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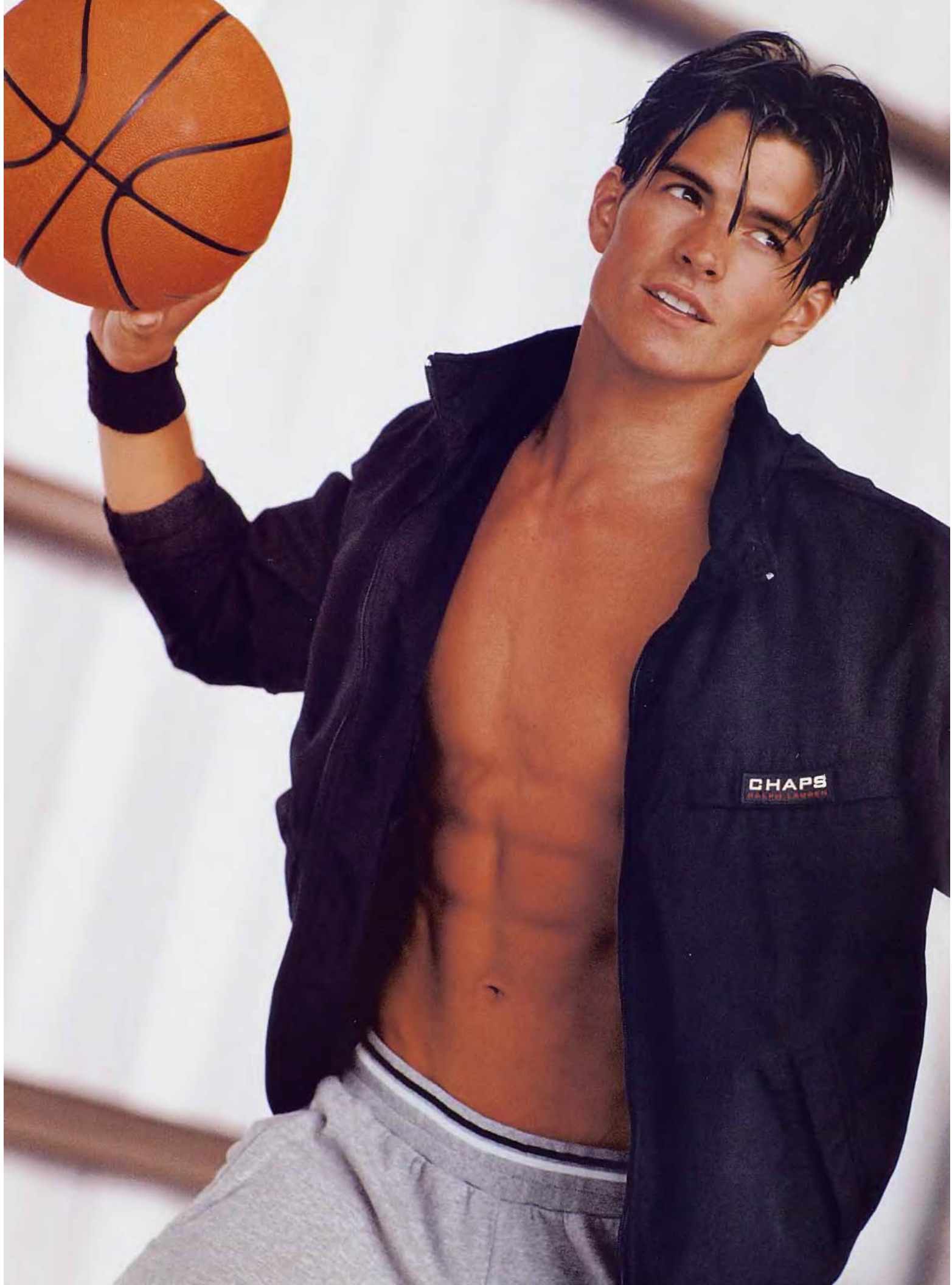
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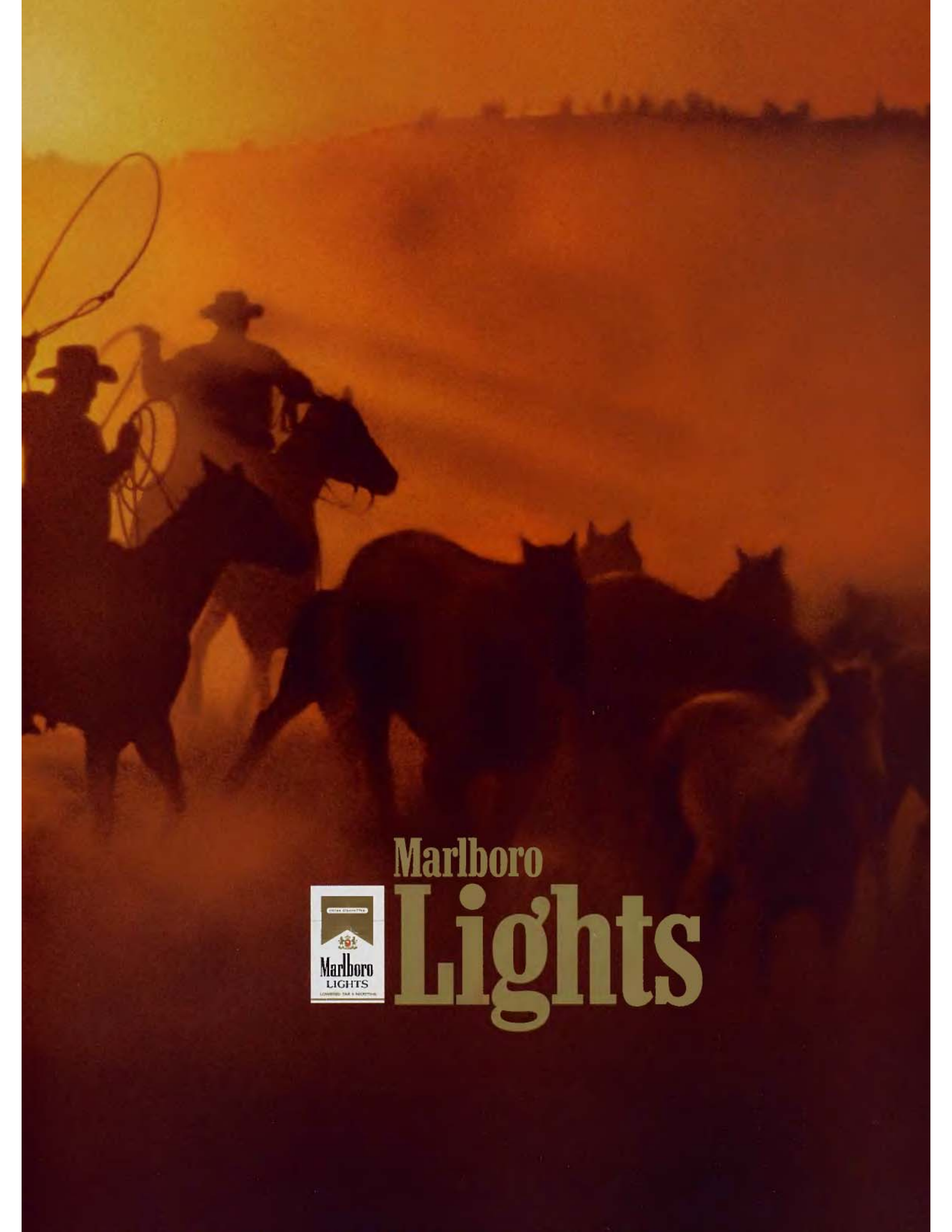
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PLAYBILL

ENOUGH astrophysics. It's time for a study break, and PLAYBOY's college issue is chock-full of diversions. For those of you still wondering, "Who is Keyser Soze?" we present the man who made that character so compelling—Kevin Spacey. In our *Playboy Interview* by Michael Fleming, Kevin Spacey Fowler (his real name) reveals he's a *Gong Show* reject who was booted out of a military academy and recently got naked on camera for a movie in which he doesn't play a creep.

Matthew Perry is more than just the product of a witty writing team. Chatting with David Rensin, our favorite guy *Friend* waxes wiseass on hair care, laundry, imaginary friends and guys with two first names. (David Levine did the art.) Joe Morgan, another man with two first names, fields 20 Questions by Robert S. Wieder. The baseball legend turned TV commentator covers a bunch of bases—players, politics, even the LAPD. Who was greater, the 1998 Yanks or the 1976 Reds? Joe knows.

Keep an eye on college administrators—they have their eyes on you. In their new role as babysitters, lots of schools have laid down strict rules that threaten to take the fun out of leaving home. They call it in loco parentis. We call it *Going Loco*. Katie Roiphe's previous books, *The Morning After* and *Last Night in Paradise*, sparked plenty of debate. Her story here will, too. Read it and transfer. (The art is by Winston Smith.)

It's time to draw up your football pools. Gary Cole picks Florida State as the NCAA team to beat this season. The Seminoles have the perfect mix of talent, size and speed to go undefeated. For the lowdown on this year's toughest competitors and a glimpse of our All-America team, check out *Playboy's Pigskin Preview*. And while you're in a pick-and-choose mode, cast your votes in *Playboy's Jazz and Rock Poll*. You can do it via snail mail or online at playboy.com.

Football is lightweight compared with some ways to get your kicks. *Holy Shit!* by Neil Stebbins is a crash course in the death-defying antics of tow-in surfers. Bored by the waves that knock most mortals on their asses, these extreme riders get pulled out into the ocean by Jet Skis to surf 50-foot mountains of water. The photographs, all by Erik Aeder, were taken at Peahi, a coastal reef off Maui, nicknamed Jaws.

Truth be told, we find the prospect of surfing Peahi less scary than the plot that unfolds in *The Date*, written by recent Rutgers grad Edward Lazellari. This winner of PLAYBOY's annual College Fiction Contest introduces us to Norman, an NYU law student who moonlights as a male escort. His latest assignment? An evening with twins—everyone's fantasy, except they're conjoined. Much scarier in real life is the brutal Serb known as Arkan, whose feared Tigers may have murdered thousands of ethnic Albanians. For a gripping read, don't miss *Encounters With a Monster* by Peter Klebnikov.

Science fiction fans will go intergalactic over *I, Claudia*, a six-page pictorial featuring former *Babylon 5* beauty Claudia Christian (shot by Stephen Wayda). Christian has a slew of projects under way, including a role opposite Michael J. Fox in Disney's latest animated work-in-progress, *Atlantis*.

No college issue would be complete without a heads-up on what to wear to classes, clubs and parties. Fashion Director Hollis Wayne spells it out in *Back to Campus Fashion*. Meanwhile, our editors keep you ahead of the tech curve with *21st Century Surfing*, a look at the new breed of cell phones.

To wrap up we went west. Give it up for the *Girls of the Pac Ten*, a conference that breeds great-looking women. We found Jodi Ann Paterson up the coast. She's a graduate of Oregon State University and our Miss October 1999.



FLEMING



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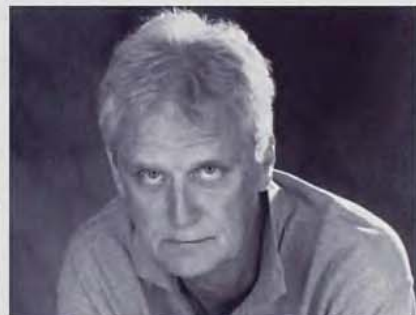
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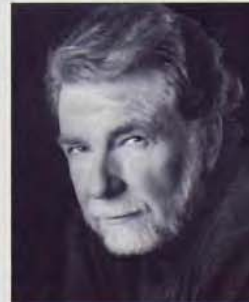
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vol. 46, no. 10—october 1999

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Pac Ten

P. 126



Double Date

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Miss October

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La Vida Loco

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COVER STORY

With apologies to Will Smith and Kevin Kline, we know what really makes the West wild—the Girls of the Pac Ten. They're hotter than a smoking pistol. Behold our final college pictorial of the millennium. The cover was shot by Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag and was styled by Lane W. Thanks to Alexis Vogel for Fred Segal for styling July 1999 Playmate Jennifer Rovero's hair and makeup. Our campus Rabbit is a firm believer in private property.



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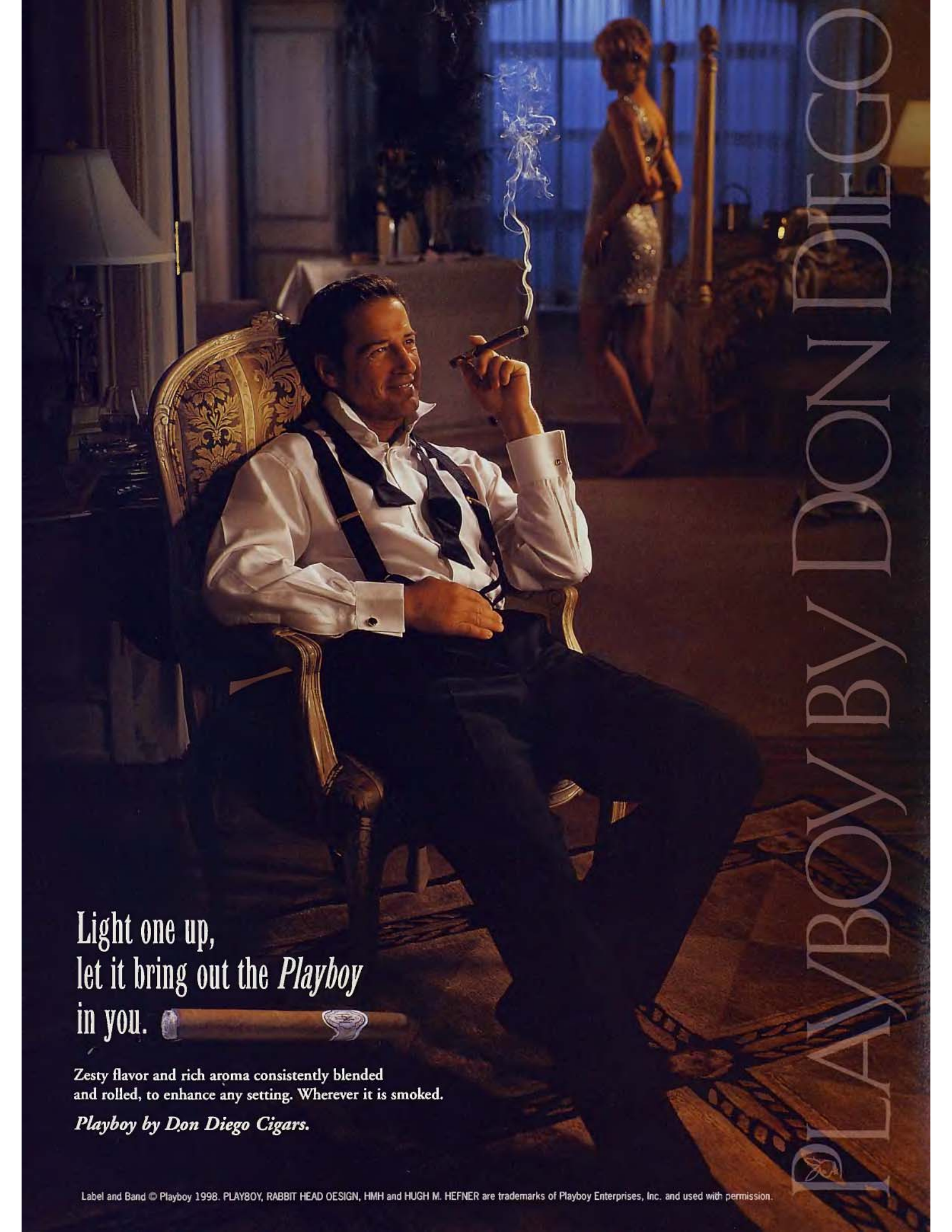
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

hef sightings, mansion frolics and nightlife notes

ALL THAT JAZZ

The 21st annual Playboy Jazz Festival rolled into the Hollywood Bowl in June, with pretty girls provided by Hef. Solid music was provided by giants of jazz, including Sunday night's main attraction, Ray Charles. Everything was cool.



TWO'S COMPANY

At an MGM party for Hef, best-selling author Suzanne Somers showed up to shmooze. She's the foodie; he's the sex expert—and that just about covers it.



THE RABBIT HABIT

Hef and his brother, Keith, and Playmates Lisa Dergan (left) and Deanna Brooks (right) revived the Playboy Club days at a party for the A&E special *The Bunny Years*.

GOING TO THE CHAPEL

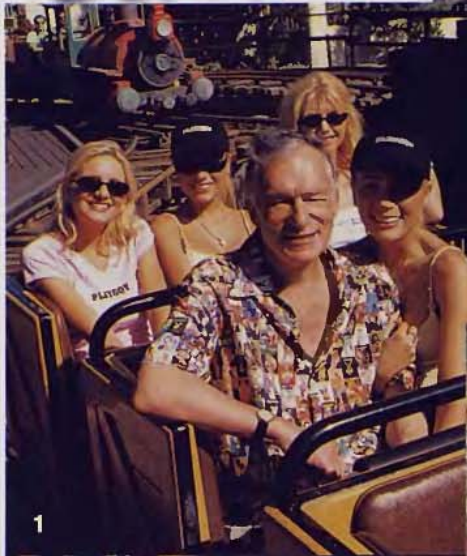
A toast from our host: Hef and Brande Roderick congratulate Jimmy Van Patten and PLAYBOY's April 1995 cover girl, Shana Hiatt, on their wedding day.



A FEW GOOD MEN

Before *The Man Show* (see our article in the August issue of PLAYBOY) debuted on Comedy Central, Adam Carolla (left) and Jimmy Kimmel donned their PLAYBOY shirts and dropped by the Mansion for a little male bonding.

HEF DOES DISNEY



1



2



3



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6

Papa Bear took Sandy, Mandy and Brande Bear and Jessica Rabbit to Disneyland on their anniversary. (1) Riding the Thunder Mountain Railroad. (2) Hef and his honeys in front of Sleeping Beauty's Castle. (3) Making a splash on Splash Mountain. (4) Does Mickey know about this? (5) You're never too old to ride the merry-go-round. (6) Sporting 3D glasses for *Honey, I Shrank the Audience*. (7) The twins in shopping heaven at the Disney store. (8) Back at the Mansion, Hef hosted a Wet Weenie Party on the Fourth of July. (9) Coed Julie Baldwin and Scott Baio. (10) Playmate Tishara Cousino dancing the night away with Sandy Bentley and Hef. (11) Jenny McCarthy returns to the Mansion. (12) A reveler flaunts her Playboy Bunny tattoo. (13) Tom Arnold. (14) A patriotic Angel Boris.



7



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FRANKLY BARNEY

The July *Playboy Interview* is classic Barney Frank. I'm a liberal Democrat activist who feels people like Barney keep us focused.

Eleanor Edmondson-Collins
Grants Pass, Oregon

Your interview with Frank confirms that Democrats and Republicans are equally self-righteous and have equally wrong ideas about good government. For a fresh viewpoint, make Libertarian Party presidential candidate Harry Browne a *Playboy Interview* subject.

James Dawson
Tarzana, California

I'm not part of the religious right, but after reading Barney Frank's interview, I realize I'm more conservative than I thought.

Al Loreth
Colorado Springs, Colorado

As a conservative Republican, I agree with Barney Frank that the wacko right is the worst influence on the Republican Party. There are too many people who wish to see their religion codified as federal law. But the left has similar problems with their nutball fringe. Frank feigns shock over Newt Gingrich's attempts to demonize the left when Democrats have been doing the same thing to the right for years.

Spencer Farrow
Mountain View, California

IT'S IN THE STARS

Bravo to Daniel Radosh for *Sci-Fi TV* (July). I remember *Space Patrol* well—the spaceship *Terra V* and evil Prince Baccarratti, alias the Black Falcon. But Radosh left out TV's first serious flight into space, a weekly program called *Men Into Space*, starring William Lundigan as Colonel McCauley.

Bob Schroeder
Trenton, New Jersey

I'm a loyal reader of your magazine, and I'm disappointed that *Babylon Five* didn't receive a mention in *Sci-Fi TV*.

Eddie Satterly
Colorado Springs, Colorado

Your selection isn't bad, but here's my top ten: *Babylon Five*, *Twilight Zone*, *The Prisoner*, *Max Headroom*, *Star Trek*, *X-Files*, *Dr. Who*, *Quark*, *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* and *Singing Detective*.

Sheldon Wiebe
Calgary, Alberta

What about *The Outer Limits*? The original series blended intense stories, weird aliens, film noir cinematography and powerful ensemble acting to create one of the greatest science fiction series ever. Harlan Ellison's amazing *Demon With a Glass Hand* is the best single episode of any show and the greatest triumph of imagination over budget in television history.

John Hocking
Ann Arbor, Michigan

I enjoyed Daniel Radosh's article, but he left out one of my favorites—*The Time Tunnel*.

Richard Maxwell
Fairfield, Ohio

WHERE THE SIDEWALK ENDED

Losing Shel Silverstein means we've lost a man with immeasurable talent, depth, warmth and humor. His children's books are as fine as the numerous pieces he wrote for *PLAYBOY*. As a longtime reader of your magazine, may I suggest you consider reprinting for your younger readers one of Shel's most entertaining classics—*The Devil and Billy Markham*.

Charles Lichtman
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

I join the legion of fans and devotees who mourn the untimely death of Shel Silverstein, one of this generation's

Advertisement

GAMES

The latest and the greatest.



Halloween 1999 will be a nightmare-come-true for action and adventure gamers anxiously awaiting the release of *Nocturne*, a horror-themed PC game from Terminal Reality. Combining a next-generation engine with sumptuous art and animation, *Nocturne* was widely regarded as one of the most dazzling previews at this year's E3 (Electronic Entertainment Expo) in Los Angeles.

Nocturne takes place in the film noir world of the 1930s. Reminiscent of classic horror films, a host of ghoulish nasties—including werewolves, vampires, vampire brides, ghouls, and flesh-eating zombies—wander the night. You play a special agent employed by a secret investigative bureau created to counteract these growing monstrous threats. *Nocturne*'s cast of characters is impressive, including 70+ unique characters, 40+ unique enemies, 25+ friendly NPCs, and nine fellow agents from whom you can enlist help. The game is divided into four episodes that take place in Paris, Germany, Chicago, and rural Texas.

The use of dynamic physics and a rendering engine that employs a skeletal animation system mean that *Nocturne*'s characters look and move like real humans, and limbs get blown off like real limbs when hit with a weapon. Volumetric fogging provides eerie rolling fog, and volumetric lighting creates *Nocturne*'s moody film noir atmosphere of shadows, reflections, and the play between dark and light.

Meant to be played with the lights down low and the volume up high, *Nocturne* utilizes a leading-edge audio engine to surround players in a truly ghoulish world where flesh-eating zombies munch loudly on limbs and screams pierce the night. Lovers of the macabre will have all the creepy kicks they can handle this Halloween with *Nocturne*. It will require a Pentium II-class machine with plenty of RAM that supports up to 32-bit color, and it will be available for purchase through retail stores nationwide October 31. For more information or to purchase on-line, visit www.godgames.com.

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geniuses. I had the pleasure of serving in the Army with Shel when he was stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas in 1953. Shel could find humor almost anywhere. He spent many nights in the latrine drawing cartoons of the day's observations, which he submitted to various publications, including *Pacific Stars and Stripes*. He later published a collection of his Army cartoons. I have many fond memories of him and photographs of us together from our Army days—as well as an original cartoon that he drew for me.

Jack Levitt
Homewood, Illinois

Don't miss our December tribute to Shel.

WILD GUY WELLS

I'd like to tip my hat and grab my crotch in a show of respect to PLAYBOY's profile of David Wells (*Drinking, Screwing, Defying—The World According to David Wells*, July). It's refreshing to find a true hero in sports today. There aren't many guys like David, who aren't afraid to tell the establishment to screw off when the spotlight is on.

Dan Wilkes
Pittsburg, Kansas

David Wells' cockiness, honesty and no-fear attitude is a major turn-on. I think he would love our little redneck town. He'd fit right in.

Andrea Novak
Mishicot, Wisconsin

RED ROVER, SEND JENNIFER OVER

For more than 25 years I have marveled at the beauty and sophistication of PLAYBOY Playmates. When I opened the July issue and saw Centerfold Jennifer Rovero (*Just Plain Jennifer*), my heart stopped beating. Her sexy hair, beautiful smile and hypnotic eyes are a delightful combination.

Martin Skubinna
Washington, D.C.

I know part of PLAYBOY's job is to create a fantasy of the perfect woman, but Jennifer Rovero speaks to me. She is pretty and she says all the right things. I am very impressed.

Dax Allred
Tulsa, Oklahoma

HERSHEY'S KISSES

Karen Finley (July) has definitely put a spin on chocolate shakes, and I'm taken with her style, beauty, grace and humor. By the way, Bill Maher is the luckiest S.O.B. on the face of the earth.

Jake Brown
Metairie, Louisiana

There's nothing sexier than a sharp mind with a wicked sense of humor. I have one word for the chocolatey goodness of *Karen Finley*: yum.

Chuck Padgett
Charlotte, North Carolina

I'm a new subscriber this year, and I have been very happy with the magazine so far, but the *Karen Finley* pictorial falls below the standards that I've come to expect from PLAYBOY. Covering *Finley* in chocolate syrup only to have *Bill Maher* lick it off is in extremely poor taste.

Steve Burns
Worcester, Massachusetts

SURF'S UP

Thank you for *Girls of Hawaiian Tropic* (July). I've been waiting since last year's Newsstand Special *Wet & Wild* to see more of *Tenniel Gacayan*. She's a heart-stopper. The pictorial is fabulous, and the presence of *Brooke Richards*, *Miss Atlantic Beach*, North Carolina, proves my theory that Carolina women are the most beautiful in the world.

Joe Reale
Raleigh, North Carolina



Congratulations, PLAYBOY. You have done it again. The *Girls of Hawaiian Tropic* photographs are fabulous. Please make *Brooke Richards* a Playmate so we can see more photos of a very beautiful woman one more time.

D. Davis
Richland, Washington

I can't stop babbling about Brooke.

Tom Malabo
Tucson, Arizona

I've discovered a cure for all ailments known to man—in the form of *Hawaiian Tropic* beauty *Brooke Richards*.

Todd Lemme
Palatine, Illinois

I am thrilled to see *Brooke Richards* in her teeny tiny gold bikini on your July cover. This is PLAYBOY's hottest cover of the year.

Stephen Lee Roldan
Aiea, Hawaii

Ever since *Hawaiian Tropic* model *Michell Damm* burst onto the scene, I've been drowning in a sea of emotions. *Michell* is the most beautiful woman I've seen in my 34 years.

Paul Figley
Ann Arbor, Michigan

ALL THE RAGE

Carl Sherman missed the most important herb of them all for better sex, botanically (*Root Rage*, July). It's called puncture vine (*Tribulus terrestris*). I was beginning to think that at age 55 my sex life was on the skids, until I read about puncture vine's potential as nature's *Vigra*. I now feel 20 years younger. Even my wife is singing the praises of herbal medicine for its ability to perform miracles in our bedroom.

George Morawski
Winnipeg, Manitoba

I read your article on aphrodisiacs with great interest. I consider myself a lucky man. I've never had the need to try yohimbe, because women like *Jennifer Rovero* and the girls of *Hawaiian Tropic* are more than enough stimulation for me.

Jim Brooks
Carbondale, Illinois

VISUALIZATION

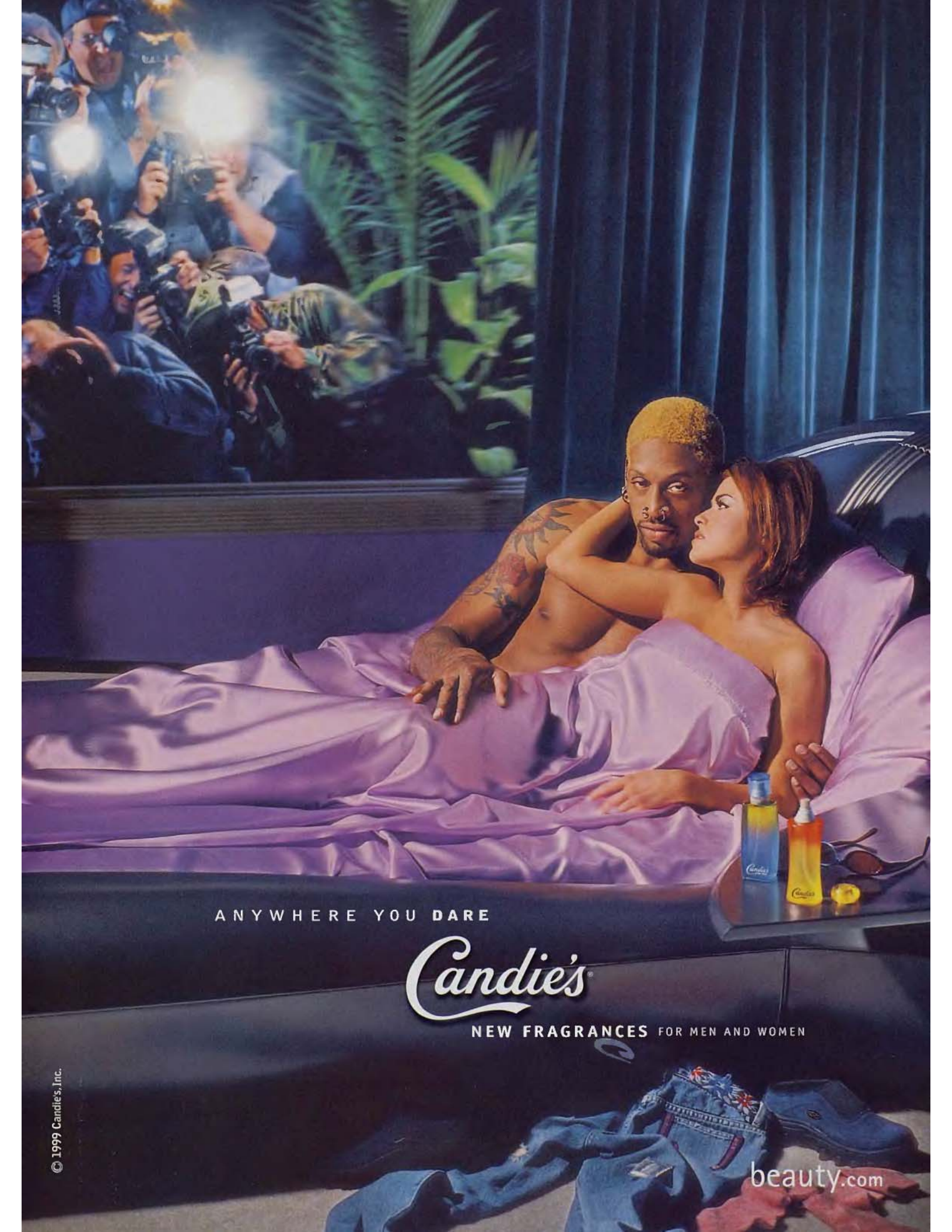
It may be of interest to your readers to learn that the painter of the artwork prominently featured in *Winston Smith's* collage on pages 66–67 for the March fiction, *The Return of Little Big Man*, is *Charles J. Andres*, my father. My dad painted the work, which he called *Striking It Rich in the Klondike*, for *Argosy* magazine in 1950. My father's 85; he has been painting for over 60 years, covering subjects such as the Wild West, World War II, the U.S. Navy and beautiful women. He has also been a loyal PLAYBOY reader for over 40 years and while he never imagined his work would appear there, he was amazed to see that it is still acceptable in 1999. You can find more of my father's work online in the Art Museum at E-Pix.com.

Charles Andres
Wells, Maine

Winston Smith replies:

Not only is Andres' artwork still acceptable in 1999, his particular illustration style is all the rage these days. By definition, the technique of collage illustration demands the use of pre-existing images. My compositions would be impossible if not for the talents of so many other excellent artists. All of them contributed to the vast visual galaxy of icons that have enhanced and defined our civilization. Acknowledging their contributions, including your dad's classic work, is an honor. Without their efforts none of my collage art could exist.



A man and a woman are lying in a bed, covered with a shiny purple sheet. The man is shirtless and has tattoos on his arms. The woman is wearing a purple strapless top. They are looking at each other. In the background, a group of photographers with cameras and flashes are taking pictures of them. The room has dark blue curtains and a potted plant. On a nightstand next to the bed, there are two bottles of Candie's fragrance, one blue and one orange, and a pair of sunglasses.

ANYWHERE YOU DARE

Candie's

NEW FRAGRANCES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

MENTHOL AFTER DARK

BENSON & HEDGES MENTHOL



15 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. © Philip Morris Inc. 1999

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

IT'S A SMOOTHER PLACE TO BE.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



ART DICKO

It may have taken balls to open the Icelandic Phallogological Museum, but the focus of the place is penises—specifically, penises of mammals native to Iceland or its waters. The museum exhibits more than 80 of them, either wall-mounted or preserved in jars, representing 36 of the 38 qualifying species. The only creatures not yet included are a regional whale and *Homo sapiens*—the latter already taken care of thanks to a pledged posthumous donation from Pall Arason, a local, now aged 83. Volunteer MDs hope to get to him quickly on “donation day” to preserve the organ before shrinkage occurs, thus making for a more noticeable exhibit.

FAT CHANCE

What are our girlfriends reading? *Mademoiselle* ran the following cover line: AMAZING LEGS YOGA WORKOUT—MORE INNER PEACE, LESS INNER THIGH.

DOMAIN POISONING

“Suckers” are making good money off the Internet. We refer to people who register domain names, often ending in sucks.com, that make negative references to products, companies or politicians. These entrepreneurs then sell the domain names to those entities who wish to keep them out of unfriendly hands. For example, George W. Bush’s presidential campaign has already snapped up bush sucks.com (as well as bushbites.com). Indeed, this is standard preemptive procedure: Procter & Gamble registered febrezesucks.com before you could even buy the product, its new Febreze odor eliminator. P&G, incidentally, seems to be a particular target for negative comment on the web, but not, ironically, on the ihateprocterandgamble.com site. P&G owns it.

DIVA DIVOT

How about a five iron? Pete Sampras, responding to reports of Andre Agassi’s romance with Barbra Streisand, told *ESPN Magazine* he’s not impressed. “I

want someone who’s a little younger,” he said. “She’s what I call a pitching wedge. She looks good from 150 yards away.”

SHRINK RAP

Psychotherapy is supposed to help you feel better about yourself. And at the recent annual convention of the American Psychiatric Association, delegates joined in a mass singing of *The Impossible Dream* and *I Gotta Be Me*, among other favorites. We’re guessing the CD will run about 50 minutes and cost \$150, even if you don’t play it.

THE STRAIGHT POOP ON DOPE

In what may be the U.S. government’s newest museum, you’ll find hash pipes, bongs, bags of marijuana and a diorama titled *An American Head Shop, Circa 1970*. Officially known as the Drug Enforcement Administration Museum and Visitors’ Center and situated at DEA headquarters in Arlington, Virginia, it has as its centerpiece the permanent exhibit “Illegal Drugs in America: A Modern History.” This exhibit details the amazing availability at the turn of the centu-



ry of drugs now considered dangerous. Mrs. Winslow’s Soothing Syrup for babies contained morphine. Bayer touted its new discovery Heroin as especially effective against coughs. The museum also spends time detailing drug use among jazz musicians and beatniks and the birth of the drug culture of the Sixties. The exhibit concludes with a dire warning about the ruthless and corrupting influence of worldwide criminal drug organizations. You can purchase a mind-altering DEA sweatshirt (\$20) or an intoxicating DEA 25th Anniversary Badge in Lucite for \$65 in the giftshop. We suspect the effects in both cases wear off fairly quickly.

HOLLOW WORDS

We’ve heard that New Hampshire license plates, which bear the stirring slogan LIVE FREE OR DIE, are manufactured by inmates of the state prison in Concord.

KEEPING THE GRIND AT HOME

Do you hear a big sucking sound? The state of Florida wants exotic dancers who will work nights, 40 hours a week, for \$11 an hour. This was prompted when a strip club in Stuart complained to state officials that it had trouble finding performers and wanted to import foreign workers for the positions. Under the Alien Labor Certification program, which is designed to protect American workers, Florida is obligated to search for domestic job candidates before employers import workers from other countries. The ad reads: “Exotic Dancer 40 hrs per week, 7 P.M.–3 A.M., Send résumé to Dept of Labor—Bureau of Workforce Program Support. Four years experience on the job offered. Perform modern and acrobatic dances, coordinating body movements to musical accompaniment. Choreograph own dance movements.” It doesn’t say anything about being able to grab singles with your ass cheeks.

THIS YEAR IN JERUSALEM

Jerusalem bigwigs are busy preparing their city for yet another problem that

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"Murphy Brown is gone, and I'm still here."—DAN QUAYLE

WHINE AND DINE

Organization that spent the most money on political lobbying during 1997: American Medical Association (\$17.28 million). Runner-up: Philip Morris (\$15.8 million).

SPECIAL DELIVERY

Percentage of women who give birth on their due date (266 days from conception): 5.

DICTATE THIS!

Percentage of secretaries in the U.S. who say that they would rather eat dirt than have lunch with their bosses: 8.

GROWTHINDUSTRY.COM

Number of Internet addresses assigned by Network Solutions, which is the world's largest distributor of web addresses, in 1994: 24,000. In 1998: 1.9 million.

LA BELLA REPUBBLICA

Number of governments in Italy over the past 54 years: 56. Number of years since the Vatican was required to pay a sewer bill: 70.

GLOBAL GEARS

Ratio of automatic transmissions to manual transmissions in the U.S.: 7 to 1. In Europe: 1 to 9.

LEARNING TO SHARE

Amount of charitable donations made by Vice President Al Gore and his wife, Tipper, last year: \$15,000. Amount they donated in 1997: \$353.

BATTER UP

Highest salary in baseball in the 1989 season: \$2.6 million. In the 1998 season: \$13 million.



PHOTOGRAPH BY

FACT OF THE MONTH

The amount of an average hour of prime-time TV now devoted to commercials: 15 minutes. For ABC and NBC that's about five minutes more than in 1989.

1997: \$5.15 per hour. Based on a 40-hour workweek, the salary of Walt Disney's chairman, Michael Eisner: \$287,500 an hour. Salary of the president of the U.S.: \$200,000 a year. Number of years it has remained the same: 30.

COMMON CENTS

Percentage of people over 65 who say they would pick up a penny on the sidewalk: 90. Of people between 18 and 34: 67.

PHONETICS

Number of cordless telephones that were shipped to retail dealers by manufacturers in 1997: 28 million. Number of phones with cords that were shipped: 27.8 million. Average cost of cordless phone: \$57. Cost of phone with cord: \$19. Estimated percentage of U.S. households that have a cordless phone: 70.

TUITION, HIKE

Proportion of Notre Dame scholarship football players who don't graduate: 1 in 5. Proportion of Notre Dame scholarship football players from Arkansas who do: 1 in 5.

—PAUL ENGLEMAN

ICING ON THE CAKE

Number of cars Wayne Gretzky believes he won over his 21-year professional hockey career: 16 or 17.

PARKING VIOLATIONS

Number of vehicles broken into by black bears in Yosemite National Park last year: 1103. Increase over 5 years: 600 percent. Make of automobile that bears in Yosemite prefer: Honda.

WAGE RAGE

Adjusted to 1997 dollars, the minimum wage in 1961: \$6.17 per hour. In

would really screw things up during the millennium. They fear that among the expected 40,000 tourists with religious inclinations, many may develop Jerusalem syndrome as the year 2000 draws near. After visiting too many historical sites with religious significance, tourists with Jerusalem syndrome exhibit the following symptoms:

- A stubborn insistence that he or she is not the person pictured on their passport, but rather a biblical figure the public has long presumed dead.

- Aggressive scrubbing of his or her body and hair until a sense of purity descends on them from heaven.

- A rapid change in fashion sensibility. A recent victim of Jerusalem syndrome tossed away his clothes and fashioned his hotel sheets into the kind of robe Jesus is shown wearing in paintings and movies.

Those who develop the syndrome are not necessarily doomed to a life of religious delusions and desert heat. Victims respond well to therapeutic doses of Valium and phone calls to loved ones back home—and eventually revert to their earthly selves.

HOME DELIVERY HERB

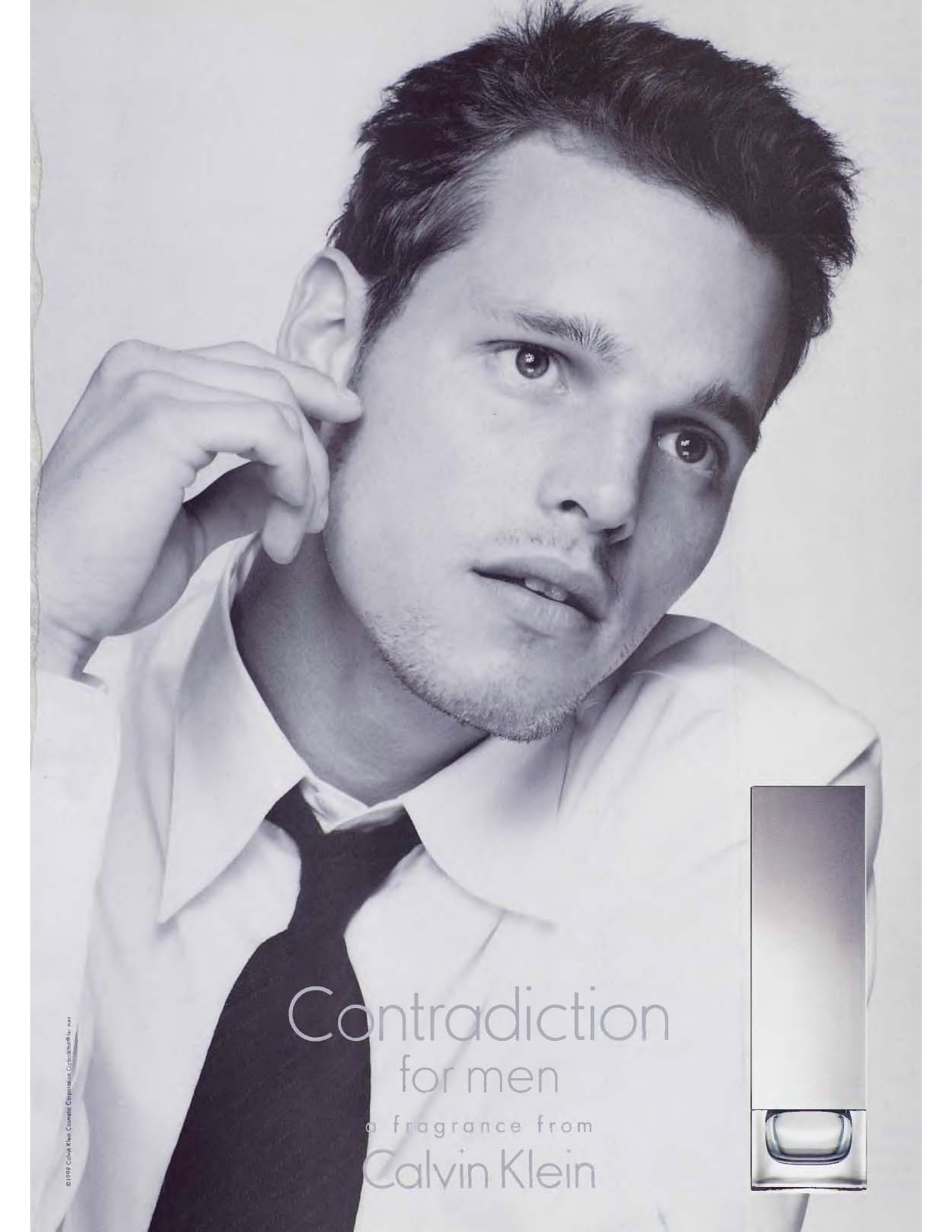
A growing number of people don't know any drug dealers anymore. So young Manhattan entrepreneurs have started up businesses with suspiciously silly names. They pass out business cards on the street and in parks to people who fit a toker's profile but don't look like undercover cops. When you call the number on the card—usually a cell phone—you place your order and they arrive at your door with an eighth- or quarter-ounce bag of New York City's finest. As with all delivery services, tipping is encouraged. And so is offering a hit.

HARD-CORE OVER EASY

The owners of Bennett's on the Park, a tavern in Madison, Wisconsin, believe that high-cholesterol breakfasts, bloody marys and porno films are important parts of a healthy lifestyle. Every Saturday and Sunday, between 6:00 A.M. and noon, Bennett's hosts Smut and Eggs, a gathering during which patrons are served breakfast and booze while porno plays on the bar's TV screens. And while some sexual athletics are not as appetite-enhancing as others, the bar's eggs Bennett-dick and smut muffin have a loyal following. It makes sense: eggs, sausage, melons, a little homemade hollandaise—it's not just breakfast anymore.

HOT AIR DOCTORATE

If you want to be a TV pundit, Florida Atlantic University has created a doctoral degree program for public intellectuals—but don't be put off by that daunting description. The degree is "defined in terms of the recipient's ambitions, not his or her knowledge."



Contradiction
for men

a fragrance from
Calvin Klein



introducing
body basics



hydrating body moisturizer
bracing hair and body wash
after shave relief balm
refreshing body soap
deodorant
antiperspirant deodorant



MOVIES

By LEONARD MALTIN

ALBERT BROOKS is so naturally funny that it almost doesn't matter what the plot of his latest film is about. Nor does it matter that, like so many of his self-made vehicles (co-written with Monica Johnson), the parts are greater than the whole. *The Muse* (October) gives us undiluted Albert as a once-successful screenwriter who's told at every turn that he's lost his edge. When he reveals to a friend (Jeff Bridges) that a studio has dropped Brooks' contract, Bridges admits he faced the same problem until he took up with a muse (Sharon Stone). The problem with this modern-day messenger of inspiration is that she's demanding and mercurial, with a taste for jewelry. That's all any critic of conscience should reveal about this film. *The Muse* gives Brooks an opportunity to toss off a spate of hilarious observations and one-liners in the framework of a somewhat silly story. He's surrounded by compatible co-stars (including Andie MacDowell as his devoted wife) and the gibes at life in Hollywood are particularly sharp. ★★★

Stanley Kubrick created unique environments for each of his films. That is one of the strengths of his final effort, *Eyes Wide Shut* (Warner Bros.). Set in New York City, it exists more in a dream state. But while it roams indoors and out—often on outside sets—it has a confined, almost claustrophobic feeling, since its actual setting is in the mind of its leading character, played by Tom Cruise. Be-



Brooks and his Hollywood Muse.

A mercurial muse,
a woman with two men,
a threesome for all time.

cause of the film's ample use of nudity, some moviegoers were misled to believe the story is about sex. In fact, it's about the role sex plays in a marital relationship. Kubrick couldn't have cast more ideal stars than Cruise and Nicole Kidman, whose beauty is as impressive as her considerable acting skills. *Eyes Wide Shut* may not be great, and it's not without flaws, but it's fascinating on several levels.

It's beyond what anyone in Hollywood has achieved in recent memory. ★★★½

Filmmaker Gregg Araki is best known for his films about teen angst (*Doom Generation*, *Nowhere*), but with *Splendor* (Summit) he invokes the spirit of Thirties screwball comedies with surprising success. This postmodern spin on a romantic triangle puts similar efforts in this area to shame, beginning with the casting of thousand-watt Kathleen Robertson (late of *Beverly Hills 90210*) in the lead. She plays a not-so-demure young woman who happens to meet two men on the same night for whom she feels an immediate attraction. Her ultimate solution is to live with both of them, which begins as a dream come true and then starts to sour. Araki isn't able to keep this one afloat to the end, but it's still fun to watch. ★★★½

Chuck Workman specializes in creating dizzying montage films, such as the award-winning *Precious Images*, which wrapped up the history of Hollywood in just seven minutes. His latest feature, *The Source* (Fox Lorber), summarizes the Beat movement in an hour and a half, relying on interview bites and film clips to tell the tale. At first I was wary, but the film provides a sense of what the hubbub was all about—and I don't think the freethinking people profiled here would have endorsed a more prosaic approach. Allen Ginsberg and William Burroughs are interviewed extensively, while Jack

Through all the advances in filmmaking techniques from Edison's *The Great Train Robbery* in 1903 to *Austin Powers* of 1999, one thing has remained constant: Movies are printed on 35mm film, and those cumber-

MOVIES . . . WITHOUT FILM

some (and expensive) prints are then shipped to thousands of theaters around the world. Until now.

Some theaters are experimenting with digital projection, which eliminates film altogether. Two rival systems, one from Hughes and JVC, the other from Texas Instruments, already exist. The former was chosen by Miramax to present *An Ideal Husband*, the latter by George Lucas to show *Star Wars: Episode I—The Phantom Menace*. The results are impressive. I was certain I wouldn't accept a digital image as film; video and film are two differ-

ent animals, even to these tired eyes. But I saw no compromise at all on-screen and came away a believer.

The advantages of digital projection are numerous: no need to manufacture or ship those bulky prints (instead, theaters would either download the film from a satellite or receive an encoded disc); no need to build up and break down prints as projectionists must now do before and after each engagement; and, indeed, no real need for skilled projectionists (these unsung heroes are already a dying breed).

George Lucas wants to go a step further: He intends to create the next *Star Wars* film digitally. He told me there are two shots in the current film that were generated digitally, and adds, "I defy anyone to pick them out." For Lucas it's not just a matter of embracing new technology. He likes the idea that once he sets his film, he doesn't

have to worry about variance in print quality or mishandling by amateur projectionists.

Not everyone is convinced. A colleague of mine says, "If you're looking at a landscape of Hawaii, would you rather see it painted with careful brushstrokes or a series of pixels?" Steven Spielberg and Spike Lee are among the few directors who don't even use digital editing equipment.

There's another hitch: The new projectors are expensive. That means theater chains, which have already made major capital investments in stadium seating and state-of-the-art sound systems, would have to spend more money upgrading every auditorium.

Digital projection may not replace conventional film right away, and may never completely eliminate it, but with money to be made, and a new toy for everyone to play with, there's no turning back. —L.M.

OFF CAMERA



Charles S. Dutton is having a banner year. He won rave reviews for his performance as the laid-back Willis in Robert Altman's sleeper success *Cookie's Fortune*, which he calls "the first opportunity I've had on film to play a complete human being. I enjoyed doing it because the guy was totally devoid of anger and rancor and bitterness, though the movie is set in Mississippi." He's co-starring with Harrison Ford in this fall's *Random Hearts* and with Sylvester Stallone in *Detox*. The parts may be as side-kicks, but they offer high visibility in A-list movies with A-list stars.

Onstage, Dutton earned acclaim for his work in August Wilson's plays *Ma Rainey's Black Bottom*, *Joe Turner's Come and Gone* and *The Piano Lesson*. Television introduced him to millions of viewers during the three seasons of the comedy-drama *Roc*, for which he was also executive producer. Dutton says he wasn't the easiest person to get along with during that time, because he felt responsible for making a worthwhile show. Only in retrospect does he believe that he succeeded, not the least because the show made him a recognizable face and commodity.

Then HBO offered him a chance to direct; the well-received prison drama *First Time Felon* earned Dutton kudos for his first effort behind the camera. He looks forward to directing again, if and when he can find a project that will fire his passion.

Of *Cookie's Fortune* he says, "It took me the longest time to learn to relax on camera. Sometimes, coming from the stage, if you're not perspiring and being physical in a scene, you don't feel like you're doing anything. It's much more profound than the old cliché 'less is more.' When someone asked James Cagney about acting, he simply said, 'You look the other fellow straight in the eye and tell the truth.'"

Keep your own eye on Charles S. Dutton. —L.M.

Kerouac comes back to life in vintage television clips. Many of their surviving colleagues and contemporaries help explain this explosion of counterculture expression. Best of all, there are rich performances of the three principals' work: Johnny Depp does Kerouac, John Turturro gives a brilliant reading of Ginsberg's *Howl* and Dennis Hopper seems to be Burroughs' alter ego (fedora and all), speaking the writer's lines as if they were his own. **YYY**

Cheers to directors Allison Anders and Kurt Voss for their sassy new comedy, *Sugartown* (October/USA). Opening with Jade Gordon as an amoral, career-driven, music-star wannabe, the movie jumps among assorted characters who are tangentially related: burned-out Eighties rockers (played by real-life musicians Michael Des Barres and Martin Kemp) who can't get a record deal, their I'll-do-anything manager (Larry Klein, who also composed the film's score), an aging rock idol (former Duran Duran member John Taylor) whose actress wife (Rosanna Arquette) is trying to get back into the business and her friend—an uptight production designer (Ally Sheedy)—who wants to become "more open" so she'll find a guy who'll fall in love with her. Told with wit and precision, *Sugartown* finds poignancy in its characters' lives and resists the temptation of caricature that bogs down so many Los Angeles stories. **YYY**

Three of the summer's biggest hits—aside from that much-hyped prequel—offered a ray of hope for civilization as we know it. *Nothing Hill* (Universal) puts a contemporary spin on the quaint romantic comedy. It's fun watching two highly attractive stars (Julia Roberts and Hugh Grant) woo, win, lose, then win each other again in the course of a couple of hours. **YYY** *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut* (Paramount) takes aim at people all too eager to blame movies and television shows for the ills of society while refusing to accept their share of responsibility. With satire such a rare commodity nowadays, this sharp-eyed, gleefully profane film is especially welcome. P.S. Love those songs! **YYY** Finally, the marketers of *American Pie* (Universal) managed to hornswoggle audiences and media alike into believing they had the raunchiest entertainment of the year. But in fact this cheerful coming-of-age comedy is actually benign, even old-fashioned. The raunchy gags (yes, there are some) derive naturally, and believably, out of the characters' recognizable growing pains. **YYY** Young people who've seen these three films have at least an approximate idea of what entertainment is all about, beyond explosions and digital effects. Hooray for our side.

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by Leonard Maltin

American Pie (See review) Four high-school seniors vow to lose their virginity by prom night in this old-fashioned coming-of-age comedy with a handful of funny, raunchy gags. **YYY**

Autumn Tale (Reviewed 9/99) At last—an adult romantic comedy with wit and sophistication as well as sex appeal, courtesy of Eric Rohmer. **YYY/2**

Big Daddy (Listed only) Adam Sandler stars in a tailor-made comic vehicle about a guy who's still a kid who is temporarily adopting a little boy. **YY/2**

Black Cat, White Cat (7/99) From Yugoslavia, of all places, comes Emir Kusturica's funny absurdist farce about rival gypsy families. **YYY**

Dick (9/99) Michelle Williams and Kirsten Dunst play teenagers who run smack into the Watergate scandal—and all of its leading players—but remain utterly clueless. **YYY**

Eyes Wide Shut (See review) A flawed but fascinating film from Stanley Kubrick with two megawatt stars. **YYY/2**

Head On (Listed only) A grisly drama about a self-loathing gay Greek living in Australia. Honest. **Y**

The Muse (See review) Albert Brooks gives himself a vehicle for sharp-witted observations about life in Hollywood, with Sharon Stone as the muse who's supposed to inspire him. **YYY**

Nothing Hill (See review) Julia Roberts and Hugh Grant star in a newfangled romantic comedy with old-school star power. **YYY**

The Source (See review) An entertaining look at the Beat generation and its leaders: Kerouac, Ginsberg and Burroughs. **YYY**

South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut (See review) Those gleefully foulmouthed kids take aim at those who would blame movies and TV for society's ills. A sharp satire—with songs! **YYY**

Splendor (See review) A likable, post-modern comedy about a ménage à trois that can't last forever. **YY/2**

Sugartown (See review) A refreshingly funny, sometimes poignant mosaic of LA lives in and around the music business. **YYY**

Summer of Sam (Listed only) Spike Lee re-creates the sweltering summer of 1977 in New York, when a serial killer fanned the flames of passion and paranoia. Gritty and provocative, though it goes on too long. **YY/2**

Wild Wild West (Listed only) Will Smith is always worth watching, but he can't save this lumbering retread of the Sixties TV show. **YY**

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

HARMFUL PARTICLES CAN RUN, BUT THEY CAN'T HIDE.

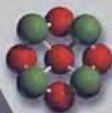
Ironically, your engine's worst enemy is itself. With every stroke, an internal combustion engine spews

corrosive particles into your oil.

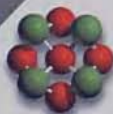
Particles that, over time, can cause severe wear.



harmful particles. Whether they're oxidized fuel fragments, soot, or any other by-products of combustion,



Syntec's stabilizers engulf them, suspending them safely away from engine parts.



Of course, Castrol Syntec protects your engine in other ways, too. Most

*Syntec's patented stabilizers surround and neutralize harmful particles.**

But Castrol Syntec, our most advanced motor oil to date, is specially engineered to hunt down harmful particles and neutralize them before they can start neutralizing your engine.

The key is that Syntec is never idle. Its patented stabilizers constant-



ly patrol your engine looking for all types of

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notably, by bonding to engine parts, and by providing a level of protection far greater than conventional oil.

So you see, there may still be armies of particles in your engine, but with Castrol Syntec

hunting them down, they don't stand a chance.

Castrol Syntec can be used in all cars, new and old, including vehicles in which conventional oil was previously used.



