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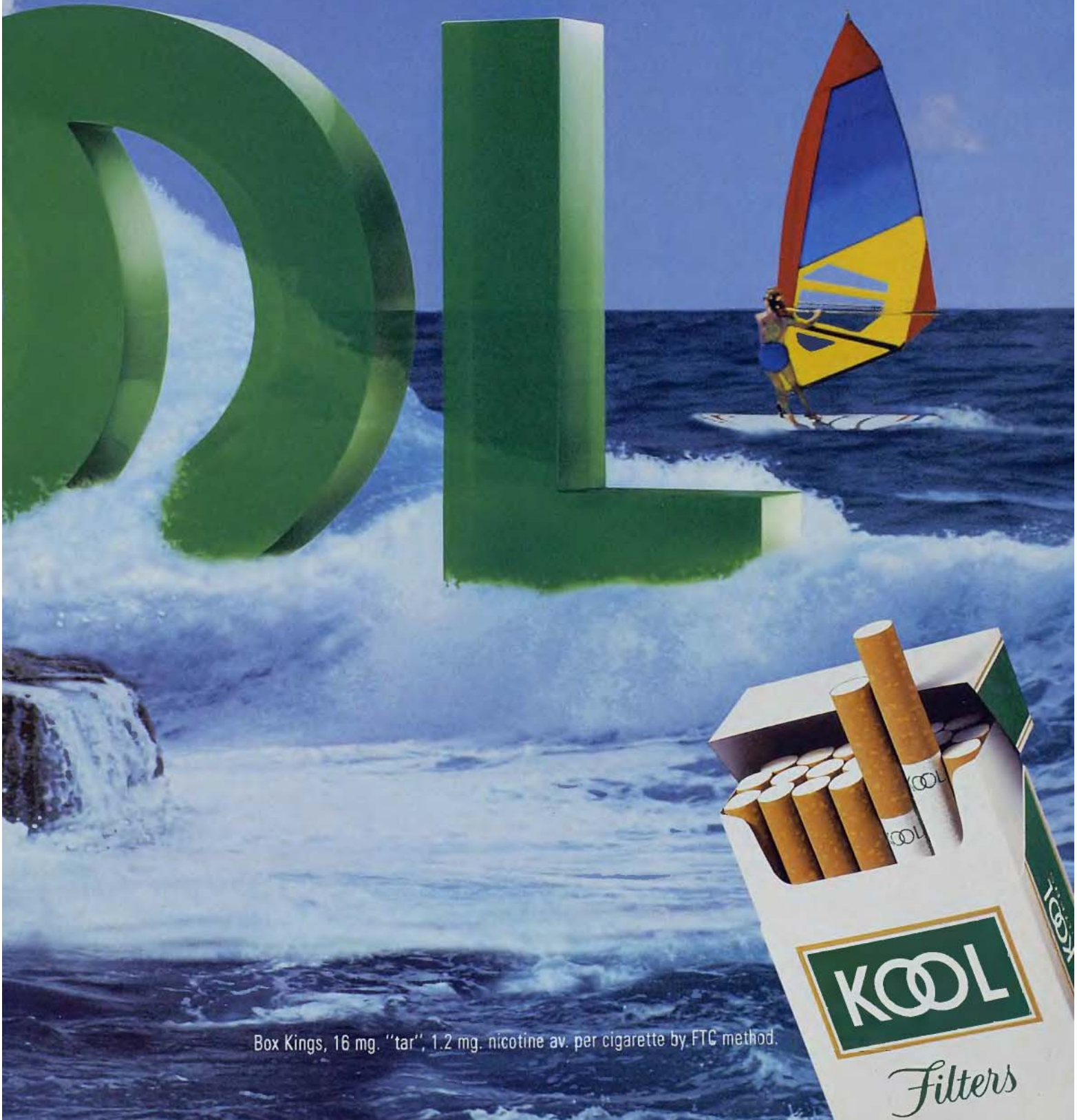




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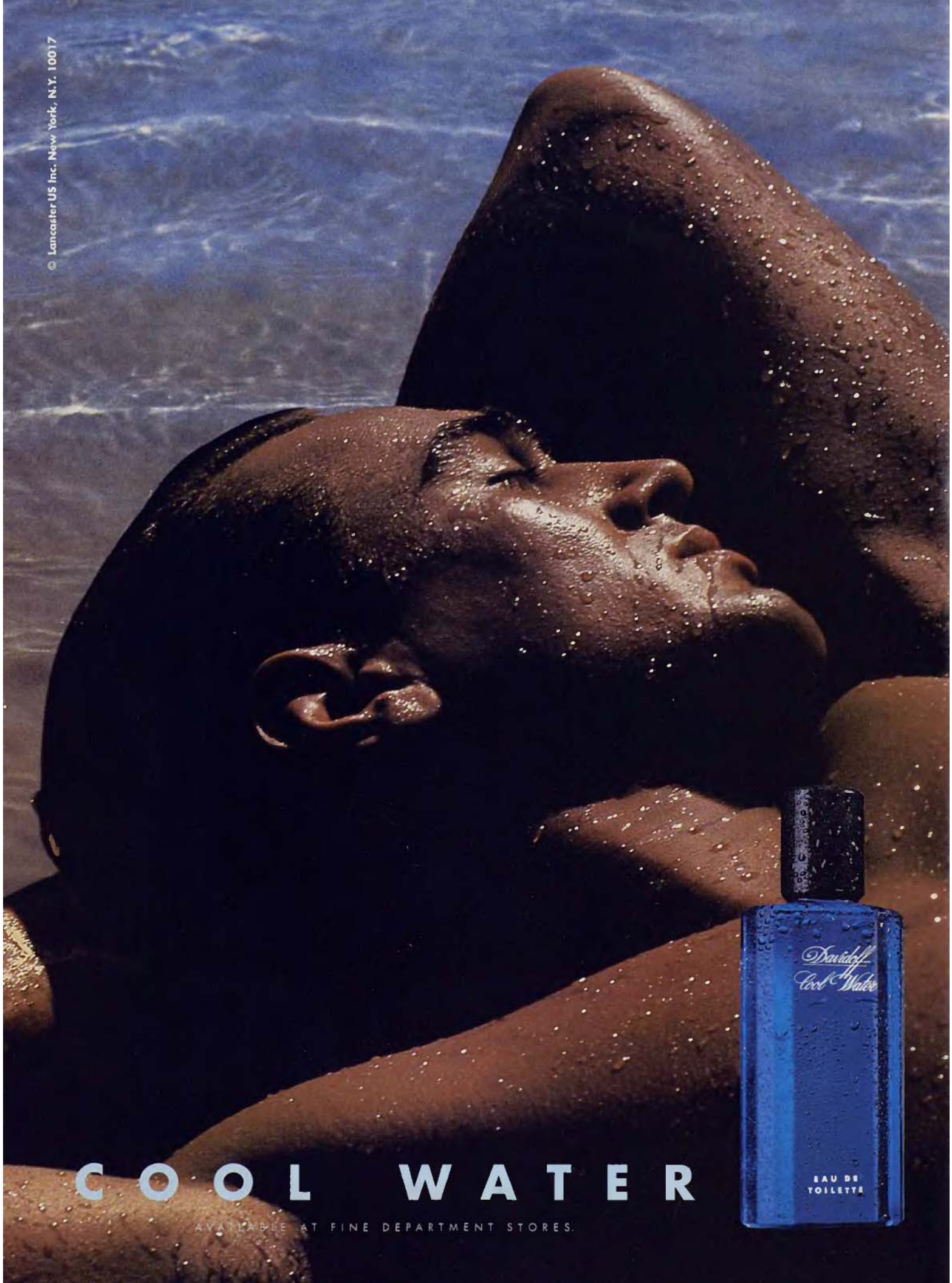
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# PLAYBILL

OUR EVERY encounter with **Farrah Fawcett** has left us amazed. Her first photo shoot not only made our December 1995 issue one of the biggest sellers in recent memory, it redefined our concept of glamour as art. It was as if her triumphs—that tantalizing poster, her gritty performance in *The Burning Bed*—had only hinted at her talent. Now she has done it again. A trained artist, these days Farrah is using the ultimate paintbrush: herself. She is an action painter (think nude body, gallons of paint, yards of receptive canvas). When we captured this mind-bending process on film, we were amazed at the results. Check out *Farrah: All of Me*. The photographs are by **William Hawkes**. The art is all Farrah.

Speaking of perfect bodies, **Jan Breslauer**, who once taught feminist theory at Yale, expanded her credentials by several cup sizes: She had her breasts enlarged. “Boob jobs aren’t incompatible with feminist goals,” Breslauer says in *Stacked Like Me* (illustrated by **Marco Ventura** of Milan). After all, Breslauer points out, a woman has a right to do whatever she wants with her body. A few wards down, the doctor is in. On *ER*, 911 is no joke, thanks in large part to **Anthony Edwards**. As Dr. Mark Greene, Edwards plays the most compelling television medic since Alan Alda’s Hawkeye Pierce. Thing is, the real-life Edwards is quite a contrast to his uptight M.D. It’s all made clear in a laid-back interview with **Kevin Cook**. Edwards talks about his hippie tendencies and peeing in the ocean. You’ll also learn just how well lubed George Clooney likes to keep things on the set.

The return of the *Star Wars* trilogy is an apt herald of the millenium. It represents our childhood in the stars, a familiar future that reminds us of an idyllic, popcorn-flavored past. By weaving together such universal myths as the vision quest, the battle between good and evil and the rescue of the beautiful princess, **George Lucas** established himself as a high priest (read: Jedi knight) of blockbuster movies. Then he dropped out and built an astronomical fortune with special effects. **Bernard Weinraub**, entertainment reporter for *The New York Times*, went to the source for *Luke Skywalker Goes Home*.

*Hard Times*, the fourth installment of *Playboy’s History of the Sexual Revolution*, takes us back to the Thirties. **James R. Petersen**, our resident social scientist, who works directly with **Hef** on the series, recounts an era that witnessed a divergence between contemporary morals and their representation on film. Less than a third of women and a seventh of men born after 1910 were virgins when they married. But in movies, thanks to the Legion of Decency, married couples slept in separate beds. Fortunately there was Mae West to remind us, “When women go wrong, men go right after them.”

Early in his career, **Jon Lovitz** was tagged with the well-earned sobriquet of the Liar. So you can believe everything he tells **David Rensin** in this month’s *20 Questions* about loaning Gwyneth Paltrow to Brad Pitt, fending off randy groupies and getting off online. Lovitz not only sat for *20Q*, he wrote the *Party Jokes*. And he photographed the Playmate. In fact, he is the Playmate. (He just wore a disguise.) Yeah, that’s the ticket. Lying and cheating don’t come easy for **Weldon** in the short story *I Could’ve Told You If You Hadn’t Asked*, by **George Singleton**. However, **Weldon’s** attitude changes when he meets a neighbor’s spacey, beautiful wife (sexily rendered by artist **Charles Burns** in the illustration).

Our athletic Playmate, **Daphnee Lynn Duplaix**, is quite versatile. With nine movie credits under her belt, Miss July can also sing, dance and kickbox. She and Contributing Photographer **Richard Fegley** headed to the Bahamas for a sand-combing pictorial that will leave you shell-shocked. Speaking of going topless, don’t miss our sexy tribute to the hot new class of convertibles, *Drop Your Top*. Can you feel the wind in your face? Are you ready for summer? Vroom.



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vol. 44, no. 7—july 1997

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## COVER STORY

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who's the Farrah of them all?" There's only one, of course, and we have her—in a dazzling new pictorial that features Farrah as you've never seen her—as a work of art. Our satiny-smooth cover was shot by William Hawkes, with styling by Tanya Gill, hair by Serenella Radaelli/Cloutier Agency and makeup by Mela Murphy. Our Rabbit knows that it's enough to be a wallflower.

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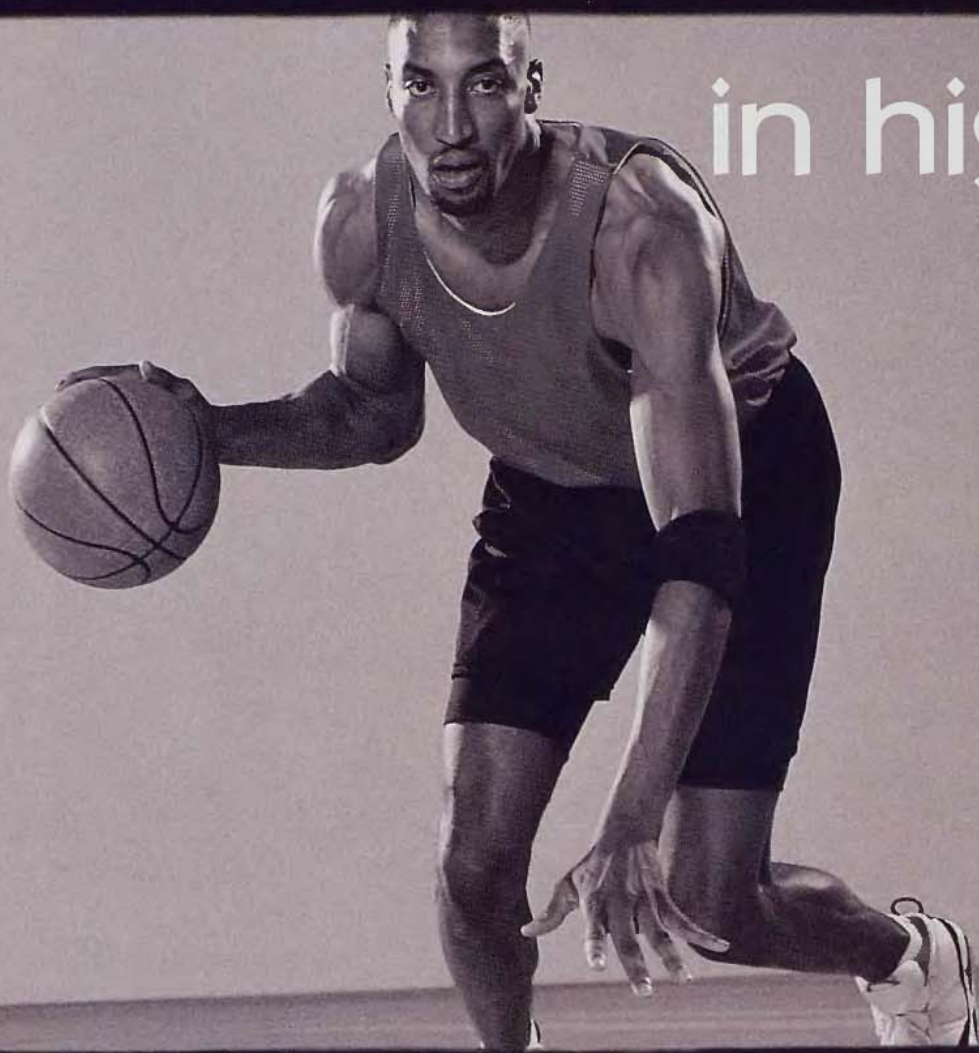
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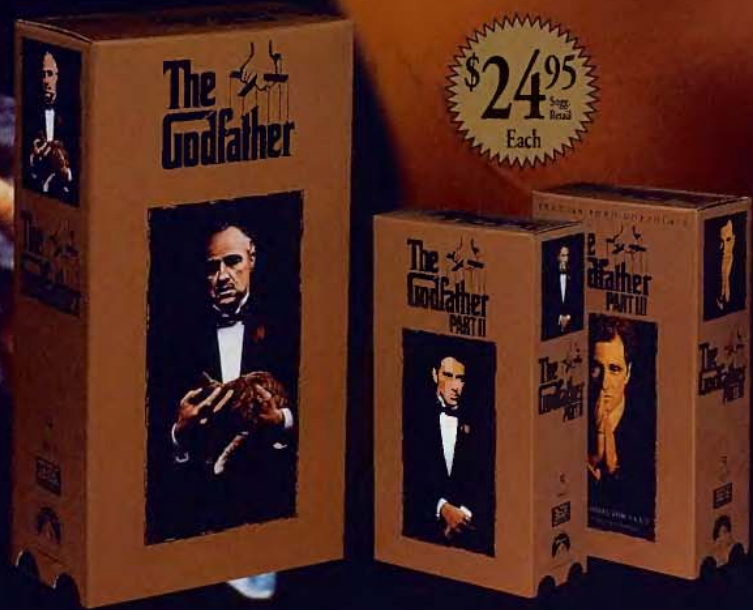
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### A CASE OF VERTIGO

I'm delighted with the presentation of *3001: The Final Odyssey* (March). Please congratulate the illustrator on a dramatic job of instant vertigo—Hitchcock would have been proud of Donato Giancola. I hope his work doesn't make readers so giddy that they can't find their way to the local bookstore. And I'm happy to see that PLAYBOY is still trying to decontaminate the U.S. from the poisonous fallout of the puritan perversion. You might like to quote the reply I now give to latter-day Comstocks: "Keep your filthy hands off my filthy mind!"

Arthur C. Clarke  
Colombo, Sri Lanka

### OUTRAGED

First Vincent Bugliosi writes an article for you about how he'd like to string up O.J. Simpson. Then he interviews Faye Resnick, and now he's your *Playboy Interview* (April) subject. He's been so exposed in your magazine you may as well make him next month's Playmate.

Douglas Levy  
Aurora, Illinois

My reaction after reading the April *Playboy Interview* is: Vincent Bugliosi for president.

Jim Deen  
Cholame, California

Having been a Bugliosi fan for more than 20 years, I find it incredible that he would take such an idiotic position on the issue of drugs. His suggestion that we grab Colombian drug lords by the scruffs of their necks and bring them to the U.S. to face the death penalty is absurd. Bugliosi seems to think that if we executed a couple of these guys, the rest would shake so hard in their boots that they'd immediately cease their cocaine production. He's talking about some of the greediest and most fearless people on earth, and there's an inexhaustible supply of them. Please tell Vince to leave

this topic alone. He was doing fine without it.

Kent Ashcraft  
Bowie, Maryland

At the age of 14, I wrote to Vincent Bugliosi after reading *Helter Skelter*. Ever since then, I have followed his work. His summation at the Manson trial was brilliant. I can still remember his closing words, when he called off the names of the victims like a drumroll. Bugliosi is an articulate man, and while it's true he's outspoken, we can always count on him to say the things so many of us can't.

Lisa Shrestha  
Juneau, Alaska

### MONACO ROYALTY

*Sports Illustrated* went all the way to Monaco to photograph one of its swimsuit-issue models. PLAYBOY found Kelly Monaco (*Kelly Girl*, April) in our own backyard. Miss April can fish me out of the pool any time.

Hung P. Tsai  
hptsai@sprintmail.com  
Arcata, California

March may come in like a lion and go out like a lamb, but April will roar all month over Kelly Monaco.

Charles Smith  
Athens, Ohio

Once again there's proof of the adage that beauty is only skin deep. Kelly Monaco is a stunning woman, but she lacks sensitivity. According to her Data Sheet, she's turned off by "a man with more hair on his back than his head." I don't think Miss April would like to be judged by a physical flaw over which she has no control.

Dave Macey  
Norristown, Pennsylvania

It's a fact that PLAYBOY features beautiful women, but every month in *Dear Playboy*, I read letters from guys who

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claim that the absolute prettiest woman has been discovered. Surely, I thought, there isn't one woman who stands out among so much physical beauty. Well, I was wrong. I now know that there is such a thing as "the most beautiful woman ever." Her name is Kelly Monaco. Having lived 18 of my 20 years a mere one hour south of the Pocono Mountains, I feel lucky to have had such a neighbor.

Matt Kushinka  
State College, Pennsylvania

#### BAD BLOOD

*Bad Blood at the FBI* (April) portrays Frederic Whitehurst as a patriotic, whistle-blowing hero. I see him as a backstabbing, unhappy man. While some of his claims may be true, he seems to be obsessed with screwing over his fellow agents. Federal agencies could stand some policing, but Whitehurst went about it all wrong.

James Braswell  
Mannford, Oklahoma

What happened to Special Agent Whitehurst was wrong, and I'll be rooting for him to win his suit against the FBI. Judging by how it has handled investigations lately, I think the bureau should change its name to Fucking Bumbling Idiots.

Daniel Statkowski  
Cherry Tree, Pennsylvania

#### 20 QUESTIONS

The Vanessa Williams interview (April) proves that she's uninformed about handguns, like most Hollywood residents. According to the National Safety Council, more children drown in swimming pools or choke on food every year than die in firearms accidents. Americans successfully defend themselves with firearms more than 2 million times each year.

Tim Lau  
Lake Forest, California

I have been a fan of Vanessa Williams since she won the Miss America title in 1983. Her sexy voice is perfectly matched to her exotic looks.

Troy Goodwin  
Houston, Texas

The fact that Richard Lalich assumes a high school band has a place for people who are tone-deaf makes me question his journalistic acumen. I'm now an adjunct professor of music for Columbia University and a percussionist for *Miss Saigon*, and my high school orchestra was the best in five Western states—with keen competition. If Lalich cares to see an orchestra in action, I'll gladly show him how to tune a timpani.

Michael Hinton  
New York, New York

#### PRIVATE PARTS

Jamie Malanowski's profile on Howard Stern (*Brace Yourself for Howie*, April) can be summed up by saying, "You can fool all of the people all of the time." I think Stern is trying to screw the public for money. I'll admit I was sucked in for a while, but I won't be conned now.

Larry Parola  
Newport Beach, California

#### THE JOY OF JOEY

It's great to see Joey Heatherton in the April issue (*Pal Joey*). A generation of young men have missed out on her, but those of us who served in Nam will never forget her. She was there to remind us of American girls waiting for us back home. The thousands who were entertained by Joey will always hold her in their hearts.

George Dorman  
Hillsborough, North Carolina



What a tribute to one of the most beautiful dancers ever. Joey was always a must-see whenever she appeared on *The Dean Martin Show*. I hope she'll attract a new group of admirers who were born long after the variety shows on which she appeared faded away.

Ron Spigenere  
TexanCajun@aol.com  
Lewisville, Texas

Thanks for making my dream come true with your Joey Heatherton pictorial. I've had a crush on her since I was a teenager watching her in Serta Sleeper commercials. Joey is Serta Perfect. Would you please give us one more photo of her?

Daniel Rufkahr  
DRufkahr@aol.com  
Jonesboro, Arkansas

If my calculations are correct, Joey is in her early to mid-50s now. She has defied the insidious ravages of middle age,

as eye-poppingly proven by Stephen Wayda's sensational photos.

Sidd Finch  
Beaver Dams, New York

Joey Heatherton has the most beautiful legs I've ever seen—more beautiful than Betty Grable's, Angie Dickinson's or Mitzi Gaynor's—and *PLAYBOY* didn't publish a single photo to prove it. Next time you feature a sexy dancer in a pictorial, don't forget to show us her gams.

Charles Nettles  
Johnston, Iowa

#### A TOOTH FOR A TOOTH

After seeing your pictorial of women in dentistry (*Talk About Toothsome!*, April), I'm throwing away my toothbrush and praying for cavities so that I may visit Dr. Tammy Lynn Brewer. I won't even need Novocain or laughing gas; I'm anesthetized by her beauty.

M. Perry Roberts  
Sandy Hook Township, New Jersey

I'm a 24-year-old pre dental major praying that the dental assistants will be as beautiful as these women when I graduate.

Robby Mayes  
Amarillo, Texas

#### BIRD GUARDIAN

Thanks for sharing five decades of Playmates with us in *The Playmate Book*. I read about September 1965 Playmate Patti Reynolds' business, Audubon Entities, and her product, Bird Guardian. I found it at my local hardware store and bought a few. This spring, even my baby birds will be thanking *PLAYBOY*.

John O'Neill  
johnb@pin-ups.com  
Madison, Wisconsin

#### I DO READ IT FOR THE ARTICLES

I'd like to thank *PLAYBOY* for keeping me current on the U.S. I've been living in Germany for the past nine years and haven't missed a single issue of the magazine. With such limited access to American culture, I can honestly say I buy *PLAYBOY* for the articles—after checking out the pictures, of course.

Donald Draut  
Geretsried, Germany

#### MEN

I read "Why Men Love Taxes" (April) with the humor it was intended to evoke, but it made me wonder how serious the state of our tax affairs really is. We behave as though we're helpless while Congress spends our money. Perhaps it's time for us to stage a tax revolt to let Washington know we're mad as hell and we're not going to take it anymore.

Ronald Serafin  
Houston, Texas





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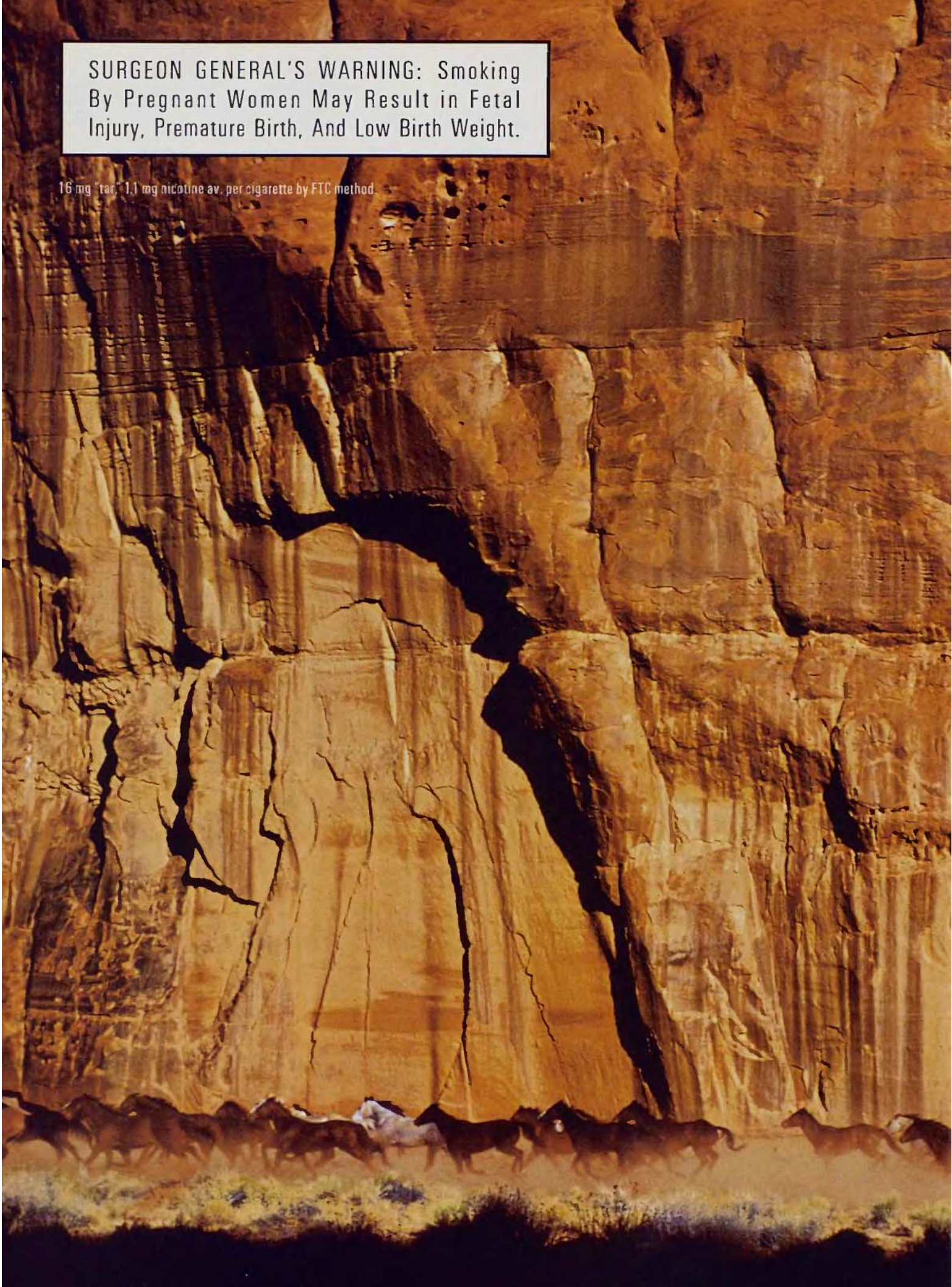
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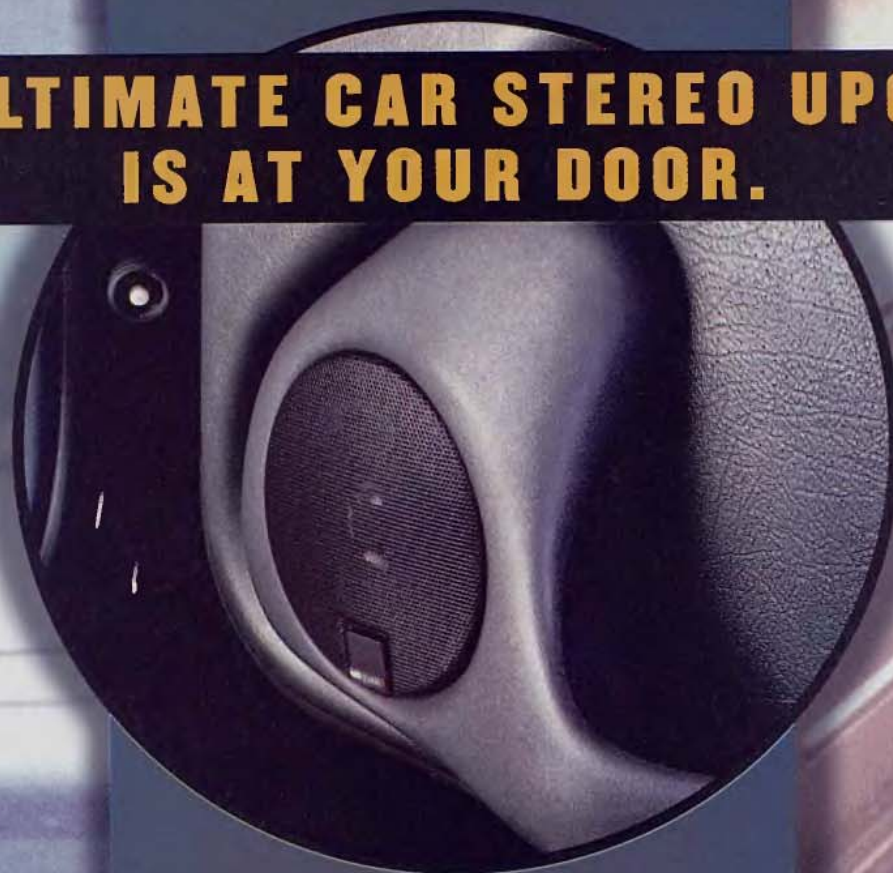


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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



## PATRIOT EPISTLE

If only Timothy McVeigh had gotten laid more often. In Colorado, Marilyn Gardner has founded the Patriot Matchmaker dating service, which introduces lovelorn paramilitarists and survivalists to potential partners. The former actress counts 260 militia enthusiasts on her books after one year of business. For \$69 (women get a hefty discount), members receive a personal ad in and a year's subscription to her monthly *Patriot Matchmaker* bulletin. The dating service's slogan? "The ultimate in preparedness—having a like-minded mate." It also helps if she has a taste for possum.

## DEATH ROGUE RECORDS

Think of it as dinner music for your last meal. Resist Records has released a CD of jazz compositions by suicide doctor Jack Kevorkian, who plays flute and is backed by the Morpheus Quintet. A mixture of acid jazz and bop, the CD has the year's most apt title: *A Very Still Life*.

## WRYFECTA

If ever there were an ideal candidate for the stud farm, it's the horse that ran a world record 1:32 mile at Santa Anita (later broken by Atticus). He's worthy not just for his speed but also for his name: Isitingood. We imagine the first generation of foals he sires will be named Yesitwas, Andhow, Ringadingding and Yesyesathousandtimesyes.

## POSTNASAL TRIP

Children can now develop a nose for history thanks to a series of books from Oxford University Press titled *Smelly Old History*. Mary Dobson, a professor of history at Oxford, wrote *Roman Aromas*, *Tudor Odors* and *Victorian Vapors* in an attempt to expose children to social transformations, the development of modern science and the fact that the world has always been a powerfully odorous place. The books have scratch-and-sniff panels that emit both familiar and unfamiliar odors. Among the smells: a Caesar salad of bath unguents and

sweat (Roman aromas), an English garden of dung and lavender (Tudor odors) and the factory-fresh combo of machine oil and urine (Victorian vapors). The idea came to Dobson when she was lecturing undergrads on medicine and contagion. She wanted to reinforce the thought that until recently the world was a cauldron of smells from open sewers, heaping piles of horse manure and poor drainage. Before the discovery of germs, people believed that miasmas—the stench from putrefying debris, for example—caused disease. In fact, much of the history of medicine, she contends, is a history of cleanliness. Romans washed their linen in urine because they believed it to be medicinal; the 17th century Dutch brushed their teeth with it. Our obsession with deodorants and air-fresheners is a modern turn of events, according to Dobson. We're just thankful she's preserved a whiff of history for our kids.

## HOUSING COMPLEX

In the town of Přebor in the Czech Republic is the house that Sigmund Freud was born in. Local officials want to turn it into a museum or almost anything oth-



ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

er than what it currently is: a massage parlor. What vexes them, says one civic leader, is the idea of "sexual services being offered in the home of our most famous son." True, but at least now they clean the couch after each customer.

## SCRUM AGAIN

Fans of rugby apparently know how to tailgate. This year the doubleheader of St. Valentine's Day followed by a Saturday rugby match between England and Ireland created a huge demand for the morning-after contraceptive pill in Dublin. Local clinics reported that sales of the pill shot up 50 percent after the weekend. Rugby is a game that is similar to American football, only there are more ways to score.

## JAW BREAKER

Under pressure from Washington, the CIA has revised its Latin American training manual so that it no longer encourages the use of torture in interrogations. An excerpt from the new manual reads, "No violence! If they break the subject's jaw, he will not be able to answer questions." Yeah, but he won't give you any lip, either.

## LIVING COLORS

As we all know, Martha Stewart's linens, towels and latex paints (\$15 a gallon) are going to be sold through Kmart. The 256 new paint colors are being produced by Sherwin-Williams. A mere mortal may have had some trouble coming up with that many shades, but not Martha. She sees color everywhere and even gets ideas from her pets. "We sat with my five cats and three dogs and looked through their fur for inspiration," she told *The Washington Post*. "One cat alone gave us 13 colors." Furball gray? Ringworm red? Distemper teal? Tabby Tootsie Roll? Those who can't get enough of Martha should go to a department store to get a glimpse of her promotional video on how to make a bed with hospital corners. We have a feeling that it may become a classic contribution to obsessive-compulsive literature.



# RAW DATA

## SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

### QUOTE

"I have to go back to work. I can't live off federal matching funds forever."—FORMER PRESIDENTIAL BIDDER PAT BUCHANAN ON HIS RETURN TO CNN'S *Crossfire* AFTER A TWO-YEAR ABSENCE

### FARE PLAY

Cost of processing and delivering a standard airline ticket: \$8. Cost of processing electronic—or ticketless—tickets: 50 cents.

### CHECK'S IN THE JAIL

In a recent sampling by the GAO, percentage of inmates in county and city jails who continue to receive SSI checks even though they are ineligible to do so: 4.

### OPERATING THEATER

In a study of 97 episodes of *ER*, *Chicago Hope* and *Rescue 911*, percentage of TV patients who received CPR and survived: 66. Percentage of CPR recipients who survive in real life: 15.

### BACK TO SCHOOL

Percentage of students in four-year colleges who take five years to obtain their diplomas: 53. Percentage of undergrads older than 24: 50.

### A TEST OF FAITH

According to the research group Empty Tomb, Inc., projected number of members in ten major U.S. Protestant churches by the year 2036 if the current rate of decline continues: 0.

### WATER WORLD

Percentage of Americans who live in counties bordering the Pacific or Atlantic oceans, the Gulf of Mexico or the Great Lakes: 55.

### SLOW AROUSAL

In a study of 274 surgery patients, the average number of minutes it



took for men to awaken from anesthesia: 13. Average number of minutes it took for women to open their eyes: 7.

### HEARTHROB

According to Dr. James Muller, lead author of a *Journal of the American Medical Association* study, percentage of patients whose heart attacks are triggered by climbing out of bed in the morning: 10. Percentage of heart attacks caused by sexual activity: 1.

### TOUR BUSTS

The percentage of Americans who said they are afraid to vacation in the Middle East: 30. Percentage of Americans who would avoid Iraq: 18. Percentage who would avoid New York City: 18. Percentage who are afraid to visit Los Angeles: 12. Percentage who are afraid to travel to Russia: 8. Percentage who fear Miami: 8.

### HONEY GRAMS

Approximate value of the six grams of gold in an Olympic gold medal: \$68. Price fetched last year for a gold medal from the 1936 games in Berlin: \$6500.

### MACRO MANSION

Number of square feet in the dream house being constructed for Bill Gates: 35,000. Approximate cost per square foot of Gates' one-bedroom guest house: \$412. Typical cost per square foot of a top-of-the-line custom home: \$120.

### CELL BRAKE

In a study of 699 car accidents, percentage of drivers who had been using their cellular phones just before the crash: 25. Percentage of crashers who used their phones to call for help: 39.

—BETTY SCHAAL

## RUMP ROAST

How not to make goulash. In a lawsuit filed in Budapest, a bus driver claims he lost a month's wages after his doctor prescribed a paprika enema. The driver says the burning was so bad he couldn't sit down to do his job for weeks. The doctor says the man suffered from chronic constipation and that he used twice as much spice as was prescribed in a misguided attempt to speed the cure.

## FIRST-TIME AUTHOR

If all goes according to plan, this month Warner Books will publish *Been There, Haven't Done That: A Virgin's Memoirs* by 26-year-old Tara McCarthy. The publisher made certain that McCarthy signed a no-sex clause, which reads, "The author hereby agrees to remain virginal in mind, body and spirit until first publication of the work." We hope the book transcends the genre and keeps the author from getting fingered by the critics.

## GIVING UNTIL IT HURTS

Goodwill Industries of San Francisco is running several new television spots soliciting donations of unwanted items. One ad is aired only in select markets: Two male hands are shown packing away typical man stuff as a voice-over intones, "You've packed up your beer mugs and hung up your high-tops. Now you've got a ring on your finger, floral sheets on your bed. You're not one of the guys anymore." Then the camera pans down two muscular legs in high heels as the voice says, "In fact, you're not a guy anymore."

## JACK, OK. SWISS, NO WAY

The Sport a Legend condom, which this year honors the Green Bay Packers, is just a harmless risqué novelty item for the die-hard fan. Even so, we'd have second thoughts about slipping into anything that is made by an outfit called the Cheese Head Condom Co.

## THE BUS STOPS HERE

The remarkable thing about the Bus Plunge Web site ([www.users.interport.net/~tcs/index.html](http://www.users.interport.net/~tcs/index.html)) is not its lengthy list of bus accidents but the number of wire reports that ran with the words bus plunge in the headlines. We also learned that although most plunges take place in the Third World (recently, 30 people were injured when a minivan plunged off a precipice in Peru), Norway is the global leader for buses that plunge off ferries. Helpful tip: If you ride on the bumper or on top of a bus, you're likely to survive. Which may answer the page's editorial query, "How do you fit 30 folks in a minivan, anyway?"





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# MOVIES

## By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

BASED ON Terrence McNally's Tony Award-winning play, *Love! Valour! Compassion!* (Fine Line) follows a group of middle-class gay men through several holiday weekends at a country house. Joe Mantello directs again, with most of the stage cast intact, though Jason Alexander (of TV's *Seinfeld*) replaces Nathan Lane as Buzz, the avid musical-comedy buff who has AIDS. The movie is more wordy than cinematic but still works as a witty, tragicomic slice of the lives of a choreographer (Stephen Bogardus) and his friends. Among a slew of flawless performances, Alexander is a scene-stealer, and John Glover retains the glow of his Tony-awarded dual role as the diametrically opposite Jeekyll twins. While it all seemed funnier onstage, it is somehow more poignant and intimate in filmed close-ups. There's more male nudity here than moviegoers usually see, none of it exploited for shock value. In addition to being top-of-the-line entertainment, *Love! Valour! Compassion!* makes a brilliant case against homophobia. ★★★½

Dazzling visual effects push *The Pillow Book* (Cinepix) to the limits of English writer-director Peter Greenaway's feverish imagination. A former painter whose controversial films include *The Draughtsman's Contract*, *Drowning by Numbers* and *The Cook, the Thief, His Wife and Her Lover*, Greenaway goes overboard with this tale of Nagiko (Vivian Wu), a modern woman obsessed by an erotic tenth century literary classic. Nagiko's fetishism and kinky proclivities begin in childhood when her father (an eccentric calligrapher who annually inscribes birthday greetings on her face) consents to a homosexual relationship with his publisher. By the time she is an adult, Nagiko prefers lovers who will write things on her body—until a decadent English translator named Jerome (Ewan McGregor) urges her to turn the tables and adorn male flesh, to become the painter instead of the painted. Subsequently, Jerome becomes a sort of manuscript of erotic poetry, submitting his naked torso to the same publisher's scrutiny. It all culminates in lots of bare flesh, a suicide and several grisly sequences about a male corpse being flayed, filleted and reassembled in book form. *Pillow Book* is an eyeful, though hardly required reading. ★★

The easy, improvised charms of *When the Cat's Away* (Sony Classics) concern a single young Frenchwoman named



Wu and calligrapher: By the *Pillow Book*.

Gay guys take a holiday, a French girl tracks her cat and a beekeeper feels the sting.

Chloé (Garance Clavel) who finds new friends and a new life while searching for her lost pet. Because her roommate refused to cat-sit during her seaside holiday, Chloé had left Gris-Gris with Madame Renée, a crusty old neighbor lady played by Renée Le Calm, one of many nonactors who add Gallic zing to writer-director Cédric Klapisch's saucy French comedy. Much of it is improvised with earthy humor, moving from local cafés to working-class apartments. *When the Cat's Away* makes the City of Light look run-down but grittily romantic. ★★★

The last movie in Irish author Roddy Doyle's engaging trilogy about life in a Dublin neighborhood is *The Van* (Fox Searchlight), a perfect follow-up to *The Commitments* and *The Snapper*. Colm Meaney is back in the game, this time as an unemployed baker named Larry, who joins his pal Bimbo (Donal O'Kelly) to operate a fast-food van. The year is 1980 and Ireland is in the World Cup competition, so Larry and Bimbo mostly do business outside rowdy soccer matches. Peddling fish-and-chips and burgers from the back of a ramshackle vehicle, the two chums face doubting families and their own personality clashes. In fact, they scrap so much that Bimbo destroys the van to save their friendship. Stephen Frears, director of *The Snapper* and *Dangerous Liaisons*, once more catches the rhythm of Irish working-class soci-

ety, helped along by fine performers who make their day-to-day drudgery look droll, convincing and universal. ★★★

A head trip in every sense of the word, *Timothy Leary's Dead* (Strand Releasing) ends with startling scenes of the LSD guru's after-death decapitation—part of his plan to have his brain cryogenically frozen for the benefit of future generations. Otherwise, director Paul Davids' respectful documentary sums up the career of the counterculture hero and Harvard professor who became a Sixties celebrity by endorsing psychedelic drugs. Leary managed to treat his imminent death (from cancer, in 1996) as another great adventure. The movie, largely a collage of old film clips, is at once routine and remarkable. The man's life and times merit attention, if you can get through that macabre, unsettling climax without reaching for a barf bag. ★★

The humdrum routine of a beekeeper in backwater Florida is interrupted by a phone call from his wayward son (Tom Wood), who is serving a prison term for armed robbery. From that moment on, *Ulee's Gold* (Orion Classics) gathers steam as an intelligent adult suspense drama, with an authoritative low-key performance by Peter Fonda as Ulee (short for Ulysses). Laconic and more than ever like his father, Fonda as Ulee is a quiet man who is struggling to make a home for his two young granddaughters when he is suddenly compelled to bring home his unmotherly, drug-addicted daughter-in-law (Christine Dunford). Unfortunately, she has let slip to a pair of criminal cohorts that her husband has hidden \$100,000 on Ulee's property. The amoral duo—played with cold aforethought malice by Steven Flynn and Dewey Weber—creates new havoc in an already turbulent domestic scene. Only a nurse named Connie (a nice turn by Patricia Richardson of TV's *Home Improvement*) helps Ulee through his ordeal. Writer-producer-director Victor Nuñez, an un-Hollywood moviemaker who proceeds at his own confident pace, resolves it all without the usual action-film clichés. He is a true original rooted in down-home American reality. ★★★

This must be what we used to call a woman's movie: lots of girl talk woven into a plot as light as a feather boa. *Wedding Bell Blues* (BMG/Legacy Releasing) provides a showcase for Illeana Douglas, Julie Warner and Paulina Porizkova as three singles who are pushing 30 and determined to find husbands during



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Chinlund: Self-starter.

## OFF CAMERA

Some years ago, Nick Chinlund commissioned Seth Zvi Rosenfeld to write a play for him. When *A Brother's Kiss* opened in a small Manhattan theater, critics raved. Now 35, Chinlund is earning accolades in the movie version, directed by Rosenfeld after Nick helped raise the financing. "I went to some Wall Street friends I knew from Brown University, carrying Clive Barnes' *New York Post* review in my pocket," he recalls. His *Brother's Kiss* role as a needy, hopeless drug addict showcased some of his ability, but Chinlund does more in the action drama *Con Air*, with Nicolas Cage. "I have a fight to the death with Cage—you can figure out how that ends, since he's the star and probably paid untold millions."

The actor was raised in East Harlem, where his father was an Episcopal priest. "My dad knew everybody, and he's very handsome—the movie-star version of a priest." Chinlund went to college intending to be a lawyer, "but I didn't want to study law, so I became an actor." Years of summer theater followed, and he stayed away from series television despite great reviews for his "skin-crawling" stint on an episode of *The X-Files*. "I played a fetishist, a Jeffrey Dahmer knock-off." He also portrays artist Frederic Remington in a new TV special called *Rough Riders* and is off to Canada to shoot *Mr. Magoo*, a Disney comedy with Leslie Nielsen in the title role. "Kelly Lynch and I are a pair of jewel thieves pursuing Magoo." Is Chinlund worried about being typecast? "No, but when you're on your way up, you're either the leading man's sidekick or the bad guy. I'm not really the sidekick type, so I've been bad a lot, but I don't think I have an evil face. And *Magoo* will be the first movie I've made that my seven-year-old nephew can see."

a 24-hour junket to Las Vegas. Even if divorce swiftly follows, at least they'll have tied the knot before hitting the big 3-0. Stuck with a fairly old-fashioned concept, director Dana Lustig gives it her best shot. The trio of actresses is appealing—Porizkova surprisingly vital as a pregnant beauty queen—and the men they meet are likable foils (John Corbett, Charles Martin Smith and Jonathan Penner fill the bill). Take it with a grain of schmaltz. **YY**

A standard domestic drama is worked out with fresh, realistic twists in *Grind* (Castle Hill), director Chris Kentis' feature debut. It's the inevitable infidelity crisis that occurs when a restless guy named Eddie (Billy Crudup), after serving time in prison, moves in with his married brother Terry (Paul Schulze) and Terry's sexy wife (Adrienne Shelley). Eddie prefers car racing to the daily grind in a New Jersey treadmill factory where his dad and brother work, so he gets on the night shift, which leaves his days free to tinker with his hot car and his sister-in-law. *Grind* goes where you'd expect, but keeps its sibling rivalry up to speed. The best reason to stay with it may be Billy Crudup. His charisma conquered Broadway several seasons ago in Tom Stoppard's *Arcadia*, and he's now making his mark in movies. **YY½**

Clare Peplow (director Bernardo Bertolucci's wife) takes on considerably more than she can handle as co-author and director of *Rough Magic* (Goldwyn). In the course of this bizarre misadventure, Bridget Fonda plays a magician's assistant running around Mexico with a roll of film that depicts her fiancé (D.W. Moffett) murdering her mentor. She is pursued en route by an American reporter played by Russell Crowe, who seems to be a good actor in the wrong movie. Fonda is way out of her depth as the mysterious wonder-working blonde who, at one point, transforms a rude Mexican lout into a sausage. A small dog eats him. Later, Fonda lays a large green egg, and the dog talks. To tell more might spoil the movie's mind-numbing surprises. If this is magic realism, make mine vanilla. **Y**

A good hour longer, more intense and still perhaps the best undersea epic ever made, director Wolfgang Petersen's 1982 *Das Boot* (Columbia) is back in a director's cut. Curiously, rapt audiences find themselves rooting for a Nazi submarine crew in Petersen's antiwar triumph, which launched his Hollywood career. Like the reconstituted *Star Wars* trilogy, *Das Boot* is even better some 15 years later. **YYYY**

## MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films  
by bruce williamson

- Bliss** (Reviewed 5/97) Sex therapy for a couple of troubled newlyweds. **YYY**
- Brassed Off** (5/97) British coal miners blow their own horns. **YYY**
- A Brother's Kiss** (6/97) A drugged-up petty criminal's sibling is a law-abiding man in blue. **YY½**
- Chasing Amy** (6/97) Boy meets lesbian but is unable to handle her heterosexual past. **YYY**
- Children of the Revolution** (6/97) Was Stalin this Aussie rebel's dad? **YY**
- Das Boot** (See rereview) A German submarine epic—harrowing. **YYYY**
- Grind** (See review) Sharp showcase for Billy Crudup, who seduces his brother's wife. **YY½**
- Intimate Relations** (6/97) A three-way with mom, teenager and sexy British lodger. **YYY**
- Inventing the Abbotts** (5/97) Crudup again, this time wooing a rich man's daughters. **YYY**
- Kissed** (6/97) Weird woman digs dead guys with erections. **Y**
- Love! Valour! Compassion!** (See review) Gay like the play, and a winner. **YYY½**
- Nightwatch** (6/97) Serial sex maniac does his creepy dirty work in a city morgue. **YYY**
- Paradise Road** (6/97) In a prison camp, women organize a chorus. **YYY½**
- The Pillow Book** (See review) Greenaway's kinky tale of body art. **YY**
- Rough Magic** (See review) A floundering Bridget Fonda weaves no spell. **Y**
- Shall We Dance** (6/97) Japanese man finds joie de vivre in a ballroom. **YYY**
- Temptress Moon** (6/97) Gong Li heads a dynasty hooked on opium. **YY½**
- Timothy Leary's Dead** (See review) Absorbing—but, oh, that head trip. **YY**
- Traveller** (6/97) Scamming with two Irish American con men. **YY½**
- Twin Town** (6/97) A pair of incorrigible brothers raise hell in Wales. **YY**
- Ulee's Gold** (See review) Peter Fonda is all abuzz as a beekeeper in domestic jeopardy. **YYYY**
- The Van** (See review) Fast-food wagon has Irish buddies hopping. **YYY**
- Wedding Bell Blues** (See review) Husband hunting in Las Vegas. **YY**
- When the Cat's Away** (See review) Fresh French comedy about a woman's rewarding search for her lost pet. **YYY**

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



# VIDEO

## GUEST SHOT



When it comes to choosing his favorite videos, **Rip Torn** is of two minds. The veteran stage, screen and TV thespian's taste ranges from Marcel Carné's epic Parisian love story,

*Children of Paradise*, to the complete *Honeymooners* collection ("I love the whole gang," he says, "especially Audrey Meadows"). But Torn says his vid viewing is also subject to the whims of his alter ego, Artie, the cranky producer on *The Larry Sanders Show*. "I have my own favorites," insists Artie, "like all of Sinatra's concert videos. I also like Hume Cronyn's sadistic captain in *Brute Force*, not to mention Sterling Hayden's country thug and Sam Jaffe's lecher in *The Asphalt Jungle*. Oh, and one last thing," Artie adds. "Though I don't like him much as a person, I love the work of Rip Torn." —SUSAN PICKIN

### VIDBITS

Fighting Nazis on skis? First Run Features' compelling documentary *Fire on the Mountain* (\$29.95) tells the story of the U.S. Army's Tenth Mountain Division, the elite corps of climbers and skiers who constituted America's only winter warfare unit to fight in World War Two. Program includes interviews with surviving members, archival clips and a dramatic 1995 reunion between Yanks and Nazis atop Italy's Riva Ridge. . . . Flashback of the month: *Fleetwood Mac: The Early Years* (Rhino, \$19.98) tracks the first family's house band back to its 1967 formation under the steady beat of drummer Mick Fleetwood. The tuneful scrapbook includes rare concert footage, replays of classic hits (including *Black Magic Woman* and *Oh, Well*) and a 1969 performance of *Rattlesnake Shake* on TV's *Playboy After Dark*—complete with an intro by Hef. Looking good, boss.

### VID NOIR

A lot of movies with bad lighting call themselves film noir. But genuine noir has femmes fatales, hard-boiled heroes and atmosphere thick with mystery and murder. Here's the real stuff:

**The Maltese Falcon** (1941): The prototype. Private eye Sam Spade (Humphrey Bogart) uncovers swindle in which double-crossers hunt for titular bird statue. John Huston's first directorial effort was nominated for three Academy Awards.

**Double Indemnity** (1944): Ball of fire Barbara Stanwyck uses sex appeal to get

goody-two-shoes insurance salesman Fred MacMurray to throw her oilman hubby from a train. Inspired the 1981 Hurt-Turner sweatfest *Body Heat*.

**Lady in the Lake** (1946): The characters talk to the lens, as unseen gumshoe Philip Marlowe gets punched and kissed, smokes cigarettes, shoots guns and tears ass in a high-speed chase.

**The Big Clock** (1948): Time is running out on crime reporter Ray Milland, who is investigating the murder of his publisher's (Charles Laughton's) mistress. The bummer: All clues point to Milland.

**Out of the Past** (1947): Private dick Robert Mitchum can't keep his dick private when moll Jane Greer comes near. Too bad, because she's the embezzling squeeze of gangster Kirk Douglas.

**The Postman Always Rings Twice** (1946): Lovers Lana Turner and John Garfield bump off Turner's husband—then all hell breaks loose. Despite the censored script, it still outsizzles the explicit 1981 remake with Lange and Nicholson.

**Blood Simple** (1984): Sleaze hires slimeball to kill his wife and her boyfriend. The Coen brothers' first feature adds quirk to noir, then throws in a knotty plot and plenty of gore. Stars M. Emmet Walsh and Frances McDormand.

**The Last Seduction** (1994): Tough-talking Linda Fiorentino injects the Forties noir heroine with Nineties hormones, as she uses sex to sucker a small-town denizen into helping her dodge vengeful husband Bill Pullman.

**Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid** (1982): Play it again, Sam. Bogey's Spade returns—via

### X-RATED VIDEO OF THE MONTH:

Director Michael Zen seems to have a knack for squeezing searing adult action into classic literary forms. This time it's mythology. In *Satyr* (Wicked Pictures), half-animals and whole babes romp around a mystical netherworld, humping their furry hides off. A wild ride for both the horny and horned. Jenna Jameson stars.



comically juxtaposed clips—as Steve Martin's assistant in clever noir send-up. Directed by Carl Reiner. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

### LASER FARE

Independent filmmaker Frank LaLoggia's spine-tingler *Lady in White* (1988) has been decked out in a remastered director's cut from Elite Entertainment (\$60). All about a schoolboy who witnesses an apparition, the film delivers top-notch willies despite its tame PG-13 label. Other pluses include: six minutes of previously deleted footage, a new Dolby Digital 5.1 audio track, behind-the-scenes scenes and commentary by LaLoggia. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER	
MOOD	MOVIE
STAR TURN	<b>Jerry Maguire</b> (smarmy sports agent Cruise needs pugnacious jock to survive; Cuba Gooding earns his Oscar), <b>The People vs. Larry Flynt</b> (diapered Harrelson and stoned Love have day in court; Miloš Forman's ode to free speech).
ROMANCE	<b>Michael</b> (William Hurt and Andie MacDowell are taunted by horny, potbellied angel; Travolta's heavenly Romeo takes flight), <b>One Fine Day</b> (single Manhattan parents George Clooney and Michelle Pfeiffer hook up; sappy but snappy).
MUSICAL	<b>Everyone Says I Love You</b> (Woody makes angst sing in Gotham fantasy-romance; only Drew Barrymore's voice is fake), <b>Evita</b> (Madonna, Banderas and Pryce add sheen to tired stage tuner; Latin atmosphere galore from director Parker).
COMEDY	<b>Mother</b> (Albert Brooks moves back home; frighteningly funny turn by Debbie Reynolds as loopy, bulk-buying mom), <b>Beavis and Butt-head Do America</b> (the snickering morons go Hollywood; biggest heh-heh: the full-cavity search).
SLEEPER	<b>Scream</b> (slasher movie fans duel knife-wielding psycho in Wes Craven's sharp self-parody), <b>Bastard Out of Carolina</b> (poor Southern sisters endure stepdad's abuse; Anjelica Huston's brutal directorial debut).







A man in a dark suit, white shirt, and red tie is cheering with his mouth wide open and arms raised. He is wearing glasses. The background is dark and out of focus, suggesting a crowd or a sports event.

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# MUSIC

## ROCK

LIVE'S FRONT MAN, Edward Kowalczyk, has an amazing instinct for keeping a balance between mystery and accessibility, humor and drama, all while kicking out the jams. Often compared (favorably and unfavorably) with U2 and R.E.M., Live appears to be moving more toward the Doors. The band's third album, *Secret Samadhi* (Radioactive), has all the trappings of rock-and-roll mysticism. Its imagery is drawn from the stars and from the human body in startling, Jim Morrison-like juxtapositions. I rank them up there among the heavyweight contenders. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

In 1972, a few years before the advent of punk, Iggy and the Stooges were convulsive, explosive and gut-wrenching. Their Bowie-produced album, *Raw Power*, bewildered almost everybody at the time. It was too primal to be artsy, too apolitical and vulgar to be accepted by hippies or progressive rockers. Now Iggy Pop has remixed *Raw Power* (Columbia/Legacy) to reflect how the band really sounded. James Williamson's guitars come slamming out of your speakers, vividly highlighting the sophisticated songwriting of *Search and Destroy* and *Gimme Danger*. It's a tribute to the timelessness of great rock that the most potent album of the decade, since Nirvana's *Nevermind*, is a gem resurrected from 25 years ago. —VIC GARBARINI

England's Chemical Brothers have moved into next-big-thing territory. Their new *Dig Your Own Hole* (Astralwerks) is unrelentingly up-tempo in a humorous rather than punishing way. They abjure guitars but not guitar sounds, which they unite with hectic dance beats. They are also capable of detached lyricism and the occasional laugh. Nonvocal music rarely goes pop, but give the Chemical Brothers credit for trying. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

## JAZZ

A perfectionist, a master of the recording studio and an all-around control freak, Frank Sinatra hasn't authorized many live albums. So the release of *Live in Australia, 1959* (Blue Note) isn't one of those times when a label exploits a musician past his prime. In fact, this hour with the Red Norvo Quintet is regarded by connoisseurs as one of Sinatra's finest club sets ever, far superior to the Paris performance Reprise put out in 1994. Its characteristic tempo is a confident, medium-fast swing. It breathes unforced optimism into such signature standards as *All of Me*, *Night and Day* and *I've Got*



*Secret Samadhi: Live.*

Frank Sinatra, Woody Guthrie, early Aretha Franklin and a bucket of blues.

*You Under My Skin*. Those who thrill to every detail of Sinatra's voice may be slightly disappointed by the audio quality, but the rest of us will find it superb. For the jazz-inclined, and for anyone else who finds Sinatra's studio arrangements too ornately pop, the easy, economical freedom of these renditions should prove perfect. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

## R&B

Why would an artist brag that she had rejected tracks Babyface produced for her? Maybe because she wants us to see her as a rebel.

To some degree, Laurnea's *Betta Listen* (Yab Yum/Epic) is off the beaten track. Like Maxwell and Erykah Badu, she tries to work outside the sample-heavy hip-hop of so many hit acts. Omar Lye-Fook handles the production on two cuts, providing a sheen that is reminiscent of the Brand New Heavies. Speech, late of Arrested Development, also produced two cuts, *Have You Ever* and *Days of Youth*, that have the smart and sensitive feel of his best work. DJ Kemit, another Arrested Development alumnus, created the title track as well as the moody *Sun Don't Rain*. Laurnea has carved out a strong direction for herself, but this 12-song collection isn't as successful as it should be.

*Aretha Franklin: The Early Years* (Columbia/Legacy) collects 14 songs from her first nongospel recordings. These per-

formances precede her glorious soul years at Atlantic, so they're not as confident or focused as her classic recordings. The material wanders from show tunes to jazz, but the linchpin is still her remarkable voice. —NELSON GEORGE

Imagine Johnny Mathis if he'd been an R&B singer with pop touches, rather than a pop singer, and you have *Walter Jackson: Welcome Home* (Epic/Legacy). Jackson, a balladeer, had one of the sweetest voices in soul. —DAVE MARSH

## FOLK

*This Land Is Your Land* (Smithsonian Folkways) is a title that sounds like a folk music cliché, which is unfortunate. This is truly classic folk music by Woody Guthrie, and an important historical release as well. It contains three versions of *This Land*, one of which is the previously unissued demo, on which Woody sings its most radical verse (about "private property"). There are also traditional songs (*Gypsy Davy*, *Picture From Life's Other Side*), topical songs, versions of many of Guthrie's classics (*Pastures of Plenty*, *Do-Re-Mi*, *Jesus Christ*, *Hobo's Lullaby*) and all manner of comedy (including *Philadelphia Lawyer* and a great *Talking Fishing Blues*). For those who have half-forgotten Bob Dylan, let alone his role model, *This Land* is a wake-up call. —DAVE MARSH

## COUNTRY

The light shining down Bob Woodruff's *Desire Road* (Imprint) comes mostly from soul singer Arthur Alexander. Woodruff covers two Alexander ballads, *Everyday I Have to Cry* and *If It's Really Got to Be This Way*. A product of Greenwich Village, Woodruff dips back into his urban roots for *Out of the Blue*. Adding to the country pathos is Woodruff's guitarist, James Burton (of Elvis Presley and Gram Parsons fame), playing his first sessions since a near-fatal illness.

