www.playboy.com

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MAY 1999

PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS
DAVID SPADE

Mighty CHARLIZE THERON

TALK ABOUT NATURE'S WONDERS
PLAYMATES ON SAFARI

BEN STILLER and JANEANE GAROFALO
A STRANGE ROMANCE REVEALED

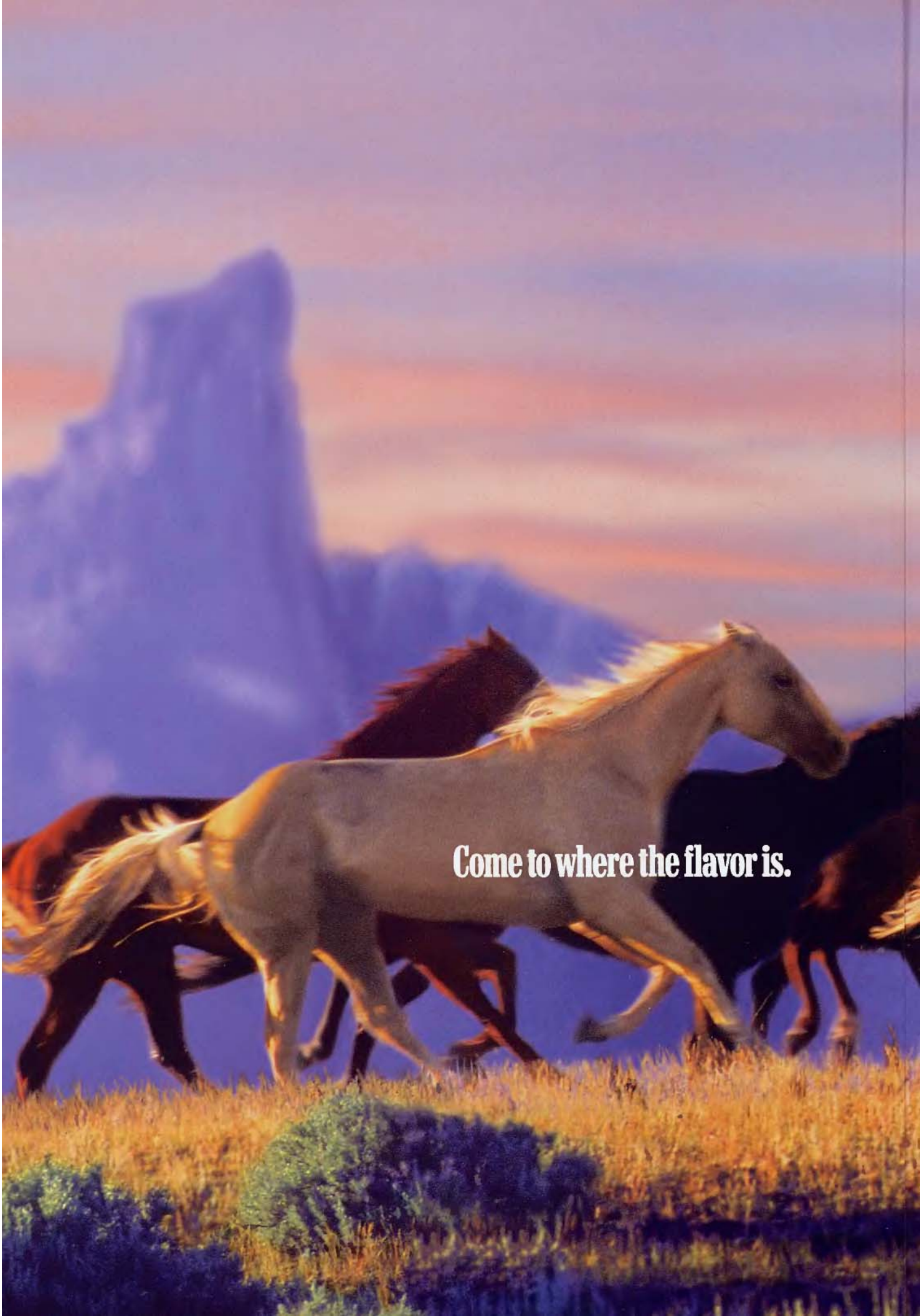
MOLLY IVINS PROFILES
TOM DELAY

20 QUESTIONS ASHLEY JUDD

MOSCOW IN THE RAW
THE SEX
THE POWER
THE MONEY

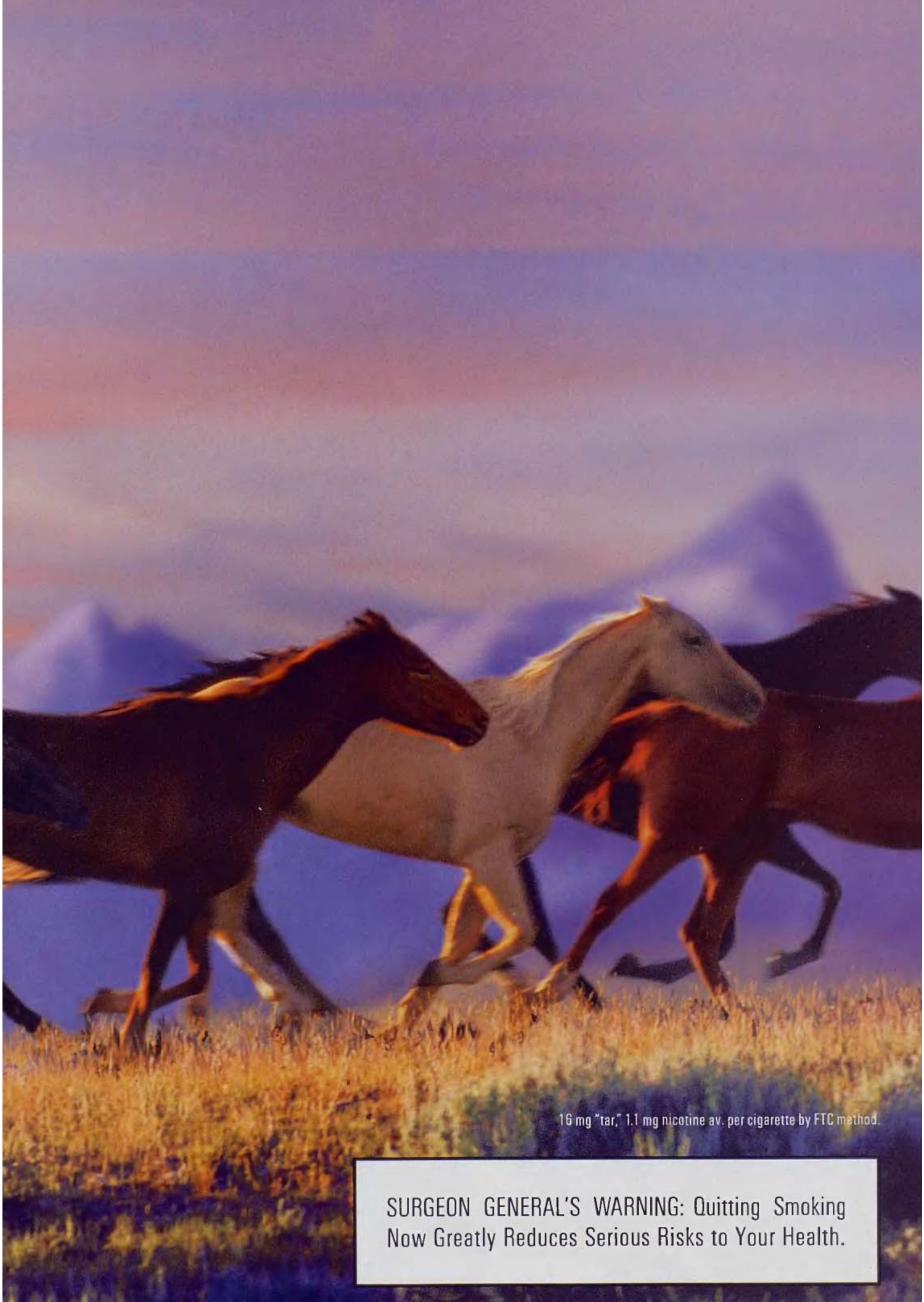
BASEBALL PREVIEW '99

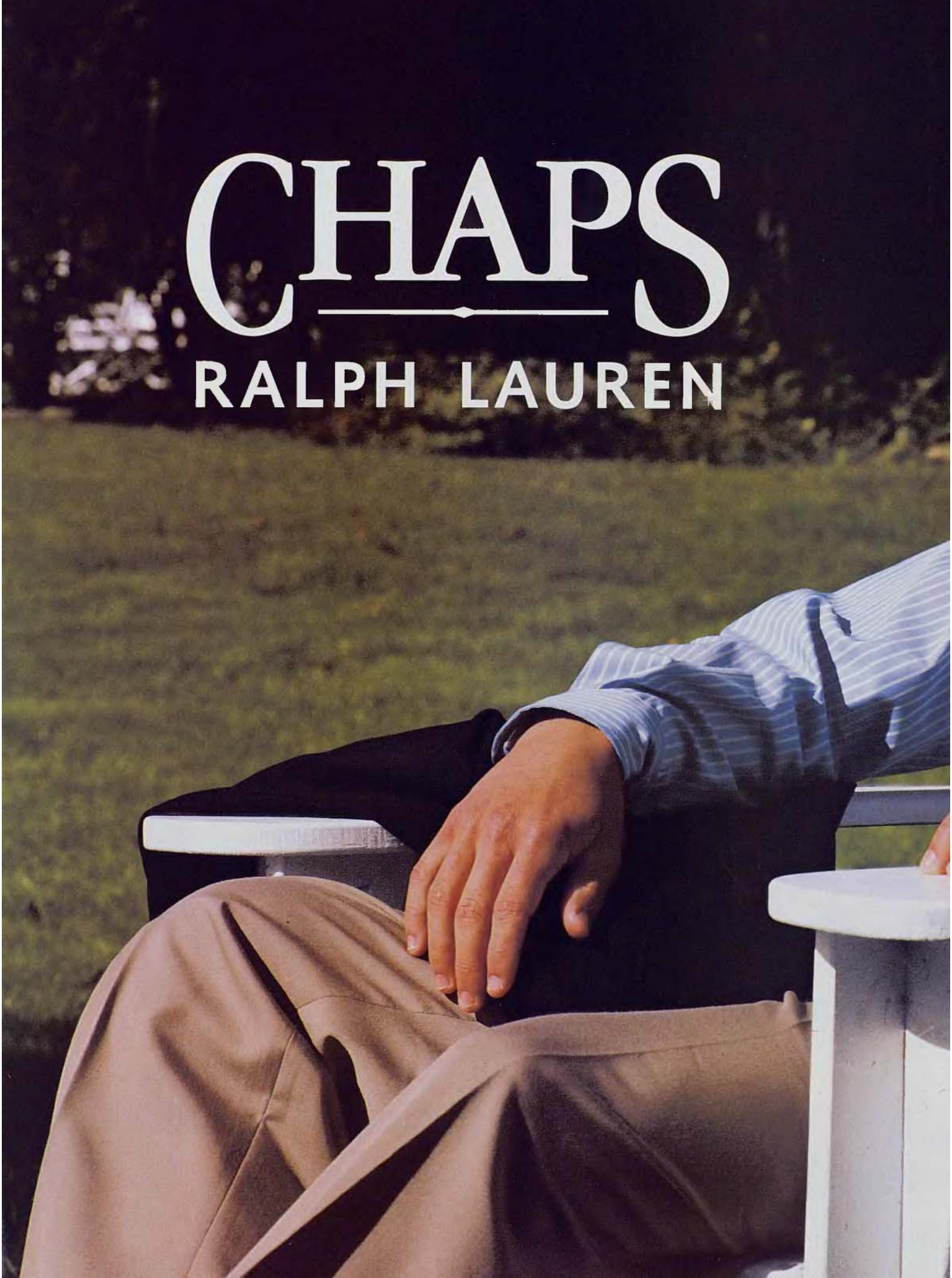
$4.95
05
35270
0 300955 0

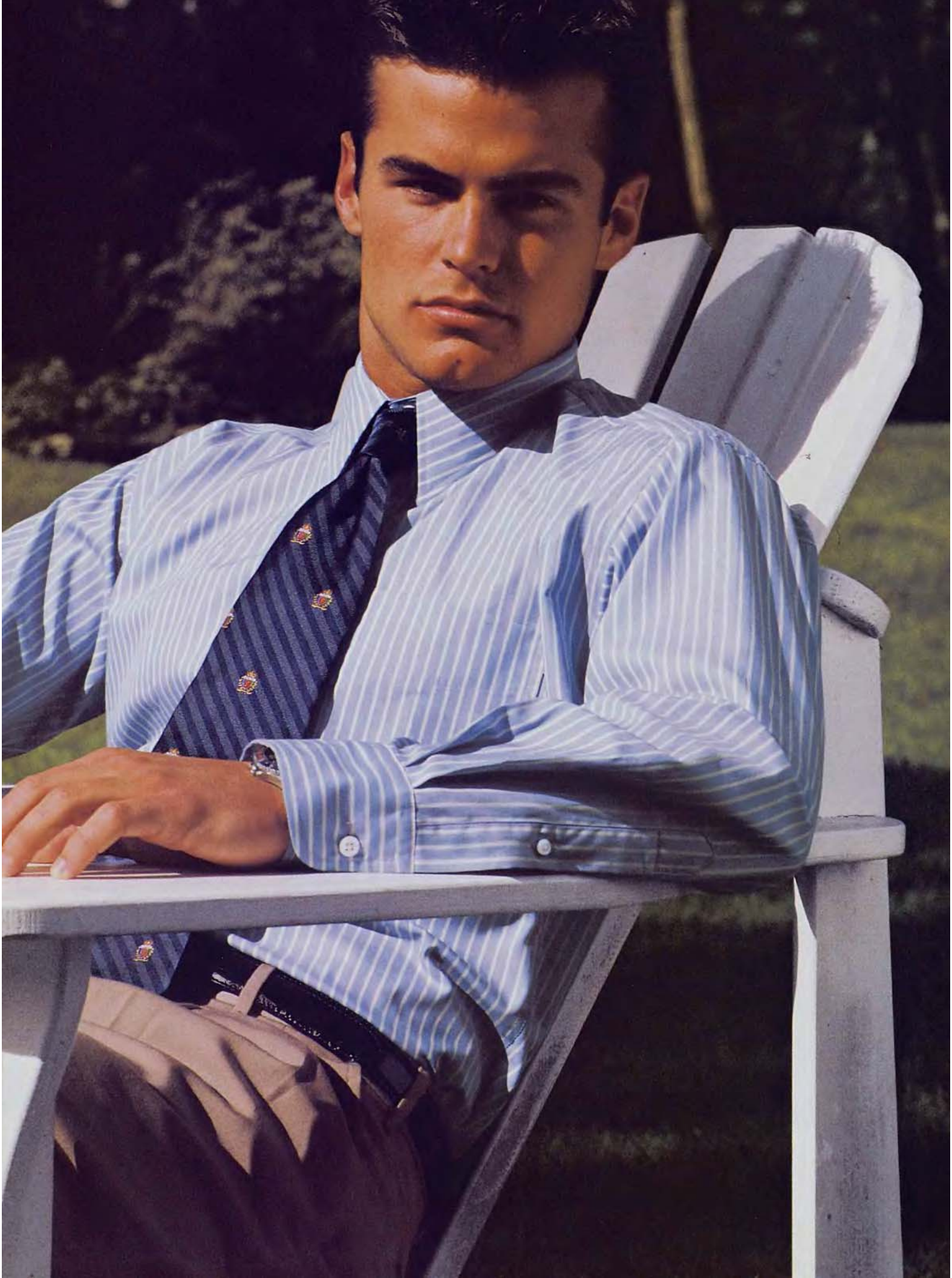

Come to where the flavor is.


© Philip Morris Inc. 1999


Marlboro Country
Marlboro


16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.


CHAPS
RALPH LAUREN



STARE THROUGH THE GLARE.

INTRODUCING NEW ANTI-GLARE TECHNOLOGY New anti-glare polarized lenses from Ray-Ban® virtually eliminate annoying glare. Try on a pair of Ray-Ban polarized sunglasses and see what you've been missing.

www.ray-ban.com

Daddy-O™ W2687

SideStreet™ W2897

Brown lenses enhance contrast.

Daddy-O™ W2688

SideStreet™ W2896

Gray lenses deliver clear, precise colors.

Ray-Ban

DEFINITELY RAY-BAN®

PLAYBILL

OUR COVER this month is the perfect setting for a picture of **Charlize Theron,** taken during her days as a model. Born in South Africa, she is a diamond import in a gem of an issue. As hit girl Helga, she blew away critics in *Two Days in the Valley*. Then she drove us bananas in *Celebrity*. Now we have photos of the leggy wonder that never made it into her portfolio. It's a timely debut for her fans in our home office—she just landed the lead in *Chicago*.

David Spade's hit sitcom on NBC, *Just Shoot Me*, is set at a fashion magazine. So he understands why he's not on the cover. Together with his fellow *Saturday Night Live* alum Chris Farley, he made a string of wild buddy movies that even Adam Sandler could envy. Now he stands tall in a supersized *Playboy Interview* with **David Rensin.** Spade may look soft and furry, but beware—he bites.

When moderates complain of right-wing radicals who are destroying the Republican Party, they're probably talking about House Majority Whip **Tom DeLay.** As DeLay rants about Clinton's flaws, it's time to examine his. In *The Exterminator Rep*, a *Playboy Profile* illustrated by **Arnold Roth,** caustic columnist **Molly Ivins** gives the whip a good flaying. She explains why he loves DDT, then turns the light on his cozy relationship with a Mexican cement company. Creepy. While Washington fiddles, Moscow burns. "It's Babylon after getting hit by a neutron bomb," says **Mark Ames.** "The buildings remain but people just slowly decay." Ames helped launch the English-language newspaper *The eXile*, a hot read among diplomats and journalists. In *Moscow Bites*, Ames analyzes the nightmarish nightlife scene that exists now that Western money has abandoned the city. Desperate Russian Nikitas mix with dancing Nigerian studs—and Chippendales it ain't.

Tom Wolfe can keep that thing with the cup. We have the latest romance from **Janeane Garofalo** and **Ben Stiller.** In *The Story of Our Sordid Love* (it's a chapter from their new tome from Ballantine, *Feel This Book*), the hot comics reduce sex to a cold puddle on the bedroom floor. The accompanying artwork is by **Janet Woolley.** Our other book of love this month comes courtesy of the editors of *The Onion*, a satirical paper and website that leaves its cult followers (*Seinfeld* co-creator Larry David is one) teary with laughter. This month they present *Great Moments in Playboy History*. Things get even more salacious with actor **Ashley Judd.** Daughter of Naomi, sister of Wynonna and consort of desire, she created a fashionquake at the 1998 Academy Awards with a dress slit up to her oscar. She lets it rip in a *20 Questions* by **Robert Crane** that covers such diverse subjects as bourbon, dictionaries, kissing and underwear.

Can baseball get any better after last year's summer of love? Turns out we could be in for a downswing, particularly in financially pressed smaller markets. In *Playboy's 1999 Baseball Preview*, Copy Editor **Leopold Froehlich** and Researcher **George Hodak** patrol the warning track as they examine the impact of high-priced free agency and predict who has a shot at the superteams. **Daniel Torres** did the illustration.

For a more dangerous game, turn to our fiction. *The Shadow Trees* by **Brendan DuBois** pits a dangerous ex-government operative against a band of Maine militiamen. Guess who wins? On a cooler note, our fashion pages feature a pair of jazzy suits worn by our favorite saxophonist, the incredible **Joshua Redman.** Fans of gadgetry will want to groove to the 12 electrifying wonders in *Gotta Have It*. If you've got a better suggestion, blame Modern Living Editor **David Stevens,** who's also the guy behind the eponymous (don't you love that word?) *Dave's Garage*. This month he rolls out the fabulous Audi TT and sends a Hummer into an Arizona arroyo. We wrap up with travel—*Playmates on Safari*, shot by Contributing Photographer **Richard Fegley** and narrated by Managing Photo Editor **Jim Larson,** who got the girls from tent to tent. Lions and tigers and G-strings—oh my!


RENSIN


ROTH


IVINS


AMES


STILLER, GAROFALO


WOOLLEY


CRANE


TORRES


DUBOIS


STEVENS


FEGLEY, LARSON

PUTT&WIN with BECK'S

Go for 2 million Deutsche Marks in Tahoe
*(That's more than a million dollars!)**

Enter te win a trip for two to play in the NBC Sports Celebrity Golf Championship and an opportunity to putt for two million Deutsche Marks in Lake Tahoe

Plus other great prizes from Taylor Made®

And don't forget to pick up your **FREE Guide to Golf** wherever Beck's beer is sold

Putt&Wiu with Beck's Sweepstakes Official Eutry Ferm

To enter, fill out the information below and mail to:
Putt & Win with Beck's, P.O. Box 2402, Cranberry Twp, PA 16066
OR visit our website at www.becks-beer.com

Name _____ Date of Birth _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Daytime Phone _____

Taylor Made®

NBC Sports

Lake Tahoe Visitors Authority
800-AT-TAHOE

TUNE IN & WIN Tune in to NBC Sports Celebrity Golf Championship on Sunday, July 4th from 4 to 5 p.m. (EST) and you could win a trip for two to Germany - home of Beck's!

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. OPEN ONLY TO LEGAL U.S. RESIDENTS, 21 AND OVER. VOID IN CA AND WHERE PROHIBITED. WI RESIDENTS MAY NOT ENTER ON-PREMISE. "MAIN" SWEEPSTAKES STARTS 3/16/99 AT 12AM EST AND ENDS 6/1/99 AT 12PM EST. ODDS OF WINNING FOR BOTH SWEEPSTAKES DEPEND ON NUMBER OF ELIGIBLE ENTRIES/CALLS RECEIVED. FOR OFFICIAL RULES SEND A SASE TO P.O. BOX 2402, CRANBERRY TWP, PA 16066. SPONSORED BY BECK'S NORTH AMERICA, GREENWICH, CT.
*APPROX. $1.2 MILLION (U.S.), BUT ACTUAL VALUE DETERMINED BY EXCHANGE RATE ON 7/2/99.

BECK'S NORTH AMERICA, GREENWICH, CT

PLAYBOY®

vol. 46, no. 5—may 1999

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL 7
THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY 13
HANGIN' WITH HEF 14
DEAR PLAYBOY 17
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS 21
- **MOVIES** ..... LEONARD MALTIN 23
- **VIDEO** 26
- **MUSIC** 28
- **WIRED** 32
- **LIVING ONLINE** ..... MARK FRAUENFELDER 33
- **BOOKS** 34
- **FITNESS** ..... JOHN W. ELLIS IV 36

MEN ..... ASA BABER 37
MANTRACK 41
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR 45
THE PLAYBOY FORUM 49
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DAVID SPADE—candid conversation 59
THE STORY OF OUR SORDID LOVE—romance ..... JANEANE GAROFALO and BEN STILLER 70
PLAYMATES ON SAFARI—pictorial 74
MOSCOW BITES!—article ..... MARK AMES 86
GREAT MOMENTS IN PLAYBOY HISTORY—humor 88
JOSHUA REDMAN—fashion ..... HOLLIS WAYNE 92
PLAYBOY'S 1999 BASEBALL PREVIEW—sports ..... LEOPOLD FROEHLICH and GEORGE HODAK 94
TISHARA—playboy's playmate of the month 98
PARTY JOKES—humor 110
THE SHADOW TREES—fiction ..... BRENDAN DUBOIS 112
DAVE'S GARAGE—cars ..... DAVID STEVENS 115
20 QUESTIONS: ASHLEY JUDD 118
THE EXTERMINATOR REP—profile ..... MOLLY IVINS 120
GOTTA HAVE IT—electronics 125
CHARLIZE—pictorial 130
LITTLE ANNIE FANNY—cartoon 139
WHERE & HOW TO BUY 171
PLAYMATE NEWS 175
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE 179

Charlize P. 130

Shadow Trees P. 112

Miss May P. 98

Stiller P. 70

COVER STORY

She played a sexy hit girl in *Two Days in the Valley* and Keanu Reeves' wife in *The Devil's Advocate*. She appeared in *Celebrity* and starred in *Mighty Joe Young*. Next she joins Johnny Depp in *The Astronaut's Wife*. Former dancer and model Charlize Theron has come a long way from the South African farm where she was raised. Our cover photo was shot by Guido Argentini. Martin Christopher styled Charlize's hair and makeup. Our ever-fit Rabbit loves to curl.

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. PLAYBOY ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY TO RETURN UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL OR GRAPHIC OR OTHER MATERIAL. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS AND UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL AND GRAPHIC MATERIAL WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND MATERIAL WILL BE SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALLY. PLAYBOY, DATE OF PRODUCTION: MARCH 1999. CUSTODIAN OF RECORDS IS DIANE GRIFFIN. ALL RECORDS REQUIRED BY LAW TO BE MAINTAINED BY PUBLISHER ARE LOCATED AT 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. FOR CREDITS SEE PAGE 171. FRANKLIN MINT OUTSERT IN DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION POLYWRAPPED COPIES. OPTEK INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 36-37 IN DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. NEWPORT INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 170-171 IN SELECTED DOMESTIC NEWSSTAND AND SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE TÍTULO NO. 7570 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993. Y CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE CONTENIDO NO. 5108 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993 EXPEDIDOS POR LA COMISIÓN CALIFICADORA DE PUBLICACIONES Y REVISTAS ILUSTRADAS DEPENDIENTE DE LA SECRETARIA DE GOBERNACIÓN, MÉXICO. RESERVA DE TÍTULO EN TRÁMITE.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER
editor-in-chief

ARTHUR KRETCHMER *editorial director*
JONATHAN BLACK *managing editor*
TOM STAEBLER *art director*
GARY COLE *photography director*
KEVIN BUCKLEY, STEPHEN RANDALL
executive editors
JOHN REZEK *assistant managing editor*

EDITORIAL

FICTION: ALICE K. TURNER *editor;* **FORUM:** JAMES R. PETERSEN *senior staff writer;* CHIP ROWE *associate editor;* **MODERN LIVING:** DAVID STEVENS *editor;* BETH TOMKIW *associate editor;* DAN HENLEY *assistant;* **STAFF:** CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO *senior editor;* BARBARA NELLIS *associate editor;* ALISON LUNDGREN *assistant editor;* CAROL ACKERBERG, LINDA FEIDELSON, HELEN FRANGOULIS, CAROL KUBALEK, HARRIET PEASE, JOYCE WIEGAND-BAVAS *editorial assistants;* **FASHION:** HOLLIS WAYNE *director;* JENNIFER RYAN JONES *assistant editor;* **CARTOONS:** MICHELLE URRY *editor;* KERRY MALONEY *assistant;* **COPY:** LEOPOLD FROEHLICH *editor;* BRETT HUSTON, ANNE SHERMAN *assistant editors;* REMA SMITH *senior researcher;* LEE BRAUER, GEORGE HODAK, KRISTEN SWANN *researchers;* MARK DURAN *research librarian;* ANAHEED ALANI, TIM GALVIN, JOSEPH HIGAREDA, JOAN MCLAUGHLIN *proofreaders;* JOE CANE *assistant;* **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** ASA BABER, CHRISTOPHER BYRON, JOE DOLCE, GRETCHEN EDGREN, LAWRENCE GROBEL, KEN GROSS, CYNTHIA HEIMEL, WARREN KALBACKER, D. KEITH MANO, JOE MORGENSTERN, DAVID RENSIN, DAVID SHEFF

ART

KERIG POPE *managing director;* BRUCE HANSEN, CHET SUSKI, LEN WILLIS *senior directors;* SCOTT ANDERSON *assistant art director;* ANN SEIDL *supervisor, keyline/pasteup;* PAUL CHAN *senior art assistant;* JASON SIMONS *art assistant*

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARILYN GRABOWSKI *west coast editor;* JIM LARSON *managing editor—chicago;* MICHAEL ANN SULLIVAN *senior editor;* STEPHANIE BARNETT, PATTY BEAUDET-FRANCÈS, KEVIN KUSTER *associate editors;* DAVID CHAN, RICHARD FEGLEY, ARNY FREYTAG, RICHARD IZUI, DAVID MECEY, POMPEO POSAR, STEPHEN WAYDA *contributing photographers;* GEORGE GEORGIOU *studio manager—chicago;* BILL WHITE *studio manager—los angeles;* SHELLEE WELLS *stylist;* ELIZABETH GEORGIOU *photo archivist*

RICHARD KINSLER *publisher*

PRODUCTION

MARIA MANDIS *director;* RITA JOHNSON *manager;* KATHERINE CAMPION, JODY JURGETO, RICHARD QUARTAROLI, TOM SIMONEK *associate managers;* BARB TEKIELA, DEBBIE TILLOU *typesetters;* BILL BENWAY, LISA COOK, SIMMIE WILLIAMS *prepress*

CIRCULATION

LARRY A. DJERF *newsstand sales director;* PHYLLIS ROTUNNO *subscription circulation director;* CINDY RAKOWITZ *communications director*

ADVERTISING

JAMES DIMONEKAS, *advertising director;* JEFF KIMMEL, *new york sales manager;* JOE HOFFER *midwest sales manager;* IRV KORNBLAU *marketing director;* TERRI CARROLL *research director*

READER SERVICE

LINDA STROM, MIKE OSTROWSKI *correspondents*

ADMINISTRATIVE

MARCIA TERRONES *rights & permissions director*

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES, INC.

CHRISTIE HEFNER *chairman, chief executive officer*


IF YOUR TEAM'S SMOKIN' BUT YOU CAN'T...
PREMIUM SMOKELESS TOBACCO
ALWAYS THERE IN A PINCH™
SKOAL
LONG CUT
WARNING:
THIS PRODUCT MAY CAUSE GUM DISEASE AND TOOTH LOSS
U.S. TOBACCO REMINDS YOU
NOT FOR SALE TO MINORS
SMOKELESS TOBACCO
Another fine product from U.S. Tobacco Co.
®Trademark of U.S. Tobacco Co. or one of its affiliates for smokeless tobacco. ©1999 U.S. TOBACCO CO.


PATRÓN
EXTRA FINE COFFEE
TEQUILA
PATRÓN
XO Café
Coffee Liqueur
Tequila
Taste
More
Magic!
Karen McDougal - 1998 Playmate of the Year
Patrón Information: 800-723-4767
Photography: John Nieto
Body Painting: Joanne Gair
Playmate of the Year used with permission of Playboy.

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

hef sightings, mansion frolics and nightlife notes

THE YEAR OF THE RABBIT

The Mansion was the setting for Hef's elegant New Year's Eve party. Those popping the bubbly with the man included Kevin Spacey, the Dahm triplets and Brande Roderick. Drew Carey had two armfuls of Playmates—Carrie Stevens and Elisa Bridges—while (bottom left) *Beverly Hills 90210* castmates Vincent Young and Ian Ziering showed off their tuxes.

PARTY HEARTY

Fight Night at the Mansion brought out Kevin Costner (above right), who explained the finer points to Lisa Dergan and Deanna Brooks. And Dennis Rodman tipped his hat to Hef, here with Heather Kozar, the Bentley twins and Jessica Paisley at the Garden of Eden.

HANGIN' WITH HEF


1


2


3


4


5


6


7


8

The plaque on Hef's front door read, IF YOU DON'T SWING, DON'T RING, and for good reason. It's true, beautiful babes and celebrities want to party with Hef—at the Mansion, in limos and at Los Angeles' hot spots.

A collection of Hef-style nights on the town: (1) Misses December 1998 the Dahm triplets and Alison Berliner at Trader Vic's. (2) Miss January 1998 Heather Kozar and Miss July 1998 Lisa Dergan cuddle with the boss at Atlantic. (3) Hef's friend Brande Roderick, hanging out (and upside down) with Heather at the Mansion. (4) Three's no crowd here—it's company. (5) Nenna Quiroz (Brande's roommate), Hef and Brande. (6) Tight-knit pals. (7) A limo ride with Mandy Bentley and Jessica Paisley is never boring. (8) Hef and the Bentley twins. (9) Bill Maher and friends at a Century Club party. (10) Hef and the gang, decked out for a Pimps 'n Hos party. (11) Heather and Hef at Club Rubber. (12) Alison Berliner and the Dahm triplets flank Hef. (13) Life of the party Heather Kozar. (14) The twins, Jessica Paisley and Hef chill out.


9


10


11


12


13


14

The 1969 Pontiac® GTO™ Judge

Replica shown approximately actual size. (Scale 1:24; 8½" in length)

A magnificent muscle car by Pontiac—immortalized in a spectacular Danbury Mint replica.

"The Judge" was a name that inspired awe in owners of other so-called muscle machines. In its day, it was probably the most feared and respected muscle car on the road, amazing everyone with its phenomenal performance. Now, you can acquire an amazingly detailed die-cast metal replica of Pontiac's greatest performance car ever...the *1969 Pontiac GTO Judge.*

Authentically detailed.

The 1969 Pontiac GTO Judge is crafted of die-cast metal in the large 1:24 scale from more than 275 separate precision parts. The hood opens to reveal a beautifully crafted re-creation of Pontiac's muscular 370 hp Ram Air IV V-8 engine. Both doors open to showcase the driver's compartment with its four-speed shifter, dials, gauges and bucket seats that tilt forward. The front wheels turn with the steering wheel and all four genuine rubber "mag" wheels spin freely. From the retractable headlight covers to the rear deck spoiler, every detail is true to the original.

Attractively priced.

The 1969 Pontiac GTO Judge is available exclusively from the Danbury Mint for $109, payable in four convenient monthly installments of just $27.25*. This attractive price includes a fact-filled, personalized Certificate of Title identifying you as the owner of this legendary muscle car replica. Your satisfaction is guaranteed. Return your Reservation Application today!

The legendary 370 hp Ram Air IV engine is meticulously re-created.

The rubber spare tire with cover can be removed from the trunk.

The Danbury Mint
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, CT 06857

RESERVATION APPLICATION

The 1969 Pontiac® GTO™ Judge

Send no money now.

Yes! Reserve the *1969 Pontiac GTO Judge* for me as described in this announcement.

Signature _____

Orders subject to acceptance. Allow 4 to 8 weeks after initial payment for shipment.

**Plus $1.45 shipping and handling per installment.*

Name _____
(Please print clearly.)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

_____
Name to print on Certificate of Title (if different from above).

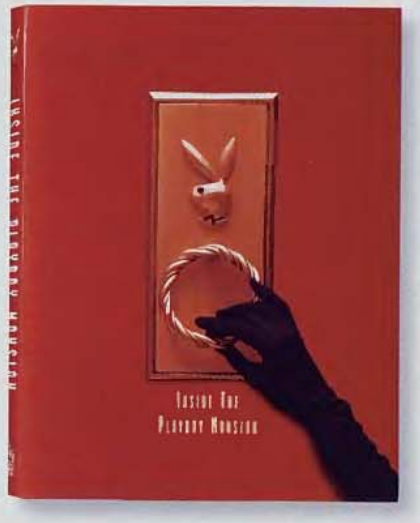
4394E036

PLAYBOY

Inside the Playboy Mansion Book

"If You Don't Swing, Don't Ring"

Engraved in Latin in a brass plaque on the front door, this compelling caveat greeted all who scaled the steps to the legendary Playboy Mansion. Those lucky enough to make it inside beheld a seductive sea of famous faces, hot jazz, cold cocktails—and scores of breathtaking nude women. Now, for the first time, Playboy has created one magnificent book to celebrate the lush life inside the Playboy Mansion.



Inside the Playboy Mansion swings open the doors to Chicago's original Playboy Mansion and the spectacular Ployboy Mansion West in Los Angeles. Photos from Hef's private collection take you from the game room to the Grotto, through the private zoo and down to the Underwater Bar. You'll see the celebrities, the Playmates and the wild parties that became legend in Chicago—and rage on today in LA. Introduction by Hugh M. Hefner.

Inside the Playboy Mansion is the latest in our Playboy book series and is the perfect complement to our first two editions, *The Playboy Book: Forty Years* and *The Playmate Book*. Full nudity. Hardcover. 9" x 12". 352 pages.

Book BV4015 **$50**

ORDER TOLL-FREE 800-423-9494
Most major credit cards accepted.

ORDER BY MAIL
Include credit cord account number and expiration date or send a check or money order to Ployboy, P.O. Box 809, Source Code 03483, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809. $6.95 shipping-and-hondling charge per totol order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tox.

Canadian orders accepted (please visit our website for other foreign orders).

Visit the Playboy Store at
www.playboystore.com

Life, liberty and the pursuit of dreams.

DEAR PLAYBOY

680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611
FAX 312-649-9534
E-MAIL DEARPB@PLAYBOY.COM
PLEASE INCLUDE YOUR DAYTIME PHONE NUMBER

EMERIL IS COOKIN'

I'm a Hispanic female in my late 40s who has been reading your magazine for over 20 years, and I'm so thrilled with your Emeril Lagasse interview (February). Watching his cooking show *Emeril Live* is a sensual experience. If he puts half as much "bam" into his love life as he does into his cooking, he won't be single for long. I can only fantasize.

Yolanda Medina
San Antonio, Texas

An interview with some goddamn cook? What's next, an interview with a celebrity seamstress? Come on, PLAYBOY, where is the long-awaited Kenneth Starr interview?

Ray Yee
Walnut Creek, California

In 1968, the great restaurateur Stuart Levin took over New York's Le Pavillon from Henri Soule. Levin died five years ago, but were he alive today, I'm certain he'd agree with Lagasse that food is an aphrodisiac. In a cover story I wrote on Levin in *Restaurant Hospitality*, I described a meal he had prepared at Top of the Park as erotic eats that lead to perfect foreplay. Levin wanted diners to enjoy their food and have great sex as a result. Shortly after Lagasse opened Emeril's, my wife and I dined there. When we left in the wee hours of the morning, we knew there was only one way to cap the night.

Stephen Michaelides
Cleveland, Ohio

I'm a culinary student at the same school Emeril Lagasse attended. I watch his programs religiously and consider him one of the most brilliant chefs and restaurateurs in the country. But Emeril is confused about where he ate that great cheeseburger in Mount Pleasant, South Carolina. He said the burgers at Melvin's were cooked on a grill with a bit of hickory and none of the processed junk. So I went there anticipating a work of art. I was extremely disappointed with the burger. The next time Emeril is in Mount Pleasant and craves a great cheeseburger, he should drive past Melvin's and head straight to Sticky Fingers.

Chris Newman
Charleston, South Carolina

THE NAKED TRUTH

As a retired stripper, I appreciate A.J. Benza's defense of the Scores girls (*The Naked and the Dead*, February). But he gives readers the impression that stripping is glamorous. The truth is that many strippers are single mothers struggling to raise their children without the benefit of sufficient education or child support. They often have deadbeat boyfriends with whom they have violent relationships. Their lives are not fun-filled; they're chaotic and sometimes tragic. All the money I made dancing for men was spent as fast as I made it—and I never used any of it for an education. Thankfully, my life is back on track, and the years I spent in clubs now seem like an amusing anecdote.

Jennifer McDonagh
Wheat Ridge, Colorado

HOLY ROLLER

In the last election, voters said no to Pat Robertson's scowling, judgmental philosophy (*The Holy Terror*, by Mark Bowden, February). Let's never elect a Robertson stooge as president.

Mark Naeser
Jamestown, New York

Robertson is a dangerous man. He has no respect for the rights of others to follow their own conscience, religion or worldview in moral issues.

Michael Shearer
Tualatin, Oregon

VODKA: THE WATER OF LIFE

Your article on the world's best premiere vodkas (*Cold Gold*, February) is

PLAYBOY (ISSN 0032-1478), MAY 1999, VOLUME 46, NUMBER 5, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: U.S., $29.97 FOR 12 ISSUES. CANADA, $43.97 FOR 12 ISSUES. ALL OTHER FOREIGN, $45 U.S. CURRENCY ONLY. FOR NEW AND RENEWAL ORDERS AND CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND TO PLAYBOY SUBSCRIPTIONS, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007. PLEASE ALLOW 6-8 WEEKS FOR PROCESSING. FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND NEW AND OLD ADDRESSES AND ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR CHANGE. POSTMASTER: SEND FORM 3579 TO PLAYBOY, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007. ADVERTISING: NEW YORK: 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10019 (212-261-6000); CHICAGO: 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO 60611 (312-751-8000); WEST COAST: SD MEDIA, 2001 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD, SUITE 200, SANTA MONICA, CA 90403 (310-264-7576); SOUTHEAST: COLEMAN & BENTZ, INC., 4651 ROSWELL ROAD NE, ATLANTA, GA 30342 (404-256-3800); BOSTON: NORTHEAST MEDIA SALES, 8 FANEUIL HALL MARKETPLACE, BOSTON 02109 (617-973-5050). FOR SUBSCRIPTION INQUIRIES, CALL 800-998-4438.

interesting and informative, but I enjoy mine warm, like sake. I highly recommend to the sophisticated PLAYBOY reader Krolewska vodka.

F. Plummer
Naturita, Colorado

RAH RAH SIS BOOM BAH

I love your *NFL Cheerleaders* pictorial (February)—especially Bonnie-Jill Laflin. She's the Deion Sanders of the sidelines and definitely the right choice to kick off things.

Rodney Hogsten
Falls Church, Virginia

Every Sunday afternoon and Monday night, thousands of men fantasize about what the team cheerleaders look like under their sexy uniforms. Thanks for making that fantasy a reality.

Danny Thomas
Kansas City, Kansas

PAM-DEMONIUM

Pamela Anderson (*She Is . . . Pamela*, February) has a great body, but enough is enough. Nobody likes to eat steak every night.

Terry Sherman
Boise, Idaho

Thanks for bringing back Pamela Anderson. She has proved to the world that a woman can be both a mother and a sex goddess, and that keeps me motivated.

Tina Hyder
Minot, North Dakota

I've seen Pam Anderson in the nude countless times and I still can't get her out of my mind.

Tim Honquest
Rockford, Illinois

I've always been a believer in the if-it-feels-good-do-it philosophy, but Pam Anderson doesn't need to share her every intimacy with readers. A little mystery can go a long way.

Jean Pieper
North Haven, Connecticut

It's disappointing to see how many tattoos Pam has. I guess if she had a Rolls-Royce, she'd carve her initials on the hood with a pocketknife.

Jim Crumpley
Springfield, Missouri

Pamela's eighth cover is unbelievable. I can't wait to see number nine. There isn't a man on this planet who wouldn't want to see more of her. Even after two children, she's still the bomb.

Jay Leger
Lafayette, Louisiana

Can we please get over Pamela Anderson? I'm wondering if there is a man out there who hasn't seen her naked. She's had a lot of surgery and has a lot of tattoos, and I've had my fill. PLAYBOY is so good at finding sex stars. Why not find another one?

Preston Price
Cincinnati, Ohio

STACY IS A NATURAL

When I received the February issue, I opened it anticipating another lovely Pam Anderson pictorial. Instead, my breath was taken away by Stacy Fuson (*Nuclear Fuson*). Her natural beauty leaves the surgically augmented Anderson in the dust. Imagine my surprise when I turned to the Playmate Data Sheet and saw Stacy standing next to her boyfriend, who I immediately recognized as a high school classmate. No offense to my old friend, but if he can land this incredible woman, there's hope for us all.

Beau Lynott
Crown Point, California

The waiting is over. Thank you for finally making Stacy Fuson a Playmate. After seeing her on the October 1997 cover and on MTV, I knew this day would come. In my book, she's the greatest Playmate ever.

Michael Morgan
Fort Worth, Texas

I'm thrilled the girl next door has finally returned.

Bill Bessette
Burlington, New Jersey

CALLING DR. LAURA

I always enjoy PLAYBOY's *Year in Sex* (January), but I have a quibble this year. There was no mention of where Dr. Laura's nude photos can be found on the Internet. Come on, guys, share the wealth with your readers.

Randy Davis
Barboursville, Virginia

If you do a Dr. Laura search, you may come up with a free shot. If you want to be sure, www.clublove.com will give you the whole series for $24.95 a month.

EARTHLY DELIGHT

Thank you for Michael Lemonick's excellent article on the search for planets that might support life (*Earth to Universe: Do You Read?* January). PLAYBOY should publish more such articles and less of the crap preached by Deepak Chopra, which contributes to the increasing rate of scientific illiteracy in our society.

Eric Pakulak
Eugene, Oregon

KOSHER SEX

Rabbi Shmuley Boteach (*Kosher Sex*, January) makes an astute and courageous argument that oral sex is not a sin and that the Code of Jewish Law should be taken only as advice. Then he reverses himself on the issue of masturbation. There is no biblical prohibition against self-pleasure; the sin of Onan didn't involve masturbation. Rabbi Boteach's point concerning masturbation in marriage misses the mark. By his own reasoning, the prohibitions against masturbation must be considered advice and not law.

Charles Moser
Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality
San Francisco, California

As a family life–sex educator, I'm interested in different perspectives on human sexuality. Boteach's article contains a great deal of useful information about improving sexual relations. However, the problem is that he has ignored certain Jewish customs that did not promote healthy relations. According to the Old Testament, a Hebrew man could sell his wife and children into slavery. Only Hebrew men could initiate divorce. Menstruation was viewed as unclean, and men did not interact with their wives during that time. All of us could develop a better attitude about sexuality, but to rely on an ancient book written during times of ignorance and by a patriarchal culture seems a mistake.

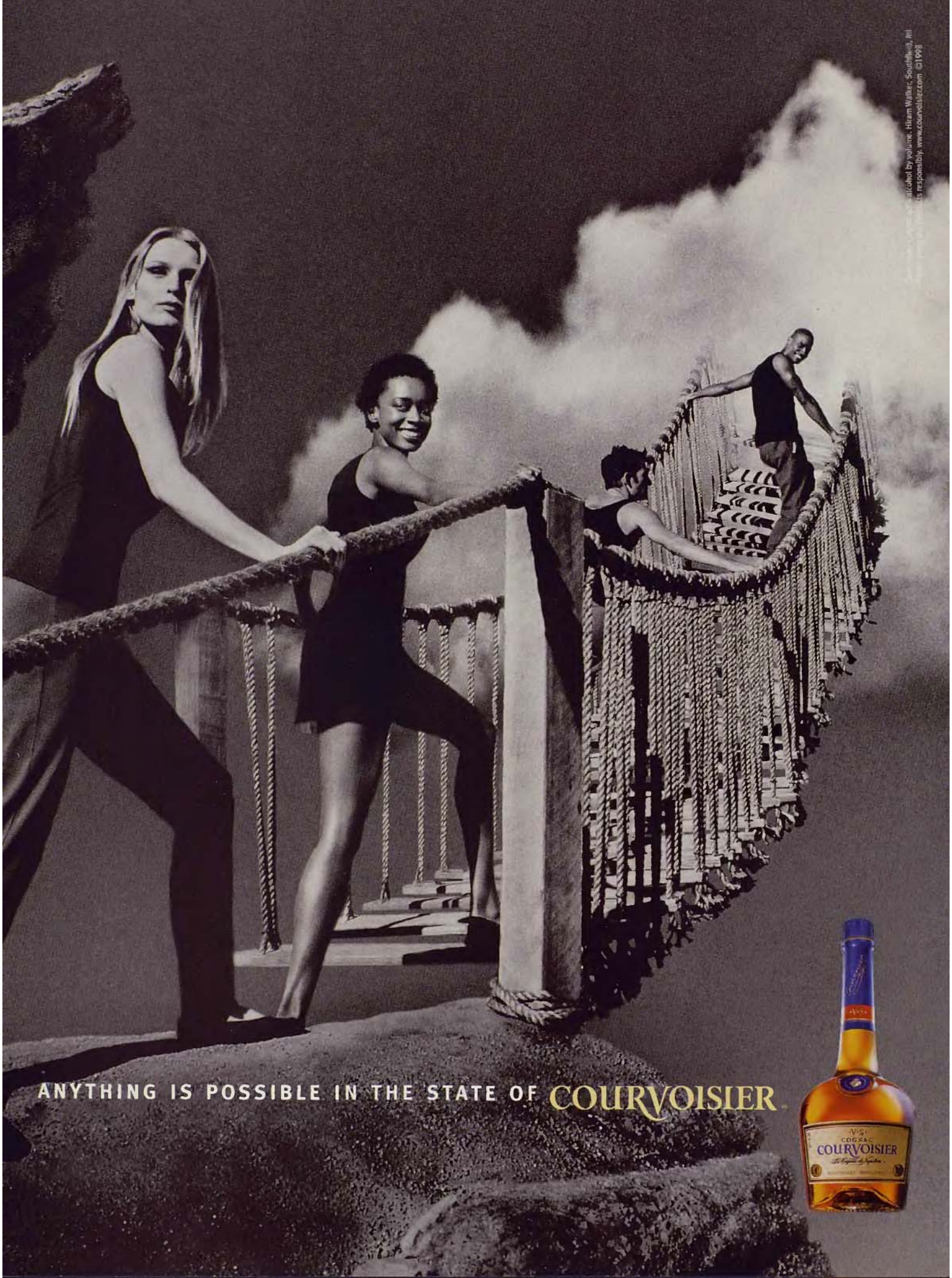
William Reid
Corvallis, Oregon

GOING GLOBAL

As an economist, I share William Greider's views (*Chicken Little Goes Global*, January) concerning the unregulated international flow of capital and labor. But I'd like to add something. The losses of manufacturing jobs in the U.S. are growing pains of a changing global economy, and America can't afford to resist change any longer. We must retrain and educate workers in our service industries if we are to maintain a viable economy.

Glenn Rivera
San Antonio, Texas


Copenhagen®
LONG CUT
Fresh Cope.®
It satisfies.®
U.S. TOBACCO REMINDS YOU
NOT FOR SALE TO MINORS
SMOKELESS TOBACCO
WARNING:
THIS PRODUCT MAY CAUSE GUM DISEASE AND TOOTH LOSS
Copenhagen®
LONG CUT
Another fine product from U.S. Tobacco Co.
® Trademark of U.S. Tobacco Co. or one of its affiliates for smokeless tobacco. © 1999 U.S. Tobacco Co.



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

COCK ROCK

Can you sing with your mouth full? Indie label Callner Music has responded to the growing demand for quirky concept albums by issuing *Porn to Rock*, a compilation of 13 songs written and performed by porn stars. The album features tracks by Ginger Lynn, Hypatia Lee, Suzi Suzuki and Midori (who is the younger sister of pop diva and PLAYBOY model Jody Watley), among others. It's better than you'd think. Madison's *Man on the Moon* and Johnny Toxic's *Happy* are catchy and clever, though admittedly Vinnie Spit and Mistress Jacqueline's *Asshole Man* is an awful track. And lyrics don't get more redundant than those in *Drink Beer and Fuck* by Nina Whett (*I just wanna drink beer and fuck/I just wanna drink beer and fuck/I just wanna drink beer and fuck/Fuck yeah!*). *Porn to Rock* won't go platinum, but it will redefine "adult album alternative."

A BOOK TO PORE OVER

The Simon & Schuster catalog announces the publication in June of the 256-page book *How to Wash Your Face*, by Barney Kenet and Patricia Lawler. We look forward to the companion volumes: *How to Comb Your Hair*, *How to Button Your Shirt* and *How to Wipe Your Ass*.

GETTING JETER WITH IT

According to *The New York Observer*, Yankees shortstop Derek Jeter has developed from a turner of double plays to a source of double entendres. The phenomenon began at a party thrown by Sean "Puffy" Combs when Jeter unceremoniously spurned his ex-girlfriend, Mariah Carey. The verb "to jeter" became a synonym for giving the cold shoulder. Since then the use of "jeter" has proliferated and taken on dozens of new meanings, such as:

To dodge or weave: *Did you see that? He jetered right past the guard!*

To hassle: *Damn! I'm tired of being jetered by the Man.*

To pass: *Jeter me that beer, would you?*

To wet: *She was laughing so hard she jetered her pants.*

To kick: *Don't make me jeter your ass.*

To surgically alter: *Did you have your breasts jetered?*

In addition, jeter has been adopted as a noun:

A magic johnson: *My jeter itches.*

An SUV: *That is one wicked jeter!*

It's also been added to the long list of words used to describe one of our favorite body parts: *Look at the size of those jeters!*

WEATHER STRIPPING

It could catch on here. The Czech Republic's most popular TV station has a nightly weather report featuring a nude forecaster who says nothing. Rather, she holds up clothes that would be right for the next day's weather.

PHRASE TURNER

The Oxford Dictionary of 20th Century Quotations is out, and not a moment too soon. Gems include epitaphs ("He was an average guy who could carry a tune" and "Rest in peace. The mistake shall not be repeated"); famous last words ("Love? What is it? Most natural painkiller. What there is . . . love"—William Burroughs, 1997; "How's the Empire?"—George V, 1936) and misquotations ("Come with me to the Casbah," "Play it again, Sam," "I paint with my prick" and "You dirty rat").

TRICKY DISH

Where's the cottage cheese and ketchup? At Nixon's, a new restaurant in Phoenix, the 37th president's favorite snack is not on the menu. But there's no shortage of conversation starters. Political consultant and restaurateur Jason Rose says Nixon's is "not a typical restaurant where you sit there across from your date and don't have anything to talk about." There are two huge murals (one depicts Nixon dressed as George Washington crossing the Delaware), videos (Nixon's resignation speech soundtracked by the Eurythmics' *Would I Lie to You?*) and other oddities (such as "in-restaurant polling"). As Rose says, "I think we're the only restaurant that has a Barry Goldwater album next to Bob Dylan's."

BONE OF SILENCE

Apparently the sound of videotapes, page turning and one-hand clapping is a real problem at sperm banks. Now a device similar to *Get Smart*'s Cone of Silence provides a cost-efficient way to muffle those protean inhibitors. Produced by Lencore Acoustics, the bucketlike contraption dangles above individual stalls and replaces noise with nonintrusive ambient background sound. However, because the device is concealed behind ceiling panels, you won't always know if you're protected. Sorry about that, chief.

BUTT BUDDIES

Two cigarette enthusiasts recently set up the art deco Circa Tabac in New York's Soho. The plush lounge features 140 brands of imported and domestic cigarettes, a cocktail bar, gourmet appetizers and desserts. The decor evokes Twenties-era sophistication, with antique tobacco-related posters hinting at a new age of Prohibition. Among the most

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"In a lot of movies these days, the sex drives of people are played down. It used to be there was more sexuality in films. I think films are much too tame now."

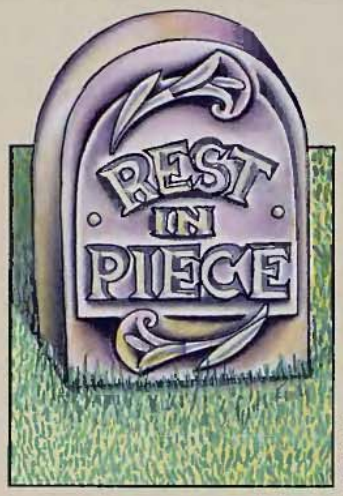
—MATT DILLON

CHEW DOING?

Americans chewed 485 billion sticks of gum last year.

KEEP MOVING

Number of people who travel every day through the main concourse in New York City's Grand Central Station (the largest public room in the country): 500,000.



JERRY MCDONALD

FACT OF THE MONTH

Four of five men who die while having sex do so while cheating on their spouses.

THE BIG SHOW TIME

Average running time in 1997 of a professional baseball game, including extra innings: 2 hours, 56 minutes. Average time last season: 2 hours, 52 minutes. Average number of home runs per game in 1997: 2.05. Average number last season: 2.08. Record for homers per game: 2.19 (in 1996).

BOSS HOG

Cost of last year's farewell party for U.S. Secretary of Energy Federico Peña (paid for by government employees who dug into their own pockets): $4183. Cost (paid by taxpayers) of two goodbye parties thrown for Postmaster General Marvin Runyon, whose last four years netted a billion dollars in profits: $82,508.

DOWN AT THE HEEL

In a recent survey of working women, percentage who wear sneakers at work (not just to and from the workplace): 23. Percentage who wear high heels: 3.

GENERATION Y?

According to research published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* that charted the proportionate decline of male births relative to female births in the U.S. and Canada, number of boys not born from 1970 to 1990: 46,600.

LIVE LIKE MIKE

Asking price for Mike Tyson's 20-bedroom, 24-bath, 7-kitchen house in Connecticut: $13 million. Asking price for his 13,000-square-foot Las Vegas mansion: $5.9 million. Asking price for his Ohio home, which features a basketball court and a zebra-striped theater: $2.2 million.

USER-FRIENDLY

In a survey of 457 psychotherapists, percentage who conduct therapy sessions over the telephone: 30. Percentage who offer the once-rare weekend appointment: 32.

BIG BANK ROLLS

Number of additional automobiles owned by the average Rolls-Royce owner: 6. Number of Rolls-Royces owned by the Rolls-Royce world record holder: 90.

NO WOMB FOR DISPUTE

Number of embryos created from in vitro fertilization that are currently in storage: 100,000. Number of frozen embryos awaiting resolution of disputes, usually the divorce of the parents: 20,000.

WHOA, BABY!

Number of pregnancies per year in America: 6.3 million. Percentage that are unintended: 49. Percentage of women in 1976 between the ages of 15 and 44 who had no children: 35. Percentage 20 years later: 42.

SMART SCALPER TRICKS

Going price for a scalped ticket to a taping of *Late Night With David Letterman*: $300.

—BETTY SCHAAL

intriguing imports are Indian *Darshan Bidis* in scents that include cardamom, wild cherry and strawberry ($5 per pack), Chinese *Double Happiness* ginseng cigarettes ($6) and Dutch *Amazone* that contain a dose of caffeinelike guarana ($7). As dazzling as the array of smokes, Circa Tabac is equipped with an air-filtration system that leaves clothing fresh, eyes clear and nonsmokers nonsmoky.

CALYPSORDID

Winner of the 1998 St. Croix calypso contest: *The Mess on the Dress* (*Make the President Confess*) by Revengade.

iMAC DADDY

With its cameos on 40-plus shows, including *Ally McBeal*, *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* and *The X-Files*, the Apple iMac may be due for a Best Supporting Actor award. *Felicity* features a character who repeatedly refers to his iMac as "the coolest thing ever." Suzanne Forlenza, who handles product placement requests for Apple, says the computer's next star turn will be as a sex symbol: iMacs will appear in *Austin Powers II: The Spy Who Shagged Me*. According to Forlenza, the set designers "thought the iMac looked shagadelic." Yeah, baby.

HARD SCRABBLE

Scrabble was invented long before political correctness circumscribed the language. According to the *Official Scrabble Players Dictionary* (copyright 1978 by Selchow and Righter), words such as goy, yid and dago used to be acceptable. These days the electronic version of the game contains its own dictionary. If you play a taboo expression, it is pronounced "not a valid word." The rules seem arbitrary. We played "fart" and lost our turn. But Maven, our electronic opponent, played "tup" (definition: "to copulate with a ewe") with no penalty. As we proceeded to investigate, we were distraught to find one of the most descriptive phrases in the English language had been torn asunder. Bodacious was ruled acceptable; tatas, however, was not. A world without bodacious tatas? Never. Scrabble players of the world: Take back the board.

WAY OFF BROADWAY

Drawing from the massive list of Goofy Play Titles of 1998 assembled by Playbill Online, we've selected our own slate of Plays We're Most Glad We Missed. It's headed by *Santa's Busted Jaw, My Mother Was an Alien—Is That Why I'm Gay?* and *Waiter, There's a Slug in My Latte*. We would have included *Die Die, Diana*, but we'd go just to see how one creates "a musical comedy about the death of Princess Diana" without involving Andrew Lloyd Webber.

MOVIES

By LEONARD MALTIN

Ed TV (Universal) sounds like a retread of *The Truman Show*. But, thanks to the ingenuity of screenwriters Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel (who reworked a French film called *Louis XIX: King of the Airwaves*) and the sure hand of director Ron Howard, the film stays on target. Matthew McConaughey plays a guy who's never quite gotten his act together—no surprise, considering his layabout family, including a braggart of a brother (Woody Harrelson), a flaky if well-meaning mother (Sally Kirkland) and an indigent stepfather (Martin Landau). When an ambitious TV producer (Ellen DeGeneres) proposes to her boss (Rob Reiner) that they boost their cable network's ratings by putting an ordinary guy on television 24 hours a day, McConaughey is chosen, and learns that the fun of being in the spotlight wears thin pretty fast. Jenna Elfman plays his brother's girlfriend who secretly carries a torch for him. This fine ensemble gives weight to a clever script that wavers between satire and cinema verité—that is to say, it seems frighteningly real. How long before a real cable network tries this stunt? ¥¥¥

•

When it comes to fashioning movie mosaics, no one compares to Robert Altman, as he proves once more in ***Cookie's Fortune*** (October). The story takes a backseat to the gallery of characters on hand in the small town of Holly Springs, Mississippi, which is practically a character itself. It's the kind of place where everybody knows everybody—and there are no secrets. Cookie is an aging eccentric, played with grace and authority by Patricia Neal. Her best friend is the laid-back Willis, who's so richly played by Charles Dutton that his performance alone is worth the price of admission. Cookie's unexpected death sets the story in motion, and involves everyone from her nieces (a theatrical Glenn Close, a mousy Julianne Moore) and the town's prodigal tramp (Liv Tyler) to the local constabulary (Ned Beatty, Chris O'Donnell). *Cookie's Fortune* is loose, appealing and blissfully unimportant. And for those of you who are counting, Lyle Lovett makes his fourth Altman appearance, to no visible effect. ¥¥¥

Cruz: A sensuous presence.

Private life made public, small-town doings, crashing the big time.

•

Penélope Cruz distinguishes ***Open Your Eyes*** (Artisan) with her radiant presence, and leading man Eduardo Noriega is clearly a hunk, but their roles are about all there is to recommend in this murky psychological thriller from director Alejandro Amenábar. Noriega falls in love with what seems to be an ideal woman. But fate, in the person of his jealous former girlfriend, deals him a blow. For the rest of the film we bounce back and forth from present-day reality to nightmarish visions of the past. The once-cocky young man is now a tortured soul, and, frankly, we don't fare much better. Amenábar won praise in Spain for his previous feature *Tesis*, but this latest effort is not a worthy follow-up. ¥

•

A young man risks everything to make it big in Hollywood. Is this a film from the Thirties or Fifties? No, it's the Nineties. The goal is a recording contract, not movie stardom, and the setting is the Billboard Live club on Sunset Strip, not Schwab's Drug Store. But in other ways, ***Clubland*** (Legacy) bears an uncomfortable resemblance to formula films of the past. Newcomer Jimmy Tuckett plays the lead singer of the eponymous Kennedy Johnson band, whose members have moved to Los Angeles from suburban Riverside, determined to succeed. They've also inherited Kennedy's ineffectual older brother as their manager. What's more, the guys have a hunch that their airhead drummer is dealing drugs

CASTING ABOUT IN HOLLYWOOD

Casting directors do yeoman service for filmmakers, but some directors like to make their own discoveries. John Sayles has said that one reason he enjoys taking small acting roles in other people's films (such as *Malcolm X* and *Gridlock'd*) is that he gets to observe other performers at work.

Many directors like to hire people they've worked with before. Thus, Lawrence Kasdan's first call is usually to Kevin Kline, who first acted for Kasdan on *The Big Chill* 16 years ago, and has since worked for him in *Silverado*, *I Love You to Death*, *Grand Canyon* and *French Kiss*.

Garry Marshall tries to find a part for Hector Elizondo in every one of his movies—there have been nine so far—from *Young Doctors in Love* to *Pretty Woman* to this year's *The Other Sister*. Marshall is known for his loyalties: He frequently casts Steve Restivo, the proprietor of an Italian restaurant in his neighborhood, in small parts as headwaiter and bartender (and even asked him to coach Al Pacino on how to play the short-order cook in *Frankie and Johnny*).

Some directors like putting veteran actor Harry Carey Jr. in their films because of his long association with John Ford, or L.Q. Jones because of his relationship with Sam Peckinpah. Carey got to play a shaky sheriff in *Tombstone*, and Jones has recently turned up in *The Edge* and *The Mask of Zorro*. But lifelong film fanatic Joe Dante (*Gremlins*, *Small Soldiers*) consistently casts actors he loved as a kid, including Kevin McCarthy, William Schallert and the ubiquitous Dick Miller, the gruff star of such early Roger Corman B movies as *A Bucket of Blood*. Dante doesn't indulge in charity work, however. These actors deliver the goods and make film buffs in the audience as happy as the director.

Then there is casting by chance. While making their low-budget film *Just the Ticket* on the streets of Manhattan, producer Andy Garcia and director Richard Wenk were discussing who to cast as a Broadway box-office attendant, when character actor Abe Vigoda walked by. The two looked at each other, realized he was their man and pounced. —L.M.

OFF CAMERA

Jay Mohr seems much too levelheaded to be a stand-up comic or an actor, but he is both. Since his noteworthy performance as Tom Cruise's rival in *Jerry Maguire*, he's been busy in such films as *Suicide Kings*, *Small Soldiers*, *Picture Perfect*, *200 Cigarettes*, *Playing by Heart*, *Paulie* and *Go*. But he still loves doing comedy and in fact had performed in Boston the night before we spoke in New York.

Mohr: A stand-up kind of guy.

"It's what I know," he explains, "and it's where all my friends are. I don't drink, I don't do drugs, I don't chase girls—you know, I'm married. I'm pretty square, so I go to a comedy club and I know everyone who hangs out there and they all have funny stories to tell. Those are my friends, those are the guys I run with."

But he takes acting seriously, even though he's had no formal training. ("My mother once told me that I've always been an actor, and that I just figured out how to do stand-up comedy first.") But when prodded, he admits that a really good comic is a professional observer. "Yeah, I think you have to be perceptive and attentive—deceptively attentive is one way of putting it."

Mohr says he learns the most from watching performances onscreen, not while he's working on sets. Still, he values his experiences with Tom Cruise, Gena Rowlands, Ellen Burstyn (his mother in *Playing by Heart*, in which he's dying of AIDS) and his hero, Christopher Walken (whom he imitates with skill and gusto).

Determined not to take just any movie that comes along, Mohr is content to wait for good parts. But in the meantime, he can always do comedy.

