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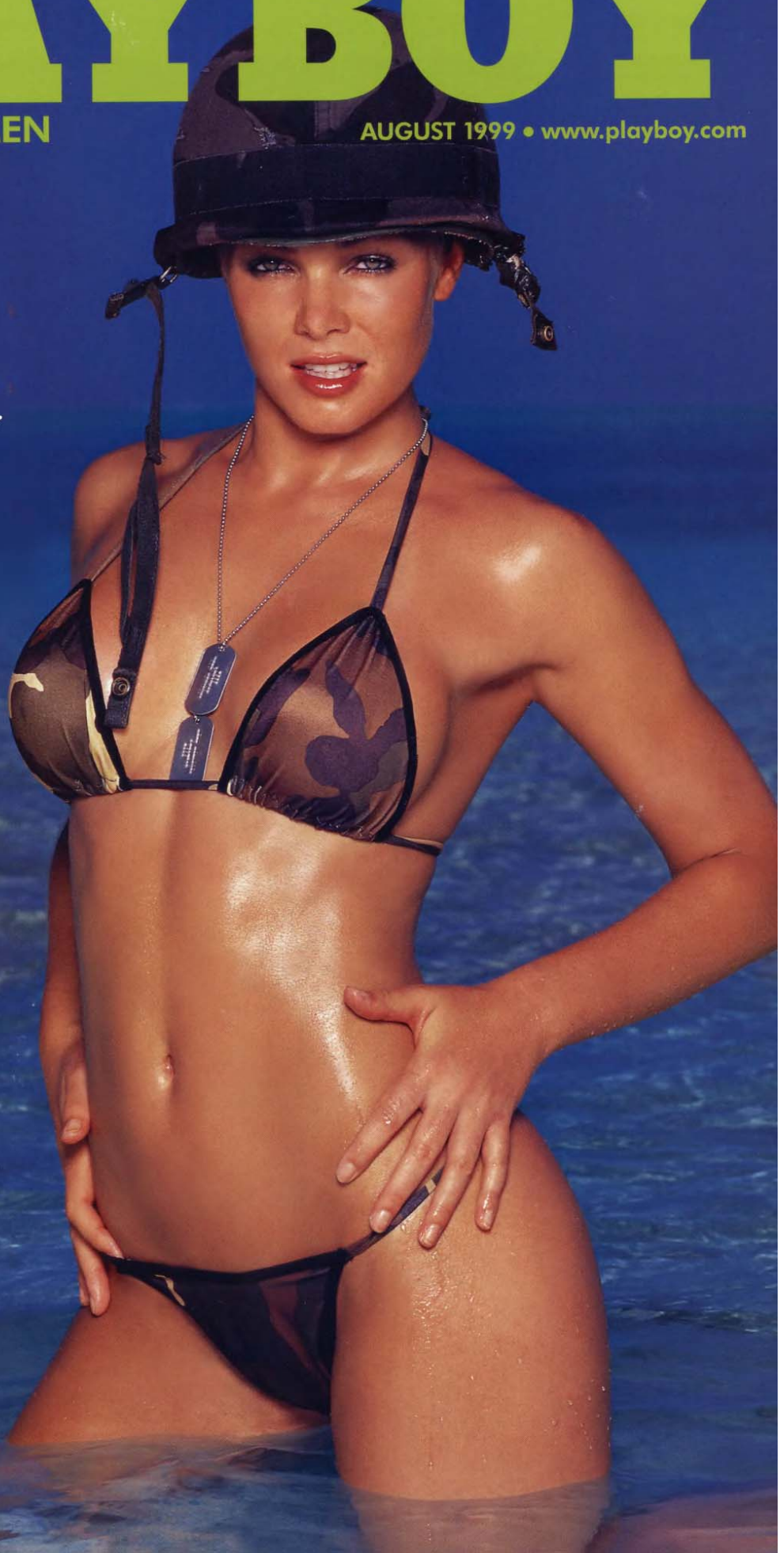
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A FUNNY, FUNNY
INTERVIEW WITH
ALBERT BROOKS

AMERICAN PIE'S
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HOT NEW SEX STAR

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MONEY NOW"

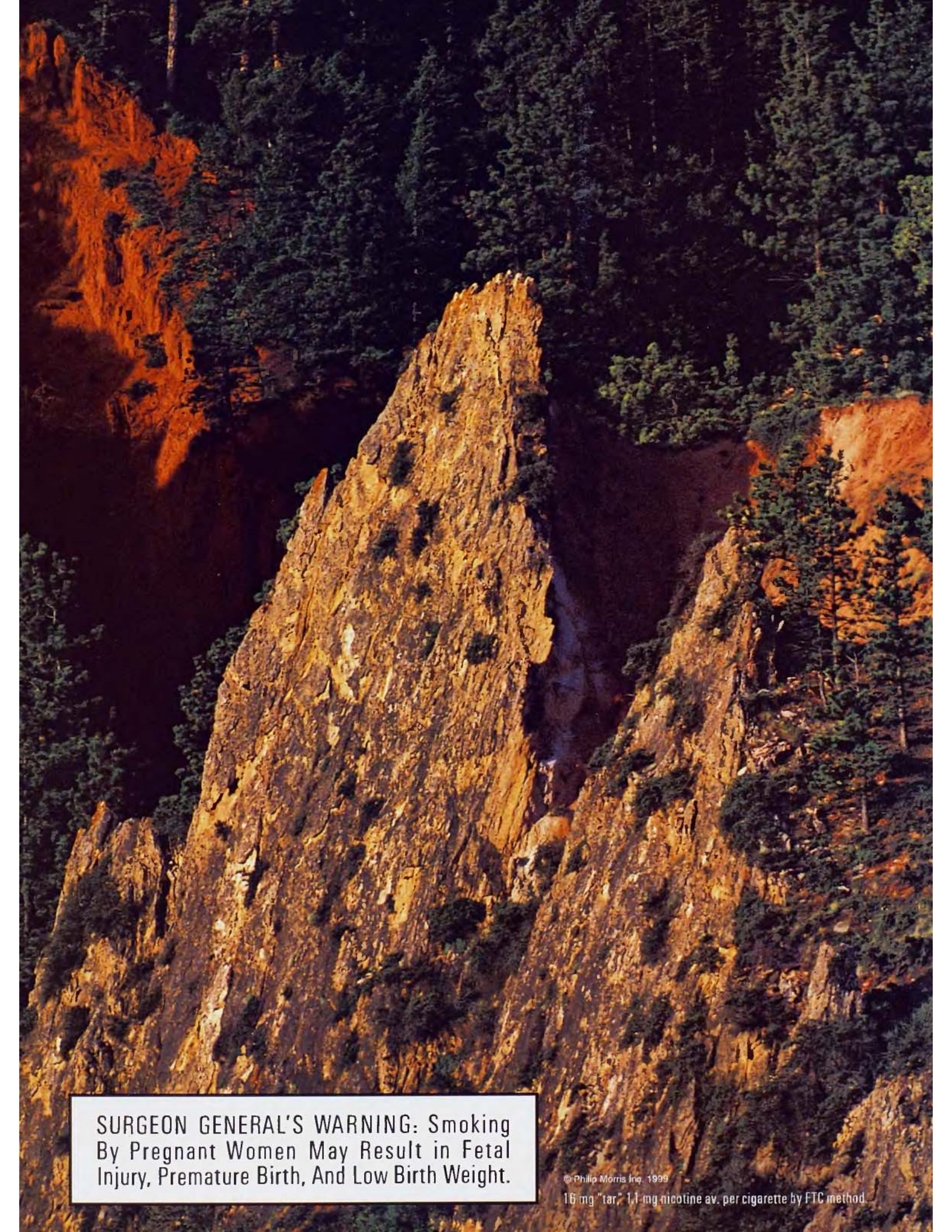


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A person wearing a white shirt and a cowboy hat is riding a dark brown horse on a dirt path. The path winds through a lush green valley. In the background, there are steep, rugged mountains with patches of vibrant red soil. The scene is bathed in warm, golden light, suggesting late afternoon or early morning. The overall atmosphere is one of a peaceful, scenic outdoor setting.

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SKECHERS
S SPORT

PLAYBILL

SIXTEEN YEARS AGO **Albert Brooks** was dubbed "the funniest white man in America." He lived. In fact, he got funnier. His most recent film, *Mother* (co-starring Debbie Reynolds), broadened a fan base spoiled by such sharply turned gems as *Defending Your Life* and *Lost in America*. This month the world is treated to an unprecedented stream of Brooksonian humor: a new movie, *The Muse* (the sixth film he's directed in 20 years), and a feature-length *Playboy Interview* by **Bill Zehme**. What a wealth of nest eggs! Brooks on love: "A woman is like a diving board. You'll only find her at one end of the pool." He even remembers what he would have said had he been named best supporting actor for *Broadcast News*—and we have it.

Stanley Kubrick was more of an enigma than a 2001 monolith. Legendary for building a jungle in England for *Full Metal Jacket* and shooting scenes for *The Shining* more than 50 times, Kubrick was used to getting his way. We never knew how much, but **Ian Watson** did. He worked with Kubrick prior to the filming of *Eyes Wide Shut*, the director's last film, and recounts Kubrick's spacey oddities—he had a thing for string—in *My Adventures With Stanley Kubrick* (limned in pencil by **David Levine**). Another 20th centurion to cherish is **Ernest Hemingway**. It's the 100th anniversary of his birth. We had **Craig Boreth**, author of *The Hemingway Cookbook*, assemble a paean called *Hemingway Style*. And it is good.

In the spirit of adventure, we went out on a limb for a few great women. We saw Lara Croft of Tomb Raider handle a pistol and she became the girl of our screens. Hotshot model **Nell McAndrew** took on the role of Lara. Now she takes it off in a pictorial by **Richard McLaren**. Pie à la mode: Luscious **Shannon Elizabeth** is the treat who stars in *American Pie*. She stayed in character for a spread that contains more than just brief nudity. Thanks to fearless acting, recent episodes of *Ally McBeal* have had tons of **Lucy Liu** wows. As litigator Ling Woo, Liu licked Fish's lips and sucked his finger. In a *20 Questions* with **Robert Crane** she reveals she's a rock-climbing accordionist who gets off on having a love slave. Whackadelic, baby!

Next, peerless **Joyce Carol Oates** puts some love hurt into an amazing short story, *Summer Sweat*. Sex, obsession and two cheating spouses collide during an artistic retreat. It's a strong tale of flirting with affliction. The art is by **Diane Barr**.

During the day, guys take a beating on TV. Then come the "limp dick" sitcom jokes. Hey—we can take it. We just don't want to. Which is why *The Man Show* works. In an offensive, sophomoric and funny Q. and A., hosts **Adam Carolla** and **Jimmy Kimmel** pick up where your internal monolog leaves off. They snicker at male Billy Joel fans and men's fitness magazines. More guy stuff: HBO's mob tale, *The Sopranos*, brings together a troubled hood, a gavone of a son and a shrink in brilliant fashion. We asked **Joe Morgenstern** to analyze this.

Humor, imagination, balls. We believe a man can work on self-improvement without staring at another guy's abs for 100 pages. So **Ted Johnson** hit the irons pile for his review of the best clubs, and amusing random notes from the PGA tour, *Golf '99*. Who needs abs for that? The best financial advice available today is in *Do You Want to Make Money or Would You Rather Fool Around?* It's an excerpt from the book of the same name (Adams Media) by Wall Street vet **John D. Spooner**. Then **Dean Kuipers** downloads his favorite music sites in *Net Sounds*. The record labels control the charts but they sure don't have a grip on the wild, wild web. Use Kuipers' address book to cut through the chaos. While you're cruising, keep an eye out for our equally peeled Playmate, **Rebecca Scott**. She's a singer. Lend her your ear.



ZEHME



WATSON



BORETH



MCLAREN

LEVINE



CRANE



OATES



BARR



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vol. 46, no. 8—august 1999

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Lara Croft

P. 74



Making Money

P. 112



Great Scott

P. 98



Net Music

P. 86

COVER STORY

What does Nell McAndrew have in common with Tomb Raider Lara Croft? They share a taste for action, champagne and hot chocolate, and—oh, yes—England's belle Nell was the original model for the video cybervixen Lara. Our cover this month was shot by Richard McLaren and styled by Chris Baker. Nell's hair was styled by Laurent D. for Privé, with makeup by Klexius Kolby for Visages Style. Our ever-fashionable Rabbit looks darn good in camouflage.



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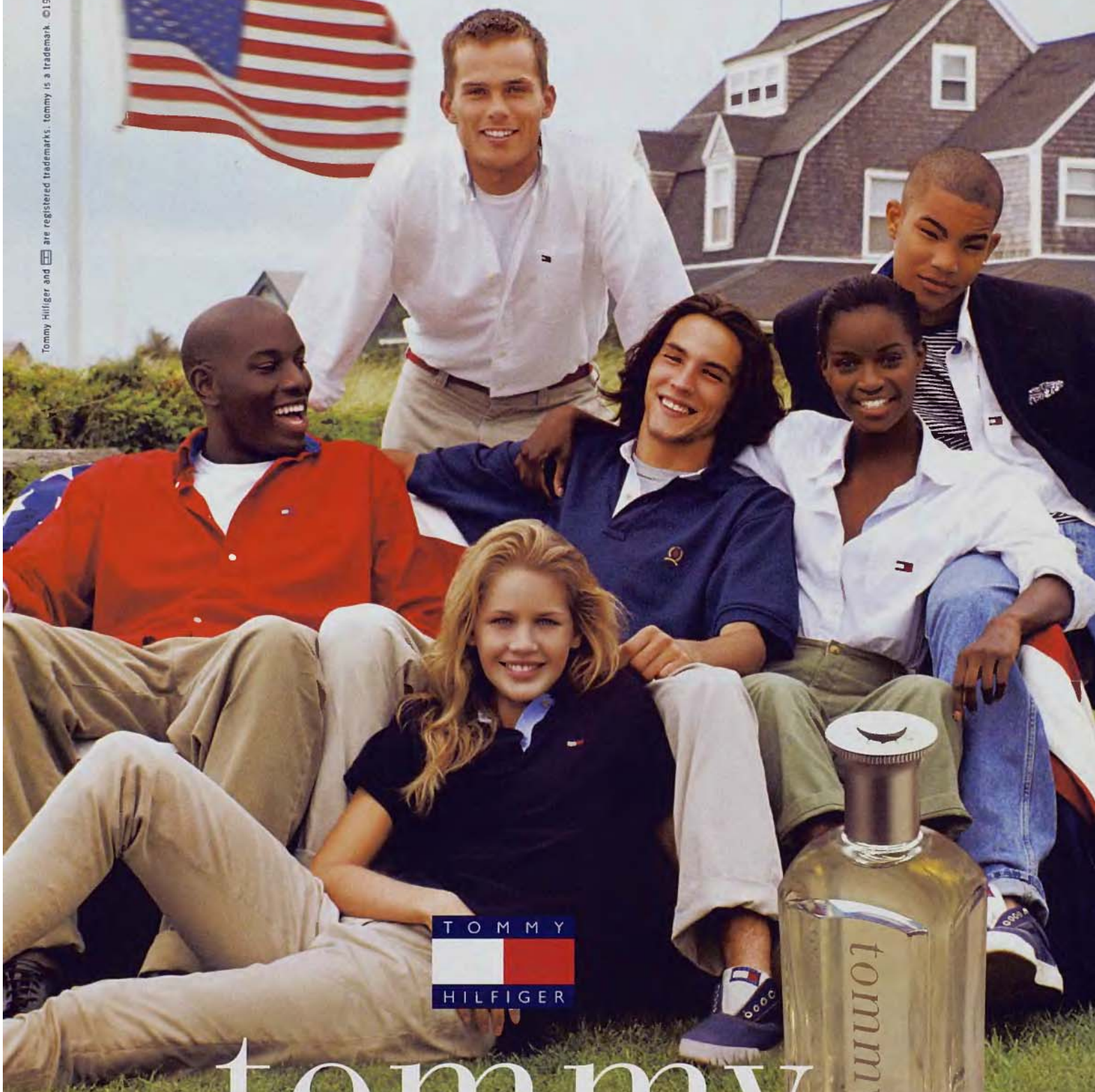
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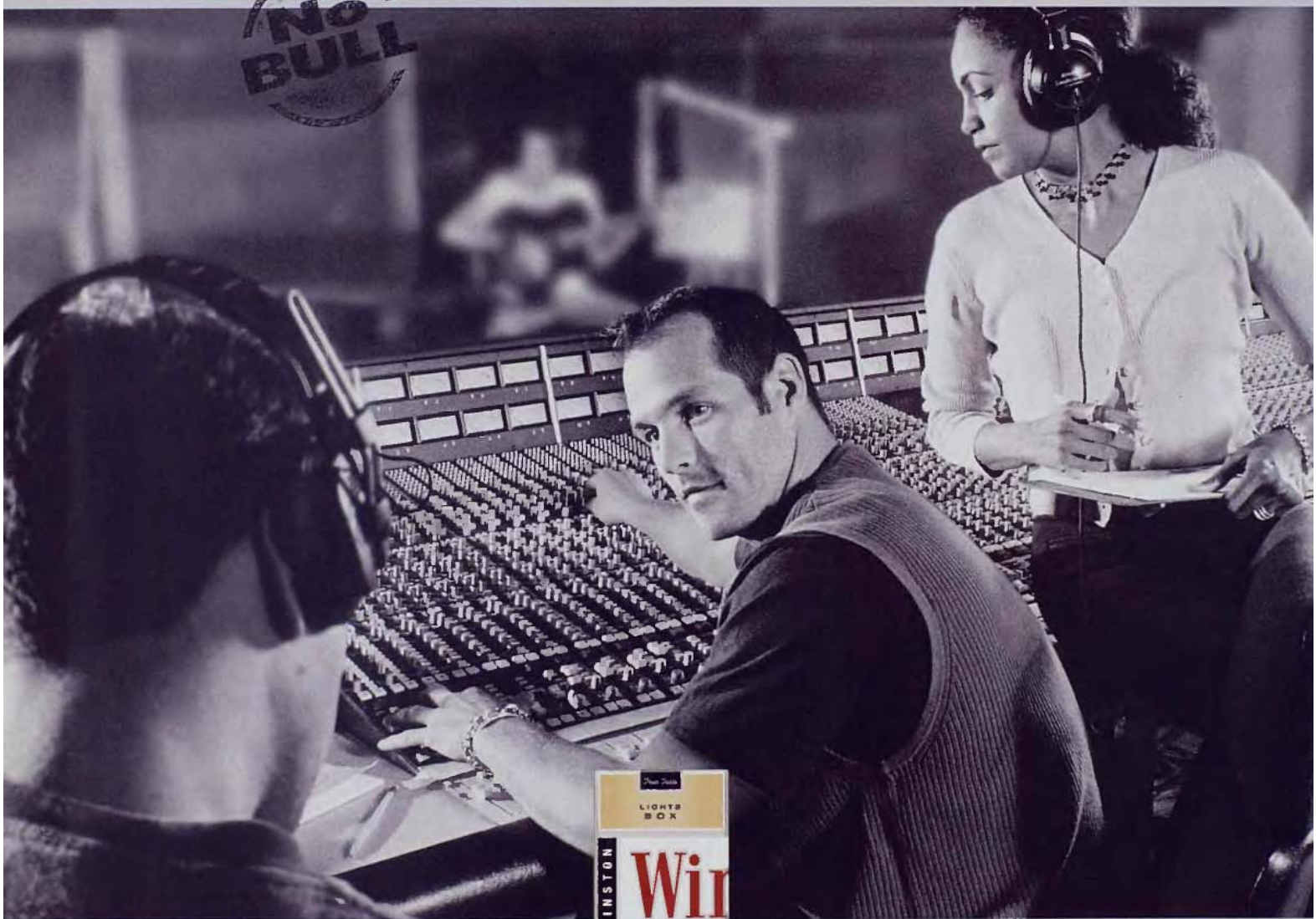
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

hef sightings, mansion frolics and nightlife notes



HEF SHINES WITH THE ALL-STARS

Hef and his statuesque blondes gave Celine Dion the squeeze play during Sony's pre-Oscar party at Le Mondrian. The other star power included Madonna and Chris Rock (lower left), Sandy Bentley and Michael Bolton (below), and Hef with Sean "Puffy" Combs (right).



SABLE WOWS THE MANSION

PLAYBOY's April cover girl and World Wrestling Federation beauty Sable cooked up a promo with Hef at the Wishing Well that ran on the USA Network's *Raw Is War*. Sable didn't flip Hef over her shoulder, but it looks as if she caught his eye.



TABLE-HOPPING

Look who Hef ran into at Chasen's: former flame Barbi Benton (above). On the right, the Bentley twins, Brande Roderick and PMOY Heather Kozar kept Hef company at Barfly on Sunset Strip while Ben Affleck dropped by the table to say hello.



HEF'S

BIRTHDAY BASH



1



2



5



3



4



8



6



7

What do you give a man who has everything? A hamper full of his favorite blue pills and a pajama-themed 73rd birthday party. Some highlights: (1) Victoria Silvstedt and Priscilla Taylor put on a show. (2) Next comes a birthday spanking. (3) Jonathan Williams, Martin Lawrence and Kenny Whack. (4) Heather Kozar, Mandy Bentley and Jessica Paisley. (5) Natalia Sokolova and *Baywatch*'s David Chokachi. (6) George Clooney and pal. (7) "Weird Al" Yankovic and Tina Bockrath. (8) Ice-T. (9) Viva multiples! The Dahm triplets and the Bentley twins. (10) Shannen Doherty, *Charmed*, we're sure. (11) Jimmy and Linda Caan. (12) Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. (13) Ben Affleck and Stephen Dorff.



9



11



12



10



13



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GEEZ, LOUISE, IT'S CHARLIZE

Now that I've seen Charlize Theron in a sexy PLAYBOY pictorial (May), I'll never be able to watch *Mighty Joe Young* with my kids the same way again.

Ron Edwards
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Congratulations to photographer Guido Argentini for the outstanding pictures that capture Charlize's beauty and show off her incredible physique. From cover to cover, this issue is a keeper.

Jeff Anderson
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Charlize's exquisite face, shapely legs and beautifully chiseled body demonstrate that a woman doesn't have to have big breasts to exude sexuality.

German Vanegas
Houston, Texas

What a refreshing break from the usual big-busted babes. Thanks, Charlize, for sharing the real thing with PLAYBOY readers.

Jim Fraiser
Jackson, Mississippi

Charlize proves that PLAYBOY doesn't need a 36D girl on its cover to sell the magazine.

Jim Vice
Portage, Michigan

DON'T DELAY

Now that I've read the article about Texas Republican congressman Tom "the Hammer" DeLay by "Megaphone" Molly Ivins (*The Exterminator Rep*, May), I'm looking forward to a profile on Democrat Dick Gephardt. Who will write it? Pat Buchanan? Rush Limbaugh? Pat Robertson? Remember, fair is fair.

Todd Caudle
Pueblo, Colorado

Tom DeLay and others like him spend most of their time and our money look-

ing for ways to bring down the opposing party. They're more concerned with clubhouse games than they are with working on this nation's problems. It's time for politicians to wake up, grow up and give it up.

Matt Gonzales
San Antonio, Texas

Molly Ivins, who never saw a Republican she didn't hate, has given us another load of her left-wing Texas crap.

Ronald Litz
Conway, South Carolina

So Tom DeLay is in favor of dirty air, dirty water, DDT and mirex in breast milk? Does he also kick puppies and steal lollipops from little girls?

David Weller
Reading, Pennsylvania

ACE OF SPADE

I love your *Playboy Interview* with David Spade (May). He's funny and witty, and if he ever writes a book about Hollywood babes, I know it will be a best-seller.

Jack Nusan Porter
Newton Highlands, Massachusetts

It's interesting to watch a guy with a bad attitude achieve so much success.

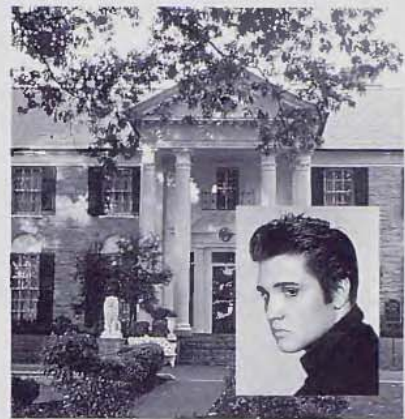
Robert Young
Anaheim, California

FIT TO KICK BOOTY

I'd like to thank John Ellis for including capoeira in his *Kick Butt to Stay Fit* article (*Fitness*, May). As a practitioner of this discipline for nearly ten years, I'm happy to see that capoeira is finally getting the recognition it deserves as a martial art. Too often, experts dismiss it as a form of gymnastics or break dancing.

Jack Lee
San Francisco, California

The fitness article about martial arts is interesting, but I don't agree with your



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explanation of wing chun. You refer to it as a leaping art, but the principle of wing chun is to stay rooted to earth so you're more stable during a fight. Wing chun is not an art for demonstration of physical prowess but rather for strategy. It's highly recommended for smaller people and older people who can't fight with endurance. This is why it's regarded as the thinking man's martial art.

Ivan Cales
Lewisburg, West Virginia

DO YOU BELIEVE IN MAGIC?