It's one for the money, two for the show, three to get ready and where did all the radio stations go? Rockabilly legend Carl Perkins is hurt that radio ignored his 17-track compilation *Go Cat Go!* (Dinosaur Entertainment, 825 Girod St., New Orleans, LA 70113). It's a passionate effort that includes new material produced by Paul McCartney, George Harrison and Tom Petty as well as archival tracks of *Blue Suede Shoes* performed by John Lennon and Jimi Hendrix. The most evocative new song is *Rockabilly Music*, a swampy account of Perkins' early years on the road. And there are no out-of-work guest stars on *Give Me Back My Job*. Petty, Johnny Cash, Bono and Willie



Nelson trade off on lead vocals. The participation of so many admirers on *Go Cat Go!* reconfirms the country-blues legend of Carl Perkins. —DAVE HOEKSTRA

Sally Timms, who doubles as Cowboy Sally on a Turner Network kiddie show, has issued a best-of disc from her periodic EPs: five country songs, every one played for soul. The title? *Cowboy Sally*, natch. (Bloodshot, 912 W. Addison, Chicago, IL 60613). —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

## BLUES

In 1991 a label dedicated to chronicling the spirit of Southern blues sprang up in Oxford, Mississippi, just a chicken-neck's throw from where Robert Johnson and Muddy Waters honed their chops. In Mississippi roadhouses and juke joints, the label discovered an astonishing array of talented musicians, many in their 60s and early 70s. *The Best of Fat Possum* (Fat Possum/Capricorn) is a thrilling, vital document of the living blues. Septuagenarian R.L. Burnside's relentless, hypnotic riffs are positively orgasmic (also see review below). The other five artists here, all of whom have complete records available, are equally mesmerizing. —VIC GARBARINI

If you like your blues messy and energetic, check out R.L. Burnside's *Mr. Wizard* (Fat Possum/Epitaph). Burnside believes in finding three chords on his distorted guitar and then beating the crap out of them until he feels like doing something else. B.B. King fans will wonder what the hell is going on, but garage rock fans will hear the Second Coming. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

There's a country blues revival going on again—but this one's different: Corey Harris, Keb' Mo' and Alvin Youngblood Hart represent the first generation of young black men to reinvent Delta styles. On Harris' second album, *Fish Ain't Bitin'* (Alligator), those terms include refreshing takes on the likes of *Preaching Blues* and *Frankie and Johnnie*. —DAVE MARSH

## CLASSICAL

Erik Satie's music can sometimes sound mawkish or trite. But the French composer was actually quite unsentimental. *Gnossiennes* (Philips) and *Dances gothiques* (Philips), two current Satie releases by pianist Reinbert de Leeuw, are starkly modern and precise.

*Bei uns um die Gedächtniskirche rum* (Listening Room) is clearly the best CD of Berlin cabaret music ever released. With surprising sound fidelity, these original recordings from the Twenties are decadent, fatalistic and wonderful. Marlene Dietrich and Lotte Lenya never sounded so good. —LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

# FAST TRACKS



## ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
<b>Woody Guthrie</b> <i>This Land Is Your Land</i>	8	9	8	10	10
<b>Laurnea</b> <i>Betta Listen</i>	4	7	7	7	7
<b>Live</b> <i>Secret Samadhi</i>	3	8	8	7	8
<b>Iggy and the Stooges</b> <i>Raw Power</i>	9	10	9	10	10
<b>Frank Sinatra</b> <i>Live in Australia, 1959</i>	8	8	8	8	8

**BANANA-AND-PEANUT BUTTER SANDWICH DEPARTMENT:** Early this summer, Elvis became a theme restaurant in Memphis. Situated on Beale Street in a building where the King shopped for clothes, the Elvis Restaurant seats 300. Naturally, there is a retail shop. According to **Priscilla Presley**, it is Elvis' kind of place, but there is no word yet if his food favorites will grace the menu.

**REELING AND ROCKING:** Ice-T is shooting a pilot for NBC that he wrote called *Players*. . . . *Stairway to Heaven: Led Zeppelin Uncensored*, a \$40 million cinematic tell-all by the band's former manager, is in the works. . . . **Quincy Jones** plans to turn his CD *Q's Jook Joint* into a movie, a period piece about a romance that takes place in a Southern juke joint. . . . **Paul McCartney** is teaming up again with the director of *The Beatles Anthology* to make a documentary about his post-Beatles career that will mix music and interviews. . . . Movie director **Jim Jarmusch** is editing a **Neil Young** and **Crazy Horse** documentary that includes footage from the band's 1996 tour and historic clips. . . . Former **Twisted Sister** **Dee Snider** is shooting *Helltown*, which he also wrote. . . . Ace producer **Don Was**, who is working with both the **Stones** and **Richie Sambora**, is set to direct a feature film based on **Harry Crews'** novel *The Knockout Artist*.

**NEWSBREAKS:** If you're in New York on June 14 and 15, get out to Randall's Island for the first American Fleadh festival. What's that, you ask? It refers to an Irish fest that goes on every summer on the old sod. The New York weekend includes **Van Morrison**, **Sinéad O'Connor**, **Natalie Merchant**, the **Chieftains** and our current favorite unknown (in America, that is) band, the **Big Geraniums**. . . . Blockbuster is

planning a big concert on June 21 at the Texas International Raceway starring **Bush**, **No Doubt**, the **Wallflowers**, **Jewel**, **Counting Crows** and **Collective Soul**. The best part? It's free. . . . One other festival note: The third annual Rockport Rhythm and Blues fest will be held this year at Fort Adams State Park in Newport, Rhode Island beginning on July 25. **Aretha Franklin**, **Patti LaBelle**, the **Neville Brothers**, **Ben E. King**, **Ruth Brown** and **Jerry Butler** are among the artists appearing. . . . **Shania Twain** is planning a fall tour in conjunction with the release of her third album. . . . *The Art of War* is the title of the next **Bone-Thugs-N-Harmony** album. Look for it this month. . . . The **Hard Rock Cafe** is branching out into records, TV and concerts. The records are a joint venture with Rhino. *Hard Rock Live* will debut on VH1, and a concert tour will feature guitar phenom **Jonny Lang**, who has been playing at the clubs. . . . Attorney **Leon Roundtree** has opened the first R&B Hall of Fame, at his Berkeley, California club. Roundtree has been collecting memorabilia since 1981 and would be happy to include contributions from the public. . . . Speaking of R&B, **Aretha Franklin** is working on her autobiography with **David Ritz**, who has written fine books with **B.B. King**, **Ray Charles** and **Etta James**. . . . The day after the Grammys, **R. Kelly** brought together 20 celebrities to sing a song he wrote for the AIDS benefit album *Red, Hot & R&B*. . . . **Boyz II Men's Nate Morris** has opened a unisex hair salon in Philadelphia. The band's next CD is scheduled for September. . . . Check out *Rock & Rap Confidential's* Web site at [www.rockrap.com/rockrap](http://www.rockrap.com/rockrap) for the *Hidden History of Rock and Rap 1983-1997* and be in the know. —BARBARA NELLIS



Even on days when the clouds didn't hang low and grey and pour rain so fast and hard it fell sideways, the old two lane road from Chalmers to Lake Larsen was dangerous. Liz had read the stories in the Chalmers Trib; cars pulling boats on trailers narrowly missing collisions with trucks and motorcyclists going too fast around the switch back curves. One poor soul or another always running into trouble on the old road. The local experts complained the road was just too narrow, but the state officials who came down in their fancy suits and hard hats to inspect the situation seemed to think the road didn't get enough traffic to warrant spending state funds to widen the lanes. Only boaters hauling their speedboats up to the lake and back, and secret lovers on their way to a rendezvous at the Larsen Lodge used the road, they said. It was classic big city arrogance if you asked anybody who knew something about anything in Chalmers. And now, here she was, behind the wheel of her little hatchback on the little two-laner those fancy city engineers didn't think needed improving. And it was raining. Hard. "Hah," Liz said to herself as she set the wipers to high, "those hard hats ought to take a look at the road today! If they could even see it."

The wipers didn't help matters much. The blades were old, and just pushed the sheets of rain back and forth, keeping time with the music on the radio. It was Bill's fault, of course, the wipers not working. Husbands are supposed to take care of things like clogged drains and light switches that don't work and windshield wiper blades too dull to do anything. But all Bill ever did when she brought these things to his attention was get a puzzled look on his face and make some vague promise about getting to it later. It was always later with Bill. Liz had told him about the wipers, a thousand times if it was once, and now there she was still 10 miles from the lake and the lodge, the rain falling so hard and thick she could barely make out the red taillights of the

car ahead. Or was it a truck? Liz couldn't tell. It would serve Bill right if something happened to her, Liz thought. But that would mean disappointing Johnny, who was probably already half-crazed with worry as he waited in the room for her at the Lodge. And Liz didn't want to do that.

Liz met Johnny Buehler at the boating supply store she worked at Tuesdays and Thursdays. Usually, she just did the book keeping for old man Bruch, and didn't have much contact with the store's customers. But sometimes old Bruch would excuse himself for an errand, most likely to Sansone's Bar on the corner, and leave the store to Liz. Johnny was new in town, having just rented the old Thurstone place on the north end of Lake Larsen. But he had already caused quite a stir among the locals. True, Johnny was not like most folks in Chalmers. He was worldly. Sophisticated. Liz thought he was the most handsome man she had ever seen; he was like a movie star, right there in Chalmers, driving around in his silver-blue convertible.

It was about a month after Johnny had arrived in Chalmers that Liz finally had a chance to meet the man with the blinding smile and dark good looks. He had come in looking for new deck cleats for his boat – a 36-foot speed demon that had only increased the townspeople's jealous curiosity. Liz's best friend, Gretchen, said the boat was too flashy and made too much noise on the lake. "Doug says it scares all the snapper and perch right out of the lake," said Gretchen relaying her husband's grumblings. Liz thought it was exciting, the kind of boat to enjoy the wind blowing through your hair and a martini or two. Not that Liz had ever had a martini. But what else does one sip while on a huge speedboat with the most beautiful man in the world at the helm? Liz rang up the cleats on the new computerized cash register, as Johnny offered up a few casual pleasantries with her. He commented on the weather (glorious), the town (quaint), and Liz's hair (beautiful).

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A.J. GARCES

might use them in place of an extra VCR in the bedroom, or to run entertainment on a small screen while working on a computer. Another great use? To kill time during air travel. Just pop a Movie CD into a multimedia notebook, put on headphones and enjoy private screenings of such Hollywood hits as *The Mask*, *Seven* and *The Player*. Sirius Publishing, the creator of Movie CD, promises 500 titles before the end of the year. Look for TV compilations, rock concerts, documentaries and special-interest subjects.

## TV HANG-UPS

If you're planning to move your Picasso to make room for one of the new plasma TVs, do your homework. At least half a dozen manufacturers, including Mitsubishi, Philips, Panasonic and Pioneer, have shown variations of this flat-screen, wall-hanging television. Starting at 21 inches, the futuristic sets measure three to four inches thick, weigh less than 70 pounds and are expected to cost about \$10,000 when introduced for consumers within the next two years. (Modified 21- and 42-inch professional sets by San Francisco-based QFTV are already avail-

able in limited editions in the Hammacher Schlemmer catalog for \$15,000 and \$25,000.) We were able to see plasma televisions at the 1997 Consumer Electronics Show in Las Vegas. Although the trim designs were impressive, we were disappointed with the picture quality, which seemed hazy compared with what you get from today's direct-view and rear-projection TVs. We are also told first-generation plasma sets won't be compatible with HDTV, which is reportedly just a year away. Something to think about.

## CAR TUNES

Some cool new features are showing up in car stereos. Pioneer has introduced a 51-disc CD changer that uses voice recognition to switch discs. Just say "Wallflowers," and this \$850 trunk-based machine will find the selection and play it. Blaupunkt's Las Vegas CD receiver has a function called Tuner Timer, which automatically tunes in to your favorite radio programs from a CD or cassette

player, from another radio station or from OFF. The price: \$400. Alpine's \$400 3DE-7985 three-disc CD changer is an



JOHN LARBE

in-dash model that has a nine-second access time—the fastest of any changer to date. And for the security-conscious, Kenwood has introduced a line of car CD and cassette players with self-vanishing faceplates. Unlike the removable kind, which typically get stashed in a pocket or a briefcase, these faceplates never leave the dashboard. Instead, you press a button on the control panel and two motorized arms lift and turn the faceplate, leaving a blank panel exposed. Prices range from \$330 to \$550.

## WILD THINGS

Looks aren't everything, but we have to admit the slick LCD panel on Rotel's RR990 universal learning remote control (pictured below) caught our eye. The \$200 gadget controls up to eight home-entertainment components, clearly marked on the backlit display. It takes about 15 minutes for basic programming, but couch spuds might want to take advantage of the RR990's "learning" function, which lets you program a single button to execute a string of up to ten commands, i.e., to turn on the TV, DSS receiver, audio tuner and VCR simultaneously. To safeguard your efforts, Rotel has included a backup battery in the remote that kicks in when the AAs run out. • Attention Webheads: If you're thinking about setting up your own live camera site on the Net, check out the Earth Cam Internet Camera. This \$700 digital color shooter (with a 28.8-kbps modem) connects to a phone line for transmission of live video images to any PC or server on the Net. No computer hookup is needed, just a 110V power source and a standard phone line. • The new multimedia keyboard on Hewlett Packard's 7330Z, 7350P and 7370V Pavilion computers features a one-touch button that launches you directly onto the Net. Buy one of these powerful machines and you also get five free hours of on-line time per month, for six months. Prices start at \$2000 for PCs featuring 166-megahertz Pentium MMX chips and 32 megs of RAM. Fast and convenient.





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# BOOKS

## SUMMER CHILLERS

What is it about summer that brings out the thriller instinct? Those long, lazy days? Sunshine-zonked testosterone? Here are half a dozen novels filled with dangerous adventures and exotic scenery: In *Meg* (Doubleday), Steve Alten dares us to go back into the water with 60-foot prehistoric megalodon sharks that could eat jaws for lunch. Stephen Cannell updates *The Sting* with masterful scams and complex plot twists to make *King Con* (Morrow) one of the best grifter stories in years. The sinister brotherhood of Mafia drug smuggling in Palermo is infiltrated by Gerald Seymour in *Killing Ground* (Harper Collins). In *Dark Homecoming* (Pocket), Eric Lustbader travels through the erotic underworld of Miami Beach, where a retired New York cop meets a new breed of psychopath. Gary Jennings offers another meticulously researched epic of Mexican history, *Aztec Autumn* (Forge), which is a sequel to his best-selling *Aztec*. And, finally, Philip Kerr, who has been dubbed "Michael Crichton's smarter brother," brings us *Esau* (Henry Holt), the thinking man's technothriller that swirls around the discovery of a missing link in the Himalayas. These things that go bump in the night are like eating peanuts. Once you start, you can't stop.



Sharks run amok.

—DIGBY DIEHL

## MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

Take these out to the ball game:

*The Glory of Their Times* (Quill), by Lawrence Ritter: The 1927 Yankees of baseball books. *The Great American Novel* (Random House), by Philip Roth: Forgo Ahab. The woeful tale of the Ruppert Mundys is our real epic. *The Bill James Historical Baseball Abstract* (Villard): Proves empirically that Mickey Mantle was better than Willie Mays. *Eight Men Out* (Henry Holt), by Eliot Asinof: How the Black Sox tanked the 1919 World Series. *Ty Cobb* (Oxford), by Charles Alexander: The authoritative bio, in which the Georgia Peach pistol-whips a man who sold his wife a bad piece of fish. *American Baseball* (Penn State), by David Voigt: The three-volume definitive history of the national pastime. A true masterpiece. *Some Champions* (Collier), by Ring Lardner: Extraordinary writing from the dead-ball era.

—LEOPOLD FROELICH



## BOOK WARS IN CYBERSPACE

Barnes & Noble, the nation's largest bookseller, is throwing down the gauntlet to Amazon.com, the most successful bookstore on the Internet. Barnes & Noble hopes to jump-start its late entrance into cyberspace by marketing directly to 8 million AOL subscribers, using the clout of its 433 superstores. The Seattle-based Amazon.com began selling books on the Web in 1995 and presently boasts swift delivery of 2.5 million titles, including out of print and hard to find books. Amazon.com has also launched Match/Maker, the first personalized recommendation service on the Web. Readers will benefit from competing features on the two Web sites, including easy database browsing, multiple reviews and e-mail updates on new books. While the giants battle it out, Book Stacks Unlimited continues to offer a modest 425,000 titles, and Borders, the Avis of the bookstore world, has revitalized its sleepy Web site to compete in the 21st century.

## BEACH-BLANKET READING

How many summers have you dragged *War and Peace* to the beach? This time you should actually read it. Why? The new *Anna Karenina* movie is out and chances are good that, like Jane Austen and Shakespeare, Tolstoy will be hot. Anna Dunningan's Signet translation is a 1455-page paperback that will keep you going past Labor Day. Then there are the books you can put down—and pick up again: Gore Vidal's *Myra Breckinridge* and *Myron* (Vintage), Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer* (Grove) and Mario Puzo's *The Godfather* (Signet). Harold Robbins' best, *A Stone for Danny Fisher* (Pocket), will



PHILLIE

keep you riveted. Two contemporary mysteries are worth some sand in the binding: *The Ax* (Mysterious) by Donald E. Westlake, about a man so desperate to get a job that he'll do anything, and John Lescroart's *Guilt* (Dell), which centers on a San Francisco attorney who thinks he's smart enough to get away with murder.

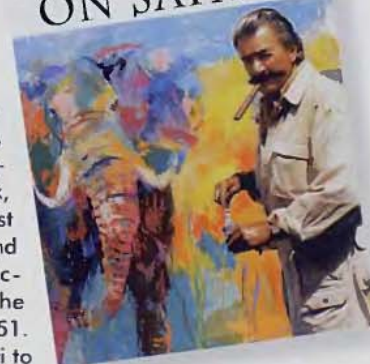
—DIGBY DIEHL

### THE CALL OF THE WILD:

Renowned for his ability to capture motion in his sketches, LeRoy Neiman sets off for equatorial Africa in his newest book, *On Safari* (Abrams). The artist travels across the savanna and sets up camp along the picturesque Mara River, where the *African Queen* was filmed in 1951. He dedicates this painting safari to the big five: lion, elephant, cape buffalo, rhinoceros and leopard. "Drawing animals must be an honest undertaking," says Neiman. "Their freedom is contagious. It gets to you and maintains its hold." We could say the same thing about this collection.

—HELEN FRANGOULIS

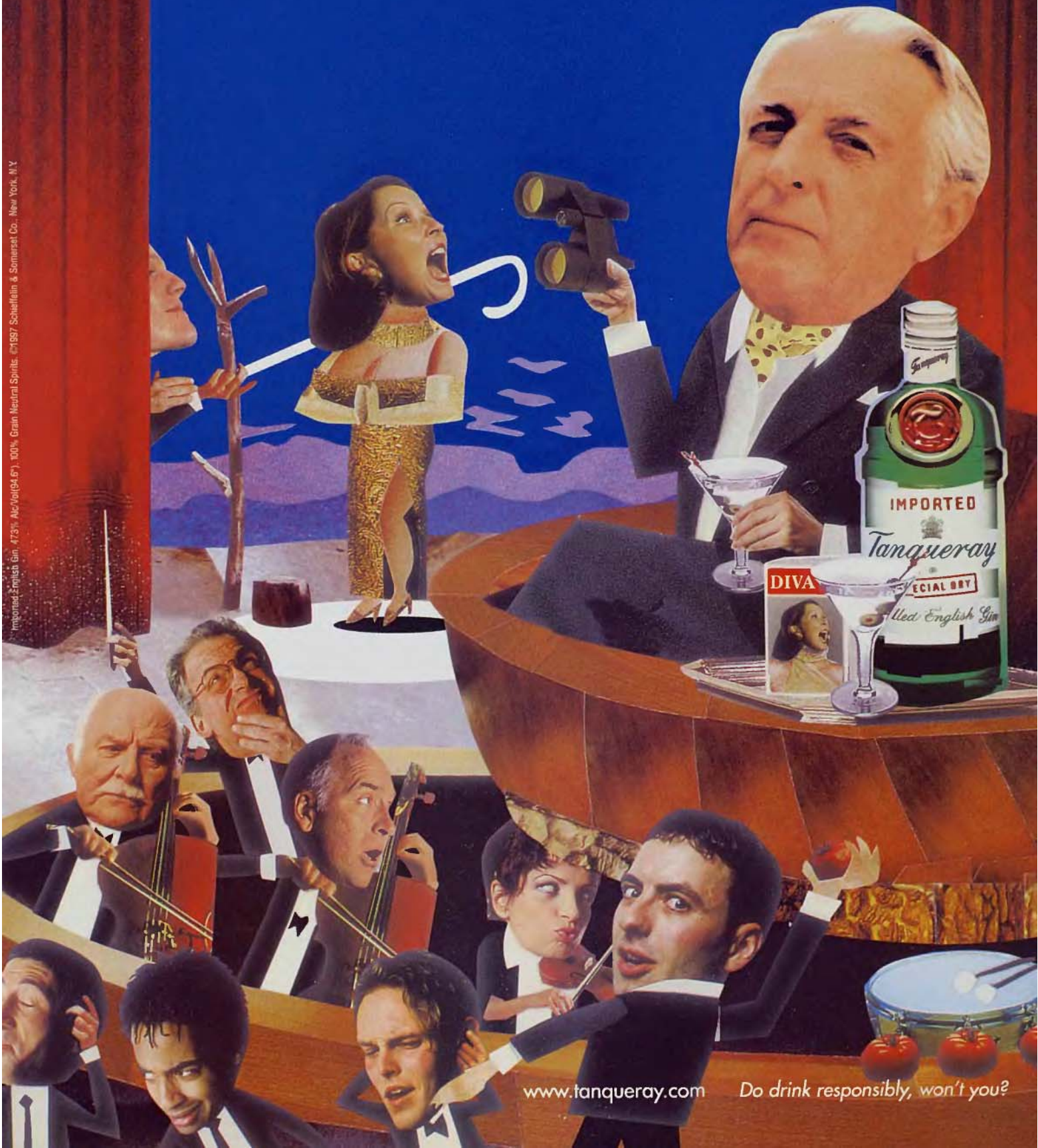
## LEROY NEIMAN ON SAFARI





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# HEALTH & FITNESS

## SUCK IT UP

You sidle up to the bar, but instead of ordering a cold martini you ask for a tangerine-flavored oxygen. That's the main item on the menu at the new O<sub>2</sub> Spa Bar in New York's City's Soho neighborhood. For \$16 at the bar or \$20 in a private room, you can enjoy a 20-minute "hit" of pure O<sub>2</sub> straight up or flavored with shots of lemon, lime, guava or other fruits. Co-owner Lissa Charron, who opened the first O<sub>2</sub> Spa Bar in Toronto last year, is careful not to make any medical claims. She does, however, say that the typical session can "increase stamina, relieve stress and make you feel as though you had a really great run." Dr. John Parks Trowbridge, a Houston physician who's been conducting research into the benefits of oxygen, says, "It's the most natural nutrient in the world, so there's rarely any harm breathing it in pure form." But he does warn that if you feel too good after a session, it may be a sign that something is amiss. "Most people will feel more alert or less stressed. It can even help your body detoxify faster after a night of hard drinking. But people who notice dramatic changes in their well-being would benefit from a nightlong oxygen-saturation test to rule out any serious illness." Adjusting to the nasal apparatus, or "nose hose," takes all of five seconds, according to Charron. The setting is serene—lots of fish tanks and low-key jazz—and the clientele includes models, doctors, lawyers and plenty of night crawlers who drop by to rev up or to recover. Later this year, New York will get two more O<sub>2</sub> Bars, and two will open in Los Angeles. There's even talk of a nationwide franchise, which means that soon we can all breathe easier.



## ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BIKE

The Rowbike is a lean, mean biking machine created by Scott "Rollerblade" Olson, the inventor of the in-line skate. Has Olson hit pay dirt again? Judge for yourself this summer. The Rowbike is a cross between a low-slung recumbent bike and a



Concept II kind of rowing machine. Your feet rest on supports in front of you, and as you pull back on the handlebar the bike rolls forward, typically at speeds of ten to 17 miles per hour. The flowing, rowing motion can give you a great aerobic workout, with the added advantage of toning and strengthening your arms, shoulders, torso, back and legs (regular bikes work just the lower body). You can use the Rowbike outdoors or set it up for indoor training with a resistance device. The manufacturer insists that most people can

learn to Rowbike in 15 minutes. (Of course, that was said about Rollerblading, too, so make sure you wear a helmet and practice out of traffic.) The Rowbike is available only as a one-speed and retails for \$599. For more info, call 800-950-5040.

## SPEAKING OF PEDALING . . .

Iowa is not flat. Discover this by biking across the nearly 500-mile-wide state July 20–26. Every year *The Des Moines Register* sponsors a seven-day tour called the *Register's* Annual Great Bicycle Ride Across Iowa, attracting 7500 cyclists of all ages on every type of bike, who pedal their way down 50 to 100 miles of country roads by day and camp on designated fairgrounds or church lawns by night. There are lots of festivities along the way: polka-band dance parties, bake-offs, barns converted into pancake houses, pork-chop hustlers. It's down-home Iowa hospitality at its best—and a great muscle-builder. The \$90 fee includes the daily transport of your gear to that night's destination. This summer is the ride's 25th anniversary. For info, call 800-474-3342.



Laser luxury: Zapped at the spa

## TAKE IT OFF

It's summer, and that shoulder tattoo you got impulsively a year ago is looking a little tired, especially since BRIDGET split last fall. Do your reputation a favor and take a hike of your own—to the Candela Laser Spa in Scottsdale, Arizona. The world's first fully integrated spa, salon and cosmetic laser center is a luxurious and safe place to have a tattoo removed, or for any other cosmetic dermatologic procedure. Aside from being zapped, you can pamper yourself with wraps, massages and other body treatments. Remember: Cosmetic indulgences are for guys, too. A second Candela spa opened in April in Boston. Call 602-949-0100 (Scottsdale) or 617-426-6999 (Boston).

## DR. PLAYBOY

Q: I'm a casual runner, but I'd like to tackle a race. Any chance I can train this summer for a fall marathon?

A: If you run regularly, you've conditioned your muscles and skeletal system to the rigors of the sport. Big mileage increases are close at hand. Jim Galloway, the author of *Marathon!*, claims a 98 percent success rate with students who adopt his "walk/run" strategy. If you presently can run five miles, training should take you 16 weeks or so. His secret: a one- to two-minute walking break after every mile—it lowers the heart rate and keeps the runner from going anaerobic. For purists who believe a race should be run, not walked, there's still good news. In as little as 15 weeks, runner-writer Hal Higdon trains five-mile runners to finish a marathon. He ups the distance one mile a week until you reach 20. "The excitement of the spectators and other runners will carry you the last six," he promises. His tip: Run about half an hour slower than you're capable of. Then you'll clock a good time and your next marathon will be a personal best.





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- Enter as often as you wish by either entry method, but each entry must be mailed in a separate envelope. Entries made at the Budweiser website must be received by 11:59 pm Central Daylight Time on September 5, 1997. Mail-in entries must be postmarked by September 5, 1997, and received by September 12, 1997. No mechanically reproduced or photocopied entries permitted. For an official entry form and a copy of the rules, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope (Washington and Vermont state residents only may omit return postage) to: Get Bud Get Music Sony Sweepstakes Entry Request, P.O. Box 3517, Young America, MN 55558-0517. Limit one request per envelope. Requests must be received by August 22, 1997. Neither the sponsor nor any of its agencies are responsible for illegible, lost, late, damaged, incomplete, postage due or misdirected mail or entries, or for computer, software or internet service malfunctions or errors, or other errors of any kind, whether human, mechanical or electronic. Sponsor reserves the right, in its sole discretion, to cancel, terminate, or suspend the internet portion of this sweepstakes should viruses, bugs, non-authorized human intervention or other causes beyond the control of sponsor, corrupt or impair the administration, security, fairness, or proper play of the sweepstakes and in any such event sponsor shall select winners from regular mail-in entries. All materials submitted become the property of Anheuser-Busch, Inc. and none will be returned.
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- All prizes will be awarded. Odds of winning depend upon the number of eligible entries received. Winners will be required to complete, sign and return an affidavit of eligibility and liability and publicity releases within 7 days of prize notification. In the event of noncompliance within this time period, prize will be forfeited and an alternate winner will be selected. Any prize notification or prize returned to the sponsor or its agencies as undeliverable will result in disqualification and the awarding of that prize to an alternate winner.
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- For a full list of winners, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope by November 20, 1997 to: Get Bud Get Music Sony Sweepstakes Winner List Request, P.O. Box 3617, Young America, MN 55558-0617. Sony is a registered trademark of Sony.



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By ASA BABER

**M**y buddy Dufo is showing me his new putter, an Arnold Palmer Ti-Roll, made out of titanium. "It lists at \$270, but I got a deal," Dufo says.

Dufo has many golfing superstitions. He takes four practice swings when he tees up, never hits out of a sand trap without spitting in it and allows no one else to touch his clubs when they are new.

One of Dufo's rituals involves submitting his latest golfing purchases to my examination. He knows I used to be addicted to the sport, so he figures that if he can get my approval, it will somehow help his game.

"What happened to your putter?" I ask. "It looked like a rifle barrel and cost you \$200."

"It rusted every time I got water on it," Dufo says, "so while I was lining up my putts, I'd be looking for rust spots. That made me nervous."

"Golf makes you nervous, Dufo," I say. "That's why you spend so much money on it. You think you can buy your way to golfing perfection."

"That's not true," Dufo says.

"What about your drivers? You had a titanium Ram for about \$1000, as I remember. And then you switched to a Big Bertha. Am I right?"

"I moved up from that," Dufo says.

"To what?"

"To the Great Big Bertha."

"How did that one work out?"

"Pretty good, so I moved up again to the Biggest Big Bertha," he says. "It runs about \$600 list, but the head is 15 percent bigger than the Great Big Bertha and it's still titanium, with a 46-inch shaft. Want to see my new irons?" he asks, smiling as he pulls the cover off his golf bag. "I'm gonna break 80 with these beauties for sure."

Dufo tells women that he shoots in the low 70s. He tells guys who might wager with him that he rarely breaks 100. But the truth is that, on a good day, he shoots about 90. "You were using Big Bertha irons last year," I say. "About \$1200 worth. What happened?"

"Forget them. These are my new sweethearts, my Daiwa G-3 Brougham irons weighing only 43 grams each."

"How much did they cost?" I ask.

"About \$4000 list, but I got a deal."

"One of these days, Dufo," I say, "you are going to learn that a deal is not always a deal—especially in golf."

Dufo is trying to keep me away from



## ZEN GOLF

his golf bag, but I get there anyway. "What have we here?" I ask. "A \$500 gold-plated Odyssey putter?"

I open the pockets. "Here we have some Ram Tour Balata DC golf balls at \$48 per dozen. That's four bucks a ball."

"Get out of my bag," Dufo says, sulking. "At least I invest in the sport. I put my money into it. You were a tightwad who never paid to play."

"That is true," I say.

"And then you quit. Why?" he asks.

"Because I learned the secret to good golf, and I couldn't handle it."

"And the secret is?" Dufo asks.

I put a finger to my lips and hold it there for a long time. "This is the secret," I say. "It is very Zen."

"Zen this, Baber," Dufo says. "Just tell me the goddamn secret."

"Silence is the secret, Dufo," I whisper. "Silence and emptiness."

"You're full of crap," he says.

"Silence and emptiness, a state of mind you particularly need at one special moment of the game."

"And what special moment is that?"

"The top of the backswing," I say.

Dufo stares at me. "Thanks a lot, Kung Fu," he laughs.

"Think about it, Dufo. The top of the backswing—that is when you fall apart. Right?"

Dufo thinks about it. "Yeah, you could

be right," he finally admits.

"Golf is the ultimate Zen sport, but most of us are not Zen guys," I say. "Tell me what would happen if we could somehow get inside the male brain and videotape the sounds and images at the top of every man's backswing. What would we see and hear?"

Dufo smiles. "If it was me, you'd see a war movie, or a porn flick, or a boxing match or a football game."

"You got it. The top of every man's backswing—what a moment that is. Time freezes, winds howl, women moan, guns shoot, bombs explode. As you raise your club and look down at that little white ball, what do you see?"

"I see every asshole boss I ever had to work for," Dufo laughs.

"Every woman who ever dumped you," I add.

"Every guy who ever screwed me in business."

"All your credit card debts."

"All my margin calls and my alimony payments."

"And with all those things bouncing around in your head right then, what do you really want to do?" I ask.

"I want to kill the fucking ball," Dufo whoops. "I want to crush that little fucker." He starts to wave a three-iron in the air. "Kill, crush, kill, crush!" he chants.

"Yes, you want to smash that ball into smithereens. For a nanosecond, you go crazy. The club head is poised, it starts to descend—and you slice or hook or miss. Why? Because there has been no silence in you, no emptiness during your backswing. Mentally, you are still at war."

Dufo looks at me with tears in his eyes. Slowly, he puts his hand on my shoulder as if we were long-lost brothers. I step away from him, thinking he may even try to hug me.

"Ace, thanks for the advice," he says. "I know you've helped me improve my game, so now let me help you."

Dufo pulls out some yellow capsules from his shirt pocket and holds them carefully in the palm of his hand. "These are designer tranquilizers with an opium base and 20 mikes of speed added," he explains. "They run \$80 a pop in Bangkok, and just one of them will keep you cool for a full 18 holes. Speaking of Zen—you want a hit?"







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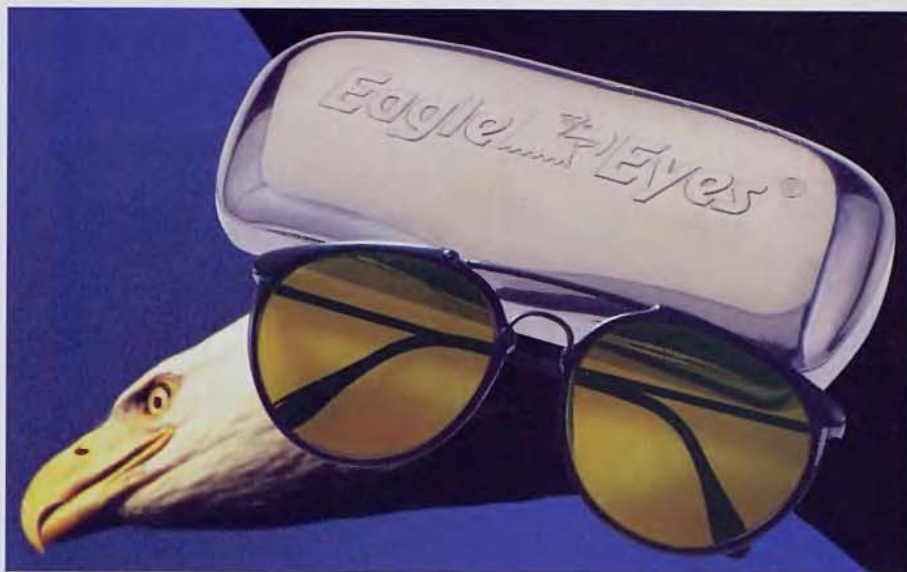
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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I am a single, average-looking businessman in my mid-40s. During the past three years, I have slept with every married woman I have desired. I meet them in supermarkets, bookstores and record shops. I invite them for coffee and the rest is easy. From these encounters I have observed the following: (1) I have not met a woman whose husband has made love to her properly in the past six months. (2) Many of these women had never had a multiple orgasm. Two had never had orgasms until we went to bed. (3) None of these women experience any major guilt from these encounters. Most feel they are neglected and view our time as luxurious sin. In the meantime, I have collected a casual harem. I am never pushy—they call me. Can you explain why so many married men are such neglectful lovers?—T.G., Los Angeles, California

*Because they don't read the Advisor. Your letter sounds like a challenge, and we've just become your worst enemy by publishing it.*

During our honeymoon, my fiancé and I plan to spend a week at a resort in Cap d'Agde, France. We're told nudity is encouraged throughout the village. Can you confirm this? Also, can you explain the etiquette for going topless or nude? We don't want to break any laws or offend anyone.—C.O., Chicago, Illinois

*Cap d'Agde is a clothing-optional coastal town 50 miles southwest of Montpellier that began as a campground in 1956 and has since grown to about 20,000 residents. According to local lore, police ensure that clothing is not worn except in cases of severe sunburn. Here are some guidelines for any nude resort: Always sit on a towel. Don't leer. Don't be lewd. Don't shoot a lot of photos or video. And don't show off your erection (instead, one veteran nudist advises, hide it in the sand, under a towel or in the water "until your steamy imagination adjusts to the reality that sex, as you know it, is not the reason these people are unclothed"). If you enjoy the experience, the American Association for Nude Recreation (800-879-6833) can suggest nudist clubs in the U.S. that are close to where you live or vacation.*

I've heard that putting a drop of water in your glass of scotch makes it taste better. True?—A.R., Fort Wayne, Indiana

*A drop or two of water disturbs the molecular composition of the scotch and helps bring out its aroma and flavor. "Don't be afraid to add water to even the finest malts," says Michael Jackson, author of "The Complete Guide to Single Malt Scotch," "though there will be a slight loss of texture in a full-bodied, rich example such as Macallan. Some Scots even dilute 50-50." In an ideal situation, you'd have access to the same wa-*



*ter used to make the scotch. Otherwise, use spring water.*

We need you to settle an argument. Let's say you have a dozen women hidden beneath sheets. My friend says that if he had intercourse with each one with minimal touching, he would not be able to pick out his wife. I say he would be able to because every vagina feels different. What do you think?—R.W., Montgomery, Alabama

*He'd know it was his wife when she lifted up the sheet and said, "What the hell are you doing here?"*

I lost my \$75,000-a-year job several months ago, and last week, my wife left me (she said she could not adapt to our new lifestyle). To unwind, I go to a health club. Last night I saw a female friend I've known for about five years. As I was leaving, she ran over, her hair still wet from the shower, and asked me if I had plans. When I said no, she invited me to see her new condo. A few minutes after we arrived and I had found a seat in the living room, she walked in wearing a kimono. She gave me a quick tour, and we sat down to chat. She asked why I seemed down, and I told her that my wife had left me. Then she bent over to hug me. As she straightened up, I slipped a throw pillow on my lap to hide my erection (smooth, I know). She kissed me, then let her robe fall open. She was nude. She reached into my sweatpants and began to stroke me. I hesitated, but she said it was all right, that we are both lonely. We had sex on the couch. It was heaven. I spent the night with her, and she woke me for in-

tercourse four times. Now I'm home alone in my apartment, writing this letter and nursing a sore dick. I feel confused. Did I do wrong?—R.T., Sacramento, California

*No way. Think of it this way: You lost your job and your wife, but at least something is going right for you. And talk about stress reduction. If you didn't feel confused by it all, we'd be worried about you. Hang in there.*

Thank you for the letters you've printed about erotic spanking. I have a question about etiquette. Is there a subtle way to ask how a new lover feels about spanking? Also, are there any signs that someone enjoys this type of sex play?—P.R., Trenton, New Jersey

*Besides the fact that they never sit down? It's hit or miss. In general, the better the sex, the more likely your partner will experiment. One spanking fan hints to new lovers that he enjoys "a little more slap than tickle"; another lays it on the line as soon as the relationship gets intimate. To test the waters, initiate a discussion about erotic likes and dislikes, or share an adult video that includes a spanking scene and study your partner's reaction. Naturally, the simplest way to find a spanker or spankee is to hang with them. You'll find many like-minded folks online (start with the Usenet group alt.sex.spanking) and through organizations such as Shadow Lane (P.O. Box 1910, Studio City, CA 91614 or on the Web at [www.shadowlane.com](http://www.shadowlane.com)), which sells spanking erotica, publishes a magazine of lonely-butts ads (\$16) and hosts frequent parties.*

When you wear dress shoes and trousers, should your socks match the shoes or the pants?—R.H., Ormond Beach, Florida

*Your socks should match your trousers. For example, if you choose a dark gray suit and brown shoes, wear charcoal gray socks. And make sure your socks extend well above your ankles. The most serious hosiery faux pas is allowing a patch of skin to show when you sit down.*

About a year ago, a couple moved in across the street. The woman is gorgeous, and her husband is away a lot on business. I started to hang out with her, and now we have sex. She loves stories about me and my partners getting caught in the act, as well as those about all the exotic places I have had intercourse. I also tell her stories of when I've watched other people have sex—both friends and strangers—and she gets very turned on. She has said she would never let others watch, but thinking about someone watching gets her off. Now I am running out of material except for



stories that involve her. When she first moved in, I would cross the street and peek into her bedroom as she and her husband had incredible sex. I'd love to describe what I saw, but I'm not sure how she'd react. I am tempted to think she would take it well if I described her and her husband, and that it might even arouse her. Or maybe not. After all, she didn't exactly leave her blinds open—I had to work to get into position. I don't want her to quit having sex with me because my stories are stale. What should I do?—R.T., St. Louis, Missouri

*You're a voyeur and your neighbor is a budding exhibitionist, and you can't work something out? We don't see this as a high-risk situation. The next time you say good-bye, suggest that you have a peephole into her bedroom. If she later asks, "Did you see us?" you'll know you have a green light to describe what you've seen. By the way, are you sure her husband is out of town? You never know who might be watching.*

**M**y wife and I tried the Reality condom for women but gave up after two attempts because it was so difficult to insert. Is there some trick to it?—D.F., Toledo, Ohio

*No trick, just practice. The first few times you use the Reality may be awkward and even humorous. The condom has to be positioned far up inside the vagina and can twist if not inserted properly. Before you have intercourse, the ring that hangs outside the vagina might need to be held in place so the condom doesn't slip and you don't accidentally slide your erection between the polyurethane and her vaginal wall. After ejaculation the Reality must be removed carefully so the semen doesn't leak. Finally, without enough lubricant, the condom can squeak, which only enhances sex if you and your wife are role-playing and you're the cat. Still, many couples report that once they get the hang of it, the female condom works wonderfully. It's not tight on the penis like a male condom, allowing for more heat transfer. When positioned properly, the open end can also provide clitoral stimulation.*

**H**ave you heard of "the turning position"? I read about it in a sex manual. You start in the missionary position. For the second position, the man rotates until he is lying across the woman at a right angle (all the while keeping his erection inside her). To complete the sequence, the man turns one more quarter, so he's positioned with his chest between her calves, his head near her feet and his ankles at either side of her shoulders. When I read the passage to my boyfriend, he insisted the third position was impossible. He says his erection would have to bend down too far. What do you think?—W.R., Chattanooga, Tennessee

*After twisting the night away, we'd say the move is difficult but not impossible. If your boyfriend has a foot fetish, that third turn of*

*the screw will probably leave him too hard to bend. If he finds the position more acrobatic than arousing, he may lose enough of his erection to maintain coitus. For variety, reverse positions and you play the spoke.*

**T**his may sound ridiculous, but none of my physician friends can help me with this predicament. After I climax, I always sneeze four to six times. Why?—B.D., Miami, Florida

*Arousal causes the mucous membranes in the nose to expand, which has been known to induce sneezing in people whose nasal passages are chronically swollen. A decade ago, the "Journal of the American Medical Association" examined the case of a 60-year-old man who said he sneezed four or five times about a minute after orgasm. He found relief with a prescription nasal spray. There may be other factors involved. Research has shown that the vagus nerve, which controls involuntary actions such as breathing and swallowing, may also carry signals for sneezing, yawning and orgasm. As one scientist has noted, a sneeze could be described as a respiratory orgasm.*

**A**re Cuban cigars all they are said to be? I have found a place that sells Cubans and wonder if I should switch from my current brand.—G.G., Atlanta, Georgia

*You'll be disappointed. The quality of Cubans has declined in recent years, and some smokers say they were never that great. Joel Sherman, author of "Nat Sherman's Passion for Cigars," notes that Cuban cigars are usually rushed to market because they're in such demand. "When you take a puff on most Cubans, you feel a burning sensation in your chest—testimony to the high ammonia content due to lack of proper aging," he writes. "Back in the Fifties, like a lot of smokers, I clenched my teeth and grinned through the experience of smoking a Havana. They had to be good, right? It took an almost macho disregard for comfort to smoke one all the way down." Like many U.S. presidents before him, Bill Clinton has a different opinion—in what may become known as Cigarettegate, a photo has surfaced showing him on the links with his hand inside a box of illegal Cuban Montecristos. (He didn't inhale.) Expect to pay \$25 to \$50 each for handrolled Cubans, which have been contraband in the U.S. since a trade embargo was enacted in 1963. Cohibas are the Cubans of choice, but it's often difficult to tell if you're holding the real thing. A third to a fourth of so-called Cubans are phonies. How can you spot a fake? Sherman suggests checking each cigar—"Boxes of Cubans are notoriously inconsistent in color." And if you don't feel that burn, you're probably not smoking what you paid for.*

**E**veryone knows the saying that your foot is as big as your arm from the elbow to the wrist. But I was told that the length of a man's penis is the same as the

distance from his wrist to the tip of his middle finger. Any truth to this?—J.M., Santa Fe, New Mexico

*None. But next time you measure, use her hand.*

**I**n the past you have mentioned *The Encyclopedia of Unusual Sex Practices*, by Brenda Love. I bought a copy and found it fascinating. But are there any books that have more specific listings, such as a geographic index of sex clubs?—B.Y., Cincinnati, Ohio

*"Alternate Sources" should do the trick. It contains 12,000 listings for worldwide sex organizations, books, magazines, conventions, therapists, competitions, online sites, bars, stores, video stores, catalogs and other kinky resources. The guide is also published in a searchable CD-ROM version that includes the holdings catalog of Chicago's Leather Archives & Museum. Sample the listings and order online at [alternate.com](http://alternate.com), or send \$30 for the book (\$65 for the CD-ROM) to P.O. Box 19591-569, 55 Bloor St. West, Toronto, Canada M4W 3T9. Buy an extra for your favorite library.*

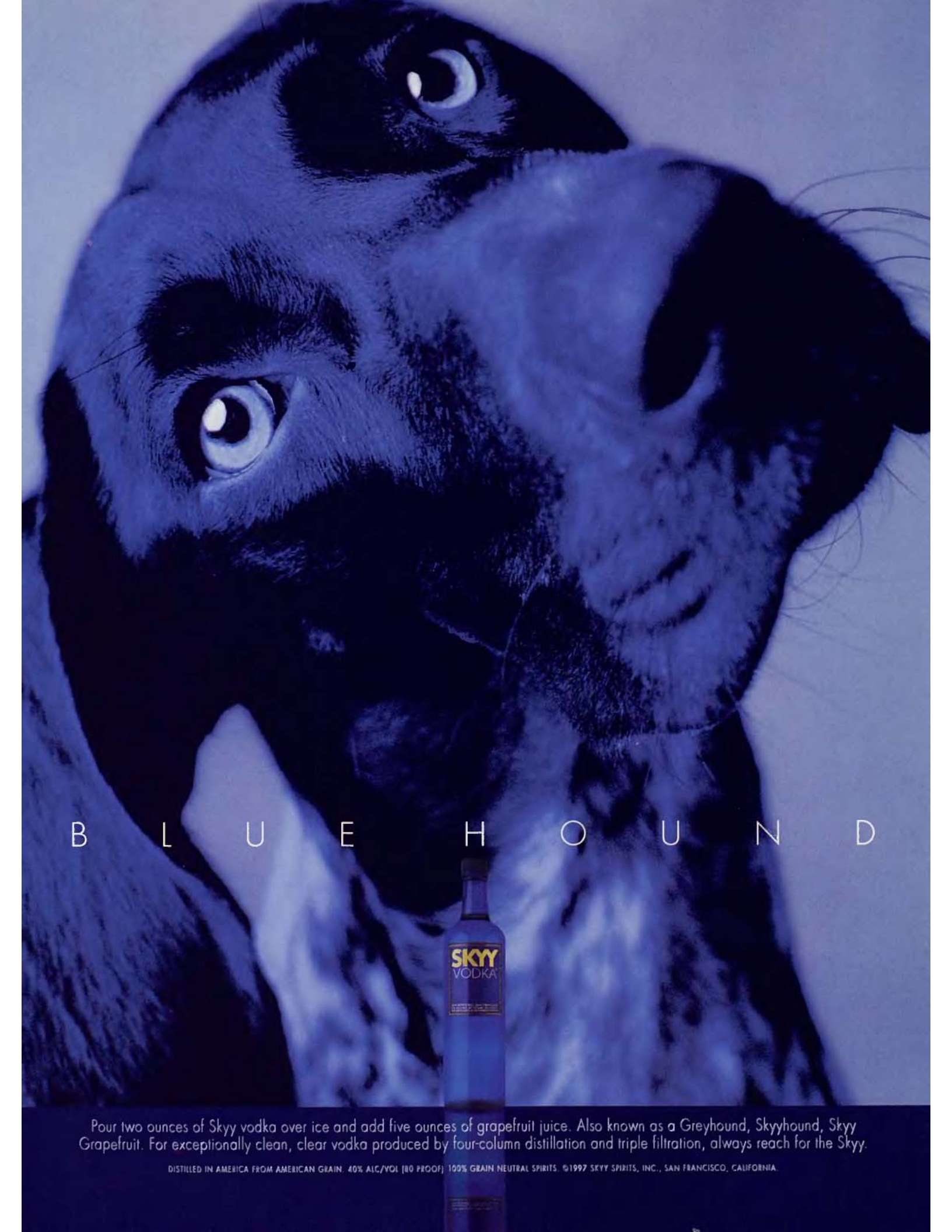
**M**y lover and I will be married in August, the second time for both of us. We have an active sex life, and I'm more than happy to do anything that turns him on. We've tried every position possible and sometimes play for hours with vibrators, dildos and even nipple and y-clamps. He loves to give me at least four orgasms before letting me catch my breath (this from a woman who once thought sex should be "nice" and that multiple orgasm was a fantasy). There have been a few times I've nearly passed out from feeling so good. So tell me, how can I make our wedding night truly memorable? Is there one thing a man dreams of but wouldn't dare ask his wife to do?—S.T., Oakland, California

*We can think of a few. One involves your bridesmaids, a camcorder, two gallons of olive oil and a pastry chef. But that's messy. If you want to make your wedding night really stand out, don't have sex with your fiancé for two weeks prior, but tease him mercilessly. Hell, make it a month.*

*All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented in these pages each month. Send all letters to the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions on the World Wide Web at <http://www.playboy.com/faq>, or check out the Advisor's latest book, "365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life" (Plume), available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.*







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# PORN

— and the —

## NEW AGE GUY

The California Men's Gathering is an eclectic get-together of people affiliated with the national men's movement. Participants are sometimes called feminist, antisexist or "changing" men. CMGs, as insiders call the meetings, are held two times a year, in late spring and early fall. The spring CMG is a men-only event, but the fall conference is also host to a few women. I was there to give a pro-pornography session with my friend David Steinberg, editor of *Erotic by Nature*. As a sex educator, sex-industry insider and unrepentant porn aficionada, I was prepared to discuss it all with a group of men who are encouraged, by the men's movement and by their feminist allies, to feel conflicted and guilty if they enjoy pornography at all. The conference gave us a view of this country's schizophrenic view of sexuality.

John Stoltenberg, longtime associate of Andrea Dworkin and one of the founders of Men Against Pornography, was the keynote speaker. His recent book, *Refusing to Be a Man*, inspires some feminist men and alarms others with what they perceive as his hatred of maleness. Take, for example, his analysis of male supremacy and sexual objectification: "Sometimes the mere regarding of another person's body as an object isn't enough; it does not satisfy a man's habituated need to experience physical and emotional agitation sufficient to set off sensory feedback about his sexedness. At times like these, a man learns, he can reproduce erectile results . . . by being threatening, terrifying and dangerous to his chosen sex object. He can do this in his imagination, then in his life, then in his memory, then again in his life. The more dread he produces, the more desire he can feel."

"Nonjudgmental" is not a description that fits Stoltenberg, especially regarding his views on pornography. I felt strongly that his perspective, presented unchallenged to a group of men whose ideological base gives them no support for a positive view of

real men don't pose.  
real women do

sex work, would result in a lot of well-meaning converts to the antiporn cause. I also felt it would increase the feelings of conflict in those who do get an occasional hard-on from dirty books or movies.

Stoltenberg also led a workshop called "What Makes Pornography



Sexy?" (a.k.a. "The Pose Workshop"). His formula was simple: He randomly picked several men (no women) and gave each of them a picture of a provocatively posed nude woman. He had chosen images from *Hustler*, *Penthouse* and *PLAYBOY*, and the subjects were contorted in ways only the young, lithe, supple and incidentally photogenic can be. The bodies of his male "volunteers" were not all so

toned. Stoltenberg told the men to assume the positions of the women in the pictures. The resultant attempts lacked the eroticism of the originals, I'm afraid. As each man struggled to give the rest of the group a pussy shot, we directed him in how to place his body so he'd most resemble the model: "Chin up. Close your eyes a little. Arch your back. Come on, spread 'em!" Essentially, each was asked to present himself sexually to a male crowd—and as a woman, yet! Discomfort in the room was thick as the men struggled with their bodies, their body image, their homophobia and their shame at presenting themselves as female.

Then Stoltenberg turned grand inquisitor. He asked each of our centerfolds to tell the group how it had felt to assume a porn pose. Predictably, most of them responded that it had been humiliating. A couple of men wailed, like violated ingenues, that they had felt like pieces of meat. And this, of course, was to be the deep message of the workshop—that posing for porn is humiliating and dehumanizing.

Stoltenberg then asked each audience member to describe how it had felt to witness the transformation of our fellows from sensitive New Age guys to split beavers. Again, predictably, nobody had felt good about it, except for one brilliantly ingenuous gay man who thought we were all being much too serious. For him it had been kind of fun, like dress-up. Of course, the playfulness of gender bending was not a point Stoltenberg was trying to make.

When it was my turn to speak, I was buzzing with adrenaline. I said that, first, I felt angry that only men had been allowed to participate in the exercise. Then I pointed out that it's always painful and infuriating when people are nonconsensually manipulated into humiliating themselves to make someone else's point—especially when they're being asked to assume the trappings of a sexual orientation or behavior that's not their own. Posing for porn and acting in

By Carol Queen



dirty movies, I argued, are primarily sexually exhibitionist behaviors that are not for everyone. Asking a nonexhibitionist to strip or pose might certainly leave him or her feeling humiliated, but the exhibitionist would probably be turned on.

Stoltenberg had led his audience to believe that erotic models feel the same uncomfortable emotions his shanghai assistants felt. This is like showing a straight man what it's like to be gay by asking him to imagine a prison rape. That, of course, is the kind of tactic Bible thumpers and conservative politicians use all the time. Because it's a less common ploy outside fundamentalist Christian churches, Stoltenberg's audiences don't always understand that he is using shit to describe roses, and that they are being manipulated. Further, this logic leads them to believe that the voyeur—the natural partner of the exhibitionist—is participating in the humiliation, not the appreciation, of the model. Most of us have a touch of the voyeur in our erotic makeup. Since our sex-negative culture shames this impulse (though it is encouraged everywhere, from MTV to billboards for Hanes stockings), Stoltenberg's workshop ultimately makes most of the participants feel just as bad about themselves as they now do about pornography.

While many in the circle tried to address the way in which they knew their sexuality was under attack ("I enjoy erotica," "I think nudity is beautiful and natural"), they struggled to phrase things in a politically correct way so that others in the group wouldn't suspect they enjoyed looking at a PLAYBOY centerfold. I figured that with all the stories antiporn activists tell about Linda Lovelace making her movies at gunpoint, it would help folks to hear that some models and porn stars actually like their work.

But Stoltenberg's next questions illustrated our schizophrenia: "What did you see in those pictures? What did I show you pictures of?"

I still don't know whether I heard the participants' political correctness or if I got the real feelings of the sensitive New Age men and women assembled there. Their answers suggested that they hadn't been looking at women but at things. "Body parts," said one man, even though the pictures had been of whole bodies. "Slaves!" said one woman in a voice that said she thought a sexual slave was a contemptible thing to be. "Shells without souls." "No heart. No personality." "Roadkill!" (This from the guy who'd

found the exercise most upsetting and humiliating.)

I know porn is a stretch for some people, but roadkill? No wonder antipornography folks try to convince us we're dehumanizing the people in the pictures. They've dehumanized them already. What do porn actresses have to do to win back their personhood from these critics? Don't pink gingham dresses with Peter Pan collars and teach Sunday school? Put on Birkenstocks and teach radical lesbian separatism? Only the ones who embrace the victim role, including Linda "He Had to Put a Gun to My Head to Get Me to Fuck That Dog" Lovelace, are allowed to become human again in the eyes of the antiporn crusaders and, apparently, to the masses who are ambivalent about the way explicit sexual images make them feel. I'd much rather put naked pictures of myself into the hands of guys who'll jack off on my paper tits

*The women's movement I was attracted to as a rebellious teen got my attention as much for its promises that it would support my right to do what I liked with my body as for championing my right to equal pay.*

than give them to people who'll say, "She is an exploited victim with no soul of her own." I mean, who's throwing around demeaning concepts here? Better to have completely anonymous sex with a person I'll never meet than be dehumanized and lobotomized at the service of someone else's politics.

So it was time for me to come out, to try to get through to that roomful of nice people whose good sense had been tied in knots by everything from their upbringings to the manipulations of John Stoltenberg. I told them that I didn't feel safe in that room because I

had in fact done modeling and a sexually explicit movie or two, and I was hearing assumptions about erotic entertainers that were hard not to take personally. Please, I said, don't assume you know what someone else's experience has been just because you can't imagine enjoying it yourself. Please don't require that all people be one certain, correct way. Please don't assume I can't make my own decisions, that my exhibitionism somehow makes me a victim (or, I might have added, that it makes me want to be exhibitionistic all the time, with everyone). Don't tell me I don't have a soul.

Stoltenberg remained impassive throughout, and it was impossible to guess what was going through his mind. Some people seemed affected. Others had already determined which side they were on and looked through me as if my disclosure had made me seem printed on the magazine pages they'd taken as their enemy.

After seeing a roomful of people driven through Stoltenberg's hoops, it seemed even more important that our pro-pornography workshop be permissive and honest, devoid of bullshit. We had no fancy tricks, no exercises, no pictures to pass around. We were simply going to facilitate a discussion in which men and women could feel safe telling their truths about pornography and the sex industry.

Twenty people gathered in a circle with us. David and I began by introducing ourselves and talking about our relationships to pornography. In the past, I, too, was antipornography. But that was a long time ago.

Feminists are not across-the-board antiporn; indeed, neither is feminism. The women's movement that I was attracted to as a rebellious teen got my attention as much for its promises that it would support my right to do what I liked with my body (and that definitely included my clit, cunt and brain, thank you very much) as for championing my right to equal pay for equal work. I say if porn gets me hot and wet and frisky, what's antifeminist about that?

I no longer expect perfection from a harassed and obviously imperfect art form. I've gotten in touch with how porn pushed my buttons and made me defensive about my own sexuality. I studied sexology, I watched a lot of porn and my judgments about my own erotic impulses and those of other people began to melt away. And an amazing thing happened to my uptightness—it turned into wet panties and



multiple orgasms. I discovered the purpose of porn: to produce and enhance sexual feeling.

The next discovery—that porn wasn't only sexy to watch or read, it was also sexy to produce—couldn't have been made without the first. Whether writing, modeling or having sex in front of a camera, making porn put me in touch with my exhibitionistic self much more clearly than theater or public speaking ever did. Seeing my sexuality captured on videotape was the kind of leap in sexual development that having my first orgasm had been. It gave me a new sense of myself as a sexually powerful being.

Porn does not document sex as it should be had, or even the way porn stars have it on their days off. People who complain that porn doesn't portray people who look like them, having sex the way they do, are right. But such complaints miss the point. Using pornography, whether as entertainment, enhancement or substitute, is above all a way of acknowledging desire. It's a way of thinking about sex, a means of asserting to oneself that sex is good or, if that's going too far, that one wants it, anyway. People read or watch porn for the same reasons they read poetry or philosophy—to enhance a way of looking at the world. For some feminists, porn is an emblem of liberation, a tool for self-discovery and entertainment. Listening to the men in our workshop, I realized that pro-sex feminism lets women explore porn as a form of sexual discovery or rebellion that most men never experience. The notion that boys will be boys, or even that men will be men, is a formula for stereotypes, not growth. These men had come of age without guidance.

The men who formed a circle for our workshop had a lot to say. Many of them associated pornography with emotional pain precisely because they had used it as a substitute, and what it brought up for them was what was lacking in their lives.

They had used porn as adolescents to assuage curiosity about sex and to dream about the day when they would have a partner. They had used it between relationships to tide them over. They had used porn during relationships, often with feelings of guilt, usually hiding it from their partners. Using pornography was for them a way of wanting things more often than a way

of avoiding things.

Using porn may be about wanting it, but porn itself is about getting it—to paraphrase the phone sex ads, "what you want, the way you want it, when you want it." Who really gets enough of either pleasure or love? Who ever fully outgrows the fantasy that someday they'll have everything they ever wanted? It's not really so surprising that a common reaction to porn is anger or sadness that the real people in one's life don't behave that way—the underside of desire. The men in our group seemed to feel that porn left them stranded behind enemy lines.

