did it like every night for six months and never missed a night, as I recall. Are those the actions of a guy who wasn't turned on? Of a guy who wasn't absolutely crazy about you? Come on. Follow the inspiration of Buddha and waketh thou up!

Kung Fuck

P.S. Can't they induce labor? How overdue are you?

TO: CC14

RE: 10 lbs. 9 ounces

DATE SENT: December 28, 1999

Hurrah! It's over. Cesarean, huh? And on Christmas day yet. I'm sorry it was so long, and you had to go through pain and all, but being born on Christmas has to be an upper. She will one day piss and moan because of the presents all coming on the same day, but secretly, she'll be grateful. It's a very good omen, if you ask me. Congrats, doll. I hope this makes you happy.

Yrs,

Stagger Adam Lee Huxtable

P.S. Did you get the check? I know you're too proud to ask but I got all this advance money for the new season—for once I've got *too much* money and since you don't, I wanted you to have it. You shouldn't go back to work until you are strong again, and you shouldn't pull such long shifts anymore. You have to learn how to take better care of yourself now. Pace yourself. I read that a doctor has a life expectancy of 60 because of the



"You can tell it's cable when a guy says 'holy shit.'"

hours they put in. Also, take note: You already know this, I'm sure, but babies that weigh over ten pounds often become diabetic. I don't want to sound like a worrywart, but feed this kid sushi and don't let either one of the girls get into junk food when they turn four and see all the other kids wolfing it down. I'm really happy for all of you. Really am. Thanks for not telling me the name. I have to go my own way and I don't want to know the name. Thanks for respecting that.

P.S. You didn't name her LaDonna or Chandelle or some shit like that, did you? ROFL.

P.P.S. My own baby (the novel) is now three-quarters finished. I've got the voice down and the characters have taken on a life of their own. I'll just see where it leads. It's great fun, only they don't like to print fat books anymore because of the paper costs. Well, it's too

good not to print. I've gotten so high on this goddamn book that I know soon I'm going to get exactly that low. It's some kind of universal law. I mean, with the baby—you have hope and joy. You have unconditional love looking at you. What a great Christmas present, huh? I was secretly regretting this whole thing until I got your message today. Now I'm truly glad. I had a rare unselfish moment. Careful there, Ace. The next thing you know, you be volunteering at soup kitchens. LOL.

Yours, the one and the only,
Aceman

P.S. What actually did you name her? Forget what I said about not wanting to know; I want to know.

TO: CC14
SUBJECT: Love You Madly, Need You
Badly
DATE SENT: December 31, 1999

Dear Carol,

Why aren't you answering my messages? Did your computer crash with the millennium bug? Total cataclysm isn't supposed to happen until tomorrow. Are you OK? What's going on? Your phone number, I see, is hereby unlisted. I called the goddamn hospital—I even called Bob, who refuses to spill. Does he know that we fucked seven ways till Sunday? Did you meet some new guy? Why are you hiding from me? I can't really, in all modesty, imagine you met a *neater* guy than me. So what the fuck is going on? Do I have to fucking drive to Iowa City and hunt you down? Christ, baby, you're making me crazy! So what is up?

Don't think I failed to sense a shift coming. Actually, I expected you to pull some shit like this.

I know you, and I know your nature. You will be crawling back on your hands and knees. And that's what really frosts me. Because as I write this, I'm disgusted with you. In two weeks, I will have forgotten that you ever existed. And when you see yourself in my book, when you see how deftly I captured your pathetic essence—then, dear heart, you will be the one who is devastated, humiliated and utterly destroyed! You will suffer agonies that you have never imagined—you thought last time was "excruciating"? Baby, you don't even know the meaning of the word. You are one stupid fucking bitch! And you'll find there's *nothing* you can hit me with. My wife *read* the book; she knows my proclivities all too well. You cannot get back at me this time. I am the victor. In two mere weeks—14 days—that's right sugar pie, the clock is already running) you will be nothing but a long-forgotten memory. I won't know you anymore. Two short weeks and you are forever dead to me. I've got better things to worry about than your sorry ass. The "novel," if you dare read it, will fill you with impotent rage. I held back nothing. Slap your \$24.95 on the table. This whole thing was a setup, a hustle: Lisa, the babies—everything. You may ask yourself why? Why am I such an evil cocksucking bastard? That's a fair question, dear heart, and the answer is this: Even I don't know the true extent of my evil genius. I just am and I revel in what I am. You want to escape notoriety when it hits the best-seller list, move to Albania or whatever. That's right, go ahead—feel free and just have yourself a happy little New Year's. You know something, Carol? I hate you and you can suck my motherfucking dick.

As always, I remain your obliged humble servant,

Farouk, King of the Assholes



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City Girls

(continued from page 160)

Gloria: When a guy sticks a finger up my ass, I keep my eye on that finger for the rest of the night and make sure that baby goes nowhere near my you-know-what. [To *Flo*] Are you good about separating that finger? Once you do it to him are you conscious of where that finger is going?

Flo: Hell yes!

Gloria: [to *Barbara*] Are you?

Barbara: No. I stick it in his mouth.

[*Flo* and *Pepper* simultaneously squeal, clap their hands over their mouths, and slide their seats two feet away from the table.]

Barbara: [Laughing] I'm just kidding.

Pepper: I don't like this conversation.

Barbara: That was a joke!

Flo: I thought you were serious!

Barbara: I don't generally put my fingers in my own mouth, let alone his.

Gloria: [To *Flo* and *Barbara*] Have you ever had a guy lick your ass, then try to kiss you?

Flo: I have.

Gloria: What did you say?

Flo: "Don't kiss me."

Gloria: But you don't want to come

off as being mean.

Pepper: The guy's going to give you a hundred diseases!

Barbara: Why is that different from him going down on you and then kissing you?

Gloria: There's not as much bacteria in your vagina as in your ass.

Pepper: I don't let faces go anywhere near my ass. That's not happening. I barely let faces go near my face.

Gloria: Once I was having sex with a guy doggy style, and he had a finger in my ass. I said, "That feels really good." He said, "Do you like it when I play with your butthole?" and the word butthole made me crack up. He said no other girl he'd been with had ever found that word funny.

Flo: Ass is better.

Gloria: You say ass, though you're talking about the anus.

Flo: Do not call it the goddamn anus and expect me to have an orgasm.

Pepper: Once you say the word anus, it's a very long way back to sexy. You can't say that word and expect me to get wet.

Flo: What about anal sex? Have you ever had that?

Pepper: I have, as a favor on his birthday. Once. It was not good. It was *really* not good. It was painful and it was also—

Flo: Did he complete the act?

Pepper: No.

Gloria: How deep did he go?

Pepper: I didn't measure.

Gloria: I've had a guy go in two inches but I've never had a guy go in all the way. I would fucking freak!

Flo: I have.

Gloria: Did you like it?

Flo: No. It takes a long time for them to open you up so that it's not painful.

Gloria: Have you done it too?

[*Barbara* nods.]

Gloria: To the point of him coming?

Barbara: I made him take it out.

Gloria: How can you relax enough?

Flo: You just do. You can. And you open up. It's amazing. I don't mean that in a good way, but you really open up.

Gloria: Does it feel good?

Pepper: It didn't feel good to me.

Flo: It can if he's stimulating your clitoris at the same time. Or if your hand is reaching down there. Or you have a vibrator on your clitoris.

Pepper: If you have all that other stuff going on while he's in your ass, why does he need to be in your ass?

Flo: It's tighter.

Pepper: For him.

Flo: It's a giving thing. And also the mentality of doing something so atrocious and dirty and forbidding.

Barbara: That's the appeal for me too: "Fuck me up the ass."

Gloria: I like that forbidden dirty thing. And guys like it too. That's why they get so turned on when you're having your period.

Pepper: The guys I've been with are generally so squeamish that if I have my period they don't even want to go near my vagina.

Barbara: Does that upset you?

Pepper: I totally understand it. I don't want to go near my vagina when I have my period.

Flo: I like sex when I'm on the rag. I'm in the mood then.

Barbara: I just put down a towel.

Pepper: I don't know about that.

Gloria: I've never had it right in the middle. Usually it's at the beginning or the end. I put down the towel, but nothing comes out onto it.

Barbara: I've had it really bloody. Like the shower scene in *Carrie*.

Flo: Holy shit. That's a lot of blood.

Barbara: I like it. As long as I don't have cramps.

Gloria: Orgasms relieve cramps.

Pepper: They also relieve migraines.

Barbara: They're really good for back pain, too.

Flo: I'm sure they cure cancer. I'm sure of it. I just have to prove it.

—AMY SOHN



"Good news, sweetheart—Santa's decided he doesn't need me to guide his sleigh tonight."

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LIFE LESSONS

(continued from page 102)

While the stunned agent fumbled for words, she let herself in to the inner sanctum of democracy.

The Secret Service agent listened as she loudly berated the president for not calling or writing. She called him all sorts of names!

Then, it became quiet. Finally, there were some bumping and gurgling noises from the president's private study next to the Oval Office.

At first the Secret Service agent felt disgusted, like a pimp standing outside a cheap hotel.

Then, suddenly, he realized: "Hey, I'm wide awake!"

FIVE THINGS TO TELL CONGRESS, THE MEDIA OR—YOUR WIFE!

(1) "It's a shame/tragedy that so much attention is being devoted to the fact that I am a scumbag instead of to more important issues, like what to do with the budget surplus."

(2) "Hey, whoa—let's get something straight: *She* came on to *me*."

(3) "I don't remember anything in the oath of office about specifically not having oral sex with the interns."

(4) "Well, if you all feel so darn-tooting strong about it, may I suggest you *add* a line in the blankey-blank oath of office about it?"

(5) "All right, already, I get the message! Geez Louise!"

CHELSEA MOURNING

The daughter of the president was sobbing her heart out one day because her father's reckless behavior had exposed her, her mother and the entire country to humiliation and ridicule.

Then she read in the paper that 87 people in Pakistan had been killed in a bus accident.

It made her feel better for a few seconds. At least she wasn't lying on a road in Pakistan with flies buzzing around her corpse!

TEN RULES FOR BEING PRESIDENT

(1) If you get more votes than the other candidate, you get to be president.

(2) You will like being president. It's incredible!

(3) When you dole out the really cool top jobs to your cronies, do your best to pick ones who don't:

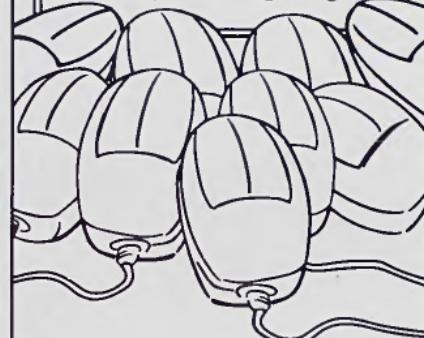
- stick guns in their mouths during lunch hour;

- have big lips and steal from their partners.

(4) When bagmen for shady Indonesian billionaires channeling money to you from the Chinese military in exchange for satellite technology pay a visit to the White House for social events, don't have the White House staff video-



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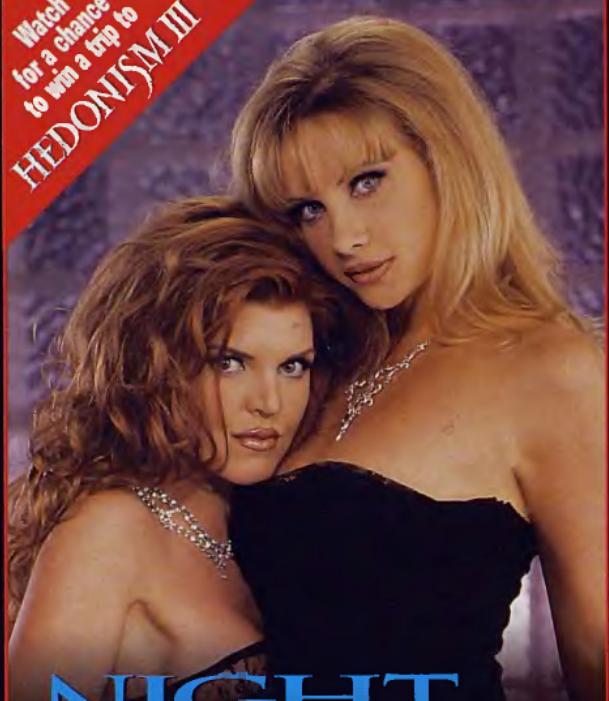
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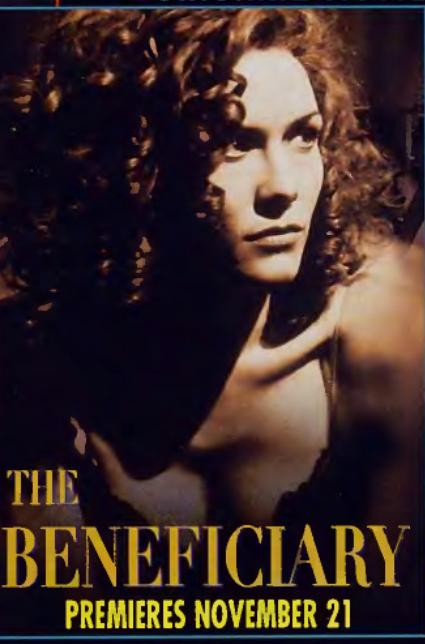


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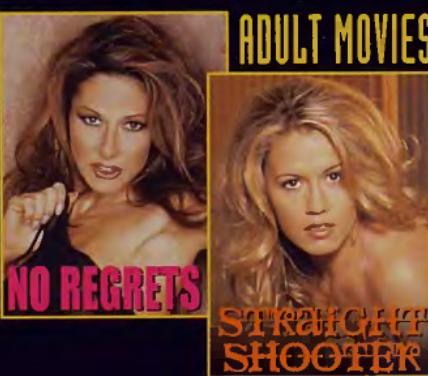
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tape them delivering envelopes to your staff. It looks bad!