"I'm happy either way, man. I've got a great wife and a great dog and my family's healthy and happy. I mean," Mohr says with that disarming levelheadedness, "this is just a job." —L.M.

to make a few bucks on the side. If the dramatic ingredients of this film—written by top music producer and songwriter Glen Ballard—were as strong as the music, it might have real potential. But *Clubland* deals mostly in clichés, with a smarmy villain who seems to have wandered in from a Sylvester Stallone movie shooting nearby. ¥¥

•

The Spanish–British co-production ***Twice Upon a Yesterday*** (Trimark) is a debut feature for director María Ripoll and novelist Rafa Russo. Douglas Henshall plays a Scotsman whose philandering causes a breakup with his longtime girlfriend (the beautiful Lena Headey). In his despair, he stumbles onto a pair of garbagemen whose magical powers whisk him back in time and give him the chance to undo his mistake. But life holds many twists. This could have been, and should have been, a better film. The sensuous Spanish star Penélope Cruz plays the newest woman in Henshall's life, while the always-welcome Elizabeth McGovern has what amounts to a cameo role. *Twice Upon a Yesterday* doesn't make the most of its intriguing premise. ¥¥

•

I've always thought it was beneficial—if not necessary—to like at least one character in a movie. But I couldn't find anything redeeming about the young people whose lives intertwine in ***Go*** (Columbia), and, as a result, I didn't like the film. Since this is the latest film by director Doug Liman (of *Swingers* fame), *Go* comes with a certain pedigree of hipness. Its credits even include a Rave Technical Consultant. But if I were to encounter any of the group portrayed here—scummy, hedonistic, lying, irresponsible kids who'll do anything for a quick hit or a good time—I'd run in the other direction. Yes, I do admire the talented cast, including the terrific Sarah Polley, Katie Holmes, Jay Mohr, Scott Wolf, Taye Diggs and Desmond Askew. And yes, I know this is a comedy, but it didn't make me laugh. ¥½

•

If a film has a great story to tell, it doesn't have to be bold or innovative. Joseph Vilsmaier's ***The Harmonists*** (Miramax) is the compelling saga of the German singing group the Comedian Harmonists, who were popular in the late Twenties and early Thirties. A confrontation with the National Socialist Party is as inevitable as a romantic conflict between founder Harry Frommerman (Ulrich Noethen) and his partner Robert Biberti (Ben Becker)—but all of it, apparently, is true. (The same story was chronicled in a three-hour German documentary.) With healthy samples of the Harmonists' infectious music, the film vividly captures its time and place. ¥¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by leonard maltin

Among Giants (4/99) Rachel Griffiths and Pete Postlethwaite star in this offbeat look at rough-and-tumble British workers from the writer of *The Full Monty*. ¥¥½

Clubland (See review) An aspiring rock star tries to break into the big time. A bundle of clichés sparked by some good music. ¥¥

Cookie's Fortune (See review) An all-star Robert Altman mosaic set in Holly Springs, Mississippi. ¥¥¥

Ed TV (See review) A struggling cable network decides to follow one guy 24 hours a day—with amusing and surprising results. ¥¥¥

Go (See review) A Christmas weekend in the lives of a handful of dead-eyed kids in which sex, drugs and violence make for lots of laughs. ¥½

The Harmonists (See review) Fascinating chronicle of a popular musical act in Weimar Berlin. ¥¥¥

Just the Ticket (Listed only) Andy Garcia plays a ticket scalper and lifelong screwup whose only goal is to please his sometime girlfriend, Andie MacDowell. Original and entertaining, but also long and unfocused. ¥¥½

Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels (4/99) A clever, brutal, Tarantino-esque crime yarn from England. ¥¥¥

Metroland (4/99) A penetrating look at a happily married young man who has a good job, but still wonders if he has sold out. Christian Bale and Emily Watson star. ¥¥¥

Open Your Eyes (See review) The hero is trapped in a nightmare in which past and present blur. We don't fare much better. ¥

Payback (Listed only) Mel Gibson's considerable charisma is the only asset of this really dumb (and quite brutal) revenge thriller. ¥¥

She's All That (Listed only) Freddie Prinze Jr. bets he can turn class oddball Rachael Leigh Cook into a prom queen—if she'll only take off those darned eyeglasses. Innocuous and utterly predictable. ¥¥½

True Crime (Listed only) Clint Eastwood is in top form as star of this solid story about a burned-out reporter who is trying to save a convict on death row. ¥¥¥

Twice Upon a Yesterday (See review) A young man gets to relive his recent past and avoid screwing up a longtime relationship. A forced attempt at whimsy. ¥¥

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

GUEST SHOT

"One of my favorite films is Jimmy Cliff's *The Harder They Come*, the story of the rude boy who brought reggae music to the world," says **Beau Bridges**. "I love *High Noon*, one of my dad's first films. I also love *Sterman*, an excellent film that my brother, Jeff, was in. Of my films, I like *Norma Rae* and *The Landlord* best. I love to make people laugh and I love to laugh myself, so comedies are my favorite genre. *Some Like It Hot* is one I enjoy. *The Mouse That Roared* makes me laugh every time." —SUSAN KARLIN

FAKESPEARE

Shakespeare in Love is so entertaining we almost missed Gwyneth Paltrow's nudity—almost. Thrilling as it is, the rousing story is entirely fiction. Then again, the Bard of Avon is used to getting co-writing credits.

My Own Private Idaho (1991): River Phoenix and Keanu Reeves are homosexual prostitutes who drift from the Potato State to Italy. We don't remember narcolepsy in Shakespeare, but director Gus Van Sant swears his story is based on *Henry IV, Part I*.

Chimes at Midnight (1966): Orson Welles cribbed from five of Shakespeare's plays to tell this battle-strewn tale of Falstaff (Welles) and Prince Hal (Keith Baxter). One of the best faux Bard efforts.

Prospero's Books (1991): Nudity abounds in Peter Greenaway's head-scratching, dense meditation on what exiled Prospero (John Gielgud) was reading on his island after that tempest. Brilliant, challenging art.

Ran (1985): The daughters are now sons and the setting is feudal Japan, but it's still *King Lear*. At 75 and nearly blind, Akira Kurosawa fashioned a masterpiece worthy of the Bard.

Kiss Me Kate (1953): *The Taming of the Shrew* is retold by tunesmith Cole Porter as Howard Keel tries to make Kathryn Grayson buckle under. Unlikely singers Keenan Wynn and James Whitmore perform the showstopping *Brush Up Your Shakespeare*. Filmed in 3D.

Men of Respect (1991): This was slammed by critics but deserves another look. Mobster John Turturro gets in over his head in this menacing, sometimes silly *Godfather*-meets-*Macbeth*.

To Be or Not to Be (1942): Polish actors turned reluctant spies Jack Benny and Carole Lombard make a mockery of Nazis in this darkly hilarious Ernst Lubitsch classic.

West Side Story (1961): It's switchblades instead of swords when the Sharks take on the Jets (subbing for *Romeo and Juliet*'s Montagues and Capulets) in the mean streets of New York City. Is Natalie Wood worth dying for? Oh yeah.

Looking for Richard (1996): The Bard of the Hudson, Al Pacino, stars in and directs (and even begins to act a little like the diminutive hunchbacked Duke of Gloucester in) this years-in-the-making documentary about his production of *Richard III*. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

VIDBITS

Comedic anarchy is a male thing: How many women would rejoice upon hearing that new Three Stooges and Laurel and Hardy tapes are in hand? The three masters of mirthful mayhem star in the behind-the-scenes ***Three Stooges Family Album***, a rare career retrospective called ***Kook's Tour*** and a never-broadcast 1949 ABC-TV pilot called ***Jerks of All Trades*** (Anchor Bay; $10 each). The dynamic duo brings bedlam to six newly colorized classics from 1929 and 1930, including ***The Hoosegow***, wherein the boys fill the governor's leaky radiator with rice (Hallmark; $10 each). —B.M.

LASER FARE

DVD has greased the studio's special-edition skids. But the special-edition ***What Dreams May Come*** DVD (Polygram, $40) is expected to reach stores in May, within two months of its debut on tape. This is the tale of the bittersweet transfiguration of an earnest, dead doctor (Robin Williams) when he finds that his beautiful, bereaved widow (Annabella Sciorra) committed suicide. And while it has its squirmingly sappy moments, the richly impressionistic visuals are transfixing. The feature disc includes galleries of production stills used to give the film its paintlike effects.

—GREGORY P. FAGAN

GUILTY PLEASURE OF THE MONTH

It's billed as having the biggest budget ever in the history of adult movies. Maybe so. But *Search for the Snow Leopard: Eve of the Hunt* has some other things going for it besides a really long title. Notably, Asia Carrera and Ashton Moore. The performers enliven this tale of one woman's quest to save the snow leopard from extinction while finding her own sexual enlightenment. How bad can that be? And, thank goodness, Siegfried and Roy do not make a guest appearance.

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
BLACK AND WHITE	***Pleasantville*** (Nineties teens thrust into a two-toned Fifties TV setting slowly spread color; astounding, if ultimately banal), ***The Cruise*** (documentary ride around New York with eccentric guide Timothy "Speed" Levitch; beguilingly fun).
VETERAN ARYANS	***Apt Pupil*** (apple-pie suburban boy gets high on Hitler with an old Nazi down the lane; Ian McKellen chills as the SS alum), ***American History X*** (bitter youth dives over the neo-Nazi edge, and comes back; great work by Edward Norton).
SLEEPER	***The Imposters*** (bad actors Stanley Tucci and Oliver Platt make wacky on a Thirties cruise liner; falls just shy of Marx Bros. zany), ***Antz*** (Woody Allen's and Sharon Stone's voices take on the big bugs; Orwellian script lifts it above kiddie fare).
COMEDY	***The Waterboy*** (loser Adam Sandler vents pent-up rage via ferocious footballing; dopey diversion, and Kathy Bates is a scream), ***Strange Brew*** (the McKenzie brothers save a brewery; 1983 cult fave, just reissued, refreshes like a belch).
DRAMA	***Shadrach*** (a Depression-era farm boy's family takes in an ex-slave; William Styron story affectingly filmed by his daughter, Susanna), ***One True Thing*** (Martha Stewart–like mom gets the big C; a weeper worth watching, thanks to Meryl Streep).

TROPICO®

QUALITY RUM DRINK

a.k.a. "mr. smooth"

goes down "E-Z"

contents: PREMIUM BACARDI GOLD RUM BLENDED WITH THE MOST EXOTIC FRUIT JUICES

Straight, rocks, or mixed, it's rum-mantique!

COUNTRY

The Mountain (E-Squared) by Steve Earle and the Del McCoury Band shows that Earle is the greatest rebel in Nashville, the kind of guy who ends his live show by singing *Wild Thing*. Bluegrass, especially as it is played by a purist group as great as McCoury's, can be restrictively formal. But Earle has his traditionalist side, which makes this one of his most personal albums. *Texas Eagle* is the story of a young boy's adventures on the last great Texas railroad train, and Earle sings it with such conviction that you believe it's autobiographical. *Carrie Brown* sets out to be a classic Appalachian murder ballad until Earle obsesses over the death penalty. *Pilgrim* expresses the spiritual convictions that saved his life. Not that he totally avoids character songs: *Harlan Man*, *The Mountain* and *Leroy's Dustbowl Blues* tell stories that couldn't have happened to him—stories of men whose lives and livelihoods have been demolished, sometimes by the work that gives them their identity. Earle has grown into one of the finest, bravest performers in America—not just in country or roots music, but in any genre.

Doug Sahm calls his new album ***S.D.Q. '98*** (Watermelon), I suppose because the Sir Douglas Quintet seems as antique as the British Invasion. But the album is not antique at all, even though the best track is the old Ray Price hit *Invitation to the Blues*. Sahm's version of the Quintet here includes Austin's best roots band, the Gourds. But thirty years after *She's About a Mover*, the signature instrumental voice is still Augie Meyers' Vox organ—except when it's his accordion.

—DAVE MARSH

ROCK

Collective Soul shies away from flailing attempts at originality. Instead it goes for classic songwriting. That was true of the band's first three albums, and it's true of its fourth, ***Dosage*** (Atlantic), which ought to produce several more hits and solidify Collective Soul's position at the top of the light heavyweight division. Singer and guitarist Ed Roland has an unerring ear for dressing up his hooks with just the right special effects. The music shimmers, grabs the ear without biting it off and leaves you thinking, Maybe I should play that cut five or six more times. Radio-friendly? Yes, indeed. Cynical, careerist craftsmanship? Nope. Lyrically, Roland hopes for redemption and love, disapproves of betrayal, greed and whining. If you want deeper, read a book.

Static-X has labeled its sound rhythmic trancecore. Since I appreciate bands who supply my nomenclature for me, I'll just add that Static-X plays really ferocious rhythmic trancecore on its debut release, ***Wisconsin Death Trip*** (Warner Bros.). Fans of Ministry and White Zombie will no doubt appreciate the relentless groove on *Death Trip*, but Static-X also offers the discerning metalhead imaginative arrangements within the trance.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

Earle tells it on *The Mountain*.

Storytelling from Nashville rebel Steve Earle, live Hendrix and the Latin Playboys.

In 1994, Los Lobos' David Hidalgo and Louie Perez joined studio advisors Mitchell Froom and Tchad Blake on a side trip they dubbed the Latin Playboys. Froom's ability to meld Blake's samples into conventional song forms has never been this open. And while, on ***Dose*** (Atlantic), the Latin Playboys have to try a little harder than Los Lobos, the music is almost as beautiful. There are tunes and riffs aplenty, songs too, but they're all subsumed in a mood defined by stories and talk. It's homemade music that sounds picked out on a barrio porch and dance music that sounds blasted from a cheap PA system. You'll hear Los Lobos' amalgam of blues, rock and Mexican sounds. And you'll hear not just music, but their world.

Los Lobos vocalist Cesar Rosas has always resisted this arty approach, so while his compadres were off mixing their *fantasias*, he penned most of the songs on ***Soul Disguise*** (Rykodisc). The writing and singing are accomplished, and a New Orleans bump adds another element to Los Lobos' eclecticism. But in the absence of truly superb writing and singing, the album doesn't stand out. The Latin Playboys were invented to avoid such competence.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Band of Gypsys is the last Jimi Hendrix record released during his lifetime, and it is easily his most controversial. This erratic and brilliant concert album helped cement his reputation as an improvisational genius on a par with John Coltrane and Charlie Parker. But the negatives were equally strong: Next to the incendiary *Machine Gun*, the other five tracks seemed half-baked. Hendrix had jettisoned Noel Redding and the amazing Mitch Mitchell for a couple of Americans, consisting of Billy Cox on bass and Buddy Miles on drums and vocals. Cox was excellent, but Miles was at best a mediocre timekeeper and an annoying vocal ham. Yet friends who attended the four New Year's shows from which this record was drawn claim to have heard some of Hendrix' best playing. The new 16-song expanded and revised edition of the album, now called ***Jimi Hendrix: Live at the Fillmore East*** (MCA) proves them right. Some of the original tracks have been replaced with alternate or expanded takes from the four shows. And the ten new selections include terrific performances of Hendrix staples such as *Voodoo Child (Slight Return)* and *Stone Free* that, like *Machine Gun*, highlight his improvisational powers. It's been almost 30 years, but we can now hear Jimi as one of the great soloists of the century.

—VIC GARBARINI

RAP

One of hip-hop's most unexpected trends has been the reemergence of DJs as key creative forces. Mix tapes—compilations of DJ-manipulated tracks accompanied by new rap vocals—were an underground staple during this decade. These tapes, typically sold at swap meets, flea markets and on street corners, highlighted popular DJs and allowed rappers to leak new material without commercial pressures. But nothing in the Nineties hip-hop world stays underground for long. Mix tapes have moved to major labels. No longer just remixes, they now contain many original tracks and are marketed like other releases. DJ Clue's ***The Professional*** (Def Jam) is a 22-track collection that features appearances from stars such as Nas and Missy Elliott as well as newcomers such as Made Men and the Boot Camp Clik. The tracks range from boring to biting, capturing a cross section of contemporary hip-hop

approaches to rhyme and production. The two outstanding numbers on it are *It's On* featuring DMX and *Gangsta Shit* featuring Jay-Z, who enjoyed a breakthrough in 1996. If you're looking for a way to get a grip on where hip-hop will be headed in the next century, *The Professional* is an excellent start.

—NELSON GEORGE

POP

Producer and songwriter Gregg Alexander—also known as New Radicals—is a cheeky white pop-star wannabe who has the chops to fulfill his ambition. His debut album, ***Maybe You've Been Brainwashed Too*** (MCA) is smart, occasionally self-conscious and surprisingly sophisticated. His *You Get What You Give* is a great song, although the rest of the album isn't as assured. Even so, with this start, New Radicals is destined to grow old on Top 40 radio.

—NELSON GEORGE

JAZZ

Two young jazzmen map future fusions on their major-label debuts. On trumpeter Russell Gunn's ***Ethnomusicology Volume 1*** (Atlantic), a robotic voice invites students to attend an album-length course with Professor Gunn Fu. The syllabus uses vocal samples, turntable scratches, science fiction effects and rhythms robbed from a mid-Seventies Miles Davis. It's one of the best-yet blends of jazz and hip-hop. On ***Sam Newsome & Global Unity*** (Columbia), the soprano saxist leads a Mideast-flavored band heavy on percussion, vocals and oud. Newsome successfully recasts both the obvious—Ellington's desert classic *Caravan*—and the surprising: *Go Down Moses*.

—NEIL TESSER

With the recent passing of Betty Carter, there has been speculation that the age of great female vocalists has come to an end. Don't despair. If you're looking for the next Abbey Lincoln, I have some good news. Her name is Teri Roiger, and she's been woodshedding in New York's Catskill Mountains with Jack DeJohnette and Kenny Burrell, both of whom back her on her extraordinary debut album, ***Misterioso*** (Igmod). Roiger has a voice that's like the finest bittersweet chocolate—full of rich, dark and contradictory flavors that blend to create one of the most original vocal instruments in decades. She breathes new possibilities into three Thelonious Monk tunes, a Charles Mingus standard and some excellent compositions by bassist John Menegon. Drummer DeJohnette and guitarist Burrell are inspired to create some of their most exquisite music.

—VIC GARBARINI

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Collective Soul *Dosage*	3	7	6	4	8
DJ Clue *The Professional*	4	2	8	6	3
Steve Earle *The Mountain*	9	9	6	8	8
Jimi Hendrix *Live at the Fillmore East*	7	9	10	10	6
Lotin Playboys *Dose*	9	7	7	3	7

GET YOUR TICKETS NOW DEPARTMENT: We hear **Barbra Streisand** plans to ring in the year 2000 at the MGM Grand in Las Vegas—for a payday of about $10 million. Happy days are here again, indeed.

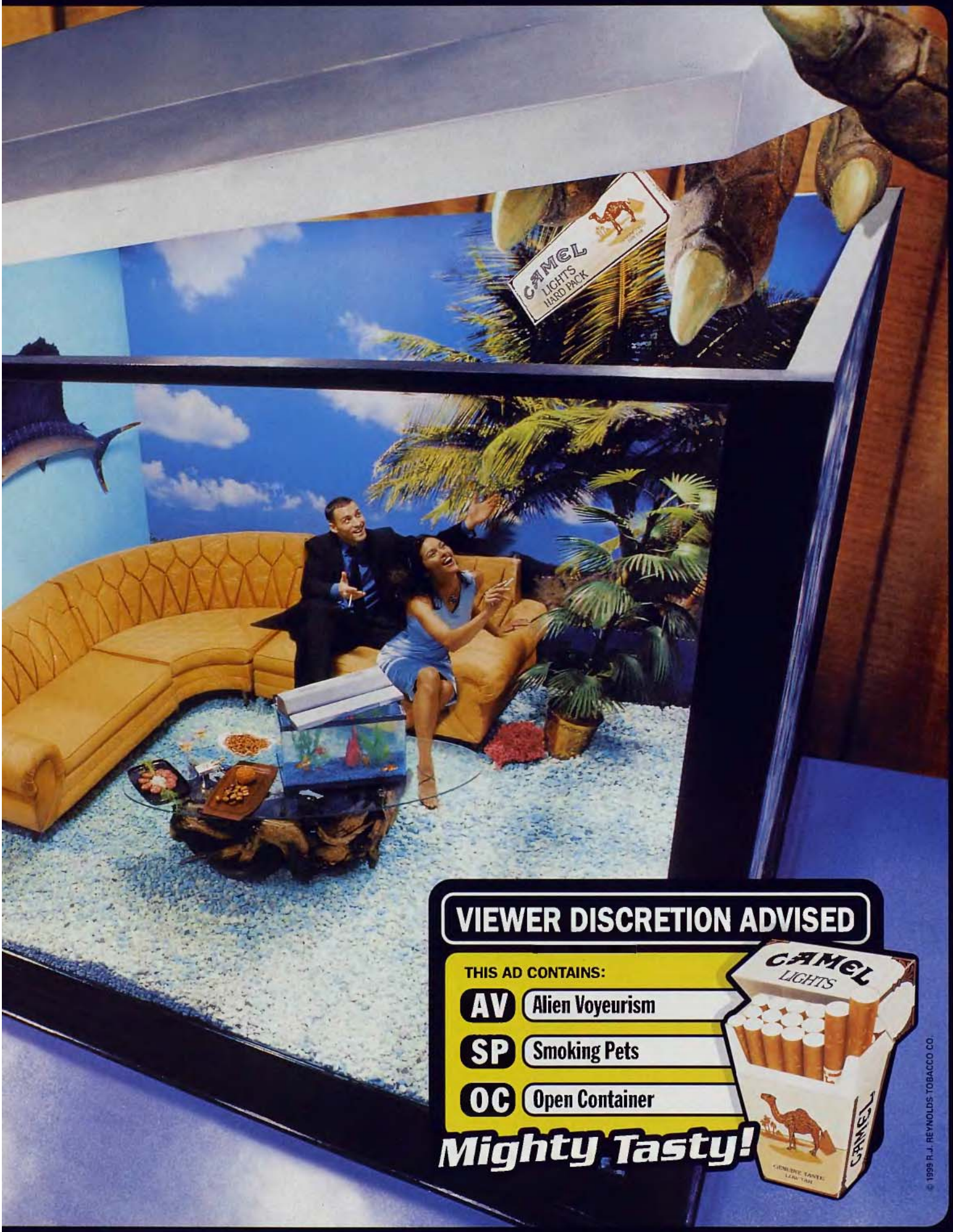
REELING AND ROCKING: **Master P** has launched a film company. The first two movies are *No Tomorrow* starring **Pam Grier, Gary Busey** and P in a suspense-action-drama, and *Foolish*, a story based on comedian **Eddie Griffin's** life. . . . **Everclear's Art Alexakis** plays a thief and a member of a New York art band in *Committed*, co-starring **Heather Graham.** . . . **Method Man** plays a deaf-mute in **Bill Duke's** indie movie *Bundy*. In other **Wu** movie news: **Raekwon** will star in *Lucky Man*, about blacks and Italians in Brooklyn and Staten Island. . . . **Pras** is appearing in *Mystery Men*, a misfit action movie starring **Geoffrey Rush, Janeane Garofalo, Ben Stiller, Hank Azaria** and **Claire Forlani.** . . . **Mariah Carey** has filmed *The Bachelor*, co-starring **Chris O'Donnell.** Next up, *All That Glitters*, about a singer and her DJ love interest.

NEWSBREAKS: **Alanis Morissette** will tour the world this year. . . . **Beatles** news includes a hotel planned for Liverpool topped with a *Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds* suite. On a less silly note, a live recording from a 1963 concert went for $43,000 at a London auction. . . . Songs by **Elvis, Dylan, Stevie Wonder, Old Blue Eyes** and **Louis Armstrong,** to name a few, will appear on *Sing America: A Celebration of America and Its Music*, a CD to raise money to restore historic sites. This is **Hillary Clinton's** baby. The CD will be joined by a book and a TV special. . . . **Robert Cray's** next CD will be produced by Steve Jordan, who has worked with **Aretha, Booker T. & the MGs** and the **Neville Brothers.** . . . A new ballet, *Memphis*, premiered in that city with music by Elvis, **Al Green, Otis Redding** and **John Lee Hooker,** among others. . . . **Phil Collins** has taken a pass at contributing to his own tribute album, but look for **Montell Jordan** and a full gospel choir doing *Against All Odds*. . . . Despite all the carping by fans, alternative music sold very well last year, second only to R&B and surpassing all those soundtracks, including *Titanic*. . . . Well, it's not Michelangelo's house, but plans are under way to mount a plaque on and possibly save from demolition the house in London where **Mick, Keith** and **Brian** lived in the early Sixties. . . . The year isn't even half over and we're sick of people telling us to party like it's 1999. In order to be first, MTV2 played that song for 24 hours straight on January 1. . . . **Dweezil** and **Ahmet Zappa** are going the **Dean Martin** route with a variety show on USA, *Happy Hour*. . . . We'd be the first to admit that **Ted Nugent** stories have kept *Fast Track*ers laughing, and his 50th birthday party in Detroit was no exception. Ted arrived in a Humvee stretch limo and his guests included the governor of Michigan and **Johnny Bee** of **Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels.** Dinner was a wild-game extravaganza, including pheasant, venison and alligator. Ted played a short set, his last public appearance for a year, and good wishes poured in from **John Popper, Jeff Foxworthy** and **Conan O'Brien. Alice Cooper** said: "Hey, Ted. You're a bombastic, gargantuan, head-bludgeoning, boot-stomping, ear-smashing, mind-melting, high-caliber, knife-wielding, steely-eyed son of a gun from Michigan. But other than that, you're just another 50-year-old guy." Alice should know about middle age—he's working on a serious golf game.

—BARBARA NELLIS

11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.


CAMEL
LIGHTS
HARD PACK
VIEWER DISCRETION ADVISED
THIS AD CONTAINS:
AV Alien Voyeurism
SP Smoking Pets
OC Open Container
Mighty Tasty!
CAMEL
LIGHTS
© 1999 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

SIX STEPS TO Y2K COMPLIANCE

While you're busy stockpiling canned goods and bottled water in preparation for the millennium bug meltdown, don't overlook the potentially rebellious nature of your home computer. Although most PCs purchased in the past couple of years won't have trouble recognizing the year 2000, older computers will need a minor fix. To evaluate your machine, follow these six steps.

TIM BOWER

(1) Visit the NSTL testing lab at www.nstl.com. Its site features a long list of computer systems that are already Y2K compatible. (2) If your PC isn't listed, download a copy of NSTL's YMark2000. This free utility checks your basic input-output system, the software that converts the two-digit year kept by your computer's internal clock and then passes it on to the operating system. (3) Go to the Control Panel in Windows and open Date/Time. (4) Change the time to one minute before midnight and the date to December 31, 1999. (5) Turn off your machine and wait a few minutes. (6) Turn your machine back on and check the year. If it's anything but 2000, you'll need to do some Web surfing. Most PC manufacturers offer Y2K manuals on their sites, as do software giants such as Microsoft and Intuit. The utility program Check 2000 PC will also search for problems in a wide variety of applications. If you own a Macintosh, relax. Except for the rare software glitch, you're ready for the roll. —CHIP ROWE

LET THE FORMAT BATTLE BEGIN—AGAIN

We wish that electronics makers would get their acts together and agree on new format standards rather than force consumers to decide between competing technologies. But in the Beta-versus-VHS tradition, they're battling again—this time for control of our ears—with two compact disc formats known as DVD Audio and Super Audio CD. Available in Japan this spring and in the U.S. this fall, both technologies promise higher-quality digital stereo, and both claim software compatibility with current CD and DVD gear. That's good news. The bad news is that the new formats are incompatible, so you may end up choosing a loser. At this point, DVD-A appears to have an edge. Because it's an extension of DVD video, it will be included in stand-alone stereo units and as an added feature in some DVD video players. It's also being marketed by audio powerhouse Dolby Labs, which will encourage software makers to produce discs coded with both DVD-A and 5.1-channel Dolby Digital Surround sound. Plus, it has early support from Panasonic, Toshiba, Pioneer, JVC, Denon and Kenwood. In the SACD corner are developers Sony and Philips, and backers Sharp, Onkyo, Marantz and Accuphase, with their own variation of a "superfi" stereo. Companies on each side say there's room for both formats, with DVD-A targeting the home theater market and SACD the audio purists. We say: Tell that to the guys who bought into Beta, 3DO and DCC. —JONATHAN TAKIFF

GAME OF THE MONTH

If the post–March Madness melodrama has you hungry for more college hoops, fire up *NCAA Final Four 99*. This PlayStation champ features more than 250 Division 1 teams, complete with home and away jerseys and realistic arenas. Up to eight players can run a variety of offensive and defensive strategies, including zone, 1-3-1 zone, box set and full-court press. Think you have a sweet shot? Put your fingers to the test with the new "touch-shooting" feature, which allows you to time your release and improve your chances of making a bucket. (From 989 Sports.) —ROB HILBURGER

WILD THINGS

Can't get enough of radio host Art Bell's UFO, crop-circle and government-conspiracy ramblings? With a new service called Command Audio, you can get your Bell fix—and then some. The $15-per-month service delivers the audio portion of more than 100 TV and radio programs and recorded print features to RCA's CA-1000 wireless receiver ($200, pictured here), allowing you to listen to news, weather and talk shows when you want and where you want. The CA-1000 (similar in size to a remote control) has up to six hours of onboard memory and plays back programming through speakers, headphones or your car radio. Set to debut this summer in Denver and Phoenix, Command Audio and the CA-1000 will be available in eight additional markets by the end of 1999, followed by a nationwide rollout in 2000. • Another smart product from RCA is the RC930 Wireless Modem Jack, a $100 gadget that lets you turn any electrical outlet into a phone jack. Designed to accommodate cable modem speeds up to 57.6K, the RC930 is also compatible with telephones, faxes and digital satellite systems. You can buy a slew of add-on extensions ($60 each) and save yourself the cost and hassle of hiring the phone company to install individual jacks. —BETH TOMKIW

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 171

LIVING ONLINE

By MARK FRAUENFELDER

WORLDWIDE WHEELS

The Internet doesn't just offer tons of information about car buying, it's also loaded with guidance that will keep you from being a sucker in the salesroom.

The first place to stop is the Kelley Blue Book site (kbb.com), to establish the trade-in value of that old clunker. It works like the print version of the *Blue Book*: You specify the year, make, model, options and condition of your car; the site crunches the numbers and comes up with a fair trade-in price.

Next, go to Edmund's (edmunds.com) to read pro-and-con reviews of the car you're interested in plus full specs, insurance information and the invoice price the dealer pays the manufacturer for the car. Be sure to read the lengthy section that explains how to negotiate with the enemy. Another place to obtain detailed price information is Microsoft's CarPoint (carpoint.com).

Once you've done your homework, you can walk into your local dealership armed with printouts or you can avoid the sharks and buy online. At Auto-by-Tel (autobytel.com), you fill out a form specifying make, model and options. In a couple of days, you get a call with a no-haggle price. To be sure you get a fair quote, use several car-buying services at the same time (CarPoint and Autoweb.com are both good). The service reps will pretend your request for a quote is your promise to buy a car from them. Don't waver. Tell them to buzz off if you don't like their deal.

If you like their offer but don't keep that much money under your mattress, you can apply for a loan online at CarFinance.com. The site offers two kinds of loans: a traditional installment plan or a quasi lease (called EasyOwn). You can use the site to find out exactly how much your monthly payment will be. Once the loan is approved, you'll have a check in hand to take to the dealer the next day.

ELECTRONIC MEMORY ENHANCER

The new buzzword for sites designed to help organize your life is webware. One of the newest, LifeMinders (lifeminder.com), automatically sends e-mail to remind you of birthdays, bills, appointments, car maintenance, new video and book releases, etc. To set it up, you have to fill out several pages of personal information—the kind of car you drive, the names and birthdays of your acquaintances, what types of entertainment you like. The more information you're willing to give, the more useful the service becomes. Before I divulged anything, however, I read LifeMinders' privacy policy and learned that the company promises not to provide information to third parties if I send a blank e-mail to "never@mindersoft.com." (I promptly did.) Once I completed the forms, I started receiving all kinds of information tailored to my age, financial status and entertainment preferences. I learned about product recalls, oil change specials, life insurance tips and tax planning ideas. Almost every tidbit was useful; I saved some of them for later reference. LifeMinders also has made good manners a simple matter of pushing a button: Whenever a birthday comes around, I receive an e-mail two weeks in advance, with convenient links to online flower and gift delivery services.

DAVID GORDON

COMPARISON SHOPPING

When I walk into an electronics superstore to buy a VCR or camcorder, I'm overwhelmed by the array of choices. Often the only difference I can discern between one electronic box and another is the price. CompareNet (comparenet.com) was designed to bring to light the differences between similar products. The site has information on hundreds of consumer goods and services, from toasters to Toyotas. You can construct side-by-side comparison charts of different products. Some of the product listings come with reviews, and if you find what you want, you can click on a link to order it. Best of all (for some of us gadget addicts), after you tire of your shiny new toy, you can unload it by taking out a classified ad on CompareNet.

SLEEP FOR CHEAP

The Hotel Reservations Network (180096hotel.com/) is a good place to find rooms at discount rates. This hotel consolidator serves 14 major U.S. cities, as well as London and Paris. The site's a snap to use—enter the dates you want, and you'll receive a list of hotels, along with the discount rates. Pick one, enter your credit card information and you'll get a confirmation number. When I was recently invited—on 24 hours' notice—to a can't-miss party in Oakland, I used HRN to find a room at a nearby hotel for half the rack rate. I wish you could use the site to search for specific hotels, but HRN doesn't work that way. If you want to stay at a particular hotel, and it doesn't show up in your search results here, try Travelocity (travelocity.com) or Expedia (expedia.com).

AND YOU THOUGHT ATMs WERE COOL

ATMs have made the long lines, velvet ropes and hideous murals of bank lobbies a fading memory. But now that I've signed up for online banking, I'm seeing even less of the robotic tellers I'd learned to love. I pay bills, check balances and update stock portfolios using the web. The first time I reconciled my check register with my bank's online statement, I felt connected to the cosmic order.

But it took a little prep work to achieve financial satori. I applied for an online account at Wells Fargo (wellsfargo.com) and had to fill out several forms. The process took about 20 minutes. I was told I could expect to receive a package in a week or so. When two weeks passed and no materials had arrived, I resubmitted my application. This time it took five days before my checkbook, debit card and password arrived in the mail. A couple of days later, a woman named Carmen from Wells Fargo left a message, asking me to call her to discuss a problem with my new account. She left an 800 number. I called, and after wending my way through a byzantine voice mail system, I reached Brad, who had no idea how to connect me with Carmen. Brad looked up my account and said he couldn't see anything amiss. I still have no idea what she wanted. I had to go through a similar rigmarole to change the address that appeared on my checks.

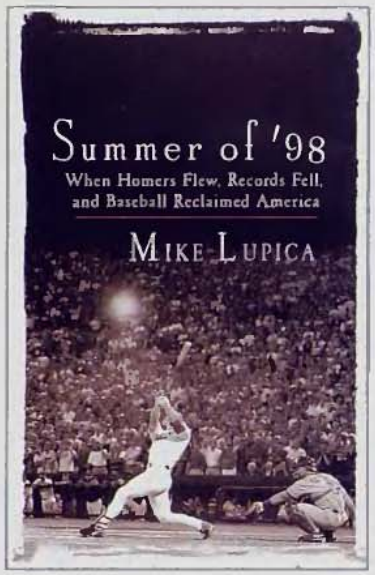
Carmen notwithstanding, I have been using my online account for a couple of months with no complaints. To get an online account, you can visit Quicken.com, which provides extensive reviews and ratings of all the major banks that offer online services. One day soon, the only people who will file through those velvet ropes will be employees and bank robbers.

You can reach Mark Frauenfelder by e-mail at ottomatik@earthlink.net.

BOOKS

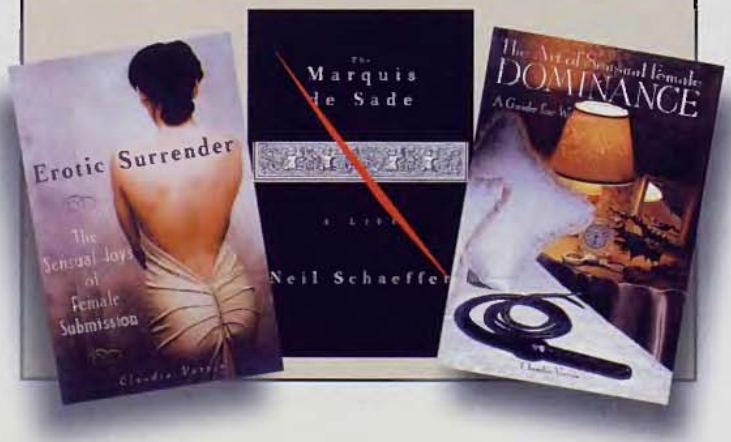
TOO MUCH NOSTALGIA TOO SOON

The 1998 season resurrected baseball. Who could fail to be thrilled by the saga of Mark McGwire and Sammy Sosa, the drama of Kerry Wood's 20 strikeouts, the near invincibility of David Wells and the New York Yankees, or the courage of Eric Davis and Darryl Strawberry as they faced and beat colon cancer? We just pray those memories can survive the surfeit of sports journalism on the topic. An early entry in the "Wasn't that a great season?" derby, Mike Lupica's ***Summer of '98*** (Putnam), is an excessively sentimental but quick read that occasionally drifts to the ridiculous. Consider: "In a different time," writes Lupica, "in a different America, the America of Monica's dress and a president's lies, the eyes turned toward McGwire and Sosa." Could our founding fathers have imagined baseball saving the nation? Or could we have imagined it would be resurrected so dramatically after the strike? Can't we just leave it at fun? Lupica wants to write nostalgia, but nostalgia, like wine, requires time in the bottle. He popped the cork too soon.



MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

The Marquis de Sade has held center stage in the erotic imagination for centuries. Compared to him, Don Juan was just a guy who got lucky. Casanova, Frank Harris and Wilt Chamberlain can claim quantity, but none of them shaped (or warped) the sexual imagination as did the marquis. Neil Schaeffer's ***The Marquis de Sade: A Life*** (Knopf) explores his romantic side. For those who prefer exploring the dark side, two new volumes from Birch Lane Press will guide you through the dungeons. Claudia Varrin, a professional dominatrix (in public) and a slave (in private), presents them both fairly. ***The Art of Sensual Female Dominance*** is filled with tasty little scenarios, including Director's Chair Bondage and Easy Cock and Ball Torture. Give it as a gift to empower your girlfriend. At the other end of the whip, Varrin offers ***Erotic Surrender: The Sensual Joys of Female Submission,*** a collection of tricks for the masochist in her. —JAMES R. PETERSEN

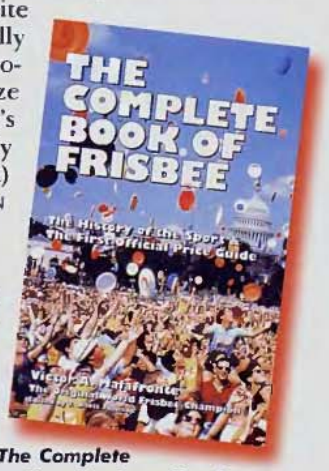


LAUGH DIET

The market for humor books has become laughably small, which is a shame, because there's a special delight in laughing out loud when you're alone with a book. In his latest novel, ***Little Green Men*** (Random House), Christopher Buckley takes another leap forward in establishing himself as the finest comic novelist working today. John O. Banion is Washington's most powerful media smoothy, a smug political talk-show host who can bring the president of the U.S. to his knees. Nathan Scrubbs is a disenchanted bureaucrat, weary of his job at a supersecret government agency that stages UFO abductions to keep military spending levels up. In a moment of pique one drunken Sunday morning, Scrubbs orders the works for Banion—daytime abduction with anal probe—sending millions of UFO believers to the nation's capital, with Banion as their messiah. Not only is Buckley sidesplittingly funny, he's also a deft storyteller and brilliant stylist who can blend a perfect measure of suspense into farce. A former speechwriter for George Bush, Buckley is at his best when he's wry and dry, portraying Washington as a place where anything is believable but no one is to be believed. If Bush had given Buckley free rein to write his speeches, he could have laughed his way to reelection. Getting elected president is the premise of Al Franken's ***Why Not Me? The Inside Story of the Making and Unmaking of the Franken Presidency*** (Delacorte). Franken, who cut his teeth writing lines for *Saturday Night Live* and now for *Lateline*, has a tough act to follow—himself. His last book, *Rush Limbaugh Is a Big Fat Idiot*, was good political satire that landed some well-aimed boulders in the path of the conservative right. Now, Franken writes strictly for laughs, which is too bad, because the book becomes almost a one-dimensional effort, and Franken has proved himself to be deeper and capable of better things. Nonetheless there are plenty of laughs to be had in this dear-diary account of Franken's imaginary run for the presidency in the year 2000. He campaigns on the single issue of eliminating service charges at automated teller machines, which strikes a chord with the electorate and paints Al Gore into a corner as the banking industry's best pal. Franken demonstrates a great take on the shallowness of the political process, starting with his deliberately lame version of the requisite candidate's autobiography. Especially good are the transcripts of TV programs in which pundits analyze Franken's political rise (and Al Gore's fall), and the Bob Woodward parody of President Franken's first (and last) 100 days in office. —PAUL ENGLEMAN

JOHN O'LEARY

FLYING SAUCERS:
It is hard to believe folks once flung pie tins, cookie-can covers and ice-cream lids for fun. Happily, one genius thought to patent a piece of plastic. Master World Frisbee champion Victor Malafronte chronicles his sport's history (beginning in ancient Greece) in ***The Complete Book of Frisbee*** (Lyons Press), which also offers the first official price guide for collectors. Enthusiasm for these flying disks is catching—even with the dog. —HELEN FRANGOULIS



A few insights into the dreams of men.

Yes, men dream in color.

The average male only remembers 62% of his dreams.

5% of all men have a recurring nightmare.

Every man gets aroused at least once per night.

Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.

KICK BUTT TO STAY FIT

By John W. Ellis IV

If watching Jackie Chan kick gluteus maximus has you interested in learning the secrets behind his skills, you're not alone. Martial arts studios in the U.S. are thriving. And while many newcomers to aikido, karate and tae kwon do join for the self-defense techniques, they get hooked on the workouts. An hour of kicking and punching and blocking and spinning not only improves strength, endurance, coordination and flexibility, it also burns up around 800 calories. What's more, the goal-oriented nature of the various disciplines—training to advance from a white belt to a black belt—is often just what a gym rat needs to stay motivated. So if you're ready to break from your health-club routine, or simply want a taxing supplement, we offer this martial arts primer. Highlighted are six disciplines that provide a challenging aerobic and strength workout. Commit to any one of these, and you'll be able to fend off street thugs—and look awesome doing so.

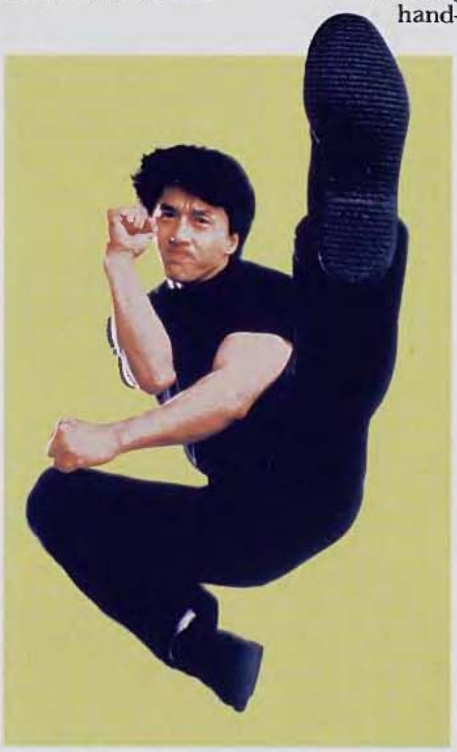
Aikido

Background: Aikido, or "the way of harmony," is a nonviolent defensive art that focuses on enriching the soul.

Features: Centers on complicated yet graceful throwing techniques that use an attacker's momentum against him.

Fitness Fix: Students learn how to roll and fall without incurring injuries. Using circular movements, aikidoists subdue or throw an opponent by manipulating his joints. Training emphasizes strength and flexibility in the upper body and joints, especially in the wrists.

Where You've Seen It: Aikido master Steven Seagal took the peaceful art to a new level when he started breaking limbs on film in *Above the Law*.



Capoeira

Background: This art was brought to Brazil in the 1600s by African slaves and covertly developed under the guise of a dance form.

Features: Cartwheels, somersaults, backbends, flips, flying kicks and headstands are often performed to live music—rare in the martial arts.

Fitness Fix: Think twice about taking up capoeira if you throw out your back lifting a remote control. Classes feature a succession of gymnastic drills that develop arm, upper torso and back muscles. Five minutes of negativas (a variation of a push-up done with two hands and one foot) would make a hardened Marine cry. The signature kick is a shot made to an opponent's head while executing a one-handed handstand.

Where You've Seen It: Longtime martial artist Wesley Snipes showed off his capoeira kicks as the vampire slayer in *Blade*.

Jujitsu

Background: Jujitsu, "the art of suppleness," can be traced to 12th century Japan and has spawned several arts, including judo, the first martial art to be recognized as an Olympic sport.

Features: Throwing, choking and immobilizing an opponent with painful joint locks—punctuated by deep grunts—are trademark jujitsu techniques.

Fitness Fix: Jujitsu is all about developing flexibility, leverage and speed. The constant pushing and pulling of a partner and grappling on a mat provide intense endurance, strength and cardiovascular training.

Where You've Seen It: In Ultimate Fighting Championship matches.

Karate

Background: Numerous forms of karate, including goju-ryu, isshin-ryu and shotokan, have been developed over hundreds of years in Okinawa and Japan.

Features: In all types of karate, attackers are met with direct blocks, while linear kicks and strikes are used as offensive movements. Many styles incorporate weapons, such as the staff, nunchaku and sickle.

Fitness Fix: Most karate classes drill participants on blocking, strikes and kicks to the point of exhaustion, then pair them off in practice fights (called free sparring). Karate also makes use of katas, which are preset patterns of defensive and offensive moves against imaginary opponents—a great tool for solitary training. Weapons practice develops superior hand–eye coordination and forearms that would put Popeye to shame.

Where You've Seen It: Forget about Ralph Macchio in *The Karate Kid*. Chuck Norris in *The Octagon* is more like it.

Tae kwon do

Background: Developed from several ancient styles of Korean martial arts, "the art of kicking and punching" is a leading martial arts discipline around the world.

Features: Tae kwon do techniques include jumps and devastating spinning kicks to an opponent's head.

Fitness Fix: Classes are designed to toughen all parts of the body and prepare students for unarmed combat. As with karate, sessions involve kicking and striking drills, patterns and free sparring. Advanced students can perform spectacular aerial spinning kicks, with enough hang time to rival Air Jordan. Tae kwon do schools emphasize strength and flexibility of the muscles in the legs, abdomen and lower back. Instead of using weapons, tae kwon do students develop steely hands and feet powerful enough to break several inches of wood or brick.

Where You've Seen It: The 1988, 1992 and 1996 summer Olympics.

Wu shu

Background: Wu shu, or "war arts," is the correct term for the discipline often referred to as kung fu, reportedly developed by Shaolin Temple monks in China more than 2000 years ago. There are now hundreds of variations.

Features: Wu shu techniques involve circular strikes and kicks patterned after animal movements, including those of the tiger, snake, crane and praying mantis. Many wu shu styles encompass a variety of weapons, including whips, chains, fans and swords.

Fitness Fix: Most animal-style wu shu arts are based on long, complicated patterns similar to karate's katas. The classes develop balance, flexibility and coordination through the use of low stances and crouching positions. Some styles, such as wing chun, feature leaping kicks; others, like tai chi, use slower, grounded movements.

Where You've Seen It: Bruce Lee's *Enter the Dragon* and Jackie Chan's *The Drunken Master* are wu shu classics.

MEN

By ASA BABER

I'm no spring chicken, but you should see my older brother. He was born in Verona, about 250 miles north of Rome, in 84 B.C. That was 2083 years ago, by the way, so I never got to know him personally. He disappeared from history about 54 B.C., when he was in his early 30s. Julius Caesar was in power then, and I think old Julius might have had a hand in my brother's disappearance. After all, Julius was the butt of some of my brother's toughest humor, and Julius never could take a joke.

My brother's name was Gaius Valerius Catullus. You might think I'm joking, but I'm not. I adopted Catullus as my brother the first time I read some of his poems. He is one hell of a writer, and he proves, I think, that men are timeless and that our instincts do not change from generation to generation.

My brother was witty and irreverent. He was also politically incorrect. His work survived the grim Dark Ages in the form of a single manuscript in Verona, but ever since then his promoters and detractors alike have censored his words. (I will use the esteemed translations of Carl Sesar, who captured Catullus better than anybody else, and I have taken the liberty of printing these quotes in the prose form.)

What angered Caesar about Catullus? ("There you go getting mad at my poems again, my innocent poems, you big, bad general, you," Catullus writes.) Take a look at this poem Catullus wrote about Caesar and one of Caesar's political cronies, Mamurra (Caesar's chief engineer in Gaul and a man who was always on the take, just like his boss): "They're beautiful together, the odd couple, Mamurra and Caesar his queen. Naturally. You get two splats of shit together, one from the city, the other from Formiae, and you can never wash them off. One's as sick as the other, twin diseases in their little bed, with their little minds, and both still fuck-hungry besides, beating each other out after girls."

If you were living in Rome at the time, would you have had the courage to write a poem like that about the most powerful man around? I didn't think so.

Catullus was unlucky in love. Sound familiar? He fell for a woman he calls Lesbia in his poems. Her real name was Clodia. She was older than him, and her beauty and perversity fascinated him. She toyed with him, took him as her

MY OLDER BROTHER

lover, cheated on him and did not try to hide it. Catullus wrote: "My woman says there's nobody she'd rather marry than me, not even Jupiter himself if he asked her. She says, but what a woman says to a hungry lover you might as well scribble in wind and swift water." And in another poem he wrote: "Let her enjoy herself with her cheap lovers, clamp them up between her legs by the hundreds, say it's love, while one after another she breaks them inside her, but let her not look to my love anymore. After all she's done, it fell, like a flower at the edge of a field that the plow barely touches in passing."

I can relate to those lines. One of my greatest loves, a woman several years older than me, treated me in much the same fashion—and then dismissed me from her life completely when she read some of my *Men* columns.

The first poem I ever read by Catullus (there are 113 in all, plus a few fragments) was his humorous reproach to his friends Furius and Aurelius, who had mocked his poetry as too lewd and sentimental: "Up your ass and in your mouth, Aurelius, and you, too, Furius, you cocksuckers, calling me dirt because my poems have naughty, naughty words in them. Anyway, look, they've got wit, sass, and sure they're lewd and lascivious and can get somebody pretty hard up, too. I mean not just young kids, but you hairy guys who can barely get your stiff asses going, so just because you read about a lot of kisses you want to put something nasty on me as a man?" Concluded my man: "Fuck you, up your ass and in your mouth."

Not words most academics are comfortable with, but common words from the street, part of the true dialogue of our inner lives. As my good brother Catullus writes: "Maybe some of you will read my stuff, as clumsy as it is, and not even feel dirty about putting your hands on me."

A master of the male insult, Catullus knew how to skewer his buddies: "Ignatius has white teeth, that's why he's always smiling. Go to court, he smiles. At a family funeral, he smiles. I mean, there's nothing dumber than a dumb smile. But now you're a Celtiberian, and they take a leak and save it for the morning to brush their teeth and rub their gums, so the whiter and brighter your teeth sparkle, the more piss of yours we know you've been drinking."

If somebody asked me what I enjoy most about being a man (aside from the obvious), I would point to our range of emotions and the way we can move in a flash from humor to seriousness. We are incredible people that way. Catullus had that ability, so let me close with one of his most serious poems. It is to his older brother, who died and was buried near the ruins of Troy. Catullus visited his grave while on a military expedition: "I crossed many lands and a lot of ocean to get to this painful ceremony, my brother, so I could finally give you gifts for the dead, and waste time talking to some silent ashes. Fate did wrong, my brother, to tear us apart. But I bring you these offerings anyway, after the old custom our parents taught us. Take them soaked with your brother's tears, and forever more, my brother, goodbye."

There is a fragment from a lost poem of Catullus that says it all: "at non effugies meos iambos," which means, loosely translated, "but you won't get away from my poems."

That's the truth. But I don't want to get away from your poems. Thanks for your gifts and your honesty and your example. And don't forget to give my best to Julius.

Why wait?

You can switch down

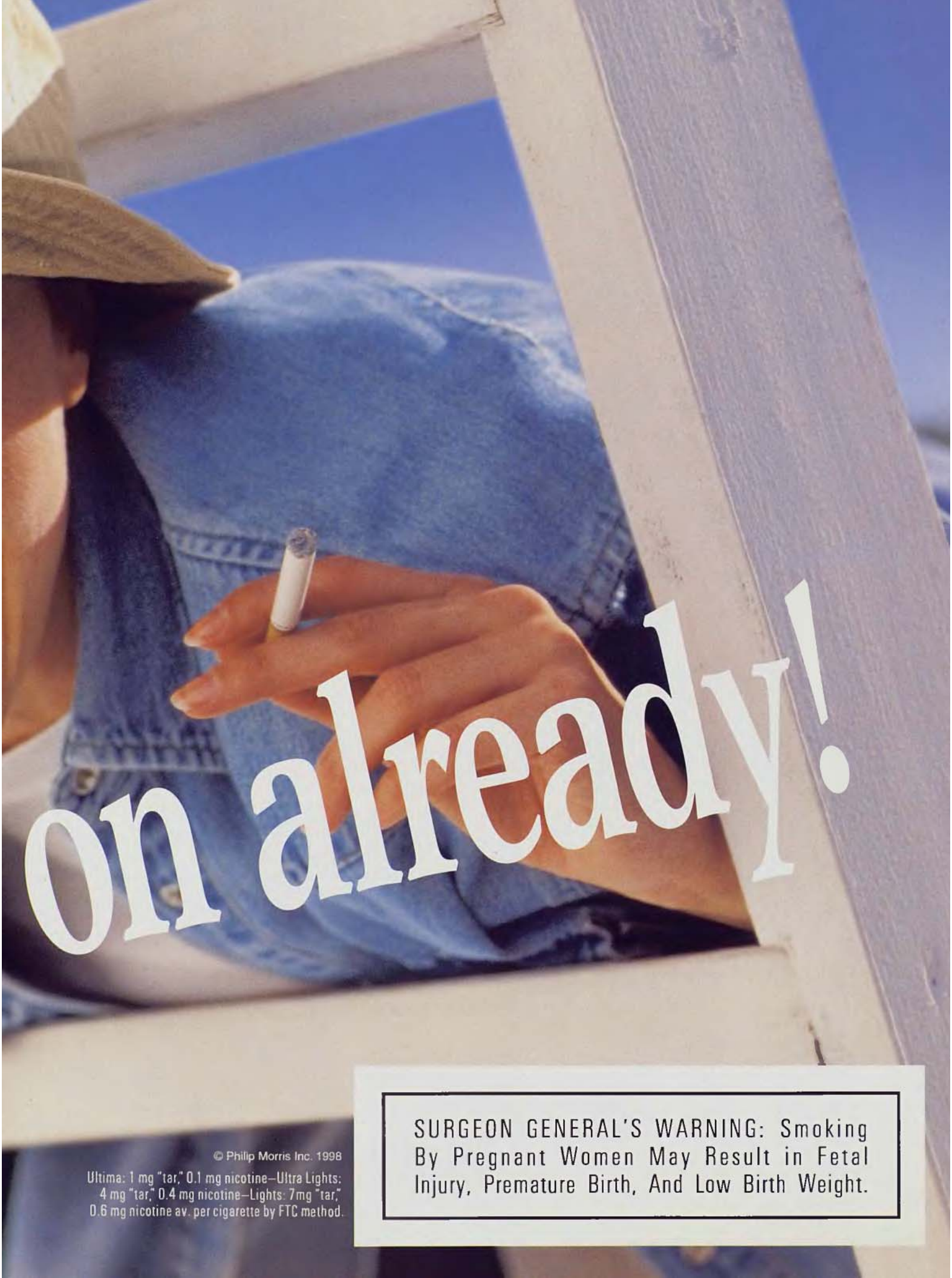
to lower tar

and find satisfying taste

right now.

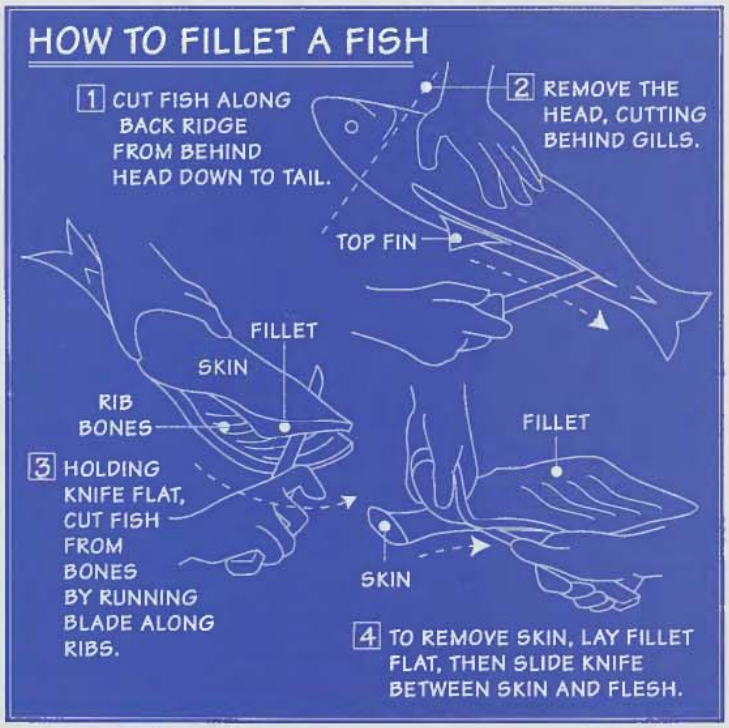
You've got MERIT

Come


on already!
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.
© Philip Morris Inc. 1998
Ultima: 1 mg "tar," 0.1 mg nicotine–Ultra Lights: 4 mg "tar," 0.4 mg nicotine–Lights: 7mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Run for Your Lives: It's Carzilla!

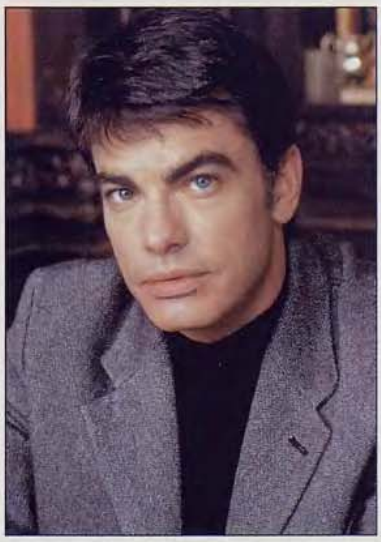
Don't bother to check your rearview mirror in the Isuzu Vehicross, because if something's back there, you probably won't see it anyway. The vision area is only eight inches top to bottom, but out front you have a clear view down the glare-resistant hood—probably of citizens cowering as you thunder by. With a lower body made of hardened unpainted polypropylene, an upper body of zinc-plated steel and a 3.5-liter, 215-horsepower V6, the Vehicross oozes attitude. No wonder its press kit stresses that this is "an Isuzu vehicle that's not for everyone." But a big engine and body armor aren't the only rocks in this bad boy's pocket. The Vehicross also has Torque-on-Demand, which, according to Isuzu, is the only terrain-sensing four-wheel-drive system currently available. Leather-trimmed Recaro bucket seats (see insert) and a six-disc CD player are standard equipment, as is four-wheel ABS. The only option is a roof rack. The Vehicross' base price is $28,900. An Ironman edition will be out soon with a hood insert and body decals. Would we pick a fight with this car? Not on your life.



So you've finally caught the big one and you are not going to throw it back nor even hang it on the wall. This one you're going to eat. A noble fish shouldn't be mangled by amateur handling after the catch. Follow the directions in the blueprint above and you'll have a pair of clean fillets to broil, sauté or bake. A cautionary note: Always move the knife blade away from you. Fish are dangerously slippery.

Clothesline: Peter Gallagher

You would think the smooth-talking guy of *sex, lies and videotape* and ABC's *The Secret Lives of Men* would be seriously into fashion. The truth is, Peter Gallagher hates to shop. He told us he's strictly a Banana Republic man and coincidentally lives around the corner from one. When Gallagher occasionally dresses up, he wears suits and sports coats by Donna Karan, Armani and Richard Tyler, sometimes with a black mock turtleneck or sweater as shown here. But these items take a backseot to his favorite pair of pants—Replay chinos that are frayed at the edges. "I travel a lot," Gallagher says, "and take along a lot of black and white." Plus chinos.



MANTRACK

Puffin' Without Huffin'

Drifting on a lazy river or in daring white water just got easier with Scan Sport's Puffin kayak (pictured here). Collapsed, it measures only 28"x12"x12". Assembled, it's a ten-and-a-half-foot craft that's faster and easier to paddle than an inflatable boat and half the weight of a hard-shell model. Air-filled compartments and a synthetic skin stretched over aircraft-grade aluminum give the Puffin its efficient shape. The maximum load it will carry is 220 pounds. Price: $800, including a tote bag, a unique adjustable seat and a warranty.

The Great Cheeseburger

In our search for the perfect cheeseburger, we talked with cookbook author and Silver Palate co-founder Sheila Lukins, who offered these tips. The ideal burger begins with a third to a half pound of freshly ground round or chuck marbled with a little fat to give it flavor. Whether you have a butcher grind it or do it yourself (it's easy to do in a food processor), it should be coarse enough to have some texture. Even traditionalists condone mixing in salt and pepper, but creative additions such as red onions, capers, eggs and other steak tartare ingredients are fine by Lukins. "The key is to handle the meat as little as possible, so it doesn't become mushy and dense," she says. An inch-thick patty is optimum. Grill it to medium rare with the outside well cooked but not charred black. Add a slice of Swiss, cheddar or American cheese at the last minute. Cover the burger on the grill briefly while the cheese melts. Better yet, Lukins suggests lapping off the top of the burger before grilling, stuffing in some cheese—Roquefort, Gorgonzola or blue cheese are especially good—and replacing the top. "The cheese melts beautifully and, of course, never burns."

For Jocks Only

Tommy Hilfiger and Ralph Lauren have introduced cosmetics collections meant to be taken to the gym. Hilfiger Athletics (pictured here) is an eye-catching line of bright yellow tubes and jars that travel easily. We like the Total Body Shampoo as an alternative to the harsh generic soap dispensed in locker rooms. Follow with Hilfiger's Body Cooling Gel (a great sweat-stopper) and Vitamin Enriched Lotion. There's also a Muscle Therapy Soak and a fragrance that combines citrus, herbs and woodsy scents—it's pleasant but not overpowering. Ralph Lauren's Polo Sport collection includes a fragrance (available as a spray or an aftershave), a lightly scented alcohol-free hair gel and a deodorant stick, plus a postshave balm. Lauren also produces Polo Sport Basic Training, which includes a moisturizing formula to treat and condition your skin, a scrub for sloughing off dead skin cells and a shaving cream. These products are fragrance free. You can even pick up your grooming products at the gym. Crunch, a national chain of health clubs, has created Crunch Care "for people who sweat." The line includes a shampoo and a foot balm plus an assortment of soaps and lotions for everything in between.

Guys Are Talking About . . .

Global positioning systems. They're popping up on cars and boats everywhere, and now you can wear one on your wrist. Casio's global positioning system watch offers position data readout and storage and performs other sophisticated tricks. Price: about $500. *Tall ships.* Cruise ship burnout has produced a new breed of sailor who likes to work while aboard rather than sip piña coladas for a week. Multimasted sailing ships (called tall ships) ply the waters of both coasts, plus the Great Lakes. The one to sign aboard this summer is the *Endeavour*, an Australian-built square-rigger that's an exact reproduction of the ship Captain Cook used to circumnavigate the globe from 1768 to 1771. It's now on the West Coast and anyone who's fit enough to go aloft in all weather can join on as crew. Price: $750 for five days, with ports of call between California and British Columbia. Voyages end in October. *Rollerjam.* It's the Nineties version of roller derby and if you haven't caught the action yet on TNN Friday nights from 8:00 to 10:00, do so. *Specialized travel guides. The Good Pub Guide 1999* is a Baedeker to more than 5000 of Britain's finest pubs. *The Fun Also Rises*, a North American travel guide, features "the most-fun places to be at the right time," from January's Sundance Film Festival to New Year's Eve 1999. How can you go wrong?

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 171.

When she reveals herself, will you?

That baseball cap you've been wearing to hide your hair loss... ditch it.

You can't hide that you're losing your hair. You're going to have to do something about it.

So what will it be? A toupee? Do you really want to go through life with synthetic fibers or someone else's dead hair attached to your head? And does she want to run her fingers through that? And what if it comes off?

No, you want something real, and so does she. And there's nothing more real than your own real hair, transplanted to where you need it more, living and growing naturally...and looking like it belongs.

So if you want Real Results, trust the people who've done more hair restorations than any other medical group in the world. **Call today and get your FREE video and guidebook. Or call to schedule your FREE personal consultation.**

Call 800-691-1901

www.bosley.com

Call now. It's your first step to looking better.

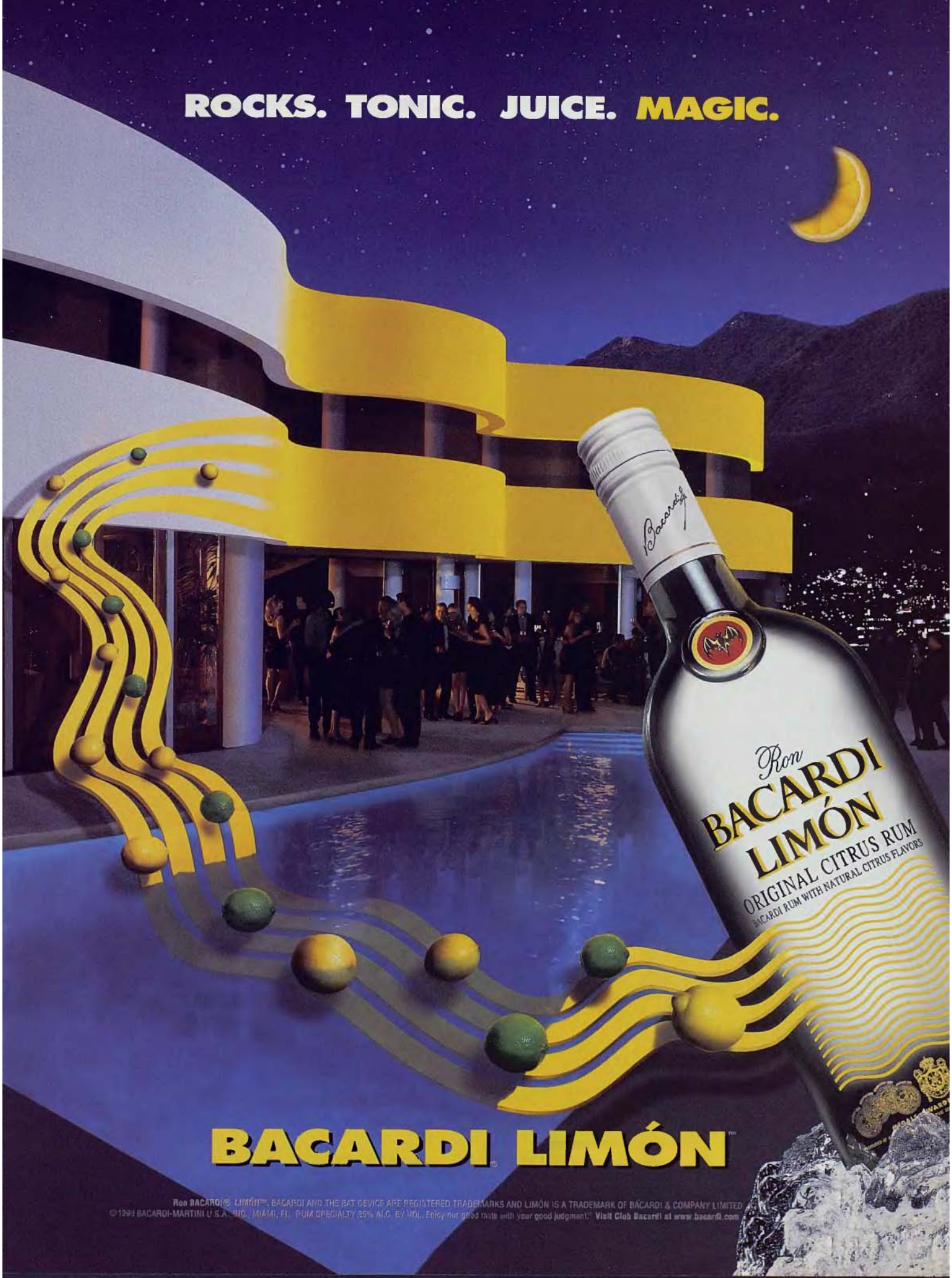
THE BOSLEY MEDICAL INSTITUTE

25 Years of Real Results

EST. 1974

The World's Most Experienced Hair Restoration Practice℠

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES PROVIDED BY THE LICENSED MEDICAL DOCTORS OF THE BOSLEY MEDICAL GROUP, L. LEE BOSLEY, M.D., FOUNDER AND DIRECTOR. IN TEXAS, BY TEXAS HAIR INSTITUTE IN CONSULTATION WITH BMG OF BEVERLY HILLS. IN FLORIDA, BY THE BOSLEY MEDICAL GROUP'S FLORIDA PHYSICIANS. IN CANADA, BY A LICENSED ONTARIO PHYSICIAN IN CONJUNCTION WITH BOSLEY MEDICAL OF CANADA LTD.