The problem is not porn but repression. Men's fear of their partners' responses often makes them hide their interest, and the secrecy feeds their guilt and their partners' paranoia. After the second or third man in the workshop talked about feeling bad about using porn while he had a lover,



I explained what my lover and I do. We share it. We watch it together and masturbate or make love; we watch it while apart and share stuff we like with each other. We learn more about each other's turn-ons, get new ideas, get sparked into really hot sex. We use it to strengthen our bond. That's a far cry from hiding it or sneaking away to enjoy it. One of the most important gifts of feminism has been to expose all the lies we're told about how the sexes feel and behave. Why perpetuate this sex difference by naming pornography a male evil? The least we can do is turn it

into an evil that both sexes can share.

One man's confession reminded me of an irony of the feminist revolution—our different attitudes toward masturbation. Betty Dodson teaches women how to pleasure themselves; men have never received the same inspired lesson. For men, masturbation is just another symptom, another sin.

Society hands out gold stars for monogamous relationships and labels everything else "dysfunctional." Worse, these folks tend to see masturbation as pathological rather than everyone's inalienable route to sexual satisfaction, self-nurturance or, hell, just plain fun. Many of these feelings of conflict expressed by the group about pornography boiled down to strong feelings of conflict about masturbation. Was it OK? Did they do it too much? Wasn't it second best? Until everyone honors masturbation the way the powers that be honor monogamy, the arguments of antiporn activists will have a toehold even in the psyches of many confirmed pornography consumers.

The bottom line is the need to honor desire. Why else take dick or pussy in hand? Whether it's a thought-out fantasy of the perfect partner or a hormone surge, we have to shed our cultural inhibitions about the healthy uses of desire. Anything less is thought control of the worst order, and as the assumptions and tactics of the antiporn crowd show, thought control is with us right here, right now. It was present at the California Men's Gathering, masquerading as concern for the oppressed. It is rampant and organized on the left and on the right. As long as antipornography partisans want us to see fewer, not more—and more realistic—explicit images, as long as they want to deny the heat of sexy pictures and dirty words to all who can appreciate them, as long as they insist on calling consensual work (and play) a form of abuse, the rest of us are going to have to be partisans of desire.

I don't know about you, but I am proud to take up the flag. These people are lying to—and about—us; they are hurting us. It's up to us, with our wet panties and hard dicks, to tell the truth. There's nothing wrong with sexual joy. If it comes illustrated, so much the better.

*Carol Queen is the author of "Real Live Nude Girl" (Cleis Press).*



## R E E A D E R

## SENTENCES

The real irony in James Bovard's article "Prison Sentences of the Politically Connected" (*The Playboy Forum*, April) is the rehabilitation of people who are politically connected. It's funny how the Me generation can't remember the principles that they marched for in the Sixties, when drug laws were draconian. Our lawmakers who were part of the Sixties revolution should get out their back issues of *PLAYBOY* and reread the *Forum*. They need a reminder of the injustice that they were marching against instead of reinstating the failed principles of their fathers' generation.

Randy Mahl  
Easton, Pennsylvania

President Clinton has talked about overcoming parental guilt to talk to Chelsea about drugs. What about political guilt for imprisoning unlucky dope smokers? Chances are that he can overcome that, too, and continue to excuse the unjust and wayward enforcement of federal drug policies.

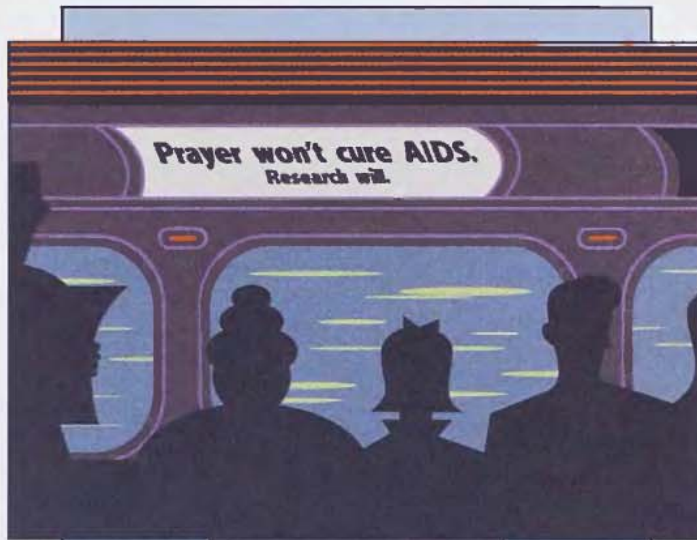
Theo Reynolds  
St. Ann, Missouri

I have a question for James Bovard: What can I do about Beltway injustice? Should I sharpen my sword, don my armor, mount a battle steed and charge into Washington, cutting down all the unfairness, racism, bigotry, hatred, pollution, avarice and anger? Sorry, I don't have the time. I'm too busy working myself into the ground to survive in this world and to pay the taxes that pay the salaries of the corrupt politicians and judges you speak out against so angrily. But surely you knew that the legal system is nothing more than a big business that preys on the defenseless to keep itself alive and living well.

Richard Barringer  
Wellington, Nevada

## WEB SITES

I enjoyed "Web Sites of the Weird" (*The Playboy Forum*, April). They are in-



## FOR THE RECORD

## SOMEBODY SAY AMEN

"If you believe in the power of prayer, you don't want to see it discredited in a public way. We responded to our community."

—MARY HERRING, FORT WORTH TRANSPORTATION AUTHORITY MARKETING DIRECTOR, COMMENTING ON THE SIX-WORD BILLBOARD COPY SHOWN ABOVE, WHICH WAS REMOVED FROM HUNDREDS OF BUSES IN 19 CITIES AFTER PROTESTS FROM TEXAS-AREA CONSERVATIVES. DESIGNER KENNETH COLE CREATED THE ADS AS PART OF A PUBLIC-SERVICE SERIES FOR THE AMERICAN FOUNDATION FOR AIDS RESEARCH

deed weird. Now, in the interest of fair play, you need to give us Web sites of the normal, the beautiful and the heterosexual.

T.K. Foster  
Dallas, Texas

*That, of course, would be [www.playboy.com](http://www.playboy.com).*

## HOT OR NOT

I just read your "Forum F.Y.I." on the book *Tales From the Clit* (*The Playboy Forum*, April) and had to fire off a response. For years now I have been trying to tell men that X-rated films may not be the best way to arouse women. When I was married, my husband would rent adult movies and ask me to watch with him, hoping they would get me as hot as they got him. Sorry to say, they usually had the opposite effect. I tried to tell him that love scenes which

leave something to the imagination get me hotter than those old sewing-machine blow jobs with the dubbed moaning and groaning. After all, as Tuppy Owens points out, "Intimate sex can be just as hot."

Jody Volner  
Murphysboro, Illinois

## BROWN UPDATE

I was struck by the absurdity of Adam Lack's situation at Brown University ("Cry Rape," *The Playboy Forum*, March). He was caught like a fly in a spiderweb. I can't help but wonder what punishment the young lady might have inflicted on Lack had he rejected her advances. Thanks to the Moral Majority's influence on our legal system, the dance of human courtship seems similar to that of the black widow. Men, hold your penises! Something ain't right.

Herb Vickers  
Oak Ridge, Tennessee

After reading Ted Fishman's article about Brown University, I have come to the bitter conclusion that academe is no longer fulfilling its role. Once upon a time colleges and universities had a responsibility not just to nurture young adults for a few years after high school but also to prepare them for life outside of academe. Part of that real world is how men and women interact beyond the confines of the classroom—something Brown has handled as deftly as a drunken dart thrower. As a result of its bungling of the Lack case, not only does no mean no and not saying yes mean no, but now yes means no if the woman has had a few drinks and changes her mind later, even if she can't recall the events. The sad thing is that Brown University will continue to crank out young adults who are clueless about the opposite sex.

David Matthews  
Gainesville, Georgia

I am appalled by the decision of the overeducated idiots on the disciplinary panel at Brown. The woman, who is



## RESPONSE

not named (unlike Adam Lack), is a perfect example of a whining feminist who is demanding equality and the power to control her own destiny, yet is unwilling to accept the responsibility which goes along with that. I wonder who would have been found responsible if the "rapist" had been another woman? Most likely the guy who gave the party?

Michael Fitzgerald  
Coeur d'Alene, Idaho

Apparently, women are unable to make decisions while drinking alcohol, and men are not only able but obligat-

ed to make these decisions for them. What happened to equality of the sexes and women's lib?

Donald Phillips  
Point Arena, California

The case of Adam Lack shows that the feminazis will find a rapist under every stone if you allow them to look. The lesson seems to be, Kiss and keep quiet, or face the consequences.

Lance Martz  
Ketchikan, Alaska

Lack elected to do neither. He sued Sara Klein, the woman who accused him of rape, and Brown, which punished him for a crime

he says he didn't commit. Lack's lawsuit seeks unspecified damages from Klein for libel and from Brown for gender bias, breach of contract and negligence. Lack's attorney says his client will not seek remuneration if Klein and Brown apologize for the harm to his reputation.

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).

This is the age of pay-as-you-go government, and its grounding premise is: If you don't want to pay, you'll just have to solve the crime yourself.

You've probably always assumed that the substantial sums you pay in taxes were purchasing the on-demand services of law-enforcement personnel. How naively un-Nineties of you. Their salaries are just a way for us to get their attention.

Consider, for example, the following instances of civic pickpocketry.

ITEM: Denver police announced they will no longer respond to home-security alarms unless the residents have ponied up a yearly \$25 fee. Moreover, residents get just five false alarms per year. After that, the cops will show up only if they have no more-pressing engagements.

ITEM: In South Dakota, the governor declared that motorists who circumvent closed-highway barricades and later require rescuing will be charged for the service, and "if they're alive when we get to them, will be arrested."

ITEM: So many unfortunate motorists have had to be pried from mangled wreckage after collisions on the roads of Lawrence County, Indiana that local officials, either fed up with or financially inspired by the situation, have begun charging accident victims for their own extrica-

## PAY AS YOU GO

By ROBERT S. WIEDER

tions. There's even a fee schedule of sorts: basic removal from car—\$400 per person; rescue equipment charge—\$50 per piece used; air-bag deflations—\$50 each.

The fact is, our public-safety professionals are working from an incredible advantage: a de facto monopoly. To put it in slice-of-life terms: "Look, schmuck, if you don't like our rates, go get your accident report or

homicide, the lead detective will seal off the area and immediately present the survivors with a rate sheet—"Murder investigations: \$1000. Dealing with the body: simple gunshot, \$50. Stab wounds, \$75. Hacked to death with an ax, \$200. Body more than four days old, \$300, plus \$50 a day thereafter. Free estimates. Ask about our celebrity discount."

We will wring our hands over headlines such as POTLUCK FUND-RAISER COMES UP SHORT—TODDLER RETURNED TO WELL but accept them as by-products of the free-market system.

Millions of Americans will feel a surge of pride when the FBI, as a matter of professionalism and principle, adopts a strict no-tipping rule.

In New York, Mayor Rudy Giuliani will declare July to be "half-price month" for muggings. And who can wait for the day the local firefighters declare a fire sale?

These vignettes may seem far-fetched, but so, at one time, did deposits on plastic bottles and vending machines for water. Given that we live in a society in which today's excess is tomorrow's entrepreneurial wave, it's best that we prepare ourselves for a world in which Clint Eastwood squints into the camera as Dirty Harry Callahan and rasps, "You want fries with those fingerprints? Well, do you?"



burglary investigation or drive-by patrol from JCPenney."

Ultimately, the quaintly traditional police slogan "To Serve and Protect" could morph into the far more appropriate and pragmatic "Hey, We're Not Running a Fucking Charity Here."

The scenario looks something like this: Upon arriving at the scene of a



# WRONGFUL DEATH

a new strategy in the war against abortion

By TED C. FISHMAN

Could a tainted chicken help end the constitutional right to abortion? Ask Beth Wiersma of South Dakota. In 1990 she ate a packaged chicken dinner, got salmonella poisoning and miscarried her seven-week-old embryo. Wiersma filed suit against the dinner's manufacturer, Maple Leaf Farms, claiming the company had caused the wrongful death of her child. On its face, the suit looks frivolous; the causes of miscarriages are notoriously hard to pin down. It is not clear that the chicken was the source of the salmonella, or that the salmonella caused the loss of the embryo. But cause and effect matter little when the case serves a cause.

For groups on both sides of the abortion debate the stakes couldn't have been higher. When the South Dakota Supreme Court gave Wiersma's suit its blessing to proceed, pro-lifers cheered. The reason: The court shunned South Dakota's law declaring that a fetus is considered part of the mother until the 24th week of pregnancy. It ruled that "the concept of viability [the point at which a fetus can survive outside the womb] is outmoded in tort law," in effect declaring the embryo to be its own person. The *Wiersma* case, regardless of its outcome, is an important victory in the anti-abortion movement's nationwide strategy to build a wall around the unborn that will leave them untouchable in the womb.

As many as 40 states now allow residents to sue for the wrongful death of fetuses. In Missouri, a civil statute declares that "the life of each human being begins at conception" and that parents "have protectable interests in the life, health and well-being of their unborn child." The law also says that from conception on, "unborn children" have all the rights and privileges of any other person.

In 1995 the Missouri Supreme Court allowed Jason Connor, an unmarried male, to sue over the "wrongful death" of the four-month-old fetus he helped conceive. The fetus was delivered stillborn from its dead mother after her car was hit by a truck.

Similarly, after a fatal collision in West Virginia, an appeals court allowed a man to sue a trucking firm and driver for the wrongful deaths of his wife and the 18-week-old fetus she was carrying.

Anti-abortion forces tap the outrage and sense of loss that surround these incidents, then try to create precedents that will abolish a woman's right to choose when to reproduce. A runaway truck is a better object of outrage than a surgical intervention, but court cases stemming from one should not be used to ban the other.

For those who frame fetal rights laws, the parents seldom matter. Janet Crepps of the Center for Reproductive

successfully pushed for laws in at least 23 states that make living wills invalid for pregnant women, thus, Crepps points out, "overriding [a woman's] express wishes in order to protect fetal life."

Last year, when Ohio legislators drafted a bill to punish the killers of "unborn humans," they wanted to make the penalties harsher than those for killing children or adults. Shooting a woman point-blank, they presumably reasoned, isn't as bad as assaulting her when she is pregnant. The insult to women was so grave that eventually the Ohio legislature worked out a compromise. Now killing the unborn is a homicide like any other. Ohio isn't alone. Criminal laws based on fetal rights already exist in some states, many of them having been drafted and lobbied for in the past five years by anti-abortion activists. The laws vary widely. Many put acts that end the viability of a fetus in the same category as murder. Others add a "sentence enhancement" to crimes against the mother that also injure her unborn.

In 1994 a California court stretched the state's homicide statute to include embryos just seven weeks old, two weeks away from the start of the fetal phase. A dissenting judge complained that his state now policed the realm of "a tiny alien creature the size of a peanut." Iowa declared as feticide any intentional termination of a pregnancy after the second trimester, with some exceptions for women whose health is threatened.

Pro-lifers trumpet the protection that fetal rights laws offer mother and child. But they cheer just as loudly when the laws are used to prosecute mothers, which they often are. According to a tally by the Center for Reproductive Law and Policy, prosecutors in 30 states have filed criminal charges against nearly 200 women accused of endangering their unborn children. Most of those charged have been drug users with habits that either ended their pregnancies or contributed to the addictions or birth defects of their children. Higher courts have consistently thrown out cases against mothers, but anti-abortion prosecutors are not deterred. Blanket the courts with fetal rights cases, and eventually one will survive. In July 1996 the South Caroli-



Law and Policy notes that while wrongful death suits proceed, "numerous states have adopted laws prohibiting civil tort actions for wrongful birth and wrongful life." That means parents can't sue doctors who lie to them about fetal defects, or who sabotage their attempts to abort. The fetuses and doctors are protected, but women's rights to make informed choices are trashed. Fetal rights advocates have also suc-



na Supreme Court let stand a conviction against a cocaine-using mother whose newborn showed traces of the drug.

A harder case still is that of Deborah Zimmerman from Racine, Wisconsin. On the afternoon of March 12, 1996, Zimmerman, according to published reports a longtime alcoholic and the victim of three rapes, sat in a bar, pounding back white russians. Already stoned, she confided to the bartender that she was pregnant. The bartender quickly substituted 7Up for her cocktail. Zimmerman's mother fetched her and checked her into the hospital, ready to deliver. In a drunken rage, Zimmerman yanked the fetal monitors off her body. She told one of her attendants, "If you don't keep me here, I'm going to go home and drink myself to death. And I'm going to kill this thing because I don't want it anyways." That night Zimmerman underwent a cesarean section. Doctors removed a baby girl with a blood alcohol level double the legal standard for intoxication. The baby had the flat face and wide-set eyes typical of fetal alcohol syndrome. Wisconsin charged Zimmerman with reckless injury and attempted murder of her child. She could spend up to 40 years in prison.

"It's time," the local prosecutor declared, "to start holding women accountable for the harm they do their unborn children."

The tragedy Zimmerman wrought on herself and her daughter is unsettling, to say the least. If ever a case argued for making birth control and abortion more accessible, rather than letting an unwanted or unattended pregnancy result in a deformed baby, this was it. The case also cries out for better prenatal health care, and for more education on the effects of alcohol. Instead, the case encouraged the state to pit the interests of an unborn child against those of its mother. Surely, some argue, the state should be allowed to stand between substance abusers and their fetuses. But if we give the state that right, where do we draw the line? A host of activities can cause miscarriages. Ride a horse or motorcycle, take medicine for a cold, eat unripe pineapple or stay on a stressful job and you may endanger your fetus. Must pregnant women who neglect their prenatal care face jail time or civil suits from anguished fathers-to-be? When pregnant women's actions are criminalized, and mothers-to-be face prosecution for their habits, legal or otherwise, abortion becomes more—less—attractive.

## PARTIAL TRUTH

### anatomy of a spin crisis

Hadn't we been through all this? A year ago the nation witnessed a grotesque battle over partial-birth abortion. Senators and representatives took to their podiums with posters showing babies' skulls pierced by scissors.

Congress passed a bill banning late-term abortions. President Clinton vetoed the bill. Anti-abortion forces did not give up.

In February one of the peripheral players in the debate resurfaced. Ron Fitzsimmons, executive director of the National Coalition of Abortion Providers, confessed that he had deliberately misinformed the nation (or at least *Nightline's* Ted Koppel). Here's a short recap of the media coverage.

February 26, 1997: A repentant Fitzsimmons tells reporters, "I lied through my teeth." He states that not only is the procedure performed more often than he previously claimed but also that the endangered health of the mother or a damaged fetus are not the overriding criteria. The procedure, Fitzsimmons claims, is usually performed on a healthy mother with a healthy fetus that is 20 weeks or more along. "It is a form of killing," he declares. "You're ending a life."

The majority of partial-birth abortions might involve healthy fetuses, conceded writer Nell Bernstein in *Newsday*, but how widespread is the practice? "Whether it affects less than 500 women or 5000," Bernstein wrote, "the incidence of partial-birth abortion is negligible when measured against the nearly 1.5 million abortions performed in this country each year—not to mention the nearly 4 million live births. So why has national policy debate become fixated on the gruesome details of what is, by either count, an exceptional procedure? Some credit is due the

'If it bleeds, it leads' mentality that permeates contemporary politics as much as it does news coverage."

The *Chicago Tribune's* Eric Zorn revealed the ethical issue: "Abortion rights opponents have attempted to leave the impression that women routinely slog into clinics as they approach full term and have doctors employ what I'll call the Technique for some trivial reason, like they've decided they want to put a pool table in the baby's room instead. Supporters of abortion rights have in turn tried to leave the impression that the Technique is employed only rarely and only in the most tragic circumstances, when maternal health is profoundly threatened or the fetus is as good as dead anyway. Both impressions are false.

"The Technique is gruesome and chilling. Yet any technique that would substitute for the Technique were it to be outlawed would also be gruesome and chilling."

Other reporters have noted that women do not delay getting an abortion for trivial reasons. Most are poor women who, denied Medicaid benefits, have to work to save the money for the procedure. Congress and state legislatures, in creating obstacles to abortion, had by default created the cases that must utilize the technique.

Anti-abortion forces rammed legislation through Congress that would abolish partial-birth procedures. Only a few commentators saw that the initiative was part of a larger plan. Zorn: "Because eliminating abortion all at once has proved politically impossible, they will try to get rid of it technique by technique. A public debate that focuses attention on the appalling aesthetics takes the focus off what sort of rights women have to control their own bodies."





what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

## SILENT TREATMENT

SAN FRANCISCO—A federal appeals court ruled that a strolling mime who was fired after striking a gambler at a Las Vegas casino cannot sue for wrongful termi-



nation. The woman performed as a mechanical windup doll shadowed by a clown bodyguard and equipped with a sign that read, STOP. DO NOT TOUCH. Nevertheless, a patron who wanted to determine if the woman was "real" approached her from behind as if to hug her. Staying in character, the woman raised her arm and bloodied his lip. In her suit, the performer claimed she was exercising her right to resist sexual harassment.

## HANGING OFFENSES

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Until recently, frat brothers at George Washington University tossed shoes into a tree each time two members had sex with the same woman. That rankled a member of a campus feminist group called Womyn's Issues Now, who reminded city officials that it's illegal to hang anything from trees on public property. "It's offensive," Charlotte Hernandez told *The Chronicle of Higher Education*. "It says women are body parts rather than people." The D.C. government billed Delta Tau Delta \$400 for shoe removal.

VAIL, COLORADO—A vandal apparently used a bow saw to cut down a ski resort aspen known as the "Panty Tree." For years, Vail skiers tossed lingerie into the tree's branches as they rode past on a chairlift to the back bowls. In a gesture of goodwill,

Vail officials recovered the panties from the fallen aspen and rehanging them on a nearby tree.

## BACK TO BASICS

SINGAPORE—An appeals court ruled that oral sex is illegal unless it is part of foreplay. The case involved a 47-year-old technician who twice duped a 19-year-old receptionist into giving him a blow job. He told the woman she had been poisoned by cunnilingus, but that fellatio could cure her. The man was charged with committing "unnatural" acts (the oral sex, not the pickup line), but a judge threw out the case. The appeals court reinstated it, endorsing the prosecution's contention that the mouth and anus, "unlike the vagina," were not created for sex. The decision puzzled some lawyers. Asked one, "What if the man has premature ejaculation?"

## ANNOYANCE SUIT

SAN FRANCISCO—As part of a legal challenge to the Communications Decency Act, which bans "indecent" material online, a multimedia company has created annoy.com, a Web site that allows users to send rude messages to politicians. Apollo-media says it hopes to preserve the right "to freely criticize public officials and public figures by using whatever language or imagery seems appropriate." In Maryland, meanwhile, legislators are pushing a bill that would make it illegal to annoy or embarrass anyone via e-mail.

## COMIC BATTLE

HUNTINGTON BEACH, CALIFORNIA—The city's library director asked municipal officials to stop a comic-book store from renting space adjacent to a branch library because there isn't enough parking, a shared restroom wouldn't be large enough and—oh, yeah—the shop sells some adult titles. Director Ron Hayden claims that HB Comics & Cards isn't "appropriate next to our library, which caters to children's story hours and seniors." The shop owner says adult titles account for less than one percent of her sales and would not be on display.

## RATS, FOILED AGAIN

MADISON, WISCONSIN—After a handful of complaints, a high school principal re-

moved a small painting from an exhibit against cruelty to animals that depicts the Madonna suckling a rat. The protestors evidently missed the point of the work. "Rats have their place, but not in art," one member of the Madison Catholic Women's Club told *The Capital Times*. "And to do something with the Madonna is offensive to the Madonna and to all women." The artist insisted her work had been misunderstood. "It's part of a series of 14 paintings about rats and how they should not be denigrated." She noted that students had written many crude comments in the exhibit guest book about "Madonna and Rat," but that most of them were inspired by her exposed breast, not the rodent.

## SNOG PATROL

OXFORD, ENGLAND—Students at Exeter College voted to outlaw "snogging," better known on this side of the Atlantic as a public display of affection. They say it alienates single students and nauseates everyone else. The third-year classics scholar who introduced the motion now patrols the campus and scolds persistent offenders (one student suggested he carry a bucket of cold water). The motion also divided the common room into an area for heavy petting and another for light petting, banned heavy petting altogether in the dining hall



and outlawed intercourse in the library between three A.M. and eight A.M. When asked if much sex occurs in the stacks, a droll underclassman told Reuters, "It hasn't happened to me, but you live and hope."



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their relatives can only shake their heads and sigh. Bricklayers, secretaries, truck drivers, doctors, barbers, machinists, you name it. It happens to all kinds.

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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ANTHONY EDWARDS

*a candid conversation with tv's favorite doctor about life in the ER with batman, the zen of surfing and the importance of hairlines in hollywood*

His knife makes a clean, bloodless incision. "Mmm. Yummy," says Anthony Edwards, slicing off a chunk of meat. "Want a bite?" America's most famous surgeon is as generous with kind words as he is with his lunchtime lamb chop. While discussing "ER," on which he stars as chief resident Dr. Mark Greene, Edwards can't stop praising his buddy George Clooney, one of the show's other stars. He credits creator Michael Crichton, executive producer John Wells, the writers and his co-stars for making "ER" number one in the ratings. Of course, they'll tell you it's Edwards who deserves the lion's share of the credit. "The captain of the ship," Clooney calls him. It all sounds too good to be true.

It was almost refreshing when "Newsweek" magazine called Edwards "chinless, almost nondescript." Predictably, the tight-knit "ER" cast immediately put forth a collective howl of protest.

Fortunately, Edwards is an actor with an edge. Lounging in a Hollywood restaurant in a T-shirt and leather jacket, with granny glasses and a two-day beard, he looks more JD than M.D.—still a nice guy, but with a prickly, snarly side, too. Plenty of things piss him off, and when he's pissed, Edwards looks less like the prime-time hero he plays on TV and more like the driven, occasionally fierce Hollywood pro he is.

His ambition has paid off. Last year he won the Screen Actors Guild award for best dramatic actor, and his newer work includes his scary portrayal of a killer in the CBS remake of "In Cold Blood." He recently signed a three-year film and TV production deal with Warner Bros.

Edwards grew up in Santa Barbara, California. His father was a commercial architect, his mother was a painter. Nighttime television was a no-no in their home. Anthony sang and danced in school plays but seldom got the lead. After a summer at London's Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts, he made an ignoble professional debut. Young Tony Edwards, all ultrabright teeth and shaggy blond hair, was a TV pitchkid for breakfast cereals. He was the grinning soccer sprite singing, "I get the eaties for my Wheaties."

Since directors kept calling, Edwards dropped out of acting school at the University of Southern California. In 1982 he played Sean Penn's sidekick in "Fast Times at Ridgmont High." He won praise for his 1983 performance as Bonnie Bedelia's son in "Heart Like a Wheel." Next came a starring role in the surprise 1984 hit "Revenge of the Nerds" (the ever political Edwards liked the movie's tolerant pro-nerd message). Before long he was the boyish romantic lead in forgettable flicks: "Mr. North" with Anjel-

ica Huston, "Miracle Mile" opposite Mare Winningham, "Gotcha!" with Linda Fiorentino, who called her co-star "superintelligent, funny, the warmest, most compassionate person ever. Why didn't I marry him?"

Also in the late Eighties came his only blockbuster. In 1986's "Top Gun" he played Goose, Tom Cruise's martyred buddy. Proximity to Cruise's star power made Edwards bankable. He was tabloid fodder, too: They couldn't get enough of his affair with Meg Ryan, who played his wife in the movie. But soon he split with her. Edwards also failed to capitalize on the opportunity. All the attention followed his fellow Top Gunners Cruise and Val Kilmer, while his own fortune flagged.

Edwards was never sure he wanted to be a movie star. He never employed a publicist, never spent much time on party-going, schmoozing and other forms of fame maintenance. By 1992 he was reduced to playing a veterinarian munched by an undead dog. The film was "Pet Sematary II," and he didn't even get top billing. That went to Edward Furlong, a teen actor whose prospects were hotter. At 29 Edwards was still busy, but if his career wasn't headed for the morgue it was surely in intensive care.

Finally he wowed TV viewers—and executives—as the multiphobic "bubble man" on "Northern Exposure." Then he landed



"My problem with 'Top Gun' is that it's really about rationalizing bad behavior. It's disturbing to think I may have encouraged people to join the Navy. What if one of them got killed?"



"Fame is like being a pretty girl: People turn and look at you. But that's about all I've gotten out of it. I have found that it doesn't get you laid, and you don't get as much free stuff as you'd think."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"George Clooney loves keeping things at a sixth-grade level, and he takes advantage of shooting in a hospital full of lubricants. I never pick up a phone on the set without checking the earpiece first."



the role he will forever be known for: the worried, harried, romance-impaired Dr. Greene, captain of the good ship "ER." Each week almost 40 million viewers tune in to root for him.

As fans know, Greene suffered cardio-breakia when Dr. Susan Lewis dumped him last year. Co-star Sherry Stringfield's farewell episode was the top-rated TV show of 1996. After that, the shell-shocked chief resident needed "to get his balls back," as Edwards puts it. "He needed some good healthy sex." Indeed, Greene has spent much of this year fending off nurses and other potential sexual healers.

Edwards himself found love in a graveyard. He and Jeanine Lobell, a movie make-up artist, met on the set of "Pet Sematary II" and married. They recently had a daughter, Esme, who joins their three-year-old son, Bailey. "I could use more time at home," says Edwards, an amateur chef.

We had Contributing Editor Kevin Cook make an appointment with the doctor. His report:

"When I told friends I was interviewing the star of 'ER,' more than a few said, 'Wow, George Clooney!' Edwards is more of an acquired taste than is his bat pal. He's less dynamic than Clooney, though perhaps deeper, more a 'hmm' actor than a 'wow' guy.

"With the success of 'ER' and his recent star turn in 'In Cold Blood,' Edwards gets a peculiar reaction on the streets of Los Angeles. People notice him but take a moment to place him. Rather than being hounded for autographs, he leaves a trail of momentarily puzzled faces. By the time they place him, Edwards has ducked into the local health food store.

"We met three times, for lunch, coffee and a couple beers. He is a suburban guy in a pricey, sort of bohemian suburb, Los Feliz, where Madonna and other stars raise families. One afternoon our talk was interrupted by a howling child at the next table. I might have complained, but it was Tim Roth's kid. Edwards was gracious as usual, praising Roth so much as he introduced us that I was tempted to interview Roth instead.

"The offscreen Edwards is as thoughtful and as intense as Dr. Greene, but far less nervous. 'We're not much alike but we're exactly the same height,' Edwards likes to say. That should be good news to 'ER' watchers who suspect that Greene is often only one messy GSW short of going berserk on the job. I found him to be opinionated, tastily profane, almost comically devoted to wife and family—everything a guy should be.

"After our last talk, before driving home in his Chevy Suburban, he leaned out the window and shot me the peace sign."

**PLAYBOY:** Were you surprised that *ER* was an instant hit?

**EDWARDS:** A little. I remember the first time the cast saw a 20-minute teaser for the show. I looked at George Clooney, and we had a "Wow" moment. *Wow, this is good.* But you can't gauge public reaction very well when you're working 12

hours a day on stage 11 at Warner Bros. We knew things were going well when one day the network president came to our set. "Champagne for everybody," he said. "Not since *Charlie's Angels* has there been such a start in the ratings!" We thought, Great, but did he have to mention *Charlie's Angels*?

**PLAYBOY:** Do you enjoy being one of the most watched actors in America?

**EDWARDS:** It makes me feel like hiding under a rock. It helps that I like the show—I truly think we're famous because we are doing the best hour on television. But I'm not comfortable with fame. It's like having a hump: People smile and shake your hand and pretend it doesn't affect them, but it's all they can think about.

**PLAYBOY:** Fame reminds you of a hump?

**EDWARDS:** [Laughs] I'll try again. Fame is like being a pretty girl: People turn and look at you. But that's about all I've gotten out of it. I have found that it doesn't get you laid, and you don't get as much free stuff as you'd think.

**PLAYBOY:** How free is *ER* with its famous medical detail? Do you take dramatic li-

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*We don't always succeed  
on "ER." In fact I'd say  
we usually fail. Most  
of the time the show  
doesn't resonate.*

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cense with all your videopathies?

**EDWARDS:** We try to keep it realistic. Sometimes we go to extremes. We'll even expand the terminology. For example, real doctors and nurses say "V-tack" for ventricular tachyrythmia, but we say the whole thing. It sounds so cool.

**PLAYBOY:** What makes *ER* special?

**EDWARDS:** We try not to condescend. There is a myth that TV audiences want everything tied up neatly with a bow every week. Childish fairy tales. But people know "happily ever after" doesn't happen in the real world. Death works. Birth, death and pain—things real people deal with and talk about. I think *ER* proves that while audiences might expect and even desire a steady diet of lemon meringue, they're happier in the long run if you surprise them.

We don't always succeed on *ER*. In fact I'd say we usually fail. Most of the time the show doesn't resonate the way it should, like a real drama instead of a soap opera. But once in a while we get to that higher place, and I'm proud of that. **PLAYBOY:** Countless women dream of some "Wow" moments with your co-star Clooney, yet *ER*'s Julianna Margulies

says you are "the sexy one" in the cast.

**EDWARDS:** Actually, George and I pass that title back and forth. We have a jacket, the official Sexy Jacket. I'll let George wear it for a week or two, then he gives it back to me.

**PLAYBOY:** What's Clooney like off camera?

**EDWARDS:** George is a prankster. He is an elf who loves keeping things at a sixth-grade level. I'll put my hand in my pocket while we're filming a scene. Suddenly I have a handful of petroleum jelly. George did it. He loves playing pranks on us, and he takes advantage of shooting in a hospital full of lubricants. I never pick up a phone on the set without checking the earpiece first.

**PLAYBOY:** Who wins your one-on-one basketball games?

**EDWARDS:** George is a great athlete. He has a good outside shot, the works. So my approach is to go to the writers, ask them to write that I win. If not, big baby Edwards doesn't wanna play.

**PLAYBOY:** On the show, Clooney's Dr. Doug Ross coaches you on your love life. You're friends offscreen too, aren't you?

**EDWARDS:** We talk about everything, by phone if we're not on the set. It was George who told me I had to make the most of *ER*'s popularity. We were flying to Chicago last winter, and I was complaining as usual about not getting offered better movie roles: "How come I'm not working for Bertolucci?" George said, "Tony, you've been scared." Scared to make the most of *ER*'s success.

**PLAYBOY:** What were you afraid of?

**EDWARDS:** I was cynical. I didn't like many of the movies I had made, and for years I envied the brat packers. But maybe I knew I wasn't ready. I knew I wasn't the leading-man type, just a skinny character actor who happened to star in a few movies. Not in the Tom Cruise category, certainly. And uncomfortable with the whole idea of "success" if it meant I had to promote myself. But finally I got tired of hearing myself complain about how fucked show business is—that snobbish excuse—and listened to George. Maybe I needed at least a degree of Tom Cruisery.

**PLAYBOY:** You worked with Cruise in *Top Gun*. Tell us about him.

**EDWARDS:** When I met him he was 18, fresh from Kentucky, driving his first used Mercedes and driven. Tom was charming, kind and incredibly adept at the politics of making movies. It's no accident he's a big movie star. He has certain stuff that can't be acted, something movie starchy that a few people have that makes you stop and look at them.

**PLAYBOY:** Today 40 million people look at you every week. Some critics attribute *ER*'s success to its gritty real-world style—

**EDWARDS:** Survival style. It's a "How the fuck can we get through this?" style. Fourteen-hour days with technical medical dialogue and long oners [the show's





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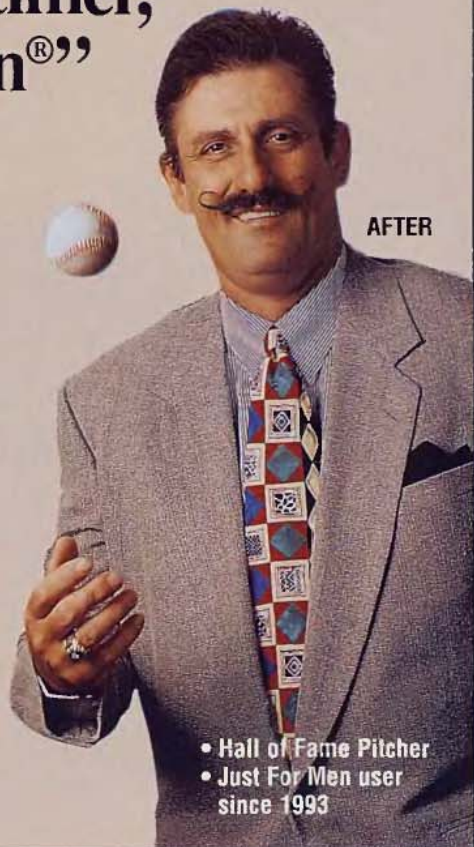
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trademark one-shot takes]. Blow one of those and it takes forever to reset and try again. That pressure keeps the anxiety level high. That's probably what bonded the cast in the first place and makes *ER* the happiest set I know of. We don't have time to freak about which actor's chair is closer to the camera, who has the most lines—all that actorly pettiness that comes from boredom and idle minds.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet Sherry Stringfield fled the show. Why?

**EDWARDS:** Sherry was burned out. It wasn't that she wanted a big movie career. She didn't want more money. Most people would have stayed on just for the money, and they would be miserable and make everyone around them miserable. That happens all the time in television. Sherry is a shocking exception, really—she's someone who left for the right reason.

**PLAYBOY:** Her decision was the subplot of the year.

**EDWARDS:** It was news in the same way “who shot J.R.” was news. The day I flew to Chicago to shoot Sherry's last episode, every 20 steps at O'Hare Airport somebody said, “Are you getting married? Are you two breaking up?” At least it was better than what we usually heard. Sometimes we would be shooting outdoors in Chicago when a carload of guys would drive by and ruin the take by yelling, “*ER* sucks!”

**PLAYBOY:** Do viewers confuse *ER* with reality?

**EDWARDS:** The classic was last year when Dr. Mark Greene wouldn't go to Hawaii with Dr. Susan Lewis. Women kept coming up to me in the supermarket, saying, “You pussy. What's wrong with you?” Like it was my fault. I'd say, “Hey, I just want to buy some avocados.”

**PLAYBOY:** How did you keep the secret of Stringfield's decision?

**EDWARDS:** For six months I knew she was leaving, but I was the only one. We couldn't let the story leak. Sherry and I had the only scripts with our last scene in them. The rest of the scripts on the set were dummies, with a fake ending: We're at the train station when Dr. Greene says, “I love you.” She says, “I love you, too. I'm coming back.” And we get her stuff off the train. I still miss working with Sherry. It was fun last year, keeping our secret from the world.

**PLAYBOY:** Dr. Lewis got a farewell party. Did the cast throw one for Sherry?

**EDWARDS:** No. It was a sad moment. But we are retiring her number. I'm listed as number one on the daily call sheet, George is number two, Eriq LaSalle's number three and Sherry was number four. We're going to make a big number four and hang it on the soundstage, and nobody can ever be number four on the call sheet again.

**PLAYBOY:** What about the family atmo-

sphere on the set? Did that affect her decision?

**EDWARDS:** Absolutely. Sherry and I talked about that. She didn't want to be the one who complained all the time. We all feel that sort of behavior is inexcusable. What's worse than some wealthy actor whining and throwing hissy fits? That kind of actor sucks all the energy to himself and insults others, including the crew, and the crew works harder than anybody. Sherry didn't want to do that. But she was scared to leave, too, because in a sense her decision was against everything we're all there for. It was like saying, “You're all part of something I don't want to be in.” She struggled with that.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you resolve it?

**EDWARDS:** We understood. Sherry didn't have to worry. We just wanted her to be happy and to get on with her life.

**PLAYBOY:** How will the show evolve?

**EDWARDS:** Every television series has a beginning, a middle and an end. You want to keep the beginning going as long as you can. Then stretch the middle and hope for a very quick end, because in TV that end phase gets awful. *ER* isn't a cheap imitation of its former self yet. But one day it will be, because that happens to even the best television. Eventually it gets stupid. I just hope I'm gone before it happens to us.

**PLAYBOY:** Is Lewis' departure the end of *ER*'s beginning?



**EDWARDS:** No, I think we're still hanging around the beginning stage. We're telling good stories. People still love the show. But I think the middle will start sometime this year. After that we might be in trouble.

**PLAYBOY:** How much of Greene is really you?

**EDWARDS:** I hope I'm not as socially inadequate as he is. Greene is jammed up—incidentally bottled up emotionally. I'm happily married. He is lost in his world of medicine and the ER, addicted to it.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you say that he's clinically addicted?

**EDWARDS:** Yes. He is an ER junkie. Some emergency-room doctors live for the rush they get at work. They want that adrenaline rush so much they'll let it destroy the rest of their lives.

**PLAYBOY:** For all his professional skills, Greene is one of the schmuckier TV heroes ever. Do you feel sorry for him?

**EDWARDS:** Greene has his worries. I sort of like them. Before you feel sorry for him, remember that he is happy in his work. He's good at it. He is doing what he wants. If he had really wanted to save his marriage he probably could have done it, but he let it go. That tells you something. Of course, that was before he knew Sherry Stringfield would leave!

**PLAYBOY:** How did you research the role?

**EDWARDS:** I hung around an ER. It's an alien world. One thing you notice is

that when doctors and nurses reach for things, they do it without looking. They know exactly where everything is; that's how comfortable they are in their space. And every doctor is different. Surgeons want their own music when they work. Some of them want to have physical contact with patients, but some have an aversion to touching people.

It's tough to be around pain and nasty stuff all the time. Sick homeless people don't go to the nice wing at Cedars-Sinai, you know. They're all at the ER. For me, though, the worst surprise was the sound of the place. You can separate yourself from visual things; I saw a guy with his arm lying open, all the bones showing, and felt technical about it. Curious. But sounds are more like music. They go straight to the emotions. To hear groaning, people who've been shot, children in pain—that stays with you.

**PLAYBOY:** You've called *ER* a soap opera. What's coming up for Greene?

**EDWARDS:** I've complained about his sex life. That's why I was pleased this year that I got a good sexual relationship with one of the nurses, a beautiful nurse played by Laura Cerón. There had been enough of Greene doing his virgin act, "God, I wonder what sex is like."

**PLAYBOY:** There has been a sexual charge in your work at least as far back as *Top Gun*. You and Cruise played bantering buddies, macho fighter pilots who

called each other "dear" and "darling" in the locker room.

**EDWARDS:** The usual coarse machismo never appealed to me. Maybe it's because I grew up doing high school plays and taking dance classes, but my sensibility has always been closer to homosexual than macho male eroticism. Even today, if I go into a room and there's one bunch of guys talking about pussy and another group discussing music, I'll go stand with the gay guys.

My best friend is gay. He came out to me—trusted me with that—and it may have been the finest moment of friendship I've ever had. I used to be a pretty boy and was always getting hit on by gay men. If anything, those experiences made me stronger in my identity as a straight man. I never had that common insecure fear—sitting in the locker room thinking, Oh God, what if I'm attracted to a football player?

**PLAYBOY:** Were you flattered to be hit on?

**EDWARDS:** It was annoying. It made me think, This is what women have to put up with all the fucking time.

**PLAYBOY:** You're strong enough to block unwanted advances, though.

**EDWARDS:** I'm 6'1" now, but I didn't start growing until I was 17. At 16 I looked 12. My first driver's license read 5'8", 125 pounds because that was my goal. I was really 5'5", 105.

**PLAYBOY:** What were you like during your

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high school days?

**EDWARDS:** I drove around playing show tunes and James Taylor tapes in my Honda Civic. I had a terribly elevated Broadway sort of vision of what love might be. I would go out with a girl, we'd make out for hours and then finally I would say, "We can't have sex. I'm not sure that I'm in love with you." This went on until I was 18 and finally did have sex, and I wondered why I had waited so long.

She was 24 or 25. She worked with my manager and flirted with a group of young actors, Eric Stoltz and me and a few others. In our eyes she was a sexy older woman. I was going to Europe for the summer to study and see plays. She cooked me a bon voyage dinner. We went to a Clint Eastwood movie and ended up at her house, having a beer. She kept leaving the room and coming back with less and less clothing on. I was terrified. We had sex and it was very quick, as a lot of us probably remember. I sneaked out at five in the morning.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you go on your summer voyage?

**EDWARDS:** Hitchhiked around Europe, saw plays in Greece and London. Here I was, straight out of high school, seeing Paul Scofield in *Amadeus* in the West End. And Kenneth Branagh and Emma Thompson doing *Twelfth Night* and *As You Like It*. They were my age. It got me fired up as an actor.

**PLAYBOY:** You studied at the Royal Academy in London, then came home to your first acting jobs.

**EDWARDS:** Commercials. I would drive down from Santa Barbara to Los Angeles to audition. I got to do commercials—McDonald's, Wheaties and Country Time lemonade.

**PLAYBOY:** You knew Shakespeare but delivered lines such as "I get the eaties for my Wheaties."

**EDWARDS:** But if a national commercial plays a lot, the checks keep hitting your mailbox. I made \$20,000 that year. It paid for college.

**PLAYBOY:** You studied acting at USC.

**EDWARDS:** I did all the acting school exercises. The animal squawk—taking the rhythms and images of animals for your characters. Somebody like Dick Hickock, the character I play in *In Cold Blood*, might be a fox or a snake.

**PLAYBOY:** How about Greene?

**EDWARDS:** An owl. He thinks too much. But he's also capable of attack. He could lash out like a bird of prey.

**PLAYBOY:** You were a teenager when you made *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*, the film that launched the careers of Sean Penn, Jennifer Jason Leigh and other young actors.

**EDWARDS:** I was lost. Jennifer and Sean had worked before and were known within our young-actor world. Sean's father was a director, so Sean obviously knew what he was doing. Even at that

age he was a film actor. Part of his preparation for the Spicoli character, as a lot of people know, was that he took his own apartment and stayed in character almost all the time. What flattered me is that he took me along. He let me see him out of character. We went to the desert and target-shot and got lost there, wandering the desert. I wound up following Sean wherever he went.

**PLAYBOY:** Did he give you advice?

**EDWARDS:** He told me something I use to this day: "Your best friend is the camera operator." Because in film, if you're trying to express something, a detail about your character, you need feedback. Unless you're going to be bad and obvious about it, you need someone watching closely to see if your effort is getting across. Somebody to double-check your work. The director probably can't do it. He's 30 feet away looking at a monitor. The other actors have their own work to think about. The one guy who really sees you is the cameraman. So develop an honest relationship with him. As long as he isn't afraid to criticize Mr. Big Actor, he'll tell you if you're coming across.

Sean told me that on *Fast Times*. Twenty movies later I still think it's important.

**PLAYBOY:** How many of your 20 films are good?

**EDWARDS:** Three or four. *Miracle Mile*, *Mr. North*, *Gotcha!* Most of the others didn't turn out the way I had hoped.

**PLAYBOY:** Even *Top Gun*?

**EDWARDS:** Especially *Top Gun*. People love that big, romantic, wonderful movie about planes and flying and all that crap. I thought it was jingoistic. I have nothing against fighter pilots. They fly beautifully. I guess I'm just an old peacenik, but I don't believe in killing people. I'm wary of simple black-and-white answers because that's the way to fascism, and I don't believe in war. Everything I do creatively these days should be a shot at what the military stands for.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet you wanted the part.

**EDWARDS:** Look, *Top Gun* was everything everyone wanted. It was obvious Tony Scott was making a huge movie. The studio was going to produce and promote the shit out of it. Tom Cruise was going to be Tom Cruise: huge.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you have any worries about being outshone by his star power?

**EDWARDS:** I knew it was possible. But my role was important—the sidekick everyone likes. It helps if the lead in a movie has friends who represent good things. My character was married with a kid, and his friendship made Cruise's character seem OK—this driven guy who had to be number one at any cost. My problem with *Top Gun* is that it's really about rationalizing bad behavior. Macho on-upmanship. And the movie uses my nice-guy stuff to help sell it.

*Top Gun* was everything I was terrified it would be, and everything I wanted. It gave me the chance to make *Miracle Mile*,





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a film that I love.

**PLAYBOY:** With *Top Gun* your career was heating up.

**EDWARDS:** You know what broke my heart? People came up to me and said, "Our son joined the Navy because he saw you in that movie." I wanted to say, "Tell him to get out!" But that wouldn't have changed their minds. Still, it's disturbing to think I may have encouraged people to join the Navy. What if one of them signed up because he wanted to be Goose, and got killed in the Persian Gulf? It's possible that happened. That's a scary way to intersect with the culture.

**PLAYBOY:** Your affair with Meg Ryan, who played your wife in *Top Gun*, became pop-culture news.

**EDWARDS:** The only interesting thing was that we were both actors.

**PLAYBOY:** Why are actors always jumping into bed with their co-stars?

**EDWARDS:** You should see what happens with the crew. Movie locations are like corporate retreats to Hawaii. Everybody's away from home. You get tunnel vision. Before I met my wife I experienced that road-show aspect of the job. It's easy for actors to become obsessed with the movie and the characters, and everyone's fighting one enemy, time. It all makes a location an easy place for seduction. Actors always look for intimacy anyway. When acting works, isn't the communication between two people just as sensitive and passionate as making love? It should be. If not, you're faking it.

**PLAYBOY:** You directed a recent *ER*, fighting time from the other side of the camera. What did you get out of that?

**EDWARDS:** Cappuccino. The camera department on *ER* is very exclusive with its cappuccino machine. No actors allowed. As director I had cappuccino privileges.

**PLAYBOY:** Which actors were difficult?

**EDWARDS:** Day players. They have small roles and they're trying to win an Emmy in 15 seconds. The director has to calm them down.

**PLAYBOY:** Quentin Tarantino directed an *ER* episode last year. How calm was that?

**EDWARDS:** He's been described as Barney Rubble on speed. One thing about acting for Quentin: You don't have to rehearse much. He acts it out for everyone. He does all the characters at once. "OK, you're on the gurney going *Aaagh!* in pain, and you are the doctor over here: 'Oh, what do I do?'" Another fun thing about that week was the way Quentin makes everything physical. *Bam!* He's shooting scenes as fast as you can act them. And he's *visual*. That show has a bigger-than-life Tarantino look to it. There's a basketball scene with George and me—Quentin captured the motion of it. There is something endearing about Tarantino. The guy has no hidden agendas, and he's passionate about everything.

mine. I usually try to be smaller than life.

**PLAYBOY:** Beyond cappuccino, have you raked in any celebrity perks?

**EDWARDS:** There was a big perk last year. George and I got to take our dads to the Super Bowl. NBC flew us in on a private jet. We choppered to the stadium and had a blast. My dad's eyes were as big as saucers.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you comfortable as a celeb?

**EDWARDS:** It still surprises me the way people intrude. They'll say, "I don't want to intrude, but . . ." I want to hold up my hands and say, "Wait. You could stop right there." But why piss people off? Anyway, it's whiny—complaining about having your dinner interrupted when there are people being shot in South Central Los Angeles, four miles from where you're sitting. When there are kids growing up in a horrific reality of guns, gangs, drugs and broken families, my life is not worth whining about.

**PLAYBOY:** You're a frequent talk show guest. Who's less intimidating, Leno or Letterman?

**EDWARDS:** Jay's a little easier. There's less tension, it's more like hanging out. The *Letterman* show can be a cold, tense place, literally cold. He figures comedy works better cold. So you know it's going to be 58, maybe 60 degrees. Take a sweater. I'm doing *Letterman* again soon. I'm nervous already. A few years ago I quit smoking on his show. My next time on, when he asked how it was going, I said, "Nobody likes a quitter." That got a laugh. We did a birth on *ER* and substituted an alien baby—I showed the clip on *Letterman*. Got a big laugh. I must be doing all right, since they keep asking me back. Still, there's something about being an actor who does talk shows that makes me want to be a carpenter instead. Trying to capsulize funny anecdotes—career stuff, things I've been doing with my wife—makes my brain freeze up. Now, George is a natural at that. He's funny, a great storyteller, a guy people crowd around. I'm more of a watcher. So for me, talk shows are an acting job: Go play the role of comfortable actor. And I don't feel great about my performances. I worry for weeks beforehand. Doing *The Tonight Show* or *Letterman* is really the only thing in my career that gives me performance anxiety.

**PLAYBOY:** Do they compete for your time?

**EDWARDS:** There's a story I could tell, but I probably shouldn't.

**PLAYBOY:** Aw, go ahead.

**EDWARDS:** I wish my wife were here. She'd know what I should say. OK . . . I was in the middle of a fight between *The Tonight Show* and *Letterman*. I had committed to *Tonight*, but suddenly there I was in Chicago shooting Sherry's last episode. Letterman was there that week, so I had to do his show, because I had a CBS film to promote, *In Cold Blood*. So I pulled out of *The Tonight Show*, causing a huge rift.

**PLAYBOY:** Maybe Leno's people expected fealty because *ER* and *Tonight* are on NBC. You're still steamed, aren't you?

**EDWARDS:** Because they made it personal, dragging me into their war and talking about my ethics. I mean, please. I apologized for pulling out. I gave them two weeks' notice. And I've shown up every other time—been very faithful to *The Tonight Show*. If I were Arnold Schwarzenegger they would be asking, "When would you like to appear?" But they bring up my ethics, treat me like I'm fucking them over because I have some alliance with Letterman! My response to that is, "Guys, you'd better stop hassling me."

**PLAYBOY:** What can you do? Would the star of *ER* boycott *Tonight*?

**EDWARDS:** I could stop showing up.

**PLAYBOY:** *Tonight*'s late producer, Helen Kushnick, was notorious for strong-arming guests, but those tactics supposedly ended years ago. When did all this happen?

**EDWARDS:** This month.

**PLAYBOY:** Leno's people shouted at you?

**EDWARDS:** Yes, and it made me really angry. I'm busting my ass for NBC—*ER* is the number one show for three years running, making hundreds of millions of dollars for the network and helping *The Tonight Show* do great every Thursday—and they turn a talk show appearance into something personal, like I want to screw them over. And you know what? I think they did it because I seem to be a nice guy. "Oh, he's responsible, so let's go after him on responsibility." It made me wonder: Am I really perceived as that much of a wimp?

**PLAYBOY:** You could tell them you're not really a nice guy, that you only play one on TV.

**EDWARDS:** Pissed me off.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's move to other irritants. You quit smoking on *Letterman*, then started again. Are you still lighting up?

**EDWARDS:** No. I used patches and quit. But not until after *In Cold Blood*. I smoked during that movie because the character smoked. That was a great reason to do the movie: I got to smoke at work. There was another bonus on *In Cold Blood*: I got to wear a little wig.

**PLAYBOY:** Tell us about your famously thinning hair. Does balding bother you?

**EDWARDS:** Why is there such vanity about hair? People talk about my hair as if I'd just gotten my chemo report. But does my head get cold in the winter? Will I be ostracized, banned from outdoor activities? Probably not. Here's my view on all that: I worry if I shit myself. I am vain to that degree. I make a point to bathe. I worry about boogers in my nose and I ask the makeup artist to cover up my pimples, but beyond that I try not to be too vain.

**PLAYBOY:** The hair topic's not taboo. There was a subplot on *ER* in which a

(continued on page 171)





## WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

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# Stacked

## •Like Me•

why can't a feminist have a boob job? jane fonda  
knew what she was doing, and so do i

article By Jan Breslauer

*"O, reason not the need:/Our basest beggars/Are in the poorest thing superfluous."*

—KING LEAR

**N**O ONE needs larger breasts, it's true, and neither do I. Yet here I am, in the office of a Beverly Hills plastic surgeon: Mecca for the mammarily challenged. It's the middle of a fall weekday afternoon and I'm anything but alone in this girlish waiting room, with its faux-antique furnishings, flower motifs and art prints in cheery colors. There's a heavily made-up matron with a bleached blonde bouffant, her hang-dog husband in tow. A stylish, large black woman is talking with somebody named Sherman on her cell phone. And then there's me—a short, sweats-dad journalist in her 30s, filling out the forms I've just been given.

As I wade through four pages of medical-history questions, I overhear the office manager fielding calls. "That's right. Her breasts are two totally different sizes. I always order an extra one in case something's wrong. That's why I need this one too, for Thursday. OK, thanks." Click. "Hello, Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery. Hey there, woman! How are you do-

ing? How are your breasts?"

After a while, I'm called in. I'm not used to discussing my breasts, let alone displaying them in all their minimalist splendor, so I'm a little nervous. I think, Maybe I shouldn't have worn a Wonderbra. Fortunately, visions of décolletage keep me motivated, and soon the doctor arrives. "Hi. Sorry to keep you waiting, I'm Dr.—" Wait a minute, hold it. What's a nice girl like me doing in a place like this? I'm not centerfold material, not by a long shot. Rather than a 36-26-36 with a Data Sheet, I'm a B.A.-M.A.-M.F.A. with a curriculum vitae. My turn-ons are well-articulated arguments, not limbs, and my turnoffs run more toward misplaced modifiers and boilerplate prose than, say, "mean people" and "bullies." Nor am I an actress, model or stripper—the kind of woman who needs nice tits the way I need a modem and a fax machine. As a print journalist, I don't get extra points for looks.

I should also mention that I consider myself a feminist. Sure, I know the party line on breast augmentation—that

women who have the surgery are the oppressed victims of a patriarchal culture. In a word, boobs. In fact, I used to teach feminist theory at Yale and the University of California. But the moldy notion that boob jobs are a sign, or even a part, of women's oppression has seen its day. It's an insult to female intelligence. Jane Fonda knew what she was doing, and so do I.

So do many women today—almost 50,000 a year, according to the American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons. The bosom business is booming. Like jet travel, the surgical fix has gone middle class. More than half of the plastic surgery procedures today are performed on people who make less than \$50,000 a year. Yet our thinking on the topic lags way behind.

Why are so many women having their tits fixed? It's not because we're regressing, despite what the return of polyester pantsuits suggests. On the contrary, it's because women have more power today. Once, the boob job symbolized the way that women were treated as objects, locked out of the







mainstream, kept beneath the glass ceiling. But today it stands more as a sign that women have gained power, that they've become subjects rather than objects of history. Some men pride themselves on being self-made. Now women are free to become self-made. The boob job has become the latest expression of the American love of self-creation.

Now, I'm not saying that boob jobs aren't the invention of testosterone culture. Of course they are. Of course our society is still sexist. But that's not going to change any time soon. Here's the choice: You can rail at an imperfect world, or go get yourself a great pair of bazongas. Which I did.

#### CALIFORNIA OR BUST

My mother has large, lovely breasts. When I was a girl, we used to call them her pookies (rhymes with cookies), though I'm not sure why. She and my father raised me to be a feminist. I've always found these two family facts complementary, not contradictory. Naturally, I picked up the ideology. I also inherited my dad's chest.

As an adolescent growing up in California during the Seventies, I didn't give much thought to breasts, mine or anyone else's. I had decent ones for my age. Besides, the Brady girls weren't exactly stacked either, as I recall. I was horse crazy and spent most of my TV time with Mr. Ed, so maybe I didn't pay enough attention. I wasn't thinking about a boob job for myself back then—plastic surgery wasn't yet a common practice. It was something only movie stars did, largely because only they could afford it.

Many years later, following a teaching stint in New Haven, I moved back to California, where I taught at UCSD and UCLA. This was in the late Eighties, and I was lecturing to students who didn't know much about the women's lib movement. Frequently, I'd include feminist criticism in my courses, and that would prompt discussions of such matters as the case against "beauty" practices. For those of you who cut class or slept through the Seventies, here's a quick review.

Basically, the classic feminist objection to boob jobs and the like is that women shouldn't conform to male-created ideals of beauty. Although Barbie was created by a woman, the sisters have a point. It's that unnatural, ultra-skinny-yet-stacked standard, after all, that prompts so many girls to starve, loathe and otherwise abuse themselves. Yes, women are judged by their jugs. If you don't buy that, flip forward a few pages and tell me what you see.

The question for a woman is how to deal with this, and that's where I part

ways with the bra-burners. For today's female, maintaining self-esteem is partly about damage control. You have to recognize the point at which battling an oppression (or an oppressor) takes more energy than it's worth. If you spend too much effort fighting something or someone, that thing still has power over you. It's sometimes better to acknowledge that the injustice exists and get on with your life.

Let's consider an example: If a teenager is so self-conscious about his acne that he won't leave the house, the zits, you might say, have won. But if a little dermatology clears things up and makes the kid more comfortable going out, the zits have been neutralized. Or let's take it even closer to home, into the gender-specific zone. Men have hair transplants and penis enlargements, but people don't presume they do it to conform to a female-created ideal, or to please women. So why are women who have their tits done thought to be oppressed by male standards, or seen as trying to please men? Sure, it would be great if we lived in a world where all body shapes and sizes were equally valued, and neither men nor women felt the need to "correct" something that's not wrong in the first place. But we don't. Fortunately, anatomy isn't destiny. At least not anymore.

#### OFF THE RACK

It had been a slow year. I was in a career rut that was nothing to titter about. My morale was in need of a boost—something more than a haircut and less than a life overhaul. I'm lousy at vacations and don't really like them. So I was having trouble thinking of what I could do to give myself a lift, as it were. Finally, a lightbulb went on above my head. Or maybe it was a glowing teat.

Once I'd decided to look into a boob job—an idea I'd toyed with for years—I put my journalistic skills to work. My research began with the aesthetics of breast size. If anything were possible—and I didn't know how much could be made of what little I had—did I want to be bodacious or merely buxom? There is such a thing as too big.