(5) Deny, deny, deny!

(6) Sometimes it's better to bite your own lip than to bite the lips of a married woman.

(7) Just because your steward is Filipino doesn't mean he's going to enjoy cleaning up "yucky" messes in the Oval Office's private study.

(8) If you're going to "fool around" and make a spectacle of the office, first make darn sure that the economy is really humming.

(9) If all else fails, don't give up hope—the Republican-controlled Congress can always be counted on to screw up a sure thing.

(10) After you stop being president and she becomes senator and moves to New York, it's party down!

(11) There is no rule 11!

TWO MONKS

Two monks on a pilgrimage came across an incredibly beautiful young woman dressed in a thong bathing suit, sunning herself on the banks of a river.

The first monk raped her while the second monk sat under a tree, quietly eating an apricot.

Afterward, they resumed their journey, walking in silence for several miles.

Finally, the first monk broke the silence. He said, "How was the apricot?"

"Excellent!" said the second.

They walked another several miles. The first monk said, "Aren't you going to ask me how the girl was?"

"What girl?" said the second monk.

The first monk smiled and said, "Excellent! Now I don't have to bash in your head with a rock!"

OUCH!

The president felt a sharp pain in his chest when he was presented with the legal bill for getting him off the hook for lying to the country and disgracing his office.

"Holy Kamoly!" he exclaimed. "It would have been a whole heck of a lot cheaper to practice self-abuse! Or even worse, to have sex with my wife."

Everyone in the room laughed, especially his lawyers. After that, there was an awkward silence. People looked at their shoes. Finally one of the lawyers said, "But then none of us would have been able to afford new houses!"



"Say—what's all this religious stuff doing on these Christmas cards?"

NOW WHAT?

(continued from page 180)

course it would be metal, with all these third rails around; it couldn't be wood.

A cop took hold of Dortmunder's elbow, which made Dortmunder instinctively put his wrists together for the cuffs, but the cop just wanted to help him down the stairs and didn't notice the inappropriate gesture. "Stay off the third rail," the cop said, releasing his elbow.

"Good thought," Dortmunder said, and trudged on after the other passengers, down the long smoky dark tunnel, lit by bare bulbs spaced along the side walls.

The smoke lessened as they went on, and then the platform at Roizak Street appeared, and yet another cop put his hand on Dortmunder's elbow, to help him up the concrete steps to the platform. This time Dortmunder reacted like an innocent person, or as close to one as he could get.

A lot of people were hanging around on the platform; apparently, they wanted another subway ride. Dortmunder walked through them, and just before he got to the turnstile to get out of here yet another cop pointed at the bag in his hand and said, "What's that?"

Dortmunder looked at the bag. It was much more wrinkled than before and was blotchily gray and black from the sooty smoke. "My lunch," he said.

"You don't want to eat that," the cop told him, and pointed at a nearby trash can. "Throw it away, why don't ya?"

"It'll be OK," Dortmunder told him. "It's smoked ham." And he got out of there before the cop could ask for a taste.

Out on the sidewalk at last, Dortmunder took deep breaths of Brooklyn air that had never smelled quite so sweet before, then headed off toward Harmov Krandelloc, following the directions he'd been given: two blocks this way, one block that way, turn right at the corner, and there's the 11 paddy wagons and the million cops and the cop cars with all their flashing lights and the long line of handcuffed guys being marched into the wagons.

Dortmunder stopped. No cop happened to be looking in this direction. He turned smoothly around, not even disturbing the air, and walked casually around the corner, then crossed the street to the bodega and said to the guy guarding the fruit and vegetable display outside, "What's happening over there?"

"Let me get you a paper towel," the guy said, and he went away and came back with two paper towels, one wet and one dry.

Dortmunder thanked him and wiped his face with the wet paper towel, and it came away black. Then he wiped his face with the dry paper towel and it came away gray. He gave the paper towels

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back and said, "What's happening over there?"

"One of those sting operations," the guy said, "like you see in the movies. You know, the cops set up a fake fence operation, get videotape of all these guys bringing in their stuff, invite them all to a party, then they arrest everybody."

"When did they show up?"

"About ten minutes ago."

I'd have been here, Dortmunder thought, if it wasn't for the subway fire. "Thinka that," he said.

The guy pointed at his bag: "Whatcha got there?"

"My lunch. It's OK, it's smoked ham."

"That bag, man, you don't want that bag. Here, gimme, let me——"

He reached for the bag, and Dortmunder pulled back. Why all this interest in a simple lunch bag? What ever happened to the anonymous-workman-with-lunch-bag theory? "It's fine," Dortmunder said.

"No, man, it's greasy," the bodega guy told him. "It's gonna soak through, spoil the sandwich. Believe me, I know this shit. Here, lemme give you a new bag."

A paddy wagon tore past, behind Dortmunder's clenched shoulder blades, siren screaming. So did a second one. Meantime, the bodega guy reached under his fruit display and came out with a fresh new sandwich-size brown paper bag. "There's plastic people," he explained, "and there's paper people, and I can see you're a paper man."

"Right," Dortmunder said.

"So here you go," the guy said, and held the bag wide open for Dortmunder to transfer his lunch.

All he could hope was that no brooch made any sudden leap for freedom along the way. He opened the original bag, which in truth was a real mess by now, about to fall apart and very greasy and dirty, and he took the paper towel-wrapped sandwich out of it and put it in the fresh, crisp, sharp new paper bag, and the bodega guy gave it a quick twirl of the top to seal it and handed it over, saying, "You want a nice mango with that? Papaya? Tangelo?"

"No, thanks," Dortmunder said. "I would, but I break out."

"So many people tell me that," the bodega guy said, and shook his head at the intractability of fate. "Well," he said, cheering up, "have a nice day."

A paddy wagon went by, screaming. "I'll try to," Dortmunder promised, and walked away.

No more subways. One burning subway a day was all he felt up to, even if it did keep him from being gathered up in that sting operation and sent away to spend the rest of his life behind bars in some facility upstate where the food is almost as bad as your fellowman.

Dortmunder walked three blocks before he saw a cab; hang the expense, he

hailed it: "You go to Manhattan?"

"Always been my dream," said the cabbie, who was maybe some sort of Arab, but not the kind with the turban. Or were they not Arabs? Anyway, this guy wasn't one of them.

"West 78th Street," Dortmunder said, and settled back to enjoy a smoke-free, fire-free, cop-free existence.

"Only thing," the Arab said, if he was an Arab. "No eating in the cab."

"I'm not eating," Dortmunder said.

"I'm only saying," the driver said, "on account of the sandwich."

"I won't eat it," Dortmunder promised him.

"Thank you."

They started, driving farther and farther from the neighborhood with all the paddy wagons, which was good, and Dortmunder said, "Cabbies eat in the cabs all the time."

"Not in the backseat," the driver said.

"Well, no."

"All's the space we can mess up is up here," the driver pointed out. "You eat back there, you spill a pickle, mustard, jelly, maybe a chocolate chip cookie, what happens my next customer's a lady in a nice mink coat?"

"I won't eat the sandwich," Dortmunder said, and there was no more conversation.

Dortmunder spent the time trying to figure out what the guy was, if he wasn't Arab. Russian, maybe, or Israeli, or possibly Pakistani. The name by the guy's picture on the dash was Mouli Mabik, and who knew what that was supposed to be? You couldn't even tell which was the first name.

Their route took them over the Brooklyn Bridge, which at the Manhattan end drops right next to City Hall and all the court buildings it would be better not to have to go into. The cab came down the curving ramp onto the city street and stopped at the traffic light among all the official buildings, and all at once there was a pair of plainclothes detectives right there, on the left, next to the cab, waving their shields in one hand and their guns in the other, both of them yelling, "You! Pull over! Right now!"

Oh, damn it, Dortmunder thought in sudden panic and terror, they got me!

The cab was jolting forward. It was not pulling over to the side, it was not obeying the plainclothesmen, it was not delivering Dortmunder into their clutches. The driver, hunched very low over his steering wheel, glared straight ahead out of his windshield and accelerated like a jet plane. Dortmunder stared; he's helping me escape!

Zoom, they angled to the right around two delivery trucks and a parked hearse, climbed the sidewalk, tore down it as the pedestrians leaped every which way to get clear, skirted a fire hydrant, caromed off a sightseeing bus, tore on down the

street, made a screaming two-wheeled left into a street that happened to be one-way coming in this direction, and damn near managed to get between the oncoming garbage truck and the parked armored car. Close, but no cigar.

Dortmunder bounced into the bullet-proof clear plastic shield that takes up most of the legroom in the backseat of a New York City cab, then stayed there, hands, nose, lips and eyebrows pasted to the plastic as he looked through at this cabbie from Planet X, who, when finished ricocheting off his steering wheel, reached under his seat and came up with a shiny silver-and-black Glock machine pistol!

Yikes! There might not be much legroom back here, but Dortmunder found he could fit into it very well. He hit the deck, or the floor, shoulders and knees all meeting at his chin, and found himself wondering if that damn plastic actually was bulletproof after all.

Then he heard cracking and crashing sounds, like glass breaking, but when he stuck a quaking hand out, palm up, just beyond his quaking forehead, there were no bulletproof plastic pieces raining down. So what was being broken?

Unfolding himself from this position was much less easy, since he was much less motivated, but eventually he had his spine unpretzelized enough so he could peek through the bottom of the plastic shield just in time to watch the cabbie finish climbing through the windshield where he'd smashed out all the glass, and go rolling and scrambling over the hood to the street.

Dortmunder watched, and the guy got about four running steps down the street when his right leg just went out from under him and he cartwheeled in a spiral down to his right, flipping over like a surfer caught in the Big One, as the Glock went sailing straight up into the air, lazily turning, glinting in the light.

It was a weirdly beautiful scene, the Glock in the middle of the air. As it reached its apex, a uniformed cop stepped out from between two stopped vehicles, put his left hand out, and the Glock dropped into it like a trained parakeet. The cop grinned at the Glock, pleased with himself.

Now there were cops all over the place, just as in the recurrent nightmare Dortmunder had had for years, except none of these came floating down out of the sky. They gathered up the former cabbie, they directed traffic and they arranged for the garbage truck—which now had an interesting yellow speed stripe along its dark green side—to back up enough so they could open the right rear cab door and release the passenger.

Who knew he should not look reluctant to be rescued. It's OK if I seem shaky, he assured himself, and came out 227

of the cab like a blender on steroids. "Th-thanks," he said, which he had never once said in that dream. "Th-thanks a lot."

"Man, you are lucky," one of the cops told him. "That is one of the major bombers and terrorists of all time. The *world* has been looking for that guy for years."

Dortmunder said, "And that's my luck? Today I hailed his cab?"

The cop asked, "Where'd you hail him?"

"In Brooklyn."

"And you brought him to Manhattan? That's great! We never would've found him in Brooklyn!"

All the cops were happy with Dortmunder for delivering this major league terrorist directly to the courthouse. They congratulated him and grinned at him and patted his shoulder and generally behaved in ways he was not used to from cops; it was disorienting.

Then one of them said, "Where were you headed?"

"West 78th Street."

A little discussion, and one of them said, "We'll go ahead and drive you the

rest of the way."

In a police car? "No, no, that's OK," Dortmund said.

"Least we can do," they said.

They insisted. When a cop insists, you go along. "OK, thanks," Dortmund finally said.

"This way," a cop said.

They started down the street, now clogged with gawkers, and a cop behind Dortmund yelled, "Hey!"

Oh, now what? Dortmund turned, expecting the worst, and here came the cop, with the lunch bag in his hand. "You left this in the cab," he said.