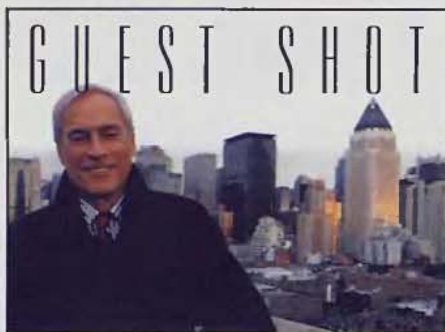
©1999 Castrol North America Inc.



*Arist's rendering of magnified engine particle.

THE ACTIVE LUBRICANT.

VIDEO



"My favorite is the French movie *Children of Paradise*," says **Bob Simon** of *60 Minutes II*. "The screenplay is by the great French poet Jacques Prévert, and it's funny and sad and makes me well up every time I see it. Another favorite is *Life is Beautiful*. It's so human and touching. When I heard that an Italian director had made a movie with comic elements about the Holocaust, I thought it was outrageous. But it was tender and beautiful, and I can't think of anything harder to pull off." Any American movies? "I saw *There's Something About Mary* the other week and thought it was great. There were half a dozen horselaughs. Plus, I can look at Cameron Diaz for a couple of hours and be very happy."

—SUSAN KARLIN

A MATTER OF CHARACTER

Hollywood's top stars get all the glory and money, but face it, it's the character actors who do the heavy lifting. In fact, some of today's stars have established themselves through reliable, even inspired, supporting work. Here are dossiers of a few (some of whom still do admirable switch-hitting):

Billy Bob Thornton: After playing brain-damaged Karl in *Sling Blade* (1996), a loathsome inbred in *U-Turn* (1997) and a reckless redneck in *The Apostle* (1998), he put on a tie and became the man behind the would-be governor in *Primary Colors* (1998) and the Mission Control director who outsmarts an asteroid in *Armageddon* (1998). He's also the hilarious mountain man in Jim Jarmusch's *Dead Man* (1995).

J.T. Walsh: One of the best cowardly bad guys. You know his menacing face, but not his name. Jack Nicholson dedicated his 1997 Oscar to him (Walsh died in 1998). See his best in *Breakdown* (1997); also see *Pleasantville* (1998), *Blue Chips* (1994), *Hoffa* (1992), *Backdraft* (1991).

Robert Shaw: Best known as the doomed shark hunter Quint in *Jaws* (1975), he swashed his buckles in *Robin and Marian* (1976), hijacked a subway in *The Taking of Pelham One, Two, Three* (1974), got stung in *The Sting* (1973) as limping Irish mobster Doyle Lonnegan and ruled England in *A Man for All Seasons* (1966).

L.Q. Jones: Stringy-haired, leathery-faced

venerable sidekick, usually gunned down in the last reel. Gave able support to Elvis twice—*Love Me Tender* (1956) and *Flaming Star* (1960); also was in *Hang 'Em High* (1968), *Casino* (1995), *The Edge* (1997), *The Mask of Zorro* (1998).

Warren Oates: His intense cockeyed grin was used by such directors as Sam Peckinpah—*Ride the High Country* (1962), *The Wild Bunch* (1969)—and Steven Spielberg—*1941* (1979). His final two films, *Tough Enough* (1983) and *Blue Thunder* (1983), were dedicated to his memory. His best: *Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia* (1974).

—BUZZ MCCLAIN

DISC ALERT

And now for something completely familiar but nonetheless different. First-season episodes of *Monty Python's Flying Circus*, the seminal British TV comedy series celebrating its 30th anniversary this month, are being released on DVD by A&E Home Video. Each disc features three half-hour programs (at \$30, or in \$45 two-disc sets) and benefits from digital remastering. Good thing, too, because most of the tapes that have been airing in syndication look a bit weathered. Not that we'll ever tire of such side-splitting antics as Eric Idle's nudge-nudge-wink-wink routine (episode 3, disc 1), drill sergeant John Cleese instructing recruits in self-defense against fruit (episode 4, disc 2) or the upperclass twit of the year contest (episode 12, disc 4). Two superb examples of late-Seven-

GUILTY PLEASURE OF THE MONTH

Clara Bow defined the flapper and embodied much of what was exciting about the Jazz Age—she was charming, passionate and sweetly sexually aggressive. But until now, her films have been hard to come by. **Runnin' Wild: The Films of Clara Bow** (Kino Video, \$24.95 each) is a series that includes *It*, *Parisian Love* and *The Plastic Age*, as well as *Clara Bow: Discovering the It Girl*, a documentary co-produced by Hugh Hefner and narrated by Courtney Love. Her Brooklyn accent killed her talkies career. But do yourself a favor and meet the woman for whom the Twenties roared the loudest.

—JOHN REZEK



ties Australian cinema have recently made their DVD debuts: director Bruce Beresford's 1976 comedy *Don's Party* (Winstar, \$30) and Peter Weir's 1981 war epic *Gallipoli* (Paramount, \$30). The latter, with Mel Gibson in the lead, features the director's commentary, as do new Paramount releases of Weir's later American films *Witness* (1985, \$30) and *The Truman Show* (1998, \$30).

—GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER	
MOOD	MOVIE
COMEDY	Ed TV (mooky McConaughey gets the <i>Truman Show</i> treatment; director Ron Howard's satire has good bits but no bite), Go (a fast-lane night veers from bad to weird for three sets of teens; dark fun by <i>Swingers</i> director Doug Liman).
ROMANCE	A Walk on the Moon (a hunky boho awakens Diane Lane from married torpor in the summer of '69; fond and fittingly complex), Forces of Nature (Bullock and storms sidetrack altar-bound Affleck; no chemistry, but some odd fun anyway).
THRILLER	True Crime (Eastwood is a boozy newsie and chick hound with a condemned man to save; refreshingly offbeat), The Corruptor (NYPD vet Chow Yun-Fat hips rookie Wahlberg to Chinatown's vices; lurid plot is not the sum of its twists).
AUTEUR	Cookie's Fortune (Dixie snipe Glenn Close frames Charles S. Dutton, but nobody's buying; charming, if lesser, Robert Altman), Satyricon (Federico Fellini's decadent tour of pre-foll Rome, in a letterboxed reissue).
HORROR	Ravenous (cannibal Scot devours frontier cavalrymen; a wild, allegorical blast against, gulp, Manifest Destiny), The Rage: Carrie 2 (now she's a goth chick driven to telekinetic excess by jocks; sulky Emily Bergl is the only reason to rent).

A pack of Basic Full Flavor cigarettes is the central focus, resting on a brown woven basket. The pack is white with a red band and features the word "Basic" in a large, white, serif font. Below it, "FULL FLAVOR" is written in a smaller, black, sans-serif font. The pack is partially open, showing several cigarettes. In the background, a wooden bowl is filled with popcorn, and a pair of round, dark-rimmed glasses lies on the basket. The scene is lit with warm, golden light, creating a cozy atmosphere. The overall composition suggests a classic movie night or a relaxed evening.

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MUSIC

FOLK

ANI DIFRANCO has her own record company and has promoted her own brand of radicalism on numerous solo folk albums. Her latest, *Fellow Workers* (Righteous Babe), is her second CD with Utah Phillips, a wonderfully funny storyteller who has a long history of union organizing. With DiFranco and her band providing the music, Phillips interweaves anarchist history with personal reminiscence and an occasional folk song. Whereas a lot of leftists try to shame their audiences into doing the right thing, Phillips invites you to mix a little fun with your politics.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

Ray Wylie Hubbard's *Crusades of the Restless Knights* (Philo) cements his position as the current king of Texas folk poets. These are stories so dark that the best solace the angel in *There Are Some Days* can offer is, "You're not the only one bleeding here." Yet, Hubbard's songs—even *Airplane Fell Down in Dixie*, a tribute to Lynyrd Skynyrd—are about survival and living in grace. The music is top-notch Texas folk-rock, and with backing vocals by Lisa Mednick, Patty Griffin and Troy Young Campbell, it's the sweetest version of Hubbard's harrowing life. Campbell sings just as sweetly on his own *Man vs. Beast* (M-Ray), and, though his stories come from the same ravaged landscape, his singing and lyrics place him somewhere between early Neil Young and solo Don Henley.

—DAVE MARSH

COUNTRY

Asleep at the Wheel's *Ride With Bob* (Dreamworks) is one of the most reverent tribute albums to come along. Guest artists Merle Haggard, Reba McEntire and Dwight Yoakam are among those who pay homage to Texas swing legend Bob Wills without deviating from his unique hybrid of blues, country, Spanish folk and Dixieland jazz framed in a big-band setting. Credit for the project's integrity goes to Wheel bandleader Ray Benson, who snagged three Grammys for 1993's *Tribute to the Music of Bob Wills and the Texas Playboys*. But the guest artists' passions run even deeper in 1999. All of Reba's roots are showing in a rugged, fiddle-laced traditional take on *Right or Wrong*, and Lyle Lovett and Shawn Colvin connect on a forlorn duet of the ballad *Faded Love*. But Haggard steals the show with a feisty rendition of the W.C. Handy standard *St. Louis Blues*, supported by the Squirrel Nut Zippers' horn section. In 1973, Haggard played with Wills during his final recording session, after which Wills suffered a near-



Utah and Ani tell their *Fellow Workers*.

The politics of folk,
Chrissie the great Pretender
and a tribute to Bob Wills.

fatal stroke. *Ride With Bob* is a fitting tribute that swings into the 21st century.

—DAVE HOEKSTRA

ROCK

Chrissie Hynde of the Pretenders has been struggling between punk bitch-goddess and vulnerable earth mother since 1986's *Get Close*. On *Viva el Amor* (Warner Bros.), her most dynamic album since the Pretenders' debut almost 20 years ago, Hynde finally strikes a balance. When she cries, "I'm only human on the inside," it's apparent that she has learned to be strong without being bitchy, and sensitive without being mawkish. She maintains that balance on the rest of the album, whether she's a lover (in *From the Heart Down*) or a fighter (as in *Baby's Breath*). The expressive vocals on the latter, a brilliant put-down of an ex-lover, really pull you in. From the passionate soul whoops of *One More Time* to the graceful grit of *Nails in the Road*, Chrissie Hynde shows she's still one tough mother—in the best sense of the word.

If you love raucous, scrappy rock bands like the Replacements, early Guns n' Roses and the Black Crowes, immediately get your hands on *The Best of Faces: Good Boys When They're Asleep* (Rhino). While Rod Stewart was blasting out classic solo hits like *Maggie May* in the early Seventies, the Faces were an outlet for his harder-rocking instincts. Propelled

by Ron Wood's chunky rhythms and greasy slide-guitar licks and Ian McLagan's rollicking piano, Rod and the Faces were a gloriously sloppy train wreck of a band. They were endearing on ballads (Ronnie Lane's *Ooh La La*) but best on full-throttle rockers (*Cindy Incidentally* or the hilarious *Stay With Me*). At their best, they were a more openhearted and humorous version of the Stones. Ron Wood did, of course, join the Stones, while drummer Kenney Jones played with the Who and Rod the Mod went Hollywood. PLAYBOY critic Dave Marsh's passionate and extensive liner notes enhance this long overdue compilation.

—VIC GARBARINI

Fans of first-generation American punk, specifically the deeply lamented Dead Boys, should be alerted to *The Black Halos* (Sub Pop). I was beginning to worry that nobody could bash an electric guitar to my liking anymore, but these guys really know how to make a chord progression roar, snarl and scream with surprising musicality. Are they retro? Yup. Has anybody improved on big amplifiers and bad attitude? Nope. The *Black Halos* rule.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

WORLD

Cesaria Evora is from Cape Verde, a group of islands off the west coast of Africa not known for producing international stars. But with this album, recorded in France and Cuba, that will change. *Café Atlantico* (RCA Victor) highlights the smooth, emotive voice of Evora on 14 compositions sung in Portuguese. There is an easy confidence and a strong, firm timbre to her vocals that make this more than world music exotica. It's a beautiful and compelling bit of artistry. The album's title captures the music of much of the Atlantic, embracing French, Spanish and African traditions and tones. In the process, it evokes the ambience of a bistro where English is the second language, the conversation is lively and the coffee is thick and potent. The vibrant *Carnaval de São Vicente*, the softly melancholy *Paraíso di Atlantico* and the torchy *Flor di Nha Esperanca* are among the many delights to be found on *Café Atlantico*.

—NELSON GEORGE

BLUES

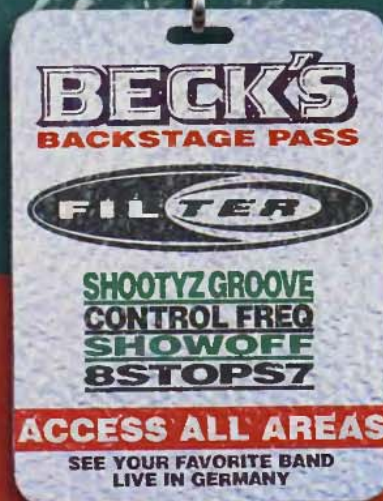
Asie Payton died two years ago while driving a tractor in a cotton field. Almost no one outside his Mississippi farming community had ever heard of him. But on *Worried* (Fat Possum) his music emerges as the best ragged but ripe Delta blues in years. Payton isn't a great singer or



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FAST TRACKS

R

ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Ani DiFranco and Utah Phillips <i>Fellow Workers</i>	7	7	7	9	9
Cesaria Evora <i>Café Atlantico</i>	8	6	9	6	6
Insane Clown Posse <i>The Amazing Jeckel Brothers</i>	4	6	1	8	4
Moby <i>Play</i>	9	6	8	9	8
Pretenders <i>Viva el Amor</i>	9	9	7	8	7

LICKING FREDDIE DEPARTMENT: Freddie Mercury has been immortalized on a 19-pence British stamp, one in a millennium series. The stamp commemorates Mercury's contribution to Live Aid. Long live Queen.

REELING AND ROCKING: Heavy D, fresh from *Life* with Eddie Murphy and *Cider House Rules* with Michael Caine, has a new CD in stores, and a production deal with Bad Boy Entertainment is in the works. . . . Jennifer Lopez plans to work on two movies before she goes on tour early in 2000. . . . Mark Wahlberg is up for the lead in *Metal God*. The part was inspired by Ripper Owens, who took Rob Halford's place as the lead singer in Judas Priest. George Clooney is one of the movie's producers. . . . Next Friday, Ice Cube's sequel to *Friday*, will be out by the end of the year. . . . Seattle's Jim Rose of the Jim Rose Circus Side Show has toured with Nine Inch Nails and Marilyn Manson and recently signed a deal to bring his autobiography, *Freak Like Me*, to the big screen. . . . Look for Bette Midler teamed up again with Danny DeVito, this time to make *Drowning Mona*. . . . Robbie Williams will star in and do the music for *There's Only One Jimmy Grimble*, a soccer movie.

NEWSBREAKS: Epitaph launched a cable TV show this past summer that aired hard-to-find videos and behind-the-scenes interviews. If you missed it, check in with punkorama.com for information. . . . You may see Deborah (no longer Debbie) Gibson in a Norman Lear sitcom this year. . . . The B-52s are working on an animated TV series. Members will provide the voices, songs and beehives, too. . . . Diana Ross is producing a four-hour miniseries on her life. It will follow her from the late Fifties through the Sixties with

the Supremes and into the Seventies, when she launched her solo career. . . . Drew Barrymore is a guest artist on De La Soul's new album, doing what, we don't know. . . . David Bowie and collaborator Reeves Gabrels have created original music for and appear in a new 3D action game called *Omi-kron: The Nomad Soul*. Look for it this month. . . . Will Smith's follow-up to *Big Willie Style* will be out this fall. . . . Joining the Indigo Girls on another fall recording: Me'Shell Ndegéocello, Rick Danko, Garth Hudson and Kate Schellenbach from Luscious Jackson. . . . John Paul Jones' first solo album features nine instrumental tracks, one with the London Symphony Orchestra. *Zooma* will be out any day now. . . . Matchbox 20 is in the studio, working on the sequel to *Yourself or Someone Like You*. . . . Hanson is in the studio, too, with Ric Ocasek producing. . . . A new Run-DMC CD, with guest vocals by Aerosmith, Sugar Ray, Nas, Slick Rick, Fat Joe and Method Man, is expected late this year. A limited-edition package will include two additional CDs with their hits, plus more new tracks. Run-DMC and Sugar Ray—that's what we love about rock and roll. . . . Gloria Estefan has contributed a chapter to a book that will benefit Mentoring USA, an organization run by former New York governor Mario Cuomo's wife, Matilda. Other contributors include Hillary Rodham Clinton and Tony Bennett. . . . Lastly, here are two items that prove New Jerseyites are nuts but not stupid: Fans of Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band bought 300,000 tickets to 15 shows at the Meadowlands in 13 hours, but the residents of Freehold, New Jersey, Bruce's hometown, voted no to an expensive statue of the Boss.

—BARBARA NELLIS

player. But through his lens, even a slow drag version of Joe Tex' *Skinny Legs and All* becomes personal—its emotions intensified and brought low. Payton does this even as the power of his music lifts you up.

—DAVE MARSH

RAP

Insane Clown Posse aren't just hip-hop's answer to Beavis and Butt-head. *The Amazing Jeckel Brothers* (Island) proves they're better than that. They fuse influences ranging from Ted Nugent's *Cat Scratch Fever* to Iggy's *No Fun* to Funkadelic's *America Eats Its Young*. Which is to say they're shamelessly exploitative, but also a lot smarter than they want any outsider to figure out. "Teacher thinks I got bombs in my locker" is something they would have said regardless of the headlines, and *I Stab People* is included precisely to attract the censors' righteous wrath. Their masterpiece, *Fuck the World*, expresses a view as clearly as *Born to Run* does. Listen up or go fuck yourself, they don't care.

—DAVE MARSH

In the wake of the label No Limit's invasion of the pop chart, Louisiana has, for the first time in decades, emerged as a reliable source of commercial African American music. Hard on the heels of Master P's posse is a new force, New Orleans' Cash Money Records. The star of Cash Money is Juvenile, whose *Ha* was one of the best, most distinctive singles in recent memory. His album *400 Degreez* (Cash Money) is surprisingly musical, with a nice balance of live instruments and samples. Juvenile's accents are country, but it doesn't mean his flow is off-beat. *Ha* was a left field hit and Juvenile's album is an unexpected treat.

—NELSON GEORGE

TECHNO

That skinny, Christian, vegan punk-turned-DJ who calls himself Moby has been techno's leading crossover candidate for so long that he's outlasted techno itself. His albums—symphonic and hard-core, soulful and avant-arty—have been brilliant messes. But while *Play* (V2) is also unfocused, it moves along like a living thing, whether it samples field-recorded blues and gospel from the Alan Lomax archive or deploys Moby's screamed or spoken vocals over electronic funk. Obviously, Moby will have to wait till next time for a hit. But *Play* is one of those records whose beauty is sufficient to move anybody who just likes music.

A less auspicious techno crossover—though critically hyped—is the Chemical Brothers' *Surrender* (Astralwerks). It's the kind of effort that the phrase "neither here nor there" was invented to describe.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

MOUSE TRAP

Microsoft is pitching its new \$75 IntelliMouse Explorer as the successor to the computer mouse, claiming the device's optical sensor and signal processor are more precise and durable than the mouse ball. The problem is that Microsoft hasn't built a better mouse. We tested an early version of IntelliMouse and discovered a few flaws. First, it's awkward to use. Unless you have hands as big as Shaq's, you'll need to lift your palm off the IntelliMouse to reach a button along the left side. What's more, the pointer frequently "hiccuped" when sliding across the screen, similar to a mouse with a grimy ball or rollers. And the gadget stopped working altogether when we used it on our black desktops. A Microsoft spokesperson admitted that the sensor doesn't function on some solid-colored surfaces; it's designed to recognize a pattern or fiber (as in wood grain). But he assured us that the company's engineers will have worked out the bugs by the time the controller reaches stores this fall. Our verdict: The 30-year-old mouse is in no immediate danger of extinction. Hold on to yours—for now.

—MARC SALTZMAN



DAVE GORDON

To access it, you press a button on the remote and the details appear on your television screen. And finally there's Intertainer, a video bank that provides access to more than 500 hours of movies, television shows and music videos. This digital service is currently being tested in three U.S. markets. Because Intertainer has no pay-per-view schedule, \$3.95 buys any new release—at any time. Classic films and other video fare priced between 25 cents and \$2.

—JONATHAN TAKIFF

CHEW ON THIS

Sony is moving in the right direction with its Memory Stick. This data-storage format, similar in size to a piece of chewing gum, is designed to replace clunky moving media such as film, tape and discs—essentially working with all the digital gear you own. We've had an early look at a digital still camera that uses Memory Stick, as well as two digital camcorders, a Vaio notebook computer and a superslick LCD video frame. The idea is that after shooting digital photos or home movies, you'll move the Memory Stick to your cyberframe for playback, or to a PC for instant image manipulation, printing or attachment to e-mail. Dictation devices and music players and recorders built around Memory Stick are also coming (the latter are great for storing tunes downloaded from the web). Memory Stick prices range from \$30 to \$130, depending on capacity. Aiwa, Casio, Fujitsu, Olympus, Sanyo and Sharp have licensed Memory Stick. Sony is the only company with hardware. —J.T.

GAME OF THE MONTH

As if pro wrestling weren't hilarious enough, we now have the **Goldberg Power Fighter** video game. OK, so the control buttons are situated (strangely) below the belt. But we're not suggesting that you play with Goldberg on public transportation. In the privacy of your home—with doors bolted and shades drawn—this game is a kick. In a nutshell, you control Goldberg, using the wrestler's signature spear and jackhammer moves to take on seven levels of play. Unlike the real deal, this game has no fake outcomes. If Goldberg wins the WCW belt, it's because you whipped digital butt. Hollywood Hogan, Sting and Diamond Dallas Page variations are also available. (\$20 each; by Tiger Electronics.) —BETH TOMKIW



TV BUZZ

Although high definition television is a hot topic, there are more-immediate advances headed to the small screen. Worldgate Communications is rolling out a low-cost service that enables cable subscribers to access Internet sites and e-mail through their TVs—at speeds twice as fast as a typical 56kbps modem. Superfast satellite delivery of websites to television is also happening. Echostar has married its receiver technology to Microsoft's WebTV, and DirecTV has a partnership with AOL. Already available on several cable systems and on DirecTV later this year is Wink, a free service that allows broadcasters such as E, ESPN, CNN and Court TV to add interactivity to their programming. Here's how it works: While you're watching *Larry King Live*, for instance, a Wink icon appears on-screen, signaling the availability of extra information on a subject or guest.

WILD THINGS

Pioneer has followed Apple's lead, candy-coloring its new musiQube microstereo system in three translucent hues—French Bleu, White Mist and Rainbow Rave (pictured). This dorm- and bedroom-friendly audio setup includes two speakers and a cube that combines a top-loading CD player and AM-FM tuner. The latter has 24 station presets and doubles as an alarm clock. The price: \$270. For an extra \$330, you can add the fuchsia minidisc player and recorder (also pictured). • We also like Panasonic's new KX-TG2550 GigaRange Extreme cordless phone in cobalt blue. This 2.4-gigahertz phone gets eight times the range of a 900 MHz cordless and has rubberized trim designed to take abuse. Features include a message-waiting light (for voice mail subscribers), Caller ID on the handset and a log that stores the names and numbers of the most recently received calls. The price: around \$200. It's also available in metallic black and titanium silver. —B.T.



TRAVEL

THE DOS AND DON'TS OF INTERNATIONAL DINING

Oscar Wilde's observation that "the world was my oyster, but I used the wrong fork" is appreciated by anyone sorting out the nuances of dining abroad. In Italy, pouring wine backhanded is thought to bring bad luck; so is refusing to drink when a toast is offered or toasting with water instead of wine. Putting cheese on seafood pasta will cause Italians to snicker, as will requesting a doggie bag in a restaurant. Order a martini in England and you'll get a glass of vermouth. Whiskey is synonymous with Scotch, so be specific. In societies where people eat with their fingers, only the right hand is used. The left, which is considered the bathroom hand, should never touch food. If you're eating with chopsticks, never spear the food or leave the chopsticks sticking up in your rice bowl. To the Chinese, it symbolizes a funeral boat. Slurping noodles is OK, but when they're served as the last dish at a formal Chinese banquet don't finish them. Doing so implies that not enough food has been offered. To request more tea, remove or invert the lid of the pot. Tapping three fingers on the table signals thanks for having your cup refilled. In Japan, passing food from chopsticks to chopsticks invites bad luck. It's perfectly acceptable to eat sushi with your fingers, but never order

drinks from the sushi chef—ask your waitress. In Ethiopia, feeding another person morsels of *injera* (the local bread) is a sign of respect. Refuse the gesture and you'll be considered rude. In traditional Nepali households, meals are eaten in silence, especially if you're seated on the floor. An after-dinner burp is a sign you enjoyed your food. Finally, pay attention to

dining hours. For Muscovites, dinner begins about six p.m. In Madrid, nobody dines much before ten. —ANNE SPIELMAN



DAN CLYME

NIGHT MOVES: VANCOUVER

Known as Canada's "Lotusland" for its temperate climate and historic Chinatown, Vancouver has become the Northwest's hottest destination. Robson, Denman and Davie streets downtown teem with popular shops, cafés, restaurants and clubs, as do the former industrial areas of Yaletown and Granville Island. Start the evening with martinis in the clubby bar of Joe Fortes Seafood and Chop House (777 Thurlow Street). Then head to airy, modern C Restaurant (1600 Howe Street) on the waterfront for an entrée of scallops wrapped in octopus bacon with black truffles and cognac jus, washed down with a fine British Columbian pinot noir. Diva at the Met, the tiered dining room in the Metropolitan Hotel (645 Howe Street), is also a great spot to try local fish. Or hail a cab and head for Kitsilano, a hippie enclave during the Sixties that has morphed into a yuppie neighborhood. Lumière (2551 W. Broadway), a restaurant known for its contemporary French cooking, is the town favorite, but Pastis (2153 W. 4th Avenue), a romantic new bistro, already has a loyal following. Clubs of all types abound, from the Yale (1300 Granville Street), which features live blues, to Sonar (66 Water Street), a techno scene. If you're in the mood for a late-night whiskey and cigar, drop by Gotham (615 Seymour Street). Next morning, head for Sun Sui Wah Seafood Restaurant (3888 Main Street) in Chinatown to sample the city's best dim sum. —A.S.

GREAT ESCAPE

MALLIOUHANA

It's the challenge of any great beach resort: superior sand and gourmet food. The trouble is, the best food (Mediterranean, for instance) is rarely near a great beach, and the finest Caribbean resorts lack talent in the kitchen. But at the Malliouhana on friendly Anguilla, the sand is the white powdery stuff of fantasy and the cuisine is the creation of the late three-star Michelin chef Jo Rostang, with the



kitchen now superintended by his two-star son, Michel. Refugees from trended-out St. Barts love the tranquility of Anguilla, and they like to keep the Malliouhana a secret. Choose from ocean-view rooms, garden terraces and villas with attentive service (two staff personnel for every guest). A private yacht will whisk you to a snorkeling paradise, or enjoy an afternoon snooze by one of three pools and a massage in your room. Dinner may include a Bordeaux from the Malliouhana's 20,000-bottle cellar. Five-night packages (dinner included) start at \$3405 per couple. —JONATHAN BLACK



ROAD STUFF

Riedel's BYO tasting set (pictured below) is the perfect New Year's Eve tote for an oenophile. Inside the padded case are four crystal glasses (two for white wines, and oversize Bordeaux and Burgundy glasses) plus a linen tea towel. Price: \$184. • Listen and Live Audio has released two great road cassettes. *Tips for the Savvy Traveler* by Deborah Burns contains insight on everything from jet lag to customs pitfalls. On *The World's Shortest Stories*, Steve Moss offers tales of murder, suspense, love and lust, all edited to only 55 words each. Like airline peanuts, try to "eat" just one. The audiobooks are priced at \$17 apiece. —DAVID STEVENS



WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 164.



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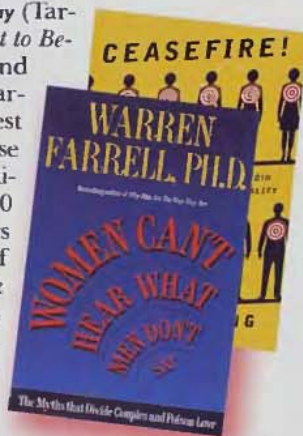


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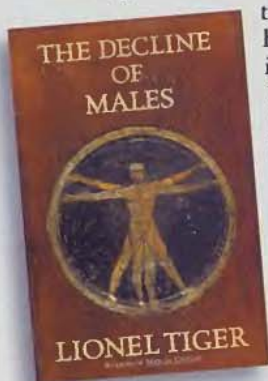
BOOKS

THREE TO GET READY

Be brave, be bold and walk into the gender studies section of your favorite bookstore. Pick up a copy of Warren Farrell's *Women Can't Hear What Men Don't Say* (Tarcher/Putnam). Part one (*The Secret to Being Loved*) is mostly for women and probably won't grab you. But Farrell takes off the gloves for the rest of the book and confronts the false statistics, twisted rhetoric and anti-male prejudices of the past 30 years of feminism. Farrell skewers the continually biased coverage of the gender wars by *The New York Times*. Every man should read this one and cheer. Also worth cheering for is Cathy Young's well-researched *Ceasefire* (Free Press), subtitled "Why Women and Men Must Join Forces to Achieve True Equality." Young does a great job of examining the many myths about gender that have been propagated across the political spectrum. She writes of feminism's "blindness to male disadvantage," but also devotes a chapter to what she calls



the conservative mistake, showing how the right wing can be paternalistic and condescending to women. Young doesn't write to please any particular group—except those of us who simply want equal treatment for men and women. For original thinking about the changing lives of men, read *The Decline of Males* (Golden Books) by anthropologist Lionel Tiger. The impact of the birth control pill is at the center of his discourse. "This book is about an emerging pattern of growth in the confidence and power of women and of erosion in the confidence and power of men," Tiger says. All three books help us to better understand the skirmishes so we can defend ourselves.



—ASA BABER

MAN TALK

Susan Faludi, whose 1991 best-seller, *Backlash: The Undeclared War Against American Women*, won the National Book Critics Circle Award and the Pulitzer Prize for nonfiction, has just written *Stiffed: The Betrayal of the American Man* (Morrow). If *Backlash* infuriated conservatives and made her one of Rush Limbaugh's chief "feminazis," what will the publication of *Stiffed* provoke? To find out, we talked with her.

PLAYBOY: Who is betraying men?

FALUDI: The betrayer has no face. We live in a shopping cul-

ture where you're measured by what you look like, how big your SUV is, how much money you have, how much of an object of desire you are. These things leave men feeling feminized, which is why they look at feminism as a problem.

PLAYBOY: Do you see feminism as a problem?

FALUDI: *Stiffed* isn't a refutation of feminism, and *Backlash* isn't about what men have done to women. Our culture views men as the masters of their world, but we don't realize that they are a product of their society. I'd like to think *Stiffed* extends feminism to men by showing how we have a shared interest in the world in which we live.

PLAYBOY: What proof do we have of manhood today?

FALUDI: If a man rescues a boy from a well, he's all over TV and the newspapers. A week later, he's forgotten. In a way, all that attention has put him at a disadvantage. He's a father figure created by the camera lens, but that's not the sort of love you can count on.

PLAYBOY: When are men in control of their lives?

FALUDI: The men I interviewed who were the most secure and felt their identity was firm were shipyard workers who had learned their trade from their fathers. Unfortunately, most of the men I talked to felt abandoned by their fathers even when their fathers were physically there. This all too common rupture in the father-son connection is the most disturbing aspect of my research.

PLAYBOY: What makes men feel confident?

FALUDI: Men who are confident learned to master a body of knowledge and put it to work in their community. A sense of community is something most men have lost. It's an idea that manhood is defined by social utility and public usefulness, and not by domination.

PLAYBOY: What do men want?

FALUDI: They want a culture that doesn't belittle their problems or their accomplishments. It's evident from everything we have experienced in recent years that we need to replace celebrity culture with a more tender society. The challenge for men today is the same as it was at the end of World War II—to carry over into the real world the humanity that men showed one another in the trenches. —LISA MORICOLI LATHAM



NECA GALFANANS

LUSTY LENSWORK:

If you haven't followed the literary journal *Libido*, you'll want to see *Naked Libido* (Libido, P.O. Box 146721, Chicago, IL 60614), which contains the best part of the magazine. Photographers Eugene Zokusilo, Trevor Watson and Ralph Steinmeier have different takes on eroticism—humorous, dork and provocative. The subjects are seen around corners, through doorways and windows or pulling out the props, and the voyeur in all of us is aroused. Edited by Marianno Beck, *Naked Libido* will titillate, excite and even provide a few chuckles.

—HELEN FRANGOULIS



By ASA BABER

I was a skinny and unfashionable 14-year-old from Chicago when I arrived at an exclusive all-male prep school on the East Coast. As I wolfed down ham and eggs my first morning there, I looked up to find the entire dining room staring at me with contempt. They had expected me to exhibit graciousness and good table manners, and evidently I had disappointed them.

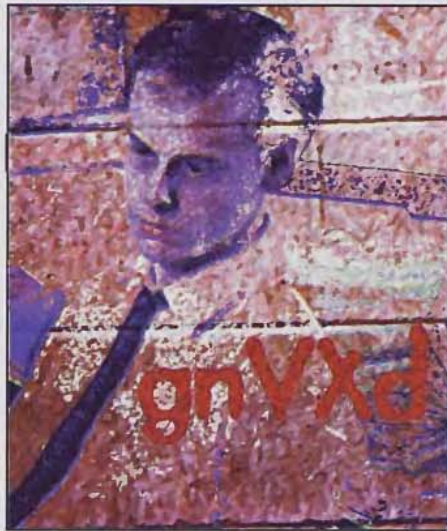
How did I react? Pugnaciously, of course. I stared back and asked loudly, "What's your fucking problem?" No one said a word, nor were words necessary. I had just cut my own throat by challenging them, and from then on I was shunned. Some simply refused to speak to me. Others engaged in more subtle forms of rejection. But the messages they sent me, both verbally and nonverbally, were filled with Ivy League condescension.

I experienced the brutality of the pack for the next several months, and I did not handle it well. I felt diminished and enraged—and I do not use the latter word lightly. I imagined doing great bodily harm to everyone who snubbed me, teacher or student, and my fantasies about how I would get revenge were more violent than anything that had been done to me.

This column is dedicated to every teenager who has ever been frozen out of a pack and made to feel unfit. It is for my fellow loners and geeks.

If you are a lone wolf who is as alienated in your teenage years as I was in mine, and if you are dealing with the shame and rage I felt, I am here to tell you that you are not alone. Many people have gone through what you are experiencing now. But here is the distinction you hold, and it is not a good one: Yours is the first generation to face ostracism without the support of family and community that was once available to the shunned and the youthful. In that way, your generation is unique.

You spend 20 percent of your waking hours alone (an average of three and a half hours a day). You report having low self-esteem and being less happy and less active when alone. You receive almost no adult supervision and have few positive role models outside of school, and you frequently go home to an empty house after class. You are often out of touch with your father and/or mother because of separation or divorce, and you some-



GENERATION VEXED

times spend more time in front of a computer or TV than you spend engaging in face-to-face human interaction. You avoid long-term relationships with peers of either gender and you focus your energies (like the adult workaholics you see around you) on getting into college or landing a job. You often labor for long hours in mindless part-time employment that has no connection with your targeted profession. Finally, you move from one group of peers to another without having best friends. Many of these unsettling facts are reported in *The Ambitious Generation: America's Teenagers, Motivated but Directionless*, by Barbara Schneider and David Stevenson.

Some people might call you Generation Vexed, and before you get defensive about it, check it out. You are 21st century children, walking point in the new millennium, signaling to us with your outbursts of violence that something is wrong with the way you are being raised (or not being raised). Trapped in an affluent, self-absorbed culture of aspiring adults who care more about money and status than they care about family, it is no wonder that many of you feel vexed, especially if the pack excludes you at school and leaves you to your own devices. But like it or not, it is your responsibility to overcome these obstacles. So consider the following:

(1) There are no easy answers here. The culture is not going to change overnight, and some teenagers will always be snobs. I'm going to let you in on a big secret here: No matter what you do to try to please them or defy them, nothing will change them. So get used to it. The toughest truth to face is that no one automatically owes you (or me) any respect. It's a jungle out there—even in school.

(2) The term teenager is meaningless today. In everything but the law, you are an adult. This is something you know better than the adults around you. By the time you turn 13, most of you have been exposed to life's aberrations and injustices. You have access to information on any topic you choose; your privacy and sense of well-being have been frequently violated and the importance of competing for college and a career has already been made clear to you. In short, you have needed maturity and a strong sense of identity long before your parents did. Compared with yours, their teenage years were a picnic.

(3) Survival is the best revenge—everybody's survival, even the pack's. If you act out your fantasies after being snubbed, and if you hurt people because they have isolated you, you become one of them. Why let them ruin your life? Why give them that power? Be better than they are. You will profit by doing it.

(4) Packs are composed mostly of cowards who are frightened of being ostracized themselves—people who are neither fascinating nor original. "I wouldn't want to belong to any club that would accept me as a member," Groucho Marx said. Packs cannot stand diversity or originality. They are dull entities. You do not need them.

(5) Believe it or not, none of the men who treated me the worst in prep school rose to any particular level of distinction or success later on. Father Time has given me the reassurance I want to give you: Those of us who do not fit neatly into society's categories, those who are called mavericks and misfits, are often the people who lead the most interesting lives and contribute the most to their families and friends. It just takes a little longer to get it together. Beyond high school, for sure.





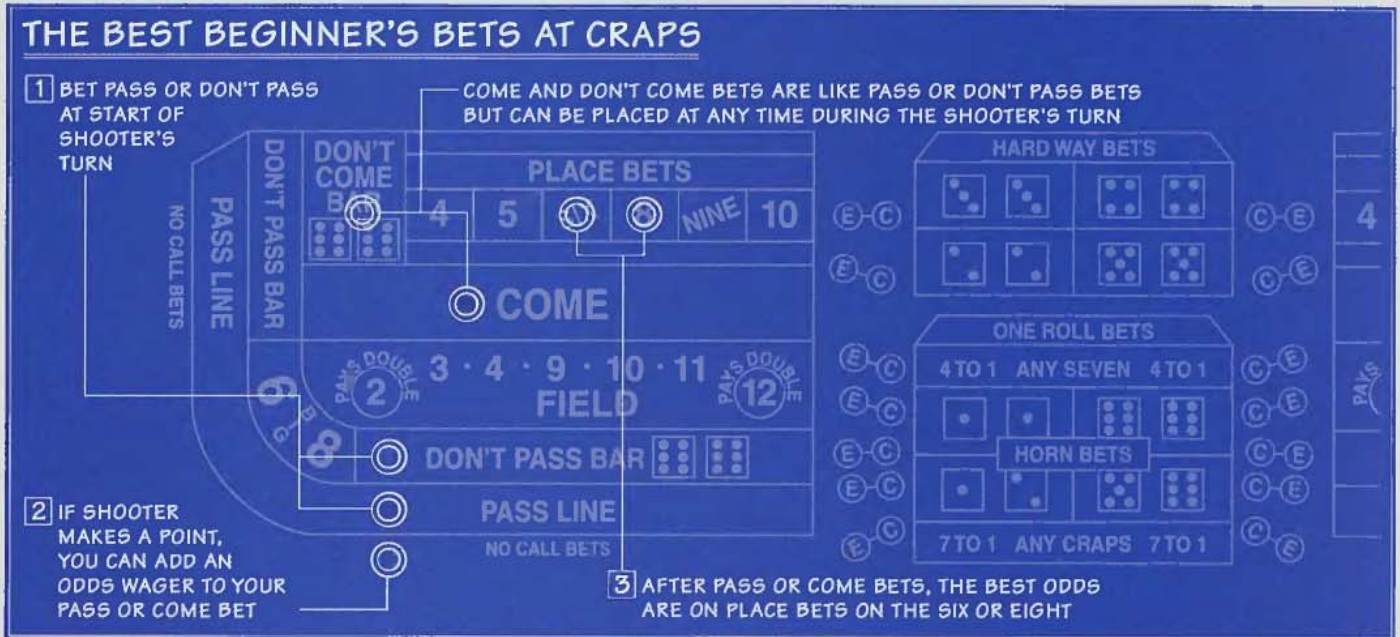
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MANTRACK hey...it's personal



The Lowdown on Craps

Step into any casino and follow the cheers. Odds are good you'll end up at a craps table. That's because craps is a game that offers some of the best odds in a casino. But it's also one of the most intimidating. Here's how to join the action (see blueprint above). (1) Betting Pass or Don't Pass at the start of a shooter's turn means you're betting the shooter wins (Pass) or loses (Don't Pass). Either bet pays even money. Betting Come or Don't Come has the same payoff, but either of these bets can be placed any time during the shooter's turn. (2) If the shooter makes a point (i.e., rolls a four, five, six, eight, nine or ten—announced by the pit boss), you can add an Odds wager, basically increasing your original Pass or Come bets. This is a great bet, with no house edge. If the shooter then rolls a six or an eight, your return is six to five. A five or a nine pays you back three to two, and a four or a ten gets you two to one. (3) After a Pass, Come or Odds bet, the best place to put your money is an Place, betting the six or the eight. Either pays seven to six if the shooter rolls your number before a seven.

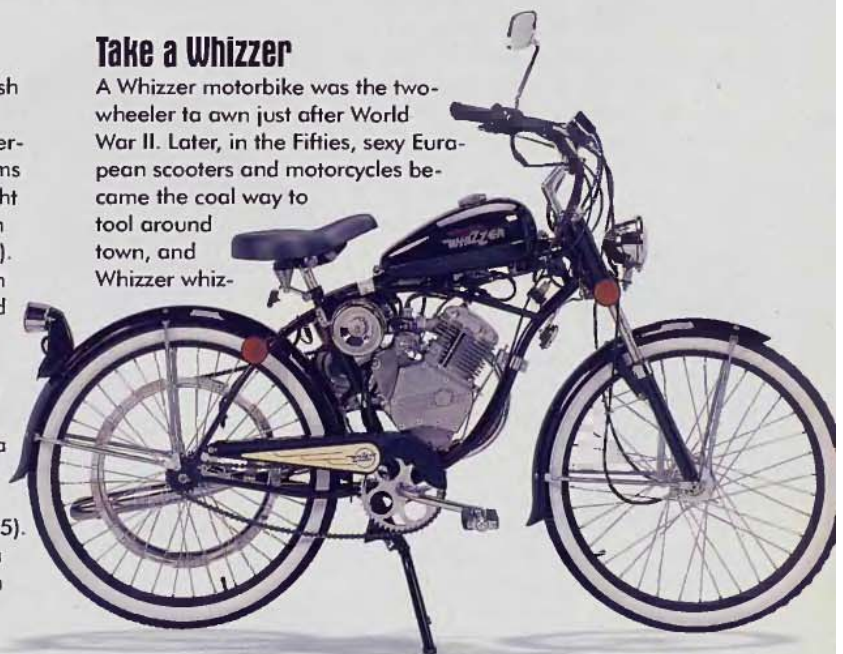
Rum for Your Money

Rum hasn't been this popular since it was a daily ration for British sailors. Sales of boutique Caribbean brands are way up as rum makers follow whiskey's lead as a sipping choice. The latest offering is the Rare Rums of the Caribbean Collection—four dark rums with differing appeal. R.L. Seale's, from Barbados, is a midweight golden rum with an almond flavor (\$45). Venezuela's smooth Diplomatico is aged (like cognac) in French white oak barrels (\$30). Gran Blasón—known as the cognac of Costa Rica—is a heavy rum with a distinct molasses flavor (\$35). Myers's Legend is a limited edition from one of the world's most prestigious rum makers (\$40). It's made the old-fashioned way, in traditional pot stills in Jamaica. The collection is available at better liquor stores.



Take a Whizzer

A Whizzer motorbike was the two-wheeler to own just after World War II. Later, in the Fifties, sexy European scooters and motorcycles became the cool way to tool around town, and Whizzer whiz-



zed right out of the bike business. Now the company is back, with a new model that comes only in black. The bike's motor fires up when you pedal a little, and offers motorcycle-type controls, chrome galore and a cruising range of 120 miles per gallon. Top speed? "Twenty-five miles per hour, but you'll feel like you're doing 50," says the company's president, Gene Trobaugh. Price: \$1995.

MANTRACK



Slice and Dice

The Resort at Summerlin is a newly opened luxury golf and spo getaway situated only 25 minutes northwest of the Strip in Las Vegas. Guests of the resort have access to seven courses, including the Tournament Players Club of the Canyons (the site of the Las Vegas Senior Classic). Tee times can be arranged through the Regent Grand Palms hotel. There's also a 40,000-square-foot spa facility, half a dozen restaurants (including Nevada Nick's steakhouse and Porion, which specializes in new American cuisine) and, of course, a casino. Room rates start at \$345. (Pockoges ore available.) For views of the hotel, check resorttsummerlin.com.



Clothesline: Drew Carey and Ryan Stiles

The star of *The Drew Carey Show* and *Whose Line Is It Anyway?* (left) confesses that he doesn't like to dress up, preferring T-shirts and jeans or



khakis from the Gop (especially "the one in the Beverly Center in LA, because it's close to my house"). Corey also shops at Banana Republic and Structure. His one exception to casual: "I wear Hickey-Freeman suits on the show. When I went to a block tie and lingerie party at the

Playboy Mansion, I wore both to cover myself—a Hickey-Freeman tux over lingerie." What brand? "I don't remember, maybe Moidenform's Cross-My-Balls Bra." Ryan Stiles (left), also of both shows, is six foot five and does his



shopping at Nordstrom for Kenneth Cole shoes and Hugo Boss suits, two manufacturers who make large sizes. "I can't just go into a store and say, 'Hey, I like that.' They say: 'OK, we'll special-order it and it will be here in about two to three months.'" Stiles even tried looking in thrift shops around town, but "the ones with clothes from the Fifties and Sixties are no good because there were no men over six feet tall back then."

How to Boil a Lobster

The best way to cook a lobster is to boil it. The only problem is finding a pot big enough to accommodate the critter. Plunge a one-and-a-half- to two-pound lobster headfirst into rapidly boiling salted water. Cover the pot, and once the water has returned to a boil, cook the lobster for 12 to 15 minutes. Remove it, put it on its back and cut the shell lengthwise. Remove the dark vein, the soc near the head and the spongy tissue. Keep the edible liver and coral. Serve with lemon wedges and melted butter. This is not a meal for neat freaks.



Guys Are Talking About . . .

Great road gear. Toss the Jeep TV Boombox or the Jeep Emergency Kit (pictured here) into the back of your SUV and never again be without such creature comforts as a four-inch LCD TV, a CD player, a tire inflator or lighter-to-lighter jumper cables. Price for the boombox: about \$250; kit: about \$100. "A size" cigars. After an absence of several years, Macanudo has reintroduced the Duke of Wellington, an 8 1/2" x 47-ring gauge smoke that sells for about \$6.50 each, or \$84.50 for a box of 13. Dining courses. The Protocol School of Palm Beach offers a business etiquette seminar "tailored for executives who wish to hone their corporate entertaining and dining skills." Everything from silverware savvy to handling accidents of the table is covered. The \$225 price includes a four-course tutorial luncheon. *British cult TV*. Boxed sets of Avengers episodes starring Patrick Macnee as John Steed and Diana Rigg as Emma Peel are available from Critics' Choice Video for \$29.95 each. Episodes are available from the years 1965, 1966 and 1967.



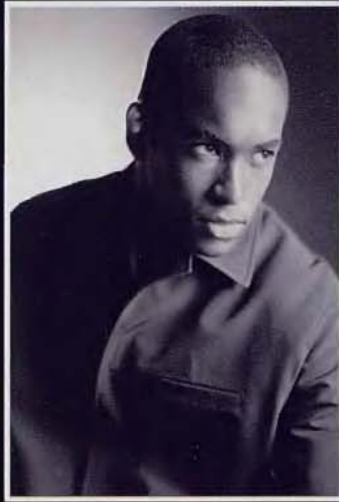
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I've heard that the Vatican Library has the world's most complete collection of erotica. Is there any evidence of this? If so, how much stuff does it have?—M.R., Oconomowoc, Wisconsin

You'll probably find more erotica in the Oconomowoc Public Library. The Vatican story has been circulating for decades—supposedly the Church kept a reference copy of every book it banned. The Vatican Library has a few antiquities that have been described as erotica, but nothing more. The rumor became widespread after Alfred Kinsey began to claim in his lectures and correspondence, if only for the reaction it caused, that his sex institute owned more erotica than the Vatican. A 1958 book went further, stating that the Church owned 25,000 sex books and 100,000 prints. (The same book reports that porn at the Library of Congress can be read by anyone over the age of 16, "though an armed guard will be assigned to stand over the reader's shoulder, ready to shoot if the book is mutilated.") The Vatican Library's staff, as well as scholars who have conducted research there, say they have never come across any collection of porn. Then again, if you found a long-forgotten stash, would you tell the world about it?

I'm writing to add my two cents to the discussion about whether a woman can reach orgasm solely by giving head. You asked female readers to report their experiences, so here are mine. First, any woman who refers to cocksucking as a "blow job" is not going to climax doing it. It should never be a job, and anyone who thinks it is can't possibly like it. The goal in any type of sex shouldn't be to get to the end—that just means the fun is over. Like the wife of the guy who wrote in July, I don't necessarily do it for my man. I do it because I love it. I don't hand it out as a reward, and you don't have to do me before I do you. A woman can come by cocksucking alone, but I think she has to be multiorgasmic. I have come often that way. It's usually subtle and triggered by a gesture, word or movement. I know that a woman can have an orgasm without manual stimulation, and even while clothed, because it happens to me. A wave comes over my body, giving me a short but intense orgasm followed by a slight, full-body shudder. For some odd reason, this usually occurs while I'm driving. My sister says she has experienced the same thing. I'm sure some bureaucrat will read this and soon the police will pull people over for DWC (driving while coming).—G.D., Little Rock, Arkansas

Need a navigator? We'll watch for cops. You're right about blow job being a misnomer: A guy can tell when his penis is being sucked out of obligation. He may not com-



plain, but it's never as exciting as when he has an enthusiastic partner who enjoys it as much as he does.

My buddies and I have started a weekly poker game. I know that professional gamblers have studied the game this way and that, looking for advantages. Has anyone ever taken a closer look at classic tells? I'd like to add more of my friends' money to my take-home pay.—W.P., Duluth, Minnesota

Inexperienced players have numerous tells. A common tip-off, according to Mike "the Mad Genius of Poker" Caro, is an opponent who reflexively holds his breath. "Because bluffers are aware that anything they do may trigger your call, they have learned not to tempt fate by being conspicuous," he explains. "Often their breathing will become shallow or sometimes stop altogether." A player with a strong hand may feign indifference. "An opponent who looks away when it's your turn to act is almost always more dangerous and more likely to raise than a player who looks at you. He is trying to make your bet seem safe. This is especially true if the opponent's head is turned away but he is looking back at you through the corners of his eyes." Caro also watches for shaking hands ("this tell is usually misunderstood—bluffers force themselves to become rigid; a shaking hand often indicates an unbeatable hand"), an opponent who reflexively touches his chips or cards (he's antsy to bet), a bluffer who stares you down or cavalierly tosses in his chips, or a bluffer who won't exhale clouds while smoking (again, to avoid being conspicuous). Caro, author of *The Book of Tells*, also has observed what he calls poker-clack—a player who makes a subconscious clicking sound with his tongue after viewing

a strong hand for the first time. Championship players have been known to fake tells, which can become a tell itself.

For as long as I can remember, I have been outspoken and in control, but now I need some serious advice. Recently I went to my ex-husband's house to see him. He wasn't there, but his 24-year-old fiancée opened the door. I made myself at home, against her wishes. To her credit, she was polite when she asked me to leave, but I never missed a chance to take a cheap jab. I told her to hush, that she was just a piece of ass to him, and that what he needed was a real woman. That really pissed her off, and she proceeded to jump me and thoroughly kick my ass. I told her I gave up, but she was too mad to let it go. To cut to specifics, soon I was licking her pussy through her underwear until she came. She then brought me to climax with her fingers, telling me that now I would know who was the piece of ass. When we were finished, she forced me to wear her panties. That was seven months ago. I have been wearing her panties ever since. Three weeks ago she came to my apartment and showed me two pairs of panties—one mine and one hers—and told me to choose. If I chose mine, it meant I had learned my lesson. For reasons I can't explain, I chose hers. Am I getting what I deserve? Please help.—M.S., Des Moines, Iowa

You met your match, and it turned you on. That's hardly surprising. The most enthusiastic submissives are dominant in every other area of their lives. This is a tricky situation. It begins with the fact that you're having an affair with your ex-husband's lover. Given the other complications here (such as not changing your underwear for seven months), that almost seems quaint. Your ex will find out eventually, and you have a better idea than we do how he'll react. Your priority should be to establish a safe word—a signal that you want an encounter to end. No responsible dominant refuses to establish one. If yours won't, we suggest you wear your own panties. That's not such a bad idea anyway. You've discovered something new about your sexuality; now find a more suitable partner to share it with.

When will the contraceptive sponge be back?—T.B., Denver, Colorado

If all goes well, it should be in stores within a few months. Whitehall-Robins discontinued the contraceptive in 1995, but a New Jersey pharmaceutical company purchased the rights to produce it. The sponge, which will be available without a prescription, absorbs sperm that reach the cervix and kills them with nonoxynol 9. When used properly, its failure rate is comparable to that of

condoms or diaphragms (about ten percent), though it's even less effective for women who have given birth. It also can't prevent sexually transmitted diseases. Protectaid, a similar product available in Canada, contains low concentrations of three spermicides (including nonoxynol 9) designed to prevent vaginal irritation. So far, its manufacturer has no plans to sell the product in the U.S.

In an episode of *Sex and the City* the characters spent quite some time discussing their new sex toy, "the rabbit." One woman was spending so much time at home with the rabbit that her friends did an intervention. Is there such a thing as the rabbit, or is it another television fiction?—J.B., Scottsdale, Arizona

The rabbit is a variation of a classic dual-head vibrator known as the beaver. Imagine a dildo with a swiveling head. Attach a small vibrator shaped like a rabbit to its side, with its ears extended upward. Insert a band of plastic pearls that roll beneath the skin of the dildo's midsection. The head swivels inside the woman's vagina, the pearls caress her introitus and the rabbit ears tickle her clitoris. On the downside, the rabbit doesn't provide constant stimulation of the clit, which many women find frustrating.

A few years ago you warned that prolonged bicycling can lead to impotence. As a result, I shortened my rides. No problems yet. But what happens in the long term? How much riding is too much?—W.D., San Francisco, California

Not every rider has problems, but it's wise to take precautions. One study of 1800 cycling club members who averaged 118 miles per week on narrow racing seats found that 60 percent reported genital numbness and 13 percent experienced impotence. Among a control group of swimmers, no one reported numbness, and four percent experienced impotence. The more biking a man did, the more numbness he reported. Other studies suggest that racing seats can cause problems for women as well. A typical bike seat forces you to place your weight on the arteries and nerves that supply your genitals with blood and feeling, rather than on your "sit" bones. For some people, that leads to sexual dysfunction. Whether you're riding outdoors or on a stationary bike, rise out of the seat every five or ten minutes. Position your saddle so that it's level or pointing downward slightly at the nose. Lower your seat if your legs are fully extended at the bottom of the pedal stroke. The top tube of the bike should be positioned three or four inches below your crotch when you stand over the frame (better yet, pad it). Lift your butt when you ride over railroad tracks or bumpy terrain. For the best protection, use an ergonomic saddle such as the Y-shaped seats made by Specialized (www.specialized.com) or "anatomic dip" models by Serfas (www.serfas.com).

Before I met my current boyfriend, I had never had more than three orgasms

during one lovemaking session. I was satisfied with that until I had seven with him. Our sex life is wonderful, but now he expects me to come five or more times each time we make love. Sometimes I would like to have three or four and go to sleep, but then he thinks he is not satisfying me. This guy is definitely an overachiever. How can I lower his expectations?—C.L., Redwood Shores, California

Tell him that you feel left out. You love the orgasms, but with all the time spent on your pleasure, you don't feel he's receiving enough attention. When you've been satisfied, you'll tug on his ear. That's a signal for him to relax, sit back, and let you bring him to climax, perhaps more than once. Since your boyfriend has mastered bringing you to orgasm repeatedly, challenge him to give you just one—the most prolonged, fulfilling, room-rocking climax of your life. To achieve that, he will have to bring you to the edge and leave you teetering there. You'll become desperate, promising him wonderful pleasures if he'll bring his cock or tongue or fingers within reach, then beg him to make you climax because it's not funny anymore. If only the rules allowed you to touch yourself. But he's in no hurry, and the more he makes you wait, the more aroused you become. Ever been to that place?