It was great to see 1965 PMOY Jo Collins talking to a Vietnam vet in April's *Playmate News*. I still have my photo of Jo with a message on the back, which I received in Da Nang just before the 1968 Tet offensive. I'd like to thank her for the photo and the kind words, and thanks to PLAYBOY for allowing us to vote for our favorite Playmate and for giving us a wonderful distraction. Bob Hope couldn't do it all.

Michael Gorman
Whitestone, New York

SPRING BREAK

My friends and I planned a trip to Lake Havasu, Arizona and noticed that you listed it as the best place for a threesome (*Wish You Were Here*, April). Before we left, we joked about having a ménage à trois there, but none of us believed it would really happen. On the last day of our trip, we met and partied with five girls from Utah State. I dropped a hint about PLAYBOY's endorsement, and not long after that, I was back in my room with not one but two girls. I had an unbelievable night. PLAYBOY hit the mark, and I now have that page from the magazine framed and hanging in my room. My friends and I have some great memories from that weekend. The message to all nonbelievers is: Before you go on spring break, check out PLAYBOY.

Adam Davis
Tempe, Arizona

The sight of young college girls baring all brings me to pray that spring could provide us with the weather for a UK version. Alas, this will never happen. Don't get me wrong—English girls have ample charm and beauty. Spring break, however, epitomizes the American free spirit and fun that many of us in England can only wish for. And so I say to my American cousins: Embrace spring break as if it were a national treasure. One day I, too, will be a spectator; you will know me as the pasty-faced man whistling *Yankee Doodle Dandy* and grinning like a Cheshire cat.

Paul Wallen
London, UK

A BLAST FROM THE PAST

I applaud Asa Baber for his May *Men* column ("My Older Brother"). Praising

Catullus or any writer from antiquity is unusual. So many people dismiss the notion that ancient voices have something to say to modern audiences. The challenge is to bring more of these authors to mainstream attention. My list includes Terence, Plautus (he inspired Shakespeare), Seneca, Ovid and Virgil.

Todd Wineburner
Peoria, Illinois

OH, LUCKY MAN

The *Hangin' With Hef* feature makes me drool with delight. I want to come back as Hugh Hefner in my next life.

Parkson Lin
Newport Beach, California

IN THE WILD

My compliments to everyone involved in creating the *Playmates on Safari* pictorial (May). I have never seen a more stunning and sensual spread. The back-



drop of Africa is unbelievable, and so are the Playmates—Jami, Karin and Rachel Jean.

Stephen Lee Roldan
Aiea, Hawaii

I wish I had been a lion cub on that safari.

Jason Foster
Three Rivers, Michigan

As a Gemini, I've always considered the May issue of PLAYBOY my birthday issue. So thanks for the present of Karin Taylor nude on safari.

Kelwyn Wright
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

TRIPLE LETTER SCORE

The "Hard Scrabble" item in *Playboy After Hours* (May) suggests that tup is an offensive word. While it can be used to refer to sheep shagging each other, it's much more widely used as a synonym for ram—both the animal and the act of

butting something. The more you play Scrabble, the odder the verbiage.

Andrew Lenahan
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

HERE COME THE JUDD

Your *20 Questions* with Ashley Judd (May) is terrific, but it leaves me wanting more. I first fell for her eight years ago when she played an ensign on *Star Trek's U.S.S. Enterprise*. I was pleased to see what Ashley looked like out of uniform a few years later in *Normal Life*. Now I'm hoping PLAYBOY will ask her to be in a pictorial.

Rich Poole
Phoenix, Arizona

Ashley Judd is the kind of woman most of us spend a lifetime searching for.

Scott St. James
Hollywood, California

VIVA LAS VEGAS

Just what I needed—another reason to go to Las Vegas. Miss May, Tishara Lee Cousino (*Tishara*), can blow on my dice any time.

Dana Youngblood
Fort Collins, Colorado

NOT FUNNY, ANNIE FANNY

Regarding your *Little Annie Fanny* cartoon in May, which pokes fun at militia types and hints at the Oklahoma City bombing: I was in high school in Oklahoma City in 1995, and I'll never forget the way the building rumbled from the blast or the faces of students as they wept in fear, not knowing if their family members were alive. The deaths of 168 innocent people is no laughing matter, whatever the intent of the cartoonist.

Josh Coley
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY

Many thanks for the mention of Life-Minders in May's *Living Online* column. After years of forgetting birthdays, I find this web service a helpful reference that will keep me out of the doghouse.

Matt Heric
Durham, North Carolina

BLOW THE MAN DOWN

I take offense at the idea that wives should add a blow job to their list of things to do (*Is There [Oral] Sex After Marriage?* April). Oral sex should never be a chore. It takes two to do the proverbial tango and two to make a marriage work. If married men want more sex, oral or otherwise, they ought to lend a hand around the house. Then maybe women would have some energy left for fooling around.

Lynn Eckroth
Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario





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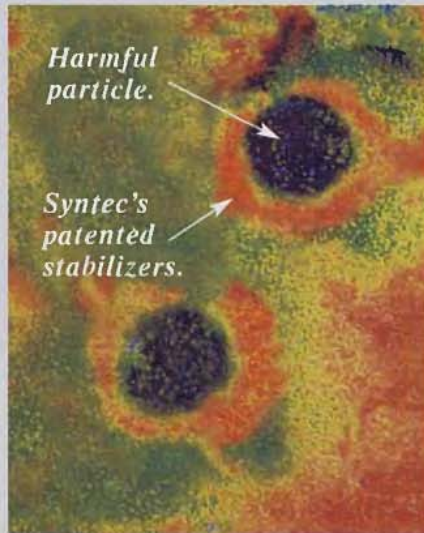


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THE ACTIVE LUBRICANT.

*Picture is artist's conception of particle and stabilizers.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



LOSE THE JACKPOT BELLY

First, Vegas went family. Now it's going total lifestyle. With the slogan "Put your heart into gaming," Fitness Gaming Corp. is pushing a stationary bike and treadmill equipped with slot machines. The machines don't work unless you're gambling and exercising at the same time. With the Pedal 'N' Play Cycle and the Money Mill you get cardiovascular activity while waiting for the skipped heartbeat that accompanies a payoff. The official design concept? "Save Lots of Time." Before you surmise the Strip has gone all public service, company literature explains that without these machines "the spa exercise floor offers little or no source of revenue." Now, if they'd wire a NordicTrack to a two-armed bandit, you could get a full-body workout.

NOOKIE MONSTER

There's nothing about a Vulva Puppet that suggests it's for men, and that's why we had to have one. Case in point: It comes with a video, *Masturbation Memoirs*, that has all the earthiness of a Colonial Williamsburg demonstration on churning butter. Still, we got quite a kick when our handmade puppet arrived from Dorrie Lane of San Francisco's House O' Chicks (www.houseochicks.com). The puppet is designed as a plush satin map for explorers of the Southern Hemisphere and features everything from clitoris to G spot. It works well as a pillow, doubles as an oven mitt and doesn't slide around when you put your fingers into it.

PUBESCENT PINHEAD SOCIETY

According to a study at McLean Hospital in Belmont, Massachusetts, there's a good reason teenagers act so dumb: They are. Researcher Deborah Yurgelun-Todd says the teen brain is not fully developed. When shown photos of faces wracked with fear, almost all teens got the emotion wrong. Most adults got it right. Scans of the teens' brains showed increased blood flow to the amygdala, which governs gut reactions. Adults had

greater activity in their frontal lobes, the part that uses reason. Yurgelun-Todd says the prefrontal cortex is also one of the last areas of the brain to develop. Why? Because she says so.

COLORBIND

Should you have a mind to dye your hair, be warned that the various shades L'Oreal offers for men may give you serious pause. Aesthetic imagery aside, it might prove difficult to decide whether your natural hair color is "camel," "cherry cola" or "gothic."

TALKING HEAD

Jerry Garcia hasn't allowed his demise to interfere with his reflections on life. Former Dead guitarist Bob Weir's sister Wendy, who claims psychic abilities, has been chatting at length with Jerry's oversoul, which is presumably a sort of raincoat for the *ka*. The result, *In the Spirit: Conversations With the Spirit of Jerry Garcia* (Harmony), contains the dead head Deadhead's thoughts on such subjects as astrophysics and dragons. Some of the musing seems a bit un-Jerry-like, such as

his denunciation of recreational drugs as "destructive. . . . Our higher consciousness cannot help or even be heard when our energy field is filled with the stagnant black blobs left by drug use." Uh, Wendy, are you sure you're not picking up Jerry Brown's oversoul?

VIAGRA FLAWS

Citing a recent FDA report, *The Wall Street Journal* warned its readers that one might experience "speech disorder, hallucination, tinnitus, hiccups, eye rolling, euphoric mood, dry mouth, confusion, insomnia, abnormal thinking, increased sweating and abnormal dreams" as possible side effects of Viagra. Yeah—but only when it's working right.

RINGING ELLE'S BELLS

Thanks to the enterprising Caribbean nations of Antigua and Barbuda, which have issued a set of postage stamps depicting her in various poses, you can now lick the entire backside of Elle Macpherson.

OFFICER DOWN!

The spirit of *Barney Miller* is alive but bruised in the Fingerprint and Photo Unit of the Seattle Police Department. A series of injuries involving a piece of departmental office equipment has necessitated a special training program for the unit's civilian employees. The focus of the training: how to safely sit in a standard desk chair with rollers. As one supervisory memo cautioned, "Take hold of the arms and get control of the chair before sitting down." Be careful in there.

TORI ANUS

Our vote for mood-killing non sequitur of the month goes to piano player Tori Amos, who told *Wine X* magazine, "I hear the wine. I hear it before I taste it. It's calling me. And then I start to hear it when I'm tasting it. Not that I put crystal suppositories up my ass." Of course not. No way they'd slip past the cork.



RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"No man ever made love to a woman because she kept a clean house."—
JOAN RIVERS' PRENUPTIAL ADVICE TO HER DAUGHTER

TEST TUBE BABIES

In a survey of 300 parents, percentage who say they want their child to become a doctor: 52. Percentage who want him or her to become a best-selling novelist: 19. A pro athlete: 13. A human rights activist: 5. A movie star: 4. President: 2.5.

FISTFUL OF DOLLARS

According to an Indiana University study, average number of minutes in a two-hour *WWF Raw Is War* episode that is devoted to wrestling: 36. Average number of times wrestlers grab or point to their crotches: 33.

PARASKAVEDEKATRIAPHOBIA

Percentage of Americans who fear Friday the 13th and who would rather stay home on August 13, 1999: 15.

LATE BLOOMERS

According to researchers at DePaul University in Chicago, percentage of normal adults who say they are chronic procrastinators: 20.

THE UNTOUCHABLES

In a study by *Consumer Reports* on the seven types of wide-body jets used on most long flights, percentage of coach-class seats that were undesirable (middle seats, seats close to lavatories and those that don't recline): 41.

PATENT MOVES

According to IFI/Plenum Data Corp., percentage increase in number of patents granted by the U.S. from 1997 to 1998: 33. Number of patents granted to IBM: 2682. Num-



FACT OF THE MONTH

The body temperature of gamblers typically rises 1.5 degrees when they are involved in high-stakes games.

ber of patents granted to Canon: 1934. Number of patents granted to NEC: 1632. Number to Motorola: 1428.

CELL BREAK

Number of pay telephones on the sidewalks of New York City: 32,239. Number of applications pending for additional telephones: 19,965. The year the first outdoor phone booth appeared in New York: 1960.

HOWDY, STRANGER

According to the 1997 *Survey of State Travel Information*

Centers, number of visitor centers in Nebraska, the state with the most tourist facilities: 24.

TOP FLITE DOCTOR

According to a test by *Golf Digest*, the highest heart rate experienced by a heart surgeon performing a four-hour quadruple bypass operation: 88 beats per minute. The highest heart rate experienced by the same surgeon during a round of golf: 111 beats per minute.

CALLING GRUPO TELEFONO?

Average annual telephone bill for an American family: \$400. Average annual telephone bill for a family in Mexico: \$1062.

WE ARE THE WALRUS

According to research by Colleen Ball, number of times since 1945 that state or federal judges have referred to Humpty-Dumpty in their analysis of a legal dispute: 383. Number of judicial opinions citing *Alice in Wonderland*: 357.

GLOBAL VILLAGE IDIOTS

Percentage of Americans in a Harris poll who correctly identified soccer as the sport played in the World Cup: 52.

—BETTY SCHAAL

MOBY GRAPE

Now to cleanse your palate. While it might not make anyone forget ecstasy—or even microbrews—winerave.com has become one of our favorite websites. Wine Brats (wine.brats.org) use the site to chronicle their national tour of incongruous-sounding parties, with upcoming stops in San Francisco, Atlanta and Los Angeles. In case you didn't know, here's the definition of a Wine Rave: a wine tasting at a hip venue featuring contemporary music, performance art, interactive fashion, new media and food. The website also helps you pair wine and music. Jewel goes nicely with a Bonny Doon Pacific Rim Riesling ("the BDPRR bottle screams fluffy female songstress"), while Pat Benatar is well suited to Corbet Canyon chardonnay ("rocking and cheap"). Which brings to mind our favorite misheard lyric: Hit me with your best rot.

PALM SPRINGS CHICKENS

The Fabulous Palm Springs Follies opens with a Busby Berkeley number. The company of sexy showgirls, which includes a former Rockette, does 232 performances a year and is known as the Legendary Line of Long-Legged Lovelies. The big kick? Their average age is just shy of 70. These hoofers were doing shuffle changes with Fred Astaire and Ruby Keeler. Throw in the dog tricks of Bob Moore and His Amazing Mongrels and occasional star headliners such as Donald O'Connor and you understand why the vaudeville show grossed more than \$10 million last year. Eighty-six-year-old Maryetta Evans' show-stopping splits alone are worth the \$65 price for an orchestra seat (so what if she needs help getting up?). A few feathers, strategically placed sequins and genuine smiles later, and you'll marvel at how greasepaint does wonders for liver spots.

ODDS AND ENDS

Last year was a bumper year for wagering in England. Though the betting business primarily involves horse racing and other sporting events, more esoteric prognostications were entertained. With the millennium upon us, bookmaking firm William Hill of London is offering odds on the end of the world. It has already covered such bets as civilization destroyed by mass suicide at 100 million to 1, destruction by aliens at 500,000 to 1, worldwide floods at 100,000 to 1 and a conventional apocalypse via world war at 1000 to 1. One punter put a pound on 6,666,666 to 1 odds that the world would end at six P.M. on the sixth day of the sixth month of 1999. Another loony took 1 million to 1 odds that the world would end on August 11, 1999 at 12:50 P.M. Happily, that's Jerry Springer's time slot in many major markets.

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MUSIC

COUNTRY

DURING THE NINETIES country music conquered the world but almost lost its soul. Like the blues, country used to be emotionally raw music that reflected the real lives of working class and rural people. But when Nashville adopted the worst aspects of corporate rock (including overpolished production and sentimentality), it bleached the honk out of America's roots music. Surprisingly, it was Nashville outsider Dwight Yoakam who most successfully updated country's sound over the past decade while remaining true to its populist ideals. A disciple of the Bakersfield school of Buck Owens and Merle Haggard, Yoakam was one of the few original voices to achieve mainstream success without compromising his individuality. **Last Chance for a Thousand Years: Dwight Yoakam's Greatest Hits From the Nineties** (Reprise) reveals an artist who balances tradition with innovation. He rocked his ass off with a little help from guitarist Pete Anderson on *Fast as You* and put the twang back into Queen's *Crazy Little Thing Called Love*—one of three new tracks in this collection. And with *A Thousand Miles From Nowhere*, Yoakam writes one of the most exhilarating hooks to hit country radio in decades. If Nashville's moguls want to reverse country's sagging sales and bland musical output, this collection is the place to start. —VIC GARBARINI

As alternative country goes, both Wilco's **Summer Teeth** (Reprise) and Old 97's **Fight Songs** (Elektra) will be sure to elicit howls of outrage from steel-guitar loyalists. Both are long enough on tune to satisfy a rock-and-roller's need to hum along. Old 97's guitar-hooked lyrics are a surer means to good songs than the piano-dominated pop that Wilco's Jeff Tweedy uses so skillfully. Try *Oppenheimer*, the name of the street where the 97's Rhett Miller falls in love, or *19*, about being too young to know just how good you're getting it. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Every Saturday night in the southwestern Virginia town of Hiltons, the Carter Family Fold takes place. Electric instruments are not allowed. Profanity is prohibited and the past is acknowledged. That's the spirit that drives **Press On (Risk)**, a homespun June Carter Cash autobiography through song. Cash is the daughter of country icon Mother Maybelle Carter. And her first solo project in 25 years features sidemen such as husband Johnny Cash and former sons-in-law Rodney Crowell and Marty Stuart. *Press On* includes a deliberate gospel cover of the Carter Family classic *Will the Circle Be Unbroken*, while Johnny and June duet on the calling-me-home bal-



Dwight Yoakam's greatest hits.

No hokum from Dwight Yoakam, Tom Waits or Mike Ness, but just a little from Lester Bowie.

lad *Far Side Banks of Jordan*. Mother Maybelle would be proud. —DAVE HOEKSTRA

ROCK

By neither getting too famous nor giving up for a quarter century, low-life chronicler Tom Waits has evolved into a role model for young alt-rockers who hope someday to be old alt-rockers. So after checkered careers on two major labels—the second summed up nicely on last year's *Beautiful Maladies*—Waits took the logical step: He signed on with the punk indie label Epitaph. Yet **Mule Variations**, his first new music in six years, is the least confrontational album he's released since his 1973 debut. It's surprisingly tender, adding more blues to the clanging cabaret-rock he invented in the Eighties. Waits is as sardonic as ever on *Big in Japan*, *eyeball Kid* and *What's He Building?* But elsewhere it's as if his love for his wife and collaborator Kathleen Brennan has taken over his music. This adds a welcome dimension to his weirdness. Here's hoping young alt-rockers get the point. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Social Distortion made a transition from punk to roots rock more skillfully and naturally than any other band I can think of. The key was leader Mike Ness' whispered growl and his fearless lyrics. Ness' debut solo album, **Cheating at Solitaire** (Time Bomb), doesn't alter the format much. The rhythms still range from

controlled punk slams to Johnny Cash shuffles. Even the jazz influence that shows up on *Misery Loves Company* and *Crime Don't Pay* comes from the Peter Gunn school. What makes the album different is the degree to which Ness exposes himself. Some of his greatest songs allude to his struggles with drugs, which he sings about without a pinch of self-pity. He sings *You Win Again*, with the Hank Williams line "Just trustin' you was my great sin." *Dope Fiend Blues* is an honest and unflinching portrait of what it means to struggle with addiction. "I sold my soul to the devil and then I stole it back," Ness says. You might think that means *Cheating* is about survival, but that's not right. It's about living as an honorable person. —DAVE MARSH

Motörhead's **Everything Louder Than Everyone Else** (BMG), a live double album, captures the essence of the band about as well as anything they've recorded in their 24-year existence. Funny, humane and absolutely terrifying, this is death metal at its most invigorating.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

R&B

Eric Benét finds himself caught between two approaches to R&B at the millennium. He's not a sample-driven, hip-hop influenced new jack man like R. Kelly, nor is he a retro soul brother like D'Angelo or Maxwell. On his second album, **A Day in the Life** (Warner Bros.), Benét works hard to polish his neo-soul credentials. There's a duet with the gifted Me'Shell Ndegéocello, *Ghetto Girl*. There's an effective, though unlikely, cover of *Dust in the Wind*, a Seventies soft-rock standard by Kansas. On these and a few other songs, Benét positions himself as an artist outside the mainstream. But despite that, Benét still makes many concessions to the middle-of-the-road soul music he's trying to avoid. Although he has a warm, comfortable voice and heart-throb looks, he rarely lights a fire under the material. —NELSON GEORGE

SALSA

Because everything is a hybrid these days, I can't make any revolutionary claims for the cowboy rumba on **Cowboy Rumba** (Palm Pictures) by Ned Sublette. But he's highly entertaining and original. A native of Lubbock, Texas, Sublette thinks the point of music is joy, as did fellow Lubbock native Buddy Holly. Sublette also has a promiscuous love of many musical forms, confining himself here to a variety of Caribbean (especially Cuban) and South American rhythms.

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|---|-----------|-----------|--------|-------|-------|
| Eric Benét <i>A Day in the Life</i> | 7 | 6 | 7 | 5 | 7 |
| Mike Ness <i>Cheating at Solitaire</i> | 6 | 6 | 6 | 9 | 8 |
| Ned Sublette <i>Cowboy Rumba</i> | 4 | 6 | 7 | 7 | 7 |
| Tom Waits <i>Mule Variations</i> | 9 | 10 | 6 | 8 | 9 |
| Dwight Yoakam <i>Last Chance</i> | 8 | 8 | 8 | 5 | 7 |

GIVE TCHAIKOVSKY THE NEWS DEPARTMENT: Metallica and composer Michael Kamen's gig with the San Francisco Symphony is now history. Both the band and the symphony played at full tilt. Metallica's James Hetfield's prediction turned out to be true: The concert attracted symphony goers who otherwise wouldn't have gone to a Metallica show, as well as kids who never would have gone to a symphony.

REELING AND ROCKING: Ice-T is trying TV again, this time as a martial arts master on UPN's *The Disciples*. . . . If Warner Bros. gets its way, Lauryn Hill will play her future mother-in-law, Rita Marley, in the film bio of Bob. . . . Missy "Misdemeanor" Elliott and Busta Rhymes are interested in a cartoon series and their management is working with HBO to see if they can come up with the right project.

NEWSBREAKS: Blues Traveler John Popper has recorded a solo project and should be out on tour as you read this. . . . Because there'll never be another Freddie Mercury, the surviving members of Queen are considering recording again with a revolving group of singers. . . . A drama about Janis Joplin, *Love, Janis*, played to sell-out crowds in Cleveland, Austin and Denver. Based on letters the singer wrote to her family in Port Arthur, Texas after she moved to San Francisco, the production includes 20 songs, plus a full band and two singers to try to do them justice. . . . The Allman Bros. are currently headlining a 30-city Nascar tour, *Nascar Rocks America*. It will have tie-ins with CBS Sports, TNN and Westwood One radio. "Cars have always been part of rock and roll," says Gregg Allman. . . . INXS will release a greatest hits CD with previously unreleased tracks on it later this year. . . . Smokey Robinson, Chaka Khan, Hammer, Naomi Judd and Charlie Daniels

are involved in a \$7 million TV campaign promoting Bible reading. . . . Pete Townshend plans to write another musical after he finishes his autobiography. Called *Psychoderelict*, it's about a middle-aged rock star. . . . Chuck D has another book coming out this fall, a diary about Public Enemy. . . . Cher's extensive tour—her first in eight years—will reach 32 cities, ending on August 14 in Seattle. Look for her. . . . Paul McCartney news: The rumor is that Sir Paul will tour the U.S. accompanied by an album of Sixties cover songs he recorded with members of Pink Floyd. He was recently proclaimed the richest musician in the UK by *The Sunday Times*. As of 1998, he had earned \$832 million. . . . Look for Carlos Santana on tour until the end of August. The tour kicked off, appropriately enough, at the Fillmore in San Francisco. . . . Tom Jones recorded the Talking Heads' *Burning Down the House* with the Cardigans for an album of duets, *Reload*, coming out in September. Other artists expected to participate include the Stereophonics, Space, Robbie Williams and Van Morrison. . . . Does Tina know? Mariah Carey has won the Hanes Best Legs Contest, having beat out Cameron Diaz and Nicole Kidman. . . . The punk bands working and living on Manhattan's Lower East Side are waging war against Mayor Rudolph Giuliani in art and song. Said one: "We've had it with the dance police, the morality police and zero tolerance." The single is *New York City Is Dead*. . . . The cancellation of Lollapalooza '99 has elicited a promise of the "ultimate lineup" for the millennial summer. . . . Lastly, is this creepy or what? Kurt Cobain's childhood home was on sale this past spring in Aberdeen, Washington, just in time for the anniversary of his death.

—BARBARA NELLIS

He tells stories about drinking and cheating, in the country tradition. Imagine George Jones singing over the Desi Arnaz band. The album opens with an inspired joke, a merengue rendition of *Ghost Riders in the Sky* that also works as a startling reinterpretation of a familiar melody. Sublette has also breathed new life into that Buddy Holly warhorse *Not Fade Away*.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

JAZZ

Ex-Police guitarist Andy Summers is one of the few rock musicians with the taste and balls to attempt an entire album of jazz legend Thelonious Monk's tunes. And he's probably the only one with the skill to pull it off. On *Green Chimneys* (BMG) Summers' tart playing captures the essence of Monk's knotty sophistication and humor. The album's obvious highlight is Summers' first collaboration in over a decade with fellow Monk devotee and Police front man Sting. Sting's exquisite vocals on *Round Midnight* will only intensify demands for a Police reunion.

—VIC GARBARINI

The latest CD from veteran trumpeter Lester Bowie's Brass Fantasy is titled *The Odyssey of Funk and Popular Music* (Atlantic). And he means it. This is avant jazz that has a strip club sense of fun, and a sense of humor that might crack up George Clinton. Do you know of another serious musician with the nerve to cover the Spice Girls and Marilyn Manson, or to turn *The Birth of the Blues* into a surreal burlesque house exercise? You certainly don't know one who also has the compassion for *Notorious Thugs*, a tribute to the Notorious B.I.G. Bowie is such a serious jazz artist that he doesn't need to deny his humanity.