"Oh," Dortmund said. He was blinking a lot. "That's my lunch," he said. How could he have forgotten it?

"I figured," the cop said, and handed him the bag.

Dortmunder no longer trusted himself to speak. He nodded his thanks, turned away and shuffled after the cops who would drive him uptown.

Which they did. Fortunately, the conversation on the drive was all about the exploits of Kibam the terrorist—the name on the hack license was his own,

backward—and not on the particulars of John Dortmund.

Eventually they made the turn off Broadway onto 78th Street. Stoon lived in an apartment building in the middle of the block, so Dortmund said, "Let me out anywhere along here."

"Sure," the cop driver said, and as he slowed Dortmund looked out the window to see Stoon himself walking by, just as Stoon saw Dortmund in the backseat of a slowing police car.

Stoon ran. Who wouldn't?

Knowing it was hopeless, but having to try, Dortmund said, "Here's OK, this is fine, anywhere along here, this'd be good," while the cop driver just kept slowing and slowing, looking for a spot where there was a nice wide space between the parked cars, so his passenger would be able to get to the curb in comfort.

At last, stopped. Remembering his sandwich, knowing it was hopeless, unable to stop keeping on, Dortmund said, "Thanks I appreciate it I really do this was terrific you guys have been—" until he managed to be outside and could slam the door.

But he couldn't run. Don't run away from a cop, it's worse than running away from a dog. He had to turn and walk, in stately fashion, rising on the balls of his feet, showing no urgency, no despair, not a care in the world, while the police car purred away down West 78th Street.

Broadway. Dortmund turned the corner and looked up and down the street, and no Stoon. Of course not. Stoon would probably not come back to this neighborhood for a week. And the next time he saw Dortmund, no matter what the circumstances, he'd run all over again, just on general principle.

Dortmunder sighed. There was nothing for it; he'd have to go see Arnie Albright.

Arnie Albright lived only eleven blocks away, on 89th between Broadway and West End. No more modes of transportation for today; Dortmund didn't think his nerves could stand it. Holding tight to the lunch bag, he trekked up Broadway, and as he waited for the light to change at 79th Street a guy tapped him on the arm and said, "Excuse me. Is this your wallet?"

So here's the way it works. The scam artist has two identical wallets. The first one has a nice amount of cash in it, and ID giving a name and phone number. The scam artist approaches the mark, explains he just found this wallet on the sidewalk, and the two inspect it. They find a working pay phone—not always the easiest part of the scam—and call that phone number, and the "owner" answers and is overjoyed they found the wallet. If they wait right there, he'll come



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claim the wallet and give them a handsome reward (usually \$100 to \$500). The scam artist then explains he's late for an important appointment, and the mark should give him his half of the reward now (\$50 to \$250) and wait to collect from the owner. The mark hands over the money, the scam artist gives him the second wallet, the one with all the dollar-size pieces of newspaper in it, and the mark stands there on the corner awhile.

•

"Excuse me. Is this your wallet?"

Dortmunder looked at the wallet. "Yes," he said, plucked it out of the scam artist's hand, put it in his pocket and crossed 79th Street.

"Wait! Wait! Hey!"

On the north corner, the scam artist caught up and actually tugged at Dortmundunder's sleeve. "Hey!" he said.

Dortmunder turned to look at him. "This is my wallet," he said. "You got a problem with that? You wanna call a cop? You want *me* to call a cop?"

The scam artist looked terribly, terribly hurt. He had beagle eyes. He looked as though he might cry. Dortmundunder, a man with problems of his own, turned away and walked north to 89th Street and down the block to Arnie Albright's building, where he rang the bell in the vestibule.

"Now what?" snarled the intercom.

Dortmunder leaned close. He had never liked to say his own name out loud. "Dortmunder," he said.

"Who?"

"Cut it out, Arnie, you know who it is."

"Oh," the intercom yelled, "Dortmunder! Why didn't ya say so?"

The buzzer, a more pleasant sound than Arnie's voice, began its song, and Dortmundunder pushed his way in and went up to Arnie's apartment, where Arnie, a skinny, wiry ferret in charity cast-off clothing, stood in the doorway. "Dortmunder," he announced, "you look as crappy as I do."

Which could not be accurate. Dortmundunder was having an eventful day, but nothing could make him look as bad as Arnie Albright, even normally, and when Dortmundunder got a little closer he saw Arnie was at the moment even worse than normal. "What happened to *you*?" he asked.

"Nobody knows," Arnie said. "The lab says nobody's ever seen this in the temperate zones before. I look like the inside of a pomegranate."

This was true. Arnie, never a handsome specimen, now seemed to be covered by tiny red Vesuviuses, all of them oozing thin red salsa. In his left hand he held a formerly white hand towel, now wet and red, with which he kept patting his face and neck and forearms.

"Geez, Arnie, that's terrible," Dortmundunder said. "How long you gonna have it?

What's the doctor say?"

"Don't get too close to me."

"Don't worry, I won't."

"No, I mean that's what the doctor says. Now, you know and I know that nobody can stand me, on accounta my personality."

"Aw, no, Arnie," Dortmundunder lied, though everybody in the world knew it was true. Arnie's personality, not his newly erupting volcanoes, were what had made him the last resort on Dortmundunder's list of fences.

"Aw, yeah," Arnie insisted. "I rub people the wrong way. I argue with them, I'm obnoxious, I'm a pain in the ass. You wanna make something of it?"

"Not me, Arnie."

"But a doctor," Arnie said, "isn't supposed to like or not like. He's got that hypocritic oath. He's supposed to lie and pretend he likes you, and he's real glad he studied so hard in medical school so he could take care of nobody but *you*. But, no. My doctor says, 'Would you mind staying in the waiting room and just shout to me your symptoms?'"

"Huh," Dortmundunder said.

"But what the hell do you care?" Arnie demanded. "You don't give a shit about me."

"Well," Dortmundunder said.

"So if you're here, you scored, am I right?"

"Sure."

"Sure," Arnie said. "Why else would an important guy like you come to a turd like me? And so I also gotta understand Stoon's back in the jug, am I right?"

"No, you're wrong, Arnie," Dortmundunder said. "Stoon's out. In fact, I just saw him jogging."

"Then how come you come to me?"

"He was jogging away from me," Dortmundunder said.

"Well, what the hell, come on in," Arnie said, and got out of the doorway.

"Well, Arnie," Dortmundunder said, "maybe we could talk it over out here."

"What, you think the apartment's contagious?"

"I'm just happy out here, that's all."

Arnie sighed, which meant that Dortmundunder got a whiff of his breath. Stepping back a pace, he told him, "I got something."

"Or why would you be here. Let's see it."

Dortmunder took the paper towel-wrapped package out of the paper bag and dropped the bag on the floor. He unwrapped the paper towels and tucked them under his arm.

Arnie said, "What, are you delivering for a deli now? I'll give you a buck and half for it."

"Wait for it," Dortmundunder advised. He dropped the top piece of Wonder Bread on the floor, along with much of the mayo and the top slab of ham. Using the paper towels, he lifted out the brooch,

then dropped the rest of the sandwich on the floor and cleaned the brooch with the paper towels. Then he dropped the paper towels on the floor and held the brooch up so Arnie could see it, and said, "OK?"

"Oh, you got it," Arnie said. "I been seeing it on the news."

"In the News."

"On the news. The TV."

"Oh. Right."

"Let's have a look," Arnie said, and took a step forward.

Dortmunder took a step back. It had occurred to him that once Arnie had inspected this brooch, Dortmundunder wouldn't be wanting it back. He said, "The newspaper says that it's worth \$300,000."

"The newspaper says Dewey defeats Truman," Arnie said. "The newspaper says sunny, high in the 70s. The newspaper says informed sources report. The news—"

"OK, OK. But I just wanna be sure we're gonna come to an agreement here."

"Dortmunder," Arnie said, "you know me. Maybe you don't *want* to know me, but you know me. I give top dollar, I don't cheat, I am 100 percent reliable. I don't act like a normal guy and cheat and gouge, because if I did, nobody would ever come to see me at all. I have to be a saint, because I'm such a shit. Toss it over."

"OK," Dortmundunder said, and tossed it over, and Arnie caught it in his revolting towel. Whatever he offers, I'll take, Dortmundunder thought.

While Arnie studied the brooch, breathing on it, turning it, Dortmundunder looked in his new wallet and saw it contained a little over \$300 cash, plus the usual ID plus a lottery ticket. The faking of the numbers on the lottery ticket was pretty well done. So that would have been the juice in the scam.

"Well," Arnie said, "these diamonds are not diamonds. They're glass."

"Glass? You mean somebody conned the movie star?"

"I know that couldn't happen," Arnie agreed, "and yet it did. And this silver isn't silver, it's plate."

In his heart, Dortmundunder had known it would be like this. All this effort, and zip. "And the green things?" he said.

Arnie looked at him in surprise. "They're emeralds," he said. "Don't you know what emeralds look like?"

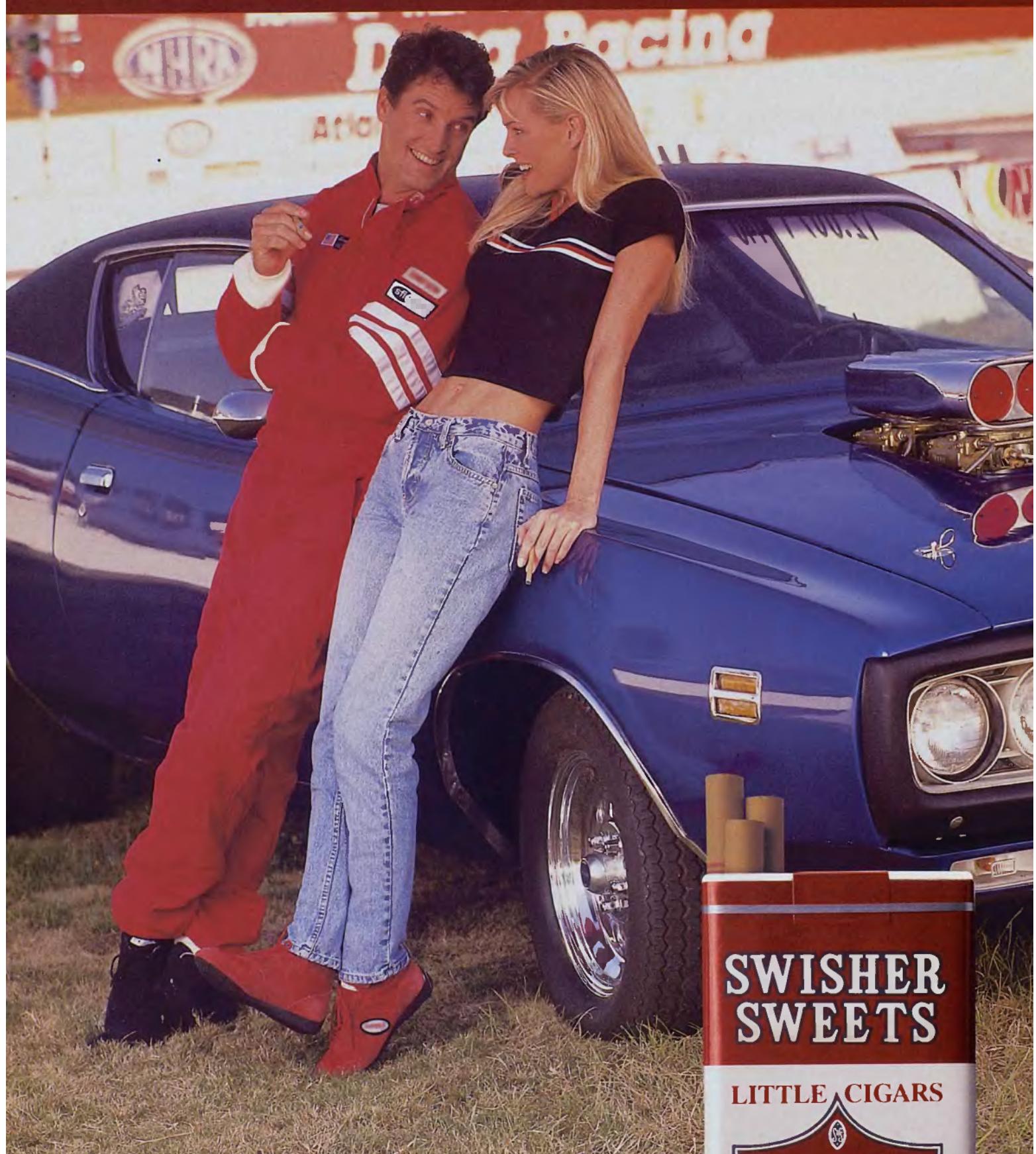
"I thought I did," Dortmundunder said. "So it's worth something, after all."