At the age of 59, after the end of a 25-year marriage, I went to my first gentlemen's club. While I was drinking my cola (no alcohol allowed), a lovely woman asked if I wanted a dance. She explained that a table dance is where she dances nude while I sit and watch, and a lap dance is where she moves around in my lap with shorts and halter top on. We agreed on a table dance. She told me her name and there was lots of eye contact. It was incredibly erotic. Later I enjoyed a lap dance with another girl. She gently put my hands down to my sides, and I had to pretend I was paralyzed from the neck down to keep them there. I found the experience frustrating, to put it mildly. My real frustration is that I don't understand the rules. Sometimes the girl onstage practically put her breasts in my face. Am I allowed to touch, with my face or hands? I assumed not. In the lap dance, she put her cheek to mine and caressed my face. Am I allowed to touch her? Again, I assumed not. Are the rules legal or just conventions? After my table dance, I patted the girl's butt, which didn't seem to upset anyone.—C.W., Manhattan Beach, California

Generally the rule is look but don't touch, though some clubs are more lax than others. Local laws may dictate how much contact is allowed. In his lively, cross-country guide to strip clubs, *Live Nude Girls*, J.P. Danko explains the etiquette this way: "Any casual contact that would be appropriate if you just met a woman in a regular bar is also appropriate in a strip club. Appropriate contact includes a casual touching of a dancer's

arm, shoulder or hand as well as a light hug or peck on the cheek. Contact with any other portion of the dancer's anatomy is absolutely inappropriate unless initiated by the dancer herself. This includes resting a hand on a dancer's knee." Groppers ruin the atmosphere by putting dancers on the defensive. Danko makes another point: If you want to enjoy yourself at a gentlemen's club, leave your illusions at home. The dancers aren't there to meet men, which means you'll be judged on two things: your politeness and your spending habits. Tip appropriately, smile and enjoy yourself.

What can you recommend for preventing a golf slice? I have a fair short game, but if I could get off the tee better I'd lower my score by a few strokes.—C.S., Phoenix, Arizona

Fixing a slice can be more difficult than asking your girlfriend to have a threesome. And harder to explain. The ball veers to the right because the face of your club is tilted away from you at contact. That causes sidespin, and the ball begins to curve when it reaches maximum velocity. First, you need to work on keeping the club head square to the ball. A common error is not releasing the head just before impact—that is, your right hand needs to catch up and pass through your left as the ball is struck (old pros will tell you to work on hooking the ball, so that everything balances out). It's crucial that the back of your left hand remains square. If your wrist folds or cups—which happens especially if you swing the club back farther than your shoulder—your swing becomes an outside-in throwing motion. Second, check your hands. Any respectable golf book or video will include a demonstration of a proper grip (see Nick Price's new guide, *The Swing: Mastering the Principles of the Game*). Third, check your stance. Your weight shouldn't shift toward your toes or lunge down the fairway during your downswing. Finally, find a place to practice where you can take your time to develop good habits. Videotape your swing, and consider taking a few lessons. You're not paying for just the pro's instructions; you're paying because he can determine exactly which instructions will solve the problem.

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

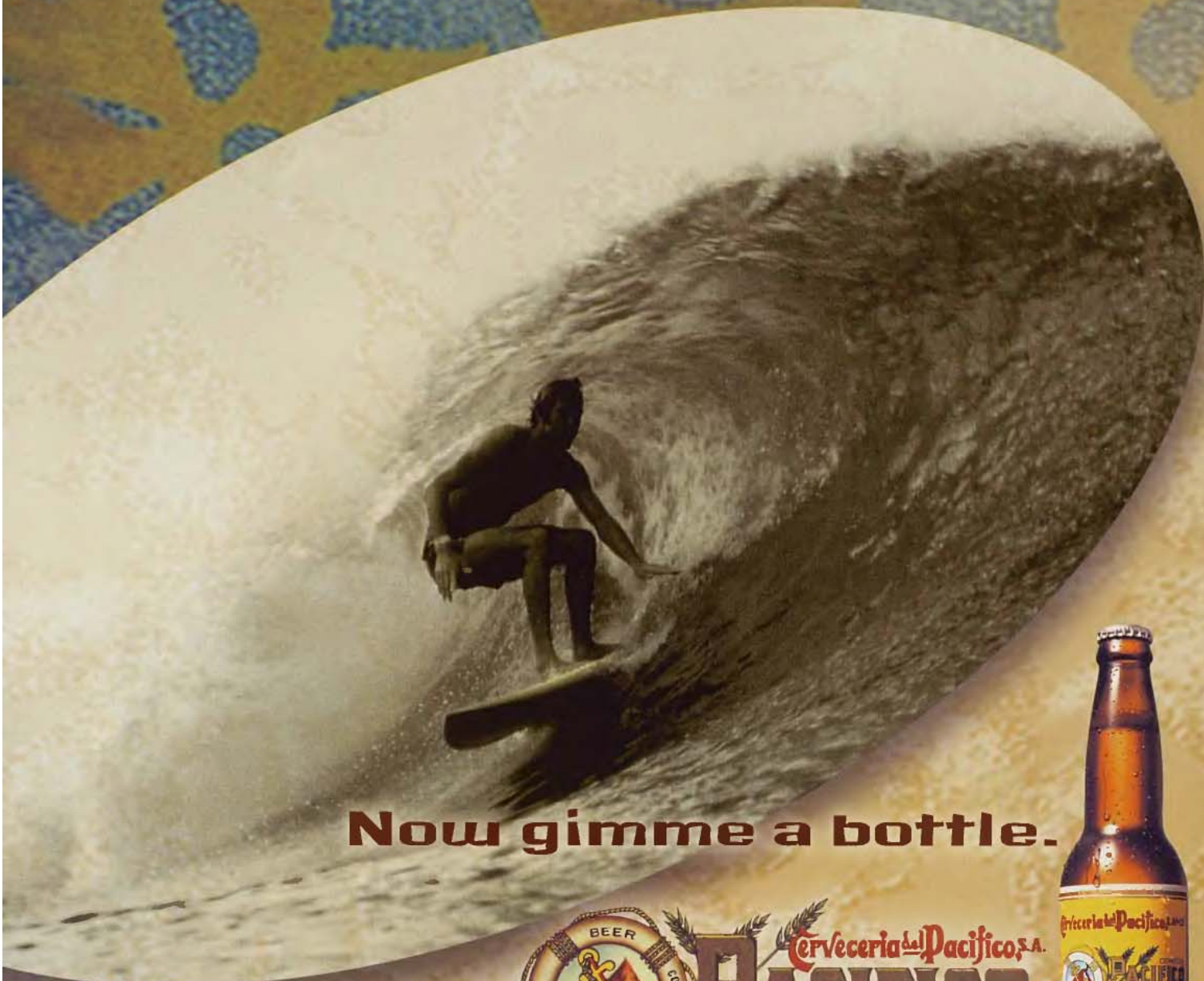


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CRACKING DOWN ON KIDS

zero tolerance makes zero sense

By CHIP ROWE

Tyler Hagen did the right thing. When a friend asked the 13-year-old to dispose of a dime bag of marijuana, Tyler took the pot to his parents. They contacted sheriff's deputies, who retrieved the grass. That's great parenting—the Hagens had built enough trust with their teenage son that he went to them first.

School officials saw it differently. When they discovered that Tyler's hands touched reefer while his feet were in contact with school property, they suspended him for five days under the district's zero tolerance policy, then transferred him to another school.

Zero tolerance defines the decade. As with mandatory minimum sentencing laws, there are no exceptions, so no energy is wasted on thoughtful consideration of a punishment that fits the crime. It also limits liability for school administrators, who can testify that they followed the book, especially since the book is only a page long, if that. How much space does it take to write the word guilty?

By now you've heard of the excesses of zero tolerance, because a "no-exceptions" policy guarantees excesses. In Mission Viejo, California a toy cap gun fell out of a third-grade girl's backpack during class. A classmate alerted the teacher. The school suspended the girl for a day, saying she was getting off easy. The gun was just three inches long but looked "very real," according to the principal.

In North Kingstown, Rhode Island officials suspended a six-year-old boy for bringing a four-inch plastic knife to school. Asked if the school would suspend a child who brought in a package of cheese with a tiny plastic knife in it, the director of pupil services said he wasn't sure.

In Pensacola, Florida officials suspended a 15-year-old because she brought fingernail clippers to school that included a two-inch fold-out blade to clean under nails. Officials sent the sophomore home for ten

days, then recommended she be expelled. The police said that but for an oversight the girl also would have been arrested.

In Glendale, Arizona a 13-year-old constructed a model rocket made with a potato chip can and fueled by three matches. When school officials discovered the toy in the boy's locker, they phoned the police and suspended the aspiring scientist for the remainder of the year.

In Greeley, Colorado administrators suspended three students caught

(six-year-old, Colorado) and an unopened bottle of wine (13-year-old, Georgia, who presented it to his French teacher as a gift).

If there's any trend that typifies the lunacy of zero discretion, it's the nationwide crackdown on Alka-Seltzer. The antacid makes for an easy prank: Break off a piece, stick it on your tongue and create a "foaming mouth" effect that's sure to make an impression. School administrators find antacids particularly nefarious.

In Sacramento, California last year, a 12-year-old was suspended because he shared a tablet he found while leaving a science classroom, where it was used in experiments. Two other boys split the tablet to make their mouths foam, a teacher spotted them, they fingered their supplier and he received a two-day suspension. The boy's puzzled mother asked, "If we're so worried about Alka-Seltzer, why is it floating around his science class?"

In Bremerton, Washington 15 students received three-week suspensions for experimenting with antacids. In Virginia, two middle school students dropped a piece of Alka-Seltzer into someone's milk and tricked a friend into putting a piece on his tongue. They received ten-day suspensions and mandatory instruction in a drug awareness program. In Pennsylvania, a 13-year-old got ten days for putting an Alka-Seltzer on his tongue. In a classic overreaction, his school also notified the police, searched his locker and referred him to a county drug agency.

School administrators who adhere to zero tolerance policies, in a lesson that surely resonates with students, find it difficult to admit that life is full of exceptions. Instead, they tell reporters that they have "no choice" but to punish everyone in the same way, whether the student had a gun or a toy, whether he was a bystander or a buyer, whether he went to his parents or to a party.



with a plastic water pistol and a spring-loaded toy gun. State law requires suspension, followed by expulsion hearings, for students who "carry, bring, use or possess a firearm or firearm facsimile at school." In other words, a kid caught with something that shoots water earns the same punishment as one carrying a weapon that shoots bullets.

Elsewhere, students have been punished for the possession of a plastic ax that came with a fireman's costume (five-year-old, Pennsylvania), a bottle of Advil (13-year-old, Texas), a package of organic lemon drops

THE COST

when you put a price tag on freedom,

The Declaration of Independence proclaims that all men are “endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable Rights.” And to secure these rights, Thomas Jefferson wrote, “governments are instituted among men.”

The founding fathers constructed one such government, limiting its powers to certain well-defined functions.

Two years after the Constitution was ratified in 1788, James Madison drafted the Bill of Rights to create a bulwark between the individual and the state. As Syracuse University political science professor Stephen Macedo described it, the founding fathers saw government as an island in a sea of rights. The rights enumerated were those grounded in the American experience: the right to assemble, the right to free speech, the right to worship God in your own way, the right to keep and bear arms, the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury, the right to be let alone by the state (freedom from unwarranted search and seizure), freedom from self-incrimination (coerced confessions), freedom from cruel and unusual punishment. The Ninth Amendment states simply that “certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.” The Tenth Amendment underscores the point that the true repository of rights is the individual.

The founding fathers sought to curtail government. Their notion of freedom was described this way: “Society whose laws least restrain the words and actions of its members is most free.”

For 150 years, that formula worked fine. As recently as 1923, the Supreme Court celebrated the breadth of personal freedom: “The term [liberty] has received much consideration. Without doubt, it denotes not merely freedom from bodily restraint but also the right of the individual to contract, to engage in any of the common occupations of life, to acquire useful knowledge, to marry, to establish a home and bring up children, to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience and generally to enjoy those privileges long recognized at common law as essential to the orderly pursuit of happiness by free men.”

Being left alone, uncoerced, is the

true meaning of freedom—being able to take to the open road without being stopped and searched. People value freedom so highly because freedom symbolizes life without a master—a life of minimal subjugation and shackles. Freedom means being able to make choices and contracts. Freedom means not having one’s place in life assigned by one’s superiors. Freedom means being able to take risks and suffer the consequences.

FDR’S LEGACY

Unfortunately, the notion of the citizen’s inviolable right to liberty is vanishing from the American political landscape. Indeed, the government scorns the individual and treats as suspect the exercise of such rights.

Some trace the shift to President Franklin Delano Roosevelt. In 1933 FDR announced, “We have all suffered in the past from individualism run wild.” Naturally, the corrective was to let government run wild.

On January 6, 1941 Roosevelt cavalierly edited the Bill of Rights, replacing Madison’s vision with his “four freedoms.” He kept freedom of speech and freedom of worship, then added “freedom from want, everywhere in the world,” and “freedom from fear, anywhere in the world.” In 1944 he declared that the Bill of Rights had “proved inadequate to assure us equality in the pursuit of happiness.” He called for a second Bill of Rights that created, among others, “the right to a useful and remunerative job; the right to earn enough to provide adequate food and clothing and recreation; the right of every family to a decent home; the right to adequate medical care; the right to adequate protection against the economic fears of old age, sickness, accident and unemployment; the right to a good education.”

The taxpayer would pay for these new rights, and the government would control the reallocation of resources. Roosevelt talked of using the power of government to crush “the few slackers or troublemakers in our midst,” the “small group of selfish men who would clip the wings of the American eagle in order to feather their own nests.”

FDR pitted individual liberty against the interests of all (as fathomed by gov-

ernment). He would not be the last. Presidents to follow seemed perfectly willing to reconsider the nation’s original concept of freedom. In 1994 Bill Clinton offered this idea: “When we got organized as a country and we wrote a fairly radical Constitution with a radical Bill of Rights, giving a radical amount of individual freedom to Americans, it was assumed that the Americans who had that freedom would use it responsibly . . . that they would work



for the common good, as well as for the individual welfare. . . . A lot of people say there’s too much personal freedom. When personal freedom is being abused, you have to move to limit it.”

THE BIRTH OF GOVERNMENT

The shifting definition of rights—of freedom itself—raises the question of whether people will benefit more from being left to build their own lives or from somebody’s confiscating much of their building material and imposing the structure he or she thinks is best.

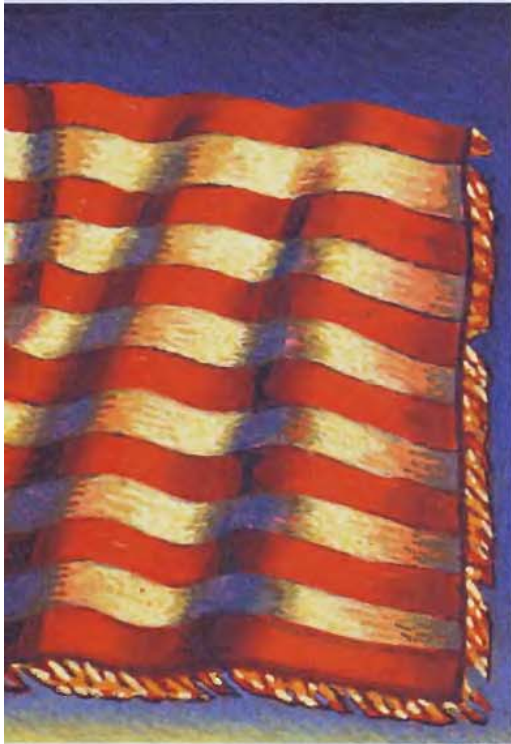
The debate has shifted from the ideal to the monetary. Roosevelt’s redefinition of freedom was expensive. Total government spending increased from

OF RIGHTS

guess who pays

By JAMES BOVARD

\$61 billion in 1950 (about \$2770 per person in current dollars) to \$4.4 trillion in 1994 (or \$9550 per person in current dollars). Federal, state and local governments collected an average of \$26,434 in taxes for every household in the country, or an average of \$9881 for every U.S. resident in 1998. Indeed, the Tax Foundation calculates that an American works the equivalent of five months before any money he earns goes into his own pocket.



JOHN O'LEARY

The cost of our new rights has become a political hot button: Conservatives complain about the cost of welfare and blame a permissive society that overindulges sexual rights. Law-and-order types gripe about the cost of the appeals process and blame the ACLU for mollycoddling criminals (even those who are innocent). Interest groups invent new rights (the right to a safe workplace, the right to clean air and water, the right to streets free of dog nuisances, the right to workplaces free of dirty jokes and sexual innuendo, the right to a smoke-free environment), and the government responds with costly regulations.

The intellectual attack on the Bill of

Rights has been spearheaded by Cass Sunstein, a law professor at the University of Chicago. In *The Cost of Rights: Why Liberty Depends on Taxation*, Sunstein and Princeton political science professor Stephen Holmes offer this definition of the old (negative) and new (positive) rights, or, as they put it, the difference between liberties and subsidies: "Those Americans who wish to be left alone prize their immunities from public interference, it is said, while those who wish to be taken care of seek entitlements to public aid. Negative rights ban and exclude government; positive ones invite and demand government. Negative rights typically protect liberty; positive rights typically promote equality. The former shield a private realm, whereas the latter reallocate tax dollars. If negative rights shelter us from the government, then positive rights grant us service by the government. Positive rights include the rights of property and contract and, of course, freedom from being tortured by the police; negative rights encompass rights to food stamps, subsidized housing and minimal welfare."

A STORYBOOK DISTINCTION

Sunstein and Holmes claim this is a storybook distinction. Both positive and negative rights, they argue, depend on the existence of government. Rights cost money. Rights cannot be protected or enforced without public funding and support. All rights make claims on the public treasury. Rights without remedy are no rights at all.

The individual has no preexisting rights; his sole responsibility is to contribute his share (or what the government dictates is his share) to the public coffers to protect his government-given rights. So, the wealthier the bureaucracy, the freer the individual. Government beneficence hides the erosion of the old order of freedom. The fact that the government imprisons more people now than ever before is irrelevant, because government is bestowing more benefits than ever before. It is as if the benefit automatically outweighs the shackle and therefore nullifies the existence of the shackle.

In perhaps their most creative passage, Sunstein and Holmes reveal: "Our freedom from government inter-

ference is no less budget-dependent than our entitlement to public assistance. Both freedoms must be interpreted. Both are implemented by public officials who, drawing on the public purse, have a good deal of discretion in construing and protecting them."

MONEY TALKS

In a stroke, basic freedoms are reduced to line items in a budget—something as essential as religious freedom is put on a par with some congressman's pork project. Like moral accountants, Sunstein and Holmes try to calculate the cost of essential rights. In 1992, they claim, the administration of justice in the U.S.—including enforcement, litigation, adjudication and correction—cost taxpayers around \$94 billion. An average jury trial costs approximately \$13,000. The authors assure us that "included in this allocation were funds earmarked for the protection of the basic rights of suspects and detainees."

Clearly, we consider the rights of suspects less important than national defense (which runs some \$265 billion per year). Under this theory every failure of government is the citizens' fault. Sunstein notes: "The Fourth Amendment right [against unreasonable government searches and seizures] cannot be absolute unless the public is willing to invest the enormous amounts necessary to ensure that it is seldom violated in practice. The fact that the Fourth Amendment is violated so regularly shows that the public is not willing to make that investment."

In other words, police routinely carry out unconstitutional searches with impunity because taxes are not high enough to prevent them. Taxation, not moral outrage, shields citizens from abuse. "To take the cost of rights into account is therefore to think something like a government procurement officer, asking how to allocate limited resources intelligently while keeping a wide array of public goods in mind."

Despite the founding fathers, today's rights have become an island in a sea of government. The Bill of Rights is a theme park, and we buy tickets from Uncle Sam. That's not how the men who formed this country conceived it, and that's not how it should be.

NOSY NEIGHBOR

I recently received a visit from the local sheriff, who notified me that my neighbor had called to complain that my son was reading *PLAYBOY*. My son is 35 years old. Furthermore, the "violation" in question occurred while he was reading inside our home. Although the houses in our neighborhood are close together, they're single-story homes, and six-foot-high privacy fences separate them. As far as I can tell, my neighbor would have had to climb on something to see over our fence and peek in our window to catch my son reading. This isn't the first time we have had trouble with this neighbor. Previously, she called the sheriff to report that I was sunbathing nude in my backyard. This time she complained that her children could see the *PLAYBOY*. The sheriff, while sympathetic, said if she insists on filing complaints, he's obligated to follow up. What can I do?

Ed Born

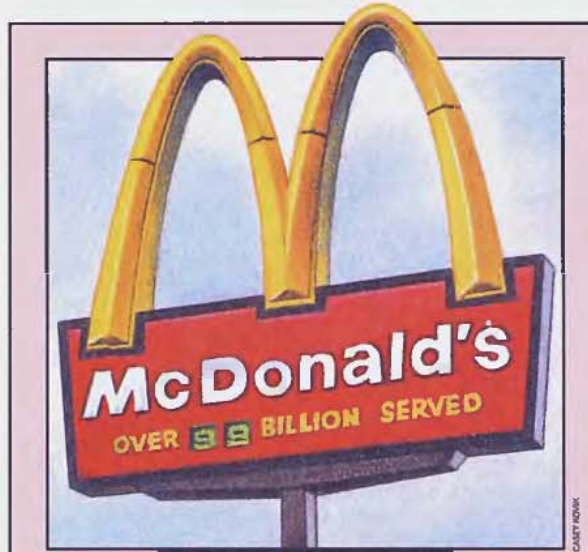
Fern Park, Florida

It sounds as if your neighbor is a Peeping Tom. Isn't that illegal? The U.S. Supreme Court says you're entitled to view whatever legal materials you wish in the privacy of your home. Your neighbor can't stop you or your son from reading PLAYBOY in the house or, for that matter, in your backyard. Like any law enforcement official, the local sheriff should be aware of this (most likely he's letting you know about the complaints to get the complainant off his back). Your predicament reminds us of a joke you might share with him: An elderly woman called her sheriff and complained that the neighboring couple was having sex in full view. When the sheriff arrived, he was puzzled. The nearest house was more than a mile away, and he couldn't see a thing. "Of course you can't," the woman replied crossly. "You're not using binoculars."

DEADLY TRAFFIC

Ted Fishman's piece "Deadly Traffic" in the July *Playboy Forum* is a typical example of antigun reasoning that in practice is anti-self-protection.

Fishman complains that the murder



FOR THE RECORD

HIDDEN MESSAGES

"The American flag is homosexual. What are the predominant colors? Red, white and blue. If you combine red with white you get pink. If you combine red with blue you get purple. Both of these are notorious 'gay' colors. And what is a star but a combination of triangles?"

"Barney the Dinosaur' is an anagram for 'Try heroin and abuse.'"

"Cheetos encourage marital infidelity."

"McDonald's golden arches are an enormous illuminated representation of a pair of buttocks. This is telling our youth that pornography is good."

"Uncle Sam. He is your uncle. He wants you. 'Nuff said."

—Entries in a tongue-in-cheek *Washington Post* contest that asked readers to help Jerry Falwell, who had "outed" Tinky Winky as gay, "identify and expose other threats to morality hidden in our popular culture."

rate rose in Chicago after the 1982 handgun ban without considering the findings of John Lott of the University of Chicago. Lott's study of crime statistics from all over the country has been corroborated by nearly three dozen institutions of higher learning. The conclusion is summarized in the title of Lott's book: *More Guns, Less Crime*. Specifically, Lott found the one variable that drove down the rates of murder, rape and other violent crimes was the ability of ordinary citizens to legally carry concealed firearms.

Fishman doesn't get the irony of his

own complaint: "The city of Chicago banned handguns in 1982, yet the city has become the murder capital of America." The sentence should read: "The city of Chicago banned handguns in 1982, therefore the city has become the murder capital of America."

Fishman laments the "upriver toxic sludge" of illegal handguns flowing into Chicago from other jurisdictions. He refuses to acknowledge that places where guns are legally accessible are safer. His gun-free Chicago has become a criminals' paradise.

In two recent cases of students killing other students at school, it was access to a gun by adults that kept the killers from claiming many more victims. An assistant principal in Pearl, Mississippi and a restaurant owner at a middle school graduation dance in Edinboro, Pennsylvania retrieved their guns in time to save lives.

If Ted Fishman insists that handguns should be banned in Chicago, he must think it was wrong for those two adults to stop the killing, and that it is wrong for women to thwart their would-be rapists.

Kathleen Gennaro
Springfield, Virginia

After reading the recent *Forum* articles on gun control, I am struck by the posturing on both sides. Commonsense gun regulation is not an either-or issue, and I am heartened to see Congress taking steps to enact moderate legislation. When we get down to specifics, there is broad bipartisan support for reform. For example, only a tiny minority of citizenry defends a juvenile's right to own assault weapons. Few want 18-year-olds to be able to buy weapons. Most responsible citizens support closing a loophole in the law that enables people to buy guns at gun shows without undergoing background checks. Ultimately, both gun enthusiasts and the public are best served by sensible, consistent firearm regulation.

Joan Blades
Berkeley, California

R E S P O N S E

As a law-abiding gun owner, I would like to say thank you for providing us equal space in the July *Forum*. It appears that PLAYBOY represents the last of the Fourth Estate institutions willing to recognize that antigun proponents are subject to conversion by fact and reasoned argument, and that pro-gun sentiment deserves to be considered. James Petersen's article "Guns 'R' Us" is a well-thought-out rebuttal to Ted Fishman's "Deadly Traffic," an exercise in shock tactics and misinformation characteristic of antigun zealots.

It is silly to blame guns, their manufacturers or their law-abiding owners for violence involving guns. Guns are tools. They have no intrinsic goodness or evil. Violence stems from the prevalence of criminals and will not disappear in response to feel-good gun laws. We need to figure out how to dissuade people from committing violent crimes, as anyone inclined to violence can act on impulse, gun laws notwithstanding. Many people believe that one way to dissuade criminals is to guarantee the means of violent opposition from potential victims.

No government authority has the right to deprive men and women of their means of self-protection.

Robert Aderhold
Macon, Georgia

In arguing against the death penalty, liberals often claim that murder rates are highest in states that have the death penalty (i.e., that the threat of execution doesn't deter people from murdering other people). But these states may require the death penalty precisely because their high murder rates (which are a result of various other factors) necessitate it. The murder rate would be even higher if these states didn't have the death penalty.

Demonstrating that they are equally capable of bad arguments, conservatives often claim that murder rates are highest in states that have the strongest gun control laws. It may be the case that the states require strong gun laws because their high murder rates (again a result of various factors) necessitate it. In other words, those states' murder rates would be even higher if they didn't have strong gun laws.

Steven Goldberg
New York, New York

James Petersen's assertion that Canadians have "little or no access to guns" is wrong. My family and I own both long guns and handguns. In Canada anyone wishing to purchase a firearm must first obtain a firearms acquisition certificate or license. To do so, each person must pass a test to ensure that he or she can safely operate the type of firearms available in Canada. Applications are evaluated by law enforcement personnel, and a criminal background check is run. If they are in compliance, applicants can purchase a variety of

firearms. What people cannot purchase, thankfully, are assault weapons, silencers and magazines that hold dozens of rounds of ammunition. Sadly, each of these can be purchased in the U.S.

Petersen's claim that the forced use of trigger locks is "simpleminded" is itself ridiculous. He draws a faulty comparison with airbags, which serve as backup devices for seat belts. But guns have no seat belts. Trigger locks are the best available safety measure. I suspect that if you check your statistics, you'll

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PLAYBOY 2

+ D'ANGELO RADA SPORT

"The early incarnations of Playboy managed to fuse in-the-know wisdom and a charming, experimental naivete across some beautifully presented pages. It is a blueprint that will always be well worth reinventing and, more crucially, reconsidering."

From the British men's magazine *Arena Homme Plus*, which devoted an issue to examining the meaning of PLAYBOY at the millennium.

find that a great number of children in the U.S. are killed while playing with unlocked firearms. Trigger locks prevent this type of tragedy, and might even have prevented some of your recent school massacres.

Jason Hunter
London, Ontario

Petersen seems to think that people should have the right to own whichever type of firearms they choose—Uzis, Colt AR-15s, whatever. As a retired Air Force veteran who has seen the damage these types of guns can inflict, let me assure you that not everyone needs such a weapon. I am not against gun ownership, but I do not see the need for the average citizen to own weapons that were developed for one purpose: military combat. Reasonable people should recognize that the Second Amendment doesn't promise gun shop owners the right to get around background checks by selling at gun shows, nor does it state that 18-year-olds should be allowed to buy guns. A measure of common sense and caution could save lives without depriving American citizens of their right to bear arms.

Ed Orr

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

James Petersen responds: The assertion that citizens in the UK and Canada have little or no access to guns was Lott's, not the author's. As for the 'great number' of children killed in handgun accidents, there were 138 fatalities in 1996, according to the most recent statistics. In comparison, bicycle accidents claimed 197 young lives, drownings 1034. Automobiles claimed 3017. The 'make all guns safe (and harder to use) to protect a few' argument is like insisting that all automobiles have children's car seats, even those belonging to people who don't have children. No law will replace thoughtful parenting. Neither Ted Fishman nor I commented on a citizen's right to own specific 'military' weapons. The type of weapon doesn't matter to the victim or the would-be assailant, but it gives politicians a tiny lever to effect broader gun bans. Will we soon be reduced to stockpiling lawn darts?

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).

THE JUSTICE WISH LIST

taking charge one step at a time
By REPRESENTATIVE BOB BARR

The memo arrived at our offices anonymously. It originated at the top levels of the Justice Department—"for discussion purposes only"—and catalogs the authority the department hopes to wrangle from Congress should the agency ever declare a "terrorism emergency." Most important, the agency would like to expand the definition of terrorism to include practically any violent crime the government deems politically motivated. Under current law, more than 50 violations are considered terrorist acts. The Justice Department would like to add crimes to this list without congressional approval. That would give the agency the ability to take over the investigation of any crime simply by reclassifying it as terrorism.

In the event that it declares a terrorism emergency, Justice also wants the authority to commandeer personnel from other agencies. This proposal concentrates far too much authority in the attorney general's hands. Under the current structure, the Treasury Department oversees the IRS, Customs and the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms. Other agencies have similar enforcement arms. None takes orders from the Justice Department. Drop that firewall, and the potential for abuse grows exponentially.

According to the memo, Justice would like to expand asset forfeiture laws to allow the FBI to seize cash and property in criminal and civil matters without so many legal hurdles. Justice officials contemplate having the authority to seize the "instrumentalities" used to commit what it considers terrorist offenses. In other words, asset forfeiture powers would expand right along with the definition of terrorism.

To make its job easier, the DOJ

wants ready access to your motel records, e-mail, bank account, travel records and whereabouts. It wouldn't mind if your DNA could be collected and set aside. A genetic database certainly would be useful during a state of emergency.

Part of the Justice wish list has already become reality. This past year, Congress gave the FBI the power to use "roving" wiretaps. Because the proposal was attached to an unrelated bill, it was not subject to a single hearing before being made into law.

Roving wiretaps give civil libertarians fits because they follow the target to whatever phone he or she uses, whether it's on the corner, in

a nearby restaurant or in a neighbor's house. Roving

wiretaps had been limited to cases in which the suspect was evasive. The new law turns what had been an appropriate and narrow exception into an open floodgate. In 1995, the FBI estimated its use of wiretaps would increase 130 percent within ten years.

The Department of Justice hopes to

pay for all this new snooping with a combination of tax dollars and contributions from private industry. It already has forced telecommunications companies to install wiretap-friendly devices into their wireless systems. The companies passed on the cost to consumers.

Maybe you believe this expanded authority would never be directed at you. You have nothing to hide, right? History shows the error of this view. If those in authority continue to whittle away at traditional freedoms to provide the illusion of security, we may someday discover that our privacy has vanished.

Bob Barr, who represents the Seventh District of Georgia, is a Republican member of the House Judiciary Committee.



AMANDA DUFFY

POOR PITIFUL SHE

radical feminist catharine mackinnon sings the blues

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

On May 30 of this year, the *Chicago Tribune* published a profile of Catharine MacKinnon under the headline FIGHTING A LIE THAT JUST WON'T DIE.

MacKinnon, who is a tenured professor at the University of Michigan and a visiting professor at the University of Chicago, protested that she had never said these words often attributed to her: "All sex is rape," "All men are rapists" and "All sex is sexual harassment."

I was surprised to read that a piece I wrote for *PLAYBOY* in October 1986 was the "first to inaccurately link Catharine MacKinnon's antipornography work with the supposed belief that all sex is rape," and that such criticism in fact amounts to "defamation."

My article, titled *Politically Correct Sex*, drew parallels between Women Against Pornography and George Orwell's Junior Anti-Sex League, between the fictional threat of Big Brother and the real machinations of Big Sister. Comparing the rhetoric of Robin Morgan, Gloria Steinem, Andrea Dworkin and MacKinnon to Orwellian Newspeak, I wrote, "The antiporn feminists have their own brand of mercurial language: Sex Is Rape. Desire Is Degradation. The Personal Is Political. Porn Is Thought Crime."

We'll put aside the fact that MacKinnon's ego dictates that I was speaking only of her views. Is that characterization of her beliefs inaccurate? Any reasonable person who has read her work or that of other radical feminists would reach the same conclusion I did.

Consider Dworkin's assertion that "sexual relations between a man and a woman are politically acceptable only when the man has a limp penis" or

Robin Morgan's equally absurd belief that "rape exists any time sexual intercourse occurs when it has not been initiated by the woman out of her own genuine affection and desire."

For all her demurrals, MacKinnon has built a career trying to blur distinctions between rape and sex:

- "Compare victims' reports of rape with women's reports of sex. They look a lot alike. Compare victims' reports of rape with what pornography says is sex. They look a lot alike." (*Toward a Feminist Theory of the State*, p. 146.)

- "Where the legal system has seen the intercourse in rape, victims see the rape in intercourse. . . . Instead of

York Times, she asked, "What if Florida's case against Smith had been a sex equality case? The court would ask, Did this member of a group sexually trained to woman-hating aggression commit this particular act of woman-hating sexual aggression?"

As for sexual harassment, the third lie, consider this: "Women notice that sexual harassment looks a great deal like ordinary heterosexual initiation under conditions of gender inequality. Few women are in a position to refuse unwanted sexual initiatives." (*Toward a Feminist Theory of the State*, p. 112.)

We don't appear to be the only targets of MacKinnon's woeful wrath. Columnist Cal Thomas had mistakenly

attributed authorship of *Professing Feminism* by Norretta Koertge and Daphne Patai to MacKinnon, giving her credit for this remark: "In a patriarchal society all heterosexual intercourse is rape because women, as a

group, are not strong enough to give meaningful consent."

Although MacKinnon has crowed about getting a printed correction, her remarks on consent are not far removed from those of Koertge and Patai. Her own sentiments are presented in *Toward a Feminist Theory of the State*, p. 174: "Perhaps the wrong of rape has proved so difficult to define because the unquestionable starting point has been that rape is defined as distinct from intercourse, while for women it is difficult to distinguish the two under conditions of male dominance."

She told the *Chicago Tribune* she has spent 13 years fighting the lies. But where? She refuses to debate.

MacKinnon may want to reinvent herself, but she cannot change what she has written.



asking what is the violation of rape, their experience suggests that the more relevant question is, What is the nonviolation of intercourse?" (*Toward a Feminist Theory of the State*, p. 174.)

- "Men see rape as intercourse; feminists say much intercourse is rape." (*Feminism Unmodified*, p. 59.)

Poor Catharine MacKinnon. So misunderstood. A pioneer in the study of sexism, she is one of its most outlandish practitioners. MacKinnon has built a career demonizing male sexuality. As for the charge that her work implies that all men are rapists—well, yes, we did reach that conclusion in a *Men* column written by Asa Baber. Baber noted in passing that of the feminists who commented on the trial of William Kennedy Smith, only MacKinnon seemed to cling to the party line. In an op-ed piece for *The New*

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

GRADE-A PORN

MIDDLETOWN, CONNECTICUT—Following public outcry, the president of Wesleyan University ordered a review of a women's studies course called Pornogra-



phy: Writing of Prostitutes. For the final exam, each student had produced his or her own work of pornography. One student performed a bondage scene, inviting students to whip her with a cat-o-nine-tails; others showed photographs or read their own erotic fiction. "Porn studies are very chic," said a 20-year-old woman who filmed the eyes of a student as he masturbated. At least a dozen professors protested the president's decision, noting that he ignored an established peer review process.

BACKSEAT CRITICS

LOS ANGELES—The county art museum dismissed a volunteer guide because she read an approved script about a sculpture to a group of fifth-grade girls. Edward Kienholz' Back Seat Dodge '38 features life-size figures of a man and woman in a drunken embrace. Both figures are faceless; the man is made of chicken wire. "I asked the girls to look in the car and tell me who else is in there," the guide explained. "They see their own reflections and they understand what I feel the artist was trying to express: You only get one first sexual experience, so think before you act. Make it meaningful, make it special, make it beautiful." The guide lost her job after a teacher and two chaperones complained.

MORAL OUTRAGE

NEWPORT, NORTH CAROLINA—Cowering on a couch, Sylvia Cassidy couldn't escape from her live-in boyfriend, who then shot her in the head at close range. Cassidy's mother asked the state's Victims Compensation Fund Commission to pay for her daughter's cremation, burial and flowers. The commission denied the request, ruling that Cassidy had been engaged in criminal activity at the time of her death (cohabitation is illegal in North Carolina). Since 1994, the commission has denied at least 47 requests solely because the victim lived with someone.

MEATLESS BEEF

WEST JORDAN, UTAH—The local school district forced a student to take off a T-shirt that read VEGANS HAVE FIRST AMENDMENT RIGHTS and remove vegan buttons from his pants. The dress code at Copper Hills High School bans clothing or buttons that display the word vegan because officials consider it a gang slogan. Vegans are strict vegetarians who abstain from eating animal products and using products that contain leather or wool. But the school district says the word is used by extremist animal-rights groups that advocate violence. John Ouimette, 17, had worn the shirt while distributing a petition to overturn the school's policy. He sued the district, charging that his free speech rights had been violated. A federal judge ruled against him.

LETTER OF THE LAW

INDIANAPOLIS—City police began mailing letters to drivers spotted in an area frequented by prostitutes, warning suspected johns that their license plates have been recorded in a "syphilis epidemic area" (the city had 214 cases last year). Even if police don't have a reason to make an arrest or stop a vehicle, "we're going to send the letters out," a deputy police chief said.

JUDGE BENCHED

CHICAGO—The state appellate court rebuked a county judge who asked an anti-gay group to act as a "secondary guardian" in two adoption cases involving lesbian couples. Although Illinois law provides for confidentiality, and same-sex partners in Illinois are routinely granted adoptions, Susan McDunn delayed the

procedures and shared the names of the parents and children with the conservative Family Research Council. When her boss stepped in to approve the adoptions, McDunn issued an order putting herself back in charge and attempted to void one adoption. Following the official rebuke, the county's chief judge assigned Judge McDunn to a desk job.

TESTING THE POOR

LANSING—The governor signed a law that made Michigan the first state to require welfare applicants to take drug tests. The law requires applicants under the age of 65 who test positive for illegal drugs to get treatment before they can receive benefits; it also allows for random tests of current recipients when benefits renew. Critics argue that the plan won't do anything to identify the more common problems of alcohol abuse and mental illness. State officials will inaugurate the program this fall in three locations. If all goes well, every applicant after April 1, 2003 will be tested.

MODEL STUDENTS

SUWON, SOUTH KOREA—The prestigious Kyonggi University canceled a plan to waive admission requirements for beauty



ty pageant winners. Feminist groups pointed out that the plan promoted the commercialization of beauty. The university wanted to admit pageant winners as part of a program that recognizes students who have "special talents."

The world for cigar smokers



was created around 1550 A.D., when Spanish explorers discovered a tribe of spaced-out Indians sucking smoke out of cylindrical tubes of what rumor tells us was tobacco. Of course, it may very well have been lettuce, marijuana - who knows for sure? Don't forget, the *Conquistadores* couldn't really know it was tobacco, because the white man had never seen the stuff 'til that very moment. This sucking of smoke through tubes was so immensely enjoyable, that the Spanish decided that "smoke tubes" were the first thing they had to take back with them. Cigar smoking became the "in thing" in Europe, and in 1733, the first brand name ever was stamped onto a box of cigars made in Cuba. That name was Cabañas.

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ENCOUNTERS WITH A MONSTER

By PETER KLEBNIKOV

It's not wise to ask directions from the enemy in wartime. I make the mistake in a Belgrade suburb with a painted-up girl who speaks Italian and pulls up to me in a sharklike Citroën. She offers a proposal. Why don't I leave a message at the home of the world's most notorious war criminal? "It's just up the road," she says, waving a purple fingernail. "You can't miss it. They have good times there." And sure enough, there it is, funded by the proceeds of a decade of ethnic cleansing: a gigantic Greek temple with baby blue pediments topped by a New Age crystal pyramid that is surely bulletproof. A sort of reviewing stand juts out onto the street, where the homeowner can observe his private army on maneuvers.

The owner of the house is a poised, beautifully dressed man who has an easy smile and a habit of murdering people. His name is Zeljko Raznatovic, but he is better known as Arkan. The American diplomat Richard Holbrooke called him a "cold-blooded, hands-on murderer." Arkan appears to consider the accusation an honor. Earlier this year, Arkan was charged with crimes against humanity by the International War Crimes Tribunal at The Hague. True to form, he laughed at the accusations and then threw a champagne and caviar party. He'd finally achieved status.

So how did Arkan feel about the NATO special forces now hunting him down? I decided to find out.

My attempt began as bombs still fell over Serbia. It took a week of meetings in the charred back rooms of Belgrade cafés with two of Arkan's lieutenants: a six-foot-tall blonde and a shadowy Ministry of Interior colonel called Zoran. Only after the ceasefire was announced did Arkan consent to see me. We agreed to have tea and pastries in the Hyatt Hotel. But when the U.S. unexpectedly announced a \$5 million bounty on war criminals, Arkan vanished.

My only option was to leave a message to reschedule our appointment. And that's how I came to be at the top of the hill by that strange house.

Arkan's place is flanked by a cozy bakery and a bus stop where com-



muters wait like statues for a bus that won't come. The house looks deserted, so I snap a picture and turn to go. That's when the street erupts. Two men in black rush from behind a thicket. One is just a kid, an apprentice ethnic-cleanser. The second man clearly is unhappy about being a thug—you can see it in his eyes. A third man flies down the cobbled street moments later, his black coat flapping behind him like Dracula's wings. He's obviously in charge.

They yell at me and then push me against a wall. When things like this happen, you launch into frantic calculations about the risks of attempting a civil conversation with a war criminal. Scrambling, I decide to engage the vampire on a subject of mutual interest: the defeat of Arkan's soccer squad by Partisan just moments before. He looks at me with eyes like a couple of holes in a brick wall, then grabs my Yugoslav Army press card and rips it up with a sneer: "Now you don't exist in Serbia. Tomorrow you will be gone." Then he fastens on to my camera, hurls it to the ground and grinds it to bits. When all that's left is a dusting of microchips, he methodically stomps on those, too. "This," he says, looking at me, "is what we do to Americans." The whole performance takes about five minutes.

The three men back me into an alley. Behind them, I can see the people at the bus stop hastily grab their bags and shamble away, their eyes riveted on their feet. The last witness is a deaf and dumb tramp, who is inspired at this moment to approach me and ask for a cigarette. "Later," the thugs tell him. "We're busy."

As the attack proceeds, I feel a taste of what it's like to be one of Arkan's victims, stuck in the wrong ethnic group with only a deaf-mute for comic relief. Only my letter to Arkan saves me. I wave it in their faces. The vampire looks it over reluctantly and pockets it. He grunts, "Get out of here," and pushes me down the hill. In the evening, this being Yugoslavia, I think nothing of calling Arkan's young wife to ask for an explanation of my reception. She's sitting at home minding some of his nine children from various women and graciously comes to the phone. "Arkan won't talk to you now," she says brightly. "Come back later."

Such is the state of Yugoslavia that violence and hospitality are inseparable and a man with a private army can lord it over a swath of territory in the middle of a European capital. How did Arkan get his power and how could he elude the West for so long?

In the early Nineties, Arkan recruited soccer hooligans and prison inmates to form his army, the Tigers. Trained and equipped by the Ministry of Internal Affairs, Arkan's Tigers quickly became President Slobodan Milosevic's storm troopers during the worst days of ethnic cleansing. Whenever Milosevic needed some dirty work done, the baby-faced Arkan was there—discreet, dependable and ruthless.

To non-Serbs, the sight of the black uniforms and shaved heads of the Tigers was a harbinger of doom. Tiger operations were distinguished by a superior level of discipline and order. United Nations reports speak of mutilation chambers and designated "rape rooms" where quarters were divided for oral and vaginal sex attacks. Arkan's reign of terror in Croatia and Bosnia lasted four years, from 1991 to 1995, and *(continued on page 155)*

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: KEVIN SPACEY

a candid conversation with the unusual suspect about his days as a stand-up comic, why money doesn't matter and how the media use and abuse celebrities

With his baseball cap pulled down low, Kevin Spacey flies through Manhattan traffic on a motor scooter, weaving through bumper-to-bumper taxis, buses and limousines. Most actors of his stature (Spacey's peers and critics consider him one of America's best) would be in one of those limos, but Spacey prefers the tiny bike. He says, "People are so surprised how quickly it moves, they stare at the scooter and don't notice me."

That's how Spacey likes it. He has built a career playing often mysterious characters, from the maddeningly elusive and evil Keyser Soze in *The Usual Suspects* (a movie that still has fans guessing) to the corrupt cop in *LA Confidential* to John Doe in *Seven*. His John Doe character was a classic Spacey career move—he refused any billing in order to keep audiences guessing about the unfolding plot. He has also managed to keep an air of mystery around his personal life, preferring to talk about his work when he's doing interviews.

Spacey has paid a price for rejecting the highly public life of a movie star. The worst came in 1997 when he agreed to be interviewed for a story in *Esquire*. Trumpeted with the cover headline KEVIN SPACEY HAS A SECRET, the magazine article, in the guise of reporting the rumor that Spacey is gay, implied that he is indeed gay. The writer, Tom

Junod, offered no facts to support the innuendo—though he did introduce the piece with the news that even his 80-year-old mother has heard the rumor that Spacey is gay. Junod wrote, "Spacey came out of the closet last spring . . . when he got rid of his beard, when he had no more use for his disguises, when he relaxed by drinking a few vodka and tonics and then stood up and finally allowed people to see him for what he was, or at least for who he had become." True enough, except for the minor fact that Junod was referring to Spacey's character in the Clint Eastwood film *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil*, not to Spacey himself. It was one of many passages in the article that seemed designed to lead the reader to a conclusion backed by no information.

When the magazine hit the newsstands, Spacey fought back. He issued a statement calling the piece "dishonest and malicious." Furthermore, he added, "Esquire has made it abundantly clear that they have now joined the ranks of distasteful journalism, and this mean-spirited, homophobic, offensive article proves that the legacy of Joseph McCarthy is alive and well." His agent at William Morris said he would ask other clients not to grant interviews to the magazine.

The furor didn't slow Spacey down. He became even more remote in his dealings

with the media but thrived in his work. Taking the formidable role of Hickey in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh*, he won an Olivier Award for his run in London and missed the Tony by a whisker when the production hit Broadway.

Born Kevin Spacey Fowler in South Orange, New Jersey in 1959, Spacey was raised in Southern California but his family moved often. His father occasionally wrote technical manuals; his mother was a secretary. They were strict and Kevin was rebellious, once burning down a shed in the backyard of the family's rented Malibu home. He was sent to Northridge Military Academy but was expelled after he whacked a fellow student with a tire.

Spacey was restless and bored in his next school until he discovered theater. He instantly stood out as an actor—so much so that rival public high school Chatsworth (where Val Kilmer and Mare Winningham were students) recruited him. A year later, he and Winningham were chosen co-valedictorians after they starred together in a series of sold-out plays.

Winningham quickly landed in Hollywood, but Spacey's success took longer to achieve. He tried stand-up comedy and auditioned for (and was rejected by) *The Gong Show* before he followed Kilmer and enrolled



"None of this is about money. Look at what I've done for the past year: a play at Equity minimum. I've done three movies for little money because I believed in them. I'm OK with it—I feel like the richest guy in town."



"Doing stand-up comedy is like jumping into a pool of sharks. When it works, there's no greater joy. Making people laugh was a great joy, which is why my reputation as dark and brooding is so bothersome."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID RDSE

"My name was always Spacey. Kevin Spacey Fowler. Spacey is my middle name. For some reason, everyone thinks I made up this name back in high school—like I didn't have enough trouble in fucking high school."

in the four-year dramatic program at Manhattan's Juilliard School. He lasted two years, won small parts on the New York stage and worked as a shoe salesman and a super in his apartment building. Shakespeare Festival director Joe Papp gave him an office job, then happened to catch Spacey's performance in a small off-off-Broadway production. He fired him the next day, telling Spacey he should be a star, not a pencil pusher.

Spacey began to work steadily in theater, in New York and regionally. On Broadway, he became the understudy for all the male roles for director Mike Nichols in the David Rabe play *Hurlyburly*, spelling the likes of Harvey Keitel and Ron Silver. It was Nichols who cast Spacey in the actor's first movies, *Heartburn* and *Working Girl*, but Spacey's unlikely career break came in TV, not movies, when producer Stephen Cannell cast him as a villain in *Wiseguy*, a cult-hit series in the late Eighties.

That part was followed by more roles on stage—in *Lost in Yonkers*, for which he won a Tony and *Long Day's Journey Into Night*; in TV movies, including biographies of Clarence Darrow and Jim Bakker; and on the big screen—with such critical successes as *Glen-garry Glen Ross*, *Consenting Adults* and *Henry and June*. In 1995 he showed up (unbilled) three quarters through *Seven* as the mysterious serial killer. Next, he played a cruel and manipulative studio executive in *Swimming With Sharks*, then did *The Usual Suspects*.

Spacey's recent roles include an action film, *The Negotiator*, and the screen version of *Hurlyburly*. His latest movie is *American Beauty*, a black comedy that required him to pump iron and do his first on-screen nude scene.

When PLAYBOY decided to unravel the Spacey mystery, we called on Daily Variety columnist and frequent contributor Michael Fleming, who interviewed Samuel L. Jackson for our June issue. It would be Spacey's first in-depth interview since the controversial *Esquire* article. Here's Fleming's report:

"I met Spacey in a hotel suite on Central Park South that he currently calls home. The suite shows signs of someone who plans to stay awhile: There are personal mementos such as a framed sketch of one of his favorite actors, Henry Fonda, and the storyboard of his barbell-pumping nude scene in *American Beauty*. There are also two black dogs—a Lab named Legacy and a Jack Russell Terrier mix named Mini, whom he adopted during the *Iceman* run in London and refers to as 'my British bitch.' Two electric-powered motor scooters are parked in a corner.

"He answered the door in a T-shirt and jeans and offered a quick handshake. He seemed relaxed for someone who in a few hours would be onstage in *Iceman*—and particularly for someone who had been badly burned by his last encounter with a major magazine. Spacey immediately asked me to keep the name of the hotel a secret; it was my first glimpse of his attempts to maintain his privacy.

"After our first interview session, I had a

conversation with a longtime friend of Spacey's, the writer and producer of *Independence Day* and *Godzilla*, Dean Devlin (they have known each other since high school and worked together on the stand-up comedy circuit). Devlin said, 'What people don't know about Kevin is that he's actually gracious, and a very funny guy.' That's essentially the Spacey I found, though he was still clearly upset about the *Esquire* story."

PLAYBOY: In its now infamous cover story, "Kevin Spacey Has a Secret," *Esquire* reported the rumor that you are gay. Let's clear it up once and for all.

SPACEY: It's not true. It's a lie.

PLAYBOY: Is that why you were so troubled by the piece?

SPACEY: I was troubled because it was a setup.

PLAYBOY: How was it a setup?

SPACEY: The editor of that magazine had recently come over from another magazine. This was his first issue. I suspect he wanted to make a name for himself. It was planned from the beginning.

PLAYBOY: You obviously took the innuendo seriously—to the point that your pub-

*"I'm living my life,
which is private. I
haven't asked for the
public trust. I haven't
asked anybody to vote for
me. I'm an actor."*

licist denied that you're gay and your agency, William Morris, asked its clients to avoid the magazine.

SPACEY: It's important to make this distinction: It wasn't that I cared if they inferred I was gay, because I believe people in this country are more advanced than certain members of the media who try to use their medium as a weapon. But I felt betrayed. I gave the writer, Tom Junod, more access than I'd given anybody. I made it a point not to tell my friends he was a reporter so they would be comfortable with him. What I couldn't have known was that he had an ax to grind and an agenda. On the final day, after spending six or seven days with me on the set, at dinner, hanging out, he said he wanted to ask me three questions, which I answered with absolute honesty. He wrote a nine-page article based on them.

PLAYBOY: What were the questions?

SPACEY: "You are playing a bit character in *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil*. Does that concern you?" The answer was no. "You know there are rumors about you," he said next. I said, "Yes. There are rumors about anybody if you listen

hard enough." Then he said, "But even my mother hears you're gay," to which I responded, "More power to your mom."

PLAYBOY: What did you mean by that?

SPACEY: In my industry, I'm surrounded by all types of people. I know gay people, straight people and people who are bisexual. There are people who haven't figured out what they are. As I said to the writer, I have nothing but admiration for these people, no matter what floats their boat. In other words, their sexuality doesn't matter in any way. I didn't want to have to say, "I'm not like them." I don't like the question. I said, "I'm living my life, which is private. I haven't asked for the public trust. I haven't asked anybody to vote for me. I'm not being indicted for kickbacks. I'm an actor."

PLAYBOY: Is it damaging for an aspiring leading man to be labeled gay?

SPACEY: It would sure be great if it didn't matter, but it does.

PLAYBOY: What was behind the rumor?

SPACEY: I'm not married and I won't talk about my private life, so it must mean I'm gay. The worst part was the editorial in which they attempted to justify the story. They said, "We can write whatever we want about anybody and it doesn't have to be true. We can write whatever we want about anybody so long as the junkie who told us doesn't admit he's lying." It's why I had to comment. *Esquire* is supposed to show some degree of class, yet it had descended to tabloid journalism. I was picked as the experiment. Well, the experiment failed.

PLAYBOY: Though you're not running for office, doesn't scrutiny of your private life come with the territory when you're a movie star?

SPACEY: In fact, I have been quite open about my hope of having a family. I've been open about things that are of interest to me personally. But in some journalistic circles privacy means only what you do in the bedroom. I apparently haven't been forthcoming about that. Excuse me if I don't want to take the entire public on my own personal journey. I choose not to give people a private tour of my experience. But am I hiding anything? No. The entire story was made up. It's infuriating.

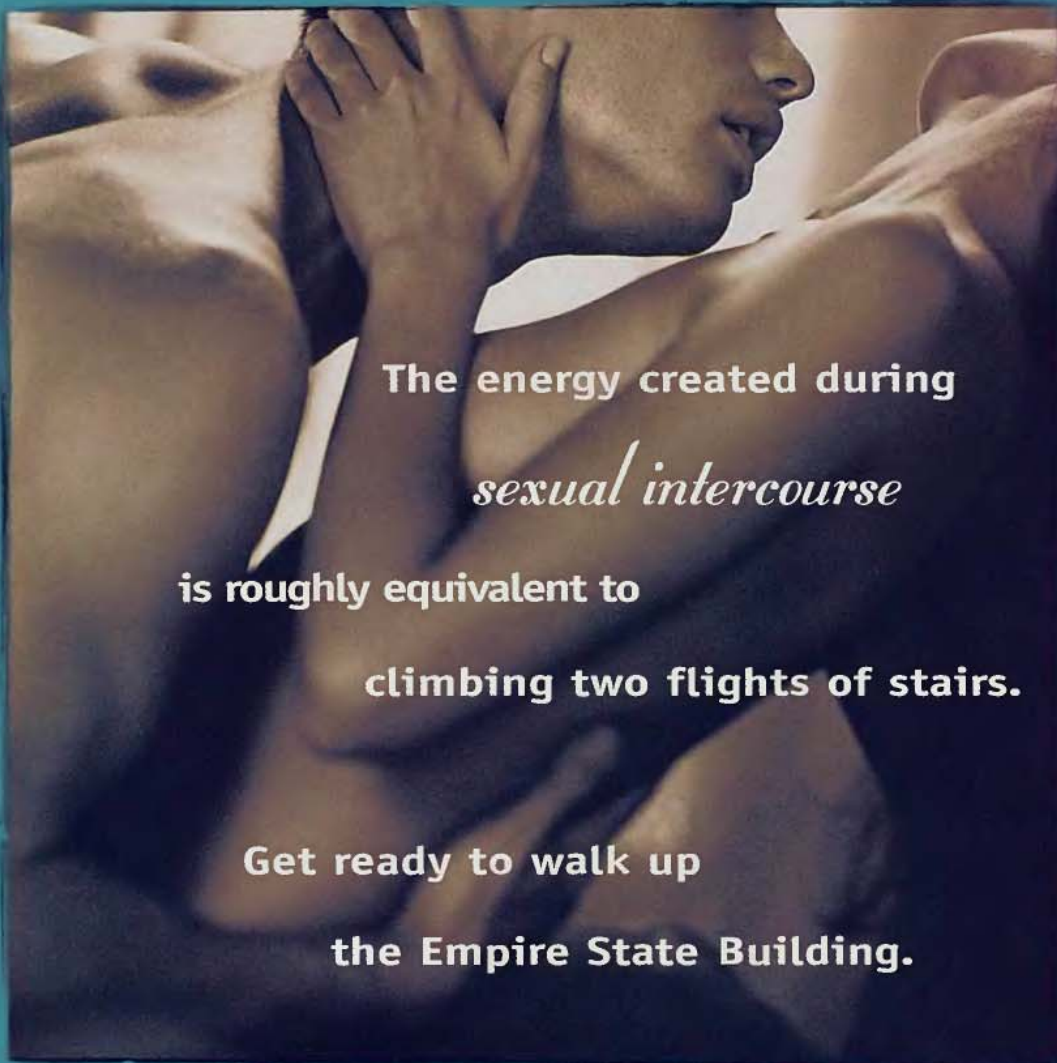
PLAYBOY: Did you hear from your fellow actors? Has there been some good-humored ribbing?