The more important question was about health. I have friends who've found lumps, so I wanted to know what effect, if any, saline implants might have on my mammograms. As it turned out, the answer is probably none. (A word here about silicone implants. Despite the Dow Corning product-liability settlement in 1994, the scientific evidence that has emerged since then has failed to prove a correlation between the implants and the autoimmune diseases reported by some women. Studies at both Harvard and the

Mayo Clinic have found that women who have implants aren't any more likely to contract immune-system disorders than women who don't have them. Siding with the scientists, the courts have also rejected women's complaints. But it doesn't matter anyway, since the Food and Drug Administration took silicone implants off the market in 1992.)

During this reconnaissance mission, I became boob-obsessed. I amassed a stack of publications. My in-depth reading ranged from *D-Cup* magazine ("Bra-bustin' Lesbos in Heat," "Please Squeeze My Big Ones") to the FDA-Department of Health and Human Services' bulletin *Information for Women Considering Saline-filled Breast Implants*.

I also began making note of beauty molls in the culture, from the *Roseanne* show to the Queen Nefertiti exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The redone Roseanne, who had struck a postop pose on the cover of *Vanity Fair*, was now paying weekly tribute to her surgical transformation with a series of stills in the opening credits of her TV show. And when she and her fictional hubby struck it rich in the show's plot, Roseanne Conner announced that she was going to "get me a ton of plastic surgery." I admire her candor—Cher's, too. Both are also outspoken feminists.

There are plenty of feminists who have had plastic surgery. Most of them just don't talk about it. (And I'm not going to out them.) What needs to be acknowledged, by these women and others, is that boob jobs aren't incompatible with feminist goals. If implants make a woman feel better about herself, why not? Even old-school feminists, after all, would go to the mat for a woman's right to do what she wants with her body.

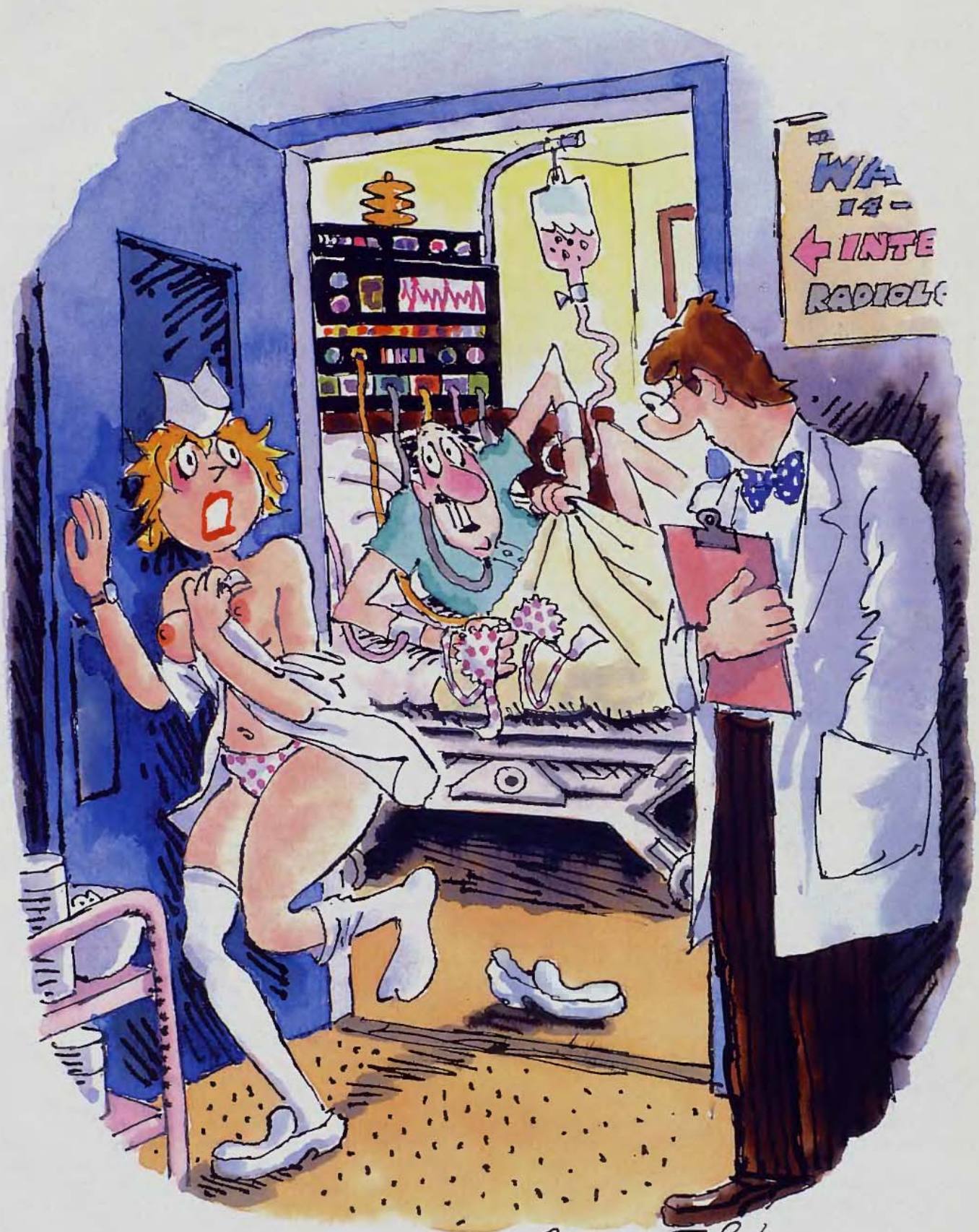
For many women, the boob job is a career move, though not because of the change it makes in their appearance. Just as a sports car can make a man feel successful, a great pair of maracas can make a woman feel, well, uplifted—or, more to the point, confident.

We all create ourselves—whether it's how we look or what we choose to say, do and believe. To be the author of one's own fate, and by extension one's self, is part of the Western notion of the heroic. When Shakespeare's Coriolanus announces that he's not going to be a wimp anymore, he says he'll "stand, /As if a man were author of himself, /And knew no other kin." If Coriolanus were alive today, he'd at least have an ab-cruncher.

#### IN WHICH LOIS SHOWS ME HER BOOB

Once I had the skinny on augmentation mammoplasty—not to mention a





Raymond

*"I'd like to know what the hell it is that you doctors pump through these life-support systems!"*



fierce desire to fill the white beaded bustier that waited in my bedroom—I began the doctor hunt. I'd already weeded out the schlockmeisters, the ones who really aren't specialists but are just dabbling in a lucrative field. Then, working from a list of ASPRS-certified doctors I'd compiled, I started making the rounds.

The first couple of doctors patronized me to the point of distraction, telling me what to do with my breasts, as well as what other body parts I ought to consider remodeling. Then I happened upon Dr. Harry Marshak. An L.A.-raised prodigy who graduated from medical school at 22, he's as credentialed as they come and up on all the latest techniques. He's also a congenial workaholic with a touch of shyness around the edges, a clean-cut guy's guy who fits the occasional Lakers game into his six-day workweek.

What I liked best about Dr. Marshak, though, was that he listened well and gave direct answers to my questions. I wasn't thrilled that he was young and attractive. Somehow, having my less-than-best feature scrutinized, poked and pondered would have been easier if the doctor were a sexless codger, or at least legally blind. But you can't have everything.

Dr. Marshak is quite a busy man. Lately, he tells me during one early visit, he has been turning out tits like tribbles. "I'm doing at least three or four breast surgeries a week, sometimes more," he says. "It's the most popular." He explains the procedure. When we turn to the matter of just how generously endowed I would like my own foundations to be, Dr. Marshak produces a copy of a well-known magazine to help define the terms. "That's Karen [not her real name], one of our clients," he says. "Now these," he says, pointing to another pair, "are probably large Cs. Hers are maybe small Cs. Those are definitely Ds." Given that I'm short and not looking to put Heather Hooters out of work any time soon, we agree that I want large Cs or possibly small Ds.

Lois, Dr. Marshak's office administrator, is a petite, vivacious woman of about 30. It's her job to go over the specifics and answer whatever further questions the patients may have. When we're alone, she produces a mug book of before-and-after shots. I learn that the procedure, including follow-up visits, will cost \$5600 (plus \$176 in lab fees, not to mention parking), and that I probably won't lose any time from work. Lois then mentions that the doctor recently did her boobs and even pulls up her shirt to show me one, so that I can see what the finished product looks like. I'm no connoisseur, but

it looks great to me. Lois says she did it for herself.

That rings a bell. This is about my self-image, certainly not my husband's image of me (the idea of a boob job, unlike, say, voting trends from various L.A. precincts, has never crossed his mind). Lois and I may be pretty far apart on a number of demographic indicators, but on this (and a penchant for purple nail polish) we are in sync. Some feminists (and a lot of other ists, for that matter) tend to dismiss what Jane Doe has to say about why she does what she does: Poor Jane labors under false consciousness, of course. But I know it's not just me, Lois and Jane who feel this way.

Still, the boob job is a magnet for some of the most retro feminist myths, such as: Only bimbos want larger breasts. Or that women do it to gratify their men. Oh please. I am woman, hear me snore. By and large, guys, this bud's not for you. But you do get to enjoy the view.

#### STACKED LIKE ME

The early morning fog has yet to rise when I do, around four A.M. on an October morning. An hour later, a town car arrives to drive me to the surgery center. It is driven by a mustachioed Armenian émigré who calls himself Jack, though his real name is Yacob. I get in the backseat and we head west. After a mile or so, the silence hangs heavy. I try to be conversational, which is a stretch at this hour. I ask if he has children—it turns out that he has a 14-year-old daughter—and this triggers a sad story that lasts most of the rest of the crosstown drive.

Yacob married young, but his wife was "sick in the head" from an early age, as he explains in his not-quite-fluent English. I'm not sure what he means, but it sounds like some kind of intermittent mental illness. Her parents, it seems, believed that once their daughter was married, her ailment would disappear. Needless to say, it didn't. A downward spiral of violent episodes and what sounds like severe depression ensued. Finally, Yacob prevailed upon a doctor to explain his wife's illness to him and then became furious at her parents for having done nothing for so long. Treatment was begun, probably too late, and the young wife died while awaiting an operation of some kind.

This is one hell of a story to hear on the way to a boob job, but it puts things in perspective. The wife's tale—particularly her parents' reluctance to admit their daughter's problem, perhaps because they feared not being able to marry her off or some other social stigma—strikes me as a good example of

the oppression millions of women still suffer. A voluntary breast augmentation, by contrast, does not.

We arrive at the Beverly Hills Ambulatory Surgery Center, on the fourth floor of a Sunset Strip high-rise, and I part ways with Yacob. Inside the office, I sign the consent forms and then repair to a dressing room, where I trade my clothes for a paper gown and shower cap. Soon, I'm on the table with an IV in my arm, trying to convince the nurses that they don't need to remove my nose ring. Dr. Marshak arrives and we go into the bathroom, where he takes some "before" photos. He then brandishes a felt-tip pen and proceeds to draw his battle plan on my body. Back on the bed, I start floating off into drugland. The last thing I remember is a parting glance at the anesthesiologist's chest hair (quite nice), which is peeking out over the V-neck of his scrubs.

When I wake up, there's a small gaggle of nurses hovering over me, cooing about how happy I'm going to be with my new breasts. I glance down and—lo and behold, yes!—there's a bundle of joy on my chest, and it's not a baby. The bandaged area above my rib cage is protruding. Noticeably. Wow. The miracle of modern science.

#### POSTOPSCRIPT

I've had bigger bazooms for four months now. My erstwhile barely Bs are now borderline Ds. Formal dress events have become cleavage-display opportunities. And lingerie shopping isn't just a job, it's an adventure.

My career is still not where I would like it to be, but I do feel better about it for having increased my bra size. The boob job, you see, made me focus on how far I've come: At the very least, I have arrived at a point where I can go out and buy myself a new pair of headlights if I want to. As Dr. Marshak suggested at the end of one of my postop visits, "If somebody asks if they're yours, tell them, 'Yes, I bought them myself.'"

What's most satisfying is that these home improvements—are you with me, Martha S.?—were my own doing. OK, mine and Dr. Marshak's. Instead of continuing to feel self-conscious about a feature that had bothered me for years, I changed it. Despite what our current victim culture tells us, it's as simple as that. It was time and money well spent. If I had another pair, I would do it again. And I got an article out of it to boot. What more could a girl ask for?

My cups runneth over.

As journalists sign off, 30 (well, 34D).





PLAYMATE  
REVISITED:

# BRANDI BRANDT

ten years later, our favorite rock baby has come of age



Brandi's 1987 centerfold (top left) was the first of many PLAYBOY appearances, including a cover stint as an almost-buttoned-up Wall Streeter for our August 1989 issue (above left). One decade later (above) she remains a market winner. Did time stand still, or what?

**S**HE WAS JUST 18 when we made her acquaintance and already Brandi was brimming with the energy, passion and charm of someone poised to take on the world. To be sure, the Filipino-German-Irish-Cherokee Californian was destined from the beginning to favor life's express lane: Her mom is veteran Los Angeles rocker Brie Howard, and Brandi's earliest memories include attending an Alice Cooper concert when she was two. So it was no surprise that after spending her teen years in her dad's quieter Sacramento digs, Brandi headed back to Los Angeles—and the spotlight. "I want serious success," she told PLAYBOY in her smashing debut pictorial in October 1987. "I think I have a lot of thrills ahead of me."





These days, being Brandi Brandt is a full-time, whirlwind job. Formerly married to Nikki Sixx of Motley Crue (above), she is the busy mother of three and also a famous personality in her own right. Daughter of L.A. rocker Brie Howard, she hangs out with a string of lucky escorts such as Jon Lovitz (inset).











"It's interesting, but I found it easier to pose for these pictures than for my centerfold," says Brandi, letting her hair down one more time for PLAYBOY's cameras. "Back then I was a kid fresh out of high school, stripping off my clothes. But after working with PLAYBOY over the past ten years, I'm much more comfortable with my sexuality and my body. To tell the truth, I look better now." No argument here.









# I Could've Told You If You Hadn't Asked

DESMOND'S WIFE MADE

WELDON FORGET THE

FIRST LAW OF THE SOUTH:

DON'T COON DOG WHAT'S

ALREADY BEEN TREED

**D**ESMOND wanted to make a movie called *Chickens*. He wasn't sure if he had the imagination to pull it off, and he had no hope of grants or investors. The one thing he did possess was a beautiful but crazy wife, though I didn't know about her right off.

I had no money either, of course, but was getting some notoriety as a visionary, what with the patch of gray hair on the back of my head that looked just like the CBS eyeball logo. Also, I'd predicted three Kentucky Derby winners in a row, the date of Black Monday and Hurricane Hugo's strength, time and place of landing.

I could see, understand.

Desmond said, "I know what I want to do. I just want you to give me the green light, guy. I call it *Chickens* for two reasons. First off there will be chickens in every scene—somewhere strutting in the background, maybe. Second, I want to train the camera on people and ask them about what they

fear more than anything else. I want a man to look into the camera and say, 'The gang violence around here is scaring me more than cornered rats.' Meanwhile he'll be eating a piece of fried chicken. *That's* subtext, man. I want to see a kid riding a go-cart in circles around his parents' shack, going through a herd of chickens."

I said, "I don't think it's a herd. I think it's a clutch or a brood. You might want to get that down before trying to approach investors. It's a bed of clams and a cloud of gnats and a sounder of boars. It's a troop of monkeys and a knot of toads—that's my favorite, a *knot* of toads." I'd memorized *The World Almanac* 'cause it had this kind of information.

Desmond stood there in the small kitchen of my small cabin. I drank Old Crow mixed with ginger ale and milk thistle to help replenish my liver. I'd been sitting there almost nonstop—not always drinking, obviously—since getting fired from my job a year earlier at Coca-Cola in (continued on page 78)















Premium cigars demand premium accessories, a standard that also pertains to pipes. Far left to right: LeRoy Neiman Selection for Playboy by Don Diego cigars in a limited edition of 5000 numbered boxes (\$500 for a box of 25). English-made pewter cigar flask that holds a favorite corona and several ounces of liquor, from Baekgaard, Ltd. (\$60). The Peterson Antique Collection consists of the four walnut briar pipes with sterling silver bands shown here (\$225 each or \$900 for the set in a fitted leather case). Sterling silver Cigar Savor with gold-plated trim snuffs out a lit smoke and keeps it fresh for relighting (\$240). Other styles are available. This limited-edition gold-plated Garman Jama cigar cutter is shaped like a stogie (\$130). A solid brass version is \$45. S.T. Dupont's double-flamed Maduro cigar lighter is made of Chinese lacquer with 18-kt. gold trim (\$930). Silver-plated ashtray from Pavillon Christoffe (\$135). French-made natural sycamore Medals humidor by Elie Bleu (\$1695) holds a selection of Diana Silvius 2000 cigars (about \$190 for a box of 25), both from the Up Down Tobacco Shop in Chicago.



## I Could've Told You (continued from page 74)

*Her T-shirt read VOTE YOUR UTERUS. It gave me the creeps. I couldn't keep my eyes off it.*

Atlanta. I had worked in an advisory and public relations capacity, but I'd been on a downward run with the higher-ups ever since I said publicly that the new Coke they wanted to market wouldn't work whatsoever.

Desmond said, "You know I'm not as smart as some people think I am. I'll admit that. You know my wife wants to leave me because she has fulfillment issues. She says I'm not performing to what she saw as my capacity when we married."

I said, "You're going to have to give me a minute to think this one out. It might take me some time to puzzle out what Hollywood wants and what the people want."

Desmond said, "I need some time to write the script anyway."

He wore a pair of khakis that didn't quite fit anymore. They hung down low, and his stomach stuck out like a silhouette of Stone Mountain down in Georgia. Desmond and his nutty wife moved from New York down to Christ Almighty, North Carolina about the same time I made enough money to move up and buy a summer cabin, long before I understood that I might have to move there for good. Desmond thought he'd absorb some of the South for the best-selling novel he planned to write, but the South absorbed him.

Desmond pulled out the chair across from me and sat down. I said, "There's a job down in Tryon with First Realty. They're looking for someone to put up FOR SALE signs. I think they pay ten bucks to put up a sign and five for pulling it down once the house is sold. Here's what you do—get the job. Put up the signs. At night drive around and knock the signs down. They'll ask you to put the signs back up and you'll get paid twice. Let's say you only do ten signs a week. That's only \$100 a week. But if you keep knocking them down, you could make fifty bucks more. Plus you get the \$5 for what sells." I mention this conversation to show that, contrary to his subsequent claims, I told him all these scams *before* I ever laid eyes on his wife.

Desmond said, "I want to make movies. Films, dude. I've given up writing novels about upper-middle-class people trying to find out about themselves in new and exciting ways."

I got up and made another drink without as much milk thistle because I felt dangerous. I said, "After you make

the money by peckering around with real estate agents, go put down money on a lush apartment. You put down one month's rent and the security deposit. Pay in cash. Lie about your name. Then place a want ad in the papers for the apartment for about half what you pay."

Desmond said, "Weldon. I don't want to go to jail."

"You ain't going to jail, man," I said. "You're a filmmaker. How many filmmakers are in jail, outside of that guy who can't come back to America for what he did with an underage female?"

Desmond held his head funny. I told him to get some nice furniture, tell prospective renters that he'd gotten a one-year job somewhere and wanted to keep the apartment. I told him to get a post office box and a telephone his wife wouldn't know about.

Desmond said, "Five people a day come in for one month. I show them the apartment, say it's furnished and take their money?"

I said, "Ask for cash. Say you don't believe in checks. Give them receipts. In no time you got enough money to make your movie." Before Desmond could think about it I said, "Three hundred dollars for the first month, \$300 for the security—that's \$600. Six hundred times 150 people. That's \$90,000. Hell, rent out three or four apartments and you can go beyond documentary-style black-and-whites. Goddamn, boy, I see a major motion picture in your future."

Desmond said, "My wife's not a patient woman, Weldon. This has to happen fast."

I said, "Go rob a bank. Rob a bank, then make your movie. I wouldn't, but you might."

Desmond shook his head. He pulled his khakis up, then combed his hand through where he wanted more hair. Outside, a hawk circled above Lake Christ Almighty. I tried to think about people in a theater watching a movie with chickens in every frame but couldn't.

I found Desmond's wife dumping ice deliberately, a ritual I'd heard about but taken for myth. Desmond's wife went in the back door to their added-on house and brought back one of those styrofoam chests for transporting good meat or vital organs. She stepped

softly. She was wearing padded bedroom slippers. I didn't speak because what she was doing looked a lot like what I imagined ancient Asian religious folks did during their somber ceremonies, or how a talented seer might act in times of rare planetary alignments. Desmond's wife sprayed Num-Zit first-aid medicine between her ice mounds.

"Are your soles soft rubber?" she asked with her back turned. I swear to God this is true. What I'm saying is, this woman was both cosmological and ontological somehow. She may have been teleological, too, but I don't remember all my metaphysics from college.

I said, "I just wanted to come and see if Desmond was doing OK. I wanted to see what he's working on these days." I wasn't sure if he'd told his wife about *Chickens*. I didn't want to give any secrets away in case he kept plans to himself. It's a male code.

Desmond's wife stood there holding the styrofoam. She wore a thin cotton print skirt that let light flow through—her upper thighs could've been used as sturdy, solid thin masts, is what I'm saying—and a T-shirt that read VOTE YOUR UTERUS. It kind of gave me the creeps, but I swear I couldn't keep my eyes off it. She had big knockers. Desmond's wife said, "The earth is our mother. Walk softly. I'm about to plant a garden, and I don't want my mother to hurt whatsoever. I'm numbing her skin before I dig. I'm numbing the dirt before I dig or hoe or scrape."

I couldn't say anything except, "Shew—I don't want to hurt the earth none. I wouldn't also want to disturb a grist of bees or a down of hares." What the hell.

Desmond's wife said, "You didn't major in geology, did you? I hope you didn't major in geology."

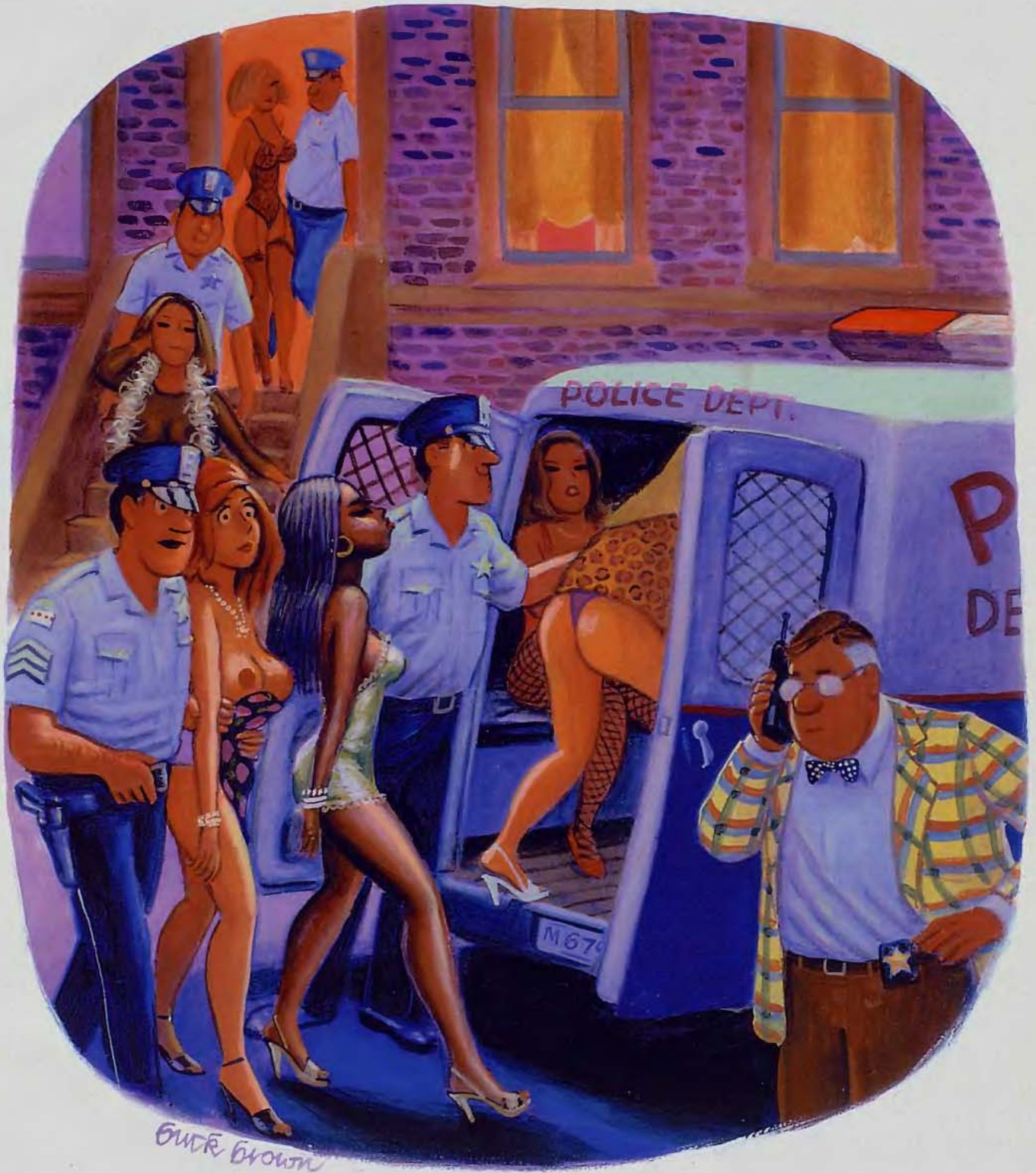
I about told her I never went to college. I said, "No. I majored in philosophy in undergraduate school. Then I went on to law school and quit before the year was over. I never was good at the sciences, really."

"Geologists become miners. Miners end up drilling holes in the earth. You wouldn't go to a dentist and have him drill into your teeth without any kind of painkiller, would you?"

I said, "Tell Desmond I came by and I'll try to get in touch with him later." I started to walk away, back around the cold shallow lake to my little cabin. I kept thinking how men down here pride themselves on not coon dogging what's already been treed. We don't actively pursue a married man's wife, is what I'm saying. We kill the husband more often than not, or at least get him

*(continued on page 86)*

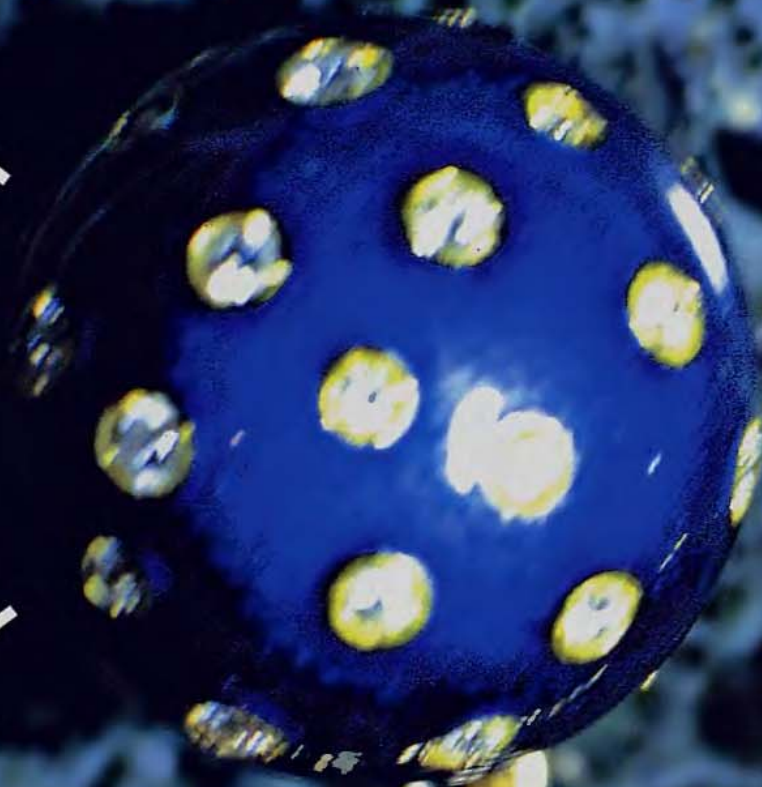




*"OK, so you weren't selling it. How much  
rent were you charging?"*



# PERFECT FIT



**Cosmic Cole:** The cuff links above and right are perfect under the moon or the sun. Commissioned by Cole Porter's wife and inspired by his classic hit *Night and Day*, the diamond-and-gold-encrusted baubles by Verdura are extravagant examples of personalized links.



A close-up photograph of a globe with a gold chain attached to it, set against a dark, textured background. The globe is the central focus, showing the continents of North and South America. The gold chain is thick and has a textured, braided appearance. The background is dark and has a mottled, almost crystalline texture.

IN AN IMPERFECT  
WORLD, THE ONLY  
SURE THING IS  
A CUSTOM SUIT

FASHION BY  
HOLLIS WAYNE

THERE'S NOTHING sweeter than a made-to-order suit working in harmony with fitted wing tips. At its most elemental, the allure of custom clothes is all about fit and comfort. A suit built to your body's specs will be the best fitting and most comfortable you will own. Also, a custom suit doesn't have to cost a fortune—it can be competitive with its designer counterparts—so there's no excuse for not seeking out a personal tailor. Speak with the best-dressed man you know and we're sure you'll get worthwhile referrals. Of course, we chose the expensive guys. We buttonholed custom experts at Bruce Cameron Clark Bespoke Clothier, William Fioravanti and Alan Flusser for info on suits, gave the full press to Alexander S. Kabbaz and Geneva for inside stuff on shirts, walked over to J.M. Weston and Vincent & Edgar for shoes and ogled jewelry at Verdura. Follow their advice and you'll see the difference in the mirror, not in your wallet.






**This shoe fits. Manufacturer J.M. Weston will custom-detail shoes for you in 12 weeks. The best reason to buy made-to-order shoes: Most of us have one foot that is slightly larger than the other. J.M. Weston uses a variety of standard lasts to fit each foot and offers seven widths at a time when most brand-name shoes come in one. You can order your choice of skin or fabric in a variety of styles (pictured here is a calfskin wing tip). Also, the soles are harder and tougher than those on ordinary shoes.**



This shirt looks special and feels even better. It's an Egyptian cotton, French-cuffed custom job by Alexander S. Kabbaz/Joelle M. Kelly & Sons. (The silk jacquard tie is by Chavet, \$120.) It has several distinct advantages over mass-produced garments. Aside from the rare quality of the cotton, the French cuffs can be sewn with fewer folds to accommodate different cuff links. The careful placement of seams can also hide such physical quirks as a dip in one shoulder.





A photograph capturing a moment in a tailor's workshop. An older man, the tailor, with grey hair and wearing a dark blue suit and a patterned tie, is focused on adjusting a young man's jacket. The young man, with dark hair and a light complexion, is wearing a light blue dress shirt and a dark blue pinstriped basted jacket. The jacket is unfinished, with visible stitching and some fraying at the edges. The tailor is using his hands to shape the jacket's collar and shoulder area. In the background, another man in a similar basted jacket is visible, and the room has wood-paneled walls and large windows. The lighting is bright, highlighting the textures of the fabric and the concentration of the tailor.

A custom suit will take eight to ten weeks to produce and requires two major fittings. Every possible measurement is taken during an initial appointment. After the pattern is made and fabric is cut into a basted shell, you'll return for a try-on fitting. That's when the tailor adjusts the shape of your jacket (pictured here). The next fitting is called a slip-on. This determines the position of the buttonholes and the length of the pants. Why are most tailors men? Because large hands are needed to shape the shoulders.



A full-page photograph of a man in a dark pinstriped double-breasted suit. He is standing in a dimly lit room, possibly a study or office, with a window in the background showing a view of a city at dusk. He is leaning on the back of a dark velvet chair with white piping. He is wearing a light blue shirt, a brown tie, and a white pocket square. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the texture of the suit and the man's features.

**Dress right.** On this page, the finished product: This six-on-two double-breasted suit with side vents and double-pleated trousers was custom-made by Alan Flusser, as were the cotton broadcloth shirt (\$195), handmade silk tie (\$125) and pocket square (\$25). The canvas in the jacket of custom suits is layered and stitched softly to avoid tension. It conforms to the body and eases movement in the shoulders, chest and arms. The collar of the jacket hugs the neck for the quintessential fit.



## I Could've Told You (continued from page 78)

*Maybe I'd gotten too caught up in my own ways to realize Desmond's wife was sending me a signal.*

in a situation that involves a long prison sentence. Thinking about it almost made me have a Pentecostal fit, all thick-tongued and spastic.

"You ever been to a proctologist?" Desmond's wife asked me. When I turned around, she didn't seem to squint as much as she seemed to want to cry, or pass two kidney stones the size of a bad carpenter's thumbs.

I said, "I just sit in my room and think, ma'am. I work as a freelance consultant these days for admen who can't come up with ideas and don't want to lose their jobs. Please don't judge me or anything, please."

Desmond's wife said, "My husband went down the mountain to do some work. He won't be back until way past ten or eleven tonight."

This was a Sunday. Realty offices were closed. I knew what Desmond was doing. I laughed and said, "Hey, do you cover your land in sheets of plastic when it hails?"

Desmond's wife took out a little memo pad from the elastic band in her skirt and wrote down something. She smiled and raised her eyebrows. She looked like God had let her down on a handmade sunbeam.

I didn't understand until later that maybe women from up north kept track of when their husbands returned. Maybe I'd gotten too caught up in my own ways to realize Desmond's wife was sending me a signal.



I left Desmond's wife and went home until the sun went down. Then I made my way backward toward every sign I'd seen lately from First Realty, knowing he'd be nearby in stocking cap and black gloves, sweating from the humidity. I found him hidden in a carport adjacent to the sort of solid cedar-shake shingle house admired and purchased by people who have a thing for armadillos and alluvial outcroppings.

I said, "Desmond! Get out of there, man, it's me!"

Desmond shimmied goofily, holding his hand up against my pickup's beam. He said, "Weldon, you scared the shit out of me."

I said, "I meant to. Your wife said you wouldn't be back until late, so I guessed that you got a job doing what I said."

"Well," Desmond said. "I got to do what I got to do in order to do what I

want to do, you know."

I said, "Uh-huh."

We shook hands. He'd already thrown down the FOR SALE sign a good 20 feet from where he had planted it earlier.

Desmond said, "You didn't tell me to wear different-sized shoes when I did this. But I'm wearing different-sized shoes. I went down to a Salvation Army place in Spartanburg and bought three pairs of boots ranging two to four sizes bigger than what I wear. I wear a normal ten. I figure no one would be able to trace it back to me—unless they open the woodbin where I keep them during the day."

I said, "There are no cops in Christ Almighty, Desmond. I think you're pretty safe."

He said, "You didn't tell Fiona where you thought I might be, did you?"

I thought, *Fiona*. I had never met a woman named Fiona, but it seemed like a Fiona would be either the kind of woman who'd numb the earth before digging into it or the kind who welcomed strays. I said, "When she told me you wouldn't be back until ten or eleven tonight I told her you probably drove all the way to Charlotte looking for a strip joint. Now don't go committing suicide with that posthole digger."

Desmond said, "OK."

"It's a joke," I said. "I didn't tell her anything, you idiot."

"You don't know my wife, Weldon," he said. "I'm not real proud of it, but I have a girlfriend back in New York. I tell my wife I'm going back to deal with an agent or editor. Actually I lost both my agent and my editor. It's a long story that involves a favorite uncle and his cousin's wife's daughter."

Desmond laughed. I tried not to make eye contact and found myself staring at his chin more than anything else. I said, "That's OK," though I didn't think it was. Listen, I took marriage vows seriously—even my ex-wife would have to back me up on that one.

We stood while two jets flew overhead, almost side by side. In the brush beside the house a doe rambled, bedding down. I thought about my ex-wife in my ex-city, living not so far from my ex-job. I handed Desmond a beer out of the bed of my truck and said, "There are no chickens living nearby. What're you going to do about that?"

"When I wrote novels I didn't care about truth," he said. "I published a

novel about Vietnam and the women's lingerie industry. To be honest, I didn't know squat about either. I'm from Brooklyn. All you need to know applies to both subjects—camouflage only works for so long."

I did not say how it was the same thing in advertising. I didn't say anything because it felt like we were bonding in the dark and that scared me. I said, "Chickens."

He said, "I put ads in some magazines up north for the apartment. People come down here in the winter, you know. I even said it was a condo."

It would've been a good time to tell Desmond that I had been joking, that I made everything up about how he could make money. But his wife worried that the earth hurt, and I worried that she hurt, too. That's all I could think about there in the dark with one FOR SALE sign down and another 50 or so scattered around the mountain. No comet or shooting star or UFO showed itself. No Dodge Dart skidded around the curve carrying a trunkload of moonshine. I did not smell marijuana burning anywhere, though I felt hungry and responsible, as always.

"Desmond," I said. "Desmond, Desmond, Desmond. I may have made a mistake telling you how to make money to support a movie. Don't you have any family that believes in you?"

I turned the lights off in my truck and left the engine running. Desmond said, "My dad's dead and my mother thinks I'm still going to write the great fucking American novel. I can't let her down." He shuffled a foot in sparse gravel and said, "I don't have any brothers or sisters and I wasn't that popular growing up."

I didn't ask if Fiona had anyone. I kind of knew. I said, "Fiona numbed the earth so she wouldn't hurt it when she planted a garden or something. Have you thought about keeping a camera turned on her? I don't want to make any judgment about you and yours, but I bet a documentary about your wife would be interesting. Hell, all you'd have to do is buy some security cameras and set them up."

Desmond took a draw from his beer and threw it back into the bed of my truck. He said, "That might be an idea, *paisan*."

I said, "When's the last time you saw a movie about a person who did things a whole lot differently than anyone else?"

"I don't remember offhand," Desmond said. "I could've told you if you hadn't asked."

With that response I knew that Desmond needed to go back up north. No one in his or her right mind below the

*(continued on page 88)*





Maybe he was inspired by the anatomy books. Born and raised in Florence, Italy, photographer Guido Argentini studied medicine before junking his human body studies in favor of the real thing. He arrived Stateside in 1992 and be-

came a master of offbeat naked portraiture. Although his work appears frequently in *Playboy Germany*, this shot—of a Los Angeles actress named Gina Mari—marks his U.S. PLAYBOY debut. Look for a book of nudes from Guido soon.



## I Could've Told You (continued from page 86)

*I'd already considered throwing him off my porch headfirst, taking the fire poker to his temple.*

Mason-Dixon line answered questions with "I could've told you if you hadn't asked." It didn't even make sense. If it did, people would just walk around aimlessly, spouting out answers like "Carson City is the capital, not Las Vegas or Reno!" or "Robert Duvall played Boo Radley!" or "Jupiter's equatorial diameter is 88,000 miles!" or "Tonga's chief crops are coconuts, bananas and vanilla!"

I said, "Goddamn, if you got such a hard-on for chickens, maybe you can buy a couple roosters and keep them on your property so they'll show up in some scenes with Fiona."

I do not know the cost of spy gadgetry, and I didn't ask Desmond how many signs he had set up, knocked down and reset over a two-month period. He bought his chickens first, over the complaints of the home association, and later set up cameras one at a time when Fiona drove down the mountain for ice, Bactine, gauze, Neosporin and whatever else she used to help heal the mother on which we live.

I know I found myself looking across a quadrant of lake water too often. I used binoculars, hoping to see Fiona bent over in a less-than-modest dress. I thought about how my wife was long gone.

The first time I met Fiona she knew I was watching her numb the soil, so I should have known she could feel me watching her 200 yards away. One morning she knocked on my door and I answered. When she said, "You want a telescope?" I could only hope that I'd heard wrong.

"Hey, Fiona. Come on in for some coffee," I said.

She said, "Is it one of those flavored coffees? You know those flavored coffees have chemicals in them that they don't advertise on the box."

I said, "It's regular coffee. I have some bread, too. I was just about to have breakfast. Come on in."

She stood there wearing the only skirt I'd ever seen her wear, the one that sunlight ravished without much effort. Fiona said, "Weldon, right?"

I said, "Uh-huh."

She said, "I know when you're watching me, Weldon. You aren't doing anything weird up here, are you?"

I said, "I'll confess that I watch you. I have never seen anyone care about

blemishes so much. I apologize, and I'll quit, but I promise I'm not doing anything perverted. I've had a wife and I've had girlfriends. Not at the same time, either—I took a course in ethics one time in college."

That wasn't true. I mean, I had not taken a course in ethics, which I figured gave me the right to tell a lie. Fiona said, "Did you use any preservatives in your bread?"

I told her I washed my hands between each knead.

When we fucked daily for the next six weeks we did so slowly. Fiona wasn't sure about my cabin's pilings—whether or not they were planted loosely—or whether our rhythm might tamp down into her mother like the mistroke of a blunt-ended toothbrush that jabs your gums. I did not tell her about her husband's uncle's cousin's wife's daughter. I did not break male code in that way. And there was no love between Fiona and me, at least that first week: We only whispered about the earth moving, often.

But I said more than once in her ear, "Where were you when I thought I should get married?"

"Probably getting married. Or in Santa Fe learning massage therapy," Fiona said to me more often than not.

Desmond finally came over in mid-summer. I felt uncomfortable, of course. We hadn't spoken since I told him to scrap *Chickens*. Desmond said, "Weld-on, I've been thinking. I don't want to be nosy, but how do you live? You don't work in advertising anymore, do you, Weld-on? You don't have a home office upstairs so you can just fax what you're thinking, do you, Weld-on?"

Desmond seemed to have something to say.

I said, "I saved money well and invested OK. I work as a consultant sometimes but don't seek it. I don't like to brag or anything, but people in the industry know me, and when they're out of ideas they get in touch and offer me money. An adman without an idea is an ex-adman in about a 30-second spot."

Desmond said, "Huh."

I said, "I thought you'd be wearing a beret by now. How's it going?"

"Oh I'm *set*, amigo," he said. I poured bourbon. "I ain't got a story line or anything but figure I can do it through editing. Are you sure this'll work out?" Desmond didn't sit down when I shoved the chair out for him.

I couldn't lie. I said, "Well. Maybe your wife's not as quirky as I thought."

"So you're saying Fiona's not odd enough to star in my film, is that what you're saying? You saying my wife's too *average* to care about? I don't think you know what you mean, Weld-on."

Desmond had an edge to him. He bowed up on me good. People in the South sometimes think Northerners display a certain curtness, a certain broad and blatant cruelty toward other human beings. It's a misconception that thrives with others—such as how dead black snakes on fence posts end droughts or how crossing a downhill stream will stop a specter. People from the Northeast are kind, really. Unlike me—and the people I know—they don't constantly scheme at ways to kill friends, acquaintances and relatives.

I said, "I'm saying I don't know what I'm saying."

Desmond held his fists at his sides. In this short time I'd already considered throwing him off my porch headfirst, taking the fire poker to his temple or even rigging a clipped and frayed electrical wire from an outlet to my toilet so when he peed out his bourbon it'd shock him hard.

When I stuck up one index finger and shook it like a scolding mother from a Fifties movie, Desmond evidently thought I foreplayed a shot to his nose. He decked me quick, then. He said, "I know about you fucking Fiona, Weld-on. I got movies and I got a lawyer."

I've realized that the more isolated a person tries to be, the more people know about him. I'm sure everyone on Mount Christ Almighty and the valley towns of Tryon and Columbus, even smaller Lynn and Greens Creek, knew I had a scalp condition that required dandruff shampoo. Or that I had the occasional bout with athlete's foot when I worked in scawmy conditions or that I had hemorrhoids from worrying too much about my goddamn feet. People knew these things because I could do my grocery shopping at one place only—a family-owned store down the mountain called Powell's.

When this buzz-cut kid handed me a subpoena to show up at Fiona and Desmond's divorce proceedings he held a handkerchief to his mouth. I said, "Have you got a bad cold or something? I took a bath this morning."

*(concluded on page 178)*





*Interlandi*

*"Don't toy with me, Adam. I can read you like the good book."*







# DAPHNEE'S FREE SPIRIT

miss july will not be denied



**A**s Daphnee Lynn Duplaix, dressed in jeans and a brown leather jacket, strolls to her table at Avanzare in Chicago, patrons glance up from their *piatti* and then stare. It could be Miss July's vivid green eyes or wonderful Haitian-Italian features that attract their attention. But more likely it has to do with an intangible quality: presence. Along with her talents as an actress, model, dancer and singer, 20-year-old Daphnee has a knack for being noticed. Not bad for a girl who says that at 16, she was "a skinny little tomboy."

What happened? "I just blossomed," she says with a smile and a shrug.

One person who noticed Daphnee was Sylvester Stallone, whom she met while playing an extra in *The Specialist*, which was filmed near her home in North Miami Beach. He told her she should audition for roles rather than take part in cattle calls for extras. Sly's advice turned out to be sly advice. Without heading for Hollywood, Daphnee has already been in nine movies. You can catch a glimpse of her in *Striptease*, *Girl Talk*, *The Substitute* and *Donnie Brasco*, and she appears alongside Matthew Modine and Dennis Hopper





in *The Blackout*. Her ambition is to play “kick-butt action roles,” and her biggest part so far, in the forthcoming *Kickboxing Academy*, seems to fit the bill.

“I play a 16-year-old who is in a good kickboxing school,” Daphnee says. “But a bad school wants to take over our space. The owner of the building suggests a competition between the two schools to see who gets the space.”

Daphnee credits her mother, a former professional dancer who appeared on-stage in New York and Paris, as the source of the qualities she hopes will make her

Daphnee’s Playmate photo shoot took her to the Bahamas, where she played in the sun, sand and sea. She also dropped by Compass Point Studios (above left), where the Rolling Stones have recorded. Backed by producer Terry Manning on guitar, Daphnee showed off her vocal talents.



















successful—beauty, athleticism and ambition. Daphnee's father died when she was six, leaving her mother to raise her, a brother and two sisters. They moved from Manhattan, where Daphnee was born, to New Jersey to Florida. When Daphnee was 11, her mother adopted six cousins from Haiti. By that time, Daphnee had her first job—delivering newspapers. When she was 16, she worked at Liquid, a club

in South Beach, and she paid her tuition at the International College of Fine Arts by working at Hooters.

"Growing up, I was always in the spotlight," Daphnee says. "I've been singing since I was little, and I've always wanted to be an actress." She'll probably move to Los Angeles, she says, because that's where the action is. Count on Miss July to be at the center of it.





PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

*Jessica Lynn Dupree*



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Daphnee Lynn Duplaix

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'7 1/2 WEIGHT: 120



BIRTH DATE: 8.18.76 BIRTHPLACE: Manhattan, N.Y.

AMBITIONS: To be recognized as one of the most talented & sexiest actresses of all time!

TURN-ONS: Bald heads, Rooftops & Beaches, Boxers (not Briefs), Sense of humor & Authority!

TURNOFFS: Big Egos, Skinny legs, people who don't express their own opinions!

FAVORITE QUOTE: "They're going to talk about me the way they used to talk about Jesus." (The Mack, 1973)

MY FAMILY: Is Mentally Unbalanced, but we all seem to even each other out!

PERSON I'D MOST LIKE TO MEET: Dennis Rodman - He's the male version of me!

MY BEST QUALITY: MY HEART !!!

WORDS TO LIVE BY: JUST DO IT!



The scholar with my afro puffs!



Look at me now Benson!



Thank God I grew out of that look! (9th grade)







# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The history teacher outlined an important assignment to the class. In ponderous tones, he stressed that absolutely no excuses for lateness would be accepted, save those for a medically certified illness or a death in the immediate family. A smartass student waved his hand and spoke up. "What about extreme sexual exhaustion, sir?"

The class broke up laughing. When the students settled down, the teacher fixed the disruptive pupil with a stare. "Well," he said, "I guess you'll have to learn to write with your other hand."



One of Microsoft's finest technicians was invited by a colleague to join him at a local firing range. As a first-timer, he was given instructions, a rifle and bullets. He fired several shots at the target, but all attempts missed.

The techie looked at his rifle, then at the target. He put his finger over the end of the barrel and squeezed the trigger with his other hand. The weapon fired, taking most of the techie's finger with it. Hopping up and down in pain, the wounded fellow yelled toward the target area, "It's leaving here just fine! The trouble must be at your end."

The FCC has recently approved standards for high-definition TV. The picture is so clear that you can actually figure out the plots of *The X-Files*.

A patron of a Parisian restaurant studied the menu for a few moments before the waiter came to take his order. "What do you recommend?" the customer asked.

"Oh, the catch of the day, monsieur," the waiter replied. "*C'est magnifique!*"

The diner accepted the suggestion, then quietly read the newspaper until the waiter set his entrée down in front of him with a flourish. "*Bon appétit!*"

A few minutes later, the waiter passed the man's table and thought he saw him speaking to the fish on his plate. He checked again and, sure enough, the fellow was talking to his main course. "*Excusez-moi, monsieur,*" the waiter said, "but I couldn't help noticing that you appear to be talking to the fish."

"Yes, as a matter of fact, I am," the man admitted. "You see, my poor papa jumped off the Pont-Neuf three weeks ago and I was asking the fish if he happened to have seen him."

"Uh-huh," the perplexed waiter said. "And what did the fish say, if I may ask?"

"He said that was not possible," the diner replied, poking his dinner with his fork, "because he has been out of the water longer than my poor papa has been in it!"

**PLAYBOY CLASSIC:** A woman complained to her doctor of an embarrassing rash. After she disrobed, the physician was surprised to find a red H on her chest. She explained that her boyfriend, a Harvard grad, liked to put on his letter sweater when they made love. The doctor chalked it up to contact dermatitis and prescribed an ointment.

The next day a woman showed up with a Y on her chest. She explained that her boyfriend went to Yale and liked to put on his letter sweater when they made love.

On the third day a woman appeared with an M on her chest. The doctor, confident of his diagnosis, said, "Let me guess. Your lover went to Michigan."

"Close," she said. "She went to Wellesley."

The lovers were engaging in foreplay when the man suddenly excused himself. He headed for the bathroom, saying, "Keep your motor running, baby. I'll be right back."

"I'll do better than that, sweetheart," she purred. "I'll hold my finger on the starter."

The businessman climbed the steps of his front porch and noticed a snail. He didn't think much of it and went inside the house. The next day he came home and the snail was still there. The man was peeved but went inside again. The third day, the snail was still on the porch. "That's it," the guy thundered, picking it up and throwing it over the roof.

Ten years later the businessman came home to find the same snail back on his porch. The tiny creature looked up at him and said, "What did you do that for?"



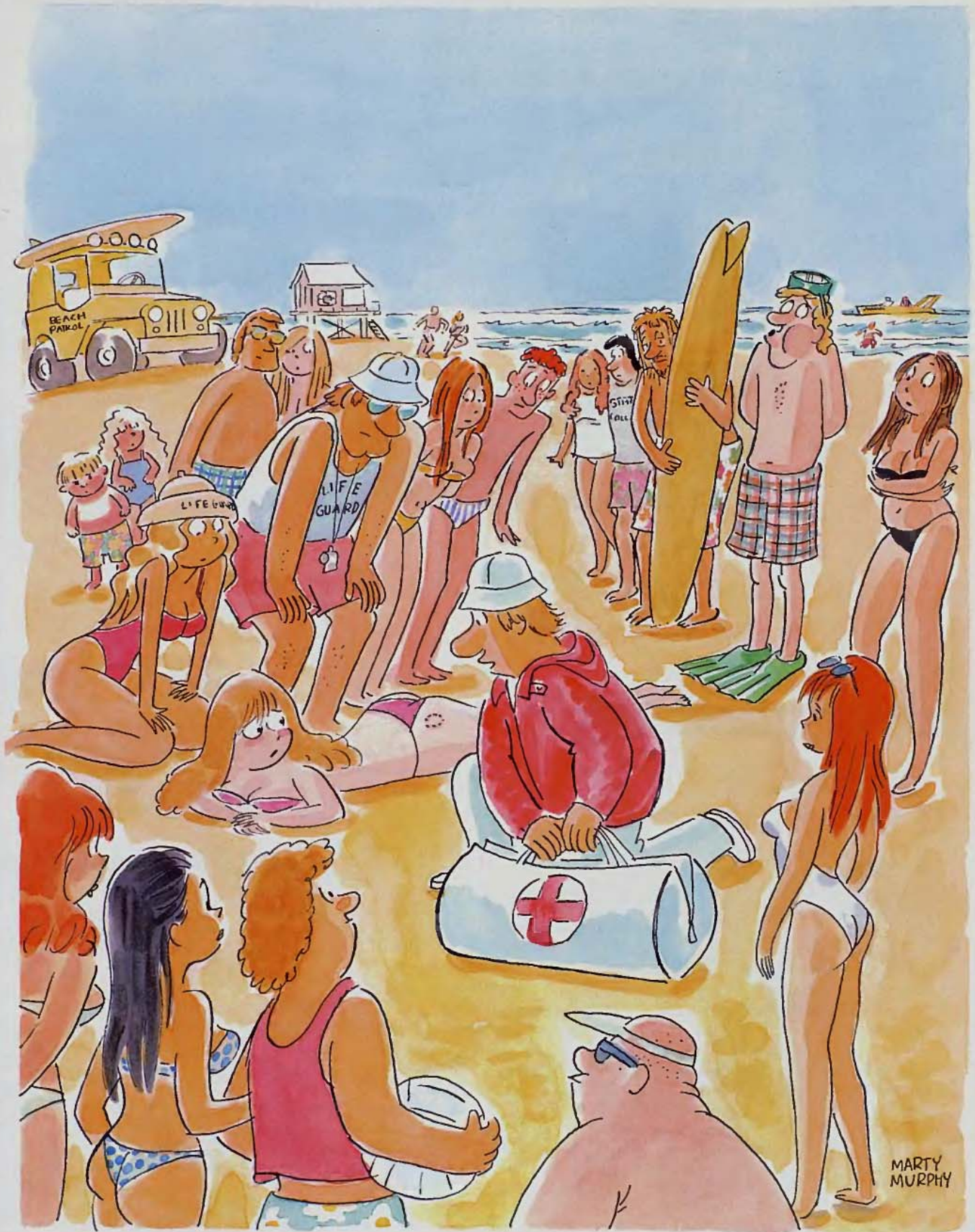
**THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION:** Did you hear that Michael Jackson and Tonya Harding are going to buy Churchill Downs? She's going to do the handicapping, and he's going to ride the three-year-olds.

A husband came home and told his wife his wallet had been stolen. She reminded him to cancel his credit card. A few months later she noticed some recent charges on their bill. "Honey, why didn't you cancel the card?" she asked.

"Because, Gloria, he doesn't spend as much as you do."

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](mailto:jokes@playboy.com). \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.





*"We can definitely rule out a shark attack. These are human teeth marks."*



# Playboy's History of The Sexual Revolution

## HARD TIMES

Part IV 1930-1939

By JAMES R. PETERSEN



You could spend the rest of your life in front of this newsstand. Rack after rack of magazines held in place by long pieces of wire offer fantastic visions of the future, of the past, of the next few hours. The covers are windows on the world of the beautiful and the bold. *Screenland* shows a couple locked in a passionate embrace. *Film Fun* features a sexy starlet on its cover. You stare at a photo of Jean Harlow, the blonde bombshell. Her shimmering nightgown seems to move like a river in moonlight. You think there is nothing on earth as alluring as the sight of nipples under silk. Erect nipples. "Would you be shocked," Harlow had asked in *Hell's Angels*, "if I put on something more comfortable?" Yes, but go right ahead.

God bless lingerie. Models pose provocatively on the covers of *Spicy*

*Stories*, *Spicy Mystery*, *Spicy Detective Stories*. If they could figure out how to get lingerie on a horse, no doubt there would be something similar on the cover of *Spicy Western*. The editors have to settle for a girl in a revealing peasant blouse. Women with torn dresses and imperiled breasts plead for help on the covers of *Dime Detective*, *Private Detective Stories* and *True Gangster Stories*. There's no doubt about it: Dames spell trouble.

You glance at the woman perusing *True Confession*, *True Story*, *True Romances*, *Modern Romance*. Bernarr Macfadden's pulp empire reaches 7.4 million readers, mostly women, and he's thinking of running for president. *Candid Confessions* suggests a possible platform: "As long as the sex urge is one of the most powerful urges in creation, just so long will we have men and women searching for the love-happiness which is every person's birthright. Some of us find it



through experiences which almost wreck our lives, others by an easier path. All of us are entitled to find our mate."

If only she would look your way. There's a guy at the other end of the rack studying *Apparel Arts* and *Esquire*.

Yeah, a tuxedo's going to look

Prosperity was just around the corner, but which corner? FDR promised recovery (pin above). The Depression would change sex and put the American dream on hold for millions (right).









Titillation was the antidote to hard times. The newsstand (left) gave us women in peril, risqué ice-skaters, movie stars, Gold Diggers and Sugar Daddies—even Betty Boop had sex appeal. On film Ecstasy's Hedy Lamarr (right) broke all barriers.



great in the breadline. Still, *Esquire* has that Petty Girl, wearing a swimsuit that is as skintight and transparent as a suntan.

If it weren't so crowded you might spend a few moments with the nudes in *Artists and Models*, *Body Beautiful* or *Spotlight: Photo Studies of the Female Form*. The art books present models "selected on account of their supple lines, their artistic naturalness and their beautiful development. They reflect the artistic spirit of feminine beauty in our time."

Two bits can buy a world of beauty. Perhaps you should save your money for a movie. The town



The Depression wreaked havoc on relations between men and women. Women turned to sex, while men turned to crime—at least in Hollywood. Jean Harlow (above left) was a wisecracking, hip-swinging sex symbol who played prostitutes and tough girls willing to do anything to survive. Directors churned out gangster epics such as *Scarface* and *Little Caesar*. The battle between the sexes escalated when Jimmy Cagney, fed up with Mae Clarke's nagging, twisted a grapefruit into her face in *The Public Enemy* (above right). When Prohibition ended, speakeasies became swank nightclubs (table decoration from the Stark Club, above) and organized crime moved from bootlegging to other activities. One moral crusade had failed, but reformers still looked askance at sex. J. Edgar Hoover (above center) became the nation's number one vice cop. When not going after bank robbers, he orchestrated arrests for violations of the Mann Act.





Busby Berkeley's stylish musicals featured men in top hats and tails and women in scanty attire (left). To hell with the Hays Office, he seemed to say, sex is what the public wants. Berkeley avoided the censors' wrath, but others weren't so fortunate. Production Code prudes clamped down on Mae West's earthy, innuendo-filled sexual persona. Her tough, independent spirit inspired America. Salvador Dali captured West in a surreal portrait (left). Sally Rand (below) danced nude at the 1933 World's Fair in Chicago. Some 22 million visitors celebrated a Century of Progress. In 1939 she hosted Sally Rand's Nude Ranch at the Golden Gate Exposition in San Francisco. Explicit eight-pagers, called Tijuana bibles, presented the sexual exploits of movie stars, comic strip characters, gangsters and salesmen (above right).



Hollywood did its part: In one film Shirley Temple held a Cabinet post as secretary of entertainment. The golden age of cinema shaped romantic fantasies for the rest of the century. Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers (above middle) took dance to a new height, combining grace with sex appeal. Screwball comedies such as *My Man Godfrey* and *It Happened One Night* (above) followed the exploits of ditzy socialites. When Clark Gable took off his shirt to reveal a bare chest, it was said that sales of men's undershirts plummeted. The truth of the matter? In the Depression, sales of everything fell, including tickets to movies.





Sexuality was everywhere. Let's Make Mary (left) took a satirical look at seduction. By offering a more light-handed approach to

love, Bing Crosby (battam) became the nation's most popular crooner. King Kong (right) championed a more direct form of courtship. (The film ran into trouble with censors, who cut scenes of Kong peeling off Fay Wray's clothing.) Even the Sunday funnies could be risqué, as a panel from Flash Gardon (below) shows. The New York World's Fair of 1939 promised that technology would create the World of Tomorrow (far right). A special amusement area featured tapless madels cavorting and posing in underwater sets.



theaters offer Cagney and Harlow, Powell and Lombard, Fred and Ginger, Gable and Garbo, Gable and Crawford, Gable and Harlow. Or maybe the latest from Mae West.

You go to the movies to escape, to learn good moves, to memorize good lines. Because now the

movies talk, and sing and dance as well. You watch elegant couples swirl across beautiful rooms, rooms that never seem to have furniture, only huge sweeping staircases, and servants, dozens of servants.

You enter a movie palace, where the air you breathe is



If Superman (below) was every man's alter ego, then the Petty Girl (left) was the feminine equivalent. She was al-



most always on the phone, almost always unclothed and generally in a state of heightened desire. She graduated from cartoon to gatefold in 1939. Cab Calloway (right) and other big band leaders brought a new energy called swing to raise spirits.







cooled by refrigeration, where the theater owner stages grand giveaways, where your date's heart races to the same dreams of wild love, elegant parties, reckless adventures and happy endings.

When you leave the theater, there's dust in the air and someone is selling apples on the street.

In 1933, Nathanael West will capture a similar moment in his book *Miss Lonelyhearts*: "He saw a man who appeared to be on the verge of death stagger into a movie theater that was showing a picture called *Blonde Beauty*. He saw a ragged woman pick a love story magazine out of a garbage can and seem very excited by her find."

We were living on dreams.

#### THE GREAT DEPRESSION

The bottom had dropped out of the stock market in October 1929. In the space of a few weeks \$30 billion had disappeared, \$30 billion worth of giddy optimism, irrational speculation and greed. At first, some people tried to explain the crash as some kind of Darwinian justice, or as God's wrath in response to avarice. The Crash was simply a correction. Those who were going to jump had already jumped.