"Not the way it is," Arnie said. "Not with its picture all over the news. And not with the diamonds and silver being nothing but shit. Somebody's gotta pop the emeralds out, throw away the rest of it, sell the emeralds by themself."

"For what?"

"I figure they might go for 40 apiece,"

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Arnie said. "But there's the cost of popping them."

"Arnie," Dortmunder said, "what are we talking here?"

Arnie said, "I could go seven. You wanna try around town, nobody else is gonna give you more than five, if they even want the hassle. You got a famous thing here."

Seven. He'd dreamed of 30, he would have been happy with 25. Seven. "I'll take it," Dortmunder said.

Arnie said, "But not today."

"Not today?"

"Look at me," Arnie said. "You want me to hand you something?"

"Well, no."

"I owe you seven," Arnie said. "If this shit I got don't kill me, I'll pay you when I can touch things. I'll phone you."

A promissory note—not even a note, nothing in writing—from a guy oozing salsa. "OK, Arnie," Dortmunder said. "Get well soon, you know?"

Arnie looked at his own forearms. "Maybe what it is," he said, "is my personality coming out. Maybe when it's over I'll be a completely different guy. Whaddya think?"

"Don't count on it," Dortmunder told him.

•

Well, at least he had the \$300 from the wallet scam. And maybe Arnie would live; he certainly *seemed* too mean to die.

Heading back to Broadway, Dortmunder

started the long walk downtown—no more things on wheels, not today—and at 86th Street he saw that a new edition of the *New York Post* was prominent on the newsstand on the corner. JER-FELICIA SPLIT was the front-page headline. That, apparently, in the *New York Post*'s estimation, was the most important North American news since the last time Donald Trump had it on or off with somebody or other.

What the hell; Dortmunder could splurge. He had \$300 and a promise. He bought the paper, just to see what had happened to the formerly loving couple.

He had happened, essentially. The loss of the pin (brioche, brooch) had hit the lovers hard. "It's in diversity you really get to know another person," Felicia was reported as saying, with a sidebar in which a number of resident experts from NYU, Columbia and Fordham agreed, tentatively, that when Felicia had said diversity she had actually meant adversity.

"I remain married to my muse," Jer was quoted as announcing. "It's back to the studio to make another film for my public." No experts were felt to be needed to explicate that statement.

Summing it all up, the *Post* reporter finished his piece, "The double-emerald brooch may be worth \$300,000, but no one seems to have found much happiness in it." I know what you mean, Dortmunder thought, and walked home.



SEX

(continued from page 43)

man was a pleasant-looking guy in his 30s, the woman something of a knockout, with blonde hair, a suspiciously tiny nose and buoyant class-A boobs that she proudly displayed (her towel was wrapped around her waist). We asked what brought them here: The man, from Ohio, said, "Where else but New York can you find this kind of sophisticated club?" His ladyfriend revealed that she was a doctoral candidate in human sexuality and was here "on research." Mm-hmm.

They left us to go check out the Party Room, but came back minutes later, reporting that they had been weirded out by the fat man lying next to them. They were going back to their cubicle and invited us to come hang out.

Thinking it might provide that elusive turn-on, we took them up on the invitation. But the spectacle the second time around was no more sensual than the first: a way-too-close view of his slapping balls and her legs sticking up like antennae. After a while I left and sat down on a bench on the other side of their cubicle, dejected. J. followed.

This was a low point. We felt like the loser kids at camp, unable to have fun at the dance or join in any reindeer games. We'd been there barely an hour, and I was content to just finish off my flat Sprite and call it a swing. Were we failures as sexual adventurers? We looked at each other: No, damn it! J. took me firmly by the hand, and we strode off to conquer new worlds.

We had sex. Well, as they say, When in Gomorrah. . . . It was in one of the private rooms, with our towels strategically placed to avoid contact with the single sheet. Disco music was piped into the room, along with spiraling cries of pleasure from, we imagined, the large woman we'd seen getting eaten in the Party Room above us—when the thumping of her buttocks caused the music to short-circuit in our room. J. and I erupted in helpless laughter. If the earth didn't move, at least the ceiling did.

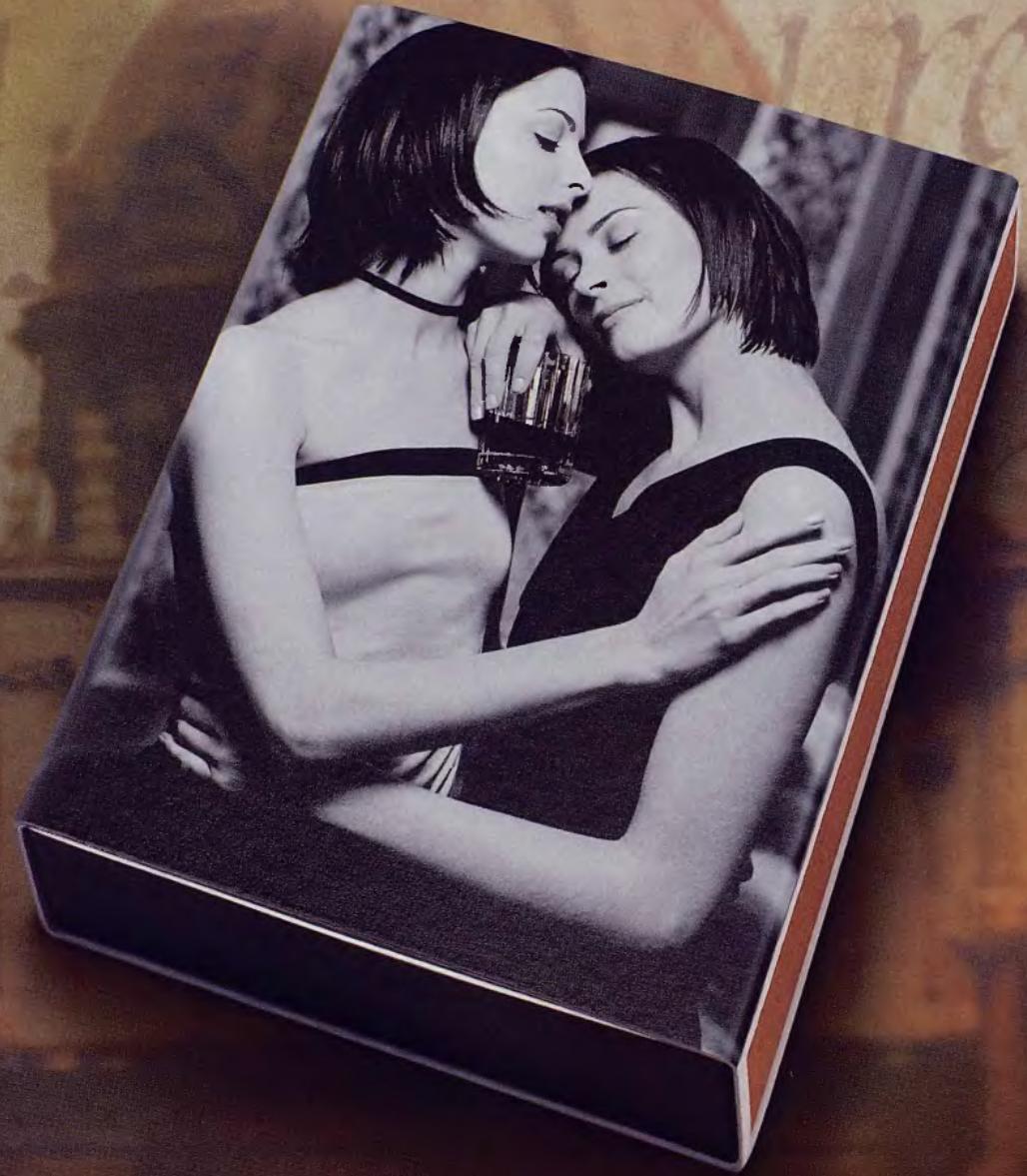
Pride restored, we went back to the Party Room for another look. Things were cooking. A spiral staircase that we hadn't noticed before was jammed with naked bodies. We got in line to see what the big attraction was. At the top of the stairs, positioned so you couldn't avoid them, a naked woman was on her knees giving a blow job to a burly guy with crossed arms and a defiantly bored expression on his face. We slid past them to join a posse of huge old bearded Europeans with thin young women crowding the entrance to a doorless cubicle. We tried to sneak in for a look, but the attraction was over, and a stream of people emptied out of the tiny space.

We went back downstairs to the mat



*"No screwups this year, Frankie.
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this list get whacked."*

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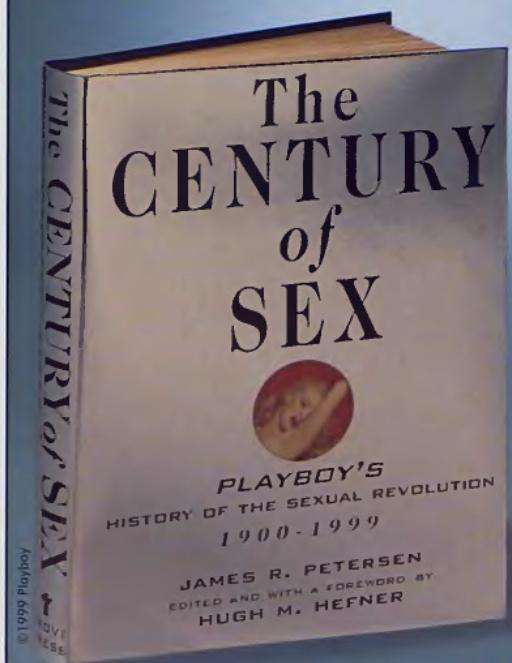
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floor, where it was time for the look-at-me-Ma-I'm-fucking show. About 15 couples were on display, and we watched almost as if it were a horse race and we were trying to pick the winners. There were two couples screwing side by side, doing the only swinging we had witnessed. This involved lackluster groping of the tits next door by both men. One guy, middle-aged and paunchy, clearly imagined himself a Dirk Diggler. Unfortunately, he had an average-sized pecker and the face of Ron Jeremy. He was taking an attractive blonde from behind, one hand gripping her butt and the other pulling her hair. The other guy had his woman grinding on top of him, working, working, as he lay there and stared at the tits of the blonde. "There's gratitude for you!" I whispered to J.

Just then, the blow job couple came in. The woman had frosted hair, a fit body and a slightly haggard face (no wonder). Her sulking companion lay down on the mat in a "do me" position. She obediently followed, prostrating herself between his legs. It was then I noticed that she was wearing athletic tube socks and clutching a water bottle. You're going to need that, I thought.

Shortly thereafter we left the Party Room and Le Trapeze, and went out, blinking, into the night, avoiding the oily "How'd you like it?" from some guy out front as we gratefully jumped into a cab.

But the truth is, neither our fondest fantasies nor my apocalyptic fears had come to pass. The club was a laid-back, nonthreatening place where, as far as we saw, people went to watch and be watched more than swing, and where they enjoyed their own version of good clean fun. As for us, we'd managed to cross the Maginot Line of bourgeois acceptability, were proud of our derring-do and knew we could always command hushed attention at a dinner party by relating our adventure.

Among the few friends we've told, the most frequently asked questions are: Does the place have condoms? (Yes, free, in a glass bowl; some people use them, some don't.) How often do they change the sheets? (Not often enough.) Everyone sounded disappointed at the lack of full-contact, abandoned swinging, and probably none of them will ever set foot in a swing club.

The sexual Shangri-la of our fantasies remains elusive, but J. and I came away realizing that watching normal folk have sex is neither shocking nor threatening. Alan King tells a joke in which he is startled by the sight of a strange man mounting his spouse. He gasps, "Who is that fat bald Jew screwing my wife?" If we ever again want to witness two ordinary people getting it on, we'll just follow his example and install a mirror over our bed.



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THE DUKE

(continued from page 142)

of target marketing, I had my music. Music for teenagers. It's all you heard on the radio. You played it and you danced to it. Duke Ellington was considered old—actually, to the few of my peers who had ever even heard of him, he was ancient. His was Geritol music, ballroom dancing music, big band music, stuff from the swing era. I could have seen him when I played the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival in 1970, when I was nine. (To be honest, I didn't play so much as I held my horn and tried to look as if I were playing.) He was there too, but no way was I hip enough to go hear him. Even if I had, I wouldn't have been able to appreciate it, because my tastes weren't developed to the point of listening to a musician of his age, let alone really hearing him.

But years later, when I was in New York, a writer friend of mine, Stanley Crouch, came to my house and left a Smithsonian collection of Duke Ellington recordings. That was back when people had LPs, and this set contained six or seven records. I began listening to it every day, and at each new song I would think, Damn, I didn't know Duke Ellington did that. He did innovative things in the Thirties that I thought had been achieved only by musicians of the Sixties. There were also technical things I didn't even know were a part of the art of jazz—like a certain way of writing counterpoint from New Orleans horn polyphony, or using blues dissonance to make the music groan and holler, or applying quick, interesting modulations and conception of form to construct long compositions. Yes, that Smithsonian collection, with insightful musical analysis by Gunther Schuller, made me realize that Duke was more than just a name, or somebody who wore beautiful suits and had a bevy of fine women.