SPACEY: I was astounded at the number of calls I received. Everyone was supportive. "Let me know if I can do anything." "Sue!" "If you want to take out an ad, we're there." Everyone knew *Esquire* had crossed a line. It was done for one reason: to make a name for both the writer and editor. A lot of journalists agreed that it was malicious.

PLAYBOY: Did the article do any long-term damage?

SPACEY: I'm always going to have to deal with this subject. When I sit down with a

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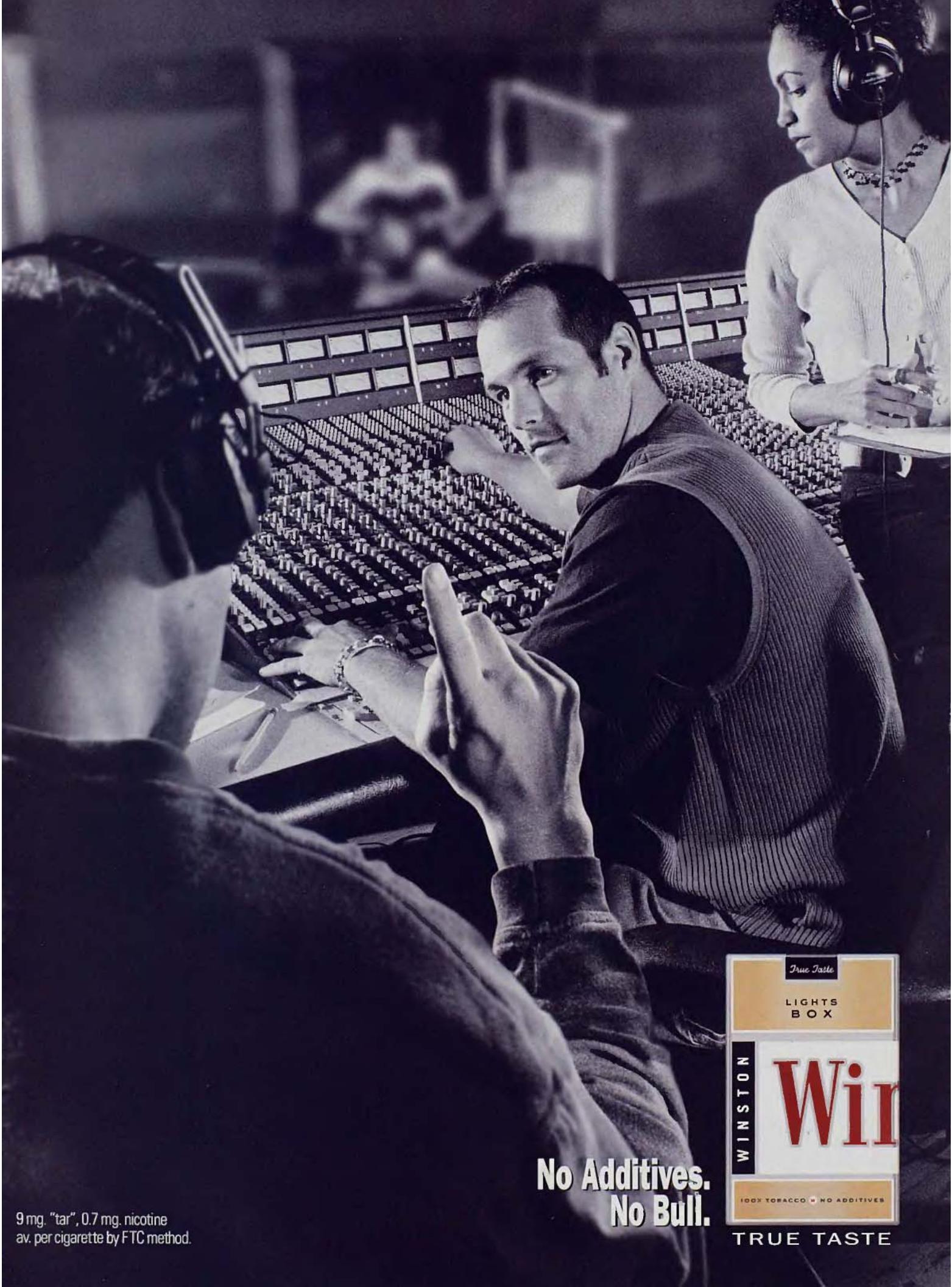
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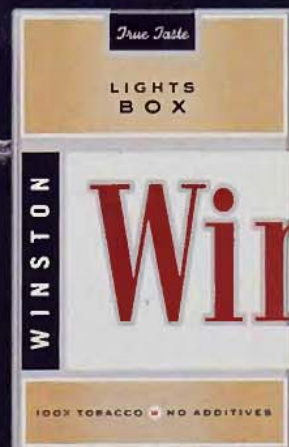


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journalist, he's watching every move I make. They watch where my eyes go. Everybody comes on like they're Sherlock Holmes. I may just be looking around the room, yet they're thinking, Hmm, aha!

PLAYBOY: Has it affected your love life?

SPACEY: Most of the women I know haven't heard about the article. If they have, they know not to believe what they read. Then there are a few women who think the article might be true. It's a challenge for them: They want to be the ones to turn me around. I let them.

PLAYBOY: So you've managed to find a silver lining.

SPACEY: The experience has made me think a lot about the way we all are perceived. It's one of the big reasons I wanted to do *American Beauty*: to look at how perceptions start, how they're influenced and how they begin to take on a life of their own.

PLAYBOY: In *American Beauty*, your character begins as a schlub whose wife is out—

SPACEY: Schlub? Is that any way to describe someone you're interviewing?

PLAYBOY: The point is that your character physically and emotionally transforms into an Atlas. You go from schlub to a hunky leading man.

SPACEY: A second ago you called me a schlub. Now you're calling me a hunky leading man. I like the direction this is taking.

PLAYBOY: Did you have qualms about doing your first on-camera nude scene for this movie?

SPACEY: I just wanted to make sure my willy wouldn't be seen. They had to find a really big prop to put in the way.

PLAYBOY: Was filming a nude scene like filming any other scene, except you're walking around the set nude?

SPACEY: The main difference is that somebody who is not a relatively close friend is applying makeup to my body. It wasn't all that terrible. There was that moment when she was patting my hips. In truth, it wasn't a big deal at all. It was great to do this movie. It had the funniest script I'd read in a long time. It's ahead of its time—daring, challenging. The requirement of this role was to go through an emotional, spiritual and physical change, which I'd never done before. I thought, If we can make this work, the audience is going to watch this character evolve into a person who embraces life. The subtext was the most intriguing part. As I said, it's about perception. If you presume something about another person, it leads you to make all kinds of assumptions. If your perception is wrong, it can lead to tragedy.

PLAYBOY: How did you manage to physically transform?

SPACEY: I pumped iron and ate supplements and special meals. When you work out that fast and hard, you see results quickly. I was already in pretty

good shape. I'd been doing *Iceman* every night. Doing a play like that every night is a workout. Before that, I did *Hurlyburly*. When I look at myself in that, I look like my older, fatter brother. From the time I finished that film to the time I finished *Iceman* in London, I had lost 20 pounds.

PLAYBOY: Have you kept up your exercise and diet regimen?

SPACEY: I work out now, but not to the degree I did for the film. When you're doing it seven days a week, you want to shoot yourself.

PLAYBOY: Your character has quite an acrimonious relationship with Annette Bening, who plays a philandering, social-climbing wife who loathes her underachieving husband. You both show that you be can be very nasty, at least on the screen.

SPACEY: Those scenes were glorious and hilarious. I kid her about it: I actually think she became possessed by Carolyn, her character. She would do improv where she would begin talking as Carolyn. It would be not only hilarious but frightening. She became like this Stepford wife. I don't know how Warren [Beatty] put up with it. I'm great friends with her, but if this goes to series, I worry for her children.

PLAYBOY: Your recent movies *American Beauty* and *The Negotiator* are more mainstream than many of your past films. Are you intentionally going in that direction?

SPACEY: My interest is to not repeat myself. There's a danger in this business. You get known for something. Then people who make movies want you to do it again and again in their movie, except their movie isn't a good one. So I resist doing the same character. *American Beauty* and *Negotiator* were different from each other and completely different from any film or genre I've done. They were good actor's pieces. For *Negotiator*, I also thought it would be really fun to see what Sam Jackson and I could do with the story.

PLAYBOY: Did you enjoy being a hero for a change?

SPACEY: Sure. The challenge there was elevating a movie that has built-in clichés. I think we managed to do that. The fact that it's become one of the biggest rentals on video proves something. Of course, they now want us to do another one.

PLAYBOY: *Negotiator 2*? Will you do it?

SPACEY: I tell them, "OK, guys: You've discovered that there's an audience for Sam and me. Now go find some material that's worth it for us to do. Don't ask us to do *Negotiator on a Boat*. It'll sink."

PLAYBOY: In *Seven*, you played a brutal murderer. Did you have qualms about doing such a violent film?

SPACEY: I didn't have to participate in any of the violence. All you saw was the end result. For me, the attraction was the company. When *Seven* came along, I thought, Morgan Freeman and Brad

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PLAYBOY: You chose not to take screen credit for that part. Why not?

SPACEY: In fact, I agreed to do the film only on the condition that I would get no billing. I didn't want them to use my name or photograph to promote it. Everyone thought I was out of my mind.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you?

SPACEY: I thought, If I'm sitting in a movie theater, knowing that Brad Pitt and Morgan Freeman are chasing a serial killer, and that Kevin Spacey is in the movie and hasn't shown up yet, I know he's got to be the bad guy. I thought it would be much better if nobody knew who was playing the character. It would be much more of a surprise. It took two days to sell them on the idea. Later, they were very happy. The bonus was that I was in a movie that made more than \$400 million worldwide and I didn't have to do a single interview.

PLAYBOY: For the role, did you study serial killers?

SPACEY: I thought an American audience would think of Jeffrey Dahmer when they watched this movie; his crimes were closest to this guy's. So I watched an interview with Dahmer. Talk about a schlub! I realized that as long as I wasn't in the backseat drooling, I could portray this guy.

PLAYBOY: Do you generally research your characters?

SPACEY: It's not something I yap about. It's the job. You find all these people patting themselves on the back because they read a book. So what? I do whatever's required. I'll do the work, but I'm also a man of instinct. For me, marrying those two things while appearing spontaneous is the key.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised by anything about Freeman or Pitt?

SPACEY: As you'd expect, they are consummate actors. There's a prophet quality to Morgan, a dignity and strength. Brad is an absolutely consumed actor.

PLAYBOY: It's interesting to watch Pitt in a movie like *Seven*, because he seemed destined to play romantic leads. Now he seems to be avoiding those parts.

SPACEY: Paul Newman had to get over his face. So did Redford. When those guys started out in the theater, they had to prove themselves as actors. There's great advantages to being a certain type, but there's also disadvantages. That's why Newman and Redford are so admirable. They could have taken an easy road, could have made a hell of a lot more money than they have. I suspect Brad is going to be that type of person.

PLAYBOY: When we interviewed Samuel Jackson, he said that you act with a certain arrogance. He described how you'd often try to one-up each other. Is that typical?

SPACEY: It's healthy, not unhealthy, competition. Sam and I have been around

long enough to know the only way that a movie can work is if we both have our moments. But there is a healthy competition. You want the home run; you don't want him to get the home run—especially a guy like Sam. If he gets a home run, you might as well pack up and go home.

PLAYBOY: Was there a similar competition with your co-stars in *Glengarry Glen Ross*—Ed Harris, Alec Baldwin, Alan Arkin, Al Pacino and Jack Lemmon?

SPACEY: I was just starting out then. I was intimidated. Furthermore, it was depressing to be shooting a movie in which the greatest actors around were calling me a pussy every day for six, seven weeks. I felt like I was the pillar in the center of a storm, being assaulted from all sides. When Ed Harris fucking yells at you, which he did in that film, you just fucking lie down in the road. One day, Pacino chewed me a new asshole. Al, unbeknownst to me, had asked the sound guys not to do sound. The camera was on me and Al started improvising: "Kevin, you fucking piece of shit!" I thought, Did he just say Kevin? He didn't let up; it got very personal. I looked like a car wreck. But at the end of the scene, he walked over and put his arm around me and said, "That was terrific."

PLAYBOY: Are you saying he manipulated you?

SPACEY: Exactly. He forced me to react in a way that made that scene work beautifully. I didn't have to act. That was my first real movie role and he helped me. He got me that part.

PLAYBOY: How did he get you the part?

SPACEY: He saw me in *Lost in Yonkers*. Then he brought the director Jamie Foley to see the play. A week and a half later I auditioned for *Glengarry*. Pacino got me the part, he believed I could do it, and he pushed me to a response that I probably wouldn't have been prepared for.

PLAYBOY: Years later, you ended up in *The Usual Suspects*. Did you have to fight for that role?

SPACEY: I met the director Bryan Singer at a screening of *Public Access*, his first film, and said to him, "If you ever need an actor, I'm here." A year later he sent me *Usual Suspects*. When I was cast, a lot of the powers-that-be tried to get him to recast the movie, because I meant nothing in terms of box office. The biggest movie I'd done was *Henry and June*. But Bryan was steadfast and refused offers to raise the budget if he cast someone else.

PLAYBOY: After you were nominated for the Oscar, did you expect to win?

SPACEY: Not at all. I was up against Brad Pitt in *12 Monkeys*, James Cromwell in *Babe* and Ed Harris in *Apollo 13*. I thought it would go to Ed.

PLAYBOY: How was Oscar night?

SPACEY: Completely surreal. You're driving up in the limousine. We had the local television station on in the car, watching the preshow we've all grown up watch-

ing. When they began talking about me, I thought, What am I doing here? My mom was with me. My father had died a couple years before, and I felt there was nobody else who deserved to share that evening more than her. We sat in a row with Tom Cruise and Jeremy Irons and I was thinking, This is too much. Then, when I won, it was almost overwhelming. It was one of those moments that go by so fast that it didn't sink in until the next day when I watched it on video.

PLAYBOY: The next year, when you were a presenter, Billy Crystal asked you to do your impersonation of Christopher Walken. Were you as surprised as you looked?

SPACEY: The day of the Oscars I got a phone call from the director, who said, "Billy wants to talk to you. Call him on the cell phone." I did, and he asked me to do the impersonation. I wanted us to rehearse, but Billy had to rehearse his monologue; he didn't have time. So I realized that he had just asked me to improv in front of a billion people, which is exactly what happened. I had no idea what he would do. The look on my face of pure shock and horror was real.

PLAYBOY: What was the impact of the Oscar? Did your price go up? Did you see better scripts?

SPACEY: Not necessarily. I still have to search for good material. And none of this is about the money. Look at what I've done for the past year: a play at Equity minimum. I don't even know what that is, but my accountant will tell you it's not a lot. I've done three movies for little money because I believed in them. I could be out making lots more money, but I'm OK with it. At the moment I feel like the richest guy in town.

PLAYBOY: Looking back, how does *LA Confidential* stand up?

SPACEY: I'm extremely proud of that film. In perhaps any other year, it would have been Best Picture, but that was the year of *Titanic*. The movie went a long way and it's going to be around a long time.

PLAYBOY: In the film you have a great death scene. Is it challenging to die well on camera?

SPACEY: The challenge came after I died. I'm dead and then Jimmy Cromwell moves. When you're trying to stare straight ahead and something moves, your eye automatically goes with it—it's the natural response. I had them paint two black dots on the wall by his head; I focused on them. So you never saw my eyes move. I was nervous because it was a tight shot. How long could I hold perfectly still without moving? One of the things I liked about the film, by the way, was how unexpected it was to lose a character that early on who is that significant to the film.

PLAYBOY: Looking back at your movies, is there a performance that you're embarrassed by?

SPACEY: I won't name names because I don't want to take anything away from

anyone else's experience of a movie. Once I was walking on a street in Washington, D.C. with the director Peter Sellers. A woman stopped me and said she's seen me in a play, *Ghosts*. She told me how much it moved her, how much she loved it. I said something like, "Oh God, it was a horrible experience. I was terrible in that. They fired the director. . . ." Bile just poured from my mouth. She walked away shell-shocked. Peter Sellers looked at me and said, "You fucking asshole! How dare you take away someone else's experience! The experience that woman had was hers; it wasn't yours. Be a fucking nice guy next time and say, 'Thank you very much.'"

PLAYBOY: Did you think that was a particularly bad performance?

SPACEY: It was. I truly sucked. I was miserable, working out of fear. I became a bit of a jerk. It's a period in my life I'm not proud of. It cost me friendships. I wasn't good enough and it was a hard thing to admit. I had all this talent inside, but it was undeveloped and raw, untried and unfocused. I was inexperienced and yet I had this huge ambition.

PLAYBOY: Is it better if an actor ascends slowly? Would you have been able to handle overnight success?

SPACEY: I look at the actors I admire: Spencer Tracy, Henry Fonda, Jimmy Stewart, Robert De Niro and Robert Duvall. Jack Nicholson was 32 when he did *Easy Rider*, 38 when he did *Cuckoo's Nest*. What was he doing between the ages of 18 and 29? They were all relatively mature when they

became successful. Then I look at the actors who become instant stars. Take a clue from Ed Norton. Look at how he's handled it. He had a movie with Richard Gere. He could have been the new guy on the block. But he used restraint. He didn't do a million interviews. He let the work lead. It grew and is now as astounding a body of work as we've seen from a young actor. So it's possible to do things right when you're young, but rare. If you're a strong person, you probably won't let yourself be sold down the river. I finally took my foot off the gas pedal when I was about 23. It took me about a year to recover. I realized I was young and frustrated because a lot

of my classmates at school were already making movies while I was the understudy to Brad Davis in a play at the Kennedy Center. Given who I was, though, it was probably exactly right that it took a while.

PLAYBOY: Did you always know you wanted to act?

SPACEY: It never even dawned on me.

PLAYBOY: Did your parents encourage your acting?

SPACEY: They were thrilled that I found something that focused me.

PLAYBOY: What did they do for a living?

SPACEY: My father was unemployed a lot. He job-shopped. He wanted to be a journalist, but, over time, he fell into technical writing. He had something to do with the instruction manual for the F-16. It

ing. He sent me to military school to try to knock some sense into me. It didn't work. Nothing did until I started doing theater. They were so happy I found something to do that was positive. I miss my father a lot these days, over this past year. He passed away six years ago on Christmas Eve. My mother and I figure he did it on purpose. You're celebrating Christmas, the most beautiful time of the year to come together with your family, and then you're like, "Oh right, it's also the anniversary of—" Fuck! You know he did that on purpose.

PLAYBOY: You chose not to keep your father's name. Is Spacey a stage name?

SPACEY: My name has always been Spacey. I was born Kevin Spacey Fowler. Spacey was my middle name. When I

was in high school, my grandfather passed away. His last name was Spacey, same as my great grandfather and great uncle. I decided to adopt their name because I missed my grandpa. But still, in a *Daily News* piece about the Tonys, the writer said I changed my name to Spacey. He said I combined Spencer Tracy's names. It's one of those things that make you love the media. Where do they get their facts? All through high school I was Kevin Spacey Fowler. Then when I went to New York, I dropped Fowler. So now, for some reason, everybody thinks I made up this name back in high school—as if I didn't have enough trouble in fucking high school.

PLAYBOY: Were you close to your brother and sister?

SPACEY: My brother not only was the drum major in high school, but he's an extraordinary musician, a drummer. He still plays part-time, though he does other things, too. My sister is a paralegal. She was a model for a while. She was on a ferry from Germany to London. On the same ferry there was a soccer team that had just lost a game. She met this beaten-up soccer player and they made it to the altar together. So I have a Scottish in-law. He played on some national team. They live in the middle of the country. I'm close to my sister and my brother; we see each other all the time.

PLAYBOY: There's a legendary story about how you torched your sister's tree house.



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What happened?

SPACEY: It wasn't that dramatic. The story has grown so that I engulfed the neighborhood in flames. It wasn't a tree house. It was a little shed in the back of our place in Malibu—not the Malibu people read about. We lived in a real horrible place. It was overgrown with weeds. In the corner was this shed where my sister kept a lot of little toys. I was playing with matches and a horrible thing happened.

PLAYBOY: How did your father react?

SPACEY: There was a good deal of yelling, though no hitting. That's when I landed in military school.

PLAYBOY: From which you were kicked out for fighting.

SPACEY: If two kids got into a fight in a classroom, the school would cancel classes. Everybody would go out onto the football field, where there was a ring of tires. The two kids would box, duke it out. It was an incredibly smart educational tool, showing how far we've advanced as human beings, don't you think? I got into a fight with somebody along the ring while two other guys were fighting. I picked up a tire and threw it at the guy. I was defending myself, but he broke something in his shoulder and I got kicked out. It was the same week that they had awarded me a leadership medal. They used to take us out to the Angeles National Forest for war games—another useful educational tool. They would have M-1 rifles with chopped bullets. You'd be on teams, stay out overnight. I managed to get through the night without getting shot or kidnapped. I led my little troop back to the base camp, free of orange powder burns, so I got this leadership medal. My parents were completely confused: How could you get a leadership medal and be kicked out the same week?

PLAYBOY: Were you upset that you were expelled?

SPACEY: I was thrilled. I was so happy to get back into a public school, to be in a place where you didn't have to stand at attention outside the principal's office for an hour with a briefcase full of books on your forearms. I'm not sure what they were trying to teach with that, either.

PLAYBOY: Were things better at the new school?

SPACEY: I discovered acting. I can pinpoint the moment. I was cast in a part in an Arthur Miller play called *All My Sons*. We did it at school and were chosen one of the three best productions in Southern California high school theater. We then performed the play over the course of a weekend at a college. On Sunday, after the performance, I walked off the stage and something happened. The audience began to applaud the exit, which had never happened before. All the students from all the other shows from all the other schools were applauding. I

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walked to the other side of the stage and they were still applauding. My fellow actors and I didn't know what to do. It was the first moment in my life when I realized I could have an effect on people.

That day I was asked to go to another school's play. In it, Mare Winningham and Val Kilmer were performing. The drama teacher asked if I was interested in that school. I switched for my last year in high school.

PLAYBOY: In high school, did you sense that Mare Winningham and Val Kilmer were destined for stardom?

SPACEY: There wasn't a question. He went off to Juilliard and Mare went right out and started working in film and television. That summer she made her professional debut on *The Gong Show*, singing *Here, There and Everywhere*.

PLAYBOY: You apparently tried out, too, with different results.

SPACEY: I auditioned doing my stand-up act, but I was rejected. I remember the audition. It was really terrible. I was rejected by lugheads. I didn't even get to be gonged. I was pregonged.

PLAYBOY: Were you doing impressions at that point?

SPACEY: For the *The Gong Show* audition, I did Johnny Carson. I had been in *Gypsy* and people said I reminded them of Carson. I thought that was kind of odd, but I started to watch him, study him, and I found I had an ability to do him. That led me to try other impressions. Also, I tried to write jokes the way Carson would.

PLAYBOY: What type of jokes?

SPACEY: I remember the Popes were dying during that period. One Pope after another was dying; it was good comic fodder. I tried the comedy clubs where there were a lot of the people you see now: Leno, Letterman, Robin Williams. Andy Kaufman was around then. It was a wild time.

PLAYBOY: If you'd been more successful, would you have gone the route of comedy instead of drama?

SPACEY: I don't think so. When it worked it worked great and when it didn't work, it was the most horrifying experience. The audiences were pretty brutal. It stopped being satisfying. It was not a life I wanted to lead, though I enjoyed telling jokes, which was why *Saturday Night Live* was such a blast.

PLAYBOY: Was appearing on *Saturday Night Live* a longtime ambition?

SPACEY: Sure. It was something I'd always wanted to do. When you grow up watching *SNL*, it's sort of a dream. I got there and the only thing I knew was that I wanted to avoid spoofing my movies—I don't think that goes down well. So I was sitting around with the writers, asking them about previous hosts: who was drunk, who was a pain in the ass. They told me about Christopher Walken. One of them said, "Remember when he talked about auditioning for *Star Wars*?"

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I never knew he had. They said he had auditioned for the part of Han Solo. Now *that* was a sketch. I said, "I don't do a Walken, but I've got five friends who do. They do Walken for breakfast—literally. You go out to breakfast with them and they order as Walken." [*As Walken*] "I'll have the eggs and ham, and a cappuccino. Gimme the pancakes. Put a banana on the side." I called them and asked them to teach me. Then I got all of Walken's movies; it was a crash course in Walken. Now, of course, all my friends hate my fucking guts. I got to do it on television before they did, and I got tagged with a great Walken impression. In fact, mine is just passable, but it got on TV first. They were like, "You fucker. . . ." They wanted to burn me alive because they'd been working on it for years. I come along and do the *Reader's Digest* version, and I get all the attention.

PLAYBOY: Having been both, do you think there's a difference between comedians and actors?

SPACEY: They're definitely different breeds, though there's a lot of the actor in the comedian. I understand why so many comedians, like Billy Crystal and Steve Martin, begin to take roles as actors. Stepping up to do stand-up comedy is like jumping into a pool of sharks. It can be brutal. Anyone who is afraid to speak in front of an audience should do five minutes on a Monday night at a comedy club. You'll get over your fear or wish you would be hit by a truck. I know: I was shy growing up. When it works, there's no greater joy. Making people laugh was a great joy. It's something I love to do more than anything, which is why my reputation as dark and brooding is so bothersome. Comedy is what allowed me to be in any social situation. Being able to do a Johnny Carson impersonation made me feel accepted. I could ingratiate myself socially, make people laugh. I didn't have to be myself. I didn't think I had that much to offer. So making people laugh was a way for me to get over my shyness and break through. Having said that, I wouldn't have wanted to do it for a living. It was too brutal.

PLAYBOY: We heard you used the Carson impressions to get you and your friends, including Dean Devlin, into nightclubs. How did it work?

SPACEY: The key was to be poker-faced. The first time I tried it we had done our act somewhere. In his act, Dean would call me onstage and I would do some improv. Then we went to Studio 54. I simply said [as Carson], "I'm on the list." I said, "It's Carson plus three." They let us in and suddenly there was champagne! I would also use impressions and get free hotel rooms. I would invoke the names of people who were heads of NBC Entertainment—anything to get in. I was broke. I couldn't afford to pay for any of the things in New York I wanted. So act-

ing came in handy. I wasn't working, or was making less than \$100 a week at the fucking New York Shakespeare Festival, or working as the super in my building to cut the rent. What the hell. If a bottle of champagne happened to come my way, I wasn't going to reject it because we weren't actually who we were saying we were.

PLAYBOY: You followed Kilmer to Juilliard, but stayed only two years of a four-year program. What happened?

SPACEY: I left about four days before they would have asked me to leave.

PLAYBOY: Leave for what?

SPACEY: I made up the rules, I changed the game. It wasn't that I wasn't doing my work, but I wasn't willing to sit in classes that I didn't feel were helping me. My ambition was fierce and I was selfish. It took me a while to figure out my responsibility as an actor and to understand what it means to work with a group of people in a company. Still, through a lot of diligent phone calling and harassing, I got myself an audition for Shakespeare in the Park and got in. Val also got in at that time. We were in *Henry VI, Part I* in inconsequential parts, but we were getting paid \$125 a week to do Shakespeare for Joe Papp, which is the greatest fucking dream for an actor. I thought I was all set, but then I couldn't get arrested. It's hard to get auditions, harder to get scripts. I went back to Joe and gave him my sad song, and he hired me to work in the stockroom. I was there for three months. I eventually worked my way up to Papp's office, which was how I ended up getting to know him. We became friends.

PLAYBOY: But didn't he fire you?

SPACEY: He did. While I was doing that job, I also auditioned for parts. I got the lead in one play. Joe heard and went to see me. Next day he called me into the office and fired me. I couldn't imagine what I'd done wrong. He said, "You did not do anything wrong. Last night I saw an actor, and that's what you should be doing." I was terrified. I had no job, no rent money. I was living in a building where I was the super, sweeping the halls and taking out the trash so they would cut my rent. Finally, I got my first Broadway play, but I was in a period of what I call the "attitudinals."

PLAYBOY: Meaning that you were in an arrogant phase?

SPACEY: Yes, and not as good as I thought I was. I was behaving in a way that I now find reprehensible. It took me a couple of years to really shake that off and say, "That's not the life I want to live." Next I auditioned for regional stuff, did a play at Williamstown, a play in Virginia, went wherever I could to get a job and work. After the summer of 1984, I felt I was ready to go back to New York. I auditioned for Mike Nichols for a national tour of *The Real Thing*, which he directed on Broadway. We chatted and he asked,

"Have you read *Hurlyburly*?" He said, "I want you to see it. I'll set it up. I want you to come in next week and audition for a role in it—I'm looking for understudies." There were some relatively well known names auditioning for the role of Phil, which is what I wanted to read for. Harvey Keitel ended up playing Phil. I auditioned and Mike said, "I'll give you a choice. You can either go on the road with *The Real Thing* or stay in town and do *Hurlyburly*." I chose to stay in town. I did the play for seven months.

PLAYBOY: And it led to your first film role, in *Heartburn*, which Nichols directed. Was it a natural switch to movies?

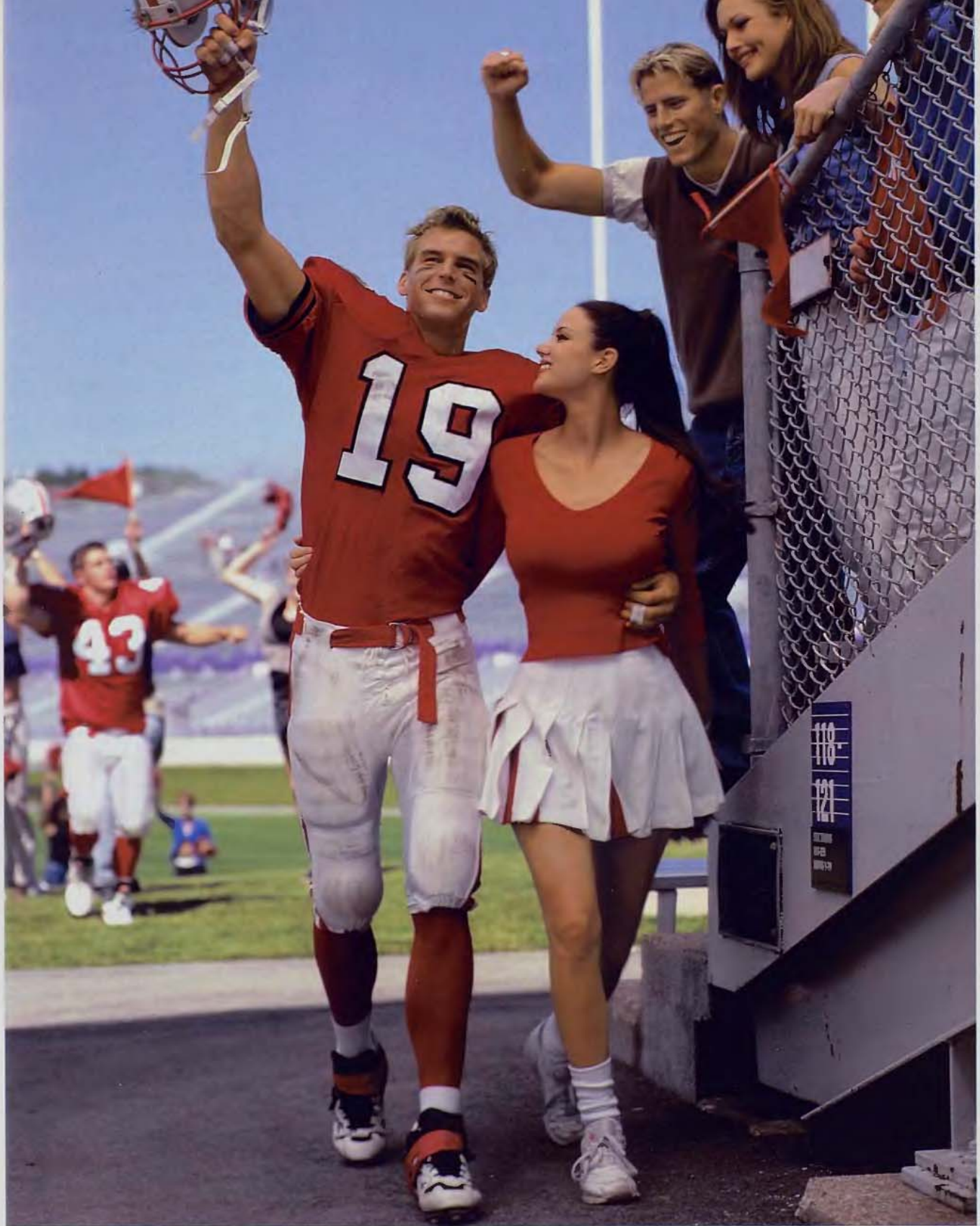
SPACEY: Yeah, though there wasn't much for me to do in that one. I was a mugger on a subway with orange hair. My first screen moment, I had to wink at Meryl Streep. It was horrifying. I couldn't wink. I was so nervous that my face was twitching.

PLAYBOY: Nichols later cast you in *Working Girl*.

SPACEY: That was a complete fluke. Between *Heartburn* and *Working Girl*, I had done a film called *Rocket Gibraltar*. I had come home at noon after walking my dog in Washington Square Park. The phone rang and it was Mike. He said, "I fired an actor this morning and I need you. There's a car on its way to your place with a script in the front seat." He said that if he didn't finish the shooting on schedule, he'd have to postpone his wedding to Diane Sawyer two days later. So I got in the car, learned the scene as we drove across the bridge. I had never read the script, so I had no idea what the movie was about until I went and saw it. You could do worse than spend a day snorting coke on Melanie Griffith's lap.

PLAYBOY: Your big break came not in theater or movies but in TV, playing the incestuous, toe-obsessed drug dealer Mel Proffitt in *Wiseguy*.

SPACEY: Yeah. My agents and manager were saying, "You've really got to go to Los Angeles. People are starting to hear about you. They want to put the name together with the face." I flew out, landed at noon, rented a car and drove by William Morris to pick up a script that was waiting for me. An agent asked, "What are you doing right now?" I said, "I'm going to my friend's house and I'm going to fall over because I'm exhausted." She said to hold on. She dialed a number and whispered into the phone, "He's right here." To me, she said, "I think you should go over right now and meet this casting director. Something has come up and I think you might be right for it." I drove to this building on Hollywood Boulevard that says Cannell Productions across the top. I know who Steve Cannell is because I'm a television kid; I know his name from *Rockford Files* and *Baa Baa Black Sheep* and all that stuff. I'm thinking, Oh no, I'm definitely
(continued on page 154)



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

The star quarterback, for one. Surprised? Don't be. Even he knows there's more to life than football. That's why PLAYBOY is the fastest-growing men's magazine on campus. Since 1995 our readership has jumped 62 percent. How's the competition doing? *Spin* and *Esquire* have lost nearly one fifth their college readers since 1995. *GQ* and *Rolling Stone* are struggling to hold what they've got. PLAYBOY—we leave the field a winner. (Source: Spring 1995/1999 MRI.)



Going Loco

a new conservatism infects the campus as schools try to act like parents

article by Katie Roiphe

WHEN I was in college in the late Eighties, I once sent out party invitations with a quote from William Blake's *Marriage of Heaven and Hell*: "The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom." Those were the days.

These days, sad to say, campus social life is very different. Hedonism is under attack and a joyless new conservatism infects American campuses. The crusty old term in loco parentis is even staging a comeback. It's Latin for "in place of a parent," and it signified the authority adults in academe held over students until the late Sixties and early Seventies, when rules and close supervision of students' personal lives all but vanished from campuses.

Now, all forms of wildness and excess—or just partying—are being monitored by committees of bureaucrats and students. The idea, which many students seem surprisingly willing to accept, is that they can't control themselves and need to be guided in even the most personal areas of life.

Some of the new foster parents fear

that having a couple of drinks and going home with someone after a party is as dangerous as being air-dropped into a war zone.

I graduated from Harvard in 1989 and spent three years at Princeton doing graduate work in English. Along the way I stayed in touch with campus life and observed a gradual change in atmosphere. The trouble we have today began in the early Nineties when feminists succeeded in establishing crazy new guidelines and rules about sexual harassment and date rape. I published my first book, *The Morning After*, in 1993 in response to the dangerous absurdity of those new rules. In 1997 I published *Last Night in Paradise: Sex and Morals at the Century's End*, which also chronicled the creeping return of repressive rules. Since then educators have installed more and more roadblocks on the "road of excess."

Take the termination of a tradition at Princeton—the Nude Olympics. Every year, beginning in the early Seventies, hundreds of sophomores, usually





wearing just scarves and boots, gathered in Holder Courtyard on the night of the first snowfall of the season. They drank and then ran around campus, occasionally straying into town. Naomi Dunn, class of 1991, recalled its heyday. "It was fun," she said. "You'd end up seeing your friends facedown in the snow, naked and puking." In 1992, 31 Princetonians were arrested when they carried their nude carousing into town. They pleaded guilty to minor charges, paid fines and performed community service. Still, the tradition remained unchallenged.

The January 1999 Nude Olympics put five students in the hospital with alcohol poisoning, and university officials were not pleased. A *New York Times* report on the incident read, "In addition to the drinking, school officials have cited concerns about lewd activity that took place in Holder Courtyard on Friday night."

Princeton president Harold Shapiro issued a death warrant for the tradition in a letter to *The Daily Princetonian*. "While I recognize that versions of this event have been a regular occurrence in recent years, I believe we can no longer tolerate the risks that it has come to pose to our students," he wrote. "I am simply not willing to wait until a student dies before taking preventive action." Shapiro appointed a committee to study the future of the Nude Olympics and the board of trustees approved the committee's recommendation to ban the event.

No one approves of binge drinking—nor, for that matter, passing out in the snow with hazy memories of sex partners. But the severity of the administration's reaction struck some Princeton alumni as excessive. "Can't undergraduates run naked in a restrained and dignified manner anymore?" asked Peter Dutton, class of 1991, in an e-mail message to other alumni that was quoted in *The New York Times*.

A few months later the *Times* cited the Nude Olympics episode in a comprehensive story about the changing mood on campus under the headline IN A REVOLUTION OF RULES, CAMPUSES GO FULL CIRCLE.

"What is evolving is a tamer campus and an updated and subtler version of in loco parentis, the concept that educators are stand-in parents," reported Ethan Bronner. He cited changes—most involving increased adult supervision of social life—at a number of campuses, including the University of Wisconsin, Pennsylvania State University, the University of Virginia, Lehigh University, Dartmouth (the inspiration for *Animal House*) and elsewhere.

In Madison, Wisconsin there was talk of "scavenger hunts" in which stu-

dents and faculty members try to bond and have wholesome fun. "Learning communities" is the increasingly popular buzz term for places where faculty or other staff members closely supervise students. The *Times* reported mixed reviews from students, including this observation from Carrie Mayer, a senior at the University of Wisconsin: "When I think about the new learning communities versus the *Animal House* atmosphere of the Eighties, I feel it is just great. There is an enormous need for structure and a certain comfort in returning to the era of Donna Reed."

"Today's young people are growing up in different circumstances," Penn State president Graham Spanier told the *Times*. "We do not want to make them more childlike. But parents are constantly contacting us, asking what is going on with their kids. They want in loco parentis. Parents say, 'Give them structure.'"

Lehigh president Gregory Farrington declared, "We get paid not only to teach but to mentor, and we'd better do that well. There is a much greater focus on adult supervision."

I have to wonder if some authoritarian measures address the needs of students—or if they are even feasible. At the University of Arizona, for example, there has been discussion of putting a cautionary announcement in course listings for any class that would cover a subject deemed "potentially offensive." The University of Massachusetts-Amherst has banned alcohol at football tailgate parties, and in May 1999 the Massachusetts Board of Higher Education voted to require all state university branches to notify parents when underage students are caught with alcohol on campus.

Lehigh University has joined other institutions in a virtual war on parties. The new rules are so strict that even parents might disapprove. Beginning this fall at Lehigh, every party on campus, including small gatherings in dormitories, will require two security guards and a bartender if alcohol is served. The hired help will have more on their minds than breaking up fights and making Long Island iced teas. The security guards will have the task of checking IDs and making sure that no one 21 or older passes a minor a drink. The bartender in turn has to decide who gets another drink. (Imagine having to say to a brawny football player, "You've had enough.")

Not that it would be easy for students to get drunk. The new rules ration the amount of alcohol at the bar, using a complicated formula that involves the

number of guests and the duration of the party. Hosts are required to provide plenty of food and to make nonalcoholic beverages as conspicuous as the liquor.

The university plans to pay 100 percent of the cost of the second security guard for the first year, and 50 percent the following year. "We used to have the reputation of being a party school," Lehigh spokesman William Johnson told me. "But we've changed a lot over the past few years. We don't even allow kegs on campus anymore."

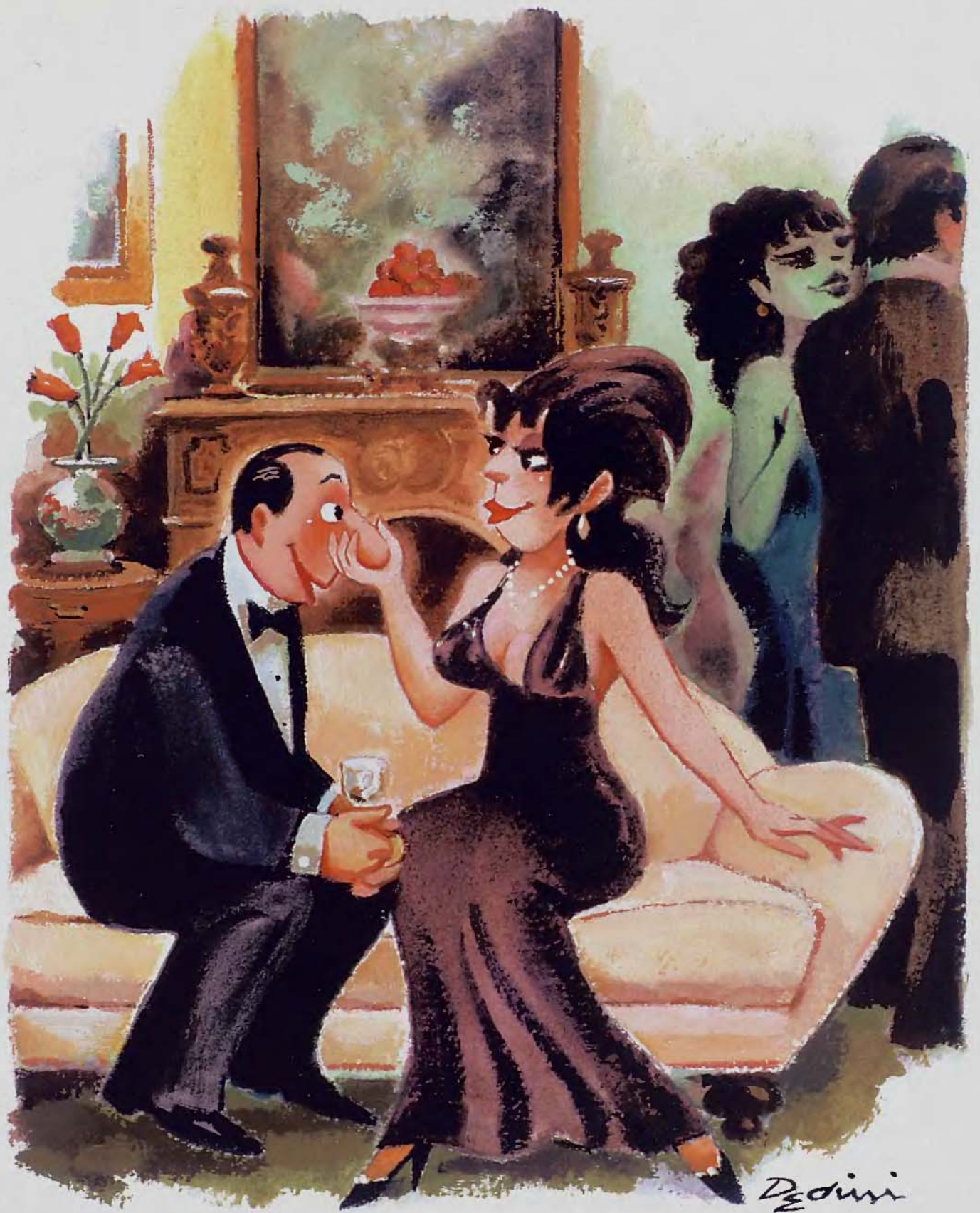
Many students disapprove of the harsh regulations. "I lost freedom going from my parents' home to my dormitory room," University of Tennessee senior Erin Zammitt recalled. "Freshman year, when I lived on campus, we were not allowed to have any alcohol in our rooms or anywhere on school grounds. Men could be in our rooms only during visitation hours. Security cameras were at every exit to monitor any violation. The residents had to pull amazing stunts just to get their boyfriends into the building."

At Davidson College in Davidson, North Carolina the venerable honor code is so respected that, as senior Ryan Seifert noted, "if two sodas came out of a vending machine, everyone would leave the extra soda. Everyone at Davidson agrees with the honor code. It can be harsh at times, but believing in the honor code and believing that it works gives us more freedom. It conditions you for life—you don't steal, you don't cheat, you don't lie. You just don't do those things."

Now, however, a batch of in loco parentis strictures threatens to undercut the code, which, the student handbook boasts, "produces an atmosphere of trust and freedom rarely found among American colleges." In the past few years, administrators have banned kegs from all parties and instituted regulations that require students to present identification, wear a special wristband and descend to a basement to receive a single beer. Many Davidson students feel the new rules are ridiculous and fear they encourage students to binge-drink in their rooms before going to parties where the rules are enforced by a security guard.

"I definitely think that there is a need for structure in college," said Noelle Harvey, a senior at James Madison University in Harrisonburg, Virginia. "But there is not a need for restraint. If you're going to consider people adults by law, then you have to treat them that way. They are trying to take away everything college stands for." She cited recent new rules that put a damper on parties and permit the administration to notify parents if

(concluded on page 147)



"In college I thought you just dripped sex."



Claudia Christian has portrayed “psychotics, lesbians, cops, you name it.” But she’s best known for her four-year stint as Commander Susan Ivanova on the science fiction series *Babylon 5*, which aired from 1994 to 1998 (Christian quit before the show’s final season). “Ivanova was smart, sardonic and incredibly strong,” says the native Californian. “I didn’t know that much about science fiction, but when I read the script, I thought, This is a great role. She wasn’t the cute girl in the background in a tight bodysuit. She was a commander.” Claudia,



who was drawn to the theater at the age of five and landed her first TV gig, on *Dallas*, when she was 18, has mastered the on-screen tough cookie. She has “ping-ponged” easily between film and television. Soon she’ll lend her voice to Disney’s animated feature *Atlantis* in a starring role opposite Michael J. Fox. “I have played lots of militaristic women who kick butt. But posing for *PLAYBOY* allowed me to show my soft, feminine side. Also, I’m taking a stand for natural-breasted girls. See? You can look good without being a 40DDD.”

I, CLAUDIA

the former *Babylon 5* star unveils her celestial body



Claudia’s next role, in the film *True Rights*, is as “an abnoxious Jewish housewife whose only desire is to be famous. There’s not a shred of me in her. It was fun.” Also on the horizon is Claudia’s fourth CD, *Lush*, a collection of pap-folk songs. “I play guitar and piano and write music. I love Neil Diamond. Before he got carry, man, he rocked.”









During her run on *Babylon 5*, Claudia was voted sexiest woman in science fiction by *SFX* magazine. "I'm not a classic beauty," she says. "And I'm not blonde and skinny with big boobs. But I certainly turn heads. I think it's great to show different types of bodies and female ideals. I wish women were more comfortable with their bodies. Plus, I wanted to throw some spice into the mix."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

The Date

the escort service set me up with clarise, not patsy—how in god's name would this work?

SHE HAD two heads. That was my initial response after she opened the door, but, as I soon discovered, they in fact shared one body.

"Clarise?" I asked, praying that the aberration before me was not her. But even before she opened her mouth I knew this was my client. There could be no other reason why the job was paying so much.

"That would be me," she said, smiling. "You're Norman from the escort service, right?"

For the life of me I could not come up with a reason why I wasn't me and at the same time explain why I knew her name. So I nodded and walked into the apartment. I mean—yeah, she had two heads, but that was no reason to hurt her feelings. Besides, the job paid more than any other I'd ever had. I just wished my dispatcher had prepared me before sending me out on this assignment. This was what I got for being low man on the totem pole.

"Norman, this is my sister, Patsy," she said matter-of-factly and pointed to the head on her right shoulder. "We're conjoined twins."

Well, of course you are, I thought. What the fuck else would you be? "Hi, very nice to meet you," I said as normally as possible.

"Whatever," was Patsy's response. I

got the distinct feeling that she didn't really want to be there.

The apartment was nice. Huge windows showcased the western skyline across Central Park. The last remnants of dusk were beginning to fade behind the buildings and lights were coming on everywhere. I was fairly sure none of the furniture came from Ikea. A glass spiral staircase with a gold banister led to the upper level of the duplex. Whatever these two did for a living paid extremely well.

Clarise had a strangely confident demeanor, one I would not have associated with a woman in her situation. It was businesslike; she somehow reminded me of an accountant. Patsy had shocking red hair. Clarise's was a natural auburn, and so, no doubt, was Patsy's under the dye. They wore a black evening dress, custom-made, I assumed. Clarise told me to make myself at home and asked me to name my poison. I had actually quit drinking the day before on the advice of my doctor.

"Scotch," I said. I was not going to make it through this night sober. In my head I was compiling a list of the darkest, most out-of-the-way places in Manhattan that I might take Clarise/Patsy to. The fewer people who saw me on this date, I thought, the better. She brought me my drink, which turned out to be a double. Good girl, I thought. Whatever





ILLUSTRATION BY HAN JONG LEE

her faults, at least she's grounded in reality.

I sat on the right end of the couch, which I discovered was the wrong end. Clarise explained that it would be rude to Patsy if we conversed with her in between us. I was to sit on the left end. Patsy's dates sat on the right end. "I don't understand," I said. "Am I not escorting both of you tonight?"

"Oh, no," Clarise said, as though this were some major faux pas on my part. "You're my date tonight." Heavy emphasis on my. "Patsy is just tagging along."

"I don't pay for men," Patsy interjected. I sat silently with my drink in hand, no doubt sporting a perplexed look, because she quickly added, "I have a boyfriend," stressing the word like a spoiled little girl.

"You don't say!" I said without thinking. From her expression I could tell she was annoyed by my astonishment.

"Is it so hard to believe someone could love me?" she said.

"Look—either be civil or hush up," Clarise told her sister. "He's my date. Keep your conversation to an absolute minimum or put up half the money for

the service." Clarise's businesslike veneer was slipping.

Patsy turned her head the other way with contempt. I downed my scotch in one quick gulp and politely asked for another.

"Of course," Clarise said. "Patsy, Norman would like another drink."

"It's over there Norm—knock yourself out," Patsy responded.

"Patsy! Norman is our guest. Let's get up and fix him a drink."

"Norman is your employee. Do we fix drinks for the maid?" Patsy's refusal

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As has become a PLAYBOY tradition, students in Marshall Arisman's illustration class at New York City's venerable School of Visual Arts competed for the chance to illustrate *The Date*, this year's College Fiction Contest winner. It's the 14th year we've run the contest. The first place winner (on pages 76–77) is by Han Jang Lee, of Elmhurst, New York. The runners-up are (clockwise from top left) Annabelle Verhaye of Germany, Raby Fabstits of St. Louis, Peter Sawchuck of Brooklyn and Stephanie Han of Costa Mesa, California.



"Have you considered using electricity instead of gas?"

TECHNO FABRICS
AND INSPIRED
COMBOS ARE
THIS FALL'S
BIG PLAY

BACK TO CAMPUS Fashion

By HOLLIS WAYNE

You can't miss, Jesse, with that bonded fleece zip-front vest, \$39.50, and black baseball jersey with gray sleeves, \$24.50, both by Gap, ripstop cotton-coated pants with utility pockets by Lithium, \$74, and sneakers by Buffalo Boots, \$119.



As if you didn't have enough to think about at college. We're talking courses in the French Revolution, of course, and Shakespeare—not hot dates and cheap beer. The point is: Clothes in college sort of take care of themselves. Your personal fashion statement is, "Every morning I pull on my pants one leg at a time." Guess what, friend. It's time to retool your wardrobe. Let us offer a few tips. Ditch the old college uniform—jeans and plain white T-shirt. Updated pants are in techno fabrics like rip-cord nylon. Wear them loose but leave the slouchy, baggy look to kids. For jackets try a button-down-collar shirt in washable cotton. Patterned sweaters look great in fall. On your feet? Sneakers. Carry your books in a one-shouldered backpack or a messenger bag. That's right—we said books. Did you forget what college is all about?

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JON MOE

Run, Jesse, run, in your T-shirt by CK Calvin Klein, \$26, button-oxford shirt by Polo Jeans, \$58, indigo cotton jacket by DKNY, \$88, olive jeans by CK Calvin Klein, \$56, and sneakers by Buffalo Boots, \$119. Charlie's hot in pursuit in a logo T-shirt by Gap, \$24.50, dark jeans by Level 7, \$64, overshirt by Polo Jeans, \$58, and sneakers by Buffalo Boots, \$109. Alden is in a Gop undershirt, jacket by Polo Ralph Lauren, pants by CK Calvin Klein, and shoes by Nike.



Cool in the shade, Charlie, with that nylon and polyester Citadel jacket by Tommy Hilfiger, \$145, sweater by Structure, \$34.50, denim mechanic jeans by Gap, \$42, and sneakers by Buffalo Boots, \$119. Erelly's got a sweater by DKNY, skirt by Free People, shoes by Nike, and choker by Hoshoni, NYC.

Brad hits the books in a brown sweater with olive color blocking, \$88, and flat-front khakis, \$49.50, both CK Calvin Klein, nylon record bag by Freshjive, \$55, and sneakers by Buffalo Boots, \$119. Nicole is in a cardigan and shirt by Ralph Lauren, jeans by DKNY, purse by Vernon Plus, glasses by Kenneth Cole and shoes by Nike.





You're the rooster, Charlie, in nylon overshirt by Polo Jeans, \$88, polo shirt by Diesel, \$39, jeans by CK Calvin Klein, \$48, boots by Gravis, \$120, and messenger bag by Freshjive, \$45. Alden's in step in a shirt by Custo Barcelona, skirt by DKNY, choker by David Saity and shoes by Nike.

WOMEN'S AND PROP STYLING BY KATHY KALAFUT FOR PARELLA MANAGEMENT
HAIR BY RHEANNE WHITE FOR ARTIST BY TIMOTHY PRIANO
MAKEUP BY KEIKO MORISAKI FOR JUOY CASEY



The gang's all here. (Clockwise from top): Bruce wears a corduroy hat by Playboy, \$28, shirt by Polo Jeans, \$58, fleece vest by Gap, \$39.50; Charlie is in a sweatshirt by DKNY, \$58, down vest by Structure, \$59.50, jeans by Diesel, \$115; Brad relaxes in a sweater by Lithium, \$74, nylon track pants by Adidas, \$50; Jesse's in a denim jacket by Diesel, \$119, Fair Isle sweater by Tommy Hilfiger, \$125, jeans by Diesel, \$119.

The Date

(continued from page 78)

to get up put Clarise in an embarrassing situation. Apparently they each controlled one side of their body and had to work in unison in order to move about or even accomplish the most basic tasks. I offered to get the drink myself and to freshen hers while I was at it.

They sat glaring at each other while I took my time at the wet bar, glancing at the photos on the piano and the walls. They had had a surprisingly normal childhood, considering: graduations, proms, picnics, recitals, birthdays and even Little League baseball. Clarise/Patsy were apparently far more dexterous than I would have guessed. The photographs showed that they came from a family chock-full of one-headed people. I looked at the paintings hung around the room. One, or both, of them had taste. I brought back the drinks and sat at the correct end of the couch. I asked Patsy if she'd like a drink also.

"Only one of us drinks at a time," Clarise said. "Otherwise we tend to get drunk too quickly."

I nodded. I can only imagine what the expression on my face must have looked like. I was numb with amazement. Patsy had lit a cigarette, resulting in a strange smoky halo wafting behind Clarise's head like some kind of ethereal frame. It reminded me of Morticia Addams' idea of a smoke from the old TV series. "So you share everything," I asked, glancing at their torso.

"Oh, no," Clarise said, defensively. "Mostly the blood supply. We're parapagus twins."

