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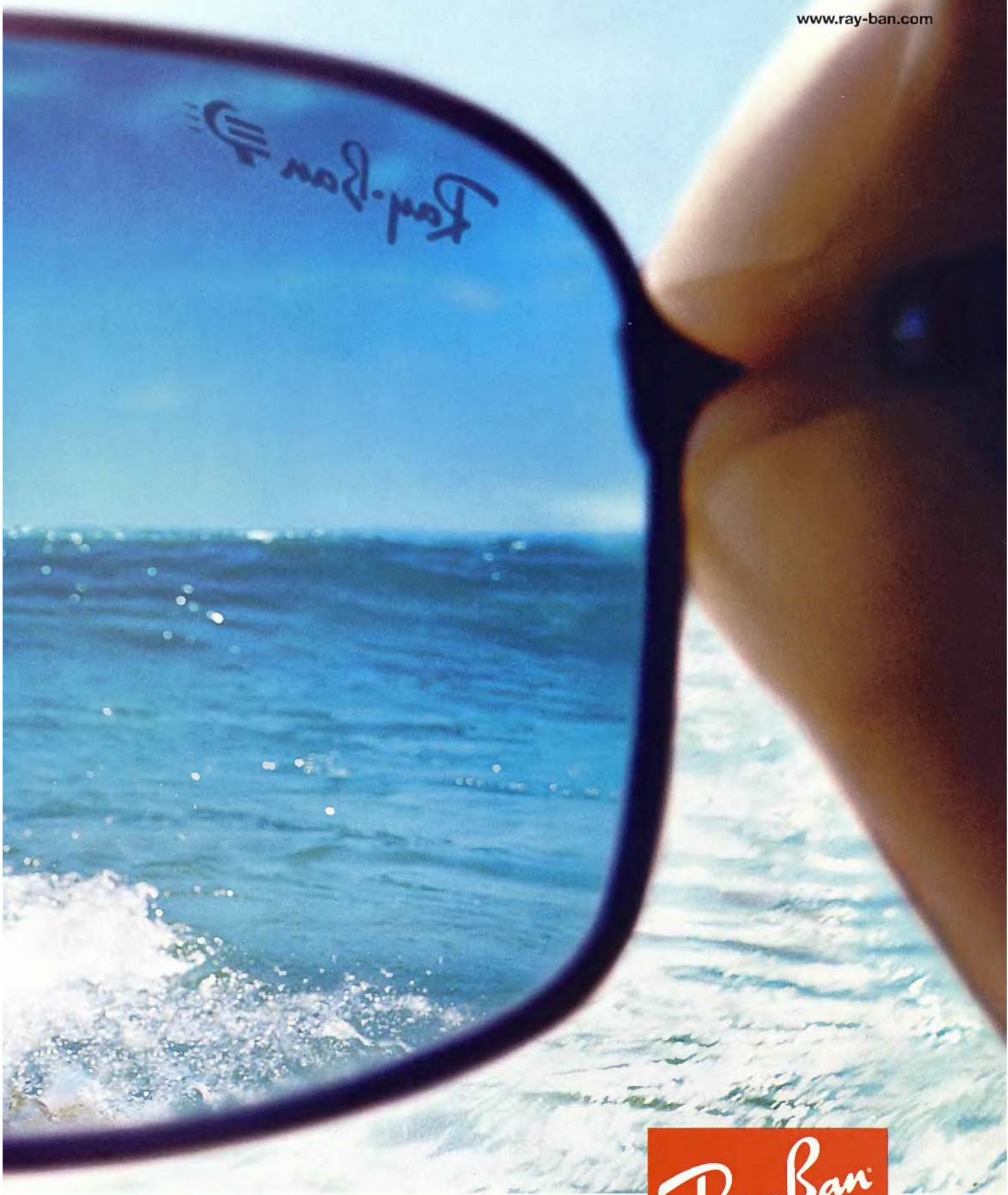
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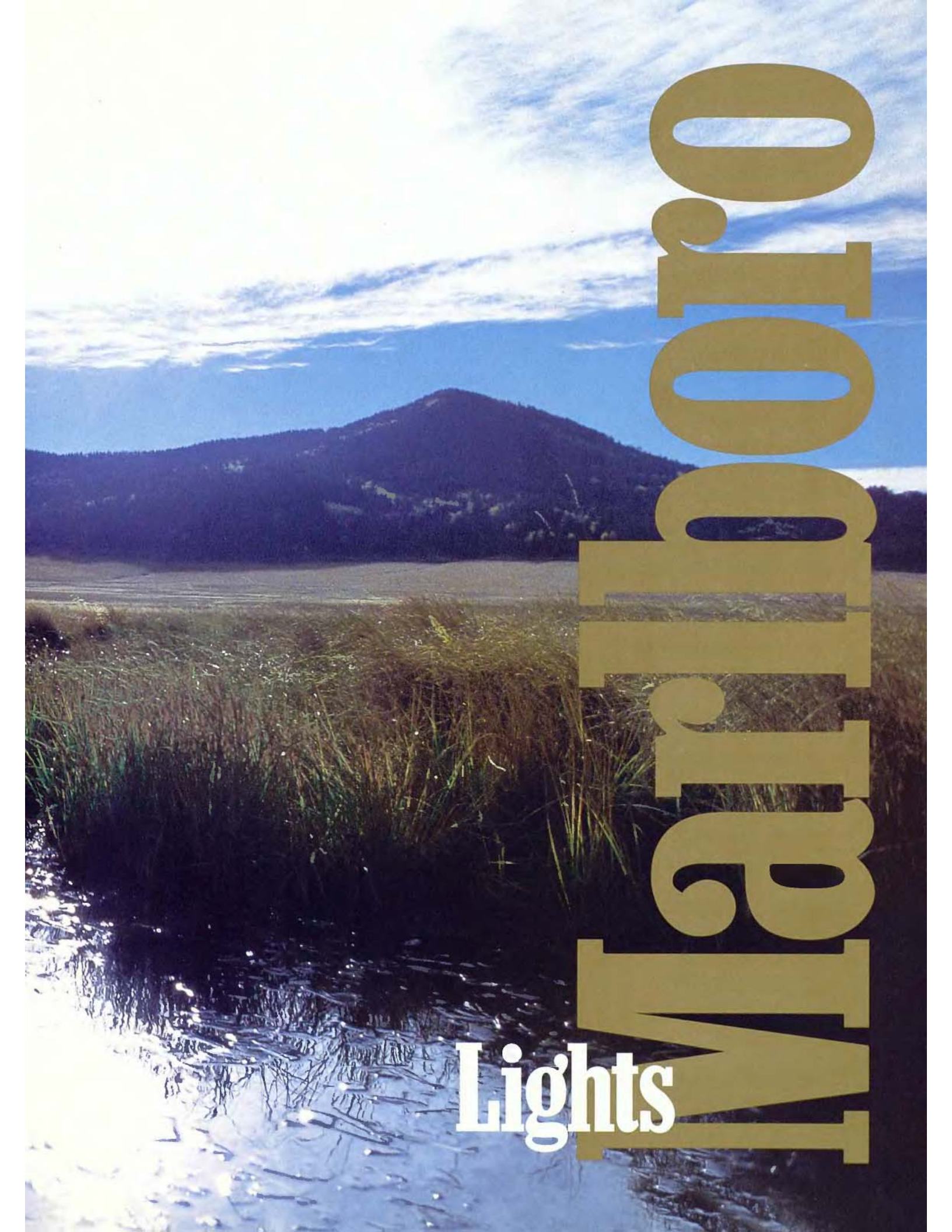


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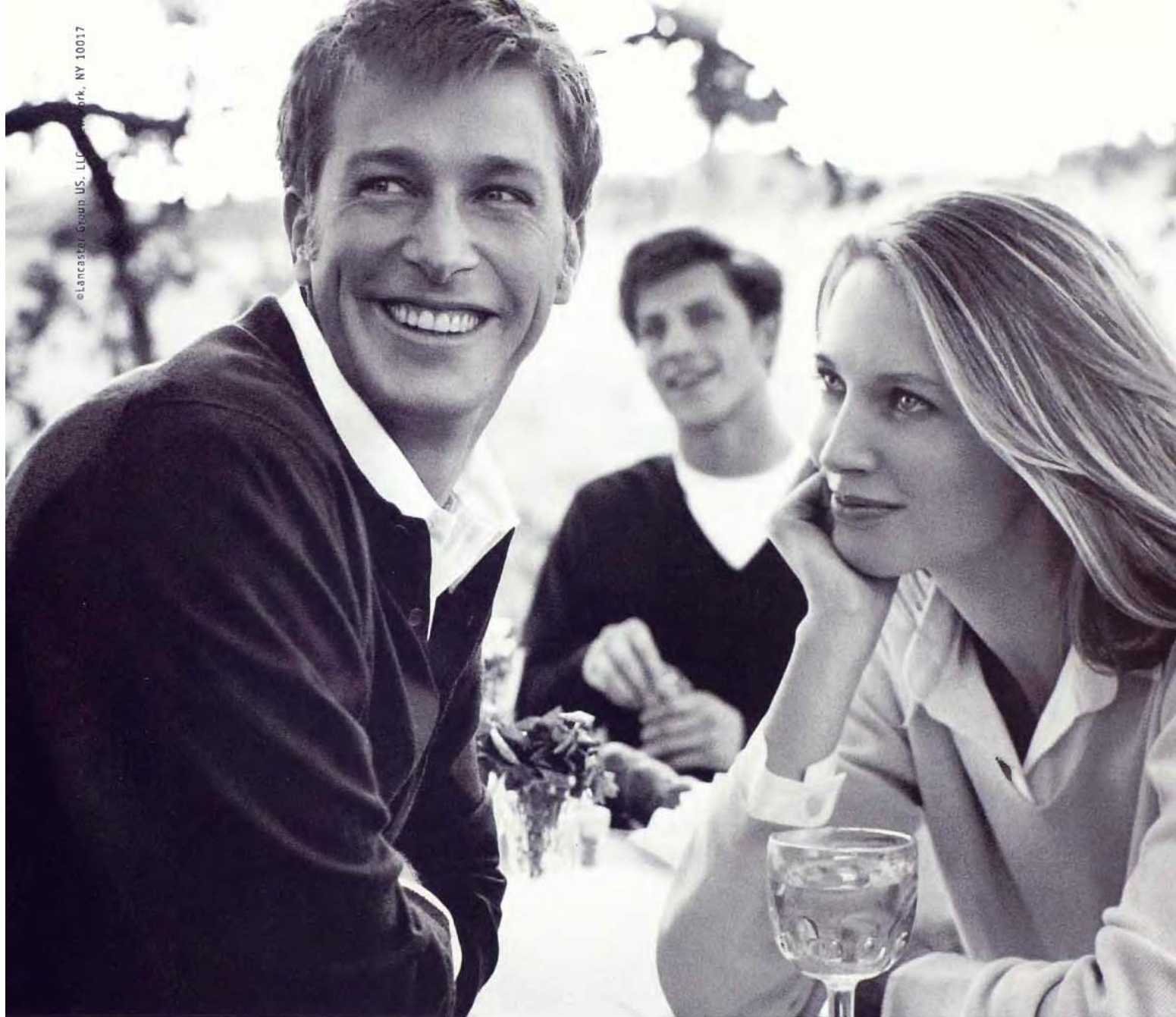




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PLAYBILL

THIS MONTH we have more stars than a Van Gogh painting—new stars, resurgent stars and even some *Star Wars*. To begin: **Heather Kozar** is Playmate of the Year. Actually, Heather has inspired heavy crushes for 17 months. Now she is ready to take the world with her short hair. See for yourself. Her pictorial was shot by **Arny Freytag** and choreographed by West Coast Photo Editor **Marilyn Grabowski**.

Brace yourself for a sharp *Playboy Interview* with **Samuel L. Jackson**. Yeah, that guy—the righteous dude who rified on pigs in *Pulp Fiction*. The guy whose résumé is loaded down with *Jungle Fever*, *Die Hard With a Vengeance*, *The Negotiator* and *Goodfellas*. *Daily Variety* columnist **Michael Fleming** sat with Jackson and walked away smarter. Pick a subject—cocaine (Jackson's an ex-user), paparazzi, race, Chris Tucker, babied actors—and Jackson's answer will impress. Next up, Hollywood's leader in assists elevates Yoda's game in the most anticipated film of the millennium, *Star Wars: Episode I: The Phantom Menace*. Turning to our homage, *The Saga Begins*, where you can admire Mace Windu's light saber, ogle the hottest interstellar dancing girl and study Darth Vader's favorite lines till your voice turns raspy.

As one of the most powerful men in the nation's most populous state, **Willie Brown** has settled in as mayor of San Francisco. Now, in a profile called *His Hipness the Mayor*, **Burr Snider** presents Brown to the other side of the Sierra Nevada. You won't soon forget the party animal of politics. Speaking of wild times, **Matt Groening** recently said he was sorry he inflicted Bart Simpson on parents. Seems Groening now has two grade-schoolers. This year Groening gave birth to his newest baby, the series *Futurama*. In an exclusive chat with **Steve Pond**, Groening looks back at his old show, dissects his new one and wonders where the time went. Another star with a past, **Christina Applegate**, makes no apologies for playing Kelly Bundy on *Married With Children*. "Too much Equal or something," she says in a *20 Questions* with **Robert Crane**. "I don't remember anything about it." We do, though, and we love her even more in the hit *Jesse*.

No Exit is the title of Blondie's new album and it suits us just fine. After a 17-year absence, the band is back. In *When Harry Met Blondie* **Deborah Harry's** biographer **Glenn O'Brien** traces the trajectory of his favorite lead singer. And in a revealing look at Harry's roots, delightful nude pictures of a pre-Blondie Harry flesh out the text. Today's musical landscape is being reshaped at 120 beats per minute, thanks to the convergence of electronic music and the tradition of hip-hop DJs. In a bass-heavy package called *DJ Culture*, **Timothy Mohr** checks in with Coldcut and other leaders of the genre. It's all about decks (turntables), drums (breakbeats) and rock and roll. Being PLAYBOY, we'd never slight jazz—but we did last month. We said our Jazz Festival starts June 2, whereas it's on June 12 and 13. Call it anticipation.

The age of better living through chemistry is here and **Michael Parrish** tells us what we can expect in our latest science project, *Lifestyle Drugs*. (The artwork is by **Wilson McLean**.) Whether you're talking weight loss or hair gain, the future looks bright and shiny and comes in a pill. To help you continue your drug-free, postgraduate existence in style, editors **Barbara Nellis** and **Alison Lundgren** compiled classy golden rules in *Playboy's Guide to Life After College*. Artist **Steven Guarnaccia** provided the illustrations for how-tos on careers, clothes and living with a roommate (maybe even a roommate with a bra). Before you buy that new computer, read the manual—that is, *Laptop Dancing* by **Ted C. Fishman**. He rates the best carryalls in ways even computards understand. Yearning for simpler times? *The Pussycat Dolls* pictorial may help. The gorgeous stars of the Viper Room's cabaret floor show take it off for the first time in public. Goes to show there's more than one way to skin a cat.



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COVER STORY

"People told me I'm the Nineties version of Marilyn Monroe," says 1999 Playmate of the Year Heather Kozor. "Then I cut my hair short and started hearing it all the time. Not that I could ever replace her." Our nod to MM—our first cover—from the century's lost PMOY was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grobowski, shot by Arny Freytag and styled by Lane Coyle. Alexis Vogel styled Heather's hair and makeup. Our Rabbit has no snake phobia.



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HW Hungry Women

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

hef sightings, mansion frolics and nightlife notes



FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHT TO PARTY

Joining Hef on fight night are Leon Isaac Kennedy, Smokey Robinson, Rod Stewart and a bevy of Playmates and friends: Heather Kozar, Alison Berliner, Lisa Dergan, Stewart, Deanna Brooks, Victoria Fuller and Carrie Stevens—all technical knockouts.



HEF'S SLEEPOVER

Hef stopped in to check on the progress of the *Playmate Pajama Party* video and to check out the sexy sleepwear on Jaime Bergman, Lisa Dergan, Stacy Fuson and Heather Kozar.



LIVE FROM THE PLAYBOY MANSION

Roseanne broadcast her TV talk show from the Playboy Mansion late last winter, enabling her to interview Hef comfortably in his lair. Another guest was the Grammy award-winning jazz musician Herbie Hancock. He took time to squeeze out a nostalgic moment with Miss August 1986 Ava Fabian (left) and Miss January 1996 Victoria Fuller, who were decked out in full Bunny regalia for the year of the rabbit.



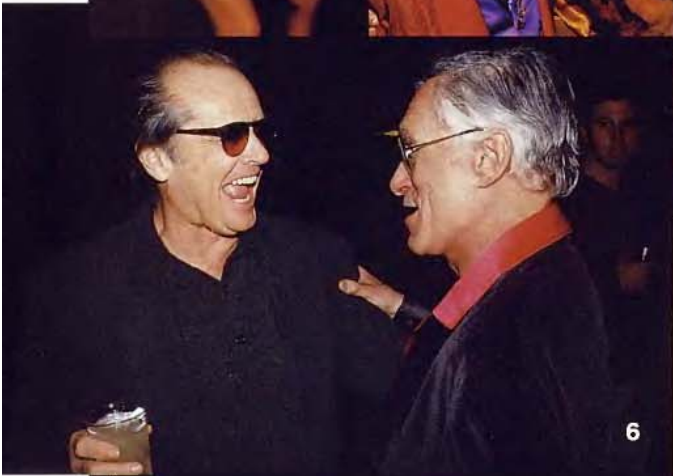
LOOK WHAT HEF GOT FOR A PRESENT

Faced with finding just the right present for a man who has everything, Hef's friend Brande Roderick offers water nymphs Mandy Bentley, Andrea Logan, Nenna Quiroz, Kristy Cline and Deanna Brooks.

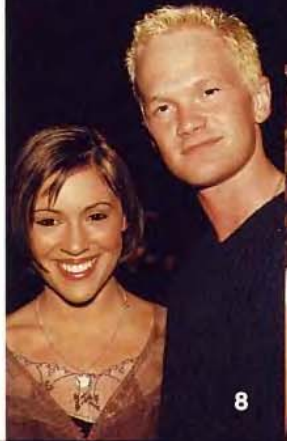


PARTY LIKE IT'S

1999



More than a billion Chinese are celebrating the Year of the Rabbit. Count us in. The Playboy Mansion is party central for a yearlong bash. (1) Hef has vowed not to stop conga-ing for 365 days. (2) Jim Carrey (with Stacy Fuson and pal) apparently raided Hef's closet. (3) We don't know her name, but we like her. (4) Hef and Wilt Chamberlain. (5) New Year's Eve: guys in tuxes, ladies in lingerie. (6) Hef and Jack. (7) George Clooney, Deanna Brooks and friend. (8) Alyssa Milano charms Neil Patrick Harris. (9) John Stamos is horny for his wife, Rebecca Romijn-Stamos. (10) Jerry Springer, Brian Austin Green, Julie Brown and pal. (11) "Do a little dance, make a little love, get down tonight." (12) Brande Roderick grooves. (13) Liam Neeson and Geoffrey Rush at the Valentine's Day fete.



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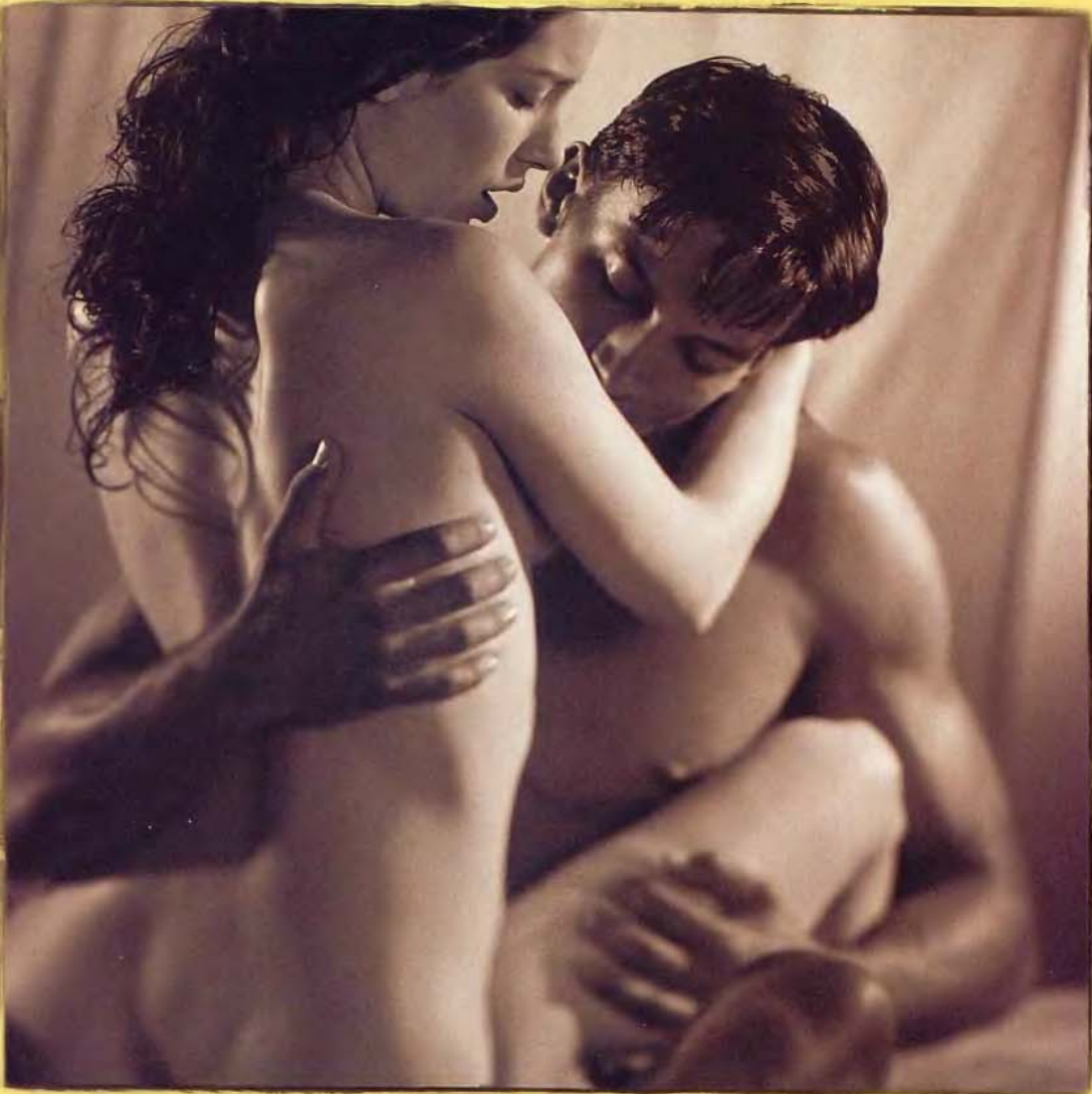


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KISS AND TELL

I'm a 30-year-old mother of two, and I've been a Kiss fan since I was ten and a PLAYBOY fan since I was 20. I went out and bought *Kiss: The Second Coming* (a must-see video) when the March issue of PLAYBOY, featuring the band, arrived. The photos (*The Girls of Kiss*) are imaginative and gorgeous. Kiss has bridged the generation gap with their music (my kids love them, too).

Carolyn Beitz
Dayton, Texas

I'm a huge fan of Kiss and an even bigger PLAYBOY fan. I own every issue of the magazine from 1976 to the present. Imagine my excitement when I opened the March issue and found myself pictured in the Kiss feature. I'm in one of the live shots from the concert on November 12, 1998 at Fleet Center in Boston. This is a dream come true.

Walter Kieseling
Dedham, Massachusetts

I can't understand why PLAYBOY would take so many beautiful women and cover their faces with horrible makeup so they resemble an old, washed-up band trying to get attention. I used to like Kiss, but it's time for them to give it up.

Andy Brenner
Chicago, Illinois

As a Kiss veteran, I thoroughly enjoyed the feature. The band is still kicking and the girls are hot.

Joe Di Martino
Huntington Beach, California

I've been a Kiss fan since puberty and I've enjoyed two nostalgic concerts since their reunion. But, no matter how much I enjoy PLAYBOY and Kiss, their pairing couldn't have been more ill conceived. Near naked women in Kiss makeup just doesn't work.

Steve Ochs
Simi Valley, California

CAREY ON, DREW

PLAYBOY scores double points for finding a guy in showbiz who can't tell a lie. I love the Drew Carey interview (March) because I can relate to all the highs and lows he has experienced in life.

Annndrea Paulson
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Does Drew Carey get paid every time he says, "I love to eat pussy"?

Randy Reinacher
Ogden, Utah

On behalf of all the dysfunctional, self-esteem impaired, beer-bellied average joes of the world who chase strippers to validate our manhood, thanks for the Drew Carey interview. He's our man.

Carl White
Atlanta, Georgia

There's no reason a gorgeous, sexy, sweet guy like Drew should ever have to eat at McDonald's or Denny's again. Tell him to look me up the next time he's in Baltimore. I'll make sure he gets a terrific home-cooked meal, a chance to see Albert Belle again and anything else he wants.

Beth Woodell
Baltimore, Maryland

I would trade a six-pack stomach for Drew's pony-keg tummy any day. I've always thought he was funny as hell, but to find out he's so down-to-earth makes me love him that much more.

Leta Whitehead
Midlothian, Virginia

AMERICA RULES

In response to John Cleese's quote in *Raw Data* (March), here's why I think Americans are superior to Brits:

(1) We saved their bacon twice—in World War I and World War II.

(2) We don't have hordes of punks running through the streets beating and killing fans of opposing soccer teams.

GAMES

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It's not often that you can run an empire, crush your enemies, and make millions—all from the comfort of your own home. But thanks to **Railroad Tycoon II**, railroad enthusiasts and strategy fans everywhere can do just that.

Developed by PopTop Software, this strategy simulation game features 30 historically accurate scenarios with maps from all over the world. Beginning in 1829, **Railroad Tycoon II** puts you in control of all aspects of the railroad industry and lets you re-create history's greatest railroading feats and failures using any of 59 train engines and 34 types of cargo from around the world. You'll find yourself testing your entrepreneurial prowess by building railroad and financial empires and by dominating more than 30 industries. By incorporating a sophisticated economic system and a simulated stock market, the game's designers have ensured players a truly challenging—and addictive—experience.



Regarded as the best strategy game of the year by numerous gaming magazines, this award-winning title has already sold more than 500,000 copies. PopTop is now answering the demand of thousands of loyal fans with an expansion pack entitled **Railroad Tycoon II: The Second Century**, featuring all-new scenarios spanning the years from 1930 to 2030. Some challenges you'll face include helping guide the Allies to victory in war-torn Europe or building the high-speed rail link between San Francisco and Los Angeles. You'll even put the newly built "Chunnel" to work and pay off the staggering debt incurred building it. All aboard this phenomenal gaming experience.

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(3) We have PLAYBOY magazine and Marilyn Monroe.

William Beck
Raleigh, North Carolina

FIREWATER

How could John Rame write an article on premium vodkas (*Cold Gold*, February) and not mention Belvedere? This Polish vodka is made from rye and is distilled four times. The distilling creates a crisp and clean taste, and there's no nasty hangover.

Dan Ballinger
Alameda, California

NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS

Celine Dion is a talented singer, but I can't believe she was voted Female Rock Vocalist of the Year (*The Year in Music*, March). Next thing we'll see is Ethel Merman being inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame.

Kirk Anderson
Pennsauken, New Jersey

RED HOT

I'm delighted that you have chosen a sexy redhead, Alexandria Karlsen, to be Miss March (*Investing With Lexie*). She's smart and successful, and she knows what she wants. Lexie is the perfect woman.

Daniel Kunkle
Omaha, Nebraska

Alexandria Karlsen is the clear choice for Playmate of the Year, the decade and the millennium. My roommate almost had an embolism when he saw her pic-



tures. Just keep bringing us those sexy young redheads.

Neal Grant
San Luis Obispo, California

Lexie is an archetype for today's American woman. She's not afraid to explore

her varied interests—writing, finance, education and modeling. It's great that she can balance and blend Wall Street and art.

Giovanni Continelli
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

I love redheads, and Lexie takes the carrottop cake. Thanks for making this my favorite pictorial.

Don Clark
Gas City, Indiana

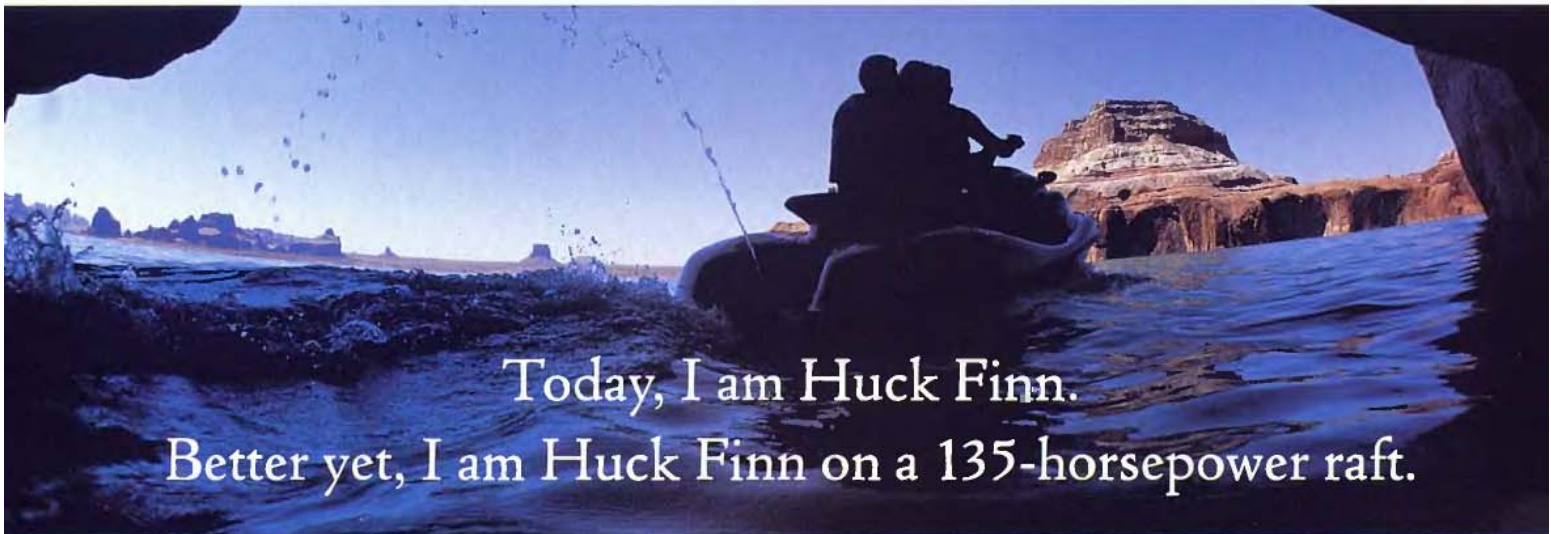
BEAUTY AND THE BEASTIES

I'm a new PLAYBOY subscriber, and the March issue was my first. I loved reading about the trials and tribulations of the Beastie Boys (*Beastie Boys to Beastie Men*). I'm thrilled that PLAYBOY has taken notice of the Boys and how their music has evolved. When Adam, Mike and Adam speak, millions listen. You can tell by listening to their music that the Beastie Boys have grown up, and I want to thank them for helping me grow up, too.

Colin Sim
Barrie, Ontario

BUBBLING OVER

While I agree with Christopher Byron (*Money Matters*, March) that technology stocks, particularly Internet stocks, are out of control, I think he makes some faulty assumptions. He says that "roughly 33 percent of all American households



Today, I am Huck Finn.
Better yet, I am Huck Finn on a 135-horsepower raft.



If you're going to go discover hidden coves, you need to feel good about your machine. Yamaha's been making engines for the water for over 30 years. This year, there are eight personal watercraft to choose from. And try our seven-seat LS2000 boat for a truly breathtaking experience.



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have already signed up for Internet use," but his numbers are way off. Byron ignores the multiple Internet-access factors of work and school. His one-account-per-household and one-user-per-account assumptions are off by a factor of at least three nationally. From this he projects a bursting bubble in 12 to 18 months. It's sure to happen, but Byron's timing is not accurate. Saturation is much farther away than he concludes.

Don Bouchard
Houston, Texas

REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK

I concur with John Dean that the independent counsel law should be abolished (*Let's Kill the Independent Counsel*, March). Perhaps the legacy of this counsel will be added to other American rallying cries—from Remember the Alamo, the *Maine* and Pearl Harbor to Ken Starr and the House managers.

Tom Steinfeld
Hartsdale, New York

HAIL, HAIL, ROCK AND ROLL

They Can't Kill Rock and Roll, but They're Trying (March) by Dave Marsh is filled with the kind of information my friends and I often discuss. The Nineties have been pretty hostile toward hard rock and heavy metal. Maybe that's why record companies are being swallowed up. I say let them be, and let's watch indepen-

dent labels pick up the decent material out there. Maybe then the music will get better.

Darrell Wright
Livingston, Texas

Elvis, the Spice Girls, Hollywood, Music Row, Beale Street—critic Dave Marsh knows the music biz. He's been there. As an indie label owner and artist, I appreciate his valuable insight.

Bryan Burchfield
Fultondale, Alabama

MOODY RUDY

Mayor Rudolph Guiliani (*Rudy's Rules*, March) and his kind are half of what's wrong with America. The people who vote for them make up the other half.

Marc Hiesrodt
Tekonsha, Michigan

THE SPORTING LIFE

I agree with many of the points Keith Olbermann makes in *So, What Have You Done for Us Lately?* (March), but I take umbrage at his characterization of Mark McGwire's use of androstenedione. Is he implying that McGwire has only warning-track power without andro? If so, what sport has he been watching? McGwire hit 49 homers as a rookie, long before he began taking andro. The fact is, he can use any legal performance-enhancing supplement he chooses. Last

summer, I saw McGwire not as an athlete embroiled in a controversy, but as one who saved the sport with grace, humility and respect. If Olbermann can't remember that far back, he should try a memory-enhancing supplement.

Bobby Allen
Las Cruces, New Mexico

DATING DISASTERS

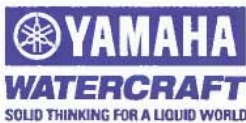
After reading Myles Berkowitz' article *Dating Disasters, and How to Avoid Them* (February), I wanted to share my experiences with PLAYBOY readers. There was a lot of humor and sadness in my dating disasters. I tried dating services, the personals, even asking friends to fix me up. But doing all those things taught me what I didn't want. There are good men and women out there; mine happened to be right under my nose.

Sarah Parker
Hyannis, Massachusetts

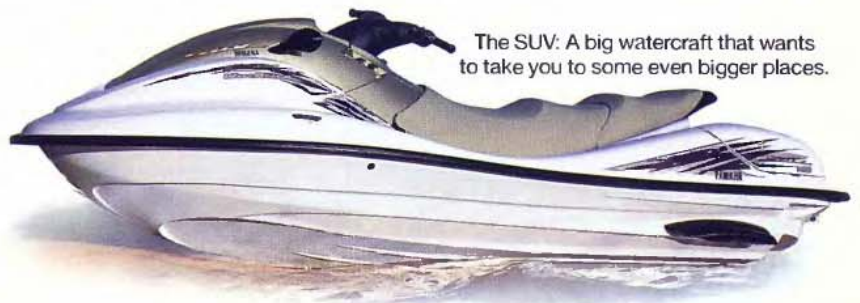
BAD JOKE

It is distasteful of PLAYBOY to publish a joke (*Party Jokes*, March) about the president's daughter. You can attack him, but leave her out of it. Children don't choose their parents.

Darlene Trumble
Newark, Texas



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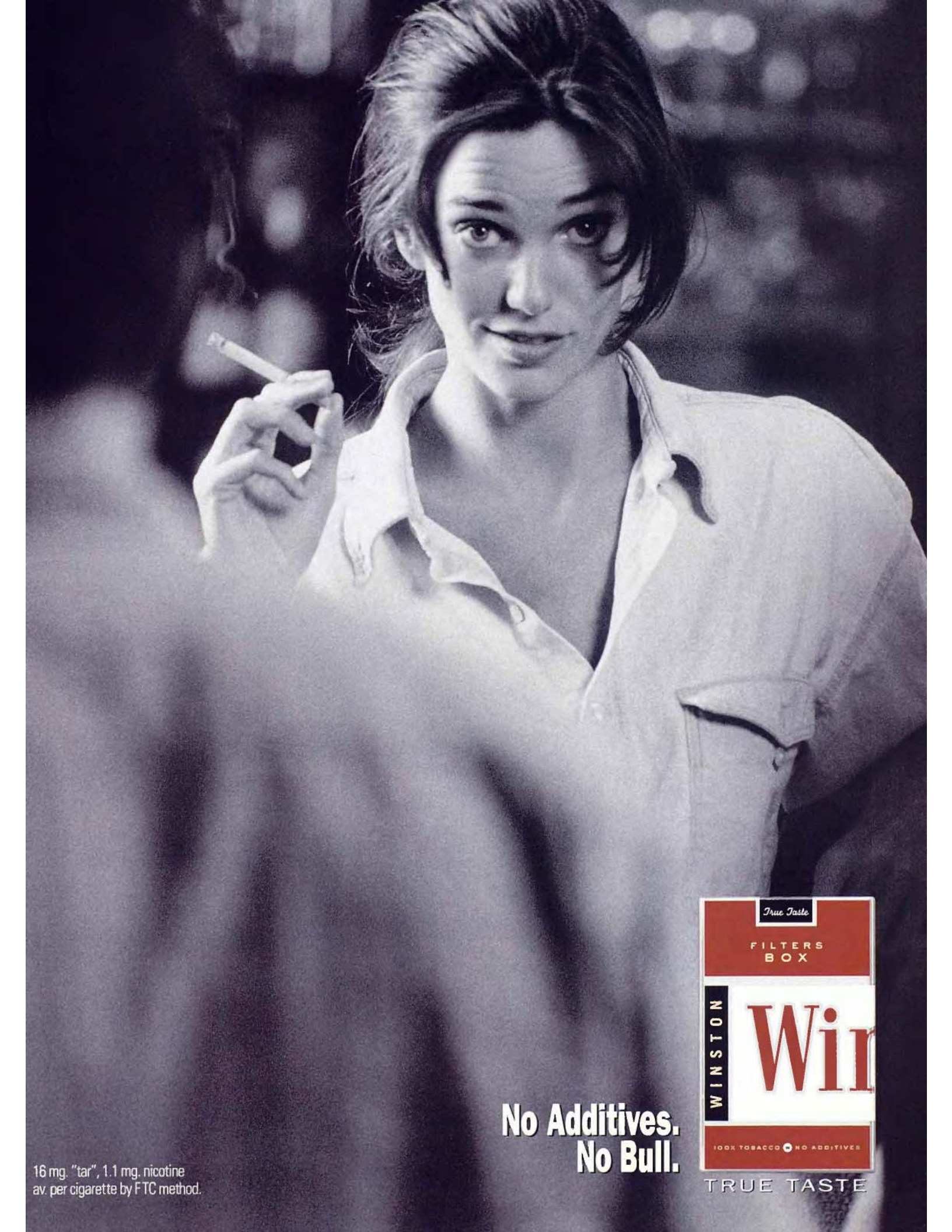


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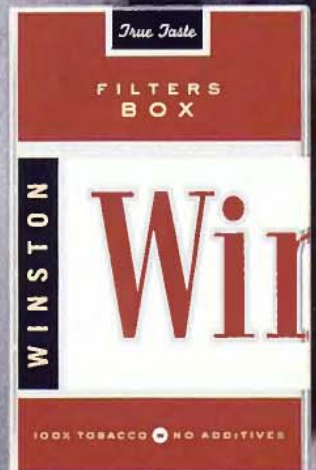


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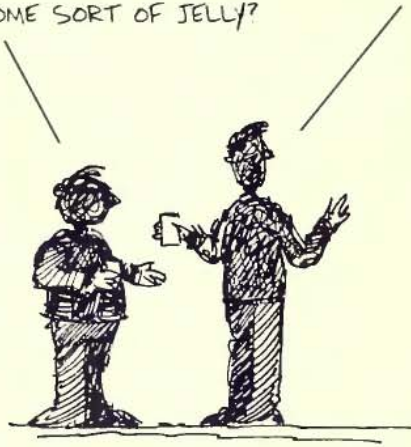
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



THE PEN IS MIGHTY

Before Lorena Bobbitt turned her husband into lunch meat, *The New York Times* had printed the word penis only three times in 20 years. Author Maggie Paley uses this example of the word's coming out party as an opportunity for extensive exploration of the male organ in *The Book of the Penis* (Grove). Though she sometimes writes as if half her potential readers don't own one, she generally hits the subject on the head—particularly in her discussions of history. Some examples: A gavone who wears a gold Italian fist-and-finger around his neck may be surprised to learn that the charm is based on the early Roman cock-and-balls amulet. Once upon a time, a bris involved snipping only a piece of the foreskin—the penis on Michelangelo's *David* is an example of once-standard Jewish circumcision. Padded codpieces may have been less of a fashion statement and more of a way to keep mercury-based syphilis creams from soiling expensive fabrics. And editrices at women's mags may find it interesting to learn that the word glamour comes from a medieval witches' spell to rid men of their favorite magic wands.

MEDICINE BALL

From researchers at Wilkes University in Pennsylvania comes good news and bad. The good news is that people who engage in sex once or twice a week produce "substantially higher levels" of immunoglobulin A, a key disease-fighting antibody, than those who couple less frequently. The bad news is that the health benefits of sex peak at twice weekly, with antibody levels declining at higher frequencies. On the other hand, Hef's looking pretty good.

DUNG HO

Taking the recycling effort further than we would care to go is a book currently marketed as a Y2K survival aid, *Humanure Handbook*. It's all about how to convert your own bodily waste into fertilizer compost.

FAMILY TRAILER COURT

An Ohio man was arraigned on first-degree sodomy charges after a woman testified that she awoke one evening in her trailer home to find him performing oral sex on her. The Ohioan's excuse? He was drunk, and he tripped and fell into the woman's bed, his lawyer argued, and had mistaken her trailer for his sister's next door.

CLUELESS

Smith College president Ruth Simmons is fed up with the flurry of likes, you knows, I means and other slang that is bandied about in campus classrooms. Last fall, according to the *Boston Globe*, Simmons introduced "Speaking Across the Curriculum," a program that adds speaking requirements and an understanding of rhetoric to the undergraduate course load. Mount Holyoke, MIT, Wesleyan and other schools are following suit. According to dismayed alumni who have conducted job interviews with recent graduates, the scourge of mall-speak, as Simmons calls it, extends beyond the campus. "It's minimalist, it's re-



ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

ductionist, it's repetitive, it's imprecise, it's inarticulate, it's vernacular," Simmons railed. "It drives me crazy." Like, whatever.

THE FARTHEST SHORELINE

From the land of Oz. A reader commenting in *The Sydney Morning Herald* on President Clinton's troubles last fall wrote: "Thank God we got the convicts and they got the Puritans."

DION TO GET IN

To those who say they'd listen to Celine Dion only over their own dead bodies, consider this: A British funeral chain conducted a survey of music played at funerals last year. Dion's *My Heart Will Go On* ranked as number one. Those who wanted to be buried like a princess made Sir Elton John's *Candle in the Wind* number two. Bette Midler rounded out the top three with *Wind Beneath My Wings*, which was featured in the tear-jerking funeral scene from *Beaches*.

MARQUEE TRIM

From the new frontiers in censorship file: Tickets for the theatrical metal band Nashville Pussy's current tour read NASHVILLE P*SSY. ALL AGES WELCOME.

WHAT A DIFFERENCE A BAY MAKES

Nothing captures the difference between San Francisco and Oakland better than the decision of the Oakland City Council—with the urging of the American Academy of Child and Adolescent Psychiatry—to formally consider becoming the country's first official No Spanking Zone. The proposal was defeated. Meanwhile, in San Francisco a good spanking will still cost you at least \$50.

CRAPO-LOTT REVISITED

More evidence that Congress fails to think things through: It named the bill that bans federal funding of human embryo research after its two authors. The result? A law concerning reproductive freedom called the Dickey-Wicker Amendment.

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"Drugs taught an entire generation of kids the metric system."—PJ. O'ROURKE

SEMPER FIDELITY

Number of years 401(k)s have been in existence: 21. Total number of 401(k) participants in the U.S.: 25 million. Number of participants in Fidelity Investments' 401(k) plans: 5.3 million. Number of new participants added to Fidelity accounts last year: 701,000. Number of Fidelity 401(k) participants who have balances of \$1 million or more: 10,000. Total amount of money in 401(k)s: \$1 trillion. Total amount projected for 2002: \$1.9 trillion. Average balance in Fidelity 401(k) accounts: \$52,000.

TO PEE OR NOT TO PEE

Average number of gallons of water used per flush of a toilet: 2.5. Number of gallons of water a person can conserve every year by urinating outside once a day: 912. Number of cubic feet of water that can be conserved if a quarter of all American men saved one flush per day: 4.5 billion.

LEO VS. THE LION

High bid at the Hollywood Collector's Ransom Five auction for the *Wizard of Oz*' Cowardly Lion costume: \$250,000. High bid for Michael Keaton's *Batman* outfit: \$60,000. High bid for Leonardo DiCaprio's shirt from *Titanic*: \$10,000.

MAINLY IN THE PLAINS

Number of Red Lobster restaurants in the state of Maine: 0.

HEADWEAR AND CHILDREN FIRST

According to *Boating* magazine, percentage of boat owners who would not jump overboard to save their



FACT OF THE MONTH

The Canadian government agreed to spend as much as \$40,000 on medical bills for a soldier who wanted to have a sex-change operation.

lion. Total owed to American Express: \$14.6 billion.

BABE WATCH

Number of countries in which the television show *Rugrats* is broadcast: 70. Number of languages into which it is translated: 16. Number of years *Rugrats* has been on TV: 7.

BIG AND BIGGER BUSINESS

Of the 10 largest U.S. corporate mergers in history, number that took place in 1998: 10.

BENCHMARKS

Of the 428 law clerks hired by the current nine justices of the Supreme Court, number of blacks: 8. Of the approximately 550 hockey players in the NHL, number of blacks: 9.

SHOPPING MAUL

Percentage of violent crimes at malls that occur in parking lots: 80.

SHELL GAME

Number of Americans who are allergic to nuts: 2 million. Likelihood that a child will inherit an allergy if one parent has it: 30 percent. If two parents share it: 60 percent.

—PAUL ENGLEMAN

spouses: 13. Percentage who would dive into the drink to save a hat: 25.

PORK CHOPPERS

Percentage decline in the price farmers received for pork from 1997 to 1998: 39. Percentage decline in retail price for consumers: 1.5.

HARD CHARGERS

Percentage of the credit card industry controlled by Visa and MasterCard: 75. Total owed to Visa in 1997 on U.S. accounts: \$233.6 billion. Total owed to MasterCard on U.S. accounts: \$161 billion.

VAN GO

French automaker PSA Peugeot Citroën caused a stir when it announced that it "paid heavily for rights" to name a new minivan the Picasso. Many people in the art world regard this as blasphemy and have condemned it. People in the automotive world are just hoping it doesn't mean that both headlights will be on the same side.

SENATOR=TREASON

At last, real hidden meaning surfaces in Washington. An anagram for Monica Lewinsky is "nice silky woman." And "President Clinton of the USA" becomes "To copulate he finds interns."

BRILL'S CONTENT

Ever notice how the audience at *Late Night With David Letterman* is up even when Dave isn't? Thank warm-up man Eddie Brill. A successful comedian, Brill fluffs up the out-of-town crowd with New York patois. In his brief instructional he veers from "shit guests" to "jokes that suck" to "bullshit ploys." The giddy crowd roars at his insouciance (honed regularly at Caroline's Comedy Club). Brill is equally candid with Letterman. "Once Dave asked Sophia Loren, whom he loves, if she got any grab-ass on the set of a movie," says Brill. "At the break I looked at him and said, 'Grab-ass, Dave?' and he just cracked up." Stay awake and you may catch Brill's next televised appearance on the show. The last time, he talked about a dream when he was in a movie with Gene Hackman. "I tried to get De Niro but he was too expensive. So I have a three-dream deal with Hackman. It's for two afternoon naps and a nightmare."

GIMME SHELTER

The new catalog from New York's Boym Design Studio is out. One of our favorite product lines is the Buildings of Disaster collection. It features "miniature replicas of famous structures where some tragic or terrible events happened to take place." Each building weighs around one and a half pounds and is cast in heavy, bonded nickel. All are hand-finished and numbered and cost \$100 each. You can take your pick of such structures as the Chernobyl plant, the Oklahoma City Federal Building and the Unabomber shack. May we suggest adding the Capitol Building, the NBA's labor relations office and any studio that has shot a Pauly Shore movie.

PENNYWISE PENTAGON

Never mind the Department of Defense's history of paying for platinum-priced hardware. Its official website is now pushing the booklet *Dollars and Cents: The DOD's Guide to Managing Your Finances*.



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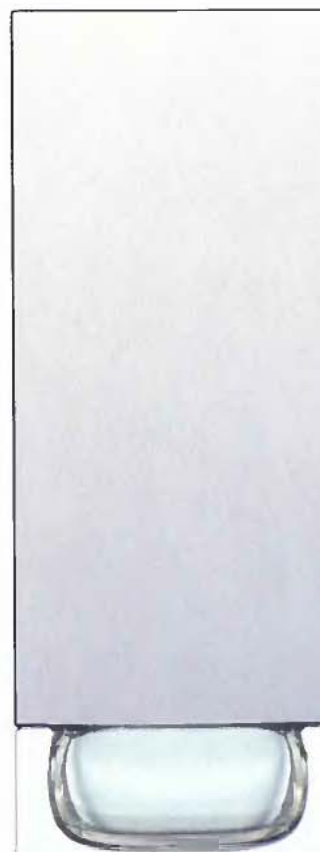
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MOVIES

By LEONARD MALTIN

ALTHOUGH IT'S saddled with an inappropriate title, *Besieged* (Fine Line) lives up to Bernardo Bertolucci's reputation for striking, original entertainment. In this fable, spun by Clare Peploe and Bertolucci, African immigrant Thandie Newton is working as a maid for a reclusive English pianist (David Thewlis) at his townhouse in Rome while studying for a medical degree. He is smitten by her, but she pays no attention to his advances, being much too absorbed in her own life and in the haunting memories of her husband, an outspoken schoolteacher imprisoned in Nairobi. She doesn't even respond to Thewlis' beautiful music because she can't relate to the European classics he favors. Ultimately, he decides to prove his love for her in the only way he can—and she does her best to pretend it isn't happening. To reveal more would spoil the surprise and spontaneity of this film. Bertolucci isn't afraid of silence—in fact, much of the film's expository scenes play without dialogue—and he uses a kinetic editing style with often overlapping shots to good effect. The result is stimulating and satisfying. The two lead actors are superb. ★★★

Winner of both the Audience Award and the Grand Jury Prize at this year's Sundance Film Festival is Tony Bui's debut feature, *Three Seasons* (October). This fascinating look at life in modern-day



Newton and Thewlis in a Bertolucci moment.

Searing satire,
cult cinema,
revisiting a classic.

Vietnam weaves together the stories of a young woman who takes a job harvesting lotuses for a reclusive poet, a street urchin who peddles his wares to tourists while remaining invisible to others, a tranquil bicycle-taxi driver who becomes enamored of a good-looking prostitute, and an American ex-Marine (Harvey

Keitel) who's come back to Vietnam in search of the daughter he left behind. If the setting were less exotic or intrinsically compelling, some of the story and dialogue would seem clichéd. But the novelty of the backdrop energizes the film. Bui, a Vietnamese American, has chronicled the growing culture clash between the old world and the new, with an urban culture dominated by expensive, air-conditioned high-rise hotels but also peopled by citizens who live and sleep on the streets below. ★★★

Election (Paramount) is a smart, audacious comedy from director Alexander Payne, who adapted Tom Perrotta's novel in collaboration with Jim Taylor. If you saw Payne's *Citizen Ruth* you know that he has a penchant for satire, and one of his principal targets is earnestness. Like *Ruth*, this film takes place in the heartland—Omaha, Nebraska. Matthew Broderick plays a nerdy high school teacher and counselor who genuinely cares about shaping young minds. But one student—overeager, ferociously ambitious Tracy Flick (wonderfully portrayed by Reese Witherspoon)—gets under his skin, so much so that he encourages a nice but dull-witted jock to oppose her in the student council election. From there, everything goes wrong. Dead-on in its portrayal of students and teachers alike, *Election* can seem cruel, but it may simply be precise. Proof lies in the fact that you don't dislike any of the people in the film,

Why are movies so damn long?

Some directors tell me it's because studios impose unrealistic deadlines on their postproduction schedules. While rushing their films to completion, they don't have time to step back,

telling time, such as *The Ten Commandments* and *Gone With the Wind*. Time flew by when I watched Spike Lee's *Malcolm X* and Mel Gibson's *Braveheart*.

More troubling than the rare three-hour epic is the two-hour film that

been nice if this had ended five or ten minutes ago."

Titanic is the exception that proves the rule. James Cameron risked a great deal on his three-hour-plus epic, including potential income, since theaters can't show a long film conveniently twice a night. As it happens, the whole world wanted to see his film—and happily sat through every frame. (Still, he fought to the end for an even longer version, including a sequence in which Billy Zane's outraged character goes gunning after Leo and Kate.)

To return to the original question, why are movies so long?

Simon West, who directed *Con Air* and the upcoming *The General's Daughter*, says, "It just depends how powerful a director is. The more powerful you are, the longer your movies are. So when I'm at the top of the tree, my movies will be about five or six hours long." Of course, West was just joking. I hope.

—L.M.

THE SHOW MUST GO ON . . . AND ON . . .

take a deep breath and review their work with a fresh eye.

In other cases, studios seem unwilling to get the filmmakers to compromise. If they've ceded final cut to the director—as Universal did with Martin Brest on *Meet Joe Black*—they're stuck. And so are we. Surely a filmmaker as savvy as Brest knew he was risking both audience endurance and box office success by turning in a three-hour movie. Sources say he tried to trim the film but felt those excisions would cut the heart out of it.

Testing a moviegoer's patience does not make sense. There are, however, stories that demand extended story-

doesn't know how to end. *As Good as It Gets* is a wonderful movie, but it does go on. I thought *The Mask of Zorro* was fun until it had to give us another chase, another climax, another villain's demise.

When legendary producer Samuel Goldwyn was asked, "How long is a good movie?" he answered: "How long is a movie good?"

Even Clint Eastwood, who has made his share of films running two hours or more, says, "Most movies are probably too long. I think every movie has to find its own length, but on average, most movies are probably a beat or two too long; you think, Gee, it would have

OFF CAMERA

"Besides hockey and baseball," says **Denis Leary**, "acting was the only thing I was ever really interested in."

So it's no accident that the angry young man of comedy has turned out to be a highly capable actor with an impressive roster of screen credits, including *Suicide Kings*, *Wag the Dog*, *True Crime*, *A Bug's Life* (as the tough-talking ladybug) and, forthcoming, *The Thomas Crown Affair*.

Comedy was the accident in Leary's career; he was studying acting at Emerson College in Boston and tried it out as a lark. (Coincidentally, the writer of his first co-starring vehicle, *The Ref*, was former schoolmate Richard LaGravenese.)

"Working onstage," he says, "you're alive for those two hours and you're aware of where you have to go and how to get there. But in film it might be over the course of nine weeks that you have to keep in touch with all the emotions involved in a particular scene."

"I didn't know anything about acting on camera," Leary admits. "I was trained in the theater." But he felt safe in the hands of director Ted Demme, a friend who had already done Leary's notorious MTV spots.

Leary has written one film (*Two if by Sea*, co-starring Sandra Bullock, which turned out badly) and produced another (*Monument Avenue*). But he's just as happy to work as an actor.

"There are people who complain about the hours, but I used to work as a dishwasher in a greasy spoon, and I'd have to be up at six o'clock. So getting up at six, coming here and having coffee and then hanging around with Rene Russo—it's not that tough."

And if fans are surprised to witness his blossoming career, he admits, "It's all a surprise to me. From the first day on *True Crime*—every day—I would sit there and think, What am I doing in a room with Clint Eastwood? It continues to surprise me." —L.M.