Ellington combined different styles, embraced music from all over the world without fear and wrote about many aspects of human interaction that had never found their way to a ledger line. As Crouch likes to say, from the outhouse to the penthouse—and, I would like to add, from caviar to the chitlin switch. Duke was something. He revered originality and helped create American music as we now know it.

Man, Duke wrote so much bad shit, it's unbelievable. He recorded about 800 albums. *Eight hundred*. Even if you recorded 800 sad LPs, that would be an achievement. But each one of his records sounds better than the last one you heard, and you were already overwhelmed.

Some so-called experts have looked at his life and have come up with all kinds of theories about why he was able to do what he did. They say because Duke Ellington's mom said he was great, that

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made him believe it. They say he had an upper-middle-class upbringing and thus had a sense of hierarchy, in which he was at the top of the food chain. They said he was lucky enough to have a great band that was responsible for the high quality of his music. Don't be fooled by the bull. The truth is, Duke created himself. When he was up late at night, writing those millions of pieces of music—there was nothing in his upbringing that would make him want to do that much work. Writing music is fun and all, but at a certain point it's work, too. It's just like playing ball: You might like to run, but by the time you get to the fourth quarter, your legs start telling you to sit down. With music, your back, mind and concentration love to tell you what to do. Writing music is much harder than it looks. The mountain of music that Duke wrote represents pure desire. And will and perseverance.

Duke Ellington was innovative, but he wasn't just innovative. He was a great craftsman. He didn't just invent one signature style and repeat it ad nauseam. And he didn't try to separate himself from his signature styles, either. He continued to write great music, in his style, for 50 years. He wrote so much good music it's difficult for me to select the best ones, but I'll just name a few pieces from throughout his career: *Black and Tan Fantasy* (from the early days), *Mood Indigo* (the first great blue mood piece he composed), *Caravan* (which he wrote with Juan Tizol). And in the late Thirties and early Forties, his work with the band that featured Jimmy Blanton and Ben Webster produced masterpieces like *Cotton Tail* and *Ko-Ko* (a great minor blues), *The Flaming Sword* (with rhythms that influenced a lot of Afro-Hispanic music). And there are his beautiful ballads, of course: *Sophisticated Lady* and *In a Sentimental Mood* (the classic Ellington hits), *Take the A Train* (a Billy Strayhorn composition, but it became Duke's theme song), *Rockin' in Rhythm* (a composition that codifies a lot of the most expressive devices of the swing era) and *Creole Rhapsody* (his first real long piece on record, which led to *Black, Brown and Beige* and *The Tattooed Bride*, a masterpiece). And then in the Fifties came the *Harlem* suite, which was commissioned by Arturo Toscanini and is in my estimation Duke's greatest long-form piece. He embraced the world with such albums as *Midnight in Paris*, *The Far East Suite*, *The Latin American Suite* and the *Afro-Eurasian Eclipse* suite. Yeah. And that was before *We Are the World* and the Internet.

He wrote more new music than anybody but always continued to play his earlier compositions. Unlike many 20th century artists, he didn't fall victim to the constant quest for the new, the novel. You never saw him trying to appeal to younger people by doing things that make older people look foolish and out

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of style. Some grandfather or father might go out and get psychedelic pants or try to speak the slang of the day. Duke didn't do that. At a certain point, many jazz musicians wanted to imitate rock musicians, so they put on strange glasses and wore crazy clothes, playing loud-ass electronic music and saying all kinds of dumb shit in interviews. Duke Ellington didn't do that. That's not to say he didn't use rock beats—he did, but he heard rock as a type of music, not as a way to prove his hipness or woo the young.

Duke's perseverance was rewarded at the 1956 Newport Jazz Festival, where he played *Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue*, one of his blues masterpieces from 1937. The crowd was whipped into a frenzy, and Duke's career received a much-needed boost. But he didn't have to compromise his identity to succeed. In the 20th century, even certain masters of European tradition turned their backs on themselves in search of recognition for creating a new philosophy, a new this, a new that, supposedly to push music forward. But the funny thing is, you don't push music forward or backward. You just play it or write it. Duke Ellington did both.

As a musician, here's how I look at it: It's as if we were all speaking in little phrases, in grunts, but we weren't really communicating. And then someone stepped forward and spoke clearly, teaching us how to speak. Duke not only taught us how to speak—he showed us how to express ourselves as well.

There were great jazz musicians before him, such as Jelly Roll Morton, but Duke Ellington was the first who was capable of understanding the implications of the many different styles of music that existed in our country. He heard what everyone was playing, and he understood what they wanted to play. He formulated a language and codified it—the musical language of America. But in addition to that, he realized things about the people who would speak the language. He made technical innovations, yes, but he also had a depth of perception into the human condition possessed by few people in the history of art.

When we finally start to understand ourselves and the art of this century, we will recognize that the closest comparison to Duke Ellington's achievement would be that of Homer. *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey* codified the language of the ancient Greeks, and those works served as a wellspring of mythic information that gave inspiration to generations of artists after Homer. And, at the same time, they gave the people of Greece an objective image of who they were. That's what Duke did. He laid it out there, for us to discover who we really are. And he also told us that when we finally discover that, it's a wonderful thing.



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SEX STARS

(continued from page 148)

out straight hairdos and new technology stocks are outperforming the blue chips.

You want news? This year Latin was the loving tongue. We're standing behind **Jennifer Lopez** no matter what slamming Salma Hayek has to say. One more "misquoted" crack about how Lopez isn't Spanish enough, and we're going to tae-bo Hayek's butt. Judging from the effects the exercise program has had on Lopez' celebrated posterior, that wouldn't be half bad. Also, note the picture of **Ricky Martin**. Apparently he's the kind of guy who makes girls go crazy. Not much we can do about him—he's blessed with stellar genes. If there is a lesson here for the regular guy, it's that unchecked enthusiasm can dignify even the silliest dance moves.

Liz Hurley. She plays spanking games with blue bloods. She wears Versace safety-pin dresses. She pops up everywhere half naked and doesn't seem to have much of a job other than turning us on. Then there's her sex-star boyfriend, **Hugh Grant**. Not only did Hurley ride out the Divine Brown thing, she stuck by Grant even after he made *Notting Hill*. On top of it all, she's British. You just know this lady's kinky.

Here's the question of the century: Would **Shania Twain** look sexy if she took off her clothes? We'll never know. She makes us long for the days when country stars teased their hair, not their audience. While Twain's sex-laden videos give us hope, her husband is some

kind of mastermind producer who is probably not into sharing. Which is why we love **Julia Roberts**, even though she seems to have weaned herself off shlumps by hooking up with that *Law and Order* guy. She even appeared on his television show for a ratings and relationship boost.

Catherine Zeta-Jones has been in a few movies this year. Which ones? Who cares? She tamed Michael Douglas, a self-described sex addict, long enough to have him pose for a few pictures with her. That's sex-star qualification enough. If Douglas hangs around, you know that she has something good going on. **Keri Russell**, star of *Felicity*, has us worried that she doesn't understand what brought her to this sexy state: She went and cut her hair. We'll see if she makes next year's list. On the other hand, **Heather Kozar**, PMOY 1999, went for the bob and got us hook, line and sinker. Since she came along, **PLAYBOY** parties haven't been the same. Just ask **George Clooney**.

Sophie Marceau is cute and French. In fact, she's forever been young and French. That's the way they build them over there. In the new Bond flick, *The World Is Not Enough*, Marceau sits down and treats **Pierce Brosnan** like a Chippendale chair—a complete wax job. Brosnan makes this year's cut because he runs better than Roger Moore and has neater chest hair than Sean Connery. His 1999 hit list is impressive. As Bond he nabbed **Denise Richards**, and in *The Thomas Crown Affair* he submitted to **Rerene Russo**. Let's break it down: Richards went crazy cuckoo with **Neve Campbell**

and Matt Dillon in *Wild Things*. Then, in a not-so-brilliant career move, she wore Mount Rushmore on her head as a beauty pageant contestant in *Drop Dead Gorgeous*. Thankfully, she redeemed herself by scoring with 007. At 45 years old, Russo has twice the experience of a girl half her age. The inside scoop had Rene studying with a dominatrix to help her project a sense of dominant sexuality. It was an enticing story until pictures of the dominatrix surfaced. Let's just say she had twice the experience of Russo. Must have been the same lady **Tom Cruise** studied under for his role in Stanley Kubrick's psychosexual snorer, *Eyes Wide Shut*. You just know **Nicole Kidman** doesn't let him treat her like that in real life. However, her nude scenes explained why she received all those standing ovations for her flashy Broadway hit, *The Blue Room*.

As if her name weren't hard enough to pronounce (think romaine lettuce), now we have to call the hottest model of the year by her hyphenated last name, **Rebecca Romijn-Stamos**. Her husband is actor John "not so famous" Stamos, a guy whom we envy every time she talks about walking around her house naked. As payback, we left him out of the pictorial. Ditto her fictional beau from *Just Shoot Me*, David Spade. Romijn-Stamos possesses the century's most captivating isthmus of body flesh—the beautiful expanse between nookie and navel that we prefer to think of as lapland.

Caprice is next year's hottest model. She, too, is built of sturdy Teutonic plates. She's on the cover of all the British lad magazines and is big in Europe—we would guess about a C cup. **Laetitia Casta**, another bikini wonder, was the reason that this year's Internet broadcast of the Victoria's Secret runway show crashed the site. Sensory overload, you know. **Cameron Diaz** distanced herself even further from her modeling past with an unadorned role in *Being John Malkovich*—as if that would scare us off. Our own Playmate model **Nikki Schieller** (a.k.a. Mrs. Ian Ziering) is currently posing with prizes on *The Price Is Right*. Nice move, Nikki.

Here comes the **Pam Anderson** paragraph. It was a lot longer, but then we had it reduced. Two somethings about Pammy: She had her bust rejiggered, and her bodyguard series, *V.I.P.*, took off—but not necessarily in that order. Oh, and she got back together with **Tommy Lee**.

Speaking of sequels, we're guessing you wouldn't mind going a few more rounds with **Mia St. John**, the female boxer who shed her briefs for us last month. In the other corner we have **Rena Mero**, the character formerly known as **Sable**. Mero did two bouts with **PLAYBOY** and took on the WWF by bitch-slapping **Vince McMahon** and Company with a lawsuit. Still, she had time to pose



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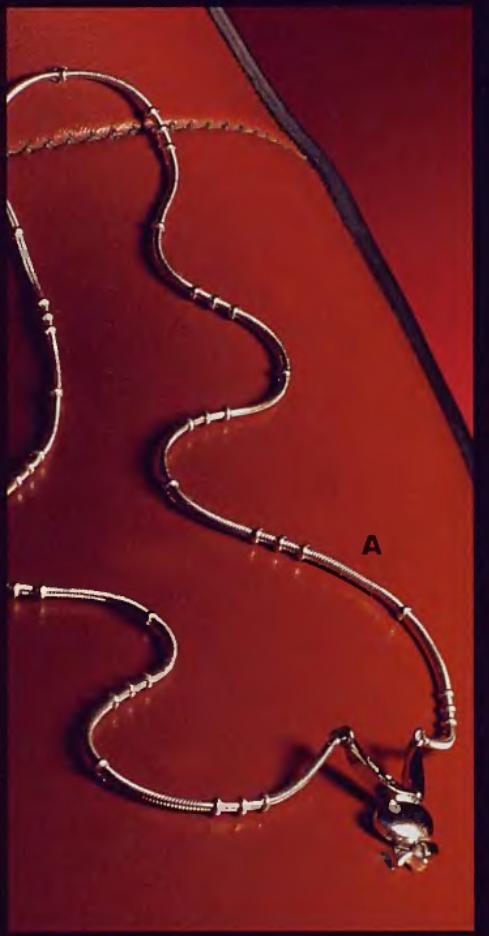
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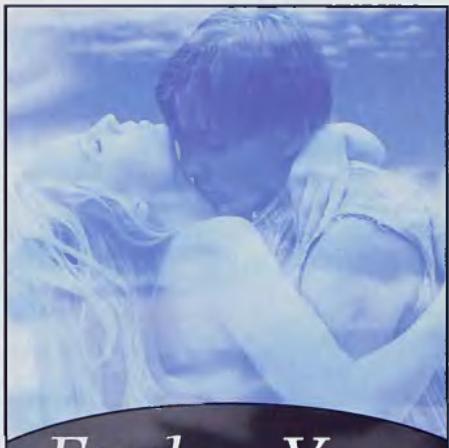
for this sex-stars-only shot. A moment of silence, please.