The flapper disappeared. Hemlines dropped and the nation adopted a new sobriety. College girls wore conservative clothes, men gave up raccoon coats and rah-rah gestures for traditional Ivy League attire. Economics and politics replaced sex as the topics of late-night bull sessions.

The country and its government seemed to be paralyzed, watching helplessly as banks failed and businesses disappeared. Mortgage lenders foreclosed on farms, houses and dreams. For want of a single payment, the future vanished.

The joyous dance craze of the Twenties turned into a grueling sideshow industry, where couples held each other in monthlong marathons, trying to keep moving in return for free food and the chance to win a prize. In Horace McCoy's dark novel *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* the dancehall becomes a purgatory of exhausted souls, and one dancer helps his partner commit suicide.

Americans stood in line for food, for the chance of work, for a place to sleep. By 1932, eight million Americans were unemployed—one out of every five persons in the labor force, one out of every seven adults. Sure, there were people whistling *Happy Days Are Here Again*, but the real anthems were *Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?* and *Love for Sale*. Scarcity turned sex into a commodity; it destroyed both dignity and desire. Yet even here there was a dou-

ble standard. We could forgive Gold Diggers, but not beggars.

In the Twenties, couples did not consider marriage until the breadwinner was making \$40 per week. In 1933 the average salary was about half that. If statistics can convey the death of romance, consider these: The marriage rate fell from 10.1 per 1000 members of the population in 1929 to 7.9 in 1932. The birthrate fell from 18.9 in 1929 to 16.5 in 1933.

Those who had been America's heroes in 1918 were now the country's outcasts—forgotten men. A ragtag army of World War One veterans gathered in Washington to ask for early payment of a promised war bonus. They erected their own shantytown and called it Hooverville. The president and Congress ignored them until July 28, 1932, when President Herbert Hoover ordered General Douglas MacArthur to send in troops. Saber-wielding cavalry cleared the capital. Yesterday's manhood was not worth the blood in which it had been written.

America became a nation of transients: Almost a million hoboes and hitchhikers roamed the country by 1933, some 200,000 of them adolescents. The women dressed in men's clothing to avoid the kind of trouble their older sisters once sought with reckless abandon.

Poverty laid bare the ugly, brutal demons that lurked at the edge of the American dream. Two observers noted a rebirth of prejudice, a wariness toward outsiders. "Nerves too long frayed by unemployment and the humiliation of relief may again be finding a way to punish one's neighbor for the wrongs one's institutional world has done to one." In desperate times, people took comfort in conformity, an almost superstitious need to huddle together with "people like us"—and to hunt for and persecute scapegoats.

Near Scottsboro, Alabama police arrested nine black youths riding on a freight train after an altercation with white youths. The blacks had thrown the whites off the train.

Searching a boxcar, the police found two white girls. A doctor examined the girls and found traces of semen, but no signs of rape. The prosecution didn't care. As one historian noted, "Rape and rumors of rape became a kind of acceptable folk pornography in the Bible Belt." The girls, perhaps afraid of being arrested for vagrancy or prostitution, cooperated with the prosecution. Outside the courtroom, 10,000 whites gathered to ensure justice. The prosecutor asked the examining physician if the semen he had found belonged to a white man or a black man. In the first trial a state's attorney held

up cotton panties and demanded the protection of Southern womanhood. By the fourth trial, the panties had, miraculously, turned to silk.

Eight of the nine defendants were sentenced to death, igniting a national scandal. Although the Supreme Court eventually overturned the convictions, the Scottsboro boys would spend an aggregate of 130 years in jail.

The signs of crisis were everywhere, but it was not easy to derail a great nation. Those with faith in America—or with enough wealth to live beyond the grasp of the Depression—were still building. A group of investors including Pierre Du Pont and Al Smith raised \$52 million to construct the Empire State Building, then the tallest in the world. The project took less than a year to complete; 48 workers died in the process, but the finished spire loomed over the city. They called it Al Smith's last erection. An enterprising businessman painted an ad on the roof of a nearby building: BUY YOUR FURS FROM FOX. The ad would not reach many eyes. Only a quarter of the office space had been rented.

A reporter attending the opening found a crude mural drawn in pencil by one of the workers in an empty loft on the 55th floor: "A towering masculine figure is seen fornicating, *Venere aversa*, with a stooping female figure who has no arms but pendulous breasts. The man is exclaiming, 'O Man!' Further along is a gigantic vagina with its name in four large letters under it."

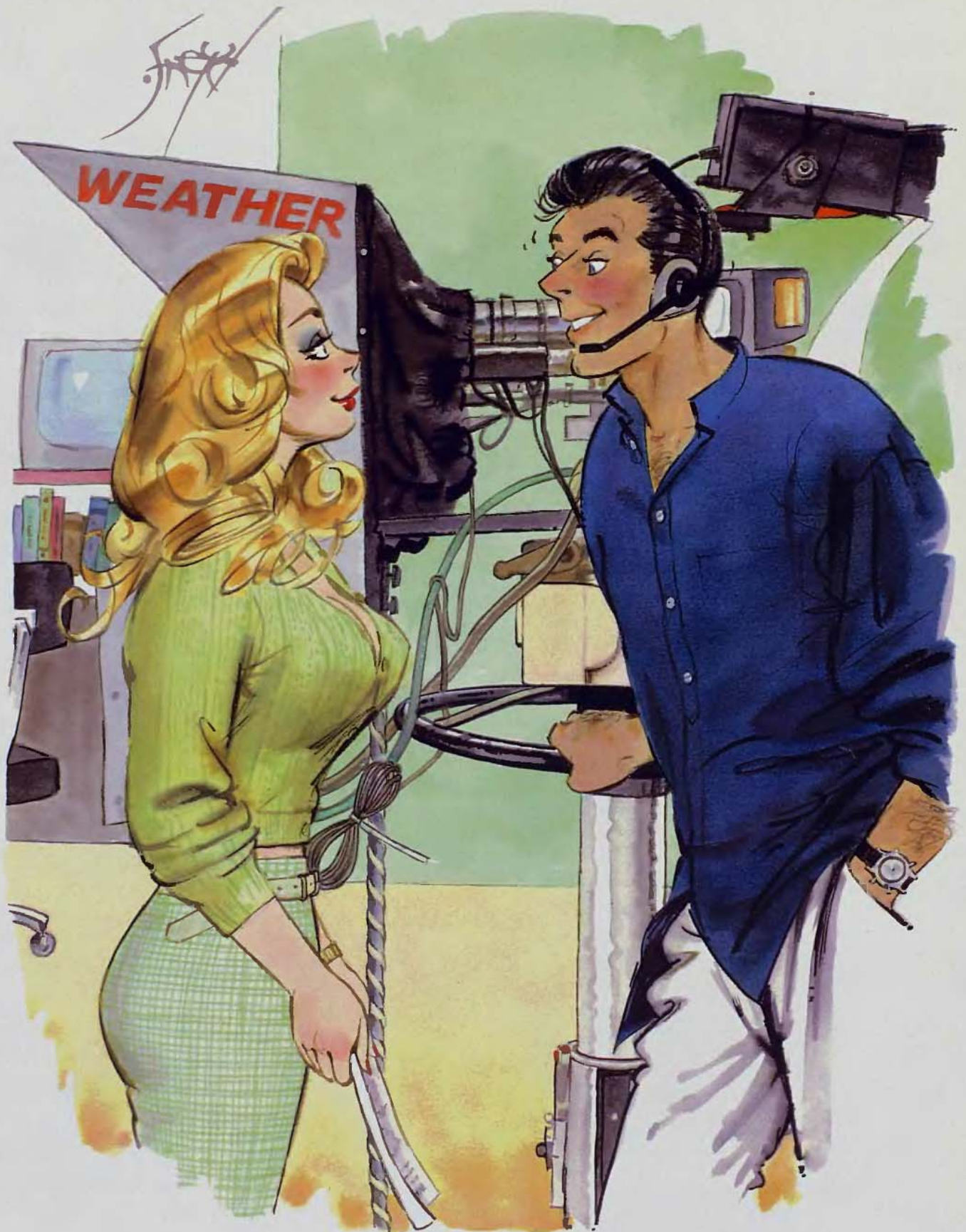
At the pinnacle of man's endeavor—pornography, the great equalizer.

#### THE NEW DEAL

In November 1932 the people of America elected Franklin Delano Roosevelt in a landslide. FDR promised a New Deal and the end of Prohibition. On taking office, the new president told the nation: "This great nation will endure as it has endured, will revive and will prosper. The only thing we have to fear is fear itself."

FDR gave his blessing to the 1933 Chicago World's Fair, an event dedicated to a Century of Progress. A ray of light from the star Arcturus actuated a switch that turned on the lights of the glittering pavilions along the shore of Lake Michigan. More than 22 million visitors came to the fair in its first year, crowding the Hall of Science, the recreation of a Mayan temple and a midget village. But by far the most popular attraction was a blonde fan dancer named Sally Rand. The young woman, who admitted to being  
*(continued on page 136)*





*"What are the chances of that warm front of yours moving over to my apartment later?"*



the roadster has returned in varied shapes and shades—welcome back to the fold

Drop Your Top







ACK IN 1976, Cadillac built what it proclaimed would be the last American ragtop—a two-and-one-half-ton Bicentennial Eldorado. At the time, poor sales, stringent safety regulations, changing tastes and the lingering effects of a fuel crisis were forcing automakers to downsize most of their offerings, and the “Elvis Is King” dreamboats were the first to go. Today, two dozen carmakers offer convertibles, with prices ranging from

about \$20,000 for the Ford Mustang to about \$250,000 for the Lamborghini Diablo VT. A lot happened in those intervening years to regenerate interest (e.g., the Chrysler LeBaron and the Mazda Miata), but the bottom line is this: People love convertibles, and now they have more reasons than ever. A top-down drive is no longer the bugs-in-your-teeth, shake, rattle and roll adventure it



Left: Under the hood of the new Jaguar XK8 is a 32-valve, 4-liter V8 that will have you at 60 miles per hour in seconds. No wonder our madel gat lost. Although Ford owns Jaguar, it was devoted Jag stylists, engineers and planners who created this roadster—the most exciting topless big tom since the XK-E was introduced in the early Sixties—and they succeeded in preserving the marque’s heritage. The only transmission available is a five-speed automatic, and the interior is British-men’s-club retro with Connolly leather, burled walnut and thick carpeting in abundance. Price: about \$70,000. A coupe version is also available. Above: Just as the sales of its \$80,000-and-up SL roadsters leveled off, Mercedes-Benz created a baby brother, the SLK 230, at half the price. The bank-vault solidity of bigger Benzes is preserved and there are also side air bags and twin rollover bars. The power plant is a 185-horsepower supercharged twin-cam four coupled to a five-speed automatic. Your roadster becomes a hardtop at the simple push of a button, making this Mercedes ideal for Duluth and San Diego alike.



Below: The latest Lamborghini Diablo VT will exceed 55 mph in first gear, so you can imagine the land speed record you'll set if you wind out its 5.7-liter V12 engine all the way. And for a quarter of a million bucks, you also get a Diablo that's "new and improved." Its once-formidable steering is now nicely assisted, the formerly Nautilus-inspired clutch is practically delicate and the brake pedal no longer feels like you're stepping on a stone. With these changes in ergonomics, the Diablo is as controllable as a much smaller sports car. When it's not a blur, it's a big street attraction for lookers and onlookers. Far right: Starting around \$20,000, Ford's restyled Mustang GT convertible is a terrific bargain. The 150-hp V6 is OK for mom, but you'll want the 215-hp V8 or, even better, the 4.6-liter Cobra version with 305 ponies under the hood. If you drive to work doily, and don't mind supporting OPEC, this is your kind of car.









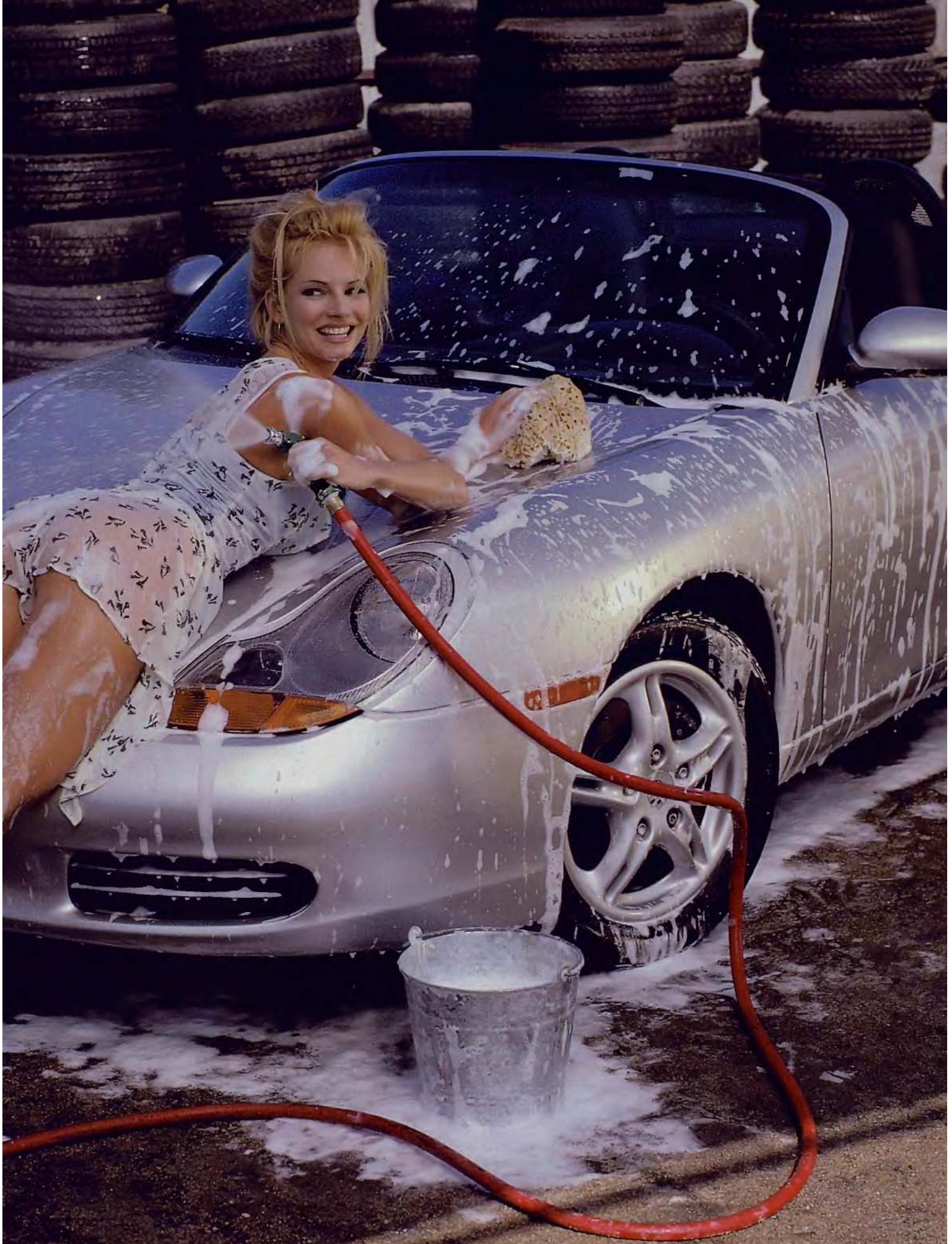
once was. Fold-up wind blockers and electric windows keep wind and rain out of your hair, pop-up roll bars reduce the chance of rollover injuries and folding rigid tops improve cold-weather comfort. Some cloth tops can even be raised and lowered with one hand. Try that maneuver in a vintage Austin Healey or MG-TC. On these pages are six models that look great topless. (The cars, guys.) In fact, we thought so highly of the Porsche Boxster at right that we gave one to our Playmate of the Year, Victoria Silvstedt. A coupe version of the Volvo C70, below, is Val Kilmer's choice of wheels in the spy thriller *The Saint*. We're also giving a thumbs-up to ragtops not pictured on these pages, including the BMW Z3 2.8, Saab's new slick-bodied 900, the now-classic Mazda Miata (due for a restyling soon) and Chrysler's Sebring JXi. Priced around \$24,000, the Sebring is arguably the best-looking softtop in its price class. Rest easy, Elvis. There are more convertibles available today than you ever imagined would be on the road. But not one of them is a Caddy.



Above: "This time we kept the toy and threw away the box" is how one Volvo engineer described the new C70 convertible. Although the car won't be in showrooms until next spring, our sneak preview revealed a roadster that's as long on creature comforts (think leather and a Dolby Pro-Logic 14-speaker stereo) as it is on safety features. Volvo's patented rollover protection system activates a pair of pop-up roll bars if a sensor registers that the car is about to flip. And for about \$45,000, you also get side-impact air bags. Right: It'll take more than a spritz to cool down anyone who test-drives the new mid-engined Porsche Boxster. The five-speed manual version sees 60 in about seven seconds and 150 moments later. (Five-speed Tiptronic S automatic with shifting controls located on either side of the steering wheel is also available). Because it's mid-engined, there's ample storage space front and rear. Forget about even looking at the motor; you have to disassemble a panel to access it. Water and oil are replenished through outlets in the rear trunk. Price: about \$40,000. Now try to find one.









J

UST BEYOND the fog-shrouded wooden gates, a guard whose arm patch says SKYWALKER FIRE BRIGADE waves the visitor inside. Within moments, the road opens to Skywalker Ranch—3000 mostly pristine acres of rolling hills in the appropriately named Lucas Valley. There are mountain lions and bobcats in the hills. Cattle roam the meadows. Down a silent winding road, the visitor sees, in the distance,

a grandiose Victorian mansion that was designed by George Lucas to serve not only as his haven but as the nerve center of an empire that has grown immense. It is deep in Marin County, in the town of Nicasio, 425 miles north of Hollywood. But in its psychological distance from the movie capital, the ranch that *Star Wars* built could be, to borrow Lucas' own words, "in a galaxy far, far away."

"I opted for quality of life," the 53-year-old Lucas told a visitor several months ago. "It's a different world. Most of my friends are college professors." He loathes the Hollywood-Beverly Hills-Malibu social whirl. Years ago, he sat with a visitor and pointed south. "Down there"—as he is inclined to say of Hollywood—"for every honest filmmaker trying to get his film off the ground, there are a hundred sleazy used-car dealers trying to con you out of your money."

Following a difficult period in which the normally reclusive filmmaker seemed to retreat even deeper into Skywalker Ranch (he suffered through a divorce, produced a big-budget flop and consumed himself with the lucrative

merchandising and special effects businesses that have made him a billionaire), Lucas has abruptly returned once again to Hollywood.

The 20th anniversary rerelease of the newly enhanced *Star Wars* took in \$36.2 million on its first weekend, and Lucas has, for the first time in years, turned to writing a trilogy of films that will most certainly outrival, in their technological wizardry, the intergalactic saga that forever changed the movie business. After all, *Star Wars* opened the way for *Alien*, *Ghostbusters*, *Batman*, *Raiders of the Lost Ark* and *Back to the Future*, and dozens of such terrible concept movies as *Last Action Hero* and *Judge Dredd*.

"I'm not saying it's George's fault, but he and Steven Spielberg changed every studio's idea of what a movie should do in terms of investment versus return," says Lawrence Kasdan, who co-wrote *The Empire Strikes Back* and *Return of the Jedi*. "It ruined the modest expectations of the movie business. Now every studio film is designed to be a blockbuster."

Spielberg put a more positive spin on the impact of the film. "*Star Wars* was a seminal moment when the entire industry instantly changed," he said. "For me, it's when the world recognized the value of childhood."

Even before the rerelease earlier this year of *Star Wars*, *The Empire Strikes Back* and *Return of the Jedi*, Lucas was deeply immersed in writing (he often writes his scripts and ideas longhand in notebooks) and planning the three *Star Wars* prequels. The first will start shooting in the fall, with Lucas

l u c a s

it's been 20 years since george lucas directed his last movie.

s k y w a l k e r

now, having weathered a midlife crisis and masterminded the *star wars*

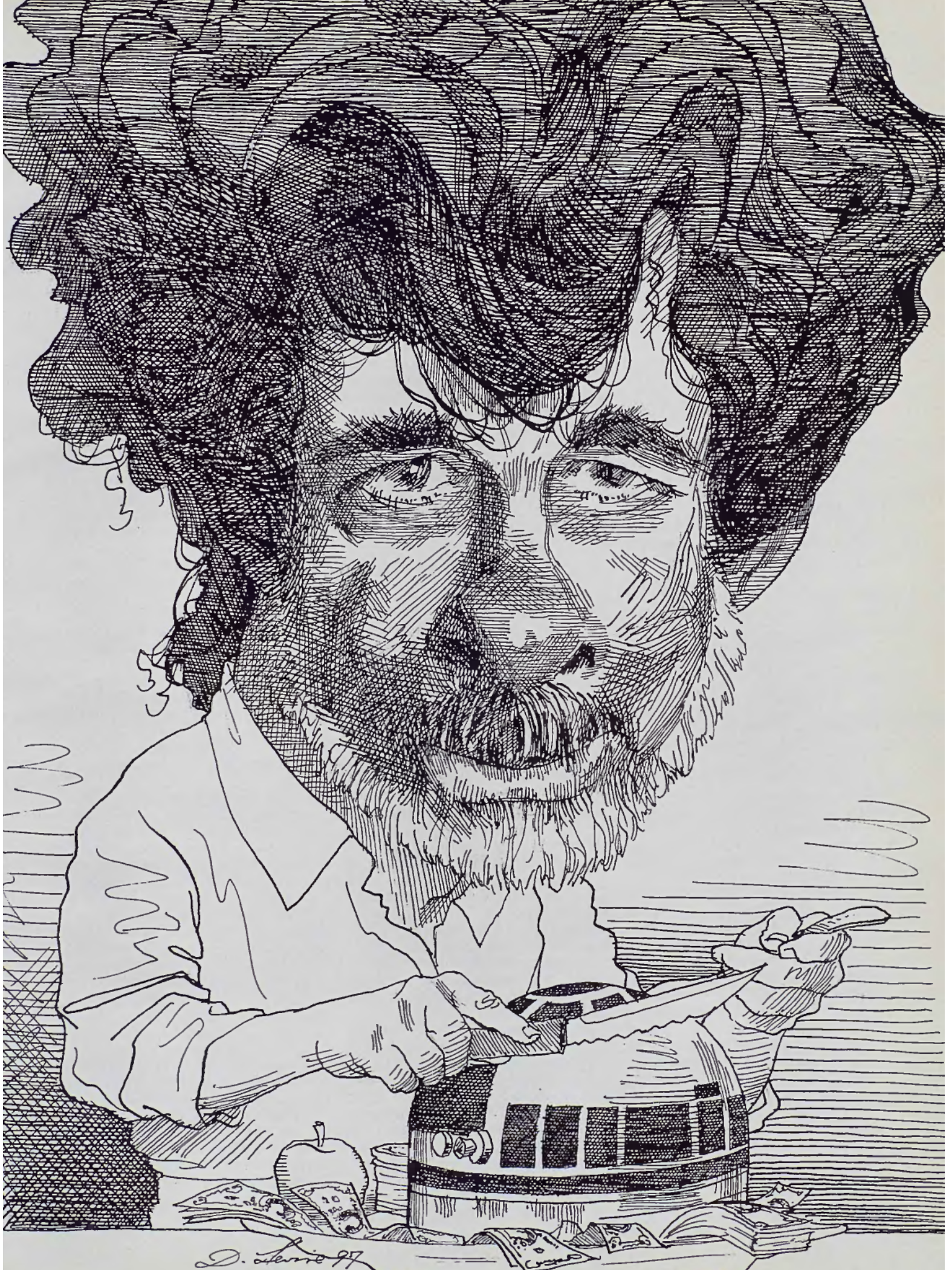
g o e s

renaissance, the billionaire businessman is returning to his filmmaking roots

h o m e

PLAYBOY PROFILE





D. Lewis 97



himself set to direct for the first time in two decades.

Lucas is as much a businessman as a filmmaker. He's responsible for four of the top 20 highest grossing films in history—he was the hands-on visionary for the *Star Wars* and *Indiana Jones* trilogies. "George at his heart has a modest vision," said Rick McCallum, producer of the *Star Wars Trilogy Special Edition* and the prequels. "I think he's kind of embarrassed by the huge success of both *Indiana Jones* and *Star Wars*."

Embarrassed? *Forbes* has estimated that his personal worth may be as high as \$2 billion. And his umbrella of companies, valued at \$5 billion, have virtually reinvented the way audiences view and hear movies. All this was possible because Lucas made a daring—and brilliant—decision in 1975.

With the success of his second film, *American Graffiti*, which cost \$780,000 and grossed \$120 million, Lucas negotiated with Twentieth Century Fox for his next film, *Star Wars*. He gave up a large salary and, instead, asked Fox to give him ownership of the merchandising, music and publishing—and all sequels. The studio, viewing these as nearly worthless, happily agreed.

Since 1977, Lucas has sold more than \$4 billion in *Star Wars* merchandise. There have also been 21 *Star Wars*-related novels published by Bantam Books, all but one making the *New York Times* best-seller list. "The biggest change over the past 20 years is that initially it was only kids buying the products. Not anymore," said Howard Roffman, vice president of licensing at Lucasfilm. "The kids have become adults. They're interested in literary works, and in more sophisticated video games. There's a significant collector market out there."

And, of course, it will not end.

Lucas poured his fortune into digital experiments that, he sensed correctly, would transform the movie business. He created the premiere special effects research and development lab, Industrial Light & Magic, which charges studios as much as \$25 million a movie and has worked on Hollywood's splashiest special effects films, including *Jurassic Park* and *Twister*. The sound heard in movie theaters worldwide has been enhanced by Lucas' THX Sound System. And many of the entertainment industry's most popular video games were created by Lucas Arts Entertainment, which used the *Star Wars* franchise to create such games as *Rebel Assault*, *X-Wing* and *Dark Forces*.

Seated atop this empire is a man as complicated as he is private. Lucas gives interviews only in his sprawling office at Skywalker Ranch. His home several miles away, where he lives with

his three children, is off-limits to journalists. Although inward and a bit distant, Lucas seems without pretension and enormously self-confident. He invariably wears sneakers, jeans, a plaid shirt and Swatch watch, and his beard and thick black hair are flecked with gray. Lucas seems, in his elaborate office, not unlike any other northern California mullet-millionaire whose soft-spoken style masks his determination. Like his friend Spielberg, Lucas is accustomed to getting his way.

The success of the rereleased trilogy has energized him. *Star Wars*, the highest grossing film of all time, has now taken in overall more than \$460 million in box office receipts in the U.S., and at least \$200 million overseas. (Pretty good for a movie that was rejected by Universal and, when made by Twentieth Century Fox, cost \$10 million.) With the rerelease, the three films have grossed over \$1.5 billion around the world.

"*Star Wars* has always struck a chord with people. There are issues of loyalty, of friendship, of good and evil," said Lucas. "The themes came from stories and ideas that have been around for thousands of years."

Actually, the themes of *Star Wars* seem to have come from a variety of sources: mythologist Joseph Campbell, classic films such as *The Wizard of Oz* and Stanley Kubrick's *2001*, the *Flash Gordon* and *Buck Rogers* movie serials, plus Lucas' own tortured relations with his father. According to Dale Pollock, author of *Skywalking: The Life and Films of George Lucas*, one of the most significant sources is Carlos Castaneda's *Tales of Power*, an account of a Mexican sorcerer who uses the phrase life force.

"The major theme in *Star Wars*, as in every Lucas film, is the acceptance of personal responsibility," says Pollock. "What Lucas seems to be saying is that we can't run away from our calling or mission in life but have a duty to do what is expected of us. Hard work, self-sacrifice, friendship, loyalty and a commitment to a higher purpose: These are tenets of Lucas' faith."

Lucas himself says, "I mean, there's a reason this film is so popular. It's not that I'm giving out propaganda nobody wants to hear."

By all accounts, the broad details of the prequels have been in Lucas' mind since the trilogy was completed with *Return of the Jedi* in 1983. Lucas says he's aiming for an epic, David Lean look, which will make unprecedented use of digital filmmaking technology.

The prequels, which Lucas will finance with his own money, will explain how young Anakin Skywalker succumbs to the dark side and becomes Darth Vader. "It's bleak, but if you

know the other three movies, you know everything turns out all right in the end—that his son comes back and redeems him," Lucas told the *Los Angeles Times*. "That's the real story. It's always about the redemption of Anakin Skywalker. It's just that it's always been told from his son's point of view.

"When the story of the six films is put together," he added, "it has a more interesting arc because you're actually rooting more for Darth Vader than you are for Luke. Until now, you didn't know what the problem really was, because Darth Vader is just this bad guy. You didn't realize he's actually got a problem, too."

People who know Lucas have always insisted that the tortured relationship between Darth and Luke springs, in many ways, from Lucas' relationship with his own father. George Sr. was a domineering, ultraright-wing businessman who owned a stationery shop in Modesto, California. He died in 1991.

"Did you ever meet George's father?" asked Tom Pollock, George Jr.'s attorney in the Seventies and Eighties. "I did not understand him until I met his father and spent some time talking with him about his son. That's when you realize George is his father." Certainly some of Lucas' hostility toward Hollywood, big-city hustlers, bankers and lawyers stems from his father's conservatism. The elder Lucas referred to Hollywood as "Sin City." Lucas also inherited his father's fiscal moderation, "the common sense I use to get me through the business world."

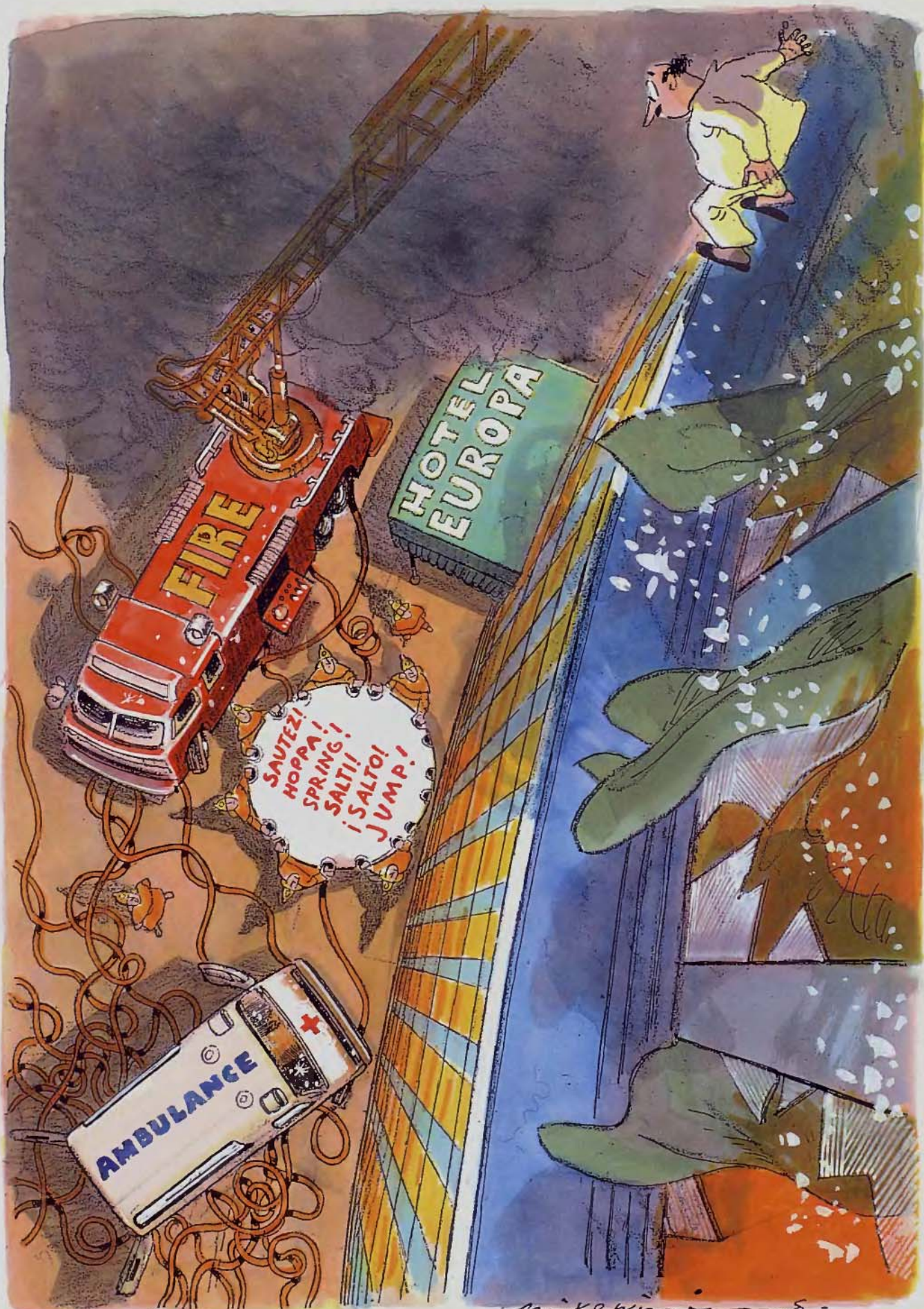
"I'm the son of a small-town businessman," said Lucas. "He was conservative, and I'm very conservative, always have been."

Yet the filmmaker has also recalled being "incredibly angry" at his father. Each summer George Sr. would shave off his son's hair, giving the boy the nickname Butch. They had raging arguments over young George's decision not to take over the family stationery business. Even after his son became extraordinarily wealthy, the elder Lucas, while proud, seemed surprised. He never believed his son would amount to much. "George never listened to me," his father told *Time* in 1983. "He was his mother's pet."

George Walton Lucas Jr. was born on May 14, 1944 in Modesto, a northern California city distinguished mostly by its withering heat in the summer, the Gallo winery on its outskirts and its wide, flat roads perfect for car racing. Lucas was a terrible student ("I was bored silly"), and as he grew older, he immersed himself in music (he kept an

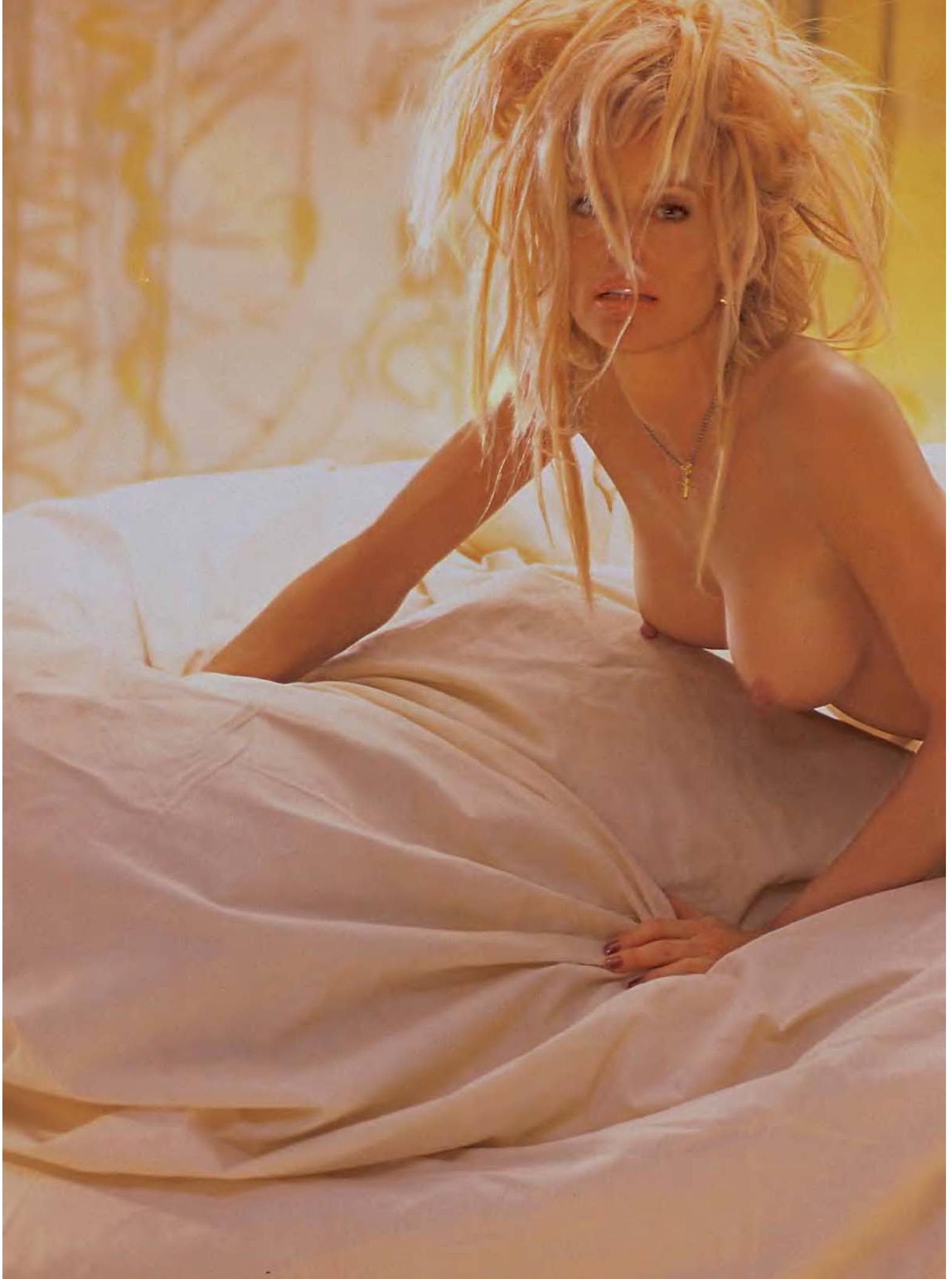
(continued on page 174)





*Mike Williams*







# farrarh

All of Me



ction painting? Well, there was Jackson Pollock and Willem de Kooning and Franz Kline and, um, Farrah Fawcett. Actually, Miss Fawcett, the foxiest action painter in art history, came onto the scene considerably later, but there's no question her paintings involve an enormous amount of action. So much action, in fact, that in this case the creative process is at least as picturesque as the pictures themselves.

By GLENN O'BRIEN

Farrah's artistic influence is the infinitely hip French artist Yves Klein (1928–1962), the painter who used the unclothed female body to apply paint to canvas. In 1960 Klein created his *Anthropometrie* series using nude models as brushes, swathing them in his signature pigment, International Klein Blue, and dragging them across canvases to the accompaniment of his own musical composition, the *Monotone Symphony*.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILLIAM HAWKES



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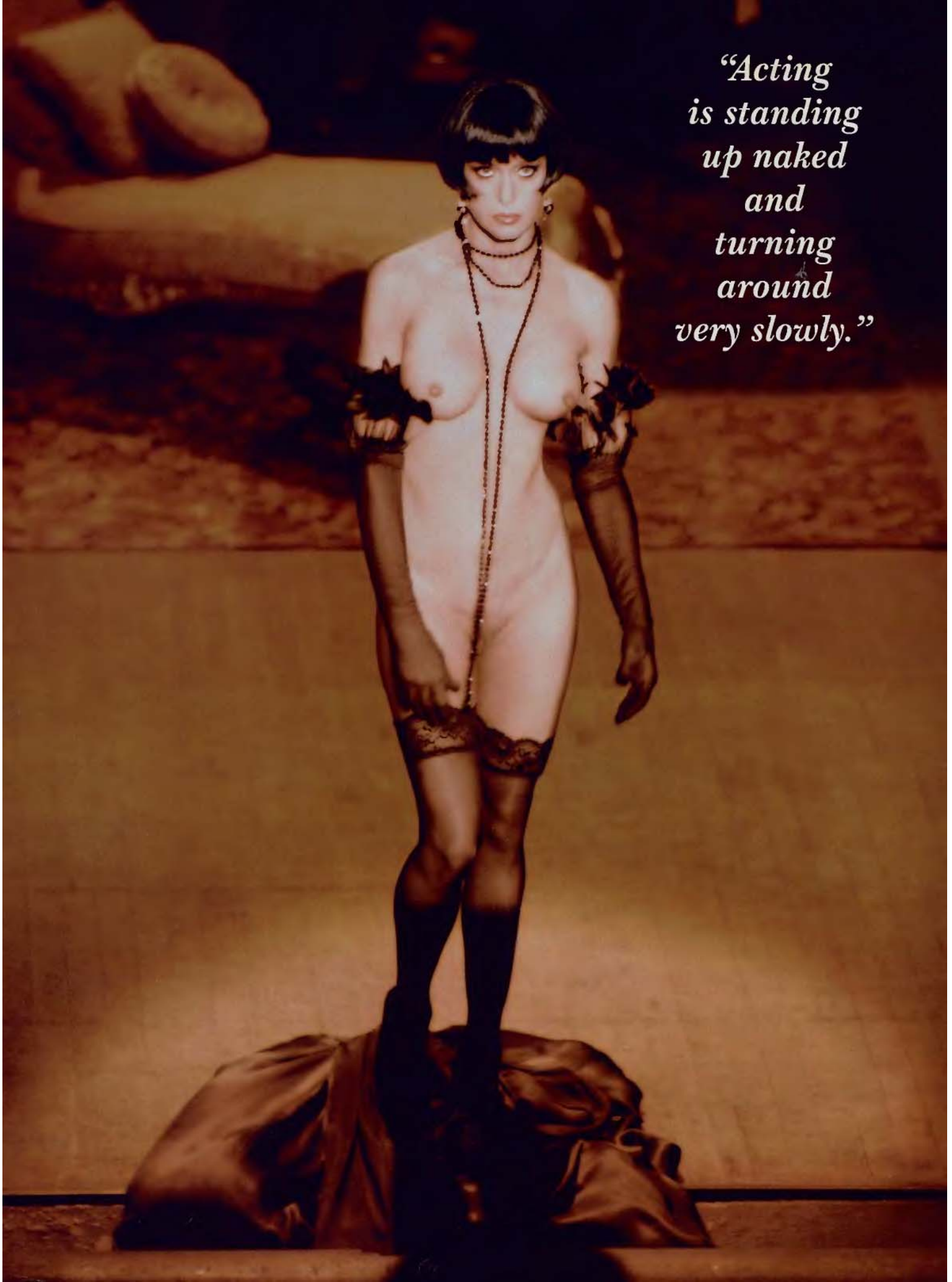


he results were a remarkable combination of sophisticated abstract gesture, primitive eroticism and urbane wit. At the time, many people derided Klein as a publicity seeker. But he was the first artist to realize that the creative act could be a successful and witty publicity stunt, without losing any of its validity or power.

On these pages, Farrah embodies Rosalind Russell's line about the soul of acting (quoted on the opposite page) that she brings to life in the video *Farrah Fawcett: All of Me*. She lets her cape drop in a dramatic cascade and starts to turn around but collapses, folding into herself. Acting, it turns out, is also a combination of courage and vulnerability.



*“Acting  
is standing  
up naked  
and  
turning  
around  
very slowly.”*











Farrah Fawcett seems to be another artist who has realized that sex and painting and publicity are a heady mixture, as you'll notice here. Fawcett is a trained artist. She studied sculpture and painting as an art major at the University of Texas before she embarked on her acting career. Over the years she has been busy, as an actress and a mother, but she has always kept her hand in art and has never lost her touch.

Her home in Bel Air, a two-house compound high in the hills, is filled with art, much of it her own creations. There's an interesting selection from other artists, too, including a portrait of Farrah by Andy Warhol. (There's also a framed dinner napkin, doodled and signed by Warhol, in the powder room.) The compound has two studio spaces filled with her modeled-in-clay busts and recent body paintings. Her studio doesn't look like that of a Sunday painter. It's a real work space, with brushes lying around, stretchers stacked against walls, and notes, photos and drawings taped everywhere. It's obvious that if she had taken another career path, that of fine artist, she has the talent and the skill to have made it. Her early figurative paintings show a classical proficiency and her sculptures—heads and torsos—show a genuine feeling for the human form. And though Farrah hasn't worked at her art steadily, you can tell it has been much on her mind throughout her life.

"I've wanted to do body painting ever since I was at the University of Texas in 1968," says the very fine artist (who looks more like she was born in 1968). "I played around with a little body painting then. I wasn't interested in painting my body, in being a living canvas. I wanted to use my body as a brush, to actually paint with parts of my body.











didn't do any canvases, but I made some interesting designs that looked abstract, yet you knew what they were. I did this incredible butt. I didn't really pursue it then. But it's something I've thought a lot about over the years, and I knew I would do it eventually.

"It's something I wanted to do for my first *PLAYBOY* shoot, for the December 1995 issue. But it's probably better that it happened now. If you look at those pictures and these pictures, you see two different people. I've grown and I've developed the courage and the conviction to get this done. I'm basically a shy person. When I was approached by *PLAYBOY* I knew that I wanted to do something artistic. Historically, Americans have been known to have a problem with both art and nudity. In Europe people seem to be much more open toward art and the body. I studied Renaissance art and have always admired the relationship between art and the nude body. For example, I saw a piece at auction I wanted—it was of a beautiful woman whose body was completely covered by a deep-burgundy cloak.

"It turned out to be a John Opie, a priceless piece, that was exported from Europe to America at the turn of the century. The man who was bidding against me for it was a restorer. Afterward I had him work on the piece. The paint was crackly and I wanted to see what was underneath. As the layers were slowly removed, the figure turned out to be covered by only a transparent piece of fabric—and she was holding a wineglass. The piece had been altered to be more palatable to American sensibilities.

"There is a sensuality in art, and I wanted to use nudity to create an art of sensuality. When I posed for *PLAYBOY* the first time, I was disappointed that I was unable to express my emotions and energy and sexuality through my art. The photos were artistic and I proved that *(text concluded on page 170)*







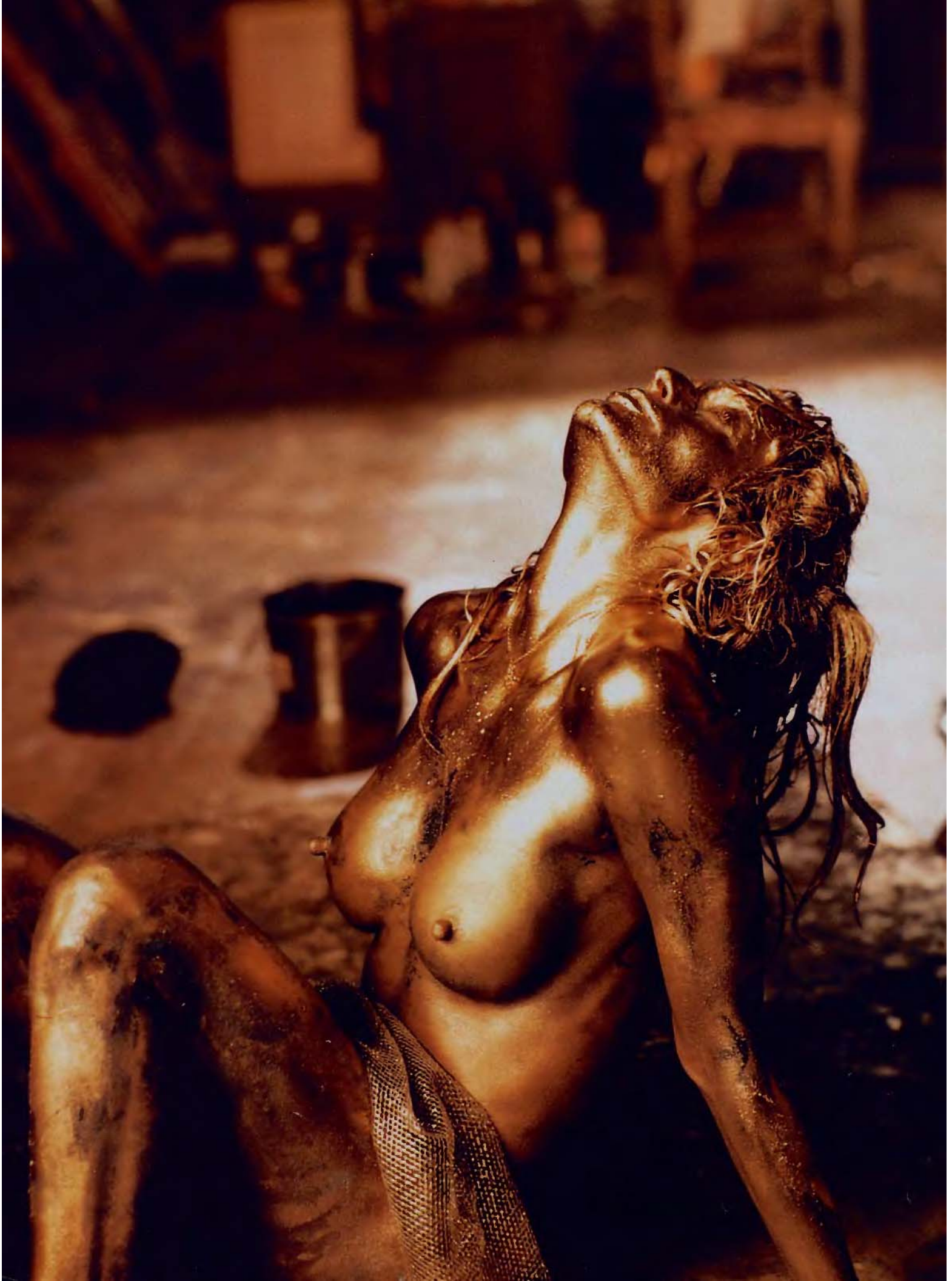




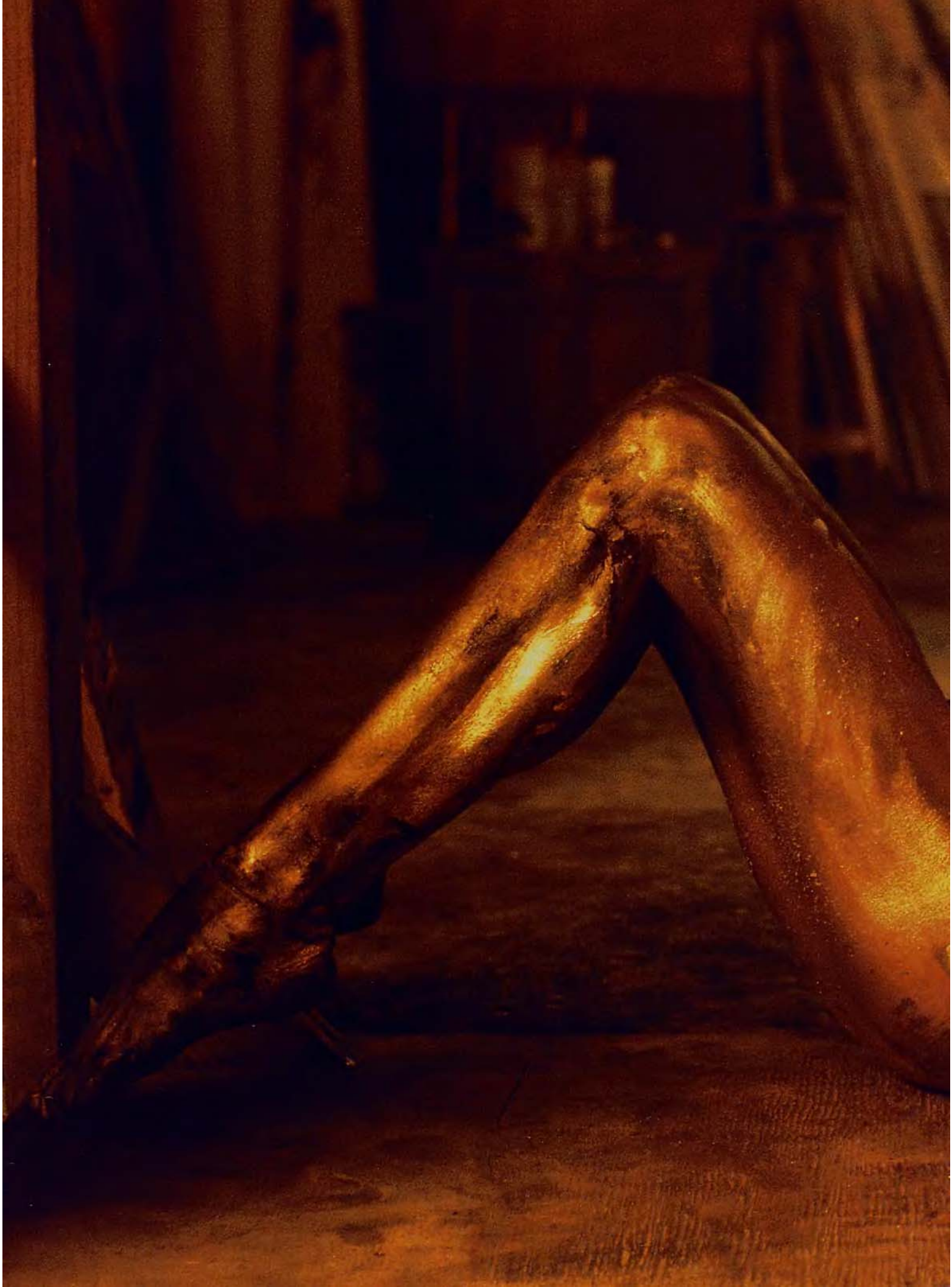


















# HARD TIMES

(continued from page 110)

*America was discovering that poverty had the same power to change sex as prosperity.*

destitute until "she took off her pants," danced naked behind ostrich plumes and a giant opaque balloon.

Nudity, it seems, was the symbol of progress. Titillation, the power to divert public attention away from the unthinkable, would become a national resource. (Indeed, FDR's National Recovery Administration went so far as to dictate how many striptease acts could be performed in an evening of burlesque in New York. The figure: four.)

As dust gathered in the wind, as the floodwaters rose, we looked for escape.

America was discovering that poverty had the same power to change sex as prosperity. Where one gave permission, the other created a desperate indifference, or a fear that change might lead to chaos. The battle between the sexes, once fought for equality and respect, now was a struggle for survival.

## THE END OF PROHIBITION

What had been perceived as a moral crusade and called the Noble Experiment had become a national joke. With FDR came the repeal of Prohibition. The transition from dry to wet was a time of celebration. What had been naughty now bordered on the respectable. The gangsters who had peered through peepholes and listened for passwords now took reservations. Speakeasies became fashionable nightclubs such as the 21, El Morocco, the Cotton Club and the Stork Club. Rumrunners and respectable businessmen built art deco bars and restaurants and Café Society was born. At the Stork Club, a haunt frequented by gangsters and G-men alike, J. Edgar Hoover hung out with Walter Winchell, whose syndicated gossip column and radio broadcasts reached 30 million Americans a week.

Alcohol was no longer government business. If you had a problem with booze, you could join the newly created Alcoholics Anonymous. Former liquor control agents such as Harry Anslinger would have to create a new threat, reefer madness, to stay employed.

The end of Prohibition didn't mean the end of organized crime. The gangsters simply turned to other endeavors, among them extortion, gambling and prostitution. Al "Scarface" Capone took the fall in Chicago on an income tax rap, but Charles "Lucky" Luciano made the Mob in New York into a national syndicate—with himself as the

boss of bosses. He seemed beyond the reach of the law, until an enterprising assistant D.A. noticed that all the prostitutes who came through court had the same lawyer, same bail bondsman and same sad story. Investigation revealed an organized sex trade that netted \$12 million a year. Luciano allegedly ran more than 200 houses of ill repute, an affront that could not be overlooked. Where the Mafia might adhere to a code of silence, the women they hired did not. One prostitute testified that she had been Luciano's personal property, that she had sat in his bedroom while he organized the prostitution ring, listening to incriminating phone calls between sex acts. Prosecutor Thomas Dewey sent the father of organized crime up the river on a sex charge.

## BOOK BURNING

By the Thirties the entire culture had become sexual. An editorial in the November 25, 1931 *Nation* advised "permitting grown-ups to decide for themselves what books they shall buy, what plays they shall see and even what pictures of undressed females they shall look upon."

It was not to be. In times of economic chaos, the need for control focused on the erotic.

Other nations, facing the same upheaval, viewed sex and sexual expression as the roots of disorder. Hitler's thugs ransacked the Berlin Institute of Sexual Science and destroyed the works of Magnus Hirschfeld. Hitler suppressed Theodor van De Velde's pioneering sex manual *Ideal Marriage*—a book that had gone through 42 printings in Germany between 1926 and 1933. On May 10, 1933, 5000 Nazis started a bonfire that would consume a culture. Building a pyre in front of the University of Berlin, students put to the torch volumes by Albert Einstein, Thomas Mann, Karl Marx, H.G. Wells, Ernest Hemingway, Havelock Ellis, Margaret Sanger and Sigmund Freud. (Freud dwelt on "the animal qualities of human nature," cried one of the book burners.)

In *Purity in Print*, Paul Boyer tells how a Nazi historian justified the purge: "The fire is to us the sign and symbol of an inflexible will to purity. The nests of corruption shall be destroyed and the haunts of degeneration purified. Youth, prizing its human

dignity, presses forward to the light, to the sun. O thou eternal longing of the soul to be free from degrading smut and trash!"

America looked at those flames and recoiled. More than 100,000 people in New York City and 50,000 in Chicago marched in protest of the Nazi book burnings.

John Sumner, who had inherited Anthony Comstock's New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, quietly removed the group's symbol—a top-hatted gentleman tossing a pile of books onto a bonfire—from the annual report. Sumner began to withdraw from the censorship crusade, noting that perhaps Comstock had been "some-what of a religious fanatic who also loved notoriety."

Not everyone in America was opposed to censorship. There were those who heard the phrase "banned in Boston" and felt civic pride. Bluenoses in New England blacklisted Boccaccio's *Decameron*, Erskine Caldwell's *God's Little Acre* and Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*, while Detroit censors protected citizens from Casanova's *Mémoires* and Hemingway's *To Have and Have Not*.

In 1930 Congress had passed the Smoot-Hawley Tariff. A last-minute amendment gave U.S. Customs the power to ban obscene books or items. Senator Reed Smoot, like Comstock before him, had thrown a "senatorial stag party." Legislators leered over contraband copies of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, the *Kama Sutra* and Frank Harris' *My Life and Loves*. Lust was a foreign product, a foreign idea that should be kept from American shores. Apparently, there's nothing like sex to obscure a lawmaker's memory of the Bill of Rights. (The nonsexual parts of the Smoot-Hawley bill, intended to ease the effects of the Depression, actually cost the nation nearly \$2 billion a month in lost trade opportunities, and was generally credited with contributing to the economic chaos that led to World War Two.)

In the same year that the Nazis burned books, Morris Ernst, the general counsel of the American Civil Liberties Union, defied U.S. Customs by trying to bring a copy of James Joyce's *Ulysses* into the country. In December 1933 Judge John Munro Woolsey ruled that the book did not "stir the sex impulses." Nowhere could he find "the leer of the sensualist." Within weeks, 33,000 Americans bought—and were baffled by—Joyce's literary lust.

U.S. Customs did not readily relinquish its role as guardian of American morals, however. In 1934 it would ban Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*, a ribald description of the writer's life in Paris.

(continued on page 142)



Don Madden



*"Odd how things work, isn't it?  
All I did was answer yes to the company's medical questionnaire,  
'Are you sexually active?'—now here I am,  
having dinner with the CEO!"*







## J O N L O V I T Z

**W**hen we started this interview with Jon Lovitz almost seven years ago, he was best known as the Master Thesman on "Saturday Night Live." His impersonations included former Democratic presidential candidate Michael Dukakis and the president of Pathological Liars Anonymous, Tommy Flanagan. When Lovitz exited "SNL" (with great regret) in 1990 to pursue a movie career, he left this interview unfinished because of his intensely demanding schedule. Only now, on the heels of such widely respected achievements as being the voice of cartoon movie reviewer Jay Sherman on "The Critic" on TV, plus roles in "A League of Their Own," "City Slickers II," "Big," "Three Amigos," "North" and "High School High," could Lovitz finally take a break to complete this "20 Questions." Contributing Editor David Rensin had patiently sat by the phone, forsaking all other work, waiting for Lovitz to reschedule. Rensin reports: "As befits his stature, Jon wanted to talk poolside at the Beverly Hills Hotel. For security purposes, the staff had cleared the area of bathers. As the wind swept past the empty cabanas, I took a seat on an adjacent deck chair and flipped on the tape recorder. Lovitz turned to me and, as if the passing years had simply been a feverish dream, said, 'So, as I was saying. . .'"

1.

**PLAYBOY:** You're on the verge of leading man-hood. If you were a casting director looking for a Lovitz type, how would you describe what you wanted?

**LOVITZ:** A good character actor who will bring some flair to the part and be really funny. An off-beat leading man who you wouldn't normally cast in the part but who could be charming and vulnerable. Someone with superb screen presence. The embodiment of raw sexuality, pure lust and sexual heat.

2.

**PLAYBOY:** Brad Pitt and George Clooney both seem to define

today's leading man. Whose body would you choose to inhabit for a day and why?

**LOVITZ:** I know them both, but I know George better than Brad, so I think I'd like to be in Brad. That doesn't make me sound gay, does it? Anyway, he was named the World's Sexiest Man, and I wouldn't mind that for a day. I could just look around a room, point at the girls and say, "Hey, you. You." Now when I go into a room, it's, "Me? Me? How about me? What about me?" Actually, they're both great guys, nice and down-to-earth. Both have been around for years, working hard. They don't have fat heads. They're real smart. And after I've said all this they should both think I'm such a great guy that they'd want to be in my body for a day. No—again, that makes me sound gay. For the record, I like women.

3.