Leary: Acting came first.

but empathize instead. The film plays like a civics film turned inside out. **YYY**

Actress Joan (*The Last Emperor*, *Twin Peaks*) Chen has written and directed *Xiu Xiu: The Sent-Down Girl* (Stratosphere), an interesting story about a bright-eyed girl who is sent with other city children to live and work in the country to narrow the disparity between the two cultures. The noble experiment is plagued by corruption and mismanagement, and our heroine (beautifully played by 16-year-old Lu Lu) is left in utter isolation with an ostracized Tibetan herder and horse trainer (Lopsang). His kindness is as unexpected as the turn of events that transform the loyal and virginal Xiu Xiu. The atmosphere is rich, the performance strong; it's the resolution that leaves one wanting. But that doesn't mean the journey is without interest. **YY½**

The British import *Get Real* (Paramount Classics), adapted by Patrick Wilde from his play *What's Wrong With Angry?*, is the heartfelt tale of a 16-year-old boy (Ben Silverstone) who's gay and tired of having to stifle his feelings in front of his schoolmates and parents. Matters get complicated when he falls in love with his school's leading jock (Brad Gorton), a handsome, popular boy who becomes intrigued by the prospect of a homosexual encounter. First-time feature director Simon Shore too often plods when he ought to tread lightly, and an overstated musical score is no help. Still, *Get Real's* depiction of adolescent pain is well wrought. **YY½**

The ever-unpredictable David Mamet has chosen Terence Rattigan's durable play *The Winslow Boy* (Sony Pictures Classics) as his latest film project. Dealing as much with repressed emotions and the mores of the day (1910 England) as with injustice, the drama offers some intriguing parallels to contemporary society and the way a notorious trial is perceived by the public. The title character is a 13-year-old boy who is expelled from a British naval academy for allegedly stealing a five-shilling postal money order. His father, convinced of his son's innocence, determines to clear the boy's name. The film is fascinated with social order (in the Winslow household as well as England in general) and the particulars of school, career, courtship and income. Like many of Mamet's films, it's not particularly warm-blooded, though Nigel Hawthorne's character certainly is as the dry and bemused but loving head of the Winslow family. Rebecca Pidgeon (Mrs. Mamet) is also good as his headstrong, suffragette daughter, and Jeremy Northam is dashing as the barrister who agrees to take the case. **YYY**

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by leonard maltin

Besieged (See review) A delicate and intriguing pas de deux for disparate characters, knowingly orchestrated by Bernardo Bertolucci. **YYY**

Clubland (5/99) A young man tries to crash the music scene in Los Angeles. A Nineties film with its head in B movies of the past. **YY**

Cookie's Fortune (5/99) Robert Altman's savory gumbo about life, love and deceit in a small Southern town; cast includes Charles S. Dutton, Glenn Close, Liv Tyler, Julianne Moore and Chris O'Donnell. **YYY**

Ed TV (5/99) Ron Howard's all-too-credible (and entertaining) satire about a guy whose life is chronicled 24 hours a day on TV. **YYY**

8mm (Listed only) Nicolas Cage is a private eye tracking down a snuff film; seamy and grim but not entirely believable. **YY½**

Election (See review) A dead-on satire about high school and over- and underachievers, and one teacher with a fatal flaw. **YYY**

eXistenZ (Listed only) Cronenberg's fans may get something out of this virtual-reality drama; others will get a headache. **Y½**

Get Real (See review) A flawed though interesting drama about a British schoolboy who has come to terms with being gay, and his latest lover, the school jock. **YY½**

Go (5/99) A hyperkinetic weekend in the lives of various scummy young people. **Y½**

The Harmonists (5/99) The compelling story of Germany's enormously popular singing group of the Twenties and early Thirties and how it ran afoul of the Nazis. **YYY**

Three Seasons (See review) A fascinating look at life in modern-day Saigon through several stories. **YYY**

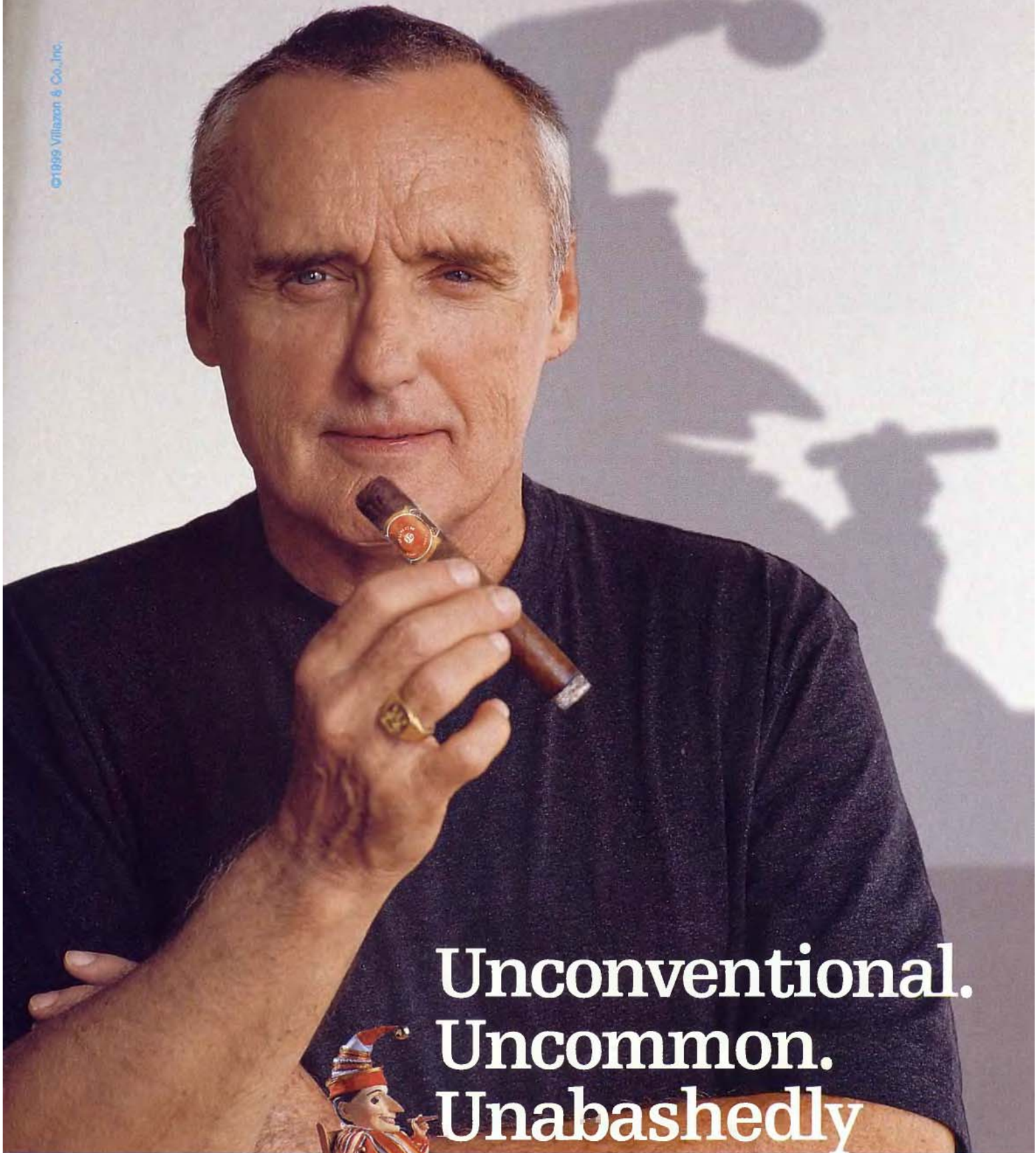
True Crime (Listed only) Clint Eastwood plays a burned-out reporter who has less than a day to save a man on death row. **YYY**

20 Dates (Listed only) Actor-filmmaker Myles Berkowitz chronicles his hunt for romance and somehow gets a movie made at the same time. **YYY**

The Winslow Boy (See review) David Mamet's remake of the classic Terence Rattigan play is worth seeing if only for Nigel Hawthorne's glorious performance. **YYY**

Xiu Xiu: The Sent-Down Girl (See review) In Joan Chen's intriguing film, a Chinese city girl is sent to the country as part of a cultural exchange. **YY½**

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



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Punch.

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VIDEO

GUEST SHOT



"I love watching videos—particularly romantic comedies—lying on my couch, eating popcorn," says **Matthew Perry** of *Friends*. "My favorite movies include: *Annie Hall*, because it is hysterical and was a little ahead of its time. It's a marvelous love story that I watched for the first time with my mom when I was eight. *It's a Wonderful Life* is just the nicest place to be. And I don't think my love for *Return to the Blue Lagoon* needs to be explained. It's a classic." —SUSAN KARLIN

AUSTIN'S ORIGINS

That swinging International Man of Mystery, Austin Powers (Mike Myers), is back in theaters in *The Spy Who Shagged Me*. But he didn't just thaw out of a deep freeze after 30 years. Here are the top-secret secrets to his zany ancestry.

The Wrecking Crew (1968): Free-loving Matt Helm (Dean Martin) is a photographer for swanky *Slaymate* magazine (hmm) and a spy on the side. Sharon Tate, Tina Louise, Nancy Kwan and Elke Sommer find him irresistible. Not a bad day's work. Fight scenes choreographed by Bruce Lee.

Casino Royale (1967): This bizarre parody of the early James Bond sagas stars Woody Allen as neurotic Jimmy Bond facing the evil forces of Smersh. Score by Burt Bacharach, who has a cameo in *Austin Powers: International Man of Mystery*.

Our Man Flint (1965): *Austin Powers'* "fembots" were inspired by the brainwashed army of Amazons here. Suave ladies'-man Derek Flint (James Coburn) has a secret code number we would like to crack: 40-24-36.

The Man From U.N.C.L.E. (1964–1968): Napoleon Solo (Robert Vaughn) and Illya Kuryakin (David McCallum) brought sophistication to prime time as the infallible boys from the United Network Command for Law and Enforcement. Look out, Thrush! Twenty-two episodes of this ultracool TV series are on tape.

Carry On Spying (1964): The masterminds behind Stench (the Society for the Total Extinction of Non-Conforming Humans) are foiled by amateur spies in their plot to steal a secret formula. One

of the group in this sexy farce is James Bond, Agent 006%. We like the alternate title better: *Agent Oooh!*

Come Spy With Me (1967): Yet another spy spoof, this one with the DiCaprio of his day, Troy Donahue, in the Caribbean. Smokey Robinson riffs on the Sinatra-rip theme song. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

VIDBITS

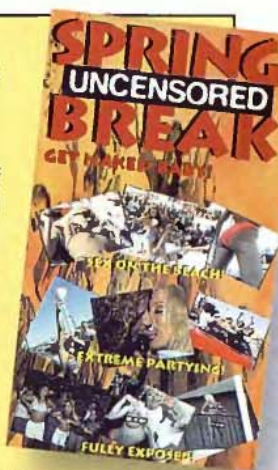
You know in your heart you should be familiar with the oeuvres of Truffaut, Wertmüller, Godard, Rohmer and the Taviani brothers. But classic foreign films come and go at the local art house faster than a noon quickie—if your town even has an art house. Help is here: This year the **World Class Cinema Collection** (Fox Lorber; \$20 to \$30 each) will issue more than 50 time-honored films from great directors, many for the first time on DVD, including six early Ingrid Bergman gems in Swedish. Now you can find out what *The 400 Blows* is all about. —B.M.

DISC ALERT

Points in the paint: Award them to Image Entertainment for releasing Stephen Sondheim's musical **Sunday in the Park With George**. The production, shot for PBS in 1986, features original stars Mandy Patinkin and Bernadette Peters (with commentary from both), and is arriving on laser (\$50) and DVD (\$30). Sondheim and James Lapine, director of the stage production, also turn up on the

GUILTY PLEASURE OF THE MONTH

Can't remember if you had a good time during spring break? Perhaps **Spring Break Uncensored** (TML, 888-312-1112) will jog your memory. Watch college kids getting drunk, participating in simulated-sex competitions and generally acting like the leaders of tomorrow. Think of this as the party version of a high-speed car chase. It's as funny as *Cops* and as uplifting as *Jerry Springer*—and much sexier.



supplemental audio track. Apologies to Uma Thurman, but the jumpsuit that launched a thousand libidos is coming to DVD. All 162 episodes of **The Original Avengers**, the wry and beloved British TV series that inspired last year's painful Thurman-Fiennes big-screen bomb, will be released by A&E Home Video (\$45 for a two-episode disc; \$25 for a single disc). Episodes featuring Diana Rigg as Miss Peel (they caused a stir when first aired in 1967) are the first discs out. No extras, but who needs any?

—GREGORY P. FAGAN

V I D E O M O O D M E T E R	
MOOD	MOVIE
ACTION	<i>Enemy of the State</i> (good Will, hunted; buppie Smith has a tape the bad guys want, and techie Hackman saves his butt), <i>The Siege</i> (terrorists toy with New York as Bruce the general and Denzel the fed endeavor to stop them; tense, if too PC).
COMEDY	<i>Celebrity</i> (a gotham scribe painfully pursues it; Branagh is weird as Woody, but Charlize Theron is a model model), <i>Waking Ned Divine</i> (lottery win stops old Ned's heart, and his Irish village plots to keep the loot; call it <i>Local Dead Hero</i>).
COSTUME	<i>Elizabeth</i> (Cate Blanchett is a 16th century virgin queen, the original ball-buster; great palace politics), <i>Velvet Goldmine</i> (two of glam-rock's gender-bending elite bang the gong, etc.; a wild, if empty, celebration of sexual exploration).
FAMILY	<i>Babe: Pig in the City</i> (the other white meat meets Mean Streets; George [Mad Max] Miller's second dip in this well is a mischievous treat), <i>A Bug's Life</i> (the Toy Story wizards put an entomological spin on Seven Samurai; you'll rewind often).
LURID LAUGHS	<i>Very Bad Things</i> (a stag party is pooped by impaled hooter, then it gets nasty; great gonzo turns by Cameron Diaz and Christian Slater), <i>Ringmaster</i> (Jerry Springer as a daytime-TV sleaze king; mack backstage story feels like the real thing).

RAP

IN THIS AGE of Monica, Bill and Oval Office sex, rapper Foxy Brown doesn't seem quite so nasty. And that's a good thing artistically. *Chyna Doll* (Def Jam) is the 19-year-old's follow-up to the platinum *Ill Na Na*. While it's still sexually frank, *Chyna Doll* contains some surprising introspection. *My Life* is an homage to a similarly titled Mary J. Blige song. It describes her childhood, including a dismissive look at her father ("I didn't ask to be born/Dum dum/Shoulda used a condom") and hypocrisy ("Catchin' cases/Spittin' in faces/I'm a woman so I'm a bitch/Double standard/Call him a mack, call me a ho"). On *Job*, a hip-hop interpretation of the old dance classic *Ain't Nothin' Goin' On But the Rent*, she demands her lover work harder—financially and sexually. With longtime collaborator Jay-Z, she executes a robbery on *Bonnie and Clyde Part II*. Foxy drives into the sexual battleground between men and women with both obscenity and candor. For some, she might be scary, but she does make catchy pop records.

2Pac: Greatest Hits (Interscope) again raises the question: Is Tupac alive? Not only do his hits still have great vitality but many of his previously unreleased tracks are as intense as anything being made by living artists. But the mythology that surrounds him does answer the question of who is rap's Elvis and James Dean. The answer is found in this essential collection. —NELSON GEORGE

ROCK

Worshiped in San Francisco for his guitar virtuosity, Tommy Castro throws a bit more rock and two bits of soul into his basic blues mix on *Right As Rain* (Blind Pig). He has the voice, the band and the guitar to pull it off. Does he have the cathartic exuberance to extricate his audience from their own blues? I'm here to testify that his sandpaper howl and Stratocaster sting do the trick. His vocal duet with Delbert McClinton on an old Sam and Dave song, *Don't Turn Your Heater Down*, has to be the best Sam and Dave since the originals. Unlike the dozens of neo-Stevie Ray Vaughans on the blues circuit, Castro has the taste and self-assurance to allow other musicians their moments. His guitar solos stand out because you get them in tasteful dollops.

On the other hand, massive assaults of interminable duration, especially when played by old hippies with a feel for blues-based metal, can be pretty cool. It is especially cool to those of us who learned to obliterate our problems to the tunes of the great Sixties power trios. Gov't Mule offers such an assault on



Foxy's not-so-fragile Chyna Doll.

Foxy is X-rated, Imperial Teen bends gender and Gov't Mule kicks.

their two-disc *Live With a Little Help From Our Friends* (Capricorn). And they don't skimp on the interminable: The longest song, *Afro Blue*, a Mongo Santamaria composition made famous by John Coltrane, lasts almost 30 minutes. So pack a lunch. All your favorite riffs get hammered for an average of ten minutes apiece. Gov't Mule really knows how to hammer. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

On *¿No?* (Rudeballs, chizmosos.com), Lil' Rudy G. and the Chizmosos represent Chicano pop at its most loco and lucid. *¿No?* contains everything from soliloquies on street life, jail and drugs to a protest against Santa, who's been ignoring the barrio. Its highlight is *Cannibal's Eulogy*, a history of Cannibal and the Headhunters and their *Land of 1000 Dances*. *Green Bubble* hilariously recounts what happens when cultural pride reaches the border. The music ranges from punk to Joe Cuba, *Hippy Hippy Shake* to Afro-Latin swing. *¿No?* is roots music at its smartest and funniest, even if you don't know how to pony like bony maronie. —DAVE MARSH

Imperial Teen make no bones about their gender bending. "Why you gotta be so proud?/I'm the one with lipstick on," sings "looped on estrogen" Roddy Bottum, who used to play keyboards for Faith No More. He leads this outfit on guitar and vocals. "You're fucking movie stars," and "I'm fucking congressmen"

are lines from different songs on *What Is Not to Love* (Slash). Imperial Teen think they're saying something new, which makes it possible to enjoy this disc.

Sleater-Kinney, the female trio led by Corin Tucker and Carrie Brownstein, never sounds bored. But *Cadallaca's Introducing Cadallaca* (K Records), on which Tucker leads a hard-to-resist pop trio drenched in cheesy organ, suggests that the secret of Tucker's freshness isn't her sexuality. She has too much music in her to hold back. The fourth Sleater-Kinney album, *The Hot Rock* (Kill Rock Stars), is slightly less intense and direct than the first two, so maybe Tucker's side project diminished her strength a little. But Brownstein has always been almost as big a presence in this band, whose vocal trade-offs and no-bass guitar cross talk generate enormous drive. These rebels can rock. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Jeff Beck, along with fellow Yardbird alumni Jimmy Page and Eric Clapton, practically invented modern rock guitar. And next to Hendrix, he may be the most innovative one of all. Even so, he avoided commercial career moves in favor of offbeat experimentation. Some found his legendary Seventies fusion albums such as *Wired* and *Blow by Blow* dazzling. Others agreed with Pete Townshend when he dissed Beck as the most expressive player in rock—with nothing to express. *Who Else!* (Epic), Beck's first album of original material in a decade, is the radiant blend of technique and feeling that fans and critics have been waiting for. From cutting-edge techno to Delta blues, he wrings tones out of his guitar that sound as if they were beamed in by UFOs—especially on the frenzied *Space for the Papa*, which features a vocal loop by Chrissie Hynde. And on *Angel (Footsteps)* and *Declan*, he plays with an aching passion and sensuality that makes *Who Else!* a moving experience.

In my February item about U2: *The Best of 1980–1990*, I wrote that U2's best work in the Eighties was actually found on *Under a Blood Red Sky* and on their 1987 masterpiece, *The Joshua Tree*. The last bit was scrambled, replacing *The Joshua Tree* with *Wide Awake in America*. The good news is that now Island has issued a mini-CD containing U2's tart recent single, *The Sweetest Thing*, plus two superb, previously unreleased live tracks from the same *Under a Blood Red Sky* concert we recommended.

I never thought the death of Jerry Garcia meant the end of the Grateful Dead. They still had plenty of untapped potential. In 1998 the remaining members of the band, minus Bill Kreutzman, went on tour as the Other Ones. They added part-time keyboard member

FAST TRACKS

R

ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Jeff Beck <i>Who Else!</i>	4	8	7	7	9
Foxy Brown <i>Chyna Doll</i>	7	4	8	6	7
Tommy Castro <i>Right As Rain</i>	4	7	8	4	7
John Wesley Harding <i>Trad Arr Jones</i>	3	7	6	8	7
Imperial Teen <i>What Is Not to Love</i>	8	5	9	6	7

PENNIES FROM HEAVEN DEPARTMENT: Did you hear about the Silicon Valley lawyer who wrote Y2K, the song? Sung to the tune of the Village People's YMCA, it begins, "Young man, might your server go down?" The chorus includes: "Y2K, I just can't wait for that Y2K. At the New Year's Eve bash, can I access my cash? Or will the ATM state I'm 100 years too late?" Songwriter **Bruce Kerr** says that with Internet access he doesn't need a record label, just a computer.

REELING AND ROCKING: Look for **No Mercy** front man **Marty Cinton** in *Neon Dreams*, with music provided by his band. . . . **Jason Priestley** has been working on a documentary about *Bare-naked Ladies* that will air in the fall. . . . **Joni Mitchell** shot a *VH1 Storytellers* and is thinking about a big-band jazz-standards album. . . . **Master P** has teamed up with **Chris Blackwell** for a prison drama, *Lock Down*. . . . **Brittany Murphy** (the voice of Luanne on *King of the Hill*) will play **Janis Joplin** in the *Piece of My Heart* bio.

NEWSBREAKS: *Woodstock '99*, the 30th anniversary of the real thing, is scheduled for July 23-25 in Rome, New York. No word yet on the lineup. . . . **R.E.M.**'s world tour kicks off in the U.S. August 9 at the Greek Theater in Los Angeles. . . . **Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young** are set for a 25th anniversary tour and, of course, a new album. . . . **Sting** has been honored on the Pacific island Belau with his own postage stamp. . . . The CD **Michael Hutchence** was working on at the time of his death will be released this month. . . . *Rock and Rap Confidential* is recommending *Blues for Dummies* as a humorous and complete overview of the blues, written by musicians, not critics. It comes with a 12-song disc of the essentials. . . . We recently visited the

Blues Heaven Foundation in the old 2120 South Michigan Avenue building in Chicago that housed Chess Records. Everyone recorded there—**Muddy, Bo Diddley, Chuck Berry** (who lived in the basement one summer), **Willie Dixon, Buddy Guy** and even the **Stones**. Willie's daughter **Shirli**, who is in charge now, told us the plan. Aside from showing visitors what's left of the studio, the foundation provides blues musicians with health insurance, royalty information and other useful support. Check it out when you're in Chicago. . . . **Phil Collins** recorded his songs from the *Tarzan* movie in German, French, Spanish and Italian. Why? His voice is unmistakable. . . . *Star Wars: Episode 1: The Phantom Menace*, soon to be released by Sony Classical, coincides with the opening of the movie and reunites conductor **John Williams** and the **London Symphony Orchestra**. . . . **Naughty by Nature's Treach** has landed a role in HBO's series *Oz*. You'll see him in episodes this summer. . . . **Master P** plans an interactive game and doll. . . . When **Bob Dylan** and **Paul Simon** tour together this summer, they'll do a few duets. Simon, who hasn't played live since 1991, may have his new album ready by then. . . . **Chris Cornell**, formerly of **Soundgarden**, has a debut solo CD out this month. . . . **Beck** is working on a new album. . . . One for the money, two for the show: As noted in our **Kiss** issue (March), glam rock is happening all over again, and an off-Broadway show has been packing them in. *Hedwig and the Angry Inch* explores outrageous glam in the person of transsexual rocker Hedwig. **Lou Reed, David Bowie** and **Marilyn Manson** (see any link here?) have been to see it. Now it's coming to a movie screen near you.

—BARBARA NELLIS

Bruce Hornsby and his drummer **John Molo**, plus **Dave Ellis** on reeds and two guitarists, **Mark Karan** and **Steve Kimock**. *The Strange Remain* (Arista), a two-CD live album from those outings, may well be the comeback of the decade. Karan and Kimock honor Garcia's filigreed style, while adding a bluesy edge to some of the Dead's most challenging compositions, including *St. Stephen, The Eleven* and *The Other One*. Whatever they call themselves, this is easily the best Dead concert set since their legendary *Europe '72* album. —VIC GARBARINI

FOLK

John Wesley Harding's Trad Arr Jones (Zero Hour) gives the current folk revival an essential it's lacked: an album of actual folk songs. Well, sort of. Harding, the self-styled gangsta folk performer, plays 11 songs based on traditional sources. Sometimes, as on *The Singer's Request*, only the melody's evocative melancholy makes you certain there's a traditional song in there somewhere. Elsewhere, songwriter **Nic Jones** takes incredible liberties in rewriting ancient ballads: *Little Musgrave* barely deviates from *Matty Groves*, for instance. The result is an album filled with murder, mysticism, passion and betrayal—all the gore and glory that has gone into such balladry since Chaucer. Harding isn't exactly taking a break, even though he didn't do any of the writing. *Trad* contains the most confident singing he's ever done. The new folk revival is probably better off with songs written for those who are going to have to learn to live in it. But there'd be no way to educate ourselves without the kind of bountiful, beautiful history that *Trad Arr Jones* displays so boldly.

—DAVE MARSH

CLASSICAL

In the past year **Gavin Bryars** has made tremendous advances as a composer. Best known for his string quartets, this British modernist has been working in new formats. Two recent releases suggest he's on the verge of something great. *Cadman Requiem* (Point) is a solemn work of calm grandeur sung by the Hilliard Ensemble. With three contemplative works for saxophone ensemble, **Gavin Bryars** (Daphnéo) is the kind of CD that comes around only once or twice a decade. Precise but forceful, these may be the best classical works ever written for saxophone.

Another contemporary Brit composer deserves a wider audience. **Howard Skempton** writes brilliantly austere music. His CD single, *Lento* (NMC), is only 13 minutes long, but it's orchestrally powerful. The 28 miniatures on *Surface Tension* (Mode) are works of majestic precision. —LEOPOLD FROELICH



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TALKING TECH

This year the big home-tech trend is owning more than one PC and networking them. Like office networks, home variations let you rig several PCs to share printers, scanners and other devices. But you don't have to rip down drywall or reconfigure wiring. Instead, products by InnoMedia and ShareWave use radio frequency technology to move your documents from, say, a laptop in the bedroom to a printer in your home office. ShareWave has even adapted its network to link a PC and a television set. All you do is connect a special plug-in card and radio frequency transmitter to



DAVID GORDON

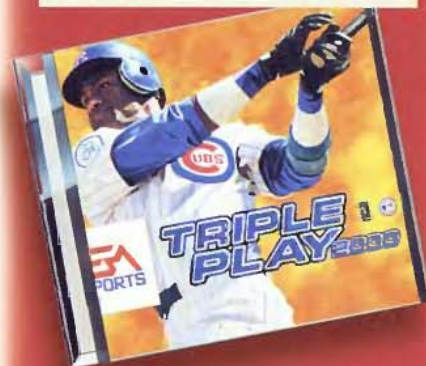
your PC, and a receiver to any TV set. Using a wireless keyboard, the TV then becomes a computer station with the ability to tap into all the software and hardware connected to the base system. Philips' Ambi (about \$800) is the first product to feature ShareWave's PC-TV technology. Down the road this network will offer a bonus: If you don't have a DVD player connected to your TV, Ambi will let you spin one on your computer's DVD-ROM drive and watch it on the big screen. Another home networking option is to use phone lines to connect PCs. ActionTec's ActionLink (\$99) comes with cards that connect computers to a nearby phone jack, distributing information through the telephone wiring without interrupting incoming or outgoing calls. But the ultimate home networking solution may be Sun Microsystems' Jini. Based on the Java language that is used to jazz up Web pages, Jini promises one-button control of your home electronics and environment. With newfangled Jini-ized gear, you'll be able to press a button and watch the computer power down as the lights dim and the Jacuzzi kicks in. Hold all calls, please. —JONATHAN TAKIFF

DOWNLOADS OF FUN

In the interest of lightening your gadget load, we suggest you let your PalmPilot do double duty as a game machine. A website called the Pilot Zone (pilotzone.com) offers a slew of great software for

the Pilot, including these addictive entertainment options. **Casino:** Las Vegas at your fingertips—blackjack, roulette, craps, video poker and slots—but without the payoffs. **Intelligolf Birdie Edition:** Turn your Pilot into a golf scorecard as you track, analyze and review the stats for a foursome. Included are 14 of the sport's most popular wagering games, including Skins, Stroke Play, Greenies and Bingo-Bango-Bongo. **IR Battleship and IR Chess:** These variations of the classic board games let you play on your own or with an opponent, beaming moves from one Pilot to another via infrared links. **Kyle's Quest:** A popular role-playing game in which you explore a bizarre world while fighting monsters and taking on a slew of challenges. **Gilligan's Quest:** A companion to Kyle's Quest, this one has you helping the castaways of the *S.S. Minnow* get off the island. **Maze Madness:** An addictive game in which you make your way through increasingly difficult mazes. **Triv:** A Trivial Pursuit clone with more than 4400 questions. **Squeeze the Ants:** Earn points squashing bugs—but don't get stung. **Star Pilot:** Not exactly a game but equally entertaining, this full-featured star map includes a database of nearly 500 stars and 40 constellations. It works according to your current location, date and time. So if you were to hold the PalmPilot over your head, the stars would appear on the screen exactly as they do in the sky. —MARC SALTZMAN

GAME OF THE MONTH



Sammy Sosa takes a turn as video game cover boy on Triple Play 2000. Like all great sports games, the latest Triple Play incarnation lets you choose from a complete roster of teams and players as well as game modes that include single game, season, career, home-run challenge and playoffs. It also sets the action in major league stadiums, all re-created in impressive detail. But what distinguishes this game from other baseball titles is player realism. For the first time, EA Sports lets you see the reaction on Sosa's face as he hits one out of the park—or gets thrown out at home base. (For Windows 95/98, Sony PlayStation and Nintendo 64.) —M.S.

WILD THINGS

No, this isn't the latest in hair-drier design. It's InterAct's FX Racing Wheel, a PC peripheral that functions as a steering wheel-type game controller yet doesn't take up your entire desktop. In fact, the FX is similar to a remote control in size and handling. Gripping it with your left hand, you maneuver your vehicle by pointing the device to the left and right. To adjust speed, you turn the rubberized wheel with your opposite hand. Force feedback technology creates a vibration sensation every time you hit a bump, groove in the road or slick spot and special controls give you the option of programming the various buttons to perform specific tricks. The price: \$40. • A great controller can improve racing action, but you need a powerful set of multimedia speakers to complete the fun. We've been cranking the Powered Partners AV390PLs from Advent (\$150). This 70-watt, three-speaker sound system rocks—whether you're burning rubber on a racetrack, spinning compact discs or listening to sound files from the Web. It's even better if you have a DVD drive on your system. The AV390PL setup includes front left and right satellite speakers, a boss-booming subwoofer that can be mounted on the wall or placed on the floor, Dolby Virtual Surround sound (which creates a seven-speaker effect) and enough power to turn your office into a miniature movie theater. The challenge? Getting your work done. —BETH TOMKIW



WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 166.

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LIVING ONLINE

BUILD YOUR WEBSITE

Not long ago, setting up a home page was a chore. You had to learn HTML and file-transfer protocol, register a domain name using InterNIC and pay a service provider to host your site. Or you could hire someone to do it for you. Today, you can easily build and launch a website.

My favorite instant home page site is Tripod (tripod.com). The company has a smart, fun-loving attitude and a bunch of tools that make it simple to set up your virtual front porch. I put one together in 30 minutes using Tripod's Quickpage function (take a look at the results at members.tripod.com/ottomatik). Quickpage lets you select from a number of templates, including Photo Album, My Personal Page and My Company Page. If you're feeling more adventurous, you can choose the "build by design" option and develop your layout. If you have a photo of yourself (or of your girlfriend in a bikini—a photo she'll let you use) you can put it on the front page. Or you can pick something from the library of images provided by Tripod.

After you've set up the basic page, you can add all sorts of goodies, such as a chat room, a bulletin board and a hit counter to track how many people visit. Tripod even has a program that allows you to place ad banners on your page and receive a cut of the sales.

So what's the catch? When somebody visits your site, a small window loaded with advertising pops up on the screen. It's not hard to close the window, but it's annoying, like a fly that won't die no matter how many times you swat it. If you want to save your visitors the hassle, buy a premium membership (\$3 per month) that leaves out the pop-ups.

GET A JOB

Even if you love your job, it's worth your time to cruise around Monster.com every once in a while just to see what new opportunities are available. With more than 170,000 jobs offered by more than 30,000 employers, there's a good chance you'll find something that inspires you to dust off your résumé. The site has an excellent search feature that lets you zoom in on your dream career. After you upload your résumé, you can zip it over to any employer by clicking a button. Monster also has chat rooms and message boards hosted by coaches who are experts at career selection and negotiation.

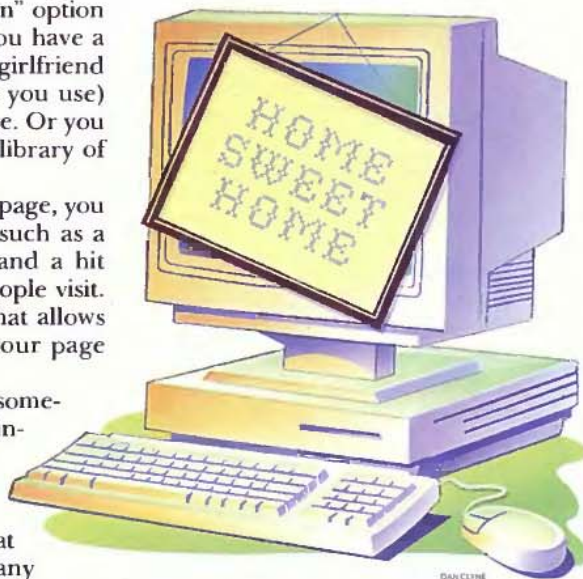
If you're a senior-level exec eager to replace your office-window view of the

By MARK FRAUENFELDER

smelting yard with one of the beach, try the online headhunting site Futurestep (futurestep.com). It takes about an hour to set up an account here, thanks to a battery of soul-searching quizzes. But once you answer all the questions, you're rewarded with a report that describes your best career options.

MORE TRICK THAN TREAT

Going on the Web in search of adult entertainment is like hopping into a taxi in Berlin and telling the driver that you're "looking for a good time." When you wake up the next morning and discover your wallet's missing, you'll wish you had stayed in your hotel room watch-



ing pay-per-view.

On the Web, thousands of mom-and-pop adult-site businesses compete in an increasingly cutthroat environment. If you use a search engine to find adult pictures, or, worse, enter an address from a spammed e-mail advertisement, you'll be bombarded with ad-banner windows that pop up in rapid-fire succession or enticing links that pull you into a nest of more adult-site advertising. Some sites actually hijack the navigation controls on your browser, making it impossible to exit or even shut the window (as many a frantically mouse-clicking employee has discovered after the boss suddenly shows up in his office).

SPIN A DISC

Picture the perfect radio station. The DJ plays the music you like but also surprises you with songs you haven't heard before. If you want to, you can hit a but-

ton to skip to the next song. Instead of 20 minutes of commercials every hour, there are only two.

The station is here, now, on the Web. Imagine Radio (imageradio.com) puts you in the DJ's shoes, enabling you to develop a custom radio station. It's simple to set up—you check boxes next to genres you loathe or like. Then something that looks like a radio tuner appears on your screen and the tunes commence. You can see the names of the artist and song as it's being played, along with a link to buy the CD if you want.

Sometimes I listen to Imagine's news station, but I steer clear of the bulletin boards. Lame postings such as "Imagine Radio is da bomb!" remind me of the carpet salesmen we hear on regular radio stations.

FRY THAT SPAM

Spammers will try anything to get you to open junk e-mail. Besides the endless deluge of offers for phony ID cards, miracle weight-loss herbs and Ponzi scams that fill my in-box on a daily basis, I've been getting a lot of "pump and dump" spam. These sneaky messages look as though they were intended for somebody else—"Hey, Jim, don't tell anyone, but I'm onto a sure thing. Buy as many shares of Amalgamated Capybara Breeders as you can, and you'll finally be able to afford that 120-foot yacht you've been dreaming about. Say hi to Nancy and the kids, and we'll see you Saturday.—Bill."

Identical e-mail is sent to 500,000 other people. The schmuck who cooked up the ruse owns a bunch of Amalgamated Capybara, a penny stock, and the spam is intended to pump up demand so he can dump it later at a profit, soaking everyone else in the process.

Now I'm able to eliminate almost all the junk e-mail that attempts to sneak past my radar, with the free program Spammerslammer (download it from spammerslammer.com). The program pores through your incoming e-mail, and, when it sniffs out a typical spamming trick—like a phony return address or other telltale forgery—the message's subject line is changed to Spam, followed by a number rating of one to five. (A high number means the message is almost certainly junk.) The program is simple to set up and use, and automatically updates its filters to keep up with the latest spammer scams. Unfortunately, it doesn't come with a filter to delete the stinkers from the gusher of jokes that get forwarded my way.

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

SEX MUSEUMS AROUND THE WORLD

Founders Daniel Gluck and Alison Maddex plan to make their forthcoming erotic endeavor at 233 Fifth Avenue in New York the "Smithsonian of Sex." But until the Museum of Sex opens early next year, your best bets for exploring erotica of all sorts are across the Atlantic. The tacky exterior of Amsterdam's Sex Museum (Damrak 18) belies the merit of many of the antiquities on display, though the room touted as "shocking" seems relatively tame. In Paris, the Musée de l'Erotisme (72, Boulevard de Clichy) sprang up in 1997 amid Pigalle's peep shows and sex shops. The top three floors of the building showcase contemporary art; the other four offer rotating selections of modern sculpture and photography, as well as African fertility fetishes and other exotic eclectica. Barcelona's Museu de l'Eròtica (Ramblas 96) focuses on erotic pop culture—postcards, pin-ups, movies and tattoos. Copenhagen's Museum Erotica (Købmagergade 24) promises insight



DAVID HOIGT

into the sex life of Hans Christian Andersen, and you will also find paintings and sex toys. Berlin's Erotik Museum (Kantstrasse at Joachimstaler Strasse) emphasizes classical Asian and European art and artifacts, though snuff bottles painted on the inside with copulating couples share space with a replica of Marilyn Monroe. Silent porn films are shown in a small room. Claus Becker's Erotic Art Museum in Hamburg (Reeperbahn between Gr. Freiheit Strasse and Holstenstrasse) contains

a world-class collection of European erotic paintings, drawings and lithos, including some by Picasso. —ANNE SPIELMAN

NIGHT MOVES: LISBON

Built on seven hills, Lisbon has been a popular destination since the Romans arrived 2000 years ago. Baixa, the charming waterfront section, and Bairro Alto, the old city on the hill above it, are the town's twin hearts. Start cocktail hour with a glass of white port (Lisbon's aperitif of choice) at Café Targus (Rua Diário de Notícias 40B), a favorite of the local media. The best seafood is served in Baixa at Gambrinus (Rua das Portas de Santo Antão 25). Try the salt cod, shrimp with garlic sauce, or cataplana—a shellfish stew. Conventual (Praça das Flores 45) in Bairro Alto offers traditional dishes (such as stewed clams) with a French influence. After dinner it's time for serious drinking to the plaintive Portuguese-poetry-put-to-music known as fado. Bairro Alto has many fado clubs, which usually don't begin to come alive until 11 p.m. (most have a \$10 to \$15 minimum that includes two drinks). Try Adega Machado (Rua do Norte 91) or Lisboa à Noite (Rua das Gaveas 69). Then join the thousands of people who stroll Bairro Alto's narrow cobblestone streets nightly, choosing from dozens of small bars, many open until dawn. The hot spot for large, modern dance clubs is along the river on Avenida 24 de Julho, with Docks and Indochina being the most popular. If you have an extra night, head for Estoril, 15 miles away, where you'll find one of Europe's largest casinos. An express train leaves every 15 minutes from Baixa and Bairro Alto, or you can hire a taxi. —LARRY OLMSTED

GREAT ESCAPE

MANDERSTON

Often described as the "supreme country house of Edwardian Scotland," Manderston was the home of Sir James Miller, a sportsman and soldier known to his friends as Lucky Jim (he died in 1906). His former abode and surrounding grounds near the Scottish border are open for visits, courtesy of the current owners, Lord and Lady Palmer. Manderston's silver-plated staircase (see inset) is

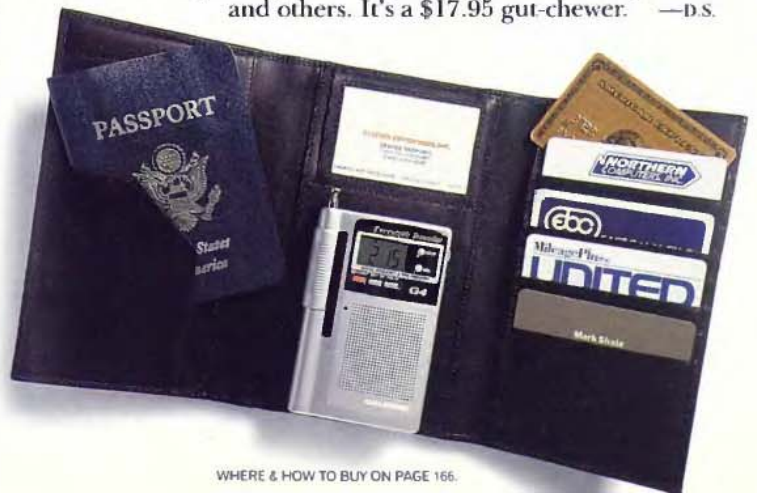


just one of the home's famous attractions. There's also a marble dairy, teakwood-paneled stables and 56 acres of formal and informal gardens. During your stay, you'll have the opportunity to dine with his lordship and her ladyship, play a round of golf at nearby Sunlaws, try your hand (or perhaps we should say wrist) at falconry and visit other great houses in the area. Cultural Kingdoms Ltd. will make all the arrangements, including transportation from London. Price: about \$4000 per couple for three days and two nights. —DAVID STEVENS



ROAD STUFF

Grundig's leather Executive Traveler (pictured below) measures only four inches by seven inches closed, but it holds a detachable AM-FM-SW radio, and there's room for your passport, credit cards and plane tickets. Price: about \$150 (including earphones). • Melitta's stainless steel 14-ounce Café Euro Travel Mug Coffeemaker comes with a minibrick of premium roast coffee and all the accessories to make a freshly brewed cup to go in the time it takes to prepare instant. Price: about \$20. • *Danger!* (the latest Travelers' Tales guide) takes you from Bosnia to Borneo with "true stories of trouble and survival" by foreign correspondents, adventure junkies and others. It's a \$17.95 gut-chewer. —D.S.



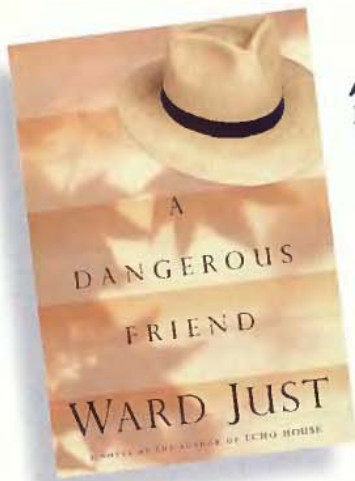
4 mg "tar," 0.4 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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



Discover the rewards of thinking light.



ONE, TWO, THREE—WHAT WERE WE FIGHTING FOR?

A Dangerous Friend (Houghton Mifflin) is Ward Just's 12th novel. It's also his best. It is set in Vietnam in the mid-Sixties but isn't a war story in the conventional sense. Instead, it focuses on American civilians who went to Vietnam for what was called "nation building" (a term that covers many sins and job descriptions). Such an American is Sydney Parade, the man at the center of this novel, who brings destruction to those he meets, including a French landowner and his American wife, who are trying to survive amid

chaos. Just gives us a colorful roster of the fools trying to save Vietnam, including Tony Dacy, who beds Vietnamese girls under the watchful eye of his Polaroid camera; Dicky Rostok, the ambitious administrator who is a stone-cold killer at heart; and Pablo Gutterman, married to a Vietnamese woman and destined to become an unwitting agent of death. *A Dangerous Friend* shows brilliantly how defeat is sown early on by Americans who think they are performing miracles, but who are actually guaranteeing annihilation. —ASA BABER

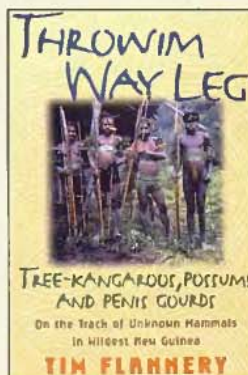
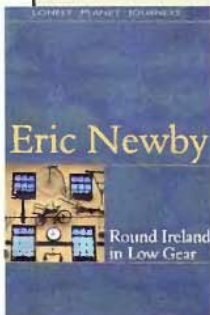
MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

Armchair travel books have improved tremendously over the past few years. Gone is the stereotypical travel writer, the know-it-all in a bush jacket who makes fun of various pidgin cultures. In his place is a quirky observer of human nature, a fallible traveler who is usually a source of great amusement to those he encounters.

One writer responsible for this rejuvenation is Eric Newby, the self-effacing travel editor of London's *Observer*. Lonely Planet has reissued Newby's classics in paperback. Newby's *Love and War in the Apennines* relates his experience as an escaped POW. *A Short Walk in the Hindu Kush* details his mountain climbing in Afghanistan. In *Slowly Down the Ganges*, he takes a maddening 1200-mile journey to the Bay of Bengal. *Round Ireland in Low Gear* chronicles a

foul-weather bicycle trip with his wife. *On the Shores of the Mediterranean* and *A Small Place in Italy* show him at his best—witty and captivating. Another master of the form is the *Times*' Literary Supplement's Redmond O'Hanlon. *No*

Mercy: A Journey Into the Heart of the Congo (Vintage) tells of his feverish exploits among the Pygmies. He confronts the unknown with a peculiar mix of dread and bemusement. Australian scientist Tim Flannery has written *Throwim Way Leg* (*Atlantic Monthly*), an incredible book about his experiences in the wilds of New Guinea. His may be the first sympathetic portrait of cannibals, but it's also a wistful look at a passing culture. —LEOPOLD FROELICH



PLAYING THROUGH

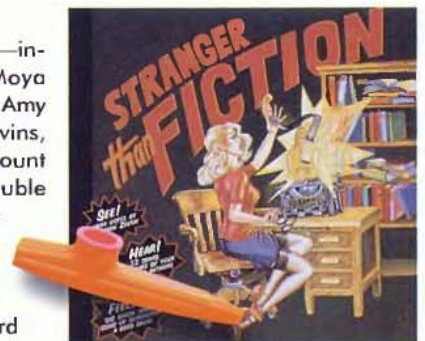
In *The PGA Tour Complete Book of Golf* (Henry Holt), Michael Corcoran offers the longest and most complete golf lesson of all time. With over 400 pages of tips, suggestions and strategies, compiled through interviews with almost a hundred tour professionals, the book presents the official collected wisdom of the PGA. There's enough great advice here to confuse or enlighten any student. For his latest sports odyssey, John Feinstein spent the better part of last year traveling the PGA tour. The result is *The Majors: In Pursuit of Golf's Holy Grail* (Little, Brown). "Most of the time, professional golfers play for money," writes Feinstein. "It is how they're measured at the end of each year. But four times a year they are playing for history." Those tournaments make up the majors: the Masters, the U.S. Open, the British Open and the PGA. Feinstein skillfully weaves together the history and tradition of the tournaments and the day-to-day buildup to create a vivid (if overly detailed) portrait of life on the tour. Focusing

on a core group of competitors, including Fred Couples, David Duval and Mark O'Meara, Feinstein conveys the atmosphere and captures the drama. Bill Murray seems like a guy who might show up late for a Sunday morning tee time. So it's not surprising that a review copy of *Cinderella Story: My Life in Golf* (Doubleday), co-authored with *Golf* magazine's editor in chief, George Peper, was delayed. This account of Murray's association with golf, from his days as a caddy on Chicago's North Shore to his crowd-pleasing antics as a decent golfer on the pro-am circuit, is at least as much fun as 18 holes at Pebble Beach. Golf may receive limited play in *The Best American Sports Writing of the Century* (Houghton Mifflin), but that's par for the course, considering the amount of sportswriting devoted to baseball and boxing. From John Updike's brilliant chronicle of Ted Williams' final game to Mark Kram's knockout account of the Thrilla in Manila, there's so much material here that the hand of guest editor David Halberstam is practically invisible. This lineup also features three pieces from *PLAYBOY* in an anthology that can be savored like a hole in one. —PAUL ENGLEMAN



KEEP YOUR DAY JOB:

Over 40 famous authors—including Stephen King, Moya Angelou, Norman Mailer, Amy Tan, Dave Barry, Molly Ivins, Carl Hiaasen and Roy Blount Jr.—get musical on a double CD aptly titled *Stranger Than Fiction*. "I don't believe I pose any threat to Jon Bon Jovi or even the late Tiny Tim," says Leonard Maltin about his contribution. Order your copy through Don't Quit Your Day Job Records (P.O. Box 27901-120, San Francisco, CA 94127). Then get out your kazoo and hum along with the literary greets. —HELEN FRANGOULIS



By ASA BABER

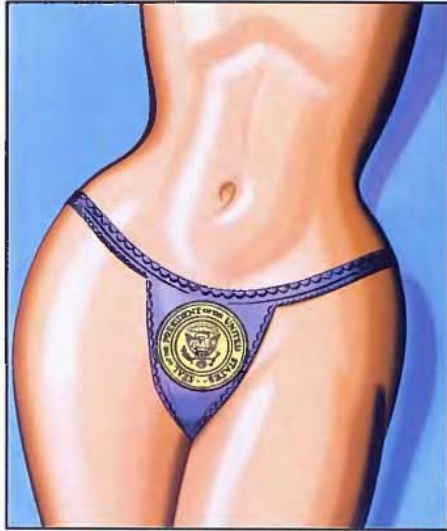
The next time that you visit Olympia, Washington, check out the men's room in the state senate. But be warned: Female legislators have taken over what used to be the men's room and male senators have been banished to a smaller facility with fewer stalls. "Democracy in action," State Senator Harriet Spanel said with a smile when asked about it.

Women have the clout to make that kind of change in the Washington state legislature. They have a 2-1 majority in the Democratic caucus, and they occupy most of the Senate's leadership and committee positions. There are 23 female senators (out of 49 seats), and the state boasts the highest percentage of female legislators in the country (41 percent). Washington State is living proof that politics is no longer a boys' club, and the same can be said for the rest of America.

Take a look at the number of women being touted as candidates for U.S. president in the next election. Watch TV's talking heads discuss bids by the likes of Elizabeth Dole, Christine Todd Whitman, Kay Bailey Hutchison, Dianne Feinstein and Barbara Boxer (and those are just the early birds; there may be others).

Get used to it. Sooner rather than later, we are going to have a female president. The cultural revolution that began in the Sixties with Betty Friedan and Gloria Steinem is fulfilling its manifest destiny. I have no problem with that. But we should not toddle into our future without thinking about which woman would make the best president for men. After all, even slobs like us need first-person love, don't we? What follows are the names of women who should be on our list for the first Madam President:

Elizabeth Dole. Liddy (she hates being called that, by the way) is one of my favorites, not for her political outlook but for her demeanor, which is both tough and soft. She appeals to the bad boy in me, since I am a guy who likes to be kissed and spanked at the same time. She was known as Sugar Lips, and I can certainly dig that. But what I like most about her is that she seems to be waiting to break out of her tailored suits and careful speech and go wild with passion. Like every other raunchy male I know, I think I'm the guy who could best help her to do that. (Bob, I admire you, but if my president orders me to serve my country, how can I dodge that draft?)



MADAM PRESIDENT

Christine Todd Whitman. As I write, New Jersey's governor is recovering from a broken leg. The press release says she broke it in a skiing accident, but I have my doubts. Like Ms. Dole, Governor Whitman presents a public image that's rational and controlled, but I can see beyond the pose. Sure, she seems as clean-cut as an angel, but what fantasies lurk beneath her calm facade? Personally, I think she broke her leg doing the nasty with Michael Jordan somewhere in the Caribbean. That's another reason to vote for her as president. Think of the videos in that impeachment trial!

Kay Bailey Hutchison. The senator from Texas completes the Cool and Collected Trio. Like Ms. Dole and Ms. Whitman, the Kayster projects thoughtfulness and fair-mindedness (plus an outstanding wardrobe). She appears to be more vulnerable than the rest of this crew, and guys really like that quality in a woman. Men assume that at a critical moment, President Kay would need an understanding hand to help her guide the ship of state—and each one of us presumes he's the guy she would call. But can Kay discipline us like Liddy and "ski" like Christine? If so, she's a winner.

Dianne Feinstein and Barbara Boxer. I group these two senators together for a reason. Not only are they both from California, but they also know their own

minds and will not coddle men or flirt with them from the podium. I suspect Dianne likes men more than Barbara does, but what do I know? In fact, I don't think these two senators represent our best interests. But if you choose to be disloyal to your fellow men and vote for the most effective woman for president, go ahead, numb-nuts. We'll get you later.

Hillary Rodham Clinton. I have to mention her. She may not be elected first female president, but no former first lady with her tenacity and ambition will rest until she takes a shot (not literally, you understand) at the highest office in the land. From what I've observed so far, Hillary is focused solely on women's rights and thinks men have no problems worth discussing. But that could change. Given my perversities, I'd probably vote for her in the hope that she, too, would somehow stumble into an Oval Office scandal that would captivate us. Is there a Monty Lewdinsky in the house?

Oprah Winfrey. Some people have suggested that Oprah might run for the presidency one day, but I say we must never allow her access to that office. Believe me, it has nothing to do with her politics or her talk show. The problem is, President Winfrey would undoubtedly appoint her good buddy John Gray (*Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus*) to some cabinet position, and I can't stand that guy. Gray's book outsold my *Men Who Drive Cars & Women Who Love Penis* by millions of copies, and I am nothing but bitter about it.

Renée Zellweger. You might remember Renée as Tom Cruise's soul mate in *Jerry Maguire*. I have no idea whether Renée knows anything about politics, but that doesn't matter to me. I fell in love with her face the first time I saw her, and I just want to watch her for a few years. If she is president, I will be able to see her on TV a lot, and I have the fantasy that she might even call me for personal advice sometime. "How do you prepare a 105mm howitzer for firing, Ace?" she might ask me. Or "How do you stay so immature and lecherous?" You know, questions about things I'm really good at. And if, after Inauguration Day, President Z wants me at her side, I promise to speak softly but carry a big stick. So go for it, girl. And good luck.



TELEVISION



FUTURAMA

MATT GROENING

We have seen the future, and it looks a lot like . . . Homer Simpson? Welcome to the world of *Futurama*, the second television series to spring from the subversive mind of Matt Groening. With Groening's first creation, *The Simpsons*, still going strong after ten seasons (plus two years of shorts on *The Tracey Ullman Show*), the cartoonist turned mogul has turned his distinctive drawing style and jaundiced worldview to science fiction, a genre he loved as a kid growing up in Portland, Oregon.

Futurama takes place a thousand years in the future, though if mankind doesn't seem terribly advanced, the show explains, it's because aliens have destroyed Earth twice in the interim. The hero, Fry, is a pizza delivery boy who is inadvertently frozen in a New York City cryogenics lab on New Year's Eve 1999 and wakes up in New York on the same day in 2999. His attempts to reinvent himself are stymied when computer tests determine that he's best suited to be a delivery boy.

Groening's new characters include the space pet Nibbler (top left), Leela, an alien (top right), and Mom, the richest woman on Earth (center). Fry and Leela (right) zoom across New New York. Near left, their robot Bender.

He's aided by a robot sidekick and a one-eyed alien bombshell (voiced by Kayte Sagal) who even sings on occasion. "I don't want to scare anyone off," Groening told *PLAYBOY*'s Steve Pond, "but this is an animated science fiction musical, actually."

PLAYBOY: You have been doing *The Simpsons* since 1987, and you've finally gotten around to making another show. What took you so long?

GROENING: I was having so much fun working on *The Simpsons* that it didn't seem there was any necessity to do something new. Also, I have a weekly comic strip, *Life in Hell*, and I have a couple of kids. So that's plenty of work. And I was unsure if I wanted to start another weekly grind. But this was just too good an opportunity to pass up.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you have plenty of chances to do other projects long before this?

GROENING: Fox has wanted to do a spinoff of *The Simpsons*, *Simpsons* movies, whatever. So finally we said, "Let's just do another show."

PLAYBOY: And how has Fox responded?

GROENING: The current atmosphere in television is one of anxiety and fear. And Fox has been worried that *Futurama* isn't like *The Simpsons*. And I've said, "No, it's exactly like *The Simpsons*: It's new

and original." But that hasn't calmed them down. Also, Fox expected to have our show under its thumb and was quite surprised when I adamantly insisted that we put this show together exactly as we do *The Simpsons*, with complete autonomy. So that's why you haven't

heard anything positive about *Futurama* from Fox during the past year. But now that it's finished and on the air, Fox' tune has changed.

PLAYBOY: What made this idea too good to pass up?

GROENING: It looks to me like I do a new TV show about once every ten years, so if I don't do this now, I'm never going to do it. And I know David Cohen, who's been working on *The Simpsons* for about five years and is as avid a science fiction fan as I am, and we developed the show together.

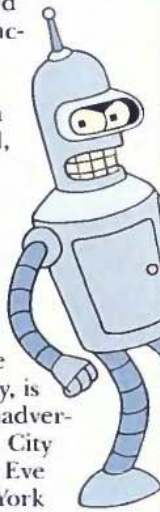
When we were kids we both read piles and piles of science fiction—good, bad and indifferent. In starting to research ideas for this new show, I acquired a library of old, yellowing (continued on page 160)



MATT GROENING



MATT GROENING



MATT GROENING





20,000 B.C.