Did you know that Sean Connery was named sexiest man of the century by *New Woman*? That's what he gets for outlasting his old school chum, Strom Thurmond. But be fair—he more than held his own with a latex-and-lasered Catherine Zeta-Jones in *Entrapment*. Oddly enough, Will Smith was the sexiest star to survive the *Wild Wild West*. (Take that, Salma! From Jennifer, with love.) Even odder, Disney's Tarzan was a notable example of the repressed religious right's ability to go ape over sex. Thanks to the up, down, up, down position of the hand on the Tarzan toy doll, uptight parents heard something sinister in the all-too-familiar yodel of jungle boy. Working the less-traveled path from cartoon character to human, Nell McAndrew took on modeling duties as Tomb Raider's Lara Croft. Then she shed the role and every stitch of her clothes in an adventurous *PLAYBOY* pictorial. Now, that's taking it to the next level.

Angelina Jolie was a delightful surprise twice over. The daughter of Jon Voight turned the cable sleeper *Gia* (about a supermodel turned stupormodel) into an event. Then she casually mentioned that she was bisexual. What does she do for an encore? We would pose the same question to another cable-ready start, Halle Berry. She reminded us of how well her ex-husband, Indian slugger David Justice, played the field. She also reigned our jones for the pioneering actress she portrayed in *Introducing Dorothy Dandridge*. Ah, the joys of rebroadcasts.

Heather Graham and Charlize Theron touched down in our world last year, and they're keeping it up this year. Eddie Murphy couldn't handle Graham's astounding body in *Bowfinger* and we doubt we could, either. All we're looking for is the chance to fail. There's a good possibility that Theron is going to torment us for years. *The Astronaut's Wife* is her latest star vehicle. We're looking forward to the ride.

Since today is the first day of the next year of sex stars, we might as well look to the treats ahead. Showing potential—and a whole lot more—are *American Beauty*'s Mena Suvari, *Wasteland*'s Rebecca Gayheart, *The Beach*'s Virginie Ledoyen and our favorite woman of a certain age, *Being John Malkovich*'s Catherine Keener. Also, Brad Pitt looks like a knockout in *Fight Club*. As for sex-star slippage, we have more questions than answers. We'll leave you with a few: Why are the *Friends* girls looking more and more like Calista Flockhart? Who ever thought Leelee Sobieski was hot? What happened to Christina Applegate? And why doesn't Cokie Roberts return our phone calls?



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PLAYMATE 2000

(continued from page 162)
you crisscross North America searching for undiscovered beauty.

We used this method to meet and photograph thousands of women. Typically, between 75 and 150 candidates posed each day, and in some cities, such as Toronto, Vancouver and Houston, hundreds showed up. Thousands more sent us their photos. Obviously, most of those women won't be featured in the magazine—we have to run articles once in a while—but we would like to thank everyone who took the time to pose. God has truly blessed both the U.S. and Canada, and sometimes you realize that only when everyone gets naked.

This pictorial includes a small sample of the women we met on the road. You have no idea how difficult it was to choose, which is why, in the future, you'll be seeing many more women discovered during the search. We've already selected a number of Playmates, including some of the women presented here, but we'll keep that a surprise. A month into the tour, when the bus reached Austin, Texas, we visited the crew to check for signs of babe overload (everyone seemed to be fine, and Hef later noted that babe overload isn't possible). We also asked crew members for their thoughts on the experience. This wasn't, after all, your typical cross-country road trip.

Leif Ueland, online reporter

The bus has definitely changed me. Now I talk about things I never would have talked about. I was hanging out with an ex-girlfriend and we got into an argument about bra size. She said she's a B cup but I said she's a C cup. Where did that come from?

One thing I've learned is that some people truly are photogenic. Another thing is that women like to take off their clothes, to feel sexy, to have their photos taken, but they need permission. That's why you see these lines outside the bus. This woman in Portland, she was on fire. Something clicked. I asked if I could

snap a few photos for the Playboy Cyber Club, and she agreed. That's when I started thinking out loud, and as she posed I blurted out, "Oh yeah, that's it." The photo editor looked at me funny and I realized what I had said and covered my mouth. It was a reflex. I'm sorry.

I could fall in love here, but the cycle is so quick. You meet a beautiful girl, and then she leaves. What's interesting is that some of these women's lives will change profoundly. You know it, but they don't know it. I'll hang out with them and think, I hope you're ready.

Nadine Ekrek, publicist

You see how comfortable these women are with their bodies and their sexuality and you have to admire them for that. Occasionally, a woman who has real star quality comes aboard. You recognize it almost immediately; there's something about her personality, how she carries herself. We call it "the long burn."

In one city a reporter said to me, "I'm going to be honest with you. I came here to write about tall, blonde bimbos." I told her it wasn't like that at all. "We see all types of women, including your type. Why don't you audition?" She walked out of that studio giggling like a schoolgirl.

Eddie Sheehan, security

In one city we had a guy show up in a bikini. He said he lost a golf bet. I don't know about that.

Kevin Kuster, photo editor

Many women think we're after those big fake boobs and four-inch heels and tight T-shirts. But there's no formula. The last girl who caught my eye had on a frumpy shirt and jeans. What's sad is, some women get boob jobs because they think, This is all that's missing. But that's rarely it.

Jim Myers, driver

I've been driving a bus for a good many years, and I've been stopped by the police maybe twice. In the first week I drove this bus, with these huge Rabbit Heads on the side, I was pulled over six times. I'm never speeding, and I never

get a ticket. Instead, the officer takes my license and registration and asks, "So, what's all this?" They're curious, like everyone. The truckers go crazy. They hoot and holler into the CB and ask how many Playmates are on the bus. You think I'm going to tell them it's just me and Eddie? It would break their hearts. I tell them all the Playmates are sleeping.

Leif Ueland

I love to meet women who break stereotypes. One curvy blonde worked as a guard at an Army prison. We found that out because she was hoarse from yelling at prisoners. She said she yells, "What are you looking at? You think you're going to fuck me? Think again!" She had been trained in psychological warfare. She hopes to become a drill sergeant. She was charming.

Another woman was beeped by her boss as she was about to enter the studio. Some computer emergency. A cop pulled her over as she rushed back to the office doing 70 mph. She was wearing little black shorts and a tight red shirt. The cop arrested her for reckless driving and took her to jail. She said the rest of the women in the pen were divided into two groups—those who wanted to have sex with her and those who wanted to beat her up. The police released her after six hours. She showered and had her sister drive her back to the bus, since her car had been impounded.

Before the search began, I debated with my female friends about where PLAYBOY stands and what it means. Now that I've met some of the women who want to pose, I realize how far removed they are from the intellectual debate. They'll knock you down if you get in their way.

Kevin Kuster

After the launch party at the Mansion, I went to dinner with Photography Director Gary Cole. I told him, "The bus is on the road. The pressure is off." And he said, "Now all we have to do is find her."





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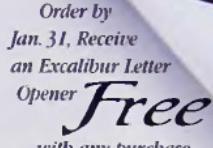
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PLAYMATE NEWS



TOGETHER AGAIN

Call it the most aesthetically pleasing family gathering in history. The first Playmate Reunion since 1979 drew more than 150 Playmates, ranging from three-time poser Janet Pilgrim (Miss July 1955, Miss December



The Playmate attendees included (above, left to right) Alana Soares, Debi Johnson, Patty Duffek, Rhonda Adams and Patti Forinelli. Above right: the Dahm triplets. Below right: Alison

Parks, Marianne Gaba and Candy Loving. Below: Julie Baldwin and Mandy Bentley. Above left: Kristi Cline and Rebecca Scott.

1955 and Miss October 1956) to two of 1999's finest recruits, Miss August

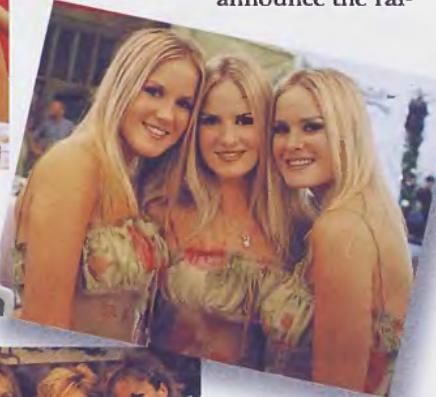
Rebecca Scott and Miss September Kristi Cline. At the center of the action was a beaming Hef, who not only chose most of the Playmates but has dated many

of them as well. While the women hugged, reminisced and snapped photos of one another and their legendary boss, they swapped stories about Playmate life. "Hef used to throw some crazy parties," said Rosanne Katon, Miss September 1978. "Used to?" replied her pal, Miss July 1978 Karen Morton. Elsewhere, Miss



KIMBERLEY CONRAD HEFNER:
"Hef and I are still very close. We have a great deal of love and admiration for each other."

November 1974 Bebe Buell gazed in amazement at Miss February 1998 Julia Schultz, who was seated at the same table for lunch. "I can't get over how much you resemble [PMOTY 1980] Dorothy Stratten," Bebe told Julia. "You have so many of the same features." "Everyone has been telling me that," said an appreciative Julia. After noshing on salad, chicken and the acclaimed Mansion desserts, the group heard former *Night Court* star Harry Anderson announce the raf-



fle prizewinners. Miss July 1987 Carmen Berg let out a squeal when she snagged the grand prize, a \$20,000 platinum-and-diamond necklace designed by Scott Kay. Then, everyone convened on the Mansion lawn for a group photo. That was day

35 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Lounging on a couch in nothing but pearly toenail polish, Jo Collins proved herself a gifted Miss December 1964. When she was 19 years old, the aspiring Broadway star told us, "I used to feel guilty about relying on my looks for a living, but I've learned that the best thing to do when opportunity knocks is open the door." Which is exactly what Jo did when she was asked to personally deliver lifetime subscriptions

GI Jo.

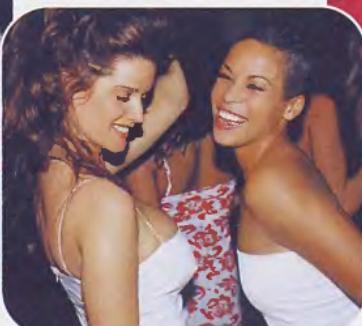
of PLAYBOY to our GIs in Vietnam. "We found ourselves in a war zone," Jo said. "It was definitely the most mind-boggling experience of my life."

one. On Saturday night, Hef hosted a disco bash that proved to be the hottest ticket in town. Playmates boogied on the dance floor in the company of Billy Idol, Jamie Foxx, Oliver Stone, Ian Ziering and Tori Spelling. "Billy Idol just licked my face!" said a surprised Playboy Online staffer. That's what we call a rockin' party.

GIRLS JUST WANNA HAVE FUN



Being a Playmate means letting your hair down. If you're Angel Boris (left) it means sporting a funky wig. Below: Carrie Stevens and Daphne Lynn Duplaix. Right: Shannon Tweed (with sister Tracy) proves that boyfriend Gene Simmons isn't the only one with a remarkable tongue.



My
Favorite Playmate
By C. Thomas
Howell



Miss November 1978 Monique St. Pierre is my favorite Center-fold. When I was 13 years old, I was absolutely crazy about her. She was the hottest Playmate. I would take my stepdad's PLAYBOY collection into the bathroom and spend four or five hours in there. My mother probably thought I had dysentery. I finally got to meet Monique in the Eighties, at an agency party. She was so beautiful and nice, I thought I had died and gone to heaven.



POLITICAL PATTI



She has a teddy bear that she calls George W. Bush and a cat named Ronald Reagan, so it's only fitting that Miss May 1976 Patricia McClain has announced her plans to challenge seven-term incumbent Congressman Elton Gallegly for the Republican Party nod in the March 2000 California primary election. "We need families that are together," Patti says. "Let's get *Leave It to Beaver* again." The budding politician, whose Playmate profile was titled *The Single-Minded Miss McClain*, is anti-gun control and pro-life and supports school vouchers. "I live for politics," Patti says. "I'm so Republican it's ridiculous."

FAN MAIL



Dear *Playmate News*, I met Debra Jo Fondren at a San Diego Comic Convention in 1978 and will always be fond of the memory. As a young man, I was enthralled by her beauty and grace; she was my first big crush. Debra Jo sets a benchmark for being the perfect repre-

PLAYMATE NEWS

sentative of PLAYBOY and the Playmate lifestyle. I have one thing to say to Miss September 1977: Thanks for the memories, old and new. You will always be my Playmate of the Year.

Emphatically,
Scott Andrews
White Plains, N.Y.