ROCKS. TONIC. JUICE. MAGIC.
Ron
BACARDI
LIMÓN
ORIGINAL CITRUS RUM
BACARDI RUM WITH NATURAL CITRUS FLAVORS
BACARDI LIMÓN
Ron BACARDI® LIMÓN™, BACARDI AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS AND LIMÓN IS A TRADEMARK OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED
©1999 BACARDI-MARTINI U.S.A., INC., MIAMI, FL. RUM SPECIALTY 35% ALC. BY VOL. Enjoy our good taste with your good judgment.™ Visit Club Bacardi at www.bacardi.com

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I'm headed to Vegas. What are my best bets at the casinos?—M.J., Michigan City, Indiana

We'll give you five, with assistance from Michael Konik, gaming columnist for Cigar Aficionado (how's that for a job?) and author of The Man With the $100,000 Breasts and Other Gambling Stories. His book provides details, but here are the basics: You'll find the best odds at video poker machines that offer deuces wild or double bonus. Played perfectly, these "full pay" machines can return more than a dollar for every dollar wagered over the long run. When playing craps, make a line bet on the come-out roll with (pass) or against (don't pass) the shooter. Back up your bet with the maximum "behind the line" wager, known as full odds. In baccarat, betting with the bank is slightly better than going with the player, but both give you pretty good odds. The casino advantage in basic-strategy blackjack (which we described in February) can be reduced to nil or better if you can find a single-deck game in which the dealer stands on a soft 17, or you have an effective card-counting strategy. Avoid the tie bet in baccarat or "any seven" in craps. And we don't have to tell you that the absolute worst bets are those big six wheels, Keno and the bonus side bet in Caribbean stud poker. The title of Konik's book, by the way, refers to Brian "the Wiz" Zembic, who won a $100,000 bet that he wouldn't get 38C breast implants and keep them for a year. He got the implants in 1996. He still has them, but that's another story.

My grandmother says some women used to have to go to a doctor to have orgasms. Could that be true?—R.D., Santa Barbara, California

It's true. From the fifth century B.C. *until the Twenties, many women sought out treatment for "hysteria," a vaguely defined illness historically thought to arise from a lack of sexual intercourse. Before the invention of the vibrator, treatment consisted of a physician fingering or massaging his patient until she climaxed. In 1653, a doctor described how, with the help of a midwife, he massaged a patient's genitalia "with one finger inside, using oil of lilies, musk root, crocus or something similar." The technique proved most effective on widows and nuns. In her book The Technology of Orgasm, Rachel Maines notes that few doctors relished treating hysteria—they found it time-consuming and tedious. Some preferred to prescribe horseback riding, long train rides or high-pressure water massages. More often than not, the condition proved to be chronic.*

One afternoon, while I was studying, my roommate's girlfriend came into our dorm room when my roommate wasn't around. She started paging through one of my copies of PLAYBOY.

She commented on how beautiful the Playmate was and then unfolded the Centerfold. That's when it happened. A strand of pubic hair fell out. She paused, then looked at me and said, "I see you like her too!" I turned beet red and didn't know what to say. Now when we see each other, she teases me about it. Thankfully, she has a heart and never says anything when others are around. Should I try to discuss it with her? I haven't mentioned the M word, but she knows what's going on.—L.A., Los Angeles, California

A strand of hair proves nothing. Demand a DNA test! It looked like a chest hair to us! You were framed! OK, the situation doesn't look good, but here's some news: Your roommate's girlfriend masturbates. Your roommate masturbates. Everyone in your dorm masturbates. It's normal. Being aroused by the image of a beautiful, nude woman is normal too. So your friend is ribbing you for being normal. She's playing with you and that's cool—we like her sense of humor and discretion. When your roommate cools on her, try her number.

My husband has searched for my G spot without luck. Can you help? How can we find it?—T.W., Cleveland, Ohio

You may already have. Not every woman finds stimulation of the Grafenberg spot all that memorable. Your G spot is easier to find if you're turned on, because it swells. In The Good Vibrations Guide: The G Spot (800-289-8423), Cathy Winks suggests that you lie on your stomach, position yourself on your hands and knees or squat. "Reach your fingers an inch or two in from the vaginal opening and crook them toward the front wall of the vagina in a 'come hither' motion. The G spot is responsive to pressure but not to light touch. If you brush lightly around the inside of the vagina, you probably won't feel anything. Instead, press firmly into the vaginal wall. Remember, the G spot isn't on the vaginal wall; it's felt through the vaginal wall. As you explore from the pubic bone up toward the cervix, you should feel a slightly ridged area that begins to swell. You may find it helpful to take your other hand and press down on the outside of your belly just above the pubic hair line—sometimes you can feel the G spot area swelling between your hands." Women have described the spot to Winks as "a spongy circle about the size of an almond," "a small cushion nestled against my pubic bone" and "sort of like a ripe strawberry." Happy hunting.

Recently my girlfriend and I attended a trade show. As we were leaving she saw someone that she only sees at these shows, which take place once or twice a year. She went over to say hello. As they hugged, he put his hand on her ass. During our drive home, I asked why she had allowed that. She said she didn't feel it was appropriate either, and that he'd never done it before. I felt she should have informed him of his limits. The discussion escalated into a full-blown argument. Maybe I overreacted. My male friends say they would have reacted more severely than I did, even pushed the guy around. Should my girlfriend have reacted differently, or am I paranoid?—R.S., Miami, Florida

We would need much more evidence before we made accusations, but you're right to wonder what's going on. You don't often meet professionals who would think of grabbing someone's ass; that's sexual harassment territory. Maybe he's been coming on to your girlfriend, and she's afraid of how you might react. Maybe they hooked up once and he hasn't realized that she considers it a drunken mistake. Maybe he grabbed her ass to provoke you. And maybe it was absolutely unexpected, as your girlfriend says. We would give her the benefit of the doubt, but it's understandable if you file this one away.

Can you tell me where to get the book that lists nude appearances by actresses in movies available on video? My local bookstore doesn't carry it.—M.M., Honolulu, Hawaii

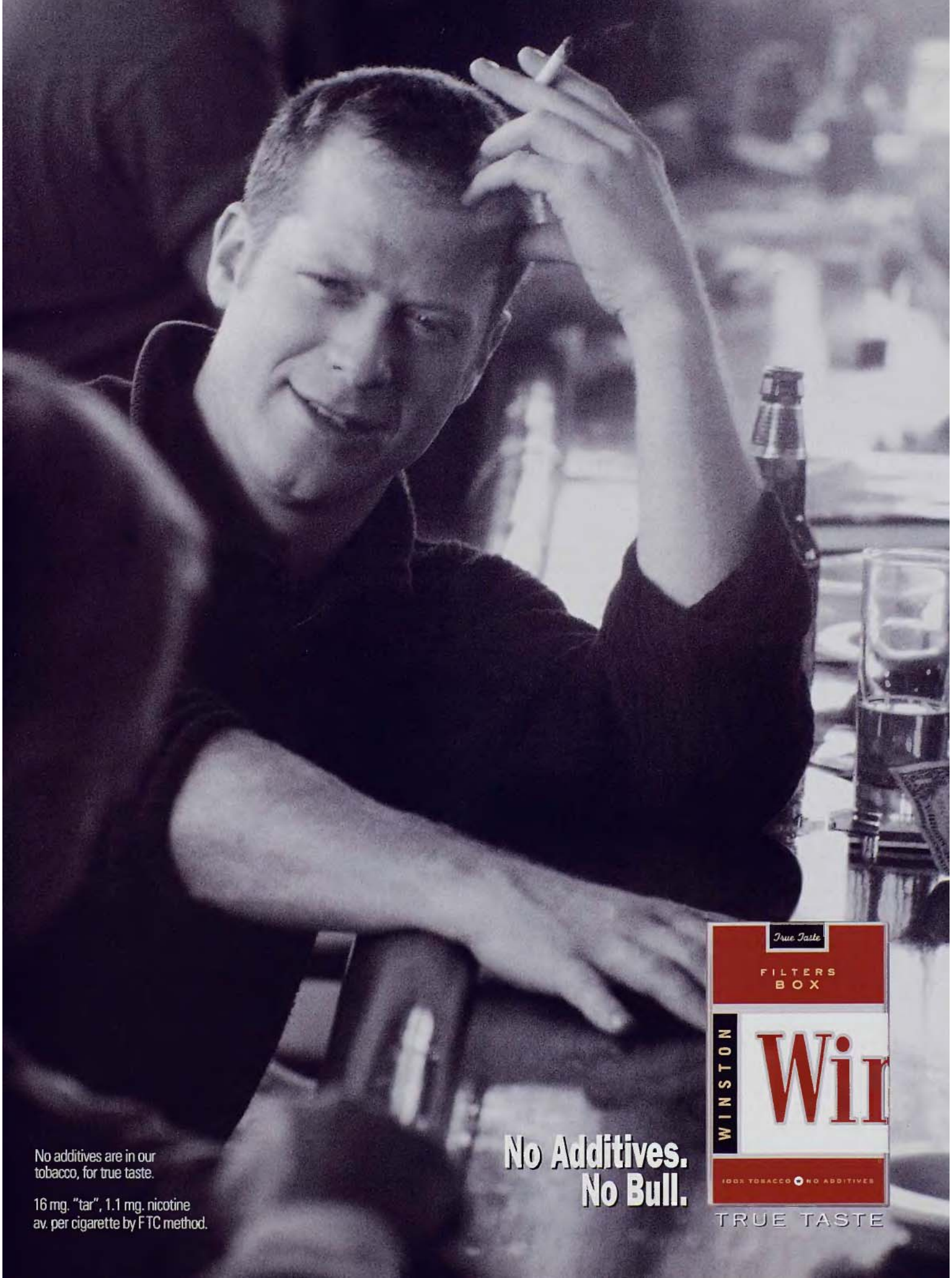
You can no longer purchase The Bare Facts Video Guide at bookstores. Its author, Craig Hosoda, sells it directly. The most recent edition lists 3500 actresses, many of the B-movie variety. Hosoda also offers a searchable CD-ROM database with credits for 8000 actresses and magazine models, as well as 1500 actors. Each entry in this all-American effort provides the exact minute at which body parts are bared, how long the

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

"I get enough bull at work. I don't need to smoke it."

NO BULL


No Additives.
No Bull.
No additives are in our tobacco, for true taste.
16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
True Taste
FILTERS
BOX
WINSTON
Win
100% TOBACCO NO ADDITIVES
TRUE TASTE

nudity lasts and a ranking of the scene's quality. Body doubles also are noted. No fleeting glimpse of a breast goes unnoticed, including Christina Applegate's oh-so-close unveiling one hour and nine minutes into Streets (1989), "a very brief almost side view of her left breast," or Gillian Anderson's "very brief right breast, seen from over her left shoulder" 48 minutes into The Turning (1992). That sort of detail can be seen as a bold statement about the power of the female form, or as completely nuts. We like it either way. You can order The Bare Facts through barefacts.com, or by calling 408-249-2021. Hosoda's favorite erotic film, by the way, is Two Moon Junction (1988), featuring nude scenes with Sherilyn Fenn and Kristy McNichol.

I enjoyed the letters regarding women's views about having men ejaculate on their faces. My wife and I discovered the joys of "coming out" by accident. We were in Las Vegas to attend a wedding and used all the condoms we'd brought (something about weddings makes her horny). We had already started making love when I discovered this, so we continued, but I withdrew as I came and a spurt hit her on the chin. We have not bought a condom since. We both appreciate the beauty and joy of a great facial. Cleanup afterward is a romantic and endearing time. It's not degrading; it's love.—M.D., Iowa City, Iowa

We're happy about your discovery. Keep in mind that withdrawal is not an effective form of birth control. And, as we've said before, let her come on your face too.

My husband has never cheated on me (and vice versa), but lately he's talked of how boring it would be to have sex with only one partner for the rest of his life. The subject of threesomes and foursomes came into our fantasy talk, as did the idea of swapping partners. The what-ifs led to a meeting with another couple. Before the encounter, we decided to swap in separate rooms, then rejoin for group play. That way we'd have a little of everything. For my part, it was a disaster. The guy was more interested in what was going on in the other room than in trying to excite me. Three out of four of us got off. Once we were back together, my husband tried to get involved with me but kept reaching for her and kissing her. I tried hard to keep the evening in perspective as one of play and experimentation—I gave my husband oral sex and tried to be a team player—but I felt like an outsider. When my husband and I discussed it afterward, he told me I was too controlling and demanding. I told him I did not want to do it again. My husband is disappointed but says he respects my decision. I told him he could go out on his own as long as I don't know about it. He says his fantasy is to share the experience with me. Should I try to keep my husband happy, or should we let this fantasy go? I want to fulfill his fantasies, but I also want our sex life to be exciting for both of us.—M.M., Hartford, Connecticut

And it should be. We're sorry you had such a bad experience. It sounds like there were four independent fantasies going on at once during that encounter, and yours—the least defined of the bunch—got lost in the shuffle. Experienced swingers look out for one another and discuss their desires and expectations beforehand—no one goes away unsatisfied. Unfortunately, in this case, you were paired with a guy whose fantasy was to watch his wife having sex with another man. Meanwhile, your husband wanted to have sex with another woman. He's wise to respect your decision, but if you change your mind, consider a different approach. A threesome with someone you both know and trust might be a revelation, especially if your husband is aware of your concerns. If he's smart, he'll make sure you're the center of attention. You still may conclude that group sex is not your thing—and you wouldn't be alone. Many couples never repeat the experience, often because the fantasy remains better than any reality. However, one botched encounter shouldn't determine that.

I'm amazed that no one has been able to find a simple, inexpensive cure for genital warts. I've tried to have them burned off at clinics. I've considered an operation, though I was told it wouldn't cure them. I've been to a dermatologist, who told me he might be able to get rid of the problem for a couple thousand bucks. I haven't had sex in three years because I'm afraid I'll infect someone. Can you help?—C.D., Cincinnati, Ohio

We can't offer a cure—there isn't one. But genital warts, which are caused by the human papillomavirus, can be managed. In many cases they don't return after treatment. In others they reappear with less severity for a few years, then disappear as your immune system gets the upper hand. The most common topical medications are a solution containing podophyllin (which must be applied by a health care provider), imiquimod cream and a podofilox solution or gel. Removing the warts doesn't eliminate the risk of infecting someone else, because the virus may remain. Condoms or other barriers help if they cover the infected area. You're not alone on this one: Researchers estimate that 75 percent of Americans who have sex have been exposed to HPV, though only about one percent develop symptoms. Still, that's 1.4 million cases of genital warts each year. HPV spreads so quickly that researchers have turned their attention to treating warts rather than preventing them.

Every once in a while I'll meet a woman in an online chat room. That sometimes leads to phone sex. When this happens, which person should provide a number? I think the one who puts forth the proposition should make the call (and also foot the long-distance bill). There is also the problem of privacy. Some women who have roommates get nervous about my calling because their cohabitants might find out. Any suggestions?—R.S., Los Angeles, California

Never phone without an appointment, though we'd wonder why a woman wouldn't want her "roommate" to know a guy is calling her. If she's in a relationship and having phone sex with you, she's cheating. That could become a real mess, especially if your number shows up on her phone bill. Ask your chat partner which she prefers: You can provide your number or she can send hers and you'll be happy to pick up the charges for the first call. If all goes well, you can share numbers and the expense.

What's the best type of tequila?—A.C., Seattle, Washington

Look for tequila distilled entirely from the fermented juice of the agave plant. The label must say "100 percent agave" or "cien por ciento de agave"; otherwise, you're drinking a mixto, which is a mixture of agave juice and various sugars. Blanco is the favorite of almost everyone we know who drinks tequila more than twice a year. (Gold tequila is blanco with caramel color added to appease the American preference for amber-colored booze.) Most Mexicans prefer the smoother reposado; it's aged in oak barrels for two months to a year. Beginners will like the rich, dark añejo because it reminds them of familiar liquors such as bourbon.

How should a guy react when his wife challenges him to arm wrestle and then soundly defeats him? Crying and screaming doesn't seem appropriate. I tried "OK, from now on you carry out the garbage and move the furniture while I dust and vacuum," but all I got was a cold stare.—T.D., Aspen, Colorado

Championship series are the best of seven, so hit the gym. If she tops you again, take your lumps with the dignity and grace she expects from a man. And don't get too down on yourself—we're sure there are plenty of women out there whom you could beat.

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.*

UTAH GAMES

the separation of church and sport?

By ROBERT S. WIEDER

Homegrown anti-alcohol activists have been campaigning to ban the advertising of alcoholic beverages during telecasts of the 2002 Olympic Winter Games. They are also upset that the U.S. and Salt Lake Olympic Committees have sold Budweiser the right to be the Games' "official beer" for a $50 million fee.

The prohibitionists worry that millions of "impressionable young viewers" will watch the Games and develop a craving for alcohol—otherwise known as "Satan's starter fluid." The Utah PTA, for example, passed a resolution supporting an Olympics booze-ad ban, noting that "the international Olympics represents our strongest and healthiest adults, many of whom become major role models for our nation's youth."

Of course, this role-model factory has also given our nation's youth an endless pageant of steroid and drug scandals, rogue skater Tonya Harding, a hockey team run wild, biased-judging exposés and what looks to be an IOC cottage industry in site-selection bribery and extortion.

Let's take a closer look at the prim and proper prohibitionists. The Utah PTA seemed particularly upset by TV booze ads and staged the equivalent of a police lineup. Asked to identify various advertising mascots, two thirds of the Utah children surveyed recognized the Budweiser frogs—giving the frogs a profile higher than that of Tony the Tiger (promoter of sugar-coated cereal) but somewhat lower than Smokey the Bear's. The study did not establish a link between TV viewing and drinking, or TV viewing and fire fighting. Clearly, TV was greasing the skids, or skid rows, for kids. (In hopelessly corrupt California more than 80 percent of the children recognized those frogs.) Squash the frogs flat, as Madison Avenue finally did to Joe Camel.

Budweiser has changed its official spokescreatures to a pair of cynical lizards, but that is too little too late for Dr. George Van Komen, head of the Alcohol Policy Coalition. "To me it makes no difference," he says. The ads sell beer by using characters that kids find amusing or appealing, and that, to Van Komen, "seems immoral." Of course, that distinction also should apply to beer ads involving anything that appeals to kids: snowboarding, camp-outs, athletes, picnics, fun. With this reasoning, we'll end up with beer commercials featuring tax accountants who listen to chamber music.

BROECH STEADMAN

Van Komen the crusader wants the Salt Lake Olympic Committee to enforce an alcohol-free 2002 Olympics, even if that means refunding Anheuser-Busch's $50 million.

Van Komen, a medical doctor and a Mormon, insists that his antipathy to alcohol is strictly a health issue, but in fact he would ban ads even for nonalcoholic beer. When pressed, he allows that it's also a matter of "the partying image associated with beer. We do not need that image coming from a state that is basically family-oriented."

Family values, if you served on the host committee, that evidently include bribery.

Van Komen would require the world at large to jump through the theocentric hoops of his religion. "He's out to make sure that everybody lives the Word of Wisdom [the Mormon code]," says Utah Hospitality Association president Kent Knowley.

Specifically, Van Komen and his fellow alcophobes believe it would be offensive, even blasphemous, for events occurring within Utah's borders to endorse or promote products banned by a religion practiced by 70 percent of its population. The logic of this position raises several important questions. For example:

Since when does a secular athletic event attended by a cross section of people from nearly every nation become the temporary moral pulpit for whoever happens to be staging it? This is not a church camp for kids. Since the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints also prohibits caffeine, are Taster's Choice, Lipton and Coca-Cola barred from Olympic sponsorship? We can assume—since there can be no compromise when God's law is involved—that the ban would prohibit ads for mouthwashes and cold medicines that contain alcohol. Van Komen, in fact, hounded Proctor & Gamble into cutting the alcohol in Vicks Nyquil from 25 percent to 10 percent by threatening to lobby the legislature and badgering the FDA to investigate P&G.

Also, would a successful advertising ban establish some bizarre "local morality" precedent? If the Olympic Games are ever held in Cairo or Tel Aviv, would commercials for Jimmy Dean pork sausage and Hormel bacon be forbidden? Would the Calcutta or New Delhi Games be bad news for McDonald's, Wendy's and Burger King?

If coming up with narrow-minded, harebrained moral protests were an Olympic event, we'd already have a winner.

FORUM

STATUTORY RAPE REVISITED

By STEPHANIE GOLDBERG

is there a double standard?

Statutory rape is a hot topic. In California, the state has erected billboards along major highways that warn drivers: SEX WITH A MINOR IS A MAJOR CRIME.

Buckle up. In Tulare County, a judge recently sentenced Melvin Brown, 37, to 457 years in jail for having oral sex and intercourse with his 17-year-old girlfriend.

Brown, a twice-convicted felon, ran afoul of California's three-strikes law, which mandates consecutive sentences of 25 years to life for each new felony after the second violent felony. Brown, who allegedly did not know the girl was underage, was charged with 16 counts of statutory rape and oral sex, as well as three drug charges.

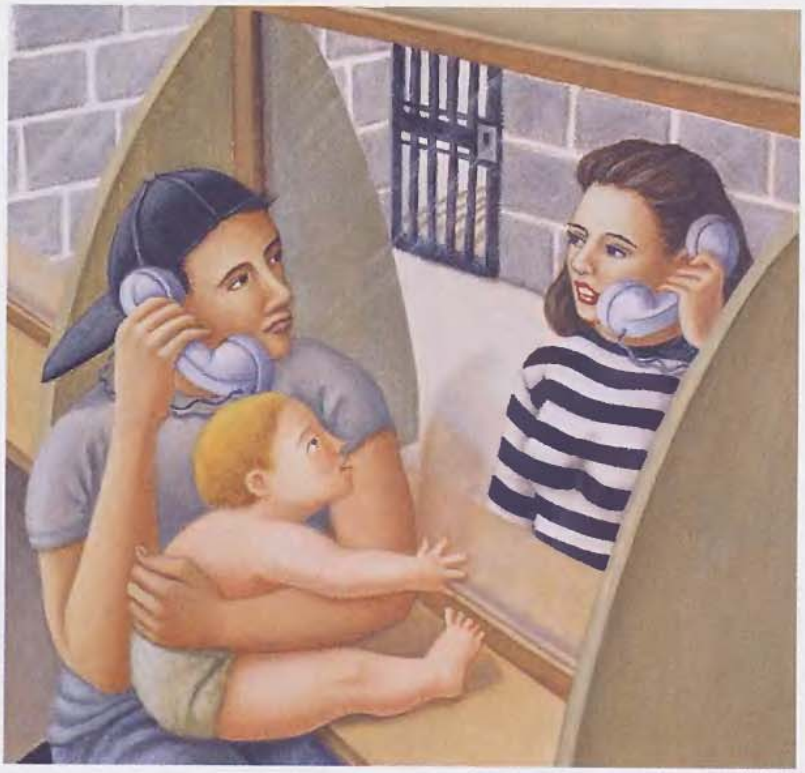
His lawyer told *The Fresno Bee* that the sentence was "unworldly, mind-boggling. He essentially got the death sentence. The only way he'll get out of prison is in a pine box."

The sentence may have been mind-boggling, but it is no surprise. For the past few years, law enforcement officials have made statutory rape their cause célèbre. In October 1997 the American Bar Association released the report *Sexual Relationships Between Adult Males and Young Teen Girls: Exploring the Legal and Social Responses*.

The authors' specific recommendations concerning statutory rape laws include:

- Revising minimum age requirements so that girls aged 10–15 are legally protected from "consensual" sexual intercourse with men aged 20 and older.
- Removing the "mistake of age" defense for men over the age of 20 who have consensual sex with girls aged 15 and under.
- Increasing penalties, especially for repeat offenders who are ten or more years older than their adolescent partners, or who use alcohol or drugs to seduce their partners, or who infect their partners with HIV or some other sexually transmitted disease.
- Prosecuting without regard to class, social status or race, whether or not the girl is impregnated.

The last item tries to make sex the crime, rather than using the law to punish the teen pregnancies so despised by conservatives. Many statutory rape cases begin when a teenager applies for welfare benefits for a child born out of wedlock. One study found that 70 to 80 percent of the fathers of babies born to girls under 16 are older than 20. Though not all. Wisconsin went after an 18-year-old boy who impregnated his 15-year-old girlfriend—despite the fact that the boy quit school and took a job to support the child. Good intentions don't count; go directly to jail. The charge is statutory rape, not reckless reproduction.



MAY CREHORE

What's missing from the ABA report should be obvious: There is no concern for the reverse scenario. Lawmakers evidently do not feel that underage boys deserve the same sort of protection as young girls.

It's easy to imagine young women being manipulated by older men, but there is strong resistance to seeing young men as being subject to coercion. They're supposed to be romping through life like the kids in *Summer of '42*. What does a female predator look like? The actual cases that come before the courts have a lot in common with *Fatal Attraction*. More often than not, the offenders are desperate, angry women who are unwilling to let go of their young prey.

For sheer creepiness, almost nothing can match the case of Julie Feil, a Minnesota high school teacher who tried to cast her affair as a love story for the ages. She was sentenced to almost seven years in prison for criminal sexual conduct with a 15-year-old student. At her sentencing, she apologized to the boy's parents and said, "I love your son." He called her a monster and said he never wanted to see her again.

Small wonder. At the time the affair began, Feil, then 31, was separated from her husband. So she pursued a student, hiring him to babysit and to walk her dog. The two became sexually intimate. Feil began writing love notes, as well as passes to get the boy out of study hall.

Feil wrote: "I have been happy this week, which is ridiculous considering that I'm fighting for my life, have undergone intense pain and 247 biopsies/needles. I've just been told that they need to operate on my brain, for crying out loud, and I'm feeling so happy I'm floating on air! Why? The answer is simple . . . you. Loving you completes me." Soon the boy wanted out. Feil will be eligible for parole after four and a half years.

In 1996 the state of Connecticut sentenced Kerri Lynn Patavino to six years for five counts of second-degree sexual assault, six counts of risk of injury to a minor, burglary and larceny. The charges stem from her involvement with a 14-year-old boy she met on her route as a school bus driver. (The case is under appeal and Patavino disputes the charges.) Little did the kid know that Patavino, who was 26 at the time of the affair, was a practicing witch. He claimed they slept together for four months until Patavino started doing things that made him uncomfortable. He said she had cut herself with a razor and then forced him to lick her blood. Nor did she take rejection kindly, allegedly breaking into his house and stealing his skateboard and other prized possessions.

> She started doing things that made him uncomfortable.

When faced with such bizarre behavior, courts seem willing to lock up female predators, although six years does not begin to compare with 457 years. Evil is in the eye of the beholder. Apparently, so is injury. The real double standard is in how the courts view male victims.

For many months the identity of the 13-year-old Seattle student who impregnated his 35-year-old teacher, Mary Kay Letourneau, was kept secret by the courts. But Vili Fualaau, who is now 15, refused to stay silent. Accepting $250,000 from a French book publisher, he has gone public with the story of how he and Letourneau produced two babies in 17 months.

The title of the book, *Un Seul Crime, L'amour* (Only one crime, love), says it all. To recap, the affair began when he was only 11 and Letourneau's star pupil. The first pregnancy resulted in Letourneau's conviction for two counts of second-degree child rape. She got a 7½-year sentence, served six months and, upon release, violated the terms of her probation almost immediately by resuming the relationship and conceiving another child. Now there's no hope of parole and Fualaau will be 21 before the two can be together. The book's message: Fualaau didn't feel like a victim when he had sex with Letourneau, but he sure does now, raising two daughters.

No one in their right mind would think of giving a male predator "parental rights" to a child who is conceived by statutory rape. But the same courts saddle male victims with child support payments.

That fate awaited Shane Seyer, who had sex at the age of 12, only to be royally screwed by courts and bureaucrats in his home state of Kansas. During a long hot summer in 1988, Seyer began having sex with the family's 16-year-old babysitter. It might have remained a treasured memory if the babysitter hadn't gotten pregnant and state authorities hadn't come after Seyer in 1991 for $7068 in maternity expenses and Aid to Families with Dependent Children payments.

They were about to garnish his lunch money when Seyer's parents hired a lawyer and began fighting back. First, a hearing officer threw out the maternity award but decreed that Seyer should start paying child support from the date of the hearing. Then, a judicial review decided that Seyer was responsible for both maternity expenses and child support.

The highest court of Kansas retreated slightly, upholding the child support award but otherwise wiping the slate clean. In a 1993 opinion, Judge Holmes brushed aside the matter of Seyer's age. His consent to the affair might be irrelevant in a criminal action against the child's mother, but it made a big difference in a civil action for child support. So long as the affair was voluntary, he was on the hook.

"No one saw him as a victim," says Seyer's lawyer, Ronald Pope, who even today sounds amazed by his client's predicament. "Shane was your average kid." What turned his life upside down in an instant were "hormones, opportunity and a girl with poor judgment," says Pope. Suddenly, Seyer was visited with responsibilities he felt too young to assume, and he resented it. "He knew a female victim would never be held accountable for her acts."

> She cut herself with a razor and forced him to lick her blood.

Still, it wasn't as if the Kansas court was going out on a limb. Courts in Colorado and Wisconsin had already decided that statutory rape laws do not afford "blanket protection for reckless minors," as one opinion put it.

With the push for gender equality in the Sixties and Seventies, the laws were rewritten to cover young men as well. But in California, the law wasn't amended until 1994—coincidentally, the same year that 15-year-old Nathaniel J. of San Luis Obispo had a two-week affair with a 34-year-old neighbor. After she had his baby the following January, she applied for state assistance and had to name the child's father. California authorities took notice and decided that Nathaniel, like Seyer before him, should pay child support.

"Our point of view is that the newborn is the victim in these matters," Carol Ann White, a lawyer in charge of the attorney general's child-support enforcement unit, told the *Los Angeles Times*. Ironically, she made this argument just after Governor Pete Wilson announced his zero-tolerance policy on statutory rape, earmarking $8 million for prosecutions. In 1996, a court of appeals ruled against Nathaniel, noting that victims have rights and responsibilities. How's that for a twist? However, they cut Nathaniel, now over the age of 18, some slack because of his age, deferring his child support payments until he actually had a job.

Jason Hodge remembers being flattered when, at the age of 14, he was propositioned by a 19-year-old woman. "I had never had a woman tell me I was attractive," said Hodge, now 22, in a phone interview. It was a three-week fling, but one for which the state of Missouri wants him to pay dearly: Because the woman has named him as father of her daughter, state authorities now want Hodge to retroactively pay for seven years of child support.

Hodge, who later married and had a child before he and his wife divorced, isn't buying it. He refused to take a paternity test at the beginning of this year, but contends that if he is forced to take one and the results are positive, he will seek custody. "This woman is a sexual predator. If any guy did what she did, he'd be locked up," he said. Four counts of first-degree sexual assault were filed against the woman at the time, but were dropped soon thereafter. Missouri statutory rape law now exempts offenders who are under the age of 21. That means the state can't touch the woman, although Hodge could be prosecuted for nonpayment of support.

When a sex law is gender-biased, it's not hard to guess who ends up paying: the victim.

READER

NOT-SO-FRIENDLY SKIES

During an American Airlines flight to Las Vegas, my wife and I were reading PLAYBOY's 45th anniversary issue when an attendant politely asked us not to read our magazine in the cabin. We thought she was kidding, so we smiled and kept reading. Within five minutes she returned and asked us in a firm voice to close our magazine. "It is against this airline's policy to allow any passenger to read obscene publications during a flight," she told us. "Furthermore, I checked with the captain and he confirmed the policy." She said if we wanted to read the articles we could, but we couldn't view the photos. I asked if PLAYBOY offended her personally, and she replied that she had raised six sons and it didn't. But she said it was American Airlines' policy not to allow passengers to view naked women during a flight. I replied that the only time I'd had a similar incident was in 1976 on South African Airlines, when a flight attendant confiscated the magazine as part of the government's censorship.

Eli Feinberg
Miami, Florida

Next time, take names. She lied, and if it happens again, we hope you'll stand your ground. According to an American Airlines spokesman, neither the flight attendant nor the captain was justified in telling you to close your magazine. The Federal Aviation Administration leaves the decision to airlines' discretion. Continental and United say they have no policy that restricts passengers' reading material. Nor does Virgin Atlantic. "Passengers are free to read whatever newsstand publications they like," a spokesman said. "Most have already completed their school years, so we're not going to confiscate their toys or make anyone stand in the corner."

FORTUNATE SON

Two years ago, James Bovard chronicled the leniency that politicians' family members are regularly accorded when they're sentenced for drug crimes ("Prison Sentences of the Politically Connected," *The Playboy Forum*, April 1997). Add the case of Randall Todd Cunningham to the list.

The son of Representative Randy "Duke" Cunningham (R–Calif.) was arrested while transporting 400 pounds of marijuana from California to Boston. This past November, after a tear-choked plea from his father, the 29-year-old Cunningham was sentenced to two and a half years in prison—half the mandatory sentence.

His sentence could have been even lighter. Prosecutors originally had agreed to a 14-month to 18-month stay in boot camp and a halfway house, but Cunningham tested positive for cocaine three times while out on bail. He was jailed following the third incident. After federal probation officers in San Diego came to administer a drug test, Cunningham jumped from a window, breaking his leg.

The judge also ordered Cunningham to participate in a 500-day drug program. If he completes it, he could cut his sentence by as much as a year.

Jon Alegranti
San Diego, California

For those unfamiliar with his record, Representative Cunningham has supported the death penalty for drug kingpins as well as the idea of erecting a fence at the Mexican border to keep out drug smugglers. In an article he wrote for The San Diego Union-Tribune four months before his son was arrested, Cunningham chided the Clinton administration for supporting "reduced mandatory minimum sentences for drug trafficking and 'soft on crime' liberal judges."

FOR THE RECORD

SOLID ADVICE

"I have long believed the laws regarding marijuana are too harsh. Those who keep pot for their personal use should not be treated as criminals."

—SYNDICATED COLUMNIST ANN LANDERS, IN RESPONSE TO A LETTER FROM A WOMAN WHOSE SON WAS ARRESTED ON MARIJUANA CHARGES. IN HER ANNUAL "CHRISTMAS MESSAGE" 11 DAYS EARLIER, LANDERS HAD DECLARED THE WAR ON DRUGS "A COLOSSAL FAILURE."

INDECENT LANGUAGE

In February 1980 PLAYBOY ran an article about one of my clients, a man from Hurds Corner, Michigan who had been arrested and prosecuted for swearing in front of his wife. The judge in that case ruled decisively in our favor. But it seems these things go in cycles.

I now represent a man who's been charged in Arenac County, Michigan under the same "indecent language" statute. His crime? He swore in front of his girlfriend while canoeing on the Rifle River last summer.

Let's hope the next time this rarely enforced law becomes newsworthy is when it is stricken from the books.

William Street
Saginaw, Michigan

Your client didn't just swear in front of his girlfriend, he had the misfortune of doing so near children and being heard by three sheriff's deputies who weren't too busy to waste taxpayers' money protecting the riverbank from the scourge of blue language. Though your client faces up to 90 days in jail and a $100 fine, he can thank his lucky stars that he wasn't charged with the more serious-sounding offense of "inciting Indians."

HARD TIME

James R. Petersen's article on the new wave of censorship laws that restrict what prisoners can read ("Hard Time," *The Playboy Forum*, February) was timely and important. I am a staff attorney for the ACLU's National Prison Project, which represented the prisoners in *Thornburgh vs. Abbott*, the 1989 Supreme Court case that set guidelines governing the constitutionality of restrictions on prisoners' mail and access to publications. We represent three federal prisoners who have challenged Congress' ban on their access to publications that feature nudity or "sexually explicit" content. Congress singled out prisoners—a vulnerable and politically unpopular group—but the ACLU believes this troubling precedent goes to the heart of the First Amendment protections we all enjoy.

RESPONSE

Congress conjured up the federal prison publication ban under the guise of promoting prisoner rehabilitation. However, it never consulted federal prison officials, who for 20 years had allowed access to adult publications without incident. The D.C. Court of Appeals endorsed the law without any evidence that prisoners' access to nude pictures leads federal prisoners to commit future crimes.

On the state level, legislatures and prison officials also have adopted censorship policies that bar prisoners' access to broadly defined "pornographic" publications. Bans have been overturned at the district court level in Utah, Arizona and New Jersey, only to be challenged on appeal by government officials at great expense to taxpayers. State prisons house many more prisoners than does the federal system, meaning that widespread state bans could prohibit another 1.5 million people from reading PLAYBOY, among other publications.

The ACLU remains as firmly committed to upholding prisoners' constitutional rights as we have been since the National Prison Project was founded in 1972. While we cannot challenge every state ban, we must not allow Congress and state legislatures to separate prisoners from the Bill of Rights.

Marjorie Rifkin
ACLU National Prison Project
Washington, D.C.

Representative John Ensign (R–Nev.) says "magazines that portray and exploit sex acts have no place in the rehabilitative environment of prisons." If Congress is so worried about the rehabilitative environment of prisons, why did they discontinue the Pell grant program that allowed federal inmates like me to pursue a college degree? Why have they discontinued other educational programs such as computer classes? For fear, they say, of creating a well-educated breed of "supercriminals." Ensign and other members of Congress should recognize that education is the only way to rise above a life of crime; when they remove educational opportunities from prisoners, they only ensure the criminal status quo.

(Name withheld by request)
Texarkana, Texas

James R. Petersen writes, "Jailmates don't have the same rights as the rest of us, right?" Hell no, they don't—they are in prison! Yes, they are there to be rehabilitated, but they're also there to be punished for violating others' rights. They shouldn't have the right to read PLAYBOY. Who cares if it hasn't been proved to incite violence? Who cares if it doesn't turn you into a sociopath? Convicts, no matter what their crimes, are denied certain rights that noncriminals enjoy. Reading PLAYBOY should be one of them.

Michael Glover
Pensacola, Florida

THE END

What an ironic climax for Bill Clinton. He finally got off.

Bob Schroeder
Trenton, New Jersey

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 telephone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com (please include your city and state).*

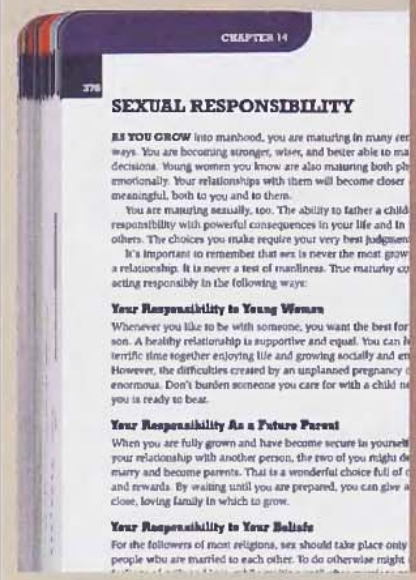
FORUM F.Y.I.

BE PREPARED

Do Eagle Scouts read PLAYBOY? They may want to after reviewing *The Boy Scout Handbook*, which has been updated to include such timely topics as drug and alcohol abuse, safe use of the Internet and sexual responsibility. Now in its 11th edition, the handbook—a primer for budding young men since 1910—confronts sex in a straightforward, if awkward, manner, ignoring topics such as masturbation and homosexuality but taking pains to warn scouts about the perils of early fatherhood.

"As you grow into manhood, you are maturing in many remarkable ways," reads a section of the handbook entitled "Sexual Responsibility." "You are maturing sexually, too. Don't burden someone you care for with a child neither of you is ready to bear. For the followers of most religions sex should take place only between people who are married to each other. To do otherwise might cause feelings of guilt and loss."

We're waiting for the Scouts to introduce a "Sexual Responsibility" merit badge—the first pin that you earn for *not* doing something.


CHAPTER 14

SEXUAL RESPONSIBILITY

AS YOU GROW into manhood, you are maturing in many
ways. You are becoming stronger, wiser, and better able to ma
decisions. Young women you know are also maturing both ph
emotionally. Your relationships with them will become closer
meaningful, both to you and to them.

You are maturing sexually, too. The ability to father a child
responsibility with powerful consequences in your life and in
others. The choices you make require your very best judgmen

It's important to remember that sex is never the most grow
a relationship. It is never a test of manliness. True maturity s
acting responsibly in the following ways:

Your Responsibility to Young Women

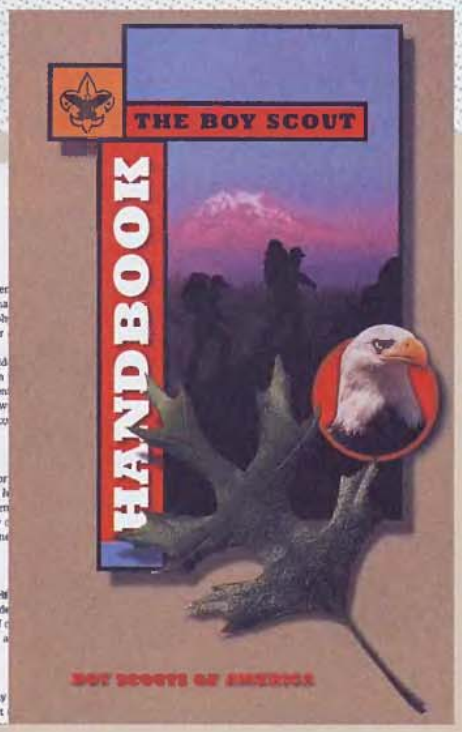
Whenever you like to be with someone, you want the best for
son. A healthy relationship is supportive and equal. You can h
terrific time together enjoying life and growing socially and em
However, the difficulties created by an unplanned pregnancy
enormous. Don't burden someone you care for with a child n
you is ready to bear.

Your Responsibility As a Future Parent

When you are fully grown and have become secure in yourself
your relationship with another person, the two of you might de
marry and become parents. That is a wonderful choice full of
and rewards. By waiting until you are prepared, you can give
close, loving family in which to grow.

Your Responsibility to Your Beliefs

For the followers of most religions, sex should take place only
people who are married to each other. To do otherwise might



FAQ DRUG WAR

some things you ought to know

In 1908 President Theodore Roosevelt formed a commission to study how to contain the international opium trade. He appointed Dr. Hamilton Wright, son-in-law of a powerful Republican senator, as one of its members. The doctor made the opium problem a personal crusade. He toured the U.S. and reported back that he had encountered "numberless" opium addicts. More reliable estimates at the time fixed the number at about 250,000, in a population of 76 million. Many were dependent on the opiates in patent medicines. Nevertheless, Dr. Wright primed Congress for action against the scourge of drugs. He made claims such as "Cocaine is often the direct incentive to the crime of rape by the Negroes" and "One of the most unfortunate phases of the habit of smoking opium in this country is the large number of women who are living as common-law wives or cohabiting with Chinese."

Addicts had been seen as people who required medical care, but from this point on, they would be seen as fiends. Six decades later, Richard Nixon launched the modern war on "the drug menace" by forming the Drug Enforcement Administration. The White House estimated that 559,000 heroin addicts were roaming the streets, up from 68,000 just two years earlier. After concluding that the huge leap made him look bad, Nixon had the estimate lowered to 150,000.

•

Does the drug war corrupt police?

According to a report by the General Accounting Office, half of the police officers convicted as a result of FBI-led corruption investigations between 1993 and 1997 were found guilty of drug-related offenses. GAO investigators reported that "the most commonly identified pattern of drug-related corruption involved small groups of officers who protected and assisted each other in criminal activities, rather than the traditional patterns of non-drug-related police corruption that involved just a few isolated individuals or systemic corruption pervading an entire police department or precinct." Prohibition had had a similar effect. By 1929, 25 percent of all federal agents had been fired for bribery, extortion, conspiracy, embezzlement and submission of false reports, among other charges.

STEVE FURK

Today, many law enforcement officials compromise their integrity on the witness stand. In *Drug Crazy*, Mike Gray's history of the drug war, a defense attorney in Chicago observed that cops routinely commit perjury while testifying about relatively minor drug cases. They do so to cover up illegal searches of young suspects, most of whom are black. "It's got to have an impact on a cop to stand up and lie on a regular basis," the attorney said.

The war has changed how even law-abiding cops do their jobs: It has added a profit motive. Court rulings have made it easier for authorities to seize cash or other property from people accused of drug crimes. The Supreme Court has ruled that personal property (cars, cash, a house) may be confiscated even if the owner didn't know it was being used for illegal activity. If a person is acquitted—or even if charges are never filed—he or she still must prove by a preponderance of the evidence that the seized money or property has no connection to the drug trade. In 1993 a Justice Department report noted: "Asset seizures play an important role in the operation of task forces. One big bust can provide a task force with the resources to become financially independent." In Missouri, local police departments routinely route asset seizures through the DEA to avoid a law that earmarks the money for schools.

•

Is the drug war racist?

Despite the fact that more than 80 percent of drug users are white, prisons are overflowing with black men and women convicted on drug charges. More than half of the blacks convicted of drug offenses receive prison sentences, compared with a third of whites convicted of the same offenses. Blacks also do more time: The average federal drug sentence is almost 50 percent longer for blacks than it is for whites. As a result of felony convictions, more than ten percent of black men have lost their right to vote. In some states, this number could reach 40 percent.

One explanation for the number of blacks being arrested is the longtime popularity of crack cocaine, a low-cost drug sold in small quantities on the street, where it's easier for cops to make busts. Mandatory minimum laws require that federal judges sentence anyone convicted of possessing five grams of crack to at least five years in prison. It takes 100 times as much powder cocaine and 20 times as much heroin to earn that time.

BEYOND PERJURY

thou shalt not lie. ever

By JAMES BOVARD

Perhaps the greatest irony of the national debate over who should go to prison for lying has gone largely unreported: Even while President Bill Clinton fought for his reputation and job, his administration aggressively argued that Americans who make even the most offhand false comments to practically any government worker deserve harsh punishment.

Under Clinton's watch, Congress amended the false statements statute in 1996 to ensure that people who make false statements during congressional testimony could be prosecuted.

The FBI academy in 1997 added a full training course on ethics for new recruits. According to the academy's official syllabus, subjects of the bureau's investigations have "forfeited their right to the truth."

Federal agents have the right to lie to you—and to put you in prison if you lie to them. Any citizen who makes even a single-word false utterance ("no," "yes") to a federal agent faces up to five years in prison and a $250,000 fine.

The false statements law conveys so much power that, according to Solicitor General Seth Waxman, it could allow federal agents to "escalate completely innocent conduct into a felony." One federal judge condemned the law for encouraging "inquisition as a method of criminal investigation."

In 1998 the Supreme Court reinforced the power of federal agents when it upheld the conviction of New York union official James Brogan. He was surprised at home one evening by two investigators who asked him if he had received any cash or gifts from a real estate company whose employees were represented by his union. He answered no—which, the investigators knew, was false—and received a prison sentence for his one-word answer. (The jury also convicted Brogan of unlawfully receiving $150 in gratuities from the company—a misdemeanor.)

Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg, in reviewing Brogan's conviction, called attention to "the extraordinary authority Congress, perhaps unwittingly, has conferred on prosecutors to manufacture crimes." Justice Ginsburg warned that the Supreme Court's decision will apply the federal law to encounters between federal agents and their targets "under extremely informal circumstances which do not sufficiently alert the person interviewed to the danger that false statements may lead to a felony conviction." Ginsburg concluded that the broad interpretation of the law may result in "government generation of a crime when the underlying suspected wrongdoing is or has become nonpunishable." In other words, you can be not guilty of a crime but guilty of lying about the same noncrime.

Unfortunately, federal agents use the powers granted by the false statements act far more often than most Americans realize. And they almost never warn you that a wrong single-word answer can earn you hard time.

For instance, if you smuggle in one Cuban cigar—and lie to a Customs inspector who asks what you purchased abroad—you could face two years in prison or a fine. Or, if you merely fail to complete a Customs declaration form, you could face felony charges for making a false statement.

If you question the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration's position on air bags and apply for a switch to deactivate the device, you have to check off one or more state-approved reasons. You then have to certify that the statement you just made is "truthful, correct and complete to the best of your knowledge and belief" and acknowledge that if you make a false, fictitious or fraudulent statement you are subject to criminal prosecution.

If a taxpayer misreports his income by only a few hundred dollars, he can be fined or sent to prison for tax fraud. But if an IRS employee misrepresents federal tax law to jack up a citizen's tax bill by thousands of dollars, he is not penalized.

Roughly 2 million Americans are audited each year; these audits generate almost $30 billion for the federal government.

How consistent are auditors in their misrepresentations? In 1996 the IRS Appeals Office found that almost 70 cents of each dollar of additional taxes that auditors demanded that year were unjustified. Is this a lie, or is it what poker players call a bluff?

Perjury is serious business. But failing to bare your soul to some federal employee who knocks on your door should be a different case. The core problem is that there are too many laws and too many government agents asking too many questions.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

INTERNAL FRAUD

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*An audit of the IRS found that employees had stolen at least $5.3 million over a 30-month period. In a case that accounted for $4.6 million of the total, an employee and his cohorts duplicated checks, then altered and cashed the copies. In other instances, a tax examiner issued ten refund checks, totaling $269,000, to herself under her maiden name, and an employee altered a taxpayer's check to make it payable to "I.R.Smith." The General Accounting Office, which conducted the investigation, also criticized the IRS for hiring private couriers to deliver bank deposits, citing an incident in which a deliveryman left $200 million worth of taxpayer checks unattended in a car with an open window.*

FORFEITURE FOLLIES

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI—*Police departments in the state routinely divert money earmarked for schools into their own coffers to fund the war on drugs, according to an investigation by the Kansas City Star. Under state law, cash seized in drug cases is supposed to be turned over to a judge, who dispenses the funds to public schools. But police departments circumvent the law by giving the money to federal agencies such as the Drug Enforcement Administration. The feds shave about 20 percent off the top for "processing costs," then return the rest to the police as grants that aren't subject to state laws. State legislators say they had designed the law to benefit children and to keep police from profiting from forfeitures, which can lead to illegal searches.*

MILWAUKEE—*Police seized $100,000 presented as bail for an accused cocaine dealer, claiming the money was probably drug profits. But 25 members of Gerardo Hernandez' family insist the funds came from their savings. Although the family provided the name, address and place of employment for each claimed donor, the state gave the money to the federal government. Two months later, after the feds decided they wouldn't pursue the case, the IRS filed a claim for the money. The agency said the family may have violated laws regulating bank transactions of more than $10,000. Meanwhile, Hernandez remains in jail.*

ON THE EDGE

VANCOUVER—*A provisional judge has struck down a law that bans the possession of kiddie porn. Justice Duncan Shaw of British Columbia's Supreme Court ruled that because a person's possessions reflect his or her thoughts, criminalizing the ownership of child porn violates the rights to privacy and self-expression. "A person who is prone to act on his fantasies will likely do so irrespective of the availability of pornography," Shaw wrote. The case stems from the arrest of a 65-year-old man who owned computer disks, books and photos that the government considered illegal; he still faces distribution charges. Prosecutors vowed to appeal.*

SEX SELLS

SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA—*A movie theater owner who banned R-rated movies to protest their sexual, violent and profane content abandoned his crusade after five months because attendance had dropped 40 percent. "I don't want to sit here and go broke," he said.*

EQUAL ACCESS

SANTIAGO, DOMINICAN REPUBLIC—*About 70 female inmates at Rafey Prison organized a noisy protest to demand conjugal visits. "We want sex," the prisoners said, "and we're going to fight for it because we are human beings just as men are." Male inmates are allowed to have sex with their partners, but authorities claim that giving such a luxury to women would turn the prisons into maternity wards.*

FREEDOM BLEED

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE—*A federal court struck down a law that sought to restrict premium adult cable channels. Passed in 1996, the law required cable operators to install expensive equipment in 30 million homes to block occasional audio and video "signal bleed" in all cable homes, whether or not the homeowners wanted it. Alternately, the statute required providers such as Playboy TV to broadcast only between 10 P.M. and 6 A.M. The court ruled unanimously that the law violated the First Amendment.*

A MOTHER'S REWARD

VERO BEACH, FLORIDA—*Does a police officer have to read an arrested suspect his Miranda rights? Not if she's his mother. Officer Molly McIntyre visited her son in jail after he was arrested for burglary and attempted rape. Be it mother's intuition or street sense, she suspected he had been involved in the murder of a young woman two months earlier. After a heart-to-heart in which his mother told him, "If we don't take care of this now, you're going to go to the electric chair," Patrick McIntyre allegedly confessed to the killing. His mother then asked the city for the $5000 reward. The city agreed to honor the request, ruling that McIntyre had visited her son as a mother, not as a cop.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE


Basic
FULL FLAVOR
20 CLASS A CIGARETTES
Basic
FULL FLAVOR
Keep it Basic
© Philip Morris Inc. 1999
15 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

SOUL IS NOT AN

AFTERMARKET ACCESSORY.

You can add chrome, you can add leather, you can even add paint. But soul is standard equipment on every Vulcan™ 1500 Classic. Soul you can see in the subtle upturn of a fender or flare of a pipe. Soul you can feel in a musclebound, 90 cubic inch, shaft drive, V-Twin engine. Soul that is built-in and built to last. The Vulcan 1500 Classic starts with a soul. The rest is up to you.

Kawasaki

Let the good times roll.™

www.kawasaki.com 1-800-661-RIDE

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DAVID SPADE

a candid conversation with tv's sarcastic sidekick about dating models, road rage, leaving saturday night live, and life without chris farley

David Spade is driving through Beverly Hills, sitting high above the traffic in his Toyota Land Cruiser, heading for his favorite sushi bar. As he slows for a yellow light, a Mercedes darts in front of him to take first position in the lane. Spade immediately jabs the horn.

"Yeah, I've got a little road rage," admits the waifish 34-year-old comedian and actor who, with his blond surfer locks and casual threads could easily be mistaken for the older brother of the pop group Hanson. "A couple weeks ago there was this dipshit in a Montero, a little phony 4x4, who pulled up the side of a freeway on-ramp and jammed in front of me. I hate that he didn't pay the penance of waiting in the line. So I beeped. A friendly beep. Could have been a 'hello' beep. But he flipped me off and then tossed his cigarette out the sunroof." It landed on the Land Cruiser's hood and burned a hole. "I lost my mind," says Spade. "Not that I would have done anything, anyway."

That was not always the case. Despite his laid-back demeanor, Spade was once an angry guy. As a kid, he was an undersized brainiac bullied by siblings and classmates. "When you're tiny, you can't fight back," he recalls. But it turned out he could only take so much. "Eventually I went shithouse and broke everything in my room," he says. "I was a feisty little fucker. My dad used to say, 'You kick a little dog too long, one day he's going to bite you.'

"But around ten years ago I decided I couldn't do that to myself anymore. Now I'm Mr. Even Keel. The only times it comes out is when I'm driving and some dipshit tries to take advantage of me, and when I chew through my bite plates during the night."

And, of course, when he's onstage, and he can channel his aggravation into sarcasm. Arguably one of the most sarcastic members of the Saturday Night Live cast (he spent six seasons on the show), he has now become one of the most sardonic stars in prime time as Dennis Finch, the office manager with an attitude on Just Shoot Me. It's turned out to be a profitable talent. Spade has also done commercials as well as ten feature films, including Tommy Boy and Black Sheep with Chris Farley. In his latest movie, Spade moves boldly into new territory—this time he finally gets the girl.

In Lost and Found, he's a down-on-his-luck restaurant owner who has to kidnap costar Sophie Marceau's dog and then put up a bogus $10,000 reward for its return just to keep the woman of his dreams in his life. Spade, who co-wrote the film, had to convince studio suits that his having a little romance with the laughs was not beyond reason and that his audience would accept it.

Test audiences confirmed Spade's instinct, and the film will be released soon. "I'm not making that big a jump. Maybe an inch sideways," he explains. "The most important thing is that this movie reflects my sense of humor. I'm finally saying lines that I think are funny."

David Spade has not always had things his way. He was born on July 22, 1964 in Birmingham, Michigan, to Judy, now a writer, and Wayne (also known as Sam and Peewee). The family moved to Arizona when Spade was four, and his dad split soon after, leaving his three sons to wait for his erratic visits and eccentric gifts. When Spade's mother then married a doctor (who later committed suicide), the family moved to the copper-mining town of Casa Grande. That's where Spade developed self-protective sarcasm to compensate for being bullied and for being too uncool for school.

In 1985 Spade left Arizona State University to become a comedian. He moved to Los Angeles, auditioned at the Improv and got a regular spot because, in a stand-up world populated with Seinfelds, Reisers and Belzers, "they didn't have one of me." That led

"I've based my whole persona, comedically, on being a little squirrelly, a little fruity, 130 pounds, 5'7" with clogs and my hair blow-dried. I have to play to my strengths, which are, of course, my weaknesses."

"Of our group—Rock, Sandler, me, Chris—we all knew Farley was the funniest. He had so many different ways of being funny that we didn't. He was always bigger and goofier and more committed than any of us."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"Sometimes I think I'm in the wrong business, but it's too late. I don't like lights. I don't like makeup—putting it on or taking it off. I don't like being on location. Aside from the movie, there's no upside for me."

to a role in Police Academy 4, TV work and finally a showcase on HBO's 13th Annual Young Comedians Show hosted by Dennis Miller. In 1990 Miller persuaded Saturday Night Live creator Lorne Michaels to consider Spade for the show. During his run Spade developed such memorable characters as the insouciant flight attendant from Total Bastard Airlines who can't wait to bid his passengers "Buh-bye," a Gap girl (in Gap drag) and the haughty receptionist who asks even Jesus Christ, "And you are?" As himself on Hollywood Minute, Spade also put the overhyped and self-important on notice with his dead-on disembowelments—and more than once received angry phone calls from his victims.

During this time, Spade formed lasting friendships with Chris Rock and Adam Sandler—his office mates on SNL—and with Norm Macdonald and Dennis Miller. But the deepest bond was with Chris Farley. They made two hit films together and were discussing a third when Farley died of a drug overdose in December 1997. Spade was so devastated—though not entirely surprised—that he couldn't go to the funeral, preferring to grieve in private.

Spade also remains private about his life. He maintains homes in Beverly Hills and Arizona, is single and, in addition to his movie and sitcom work, is developing an animated series based on his relationship with his father.

We asked Contributing Editor **David Rensin** *to meet with the flyweight funnyman while Spade filmed Lost and Found.*

"We met on the movie set, which was a run-down antique mall in Long Beach. Spade was about to rehearse a scene in which he takes Sophie Marceau's purloined pup to a dog whisperer (played by Jon Lovitz), hoping he'll find a way to make it disgorge a diamond wedding ring it might have swallowed. 'Are you sure this guy is a certified dog whisperer?' Spade says to his assistant. Later, during a break, Spade worries aloud to the dog, 'How come every day you act like you don't know me?'

"In many ways, Spade is not easy to know. To be sure, he's always ready to grab hold of an idea and see what kind of humor he can wring out of it. But in our interview he was often low-key and thoughtful, even earnest. For a funny guy he takes things seriously, is constantly on the lookout for the surprise payoff and is careful not to bite off more than he can chew, careerwise. It's clear that he really misses Farley and needs a new friend with whom he can be himself.

"On our last day together, Spade invited me to go house hunting. At one Beverly Hills mansion, he paid particular attention to the driveway, which he rated high for skateboarding and basketball. Before we left, the real estate agent tried to get his reaction to the property. 'Nice,' said Spade, 'if you don't mind that it looks like a Spanish prison.'"

PLAYBOY: We last saw you on HBO's *13th Annual Young Comedians Show* in 1989. Anything come of it?

SPADE: Oh, nice way to start the interview [*smiles*]. They almost didn't take me because I actually was a young comedian. Those things usually feature guys like Paul Reiser who have been around for years.

PLAYBOY: Things didn't work out too badly for him—or for you. *Saturday Night Live*, stand-up, movies, commercials, *Just Shoot Me*. Would you change anything?

SPADE: I always wanted to be taller, but now that would hurt me. I've based my whole persona, comedically, on being a little squirrelly, a little fruity, 130 pounds, 5′7″ with clogs and my hair blow-dried. If I were tall and studly I don't think it would be as funny. I've got to play to my strengths, which are, of course, my weaknesses.

PLAYBOY: How does that affect your dating routine?

SPADE: When I was in high school I was like *Lucas* meets *Powder*. The girls would say, "You're my best friend. I'm going to go fuck my boyfriend real quick, but be here when I get back, because I want to tell you about all our problems." I was the buddy, waiting for things to turn the corner.

My dad would take me to bars for dinner. He'd feed me happy hour food. I'd go, "I don't like chicken wings. I feel sick. I'm only five."

PLAYBOY: Your success must have helped you in that regard. Who do you date now, models and actresses?

SPADE: [*Chuckles*] I've been accused of that. There are also rumors that I'm gay and, worst of all, not funny. So if people want to say I've been seen with pretty women, I think I can handle it. I'll take that hit.

The model thing is really kind of a scam. The only thing worse than me saying I was a nerd in high school is hearing supermodels on *Leno* going, "I'm a total goofball. You should see me at home. I'm like a big geek." Oh yeah? Well, now you're a $5 million–a–year supermodel. Please don't ruin the sex appeal. Don't act surprised that your tits are falling out of a dress that took you three weeks to pick out.

Of course, any woman in America over 5′3″ who isn't a complete hog is labeled a model. It used to be that you could date a cute girl. Now, if she's just semipretty, you're suddenly a model-fucker. But this is Los Angeles. The only choices are actresses and models. End of argument.

PLAYBOY: Who wants to argue?

SPADE: It's not as much of a victory as it was in the old days. It's like the guys who date Elizabeth Taylor now. They can tell their buddies they're dating her, but what's the big deal? She's no longer the hottest girl on the planet. Someone will always marry Christie Brinkley in a second, just to say, "Christie Brinkley, guys. High five!" Forget that it's 15 or 20 years later. Not that she's bad—it's just not while the iron is hot.

PLAYBOY: You're a little cynical about the Los Angeles dating scene?

SPADE: Here's the problem: A pretty girl's complaint in life is that everyone wants to fuck her. And in Hollywood that's pretty much true. But I don't like that complaint because it falls into the No Shit? category, along with Who Cares? and It Could Be Worse. It's a given, like in a proof in math. So go on from there.

PLAYBOY: You were a math whiz in grade school, so we should probably believe you.

SPADE: I was—and already on my way to being a big idiot. They wanted me to skip a grade, but my mom said I was too short. In the second grade I was doing fourth-grade reading and math. My best friend in grade school was Vietnamese, a math whiz like me. No one else knew what we were talking about.

PLAYBOY: Why were you so interested in numbers?

SPADE: I wasn't. I was just good at it, so I kept doing it.

PLAYBOY: You were also a spelling champ and a chess champ——

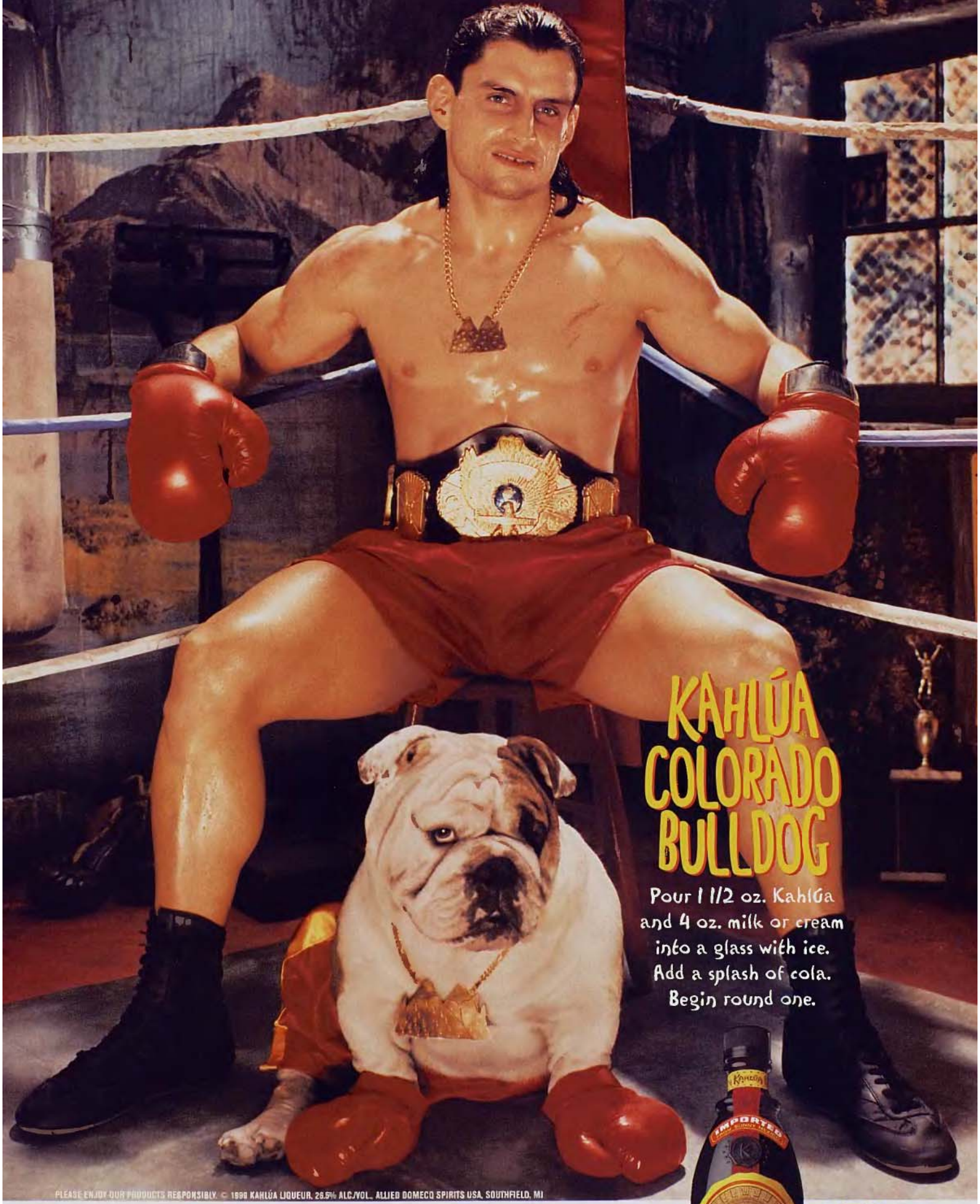
SPADE: My stepdad was into me being smart. I saw the attention you get when you're smart. I'll take any attention, even if it's weird. Back then you don't know what's going to work. Trouble is, fourth-grade girls aren't into the smart guys with coin collections—they're into *anything* else. And I think that sticks today.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever show a date your coin collection?