**PLAYBOY:** Does that mean you can't discuss the hidden homoerotic appeal of submarine movies?

**LOVITZ:** No. I did see *Crimson Tide*, with Denzel Washington and Gene Hackman, and I thought the acting was great. I took my friend Jennifer, and after the film I said, "So, what did you think?" She said, "It's just a big old penis movie." I said, "What do you mean?" She said, "The submarine is shaped like a penis, the missile is shaped like a penis." I said, "What do you want the missile to be shaped like a vagina, so when they say 'Fire missile one' it travels three feet, fills up with water and sinks? That'd be a great movie." Fortunately, she laughed.

4.

**PLAYBOY:** Under what circumstances will you do a nude scene?

**LOVITZ:** I did one—in *My Stepmother Is an Alien*, with Kim Basinger. But she insisted it be cut because, as she said, "He's so beautiful in the nude that no one will look at me." I said, "I understand, dear." Of course, I will always be nude emotionally. I'm nude now, as we speak. Whenever I'm wearing clothes, I guarantee you, underneath it all I am nude. Nude as a bee. Tell you what: If I were to play Harvey Fierstein, then and only then would I do it. But I would have a body double.

5.

**PLAYBOY:** How do women manage to control our self-esteem?

**LOVITZ:** When you're in bed with a woman, right after you've finished making love, whatever she does or says can build you up or crush you. If she's looking at you in ecstasy and smiling, then you're like, *Yeah*. You feel good. Everyone wants to be thought of as a great lover. But if, when you finish, she says, "Oh, get off," that can pretty much destroy you. When a guy finishes, all he wants to hear is, "You know, you're amazing. You're incredible. You make me feel like a complete woman." So it might be better for a woman to say nothing at all and leave it to the guy's imagination. But they don't. Women always want to talk. You're tired, it's late and you want to go to sleep. But they want to talk. And about what? "So, what did you do today?" "What are you thinking?" What I'm thinking is, Hey, that was great. Now shut up so I can go to sleep. I think what they want to hear is, "I love you. Will you marry me?" I think that's what they're getting at. So the answer should be, "I'm thinking that you're so beautiful. And, you know, that was so great, it just makes me want to relax. I want to fall asleep and dream about you." Right.

6.

**PLAYBOY:** Share a love secret. What can you do to drive a woman wild?

**LOVITZ:** Does the phrase "hood up" mean anything to you?

7.

**PLAYBOY:** How can the Liar tell when others are lying?

**LOVITZ:** He can't. He believes everything. And then he'll just capitalize on it and do you one better. If you said [*points to artwork on a wall*], "I painted that," the Liar would say, "Oh yeah, that's right. I saw your name at the bottom. Yeah. I posed for it. Remember?" "No, I don't remember that." "Well, I was wearing a mask. You didn't recognize me." This is something you can do with real pathological liars. They will believe anything you tell them, because they think they're putting one over on you. So if you know they're lying and you act like you believe them, you can lie right back. They don't have a clue, because they think that they're the only one lying.

8.

**PLAYBOY:** Since you do so many characters, how do you handle getting bugged

our favorite  
fibber fesses  
up about  
coveting brad  
pitt's body,  
how he handles a real  
liar and doing time in  
lesbian chat  
rooms



to do messages for people's answering machines?

LOVITZ: I don't care, really. It's usually for my friends. I do it [grimaces] and then they make me do it over and over for half an hour. They go, "No! That's not right! Make it funny, like this." They start directing me. They say, "No, wrong! Too long! Do this!" I'm always saying stuff they don't want on their machines. I usually do it as the Master Thespian. [Booming theatrical voice] "Hello, I can't come to the phone right now. I'm in the bathroom. So please leave a message and I'll—Oops! Sorry!"

9.

PLAYBOY: What's the most demeaning job you've ever had?

LOVITZ: I was an orderly in a hospital for six months. I had to wipe people's butts after they took a shit. I wouldn't say it was demeaning, but I wouldn't want to do it again. I couldn't believe it. You're standing there wiping somebody's butt, going, "Gee, I wish I were onstage." Then I'd remember my father saying, "You want to act?" But I'd think, Why, when I can do this?

10.

PLAYBOY: Now that you're a big star, how do you manage to resist taking advantage of women who throw themselves at you?

LOVITZ: And indeed they do. And they're all stunningly beautiful. So I think it's my duty to take advantage. Actually, I usually hear, "I love your work. I think you're funny. You bring joy into the world." I'd rather hear a beautiful woman say, "You're so funny. *Let's go somewhere.*" The idea that women, when asked what's most important in a man, say "a sense of humor"—that's the biggest bunch of horseshit. OK: Here's

my friend Joe; he's really funny. And here's the Sheik of Arabia. Who do you want to go out with? "Well, is the sheik funny?" No. "All right, I'll go out with the sheik." I mean, come on! Who are we kidding?

11.

PLAYBOY: You like to go online. Do you tell people who you are? How often do you log on as a woman?

LOVITZ: I get online and I'm dying to tell people it's me. I go, "What do you think of Jon Lovitz?" They'll say "He's funny" or "He sucks" or something. Then I'll say, "Hey, I am Jon Lovitz" and they'll say, "Yeah, right. Yeah, that's the ticket." They don't believe it. Eventually one person will send me a private message asking, "You're really Jon Lovitz?" "Yes. Ask me anything." So he or she starts asking me stuff and then goes, "Oh my God."

I logged on as a lesbian once. The lesbian chat rooms are pretty fun—until you realize that every lesbian there is really a man trying to find a lesbian.

12.

PLAYBOY: You've known Lisa Kudrow since she was a little girl. Did you ever have a crush on her? Are you still friends?

LOVITZ: Her brother, David Kudrow—he's now a neurologist—and I became best friends in about sixth grade. I was always at their house. Her parents are like my parents. When I was in college and she was about 14 we would always talk about acting. I got her a book about auditioning and wrote in it: "To My Fellow Thespian." When I was on *Saturday Night Live* I encouraged her to take classes at the Groundlings Theater, and she did. Now she tells me I inspired her. That makes me feel pretty good.

I never had a crush on her, but I've always liked her. She's like my sister. My mom and her mom once tried to set us up, but I said, "Jesus, it'd be like seeing David's face coming at me for a kiss."

13.

PLAYBOY: What is the most amazing thing you've ever found in a woman's purse?

LOVITZ: Well, it was kind of weird. She was crazy. A friend of mine set me up with her, and I said, "Are you seeing anyone now?" She said, "No. I was, but we just broke up." I said, "What was he like?" And she said, "Here, judge for yourself," and she pulled out a little box and opened it. In it was his dick. It had the initials DC, and it was very little. And then she rubbed it, and you could kind of see DAN . . . CAR. . . And then she rubbed it a little more, and it said DANA CARVEY.

14.

PLAYBOY: If the Liar were on television today, who would be his Morgan Fairchild and why?

LOVITZ: Gwyneth Paltrow. It would be funny because everyone knows she's with Brad Pitt. [As the Liar] "She's actually with me. I lent her to Brad. I didn't tell him. Or her. I might spring it on them someday. I secretly married her—without her knowledge."

15.

PLAYBOY: How do you go about building self-confidence?

LOVITZ: When you look in the mirror, know that the handsome fellow staring back at you is indeed you. But however good you look, know that he's two-dimensional and you're three-dimensional, and so you look even better.

16.

PLAYBOY: What doesn't look good on you?

LOVITZ: Thank you. What doesn't look good on me!

17.

PLAYBOY: You share a beach house with another guy. What do you do when he's entertaining someone?

LOVITZ: When he has a date over, and he's sitting on the couch with her, I like to plop down next to her and say, "Hi. Want to be alone?" I do everything I can to embarrass him. He always says, "I'll get you later." It's a lot of fun.

18.

PLAYBOY: Many actors experience anxiety after they finish a project and fear they'll never get another job. How do you handle the pressure?

LOVITZ: After I left *Saturday Night Live* I kept thinking, Should I have left? Should I have left? I did that for about two years. Then I got a job and I was OK. The best lesson I learned about this



"I know it's your beeper! Where the hell is it?"





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was from William Shatner, when he hosted *Saturday Night Live*. Every week I'd be all anxiety-ridden and tense, and they'd say, "You've got to work on your scene." But when Shatner hosted the show, he seemed so relaxed. I said, "How do you do it?" He said, "Just . . . do it." The next week I tried to relax. I realized that all anyone was asking was whether I could walk from the door to the couch and then speak. I knew how to walk. I knew how to speak. So I just did it, and I found it worked. Instead of worrying about being funny, I was fine—perhaps not more funny, but not less funny than when I was all tied up inside.

19.

PLAYBOY: What's the appeal of the hooker in Hollywood?

LOVITZ: Well, they're really pretty, and they're really good in bed—so I've heard. I think the appeal to any man is that there's nothing involved but pure sex and lust. In Japan and France men have mistresses. It's not natural for a man to be in a monogamous relationship. Your testosterone is going all the time. For women to say that men are

pigs because they want to sleep with a lot of women is like saying women are ridiculous because they want to be with one man, have kids and nest. It's our instinct. It's just the way it is. If a man were able to impregnate a woman only once a month, he'd have to hook up with a person on the right cycle. The species would probably die. It would be hell if both sexes had to check their temperatures with those basal thermometers all the time. One of us always has to be ready to go, and it just so happens it's the man.

20.

PLAYBOY: During *City Slickers II* you interviewed Jack Palance for *Movieline*. What's the question that you didn't get to ask?

LOVITZ: I asked it, only they left it out. I said: "Now, Jack, you were a professional heavyweight boxer, then you went on to make movies. You're known as a real tough guy. But what I want to know is: If you had been born a woman, what would you want to look like?" He said, "I wouldn't change a thing."



## HARD TIMES

(continued from page 136)

While Customs seemed obsessed with controlling foreign ideas about sex, it let foreign ideas about censorship pass. The increasing influx of immigrants had introduced a Roman Catholic model into moral intervention. While Puritans relied on government and vigilante vice groups for repression, the Catholics looked to the Vatican. For centuries, the Catholic Church had published the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*—a list of banned publications. The Church not only burned books. It had, on occasion, burned authors. Churchgoers who sampled prohibited literature faced a different kind of fire.

Catholics believed in a single infallible authority, while among Protestants "every man was his own priest." The Catholics were not only better organized than the Protestants, they also ran the political machines and law enforcement in many of the nation's major cities. When "the agents of gang religion" tried to dictate the tastes of Americans, the results would be felt for decades.

### THE CODE

From the outset, Hollywood had been plagued by freelance censors. It seemed that every city and township had a scissors-wielding crusader. Following the Fatty Arbuckle scandal in 1921, studios confronted almost 40 separate state bills calling for film censorship. They had responded by forming the Hays Office. The industry would regulate itself according to a set of guidelines known as "the Don'ts and the Be Carefuls."

The Hays Office may have placated the Protestants; the Catholics had other ideas. George Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago, Martin Quigley (publisher of the *Motion Picture Herald*), Joseph Breen (a Catholic reporter and PR flack) and two Jesuits, Fathers Daniel Lord and Fitzgeorge Dinneen—all connected to the Archdiocese of Chicago—felt that the Hays Office guidelines had become a travesty and that Will Hays himself had become a studio stooge. Quigley and company drafted a model of the "Cardinal's Code"—what became the Motion Picture Production Code in March 1930.

Under the rubric of General Principles, the Code declared: "No picture shall be produced which will lower the moral standards of those who see it. Hence the sympathy of the audience shall never be thrown to the side of crime, wrongdoing, evil or sin.

"Law, natural or human, shall not be ridiculed, nor shall sympathy be created for its violation."

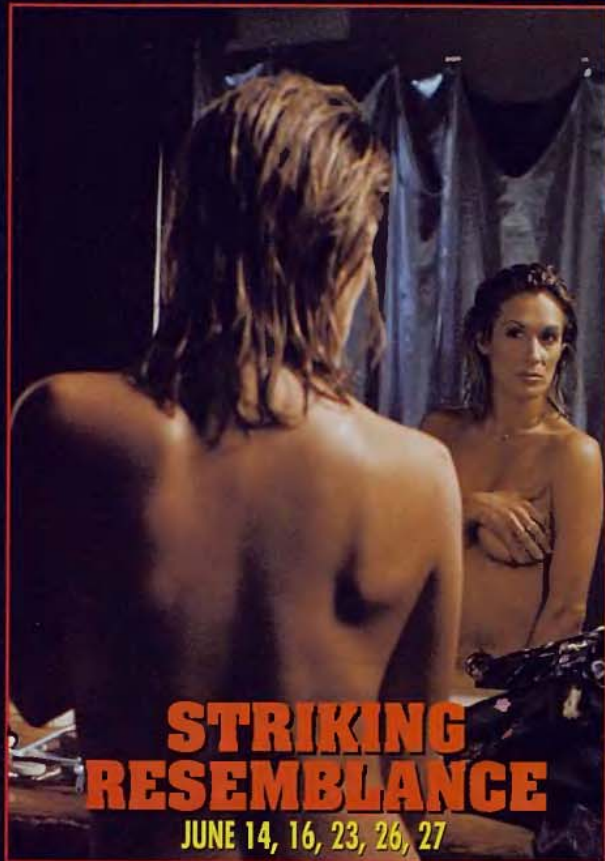
The Production Code prohibited scenes that made adultery or illicit sex seem attractive. (One critic wondered how the studios hoped to accomplish this goal. Did it mean that one had to



"May I remind you, Georgie Porgie, that you not only kissed the girls—you made them cry."



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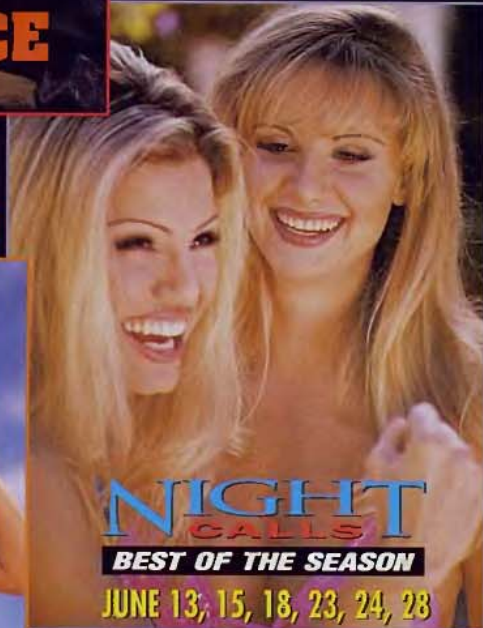
Carrie Stevens  
Miss June



Daphne  
Lynn Duplaix  
Miss July

# more than you ever imagined...

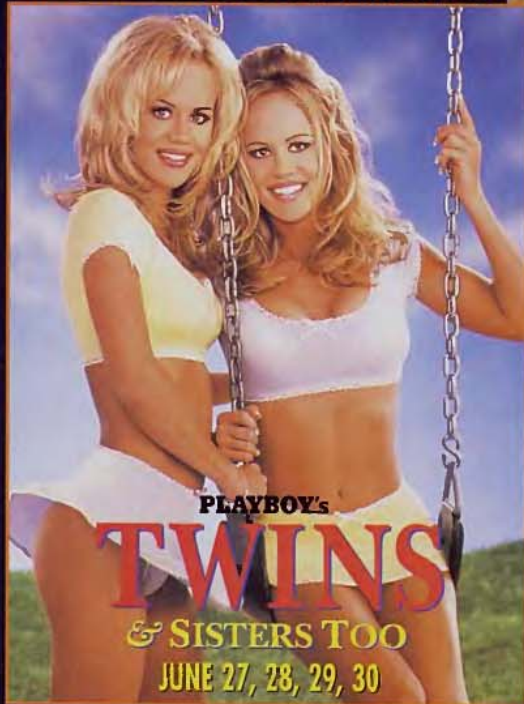
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CUERVO  
PRIMO TEQUILA

show ugly mistresses?)

Directors could not indulge in scenes of gratuitous passion: Ardor could appear only when essential to the plot. (But the very nature of passion is that it is unexpected, that it leads only to romance and not to, say, the discovery of radio waves or a new planet.)

The Code was against "excessive and lustful kissing, lustful embraces and suggestive postures or gestures." As Gene Fowler, a Hollywood humorist, wrote, "Will Hays is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in clean postures."

If a plot demanded passion, then directors were to show it so as "not to stimulate the lower and baser emotions." Or as Fowler noted: "Thou shalt not photograph the wiggling belly, the gleaming thigh or the winking navel, especially to music, as goings-on of this ilk sorely troubleth the little boys of our land and so crammeth the theater with adolescence that papa cannot find a seat."

The Code prohibited treatment of rape, seduction, sexual perversion, white slavery, sex relationships between whites and blacks, scenes of childbirth and the filming of a child's sex organs. Nudity was out of the question.

Hays and the Hollywood moguls saw the Code as a means of fending off real censorship. What did they know?

### LIGHTS, CAMERA, ACTION

During the first years of the Depression moviegoers vanished. Almost 90 million viewers had flocked to dream palaces weekly in 1930: By the end of 1931 the figure was 60 million. Father Daniel Lord, trying to justify the Production Code, blamed the downturn on "too much sex" in the movies.

Hollywood looked at the figures and came to the opposite conclusion. As the Depression deepened, directors by and large ignored the Code. Studios on the edge of bankruptcy released increasingly explicit films. Marlene Dietrich, dressed in a man's tuxedo, kisses a woman to get Gary Cooper's attention in *Morocco* (1930). Joan Crawford plays a prostitute led astray by a preacher in *Rain* (1932). Jean Harlow uses sex as a passport to success in *Red Headed Woman* (1932). Barbara Stanwyck does the same in *Baby Face* (1933), sleeping her way to the top of the corporate ladder. With titles such as *Illicit*, *Sinner's Holiday*, *Confessions of a Coed*, *Forbidden* and *Skyscraper Souls*, the movie studios pushed the limits of propriety. There was even a version of William Faulkner's controversial novel *Sanctuary*—a story that featured the raping of a woman with a corncob.

Even musicals ignored the Code. In *42nd Street*, *Gold Diggers of 1933* and *Footlight Parade*, Busby Berkeley transformed near-naked chorines into kaleidoscopic erotic fantasies and Freudian fountains. In one scene, he turned

women into musical instruments, prompting a mother to protest: "I did not raise my daughter to be a human harp."

### SIGN OF THE CROSS

Frank Walsh, author of *Sin and Censorship*, believes that one movie "played a significant role" in triggering the subsequent Catholic crusade. In 1932 director Cecil B. De Mille, flouting the Code, released a film that combined "sex, nudity, arson, homosexuality, lesbianism, mass murder and orgies."

*The Sign of the Cross* was spectacular. It followed Hollywood's old trademark formula of six reels of sin, one reel of condemnation, opening with the burning of Rome, followed by Claudette Colbert, playing the Empress Poppaea, breast deep in a milk bath. A beautiful body, glistening, always on the edge of exposure—it held the nation's attention.

The film pitted the Christian virgin Mercia, a model of purity, against all the vices of pagan Rome. It culminates in an afternoon of Roman programming: See a naked slave tethered to a stake as a love morsel for a crazed gorilla. Witness a woman clad in only a garland of flowers be suspended between two stakes while crocodiles advance. Watch elephants crush the skulls of true believers, Amazons spike Pygmies on spears, gladiators slaughter slaves. See lions feast on Christians!

In one powerful scene a Christian martyr carries a child into the arena, hiding the girl's face beneath his cloak so she will not see the slaughter. Father Lord and the others wanted to draw a cloak over the eyes of all Americans.

Realizing that the Code would not be enforced unless there was pressure from outside the industry, supporters began to organize, reaching out to other influential Catholics. In October 1933 the group persuaded Monsignor Amleto Giovanni Cicognani, the newly appointed apostolic delegate from Rome, to endorse a crusade: "Catholics are called by God, the Pope, the bishops and the priests to a united and vigorous campaign for the purification of the cinema, which has become a deadly menace to morals."

In response, the American bishops appointed a committee to organize what would become known as the Legion of Decency.

Between seven million and nine million Catholics took a pledge: "I condemn indecent and immoral pictures and those which glorify crime or criminals. I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion against the production of indecent and immoral films and to unite with all those who protest them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life. As a member of the Legion of Decency I pledge myself to



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remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy."

"Purify Hollywood or destroy Hollywood" became the anthem of the new crusade. A Buffalo priest came up with a new catechism: M=moral menace, O=obscenity, V=vulgarity, I=immorality, E=exposure, S=sex. Bishops and priests produced lists of blacklisted films, often in conflict with one another.

Film historian Gregory Black says: "The Catholic periodical *Extension Magazine* told readers that movies were 'an occasion of sin.' If Catholics knowingly went to a movie that the church had declared 'immoral,' they had committed a mortal sin.

"A mortal sin was considered a major breach of Catholic dogma, and if not forgiven through confession and serious penance, would result in eternal damnation. Suddenly, Catholics faced the prospect of eternal damnation for going to the wrong movie!"

In September 1934 some 70,000 students took to the streets of Chicago not to protest book burning in Germany, but to declare a new war. They carried placards that read: AN ADMISSION TO AN INDECENT MOVIE IS AN ADMISSION TICKET TO HELL.

Pass the popcorn.

THE HOLLYWOOD HITLER

It was not enough to pledge fidelity to a Catholic approved Production Code. The Code required an enforcer.

In 1932 Joe Breen, who had joined

the Hays Office as a special assistant to the president, wrote to Father Wilfrid Parsons, an influential Jesuit, complaining that Hollywood Jews would never honor the Code:

"They are simply a rotten bunch of vile people with no respect for anything beyond the making of money. Here in Hollywood we have paganism rampant and in its most virulent form. Drunkenness and debauchery are commonplace. Sexual perversion is rampant. Any number of our directors and stars are perverts. These Jews seem to think of nothing but moneymaking and sexual indulgence. The vilest kind of sin is a common indulgence hereabouts and the men and women who engage in this sort of business are the men and women who decide what the film fare of the nation is to be. They and they alone make the decision. Ninety-five percent of these folks are Jews of an eastern European lineage. They are, probably, the scum of the earth."

In a meeting with studio heads, Joseph Scott, a Catholic lawyer invited by Breen and Los Angeles' Bishop Cantwell, called the Jews "disloyal" Americans, engaged in "a conspiracy to debauch the youth of the land." Scott reminded the producers that there were groups in America "sympathetic with the Nazi assaults on Jews in Germany and were even now organizing further to attack the Jew in America."

Catholics represented one third of the movie audience in major cities. A boycott would have killed the industry. Hollywood capitulated: Hays hired Breen to

enforce the Production Code. Between 1936 and 1939 Breen's office handed down 26,808 opinions interpreting the Code.

In the gospel according to Breen, the sophisticated married couple Nick and Nora Charles slept in twin beds throughout the half a dozen *Thin Man* films. No women appeared pregnant on-screen. No bathroom had a toilet. And Betty Boop gave up her garter.

Under the Production Code the average length of a screen kiss dropped from 72 inches of film (about four seconds) to 18 inches (or 1.5 seconds). Nudity disappeared. Troubled by the trailer for *Tarzan and His Mate* that showed Jane swimming naked with Johnny Weissmuller, Breen demanded that the scene be cut from the finished movie. He also insisted on less revealing attire for the jungle couple. In a scene where Tarzan drags Jane into their treetop abode, Breen ordered cut the sound of Jane's contented laughter.

In another film, he objected to the look of expectation on a bride's face as she climbed into bed with her husband on a Pullman train. You could not show sexual pleasure, and you could not show the anticipation of sexual pleasure either. The Code insisted that great care be taken when filming in bedrooms because "certain places are so closely and thoroughly associated with sexual life and with sexual sin that their use must be carefully limited." According to some scholars, the Code changed the nature of lovemaking, creating an unlikely *Kama Sutra* where couples on a couch or bed had to keep one foot on the floor.

Breen censored references to abortion, breast-feeding, pregnancy and childbirth. Children fell from the sky (literally, when Boy was added to the cast of *Tarzan*). A highly acclaimed educational film titled *The Birth of a Baby*, which showed scenes of childbirth, was denied approval. The subject was "sacred."

Breen inflicted the standards of the Victorian era on movie dialogue. One could not utter the words nerts, nuts, cripes, fanny, Gawd, hell or hold your hat. You could not call a woman an alley cat, a bat, a broad, a chippie, a tart, a slut or a madam. Go figure.

According to Frank Walsh, Joe Breen seemed obsessed with "the intimate behavior of barnyard animals." "At no time," opined a member of Breen's staff, "should there be any shots of actual milking, and there cannot be any showing of the udders of the cow." The Code could not tolerate King Kong's lust for Fay Wray—cutting scenes that showed Kong peeling off the dress from the writhing sacrificial victim. (It was Breen, not Beauty, who killed the Beast.) If he did not get a film on its debut, he cut it on its rerelease. By the next decade, such sexually aggressive monsters as Frankenstein and Dracula had been



"Well, we've sure come a long way from 'Drink Coca-Cola.'"







reduced to straight men for Abbott and Costello.

As for relations between humans, the battles over the filming of *Gone With the Wind* were impressive. Breen's office shortened a shot of Scarlett O'Hara licking her chops after the night Rhett Butler carried her up the stairs. The censors requested that Rhett's parting shot be changed to "Frankly, my dear, I just don't care." More than two million people had read the novel without Western civilization being plunged into depravity. Producer David O. Selznick refused to change the line.

The censor's control reached beyond the cutting room. Hollywood studio heads went out of their way to police the private lives of actors and actresses. The

fan magazines and gossip columnists played along. The public never learned that Loretta Young had Clark Gable's baby after co-starring in *The Call of the Wild*. Or that Marlene Dietrich was a switch-hitter. Or that Cary Grant and Randolph Scott shared a beach house until the studio objected. The dateline on stories about the industry no longer read Hollywood Babylon—it was Anytown, U.S.A.

MAE WEST

Into this nest of repression waltzed Mae West. She arrived in Hollywood in 1932, a 39-year-old veteran of Broadway, a woman in complete control of her public persona. West had already done what no Hollywood actor, actress, writer

or producer had done before. She had gone to jail for what she had to say about sex. West was arrested in 1927 during a crackdown ordered by Joseph McKee, acting mayor of New York City. West's raucous *Sex* had already played 375 performances on the Great White Way. West spent eight days in jail, then returned with an equally rowdy, even more successful play called *Diamond Lil*.

While Paramount tried to figure out a way to get a script of *Diamond Lil* past the Hays Office, it gave West a small part in *Night After Night*, a George Raft movie.

Writing her own lines for what amounted to little more than a cameo appearance, she stole the picture. West's first scene is a classic moment with a hatcheck girl who exclaims: "Goodness, what beautiful diamonds." To which West replies, "Goodness had nothing to do with it, dearie."

The exchange set the tone for West's characters in all the films that followed. She was constantly setting the world straight.

The Hays Office might change the title of *Diamond Lil* (to *She Done Him Wrong*) and make the story incomprehensible, but nothing could restrain Mae. She had her own view of men, telling a young woman who had fallen on hard times: "Men's all alike, married or single. It's their game. I happen to be smart enough to play it their way."

"Who'd want me," sobs the girl, "after what I've done?"

Mae reassures her: "When women go wrong, men go right after them."

In *She Done Him Wrong*, West, playing a singer in a saloon, pursues Cary Grant: "Why don't you come up sometime, see me? Come up, I'll tell your fortune." When Grant hesitates, she delivers the line that gets the laugh: "Aw, you can be had."

One of West's sultriest moments came when she took the stage to sing *A Guy What Takes His Time*, a candid celebration of foreplay. Censors in New York, Ohio, Maryland, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania excised the song. The Hays Office, trying to salvage its reputation, cut the scene to an opening and closing verse, leaving a visible scar on the film.

Paramount teamed West and Grant in a second film, *I'm No Angel*. Her slow shimmy during *Sister Honky-Tonk*, shot largely off or below camera, was as knowing a sexual dance as was ever performed on film.

The film is filled with classic one-liners. After a lawyer in a breach of promise suit tries to establish her promiscuity, West purrs, "It's not the men in your life. It's the life in your men."

Representing herself, she cruises past the jury box with the aside, "How am I doing, hmm?"

West played for the real jury—her audience. More than 46 million Americans saw the two films. She proved that sex

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♪  
*Learn to Croon* \* *All of Me* \* *I Found a Million Dollar Baby (In the Five and Ten Cent Store)* \* *Just a Gigolo* \* *Minnie the Moocher*

♪  
*Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams* \* *Star Dust* \* *Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?* \* *I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues* \* *In a Shanty in Old Shanty Town* \* *It's Only a Paper Moon* \* *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes* \* *Stormy Weather* \* *Street of Dreams* \* *Temptation* \* *Try a Little Tenderness*

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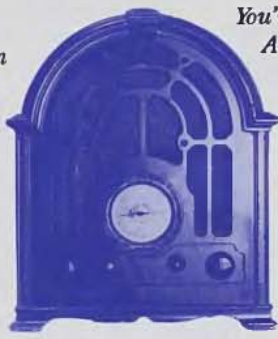
♪  
*Let's Face the Music and Dance* \* *The Music Goes 'Round and Around* \* *Pen-pies From Heaven* \* *You Turned the Tables on Me* \* *A Foggy Day* \* *Harbor Lights* \* *I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm*

*The Lady Is a Tramp* \* *Let's Call the Whole Thing Off* \* *Let's Have Another Cigarette* \* *The Moon Got in My Eyes* \* *My Funny Valentine* \* *Nice Work If You Can Get It* \* *Once in Awhile* \* *One O'Clock Jump* \* *Somebody Else Is Taking My Place* \* *That Old Feeling* \* *They All Laughed* \* *Too Marvelous for Words* \* *Where or When* \* *With Plenty of Money and You*

♪  
*You're Laughing at Me* \* *A-Tisket A-Tasket* \* *By Myself* \* *Falling in Love With Love* \* *Flat Foot Floogie* \* *Get Out of Town* \* *Hooray for Hollywood* \* *I Wanna Be in Winchell's Column* \* *I'll Be Seeing You* \* *I've Got a Pocketful of Dreams* \* *Jeebers Creepers* \* *My Heart Belongs to Daddy* \* *Please Be Kind*

♪  
*Someday My Prince Will Come* \* *Thanks for the Memory* \* *This Can't Be Love* \* *This Is My Night to Dream* \* *Whistle While You Work* \* *You Go to My Head* \* *You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby* \* *All the Things You Are* \* *Beer Barrel Polka*

♪  
*Deep Purple* \* *Don't Worry 'Bout Me* \* *I Didn't Know What Time It Was* \* *I Get Along Without You Very Well* \* *If I Didn't Care* \* *In the Mood* \* *Moonlight Serenade* \* *Stairway to the Stars* \* *What's New* \* *Wishing* \* *Careless* \* *If I Knew Then* \* *You're a Sweet Little Heartache* \* *Over the Rainbow*





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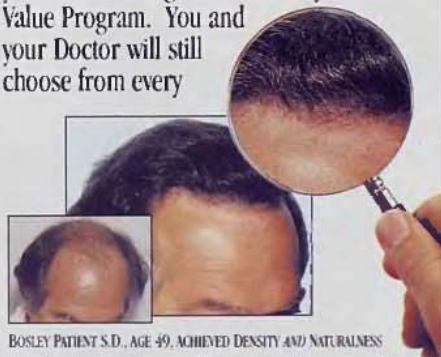
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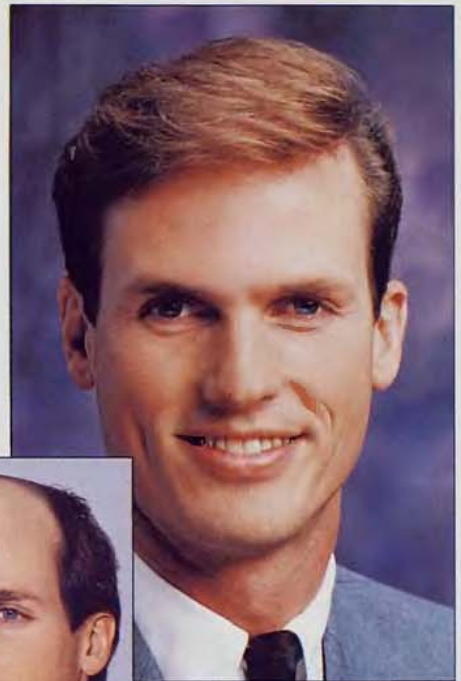
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## Great Lines From The Golden Age Of Cinema

"Baby, you're the key to my ignition."—CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD TO EDDIE CANTOR IN *Palmy Days*, 1931

"Aw, I wouldn't go for that dame if she was the last woman on earth—and I just got out of the Navy."—JAMES CAGNEY IN *Taxi!*, 1932

"She only said no once, and then she didn't hear the question."—GEORGE E. STONE ABOUT GINGER ROGERS IN *42nd Street*, 1933

"Outside, Countess. As long as they've got sidewalks, you've got a job."—JOAN BLONDELL TO CLAIRE DODD IN *Footlight Parade*, 1933

"Do you know that she makes \$45 a week and sends her mother a hundred of it?"—GINGER ROGERS IN *42nd Street*, 1933

"From now on you're the only man in the world my door is closed to."—NORMA SHEARER TO HUSBAND CHESTER MORRIS IN *The Divorcée*, 1930

"Can you see through this?"

"I'm afraid you can, dear."

"I'll take it."—JEAN HARLOW TO A SHOPGIRL WHILE TRYING ON A DRESS IN *Red Headed Woman*, 1932

"You're fighting for this woman's honor, which is probably more than she ever did."—GROUCHO MARX IN *Duck Soup*, 1933

"Haven't you ever met a man that could make you happy?"

"Sure, lots of times."—CARY GRANT AND MAE WEST IN *She Done Him Wrong*, 1933

"I was reading that machinery is going to take the place of every profession."

"Oh, my dear, that's something you need never worry about."—EXCHANGE BETWEEN JEAN HARLOW AND MARIE DRESSLER IN *Dinner at Eight*, 1933

"I read you were shot five times in the tabloids."

"It's not true. He didn't come anywhere near my tabloids."—MYRNA LOV

AND WILLIAM POWELL IN *The Thin Man*, 1934

"A wedding is a funeral where you smell your own flowers."—EDDIE CANTOR IN *Kid Millions*, 1934

"Why didn't you take off all your clothes? You could have stopped 40 cats."—CLARK GABLE TO CLAUDETTE COLBERT ON HER HITCHHIKING TECHNIQUE IN *It Happened One Night*, 1934

"Love has got to stop someplace short of suicide."—WALTER HUSTON TO WIFE RUTH CHATTERTON IN *Dodsworth*, 1936



"When I get back to my room, you're the only thing I want to find missing."—GINGER ROGERS TO ROOMMATE GAIL PATRICK IN *Stage Door*, 1937

"Why didn't you starve first?"—HUMPHREY BOGART TO CLAIRE TREVOR ON DISCOVERING HIS FORMER GIRLFRIEND IS A PROSTITUTE, IN *Dead End*, 1937

"I guess it was easier for her to change her name than for her whole family to change theirs."—IRENE DUNNE ABOUT JOYCE COMPTON IN *The Awful Truth*, 1937

"If I hold you any closer, I'll be in back of you."—GROUCHO MARX TO ESTHER MUIR IN *A Day at the Races*, 1937

"Do you think there's anything wrong with a guy that don't want a girl to kiss him all the time? Cynthia, oh, she'll let you kiss her whenever you want. She doesn't want to play tennis, go for walks. All she wants to do is kiss you. I'm a nervous wreck."—MICKEY ROONEY TO LEWIS STONE IN *Love Finds Andy Hardy*, 1938

"I'm sicka hearing about men that do the little things. Give me a guy that does a big thing once in a while, like paying a month's rent."—MARY PHILLIPS IN *Mannequin*, 1938

"Ninotchka, it's midnight. One half of Paris is making love to the other half."—MELVYN DOUGLAS TO GRETA GARBO IN *Ninotchka*, 1939

"I know exactly how you feel, my dear. The morning after always does look grim if you happen to be wearing last night's dress."—INA CLAIRE TO GRETA GARBO IN *Ninotchka*, 1939

"My mother told me never to enter any man's room in months ending in R."—IRENE DUNNE TO CHARLES BOYER IN *Love Affair*, 1939

"Someday you'll realize that glamour isn't the only thing in the world. If your show's a flop, you'll find you can't eat glamour for breakfast."—JUDY GARLAND, LOOKING AT A PHOTO OF MICKEY ROONEY, WHO HAS GIVEN THE LEAD TO ANOTHER WOMAN, IN *Babes in Arms*, 1939

"Sir, you are no gentleman."

"And you, miss, are no lady."—EXCHANGE BETWEEN VIVIEN LEIGH AND CLARK GABLE ON THEIR FIRST MEETING IN *Gone With the Wind*, 1939

"You should be kissed, and often, by someone who knows how."—CLARK GABLE TO VIVIEN LEIGH IN *Gone With the Wind*, 1939

"Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn."—CLARK GABLE'S LAST LINE TO VIVIEN LEIGH IN *Gone With the Wind*, 1939



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## HOW TO BUY

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, 76-77, 80-85 and 183, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



Bennington Tobacconist, Boca Raton, FL, 561-391-1372; Barclay Rex Pipe Shop, NYC, 212-962-3355; Famous Smoke Shop, NYC, 212-221-1408; Arnold's Tobacco Shop, NYC, 212-697-1477; Jon's Pipe Shop, Clayton, MO, 314-721-1480. For Alfred Dunhill retailers call 800-860-8362; for J.R. Tobacco retailers call 800-572-4427; and for a complete list of authorized

### WIRED

Page 32: "All Work—and Some Play": Software from Sirius Publishing, 800-247-0307. "TV Hang-Ups": Flat panel television: By QFTV, 415-286-0900 or from Hammacher Schlemmer, 800-543-3366. "Car Tunes": Car stereos: By Pioneer Electronics, 800-PIONEER. By Blaupunkt, 800-950-BLAU. By Alpine Electronics of America, 800-ALPINE-1. By Kenwood Electronics, 800-536-9663. "Wild Things": Universal remote control by Rotel, 800-370-3741. Camera from UN Production, 800-766-4645. Computer by Hewlett Packard, 800-PCHOME-1.

### TOBACCO ROAD

Pages 76-77: Cigars: LeRoy Neiman Selection for Playboy by Don Diego, at Smoker's Haven, Tucson, 602-747-8989; Tinder Box, Costa Mesa, CA, 714-540-8262; Jerri's Pipe Shop, Denver, 303-825-3522; Cigar Port, Westport, CT, 203-227-6800; Mike's Cigars, Bay Harbor, FL, 800-962-4427; Tinder Box, Atlanta, 404-231-9853; Iwan Reis Tobacconist, Chicago, 800-621-1457; Kremer's Smoke Shop, Louisville, KY, 502-584-3332; Tinder Box, Metairie, LA, 504-242-2846; A. Fader & Sons, Baltimore, 410-685-5511; L.J. Peretti Co., Boston, 617-482-0218; Fred Diebel Tobacconist, Kansas City, MO, 816-931-2988; Holt Cigar Co., Philadelphia, 215-676-8778; Tobacco Lane #2, Fort Worth, 817-284-7251; Rowe-Manse Emporium, Clifton, NJ, 201-472-8170; Mardi Gras Cigars, Las Vegas, 702-251-4920; De La Concha Tobacco, NYC, 212-757-3167; Curtis Draper, Washington, DC, 202-638-2555; Tobacco Barn, Falls Church, VA, 703-536-5588; Route 37 West, Toms River, NJ, 980-914-1744; Maxim Smoke Shop, Syosset, NY, 516-921-4513; Smoker's Gallery, Fort Lauderdale, 954-561-0002; Straus Tobacconist, Cincinnati, 513-621-3388; Humidor #1, San Antonio, 210-824-1209; Smoker's Haven, Lubbock, TX, 806-799-2489; Hiland Tobacco Locker, Huntington Beach, CA, 714-897-1172; Beverly Hills Tobacco, 310-276-7358;

retailers write Consolidated Cigar Corp., P.O. Box 407166JR, Fort Lauderdale, FL 33340. Cigar flask from Baekgaard, Ltd., 800-323-5413. Pipe collection by Peterson Collection, from Max Rohr Import, 800-24-SMOKE; Arnold's Tobacco Shop, NYC, 212-697-1477; Barclay Rex, NYC, 212-962-3355; Cousin's Cigar Co., Cleveland, 216-781-9390; Stag Tobacconist, Phoenix, 602-265-2748; Tinder Box, Murray, UT, 801-268-1321; Gus' Smoke Shop, Sherman Oaks, CA, 818-789-1401. Cigar Savor from Cigar Savor, 800-372-2069. Cigar cutter by Garman Jama LLC, from Club Import, 800-916-3370. Cigar lighter from S.T. Dupont, 800-341-7003. Cigar ashtray from Pavillon Christofle, Chicago, 312-664-9700. Humidor by Elie Bleu and cigars by Diana Sihnus 2000 from Up Down Tobacco Shop, Chicago, 800-5-UPDOWN.

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### PERFECT FIT

Pages 80-81: Cuff links by Verdura, at Verdura, NYC, 212-265-3227. Page 82: Shoes by J.M. Weston, at J.M. Weston, NYC, 212-535-2100. Page 83: Shirt by Alexander S. Kabbaz/Joelle M. Kelly & Sons, at Alexander S. Kabbaz/Joelle M. Kelly & Sons, NYC, 212-861-7700. Tie by Chauvet, at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC, 212-753-4000. Page 85: Suit, shirt, tie and pocket square by Alan Flusser, from Alan Flusser Custom at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC, 212-888-7100.

### ON THE SCENE

Page 183: "Get Organized": Organizers: By Rolodex Electronics and Franklin Electronics, 800-BOOKMAN. By Royal, 908-526-8200. By Casio, 800-YO-CASIO.

sells, single-handedly bringing Paramount back from the edge of bankruptcy. But, facing pressure from the Legion of Decency, Mae's early films were removed from circulation. With the arrival of Joe Breen, each successive film was subject to increased scrutiny. Reviewing the script for *Klondike Annie*, Breen objected to the presence of a Bible in a scene with West. He ordered the book's title changed to *Settlement Maxims*.

Controversy followed West to radio. She appeared on the Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy show:

MAE: "You're all wood and a yard long."

CHARLIE: "Yeah."

MAE: "You weren't so nervous and backward when you came up to see me at my apartment. In fact, you didn't need any encouragement to kiss me."

CHARLIE: "Did I do that?"

MAE: "Why, you certainly did. I got the marks to prove it. And splinters too."

In June 1934 Congress created a Federal Communications Commission to monitor the radio industry. Frank McNinch, newly appointed commissioner, claimed West's performance with Charlie McCarthy justified government control to ensure "against features that are suggestive, vulgar, immoral or of such character as may be offensive to the great mass of right thinking, clean-minded American citizens."

The FCC would henceforth patrol indecency on the air—and if a station didn't agree, it would lose its license. After her exchange with Charlie, the mere mention of Mae West's name was banned on 130 stations.

Whatever else, Mae West proved the critics right. She confessed that the danger lay not in what she said but in how she said it. Between the talkies and radio, America had discovered how to listen for sexual innuendo. A single woman, narrating her own erotic script, inspired millions for the rest of the century. She was unafraid. She was funny. Newspapers celebrated her measurements (36-26-36) as a healthy return to lush womanhood, not realizing that Mae wore the turn-of-the-century corset as a kind of defiant joke.

When aviators donned an inflatable life vest in World War Two, they called it a Mae West.

### THE GOLDEN AGE OF CINEMA

Breen and supporters of the Code claimed their efforts were responsible for the golden age of cinema. Even today proponents of censorship, rating systems and family values point to the films of the Thirties as proof that imposing controls over art can be beneficial. It's not that simple. Cutting a line here, a scene there, could not diminish either the excellence of many of the films or the basic sex appeal of Hollywood stars.

What the censors could not control

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was intangible, however. René Jordan, a biographer, simply notes that Clark Gable had machismo: "There was a constant aura of sex about him, and the plots of his movies often suggested that a night with Gable was a very special experience for the girl involved. The screen Gable insinuated he had a power to give orgasms, even to a generation of women who still were not too sure whether they were supposed to have them."

The Code could not repress attitude, beauty or pure animal magnetism. It could place its seal of approval on polite films and send the rest to the B circuit. Life as depicted in post-Code movies reminds one of Henry James' assessment of proper Americans at the turn of the century—all dressed up and with nowhere to go.

#### ECSTASY AND EXPLOITATION

In 1933 *Ecstasy*, a distinctly non-Code foreign film, introduced an unknown teenage actress named Hedwig Kiesler to the world. The film presents the sexual awakening of a young woman trapped in a love-starved marriage. She swims naked in a pond, then runs unclothed through the woods as her horse gallops off with her clothes. But the most naked moment of the film is the shot of her face as she experiences sexual fulfillment for the first time.

In 1935 the Treasury Department confiscated the film. (Were they worried it was a counterfeit orgasm?) An appeals court judge upheld the ban, saying that the film was a "glorification of sexual intercourse."

Damn right it was.

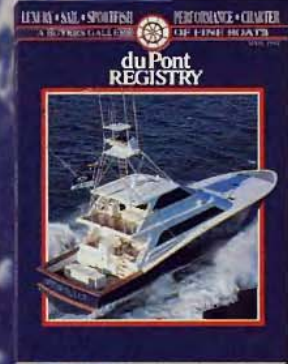
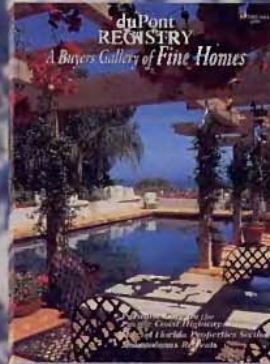
The young actress married an Austrian munitions maker who tried to buy and destroy all the prints of the film, but *Ecstasy* would make the rounds of "adults only" art houses for decades, playing at more than 400 theaters during the next 20 years. Changing her name to Hedy Lamarr, the actress went to Hollywood and became a star.

Just as Prohibition had produced a demand for bootleggers and speakeasies, the Code's film prohibitions created a market for low-budget exploitation films. A group of independents known as the Forty Thieves produced and distributed features across the country on what was known as the grindhouse circuit. Grindhouse films dealt with subjects forbidden by the Code, including sex, nudity, venereal disease, drugs and prostitution, and had titles like *Fools of Desire*, *The Road to Ruin*, *Reefer Madness* and *The Cocaine Fiends*. Theaters, trying to escape local censorship, advertised them as "adults only" films. The ads were a con—many of the Forty Thieves came out of carnival backgrounds and, like sideshow barkers, knew how to hawk their wares.

The films they showed were tawdry little dramas—the natural descendants of

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1913's *Traffic in Souls* (a film that showed the horrors of the supposed white slave trade). Americans could learn how cocaine led to prostitution in *Girls of the Street*—producing in women the mad desire to stand around in lingerie. The titillation was cloaked as cautionary moral tales: *The Vice Rackets* showed "Scarlet Girls Chained to the Vultures of Vice," *Mad Youth* guided teenagers through the "Pitfalls of this Streamlined Age," *Secrets of a Model* asked, "Can a beautiful model stay pure?" Films called Goona-Goonas showed naked natives in their natural habitats: Nonwhite races were allowed to display bare breasts and raw passion, the virtue of being pagan primitives. Even Hollywood had learned from *National Geographic*.

The Forty Thieves took the sex hygiene film *Damaged Goods* and repackaged it as *Forbidden Desires*. The genre associated sex with sleaze, sex with shame, sex with horrible consequence, sex with fear. Anthony Comstock could not have asked for more.

Sex was relegated to specific locations in the city. In 1937 Fiorello La Guardia, the mayor of New York, closed the burlesque houses in Times Square. The theaters became grindhouses, projecting sexploitation flicks where the Minsky brothers had once staged the best bawdy shows in town.

### STAG FILMS

The Depression did not deter the lone entrepreneur, his trunk filled with stag films, driving around the country to show *A Stiff Game*, *Matinee Idol*, *Buried Treasure*, *Hycok's Dancing School*, *Mexican Dog* and *Unexpected Company* to lodges, veterans' and fraternal organizations, at bachelor parties and smokers. Although forbidden by law, the films played to the community's most upstanding citizens, all male. That's why they were called stag films. The hard-core pornography of the Thirties presented an unending line of traveling salesmen, icemen, repairmen, handymen, milkmen and grocery boys visiting lonely, frustrated women in their homes. Even physicians made house calls to administer *Dr. Hardon's Injections*—though office visits to doctors and dentists led to the same end. In these male fantasies, every man had a job.

Fellatio could be found in almost half the films, but barely one in ten showed cunnilingus. Lesbian action was commonplace, but male homosexuality was virtually nonexistent. (Bestiality was actually more common than male homosexuality.) The commercial stag film market reflected the predilections and prejudices of its all-male, middle-class, heterosexual audience.

During the Thirties, New York City launched a major antiprostitution crusade. Polly Adler, girlfriend of gangsters and madam extraordinaire, was arrested—

not for running a house of prostitution but for possessing stag films. Even brothels had become movie houses. Stag films were just another avenue of escape.

### SEX AT THE NEWSSTAND

The censors had cleaned up Hollywood, but there was still plenty of titillation to be found at the corner newsstand. Alongside the pulps, with their usual array of ladies in lingerie, a new kind of men's magazine went on sale in the fall of 1933.

*Esquire* featured articles on male fashion, fiction by Hemingway and F. Scott Fitzgerald, racy cartoons and the Petty Girl. George Petty created an airbrushed beauty who was soon famous. She was a sexually liberated lady who reflected the Sugar Daddy-Gold Digger mentality of the magazine. The Petty Girl was always talking on the telephone and was refreshingly candid in her conversations, as reflected in this caption: "Western Union? Send me a boy—a big boy." By the end of the decade she had graduated to gatefold status; *Life* magazine would call her the "feminine ideal of American men."

Henry Luce launched *Life* in 1936, using something he called photojournalism to open a window to the world. *Life* depicted the depth of the Depression as well as the high jinks of Café Society. "Life Goes to a Party" was one of its most popular features.

*Life* reflected middle-class, mainstream sensibilities, but it wasn't above printing a provocative pictorial from time to time. It ran a frivolous feature on "How a Wife Should Undress" in 1937, but it was a serious story on the film *The Birth of a Baby* the following year that gave *Life* its first censorship problems. The issue was banned in more than 50 localities, including Boston (of course), Brooklyn, Chicago, Memphis, New Orleans, Savannah, Tucson, all of Pennsylvania and Canada. During the Depression, we didn't even want to know where babies came from.

### THE COMICS

If the birth of a baby was a problem, that didn't mean there wasn't titillation to be found, even in the funny papers. There were enough buxom beauties in the comics to satisfy the yearnings of the most precocious adolescent: We had Burma and the Dragon Lady in Milton Caniff's *Terry and the Pirates*, plus Daisy Mae, Moonbeam McSwine and Stupefying Jones in Al Capp's *L'il Abner*. And, of course, there was Alex Raymond's *Flash Gordon*. What made *Flash Gordon* especially exciting, in addition to the wonderful adventures, was the fact that women didn't wear much clothing on Mongo. No wonder Ming the Merciless had the hots for Dale Arden. She was always getting into some sort of trouble and having her clothes torn off.



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The Depression had also sparked a phenomenon unprecedented in American pop culture. Almost overnight, eight-page sexual parodies of comic strips appeared, depicting the secret lives of familiar friends. The same characters who made families laugh over the breakfast table ripped off their clothes and plunged into one another with reckless abandon. Harold Teen and Lillums, Dagwood and Blondie, Moon Mullins, Maggie and Jiggs, Dick Tracy, Mickey Mouse—all were revealed as sexual creatures with preposterous appetites. Betty Boop took on Barney Google, Jiggs, Popeye, Moon Mullins and Joe Palooka within one eight-page book.

In the eight-pagers no one was too good for sex: Clark Gable did Joan Crawford, William Powell did Myrna Loy, Fred Astaire did Ginger Rogers and Mae West did everybody. In Europe porn lampooned the ruling class, priests and nuns. In America porn had fun with our own aristocracy: movie stars and outlaws such as John Dillinger and Al Capone.

Also known as Tijuana bibles, the eight-pagers depicted sex as the common denominator, the great equalizer—at a time when people were anything but equal. The bibles appeared with the Depression, then, inexplicably, began to disappear with the economic recovery of the following decade.

**THE ELECTRONIC FIRE**

Americans sat huddled around the radio. FDR calmed the nation with fireside chats, eloquent appeals to basic values in a time of strife. People stayed at home to listen to *Amos 'n' Andy*. (Only on radio could two white guys pass themselves off as enterprising Negroes.) The whole family gathered to listen to Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Fibber McGee and Molly, *Major Bowes and His Original Amateur Hour*, *The Lux Radio Theater* and *One Man's Family*. Children had *Little Orphan Annie*, *Jack Armstrong the All-American Boy*, *The Lone Ranger* and *The Shadow*. Women followed soap operas such as *Oxydol's Own Ma Perkins*, *Our Gal Sunday* and *Backstage Wife*, with Mary Noble. Men listened to sportscaster Bill Stern, *Gangbusters* and Arch Oboler's chilling *Lights Out*. The average family spent four and a half hours a day listening to the radio. The glowing tubes brought comfort. In one sense, the radio re-created the parlor and front porch of Victorian times.

Bing Crosby was the most popular crooner of the decade. We listened to *Eddie Cantor's Camel Caravan* and *Your Lucky Strike Hit Parade*. And every night there were big band remotes from nightclubs, hotels and ballrooms across the country with Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Tommy Dorsey and Glenn Miller. Goodman was the "King of Swing," and swing was the thing. The Lindy Hop replaced the Charleston, and those who



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dug the jive and could cut a rug were called jitterbugs.

Martin Bloch's *Make Believe Ballroom* played the most popular records of the day, but network censors wouldn't give Billie Holiday's *Strange Fruit* airplay because it was a powerful indictment of savage Southern lynchings. Radio offered a make-believe world that fostered innocence and isolationism. Too many Americans didn't want to know what was going on in the rest of the world.

When Orson Welles broadcast *War of the Worlds* on the night before Halloween in 1938, thousands of Americans actually believed we were being attacked by Martians and took to the streets in panic.

#### ANDY HARDY HIGH

Actually, America did have a new species of life to worry about—the teenager. Grace Palladino, author of *Teenagers: An American History*, notes that “up until the Thirties, most teenagers worked for a living on farms, in factories or at home, whatever their families required at the time. They were not considered teenagers then, or even adolescents. The Great Depression finally pushed teenage youth out of the workplace and into the classroom. By 1936, 65 percent were high school students, the highest proportion to date.”

This would have an unusual impact on America: “When a teenage majority spent the better part of their day in high school, they learned to look to one another and not to adults for advice, information and approval. And when they got a glimpse of the freedom and social life that the high school crowd enjoyed, they revolutionized the concept of growing up.”

Hollywood was the first to recognize teenagers. When a comedy about a small town judge and his family proved an unexpected success, Louis B. Mayer had one of the most successful film series in history on his hands. Andy Hardy came of age in 15 films.

The story lines usually showed Judge Hardy dealing with the problems of the town of Carvel—telling a man that it was not a legal matter that he had been caught kissing in a parked car, it was more a matter of taste. Telling a woman that it was not her right to buy on installment if it meant that the store would garnishee her husband's wages.

In “man-to-man” talks Lewis Stone would try to steer Mickey Rooney toward the proper choices. What makes you feel better, he'd ask, dating a girl who resists kissing or a girl who only wants to kiss?

The films showed the evolution of sexual barter, the politics of popularity. Andy tries to raise \$20 to buy a roadster in time for the Christmas dance. Such a car, he explains to Judy Garland, creates a standard, a pressure to perform. “The girl I take to the dance has got to be sen-

sational.” Should she be able to dance? asks Garland. “Even if she dances like a horse,” responds Andy, “it's an awful long ride home in the dark.”

In real life Mickey Rooney had a much more interesting sex life than did his on-screen persona. He had worked as a child actor before getting his big break playing the younger version of Clark Gable's gangster in *Manhattan Melodrama*. The highest-paid teenager in the land loved his celebrity. Phil Silvers, Sidney Miller, Jackie Cooper and Rooney used to hang out together. One day, Silvers suggested they call out for a hooker. Waiting for her arrival, the boys made a bet. Whoever lasted longest would get a free ride.

The girl arrived and went into the bedroom. One after another, Miller, Silvers and Cooper went in—and each emerged in three minutes flat. Rooney went in last. Twenty minutes passed; the three outside heard all sorts of assorted shrieks. Rooney finally emerged, acknowledged his victory and left. When the hooker came out, Silvers asked, “Was Mickey really in the saddle 20 minutes?”

“Are you kidding? Four minutes of fucking and 16 minutes of imitations.”

Rooney was famous for his impersonations of Gable, Lionel Barrymore, even Mae West—and like many another youth in America, he tried to entertain his bedmates with the best lines and moves of his Hollywood heroes.



What was life like in actual American high schools? Sociologists Robert and Helen Lynd returned to Muncie, Indiana to follow up their classic *Middletown*. The two reported: “A symptom of this pressure of a blank future on the very youngest marriageable group, children 18 and under, is the rise in secret marriages among the high school population. This situation has doubtless been influenced by the growing restlessness of the younger generation and by the relaxation of discipline and lessened contact with their children by harried working-class parents. But it may also reflect in part the tendency of more reckless couples to plunge ahead in quest of the one thing two people can achieve together even in the face of a blind future—personal intimacy.”

What the Lynds called secret marriage would later become known as “going steady.” Romance, not reality, gave permission for sexual experimentation.

The Lynds noted that there was a sharp demarcation between Muncie's adolescents and its adults. The former displayed a “sense of sharp, free behavior between themselves (patterned on the movies).”

The adult posture on the subject of sex was strict silence.

“The truth of the matter,” reported the Lynds, “appears to be that God-fear-

ing Middletown is afraid of sex as a force in its midst, afraid it might break loose and run wild.”

A newspaper editorial raised the alarm that sex was rampant in the eighth grade. The writer recommended a quick application of old-fashioned values—the paddle.

High schoolers asked teachers questions they had never before been asked. “Our high school does nothing about sex education,” said one teacher, “because we don't dare to.” When a local librarian was asked where people could learn about sex, her reply was, “Not here.”

#### SEX EDUCATION

Whereas a few decades earlier the sex manuals available to youth focused on the dangers of masturbation, Thirties manuals found a new source of self-destruction: petting.

In a twisted volume called *So Youth May Know: New Viewpoints on Sex and Love*, Roy Dickerson wrote a chapter on the value of abstinence over promiscuity: “At the very outset it must be said that it would be indeed ultrapuritanical and ill-advised to denounce altogether all the ordinary minor, more or less incidental and chiefly matter-of-fact physical contacts between the sexes.”

Having said that, he can't resist expressing the notion that sex is something so abhorrent, you should save it for someone you love. (Although how the act that was supposedly so corrupt could suddenly become the cement of a strong marriage was never explained.)

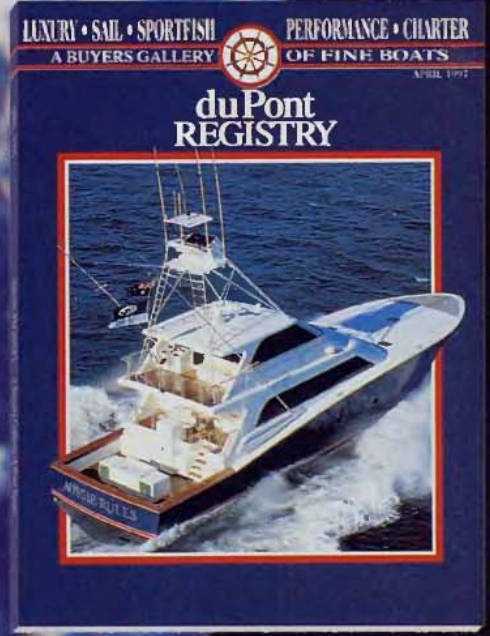
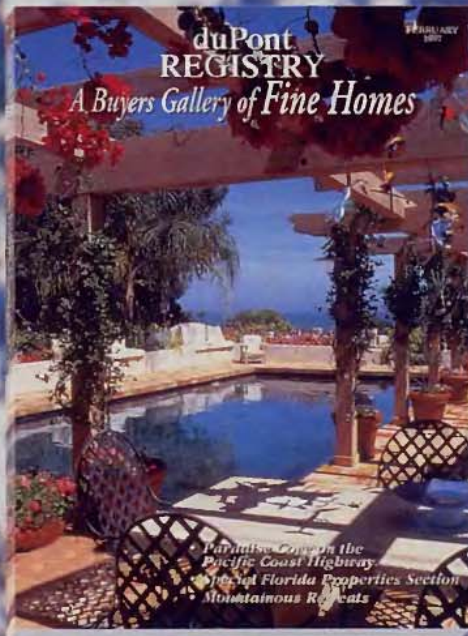
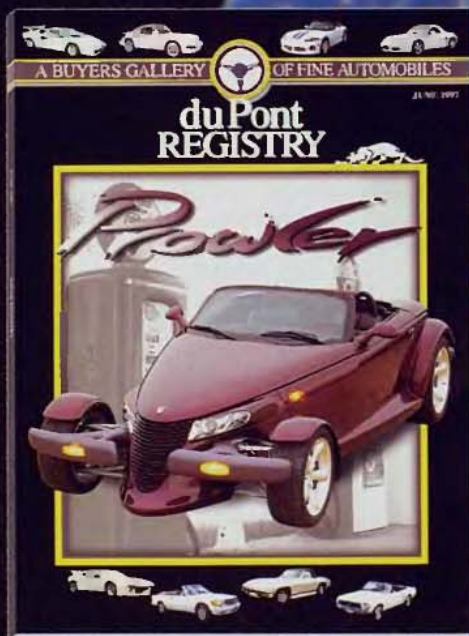
These books enforced the double standard and called into question a youth's right to act on his or her own desires: “The first woman a man thinks of for a petting party is not often the first one he thinks of for a wife. She may be all right for his good times, but ordinarily he does not want secondhand goods or a woman who has been freely pawed over for a sweetheart, wife and mother of his children.” The boy who thinks it is smart to mess around with girls, who, to be plainspoken, has intercourse first with one and then another girl, may very seriously affect his thinking and feelings about girls. He may never become able to be genuinely and permanently interested in any one girl.