LE ROTH NEIMAN

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

December 2: Miss August 1987
Sharry Konopski
December 14: Miss April 1961
Nancy Nielsen
December 17: Miss February 1968
Nancy Harwood
December 22: Miss October 1978
Marcy Hanson
December 29: Miss August 1997
Kalin Olson

GIRL TALK

Miss November 1998 Tiffany Taylor is a smarty-pants, ferret-loving cop-in-training. And we mean that as a compliment. We spoke to the refreshing Maryland resident about school and her many pets.

Q: You're studying to become a police officer. How is school going?
A: It's going well. I'm taking a science class and I'm a teaching assistant for a criminology class. The University of Maryland has the best criminology department. I got an A and a B in my two summer classes. I have two years of school left.

Q: Have you made any recent additions to your family of pets?

A: I have a new angora bunny. I have eight ferrets now, and I think that's my limit. I just don't have time to pay attention to each one of them.

Q: Would you ever consider posing in a girl-girl pictorial?

A: I doubt it. Because of my career aspirations, I have to be careful what I do. I am going to be applying to police departments, and while it's one thing to explain why I have posed nude by myself, it is another to explain posing nude with other girls.



Tiffany Taylor.

KATHY SHOWER:

"My nickname, Ayer, means yesterday in Spanish. I have no patience. I have to have everything yesterday."

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

In an effort to "showcase skiing as a hip, trendy and sexy sport," *Freeskier* magazine featured PMOY 1997 Victoria Silvstedt on its October 1999 cover. "Victoria, a former member of the Swedish Ski Team and a well-known model, embodies the best of both worlds," says publisher Bradford Fayfield. . . .



Lillian Müller is heading off to Maui to play a supporting role in *Synchronicity*, a \$30 million feature. Her part? A spiritually inclined fitness trainer. . . .

Playboy Extreme Team jocks Alesha Oreskovich, Danielle Folta and

Nicole Wood belted out *Our Lips*

Are Sealed at a recent celebrity karaoke night at the Kit Kat Club in New York City. Also hamming it up was Dr. Ruth Westheimer. . . .

Ava Fabian, Lisa Dergan and Elan Carter hung out with a

tuxedo-clad Sean Young at a recent Mansion soiree. . . . Did you notice Stacy Fuson's don't-blink-or-you'll-miss-it role in the summer smash *American Pie*? "You can catch a glimpse of me in the scene where the guy comes out of the bathroom after he accidentally drinks the cup of you-know-what," Stacy says. "I'm also at the prom. It's a small part, but it looks nice on my résumé!" Next up for Stacy: a role in the comedy *The Independent* with Jerry Stiller and Janeane Garofalo.

Dapper dames.



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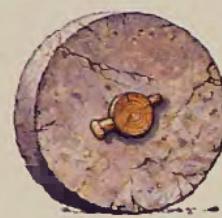
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WELCOME TO CIVILIZATION

PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

MAIL-ORDER GOURMET

Can you believe that some of the freshest gourmet treats are being delivered by guys in brown shorts? Foodstuffs shipped overnight via UPS, FedEx and the U.S. mail are a booming business, both for the variety of goodies available and because they're fresher than what's on grocers' and specialty stores' shelves. For example, Legal Sea Foods, a Boston-based restaurant chain, can ship overnight a cold-packed Clambake Supreme that includes two 1½-pound lobsters, plus clams, corn, potatoes and a cooking pot. Just add water (and moonlight) and you have an instant romantic dinner, without the sand. If your idea of the catch of the day doesn't involve fish—or your catch of the day doesn't like fish—D'Artagnan in New Jersey ships a variety of exotic prepared meats, including Bayonne ham and a terrine of Mousquetaire (duck, prunes and Armagnac). Or expand your culinary skills with D'Artagnan's Glorious Game Cookbook and an order of fresh, low-cholesterol rabbit, venison, buffalo or even ostrich. Wine expertise comes by parcel post, too. Membership in the California Wine Club includes two exceptional bottles of West Coast wine shipped monthly, along with a newsletter and information on how to order more (often at a discount). Selections are made from the 900 or so boutique wineries in the state, and the club prides itself on finding unusual local vintages that often are unavailable on a retail basis or outside of the state. You can sign up for any number of months, but the more you commit to, the greater your savings. A six-month membership runs \$195, which saves \$21 off the month-to-month price of \$36. For great bread to accompany the wine, Pane e Salute in Vermont ships terrific Italian coccodrillo (a naturally leavened bread) that's as fresh and authentic as anything you'll find outside the Tra-



Above: Legal Sea Foods' classic New England clambake includes two lobsters, clams, corn on the cob, potatoes, seaweed and the pot. Price: about \$145.

gagnan's Glorious Game Cookbook comes by parcel post, too. Membership in the California Wine Club includes two exceptional bottles of West Coast wine shipped monthly, along with a newsletter and information on how to order more (often at a discount). Selections are made from the 900 or so boutique wineries in the state, and the club prides itself on finding unusual local vintages that often are unavailable on a retail basis or outside of the state. You can sign up for any number of months, but the more you commit to, the greater your savings. A six-month membership runs \$195, which saves \$21 off the month-to-

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Above: Sweet Sloops chocolates from Harbor Sweets (\$13.95 for a 22-piece box). Right: D'Artagnan's specialty meats: four ounces of Bayonne ham (\$6.95), terrine Mousquetaire (\$12 a pound) and 9.5 ounces of terrine herbette (\$7.50). Breads from Pane e Salute (about \$3 a loaf). The California Wine Club costs \$36 a month.

Right: Beluga malossol Russian caviar from Gourmet USA comes in one- to four-ounce containers. Price: about \$31 per ounce. An extensive selection is available.

stevere district in Rome. For caviar, Gourmet USA stocks many kinds, from beluga malossol to kosher. It also offers mail-order vinegars, mustards, truffles, oils, olives, spreads and fruits in liquor, plus Norwegian and Scottish salmon. Shipping is quick and the staff is exceptionally helpful. Our choices for dessert return you to the States. Harbor Sweets in Salem, Massachusetts ships little foil-wrapped sailboats called Sweet Sloops (white chocolate sails and dark chocolate hulls) along with lobster- and shell-shaped confections that make great stocking stuffers. For cheesecake, go south to Columbus, Mississippi, where Jubilations offers a variety of flavors, including the Supreme that's pictured below and one that tastes like a margarita. Gift wrapping on some items is available, and we're betting you'll want seconds of these products for your table, too.

—REBECCA GRAY



Jubilations' 40 varieties of cheesecake are made in two sizes from butter, pure vanilla and Philadelphia Cream Cheese. Left: The Cheesecake Supreme (\$22 for a nine-inch cake).



GRAPEVINE

We're Wide-Eyed for Julianne

Beautiful JULIENNE DAVIS arrived undressed to kill at the premiere of her movie *Eyes Wide Shut*.



Take a Closer Look at Kate

KATE HUDSON, who appears in Cameron Crowe's movie about a rock band, has made five indie flicks in two years. Goldie's girl is all grown up.

© GILBERT FLORES/C/LIBRARY PHOTOS



Cool Moves and Big Boobs

What do E Entertainment's RIVERS women, MELISSA and JOAN (left), and actress KATHY NAJIMY (right) have in common? Najimy plays her steady gig on NBC's *Veronica's Closet* for laughs, while Joan is busy hawking fakes—and not just on a home-shopping show.



© LARRY LASZLO/RETNA



Delightful, Delicious De'Leon

Swimsuit Illustrated model LUNDEN DE'LEON appeared on *Baywatch* and *Melrose Place* and the Fox TV comedy *The Ladies Room*. Look for her on the big screen in *Surviving Paradise*.



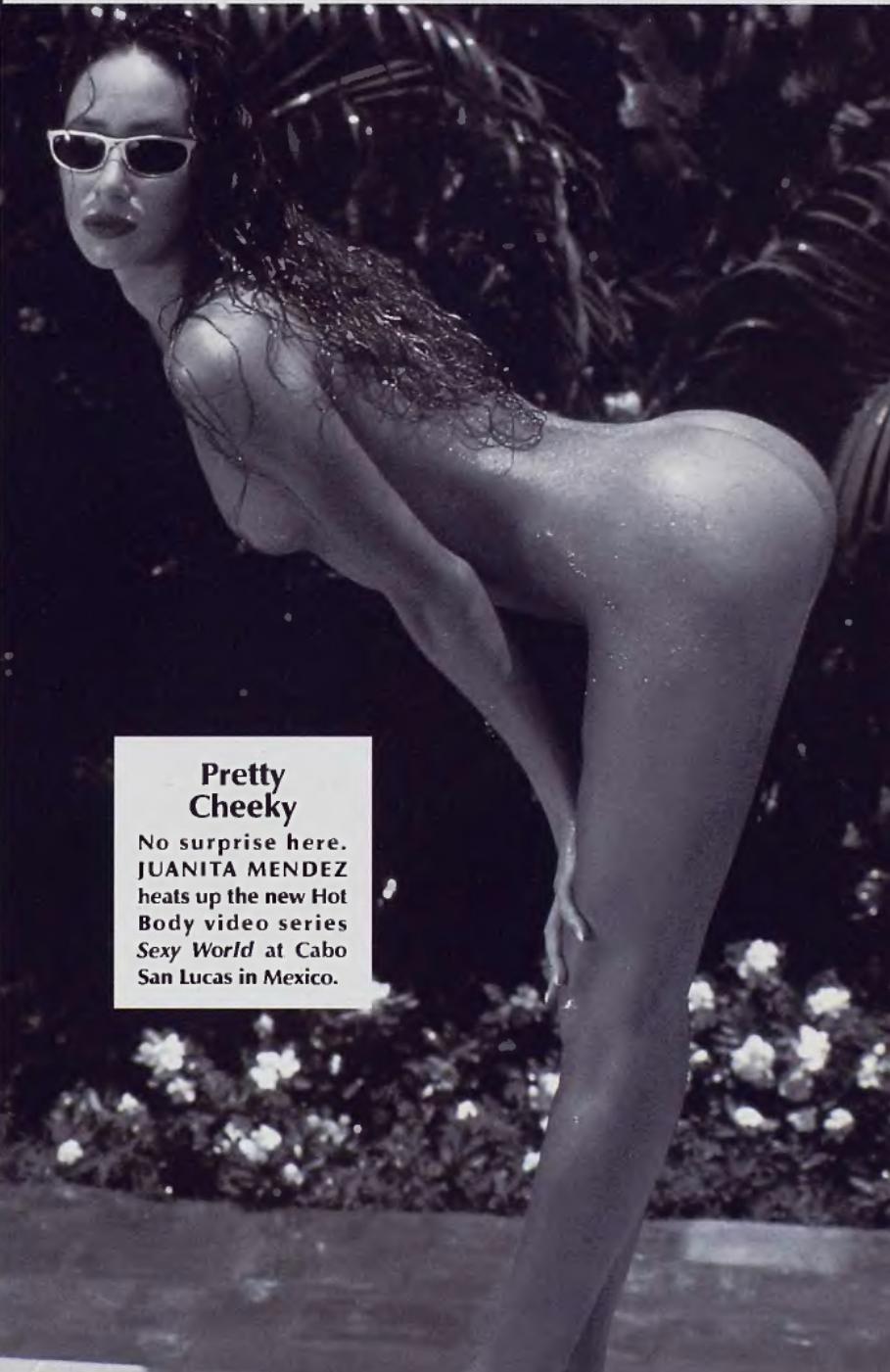
Popping Out

CHERYL ALFRED has appeared on both *The X-Files* and *Baywatch* and was a Budweiser Girl in Vancouver. We'll drink to that.

Looking Into the Sixties

Next, CUBA GOODING JR. will try a little tenderness in the Otis Redding bio-pic *Blaze of Glory*.

© ARMANDO GALLO/RETHA LTD



Pretty Cheeky

No surprise here. JUANITA MENDEZ heats up the new Hot Body video series *Sexy World* at Cabo San Lucas in Mexico.

POTPOURRI



COCONUT CASANOVA

If there ever were an American Paul Gauguin, it was Edgar Leeteg, an expatriate artist who lived in Tahiti from 1933 to 1953. Leeteg painted on velvet instead of canvas, and his portraits of lovely Polynesian women (as shown above) earned him the nickname "Vargas on Velvet." Although the art world labeled his work as cornball, his paintings today are sought by collectors. The Copro/Nason Gallery, 11265 Washington Boulevard, Culver City, California, will exhibit Leeteg's work from December 4 to February 29, and a book titled *Leeteg of Tahiti, Paintings From the Vella Velour* by John Turner and Greg Escalante is available for \$29.95. Call 800-848-4277 to obtain a copy.