SPADE: Oh yeah. She was hot. She came all the way from Casa Grande, the little mining town where I grew up, to Scottsdale, where I'd moved. I had her upstairs. I was almost 14 and she was 12 and even had some boobage. I was like, "You ready for this, baby? I've got four and a half inches of solid steel"—and then I pulled out a roll of 1943 pennies. She was like, "Mmm, yes. Could I use those for a while?" Actually, she wanted to make out and I wanted to show her some Mercury dimes. I just didn't get it.

PLAYBOY: You're still single. How tough has it been to find someone?

SPADE: When you live somewhere between New York and LA, and you're nice to women, you probably have a chance. That's a quality they look for. Here, it works against you. You can be creative, have a good job, money, be fun to be



ANYTHING GOES™

with, have a nice place to live, offer security, be good to kids, and the woman says, "Well, I'm pretty, so we're exactly even. Besides, you're single. I don't like that. Why aren't you taken?" If you're married, mean to women, don't have a job and play in a band, you're ideal. You have the upper hand. You'll nab huge. I like how some girls pretend they want a nice guy. "Well, my last 26 boyfriends have been losers, but I'm really looking for a good guy. Someone like John Ratzenberger on *Cheers* is my ideal man."

I say, "Really? You're not looking that hard, are you? With 26 strikes in a row, I think I'm starting to see a pattern."

"But you're too nice. You're too good to me."

I want to say, "Honey, just give me time. Don't worry your pretty little head about that. I'll be your worst nightmare." That's when I feel sick of it all. I just want to get away, move out to the boonies, miles from anybody, settle down with a cute girl, snuggle up in front of a fire and say stuff to her like "Scream all you want, sugar, ain't no one going to hear you."

PLAYBOY: What's your most attractive quality? What do you want women to notice about you first?

SPADE: I'm God's teacher. No, I'm easy to be around. Light, fun, good time. Keep it lively. Don't get too heavy too fast. That's the entire upside, but it's a pretty good draw.

PLAYBOY: As long as we are discussing women, perhaps you can answer a question that we're sure is on every man's mind: What is it with women and their dogs?

SPADE: The theory is that dogs are the easiest to love and to get love from. Unlike guys, dogs don't complain, they don't have a life of their own, they don't look at other dogs that much. They rely 100 percent on the woman for food, shelter, happiness and love. It's pretty controlling to own a pet.

PLAYBOY: Does it excite you when you go to a woman's place after a date and she brings out the pooper-scooper?

SPADE: I went on a date in New York. We got home and we were drunk, and the girl said, "Let me walk my dog real fast, then we'll retire to the bedroom." We went out and the dog took a big old Stanley Steamer. She put a glove on and picked up this big old Marathon Bar, then carried it around while she said, "I thought we could do some tie-up stuff." I said, "Could you throw that Lincoln Log away before we start talking dirty?" She carried it around in a plastic glove like the guys at Subway who make your sandwiches. I'm thinking, Honey, you really have to lose the turd before you start your dialogue. And then the dog watched us have sex. He just sat there staring at us, like, "You're hurting her!" She said, "Believe me, he's not hurting me that bad."

PLAYBOY: Originally you weren't part of the *Just Shoot Me* cast, nor were you eager to join. Why?

SPADE: I was cautious about whatever I did after *Saturday Night Live*. Unlike jumping on a sitcom first thing out, I spent six years in a place where I had some say in formulating my persona. Most people don't have that. People go, "I can't believe Leonardo DiCaprio was on *Growing Pains*." It's easy to believe. At one point he was like every other dipshit: He took what he could get. I got used to being able to throw in my two cents. I'd built up my own tiny image on *Saturday Night Live* and I didn't want it to be stripped away in two weeks on a show that wasn't funny. *Just Shoot Me* was funny, but I had to be careful.

PLAYBOY: What convinced you to sign on?

SPADE: My manager. He thought it would be good for me and at the same time help bring in some of the younger audience, to put the show across the board demographically. But I didn't think the first script they wrote me into was effective. I was just a secretary, answering phones, saying something funny here and there. The plan was that by show three or four they'd introduce me all the way and have a story about me. I said, "There's no way. I can't wait that long. We've got to do it from the get-go." My problem is, my crowd has the attention span of a firefly. If I'm not introduced fully and don't get some laughs, after two episodes they'll just turn away and say, "Spade's not funny anymore. What's next?"

PLAYBOY: Who is your audience?

SPADE: After years of research, I figured out my demographic is semiretarded four- to seven-year-olds. No, I think it's whatever *Saturday Night Live*'s crowd is. Anyone from ten to 50, or older.

PLAYBOY: How much input do you have on *Just Shoot Me*?

SPADE: Enough. Now the hardest part is memorizing my lines. At the beginning I tried to come up with a ton of jokes. Then I realized I'd better relax. With each show I trusted them more and they trusted me. We met halfway, and now we're in a pretty good groove.

PLAYBOY: So please tell us the truth: Is Finch gay?

SPADE: I'm glad you brought that up. No. But sometimes they try to fag me up on the show and I have to put my foot down. He's got these fruity little traits that come out every week, and they try to whiz them by me. Last year I collected ceramic cats. I play the harp. I have a cat named Spartacus that I've taken to a cat show. But when I get too faggy, they have me make out with a chick. There was a whole episode built around me making out with my boss' babysitter. In fact, Finch is on the prowl 24-7, so I think they give him these fruity characteristics just because he thinks he's so cool and it's funny to watch the bottom drop out.

PLAYBOY: What does *Just Shoot Me* have to say to America?

SPADE: I'll tell you what it says to me: It's a teaching tool. Even the Finches of the world can get laid if they have enough chloroform and Rohypnol [*smiles*]. I like that the show reflects the reality of a backbiting workplace where people fuck each other over but are still friends at the end of the day. Everyone snipes. Everyone's out for themselves, not the team. We're always bailing when someone's in trouble, and placing the blame elsewhere.

PLAYBOY: What other TV show would you like to cross-promote and appear on as Finch?

SPADE: How about just letting me cross-pollinate with Josie Bissett from *Melrose Place*? I might do *The X-Files* this year, for real. But other than that, for fake, I can't think of even one.

PLAYBOY: You're an *X-Files* fan?

SPADE: I talked to David Duchovny about us flip-flopping shows. We might do that just for fun, since he's in LA now. He got them to move his show, so I'm trying to get them to move my show, too.

PLAYBOY: To where?

SPADE: From shooting in the San Fernando Valley, over the hill to the Westside. I'm burning out on the Coldwater Canyon drive. But I'll probably wait a couple years to see if I have any clout.

PLAYBOY: You might not yet have clout, but you have fame. Have the paparazzi been a problem for you?

SPADE: Once I took my brother and buddies to Maui for a week. Suddenly I showed up in *Star* magazine, in a telephoto shot, on the beach. I knew then that all bets were off. It was kill or be killed.

PLAYBOY: Is that the worst of it?

SPADE: Why isn't anyone around when I'm making out with Gena Lee Nolin at Burger King? Meanwhile, at the hotel in Maui a bunch of people kept checking us out like we were walking through a mall. "Hey, hey, Mr. Spade. Yeah, I'm going to go ahead and get a picture of you and my son, then one of you and my daughter. Then we'll get a three-shot." No one wants to hear that I'm on vacation. People walk up with their camcorders, filming while they talk to you: "Dude! I can't believe you're here, man. I'm on my honeymoon. Say something." So I'll say, "What about your poor bride who puts up with a jackass who would walk up to me with a video camera without telling me first." He goes, "Yeaah, Spade." They like that, even though I'm mad.

PLAYBOY: You have a big teenage contingent, too.

SPADE: I think it's because I'm as tall as a 13-year-old. They write me a lot. The letters are always funny and some are superdirty, something you don't expect from a teenager.

PLAYBOY: How do you handle the girls

who invite you to their proms?

SPADE: I've called a few. When I shared an office at *Saturday Night Live* with Sandler, Rock and Farley, we'd all get boxes of fan mail, and we'd read the letters. They always included a phone number. It was like, "Call me. I work at Tater Junction from 12 to 4, then at 5 I have Pilates, but I'll be home from 6 to 7:30." It's kind of presumptuous. I'd call and go, "Is Crystal home from her Pilates class yet?"

"Yes, but I'm not sure where she is at the moment. Who's this?"

"It's David Spade. Tell her I got her letter. I thought it was very nice. Appreciate her writing and, yes, I'll try to smile more."

They always shit. The next letter is, "Oh my God! I can't believe it! My stupid mom didn't get me! I was out front on my bike! Call again, here are my times! I told everyone at school you called!"

We'd just take turns. Farley would do it, too: "Hey, Bob Fredericksen from Gallager Tetanoni. Say, is there a Sarah at this address?"

"Yes, that's my daughter."

"Well, can you put her on? She just won a new pup tent courtesy of——" He'd just fuck with them. Once they figure out it's you, it's really fun.

PLAYBOY: Do you guys crank-call one another?

SPADE: That's one thing I miss about Farley, his phone messages. [*Imitating Farley*] "Dave Spade, how are ya? Uh, listen, I'm workin' sales down here in Fond du Lac, and, uh, you know 68 percent of the country needs new lawn equipment. The other, uh, whatever percent makes up a hundred, don't. And sir, we have an exciting offer——"

PLAYBOY: It's been almost a year and a half since your best friend died. How are you handling it?

SPADE: There's only a handful of people who know me back and forth, and because of *Saturday Night Live* and *Tommy Boy* and *Black Sheep*—films are 24-hour-a-day experiences—we knew each other like that. We'd talk about everything, and it was always safe. I totally miss that shorthand.

PLAYBOY: Instead of going to Farley's funeral, you wrote a tribute to him in *Rolling Stone*. Why?

SPADE: It was an easier way to answer all the requests to say something. I got more than 100 calls for interviews. To do them would have been self-serving. What does it help to give some talk show a four-minute piece that's forgotten the next day? They just want to ask you those fake questions: "Did you see it coming? Was it bad when he died?" The fake concern is always so gross. I didn't want to seem like I was capitalizing on it. For me it was best to talk it out with Sandler and Rock, the guys who were in the trenches. Also, my mom knew Chris really well, and she knew his mom. There are a lot of people around me who I could comfortably talk to about everything without taking the chance of saying the wrong thing in public.

PLAYBOY: Did you do the right thing?

SPADE: Yeah. Going to the funeral would have been too hard. So much grief and emotion. I couldn't go through that. Just talking to Sandler on the phone I'd well up thinking about all three of us. To actually see all those people, to be in Wisconsin where everything would remind me of Farley—I'd have been overcome. I was too fragile. I didn't want to deal with it. It was kind of selfish, but who cares?

PLAYBOY: Not long after, another *SNL* cast member died.

SPADE: When Phil Hartman died I just pretended it hadn't happened. I didn't even know how to deal with that. It came too quickly on the heels of Farley, and it surprised me how numb I got. I deflected it like Teflon.

PLAYBOY: You didn't go to that memorial either.

SPADE: We were shooting the show that night. I actually would have gone, and it wouldn't have blown my mind like Farley's funeral would have. We spent six years together, and Phil was a great guy, he was always cool to me when lots of people at *Saturday Night Live* weren't.

PLAYBOY: The fact that you loved him aside, what was the hardest thing about being around Farley?

SPADE: His intensity. I didn't want to bum him out by not partying as hard, so after a while I learned to steer clear. It's fun to be in that world, to bop around and say hi and have a beer, but you don't want to be there all night. I'd done it enough in high school to remember it was horrifying. Some of the idiot people he was around got on my nerves. Half the time he partied with fans he'd meet at a bar because they were the only ones who would stay up until four A.M. on a workday. I much preferred hanging with Chris alone.

PLAYBOY: How was that different?

SPADE: He didn't put on a show; or if he did it was just for me. I still want to call him if I hear something funny, or something that would piss him off, or if I see a girl I know he would die for, or a script that would be great for us to do.

PLAYBOY: Did you have a movie planned together before he died?

SPADE: We'd started thinking about a new one. One night I ran into him at the Mondrian Hotel bar. He was doing an interview and he had some guy with him. He saw me, and we talked. We hadn't seen each other for about two months. He said, "Nobody cares about anything but *Tommy Boy*. They don't talk about *Beverly Hills Ninja* or anything else. We've got to get back to doing something like *Tommy Boy*." We batted around ideas. One was a new twist on the Hardy Boys, a comedic detective adventure.

PLAYBOY: Was he right about *Tommy Boy*?

SPADE: Yes. It's the most proud I've been of anything, and people want to talk about it all the time. It hit on all levels. It was basically about me and Chris being friends. It let us be funny the way we're funny. It was cut together well. It had heart, it was goofy, unexpected. And we were in control.

PLAYBOY: What did you admire about Farley?

SPADE: Lots of things. Of our group—Rock, Sandler, me, Chris—we all knew Farley was the funniest. He had so many different levels and ways of being funny that we didn't. Farley was always bigger and goofier and funnier and more committed than any of us. He got the bigger payoff.

PLAYBOY: There's a much-published picture of you, Farley, Sandler and Rock taken backstage at Rock's Universal Amphitheater show in 1997, a few months before Farley died. Can you stand to look at it?

SPADE: Yeah. It makes me feel great and sad. The night was a total blast. It was one of the last times the four of us were together, because it's hard to get us in the same room at the same time. It's great that we all did well and remained friends. What are the chances of that in this business? It's tough to look at that picture, knowing it was just about over for Farley. If I or one of the others had died, it might have been even weirder. Farley was the one we thought something might happen to—like a guy walking through heavy traffic. It was nerve-racking. Like he was playing Frogger with his life.

PLAYBOY: What could you do to bug Farley?

SPADE: Hint that he couldn't beat up someone. Once, at *Saturday Night Live*, he wrestled Jay Mohr and Jay pinned him. Farley got caught off guard, and that flipped him out. Till the day he died I'd go, "Remember when Jay Mohr pinned you by the elbow?"

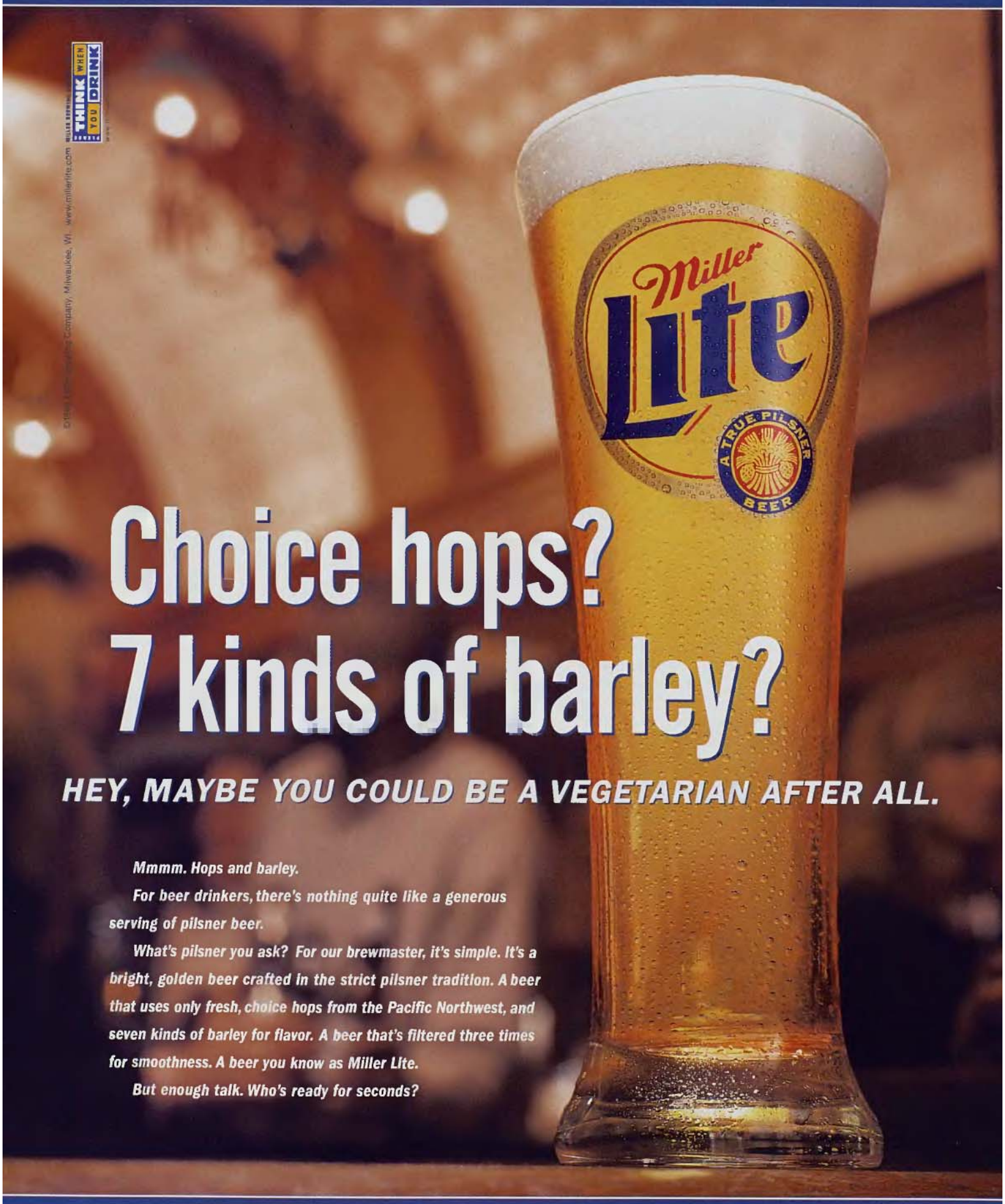
"That motherfucker! I'll kill that fuck!"

I'd go, "That was ugly. It was in front of chicks and everyone at work."

"Fuck you, dude. I wasn't even paying attention. He's a pussy!" Then I'd turn to Mohr and say, "Jay, remember when you pinned Farley?" and Chris would snap. I'd have to say, "What are you, a sucker? You know I only say this to get you mad." And because we were so close, he loved it when I ripped him.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever try to intervene in his problems?

SPADE: I'm not being callous, but I knew I was helpless. I tried to give him the old "It's not worth it" and "Come on, you shouldn't be partying so much." He would always sit and listen to the lectures. He would nod and agree: "I know. You're right." I thought I was so smart and that I'd articulated my case



Choice hops? 7 kinds of barley?

HEY, MAYBE YOU COULD BE A VEGETARIAN AFTER ALL.

Mmmm. Hops and barley.

For beer drinkers, there's nothing quite like a generous serving of pilsner beer.

What's pilsner you ask? For our brewmaster, it's simple. It's a bright, golden beer crafted in the strict pilsner tradition. A beer that uses only fresh, choice hops from the Pacific Northwest, and seven kinds of barley for flavor. A beer that's filtered three times for smoothness. A beer you know as Miller Lite.

But enough talk. Who's ready for seconds?

THE GREAT TASTE OF A TRUE PILSNER BEER.

well. Then he'd turn around and do whatever he wanted. I realize he played me. But then I'd see guest hosts do it, pull Chris aside to talk to him. He liked the attention. A host would go, "Let's talk. Let's go to dinner, just me and you, and talk." He was like, "Yeah, maybe we should." Then he'd tell me, "I had dinner with so-and-so last night." I'd go, "I know. I'm sorry I'm not a fucking druggie, maybe I could have gone." He'd say, "It's not just 'cause of that!"

Sometimes I made fun of Chris because he'd constantly sniff around the hosts to see if they had any similar problems so they could hang together.

"Are you scared to be in the ocean?"

"Not really."

"Oh. Then, are you scared of gangs, or of being shot?"

"Well, I guess."

"Me too! Let's go to lunch at Houlihan's."

PLAYBOY: Was he that insecure?

SPADE: The irony is that all these hosts wanted to hang out with him anyway. They didn't need to have problems in common. They just wanted to be around him. Always. There was something about him that was so fun to watch, and he was so crazy and goofy and really likable. He was the guy to watch, the guy to like. I see our old films and I watch him and not me. What does that say? Everybody I'd run into on the street, famous or not, would go, "What's Chris Farley like?" He didn't need all that other crap to hide behind. It was easy to like Chris.

PLAYBOY: And what is it that you hide behind?

SPADE: Fame is the only rap I have. In high school and in college I wasn't tall enough or good-looking enough to stand out. I was too embarrassed and too smart to think that anything I could say to anyone, particularly a girl, wouldn't be seen through. I thought there was nothing I could say that wouldn't sound stupid. So I didn't even try. If it didn't walk into my lap I wouldn't get it. But fame is the best icebreaker, because people already know you. In a bar, women usually think you're a psycho until you prove otherwise. But if they've seen you on *Letterman*, they've already decided if they like you or not.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about *Saturday Night Live* now?

SPADE: My first three years were the hardest. Even in my fifth year, Sandler and Farley were doing great and I went nine shows without being the lead in a sketch. My fifth year. Nine shows. Is that horrible? Five years and I still didn't have enough pull. That was hard.

PLAYBOY: What was the problem?

SPADE: When I was there, being able to do impressions was a big way to get on the air. If someone in the news looked like Sandler, say Macho Camacho, Sandler would do it. If the person looked like Rob Schneider, say K.D. Lang, Schneider would do it. If the person looked like me, Dana Carvey would do it. I could do impressions—Tom Petty, Michael J. Fox, Jeff Foxworthy, but basically the show already had one of me. That's how you got ahead. I was more a personality, like a Bill Murray. In a sketch I'm always a little bit of David Spade. I don't disappear into characters.

When the elections came around in 1992, Dana was famous for doing George Bush. Phil Hartman was Clinton. I saw this Ross Perot guy on CNN; it was the first time I'd heard of him. He had a funny accent and I thought he'd be fun to do. I called one of the writers and said, "Hey, if this guy does better, let's write me something. Then I can debate Bush and get in the middle." But I didn't hear back from the writer, and two weeks later they wrote in Perot and gave it to Dana. The problem was that he couldn't do it because he had to be Bush. They said, "We'll figure something out." Then they told me, "We're going to have a prime-time political special. You're going to be in it. You're going to get an extra chunk of money. You're doing Perot."

I put on the Perot makeup and we did a three-shot of me, Dana and Phil walking out for a debate. Then Dana did his speech, as Bush, and when they got to Perot, they had me walk away. Then Dana got into the Perot makeup, came in and did the rest of the closeups. After 45 minutes of bald cap and Perot makeup, I was just there to walk in for the wide shot. It was so humiliating.

PLAYBOY: You didn't know that before the taping?

SPADE: I got a whiff of it the day before, and I was like, "That is fucking horrifying." I tried to get out of it but I couldn't. Team player. I told Dana and he said, "That's horrible. I can't believe they're doing that to you."

PLAYBOY: Couldn't he have said no?

SPADE: I guess so, but you know what? I can't blame him. When you get the chance, you want to be funny. He scored his ass off with it. My Perot was pretty good, but I couldn't do it better than Dana could.

PLAYBOY: Which is your best character?

SPADE: I never really had the confidence to do wigs or disappear into a character, but "Gap Girl" with Sara Gilbert was one of my favorite sketches. "Buh-bye" was always funny to me. "Karl with a K," where I worked at the video store—I did that one or two times.

PLAYBOY: How would you describe what you do best?

SPADE: I know how other people describe it. I've had meetings where someone has said, "We want to do a movie with you, and we want you to write it." I'd think, Great, a chance to be dry and clever and do material where no one can predict the payoff. Then they'd say, "Yeah, you'll be an asshole and a dick and cut everybody down."

PLAYBOY: They want the "Hollywood Minute."
SPADE: Right. But on the "Hollywood Minute," instead of a straight cut-down, the fun was finding a different way to say it: "Billy Ray Cyrus, Letterman, Madonna, all the people who will be around next year, take one step forward. Not so fast, Billy Ray."
PLAYBOY: That segment defined your voice. Why did you give it up?
SPADE: It was more fun when I was a nobody, an all-American-looking kid on TV blindsiding major celebrities. After I did a commercial and *Tommy Boy*, I was suddenly one of them. It wasn't as interesting.
PLAYBOY: Why did you resurrect the "Hollywood Minute" last year when you hosted *Saturday Night Live*?
SPADE: I didn't want to. But my manager said, "I think it's a mistake. People love it." I said, "If it tanks I'll come off as a dick. I'd rather have the applause they give to the 'Hollywood Minute' and not do it." He said, "If you're such a pussy about it, get a little puppet to do it." He was half-kidding but I went, "That would be funny. Then I wouldn't have to take the heat. I could just blame it on the puppet."
PLAYBOY: And then you dissed Eddie Murphy again. Last time you called him "a falling star" and he reamed you out on the phone.
SPADE: Yeah, but this time I stick up for Eddie Murphy. I say, "Eddie Murphy and I are friends." The puppet says, "That's not what I heard." [*Pauses*] It worked out fine and I realized after three years that if Eddie Murphy and I weren't friends by then, we probably were never going to be friends.
PLAYBOY: Chris Rock says the best comics have a distinctive move to the basket. What's Sandler's?
SPADE: He's prolific. He writes fast, he writes a lot, and he writes it pretty funny. His secret weapon might be his albums. He carpet bombs by putting out an album once a year, kind of behind the scenes so no one really knows about it except this huge underground audience that plays them over and over. The albums are like appetizers, a little chum, until the movie comes out. It keeps everyone excited.
PLAYBOY: What about Rock?
SPADE: His newfound confidence. He's bright and articulate, and you don't see that in a lot of comics, black or white. He can dissect what's funny about something really fast and put a joke together. He forms an opinion right away and commits to it, whereas it takes me a while to figure out the finest angle.
PLAYBOY: Explain Norm Macdonald.
SPADE: He's a Canadian farm boy from Quebec. Something went wrong with Norm early on. He's one of the few fun ones to watch. I also like Colin Quinn, because the only guy who could replace Norm was another funny guy.
PLAYBOY: What's your move?
SPADE: Pretty quick on the feet. Not threatening. Kind of an Everyman. Work hard at it, try to make it look like I don't. Try to be consistently funny every time I'm seen. That's the hard part.
PLAYBOY: What was different about *Saturday Night Live* when you went back to be a guest host?
SPADE: The show has been pretty funny. They're also getting away with being much filthier than I thought they could be. Before I hosted I watched to see what I'd be getting into; they were doing things we could never have done when I was part of the cast. Cheri Oteri and Chris Kattan humping on the couch, Chris jacking off a champagne bottle and spewing foam all over her, and then Cheri rubbing it onto her chest. I felt shocked, like an old grandma: "Ooh, I'm a little flush! Rah-ther!" And what about the commercial parody about the car you can fuck? Come on!
PLAYBOY: Lorne takes each week's host to dinner on Tuesday night. How was the meal?
SPADE: I said, "Who's coming? Let's get Will, let's get Cheri." He said, "Would you mind just us? We'll catch up. I haven't seen you in a while." Just me and Lorne, for the first time since I'd been there. I said, "Yeah, sure." We went to Orso,

chatted about the old cast and what's going on, and his movie stuff, the show and NBC. He has insight on a lot of things and he gave me some fatherly advice, like "What are you doing with your money?" It was cool. He was fun. He knows I'm not the crafty type, sneaking around, spilling secrets, trying to hurt people. He realizes I'm pretty much face value, so we had a nice, fun talk.

PLAYBOY: Was Lorne Michaels a father figure for you?

SPADE: A lot of my life I just wanted a dad, so in a way Lorne was. He's a guy I would naturally look to for advice, especially since he knows everything about show business. Plus, he's funny. He's very dry. He gets all the jokes, which is nice. He fell into my sense of humor. It took a couple years, but once we jibed, he really got what I do. That helped me.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about your real father. Why are you developing *Peewee*, an animated prime-time sitcom named after him?

SPADE: Television is full of shows about good dads trying to save the day. This is a realistic version of the ne'er-do-well father who split. His grown son is in show business and the father pops up just to reap the benefits. He's a screw-off dad, irresponsible, a little selfish, with a bit of an absent conscience—like he had when he boogied in the first place. But he's back and now they're just two buddies having fun. The kid turns into more of the father and takes care of the son, who's the father. The kid is levelheaded; the dad is still a screwup partyer. They try to mend their relationship. I'm coproducing it with Drake Sather, who, by the way, was on the *Young Comedians Show* with me.

PLAYBOY: How closely is it based on your life?

SPADE: I'm the youngest of three boys, and after moving us to Arizona from Michigan, my dad split when I was five. He freaked out and bailed. Too much pressure. Three kids and a mortgage, and he wasn't even 30 years old. Suddenly my mom had to have two jobs: working as a department store sales clerk during the day and then doing other work at night. Plus she had to take care of three rugrats. Once a year he'd show up and give me a two-color Nerf football for Christmas—he spoiled me—and a spin in his dune buggy, then he was gone again, thinking he was my hero. In truth it was fun. We'd go, "Hey, Mom, he's got a dune buggy. You suck. All you do is make us do homework and take care of us when we have the measles. He's a party." My dad would take me to bars for dinner. He'd feed me happy hour food. I'd go, "I don't like chicken wings. I feel sick. I'm only five." He'd go, "Hey, put a wrench on it. Everything will be fine. Let's go! It's almost seven, eat up!"

PLAYBOY: Are you angry with him?

SPADE: I was. You only get one dad, so I always tried to make him want to be a better one. I missed out. My brothers and I had no one to teach us to play football or baseball. It was kind of a drag.

But now we talk all the time. He's a good guy. Now that I can deal with it and we're buddies, it's fun. But when I was 13 or 14 I tried to talk to my dad about it and he said, "Hey, what was I going to do? You were out there pooping in your diapers. What a drag! You think I want to come home to that every night?"

"No, but you're supposed to. Do you think I wanted to sit there with no dad?"

"You guys were a handful. We'd go hit the cathouses, me and my buddy."

"You were out there scamming while you were married?"

"Hey dude, I was seeing double and feeling single." He's always had these ridiculous little sayings. He told me, "Marriage is the only game two can play and both can lose." Or, "The fucking you're getting ain't worth the fucking you're getting." All these sad, negative, pessimistic sayings.

PLAYBOY: Not something you wanted to hear?

SPADE: Not really.

PLAYBOY: Did he actually come back and take advantage of your success?

SPADE: Not nearly as much as this goofy animated show will imply. It's just a great premise. Imagine me walking out to get the paper at seven A.M. and an animated Mickey Rourke is dropping off my dad: "Later, Mickey! We gotta work on that temper. Hey, Davey, what's going on, buddy? He's a good kid, Rourke. Oh, by the way, I pinched 500 from your wallet. I'll fill in the blanks later." Peewee always wants money: "I'll follow you to the ATM." My dad's not really taking advantage of show business, but he follows it. We get along great. Luckily my life is better now.

PLAYBOY: What was life like with your mother?

SPADE: We were selfish brats and my mom was a champ. She had no social life, but when she would date some freak we'd vote on him. He'd leave and she'd go, "OK, how did you like that one?" We actually wanted her to marry the ice-cream man. She was stupid to let us in on the vote. "The guy with the Otter Pops, Mom!" Then she married Howard Hyde, someone solid, hardworking, responsible, not great-looking. She said, "I just want someone who takes care of the kids, who's got a good head, who's a smart guy." That was my first lesson in looking past the physical stuff; you just want someone who's cool.

PLAYBOY: Did you vote on your stepdad?

SPADE: I don't remember. He did win us over after a while. He was a doctor—and a little kooky, but we didn't really know that.

PLAYBOY: He committed suicide in 1986.

SPADE: Yeah. He had been through the Vietnam war as a medic. It must have been rough to see that kind of stuff every day. He was a little tweaked. Howard moved us to Casa Grande, a little copper-mining town outside Phoenix where everyone had two kids and made $10,000 a year. He was a doctor at the hospital. It was a scary little town, all minorities except for a handful of white people. I lived in fear from the time I was eight until I was 12. There were fights and stare-downs and we were followed. You were never comfortable. There's not a lot more to say.

PLAYBOY: Then let's change the subject. How easy was it to slip into the role of a leading man in your new movie, *Lost and Found*?

SPADE: In the ten movies I've done, I've never had a girlfriend, never had a date, never had anything. Someone who works for all the studios must keep track of that because when I suggested a comedy in which I get the girl they were like, "Whoa, whoa, whoa!" I didn't realize they were such sticklers. I thought they might have trouble with me doing Shakespeare in the Park, but not a comedy with a girl in the same shot as me. I wasn't looking to make any great leap, just to inch over slowly, do what I do in a comedy—be semi-biting—with a little romance.

PLAYBOY: Did that make you cynical about the movie business?

SPADE: I think it's too late for that.

PLAYBOY: What made you think you could pull it off?

SPADE: I didn't. But I thought it was worth a try even though I knew that Hollywood is so one-dimensional that they can imagine only what they've seen before. I'd done a few movies that opened well. So I thought everyone knew Farley was great—but one or two people might say, "Hey, Spade's at least 50 percent of that." But no one did. All the arrows pointed to Chris, and that was kind of a bummer to deal with. I realized I had to write one for myself. It was either that or keep reading scripts that were all so mass appeal–directed that they weren't funny.

PLAYBOY: Is romantic comedy tougher to write?

SPADE: It's trickier because everything isn't for the laugh. You have to get a feel for the movie. The big mistake comedians make in romantic comedy is to just have the girl sit there and laugh while they do their act in every scene.

PLAYBOY: Were you tempted to write sex scenes?

SPADE: There's a little kissing. I didn't want to make it cringe time for the audience, like, "Here, I'll write myself a pretty girl to make out with."

PLAYBOY: Yet your co-star, Sophie Marceau, easily fits the description.

SPADE: The movie is about both of us. She's not there just to tell the audience

(continued on page 155)

THE STORY OF OUR SORDID LOVE

as told by janeane garofalo and ben stiller

here, for the first time, america's secret sweethearts tell all— so you won't make the same mistakes

WE HAVE experienced, quite possibly, the worst relationship ever—at each other's hands. That's right. Garofalo and Stiller were once an item.

An item of what? is the question. All we can tell you is that the item was highly perishable and went bad after about 12 weeks. We let you in on this secret for a good reason. It is a prime example of the pitfalls that can plague you in that wonderful cesspool we call love.

What follows is an honest account of a real relationship, one that to this day we both regret wholeheartedly. If the tone is negative, do not be put off. Yes, there is still an awful taste in our mouths, six years later, but that doesn't mean your relationship will turn out the same.

BEN'S VERSION
We Meet

Janeane was not what I expected, right from the start. I guess I didn't expect her to be drunk.

I was at T.J. O'Pootertoot's, a popular eatery in Beverly Hills, for nearly an hour before Janeane ambled through the revolving door—about twice before she figured out how to emerge from it.

By this time I had downed my share of gin and tonics, but I was still sober enough to smell the whiskey on her breath.

She seemed eager to find a booth where we could be alone together, and after the pizza-tizers she was feeling—well, how should I put it?—let's just say frisky.

Not knowing what I was in for, I played along, finding her boldness attractive, the gin making her all the more enticing.

By dessert, we were both more than a bit tipsy. We were sloshed.

On the way to the parking lot, Janeane told me she loved me, and then belched. We made out for a long time in my car, which we later somehow navigated to her house. There, we made messy love and passed out with our backs to each other.

After that we were inseparable.

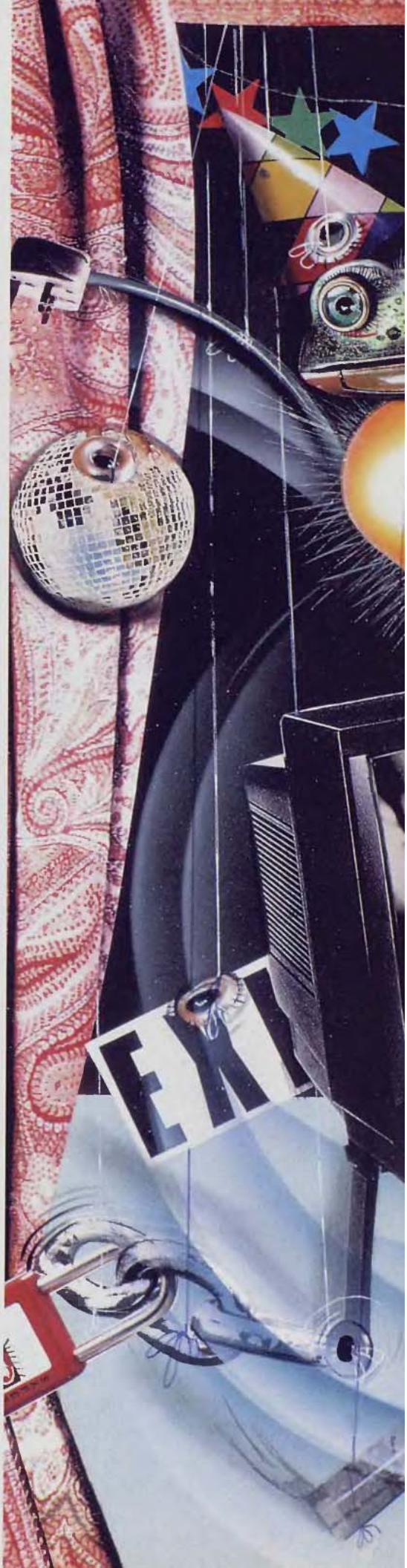


ILLUSTRATION BY JANET WOOLLEY


SURPRISE

Doesn't sound like a fortuitous beginning, does it? But believe it or not, no real mistakes were made until the morning after. If we had both just left it as a drunken, one-night coupling, it would have been perfect.

But we made the mistake most unhappy couples make—we threw good money after bad.

RULE: NEVER HAVE A SERIOUS RELATIONSHIP WITH SOMEONE WHOM YOU GET DRUNK WITH AND SCREW ON THE FIRST NIGHT.

THE PARTY

The first few weeks were a heady time for both of us. We fell into each other, sometimes quite literally. Under Janeane's influence, I rarely saw a sober moment.

Both up-and-coming in the comedy world, we melded together in the way many codependent couples do. Each reveled in the other's success and fell into deep depression when one of us did not get a job we wanted.

I was experiencing one such depression around the time of my birthday. I had been called back five times to audition for the role of Potsie Jr. on the fledgling Fox network's pilot *Happy Days '92*.

The idea was that Fonzie, now in his early 60s and penniless, convinces Richie Cunningham, now president and chief executive officer of Cunningham International Hardware, to buy the vacant lot where Al's once stood. Fonzie, who has just been released from the Wisconsin State Penitentiary, has a dream of developing the lot into a youth center. Anyway, suffice it to say that Potsie Jr. was a plum role that could have been what we in the industry call a "breakout character." Like an Urkel, or someone like that.

As luck would have it, I was informed on my birthday that I had lost the role. It seemed that the head of the network thought P.J. (Potsie Jr.) should look more "all-American."

I didn't take it well. Perhaps I had had a little too much of certain pharmaceutical substances that I shouldn't have had; perhaps I was just plain bummed out. All I remember is that when I finally got it together enough to show up at Janeane's, I was wasted. I had repeatedly warned her on the phone that I was not in any mood to do anything special for my birthday—least of all, to have a surprise party. But when I walked through the door, I was greeted by the most mind-numbing shrieks of "Happy birthday!" that you have ever heard. My skull seemed to be vibrating to the point of being about to explode, and then I was inundated with faces of people I hadn't seen or wanted to see in years. It was hell.

In Janeane's defense, I will say that I had not told her that I didn't get the part. She had no way of knowing the depth of my depression that night. To everyone else I was the birthday boy, but to me I was Not Potsie Jr.

The details of that night are still unclear to me. I remember Janeane's being upset that I didn't interact with the guests—and I have a vague recollection of getting quite upset when I walked into the bedroom and the TV was tuned to the old movie *Heroes*, starring Henry Winkler. I believe I may have thrown the TV out the window.

Our lovers, seen here in happy times, appear unaware of the impending emotional havoc they will wreak.

After that Janeane wouldn't talk to me for a long time. But after I found out that the show was not picked up, things got much smoother between us.

In retrospect, she was right. If she had been stronger, she would have realized that I was transferring my frustration onto her. But by staying in the relationship, Janeane was sending me a secret signal: It's OK to be abusive when you don't get the part of Potsie Jr.

RULE: NEVER THROW A SURPRISE PARTY FOR YOUR MATE WHEN HE HAS JUST LOST A ROLE TO JASON BATEMAN.

THANKSGIVING

We probably should have called it quits soon after that incident, but of course we made the same mistake most couples make: We had intense postfight sex and decided it was time for me to meet her family.

It was nearing Thanksgiving, and Janeane hinted that she would love for me to accompany her to Nutley, New Jersey to meet her clan. I had wanted to take a road trip—camping in the northern mountains of Arizona. It's something I do every year around Thanksgiving, a way of saying thank you to that higher power, in a slightly more spiritual fashion than with a can of cranberry sauce and some dressing.

I posed the idea of a wilderness adventure, and Janeane answered in her usual disarming, straight-to-the-punch manner, "You can go camp up in Wazoo, Alaska for all I care. *I'm* spending Turkey Day in Nutley with my people."

She hadn't said it in so many words, but the message was implicit: Come with me *or else*. I acquiesced, on the condition that we drive cross-country—which Janeane considered to be a huge concession.

Here's where another mistake was made. Janeane thought she was helping me by agreeing to drive when she really wanted to fly. Because she didn't express her true feelings, I was subjected throughout the entire trip to a rippling, roiling, angry little "fly baby" who wanted nothing less than to be lying back and munching peanuts on United Airlines first class to Newark.

By never expressing her true feelings to me, Janeane inadvertently sabotaged any chance that we might have had for a simple, fun trip.

RULE: NEVER COMMIT TO A TRIP OR VACATION WITH A PARTNER WHO HAS GASTROINTESTINAL ISSUES THAT YOU ARE NOT COMPLETELY COMFORTABLE WITH.

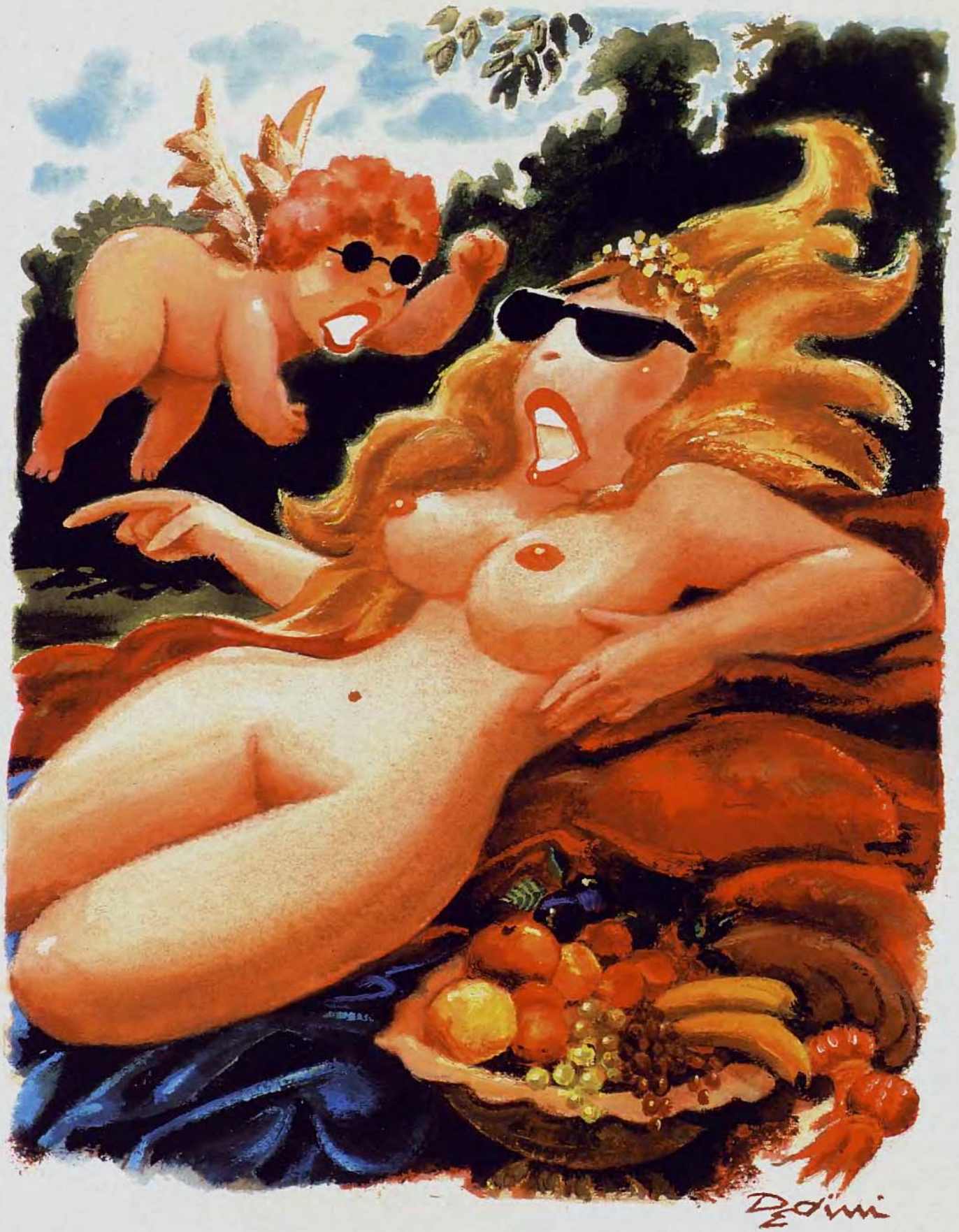
FAMILY TIME

The Thanksgiving weekend in Nutley proved to be a seminal point in the relationship. I was not looking forward to the experience. The tension between us was thicker than the Delaware Water Gap (which we crossed entering New Jersey), and things weren't getting any better.

Perhaps one of the mistakes I made—yes, I did make a few in this relationship—was believing what Janeane had told me about her family. How surprised I was to find that these gentle souls could not be further from the portrait painted in her obviously fictitious stand-up act (except for her "Nana," who seemed to be in the advanced stages of Alzheimer's—and an easy comedy target).

Right away, Janeane sensed the ease with which her father and I got along, and it became an immediate flash point.

(continued on page 167)



Venus and Cupid Renegotiate the Rules of Oral Sex,
Adultery and Sexual Harassment

PLAYMATES ON SAFARI

we add our own beauties to the challenging wonder of africa

When three Playmates land in Africa, you know there's going to be a big splash. Karin Taylor, Jami Ferrell and Rachel Jeán Marteen (opposite, left to right) make waves with a large new friend in Zimbabwe. Traveling on safari you rely on local modes of transport (above, top), which dictate that you pack light. After their arrival in Chifungulu, Zambia (above, bottom), Karin and Jami pore over a roadmap, looking for town names they recognize, while Rachel Jeán pitches in to unload the gear and bags.

BE AWARE. It takes a little patience and a lot of time to get to Sausage Tree Camp in Chifungulu, Zambia, on the continent of Africa: Chicago to New York to Johannesburg to Lusaka, Zambia. The airports and airplanes get smaller on each leg of the trip, until we reach Jeki Airstrip, where a pilot named Lucky has to buzz a stubborn zebra off the red-dirt field before he can land our Cessna. After that, there's still an hour's drive in a Land Rover—a real Land Rover; the brush guard and fog lights actually serve a purpose—to reach the camp.

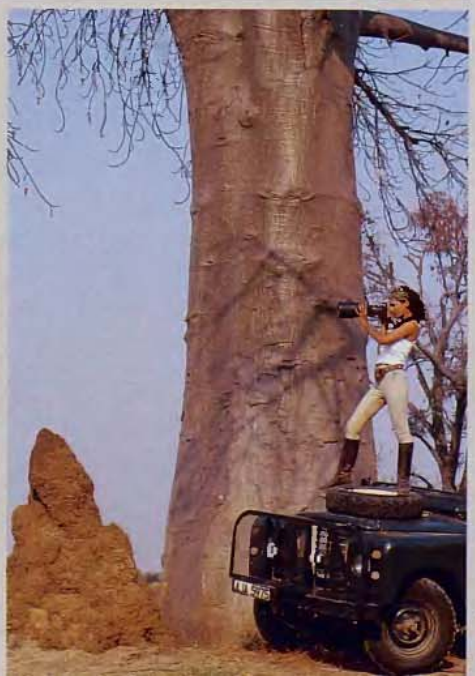
What am I doing on the banks of the steamy Zambezi River, with crates of photo gear and a crew that includes world-traveled photographer Richard Fegley? I'm here to shoot the trip of a lifetime, an African safari with three of our most adventurous Playmates—Jami Ferrell, Rachel Jeán Marteen and Karin Taylor. As Managing Photography Editor, it's my responsibility to ride herd on the group. These are the days when I really love my job.

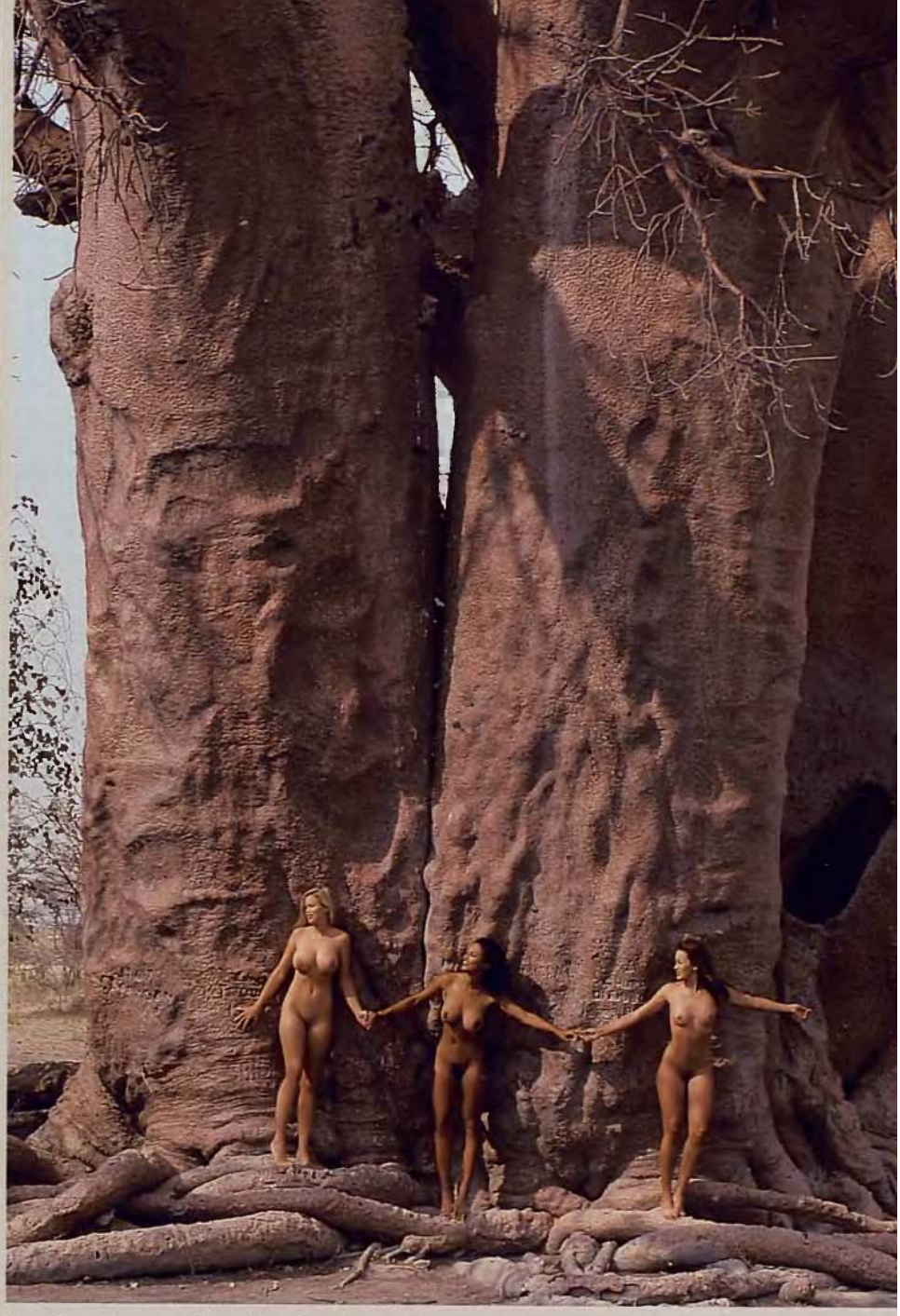
With help from some friends at Explore Inc., we have planned a three-point play in southern Africa—Zambia, Zimbabwe, Botswana—to get a taste of the safari experience. Our first stop is *(text concluded on page 84)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

At Camp Amalinda in Matabo Hills, Zimbabwe (opposite), Rachel Jeán (left), Karin (right) and Jami (bottom) prepare themselves for the day's adventures: Rachel Jeán (below left) masters the art of shaking hands with an elephant, while Jami checks out a pair of white rhino that have wandered through the neighborhood (below right). In Chifungulu, Jami tries out the open-air shower at Sausage Tree Camp (above), named after a local tree with a hanging cylindrical leaf. At the Makgadikgadi Pans in Botswana (right), the girls race to the dinner table for one of the local delicacies, grilled gazelle.

In Chifungulu (above), our jungle girls set off on a canoeing expedition on the shallow Zambezi River. It can be tricky going—submerged hippos tend to surface unexpectedly—but Jami and Karin don't seem concerned about being without a paddle. After a day of adventures that include frolicking with elephants and making friends with a lion cub, this is definitely the only way to cool down.

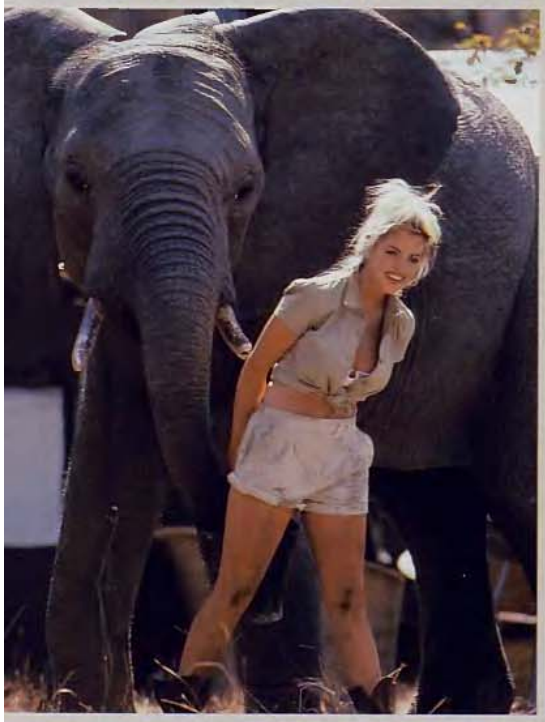




Near San Camp on the Makgadikgadi Pans in Botswana, Jami, Karin and Rachel Jeán take measure of what is said to be the largest tree on the continent of Africa. By their calculations, the circumference of the trunk is a year's worth of Playmates. In the Matobo Hills in Zimbabwe, Jami (below) goes out for a ride. Meanwhile, back at the tent, Rachel Jeán (left) catches up on her reading and Karin (above left) wonders which beads she'll wear.

At Camp Amalinda in Zimbabwe, Jami, Karin and Rachel Jeán enjoy one of Africa's most abundant natural resaurces—sunshine. They do their tanning on the rocks with a twist. Karin (right) finds a way ta cool off, while Rachel Jeán and Jami (below) coal their heels over a midday chess game. Note the beastly forms af the pieces; also nate that it will be checkmate for one Playmate in three moves.

Throughout the safari, Jomi (left, top to bottom) shows a natural rapport with creatures big and small, but even she is unable to distract a thirsty elephant. As the sun sets over the trusty Land Rover (above), it's clear that this lovely adventure is nearing its end. While preparing for their long journey out of Africa, Karin, Rachel Jean and Jomi take a break from packing to pose for a photo (below). Nobody has to remind our threesome, what's a vacation without pictures?



Camping Out

So, you want to go on safari? There are hundreds of online listings for travel agencies that offer African safari tour packages, with differing degrees of comfort, adventure and cost. One of the best is Classic Safari Camps of Africa (classicsafaricamps.com), which represents upscale camps throughout Africa. Our trip was set up by Explore Inc. in Steamboat Springs, Colorado (970-871-0065; explore@cmn.net). Here is the basic information you'll need to plan a trip. Sorry, you have to provide your own Playmates.

LANGUAGE: English is the official language of Botswana, Zambia and Zimbabwe, making these countries popular destinations.

LUGGAGE: You'll want to travel light, with a soft bag weighing no more than 25 pounds and a small carry-on. Because most safari travel is in small aircraft, these limits are strictly enforced.

TRAVEL DOCUMENTS: As with all international travel, a valid passport is required. Visas aren't needed for U.S. citizens entering Botswana and South Africa, but you'll need one to get into Zambia. Fortunately, you can buy it at the border for $25. Zimbabwe charges $30.

WEATHER AND CLIMATE: The best time to visit southern Africa is April through October. During June and July, temperatures range from 45° at night to 75° daytimes. In October and November, it gets much hotter (95° daytimes), but game viewing is at its peak in the heat. The African sun and dry air can be brutal, so bring a good pair of shades, some eyedrops, a wide-brimmed hat and sunblock.

APPAREL: Lightweight cotton clothing is best for daytime safari trips, along with comfortable walking shoes. You'll need a sweater or jacket during the early morning and evening, and warm bed clothing. Neutral colors such as tan, khaki and olive are less conspicuous to animals. In southern Africa, camouflage clothing is prohibited.

ACCOMMODATIONS: Opt for safari camps, most of which offer the comforts of home, including freshly prepared meals, hot water, electricity, laundry services, even flushing toilets. If you must use a hair drier or electric razor—or need to recharge that video battery—be sure to take along an appliance adapter that converts to 220 volts. Activities such as horseback riding, game viewing, canoeing and guided tours are usually included in the basic cost of the travel package. Expect to spend anywhere from $200 to $400 a night per person.

Chifungulu, an idyllic spot. The sounds of Africa are everywhere—the snorting of crocodiles, the muffled yawns of not-so-distant lions, the earnest mating of hippos on the riverbank. The sounds don't go away at night, which is a bit unnerving for newly arrived city dwellers. We are warned not to leave our large oval tents, and that's fine, because they're comfortable and we get gourmet meals via room service—or is it tent service? You place your orders on vintage military crank telephones. Quaint, but these also are the devices you rely on in case of an emergency. When daylight arrives, our photo session is postponed by an ill-tempered Cape buffalo. On the other hand, there are unexpected pleasures, such as the outdoor showers. So far, so good.

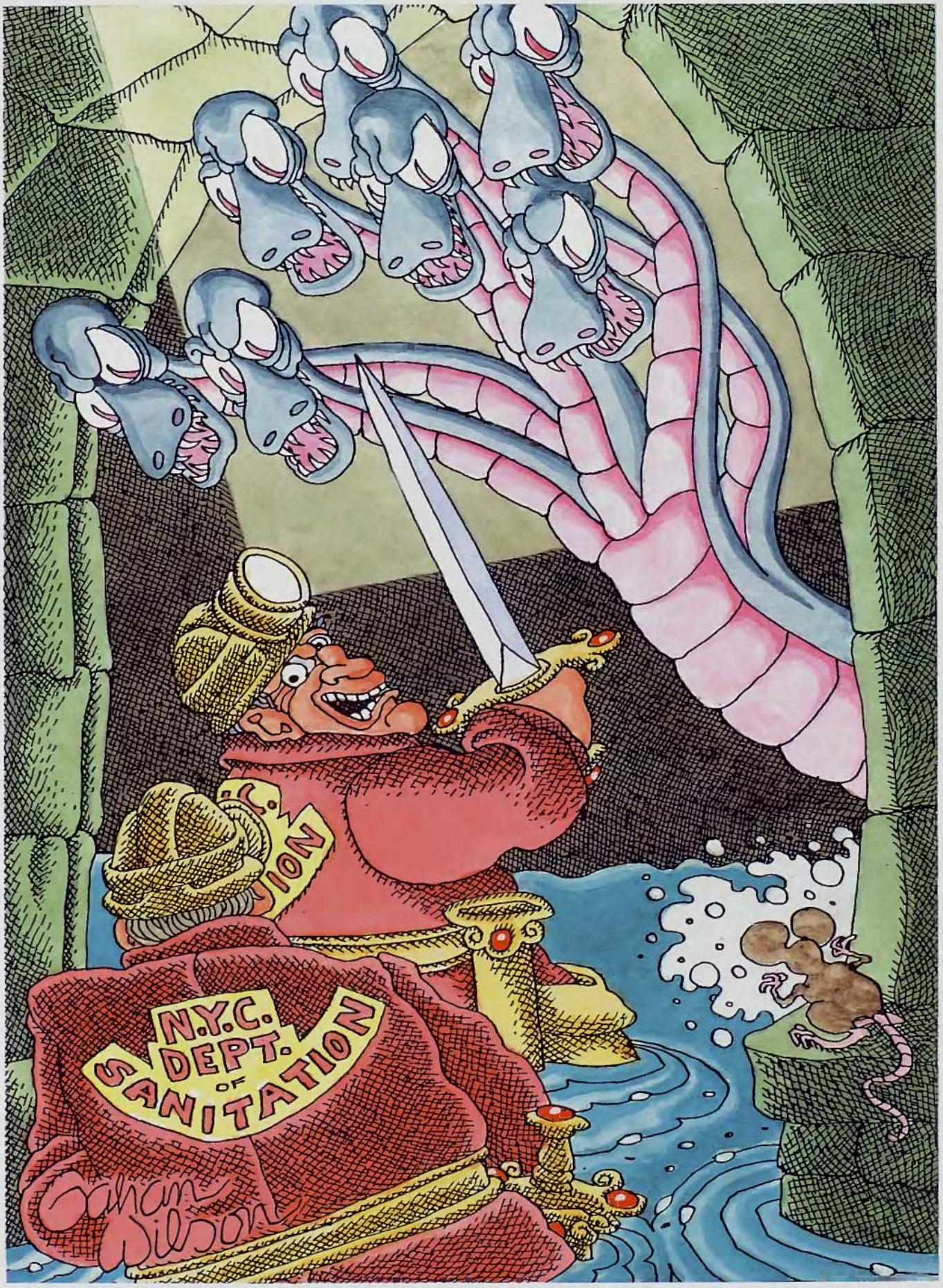
"When will we get to see some elephants?" our Playmates keep asking. Jami, Karin and Rachel Jeán want more Africa, and it's my job to make sure they get their wish. They do at our next stop, Camp Amalinda, which is a hop, skip and a few bumps in a Land Rover from Bulawayo, on the southwestern border of Zimbabwe. Here I instruct Richard to capture the natural reciprocity of Africa: Playmates washing elephants, elephants washing Playmates. Near the campsite, in Matopos National Park, Jami befriends an orphaned lion cub. Lucky little guy. At night, around the campfire, after the cameras are put away, ghost stories lead to dirty jokes, which lead to the women doing stand-up. Hyenas may be an easy laugh, but our Playmates have the wild dogs howling.

Then it's upward and onward on Air Botswana to our final destination, San Camp, in the Kalahari region of Botswana. There's no jungle here, just an astonishing dry desert lake bed that, we are told, is the size of Switzerland and as old as the earth itself. At the encouragement of our guide Ralph, San Camp's director and noted zoologist, the Playmates lie low in the midday heat, imitating the practice of the famed Kalahari lions. The women wisely conserve their energy for a late-afternoon expedition into the salt basins on four-wheel desert bikes.

Another fantastic sunset brings great photo opportunities around the largest tree in Africa. Dinner, as usual, offers the finest local cuisine. Jami, Karin and Rachel Jeán have taken a liking to gazelle. I prefer zebra. Different stripes for different types.

In all, it's been two weeks, three Playmates and 15 plane rides—a four-star experience. Karin has already returned to Africa for a second helping of safari. If she, or one of the other women, needs some company, I'm ready and able.

—JIM LARSON



"This is what the city pays us for, DiAngelo!"

MOSCOW BITES!

THE NINETIES THREW TOGETHER SLICK BANKERS, WILLING BABES AND GREEDY BOLSHEVIKS IN A PARTY THAT WAS NEVER GOING TO STOP—AN EYEWITNESS TELLS THE STORY OF THE LURID MORNING AFTER

ARTICLE BY MARK AMES

It wasn't until I returned to Moscow in January—after six long weeks in New York City—that I noticed the new and dramatic symptoms of the Russian financial crisis. I flew in on a Saturday afternoon on a flight that normally would have been packed with foreigners and Russians returning from the holidays. Instead, my Delta flight, which cost half what it did a year ago, was so empty I was able to stretch out in the middle three seats.

When I arrived at Sheremetyevo-2 Airport, I waited a mere ten minutes at passport control. Until last fall, the congested, chaotic passport line was always ready to explode into middle-aged, briefcase-jabbing violence. Entrepreneurs, swindlers, lawyers, perverts, fly-by-night salesmen, multinational reps—they would pour out of the airplanes every day, power-walk down the drab hallway and gather at the top of a wide stairwell, where a mob of passengers from four other flights stood waiting, entrenched. You saw the greed boiling over in their determined expressions and twitching mouths. The Westerners were landing in increasing numbers to tap their share of Russia's easy riches, as well as its famously easy bitches. As the frenzy picked up steam, each of them felt that every second lost was an opportunity lost, that the man who cut in line in front of him might be the man who scooped him in securing a regional bond issue, or who nabbed the gazelle-legged brunette from one of the gentlemen's clubs in downtown Moscow. In such a state of mind, even the most avuncular-looking travelers tend to lose their cool. They would start jostling wildly to keep their rightful places in an undemarcated line, unsuccessfully fending off such seasoned line-pinchers as the Russian, Indian and Chinese traders who crowded in with them. On really crowded days, a balding, bespectacled European might suddenly transform himself into a soccer hooligan, shouting, shoving and threatening. All because Russia was the biggest story, the easiest buck and the most seductive ride of the decade.