—DAVE MARSH

FOLK

James Keelaghan writes narrative lyrics and fuses folk and pop as well as anybody around, and his big folkie voice is a sweet successor to fellow Canadians Ian Tyson and Neil Young. *Road* (High Tone) has two great story songs, *Number 37* and *My Old Man*, and two terrific meditations on mortality, *Message to the Future* and *Who Dies?*

—DAVE MARSH

RAP

Without a lot of hype until Lauryn Hill won all those Grammys, Ruffhouse Records has been one of the decade's best labels. Now celebrating its tenth anniversary, it's home to a variety of talents from hip-hop to pop. On *Ruffhouse's Greatest Hits* (Columbia), musicians such as Kriss Kross, Cypress Hill, the Fugees and Wyckle Jean have kept this inventive indie from being swallowed by the giants.

—NELSON GEORGE

NEW KID ON THE TECH BLOCK

It's a couch spud's dream come true: a television picture so clear you can sit with your nose pressed to the screen and still not detect flaws in the image. That's the promise of high-definition television. The reality: The digital sets now on sale in the U.S. are useful only in the 30 cities where HD programming is available. While we wait for broadcasters to get their acts together, a company called Loewe is offering an excellent option: TVs optimized for satellite and DVD movies that also work magic with standard broadcasts. Never heard of Loewe? That's because the European television maker just recently entered the States with an impressive line of digital TVs. At a time when most U.S. television mak-



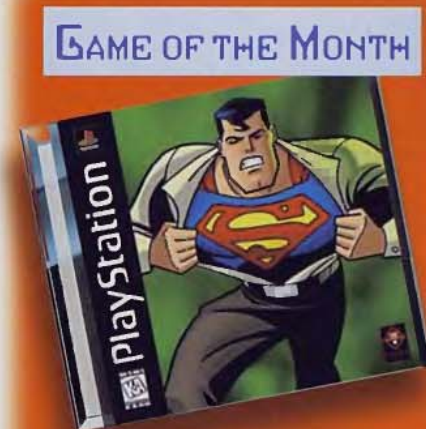
AMANDA DUFFY

ers are just introducing their first digital sets, Loewe is hitting specialty electronics stores with its sixth-generation models. As with many early digital TVs, Loewes make use of standard-definition technology, which means the picture is twice as good as what you get now but still isn't true high definition. It also means the 30- to 36-inch direct-view sets are a fraction of the cost of an HDTV (between \$3800 and \$5000, compared with a starting price of about \$10,000 for HDTV). To achieve the enhanced picture quality, the digital circuitry in Loewes processes images at double the standard speed. That eliminates the black scanning lines you ordinarily see at close range and gives even conventional broadcasts filmlike purity. The TVs also digitize audio tracks in order to enhance channel separation and create surround-sound effects from stereo sources. Loewe's sets feature both component and S-video jacks for high-end video sources (including a high-definition converter box), as well as inputs for connecting a computer. And because they are optimized for movie viewing, the sets perform a convenient function: They recognize letterboxed DVDs and adjust the image to fill the screen. Our

pick: the Loewe Planus, a 30-inch wide-screen TV with a platinum finish. The price: \$4400. —JONATHAN TAKIFF

IT'S IN THE BAG

You just spent \$4000 on a fully loaded notebook computer. Instead of carrying it in a boring bag like every other corporate drone, consider lugging your laptop in one of these multipurpose carriers. **Traveler's Briefcase** (\$750 to \$1050): This is the closest thing we've found to a bespoke bag. Made of lightweight, hand-finished cowhide in textured walnut or milled black, the oversize (22-inch) Litigation model is an all-in-one briefcase, computer carrier and overnight bag. Dividers help organize a suit, shirts, laptop, back-up drive and power supplies. **LapDog** (\$140): Leave it to an architect to design a sleek carrying case that unfolds into a mobile workstation. Made of coated ballistic nylon, the LapDog has two zippered saddlebags that drape across your legs or an airline tray. **Tumi Safecase** (\$250–\$575): Roomy enough to hold a computer, a cell phone, files and even lunch, this computer case is made of ballistic nylon or leather and features a bonus: a patented sling suspension that protects your computer by preventing it from touching the bottom of the bag. **Kipling Provider** (\$74): Guys who prefer to go casual should check out Kipling's Hacker line of backpacks. Our favorite model, the Provider, comes in yellow, brown or black and is spacious

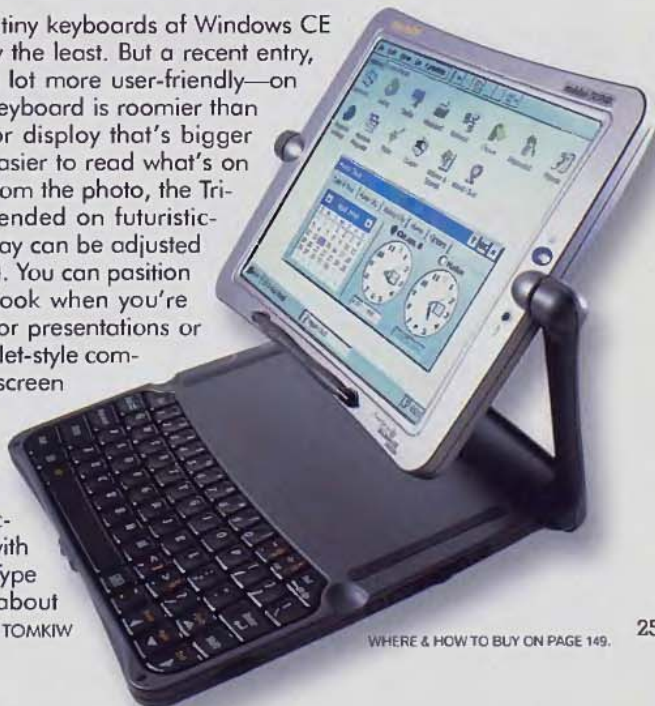


enough to go from home to office to the gym. It even has a pocket to hold your CD-ROMs. —LINDA STROM

Any Clark Kent with a game controller can leap tall buildings in a single bound in *Superman*, a video game based on the popular animated cartoon series. In classic Superman fashion, the game allows aspiring men of steel to soar through the city and save Metropolis locals Lois Lane and Jimmy Olsen from the villainous Lex Luthor and his legion of robots. Of course, you possess all of the superhero's special powers, including his famous freezing breath, heat vision and X-ray vision. Unfortunately, the last won't work on Lois Lane's clothes. We tried. (By Titus Software, for Nintendo 64 and PlayStation, later this year.) —JASON BUHRMESTER

WILD THINGS

Hunting and pecking on the tiny keyboards of Windows CE computers is irritating, to say the least. But a recent entry, Sharp's Mobilon TriPad, is a lot more user-friendly—on several fronts. The TriPad's keyboard is roomier than most. And, thanks to a color display that's bigger (just under ten inches), it's easier to read what's on the screen. As you can see from the photo, the TriPad also looks sharp. Suspended on futuristic-looking arms, the color display can be adjusted three ways (hence, the name). You can position it like a conventional notebook when you're working, at an easel angle for presentations or flat over the keyboard for tablet-style computing. It incorporates touchscreen technology, allowing you to launch software with a pen tip. Tech specs include 16 megabytes of RAM, a 33.6 kbps modem, cable connections for synchronizing files with a desktop computer and a Type II PC Card slot. The price: about \$1000. —BETH TOMKIW



By LEONARD MALTIN

WRITER Hanif Kureishi has created a uniquely personal body of work, in print and on-screen (*My Beautiful Laundrette*, *Sammy and Rosie Get Laid*). The latest adaptation of his work, *My Son the Fanatic* (Miramax), is cut from the same cloth. Om Puri plays a hearty Pakistani taxi driver who has convinced himself that he lives a good life in England. So why is his wife so morose and his son turning against him? Puri finds escape and a kind of fulfillment in his relationship with a young prostitute (Rachel Griffiths), toward whom he feels both open and protective. His own conflicted feelings emerge as he goes about the details of setting up a sex party for visiting businessman Stellan Skarsgård. Kureishi describes this as "a romantic film with ideological edges." That's as good a description as any, but points should also go to director Udayan Prasad for bringing it to life so realistically. **YYY**

It's easy to see why *The Blair Witch Project* (Artisan) was one of the more talked-about films at this year's Sundance Film Festival. But it struck me more as a sophisticated film-school project than a movie. Shot on a minuscule budget in eight days, it tells of an ambitious and verbose young filmmaker (Heather Donahue) who hires a cameraman and soundman to document a legend of lo-



Villeret and Lhermitte: Whining and dining.

Harnessing the force,
freaking out,
fooling around.

cal witchcraft. The trio gets lost in the woods. As hunger and sensory deprivation set in, their desperation grows more intense. The actors, who ad-libbed most of their dialogue, were subjected to some of the same deprivation in shooting the film. (Remember Laurence Olivier's re-

mark to method-mad Dustin Hoffman: "Why don't you try acting, dear boy? It's so much simpler.") The guerrilla methods used to shoot the picture account for much of *Blair Witch's* self-generated mystique, nurtured by a website that's been going for months. I must admit that by the end of the film, I was involved—and disturbed. I just wish I hadn't been aware of the wheels turning quite so much along the way. **YV½**

No film in recent memory has generated more anticipation than *Star Wars: Episode I—The Phantom Menace* (20th Century Fox). But from the moment of the first screening, the same people who had built up such tremendous expectations started tearing down the film. Come on, folks: This isn't the Second Coming, it's another *Star Wars* movie. Like the original, it is aimed primarily at kids, but the overage kids who now constitute so much of the Empire's fan base forget that. They also forget that (a) many of them were much younger when they fell in love with the original and (b) movies have changed since 1977. Even Jedi-meister George Lucas is mildly embarrassed by the initial trilogy—especially the first installment—and tried to "improve" the pictures for their recent theatrical reissue. In the days before *Star Wars*, more than 20 years ago, audiences were unaccustomed to special-effects movies, and adults generally didn't go to

George Lucas made fans wait 16 years to see the new episode of his *Star Wars* saga. But the films that inspired *Star Wars* kept their fans in suspense for only a week at a time. Those Saturday matinee serials from the Thirties,

THE FIRST JEDI KNIGHTS

Forties and Fifties not only fueled *Star Wars* but also Lucas' and Steven Spielberg's other enduring creation, *Indiana Jones*.

Serials were made for kids—just like *Star Wars*—and took their young viewers to a world of daring feats, secret societies, masked villains and quests for lost treasure. The plotting and dialogue were strictly juvenile, but there was something almost hypnotic about their appeal.

Aficionados agree that Republic Pictures produced the best serials, though Universal made history with its *Flash Gordon* series, based on the extraordinarily popular futuristic comic strip by Alex Raymond. Former Olym-

pic swimmer Buster Crabbe starred as space traveler Flash. Pretty Jean Rogers played Dale Arden and thunder-voiced Charles Middleton played the evil Ming the Merciless, ruler of the planet Mongo.

Many serials are available on video, but you shouldn't watch them through Nineties eyes. Most of the special effects look primitive, yet their quaintness gives them a sort of charm. A couple of years ago, I tried out *Flash Gordon* on my young daughter. She found the acting stilted and some of the situations corny, but she got caught up in the cliff-hangers—the chapter endings that leave the hero in peril. Back in the Thirties kids had to wait a whole week to see how Flash got out of his latest predicament. My kid insisted we fast-forward to the next chapter right away.

Flash Gordon (and its follow-up, *Buck Rogers*) aside, B-movie factory Republic Pictures owned the franchise. They had the best stuntmen, the most ingenious special-effects team (Howard

and Theodore Lydecker) and the most experience. Indeed, serials such as *The Adventures of Captain Marvel*, *Daredevils of the Red Circle* and *Zorro's Fighting Legion* still look great.

In *Zorro's Fighting Legion* stuntman Yakima Canutt falls under a fast-moving stagecoach, letting the coach run over him, and grabbing the back end. (He repeated the gag in John Ford's *Stagecoach*.) When Steven Spielberg recreated the stunt in *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, he inserted a camera cut midway through; Canutt performed the amazing feat right before our eyes.

George Lucas makes no bones about the effect those serials had on him. He saw them on television, not in theaters, but they captured his imagination just the same. He even opens each film with a rolling-word prologue and uses old-fashioned optical wipes to transition between scenes. When I teased him about making us wait so long between chapters of his modern-day serial, he smiled and said, "When I get it all finished, you can watch one every week." —L.M.

**WASH YOUR
FEMININE SIDE
CLEAN OFF.**



THIS SUMMER ONLY IN THEATERS BRAD PITT EDWARD NORTON IN THE NEW FILM FROM THE DIRECTOR OF SEVEN



©1999 Twentieth Century Fox



Cromwell: A payoff for paying his dues.

OFF CAMERA

James Cromwell had to work 35 years to become an overnight sensation, but playing Farmer Hoggett in *Babe* turned everything around for this dedicated actor. He hasn't stopped working since, appearing in such films as *Star Trek: First Contact*, *The People vs. Larry Flynt*, *LA Confidential* and *The General's Daughter*.

He plays publishing magnate William Randolph Hearst in *RKO 281*, the forthcoming HBO movie about the making of Orson Welles' *Citizen Kane*, and has sizable parts in *Snow Falling on Cedars* with Ethan Hawke and *The Green Mile* with Tom Hanks.

As if that weren't enough, he and his wife, Julie Cobb, are raising four children. But then, acting is, in Cromwell's words, "a family business." His wife, also a performer, is the daughter of the great Lee J. Cobb. Cromwell's mother, Kay Johnson, starred in Cecil B. DeMille's notorious extravaganza *Madam Satan*. Her husband, John Cromwell, later directed her in *Of Human Bondage*, with Bette Davis. John Cromwell worked extensively in theater and film, and became the first president of the Screen Directors Guild.

James' pet project right now, which he's spearheading, is a campaign to build a multimillion-dollar fine arts college on the Lakota Indian reservation at Pine Ridge. Being able to use his fame to make this happen gives Cromwell enormous satisfaction. "Norman Lear said it best: 'The purpose of celebrity is to spend.' If you try to keep it to yourself, it will ultimately eat you up. It's a very rich desert, but if you give it away, it will go a long way."

As for his career, "*Cahiers du Cinéma* always categorized my father's work as being gentlemanly, and I would love to have that reputation as an actor—gentlemanly. That appeals to me." —L.M.

see youth-oriented B movies with souped-up visuals. The film also reintroduced the concept of the symphonic musical score. Since that time, the nature of mainstream moviemaking has changed, and we've been overwhelmed by juvenile action-and-adventure yarns smothered in (or by) visual effects and thundering soundtracks. I went to see *The Phantom Menace* with no particular agenda, and I had a good time. It was not a life-changing experience, nor was it meant to be. It's clear that the film is aimed at kids, like the old Saturday matinee serials (see accompanying story) that inspired it. That feeling is underscored by the presence of a goofy, flop-eared sidekick named Jar Jar Binks as well as by Jake Lloyd as fatherless Anakin Skywalker (who grows up to become Darth Vader) and Natalie Portman as the Queen of Naboo. But the film is anchored by the quietly commanding presence of Liam Neeson as Jedi Master Qui-Gon Jinn. He's ably supported by Ewan McGregor as his apprentice, Obi-Wan Kenobi. In structure and tone, *Menace* reminded me most of the first *Star Wars* movie. Lucas doesn't try to throttle his audience as, say, producer Jerry Bruckheimer so often does in such films as *Con Air* and *Armageddon*. The action scenes are exciting and well staged, and the look of the film is unique. But Lucas' greatest achievement is using today's special-effects technology to create a world—an environment, if you will—that stretches as far as the eye can see. It includes characters that, like Jar Jar, don't exist, but seem absolutely, tangibly real. If that isn't enough for some people, tough luck. **YYY½**

We've had dumb, we've had dumber, but here's something novel: a smart movie about a dumb guy. This one is the work of France's master of farce, Francis Veber, who wrote *La Cage aux Folles*. It's called *The Dinner Game* (Lions Gate). The object of the "game," played by Thierry Lhermitte and friends, is to invite the stupidest person one can find to a dinner gathering. A friend tips Lhermitte to the existence of a plodding civil servant (Jacques Villeret) who creates famous monuments of the world with matchsticks and revels in discussing his hobby. Lhermitte is having trouble with his wife and with his back. It looks as if dinner will have to be postponed, but when Villeret arrives at his apartment, he's reluctant to leave. The well-meaning bozo tries to help his host, and screws up in ways that only Veber could create. What's so wonderful, and refreshing, about this film is that it fits together in perfect harmony. There are no loose ends or jarring left turns. It simply gets funnier and funnier, and, unlike almost everything that calls itself a comedy this year, it made me laugh out loud. **YYY½**

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by leonard maltin

- Besieged** (6/99) Thandie Newton and David Thewlis are disparate characters drawn together in unexpected ways by Bernardo Bertolucci. **YYY**
- The Blair Witch Project** (See review) A provocative tale of three would-be filmmakers who get literally lost in the woods pursuing witchcraft. **YYY½**
- The Dinner Game** (See review) A French farce that will make you laugh out loud. **YYY½**
- Election** (6/99) Grade-A satire about high school life, and earnestness in general, with perfect performances by Reese Witherspoon and Mathew Broderick. **YYY**
- Existenz** (6/99) Jennifer Jason Leigh is a game designer trapped in a virtual world that's her own creation—or is she? Ask director David Cronenberg, if you care. **Y½**
- Limbo** (7/99) Director John Sayles scores again with this unusual, intelligent study of characters at crossroads in their lives, set in modern-day Alaska. **YYY½**
- The Loss of Sexual Innocence** (7/99) Talented filmmaker Mike Figgis stumbles with this excruciating treatise on sexual awakening that plays like a parody of a Sixties art film. **Y**
- The Mummy** (Listed only) A stupendously stupid movie that goes on forever. Wrap this one in bandages. **Y**
- My Son the Fanatic** (See review) Satisfying drama from writer Hanif Kureishi about a cabdriver in England whose life starts to implode. **YYY**
- Star Wars: Episode I—The Phantom Menace** (See review) If you don't go expecting a life-changing experience, you'll have fun. **YYY½**
- Tea with Mussolini** (Listed only) Cher, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Joan Plowright and Lily Tomlin star in this entertaining film based on director Franco Zeffirelli's experiences growing up in Florence with a handful of surrogate mothers in the Thirties and Forties. **YYY**
- The Winslow Boy** (6/99) Nigel Hawthorne gives an exquisite performance in David Mamet's remake of the Terence Rattigan play. **YYY**
- Xiu Xiu: The Sent-Down Girl** (6/99) Joan Chen co-wrote and directed this intriguing film about a Chinese city girl who is sent to the country as part of a cultural exchange that is marred by corruption. **YYY½**

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

In a past life I was a great lover. I left not a heart unbroken in all of Spain or France, or Italy. But Greece, ah, my apologies to the ladies of Greece. A man does not stay eighteen forever.



In a past life I was pure, glacial spring water.



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VIDEO

GUEST SHOT



"My favorite movie of the year was *Life Is Beautiful* by Roberto Benigni," says Emmy winner Camryn Manheim of ABC's *The Practice*. "It made me appreciate my life more, every bit of

it. And I like *Happiness* because it shows a kind of humanity we've never seen before. While I prefer to perform in dramas, I like to watch both dramas and comedies. *Harold and Maude*, for example, is an amazing film. Unfortunately, Cat Stevens has joined the ranks of some strange people, but I remember his music in that movie as being really good."

—SUSAN KARLIN

WHEN GOOD SINGERS GO BAD

"Sweet Baby" James Taylor and Beach Boy Dennis Wilson cruise the country in a 1955 Chevy, racing all comers in *Two-Lane Blacktop* (1971). The film, which is destined for cult status, is coming to video for the first time this fall. Mom always said stick to what you do best; some singers never learn.

Lisztomania (1975): The Who's Roger Daltrey plays composer Franz Liszt in Ken Russell's mind-numbingly strange biopic. How weird? There's a chorus of dancing penises, and Ringo Starr plays the Pope.

The Bride (1985): Somebody call the Police: The monster has more electricity than Sting's zombielike Dr. Frankenstein in this uncalled-for remake of the James Whale classic.

Hearts of Fire (1987): You think Bob Dylan's singing is indecipherable? In this movie, you need subtitles. Dylan plays mumbling mentor to young singer Fiona. Screenplay (not that we could understand it) co-written by Joe Eszterhas.

A Certain Sacrifice (1985): You can see why burgeoning star Madonna tried to nix this film's video release. The Material Girl needed better material.

Pure Country (1992): Pure hokum. Jukebox hero George Strait, pressed Wranglers and all, downsizes his Garth-sized career to get in touch with his inner child. Right.

Give My Regards to Broad Street (1984): Middle-aged Paul McCartney tries to recapture the infectious nuttiness of the Beatles' *A Hard Day's Night* and comes up with flightless Wings.

Yes, Giorgio (1982): No, Luciano! Rotund opera star Pavarotti plays a rotund opera

star, and not convincingly.

One-Trick Pony (1980): Despite writer-composer-star Paul Simon's best efforts, the title is apt.

Tickle Me (1965): Even diehard Elvis Presley fans have to admit this dumb clunker tickles them not. Where's Ann-Margret when you need her?

Falling From Grace (1992): Larry McMurry's screenplay gives Midwest rocker-director John Mellencamp a decent melodrama to work with, but few have seen it.

Runaway (1984): You would think Kiss tongue-meister Gene Simmons would be ideal as a futuristic villain, but he can't scare up a thrill in this Tom Selleck epic. Gene, you live with Shannon Tweed—stay home!

The Jazz Singer (1980): Granitelike Neil Diamond shirks his career as a cantor to become a rock star. So where's the jazz? Or the point?

—BUZZ MCCLAIN

DISC ALERT

It's fantastic, but you may want to wait. That sums up the DVD release of *The Last Emperor* (Artisan, \$30), Bernardo Bertolucci's 1987 Oscar-hoarding biography of Pu Yi (John Lone). The 160-minute American cut of the film took home nine statuettes, including ones for best picture and director, plus cinematography (by Vittorio Storaro), art direction and costume design. In the 218-minute director's cut DVD, all these facets of the film shine brighter—enhanced considerably by context. In addition to flesh-

ALL THIS JAZZ!
Mel Tormé
The Complete Jazz Casual Series

Rhino Home Video is releasing a series of digitally remastered tapes of the *Jazz Casual* television program, which was created by Ralph Gleason and originally broadcast on NET during the Sixties. Each tape features an intimate look at a jazz legend, and the spectacular series so far includes John Coltrane, Count Basie, Carmen McRae, Mel Tormé, Cannonball Adderley and Dizzy Gillespie (\$14.95 each).

ing out Lone's role and that of Peter O'Toole as Pu Yi's English tutor, the longer version flows better, illuminating both the intricate politics and the fascinating personalities. (Who would believe a two-hour-and-40-minute movie could actually be improved by an additional 58 minutes?) Still, for this version, Bertolucci and Storaro darkened some scenes from the American release to better mirror Pu Yi's troubled spirits. That means either (a) lights out in the viewing room, especially if your monitor is anything less than superb, or (b) wait for the unannounced but inevitable special edition, with digital remastering that will likely improve contrast in those scenes.

—GREGORY P. FAGAN

| VIDEO MOOD METER | |
|------------------|---|
| MOOD | MOVIE |
| CRIMINALS | <i>The General</i> (disturbingly effective tale of daughy Irish thug Martin Cahill; sharp black-and-white work by director John Baorman), <i>Belly</i> (two Gotham homies go far a big scare in Omaha; like a long hip-hop video, but with a good finish). |
| DRUNKS | <i>Affliction</i> (a nasty, bitter chip off the old boozehaund block meets his small-town destiny; exorcising work by Coburn and Nolte), <i>My Name Is Joe</i> (Glasgow prole on the dale tates the AA line; rich and unpreachy, and Peter Mullan is terrific). |
| DRAMA | <i>Another Day in Paradise</i> (junkie grifters adopt a teen couple; James Woods makes sleaze fun, as always), <i>Playing by Heart</i> (to love—or try—in LA; Altmanesque ensemble—Sean Connery, Dennis Quaid, et al.—charms but falls short). |
| NOTE WORTHY | <i>Hilary and Jackie</i> (an egocentric cellist covets her sister's normalcy; not <i>Shine II</i> , thanks to Rachel Griffiths and Emily Watson), <i>Still Crazy</i> (fictional Seventies Brit rackers Strange Fruit reunite; drall in a Spinal Tap—meets—the Commitments way). |
| THRILLER | <i>Virus</i> (sa-sa sci-fi—aliens on a ghost ship—helped by Jamie Lee Curtis and odd, Rube Goldbergesque gizmas of doom), <i>In Dreams</i> (Annette Bening's eerie visians came direct from a psycha killer; pretty if lame work by director Neil Jordan). |

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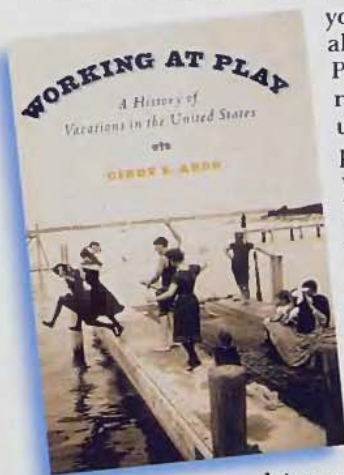
IT'S A SMOOTHER PLACE TO BE.