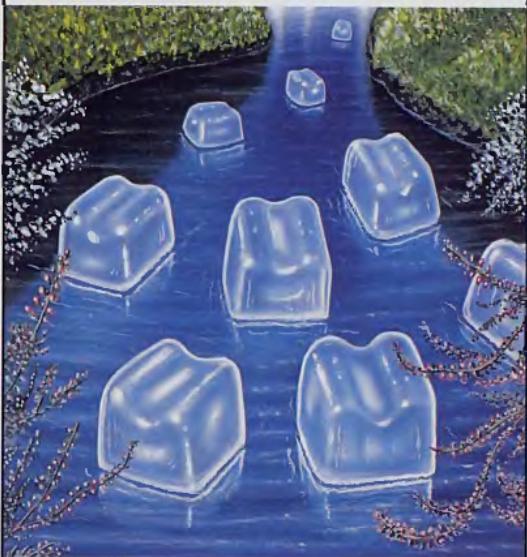


WAYNE'S WORLD

Electric football has been lighting up the eyes of fans of all ages since 1947, but the ABC Monday Night Electric Football Game and Lighted Stadium bears little resemblance to its predecessors. For about \$190, you can get an illuminated NFL-style stadium (assembly required), an ABC Monday Night Football field, 22 action figures, accessories and an official electronic scoreboard with jazzy visuals and the voice of Wayne Messmer singing the National Anthem. Check Hammacher Schlemmer stores, or call Miggie Toys at 847-432-0140 for your nearest retailer.

PURE ROCKS

For those who take their scotch on the rocks, there's Scotch Rocks, ten 3" by 4" trays that contain water from the Chapeltown Glenlivet Spring in the Scottish Highlands. All you do is freeze the plastic housing containing the Scottish water and drop the cubes into your drink. A box of the rocks, which is adorned with a colorful blue-and-green tartan, contains 40 cubes and sells for about \$8 at select liquor stores nationwide.



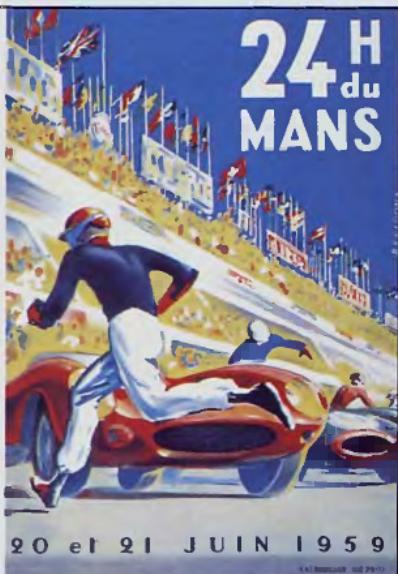
MR. PLAYBOY, WE PRESUME?

If you find Mr. Playboy, the two-and-a-half-foot-tall rabbit pictured below, under your Christmas tree, consider yourself lucky. Only 30,000 will be made in the first edition (he comes with a certificate of authenticity) and, as cute as he is, they'll go fast. Price: \$50. To order, call Spencer Gifts at 800-762-0419. In the future, there will be other limited editions of Mr. Playboy. We'll keep you posted.



AUTOMOTIVE AUCTION ACTION

L'art et l'automobile, the world's oldest art gallery dedicated to cars, will hold an auction by mail on December 8. Call 516-329-8580 to obtain a \$10 catalog and then phone, fax or e-mail your bid on great road memorabilia to L'art by that date. Callers will be informed when they are outbid and given an opportunity to increase their offers. Pictured here is *24 Heures du Mans 1959*, an original 21½" by 15½" poster mounted on linen. Estimated price: \$800.



PAYING THE PIPER

Richard Carleton Hacker, author of the *Ultimate Pipe Book* and a contributor to *PLAYBOY*, has just completed *Rare Smoke*, "the Ultimate Guide to Pipe Collecting." It's a limited-edition (2500) hardcover packed with information on the most collectible pipes of the 20th century, plus more than 150 photos depicting briars that range from a rare Alfred Dunhill "black spot" to the latest Kaywoodies. Price: \$42, postpaid, from the author at P.O. Box 634, Beverly Hills, California 90213.



DALE KOPFER

GET YOUR MOJO WORKING

Austin Powers, the secret agent with the shagadelic grin, just won't go away. Now there's even an Austin Powers unisex eau de toilette, Mojo, that's a mixture of herbs, florals, citrus and a dash of patchouli. Four ounces sells for \$22.50 at Nordstrom, Robinson/May, Marshall Field's and other stores. Or call 800-289-4630 to obtain a bottle. "The libido, the life force, the right stuff. What the French call a certain 'I don't know what'" is how Gendarme Fragrances describes Mojo. Years from now, you can bet it will smell like a collector's item.



HAVE A COOKIE

La Kookie Bouquet, a "cookie florist" in San Antonio, specializes in custom two-foot-tall arrangements of sugar cookies. They're made with real butter and are decorated by hand and "planted" in a basket. The company does hundreds of cookie shapes, ranging from angel-fish to wine bottles, and can even reproduce a color photo on a cookie as part of the bouquet. Arrangements start at \$24.95. Call 800-524-0073 for more details. Cakes and giant lollipops are also available from La Kookie.



COCKTAILS HOLLYWOOD STYLE

The dry martini, such as the ones downed by Clark Gable and Constance Bennett in *After Office Hours* (below), is just one of the drinks in *Hollywood Cocktails* by Tobias Steed, a book dedicated to "Hollywood classics and the cocktails typically served in films." While the drink recipes are great, the book's 50 duotone photographs of stars getting schnockered are alone worth the \$19.50 price. Call Willow Creek Press at 800-850-9453 to order a copy.



NEXT MONTH: BUNNY2K EXTRAVAGANZA



CENTERFOLDS



PREDICTIONS



STORIES



PARTIES

CENTERFOLDS OF THE CENTURY—WE NAME (AND RANK) 100 BEAUTIFUL WOMEN WHOSE IMAGES HAVE APPEARED ON THE PAGES OF THIS MAGAZINE. **MARILYN, BETTIE, PAM, JENNY, HEATHER**—DON'T GET US STARTED. A 21-PAGE SALUTE

HUGH M. HEFNER—HEF DISCUSSES LIFE AFTER VIAGRA, SEX IN THE NEW MILLENNIUM, WHY THE MANSION IS HOLLYWOOD'S HOTTEST TICKET AND HOW HIS FOUR-GIRL-FRIEND RELATIONSHIP WORKS. A SPECIAL PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **BILL ZEHME**

PLAYMATE 2000—AFTER A YEARLONG SEARCH AMONG THOUSANDS OF APPLICANTS, WE FOUND A Y2K CENTERFOLD TO BLOW YOU AWAY. EXPECT A BONUS

1950: WHEN NOTHING WAS THE SAME—SANITIZED SIT-COMS, BOMB SHELTERS, GENDER LINES CARVED IN CEMENT—AN EMINENT JOURNALIST PONDERS JUST HOW FAR WE'VE COME. BY **DAVID HALBERSTAM**

RUPERT EVERETT—HE'S GAY, AND HE'S TIRED OF TALKING ABOUT IT. HE'S ENGLISH, AND HE THINKS THE QUEEN IS A STUBBORN COW. HOLLYWOOD'S BROODING SCENE SWIPE MINCES NO WORDS IN A NAUGHTY 20 QUESTIONS BY **DAVID RENGIN**

MILLENNIUM—THE WORLD HE DEPICTED IN FAHRENHEIT 451 IS FAST TARGETING GROUND ZERO—AND HE'S MAD AS HELL. ESSAY BY **RAY BRADBURY**

THE FUTURE ACCORDING TO THE PEOPLE WHO KNOW—THE HIPPIEST FUTURISTS AND CANNIEST TREND SPOTTERS—**FAITH POPCORN, JOHN SCULLEY, NICHOLAS NEGROPONTE** AND **TODD RUNDGREN** AMONG THEM—PREDICT THE DEATH OF TELEVISION, A HISPANIC FEMALE IN THE WHITE HOUSE AND HOLOGRAMS OF OUR GREAT-GRANDPARENTS

THE MILLENNIUM EXPRESS—IT'S ANARCHY AT THE END OF THE NEXT CENTURY AS CLONES OF PICASSO, EINSTEIN AND HEMINGWAY BLOW UP THE WORLD'S MUSEUMS. FICTION BY **ROBERT SILVERBERG**

PLUS: NEW FICTION BY **DAVID MAMET** AND **LARRY NIVEN**, THE THREE BEST AND WORST AMERICANS OF THE CENTURY, **CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY** ON VICE, **WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.** ON VIRTUE, **AL FRANKEN** ON PORN, **JOHN NIE COCHRAN** ON THE COURTROOM, **JOHN GRAY** ON WOMEN, A DAZZLING PLAYMATE REVIEW, **MINI-HEF**'S NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY—A HUGE PICTORIAL WITH A TINY STAR—AND A FABULOUS COLLECTION OF NAUGHTY PUZZLES

How do you give oranges a fresh squeeze?



SOUTHERN SQUEEZE

Pour 1½ oz. Southern Comfort over ice and fill the glass with orange juice. Add an orange slice, and enjoy the appealing taste of the South.

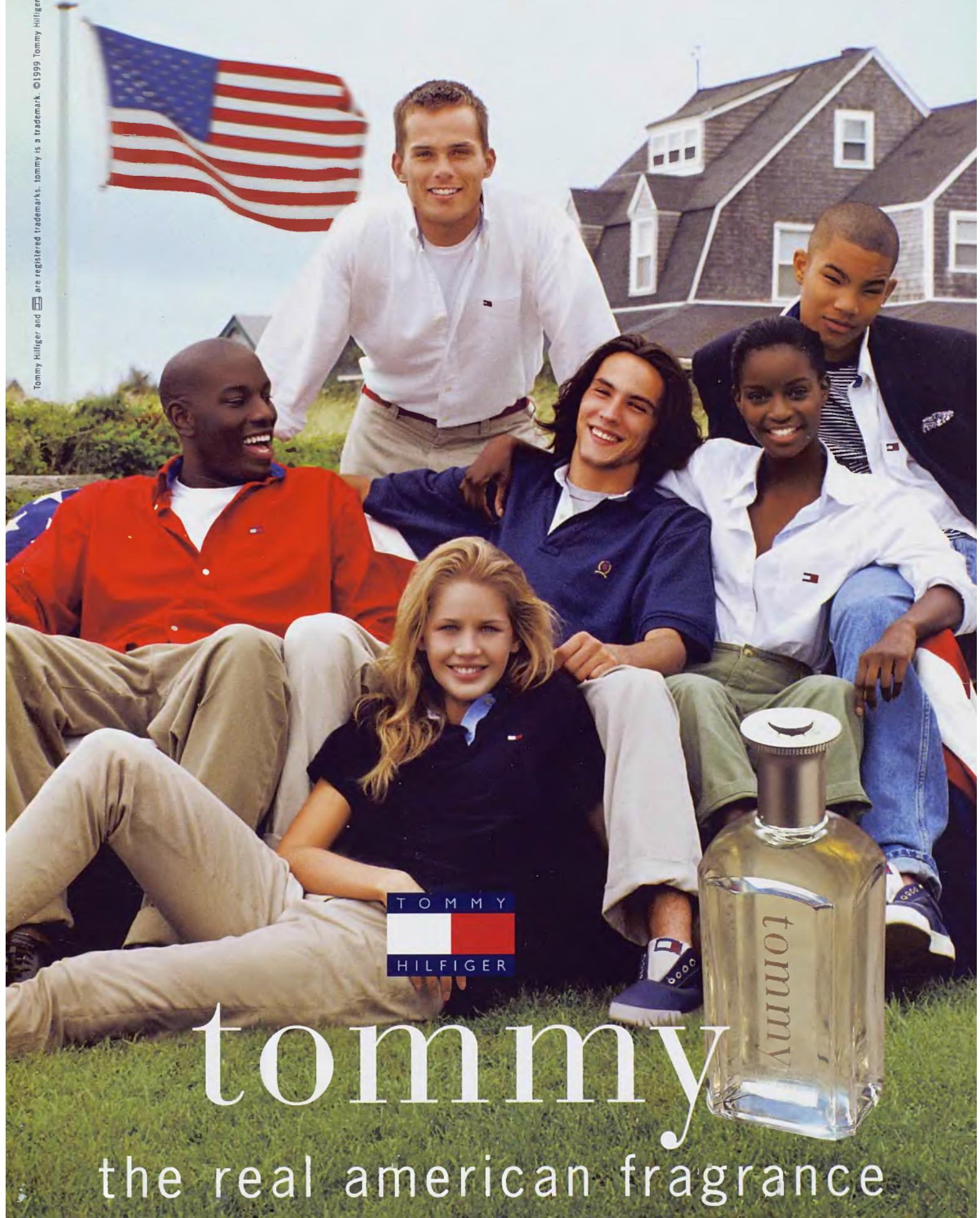
add a Southern accent



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TOMMY

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