Not anymore. Nowadays, no one comes to Russia. It doesn't even register a blip on the global-economy screen. By defaulting on its debts, which Russia seems to be doing (no country ever has defaulted on both its external and domestic debts), Russia is assured of being fucked solid for at least another five years, maybe more. The Westerners have packed for good. Many lost everything they had made. All that remains is a bittersweet memory, a stained résumé *(continued on page 172)*

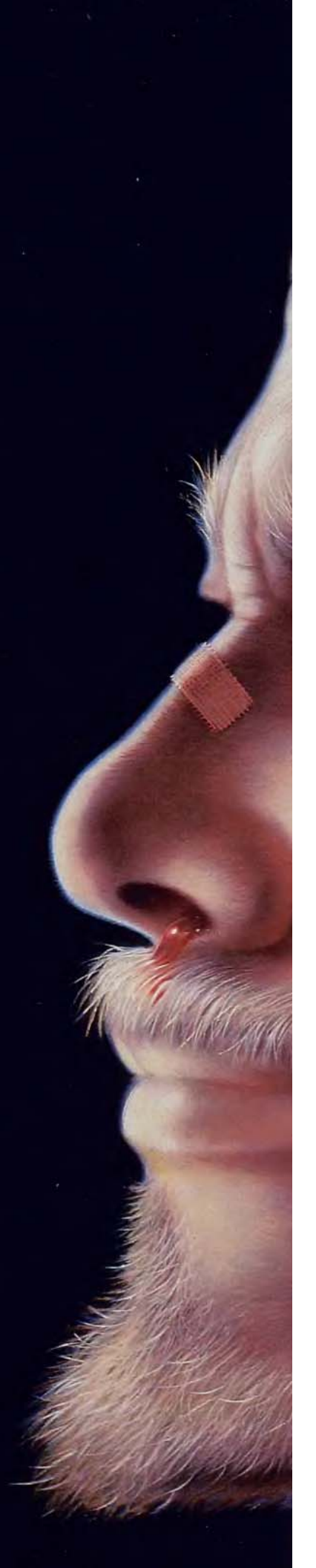
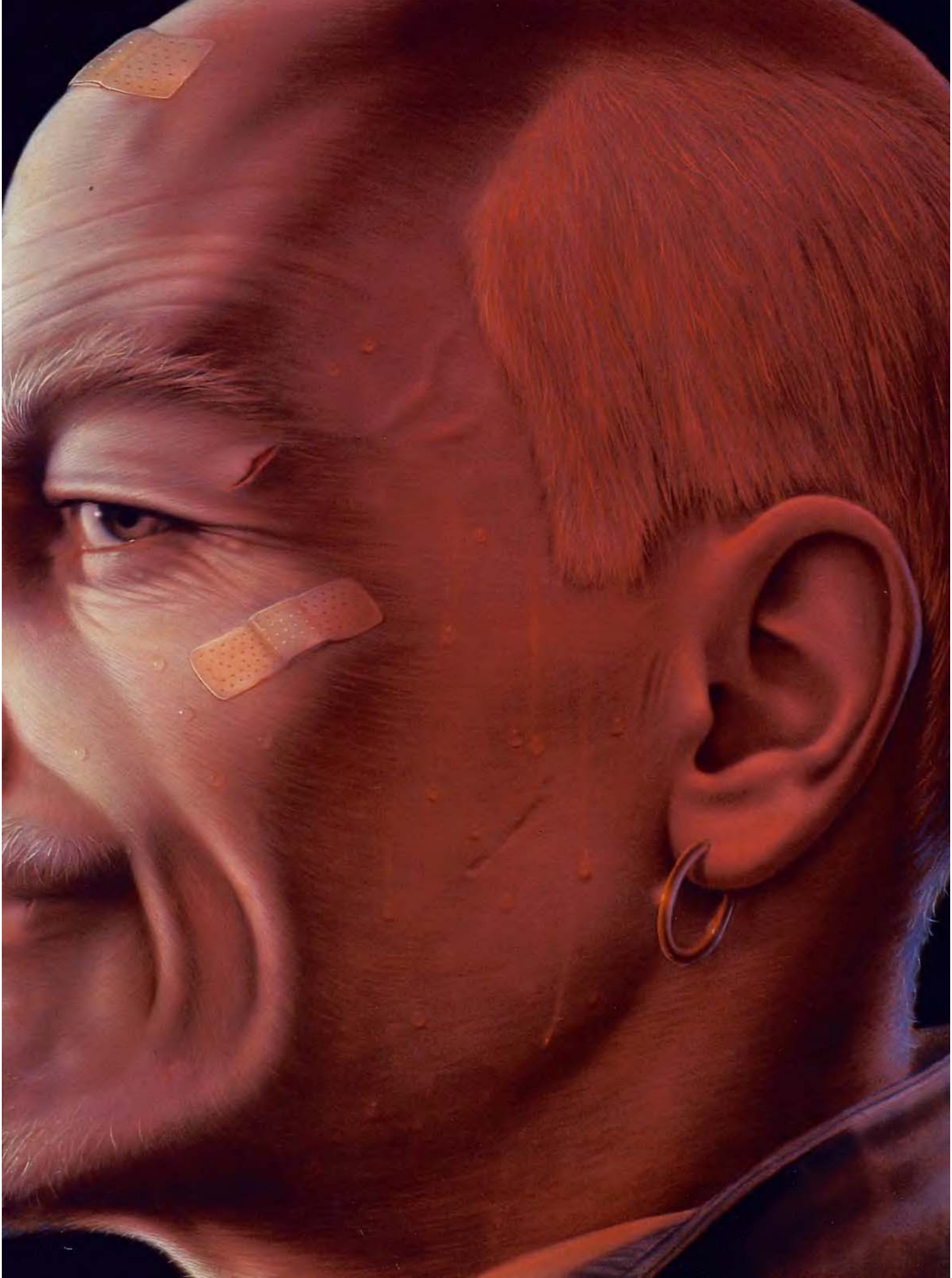


ILLUSTRATION BY TIM O'BRIEN



FROM THE FILES OF THE ONION

GREAT MOMENTS IN PLAYBOY HISTORY

"The Onion" will make you cry—with laughter. A growing legion of fans have become addicted to the painfully funny headlines and articles that appear in "America's finest news source" and premiere humor weekly. Now, Crown has published "Our Dumb Century," a compendium of historic "Onion" front pages that, before this year, never existed. While preparing their book, the editors of "The Onion" agreed to share some of their coverage of PLAYBOY from the past 45 years.

CODE AUTHORITY

The

Friday, December 18, 1953

New Magazine to Feature Astute Literary Criticism, Tits

CHICAGO, Ill. — *Playboy*, a new upscale magazine for urban sophisticates and men-about-town that details all the aspects of today's educated-bachelor lifestyle, arrived at newsstands this week. Described as "entertainment for men" by editor/publisher Hugh M. Hefner, the glossy periodical will feature up-to-the-minute, ultra-modern articles on fashion, home furnishings, golf accessories and hi-fi sound systems, as well as

"Playboy" founder Hugh Hefner.

informative pieces on the arts. Among the literary talents appearing in *Playboy* will be such important contemporary writers as John Updike, Norman Mailer and noted essayist Truman Capote.

Hefner also stressed that the magazine will feature full-color photographs of naked tits.

"What kind of a man reads *Playboy*?" asked Hefner, reclining on a crushed-velvet divan in his Chicago high-rise suite, swirling a brandy snifter as light jazz played in the ba

"A man who is urb sporting. A man who a fine wine and smooth c capable of savoring t subtleties and deft phrase in the finest rary fiction being today."

"He is also," Hefn man who appreciates a robust pair of gliste tits."

Initial reaction to tion has been mixed to readers' indiffere modern articles home furnishings, sories and hi-fi so and their overpowe view photographs protruding, naked

Hefner remains c in time, his vent into an unqualifi envision mysel important relatio greatest writers tion, earning a publisher of cutt and non-fiction,

"I also foresee an mansions across the count through which I will stride, c only in garish silk pajamas, s rounded by beautiful boun tits at all times."

Hefner explained that *Pl boy's* next issue will feature article by noted critic and jo nalist Terry Southern, as wel a new work by award-winn author John Cheever.

"And," he said, "I cannot overemphasize this particular point: There will also be color photographs of enormous naked tits."

Nation Captivated by

Editorial

Why Aren't Our Nation's Young Men Denouncing Hugh Hefner?

Mary Robbins, Onion reader

While browsing the periodicals rack of my local five-and-dime recently, I happened to notice a young man of no more than 20 picking up a copy of this new Playboy magazine. He flipped through it slowly, pausing for minutes at a time upon reaching pages containing photographs of women in the altogether.

On those pages was a shocking array of young, nude womanhood, from shirtless brunettes playing with beachballs to wholly unclothed redheads shamelessly cavorting about a public park's picnic-table area. In short, it was a veritable catalog of the sort of girls one would not want to marry.

Even more shocking than the pictures themselves, however, was this young man's reaction: Instead of being repulsed by the pictures' lewdness and depravity, throwing down the magazine in a fit of rage and demanding an apology from the shop's proprietor for peddling such libidinous filth, he actually appeared to be enjoying the photos. In fact, he actually went so far as to purchase the magazine and bring it home, where, presumably, he will study the photos in greater detail.

What sort of new breed of American man is our society producing that enjoys gazing upon the flesh of women? Why are our men not rising up to protest this Hugh Hefner fellow, who is accumulating great wealth and notoriety by selling dirty magazines under the guise of free expression?

Are our men not frightened of the female form? Are they not repulsed by these photos? And, most importantly, are they not repulsed by Mr. Hefner's assertion that sexuality is healthy and normal and should be openly discussed and celebrated?

By purchasing this licentious magazine, men are, in essence, saying that they believe sex is a natural part of life, not a disgusting act that is best shrouded in mystery and fear. By purchasing this magazine, they are saying that the human body is to be enjoyed rather than cloaked in shame.

In short, the men who are buying this sick and twisted magazine are saying that pleasure is good. What kind of world would this be if everyone felt this way? Not one in which I would want to live.

REPORT:

HUGH HEFNER SEX-PARTNER AGE GAP CONTINUES TO WIDEN

see page 3

Monday, September 28, 1964

Hef Unveils '64 Fashion: Silk Pajamas, Pipe

Teenage Boys Picket Playboy Magazine

Interview Not Long Enough, They Say

The TM-61 Matador missile, a potent symbol of the complex.

JFK Appoints Hugh Hefner U.S. Secretary of Tail

Hef Sworn in at Bedside Ceremony

Special Presidential-Seal Pajamas Issued

Sinatra, Giancana No Longer in Charge of Presidential Bimbo Allocation

Washington, DC—Citing *Playboy* publisher Hugh Hefner's excellent taste, wide knowledge of and experience with American womanhood, and inside line on actress Marilyn Monroe, President Kennedy appointed Hefner to the newly created cabinet post of Secretary of Tail late Monday night. "What sort of man is the Secretary of Tail?" Kennedy asked the nation during his televised announcement from his secret Mayflower Hotel playroom suite. "He is a supremely modern man—a world traveler, a sharp dresser, a man of action and acquisition for whom the name of the game is fun. In short, he is Mr. Hugh Hefner."

President Kennedy

Hefner, who was chosen over such other worthy candidates as Peter Lawford, Sammy Cahn and Robert Kennedy, will immediately assume his duties of providing the President with any happy, wholesome, beautiful, and available women who, in Hefner's opinion, may pose a clear and present temptation to Kennedy or the nation.

"Potential Playmates are all around the leader of the free world," observed Hefner, who said he plans to use his broad discretionary-broad powers in an efficient and patriotic manner. "She may be a new secretary at the White House, the doe-eyed beauty at the Pentagon lunch counter, even the girl who sells shirts and ties in Washington's most stylish haberdashery. We must be ever vigilant."

several times with Kennedy since his victory over Richard Nixon last November, seemed remains healthy—I believe Mr. Kennedy has the capacity to be projected upon more than any

Playboy Mansion Damaged in Lovequake

Norman Mailer Unharmed

The Playboy mansion in Los Angeles.

LOS ANGELES, CA—A lovequake measuring 7.4 on the Hefner scale ripped through the Playboy Mansion Monday evening, leveling the building and leaving its occupants shaken, spent, and otherwise incapacitated.

"I'm not really sure how I survived," said author and frequent mansion guest Norman Mailer, who was near the lovequake's ejacucenter when he felt the first faint tremors. "The guests and I were enjoying the enormous round fur-trimmed bed in the west wing when, suddenly, I felt the earth move. Then everyone was grabbing at one another, gasping and screaming as wave after wave of sensual force built to a feverish convulsing contractio which shook the mansion to it very core. I was lucky to escap with nothing more than a series of deep fingernail scratches on my back." Mailer is being treated at *Playboy*'s nearby Mercy God Oh God Oh God Yes General Hospital for mild shock and cognac inhalation.

Although this is by far the most serious lovequake to rock the Playboy Mansion, having registered on georgasmographic equipment as far away as Atlantic City and Monaco, experts report that it is by no means the first. "The mansion is located on Southern California's Sans Culottes fault, at the frictive point of North America's two largest sextonic plates," said Hal Padgett, head of *Playboy*'s geoerotic sciences department. "When the powerful sociosexual forces of sophisticated entertainment and sensual pleasure collide, as they often do on the mansion's grounds

Hef Unveils '72 Fashion: Silk Pajamas, Pipe

Hugh Hefner Vows to Spend Decade in Bed for Peace

Hugh Hefner.

Chicago, IL—Publisher President of Playboy Ma Hugh Hefner vowed Wed

Seven Cents

Did You Register Today?

The

TU STUL

Wednesday, August 17, 1966

FINEST NEWS SOU

PRESIDENT JOHNSON DEPLOYS PLAYBOY BUNNIES TO VIETNAM

Perky Centerfolds Expected to Turn Tide in Southeast Asia

KHE SAN, VIETNAM—Citing the need for a morale-boosting all-nude division of sexy female bombshells in the Southeast Asian theater of operat

centerfolds will also receiv training as artillery units an mortar squads in case a las ditch defense of Saigon becom

Playboy Bunny Feels 'Absolutely Ridiculous in This Outfit'

Bunny Gloria Steinem, 22, May Consider Switching Careers, She Says

Hugh Hefner Joins Mile-High Club Several Hundred Times

Also Joins 1/2-, 1/4-, 1/16-Mile-High Clubs

'Big Bunny' Soars Into Aviation Record Books

The 'Big Bunny'

LOS ANGELES—*Playboy* publisher Hugh Hefner made aviation history last week when he qualified for membership in the "Mile High Club" 325 separate times, Federal Aviation Administration sources said.

"We are proud to certify Hefner as having achieved successful and satisfactory sexual congress while at the altitude of one mile," read the certificate of qualification signed by FAA Chief John Shaffer, *Playboy* "Big Bunny" custom-airliner pilot Arthur Mitchell, and over 300 female witnesses.

"In addition," the certificate continued, "Mr. Hefner has successfully gained admittance to the 1/2-mile, 1/4-mile, and 1/16-mile-high clubs, as well as the takeoff and landing clubs, the sitting-on-the-runway club, the limo-to-the-airport club, and the during-the-safety-presentation club."

FAA officials said Hefner's accomplishment is especially remarkable because the "Big Bunny," Hefner's private waterbed equipped er, was n for the 1 enduran

Hef 'Getting Bored' of Orgies

Hugh Hefner

Hef Unveils '78 Fashion: Silk Pajamas, Pipe

Special Prosecutor: 'Carter May Have Lusted in His Heart'

THE ONION

Thursday, August 8, 1974

FINEST AMERICAN NEWS SOURCE

48 PAGES CITY EDITION TU STULTUS IS ★★★ 15¢

Win a Dream Date with Elliott Gould!
SEE PAGE 8

PLAYBOY TO PUBLISH MUFF SHOTS

First Braille Edition of Playboy Called 'Dumbest Idea in History'

Last month's first-ever Braille edition of *Playboy* was "probably the dumbest, most ill-conceived, and most poorly executed idea in the history of publishing," *Playboy* Special Publications Director Andy Kleinert conceded yesterday.

"Our initial studies consisted of asking sightless adult males the single question, 'Do you enjoy naked women, fine living, and men's entertainment in general?' Over 90% of respondents answered positively." According to Kleinert, *Playboy* took this as a sign that a Braille edition would be successful, an assumption which has not been borne out by sales.

"The few copies that were purchased were returned mere days or even hours later with the Party Jokes, fashion, and fiction sections all obviously unread—and the last was a particularly fine Kurt Vonnegut short story," Kleinert said. "However, the many glossy pictorial sections and the centerfolds in all copies had been smudged almost to the point of destruction by sensitive fingertips and, in some cases, tears."

Nixon Resigns

WASHINGTON, DC—Richard Milhous Nixon, the nation's 37th president, announced his resignation from the presidency,

Clinton Denies Ever Having Sex; Tells Playboy, 'I Am A Virgin'

In a surprise announcement Friday, President Clinton said he has never engaged in sexual intercourse.

During a White House press conference, the embattled president lashed out at a reporter from *Playboy*: "I am only going to say this once, so listen very carefully. I did not have sexual relations with anyone. I am a virgin."

The reporter had asked the president to respond to allegations that he had had an affair with White House intern Monica Lewinsky.

"I do not know what it is like to lie with a woman," Clinton said. "Sex is a very big step, and I have not felt emotionally ready to take that step in my life."

The president added that he may one day explore sexual relations with his wife, and that their daughter Chelsea is adopted.

Playboy Removes Centerfold Staple

Centerfolds Announce Plans to Pierce Navels

CHICAGO—On
Playboy's de
remove the sta
popular center
a coalition o
Playmates has
plans to pierce
buttons.
"We have
pierce our b
now," sa
McGuinnes, 3
Playboy offi
cerned tha
button ring
the PR e
announceme
the staple.

Hef Unveils '86 Fashion: Silk Pajamas, Pipe

Hugh Hefner Settles Down

'I've Finally Found the 550 Women I Want to Spend the Rest of My Life With'

Playboy Online Makes Its Debut

Can An All-Naked-Women Website Succeed?

Sales Disappointing for First-Ever Playboy Swimsuit Issue

'It Worked for Sports Illustrated... I Just Don't Get It,' Says Editor

In an outcome that is baffling experts in the publishing industry, the much-trumpeted debut of the *Playboy* swimsuit issue has met with some of the poorest sales in the magazine's 40-year history.

With *Sports Illustrated*'s annual swimsuit issue ranked among the best-selling magazines in the world, most insiders believed that *Playboy*, already known for its attractive models, would set new records borrowing the *Sports Illustrated* theme.

Said *Playboy* CEO Christie Hefner, "The conventional wisdom in the magazine world is that swimsuits sell. But for some reason, they seemed almost like the kiss of death for us."

Hefner, expecting brisk sales for the issue, approved a print run of 15 million. But after one week on newsstands, the magazine has sold fewer than 5,000 copies, and retailers are already returning crates of the issues to distributors. *Playboy* is expected to lose millions on the ill-fated issue.

Insiders have been unable to determine why the seemingly sure-fire issue fizzled on the newsstands. "Swimsuit issues are the hottest thing in magazine publishing right now," said a spokesman for *Folio*, an industry magazine. "Everybody's doing them. This simply doesn't make sense."

The swimsuit issue featured all its models clothed in a wide variety of sexy, colorful swimwear from many of the world's top designers, photographed by world-renowned lensmen Marc Christianson, Jud Niko, and Henry Almon.

Tammy Hildebrant, one of the models in the issue, is similarly confused by the poor sales. "When I first started telling people that I was going to be in *Playboy*, they were very excited for me. My agent was especially happy. But when I said I was going to be in the *Playboy* swimsuit issue, everybody seemed disappointed. It was almost as if they weren't interested in bathing suits at all."

JOSHUA REDMAN

THE HOT JAZZ SAXOPHONIST FINDS HIS GROOVE IN CLOTHES THAT ARE FLUID AND SHARP

Joshua Redman has the best underwear in jazz. He was recently quoted as saying that he had just picked up three pairs of black Calvin Klein boxers but should have bought 20. On his 30th birthday his manager presented him with 17 more pairs. Redman deserves that and more. Thanks to eight great CDs, he is the most popular jazzman since Wynton Marsalis. "If you're open to what's around you," he says, "your music will be relevant." His latest CD, *Timeless Tales (for Changing Times)*, knocks down barriers between different types of music—Gershwin and Dylan, say. He can make any song his own. It's the same with clothes. "I choose clothes to express myself, but music is my main interest," he says. "Jazz is modern, current and also classical. That's my taste in clothing—modern, casual and elegant." Catch him when he headlines the Playboy Jazz Fest on June 2.

"I like lots of color in art, but in clothes it needs to be used tastefully," says Redman, who admits you don't have to look good to play jazz. "One colorful piece is all you need, like the gray suit with the bright yellow shirt." He's referring to the wool Calvin Klein number at right ($1695). The Patrick Cox shirt ($179) sets up the Calvin Klein tie ($90) nicely. The belt is by New York Industrie ($90).

STYLING BY ANTONIO BRANCO FOR TRILISE INC.
GROOMING BY VERNON ROSS
WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 171.

Pacing is important in a jazz set and in a wardrobe. At left, Redman relaxes in a leather jacket ($2240) and cotton T-shirt ($95) by Trussardi. Below, he models a rayon suit by Thierry Mugler ($1200) and a cotton shirt by Helmut Lang ($165). "The Mugler suit is a perfect fit. I wouldn't have tried it on off the rack, but it looks and feels great on."

FASHION BY HOLLIS WAYNE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANDREW ECCLES

PLAYBOY'S

1999 BASEBALL PREVIEW

last season the yankees dominated, and the little guys won't dethrone them soon. in the new era of superteams, george, ted and—yes—rupert get all the good players. who said life is fair?

Ask any fan—diehard or casual, Dominican or Canadian—and he'll tell you: Baseball is back. Thanks to the supra-Ruthian feats of Mark McGwire and Sammy Sosa, hardball has regained a place in our hearts. Of course, the Yankees helped too. After starting out 1–4, the Bronx Bombers went on to win 114 regular-season games en route to their 24th World Series title. Some will say the 1998 Yankees were the greatest team ever to play the game.

Two sluggers surprised us with their dignity. McGwire finally had the year we had been waiting for. It was only the fourth time in 13 seasons that he played in more than 154 games. A great low-ball hitter in a low-ball league, Big Mac hit more homers (70) than singles (61) in 1998. Sammy Sosa broke Ruth's record on the strength of an amazing June, when he hit 20 homers (while walking only six times). Sammy, a good bad-ball hitter, hit 25 homers when he had two strikes on him.

This is an extraordinary era for talent. We have Albert Belle—the only player in the majors to hit 50 doubles and 50 homers in the same season. He had an awesome second half (.387, 31 HRs, 86 RBI, .816 slugging percentage) with the White Sox. And Greg Maddux (2.75), who approaches Cy Young (2.63) in lifetime earned run average. And Tony Gwynn, who may be the best hitter ever. Watch him get his 3000th hit around Memorial Day.

Entering the 1999 season, we approach the game with a new sense of wonder: How could the Yankees not do it again? What will McGwire and Sosa do? How will Nomar Garciaparra do without Mo Vaughn?

Baseball is back. Last year was fun, but the game's

sports By Leopold Froehlich and George Hodak

ILLUSTRATION BY DANIEL TORRES


NEW YORK
Dodgers

foundation is more suspect than a Mel Rojas fastball. The game has entered a new era, where superclubs (such as the Dodgers) compete against high-revenue clubs (such as the Orioles) to the exclusion of everyone else. Low-revenue teams are doomed to a lifetime of losses. Hope doesn't spring eternal for Royals fans.

Look more closely, and 1998 may not be such a dream season. When baseball got in a jam after the Black Sox scandal in 1919, Babe Ruth bailed the game out with his home runs. After baseball's strike left a lot of people fed up, the homer again saved the day. But home runs serve to distort the game. The home-run race may be little more than a slam-dunk contest. "The more home runs get hit, the less each one is worth," notes Whitey Herzog in his new book *You're Missin' a Great Game*. "But the more home runs somebody hits, the more you have to pay him." Situational hitting (or pitching, for that matter) is on its way out. Hitters strike out at a furious pace, thinking, no doubt, of the dollars that attend home runs. And homers don't always translate into victories. Of the top-20 home run–hitting teams of all time, only the 1961 Yankees won a World Series.

Playboy's Picks

AL EAST	AL CENTRAL	AL WEST
Yankees	Indians	Angels
Blue Jays	Tigers	Rangers
Orioles	White Sox	Mariners
Red Sox	Twins	Athletics
Devil Rays	Royals	

NL EAST	NL CENTRAL	NL WEST
Braves	Astros	Dodgers
Mets	Cardinals	Rockies
Phillies	Cubs	Giants
Expos	Reds	Diamondbacks
Marlins	Brewers	Padres
	Pirates	

AL Wild Card: Blue Jays
AL Champs: Yankees

NL Wild Card: Cardinals
NL Champs: Braves

World Champs: Yankees

•

Brick and steel continues to be as important as bat and ball. By next year, more than half the ballparks in the majors will have been built after 1990. This will be the last season for five stadiums. But the great loss will be Tiger Stadium, which opened in 1912. On September 27, with Hall of Famer Ernie Harwell calling the final game, the Tigers will close the home of Cobb, Kaline, Gehringer and Fidrych. When Tiger Stadium is gone, Dodger Stadium—built in 1962—will be baseball's fourth-oldest park. When Fenway Park closes in five years, Wrigley Field and Yankee Stadium will be the majors' only prewar stadiums.

For 1999 we foresee more business as usual. The Yankees are headed for another championship. Atlanta's pitching, while not as invincible as it once was, is still tough to beat. But, without Andres Galarraga—their most potent bat—the Braves' hitting will be weaker this year.

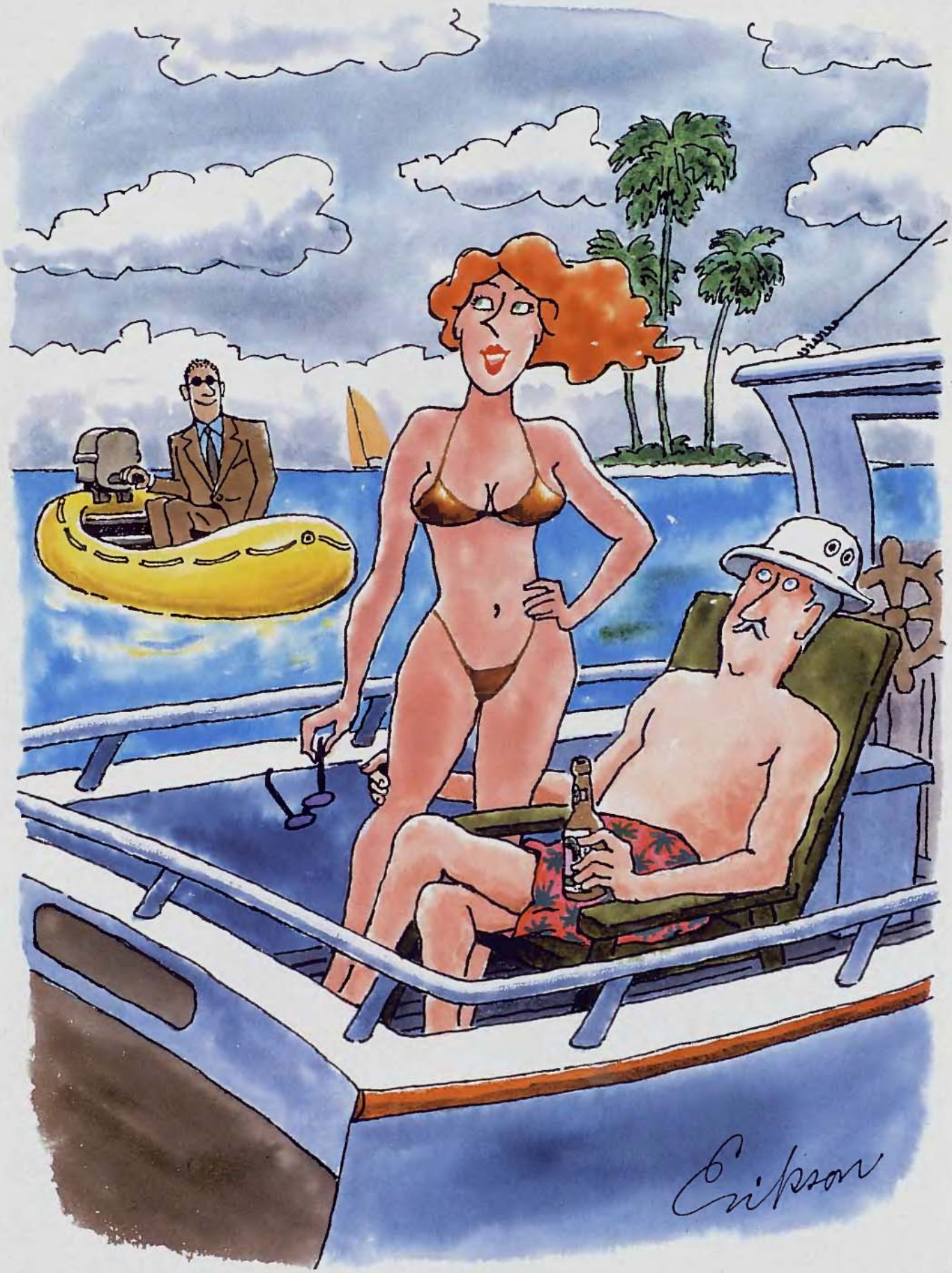
With Mo Vaughn, the Angels should be good enough to get past Texas. The Indians, of course, will win the Central. The Dodgers had better win after Mr. Murdoch spent all that dough. And the Astros should repeat in their division. Our bets for wild-card teams are the Blue Jays (they won as many games as the Rangers last year) and the Cards.

For Cinderellas, consider the Tigers and the Phillies. Watch for signs of life from Oakland. Look for someone—Albert Belle? Ken Griffey? Manny Ramirez?—to challenge Babe again this year. AL MVP? We'll go out on a limb and say Ken Griffey Jr. In the NL, how about Mark McGwire?

AMERICAN LEAGUE EAST

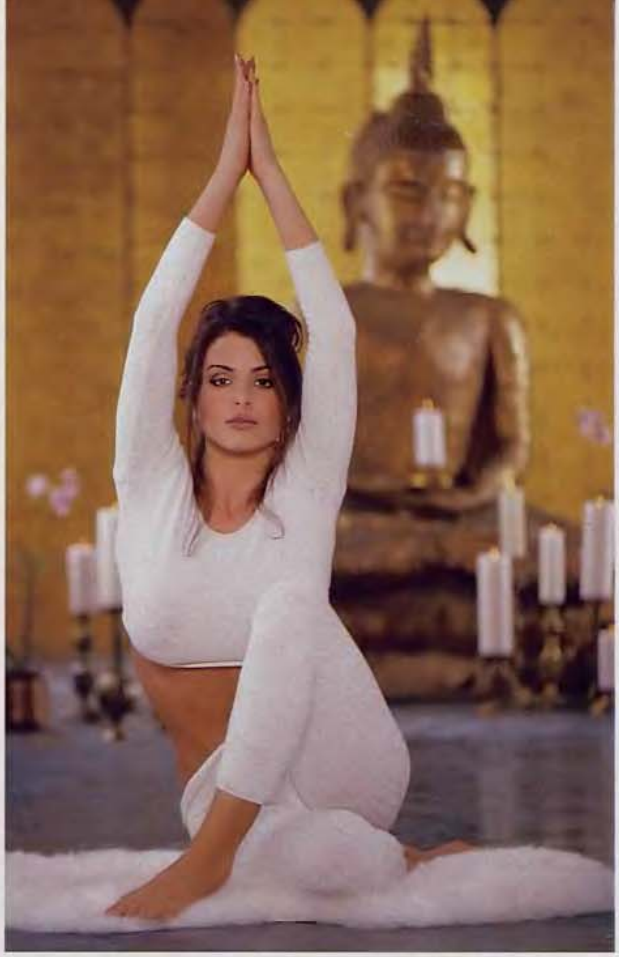
The Yankees ended their dream season in resounding fashion, finishing at 125–50 and making the Padres look like pretenders. How did they do it? George Steinbrenner stopped buying overrated free agents. People say New York doesn't have any superstars, but Bernie Williams (.339, 26 HRs, 97 RBI) and Derek Jeter (.324, 19 HRs, 30 SBs) look good to us. The Yankees won by playing smart ball: They were second-best in the majors in taking 3.84 pitches per plate appearance. They were third in the bigs in walks and hit .300 with runners in scoring position. The Yankees scored 345 more runs than the Devil Rays. We could go on, but that's just the offense. From one through ten, the Yankees have one of the best staffs in the majors. They led the AL in pitching with a 3.82 ERA, giving up 275 fewer runs than the White Sox. The Yankees hurled 16 shutouts. And, just for fun, the team

(continued on page 128)



"Decision time, Harry. The repo man wants me or he wants the boat."

As Tishara Lee Cousino strides through the Terrazza, a snazzy *ristorante* in Caesars Palace, heads turn as fast as oranges on a slot machine. Only she doesn't get it. "I see so many pretty girls in Las Vegas," protests the Vegas native, as if to say, What's one more? "It's just like Los Angeles—they're everywhere." And if not in the flesh, then on the billboards that feature gigantic, nearly nude showgirls. A year ago, Tishara was a secretary with a lifetime of dance classes behind her. Then came a providential trip to Los Angeles and the PLAYBOY photo studios, and, ever since, the leggy beauty has been modeling and pursuing studies in alternative medicine. With two canine roomies—a sheltie, Orion, and a collie, Goldie—she recently moved from her mother's house into her own apartment. Miss May attends several dance classes every week but says she has given up on an early dream to become a dancer in *Splash*, the Riviera Hotel's long-running topless dance revue, a show she first saw when she was 17.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

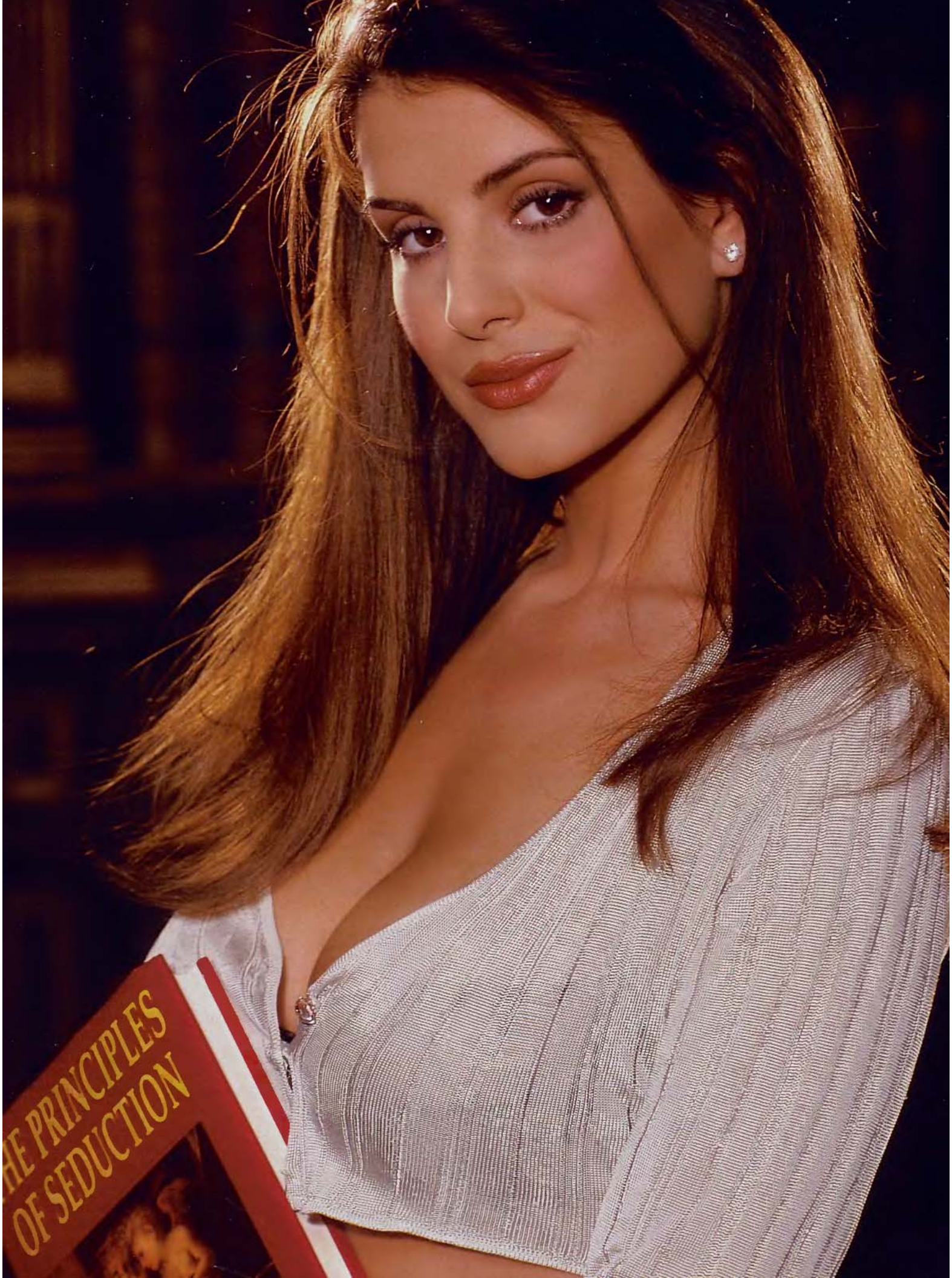
Q: Wait a minute—you saw a topless show at 17? What exactly was it like to grow up in Las Vegas?

A: Actually, I went to a private Lutheran school that emphasized Christian spirituality. I was a sports fanatic—basketball, especially—and a cheerleader, and I hung out with a huge group of girls. Some kids hung out on the Strip, but we didn't. In high school everyone would congregate at Wendy's on Friday nights.

Yoga, fasting and massage are all parts of Tishara's health regimen. "At one time I was a vegetarian, but that didn't work well. Now I eat whatever I want," she says.

Tishara

miss may is a las vegas winner


HE PRINCIPLES
OF SEDUCTION

Then we would drive far into the desert and make a campfire. Someone would turn on a car radio. We'd just sit in the desert and drink. And that was fun!

Q: What do you do for fun now?

A: Dance, definitely!

Q: Are you looking for love or one of its substitutes?

A: Part of me wants to find my soul mate and fall in love. Another part just wants to—wow!—I want to date. I want to date different men and experience new things. I'm really torn. I guess I want that perfect story. I want to be in love. I want to be successful. I want it all.

Q: What do your friends say about you?

A: That I can be secretive. I haven't told anyone about being a Playmate—except my mom.

Q: How did your mother

Valley of Fire State Park (pictured here) takes its name from its sandstone's red-hot colors: vermilion, scarlet and mauve. Tishara got her name when her mother "couldn't decide between Tara or Tish. Being creative, she came up with Tishara."

react to the news?

A: She told me, "Go for it!"

Q: Do you have any rules to live by?

A: Do it now—life is short. As far as a personal philosophy goes: No matter how old you get, you're still a child, you are still learning. I'm really into Deepak Chopra and the mind–body connection. I read a lot about herbs, nutrition and bodywork.

Q: How did you get into that?

A: A friend of mine got sick, so I started reading everything I could find about natural cures. Eventually my friend recovered, and I had found a passion. Suddenly I wanted to be a naturopathic doctor. Now I'm apprenticing with an accredited naturopath. It's a little bit like going to medical school.

Q: How did a future naturopath become a Playmate?

A: A pal invited me to LA. We went shopping and stopped in the Guess store off Rodeo Drive. Paul Marciano introduced himself and asked if I'd ever modeled. I told him I wanted to model for PLAYBOY. He knew the right people, and a week later I was doing a Playmate test. I cried when the limousine came to pick me up. I was touched that something so beautiful could happen to me. To this day I don't believe this is happening. Jesus loves me. The universe adores me completely. I'm 20 years old, and I'm thinking, This is a major event in a girl's life.

"I'm five women in one. One minute I'm natural. The next, it's "Where are my lipstick and my high heels?" Basically, though, I'm down-to-earth. I can be deep, or be a bum all day and be comfortable."

MISS MAY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Yishara Lee Cousino

BUST: 36 WAIST: 21 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'7 WEIGHT: 120

BIRTH DATE: 6-16-78 BIRTHPLACE: Las Vegas, Nevada

AMBITIONS: To see how far I can go as a model and actress, while studying naturopathic medicine.

TURN-ONS: Intellect, a big heart, sensitivity and passionate energy.

TURNOFFS: Bad manners and bad attitudes.

IDEAL DATE: Gourmet dinner at home in front of a roaring fire w/ a profusion of candles, feeding each other tiramisu + chocolate mousse. Oh, don't forget champagne!

IF YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW ME: Read the tattoo on my right ankle "T.L.C" — Tender Loving Care — (Those are my initials).

WHEN I WANT TO RELAX: I meditate or dance, moving my body in ways that release my sexual energy.

FAVORITE MUSICIAN: The artist formerly known as Prince.

BEST ADVICE: Life's short ~ Just Do It!

Yuch-7th grade

Strike a pose

Say cheese!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Three rednecks were talking at work. "I think my wife is having an affair with the electrician," the first said. "The other day I came home and found wire cutters under our bed and they weren't mine."

"I think my wife is having an affair with the plumber," the second sighed. "The other day I found a wrench under the bed and it wasn't mine."

"I think my wife is having an affair with a horse," said the third. His friends looked at him in disbelief. "No, I'm serious," he insisted. "The other day I came home and found a jockey under our bed."

A vagabond, exhausted and famished, came to an English roadside inn called George and the Dragon. He knocked. A woman stuck her head out the window.

"Could ye spare some victuals?" he asked.

The woman glanced at his dirty clothing. "No," she shouted. "Go away!"

"Could I have a pint of ale, then?"

"Begone!" she shouted.

"Could I at least use your privy?" the man pleaded.

"No!" she shouted again.

"Might I please——"

"What now?" the woman screeched.

"D'ye suppose," he asked, "that I might have a word with George?"

What do a Dirt Devil and Viagra have in common? They both put the power of an upright in the palm of your hand.

Late one Friday night a policeman spotted a man driving erratically through the streets of Dublin. He pulled the driver over and asked him if he had been drinking. "Aye, so I have. 'Tis Friday, you know, so me and the lads stopped by the pub, where I had six or seven pints. And then there was something called happy hour and they served these margaritas, which are quite good. I had four or five of those. Then," he continued, "I had to drive me friend Mike home, and of course I had to go in for a couple of pints of Guinness—couldn't be rude, you know. Then I stopped on the way home to get another bottle for later." The man fumbled around in his coat until he found his bottle of whiskey, which he held up for inspection.

"Sir," the officer said, "I'm afraid I'll need you to step out of the car and take a Breathalyzer test."

"Why?" the indignant man said. "Don't ye believe me?"

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: A young couple on the brink of divorce visited a marriage counselor. The counselor asked the wife about the problem. "My husband suffers from premature ejaculation," she said.

"Is that true?" the counselor asked, turning to the husband.

"Well, not exactly," he replied. "She's the one who suffers, not me."

An elderly rabbi was walking along when a gust of wind blew his hat down the street. A young man ran after it and returned it to the old man. "Thank you very much," the rabbi said. "May God bless you."

I've been blessed by a rabbi, the young man thought. This must be my lucky day! He headed directly to the racetrack. In the first race he noticed a horse named Stetson at 20 to 1. He bet $50 and the horse won. In the second race he saw a horse named Fedora at 30 to 1. He bet it all and won again.

At the end of the day he returned home to his wife, who asked where he'd been. He explained how he'd caught the rabbi's hat, was blessed by him, went to the track and started winning on horses named after hats.

"So where's the money?" she asked.

"I lost it all in the ninth race," he explained. "I bet on a horse named Château, and it lost."

"You fool!" the wife screamed. "Château is a house—chapeau is a hat!"

"It doesn't matter," he said, "The winner was some Japanese horse named Yarmulke."

LeRoy Neiman

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: Eighty-year-old Bessie burst into the men's recreation room at the retirement home and announced, "Anyone who can guess what's in my hand can have sex with me tonight!"

"An elephant?" a man responded facetiously.

Bessie looked him over for a moment, then nodded. "Close enough."

In an effort to inspire efficiency, a store manager had placed a sign directly above the men's-room sink. It had a single word on it: THINK!

The next day someone had carefully lettered another sign just above the soap dispenser that read, THOAP!

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.*

"Get ready, girls—here comes the Viagra gang!"

THE SHADOW TREES

they wore heavy boots and camouflage, carried assault weapons and called themselves militia. why didn't that make me feel secure?

fiction By BRENDAN DUBOIS

I'm not sure what brought me to the window at that particular time on that particular evening. On a cool October dusk, I wandered to the living room window of my big old Maine farmhouse and looked out to the field that led down to the Morneau River. There, by a line of trees, was a group of men.

I immediately stepped aside, so that I wasn't silhouetted in the window. Except for a small light by my reading chair and the flicker from the fireplace, the room was dark. From the bookshelf, I took down a pair of 7 x 50 binoculars and brought them up to my face, then into focus.

This group of men wore camouflage gear. And all of them were armed.

I considered turning off the light and dousing the fire, but decided to leave everything alone. No need to court attention. I moved the binoculars back and forth. Five men stood in a loose circle, talking and smiling. They wore heavy boots, camouflage pants and jackets and small knapsacks, and what looked like high-power or assault rifles hung from their shoulders.

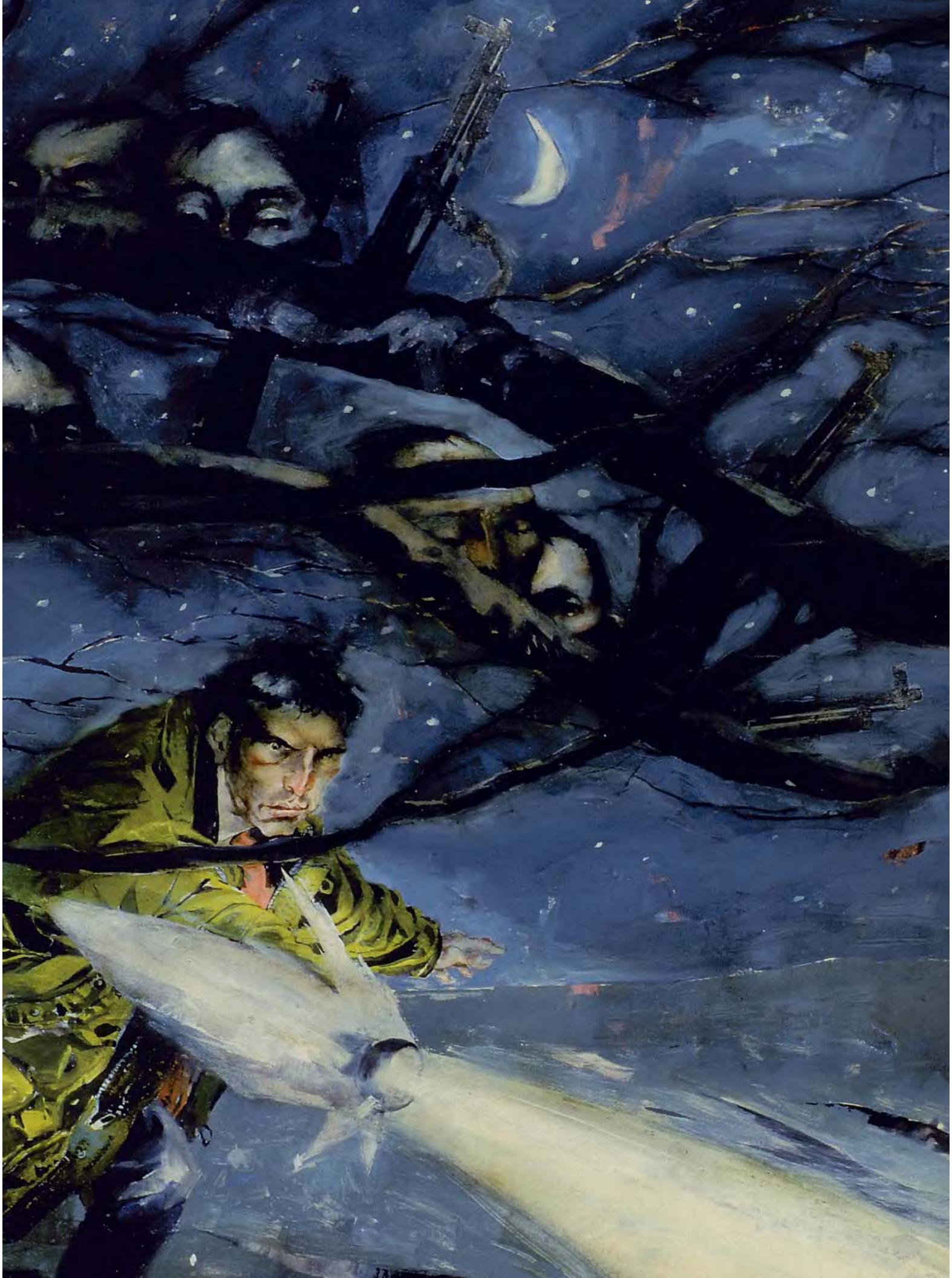
Hunters. I've always been amused at the sight of grown men blasting at dumb animals with weapons that have enough firepower to punch a hole through a cement wall. Though I have nothing against heavy firepower. So. Hunters in Maine. Nothing out of the ordinary.

They sure didn't look like hunters.

What I do know about hunting animals is that in the woods, blaze orange is the preferred color, to protect oneself from the incoming fire of fellow sportsmen. No one in this group wore orange. Also, I was pretty sure deer season hadn't started.

Another scan of the binoculars. More laughter from the men. Patches of some sort, military

PAINTING BY KENT WILLIAMS



emblems, were stitched on the sleeves of their jackets.

National Guard on maneuvers?

I looked again and found some differences in their military clothing. They weren't identical. Not uniform.

Not hunters, and not guardsmen. I thought for a moment, and when I brought the binoculars back up to my face, they were gone.

•

I pulled on a thick green down jacket and went outside, carrying a flashlight. The air was crisp and teeth-achingly cold, and my boots made crunching sounds in the dead leaves as I walked to the treeline. A crescent moon had risen, sickle-white sharp against the dusk sky. Near where the men had stood were shadow trees on the frozen ground, and I waited, breathing easy, seeing tiny puffs of steam go out into the cold air. With the flashlight I saw where boots had disturbed the leaves.

Two cigarette butts had been tossed down, and I felt a faint flush of anger at whoever had trashed my property. I put the butts in my coat pocket and switched off the flashlight. Standing motionless, looking at the light in the windows of my house, I shivered. The house stood alone, far from any neighbors, too far for a sound to carry.

I trudged back home and, cautious man that I am, locked every door and window before I went to bed.

•

Some time ago I gave up watching television, but I still like to know what's going on. I frequently listen to a shortwave radio in bed, earphones clamped softly about my ears, scanning through the crackly ether. Usually the droning sound of announcers from far-off cities and countries puts me to sleep, but not this night. This had been a sour year with sour news, and this evening featured missiles flashing across the desert again and gasoline prices going up. There was a truckers' strike. And something called slamming was in fashion among youth gangs, which involved going armed into crowded malls and trying to see how many civilians one could take out in 60 seconds.

After a while I turned off the radio and got out of bed to get a drink of water from the upstairs bathroom. I kept thinking about the armed men on my land. They weren't hunters and they weren't military. And apparently they weren't out to get me for my past sins either. Men out to get me would not be so blatant, so sloppy. Who were they?

Back in the bedroom I looked over the field. The moon had come up even higher, sharpening the shadows of the trees. Something moved through the trees. It looked like a dog, but the tail was too bushy. It was probably a fox or a coyote or even a damn wolf, strolling through my yard like everybody else.

•

My previous life included foreign travel and strange locales, and while I have adjusted to "retirement," I am never entirely comfortable. I tend to be on edge, always waiting for a slamming door or a sharp report. But I am more relaxed than I was, and I even have a few routines. One of them is a quick breakfast at Bridget's Grill in town and then a walk over to the Pinette General Store, where I have a second cup of coffee and read the *Portland Press Herald* and ogle Miriam Woods, the store owner, who is also the postmistress and one of the three selectmen in town.

The store is in a building that's older than most states, and while you buy your lottery ticket and a doughnut to go you can also get a fishing license and pick up your mail. Miriam is a reliable intelligence source, the best I've ever known. She came over today and refreshed my mug and said, "No mail today, Owen. Sorry."

"That's just fine," I said, smiling up at her. She has brown hair and brown eyes and, even in jeans and a patched sweatshirt, she looks wonderful. We talked a bit about the weather and the upcoming Halloween festival at the town hall, and when the two other customers in the store finally wandered out I motioned her closer.

"I have a question," I said.

"Sunday night," she said. "I'm taking Eric to a basketball game Saturday."

"Aren't we presumptuous," I said. "Maybe I have something else to ask."

"Maybe you do," Miriam said. "Go ahead."

I glanced around the empty store. "Something odd happened last night. I saw some men down by the river on my land. They wore camo gear, with weapons, and they didn't look like hunters. Do you have any idea who they might be?"

"I might," she said.

"Who are they?"

She looked up at the wall clock. "Tell you what. You lend me yourself and your pickup truck for 15 minutes, and I'll tell you everything you need to know."

"What's more important in this deal, the truck or me?"

Miriam gently slapped my hand with the towel. "Don't make me choose."

•

It actually took about 30 minutes, and started with my backing the truck up to the rear of the store, where we loaded cardboard boxes of canned food and paper goods into the rear. When we were done, she climbed into the front seat and said, "Drive on, big boy, and shortly all will be revealed."

We drove for about 15 minutes, clear to the other side of town, near the border of Cardiff. We didn't leave the town proper, which was just as well, because I lived in Pinette under certain arrangements that stipulated that I never leave its boundaries without permission, something I didn't care to explain to Miriam at present.

In this part of town, a small jumble of stores and homes stood near the old B&M railroad tracks, and Miriam directed me to park in front of a small brick building with a large window opening onto the sidewalk. FERNALD'S DRUGSTORE was carved in the granite over the window, but a handmade cardboard sign in the window said COMMUNITY ACTION NETWORK FOOD BANK. Emptying the truckload into the storefront took three trips, and then I helped Miriam and an older woman pile cans on shelves in the rear. In front, phones rang and children cried or ran around in circles, while another two or three women tried to keep order. Signs and posters on the walls were in both English and Spanish, and most of the people in the store—about a dozen, sitting patiently on scuffed orange plastic chairs—were black- or brown-skinned, not typical in a small Maine town.

Miriam brought me a cold orange juice, and at my raised eyebrow she said, "Welcome to the other side of Maine. The one that doesn't get reported much."

"I can see that."

We stepped outside into the surprisingly warm October sun and she said, "The secret side to this pretty state."

"Migrant workers?"

A firm nod. "The same. Mention migrant workers and people instantly think of California or Texas. Not many think of the fine and fair state of Maine. But they're here. Picking apples or potatoes or packing eggs at those mega egg farms. They don't get paid squat and their families and kids get hungry, and . . . well, that's why the food bank's been set up."

I took a sip of my juice. "And this ties in with my visitors the other night?"

She motioned across the street. "Any of those folks look familiar?"

And sure enough, as she often is, Miriam was right.

•

The men, eight of them this time, most in camouflage pants or jackets, were lounging around three parked

(continued on page 142)

DAVE'S GARAGE

AUDI'S ADVANTAGE: The Audi TT coupe pictured on this page was first shown as a concept vehicle at the German Motor Show in Frankfurt in 1995. One look told you it was one of those droolmobiles that automakers tease the public with and never get around to manufacturing. Surprise! The TT coupe is beginning to appear in showrooms now and Audi says the original design hasn't been watered down with decorator touches, wood trim and luxury car stuffing. The "forgotten pleasure of functional honesty" is Audi's selling point, and the judicious use of aluminum, leather and stainless steel exemplifies it. While most cars try to hide the fuel-filler cap, the TT surrounds it with a brushed-aluminum ring. It's like Bauhaus architecture on wheels.

Last fall Audi of America flew a small group of journalists to Gyor, Hungary, where TTs are built. Jeff Vettraino, senior editor at large for *Auto Week* magazine, drove the car and gave us the lowdown.

DS: What's your initial impression of the car?

JV: Before you slide in, it's clear that the TT is one of the neatest, most expressive cars in a long time. It's a statement both artistically and technically, as if Audi is claiming, "We can bend metal to match anything they do at Mercedes, BMW or Porsche."

DS: Is the TT's interior as dramatic as the exterior?

JV: It's tactile as hell. You want to palm the shift lever and trace the aluminum-trimmed vents in the dash with your finger. The stereo controls hide under a polished aluminum cover. The car is a two-plus-two, like a Porsche 911. The rear seat folds flat for quite a bit of cargo space.

DS: And on the road?

JV: At speed, the four-cylinder TT feels as though you're hurtling through space in a bullet. Air whooshes over the car. Audi says its zero-to-60 time is in the low seven-second range. The top speed is a governed 130 mph. Because it's a front-wheel-drive car, the major issue is the back end. Sports car drivers like to be able to steer with the accelerator, and you can't do that in the TT.

DS: Is it a real sports car?

Below: Audi's new TT coupe takes its name from a European car and motorcycle race, the Tourist Trophy, that was first held in 1908 on the Isle of Man. Under the front-wheel-drive TT's hood is a turbocharged 180-hp four-cylinder engine coupled to a five-speed box.

cars by David Stevens

JV: Some auto snobs will say it isn't because the TT is built on the same platform as Volkswagen's Golf and Beetle and the Audi A3 that's sold in Europe. The shared platform is one reason the TT is priced in the $30,000 to $35,000 range. But to answer your question, yes, it's a real sports car.

DS: What's coming next?

JV: A year from now, Audi plans to bring over a 225-hp TT coupe with a six-speed gearbox and quattro all-wheel drive. I drove a version of the car in Italy, and it's a blast—no qualifiers. The quattro system delivers power to either the front or the rear wheels, depending on road conditions. You can point this TT into a corner, wait for the first hint of push in front, then nail the gas and slam most of the power to the rear wheels. It will rotate the car like it's a rear drive and the front end stays planted in the process.

•

After interviewing Vettraino, I spoke with Audi of America's press relations manager, Doug Clark, who informed me that a 180-hp TT quattro coupe will come to the States in late summer, followed by a 225-hp TT coupe quattro next spring. A roadster is being considered. No prices yet.

HUMDINGER: Seventy-five percent of Hummer owners have given a speech. At least that's what AM General (the Hummer's manufacturer) claims. I almost made mine in front of a judge when the right front fender of my wagon version (pictured below) barely missed a bicyclist. For a 7000-pound truck that's more than seven feet wide, the machine is surprisingly agile, thanks to a turbo diesel engine and power steering. You don't parallel park a Hummer; you just drive somewhere and squat. People deal with the car the way aborigines must have dealt with Ayers Rock. They stare in awe and then walk around it. The driver's seat reminds me of a World War II fighter plane cockpit. It's chockablock with knobs and dials. You can even hear the clock tick.

James Petersen, PLAYBOY's Senior Staff Writer, recently visited the Bumblebee Ranch near Phoenix, where Bad Bob, one of the cowboys, demonstrated what a Hummer can do. Petersen says the experience was "closer to rock climbing than to driving. A descent down an arroyo had the vehicle on three wheels, then two as Bob selected traction points. We splashed through creek beds, did doughnuts in a dry wash and ran the Hummer up the side of a ravine until we were a few degrees shy of vertical. It was a display of handling that urban assault-vehicle owners will never know—unless they start driving over VW Bugs."

Above: Dave's Garage Babe of the Month, Jenny, kicks back on the hood of the latest Hummer wagon while Dave drifts off to clean the windows around back. New for 1999 is a traction control system and ABS that enable the machine to scale vertical rock ledges up to 22 inches high, climb 60 percent grades and plow through humongous snowdrifts with ease. Base price for the wagon is $82,421. A power winch and other goodies jack the cost to just over $100,000.

KEN GROSS REPORTS: Want exclusivity as well as blinding speed? According to *Road and Track*, Mercedes-Benz' innocuous-looking E55 sedan (pictured below) is capable of zero to 60 in just five seconds, which is three tenths of a second quicker than an F355 Ferrari Spider. Mercedes-Benz now owns AMG, a German company that specializes in high-performance tweaking. To create each E55, E-class bodies are trucked to AMG's factory, where a 349-hp 5.5-liter V8 is added, along with stiffer suspension, racing brakes with ABS, 18-inch wheels and tires, and the same five-speed automatic transmission usually installed on M-B's 12-cylinder cars. At $69,109, it's about half the price of a new Ferrari, and just as much fun.

Above: Not only is the AMG-modified E55 fast company, it also incorporates Mercedes-Benz' latest safety features: an Electronic Stability Program that senses if your wheels are slipping and compensates accordingly, racing brakes with ABS, door-mounted side air bags and head-protection curtains. Price: $69,109 with a five-speed automatic transmission. Only 500 E55s will be imported annually.

"You had addressed the ball before the alligator attacked; therefore you must count each and every stroke!"

Ashley Judd

hollywood's phi beta kappa wildcat on bourbon, french words and why she shuns underwear

A Phi Beta Kappa French major from the University of Kentucky and one of the hottest young actors in Hollywood today, Ashley Judd has emerged with a wallop from the shadows of her country music superstar mother (Naomi) and older sister (Wynonna). Judd's parents divorced when she was young, and she divided her time between them—attending a dozen schools in 13 years.

After college, Judd made her major film debut in the acclaimed Ruby in Paradise, which some critics maintain is her best work. She took supporting roles in Heat opposite Al Pacino and Robert De Niro; A Time to Kill, co-starring Sandra Bullock and Matthew McConaughey; and Smoke, playing the daughter of Harvey Keitel. During the shooting of Smoke, Judd also starred on Broadway in William Inge's Picnic. She received Emmy and Golden Globe nominations for her portrayal of Norma Jean Baker in HBO's Norma Jean and Marilyn. But her breakthrough role was in the box office hit Kiss the Girls, co-starring Morgan Freeman. She also garnered good notices for her supporting role in last year's Simon Birch. Judd can be seen in two forthcoming films—Eye of the Beholder and Double Jeopardy, which co-stars Tommy Lee Jones.

Robert Crane caught up with Judd on the set of Double Jeopardy in Vancouver. He reports: "Judd grabbed two director's chairs and positioned them right out in the middle of the set and crew. With our knees touching, the interview began. She is fearless, has a razor-sharp wit, is totally into her craft and is drop-dead gorgeous. At one point she had to change pants for a scene. She dropped trou right in front of everyone so we could continue the interview and not keep director Bruce Beresford waiting. Now, that's dedication."

1

PLAYBOY: Describe the rides at your theme park Ashleywood.

JUDD: I don't know how well attended my theme park would be, because you'd have to think a lot. There would probably be some kind of dictionary at every turnstile, and I would have mazes designed like 16th century Italian gardens. Some rides would definitely involve lipstick and beautiful dresses. Riding horses would figure somehow, and there'd be a whole Kentucky Wildcats neighborhood.

2

PLAYBOY: You and William F. Buckley like to read dictionaries for fun. List three words you're dying to use in conversation. Extra points if you use them in the same sentence.

JUDD: His lack of perspicacity was revealed by the calumny with which he spoke. Hence, a debacle ensued. Debacle is not so fantastically challenging a word but it is wonderful in the mouth.

3

PLAYBOY: Dresses with slits: engineered for comfort or for showmanship?

JUDD: Showmanship. Engineered via satellite while attending Kentucky basketball games. Last-minute dressing stages observed by a roomful of people, none of whom observed any danger whatsoever. And the overbearing motherly types too. Engineered with the hazard unobserved. I'm talking about my Richard Tyler Oscars gown, as I presume you were. But obviously the design answer to your question is both. Not that a kick pleat wouldn't accomplish the same thing.

4

PLAYBOY: What gets lost in translation when you study French in Kentucky?

JUDD: Actually, I gained so much in the translation. I came to comprehend English grammar by studying French. It enhanced my native tongue. I took four years in high school and four at university, with multiple courses in any given semester. Accrued a lot of time.

5

PLAYBOY: L'Académie Française should lighten up, don't you think? What English words should be allowed in French?

JUDD: Oh, I disagree. [*Speaking French*] I congratulate them for being one of the last bastions of hard-assedness. I love the Académie. They're righteous in a great historic way. I'm thinking about slang—OK, blow job in French is *la pipe*. Who wants to say *la blow job* when you can say *la pipe*? The French Academy has a great point.

6

PLAYBOY: Were you ever benched at the University of Kentucky?

JUDD: No, but my seatmate, who was as spastic a fan as I, was once given a technical. The other team took its two shots and everything. Did I mention my seatmate is my family's attorney?

7

PLAYBOY: Matthew McConaughey, Michael Bolton and Lyle Lovett—we're not describing a straight line here. Account for quirks of the heart. What's it like riding on the back of Lyle's motorcycle?

JUDD: First of all, this is as appropriate a time as ever to disband the rumor that Lyle and I dated. We absolutely never did. I've never been on the back of his motorcycle. He rides those motocross things. He's into BMX or something, I'm not sure.

8

PLAYBOY: Is there any single insight that you've found always to be true?

JUDD: Yeah. The book is always better than the movie.

9

PLAYBOY: What haven't you done by 30 that you *(continued on page 171)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PEGGY SIROTA

THE EXTERMINATOR REP

tom delay hates clinton, loves lobbyists and is the big winner in washington's saga of sin

Profile By Molly Ivins

After Kenneth Starr, the man most responsible for the impeachment of President Clinton was House majority whip Tom DeLay, a Texan best known for campaign fund-raising techniques that smack of extortion and political judgments based exclusively on radical right-wing passions.

Were it not for DeLay, Clinton almost surely would have been censured late last year and the case would have been closed. But DeLay wanted nothing less than Clinton's expulsion, to say nothing of prolonging Washington's tawdry morality play. After all, in terms of political advancement and consolidation of personal power, the former bug exterminator is probably the biggest winner in Washington.

No matter what the fallout from the impeachment process, most observers think there is little chance that the power DeLay had before it started will be diminished, at least in the immediate future. And chances are he will never stop trying to triumph over the president.

He knew how to win during the impeachment debate last fall. In public, DeLay said GOP congressmen were free to vote their consciences. But his colleagues had no doubt about how he wanted them to behave, nor of the punishment that awaited them if they did otherwise. They knew that the man who wants to restore DDT to the American landscape, and who treats the Constitution like a bug, has the power to cut off their political funding.

For his part, DeLay talked about "secret evidence," which turned out to be a rumor that Clinton had made unwelcome sexual advances to a woman 20 years ago. The woman in

ILLUSTRATION BY ARNOLD ROTH

question has told conflicting versions of the episode. In mid-February she recanted her earlier denials that Clinton had misbehaved.

After the impeachment vote, DeLay issued a statement saying a censure vote could never have succeeded because "the White House will never negotiate in good faith." Then he went back to his discredited secret evidence and urged senators to examine what he called the "reams of evidence that have not been publicly aired and are available only to members."

DeLay, 52, is a somewhat beefy-faced fellow with a helmet of perfectly groomed dark hair. He's normally genial, with the air of a small-town car dealer experienced at being professionally affable. He and his wife of 31 years, Christine, have a daughter, Danielle, and two foster children. When DeLay is not angry, he comes across not as a nut but as a man given to ill-advised enthusiasms—such as bringing back DDT. Nothing, however, in his manner or conversation would lead you to think he is a natural leader.

"We're just following the adage of punish your enemies," says DeLay, whose fund-raising letters to lobbyists are blunt enough to help earn him the nickname the Hammer.

The son of an oil field–drilling contractor, he grew up in Texas and spent part of his childhood in Venezuela. He graduated from the University of Houston in 1970 and went to work for a pesticide company. Several years later DeLay bought his own outfit, Albo Pest Control, which he boasts was the "Cadillac of exterminators" in Houston.

He ran for the Texas Legislature in 1978 because he was upset about government regulation of pesticides and how much it was costing him. "Dereg" has been his slogan ever since. One colleague has said DeLay wasn't "a player" in the legislature and was neither a goody two-shoes nor a raving ideologue.

In 1984 he ran for Congress from a district on the gulf coast, part of a region that boasts more than half of the nation's petrochemical production and one fourth its oil-refining capacity.

In his early years in Congress, DeLay tended to keep his bizarre views out of the headlines. But in 1988 one of his barmier moments occurred in public. According to the *Houston Press*, DeLay gave an impassioned defense of Dan Quayle, who was then under fire for using family ties to get into a National Guard unit and out of serving in Vietnam. DeLay explained to reporters a theretofore little-noted phenomenon. DeLay claimed there was no room in the Army for people like himself and Quayle because so many minority youths had gone into uniform to escape poverty and the ghetto. This remarkable explanation left his audience dumbfounded. After DeLay left the microphone, a television reporter asked, "Who was that idiot?"