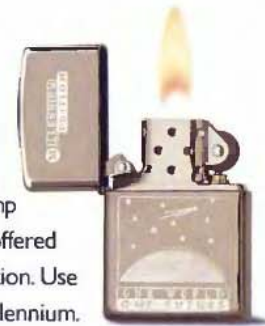
1680



1999

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MANTRACK hey...it's personal

Mitsu's Mean Machine

"A high-performance rally car for five passengers and all their gear" is how Michael Desmond of Mitsubishi Motors describes the SSU—which stands for super sports utility. Whether it will be produced is yet to be decided, but the go-for-it consumer response at the Detroit and Chicago auto shows might be what it takes to get the 310-horsepower all-wheel-drive concept car off its pedestal and onto the byways and boardwalks. If you're into extreme sports such as sky surfing, the SSU is your baby, according to Desmond, a lead designer at Mitsubishi's design studio in California. "It's capable of 150-mph laps around a track and serious 'air time' off road," he says. And you don't have to give up any creature comforts. By that we mean Recaro bucket seats, a GPS system and limousine-style legroom.



HOW TO POUR A BEER

MAKE THREE POURS:

- 1 POUR OUT HALF OF BOTTLE. LET FOAM SETTLE.
- 2 POUR AGAIN. LET FOAM SETTLE.
- 3 POUR AGAIN. ENJOY.

BOTTLE AT 40° ANGLE

1/2 FOAM
1/2 BEER

NO TILTING!

BEER MUST BE 43°-46° F. FOR BEST AROMA AND HEAD.

SOAP RESIDUE ON GLASS WILL AFFECT HEAD.

Give Thomas Hutschenreuter two bottles from the same case of beer and he can tell which was near the hand hole (exposure to light can skunk it ever so slightly). As master brewer for Beck's, he takes his beer seriously. As his blueprint shows, he is particular about pouring. Our advice: Repeat the exercise until you get it right.

Doggin' It

The perfect Chicago-style hot dog starts with a Vienna Beef frank simmered for ten minutes and placed in a poppy seed bun, according to Barry Potekin, founder of Gold Coast Dogs. He smears a thin layer of mustard along the dog with the back of a spoon ("squeeze-bottle squiggles don't look right"), then does the same with relish. Next are chopped onion and three sport peppers (like serranos, only less fiery). Then he places a long slice of dill pickle and three slices of tomato along the top. The final touch is a dash of celery salt to bring out the flavor of the tomatoes. And, Potekin says, "never, ever put catsup on a hot dog. It's like putting mayonnaise on corned beef."



IB KOOI



Box Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 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.**

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I caught my girlfriend having sex with another guy. It was obvious that alcohol was involved. I've told myself since the beginning of this relationship that I would forgive one major fuckup, so after much deliberation, I took her back. She has promised me that this guy was the only one and that she had sex with him twice (I caught her the second time). Her remorse seems sincere, especially during all those nights when she cried her eyes out and begged me not to leave her and to forgive her. She makes it a point now to tell me how much she loves me. I think I made the right move, but I'm only 19 (she's 18). I'm not too proud to say that I love her, but it's not like we're married. Did I make the right decision?—F.M., Yuma, Arizona

Sure. If you and your girlfriend had been through a few serious relationships, you might have counted the second time she slept with her fast friend as one drunken mistake too many. But given her youth, and yours, it's not surprising that she strayed. Eighteen is the first chapter, or maybe the third, in a long book. You'll both be curious about what other lovers have to offer, and now is the time to explore. Ride this one out and see what you learn. In the meantime, tell your girlfriend to drop the cry-me-a-river routine—if you've forgiven her, she doesn't need to win you back.

Back in December, a reader asked the Advisor, "When is the proper time to eat the olive in your martini?" You replied, "There is no proper time." Then you quoted two experts who suggested using one or two olives. I once read an interview with Frank Sinatra in which he addressed both dilemmas. He said that the number of olives in a martini should always be two—one for yourself and one to share with the next beautiful woman who walks into the room.—K.M., Carmel, Indiana

God, we miss that guy.

You've heard about this controversy already, but in *A Man in Full* Tom Wolfe introduces a character who visits a motel with a lover. "Once they got in the room, she produced that little cup from her handbag, and they did that thing with the cup, something he had never heard of in his life. He had lost his mind to her demented form of lust. Danger! Imminent exposure! That thing with the cup!" Wolfe says he invented the phrase "that thing with the cup" to imply "some unmentionable perversion." I'm not sure I believe him. Is there a thing with the cup?—R.D., New York, New York

Of course—Wolfe is being discreet. That thing with the cup is deliciously perverted, but certainly not unmentionable, at least not



here. We asked Laura Corn, who describes a variety of sex tricks in her book 101 Nights of Great Sex (800-611-2665), to do the honors, because that thing with the cup sounds all the more depraved when a woman describes it: "It should be a teacup, because the woman will need to get her tongue into it. She produces the cup from her purse or bag with some dramatic flair; he sees it and appreciates that it has significance. The cup is placed within easy reach of the bed, or wherever they're going to get down to business. As the woman works her guy into a frenzy with her mouth and hands, she glances over at the cup every once in a while to remind him it's there. Then, during the moments before he climaxes, she reaches for it and positions it at the end of his cock to catch his ejaculate. Looking him straight in the eye, she raises the cup slowly to her lips and sips from it, then reaches in with her fingers and spreads his semen over her face and breasts. As a finishing touch, she licks the cup clean, then leans forward to give him a long, deep kiss. That's about as nasty and hot as you can get—with a cup, anyway."

Your answer in February to the reader who asked about tie lengths overlooked what might be the main reason so many men are wearing their ties below the belt. We fat men have learned that wearing long ties makes us look less pudgy, and that is more important than being correct by PLAYBOY's standards.—E.S., Louisville, Kentucky

It's not working.

A radio DJ said that Gene Simmons of Kiss had a frenectomy so that he could stick his tongue out as far as he does. That must be great for oral sex. How

complicated is this surgery, and who performs it?—N.K., New York, New York

Cutting your frenulum—the tissue that connects your tongue to the bottom of your mouth—won't make your tongue any longer, but it will make you drool. If you can touch your lips with your tongue, it's long enough. Most women prefer gentle teasing of the vulva and indirect clitoral pressure, so they aren't going to be disappointed if you can't polish the walls of their vagina. Simmons says he's the fortunate recipient of a long-tongue gene. "It's a bizarre thing to be known for," he says. "Women approach me in airports or at parties and ask, 'Do you mind if I see it?' I'll happily reach for my zipper but then realize they're talking about the monstrosity in my mouth." That Gene—such a kiddie.

I work in Russia and have a professional driver who is proud of his abilities behind the wheel. But any time he stops, for a light or because we're in traffic, he slips the automatic transmission into neutral. When I started driving in the U.S. some 30 years ago, I was taught that it's better for an automatic transmission to be left in gear when the vehicle stops. We're talking about a 1999 Toyota Land Cruiser, which retails here for a modest \$74,000, so I would rather not damage the engine. Then again, I'm not eager to tell my driver how to do his job.—D.M., Yuzhno-Sakhalinsk, Russia

Unless you're standing for more than five minutes, you don't need to shift to neutral. The only time you should in stop-and-start traffic is when you're running hot. The vehicle idles higher in neutral, which helps the water pump and AC compressor work more efficiently. You can explain all this to your driver, but you'll have a hard time breaking him of the habit. Needless shifting won't damage your engine, but it can wear on your transmission over the long term. If that concerns you, pacify your driver with a stick shift that's not connected to anything. Or quit watching him drive.

What happens if one parent opposes the circumcision of a newborn son and the other parent insists on it? My wife and I have been discussing this as we try to have a child, but I can't convince her that circumcision is an unnecessary and painful procedure. Who does the doctor listen to? If my son decides he wants to have it done when he's older, fine, but no infant should be forced to endure it.—S.G., Calgary, Alberta

If you object strenuously and in writing, a physician would be foolhardy to perform the procedure. But that should be a last resort; work this out before the birth. You are not alone in believing circumcision is unnecessary—rates in the U.S. have fallen from 80

percent to 90 percent in the early Seventies to about 60 percent today, in part because more parents are being educated about the procedure. Nonreligious circumcision became popular in the U.S. because 19th century doctors thought the removal of the foreskin would discourage masturbation, which they believed led to disease. When that justification fell from favor, doctors argued that circumcision improves hygiene. However, diligently cleaning under the foreskin can prevent infections and other problems as readily as cutting it off. Many boys are circumcised, it seems, for no other reason than that their fathers or brothers preceded them. That may be changing. The American Academy of Pediatrics has revised its guidelines to say that circumcision should no longer be considered routine. "Circumcision is not essential to a child's well-being at birth, though it does have some potential medical benefits," the academy says, such as providing slightly better protection against urinary tract infections in the first year of life. The academy also recommends that an analgesic be used during all circumcisions (it often isn't).

Im in the process of finding a new job. What kind of watch should I wear to interviews? —P.B., El Paso, Texas

An interview watch should be low-key and traditional, reliable and punctual. Avoid the beeps and whistles and compasses and temperature gauges—it need only provide the time and date so you'll be where you're supposed to be when you're supposed to be there.

A friend of mine and his fiancée have agreed not to have sex until their wedding night, even though they've been sleeping together for several years. Have you ever heard of this? —R.W., McLean, Virginia

Reclaiming your chastity is a great way to build anticipation, even after you're married. In their book *The Great Sex Weekend*, Janet Lever and Pepper Schwartz suggest that couples remain abstinent for at least a week before any erotic getaway. "The minute we made sex off-limits, we were dying for it," one couple told Lever and Schwartz, who point out that abstinence can "heighten your appetite for sexual extravagance." Here are some ground rules: The couple can kiss and caress so long as they avoid the genitals. They can't masturbate (harsh!). They should talk dirty and tease each other silly. Imagine the longing you'd feel after a few months (or, God forbid, a year or more) of that. If this idea catches on, expect a lot more shotgun weddings—with the groom supplying the shotgun.

Your January column featured a letter from a woman whose husband was unwilling to have sex with her during her period. That's too bad, for many women experience heightened arousal during that time of the month. You suggested a diaphragm or a product called Instead, but inserting a tampon before inter-

course has always worked for me. The pull string should be shortened so that it reaches just outside the vaginal opening (it can be tucked inside before coitus). A cervical covering might be dislodged during vigorous activity, especially if the woman enjoys the sensation of having her cervix stimulated during intercourse. In addition, a cap or diaphragm won't fit securely if a woman's uterus is in a tipped position, which is common. The tampon moves to accommodate play. If a couple has concerns about a small amount of blood getting on the sheets (which is unlikely), place a towel on the bed. The main thing is to relax and have a wonderful romp. —S.S., Los Angeles, California

We're with you on that, but isn't this starting to sound like a lot of trouble? Use a towel, guys, and forget it. Great sex can happen any time of the month.

The other night my buddies and I were playing poker with a wild card. At the conclusion of one hand, I held a five-of-a-kind and my friend had a royal flush. We couldn't figure out who had won, so we split the pot. I figured if the Advisor can't settle this, nobody can. —R.T., Carbondale, Colorado

A five-of-a-kind and a royal flush in the same hand? You may want to have that deck bronzed. In home poker, five-of-a-kind beats a royal flush.

My wife of four years left me for a woman she met online in a chat room dedicated to lesbian lifestyles. This was difficult to deal with, but it has been more than a year now and I have come to understand her choice couldn't have been easy. She did what she needed to do. Perhaps I even respect her courage. I have been seeing a woman for several months and we are getting on quite well, but I find that when I tell my friends the truth about what ended my marriage, their reaction is often disbelief. Some of them even seem to avoid me. I wonder if they think I'm lying and believe the reason for the divorce lies elsewhere. Should I not be completely honest about this? —B.H., Baltimore, Maryland

You lost someone you loved. Her departure doesn't mean you were a bad lover or husband, i.e., that you "turned her gay." Your friends will understand that and offer their support. The rest can't be called friends.

A buddy of mine suggested buying vintage champagne for the coming New Year's Eve celebration, to avoid last-minute price gouging. He also told me that champagne should never be stored in the refrigerator. Why is that? I have a bottle in there now. Have I ruined it? —R.G., Nashville, Tennessee

There's a good chance you've killed the bubbles and flattened the taste. A refrigerator is too cold to store any wine for longer

than a day or two, and the vibrations of its motor can be harmful, too. Chill the champagne in a bucket filled with ice and water (add half a cup of salt) for 30 minutes before serving. Until then store it as you would any good wine: in a constant temperature between 55 degrees and 60 degrees. Ideally, your storage area should have a humidity of 75 percent to 95 percent; in most cases, a cool, dark closet or basement will suffice for current nonvintage releases. Store the bottle on its side. If you're planning a party, consider renting a cellar. Your wine store should be able to recommend one where you can keep a case or two.

My youngest brother is getting married in August. My boyfriend and I are wondering if you could suggest any ideas for harmless wedding night gags to play on them. —V.L., Omaha, Nebraska

We're not fans of "harmless" gags—they often backfire. If you'd like to give your brother a laugh, how about a scandalous care package from his big sister? Gift wrap a box filled with a tall bottle of lube, a condom sampler, massage oil, a scented candle, a jar of chocolate body lotion, a large feather, a velvet-lined blindfold and a vibrator (don't forget the batteries). Have the box placed on their bed. The contents should last them an hour or so. Good Vibrations (800-289-8423) has a lot of the sexy stuff.

Recently I found a Rabbit Head pendant in an old jewelry box. My husband suggested that I wear it. The first time I did—at the mall—two separate men asked if I was a Playmate. Since then, several others have asked the same question. Is there something I don't know about this pendant? Should I still wear it, even as a happily married woman? —M.H., Tampa, Florida

As you have discovered, the Rabbit Head symbolizes freedom, fun and confidence—three characteristics that define sexiness. Men picked you out of a crowd long before you found that pendant. It simply gave them an opening line. And being married doesn't mean you can't accept a compliment. When someone asks if you're a Playmate, smile and leave them guessing.

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



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AIR BAG UPDATE

when a bad idea gets worse

Dwight Childs' pickup truck came equipped with driver-side and passenger-side air bags. On May 16, 1998 he ran a red light and crashed into another vehicle. His two-month-old son was on the seat next to him, belted into a rear-facing child carrier and, as a local reporter described it, "in the bags' line of fire." The air bags deployed, killing the baby.

The tragedy was soon compounded. Like 3.2 million other vehicles, Childs' truck had a cutoff switch that would have disabled the air bags. Because he had neglected to activate it, a judge found Childs guilty of vehicular homicide and sentenced him to two days in jail—one to be served on his dead son's birthday and the other on the anniversary of the fatal accident. He also ordered Childs to make public-service announcements regarding air bag safety.

First, Americans thought air bags were a bad idea. Then they became mandatory. Now, we punish someone because he forgot to turn them off.

Automotive giant Lee Iacocca has spoken against air bags. In his autobiography, Iacocca tells of a retired safety engineer who wanted to use air bags as a humane alternative to the electric chair.

"In his application to the U.S. Patent Office," writes Iacocca, "the inventor stated that by inflating an air bag directly under a condemned person's head, the force of 12,000 pounds can snap the guy's neck far more effectively than the hangman's noose, and so quickly as to preclude any pain whatsoever. I'm not sure that I would want one of those gizmos in my car."

The government called air bags "automatic crash-protection systems." You got the protection whether you wanted it or not. And early tests suggested that air bags—in combination with seat belts—were effective in preventing head and chest injuries. If you were stupid enough not to buckle up, air bags alone could reduce your chance (by 31 percent) of dying

in a head-on collision.

From their introduction in the late Eighties until August 1998, air bags deployed some 2.6 million times. In doing so, the devices saved the lives of about 3448 people (965 belted, 2483 unbelted). In that same period, air bags killed 113 people (47 adults, 66 children). In other words, air bags killed one person for every 30 lives they saved.

The air bags had performed as predicted—they were a humane alternative to the electric chair. In front-end collisions of any speed, they deployed at 200 mph. If a baby were strapped



AL GARCIA

into a rear-facing infant carrier (its head mere inches from the air bag) and the car's front fender grazed a garage door, the bag could deploy and the baby would likely die. If a person of short stature—say, Granny—sat fewer than ten inches from the steering wheel, the quickly billowing pillow, so reassuring in TV ads, could crush her chest and snap her neck. The same air bags—which can either kill you or save your life—caused 300,000 minor injuries that ranged from broken bones to shattered eardrums.

The government found all sorts of bad behavior to blame—victims were not buckled in, were sitting too close to the front dash or steering column,

were too young (under 12) to ride in the front seat. The National Highway Traffic Safety Administration offered guidelines that read like they came from the National Rifle Association. (What kind of safety device has to be treated like a loaded handgun?) If the car has a tilt steering wheel, it should be pointed toward the chest. Sit as far away from the air bag as possible, because the first two or three inches are the impact zone. Don't reach for something in the glove compartment when pulling out of a parking spot—a low-speed collision could inflate the bag and break your neck. Do not drive with your hands in the classic ten-and-two position. The air bag could break your arms and throw them in your face at 200 mph. The NHTSA told Americans that proper parenting mandated putting kids in the back seat. Better yet, leave them at home and stay there yourself.

Without admitting that air bags might be a bad idea, the government and the auto industry adapted to the grim statistics. Companies introduced second-generation air bags that deployed with 20 percent to 35 percent less force. Ford announced a smart bag (featuring a sensor that reacts to the speed of the vehicle and the height, weight and seat position of the passenger) that makes the important live-or-die decision automatically. It would also reduce insurance costs for replacing all the passenger-side air bags that inflated to protect an empty seat. This is an elaborate solution to a simple problem—that air bags are not safe for everyone.

The feds finally realized that not all passengers resemble a 170-pound crash-test dummy and mandated that automobile companies test their air bags on a one-year-old in a safety seat, a three-year-old, a six-year-old and a 110-pound woman. The results should tell us what we already know. We would have preferred the government conduct its safety experiments on dummies instead of the public.

By JAMES R. PETERSEN



Title	Oddest toy	Questionable pickup line	Don't try this at home	Cheesiest line
	Idaho potato (with condom)	"I am Zeus, ruler of Olympus, seducer of maidens, wielder of the thunderbolt."	"Part of my sex play with my partners was that we cut each other with razors, scalpels, X-Acto blades."	"Yours is the cunt that ate Tokyo."
	Jewel-encrusted dildo	"Bend over and grab your ankles."	Sex with power sander, sex with blender	"I like it when Mister Down-Under slides his meat loaf into my fresh hot biscuit."
	Hobbyhorse equipped with a dual-piston vibrator that has an adjustable throttle and butt plug	"You've been dreaming that I'll show up at your doorstep one day and fuck the taste out of your mouth."	"He bent me over the eighth-story balcony railing."	"His dark nipples stared at me like icons from a Taoist temple."
	Piece of black obsidian honed to razor sharpness	" <i>Baruch ata adonai, elohainu melech ha-olam, shechianu, v'kiyamanu, vehigianu, lazman ha-zeh.</i> "	"Her dreams were filled with images of needles driving themselves into her ears, her nipples, her labia, and she came hard when Rebecca caned her the next morning."	"My girlfriend Melinda has skin the color of a perfectly toasted bagel, lips like lox and teeth as white as cream cheese."

*Stories in which masturbation occurred with a power sander, pneumatic machine, prostate vibrator, boat tiller or other

By JOSHUA GREEN



An exasperated Sigmund Freud once asked, “What do women want?” Five generations later, we at least know where to look for the answer. No, we’re not talking about correcting the 74-cents-to-the-dollar gender gap in wages, breaking the glass ceiling or electing Liddy Dole. We are talking about fucking a ghost who looks like George Costanza, having sex with an ice sculpture, and using all manner of monster vibrators: the Clitickler, the Gigantor, the Panabrator IX. When it comes to sex, women’s deepest yearnings are as far-out as those of men. A cottage industry in female fantasy—one that began with Anaïs Nin and was passed down to the editors of *Ladies’ Home Erotica* and now the *Herotica* series of books and tapes—has flowered. We examined four recent volumes of clit lit to learn what turns on the modern woman.

Worst description of sex act	Percentage of stories with dildos	Ratio of straight to gay stories*	Number of authors who mention cats in their bios	Memorable sex scene
“It feels like fucking a stalled cement truck.”	25	60/40	0	“The pace quickens to the breaking point, my strokes are tight pulses, then she gasps, pitches hard against me, does a long, last grind, opens her eyes and unfurls a slow smile.”
“I shook like my epileptic cousin, Emmy.”	62.8	46/54	8	“Cindy began whipping her head from side to side, all the while telling me to continue fucking her, but harder, always harder.”
“ <i>¡Ayyy! ¡Mi cama! ¡Mi camarera!</i> ” she yelled.”	30.4	50/50	2	“Trembling, I collapse onto [Mick Jagger’s] wiry body. So many years fantasizing about him, feeling teased by him, yet never believing I’d really have him.”
“She reached deep into me, past the place of coming, into the center of my womanness.”	30.8	8/92	1	“She comes fiercely, head arched back, eyes closed. Her fingernails scratch a trail down to my ass, sharp, razor-thin strokes of passion. Longing. Desire.”

object were excluded from this category.

SEX FOR SALE

The next logical step in the warped world of Jane Larson and Linda Hirshman, authors of *Hard Bargains: The Politics of Sex* ("Sex for Sale," by Ted C. Fishman, *The Playboy Forum*, March), would be to require single, celibate and uncommitted men to pay an extra tax. Proceeds of this tax would be paid to single women who suffer economically by the selfish actions of such men. Imagine: an available man not contributing to the economic well-being of women. The nerve of some people!

Richard Reinhofer
Portland, Oregon

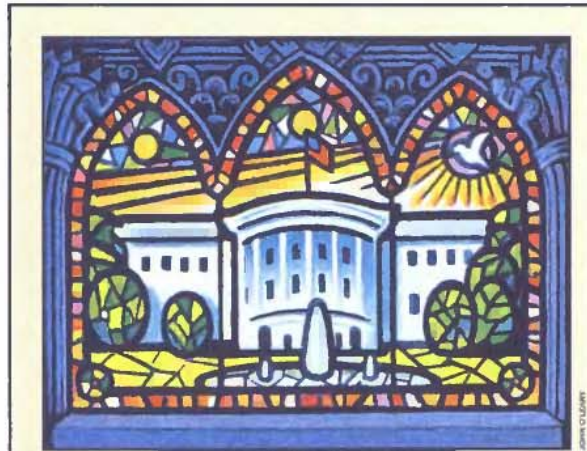
As a professor of sociology, I agree with Ted Fishman's analysis that Larson and Hirshman's proposals are "lunatic." Their views incorporate an understanding of sexuality—both women's and men's—and equality that is naive at best and offensive at worst.

However, Fishman's conclusion—"The new feminism seems like the old. Once again, only men pay"—is likewise naive. As a feminist and *PLAYBOY* subscriber, I would wager that Larson and Hirshman, who also consider themselves to be feminists, would never agree with such an assessment. But that illustrates an important point: There is no single definition of feminism, and most certainly there is none for a new feminism. There are variations within the umbrella of feminism, and many feminists, if not most, would consider Larson and Hirshman's thesis extreme.

Finally, Fishman is wrong when he claims that only men are victims in Larson and Hirshman's scheme. In cultures that regulate sex in ways similar to those proposed by the book's authors, women lose too.

Leslie Atkins
Norman, Oklahoma

Fishman should relax: The laws Larson and Hirshman have proposed are as old as the hills. John Wesley, founder of the Methodist Church, had to return to England because of breach of contract after he jilted his fiancée from



FOR THE RECORD

POLLING THE PROSPECTS

"Do you normally call games of chance 'gambling' or 'gaming'?"

"Would you support a removal of the words 'under God' from the pledge of allegiance?"

"Do you believe gun control reduces crime?"

"Would you place a crèche on the White House lawn if ordered to refrain from doing so by the Supreme Court?"

—Part of a questionnaire given to Republican presidential hopefuls by the conservative Committee to Restore American Values to determine which candidate best meets the group's ideals. Respondents included Ohio congressman John Kasich, Steve Forbes, Gary Bauer and Alan Keyes.

Georgia. Consequently, the Methodist Church in America was founded by proxies.

Sharon Eicher
Lawrence, Kansas

Ted Fishman criticizes our book because of our belief that "sex between men and women should not be a private matter. Instead, sex is an extension of social life."

Let us first untangle what our book really says. *Hard Bargains* assumes that most people prefer to have sex with at least one other person (this should not be controversial). In this way, having sex is almost always a social decision, like going into business or seeing a movie with a companion. Whether brief or lasting, the sexual union creates a small society. In a sexual relationship, as in any society, people who want to be together will sometimes disagree. They'd like to spend the evening together, but they don't want to

see the same movie. One wants cunnilingus before intercourse, the other prefers dispensing with "the frills." One wants to get married and the other doesn't. One wants to be free to "fondle the secretary," as Fishman so quaintly puts it, the other wants her sexual partner to keep his hands off the help.

When people's interests differ, there are many ways to resolve the differences. But one thing is unavoidable. When people differ in what they want, someone is going to get more than the other. You can't see two movies at once.

For many centuries, sexual advantage went to the strong. Now laws against rape restrain the advantage of physical strength. Discounting physical strength, however, the rich and powerful more often have sex on their terms than the poor or disempowered. Before sexual harassment laws, the executive got to fondle his secretary because she needed the job. More subtly, persisting biases affect who gets the better sexual deal. People are still more likely to think that a wife should move to where her husband's job takes him or quit her job to raise the kids—all part of their

sexual deal. Whether inside or outside of marriage, "having sex" still ordinarily means unadorned intercourse, an act well designed for male orgasm but not so good at providing the direct clitoral stimulation most women need for orgasm.

Despite recent social changes, men as a group are stronger and richer, enjoy higher social status and benefit from thousands of years of assumptions that they belong on top. So when it comes to male-female sex, that's where they tend to end up.

Force, money and inherited social advantage—that's how disputes get settled where there is no better system. And despite greater attention to the social impact of sex since the sexual revolution, society still recognizes almost no better system for resolving differences of interest between men and women regarding the terms on which they will have sex. People deserve better options.

RESPONSE

As things stand, one option people have is to get married and let the government set the rules. Despite Fishman's certainty that we are trying to force men into marriage, the fact is we are interested in making sex outside of marriage a better option than it currently is.

We think criminal laws against fornication (also known as unmarried sex), which are still on the books in many places, should be abolished. But we also think it is time for the law to end its hands-off policy about nonmarital sexual relationships. A world without any law is a scary place. Personal injury law doesn't protect the unmarried from a partner with HIV or other sexually transmitted diseases.

Philosophers call a world without law the "state of nature" or a "state of the war of all against all." Heterosexual or homosexual, we don't think people should have to go all the way to marriage to have the benefits of a lawful relationship.

PLAYBOY and Fishman might describe a world without sex law as a sexual paradise. Where there is no law, the strong rule, whether they are physically stronger, financially stronger or socially stronger.

Hard Bargains proposes that law play a role in creating a world where men and women make sexual decisions on more equal footing.

Here are our ideas:

First, partners must say yes to sex. Silence is not consent. We want both men and women to persuade their partners to say yes (or better yet, "Yes, yes, yes!"). This is not because we want men to marry instead of rape, but because silence is ambiguous. Rather than risk forced sex, we err on the side of consent. This strengthening and clarification of rape law continues the century-long process of limiting the use of force in sex.

Second, the law should provide for mutual duties of care when a man and a woman have lived together for years. If the couple wants to make legal promises to each other, the law should enforce those contracts, just like any other deal. If, on the other hand, one party wants to keep a sexual relationship going but have no ties, he or she must say so. Fishman raises the dread prospect that a man might not marry and yet still get stuck with a woman who "plumps up," stops wanting to

have "wild sex," or "demurs, goes to bed in curlers or pleads a headache." As the law stands now, if they're not married she's out as fast as you can say "change the locks." That's fine. All we ask is that before he talks her into putting him through graduate school or moving to Dubuque because he got a new job, he warn her about the daily weigh-ins and the no-curlers rule.

Third, if the partners want to promise to be faithful for life by getting married, we would put ordinary legal force behind the promise and make it enforceable, just like any other deal.

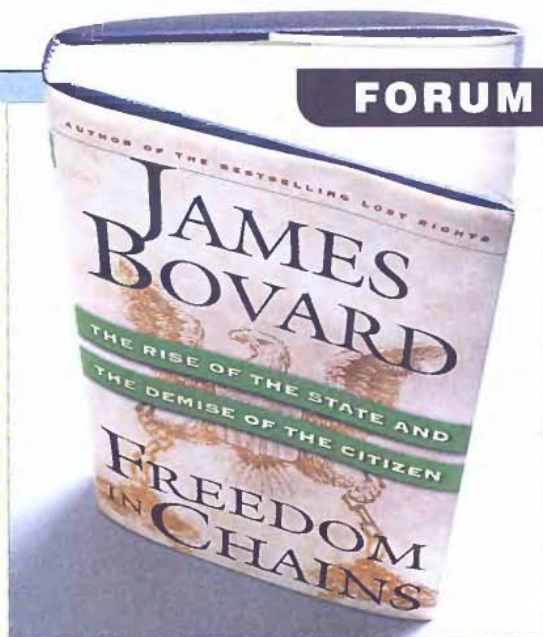
Most of what Fishman dislikes about the book is that we assume that individual women, like men, have needs and desires, and that a woman's desires may not always coincide with a man's. Calling women whores is the bottom

line for Fishman, because he thinks this new picture of sexual arrangements means that "only men pay." What he is ignoring is that women want sex as much as men do, and yet they already pay more for it than do their male partners. They exchange sexual access under terms of emotional, physical and financial disadvantage; bear the greater burden of the reproductive consequences of heterosexual intercourse and spend more of their capacities and opportunities to obtain a lesser sexual deal. Let's even out the deal a little.

Jane Larson
Madison, Wisconsin

Linda Hirshman
Waltham, Massachusetts

Fishman did not call women whores. Your argument, however, recalls the apocryphal



FORUM F.Y.I.

ATTENTION DEFICIT DEMOCRACY

"Rather than 'government by the people,' we now have 'attention deficit democracy.' Less than half of the voters show up at the polls; less than half of the voters who do show up understand the issues. Politicians themselves are often unaware of what lurks in the bills they vote for. The larger government becomes, the less democratic it will tend to be, simply because people become less able to comprehend and judge the actions of their rulers. The great issue for modern democracy is whether politicians can fool enough of the people enough of the time to continue expanding their power over everyone."

—From James Bovard's new book, *Freedom in Chains: The Rise of the State and the Demise of the Citizen* (St. Martin's Press)

exchange between a man and a prim matron. He asked, "Would you sleep with me for a million dollars?" After some thought, the woman replied in the affirmative. When he handed her \$50, she expressed shock and demanded to know what he thought she was. "We've already determined that. Now we're just haggling over price." You say women desire sex, but almost every page of *Hard Bargains* says they desire more than sex. They desire permanence, security, control over their partner's wandering eye—in short they want a monopoly. The "Yes, yes, yes!" you claim to orchestrate is more akin to initialing a rental contract than it is an affirmation of or surrender to the power of sex. Early feminists such as Emma Goldman saw a parallel between prostitutes and wives—and argued for sexual choices that were free of state or church contracts. The sexual revolution stripped bare the charade of marriage—laws didn't make what happened in marriage moral or even safe. You claim to want to decriminalize fornication, yet you hope to place a palimony lawyer outside every bedroom. You want to call in an air strike every time a woman doesn't reach climax, or sue for damages every time she has to sit through an action movie or he through some Elizabethan epic. It's not either-or. How about both-and? My turn—your turn? Your analysis reeks of a coffee klatch.

STARR STRUCK

I take exception to James Bovard's characterization of two Supreme Court decisions described in his article "Ken Starr's Greatest Hits" (*The Playboy Forum*, March). Rather than being novel interpretations of constitutional law to appease an overzealous solicitor general, the decisions in *Florida vs. Bostick* and *United States vs. Williams* were in keeping with well-established precedents.

In *Bostick*, the Court overturned a Florida ruling which held that all police sweeps and questionings on buses are inherently coercive. In this case, a trial court had determined that the officers explicitly informed the passengers that they could refuse to submit to searches of their baggage. The Supreme Court simply said that a judgment of whether such searches are coercive must be made on a case-by-case basis and cannot be disallowed simply because they happen to take place on a bus. The point is that this decision

reemphasizes the Court's history of holding that police are free to ask questions of citizens and perform warrantless searches so long as they have that person's uncoerced permission.

In *Williams*, the Court reaffirmed the standard interpretation of the English common-law view of grand juries—that the prosecutor's position reigns supreme. The majority opinion noted that Congress is free to make laws regulating the presentation of evidence, but in the absence of such legislation, legal precedent demands that prosecutors maintain the status quo.

After reading the Court's opinions in these cases, I am left to conclude that Bovard, in his zeal to portray Ken Starr as an unethical would-be despot, has resorted to selective reporting.

Geoffrey Teets

Louisville, Kentucky

You claim that the Bostick decision was in keeping with well-established court precedents. Sweep searches on buses are a relatively recent development, so there is no clear basis for comparison with our common-law heritage. There is no question that some agencies acted in bad faith: If someone refused to consent to a search, he was forcibly searched. Alternately, as one DEA agent explained, police farther along the bus route would be alerted in time to get a warrant based on the earlier refusal. Starr's argument in the Bostick case rested on a blind faith in law enforcement. He argued:

"Because law enforcement officers in this country must respect an individual's right to be left alone, the 'police state' images invoked by the Florida Supreme Court miss the mark."

In the second case, courts have never explicitly granted prosecutors unlimited power over grand juries. Allowing prosecutors to deceive grand juries turns them into rubber stamps for political vendettas. Yet Starr effectively insisted that judges must have blind faith in prosecutors—no questions asked—regardless of any evidence of misconduct.

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).

Allowing prosecutors to deceive grand juries turns them into rubber stamps for vendettas.

what happens when justice plays "let's make a deal"

Again and again, the same situation occurs.

In 1974 a jury convicted Joseph Green Brown for murder, rape and robbery. Testifying against Brown was Ronald Floyd. Several months after the trial, Floyd admitted he had lied at trial. He said he had testified to avoid prosecution for the murder and to receive a lighter sentence on another crime. Brown spent 13 years on death row before being released.

In 1977 Randall Dale Adams was convicted of murdering a police officer. The prosecution's key evidence against him was the testimony of David Harris, who claimed to have been with Adams when Adams shot the officer. In return for Harris' testimony, prosecutors did not charge him with anything. Adams spent 12 years on death row before proving his innocence.

In 1983 Anthony Silah Brown was convicted and sentenced to death for murdering a deliveryman. Another man who had been arrested for the same murder implicated Brown as an accomplice. This man was given a deal in return for his testimony. Brown served three years on death row before he was acquitted of all charges in a retrial. The witness admitted he had lied.

In 1983 Charles Smith was sentenced to death for murder and robbery. The prosecution called as a witness a man who admitted to having been the getaway driver, and who claimed that Smith had committed the murder. It emerged at a retrial that the witness had testified after making a deal with the prosecution that allowed him to avoid a murder charge. Smith spent eight years on death row.

In 1989 Joseph Burrows was convicted of murder and armed robbery. The prosecution's primary evidence was the testimony of the two men who also had been charged with the murder. Direct evidence implicated the two, but by naming an alleged accomplice they escaped the death penalty. Burrows spent five years on death row before a court reversed his conviction and dropped all charges.

In each of these cases, and many more that were examined at the National Conference on Wrongful Convictions and the Death Penalty, an

SNITCH CULTURE

innocent man was convicted of murder and sentenced to die on the basis of testimony by a jailhouse snitch seeking reduced charges or preferential treatment. Witnesses lied to avoid the death penalty for crimes they themselves had committed. In each case it took years to unravel their deceit.

The snitch culture is so embedded in our judicial system that there is now an entire industry of convicts who buy information from other criminals or friends on the outside that allows them to rat and cut off years from their sentences. And prosecutors go along. The snitch enables them to clear cases and to inflate their conviction rates.

The snitch culture has become a crucial element in the war on drugs. For the past decade, the federal government has rewarded drug users and dealers with reduced sentences and cash—so long as they finger someone else.

In 1986 Congress passed mandatory minimum sentences. Sell enough drugs and you face five years to life in prison. Two years later, the law was amended—anyone involved in a drug deal would get the maximum sentence. There didn't even have to be drugs exchanged. Just talking about the sale of drugs was evidence of conspiracy.

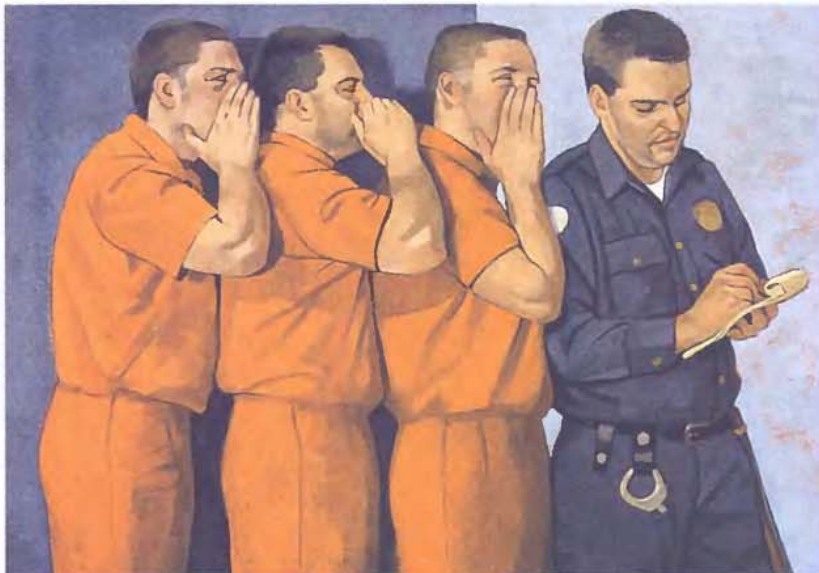
The only way to avoid the maximum was to turn on your confederates (or almost anyone else you could finger as a drug dealer) and provide "substantial assistance" to narcotics officers.

Federal prosecutors have an overwhelming conviction rate in such cases, prompting Nora Callahan, an advocate for drug war prisoners, to note that "there are thousands of people sitting in prison because of bought testimony alone, with no other evidence against them. It is an affront to justice, and to humanity itself. And it's important for people to remember that this could

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

happen to anyone, to anyone's child."

On January 12 *Frontline* broadcast a report on the fallout from mandatory minimums. Again and again, the same situation arose: Big-time dealers would lie to avoid maximum sentences. Drug kingpins received payouts, lighter sentences or complete freedom for turning in the little fish—or in some cases people who were completely innocent.



Only 11 percent of the prisoners serving time for drug crimes are kingpins; 52 percent are users or low-level street dealers.

The report chronicled the case of Clarence Aaron, a college athlete who was paid \$1500 to drive his cousin and some high school friends to meet people he knew were involved in drugs. Upon arrest, the cousin and his accomplices—all of whom had criminal records—agreed to "cooperate" for lighter sentences. The ringleader drew 12 years. Two accomplices served less than five years. The cousin went free. Aaron received three life sentences with no chance of parole. He didn't have anyone to turn in.

Aaron's story is no aberration. Sonya Singleton, 25, was accused by the feds of money laundering and conspiracy to distribute cocaine. They offered her a

deal and told her that if she would admit to wiring money to her boyfriend—whom the government claimed was the biggest drug dealer in Wichita—she would receive less than a year. Singleton refused, maintaining she was innocent. Indeed, the boyfriend was never prosecuted. Another drug dealer, seeking to lower his sentence, testified against Singleton. On the basis of that testimony, she was convicted and sentenced to 46 months in jail.

Singleton's lawyer, John Wachtel, appealed, using an interesting argument: Offering leniency or sentence reduction for the right testimony violated the federal law against bribery. "Whoever directly or indirectly gives, offers or promises anything of value to any person, for or because of the testimony under oath or affirmation given or to be given by such a person as a witness upon a trial" shall be fined or imprisoned.

A panel of three judges from the Tenth Circuit Court of Appeals agreed with Wachtel: "Promising something of value to secure truthful testimony is as much prohibited as buying perjured testimony," it wrote. "If justice is perverted when a criminal defendant seeks to buy testimony from a witness, it is no less perverted when the government does so."

For a moment it looked as though prosecutors would have to go out and investigate cases the old-fashioned way—with physical evidence, motive and opportunity.

In January, the full Tenth Circuit Court of Appeals overturned the panel's decision, ruling in a 9-3 vote that enforcing the antibribery law would have made criminals of federal prosecutors. The panel's ruling, it said, was "patently absurd." For now, prosecutors are free to go after the big fish, the little fish and also the innocent.

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

SPACE INVADERS

NEW YORK—The U.S. Customs Service strip-searched about 1700 people at airports last year in pursuit of contraband, but the invasive procedure prompted law-



suits. Last fall the agency began offering some detainees at JFK and Miami International two options: Stay at the airport for a strip search or travel in handcuffs to a medical center for an X ray. Not one traveler chose the X ray. Officials suspect that travelers find the strip search less inconvenient, and that those carrying drugs internally (i.e., wrapped in condoms and swallowed) know the X ray would give them away.

LOW PLEASURE ZONE

CHICAGO—A substantial number of Americans suffer from sexual problems, according to a survey of 3159 adults. Forty-three percent of female respondents and 31 percent of the men reported sexual dysfunction of some kind. A third of the women said they lack interest in sex; about the same number of men said they climax too quickly. More than 25 percent of the women said they seldom have orgasms, as did eight percent of the men. Generally, younger women reported more pain during, and anxiety about, sex than older women, and single women were more likely to have problems than married women. Only ten percent of the men and about 20 percent of the women said they had sought medical advice.

LOOSE LOGIC

ROME—Italy's highest appeals court ruled that a 45-year-old driving instructor could not be guilty of raping an 18-year-old student because she was wearing tight jeans. The all-male panel cited the "common knowledge that it is nearly impossible to even partially remove jeans from a person without their cooperation, since this operation is already very difficult for the wearer." The panel added that if the girl had taken off her jeans in fear, well, she shouldn't have. The defendant's lawyer said the girl had consented to sex but made up the rape story to appease her parents.

THE BOOBS WIN

HOLLYWOOD, FLORIDA—A cop fired for wearing a strip club T-shirt to a sensitivity training session got his job back. An arbitrator ruled that while the officer showed "bad taste, insensitivity and poor judgment" by wearing his Booby Trap shirt, he did not break any rules and should receive back pay. The cop said he had dressed in the dark because his wife was sleeping and realized he had worn the shirt only when he arrived for the class.

PROFILE IN COURAGE

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA—The local public library refused to cancel its subscription to PLAYBOY despite protests from a local Baptist minister who says the magazine "stimulates lust in the hearts of men, which can damage marriage." The director of the library, which has received PLAYBOY for 25 years, says the magazine will remain because it is popular among patrons and has good articles.

MORAL MEDICINE

PITTSBURGH—A health clinic fired a Roman Catholic nurse who refused to dispense condoms or oral contraceptives to single people. Laura Merriott had worked at the clinic part-time for six months before she renewed her commitment to the Catholic faith. Soon after, she informed her boss that she wanted to begin screening her patients' marital status. Otherwise, Merriott said, she would be encouraging "the sin of fornication." Noting that about 85 percent of its clients are single, the clinic refused to reassign Merriott and fired her when she persisted. The nurse filed a civil rights

lawsuit, saying she had been dismissed because of her religious beliefs.

PHOTOS FOR SALE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Image Data LLC had a bright idea: Purchase drivers' license photos from each state, then build a national database that allows merchants to instantly confirm a customer's identity before accepting a credit card or personal check. Privacy advocates cried foul, especially after learning that the Secret Service had paid Image Data almost \$1.5 million to help develop the database. Lawmakers who pushed for the federal funding thought that Image Data's TrueID system sounded like a great way to identify terrorists and illegal aliens.

UNINVITED GUESTS

ABBOTSFORD, BRITISH COLUMBIA—Six tactical officers casing a house before a Sunday afternoon drug raid failed to notice that the suspect was throwing a birthday party for his seven-year-old son. When the cops burst in with weapons drawn, they met resistance from the family's pit bull, which bit the shirtsleeve of one officer. A second officer shot and killed the dog in front of 13 horrified children and several



parents. Police arrested the birthday boy's father on drug charges. "We regret that this happened," a police spokesman said. One parent complained, "My kids are upset. I want to know why they couldn't have waited until after the party."



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SAMUEL L. JACKSON

a candid conversation with hollywood's top-grossing actor (believe it) about racism, the joy of golf, the nightmare of crack and what it's like to act with yoda

Name the actor who has appeared in more big movies in the Nineties: Hanks, Schwarzenegger, Cruise, Willis, Williams? The answer is none of the above. The distinction goes to Samuel L. Jackson, the most prolific African American actor in history—whose movies have earned a total of \$1.2 billion this decade. And that doesn't count Jackson's latest film, *Star Wars: The Phantom Menace*, the first of the *Star Wars* prequels and the most eagerly anticipated film of the year.

Despite all those sold tickets, not to mention enough popcorn to fill the Grand Canyon, Jackson remains one of the most under-rewarded actors in the movie business. Consider that Matthew McConaughey, who got his first big role opposite Jackson in the adaptation of John Grisham's *A Time to Kill*, soon commanded \$6 million a picture—a figure it took Jackson more than 15 years to achieve. And McConaughey hasn't had another hit since.

But that doesn't seem to bother Jackson, who is known to be a regular guy in a business of prima donnas. Instead of grumbling, Jackson is busy working—as his long and varied list of credits proves.

Perhaps none of Jackson's roles has made more of an impression than his portrayal of Jules Winnfield, the hit man in Quentin Tarantino's *Pulp Fiction*. Dialogue with his murderous partner, played by John Travolta,

and Jackson's recitations of Ezekiel 25:17 as prelude to his assassinations, are some of the most unforgettable moments in any movie. The role, created by Tarantino after the director saw Jackson's performance in Spike Lee's *Jungle Fever*, earned Jackson his first Oscar nomination. (The Academy Awards show that year was also memorable. When he lost to Martin Landau's performance in *Ed Wood*, Jackson did what previous losers may have thought but never dared do on live TV: He said, "Shit." And we knew it because we read his lips.)

Besides *Pulp Fiction*, Jackson has appeared in a wide variety of movies (there have been more than 40 features in all) and rarely does he look the same. He played the earnest sidekick to Harrison Ford in *Patriot Games*, a reluctant sidekick to Bruce Willis in *Die Hard With a Vengeance*, a computer technician in *Jurassic Park*, an attorney in *Losing Isaiah*, a Don King-like promoter in *The Great White Hype*, a womanizing doctor in *Eve's Bayou* and a member of the Luft-hansa heist team in *Goodfellas*.

Audiences like him and so do directors, many of whom call him back for subsequent films. He has been in four movies with Spike Lee, including *Do the Right Thing*, *School Daze* and *Jungle Fever*, and Tarantino followed up *Pulp Fiction* by casting him as Or-dell Robbie in *Jackie Brown*. (That charac-

ter—who repeatedly uses the word nigger—prompted a celebrated falling-out between Lee and Jackson.) Renny Harlin also called him back for encores in roles opposite Geena Davis in the raucous action film *The Long Kiss Goodnight* and then *Deep Blue Sea*. "I want Sam to be in every movie I make," says Harlin. "Aside from being one of the best actors, he's respected by everyone on the set. When you have to get your cast to stand in cold water for hours, shooting a scene over and over, it's much easier when they see Sam doing it and never complaining." Says Joel Schumacher, director of *A Time to Kill*: "Sam can be sitting around joking, but when you say, 'Action,' he becomes the most intense and focused actor. I've never seen anyone with the facility to transform himself that quickly."

Jackson had a modest upbringing in segregated Chattanooga, Tennessee, where he was raised by his mother, Elizabeth, his grandparents and an aunt. His father abandoned the family and quit the Army so he wouldn't have to pay child support. Father and son did not meet again until Jackson was grown—it was not a storybook reunion.

As a child, Jackson enjoyed movies and TV and was a voracious reader. In high school he swam competitively, ran hurdles on the track team, played horn in the marching band and was senior class president.



"This business is about money. An actor's job is to get butts in the seats. So when they want a big-name white guy, I understand it. But there's still an element that wants to hold down the number of ethnic people."



"I didn't know any other way to perform than being high. My friends and I would go to the theater, get dressed, put on makeup and smoke a reefer and drink wine. I've done plays on acid and everything else."



"Bad guys are people, too. Most people think that if you're playing a killer, you've got to be emotionless. But killers have kids at home. They watch TV and play with their kids and help them do their homework."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

He enrolled at Morehouse College in Atlanta intending to become a marine biologist. That plan changed when he acted in his first play, a production of *The Threepenny Opera*, and was introduced to two lasting passions: the theater and his future wife, LaTanya Richardson.

During the Sixties, Jackson was part of a group of student activists who locked up campus trustees in an effort to get more student input into school decisions. For his short-lived involvement in campus politics, Jackson was temporarily suspended, but he returned and graduated with a BA in drama in 1972.

With Richardson and other actors, he formed a theater company and, in 1976, moved with her to New York to pursue a stage career. Both he and LaTanya—they have been together 29 years and married for 19—acted steadily, though he had to fill in with other jobs to make ends meet. Still, he made a name for himself in such productions as *A Soldier's Play*, *The Piano Lesson* (he originated the lead role that later earned a Tony nomination for Charles S. Dutton) and *Two Trains Running*, along with his first small parts in films and such TV shows as *Spenser: For Hire*. His wife, who would later appear in *Malcolm X*, *U.S. Marshals* and as Jackson's opposing attorney in *Losing Isaiah*, performed in *Colored Girls* and other productions.

Jackson admits he was a heavy drug user and alcoholic in those days. He claims he outpartied almost everyone until, after eight months on crack, he succumbed to pressure from his wife and entered a rehab program. He kicked the habit just in time to land the role that launched him into the limelight, in Spike Lee's *Jungle Fever*. He played a crack addict.

He made his debut as a producer with *Eve's Bayou* (and is also producing other films, including a police drama with Matt Damon called *Training Day*). His most recent coup is landing the role of Shaft, the tough-guy detective portrayed by Richard Roundtree in the 1971 film being remade by director John Singleton.

When he's not working, Jackson is home in Encino, California with LaTanya and their 17-year-old daughter, Zoe. Whether he is working or not, he indulges his other obsession, golf; in his movie deals, he insists on a clause that allows for golf time and greens fees.

With *The Phantom Menace* hitting the theaters, we asked Daily Variety columnist Michael Fleming (who previously interviewed Robert Downey Jr. and Joe Eszterhas for PLAYBOY) to track down the hardworking actor. Here's Fleming's report:

"I met Jackson at the Sunset Marquis Hotel in West Hollywood just before his 50th birthday. In his sunglasses, trademark black Kangol cap and matching shirt, Jackson looked incredibly cool and confident after playing 54 holes of golf. (Yes, he loves the game.) A waiter interrupted our conversation to pay his respects, gushing about how he admired Jackson's performance with

Ellen Barkin in *Bad Company*. 'That was Fishburne,' Jackson said after the waiter left, acknowledging that this wasn't the first time he'd been mistaken for Laurence. But rather than embarrass the fan, he laughed about it and mentioned later that he has frequently given out Fishburne's autograph, and Fishburne his.

"As the first interview session came to a close, Jackson seemed giddy as he headed off to collect his birthday present to himself. He showed it off the next morning, when he pulled up at the hotel in a new black Porsche convertible. Jackson is as cool as he is calculating. Confessing he'd gotten standard shift, he said, 'My daughter only drives an automatic.'"

PLAYBOY: You could not have chosen a more eagerly anticipated film than the latest *Star Wars* episode. How did you get the gig?

JACKSON: When I do interviews, someone always asks, "Are there any directors you want to work with?" I usually say no. Normally I just read scripts, and whatever director comes with the script is fine. But I realized George Lucas was about

That's not who I am. My hair's not always going to be the same. I'm not going to talk the same. I play guys with different social ambitions. I like bad guys.

to do *Star Wars*, and I really wanted to be in a *Star Wars* movie. So in interviews I started saying, "I'd really love to work with George Lucas." As a result, George invited me to his ranch. I told him, "I don't care what part you give me. I'll be a stormtrooper—anything." He said, "Probably the most you'd be saying is, 'Look out! Duck!' Stuff like that." And I said, "George, that's cool. Anything."

PLAYBOY: In the end, Lucas made you a Jedi. Is that a fantasy come true?

JACKSON: Oh, yeah. There was a great moment on the set when a guy came over with a bunch of light sabers in a case and said, "Pick one."

PLAYBOY: How did you choose? Come to think of it, what was it like to wield one of those mythical weapons?

JACKSON: I didn't get the chance to use it. But the good news is that my character doesn't die and there's another movie coming. I think I've got a shot at it.

PLAYBOY: You share scenes with Yoda. Any problems playing opposite a legendary puppet?

JACKSON: George Lucas doesn't give you the whole script, just your scenes, and it was the coolest thing to find out that I

would be interacting with Yoda. It meant my role would be an important part of the film. I'm sitting there, trying to keep it together and get into my character, but I'm also thinking, Wow. I can't believe I'm here with Yoda.

PLAYBOY: How does it feel to become a *Star Wars* action figure?

JACKSON: It actually looks like me. After *Jurassic Park*, my relatives were asking, "Where's your action figure?" I didn't have one. Now I do.

PLAYBOY: This movie had more advance press than almost any movie in history. Does that add to the pressure?

JACKSON: The expectations are pretty high. I'm sure there will be favorable and unfavorable comparisons. We did our work, but it was all in George's hands. George is very calm. Nothing bothers him. There was stuff going on that would have made most directors crazy—things falling in the background, noise, planes flying over. And George goes, "OK, print it." I guess he has to do so much in postproduction that it's not a big deal. He's the only one who knows how the stuff works anyway.

PLAYBOY: You have been in an average of two or three films a year for the past five years. Do you worry that you could become overexposed?

JACKSON: And therefore I should work less? Are you kidding? First of all, I'm selective about what I do, but I want to work as much as I can. Movie stars do one movie a year for \$20 million, but I'm not one of those guys. I don't make that much money and don't need it, but I do need to work for the comfortable lifestyle we have. I am also aware that eventually all of this is going to stop. The phone stops ringing for everybody: Gregory Peck, Sidney Poitier. Everybody. So while I'm able, I'll generate as much income as I can. And come on, Travolta makes \$20 million a picture and he makes four movies a year. Nobody mentions that.

PLAYBOY: Do you resent the pay difference between you and Travolta?

JACKSON: It's a sliding pay scale. It's about putting butts into seats. Producers and studio heads don't look to me for that. They don't say, "Let's give him \$20 million because the movie's going to open huge because of his name."

PLAYBOY: The number of films you've done has made you the top-grossing actor of the decade. But to be fair, neither *Jurassic Park* nor *Die Hard* are thought of as Samuel L. Jackson movies.

JACKSON: True. They aren't movies driven by me. They could have put anybody in *Jurassic Park*. The dinosaurs were the stars of that one. *Die Hard* is a Bruce Willis vehicle, and that's cool—I knew that going in. But it could have been a run-of-the-mill chase movie. Put people like me and Jeremy Irons in it and you have real human beings alongside that superman, John McClane. So we do

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PLAYBOY: You seem the opposite of the \$20 million-a-picture guys, who continue to play variations of the same character time after time.

JACKSON: There are guys who are very successful doing that. They get painted into a corner and they get this look on their faces, and all of a sudden you know, "OK, now he's getting ready to fix this thing." People pay money to see that, and that's what I want when I pay to see a Harrison Ford film. But that's not who I am. And people accept the fact that even my hair's not always going to be the same. I'm not going to talk the same. I play guys with different social ambitions. I like bad guys.

PLAYBOY: How do you choose films? Are you trying to mix big action movies with art films?

JACKSON: I don't think about that—my agents and managers do. I just work. When I was in the theater I was always doing a play and auditioning for another at the same time. Now, I am constantly looking for my next movie. I don't have jobs lined up or scripts lying around my house.

PLAYBOY: In *The Negotiator*, *187* and *The Long Kiss Goodnight*, you played parts originally written for white actors. Do you ever miss out on roles you want because of your race?

JACKSON: I go to meetings all the time to convince people I'm the actor they should hire. If I read a script I like, I go to my agent or manager and say, "I really like this. Do you think I could get a meeting to discuss it?" They call and the producers go, "Sam Jackson! We never thought of going that way. Wow! That's interesting." Sometimes they ask me to come in to discuss it, and I end up convincing them that the dynamics of the story won't change because I'm African American. Before I got *187*, I sat there with director Kevin Reynolds for an hour and a half, explaining how I would make the movie better. They wanted someone white, but I explained that we've all seen *Dangerous Minds*, in which a white teacher goes into an inner-city school and the kids hate her because she's white. But *187* was about authority figures and not about race. If you put somebody like me in the school and students still rebel, it's more interesting. Reynolds got it, but not until I talked to him.

PLAYBOY: Do you take it personally when race stops you from getting a role you want?

JACKSON: I liked the script for the lead role of a priest in a Fox movie called *The Sin Eater*. It went to Antonio Banderas. Nobody could wrap their mind around a black priest [laughs]. It's nobody's fault. I think I only do the jobs I'm supposed to do.

PLAYBOY: No resentment?

JACKSON: If a director doesn't hire me, I feel sorry for him.

PLAYBOY: You once said you received lots of scripts turned down by Denzel Washington. Whose fingerprints are on the scripts you get now?

JACKSON: It's the same story. They tell me, "We want you, Sam, but we need a star." They get a Tommy Lee Jones and send the script out to a Harrison Ford. But that's cool, because the guy who's investing the money is looking at the foreign pre-sale potential with those two guys after *The Fugitive*. Now at least there are better fingerprints on the scripts I get. They're not just ethnic fingerprints. They're \$20 million-star prints. It makes me feel better.