"Oh, right," I said, feigning comprehension. Patsy rolled her eyes and blew air from her lips. She seemed to have a shrewder idea what others might really be thinking than Clarise did. "We share everything from the gut down," she said. "Our torso looks like one body, but we've got separate spinal columns down to the waist."

"I've got my own heart," Clarise said, like a child with an ice-cream cone.

I could see that telling their story was wearing thin with them. They looked to me to be in their late 20s. How many times must they have told their tale in the course of their lives? I decided to curb my heightened curiosity, both to be polite and to keep in line with the rules of the escort service. The client always sets the agenda.

"You know—it might be easier for us to converse if I sat there," I said, pointing to the chair placed facing the couch. Clarise didn't like that idea. She said I was fine where I was. The smoky halo behind Clarise was the only indication that there was any activity going on back there. It was clear that she

wanted Patsy to stay out of the conversation as much as possible, and Patsy's head out of my line of sight.

"Are you a professional escort man?" she asked, changing the subject.

"Uh, no. I'm a law student at NYU. Escorting women is better than waiting tables," I said with a stab at humor. This was true on most days at least. "I've been told I have what it takes—that is, physically—so I figured, Why not? My tuition's extremely high and, as you know, the money's pretty good."

Clarise smiled and said, "Well, you certainly are handsome." Then she brushed my ankle with her foot. "Tell me," she asked, "do you ever sleep with your clients?" I downed my drink in one quick gulp. My face contorted and I felt flushed from the burning in my throat. It bought me a few extra moments before I had to give my response.

"Well, you're only my eighth client," I stammered. "My last one was old enough to be my mother, and, believe me, I didn't try."

Clarise could tell I was attempting to sidestep the question. She continued to smile as her foot found its way under my pants leg. I was beginning to feel warm as her toes rubbed up and down my calf, but I wasn't sure if this was from the scotch or from her advances. Regardless, I felt a bulge forming in my crotch. I considered it the ultimate act of betrayal by my body. She noticed it and smiled. The next thing I knew, she was rubbing my crotch with the ball of her foot.

"Did she try?" asked Clarise.

"Try what?" I asked anxiously.

"Did she make the moves on you, silly?"

"Well, yeah, actually she did."

"And?"

I was really in the shit at that point because, as it turned out, I did sleep with the client. I could tell Clarise suspected this by the way she smiled as my eyes shifted, trying to avoid her gaze. She found my discomfort amusing.

"He fucked her," Patsy chimed in. "He fucked her brains out."

Yeah, I did. The woman was in her late 50s, but she was attractive—and she had only one head. My hesitation gave me away. Clarise had gauged my scruples, and it would be that much harder coming up with an excuse to get out of this predicament. I mean, I couldn't tell her I didn't want to sleep with her because she was a freak. This was the best-paying job I'd ever had and I was on shaky ground here if I couldn't keep the client happy.

I jumped up under the premise that I was going to refresh my drink, and I offered to do the same for her. She just smiled at me in a naughty way. I felt both pairs of eyes follow me to the bar.

I imagined them mentally stripping away my garments the way I'd done to women a hundred times. It made my hackles rise.

Any other date would have mentioned that I'd arrived only 20 minutes ago and was already on my third double scotch. Not her. She was in tune with reality. She wanted my inhibitions to relax. She smiled every time I headed for the alcohol. I decided to take it easy and mixed a single with some water added in, standing behind the wet bar as though it were some kind of shield—a little fort of glass and steel between me and her. From the other end of the room I asked her what she did for a living.

"I'm a stockbroker," she answered.

"Oh, really?" was all the response I could muster. She probably worked for Shearson-Ringling Brothers. I had to suppress a smile. Anyone who could overcome such a burden in life and still manage to make something of herself deserved a little respect. "So you earn enough to afford all this?" I asked, indicating the apartment.

"Well—yes and no. . . ."

"Go ahead—tell him," Patsy interjected. Clarise threw her sister a glare. Patsy continued. "If you won't tell him I will."

"My date—my conversation," Clarise noted. She turned her attention back to me. "You ever see those Doublemint gum commercials—the ones with the twins?" I nodded. "Well, we filmed one of those when we were teenagers." Clarise began to contemplate her cuticles, leaving me to ponder this new information.

I tried to recall ever having seen this advertisement but drew a blank. Perhaps the sight had been so horrific, I had blocked the memory. "I don't remember seeing that ad," I said.

"Well, there's a reason for that." Clarise hesitated. Patsy looked ready to burst if her sister didn't finish the story. "You see, we were local celebrities in Chicago. One of the executives thought it would be a cute idea to use us in a commercial. But no one outside Illinois had ever heard of us, and the ads didn't test well in market research—they ran them for test audiences and got very low scores."

"One old lady threw up!" Patsy said gleefully.

"So they weren't going to run them. Our lawyer didn't like what they were offering as a kill fee. We stood to make quite a bundle on residuals, so we threatened to turn this into a civil rights case about discrimination against the handicapped."

"No way in hell you could have won that," I interjected, surprised into tactless sincerity.



"Now just sit back and enjoy the coming attractions."

"We knew that. They had every right to pull the ad," Clarise said. "But our feelings were really hurt and we wanted to get back at them. Wrigley's didn't want to chance the publicity, so we ended up settling for five times our original fee."

"Next thing you know, Clarise uses the money to buy Microsoft at \$20 a share. The rest is history."

"That's amazing," I said. I made a mental note to research the specifics of their case at the law library. Stuff like this was the reason I was going into law. "And Patsy—are you a broker too?"

"Well, Patsy never finished college," Clarise said in a disapproving, maternal manner.

"Oh, just drop it," Patsy said. "It's so old."

"All you had to do was try. I mean, it's not as though you weren't there in class anyway. You wasted all that time!"

"Hey, it was my time to waste. You just feel guilty because I never bitched about having to go when we both knew I wanted to be anyplace else. You just hate that you owe me."

"Owe you? Anything I owed you for letting me finish college I've paid back in spades."

Curiouser and curiouser, I thought, as they continued to bicker. I was running out of things to do behind the bar, so I meandered back to the center ring, where I made a startling observation as I resumed my seat next to Clarise: The more I drank the better she looked. By herself—that is, if I ignored the other head—she was actually an attractive person. The girls had distinct personalities. The physical manifestation of this was that they wore their hair differently, breaking the symmetry. Patsy's hair was in a punk crop, while Clarise wore hers long and free. It was pretty hair.

I realized that at some point, if I kept drinking, I'd have double vision. This notion was somewhat appealing until it occurred to me that double vision, not being selective, would lead to four heads on two bodies and only compound my predicament. Did I want to get to that point of inebriation, which seemed to be only about four drinks away—two if they were doubles?

The doorbell rang. All three of us looked at the front door in mesmerized unison, as though we were in a scene from *Children of the Damned*. I heard someone calling Patsy's name. Clarise appeared upset.

"I can't believe that you invited him over," she cried.

"I didn't invite anyone over. He's my fucking boyfriend and he's allowed to stop by any time he wants to."

"Well, I'm not getting up to let him in," Clarise said. "This is my night. We agreed on it."

"He's not going to go away," Patsy said, as she tried to drag her sister off the couch. Clarise wouldn't budge. "Why can't you just treat him right?"

The doorbell rang again. Clarise was more and more upset. "That scuzzball can just stay out there. After all I've done for you—putting up with him—you can't even let me have one night for myself?"

"Don't you pull this shit, Miss High Fucking Society," Patsy said angrily. "I'm always going to your boring cocktail parties so you can shmooze with investment bankers and high-finance gurus. God! When was the last time we got to hang out in Soho, or go to a gallery opening?"

"But he's such a scuzzball! He's going to give us herpes one day! Or worse!"

"Herpes! You're the one who hired a fucking gigolo. If anyone's going to give us herpes it's him!" Patsy retorted, pointing to me.

"You're an ungrateful waste of life," Clarise cried.

"Go fuck yourself," Patsy responded.

"Bitch!"

"Freak!"

"Ahem," I grunted.

Clarise reddened, Patsy paled. "I'll get it," I said. The incessant ringing was giving me a headache. When I opened the door I faced a small, grungy-looking man who came up to my chest. He had light brown skin, long woolly black hair, a black mustache, boots, ripped jeans and a leather motorcycle jacket with a Hell's Angels patch on the arm.

"Who the fuck are you?" he growled. The guy reeked of sweat and beer and garlic. I got the feeling I was living in interesting times, in the Chinese sense of the term. His attitude was confrontational, to say the least.

"Hi, I'm Normal—I mean, Norman," I said, trying to sound natural.

He strutted into the apartment and eyed me cautiously. He looked to the girls and then back to me. His eyes were slits and his mustache formed a thin black line. Everything was silent as time slowed to a crawl. He looked again toward the girls and rubbed his stubbled chin with his hand. Then he turned, shook his finger at me and asked, "Did you fuck Patsy?"

"Who, me? I never touched her!" Clearly, that was not what I would expect him to say.

"Don't play no fucking semantics game with me, motherfucker, or I'll cut ya," he snarled. His vocabulary told me this was someone who thought too highly of his intellectual capacity.

"I'm not playing with semantics," I said defensively. "I'm Clarise's date for the evening." The girls hurried to introduce me to Patsy's boyfriend, Ben.

They had regained their composure. Watching the two of them move in unison was amazing. After all these years together they had managed to achieve some state of grace in their motion. "I'm strictly Clarise's escort for the night," I added. This seemed to have the opposite effect from what I intended. His agitation only grew.

"What, you think I'm a fucking moron?" he snarled. "You take out one, the other goes with you too. You ain't got no freakin' choice!"

"Look, man," I said, "you're going overboard here. No one's hitting on Patsy. I've barely talked to her. Clarise is my client. If anything happens tonight, it's between me and her! It's nobody else's business. I'm just trying to make a living here."

I couldn't believe I had actually said that. I was defending my stake in a woman I wanted no part of. This was quickly becoming a testosterone-driven pissing match. Patsy looked frightened, no doubt because I outweighed her boyfriend by a good 30 pounds. Clarise looked confused. She was unusually quiet. She had two men fighting over her—a situation I figured she had never experienced before. I don't care what feminists claim, women love this shit.

Ben looked about ready to take a shot at me. Patsy pleaded with him to let it alone. He bit his lip and settled down. I felt as if I were trailing in some kind of competition. I was trying to catch up with events. I'd felt off-center since Clarise had answered the door. Between the sisters and the scotch, there always seemed to be information beyond my reach. I was certainly missing something important at the moment.

Patsy murmured softly into Ben's ear, like a jockey whispering to a racehorse before a match to calm it down. But Ben shook his head vehemently. He was not keen on whatever she was telling him. I was getting fed up with his attitude. It was obvious that Clarise had to endure this hotheaded jerk every time Patsy went out with him. I wondered how Patsy found a boyfriend when Clarise couldn't. Maybe it was the circles she traveled in. Maybe Patsy was just that much more interesting. Who knows? But I did get the feeling that Clarise was lonely. Perhaps I was her fantasy date, her expensive way to experience a little romance on her own terms. Maybe she just wanted to be the center of a man's attention—a man who wasn't Ben. For all Clarise's accomplishments—physical, educational and professional—maybe all this girl really wanted was some loving to call her own. (I have always been surprised at how profound good scotch whiskey tends to make me.)

(continued on page 148)

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

*the seminolas have
the talent. do they
have the luck?*

SPORTS BY GARY COLE

EVERY football season has its team of destiny. Last year's darling was the University of Tennessee, a team that for three years running couldn't beat Florida or win a national championship, even with Peyton Manning, the best quarterback in college football. They opened last season with a 34-33 who's-got-the-ball-last win over

Syracuse, then followed with a victory against the dreaded Gators after Florida missed a field goal in overtime. Toward season's end, luck turned the Vols' way again when Arkansas handed both the ball and the game back to Tennessee as the clock ran out.

Meanwhile, Kansas State discovered it was no one's darling. Coach Bill Snyder and his team rolled through a perfect season, including a victory over nemesis Nebraska, only to fumble away an opportunity to play for the national championship in a double overtime loss to Texas A&M in the Big 12 championship game. The frustrated Wildcats had to settle for an ignominious date in the Alamo Bowl.

And then there was UCLA, which lost its bid for perfection when Cade McNown's heroics failed to cover for the Bruins' inability to tackle in their hurricane-delayed regular season finale against Miami. One can only wonder if the result might have been different had the game been played on its original date, when Miami had not yet hit its full offensive potential.

So Tennessee was crowned the best (and perhaps luckiest?) team in college football. But, then, a good part of



Florida State receiver Peter Warrick is one of college football's most explosive players.

TOP 20 TEAMS

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Florida State.....11-0 | 11. Air Force.....10-1 |
| 2. Penn State.....11-1 | 12. Wisconsin.....8-3 |
| 3. Tennessee.....10-1 | 13. Colorado.....8-3 |
| 4. Arizona.....11-1 | 14. Texas A&M.....8-3 |
| 5. Georgia Tech.....10-1 | 15. Virginia Tech.....8-3 |
| 6. Ohio State.....10-2 | 16. Kansas State.....8-3 |
| 7. Nebraska.....9-2 | 17. Arkansas.....8-3 |
| 8. Michigan.....8-3 | 18. Alabama.....8-3 |
| 9. Florida.....8-3 | 19. Notre Dame.....8-4 |
| 10. Georgia.....8-3 | 20. Miami.....8-4 |

The next ten: Texas (8-3); Texas Tech (8-3); USC (8-4); Mississippi State (7-4); Virginia (7-4); UCLA (7-4); Arizona State (7-4); North Carolina State (7-4); Colorado State (7-4); Missouri (7-4)

OFFENSE

Left to right, top row: Chad Clifton, tackle, Tennessee; Roger Roesler, guard, Texas; Ryan Johanningmeier, tackle, Colorado; Rob Riti, center, Missouri; Steve Hutchinson, guard, Michigan. Middle row: Danny Farmer, wide receiver, UCLA; Travis Prentice, running back, Miami (Ohio); Drew Brees, quarterback, Purdue; Sebastian Janikowski, placekicker, Florida State; Ron Dayne, running back, Wisconsin; Peter Warrick, wide receiver, Florida State. Kneeling: R. Jay Soward, kick returner, USC; Ricky Williams, running back, Texas Tech.



PLAYBOY'S 1999 A

DEFENSE

Left to right, top: Chad Pennington, Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete, quarterback, Marshall; Robaire Smith, end, Michigan State; Na'il Diggs, linebacker, Ohio State; Chris Hovan, tackle, Boston College; Adewale Ogunleye, end, Indiana; Ralph Brown, back, Nebraska. Middle: Jabari Issa, tackle, Washington; Brandon Spoon, linebacker, North Carolina; John Cooper, Coach of the Year, Ohio State; Shane Lechler, punter, Texas A&M; Ahmed Plummer, back, Ohio State. Kneeling: Lloyd Harrison, back, North Carolina State; Tyrone Carter, back, Minnesota.



ALL-AMERICA TEAM

PHOTOGRAPHED AT PHOENIX COLLEGE, PHOENIX, ARIZONA

ACCOMMODATIONS PROVIDED BY THE POINTE HILTON RESORT AT TAMPA/CLIFFS, PHOENIX, ARIZONA

THE PLAYBOY ALL-AMERICAS

PLAYBOY's College Football Coach of the Year for 1999 is JOHN COOPER of Ohio State University. Cooper has guided the Buckeyes to five consecutive New Year's Day bowl games, and his teams have had at least ten victories in each of the past four seasons. Previously a head coach at Tulsa and Arizona State, Cooper begins his 12th season at Columbus as the sixth-winningest active collegiate coach (179-73-6).

OFFENSE

DREW BREES—Quarterback, 6'1", 212 pounds, junior, Purdue. Last season's Big Ten Offensive Player of the Year. Completed 361 of 569 passing attempts for 3983 yards and 39 touchdowns.

RON DAYNE—Running back, 5'10", 253, senior, Wisconsin. Has already gained 4563 yards in his college career. Needs 499 yards to pass two-time Heisman Trophy winner Archie Griffin as Big Ten's all-time leading rusher. Three-time Playboy All-America.

RICKY WILLIAMS—Running back, 5'9", 190, junior, Texas Tech. Finished fourth in rushing nationally last season with 1582 yards and 13 touchdowns.

TRAVIS PRENTICE—Running back, 6'2", 228, senior, Miami (Ohio). Rushed for 1787 yards and 19 touchdowns last season. His 56 career rushing TDs are an all-time Mid-American Conference record.

PETER WARRICK—Wide receiver, 6', 190, senior, Florida State. Caught 61 passes for 1232 yards and 11 touchdowns last season. Averaged 20.2 yards per catch. Two-time Playboy All-America.

DANNY FARMER—Wide receiver, 6'4", 210, senior, UCLA. Set a school record for receiving yards last season with 1274 on 58 catches.

ROB RITI—Center, 6'3", 285, senior, Missouri. Starter for 32 consecutive games. Had 59 knockdown blocks last season. Bench-presses 400 pounds.

CHAD CLIFTON—Tackle, 6'6", 320, senior, Tennessee. Twenty-two consecutive starts at left tackle for the Vols.

RYAN JOHANNINGMEIER—Tackle, 6'7", 315, senior, Colorado. Won John Mack award last season as Buffaloes' outstanding offensive player.

ROGER ROESLER—Guard, 6'5", 300, senior, Texas. Had 25 pancake and 36 knockdown blocks last season while not allowing a sack. Bench-presses 460 pounds. Academic All-Big 12.

STEVE HUTCHINSON—Guard, 6'5", 296, junior, Michigan. Started 23 games over past two seasons. First-team All-Big Ten last two years.

SEBASTIAN JANIKOWSKI—Placekicker, 6'2", 255, junior, Florida State. Won Lou Groza Award as nation's top placekicker last season. His 27 field goals set a school and ACC record.

R. JAY SOWARD—Kick returner, 5'11", 175, senior, USC. Returned 16 kickoffs for 21.5-yard average and seven punts for 28.9-yard average. He's averaged a touchdown every 6.9 times he's touched the ball and those TDs have averaged 49.5 yards per play.

DEFENSE

CHRIS HOVAN—Tackle, 6'3", 285, senior, Boston College. Led Eagles with five sacks and had nine quarterback hurries last season. Had 81 tackles from nose guard position.

JABARI ISSA—Tackle, 6'6", 295, senior, Washington. Had eight sacks and 12 tackles for losses last season. First-team All-Pac Ten selection.

ADEWALE OGUNLEYE—End, 6'5", 260, senior, Indiana. Holds school record for career sacks (26.5) and tackles for losses (53).

ROBAIRE SMITH—End, 6'5", 268, senior, Michigan State. Led his team in tackles for losses (8) and had 2½ sacks before being injured.

LAVAR ARRINGTON—Linebacker, 6'3", 230, junior, Penn State. First true sophomore to be named Big Ten Defensive Player of the Year. Had 65 tackles (including 17 for losses) plus two interceptions last season.

NA'IL DIGGS—Linebacker, 6'4", 235, junior, Ohio State. Second on team with 80 tackles last season, including 16 for losses and six sacks.

BRANDON SPOON—Linebacker, 6'2", 240, senior, North Carolina. Led team with 138 tackles, including eight for losses and five sacks.

RALPH BROWN—Defensive back, 5'10", 180, senior, Nebraska. Holds school record for pass breakups in game (7), season (14) and career (35). Has started every game since joining team as true freshman.

LLOYD HARRISON—Defensive back, 5'11", 193, senior, North Carolina State. Led the ACC in pass breakups last season with 23.

TYRONE CARTER—Defensive back, 5'9", 184, senior, Minnesota. Set single-season school record last season with 127 solo tackles. Also had eight sacks and returned kicks for 26.7 yard average.

AHMED PLUMMER—Defensive back, 6', 190, senior, Ohio State. Led Buckeyes in interceptions the past two seasons. Twice named to regional GTE/CoSIDA All-Academic team.

SHANE LECHLER—Punter, 6'2", 220, senior, Texas A&M. All-Big 12 punter the past two seasons. Punted 208 times in career for 44.2-yard average. Of 80 punts last season, 21 were downed inside 20-yard line.

college football's charm rests on its capriciousness, generally referred to as "the way the ball bounces." And in case you haven't looked lately, footballs aren't round.

Let's take a look at which teams might be the best and luckiest this year.

(1) FLORIDA STATE

It will surprise no one that coach Bobby Bowden has another stable of thoroughbreds ready to make a run at this year's national championship. After all, the Seminoles haven't finished out of the top four spots nationally in 12 years. Preacher Bowden's cup did runneeth over this year when Peter Warrick, game-breaking receiver and two-time Playboy All-America, surprised nearly everyone by sticking around for his senior season. Fast body Travis Minor returns at tailback, and there's the usual FSU assortment of size and speed on both sides of the line. With all that talent, the Seminoles may yet have an Achilles' heel—or, in this case, Weinke's neck. Chris Weinke, Bowden's prodigal quarterback, who returned to Florida State last season after a six-year flirtation with pro baseball, cracked his seventh vertebrae in the Seminoles' upset loss to Virginia last season. A surgery and two steel plates later, Weinke, already 27 years old, is again prepared physically to reenter the battle. But is he ready psychologically? If not, talented Jared Jones waits in the wings. Bobby Bowden knows the road to a national championship is fraught with peril. He also knows he has the horses to get there. 11-0

(2) PENN STATE

Michael Jordan quit. Wayne Gretzky hung it up. John Elway is history. But Joe Paterno just keeps going. He's starting his 50th season as a coach for the Nittany Lions and his 34th year as head coach. And Grandpapa Joe will celebrate his golden anniversary in Happy Valley by fielding a very good football team, maybe even a great one. As with so many Paterno teams, defense will be the cornerstone of the 1999 Lions. Playboy All-America LaVar Arrington is the best linebacker in the nation. Brandon Short, playing next to Arrington, is nearly as good. Cornerbacks David Macklin and Anthony King are all-conference material, while defensive end Courtney Brown was last season's Outback Bowl MVP. There's plenty of talent on the offensive side as well. Eric McCoo became the first freshman to lead the team in rushing (822 yards) since D.J. Dozier in 1983. The Lions' line is brimming with muscle. If Kevin Thompson or Rashard Casey can get the job done at

(continued on page 138)



Tactel and Di

"If you ever feel the need to sexually harass an underling—I'm your man!"



MISS OCTOBER CRAWLED OUT OF HER SHELL IN COLLEGE—AND WE'RE DELIGHTED SHE DID

Q UT ON the town in Hollywood or at parties at the Playboy Mansion, Jodi Ann Paterson hears the question a lot. She'll be talking to someone, going on about the joys of camping or the importance of character or the value of a strong work ethic, and they'll look at her strangely and ask, "You're not from around here, are you?" She's not. She was born in Balikpapan, Indonesia, the second child of an Indonesian mother and an American father. Her parents later moved to Oregon, where Jodi Ann attended school, won beauty pageants (including Miss Oregon Teen USA 1994), became a spokesperson for the state's DARE program and a motivational speaker for teens and later attended the University of Oregon and Oregon State (she received a bachelor's degree in speech communications from OSU). Throw in summer jobs every year from the time she was 12, stellar grades and an extracurricular slate that would exhaust most students (at OSU it included the debate team, the school newspaper and the campus television station) and you have a young woman with a powerful drive to succeed.

Q: What brought you to PLAYBOY?

A: I'd never been to Los Angeles, and I flew down to visit my best friend from college. She picked me up at the airport and said, "The PLAYBOY bus is in Century City, and I want you to hop on it." She really pressured me, so I finally told her, "I'll do it if you swear you won't tell anybody in Oregon about it."

Q: But now everyone's going to know. Will they be surprised?

A: My friends from college, no. My friends

"My family is very conservative," says Jodi Ann, "so I wasn't raised to be comfortable with nudity. But I grew up comfortable with my body, and I'm spontaneous. I think my family is pretty much used to me surprising them by now."



BUSY BEAVER





Jodi Ann was excited to learn she'd be featured in PLAYBOY's college football preview issue. She's been a huge football fan since childhood, her boyfriend is a former player and she loves going to games. But boosters of Oregon State University might be dismayed to learn Jodi Ann's dirty little secret: On the gridiron, she roots for OSU's rival, the University of Oregon.





While working at OSU's campus TV station and also at a local CBS affiliate, Jodi Ann had planned to pursue a career in broadcast journalism. Now she's not so sure. "Sometime last year," she says, "I told my parents I was going to quit my job at the station and get out of hard news. So PLAYBOY's timing was perfect."









from high school, yes. I don't think I crawled out of my shell until college.

Q: Had you done any modeling before?

A: I did some swimsuit stuff connected with the beauty pageants. I'd been studying to be a news reporter and I'd worked for the local CBS station, and I knew that if I were to appear in *PLAYBOY*, it would mean that my career would take a different path.

Q: Why did you do it?

A: Well, it kills me to see people have opportunities and not take advantage of them. *PLAYBOY* was a great opportunity.

Q: How did your parents react?

A: I didn't tell them until I started posing for the *Centerfold*. They supported my decision. They knew I wouldn't do something if I had a bad feeling about it. I think they were worried that I might want to get implants or something, but I would never even consider that. I wouldn't even get fake fingernails for the photos. I did streak my hair [laughs]. But everything else is natural, 100 percent me.

Q: Were your parents always protective?

A: Oh, yeah. They were completely against the beauty pageants I did. They were afraid I might start valuing appearance over brains. My father always told me, "It's easy to be attractive—all it takes is a little work and some luck. But it takes effort to be knowledgeable, and to be a good person."

I ended up winning the first pageant that I entered, which was a huge shock to everyone. That's when I fell in love with public speaking.

Q: Which you'll do plenty of as a Playmate.

A: Yes, I see it more as a public relations job than as a modeling job. I'm representing the magazine and the organization—I'm representing *PLAYBOY* itself.



MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Jodi Ann Paterson

BUST: 32D WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34 1/2

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 112 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 07.31.75 BIRTHPLACE: Balikpapan, Indonesia

AMBITIONS: To continue learning, loving and living life ~ taking advantage of all opportunities.

TURN-ONS: Athleticism, well-built physique, intelligence, ambition, a great sense of humor & round glutes!

TURNOFFS: Aggressive men, pretentious people, narcissism & laziness.

WHAT MAKES A WOMAN SEXY: Absolutely, without a doubt, a woman's mind makes her sexy ~ her intelligence, her knowledge, her mystery and her character.

IDEAL WEEKEND: Camping at a lake, wakeboarding all day, visiting at the campfire with friends & leaving the makeup at home.

MY FRIENDS KNOW: When I say I am going to do something I do it. I've never been accused of not going all out.

WORDS TO LIVE BY: When you stop learning, you stop living!



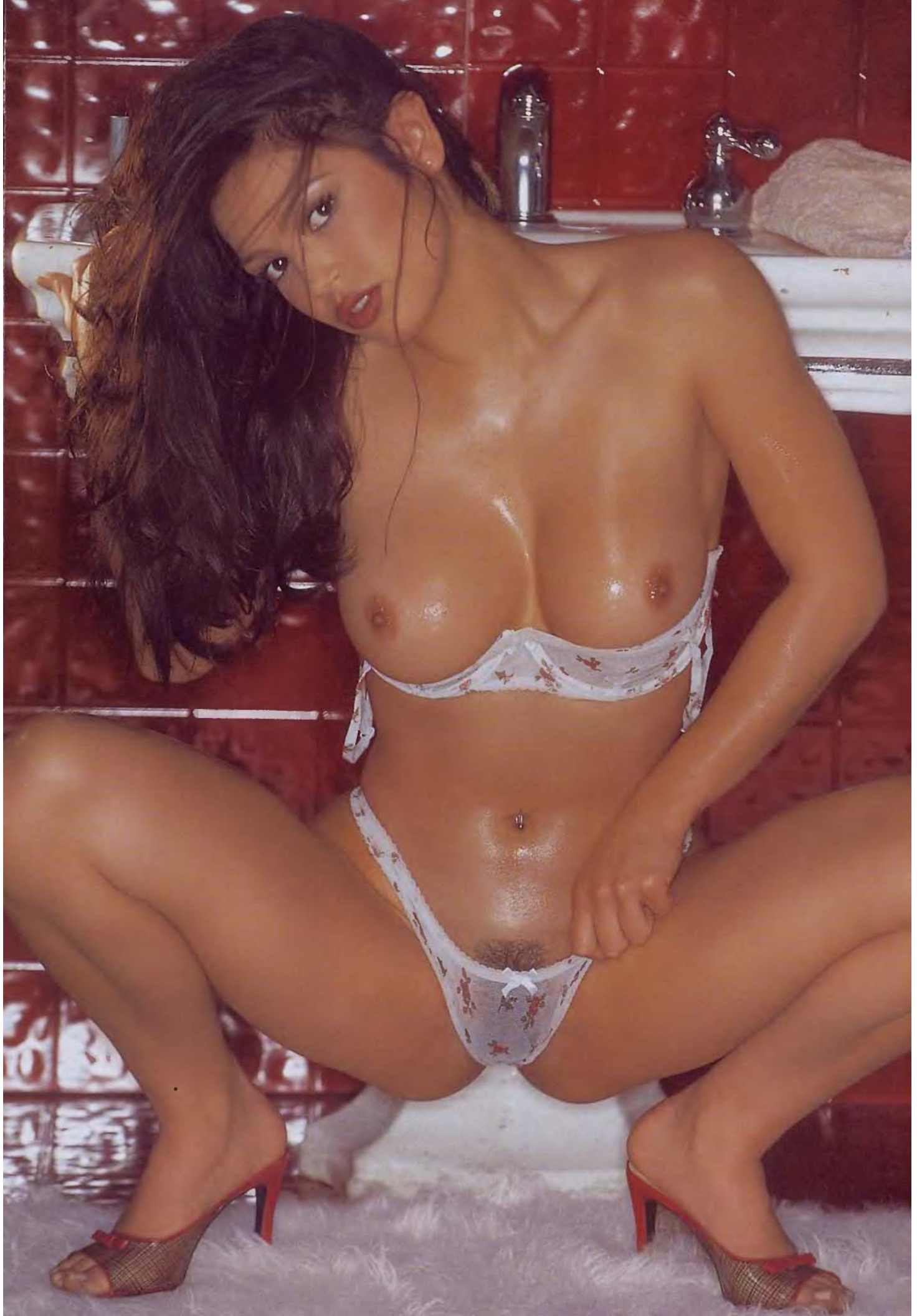
8th grade school photo - yikes!!



High school volleyball picture.



Greek Bid day at OSU w/pledge, Kirra.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

After two weeks of suspicion, the jealous wife fired her maid. But before leaving, the attractive employee bragged, "Your husband told me I'm a better cook than you are." The wife just shrugged. The maid then added, "I'm also better in bed."

"My husband told you that?" the startled woman asked.

"No," the maid replied, "the mailman did."

What happened when Scottish scientists cloned their first sheep? Lonely farmers got to double-date.



A young gay man called home and told his mother that he had met a wonderful girl and they were planning to be married. He told her he was certain that she would be happy since he knew his gay lifestyle disturbed her. She replied she was indeed delighted and added, "I suppose it would be too much to hope that she's Jewish."

"She's not only Jewish, she's from a wealthy Beverly Hills family," he said.

His mother admitted she was overwhelmed by the news. "What's her name?"

"Monica Lewinsky."

There was a long pause. "Harold," she asked, "what happened to that nice Catholic boy you were dating?"

After a college football lineman eloped with one of the team's cheerleaders, the coach congratulated him. "She's a great gal," he said, slapping his player on the backside. "But you're such a big guy. Why did you marry such a tiny woman? She's barely bigger than your hand."

"That's true, Coach," replied the lineman, "but she's much better!"

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: Mary was on her deathbed, with her husband, Sam, at her side. He held her cold hand as tears streamed down his face.

"Sam," she said weakly.

"Hush, dear."

"Sam," she whispered, "I have something to confess."

"There's nothing to confess," Sam soothed.

"It's all right. Everything's all right."

"No, no, I must die in peace," Mary insisted.

"I must confess, Sam, that I have been unfaithful to you."

Sam stroked her hand. "Now, Mary, don't be concerned. I know all about it."

"You do?" she gasped.

"Of course, dear. Why else would I have poisoned you?"

During the height of World War II, Tom volunteered for military service. He had such an aptitude for aviation that he was exempted from boot camp and sent right to Pensacola. The first day on base he soloed. Within a week he was given his wings and assigned to an aircraft carrier in the Pacific.

On his first morning aboard, he took off and shot down six Japanese Zeros. That afternoon he spotted ten more Japanese planes and shot those down, too.

Noting that his fuel was getting low, he descended, circled the carrier and came in for a perfect landing. He threw back the canopy, climbed out and jogged over to the captain. Saluting smartly, he said, "Well, Sir, how did I do on my first day?"

The captain turned around and returned his salute. "Just one little screw up, Yankee."

Bumper sticker spotted in Hollywood: WARNING: DRIVER IS LEGALLY BLONDE.

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: "My dog is cross-eyed," the man told the vet. "Is there anything you can do for him?"

"Let's have a look," the doctor said, lifting the rottweiler in his arms. "Hmmm," the vet said. "I'm going to have to put him down."

"Just because he's cross-eyed?" the incredulous owner asked.

"No," the vet replied, "because he's heavy."

Washington pundits suggest that citizen concern over raising the president's salary to \$400,000 is unnecessary. The extra \$200,000 is coming from the Chinese.



W. D. Newman

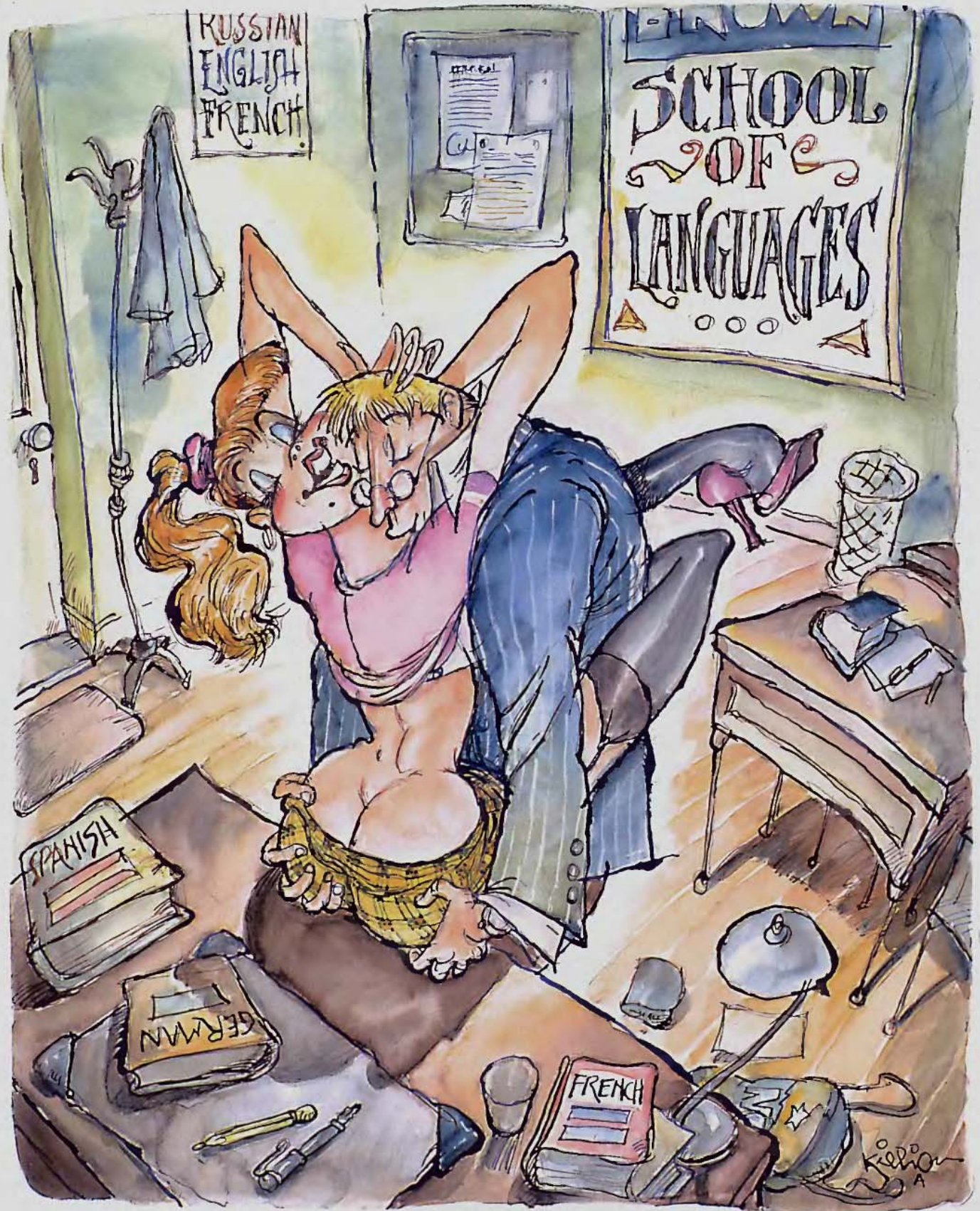
The aged professor visited his doctor for a routine checkup and everything seemed fine. "How's your sex life?" the medic asked.

"Well," the professor replied, "not bad, to be honest. The wife isn't all that interested anymore, so in the past week I was able to pick up and bed three women, none of whom was over 30 years old."

"At your age? I hope you at least took some precautions."

"I may be old, but I'm not senile," the elderly gent said. "I gave them all a phony name."

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.



"Yes! Sí! Da! Oui! Ja!"

Matthew Perry

the **smartass** friend cracks wise about his sitcom, the tabloids and his hair

PERSONALITY BY DAVID RENSIN

FOR SIX seasons, Matthew Perry, an actor with two first names, has starred on *Friends* as Chandler Bing, who also has two first names. Currently, Perry can be seen on the big screen with Dylan McDermott, Oliver Platt and fellow Canadian Neve Campbell in the comedy *Three to Tango*. Contributing Editor David Rensin talked with Perry one week before the actor left for Canada to start filming *The Whole Nine Yards*, a hit-man comedy co-starring Bruce Willis. Says Rensin of their meeting: "Ten minutes after we started talking in the lounge of a trendy Sunset Strip hotel, a bellhop appeared at the table with the message that Mr. Perry had called from his car to say he'd be late. Perry just smiled and said, 'Thanks. No problem. We'll wait,' and returned to our conversation. The guy may play neurotic on TV, but in fact he's charmingly unflappable and the soul of cool self-possession."

PERRY: So, what would you like to talk about today?

PLAYBOY: The magazine is hoping you'll be a smart and funny guy.

PERRY: Yes, and so far you've been funnier. [Pauses] I'm all confused now.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of confusion, why is your new movie called *Three to Tango* when there's no dancing and you play an architect?

PERRY: Did you like it?

PLAYBOY: Yes.

PERRY: Are you the reviewer?

PLAYBOY: No.

PERRY: Too bad. There is no dancing involved, but I was drawn to it for other reasons. It seemed very much like *The Apartment* meets *Tootsie*. In *Tootsie*, Dustin Hoffman says something to Jessica Lange like, "I was a better man with you as a woman than I ever was with a woman as a man." To me that meant he was able to drop all his stupid male

stuff and really get to know a girl, instead of just trying to sleep with her. In *Three to Tango* everybody is convinced my character is gay, including Neve Campbell's character, even though she and I are falling in love. So same thing. We get to be friends first, which is different for my character. Before that, he would meet a pretty woman and start tap-dancing to impress her. Like I've done in the past.

PLAYBOY: Describe the routine.

PERRY: I'd put on this facade of a Prince Charming and act like, "Babe, you've finally found your guy." Then it just got too tiring. I could never make it past three months.

PLAYBOY: What's changed?

PERRY: Instead of waiting for the next opportunity to say something to impress, I'm a better listener.

PLAYBOY: Right. No one is born with a manual on relationships.

PERRY: I was, and it was very painful for my mother. Part of my problem is that I don't actually have the manual because it's still being cleaned.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the modern romantic comedy. What's right? What's wrong? What's missing? What standard should all romantic comedies be held to?

PERRY: Which question should I answer first? Here's the thing that bores me: when a romantic comedy is simply boy meets girl, boy has problems with girl, zaniness ensues and at the end the boy gets the girl. I love romantic comedies, both watching them and being in them. To me the ideal is *Splash*. Boy meets girl, girl is a mermaid. A great moment is when Tom Hanks says to John Candy, "I finally met the woman I thought I could marry, that I could fall in love with. And she's a fish." I also like *While You Were Sleeping*, because the woman falls in love with a guy who's in a coma. *Pretty Woman* is a great romantic come-

dy—a rich guy falls in love with a great-looking prostitute.

PLAYBOY: It was so real.

PERRY: Yeah, just like the total fantasy of some studio executive.

PLAYBOY: Haven't you written your own romantic comedy?

PERRY: Yes—and who knows if it's ever going to get made. It's about a guy who falls in love with the adult version of the imaginary friend he had when he was eight. He's about to marry somebody, and the imaginary friend, who's grown up now, comes back.

PLAYBOY: Do prepubescent boys usually have a girl as an imaginary friend?

PERRY: I don't know, but I didn't want it to be a gay movie.

PLAYBOY: Did you have an imaginary friend?

PERRY: No. But our research indicates that one out of six kids does.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about your real friends on *Friends*.

PERRY: The answer to the question most often asked, about our being friends in real life, is yes. We all get along really well.

PLAYBOY: If you could play any of the other roles, which would it be?

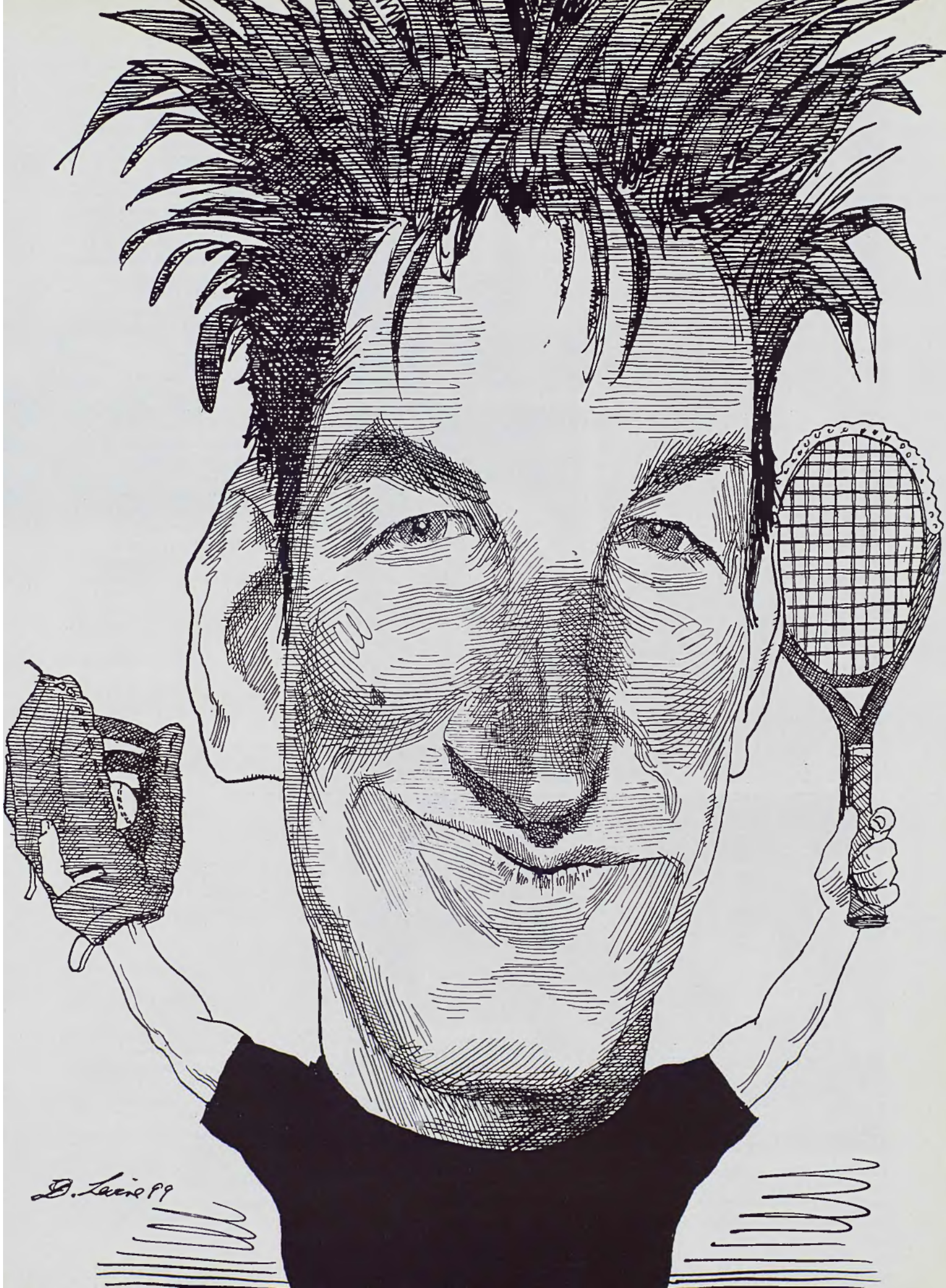
PERRY: Any of the women's, just so I could stay at home and play with my breasts all day.

PLAYBOY: Whose would be the most fun to play with?

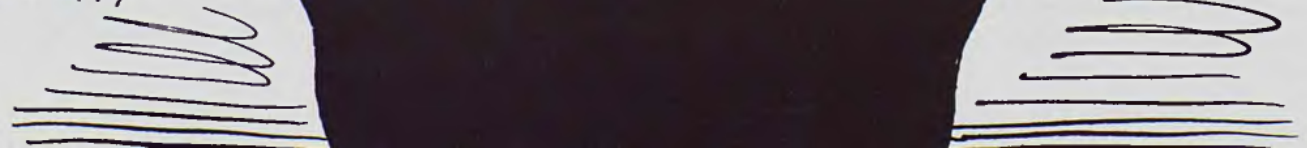
PERRY: Now, now. I'd most like to play Phoebe, because it seems like the part of her brain that keeps her from saying exactly what she thinks was surgically removed. I love that. You never know what's going to come out of her mouth. Come to think of it, that's also why Joey would be fun. Playing off-the-chart stupid is attractive.

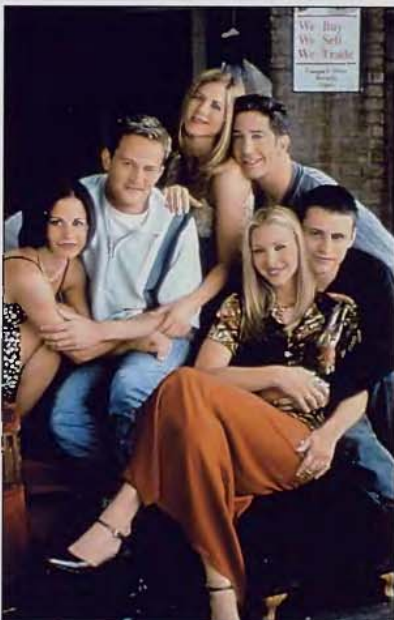
PLAYBOY: If you could transpose the cast to a different show, where would they end up?

PERRY: What an odd question.



D. Laine 89





Friends and others (clockwise, starting top left): Perry with co-star Lisa Kudrow at the Emmys. With his father, actor John Bennett Perry. The Central Perk gang (from left)—Courteney Cox, Perry, Jennifer Aniston, David Schwimmer, Kudrow and Matt LeBlanc. On the set of *Friends*. Signing autographs on location in London.

PLAYBOY: It's a mental exercise. Remember, you're the smart one.

PERRY: I guess maybe *ER*. Both shows hit so huge at the same time that all our lives changed. And we'd get to play out dramatic scenes.

PLAYBOY: Who would play whom?

PERRY: I sense you're going to get me in trouble. I guess Schwimmer would be the Anthony Edwards guy. I would probably be the Noah Wyle guy. Matt would be the patient they have each week who really doesn't understand what happened to him. He'd be the amnesia guy. And the three of us would all argue that we were George Clooney. *ER*'s girls keep changing, so ours would rotate each season.

PLAYBOY: How do you handle the fact that Chandler's hairstyle was never as culturally influential as Rachel's?

PERRY: Wait a sec. You're talking to *TV Guide*'s "second best hair on television" guy, so you might want to watch what you're saying. That was a drag for Jennifer. It wasn't like, "I'm getting all this attention and I'm going to pretend it's a drag." It was actually a drag. I could see it in her face. She did not want to be known for the haircut. So at no point was I jealous of that. We all just want to look as good as we can. If you go back to the first few episodes of the show, my hair looks like Charlotte Rampling's in *Stardust Memories*. Things have only gotten better.

PLAYBOY: What are your personal hair issues?

PERRY: I've become kind of hair obsessed recently. It doesn't show today because I'm a little under the weather. I didn't put both products in.

PLAYBOY: What products?

PERRY: It's a wax kind of thing. If I could remember the name, maybe the company would send me free stuff, but I can't. It looks like a hockey puck. You

"I'M A SPAZZY DANCER. IF I'M FORCED TO DANCE, I ACT LIKE A MORON."

put wax in it and spike your hair. I spend a good five, ten minutes on it every day.

PLAYBOY: And how often do you wash your hair?

PERRY: Not as often as I should, because of the wax. Maybe twice a week.

PLAYBOY: And the rest of the time you use a shower cap?

PERRY: No. I get the hair wet, I just don't use shampoo.

PLAYBOY: So the water just beads up on the wax, like on a car?

PERRY: I dry it off. You know, this is a fascinating interview.

PLAYBOY: Stop me if you've been asked
(continued on page 158)



"I knew we'd get you sooner or later, Van Helsing!"

HOLY SHIT!

if you

fall,

you

die

article

By NEIL STEBBINS

Big-wave pioneer Buzzy Trent put it this way: "Big waves aren't measured in feet, they're measured in increments of fear." There is another way to measure a wave, one borrowed from the world of skiing. Risk seekers who ski down near-vertical chutes or sail off rock cliffs use the term extreme. It simply means: If you fall, you die.

Mark Foo, a surfing legend who met his death on a 15-foot wave at Maverick's, had a four-word credo: "Ultimate thrill. Ultimate price." On a less lethal note, some define extreme as any act that is "dangerous, shock inducing or envelope pushing." For years, a 25-foot wave represented the outer limit of surfing, the equivalent of the sound barrier. But that barrier has been broken.

How big is a 25-foot wave? Let's just say it's so big it creates its own wind. It's so ravenous for water it creates a depression in its





path. If you panic and attempt to dive through the base to save yourself, there is enough pressure from the water stacked above to rupture your eardrums the moment you penetrate the surface.

It's not the height alone that creates fear—it's the hold-down. Think of a wave as a moving pyramid of water. A 25-foot wave, for example, may be close to 40 feet thick at its base. Add just ten feet to its height and the mass doubles. When waves reach that height, they break on the reefs with a sound of cannons detonating. The shock of big waves can raise ripples in coffee cups a mile inland.

Surfers caught underwater in the impact zone tell of watching shafts of water boiling like tornados, of hearing the clack of boulders being rolled about the ocean floor. They



Monsters of the Pacific: Surfers call a wipeout at Jaws on Maui the gravel truck. "If it unloads on you, you aren't going anywhere." Pete Cabrinha (overleaf) at Jaws. David Kalama (this page, top) after a Wave Runner dropoff. A chopper (above) goes in for a close-up of Cabrinha: "If you get the right wave and dial in to it, your whole world is that moment. You're ecstatic."

describe being mauled, hammered, pounded and scoured by a pressure equal to five fire hoses, of having wet suits torn off their bodies. In big waves, the hold-down can last a minute or more. Hard enough with a lungful of air, almost impossible if you've had the breath knocked out of you by the fall.

Big-wave expert Darrick Doerner describes a wipeout at Jaws, the surfing site on Maui where these photos were taken. "It's the most horrifying thing I've ever experienced.

I got slammed to the bottom, tried to push off and got squished flat. All I could do was wait until the pressure let up and hope I had some air left. I thought about my son. I thought about my mom and dad. I thought about the next wave about to break. At Jaws, if you wipe out in a bad place, you aren't going home. We call it the gravel truck. If it unloads on you, you aren't going anywhere."

Until recently, big-wave surfers were limited by human frailty. Go bigger than 25 feet and no surfer can paddle fast enough to make the drop. It's like trying to catch a freight train on a bicycle.

Too little speed and the huge amount of water moving up the face will cause the surfer's board to stall and lose contact with the wall. Both the board and its separated rider will then free-fall like lawn darts.

Achieving board speed is the key. Once a rider chooses a wave and starts paddling for it, his ability to change his mind diminishes with every stroke. And it not only diminishes, it becomes increasingly dangerous. At a gut-check place like Maverick's in northern California, where the giant walls are bone-cold, dark and merciless, a surfer has to want each wave with a savage intensity. Unless he can force himself to take those last few paddle strokes over the ledge and into the maw of the beast that is forming and transforming beneath him, he won't stand a chance.

A million or so people surf. Perhaps a thousand brave the waves raised by winter storms. Only a few hundred attempt waves in excess of 20 feet. Each year that number diminishes. Donnie Solomon died trying to paddle out in 20-foot waves at Waimea. Todd Chesser drowned beneath a 25 footer on the north shore of Oahu, at Alligator. The few surfers who test themselves at Jaws and other extreme sites tell the same tale.

Rush Randle says, "Out there, you're in the zone. You're looking 50 feet down the line, thinking only about that millisecond of time. You're totally one with the board and the wave. If your mind drifts, it can be detrimental to your health. It's not what you'd call fun, till later, when you come down."

Dave Kalama describes the focus needed to survive: "When it's big, the power is so intense and intimidating you don't dare think about anything else. You're so focused you don't even hear the wave breaking behind you."

Pete Cabrinha says, "If you get the right wave and dial in to it, your whole world is that moment. You're ecstatic."

To suppress the fear and stay focused on the vertical series of events about to surround him, a surfer must have godlike clarity and desire. It is why few surfers ride big waves. It is why the ones who do, and do it well, find ways to structure their lives to do little else. A 15- to 20-second ride can last a lifetime. When conditions reach the natural boundary, paddle surfers retire from the field. But other watermen remain. Windsurfers such as Robby Naish, Pete Cabrinha and Laird Hamilton learned to carry speed onto a wave. On the way out, waves became ramps for aerial maneuvers. On the way in, they became canvases for slashing cutbacks and sweeping-bottom turns. The sail was a wing that allowed them to fly, but it was also restricting. They were at the mercy of the wind. A fall in the impact zone turned a rig into shrapnel.

Windsurfers used their sails as engines to search for rideable surf. They moved from familiar sites to outer reef sites—called cloudbreaks. (The name originates from the visual—all you can see from shore is a line of white on the horizon.)

Eventually, their developing skills brought them to Jaws, on the north shore of Maui. With its gigantic peak and immense rideable barrel, Jaws was the biggest accessible and survivable wave anyone had ever seen. By the mid-Eighties,

(concluded on page 166)



"Are you feeling OK, sweetie? You seem so preoccupied tonight."

Enjoy

330



Joe Morgan

baseball's scholar-athlete swings away at money, minorities and malicious los angeles cops

A complete list of Joe Morgan's records, awards and statistical accomplishments for his 21 years of major league baseball would probably dwarf the player. Though his physical stature (5'7", 150 pounds) earned him the handle "Little Joe," Morgan was in fact the spark plug of Cincinnati's Big Red Machine, as feared an assemblage of baseball talent as any one team ever enjoyed.

Far from being overshadowed by Johnny Bench and Pete Rose, Morgan was the team's offensive and defensive linchpin. He was only the second guy in National League history to receive two consecutive most valuable player awards (1975 and 1976). Blessed with both speed and power, he was the first player to steal 60 bases while hitting more than 25 home runs (1973) and also the first to do so twice (1976).

He was the first second baseman to play 2000 games, hit 200 homers and get 2000 hits. He finished third in career walks behind Babe Ruth and Ted Williams. He was named to ten All-Star teams, won five Gold Gloves and set records for most career homers and consecutive errorless games at his position. He was elected to the Hall of Fame as soon as he was eligible, in 1990, and now sits on its board.

Morgan finished his playing career in 1984 with his hometown team, the Oakland Athletics, and briefly fell into the pattern of a retired ballplayer: He wrote his autobiography (*Joe Morgan: A Life in Baseball*), ran a beer distributorship (Coors) and tried his hand at sports announcing.

The broadcast booth is where most ex-jocks hit the wall, but Morgan's obsession with detail and strategy earned him a reputation as the most insightful and astute baseball analyst on TV, a status formally recognized with a Sports Emmy in 1997. The ultimate inside baseball guy ("The most intelligent player I ever saw," said Sparky Anderson), Morgan currently works games for both NBC and ESPN.

PLAYBOY Contributor Robert S. Wieder interviewed Morgan in his office in California. "The centerpiece wasn't a trophy case,

but a globe the size of a harbor buoy. There were few baseball memorabilia, and other than a life-size photo of his Hall of Fame plaque, there's almost nothing to indicate his impact and stature as a player. All the sports photos were of Morgan in anonymous golf foursomes. From a writer's perspective, his ultimate stroke of self-effacement was that his bookcase didn't hold a copy of his book *Baseball for Dummies*."