As for a girl being interested in you, beware: “If they go out with you, they go out with others and you are not safe.”

Dickerson borrowed all the clichés of the antimasturbation books to douse youthful desire: Keep busy. Leave alcohol strictly alone. Do not dally with your sex desires. Give up those pictures, books, plays, conversations or forms of dancing and the like that arouse you. Pray. Keep your bowels open. Dismiss unwelcome sexual thoughts. If you find yourself cursed with an erection, try brisk exercise. Shadowbox. Walk about



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rapidly. Remember that kissing transmits syphilis.

Dickerson had less to say to young women. Indeed, he neglected to include the clitoris in the diagram of the female sex organs that appears in the appendix, lest women discover for themselves that sex could be pleasurable.

#### THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES

When Robert and Helen Lynd returned to Indiana to study the effects of the Depression on Muncie, they found that people believed in strict sex roles. In the Twenties a new woman emerged, but no new man. Forget women's liberation, forget the flapper. Experimentation was a fringe benefit of prosperity. Scarcity created an almost superstitious faith in "the old ways." The people of Muncie believed "that men should behave like men, and women like women."

The Depression made that dream impossible for millions of American men: A man who could not support his family had no claim to manhood. In contrast, the Depression did little to change gender roles for women, who were still expected to care for the family at home. In fact, some cities passed laws that prevented married women from working.

We were no longer certain what it meant to be a man. Who were the proper role models? The movies offered enviable examples in the macho images of Clark Gable, Gary Cooper and Errol Flynn. James Cagney knew his way around a dame and made a great gangster, but even with Jean Harlow as incentive, crime was not considered a great career move. The women were as tough as the times required and, as one of the Gold Diggers of 1933 remarked, "had done things I wouldn't want on my conscience."

The battle between the sexes made for great comedy in films such as *One Hour With You*, *It Happened One Night*, *The Awful Truth* and *Bringing Up Baby*. But the biggest box office star of the Thirties was Shirley Temple, and when Graham Greene referred to the "dimpled depravity" of her cozy relationships with the older men in her films, her studio sued for libel.

The Depression precipitated new concerns over sexual identity and, in 1936, Lewis Terman (creator of the IQ test) and Catherine Miles developed a 456-item test that promised to determine a child's masculine or feminine nature. Junior high school students answered word association tests: If "pure" made you think of milk, you were masculine; if it made you think of good, you were feminine. If "train" led to engine, you were manly; if it led to gown, you were womanly. If you selected lover or sin after reading the word embrace, you were masculine; if you thought of your mother or arms, less so. Boys went from "knight" to armor or man, while the

feminine went from "knight" to *Ivanhoe*. And, if you were masculine, the only correct association for "machine" was Ford—not engine, not ride and certainly not sew.

In the Rorschach section of the test, men faced with two concentric circles were supposed to see a target, women a dish. That slinky thing, wider at one end than the other, was to the masculine eye a saxophone, to the feminine a snake.

Masculinity could be measured by what you knew ("the Yale is a kind of lock") and things you did not know. One received points toward masculinity by neglecting to complete sentences such as "A loom is used for . . ." or "Daffodils are grown from . . ." or "The Madonna is a favorite subject for . . ."

Those who were measurably masculine wanted to become detectives, auto racers, forest rangers, soldiers, draftsmen and stock breeders. They did not want to become journalists, novelists or preachers. If you had to be a journalist, then you would like to write about accidents and sporting news, as opposed to musical events or theatrical news. Those with a feminine streak yearned to become librarians, nurses, private secretaries, social workers and music teachers.

The masculine were known by the books they had read and liked (*Huckleberry Finn*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Biography of a Grizzly* or *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*) as well as by the books they had not read. (You scored a manly point for not having an opinion about *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, *Peter Pan* or *Through the Looking Glass*).

No masculine guy kept a diary. A true man disliked taking baths and did not believe there should be perfect equality between men and women in all things.

Feminine types were inclined to believe that "girls are naturally more innocent than boys." Yet males, not females, believed that "love at first sight is usually the truest love."

To the modern eye it is clear that Terman and Miles had a bias the size of biceps. And nowhere on the scale did a question reveal how a masculine or feminine character would behave in the bedroom. The test harked back to the days when masculine was synonymous with Christian gentleman (the kind of man who was an "athlete of continence") and when feminine was synonymous with virgin or mother, when all that was feminine was enshrined in the domestic world.

Economic insecurities created new sexual anxieties. The liberal attitudes of the Twenties and early Thirties disappeared. The nation was caught up in a panic over homosexuality. Boys who scored too highly on the feminine side of Terman's scale were given healthy doses of exercise and outdoor activity. At least one doctor in Georgia used electroshock therapy to treat those suspected of being



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# \$9,800 in 24 Hours!

Dear Friend,

I made \$9,800 in 24 hours. You may do better!

My name is John Wright. Not too long ago I was flat broke. I was \$31,000 in debt. The bank repossessed my car because I couldn't keep up with the payments. And one day the landlord gave me an eviction notice because I hadn't paid the rent for three months. So we had to move out. My family and I stayed at my cousin's place for the rest of that month before I could manage to get another apartment. That was very embarrassing.

Things have changed now. I own four homes in Southern California. The one I'm living in now in Bel Air is worth more than one million dollars. I own several cars, among them a Rolls Royce and a Mercedes Benz. Right now, I have a million dollar line of credit with the banks and have certificates of deposit at \$100,000 each in my bank in Beverly Hills.

Best of all, I have time to have fun. To be me. To do what I want. I work about 4 hours a day, the rest of the day, I do things that please me. Some days I go swimming and sailing—shopping. Other days, I play racquetball or tennis. Sometimes, frankly, I just lie out under the sun with a good book. I love to take long vacations. I just got back from a two week vacation from—Maui, Hawaii.

I'm not really trying to impress you with my wealth. All I'm trying to do here is to prove to you that if it wasn't because of that money secret I was lucky enough to find that day, I still would have been poor or maybe even bankrupt. It was only through this amazing money secret that I could pull myself out of debt and become wealthy. Who knows what would have happened to my family and me.

Knowing about this secret changed my life completely. It brought me wealth, happiness, and most important of all—peace of mind. This secret will change your life, too! It will give you everything you need and will solve all your money problems. Of course you don't have to take my word for it. You can try it for yourself. To see that you try this secret, I'm willing to give you \$20.00 in cash. (I'm giving my address at the bottom of this page.) I figure, if I spend \$20.00, I get your attention. And you will prove it to yourself this amazing money secret will work for you, too!

Why, you may ask, am I willing to share this secret with you? To make money? Hardly. First, I already have all the money and possessions I'll ever need. Second, my secret does not involve any sort of competition whatsoever. Third, nothing is more satisfying to me than sharing my secret only with those who realize a golden opportunity and get on it quickly.

This secret is incredibly simple. Anyone can use it. You can get started with practically no money at all and the risk is almost zero. You don't need special training or even a high school education. It doesn't matter how young or old you are and it will work for you at home or even while you are on vacation.

Let me tell you more about this fascinating money making secret:

With this secret the money can roll in fast. In some cases you may be able to cash in literally overnight. If you can follow simple instructions you can get started in a single afternoon and it is possible to have spendable money in your hands the very next morning. In fact, this just might be the fastest legal way to make money that has ever been invented!

This is a very safe way to get extra cash. It is practically risk free. It is not a dangerous gamble. Everything you do has already been tested and you can get started for less money than most people spend for a night on the town.

One of the nicest things about this whole idea is that you can do it at home in your spare time. You don't need equipment or an office. It doesn't matter where you live either. You can use this secret to make money if you live in a big city or on a farm or anywhere in between. A husband and wife team from New York used my secret, worked at home in their spare time, and made \$45,000 in one year.

This secret is simple. It would be hard to make a mistake if you tried. You don't need a college degree or even a high school education. All you need is a little common sense and the ability to follow simple, easy, step-by-step instructions. I personally know a man from New England who used this secret and made \$2 million in just 3 years.

You can use this secret to make money no matter how old or how young you may be. There is no physical labor

## Here's what newspapers and magazines are saying about this incredible secret:

### The Washington Times:

*The Royal Road to Riches is paved with golden tips.*

### National Examiner:

John Wright has an excellent guide for achieving wealth in your spare time.

### Income Opportunities:

*The Royal Road to Riches is an invaluable guide for finding success in your own back yard.*

### News Tribune:

Wright's material is a MUST for anyone who contemplates making it as an independent entrepreneur.

### Success:

John Wright believes in success, pure and simple.

### Money Making Opportunities:

John Wright has a rare gift for helping people with no experience make lots of money. He's made many people wealthy.

### California Political Week:

...The politics of high finance made easy.

### The Toluca:

You'll love...*The Royal Road to Riches*. It's filled with valuable information...only wish I'd known about it years ago!

### Hollywood Citizen News:

He does more than give general ideas. He gives people a detailed A to Z plan to make big money.

### The Desert Sun:

Wright's *Royal Road to Riches* lives up to its title in offering an uncomplicated path to financial success.

involved and everything is so easy it can be done whether you're a teenager or 90 years old. I know one woman who is over 65 and is making all the money she needs with this secret.

When you use this secret to make money you never have to try to convince anybody of anything. This has nothing to do with door-to-door selling, telephone solicitation, real estate or anything else that involves personal contact.

Everything about this idea is perfectly legal and honest. You will be proud of what you are doing and you will be providing a very valuable service.

It will only take you two hours to learn how to use this secret. After that everything is almost automatic. After you get started you can probably do everything that is necessary in three hours per week.

## PROOF

I know you are skeptical. That simply shows your good business sense. Well, here is proof from people who have put this amazing secret into use and have gotten all the money they ever desired. Their initials have been used in order to protect their privacy, but I have full information and the actual proof of their success in my files.

### 'More Money Than I Ever Dreamed'

"All I can say—your plan is great! In just 8 weeks I took in over \$100,000. More money than I ever dreamed of making. At this rate, I honestly believe, I can make over a million dollars per year. A. F., Providence, RI

### '\$9,800 In 24 Hours'

"I didn't believe it when you said the secret could produce money the next morning. Boy, was I wrong, and you were right! I purchased your *Royal Road to Riches*. On the basis of your advice, \$9,800 poured in, in less than 24 hours! John, your secret is incredible!" J. K., Laguna Hills, CA

### 'Made \$15,000 In 2 Months At 22'

"I was able to earn over \$15,000 with your plan—in just the past two months. As a 22 year old girl, I never thought that I'd ever be able to make as much money as fast as I've been able to do. I really do wish to thank you, with all of my heart." Ms. E. L., Los Angeles, CA

### 'Made \$126,000 In 3 Months'

"For years, I passed up all the plans that promised to make me rich. Probably I am lucky I did—but I am even

more lucky that I took the time to send for your material. It changed my whole life. Thanks to you, I made \$126,000 in 3 months."

S. W., Plainfield, IN

### 'Made \$203,000 In 8 Months'

"I never believed those success stories...never believed I would be one of them...using your techniques, in just 8 months, I made over \$203,000...made over \$20,000 more in the last 22 days! Not just well prepared but simple, easy, fast...John, thank you for your *Royal Road to Riches!*"

C. M., Los Angeles, CA

### '\$500,000 In Six Months'

"I'm amazed at my success! By using your secret I made \$500,000 in six months. That's more than twenty times what I've made in any single year before! I've never made so much money in such short time with minimum effort. My whole life I was waiting for this amazing miracle! Thank you, John Wright."

R. S., Mclean, VA

As you can tell by now I have come across something pretty good. I believe I have discovered the sweetest little money-making secret you could ever imagine. Remember—I guarantee it.

Most of the time, it takes big money to make money. This is an exception. With this secret you can start in your spare time with almost nothing. But of course you don't have to start small or stay small. You can go as fast and as far as you wish. The size of your profits is totally up to you. I can't guarantee how much you will make with this secret but I can tell you this—so far this amazing money producing secret makes the profits from most other ideas look like peanuts!

Now at last, I've completely explained this remarkable secret in a special money making plan. I call it "The Royal Road to Riches". Some call it a miracle. You'll probably call it "The Secret of Riches". You will learn everything you need to know step-by-step. So you too can put this amazing money making secret to work for you and make all the money you need.

To prove this secret will solve all your money problems, don't send me any money, *instead postdate* your check for a month and a half from today. I guarantee not to deposit it for 45 days. I won't cash your check for 45 days before I know for sure that you are completely satisfied with my material.

## \$20.00 FREE!

There is no way you can lose. You either solve all your money problems with this secret (in just 30 days) or you get your money back *plus \$20.00 in cash FREE!*

Do you realize what this means? You can put my simple secret into use. Be able to solve all your money problems. And if for any reason whatsoever you are not 100% satisfied after using the secret for 30 days, you may return my material. And then I will not only return your original UNCASHED CHECK, but I will also send you an extra \$20.00 cashiers check just for giving the secret an honest try according to the simple instructions.

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## SWORN STATEMENT:

"As Mr. John Wright's accountant, I certify that his assets exceed one million dollars." Mark Davis



homosexual.

Science offered a solution, finally identifying and describing the role of hormones in the development of sex differences. Fred Koch, a biologist at the University of Chicago, found that if he ground up bull testicles and injected capons with the extract, the birds grew an "upstanding red comb." Men started taking extracts of ram testicles and considered animal gonad transplants in a vain effort to gain virility.

One catches glimpses of what we now call sexual inadequacy and performance anxiety. Freud had introduced the idea of penis envy—declaring that women had it (because they didn't have one) and that explained everything.

Edmund Wilson records an encounter between F. Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway in which Fitzgerald wondered if his penis was too small. Hemingway offered Fitzgerald this solace: It only seemed too small because he looked at it from above. "You have to look at it in a mirror," said Hemingway.

THE PURSUIT OF SEXUAL HAPPINESS

People turned to sex as the one part of the world they could still control, that could still ensure happiness. It was the one green spot in a world of dust. The most popular sex manual of the day described simultaneous orgasm as the perfect solution to the battle between the

sexes. But there was a great gulf between theory and practice.

In 1938 Terman moved from the study of sex differences—what it meant to be masculine and feminine—to the psychological factors of marital happiness. In a groundbreaking study, he delved into the intimate lives of 792 couples.

He found a dramatic trend away from virginity. Half of the men born before 1890 had been virgins when they married, while only 14 percent of those born after 1910 had been virgins. A similar decline had occurred in the women: Of those born before 1890, 87 percent had been virgins when they married; of those born after 1910, less than a third were virgins.

Terman was one of the first scientists to use his data to predict the future of sex: "If the drop should continue at the average rate shown," he wrote, "virginity at marriage will be close to the vanishing point for males born after 1930 and for females born after 1940. It will be of no small interest to see how long the cultural ideal of virgin marriage will survive as a moral code after its observance has passed into history."

He dismissed the notion that petting had any negative impact on future relationships or that promiscuity put someone at risk for marital unhappiness.

Terman looked at what happened

during sex and seemed confused. A third of the women he studied were "inadequate"—that is, they never or rarely reached orgasm. "The inability of a large proportion of women to achieve the climax that normally terminates sexual intercourse is one of the most puzzling mysteries in the psychology and physiology of sex."

Terman explored the many possible obstacles to pleasure.

He found that wives who were married to men with strict religious upbringing were less likely to reach orgasm. He could not tell if too much religion cramped a man's style, or if such men were drawn to the "inadequates."

He found that "inadequate" women avoided intercourse, most of them preferring two or fewer copulations per month, while most "adequate" women preferred seven or more times. He wondered if a man's staying power contributed to pleasure, and concluded that if intercourse lasted less than seven minutes it hurt a woman's chances of being orgasmic, but that lasting longer than 15 minutes "would not reduce the proportion of inadequate wives by more than five or six percent."

Terman asked wives to express a like or dislike of certain professions and subjects. It was a quirky list, with targets that included stockbrokers, communists and people who work for the YMCA.

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Terman found that inadequate women were more inclined to express a liking for YMCA types, while adequate women were more inclined to like musicians. Women who reached orgasm easily had a peculiar dislike of pet canaries. Perhaps they knew that the caged bird doesn't sing.

Considering the year in which they were asked, Terman posed incredibly personal questions. Husbands could check off a variety of complaints about their wives: vagina too large, vagina too small, vagina not moist enough, too animal-like in her passion, likes to engage in unnatural practices. Wives could check off similar shortcomings: penis too large, penis too small, has difficulty in getting an erection, has difficulty in keeping an erection, has ejaculations too quickly, has too little regard for my satisfaction, does not pet enough before beginning intercourse, likes to engage in unnatural practices.

Women who reached orgasm were nearly twice as likely as those who did not reach orgasm to have no complaints. The "inadequates" were more than three times as likely to have seven or more complaints.

Terman found that we were taking more time with the sex act. Men born after 1905 took 32 percent more time copulating than men born before 1880. Clearly, we were looking for something in sex.

Increasingly, personal happiness was to be found below the belt.

#### DATING AND MATING

A Peter Arno cartoon in *The New Yorker* shows a collegiate couple carrying a car seat and reporting the theft of their automobile.

Car sales declined dramatically during the Depression, but sex and the automobile were still linked in the minds of America. Police learned to patrol lovers' lanes. Tourist cabins and motels sprang up to accommodate the practitioners of make-believe marriage: A sociologist who studied camps on the outskirts of Dallas in 1936 found that "some 2000 Dallas couples used the camps at weekends. In one sample only seven out of 109 Dallas couples gave correct names. Many remained only a few hours. Bona fide travelers were not too popular because they stayed all night, thus decreasing the turnover."

J. Edgar Hoover decried the "hot pillow trade" of tourist camps and "the passion pits" at newly invented drive-in movie theaters.

In *Since Yesterday*, Frederick Lewis Allen wrote: "There was little sense of a change in the moral code being willfully made, little sense that stolen love was modern adventure. The dilemma was practical. One managed as best one

# New Marilyn postage stamps released!

*Tiny British Nation Beats United States by Issuing 9 Marilyn Stamps*

Montserrat, B.W.I. — Postal authorities in this tiny British nation have surprised collectors around the world by releasing a deluxe set of nine Marilyn Monroe postage stamps - topping the U.S. Postal Service's single stamp tribute.

"While the U.S. Post Office released just a single Marilyn stamp, this tiny nation issued nine different stamps that commemorate every stage of the starlet's life and career," says John Van Emden of the International Collectors Society, exclusive worldwide distributor of the stamps.

Each of the nine stamps is about four times the size of a regular U.S. stamp, and each stamp has a face value of \$1.15.

The United States issued only one Marilyn stamp and has indicated that over 400 million of the stamps have been issued.

"When you compare that

to the Montserrat issue which is a Limited Edition of just thousands of sets worldwide, you can see the irresistible appeal that these stamps will have to collectors and Marilyn fans," points out Van Emden.

The Montserrat issue is legal tender for postage in Montserrat and accepted by every postal authority around the world.

Gotta have 'em? They are available for a short time at \$9.95 (plus \$3.00 p&h) for the complete set of nine colorful stamps, accompanied by a Certificate of Authenticity and the free guide, "99 Little Known Facts About Marilyn Monroe." The most you can buy is 6 sets. Send your check or money order to ICS, 3600 Crondall Lane, Suite 100PYBJ, Owings Mills, MD 21117. To order by credit card, call toll free 1-800-427-1966.

could, was continent or incontinent according to one's individual need and one's individual code, whether of morals or aesthetics or prudence or convenience. If the conventions were in abeyance, it was simply because the times were out of joint and no longer made sense."

Willard Waller described the evolving social etiquette in a 1937 article for the *American Sociological Review* called "The Rating and Dating Complex." Formal courtship, he noted, was a thing of the past. "The decay of this moral structure has made possible the emergence of thrill seeking and exploitative relation-

ships. A thrill is merely a physiological stimulation and release of tension. Whether we approve or not, courtship practices today allow for a great deal of pure thrill seeking. Dancing, petting, necking, the automobile, the amusement park and a whole range of institutions and practices permit or facilitate thrill-seeking behavior."

Waller provides a glimpse of the values formed in high school and college: "Young men are desirable dates according to their rating on the scale of campus values. In order to have class-A rating they must belong to one of the better fraternities, be prominent in activities, have

advertisement



#### Little Known Facts About Marilyn Monroe

1. Marilyn was paid \$5 an hour for her first modeling job.
2. In the last years of her life, Marilyn never rented a hotel suite that did not have two exits.
3. Marilyn wrote poetry, but wouldn't show it to anyone.
4. Marilyn was used as a model for Walt Disney's animated character Tinker Bell.
5. Although she took great pride in the pool at her Brentwood home, Marilyn never swam in it.

*Taken from the pocket guide 99 Little Known Facts About Marilyn Monroe that you get free with your order of these stamps.*

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a copious supply of spending money, be well dressed, smooth in manners and appearance, have a good line, dance well and have access to an automobile."

Gone were any considerations of character, or of a man's ability to provide security in the future. Waller describes men who practiced a calculated seduction: The line was a "conventional attempt on the part of the young man to convince the young woman that he has already at this early stage fallen seriously in love with her, a sort of exaggeration, sometimes a burlesque of coquetry."

The mating dance was complicated. "It may be that each, by a pretense of great involvement, invites the other to rapid sentiment formation—each encourages the other to fall in love by pretending that he has already done so."

Rapid sentiment formation? Is that a pistol in your pocket, or are you undergoing rapid sentiment formation? College students read books such as Jack Hanley's *Let's Make Mary: Being a Gentleman's Guide to Scientific Seduction in Eight Easy Lessons*. Beth Bailey, in *From Front Porch to Back Seat*, suggests that sex was not the ultimate goal of dating. Image making, the appearance of popularity, guided our social dance. The rating system ignored talent, looks, personality and importance in organizations if those attributes were not translatable into dates. "These dates," writes Bailey, "had to be highly visible and with many different people."

Women who chose to be faithful to a male friend at a different school (i.e., they did not play the dating game) were known as campus widows. On one campus they wore yellow ribbons and met to read letters from faraway lovers.

Everyone else played the game.

In 1938 Dorothy Bromley and Florence Britten published their study of 1300 college students. Their findings rocked the nation. The June 6, 1938 issue of *Life* reported on the study.

One girl out of four in college had had sexual relations. Of every two male undergraduates, one was a virgin and one was not. Boys began having sex in high school, while girls tended to wait until they were in college. In great contrast to their fathers, wrote Bromley, "three quarters of the men were willing to marry nonvirgin girls—and this number included men who had not yet indulged in sex relations themselves."

If the world was no longer divided between women who did (fallen women and prostitutes) and women who didn't (wives or future wives), how did we describe ourselves? Bromley created new subspecies of sexually active humans. Male virgins were divided into those who were continent because of "ideals and standards" and those who avoided sex because of "fears and inhibitions." Sexually active males were "moderates" or "hotbloods"—the latter, the "crude, lusty young animals" popular on campus.

Women received similar treatment.

Some 12 percent of college girls (who hadn't yet had sex) were "virginal"—either innocent or unawakened. Almost a quarter were "the wait for marriage" type, who were "awake but cautious." Some 37 percent were simply "inexperienced"—the girl who had "not gone wrong yet, possibly because she was never given a chance, but she believes extramarital relations are all right." Among those who had sex were "the loving" (the 11 percent who had had an affair with one man) and "the experimenter" (the nine percent who deliberately entered into sex relationships to see what they were like). "She pursues a trial and error course with different men as scientific subjects," reported *Life*. "She is intellectually serious, comes from a liberal home, expects to marry someday."

And then there was "the sower of wild oats" (3.5 percent), a girl who was downright promiscuous.

Bromley found a few men and women who had homosexual experiences. *Life* dismissed these with one sentence: "A small number of physiological and psychological misfits completed this study."

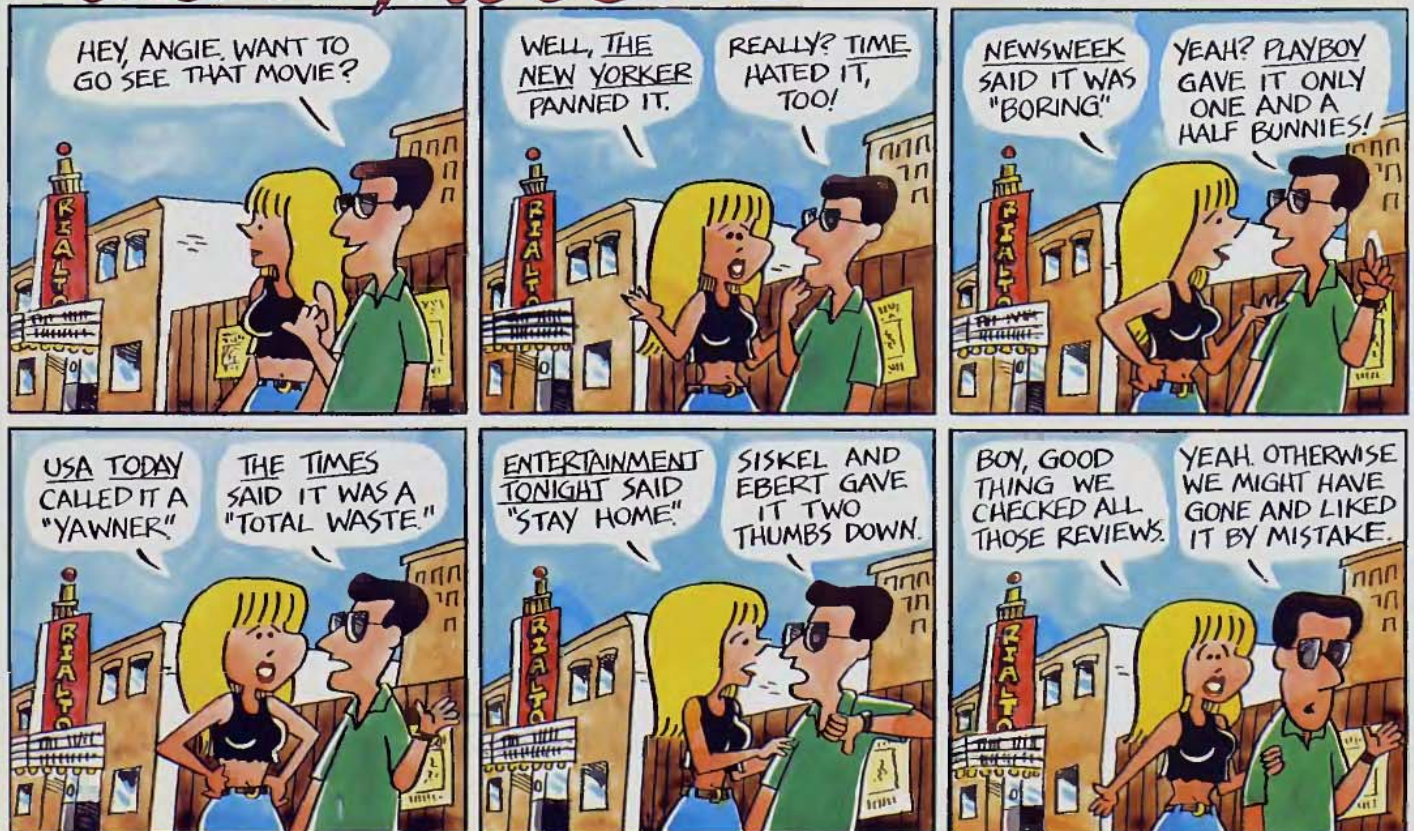
Typical of the times, *Life* ran Bromley's findings as a box accompanying an article on a teenage couple who, finding the girl pregnant, made a suicide pact. The girl died, the boy didn't.

MRS. GRUNDY'S DISEASE

The silence that once surrounded syphilis disappeared by the late Thirties.

# Saturday Nite Jive

BY BILL JOHNSON





In 1937 Anthony Turano complained in the *American Mercury* that decorum kept the Associated Press and the United Press from using the words syphilis, gonorrhea or venereal disease in news dispatches. Yet the same publications did "not hesitate to describe daily the absorbent qualities of Kotex, the latest thing in hernia supports or the best nostrum for hemorrhoids."

The National Broadcasting Co. had prevented a doctor from using the word syphilis on the air; the Columbia Broadcasting System refused to allow Dr. Thomas Parran, later surgeon general of the U.S., to discuss the topic. "The reason in both cases," complained Turano, "was, of course, the indecency of mentioning copulation to mixed audiences. Presumably a wave of sexual promiscuity would overtake the Republic if it were generally known to persons of all ages that pathogenic germs may attack the genital region as well as other portions of the body, and that medical remedies are available in each case."

But magazines discussed the deadly details freely: Turano's article noted that 683,000 cases of syphilis were under treatment, and that 423,000 new cases arose each year. Because most never received medical care, the total estimated number of infected Americans was placed at 12 million.

One enlightened company gave blood tests to 36,800 workers in 17 states, then referred infected workers to free clinics or family doctors. According to Turano, some physicians simply ignored the Wassermann results and issued "certificates of good moral character, testifying that their patients were not the kind of persons who could have contracted such a reprehensible disease." These doctors put the hypocritical oath before the Hippocratic.

Fear of venereal disease was the most powerful weapon left for puritan America. In August 1937 *Reader's Digest* published *The Case for Chastity* by Margaret Culkin Banning. The author, a mother of four, set for herself the task of answering the challenge, "If there is a case for chastity, it should be stated."

After bemoaning the "parked and lightless cars on side roads everywhere," the couples' trade at tourist cabins, the hotels adjacent to colleges, Banning described the consequences of unchastity: "The highest attack rate for syphilis occurs during the early adult years, 16 to 30. If venereal disease is ultimately stamped out, one risk of unchastity will be destroyed. But we are a long way from that yet. In the meantime there is a serious and constant danger of disease in premarital relations."

But the crusader for chastity was not done. Banning attacked the prevailing methods of birth control: 25 percent of

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condoms, she wrote, were imperfect. The strongest douche was successful only ten percent of the time: "Figures show beyond a doubt that a tremendous number of unmarried young women go to abortionists. No doubt many of them have heard the current claptrap about an abortion being nothing at all to endure. Let them also hear this: Ten thousand girls and women lose their lives each year at the hands of abortionists."

The editors at *Reader's Digest* did not print Banning's estimated number of abortions (700,000), but they did note her claim that there were 50,000 births each year to unwed mothers. No one kept track of these numbers. As a moral argument against sex, illegitimate children stayed at the edge of the debate during the Thirties. The numbers, though shocking, were small enough to be handled discreetly. Instead, Banning worked the fear angle. The *Reader's Digest* article cited one Dr. Frederick Tausig: "Also, for every woman who dies as a result of abortion, several women are disabled, sometimes permanently, or rendered sterile or, at a subsequent pregnancy, suffer from the aftereffects of the abortion."

Unchastity kills.

#### THE CRUSADE AGAINST VD

An article in *Ladies' Home Journal* proclaimed: "In a citywide referendum of Chicago's 3.5 million people, 92 out of 100 persons voted to stamp out syphilis. In a nationwide poll by the American Institute of Public Opinion, 87 people out of 100 voted likewise."

America was willing to tackle the problem of venereal disease. Most Americans wanted to reduce the wages of sin or abolish them altogether. Some states passed laws requiring blood tests for a marriage license. Newspapers in Chicago published the names of couples who went out of state to avoid the test.

In 1936 Surgeon General Parran wrote an article for *Reader's Digest* entitled *Why Don't We Stamp Out Syphilis?* A year later, he co-authored another article for *Ladies' Home Journal* entitled *We Can End This Sorrow*.

"We might virtually stamp out this disease," Dr. Parran admonished, "were we not hampered by the widespread belief that nice people don't talk about syphilis, that nice people don't have syphilis, and that nice people shouldn't do anything about those who do have syphilis."

The science existed to beat the disease. A complete cure required some 60 weekly visits to a doctor or clinic for painful injections of arsenicals and heavy metals. Most patients, unfortunately, stopped treatment after symptoms disappeared. And many doctors simply cut off treatment for patients unable to pay.

Parran called for doctors to take action, to overcome their own moral leth-

argy, not only to suspect that patients might harbor the microbe but to seek out the disease with treatment. Not everyone in government shared the surgeon general's view.

On May 17, 1937 J. Edgar Hoover ordered agents to raid ten vice dens in Baltimore. On August 30, 1937 he personally led more than 100 agents in vice raids in Atlantic City, Wilmington and Philadelphia. *The New York Times* noted that the G-men moved "by synchronized watches," meaning agents entered 16 disorderly houses precisely at midnight to arrest 137 prostitutes, their maids, proprietors and a few men.

Hoover and *The New York Times* billed the raids as a blow against the white slave trade. But a follow-up story a few days later told a more chilling tale. Hoover arrested two physicians who had periodically examined and treated the "inmates of the raided disorderly houses." They were accused of "withholding knowledge of a felony." They had knowingly aided in the white slave traffic. Hoover's message was clear: Try to stop VD at its source and you will go to jail.

#### J. EDGAR, SEX COP

In early 1932 almost no one had heard of the Bureau of Investigation, let alone its director. The federal police force, which numbered only 326 in 1932, was responsible for enforcing federal laws on interstate commerce, antitrust and vice—especially in the form of enforcing the Mann Act and policing the distribution and sale of obscene literature.

Hoover instructed agents to send obscene and improper material to Washington, where they became a permanent part of the Obscene File. The FBI collection included stag movies, photographs, books, pamphlets, freehand drawings, explicit cartoons and playing cards. Like Comstock before him, Hoover invoked innocent youth to demonize "purveyors of obscene materials" who "disseminate their products among schoolchildren and adults with perverted minds." He told field agents that he wanted to see such material "regardless of the source from which they are obtained. Even though no federal violation exists, any material of this nature made available by local police agencies should be transmitted to the bureau in order to increase the effectiveness of the Obscene File."

Athan Theoharis, author of *J. Edgar Hoover, Sex and Crime*, reports that when an inventory of the Obscene File was conducted in 1966, it was found to contain more than 13,000 films, magazines and the like.

Hoover's concern with policing the virtue of the nation surfaced in several ways. He personally reviewed every hint of impropriety: If someone were a suspected Communist, that information went into the official file. If someone had

been accused of immorality, that information went into Hoover's private Official and Confidential File. Hiding the Obscene File and the private files kept Hoover's obsession hidden from Congress.

In 1933 an article in *Collier's* magazine ridiculed Hoover, claiming that he was an "immature" gumshoe out for publicity. "In appearance, Mr. Hoover looks utterly unlike the storybook sleuth. He dresses fastidiously, with Eleanor blue as the favored color for the matched shades of tie, handkerchief and socks. He is short, fat, businesslike and walks with a mincing step."

In 1933 Hoover, 38, was unmarried and still living with his mother. The allegation he was less than manly prompted him to take action. Rumors that Hoover was gay would follow him to his grave. To be fair, Hoover would probably have taken equal offense at false reports linking him with a woman. He did not date, period. The FBI was his mistress.

When gangsters killed an FBI agent in a shoot-out in Kansas City, Missouri, Hoover launched a counteroffensive. He filled the department with hired guns and went after John Dillinger. Agents surrounded the bank robber in Little Bohemia (a resort in Wisconsin) but botched the operation, shooting three innocent bystanders, killing one. Working through an Indiana policeman, the FBI cut a deal with Mrs. Anna Sage, the madam of a local Chicago brothel, who faced deportation. She would finger Dillinger in return for help with immigration authorities.

The "lady in red" accompanied Dillinger and his girlfriend to a Chicago screening of *Manhattan Melodrama*, starring Clark Gable and William Powell. When they emerged from the theater, agents gunned down the gangster.

Dillinger was still the better man. He was a local hero and a ladies' man, and urban legend had it that he was uncommonly well endowed and that his organ was on display at the Smithsonian. The real souvenir was a death mask of the outlaw kept by Hoover in his outer office at the FBI building.

When the press scoffed that Hoover had never made an arrest, he showed up for the carefully orchestrated arrest of Alvin Karpis in New Orleans.

The gun battles and headlines diverted criticism of Hoover's role as chief of the sex police, for he was responsible for enforcing the Mann Act. Originally intended to control the largely imaginary interstate traffic in white slaves, the law had become the pet sex law of puritans, a law that was used to punish any sexual escapade that crossed state lines. Hoover wrote that noncommercial violations of the Mann Act were prosecuted only under "aggravated circumstances."

According to David Langum, author of the definitive history of the Mann Act,

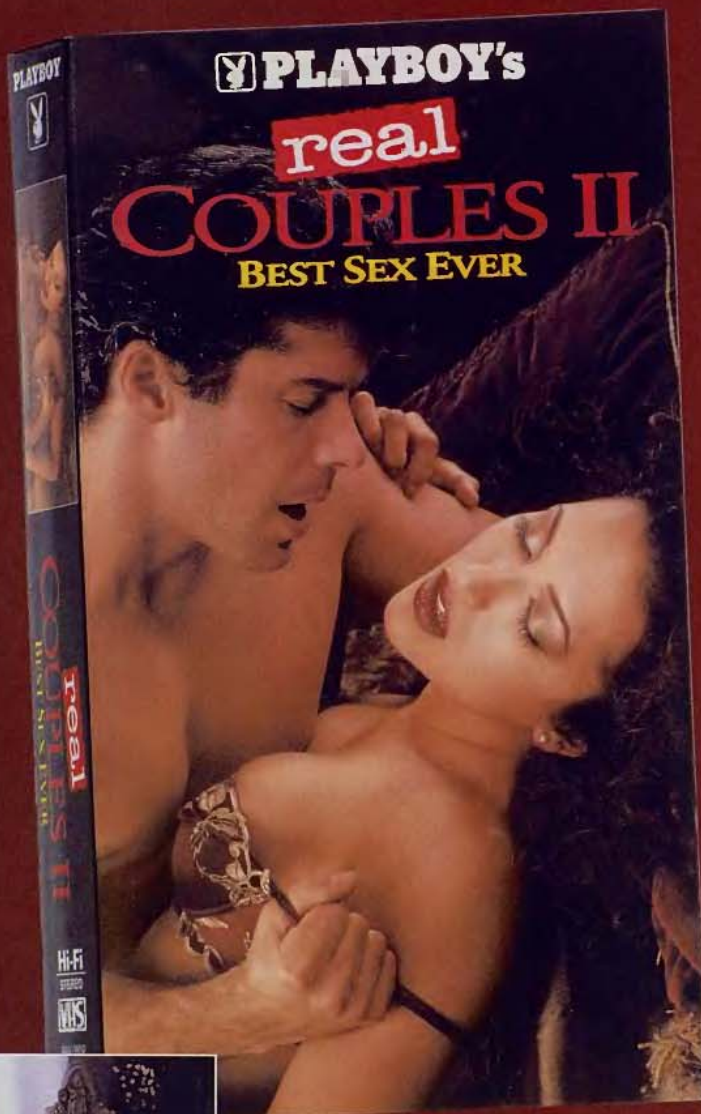


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# TIME CAPSULE

Raw Data From The Thirties

## FIRST APPEARANCES

Airline stewardesses. Grant Wood's *American Gothic*. The New Deal. NRA. WPA. CCC. AAA. TVA. *Family Circle*. *Life*. *Esquire*. The Petty Girl. The Empire State Building. King Kong. The pinball machine. Beer in cans. Alka-Seltzer. Electric razors. Zippo lighters. Monopoly. Comic books. Blondie. Dick Tracy. Li'l Abner. Flash Gordon. Superman. Batman. Drive-in movie theaters. Bra cup sizes. Tampons. Blood tests for marriage licenses. Dr. Seuss. Sam Spade. *Tropic of Cancer*. *Gone With the Wind*. Gallup Poll. Parking meters. Swing music. The Jitterbug.

## WHO'S HOT

Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Will Rogers. Clark Gable. Jean Harlow. Mae West. The Marx Brothers. Busby Berkeley. Bing Crosby. *Amos 'n' Andy*. John Dillinger. J. Edgar Hoover. Walter Winchell. Joe Louis. Jimmy Cagney. Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. Shirley Temple. Mickey Rooney. Sally Rand. Benny Goodman. Artie Shaw. Duke Ellington. The Duke and Duchess of Windsor. Adolf Hitler.

## STRANGE FRUIT

Number of lynchings of Southern blacks between 1889 and 1940: 3800. Percentage of lynching victims accused of attempted rape from 1889 to 1929: 16.7. Percentage actually convicted of rape: 6.7.

## BIRTH OF A NATION

Population of the U.S. in 1930: 123 million. Population in 1940: 132 million. For every person entering the U.S., number of people who return to old country: 3.

## MONEY MATTERS

Gross national product in 1930: \$90.4 billion. GNP in 1940: \$99.7 billion. Price of a share of U.S. Steel before the Crash: \$261¼; in November 1929: \$150. Price in 1932: \$21¼. Price of a share of General Electric before the Crash: \$396¼; in November 1929: \$168¼. Price in 1932: \$34.

Year the stock market would return to its 1929 level: 1954. Drop in wages between 1929 and 1932: 60 percent.

## MOVIE MADNESS

Percentage of films that dealt with crime, sex or love in 1920: 82. In 1930: 72. Weekly movie attendance in 1930: 90 million. In 1931: 60 million. In 1936: 88 million. Box office earnings in 1930: \$730 million. In 1932: \$527 million. Of 16,000 theaters, number that closed by the end



of 1933: 5000. Number of scripts reviewed by the Production Code Administration in 1937: 2584. Number of films screened: 1489. Number of official opinions delivered: 6477.

## MARRIAGE

Number of colleges offering a course in marriage in 1926: 1. In 1936: more than 200. Name of zoology professor appointed to coordinate marriage courses at Indiana University in the late Thirties: Alfred Kinsey.

Average age of marriage for men in 1930: 24.3. For women: 21.3. Average age of marriage for men in 1939: 26.7. For women: 23.3.

Of 792 married couples interviewed by psychologist Lewis Terman, number who slept in the same

bed: 596. Number who slept in separate beds: 130. Number who slept in separate bedrooms: 51. Of the 792 couples, number of wives who had ever wished they were men: 242. Number of husbands who had ever wished they were women: 20.

## BANNED IN BOSTON

Books that had finally been admitted by U.S. Customs by 1933: Aristophanes' *Lysistrata*, Daniel Defoe's *Moll Flanders*, James Joyce's *Ulysses*. Book published in 1934 but banned in U.S. until 1964: Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*. Books banned in Boston: Boccaccio's *Decameron*, Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*, Caldwell's *God's Little Acre*. Banned in Detroit: Casanova's *Mémoires*, Hemingway's *To Have and Have Not*.

## MANN ACT

Number of Mann Act convictions in 1930: 516. Average jail sentence in months: 14. Number of Mann Act convictions in 1939: 524. Average sentence in months: 37.9.

## RADIO WAVES

Percentage of American homes that had a radio in 1929: 33. Percentage in 1934: 60; by 1939: 86. Number of hours per day of listening in 1937: 4½. Number of soap operas in 1931: 3. Number in 1939: 61.

## NEWSSTAND MORALITY

Among stories in popular magazines circa 1900, percentage of plots that condoned the hero or heroine's extramarital sex relations: 3. Percentage of plots in the movies and magazines that condoned extramarital sex relations in 1932: 45.

## FINAL APPEARANCES

1930: Judge Joseph Crater.  
1931: Thomas Edison.  
1932: Florenz Ziegfeld.  
1933: Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle.  
1935: Will Rogers.  
1937: Jean Harlow.  
1937: *The Hindenburg*.  
1939: Havelock Ellis.  
1939: Sigmund Freud.



Hoover used the law selectively to punish gangsters, black men who dared to travel with white girlfriends, the politically obnoxious and undifferentiated riffraff (con men, brothel owners and the like). Even if there was no prosecution, Hoover used investigations to fill his administrative files.

After Hoover's widely publicized vice raids in the late Thirties, one journalist challenged the FBI, saying the Mann Act was an excuse for government to collect dirt and control politics through blackmail. Under Hoover, the average number of Mann Act prosecutions reached 400 cases annually. The average sentence rose from a little longer than a year in 1930 to 38 months in 1939.

THE MANN ACT, THIRTIES STYLE

"The soul of Cotton Mather marches on. Under the famous Mann Act, the enforcement of the Seventh Commandment is still the special business of the national constabulary and the wages of sexual sin are fixed at five years in prison and a \$5000 fine—a penalty considerably higher than is usually paid for bank robbery or manslaughter."

Thus did Anthony Turano characterize the Mann Act in the *American Mercury*. Noting that state laws already provided adequate penalties for rape or consensual sex with a minor, he attacked the Feds for using the Mann Act to police

the "voluntary indiscretions of mature citizens."

"When a biological accord has already been reached between man and maid," wrote Turano, "a moving vehicle is more of a nuisance than a provocation, and their purpose in traveling is seldom more wicked than the wish to be elsewhere. The ludicrous result is that for the first time in the history of law and morals, adultery is treated as a geographical offense: There is no crime unless the gentle passion combines with wanderlust."

In a 1930 case a man named C.W. Aplin lived with a 22-year-old woman for four months, then moved with her from Salem, Oregon to Las Vegas. As Turano noted, "No sane person would repeat a state peccadillo in order to elevate it into a federal felony," but Aplin was sent to jail for two and a half years because a jury thought the move was evidence of "debauchery."

"It is difficult to see," wrote Turano, "what salutary social end is served by making the national government a smut-seeking referee in the private sins of the citizenry."

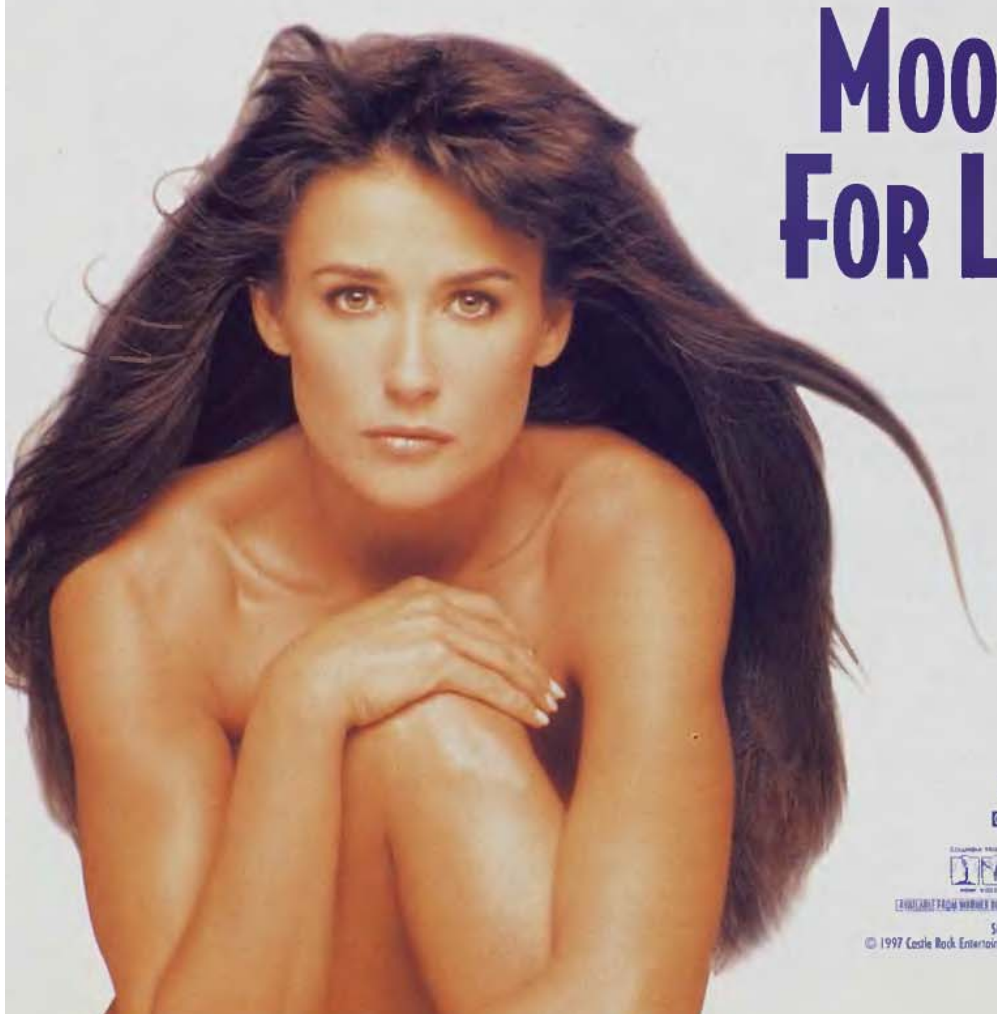
Author David Langum grants that, under Hoover, most noncommercial Mann Act cases involved aggravated—if not ludicrous—circumstances: "In *United States vs. Grace* (1934) a bishop of the House of Prayer for All People engaged

in sex with a female member of his flock, sometimes at the unusual location of the floor of his chauffeured automobile while motoring through New Jersey. Whether or not this ministrations was good for her soul is problematic, but it did result in her pregnancy. In *King vs. United States* (1932) a traveling salesman, so the prosecutor alleged, convinced a naive young woman of 18 that she had a disease which if left uncured would result in her inability to have children. He took her out in the country in the evening, crossing over a state line, to demonstrate the 'electrode' that would cure her. Whether he succeeded in alleviating a nonexistent disease is unclear, but he did succeed in seducing the young woman, giving her gonorrhoea."

Critics pointed out that the Mann Act was hopelessly biased: A woman who transported a married man across state lines, doing the "devil's work" at every stop, could not be prosecuted. The courts would believe that a female witness had been "mesmerized"—and therefore was not responsible for repeatedly violating the Mann Act on a cross-country train trip.

WHO CONTROLS REPRODUCTION?

In 1931 Francis Packard wrote the 1266 page book *History of Medicine in the U.S.A.* The words "birth control" appear nowhere in the text. Five years later, Dr.



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Norman Himes tried to correct the oversight with the *Medical History of Contraception*. He found the desire to control fertility in virtually every culture and age. Only the methods had changed.

By 1936 condom sales in the U.S. approached \$317 million annually. The 15 chief manufacturers produced 1.5 million condoms a day. The desire to limit fertility was as enormous as the methods were inefficient.

Dr. Hannah Stone studied 1987 case histories from the Newark Maternal Health Center and found that 956 patients (48 percent) reported using condoms, 1267 (64 percent) had relied on coitus interruptus and 507 had used Lysol as a douche.

None of the methods of controlling birth seemed particularly effective: 45 percent of those who used condoms found themselves facing parenthood, almost 60 percent of those who relied on withdrawal became pregnant and douching failed 71 percent of the time.

In his journal, Edmund Wilson described the postcoital moment, some version of which occurred across America every night. His wife felt, "I ought to have engraved on my tombstone: YOU'D BETTER GO IN AND FIX YOURSELF UP."

At other times, he said, "she used to ask me why I didn't wear a condom so that she wouldn't be put to the trouble of going to take a douche."

Personal squabbles over birth control were nothing compared with global debates. In 1930 the Anglican bishops had granted recognition of birth control. Pope Pius XI retaliated with *Casti Connubii*, an encyclical forbidding any artificial regulation of fertility: "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."

The Pope sentenced Catholics to "Vatican roulette." By 1933 two researchers had looked at the birth dates of military families and had been able to pinpoint the moment of conception. (Luckily, for most families, it coincided with leave dates.) From that data, the researchers determined that a woman ovulated approximately two weeks before her period. Lab tests had discovered that an unfertilized egg died after 36 hours. By avoiding certain days of the month, couples could prevent conception. Dr. Leo Latz recommended that couples abstain for a week around the middle of each monthly cycle, and taught women how to chart their "rhythm calendars."

By 1930 there were more than 225 birth control clinics in the U.S. Some were associated with hospitals, and most were run by followers of Margaret Sanger. Birth control was not yet a medical discipline: Only 13 of the top 75 medical

schools in the country bothered to teach contraception as a regular part of the curriculum.

Sanger smuggled diaphragms into the country. Both state and federal law had prohibited doctors from talking about contraceptives. For years, Sanger had tried to get the laws rewritten to allow doctors to prescribe and fit diaphragms. Her crusade met fierce resistance. Father Charles Coughlin used his national radio show to spread his message: "We know that contraceptives are bootlegged in corner drugstores surrounding our high schools. Why are they around the high schools? To teach them to fornicate and not get caught. All this bill means is how to fornicate and not get caught."

Father Wendell Corey of Notre Dame was more hateful: "Continue the practice [of birth control]," he said, "and the sons of the yellow man or the black will someday fill the president's chair in Washington."

The terms of the argument were mired in hate. Something had to give. In 1933 lawyer Morris Ernst, the same man who had defended *Ulysses*, contacted Dr. Hannah Stone. She placed an order for 120 pessaries from Japan. After Customs officials seized the shipment, Ernst took them to court. *The United States vs. One Package of Japanese Pessaries* was a brilliant victory. Ernst put doctors on the stand and solicited a list of cases in which a pregnancy could threaten a woman's life. Contraceptives thus served a medical need.

Then Ernst invoked the Depression: "How about a case where the mother has four or five children and the husband has been out of work or has a \$6 or \$8 income? Would the health of the family be imperiled if there were another child, and if that is so, because of lack of food, nutrition, decent home, decent housing, would there not be such cases where the health of the family would be benefited by such a prescription?"

The judge ruled that Congress and Customs had no place coming between a doctor and his patients. The decision withstood an appeal.

In March 1938 *Ladies' Home Journal* published the results of a survey: 79 percent of American women favored birth control. (The figures by religion: Of Protestant women, 84 percent favored birth control; of Catholics, 51 percent.) More than three quarters of those supporting birth control cited family income, the notion that parents should not have more children than they can properly care for, as the moral justification for birth control.

It should be noted that the papal encyclical against artificial means of birth control included condemnation of abortion. The main objection to birth control was that people who practiced family limitation with unreliable methods inevitably became pregnant. Then they re-

sorted to abortion, which the church viewed as the taking of innocent life. The most zealous priests even insisted that the embryonic remains of miscarriage should be baptized so that the souls could go to heaven.

Although millions of women had abortions, abortionists were still held in contempt as racketeers who corrupted coroners and medical examiners to cover botched illegal operations. Headlines claimed that abortion was a \$100 million-a-year business. *Time* followed the case of a West Coast abortarium that had been closed by officials.

In the entire decade abortion stayed underground. A few brave doctors began to defend the practice, arguing that abortion should be legalized to take it out of the hands of "unskilled quacks." Dr. William Robinson wrote *The Law Against Abortion*, in which he argued that "the law has not done away with abortions—about two million of them are performed in the U.S. annually—but it has driven them into dark places."

Dr. Robinson contended that abortion could preserve the health of the mother, including her mental health. It was an argument that would not prevail until another 40 years had passed.

#### EUGENICS

The most important issue of the decade would be who controlled reproduction. It was an issue that would eventually be settled by war. Eugenics—the theory of improving racial stock—had swept America. According to Garland Allen, a professor of biology at Washington University in St. Louis, by 1928 there were 376 college courses devoted to teaching Americans the dark side of birth control. By selecting proper parents, nations could breed traits such as leadership, humor, generosity, sympathy, loyalty, genius. By denying reproductive rights to "defectives," one could eliminate hereditary blindness, deafness and epilepsy, as well as "alcoholism, pauperism, prostitution, rebelliousness, criminality and feeble-mindedness."

Leading eugenicists claimed that "social behaviors of not only individual family members but also whole nations were genetically fixed at birth." The Irish were suspicious. Jewish people displayed a genetic trait of "obtrusiveness."

In America, the theory was used to limit immigration. Immigrants were considered to be the dregs of humanity. In the depth of the Depression, it was argued that the social cost of caring for defectives placed a huge burden on an already taxed economy. (One much quoted study said that if the government had sterilized one woman—deemed defective in 1790—it would have saved an estimated \$2 million in care for her descendants by the Twenties. For want of a \$150 operation, went the argument, millions were lost.)



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In America 30 states enacted compulsory sterilization laws for those considered likely to give birth to socially defective children. Between 1907 and 1941 more than 60,000 forced sterilizations were performed in the U.S.

Nazi Germany borrowed American expertise to draft its own sterilization law. Between 1933 and 1937, Nazis sterilized 400,000 wards of the state, most involuntarily. The government decided who was valuable and who was valueless.

Carrying the cost-benefit analysis to its darkest extreme, the German state decided that euthanasia was cheaper than sterilization. State-controlled sexuality led to the Holocaust. Hitler had convinced Germans that the state held the ultimate solution—that Germany could achieve racial superiority and begin a 1000-year Reich. Today, Germany, he declared. Tomorrow, the World.

### THE WORLD OF TOMORROW

The 1939 New York World's Fair offered a vision of the World of Tomorrow. Fairgoers saw exhibits presenting technology's answers for a better world. Murals celebrated hydroelectric power, the great dams and power lines built during the Depression. A car company that had survived the Crash showed streamlined models in "Futurama." A boy seeing a television broadcast for the first time would say he preferred radio because the pictures were better.

The fair had a whole section designated the "Amusement Area," for which surrealist Salvador Dali created the Dream of Venus concession. Inside four diving tanks "living girls, nude to the waist," played with giant rubber telephones and swam past melting watches.

Another exhibitor presented living magazine covers, where topless women posed for a *Romantic Life Magazine* dated 1949. We were smart enough to realize that no matter what the future held, sex would play a part in it.

A local minister complained about the "menace to morals" posed by the Amusement Area, and officials issued a "Mandatory Bras and Net Coverings" order. Mayor La Guardia, invoking a little-used power of office, held court outside the fair, sentencing three men who had tried to hold a Miss Nude of 1939 beauty pageant in the Cuban Village.

The fair held the promise that nations could work together to solve their problems. *Harper's* would note: "In a world swept by terror and hysteria, 60 nations have participated in the fair." One nation—Germany—was notably absent.

War had broken out in Europe. Soon, women would find themselves working in factories, fulfilling the suffragettes' dream of equality and liberation. And men, fighting to save the world, would become men again.



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*"This entire experience has been a renaissance for me in every way. I no longer feel those restrictions."*

the mystery of a woman, the way she holds something back, the way she sits, is more interesting and in fact more arousing than something blatant. I proved it because it ended up being one of the best-selling issues ever.

"But I still hadn't done everything I wanted to do. I needed some closure. The body painting was still on my mind. I had taken a film crew to document the original shooting on St. Barts because I knew it would be a life-altering experience. And when PLAYBOY contacted me about incorporating that footage in a film, which turned out to be *Farrah Fawcett: All of Me*, we talked about filming me sculpting and body painting. That was the reason I decided I would appear nude. You don't feel quite so nude wearing paint, but it's still not easy doing a shoot without your clothes. You're still naked and everyone else is dressed.

"This entire experience has been a renaissance for me in every way. I no longer feel those restrictions emotionally, artistically, creatively or in my every-

day life. I don't feel those borders anymore. There is pain with any growth, with any rebirth, but the result is profoundly fulfilling.

"It was a struggle and it was very hard work both emotionally and physically. But it was the least self-conscious I've ever been in front of a camera. And I've been looked at my whole life, but the act of painting made the camera disappear. I forgot it was there. It was amazing. I was totally nude and there were 75 people standing around, and I forgot they were there. I've never liked having anyone watch me create art, because it can be inhibiting, but I just blocked them out. I couldn't stop when the director yelled 'Cut.' I was totally into it."

Somehow, judging from these pictures and the film of Farrah painting, one tends to believe her. She is genuinely into it. It's not acting. That rapt quality makes her presence exponentially more erotic than a woman consciously doing something overtly sexual.

"Learning to work like that without

really thinking about it was a gift. I realized that I tend to overanalyze when I paint or sculpt. This time I followed my instincts completely. Even though I let in those demons of fear, once I got started it was automatic. Sometimes it looks erotically primitive, a little like *Quest for Fire*, but I think the results are pure."

Maybe Farrah has finally learned to paint the way she acts. Her most recent director is Robert Duvall, who co-stars with her in *The Apostle*, an independent film to be released later this year. He considers Farrah to be a truly great actress because she doesn't act. Meaning that she doesn't premeditate, she doesn't analyze, she just does it. Duvall isn't the only fan of Fawcett's acting. Word of mouth on the picture is great.

"I had never met Robert Duvall," says Farrah, "but when he was doing publicity for *Wrestling Hemingway*, he gave an interview in which he said, 'I'll tell you, one of the most underrated actresses is Farrah Fawcett. Watching Farrah act is like eating caviar.' Then a couple of years ago he contacted my agent about this project. He sent me the script and said I could do either of the two main women's roles.

"When we met he asked me about specific moments in my acting, whether I had planned something or if it had just happened. He doesn't like acting that's visible, when you can see the machinery. I couldn't remember what I'd done, but I knew that he was talking about being spontaneous, in the moment.

"The first day we just did our scenes. I realized you have to be careful about what you wish for—you might get it. Because he hardly gave me any direction and all of a sudden I felt I didn't know what to do. So the second day I said, 'Bobby, I just wanted to say that if there's anything you want to tell me, because I really don't think I've found my character, just tell me.' He just looked at me and, after a long pause, said, 'Oh, I think you found her.'

"Sometimes after a take he would just look at me and say, 'God, you are good!' I guess it was because I'm slightly unpredictable. I don't consciously plan everything I'm going to do."