PLAYBOY: *The Long Kiss Goodnight* was written for a white guy. To make a big budget action movie with a female heroine was unusual; to pair her with a black sidekick and include a few sexual sparks was unheard of. Did you have to do some convincing on that one?

JACKSON: My character, Mitch, was written white, yeah. And that was another script I'd been chasing awhile. I campaigned and campaigned, and people would dance around and say, "Well, we don't know." Renny Harlin was to direct it, and I ran into him at a dinner party one night and we talked. He had no problem with it, and his wife, Geena Davis, was playing the woman. So it was done. The story changed, though. At one point there was a tryst between the two characters. They



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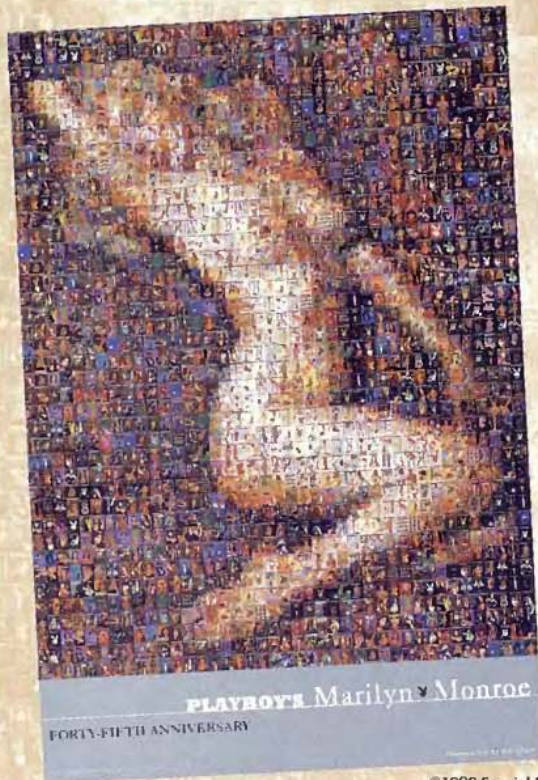
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fell into bed and had sex. But I wasn't in favor of it. It had nothing to do with race. My reasoning was that it was better to keep the tension. If they started fucking, there was nowhere to go with it—like in most relationships.

PLAYBOY: Harlin felt that movie didn't do as well as it should have because of racism—people didn't want to see a black man in a close relationship with a white woman. Do you agree?

JACKSON: That doesn't fly with me. I think it was more that it was a women's film. Women like seeing themselves empowered, and one was empowered here. But they marketed it to men. Instead of buying commercial time on football games, they should have bought time on daytime soaps. It was bad marketing. No matter where I go in the world, women come up to me and tell me how much they loved that movie. They should have marketed it to women.

PLAYBOY: A decade ago, there were far fewer opportunities for African American actors. The best that Lou Gossett Jr. could do after his Oscar-winning role in *An Officer and a Gentleman* was *Jaws 3-D*. Now there's a wealth of black actors: you, Washington, Will Smith, Eddie Murphy, Morgan Freeman, Cuba Gooding Jr., Ving Rhames, Laurence Fishburne, Wesley Snipes and Don Cheadle. Has the world changed?

JACKSON: As the number of black filmmakers increases, the world changes. I grew up in a segregated society and I am part of the last generation that remembers it. Even down South people have gone to school and interacted with blacks, Asians and Hispanics all their lives now. They see the world differently. And now blacks, Asians and Hispanics are going to film school waving their own money, and making their own films.

PLAYBOY: But isn't race still an issue? In the foreign advertising for *White Sands*, they used posters with a faraway shot of you carrying a briefcase through the desert—only they made you white.

JACKSON: Yeah. They tried to tell me, "We don't want to give away the plot of the movie." Right. That was a South African guy who was the head of marketing. So we just attribute it to him not really understanding. We made him pull the poster and the next thing you know, the guy in it has his back to the camera. But he still has Caucasian hair. OK, fine. It's one of those things. They didn't want posters circulating with some black guy on them, but with *Die Hard* there were posters all over Europe with my face on them. Some had Jeremy Irons, some had Bruce and some had me. So what does that tell you? Is it really bad marketing in Europe to use a black face?

PLAYBOY: Is Hollywood racist?

JACKSON: This business is about making money. An actor's job is to get butts in the seats. I get that. So when they want a big-name white guy, I understand it. But

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there's still an element that wants to hold down the number of ethnic people in movies. When *Rush Hour* became a big hit, a lot of the white executives were saying, "That Jackie Chan movie is going through the roof!" I'd ask, "What Jackie Chan movie?" They'd say, "*Rush Hour*," and I'd say, "That's not a Jackie Chan movie. It's a Chris Tucker movie." "No," they'd say, "Jackie Chan's really big in America." I'd say, "What the fuck are you talking about? The last two movies Jackie Chan released here didn't make \$5 million. All of a sudden this opens at almost \$20 million? Those are black people coming out to see Chris Tucker." They never even considered it. If they were to try doing *Rush Hour II* without Chris, they'd see how much they would make. Nobody other than Chris Tucker could have made some bullshit like *Money Talks* and still have it make a profit. My boy Charlie Sheen was there, but it's not a Charlie Sheen movie. It's a Chris Tucker movie. But Hollywood's ignoring that these movies are successful because of Chris keeps him out of the \$20 million club.

PLAYBOY: Are you politically active?

JACKSON: I go to premieres, and folks start asking me, "How do you feel about the president?" I think, "What the fuck do people care what I think about the president? I'm an actor. All those actors out there stumping for this candidate or that candidate, it's bullshit. They don't do anything past that. They raise some money and they're out of there. Or they just voice their opinion: "That Dalai Lama is my boy."

PLAYBOY: So your soapbox message is for celebrities to get off their soapboxes?

JACKSON: Just pay your taxes. Stop standing up and saying, "We need to lend our money to so-and-so." You make \$20 million a picture. Shut the fuck up and give them a million dollars. Don't ask Joe Everyday for \$5. He might need that \$5. You've got money to burn. I don't like giving my political opinions. Paparazzi don't bother me. I'm not punching guys with cameras. I know that's their job, and if you don't want to get caught fucking, don't fuck around [laughs]. The more of a grasp I can have of myself

as an everyday guy who just happens to have an unusual job, the better off my life is going to be. I don't think I'm extraordinary.

PLAYBOY: You make the bad guys you play—the really bad guys, such as Jules Winnfield in *Pulp Fiction* and Ordell Robbie in *Jackie Brown*—likable. What's the trick?

JACKSON: You humanize them. Jules was more than just a hit man. He killed people for a living, but he was a real guy: He watches TV, goes to the store, has a girlfriend. He's a regular guy with an interesting job. Ordell is a dangerous guy, too, but he's fun to be around. He talks like everybody else. He fights with his girlfriend like everybody else. Bad guys

self upright because he's always been very proud, or an athlete. If he's not so proud, he slumps.

PLAYBOY: Some great actors stay in character between takes. On *Last of the Mohicans*, Daniel Day-Lewis apparently stayed in character, acting like Daniel Boone, whether he was doing a scene or not. Robert De Niro did the same thing during *Goodfellas*. Have you tried method acting?

JACKSON: As soon as they say cut, Sam shows up. My telephone rings. It's my agent. How would Daniel Day-Lewis deal with that? His agent calls him in the middle of a shooting day, he doesn't want to talk to fuckin' Daniel Boone. He wants to talk to Daniel Day-Lewis! Guess

he couldn't watch TV in his trailer, either: "Strange box stealing spirit." If it works for him, fine. It's the bad actors who do it that bother me.

PLAYBOY: Quentin Tarantino wrote the part of Jules in *Pulp Fiction* for you. How did that come about?

JACKSON: Right after *Jungle Fever*, Quentin wanted to meet with me and thought I was perfect for this thing he was writing. We met somewhere off of Hollywood Boulevard, sat there having dinner and talking about stuff like Hong Kong movies. He never told me what he was writing, just that he hoped I would like it. The script came in a plain brown wrapper with a Jersey Films logo on it. It said, "If you show this to anybody, two guys from Jersey will break your legs." I read it

and, damn, I couldn't believe it. When I finished it, I actually went right back to the beginning and read it through again. Awesome script. I thought, If whoever produces this will leave it alone and just shoot it like it is on these pages, it's going to be awesome. Still, I didn't think it was going to be one of those off-the-board hits.

PLAYBOY: Though it was written for you, you almost lost the role.

JACKSON: Yeah. One day I got a phone call asking me to come and read through the part, because they wanted to hear what Jules sounded like. So I did. In the meantime I'd been cast in the movie *Fresh*. I went to New York to shoot *Fresh* for Lawrence Bender, who was also the



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producer of *Pulp Fiction*. I got wind that some actor had auditioned for another role so small that he read Jules' part so they could see what he could do. And he'd blown them out of the room. All of a sudden, it's, "Sam was good, but this guy just blew us away."

PLAYBOY: What did you do?

JACKSON: I said, "What the hell do you mean, giving my job to somebody else?" My agents and managers are calling [executive producers] Harvey and Bob Weinstein, telling them that nobody said I had to audition. Harvey and Bob called Quentin and Lawrence and told them, "OK, to be fair, Sam's got to read again." All of a sudden I'm in an acting contest. Me and this other actor, who I won't name. I'm in New York shooting *Fresh*, and I have to get on the redeye on a Saturday night to get to LA on a Sunday and audition. I'm on the plane, scribbling furiously, writing notes in the margins, underlining the beats and doing this whole thing I normally do over the course of a project, or what I would have done had I known I was auditioning. I get to the studio and nobody's there. The place is empty. Maybe half an hour later, everybody files in. Quentin, Lawrence, all these other guys. And Lawrence goes to introduce me to another producer, who says, "You don't need to introduce me to this man. I love your work, Mr. Fishburne." I'm like, Damn! He doesn't even know who the fuck I am or why I'm here. Now I'm really pissed, just steaming. Fuck them. We start with the first scene with John and me in the car. They got this guy they've hired to read. He's reading and I'm doing my Jules thing. And all of a sudden, he stops reading. I'm thinking, What the hell's going on? And I realize this guy's lost, because he's watching me. He's caught up in what's going on. So I know I'm cooking. We go through the killing room scene and we get to the diner, that last huge speech I make. The whole room's getting excited. And I look around and everybody's like, "Whoa." I get up, real professional, and I split, go back to New York. And when Lawrence comes back, he tells me, "Well, the job's yours." Turns out that the reason nobody was around when I got there was they had all gone to lunch because the other guy had come in again before me and had done this fabulous job, and they were sitting there trying to figure out how they were going to tell me they cast the guy. But Lawrence said that until I did that last speech in the diner, they never had seen how the movie was supposed to end.

PLAYBOY: Your dialogue in the film is some of the most memorable ever. Was it all exactly as written in the script or did you improve it?

JACKSON: About 98 percent of what's on-screen was on the page. Why would you change something so good? I'm not a writer, though I know how characters

talk. I may have put a word in a character's mouth with Quentin's permission, but it was all in the script. Quentin thinks he writes great black dialogue; he writes interesting black dialogue, but it's not pure. Like most white people, he'll put an "I be" somewhere because it's supposed to sound black. I'd never say that. I went to school. The character, even if he didn't go to school, has heard enough people talk to know better—nobody talks like that anymore. You have to be real, real dumb to talk that way. So I fixed things up a little.

PLAYBOY: You apparently got into a war of words with Spike Lee over the dialogue in the subsequent Tarantino film, *Jackie Brown*. He objected to the use of the N word.

JACKSON: Come on, you can say it [laughs]. In truth, I wasn't trying to defend Quentin or shoot Spike down. I've said "nigger" in Spike Lee movies. He just thought Quentin used the word excessively. People have said that about *Pulp Fiction* too. The Hughes brothers came to me with that very same thing. "What the fuck is up with Quentin and this 'nigger' thing?" I said, "And how many times did you use it in *Menace II Society*?" "Oh, that's different." "Bullshit. You wrote your script, he wrote his." With Ordell, I may have said it three times more than Quentin wrote, because that was who Ordell was. For Spike to say, "Well, I use the word at home, but Quentin's got no right." Bullshit. And if he really thought Quentin was a racist, why put him in *Girl 6*? He had Quentin in *Girl 6* looking at a black woman's breasts. Was that a metaphorical master-slave thing we didn't get? [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: You were in most of Spike Lee's early movies but none of the recent ones. Why?

JACKSON: We have our differences. After *Jungle Fever*, he wanted me to work for scale in *Malcolm X* and I wouldn't do it. I worked for scale on *Do the Right Thing* and *Mo' Better Blues*, but not on *Fever*. He said that as a producer, he was working for scale. I said that was beside the point. I'd work with Spike if all the elements were correct, if he were going to pay an honest wage. But I haven't seen a Spike Lee script since *Fever*. Spike may believe that he can't afford me, which is fine. It might be true.

PLAYBOY: You're apparently flexible. We understand you were paid about \$5 million for *The Negotiator*, but \$250,000 for *Jackie Brown*.

JACKSON: I got a great big check from *Jackie Brown* the other day. There's that back-end thing. Spike never said to me, "Let's share the profits." He's never said that to anybody. My problem with *Malcolm X* was, if this is for the people and it's about a higher purpose, then why don't we all get a point [a percentage of the film's profits]? Give everybody a point. He never talked about anything

like that. Spike and I get along fine now, though. We had a talk about what happened, and he still believes Quentin could have edited out 40 of those "niggers" and the movie would have been the same. But I take as much responsibility for them as Quentin. I could have said something. If I'd thought it was offensive, I would have. Spike said Denzel got on Quentin when they were doing *Crimson Tide*. I don't know what happened between Quentin and Denzel, but when people give me this bullshit thing about being a role model and my effect on society, I say bullshit to you. If people want to know if I'm a role model, they should know I've been married to the same woman for 19 years. I drove my daughter's car pool until she started driving. I help her with her homework. I make up beds, I take out the garbage. I graduated from college. I can read and write. I can speak correctly. I treat everyone with respect. I pay my taxes. I've never been to jail. I think that's the stuff of a role model.

PLAYBOY: *Pulp Fiction* brought you an Oscar nomination for Best Supporting Actor. When you lost, the world saw your reaction on live TV. You clearly said, "Shit." Do you regret that moment?

JACKSON: Oh, no. Why would I? I always hated those four little pictures in the corners, when they name the winner and everybody claps in a phony manner. I hate that shit, because you know they're sitting there going, Fuck. Especially if they think they should have won.

PLAYBOY: Martin Landau, who won for *Ed Wood*, was the favorite. Did you expect to win anyway?

JACKSON: It never crossed my mind going to the Academy Awards that year that I was going to win. I'd been to the Golden Globes, and Martin Landau had won. Screen Actors Guild, Martin Landau again. Only during that fleeting moment when they called my name did I say to myself, Well, maybe the law of averages is going to change things. It didn't, and I said, "Shit." I didn't care. It was no reflection on Martin Landau. But the strangest thing was that everybody kept saying to me, "You know, Martin Landau's been nominated three or four times and he hasn't won. You'll get another shot." And I said, "Bullshit. Morgan Freeman has been nominated three or four times, and he's never won. So what the fuck are you saying?"

PLAYBOY: Do you think the violence in *Pulp Fiction* turned off the Academy's members?

JACKSON: Maybe, but do you think they really watched *Ed Wood*? I tried to watch *Ed Wood* three times and fell asleep each time. I'd wake up to that hissing you hear at the end of the tape. Never made it through *The English Patient*, either. Tried to watch it four times. By the time Willem Dafoe showed up, every time, I was gone. *Hissss*. I just couldn't hang. I



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didn't vote it Best Picture. If a movie can't keep me awake, how the hell can it be Best Picture?

PLAYBOY: How important is winning an Oscar?

JACKSON: Not at all anymore. I'm over it. I mean, in a fair world I'd have three.

PLAYBOY: For which films?

JACKSON: *Jungle Fever*, *Pulp Fiction* and *A Time to Kill*. Maybe four, with *Jackie Brown* [laughs]. In a fair world. It's not going to validate my career one way or another at this point. I walk down the street every day and people tell me how much they like my work. That's important. It's not about, "This is the award-winning role of the year," even though my agents and managers say that to me all the time. They said that shit about *The Negotiator*.

PLAYBOY: One of the films you mentioned as Oscar worthy was *A Time to Kill*, which launched the career of Matthew McConaughey. But you've been critical of how director Joel Schumacher limited your character, the father who murders the rednecks who raped his daughter. Could you tell us why?

JACKSON: The first time I saw the film, I almost walked out. There was this huge scene I did, when I go to Jake's office before killing the guys. I'm talking to him about what happened to my daughter. I tell him the story he tells the jury at the end of the movie. About what they did, how she looks. When I finished the scene, everybody in the room had broken down. They said it was awesome. It was one of those feelings when you've done something and you think, I nailed the thing. Damn. That particular speech was my moment. I'm very good in the rest of the film, but that particular moment would have killed. I'm watching the film, and I'm like, "Wait a minute! The whole fucking scene's gone!" I had no idea. *A Time to Kill* would have been different. When I was doing it, it was a story about a man who loved his daughter so much he was willing to make this kind of sacrifice so the world would be a safe place for her. If her attackers were sent to prison, she would never feel safe, because they could get out. He had to kill them so she would know those two guys would never hurt her again. Every reference to his thought process was gone by the time the movie came out. It became a film about a guy who took the law into his own hands, and now he's trying to find a way to get out of it. That's not what I was doing, and it's my only deep regret about the film.

PLAYBOY: Last year, you squared off with Kevin Spacey in *The Negotiator*, and now you're about to start *Rules of Engagement* with Tommy Lee Jones. You have also worked with Dustin Hoffman, Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel and John Travolta. Is there a big difference working with actors of that caliber?

JACKSON: It's like being traded from the

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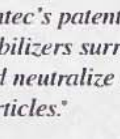
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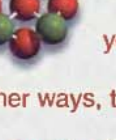
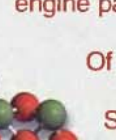
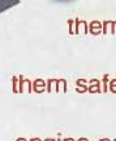
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Clippers to the Bulls. I get to pass the ball with Jordan and he passes it back to me. That's how it is to work with those guys. Dustin will start making faces while he's doing his lines, or he'll do his line in a different way to try to get a different reaction. Kevin's really good about turning his head a certain way or turning a phrase in a certain way so you've got to say, "Wait a minute. You're upping the ante here? OK, let's go!" De Niro? The whole time we were doing *Jackie Brown*, I watched him. He didn't seem to be doing anything. But when I watch that movie I realize: Goddamn, he was kicking so much ass doing nothing.

PLAYBOY: Who is the most unpredictable actor you've worked with?

JACKSON: That would be Nic Cage. He likes to constantly change. He doesn't like to do the same thing over and over. And once you realize that, it's kind of like, Oh, my God, what's he going to do now? [Laughs] I'm the opposite. I'm constant. I pride myself on playing the editing game before the editors get to me. If I'm doing a scene and I pick a glass up and take a drink, I'll pick the glass up and take a drink on the same line—the same word each time. I can tell a prop person how full the glass was.

PLAYBOY: Of all the great actors you've worked alongside, is there one you most look up to?

JACKSON: Way back, when I was in New York, I worked with Morgan Freeman. He was on Broadway and I was watching him and I just totally forgot it was Morgan. I sat there then and said, "This is what I want to do." The more I watch him, the more I see the ease with which he does what he does. It's so convincing without being forced. It's effortless. I want to be that way. I would love to be thought of in the same vein as Morgan.

PLAYBOY: You grew up in Chattanooga, raised by your mother, your grandparents and an aunt. What happened to your father?

JACKSON: He was in the Army when he married my mom and he never came back to Tennessee. He hung around Missouri, Philadelphia, had kids all over the place. I didn't run into him until much later on—about 16 years ago.

PLAYBOY: What was it like to meet him?

JACKSON: I was on tour doing a play. My daughter had just been born. We were performing in Wichita. My grandmother always had kept in touch. Since we were close to Kansas City, her home, I said, "Let's go see her." He happened to be there. It was pretty bizarre.

PLAYBOY: There must have been a million questions in your head.

JACKSON: Not really.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you miss having a father around?

JACKSON: No. I accepted it. Most kids I knew who had fathers were in hell. Dads were kicking their asses and their families were in turmoil. My family was per-

fect. I had my grandfather, who was my best friend. We hung out together; we were the guys in the house. But when I went to my friends' houses and it was time for the fathers to kick asses, I went home [laughs]. Meanwhile, my father got out of the Army so he wouldn't have to pay my mom child support. She was broken up about that. She struggled, did what she had to do to make sure I was a guy.

PLAYBOY: How did she make sure you were a guy?

JACKSON: When kids chased me home, she'd say, "You go back out there and fight." She sent me to the Y and made sure I played ball and swam. There were rules. I had to read, do my homework, make grades. I had discipline and a great family life.

PLAYBOY: So you had no interest in developing a relationship with this man?

JACKSON: Seeing him was pathetic. We went walking with my six-month-old daughter. I gave him ten dollars he was going to give back before I left, which I never got. We ended up at this woman's house. I thought the woman was his girlfriend, but she happened to be his girlfriend's mother. His girlfriend was like 16 years old and she had a baby younger than my daughter. The older lady said, "When's the last time you and your father saw each other?" "Thirty-five years ago." She said, "Oh, God." She looked at her daughter, her daughter looked at her own daughter and all I could do was feel sorry for them because he was still doing the same dumb shit. And then we were talking about something and he said, "You don't talk back to your father like that." And I said, "Hey, we are just two guys talking. This is not a father-son moment."

PLAYBOY: What happened to him?

JACKSON: He died about eight years ago. This doctor calls me from Kansas City and says, "Your father's kidneys are failing. We have to take extreme measures to keep him alive. Do you want us to do it?" I'm like, "Why are you calling me?" "Well, we may have to put him on life support." And I'm saying, "Who's going to be responsible for that? Don't keep him alive for me." I wasn't trying to be cold, but he wasn't my responsibility. I'm not going to make that decision. It didn't matter to me either way.

PLAYBOY: Let's return to your childhood. Did you know any white kids when you lived in Chattanooga?

JACKSON: There were a couple in the neighborhood. We had rock fights with them. There was this one little kid who lived across the street, but my grandmother would never let us beat him up because he was a polite child. If we were walking down the street, he would speak to my grandmother, "Good morning, Miss Nigger." He would say to me, "Hi, nigger boy!" He was very proper about it and they wouldn't let us beat his ass,



KAHLÚA WHITE RUSSIAN

Pour 1 1/2 oz. Kahlúa
and 1 1/2 oz. vodka over ice.
Top with 1 1/2 oz. cream or milk.
Then join the Party.



ANYTHING
GOES™

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because he said Mister and Miss. It wasn't until high school, when I was part of things like the model United Nations or the Unicef drive, that I started to interact with white kids from across town.

PLAYBOY: We've read about your suspension from Morehouse for taking part in a real-life version of *The Negotiator*, when you and a group took hostage the school trustees. What happened?

JACKSON: It was the Sixties, and I was part of a campus organization that wanted to change some of the rules. We wanted a student voice on the board of trustees. We wanted more black members on the board of trustees because basically the board was this group of white men who made the decisions about the school. We wanted community involvement because we had no contact with people outside the school. When students left campus, the guys in the neighborhood would just beat the shit out of them. We wanted to talk to the board about it and we petitioned them, and they said, "We don't have time for this." So just on a whim that day when they were there, we were outside and somebody said, "Well, let's make them talk to us." We went into the building, chained the doors from the inside and locked them. "You want to talk to us now?" And all of a sudden it was a hostage situation.

PLAYBOY: One of the hostages was Martin Luther King's father.

JACKSON: Yeah. We let him go that day, only kept him a few hours. He was having a little heart problem. So we put him on a ladder and got him out.

PLAYBOY: How did it end?

JACKSON: We made an amnesty deal with them: They weren't going to do anything to us if we let them go, because the board of trustees said we were right. Sure enough, we finished the year, and everybody went home. But then all of a sudden these registered letters came. "Come back to school to stand trial for what you've done." I got suspended.

PLAYBOY: After graduating and doing some theater in Atlanta, you and LaTanya moved to New York to pursue the stage. What did you find in New York?

JACKSON: It was Halloween, 1976. I remember pulling into the Village, driving into that big Halloween parade on Christopher Street, going "What the hell is this?" It was so bizarre. I saw a nun crossing the street with a guy in a diaper. And the nun turned around and had a big green beard. I said, "I guess we've arrived." I did a play quickly. LaTanya landed a job in *Colored Girls* and went on the national tour. I was left in New York, and the next thing I knew I was a security guard. I was working from 11 P.M. until 7 in the morning and then going to auditions during the day.

PLAYBOY: Were you discouraged?

JACKSON: No. I knew what I had to do. I was learning. I'd do this play, that play. I ended up working at the Shakespeare

Festival and the Negro Ensemble Company. I was working with great people like Morgan Freeman and Adolph Caesar. It was a great time for black theater. All the black actors around town were working. The hoofers were working, too. Gregory Hines was doing a show. Everybody was working, so every Monday was like a big black party.

PLAYBOY: That was also the period of your out-of-control partying. Was LaTanya with you during this time?

JACKSON: She was in the main room of the Penthouse in Hell.

PLAYBOY: Did the partying affect your performances onstage?

JACKSON: No. In fact, I didn't know any other way to perform than being high. It started in the theater in college. It was a ritual. My friends and I would go to the theater, get dressed, put on our makeup and smoke a reefer and drink wine and cognac until it was time to do the play. We'd come offstage for a minute, take a couple hits off a joint and go back on. I've done plays on acid and everything else. We played whacked out of our minds every night. People I knew had no clue. Eighty percent of the actors I knew were acting on substances.

PLAYBOY: In *Jungle Fever* you play a crack addict. You apparently knew about that drug from experience.

JACKSON: I never thought I was smoking crack. I always bought powder cocaine and cooked it myself, because I liked the process. People who smoke crack buy rocks. I thought I was freebasing, but as it turns out it's the same thing. I gravitated to it when I woke up one morning and could put a match up one side of my nose and pull it out the other side.

PLAYBOY: Literally?

JACKSON: Yes. I said, "I've got to stop snorting this. I've got to smoke it now." It never occurred to me to stop using altogether. But smoking brings you to your knees pretty quick. I don't know how people do that shit for years.

PLAYBOY: How long did you smoke crack?

JACKSON: Eight months. Devastating.

PLAYBOY: How often did you do it?

JACKSON: As often as I could afford to.

PLAYBOY: Your wife sent you to rehab when she found you slumped over the kitchen table with a pipe in your hand. Until that point, did she know how bad your problem was?

JACKSON: It was bad. There was hell in the house. I was not around. Or I was just always isolated, snappy and irritable.

PLAYBOY: Did rehab help immediately?

JACKSON: Yeah. I guess I was ready. I hate to think that I was crying for help, but it was time for me to get caught. And it worked out. When I went into rehab, I was like everybody else, pissed off about being there and angry because I had let myself get put there. Angry with everybody because they were saying shit about me that was probably true but that I didn't want to hear. I did the family ses-

sions, and I was going to leave her and all this other shit.

PLAYBOY: Because LaTanya had committed you to the program?

JACKSON: Yeah. Half my friends felt like I did: "You don't have a problem. You just get fucked up like everybody else." They didn't have a clue either. Nobody knew how bad it was. But it woke me up. You think of why you're not where you should be. You're a good actor, everybody says that. But when you go to auditions, do you think you might smell like beer because you woke up that morning and had a beer and your eyes might be red because you smoked a joint? Duh. Think you might have slurred some words and didn't know it? Do you think that maybe you weren't as clean as you could have been when you walked into that room? This sudden realization occurred. So it was time to do a real clear evaluation of what was going on. I found out about alcoholism being a family disease. I never thought I was an alcoholic; I just drank all my life. But I was a black-out drinker. I would wake up in places and not know how I got there. And I was a drug user. If somebody could smoke a joint, I could smoke three. If you could drop one tab, I could do four. I was always in excess. When I bought a six-pack of beer, I drank six beers. I didn't save one for the next day. Once I figured this out about myself, it was easy to say, "OK, I've tried this for 23 or whatever years. Let's give this other way a shot and see what happens." That's when *Jungle Fever* came along. I'd done the research.

PLAYBOY: Did your rehab counselors have an opinion about your playing a crack addict?

JACKSON: Those guys were always telling me some stupid shit: "If you take this role you're going to be handling crack pipes and lighters, and before you know it, you're going to be right back into it." All I knew was how much I was going to make—for eight weeks' work I was going to make like 40 grand. I was like, "Where the fuck are you going to get 40 grand in less than eight weeks? Fuck you." I said, "I will never come back here, if only because I never want to see you again." And I've been sober ever since, never relapsed.

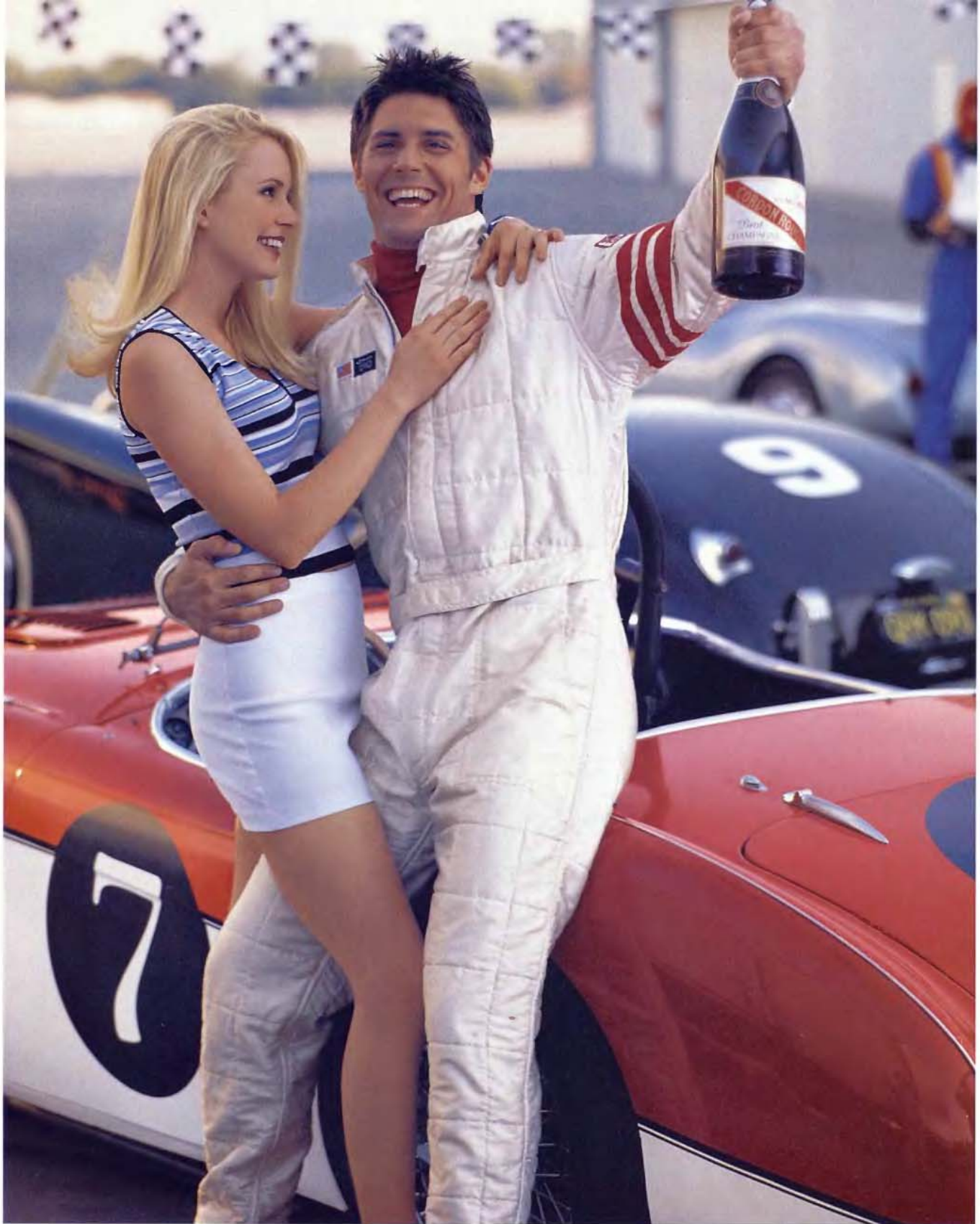
PLAYBOY: The role of Gator in *Jungle Fever* put your career on the map.

JACKSON: Definitely. It happened to be a perfect showcase for a lot of the skills I have. And it also happened to be a perfect opportunity for me to go through a kind of catharsis. To put to rest that part of my life. When Ossie Davis killed that character, I knew I could start over.


PLAYBOY: Even before his father shot him, Gator seemed too far gone to be saved. How far from him were you when you stopped using crack?

JACKSON: I was him. I was wearing the same shit every day and didn't know it. I

(continued on page 168)



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He's a man who loves to get under the hood. He appreciates both class and performance. Among the men who read PLAYBOY, 2.4 million guys regularly watch or attend races, which is more than the readers of *GQ* and *Esquire* combined. Over 3.9 million PLAYBOY readers are heavy auto aftermarket purchasers, which is more than the men who read *Automobile* and *Road & Track* combined. PLAYBOY—month after month, we lap the competition. (Source: Fall 1998 MRI.) 

l i f e s t y l e

There's a big difference between being sick and not feeling your best. Doctors and pharmaceutical companies used to know the difference. If you were sick, they were there to help. If other aspects of your life weren't perfect, well, you should just learn to live with them.

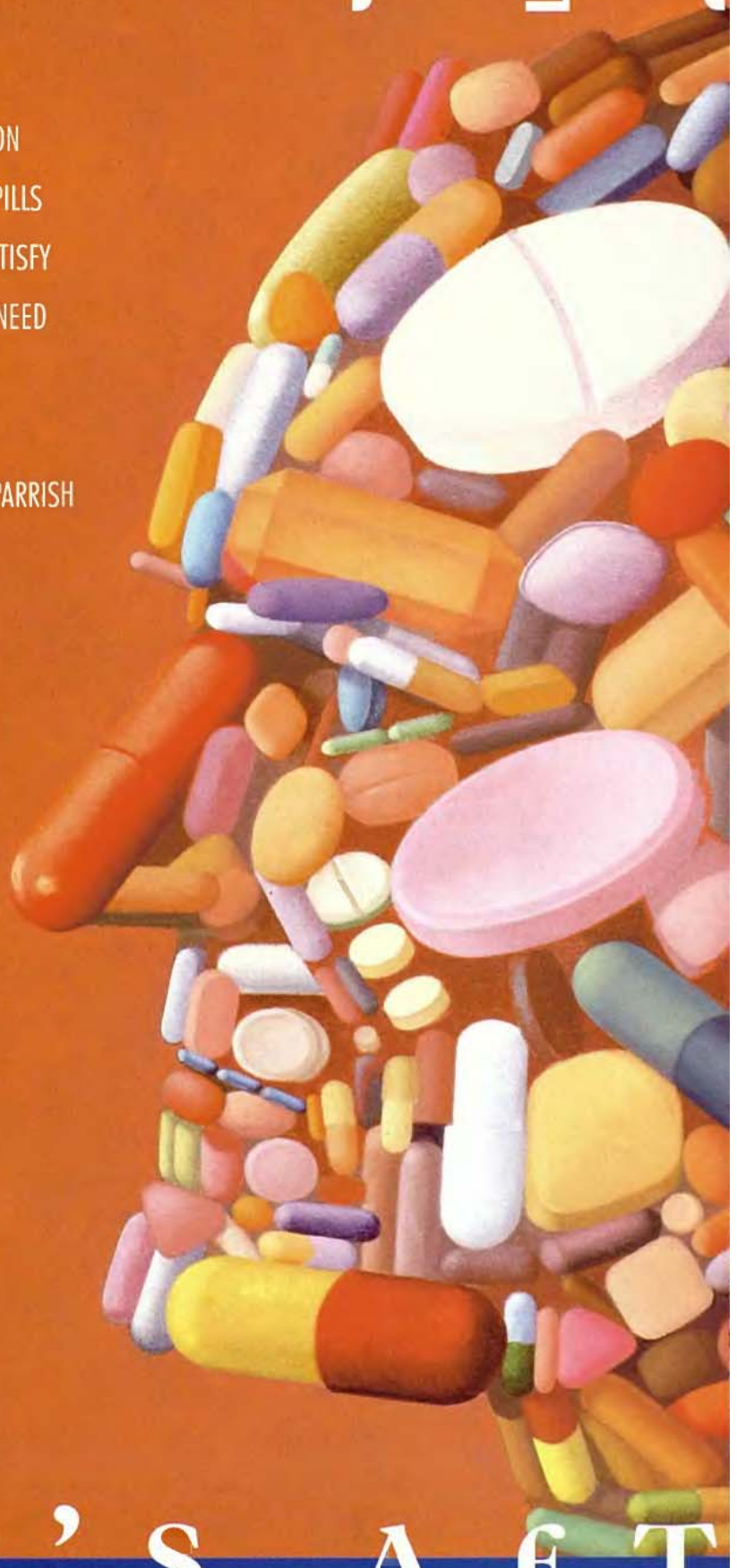
That type of thinking has gone the way of carbon paper and wine coolers. Today, drug manufacturers realize there's big money in curing things that aren't generally considered illnesses—such as baldness or shyness. Thanks to Viagra, they see the enormous profit potential in improving your sex life. The rush is on to develop lifestyle drugs—medications that help you achieve the life you feel you deserve. Whether you need better sex, more hair, less weight, an improved memory, a good night's sleep or some cheering up, there's a medication on the horizon for you.

GETTING IT UP

Last year's king of the lifestyle drugs was Viagra, Pfizer's blockbuster solution to male—and, likely, female—sexual dysfunction. But, hey, nothing's perfect, and while most patients keep renewing their prescriptions (seven out of ten are happy warriors), enthusiasm has slowed somewhat as Viagra's limitations have become better known. Viagra isn't for men with serious heart problems, low or high blood pressure, peptic ulcers or the eye disease retinitis pigmentosa. And for some men, Viagra doesn't deliver the goods, or it takes too long. The other most commonly prescribed drugs are Caverject and Muse. One requires sticking a needle into the penis and the other is a small

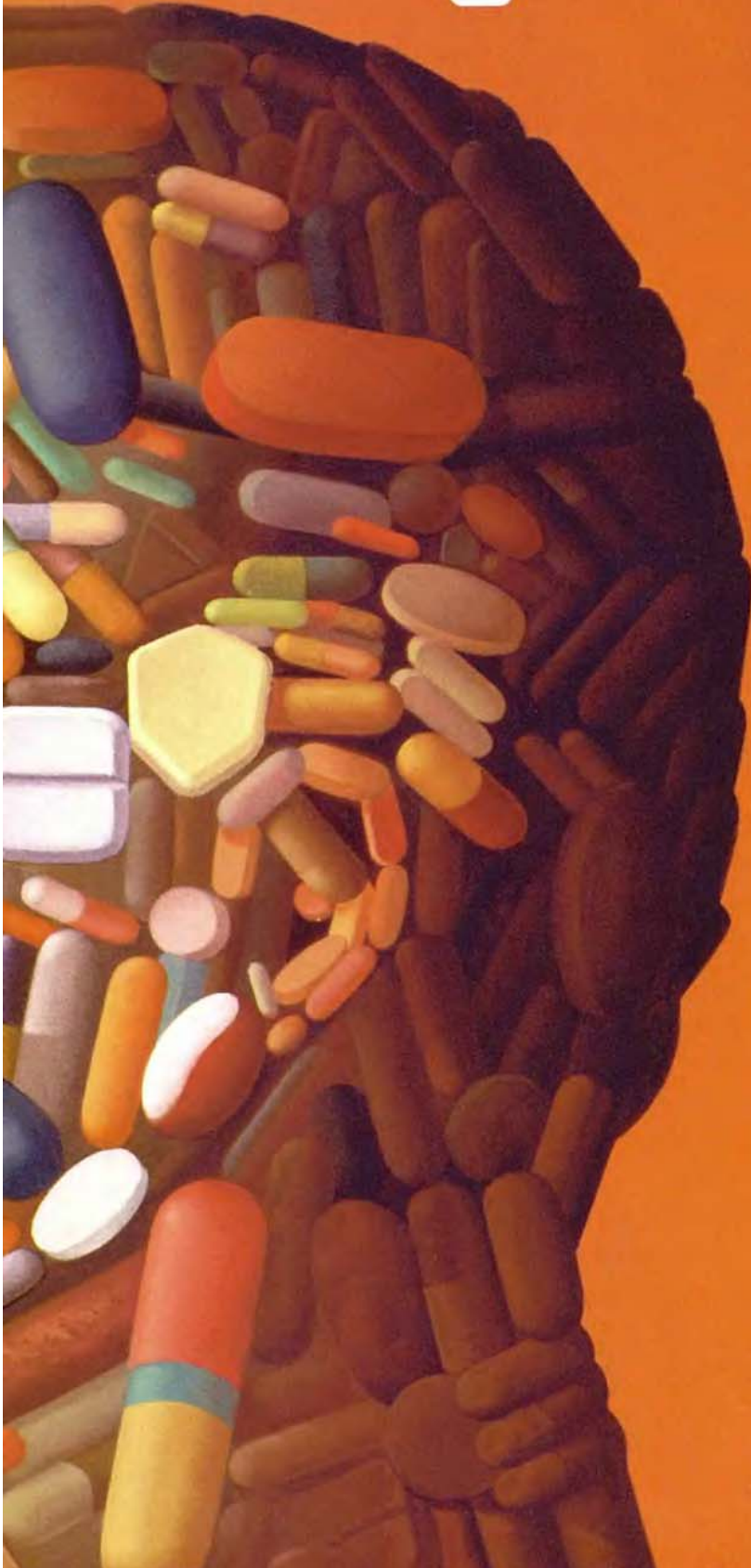
THE RACE IS ON
TO DEVELOP PILLS
THAT WILL SATISFY
YOUR EVERY NEED

ARTICLE
BY MICHAEL PARRISH



W H A T ' S A F T

e d r u g s



pellet placed in the urethra through a plastic tube.

That means there's room for improved drugs (for us) and more profits (for the drug companies). Here's what the researchers are working on now:

"Clearly, the first-line therapies will still be oral drugs," says Dr. Harin Padma-Nathan, director of the Male Clinic in Beverly Hills. Dr. Padma-Nathan and other researchers believe we've only just begun to treat such sexual problems as impotence and premature ejaculation.

The likeliest new pills—that is, those closest to FDA approval—are two promising tabs that could work for some men who can't use Viagra.

Vasomax: Submitted to the FDA last summer, this pill is based on phentolamine, one of the drugs currently used in penile injections. Phentolamine relaxes smooth-muscle cells in the penis, allowing that hot intake of blood that brings us such pride of ownership. Nobody likes to talk specifics when the FDA is scrutinizing a drug, but tests so far apparently show that Vasomax works faster than Viagra, with fewer side effects. It also appears to be effective on milder cases of impotence. Under the name Z-Max, Vasomax has already been approved by Mexican authorities and is for sale across the border.

Spontane: A sublingual (placed under the tongue) drug that is quickly sucked into your system through blood vessels in the mouth. That may mean a faster erection. But results reported so far suggest that Spontane may work best either in combination with Viagra or for men whose big problem is the somewhat limited one of getting messages from brain to penis. Apparently Spontane

E R V I A G R A ?

also has a few side effects, including headaches.

IC351: Dr. Padma-Nathan sees enormous potential in one pill that's not so far along in development. IC351, another fast-acting tablet, seems to work like Viagra, but with a more focused concentration on the penis. It could eliminate some pesky side effects. Icos, which makes IC351, is running clinical studies in the U.S. and Europe and plans to include female patients at some point. If testing stays on track, and the FDA approves it, IC351 could be on the market in the year 2001.

Viagra under the tongue: Mean-

while, Pfizer is researching other delivery systems for Viagra's key ingredient, including a sublingual wafer.

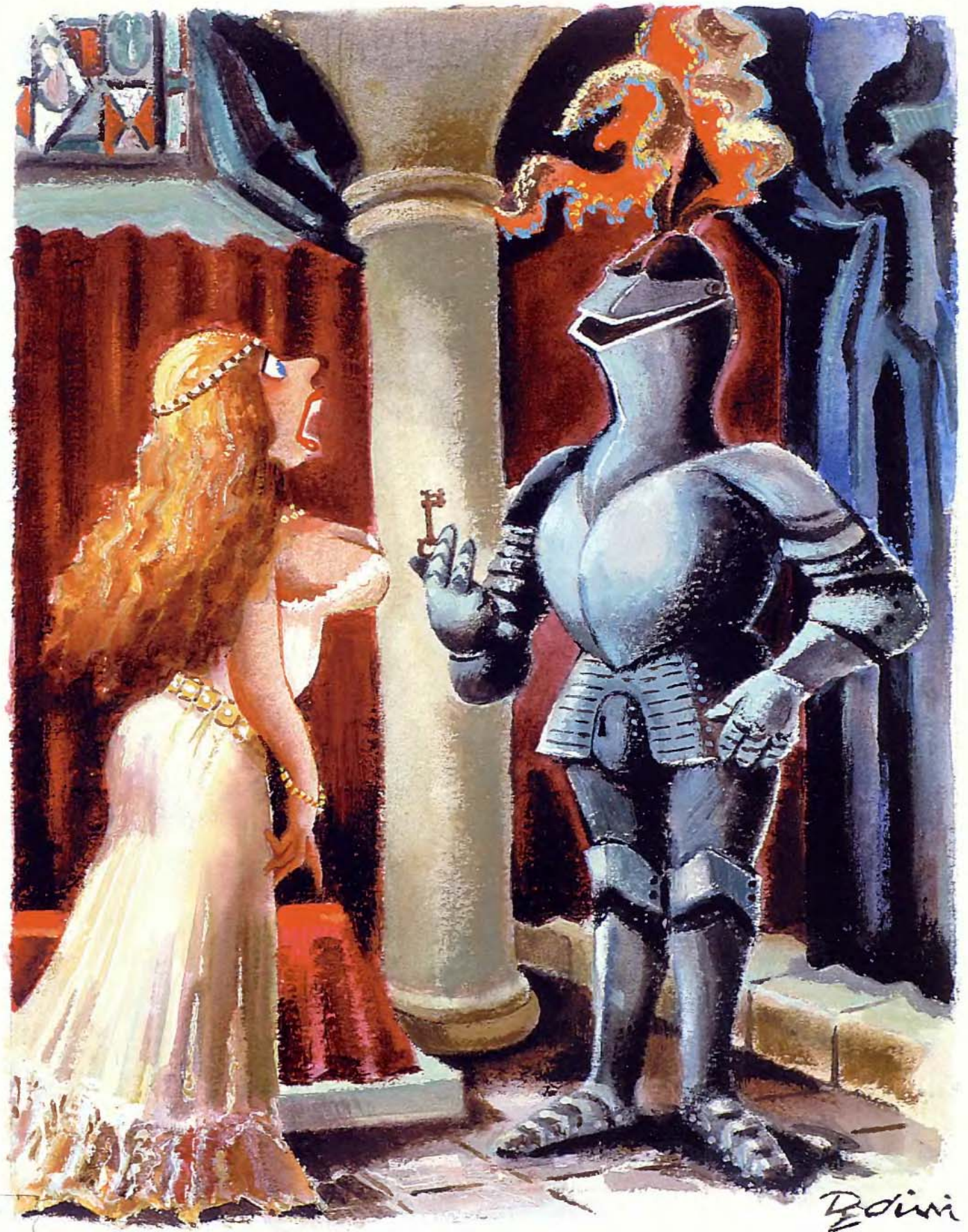
Topiglan and Alprox-TD: Two other near-term contenders are gels to be rubbed on the penis. The big advantage here is direct application. Both gels deliver alprostadil—the same well-tested drug in the Muse pellet and most injections—directly to the whang-er, so the drug doesn't wander through the rest of the body stirring up side effects. Until now, however, this delivery method hasn't worked as well as one might expect, because it is difficult to get a drug from the penis surface to

the erectile chambers inside, where it counts. But the new gels contain compounds that are highly absorbable. Both have shown decent results so far in tests in doctors' clinics, where men apply gel to the head of their members and use X-rated movies and vibrators for inspiration. Even sitting in examination rooms all by their lonesomes, 66 percent to 75 percent of the men tested achieved serviceable erections. And the gels don't seem to harm female partners. In fact, companies expect to test versions formulated for sexually challenged women as well.

(continued on page 80)



YOUR PROBLEM	WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT	WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS
ERECTILE DYSFUNCTION	Viagra (unless you have heart problems), Caverject (unless you hate needles) and Muse (unless you hate sticking a tube up your penis).	Faster-acting pills such as Vasomax, Sontane and an under-the-tongue version of Viagra. Gels applied directly on the penis. Some new drugs will be available this year.
HERPES	Zovirax, Valtrex and Famvir help suppress outbreaks, but they don't cure herpes.	Highly accurate home blood tests. Vaccines to inoculate against herpes are in the testing phase—anywhere from one to five years away from common usage.
SYPHILIS, GONORRHEA AND OTHER STDs	Antibiotics—a single shot or pill can offer a quick cure.	Topical microbicides—gels or creams applied inside the vagina. Long-lasting and undetectable, they will stop STDs (and in some cases HIV) in their tracks. Some could be available in three to four years.
OBESITY	With the demise of phen-fen and Redux, the hot antibulge drugs are Meridia, which helps control appetite, and Phentermine, the good half of phen-fen.	A new generation of appetite suppressants, hormone therapy and fat blockers such as Xenical, which keeps your body from absorbing as much fat.
HAIR LOSS	Rogaine and Propecia, the only two drugs to show moderate hair growth.	Not much—the newest antibaldness drug is at least five years away from the market.
INSOMNIA	The usual suspects: Valium, Prosym, Halcyon, Dalmane et al.	New designer drugs that aren't addictive and help you sleep the entire night, yet don't leave you groggy the next day.
FORGETFULNESS	So-called smart drugs—nutritional supplements such as Hydergine, Piracetam and Deprenyl.	Medications that tweak your brain receptors (as you age, your brain cells die) and make them work harder. A gene switch that controls whether we make a long-term memory out of an event, or block a traumatic event (help is 15 to 20 years away).
DEPRESSION, ANXIETY, SHYNESS	Prozac, Zoloft, Xanax, Paxil.	Drugs that accomplish the same end but with fewer side effects. Paxil, also a popular antidepressant, will soon be the first drug prescribed to combat shyness (or, as doctors call it, social phobia). The big-bucks lifestyle drug business.



"Who are you? I don't do oral sex for just anybody."



Pussycat Dolls

DANGER...
these Girls are HOT!

PINKYOWAN



ROCKY HORROR

we make a backstage pass with hollywood's hottest dance revue

The lights are low, the joint is buzzing, and sultry jazz vamps circle your head like smoke rings from a French cigarette. Through the bottom of your martini glass, you see them up there on the stage like a vision from the past. Here come the dancing girls: There are eight—yes, eight—leggy dames in corsets and panties, stockings and garters, straddling café chairs and giving you come-hither winks. Slick back your hair, gentlemen, and prepare to adjust your trousers. You have been granted an audience with Robin Antin's Pussycat Dolls.

"In this era of strip clubs and lap dancers, the Pussycat Dolls are the complete opposite," says Antin, the shapely founder, choreographer and visual perfectionist of the group. "We never go all the way. The men are looking at us and thinking, Whoa, hot chicks, but are they ever going to take it all off?" *(text concluded on page 150)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG



Opposite page: Backstage, the dancers prepare. Leila Lee (top) touches up her lipstick while posing this theory: "It feels so sexy to be in nylons and garters. And high heels are the best thing ever invented." Lindsley Allen (in boa) and Kiva Dawson (in the leopard high heels) do some touching up themselves. And that's head honcho Robin Antin in the sailor hat. This page: Lindsley helps Erica Gudis tie one on. "We're reliving a time when men were gentlemen and women were really feminine."





This page: "For a night out," Carmit Bachar says, "the Pussycats put on glitter all over, and we get it on everyone else—we like to leave our mark on men. I don't think they mind." **Opposite page:** Kasey Campbell prefers men who wear "tighty-whities." Her cohorts, Kiva and Erica, seem to agree.



HERPES-TYPE DRUGS

(continued from page 72)

Gene Therapy: Gene therapy introduces a new, or remodeled, batch of genes into a person to correct a genetic disease or flaw. Genes give the body orders. In an organ that is basically isolated from the rest of the body—the penis being one low-hanging example—this could mean that by injecting a bunch of new genes with the orders to stand erect and be counted, the new genes could overwhelm the existing genes. This could be the best treatment for many men. A couple of times a year, a guy would drop by his doctor's office to get a tune-up injection. (You can guess where he would get the needle.) One prominent gene researcher, Dr. Arnold Melman, chairman of urology at Montefiore Medical Center/Albert Einstein College of Medicine in New York, believes that human trials of gene therapy could begin as early as the end of 1999, with a drug on the market several years after that.

THE HERPES COMPLEX

There is some good news regarding gonorrhea and syphilis: Antibiotic pills and injections that need to be taken only once are already on the market. While there's no known cure for herpes, three drugs—acyclovir (Zovirax, or generic versions) and the newer Valtrex and Famvir—will help suppress outbreaks.

Within the next year, expect better blood tests that make highly accurate diagnoses by herpes type. Dr. Penny Hitchcock, chief of the Sexually Transmitted Disease branch of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases, is particularly interested in developing at-home tests for the full range of STDs. "My goal is to one day have these tests done in your bathroom, just like a home pregnancy test," says Dr. Hitchcock.

Pockit: This blood test has been submitted to the FDA and could be available this year. If it's approved, doctors could tell you in ten minutes whether you're infected with herpes type II, the most common genital variety.

Vaccines: Far more exciting to the uninfected among us is the prospect of a vaccine. Herpes is more easily thwarted by a vaccine than other viruses because it doesn't mutate—it doesn't keep changing the rules on the researchers. Research on a herpes vaccine focuses not only on the traditional preventative vaccine—a treatment to keep people from being infected—but also on a therapeutic vaccine, which would strengthen the immune system of the afflicted, potentially lessening symptoms and infectiousness. Not a

cure, but a much better treatment.

One promising vaccine has already bitten the dust. Another, produced by SmithKline Beecham, is in advanced testing, but many researchers predict it will suffer the same fate. If it succeeds, however, a vaccine could be available in as little as a year. Other vaccines being developed are probably at least five years away, according to Dr. John Douglas Jr., a visiting scientist at the Centers for Disease Control and director of STD control at the Denver Department of Public Health.

A Cure: That's even farther down the road, says Douglas. Some research has suggested that patients treated with Famvir soon after their first herpes outbreak may throw off the virus before it settles into nerve cells near the brain and spinal cord. "But I think

“
THE DRUG
WORKS DIRECTLY
ON THE GUT,
REDUCING FAT
ABSORPTION BY
30 PERCENT—NO
MATTER HOW
MUCH FAT
YOU EAT.
”

that's somewhat of a long shot," says Douglas.

STD STOPPERS

Why not find a way to thwart all obnoxious sexually transmitted diseases at once? Hitchcock is researching a simple solution—an STD killer called a topical microbicide. In its ideal form, this would be a tasteless, odorless, colorless substance that could be applied to the vagina. Without being noticed by either partner, the gel, cream or ointment would stop most STDs in their tracks. In theory, topical microbicides would be long-lasting, needing reapplication only every so often—for instance, when one changed lovers.

One product in clinical trials is a suppository that contains good bacteria called lactobacillus. Lactobacillus in the

vagina protects against some STDs, but it can also act as a carrier for other disease killers. "There's no reason that we couldn't add a whole cocktail of molecules to the lactobacillus," says Hitchcock. This product could be used by women at their discretion, to protect themselves without making an issue of it with their partners.

The following microbicide products are being tested:

Lactin-Vaginal: A lactobacillus suppository produced by GyneLogix, with encouragement from the National Institutes of Health. Lactin-Vaginal is being developed to protect women and their partners against HIV, gonorrhea and bacterial vaginosis, but not herpes. It would have to be reapplied with each new sexual partner. Women would test themselves every so often to see that the lactobacillus count is still sufficient. Men would have to depend on the conscientiousness of their partners.

Pro 2000: A gel developed by Procept in Cambridge, Massachusetts as a contraceptive and a microbicide. In the lab, the gel worked against HIV and herpes II, as well as chlamydia. In 1997, in two tests on European women, the drug appeared to be safe. Testing among women in the U.S. and South Africa is scheduled to begin this year, supported by the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases. Some of these women will already be infected with HIV, so the question will be whether Pro 2000 prevents viral transfer to a partner.

Buffer Gel: A spermicidal microbicide in a lubricant, being tested as protection against STDs. It was developed by ReProtect, in Baltimore. Buffer Gel works by maintaining the naturally protective acidity of the vagina that can kill sperm and many STDs. Semen has an alkaline component that neutralizes that acidity and allows the sperm to swim to the egg. This lubricant blocks the semen's alkaline component, keeps the vagina's acidity intact and should keep sperm and STD organisms—including syphilis, gonorrhea, genital herpes and HIV—at bay. The first phase of clinical trials, at Brown University, has been completed and the next stage is expected to begin this year. Buffer Gel could be available as a contraceptive in about three years, and about a year later as an STD fighter.