1

PLAYBOY: Will anyone top 70 home runs?
MORGAN: Maybe, but 70 is just a number. Put that in the proper context. I've seen Johnny Bench hit a home run in the bottom of the ninth inning to tie the fifth game of the playoffs. What's more important, the 70 home runs or that one? I've seen a lot of great things in this game. I was at second base the day Hank Aaron hit his 714th home run and he trotted by me. I saw Pete Rose get the hit that broke Ty Cobb's hit record. But I've seen guys get to 40-something home runs with a chance to get to 60, and the bottom falls out. I've seen guys get to 50 and then nothing. When McGwire and Sosa got to 55, they just kept going. If Ken Griffey or Albert Belle don't do it this year, then I don't think anyone will approach 70, or 66, for a long time.

2

PLAYBOY: When McGwire broke the record, Sosa hugged him. If this were the Seventies and one of these guys were playing for the Reds, wouldn't you and Pete Rose have kicked his ass for kissing up to the enemy?

MORGAN: I said so on the air. I was broadcasting that game. I saw that home run. Sosa came in and hugged him. Mark Grace shook his hand as he went by. I looked at the pitcher, standing there dejected, and I'm thinking, This is your teammate, and you're congratulating somebody for hitting a

home run off him? When Hank Aaron hit his 714th home run, I wanted to say something, but I wouldn't. I'm not going to embarrass my teammate, Jack Billingham. I'm old school, I guess. When a guy hits a home run now, he flips the bat, stands there and looks at it. But I can't criticize them, because that's how the game is played today. There's no intimidation anymore. Pitchers don't knock somebody down just for the sake of knocking them down. It's different from the way I was taught the game.

3

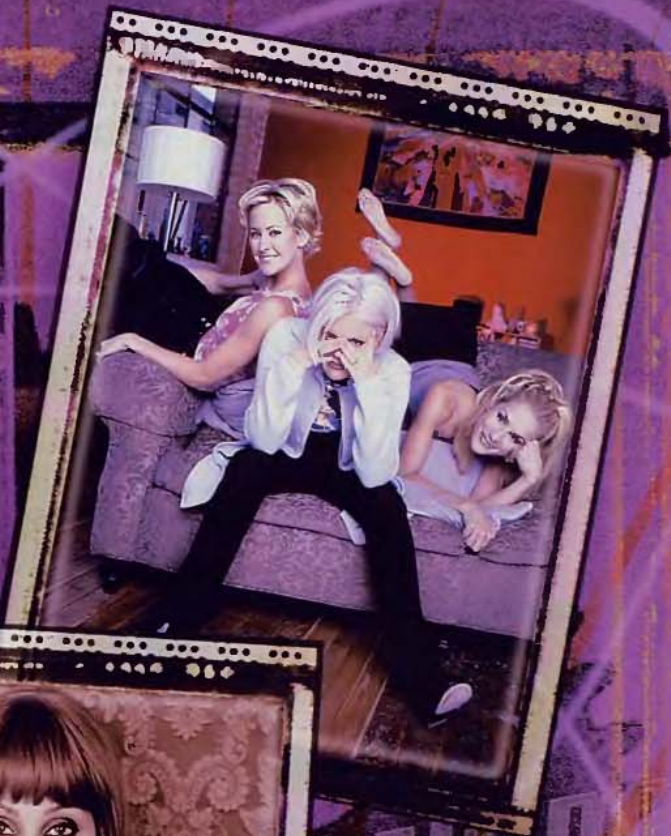
PLAYBOY: What rule changes would you like to see?

MORGAN: If a pitcher hits a batter, the pitcher shouldn't be allowed to walk off the mound toward the batter. That's inviting something. And things could be more exciting if there were no infield fly rule. Instead of having an automatic out when the ball is popped up, a fielder could let it drop and try to get a double play. Everyone running, helter-skelter, they could throw the ball away. I think it would be interesting.

4

PLAYBOY: Would you say that baseball players in general are insanely overpaid, obscenely overpaid or just ridiculously overpaid?

MORGAN: In some cases, all three, in terms of value. But I don't agree that baseball players are overpaid in general. Baseball is still the cheapest ticket in sports. Movie stars make \$20 million to do a movie. They get more if the movie is successful. The players who are entertaining and who bring the fans to the stadiums deserve as much as they can get. Barry Bonds works out every day in the off-season. McGwire and those guys work their tails off, because they want to stay around longer for the money. (continued on page 160)



PLAYBOY

JAZZ + ROCK POLL

Cast A Vote For Your Favorites

From New York to Las Vegas to Miami, millennium concerts will be lavish. Those of us who plan to kick back modestly will make do with a great sound system, some bubbly and our favorite music from 1999. The big news this year was Latin pop. But when the Ricky mania dies down, other events will be remembered: the return of the Boss with the E Street Band, the staying power of Cher, the survival of TLC, the excitement of the Dixie Chicks, the laughs provided by Fatboy Slim and the Offspring, and the Ellington centenary. So sharpen your pencils or click on the Playboy website (playboy.com) and tell us what you think the world of music is coming to.

The Ballot

Here's your 1999 Jazz & Rock Poll Ballot. Check one box next to your pick in each category. Stamp the envelope and mail your entry no later than October 13, 1999. The write-in spots for video and single are for 1999 only, but the write-in for song of the century means picking one for all time. We'll publish the winners next spring.



ROCK

R&B RAP

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FEMALE VOCALIST

- Cher
- Sheryl Crow
- Celine Dion
- Janet Jackson
- Jewel
- Madonna
- Sarah McLachlan
- Alanis Morissette
- Beth Orton
- Liz Phair

MALE VOCALIST

- Beck
- Marilyn Manson
- Ricky Martin
- Dave Matthews
- John Mellencamp
- Ozzy Osbourne
- Tom Petty
- Prince
- Bruce Springsteen
- Steven Tyler

GROUP

- Barenaked Ladies
- Black Crowes
- Blondie
- Garbage
- Hole
- Metallica
- Offspring
- Red Hot Chili Peppers
- Sugar Ray

U2

ALBUM

- Americanos*—Offspring
- Believe*—Cher
- Celebrity Skin*—Hole
- Dizzy Up the Girl*—Goo Goo Dolls
- Echo*—Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers
- Follow the Leader*—Korn
- The Globe Sessions*—Sheryl Crow
- Maybe You've Been Brainwashed Too*—New Radicals
- Mule Variations*—Tom Waits
- No Exit*—Blondie

INSTRUMENTALIST

- Jon Cleary
- Clarence Clemons
- Ben Folds
- Buddy Guy
- Jonny Lang
- Moby
- Stanton Moore
- Vernon Reid
- Keith Richards
- Chris Stein

FEMALE VOCALIST

- Mary J. Blige
- Brandy
- Foxy Brown
- Mariah Carey
- Deborah Cox
- Faith Evans
- Lauryn Hill
- Whitney Houston
- Monica
- Kelly Price

MALE VOCALIST

- Eminem
- Kirk Franklin
- Ginuwine
- Jay-Z
- R. Kelly
- Maxwell
- Nas
- Kid Rock
- Will Smith
- Usher

GROUP

- Backstreet Boys
- Beastie Boys
- Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

- Dru Hill
- Goodie Mob
- Naughty by Nature
- Outkast
- Roots
- Temptations
- TLC

ALBUM

- Aquemini*—Outkast
- Da Real World*—Missy Elliott
- I Am ... The Autobiography*—Nas
- The Miseducation of Lauryn Hill*
- My Love Is Your Love*—Whitney Houston
- One Wish*—Deborah Cox
- R.—R. Kelly*
- Things Fall Apart*—Roots
- Top Dogg*—Snoop Dogg
- Vol. 2: Hard Knock Life*—Jay-Z



CONCERT

- Blondie
- Built to Spill
- Bob Dylan and Paul Simon
- Lilith Fair
- Old 97s
- Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers
- Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band
- George Strait Country Music Festival
- Tom Waits
- Roger Waters



SOUNDTRACK

- Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me
- Big Daddy
- Go
- Life
- The Matrix
- Notting Hill
- She's All That
- Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace
- Wild Wild West
- You've Got Mail



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RETURN ENVELOPE



HALL OF FAME

- Tony Bennett
- Bono
- James Brown
- Kurt Cobain
- Sam Cooke
- Aretha Franklin
- Marvin Gaye
- Dizzy Gillespie
- Al Green
- Merle Haggard
- Carole King
- Jerry Lee Lewis
- Joni Mitchell
- Van Morrison
- Charlie Parker
- Ramones
- Lou Reed
- Smokey Robinson
- Run-DMC
- Muddy Waters
- Jackie Wilson

SINGLE OF THE YEAR

_____ 

SINGLE OF THE CENTURY

_____ 

VIDEO OF THE YEAR

_____ 



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JAZZ

COUNTRY

FEMALE VOCALIST

- Patricia Barber
- Dee Dee Bridgewater
- Rosemary Clooney
- Lalah Hathaway
- Shirley Horn
- Diana Krall
- Abbey Lincoln
- Dianne Reeves
- Diane Schuur
- Cassandra Wilson



MALE VOCALIST

- Tony Bennett
- Andy Bey
- Harry Connick Jr.
- Kurt Elling
- Jon Hendricks
- Kevin Mahogany
- Mark Murphy
- Brian Setzer
- Mel Tormé
- Joe Williams



GROUP

- Chick Corea and Origin
- Dave Douglas and the Tiny Bell Trio
- Bela Fleck and the Flecktones
- Keith Jarrett Trio
- Steve Lacy Trio
- Branford Marsalis Quartet
- Medeski, Martin and Wood
- Mingus Big Band
- David Ware Quartet

- Vertú



INSTRUMENTALIST

- Kenny Barron
- Jane Bunnett
- James Carter
- Stefon Harris
- Susie Ibarra
- Joe Lovano
- Wynton Marsalis
- Tito Puente
- Joshua Redman
- Steve Turré



ALBUM

- Centennial Edition: Complete RCA Victor Recordings: 1927-1973*—Duke Ellington
- Din of Inequity*—Sex Mob
- From Q With Love*—Quincy Jones
- Gershwin's World*—Herbie Hancock
- Love Scenes*—Diana Krall
- Rhythms of the Heart*—Regina Carter
- Romance With the Unseen*—Don Byron
- The Song Lives On*—Joe Sample featuring Lalah Hathaway
- Sunset and the Mockingbird*—Tommy Flanagan
- Traveling Miles*—Cassandra Wilson



FEMALE VOCALIST

- Mandy Barnett
- Deana Carter
- Faith Hill
- Patty Loveless
- Martina McBride
- LeAnn Rimes
- Shania Twain
- Lucinda Williams
- Kelly Willis
- Trisha Yearwood



MALE VOCALIST

- Garth Brooks
- Johnny Cash
- Kenny Chesney
- Steve Earle
- George Jones
- Sammy Kershaw
- Tim McGraw
- Willie Nelson
- George Strait
- Steve Wariner



GROUP

- Brooks and Dunn
- Sawyer Brown
- Charlie Daniels Band
- Diamond Rio

- Dixie Chicks
- Mavericks
- Nitty Gritty Dirt Band
- Whiskeytown
- Wilco
- Wilkinsons



ALBUM

- Always Never the Same*—George Strait
- High Mileage*—Alan Jackson
- I've Got a Right to Cry*—Mandy Barnett
- Maybe Not Tonight*—Sammy Kershaw
- The Mountain*—Steve Earle and the Del McCoury Band
- Old Dogs*—Old Dogs
- A Place in the Sun*—Tim McGraw
- Press On*—June Carter Cash
- Trio II*—Trio
- What I Deserve*—Kelly Willis



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"Let's hear it for the big ten!"

21ST CENTURY SURFING

do-it-all
cell phones
put the web
in your pocket



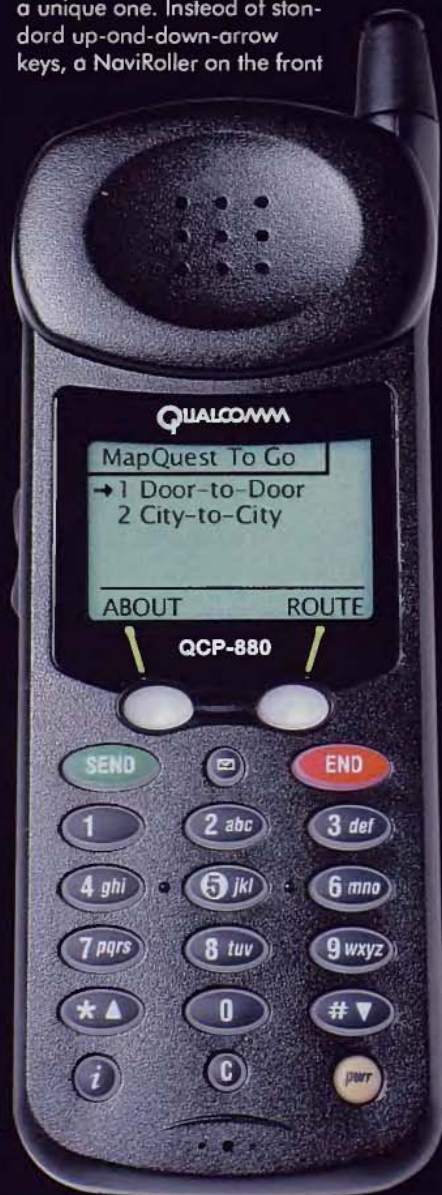
You can now get your web fix in transit with a digital cellular phone. You won't get jazzy graphics, photos or animation on the average model's four- to five-line display—at least not yet. But what you sacrifice in eye candy you gain in smarts and speed. Microbrowsers on-board these portables let you access text information, in seconds, from some of the web's most frequented spots. You can grab news stories from cnn.com or abcnews.com, turn-by-turn directions from MapQuest, stock quotes from quote.com and sports scores from ESPN. You can also order books from Amazon.com or plane tickets from Travelocity. Some wireless networks even link you to stock-trading services such as E-Trade and Schwab Canada. (Most web hubs make it easy to buy on the fly by allowing you to register your credit card digits by computer.) Other brainy functions of the new generation of cell phones: You can bookmark your favorite sites, transmit e-mail and faxes, store detailed contact info and keep your schedule. Plus, many can be synchronized with your PC, and some offer video games.



Left: Nokia gets you on the Net and then some with its 9000il. It looks partly for a modern portable phone, but the 9000il opens to reveal an electronic organizer—complete with a 4.75-inch backlit LCD screen. You can use the device to place calls, send and receive faxes and e-mail and browse the web (the screen displays both text and graphics). Features include eight megabytes of RAM (two dedicated to data storage), a calendar and contact directory. The 9000il also has speaker phone capabilities (which let you discuss the contents of, say, a fax over the phone while the document is open on the screen) and can synchronize with a PC via cable or infrared technology. The price: \$700 to \$1000. Below, for left to right: All the phones in this lineup get you on the web by way of the wireless application protocol, a technology standard for delivering text-based Net content to wireless communications devices. Nokia's pocket-sized 7100 series offers the best cell phone features—web surfing, scheduling, Caller ID, call forwarding, etc.—as well as a unique one. Instead of standard up-and-down-arrow keys, a NaviRoller on the front

of the phone lets you scroll forward and backward through the phone's menu and list of contacts. Select a name and number, press and hold the roller and then wait a second or two while the phone places the call. Look for the 7100 later this year (no price yet). The NeoPoint 1000 is the Macintosh of web phones—slick looking and highly intuitive. Its graphics interface makes it easy to navigate the phone's e-mail inbox, Net browser, calendar and 1000-name address book. And voice command technology gives you the option of speaking names into the phone for automatic dialing. The price: \$300 to \$400. Qualcomm's Thin Phone (model QCP-860) is an analog and digital phone with Caller ID, three-way calling, call waiting and voice mail. It shores pager messages, e-mail, faxes and text-based web info on a five-line display (\$80 to \$149). For those who want to streamline, Qualcomm also makes the

pdQ Smartphone. This digital and analog cellular phone doubles as a Palm III organizer, and you can dial phone numbers directly from the pdQ's phone book. A headset lets you talk and use the organizer simultaneously. Price: \$500 to \$800. Last up, Motorola's web-ready i1000plus is a digital cell phone loaded with smart features, including a microbrowser that lets you bookmark web hubs and a menu system that organizes Internet content by category—news, stocks, travel, etc. The i1000plus is also the first portable phone that doubles as a two-way radio. But unlike the popular Family Service Radios, which let you chat endlessly at distances of up to two miles, this phone lets you speak with other i1000 owners—free of charge—up to 200 miles away. The price: \$200 to \$300.





Salome Meneses, Megan Hershberger, Kristine Roberts — WASHINGTON STATE

here's what really makes the west wild

GIRLS OF THE PAC 10

IF WE WERE a sports weekly, this is what we'd be required to tell you about the NCAA's Pacific conference: It was founded in an Oregon hotel room in 1915 with four teams. It has grown to ten schools in Washington, Oregon, California and Arizona. It's a perennial fan favorite that expects a 65 percent return of last season's starters, as well as two new head coaches and more record-busting numbers at the gates. And, oh yeah, did we mention that Washington is

changing its helmet color from purple to gold? You got all that? Good. Now here's the real scoop: The women are exceptionally hot. Fortunately, when it comes to investigative photojournalism, our snoops are a posse of camera-slinging cowboys named David (Chan, Mecey and Rams) who once again saddled up and rode west on our behalf. They returned with a most bounteous booty. In our final college portfolio of the millennium, behold the Girls of the Pac Ten.



Dawn Delgado, Lauren Sinclair, Heather Bean, Rebecca Newell, Anne Endrikat — OREGON

Opposite, meet a tria of camely Caugars from Washington State (from left): business major Salome Meneses, a native of Cuba who confesses a weakness far men in unifarm (especially Marines); Megan Hershberger, a ski bunny who plans to parlay her real estate degree into a business career; and Indianan Kristine Raberts, who studies advertising and enjoys tangling with the boys—in intramural caed football and soccer. Above, suited up and on the field at the University of Oregon are (from left): tough, buff Dawn Delgado, a kickboxing, weight-lifting Albuquerque native who's chasing dawn a Ph.D. in psychalagy; Lauren Sinclair, an honor roll environmentalist whose plans include moving to France to run her own vineyard and hemp farm; Heather Bean, a psych major and triple-threat ski bum (water, snaw and jet); prelaw dancer Rebecca Newell, who is a stringer for the Oregon Daily Emerald and, in the summer, slings chawder in Newport; and nursing student Anne Endrikat, a Missouri native and UO tennis player who has a thing for "matarcycles and speed."



Sarah Prince — ARIZONA STATE



Rachael Klein, Irina Isshiki,
Tatiana Becker — CALIFORNIA



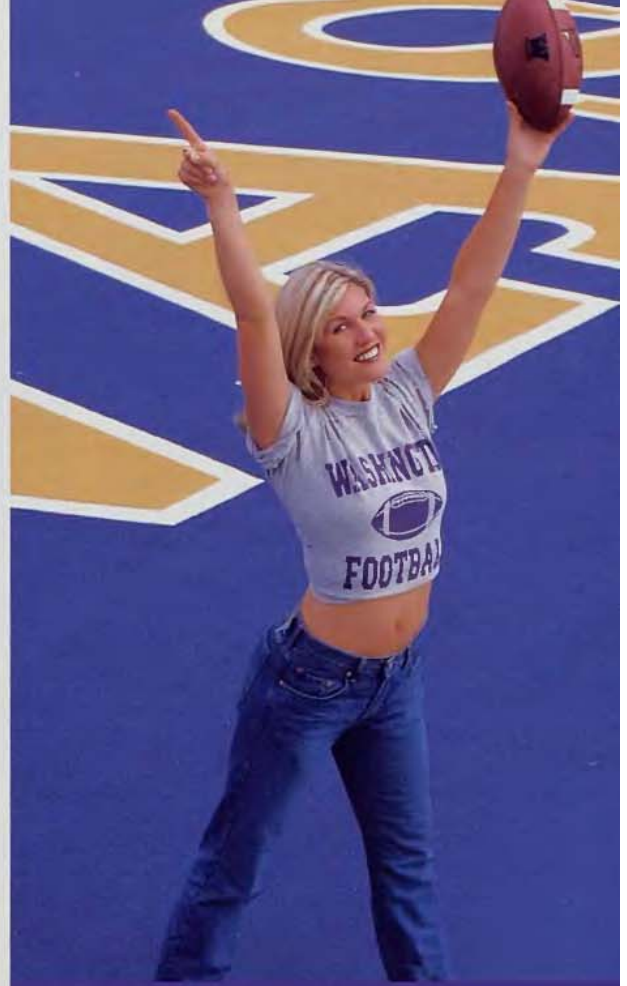
Riding shotgun (left) is Arizona State's Sarah Prince, a Phoenix native who enjoys shooting, shopping and eating. Soaking up the sun (below Sarah) is a University of California threesome (from left): Kappa Kappa Gamma gal Rachael Klein (who loves astrology, hates asparagus and hopes to be "wealthy enough to buy the clothes I want"), future potent lawyer Irina Isshiki (a notional tae kwon do chomp who studies biology) and ostrophysics student Totiana Becker (who raises geckos and wants to be a professor). Cracking the books below is ASU's Alisha Taylor, o competing horsewoman who boasts of her loving family and Arizona roots. U. of Washington's Gino Jesse (right) is also proud of her heritage (Filipino) and ovoids men who are "intimidated by strong women." And USC journalism major Stacy Robinson (below Gina) is a "Georgia peach who decided to come west for a little sun and fun." Mission accomplished.



Alisha Taylor — ARIZONA STATE



Gina Jesse — WASHINGTON



Sarah Pickard — WASHINGTON

Enhancing the allure of the end zone (above) is UW's Sarah Pickard, who majors in political science and teaches dance. The Seattleite also enjoys Huskies baseball and Supersonics basketball and dreams of becoming a Broadway hoofer. ASU's Laura Delisa (below) also has showbiz on her mind: She's majoring in broadcast journalism and wants to be a Playmate. Outside the classroom Laura can be found at the shooting range, where she makes a big noise with "a bright pink 9mm—so I can shoot and still look cute."



Stacy Robinson — USC



Laura Delisa — ARIZONA STATE



Sarah Webster — CALIFORNIA

U. Cal Golden Bear Sarah Webster (left) is on animal lover who studies statistics and enjoys photography and figure drawing. Below Sarah is ASU psychology major Suzonne Wolloch, who loves disco music, white chocolate and shopping for shoes. After graduation, the fetching Phoenician intends to counsel couples and families.



Kristina Planes — STANFORD



Suzanne Wallach — ARIZONA STATE

Filling out her Cardinal letter sweater, Kristina Planes (above) attends Stanford Law School, having gotten her undergraduate degree from Emory University. The Florida native enjoys scuba diving, the Dove Matthews Bond and playing with her dogs. She also tells us her mother was a Bunny at the Miami Playboy Club. Kristina concludes: "Like mother, like daughter."



WASHINGTON STATE

Eryn Cole (right) was born in Fayetteville, Arkansas and raised in "a tiny town in the South." She's a communications major at ASU who is partial to horseback riding and tropical beaches. Below Eryn is UCLA go-getter Blaire Leigh Stone. The bodacious Bruin is a vegetarian who enjoys shopping and dancing. She plans to become a nurse.



Jewels Roy — WASHINGTON STATE

"I never want to stop dreaming," declares WSU's Jewels Roy (above), "because dreams do come true." The Tacoma native and public relations major digs dancing in the rain and gazing at the stars and is known around campus as the Nacho Girl (she works at a nacho stand). Her favorite music? Janis Joplin, the Supremes and the Mamas and the Papas.



Eryn Cole — ARIZONA STATE



Blaire Leigh Stone — UCLA



Jennifer Lee — UCLA



Laurie Chapman — OREGON STATE



Jasmine Masuda — USC

If you're about to kick in your computer screen, hold it right there. UCLA's Jennifer Lee (top left) actually enjoys fixing computers. The Sacramento native and beach lover also played women's lacrosse for the Bruins. Laurie Chapman (above) is in the premed program at Oregon State with an eye on becoming a physician's assistant. As if this Beaver bombshell weren't enough, Laurie says she has three sisters, "and they're all beautiful." Tempestuous Trojan Jasmine Masuda (left) is a Memphis native who studies communications at USC. But her real love is the theater, where she wants to appear in big, brossy musicals. Jasmine is also a confessed "Internet nerd" who admits to a few personal proclivities: "I love chocolate and my pet turtle, and I can wiggle my nose and ears like a bunny." Welcome to the land of higher learning.



Rachel Howe — OREGON

"My mom will kill me when she finds out I'm in PLAYBOY," says Oregon psych major Rachel Howe (above). "After all, I'm from a small rural town." Rachel is a mountain biker and quilter who likes dancing, hot tea and gossip and wants to learn to rock climb. OSU's Michele Barrios (below) is a future nutritionist of Peruvian descent who likes roller-skating "and any other physical activity that makes me sweat." Down, boys.



Kristie Halsey — USC



Nikol Litera — OREGON STATE

USC's Kristie Halsey (left) is gunning for her graduate degree in social work. She enjoys taking "spontaneous trips—like canyoning in the Swiss Alps." If we were handing out grades, we'd give Oregon State's Nikol Litera (above) a Czech plus. Born in the Czech Republic, the animal science major and freelance bartender can usually be found either on top of a horse or on a wakeboard—whichever is most convenient.



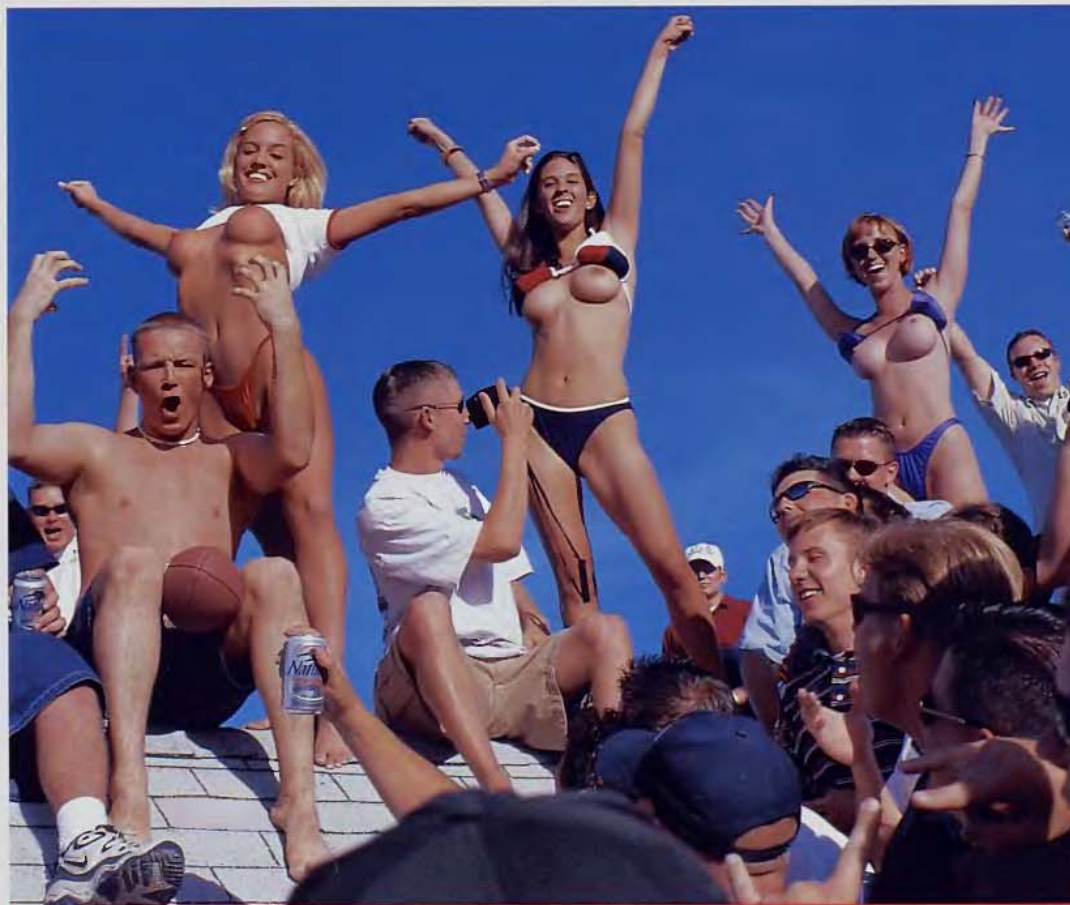
Michele Barrios — OREGON STATE



Brooke Williams — CALIFORNIA



Summer Morgan — ARIZONA



Summer Morgan, Lori Ligouri, Lacey Ballantyne — ARIZONA



At right, taking a provocative study break at Berkeley are (kneeling, left to right) sorority sister Michelle Michaels, chem major Alexa Savalos, future doctor T.J. Metcalf and (lying down) future lawyer Naomi Lee. Below them is ASU's Carolee Bass, an Alaska native who likes kayaking and hopes "to be successful in half the things I try."



Michelle Michaels, Alexa Savalos, T.J. Metcalf, Naomi Lee — CALIFORNIA



Vanessa Cabe — WASHINGTON

Sexy saxist and Berkeley coed Brooke Williams (opposite, top) hails from Canada and professes to be a "hippie at heart—or a cowgirl." She also reports that she's the niece of Jan from the surfer group Jan and Dean. Below Brooke (far left) is Arizona's Summer Morgan, a true-blue California girl who thrives on intensity ("I'm Scorpio all the way") and plans to attend medical school. And that's Summer again (near left) as a flashing fan, joining fellow Wildcats Lori Ligouri (center) and Lacey Ballantyne (in sunglasses). Say hey to Vanessa Cabe (above), an anthropology major at the U. of Washington. A classical pianist and avid horsewoman (she rides English, dressage and Western), Vanessa enjoys the symphony, the ballet and "crazy parties."



Carolee Bass — ARIZONA STATE



Ashley Marie, Lily Cervantes, Brandi Shaeffer,
Erica Andrejko — UCLA



Natascha Paris — CALIFORNIA

At left, the writing's on the wall—and here is a foursome with that naked UCLA spirit (from left to right): South Dakota native Ashley Marie, who grew up riding rodeo bulls on a ranch; psychobiology major and future pediatrician Lily Cervantes; Brandi Shaeffer, an Oklahoma farm girl who's bent on becoming an actor; and Chicago's Erica Andrejko, a camping enthusiast who hopes to edit a wildlife magazine. Coming clean, above, is California's Natascha Paris, a volleyball gaddess who likes cooking, big vocabularies and "anything satin or leather"; below, meet Lyndsay Price, a health club employee who studies exercise and movement science at U. of Oregon. Finally, bid farewell to the Pac Ten with a gander at UO's Jaime Stevens (opposite), a poli sci major who plans to enroll in graduate school and one day become a math-er. But approach her carefully: She's usually accompanied by a 225-pound Great Dane named Duke.



Lyndsay Price — OREGON



Jaime Stevens — OREGON

PIGSKIN PREVIEW

(continued from page 92)

quarterback, no one may be able to beat Joe. 11-1

(3) TENNESSEE

Sometimes you're good. Sometimes you're lucky. When you are both, as Tennessee was last season, you win a national championship. The Vols were lucky Syracuse quarterback Donovan McNabb didn't get the ball in his hands one more time in their opener. The Vols were good when they beat nemesis Florida by a field goal in overtime. They were lucky when Arkansas inexplicably put the ball on the ground and allowed UT a comeback victory that paved the road to a national championship win over Florida State. Tennessee excelled when star running back Jamal Lewis went down with a season-ending knee injury and two guys named Travis (Henry and Stephens) filled in admirably. Quarterback Tee Martin was so good that he made the Knoxville faithful finally stop talking about the Peyton Manning years. And coach Phil Fulmer was good enough to keep the Vols up for 13 consecutive victories. Tee Martin returns this season. So do a repaired Jamal Lewis and the Travis boys. Peerless Price and Jermaine Copeland are in the NFL, but Tennessee has never had a shortage of big-play wide receivers. The player the Vols will miss most is Al Wilson, a linebacker with the competitiveness of Mike Singletary and Chris Spielman. The Vols will be good again. But will they be lucky? 10-1

(4) ARIZONA

No team in the nation has a better situation at quarterback than Arizona. The Wildcats have fifth-year senior Keith Smith, who established conference records for pass efficiency rating and completion percentage last season, and junior Ortege Jenkins, the human highlight whose somersault for a TD over Washington defenders last season was replayed countless times on *Sports Center*. Arizona's quarterback abundance has allowed coach Dick Tomey to use both players in a complementary fashion. Arizona's talent doesn't stop at quarterback. Running back Trung Canidate led the conference with 1220 yards last season, and his 7.3-yards-per-carry average was the best in the nation. Wide receiver Dennis Northcutt had more all-purpose yards than any returning player in the Pac Ten. The Wildcats' flex defense returns nine starters but lost high-impact defensive back Chris McAlister to graduation and the NFL. Coming off a 12-win campaign last year and with all this talent

returning, what are Tomey's problems? Finding a punter and a way to beat Penn State in Happy Valley in the August 28 Pigskin Classic. 11-1

(5) GEORGIA TECH

With quarterback Joe Hamilton and eight other starters returning from an explosive offense that led Tech to ten wins and just two defeats last season, the Yellow Jackets are good enough to challenge powerful Florida State in the ACC and maybe even make a run at the national championship. Their showdown against FSU comes early (September 11). While an improved defense will be critical if Tech is to pull off the upset, it is multithreat Hamilton who will have to carry his team past the Seminoles to an ACC championship and beyond. If Tech gets by Florida State and Hamilton stays healthy, coach George O'Leary and the Jackets could spend New Year's 2000 preparing to play for the national championship in the Sugar Bowl. 10-1

(6) OHIO STATE

The Buckeyes always seem to be losing talent to the NFL: three first-round picks after the 1995 season, three more after 1996. Now Playboy Coach of the Year John Cooper has to replace linebacker Andy Katzenmoyer and wide receiver David Boston. Add to that the loss of graduated quarterback Joe Germaine and defensive backs Antoine Winfield and Damon Moore. Cooper is stoic about his situation: "We lose great players every year and we recruit great players to replace them." Some of the Buckeyes who can take a step toward greatness this year are tailback Michael Wiley, who gained 1235 yards last season, receivers Reggie Germany and Ken-Yon Rambo, and Playboy All-America linebacker Na'il Diggs. Ohio State's biggest question is at quarterback, where inexperienced sophomores Austin Moherman and Steve Bellisari will compete for the job (Bellisari has the edge). The Buckeyes' season begins with a bang when they open against Miami on August 29 in the Kickoff Classic. 10-2

(7) NEBRASKA

When you succeed a legend, you can bet it's not going to be easy. Frank Solich knew that when he took the head coaching reins from Tom Osborne, the man who guided Nebraska to 255 wins over 25 years, won three national championships and 13 conference championships and had 15 ten-win seasons. Solich knew because he had been Osborne's assistant for 19 of those years. Still, Solich is a good coach who had every reason to think he could keep Nebraska at or near the top of the

mountain. Then injuries set in, the most critical being to quarterback Bobby Newcombe and running back DeAngelo Evans. Graduation depleted some of the awesome power of the offensive line and enough of the defense to lower it from domination to merely good. Result: nine wins and four losses. Most schools have a parade when they win nine games. In Lincoln, they grumbled and talked about next year. Newcombe and Evans are back after off-season surgery, and there's depth behind both of them. The offensive line will be better but not yet back to national championship form. The defense, led by Playboy All-America Ralph Brown, may again dominate. Still, nine wins may be tough to top. 9-2

(8) MICHIGAN

Lloyd Carr faces a classic coaching quandary as the Wolverines enter their 120th season of college football: stick with the veteran quarterback (senior Tom Brady) or switch to the underclassman (Drew Henson). Brady will most certainly get the nod early and stay on unless Michigan's offense fizzles. Junior running back Anthony Thomas, coming off an 893 yard, 15 rushing TD effort last season, has no competition for the starting spot at tailback. But Michigan doesn't have much depth behind him. Four starters return on the offensive line, as does wide receiver Marcus Knight. The strength of the defense is at linebacker, where the inside duo of Dhani Jones and Ian Gold is a force. The speed of the Michigan defense will be tested early, since its first three opponents (Notre Dame, Rice and Syracuse) all favor the option. 8-3

(9) FLORIDA

The Gators' 10-2 finish last season, which concluded with a 31-10 thumping of Syracuse in the Orange Bowl, marked the sixth consecutive year Florida has won at least ten games. No SEC team has ever done that before. But coach Steve Spurrier and new defensive coordinator Jon Hoke will have to perform a minor miracle if the Gators are to keep that streak alive. Florida returns only two starters from a defense that led the SEC last season in every category. While the defense may struggle, the offense should be explosive. Senior Doug Johnson (recovered from the broken leg he suffered in the Orange Bowl) and junior Jesse Palmer are quality quarterbacks and proven leaders. Travis Taylor is another in a long line of talented Florida receivers. Spurrier hopes to get more out of the running game and is counting on red-shirt freshmen Earnest Graham and Chuck Marks. Tennessee, Alabama and

(continued on page 142)

LIVING ONLINE

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By Mark Frauenfelder



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Keep Your Eye On The Ball

CBS Sportsline.com should be your first stop for up-to-the-minute sports coverage. October is baseball's best month, and Sportsline produces majorleaguebaseball.com, the best place to go for scores, exclusive audio and video reports, live chats with players and fantasy stats.

Cell Phone Central

My cell phone is nearly five years old—ancient technology. When one of the digits in its display burned out, I took it as a sign to upgrade. Newspapers carry ads offering all sorts of phones and plans—so many that I became utterly confused. As soon as I saw one good deal, a second one looked better. Then I remembered something I had seen the day before, but that newspaper was on the way to the recycler.

I should have gone online first. Point.com has information on cell phones and plans for most major cities. The design of the site allows you to zero in on just what you're looking for. By indicating how much you're willing to pay each month, whether you want analog, digital or PCS and how many peak-time minutes you plan to use, you can generate a list of calling plans that fit your needs. If you can't decide, the site displays side-by-side comparisons of up to five plans. With some plans, you can order service and a phone right from the site. When you can't, point.com provides addresses and phone numbers of participating dealers.

Sorry, Wrong Number

The idea behind Net2Phone is neat. You can use your Internet connection to make phone calls to any number in the world. I downloaded the free software from net2phone.com and plugged a microphone into the sound input jack of my PC. Before I could start making calls, I had to use my credit card to pay in advance for the service. The minimum amount is \$25—too much, if you ask me.

The rates charged by Net2Phone are both bad and good. Domestic calls—even to a house across the street—cost 7.9 cents per minute. You can get a better deal from one of the big phone companies. But international calls are a deal: France, Germany and England are all a dime a minute, China is 58 cents a minute, Antarctica is 38 cents and Kyrgyzstan is \$1.07. When I tried to make a call by punching numbers on an image of a telephone keypad, my computer froze. I had to reboot. Going back to the site to read the instructions, I learned that Net2Phone wouldn't work unless I closed other applications. I shut down everything but Net2Phone and tried again. I called a friend in San Francisco. About 30 percent of what he said dropped out, like with a cell phone call in an electrical storm. Thirty seconds later, my computer crashed again, putting an end to the miserable phone call. I tried making two other calls and each time the computer crashed before the other party answered. Nevertheless, I was charged a dime each time I tried to make a call. After removing the program from my hard drive, I sent e-mail to customer service, asking for a full refund. A

few days later, I received a reply, informing me that the balance of my account—not the full \$25—would be refunded. In other words, I was charged for all the calls that never went through and caused my computer to crash. Now, where did I put that AT&T card?

SURF FOR FREE?

Be careful about signing up for “free” Internet services. Some require a set-up fee, but once you send in your money, you get endless busy signals and bad or nonexistent tech support. Worse, these

companies often shut down after six months, leaving you out as much as 50 dollars. But there's one free Net company that lives up to its promise: NetZero (netzero.com). There are no up-front costs, and you rarely get a busy signal. You also get a free e-mail address (your name@netzero.net). So what does NetZero get out of the deal? It makes money by selling ads and by tracking your online behavior. NetZero keeps a record of every site you visit, then uses this information to send ads that coincide with your interests. If you spend time searching for airfares, for instance, you can expect

to receive ads for vacation packages and car rental deals. A minor annoyance: Every 30 minutes, NetZero asks if you want to stay online. If you don't respond, you're kicked off. How can you obtain the NetZero software if you don't already have Net access? Call 877-638-3117 (toll-free, 24 hours a day) and order the software on CD-ROM for \$6.95.

CHECK YOUR CREDIT BEFORE THEY DO

If you're planning to move or buy a car, it's a good idea to get your credit report in advance so you can clear up any inaccuracies. There are three major credit-reporting agencies in the U.S.: Equifax, Experian and Trans Union. It usually takes a couple of weeks to get the reports. If you're in a hurry, go to itreport.com and get an online report in 30 seconds. For \$8 (in most states), you'll have access to your current and previous credit accounts, and you'll find out who has inquired into your credit history in the past few years. You can order a report combining data from all three agencies for \$30, but it's sent by mail.

DISGRUNTLED HOUSEWIFE

Nikol Lohr lives in Austin, Texas, and *Disgruntled Housewife* (disgruntledhousewife.com) is her take on “modern living and intersex relationships.” There's some fine, funny, sexy writing to be found here, including a journal of her day-to-day activities, her refreshing perspective on the Clinton-Lewinsky scandal (“Shouldn't we be proud that the president can get a blow job and carry on legislative banter at the same time?”) and an essay on the fine art of looking slutty. My favorite section is the Secret Confessions page, where you can read (and post your own) never-before-revealed secrets (sample: “I once had phone sex with a total stranger. Then he wouldn't stop calling my house. I had the number changed before my husband could find out.”).

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PIGSKIN PREVIEW

(continued from page 138)

FSU must all visit the Swamp this season, but the untested defense may have trouble even on its home turf. 8-3

(10) GEORGIA

In the three years since he arrived in Athens, coach Jim Donnan has reestablished the Bulldogs as a national football power. Georgia won 19 games in the past two seasons, including two bowl games, and all three of Donnan's recruiting classes have been filled with blue-chip talent. After playing two seasons of professional baseball, Quincy Carter assumed Georgia's quarterback spot last year and became an instant star. He threw for 2484 yards and 12 touchdowns and was selected as the SEC's freshman of the year. Donnan expects one of several running back candidates to step forward and describes his receiving corps of Michael Greer, Terrence Edwards and Reggie Brown as exceptional. Kevin Ramsey, who takes over as defensive coordinator, will sprinkle freshman talent into an experienced and already solid defense. 8-3

(11) AIR FORCE

Preseason prognosticators underrate the Falcons every year. After all, Air Force can't attract the biggest and best high school football players because those guys want to play in the NFL, not fly jets over Kosovo or Iraq. But coach Fisher DeBerry doesn't seem to recog-

nize his limitations. He teaches the fundamentals of football as well as anybody. He draws up a mean option offense. He motivates young men who want to be motivated. The result: a 120-64-1 career record. And last season all that stood between Air Force and an undefeated season was a one-point loss to TCU. Blane Morgan, the winningest quarterback in Falcon history, graduated, but Cale Bonds is a capable replacement. The offensive line returns nearly intact and receiver Matt Farmer is so good that DeBerry may add a few more pass plays to the offense. On defense, only Ohio State has allowed opponents fewer points per game over the past two years. 10-1

(12) WISCONSIN

Last year was a good one for Wisconsin and coach Barry Alvarez. First, the Badgers muscled their way to an 11-1 season that included a share of the Big Ten championship and an upset victory over UCLA in the Rose Bowl. Then, there was the surprising decision of running back Ron Dayne to stick around Madison for his final year of college eligibility. That move enabled Dayne to be only the second player to make the Playboy All-America team three times (Tony Boselli of USC is the other). So, despite the graduation of quarterback Mike Samuel, big Aaron Gibson and defensive end Tom Burke, the Badgers should once again give Big Ten perennial front-runners Ohio State and Michigan plenty of competition. In addition, favorite-come-lately Penn State isn't on

the Badgers' schedule this year. Senior Scott Kavanagh and redshirt freshman Brooks Bollinger will battle it out for Samuel's QB spot. Chris McIntosh, who has started 38 consecutive games at left tackle, may be as good as Gibson. Freshman defensive back Jamar Fletcher returned three interceptions for TDs, a Big Ten record. Punter Kevin Stemke (44-yard average) consistently gives the Badgers good field position. 8-3

(13) COLORADO

For the past few seasons, Northwestern's Gary Barnett seemed a candidate for every available major college head coaching job—UCLA, Georgia, Notre Dame, Texas. The Chicago press even had him taking over the Bears. Clearly, Barnett wanted out of Evanston, but nothing panned out until Rick Neuheisel unexpectedly bolted Colorado for the Washington Huskies. Barnett, who had been an assistant at Boulder under former Buffalo coach Bill McCartney, was a perfect fit. Neuheisel left Barnett a full cupboard. Senior quarterback Mike Moschetti is backed up by promising underclassmen, most notably redshirt freshman Taylor Barton. The offensive line, led by Playboy All-America Ryan Johannigmeier, is somewhere between good and great. Barnett will choose a starting running back from among several talented contenders. The defense is young, but there are stars in the making, particularly at the corners with Ben Kelly and Damen Wheeler. 8-3

(14) TEXAS A&M

The wins just keep coming for coach R.C. Slocum and the Aggies. Slocum has 94 victories in ten seasons and didn't hurt his average last year when A&M finished 11-3 (including that upset victory over Kansas State in the Big 12 championship game). With senior quarterback Randy McCown and seven other starters returning on offense, the Aggies should put up plenty of points. The defense will be outstanding as well, though the hole left by graduated linebacker Dat Nguyen will be difficult to fill. Slocum predicts Roylin Bradley will be the Aggies' next great linebacker. 8-3

(15) VIRGINIA TECH

Frank Beamer has the Hokies on such a winning track that even in a supposed rebuilding year, Tech had nine wins, including a 38-7 drubbing of Alabama in Nashville's Music City Bowl. With eight starters (including senior end Corey Moore) returning from a defensive unit that finished fourth in the nation in scoring defense, the usually tight-lipped coach Beamer admits, "I like our possibilities." The difference between a good and a great season for the Hokies falls on the shoulders of redshirt freshman quarterback Michael Vick, who is long on potential but short on experience. A solid



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RECEIVERS: Travis Taylor (Florida), Sherrod Gideon (Southern Mississippi), Quinton Spotwood (Syracuse), Dennis Northcutt (Arizona), Troy Walters (Stanford), Kwame Cavil (Texas), Ibn Green (Louisville), Wendell Montgomery (Wyoming), Daniel Franks (Miami), Dez White (Georgia Tech).

OFFENSIVE LINEMEN: Chris McIntosh (Wisconsin), Richard Mercier (Miami), Jason Whitaker (Florida State), Cozey Coleman (Tennessee), Jonathan Gray, Curtis Lowery (Texas Tech), Todd Wade (Mississippi), Travis Claridge (USC), Noel LaMontagne (Virginia), Mike McLaughlin (Stanford), Chris Samoels (Alabama).

DEFENSIVE LINEMEN: Corey Simon, Jerry Johnson (Florida State), Adalins Thomas (Southern Mississippi), Courtney Brown (Penn State), Corey Moore (Virginia Tech), Darren Howard (Kansas State), Shawn Thomas (Air Force), Darwin Walker (Tennessee), Justin Smith (Missouri), Brian Young (UTEP), Leonardo Carson (Auburn), Fred Jones (Colorado), Kabeer Gbaja-Bi-amilia (San Diego State).

LINEBACKERS: Brandon Short (Penn State), Marcus Bell, DaShon Polk (Arizona), Mark Simonean (Kansas State), Dan Morgan (Miami), Jeff Kerr (East Carolina), Kautai Olevao (Utah), Jeff Snedegar (Kentucky), Jason Simonton (SMU), Matt Beck (California), Keith Bulluck (Syracuse), Rick Crowell (Colorado State).

DEFENSIVE BACKS: Arturo Freeman (South Carolina), Mike Brown (Nebraska), Tay Cody, Mario Edwards (Florida State), David Macklin (Penn State), Brian Urlacher (New Mexico), Damen Wheeler (Colorado), Hank Poteat (Pittsburgh), Mark Roman (LSU), Al Rich (Wyoming), Lamont Thompson (Washington State).

KICK RETURNERS: David Allen (Kansas State), J.R. Redmond (Arizona State), Ben Kelly (Colorado), John Norman (Texas Tech), Joe Jarzynka (Washington).

PLACEKICKERS: Ryan White (Memphis), Sims Lenhardt (Duke), Shayne Graham (Virginia Tech), Nate Tront (Syracuse), Ricky Bishop (UTEP), Brad Bohn (Utah State), Brian Kopka (Maryland).

PUNTERS: Jeff Walker (Mississippi State), Kevin Stemke (Wisconsin), Dave Zastudil (Ohio), Donnie Scott (Virginia).

offensive line, talented position players (such as tailback Shyrone Stith and receiver Ricky Hall) and a soft early schedule should give Vick a chance to get his game legs before an October 16 showdown with Big East rival Syracuse. 8-3

(16) KANSAS STATE

All the planets were aligned for a Kansas State national championship last season, and the Wildcats were plowing through the opposition—including nemesis Nebraska—with a vengeance. And if the Big 12 were still the Big Eight, Kansas State would have gone to the Fiesta Bowl with a good chance of winning it all. But there's a Big 12 conference championship game these days, and Kansas State watched its dream of a national title bounce away in it. The overtime loss to Texas A&M cost the Wildcats not only a shot at the national title but a spot in the Bowl Championship Series as well. The dumbfounded Wildcats could not recover, subsequently losing the Alamo Bowl game to Purdue 37-34. Time, however, heals, and coach Bill Snyder has a sneaky, good team again this season, despite the loss of quarterback Michael Bishop and seven other offensive starters. The defense will be better than last year's, with linebacker Mark Simoneau and safety Jarrod Cooper leading the way. Junior Jonathan Beasley will take the snaps, receiver Aaron Lockett can fly, and punt returner David Allen is a threat to score every time he touches the ball. 8-3

(17) ARKANSAS

First-year coach Houston Nutt wasted no time last season turning around a program that had finished with only four wins in three of the previous four years. With quarterback Clint Stoerner and running back Chryz Chukwuma leading the way, the Razorbacks charged to an 8-0 record and were headed to an upset over eventual national champ Tennessee when a late fumble brought the victory streak to an end (28-24). Even with subsequent losses in two of its last three games, Arkansas finished 9-3—good enough to tie for first place in the SEC Western Division. Now Nutt has to prove he has a second act. Returning are Stoerner, Chukwuma and outstanding receiver Anthony Lucas, but most of the offensive line will have to be replaced. Arkansas' defense is strongest in the secondary, anchored by safety Kenoy Kennedy and corner David Barrett. It'll be a dog fight this season in the SEC West, and Arkansas should be in the thick of it. 8-3

(18) ALABAMA

With back-to-back recruiting classes ranked in the nation's top 20, coach Mike DuBose may finally have the Crimson Tide nearer the talent level that usually characterizes this perennial power.

But while those young recruits mature, running back Shaun Alexander will continue to carry the mail. Alexander has a good chance to finish the season as Alabama's all-time rushing leader. Red-shirt freshman Tyler Watts will battle last year's starting quarterback Andrew Zow for the spot behind center. Alabama's offensive line, led by Chris Samoels, is tough and talented. Kenny Smith and Kindal Moorehead should give the Tide a strong pass rush from the outside, but the linebacking corps is suspect. 8-3

(19) NOTRE DAME

Last season was Jarious Jackson's year to shine. When the two-year understudy for Ron Powlus finally got his chance to step in at quarterback, he made the most of it, leading Notre Dame to an unexpected nine victories in its first ten games. But the luck of the Irish ran out in game ten, against LSU, when Jackson sprained his knee while taking an intentional safety in the final seconds. Despite the best efforts of Notre Dame career rushing leader Autry Denson, Notre Dame's offense stumbled in season-ending losses to USC and Georgia Tech. Tony Driver will replace Denson this season, but Jackson returns. A young offensive line will need to mature quickly. The defense has potential if it can fill spots at inside linebacker and get a better pass rush from its front four. Twelve regular-season games give the Irish an outside shot at another nine-win season. 8-4

(20) MIAMI

The dominant football team of the Eighties, the Hurricanes crashed and burned after a series of NCAA infractions left the program short on scholarships and integrity. Enter new coach Butch Davis. His first mission: clean house and restore reputation. Mission accomplished. Second job: Put Miami back on top in football. Entering his fifth season, Davis has the Hurricanes on the way. The Canes return 17 starters from a 9-3 season that included an upset victory over unbeaten UCLA and a Micron PC Bowl win over North Carolina State. Strong-armed sophomore quarterback Kenny Kelly can run and pass. Offensive guard Richard Mercier will play on Sundays next year. James Jackson and Najeh Davenport will fill in for running back Edgerrin James, who left for the NFL with a year of eligibility remaining. While the new backfield settles in, the defense will keep games close. Defensive backs Edward Reed and Michael Rumph were both named Freshman All-Americans after their debut seasons. 8-4

(21) TEXAS

Mack Brown knows how to coach. He turned North Carolina from a loser to a national power. Last year Brown took over a Texas team that had finished 4-7 in 1997 and transformed it into a 9-3

Cotton Bowl champ. He had already landed what many considered to be the top recruiting class in the nation in the off-season when *USA Today* Offensive Player of the Year Chris Simms chose the Longhorns over Tennessee. Not that life for Brown will be without challenges. The Texas offense must replace record-setting running back Ricky Williams, who accounted for more than 94 percent of the Longhorns' ground game. UT's single season receiving leader, Wane McGarity, has also graduated. The burden of offense will shift to quarterback Major Applewhite, protected by a young offensive line led by Playboy All-America Roger Roesler. The Texas defense, which improved dramatically last season, will be even better this year. 8-3

(22) TEXAS TECH

Now that the other Ricky Williams—the one who played for Texas, won the Heisman and broke Tony Dorsett's NCAA rushing record—has left the college scene, the Red Raiders' Ricky Williams has a chance to grab a few headlines of his own. Tech's Ricky is a little smaller than the dreadlocked version and not quite as powerful, but he's every bit as elusive and perhaps a half step quicker. But Texas Tech, which has appeared in a bowl game five of the past six seasons, has more going for it than one super running back. Quarterback Rob Peters, who played through a broken thumb and shoulder sprain last year, should be 100 percent. There are big bodies up front on offense, none bigger than 357-pound tackle Jonathan "the House" Gray. Coach Spike Dykes refers to his defense as the Swarm, and his undersized but aggressive linebackers and d-backs do exactly that. 8-3

(23) USC

Last year it was USC's defense that carried the Trojans to an 8-5 winning season. With Butkus Award-winning linebacker Chris Claiborne and speedy cornerback Daylon McCutcheon now in the pros, the burden will shift to the offense. Second-year coach Paul Hackett thinks the Trojan offense is up to the task. He's high on sophomore quarterback Carson Palmer, who started the final five games of last season—only the second time USC has started a true freshman behind center. Playboy All-America R. Jay Soward is a threat to score every time he catches the ball, as either a wide receiver or a kick returner. The best player on the Trojan defense is tackle Ennis Davis, an all-conference pick in his sophomore year last season. 8-4

(24) MISSISSIPPI STATE

If coach Jackie Sherrill's Mississippi State Bulldogs are to repeat as Western Division champs of the SEC, it's the defense that will have to get the job done.

ANSON MOUNT SCHOLAR/ATHLETE AWARD

The Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award recognizes achievement in the classroom as well as excellence on the playing field. Nominated by their colleges, candidates are judged by the editors of *PLAYBOY* on their collegiate scholastic and athletic accomplishments. The winner attends *PLAYBOY*'s pre-season All-America Weekend, is given a commemorative medallion and is included in our All-America team photograph. In addition, *PLAYBOY* contributes \$5000 to the general scholarship fund of the winner's school.

This year's Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete is Chad Pennington from Marshall University. An outstanding quarterback for the Thundering Herd, Chad already owns school records for most passing yards (10,323) and touchdown passes (85). He led his team to its first ever bowl victory at the end of last season, a 48-29 win over Louisville in the Motor City Bowl. Academically, Chad is a first-team GTE All-American and winner of the Mid-American Conference Commissioner's Award. His college major is journalism and his overall GPA is 3.77 on a scale of 4.00.

Honorable mention: Brian Shaw (Nebraska), Keith Cockrum (Texas Tech), Mark Baniewicz (Syracuse), Robert Thein (Iowa), Jason Purvis (New Mexico), Josh Whitman (Illinois), Josh Tucker (Tennessee), Rob Renes (Michigan), Brian Russell (San Diego State), Greg Erb (Kansas), Chad Morton (USC), Shane Cook (Colorado), Drew Brees (Purdue), Jay Stoner (Wyoming), Brice Libel (Kansas State), Cale Bonds (Air Force), Chris Ghidorzi (Wisconsin), Troy Walters (Stanford), Steve Gleason (Washington State).