BOOKS

TAKE A BREAK

Vacation. The Go-Go's sang about it. Chevy Chase staked his career on it. These days, even the Rugrats get one. If you're one of millions of Americans who will partake this summer, you should raise a glass to National Cash Register president John Patterson. He was the first corporate honcho to recognize the value of time off, granting a week's paid leave in 1913 to employees who had 20 years of service. This is the sort of thing you'll learn if you ditch that beach novel in favor of Cindy Aron's *Working at Play: A History of Vacations in the United States* (Oxford). Quoting from travel diaries and news accounts, Aron chronicles the evolution of the vacation from the exclusive privilege of the 19th century leisured class to the entitlement of the 20th century middle class. For many people, she says, earning a vacation was not just an economic struggle, but a struggle of conscience. With their work ethic shaped by Puritan doctrine, many Americans associated leisure with idleness. Aron suggests that for those who go on vacation armed with laptops and fax machines, this conflict may still be at work. It's curious, thoughtful stuff, but Aron is guilty of working a bit too hard herself.

—PAUL ENGLEMAN

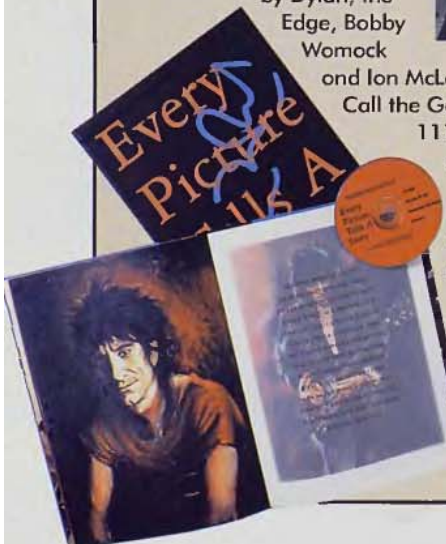


MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

You Can Get What You Want: Two incredible books recently arrived at our offices. Rolling Stone Ron Wood's *Wood on Canvas* (Genesis) is an autographed limited edition of his master portrait prints. His commentary and reminiscences accompany drawings of Mick, Keith and Charlie—as well as Dylan, Hendrix, Lennon and Keith Moon, among others. The beautifully bound book comes with a four-track CD on which Ronnie is joined by Dylan, the Edge, Bobby Womock



and Ion McLaughlin. It's not cheap (\$325). Call the Govinda Gallery at 800-775-1111 for more information. Hiro came to New York in the Fifties to work with Richard Avedon and as a staff photographer for Harper's Bazaar. Now Avedon has edited *Hiro* (Bulfinch), a retrospective of Hiro's 40-year career. When Hiro shot the Stones in the Seventies, Ron Wood was a newcomer. Hiro was already a pro.



DID YOU HEAR THE ONE ABOUT?

Jan Harold Brunvand's *Too Good to Be True: The Colossal Book of Urban Legends* (Norton) ought to be required reading for anyone who thought Kurt Vonnegut's MIT graduation speech was authentic. That infamous ode to sunscreen has since been correctly attributed—and is now a hit pop song. It's also a shining example of an urban legend—something writer Calvin Trillin defined as “modern folktales that usually carry the sniff of the apocryphal and the embellished.” Heard the one about the baby alligators that were flushed into the New York City sewer system? How about the woman who tried to dry her pet in the microwave? Surely everyone has heard of Richard Gere's gerbils. These stories and others are exposed as fiction. Brunvand, a University of Utah folklorist, has collected hundreds of such tales in five previous volumes. In this one, he traces more with a collector's attention to detail. He also has a sharp eye for the kind of inconsistencies that prove a story bogus. Rest assured that there is no ring of New Orleans thieves that preys on drunks and steals their kidneys. Nor is there a \$250 cookie recipe from Neiman Marcus. Brunvand's investigations are often as interesting as the stories. He traces the infamous Kentucky Fried Rat legend to a biblical parable. A baby-eating dog story, circulating on the Net, evolved from medieval legend. Occasionally, Brunvand discovers that a story is true—there really was a sick boy in England named Craig Shergold who hoped to break the world's record for the most get-well cards received (he did, and subsequently recovered). Before e-mail became the vehicle of choice, many urban legends were printed as letters to Ann Landers and in *Reader's Digest*. Even today, they are regularly incorporated into movies, books and sitcoms. Urban legends persist, argues Brunvand, because people can't resist a good story. Read this book and you'll agree.

—JOSHUA GREEN



DAVE CALVER

FLY ME TO THE MOON:

This summer, Hollywood transported millions of theatergoers to another galaxy with the latest *Star Wars* blockbuster. But a flight of fancy never can compare to the real thing. *Full Moon* (Knopf) by Michael Light takes you to the moon and back in 129 mesmerizing NASA photographs. This coffee-table book commemorates the monumental journeys as seen through the eyes of the Apollo astronauts who made the voyages 30 years ago. You'll experience lift-off, a walk in space, the lunar landing and splashdown. And the best part is that you feel as though you are there.

—HELEN FRANGOULIS



FITNESS

BRAIN BRAWN

By Jim Benning

If you're like a lot of men, you do what you can to stay in decent physical shape, but feel powerless when it comes to improving your mental fitness. Either your synapses are firing, or they're not. Here's some news: Mental health experts believe you have a lot more control over your gray matter than you think. "We used to assume that the brain was hardwired, like a computer, and that over time it would deteriorate," says Dr. Robert Goldman, author of *Brain Fitness: Anti-Aging Strategies for Achieving Super Mind Power*. "What we know today is that you can actually make the brain stronger with training." Dr. Goldman and others don't promise miracles. If you're mathematically challenged now, you're not likely to become a rocket scientist any time soon. And as you age, you still may find it more difficult to recall names and places. But if you eat properly, exercise regularly, get enough sleep and push yourself to think in new and different ways, you can markedly boost your brain power from one day to the next as well as over the long haul.

BRAINTEASERS

When was the last time you forced your brain to perform an unfamiliar task? It's probably been a while. "Like water, people tend to take the path of least resistance," Goldman says. But a key way to boost your mental performance is to make brain training part of your life. Research indicates that taxing the brain with unfamiliar exercises can improve such mental skills as learning ability and memory. So Goldman suggests you seek new challenges regularly. Among his favorite brainteasers: Wear your watch upside down and on the other wrist. Use your weaker hand to perform mundane tasks such as brushing your teeth. Memorize a poem. Read a book that's turned upside down. Focus on your weakest areas. If your language skills suffer, break out the dictionary and learn a new word each day. If your math skills are lacking, ditch the electronic devices and perform calculations by hand. Like kids learning their multiplication tables, "you have to make your brain sweat," Goldman says.

SMART FOODS

To fuel their bodies, marathon runners carbo load with pasta the night before a big race. But what you eat—and when you eat it—also affects brain functioning. "It's the groundwork," says Pierce Howard, author of *The Owner's Manual for the Brain*. What you need to know: Sugars and fats boost serotonin levels in your brain, relaxing you or making you sleepy. Complex carbohydrates and proteins, on the other hand, trigger the release of catecholamines, hormones that increase alertness.

To keep sharp during the day, Howard suggests you avoid fats and sugars in the morning. "Have cereal, whole grain toast and skim milk," he says. "The best way to feel bloated and nonproductive is to eat doughnuts or pastry."

What about coffee? It's fine, even helpful, in moderation. "Think of it in terms of a dose," Howard says. "Caffeine is a drug, and its effects last about six hours."

For lunch, again have proteins and complex carbohydrates. Turkey with mustard or nonfat mayo on whole wheat or rye bread is ideal, according to Howard. And you should eat fats—they're essential to maintaining neural cell membranes.

Stick to the healthy kind, found in avocados, olives and nuts. And save the bulk of your fat intake for dinner, when you're winding down.

Finally, rather than eating three meals a day, try consuming smaller amounts of food more frequently throughout the day. Research indicates that this approach not only raises your metabolic rate (enabling you to burn more calories), but also helps stabilize your mood and your energy levels.

CATCH YOUR Z'S

You may not need a full eight hours to feel alert in the morning, but establishing sleep patterns will do wonders for your mental acumen. Jim Loehr, sports psychologist and author of *Stress for Success*, recommends setting up a sleep ritual.

At night, keep to a 30-minute presleep routine. Wash your face, brush your teeth, do some deep breathing—whatever it takes to hit the pillow with a clear head and calm nerves. Then, set the alarm so you get up at the same time every day—and don't push the snooze button. This pattern trains your body to be alert and sleepy at specific times, thus maximizing your brain's potential.

STRESS WORKS

When you focus on a certain task, say hammering out your company's annual budget, chemicals in the brain produce the necessary electrical charges to get the job done. However, neurologists have found that if the work—and the related stress—continue for too long, the chemical stores will be depleted. Our physiology is such that we can deal effectively with mental pressure for about 90 minutes and then our brain requires a break of ten to 20 minutes to refuel. According to Loehr, these recovery periods not only prep you for the next go-round of pressure, but also help build a stronger brain. "Stress is a stimulus for growth," he says, "but recovery is when you actually grow."

OXYGEN BOOST

You may want to maximize your brain break by taking a walk. Improving brain power is one more incentive to exercise regularly. A three-year study conducted in California found that individuals who exercised three times a week showed improved mental reactions, while the reaction times of sedentary subjects declined. Cardiovascular exercise, in particular, boosts oxygen flow to the brain. Not only does the extra oxygen help you think quicker, but recent research suggests it can lead to the production of new brain cells as well.

Of course, you don't have to wait years to reap those rewards. Twenty minutes of cardiovascular exercise promotes a healthful feeling of relaxation that can last up to four hours, says Jack Raglin, an associate professor of kinesiology at Indiana University. When to induce that feeling, of course, is up to you. But you would be wise to use it your advantage. "Some people time their exercise dose to precede a stressful event," he says. "Others prefer to exercise afterward. You can go have a couple of cocktails, or you can run a few laps." Whatever clears your head.

ONE FINAL (IMPORTANT) THING

Goldman offers another great reason to work out your mind: "Men have to realize that brain health and sexual health are related. The more alert and alive we feel mentally, the more sexually proficient we'll be. Use it or lose it."



DAVID GORDON

By ASA BABER

Forget Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold (and any other shooters). They may be the young men who shot and mortally wounded Columbine High School's teacher and basketball coach David Sanders (as well as 12 students). But hundreds of other students unwittingly—and through no fault of their own—contributed to Sanders' death. How? By having no idea what to do under fire and running around like the innocent and untrained civilians they were, instead of hitting the deck and getting out of the line of fire. Coach Sanders behaved heroically that day, running through the school yelling at students to get down on the ground so they would be less of a target.

In an act of incredible bravery and love, he exposed himself to fire and saved many lives. But it might have occurred to David Sanders that if he lived to teach another day, he would institute a required course at Columbine called Under Fire. On the first day of class, he would stand before the students and colleagues and say, "I am not here to make you paranoid. I am here to teach you survival skills. Because it's not Kansas, anymore, folks. Columbine has entered the 21st century, and you people who are so dear to me need to learn the fundamentals of self-protection."

With that in mind, here are some basic rules for survival under fire:

(1) *When you hear shooting nearby, drop to the ground immediately.* This should be instinctual. Practice doing it until it becomes natural to you. Do not wait to find out if the sound you heard was a cap gun or a firecracker. Just get down. Sure, some of your more naive and supposedly cool friends will laugh at you—for as long as they live.

(2) *Learn to identify the sounds of gunfire.* Go to a rifle range and a pistol range and listen. Learn to distinguish between the sound of a car backfiring and that of gunfire. And remember: The sounds of gunfire cannot kill you, but bullets can.

(3) *When you hear an explosion, do not stand and gawk or move toward the source. Do not run to a window to watch. Do not poke your head around a corner to see what you can see. Just get down.* Curiosity has killed a few cats and tons of people. One of the reasons lower-grade infantry officers (lieutenants and captains, in particular) have such a high mortality rate in combat is that they are paid to stick their



UNDER FIRE: THE RULES

heads up to see what is happening. They are professionally expendable prairie dogs in a high-risk environment. Don't you become a statistic, too.

(4) *Vigilance begins with location, location, location.* There are times when you are simply in the wrong place at the wrong time, as some students at Columbine High School learned on April 20. No one's safety is guaranteed. But you can train yourself to be more aware of your surroundings in order to minimize your risk of becoming a trapped target. For example: Wherever you are, chart your means of escape. Sit on an aisle when you can, not in the middle of a crowd. Sit with your back to the wall. Know where the exits are and sit near one. Memorize the layout of any place you are in, much like flight attendants ask you to do on an airplane. (Only pay attention this time.)

(5) *Learn first aid and CPR.* The life you save could be your own or that of your best friend. Some of the Columbine students who came to David Sanders' aid as he bled profusely knew the principles of first aid, which kept him alive for hours.

(6) *A cell phone can mean the difference between life and death.* Instructions from paramedics were passed via cell phone to the people who were tending Sanders. And those same kids tried many times to let the SWAT teams know where they were and that Sanders was in critical

condition. Unfortunately, the coach died as paramedics carried him out of the school. But if he had been in a room where no one knew first aid and no one had a cell phone, Sanders might have died quickly (with no chance to receive professional care) or suffered more.

(7) *Be willing to improvise.* One student hiding under a table in the library knew the killers. When he was spotted by them, he asked, "What are you doing, Eric?" Eric Harris answered, "Oh, killing people." The student then saved his own life. "Are you going to kill me?" he asked, not shyly. It was a brilliant question because it changed the momentum of the situation. "No," Harris said, and walked away. In that moment, Harris had been forced to notice a real person, not an inanimate target. (Then again, some of the kids talked to the killers and got shot anyway.)

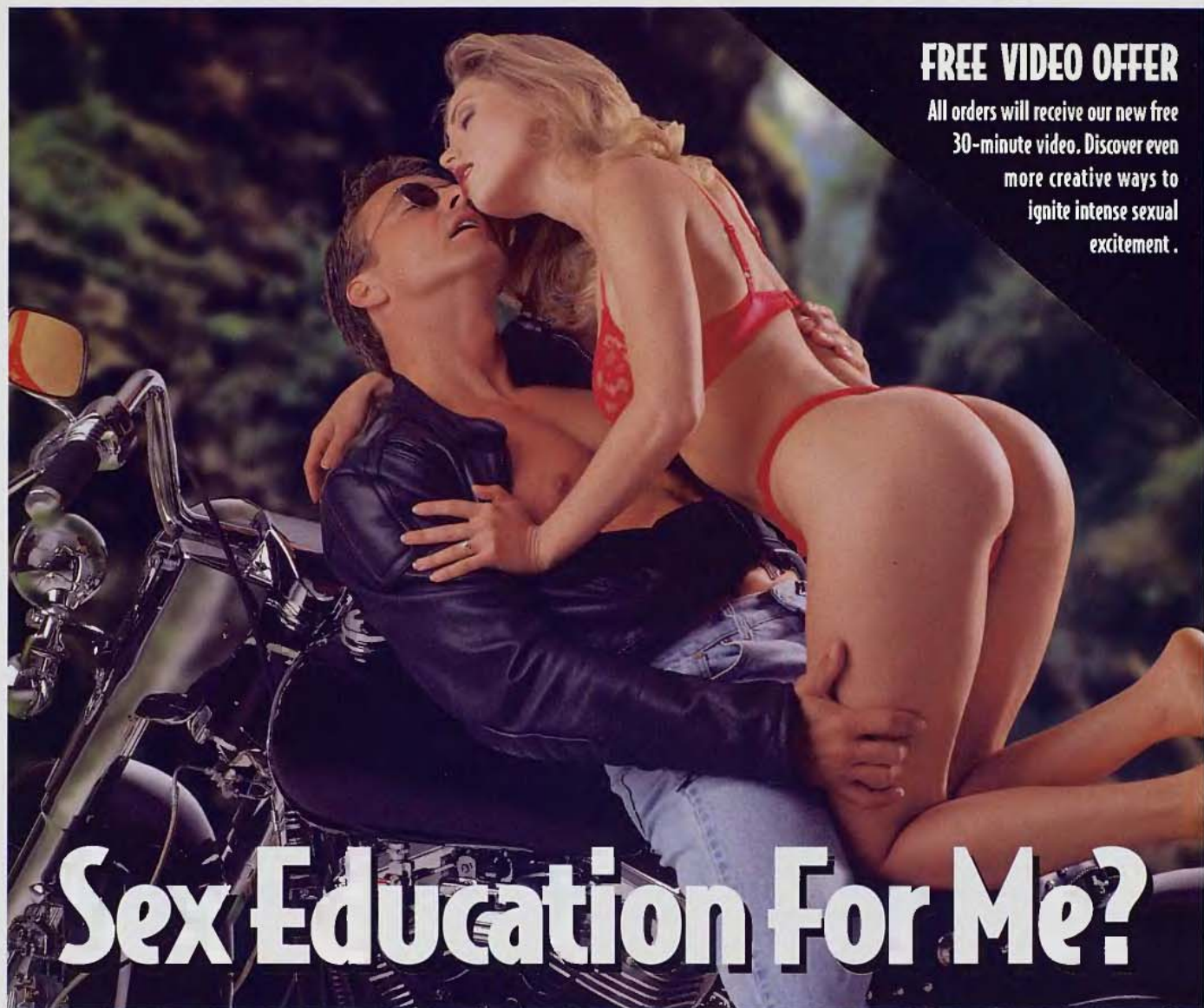
(8) *Be creative in the midst of destruction.* In a crisis, always assume you are going to live to testify about the event. That is the greatest gift you can give to those who do not make it. Don't freak out. Keep track of everything happening to you. At what time did certain events occur? Who and what did you see and hear? While the rounds are going off and you hunker down, prepare yourself to be the best witness the law enforcement authorities have ever interviewed. Please note: This suggestion has another advantage. It gives you a job to do in the midst of chaos.

(9) *Be a source, not a corpse.* You are a critical component of crisis prevention in your school. Run your own intelligence service with your friends and classmates. What's going down and who's on the edge? You will never stop some of your peers from shunning or harassing students they consider outsiders. That's just the law of the pack.

You can do better than that by maintaining contact with the people in your school who are seen as misfits. You can treat them kindly and make their worlds less dark. But if you sense that they are becoming dangerous to themselves or others, you can report what you know to your peers, parents and teachers.

And you can follow up to see what has been done about it. Be a source, not a corpse, and save lives.





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TELEVISION

By **JOE MORGENSTERN**

Tony Soprano, the brutal, often bewildered hit man of *The Sopranos*, likes to call himself a waste management consultant. Most TV executives could make the same claim with greater accuracy.

Every once in a while, though, a new show with a grabber of a premise gives us fresh, surprising stuff, and this season it was *The Sopranos*. This HBO series about an Italian mobster, his family and his sexy, earnest shrink succeeds brilliantly in what was once the exclusive province of feature films (and I say this as someone who makes his living as a film critic): creating a vibrant, densely populated and credible world, then leading the audience through it with a spellbinding story about endlessly surprising people.

Did the world really need another showbiz treatment of the Mob? And could the writing sustain the piquant device of a Neanderthal hoodlum in northern New Jersey who suffers panic attacks, goes into therapy, gets in touch with his feelings and starts popping Prozac when he isn't maiming slow payers? I wouldn't have thought so until I saw *The Sopranos*, which is funny

Wiseguy on the couch: When Tony Soprano (played by James Gandolfini) has panic attacks, his family doctor sends him to a shrink, Dr. Jennifer Melfi (Lorraine Bracco, inset).



Tony's family: his outspoken wife (Edie Falco), teenage daughter (Jamie Lynn Sigler) and son (Robert Iler).

enough to make you laugh out loud but daring enough to take your breath away so you can't keep laughing too long.

A family saga in the fullest sense, the series dramatizes urgent events in the life of its hero, Anthony Soprano (a phenomenal performance by James Gandolfini), and the lives of those he touches with a heavy, sometimes murderous hand. Week after week, deft social satire, or at least acidic farce, flourishes in a cultural context of decline and imminent fall. As a family, the Sopranos seek a respectability they can never achieve (Tony is so chronically crooked that he tries to buy bootleg DDT for his plants).

Improbably, *The Sopranos* humanizes its hero without ever, for a moment, sentimentalizing him. Is Tony evil? No doubt about it; he's an almost perfect stranger to the darkest workings of his id. But there's good in the goodfella as well. He suspects there must be some other way to live his life—we can get in touch with that—and his dim awareness grows into nothing less than spiritual yearning in

the antic course of his psychotherapy, a modern ritual that the series treats with an admirable absence of glib, postmodern irony. Never has shrinkery on the screen been more honest, dramatic and touching, nor more hilarious (Lorraine Bracco gives another remarkable performance, as the therapist, Jennifer Melfi). One of my favorite throwaway lines occurs when Tony is talking to Dr. Melfi about a family of wild ducks that wintered briefly on his swimming pool, then flapped off. He doesn't yet understand that the ducks symbolize the threatened loss of his own family, but the very mention of them brings tears to his eyes. "Oh, Jesus! Fuck!" Tony says forlornly. "Now he's gonna cry."

By this time, with the first season of *The Sopranos* at an

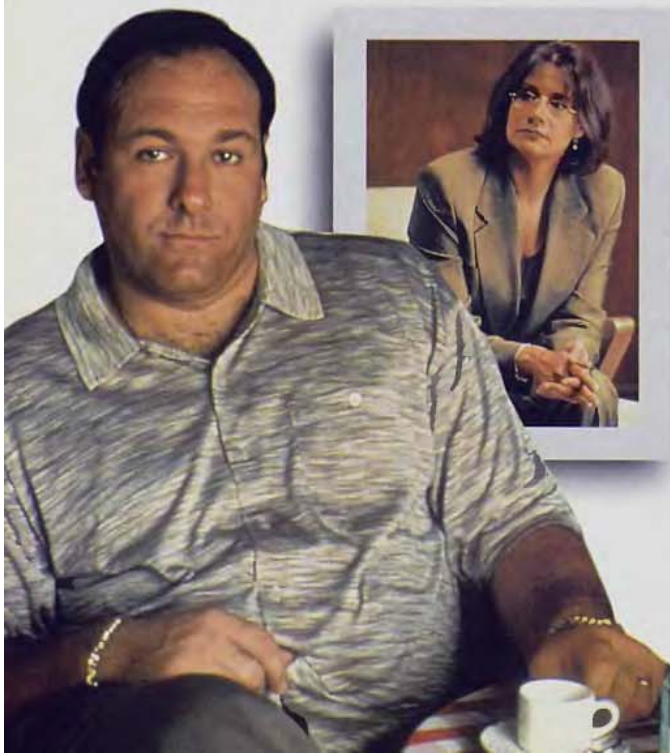
end, the narrative device of thug therapy seems less than fresh, because it also served as the central joke of *Analyze This*, the hit movie with Robert De Niro as a mobster with panic attacks and Billy Crystal as his reluctant therapist. (Did one production steal the idea from the other? My guess is not; I'd bet both projects were inspired by *The Don's Analyst*, a 1997 TV movie with almost the same plot as *Analyze This*, as well as the scene in the 1997 comedy *Grosse Pointe Blank* when Alan Arkin, as shrink Dr. Oatman, suggests ever so delicately to John Cusack's angst-ridden hit man, Martin Q. Blank, that his emotional problems may be connected with his profession. "Don't kill anybody for a few days," Dr. Oatman tells his patient. "See what it feels like.") But a comparison of *Analyze This* with *The Sopranos* shows how fine the TV series is. It also shows, with instructive clarity, how two dominant entertainment media have been trading places.

For all its lavish production values and famous stars, *Analyze This* is a sitcom—coarse-grained, cheerfully implausible, relentlessly superficial. For all its modest production values and its cast of gifted semiknowns



Tony's other family: the boss (right) and his business associates, played by Steve Van Zandt (left) and Tony Sirico (middle).