Plantibodies: ReProtect and another small research company, EPICyte Pharmaceutical in San Diego, have joined to work on a contraceptive and disease-stopper—but using a different mechanism. Plantibodies are plant antibodies. Human genes are put into a plant, where they are reproduced and harvested. This method produces drugs a

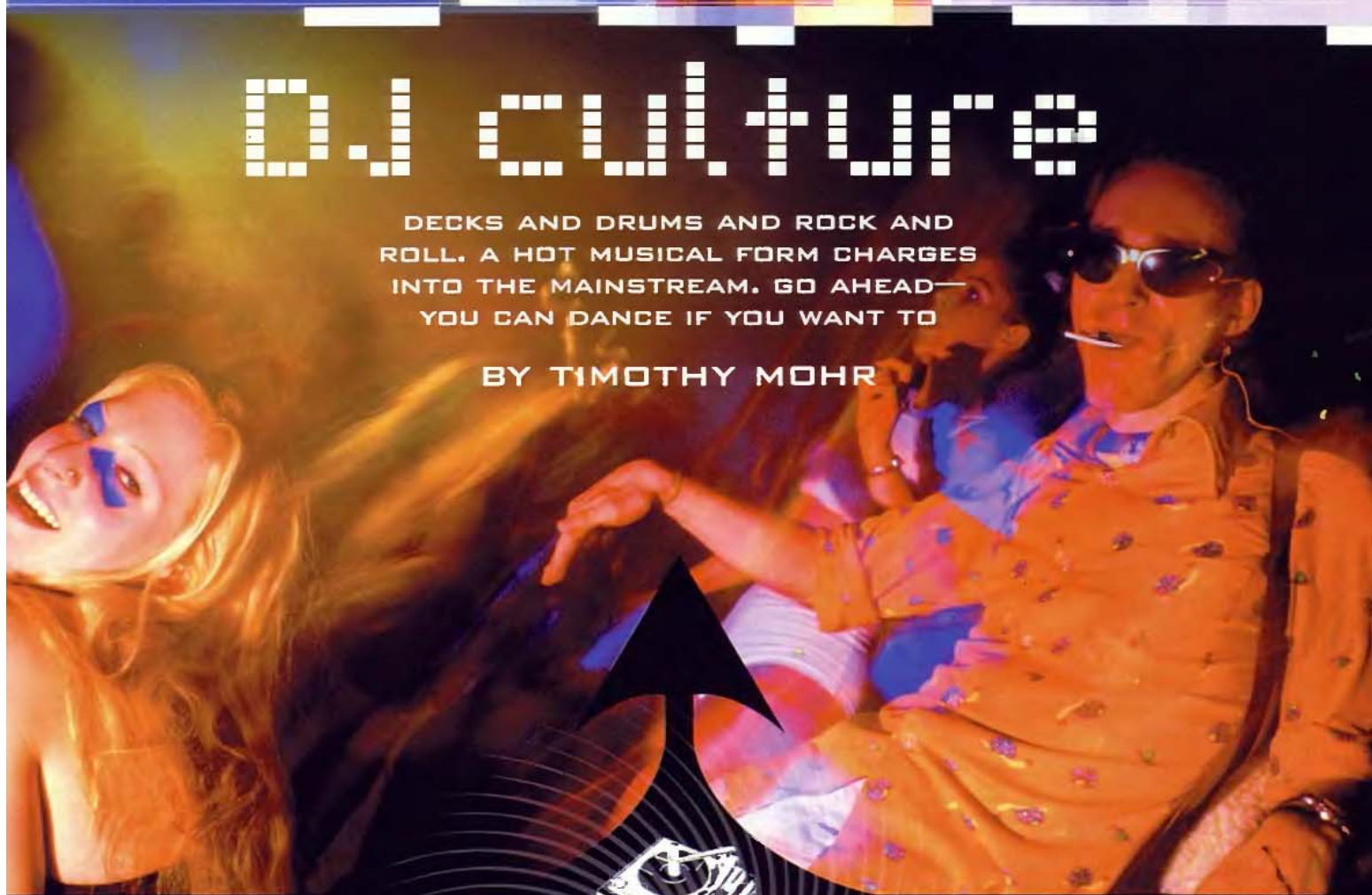
(continued on page 152)



DJ culture

DECKS AND DRUMS AND ROCK AND ROLL. A HOT MUSICAL FORM CHARGES INTO THE MAINSTREAM. GO AHEAD—YOU CAN DANCE IF YOU WANT TO

BY TIMOTHY MOHR



DJs are everywhere. On a recent night outside New York's Sound Factory, dedicated fans form a line. Despite the long wait—and a \$25 per head charge—they pack the 3000-person club to capacity. The draw: prominent London-based drum and bassist DJ Aphrodite. Downstairs at the coat check the ascendant status of DJs is even more apparent. A kid is playing records on a pair of turntables set up in the open space between the wardrobe and the bathrooms—and a crowd has gathered, watching intensely. The kid spins a vinyl platter into position with his left hand. He ignores the crowd, puts his headphones up to one ear and begins to bounce



to the beat. On the main dance floor, a variety of creatures dance in outlandish gear. Two women wear angel wings and skimpy tank tops. Glitter chicks flit about with glow sticks in their mouths, a cute trick that produces an eerie green light when they speak. Amid the bouncing and bobbing, a few guys hit the smooth floor for some neo-break dancing. Another group twist their arms and hands like Grateful Dead fans. Girls with bare midriffs climb onto bass boxes the size of SUVs and start to dance. Ten feet above the fray, a couple of figures jump around behind a bank of equipment in the DJ booth. They urge the crowd on *(text continued on page 100)*

dj culture

TWO TURNTABLES, NO MICROPHONES. IT'S THE REVENGE OF VINYL



TOOLS OF THE GODS. Looking back, the introduction of the Technics SL-1200 series turntable in 1973 may have been the most significant innovation in sound since Dave Davies of the Kinks cut a hole in his amp and invented distortion. Technics' direct-drive system (as opposed to belt drive) allowed the first experiments in scratching. The Technics SL-1200s (at left, the SL-1200MK2, \$700) have no close competitor. No other turntable can stand up to the hard use. More than 1.8 million units have been sold, and with the current DJ boom, sales will only increase.

Concurrent with the arrival of the SL-1200, New York's DJ Kool Herc originated the style of hip-hop-ping between two identical records with a mixer. This technique allowed him to extend the instrumental sections of records and to emphasize percussion breaks. The DJM mixer by Pioneer (at right, the DJM-500, \$1100) is a popular DJ choice—small, convenient and durable.



In recent years, relatively cheap samplers (used to digitize bits of sound for manipulation), computer sequencing programs (used to organize sampled sounds) and synthesizers (used to create drum patterns, artificially low bass sounds and almost anything else) have also spilled into the performance side of DJing.

DJ RAP (LEFT), ONE OF THE FEW HIGH-PROFILE FEMALE MIXERS, TURNS INTO A DIVA ON HER NEW RELEASE, "LEARNING CURVE." BELOW, DJ LIL JAZZ FREAKS THE CROWD AT THE 1998 DJ COMPETITION; AT RIGHT, NIGEL RICHARDS OF 611 RAVES IN NEW ORLEANS.



"If the DJ doesn't get the crowd dancing in four cuts, send him home."
—DJ Rich

THE DJ STYLE

discs and dance floors that power the scene



The racket produced by these new stars varies as much as forms of rock do. The best way to have a listen is to pick up DJ-mix CDs. But be careful—a lot of the stuff is crap. Try anything from Studio K7 “DJ-Kicks” series. Take a world tour with a trio of Studio K7 releases: Vienna’s Kruder & Dorfmeister, “Kruder & Dorfmeister DJ-Kicks” (laid-back, dub-inflected—also listen to K&D’s stuff on G-Stone); France’s DJ Cam, “DJ Cam DJ-Kicks” (trip- and hip-hop); and England’s Smith & Mighty, “Smith & Mighty DJ-Kicks.” Or check out local heroes on DMC’s “United DJs of America” series, featuring sets from Josh Wink, Taylor and Frankie Knuckles. Then try Detroit mixer Tony Drake’s “Music for a Blue Room” (Transmat) DMC also offers sharp drum and bass mixes, including “Mixmag Presents Aphrodite” and “Mixmag Presents Mickey Finn.” 611 showcases a prominent American drum and bass DJ, Dieselboy, on “Sixeleven DJ Mixseries.” Pick up some of DMC’s videos for a taste of the acrobatic mixing of top DJs (“Tricks and Technics, 1998 Technics DMC DJ World Championships”).

RIBAL JUNGLE HOUSE GROOVE TECHNO TRANCE URBAN FUNK



New York’s Twilo—a premiere venue—has huge resident DJs, including Berlin’s Paul van Dyk and London’s Carl Cox. Cox also likes Boston’s Axis. In Philadelphia, Elevation has a great sound system in a fuck-you room, as in

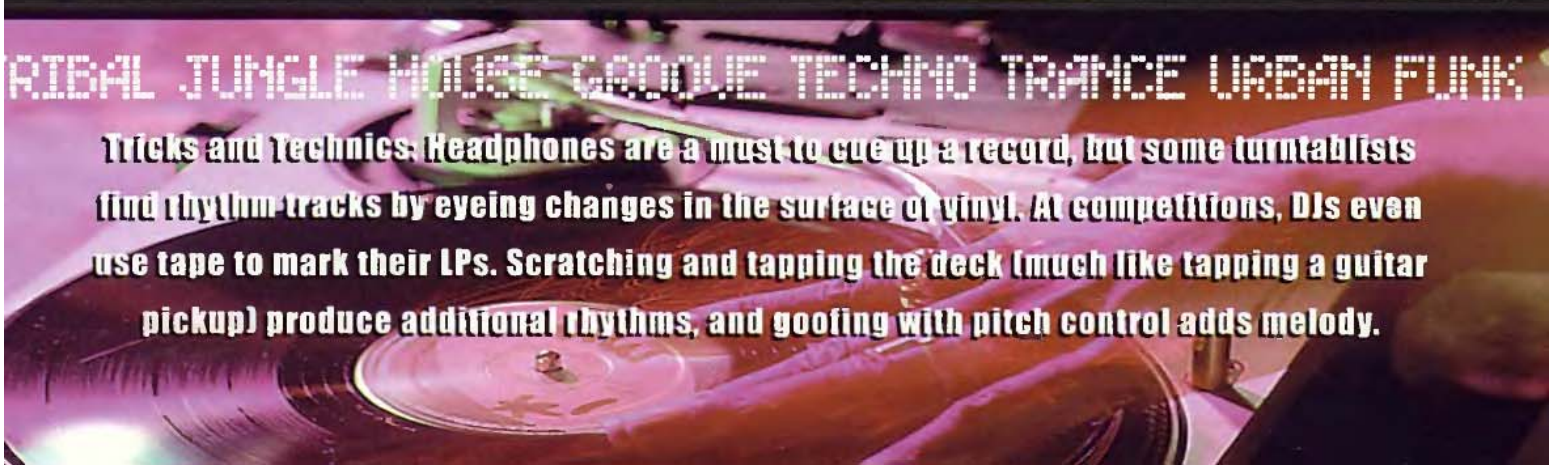
“Fuck you. There’s nothing else to do, you better dance.” Concourse, in Atlanta, has jungle and reggae on Fridays. Houston has drum and bass on Fridays at the Oven. Smart Bar is a Chicago mainstay. In Toronto top

venues include Government and Area 51. At Motor in Detroit, watch out for DJ-1000, the newest DJ in Underground Resistance. Simon’s in Gainesville is Florida’s hot spot; Stereo is Montreal’s. There are three drum and

bass nights in San Francisco (at Basement, Eklektic and La Belle Epoque) and one—Atmosphere—on Tuesday nights in LA’s Viper Room. Los Angeles also boasts Logic and High Society house night at Club ID.

RIBAL JUNGLE HOUSE GROOVE TECHNO TRANCE URBAN FUNK

Tricks and Technics: Headphones are a must to cue up a record, but some turntablists find rhythm tracks by eyeing changes in the surface of vinyl. At competitions, DJs even use tape to mark their LPs. Scratching and tapping the deck (much like tapping a guitar pickup) produce additional rhythms, and goofing with pitch control adds melody.



dj history

world spins

how jamaican dub kings and bronx hip-boppers inspired a generation

Two separate developments combined to make the modern DJ a potent cultural figure: the rise of DJ-as-entertainer and the growth of electronic music. The first 45 rpm records went into production during the Fifties. The new mass market spawned the first performance-oriented DJs (as opposed to radio jockeys) in the form of Jamaican sound systems. Ambitious record shop owners toured the countryside with a jerry-rigged PA and stacks of 45s. By the late Sixties the use of records for dancehall performances led to the first remixes of hit records. Then King Tubby, Scientist and other producers made heavy acetate cuttings of reggae records, called dub plates, that dropped vocal lines and emphasized bass tones. Shortly thereafter, the first big names emerged from New York's nascent hip-hop scene: Kool Herc, DJ Hollywood and Grandmaster Flash, who brought a new level of creativity to DJing. Following the lead of the Jamaican sound systems, DJs entertained open-air crowds with only intermittent patter from an MC. But the guy with the microphone quickly outshined the one behind the two record players; in terms of name recognition and pulling the lovelies, the MC had no competition. Some DJs got equal billing on records—Public Enemy's Terminator X even made solo records—but it is Will "Fresh Prince" Smith rather than his partner, DJ Jazzy Jeff, making all the movies, and Run-DMC rather than their DJ, Jam Master Jay, who are lauded.

The Eighties witnessed a proliferation of electronic sounds first begun a decade earlier by Kraftwerk, Tangerine Dream and Brian Eno. Musicians had access to synthesizers and programmable drum machines. To increase the percussion, DJs ran homemade drum tracks along with original songs. Hip-hop artists sampling Kraftwerk originated a style known as electro, typified by Afrika Bambaataa's "Planet Rock," that anticipated many later developments. (To gauge the impact of electro buy the two-volume "Electro Boogie" series on Studio K7.) By the mid-Eighties, house music—basically an extension of the disco 12-inch record cult said to have originated in Chicago's Warehouse club—became a full-fledged musical form. Then came the meteoric rise of acid house in Europe, and the stage was set.



for every beat on the planet, there is a dj somewhere burning it onto a disc

"The scene is global, not local," says Darren Ressler of "Mixer" magazine. "Because DJs tour like hell, you can go to a club like Twilo or Simon's and hear a French or English DJ. There is no ethnocentricity. It's all beautifully interconnected."

In addition to current big-name artists, Britain also has a wide range of full-on madmen. Their styles defy labels. For mind-warping experimentation and genre bending, listen to Aphex Twin, Autechre or μ -Ziq.

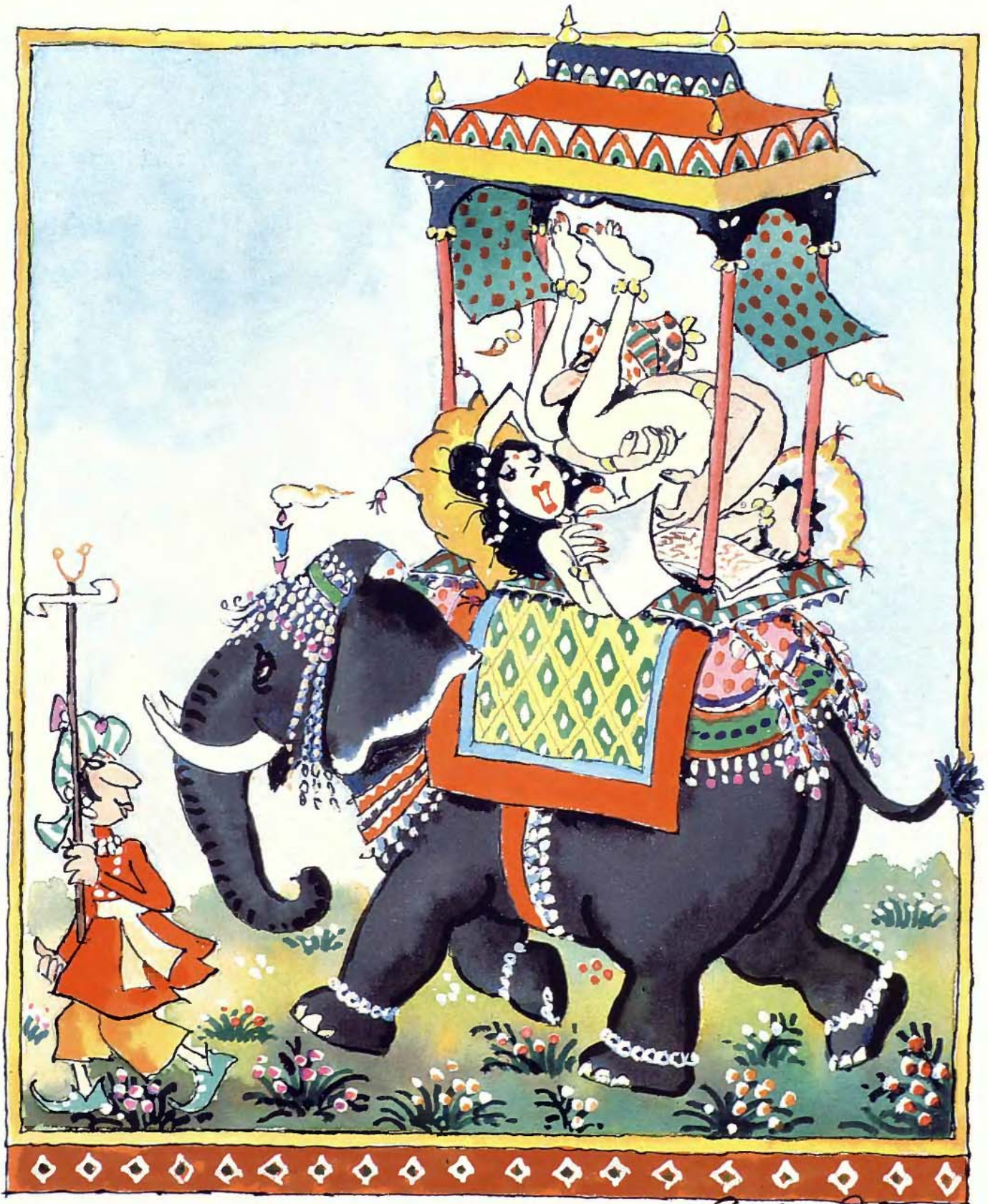
Germany and France play important roles. Germany is home to the world's biggest techno DJs—Swen Vath, Westbam, Paul van Dyk—and host to the single biggest event related to the music, Berlin's annual Love Parade, which draws more than 1 million revelers during the second weekend of July. Organized by another DJ, Dr. Motte, the festival goes around-the-clock, with a huge parade followed by parties at all the major clubs. In response to overbearing techno, German artists such as Mouse on Mars, Whirlpool Productions and Le Hammond Inferno experimented with lighthearted electronic music noted for its easy touch. Le Hammond set up an influential label, Bungalow, that uncovered similar acts in Japan and Europe.

In France, a number of famous DJs and groups have made a fairly insular house scene global: Daft Punk, Etienne de Crécy, Dimitri From Paris and Cassius know one another through the famous Respect club nights at Queens, where they all DJ. Kid Loco, DJ Cam and the Mighty Bop cover more laid-back, trip-hop territory. Many of these trace their origins to the Paris hip-hop scene centered on MC Solaar, Soon-E-MC and Menelik.

In Japan, DJ Krush and Major Force Orchestra mine trip-hop grooves, while Towa Tei became a celebrity DJ after the breakup of Dee-lite. His compositions are mirrored by other cut-and-paste groups such as Pizzicato Five and Fantastic Plastic Machine.

Meanwhile, back where it all began, there is yet another new style emerging in Detroit called ghetto tech. Local artists such as DJ Assault and DJ Godfather mix hard bass and percussion with electro-style synthesizers and dirty chants such as "Shake dat azz" or "Hit it from the back."





Ranjode

"Your Kama Sutra won't hit the charts if you keep repeating yourself, Ranji."

His Hipness The Mayor

how willie brown of san francisco
put the party back into party politics

PLAYBOY PROFILE BY BURR SNIDER

Never mind that Willie Brown was out roaming the town until God knows when last night, capping off a crowded evening of official events and decidedly unofficial carousing with a stop for barbecue at a Fillmore District rib joint in the small hours. And never mind that it's barely seven o'clock on a Saturday morning and most of San Francisco is still asleep. Mayor Brown likes to get an early start, and here in his opulent city-hall offices the business day is already in full swing. One of the chief complaints of the mayor's critics is that his standard operating style is that of "management by crisis," and right now there is a waiting room teeming with citizens in varying stages of urgency giving vivid testimony to that charge.

Once each month the mayor throws open his office door for these one-on-one meetings with his constituents. But, this being progressive San Francisco, Willie Brown won't be handing out bags of coal to destitute widows or fixing traffic tickets. He will be, as they say, "problem solving."

Some of these people have camped out for hours to secure their precious ten minutes with the mayor. What do they want? Some are angling for jobs, some are angry about perceived injustices at the hands of the city bureaucracy, and some just want to vent to somebody important. And, of course, San Francisco being one of America's more unusual cities, a few are here to relay

urgent messages from their alien masters on distant planets. Brown, who walks the streets of the city often, is well aware of the weirdness quotient that awaits him in his outer office. "Sixty-five to 70 percent of the people who stroll in here," he has said, "are clearly in need of therapy."

But, hey, that's why they call it San Franschizo, and if you can't handle a little insanity, as the mayor often says, you don't belong in the job. "I wake up every morning with only one thought in mind, and that is to be entertained," says Brown. "I am hardly ever disappointed."

No way the mayor is going to be disappointed today. Included in the mixed bag of earnestness and eccentricity that will pass through his office this morning are a wayward city bus driver who is on suspension for his incorrigible habit of taking off-route joyrides, a rap musician who wants his hip-hop group to be the mayor's "official" band, a lottery winner so incensed at Brown that he plans to spend all his winnings to get him removed from office, and a sad, elderly Egyptian gentleman carrying a tattered portfolio of badly drawn cartoons who breaks down into tears during a disjointed monolog in which he proposes that Arabic be adopted as San Francisco's official language and reveals a secret plan to prevent the city's parking meters from being ripped off.

To each supplicant, legit and loopy alike, Brown will accord his undivided attention and sincere concern. Brown

says his biggest surprise upon taking the reins at city hall was discovering how "dedicated to dysfunction" local government is, and he makes no bones about the fact that he roundly distrusts career civil servants ("little clerks who push pens and pencils" is how he refers to them). Hence, he revels in these opportunities to circumvent the process and personally intervene on behalf of his constituents.

When a general contractor accuses the city attorney's office of conducting a vendetta against his company, Brown advises the man not to get into a court battle with a public agency ("These guys have no profit motive," he warns the contractor. "They'll litigate you forever.") and then offers to mediate the dispute himself. When the head of a do-gooding nonprofit outfit asks for help finding a location for a start-up company that employs ex-cons, the mayor suggests an abandoned factory on the far edges of the city.

And finally comes the aforementioned lottery winner, a 60ish man so livid about the "incredibly rude" treatment he received from city hall after his car was hit by a municipal bus that he refuses to shake the mayor's hand.

"What I want is a written apology, signed by you," says the man. "And I'll never get it."

"You got it," says the mayor. "Handwritten, on my letterhead." Brown leans forward and taps the man on the knee. "Now, you know what I want? I want to put you to work! Instead of just criticizing, why don't you come to work



and help me?"

The man looks aghast. "No, no, never!" he sputters. "You are looking at the last conservative Republican in San Francisco. I get \$800,000 a year after taxes from the lottery, and I'm going to spend it all to get you defeated."

"Absolutely your prerogative," Brown says with a shrug. The man gathers his papers and stomps out. "All that money sure didn't make him happy, did it?" Brown chuckles. "But shit, give me a million of it and I'll resign."

If ever a man and a municipality were meant for each other, they are Willie Brown and San Francisco. The thing about the City (as true San Franciscans, smug and solipsistic to the core, refer to their hometown) is that although it has the approximate population of, say, Kansas City, it has never chosen to shake the hubristic notion that it belongs among the world's great metropolises. And the thing about Willie Brown is that although he was born dirt-poor and illegitimate in a segregated backwater community in East Texas, he has never had the slightest doubt in his destiny to lead a life of

reigned as the nearly omnipotent Speaker of the Assembly, Brown built up such an unprecedented power base that he came to be viewed by many as the de facto boss of the most populous state in the nation. Governors came and went, but in Sacramento there was always Speaker Brown, the slickest political operator anybody could remember. Ruthless, outspoken and controversial, Brown had a Machiavellian instinct for the delicate maneuvering and horse swapping of the legislative process. And, equally important, as one of the most prolific fund-raisers in California history, the Speaker had virtually every Democratic officeholder in the state beholden to him. With the legislature snugly in his pocket and near veto power over an annual \$50 billion state budget, it is not too much to say that for nearly two decades Willie Brown was the most powerful elected black official in America.

Brown says he would have been happy to stay in the assembly forever, pushing his liberal agenda and waging battle against California's forceful right wing. But it all came to a sudden end with the passage of California's term limits act in 1990, a law that many be-

That's when Brown's good friend Herb Caen stepped in. Caen, the legendary *San Francisco Chronicle* columnist who died in 1997, had for years harbored a not-so-secret dream that his longtime buddy would someday become mayor. San Francisco was in the midst of a demoralizing downswing, Caen felt, and only someone with the brilliance and indomitable panache of Willie Brown could restore it to its rightful glory as a world-class city.

For nearly 60 years Herb Caen was the supreme arbiter of all things trivial and significant in the Bay Area. No true San Franciscan would have dreamed of starting the day without first turning to Caen's column to find out what had transpired overnight in the place he called Baghdad by the Bay. So when Caen devoted an entire column to what was essentially a hagiographic manifesto urging Willie Brown to take on the task of reviving the city's sagging fortunes, the die was pretty much cast.

"Even before Herb's column I had been flattered by the number of people who had come to me and said they thought the city could only be saved if I came aboard," says Brown. "But when Herb did the column urging me to renew the world's interest in San Francisco by making it the most glamorous city I could possibly make it, that was a compelling factor in my deciding to accept the challenge and run. That, and the fact that it was only the opportunity for me to stay in public life, of course."

Despite Caen's endorsement, Brown entered the mayoral race as an underdog. The incumbent, an amiable if lusterless ex-career cop named Frank Jordan (who was known as Empty Holster Frank for the succession of desk jobs he'd held on the force) not only seemed to have the big downtown money locked up but also held a commanding lead among white middle-class voters. A second candidate, Roberta Achtenberg, a popular former city supervisor and lesbian who as assistant secretary of HUD had been the highest-ranking avowed homosexual in the Clinton administration, was ceded the sizable gay vote that would have normally gone to Brown. All that was left for Willie was some union support and the minorities.

Just before the election, the always lucky Brown got luckier when, for reasons unknown, the normally starch-stiff Jordan agreed to a stunt in which he posed nude in a shower with a couple of drive time radio jocks. Brown topped the voting in a close race. And then, in a runoff against Jordan—with

(continued on page 162)



With fat-cat sponsors picking up the tab, Brown entertained some 75,000 ecstatic revelers at a wharfside street bash that raged until dawn.

power, pleasure and high privilege.

Could there be a more natural fit? The consummate style-driven overachiever in charge of the world's most obsessively self-conscious city. That being said, it is also true, if Brown is to be believed, that he never had the slightest interest in running for mayor of his adopted hometown until he ran out of other options.

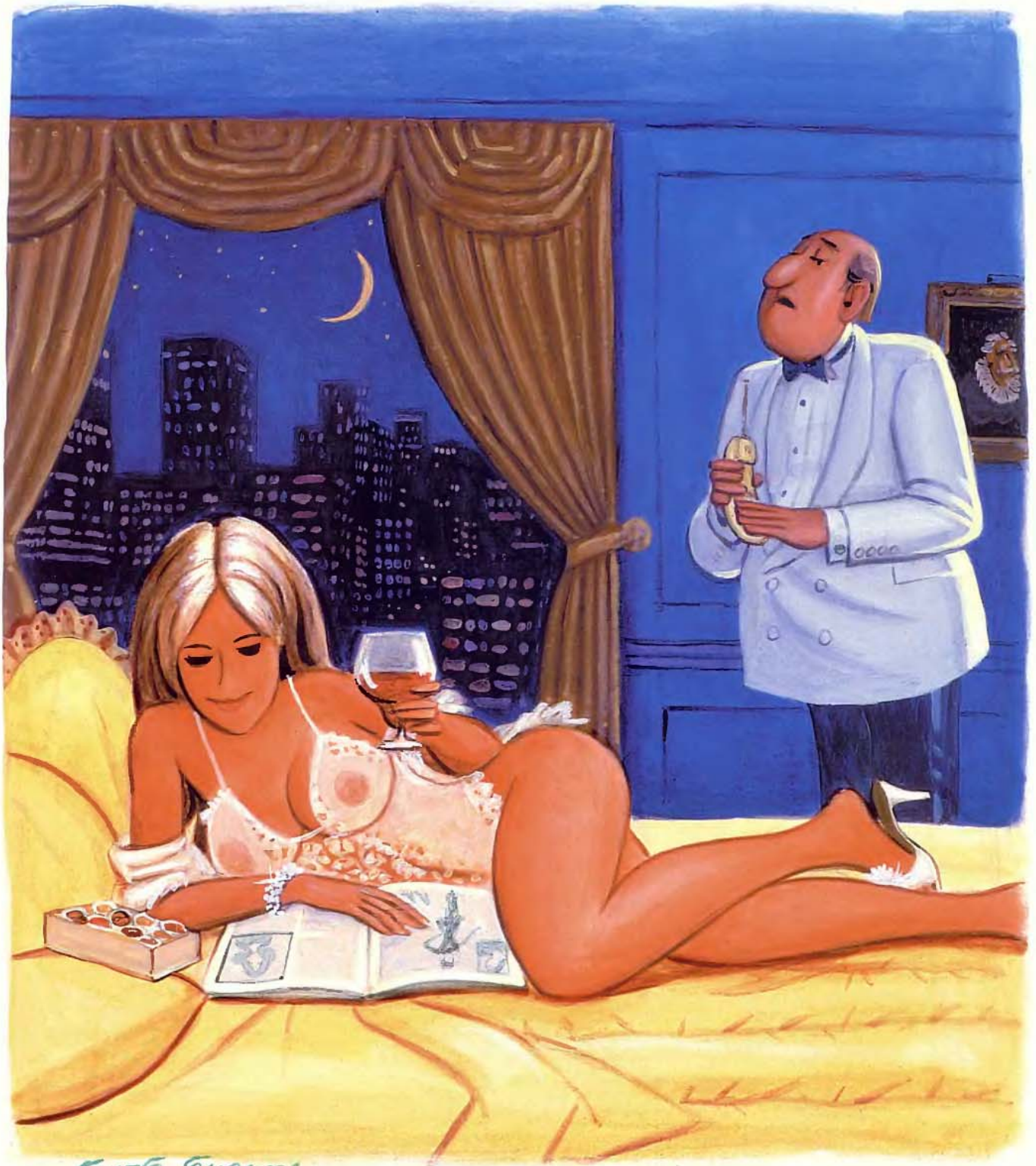
For the majority of his public life Willie Brown has wielded power on such a grand scale that the idea of being a mere mayor, even of his beloved San Francisco, has always struck him as small potatoes. "Why would I ever want a job," he once asked contemptuously, "where your main concerns are streetlights, parking meters and dog doo?"

Why indeed? In his tempestuous 30-year career in the California legislature, during the last 15 of which he

lieve was enacted as a direct result of voter revulsion over Brown's stranglehold on state government. Termed-out and barred from reelection in 1996, Willie Brown was out of public office for the first time since 1964.

What to do? It was suggested that he might run for governor or senator, but Brown quickly rejected both possibilities. One thing he prides himself on is his uncanny ability to count votes, and he knew it was next to impossible for a black man—especially one burdened with his political baggage—to win statewide office in California.

Another option was to devote himself to the high-powered law practice he'd built up in San Francisco during his years of political influence. But how could being a private-sector lawyer ever satisfy him after his years in the spotlight as the 800-pound gorilla of California politics?



BRUCE BROWN

"Telephone, miss—it's the devil."



Summer Suits

FUNNY HOW THE
RIGHT TRUNKS
MAKE EVEN GIRLS
LOOK BETTER

FASHION BY
HOLLIS WAYNE


B

et you've never felt sympathy for a male model. Still, there's something cruel about asking a guy to get hot on the beach with 1997 PMOY Victoria Silvstedt. After all, the beach is where hope—and lust—springs eternal. The setting is ripe for seduction. First Victoria takes off her engagement ring and hands it to us. Then we bring out three of this season's best bathing suits—and not a dud among them. The role-playing begins and the camera starts clicking. With each successive change of trunks, his confidence soars. It's a scenario that soon will be played out on strands all over the country. The right swimwear can turn a moment into an endless summer. This year, thankfully, trunks come in a variety of styles, so you can buy a great pair that's appropriate for your body type and tan. Your chance of finding the perfect match has never been better.

We call this pose (left) the chairlift. Our man's ego is cushioned when he steps into optical-ort swim trunks by Emilio Pucci (\$190). (Go on, try it at home. Buy your girlfriend this Malia Mills bikini [\$140] and the straw hat by Eric Jovits [\$175].) At right, he's in a pair of Rolph Lauren trunks (\$50). Things are looking up. Her shirt is by Jill Stuart (\$13B). Studio La Blanca mode the string bikini bottom (\$27).







He has the water right there.
(Salty.) He has the sand.
(Sandy.) He has the rock-
steady suit. (Slick.) The nylon
Joseph Abboud trunks cost
\$50. Her two-piece tankini
from Versace Mare costs
\$442. He has a Playmate
from heaven. It's time to
make a move. Her mouth is
wet. Then it's over. She pops
up, puts on her ring and is
gone. Oh well—maybe
tomorrow. Maybe tamar-
row he'll go to the beach.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHUCK BAKER
WOMAN'S STYLING BY KATHY KALAFUT FOR
PERRELLA MANAGEMENT
HAIR BY DONNA GREGORY
MAKEUP BY GUILLERMO
WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 166.



Christina Applegate

tv's favorite waitress on tipping, spitting and the burden of doing your own laundry

Some Hollywood soothsayers predicted that Christina Applegate's career would live and die with the role of teen sexpot Kelly Bundy on the long-running *Married With Children*. With her NBC hit sitcom *Jesse*, Applegate has proved her critics wrong. After *Married With Children* ended an 11-year run, Applegate stepped away from television for a few years, reemerging in such studio films as *Mafia!*, *Wild Bill* with Jeff Bridges and Tim Burton's *Mars Attacks!* Applegate also appeared in the independent productions *Nowhere*, *The Big Hit* and *Claudine's Return*, in which she returned to her sexpot image.

Despite her varied movie roles, the Hollywood native realized she missed television. Applegate and her producer-manager of 20 years, Tami Lynn, joined forces with the successful production team behind *Friends* and *Veronica's Closet* and came up with the most watched new show on NBC, *Jesse*, which Applegate co-produces. Although *Married With Children* plays worldwide in reruns, Kelly Bundy is dead. Jesse Warner lives. And that's the way Applegate wants it.

Robert Crane caught up with Applegate on the *Jesse* set. He reports: "Entering Applegate's dressing room is like walking into an ashram—incense burning, aromatic candles lit, music playing and Christina sitting on the floor, Robeks juice in hand. It took a nanosecond to adjust to the fact that, damn it, Applegate is not Kelly Bundy. Her first words to me were to ask if she could smoke. Of course she could. Everything else in the room was smoking."

1

PLAYBOY: On *Jesse* you play a waitress. What is the proper way to treat the waitstaff?

APPLEGATE: Don't say, "Hey." Don't scream across the restaurant, "Can I have the check, please?" Don't raise your finger in the air to summon them. They don't like that. Do listen to them when they recite the specials, because they've been practicing that all day. Poor kids. I've never understood how

pubic hair can get into your food. How does that happen? Where does it come from? I don't want to know.

2

PLAYBOY: What are the unforgivable sins committed by a waitperson?

APPLEGATE: Spitting in the food. Let me tell you something that happened. My loved one and I went to a drive-in restaurant, and I had finished my drink and he had his sitting there. There was some left in his, and I went to drink some through the straw. It was really thick, and I then realized that he had hocked a load of spit in there. Having had a big gulp of it once, I know it's not delicious.

3

PLAYBOY: What's a proper tip?

APPLEGATE: Somewhere between 15 and 20 percent, but I like to give 20 percent. Considering that I can't figure out any of that percentage stuff, I just go for 20 percent because it's easy. I mean, who came up with 15 percent? It's too complicated to figure out.

4

PLAYBOY: When the history of comedy television is written, how will *Married With Children* fare?

APPLEGATE: *Married* broke the rule of sugarcoated television during its time. TV was so sweet then, it was giving me a cavity. *Married* changed all that. After us came shows like *Roseanne*. We definitely opened the door for profanity and vulgarity on television.

5

PLAYBOY: It celebrated emotional brutality and postulated that women are sex crazed and men are stupid. To which part of the population did that series speak?

APPLEGATE: It appealed to all walks of

life because even the people who found it offensive found it so only because they were shameful of the things they thought in their own minds. It gave people an opportunity to look at how not to be. They could sit at home and be grateful that they weren't emulating the characters in the show.

6

PLAYBOY: Give us the Christina Applegate investment program.

APPLEGATE: Clothes, clothes, clothes. That's all that's on my mind right now. I'm going shopping after this. Actually, I've racked up a lot of property. But that's because I'm a pack rat. It has nothing to do with investments. It has to do with, well, I don't really want to get rid of anything. I'm going to move, but I can't let go of the property. I rent it out. It's not really a source of income because it just pays the mortgage. I don't like to take chances with the stock market or on anything except bonds. I lease my cars because it's a much better tax write-off. I go to Hawaii a lot. To me, a trip is more valuable than buying a brand-new car, because a trip gives me seven days of bliss that I can bring back to everyone here. Going on retreats with my church and things like that are investments of the soul. That's the one thing you're always going to have, so you might as well take care of it.

7

PLAYBOY: Describe a perfect evening. Who cooks and who cleans?

APPLEGATE: Someone else. A perfect evening would be that I'm able to lie on my couch in my pajamas with the remote control in hand. My flannel pajamas and my big old slippers.

8

PLAYBOY: Over the years, certain fashions have been cruel to women. What are the silliest (continued on page 173)

George Lucas bets the ranch on the Dark Side

THE SITH

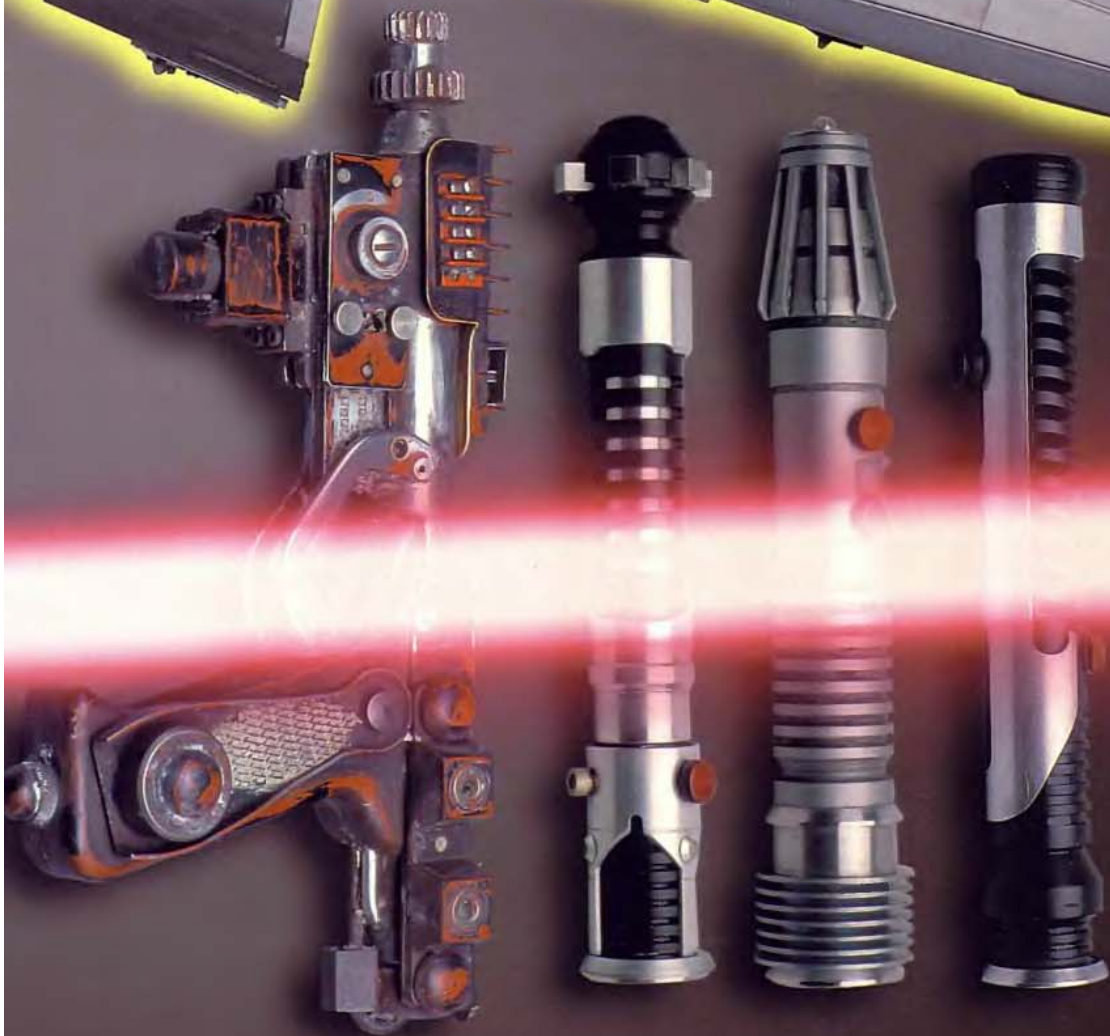
Darth Maul is from a nightmare, but it's George Lucas' nightmare, which means millions of *Star Wars* fans will line up on May 19 to greet the horned Dark Lord of the Sith and his deadly double light saber (below). *Episode I: The Phantom Menace* takes place a generation before *Star Wars*. Darth Vader has yet to choose the Dark Side, or don his familiar bug helmet. Instead, he's a nine-year-old boy named Anakin Skywalker, who, with the proper training, has the power to become a Jedi Knight. Luke and Leia aren't even thoughts, though R2-D2 has a role, as does C-3PO. The galaxy is in turmoil—what else is new?—and the greedy Trade Federation has laid siege to the small planet of Naboo, cutting off all shipping with a blockade of warships. Qui-Gon Jinn (Liam Neeson) and his Jedi pupil, Obi-Wan Kenobi (Ewan McGregor), are sent to put things right. They meet with Queen Amidala, who hopes to end the federation's stranglehold and save her people from starvation. Darth Maul is in hot pursuit of the Jedi Knights and the queen, ordered by his master, Darth Sidious, to destroy them. All this leads to starfighter dogfights, a perilous pod race, encounters with strange (computer-generated) creatures, light saber duels and raps about the Force. If you're hoping to see how the story plays out on opening weekend, you'd better be reading this in line. Diehard fans have already staked their claims outside theaters, and some are flying in from overseas (the film doesn't open in Europe until later this summer). That *Phantom Menace* will be the highest-grossing film ever is a given—it's by how much that has everyone guessing.



THE BEGINNING



Early in the production of "Episode I," George Lucas told his designers, "Give me a starfighter." They produced four to six blueprints a day for weeks. Lucas knew that "Star Wars" fans would expect no less after 16 years. "Phantom Menace" features a sleek collection of warplanes, destroyers and speeders, including Darth Maul's menacing Sith infiltrator (above left). The Dark Lord flies this ship to Tatooine for a showdown with Obi-Wan Kenobi and Qui-Gon Jinn (opposite page). Lucasfilm also created dozens of guns; the pistol at left is one of many used on Tatooine. Each Jedi warrior carries his own custom light saber; from left to right are the personalized weapons



of Obi-Wan, Mace Windu (a Jedi played by Samuel L. Jackson) and Qui-Gon Jinn. Adegan crystals or jewels—seldom more than three—power each saber blade, which extends about a yard (the handles measure nine inches to a foot). In her book "The Science of Star Wars," astrophysicist Jeanne Cavelos wonders if the blades aren't plasma, since lasers can't do what light sabers do.



The Wit and Wisdom of Darth Vader

Anakin Skywalker grew to embrace evil, then found redemption. He also got the best lines.

"Your powers are weak, old man."
—raunting Obi-Wan, in *Star Wars*

"Apology accepted, Captain Needa."
—after strangling him, in *The Empire Strikes Back*

"I am altering the deal. Pray I don't alter it any further."
—to Lando, in *The Empire Strikes Back*

"I find your lack of faith disturbing."
—choking Admiral Motti, in *Star Wars*

"I am your father."
—to Luke, in *The Empire Strikes Back*

Star Wars Scorecard

	STAR WARS	EMPIRE	JEDI	PHANTOM
I HAVE A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS	X	X	X	?
STORMTROOPERS ARE HORRIBLE SHOTS	X	X	X	?
IT'S/YOU'RE OUR ONLY HOPE	X	X	X	?
SOMEONE TEETERS OVER AN ABYSS	X	X	X	?
LECTURE ABOUT THE FORCE/DARK SIDE	X	X	X	?
HAND OR ARM GETS CUT OFF	X	X	X	?
ROPE SWING	X	X	X	?
TALKS YODA FUNNY		X	X	?
C-3PO ROUGHED UP	X	X	X	?

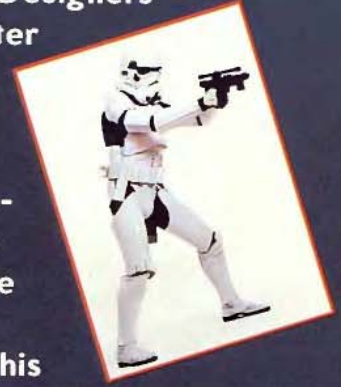
The Babes

Much to Carrie Fisher's embarrassment, her Princess Leia slave-girl costume kept slipping off while filming the barge scenes for "Return of the Jedi." Twi'lek dancer Oola (Femi Taylor) did lose her top in the film as she fell into the Rancor pit. That may explain why, despite appearing on-screen all of a minute, she has her own Kenner action figure. (Those head tentacles are called lekku.) Queen Amidala (below), portrayed in "Phantom Menace" by Natalie Portman, is the mother whom Leia can recall only vaguely and Luke doesn't remember at all. Anakin Skywalker and Amidala will marry in "Episode II," which begins shooting next year. According to one spoiler site, after the young queen dismisses Anakin in "Episode I" as "just a boy," he retorts, "I won't always be."



Star Wars Is My Life

The movie of the century opened May 25, 1977. The next day, "The New York Times" called it the most beautiful movie serial ever made. • Designers modeled the "Millennium Falcon" after the shape of a hamburger sitting next to an olive. • "Do . . . or do not. There is no try."—YODA • George Lucas didn't want the finale of "The Empire Strikes Back" to leak out, so the actor playing Vader was given a false line during filming—some say it was "Obi-Wan killed your father." • All this leads to Ewoks? • Watch in "Star Wars" for the trilogy's most famous blooper: a stormtrooper rushing into a control room bumps his head on a low beam. • Choose one? "Empire." • "Never tell me the odds!"—



HAN • The sound made by the TIE fighters was created by combining an elephant's scream with the noise of a car driving on wet pavement. • Other films released in May 1977: "The Car," "Day of the Animals," "Smokey and the Bandit." • Sissy Spacek auditioned for the part of Leia; Christopher Walken and Robby Benson read for Han. • Best spoiler site: jedinet.com. • The title of an early draft of the "Star Wars" screenplay was "The Adventures of the Starkiller." • "I'd just as soon kiss a Wookiee."—



LEIA • Phone the official "Star Wars" fan club and hear the song "Yoda" (sung to the tune of the Kinks' "Lola") while you're on hold. • Best rumor: When Natalie Portman sprained her ankle during the filming of "Episode I," Lucasfilm corrected her limp digitally. • The Bill Clinton Award for Fudging the Truth goes to Obi-Wan, who tells Luke, "Darth Vader . . . betrayed and murdered your father." When Luke finds out differently, Obi-Wan explains, "What I told you was true, from a certain point of view." • Get in line: "Episode II" (2002); "Episode III" (2005).



DJ CULTURE

(continued from page 81)

with sonic booms, stuttering high hats and an array of blips and sirens—the new rock and roll.

Today there is a DJ for everyone—club kids, road trippers, even head bangers. Some just drop booty music. Others spin ambient listening music. Without a doubt, DJs are providing the soundtrack to the late Nineties. For a new generation of listeners, they are on their way to surpassing guitar bands in credibility and popularity. In the hands of a good DJ, the future works. Technological change translates into beats per minute—and everyone can party to that.

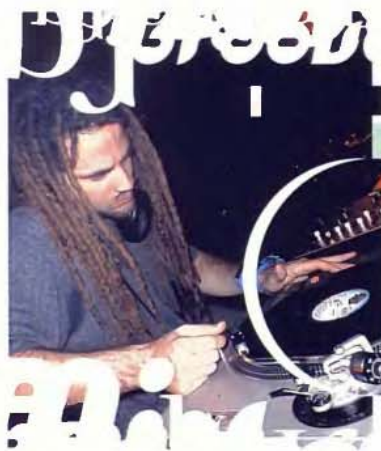
The music is fast becoming ubiquitous. Three different Fatboy Slim songs popped up in ads during last year's Super Bowl. Volkswagen, Oldsmobile and Philips pump the stuff in their TV spots, and the worst of it is lapped up by sports highlight shows. On the fashion front, designers have co-opted club looks and now feature cargo pants, platform shoes and super-wide-leg jeans in their runway shows. And thriving websites like Delia's and Alloy can overnight 48-inch-wide pants—at the cuff—to kids stranded in the heartland.

DJs now enjoy rock-star status. They are youth-culture heroes and groupie-worthy electronic music pioneers. They also know how to make money. The *Guinness Book of World Records* recently added a new category: most successful club DJ. British DJ Paul Oakenfold grabbed the honor with more than 1 million record sales and an annual income of \$400,000; England's *DJ Magazine* also named him best DJ in the world. Darren Ressler, editor in chief of *Mixer* magazine (which began as *Mixmag* in 1996), says Americans such as Josh Wink, King Britt, Armand Van Helden, David Morales and DJ Icy all do very well recording and producing albums for a variety of labels. Some, like Morales and Frankie Knuckles, earn \$30,000 for a remix and even get points.

Theirs is a peripatetic entrepreneurial lifestyle, which perhaps explains the profusion of mixheads. Cell phones, beepers and laptops are as essential as record crates and turntables. During an average week, Nigel Richards, a Philadelphia DJ who set up 611 Records, will DJ up to five times. "You go

to Virginia on Tuesday, Atlanta on Wednesday, you'll hit Los Angeles on Friday, Seattle on Saturday, New York on Sunday—no biggie. It makes it seem like a small country. You keep track of the miles. I want to save 15,000 more so I can get two round-trip first-class tickets to Japan."

The DJ scene is just remote enough and new enough to make it a perfect youth culture. Like punk and rock before it, the music makes the uninitiated older brother or parent reach to cover their ears. At Manhattan's tiny Bar XVI on First Avenue, the crowd looks menacing and slightly druggy—though such traditional rave enhancers as Special K, Ecstasy or even coke and crystal meth are nowhere to be found. As drum and bass DJ Dieselboy—imported from Philly for the night—orchestrates an obscure assault of beats



DJS ENJOY ROCK-STAR STATUS. THEY ARE YOUTH-CULTURE HEROES AND ELECTRONIC MUSIC PIONEERS. THEY ALSO KNOW HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

and blips, intense fans here or there occasionally break out into an Irish jig. Then they'll stop as suddenly as they started and flash a shy grin at a neighbor. Other than that, there is little that resembles dancing. Not so at a typical big-name DJ show. At a Fatboy Slim concert the music is easily recognized—he's not above spinning *Planet Rock* or *When Doves Cry*. A time-warped visitor from the old Studio 54 would immediately notice comforting similarities (and odd differences) on the dance floor. For one, everyone dances—but facing the same direction. The mirror ball has been replaced by computer game-style graphics on huge screens. And everyone stares intently at the DJ. Periodically Fatboy Slim holds up an album, waves it above his head and smiles. The crowd roars.

"American crowds tend to be on less drugs than English crowds," says Norman Cook, a.k.a. Fatboy Slim. "There's more of a drug culture in England. The first thing that strikes you is the faces. People are actually having tons of fun, but they look like they're in pain. And sometimes you look at people's faces and they're trying to say, 'I'm

having a really good time,' but it looks like they're saying, 'I have a very sharp piece of metal up my bottom and somebody's wriggling it around.'"

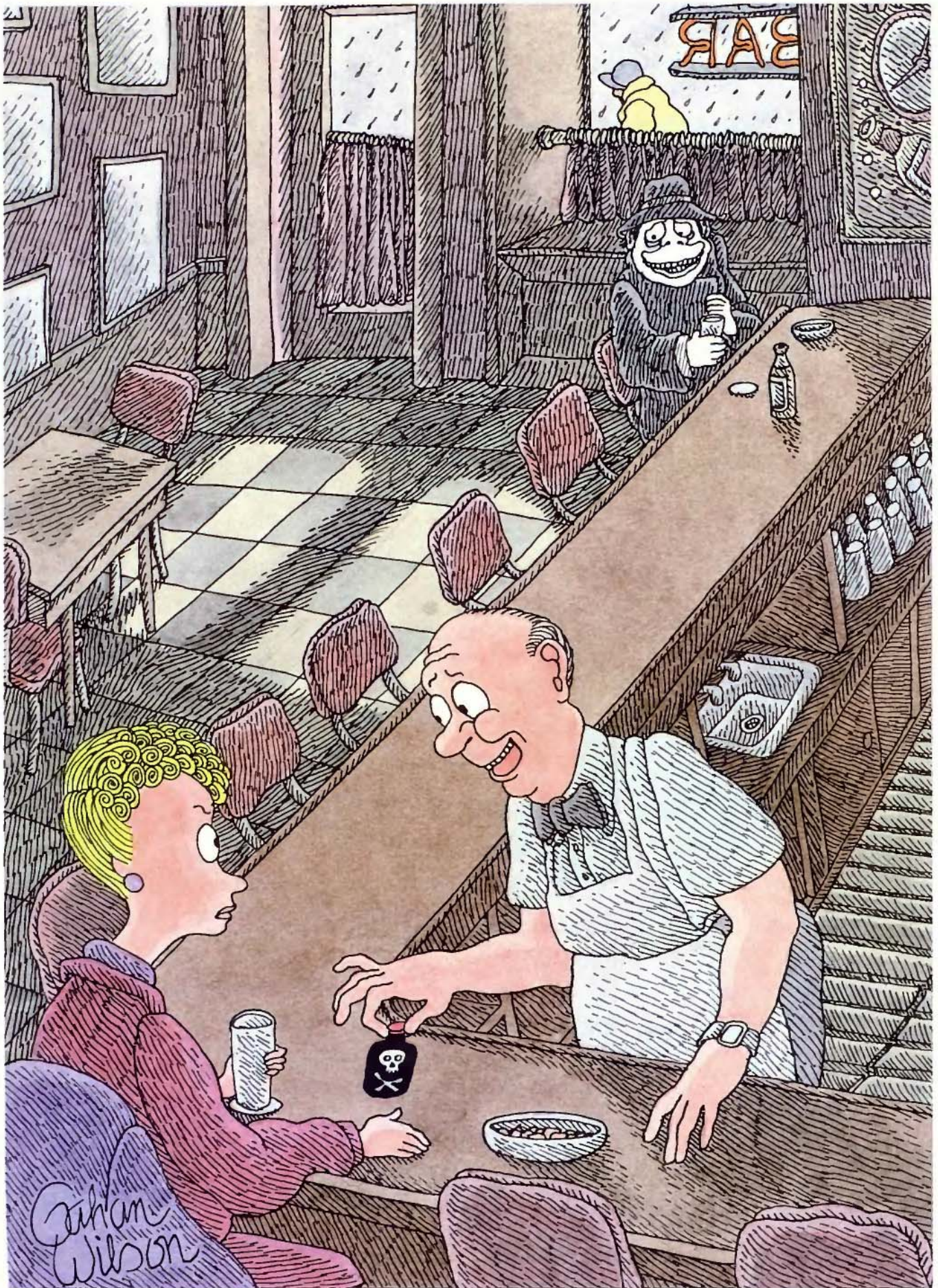
As Fatboy Slim, Cook has sold more than 500,000 copies of his most recent album, *You've Come a Long Way, Baby*. He even pulled down *Spin's* 1998 single of the year for *The Rockafeller Skank*.

Cook by far prefers life as Fatboy Slim to when he played bass in the successful English pop band the Housemartins. In the band, he says, "I could get free drinks and get laid every night. Musically, though, it wasn't what I wanted to do. I'm not a very good bass player, and I'm not particularly happy stomping around onstage and doing sound checks every day. But the DJ lifestyle seems to suit me, and DJing seems to be what my talent is."