In 1994 DeLay started his own political action committee, called Americans for a Republican Majority, and a "corporate alliance" called Project Relief, composed mostly of lobbyists who wanted relief from government regulations. According to the Federal Election Commission, DeLay received more contributions from PACs than any Republican other than Newt Gingrich in the 1996 campaign. The money lobbyists give to Armpac is in turn distributed to Republican candidates, who then owe DeLay both votes and loyalty. His contributions to the famous class of Republican freshmen in 1994 enabled him to win his race for majority whip by three votes.

During the 1995 budget crisis, DeLay was instrumental in getting Gingrich to close the government. "Screw the Senate. It's time for all-out war," he said. Then, when Gingrich decided to cut a deal with Clinton, DeLay led an unsuccessful rebellion against Gingrich. Republicans, including DeLay, contended that Clinton had blindsided them by going on television to attack the party minutes after they thought they had a deal. DeLay never trusted him again: "I don't believe a word he says." Despite the hideous drubbing that Republicans took in the polls, DeLay still says, "Our biggest mistake was backing off from the government shutdown. We should have stuck it out."

In 1996 DeLay reacted to Clinton's State of the Union address with rage. Asked by a reporter if he had liked any part of the speech, DeLay bellowed, "Are you kidding! I was so shocked I couldn't even boo. I've never seen such a performance. I got knots in my stomach watching the president of the United States look straight into the eyes of the American people and lie. I have already counted 21 lies, and I didn't even have an advance copy of the speech." Eventually, DeLay claimed to have found 47 lies but the State of the Union address faded from the news.

•

Tom DeLay's power may continue to grow, but there is no question that his ludicrous political judgments have made him vulnerable. He is, after all, seen as the man largely responsible for giving the Republican revolution its image as mean, radically extreme and in bed with corporate special interests. He not only favored the folly of shutting down the federal government in 1995 but is almost solely responsible for the widespread impression that Republicans are out to gut every environmental protection law ever passed.

On the House floor DeLay described the Environmental Protection Agency as "the Gestapo of government, purely and simply . . . one of the major claw hooks that the government maintains on the backs of our constituents." He introduced bills to destroy both the Clean Air and the Clean Water acts, and let lobbyists help him draft legislation calling for a moratorium on federal regulations. According to their own pollsters, this anti-environmental image has cost the party dearly.

DeLay's anti-environmental passions go back to his days as a bug exterminator in Houston, when he came to admire DDT. He believes the forbidden poison is a benign substance that should be in use today, and also believes the pesticides mirex and chlordane should be brought back. The EPA says mirex and chlordane are both dangerous to human health: Mirex is cited as a possible carcinogen and was found in breast milk all over the South in the Seventies. DeLay claims that the EPA's ban on mirex caused fire ants to spread throughout the South.

DeLay also dismisses evidence linking chlorofluorocarbons to destruction of the ozone layer. When the three scientists who discovered the link were awarded the Nobel Prize in chemistry

"If you'd like to have phone sex with your girlfriend, I'll gladly lend a hand."

in 1995, DeLay sneeringly called it "the Nobel appeasement prize." DeLay does not believe in acid rain: He holds that the acid ruining Northeastern lakes is in the soil, and he suggests adding lime. He does not believe in global warming either: "It's the arrogance of man to think that man can change the climate of the world. Only nature can change the climate. A volcano, for instance."

DeLay's normal fare is hyperbole. He once described the Democrats' constituents as "Greenpeace, Queer Nation and the National Education Association." But then he also told *The New Republic* that he was proud of his own coalition, "all kinds of people, from the Christian Coalition to the Eagle Forum, from Arco to Exxon."

His real constituency is the lobbying corps, and the sleazy smell that rises from their vigorous cooperation is another reason for DeLay's vulnerability. His motto is blunt: "If you want to play in our revolution, you have to live by our rules." DeLay's rules are upfront, apparent to anyone who cares to look. On his desk he keeps a list of the 400 largest political action committees and the amounts and percentages they've contributed to Republicans and Democrats. Those committees that have given heavily to the GOP are labeled "friendly," the others "unfriendly." He also pressures corporations and trade groups to fire Democrats and hire Republicans as their lobbyists. Says DeLay, "We're just following the adage of punish your enemies and reward your friends. We don't like to deal with people who are trying to kill the revolution. We know who they are. The word is out." His fund-raising letters to lobbyists are blunt enough to help earn him the nickname the Hammer.

In late 1995 *The Washington Post* reported on DeLay's "friendly" and "unfriendly" lists, and soon after, Ralph Nader's Congressional Accountability Project began an investigation. In September 1996 CAP director Gary Ruskin asked the House Committee on Standards of Official Conduct to investigate possible violations of standards of congressional conduct by DeLay. Citing the lists, Ruskin suggested DeLay may have directly linked campaign contributions to official action, in violation of the house rule barring "considerations such as political support, party affiliation or campaign contributions" from affecting "either the decision of a member to provide assistance, or the quality of the help that is given."

Ruskin also raised questions about DeLay's brother Randy, who practiced law by himself in Houston until Tom got elected majority whip. Randy promptly became a registered foreign lobbyist and in one year (according to federal records) banked more than $550,000. Along the way, Randy appears to have lobbied his brother on behalf of his clients—and gotten results.

> When Obey waved the article under DeLay's nose, DeLay shoved him and called him a "gutless chickenshit."

The "vigorous assistance by Representative DeLay in support of the efforts of his lobbyist brother produces the clear impression," said Gary Ruskin, "that Representative DeLay has provided special and inappropriate political favors to his brother and to Cemex," a Mexican cement manufacturer. Citing other cases in which the DeLay brothers had worked for the same goal, Ruskin suggested that the whip's actions may have violated the Code of Ethics for Government Service that says no one in government should "discriminate unfairly by the dispensing of special favors or privileges to anyone."

DeLay was undeterred, and eventually the House Ethics Committee dismissed the complaint. The Committee did advise him it was "particularly important" for a person in his position to avoid any hint that a "request for access or for official action" was linked to campaign contributions.

Then, during the Senate trial, there were headlines concerning allegations that DeLay had not told the truth five years ago in a deposition regarding a business dispute with a former associate in the pest-control business. DeLay testified under oath that he had not been involved with the company for two or three years, even though he filed congressional financial disclosure forms saying otherwise. An aide tried to squelch the stories, blaming "political enemies" and asserting that "eventually the truth will come out."

For all his bluster, DeLay appears to have used "legalese and lawyerese to do two-steps around the questions." Those words, ironically, are his own: He uttered them in denouncing President Clinton for allegedly trying to evade the truth. No matter how the various cases play out, DeLay has certainly made himself vulnerable to charges of hypocrisy.

•

When DeLay sees an opponent, his instinct is to get rid of him. In 1997 he attacked federal judges who had made rulings that annoyed him and declared his intention to impeach them. "As part of our conservative efforts against judicial activism, we are going after judges," he said. "We intend to . . . go after them in a big way." DeLay never mentioned criminal conduct as grounds for impeachment, except insofar as he regarded political views other than his own as criminal. His efforts were so outrageous that even fellow right-wingers opposed his plans.

DeLay may be more sensitive about his vulnerability than his "acid tongue" and "penchant for rhetorical excess," to cite two euphemisms from the press about him, suggest. In April 1997 Wisconsin Representative David Obey brandished what was by then a two-year-old *Washington Post* article describing how lobbyists wrote drafts of legislation with DeLay's help. DeLay denied "categorically that it ever happened" and challenged Obey to identify the participants. When Obey waved the article under DeLay's nose, DeLay shoved him and called him a "gutless chickenshit."

After the shoving incident, DeLay's spokesman said, "The reason Mr. DeLay was upset was that Obey . . . had questioned his integrity." DeLay ought to be used to that by now.

Last summer, during the House's struggle over campaign finance reform, DeLay was the point man for antireformers. Day after day he stood in the well, using every parliamentary advantage leadership gives to kill the reform. A majority of House members ultimately voted for it anyway.

"Most Americans deplore what Larry Flynt is doing and at the same time hope he comes up with something truly dreadful on Tom DeLay," satirist Calvin Trillin observed. Probably true. DeLay may turn out to have been the wrong man at the wrong time for his own cause. He was, after all, an adequate number two when Newt Gingrich's departure left a vacuum in GOP leadership. DeLay had no hesitation about stepping into the vacuum—and recklessly taking the party over a cliff by identifying the unpopular impeachment process with the Republican Party. Will voters get even in 2000? DeLay seems heedless of the risks and ever more consumed by his desire to punish Bill Clinton. He's laughing now, but maybe not last.

GOTTA HAVE IT

TWELVE EXCEPTIONAL REASONS TO THANK THOMAS EDISON

If you spend less, you won't necessarily get less. The tech toys featured on these pages are loaded with bells and whistles, yet you won't need to take out a second mortgage to buy them. In fact, we picked this electronic gear for the home and road specifically because it makes real-world sense. The items are smart, have the ability to make the good life great *now* and are priced within most men's means. And while you're lusting over that $25,000 high-definition plasma TV that hangs on the wall, remember: Today's budget buster is often tomorrow's bargain. Patience.

GOODS TO GO (left to right): A briefcase must for frequent fliers, Panasonic's DVD-L10 Palm Theater has a 5.8-inch LCD wide screen for viewing DVD movies on the road, plus the ability to connect to a TV for full-size screenings. The price: $1399. College guys, writers and corporate honchos will love Olympus' D1000, a digital recorder that lets you download audiotaped interviews, lectures and meetings to a PC. With a few mouse clicks, software that comes with the $300 gadget transcribes the recordings. And for listening to tunes on the road, we love Sharp's new minidisc player-recorder, featuring a 40-second shock-resistant memory and a jog dial control that lets you skip from song to song (about $300).

STAY IN TOUCH (left to right): Uniden's Long Distance Manager cordless phone finds the best rate for each long-distance coll you make and then places it with the respective carrier ($90). The 30-minute back-up system in Proton's Digital AM-FM Stereo RS-330 alarm clock ensures you won't snooze through that big date ($150). Motorola and Timex' Beepwear Pro keeps time, delivers pager messages, stock quotes and other information and stores up to 150 phone numbers (about $200).

VIDEO NIRVANA: The best TV for watching today's broadcast programming is Sony's 32-inch FD Trinitron Wega ($2000). This slick set has a flat picture tube that produces images with unmatched color and clarity. Plus, it accepts a high-definition converter box (about $500) so you can enjoy digital broadcasts when they make it to the mainstream. On top of the TV is JVC's GR-AXM910 compact VHS camcorder, a video shooter that doubles as a digital-still camera (about $850).

NICE RACK (top to bottom): You can program Harman Kardon's Take Control LCD touch-screen remote to command an entire home theater ($350). Sony's SAS-AD4 receiver has the best on-screen menu system for navigating DSS' 200-plus channels of digital television ($450). RCA's VR650HF VCR speeds past commercials and movie trailers ($279). And the extra deck on Philips' CDR 765 CD recorder makes it easy to copy songs from prerecorded discs to blanks ($650).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 171.


Microsoft
harman/kardon
SONY
POWER
DIRECTV
DIGITAL
RCA
Hi-Fi Stereo
AccuSearch Four Head
COMMERCIAL ADVANCE
MOVIE ADVANCE
VIDEO
AUDIO
PLAY
PAUSE
STOP
RECORD
FINALIZE
ERASE
OPEN CLOSE
AUDIO COMPACT DISC RECORDER CDR 765
PHILIPS
RECORDABLE / REWRITABLE

BASEBALL PREVIEW

(continued from page 96)

added Cy Young perennial Roger Clemens to its rotation. Maybe the Yanks can go 150–12 this year.

Which team had the highest winning percentage in the AL from July 31 to the end of the season? The **Blue Jays**, of course, who went 34–18 and finished just four games out of the wild card. But it was a chaotic year for Toronto. The team was sold to a Belgian brewery—which mandated payroll cuts—and threatened to return to seagull-infested Exhibition Stadium if its Skydome lease wasn't revised. The Skydome went into bankruptcy. The Jays let Jose Canseco go to Tampa and sent Roger Clemens to New York for David Wells. Manager Tim Johnson's bizarre managerial style included feuding with coaches and making up stories about combat duty in Vietnam. Despite all this intrigue, the Jays have one of the best young teams in baseball. First baseman Carlos Delgado (.292, 38 HRs, 115 RBI) is a fine young slugger. Right fielder Shawn Green hit 35 homers, stole 35 bases and drove in 100 runs. Left fielder Shannon Stewart had a great second half, and stole 51 bases. After a stay in the minors, center fielder Jose Cruz Jr. slugged .503 in the second half. On the last day of the 1998 season, 21-year-old Roy Halladay threw a one-hitter against Detroit. With Wells, Pat Hentgen, newly acquired Joey Hamilton, Chris Carpenter and Kelvim Escobar, the Jays may have the AL's best starting rotation. It's tough for a young team to step up, and a lot can go wrong here. But if Gord Ash resists the temptation to trade a young starting pitcher, the Jays could be interesting.

• May 28: Diamondbacks manager Buck Showalter issued Giants left fielder Barry Bonds an intentional pass with the bases loaded. With two outs and the D-Backs leading by two runs in the ninth, pitcher Gregg Olson walked Bonds, forcing in a run, moving the tying run to third and the go-ahead run to second. Olson then induced Brent Mayne to line out. Game over, Diamondbacks 8, Giants 7. "They got lucky," said Mayne. It was only the third time a big leaguer had been walked intentionally with the bases loaded.

The **Orioles** began last season as baseball's oldest and highest-paid team and ended as its biggest flop. After reaching the ALCS the previous two years, the O's underachieved their way to a fourth-place finish, 35 games behind the Yanks. The team was due for a shake-up. Last year's top three hitters (Robbie Alomar, Rafael Palmeiro and Eric Davis) are gone, but the O's salvaged offensive credibility by signing Albert Belle. They also added second baseman Delino DeShields, catcher Charles Johnson and first baseman Will Clark. The durable Belle has led the majors in homers, RBI and extra-base hits over the past eight seasons. And he'll love hitting in Baltimore. In 43 games at Camden Yards, Belle has hit .294 with 15 homers, the most by any visiting player. But he'll need help. Clark comes off his best year since 1991 (.305, 23 HRs, 102 RBI), but he won't match Palmeiro's numbers. Johnson, a four-time Gold Glove winner, will help the pitching and keep runners honest, but he has to hit. And Brady Anderson must rebound from injuries. The O's are solid at the top of the rotation with ace Mike Mussina and workhorse Scott Erickson. But Juan Guzman and young Sidney Ponson are uneven, and new closer Mike Timlin will have to carry a big load.

It was a lousy off-season in Beantown. The team raised ticket prices and announced in December it was banning pushcart vendors from outside Fenway. "The **Red Sox** can go to hell," a Boston councilman declared, and the team relented on vendors. General manager Dan Duquette supposedly had a chance to sign Mo Vaughn to a four-year, $42 million contract. But Duquette didn't seem to like Mo's habits. Now the team is left with a franchise player in Nomar Garciaparra, a great starter in Pedro Martinez, a $26 million banjo hitter in Jose Offerman and a closer, Tom Gordon, who'll be hard-pressed to match last year's performance. In 1998 Boston finally won a postseason game, but it doesn't look as if they'll have a chance to win another this year. Don't be fooled by a quick start. Boston has a soft schedule for the first 25 games. Without Mo, Boston ends up close to .500.

Unlike their expansion counterparts in Arizona, the **Devil Rays** enter their second season with modest expectations. GM Chuck LaMar hopes to build a contender around a nucleus that includes outfielders Randy Winn and Quinton McCracken, infielders Miguel Cairo and Bobby Smith, and pitchers Rolando Arrojo and Tony Saunders. The Rays may contend in a few years, but for now they'll rely on pitching and defense. Last year Tampa Bay scored the fewest runs in the majors. The addition of Jose Canseco (46 HRs, 107 RBI) should help, but if the Rays are to improve, vets Fred McGriff, Paul Sorrento and Kevin Stocker need to pick it up at the plate.

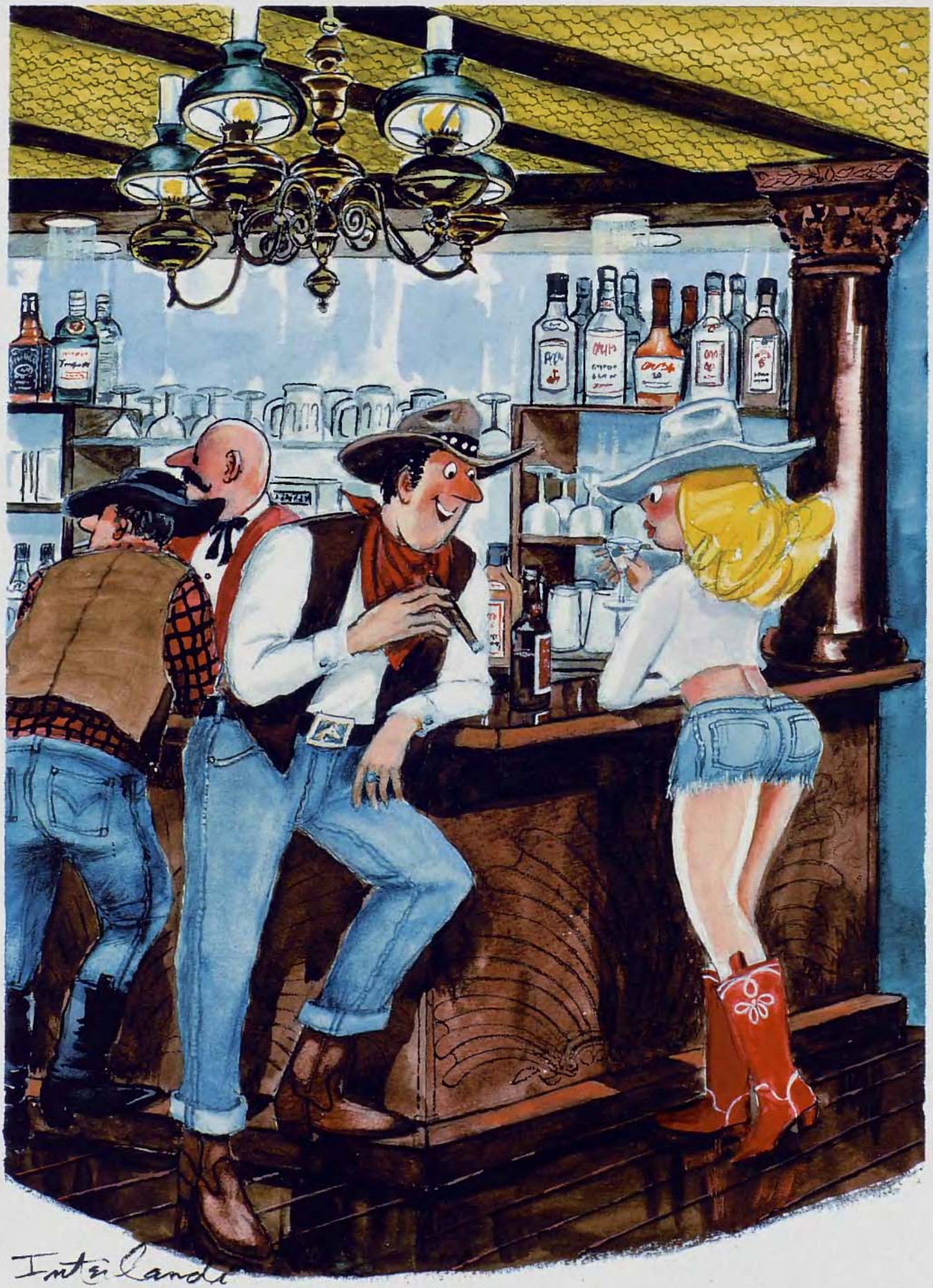
AMERICAN LEAGUE CENTRAL

If Jim Thome has another biscuit for breakfast on October 10, 1998, his first-inning drive ends up a three-run homer in the Jacobs Field seats rather than a warning track fly ball in Paul O'Neill's glove. Thome's near-miss was as close as the **Indians** would get to the World Series. Failing an invasion from outer space, the Tribe will win the Central again this year, but Cleveland won't win a championship until it gets a number one starter. They do have two promising frontline hurlers in Bartolo Colon and Jaret Wright, and one of the league's best bullpens (enhanced this season by Jerry Spradlin, Ricardo Rincon and a healthy Steve Reed). The Indians' surprisingly complacent offense was only sixth in the AL in runs scored. For the first time since 1991, the Tribe didn't have a .300 hitter. The addition of Robbie Alomar, along with a healthy Jim Thome and continued improvement from Manny Ramirez, should help the team score. But the clock is ticking for Cleveland: Key players are getting old and the Indians' winning percentage has dropped 145 points since 1995.

In losing 97 games last season, the Tigers took a giant step back from the ground that they gained in 1997. But there's a lot to like in Detroit: 23-year-old outfielder Juan Encarnacion (.329 in 40 games), promising second baseman Damion Easley, outfielder Bobby Higginson (.284, 25 HRs), tall Tony Clark (.291, 34 HRs, 103 RBI) and highly touted rookie outfielder Gabe Kapler (146 RBI in AA ball). Dean Palmer (34 HRs, 119 RBI with Kansas City) will solve the Tigers' problems at third base, and Brad Ausmus provides

• August 30: Ken Griffey hit two home runs—his 46th and 47th—at Yankee Stadium. In the bottom of the fifth a fan wearing a Griffey jersey and carrying an NFL football ran out to center field from the left-field seats. When two guards tackled the zealot a few feet away from the Mariners center fielder, Griffey took his football. "I signed it while he was on the ground," said Griffey. "I gave it back to him and they took him away. He already was in trouble anyway."

(continued on page 158)



"No offense, ma'am, but I'd sure like to pull myself up by your bootstraps."

Little Annie Fanny

BY RAY LAGO AND BILL SCHORR

HOPING FOR A LITTLE ADVENTURE, ANNIE AND HER PAL RALPHIE TAKE AN OUTWARD BOUND WHITEWATER RAFTING TRIP DOWN IDAHO'S SCENIC SNAKE RIVER. ANNIE, ALWAYS THE NATURALIST, WANTS TO SEE LOCAL WILDLIFE AND THE PRISTINE BEAUTY OF THE GREAT OUTDOORS UP CLOSE. OF COURSE, MOST OF THE WILDLIFE IS IN THE RAFT TO SEE ANNIE UP CLOSE...

SORRY, CHARLIE

QUIT CROWDING AROUND ANNIE! THE RAFT'S OFF BALANCE...WE'RE GONNA **FLIP!**

LEAPIN' LIZARDS, RALPHIE! I CAME ON THIS TRIP TO SEE NATURE, NOT BE THE MAIN ATTRACTION!

NEXT TIME YOU WANT TO SEE **NATURE,** WATCH THE DISCOVERY CHANNEL!

Prudential

NIAGARA IS FOR WUSSIES

THWANG!

SEEKING RECORD DEAL

TOXIC WASTE

HELP!

I'M CALLING MY LAWYER!

I AM YOUR LAWYER!

WELL, WHAT'RE YOU **DOING?**

BILLING **YOU** BY THE HOUR!

THIS IS MORE ROMANTIC THAN **TITANIC!**

MORE BUOYANT TOO!

SECULAR HUMANS WILL BE SHOT

WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY...

DON'T GO THIS WAY OR ELSE!

KEEP OUT!

NO TRESPASSING

DEATH!

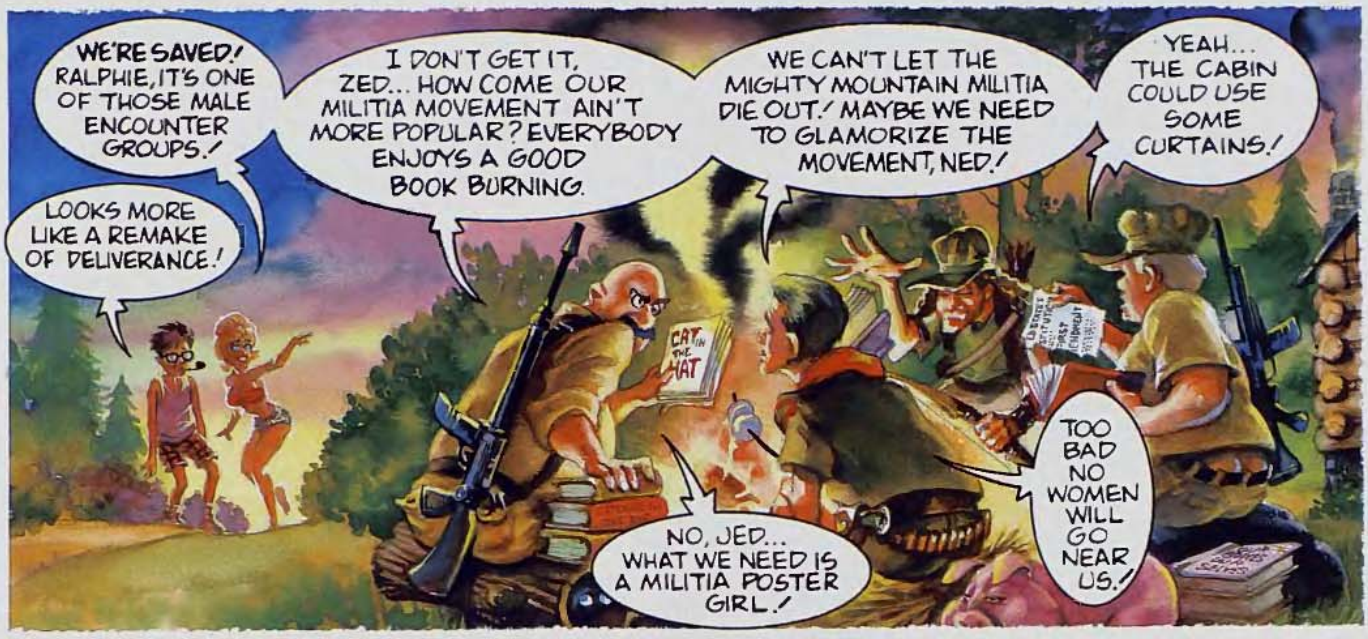
STOP E.R.A.

HERE WE ARE, ANNIE...

...ALL **ALONE** IN THE WILDERNESS, STRANDED WITH NOBODY AROUND FOR MILES... JUST YOU AND ME IN THE TOTAL PRIVACY OF NATURE!

EXCEPT FOR ALL THOSE **SIGNS...**

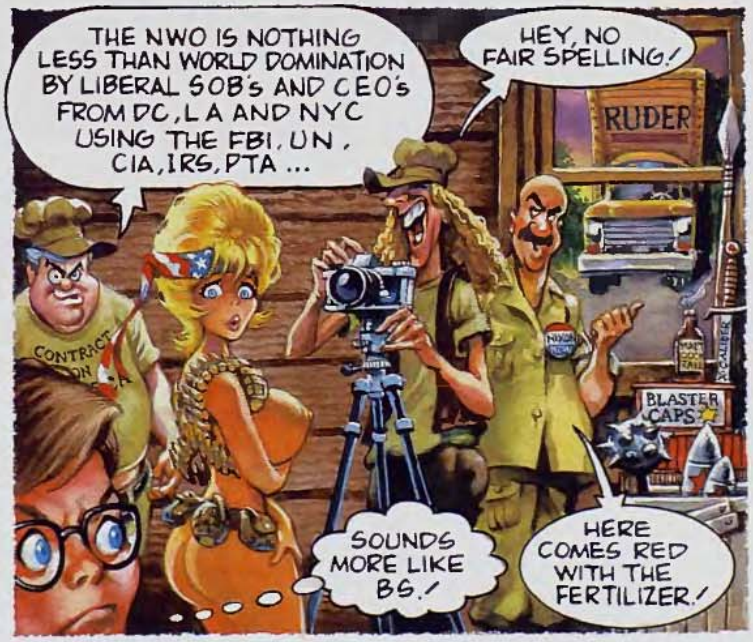
LET'S FOLLOW THEM!


WE'RE SAVED! RALPHIE, IT'S ONE OF THOSE MALE ENCOUNTER GROUPS!
LOOKS MORE LIKE A REMAKE OF DELIVERANCE!
I DON'T GET IT, ZED... HOW COME OUR MILITIA MOVEMENT AIN'T MORE POPULAR? EVERYBODY ENJOYS A GOOD BOOK BURNING.
WE CAN'T LET THE MIGHTY MOUNTAIN MILITIA DIE OUT! MAYBE WE NEED TO GLAMORIZE THE MOVEMENT, NED!
YEAH... THE CABIN COULD USE SOME CURTAINS!
CAT IN THE HAT
NO, JED... WHAT WE NEED IS A MILITIA POSTER GIRL!
TOO BAD NO WOMEN WILL GO NEAR US!


EXCUSE ME, CAN YOU HELP US?
SURE! IF YOU'LL BE OUR POSTER GIRL MODEL!
SHE'S PERFECT! A BOD LIKE THAT'LL PROMOTE THE MOVEMENT AND HELP US POPULATE THE LAND WITH GOD'S CHILDREN...
MINE!
MY FRIEND BLEW UP OKLAHOMA AND ALL I WAS THIS T-SHIRT
GLORYOSKY! HOW FLATTERING! I'D LOVE TO!


BUT FIRST WE'D BETTER SEE IF SHE'S BOOBY TRAPPED, HUH, BOYS?
WHOA! I'D LIKE TO GET TRAPPED IN THEM BOOBIES.
TALK ABOUT YER WARHEADS!
I'LL GET YOUR OFFICIAL COSTUME.


UH, WON'T THIS OUTFIT PROMOTE VIOLENCE?
NO! WE BELIEVE IN FAMILY VALUES!
YEAH, MANSON FAMILY VALUES!
THAT'S WHY WE'RE LOCKED IN A HOLY WAR AGAINST THE NEW WORLD ORDER!
IS THAT A ROCK GROUP?


THE NWO IS NOTHING LESS THAN WORLD DOMINATION BY LIBERAL SOB'S AND CEO'S FROM DC, LA AND NYC USING THE FBI, UN, CIA, IRS, PTA ...
HEY, NO FAIR SPELLING!
RUDER
BLASTER CAPS
SOUNDS MORE LIKE BS!
HERE COMES RED WITH THE FERTILIZER!


FERTILIZER? DO YOU LIKE GARDENING?
HA! HA! YEAH! WE LIKE PLANTING LIBERAL PANSIES AND WATCHIN' THEM PUSH UP DAISIES!
HA! HA! HA!
PSST, ANNIE! WE'VE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE! I HAVE A PLAN!
FERTIL COMBUST
FERT COMBUS
FERT COMBUST
I'LL GET THE TRUCK! ANNIE, YOU GET THE LIGHTS!
CLICK!
ADOLF & EVA
HEY, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LIGHTS?
I CAN'T SEE NOTHIN'!
HURRY, ANNIE!
SKIN HEAD ON BOARD
WELL, YOU IDIOT! LIGHT A MATCH!
BUT THE FERT...
HOW'S MY DRIVING? CALL 1-800-EAT-LEAD
VROOM-VROOM!
BOOM
LEAPIN' LIZARDS! WHAT HAPPENED?
THE SH-SH-SH-HIT THE FAN-ATICS
OH WOW! UNA-BUMMER!
HAVE YOU ARMED YOUR KID TODAY?
END
MY OTHER CAR IS A TRUCK!

SHADOW TREES

(continued from page 114)

pickups, sipping beer and looking over at us. They were laughing too loudly. Even from across the street, I didn't like the looks in their eyes. Miriam gently nudged me. "Do you feel safe?"

"Excuse me?"

"Do you feel safe?"

"Not particularly."

"Well," she said, her voice dripping with scorn. "You should. That's our own Arundel County militia, here to make Pinette safe for white Christian folks who hate big government. Believe it or not, they think they're doing good."

I kept an eye on them, conscious that I could feel myself looking over the eight men, memorizing their faces, memorizing their attitudes and their smiles and whispers. "I take it they're not keen on food banks."

"Especially food banks for migrant workers."

"Not very Christian of them," I said.

Miriam sighed. "Who said any of this had to make sense? Look, I've got to get back to the store. Can we go?"

And that would have been that, except for one of the men across the way yelled something in our direction, something about a spic-loving bitch, and before I knew it, I was on their side of the road.

"I'm sorry, I didn't quite hear that," I said politely. "Care to repeat it?"

They were laughing, safe in their numbers, but one in the center looked me over and said, "I don't think you heard a damn thing." He was in his early 40s, with fair skin and a neatly trimmed black moustache. His jeans were clean and looked pressed, and his fatigue jacket was also clean. Not a speck of mud. Impressive.

The other members of the group were bulkier and had more facial hair. I kept my polite smile turned on, but my eyes were in radar mode, checking each of them, looking for holsters, looking for lumpy objects in coat pockets, looking for hands half-hidden behind a back.

"I'm sorry, but I think I did," I said, looking directly at the man in charge. "The name is Owen Taylor. Is there a problem?"

A few more laughs, but they didn't sound friendly. "And my name is Hank Marley, and we're out here practicing our constitutional rights of free and open assembly. That all right with you?"

"I'll tell you——" I began, and then from behind us a horn started honking. I turned to see Miriam in the front seat of my truck. She honked again, and I could see the look on her face.

Hank said, "Go on, friend. It looks like your woman wants you."

A few snickers, but those faded when I looked them over. "You just made a bad assumption," I said.

"Oh, that's not your woman?" Hank asked.

"Not that," I said. "Calling me your friend."

•

Back in the truck we went for about a block before Miriam said, "Don't."

"I'm sorry, is there the rest of a sentence there?"

"You heard me," she said. "Don't. I can handle this myself."

"I have no doubt you can handle anything tossed your way," I said. "I just went over to discuss current issues with the gentlemen, that's all."

"Hah." She looked out the window as we drove through Pinette. "Look, you know what they are? A bunch of scared little boys, that's all. Scared about their jobs, scared of anybody different, scared that the great all-powerful Them is after their rights and their guns. This week they're harassing migrant workers, next week they'll be up on Phelan Hill, looking for black helicopters. Don't worry about it."

I thought about that a moment and said, "All right, deal. But the minute they start harassing a certain store owner and selectman in this town, then it becomes a problem."

"Owen——"

"Let me be, dear, or I'll send the UN after you."

•

That was good for a laugh or two, until I went into town later that week to find three trucks parked across the street from Miriam's store. I parked down the street so Miriam couldn't see me, and then I walked up to the group. Same clothing, same attitude. I caught Hank Marley's eye, and a little smile danced its way across his face, like he was so damn glad to see me.

"What's going on, Hank?" I asked. "You guys pooling your allowance so you can go in and buy the latest copy of *Soldier of Fortune*?"

Hank's smile remained. "I like your style, Owen. Very witty, very cocky. We could use someone like you."

"And who's we?"

He gestured to his group. "Just a few people in this county who are tired of their rights being trampled on, tired of their taxes going up and up, tired of special benefits for special groups of people, tired of crime. We're gonna be ready for the next gang who wants to break into an old couple's home and burn it down, or for the next county attorney who wants to cut plea bargains, or the next bunch of do-gooders who want to help strangers instead of helping their own."

I nodded. "I suppose you're the same group I've seen down by the river. Over by the treeline." I paused and added, "On my property."

Hank shrugged and said, "There's a right-of-way down along the river, for fishermen."

"Funny, I don't remember seeing any fishing poles."

One of his larger companions spoke up. "Collapsible fishing poles. In our packs. That's why you didn't see them."

"Oh," I said, smiling widely. "How convenient. And what's going on here today?"

Hank nodded to the store. "Just talking to people. Letting them know that by going to this store, they're helping subsidize someone who helps illegals in this county. Outsiders who take away jobs from the locals."

I looked at them, one by one. "You mean you fellows would rather be picking apples or processing eggs than having a cold beer on this fine day?"

Some mutterings from the fellows, and Hank folded his arms. "That's not the point. The point is that cheap labor drives down wages. It drives out jobs. And that's not right."

"You seem to be doing all right, Hank."

"I'm independent, just like the hunters and shopkeepers and trappers that made this country great. And I don't need the government's help for that. All we ask is to be left alone, and let us protect our own kind."

I stepped up to him and leaned in, lowering my voice. "What a coincidence, Hank. You see, I'm here to protect my own kind, too."

And I left and went across the street to the store.

•

Miriam was there, by herself, wiping off a very clean lunch counter. I sat down and picked up a lunch menu and then put it down, looking around the empty store. "Somebody in town offering free beer?"

"Nope," she said, folding and refolding the cloth. "Somebody outside is offering free aggravation. If you had a choice of shopping in town with plenty of hassles and stares and rude comments, or driving 15 minutes farther with no hassles and no stares, what would you pick?"

I folded my hands on the lunch counter. "My dear, I would pick you. Always."

"Too bad other good citizens of Pinette don't share your conviction. With jobs tight and everyone looking out for themselves, well . . . you see what happens."

BOLDER flavor
SMOOTHER cut
BIGGER can

Rooster.® It Lasts.

U.S. TOBACCO REMINDS YOU
NOT FOR SALE TO MINORS
SMOKELESS TOBACCO

WARNING:
THIS PRODUCT MAY CAUSE GUM DISEASE AND TOOTH LOSS

I looked back out the window at the men and trucks. "This Hank Marley. He seems to be a tad brighter than his cohorts. What's the matter, did he run for selectman last spring and lose?"

"Nope, not Hank," she said. "He runs his own woodworking business, out behind his house. Wanted to expand and the zoning board wouldn't let him. Bingo. Big government in the form of his neighbors telling him what to do with his land. A few weeks later, we got our very own militia. He's a smart one, speaks well, and if it wasn't for him, I don't think they'd keep it up. But he's got them organized, he's got them spun up, and right now, he's got them outside, ruining my business."

I looked down at my hands. "I could do something, you know."

She slapped the towel on the counter and resumed her wiping. "You've had an interesting life, judging from all those scars that I've seen. But Owen, no violence. All right? Just let it be. Before you know it, it'll be deer season and those boys will be more concentrated on bucks up on Callaghan Ridge than on migrant apple pickers or me. Promise. No violence."

"Promise," I said. "No violence."

The phone rang and I picked up the menu again, wondering if I could order an expensive lunch and get away with leaving an obscenely large tip, and then Miriam came back, her eyes wide, her hands clasped before her. "The food bank. They've set fire to the food bank."

I got up and then ducked as something smashed through the front window. Miriam shrieked and I propelled myself across the counter and pulled her to the floor. I raised my head over the counter but didn't see any movement.

"Stay here," I ordered. Of course, she would have none of that and followed me to the front of the store, where the glass had been smashed by a brick lying on the faded wood. I hefted the brick in my hand and stepped outside to the porch. Nobody. The men and the trucks were gone. I could feel Miriam trembling at my side and said, "Why don't you close early, and I'll spend the night at your place."

She choked back a sob. "That . . . that would be nice, but my son——"

"I'll sleep on the couch," I said.

I helped her nail plywood over the shattered front window and then she locked up and got into her five-year-old Ford and drove away. I walked down the street to my pickup and found that someone had thoughtfully dumped a couple of streets' worth of trash into the front seat. I spent a few minutes cursing and cleaning it out, and when I got into the smelly cab and started the truck, I looked back up at the street, at the store, where the stark plywood stood out.

"Promise," I said. "No violence."

•

A couple of days later I drove up on Linden Road, up on the northern end of town, where there are lots of trees and old stone walls and not many houses. My truck clattered over a small wooden bridge, spanning Lindsey's Stream, before I found the house I was looking for, a two-story garrison with a big garage nearby and a sign hanging over the front: MARLEY'S WOODWORKING: FINE AMERICAN FURNITURE. I backed the truck up the driveway so I would have an easy out if things didn't go right, then I got out and walked up to the open garage. From inside the garage I could hear the earsplitting whine of wood being cut, and the sounds of hammers and voices, and a radio playing.

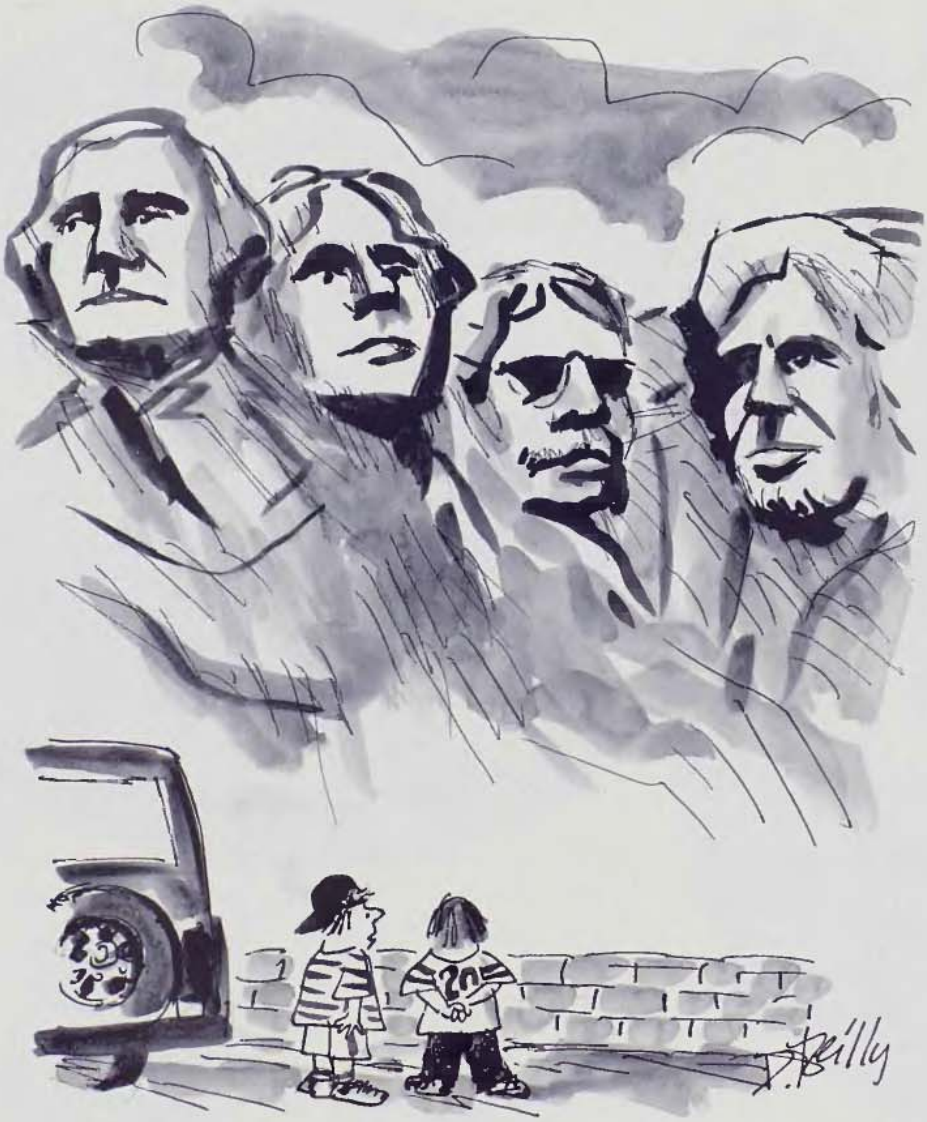
The garage had a wide door and inside was a woodworking shop with overhanging fluorescent lights. Chairs and porch swings and tables and other pieces of wood furniture in various stages of construction were scattered around the concrete floor, along with lengths of wood and piles of something out back, covered with a blue tarpaulin. There were workstands and lathes and electric saws, and two large sinks at the rear.

Three men were working inside, two at the far end, and Hank Marley was at a tall desk, standing over some paperwork. His jeans and flannel shirt were smeared with sawdust.

When he saw me he came around the desk, and I saw a small holster belted to his side holding a revolver, maybe a .32 caliber. His two bearded companions—easily recognizable from the other day—stopped their woodworking machinery and lifted up their safety goggles.

"Do something for you?" Hank asked, standing confidently, right hand casually resting on his belt.

Sure, I thought. Come one step closer and I'll pick up this piece of wood and drive it into your chest, just below your breastbone. When you're on your knees, gasping for breath, I'll grab the revolver



"I think they're up there because none of them ever got caught with a babe in the White House."

OWN ANY 7 BLOCKBUSTERS 1¢ EACH

PLUS 2 MORE AT GREAT SAVINGS!

See details below.

Good Will Hunting	2221703
The Wedding Singer	2234300
Con Air	2155307
Braveheart	1491604
The Man In The Iron Mask (1998)	2233609
As Good As It Gets	2206605
Flubber	2190304
Rambo: First Blood (Remastered)	2275709
Species 2	2264406
Face/Off	2152007
G.I. Jane	2179703
I Know What You Did Last Summer	2184000
Jackie Brown	2245900
The Big Lebowski	2229706
Friday	1434406
The Devil's Advocate	2179802
Scream	2093102
Scream 2	2220408
Air Force One	2160000
The Jackal	2205300
Forrest Gump	1333202
The Players Club	2232908

RUSH HOUR 2301505 | ARMAGEDDON 2274207 | LETHAL WEAPON 4 2300903 | GONE WITH THE WIND 2258309

Spawn	2158905
Lethal Weapon	0630806
Lethal Weapon 2	0642702
Lethal Weapon 3	1051507
Old Yeller – 40th Anniversary Edition	0528901
Fools Rush In	2106201
The Game	2176709
Good Burger	2180503
Hoodlum	2159507
The Crow	1374206
Charlotte's Web	0209502
Nothing To Lose	2155505
The Saint	2122109
The Bridges Of Madison County	1509900
The First Wives Club	2053809
While You Were Sleeping	1443506
Ghost	0826008
Casper (The Movie)	1427905
Eraser	1993609
The Little Rascals (1994)	1333509
Doctor Zhivago – 30th Anniversary Edition	1404508
Dragonheart (THX)	2090405

All movies available in VHS only.

NEW RELEASES

The Avengers (1998)	2304103	Air Bud: Golden Receiver	2298503
The Parent Trap (1998)	2283901	Can't Hardly Wait	2281806
Out Of Sight	2303204	Dance With Me	2301307
Blade	2294809	Four Little Girls	2297000
Halloween H20	2297604	Return To Paradise	2316305
The Negotiator	2297208		

Happy Gilmore	1937507	Set It Off	2067007
Kiss The Girls	2195204	Starship Troopers	2207306
Pulp Fiction – Special Collector's Edition	1495803	Jerry Maguire	2071207
The Nutty Professor (1996)	2005700	Mercury Rising	2252807
		My Best Friend's Wedding	2146207

FREE DUFFEL BAG– *when you join the Club now!*

CLUB FAVORITES

Deep Impact	2274009	Paulie	2256006
City Of Angels	2259406	Wild Things	2247609
Six Days Seven Nights	2297505	Lost In Space (1998)	2254605
Godzilla (1998)	2263903	U.S. Marshals	2231702

Seven Years In Tibet	2184109	Private Parts	2111904
Phenomenon	2036002	Michael	2089209
The Bodyguard	1105907	Mortal Kombat: Annihilation	2185205
Men In Black	2136604	Liar Liar	2107209
The English Patient	2130508	Evita	2116408
For Richer Or Poorer	2198109	Donnie Brasco	2111607
Ransom	2077600	Jurassic Park	1264001
Steel Magnolias	0597807		

1400 N. Fruitridge Avenue, Terre Haute, IN 47811-1112

TITANIC (1997) 2224608

MADELINE (1998) 2311009

THE MASK OF ZORRO 2281509

Primary Colors	2244606	Spice World	2209203
The Rock	2018406	The Ten Commandments (1956)	0202606
L.A. Confidential	2184901	Fallen	2209104
The Godfather (THX)	2066306	Casino	1922707
The Godfather: Part II (THX)	2066405	Scarface (1983)	0216804
The Godfather: Part III (THX)	2066504	101 Dalmatians	2057503
The Shawshank Redemption	1345503	Goodfellas	0969808
		The Color Purple	0630103
		Money Talks	2165504

Austin Powers: International Man Of Mystery	2144509	Interview With The Vampire	1364405
Sphere	2231603	Legends Of The Fall	1371301
Wag The Dog	2224707	Dumb And Dumber	1374107
Merlin	2224905	Striptease	2014306
Selena (Special Edition)	2199107	The Fifth Element	2145506
The Fugitive	1197706	Blues Brothers 2000	2238905
John Grisham's The Rainmaker (1997)	2204204	Booty Call	2113405
Seven	1504208	Hard Rain	2238400
One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest	0653402	The Preacher's Wife	2063808
Pretty Woman	0904102	Anaconda	2137503
Tombstone	1254200	Dances With Wolves	0805200
Sling Blade	2093003	Fried Green Tomatoes	1005404
Eve's Bayou	2183804	Sleepless In Seattle	1154905
Don't Be A Menace To South Central While Drinking Your Juice In The Hood	1992106	Bad Boys (1995)	1451806
The Silence Of The Lambs	0805309	A Time To Kill	2014405
The Apostle	2244408	Willy Wonka	1966506
The Replacement Killers	2213908	The Long Kiss Goodnight	2052009
Boogie Nights	2186500	Apocalypse Now	0200105
Babe	1479302	Apollo 13	1447903
George Of The Jungle	2148401	Tommy Boy	1433903
		Twister	1961507
		Space Jam	2048007
		From Dusk Till Dawn	1947407
		A Thin Line Between Love & Hate	1988401

SMALL SOLDIERS 2274405

THE HORSE WHISPERER 2274306

A PERFECT MURDER 2263705

Heat	2005809	The Land Before Time	0582205
The Birdcage	1970409	The Land Before Time II: The Great Valley Adventure	1314103
He Got Game	2259109	The Land Before Time III: The Time Of The Great Giving	1404300
Romy And Michele's High School Reunion	2137602	The Land Before Time IV: Journey Through The Mist	1985100
Murder At 1600	2115509		
An American Werewolf In Paris	2206407		
Major Payne	1411404		
A Few Good Men	1106301		

HERE'S HOW TO GET YOUR 7 MOVIES FOR 1¢ EACH!

"Act now!" If you take advantage of this offer, you not only get 7 movies for 1¢ each (plus shipping and handling), you also get a *free* duffel bag! In exchange, you agree to buy just five more movies in the next three years, at our regular Club prices (which currently start as low as $19.95, plus shipping and handling)—and you may cancel membership at any time after doing so. **What's more, you can get two more movies for the low price of $3.95 each (see details in coupon).**

Free Video Magazine sent every four weeks (up to 13 times a year), reviewing our *Director's Selection*—plus scores of alternate movies, including many lower-priced videocassettes, down to $14.95. And you may receive Special Selection mailings up to four times a year (a total of up to 17 buying opportunities per year).

Buy only what you want! If you want the *Director's Selection*, do nothing—it will be sent automatically. If you'd prefer an alternate selection, or none at all, just mail the response card always provided by the date specified. And you'll always have 10 days to decide; if not, you may return the selection at our expense.

INSTANT BONUS PLAN

As soon as you become a member, you'll *immediately* be eligible for our generous money-saving bonus plan! It enables you to enjoy more great savings on the movies you want—right from the start of your membership!

10-Day Risk-Free Trial. We'll send details of the Club's operation with your introductory package. If not satisfied, return everything within 10 days for a full refund and no further obligation.

Join Online!

Now you can browse or search our entire catalog and join today at: **http://www.columbiahouse.com/video**

COLUMBIA HOUSE VIDEO CLUB — Entertaining America... One Person at a Time.®

For fastest service, use your credit card and our toll-free number. Call 24 hours a day. **1-800-544-4431** (For New Video Club Members Only.) Dept. P2D

Columbia House Video Club Dept. P2D
P.O. Box 1112, Terre Haute, IN 47811-1112

Yes, please enroll me under the terms outlined in this advertisement. As a member, I need buy just five more movies at regular Club prices within the next three years.

Send me these 7 movies for 1¢ each
plus $1.69 each shipping and handling (a total of $11.90).

#	#
#	#
#	#
#	*FREE* Duffel Bag

Please check how paying:
☐ My check is enclosed. MNR MNW MN1
☐ Change my introductory movies and future Club purchases to:
☐ MasterCard ☐ Diners Club ☐ AMEX ☐ VISA ☐ Discover

Account # _____
Exp. Date _____ Signature _____
Name _____
Address _____ Apt. ____ City _____
State _____ Zip _____ Phone (____) _____

Do any of the following apply to you? (41)
☐ I own a Personal Computer (1) ☐ I own a PC with a CD-ROM (2) ☐ I plan to buy a PC with a CD-ROM (3)

Note: Columbia House Video Club reserves the right to request additional information, reject any application or cancel any membership. Canadian residents will be serviced from Toronto. Offer limited to residents of the contiguous United States. Residents of Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, U.S. territories, APO and FPO addresses please write for separate offer. **Applicable tax added to all orders.** 1400 N. Fruitridge Avenue, Terre Haute, IN 47811-1112. B-MAY99-PL

Advance Selections

Save even more with Advance Bonus Selections!

You may order one or two more movies now for $3.95 each—and save even more! And we'll send them to you with your introductory shipment—that's up to 9 movies in all!

☐ **Also send me an eighth movie for $3.95** plus $1.69 shipping/handling, which I'm adding to my $11.90 payment (that's a total of $17.54). #

☐ **And also send still one more selection for an additional $3.95** plus $1.69 shipping/handling (a total of $23.18 for all 9 movies). #

MNS MNX MN2

and take care of your two buddies. And then I'll get to work on you.

Instead, I said, "Yeah, you sure can. How much?"

He cocked his head quizzically, like a hound dog hearing a strange sound out deep in the woods. "How much for what?"

"You decide," I said. "Maybe you and I could reach an agreement here. I buy some furniture. Maybe I buy a lot of furniture. Or maybe we just skip the furniture part and we work out an arrangement. Money in exchange for consideration."

His eyes narrowed a bit. "And what kind of consideration?"

"You're a smart businessman, you figure it out."

"The store owner, right?" he asked with sarcasm, making each word sound like an epithet. "Our elected government representative. The migrant lover."

"Oh, she's not that bad, so long as you ignore the black helicopter in her barn," I said, keeping my eyes on his two friends at the rear of the garage. If they started moving toward me, promise or no promise, I was picking up that length of wood.

"So says you."

"Right," I agreed. "So says me. So why not a deal?" I gestured around the garage. "What do you say I pick up a few pieces of furniture. Maybe even place an order for a few more. Hell, maybe a year's output. I wouldn't know where to put it, but that's my problem, isn't it."

He paused, then said, "You've got that kind of money?"

Blood money, some might call it. "I do," I went on. "So. What do you say, Hank? You're a businessman. This is a deal where everyone wins. You get some business, somebody I care about is left alone and you and your boys can keep on playing in the woods."

Hank rubbed his chin. "But you see, Owen, I'm more than just a businessman." He looked back at his comrades. "I'm a patriot. Someone whose values can't be bought. Someone who's independent of the system, of the corrupt rules, of the crooks pretending to be the government. So I'm not for sale. In fact, nothing in my shop is for sale to you."

His hand was at his belt, near the holster. "And if I'm not doing business with you, then you're trespassing. And I suggest you get off my property."

I looked to the rear of the garage and saw the two other men putting their tools away. At that point, the wind picked up and lifted the corner of the blue tarpaulin out back, revealing some white bags, piled neatly.

I raised my hand, tried my best smile. "All right, Hank. I'm always open for suggestions."

I walked out of the garage at an angle, so my back wouldn't be turned to them. I started my truck, then checked the rearview mirror. All three were inside. I rolled down to the end of the driveway and saw that the week's trash had been left out. Four dark green bags of trash. Moving quickly, I got out of the truck and tossed the bags in the rear, and then drove off, thinking about two things.

The first was that someone might have seen me take the trash bags.

And the other was exactly what Hank Marley—no farmer—was planning to do with several hundred pounds of fertilizer.

•

The next morning I spent a couple of hours shooting at tin cans and plastic bottles, keeping the old skills up. I went though my entire collection of pistols, rifles and shotguns, bringing them up from the basement, letting the booming sounds and the sharp smell of burnt gunpowder settle right through me. I figure that, retired or not, if I can take out a tin can at 50 yards, I'm still fairly lethal. That's a good feeling, one I intend to keep.

I paused in my shooting, letting a minor cramp in my trigger finger work its way out. The sky was clouding up some and there was the woodsy smell of dead leaves. This type of exercise usually leaves me in a good mood, but I had talked earlier with Miriam to make a date for tomorrow night, and she had sounded tired. She mentioned hang-up phone calls and a dead squirrel left in her mailbox. But she refused to come over and also refused my offer of coming over a day early. Stubborn woman. Thinking about what she was going through ached at me.

The grim mood was still with me later that night when it started to rain. After a meal of stew and day-old bread I made a cup of tea, and as I went back into the living room I spared a glance through the window and stopped.

They were back.

The binoculars were in my hands and I watched the men move slowly by the river's edge. The rain made their clothes look sodden and thick. There were five or six of them, moving along, weapons and knapsacks slung over their shoulders, led by Hank Marley. I saw a few smiles. Sure. Playing soldier is fun, except when someone's shooting at you. I thought of going down to the cellar and coming back up with the scoped Remington and tossing a few rounds over their heads as a community service. Can't have a poorly trained militia in the neighborhood, can we?

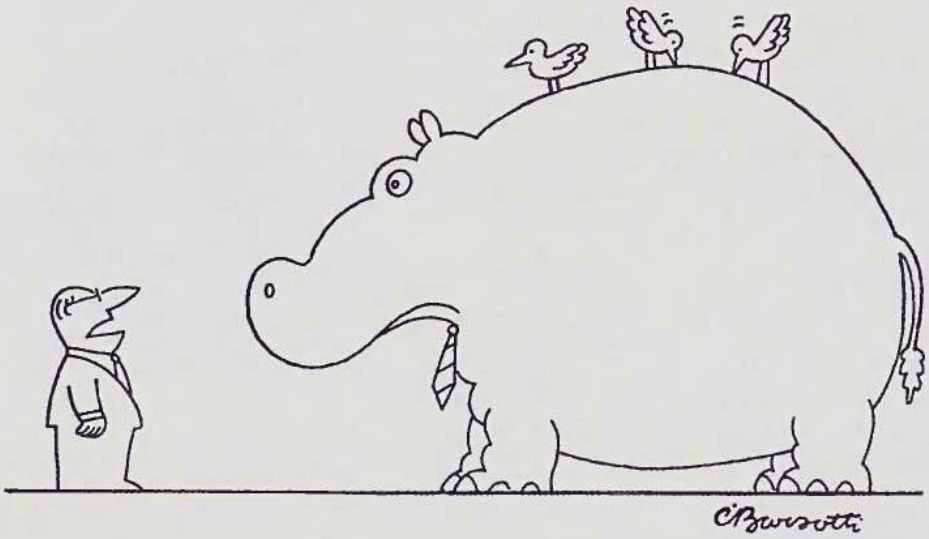
No violence, I thought. Promise.

I watched as they struggled through the muck and grass up the river, passing through into the trees. Legally, they were trespassing, but in this town I wouldn't get far with a complaint. So long as they stayed away from the house, they could troop up and down the river all night long. One of the many things I've learned in this little town is a flexible concept of property rights. You never can cut a couple of branches on someone else's land for firewood, but there are ridgelines and hills in Pinette and beyond where everyone hunts deer and no one pays attention to boundary markers.

I watched by the window for a while longer, and then went to bed.

•

With her son, Eric, away visiting friends for the night, Miriam came over to my house. Later we were in front of the fireplace, cuddled up in a large down comforter and wearing absolutely nothing. Firelight in a dark room does wonderful things to a woman's skin, and I



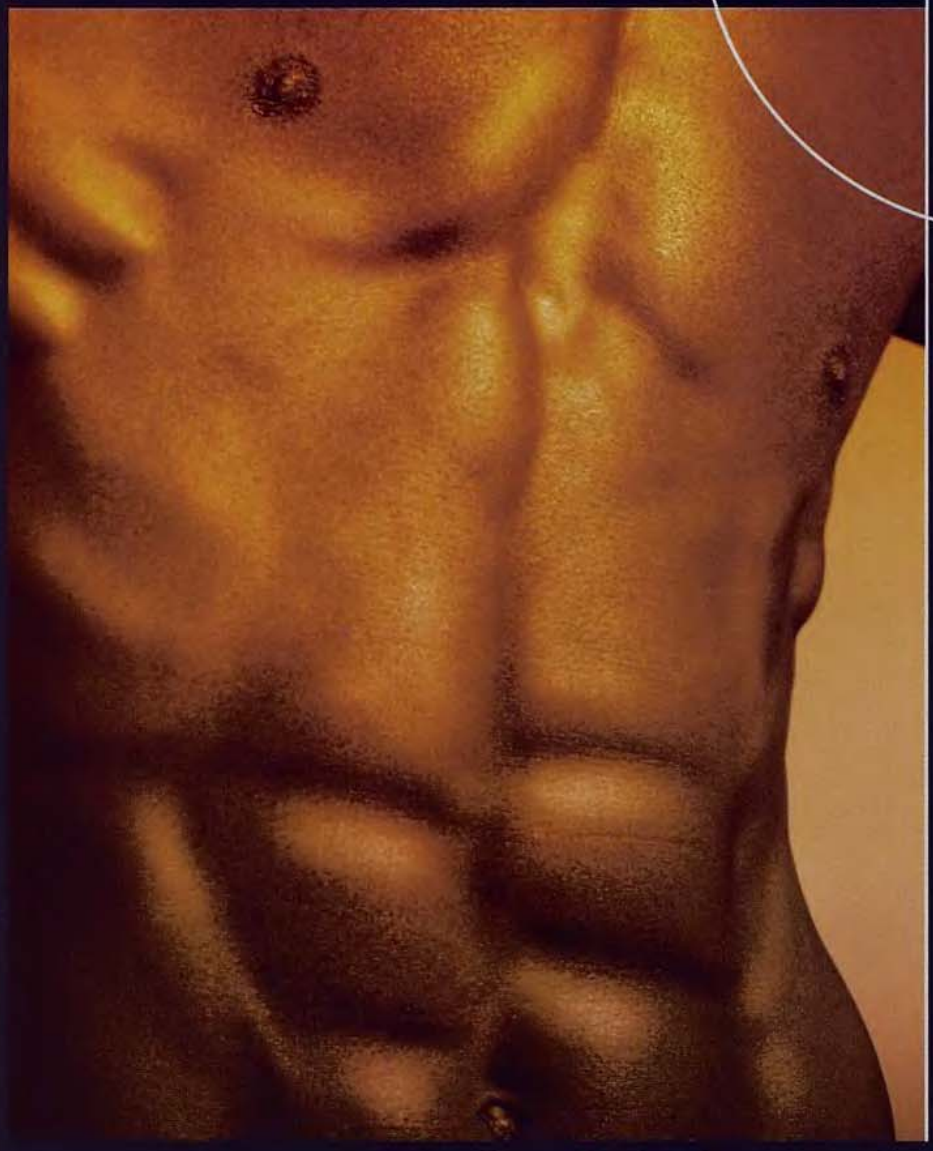
"Henceforth, Milford, take care of your hygienic needs before you come to the office."

No Time To Work Out!

The Electronic Workout Solution

Now the only thing you don't have time for is excuses!

Helps to tone, firm, flatten, strengthen your body, and much more. These state-of-the-art electronic units are used by professional athletes and sports trainers, and physical therapists.



Don't let your body or your fitness suffer! A Future Tone, (Electronic Muscle Exerciser)* allows you to work all your muscle groups without going to the gym (or can be used to supplement your workouts). It's quick, easy to use, lightweight and compact so you can take it and use it anywhere. A simple treatment of 40 minutes can be equivalent to 400 sit-ups, push-ups or squats. With regular use, see and feel the difference in as few as 30 days.

***This is not intended for medical use.**

Each Machine Includes:

- Easy-to-Follow Instructions
- Detailed Pad Placement
- Chart for Each Muscle Group
- Two-Year Unlimited Warranty
- AC Adaptor
- Portable Battery Option
- 30-Day Money Back Guarantee Less a 15% Restocking Fee

1-800-466-8983

Top Quality Units Start At

$199.95

All Credit Cards Accepted
Easy Payments Available

Habla Español
Habla Portugese

FutureTONE

enjoyed looking at that golden glow as we sipped Irish coffee from big thick mugs and listened to a sleet storm slap against the windows.

Miriam said, "Don't freak when I say this, because it's not a proposal of any sort, but it's nights like these I wish I could stay in here forever."

"OK. I'm not freaking. And I can see why you'd feel that way. How are you?"

"I'm fine."

Sure. "And how is the food bank?"

"It's doing better," she said. "Luckily the beer bottle broke as it hit the sidewalk, and the gasoline just splashed a little before it caught fire. Mostly scorching damage outside. They were lucky. But——"

There was a lot of weight in that last word. I started gently scratching her back. "And you were about to say?"

Her shoulders shook for a moment, and her voice was bleak. "There was a note the day after. Slid under the door. It said . . . it said the next time, it would be bigger and better. And there'd be nothing left but rubble."

I thought about my visit to Hank and said nothing. "We told Chief Gramby, but, well, you know how he is," she said. "Two years away from retirement, and there's not much he can do anyway. He said it's just idle threats, that's all, and that he would keep an eye on the place. He also said he would keep an eye on the store. Hell, the man's by himself with two part-time cops who are best friends with the guys in the militia. We even tried getting the newspapers interested, but the county paper is just a weekly for shoppers. The Portland paper said they might send over a stringer if the chief ever makes an arrest. Am I supposed to give up?"

"I don't think you'd do that, would you?" I said, looking into the fire, enjoying the sound of the sleet on the window and the smoothness of Miriam's skin.

"No, not for a moment," she said. "This is my town, damn it, and if I want to help my neighbors, even if they have dark skin and speak another language, then it damn well isn't anyone else's business. Still, donations to the food bank have dropped off the past couple of days, and so have the customers at my store. So I guess the militia is getting its way. They're winning, just like bully boys everywhere win."

I thought and looked into the fire and continued scratching her back. "Damn it," she said. "Somebody ought to do something."

I nodded. "You're absolutely right. Somebody ought to do something."

•

I spent a couple of days downtown, keeping an eye on the store and then driving over to keep an eye on the food bank. If Chief Gramby was joining me, he was under deep cover. On the third day, I spotted Hank Marley coming out of Paul's Hardware, and I made a U-turn on the street and pulled up to the curb. As he came up the sidewalk I rolled down the window. "Hank?"

He stopped, carrying a large paper bag. "Yes?"

"Still would like to make a deal with you," I said. "Even double my last offer."

He laughed. "Why should I deal? We're winning."

And he walked off.

•

The next night I was at Miriam's house for dinner, and she asked me to go upstairs to get Eric. His small room is decorated with posters of the space shuttle and basketball stars, and in one corner is an Apple computer, which he can pretty much make sing and dance on demand. Miriam's son is 14, with her brown hair and eyes but with a height that's approaching mine. In the time we've known each other, he and I have joined a mutual-respect society. I respect him for helping his mom—without an attitude—through single motherhood, and he respects me for treating him as a young adult, and not a child with glandular problems.

"Listen," I said, "your mom wants you down for dinner, but first I need to ask a favor."

He had a big grin on his face, the kind a teenager gets when asked for a favor by an adult. "Ask ahead."

From inside my sports coat I pulled out a plastic bag, and from inside that some crumpled-up pieces of paper. I smoothed them out on his desk and pointed out a name and some numbers and told him what I was thinking. He nodded.

"I just had an Egg McMuffin. I'd like to wash it down with a Gin McTonic."

"Think you can do something with that?"

The grin was still there. "Sure."

"OK. Think you can do something with that without getting caught?"

The grin got bigger. "Piece of cake, Owen. How far should I take it?"

"To the moon and back."