(we'd already seen, and barely noticed, James Gandolfini in scores of character roles), *The Sopranos* is a fully realized film. Never mind that it's 13 hours long (with at least another season to come), and that each of its intermissions spans seven days. Charles Dickens' stories stretched out too, but they proved no less coherent as novels because they'd been serialized (concluded on page 146)



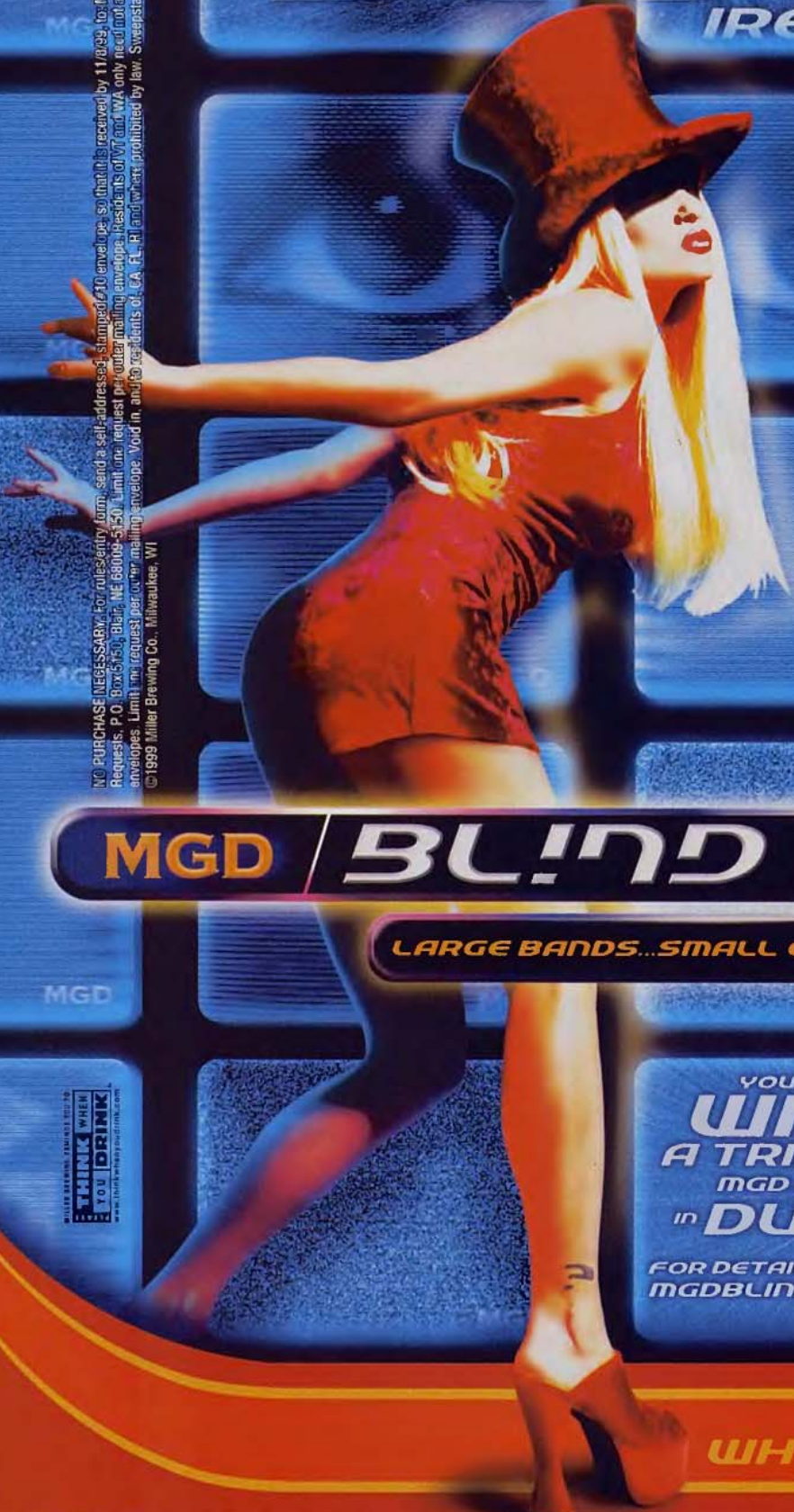
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MANTRACK hey...it's personal



Sit Behind This Desk, Hotshot

Richard Haworth, president of Haworth Inc., a billion dollar office furniture company in Holland, Michigan, sits behind a Decade (pronounced day-cod) desk that his company builds in France. For about \$15,000, the Decade is available in one style: oxblood with a black leather surface supported by three legs extending from a rectangular frame. Haworth feels that the Decade's open design makes it accommodating to impromptu meetings and is less imposing than traditional models. And for all that paperwork that won't fit on the desk's 102"x46" surface, the matching rear console and shelf (also pictured above) are available for \$14,936.

If you want to make a great cappuccino, it isn't enough just to follow the instructions that come with your expensive Italian coffee-maker. You may find you're doing everything right and still getting coffee that isn't as good as what the barista at your corner coffee emporium comes up with. Instead of letting your coffeemaker be relegated, like a culinary NordicTrack, to a mere ornament tucked away in a kitchen corner, follow the blueprint below and you'll foam your way to a better cup of cappuccino in no time.

SECRETS OF A GREAT CAPPUCCINO

1 DON'T TAKE MILK OUT OF THE FRIDGE UNTIL YOU ARE READY TO FROTH IT.

2 USE METAL PITCHER FOR THE MILK.

3 POUR ONLY ABOUT AN INCH OF MILK, THEN USE A SPOON TO ADD FROTH TO THE MIXTURE.

4 DON'T KILL TASTE OF ESPRESSO WITH TOO MUCH MILK.

You Have to Know When to Fold 'Em

Small pocketknives you can open with one hand are the cutting edge right now and these four represent the tops in technology and design. All have blades no longer than two inches that lock in place. Top to bottom: Gerber's new Chameleon I features a blade pivot design that allows the user to put his forefinger through an opening for a safer grip. Price: about \$32. Larger Chameleon II and III models are also available. GT Knives has just introduced its Mini, a hand-assembled auto-opener with a precision mechanism that's as smooth as a Swiss watch's. (Its 1 7/8" blade makes it legal to own in some states, such as California.) The blade is hollow-ground stainless tool steel and the handle is anodized aircraft-grade aluminum alloy. Price: \$150. Delilah's Peck by Columbia River Knife and Tool is about as minimalist as a pocketknife can be. It weighs 0.9 ounces and makes a terrific money clip or key chain knife. Price: about \$30. A larger version, named the Kiss, is also available. Spyderco's Tood has a stainless steel blade that measures barely 1 1/2 inches, but in your hand the four-inch knife feels much larger. Price: around \$100, in serrated (shown) or plain-edge configurations.



MANTRACK



Sancerrely Yours

Summer begs for a crisper wine, especially with the strong seasonal flavors of summer fare. The wines of Sancerre, from France's Loire Valley, are wonderfully suited to the tastes of grilled fish and briny shellfish. Sancerres combine a crisp acidity with the rich and lively fruitiness of sauvignon blanc grapes. Some of the better Sancerres have a flinty, earthy character that echoes the chalky soil of the best villoges. Sancerres should be drunk young—within two or three years. The ones we've been enjoying are Chovignol and Le Grand Côte (Paul Cotot), Clos le Neore (Edmond Votan) and La Croix du Roy (Lucien Crochet).

Now You're Cookin'

The complete cuisine machine that's a mixer, food processor, scole, steamer and soucepon all in one: That's how Vorwerk USA describes the Thermomix (pictured below). Don't worry that you've never heard of it. Neither had we. But European cooks have given it five stars for power and versatility. It can process food at ten different speeds ranging from slow to 12,000 revolutions per minute, cook at temperatures from a low simmer to 212° Fahrenheit and



even enable you to prepare several dishes at the same time. Best of all, when the work's done, the machine practically cleans itself if you add water and detergent and switch on the mixing cycle. Vorwerk is offering the Thermomix Stateside for the price of \$649, including a cookbook and several attachments.

It even plays a tune when cooking time is up.

Clothesline: Howie Mandel

The *Howie Mandel Show* has been canceled for next season, but the program's host isn't wearing black because he's in mourning. "The black thing came from my love for Johnny Cash," he told us. "When I dress up, it's usually anything in black by Issey Miyake or Prada. When I'm in the mood to shop, I head straight for Borneys New York. They have a good selection of all the designers I like. I also dig a line named Bon Choix. All of the clothes on my show were custom made by them." When Mandel is in his casual mode, he describes himself as "a perk pig. I wear anything that's been given to me, from a cap to shoes to a T-shirt. It's more a matter of matching the price tag than the colors or style." His favorite item, he says, is a pair of vintage corduroy Nikes that he's never seen in stores. "They're so worn that they're about to fall off my feet but I can't bring myself to throw them away."



Guys Are Talking About . . .

Preshave oils. They're the latest tools in the quest for the perfect shave. Apply one before your shaving cream. It helps keep moisture on the beard, which then encourages smooth whisker removal. Or combine six or seven drops of oil with water and shave without the cream.

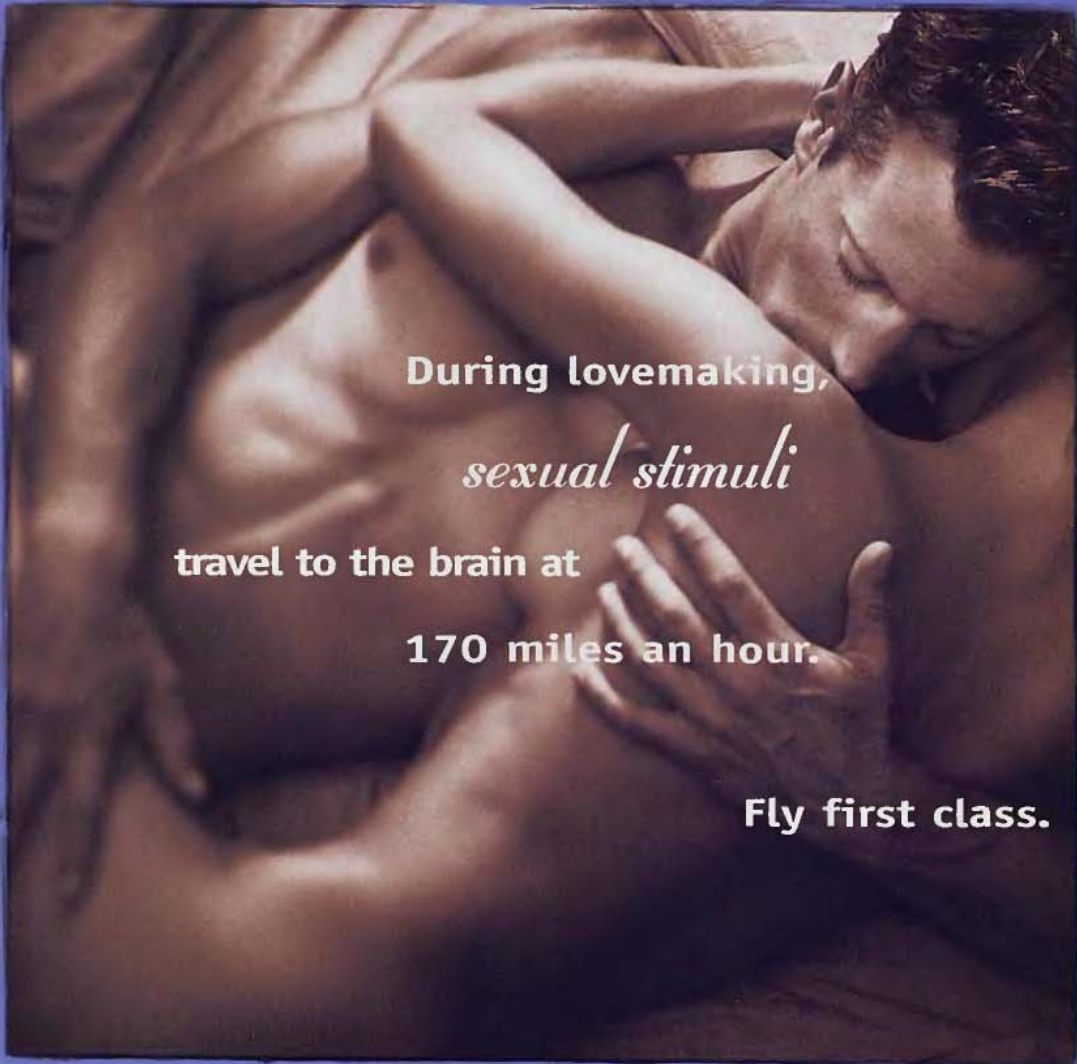
These are three of the best: Aromis' Lab Series oil, Pre-Shave Oil from the Art of Shaving and Essential Shave Oil from American Crew. Laser range

finders. Bushnell's Yardage Pro Compact 600 provides golfers with distance readings accurate up to 600 yards. Furthermore, it's only 4 1/4" x 2 1/4" x 3 1/4" and weighs ten ounces.

Price: about \$400. **Ultrapremium ice cream.** Godivo, the chocolate god, has reintroduced a self-indulgence—Godivo ice cream—in six decadent flavors including Belgian Dark Chocolate, Ivory Chocolate Chip and White Chocolate Raspberry. Look for it nationwide in supermarkets and fine food stores. Price: about \$3.50 for 12.5 ounces. **Swedish cars.** The 1999 Saab 9-3 Viggen coupe combines a larger engine block and turbocharger than in basic 9-3s to make it one hot Swede. Saab claims the engine is 12 percent more efficient at producing horsepower per liter of engine displacement than a 1999 Porsche 911 Carrera. Price: \$37,750.



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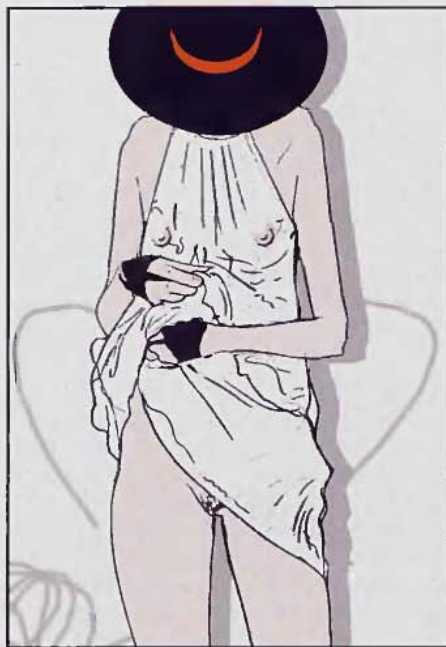
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

We've added video conference capabilities to our office, but no one is sure of the etiquette for meetings. Any tips?—C.P., San Francisco, California

Pretend you're on television, because you are. Even when you're not speaking, the equipment knows you're there. That's why you shouldn't rustle papers, tap your pen or eat, especially if your site is using a table microphone. Use the mute button on the remote when someone at your site isn't speaking; otherwise it might pick up distracting or inopportune remarks. Dress for video, which doesn't favor large patches of white, red or orange. If you wear a stark white shirt, for example, the camera's automatic brightness control may darken the picture, turning your face into a shadow. Add a dark jacket for balance. If you're making a presentation, avoid narrow stripes, herringbone weaves, small checks and other intricate patterns; they'll create funky effects. As you speak, look directly into the camera to create the illusion of eye contact. If you're not speaking, don't rock in your chair, chew gum, wiggle your crossed leg, stroke your hair or beard or twirl your pen—you never know when you'll be in the camera's eye. If you're in charge, do a dry run before the meeting to make sure everything is working and that the graphics can be read on-screen. Remind your staff that some systems have a slight delay, so they should give those at other sites additional time to respond.

I read the article in April about oral sex (or the lack of it) after marriage. I love giving my husband head, but it wasn't always that way. There are two reasons for the change. First, he used to beg for it almost daily, which was a huge turn-off. He might as well have been telling me not to go down on him. I enjoy it most when it's my idea. Now, if he asks once in a while, I'm happy to oblige, because I don't constantly feel the pressure to perform. Second, my husband has learned to respond when I'm giving him a blow job. He used to just lie there without making a sound. He would tell me afterward that he'd enjoyed it, but he didn't act like it was anything special. With some prodding from me, he realized he could get more of a good thing by being more vocal. There you have it—simple advice from an old married lady who likes to give her husband head.—I.M., Albuquerque, New Mexico

The guys who get the most head don't ask. They create an environment in which their partners feel appreciated and comfortable, and head happens. Some men have a hard time believing this. They beg and plead and wonder why they get the cold shoulder. "If I don't tell her when I want one, how will she know?" She'll know because you always want one—when was the last time you



turned her down? Guys should understand that their pleading quickly starts to sound like "Yo! I need some service at table four!" The woman thinks, Is that all I'm here for, to suck you off? Don't make the mistake of attempting to earn points toward a blow job—that just leads to debates over the scoring system, and further resentment. Instead, put aside the idea that every small act of kindness on your part is a quid pro quo. Rather than "I give you a massage, you blow me," think "I give you a massage, and when or if you feel like doing something nice for me, you know what I love." It may not happen overnight, but eventually the dynamic will change. How you respond when you're not getting head is as important as how you respond when you are.

My wife wants to have her inner labia trimmed. She believes they are too long. I have been trying to tell her that all women's lips are different in one way or another, and that I like hers the way they are. It makes oral sex more fun because I have more to nibble on. They hang down about half an inch. When she pulls on them, they stretch out to about two inches. Is there a doctor in his or her right mind who would do this type of operation? This is really bothering her.—S.W., Louisville, Kentucky

A plastic surgeon can trim the ends, or, in a technique developed by Dr. Gary Alter of Beverly Hills, remove a V-shaped wedge from the middle so the labia keep their natural edges. Alter says about 90 percent of the women who ask him to perform the surgery do so for cosmetic reasons; like your wife, they dislike the appearance of their genitals. Some are so hung up on it, they have a hard time enjoying sex. The other ten percent, he

says, complain of discomfort because the labia rub together or against clothes and become irritated, or get pinched. As with any surgery, there are risks, and the one-hour procedure will cost several thousand dollars or more (don't expect insurance coverage). Before your wife decides on surgery, buy her a copy of *Femalia*, which includes 32 photos of vulvas with labia of all shapes and sizes (phone 800-289-8423). Its editor, Joani Blank, says she is troubled that any woman would have herself trimmed. "The scientific names we give the lips are unfortunate," she says. "Labia minora means 'little ones,' which implies to some people that they shouldn't show." Blank suggests that your wife speak with other women, who might have more luck convincing her that her labia are normal and natural. And you should keep reassuring her that her lips are as beautiful to you as the rest of her.

Here's a bar bet for the Advisor to settle. What is the origin of the term "to be 86ed"?—W.J., San Francisco, California

Legend has it that the term originated in the Wild West. If a rowdy acted up, the bartender would serve him from a bottle of 86-proof whiskey reserved for female customers. Shamed, the cowboy would leave in a huff. What's more certain is that the term was used at restaurants in the Twenties to mean "nix" or "we're all out" and later by bartenders to describe someone who shouldn't be served.

When my girlfriend and I are in the heavy, panting, slippery phase of love-making, I will frequently spread my fingers like a fan and place my little finger in her anus, two fingers in her vagina and my index finger on her clitoris. If she's in the doggie position, it's reversed, with my index finger in her ass. I then stroke in and out. I'm always struck by the classic beauty of this move, which I call "the peacock tail" because my fingers are spread out. I'm wondering if there is some other name in the sexual archives that better describes it.—J.W., Boise, Idaho

We've heard it called the love glove, the trident or the double trigger. Typically the thumb is placed on the clit and the fingers advance from there, but you can arrange your digits in whatever manner your partner prefers. Make sure she is well lubricated and that your fingernails are trimmed. Your name fits nicely, especially since the peacock spreads his feathers to impress the hens.

In my office, if you want to hang out with the hottest babes, you have to go out with them for Thai food. The food is OK, the women are great, and on those days when I have Thai iced coffee with

lunch, I have much more energy in the afternoon. It has even more zip than Starbucks. What's in Thai iced coffee?—R.W., Chicago, Illinois

Caffeine, more caffeine and sugar. Here's how to make your own: Brew very strong coffee (try Café du Monde, which is flavored with chicory). Let it cool to lukewarm, then pour it into a highball glass filled with ice until it's about an inch below the rim. Place a spoon on the ice and slowly overfill its bowl with sweetened condensed milk. The cascading milk should float on top of the coffee until you're ready to mix and enjoy. Alternately, start by pouring condensed milk into an empty glass. Place your ground coffee in a single-cup filter, add hot water, wait for the glass to fill, stir and drop in the ice.

Why won't prostitutes kiss me?—T.P., Las Vegas, Nevada

Because it's too intimate.

Do women really have orgasms just from penetration? I can climax only when my clitoris is stimulated. My boyfriend has a complex about not being able to please me. I had sexual partners before him, and it was the same story. I don't want to fake it, but I fear my boyfriend will become bored with me. It sure would be nice to have an orgasm during intercourse. What should I be doing?—N.E., Columbia, South Carolina

Relax. Most women require direct stimulation of the clitoris to reach orgasm, and by design that doesn't happen during penetration unless someone's fingers, the man's pelvis or a vibrator are involved. (See "The Buzz of the Century," page 50.) Penetration stimulates the clit indirectly, but for most women that's not enough unless they're highly aroused. There's no rule that says you or your boyfriend can't play with your clit during intercourse: Even in porn movies, which depict the male version of a fantasy fuck, female performers often reach to stimulate themselves. Experiment with positions such as woman on top, which gives you more control. And have your boyfriend enter you when you're closer to orgasm (he'll love feeling your contractions around his cock). Resist the temptation to catalog your climaxes; your sex life isn't a decathlon in which you have to score in every event.

My new television has an input labeled "S-video." Can you explain what it's for?—S.A., Providence, Rhode Island

It stands for separated video, and it allows your television to display a sharper image when it's fed data from a DVD player, satellite box or S-VHS video cassette recorder. Typically, your television receives video signals through a standard composite link: The black-and-white/brightness (luminance) and color (chrominance) components share the feed. S-video allows the luminance and chrominance to be delivered separately, though they still travel through one cable. If you own a high-end television and DVD player, you

may have video-component connections (three jacks colored red, green and blue) capable of delivering one luminance and two color signals. The difference in quality between S-video and component is more subtle.

Do people need sex? My friend says he doesn't, yet he masturbates. Isn't that a need for sex?—F.J., Albany, New York

People do need sex. Your friend's masturbation involves fantasy, which reflects his need for intimacy. We can survive without that, but it's a life less lived. Some people will argue that we need sex only to reproduce, but now that can be done in a lab. Fucking for no biological reason is what makes us human. In that sense, we need it bad.

I was pleased to see Catherine Deneuve on PLAYBOY's list of the 100 most beautiful women of the century. You mentioned her performance as Severine in *Belle du Jour*, which reminded me of a question that has piqued my curiosity since I first saw the film. In one scene, a sinister man visits the brothel where Severine works. He has a box, which he opens to show her something inside. She looks, then shakes her head. What's in the box?—G.W., Schenectady, New York

*Who knows? That's what makes the scene, and the film, work. A few years ago Roger Ebert explained: "Suppose the movie had been dumbed down by modern Hollywood. We would have seen what was in the box. A whip, perhaps. And Severine would have shaken her head the same way, and we would have forgotten the scene in ten minutes. What is erotic in *Belle du Jour* is suggested, implied, hinted at." That's true of the erotic in real life as well. The best part of a striptease isn't when the woman is naked.*

I'm a weekend warrior cigar smoker, and I received a box of braided puzzles as a gift. A notice in the box implies that the braids should be separated and smoked individually. I've always assumed that the logic behind the braid is to blend several flavors into one experience. If separated, what's the difference between a culebra and a panatella with a bad draw?—W.D., Holland, Michigan

Not much. But you are supposed to separate them. The culebra (which means "snake" in Spanish) is sold as a novelty. As the story goes, it first appeared because workers in Cuban cigar factories, given three panatellas each day, instead took premium cigars. The bosses responded by twisting three moist panatellas together and allowing only the snakes to be taken as freebies. The only company we know of outside Cuba that still produces culebras is Davidoff.

Nothing irritates me more than when someone's cell phone rings in the middle of a meeting, or in a restaurant. So I bought one with a vibrating device. That's when the lightbulb went on over my head. I bought a beat-up cell for ten

bucks, set up an account for it and ran home. I hooked up the signal receiver to a pair of vibrating eggs that my girlfriend places in her vagina. The whole thing is powered by a small battery pack that tucks neatly in the small of her back. She tells me she forgets she's wearing it, but that may be because she has started wearing it all the time. I call her whenever the mood strikes, perhaps while she's sitting at her desk, or talking to her girlfriends at the watercooler, or briefing her boss. I let it ring once, as a tease, or three times, to make a point, or for 15 minutes, to drive her nuts. She can't answer the phone, so she's at my mercy. My favorite trick is to call her ground line, ask her some insipid question to lull her into a long answer, then dial her "privates" number. The change in her tone of voice is priceless. Now she goes limp at the sound of any phone ringing. I'd still like to get a remote vibrator, something that can be activated quickly at a party, from my pocket, without pulling the phone out every time. Maybe I could build it, but I don't know enough about electronics. Does anyone make this sort of product?—V.K., Ottawa, Ontario

If you build it, she will come. We're surprised the wireless industry hasn't jumped on your phone sex franchise. "Free weekend climaxes! Multiple orgasms billed as one call." We first wrote about wireless vibrations about a year ago, when the sex toy store Good Vibrations was expecting a shipment of remote-controlled panties. (It ultimately decided not to carry the product.) The reviews we've heard for this and a remote-controlled vibrating egg haven't been enthusiastic. Because the panties are one-size-fits-all, their strategically placed nub often shifts out of position. The woman could keep it snug with tight pants, but then she may not need any vibration to get off. The setup is usually too noisy for anywhere but the dance floor, and it won't have the range you expect. Plus, each pair costs about \$100. Still game? Order through reputable outlets such as the Xandria Collection (800-242-2823). A new version expected soon uses a butterfly-shaped vibrator. We'd tell you more, but someone just paged our testicles.

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



YOU BE THE JUDGE

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the government for a redress of grievances." That's the First Amendment. Simple, right? Not always. Consider each of the following free speech cases. After you cast your vote, we'll tell you what the courts decided.

CLASSROOM PROFANITY

Cecilia Lacks instructed her 11th grade students in Berkeley, Missouri to write and videotape short plays. Many of the plays, which dealt with issues such as gang violence, included words such as fuck, shit, ass, bitch and nigger. The 40-minute video compilation contained more than 150 of these words. The student-discipline code bans profanity, but Lacks said she believed the code applied only to behavior toward others. After the school board fired her, Lacks sued, arguing that she had been a facilitator for her students' creative expression and that her rights had been violated.