So when did putting on records become so glamorous? Though the roots of DJ culture reach back to the Sixties, things began to spin faster with the advent of electronic dance music. In the States, clubs in Chicago and Detroit pushed the form with house and techno music. Instrumental music exploded in British and European clubs at the end of the Eighties. The boom had two major implications for DJ stardom. First, the DJ no longer had to stand—literally and figuratively—behind a vocalist or rapper. Second, music composition now consisted of manipulating pre-recorded, preprogrammed or preexisting sounds—the very thing DJs had been doing for years—meaning that the distinction between electronic musician and DJ completely broke down.

Jonathan More, of the British duo Coldcut, says things developed to the point where he began to question the definition of DJ as disc jockey. "We added two extra turntables to our setup, so we had four turntables and two mixers," he says. "We progressed from there to using samplers and CDs and eventually to laptops—and manipulating things on laptops. And now we do a lot of the stuff on laptops. That's what we call a digital jockey."

There is still a school of DJing that centers on manual skills, tricks and acrobatics—the physical act of DJing on two Technics 1200s. The DMC organization, producers of *Mixer* magazine and a series of excellent DJ-mix CDs (continued on page 156)



"It's courtesy of the gentleman seated at the other end of the bar, ma'am."





SUGAR *and* SPICER

miss june slides into the spotlight



At the age of 15, Kimberly Spicer decided that she wanted to pose for *PLAYBOY*. Four years later, between modeling school, winning Michigan's 1998 Hawaiian Tropic swimsuit pageant and working the night shift at Hooters, she made it happen. We met the ambitious 19-year-old for lunch in Chicago.

Q: What are the ingredients in a Kimberly Spicer?

A: Take a mother from Mexico and a father from Tennessee. Then stir in strong opinions and a passion for dancing.

Q: When do you feel you changed from a girl to a woman?

A: When I was 15 I had a Mexican coming-out party. It was exactly like a wedding—there was a church ceremony, a cake and dancing—except that I didn't get married.

Q: We noticed that you have your belly button pierced. How did you deal with the pain?

A: It wasn't as painful as getting my tongue pierced. Then, I was drooling all over, holding my friend's hand so tight that his fingers turned blue. When I go to clubs I wear a glow-in-the-dark ball on my tongue. It's cool.

Q: We know why we're



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



Cindy Crawford fans. Why are you?

A: She's the reason I became a model. The first time I saw her in a magazine, I thought, I want to do everything she does, including posing for *PLAYBOY*.

Q: You also want to become an undercover investigator. Do you enjoy looking through other people's stuff?

A: No, but I love to solve problems and figure things out. That show *New York Undercover* rocks.

Q: What do you do to whoop it up in Detroit?

A: I go to clubs and dance with my friends. It's funny, though—I've never been drunk or done drugs. I don't have the desire.

Q: Under what circumstances would a one-night stand be right?

A: Never. To me, sex isn't just sex. It's something intimate that's shared between two people. Like marriage, sex is sacred.

Q: Is there anything about guys that pisses you off?

A: The worst thing a girl can do is stay with a guy who dogs her out. I should know—I've been there before.

Q: Are you dating anyone now?

A: Yes. And do you know how I know that he's a great guy? Because he treats his mother with respect. They say if he's good to his mom, he'll be good to his girl.



LOS ANGELES LYON 297

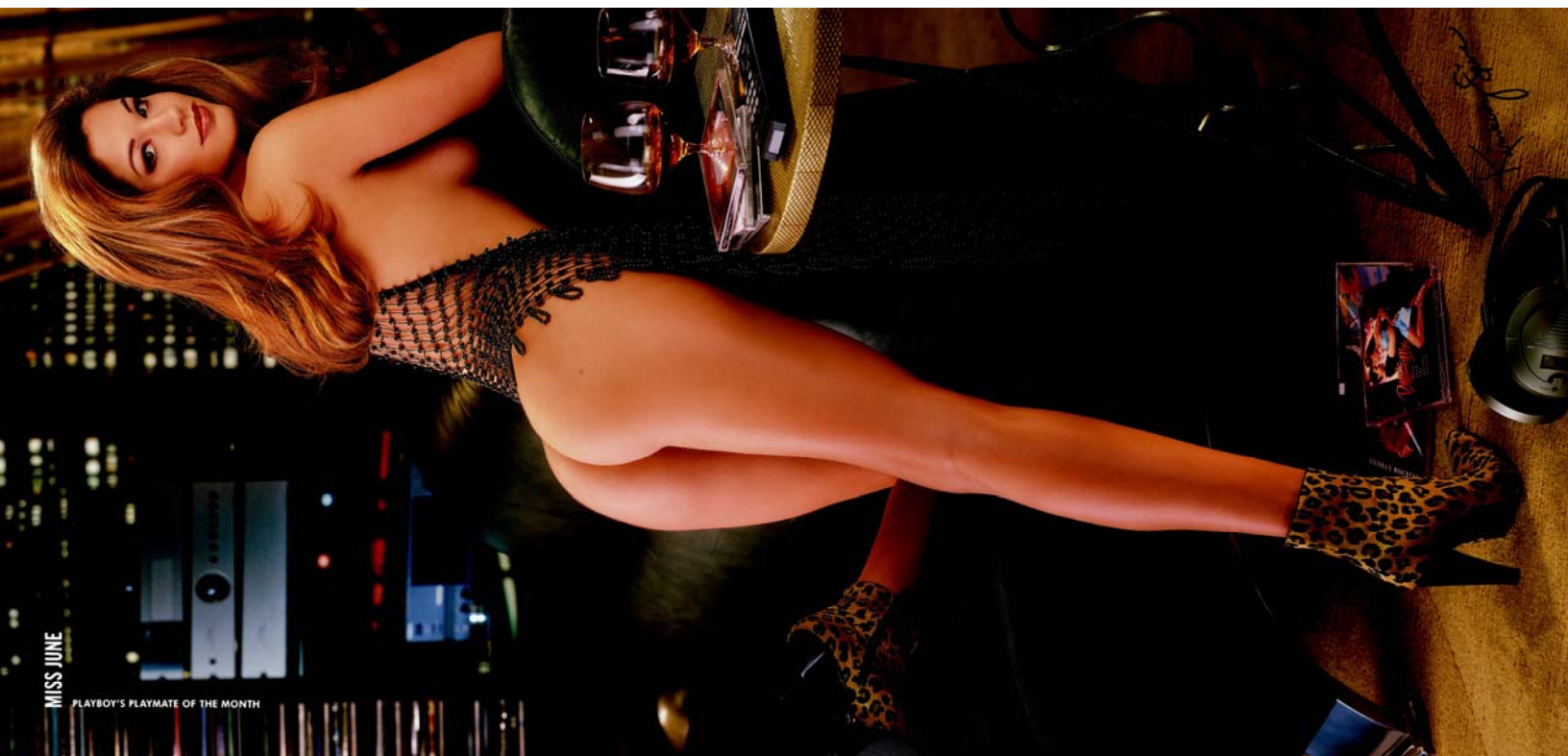




"Being famous is not my goal," Kimberly says. "I want to be known, but I don't want fame to interfere with the normalcy of my life and my relationships with people. That's why I'm not making a big deal out of this PLAYBOY thing." As for her love life? "I'm not the kind of girl who dates around. Even though I'm young, I'm ready to settle down and get married. I think I'm an old soul—I'm 19 going on 25."







MISS JUNE

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Amberly A. Spicer
BUST: 36c WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34
HEIGHT: 5'6 WEIGHT: 117

BIRTH DATE: 1-17-80 BIRTHPLACE: Detroit, Mi.

AMBITIONS: To live life to its fullest, continue modeling, have a family & be happy.

TURN-ONS: walks on the beach, candlelight dinners, affection & a romantic guy.

TURNOFFS: Lying, cheating, disrespect, & a guy who acts "fake" in front of his friends.

WORDS TO LIVE BY: Follow your heart, believe in yourself & treat others how you want to be treated.

I'VE LEARNED: Never take things for granted & follow your dreams, no matter what people say or think - there will always be at least one jealous person out there.

I APPRECIATE: Everything I have, my friends & family because without them I wouldn't be here.



with guest speaker Edward James Olmos at my H.S.



Hawaiian Tropic



on the job



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Do you have any Viagra in stock?" the man asked the pharmacist.

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Can I get it over the counter?"

"Well, sure," the pharmacist replied, "but only if you take three of them."

The rumor in Silicon Valley is that Microsoft's official release date for Windows 2000 will be delayed at least until the second quarter of 1901.



PLAYBOY CLASSIC: Two Southern belles were sitting on a porch swing, sipping mint juleps and chatting. "Do you see those acres and acres of Kentucky bluegrass out there?" the first asked. "When my daddy dies and goes to heaven he's leaving it all to me."

"My, my!" the second said. "How fine!"

"And do you see all those beautiful Thoroughbreds out there in those fields? When my daddy dies and goes to heaven he's leaving them all to me."

"My, my! How fine!"

"And do you see this big plantation mansion? When my daddy dies and goes to heaven he's leaving it to me, too!"

"My, my! How fine!"

"My daddy is doing all that for me. What did your daddy ever do for you?"

"Well, my daddy sent me to an exclusive finishing school."

"What good did finishing school do you?"

"Well, it taught me to say, 'My, my! How fine!' instead of 'Fuck you, bitch!'"

Graffiti seen in an airport rest room: "Earth is full. Go home."

Years after giving up on the idea of motherhood, a 65-year-old woman had a baby with the help of a fertility specialist. All her relatives came to visit. When they asked to see the baby, the mother held them off. "Please, not yet," she said.

A little later they asked again to see the baby. "Not yet," she repeated.

After an hour, they became impatient. "Well, when can we see the baby?"

"When the baby cries," she said.

"Why do we have to wait until she cries?"

"Because," the mother said, "I forgot where I put her."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: Feeling that death was near, an old man called his attorney. "I want to become a lawyer," the old fellow said. "How much is that quickie degree you told me about?"

"Around \$50,000," the lawyer replied. "But why do you want to become a lawyer now?"

"That's my business. Get it for me!"

Four days later the old man got his law degree. His lawyer was at his bedside. Suddenly the old man was racked with fits of coughing and it was clear that this would be the end. Still curious, the lawyer leaned over and said, "Before it's too late, tell me why you wanted to get a law degree so badly."

In a faint whisper, as he breathed his last, the old man said, "Now there's one less lawyer. . . ."

Bumper sticker spotted in Los Angeles: DRIVER CARRIES NO CASH. HE'S MARRIED.

Deep within a forest a little turtle began to climb a tree. After hours of effort, he reached the top, jumped into the air waving his front legs, then crashed heavily to the ground. After recovering, he slowly climbed the tree again, jumped and fell heavily to the ground.

The turtle tried again and again while a couple of birds sitting on a branch watched his sad efforts. Finally, the female bird turned to her mate. "Dear," she chirped, "I think it's time to tell him he's adopted."

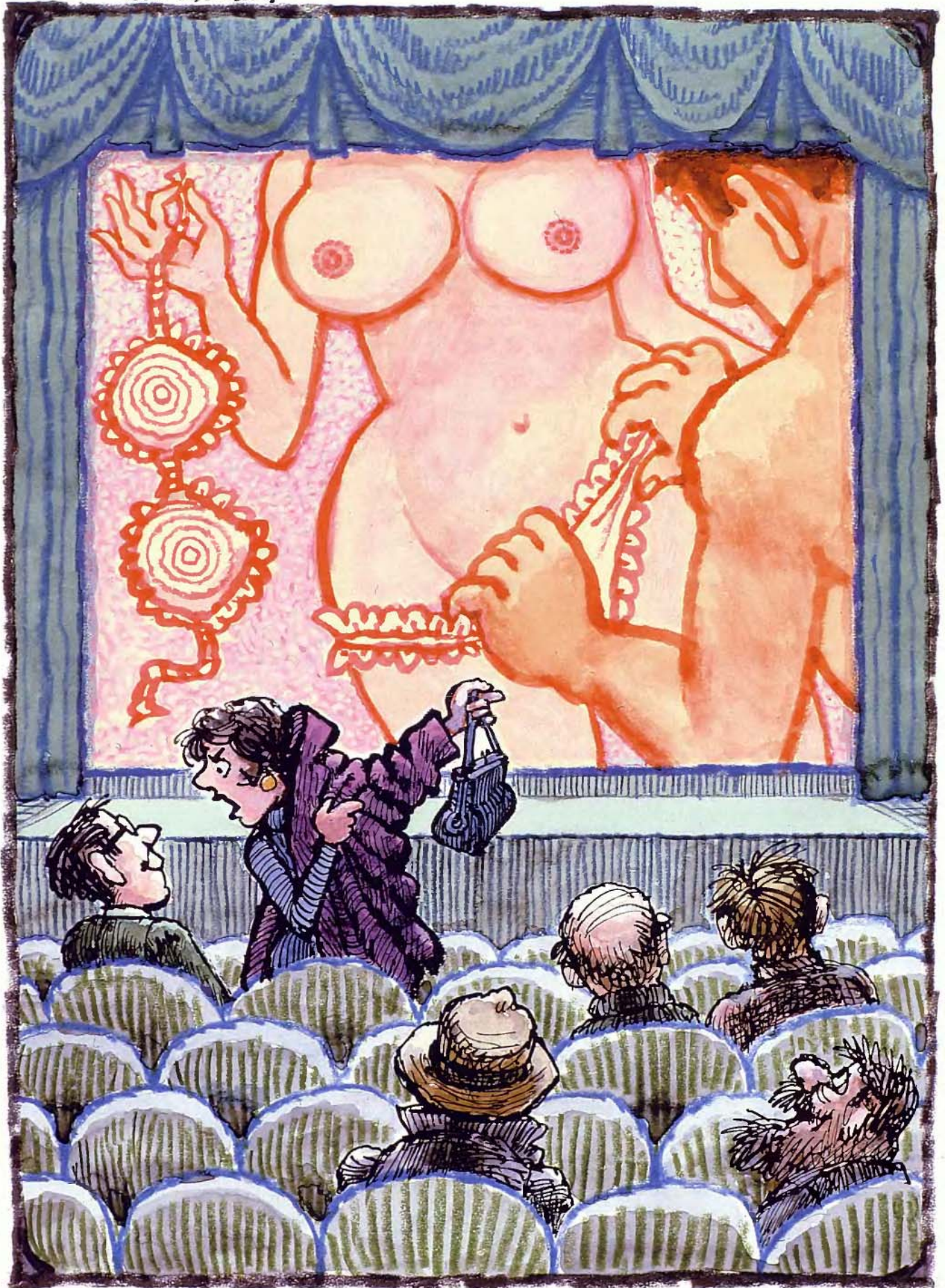


Shelby Newman

Seen on the back of a Hell's Angel's T-shirt: IF YOU CAN READ THIS, MY BITCH FELL OFF.

A salesman had to leave the country on business and entrusted the job of keeping an eye on his wife to his best friend, leaving instructions to notify him immediately should anything out of the ordinary occur. After a week of no news, the businessman received an e-mail: "You said to notify you of any change at your house. The man who comes to visit your wife every night didn't show up yesterday."

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.



"I said this is where we came in!"

Dads & Grads

THE BEST GIFTS FOR THE BEST GUYS

DADS (left to right): Nakamichi's SoundSpace 8 stereo system includes a five-disc CD changer, an AM-FM tuner, wall-mountable satellite speakers and a booming subwoofer (\$1000). The limited-edition Bardahl Special, by Fournier Enterprises, is an aluminum 1:7 scale model of a 1953 Sprint Car (\$2300). Combine Filofax' calfskin Sandhurst organizer (\$250) with a Graf von Faber-Castell alderwood-and-silver pencil set (\$375), and give Dad an elegant way to take notes. Minolta's Dimage EX digital camera features exchangeable lenses for creative shots from various angles (about \$800). Cocktail shakers don't get much classier than the Metro, a limited-edition style from the Classic Shaker Co. with a rich finish achieved by silver plating pewter (\$400). The Alain Ducasse knife set from Bergdorf Goodman combines four stainless steel knives, a serving fork and a chopping board in an aluminum carrying case (\$375). Sennheiser's HD500 Fusion headphones, ergonomically designed for enhanced comfort, are digitally compatible with CD, DVD and MD players (\$130). Celestron's C5+ portable telescope has accompanied space shuttle missions (\$2000). Rollerblade's Outbacks have jumbo wheels for off-road in-line skating (\$250). The Panasonic SL-SX460 CD player has a 40-second shock-resistant memory and can operate for almost two days straight on batteries alone (\$110). Candy truffles, by Vosges Haut Chocolat, contain such exotic ingredients as curry, wasabi and Hungarian paprika (about \$50 a pound).

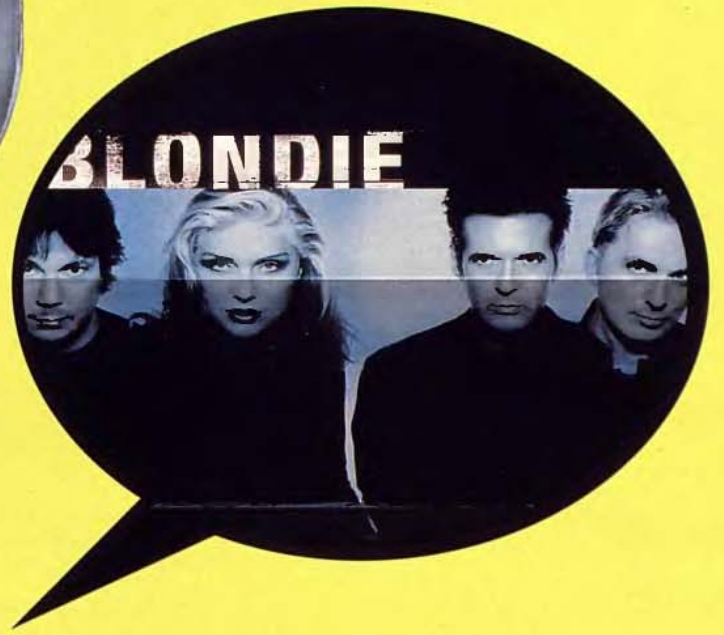




GRADS (left to right): Take your graduation party to the beach with Totally Gross' TailGator, a 60-ounce gas-powered blender with enough torque to whip up a batch of margaritas in 15 seconds (\$365, including a carrying case). Porsche's radio-controlled Boxster is a 14-inch toy that can reach a top scale speed of 210 mph (\$90). The Palm V (\$450), by 3Com, has a wafer-thin design and brushed-metal exterior, plus all the organizer features that make the original Palm Pilot great. Diamond Multimedia's pocket-size Rio (\$200) can store 60 minutes of digital music downloaded from the Internet. The Jeep Z-Case boom box looks like a briefcase but opens to reveal a CD player, AM-FM weatherband receiver, speakers and storage slots for six compact discs (\$200). Advent's AW770 wireless stereo headphones transmit audio via 900-megahertz radio frequencies (about \$135). On the table, Wenger's Mini Grip Swiss Army Knife has 13 implements, including pliers and a detachable socket bit drawer with six screwdriver bits (\$100). Two great toys: Jugglebug's 20-inch unicycle with steel forks and shafts (about \$100) and Apple's iMac, "grape" flavored and loaded with a 266-megahertz G3 processor, 64 megs of RAM, a six-gig hard drive and a 24X CD-ROM spinner (about \$1200). On top of the iMac is Philips' USB PC camera (about \$100) for sending video and still images over the Net. For an equally voyeuristic adventure, Big Eyes military binoculars are capable of 40X magnification (\$2910, including tripod).







when harry met blondie—how she transformed herself and her music



Deborah Harry



personality by Glenn O'Brien

Before there was a Blondie there was a girl named Deborah Harry. A cute kid adopted by a nice middle-class New Jersey family, a junior college graduate who fantasized about Marilyn Monroe being her natural mother.

Here's Deborah Harry as she looked in her art modeling days. She's having an ice tea and inspecting her face for blemishes. It is a very hot day. She is nude and contemplating. Looking in the mirror she discovers, Yes, it's true. I am beautiful. Maybe I could be a Playboy Bunny and not an artist's model. Not that it's hard work, being an artist's model. I'm certainly not ashamed of my body. But what's with the backbends?

This folk rock thing is really big, she thinks. So she joins a band called the Wind in the Willows, a folkie group but with a name that alludes obliquely to pussy.

She also puts on some clothes and gets a job as a waitress at Max's Kansas City and waits on

famous folk rock musicians such as Bob Dylan and Bob Newirth, and famous artists like John Chamberlain and Larry Poons or Andy Warhol and his entourage. Waitressing at Max's is educational but not too lucrative.

So Debbie went for bigger tips. She became a Playboy Bunny. The tips were bigger and so were the ears. But this was not enough to fulfill the budding artiste. So Debbie dropped out to consider the existential question: Now what?

While thinking this over, she worked briefly as a hairdresser and began experimenting with blondeness. Blondeness was something Debbie would redefine. With her it was always an attitude, a state of mind, a sort of gorgeous Fuck You. She was never blonde all over or anything resembling natural. There was usually a dark patch in the back. Often it was the way it is now, blonde in front, natural in the back. It was a statement, although Debbie contends it just turned out that way because she did her hair herself and couldn't see back there.

In the early Seventies Debbie met this beatnik-type guy named Chris Stein, who was definitely a real artist. She could tell because he was attending New York City's School of Visual Arts on a welfare scholarship after being released from a mental institution. Chris must have been a real artist, because he didn't hit on her right away. He talked to her and played guitar for her, thus sweeping her off her pretty feet.

Soon Debbie and Chris were playing together in a protopunk band, the Stilletoes. After rocking around for a while with the group, Debbie and Chris went off on their own as Angel and the Snake. (Guess who was the angel and who was the snake.) Not the best name, but this was the germ of Blondie—a name that was suggested to Debbie by truck drivers and construction workers.

Blondie settled down on the Bowery, within walking distance of the band's favorite venue, CBGBs. The band was Debbie on vocals, Chris on guitar, Clem Burke on drums, Gary Valentine on bass and Jimmy Destri on keyboards. Today Destri says he never played at his audition. The band liked his hair and his suit.

Blondie was bad in the beginning. According to legend, Patti Smith told Debbie to get out of rock and roll. But the band had nowhere to go but up. And they were smart. Clem brought an immaculate pop sensibility, Jimmy brought roots in Brooklyn doo-wop melody, Gary brought a punky background. Chris brought enlightening, psychedelic, ironic, artistic dementia. And Debbie brought . . . Debbie.

By 1976 Blondie had become a favorite on the small but ready-to-explode punk scene in downtown Manhattan. A legendary music-biz guy, Marty Thau, and producer Craig Leon—who had just produced the Ramones' first record—signed Blondie to work with Richard Gottehrer, who had produced hits such as the Angels' *My Boyfriend's Back* and the McCoys' *Hang on Sloopy*. The arrangement worked out well and the band went on to record an album with Gottehrer. The record was well received and the band headed for Los Angeles to spread the news. David Bowie and Iggy Pop picked up on it right away and invited Blondie to tour with them.

Blondie's second album, *Plastic Letters*, appeared in 1977 and introduced the band's first number one hit in England. They followed quickly with *Parallel Lines* in 1978, produced

by Mike Chapman. This album, which eventually sold more than 20 million copies, produced a slew of hits, including *Hanging on the Telephone* and *Sunday Girl* and their first number-one in the U.S., *Heart of Glass*. The hits kept on coming: *Dreaming*, *Atomic*, *Call Me*, *The Tide Is High*.

Blondie had the knack for radio hits, but they were also adventurous. *Heart of Glass* was the first rock-disco fusion, coming at the height of the Disco Sucks movement. "We did it because we wanted to be uncool," said Debbie. And *The Tide Is High*, a cover of a Jamaican single, was number one. *Rapture* was the band's homage to rap. Blondie was now huge. It was in constant demand for touring. Debbie got movie offers. All the musicians started working on young acts. Debbie made a solo album with Nile Rodgers and Bernard Edwards of Chic. Everybody worked every day. Nobody ever took a vacation. Until . . . boom.

Blondie never officially broke up. The band's chemistry was volatile after the sixth album, *The Hunter*, was released. It involved the ego dueling that often accompanies sudden success, as well as some of the usual pharmaceutical catalysts. But Blondie's 17-year hiatus was a direct result of Chris' contracting a rare, life-threatening illness. He was hospitalized for months before doctors figured out the problem. Debbie dropped out of sight to nurse Chris back to health. The band members went their separate ways. Clem briefly joined the Eurythmics. Jimmy went to exotic places like Paris and Staten Island and dropped out of music for a while to raise a family. Debbie acted in movies and made solo records. But after the passage of years they all realized that they had some unfinished business.

Clem recalls, "My dad died about two years ago and Debbie and Chris came to the funeral—I never would have expected that. I think it was around that time we decided we would be able to work together." Nobody was broke or anything, but maybe the band realized there was a musical void out there they were

eminently qualified to fill. Blondie wouldn't have come back just to cash in on the punk revival, like the Sex Pistols did. But they came back with higher motives, such as artistic expression and revenge.

"We never would have done a nostalgia thing," Chris says. "Get out and play our old hits. That would be too tacky." So the band went into the studio with Craig Leon as producer, the first person ever to get them into a studio. It took longer than other Blondie albums to record, but *No Exit* features 14 new songs that rock to the band's high standards. A few weeks after the album's release, the single *Maria* hit number one in England and the top-ten charts in the U.S. And it's not just a resurrection of the Eighties Blondie sound. The band is still experimenting, doing weird progressive music—Transylvanian vampire rock, bebop-tinged lounge, a far-out rap duet with Coolio. And then there's stuff that just has Blondie hit written all over it, like *Forgive and Forget*.

Blondie 1999 is a band of grownups, more or less. Mellowed juvenile delinquents at worst. "Everybody's a lot less fucked up now," Chris says. "Well, everybody's still fucked up, but it's more natural. In the old days we were stoned and horrendously fucked up and negative about everything. Today nobody's stoned and we're still horrendously fucked up, but now we're really positive about everything. Our neuroses used to be free-floating. Now they are firmly anchored."

It's surprising how little they have changed. There's
(concluded on page 167)

BLONDIE



Blondeness was something Debbie would redefine. With her it was always an attitude, a state of mind.



"Will that be all, sir?"



L A P T O P

SCREAMING PROCESSORS, MEMORY, MOVIES TO GO—



PLANE TRIP is one of the few occasions when you can spend uninterrupted quality time with your computer. No phones, no spur-of-the-moment meetings. Just the chance to focus. And because the airplane now doubles as an office, it's also a great place to procrastinate. Who's to say you can't slip the director's cut of *Blade Runner* into your DVD-ROM drive? The best portable computers can put the business of a Fortune 500 company

in your lap one minute and a cinema, arcade or alien battlefield the next. In fact, with lightning-fast processors, crystal-clear screens, giant hard drives, speedy network and modem connections and surprisingly good stereo sound, new-generation notebooks rival the best desktop machines. Yet, buying one still means deciding how much weight you want to carry (anything more than five pounds can get heavy fast). Do you need a big screen or a compact case? Wading



DANCING

THE HOTTEST NOTEBOOKS

BY TED C. FISHMAN

It's easy to be distracted by the software, but the hardware got our attention. These four notebook computers earned top ratings in our test of more than a dozen of the best portable systems. All of them are serious powerhouses with features an a par with the best desktop computers, and each offers something unique. Left to right: Compaq's Presario 1900-366 comes with a removable docking station containing DVD and floppy drives as well as keyboard buttons that launch you directly to your e-mail, browser and favorite search engine (\$3200). IBM's ThinkPad 770Z has a 13.7" manitor with one of the highest resalutions of any natebaak and a sizable keyboard that wan't cramp your typing style (\$5100). Gateway calls its Sola 3100XL the Fire Ant, a fitting name for a workhorse that weighs a mere five pounds and comes with an onboard DVD drive and an external floppy drive (\$3150). And Apple's PowerBook G3 300 MHz DVD is the Jeff Gordon of natebaak computers, a speed deman that outpaced the pack in ward proccessing, games and movies (about \$3700).

through the thousands of configurations from dozens of manufacturers can be a huge time suck. Because time is what your machine is supposed to save, we've selected the top four notebook computers on the market (plus a few runners-up). Those that made the cut were judged on everything from performance to ease of use to tech support to portability. The good news: Power differences among the winners are insignificant; they're all major workhorses and play horses—complete with DVD-ROM drives and 56kbps modems. And all the respective manufacturers make troubleshooting painless with toll-free customer-support lines that offer just the right amount of hand-holding. These are the similarities. But each computer also has unique features that have earned it a spot in our ranking, which we detail here and highlight (along with important technical specs) in the accompanying chart. It's a sure bet that if you choose any one of the four notebooks we've selected, you'll want to book extra flying time just to allow yourself to get better acquainted.

THE BRAVY AND THE BEAUTIFUL

Apple PowerBook G3 (300 MHz DVD) (\$3700): Apple nearly died two years ago, but its new PowerBook G3 notebooks prove resurrections can be moving experiences. The world's fastest portable computer, the PowerBook gets its speed from the IBM/Motorola PowerPC chip. It sports a jumbo 14.1-inch screen that's as bright as a TV set, which is great for presentations and even better for movies. Apple built in a DVD drive (all of the top four ma-

chines we review here have them). A touch-pad control device makes getting around easy (compared to the tedious pointing sticks on some of the competition). And while the PowerBook G3 is ideally suited to those in Apple's niche—designers, publishers, musicians, website builders and users of big video files—it's possible to have a Windows-based PC at the office and effectively take the PowerBook on the road. Apple's operating system makes swap-

IBM ThinkPad 770Z (\$5100): IBM offers Windows users the best cure for Apple envy with its ThinkPad 770Z. It, too, has a large screen (13.7 inches), probably the best on any notebook, and audio pumped from the small speakers is surprisingly full and bright. But the best feature of the ThinkPad 770Z is its keyboard, with keys nearly the size of those on a standard desktop model, all ergonomically arranged to avert the digital gymnastics other note-

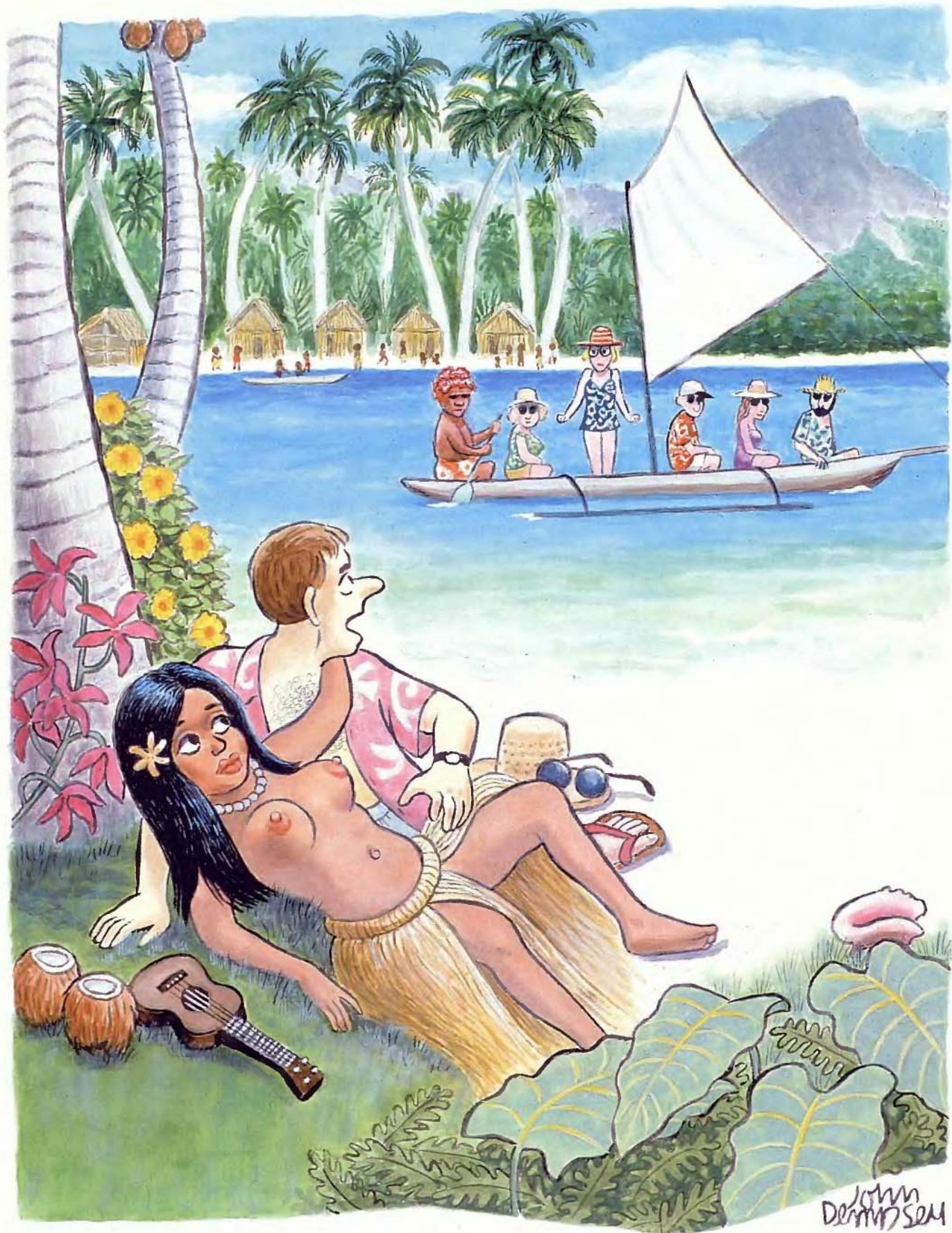
book makers require of busy hands. The best machines in the Windows universe run on Mobile Intel Pentium II chips, and this one is no exception. Powered by the 366 MHz processor, the ThinkPad 770Z can handle even the most taxing multimedia chores, including running DVD movies smoothly rather than in the herky-jerky, often grainy fashion common on less powerful machines. At almost eight pounds, the machine is a real back-breaker over the long haul, and its large size won't let you work comfortably on a coach-class tray table. But if you want the most muscle,

	APPLE POWERBOOK G3	IBM THINKPAD 770Z	GATEWAY SOLO 3100XL	COMPAQ PRESARIO 1900-366
Speed and processor:	300 MHz IBM/Motorola PowerPC G3 chip	366 MHz Intel Pentium II	366 MHz Intel Pentium II	366 MHz Intel Pentium II
Memory:	64 megs	128 megs	96 megs	64 megs
Hard drive:	8 gigabytes	14.1 gigabytes	4 gigabytes	6.4 gigabytes
Screen size:	14.1"	13.7"	12.1"	13.3"
Media drives:	Internal DVD-ROM, optional external floppy, Zip or LS-120 drives	Internal DVD-ROM and floppy drives	Internal DVD-ROM drive, external floppy drive	DVD-ROM and floppy drives (on detachable docking wedge)
Modem:	56kbps	56kbps	56kbps	56kbps
Pointing device:	Touch pad	Pointing stick	Pointing stick	Touch pad
Application software:	None	None	Microsoft Office '97, Small Business Edition	Microsoft Works, Money '99, Quicken Basic '99
Movies/Games:	An eye- and ear-popping cinema.	Big screen. Big sound. Big fun.	An ant is an ant. Nuff said.	The ideal size for tray-table action.
Weight:	7.8 pounds	7.9 pounds	5.2 pounds	6.8 pounds
Price:	\$3700	\$5100	\$3150	\$3050
Remarks:	The best overall notebook, with speed, graphics and sound ideal for multimedia and the Web. Comes loaded with Sherlock. Apple's excellent Internet search tool.	It's expensive and finicky, but has a sharper display than most desktop computers and enough memory and storage to last well into the next millennium.	Ultraportable (it fits into a pouch smaller than most computer manuals) and ultra-slick (the only model not dressed in basic black). The downside: weak sound.	A bit sluggish compared to other picks, but has excellent sound and innovative features—including a keyboard with one-button access to your Web browser and e-mail.

ping files between Windows and Mac machines easy, while the reverse (opening Mac-created documents on a PC) is not true. Further, you can purchase programs, such as SoftWindows, that let you run PC games and application software on the Mac. Of course, as with many notebooks, application software is sold separately, thus jacking up the cost of the notebook by hundreds of dollars. Still, the PowerBook G3 is an impressive piece of equipment. And with its cool rubbery black case, it's a supremely hip accessory that will generate envious stares.

you have to bulk up. A warning: The ThinkPad 770Z, as with all the machines covered here, promises more battery life than it usually delivers. Fast chips, bright screens, big sound and quick drives gobble up more power than a Death Valley air conditioner. Don't expect more than two hours of power if you insist on running multimedia without external juice—no matter what the manual states.

Honorable Mentions: The Compaq Armada 7400 and the Toshiba Satellite 4080XCDT match most of the features
(concluded on page 160)



JOHN
DERMIDSEAN

"Look, Susan, it was your idea that we vacation at this romantic South Seas paradise."



*H*eather *R*ozar *is*



P
LAYMATE
of the
EAR

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG



"People have always told me I resemble Marilyn Monroe," Heather says. "When I cut my hair short, I started hearing it all the time—in the grocery store or at the post office. I think of Marilyn as a sexy icon. I'm not trying to be like her, and I could never replace her, but people compare us. They say I'm the hip Nineties version of Marilyn."



The past year has been a total trip," says Heather Kozar, pattering barefoot across the blond wood floor in her new Hollywood Hills home. She glides from room to room, giving a tour of the boudoir, the Japanese-inspired bathroom, the office and the skylight-equipped TV area. Then it's out through a glass door and onto a vast stone porch, where Heather sweeps her arm in the air to emphasize the thousands of tiny lights shining below. "West Hollywood is over there. And that's Burbank. And the Playboy Mansion," she says, pointing toward the landscape like a real estate agent trying to sway Leonardo DiCaprio into buying the property, "is right over there." She takes a deep breath and exhales, *(text concluded on page 148)*















I

've grown up a lot," Heather says about spending the past 17 months in the spotlight. "I've changed mentally and physically. When I go back to Akron, some people don't recognize me—they do a triple take." She's come a long way since her flannel-shirt days. "I think people perceive me as being classy and sophisticated.

I like to wear elegant, beautiful dresses. For the parties at the Mansion I go all out."













62 63 64 65 PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO LIFE AFTER COLLEGE

NO MORE PENCILS, NO MORE BOOKS, NO MORE TEACHERS' DIRTY LOOKS. NOW WHAT?

to paraphrase jay-z, the real world is a hard-knock life. graduation means leaving the shelter of campus and being thrust headfirst into a brutal, unfamiliar environment where people have jobs and bosses and actually care if you've washed your clothes and cleaned your apartment. but postgrad life also has its perks—paychecks, christmas parties, golf outings and that sexy harvard grad with the short skirt who sits in the cubicle next to yours. here is some advice on making a smooth transition into adulthood.



FIVE MUST-HAVES FOR YOUR CLOSET

straight shoes: Wing tips are ideal. They're good for your first office job and they send a reassuring message to postgraduate females.

six white shirts: Colors come and colors fade, but a crisp white shirt can set up any suit and tie. Hunt the racks for your favorite style—you'll be surprised at the variety. When you find one you like, buy six. There's nothing worse than trying to hide a stain.

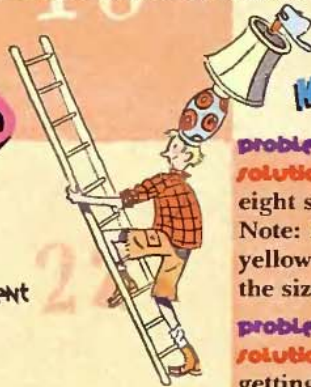
the charcoal suit: The suit has to be dark.

the essential sports coat: Now is not the time to skimp. Use your newly found credit power. You can wear the right Armani for ten years (cheap jackets look like shit after a year of heavy use—or a year on a hanger).

a good belt: Throw away the buckle you've been opening beer bottles with and spring for a sleek belt. The buckle should be classic and understated—you'll be wearing it every day.

TRADING UP

- | | | |
|-------------------|---|----------------------------|
| pickup football | ➔ | golf |
| campus bookstore | ➔ | ikea |
| school fight song | ➔ | mission statement |
| .edu | ➔ | .com |
| velcro watch | ➔ | tag heuer |
| quake | ➔ | quicken |
| report card | ➔ | job performance evaluation |
| big gulp | ➔ | starbucks venti coffee |



HOW TO CLEAN UP YOUR ACT

problem: Tattoo

solution: Laser treatment. Start early; you'll need five to eight sessions spaced four weeks apart before the ink is gone. Note: Blue and black inks are easier to remove than red and yellow are. The cost is \$75 to \$300 per session, depending on the size of the tattoo.

problem: Multiple piercings

solution: Speed the healing process by making sure you're getting enough zinc and vitamin C. Tongues heal quickest, but earlobes may never heal completely. Many types of holes will be too small to notice in a few weeks.

problem: Punk-rock dye job

solution: Don't try to fix your hair at home. A professional colorist can restore it to its original hue for about \$50, depending on thickness, length and color.

problem: You inhaled. Now you must pass a drug test.

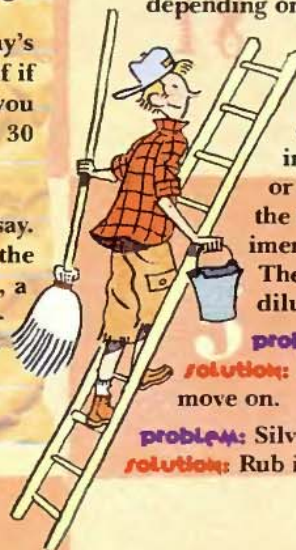
solution: Heavy users and those with excessive body fat are most at risk of failing. Casual users may pass a test after two or three days' abstinence, though the longer, the better. Whatever you do, don't give a specimen first thing in the morning. Drink fluids: The more water you drink, the more you will dilute your sample.

problem: Your girlfriend has marriage pangs.

solution: Move back in with your parents and she'll move on.

problem: Silver dollar-sized hickey.

solution: Rub it with an ice cube and hope for the best.



ADVICE FROM REAL GUYS

Save money now. Take advantage of your company's 401(k) or profit-sharing plan. You're kidding yourself if you think Social Security will be able to support you after you retire. Social Security might not exist in 30 years.

—JON KLEIN, 23

When you're in an office setting, watch what you say. I once told a questionable story to a co-worker in the office cafeteria. Just as the story reached its climax, a female co-worker walked in and showed her displeasure that we were having such a conversation. I realized that I was with co-workers now, not friends.

—MARTIN LIEBERMAN, 24

POSTCOLLEGE DATING RULES

So much for fraternity date parties and the excessive alcohol that made hooking up in college a cinch. In the real world, know the following: (1) Handing a woman your business card will project a holier-than-thou vibe. It's a fun prop, but save it for corporate schmoozing and trying to win free lunches at T.G.I. Friday's. (2) Pickup lines are dead. (3) You'll meet girls in bars, at the gym and at the bus stop, but the best way to find a potential girlfriend is to ask friends to set you up. (4) Clean sheets matter. So does the way your apartment smells. (5) Always have a decent (\$15-\$20) bottle of wine in your apartment.

DO YOU NEED INSURANCE?

You're young, you're making money, you're acquiring things. What could go wrong? Plenty.

disability: Disability insurance pays you an income if you're unable to work for medical reasons.

liability: If you have a home, car, pet, business or anything that might cause you to be sued, you should obtain liability insurance. Determine how much coverage you need and how much you can afford; a minimum of \$1 million coverage is prudent.

auto: Different states require different types, so check with an agent. At the least, get liability for bodily injury (it protects you in case you're in a wreck and you get sued). Liability for property damage covers the other guy's car or mailbox. If you're driving a new car, collision insurance covers repair costs no matter who's at fault.

life: There are many types, including term, whole, variable and universal. Term provides coverage at a lower cost while you're young, with escalating costs as you grow older. Whole, variable and universal policies have built-in savings plans with higher premiums. Term is usually more appropriate for young people who are able to save on their own.

THE GOLDEN RULE OF INVESTING

Invest your money in something with legs.

ROOMMATE RED FLAGS

red flag: He carries a pager that his girlfriend gave him. *Meaning:* You'll have two roommates, not one. Count on incessant late-night calls from his overbearing significant other.

red flag: When you buy the first round of drinks, he fails to reciprocate. *Meaning:* He's cheap and won't likely chip in on stuff for the apartment.

red flag: He works the graveyard shift. *Meaning:* He'll sleep all day and keep you up all night.

red flag: He's in a punk, thrash or metal band. *Meaning:* They need a place to practice.

red flag: He doesn't want to "commit" to signing a lease. *Meaning:* If he ditches out, you'll be stuck paying the full rent.

red flag: He doesn't want to pay the security deposit. *Meaning:* He has destructive impulses and you'll end up paying for damages.

TOP EMERGING U.S. CITIES

(1) **Atlanta:** "It's filled with young people from all over the Southeast who come here right out of college looking for adventure," says Jamie Allen, an Atlanta-based writer. Major industries include Coca-Cola, MindSpring and CNN. There's also a burgeoning technology community. Bonus: the Braves, Falcons and Hawks.

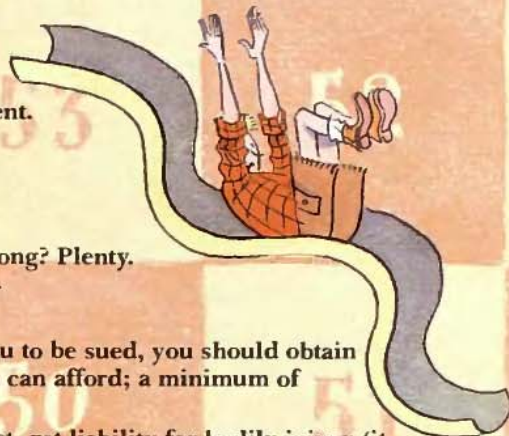
(2) **Austin:** The next hip technopolis is home to 1 million residents, the University of Texas and 1750 technology companies. "Here," says Josh Hinsdale of city search.com, "hippies cavort with rednecks and high school punks hang out with grayhairs in business suits." Bonus: live music (great roots music and country) seven nights a week.

(3) **Charlotte:** Banking's second city boasts more banker yuppies than any other city in the South. Home to a slew of big banks (NationsBank and First Union), manufacturing companies (Gunk is made there) and some technology companies. Bonus: nearby Blue Ridge Mountains and Lake Wylie.

(4) **Portland:** Sixty-five miles from Mount Hood, this city boasts such companies as Adidas, Nike and Columbia Sportswear. Bonus: the most microbreweries and breweries in the U.S.

(5) **Minneapolis:** Northwest Airlines, Best Buy, Pillsbury and Rollerblade are based here. The city features more theater seats per capita than any other metropolitan area (except New York). It also has 22 lakes and 170 parks. Bonus: Governor Jesse Ventura.

(6) **Seattle:** Microsoft is one of 2500 computer-development firms in the area. Biotech is another major industry. The music scene is still groundbreaking. Bonus: Remote wilderness is less than an hour away.



JOB-RELATED LINGO

stock options: Standard at small companies where cash is tight. A way for start-ups to attract talented people.

medical benefits: Employees choose medical insurance from a mix of options, including health maintenance organizations and preferred-provider organizations. May include vision, dental and standard life insurance. You will have to participate in the cost.

vacation and leave: Most employers provide paid vacation days (Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's Day) and after a certain amount of time (usually a year of employment) two weeks of paid vacation. Most employers provide a set number of paid sick days. If you are a salaried employee, you should be allowed to miss work for jury duty without losing pay. The Family and Medical Leave Act mandates that employees receive up to 12 weeks of unpaid leave for a birth, adoption or family illness (the benefit is usually offered after a year in companies of 50 or more workers). Some companies also offer child care benefits and flexible spending accounts (employees use pretax dollars to pay for health and day care). Many companies offer education benefits (employees take job-related college courses and get reimbursed).

christmas bonus: A thing of the past, unless you work on Wall Street.

HOT CAREERS

All medical and professional specialties, including accountants and PR and marketing executives: Projected to add the most jobs—4.8 million—between now and 2006.

(1) new media maven: Any job related to the Internet, from engineering websites to creating content to selling banner space. "You have the opportunity to help enable companies in a unique way," says Michael Tucker, business strategist for hesketh.com/inc.

(2) sales engineer: Used in the software-hardware business, these are "tech specialists who understand the sales cycle," says Allen Wyke of Engage Technologies. A sales engineer works with a customer's tech people to handle implementation and assume responsibility through the life of the partnership. "They're often the factors that close the deal."

(3) leisure consultant: People are working longer and harder than ever, and many need help planning their downtime. Leisure consultants coordinate half-day outings to the local woods or multiweek expeditions to the hinterlands—anything to force their busy clients to have some fun.

(4) patient representative: Aging baby boomers will use medical care at record rates. "Patient representatives are part social worker, part advocate, part confidante, part spirit booster," notes a patient advocate. They work all angles of the health care maze (insurance, hospital, doctor) to ensure the best outcome for their clients.

TIPS FOR RELOCATING

(1) take a virtual tour: Once you have a few cities in mind, visit cityguide.lycos.com.

(2) ask around: If you use a portal such as AOL, search the member base for people in the areas you're considering. E-mail them with questions such as cost of living and best neighborhoods.

(3) visit homefair.com: The most comprehensive relocation site on the Web provides tools to help you compare cities on crucial criteria such as cost of living. It has a salary calculator to help you compare your net worth in various locales. And the moving calculator will help you determine the cost of getting there.

(4) shop for an apartment or a house: You can do this online via homefair.com, rent.net or www.springstreet.com. Some city sites offer links to classified listings.

(5) assume nothing: In many large cities, landlords skimp wherever possible. What you consider essential—a refrigerator, an air conditioner or a stove—may not be standard equipment. Specify what you want before signing a lease.

(6) have references: In areas where the rental market is tight, many landlords require a reference or two (someone with whom you have a rental history or a local person who can vouch for your character). Don't fake it—most landlords who ask will check.

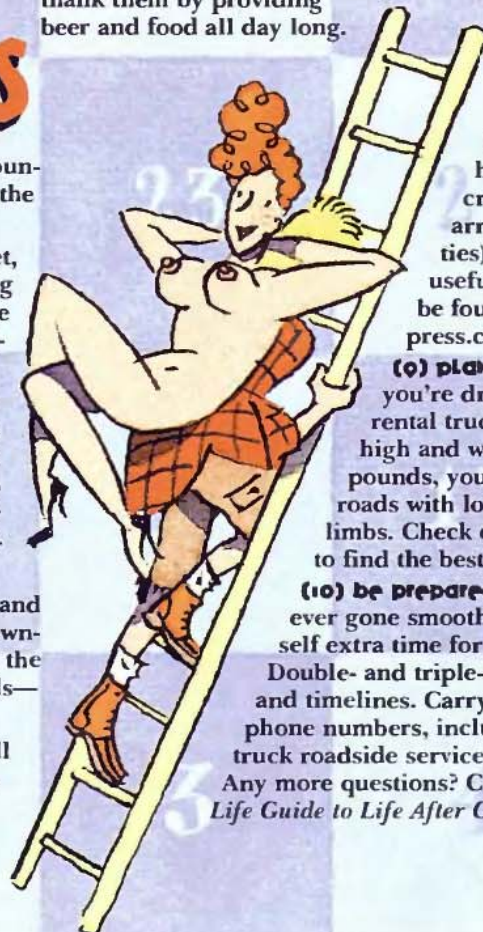
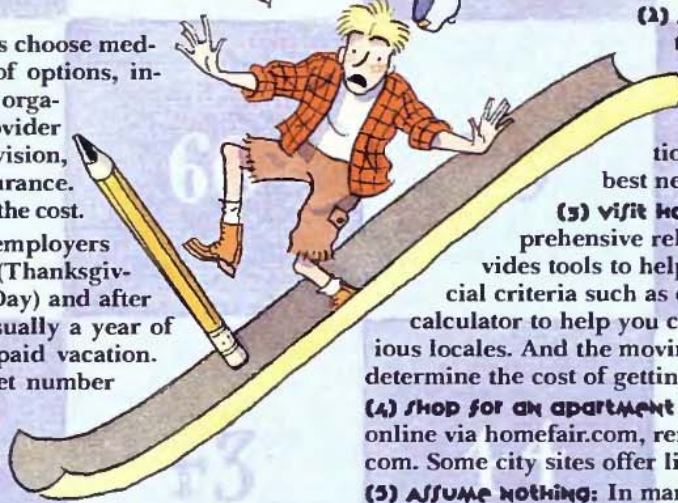
(7) if you can afford to, hire professionals to help you move: Take essentials and fragile items with you in the car. If you have to move yourself, recruit friends and thank them by providing beer and food all day long.

(8) make a task list and timeline. This will help you get the critical jobs (such as arranging for utilities) done in time. A useful timeline can be found at pipelinepress.com.

(9) plan your route. If you're driving a 24-foot rental truck that's 13 feet high and weighs 13,000 pounds, you need to stay off roads with low bridges or tree limbs. Check out mapquest.com to find the best way to go.

(10) be prepared. No move has ever gone smoothly, so leave yourself extra time for everything.

Double- and triple-check reservations and timelines. Carry a list of critical phone numbers, including the rental truck roadside service number and AAA. Any more questions? Check out the *Real-Life Guide to Life After College*.



COOK TO IMPRESS

DINNER: ITALIAN-STYLE CHICKEN FOR TWO

3 tablespoons olive oil
2 strips bacon, finely chopped
1 onion, finely chopped
1 bay leaf
1 teaspoon fresh rosemary leaves, chopped
1 teaspoon fresh thyme leaves, chopped
Salt and freshly ground pepper
6 chicken thighs (bone in)
1 large can (28 oz.) Italian plum tomatoes
1 cup red wine

(1) In a Dutch oven, heat olive oil and cook bacon 1 minute; add onion, bay leaf, rosemary and thyme and sauté a few more minutes. Remove and set aside. (2) Salt and pepper chicken; brown it on both sides. Add bacon-onion-herb mixture. (3) Add tomatoes and wine, bring to a simmer, then cook over low heat for 40 minutes. (4) Remove chicken and set it on a platter. Continue cooking sauce until it thickens, 5 to 10 minutes. (5) Reheat chicken in sauce for five minutes. Serve over rice or polenta.

BREAKFAST: FRITTATA FOR TWO

1 tablespoon olive oil
1 tablespoon shallot, finely chopped
1 tablespoon onion, finely chopped
1 red bell pepper, diced
4 eggs (large or extra large)
Salt and freshly ground pepper
1 tablespoon butter
2 tablespoons freshly grated parmesan
1 teaspoon parsley, chopped

(1) In a small skillet, heat olive oil over medium heat. (2) Sauté shallot and onion until translucent. Add red pepper and sauté a few more minutes. Remove mixture from heat and let rest until just warm. (3) Beat eggs in a bowl until well blended. (4) Add the cooled shallot-onion-red-pepper mixture, along with salt and pepper to taste, to eggs (if mixture is too hot, you'll end up with scrambled eggs). (5) Reheat skillet to medium high and melt butter. Add egg mixture and cook until eggs set on the bottom (about 30 seconds). Sprinkle with grated parmesan, then quickly turn heat to the lowest setting and cook eggs for about 15 minutes. Then place skillet under the broiler for another minute. (6) Transfer the frittata to a serving plate and sprinkle with parsley; to serve, cut into halves or fourths.

THE TRUTH BEHIND THE TITLE

title: Attorney, public interest law firm
truth: Earn peanuts while learning you're not John Travolta in *A Civil Action*. Bonus: Discover that egomaniacal senior partners aren't limited to the private sector.

title: Customer service representative, credit card company
truth: Be a punching bag for irate debtors while shilling bloated, expensive life insurance policies.

title: Property services associate, building management.

truth: Grab your plunger and get up to 14B.

title: Publicity manager, book publisher
truth: Kiss ass, make reservations, feign bookishness, kiss more ass.

title: Beat reporter, small-town daily newspaper
truth: Fight to stay awake during city council meetings, write features on bake sales and locally grown squashes that resemble former presidents, accept the fact that you're neither Woodward nor Bernstein.



ESSENTIALS

screwdriver and hammer
corkscrew
duct tape
dustbuster
alarm clock
overnight bag
dark socks
one piece of framed artwork
answering machine
internet service provider
wristwatch
saucepan
skillet
condoms—in the real world, they're not free.



SOME FINAL WORDS

Get an e-mail address. Your friends will scatter all over the world for jobs and grad school. E-mail is the easiest, cheapest way to stay in touch.

Read everything you can and network. You never want to be in a staff meeting and not know what someone's talking about.

Don't live on credit cards. We all have friends who are \$15,000 in debt. There are plenty of free or cheap things to do.

No binge drinking. You're not on a safe college campus anymore.

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

(continued from page 131)

then shows us that quintessential Heather smile (demure at first, then bursting at its seams). "I feel so peaceful up here."

Hollywood has been good to Heather. In the past 17 months, she has landed a national Wendy's commercial, a part on Aaron Spelling's *Rescue 77* and a stint as a spokeswoman for Trashy Lingerie, Los Angeles' coolest underwear emporium. But it's the little things about Heather—the way she squeals with delight when her cat, Kokomo, bounds onto her lap, or the way she blushes, burying her head in her hands, while watching her Playmate profile video ("I am such a dork! Look at that hair! Did you see me trip right there?")—that ensure that even if Heather Kozar becomes a household name, Heather will always remain the goofy, self-deprecating girl next door. This she promises. "I talk to my sister and friends from back home and ask, 'I'm not changing, am I? Do I sound different? Snobby?' I figure if my personality hasn't changed by now, it's not going to," she says.