MSU has seven starters returning, and defensive coordinator Joe Lee Dunn thinks he has some redshirt freshman and junior college transfers to strengthen the mix. Only two starters return on offense, but one is sophomore Wayne Madkin, who threw for 1532 yards and 11 touchdowns after taking over as quarterback during the fourth week of last season. The other returning offensive starter is the formidable lineman Floyd "Pork Chop" Womack, who weighs in at 336 pounds. 7-4

There have been only two losing seasons (1982 and 1986) at Virginia since George Welsh took over the head coaching job 17 years ago. That number isn't likely to grow any time soon as the Cavaliers return 13 starters from last year's nine-win season. Welsh has signed another strong recruiting class but will have to replace two-year starting quarterback Aaron Brooks. Junior Dan Ellis appears to be the choice. Senior running back Thomas Jones will keep some of the pressure off until Ellis settles in. Virginia has both the potential and enough experience to be a good defensive team, even though there isn't a big-impact player like Anthony Poindexter, lost last season to injury and now to the NFL. 7-4

(26) UCLA

Bruins coach Bob Toledo knows he has one of the best receivers in the nation in Playboy All-America Danny Farmer. Now all he has to do is find someone to throw Farmer the football. Last season quarterback Cade McNown was the heart of UCLA's offense—so much so that backup Drew Bennett threw only five passes all year. Toledo will keep the pressure off whoever is behind center this year by stressing the run early in the year. Returning tailbacks DeShaun Foster, Keith Brown and Jermaine Lewis give the Bruins plenty of depth at that position. However, UCLA's defense, which allowed opponents an average of four touchdowns per game last season, will have to show significant improvement if the Bruins are to challenge for another Pac Ten title. 7-4

(27) ARIZONA STATE

Coming off 20 wins over two seasons and a close brush with a national championship, coach Bruce Snyder had every reason to believe last year's Sun Devils would again challenge for the Pac Ten title and perhaps the national championship. But ASU stumbled out of the gate in its season opener against Washington, couldn't find its confidence or chemistry and limped in at a disappointing 5-6. Fifteen starters are back from that team and they're determined to erase the memories of frustration. Best of the Sun Devils is J.R. Redmond, an explosive runner and return man good enough to get early Heisman hype. Quarterback Ryan Kealy is fully recovered from two knee surgeries and has a talented group of receivers. ASU's success, however, will be in the hands of a defense that needs to improve over last year's lackluster performance. 7-4

(28) NORTH CAROLINA STATE

Trying to predict what will happen in a college football season will put gray hair on the heads of prognosticators and coaches alike. Consider the case of the Wolfpack last season. Mike O'Cain told 145

PLAYBOY'S CONFERENCE PREDICTIONS

ACC	
Florida State	11-0
Georgia Tech	10-1
Virginia	7-4
North Carolina State	7-4
North Carolina	7-4
Clemson	4-7
Wake Forest	4-7
Maryland	3-8
Duke	3-8

BIG EAST	
Virginia Tech	8-3
Miami	8-4
Syracuse	7-4
Rutgers	7-4
West Virginia	6-5
Boston College	5-6
Pittsburgh	3-8
Temple	2-9

BIG TEN	
Penn State	11-1
Ohio State	10-2
Michigan	8-3
Wisconsin	8-3
Minnesota	7-4
Indiana	6-5
Purdue	6-5
Michigan State	5-6
Illinois	5-6
Northwestern	3-8
Iowa	3-8

BIG TWELVE	
NORTH DIVISION	
Nebraska	9-2
Colorado	8-3
Kansas State	8-3
Missouri	7-4
Kansas	5-7
Iowa State	3-8
SOUTH DIVISION	
Texas A&M	8-3
Texas	8-3
Texas Tech	8-3
Oklahoma State	6-5

Oklahoma	5-6
Baylor	3-8

BIG WEST	
Idaho	7-4
Boise State	6-6
Nevada	5-6
Utah State	4-7
New Mexico State	4-7
North Texas	2-9

CONFERENCE USA	
Southern Mississippi	8-3
Tulane	8-3
Louisville	7-4
East Carolina	6-5
Cincinnati	4-7
Army	3-8
Houston	3-8
Memphis	2-9

INDEPENDENTS	
Notre Dame	8-4
Louisiana Tech	7-4
NE Louisiana	6-5
Central Florida	5-6
Navy	4-8
Alabama-Birmingham	3-8
Arkansas State	3-8
SW Louisiana	2-9

MID-AMERICAN	
EAST DIVISION	
Miami	9-2
Marshall	9-2
Akron	6-5
Bowling Green State	5-6
Ohio	4-7
Kent State	2-9
WEST DIVISION	
Toledo	7-4
Western Michigan	6-5
Central Michigan	5-6
Northern Illinois	4-7
Eastern Michigan	3-8
Ball State	2-9

MOUNTAIN WEST	
Air Force	10-1
Colorado State	7-4
BYU	7-4
Utah	7-4
Wyoming	7-4
San Diego State	6-5
UNLV	5-6
New Mexico	4-7

PAC TEN	
Arizona	11-1
USC	8-4
UCLA	7-4
Arizona State	7-4
Oregon	6-5
Washington	5-6
Oregon State	4-7
Washington State	4-8
Stanford	3-8
California	3-8

SEC	
EAST DIVISION	
Tennessee	10-1
Florida	8-3
Georgia	8-3
Kentucky	6-5
South Carolina	3-8
Vanderbilt	3-8

WEST DIVISION	
Arkansas	8-3
Alabama	8-3
Mississippi State	7-4
Mississippi	6-5
Louisiana State	6-5
Auburn	4-7

WAC	
Rice	7-4
TCU	6-5
Tulsa	6-5
San Jose State	5-6
Fresno State	5-7
SMU	4-7
UTEP	4-8
Hawaii	3-9

his charges they could upset vaunted national power Florida State, and they did (24-7). Two weeks later NC State pulled off a second major upset by knocking off Syracuse 38-17. The problem was that in between those two sterling outings, the Wolfpack lost to lowly Baylor, a team that managed to win only one other game all year. Now coach O'Cain's offense will have to adjust to the graduation of receiver Torry Holt, the speedy wide receiver who set so many school records they retired his jersey number (81) at the end of last season. Three-year starting quarterback Jamie Barnette will return for his senior season. O'Cain calls him "as fine as any player in the history of NC State when it comes to throwing the football." Chris Coleman will be on the receiving end of many of Barnette's passes this year. Rahshon Spikes and Ray Robinson, who totaled over 1200 yards rushing last season, give the Wolfpack a one-two punch out of the backfield. 7-4

(29) COLORADO STATE

Coach Sonny Lubick has some considerable holes to fill with the departure of quarterback Ryan Eslinger (who threw for more than 2300 yards last year) and All-America offensive lineman Anthony Cesario. Still, Lubick is optimistic about this season, saying that CSU "will be better than most people think." Junior Matt Newton and redshirt freshman Steve Cutlip will battle for the QB spot. Fullback Kevin McDougal and wide receiver Dallas Davis will play important roles in the Rams' offense. Linebacker Rick Crowell should lead the defensive side. Colorado State is a charter member of the new Mountain West Conference, which includes former WAC powers BYU, Air Force and Utah. 7-4

(30) MISSOURI

Larry Smith has definitely raised the talent level in his five-year tenure as coach at Missouri. But he faces a major obstacle this season if the Tigers are to continue their move from also-ran to contender in the Big 12. He has to replace graduated quarterback Corby Jones, who was the Tigers' team leader the past three seasons. There were four candidates battling for the job this spring, including junior Ryan Douglass, the son of former Chicago Bears quarterback Bobby. While Smith still hasn't decided on a starter, Kirk Farmer or Jim Dougherty will probably win the job. Playboy All-America center Rob Riti anchors a young offensive line. Missouri has some outstanding talent on the defensive side. Nose tackle Jeff Marriott was the defensive MVP of last season's Insight.com Bowl victory over West Virginia, and end Justin Smith was named a Freshman All-America. 7-4

(For additional coverage of the 1999 season, see playboy.com/collegefootball.)

Going Loco

(continued from page 68)

an underage student commits any substance violation, on or off campus. "The crazy policies just make students party in secret ways," Harvey observed. "They're moving the social scene off campus, which is bad because it leads to drunk driving."

Hypocrisy is never far behind when adult authorities try to dictate the morals of college students. Two recent episodes at Yale come to mind. In one case, a residential college master responsible for counseling students was indicted on charges involving child pornography. At almost the same time Yale canceled the classes of a lecturer and thesis advisor when he became a suspect in the murder of one of his students.

Besides, it doesn't seem like all these alcohol-free zones, chaperones and scavenger hunts stand much chance against the timeless power of teenage hormones and hedonism. Students will sneak out and do their tequila shots in dorm rooms upstairs, or they will go into the bathroom and do cocaine, or they will drink beer in the hallway. There have always been ways to slip by surveillance if you really wanted to. Think of Prohibition: the flourishing speakeasies, the barrels of bootleg alcohol, the Mob-controlled cops. Obviously, Prohibition didn't get people to stop drinking; it just made drinking more glamorous.

Why are these changes taking place? Certainly, there are practical reasons. Academic institutions fear legal liability arising from alcohol-related incidents both on and off campus. Several highly publicized deaths from alcohol poisoning made those legal considerations all the more compelling. But commonsense responses to these circumstances don't explain scavenger hunts. It was also the new conservative attitudes that permitted the book *A Return to Modesty* by 23-year-old Williams graduate Wendy Shalit to get the attention it did. An ardent advocate of virginity until marriage, Shalit writes, "I have secretly hoped, when someone has kissed me in public, that a police officer would interfere." This is the idea of protection and structure gone crazy. Her fantasy gives new meaning to the words police state.

But Shalit is hardly alone in her extremism. Other young people also want to have adult authority in their lives. Earlier this year an editorial in *The Harvard Crimson* complained that the university "does its students a serious disservice" in not fostering "romantic relationships" among students. The *Crimson* staff said that "close to 40 percent of our classmates have never had a romantic relationship that lasted longer than a week while at Harvard."

The dean, Harry Lewis, took the com-

plaint seriously enough to address the issue a short time later in the *Crimson*. "During college, students learn to take responsibility for their own actions, to make choices and to live with the consequences," Lewis wrote. "Most troubling is the concept that it is the institution's responsibility to see that every student—every single one—feel a certain way."

It seems bizarre that he should even have to write that. But what is the administration supposed to do? How are adults supposed to stop those brief relationships and get the students to focus on monogamy and true love? Of course universities should not involve themselves in students' romantic lives. Lewis' comments are a refreshing antidote to the "in loco" mania.

What are all these students and administrators so afraid of? So you make mistakes. You do things you wouldn't have done if you hadn't had five plastic cups of cheap wine. But maybe you gained some kind of understanding from your mistakes. Maybe sometimes William Blake is right: The road of ex-

cess does lead to the palace of wisdom. Some of the experiences you contemplate through the haze of a hangover, your hair still smelling like cigarette smoke as you swallow two Advils with your coffee, do give some sort of wisdom, if only in making you think, *I'll never do that again*. You can recall the time you slept with your best friend, or your best friend's girlfriend, or your girlfriend's roommate, and not feel like you have to do it later in life when you are married and have three kids. Who knows?

If college is supposed to prepare students for the real world, the creation of artificial spaces, curfews, chaperones, alcohol-free zones and scavenger hunts does not necessarily do them a service. By sheltering and coddling and treating them like children and creating a world unlike the real world they are going to encounter, schools only make it harder for students to explore the freedoms and terrors, the misspent nights and elated moments, the regrets and thrills, the independence and loneliness that are adult life.



"Wait! The Monica movie title—I've got it!
'With a Thong in My Heart!'"

The Date

(continued from page 88)

"Don't you think you're being a little selfish?" I asked Ben. I wanted to mess the night along so that it could end and I could get paid. "After all," I continued, "Clarise has a right to some attention too."

Ben looked at me with contempt. His hands were trembling, palms up. He searched for the right words to express what he was feeling—it seemed his only option other than throttling me. I stared at him. "Don't you have eyes?" He pointed at the girls. Patsy seemed annoyed, Clarise mustered a weak smile. I looked at them: two arms, two legs, two breasts, four eyes, four ears, two mouths, two noses and a nice black evening dress. I looked back at Ben, confused.

"They only got one pussy!" he yelled in a rage. "You can't fuck Clarise without fucking Patsy too, you somabitch." The girls' eyes anchored the floor. It finally dawned on me. Throughout life they had to share every moment together, even the intimate ones we monoheaded folk take for granted.

Patsy spoke to Ben gently. "Be fair, Ben. Clarise and I have tried to arrange things to make our lives bearable," she explained to him. "Otherwise, how could we function? What everyone else in the world takes for granted are hurdles for us. Even something as simple as going to the corner to buy a quart of milk re-

quires the other's permission. You knew that, Ben. She doesn't enjoy sex with you. She does it for my sake. I wish she could appreciate you for the brilliant artist that you are. Then maybe we could share your love. But we're different people and we like different things. She needs a chance to live her life too."

Ben took her words with a grain of salt. "But who ever heard of a time-share vagina?" he cried.

Time-share vaginas are said to be quite popular in France, but I kept this tidbit to myself. I didn't want to break the moment. Patsy seemed to be getting through to him. To my horror I realized it would now be much harder, if not impossible, to get out of sleeping with Clarise/Patsy. After this brouhaha and my history with the previous client, I'd have to be Truman Capote to come up with a story to get me out of this mess. I was not particularly thrilled about traveling somewhere Ben had been, either.

I excused myself to go to the bathroom. I hoped a few moments alone would produce some resolution to the situation. I put the seat down and sat on it with no particular purpose (or newspaper) in hand. The intermission lent itself to some esoteric reflections about the state of my life. As I sat there, staring at myself in the mirror, I came to the conclusion that as a person I was about as deep as a puddle of water. My ethics and scruples were in a constant state of flux and my morality was questionable. I was

the prisoner of my greed, the victim of my desire to make an easy buck. Upon this revelation I smiled—I was going to make a terrific lawyer. Whatever nature excluded from my spirit I could subsidize with material wealth.

And then I heard the front door close. Clarise/Patsy were alone in the living room smoking a cigarette, drinking a scotch. Ben was gone.

"Is everything OK?" I asked.

"No," said Patsy. "But it'll do for now. Did everything come out all right?"

I had been in there for quite a while. "I thought it'd be better if I weren't in the room."

"I'll bet."

"Should we sit down?" Clarise asked.

"Let's go out," I said. "Let's get this evening started."

"After all, he's on the clock, you know," Patsy muttered.

"Excuse me, but do you have a problem, Patsy?" I knew that if I didn't address Patsy's attitude now I would be the butt of her jibes all night.

"I do have a problem, Norman. What are your intentions?" Clarise got a worried look in her eye.

"My intentions? What do you mean?" I asked, as if I didn't know.

"Cut the bullshit, Norm."

"Patsy, please!" Clarise cried.

"Look, my sister's great at options and mergers, but she's a spaz when it comes to matters of the heart. You have probably spent half the evening trying to

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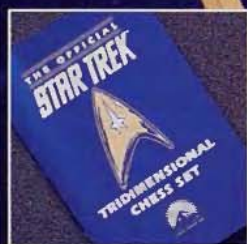
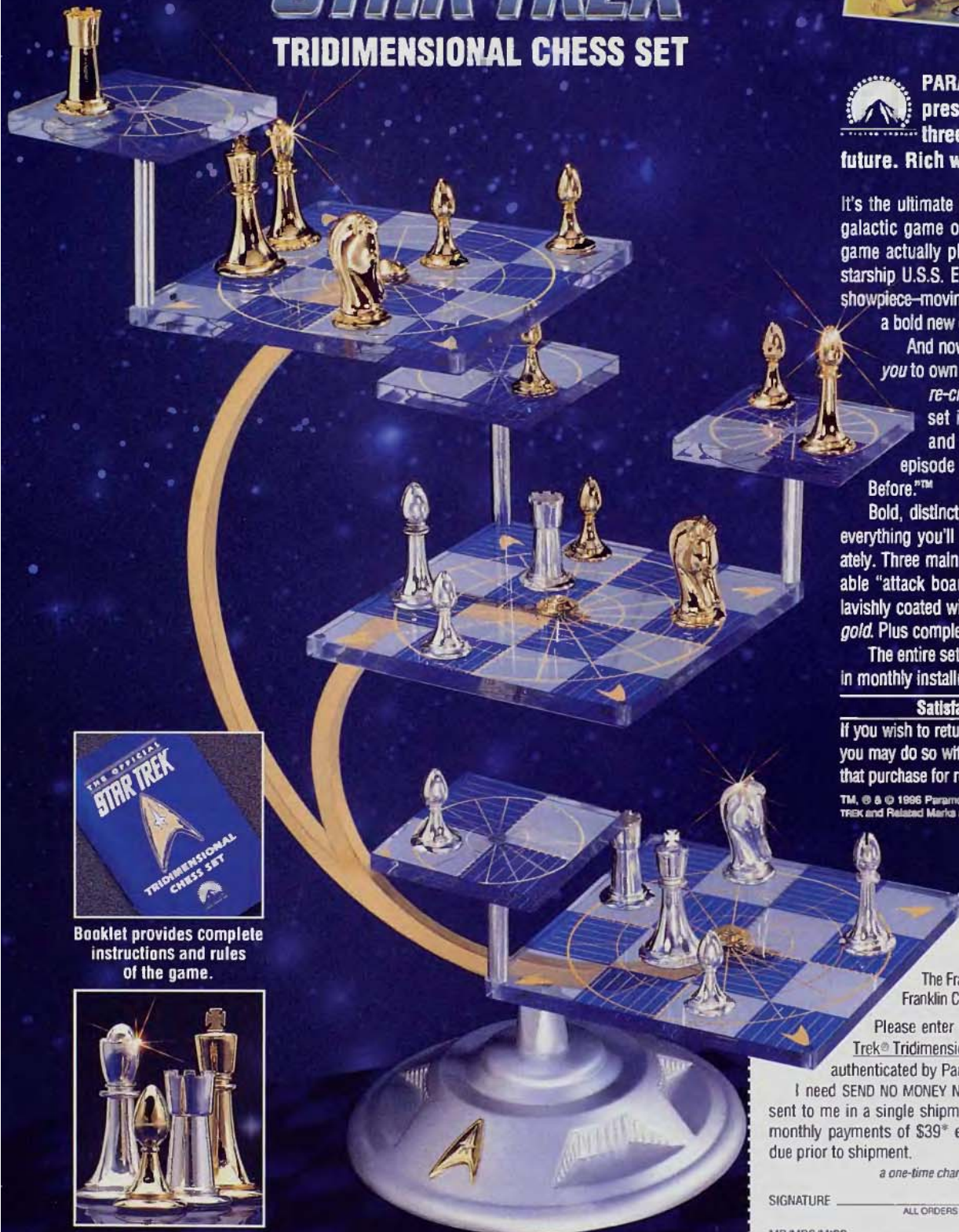
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THE ULTIMATE CHALLENGE!

figure how to get out of this assignment." She paused as she blew smoke out of her nostrils, giving the impression of someone who was prepared to fight. "Well, the check won't bounce and she deserves to get her money's worth, so let's forget the crap about going out. She wants to fuck some GQ-looking stud. She wants someone who's not Ben. So what's it going to be, rent-a-stud? Isn't this what they teach you in law school? How to fuck your fellow man for profit?" Patsy took another drag on her cigarette and blew the smoke out meticulously. The moment dragged on as I tried to decide what I was going to do. "Do you play or do we demand a refund?" she added.

That was it in a nutshell. Normally, I didn't have to sleep with the client if I didn't want to, but these two could cause problems for the agency that might lead

to my dismissal. They probably kept that lawyer from the chewing gum case on retainer. As Patsy stared me down, I realized she had the qualities of a good lawyer herself, something that surprised me coming from an arty type.

"Fine," I said evenly. "It's been a while since I've been in a threesome. You understand we accept tips—in cash, of course. No reason to alert Uncle Sam about revenue that I need more than he does." The girls smiled.

"I'm a two-headed bitch, not a communist," Patsy confirmed. The girls went to their purse and pulled out five Ben Franklins. "Five now, five later if you actually manage to ring our bell. Consider it an incentive." Generous, I thought. This would be the most I had ever made in a single night. And, despite Ben, I had the impression that Patsy didn't mind

the situation as much as she pretended to. I chugged down the rest of my drink.

Their bedroom was huge. In the center was a king-size canopy bed made up in satin sheets. French doors led to a balcony overlooking the park. The moonlight coming through the glass made a checkered pattern of light on the bed. I took them by the hand and started to kiss Clarise. She had a pleasant minty taste. We were quickly out of our clothes and rolling around in the bed. I began to suckle her breast when I felt Clarise's hand on my cheek, trying to pull me away from it.

"No, sweetie—my breast, here." I realized that I had Patsy's breast. These girls were wired to separate sides of their body, whereas I instinctively go for the bigger one first. Patsy has a bigger tit than her sister, I thought to myself, remembering my own sisters' boob rivalries. As I swung to Clarise's side I caught Patsy's eye. She wore a sly smile.

I licked my way down to where only a single woman existed. With a thousand bucks on the line I was going to ring their bell, and to hell with where Ben had been already. As I touched their button with my tongue both girls groaned generously, knotting the bedsheets in their hands. I took my time and was rewarded with a heavily glazed chin for my efforts. Finally I plunged in, taking care to remember whose neck to nibble on as I thrust my way to a big payday. And yet the whole time something was bothering me. There I was, having sex, nibbling on her neck, trying to figure out why something felt wrong other than the fact that it was sex for money or that my partner had two heads.

They wrapped their legs around mine and stroked my back and neck as I thrust myself into them. Patsy stroked my head, running her long fingers through my hair. Clarise grabbed my right butt cheek and squeezed tight, pulling me into her. As I continued to pound my way to freedom and wealth I turned to the left to find myself locking stares with Patsy. And then it hit me like a revelation. Gazing into her eyes, seeing her grimace, watching her bite her lip with pleasure, I realized I liked Patsy. I mean, I liked Patsy a lot. Her attitude and her fire were much more appealing than Clarise's were. Patsy could take charge and stand up for herself. Her cynical nature, her biting wit—these were the things in a woman that turned me on. And wasn't she flirting with me—flirting silently with her eyes right there next to her sister? For a moment, I was sure she'd be willing to trade Ben in for another type of bad boy. The notion amused me, and I pondered it as I continued to fuck them. I wouldn't even have to worry about whether she'd put out or not—she already had. She was rich. If she had a taste for the unscrupulous type then maybe I could be her

First Prize: \$3000
and publication in the October 2000 issue


Second Prize: \$500
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Third Prize: \$200
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CONTEST

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sinister half. I continued with Clarise, wishing I could kiss Patsy instead.

They came.

Hearing two women groan at the same moment from the same orgasm was surreal. I came soon after. As far as I was concerned I was out of there. As I started to get dressed I caught sight of them in the mirror. They lay in bed exhausted; Patsy and I gazed at each other through our reflections. She wore a devilish grin. They seemed satisfied. Maybe Ben wasn't ringing their bell. Maybe this was an ideal way for Patsy to keep Ben as a boyfriend and get some satisfaction on the side. College or not, Patsy had the better instincts and she wore the pants in this relationship. I had the feeling that manipulating Clarise had become Patsy's way of dealing with her resentment of her sister. They had an odd relationship. They never could be alone. Clarise stirred and Patsy shifted her gaze from me before her sister noticed.

"Patsy?"

"Hmm?"

"Where's the condom?"

"The condom?"

"You did give Norman a condom to put on."

"He's your fucking date. When Ben comes over, I provide the protection. When you have a date, you supply the rubber."

"When did I ever have a date? The condoms are in the drawer in the night table on your side of the bed."

"How could you be so fucking stupid!"

"I've never had a man over. Why don't you take an interest in what goes on with your own body?"

"Bitch!"

"Slut!"

I left the room. I found the purse and helped myself to the rest of my bonus. As I shut the door behind me they were still at it. Items were being flung about and shattering against the wall. What if I had knocked them up? It wasn't my problem. It wasn't as though they couldn't afford all the options.

As I entered the elevator I was greeted by an old lady taking her poodle out for a walk. I smiled in return, then noticed it was still fairly early. If I cabbied it to the Village, I could catch my fiancée coming off shift. As the elevator doors shut, I fingered the cash in my pocket, then I startled the old lady when I said, "Geez, what a way to make a living."

Second prize in this year's College Fiction Contest went to Stephen Saunders of the University of Oklahoma. Third prizes went to Christina Chiu of Columbia University, Ari Lieberman of the University of British Columbia, Matthew McIntosh of the University of Washington and Matthew J. Sullivan of the University of Idaho.



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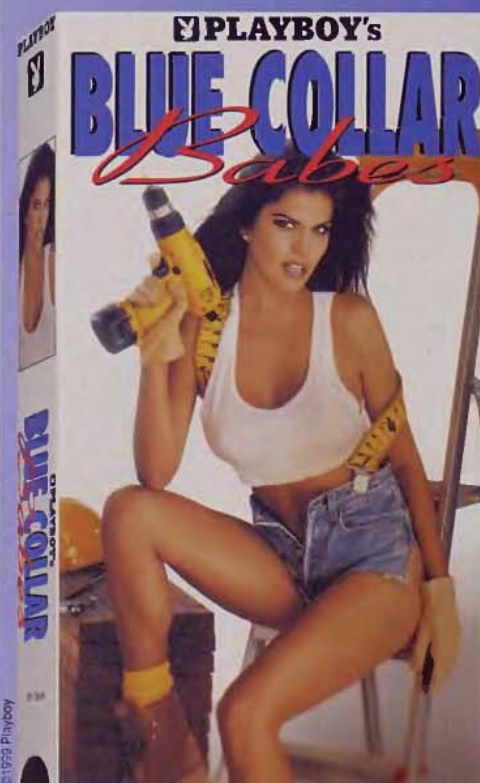
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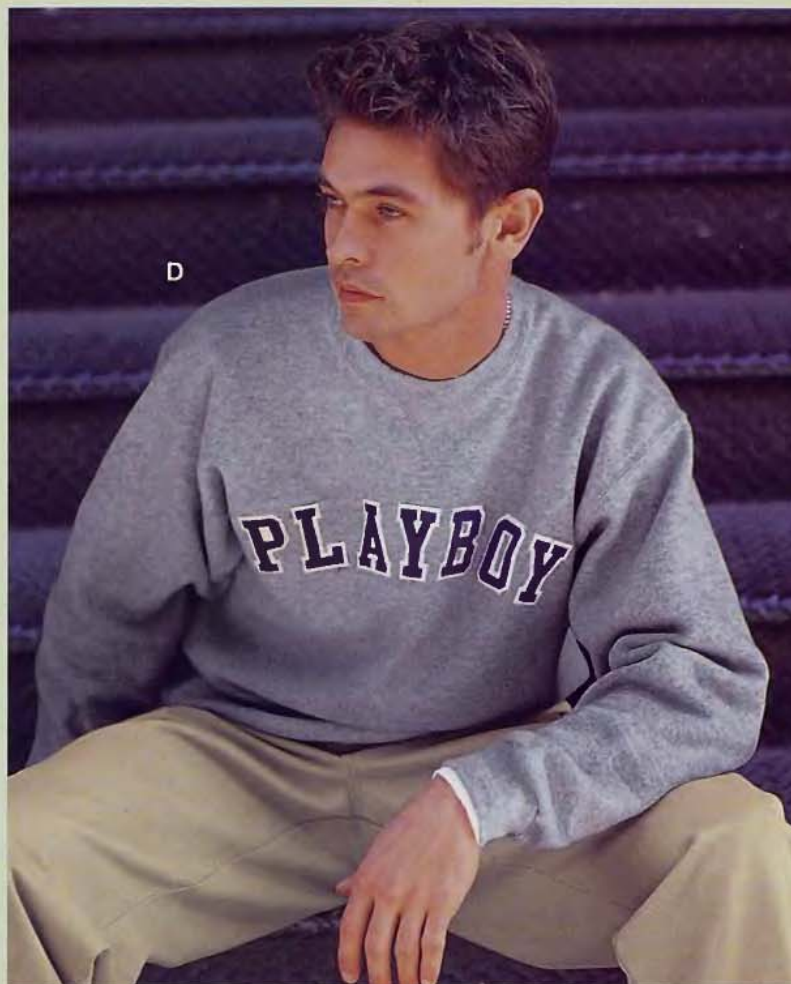
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KEVIN SPACEY

(continued from page 64)

not doing this. I'm not interested in a TV series. That's the last thing I want. But I read and I got the offer. They said we would start shooting on Monday in Vancouver. I said I wasn't interested. Steve Cannell thought I was out of my mind. The people there were thinking, Who is this pathetic no-name theater actor who dropped out of the sky saying no? But Steve convinced me. He showed me the story arc. I watched for an hour and was astounded that it wasn't about car chases but about character. I read some scripts and saw that the writing was fantastic.

PLAYBOY: Were you worried about getting stuck in television in LA?

SPACEY: There was no way. I returned to the stage for *Lost in Yonkers*.

PLAYBOY: Your first big-movie leading role was in *Consenting Adults*. Why would Alan Pakula cast a relative unknown as the lead actor?

SPACEY: When Alan asked to see me, I nervously went to his office. I was in awe. It's pretty rare to do more than one per-

fect movie in a career, and he'd done a couple, including *All the President's Men*. He was excited about me playing the role in *Consenting Adults*, knowing it would be a big struggle, because the studio wanted a big name. But he was determined. I flew to Los Angeles and did a screen test with Kevin Kline. Alan took the clip to Michael Eisner, who finally said, "You want to go with the new guy, go with the new guy."

PLAYBOY: It led to *The Usual Suspects*. Did you have a sense that it would be such a big hit?

SPACEY: It was an amazing script. I love the fact that everybody has their own interpretation of what that movie means. Even the cast had different interpretations. When it was first screened for the cast, Gabriel Byrne dragged [director] Bryan Singer outside and began arguing. He was absolutely convinced that *he* was Keyser Soze. We thought that was the funniest thing. I just put myself in Bryan's hands, trusted him. I couldn't second-guess him. I've never worked with a better ensemble cast. If everybody hadn't died in the end, this is one that would have been fun to do again.

PLAYBOY: Many people became obsessed with that movie. In fact, there still is lots of discussion about it on the web, some of it on the Kevin Spacey Adoration Page. What do you make of that type of attention?

SPACEY: Occasionally I'm made aware of some of the things out there, but mostly I'm oblivious.

PLAYBOY: On the site, there are sometimes 400 people who gather to chat about you. Is the attention gratifying or unnerving?

SPACEY: Johnny Carson described it beautifully. He'd gone to some town in Texas at the height of *The Tonight Show* in the Sixties. He arrived at an airport and there were 500 people holding signs, waiting to greet him. He got off the plane and wandered through this crowd trying to find his car, while people patted him on the back and cheered. He said, "They greeted me as if I were an old friend. I looked at them and didn't know who the fuck any of them were."

People ask what it's like to be well known. Imagine sitting on the subway and the guy across from you is staring at you. He won't stop staring. You look, maybe smile, maybe wink. But nothing helps. At least I generally know why they're staring, but it can still be unnerving. Sometimes it can be a delightful, pleasant experience. Other times it's just odd. But once again, their perceptions aren't necessarily the reality. It's fine if they discuss me, but they don't know me.

PLAYBOY: What kind of person fixates on Kevin Spacey?

SPACEY: I look at the crowds for *Iceman Cometh* and they are as diverse as you can get. I get letters from so many different kinds of people.

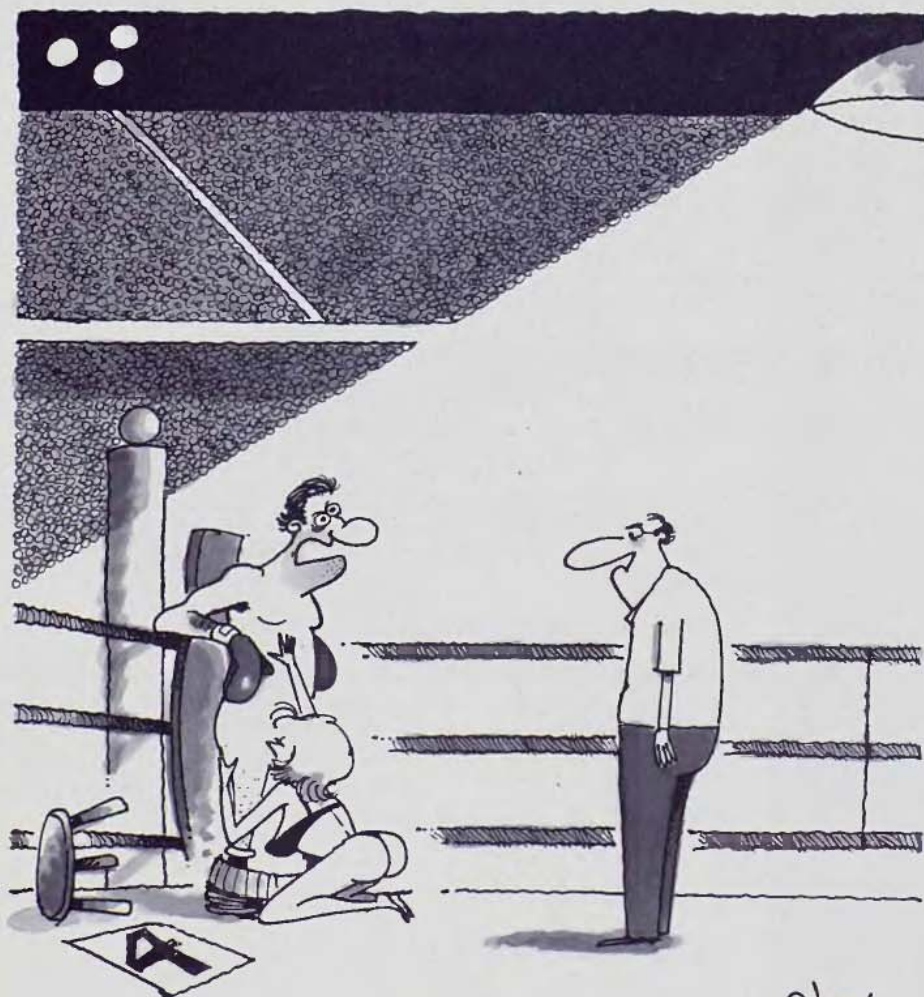
PLAYBOY: You once told Larry King, "The less an audience knows about me, the better I can do my job." Why?

SPACEY: When I see a film, it's particularly exciting when there is somebody on-screen I don't know at all. You believe they are the person they're playing. It makes for a great journey. The more well known the actor is, the more you know about him or her, and the more baggage comes with the part. That doesn't mean you can't be convinced, but it's a tougher job. Certain people spend more time talking about themselves than working. Do the work, I say. Let the work speak for itself. Look at Nicholson, Pacino, Spencer Tracy. What do we really know about De Niro? We know the movies. Those characters live on in our minds. Forever.

PLAYBOY: What do you think, then, when actors get involved in politics and social causes? You've been a strong Clinton supporter.

SPACEY: I think you have to work for things you believe in. I do things privately and publicly.

PLAYBOY: Was your support shaken by the Monica Lewinsky scandal?



"It's my break. I'll do with it what I damn well please!"

SPACEY: I know the president, and I've done a number of things for his campaigns and/or the Democratic National Committee. I like him a great deal. I've spent time with him. We did a special performance of *Ice Man* for the president and the first lady in June. He wanted to see it in London, but he was only there for a day, and sometimes the only way you can make sure the president's going to show up is if you turn it into an event and bring it to him.

PLAYBOY: What's your view on the Lewinsky scandal?

SPACEY: I've kept pretty quiet about all that. I was drawn to President Clinton because of who he is—the kind of man I believe he is, his ideas and agenda. I still feel that he is, without question, the most productive, progressive president we've ever had in this country. That's just a fact. Clinton has had more initiatives go through. He's tried more directives and new ideas. On many levels, the country reflects that. His personal life is uninteresting to me. For the \$40 million spent by Ken Starr on his investigation we learned what was nobody's business but that of the man himself, his family and those adults who were involved. If I hire a plumber, I want to know the pipes are going to work when he leaves. As Clinton prepares to leave office, the pipes are working. That's how I judge him as a president. As a person, I certainly forgive him for being human. Everybody has a past. Everyone has done things they wouldn't do again. I still admire the man and think history will be kind to him.

PLAYBOY: You once wrote speeches for John Anderson, when he ran for president as a third-party candidate. Did you ever aspire to political office yourself?

SPACEY: Actually, my very first campaign was Carter's in 1976, when I was in high school. Then I did some work for Congressman John Anderson when he ran for president in 1980, Senator Ted Kennedy when he ran, and then Clinton in his campaigns. Now I occasionally do things for congressmen or senators in the state I live in, or New Jersey, where I was born. Behind-the-scenes stuff and public appearances, though not ones that are hugely profiled. So politics is something I admire a great deal. When someone can take politics out of politics and be effective, I admire that. I've known people who are skilled at politics but haven't lost their humanity, and I get excited about what can occur.

PLAYBOY: You've said in the past you'd like to start a family. What else would you like to accomplish? How about a part in a big family movie—like a *Star Wars* prequel—to add to your credits?

SPACEY: Actually, I'd like both. I want kids, and who wouldn't want to be a Jedi Knight?

REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK

(continued from page 50)

left thousands dead.

Every psychopath has a defining weakness. Arkan's is his high-pitched voice, so much at odds with his Rambo image. I spoke with him on the phone several times before my disastrous visit to his house. I found him to be a surprisingly good listener. He politely hears out a question and answers thoughtfully in English.

"So, how are you feeling today, Mr. Raznatovic?"

"How can I feel? We have a tragedy, a national tragedy around us."

The war's end has been announced and smoke is still drifting over the horizon from the burning oil refinery at Pancevo. I ask Arkan: Are you disappointed you did not get to kill a few NATO troops?

He responds with a whine. "You people were cowards, bombing us from five kilometers up. That's not a man's war. That's a coward's war. You are lucky you did not have to fight me like a man and a soldier. You would have gone back in plastic bags. And maybe you will."

What about all the evidence of terror in Kosovo?

"It was a war and people die in war. I myself kill people because they are killing my countrymen. But I killed only people who had guns, who were terrorists. It was a fair fight. Maybe some people get too excited, on both sides. But there is no raping, no killing. Serbian people are not Nazis."

So you can live with Albanians? I ask.

"As long as they are loyal to Yugoslavia, they should stay here. But not the terrorists, not the murderers. I tell you I feel sorry for the refugees. I don't hate

these people."

He is silent for a moment. "They are indicting everybody as a war criminal who defended Yugoslavia. But what about the Americans who with their bombs killed 600 children? What about the 2000 civilians the Americans killed? I am telling you that your generals are the real war criminals, and no Serb ever forgets it."

The next time we talk, the first of thousands of Serb refugees are streaming into Belgrade. The scale of the Serb defeat is becoming hard to hide and Arkan sounds agitated. How do you feel about NATO troops on Serbia's homeland? I ask him.

"There is a word for the agreement that allows the aggressor on our land: It's called treason. Now I feel ashamed. I was ready to fight to the last Serb before leaving our land, our holy land."

So what are you planning to do in peacetime?

"I build my business and I build my army. We keep training everywhere in Serbia and if Yugoslavs need protection, we will do it. I have people around me, yes. And you be careful of them."

Arkan goes out almost every night. At 47, he lives a high-profile dream life. He is always immaculately dressed and sports a diamond-encrusted Rolex. He is married to a glamorous rock star, Ceca, reigning queen of "turbo folk," a nauseating blend of Asian and Slavic pop. He lives with most of his nine children and a toy poodle. He owns a chain of ice cream shops, and last year was re-elected chairman of the Nationalist Party of Serbian Unity. "Look," he tells me. "I am a gentleman."

Born in Brezice, Slovenia (now a foreign country he can't visit), Arkan was the



"I'm giving up sex before smoking."





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son of a Yugoslav air force colonel. While in his teens, he left Yugoslavia and embarked on a flamboyant life of crime in Western Europe. He supposedly served as a communist hit man in the Eighties. Whoever his employer was, Arkan left behind a trail of mayhem and corpses.

Arkan today leaves the torturing to his underlings and tends to business. He has built a state within a state, a network of criminal and legitimate holdings that make him one of the wealthiest men in the Balkans. Arkan is merely the most famous and successful of the vultures who profited from Yugoslavia's wars. The worse things got for the Yugoslav people, the richer he became. He made a fortune breaking U.S. sanctions, importing gasoline and tobacco while pursuing illegal currency trading.

Many of Arkan's paramilitaries rampaged through Kosovo for financial gain as well. Nationalism was just an excuse. According to eyewitnesses, the Tigers raced around the country in four-wheel drives with satellite telephones. The local Yugoslav military garrison would identify the richest Albanians in town and then assist in the repatriation of war booty to Belgrade. The spoils were divided between the federal government and the Tigers.

I have a chance to ask Arkan about this as he is careering somewhere in one of his seven Mercedes. Did you personally profit from the activities of the Tigers?

"Not at all," he says. "I'm a businessman, and I make my money legitimately. The Tigers were doing their patriotic duty. I cannot stop people from volunteering."

The Clinton administration says that Milosevic exerted control over Arkan through a common tactic known as "commander's intent," by which a leader issues broad orders and allows field officers to interpret them as they wish. Did Milosevic give him instructions?

"He is my president, not some war criminal," Arkan responds.

Do you have any official connection with the Serb government? People say you did Milosevic's dirty work.

The phone goes dead.

Among schoolkids and workers, Arkan is more popular than any other public figure in Yugoslavia. Many of these people have no future, and are furious at America. The allied bombings and years of sanctions have wrecked the economy, leaving 40 percent of the workforce unemployed. Arkan speaks to these people. "I don't care how he made his money," says a taxi driver named Branco. "At least he keeps his money in this country, unlike Milosevic. Arkan has rebuilt three stadiums."

I realize the reasons for his popularity:

He's Serbia's answer to Hollywood. He lives out people's fantasies of expensive women, fast cars, big-time sports and violence. In a country of squabbling politics and communist retreads, he grabs people's emotions and gives them false pride and easy answers. "If you think you Americans are going to tell Yugoslavia what to do, you are wrong," he tells me. "We are the last country that's not a slave to America. Your soldiers will go home and we will come back to Kosovo one day. We have no other place to go," he continues. "I tell Serbs in Kosovo not to be scared. We will protect them. I will be in front. My ancestors have been fighting the aggressor for 100 years, you know. Now we all need to be able to look into the eyes of our children and say we left them the native land."

As NATO forces push farther into Kosovo I watch his personality change. We talk again after a \$5 million bounty has been offered for his capture. Suddenly, this hero to 12-year-olds sounds almost afraid. His playground is visibly shrinking and Rambo turns sentimental. "You have taken from us the part of Yugoslavia sacred to us. You've taken our soul and history," he says. "I was brought up in Kosovo. That's the place I remember first. It is my home. My country's home."

Only weeks before, he dared NATO to find him and laughed at the bombs. Now, beneath his blustering is a terrorist whose best days are behind him. He is desperate to keep his place on the world stage.

His cool, celebrity gangster image is the first thing he loses. The day after my encounter with Arkan's henchmen, the phone rings. It's Arkan himself and he's screaming like a banshee. "Listen, you motherfucker. Who gave you permission to photograph my house? I'll tell you! The next time I see you I tear your balls off. I'm going to find you and tear your nose off your face. Don't tell me you're sorry then."

Concerned I can't leave the country without my papers, I go to see the Yugoslav colonel who oversees foreign journalists. "Oh, we're sorry. Very, very sorry," the colonel mutters, spreading his hands wide. "But if Mr. Raznatovic has your papers, there's nothing we can do." I realize that in three weeks in Serbia, I've never heard anyone openly criticize Arkan. It's time to leave. I felt sure that if we crossed paths in the sumptuous foyer of the Hyatt, Arkan could spirit me away under the courteous eyes of the bellboys and nobody would lift a finger.

I remembered, too, the scene at the bus stop. Maybe that's the way things will end in Yugoslavia. A mass exodus and a slow-motion implosion of everything decent, until all that is left is a murderous businessman and a deaf-mute mouthing at thugs for a cigarette.



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Matthew Perry

(continued from page 110)

these questions before.

PERRY: Not that one.

PLAYBOY: Imagine you're a superhero. Which one would you be?

PERRY: I think about that all the time. It's a close race between Superman and the Invisible Man. The invisible theory is neat because I could sneak into the YWCA and see women naked whenever I want. But I have to go with Superman because he's strong and can fly. The problem with being the Invisible Man is that I'd probably end up with knowledge I shouldn't have, like what people close to me say about me when I'm not around.

PLAYBOY: What naked women say about you when you're not around?

PERRY: No. Those are separate issues. I also wouldn't want to know any government secrets. My head would probably explode. Maybe the ideal thing is to be Wonder Woman's airplane, because then you have both flight and invisibility. I'm glad this came up.

PLAYBOY: What are you still trying to figure out about women?

PERRY: As much as I can. We are different species. The main thing I'm trying to do is find a woman—and if you know one or a place where they go, help me out—who is beautiful and funny, and not crazy. Believe it or not, that's a tough combination to find.

PLAYBOY: Are you willing to travel out of state?

PERRY: I might have to. I can't tell you how many times I've thought, Wow, I found it! And then, Oops!

PLAYBOY: How long is it from "wow" to "oops"? A few weeks? Months?

PERRY: Sometimes an hour.

PLAYBOY: Does this have anything to do with the fact that women recognize you?

PERRY: I don't know. I've never gone out with somebody who went gaga over my being on television. But there's a weird dynamic when two people in the public eye date. They already know each other—or think they do. That makes dating confusing. For instance, if I wanted to go out with, uh, Cameron Diaz, and she with me, we could walk up to each other

and say hello like we know each other, just because we're both in the public eye. Then, when we started to date, it would be strange because we really don't know each other.

PLAYBOY: Which of the notable women you've dated has had the best attitude toward the tabloids that dogged you?

PERRY: Julia Roberts. She had to have a really good attitude because she was and still is the queen of tabloid attention. I was getting my first dose of it, and she sat me down and explained everything. She said, "Let it go. It's just about bad people trying to make money. They'll pay in some way later in life for this kind of behavior." At the time she was on *Hard Copy* every minute. There were even helicopters flying around my house, and people standing around outside. I thought for a second, Wow, I've really made it, because I know what it's like to hate the paparazzi! Of course, as soon as we broke up, they all packed their stuff and left. [Laughs] Went over to the next guy's house, I guess.

PLAYBOY: Now, whenever you hear a helicopter, do you get a little pang?

PERRY: I don't miss it at all.

PLAYBOY: What nicknames do you and Matt LeBlanc have for each other to avoid confusion on the set?

PERRY: We both call each other Matty. We also call each other some of the sickest, most disgusting and demeaning names, which probably aren't suitable for a family magazine. Like Slamhole. But we do it in an endearing fashion. We're close. When we're not working, I spend most of my time in his dressing room, hanging out.

PLAYBOY: Does he have cool stuff on the dressing table?

PERRY: It's a video game situation. I have PlayStation and Matty has Nintendo.

PLAYBOY: What's your present addiction?

PERRY: For the past four years it's been the same game: MarioKart. Schwimmer's probably the best at it, which is really annoying.

PLAYBOY: Courtney Cox worked with Neve Campbell on *Scream*. What did she tell you about Neve that helped or hindered you during *Three to Tango*?

PERRY: Courtney thought Neve was more serious than she actually is. She has a kooky sensibility, like I do. We'd do stupid little dances and say ridiculous stuff to crack each other up. By the way, she's a great dancer. I'm a spazzy dancer. When I'm forced to dance I act like a moron. Since I can't dance I emphasize it. I figure if I just joke around and act like a spaz they won't realize how terrible I am. It's a white guy dance [demonstrates].

PLAYBOY: You are truly terrible.

PERRY: Oh, it's off the chart. If you want me to do that for you again at any point during the interview, let me know.

PLAYBOY: What else about you would people be surprised to know?



Art Lubbers

"Come on in—my roommate has been looking forward to meeting you."

PERRY: I share a birthday with Bill Clinton. And I just bought a house on Clinton Street.

PLAYBOY: Would you please tell us everything you know about Commodore Matthew Perry?

PERRY: He was an admiral, wasn't he? Matthew C. Perry. He lived a long, long time ago. I think he discovered something. But in high school I got a kick out of somebody famous having my name.

PLAYBOY: When was the last time you were confused with Luke Perry?

PERRY: Three days ago. I was in Las Vegas and a group of girls came up to me and said, "It's Luke Perry." It's happened a lot. They quickly realize I'm not and then get much more excited when they realize it's me. I know him; he's a good guy.

PLAYBOY: Can you name five Perrys?

PERRY: Gaylord Perry, Fred Perry, Luke Perry, John Bennett Perry. Can I go the other way? Perry Como, Perry Mason.

PLAYBOY: Chandler Bing. Doesn't the name seem backward?

PERRY: I suppose so, yeah. They gave me a last name about five episodes in and I was bummed about it. As a matter of fact, at the first read-through I was introducing someone and I said, "My name is Chandler Bing" and then I said, "I'm sorry about my last name." It's just so goofy. I think Chandler is a cool name. But to offset it with Bing? What's that?

PLAYBOY: Guys with two first names: Special? Anxious in a crowd?

PERRY: I don't have it so bad. I went to camp once with a guy named Matthew Matthews, and all anyone could say was, "Are your parents fucking stupid?" There was a goalie named Pete Peters. When he played in the Ontario Hockey League, where I'm from, the team was the Peterborough Petes. So, Pete Peters played for the Peterborough Petes.

PLAYBOY: Can you say that three times fast?

PERRY: I think I can, but I'm not your puppet.

PLAYBOY: Your mom was press secretary for Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau. Did she have to keep anything out of the papers that you can tell us about now?

PERRY: No, because everything ultimately got into the papers. My mother is such a smart career woman. I don't think she got enough credit. She was a single mother and the press secretary for the prime minister of Canada simultaneously, and she did a great job at both. Anything that got in the papers at the time, all that stupid stuff, she was very good at keeping away from me.

PLAYBOY: What's the best advice your mom ever gave you about being a public figure?

PERRY: In the beginning she said, "Remember who your friends are now and keep them. And remember your family." I still hang with that core group of guys.

PLAYBOY: As a star you have an assistant.

What does she do that you can't or won't do for yourself? For those who will one day need an aide, do you have any tips about what to look for?

PERRY: My assistant has the greatest gig in the world because I rarely use her. Some people set up a vigorous routine. I'm not like that. My assistant puts flowers in my house for me. She takes care of the dry cleaning. She brings me food. And she's available when I say something like, "Go get me this Shawn Colvin album." The truth is that an assistant is somebody who does the shit work for you. It's tough for me to go shopping or to the supermarket. The last time I tried, somebody filmed what I bought. I was in a 7-Eleven getting bread, and this guy rushed in with a camera and filmed it. I'm not sure I can offer hiring advice because people use their assistants in different ways. Courteney is on the phone with her assistant 20 times a day. I can go a week without speaking with mine. Just get a smart one. A nice one.

PLAYBOY: A beautiful one?

PERRY: Mine is very attractive, but I'm not sure that would be the smartest way to go.

PLAYBOY: Meaning you don't want to marry the babysitter.

PERRY: Robin Williams did that, didn't he?

PLAYBOY: Rate your household skills. What are you good at?

PERRY: I can make an awesome grilled cheese sandwich.

PLAYBOY: Ironing?

PERRY: Oh no. As a matter of fact, I don't know how to do my laundry. [*Holds head in hands*] I don't know how to do it.

PLAYBOY: What's the problem: colors and whites?

PERRY: I understand that, but what if you have a shirt that has color and white? At that point, I don't want to play anymore.

PLAYBOY: How about plumbing? Electric?

PERRY: Quite bad. I can do the Heimlich maneuver. If you'd like me to do it on you later, I will.

PLAYBOY: Back when you could go shopping, how good were you at picking fruits and vegetables?

PERRY: I like watermelon. They're not that difficult to pick out. Different kinds of cereals, that's fun. Frosted Flakes. Apple Jacks. I think I have Frosted Flakes and Apple Jacks in my house right now.

PLAYBOY: When did you last write someone a poem, and would you be able to recite it for us?

PERRY: It was a joke. I wrote it to my friend Hank two years ago, on his birthday. "Roses are red/Violets are blue/The summer is sweet/You couldn't be older." I've never written a serious love poem; I just send something from Pablo Neruda.

PLAYBOY: Does love on location count?

PERRY: It's like a game. A movie set is like being away at college for three months. It's weird. But I don't negate it. Two people can meet and fall in love there,



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but they should probably acknowledge that it would be stupid to do anything about it right away and should wait until the movie's done. If they still want to do it when they're back home, go ahead.

PLAYBOY: What do you do to put your on-screen lovers at ease?

PERRY: I talk to them about it. I say, "So, we've got a kiss tomorrow. You tell me what to do." But the reaction is always, "What are you talking about?" I say, "Well, do we want to do this real?" They've all said, "Of course we should be real." And now, in my next film, *The Whole Nine Yards*, I have my first actual love scene.

PLAYBOY: With Bruce Willis?

PERRY: No. With Natasha Henstridge. They're paying me to do that. I hope tentacles don't come out of her back. I just saw *Species*. How bummed would you be? You bring her home, she takes off her clothes, you kiss—and then she turns into a fucking monster who eats you! [Pauses] Come to think of it, that sounds like a lot of dates.

PLAYBOY: What do you still lie to yourself about?

PERRY: I think I'm a better athlete than I am.

PLAYBOY: In the middle of work do you ever start to think, I should have stayed with tennis?

PERRY: It wasn't a personal choice to stop playing. I simply wasn't good enough. I could beat anybody at any tennis club, but I was getting killed by the people who did it professionally. I spent ten

hours a day playing it as a kid and it was the most important thing in my life. And then I got burned out. I'd get physically ill driving by a tennis court.

PLAYBOY: What's your game personality? Rush the net?

PERRY: No. A baseline player with a horrible temper. But an excellent doubles player. I might have had a shot with doubles if I had kept going.

PLAYBOY: What's your favorite pastime?

PERRY: Frisbee golf. I play with my buddies almost every day, like it's going out of style. There are real courses and you use different types of Frisbees. Some go to the right and some go to the left, and there's a putter.

PLAYBOY: You'll be 30 when this interview comes out. What do you fear or hope for in the next ten years?

PERRY: I hope I have learned the lessons of the past ten years. I've finally realized that your 20s are supposed to be a blur; that's when you make all the mistakes. I'm upset that I'll be officially too old to play professional sports. When I was 24, if I had decided to give up everything and play baseball, I might have had a shot. Now there's no way. [Pauses] I used to be convinced that by the time I was 30 my ducks would all be in order. I'd be married and have a kid and a house. At least I have the house.

PLAYBOY: Complete this sentence: With friends like these—

PERRY: No man is poor.



Joe Morgan

(continued from page 117)

Players today are in better shape than ever, because they work at it all year round. But Sparky Anderson said something a long time ago: "Money doesn't really change people. If you were a bad guy before you made all this money, you're still going to be a bad guy. If you were a good guy, you're still going to be a good guy." In most cases, he's correct.

5

PLAYBOY: Income divides the majors into have and have-not clubs. Will they ultimately have to split into a two-tier system of big-market teams and small-market teams just to be competitive?

MORGAN: If it happens, Americans will pull for the underdogs. Money doesn't mean you're going to win. Everybody talks about how the Marlins spent millions to buy the championship. But they beat three teams with higher payrolls. They spent their money more wisely that year. Last year, the Orioles were next to the Yankees in payroll, but they were never a factor. You can win without having to spend \$80 million. You just have to be smarter. If you have \$80 million, you can throw things against the wall and see what sticks. If you have \$40 million, you have to make sure they're going to stick.

6

PLAYBOY: Are there ballplayers you'd like to whack upside the head and tell them to stop being such assholes and just be grateful they get to play this game?

MORGAN: I'll tell you, the most fun for me as a player was to stand around the batting cage. We'd joke around and get on each other and laugh and yell at the other team. Then, about three years ago, I noticed the players weren't having as much fun laughing and joking like they used to. I'd hear complaints more than anything else. A guy making three or four million, saying, "Man, I should be playing more. I'm sitting on the bench." The worst thing I ever heard was, "Man, the bus was late today." A guy making \$5 million and the bus is five minutes late. Big deal.

7

PLAYBOY: Is TV wagging the game of baseball these days?

MORGAN: I don't think so, because if it were, there would be better matchups. You'd have the Yankees on more. Television can't dictate who's playing on Saturday and can only use teams a certain number of times. In the NBA, you saw Michael Jordan at least once a week. Baseball doesn't do that, and I think in some cases they're wrong. Baseball is very lucky that Mark McGwire and Sammy Sosa did what they did last year.



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8

PLAYBOY: Would you have played for Marge Schott?

MORGAN: Yes, because, first and foremost, I played for my family. I would have tried to change her thinking, and I would have spoken out against everything she said and stood for. But yes, I would have played, because the game is bigger than Marge Schott. I wouldn't have let her ruin my career or my team.

9

PLAYBOY: We have to ask: 1998 Yankees versus 1976 Reds, who wins?

MORGAN: The Reds were a better team, but it's apples and oranges. Times have changed. The Reds led the major leagues in home runs that year, and we hit only 141. The Yankees hit 207 last year and they were seventh. The ball is livelier now, and the ballparks are smaller. And the pitching definitely isn't as good overall. That Reds team would probably hit 280 now, they were that good. Johnny Bench, George Foster, Tony Perez, every one of those guys would hit 45 to 55 home runs. I don't want to compare myself to anybody, but I'm in the Hall of Fame, Bench is in the Hall of Fame, Perez is going to make the Hall and Rose is a Hall of Famer, we all know that. Are the Yankees going to have anybody make the Hall of Fame? Derek Jeter has the best chance, but where else are you going to get a Hall of Famer on that team? Except now they have Roger Clemens.