"No problem." He picked up the slips of paper and put them into the top drawer of his desk, and then sniffed the air. "Man, where did you get them from anyway, the garbage?"

"You could say that."

•

The next day I was at the kitchen table, working through some financial options, when the FBI came for a visit. It wasn't their first visit this year. Usually two agents come to the house, but budgetary cutbacks must have reached far and wide, for just one showed up this time.

"Special Agent Cameron," he said, opening his badge to me automatically as I let him in. He had a set of fine wrinkles about his tired eyes and his thinning white hair looked even sparser than before. I sat in the living room and kept the fire going while he went through the routine. He opened his briefcase, then a leather-bound folder, and read from some papers. He wore half-glasses, and his voice was one step above monotone.

"You realize that in exchange for past testimony we have the right to search the house to ensure that your agreement with the Department of Justice is in order," he said. "Correct?"

"Absolutely."

He put the papers back into his briefcase. "I've sometimes wondered, based on your record, how you sleep at night."

"Usually in bed, with blankets, and if I'm lucky, with something cuddly and female at my side."

The afternoon didn't improve thereafter. He searched the upstairs, the living quarters, the cellar, the barn and my truck, making sure I had the agreed-upon number of firearms, no explosives and nothing else illegal. Then he came back and put down his briefcase.

"I've been advised to tell you something," he said. "If I had my way, I wouldn't tell you a damn thing, but orders are orders."

"Haven't I heard that one before?"

He glared at me. "There's a congressional audit under way in some areas of the department. Some agreements we've had with people like yourself are being reexamined. Some are being canceled, and some people like yourself are finding themselves in prison."

Dear me. "Go on."

"Consider it a reminder," he said. "If you ever have the urge to engage in anything illegal, anything involving violence, anything at all that might prove an embarrassment to the department, well——"

"Well, what?"

He didn't blink. "Just hope those urges go away, or you might be in a concrete room next month, taking group showers with a biker gang. Understood?"

"Understood."

As Agent Cameron drove down the dirt driveway, I stood in the window for a very long time, just thinking.

•

I lay awake in bed that night, listening to the old farmhouse creak and groan as it settled. I had been in prison once, just before I agreed to testify in some bloody and secret matters. And then, eventually, I had ended up here, on this old farm in this township, where, within certain not-too-unreasonable limits, I could do almost anything I wanted.

In prison they tell you when to eat, what to eat and what to wear, and it is noisy, noisy all day and all night with yells, shouts, radios and TVs, and that damn clanging of metal bars. Not to mention the constant menace in the air, of men cooped up who would tear each other to pieces over an imagined insult or a stolen cigarette butt.

I rolled over and caught a scent. On the spare pillow, I caught a whiff of Miriam. Her perfume or shampoo or whatever other mysterious fragrance women use. I rolled back and laid the pillow across my chest, breathing, enjoying her scent—and then I stopped thinking and got up and went downstairs.

•

In the cellar there's a pegboard wall where I've hung some tools and other gardening implements, including an awl. I inserted the awl into two of the peg holes and moved the board away on well-oiled hinges. In the concrete wall was a safe, and I undid the combination, reached inside and took out some souvenirs from my previous life.

And then I got to work, using certain skills from my old life. I must admit, the activity did bring a smile to my face.

•

An hour later I was in the deep woods, listening and watching. There was a small knapsack on my back and a Remington Model 60 bolt-action rifle in my hands. I lay in the woods, enjoying the cold feel of the air on my hands and face, appreciating the lack of mosquitoes and other irritating things with wings. I was on a small rise among several white birch trees, watching the house and the garage below me—Hank Marley's place. It was three in the morning, a good hour for people to be in deep sleep, and also a good hour for other people to catch up on jobs to be done.

I brought the rifle up to my eye and switched on the nightscope. Everything became clear in a faint green glow. No lights were on in the house or in the garage. Nobody seemed to be outside. Everything seemed quiet enough.

I stashed the rifle among a couple of boulders and worked my way down to the garage. I used a small penlight with a red lens that gave off a faint illumination without destroying my night vision. I checked all along the side door. No apparent alarms or switches. The side door had two locks, each of which took under five minutes to pick, and then I was inside. I waited. No lights came on from inside the house. No bells tinkled and no horns blared. Quiet. I looked around

the garage, holding the penlight in my mouth. To the rear I found a wood pallet and the bags of fertilizer, and I shrugged off my knapsack and went to work some more. With a folding knife I split open the bags and dumped the load on the concrete floor. From the knapsack I took out a hose and hooked it up to the rear sink, and started a slow dribble of water that, by morning, would turn the fertilizer into harmless sludge.

By the sink I noted two new 55-gallon drums. I sniffed and checked the labels. Diesel fuel. My, Hank and his boys had explosive imaginations. In the workshop I found a hand drill, and soon diesel oil was dribbling onto the floor.

And then I went outside and gently closed and locked the door behind me.

I still had work to do.

•

A half hour later I was in another hiding place across the road, keeping Hank's house under surveillance with the nightscope. Using the red flashlight I rummaged around in my pack till I found a silencer, which I screwed onto the end of the rifle barrel. Lying flat in the dirt, I aimed at a small square junction box on the side of the house. I breathed in and breathed out, in and out, and the third time, I breathed out just halfway, paused and squeezed the trigger. There was a cough from the rifle and the familiar recoil, and the junction box flew open, sparking in the night.

I slowly worked the bolt, catching the warm spent cartridge in my hand. I swung the rifle around to aim at a step-down transformer on a utility pole just up the street. For good measure I shot the transformer three times, and waited.

The house and the garage were dark.

Thanks to me, they would stay dark for the foreseeable future.

•

The next morning, yawning and tired, I had breakfast at Miriam's store. Only a few of the regulars were there, and after I was done I made a show of helping Miriam with the dishes. Along the way I stepped into the tiny room that serves as Pinette's post office and stole a form. I went home and typed it up, and when I came back to the store for lunch and a quick kiss with Miriam in the storage room, I slipped the form into her correspondence to the district office.

Eric came out to the parking lot to give me a progress report. "It's going well," he said, grinning. "In fact, it's fun."

"Cut it out," I said sharply. "It's a job. You start enjoying it too much, and you lose any sense of professionalism. And then you're explaining your life history to a lawyer. Got it?"

He nodded sheepishly. "Gotten."

I went home and took a nap.

Being back at work was tiring.

•

A day later I was back in the woods.

And three shots later Hank's house darkened again.

I also took a potshot at his phone junction box, just for fun.

•

Two days later I repeated the pattern. And for good measure, driving away, I stopped at the little wooden bridge that was on his road. I got out of my truck and poured some gasoline on the bridge, and when I drove away, the flames of the burning bridge were quite bright indeed.

It was good to feel useful again.

•

I was also busy at home, which paid off a couple of weeks later. I had been spending nights up in the barn, dozing a bit at night and then sleeping for hours during the day. At the hardware store I had bought half a dozen motion-detector lamps, the ones that send out infrared light and click on a floodlight if an object of a certain size breaks the beam. I had scattered them across the perimeter of my property, disconnecting the floodlights but connecting a few other things.

At night I mostly stayed awake in the barn's large cupola, keeping watch, listening to the shortwave radio with the sound turned low. Most of the slats in the cupola had fallen away, giving me a great all-around view of the property. I sat in a comfortable chair with a blanket across my lap and watched the night go by, drinking coffee from a Thermos. I'd watch the slow, giant pinwheel of stars as they raised and lowered themselves in the black sky. I'd watch the faint streaks of meteors racing through the air and the tiny, unwavering dots of light that showed satellites cruising by on their missions hundreds of miles up.

Using my nightscope I saw deer, fattened up by the fall's acorn and apple crops, gingerly walking across the yard, perhaps knowing in some deep animal subconscious that in a few weeks, during hunting season, strange two-legged beasts would be trying to kill them. I saw raccoons and skunks lumber across my lawn, and once a coyote, who stopped halfway up my driveway and sat there for a few minutes, breathing hard, its tongue hanging out like a dog's.

And then, one night, a little red light blinked on the black box by my foot and there was a soft chime. I raised my nightscope to look down at the shapes moving through the shadow trees, and I saw that I had large visitors.

Through the scope, slowly moving in a semicircle in the barn's cupola, I spotted five of them, moving in a loose skirmish line across the field near the river.

Idiots. No cover. No reconnaissance. Just a straight walk in the woods. It

made me wonder how they trained.

I shook my head and picked up my gear and started down the ladder.

Time for some training lessons.

•

There's a special terror to being in the woods at night, armed and advancing on the enemy, not knowing what is out there. Even among the very best troops, the most well trained in the world, advancing in the woods makes hearts race and palms sweat. Never knowing if the next step will reach a mine, or a trip wire, or a branch-covered pit with sharpened stakes at the bottom, can accelerate the heartbeat. The very best troops move slowly and alertly and with great caution through the woods, because they realize what might be out there, waiting.

The Arundel County militia was not among the most well trained troops in the world.

Even without the unfair advantage of my nightscope goggles, I could have wrapped them up in under 15 minutes, but I was working under restrictions: a promise. So the goggles balanced that out. I had a nine-millimeter Smith & Wesson Model 90 holstered at my side and a small knapsack, and when I left the barn I made a large, looping excursion to the river so I could approach my five trespassers from the rear. I watched as they advanced. Silly boys. They looked to the front, to the left, to the right, but they never looked to the rear. And why should they? Their target was up front.

Well, their target had other ideas.

•

My first hit of the night was an overweight straggler to the far left, huffing and puffing, carrying a deer rifle that seemed to weigh like cement in his pudgy hands. I moved quietly up behind him, hung the nightscope goggles around my chest and jumped him. I dug my forearm into his throat, choking off his breath, and with my right leg I kicked out and knocked him down. Then I inserted the end of the muzzle of the nine millimeter into the man's mewling mouth and said, "Shhh."

He quieted down. On my left wrist were several lengths of pretorn duct tape, and I freed one length and slapped it across his mouth after I pulled back my pistol. "Don't move, friend," I said, and, reaching into my knapsack, I pulled out two sets of the hard plastic restraints that cops love to use when they need to hold someone quickly. I bound his hands and ankles, rolled him over onto his back and tossed his rifle into the woods.

I snuggled up next to him, smelling fear and sweat and, yes, urine, and I said, "Listen well," tapping the end of my pistol against the side of his head. "You just stay here and don't move and look up at the stars and listen to the wind. You do anything else, anything at all—you move, you roll, you try to make a fuss—and I'll blow your head off. Nod if you understand."

A nod. He understood.

I gave him a pat on the shoulder. "Thanks," I said, and went off again.

•

Number two tried to put up a fight, which delayed me 90 seconds or so. Number three said, "John? Is that you, John?" and I said, "Guess again" when I got him to the ground. Number four said, "Oh Jesus, I give up," as my hands first touched him, and I gained back the time I had lost with number two.

I had saved the best for last.

•

Hank Marley knelt by a row of shrubbery adjacent to my driveway, whispering something loudly, no doubt to bring in his comrades. He had on fatigues and a boonie hat, and his head was sweeping back and forth, like a hunting dog trying to catch a scent. His weapon lay across his knees, and I scurried up the driveway, making enough noise for him to hear me.

"Harry, get up here," he whispered back at me. "Where's everybody else?"

"Sorry, they got tied up," I said, putting an arm to his throat.

•

I didn't bother with duct tape and I let him sit up, leaning against a low piece of shrubbery, his wrists and ankles bound. I let him babble as I gathered wood I had secreted earlier and built a fire. Somewhere out in my woods an owl hooted.

I wiped my face with a handkerchief and said, "Hank, what are you doing here?"

His thin, intelligent face was scowling. "You know damn well what."

I shrugged. "Care to explain it to me anyway?"

He used a few choice expletives and said, "Damn you, you've ruined my life! I haven't had power or phone in over a week, my workshop is a mess, I have to drive six miles out of the way to get to town, my mail is being forwarded to Anchorage and my credit rating's destroyed! And you did it!"

I grinned. Eric had done his job well, too. I said, "But Hank, I was doing you a favor."

Even in the firelight I could see the disbelief in his eyes. "A favor? You were doing me a favor?"

"Sure I was, militia man," I said. "You've told me you want to be a free, independent man, away from the corrupt system and the corrupt government. And that's just what I did. I freed you from both. The corrupt government isn't delivering your mail and hasn't yet

repaired that bridge. And the corrupt system isn't entangling you in power, phone or credit. You are a free man, Hank. Don't you feel better now?"

"You're crazy!"

"I give you everything you've wanted in life, and you call me crazy?"

He swore again. "It's because of that woman. And the migrants, right?"

"Sure, but it's more than that," I said. "You see, Hank, you ticked me off. I've retired to this little town. It's the only home I've got. Then you and your storm troopers started raising a fuss. If all you did was shoot in the woods and write crayoned letters to your congressman, I would have left you alone. But you got my attention when you started hurting this town, scaring people, disturbing the peace. So tonight, we're going to work out a deal."

"We are?" he said, defiant though bound. "Tomorrow I'm going straight to my lawyer and by the end of this week, I'll own you and this shitty little farm."

"That presupposes I'm going to let you go, Hank."

"You wouldn't dare do anything else."

"Try me," I said, and I got up and kicked out the fire. Then I ran my garden hose out and sprayed him down, and then I went into the house and made a cup of tea and read a day-old *Boston Globe*. An hour later I went out into the cold October night. He was shivering, whispering something, and I knelt down and said, "Funny thing about hypothermia, the minute it arrives you start to think you're warming up, and that's about the time you're on a slippery slope to dying. Shall we start talking again?"

He may have said yes, so I gave him the benefit of the doubt and built up a fire again, and when he could talk rationally, we made a deal. The first part of the deal was that all of them would leave my property peacefully. That was readily agreed to, and, to my surprise, he quickly agreed to everything else.

Cold water tends to focus the mind.

•

Before he left I decided to fib a bit and said, "Just in case you get any more fun ideas when you get home and warm up, remember one thing: I didn't do this alone. I have some friends who are very professional at what they do, compared to your little boys in the woods. Anything untoward happens to me or to Miriam, this night will be a picnic in the park compared to what comes next. Understood?"

His eyes were filled with fury, but he nodded. "Understood."

•

Back in my barn's cupola I put my rifle up to my shoulder, nightscope on and silencer attached. I watched Hank slowly move across the field, with a small

flashlight and knife in his hands, finding his comrades and freeing them. They got up, rubbing their wrists and ankles, and then gathered their weapons. They formed a group and Hank talked to them, motioning with his hands. One of his comrades seemed to be raising a fuss. His arms were flailing. I could make out the harsh movements of his jaw, and then he violently shook his head, grabbed his rifle and started back to my place.

I centered my rifle and pulled the trigger. It was a great shot, one of my best. I nailed the center of his gunstock and blew the weapon out of his hands.

And within a minute or two, my property was empty of trespassers.

•

The next day was Saturday. I was dawdling over a second cup of coffee at the Pinette General Store and watching Eric behind the counter, helping his mom at the cash register. Then I saw him and his mother freeze as the door tinkled open. I turned to see a group of men come into the store, all wearing fatigue clothing, all members of the Arundel County militia, about a dozen of them. Hank was in the middle, and he looked at me and looked away.

I returned to my coffee.

Within ten minutes there was a line of militia men at the counter, all of them carrying groceries, and the cash register soon set up a steady roar, recording sale after sale. After they left, Miriam looked over at me and I winked. "Can Eric run the place for a while?"

"Sure, I guess," she said. "What's up?"

"Let's go for a ride."

She smiled and undid her store apron. "All right, let's."

•

Then we were in my pickup, parked across the street from the building that said FERNALD'S DRUGSTORE and was now in its new life as the food bank. A line of militia men had formed outside, their eyes downcast and their feet shuffling in embarrassment. I held Miriam's hand and she said, "If I weren't seeing it, I wouldn't believe it."

"Then believe it," I said.

She turned to me, her eyes flashing. "You did something, now don't deny it."

"All right, I won't deny it."

She squeezed my hand tight. "I told you I didn't want anyone hurt. I didn't want any violence."

I thought it over and decided that discomfort, even for an hour, didn't equal violence. I said, "I didn't hurt a soul."

"Are you sure?"

I leaned over and kissed her nose. "My dear, I always keep my promises."

And we sat there for a while, watching our county militia do good.

DAVID SPADE

(continued from page 68)

how cute I am. Sophie is beautiful and really smart, she's well educated and well traveled, she's responsible, she's mature. She's not a flaky LA chick.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the kissing scenes.

SPADE: It was the first time I'd ever kissed anybody on-screen. I was also nervous because I didn't know what kind of kiss we'd do. I didn't know if we should kiss in rehearsal, or just talk about it. I worried that she might kiss differently; she's French. Is that just a term or is that really the way everyone kisses over there? Plus, she's done it a million times. I think the last guy she made out with was Mel Gibson, so I knew I was such a huge step down that she might tear a hamstring.

PLAYBOY: So what did you do?

SPADE: I said, "When we kiss, what do we do?" She said, "Oh, just do it. Whatever happens. Don't think about it." I thought, That's even worse—I know I'm going to do it wrong somehow. In rehearsal we were walking through blocking and I said, "I'm going to be here, then I'll probably step up around here. Then I do this line and you'll come over to——" I was going to say, "kiss me," when she grabbed me by the face and kissed me. It shocked me and aroused my nether regions. I didn't know if I was a good kisser. I've been told that, but I'm not sure if it was bullshit.

The scene was on the last day of shooting at the Hollywood Bowl. We had to keep doing takes. She'd be really nice in the kiss and then, once they said "Cut," she'd say, "I didn't like it; let's do it again." I was so self-conscious kissing her in front of the whole crew. They were going, "This is how you kiss a girl? You freak. You're doing it all wrong. No one kisses like that." Just tilting heads and bonking into each other. She kept saying, "Just kiss me. Take your time and don't rush it." Finally, I just decided to go for it. I grabbed her face, because that's probably what I would have done if I hadn't thought about it beforehand. I felt the passion. Then the director said, "Hey, don't block her face, she's the star."

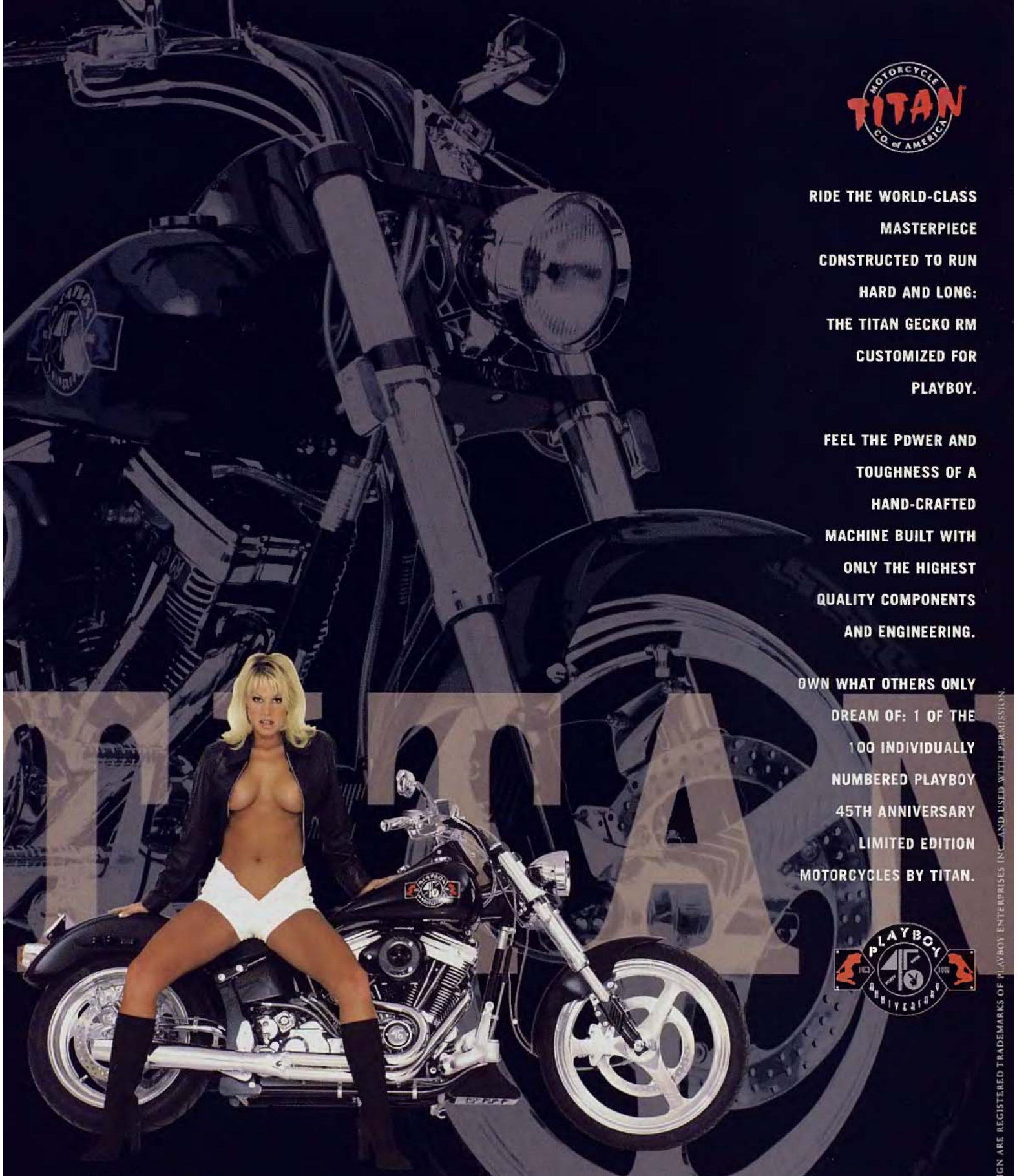
PLAYBOY: Had she seen any of your earlier work?

SPADE: She hadn't seen all of *Tommy Boy*. She kept saying, "Oh, I've been meaning to watch it with my three-year-old."

PLAYBOY: What bugs you most about moviemaking?

SPADE: You have no contact with the outside world. On *Lost and Found* I worked 16 hours door to door. By the time I got home it was too late to call anyone, meet up, have dinner. I took off my makeup and crashed and before I had time to think, I was up and at it again.

Sometimes I think I'm in the wrong business, but it's too late now. I don't like



AMERICAN LEGEND CYCLES
1120 N. WASHINGTON BLVD., SARASOTA, FL 34236
941-366-0994

BIKERS DREAM OF INDIANAPOLIS
3990 GEORGETOWN ROAD, INDIANAPOLIS, IN 46254
317-329-5553

BOB DRON OAKLAND MOTORCYCLES INC.
200 HEGENBERGER ROAD, OAKLAND, CA 94621
510-635-0100

TITAN OF LOS ANGELES
11801 SANTA MONICA BLVD., W. LOS ANGELES, CA 90025
310-445-1989

TITAN MOTORCYCLES OF IDAHO
4448 CHINDEN BLVD., BOISE, ID 83714
208-323-2932

TITAN OF LAS VEGAS
704 W. SUNSET ROAD, HENDERSON, NV 89015
702-564-7208

TITAN OF MYRTLE BEACH
3425 HWY 17 BUSINESS, MURRELLS INLET, SC 29576
843-651-5555

TITAN OF OREGON
1515 SE RIVER ROAD SUITE 300, HILLSBORO, OR 97123
503-681-2113

TITAN OF PHOENIX
2000 E. INDIAN SCHOOL ROAD, PHOENIX, AZ 85016
602-954-8500

FOR MORE INFORMATION, OR THE DEALER NEAREST YOU, CONTACT TITAN MOTORCYCLE COMPANY OF AMERICA 2222 W. PEORIA AVENUE, PHOENIX, AZ 85029 602-861-6977

bright lights. I don't like makeup—putting it on or taking it off. The only good thing about it is that I gain a pound because the makeup bulks up my head. I don't like getting up in the cock-a-doodle dark. And I don't like being on location. Aside from the movie, there's no upside for me. I fight every step of the way and it's really a losing battle. My hair is another scandal. I go, "Don't yank it out! Don't!" They really can't make any usable hairstyle with all my restrictions; I basically let them run a wide-toothed comb through it. In *Tommy Boy* I would not let anyone touch me, and they said, "You're going to look like shit in this movie." I said, "Well, let's just hope it's funny."

PLAYBOY: Any more ailments you'd like to get out of the way while we're feeling sorry for you?

SPADE: I hurt my neck in high school doing standing backflips in a talent show. During a rehearsal my feet missed and I landed face first on the stage. I didn't put my hands out. I knocked four teeth loose and jammed my jaw and upper palate. I was pouring blood. I cranked all my teeth to where they should be and just held them. It was so traumatic that it still fucks up my jaw. Now, I can't fly first class because of it.

PLAYBOY: Seriously?

SPADE: The seats are too nice. They're too gooshy and big. My back has to have something hard behind it. Straight up and down. In coach you sit with your feet on the ground straight up and down. They're shitty seats but perfect for me.

PLAYBOY: In coach at least you're mingling with your fans.

SPADE: I sign barf bags all day. People say, "What are you doing back here?" I don't even get into it. I just say, "I like to be with the people." I don't mention my ailment. Then it starts with, "I don't want to bother you, but——" By the time it's out of their mouths it's too late.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that most comedians are cheap, petty and disagreeable and had miserable childhoods that are the wellspring of their humor?

SPADE: Sounds about right. [*Smiles*] No. I don't buy that we're all sad clowns inside. I'm pretty normal. I just do it for fun. That's true. I like it because it's happy. It makes me laugh. Who hasn't had a crazy past? Everyone's got their bullshit sob story.

PLAYBOY: Will you at least admit that most comics are jealous?

SPADE: Oh, yeah. When I see someone funny I sometimes get jealous. I go, "Fuck, he did it right." Most never do. Fred Wolf, my buddy who wrote *Tommy Boy*, said he saw a new guy at some open-mike night do two jokes—and he got superpissed because they were funny. The guy said, "I moved out to Los Angeles from Chicago and I overpacked. I brought a bunch of Mexicans." Fred

goes, "Oh fuck, that better have been a fluke." But the next joke was, "I wrestled in high school but I wasn't any good. I'd usually just give up after I came." Fred went, "Fucker! He knows what he's doing." Fred's reaction was, "Give *me* that joke!" You wish you'd thought of it. On the other hand, it's nice to know someone out there thinks the way you do. Sandler, Rock, Farley and me, we're all in the same place. I also like stuff that isn't tried-and-true funny. Already certified. But it can be a problem. At a movie test screening, the execs want to yank any joke that isn't the norm or doesn't kill. You go, "Guys, when is the next wave of comedy coming? You have to give them something they don't know about and let it seep in, and see if they buy it. Like *Stripes* or Bill Murray singing *Star Wars*. You don't know why it's funny until later."

PLAYBOY: It has to percolate into the mass consciousness.

SPADE: That's the toughest argument I have. The stuff that makes you and your buddies laugh will eventually make someone else laugh. I'm a true believer in that. And when it works it's the biggest score. But you get into trouble when you're a laugh whore, always going for the gut laugh. A gut laugh comes almost for sure from something you've seen a version of before. With something new it takes a second before you go, "Oh, I like that. That's the joke? That's great."

PLAYBOY: Are there certain jokes you can't make? Are there routines that are off-limits?

SPADE: Comedy killers: Gay jokes. Ethnic jokes. AIDS jokes. Lady Di jokes. Recent tragedies are tough to get away with. Jon-Benet's another one that's a tough sell. I say, "She's cute, but average. She's talented. Not a stunner. She's not that hot without the makeup." Even my mom laughed, but she told me she hated to. Then I go on about Jon-Benet's mom exhuming her body. "The rumor is that the police had to exhume her body last year because her mom wanted to change her outfit. She was having second thoughts about the sequined hat and wanted to try the red one."

PLAYBOY: That's tough stuff.

SPADE: But I'm making fun of the parents, not saying anything bad about the innocent kid. Another one that would be a tough sell is that the Olsen twins are just this side of fuckable. I saw them on TV the other day. Ooh la la. Put them together and they're legal.

PLAYBOY: A lot of your material comes from real life. Where are you when you get your best ideas?

SPADE: In the shower, driving, or right before I go to sleep. All places where my mind wanders. A lot of it is in the inflection and the delivery, so if I'm driving, instead of trying to write it down, I call my house and leave the joke on my phone machine, call again and listen, and keep working on it.

PLAYBOY: This seems like a nice place to stop. Is there anything you want to say to your fans, particularly those who've just discovered you?

SPADE: Yeah. I'm 12 years into this. Where were you?

BASEBALL PREVIEW

(continued from page 128)

much-needed experience behind the plate. But, even on a team that was last in the league in walks, leadoff man Brian Hunter (with an on-base percentage of .298) was terrible, scoring only 67 runs in 142 games. The pitching? Justin Thompson (11–15, 4.05) and Brian Moehler (14–13, 3.90) may become premiere hurlers. Willie Blair, who had lousy run support last year with Arizona and New York, will be happier back in Detroit. The pen looks decent with Doug Brocail, Sean Runyan and 1997's number one draft pick Matt Anderson (who was clocked at 103 mph last September). The Tigers are improving, but this will be a critical year if the team hopes to be competitive in its new stadium—which will appropriately have a carousel—next season.

Owner Jerry Reinsdorf has taken the **White Sox** down-market. By not re-signing third baseman Robin Ventura and letting Albert Belle go, Reinsdorf cut the payroll below $30 million. But he claims he's giving the fans what they want: a bunch of "young, hustling players they can relate to." The Sox have the AL's youngest team. The pitching staff—worst in the majors last year—figures to be better. Top starter James Baldwin went 10–3 after the All-Star break, and youngsters Mike Sirotka, Jim Parque and John Snyder looked good as well, helping the Sox finish with a 45–31 second half. But any strides made in pitching will be offset by the loss of Belle and Ventura. The Sox are counting on a better season from Frank Thomas, whose average tumbled to .265 after winning the 1997 batting crown, and a breakthrough year from former minor-league player of the year Paul Konerko, who may play first. The middle infield is solid offensively, with All-Star second baseman Ray Durham (.285, 19 HRs) and surprising shortstop Mike Caruso (.306). The Sox also have a splendid utilityman in Craig Wilson, who hit .468 last year, but there are a lot of holes to fill in the lineup. In a weak division, the best the Sox can hope for is a credible finish.

In 1988, the **Twins** became the first AL team to draw 3 million fans. This year they'll be lucky to draw a million. Hoping to cut his losses on the balance sheet, Twins owner Carl Pohlad ordered a payroll purge. There wasn't much to purge; last year the Twins had baseball's 25th lowest payroll. The team even cut back organist Ronnie Newman from playing 81 home games to 22. So who remains to soldier on at the Metrodome? A few affordable vets such as former 20-game winner Brad Radke, catcher Terry Steinbach and reliever Mike Trombley. There's also infielder Todd Walker (.316), outfielder Matt Lawton (.278, 21 HRs) and several decent prospects, all of

whom may be playing elsewhere soon. With dwindling fan support and no backing for a new stadium, the Twins could be heading south.

The **Royals** were bad in 1998 and figure to be worse in 1999. During the off-season they lost their two main bats—Dean Palmer and Jose Offerman (.315, 45 SBs)—along with their two best starters—Tim Belcher and Pat Rapp—who combined for 26 of the rotation's 55 wins. These losses will be tough to overcome, because the Royals scored the second fewest runs in the AL last season while giving up the second most. With a popgun lineup that will include only three players with more than eight homers last season (Jeff King, Johnny Damon and Mighty Joe Randa), the Royals will have a tough time avoiding 100 losses. Prospects Carlos Febles, Carlos Beltran and Jeremy Giambi offer a glimmer of hope, but this franchise is in trouble.

AMERICAN LEAGUE WEST

When injuries finally caught up with the **Angels** last season, the team went into its annual nosedive, going 9–15 in September. This year the pressure will be on GM Bill Bavasi to play his cards better. Disney did its part by signing first baseman Mo Vaughn (.337, 40 HRs, 115 RBI with Boston) to a six-year, $80 million deal, but the team still needs pitching. The starting rotation is old, which is why Anaheim was last in the AL with only three complete games. Chuck Finley did a great job (3.39 in 223⅓ innings), but at 36 he may not have much left. The Halos signed 37-year-old Tim Belcher (who gave up a league-leading 37 homers with KC last season) to eat up some innings, but they need a strong season from Ken Hill (9–6, 4.98) and help from 24-year-old lefty Jarrod Washburn (6–3, 4.62) or minor-leaguer Scott Schoeneweis. The outfield is impressive, with Tim Salmon (.300, 26 HRs) and Darin Erstad (.296, 20 SBs). Jim Edmonds (.307, 25 HRs) or Garret Anderson will probably be traded. Watch for third-base phenom Troy Glaus, who hit 35 homers in the minors in 1998. The Angels are unpredictable, but if Bavasi swings the right trade, they can take the AL West.

The **Rangers'** biggest problem is having to play in Texas in summer. The team went 24–30 in June and July. Catcher Ivan Rodriguez, who had a slugging percentage of .618 in May, slugged .374 in June. Juan Gonzalez hit .257 in June, the only month he slugged under .600, but still managed to drive in 101 runs at the break (two shy of Hank Greenberg's 1935 record). Johnny Oates plans to bat Gonzalez third and new addition Rafael Palmeiro (43 HRs, 121 RBI with Baltimore) cleanup. What can you say about Pudge Rodriguez? He hit .321 and led the majors by throwing out 56.3 percent of would-be base stealers. There's plenty more offense with Rusty Greer, Lee Stevens and phenom Ruben Mateo. But the Rangers are weak on the mound—their team ERA (4.99) was third worst in the AL. Rick Helling and Aaron Sele, who were helped in 1998 by strong run support, won't combine for 39 wins this year. And Mark Clark (9–14, 4.84 last year with the Cubs) won't inspire any comparisons to Bob Gibson. Texas' success this year will ride on whatever pitching they can trade for.

With a 1998 opening day roster that featured two of the game's stars—Ken Griffey Jr. and Alex Rodriguez—and five other recent All-Stars, the **Mariners** seemed set to defend the division title. But an early bullpen meltdown steered the Mariners off course, and by mid-May they slipped below .500, where they languished for the rest of the year. General manager Woody Woodward added to the calamity with his botched 11th-hour trade of Randy Johnson. Woodward's off-season dealings haven't drawn raves,

Dugout: Whitey Herzog

In his heyday with the Royals and Cardinals, Whitey Herzog enjoyed a well-deserved reputation as the best manager in the bigs. He parted ways with the Cards in 1990, and, after a stint in the Angels front office, stepped away from the game. Now he's back. With his insightful new book, *You're Missin' a Great Game* (Simon & Schuster), Whitey offers hope for baseball's future. We asked Herzog for his take on the state of the game.

Q: Which players impress you most today?

A: Guys like Derek Jeter and Alex Rodriguez. Look at their age and what they've done. They're super players. And then there's McGwire, Sosa, Griffey, Barry Bonds. Bonds has always known how to play the game. He's in that Kaline–Maris mold in terms of fundamentally playing the game right. Barry never makes mental mistakes.

Q: How weak is pitching today?

A: When I was managing, if you had an ERA over 5.00 by June, you were out of the rotation. Now, you see a lot of starters with high ERAs. And you don't see many hard throwers anymore. You have maybe 320 pitchers in the majors today and I bet fans can't name 25 of them.

Q: What managers do you like?

A: It's a money game today. If you give a manager an $85 million payroll, his team will be in the playoffs. But the managers with small payrolls are often the ones doing the best jobs. Look at Art Howe in Oakland, Gene Lamont in Pittsburgh or Felipe Alou in Montreal. Those guys do great jobs, but they don't get the recognition. Jim Riggleman also did a great job last year.

Q: Are there more injuries now?

A: No more than before. But today, you have X-ray machines in the clubhouse, and you have MRIs, so you find more injuries. And you have malpractice suits and agents telling players not to play unless they feel good. I'm sure if you asked Bob Gibson, he'd tell you he never felt 100 percent when he pitched. Guys used to be reluctant to sit out a game. A lot of guys play hurt today, but not as many as before. There aren't as many good players in the minors to take their places.

Q: How would you rank the 1998 Yankees?

A: The Yanks are the only team in the majors with ten top pitchers. Look at Irabu. He had a hell of a year and he didn't even pitch in the postseason. They're as deep as the 1969 Mets and some of the great Oakland staffs. And you have to give the Yanks' international scouting a lot of credit.

Q: What will Rupert Murdoch mean to the game?

A: I'm sure within two years the Dodgers will have a $105 million payroll. What I wonder, if you're an owner in the National League West, why would you let Murdoch in? Look at Colorado. They sell out the house every night, but they can't compete with that kind of money.

Q: How important do you think team chemistry is?

A: When I used to get asked about team chemistry, I'd say our chemistry isn't very good, but neither is our arithmetic or our geometry. I think it's one of the most overrated things in baseball. Team chemistry is always good when you're winning and always bad when you're losing. When you win, the manager communicates well. When you lose, the manager doesn't communicate.

Q: What do you see happening if the game's economic problems aren't addressed?

A: If we continue to play under the present rules—if the local TV and cable TV revenue isn't divided—then you could see three or four teams go under, and you'd have 100 ballplayers looking for jobs. I hope that doesn't happen, but maybe that has to happen to wake everybody up.

The Money Game

"The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, but that's the way to bet." —DAMON RUNYON

There have always been rich and poor teams. But the gulf has never been wider. In the past year, we've seen the creation of a third tier, teams so dominant they preclude other teams' chances. The Yankees had an estimated $175 million in revenue last season, while the Expos took in $35 million. And the Yanks finished at 114–48, the Expos at 65–97.

Last season, 23 teams finished nine or more games out. Historically, big-city teams have dominated the game, but teams in smaller cities still had chances to win. That's no longer the case. Franchises such as Kansas City, Montreal and Pittsburgh don't stand a chance to win. Ever.

Surprisingly, teams at the bottom turn a profit. The Marlins, for example, appear to have made more money in 1998 than they did in 1997, when they won the World Series. If you can't win with a $35 million payroll, why not pay your team $15 million and make a buck? Minnesota has already conceded it can't win in 1999 and announced it will cut last year's $25 million payroll in half.

No more will we see the likes of the 1994 Expos—teams constructed with scouting, astute evaluation of talent, foresight and dumb luck, teams good enough to win before arbitration and free agency made the talent too expensive for their markets.

TV has changed the nature of the business. The superteams no longer have to be profit centers. Five years ago, a team needed luxury boxes to survive. These days you need a regional sports network to play with the big boys. Now it's the Yankees and MSG, or the Dodgers and Fox, or the Braves and Time Warner, or the Cubs and the Tribune Co., or the Angels and Disney.

The agents know where the money is. More than three quarters of the cash given to free agents in the offseason came from Los Angeles, Baltimore, Arizona, the Yankees, Anaheim, Texas, Atlanta and the Mets. Because they are smarter than baseball management, agents will continue to dominate. Scott Boras cracks the whip with J.D. Drew and amazes everyone with the Kevin Garnett–size contract he gets for Kevin Brown. This isn't a good era for baseball executives. Brown signs with Los Angeles for $105 million for seven years even though there were reportedly no other offers higher than Colorado's $81 million, six-year bid. The Mariners give Jose Mesa a two-year, $6.5 million deal, while the only other reported offer was San Francisco's $3.6 million, two-year bid.

How much higher can salaries go? They haven't yet attained Hollywood levels. Six years ago, Barry Bonds' $44 million contract shocked people. Maybe in a few years Kevin Brown's deal will look reasonable.

Can the game level the disparity? The luxury tax—the great achievement of the last strike—is a joke. Only five teams were taxed last year: The Orioles paid $3.1 million, Boston $2.2 million, the Yankees $684,000, Atlanta $496,000 and Los Angeles $50,000. Montreal reportedly pocketed the money it received and showed a profit.

Baseball can let the market run its course. Have a franchise or two go bankrupt. Let there be relocations from Montreal to Virginia or Minnesota to Charlotte. But there aren't many good markets left. The owners can hope to continue to enlist even dumber new owners.

Unfortunately, the most likely adjustment will come in the form of a labor fix. Unable to restrain themselves from spending awesome amounts on middling talent, owners will ask someone to stop them before they kill again. So enjoy this golden era of baseball while it lasts. Inspired by the NBA's success in driving a salary cap, baseball owners will force a lockout when the basic agreement expires at the end of the 2001 season. That gives us three more seasons before we'll again be reading about Donald Fehr rather than Rusty Greer.

The smartest thing Bud Selig has done as commissioner has been to appoint Sandy Alderson as executive vice president of baseball operations. If we're lucky, Alderson will be commissioner someday. Things look bleak, but Alderson isn't bummed: "I'm not discouraged for one reason," he told PLAYBOY. "For years disparity was discussed in terms of economic loss and never really got to the question of competitiveness. Not many people want to hear about economic issues. But people do care about whether their team wins or loses. We've gotten to the crux of the matter: the inability of clubs to compete on the field. That's encouraging, because we've stripped away all the rhetoric and we're looking at the reality of what this system has created."

either. Going into the M's debut season at Safeco Field, Woodward added two guys named Butch (Henry and Huskey), and a Mabry and a Mieske (John and Matt). That adds up to a stronger bench, but the Mariners still look short on arms. The rotation is questionable beyond Jeff Fassero and Jamie Moyer, and new closer Jose Mesa gave up three bases-loaded walks in eight days with the Giants last year. The Mariners are high on two pitching prospects, right-hander Gil Meche and 6′10″ lefty Ryan "Young Unit" Anderson, but both are probably a year away. Looks like manager Lou Piniella will have another stressed-out summer.

The **Athletics** are on the upswing. Art Howe leads a well-coached team with plenty of exceptional young hitters: 1998 AL Rookie of the Year Ben Grieve, likely 1999 Rookie of the Year Eric Chavez and first baseman Jason Giambi. Matt Stairs can hit and Ryan Christenson may be the best defensive center fielder in the league. But the pitching has a ways to go. Last year it was Kenny Rogers and pray for rain. Tom Candiotti gets his innings but contributes little else. The A's will need improvement from Jimmy Haynes and help from some of their minor-league pitchers, especially Mark Mulder. There's enough potential here that if general manager Billy Beane pulls off a good trade for Rogers this season, the A's could soon make things interesting for Texas and Anaheim.

NATIONAL LEAGUE EAST

The **Braves** won 106 games last year, but couldn't score a run when it mattered. Determined to improve its offense, the team signed Cards right fielder Brian Jordan (.316, 25 HRs) to a modest five-year, $40 million contract and swapped starter Denny Neagle for Reds Gold Glove second baseman Bret Boone. That means Panamanian sensation Bruce Chen will start, which puts pressure on number four starter Kevin Millwood. But why worry about your four and five guys when your top three starters are Greg Maddux, Tom Glavine and John Smoltz? Maddux hasn't had an ERA above 3.00 since a Republican was in the White House. All five starters won at least 16 games last year. The Braves are vulnerable in the pen, though, as Mark Wohlers' collapse revealed. Chipper Jones (.313, 34 HRs, 107 RBI) and Andruw Jones (.271, 31 HRs, 90 RBI) keep getting better. But Atlanta will miss the Big Cat. Look for them to pull off a big trade.

The **Mets** almost made the postseason last year, but the team managed only seven runs in its final 44 innings. Other than John Olerud (.354) and Mike Piazza (.348 in 109 games with the Mets), there wasn't much offense. To score more runs, the club signed Piazza to a seven-year, $91 million deal (less than

what he turned down from the Dodgers, who offered a six-year, $84 million contract) and shelled out $32 million for third baseman Robin Ventura. The Mets also obtained 40-year-old Rickey Henderson, who stole 66 bases for Oakland last season. Pitching was shored up when the team dropped another $32 million to keep Al Leiter (the best behind-in-the-count pitcher in the bigs last season). Rick Reed is an underrated starter (16–11, 3.48, 29 walks in 212⅓ innings), but the rest of the rotation is suspect. The Mets hope for a revival by Hideo Nomo (6–12, 4.92), but hitters have learned to lay off his split finger, accounting for his 94 walks. John Franco, who blew eight saves last year, will be helped by the addition of flamethrower Armando Benitez (87 Ks in 68⅓ innings at Baltimore). The most significant addition this season may be the five rows of premium seats behind home plate at Shea. At $150 a pop, they'll help pay Piazza's salary.

It's hard to believe the **Phillies** were in the wild-card hunt at the All-Star break. The wheels came off in the second half, when the team went 32–45. Veterans Stadium—already home of the smallest hot dogs and the loudest boos in baseball—suffered further ignominy when two fans filed a lawsuit charging short pours on beer. On the field this year there may not be much improvement. Off-season additions Chad Ogea, 34-year-old Ron Gant and Jeff Brantley won't take anybody to the promised land. The oft-injured pitching staff could be politely described as uneven: Tyler Green has a career ERA of 5.16. Carlton Loewer—the Phils' best young pitcher—outdid that last year with a 6.09 ERA. The Phillies have three legit stars in Curt Schilling, Scott Rolen and Bobby Abreu. Rolen improved on his freshman numbers, hitting .290 with 31 homers. Abreu hit .312 and led the majors with a .427 average with runners in scoring position. But the Phillies will have to decide soon whether to trade Schilling. If they keep him they could get lucky and win 85 games. If they trade him for prospects, they could lose 100.

It's a familiar refrain in Quebec: good young players, a great manager and a franchise hanging by a thread. Amazing 23-year-old Vladimir Guerrero (.324, 38 HRs) will win multiple MVPs. If Rondell White could stay healthy (in six seasons, only once has he played more than 130 games), he'd be a great center fielder. Vladimir's brother Wilton (.284) started to show signs in 1998 of living up to his potential. Pitching is improving for the **Expos**, but beyond Dustin Hermanson (14–11, 3.13) and Carl Pavano (who had the honor of giving up Mark McGwire's 70th homer on a 96 mph fastball), the rotation is unproven. The bullpen is anchored by the best unknown closer—and best two-strike pitcher—in the game, Ugueth Urbina (34 saves, 37 hits in 69⅓ innings). But if the latest financing plan doesn't pan out—say it ain't so—it could be *Adieu, mon Youppi*.

After Connie Mack broke up his championship Philadelphia Athletics in 1915, his team finished in last place for seven straight seasons. Things aren't that bad for the **Marlins.** GM Dave Dombrowski has put together the deepest farm system in baseball. New owner John Henry should help things along. With first baseman Derrek Lee, third baseman Mike Lowell (acquired from the Yankees in February) and outfielders Cliff Floyd, Mark Kotsay and Todd Dunwoody, the offense is promising. And it will be fun to watch rookie shortstop Alex Gonzalez this season. Florida's young pitching has the rest of the league drooling. Jesus Sanchez, a hard-throwing 24-year-old lefty, struck out 137 batters in 173 innings last year. In the minors there's A.J. Burnett and Geoff Goetz. Wait till next year for those guys.

NATIONAL LEAGUE CENTRAL

When the **Astros** outfoxed everybody to get Randy Johnson at the trading deadline last year, they seemed headed for the World Series. Johnson did his part, winning 10 of his 11 starts. Houston went 55–26 at home last season, second best in the NL. And they cleaned up in their own division, going 38–18. But Houston's offense—which led the NL in runs scored—cooled at the end of the season. They're back for another run. In Craig Biggio, Houston has an incredible leadoff hitter. Even though Biggio walked only 64 times, he scored 123 runs. Jeff Bagwell started slow last year but hit .328 after the break. His off year was offset by Moises Alou (.312, 38 HRs). Derek Bell (.314, 108 RBI) and Carl Everett are nothing to sneeze at, either. And the Astros brought back Ken Caminiti with a two-year contract, which should make this intense team even more hyper. Shane Reynolds (19–8, 3.51) and Mike Hampton (11–7, 3.36) have matured as starters and Jose Lima (16–8, 3.70, with only 32 walks in 233⅓ innings) made Texans forget about Darryl Kile. Everybody wants 23-year-old right-hander Scott Elarton (40 hits allowed in 57 innings last year), but he'll be in the rotation if Chris Holt isn't. The middle relief is thin, but Billy Wagner—after taking a liner off the pumpkin—came back to finish with 30 saves and 97 Ks in 60 innings. Even with Alou's injury, the Astros look to have the edge in the Central.

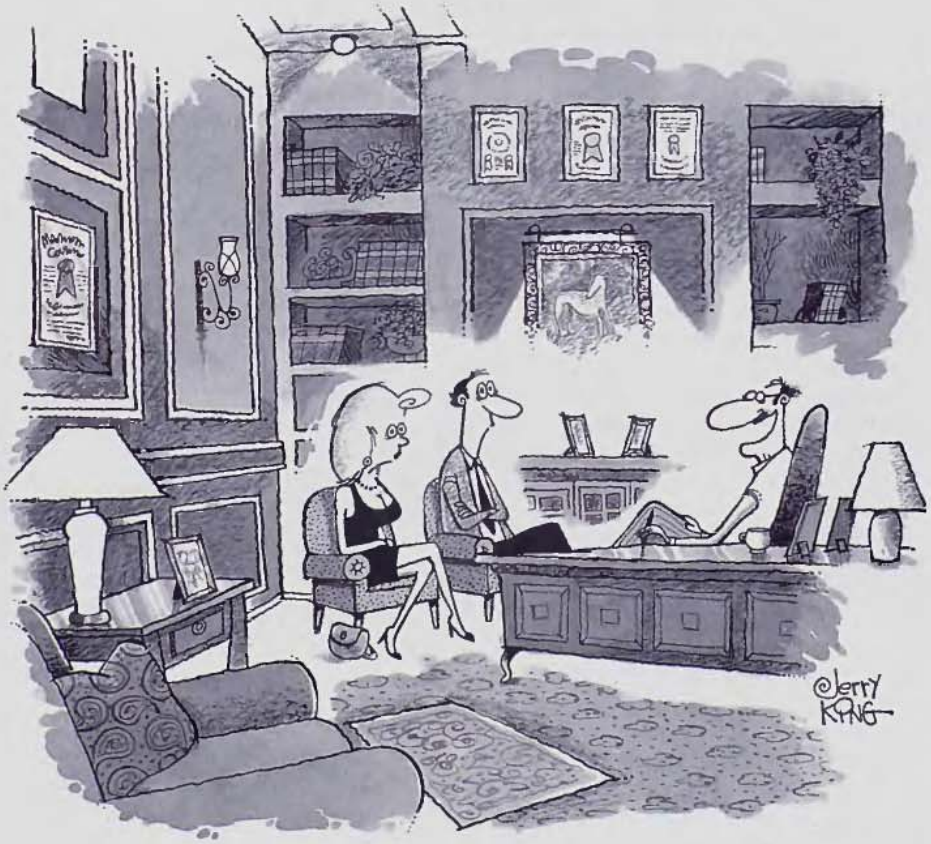
Mark McGwire's home runs weren't enough to prevent the **Cardinals'** second straight disappointing season. After an off-season overhaul, the Redbirds begin the year with only two starters returning from last opening day. Eric Davis—who hit .327 and slugged .582

last year in Baltimore—was brought in to replace Brian Jordan. J.D. Drew takes over for Ron Gant in left. Drew, who showed a convincing amount of power last season, is the morning-line rookie of the year. With steady Ray Lankford (31 HRs, 105 RBI) in center, the Cards could have one of baseball's best outfields. The infield is improved with the addition of shortstop Edgar Renteria, who will shore up a defense that committed the second most errors in the league last year. McGwire isn't likely to top last year's 70-homer season (nor his .752 slugging average), but he'll reach the 500-homer plateau this year. The Cardinals will contend for the division title if their pitching comes together. The bullpen is vastly improved with the addition of Scott Radinsky and Ricky Bottalico. Matt Morris looks solid atop a rotation that needs strong years from Darren Oliver, Kent Mercker and Donovan Osborne. If they come through and either Manny Aybar or Jose Jimenez emerges as a dependable starter, this could be the Cards' year.

The **Cubs** managed an amazing turnaround last year as they went from a league-worst record to their first postseason appearance since 1989. They pulled off 49 come-from-behind wins (24 in their last at bat). They got big years from Rod Beck, Mickey Morandini, Mark Grace and pickups Glenallen Hill and Gary Gaetti. And then, of course, there were the marquee men—MVP Sammy Sosa and Rookie of the Year Kerry Wood. After a 20-strikeout performance against Houston (in only his fifth big-league start), Wood proved he wasn't a one-hit wonder by going 13–6 with 233 Ks in 166⅔ innings. He also held opponents to a league-low .196 average. And then there was Sammy, blowing kisses and heart-tapping his way into a ticker-tape parade. Can he hit 66 homers again? Don't count on it—but 45 HRs and 130 RBI seem plausible. The Cubs will need every bit of it. Sammy—who whiffed 345 times in the past two seasons—may have to carry the team. This year's bunch will be the league's oldest squad. If Wood stays healthy, the starting rotation will be the Cubs' strong suit. Kevin Tapani (19–9) and slowpoke Steve Trachsel (15–8) should be steady again. The pen, however, looks shaky. A league-high 449 relief appearances took its toll last year and the problems will carry over. Injuries and declining performances could return mediocrity to Wrigley.

"Watching Atlanta play Cincinnati now," writes *The Cincinnati Enquirer*'s Paul Daugherty, "is like watching the U.S. go to war with Switzerland." It's the only franchise that doesn't have games on free TV. Despite the valiant efforts of GM Jim Bowden, the **Reds'** near future looks murky. He's stockpiled outfielders and will probably wait until July 31—now the most important trading time of the year—to swap Greg Vaughn and Denny Neagle for a boatload of prospects. There are good signs: Brett Tomko walked only 64 men in 210⅔ innings last year. A slimmed-down Dmitri Young (.310, 83 RBI, 48 doubles) is solid (so to speak) at the plate. Barry Larkin will stick around. Center fielder–in–waiting Mike Cameron played well in winter ball. And Danny Graves (2–1, 3.32, 8 saves) looks promising as the closer. But will somebody wake up skipper Jack McKeon? This is supposed to be a young, hustling team. McKeon rarely used the hit-and-run and called only seven pitchouts last season.

• September 12: The Phillies trounce the Pirates 13–4 in Veterans Stadium. Philadelphia took a 10–0 lead before making an out in the fourth. In the fifth, Phillies center fielder Doug Glanville was called out by umpire Brian Gibbons on a close play at first. Immediately after the out, the Phillies' in-game entertainment department played Foreigner's *Double Vision* over the stadium speakers. When the half-inning ended, crew chief Ed Montague went into the Phillies dugout and called Philadelphia GM Ed Wade in his private box, telling him he didn't care for such expressions of musical opinion. The Phan-o-Vision staff claimed they weren't mocking anybody—they played *Double Vision* because the next batter, Alex Arias, had already hit three doubles in the game.



"Yes, there is sex after marriage. However, that doesn't mean you still can't have sex with each other."

Milwaukee's return to the National League was less than auspicious. The **Brewers** started off with a head of steam, going 16–8 in April. But in the NL only the Marlins had more losses in the second half. This year won't be much better. Milwaukee has some good offensive players—third baseman Jeff Cirillo (.321, 194 hits), second baseman Fernando Vina (.311, 198 hits), unheralded right fielder Jeromy Burnitz (38 HRs, 125 RBI)—but plenty of question marks. Can Sean Berry deliver as an everyday first baseman? Can Aussie Dave Nilsson handle the wear and tear behind the plate (he caught only seven games last year)? Will infielder Ron Belliard actually be as good as he looks? Is there a prayer for the starting pitching? The ERA for Milwaukee's starters, 5.01, was third worst in the league last year. Brewers' pitchers coughed up 12 homers to Sammy Sosa and four (or was it five?) to

Mark McGwire. The Brews don't look like they'll be ready to compete when Miller Park opens next April.

After winning fans as overachievers in 1997, the **Pirates** returned to earth last year. They closed the season losing 25 of their last 30 games and finished with their worst record in 12 years. The Bucs were dragged down by a weak offense that scored the second fewest runs in the league. Off-season additions Brant Brown and Brian Giles should provide more punch. They'll team with right fielder Jose Guillen (who's gone from Clemente clone to trade bait in one season) to give the Pirates a solid if unspectacular outfield. But they'll again lack power. All-Star catcher Jason Kendall (.327, 26 SBs) is solid, as is the starting rotation led by Francisco Cordova and Jason Schmidt. The Pirates will be better this year, but they'll be lucky to win as many as they lose. The future hinges on prospects such as Aramis Ramirez, Chad Hermansen and Warren Morris.

NATIONAL LEAGUE WEST

Can't sleep? Watch a **Dodgers** game. Los Angeles was terrible last year, hitting a soporific .236 with runners in scoring position. The team didn't win more than four in a row all season. New manager Davey Johnson will have his hands full with a locker room of prima donnas. Kevin Brown will be very good in Dodger Stadium—the toughest park in the majors to score runs in—but he'll pitch for a lousy defensive team that doesn't score runs even on the road. Brown has thrown some 800 innings over the past three years, so it's unlikely he'll have the stuff for his third straight World Series. Chan Ho Park (15–9, 3.71), Ismael Valdes (8–2 and 2.05 at home) and Carlos Perez (3.24 in 11 games in Cali) are impressive, but the Dodgers miss injured Ramon Martinez. Gary Sheffield, who made more money last year than Pittsburgh's entire team, drove in just 85 runs. That's not much for a big bopper, but it was only the third time in 11 major-league seasons he's driven in more than 78 runs. Sheff will move to left this season so Raul Mondesi can return to right. And 36-year-old Devon White—who this year will pass Babe Ruth in career strikeouts—will play center. If catcher Todd Hundley's elbow can't take the daily grind, the Dodgers will look to rookie Angel Pena (.335 in AA). One prospect remaining from Tommy Lasorda's purge is 21-year-old third baseman Adrian Beltre, who tore up the Dominican winter league. The Dodgers will win in a weak NL West, but won't go far in October.

The **Rockies'** new manager, Jim Leyland, says Coors Field is the "most beautiful ugliest place" he's ever seen. The Rockies' top two starters, Darryl Kile and Pedro Astacio, know how ugly things can

get in Denver. Last year they had airy home ERAs of 6.22 and 7.39. Of course, opposing hurlers don't fare any better. And, just as the arena–ball park makes pitchers look bad, it makes hitters look awesome. The Rockies hit .325 at home last year, but had the league's second-worst offense on the road. The pitching, on the other hand, held up away from Denver, posting a 4.23 ERA. We look for young starters Jamey Wright and John Thomson to improve, and expect a better year from Kile, too. We're not sure, though, what to anticipate from Astacio—last year, he led the league in runs, earned runs and home runs allowed. If the Rockies are to better last year's 77–85 record, they'll need more production from Mike Lansing and Larry Walker, and more of the same from Vinny Castilla (46 HRs, 144 RBI), Todd Helton (25 HRs, 97 RBI) and Dante Bichette (22 HRs, 122 RBI). Walker did hit .363, good enough for the NL batting title, but a sore elbow held him to only 23 HRs and 67 RBI. The Rockies will open with the same lineup they ended with last season, but have faith in Leyland. Owner Jerry McMorris points to "a lot of theories that say a manager can mean ten games." We'll go along with that and expect the Rockies to contend for the wild card.

Dusty Baker's team did it again last year. After being left for dead, the **Giants** went on a 9–2 streak to end the year. If the Giants hadn't blown a 7–0 lead in Colorado on the last day of the season, they wouldn't have had to play (and lose to) the Cubs in a 163rd-game tiebreaker. But the Giants could have a tough time matching up with the rest of the NL West in their final season at Candlestick. Sure, there's Barry Bonds (ho hum: .303, 120 runs, 37 HRs, 122 RBI, 28 SBs), but the rest of the team has us scratching our heads. How is this the second-best offense in the NL? (Hint: San Francisco led the majors in walks.) Jeff Kent had his second strong year in a row. Despite missing a month, he drove in 128 runs, leading the NL with ten sacrifice flies. Underrated third baseman Bill Mueller hit .294 and scored 93 runs. Good-glove-no-hit first baseman J.T. Snow (.248, 15 HRs) managed to drive in 79 runs. But there are questions about the outfield. Ellis Burks, coming off surgery on both knees, will be in right. Center field is up in the air, with ageless Stan Javier competing against rookie Armando Rios and Marvin Benard (who hit .366 after the break). The starting rotation is thin. Lefty Kirk Rueter (16–9) is good, but Mark Gardner, 37, had the best season of his ten-year career in 1998. Shawn Estes was hurt much of last season and will have to regain his 1997 form (when he won 19) if the Giants are to have a chance. The front office expects a lot from Russ Ortiz, but Ortiz

Dugout: Joe Morgan

During the World Series, we turned down the TV sound and tuned in the ESPN radio broadcast so we could listen to Joe Morgan. The Hall of Famer has many irons in the fire. He's a member of a group trying to buy his hometown team, the Oakland Athletics. And, later this season, Morgan will release a new book, *Long Balls, No Strikes: The Rise, Demise and Rise of Baseball* (Crown). Morgan's intelligence and honesty make him an invaluable voice in baseball. We asked him a few questions in preparation for opening day.

Q: Do you think that 1998 was the greatest season ever?

A: It depends. Is baseball individual achievement, as we saw from Mark McGwire, Sammy Sosa, Kerry Wood and Roger Clemens? Or is it team achievement? We really didn't have a pennant race, but we had a great team: the New York Yankees. I won't say it's the greatest, but, bouncing back after the strike, I'll say it was the most needed season ever.

Q: Can baseball top last season?

A: That's going to be almost impossible, unless we have several good pennant races. You can't think of anyone hitting 71 home runs or two guys hitting more than 60. There are people who are capable. Because of the way the game is now, with the ball being livelier and pitching not as consistent as you'd like, there's always that possibility.

Q: Are pitchers afraid to throw inside nowadays?

A: I don't think it's fear. It's something that has evolved. Pitchers allowed hitters to go out over the plate, so there's no safe area for pitchers. A lot of hitters dive into the plate or spin close enough to cover six inches off the outside corner. In order for pitchers to get back to where they belong, they'll have to come back inside. And that doesn't mean just inside corner, it means off the plate inside as well. Most hitters actually think outside first. Pitchers have to get them to think inside first, which opens up the outside.

Q: In an era of overblown statistics, why are there only a few dominant leadoff men?

A: It's a part of the evolution of baseball. The walk and the stolen base—getting on base—aren't considered to be nearly as important as hitting the ball out of the park. Strikeouts are up. Even with two strikes, batters swing hard. You have a lot of guys hitting ten or 15 home runs, which doesn't mean a lot. I see second basemen hitting ten home runs. But ten home runs mean nothing. Players give up other parts of their games to hit those home runs. Guys don't walk up to the plate thinking, I'm going to take at least two pitches to try to get on base. Rickey Henderson still does, but you're not going to get many guys coming into the league who take pitches and get themselves in the hole to try to get on base. It's hard for players to say the team comes first and statistics for arbitration come second. There's so much money involved, I can't blame them. You want to do as much as you can for your family.

Q: What impresses you most about players today?

A: Their willingness to stay in shape year-round. In the past, players would come to spring training to get in shape. Now they come to spring training ready to go. I watch Barry Bonds work out for two hours in his home gym, and it's a hard workout. I can only imagine what McGwire does.

Q: What impresses you least about players today?

A: Fundamentals. Few players can bunt, few players can hit-and-run, few players know situational hitting. If a man is at third base with less than two outs, you don't need a home run to drive him in, or even a base hit. You just need to get the ball in the air. You need to know how to move runners along. Fundamentals are the reason that you have 15–13 games. Mistakes cause three runs to score and bad pitches lead to a grand slam. A lot of players get to the major leagues before they're ready, and they're not playing the game the way it should be played.

Q: Is that because they don't know the game, especially its history?

A: I've walked through the Giants locker room with Willie Mays, and nobody recognized him. I mean, Willie Mays! The greatest player ever! I mentioned it to Dusty Baker and he said that's just how players are today. When I was playing and Stan Musial would come into the locker room, I'd be nervous.

Q: Which young players do you like today?

A: Vladimir Guerrero is probably the most talented of the young players. He can run, hit, throw—he can do everything. On the pitching side, of course, you have Kerry Wood, who has J.R. Richard–type stuff. I hope he'll stay healthy and be able to do the things J.R. would have done if he had stayed healthy.

didn't show much last season and was unimpressive in winter ball. San Francisco has a strong pen—its 3.14 ERA last season was the best in the majors. Now that Jose Mesa has gone north to Seattle, Julian Tavarez will assume the setup role for Robb Nen. Even though it looks like the Giants are playing for next year, don't count out Dusty.

Last year **Diamondbacks** GM Joe Garagiola Jr. talked up his team's chances of becoming the first expansion team to finish above .500 in its first season. The D-Backs, after all, had signed big-ticket players Matt Williams, Jay Bell, Andy Benes and Devon White, along with highly touted rookie Travis Lee. But an 8–31 start set the Snakes off course, and only a strong second half prevented a 100-loss season. This year, after a $119 million off-season shopping spree, Arizona fancies itself a contender. The biggest catch, Randy Johnson, is the game's most dominant lefty. Add signees Todd Stottlemyre and Armando Reynoso alongside incumbents Benes, Omar Daal and Brian Anderson (who could be dealt soon) and you have a rotation that ranks among baseball's best. But Arizona will struggle again on offense. They had the lowest team batting average in the majors last year (.246) and set an NL record for strikeouts (1239). Even with better years from Bell and Williams and contributions from new outfielders Luis Gonzalez and Steve Finley, the D-Backs still aren't the '27 Yankees.

Over the past few years the **Padres** have been a roller-coaster team. First place in 1996. Last place in 1997. First place in 1998. Guess where they're heading this season. Without Kevin Brown, Greg Vaughn, Ken Caminiti, Steve Finley and Joey Hamilton, the Padres are on their way back to the basement. Other than ground-ball specialist Andy Ashby (17–9, 3.34) and Sterling Hitchcock (who earned his stripes in the postseason when he beat Randy Johnson, Tom Glavine and Greg Maddux), there's not much starting pitching. In Trevor Hoffman (53 saves) the Padres have the best closer in the game, but he'll be a free agent after this season. Ruben Rivera—acquired from the Yankees in 1997 for Hideki Irabu—will take over for Steve Finley in center. Oft-injured Reggie Sanders (.268, 59 RBI with the Reds in 1998) may play right, moving Tony Gwynn—who made only one error in 116 games there last year—to left field. Other than Garth Brooks, San Diego has a bunch of retreads (John Vander Wal, Shane Mack, Dave Magadan) and not much of a chance. If the Padres' goal last season was to put together a team that would galvanize support for a new stadium, they were successful. Now the team can worry about next year.

SORDID LOVE

(continued from page 72)

While Pops and I stayed downstairs the evening that we arrived, Janeane stormed up to the bedroom, feeling left out. I thought she might be happy that he and I were getting along at all, but for some reason she felt threatened.

Her dad and I finished off three six-packs that night, and by the time I wobbled upstairs, we already had nicknames for each other and a date to finish our quarters game the next morning.

Needless to say, I received the literal cold shoulder that night as I slid next to Janeane in her pink canopy bed, which was as she had left it all those years ago.

In retrospect, it's all very clear. Janeane's career hadn't taken off at that point, and she was feeling the fallout. Her family, being pretty blue-collar, didn't really understand how "the biz" works. All they knew was that she called herself a comedienne, yet she didn't have her own sitcom. To put it in the jargon of the technology age, "Does not compute."

Her insecurity about this—along with her lack of closeness with her dad—had created a tinderbox waiting to blow.

Added to this, her dad and I are about the same height and coloring and share a love of carpentry and stock cars. That was the match to the fire.

And boy, did it blow. Right about turkey time the next day.