Farrah may not know what she's going to do until she does it, but she knows what she'd like to do. She would like to get back into her studio and create more art. She hasn't worked on her sculpture for two years. Then again, it's being a brilliant actress that brings home the bacon. It's being in the moment in front of a camera that enables her to act automatically and instinctively, and it looks like that's the direction her art will be taking. Farrah Fawcett is a creature of instinct. Instinct comes from inside. Talent too. And they say that's where beauty comes from as well.





# ANTHONY EDWARDS

(continued from page 62)

sexy pharmaceuticals sales rep wanted Greene to endorse Rogaine.

**EDWARDS:** Who says I'm not using it? I might be.

**PLAYBOY:** If so, the company might not want the endorsement.

**EDWARDS:** I guess I have a reverse sort of vanity. My vanity is *not* doing anything about losing my hair. Cool enough with myself not to care. I'm sure that losing hair has cost me some work. But I haven't exactly been hurting for work, have I? And now there's a new, extra-weird development. I get compliments. People say, "Isn't it cool how Anthony Edwards doesn't worry about his hair?"

**PLAYBOY:** We've always wondered about *ER* blood. It looks too real to be ketchup.

**EDWARDS:** It's stage makeup. It's sticky-sweet like imitation maple syrup. And it tastes minty.

**PLAYBOY:** The show's creator, Michael Crichton, author of *Jurassic Park* and other boffo stuff, attended Harvard Medical School. How does he see *ER*?

**EDWARDS:** In conversations I've had with him he has seemed happy with the show. He thought doctors had gotten a bad name as golf-playing, money-grubbing rich guys. The truth is, doctors coming out of med school live miserable lives. They make less money than garbage-men. That was the idea *ER* began with. And we surprised him. He told me it's rare when something he creates gets deeper and better than it was at the start. Most of the movies of his books have disappointed him, but we surprised him.

**PLAYBOY:** What else do you like on TV?

**EDWARDS:** *The X-Files*. And *Larry Sanders*. I'd love to be on with Larry, but they haven't asked me.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you a TV kid?

**EDWARDS:** No, my parents were antitelevision. We weren't allowed to watch TV at night. My memories are of afternoon reruns: *The Brady Bunch*, *The Partridge Family* and *The Wild Wild West*.

**PLAYBOY:** Movie heroes?

**EDWARDS:** Peter O'Toole. To be so outlandishly committed to a performance—that was something I dreamed of. And Gene Kelly, I worshiped him. In high school I was dying to be a song-and-dance man. It's still my secret fantasy.

**PLAYBOY:** What was your problem with girls back then?

**EDWARDS:** I didn't want to objectify and power-trip over them. Although, like Jimmy Carter said, I feel that desire. Maybe it's sexist to say so, but I think men are genetically driven to dominate. I'll tell you something about women, too. Women are strong. I saw my wife give birth. And I would be more terrified by an army of women than by an army of men. The women would be united, strong. We'd be fighting among ourselves over the wrong things, like who

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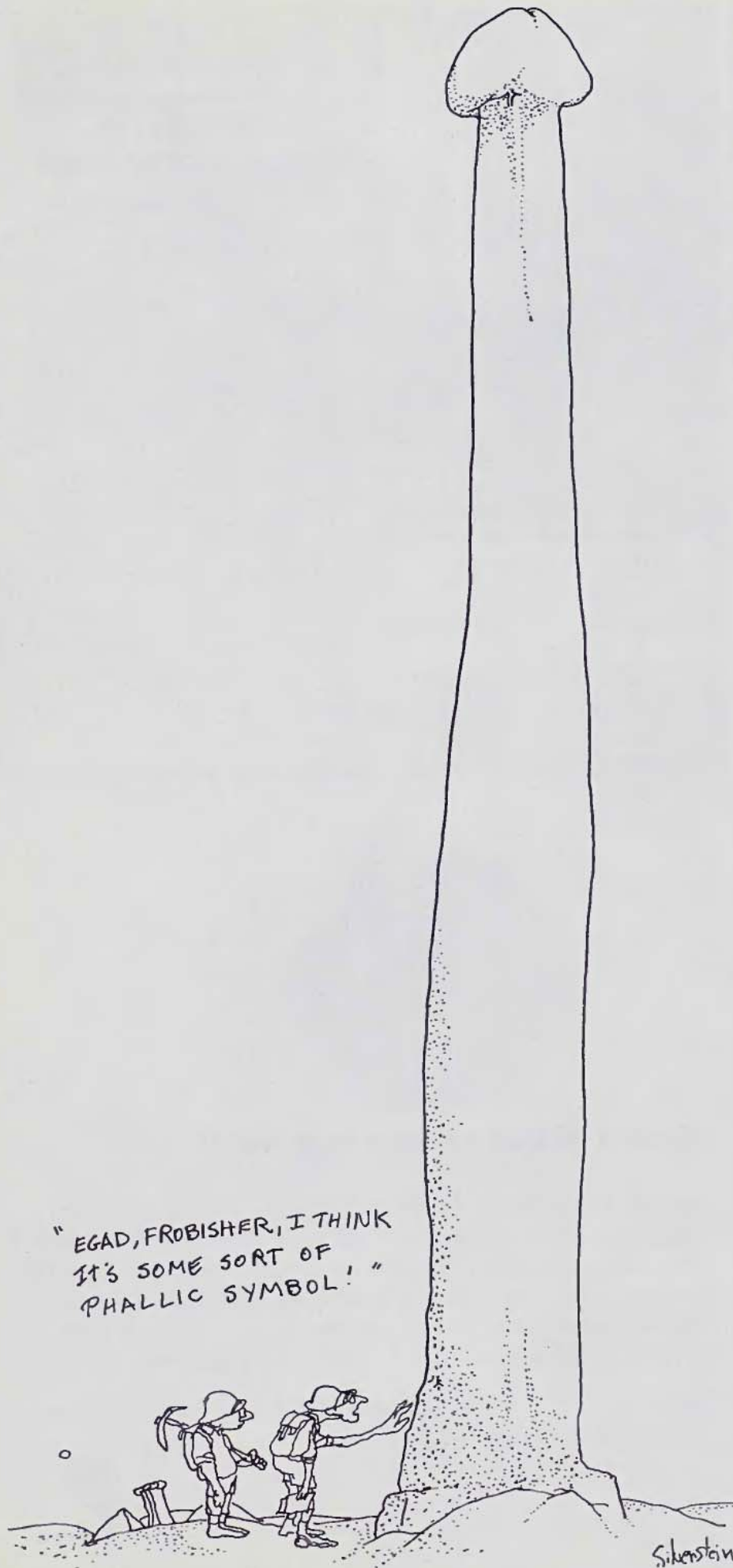
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gets to wear the biggest hat.

**PLAYBOY:** You're a feminist.

**EDWARDS:** After a lot of dating I figured something out. Most of my relationships were controlling. They were about fixing the other person. The trouble with that is, once you achieve control and fix the other person—once you solve her problems—she resents you. That might be the usual sort of marriage for people in their 20s, neurotically compatible. One of them controls and fixes the other, who resents it, and they end up splitting or shooting each other.

**PLAYBOY:** What saved you?

**EDWARDS:** My wife.

**PLAYBOY:** You met Jeanine Lobell on location for *Pet Sematary II*, in which you played a veterinarian bitten by zombie pets. She was a makeup artist. Did you fall in love on location?

**EDWARDS:** The timing of our meeting, her friendship, her unbelievable ability to make me laugh—it was clear to me somehow that this was the person I was going to be with and have a family with. Maybe I was ready. I'd wanted to be 30 since I was 22. And now I wasn't pursuing someone to fit into what I wanted. The feeling that we were going to be together hit so hard it was undeniable.

**PLAYBOY:** And now?

**EDWARDS:** For one thing, she's audience. She'll corner John Wells [*ER*'s executive producer] when we go to dinner and tell him what should happen on the show. Like a lot of viewers, she enjoys being swept up in the story. As a viewer Jeanine wanted Lewis to stay, even though she's great friends with Sherry Stringfield and wants her to go on and have a happy life.

It's not that my wife thinks the show is real. It's just fun to follow the stories. We provide diversionary fun, and I don't think the audience takes us nearly as seriously as network executives think. People in our business might be a little too much like Hershey executives in Hershey, Pennsylvania, who think the world revolves around chocolate.

**PLAYBOY:** Does your wife critique your acting?

**EDWARDS:** She wants me to ham it up. "Maybe you didn't get the fucking Emmy last year because you didn't ham it up enough," she says. But I'm not sure that I know how. Even if I could I wouldn't want to give one of those movie-star performances.

**PLAYBOY:** Meaning what?

**EDWARDS:** Meaning . . . acting alone. The way I work is to feed off other people, to act and react with other actors. I can't do that big-movie-star-alone-with-the-camera thing. Can't do it as an actor or appreciate it as an audience.

**PLAYBOY:** Stardom as fascism. You're a bit of a hippie, aren't you?

**EDWARDS:** I am very liberal. I'm against the death penalty. I am for socialized health care. I want gun control. The fact



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that we tolerate millions of handguns on our streets is a childish joke. People blame drugs and anything else they can think of, but it's OK for us all to happily carry handguns. That's horseshit. Show me one city police force that doesn't want gun control.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do Hollywood types champion so many liberal causes?

**EDWARDS:** Charlton Heston, Arnold Schwarzenegger and Kevin Costner don't. Anyway, I think the way we use definitions in this country is destructive. It's divisive. We should try to agree on some things. We need more of something I call the Wink.

Now, I work for Warner Bros. and NBC, two huge corporations. Along with everyone else on *ER*, I help create stories so the moneymen can sell advertising time. We all wink back and forth as if to say, "We'll do our artistic thing and you can sell it. Just don't get in our way." They wink back and say, "Tell your stories. We'll play along as long as it sells." And that's how things get done.

**PLAYBOY:** You're not co-opting your art? Would any true hippie wink and shake hands with Warner Bros.?

**EDWARDS:** I'm still a hippie. If being a hippie means caring about other people as much as you care about yourself, sign me up. Fucking a, let's bring that spirit back.

**PLAYBOY:** Tell us about your surfing.

**EDWARDS:** Growing up in Santa Barbara I surfed and sailed. I loved the beach. One of our family traditions was walking the beach on Christmas Day.

I used to bodysurf when I was a kid. Sometimes at night. There was a kind of plankton that was phosphorescent; it made the water glow this pale blue color, a faint electric blue. And if you peed in the water it got even better. It made the blue really bright. As a kid you cannot be more empowered than to see your pee turn the ocean bright colors.

I was never a great surfer. I don't do big waves—maybe up to eight or ten feet. But on something head-high I kind of know what I'm doing. Surfing is a little like acting: It's persistence. You keep trying and finally one day a light goes on. You understand a little more and maybe surf a little better. Then there's the pure experience. There's something private and beautiful about being in the water at dawn when it's glassy. There's a big wave coming in and a school of dolphins outside it. That's a good moment.

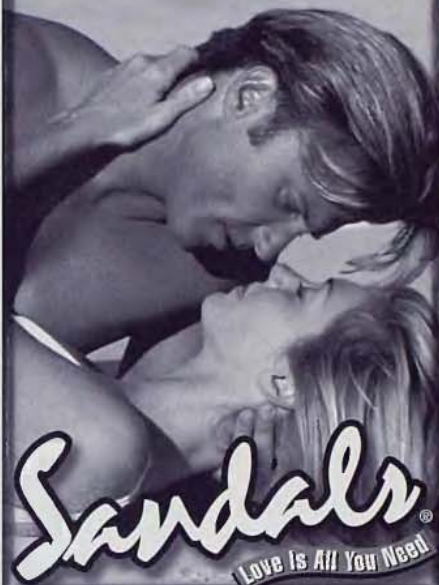
**PLAYBOY:** You said that it was like acting.

**EDWARDS:** Part of surfing is letting go, freeing up your instincts to simply react to the wave. That's one of the things we try to create in acting. And I've discovered, in surfing and acting, that you don't remember it when it's good. If you don't remember it afterward, you probably did a good job because you were there when it happened.

**PLAYBOY:** How does fatherhood suit you?

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You and Jeanine have a three-year-old son, Bailey, and a new daughter, Esme.

**EDWARDS:** Bailey and I dance all the time. I hold him and we spin until he's dizzy. I barbecue a lot. I'm proud of my salmon marinade with mustard, garlic and ginger. I think I'd be a good housewife.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you in the delivery room when Bailey was born?

**EDWARDS:** Absolutely. We went through the classes to prepare, but they don't really prepare you. I was in awe. It was like pulling up to the Grand Canyon. I basically just held my wife's hand as she gave birth. I almost thought, Goddamn, why can't I be more a part of this? A man can be jealous of that pure bond between mother and child. It's something you can never quite match. But I wasn't thinking of that when my wife was giving birth. That's the time you learn what focus really means. The world goes away until it's over and even then you're standing there in wonder, looking around, thinking how amazing it is that we were all born.

**PLAYBOY:** How has Bailey surprised you?

**EDWARDS:** Things are clear-cut when you're two or three. I noticed this when Bailey had a cold and we went to the doctor. He knew immediately that this wasn't playtime on daddy's set at work. He always wears my stethoscope on the set, but this was different. This was real. It occurred to me that he knew all this in an instinctual, almost animalistic way because he doesn't process things the way I do. For him everything boils down to one thing: Is he safe or not safe?

**PLAYBOY:** Does he know you're a TV star?

**EDWARDS:** He knows daddy is on TV. Those other people on TV with daddy are our friends. Bailey loves Big Noah, Noah Wyle. And he loved seeing posters

for *One Fine Day* because he thought Michelle Pfeiffer was Sherry. To him that movie poster was a scene from our show: cousin Sherry and goofy George.

**PLAYBOY:** What about daddy's star status?

**EDWARDS:** When Bailey sees a balding guy on TV he says, "There's Daddy!"

**PLAYBOY:** Has he had any celeb perks of his own?

**EDWARDS:** Bailey thinks it's cool that daddy works with Batman. He got to go to the *Batman* set with me. But he was scared when Batman suddenly became three-dimensional and came right up to him. I was holding him when George came over to us; I felt Bailey tighten up. The message was, "Daddy, I like this, but don't let go of me." He was relieved when George took the armor off. Of course it takes three men to take that outfit off.

George gave Bailey a Batman doll. Bailey didn't really process that. He was still a little worried; he knew he didn't want to touch that scary armor. But he loved seeing goofy George. When he woke up the next morning the first thing he said was, "Where's my Batman?"

**PLAYBOY:** Has *ER* helped you as a parent?

**EDWARDS:** I think it did when Bailey dislocated his elbow. He was just walking down the stairs and it popped out. It's a common condition.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the term for it?

**EDWARDS:** Nursemaid's elbow. It happens to one out of eight kids. Anyway, we took him to the local ER. There were dozens of people waiting, but they took one look at me and we had a doctor in about 24 seconds. Some actors get good seats in restaurants; I get great emergency care.



## george lucas

(continued from page 120)

autographed picture of Elvis in his bedroom), photography and drag racing.

Weighing only 100 pounds as a teenager, Lucas loved the thrill of drag racing for its freedom. To the horror of his parents, he hung out with a rough crowd: He greased his hair, cruised for girls and listened to rock and roll. "The only way to keep from getting the shit kicked out of you was to hang out with some really tough guys who happened to be your friends," he recalls. (Lucas used his teen experiences for *American Graffiti*, his most personal film.)

Cruising, Lucas told biographer Dale Pollock, is more than a quaint adolescent experience. "It's a significant event in the maturation of American youth," he said. "It's a rite of passage, a mating ritual. It's so American: the cars, the machines, the cruising for girls and the whole society that develops around it."

Cruising also introduced Lucas to sex—a subject that is almost totally avoided in *Star Wars*. (Lucas ordered Carrie Fisher's breasts be taped, leading Fisher to remark, "No breasts bounce in space, there's no jiggling in the Empire.") Painfully shy, Lucas welcomed the anonymity of cars. "Nobody knew who I was," he recalled. "I'd say, 'Hi, I'm George,' but after that night I'd never see the girls again."

Lucas' life changed when he was 18 and a senior at Thomas Downey High School. Speeding home in his Fiat Bianchina, a fast Italian import, Lucas made an illegal left turn onto a dirt road near his home and smashed into a Chevy Impala that was barreling toward him. The Fiat was hurled sideways, flipped over four or five times and wrapped around a walnut tree. Lucas was thrown out the open roof. Had his seat belt not snapped at its base, he would have likely died.

His near-fatal experience—he lingered close to death for several days with serious internal injuries—changed Lucas. He spent three months in and out of the hospital. "I realized that I'd been living my life so close to the edge for so long," he said years later. "That's when I decided to go straight, to become a better student, to try to do something with myself." The accident, Lucas added, gave him a sense of his own mortality.

"I began to trust my instincts," he told Pollock. "I had the feeling I should go to college, and I did. I had the same feeling later that I should go to film school, even though everyone thought I was nuts. I had the same feeling when I decided to make *Star Wars*, when even my friends told me I was crazy. These are just things that had to be done, and I felt as if I had to do them."

Lucas enrolled at Modesto Junior College, where he became fascinated with cinematography and experimented with



"Thank you. You looked lovely too."



an eight-millimeter camera owned by a friend. While racing sports cars—a hobby that continued even after the accident—Lucas also met cinematographer Haskell Wexler, who took a liking to this short, skinny kid who seemed obsessed with camera techniques. Lucas applied to the prestigious film school at the University of Southern California in Los Angeles and—to George's and his father's amazement—got in. "I fought him; I didn't want him to go into that damn movie business," his father recalled years later. Meanwhile, Wexler had phoned friends at the school: "For God's sake, keep an eye on the kid," he'd told them.

USC was a milestone for Lucas. "Suddenly my life was film—every waking hour," he says. He had found his calling. He especially loved editing—partly because, he said later, it offered a way to manipulate the perceptions of audiences. He concentrated on making abstract science fiction films and mock documentaries, which impressed Francis Coppola, who saw one of Lucas' student films and invited him to sit in on the shooting of *Finian's Rainbow*. Later, Lucas directed a short documentary about Coppola's film *The Rain People*.

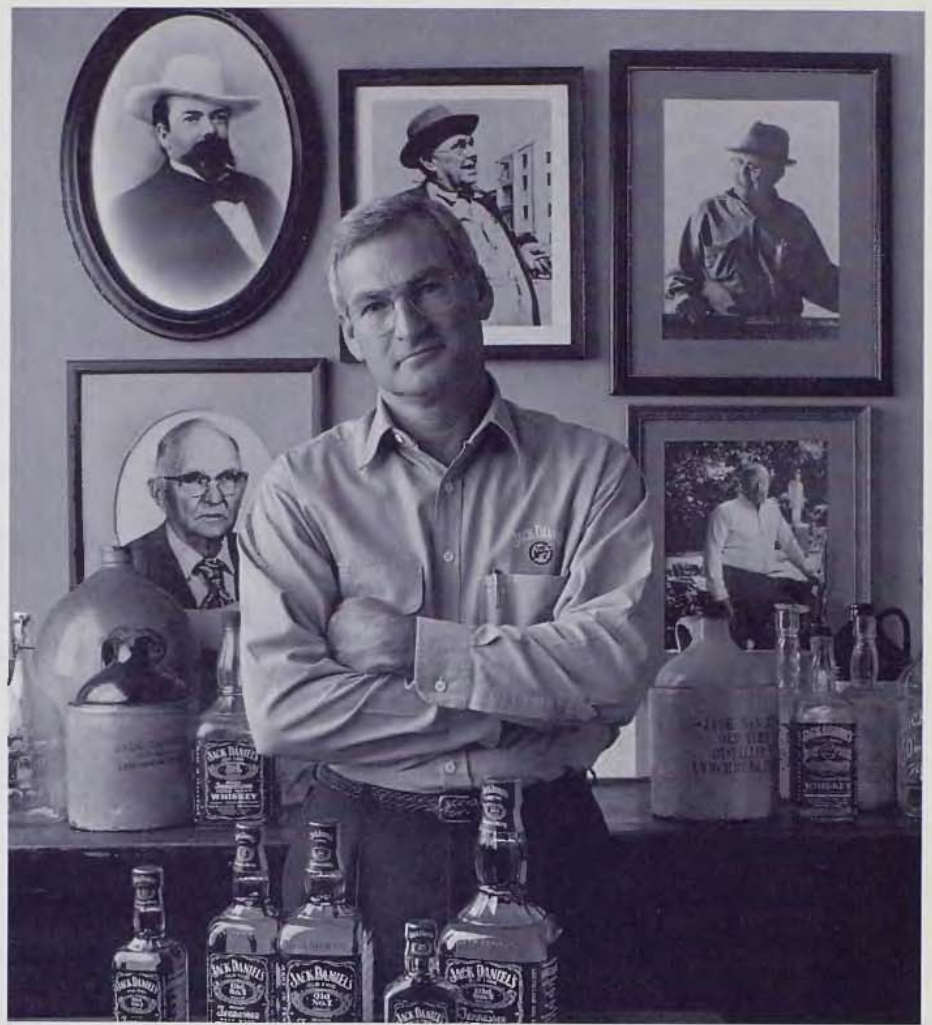
Coppola persuaded Warner Bros. to sign his protégé to a contract and make a film based on one of Lucas' science fiction student movies. The full-length feature, *THX-1138*, a bleak futuristic tale, was released in 1971 to modest reviews. It was a box office flop. (The film also contains the only erotic sequences in Lucas' oeuvre, including a nude striptease by a buxom black woman.)

But studio executives were impressed with Lucas' obvious talent. He turned his attention to *American Graffiti*, partly because he wanted to dispel the notion that he was a skilled but mechanical filmmaker devoid of humor and feeling.

In the meantime, Lucas had met Marcia Griffin, a film editor. She was the first woman he dated seriously. "My relationships with women were not complex," he said. "Until I met Marcia, it was a very animalistic attraction." (Or, as Pollock put it, "His relationships usually lasted for a few dates and a couple of sessions in bed and then petered out.") Lucas and Griffin wed on February 22, 1969, in a Methodist church near Monterey.

Even before completing *American Graffiti*, Lucas wanted to make a science fiction film, splashed with drama and comedy, that would break the mold of the cheesy futuristic films churned out by the studios. Lucas sensed that audiences yearned for an empowering and bold adventure in the face of all the sexually charged and violent realism produced by studios in the late Sixties and early Seventies.

"I was very interested in creating a modern myth to replace the Western," he said recently. "I realized that it had to be somewhere outside people's realm of



Clockwise from top left, that's Jack Daniel, Jess Mottow, Lem Tolley, Frank Bobo and Jess Gamble. (Jimmy's in the middle.)

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Shown on Playmate  
Shauna Sand

© 1997 Playboy

awareness. That is where Westerns were. Greek mythology, or mythology from any country, often takes place in an unknown area believable to the audience. The only area we now have that is like that is outer space. So I decided outer space was a good idea."

After researching fairy tales, mythology, movie serials and social psychology, Lucas began writing *Star Wars*, a bizarre saga (no one in Hollywood, including Lucas' agents and lawyers, understood the concept) about intergalactic war, chirping robots, a rebel princess fleeing from an evil sovereign and an intrepid hero named Luke Skywalker who pits himself against a dark, menacing force.

"A lot of stuff in there is very personal," he said years after *Star Wars* was released. "There's more of me in *Star Wars* than I care to admit. Knowing that the film was made for a young audience, I was trying to say, in a simple way, that there is a God and that there is both a good side and a bad side. You have a choice between them, but the world works better if you're on the good side. (It's no coincidence that Lucas chose Mark Hamill, who is about his height, to play the last of the Jedi knights, or that he named the character Luke.)

As for the recent success of *Star Wars*, Lucas says, "If it were just an adrenaline-rush movie, it wouldn't be here 20 years later. There are other things going on that are complicated and psychologically satisfying. It's like sex and love. Sex is a rush for a short period of time, and then it goes away. An adrenaline movie is more like having sex. But if people are still interested in and fond of your movie 20 years later, it was either the best sex they ever had, or it's romantic love, which means there is more to it than just the adrenaline rush."

Lucas' profits from the *Star Wars* trilogy enabled him to purchase the thousands of acres in Marin County. He built a seemingly utopian community (Lucas calls it his "psychological experiment") where everyone speaks in whispers, wears jeans and immerses themselves in some of the world's most advanced film postproduction facilities, where films are edited, special effects added and other enhancements made. "It's my biggest movie. I've always been a frustrated architect," says Lucas, who has lavished at least \$75 million on the set of Victorian buildings that makes up the ranch.

Of course, beneath the laid-back style of Skywalker Ranch—and Lucas spent a ton of money, for example, just planting about 2000 mature trees to encourage the foxes and pheasants in the rolling hills of Marin County—there's an aggressive and expanding multibillion-dollar business controlled by the filmmaker: Lucasfilm Ltd., Lucas Digital Ltd. and Lucas Arts Entertainment Co.



"The guiding principle is that the company can sustain itself without having to make movies," confesses Lucas. "I don't want to have to make movies. Your bottom-line assumption has to be that every movie loses money. They don't, of course, but you go on that assumption. It's like baseball. You don't always get into the World Series, but you keep playing."

The Eighties and early Nineties were difficult for Lucas. Marcia, who shared an Academy Award for editing *Star Wars*, left him for an artist who worked on the ranch. The 1983 divorce devastated Lucas (the settlement reportedly cost him \$50 million). He had a relationship with Linda Ronstadt, but that broke up. His associates don't know—or aren't saying—anything about his personal life now.

Lucas is raising three adopted children on his own. His older daughter, Amanda, 16, was adopted while George was still married. Lucas also has an eight-year-old daughter, Katie, and a four-year-old son, Jett. In recent years, he has spoken of the children a bit more freely, although Lucas guards his own—and his family's—privacy intensely.

Lucas has produced some disappointing films, including *Howard the Duck*, *Willow* and, more recently, *Radioland Murders*. His TV show, *The Young Indiana Jones Chronicles*, got marginal ratings.

These days, Lucas drives to his Sky-

walker Ranch office sporadically. The majority of the time he's home, writing and planning the three films that will consume him past the millennium.

Even Lucas' critics call him a visionary—one of the few filmmakers of the Seventies to grasp the significance of marrying computers to cameras. He now views films (such as the *Star Wars* trilogy) as dynamic creations, forever showcasing the latest technological breakthroughs in sound and image.

"I can take images and manipulate them infinitely, as opposed to taking still photographs and laying them one after the other," he told *Wired* earlier this year. "I move things in all directions. It's such a liberating experience."

The dominant figure in digital movie-making, Lucas speaks mystically about the untapped potential for computers and film. "Digital technology is the same revolution as adding sound to pictures and the same revolution as adding color to pictures," he said. "Nothing more, nothing less."

Surprisingly, Lucas is hardly consumed with computers on a personal level. He uses e-mail infrequently. "I don't have time to spend on the Web," he told *Wired*. He added: "For being sort of a state-of-the-art guy, my personal life is very unstate-of-the-art. It's Victorian, actually. I like to sit on a porch and listen to the flies buzz if I have five minutes,

because most of my life is interacting with people all the time. I interact with a couple hundred people every day, and it's very intense. I have three kids, so I interact with them during whatever's left of the day. The few brief seconds I have before I fall asleep are usually more meditative in nature."

Since the car accident that nearly killed him at the age of 18, Lucas' credo has been remarkably simple: Work hard, believe in yourself and persevere.

"My films have a tendency to promote a personal self-esteem, a you-can-do-it attitude," he told writer Paul Chutkow in 1993. "Their message is, 'Don't listen to everyone else. Discover your own feelings and follow them. Then you can overcome anything.' It's old-fashioned and very American."

Lucas said he often meets people who are drifting. "All they need is the inspiration to say, 'Don't let all this get you down. You can do it,'" he said. "It's the one thing I discovered early on. You may have to overcome a lot of fear and get up a lot of courage, sometimes to do even the simplest things, sometimes to just get up in the morning. But you can do it. You can make a difference."

"Dreams are extremely important," he said. "You can't do it unless you imagine it."



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# I Could've Told You (continued from page 88)

*I knew I loved Fiona and could work as the conductor on her trainload of neuroses.*

"I don't want to get tuberculosis," he said.

"I ain't got TB."

"Well, you had to go down to the doctor last week, and you haven't bought any cigarettes since, and you had a coughing fit down at the Waffle House," the kid said.

"Oh. Oh, yeah. It's not tuberculosis, man," I said. "It's rabies." I took two quick steps his way so he jumped clean off the porch, eight feet off the ground.

I'd gone to the doctor to get some shots, because I'd been hired to check out the chances of a Disney project in Kuwait. I told them to save their money, but they didn't. That Gulf war thing took place soon thereafter. There you go.

I lied in front of the judge and jury, in front of the packed house at the Polk County courthouse, in front of Fiona, Desmond and their respective lawyers. I said, "No sir. I never had sex with her in my house. It's true she came over as the films indicate." Then I said, "On more than one occasion Fiona came over looking for Bactine, Neosporin and gauze." I

made it sound like Desmond beat her or something, but I didn't care.

Desmond had the brains to point one of his little cameras toward my front porch. The jury saw something like 42 clips of Fiona walking in my front door, all but one of me hugging her there. When Desmond took the stand he swore I'd told him about my scams just so I could lure his wife over my way. He'd put his hand on the Bible and everything, and looked the jury straight. Obviously they believed him. Luckily, no chicken followed Fiona over or we might have been sentenced to the electric chair. This was the South.

Of course she lost everything. Juries from the mountains of western North Carolina don't care about mental cruelty or impotence or abuse. It's as if *Stand by Your Man* is piped into the chambers.

The prosecutor asked me, "Do you know what kind of a person you are, breaking up a marriage?" I sat silent. "You're nothing but a coward, lying like this. Do you know the meaning of coward?"

I tried not to shake. I didn't look up or down or sideways back and forth like an animal confused by rain.

I didn't mention to Desmond's lawyer how the mountains of North Carolina are filled with garnets and rubies and emeralds and mica. I didn't say how one day when Fiona came over she made me lie naked in the sun and placed semi-precious gems on what she understood to be pressure points on my body.

I understood, too. I'm talking sundial—she put a rock right on the end of my pecker. Fiona said, "I am trying to learn the proper and beneficial uses of magnets, but I don't feel sure about myself yet."

In the distance we heard Desmond's roosters crow. Fiona put rocks on herself, and we both fell asleep. I got a sunburn, and when I woke up it looked like someone had written tiny Os on my body. I'd never felt better in my life—when Fiona rolled over on me our white marks fit like pistons, I swear. Let me say right now that it was at this point that I knew I loved Fiona and could work as the conductor on her trainload of neuroses. Call it luck or predilection on her part, but those stones made me feel different about myself and the rest of the world and the way things would end up in the future.

The prosecutor said, "Boy, I believe you got some Sherman in you, what with the way you burned down a marriage with a perfect foundation." He pointed over at Desmond and said, "What else could you have done to this poor man?"

Years later on, reading about how *Chickens* won those independent-film competitions, I had all kinds of reactions, most of which involved duct tape, a simple hard-backed chair, a pistol butt and a smile. I read that in France the movie was called *Les Poulets*, of course, and audiences considered it some kind of classic. In Holland or Denmark the film went by plain *Peep-Peep*. Because Desmond won the divorce, he got the house and half of Fiona's worth, enabling him to back himself on his own project. Fiona came from a wealthy family, too. What I'm saying is, I damn near forgot that women named Fiona either numbed the ground when they walked or took in strays or had a trust fund the size of influenza.

We live quietly these days and we compromise. Sometimes Fiona circles that gray patch on the back of my head as if she were mixing a drink with her finger. She says I'll soon come up with a vision for us both. I don't make fun of her when she goes outside at night and cries with the stars and moon. And unlike most people, I'm now allowed to stomp on this earth.



"There's a rumor going around that he's about to be traded."

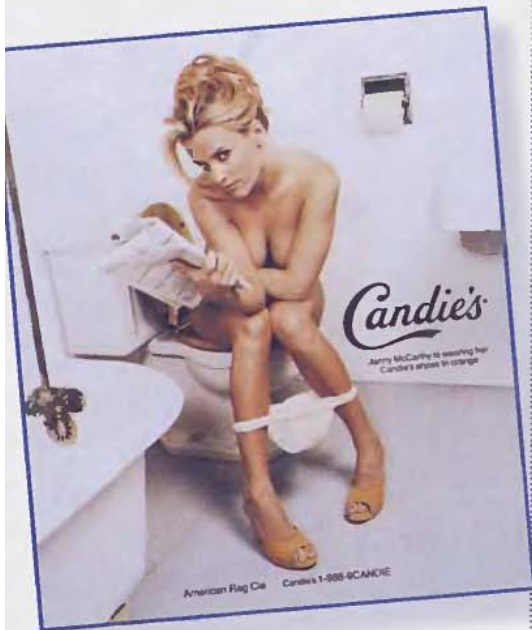






## JENNY HITS THE (JACK)POT

Could we have predicted the future for Miss October 1993 and 1994's Playmate of the Year, Jenny McCarthy? Maybe. We knew she was a beauty with a fiery personality even before MTV discovered her comedic capabilities and every magazine in



America put her on its cover. It's her sense of humor that produced recent cheers and jeers because of her toilet-themed ad campaign for Candie's shoes. *Vogue* and *Cosmo* refused to run the ads of her sitting on the throne. They didn't find them funny. But Jenny does. So does Candie's, which renewed its contract with McCarthy. We think the shots are charmin'.

## PMOY READER FAVORITES

Victoria Silvstedt wowed our readers, but they also loved (1) Jennifer Allan (Miss September), (2) Kona Carmack (Miss February), (3) Angel Boris (Miss July), (4) Gillian Bonner (Miss April), (5) Shauna Sand (Miss May) and (6) Karin Taylor (Miss June).

## FAN MAIL

"Hef has had unique experiences, a rich life and a wide perspective as a bachelor, husband, father, publisher and editor. He made his dreams come true. However, *Politically Incorrect's* host, Bill Maher, didn't seem to take

advantage of this, judging by his recent interview with Hef. Just when things began to get interesting, Hef was cut off, leaving me disappointed."

—Peggy Wilkins  
mozart@uchicago.edu

## PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS — JULY

**Pamela Anderson**—Miss February 1990 will be 30 on July 1.

**Karla Conway**—Miss April 1966 will be 51 on July 5.

**Bebe Buell**—Miss November 1974 will be 44 on July 14.

**Gloria Walker**—Miss June 1956 will be 60 on July 16.

**Suzi Schott**—Miss August 1984 will be 36 on July 19.

"Kudos to Jenny McCarthy for her new comedy show. From the campy title sequence bits to the skit with the Muppet-like creatures who stare at her breasts, the show is definitely a hit. Jenny doesn't mind poking fun at herself, and I have new respect for her as a physical comedian."

—Mike Cristel  
alecto@petchem1.wustl.edu

## CAROL VITALE:

"I knew what I wanted to be when I grew up—the boss."

## SOMETHING EXTRA

Demi Moore did it first on the cover of *Vanity Fair*. Now Miss November 1988 Pia Reyes (right) does it in a more revealing book. Photographer Mary Ann Halpin blows the lid off our perceptions of pregnancy in *Pregnant Goddesshood* (General Publishing). The sexy photographs feature various pregnant women in fantasy settings, as butterflies, mermaids and even a boxer. It turns out that Pia's makeup for this photo shoot was done by none other than Miss January 1990 Peggy McIntaggart,



Victoria Silvstedt

## PLAYMATES 101: POSING FOR PLAYBOY

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who is expecting twins. Look for these goddesses in your bookstore in October.



Miss September 1963 Victoria Valentino publishes the *Centerfold Sweethearts* newsletter. She also has a Web site, [classiccenterfold.com](http://classiccenterfold.com), for fans and collectors. Check the Web site or write to *Centerfold Sweethearts* at P.O. Box 12324 in La



Victorio yesterday and today

Crescenta, California 91224-5324. The newsletter, \$30 for a year, includes updates on Playmates (many of whom have their own e-mail and post office addresses), photos and information about past Glamourcons. Valentino's newsletter complements the recently formed Centerfold Alumni Association by keeping track of Playmate activities and bringing the women together in a fan-friendly letter. For fans, more news is good news.

# PLAYMATE NEWS

condition first issues have sold for between \$6000 and \$10,000, but those are scarce these days.

There is a Playboy Collector's Association, founded in 1987 by longtime reader Tom Bonner, that shares info on old issues and memorabilia. For details, write to Bonner at P.O. Box 653, Phillipsburg, Missouri 65722-0653 and include a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

If you want to buy back issues of the magazine, Playboy Products sells them at 800-423-9494. Availability is limited for magazines dated September 1962 to December 1966, and we can't help you with anything earlier than that. For those, you'll need to find a dealer of used or rare books. Or you can have a heart-to-heart with your dad or granddad. If a picture is still worth a thousand words, point your browser to [www.playboy.com](http://www.playboy.com) and gaze to your heart's content.

## QUOTE UNQUOTE

"The most fun part of being Playmate of the Year was going to colleges as a spokesperson for PLAYBOY. We did a lot of traveling. It was strange to sign autographs for students older than I was. Also, Hef's parties were lots of fun. Hefner is such a nice person, and he treated all of us with respect. He protected us, and I will always remember those days fondly."—CHRISTA SPECK, Miss September 1961, PMOY 1962



"I traded the car I won as Playmate of the Year for a Volkswagen. The prize car was lovely, with power brakes and steering, but it was bright frosted pink. Naturally, everyone who saw me in it would point and try to follow me. But before I sold the car, I had it painted English racing green and that helped a little. But it still had those chrome wire wheels and a bright white interior."—DONNA MICHELLE, Miss December 1963, PMOY 1964



## PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Pamela Anderson Lee's next movie, *Dumped*, co-stars Tia Carrere. It's the story of two sexy Hollywood types who get dumped. Look for it in the fall. . . . PLAYBOY and Redken 5th Avenue teamed up with eveningwear designer Cesar Galindo for his fall 1997 collection. For the first time ever, eight Playmates modeled Galindo's clothes: Miss May 1997 Lynn Thomas; 1995 Playmate of the Year Julie Cialini; Miss August 1995 Rachel Jeán Marteen; Miss April 1995 Danelle Folta; Miss October 1994 Victoria Zdrok; 40th Anniversary Playmate Anna-Marie Goddard; Miss September 1992 Morena Corwin and Miss November 1992 Stephanie Adams. . . . Playmate of



The Tenison twins' colendor

the Year 1990 Renee Tenison and her twin sister, actress Rosie, have a 1998 calendar that's available next month. Call 800-365-YEAR to order. . . . PLAYBOY's Tax Day promotion for Playboy TV was staged at eight city post offices with Playmates at each location. . . . Look for Miss January 1966 Judy Tyler in the art and photo magazine *Photo RX*. . . . Miss June 1994 Elan Carter has made an HBO movie, *Divorce*, and was recently on the cover of *Black Men* magazine. . . . Kimberly Donley, Miss March 1993, is doing commercials, most recently for Lexus on the Internet and Molson beer on TV. . . . Because of her role in the Russ Meyer cult classic, Miss December 1968 Cynthia Myers still receives requests to autograph *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* movie memorabilia. If you have items that you'd like to have Cynthia personalize, write to her at P.O. Box 901358, Palmdale, California 93590-1358.

## COLLECTOR'S CORNER

We are frequently asked what old copies of PLAYBOY are worth. Much depends on the condition and date of the issue. The first two issues are generally valued at \$1000 and up. Mint-

### KATHY SHOWER:

"Movie producers were always teasing me about my name, saying, 'I think of you every morning.' Those guys never got my number."





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# PLAYBOY

## ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

### GET ORGANIZED!

**A**lthough there will always be a place on our desk for a classic leather-bound organizer, we're also a big fan of electronic versions. Aside from their portability, these smart little gizmos are a superefficient way to keep your life in order. Keyboards and LCD touch screens ensure that your schedule and contact lists remain tidy. Some of the higher-end

models are computer-friendly, with features that make it easy to synchronize desktop files with the info you need on the road. There are even new handheld personal computers, such as the Cassiopeia, which run a variation of Windows, allowing you to stay organized—and busy—with word-processing, spreadsheet, e-mail and fax software. Now if only they had that calfskin smell.

JAMES IMBROGNO

Clockwise from top left: The 32K Rolodex Electronics Organizer features a jog dial for scrolling through phone files (\$60). Royal's DM98nx doubles as an FM radio—complete with a belt clip so you can listen to tunes on the go (about \$40). The Cassiopeia Windows CE-based handheld personal computer comes with two or four megs of RAM as well as word-processing, e-mail and fax capabilities, by Casio (\$500 and \$600). The Sidekick 512K Personal Organizer from Franklin has PC connectivity and slots for Bookman reference and entertainment software (about \$180).

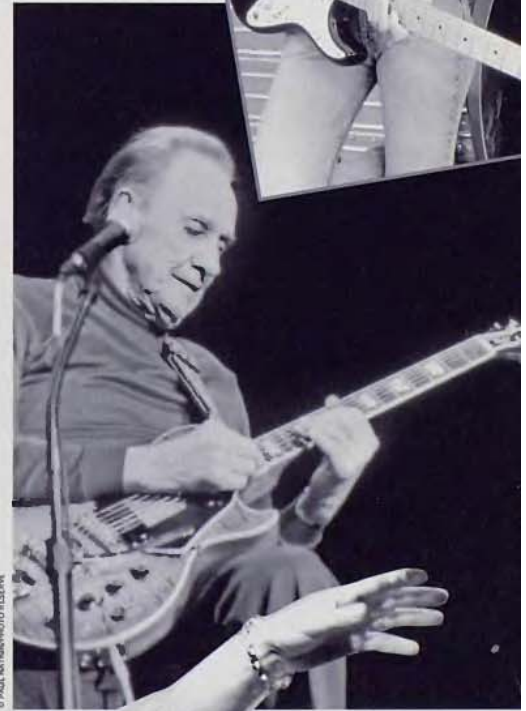
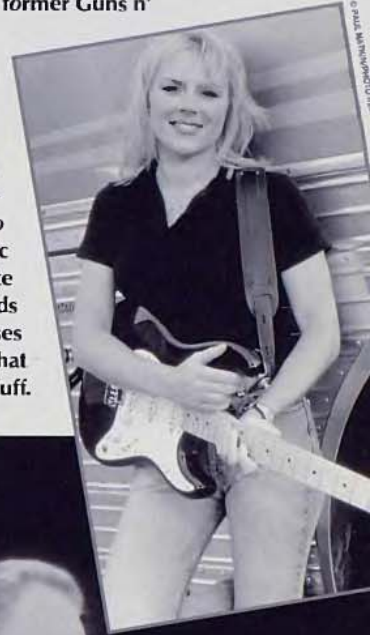




Anita, Les and Slash:  
Pickin' and Grinnin'

Check out ANITA COCHRAN's debut CD, *Back to You*, for some serious electric guitar, then hope guitar master LES PAUL (below, left) and former Guns n' Roses guitar-

ist SLASH team up again soon to put their chops to *Mustang Sally*. With so much of music lite, we salute the guitar gods and goddesses who play that funky stuff.

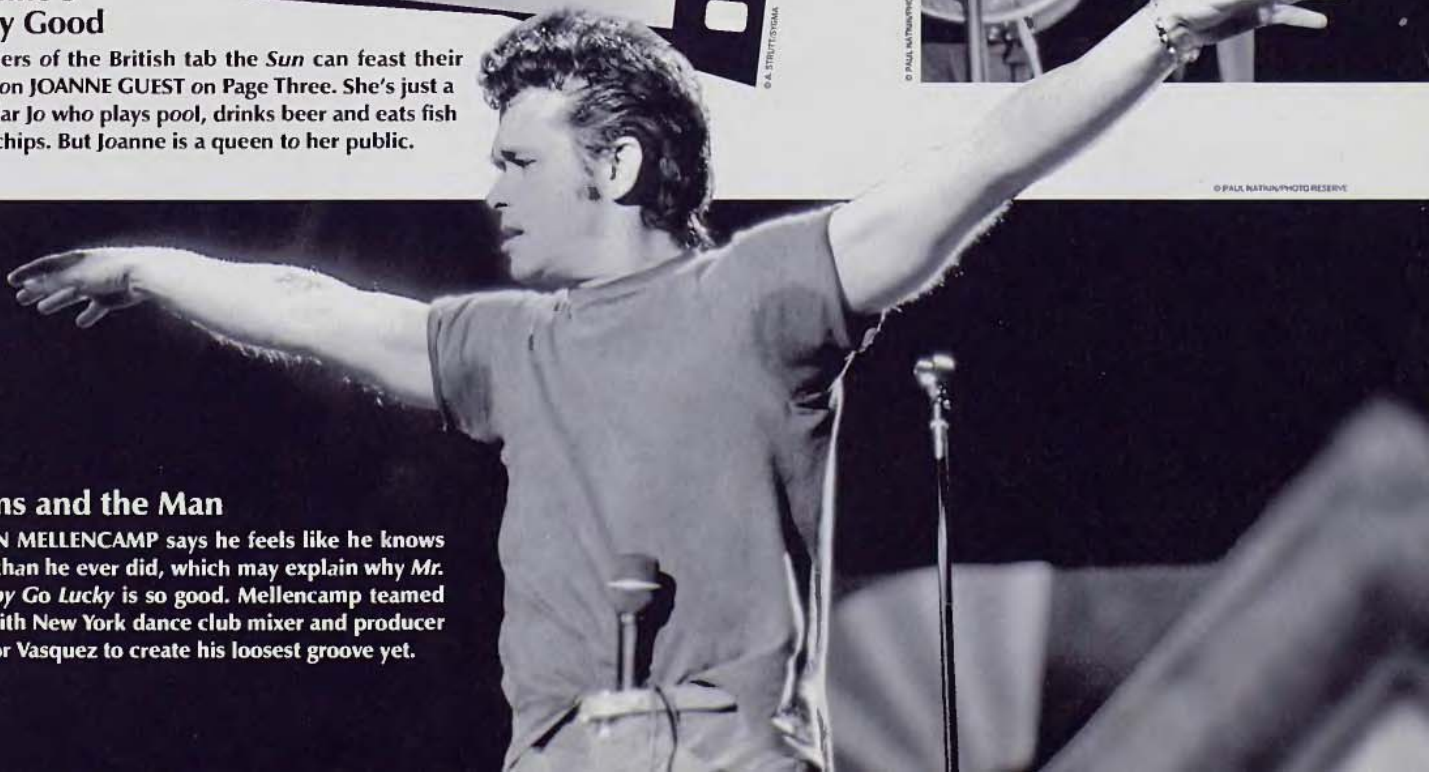


Joanne's  
Jolly Good

Readers of the British tab the *Sun* can feast their eyes on JOANNE GUEST on Page Three. She's just a regular Jo who plays pool, drinks beer and eats fish and chips. But Joanne is a queen to her public.

Arms and the Man

JOHN MELLENCAMP says he feels like he knows less than he ever did, which may explain why *Mr. Happy Go Lucky* is so good. Mellencamp teamed up with New York dance club mixer and producer Junior Vasquez to create his loosest groove yet.







### The Way She Wears Her Hat

CHRISTINE HUENEBURG has been modeling and promoting beer at Miller events and on its 1997 poster calendar. We'll drink to that.

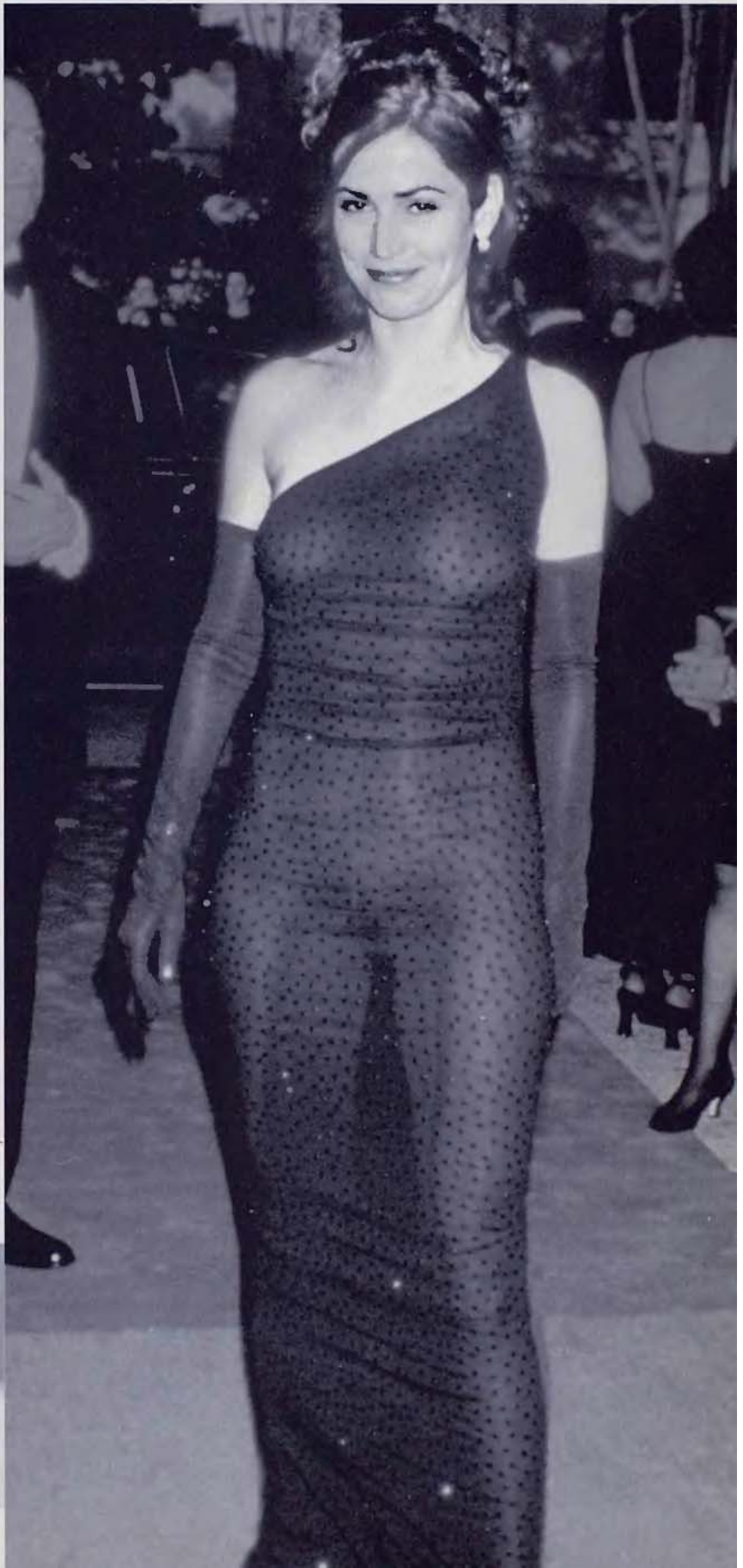
### Lace, Grace and a Beautiful Face

KIM DELANEY, the new Revlon spokesmodel (a.k.a. Detective Russell on *NYPD Blue*), has bewitched Bobby Simone. You will also find her in *Temptress*, a PLAYBOY-produced movie on video. We found her undressed to the nines at a celebrity bash. Aren't we lucky?



### A Hawaiian Punch

DEE OLIVAS is hanging out in Hawaii, acting on *Baywatch* and promoting Coors, *Lowrider* magazine and Venus Swimwear. Aloha.



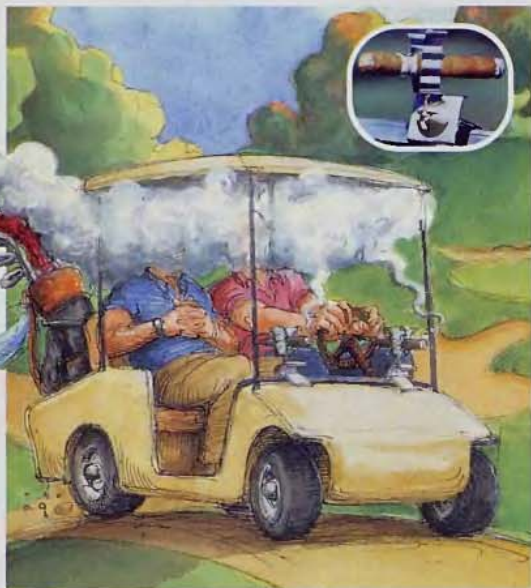
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**CIGAR UNDER PAR**

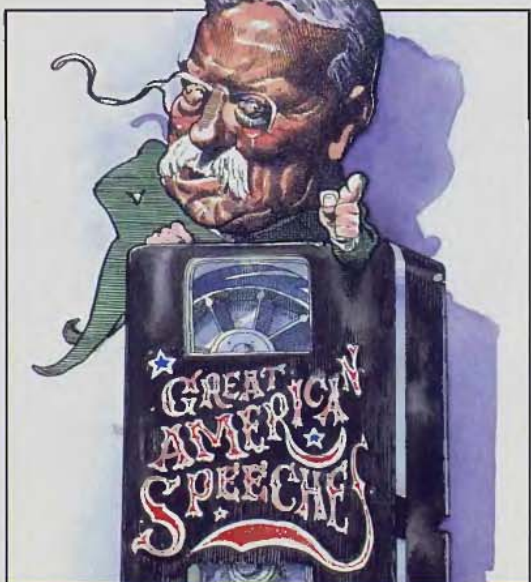
Smoking a fine cigar on the links is one of life's pleasures, but burning a hole in your slacks or singeing a new leather bag isn't. To prevent this problem, Goldsmith Resources Inc. has created Stogie Vise, an adjustable stainless steel and brass cigar holder that's built like a tank. Clamp the Vise on your cart and give the grass—or your mouth—a break next time you're swinging for par. Price: \$60, including a storage pouch. Call 800-532-1999 to order.



JOHN SCHMELTZER

**OLD SPEECHES NEVER DIE**

Classic political speeches are often reduced to sound bites ("I have a dream," etc.), but *Great American Speeches: 80 Years of Political Oratory*, a two-tape series for your VCR, puts these phrases into context. The four-hour collection by Pieri & Spring Productions features 35 speeches—most shown in their entirety—from Theodore Roosevelt's 1912 Bull Moose campaign to Jesse Jackson's 1984 rally at Tendley Baptist Church. Price: \$35. Call 800-444-1000.



ROBERT WETZ

**TROJAN CLOTHES HORSE**

In this era of safe sex and high couture, it was only a matter of time before condoms became a fashion statement. Trojan, "America's number one condom brand," has just introduced a line of heavy, high-quality cotton T-shirts and brushed-cotton hats that are embossed with the brand's logo and phrases such as RIBBED FOR MY PLEASURE, LARGE LUBE, TRIPLE TESTED, ULTRA THIN, SPERMICIDAL and EXTRA STRENGTH. The T-shirts are available in black, white or orange in sizes S to XXL. Price: \$16. One-size-fits-all hats come in black, blue or khaki. Price: \$18. Both are available at retail stores nationwide, including Spencer Gifts, Gadzook's and Wings, among others.



**ALL THAT JAZZ**

As a jazz shutterbug in the Forties and Fifties, Herman Leonard went from talking his way into concerts (using his camera as a ticket) to befriending and photographing hundreds of jazz greats, including Charlie Parker, Billie Holiday and Dizzy Gillespie (pictured above). Leonard's early career is recorded in *Jazz Memories*, a scrapbook-like tome filled with candid black-and-white shots of musicians at work and play, handwritten anecdotes and Leonard's reflections on the era. As Quincy Jones said to a group of musicians, "Herman Leonard does with his camera what you guys do with your instruments." In other words, this exceptional book will make you feel like you're hanging out in a smoky Manhattan nightclub, listening to some great jazz. Published by Hachette Filipacchi. Price: \$100. To order, call 504-286-2444.



### CONFETTI ACCOMPLI

If you want to give your Fourth of July celebration the bang that fireworks can't provide, try the Hot Rod Confetti Launcher by Wagner Services, Inc. The device is easy to use outdoors or in a high-ceilinged room: Fill the 21" tube with confetti, tape the cap shut, attach a CO<sup>2</sup> cartridge and pull the trigger. Pop goes the Launcher. The bad part? Cleaning up. Price: \$39. Call 888-266-7438.



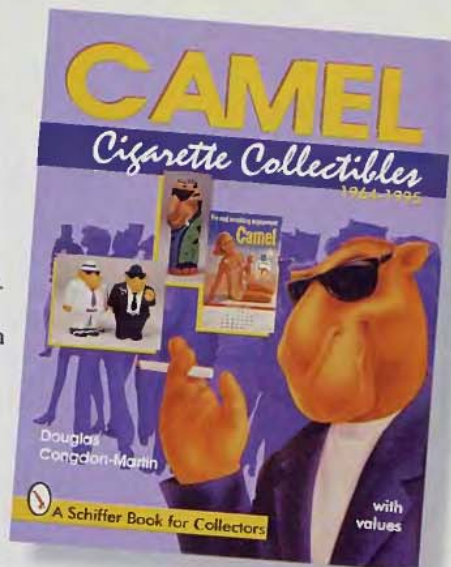
### VIVA VESPA

When Enrico and Armando Piaggio built a 45-pound, one-cylinder motor scooter named Vespa in 1945, they started a rage in Italy. Fifty-two years later, the trend has spread to Chicago, where Scooterworks USA sells all things Vespa, from parts to the miniature VMD3 shown here. Embossed with the Piaggio 50th anniversary crest, it's one sixth the size of the real thing. Price: \$45. Call 773-271-4242.



### WE'D WALK A MILE FOR A CAMEL BOOK

In 1988 when Camel cigarettes needed a new mascot to boost sales, R.J. Reynolds Tobacco introduced Joe Camel, a suave dromedary with dark shades and a slick grin. Joe was a hit, and he's still Camel's poster boy. But this isn't the cigarette brand's only clever ad campaign in recent history, as *Camel Cigarette Collectibles: 1964-1995* can attest. The softcover book includes more than 500 color photos of Camel posters, signs and tobacco memorabilia as well as collector prices. The cost: \$30. To order, call Schiffer Publishing at 610-593-1777.



### WAXING ROMANTIC

In an effort to help people "rediscover the theater of candles," Todd and Tyler Fenn of Colorado's Candle Opera have created glow columns (pictured above). Unlike wax candles that shed light only at the top, the columns are made of translucent paraffin that emits a sensual glow. The candles are six, nine or 13 inches tall in two- or three-inch widths. Price: from \$6 to \$16. Call 303-938-6863 or contact the store at 1200 Pearl Street, Boulder, 80302.

### AN IRISH TOAST

Leave it to the Irish to create a liqueur in honor of the 1 million people who emigrated during the Great Irish Famine 150 years ago. Celtic Crossing is a rich blend of Irish whiskeys (aged in oak barrels) and cognac, based on a recipe from that period. It comes in a limited-edition miniature model of a three-legged Irish cooking crock (pictured here, \$80) as well as in 750-ml bottles (about \$20). Serve it neat like a fine cognac in a snifter or with a small amount of ice. To find out where you can buy Celtic Crossing, fax Gaelic Heritage Corp. at 813-896-5096.





# NEXT MONTH



MISS AUGUST



WHAT WOMEN WANT



BY GEORGE



L.A. DJ

**BIKER BABES**—THERE'S NOTHING LIKE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN, LEATHER AND SPEED TO KICK-START OUR AUGUST ISSUE. ENJOY OUR SIZZLING PICTORIAL, BUT DON'T FORGET YOUR SUNBLOCK—IT'S A SCORCHER

**BEYOND DOG**—PACKING HEAT. WEARING DISGUISES. DEALING WITH NEO-NAZI SURFER DUDES. A DANGEROUS TRIP THROUGH FLORIDA IS BUSINESS AS USUAL FOR BOBBY SQUARED, SHEILA AND THEIR DOG, HOSHI. FICTION BY **PAT JORDAN**

**BILL MAHER**—THE POLITICAL PUNDIT WHO PUT COMEDY CENTRAL ON THE MAP IS NOW A MAJOR-NETWORK OVERLORD. IT'S HIS TURN IN THE HOT SEAT. A PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **DAVID SHEFF**

**MORAL MEDICINE**—PHYSICIANS ARE IN TROUBLE AND PATIENTS IN TERRIBLE PAIN ARE TURNING TO DR. KEVORKIAN. A SHOCKING STORY ABOUT DEA MEDDLING BY **KATHERINE EBAN FINKELSTEIN**

**MEN'S HELP!**—THE MAGAZINE THAT CRIES TO BE PUBLISHED. COLONS OF STEEL? GYM ERECTIONS? LEARN TO PLAY THOSE WASHBOARD ABS—JUST DON'T LET ON WHERE YOU READ IT. HUMOR BY **ROBERT S. WIEDER**

**JASON ALEXANDER**—AS *SEINFELD* WINDS DOWN, THE ACTOR WHO PLAYS GEORGE COSTANZA WINDS UP FOR A MAJOR CAREER OFFENSIVE. THE MAN HAS TALENT, AND SOME PECULIAR HABITS. A PLAYBOY PROFILE BY **BOB DAILY**

**NORM MACDONALD**—OFF CAMERA, THE "FAKE NEWS" ANCHOR FROM *SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE* IS A GENUINE GUY WHO LIKES BOB DOLE, HATES CELEBRITY GOLF TOURNAMENTS AND IS AFRAID OF STALKERS. TWENTY QUESTIONS BY **WARREN KALBACKER**

**IN BED WITH WOMEN'S MAGAZINES**—WHEN IT COMES TO SEX, *COSMO* READERS WANT MORE, *GLAMOUR* GIRLS CRAVE ACTION AND *LHJ* LADIES ARE GOOD TO GO. **GLENN O'BRIEN** FINDS THE KEY TO A WOMAN'S PSYCHE AT HIS NEWSSTAND

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