FREE SPEECH___
NOT FREE SPEECH___

VERDICT: *Not free speech, according to the U.S. Supreme Court, which upheld an appeals court decision that said school employees should "promote generally acceptable social standards." The lower court had ruled that "a school district does not violate the First Amendment when it disciplines a teacher for allowing students to use profanity repetitiously and egregiously in their written work."*

DO YOU NEED A LAWYER?

In 1995 Allstate began a campaign to encourage accident victims to settle claims against its policyholders without hiring lawyers. The insurance giant sent a conciliatory letter ("we consider you our customer") and a flier



suggested that victims who hire counsel insist that the contingency fee apply only to the money that was more than Allstate's offer before the lawyer got involved. The campaign was a success. According to one report, it reduced by nearly ten percent the number of Allstate settlements in which the claimant hired an attorney.

FREE SPEECH___
NOT FREE SPEECH___

VERDICT: *Not free speech, according to several states. In West Virginia, the state bar association ruled that the flier violated a state statute against "unauthorized [legal] practice." In Connecticut, the insurance commissioner ordered Allstate to stop distributing the flier, citing a 1997 law that makes it illegal to "discourage the retention of an attorney" in cases involving injury or death. In Pennsylvania, the attorney general sued Allstate, saying the flier violated unfair-trade and consumer-protection laws. Under pressure from trial lawyers, the New York attorney general told Allstate to reword the flier, stop using the word customer and pay \$15,000 in administrative costs. State officials in Indiana, New Jersey, North Carolina and Texas also pressured the company to make changes.*

free speech
or not free speech?

By CHIP ROWE

titled "Do I Need an Attorney?" The answer, predictably, was not necessarily. "Before you decide to see an attorney, you may wish to seek an offer with Allstate," the flier noted, pointing out that legal fees take up a good portion of any judgment. It cited an industry study that found people "generally settle their claims more quickly" if they don't hire counsel. It

NEO-NAZIS ON PARADE
Richard Barrett, head of the Mississippi-based Nationalist Movement, travels the country to warn against the "Mexicanization, Africanization and homosexualization" of America. In 1994 he applied for a permit to parade down West Broadway in South Boston. He said he and 300 "pro-majority" supporters wanted to follow part of the route of the annual St. Patrick's Day parade, which organizers had canceled rather than allow gays and lesbians to participate. The city denied Barrett's request, citing concerns about traffic congestion and public safety during a busy Saturday afternoon shopping period. The city had approved Saturday afternoon marches by other groups, but the mayor later said he had feared violence.

**FREE SPEECH___
NOT FREE SPEECH___**

VERDICT: *Free speech, according to a federal judge. He struck down the city's parade permit ordinance, saying it gives officials too much power to ban marches. After hearing testimony, the judge concluded that officials denied Barrett's permit not because of congestion or public safety but because they disagreed with the "nature and content of the Nationalist Movement's message." He added that Boston officials had "behaved like a latter-day Watch and Ward Society, guarding against offensive political opinion," but noted the irony that "much of the law that protects Barrett's rights developed as a result of the courage of the pioneers of the civil rights movement." The court ordered the city to pay Barrett \$700 in damages, and his attorneys \$51,000 in fees.*

ANTIGAY REMARKS

In 1992, San Francisco mayor Frank Jordan appointed the Reverend Eugene Lumpkin (pastor of the Ebenezer Baptist Church) to the city's Human Rights Commission. The following year Lumpkin told a newspaper reporter, "It's sad that people have AIDS and what have you, but it says right here in scripture that the homosexual lifestyle is an abomination against God." Two weeks later, on a television talk show, the pastor refused to disavow an Old Testament passage that says a man who has sex with another man should be stoned to death. That same day, the mayor fired Lumpkin, saying the pastor had "crossed the line from belief to behavior to advocacy" and "implied that he condoned physical harm." Lumpkin took his case to federal court, saying that the First Amendment gave him the right to express his religious beliefs.

**FREE SPEECH___
NOT FREE SPEECH___**

VERDICT: *Not free speech, according to a federal court. While Lumpkin had the right to express his views, "the First Amendment does not assure him job security when he preaches homophobia" while serving as an ambassador for human rights. The U.S. Supreme Court agreed.*

INTERSTATE SEX

Robert Thomas and his wife, Carleen, operated a lucrative online pornography business, the Amateur Action Bulletin Board System, from their home in Milpitas, California. For \$55 every six months, adult subscribers received a password that allowed them to download any of thousands of images

from the Thomases' computers. The couple promoted Amateur Action as "the nastiest place on earth" and, like carnival barkers, affixed graphic descriptions to each image. The board's images included standard hard-core fare, such as oral sex and come shots, along with bestiality, sadomasochism and implied incest. Robert Thomas said he scanned the photos from porn magazines purchased at adult bookstores in San Francisco. The Thomases also sold fetish videos, some of which featured urination, enemas and simulated rape.

**FREE SPEECH___
NOT FREE SPEECH___**

The Thomases promoted their Amateur Action Bulletin Board as "the nastiest place on earth" and, like carnival barkers, affixed graphic descriptions to each image.

VERDICT: *Not free speech, according to the Supreme Court. It upheld the Thomases' convictions for distributing obscene materials across state lines. Robert Thomas received a 37-month sentence, his wife 30 months. The couple was arrested after a postal inspector in Memphis joined the bulletin board under a fake name, downloaded images and ordered videos. He also mailed Robert Thomas a package of "action magazines" and "unusual stuff" that was actually government-seized kiddie porn. Ten minutes after the package was delivered, police raided the couple's home and seized their computers. In Utah, meanwhile, undercover agents downloaded 16 nude and seminude images they said depicted minors and to*

which the Thomases had affixed explicit descriptions. Robert Thomas pleaded guilty to one count of distributing child porn (15 other counts were dropped) and received a 26-month sentence that ran concurrently with the Memphis judgment.

ANTI-ABORTION ADS

Christ's Bride Ministries of McLean, Virginia purchased advertising space at public transit stations in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, D.C. Its posters claimed that "women who choose abortion suffer more and deadlier breast cancer" and included a toll-free phone number for a group called the American Rights Coalition. A federal health official complained to the D.C. transit authority that the ad was "misleading" and "unduly alarming" and "does not accurately reflect the weight of the scientific literature." After learning of the health official's comments, the Southeastern Pennsylvania Transportation Authority immediately removed the posters, expressing concerns about their accuracy. The ministry cried foul, saying it had a First Amendment right to display the ads.

**FREE SPEECH___
NOT FREE SPEECH___**

VERDICT: *Free speech, according to a federal court. It ruled that advertising space within transit stations is a public forum, and that Septa had violated the ministry's rights because it had no consistent policy to regulate ad content and had allowed controversial campaigns in the past. The U.S. Supreme Court agreed.*

GROTESQUE ART

Cartoonist Mike Diana distributed a photocopied zine called *Boiled Angel*. His work deals with ugly topics such as religious hypocrisy, violence and abusive parents. Diana's publication included caricatures of priests sodomizing children, deformed humans with monster-like genitalia and women being raped and brutalized, among other grotesque images. It also featured letters and fiction by convicted killers and a 12-step list titled "How to Be a Successful Serial Killer." Diana distributed his zine by mail order and unwittingly fulfilled a request made by an undercover cop.

**FREE SPEECH___
NOT FREE SPEECH___**

VERDICT: *Not free speech, according to a jury in Pinellas County that convicted Diana of distributing and advertising obscene drawings. The cartoonist was imprisoned*

following the verdict, and four days later, the judge sentenced him to three years' probation and fined him \$3000 and 1248 hours of community service. The judge also told Diana that he could not draw during his probation, even for his own enjoyment. The U.S. Supreme Court refused to hear Diana's appeal. According to the ACLU, Diana "is the only cartoonist in America known to have been jailed on an obscenity charge, and appears to be the only artist in any medium in America who is prohibited from freely engaging in artistic expression in the privacy of his own home."

SAFER SEX, TELEVISED

Gareth Rees hosted a monthly live cable access show in Austin, Texas on which he discussed safer sex and other issues of gay life. During an episode of *Infosex* that aired at midnight, Rees took calls from viewers about "using sexual fantasies to your advantage." Shortly before two A.M., he introduced a three-minute clip from *Midnight Snack*, an explicit safer-sex video produced by the Gay Men's Health Crisis Center of New York. The clip showed a man masturbating and two men engaging in oral sex using a condom. Rees said the video demonstrated that sex does not have to include intercourse, and that safer sex can be erotic. "Hopefully we can be mature about what I showed," he told viewers. The next day, the county prosecutor said he had received about 25 complaints about the segment.

FREE SPEECH___
NOT FREE SPEECH___

VERDICT: Not free speech, according to the U.S. Supreme Court. A jury found Rees and the show's producer, Terrell Diane Johnson, each guilty of a misdemeanor obscenity charge, and the high court upheld the convictions. Rees and Johnson were each sentenced to a year's probation and 200 hours of community service.

WANTED POSTERS

Pro-life activists distributed WANTED posters featuring photos of abortion providers. The posters offered a \$5000 reward for "information leading to arrest, conviction and revocation of license" of the doctors and provided their home addresses. Meanwhile, a website known as the Nuremberg Files

called for the "baby butchers" to be put on trial for crimes against humanity and included personal information such as the doctors' addresses and the names of their children. The site also indicated which providers had been murdered by placing a line through their names.

FREE SPEECH___
NOT FREE SPEECH___

VERDICT: Not free speech, according to a federal jury in Portland, Oregon. The Supreme Court has held that speech that is likely to cause "imminent lawless action" can be restricted; the Portland jurors were asked to decide if a reasonable person would construe the posters and site as violating a



BORIS ZHERDIN

1994 law that prohibits the use of force or threats against abortion clinic employees and patients. The defense argued that abortion providers have been scorned for years and that the posters and site, while provocative, were not enough to make someone act violently. The jury awarded a group of doctors and the local chapter of Planned Parenthood \$107 million in damages.

ARTISTS' RIGHTS

Street artists in New York City's Soho neighborhood often sell original paintings, sculptures and carvings on public sidewalks. After residents and merchants complained about pedestrian

traffic jams, police began arresting artists who did not have vendor licenses. The artists said the general vending statute violates their First Amendment rights, especially since it allows sidewalk merchants to sell books, magazines and pamphlets without obtaining a permit.

FREE SPEECH___
NOT FREE SPEECH___

VERDICT: Free speech, according to a federal court, which said that licensing street artists is unconstitutional. Nine months later, however, after the U.S. Supreme Court upheld the ruling, the city parks department began ticketing unlicensed artists outside the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The city argued that the earlier ruling does not apply because the museum plaza is park land, not a public street. A federal judge agreed.

A LONE PICKETER

In 1995 John Muldoon hired attorney Kevin Hendrickson to represent him in a probate case. Muldoon was awarded about \$130,000. Hendrickson later told reporters that Muldoon had agreed to pay a \$20,000 fee and that he allowed his client to make monthly installments for two years with no money down. Eighteen months later, Muldoon appeared in front of Hendrickson's office with a hot-pink posterboard that read UNFAIR LEGAL FEES CHARGED. The 60-year-old former car salesman picketed from 8 A.M. to 11 A.M. and again from 4 P.M. to 5 P.M. for five days, until Hendrickson took him to court.

FREE SPEECH___
NOT FREE SPEECH___

VERDICT: Not free speech, according to a circuit court judge. Cynthia Cox ruled that Muldoon could not protest, picket or come within 500 feet of Hendrickson's firm, which is next to the courthouse, because he was causing the attorney "irreparable harm." She also ordered Muldoon not to make false statements about Hendrickson (the lawyer claimed Muldoon's placard libeled him) or draw any adverse attention to the attorney's offices. Hendrickson said Muldoon's picketing amounted to blackmail. "Picketing for an unlawful purpose is not protected speech," he said. "This is not an issue of freedom of speech."

LUNCHROOM CENSOR

An older friend at work is a longtime PLAYBOY reader who often joins us for lunch in the cafeteria the week after each issue comes out. He takes great pleasure in reading to us the *Party Jokes*, the *Playboy Advisor* and other departments he finds interesting. We eat in a small public area, so before reading he politely asks if anyone would be offended. We laugh because we're friends and enjoy the material, but if people walk in, we respectfully pause until they leave.

During one of these pauses, a woman came in. She noticed the PLAYBOY and told my friend that it was inappropriate and that she considered it sexual harassment, even though the magazine lay closed on the table. She mentioned, ominously, that he could be disciplined. A week later he was told by a supervisor to leave the magazine at home because others were offended.

We miss reading PLAYBOY at lunch and want the privilege returned. My colleague is not afraid to pursue the matter. For now, he has stopped bringing the magazine to lunch until he figures out the best way to address the situation. What is your advice?

Dean Kuczynski

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

You face an uphill battle. Even though your lunchroom seems like a public area, it is within a private firm. The distinction is important: Companies that have public contracts or are otherwise connected to the government are subject to restrictive federal and state laws that regulate conduct in the workplace. Private companies like yours can more easily ignore the First Amendment rights of their employees. Though in an ideal world your employers would stand up for your free speech rights, it's unlikely that they will if threatened with a sexual harassment lawsuit.

The situation is much different for anyone paid with taxpayer dollars. In 1994 PLAYBOY went to court to support a firefighter's right to read the magazine in the firehouse. The judge in Johnson vs. County



FOR THE RECORD

POINTLESS PROSECUTION

"Fifty thousand people in New Jersey are infected with HIV. Of those, half were infected by sharing a syringe, and another 25 percent were infected because they are the sexual partner or the child of an IV drug user. That means three quarters of New Jersey's HIV infections could have been prevented with the availability of sterile syringes. It's simple: The law [that bans the distribution of sterile needles to addicts] is killing people. Those in the legislature who support the law are murderers; the governor, who refuses to change the law, is a murderer; and the people who enforce this law are murderers."

—Diana McCague, who was given a 90-day suspended sentence and a \$750 fine for distributing clean syringes to New Jersey addicts. Because McCague faces certain jail time if she is again caught distributing syringes, her Chai Project has suspended its needle exchange indefinitely.

of Los Angeles Fire Department ruled that the fire department's sexual harassment policy was "unconstitutional as applied to Johnson's quiet reading and possession of PLAYBOY magazine during his personal time."

UTAH GAMES

I was raised in a Mormon home, so I am perhaps more angered than most

by the Utah PTA's audacity in trying to force their beliefs on the rest of the world ("Utah Games," *The Playboy Forum*, May). The Olympic Games provide a time for nations to come together to celebrate sport and each other, regardless of race, religion or nationality. I am livid that organizers think we will sit back and support their attempt to bully the Olympians, Olympic sponsors and spectators into blindly adopting the Mormon way during the 2002 Winter Games. Kudos to Robert Wieder for calling a spade a spade.

Mara Stewart

Monterey, California

From the beginning, the 2002 Olympic Winter Games have been a publicity stunt that was orchestrated despite the opposition of the vast majority of Utahans, who have had to tolerate the expense and inconvenience of demolishing and rebuilding an urban infrastructure for the privilege of hosting the world. The Salt Lake Organizing Committee has redefined pandering, if not prostitution.

Terry Mundorff

Salt Lake City, Utah

As a resident of Georgia, I must say that the Olympics helped Atlanta. Three years after the 1996 Summer Games, the city is still reaping the benefits. Unfortunately, as Robert Wieder reported, a pious few seem to be holding similar benefits hostage from the citizens of Salt Lake City. Here's a commonsense solution I hope organizers will eventually light upon: Attend the games and choose not to drink.

Josh Bomar

La Fayette, Georgia

DOUBLE STANDARD?

I am enraged by the double standard that persists in statutory rape cases ("Statutory Rape Revisited," *The Playboy Forum*, May), particularly with child support—as in the case of 12-year-old Shane Seyer. It's unfathom-

RESPOSES

able that Seyer was found to be responsible for both maternity expenses and child support. Unfortunately, it seems typical of our current culture of blame. The people who would treat a 12-year-old as an adult when it comes to paying child support would undoubtedly want that same child considered a minor if the issue were gun ownership. And if he were to kill someone, they'd flip-flop again and want him tried as an adult.

J. Morrow
Vancouver, Washington

Stephanie Goldberg's article on gender bias in statutory rape cases suggests the need for fairer sentencing guidelines. North Carolina has two classes of statutory rape that cover consensual sex between adults and minors aged 13 to 15. If the age discrepancy is six years or more, the penalty for the adult is the same as forcible rape and second only in severity to the punishment for first-degree murder. It's also more severe than the sentences given out for three categories of homicide. Although common sense says that having consensual sex with a 15-year-old is a far cry from rape, the state punishes them equally. As Goldberg points out, women often aren't held to the same standard as men. Two recent cases in North Carolina bear this out. In the first, prosecutors accused a female teacher in her 30s at a Baptist school in Fayetteville of having sex with two of her students, ages 14 and 15. She pled guilty to taking indecent liberties with a minor and received a six-month sentence. In the second, a 24-year-old woman in Lenoir had a fling with her 13-year-old stepson, eventually giving birth to a child that may be his. She received probation. I am 28 years old and in prison for one count of statutory rape resulting from a consensual relationship with my teenage girlfriend. My sentence? Twenty-two years.

Joshua Stancil
Marion Correctional Institute
Marion, North Carolina

It was unnecessary for Goldberg to make an issue of the fact that one of the predatory women, Kerri Lynn Patavino, is a witch. The religious beliefs of the other women mentioned in the article are conspicuously absent. Patavino's cutting herself and forcing her victim to lick her blood has nothing to do with witchcraft. In fact, people of many

religions use sanguineous acts during sex. By including these lurid details, Goldberg only perpetuates the myth that witches are evil.

Steve Swangler
Edgely, Pennsylvania

As a champion of open-mindedness, PLAYBOY should be ashamed of its biased portrayal of Kerri Lynn Patavino. Goldberg portrays her as a sick individual who did not get nearly the punishment she deserved. In fact, she is a victim of religious persecution—which you have perpetuated. Wicca is not associated with ritual bloodletting, sacrifice, devil worship or any other bizarre ritual. I am appalled that witch burning is still acceptable to you.

Douglas McNaughton
Morristown, Indiana

DRUG WARRIOR

You can take your prodrug propaganda ("Drug War Scrapbook," *The Playboy Forum*, April) and stick it up James R. Petersen's ass. We need to expand the drug war, not only in the streets but also in the courts. Drug dealers need to be dealt with ruthlessly, in the same way an exterminator

would go after any pest infestation. You prodrug advocates are all the same—you recite meaningless statistics, cite isolated examples of injustice and protest weakly to ease your paranoia. Fuck you, PLAYBOY. Long live the war on drugs!

Karl Logan
Auburn, New York

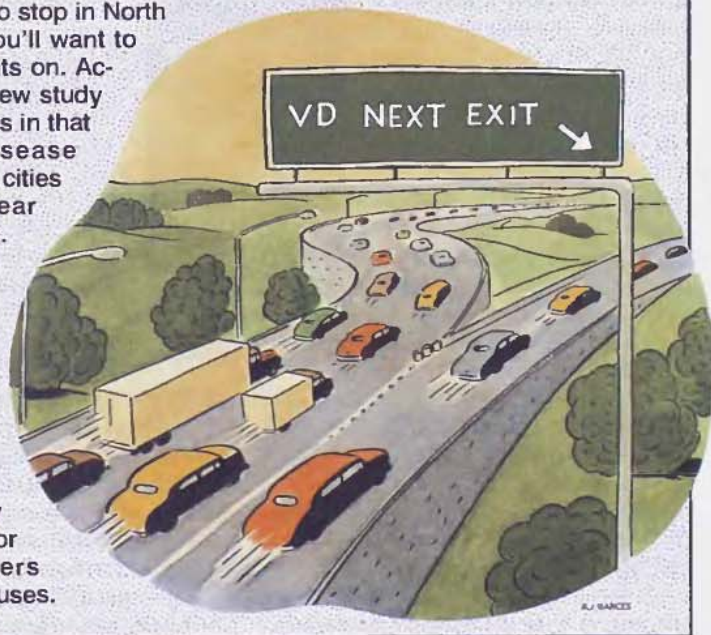
Your screed highlights an attitude that unfortunately seems common among those who favor harsh drug laws—namely, an indifference to the suffering of those who are punished excessively. One needn't be "pro-drug" to be alarmed over a failed public policy. The FBI's latest Universal Crime Report shows that approximately 700,000 Americans were arrested on marijuana charges in 1997, more than double the number arrested six years earlier. With the prison population at an all-time high, what has your drug war accomplished?

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

FORUM F.Y.I.

ROADSIDE HAZARD

If you have to stop in North Carolina, you'll want to keep your pants on. According to a new study of syphilis rates in that state, the disease has spread to cities and towns near Interstate 95. Researchers at the University of North Carolina and at the University of Pittsburgh speculate that the drug trade and risky sexual behavior among truckers may be the causes.



BUZZ OF THE CENTURY

the embattled vibrator can't get any respect

By SUSIE BRIGHT

Most Americans are surprised to find out that vibrators have a history. Others may be dismayed when they learn that vibrators are making history. Rachel Maines, author of *The Technology of Orgasm: Hysteria, the Vibrator and Women's Sexual Satisfaction*, chronicles this history and history-in-the-making in her witty and vivid book about America's most prevalent sex toy.

Vibrators were invented in the late 19th century as timesaving devices for physicians treating the condition of "hysteria" among their female patients. The diagnosis of hysteria, Maines writes, derives from Hippocratic medicine and has been described as the symptoms that women exhibit "on account of a lack of sufficient sexual intercourse, a deficiency of sexual gratification, or both."

Whether the afflicted women were fainting, gasping, sleepless or throwing fits, their condition was often diagnosed as a sort of womb fury that the experts were sure was a sexual and reproductive malaise. Spinsters, widows and overripe virgins were especially suspect. Nowadays, we would recognize hysteria as horniness, with a little ladylike frustration thrown in.

Maines documents the history of Western medicine's interpretation of women's sexuality, and it is dismal indeed. A woman's climax was considered to be a "hysterical paroxysm," sometimes to be avoided and at other times to be purged through various kinds of stimulation. This is where vibrators came in—doctors would use them to massage their patients into posthysterical relief. The medical sages were so ignorant of the role of the clitoris in sexual pleasure, and so certain that women must find completion in coitus, that even when they used these treatments on their patients, it appears most of the doctors were unaware that they were having a sexual experience.

At the turn of the century, doctors embraced new technology, and vibra-

tor treatments were the perfect way to keep patients coming in for a condition that never went away yet was relieved by this wondrous quick fix. Hysteria treatments revealed the implicit commercial appendix to the Hippocratic oath: "Time is money, honey!" Doctors were eager to try the new machine, which cut their time in treating such patients from an hour to a few explosive minutes.

How did Maines discover the buried secrets of vibrator history? She certainly didn't go looking for it. In the early Seventies she was studying the classics, with an emphasis on ancient science and technology. She began to do research into the history of textiles, particularly the knitting and crocheting done by women at home, studying women's magazines that specialized in sewing crafts. To Maines' amusement, she found vibrator advertisements in every publication that she read, from *Woman's Home Companion* to the Sears, Roebuck & Co. catalog. As she explains in her preface, "My reaction to their turgid prose was to assume that I simply had a dirty mind."

She accepted a teaching position at Clarkson University in Potsdam, New York and continued her research. Soon Clarkson thought Maines was a naughty girl too. In 1986, after her first article on the history of the vibrator was published, Maines lost her job at the university. Administrators feared that alumni would stop giving money if they imagined their funds were going to such salacious research.

But Maines had a brilliant dirty mind—one that could not ignore genuine historical phenomena. As she began to make inquiries about the origin of vibrator manufacture, she found that the devices were among the first five personal electric appliances sold for home use—right up there with the

toaster, teakettle, sewing machine and fan. The vibrator preceded the vacuum cleaner by nine years.

The heyday of these vibrator ads occurred from the early 1900s through the Twenties. The 1918 Sears, Roebuck & Co. catalog advertised them as "aids that every woman appreciates." Ads for White Cross Electric Vibrators proclaimed, "Vibration is life" and offered "Swedish movement right in your own home! Just a few minutes' use of the wonderful vibrator and the red blood tingles through your veins—the same treatment you would have to pay at least \$2 for in a physician's office!" Yes, the buzz cat was out of the bag—for the cost of a few visits to the doctor, you could have your own vibra-

tor for years and use it as often as you pleased.

As one can surmise from the euphemisms, sex and orgasm were never mentioned directly. In the ads, the models aimed the devices at their lower backs or the tops of their heads.

Vibrator advertisements began to fade from women's magazines and family catalogs with the advent of celluloid pornography—in particular, the stag film. As vibrators made their erotic debut in blue movies, advertisers were hard-pressed to make claims for the wholesome vigor of their products. The pornification of vibrators was thus spearheaded by the technology of motion pictures, and it was the new prurient attitude toward electric massage that silenced vibrators.

It wasn't until the Seventies—after a century of deceit—that feminist sex educators such as Joani Blank (founder of the Good Vibrations sex-toy shop) and Betty Dodson (author of *Sex for One*) cheered the genuine benefits of electromassagers: the fact that vibrators produce an exciting sensation when placed on or near the glans of the clitoris. Electric vibrators give most women an almost instant hard-on and can quickly bring them, if they so desire, to an orgasmic threshold. The

Ads for White Cross vibrators proclaimed, "Vibration is life"—and economical too.

Doctors would use vibrators to massage their patients into post-hysterical relief.

consequences are, of course, delicious—thankfully, a woman in touch with her orgasm is no longer considered to be hysterical.