10

PLAYBOY: Do you think Pete Rose belongs in Cooperstown?

MORGAN: Pete and I were the two closest guys on the team. I lockered next to him for nine years. There's never been anyone I ever played with or against that played the way he did. He played every single game like it was the seventh game of the World Series. I didn't play it that way. There are days when you're just not all there. I never saw him when he wasn't all there. But I'm also on the board of directors of the Hall of Fame. My duty as a board member is to uphold the integrity of the game. I take that seriously, and from that standpoint Pete did not deserve to be in. Personally, I believe he needed to be punished for what he did, and he has been punished. If Pete Rose were to stand up in front of America and say, "I made a mistake and I'm sorry," then I would say yes. But until he does, I'm sorry.

11

PLAYBOY: Why have Hispanics become the predominant minority in baseball?

MORGAN: Dollars and cents. Latin players try to get to the U.S. because this is where the money is. They have tryout

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camp and clinics in Latin countries that bring hundreds of kids in every day, keep them for a day or two, feed them, pick out the best ones and send the others home. The reason African Americans are disappearing is that they no longer have bird-dog scouts. Frank Robinson, Vada Pinson, Willie Stargell—a lot of guys came from the Bay Area because of bird-dog scouts who would see them and go tell other scouts. Then baseball went to the combine system. Basically, most American players now come from colleges, and fewer African Americans play baseball in college because college baseball is kind of elitist. You don't get the scholarships. Your family has to have money to pick up your tab. If they don't, you can't play college baseball unless you're there on another athletic scholarship. The African American in the inner city gets squeezed out.

12

PLAYBOY: These days, kids of every race seem to want to be basketball players. What's that about?

MORGAN: There are fewer organized baseball games in the cities now. Basketball you can play by yourself, you don't have to be organized, you just walk over to the park and play. It takes a group to play baseball. You don't just walk to the baseball diamond and hope that somebody's there.

13

PLAYBOY: After you retired, you kept a promise to your mother and graduated from college with a major in physical education. A Hall of Famer and two-time MVP, majoring in PE? Talk about a ring-er. Didn't you feel guilty about raising the curve?

MORGAN: Actually I majored in business my first three years, but I could graduate sooner in PE. I learned more about business in baseball than I did in school,

because business is about dealing with people, getting them motivated.

14

PLAYBOY: We now have Senator Jim Bunning, congressmen Steve Largent and J.C. Watts, Governor Jesse Ventura. The jock politician concept seems to be hot. Ever thought of throwing your cap into the ring?

MORGAN: Actually, George Bush and I are close friends. I knew George long before he ran for president; he was just a guy in Texas. Well, he's never been just a guy. He always said I should be in politics, because we used to argue back and forth. One of our great arguments was about busing. I said the only way this country will ever move forward is for kids to have the same education and the same chance and to learn to deal with each other at an early age, before they've built up their prejudices. Eventually, I prevailed. I made him understand. We traveled together when he was running for president. One time we were campaigning right after somebody had shot at some politician, and I'm kind of off to the side, not intentionally, and George says, "Come on up here, Joe." Out of the blue, I said, "No, George, the guy's aim might be bad." We laughed about it, because he had a bulletproof vest on. I'm not a Republican—when George was vice president, I never went to see Reagan—but we had a great relationship and still do.

15

PLAYBOY: You're regarded as one of TV's smartest baseball analysts. Do you have to be wary of getting into such detailed technicalities that listeners tune out?

MORGAN: I have to control it. I try to act like I'm sitting in your house with you, your wife, your son, maybe even your daughter. Part of the game, I'm going to talk to you; you know a lot about the game. Another part, I'm talking to your

wife, who knows a little bit. Another part, I'm talking to your son, being more instructional. Another part, I'm talking to the little girl, trying to tell her why this game is fun to watch. I'm pleased that I've gotten more letters from ladies than from men, saying they understand the game better from listening to me. It's my job to make sure that I connect with all those viewers. I've had people say it's like sitting next to me at a ball game, and that's the highest compliment I can get.

16

PLAYBOY: When you were first doing games for NBC, did you ever wish you had a button you could push to drop Bob Uecker into a tank of cold mush?

MORGAN: I think Bob Uecker helped make me a better announcer. I've always taken the game too seriously, because it was my livelihood. Bob doesn't take anything too seriously, and from working with him I think I can laugh about things, where before, I'd get mad when I saw something dumb.

17

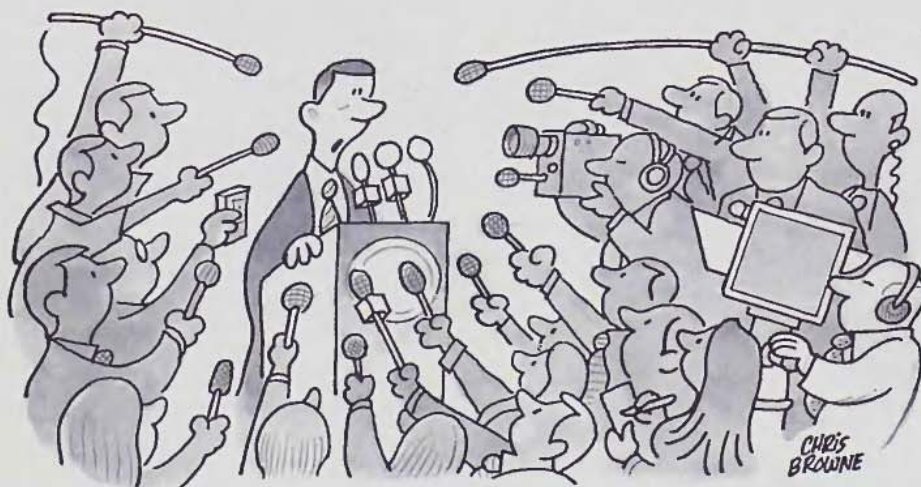
PLAYBOY: What's the most annoying thing about ballplayers you never realized until you became a broadcaster?

MORGAN: How slow they are, and how into themselves some of them are, putting on a show just getting to the batter's box. The game is too long now, and it's the dead time that makes it long. The catcher walking out to the mound five times for each hitter. Batters taking so much time to come out of the dugout to get the right bat. The game needs to be played at a brisk pace.

18

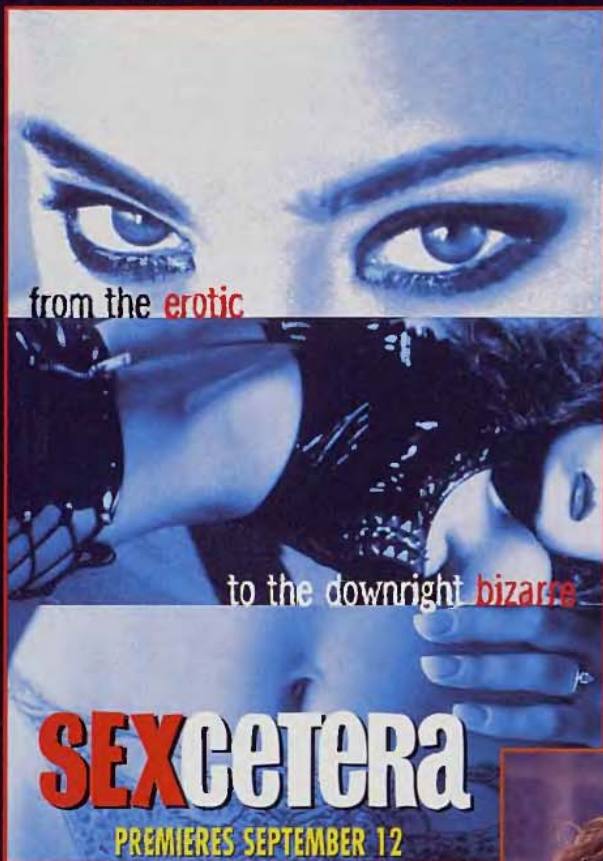
PLAYBOY: You were manhandled by the LAPD in a case of mistaken identity in 1988, and you wound up winning a large lawsuit against the city. When O.J. Simpson was acquitted, did your experience afford you a reply to those who asked, "How could any jury find him not guilty?"

MORGAN: Yes. From what the Los Angeles Police did to me, how they lied and tried to change evidence, part of me said that some of them could have done some of the things the lawyers said they did. I was standing in a phone booth. They said I was running through the airport making animal noises. The only thing that saved me was a witness standing next to me who had flown on the plane with me. If I don't have his verification, I'm just another black guy they grabbed and jostled. At the trial they said they thought I was a drug dealer. They lied about so many different things. So, yes, I told my wife, "I don't know whether O.J. did it or not, but I do know that these guys will lie and do anything to get a conviction."



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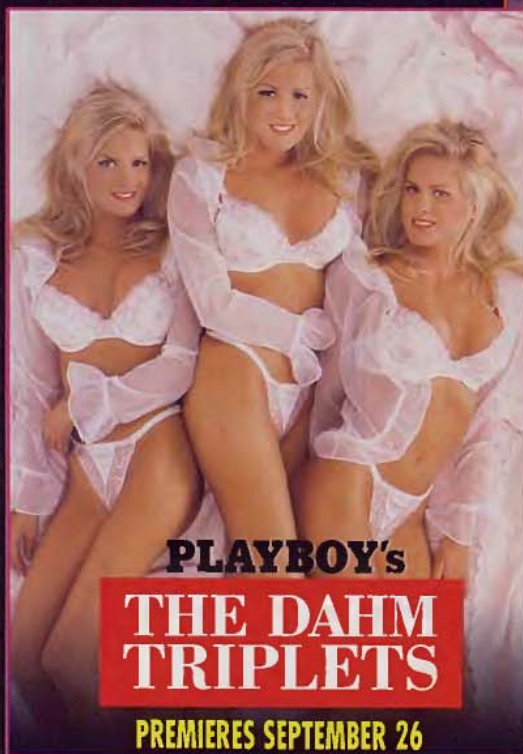
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Playboy TV gets wild in September with programming that's anything but tame. In the adult movie *Michael Ninn's Ritual* a gorgeous film icon is stalked by scores of hungry fans and the men who created her. Next indulge in *Seven Sins*, the two-part adult movie that dips so deep into lovers' sinful pleasures they soon forget what's foreplay and what's extreme play. Then avant-garde reporters share their privileged point of view on the subject of sex in the Playboy Original Series *Sexcetera*. Also, it's three times the sibling sensuality in *Playboy's Dahm Triplets*. Finally, join *Night Calls'* dynamic duo of hot talk as they host the *1999 Fax Girl Challenge* where guests compete in a series of super sexy talent and strip shows — it's LIVE and uncensored. At Playboy TV, it's always an adventure. Turn us on 24 hours a day!

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For program schedules go to:

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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 29, 30, 35-36, 80-85, 124-125 and 171, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



WIRED

Page 29: "Mouse Trap": Computer mouse by *Microsoft*, 800-426-9400. "TV Buzz": Cable and satellite services: By *WorldGate Communications*, for information, www.wgate.com. By *Wink Communications*, for information, www.wink.com. By *Intertainer*, for information, www.intertainer.com. "Chew on This": Digital storage format by *Sony Electronics*, 800-222-7669. "Game of the Month": Video game by *Tiger Electronics*, 847-913-8100. "Wild Things": Microstereo system by *Pioneer Electronics*, 800-746-6337. Cordless phone by *Panasonic*, 800-211-7262.

TRAVEL

Page 30: "Great Escape": *Malliouhana*, 800-835-0796. "Road Stuff": Tasting set by *Riedel*, from *Wine Enthusiast*, 800-356-8466. Cassette tapes by *Listen and Live Audio*, 800-653-9400.

MANTRACK

Page 35: "Rum for Your Money": Rum at upscale wine and liquor stores. "Take a Whizzer": Motorbike by *Whizzer*, 714-563-9982. Page 36: "Slice and Dice": Resort at *Summerlin*, 877-869-8777. "Guys Are Talking About": Boom box and road kit by *Jeep*, 800-354-8785. Cigars by *Macanudo*, 212-662-3379. Dining courses by *The Protocol School of Palm Beach*, 561-586-9026. Avengers videos from *Critics' Choice Video*, 800-367-7765.

BACK TO CAMPUS FASHION

Pages 80-81: Vest, jersey and T-shirt by *Gap*, 800-GAP-STYLE. Pants by *Lithium*, 888-854-8448. Sneakers by *Buffalo*, at *Buffalo Boots*, NYC, 212-965-9090. T-shirt and jeans by *CK Calvin Klein*, at *Macy's* and *Bloomingdale's* stores. Oxford shirt and overshirt by *Polo Jeans*, 800-494-7656. Denim jacket by *DKNY*, 800-231-0884. Jeans by *Level 7*, at *Bloomingdale's*

stores. Pages 82-83: Nylon jacket by *Tommy Hilfiger*, at *Macy's*, *Bloomingdale's* and *Dillard's* stores. Sweater by *Structure*, 800-479-5018. Jeans by *Gap*, 800-GAP-STYLE. Sneakers by *Buffalo*, at *Buffalo Boots*, NYC, 212-965-9090. Sweater and khakis by *CK Calvin Klein*, at *Macy's* and *Bloomingdale's* stores. Record bag by *Fresh Five*, at *Atomic Garage*, Los Angeles, 213-748-0129,

Untitled, Chicago, 773-404-9225 and *Blades Board and Skate*, NYC, 212-807-6011. Pages 84-85: Overshirt and oxford shirt by *Polo Jeans*, 800-494-7656. Polo shirt, jeans and denim jacket by *Diesel*, at select *Diesel* stores, www.diesel.com. Jeans by *CK Calvin Klein*, at *Macy's* and *Bloomingdale's* stores. Boots by *Gravis*, 802-660-7900. Messenger bag by *Fresh Five*, at *Atomic Garage*, Los Angeles, 213-748-0129, *Untitled*, Chicago, 773-404-9225 and *Blades Board and Skate*, NYC, 212-807-6011. Corduroy hat by *Playboy*: For store locations call 212-931-6437. Fleece vest by *Gap*, 800-GAP-STYLE. Sweatshirt by *DKNY*, 800-231-0884. Down vest by *Structure*, 800-479-5018. Sweater by *Lithium*, 888-854-8448. Track pants by *Adidas*, 800-448-1796, www.adidas.com. V-neck sweater by *Tommy Hilfiger*, at *Macy's*, *Bloomingdale's* and *Dillard's* stores.

21ST CENTURY SURFING

Pages 124-125: Web phones: By *Nokia*, 888-665-4228. By *Neopoint*, 877-636-4447. By *Qualcomm*, 619-651-4028. By *Motorola*, from *Nextel*, 800-639-8359.

ON THE SCENE

Page 171: "Study Haul": Computer by *Apple Computer*, 800-538-9696. Printer by *Epson*, 800-463-7766. Digital recorders: By *Dictaphone Corp.*, 888-483-6266. By *Dragon Systems*, 800-393-6544. By *Sony Electronics*, 800-222-7669. By *Cross Pad*, 800-510-9660. Electronic book by *NuvoMedia*, 650-314-1200. Portable video game system by *Tiger Electronics*, 847-913-8100. Two-way radio by *Cobra*, 773-889-8870. Ministereo by *JBL*, 800-422-8027. Alarm clock by *Potomac Technology*, 800-433-2838.

PLAYBOY: What in fact happened?

MORGAN: I'm at the phone booth, putting the phone to my ear. A guy grabs me by the shoulder and says, "I'm LA Police and you're a drug dealer." The guy next to me at the phone booth says, "Officer, that's Joe Morgan, the baseball player. I just came down on the plane with him." His exact words to that guy were, "Shut up and get away from here before I take you to jail with him." The guy is a schoolteacher, so he stands off to the side and watches. Then the cop says, "I want you to go with us." I said, "Where?" He pointed over my shoulder, so I turned. He grabs me and puts his knee in my back, puts me on the ground. I don't fight, because I know you can't win. There's two of them. I said, "Why are you doing this?" His answer was, "I'm an authority figure. You've been up against us before." He was saying, I'm a police officer and you're black. I'm the boss.

And the things they said at the trial. My lawyer asked, "Even if he had been running through the airport, so what?" They said, "Well, that's the m.o. of a drug dealer." Calling attention to himself, running through the airport? So my guy says, "How do you distinguish which guys running through the airport are drug dealers?" He said, "I get them all." My lawyer says, "You mean to tell me that you arrest every person you see running through the airport?" He said, "Yes," because he didn't want to say he arrested me because I'm black.

It was an experience for me. The most helpless feeling was to be handcuffed with my hands behind me. When they picked me up, I asked him again why he was doing it. So to keep me from talking he put his hand over my nose and my mouth. That's their technique. You're handcuffed and you can't breathe.

PLAYBOY: You share the view that the 1975 World Series is the best one ever played—but is it still the greatest Series if the Red Sox win?

MORGAN: If they win it in the same fashion. I think the fact that we came back in the seventh game, with nine outs to go, after they came back in game six with nine outs to go, put it on the map. And I think a lot of the greatness has to do with the imposing personalities that were there—Pete Rose, Carl Yastrzemski, Carlton Fisk—people who weren't afraid of the spotlight. I wanted to hit in the seventh game, ninth inning. I was hoping they'd walk Pete intentionally. Bench was probably hoping they'd walk me. That's the kind of personalities you had in that series. Fisk wanted to be the guy when he hit the home run. That World Series brought baseball back.

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HOLY SHIT!

(continued from page 114)

magazines showed windsurfers outracing waves that were several times the height of the mast.

Once surf reaches a certain height, rescue boats are useless. At Waimea, they station their helicopter on big days. Life-guards discovered that Jet Skis and personal watercraft had the speed to outrun surf and the maneuverability to move on the face of waves. Jet Skis can move in and out of the impact zone, plucking surfers in the brief, very dangerous intervals between waves.

Windsurfers looked at the Jet Ski and saw a way to remove sails from the equation. In the early Nineties Laird Hamilton (along with pro surfer Buzzy Kerbox and Doerner) began to experiment with board design and tow-in craft. Hamilton developed a slender 16-inch-wide board with foot straps that was more water ski than the long boards used by paddle surfers. Towed by a partner on a Jet Ski or Wave Runner, Hamilton could now slingshot onto 35-foot waves with sufficient speed to survive the drop. At the end of a ride, his teammate would pick him up before the next wave.

For the skillful and the daring, this new technique granted immediate access to waves that were beyond any surfer's experience. Power surfers caught more waves in a day than paddle surfers do in a year.

Ken Bradshaw, a convert to tow-in surfing, tells of catching what may have been the largest wave ever ridden off Oahu. "We normally pace a wave at 35 miles per hour and let go of the tow rope around 27. On this one, we paced it at 40 plus and let go at 35. When my partner, Dan Moore, picked me up he was yelling, 'That was radical! You could have put three houses inside the barrel.' He said it was 12 to 15 times overhead. I'd say it had an 80-foot face. I used to think I rode big waves, but a 25-foot Waimea is half the size of what we're riding now. Nobody knows what the limits are anymore."

Doerner says, "Laird and I have been riding 80- to 100-foot faces for some time now, but there's this place called King's Reef outside Hanalei on Kauai. King's can get really big."

For photographers, Jaws is a paycheck with a motordrive. A big day at Jaws could fill surf magazines for a year. Big-wave surfing created a buzz that seemed to feed America's appetite for the extreme. K2, Inc., a ski company based in Los Angeles, acquired a surfwear company and launched the Big Wave Challenge. It offered a \$50,000 prize to the surfer who bagged the biggest wave in the winter of 1998; \$5000 would go to the photographer whose picture captured the event. The winner was Taylor Knox, a 26-year-old Californian, who paddled in on what K2 officials called a 50-foot face. The ride made surf maga-

zines and ricocheted around the Internet. None of the power surfers from Jaws bothered to enter, nor did they attend the Quiksilver-sponsored Men Who Surf Mountains contest the following year.

In the beginning, the group of friends who pioneered tow-in surfing didn't want publicity.

Surf photographer Sylvain Cazenave says, "Before the Wave Runner, when Laird was out testing the cloudbreaks with his Zodiac rubber boat, I never knew where he was. I had to chase him to get photos. I had to convince him that photos were inevitable. But in the beginning they just wanted to avoid the crowds and find a big place to surf by themselves."

Perhaps they wanted to avoid controversy. Paddle surfers defend the purity of man against wave. Tow-in surfing, they say, has turned a solo pursuit into a team sport. The mechanical has violated the natural with the noise of engines and the smell of exhaust. There are surf reports on the Internet, radio buoys, and helicopters overhead. You're only as good as your driver. A mechanical breakdown could mean death.

The conflict is similar to debates about the use of bottled oxygen on Mount Everest. Power surfers have harnessed technology to take them to a previously unriden realm, to the rarefied terrain where simple acts have ultimate consequences. Some worry that tow-in surfing will allow the rich and unqualified to buy their way onto waves that can and will kill them.

But even purists admit how much bigger the waves at Jaws are.

"You don't forget for a second how dangerous it is," says Buzzy Kerbox, who has done both kinds of surfing. "It's exciting and demanding, but ultimately, you're on your own. You have to be able to back it up physically."

The inescapable fact is that they have changed surfing forever.

Despite their initial shyness, big-wave surfers have become icons. Beachwear companies now offer big-wave shorts designed, they say, not to be ripped from your body. They come in bright colors with a special checkerboard design to aid helicopter rescue. A coffee-table book on Jaws chronicles the exploits of the 40 or so athletes who have mastered the big waves. *National Geographic* devoted a cover story to Jaws. Hollywood concocted a dramatic feature presenting the conflict between purists and power surfers, called, appropriately, *In God's Hands*. In cities across the nation, audiences attending the Imax movie *Extreme* watch a tow-in surfer on a screen that is six stories tall—almost the height of the wave. The walls tremble.



"There's a man downstairs who wants to pay you \$4 million over the next three years to play center field—interested?"

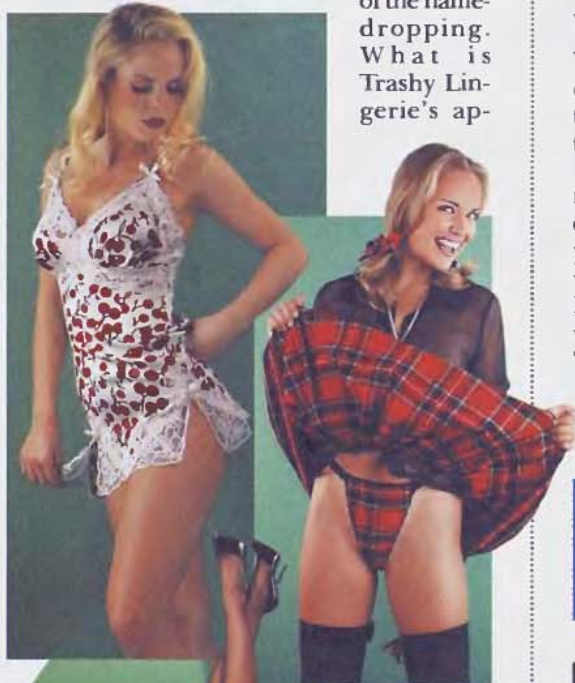


PLAYMATE NEWS



FLASHY TRASH

When Playmates Victoria Fuller, Echo Johnson, Angel Boris and Layla Roberts want to make a sexy fashion statement, they head to Trashy Lingerie, the hippest underwear emporium in Los Angeles. So do Hef's gal pals Brande Roderick, Sandy and Mandy Bentley, Jessica Paisley and Nenna Quiroz and such celebrities as Madonna and Cher. But enough of the name-dropping. What is Trashy Lingerie's ap-



The models who don unmentionables on Trashy Lingerie's website include (clockwise from above left): Victoria Fuller, Echo Johnson, Angel Boris and Layla Roberts.

peal? Step into the 6000-square-foot boutique (or check out trashy.com) and the answer is obvious: Trashy, as those in the know call it, offers more than 8000 designs and guarantees that if you buy a custom-made garment, no one else will take home the same thing. "We also offer off-the-rack items," explains Mitchell Shrier, who opened the La Cienega Boulevard store with his wife, Tracy, in 1975. In addition to teddies, stockings and garter belts, Trashy offers

shoes, swimwear and a bridal line. "If a woman has no idea what she wants, we'll sketch something," Shrier says. "Everything in the store is produced on the premises. We employ 30 seamstresses, hand sewers and pattern makers. Plus, we keep track of who wears what so there's



Trashy's lingerie can cost anywhere from three dollars for stockings to thousands for a custom-made garment.

no chance of a repeat." Unless, of course, you're a Bentley twin and you're looking for identical outfits to wear to Hef's Midsummer Night's Dream party. "The twins are fun to work with," Shrier says. Hef adds: "We have a very good relationship with Trashy." The Playboy-Trashy connection is so tight, in fact, that Trashy uses Fuller, Johnson, Boris,

VICTORIA FULLER:

"I've decided not to pursue acting. I'd rather focus on my painting."

30 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

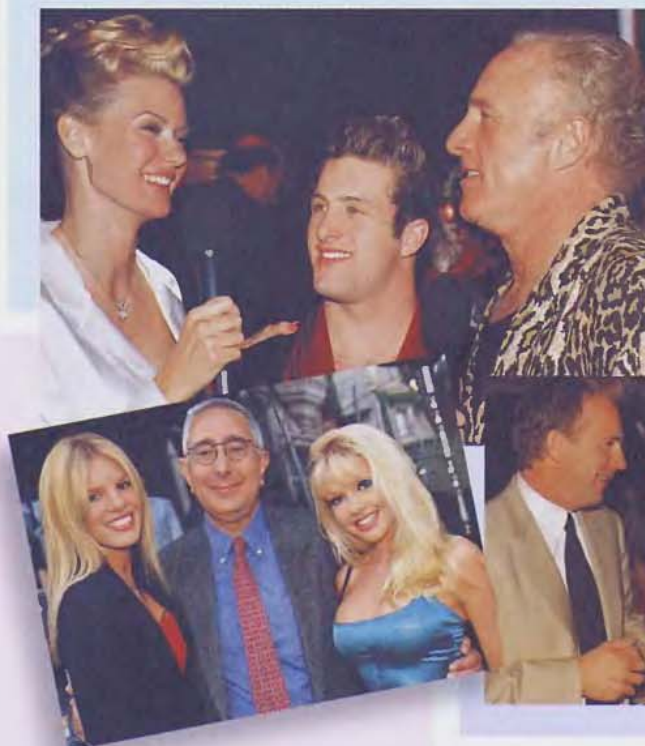
Jean Bell, Miss October 1969, was no stranger to breaking through racial barriers. Shortly after she graduated from high school, the Texas native became the first black clerk in a men's clothing store. Next up, she was the first black office employee at a local steel company. Jean's modeling career was launched when she entered, and won fourth place in, the Miss Houston beauty pageant. "Until then, it had been an all-white contest—but nobody said anything. When people see you every day, and see that you're just another person, they respond warmly," she said.



Jean Bell.

Roberts and Heather Kozar as well as Ava Fabian, Cathy St. George and Brande Roderick as models on its website. Trashy's slogan? "Our fantasy is fulfilling yours."

CELEBRITY SKIN



It's the year of the rabbit, and celebrities have kept things hopping at the Mansion. Clockwise from left: Tina Bockrath gets the skinny from father-son duo James and Scott Caan. Heather Kozar captivates Kevin Costner. Layla Roberts, Ben Stein and Angela Little at the Mansion party for *The Man Show*.

My
Favorite Playmate
By
Wendy Liebman



I'm disappointed that I'm not a Playmate, being that I was voted playmate of the year once. It was in kindergarten, but still.

I'm not completely comfortable with this question, because it may seem like I'm a lesbian—and I'm not a lesbian, though I practice, just in case. I guess I'll say Lisa Matthews, since she's Penn Jillette's favorite, and he once said that I have great breasts.



LOVE STINKS

It's a story of boy meets girl, boy gets girl, boy can't get rid of girl no matter how hard he tries. *Love Stinks*, the "unromantic romantic comedy" that was released



Above: In *Love Stinks*, Julio Schultz plays Jason Bateman's date. Right: A seductive Shae Marks.



this past summer, stars French (*Third Rock From the Sun*) Stewart, Bridgette (*I Know What You Did Last Summer*) Wilson, comic Bill Bellamy and supermodel Tyra Banks. In the movie, Stewart falls for Wilson at a wedding, but when their relationship doesn't evolve quickly enough, she

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

October 3: Miss July 1978
Karen Morton
October 11: Miss June 1961
Heidi Becker
October 17: Miss January 1980
Gig Gangel
October 22: Miss February 1985
Cherie Witter
October 24: Miss September 1992
Morena Corwin

PLAYMATE NEWS

declares war on him. Miss February 1998 Julia Schultz and Miss May 1994 Shae Marks are featured in minor roles. "I play Jason Bateman's date," Julia says. "My next acting project is a lead role in the TV show *Pacific Blue*. In July, I started a feature film for DreamWorks called *King of the Ants*, in which I have the lead supporting role. It's about college students, and I play a girl who's been there, done that—go figure. I'll be busy for the next couple of months."

JULIA SCHULTZ:

"It's weird to think that I graduated from high school two years ago and so much has happened since. Time goes by so fast."

GIRL TALK

Miss November 1996 Ulrika Ericsson took a few minutes (while her six-month-old son cooed next to her) to discuss guilty pleasures and kicking butt.

Q: We hear you've been training with the Playboy Extreme team. Are you having fun?

A: [Laughs] Yes. I recently sprained my ankle while running, but other than that, the experience has been awesome. I've been training hard—kayaking, in-line skating and lifting weights four days a week. I watched the other girls compete in a race, and it was so cool. I can't wait to jump in there.

Q: How has being a mother changed your life?

A: It hasn't changed much. I'm still modeling. In fact, my son has modeled with me in print ads since he was a month old. We've been in a Burlington Coat Factory ad and an allergy brochure. One thing that's changed: I don't worry about stupid stuff anymore.

Q: Are you a sexy mother?



Ulrika Ericsson.

A: I am. I bounced back into shape pretty quickly. I watch what I eat, and my son keeps me busy and running around, so that helps. The only bad side effect is that my boobs have gotten a bit smaller.

Q: Did you have any strange pregnancy cravings?

A: Sometimes I broke down and had Ben & Jerry's Chunky Monkey ice cream. It's the best.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Good news for fans who have been missing Kona Carmack: She recently posed for a two-page layout for Italian *Elle*. . . .

Stacy Fuson shot a pilot for Pax TV titled *The Sullivan Sisters*. Stacy plays the oldest of three sisters in the drama. . . .

Hef and 1973 PMOY Marilyn Cole, who have maintained a close friendship

over the years, hung out together at a recent Mansion party. Marilyn is married to former Playboy bigwig Victor Lownes. . . .

Tiffany Taylor charmed mascots and fans at an auto show in Winnipeg, Manitoba. . . . Playmates who will appear in the 2000 Titan Motorcycle-Playboy calendar include Vanessa Gleason, Laura Cover, Daphnee Duplaix, Deanna Brooks and Kelly Monaco. Daphnee also added



Hef and Marilyn.



Tiffany and mascots.

another commercial, for JCPenney, to her reel of national spots. "I'm taking acting classes too, and hope this will lead to a career in TV or movies," Miss July 1997 says. Write to her at P.O. Box 3940, Laurel Canyon Blvd., Suite 751, Studio City, CA 91604. . . . Don't miss Jessica Lee in the forthcoming Alta Loma-Cinemax series *Passion's Cove*. . . . Keep your eyes peeled for Ulrika Ericsson in Volvo's rad new ads. "I did them because it's a Swedish car," Ulrika says. "I look so funky in the ads people might not recognize me."

Kelly and Daphnee.



Photo: California Erotic Studios



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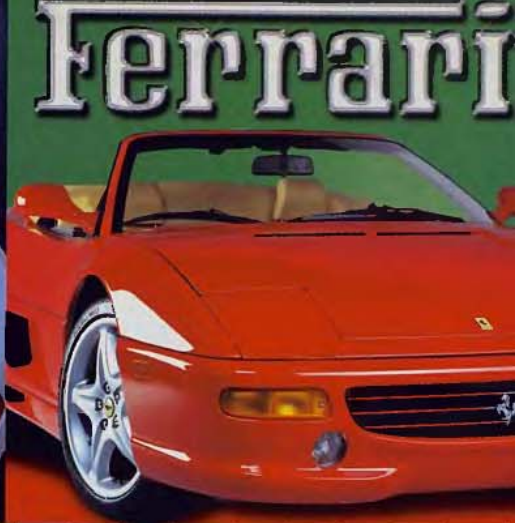
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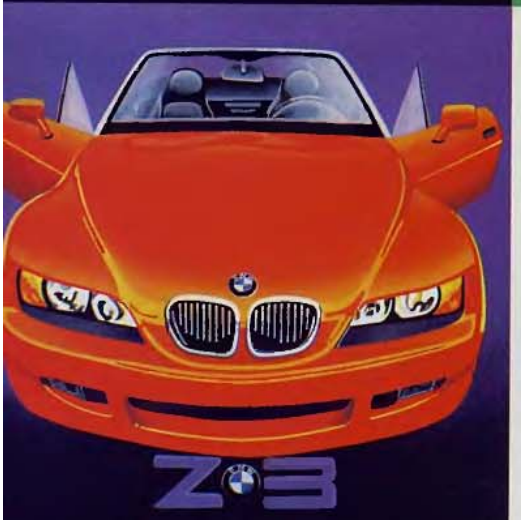
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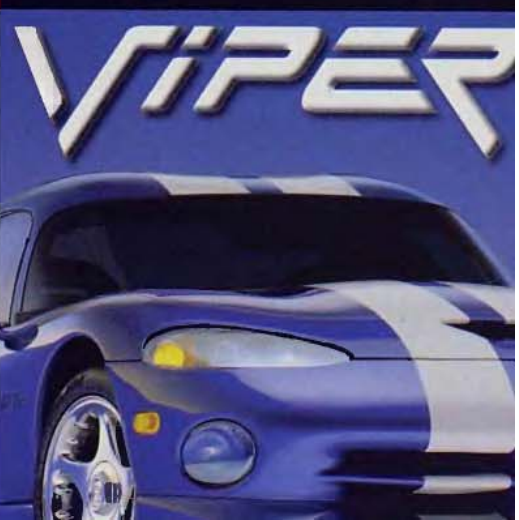
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ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

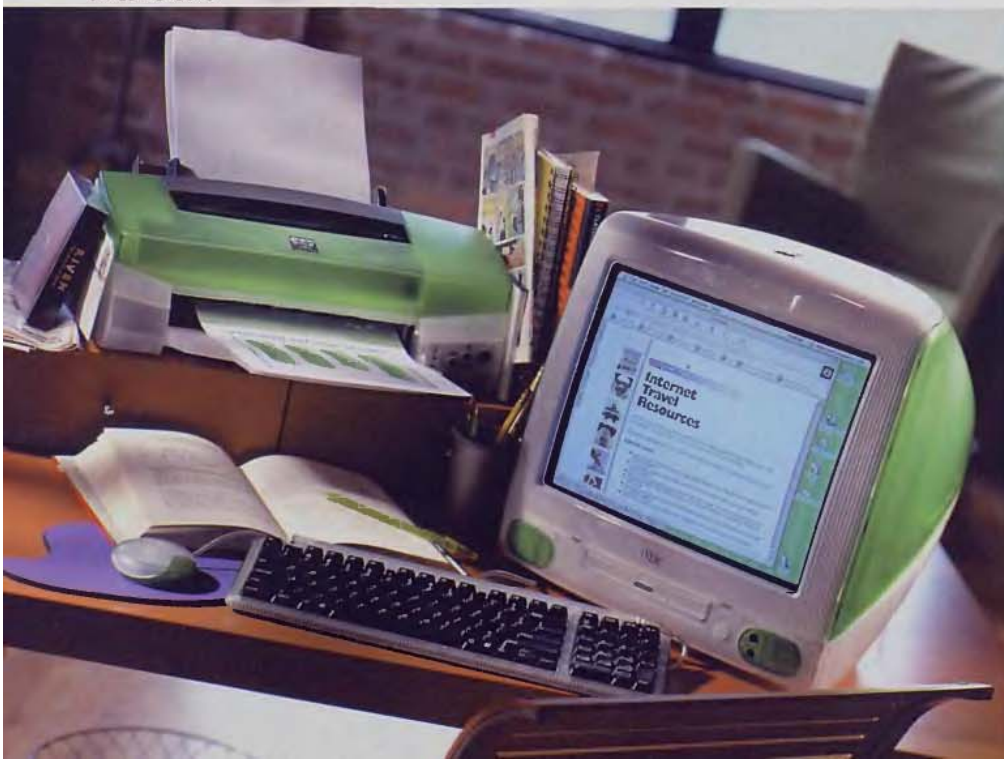
STUDY HAUL

Many of today's best electronic toys seem to have been designed with the undergrad in mind. Apple's iMac computer, for example, is a pint-size powerhouse with a footprint only slightly larger than a notebook computer. It comes loaded with a 333-megahertz PowerPC G3 chip (a processor that toasts its Pentium competition), a six-gigabyte hard drive, plenty of RAM and everything you need to zip around the web and send e-mail. It's a great value—and it looks cool too. Several companies have followed Apple's lead, introducing colorful peripherals to match the iMacs. Among the most useful is Epson's Stylus Color 740i, a term-paper-perfect ink-jet printer that produces documents at near-laser quality. Efficiency counts big time in college, and digital recorders are serious time-savers. With Dictaphone's Walkabout Quest (\$350) or Dragon Systems' Mobile Recorder (\$200), you can record lectures or group study sessions, download the audio files to a PC and then wait briefly while voice transcription software turns the sound into text. Other digital note-takers:



Far and near left: Tiger Electronics' Game.com video game player can receive e-mail with a modem connection (\$30), and Cobra's MicroTalk has a weatherband (\$160 each). Below: Apple's 333 MHz iMac (\$1200) and Epson's Stylus Color 740i ink-jet printer (\$300) look groovy in lime green.

JAMES IMBROGNO



Above (left to right): NuvoMedia's Rocket eBook (\$500), and Dictaphone's Walkabout Quest recorder and organizer (\$350).

Sony's MZ-R37 minidisc recorder (\$350), a portable music machine with PC connectivity and speedy transcription, and the Cross Pad (\$300), which transfers your chicken scratches from paper to PC for instant editing. Electronic books are handheld tablets that store reams of information downloaded from the web, as well as word documents and e-mail. They're a great way to lighten your load. The Rocket eBook holds 4000 pages, and its backlit display is easier on the eyes than a computer monitor, particularly in daylight. Need to give your brain a break? Tiger Electronics makes

Game.com, a \$30 portable video game system with a black-and-white display and a list of titles (\$20 each) that includes such classics as Frogger and Centipede, as well as recent hits like Deer Hunter, Nascar and Command & Conquer Red Alert. But

Game.com is more than just a tool for downtime. It functions as a bare-bones organizer with a calculator and calendar. Connect a modem and you can even use Game.com to read e-mail. Although cell phones are becoming more common on campus, guys who want to talk cheap should check out family radio service's two-way radios. This new generation of walkie-talkies lets you stay in touch with roommates at distances of up to two miles. Cobra even makes a model with a weather band. Finally, we usually don't recommend letting your alarm clock double as a music system since most are weak on the audio uptake. But for dorm or studio apartment dwellers, JBL's Harmony will help you rise and rock equally well. The all-in-one ministereos can be programmed to wake you to the radio or a compact disc—and it cranks, thanks to 40 watts of power, a two-way loudspeaker and a subwoofer. For those mornings when loud sounds could prove hazardous to your mental stability, the Little Quake (\$30) uses mild vibrations to remind you of your early class.

—JOEL ENOS

Below: The JBL Harmony alarm clock has an AM-FM tuner with 16 presets, CD player, two-way speaker and subwoofer (\$450).



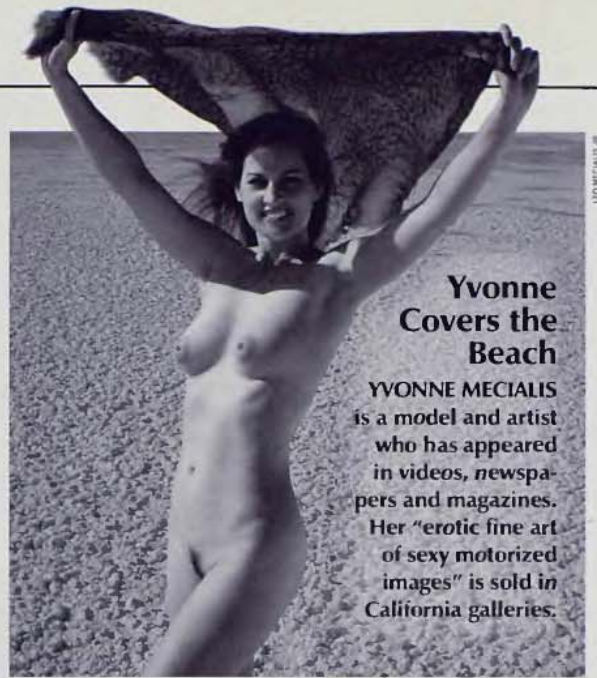
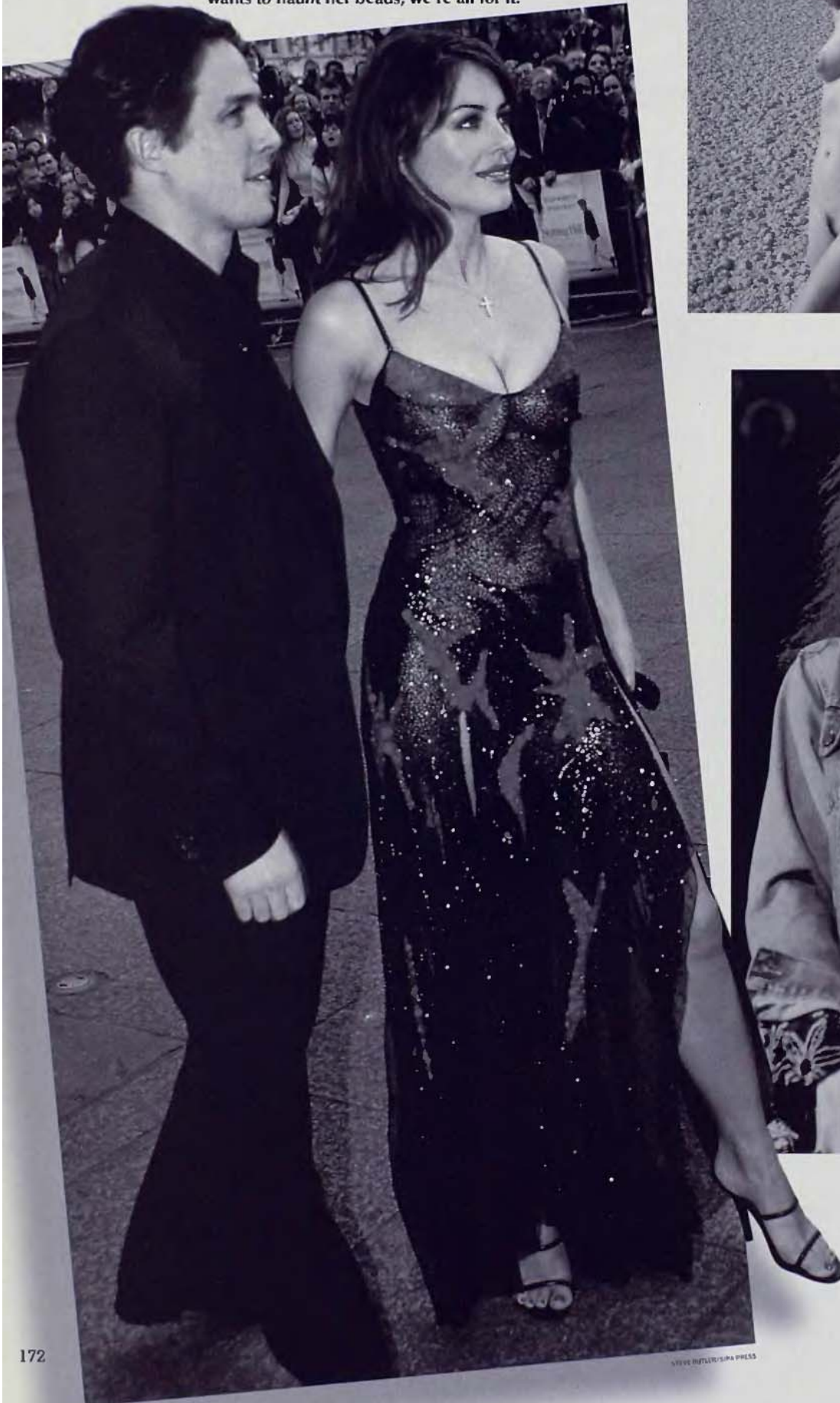
WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 164.



GRAPEVINE

Making a Career Out of Sheer

ELIZABETH HURLEY had a busy year with *Austin Powers*, *Ed TV*, *My Favorite Martian* and *The House on Haunted Hill*, while her partner, HUGH GRANT, spent last summer doing *Notting Hill* with Julia Roberts. If she wants to flaunt her beads, we're all for it.



Yvonne Covers the Beach

YVONNE MECIALIS is a model and artist who has appeared in videos, newspapers and magazines. Her "erotic fine art of sexy motorized images" is sold in California galleries.



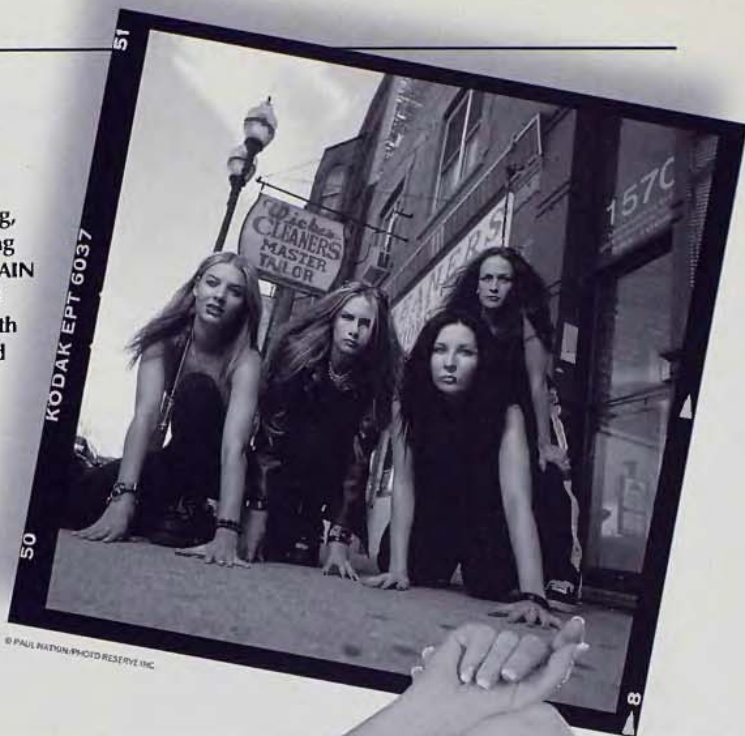
Bad Boy Bares Belly

Oh, that STEVEN TYLER. He once called the horizontal mambo his favorite sport. Really, his sport is keeping rock alive on CD, soundtrack, tour and in media outbursts. Just back from doing it to the Europeans, Steven gives his all.



Heavy Metal Mamas

Fine-looking, hard-rocking Swedes DRAIN STH toured America with Ozzfest and released *Freaks of Nature*.



© DOUGLAS STIEGLER

© BRENDA LUNARE ONLINE U.S.A.

Busting Out of Basic Black

Ally McBeal's PORTIA DE ROSSI made some off-season movies—*Stigmata* with Gabriel Byrne and *Girl*, about Portland's rock scene. Here she makes the Hollywood scene.



Baubles, Bangles and Buns

Czech beauty ROXAN BLUME is modeling in Europe and the U.S. Her videos, *Bare Balloon Babes #10* and *More Naked Girls in My Office*, are just the beginning.

© HUGH FRADZER, JR.



Hands Up

Model JACKIE CASWELL has appeared in the videos *Playboy's Gen-X Girls* and *Extreme Wet T-Shirt Party*, and in the 1999 Oklahoma Bikini Team Calendar.



**LIGHTS!
CAMERA!
ACTORS!**

"Act out each scene until a teammate guesses the movie title." That's how Act One, a new audience-participation game, is played. And if somebody doesn't answer *Basic Instinct* after a woman crosses her legs and says, "What are you going to do? Charge me with smoking?" maybe the gang should go back to Monopoly. Titles of popular TV shows ranging from *Taxi* and *Baywatch* to *Rocky* and *Bullwinkle* are also on the game cards. Look for Act One in better game stores, or call 800-470-2281 to order, for about \$30.

CUBAN CONNECTION

At one time there were about 1500 cigar factories in Cuba, but today only 20 or so create the smokes that some aficionados call terrific and others deem overrated. Whatever your opinion, Palm Pictures' *Fabulous Story of the Cuban Cigar*, a 60-minute DVD (digitally remastered in stereo) that highlights the people and the country, will be worth owning. Price: about \$25 in video stores, or call 800-888-8574. A VHS tape is also available for \$19.95.



JOHN C. GILBERT

**NEW BOTTLES
FOR THE BAR**

Here are four reasons to say cheers. Vox, an 80-proof wheat vodka from the Netherlands, is distilled five times. We're talking smooth. Price: about \$30. Extase XO, from France, combines orange peels from Curaçao with A. Hardy XO-grade cognac to create a sophisticated, 80-proof after-dinner offering. Price: about \$50. Canadian Club Sherry Cask is an 82.6-proof North American whiskey finished in sherry casks after it's aged in oak barrels. The result is a mellow product that's reasonably priced (about \$25). Master cognac blender Alain Royer of A. de Fussigny has created the 80-proof Ebony Blend, a black cognac that's as rich in flavor as it is dark. Price: about \$50. All



RETURN OF THE BUFFALO

The bison is no longer an endangered species, and you know what that means—buffalo hot dogs. But here's the kicker: A buffalo dawg contains just 3.5 grams of fat and 60 calories as compared with the beef frank's 13 to 17 grams of fat and 150 to 190 calories. (The buffalo dogs taste great, too.) Heartland Buffalo will ship you a ten-pack (50 dogs) for \$38.95.

Phone 800-277-0125 to order.



CARDON FISHER

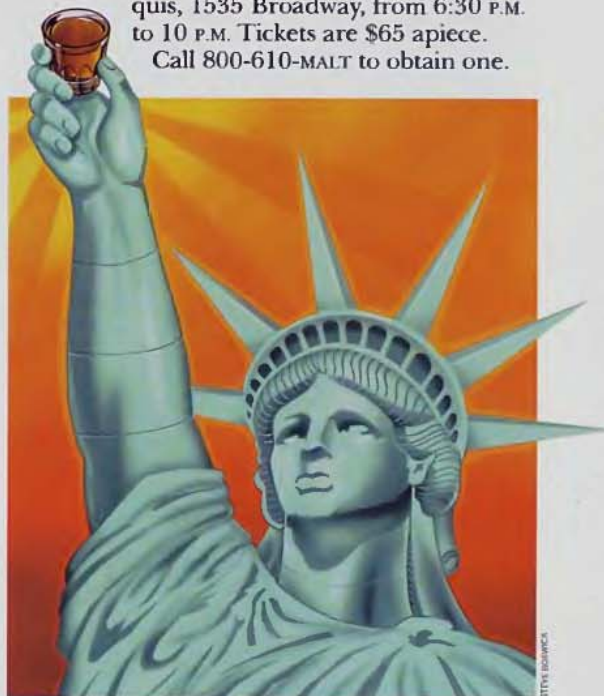
CAMPUS YUCKS

Between August 1 and October 31, 1998, collegiate cartoonists were invited to enter a contest sponsored by Andrews McMeel Publishing and Follett College Stores. Now the best submissions are included in *Strip Search: Revealing Today's Best College Cartoonists*, a \$9.95 softcover available in bookstores. Pictured here is a cartoon by third-place panel winner Tony Morris of Lawrence Technological University. *Strip Search* cartoons are also on the UExpress website at uexpress.com.



WHISKEY CITY

The Big Apple is bracing itself for November 3, when about 150 of the world's finest and rarest whiskeys will be available as part of 'Whisky Fest II,' the biggest independent whiskey event in the country. Distillery managers and blenders will conduct seminars during the tasting, which will be held at the Marriott Marquis, 1535 Broadway, from 6:30 P.M. to 10 P.M. Tickets are \$65 apiece. Call 800-610-MALT to obtain one.



BEAUTIFUL SCREAMERS

For a horrific Halloween, check out this trio of full-head masks from hell. They include (top to bottom): Junior, a mask wearing a mask that's a study in subtle terror (\$60); Mr. Grim, a scarecrow that's guaranteed to frighten more humans than birds (\$65); and Dorian Gray (\$70). The last one captures the essence of its namesake, as told in Oscar Wilde's novel *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. Call Death Studios in LaPorte, Indiana at 219-362-4321 to order.



GOING LIKE '69

It was the year man walked on the moon and auto manufacturers introduced cars that practically took you there. To commemorate these cars' 30th anniversary, Jakks Pacific has introduced a line of limited-edition toy cars that includes the Chevrolet Camaro (pictured above), the Dodge Daytona, the Pontiac GTO and the Ford Mustang Boss, all in 1/64 scale, boxed in display cases. Price: about \$7 per car in hobby shops. Other years are also available.

ADVENTURERS, STAY SEATED

Wild kingdoms await the armchair traveler in Randy Wayne White's *Sharks of Lake Nicaragua* (\$22.95), a book that's stocked with his "true tales of adventure, travel and fishing." Doug Lansky's *Up the Amazon Without a Paddle* (\$10) contains 60 of his most offbeat adventures—including riding an ostrich. The "definitive collection of one-of-a-kind travel experiences" is how Fodor's describes its *Escape* series. The first titles take you to Tuscany and the Amalfi Coast. Price: \$18 each.



NEXT MONTH



HOT HANDS



PERSONAL INJURIES



DUNE



SEX IN CINEMA

MIA ST. JOHN—SHE'S CALLED THE KNOCKOUT, AND FOR GOOD REASON. THE UNDEFEATED FEATHERWEIGHT HAS MADE BOXING A SWEET SPORT. NOW SHE SHEDS ALL BUT HER GLOVES. IT'S SO INCREDIBLE, WE MADE YOU WAIT AN EXTRA MONTH

PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION: THE NINETIES—ARE WE HAVING SEX YET? HARASSMENT SUITS, CYBERSEX AND MONICA MAKE YOU WONDER. DON'T MISS THE FINAL INSTALLMENT OF OUR EPOCHAL SERIES (AND A SNEAK PEEK AT THE FORTHCOMING BOOK) BY **JAMES R. PETERSEN**

SEX IN CINEMA—CRUISE AND KIDMAN GET RAUNCHY IN *EYES WIDE SHUT*. TEENAGE HORN DOGS GET A PIECE IN *AMERICAN PIE* AND FRANCE GETS CONTROVERSIAL IN *ROMANCE*. GRAB THE POPCORN

GOVERNOR JESSE VENTURA—"THE BODY" REVEALS HIS RESPONSE TO DAILY DEATH THREATS, DEFENDS HIS REMARKS ABOUT COLUMBINE AND TELLS HOW A WRESTLER COULD BECOME PRESIDENT. AN OUTRAGEOUS—WHAT ELSE?—INTERVIEW BY **LAWRENCE GROBEL**

THE CAMPUS BUZZ—TAP YOUR KEGS, IT'S *ANIMAL HOUSE* REDUX: STUDENTS FROM COAST TO COAST RATE THE

BEST CLASSES, BARS, THEME PARTIES, ROAD TRIPS, RESTAURANTS, SEX SPOTS AND RIVALRIES

DAVID DUVAL—AMERICA'S NEXT GREAT GOLFER IS ALSO ITS COOLEST. THE 27-YEAR-OLD TALKS ABOUT AVOIDING CELEBRITY, MAKING A HARD GAME SEEM SIMPLE AND LEAVING TIGER IN THE DUST. PROFILE BY **CARL VIGELAND**

LITTLE ANNIE FANNY—OUR INTREPID ADVENTURER DISCOVERS HIGH FASHION IN THE CITY OF LIGHTS IN A SPECIAL CARTOON FEATURE

DUNE: THE FLIGHT OF DUNCAN IDAHO—IN THIS PREQUEL TO THE CLASSIC *DUNE*, FRANK HERBERT'S SON DEPICTS A HARROWING HUNT BY ARMED THUGS. THE INTENDED VICTIM, A CLEVER 8-YEAR-OLD CHILD, SURVIVES TO BECOME . . . BUT WE WON'T SPOIL THE SUSPENSE. FICTION BY **BRIAN HERBERT** AND **KEVIN J. ANDERSON**

PERSONAL INJURIES—LAWYER ROBBIE FEAVER LEARNS ABOUT PAYOFFS THE HARD WAY. AN EXCLUSIVE LOOK AT THE NEW NOVEL BY **SCOTT TUROW**

PLUS: CLASSIC AMERICAN MUSCLE CARS, MOTOCROSS FASHIONS, VIDEO GEAR THAT GOES ON YOUR HEAD, AND MISS NOVEMBER, CANADIAN SIREN **CARA WAKELIN**