I think I might have said, "Pass the sweet potatoes" the wrong way, or maybe I laughed too loudly at Nana's incomprehensible babbling. Whatever it was, all I remember is Janeane exploding out of her chair and letting forth with one of her trademark rants, directed at yours truly. It ended with my volunteering to catch a ride home on the next flight to Los Angeles. Her cute little cousins begged me not to go, as did Dad, with whom I had planned to hit the dog track that evening. But it was clear that Janeane was having none of it. I was back in Cali by eight P.M., partaking of the turkey special at Canter's Deli.

The mistake here was one of mutual enabling. Janeane lashed out at me—also known as *blurting*—basically regurgitating all her anger and frustration with herself. In volunteering to leave, I thought I was helping. But in reality I was only supporting her blurt, reinforcing its effectiveness.

In Janeane's mind, *blurt* equaled *Ben leaving*, which equaled getting her way. What I should have done, as uncomfortable as it might have been, was let her blow her wad, as it were. Let her throw all the stuffing she wanted at me, and when it was over, continue on as if nothing had happened. There's only so much crying an infant can do till she realizes she's not getting her bottle.

RULE: NEVER GO INTO A LOADED FAMILY

SITUATION WITHOUT AN ESCAPE ROUTE—E.G., AN EXTRA TICKET OR VEHICLE TO GET YOU OUT IN A HURRY. I ENDED UP HAVING TO SPEND A GRAND ON A FULL-FARE COACH TICKET—ONE I COULD HAVE GOTTEN MUCH CHEAPER HAD I THOUGHT IN ADVANCE THAT THERE MIGHT BE A "SITUATION."

P.S.: She drove the Aerostar back at her own leisurely pace—leaving me wheel-less in LA during prime party season. Thanks!

THE END

Things settled down when Janeane got back to town. We eventually grew tired of going out to eat alone and began to call each other. When we first reunited, we apologized profusely, each claiming blame for the fight. We both agreed that we needed to communicate better.

About a week into our rapprochement, I got a call from an ex-girlfriend. Melinda and I had gone out for over six years and had a totally platonic friendship, except for the time we had sex about a week after Janeane and I started going out. But that was before Janeane and I were really serious. The mistake there was telling Janeane about the meaningless event, which only served to confirm that Melinda and I were truly not attracted to each other anymore. Janeane held it over my head for the rest of the relationship as proof of my not being trustworthy. Personally, I feel it took great courage on my part to own up to it.

Still, the relationship plodded on for a number of months, both of us awash in a sea of denial. I should mention that by this point Janeane had gained a few pounds, maybe 60 or 70. I think this was a result of her feeling hungry for what was lacking in our relationship. I too was hungry, though I fed my own dissatisfaction with treats of another kind, which I don't wish to elaborate on here. Suffice it to say we were both "out to lunch," both literally and figuratively.

On our three-month anniversary, by which time we were hardly speaking, I made a pathetic attempt to celebrate: a night at the theater! The relationship was over, and not even an evening of watching the most bestest Shakespeare actor would have fixed anything. The only two people who weren't aware of that were me and Janeane.

The show was called *What the Butler Saw*—one of those interactive dinner-slash-plays where you talk to the characters and go through this big house trying to solve a murder that takes place during hors d'oeuvres.

Things were going fine between us straight through the appetizer. We were giggling at the inanity of the whole thing. There were plenty of suspects, each of whom the audience was encouraged to pick and follow.

Janeane chose Professor Picklebottom, who seemed to have an airtight alibi—he was in the loo at the time of the murder. Yet he seemed to have a suspicious nature, always tapping his fingers on his potbelly and shifting in his old-fashioned wheelchair.

I, on the other hand, chose to follow Lucretia Lustgarden, who in my eyes was clearly the killer. When the lights went out and came back on, there was Dilly McDead, deader than a doornail, a candlestick through his skull. And across the room, there was Lucretia, all five-foot-ten of her tucked tight into those spandex leggings and go-go boots, jiggling out the window, wiping blood off her hands.

I wasn't the only one who suspected her—most of the men in the audience followed after her. But I was quick like a cat and got to her first.

Now here's where it all went bad. I had never been to one of these shows and didn't know the rules. But in my defense, I think the actress playing Lucretia bent those rules a little herself, thinking I might swing her a break in the biz.

I followed her out the fire escape and up to the next floor, into what had been decorated as the torture chamber. Since I was the first up, she grabbed me—let me repeat, she grabbed me—and immediately bolted my arms and legs onto a device I had never, ever come across called the Lonesome Sailor. It basically lays you out spread-eagled on your stomach, and using a ratchet knob device the torturer can expand you four ways to Sunday while your head is in a steel mask that exposes only your left eye and tongue.

Later the actress was fired. It turned out she was looney. But at the time I had no idea. When she started the torture, I had to remind myself it was all just a show, and that everything would be all right. By the time she pulled off her top and pulled out her résumé, I was already in such pain from the Lonesome Sailor that my eyes were too watery to see Janeane when she burst into the room and accused me of being a pathetic pig and just as quickly stormed out.

Within five minutes I was in the parking lot, wearing only my boxer shorts and pleading my case to an infuriated Janeane. By that time, it was really over.

No, I should not have put her in a choke hold, no matter how exasperated I was. The police who arrived were right to separate us, and though the 90-day cooling-off-period restraining order was not really necessary, in the end it probably served its purpose.

We had beaten the horse into the ground. In trying to make it work, we had surely bitten off more than we could chew—in fact, I have Janeane's bite marks on my arm to prove it.

RULE: NEVER ALLOW YOURSELF TO BE FORCIBLY RESTRAINED AT AN INTERACTIVE DINNER SHOW—EVEN IF IT IS BY A HOT CHICK.

EPILOGUE

Needless to say, Janeane and I eventually were able to become friends again.

"Sorry, Ralph, I'm leaving you for a man I met on the Internet."

But it took a heap of time and a load of understanding. We actually got together and broke up five more times over the next year, but the details are way too repetitive to list here.

And now, as you read Janeane's account, you will see that two people can have different experiences from the same situation. I trust you will realize that my description of the events is wholly accurate and based on journal notes and interviews with various friends and family members. While I am sure that what she believes to have happened is in her mind very real, one must take into account all the circumstances and, above all . . . consider the source.

JANEANE'S VERSION

Some incidents in life are blocked out for a reason. Apparently some people enjoy seeing yours truly twist in the wind. Ben will also be dredging up our past; his version will no doubt be a creative rewrite of history.

I will say this: Ben and I are a pair of real go-getters who have successfully gone and gotten. We beat the system: We actually get paid to do what we love.

Co-sponsoring the Meals on Wheels II program has been tremendously fulfilling for us. Meals on Wheels II has taken the wildly successful mobile food concept one important step further. Our program still brings food to the needy—but we charge them for it. By encouraging the homeless to pay for their food, we teach them how to take responsibility for themselves. Ben and I then take that money and spend it.

I was introduced to Ben by a mutual friend, who suspected that we would hit it off. At the time, merging our extraordinary talents and charisma seemed like a good idea; sometimes two heads are better than one when negotiating with the lady we call showbiz. The entertainment industry is indeed a harsh mistress who eats sheltered, upper-middle-class Jewish boys like Ben Stiller for breakfast. He needed me.

Our first date took place in September 1992. (Being a Libra, I felt it would behoove me to date only in September, while my moon was firmly in the seventh house.)[1]

We met for cocktails and smart talk at Ben's favorite eatery, T.J. O'Pootertoot's. Ben is fond of family-oriented restaurants like O'Pootertoot's, where pizzatizers are on the house and the birch beer flows in bottomless, frosty mugs. He

[1]Ordinarily, I shun all things zodiacal, but in 1992 I was unemployed and chemically depressed. Therefore, I was open to anything that might offer some comfort. I was also involved in several botched attempts at civic anarchy and had received numerous restraining orders. (I like to think that restraining orders are common among seekers and dreamers such as myself.)

also enjoys singing along with the mechanical bears and the guilty thrill of tossing his peanut shells on the floor.[2]

"Get a load a me, ain't I something!'" Ben would shout when the waitstaff presented him with a birthday cake. He pulled the birthday stunt everywhere we went. At first I was touched by his boyish love of cake, but then I realized it was a thinly disguised cry for help.

Ben had trouble expressing his needs, and conning innocent theme-restaurant employees into serving him cake was indicative of a much deeper problem. Mustached waiters singing *Happy Birthday* to him was as close as he ever came to meaningful interaction with other adults. If he wasn't the focus of attention, Ben just couldn't cope.[3]

Ben came into my living room for more smart talk, we had marginal sex and so it began.[4] We had a tumultuous yet lucrative affair. Those were heady times, and we were always on the move. Yet, somehow, I gained 70 pounds.[5]

Was I, in fact, starving for affection? Was I trying to become some kind of eyesore, so he wouldn't want to sex me up? Both theories are open to discussion. The weight issue was a sore subject for both of us.

Ben was plagued by insecurity and doubt. He didn't want his college buddies to think he would date a "fat chick."[6] When asked about his girlfriend (me), he would produce the photo that came with his wallet—even if the inquisitor was someone who knew me or had stated on other occasions that they knew the wallet photo was fraudulent.

I tried to divert Ben's attention from my girth to his favorite subject—himself. Since he liked celebrating his birthday so much, I organized several surprise parties at various eateries and homes. Almost every attempt went horribly awry.

I even started wearing a T.J. O'Pootertoot's mechanical bear costume so Ben would like me better, but the poor visibility grew tiresome and the heavy bear head had damaged my spine.

We spent most holidays at my parents' house in Nutley, New Jersey. But it was awkward because Ben refused to speak to my Nana. He thought she was "stuck up" because she had a sweatshirt and an outsized mug proclaiming her the WORLD'S GREATEST GRANDMA. I tried to explain that they were popular gifts rather than a title she had bestowed upon herself, but Ben would insist that her arrogance had ruined his vacation.

I could go on and on about incidents like that, but I'll cut to the chase and relate the final insult—the so-called straw that broke my inner camel's back.

After months of waiting, I was finally able to score us a pair of tickets for the hottest show in town. Interactive murder-mystery dinner theater has always been Ben's favorite, and there was no tougher ticket than this one, the Cadillac of interactive murder-mystery dinner theater, *What the Butler Saw*.

The cast had been enjoying tremendous reviews for the show's entire run. One cast member in particular was generating quite a bit of heat in the Los Angeles basin area. Out of respect for her privacy, I'll call her Goddamn Motherfucker. GDMF played the part of a vixen with the authenticity of someone who has graced many a Hollywood mattress. Hats off to you, GDMF, for playing the role of interactive femme fatale so convincingly that Ben actually gave me crabs that very weekend.

GDMF caught everyone's eye, and by the time the Neapolitan ice cream was scooped, Ben was a goner—and I was gone. I sat in the parking lot waiting for him to take me home.[7]

I wound up sitting there for 17 hours. When Ben finally showed and asked me for some money, I was confused, hurt and angry. I suggested that we start seeing other people, and he said he had been doing that all along. "No," I said, "I mean actually dating other people, not just looking at them."

"Oh—I see what you're saying," he said. "I thought you meant literally just seeing other people, which sounds sort of frustrating."

The key word was *frustrating*. I could not believe I had allowed myself to date Ben Stiller, and now I was getting dumped for the female lead in *What the Butler Saw*. So we agreed that we would meet only for professional purposes, or when we were drunk and felt like having emotionally destructive sex.

This essay is a product of the first part of that agreement. I hope it can help you in ways we were never able to help ourselves or each other.

[2]This was a habit resented by many of our friends, who felt it signified a lack of respect for the linoleum tile in their own homes.

[3]He mostly socialized with children because, with his lanky good looks, he could easily steal the focus from a nine-year-old. Not to mention his dominance in pickup basketball games.

[4]He had an annoying habit of referring to me as Melinda whenever we got intimate.

[5]Ben often mentioned how slender Melinda was.

[6]Many were the nights I would overhear him muttering in his sleep, or to our sleeping dog, Rusty, "I don't want my college buddies to think I date a fat chick."

[7]I couldn't walk home. The aforementioned bear-head-related spinal damage was still fresh.

"But enough about me—let's fuck!"

Ashley Judd

(continued from page 119)

thought you would have?

JUDD: Absolutely nothing. I'm actually close to doing some things that I never thought I'd do. I don't own a Porsche yet, though.

10

PLAYBOY: When you use a Stair Master at a gym, are there more people behind you or in front of you?

JUDD: Usually in front, because that way they get the front and the reflection from the mirror behind me. Actually, they usually keep at least a 15-foot distance because I sweat so much they'd slip if they got too close. The Stair Master is an easy thing to have around on a set. It's not my end-all choice, but it's definitely a helpful apparatus.

11

PLAYBOY: Describe and contrast: cracker, redneck, white trash.

JUDD: That's an incomplete list—you didn't mention hillbilly. They're all very different. In the benign sense, a cracker would be someone who is a maverick and verbally wacky, perhaps says things that others would consider inappropriate. Maybe a little out of touch with reality. A redneck, I think, does not automatically denote a racist person. Being a redneck in the pure sense is about having a great love for the outdoors and living on lakes or rivers. White trash, to me, is a malevolent kind of ignorance, people who suffer from meanness, either innately or who have had meanness instilled in them. Hillbillies are something else. They're private and really living in an old-timey way.

12

PLAYBOY: Give us your overview of Kentucky bourbon.

JUDD: Blanton's, a small distillery in Frankfort. Beautiful handmade barrels, and every bottle has a parchment label indicating from which batch it's been poured. Very nice.

13

PLAYBOY: What is so bad about underwear?

JUDD: It's uncomfortable.

14

PLAYBOY: Aren't you putting underwear workers out of a job?

JUDD: It's also affecting the need for laundry detergent. My mother instigated all of this. She's a hazard, in the best sense of the word. She happened to remark in public that I don't wear underwear, and it's followed me ever since. I'd like for it to go away.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment that is shown on pages 32, 41–42, 92–93, 125–127 and 179, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

WIRED

Page 32: "Game of the Month": **Software** by *Sony Electronics*, from 989 Studios, 800-345-7669. "Wild Things": **Radio receiver and wireless modem jack** by *RCA*, 800-336-1900.

MANTRACK

Page 41: "Run for Your Lives: It's Carzilla": **Vehicle** by *Isuzu*, 800-662-AIMI. Page 42: "Puffin' Without Huffin'": **Kayak** by *Scan Sport*, 888-863-9500. "For Jocks Only": **Cosmetics collections:** By *Tommy Hilfiger*, 212-572-4386. By *Ralph Lauren*, 212-984-4404. *Crunch* **health clubs and cosmetics**, NYC, 212-620-7867. "Guys Are Talking About": **Watch** by *Casio*, 973-361-5400. **Tall ship cruise** from *H.M. Bark Endeavour Foundation*, 619-223-9477. **Rollerjam**, www.rollerjam.com. **Travel guides** at major bookstores.

JOSHUA REDMAN

Page 92: **Suit and tie** by *Calvin Klein*, NYC, 212-292-9000. **Shirt** by *Patrick Cox*, NYC, 212-759-3910. **Belt** by *New York Industrie*, at Camouflage, NYC, 212-691-1750. Page 93: **Leather jacket and T-shirt** by *Trussardi*, at Gavani, Seattle, 206-382-0968. **Suit** by *Thierry Mugler*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC, 212-753-4000. **Shirt** by *Helmut Lang*, at Camouflage, NYC, 212-691-1750.

GOTTA HAVE IT

Page 125: "Goods To Go": **Portable DVD player** by *Panasonic Co.*, 800-211-7262. **Digital recorder** by *Olympus America, Inc.*, 888-553-4448. **Minidisc player and recorder** by *Sharp Electronics*, 800-237-4277. Page 126: "Stay In Touch": **Cordless phone** by *Uniden*, 800-297-1023. **Alarm clock** by *Proton*, 562-404-2222. **Watch pager** by *Motorola/Timex*, from Beepwear, 888-727-2931. "Video Nirvana": **TV** by *Sony Electronics*, 800-222-7669. **Camcorder** by *JVC of America*, 800-252-5722. Page 127: "Nice Rack": **Remote control** by *Harman Kardon*, 800-422-8027. **DSS receiver** by *Sony Electronics*, 800-222-7669. **VCR** by *RCA*, 800-336-1900. **CD recorder** by *Philips Electronics*, 800-531-0039.

ON THE SCENE

Page 179: "Skinny Dipping": **Flat-screen televisions:** By *Panasonic*, 800-211-7262. By *Philips Electronics*, 800-531-0039. By *NEC*, 800-632-4662. By *Fujitsu General America*, from Electro Graph Systems, 800-776-5768. By *Pioneer*, 800-746-6337. By *Proton*, 562-404-2222. By *Sony Electronics*, 800-222-7669. By *Sharp Electronics*, 800-237-4277. **Speakers:** By *Mission*, for information, click on www.nxtsound.com. By *Kodel*, www.kodel.com. By *NCT Audio Products*, 800-869-6647. **Ministereo system** by *Fisher*, 818-998-7322, ext. 564. **Notebook computers:** By *Sony Electronics*, 800-222-7669. By *Compaq*, 800-345-1518. By *Hitachi*, 800-448-2244. By *IBM*, 800-426-7255. By *Mitsubishi Electronics*, 800-332-2119. By *Sharp Electronics*, 800-237-4277. By *Toshiba Electronics*, 800-457-7777.

CREDITS: PHOTOGRAPHY BY: P. 7 PATTY BEAUDET-FRANCÈS, © MICHAEL DUBOIS, GEORGE GEORGIOU, DAVID GOODMAN, © ROBERT MAXWELL/OUTLINE, RON MESAROS, ROB RICH; P. 9 GUIDO ARGENTINI, ARNY FREYTAG, JEFFREY THURNHER; P. 13 LDDGE/JOHANSSON (4), JONI MATTIS; P. 18 FREYTAG; P. 23 © 1998 ARTISAN ENTERTAINMENT; P. 36 PHOTOFEST; P. 41 CRAIG SJODIN; P. 42 GEORGIOU (3), DERIK MURRAY/IMAGE BANK; P. 69 STEPHEN WAYDA; PP. 70-71 ANDREW ECCLES/OUTLINE, THURNHER; P. 72 © ROBERT MAXWELL/OUTLINE; P. 89 ARCHIVE PHOTOS (2), EXPRESS NEWSPAPERS/ARCHIVE PHOTOS; P. 90 ARCHIVE PHOTOS, MARIO CASILLI, BONNIE SCHIFFMAN; P. 91 REUTERS/WIN MCNAMEE/ARCHIVE PHOTOS, KELLY SCOTT; P. 116 GEORGIOU; P. 118 DUTLINE; P. 122 AP PHOTO/JOE MARQUETTE; P. 126 © MIKE POWELL/ALLSPORT USA; P. 138 BUENA VISTA, JOHN CLIFFORD/MIRAMAX FILMS © 1998, EVERETT COLLECTION, BRIAN HAMILL/B.V./REGENCY ENT USA/THE KOBAL COLLECTION, ELLIOTT MARKS/© 1996 RYSHER ENTERTAINMENT/METRO GOLDWYN MAYER INC.; P. 175 D'ANGELO, DWIGHT HODKER, LDDGE/JOHANSSON (6), MIZUNO, BUNNY YEAGER; P. 176 FREYTAG, ANDREW GOLDMAN, JOHN NIERD, JANET QUIST, RICHARD REINSDORF, WAYDA, YEAGER; P. 179 GEORGIOU, R. SINGER; P. 182 GEORGIOU; P. 183 GEORGIOU; P. 184 FREYTAG (2). ILLUSTRATIONS BY: P. 32 CD BOX ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN O'BRIEN; P. 41 CAROL ZUBER-MALLISON. PP. 74-83 CANOPIES AND MOSQUITO NETTING BY MOMBASA BED CANOPIES, GRAND PRAIRIE, TX, 800-641-2345. JEWELRY BY PRIMITIVE ART WORKS, CHICAGO, IL, 312-943-3770. PP. 130-137 HAIR AND MAKEUP BY MARTIN CHRISTOPHER. P. 70 FROM THE FORTHCOMING BOOK "FEEL THIS BOOK" BY BEN STILLER AND JANEANE GAROFALO. © 1999 BY BEN STILLER AND JANEANE GAROFALO. TO BE PUBLISHED IN APRIL 1999. PUBLISHED BY ARRANGEMENT WITH BALLANTINE BOOKS, A DIVISION OF RANDOM HOUSE, INC.

15

PLAYBOY: You have said, "Once you've kissed, you've kissed." Name the best on-screen kissers.

JUDD: I liked that Liv Tyler and Joaquin Phoenix kiss in a movie that isn't otherwise notable. It was so lovely because they were so pure and young and they had fallen in love in real life. I knew that when I went to the theater, and I saw the sweetest undercurrent. Rhett and Scarlett—I mean, it doesn't get much better than that in terms of a cantankerous kiss. Oh, *Maltese Falcon*, when Humphrey Bogart grabs that woman. Wow! That was out of hand. His hand kind of scrunches her cheek. Was there a kiss between Michelle Pfeiffer and Daniel Day-Lewis in *The Age of Innocence*? That's a great relationship. I'm sure there's a great one in *Porky's*.

16

PLAYBOY: Anybody you've worked with?

JUDD: No, I don't really kiss. It would be too hot.

17

PLAYBOY: Has Clinton exceeded all his genetic expectations?

JUDD: We don't know that much about his dad, do we? He has exceeded my patience. So has that Mr. David Kendall, his attorney, who comes out of the grand jury hearing excoriating Starr for invasion of privacy. This is a guy who represents the *National Enquirer* and has for years. The height of hypocrisy.

18

PLAYBOY: Clinton—an unconscionable sexual predator or just a good old boy?

JUDD: Well, if you're dumb, are you unconscionable?

19

PLAYBOY: Ever tried to educate any of your dates?

JUDD: No. They all managed to hang themselves before I had a chance.

20

PLAYBOY: In *The Locusts* your character is called a "come bucket." Have you been called worse?

JUDD: Careless. A dictionary at every turnstile. And if you want to go on the high-thrill rides, it's a thesaurus. Welcome to Ashleywood, synonym game to the stars.

MOSCOW

(continued from page 86)

and at least one stubborn sexual disease that no two doctors can agree on.

I scored a taxi ride for about $15, compared with the precrisis rate of $50 to $60. The taxi mafia, who used to stand around the airport exit like gulls waiting to pluck freshly hatched tortoises, moped in front of the arrivals door, listlessly soliciting travelers for a fare. The once-gridlocked streets were barren, even for a Saturday. No major accidents on the way home, no roadkill. No superfluous road-construction work, either—there's no money left in the budget for such things.

The expressions on people's faces had changed from just six weeks earlier. When we stopped downtown to change dollars into rubles, I saw that the black marketers had lost their aggressive charm and cunning and had settled into a resigned emptiness. Before, they pimped you hard for that extra five or ten rubles. Now it was like, Why bother? The ruble falls in value every day, the banks have ceased to operate, businesses have closed. At the same time, no one is starving to death. So why bother fighting anymore? It's a waste of energy.

When I was in Manhattan, *The New York Times* ran an article headlined MOSCOW: THERE'S NIGHTLIFE AFTER THE ICEBERG. It said that Moscow's decadent club scene was left unfazed by the August 1998 crisis. Knowing firsthand how the *Times* has botched nearly every Yeltsin-era story by at least 180 degrees, I found the headline intriguing. I'd left Moscow in early December. It was already clear that the era of wildly irresponsible decadence had ended, and that the club scene as we'd known it was in danger of imploding. I skipped through the article and saw that it focused on the alleged continued success of the Jazz Kafé, a pretentious basement bar and disco that in 1997 instituted the first ultrastrict, London-style face control in Moscow. But the Jazz Kafé had been eclipsed by two other Pentagon-strict superexclusive clubs, even before the crisis. I hadn't been to the place in a year, but eager-to-be-cool people who'd gone last summer had already described it as sad, second-rate and dying.

Reading that *Times* piece scared me. I assumed it was as accurate as all the lies the media had told about the booming, reformist economy in Russia. I also assumed that if the *Times* had published a piece about how the Jazz Kafé was as "ultrahip" and "uninhibited" as ever, then the Jazz Kafé was dead and nightlife had dropped to Salt Lake City levels.

I was partly right. The Jazz Kafé was stark empty when I checked it out. So was another imitation-Paris club, Galereya, which had become the "anyone who's anyone" place to be among hip

New Russians and swinging expats last summer, after it was learned that Galereya's door policy was even stricter and more humiliating than Jazz Kafé's. The manager said business is down and many clients can't even afford a drink.

Now that last year's neo-Eurotrash elite are broke dorks with Beemers they can't afford to gas up, and nearly the entire cash-rich expatriate community has fled town, Moscow is left with a sharply divided society. On the superrich end are unabashed flathead gangsters with their arm decorations; on the other, the submerging so-called middle class and the near penniless masses of young people who now have to be more clever in coming up with ways to live their lives as recklessly and as romantically as possible. Moscow has reverted to the beautifully dim, alien city I arrived in five years ago, with one big difference: Today there is no optimism about the glorious future. And there's no growing influx of foreigners—none at all, not even on the far horizon. As one top Western banker, whose institution racked up tens of millions in losses during last year's crisis, said, "Why would we ever think of coming back here? It would take years, maybe a decade, to earn that kind of money back. But after seeing how everyone from the government to the central bank to our own partners blatantly lied to us and stole from us, I'm convinced that if we came back, we would probably get burned out of another couple of hundred million sooner than we'd make anything. So there's no logic in investing here anymore."

•

I had been in New York with Matt Taibbi to hawk a book we had written about *The eXile*, the English-language biweekly we founded in early 1997, just as the Moscow boom started to enter emerging-markets mythology for its fast money, hard living and opportunities for sexual losers. It was thought that Moscow was home to some 100,000 English speakers—our target audience.

Our newspaper's fortunes reflected the national crisis. In August 1998, Prime Minister Sergei Kiriyenko declared a moratorium on Russia's debts. *The eXile*'s bank collapsed, taking several thousand dollars with it, probably to some Cayman Islands bank account. Our newspaper's advertisers—mostly bars and restaurants—also lost whatever money they had in their bank accounts. Their clientele—expats, middle-class and upper-middle-class Russians—suddenly found themselves without bank accounts, without businesses, without money or jobs. Billions, it seems, vanished, just like that. Our own revenues dropped about 60 percent and we had to fire personnel and cut salaries.

Two months later, the tax police, the scariest mafia of all, raided us. Luckily, our clients coughed up enough money to our bank account—which the tax police promptly cleaned out—to get us all off the hook.

The drug market, which just last year made Haight Street seem like Sesame Street, has also dried up. The story is that the Colombian Mafia cut a deal with the Russians a few years back to move second-rate coke at prices more than double those in America. Because it was so expensive, coke was the drug of choice with the imitation Eurotrash crowds. Ecstasy—also at New Russia–friendly inflated prices—could be found at most discos. Heroin use supposedly rose 500 percent last year alone; everyone here knows of at least one friend of a friend who became a junkie and dropped off the map.

Prostitutes have also suffered. Street whores can be bought for under 1000 rubles, or $40, an hour; they used to cost $150. Callgirls listed in the back of newspapers can be negotiated to under $100, or almost half the price they were a year ago. That's still a lot of coin by my standards, and a shitload by most Russians' new, broke standards.

•

Goddamn it, I wanted something to happen! I was jonesing for some Moscow decadence. After those six weeks in Manhattan, six of the most uneventful, stifling weeks I could remember, I was pent-up. After New York, I needed a cathartic blowout consisting of free booze, other people's drugs and a sloppy, regretful fuck—the kind of blowout that would end with a Sunday morning run to the local pharmacy for 500-milligram bullets of azitromicine, an antibiotic powerful enough to disinfect even the most carbuncle-decorated sexual organ. Azitromicine is so powerful that most American doctors hesitate to prescribe it for fear of unleashing mutated *Neisseria gonorrhoeae* bugs that could chew a hole through a woman's pelvis.

But that was all fantasy born of frustration. The reality was that Moscow had become quieter and dimmer, its edge dulled. There's little of the overt desperation I had selfishly hoped for. I thought my sexual opportunities would soar through the roof as suddenly impoverished *dyevushki* (Russian girls) shifted their focus away from their insolvent Russian men and made a long-term bet on an American citizen like me. What other choice is left?

The first thing I did when I got to my apartment was call Krazy Kevin McElwee, *The eXile*'s film reviewer. We decided to go to a suburban live music club called Svalka, which caters to younger, unpretentious Russians. Svalka was one of those solid midlevel clubs that was guaranteed just last fall to be packed from about 11 P.M. till dawn. But on the second Saturday in January, the place was a morgue. We split for Territoriya, an unnecessarily trendy techno café near the Kremlin—ten morose raver types looking way too sober for our tastes. Off to the A-Club, named by *The Face* as the best club in Moscow in 1998. Dead. Christ, neither of us even likes clubbing, and this is turning out to be a disaster. Next, down to Respublika, near the former KGB headquarters—a few tired faces, some people dancing to the same fucking songs they danced to two years ago, not a single patron purchasing a beer or cocktail. Respublika owes *The eXile* $1300 in back debts. But since it charged no cover at the door and no one was buying drinks that night, I kissed that $1300 goodbye.

By this time, I was a bitter mess and Kevin was exhausted. We parted ways at about four A.M. That *Times* article about Moscow's booming nightlife was no longer a nuisance—it was downright inflammatory.

The next weekend, Matt Taibbi returned to Moscow. We decided not to fuck around with marginal clubs and headed straight for the Hungry Duck, which, last year at least, was probably the most hedonistic bar in the world. At the peak of its popularity, this place instituted a most barbarous program: ladies' night. The concept was simple, though dangerous, considering the clientele: From seven to nine P.M., only women were allowed inside, and they all got to drink as much as they wanted for free. I worked as guest barman on the first night. It was such a screaming mess that I gave up, grabbed a bottle of some generic gin and sat in the corner pounding it. About 400 females, mostly proles with greasy hair, cheap Polish blouses and Vietnamese denims, greedily pumped themselves full of as much free, low-quality gin and vodka as they could. They weren't shy about demanding one drink after the next: A sweet-looking blonde with a pimple on her chin might curse you in the rudest, lowest Russian to get her six fucking shots of vodka, now! Now! After the two hours were up, few of them could stand.

A male striptease act was part of the entertainment, the highlight of which was a Nigerian stripper engaging in rough sexplay with a teenage girl chosen at random from the audience. She would eventually give in to the ritual, which always ended with the African ramming his fingers up her box to the gleeful cheers of the crowd.

When nine o'clock hit, the men who'd been kept at bay were let loose. Off-duty cops, pasty businessmen and common perverts pummeled one another over semiconscious prey. The fights turned quickly into temple-stomping boot-thrashings on the floor, and more often than not, at least one drunken girl would get caught in the middle, bleary-eyed and confused as Sergei's bloody teeth got knocked into her hair.

Matt and I figured that even with a crisis, the Duck couldn't possibly fail us.

We weren't there more than five minutes when two busloads of Omon troops, the government paramilitary forces, raided the Duck. The soldiers carried machine guns; others wore leather jackets and flashed badges. They blocked all the exits and began searching documents. Being Americans, Taibbi and I slipped out with relative ease. When we returned a couple of hours later, there weren't more than ten people in the club. One manager told me that the Omon troops have been raiding the Duck on an almost weekly basis for months now.

So that's it. The thrill is gone. The explanation is a Marxian formula: When the easy, amoral money goes, the easy, amoral hedonism goes with it. Moscow Babylon is giving way to Moscow Brezhnevon. Back then, life was easy. You gathered with your friends in your smelly apartment doorway, drank whatever vodka you could get your hands on, smoked weak Kazakh shake and screwed whoever was left standing after a few hours. She'd get an abortion a few weeks later, and everything was dandy. That scenario may not be quite so exciting as 1996–1998, but it's still a better option than seeing book publishers for six weeks in Manhattan. So that is why, five years on, I'm as determined as ever to stay in Moscow. Even if they close down our newspaper, attach my balls to a cheap Soviet car battery and force me to denounce Western imperialism, that's still a better option than the horribly bland, safe world I left behind.

"I knew we had something in common. I'm wearing a concealed weapon, too!"

PLAYMATE NEWS

NEW YEAR'S BLOWOUT

The Artist Formerly Known as Prince should be proud. Hugh Hefner, the Playmates and stars such as Joaquin Phoenix and Fabio made good on *that* song and partied like it was you-know-what on December 31. For the first time in years, the dress code at the Mansion soiree was amended from black tie and formal gowns to black tie and lingerie—which, as you can imagine, made Hef's the most talked-about New Year's Eve fete in Hollywood. Certainly no other party ran continual screenings of A&E's updated biography of Hef. To find out what else happened that evening, we turned to Miss May 1990 Tina Bockrath, who hosted the event for Playboy Online.

"More Playmates go to the New Year's Eve party than to any other PLAYBOY party. It's just so nice to see the Playmates you haven't seen for ages. As for celebrities, it was a cool mix of old and new Hollywood. The Red Hot Chili Peppers danced while the Ray Anthony Orchestra played. At midnight, following the countdown, red and white balloons came floating down. We toasted 1999—the Year of the Rabbit. It was a wonderfully sentimental night."

Sharon Johansen

Angel Baris

Every man needs a posse of lingerie-clad women at his New Year's Eve party. Among those who partied like rock stars were (clockwise from top right): Miss October 1972 Sharon Johansen; Miss February 1998 Julia Schultz and date; Hef with Miss June 1969 Helena Antonaccia; Miss July 1996 Angel Baris; the man of the hour with Miss August 1982 Cathy St. George and Miss December 1982 Charlotte Kemp; Miss February 1997 Kimber West and PMOY 1997 Victoria Silvstedt.

40 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Thomas Mario celebrated Italian pies in *Viva Pizza!*, Gahan Wilson goofed on himself in *The Weird World of Gahan Wilson*, Robert Green showcased travel gear in *Wardrobe for a Jet Weekend* and Jules Feiffer riffed on lust in his cartoon, *Passion*. But it was the aquatic Miss May 1959 who created the biggest waves. Cindy Fuller was a law office secretary in Boston before she moved to Miami to pursue a career as a professional swimmer. Sure, she looked great in her Water Follies uniform, but we prefer the less-than-bikini-clad Cindy shown above.

Cindy Fuller

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

May 1: Miss June 1997
Carrie Stevens
May 13: Miss May 1959
Cindy Fuller
May 19: Miss December 1960
Carol Eden
May 26: Miss December 1979
Candace Collins
May 30: Miss July 1982
Lynda Wiesmeier

BORN TO BE STARS

More than 60 Playmates wear their birthday suits in *Playboy's Celebrating Centerfolds 2* (Playboy Press), a Newsstand Special that toasts Playmates who were born in March and April. To send a personal birthday message to the featured women, including Donna Perry, Jacqueline Sheen, Hope Marie Carlton, Reagan Wilson, Cher Butler and Kathy Shower, write to birthday@playboy.com.

PLAYMATE NEWS

My Favorite Playmate By Leila Kenzle

I pick Playmate of the Year 1994 Jenny McCarthy. She's beautiful, she's honest, she's funny. She's everything a cool chick ought to be. The first Centerfold I ever saw was in a PLAYBOY I found in my dad's bathroom when I was a little kid. I remember thinking that it was so great—a magazine with all these beautiful, totally naked women. But I know my dad only read it for the articles.

WE'LL DRINK TO THAT

And now, a tequila-drinking tip from Playmate of the Year 1998 Karen McDougal, who touts the liquor in a print ad for Patrón: "It's best on the rocks with lime." Martin Crowley, president of St. Maarten Spirits, says choosing Karen for the gig was easy. "Karen is an amazing woman—both elegant and sexy. Even though the ads don't show any skin, they've garnered an overwhelming response. People not only want to buy the tequila, they also want to buy the tuxedo because she looks so good in it."

FAN MAIL

Dear Reneé Tenison:

Thank you for your pictorials and your swimsuit calendar. I am deeply impressed by the intense love of life I see in your work. I feel challenged and am reminded there are a lot of good things I could be doing. In particular, I like that you make your own clothes. You express the creativity and happiness that are parts of being human. What blows me away is your acceptance of your beauty. Our acceptance of beauty is how we judge ourselves.

Yours sincerely,
Norman Dubeski
Dundas, Ontario

QUOTE UNQUOTE

Fresh from the set of her first feature film, *The Rowdy Girls* (produced by India Allen and co-starring Shannon Tweed), Deanna Brooks is primed for a career in Hollywood. We cornered Miss May 1998 for a chat.

Q: Not many people know that you're a singer. What kind of music do you perform?

A: I've studied classical music and opera. I play the saxophone, the piano, the violin and the guitar. I'm hoping to create my own style in the Tori Amos or Sarah McLachlan vein.

Q: How do your sisters feel about your being a Playmate?

A: Actually, I still haven't told my family.

Q: Is it hard keeping it a secret?

A: No, not really. They're Mormons, so it's not like they would read PLAYBOY. It is hard not being able to share exciting PLAYBOY experiences with them.

Q: Such as?

A: My first television appearance, on the now-defunct talk show *Vibe*. That was a lot of fun.

Q: Who was your first celebrity crush?

A: Don't laugh. It was Michael Jackson in his *Thriller* phase. All of my friends were in love with him. One sent him a necklace and he sent back an autographed photo. We took that photo with us everywhere.

Q: Did you ever see Michael in concert?

A: No. Unfortunately, my parents wouldn't let me.

Q: What were your childhood aspirations?

A: When my sisters and I saw the movie *Spacecamp*, we decided we wanted to become aeronautical engineers. We were serious about it. We'd go to the library and photocopy information, and then make scrapbooks. We were geeks.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Cheers to **Lisa Welch** and her husband, **Ron Semler**, who recently added twins **Madison Shaye** and **Micah Ronen** to their growing family. . . . **Karen McDougal** is recovering from outpatient surgery on a broken bone in her foot. "I don't want anyone to feel sorry for me," the tough cookie says. . . . Next on **Janet Quist's** agenda: an airplane ride with the Blue Angels. Is she nervous about the flight? "No. I'm excited! I want to do this for the heck of it," she says. . . . **DeDe Lind**, who still looks gorgeous 32 years after becoming a Playmate, stars in four new sensual videos, shot outdoors in Colorado and the Florida Keys. To buy the videos, write Miss August 1967 at P.O. Box 1712, Boca Raton, Florida, 33429. . . . **Alicia Rickter** can be seen in a national Blockbuster commercial. . . . **Danelle Folta**, the goddess captain of the Playboy X-treme Team, has been working as a stunt double for **Angie Everhart** in the forthcoming series *The Dream Team*. . . . Although the title is a mouthful, look for **Vicki McCarty Iovine's** latest book, *The Girlfriends' Guide to Toddlers: A Survival Manual to the Terrible Twos (And Ones and Threes) From the First Step, the First Potty and the First Word No to the Last Blankie*. . . . Speaking of must-have publications, check out the 13th issue of *Glamour Girls: Then and Now*, which boasts our own **Carol Vitale** on its beachy cover.

LEROY NEIMAN

Daredevil Janet Quist

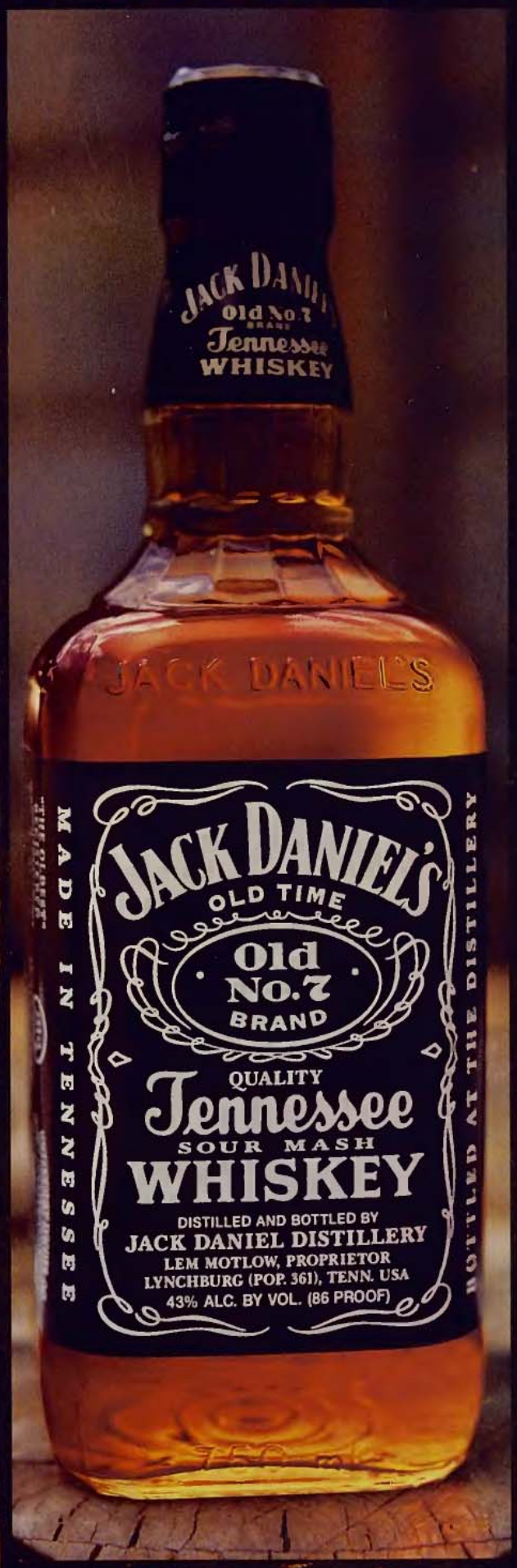
Carol, sunny-side up

OFFICIALLY,

IT'S CALLED

JACK DANIEL'S OLD TIME OLD NO. 7 BRAND QUALITY TENNESSEE SOUR MASH WHISKEY.

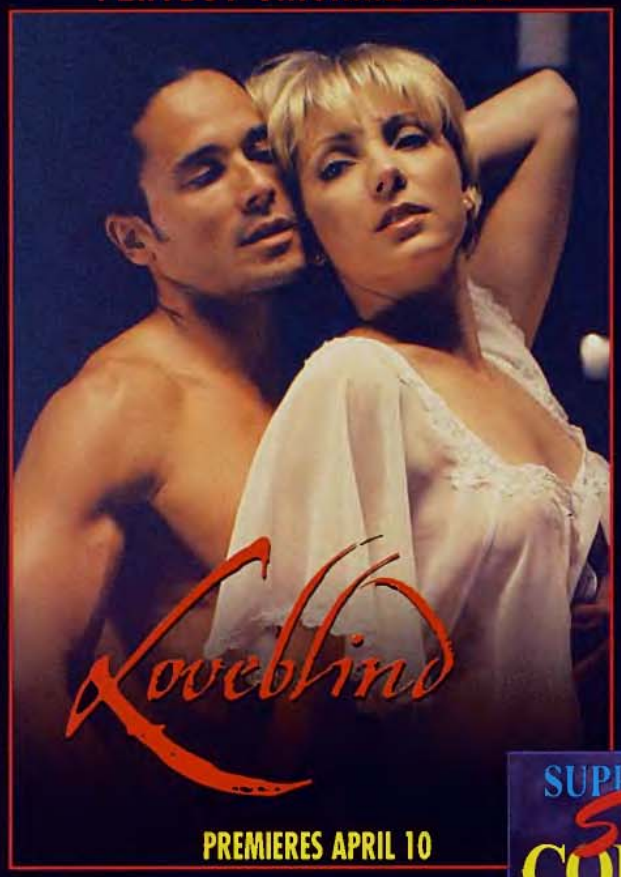
BUT YOU CAN ASK FOR JACK.



Your friends at Jack Daniel's remind you to drink responsibly.

Tennessee Whiskey • 40-43% alcohol by volume (80-86 proof) • Distilled and bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Proprietor, Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352 Placed in the National Register of Historic Places • Visit us at http://www.jackdaniels.com

PLAYBOY ORIGINAL MOVIE

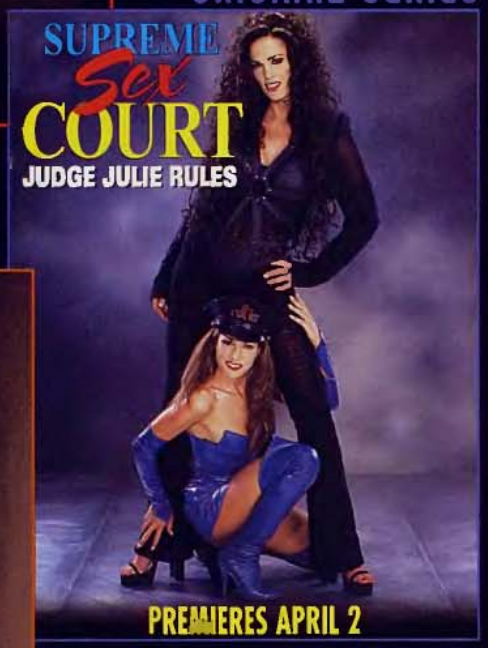


PLAYMATE HOSTS

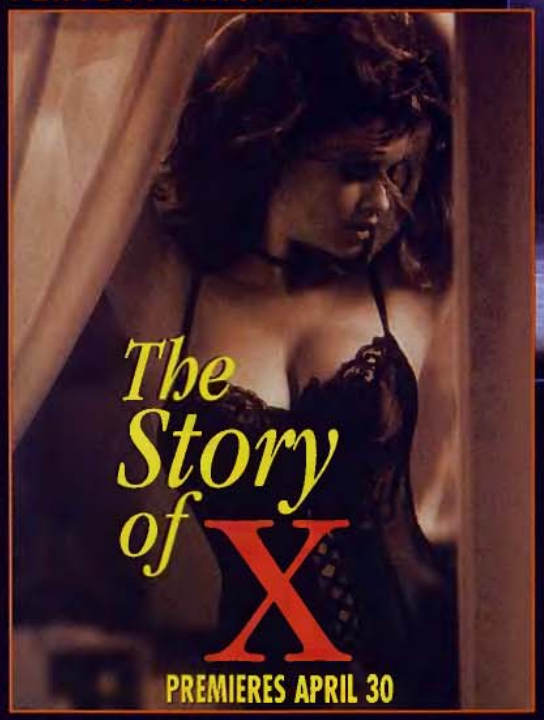
Natalia Sokolova
Miss April

Tishara Cousino
Miss May

ORIGINAL SERIES



PLAYBOY ORIGINAL



ADULT MOVIES

more than you ever imagined...

Join Juli Ashton, Christy Canyon, Alexandra Silk and more of your favorite sizzling stars as Playboy TV delivers the goods on provocative programming in May. In *Screen Play*, Shayla La Veaux and Taren Steele star in the story of a swinging couple who tap the Internet in search of searing sexual advice and hands-on instruction. And Nina Hartley and Missy star in a tale of five beautiful fashion models in a battle over one dynamite dress in *One Size Fits All*. Then Playboy TV's own Judge Julie ravishingly recalls the season's best cases of sexual misconduct in *Supreme Sex Court: Judge Julie Rules*. And in the Playboy Original Movie *Loveblind*, a sexy yet cynical photographer learns that true love and passion are not mutually exclusive. Then Academy Award-winning filmmaker Chuck Workman chronicles adult film from stag reels to the billion-dollar business it is today in Playboy's *The Story of X*. Whatever your tastes, we have the specials, series and movies to quench your desires. Tune in and turn on around-the-clock with Playboy TV!

erotic entertainment at its best

PLAYBOY TV

Visit our website:
www.playboy.com/entertainment

Playboy TV is available from your local cable television operator or home satellite, DIRECTV, PRIMESTAR, or DISH Network dealer.

PLAYBOY ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

SKINNY DIPPING

Finally delivering on the promise of wafer-thin electronics, the tech avant-garde is introducing TV sets, stereo gear and computers that make Calista Flockhart look Rubenesque. Televisions that hang on the wall top just about everyone's list. Panasonic, Philips, NEC, Fujitsu, Pioneer, Proton, Sony and Sharp all manufacture four- or five-inch-thick TVs that weigh about 80 pounds and can either be mounted on the wall or placed on a tabletop. The sets, which have screen sizes from 12 to 50 inches, use either LCD or gas plasma technology for their sleek, streamlined shapes. Picture quality may vary widely (images on some thin sets have been described as "soft"), but one thing is consistent: Right now, flat is expensive, ranging in price from $10,000 for standard broadcast sets to $25,000 for high-definition variations. If you have the bucks for a skinny TV, an equally slender speaker system is the perfect complement. Variations from Mission and Kodel, which are based on design specifications by NXT Technology, are as little as a half-inch thick yet deliver the rich sound of bulkier cousins. A unique take on the skinny speaker is the $300 wall-mountable ArtGekkos from NCT Audio, which features grille covers in hundreds of colors and designs. Kodel's Flat Out Collegiate slim speaker system lets you choose among grilles decorated with NCAA team decals. Fisher's equally dorm-friendly Slim 1000 ministereo is another way to think thin. It combines a CD player, AM-FM radio and tape deck with a remote control and a pair of speakers. And for those who prefer to travel light, Sony has set the thin PC standard with its striking Vaio 505TX ($2500). No thicker than one of our holiday issues and weighing less than three pounds (compared with five or more for a standard notebook PC), the 505TX includes a 10.4-inch screen, 64 megabytes of RAM and a 6.4-gigabyte hard drive. Following Sony's lead, Compaq, Hitachi, IBM, Mitsubishi, Sharp and Toshiba have introduced superslender notebooks. Compaq's latest Presario 1900 Ultra Thin and Light PCs have 13.3-inch screens and fast 366 MHz processors for $3000. That's called slimming down and beefing up.

—DAVID ELRICH

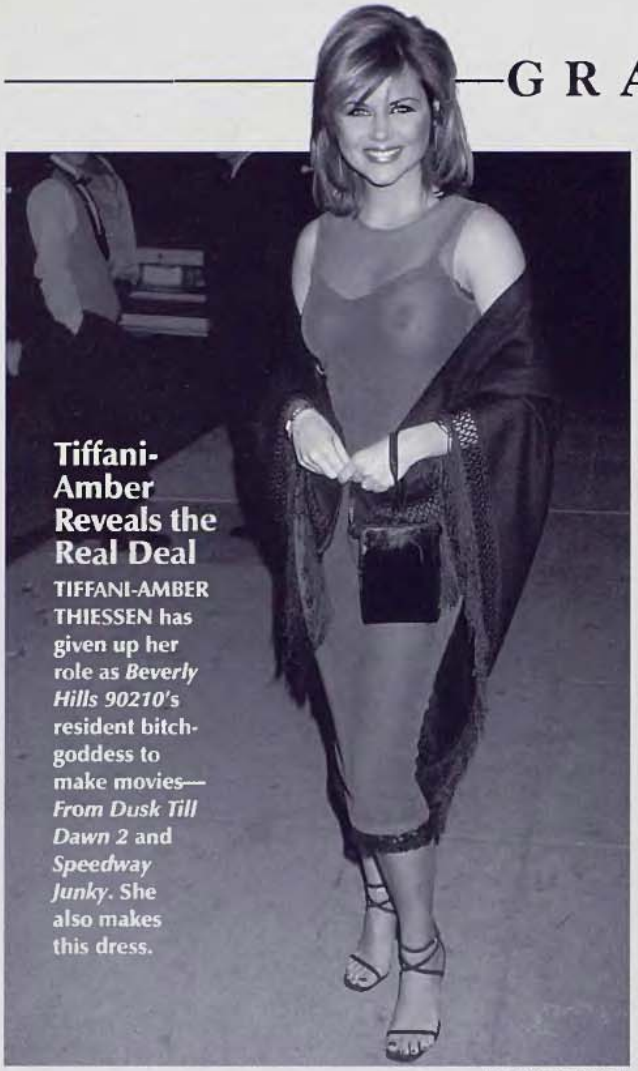
Hang it on the wall or place it on a tabletop. Either way, Fisher's Slim 1000 ministereo system is 21st century sleek—complete with a vertical compact-disc player, a cassette deck, an AM-FM tuner and an alarm clock. The price: $200.

Proton's plasma television, the 42-inch PD-42VM, has a 16:9 aspect ratio for viewing letterbox movies as well as the ability to fill the screen automatically with standard broadcast images ($12,000).

The Kate Moss of notebook computers, Sony's three-pound Vaio 505TX ($2500) is a 300-megahertz powerhouse portable with cool options that include the wing-style stereo speakers ($100) and a 14X CD-ROM drive ($300).

JAMES IMBROGNO

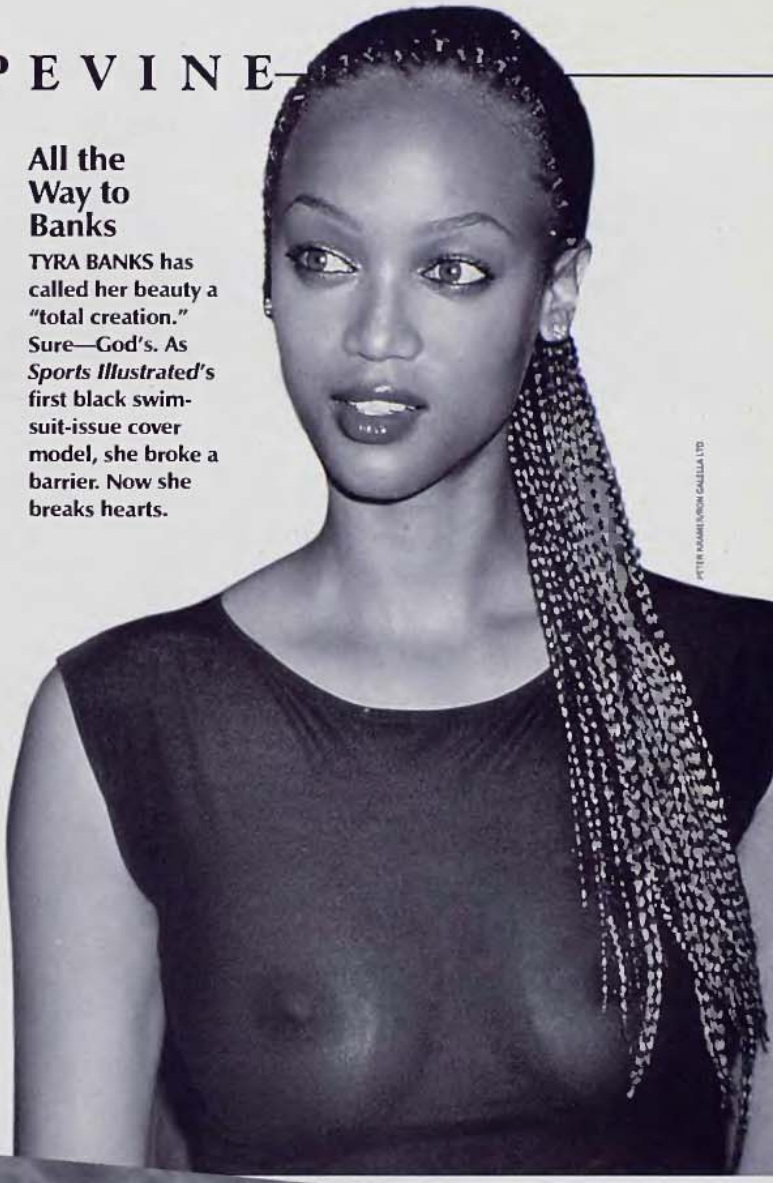
WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 171



Tiffani-Amber Reveals the Real Deal

TIFFANI-AMBER THIESSEN has given up her role as *Beverly Hills 90210*'s resident bitch-goddess to make movies—*From Dusk Till Dawn 2* and *Speedway Junky*. She also makes this dress.

© MILAN RYBA/GLOBE PHOTOS INC.



All the Way to Banks

TYRA BANKS has called her beauty a "total creation." Sure—God's. As *Sports Illustrated*'s first black swimsuit-issue cover model, she broke a barrier. Now she breaks hearts.

PETER KARAMES/ROM CAMELLA LTD.

© DOUGLAS STREELEPPER

Splendor in the Grass

Grab a 1999 Music City Girls calendar for a great shot of MELISSA COLLINS on the back cover. The Tennessean placed in a Venus Swimwear pageant. Without the suit, she wins hands down.

Skirt, No Shirt

Asian Dream Girls calendar model LELE TRAN has shown off lingerie on the E Channel and Fashion TV and walked the runways in New York and South Beach.

© PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

The Phairest One of All

LIZ PHAIR describes herself as an "upper-middle class cute girl with smart parents, singing dirty words." We'll buy that. You buy *Whitechocolatespaceegg*.

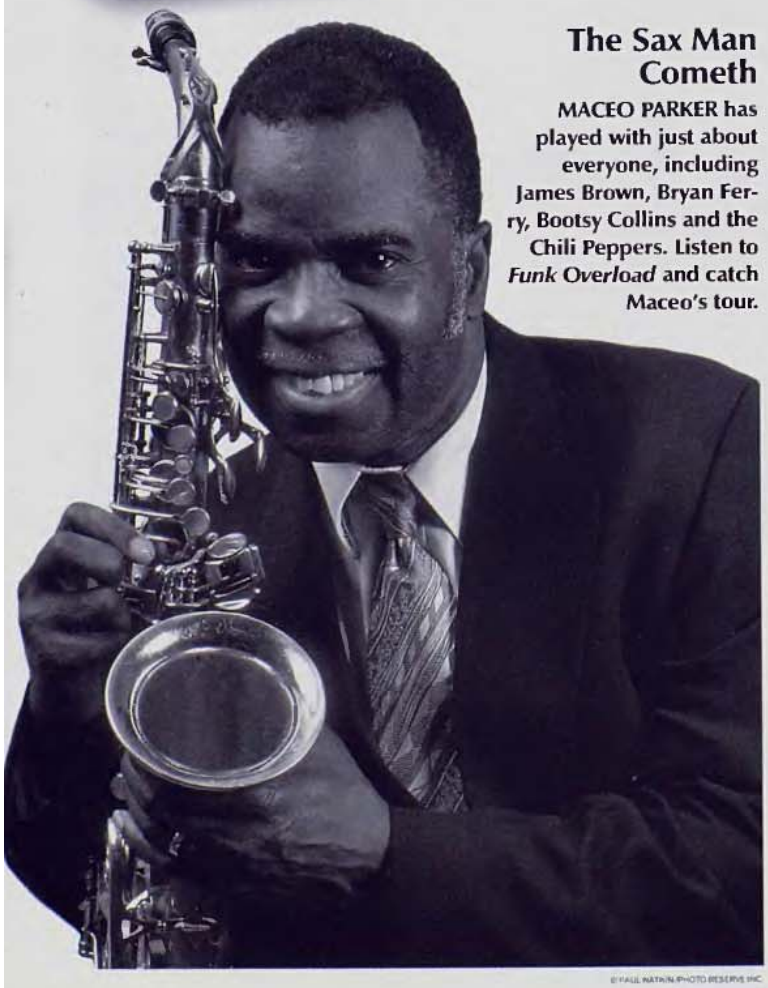
Dee Is Delicious

DEE NICOSIA has appeared in commercials for banks, in print ads for *Brides* magazine and on the runway for Filene's. Her beauty is perfect for the big screen.

© HARRY WOODS

The Sax Man Cometh

MACEO PARKER has played with just about everyone, including James Brown, Bryan Ferry, Bootsy Collins and the Chili Peppers. Listen to *Funk Overload* and catch Maceo's tour.



© PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

AH, THE FRENCH

Only in France would bons vivants and world-class marathoners be served grand cru bordeaux as they trot side by side. (At the 24-mile mark there's an oyster bar that also serves white wine.) No wonder *Runner's World* magazine voted the Médoc Marathon the number two marathon in the world. (The New York marathon is number one.) Runners dress up in costume, and first prize is the winner's weight in vino. Call 011-33-5-56-59-17-20 for more information on the race, which will take place September 4th, or check www.vins-medoc.com.

RICHARD SALA

MINIMALIST THINKING

In July 1995 Emily Prince appeared in our pictorial *Little Women* wearing fishnet stockings, combat boots and not much else. Now she's taken her less-is-more attitude further and created Barely There Skinwear, a catalog of sexy and skimpy bathing suits and dance outfits. The black vinyl number pictured here (available in small and medium) is called Highway (note the lane-change markings and strategically placed stop sign). It costs $55. If you like it, you're going to love Barely There's item number 108, a double-moon vinyl slingshot suit that's only $55. Call 800-396-6661 to order either one. A catalog is $2, and, sorry, that's not Emily in the photo.

BILL AND THE NYMPHS

Art scholars will know that the 12"x18" painting pictured below is an altered version of Adolphe-William Bouguereau's 1873 *Nymphs and Satyr*. Artist Louis Archambault has digitally introduced President Clinton into the original and dressed him in fishermen's togs. The price: $55. For $225, Archambault will incorporate your likeness instead of Clinton's. Send a photo profile and check to him at P.O. Box 481, Helena, Montana 59624, or punch up members.aol.com/injwif.

DAVID P. CLUTTER

SOMEWHERE EAST OF SUEZ

For generations of Britons, the passage from London to India, Africa and the Far East was a journey filled with romance. In 1970 the last of the points-east passenger liners stopped running, but the trip lives on in *Passage East*, a $60 book filled with watercolor paintings by marine artist Ian Marshall, period photos and a narrative by maritime historian John Maxtone-Graham. Call 800-868-4512 to order, or check bookstores. *Great Cats*, another oversize hardcover, contains "stories and art from a world traveler," Simon Combes, who set out to find and paint the nine great cats of the world. His writing, photos and artwork on India, the Serengeti and other exotic locales is an armchair ticket to adventure. Price: $35, also in bookstores.

JACK AND THE BARREL

For the first time, the Jack Daniel Distillery is offering barrels of its 94-proof Single Barrel Tennessee whiskey to the public. The $8500 price (it will vary from state to state) includes the empty barrel and 220 decanter-style 750-ml bottles into which the barrel's whiskey has been drained. Around the neck of each bottle is a label with the barrel number and bottling date. Call 615-340-1033 for details.

JOHN CRAIG

HOP TO THIS BUNNY

Since our first Club's opening in 1960, the Playboy Bunny has been a worldwide symbol of sophistication and the good life. Now, as part of our 45th anniversary celebration, we're offering a limited edition 17½" porcelain replica that's so realistic she looks as though she's about to do the Bunny Dip. To order, call Modern Icons at 877-644-4387. The price: $300.

ALONG CAME A SPIDER RIDE

According to Universal Studios Escape in Orlando, the Amazing Adventures of Spider-Man "will be the greatest ride ever built," because on it visitors will "hurtle through acres of scenic sets and filmed 3D action with conflict raging 360 degrees around them." Part of the fun of this Islands of Adventure experience, which opens this summer, is a 400-foot "sensory descent" during the pursuit of Doc Ock and other villains who have just stolen the Statue of Liberty. Twenty-five large-format movie projectors and dozens of small ones create the effects.

ROBERT PASSARTINO

FOR LOVE OF A LAWN

So what is it with guys and lawns? Are we subconsciously reliving the days when our ancestors ran naked on primordial savannas? Or do we just want to show off? *A Man's Turf: The Perfect Lawn* by Warren Schultz offers information on just about everything pertaining to lawns, including advice from golf course and ballpark experts, tips on the right equipment and even a visit to the Lawn Mower Museum. Price: $35 in bookstores.

BILLY CRYSTAL, EAT YOUR HEART OUT

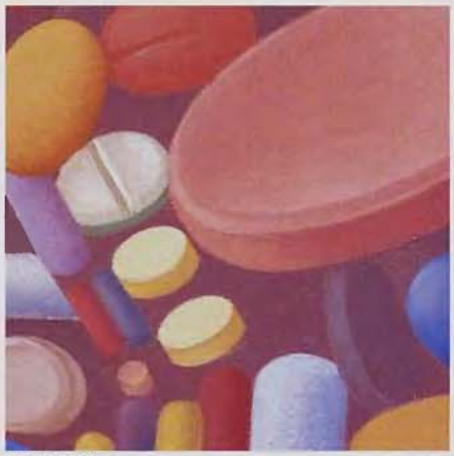
The last great cattle drive of the 20th century saddles up September 5–12 as wranglers and 100 tenderfeet move 1000 head of cattle 65 miles from Montana's eastern Badlands to the stockyards at Baker. For $1429 (plus airfare), you can participate in the drive just like Billy Crystal and his buddies did in *City Slickers*, and you don't have to be an experienced rider to do so. There will be plenty of campfire entertainment and terrific chow along the way and one wingding of a Saturday night when you arrive in Baker. Call Briar Bay Travel in Miami (800-950-9091) to join the roundup.

JOHN SCHMELZER

NEXT MONTH

PMOY

POST PLAGUE



PILL POPPERS

PUSSYCATS

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR—SHE'S GORGEOUS, SHE'S TALENTED, SHE'S FUN. DOESN'T THAT NARROW IT DOWN? SORRY, NO MORE CLUES. JUST REMEMBER, SHE'S THE LAST PMOY OF THE 20TH CENTURY

COUNTDOWN TO *STAR WARS: EPISODE I—THE PHANTOM MENACE*—WE'LL BE STANDING IN LINE LIKE EVERYONE ELSE, ESPECIALLY FOR THE GUNS, BABES AND BAD GUYS. A PLAYBOY EXCLUSIVE

PUSSYCAT DOLLS—THOSE FABULOUS WOMEN FROM LOS ANGELES' VIPER ROOM GRANT US A VERY PRIVATE SHOW. MEOW!

PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO LIFE AFTER COLLEGE—YOU'VE GRADUATED—NOW WHAT? WHERE TO LIVE, WHAT TO WEAR AND HOW TO DATE IN THE REAL WORLD.

DJ CULTURE—THE WORLD IS RAVING, FROM IBIZA TO CHICAGO. THE WILDEST PARTIES, DJ'S, TURNTABLES, CLOTHING AND CLUBS BY **CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO**

CHRISTINA APPLEGATE—THE STAR OF *JESSE* ON SHAKING HER KELLY BUNDY IMAGE, DOING IT IN A CHURCH AND WHY SHE HAS WORDS OF ADVICE FOR ANNA NICOLE SMITH. 20Q BY **ROBERT CRANE**

AFTER VIAGRA—OUR GOOD FRIENDS IN THE PHARMACEUTICAL INDUSTRY ARE WORKING ON EVERYTHING FROM SEX ENHANCERS TO DIET PILLS TO BALDNESS CURES. HERE'S WHAT'S COMING TO YOUR DRUGSTORE SOON. BY **MICHAEL PARRISH**

SAMUEL L. JACKSON—*THE PHANTOM MENACE'S* JEDI ON RACISM IN HOLLYWOOD, OVERCOMING DRUGS AND WORKING WITH YODA. INTERVIEW BY **MICHAEL FLEMING**

AFTER THE PLAGUE—WHAT IF THE LAST MAN ON EARTH DIDN'T LIKE THE LAST WOMAN ON EARTH? FICTION BY **T. CORAGHESSAN BOYLE**

PLUS: PLAYMATE **KIMBERLY SPICER,** GIFTS FOR DADS AND GRADS, AND CAR STEREOS THAT ROCK

Playboy (ISSN 0032-1478), May 1999, volume 46, number 5. Published monthly by Playboy in national and regional editions, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Periodicals postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices. Canada Post Canadian Publications Mail Sales Product Agreement No. 56162. Subscriptions: in the U.S., $29.97 for 12 issues. Postmaster: Send address change to Playboy, P.O. Box 2007, Harlan, Iowa 51537-4007. For subscription-related questions, e-mail circ@ny.playboy.com. Editorial: edit@playboy.com.