It was also the feminists, most notably Shere Hite in *The Hite Report*, who put clit power on the map and made it known that it was unrealistic to expect most women to have an orgasm from straight fucking—i.e., vaginal penetration with no external clitoral stimulation. Some men question this idea, but perhaps it's because the process is not usually explained to them in terms of their own orgasm. There are women—a small but genuine minority—who can be excited to climax through pressure against their vaginal walls. That is, after all, the only way to massage the “back room” of the clitoral body, since only the glans (the little bud) is visible on the outside.

But a woman's glans is just like the glans (head) of a man's penis—it is the most sensitive part of our genitals. There are men who can reach orgasm simply when someone licks their balls, or from prostate stimulation. But it's no secret that most men need some primary attention to the head and shaft of their penis, if you expect them to climax before next Sunday.

Many anthropologists ask, as does Maines: Why is it that coitus, the act required for procreation, does not give the most efficient means of stimulation to the woman as well as to the man? No one yet has the answer, but at least we're finally asking the correct question. Nowadays, we know that sex is more enjoyable when both lovers are happy, and that female orgasm is a healthy part of a woman's sexual experience.

Some vibrator virgins may be saying, “Well, you hardly need a mechanical device to stroke a woman's pussy!”—and of course they are right. Tongues and hands, not to mention plain old bumping and grinding, have brought pleasure to millions. What has been intoxicating to women about the vibrator (and the same is true of a strong stream of water, as Maines explains in her book) is that the intense, quick pressure of vibration accelerates a rush of arousal most women don't experience as frequently as men do. Women often

feel they are “slow” compared with men in terms of getting hot—with the exceptions of certain hormone surges, or the heightened occasions of falling in love or breaking a taboo. Men, on the other hand, have often envied women for their ability, once they are aroused, to keep going and going and going. Timing is everything, and men and women sometimes pass each other by as they attempt an ecstatic connection. Vibration can build a bridge.

The puritan distaste for things that give pleasure is alive and well in America. At least three states—Texas, Georgia and Louisiana—have banned sex toys, though the laws are recent. In 1985 *Morality in Media* of Louisiana pressured state lawmakers into passing a statute that bans the sale or distribution of “an artificial penis or vagina designed or

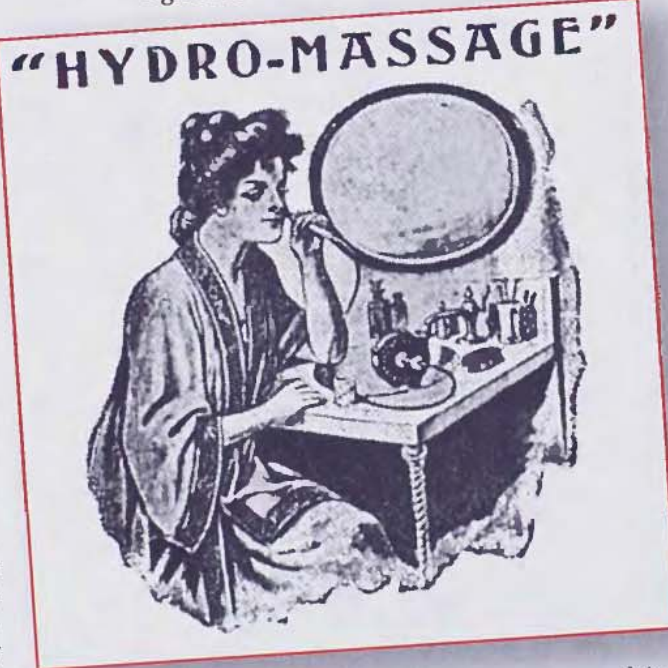
brator through a latticework partition that separated the novelties from the leotards. A jury convicted Brennan of promoting obscene devices. She received a two-year suspended sentence plus five years probation. The judge also fined her \$1500. Meanwhile, novelty shops on Bourbon Street continued to sell similar devices.

About the same time, a new battlefront opened to the east, in Alabama. Last year I received a mass e-mail message calling on all good lovers to send a clean secondhand vibrator to State Senator Tom Butler. The legislator had introduced a law stating that anyone who sells or distributes “any device designed or marketed as useful primarily for the stimulation of human genital organs” be punished with a year in jail and a fine of up to \$10,000. Governor Fob James, the same politician who threatened to call out the National Guard to keep the Ten Commandments on a courtroom wall, signed the anti-toy bill into law.

With the aid of the ACLU, six women challenged this lunacy. Their attorney, Mark Lopez, cast the issue in terms of therapeutic relief, saying that sex therapists recommend vibrators to women who have difficulty reaching orgasm. He also raised the constitutional point that intrusion into the privacy of bedrooms “is not the role of the government.”

State Attorney General Bill Pryor defended the law, claiming there was no fundamental right “to purchase a product to use in pursuit of having an orgasm.” He even appeared on G. Gordon Liddy's radio show, claiming that the law did not violate the right to privacy.

Last April, U.S. District Court Judge Lynwood Smith overturned the law, charging it was “overly broad” and bore no “rational relation to a legitimate state interest.” He too found refuge in the therapeutic cloak, saying that people who used the devices would be “denied therapy for, among other things, sexual dysfunction.” But like pleasurephobic politicians who had voted the ban into law, Smith refused to endorse privacy or pleasure, stating that “this court refuses to extend the fundamental right of privacy to protect plaintiffs' interest” in using sex toys. If putting a buzzing sex toy against your clitoris (or penis) isn't a private act, then what is?



marketed for the stimulation of human genital organs.” The bill passed 89-4 in the House and 34-0 in the Senate. Can you say patriarchy?

The Promotion of Obscene Devices law languished for more than a decade. Then, in 1996, police arrested Christine Brennan, owner of a dance-supply store situated in a strip mall near New Orleans. She also sold a selection of sex toys, including penis-shaped vibrators, from a corner of her store that she dubbed Naughty But Nice. When she continued to sell the toys despite a warning from police, she again was arrested. Finally, a year later, police came to the shop a third time after a woman complained that her 11-year-old stepdaughter had spied a penis-shaped vi-

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

FLASH OF GENIUS

SHELTON, CONNECTICUT—A father asked school officials to change his child's bus route because it passed by a replica of Michelangelo's *David*. Mark DelVecchio



says his ten-year-old daughter felt uncomfortable when her bus passed the 15-foot statue, which is part of a sculpture garden in an office park. "The view she was getting from the bus window was from the navel down," he said. "If she were looking at the guy's face, it would be a different story." Asked about the controversy, a gallery owner quipped, "He should be glad it's not a statue of Goliath."

SPACE CADETS

CANBERRA, AUSTRALIA—The *Uranus Experiment* had been marketed as the first adult movie to include a come shot filmed in zero gravity. But floating semen wasn't what alarmed the country's film classification board, which banned the movie. Instead, it cited a home invasion scene in which a married character receives a blow job from a woman who has sneaked into his bedroom. According to the board, "the husband does not open his eyes to recognize that the woman is not his wife and therefore does not technically consent to having sex with her."

THANKS FOR NOTHING

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS—An HIV-positive man sued his pharmacy for invasion of

privacy after it distributed a thank-you note he had written. The man had expressed appreciation to the pharmacists at Osco Drug for helping him obtain Norvir, a protease inhibitor used to treat AIDS. The letter didn't reveal the man's HIV status, but it did mention the drug. The drug-store chain printed the letter and the man's name in its employee newsletter. According to the suit, the pharmacy where the man purchased Norvir added insult to injury by posting the newsletter containing his letter above a cash register and on a store window.

SAY NO TO SEARCHES

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The U.S. Supreme Court upheld a lower court ruling that public schools may not conduct broad-based drug tests on students. In 1997, the school board in Anderson, Indiana expanded its drug and alcohol testing policy, stating that any student who was habitual-ly truant, discovered with tobacco products or suspended for at least three days had to submit a urine sample before he or she could return to class. One freshman, sent home for five days for fighting, refused. Officials suspended him again, saying he would be considered an illicit drug user and face expulsion if he refused a third time. The high court said this sort of broad, suspicionless testing of students violates the Constitution.

TONGUE-LASHING

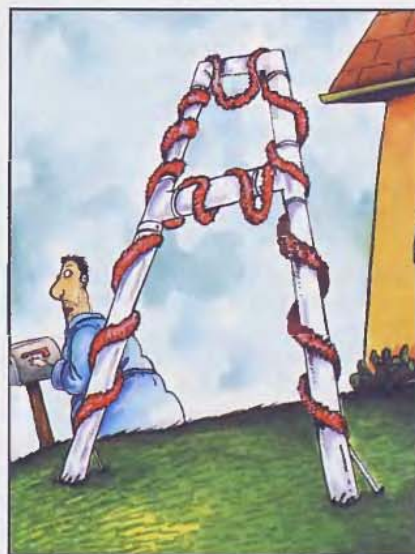
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK—In 1990, hospital secretary Joan Ramprasad became an evangelical Christian, which sometimes led her to speak in tongues. Three years later, as she spoke to an administrator, Ramprasad began to spout what she later said were prayers and prophecies from the Holy Spirit. To the stunned administrator it sounded like gibberish. She reported that Ramprasad had acted unprofessionally and might be mentally ill. The secretary continued to speak in tongues on the job, sometimes weeping intensely, until the hospital fired her in 1997 following two poor job evaluations. Ramprasad went to court, claiming religious discrimination. A federal judge said she might have a case, ruling that evangelicals can enjoy protected status under federal employment discrimination law.

HUNTING FOR CAUSES

CASTLE ROCK, COLORADO—An unidentified high school student stole numerous photos from a sealed envelope he found in a school office. Several images showed a naked man hunting; in one, the hunter stood over a dead antelope, his genitals hidden by the rifle. About 50 outraged students skipped class to protest. "Honk your horn and stop the porn!" they shouted to drivers, telling reporters they had identified the hunter as the assistant principal in charge of discipline. Officials later said the photos actually showed the assistant principal's son, who was a security guard at the school. They immediately fired him for bringing the snapshots to work.

RED-LETTER LAWN

SUNNYSIDE, WASHINGTON—Tarah Lyczewski thought her father needed a wake-up call. Inspired by Nathaniel Hawthorne, she built a seven-foot-high scarlet "A" from plastic irrigation pipe and red garland, equipped it with a strobe light and placed it on the family's front lawn. Her parents had separated after 26 years of marriage, and Dad moved in with another woman before the divorce was final. "We were raised with high moral stan-



dards," Tarah explained. "I told my dad that we'll take it down if he stops living with her." Her father responded: "They see it as an affair. I see it as a relationship." More than 200 neighbors petitioned the city to have the display removed.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ALBERT BROOKS

a candid conversation with the funniest man in america about killing people with laughter, getting sharon stone naked and how stand-up ruined his life

Albert Brooks, it has been said, is the funniest white man in America. Actually, someone said that right here, in this magazine, 16 years ago—back when Richard Pryor was working more. Two years ago, Entertainment Weekly called Albert Brooks the fifth funniest living person—after Robin Williams, Jerry Seinfeld, Roseanne and Jim Carrey, all of whom are white and would certainly have voted Albert Brooks ahead of them. Comedians, in fact, revere him in outsize fashion. David Letterman has said: “He’s above all of us.” Steve Martin has said: “He is someone you respect and fear at the same time, because of his brilliance.” Such fear is justified. Carrie Fisher was once trapped for a weekend on a boat with Brooks and reported: “He never slept and he was never not funny, and I was scared that he’d follow me everywhere and keep me laughing until I got physically ill and died.” Brooks himself has admitted, “My biggest fear is of being too funny and murdering people by making them cough and then winding up in a lawsuit.”

Albert Brooks is known to and by his comic brethren simply as Albert. His name is usually invoked in hushed tones of awe. It’s as if his mind came without an off switch. Filmmaker James L. Brooks has said, “I don’t think of it as being on—I think of it as

being him.” The director James L. Brooks is not related to the comedian Albert Brooks, although Albert Brooks has appeared in two films by James L. Brooks—most famously, *Broadcast News* (1987), whose most memorable scene may well be that of Albert, playing reporter Aaron Altman, sweating prodigious amounts of flop while anchoring a disastrous newscast. When asked to explain his acting motivation for the scene, Albert said, “Jim read me my back-end deal before we shot it.” The part earned him an Oscar nomination for Best Supporting Actor and perhaps his widest visibility to date.

He began as a stand-up comedian whose television appearances—especially on *The Tonight Show* starring Johnny Carson in the early Seventies—became the stuff of legend. His bits were bits of gold: *Albare*, the bad French mime who described his every gesture (“Now I am petting ze dog”); *Alberto the elephant trainer*, whose elephant was lost, leaving him with only a replacement frog; and *the World’s Worst Ventriloquist*, whose lips moved more than his dummy’s did. *Time* magazine anointed him “the smartest, most audacious talent since Lenny Bruce and Woody Allen.” Said his friend Steven Spielberg in 1975: “Albert is not only the funniest but also the most visual humorist working today.” Whereupon Albert Brooks became,

more or less, a comic filmmaker whose output of movies would be small yet unforgettable and sparkle in the same rarefied manner as the lean legacy of Preston Sturges. *Newsweek* called Brooks’ films “spare, daring, obsessive comedies no one else could make.” He is, in a sense, Woody Allen West—except that Brooks’ Californian angst is more universal, he has a harder time getting studio financing and his hair is curlier.

As of this month, there are six feature films written and directed by Albert Brooks, all of which will be forever treasured by people who memorize his dialogue and repeat it to their friends. The Brooksian oeuvre in retrospect: *Real Life* (1979), the first and finest parody of the classic PBS documentary *An American Family*, in which Brooks brings cameras into an ordinary Phoenix household so achingly dull that he is finally forced to set it afire; *Modern Romance* (1981), an unparalleled dissection of hopeless love, at the outset of which he breaks up with a woman—Kathryn Harrold—and spends the rest of the film trying to get her back; *Lost in America* (1985), in which an upwardly mobile couple cashes in their life savings to drop out of society (“to touch Indians”) and the wife—Julie Hagerty—immediately loses everything in Las Vegas (“You took our nest egg and you broke it all over the Desert Inn! You filled up



“People under 30 don’t even know Jack Benny. Every day I’m more hugely aware of just how unimportant everyone is. It’s almost comforting. It’s just a matter of time before everyone is swept under the carpet.”



“Roberto Benigni is the scariest guy on all awards shows. You don’t want to see people being that grateful. It makes art dirty. When you see him act like that, it makes you think, My life is fucked if I don’t win.”



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

“Having a child when you’re a little bit older—I’m not talking Tony Randall older—is the coolest thing in the world. I guess the downside is that we’re already looking at high schools with wheelchair ramps.”

the casino with yolk!"); *Defending Your Life* (1991), in which Brooks dies and wakes up in an afterlife way station called Judgment City, where he must account for his earthly lot while falling in love with also-dead Meryl Streep; *Mother* (1996), in which he is a twice-divorced man who moves back home with his mother (Debbie Reynolds) because he thinks solving his relationship with her will solve his relationships with all women; and now *The Muse*, a Capraesque fantasy in which he plays a desperate screenwriter who finds an actual muse—Sharon Stone as a daughter of Zeus living in Los Angeles—to help him write a Jim Carrey comedy. Stone—finally allowed to be funny on-screen—says of Albert: "He's the Martin Scorsese of comedy. Not since *Basic Instinct* have I been offered a part that was so exceptional that I couldn't believe I wasn't 70,000th in line for it." She was first. Besides Stone, *The Muse* boasts cast members Andie MacDowell, Jeff Bridges, Rob Reiner, Steven Wright, James Cameron and Scorsese himself—which only confirms the importance of being near Albert.

More fun facts about Albert Brooks: He was born Albert Lawrence Einstein ("No! No wonder people kept making fun of me!") on July 22, 1947. His father, Harry Einstein, was the beloved radio comedian Parkyakarkus, and his mother is the former actress-singer Thelma Leeds Bernstein; they met as contract players at RKO in the Thirties. Albert is the fourth son of Einstein—his half brother is the baseball writer Charles; his full brothers are Cliff, a successful ad executive, and Bob, a comedy producer also known as Super Dave Osborne. Raised in Beverly Hills—adjacent, Albert reigned as class clown of Beverly Hills High School among such friends as Richard Dreyfuss and Rob Reiner. At 16, he did an impromptu bit in Carl Reiner's living room—an escape artist trying desperately to free himself from a handkerchief draped gently over his wrists. Carl Reiner went on *The Tonight Show* and declared young Albert Einstein a comic genius. Albert attended and dropped out of Carnegie Tech drama school in Pittsburgh, returned to Los Angeles with aspirations to act, got nowhere, grudgingly became a comedian and quickly changed his name. ("You know, the real Albert Einstein changed his name to sound more intelligent.")

As Albert Brooks, in 1968, he went forth and made television comedy on the shows of Steve Allen, Dean Martin, Flip Wilson, Johnny Cash, Helen Reddy, Ed Sullivan, Merv Griffin and, most significantly, Johnny Carson. Brooks' two record albums—*Comedy Minus One* (1973) and the Grammy-nominated *A Star Is Bought* (1975)—became landmarks of the form, though his days as a stand-up comic began taking a toll on his psyche. A minor nervous breakdown spurred him to turn his talents toward filmmaking. His first short film, *Albert Brooks' Famous School for Comedians* (1973), was based on a parody of correspondence schools that he had written for *Esquire* (Fill in blank: "Take my wife, _____. A: for instance; B: I'll be along later; C: please!").

After rejecting an offer to be permanent host of *Saturday Night Live*, he made six short films for the show's first season. In one of those films, he performed open-heart surgery; in another he was sick in bed.

He has appeared in other people's movies—as an annoying campaign worker in *Taxi Driver*; as a newlywed who dies during orgasm in *Private Benjamin*; as a guy eaten by Dan Aykroyd in *The Twilight Zone*; as a singing film producer in *I'll Do Anything*; as a gruff baseball scout in *The Scout* (he co-wrote and sort of regrets it); and—all in the past two years—as an elderly alcoholic doctor (*Critical Care*), a bald convict (*Out of Sight*) and the voice of a suicidal tiger (*Dr. Dolittle*). He once had a reputation for being reclusive and secretive—friends were rarely allowed to see his house and often didn't know the last names of women he dated unless they were famous. The famous ones were Linda Ronstadt, Candice Bergen, Julie Hagerty and Kathryn Harrold. In 1997, he married Kimberly Shlain, a beautiful multimedia creative artist, who last October gave birth to their son, Jacob Eli Brooks. The Brooks family lives high atop Mulholland



"Wanna come up to my room and fuck?"

When he was in high school, Albert Brooks submitted this cartoon idea to PLAYBOY and we rejected it. It looks a lot better to us now.

Drive in Los Angeles, in a large house that their friends have been allowed to see. We dispatched writer Bill Zehme to survey the amazing mind of this comic auteur. Zehme reports: "I have known Albert for many years and feel certain that I'll eventually see the house. We once worked together onstage, at the first U.S. Comedy Arts Festival in Aspen, where I moderated the American Film Institute's tribute to him. It was, in essence, the first time he'd done stand-up comedy in 20 years. He killed, of course—much choking and gagging in the room. Afterward, we decided that it might have had something to do with thin air at a high altitude. Now, four years hence, I discovered a new Albert—less manic, more grounded, still much funnier than you, a family man who suspects that the purple Teletubby is, in fact, gay—or at least misunderstood. We met several times at his office on the Universal lot, where he was in the final stages of editing *The Muse*, about which he was very excited. Later, we spoke at

length on the phone, during which time he played me Elton John's entire original score for the film. He sang along, even though there were no words. It took a while. I think he has a very nice voice."

PLAYBOY: Go ahead.

BROOKS: Oh, I don't know. You do it. I'm not going to do your opening for you.

PLAYBOY: Come on. The *Playboy Interview* is all yours. Just do your plug for the readers and we'll get on with it.

BROOKS: Look, let's be honest. What have the readers done before getting here? They've gone to the pictures first, maybe to us second—or else the joke page. It depends on the reader. Maybe we're third. But by the time they get to us, they've masturbated, right? They've finished and they're bored. Well, there's nothing better to do after a nice come than to go see *The Muse*—open now in wide release and at a theater near you!

PLAYBOY: Wait—can we have them read the interview first?

BROOKS: Yes, yes, you're right. Let them towel off with us. You know, I sent a cartoon to PLAYBOY when I was in high school. It didn't get accepted, but I really thought it was great. I had someone draw it for me, and I presented it very professionally. It showed a store that sold etchings and the etchings salesman was talking to a beautiful woman. His line was, "Wanna come up to my room and fuck?" [Laughs] It's a good joke.

PLAYBOY: *Entertainment Weekly* decided that you were the fifth funniest living person. People who know you wanted a recount.

BROOKS: Hey, I'm glad I was five instead of 80. But what does it mean? If you look in the Bible under Armageddon, one of the signs that the world is ending is excessive numbers of lists and awards shows. Another sign is awards being given for performances on other awards shows. It's like brothers and sisters having children together—same thing. It's entertainment blood incest.

PLAYBOY: But didn't you once say that the Bible could not possibly be true?

BROOKS: Here's my theory: You know that game Telephone, where you tell a person one thing, and by the time it's been passed on to the seventh person, it's all crazy? I mean, I'm sure that Moses had a rowboat, stuck it in the water and kept a little bit of water from getting on his shoe. And some guy said, "Hey, did you see what Moses did? He was able to keep his shoes dry." And the next guy said, "Hey, did you hear about Moses—he didn't even get wet!" And the next guy said, "Moses went into the ocean without getting wet." And the next guy said, "Hey, did you hear? Moses walked into the ocean and didn't get a drop on him!" And by the sixth guy, the water had parted and Moses had walked eight miles into the Red Sea.

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screwed up from one person to another. The Bible has been passed along by so many people, everybody has to embellish it a little bit. One guy said, "The Crusades had to be a little more interesting than this. Why don't we make a plague here? If six people got sick, I'm sure it must have been 600!"

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to your Armageddon. Doesn't *The Muse* open with an awards ceremony?

BROOKS: Yes, the Humanitarian Awards. My character wins one for screenwriting. Maybe my favorite line in the movie is when the little girl playing my daughter asks, "What's a humanitarian, Daddy?" And he says, "Someone who's never won the Oscar."

By the way, we were in a restaurant last night and that guy Roberto Benigni and his wife came in. He's the scariest guy of all on awards shows.

You don't want to see people being that grateful for a statue. It makes art dirty. It's all wrong. You shouldn't be working just for that. I mean, Jesus Christ, when you see him act like that, it makes you think, God, my life is fucked if I don't win. It's the first time I've ever really thought, Oh my God! I have nothing! But I did say to my wife, "If he gets on his knees and kisses Whoopi Goldberg's feet, I will kill my child. I will sacrifice my own child."

PLAYBOY: Which brings us to one of history's most criminal Oscar upsets: You lost the Best Supporting Actor award to Sean Connery in 1988, when you were nominated for your role in *Broadcast News*. Did you feel robbed?

BROOKS: I remember that before the Oscars, the *Los Angeles Times* published a poll taken at the Ivy, a big Hollywood restaurant. According to the poll, I had won. Also, when Sean Connery did his Barbara Walters interview and talked about beating up women, I thought, Hmm, I have a shot here. He won anyway. You know who probably voted for him? Women. You can't beat 'em, you can't be beat without 'em.

PLAYBOY: Can you reveal the acceptance speech you never got to make?

BROOKS: God, if I ever win I might still use it. I was going to say thank you and everything, and then I was going to say, "You know, they keep warning all the nominees to keep it short because there are 6 billion people watching all over the world, and I understand that, and I just hate to use this platform for anything personal, but—I lost a green sports jacket in the Copenhagen airport. If anyone has found it, please call."

PLAYBOY: *The Muse* is, in a sense, the first film in which you get to make fun of Hollywood and the people who run it.

BROOKS: Certainly, if the movie has any theme, it's that anybody can run this place. As a filmmaker, I believe that every time you drive by a studio, every car in that parking lot is there to keep you

from doing what you want to do. There are a lot of highly paid people inside whose jobs are to say things. If they don't say anything, they don't feel like they're justifying their jobs. Quite frankly, I wrote this film for Paramount and they didn't choose to make it. The words I heard were "too inside"—which drives me crazy. This thing "inside." This will go on long after I'm no longer on this earth. They say: "People won't get it." And I say, "They won't get it because you won't give it to them, and if you won't give it to them, they'll never get it." That's the truth.

People aren't stupid. At some point you have to show them another thing. And they always like other things. I said, "How did *Seinfeld* become the number one show in the world? According to you, it wouldn't even be allowed on the air in Alabama. There would be a warning: *Jews are on TV. Turn off set.*" And, by the way, this movie is not about show business, really. Once the muse shows up to save my career, she moves into my house and it becomes a domestic farce.

PLAYBOY: Pauline Kael once complimented you by writing that your curly hair reminded her of brains worn outside of your head.

BROOKS: You thought that was a compliment? I had to wear a goddamned hat for two months afterward!

PLAYBOY: You must hate to hear the term cult following, but your fans do seem to be extraordinarily devout. They repeat lines from your films like mantras.

BROOKS: You know nothing!

PLAYBOY: What?

BROOKS: That was a line from *Modern Romance*. I used to hear that one a lot: "You know nothing!" Yes, my cult—like Jim Jones, you get a glass of Kool-Aid with every screening. Listen, you have to cherish all your fans, because that's all you've got. You can't work in a void.

PLAYBOY: So how did you decide that your muse should look like Sharon Stone?