Heather was born in Akron, Ohio on May 4, 1976. "I lived a sheltered life. My mom, a born-again Christian, was against nudity on TV, cussing and soap operas. She even freaked out about violent cartoons. I wasn't allowed to take sex education class in school because my mom thought it meant we would be taught how to have sex. Growing up, I thought it was bad to be naked or to look at myself while in the bathtub. I had low self-esteem, because when I did those things, I thought I was doing something wrong."

When she was 18, Heather's father passed away, and his legacy taught her a valuable lesson. "All my father did was work his butt off. And where did it get him? Dead at 50. Ever since then, I've thought, Why work so hard and stress yourself out if it's going to kill you? I make it a point to live a stress-free, fun-filled life. I surround myself with upbeat friends. I think I enjoy life more than most people." Much of this enjoyment stems from the fact that since migrating west, Heather and her fiancé, Glen Barenfeld, have become part of Hef's intimate circle of friends. That, combined with the world's declaration that the Playboy Mansion is hip again, makes it impossible for Heather not to have a blast. "I try not to act like a maniac," she says, describing the hundreds of late nights she has spent with Hef, his good friends Brande Rod-

erick, Mandy and Sandy Bentley and the rest of the gang. "But boy, do we share a lot of laughs. When I'm partying, I know exactly how to push the envelope. I can be cute and fun and sexy and sassy and push it to the limit—like hanging out of a limo roof naked—but I always stop myself before I do something totally stupid. I'd hate to be thought of as a sleaze." Heather's favorite Mansion event so far has been the New Year's Eve party, a fete that attracted such celebrities as the Red Hot Chili Peppers and actor Joaquin Phoenix. "I wore this sheer lace dress with sparkles," Heather says. "It was just on the edge—sexy but beautiful." When they're not whooping it up at the Mansion, Hef's group can be found sipping cocktails in the VIP sections of Los Angeles' phattest restau-

When I'm partying, I know exactly how to push the envelope—but I always stop myself before I do something totally stupid.

rants and clubs. "There are certain places we go each night of the week," Heather says. "Wednesdays we go to Garden of Eden, Thursdays to Atlantic, and so on. It's so much fun to see firsthand how people react to Hef being back on the scene. All the guys—even celebrities—are like, 'You're the king!' It's amazing to be in the middle of the excitement. Hef is happier than he's ever been. I feel really lucky to be able to go to the Mansion any time I want." Of course, Hef isn't the only one who attracts attention. "I don't really mind if a guy comes up to talk to me in a bar. But I do mind if he says something ignorant, such as 'Nice rack.' As an opening line, that's not going to cut it." To charm Heather, a guy has to be "fun-loving, generous and, of course, a good listener. Physically, I'm a butt and wings girl," she says. Wings? "That's what I call a guy's back muscles," she says. "If they're sculpted right, they look like angel wings." Back in the house, Heather examines a picture frame in the shape of a school bus that contains her class photos from grades one through 12. "I had a lot of boyfriends in first grade," she says, motioning to a photo of a tiny girl with curly, maple-colored hair. "But then I lost my front teeth, and that was the end of that." As a teenager, Heather wore flannel shirts

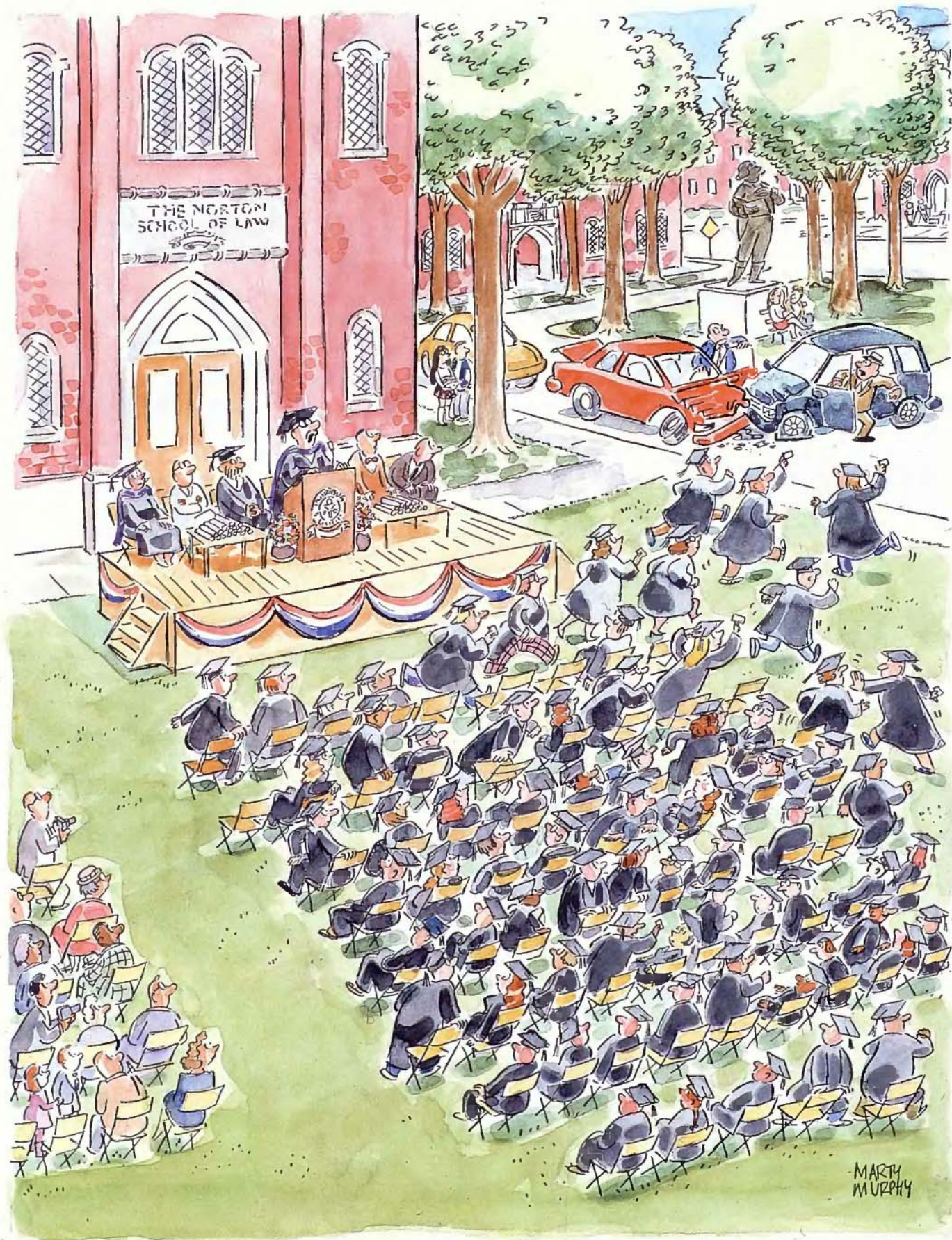
and no makeup. She got along better with boys than with girls. "There was a lot of screaming in my face and crazy stuff from the girls," she says. "I guess it's because their boyfriends liked me or something. It's not that I was better-looking than the other girls were—I think I was just nicer. High school was really a time of confusion for me. I had good days and bad days, fun times and not-so-fun times. I guess everyone goes through that." Going back to Akron and flaunting their success in the faces of those catty schoolgirls might be sweet revenge for some. But gloating is not Heather's style. "Going to my hometown makes me nervous," she admits. "I feel like I'm right back in that rut of wanting to be popular and in the best clique and wearing the right clothes. I'm proud that I did something with my life, but I certainly don't think I'm better than any of them."

As a teenager, being famous never crossed Heather's mind. The problem was, she didn't know what to do with her life after graduation. "I was accepted to college, but I never sent in the check," she says. On a lark, she decided to enter a local swimsuit contest. She won the top prize. Then came the Hawaiian Tropic swimsuit pageant and a nudge from a photographer, who encouraged her to enter PLAYBOY's lingerie model search in Cleveland. Once again Heather wowed the judges.

In 1997 she appeared in *Playboy's Lingerie Model Search*, as cover girl for the May/June 1997 *Playboy's Book of Lingerie*. She also appeared in another pictorial in the July/August *Playboy's Book of Lingerie*.

"Next thing I knew, PLAYBOY called me from Chicago, asking me to come in for a Centerfold test. I was like, 'Huh? What? Me?' I found out on St. Patrick's Day that I was going to be a Playmate. Talk about an ego boost." Two years later, and hundreds of miles from Akron, the 20th century's last Playmate of the Year sips a glass of merlot, amazed at her good fortune. It's 11 P.M., and down on Hollywood's notorious Sunset Strip a line snakes around Barfly, where hundreds are waiting to enter Brad Pitt's birthday party for Jennifer Aniston. Up in the hills, a sleepy Playmate sinks into a white couch. Sure, she could hang out with Hollywood's A-list tonight, but what's the rush? If everything goes as planned, Heather will be the toast of the town soon enough.





"... And now, as you leave these hallowed halls and prepare to enter the world of litigation. . . ."

PUSSYCAT DOLLS

(continued from page 75)

Robin Antin is a tease. And proud of it. Four years ago she turned her love for calendar pin-ups, burlesque queens, old-time strippers and showgirls into a sugar-and-spice, naughty-and-nice nightclub revue. The members, who have been stretching at the ballet barre since they were little girls, combine provocative dance moves with flirty sensuality in a 30-minute show that features ten songs—from the bump and grind of *Breakfast at Tiffany's* "Hubcaps and Tail-lights" to a Roaring Twenties-styled number by the Squirrel Nut Zippers. "It's hot," says Antin, "but never raunchy."

Before they even had a name, Antin and her dancers were given their own night at the Viper Room by the cat who owned it, Johnny Depp. They came to Depp's attention through Christina Applegate (see this month's *20 Questions*), an honorary Pussycat who has, on occasion, tap-danced with the troupe. (Another TV star to emerge from the Dolls is Carmen Electra.) As swing swung into the American consciousness, the Pussycats' legend grew. Onetime Stray Cats member Brian Setzer used the girls to stroke his audiences when he played LA dates for his first solo album. Courtney Love hired them to dance for her then-boyfriend, actor Edward Norton. Nic Cage caught their show in San Francisco. Elton John got them to shimmy for his guests at this year's Academy Awards party. Antin even cast the Dolls in videos she choreographed for pop-punk outfits Smashmouth and the Offspring.

Known as "the head honcho" by her dancers, Antin intimates that it takes a special kind of woman to be a Pussycat Doll. "You have to tweak your body a little. What we do is slithery, slinky and sharp. It's not just a dance show. All the girls play characters, and they need to get wild and crazy. During the show we strip down from a sailor's outfit to a corset, then another corset. By the end we're in Fifties-looking white bras and girdle panties. We have to be in touch

with our femininity and sexuality."

And one more thing, says Antin: "You have to be able to kick your legs up past your ears."

Five-foot-four blonde blue-eyed Lindsley Allen is the littlest Doll. At the age of three, she started taking dance classes, "because I was terribly shy. But my mother says that one day when I was five, I came out of her room with a big feather boa on, and they knew I was headed for something." She moved from pretzel town Hanover, Pennsylvania to Los Angeles in 1989 and has done all kinds of dancing, including an experimental piece in which "they splattered silver paint on my naked body; it was very liberating" and a year on tour with Prince's New Power Generation. She is bilingual—"English and Southern," she giggles—and currently shares quarters with two kittens. You may soon see her acting in the independent film *Cessna*.

If you caught Motley Crue on tour in 1998, you probably noticed San Francisco homegirl Leila Lee, who hosed down the audience with water guns and fire extinguishers. "I don't know how we got away with that," she says. For Lee, who also danced for the Jane's Addiction reunion, rock and roll pays the bills, but learning is her passion. "I like to read Thoreau or Emerson as I'm watching the Discovery Channel while wrapped in feather boas."

Vancouver native Kasey Campbell is a five-foot-seven blonde bombshell with icy-blue eyes and the baby-doll voice of Marilyn Monroe. The good news is that her old man doesn't mind; the bad news is she's married. "My husband is a dancer, so he has seen it all," she says about her work. And she wasn't at all nervous about the prospect of appearing in *PLAYBOY*. "It was so much fun," she recalls. "Everyone was complimentary and encouraging. And very generous with the champagne."

The other Dolls call raven-haired San Jose native Staci Flood "the Beauty." She's the only Pussycat without a tattoo. As a musician and singer, she has performed in hip-hop videos, but she's

proudest of her Doll parts. "What we do is a Vargas-girl cabaret burlesque thing, but it's tasteful." Although she enjoys travel, she describes herself as a homebody whose number one fan is "my boyfriend." Rats.

"In high school in Santa Monica I tried so hard to be the tan Gidget," Kiva Dawson recalls. "But I was a total goth chick, all angst-ridden and dramatic." Today the pale Brunette stunner loves cutting loose as a Pussycat Doll. "I'll be chewing gum, thinking I'm Betty Boop. People will say, 'You're a goofball,' and I'll say, 'Yes, I am!'"

Carmit Bachar, a Sephardic Jewish cross between Tyra Banks and Marlene Dietrich, was a member of a national rhythmic gymnastics team before becoming a Pussycat Doll. She is frequently cast in rock videos (she mouths "give it to me baby" in the video for the Offspring's *Pretty Fly*) and enjoys yoga, spirituality, going out dancing and walking on the beach in Santa Monica with her dog.

"I am the towering Amazon of the Dolls," says five-foot-nine Angeleno Erica Gudes. And underneath that Louise Brooks wig is a bleached-blond Afro. "I'm the alternative Pussycat, with a pierced nipple, tongue and belly button. But my best asset is my butt." Since she admits that men can be intimidated by Pussycatitude, she's happy to reveal what turns her on. "Laughter is number one. I also like to philosophize and have great conversations, so I need a guy who can stimulate my mind."

So what's new, Pussycats? Robin Antin has plans. She has cast most of the Dolls as the Bombshells, Ann-Margret-meets-Barbarella confections, for a USA Network variety show *Happy Hour*.

There is a website (pussycatdolls.com) and a proposed line of lingerie. There is even a script in development. "We'd like it to be a black-and-white documentary," says Lindsley Allen. "Or a sitcom on NBC," Kiva offers. "As long as we get the old *Seinfeld* spot," Kasey insists.

Me-yow!



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lifestyle drugs

(continued from page 80)

lot more cheaply than some current recombinant methods. Various plantibodies would cause sperm to clump together, limiting their motility, and also to stick to viruses and other pathogens to prevent them from entering cells. Clinical trials could begin next year, with an over-the-counter gel or lubricant available about four years later.

DEFLATING YOUR SPARE TIRE

In September 1997, after being tied to a sometimes fatal lung condition as well as heart-valve damage, the weight-loss drugs Redux (dexfenfluramine) and Pondimin (fenfluramine, the "fen" in the phen-fen combo) were withdrawn from the market. There are better ways to lose weight.

"You've got an awful lot of stuff in the gyms out there that promises to promote

lean muscle mass and body definition, and flush out fat," says Dr. Peter Vash. "And most of that is dishwasher. Really." Dr. Vash, executive medical director of Lindora Medical Clinics in Costa Mesa, California, is a clinical expert on obesity management.

The key armaments in Vash's arsenal are appetite suppressants, both common over-the-counter pills (most of which use phenylpropanolamine) and new prescription drugs:

Meridia controls the appetite by imparting a sense of being full; **Phentermine** is the good half of phen-fen, and is still available under various brand names (Oby-trim, Ionamin, Fastin, Adipex-P). If taken half an hour before eating, phentermine decreases hunger and increases a general sense of optimism.

Tenuate works by manipulating nerve transmitters.

But there are more-intriguing weight-loss possibilities in the future.

Xenical: If approved, this fat blocker will be sold by Hoffman-LaRoche. Unlike appetite suppressants, this drug works directly on the gut, reducing fat absorption by 30 percent—no matter how much fat you eat. Where does this fat go? Out your nether end as an "oily discharge," says Vash. (Other researchers have reported an unfortunate side effect described as "anal leakage.") In clinical trials, patients lost 10 percent or more of their body weight over the course of a year, and experienced lower cholesterol and lower blood pressure.

Leptin: This is even farther down the pipeline, perhaps five years off. Leptin is a hormone produced in fat cells. Amgen is testing to see if a synthesized form of leptin can cause weight loss. Lab mice got fatter when they didn't have enough leptin in their systems, thinner when they did. In early testing, humans on high doses lost an average of 16 pounds in six months.

Neuropeptide Y blockers: Pfizer, in collaboration with Neurogen, is testing a group of drugs that decrease appetite by shutting off the neurotransmitter neuropeptide Y, which stimulates hunger. "Whether this will make any difference to the human whose brain overrides these things and says, 'Oh, the hell with that, I'm still going to eat that doughnut,' we don't know," says Vash.

CP-644, 673: Pfizer's possible anti-obesity drug, derived from a South African plant, encourages people to eat less. It's being researched by Phytopharm, in collaboration with Pfizer. CP-644, 673 is considered an appetite suppressant. It works in rats and is now being tested in humans.

CP-331, 684: Another Pfizer drug in testing fights weight gain by increasing a person's metabolism so they burn more calories. It's now in human trials that will show whether it works or not.

HAIR TODAY AND TOMORROW

Hair transplants and surgical cover-ups for male pattern baldness have improved a lot recently, but thousands of years of trying have yielded only two drugs that work on men—neither of which is 100 percent effective, and both of which require six months or more to find out if they're doing any good.

Minoxidil: The active ingredient in Rogaine is now available without prescription in two percent and five percent solutions. Rogaine's maker reported that a quarter of men get moderate or better results—74 percent see minimal or no hair regrowth. More often, Rogaine halts further loss of hair, and that's an accomplishment. Minoxidil also comes in a pill, as a blood-pressure medicine. But this form can have heart-damaging side effects. It can also grow hair on places other than your head—"werewolf kind of hair," says one doctor, "all over."

Propecia: Studies have found that 36



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percent of male patients who use Propecia show moderate or better regrowth, while 83 percent at least maintain their current hairlines. Propecia's side effects, which are often temporary, include lowered sexual desire, trouble getting an erection and a decrease in semen amount—each of which occurs in fewer than two percent of users.

Perhaps the most discouraging word about hair growth is that no improved drugs are expected for at least five years.

GETTING YOUR BEAUTY REST

Everyone has trouble sleeping at one time or another. There's a booming over-the-counter business in sleep aids. No wonder pharmaceutical companies are turning up the heat to market pills that help you get a good night's sleep.

Sonata: Under FDA scrutiny since December 1997, this sleep medication will likely be on the market this spring. Wyeth-Ayerst Laboratories, makers of the new drug, says that because Sonata is metabolized more than twice as fast as

other drugs, it is less likely to cause next-day drowsiness. On the other hand, the new pill may not keep all insomniacs asleep through the entire night, for the same reason. Sonata patients apparently have fewer withdrawal symptoms when they go back to drugless attempts at slumber.

NGD 96-1: Farther behind, this unnamed drug, another joint project of Neurogen and Pfizer, is scheduled to begin human trials this year. Neurogen researchers expect it to work quickly, but not so quickly that it leaves you awake again at four A.M. It shouldn't interact dangerously with alcohol, and isn't supposed to be addictive.

FORGET ME NOT

A decade ago, smart drugs were a medical trend. Purported to enhance memory, intelligence, perception, mood and sexual interest, smart drugs have encouraged few researchers to study their often faint effects.

Smart drugs: There are two distinct

points of view about smart drugs. The smart drug people, who meet each other at smart drug parties and watering holes, say their experiences confirm the findings (claims) of the Cognitive Enhancement Research Institute that non-prescription drugs such as Hydergine, Piracetam, Deprenyl, GHB and pyeoglutamate make our brains function better. What the drugs lack, says CERI executive director Steven William Fowkes, is the "perception of legitimacy" that would come from FDA-accepted studies. But the FDA isn't of a mind to give its stamp of approval to a drug that may only make us operate better. And drug companies don't see much profit in paying out \$50 million or more to take a smart drug they can't patent through the FDA approval process. Still, says Fowkes, Piracetam and Deprenyl have developed such a following that they may, over the next decade, become acceptable to the mainstream.

The other camp, traditional researchers, says that nobody knows whether smart drugs work. "But they're certainly not used extensively in psychiatric and neurological practice," says James McGaugh, director of the Center for the Neurobiology of Learning and Memory at the University of California-Irvine. "And believe me, if they were effective, they'd be used. There's a crying need."

So, the search for drugs to preserve and strengthen memory—cognition enhancers—has been pushed by conventional researchers. Big drug manufacturers have calculated the economic opportunity from such drugs among baby boomers as they approach Alzheimer's age. Only two drugs for cognitive enhancement have so far been approved by the FDA: Cognex and Aricept. Both improve patients' brains, but not sufficiently. McGaugh evaluates them: On a scale of one to 20, normal people are 17 in cognitive terms. The average Alzheimer's patient is a 3. With Cognex or Aricept, the Alzheimer's patient moves up to 5.

But pharmaceutical houses have a much bigger market in mind. "The major companies are looking at a very large population of people who either have, or believe they have, a deficit in memory," says McGaugh. These are people, he says, who notice the natural decline in cognitive function that comes with age. "And they say," adds McGaugh, "I just want to remember better. Who's to keep me from doing that? If I can have Viagra, why can't I have this?" So, here's the name of a disease you may want to commit to memory: mild cognitive impairment. Mild cognitive impairment is what will happen to most of us as time goes on. The FDA considers this a disease worth developing drugs for. "Many companies are developing such drugs," says McGaugh. "Most of us believe that in the next decade or so some powerful new



"You want weird? I dreamed I was lap-dancing Ken Starr."

ones will appear." At least two major trends are thriving at the moment:

Brain receptors: Receptors receive and send messages in the brain, and different receptors react to different drugs. Prozac, for instance, works on the serotonin receptors. But 70 percent or more of the brain's receptors are glutamate receptors, and researchers are hunting for drugs that can manipulate the function of glutamate receptors. As we age, we have fewer brain cells. If receptors would work harder, they would make up for some of that loss. This process may even cause the growth of new cells. But most potential glutamate-receptor drugs have too many side effects to be safe.

McGaugh is hunting for better receptor drugs, as are a lot of other researchers, including two from UC-Irvine (Gary Lynch and Richard Granger). The University of California, in fact, has taken out patents on a family of glutamate-receptor drugs. Lynch and Granger are working with Cortex Pharmaceuticals, a small Irvine company that has licensed the patents. The drugs have proved safe so far, and are now being tested to see if they work for people. Granger estimates that these drugs could be available in a couple of years.

Gene switch: Researchers are looking for a drug that would use genetic manipulation to switch long-term-memory formation on and off. One protein (called CREB) controls whether we have a long-term memory of an event. Eric Kandel, a neuroscientist at Columbia University, has founded Memory Pharmaceuticals to develop a pill that will work with CREB to improve our memory. Another CREB researcher, Tim Tully, an investigator at Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory in New York, has used a CREB switch to give fruit flies a photographic memory. He believes that a drug can eventually be found that will switch memory on when needed—or off, when not wanted. Tully gives an example of an unwanted memory: the traumatic experience of the day-care-center kids who survived the Oklahoma City bombing. "If you could administer a memory suppressor to those kids in the hospital within a few hours of the event," he says, "you could block the formation of that emotional memory." Tully is a founder of Helicon Therapeutics, a co-venture with the Cold Spring Harbor Lab, Oncogene Sciences and Hoffman-LaRoche that is working to develop such pills. These memory drugs could be 15 to 20 years off.

IN YOUR HEAD

At least 85 new drugs are under development in the U.S. to treat mental disorders. And the existing pharmaceutical armory—from Prozac to Depakote—is already formidable. "We have great medications—that's been a real success story in the last five or ten years," says Glen Stimmel, professor of clinical pharma-

cy and psychiatry at the University of Southern California Schools of Pharmacy and Medicine.

No one wants to feel bad, physically or emotionally. And the existing mood enhancers have proven extremely profitable for drug companies. That's why there's no shortage of new miracle pills. Some drugs in development:

NGD 91-2: This drug is for sufferers of generalized anxiety disorder, the most common of the anxieties and one that many of us can identify with. Existing anxiety drugs like Valium have side effects that include sleepiness, memory impairment and a dangerous interaction with alcohol. The new drug, aimed at a brain neurotransmitter, is expected to lower anxiety with fewer side effects. In a collaboration between Neurogen and Pfizer, it is being tested on humans. Wall Street pharmaceutical analysts expect that if this drug is successful, it will be on the market in the next four years.

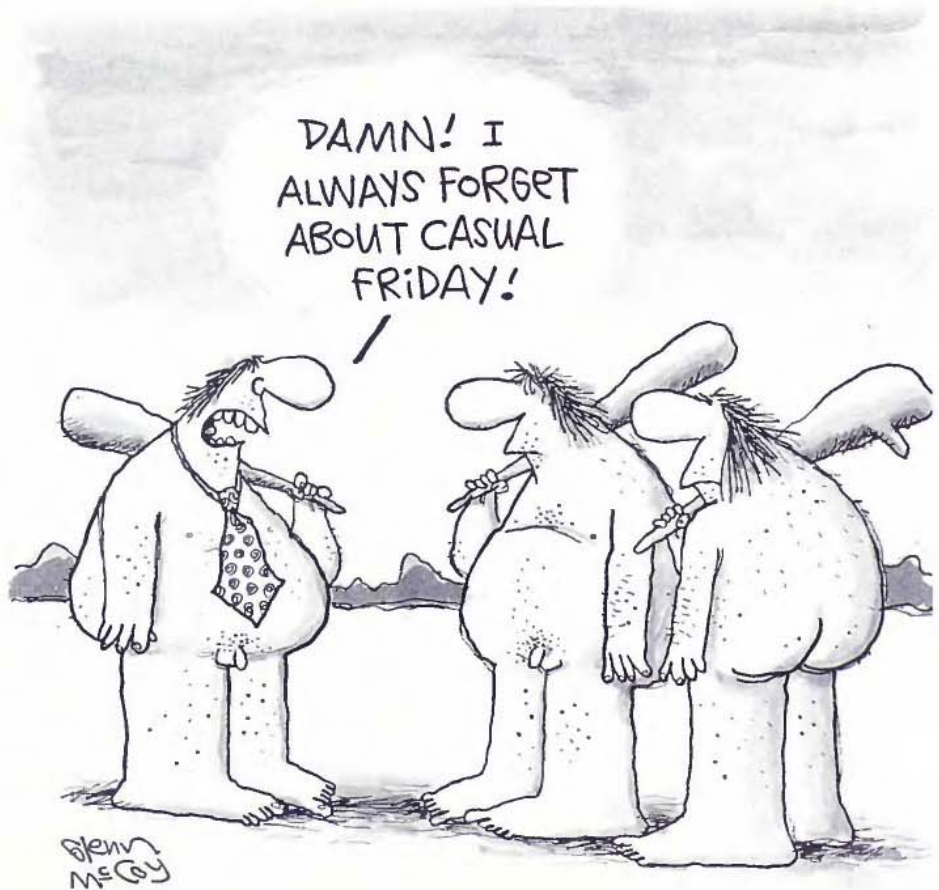
MK-869: Also aimed at the big market for anxiety (as well as depression and schizophrenia), this is a new type of antidepressant intended to block a brain peptide called substance P. Merck Research Laboratories is developing the drug, which is already being tested with humans. MK-869 aspires to be the new Prozac, with fewer side effects.

Paxil: When it was approved for use in the UK to treat a widespread anxiety disorder called social phobia, this

SmithKline Beecham antidepressant was scoffed at in the British press as a "shyness drug." Still fending off unsporting charges that the drug is more for parties than party phobes, the drugmaker has asked the FDA for approval to use it on the same disorder in the U.S. (To use it for a party, you'll have to think ahead; it takes a couple of weeks before the drug's liberating effects begin.)

NDG 98-1, NPY2: The first of these two drugs from Neurogen aimed at treating depression and anxiety focuses on the corticotropin releasing factor, a neurotransmitter not yet targeted by existing drugs. Testing should start this year in human subjects. The second drug, which will be a longer time coming to market, aims at the neuropeptide Y receptor, and it could work faster and with fewer side effects than existing pills. Proponents also hope it will work with some patients who don't respond to current medication.

R-Fluoxetine: It's already known as Son of Prozac. The rights to produce a sort of mirror image of Prozac were bought late last year by Eli Lilly as a way of continuing the company's stake in the depression-drug market. The patent protection on Prozac will end in 2004. R-Fluoxetine's patent stretches to 2015. Lilly plans to apply to the FDA for approval by 2001.



DJ CULTURE

(continued from page 100)

(*Mixer Live*), sponsors DJ championships all over the world. In 1999, DMC will host 15 regional contests around the country, luring 500 contestants. For the first time, the world championship will be held in the U.S.—in New York, on September 17 and 18. Some DJs shine in this setting—San Francisco's Invisibl Skratch Piklz are so good they were rumored to have been banned from DMC events to foster more competition. DJ Q-Bert is credited with perfecting such techniques as the crab scratch, the flare scratch and others. "Some DJs are fantastic to watch," says More. "Kid Koala, who's on Ninja Tune, is visually an amazing DJ. It's like watching a master violinist at work." Most DJs use such skills to build a party atmosphere. Some, such as the Chemical Brothers, are better known for creating atmosphere than for their dexterity with two turntables.

Still, much of the music that contributed to the heightening of DJ status—slow-motion hip-hop instrumentals on Mo' Wax Records, the often low-key experimentation on Warp Records, the post-hip-hop of early Ninja Tune releases—was not good for dancing. Instead it made the case for turntable-as-prime-

instrument. There are now bedroom DJs just as there were (and are) bedroom musicians. The turntable has reached a level of introspection and experimentation parallel to other musical instruments. Advertisers in such magazines as *Mixer* and *URB* offer \$300 DJ starter kits—with two record players, a mixer and microphone—similar to the cheap electric guitar kits offered for decades.

These days every town has a DJ who can pack a club. Chicago house turntablist DJ Rich says, "Though the DJ is a draw, you can always get another one. There's no room for a big ego. You're not making it—you're just playing it. And if the DJ doesn't get the crowd dancing in four cuts, send him home." Back in the day, this dance party atmosphere gave rise to legendary Americans—DJs such as Carl Craig, Jeff Mills and Kevin Saunderson. Chicago is synonymous with house music, Detroit with techno. Norman Cook considers American DJs Frankie Knuckles and Tony Humphries among his biggest heroes. "Here in England," says DJ Darren Emerson of Underworld, "we were inspired by all the original Chicago and Detroit pioneers. People like Derrick May and Juan Atkins—they were star DJs to us."

Despite the deification of American cities and DJs abroad, the electronic

buzz that overwhelmed club culture in Europe went unnoticed in the U.S. Darren Ressler of *Mixer* says, "There are many reasons why Detroit and Chicago legends aren't well known. Some of it was intentional on their part. Detroit's Underground Resistance refused to be photographed without masks. Many just wanted to produce and spin and not deal with fame." Cook ventures a theory: "It's the age-old thing of black America inventing something and white England digging it and working it out into a more palatable form. You'd say all the stars are English, but the guys I name as my heroes are black Americans."

There is money to be made at all levels of fame. The costs to everyone involved—record labels, club owners, even the performers themselves—are much lower than with a band. "All my album cost," says Cook, "was the digital audiotape we mastered it onto—about 40 bucks. Well, that and however much coffee I drank while doing it."

"It's all about overheads. If you're on tour and generating income, it's all right. But if you have these people on a retainer and you take six months off, it costs a lot of money. Now I have more freedom—I have to pay the wages of only two people, a personal assistant and a recording engineer. If I wanted to take a year off, it wouldn't bankrupt me."

The popularity of DJ styles is reflected in the explosion of new gear and clothing (cargo pants, Day-Glo running shoes). G-shock watches (pictured on page 83) can even count beats per minute. Record bags have eclipsed backpacks as totes of choice among trendy kids. New acts frequently set up corporate entities that do everything from promoting parties to releasing records.

Many DJs also sell mix tapes through local record shops. Bad Boy Bill, a house DJ, sold about 30,000 copies of mix tapes before releasing his first CD. Music and specialty clothing stores have sprung up to satisfy scenesters. Liquid Sky, Soulslinger and Sonic Groove are in New York; Satellite Records is in Atlanta. Gramophone and Untitled are in Chicago. Housewares and Faster Bamboo are favorites in San Francisco; Beat Non Stop is Los Angeles'. And Philadelphia has 611.

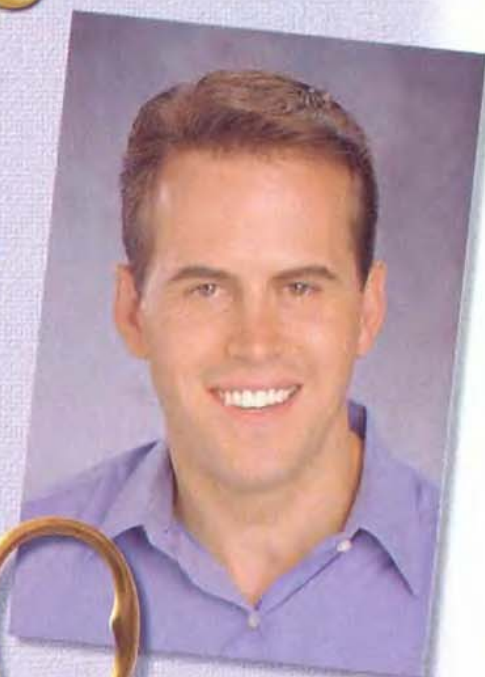
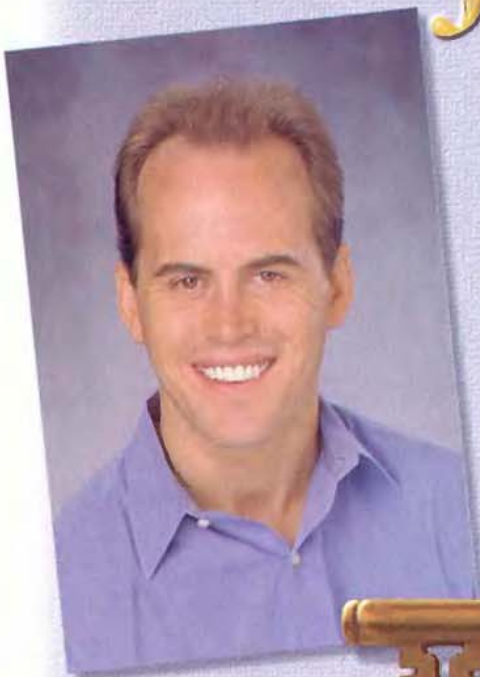
"We have two retail stores—611 is a record shop, 612 sells merchandise, record bags, shoes and clothing," says Nigel Richards. "Then we have our own clothing line that we manufacture and sell to places such as Urban Outfitters and Untitled in Chicago. We send exports to Germany, France and Canada. Then we have the 611 record label."

"The niches aren't huge and established, so a lot of people involved in retail end up being DJs—usually they open stores because they're into music."



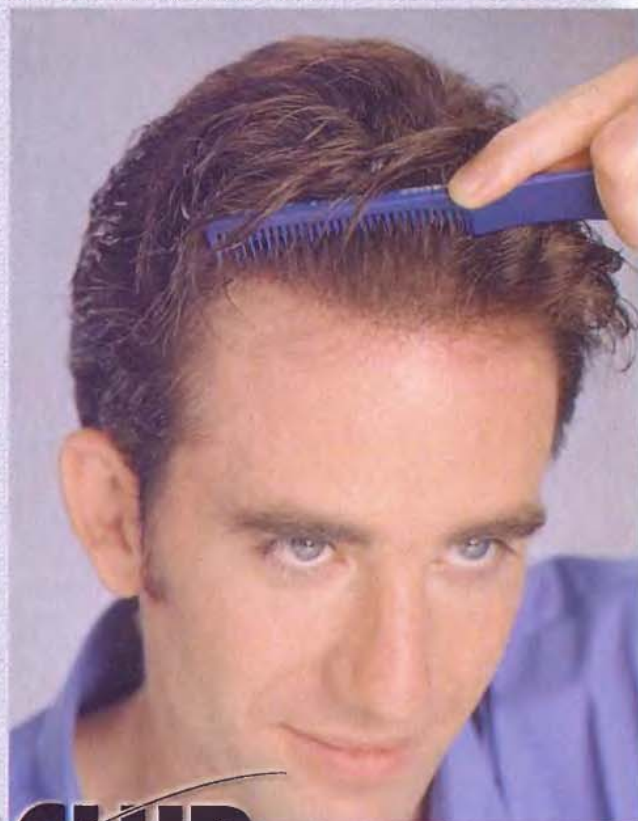
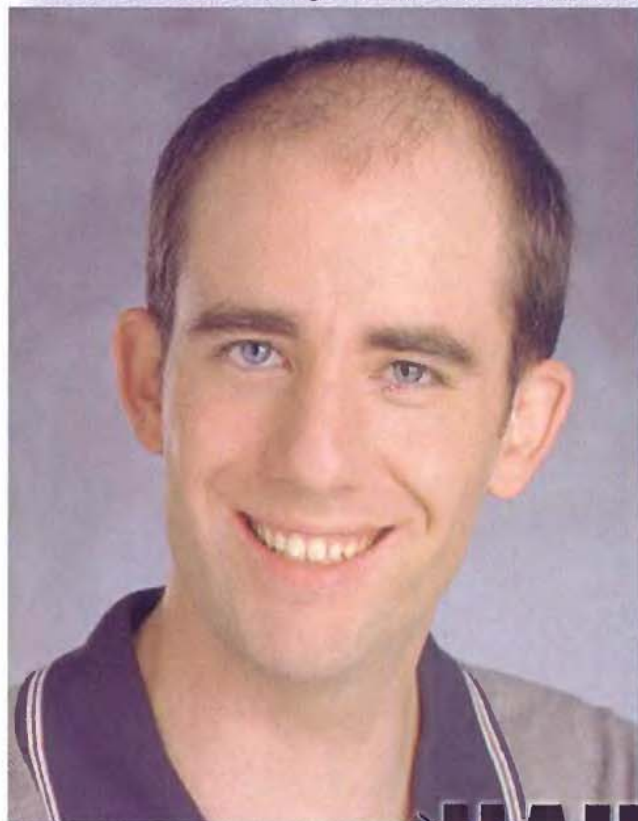
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For the first time since the death of disco, dance music has shed its image in the U.S. as a gay art form. As Ressler notes, "In America, there is a notion that if you like to dance, you're a fag. That's because the gay community has been most accepting of dance music from day one." One of the most enticing qualities of today's dance music events, however, is that the crowds are not limited to young, aggressive boys—the traditional rock fan. Crowds tend to be mixed in terms of sex and sexual orientation. Of course, some ostensible dance acts—the Prodigy, for example—draw audiences that more closely resemble those of a gangsta rap or heavy metal show. However, most music surrounding DJ culture is less frustrated, more embracing and, as a result, more an elixir for sexual escapades than a consolation prize for the lack thereof. Disco diva vocals still tend to be associated with gay clubs, but they've also become the near-universal soundtrack to wild parties.

A kaleidoscopic array of music rumbles across the dance floors and chill-out areas of clubs—and don't call it electronica. Like the many strands of rock, every subgenre (e.g., trance, techno, jungle, drum and bass) has a distinct history, a set of records that make up the canon, and as many detractors as fans. Take the genre known as big beat. Some fanatics trace its origins to a 1994 remix by Leftfield of a self-titled single by Renegade Soundwave. Others will point to older material by Renegade Soundwave and Depth Charge. Still others single out the groundbreaking work of Andrew Weatherall, who collaborated with Primal Scream on their seminal album, *Screamadelica*. In any event, the scene coalesced with the release of the landmark debut album by the Chemical Brothers, *Exit Planet Dust*. A host of other DJs and groups (Fatboy Slim, David Holmes, Monkey Mafia, Wiseguys, Dee Jay Punk-Roc, Bentley Rhythm Ace, Dub Pistols, Propellerheads) began to release similar

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music (characterized by hip-hop drum patterns beefed up with the effects and bowel-loosening bass of techno and often supplemented by fairly obvious samples). Adherents adopted the name of Norman Cook's famous club night called the Big Beat Boutique, which itself was modeled on the Chemical Brothers' regular party, the Heavenly Social. Big beat also includes more obscure platters such as the Fatboy Slim remix of Corner-shop's *Brimful of Asha*, a series of compilations from Skint records called *Brassic Beats Volume 1*, Underworld's *Born Slippy* remix single and Unkle's remix of *Bell-bottoms* by the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion. And one could argue ad infinitum about a host of other items. For every big beat fan, there is someone who thinks the style is too obvious or too much like futuristic frat-rock.

Where big beat people party, drum and bass DJs get arty—with breakneck-speed beats programmed in intricate patterns. The style emerged from the jungle scene, which basically took ragga-muffin's hard dancehall reggae and added incredibly fast and furious snare-drum break-beats. Two pirate radio DJs, Jumpin' Jack Frost and Bryan Gee, were pivotal in creating jungle by combining the technology and rush of acid house with ragga and dub. Other artists began to transform the genre. Some added house diva vocals. Others got minimalistic, until, having jettisoned all the reggae flavor, the music was left with just drum and bass. Hence the name. Many British legends originated in this scene, from the Godfather of drum and bass, Grooverider, to Goldie, Roni Size, DJ Krust, Peshay and Ed Rush.

House and trance seem to have the most mass appeal. Though house varies from diva-sung anthems to harder deep house, the foundations are still disco-inspired. Anchored by an invariable beat, the songs exploit basic melodies and elements of funk to attain differentiation. Trance is a melodic and mainstream descendant of techno. Grafting a neohippie image with rave culture, trance is closely related to Goa—New Age rave music that originated at beach parties in the Indian city of Goa. These genres also overlap with the progressive house of DJs such as Sasha and Digweed. As traditional techno faded, trance, Goa and resurgent house forms came to dominate the biggest venues—places that can't be filled by more abstract forms such as drum and bass.

Electronic dance forms change and evolve as fast as the computers they're made on, and many of the changes are quickly reflected in new names coined by artists or journalists. One thing is sure. The mutations—and the music—will only continue to grow.



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LAPTOPS

(continued from page 126)

of the ThinkPad 770Z (with adequate though less awesome screens, and no DVD on the Satellite) but for a lot less money, at about \$3200 to start.

LEAN AND MEAN

Gateway Solo 3100XL (\$3150): Gateway calls its Solo 3100XL the Fire Ant. Like its namesake, this notebook is compact, light and uncompromising. Weighing in at 5.2 pounds, it's about as long and wide as a piece of notebook paper and only slightly thicker than an average issue of *PLAYBOY*. Its 12.1-inch screen may seem small, but it's the biggest one in a machine this size. Powered by a 366 MHz processor, the Fire Ant runs faster than most other computers with the same brain. So how does Gateway keep the computer's weight down? By building in just one slot for removable disks and letting you choose to fill it with either a CD-ROM drive or the more expensive DVD drive. Another trade-off in choosing lightweight computers is that you have to hook up a variety of separate pieces—speakers, floppy drives, CD-ROM and DVD spinners—to make them as functional as their bigger kin. Besides being easy to forget when packing, most of these add-on devices seem too flimsy for travel. Fortunately, the Fire Ant is more self-contained than any other small notebook. That the floppy drive is separate (it attaches to the machine's parallel port) is no big deal for Net savvy guys, for files can be easily transferred

over online networks.

Compaq Presario 1900-366 (\$3050): Although it is slightly heavier than the Gateway Fire Ant, Compaq's Presario 1900-366 sports another inch of screen and better speakers. It also comes with a small wedge-shaped detachable docking station that fits under the back of the computer and gives it all the drives and ports you'd find on a good desktop computer. Shed the wedge and the 1900-366 drops to five pounds. The Compaq has a touch pad as its pointing device, which (as we mentioned) is a big improvement over the temperamental and sometimes hard to control pointing sticks in the middle of the keyboards of the other machines. Another thoughtful innovation: Compaq has built special keys into the keyboard that make accessing and navigating the Internet one-button operations, including one that instantly opens your e-mail.

Honorable Mention: Sony's VAIO C1 PictureBook (about \$2300) doesn't have as much muscle as the competition, but it packs a terrific one-touch punch. Built into the computer's lid is a camera that can shoot digital still photos or record up to 60 seconds of video. The lens flips from back to front so you can capture your own image or whatever stands before you. Although the PictureBook is minute, the keyboard is an acquired taste. This computer is so small—2.5 pounds and an 8.9-inch screen—that it will tempt you to steal state secrets.



"Bye, and drive-by safely."

TELEVISION

(continued from page 38)

science fiction paperbacks to reacquaint myself with the genre. The most fun part of this project was just sitting back and reading all those great old books.

PLAYBOY: Did you find them to still be great, or did some of them make you cringe?

GROENING: You know, nobody can really predict the future. Everybody gets it wrong. Nobody, in writing about the Eighties and Nineties, predicted that the way we would choose our evening's entertainment would be to go to a video store and pick out a movie by taking an empty box to the counter. There have been so many depictions of the future over the course of the century, and we just picked our favorite versions and mixed them up. When I pitched *Futurama* to Fox I told them, "This show is not going to be bland and boring like *The Jetsons*, and it's not going to be dark and drippy like *Blade Runner*." They said, "Oh no, don't make it like *Blade Runner*! Make it like *The Jetsons*!" I said, "It's not going to be like *The Jetsons*." It's a mixture of the wonderful and the horrible. People are caught up in portentous events and are also consumed by distraction and trivia.

PLAYBOY: What were your science fiction inspirations?

GROENING: I was inspired by the great science fiction movies I grew up watching: *2001*, *Blade Runner*, *Brazil* and a few others. And writers like Robert Sheckley, Kurt Vonnegut, Frederik Pohl, Philip K. Dick, Robert Heinlein, Isaac Asimov, Arthur C. Clarke—the list goes on and on. Remarkable writers with fascinating ideas. I love their stuff. I don't know if they'd like my show. But then, I don't know if they'd like the future, the way it has turned out.

PLAYBOY: Do you like the way the future has turned out?

GROENING: When I was a kid, I was looking forward to monorails and jet packs and all the rest. So this show is my bitter disappointment with the way the future turned out. On our show we have jet packs, but they burn your ass.

The thing I find discouraging about the future, as it is now, is minimalls. God, I hate minimalls. And exhaust. So much car exhaust. That's something you don't see depicted in too many visions of the future.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that *Futurama* has exhaust and minimalls?

GROENING: Yes. There's lots of exhaust. And bad fast food, except it's really fast now. A lot of things have changed—there are wild, futuristic hairdos, and yet Republicans still look like they model their hair after ventriloquists' dummies. So some things remain the same.

PLAYBOY: There are Republicans in the year 3000?

GROENING: Yeah. In one episode Richard Nixon is reelected president.

PLAYBOY: Richard Nixon?

GROENING: His head. It turns out that Richard Nixon's head is still living in a jar in the Twentieth Century wing of the Head Museum, and it's a recurring character on the show. He's reelected, but with a dynamic new body. In fact, that's our open casting call to any celebrity who's alive today: If you'd like to be alive a thousand years from now, and you're willing to play yourself as a head in a jar, give us a call.

PLAYBOY: So *Futurama* has the usual science fiction mix of humans and aliens and robots?

GROENING: Yeah. Fry is a delivery boy for an interplanetary package delivery service called Planet Express, and his best friend is a corrupt robot named Bender, short for Bender Unit 22. Bender is one of the most corrupt robots in the history of science fiction. He drinks, he smokes, he reads

PLAYBOY: He's a fascinating character because, like Homer Simpson, he has no guilt. I think that may be the secret to both characters' likability. It's fun to imagine somebody who has no guilt.

PLAYBOY: Are you trying to say that *Simpsons* fans will find themselves on familiar ground here?

GROENING: I think if you love *The Simpsons*, you're going to dig *Futurama*. If you hate *The Simpsons*, this show will be just as annoying to you.

PLAYBOY: And despite the change in setting, the characters still look like Matt Groening characters.

GROENING: Yeah. I tried drawing characters with underbites, but they looked horrible. And I made their eyes small and beady for a while. Didn't work. My characters have to have giant, golf ball-sized eyeballs.

PLAYBOY: Still, you have managed to create your own universe twice.

GROENING: I've always been fascinated by people who create an entire world of their own, people like P.T. Barnum and Walt Disney and Hugh Hefner. And I like the puppet master aspect. There's no more masterful way of making puppets dance than working with cartoons, because you control every aspect.

PLAYBOY: So Hugh Hefner has a special place in your personal pantheon?

GROENING: Yeah. One of my chores as a kid was to stack magazines in our basement in neat piles, so I got to look at *PLAYBOY* at a young age. And I was fascinated by Hugh Hefner. In the seventh grade I read a biography of him, which was confiscated by the teacher. I left it on top of my desk at recess, and when I came back the teacher said, "Whose book is this?" I never admitted it was mine. Until now.

That was the same teacher who confiscated *Thunderball*, the Ian Fleming novel, because in one paragraph James Bond takes the bikini top off a woman and carries her into a cave. [Laughs] Of course, the teacher found that paragraph because we had earmarked it.

PLAYBOY: You talked about admiring puppet masters, but in *Futurama* you get to write the next thousand years of human history.

GROENING: That's part of the fantasy: What would happen if I had my own TV show and could do whatever I wanted with it? And that's what we did. Basically, *The Simpsons* is a result of my growing up watching TV and realizing that I was spending way too much time doing it. I thought, The only way I can justify watching all this TV is if I end up making my own TV show. Then this will all have been research. And *Futurama* is more of the same. I spent so much time thinking about the future and about science fiction ideas, so it's fun to actually use them. Also, so little of science fiction is actually funny, it's fun to play games with it. I just hope real science fiction fans will forgive us.



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Willie Brown

(continued from page 88)

Achtenberg's gay constituency now behind him—Brown racked up an impressive win. Sworn in on January 8, 1996, Brown promptly showed the citizenry what was in store for the next four years by throwing himself an inauguration party so wildly extravagant that his detractors compared it to the excesses of Versailles. With local restaurants and wineries supplying the food and drink, and fat-cat sponsors picking up the exorbitant tab, Brown entertained some 75,000 ecstatic revelers at a wharfside street bash that raged till nearly dawn.

Brown rode into office on a crest of public goodwill and media adoration, and from the beginning he seemed determined to grab the entire chaotic city by the heels and shake it until everything fell into its ordered place. He was everywhere at once, reeling off plans for ambitious new development projects, an-

nouncing sweeping changes in city government, blithely commenting on every subject from world affairs to the price of the Borsalino hats that had become his rakish trademark, and performing his ceremonial duties with a swank *joie de vivre* that hadn't been seen around city hall in years. "I'm into happiness!" the mayor giddily announced, and all of San Francisco seemed to share the sentiment.

MAYOR BRINGS CITY TOGETHER! raved one newspaper headline early in his tenure. S.F. THRIVING UNDER BROWN proclaimed another. And indeed, in a city fatally splintered by narrow-focus interest groups and ancient political rivalries, the mayor appeared to possess a preternatural ability for bringing warring factions to the table.

And things were getting done. After years of political timidity and bureaucratic logjams, civic enterprises that had been stuck on the drawing board suddenly sprang to life. The sprawling Mission Bay project, the largest urban renewal scheme in the city's history, got a

green light after decades of dormancy. Plans for a new waterfront stadium for the San Francisco Giants finally won approval. Construction cranes appeared everywhere, and it seemed as if the foundation were being dug for a whole new city. San Francisco was humming, and Willie Brown was incontestably the power source.

When he was born in 1934, at the rock bottom of the Depression in Mineola, Texas, Brown's unmarried parents were so poor that instead of going to a hospital, his father, an itinerant waiter and sometimes pimp named Lewis Brown, paid a midwife \$7 to deliver the baby. It was one of the few contributions he ever made to the welfare of his son.

With his mother gone off to Dallas to work as a domestic, Brown was raised by his maternal grandmother, a formidable woman named Anna Lee Collins. The family business was a local watering hole called the Shack, where you could not only get a pretty good hamburger but also avail yourself of a taste of the moonshine Brown's uncles distilled in the nearby woods. His grandmother, says Willie Brown fondly, was a born outlaw.

"She was an incredible woman, a beautiful woman, tall, thin and angular, with great high cheekbones, probably a combination of white, African American and Native American," says the mayor. "She was totally and completely fearless, and, without any education, she was instinctively the smartest person I ever met. She raised us five grandchildren with a great degree of love, but no real tenderness, so to speak. You had to meet the standards."

Brown was a bookish, voluble boy who excelled in math. He got into a little trouble here and there, but his grandmother kept him in line. "She knew what you were going to do before you did it," he says with a laugh. "For instance, she never let me handle the collection plate in church because she knew I'd be making funny change."

But it was his uncle, Rembert "Itsie" Collins, who provided Brown with both a role model and entree to a larger world. Itsie was a dandy and a gambling man who had left Texas during World War II to join the great migration of blacks to the West Coast. In San Francisco, he started up a little floating gambling operation. It was so successful that within a few years he had opened a backroom casino in the black ghetto of the Fillmore District. On his frequent trips back home, Itsie cut quite the figure with his big cars and flashy clothes. With local racial tensions making his family uncomfortable, it seemed logical to send Willie to San Francisco after his high school graduation so he could join his prosperous uncle.

Willie worked his way through college



K. Hlsaat

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selling shoes—and as an occasional lookout for Uncle Itzie's San Francisco casino. He then attended a local law school. His first job was as a "street lawyer" in the Fillmore, which was known for its after-hours clubs and illicit gaming dens, and his practice consisted primarily of defending prostitutes, drug dealers and petty thieves. This wasn't exactly what he had envisioned when he decided on a career, but upon graduating from law school, he discovered that none of the white-shoe firms downtown were interested in hiring a young black lawyer, even one as bright as he was.

At the same time he was also making a name for himself in the city's burgeoning civil rights movement. In 1961 Brown became the focus of one of the city's first big antidiscrimination protests when he and his wife were refused in their attempt to buy a home in an all-white housing development. Local activists threw up a picket line that became a cause célèbre among San Francisco liberals, and even though the Browns never bought the house, their defiance spurred the local progressive community into action. It also led to his first, unsuccessful run for the State Assembly on a civil rights platform in 1962.

It was around this time that a Pacific Heights public relations woman named Marion Conrad, who regularly fed items to Herb Caen, decided that Caen needed to know this razor-sharp young attorney with a preacher's eloquence and a sartorial flair. "I guess she felt that I would make good copy for Herb, so she arranged a luncheon for the three of us at Trader Vic's," Brown recalls. "Herb and I immediately realized that we enjoyed the same kind of put-down humor, and we started zinging each other unmercifully, which of course left poor Marion mystified. From that day on Herb and I had lunch once a week. We hung out a lot, barhopping everywhere, and he started dragging me to these parties he always went to."

Soon a regular among the exotic cast of characters that inhabited Caen's column, Brown achieved a sexy cachet among San Franciscans for his pungent wisecracks, his elegant ways and his eclectic nocturnal peregrinations, which ranged from the penthouse parties of Nob Hill to the low dives of the Barbary Coast. Brown always topped the best-dressed lists, always drove hot cars and, despite being married with three kids, always was seen in the company of the most gorgeous women. (It surprised no one when he and his wife, Blanche, separated in the early Seventies, but the couple never divorced, and they remain warm friends. According to Michael, Brown's personable 35-year-old son, the mayor is on good terms with all three of his grown children.)

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When he made his second run for the assembly in 1964, Brown focused his campaign on his opposition to a proposed crosstown freeway, thus situating him squarely in the camp of environmentalists. Brown won going away, becoming San Francisco's first black state legislator.

Although he seemed untouchable as an assemblyman, there were growing indications when he became mayor that his vaunted mojo wasn't entirely bullet-proof. Brown still had a disturbing tendency to mouth off at the slightest provocation, and he was suffering serious consequences. "I am my own worst enemy," he was heard to say on more than one occasion, and even his most devoted followers agreed.

One of the most damaging outbursts came after a tough 49ers loss in 1996, when Brown offhandedly described the team's backup quarterback, Elvis Grbac, as "an embarrassment to humankind." The mayor was on an official visit to Paris at the time and had no way of knowing that Grbac's infant son had recently undergone a serious operation. But his apparent callousness generated a media barrage of anti-Brown vituperation.

During the campaign for the football stadium, Brown suffered yet another public relations disaster when friends of the campaign manager for the pro-stadium forces, a loose-cannon political consultant named Jack Davis, threw him a bacchanalian birthday party so licentious in nature that it shocked even easygoing San Francisco. The main act of the evening involved a dominatrix who first urinated on a naked man and then sodomized him with a bottle of Jack Daniels. Brown, as well as every other celebrity in attendance, claimed to have left the premises before the infamous penetration occurred, but the media had a field day with the incident and it nearly cost the mayor the stadium vote.

By this time, too, the mayor's extended love affair with the San Francisco media had gradually degenerated into an ugly trade of attack and insult. Brown began castigating reporters at his media "availabilities" and throwing virulent antipress tantrums on a regular basis. "I'm not like these other politicians," Brown fumed. "When I am insulted, I insult back."

By midterm, Brown's poll numbers were beginning to reflect serious voter dissatisfaction. It was felt that his constant outbursts made the city look bad, and, despite the frenetic pace the mayor maintained, people were starting to question if anything of substance was getting done. Brown was finding that some of the more entrenched civic problems were resistant to even his outside



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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 shown on pages 32, 34, 41, 90-93, 116-119, 124-125, 139 and 179, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



WIRED

Page 32: "Talking Tech":

Home networking systems:

By *InnoMedia*, 888-251-6250. By *ShareWave*, www.sharewave.com. By *ActionTec*, 800-797-7001. "Game of the Month": Software by *EA Sports*, 800-245-4525. "Wild Things": Multimedia speakers by *Advent*. Game controller by *InterAct*, both from *InterAct Accessories*, Lake Mary, FL, 407-333-1392.

TRAVEL

Page 34: "Great Escape": *Manderston* from *Cultural Kingdoms*, 011-44-143-468-2802 or www.cultural-kingdoms.com. "Road Stuff": Travel organizer by *Grundig*, 800-872-2228. Travel mug coffeemaker from *Melitta North America*, 888-635-4882. Guide from *O'Reilly & Associates*, 800-998-9938.

MANTRACK

Page 41: "Mitsu's Mean Machine": *Mitsubishi Motors*, 800-233-6672. "Doggin' It": *Gold Coast Dogs* in Chicago at: *Union Station*, 159 North Wabash Avenue, 418 North State Street, 2 North Riverside Plaza and *O'Hare International Airport*.

SUMMER SUITS

Page 90: Swim trunks by *Emilio Pucci*, NYC, 212-752-8957. *Bikini* by *Malia Mills*, NYC, 800-685-3479. *Hat* by *Eric Javits*, at *Saks Fifth Avenue*, NYC, 212-753-4000. Page 91: Swim trunks by *Ralph Lauren*, 800-494-7656. *Her shirt* by *Jill Stuart*, NYC, 212-343-2300. *Bikini bottom* by *Studio La Blanca*, 800-BUY-SWIM. Pages 92-93: Swim trunks by *Joseph Abboud*, at *Bloomingdale's* and *Saks Fifth Avenue* stores. *Tankini* by *Versuce Mare*, 888-3-VERSACE.

DADS & GRADS

Pages 116-117: Dads: Stereo system by *Nakamichi America*, Torrance, CA, 310-538-8150. Model car by *Fournier Enterprises*, 800-501-3722. Organizer by *Filofax*, 800-345-6798. Pencil set by *Faber-Castell*, 800-

243-8145, ext. 113. Digital camera by *Minolta*, 800-528-4767. Cocktail shaker by *Classic Shaker*, 800-822-9015. Knife set from *Bergdorf Goodman*, 800-218-4918. Headphones by *Sennheiser Electronics*, Old Lyme, CT, 860-434-9190. Portable telescope by *Celestron*, Torrance, CA, 310-328-9560. In-line skates by *Rollerblade*, 800-328-0171. CD player by *Panasonic*, 800-211-7262.

Candy by *Vosges Haut*, 888-301-9866. Pages 118-119: Grads: Blender by *Totally Gross*, 888-874-7677. Radio-controlled car by *Porsche Cars North America*, 800-767-7243. Electronic organizer by *3Com*, 800-881-7256 (USA), 800-891-6342 (Canada). Portable audio device by *Diamond Multimedia*, 800-468-5846. Boom box by *Jeep*, from *Telemania and Power Brands*, 800-354-8785. Wireless headphones by *Advent*, from *Recoton*, 800-742-3438. Swiss Army Knife by *Wenger*, 800-267-3577. Unicycle by *Jugglebug*, from *Sport Time*, 800-444-5700, ext. 323. Computer by *Apple Computer*, 800-538-9696. PC camera by *Philips*, 800-210-9605. Binoculars by *Big Eyes*, 800-860-6163.

LAPTOP DANCING

Pages 124-125: Notebook computers: "The Brawny and the Beautiful": By *Apple Computer, Inc.*, 800-538-9696. By *IBM*, 800-426-7255. "Lean and Mean": By *Gateway*, 800-846-2000. By *Compaq Computer*, 800-345-1518. "Honorable Mention": By *Toshiba America*, 800-999-4273. By *Sony Electronics*, 800-222-7669. Men's suits and shoes by *Ermenegildo Zegna*, 645 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, IL 60611, 312-587-9660.

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

Page 139: Fertility goddess jewelry by *Robert Lee Morris*, NYC, 212-431-9405.

ON THE SCENE

Page 179: "Way to Go": Car audio systems: By *Kenwood Electronics*, 800-536-9663. By *Clarion Sales*, 800-462-5274. By *Alpine Electronics*, 800-257-4631. By *Panasonic*, 800-211-7262. By *Fujitsu Ten*, 800-233-2216. By *Nakamichi America*, Torrance, CA, 310-538-8150. By *Sanyo*, Chatsworth, CA, 818-998-7322, ext. 564. By *JVC of America*, 800-252-5722. By *Pioneer Electronics*, 800-746-6337.

skills as a fixer. The city's large homeless contingent, attracted by San Francisco's liberal welfare policies, continued to clog the sidewalks and inhabit the parks, causing the mayor no end of headaches. When he tried to ignore the problem, he took heat from neighborhood groups and the business community, and when he cracked down with sweeps and arrests, homeless advocates and civil libertarians jumped him.

Brown had also promised to fix Muni, the city's creaky public transportation system, but he hadn't taken into account the years of neglect that the system had suffered, nor the stubborn intransigence of the unions whose members drove and repaired the buses. The mayor put his chief of staff in charge and instituted a controversial program to use former gang members to provide security on the buses. But service continued to deteriorate.

"The truth about Willie Brown is that he's all glamour and no substance," says former California state senator *Quentin Kopp*, a longtime Brown foe. "He simply doesn't have the discipline to attack the gritty issues such as Muni and the homeless."

What Brown direly needed at this point was for *Herb Caen* to step in and take the heat off. But *Caen* had died more than a year earlier, and the mayor was without his main champion. "Herb helped me so much by allowing me to be myself without having to compromise any facet of my personality," Brown lamented. "He interpreted my conduct as something other than arrogance and made me into a lovable figure so that people got vicarious joy out of my antics. I miss him a hell of a lot."

But the one area where the mayor was surprisingly successful in dodging criticism was in the matter of his splashy sex life. While *Bill Clinton* was impeached for failing to curb his lust, *Willie Brown*, whose name was constantly linked with scores of attractive young women, managed to escape the slightest hint of sexual scandal.

To Brown it's beside the point. "Why should there be a scandal? I've never done anything bad," he says. "I have a good time, I'm a gentleman, I'm upfront, I treat women with the same respect I wish to get myself, and I'm harmless. I'm not a phony. I don't make it appear as if I'm sanctified. Plus, I don't think anyone I have ever dated would consider herself to be an ex-girlfriend. They are all still good friends of *Willie Brown's*—no longer dating companions, no longer lovers, but still good friends. And the reason is that my relationships have always started out as friendship, never as a hustle. No one ever leaves with a bad taste because there has never been a promise of permanence or exclusivity."

All of this is no doubt true, but there is

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also Willie Brown's well-known largesse to his former flames. He found plush public jobs for two of his inamoratas, and he's famous for his lavish parting gifts. "He big-times the women when he leaves, so they tend to keep quiet," says a journalist who covers San Francisco's social scene and is a longtime Willie watcher. "He bought one girlfriend one of those hot Darth Vader-rigged black Jeeps, and another a geranium pink Armani gown to wear at an opera opening. And the word is that he gives out Cartier Panthere watches, at \$9000 a crack, to the lucky ones."

The big question that hovers over Willie Brown is his future. True, his poll numbers have sagged. In February, poll results published in the *San Francisco Chronicle* said that only 32 percent of San Francisco voters would be inclined to vote for him in his bid for reelection. *The New York Times* reported, "San Franciscans are obviously upset. They are upset with Mr. Brown's seeming inability to make the buses and trains run on time or to get the homeless off the streets. And they are upset at downtown traffic jams, at a lack of public parking, at litter, mediocre schools and the mayor's 'arrogance.' In short, they are upset at a lot of things."

In San Francisco, however, it's always best to expect the unexpected. Many of Brown's potential opponents in the November election have even lower poll numbers. Nor does Brown have many options—he watched the late Tom Bradley try unsuccessfully to move from mayor of Los Angeles to governor of California twice, which led Brown and others to believe that an African American candidate has an uphill battle at best.

At the moment, Willie is all but an announced candidate—having secured early endorsements from several powerful unions. He has also announced his plans to conduct gay weddings on the city hall steps, for instance, and makes daily proclamations on new ways to improve the transportation system. "I don't think democracy is well served with me having an opponent," says a typically brazen Brown.

"As I always tell my staff, 'I am a bundle of contradictions, so don't ever try to explain me or predict what I'll do,'" says Brown. "I have a theory that if you focus on going for something too distant from where you are, you'll never achieve it. So just perform at your zenith and all roads will be open to you. Whatever I do, I always believe I am going to succeed, and if I don't, well, it wasn't meant to happen. My feeling is that you cannot unwrite history, so don't even bother to try."



Deborah Harry

(continued from page 122)

youthful enthusiasm in the way they insult each other. They even look pretty much the same. Especially Clem, who still looks like the teen drummer. Jimmy says, "Well, I have a little McCartney neck now and Chris has become the Jerry Garcia of the Lower East Side, with his gray hair. But our chops were never better."

Today, in her early 50s, Debbie is still a supervixen, a head turner. Her body has changed significantly since these pre-Blondie photos were taken. Deb hadn't stopped growing in her art model days, because today her cup runneth over, while back then she was pectorally pert. Devoted fans will recall her rolling around the floor topless in David Cronenberg's 1983 film, *Videodrome*. She was a woman of substance even then. Debbie is a bigger woman today. She has muscles—a development that can be traced back to her involvement in wrestling. For many years Debbie and Chris were pro-wrestling nuts. In the Eighties Debbie got a chance to star in a Broadway show about female wrestling, *Teaneck Tánzi*, co-starring with Andy Kaufman. She became a gym rat and learned how to kick ass. Today she doesn't really need a bodyguard.

Debbie's athleticism is evident in the current Blondie stage show. She never was one just to stand at the mike and sing, but today Debbie is a more full-tilt performer than ever before. She stalks the stage, incites the audience, shakes her mane and pumps her fist in the air. Singing is an art, even in rock and roll, and Debbie is a much better singer today than the very good singer she was in the Eighties. That may have something to do with the fact that for the last few years she has worked as a vocalist with a forward and funky New York jazz band, the Jazz Passengers. Today her voice is a virtuoso instrument, more precise and powerful than ever. Ironically, she's also more of a punk rocker today than ever before.

After everything Deborah Harry has been through, she can afford to let her attitude hang out a little bit, and she does. She's been there, done that, so she's eager to keep improvising music and life. She's still icy cool at times, still simmeringly sultry at others. But when the tempo turns up, when she heats up, there's a blonde dervish up there fronting a band that's just as powerful, edgy and eccentric as it was—shit, can it really be 17 years ago?

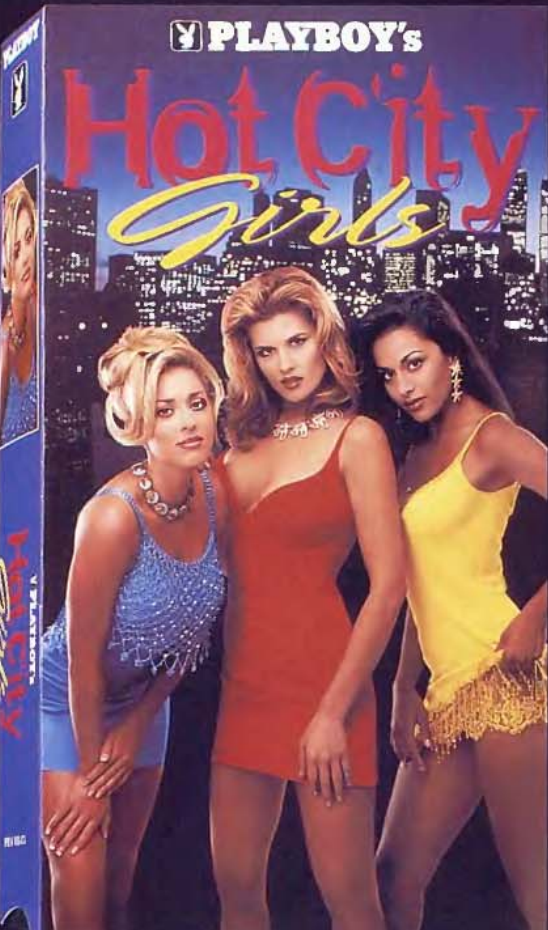


Mike Ewer

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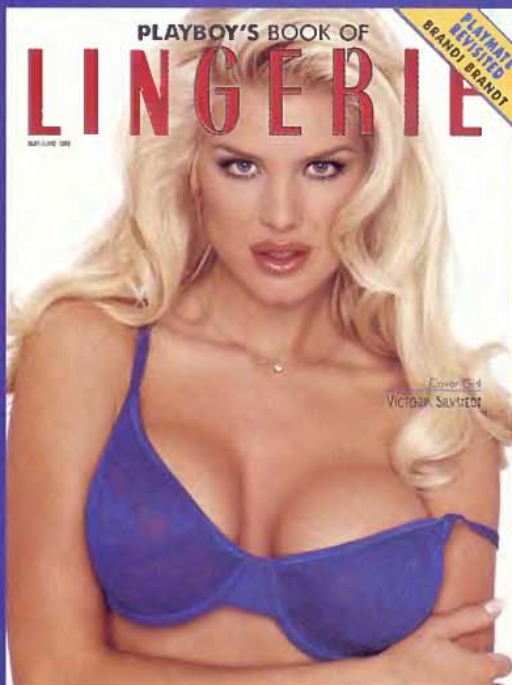
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SAMUEL L. JACKSON

(continued from page 68)

stopped sleeping in my bed. I was sleeping downstairs so I wouldn't have to bother. I was just this phantom guy passing through.

PLAYBOY: You've been with LaTanya for 29 years, and married for 19 of them. Though she has made some big films, you're more often away on sets. Is she resentful?

JACKSON: No. Interestingly enough, she is in a pretty good place, personally and professionally. She works only when she wants to work. She doesn't have to work, so she'll go to things that interest her. She's not part of the rat race in the way she used to be, when she had to go to every cattle call and hope to get a job.

PLAYBOY: What was it like working together on *Losing Isaiah*?

JACKSON: Because she has been acting on the stage since she was a kid, she is a lot more knowledgeable than I am. All of a sudden we were in a situation where I could be helpful to her. Telling her to keep it simple because she'd have to repeat the same thing over and over again. How to hit a mark, find her light and help the cameraman. It was enlightening for her to see that I had learned so much and was so comfortable doing it and that I could help her find a comfort zone. The only insistence I had was that we have separate dressing rooms and bathrooms. That way, I'd always be on time. I wouldn't be if I had to share a bathroom with her.

PLAYBOY: The two of you played opposing attorneys. In real life, who wins the arguments?

JACKSON: She does, because I refuse to argue. You can't argue with someone who doesn't argue back. I just say OK, nod my head, turn the television down and keep watching it. As long as she doesn't change my channel, I'm fine.

PLAYBOY: How did growing up without a father affect your relationship with your daughter, Zoe?

JACKSON: I definitely believe that Zoe deserves two parents. Sometimes when you have those husband-wife things, you look at your kid and think maybe it would be easier to walk away and leave her with a single parent, or take the child yourself. But she needs to see a family dynamic, to see that people can fight and overcome it and still love each other and love her. It's part of her development as well as ours. We both grew up in homes that didn't have both parents. LaTanya grew up with her grandparents, and I grew up with mine. We emphasize the fact that Zoe needs two parents, and we find ways to work things out to make sure that's the case.

PLAYBOY: What if your daughter decides to follow her parents and become an actor?

JACKSON: I think that she wants to be a

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director. She's been around this stuff all her life—at least around theater. When she was an infant, she was in the theater all the time. She sat with the stage manager and learned to call cues and do all that stuff. She comes to the set a lot with me. She hangs around directors and watches. She's a harsh critic. On Fridays she and her friends go to whatever's opening, and she'll come home and talk to me about the direction and the cinematography, the acting and all this other stuff. Last year when we went to a mini film festival and she was sitting there watching all these bad films, she said, "Dad, I could do better than that." And now she's talking about going to film school. I think it would be fabulous.

PLAYBOY: We know you're a serious golfer. What's the appeal?

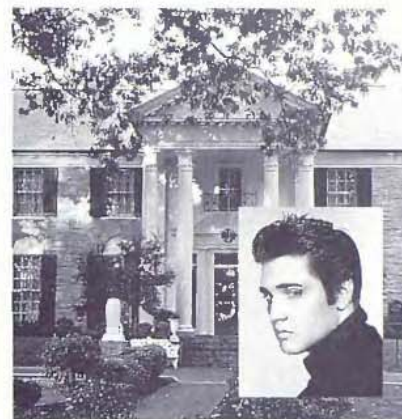
JACKSON: Four and a half years ago some friends took me out and forced me to play. They beat me pretty soundly and I said, "Wait a minute, these guys aren't athletes. They can't beat me playing anything else. I've got to get this game down." It's a great game, though. It's you, the golf course and this ball. It's not like the moving ball games I always played—baseball, softball, basketball. This ball is lying still on the ground. It's the hardest thing in the world to do. I can go out there some days and play like I'm on tour. Then the next day it's like I've never seen golf clubs before.

PLAYBOY: Apparently you now have time to make it to the golf course, and greens fees are written into your contracts. When did you start that?

JACKSON: When I realized that I could [laughs]. The first time I went on location, after I'd started to play golf, I realized I was going to work and I might not be able to play. I didn't belong to a specific club, so I said to my manager, "I'm taking my golf clubs. I'd like to play golf." And they worked that out. I belong to a country club, but I don't treat golf as the elitist game I used to think it was back when I was a kid. I usually go to public golf courses to play. In my neighborhood there are four. I've been thrown in with 80-year-old women, 70-year-old guys, kids. It's an incredibly friendly game. You're out there and you're walking with these people. You spend four hours with them. You either end up hating some people or you spend some interesting time with them. You can find out a lot about people in four hours. And half the time they don't even know who the fuck I am.

PLAYBOY: Do you enjoy that when it happens?

JACKSON: Yeah. [Laughs] Sometimes it'll take a while and then they'll go, "You're that actor guy, aren't you?" I'll say "Yeah." And they'll say, "Laurence Fishburne, right?"



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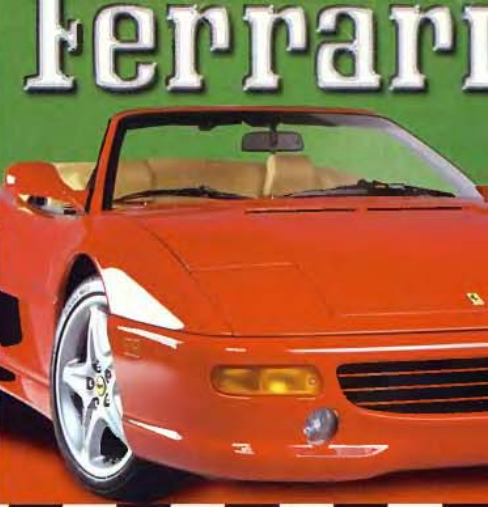
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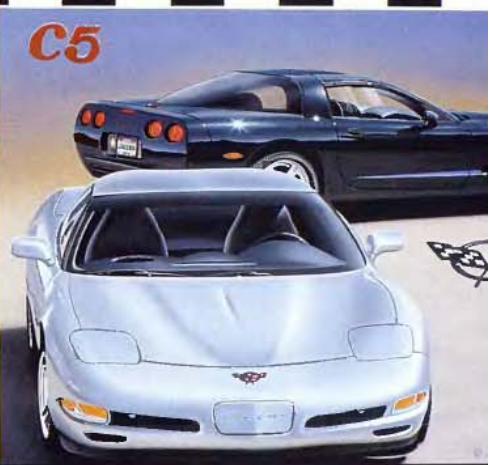


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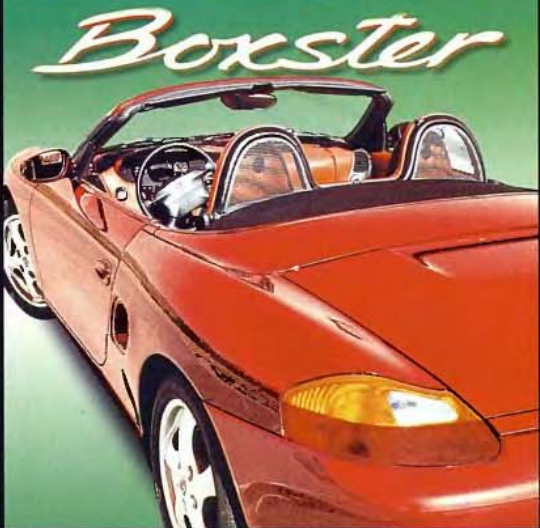


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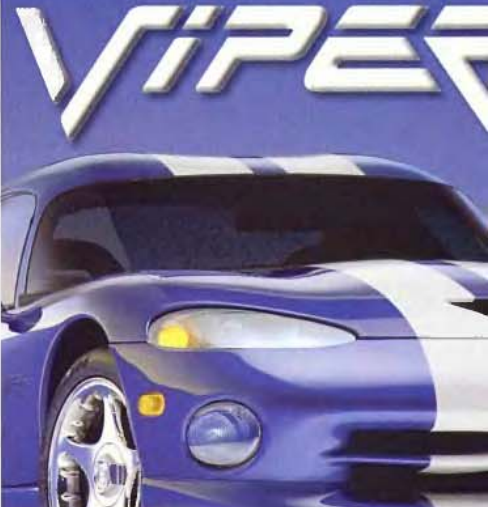
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Christina Applegate

(continued from page 95)

things men have asked women to wear? APPLEGATE: Tight red dresses. I have never understood it. Red is the most unflattering color. Men like tight red dresses. Heels are the biggest sin in the world. After a while we're crippled. We wear those things just so we seem taller and our legs look longer. I had to do it for 11 years, but I was getting paid good money. Women in another profession get paid good money to do that, but I don't need to mention them right now. Miniskirts and hip huggers are horrible. Nobody looks good in hip huggers. I have a waist for a reason—that's where my pants are supposed to start.

9

PLAYBOY: Your boyfriend, Johnathon Schaech, starred in *That Thing You Do*. When he says "that thing you do," to what is he referring?

APPLEGATE: That's a sex question, isn't it? I think he's referring to the drool coming from my mouth in the morning. Making up silly songs about anything. That's another thing I do. We wrote a little song that we sing sometimes about my eczema. It goes: "Eczema, my little girlie's got eczema." It's like a blues song.

10

PLAYBOY: It must be tough to shake the Kelly Bundy image. What's the key to being taken seriously in Hollywood?

APPLEGATE: It's not something that I've ever had to fight for. I don't know what happens behind closed doors, but I never had to convince anyone. I'm different from the people who are their characters. They're limited because when they go out in public, they carry that image with them. Some people just are Kelly Bundy, and they can't help it.

11

PLAYBOY: What is Kelly Bundy doing now? We see a limited number of career options—perhaps real estate or financial services.

APPLEGATE: Kelly's still living at home. There is no evolution, only regression. She's probably watching television as we speak. The future will always be bright because everything's new and shiny to her. She doesn't ponder the ways of the world, you know. She's just like, "Ooh, that's a pretty pen."

12

PLAYBOY: Is spinning good exercise?

APPLEGATE: It's real hard-core exercise. A lot of people can't do it, and I'm proud to say I can. It's like a stationary Tour de France, and it's music driven. You have resistance levels that imitate what it's like to climb hills. Then the music changes

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and it's a sprint, so you take off all your resistance and pedal really fast. Everyone is focused and intense, and you burn more calories doing that than pretty much any other exercise. I do it for 45 minutes. It's a real cliquy kind of thing. Spinners share a camaraderie, a sense that we all go through it together.

13

PLAYBOY: You have the most luminescent skin on television. Which skin-care products would you put your name on?

APPLEGATE: Sea Breeze, definitely. That's the stuff that works for me. I was going to say something really disgusting. There's a certain fluid that's been known to get rid of acne, and it's the first thing that came to my mind, if you want to know the truth. I know a guy who says that when he was a kid he had really bad acne and at night, after he finished doing "that thing you do," he would, instead of wiping it off, put it on his face. It dried up his acne.

14

PLAYBOY: When was the last time you saw a scene with nudity that made sense

in a movie?

APPLEGATE: The end of *Boogie Nights* is the only one I've ever seen that made sense. The payoff was Mark Wahlberg standing there with his schlong. To me, nudity usually isn't necessary.

15

PLAYBOY: When actors do a nude scene for the wrong reasons, who looks more ridiculous—the man or the woman?

APPLEGATE: The man. If he's nude, oh, he definitely looks more ridiculous. I love the male body, but, you know, it definitely looks sillier.

16

PLAYBOY: Play Mr. Blackwell for a moment. Who needs a makeover?

APPLEGATE: Anna Nicole Smith, definitely. She's a buxom blonde, and there's a way to be one that isn't, you know, frightening. Some colors you just don't wear—like bright turquoise. But I think she looks amazing right now.

17

PLAYBOY: How high is your monthly cellular phone bill?

APPLEGATE: Pretty high. I have no idea of the exact amount, but I know it's high because I get on the phone just to get through traffic. I'm pretty much on the phone the whole time I'm in the car, which is not good. It's not like I call New York or anything, though I have called Hawaii. But I don't think my bill would shock anyone. I think it's normal.

18

PLAYBOY: How do you signal your sexual readiness?

APPLEGATE: The signal is like, yeah, how inappropriate is it at that moment. What's the most bizarre place you can do it? How about in a church, which I have never done and probably won't ever, but I think that would be the most bizarre place to do it. A Catholic church, preferably in Rome.

19

PLAYBOY: There's a waste of time and a total waste of time. Which do you still permit yourself?

APPLEGATE: Bikini waxing is a total waste of time. It hurts. Why do it? Just a waste of time would be grocery shopping. I don't do that anymore, either. When I had a lovely assistant, she used to do it. Laundry is a total waste of time. I refuse to have anyone else do my laundry, and I will stay at home for seven hours to do it. It's horrible and everyone knows that if it's laundry day, they have to come over and take care of me. It's the most miserable day of my life, and it's coming up on Sunday. I have a laundry chute, and the problem is that the laundry is hidden, so you don't know what's happening. I had a two-story laundry day two weeks ago. Six loads. Each load took an hour and a half to dry because it was so huge. I was at home all day.

20

PLAYBOY: Let's say you have a daughter, and she sees *Married With Children*. Do you have a speech prepared?

APPLEGATE: They made me do it. They put a gun to my head. This is what bad taste is all about, sweetheart. That would be how not to dress. It's all about the clothes. It always comes back to that for me. Halloween every day.

Read, read, read, darling. You must always read. Keep learning. I don't even remember that show, it was so long ago. It's hard to even go back there. Not that it was a bad thing, but I don't even remember. It was years ago and I don't recall anything about it, really. I have one of those memories—I think it was affected by too much Equal or something. I just don't remember a thing about that time in my life.



"Whatever the chemical imbalance may be that causes your excessive happiness, I am putting you on a medication to restore normal anxiety."



PLAYMATE NEWS



LOS ANGELES GLAMOURCON

You never know who you are going to see at Glamourcon—Pandora Peaks and her famous breasts, men dressed in drag, women with wrap-



Hef and a group of Playmates gathered at the Mansion (left) to watch the movie *20 Dates*, featuring PMOY 1996 Stacy Sanchez and Miss February 1986 Julie McCullough. Below: Angela Little, Hef, Penny Baker and Sharon Johansen reminisce.



Right: Miss April 1989 Jennifer Jackson, not to be confused with PLAYBOY's other Jennifer Jackson, Miss March 1965. Below: Karen Foster (Miss October 1989) joined more than 50 Playmates for the Los Angeles Glamourcon.



around Bettie Page tattoos, people standing in line for hours to meet Hugh Hefner. Glamourcon is, in a word, pandemonium. But it's chaos with a view, the kind that keeps fans coming back again and again. Of course, Glamourcon is also about meeting and chatting with the Playmates. And guess what? They enjoy

hanging out with you as much as you enjoy seeing them in the flesh. Take it from Glamourcon attendee Carol Vitale (Miss July 1974): "Sure, I could

have stayed in Miami and continued my daily routine of having fun in the sun. But I do love meeting the fans. There's so much appreciation—I didn't want to miss it. I wish I could make it to every Glamourcon." Miss

February 1998 Julia Schultz agreed: "I'm having a great time. I'm selling a lot of stuff, the fans are nice and it's cool hanging out with the other Playmates." On Saturday night, the Centerfolds traveled to the Holmby Hills

30 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Our Bunnies are back, thanks to the Playboy Casino at Hotel des Roses on the isle of Rhodes. Perhaps that is why we're feeling nostalgic for the Bunny turned Playmate who made the June 1969 issue of PLAYBOY a keeper. That issue is memorable for fiction by Ray Bradbury, a guide to mutual funds by investment writer Michael Laurence and instructions on making perfect paella and sangria. But the issue's unforgettable elixir was New Jersey's Helena Antonaccio. After inexplicably failing to land a job modeling wigs, Helena found herself in front of the Playboy Club. She inquired about a job and, of course, we hired her on the spot.



Helena Antonaccio

Mansion to spend time with Hef. "He gave me the nicest, juiciest kiss," Carol reports. "It made my day."

WHEN THE STARS COME OUT AT NIGHT



The hipster elite love to rub shoulders with the Playmates. Can you blame them? Clockwise from top left: Miss June 1986 Rebecca Ferrotti with James Caan; Miss January 1999 Jaime Bergman with Ben Stiller; Miss June 1967 Joey Gibson with Richard Grieco; Miss May 1990 Tina Backrath with Jane Seymour.

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

June 3: Miss March 1976
Ann Pennington
June 9: Miss December 1959
(and PMOY 1960) Ellen Stratton
June 21: Miss February 1988
Kari Kennell
June 25: Miss March 1960
Sally Sarell
June 30: Miss May 1990
Tina Bockrath

**My
Favorite Playmates
By
Jon Lovitz**



My two all-time favorite Playmates are Miss October 1987 Brandi Brandt (right) and Miss August 1986 Ava Fabian, because I'm friends with both of them. They're beautiful women, and very nice. I met Brandi when she was 12 years old and I was studying with the Groundlings. A girl in my class, Hillary Matthews, was in an all-girl rock band called American Girls, and the band's drummer was Bree Howard, Brandi's mother. I saw Brandi again in Malibu about 15 years later.



As for Ava, I've had a crush on that babe for years.

DANCE FEVER

Besides singing rhythm and blues at nightclubs in Los Angeles, Martha Smith has joined former



Latin dancer David Martinez and Donny Burns (from *Shall We Dance?*) in producing dance competitions. "We plan to turn couples dancing on its back," Martha says. "We want to show the steamier side of Latin and swing dancing, with cool music, hot

costumes and gorgeous young couples. Our working title is *This Is Not Your Mother's Ballroom.*"

FUR REAL

When the editors of *Modern Ferret* magazine heard about Playmate Tiffany Taylor's infatuation with the furry guys (she has seven "babies" at home), they jumped at the chance to showcase Miss November 1998 and her pets in



PLAYMATE NEWS

their publication. Tiffany appears on the magazine's May/June cover, but it's the ferrets who grace the center pictorial. "We're pleased to feature such famous ferrets," says editor Mary Shefferman. Tiffany, who subscribes to *Modern Ferret*, was so excited about the shoot that she's thinking of adding another ferret to her crew. "If my boyfriend agrees, I'm going to get an angora one," she says. "But at this point, he's like, 'No more babies!'" For information, check out modernferret.com.

QUOTE UNQUOTE

We recently telephoned Rebekka Armstrong, Miss September 1986, for an intimate chat.

Q: You're HIV-positive. What is it like living with the virus?

A: Life is really good right now. I'm maintaining and controlling my virus. The side effects from the medication are terrible, but I'm getting used to them. I'm being treated with an AIDS cocktail.

Q: Do people treat you differently because of your disease?

A: Fortunately, no. I feared the worst when I went public, but I've been pleasantly surprised by the support I've received. I have one friend who wouldn't talk to me at first because he was scared. But that was 11 years ago. Other than that, I haven't had any problems. Not even with dating.

Q: Have you participated in any AIDS awareness events lately?

A: Last November I was in New York City helping Positive Health Project put on a kinky costume ball to raise money for AIDS. I got to dress up in a black latex dress. Now I live in New York, so I get to meet wonderful AIDS activists all the time. I used to live in a smaller city where AIDS activism wasn't so prevalent.

Q: What's the one thing you never leave home without?

A: Condoms, of course. Positive Health Project donated flavored condoms for me to hand out at Glamourcon. They're a good thing to have with you, just in case.

Q: Is it true that there is going to be a documentary about your life?

A: Yes. I'm so excited. Antonia Bird, who directed *Priest*, has agreed to direct it. I can't wait to share my story with the world.



PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Daphnee Duplaix deserves a break today—and she got one. She just landed a speaking part in a national McDonald's commercial. . . . As you know,

PMOY 1982 Shannon Tweed lives with Kiss bassist Gene Simmons. But at the Los Angeles Glamourcon in February, her charms were directed at Hef. . . . Alice Denham, who proved her writing talent when she penned *The Deal* in the July 1956 issue of *PLAYBOY*, has authored an autobiographical book, *Shabby Genteel: A Southern Girlhood*. . . . Photographer Annemarie Fox re-

cently shot the cover of *Venice* magazine, which features Quincy Jones. . . . Kimber West can be seen in the forthcoming film *Mystery Men*. The cast includes William H. Macy, Ben Stiller, Geoffrey Rush and Claire Forlani. . . . Rhonda Adams didn't have to leave her native Florida to appear in the new Oliver Stone movie, *On Any Given Sunday*. . . . Golf aficionado Lisa Dergan is profiled in the premiere issue of *Schwing!*, a golf magazine for kids. The pictorial also features MTV's Carson Daly and Primus. . . . If you want to celebrate the millennium with Victoria Silvstedt, you're in luck: She plans to appear in her own calendar for the year 2000. . . . It was only a matter of time before PMOY 1990 Reneé Tison and her sister Rosie became Doublemint twins. Look for them in a national Wrigley's Doublemint Gum commercial. . . . What's new with Toni (Ann Thomas) Peck? She lives in California and owns T. Peck and Co., a business that specializes in commercial design for the hospitality industry.

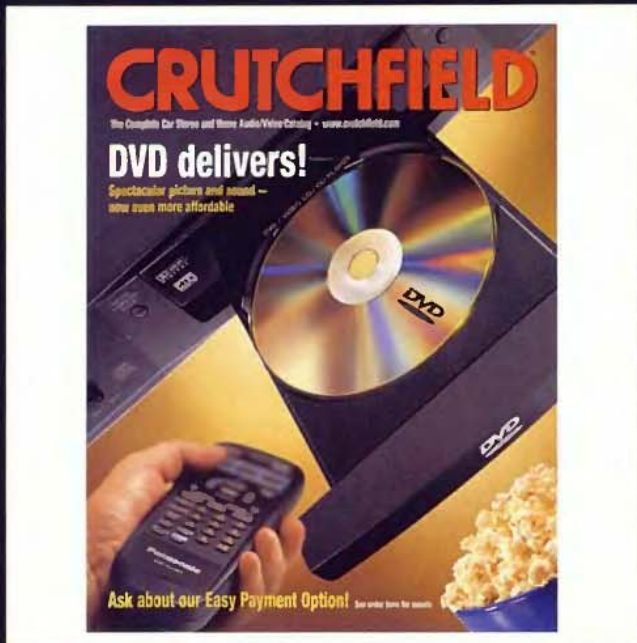
Shannon & Hef



Toni Ann Thamos

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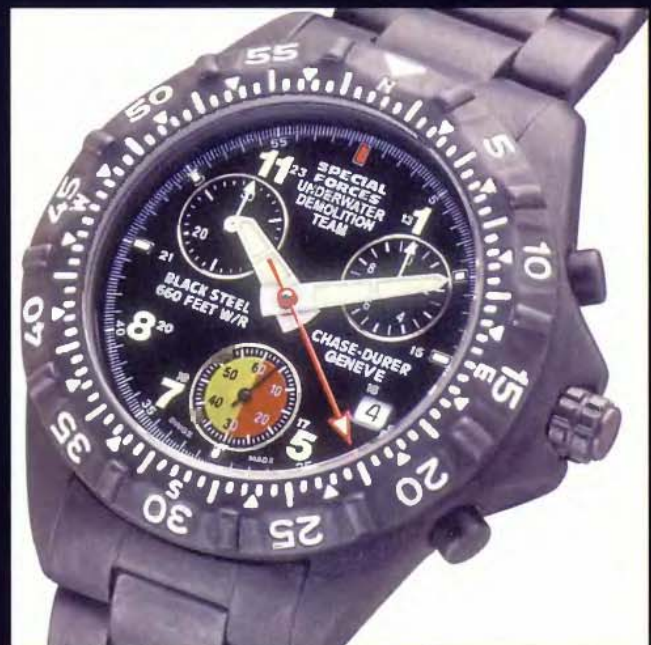
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ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

WAY TO GO

Having a CD changer in the trunk used to earn a guy bragging rights. Now you need a theater on wheels. Vehicles tricked out with surround sound and liquid-crystal displays for watching movies and playing video games are one of the biggest new trends—and not just with the minivan set. Because car theaters often do double duty as vehicle navigation systems, they're particularly appealing to hard-core commuters and road trippers. Most involve elaborate custom installations (with monitors built into seat backs or suspended from the ceiling for passenger viewing) and cost upwards of \$4000. But Kenwood offers a simpler, more affordable schematic: Its P907 is a \$2000 in-dash unit that combines an adjustable touch-screen TV with a CD player. An

in-dash Windows CE computer and CD player that also spins CD-ROMs. Voice recognition built into the \$1300 AutoPC lets you tell the system to change CD tracks or crank up the volume. With hardware upgrades, you can also use voice commands to access e-mail and schedules, track the stock market and get directions via global positioning satellite technology. For something less elaborate but equally impressive, check out the Eclipse Commander 9002 (\$400), a voice-activated stereo and navigation system that works in conjunction with three Eclipse CD tuners (including the 5506 pictured here, \$900). If you would prefer to kill commute time with tunes



The Eclipse 5506 compact disc receiver also plays CD-ROM software and connects to the company's Commander 9002 to provide voice-activated navigation functions and audio controls (\$900).



Above: To encourage safer driving, the electro-luminescent display on Pioneer's latest CD receivers presents 3D images and is visible at any angle and in any lighting (about \$700 to start). Below: JVC has put a unique security spin on its new ElKameleon CD receivers. When your car is turned off, the controls retract into the unit and the display goes black, creating what appears to be a blank panel (\$330 to \$380).



Pioneer's voice-controlled AVIC-505 navigation system keeps you on course with a global positioning satellite receiver, nationwide CD-ROM mapping software and a 5.6" color monitor that not only adjusts for the ideal viewing angle but also retracts when the system is not in use (about \$2350).



Above: Clarion's AutoPC is a CD player and Windows CE computer with electronic organizer and e-mail capabilities (\$1300). Below: Nakamichi eliminates CD-changer hassles with its MB-100, a six-disc model that fits in most dashboards (about \$1000).



antenna on the P907 pulls in VHF and UHF channels, and a pair of audio-video inputs let you hook up video sources such as a VCR or a DVD player. Fortunately for the rest of us on the road, you can't watch *Ronin* or *Jerry Springer* while driving to the office. Circuitry in the system prevents the monitor from functioning when the car is in motion. The same holds true for Clarion's VRX740Z, a \$1700 receiver with a pop-up touch-screen monitor and controls for CD and minidisc changers. But instead of just going blank when you're driving, both monitors provide touch control of the audio gear. Two other notable car theater products: Alpine's DVA-52000 (\$1200) and Panasonic's CX-DV-1500 (\$1400), DVD players designed for easy-to-reach dash installation. Another Clarion product, the AutoPC, is

and talk radio, try Nakamichi's MusicBank MB-100 (\$1000), the first in-dash CD changer and tuner to accommodate six compact discs. Still clinging to your custom cassette collection but want in-dash CD capability too? Sanyo's EXCD-1000 (\$400) features a faceplate that folds down to reveal slots for a cassette and a CD. And if security is a priority, JVC's ElKameleon KD-LX1 (\$329) and KD-LX3 (\$379) CD receivers have controls along the bottom that retract into the unit when the ignition is switched off, and a liquid crystal display that blacks out for a convincing camouflage job. —DOUG NEWCOMB



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Sweater Power, 1999

PAM GRIER's solid comeback translates into four movie projects this year: *Jawbreaker*, *Fortress 2*, *Holy Smoke* and *In Too Deep*. Turning 50 and turning heads, Pam has what it has always taken.

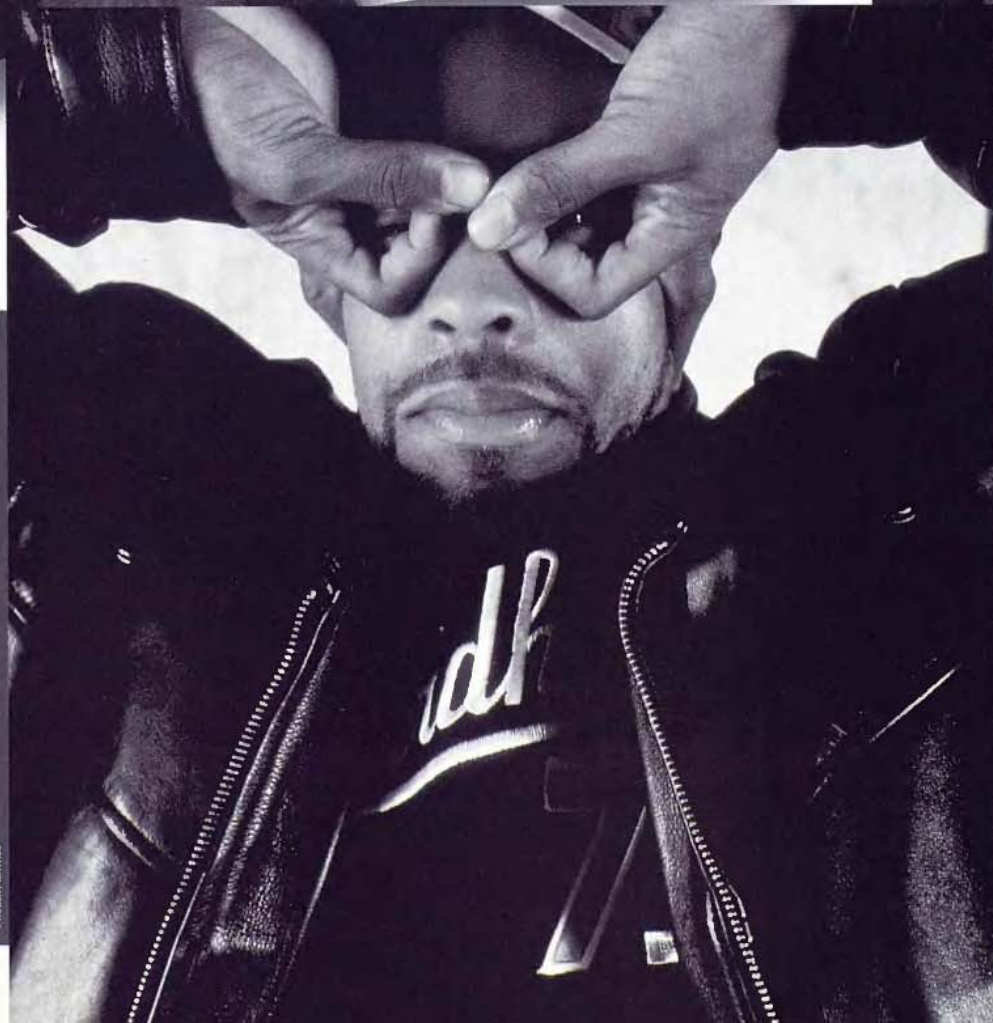


Holly Sparkles Plenty

HOLLY HUNTER lit up the room in this dress. She'll be lighting up the screen in two new films, *Jesus' Son* with Billy Crudup, and *Woman Wanted*, directed by Kiefer Sutherland.



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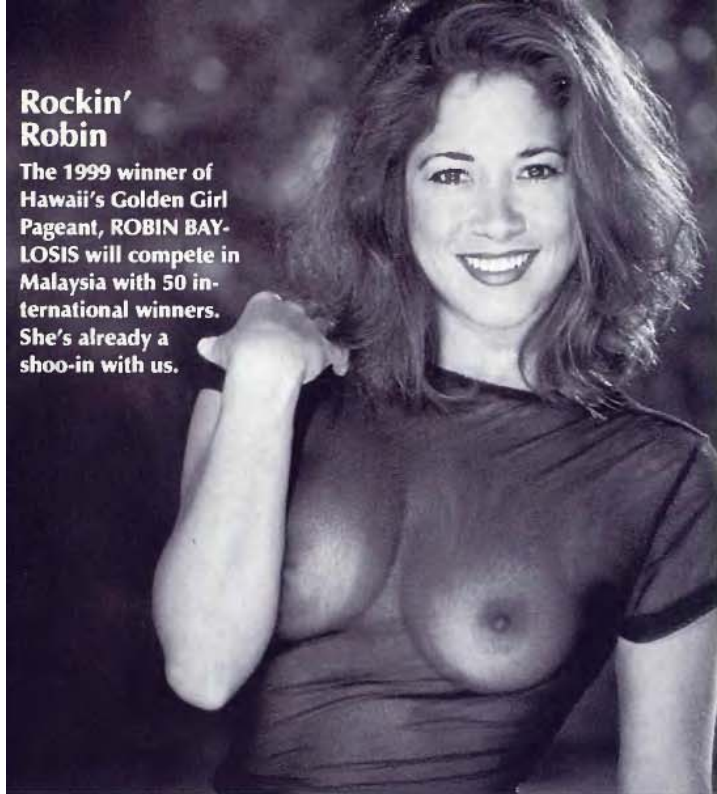
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A Method to His Madness

Wu-Tang Clansman METHOD MAN can be seen in *Black and White* with an all-star cast (including Robert Downey Jr. and Mike Tyson) and heard on the Clan's anthology, *Wu-Chronicles*. He says he respects the underdog because "he's always got something to fight for." It takes one to know one.

Rockin' Robin

The 1999 winner of Hawaii's Golden Girl Pageant, ROBIN BAY-LOLIS will compete in Malaysia with 50 international winners. She's already a shoo-in with us.



Bringing Up the Rear

DORENE GUERRAZZI (Ashley Anderson on Playboy TV) has appeared on *Silk Stalkings*, *Renegade*, videos and calendars. Here she proves that nothing is sexier than the naked truth.



Look at Brooks

CARLA BROOKS' résumé includes TV commercials for Sprite and Harley-Davidson, a slew of swimsuit calendars plus a swimsuit video. Surf's up for Carla.



By the Grace of Grace

DEBRA MESSING, a.k.a. Grace on *Will and Grace*, also played Dr. Parker on *Prey*. She was in the infamous "Yada, yada" episode of *Seinfeld* and is a knockout in this little black dress.



THE NAUGHTY LADY OF CUSTOM EROTICA

"Custom erotica allows the reader to get exactly what he or she desires," says Sage Vivant, an enterprising author who makes her living translating your fantasies into personal fiction that's medium hot or triple X. But unlike computer-generated naughty novels, the steamy works from Sage are written from scratch. Her biggest request: guys with lots of women. Hmm. The 15-page finished product, bound between heavy barklike covers, costs \$225. Check her website at customericasource.com or call 415-864-0787 for more information.

A REAL KICKER

Until now, Kick Start, a bloody mary mix based on a biker recipe, was available only at motorcycle shops, swap meets and biker-friendly saloons. Now you can kick back with your own supply, available for \$5 a bottle or \$48 a case from S.P. Grip Products at 888-953-CRIP. (Prices don't include shipping.) Fueling suggestions for regular, midgrade and high-octane drinks are on the label.

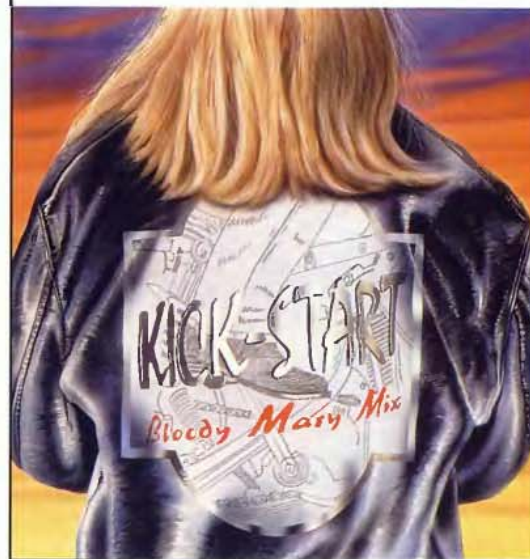


PHOTO: ATTILIANA



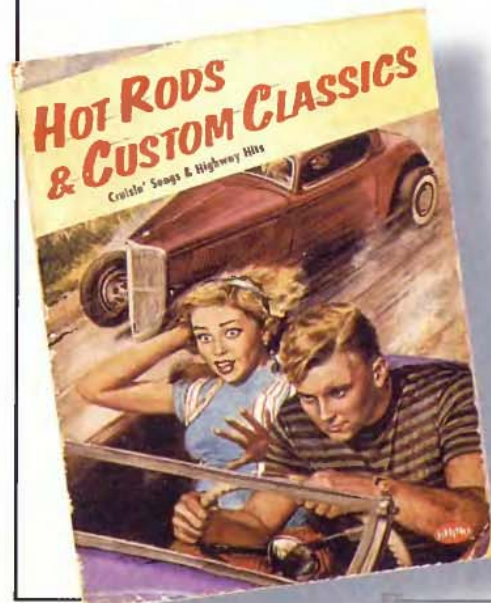
JERRY MC DONALD

SKIP DOCTOR'S ORDERS

Digital Innovations claims its Skip Doctor is the world's first compact disc repair device capable of eliminating skips and distortions caused by abrasions and scratches. According to the service manual, this gizmo is the cure for abused CD-ROMs, DVDs, PlayStation discs and recordable CDs. Sounds good to us. Place your damaged disc in the Skip Doctor, spray the disc with a special resurfacing fluid, close the unit and turn the crank. Pop out the disc, dry and buff it with a special cloth, and play. The price: \$35, from 888-SMART-58. Sorry, the Skip Doctor won't fix deep gouges or warped CDs.

ROCK AND ROLLING

Everything from Wilson Pickett's *Mustang Sally* to *The Ballad of Thunder Road* is included in Rhino Records' *Hot Rods & Custom Classics*, a four-CD set of 87 "cruisin' songs and highway hits." According to Rhino, many of the numbers featured are out of print—and there's even a James Dean public service announcement encouraging listeners to drive carefully. Price: \$70, from 800-432-0020.



BOND WITH JAMES

It's estimated that over a quarter of the world's population has seen a James Bond film. For aficionados or 007 rookies, Lee Pfeiffer and Dave Worrall have co-authored *The Essential Bond*, an "authorized guide to the world of 007." Besides providing inside information and rare photos on the 18 Bond films made by Eon Productions, this \$45 autographed hardcover also touches on the unofficial Bond films and the 007 phenomenon. Call 732-752-7257 to order.

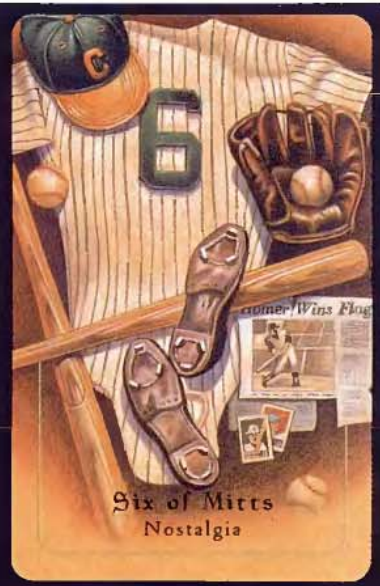


COME DRAGANFLY WITH ME

Draganfly Innovations' remote-control flying saucer is the ultimate indoor toy. For \$297, you get a rugged 38-inch nylon spaceship that's propelled by a three-motor fan unit. A two-stick handheld radio transmitter allows the saucer to fly up, down, left and right and to rotate. There's also a space for an optional micro-video camera that can take aerial shots. Call 800-979-9794 to order. Other sizes are available.

BIG LEAGUE TAROT

With 78 colorful, oversize cards and a 324-page book to interpret them, Workman Publishing's Baseball tarot set is based on the assumption that baseball is a metaphor for life. Translate baseball action, such as a home run, into tarot wisdom and you'll find solutions to everyday situations. To do so, you pose a question, lay out the cards and interpret their meaning from information in the book. As noted psychic Yogi Berra put it, "It ain't over till it's over." The price: \$20, at bookstores nationwide.



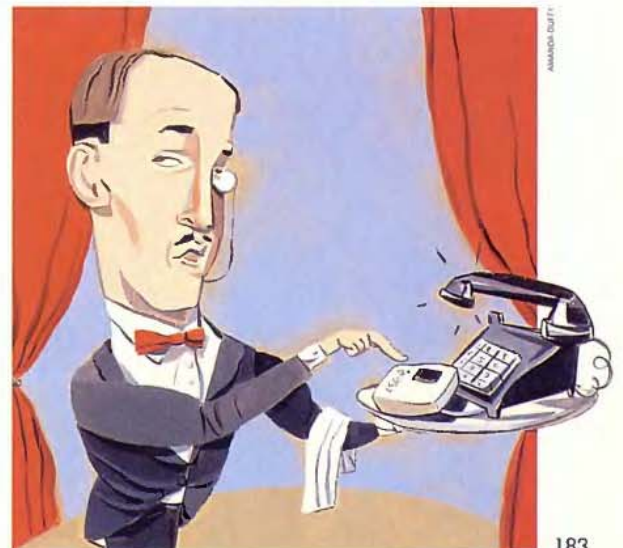
21ST CENTURY CADDY

"The convenience and ease of a cart with the joy of walking" is how Sun Mountain describes the Dynamis, its remote-control golf cart, which has a range of up to 100 yards. While there are other remote-control carts on the market, the Dynamis claims to have the longest battery life between charges (33 hours). It also folds for easy storage in the trunk of your car and is so quiet even Tiger Woods wouldn't complain. Price: about \$1000. Call 800-816-9303.



YOU TAKE IT, JEEVES

Zenith's Easy Hang Up is the butler you've always wanted. When you receive a telemarketing phone call you don't want, just push a button on Easy Hang Up and replace the receiver. The caller hears a short, polite recorded message that says phone calls of this type are not accepted and please don't call back. This request also puts you on a do-not-call list for one year. Price: \$13, available at Kmart, True Value and other stores.



NEXT MONTH



ELIZABETH REIGNS



HERBS WORK



SUMMER STORY



PERFORMANCE ART

SHANNON ELIZABETH—SHE STEAMS UP THE SCREEN AS *AMERICAN PIE*'S SELF-PLEASURING FOREIGN EXCHANGE STUDENT. A HOT PICTORIAL FOR SUMMER

BARNEY FRANK—THE OUTSPOKEN DEMOCRATIC CONGRESSMAN IS A POLITICAL FIREBRAND AND STAUNCH ADVOCATE OF MEDICAL MARIJUANA AND GAY RIGHTS. PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **DAVID SHEFF**

HERBAL REMEDIES—DOCS ARE OUT, NATURAL FIXES ARE IN. EVEN PHARMACIES STOCK STUFF TO FIX YOUR MOOD, YOUR PAIN, YOUR SEX LIFE, YOUR HAIR. BUT DOES ANY OF IT WORK? IS IT SAFE? ARTICLE BY **CARL SHERMAN**

MICHAEL MOORE—THE COUNTRY'S MOST IRKED CITIZEN TALKS ABOUT HIS NEW SHOW (*THE AWFUL TRUTH*), HOFFA, HILLARY AND WHY HE LOVES SECURITY GUARDS. 20 QUESTIONS BY **WARREN KALBACKER**

DAY TRADERS—BROKERS? WHO NEEDS THEM? STOCK MARKET HOTSHOTS ARE TRADING FROM THEIR HOME

COMPUTERS BETWEEN ROUNDS OF GOLF. IS THIS ANY WAY TO MAKE A FORTUNE? **LARRY DUBOIS** TELLS ALL

THE BEST THINGS I'VE DONE FOR A MAN—STRIPTEASES, THREESOMES, MASTURBATION, VOYEURISM. CREATIVE SEDUCTRESSES CONFESS THE NAUGHTY WAYS THEY'VE PLEASED THEIR MEN. BY **LORI WEISS**

WRESTLING MANIA—STARRING THE LIKES OF SABLE, GOLDBERG AND "STONE COLD" STEVE AUSTIN, THE STEROID SOAP OPERA PUMMELS THE MONDAY NIGHT RATINGS. **MARK HUDIS** GOES INSIDE THE LOCKER ROOM

INSTRUMENTS OF PEACE—HIS FATHER WAS A MOBSTER, BUT THE KID SEEMED LIKE A NICE BOY. MY TEENAGE DAUGHTER THOUGHT SO. FICTION BY **EDWARD FALCO**

PLUS: DRINKS FOR A BARBECUE, THE BEST NEW BIKES FOR SUMMER, HIP FISHING GEAR, STOCK MARKET TOYS AND **BILL MAHER'S** GOOEY TRIBUTE TO NUDE PERFORMANCE ARTIST **KAREN FINLEY**