BROOKS: Hey, I'm not stupid! *You* pick Dame Edna! Actually, October Films gave me a dream list of names that would help them worldwide. Sharon's name was at the top. I knew her a little bit and she'd always had this reputation for being funny, which she is. She can make fun of herself, which is always a good thing, and she has a light, airy quality that people haven't seen. So I thought, Wow, this is new! She could do this. She was my first choice.

PLAYBOY: What's the sexiest thing you saw her do during your time together?

BROOKS: Take her clothes off.

PLAYBOY: That works.

BROOKS: But let me tell you something: It was her idea. And this is why I like her. There's a scene in the movie that calls for awkwardness—she's going to share a bed with my wife, played by Andie MacDowell. I thought she should wear

something slinky. But she said, "I really have to be naked here, I think, for this to work." And I'm thrilled she did it, because it got me a PG-13 rating for brief nudity. So when it comes on HBO, it'll say *brief nudity*, and that's always exciting. Unless people think it's me.

PLAYBOY: You did a nude scene in *Modern Romance*. You said the movie might have made more money if you had shaved your back.

BROOKS: That's what studio research told us. And, by the way, now the studio's research department will shave your back. They have a whole division. They'll do everything. They have a barber, a tailor—everything.

PLAYBOY: Do you have muses? Who do you bounce your ideas off of?

BROOKS: One of the reasons I married my wife is that she's got this wonderful brain and a great sense of humor. I talk to her about everything. Also, I used to be really close—like talking daily—to Jim Brooks, who gave me those roles in *Broadcast News* and *I'll Do Anything*. When I wasn't in *As Good As It Gets*, I stopped talking to him. Better put me in the movies, Jim, if you want to be my friend.

Over the years I've written all but one of my movies with Monica Johnson, the sister of comedy writer Jerry Belson. She found me through Penny Marshall, and I thought she had great comedic sensibilities. She innately understands the Al-

bert Brooks "character" in these films. And she's a woman, which is always a good thing when you write. She makes me laugh. And she's a great laugher, too. I could never write with someone who didn't laugh well.

PLAYBOY: Is laughter better than sex?

BROOKS: Gee, I always thought it was the same thing.

PLAYBOY: You reportedly once told the actor Elizabeth Perkins that when you're in love, you completely lose your sense of humor. Does that sound right?

BROOKS: No, that was another one of my great hit-on lines. That naive little girl! I don't know—I'm sure it was true the evening I said it.

PLAYBOY: Of course, *Modern Romance* stands as one of the greatest contemporary portraits of futile, neurotic love—

BROOKS: The best way I can describe it is that when you're in love, you completely lose your sense of humor. Can I just add this: A woman is like a diving board. You'll only find her at one end of the pool.

PLAYBOY: Which means?

BROOKS: I don't know. I've lost my sense of humor.

PLAYBOY: You've had relationships with at least two of your leading ladies—Kathryn Harrold and Julie Hagerty.

BROOKS: Oh, sure. You're paying these people a lot of money to like you. It works out to something like seven grand a day. You ought to get a little smooch-

ing out of it.

PLAYBOY: There was a great date-from-hell scene in *Mother*, in which you have nothing in common with the woman. This comes from experience?

BROOKS: I had plenty of those dates. In the six months before I met my wife, I had sort of given up on even attempting mental communication with new women. I went with one woman to see *While You Were Sleeping*—that movie with Sandra Bullock. In the car on the way home, she said to me, "I think that's the funniest movie I've ever seen." And I really debated whether just to drive off Mulholland and kill us right then, or to drop her off first and take eight sleeping pills. It was cute, but the funniest movie somebody ever saw?

PLAYBOY: There's a movie-date lesson in there somewhere.

BROOKS: Yeah—never to go a comedy with someone you're not sure of. It's a dangerous thing. It's pretty safe to go see a drama, but comedy is the most specific art form there is. What people laugh at tells so much about them that you can be very disappointed, especially if you do it for a living.

PLAYBOY: Obviously, Kimberly Shlain, the woman who became your wife, has better taste in funny movies.

BROOKS: She was a huge fan. Why would she want to meet me if she didn't really like my movies?

PLAYBOY: Which means the ending of

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Mother was personally prophetic: After giving up on relationships, you accidentally meet a woman who appreciates you and is on your wavelength. Your life imitated your art.

BROOKS: I really believe there's some sixth sense, like dogs have, that you attract people much better when you aren't looking for them. What was that great line Jim Brooks wrote for me in *Broadcast News*? "Wouldn't this be a great world if desperation and insecurity made us more attractive?" Well, the world doesn't work like that. And you don't attract people who are good for you. So I had reached a point in my life where I said, "OK, I'm just going to ride out this journey alone." I had finally given up worrying, Who am I going to meet? And then, within about two months, I met my wife.

PLAYBOY: How?

BROOKS: We were set up by my friend Paul Slansky and his wife. She is in the computer world and Kimberly is too. Kimberly is a brilliant artist and painter who transferred her talent to the computer, creating websites, among other things. I will say this—our relationship has never been problematic. It's all been easy. I haven't seen a shrink for a dozen years, but when I did all he ever said was that things should be easy, not hard. Especially in the beginning.

PLAYBOY: Did you make a great proposal?

BROOKS: I don't think it was necessarily a proposal. We were sort of living together and she basically said, "I don't want to do this anymore. It's wasting my time. Either shit or get off the pot." So I did. By the way, I'm God's mule. I have a hard time budging and would never do anything if someone didn't make me. But this was the woman I wanted to make me. I realized, This is OK, you're the perfect woman. Go ahead and push me and I'll move.

PLAYBOY: Is there a reason your baby son, Jacob, has the same name as the suicidal tiger you voiced in *Dr. Dolittle*?

BROOKS: That was coincidental! I didn't name him after a cartoon character. I'm a better father than that. I didn't even realize it until afterward.

PLAYBOY: Describe the upside of becoming a father when you're in your 50s.

BROOKS: Having a child when you're a little older—I'm not talking Tony Randall older—is the coolest thing in the world. The concerns you have when you're 30 about your career and stuff are huge. There's just something great about getting past that period so you can really devote your attention to someone and mean it. I don't know what else there is to do on earth. I guess the downside is that we're already looking at high schools with wheelchair ramps.

PLAYBOY: How well did you perform in the delivery room?

BROOKS: I cried. When the head popped out, I just wept.

PLAYBOY: You gave up singlehood during maybe the randiest presidency in history. Did you have any favorite passages from the Starr report?

BROOKS: My child is not old enough to ask a lot of questions. But I think it might have been uncomfortable if you had a kid around five years old. The president should not be responsible for the word head coming up at dinner. That should come from the father. When I'm ready to tell my kid what head is, I'll tell him. I don't want the president telling him. "Daddy, what is being on your knees in the Oval Office?" "Well, that's a kind of Muslim prayer. . . ."

PLAYBOY: How did you learn about sex?

BROOKS: I certainly don't recall any parental conversations. I guess you learn from your friends. The first time anything profound happened was in the shower when I was very young. I re-

member that my mother had like 16 lady friends over, and I ran downstairs and said that I was in the shower and I don't know what happened—but this white stuff came out! They were all shocked: "Honey, don't do it again." I said, "What, no more showers?" Well, I was in the shower about eight times a day for the next three years.

PLAYBOY: What were the circumstances of how you, um, became a man?

BROOKS: I think this is the way it happened: About nine of us went to a prostitute in downtown Los Angeles and brought a case of liquor and we each got four minutes. We just wanted to get that moment over with and that's really all it was, man. She was an older, tired person. And one after another we just went in and came out and then it was done. It was one time only. And then, in high school, I knew this older woman who was a nurse—it was one of those *Summer of '42* stories.

PLAYBOY: How much older was she?

BROOKS: When you're 15, anybody in her 20s seems like Jennifer O'Neill. She must have been at least ten years older. It was great. And I never told anybody about it. I didn't want anyone to catch on and think, I want to get a nurse too. I didn't have to go through the begging that my friends did with high school girls.

PLAYBOY: You were raised in a house with two older brothers—Cliff, the oldest, is an advertising bigwig, and Bob is best known as TV's Super Dave Osborne. Did they pick on you much?

BROOKS: Bob, my middle brother, picked on me a lot. It was just his nature. He was very big and wanted to be the ruler. He always used to threaten me. He would say, "I'll break your neck." Then I was in the hospital with a separated shoulder from football and was next to a kid whose neck was broken. And I saw



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how horribly serious that was. I said to Bob, "That's a terrible threat. That's paralysis!"

PLAYBOY: Are you still afraid of him?

BROOKS: No, we got that all out about 12 years ago. I had anger left in me. I used to have dreams of wanting to beat him up and stuff. But when we got all of this out on the table, he apologized. Then the dreams stopped.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember the first laugh you ever got?

BROOKS: The first was probably in third grade, I don't really remember. But there was a huge moment in my life at a Beverly Hills High School talent show. The parents and the students all participated—parents like Carl Reiner and Robert Merrill. I was the emcee. And I just killed. I remember one Chinese student who did a big dance with those long streaming things. One of my jokes was, "Wasn't she wonderful? Actually, there was a terrible accident early this afternoon when she rehearsed—a 707 landed on the football field."

PLAYBOY: Weren't you also the one who read bogus class announcements at the beginning of the school day?

BROOKS: Yes, my teacher made a deal with me that if I behaved, she'd give me five minutes of stand-up every day. So I read the bulletins and made up stuff about what was going to happen. I was always getting laughs in school. Before that, when I was six, I remember Eddie Cantor came to the house—he used to work with my father. I had just gotten home from a Cub Scout meeting and my father asked about it. And I mispronounced a word. I said, "We had cookies and apple schnider." Cantor liked that: "Hey, Parky, your kid's funny!" Apple schnider—the Jewish fruit drink.

PLAYBOY: Your father, Harry Einstein, played Parkyakarkus, Cantor's radio sidekick of sorts. Describe his comedy.

BROOKS: Well, he was a Greek-dialect comedian, so it was a lot of malapropisms. Parkyakarkus was a character he had been doing locally in Boston back in the Thirties. Eddie Cantor heard him and brought him out to Hollywood. He worked on the Eddie Cantor and Al Jolson radio shows. Then he got his own show, *Meet Me at Parky's*, which ran about seven years. One bit I always remember from that show: My dad was slowly typing up the menu for his restaurant and misspelling everything. Roast: R-U-S-T. Beef: B-I-F. His assistant at the restaurant came in and said, "All right, Parky, I'm in a hurry. Just give me the menu and give it to me quickly! I have a lot to do." He said "OK, you want it quickly? We're going to have sirloin steak and tenderloin steak, good piece lamb chop, great big pork chop, nice fried onions, fresh peeled scallions, french-fried potatoes, lettuce and tomatoes; string beans, baked beans, hup beans, too; cookeral, hookeral, chicken stew; mickerel, pickerel, haddock, tripe; lobster, oyster, shrimp or pike; hot pies, cold pies, soft pie, mud pie, ickleberry, bermberry, stroomberry, too; stiff cream, whipped cream, plain cream, no cream; squashed-up apple, coconut; custard, mustard, ketchup, chili, salt and pepper and piccalilli. Twenty-five cents!"

I memorized that from a record when I was seven and never forgot it. I try to check in with it every three years to see if my brain is still reasonably intact. I can just imagine being 80 and trying: "We're gonna have, oh, damn it—I know it was food! Oh well."

PLAYBOY: Who decided to name you Albert Einstein?

BROOKS: My mother blames it on my dad, but I don't know for sure.

PLAYBOY: You spent most of your childhood almost expecting your father to die. It happened when you were 11?

BROOKS: Eleven and a half. He was only 54. But for as long as I could remember, I was always paranoid that my father was going to die. I knew a sick person was in my house. When he was young, he had a disease where the spinal cord and the vertebrae fuse together. In the Thirties, he underwent like 25 operations and wasn't expected to live. Then doctors were positive he'd never walk. But he did walk, just slowly, and he gained a lot of weight. Ultimately, he died of a heart attack.

PLAYBOY: Not that it's any consolation, but his was sort of a legendary show business death.

BROOKS: Onstage, literally. He was performing only occasionally and, on this night, he was on a dais of performers at the Friars Club to honor Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz. The night before, I had helped him with his routine, working a wire recorder for him. I didn't go to the roast, but he got up and was brilliant. He talked extravagantly and sincerely about them, then missed their names—"my closest friends in the world, *Miss Louise Bows and Danny Arnaz!*" It was elegant, they screamed, he sat down, put his head on the table and passed on. Right there. They stopped the dinner, took him backstage, cut him open and shocked him with a lamp cord. But that was it. What always impressed me was that he finished. He didn't die in the middle of a line. That's what makes you believe in something.

PLAYBOY: Was the funeral funny?

BROOKS: More than the actual funeral, I remember that all the comedians came to our house afterward. Milton Berle tried to cheer us up by putting a cigar up his nose. I'll never forget that.

PLAYBOY: What about your parents? Did they know you were funny?

BROOKS: I don't recall that my mother ever thought I was funny. That's why I



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wrote *Mother*, which is what the whole movie was about. I know she's proud of me and I can make her laugh today. But for most of my life, it didn't matter how funny I was or how funny anybody told her I was—she was very serious about wanting me to have another business to fall back on. But I still wanted her approval. I would call her after every Carson appearance—"What did you think?" And she would always, always have the same answer: "Oh, it was wonderful! What did Johnny think?"

And I'd say, "Well, you saw the show—did you hear the audience laughing?"

"No, no, I just wondered—"

"What—did Johnny secretly hate me even though they were laughing? No, he likes me!"

So one day I actually planned this whole strategy. I'd been waiting for this moment—I did the show, the audience was laughing its head off and, as ever, she said, "What did Johnny think?" And I sounded very depressed: "I don't want to talk about it. Things are not good."

"What happened?"

"Well, Johnny came into the dressing room and said, 'You'll be the last Jew to ever appear on my show!'"

"What!?"

Now, of course, my mother was furious: "Don't ever do that show again! If he's anti-Semitic—"

I said, "I'm just kidding."

PLAYBOY: *Mother*, obviously, was your desperate cry for acknowledgment from her. But those issues had to have been resolved before you wrote it, correct?

BROOKS: You can't make that movie unless you've resolved the issue. Just like in the movie, it happened in a day for me—a day preceded by 16 years of trying to make that day happen. Because it's a movie, you can't show 16 years of analysis to figure it out. Maybe not everybody is lucky enough to have one huge moment. But those moments do exist. All of a sudden the authority is gone and the frailty surfaces. Some people go to their graves hating their parents, which would be terrible. At some point, my life became too complicated to worry about any one person's opinion anymore. I no longer associated my mother's love with her ability to laugh at my work.

PLAYBOY: So how did your mother react to *Mother*?

BROOKS: She saw it a couple of times. The first time she saw the movie, she said, "You know, one or two lines reminds me of us." I said, "One or two lines? You think you operate the phone correctly?" Then I showed her the movie again about four weeks later—it was exactly the same with, like, one extra sound effect. She was cute. During at least 14 scenes, she'd say, "Was that in the first version? Honey, that's wonderful! I didn't see that before."

"Yes, Mother, it's the same movie."

"Really?"

PLAYBOY: Before Debbie Reynolds got the role of Mother, you considered hiring Nancy Reagan. Did you actually meet with her?

BROOKS: Three or four times, on her patio. When I went to see her, she said she just loved the script, which blew me away. I worked very hard with her on a couple of scenes that I asked her to commit to memory—one where we were on the telephone and the one in the market. It was fun. Everyone thought I had offered the part to her, but we never got that far. She was so flattered that I was even there and she would have loved to act, but she just didn't feel she could leave her husband to do that. Plus, if anything had happened to him, it would have stopped the movie. She said, "I know you're going to get someone else and it's going to kill me."

PLAYBOY: Was Ronald there?

BROOKS: I saw him walking around.

PLAYBOY: You met the Reagans at a Washington dinner party during the making of *Broadcast News*. We heard that you told him a famous "old man" joke that night.

BROOKS: Yes. He had had his prostate surgery a month earlier and I was sort of asked to cheer up the old guy. I don't know that many jokes, but I told him one about an 80-year-old Jewish man who goes to a doctor. Since Reagan was in his 70s, I made the guy much, much older—like 95. In the joke, the old guy says, "Something's wrong with me, doctor—I don't know what it is." The doctor says, "OK, I'm going to need a stool sample, a urine sample and a semen sample."

And the old guy says, "Here, take my underwear."

He laughed.

PLAYBOY: Did he relate to it?

BROOKS: I never got that far. I didn't follow it up with, "You know what I mean, don't you?"

PLAYBOY: Since you're often considered a West Coast Woody Allen, we were wondering if you've crossed paths lately? Last we heard, you both appeared on the same Merv Griffin show 25 years ago—and that was it.

BROOKS: Well, that was almost it. We both did Merv's show in Las Vegas, after which Woody came up to me and said,

"You're a funny man, Brooks!" That's all he said. Then I tried to phone him after *Annie Hall* to tell him it was brilliant, but he wouldn't take my call. A couple of years ago, I heard from him. He wanted me to play Harry in *Deconstructing Harry*.

PLAYBOY: You're kidding.

BROOKS: He'd gone through a few people before my name came up and he wrote me a nice letter. He said, "If you like the script, please come to New York." But I just felt the script was too much in his own distinct voice and rhythm. It was, you know, Woody Allen. I wrote back that it was insane that he didn't do it himself, which he ultimately did. I would certainly love to work for him, but not as him.

filmmaker—whom we'd never seen—denying all this junk. It was sad.

PLAYBOY: *Real Life* was released in 1979 and now, 20 years later, your sixth film is finished. What takes you so long?

BROOKS: Well, there would have been more if I could have gotten the financing easier. Out of those 20 years, a good eight were spent raising the money! I knew that as soon as I put the words *The End* on a script, I would have to go through all these minefields that I hate more than the world. Even for this movie. *The Muse* was written right after *Mother*—which means it could have been finished and released more than a year ago. Paramount passed on it, so it took longer. It's hard to go through the humiliation of 20 people saying no before one person says yes.

PLAYBOY: How humiliating has it gotten?

BROOKS: *Lost in America* was maybe the worst—I went for two years trying to raise the money. I wouldn't wish that on anybody. Ninety-nine percent of these potential investors just want to meet people in show business. You go out to dinner with them and you pick up the check. You meet with these big fat guys from Texas and they're listening to your idea—"So then they go to Vegas and she loses the money—" And one of the Texas guys interrupts: "Yeeeahh, um, AlIII-buht, do you know any hookers?" I learned, by the way, to start out every meeting by saying, "Hello, I don't know any hookers. Now let me pitch this story."

PLAYBOY: Your films have had completely original comic premises. Can we explore the inspirations for each? For instance, *Real Life* has been echoed by *The Truman Show* and *Ed TV*, but you got there first.

BROOKS: Echoed? Jon Bon Jovi's end title song for *Ed TV* was called *Real Life*. I mean, come on! When Monica Johnson heard that, she called me in tears. But I suppose it's actually a good thing—maybe it reminded people. *Real Life* didn't make any money, but at least *The Truman Show* got some Oscar nominations out of the subject. The important thing is that *Real Life* still holds up.

Obviously, I was glued to the set during the 12-hour PBS documentary *An American Family*, about the Louds. But



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PLAYBOY: Has the arc of Woody's career taught you anything?

BROOKS: Yes—to stay out of your daughter's room. I think Woody Allen's a genius. Certainly, when starting out, I used his name in more studio meetings than anybody—"It's like what Woody Allen does." Of course, I stopped that after his ninth film in a row didn't make any money. But I feel one of the secrets to loving Woody Allen is to not know too much about him. He kept the press away more than anyone who had ever lived. After seeing his movies, I would drive home wondering, "Was that really him?" It was like a little game. But once the details of his life were dumped on us, the game was over. Suddenly, we saw this brilliant

what really inspired *Real Life* was the Margaret Mead quote that crawls before the movie: "It is, I believe, as new and as significant as the invention of drama or the novel . . . a new way in which people can learn to look at life, by seeing the real life of others interpreted by the camera." When I read that, I thought, Wow! So I more or less played myself—comedian Albert Brooks—bringing cameras into the home of Charles Grodin and family and ruining their lives.

PLAYBOY: *Modern Romance*?

BROOKS: I lived that relationship with a real woman. Thank God I got out of it, because there was something missing. A *Modern Romance* relationship is all about being physical, not mental. A man in his 20s doesn't drive around a woman's house 400 times and act like a fool just to have a conversation with her. We all do it to have sperm come out of our dicks. It's hormones and the dawning of your sexuality. We're too young to know that sexuality should be connected to the rest of you. That takes life experience to understand. It's very hard for a young person to integrate sexuality with the rest of his being.

PLAYBOY: Before the movie was released, didn't Columbia want you to insert a scene in which your character consults a shrink?

BROOKS: Yes, that came after a test screening in San Francisco—probably not the best city in the world to test a film about heterosexual love problems. The head of the studio, Frank Price, called me into his office—and it was as if I had killed his child. He chased me around his desk reading all these test cards to me. They were all about my character: "He's got a Porsche and a good-looking girl—what's his problem?"

I told him, "I don't know his problem. I'm not being facetious. I really don't know! I can demonstrate the behavior, but I can't explain it."

"Well, add a psychiatrist scene. Explain it that way."

"But I don't know how to explain it."

Of course, I understand it now. But I couldn't have made that movie if I had understood it at the time.

PLAYBOY: How about *Lost in America*?

BROOKS: I always loved the idea of making a lifelong decision and finding out four days later that it was wrong. You know, burning your bridges and then having to eat shit. Here is this successful married couple who sell their house, buy a Winnebago, hit the road, lose everything in a week and realize they've made a mistake. So the concept was all about backing up and eating shit. We all do it in little ways. I wanted to see it big.

PLAYBOY: *Defending Your Life*?

BROOKS: I got so tired of those heaven movies with clouds and angels and spirits that come back and whisper in your ear. I never believed in it. I wanted to present another idea about dying, so I

just racked my brains till I came up with something. I thought, What if coming back is not a good thing? What if death is like college? Your goal in college is not to get bad grades and then go back to do your sophomore year all over again. You want to leave the college, to move ahead. So if earth were a college, you'd leave it and maybe go to some other place where people aren't fighting and calling each other names and burning down buildings. I still think this could be real.

PLAYBOY: And *The Muse*?

BROOKS: The idea of something that inspires and helps creativity has always intrigued me. What is a muse? A muse is anything. Fifteen years ago, I had an idea about someone who follows a muse entity around the world in order to keep creating. That was an early version of this. If I make 11 more movies, or three more movies, I'd probably say that the ideas are already in my mind and have been. But maybe now that I have a child, that will inspire something in me. I hope so. I want new experiences.

PLAYBOY: In *The Muse* you pay hilarious homage to the importance of your old friend Steven Spielberg. Not to give anything away about the movie, but there's a scene in his Amblin company headquarters—

BROOKS: Actually, Spielberg wouldn't allow that. We couldn't even say Amblin. He wouldn't hear of it. He said it's never been shown and will not be shown now. So I created the Spielberg Building, which is probably funnier. I hope he laughs at it. We did know each other when we were both just starting. We used to drive around Los Angeles eavesdropping on conversations over a CB radio. He's got home movies up the kazoo of me doing shtick for him. I remember the weekend *Jaws* opened, we drove around New York with [*New York Times* film critic] Janet Maslin and, I think, Marty Scorsese, filming these six-block-long lines of people waiting to see the movie. I swear to God, it was like the beginning of the new world! No one had seen this kind of thing since Martin and Lewis played the Paramount Theater. We all looked at each other and went, "Oh my God!"

PLAYBOY: Moviegoing would never be the same. Did that affect you?

BROOKS: *Star Wars* officially changed everything. That was the moment the world changed, and it snuck up on me. I thought things were going the other way during the Seventies—*Easy Rider*, idea pictures. Meanwhile, George Lucas was secretly making this movie. When I saw *Star Wars*, a part of me died—because I didn't do that. And I knew that I never would do that.

PLAYBOY: You had a peculiar relationship with Stanley Kubrick. How did his death hit you?

BROOKS: I cried. I swear to God. Just for a minute. He was the kind of guy you

never thought would die, because you never thought he was alive anyway.

PLAYBOY: You never actually laid eyes on the man, did you?

BROOKS: That's right! Therefore, why should he go? But he was truly the greatest filmmaker who ever lived. The biggest thrill I probably ever had in the film business was when he called me after seeing *Modern Romance*. He was so complimentary and said, "This is the movie I've always wanted to make!" I'm anxious to see *Eyes Wide Shut*, because, from what I understand, it's Kubrick's jealousy movie.

PLAYBOY: But for a period there, you were talking with Kubrick regularly.

BROOKS: We started to correspond and carry on these conversations. I probably got a little too friendly. When *The Shining* came out, I saw Scatman Crothers on a talk show saying how many takes Kubrick made him do: "I had to walk into the Overlook Hotel 5500 times!" So I couldn't wait for my weekly call to Stanley—I thought I'd make him laugh with my Scatman imitation. He came on the phone and I started doing Scatman: "I had to walk into the Overlook fiffifty-fi—" I never got any further. This man lost it: "Never use him! Don't ever work with him! He never knew his lines!" He started telling me secrets I didn't want to know: "I was in the editing room for 150 hours!" I said, "No, no, I just wanted to do the imitation—" It was one of the last conversations we ever had.

But he was so private. He would reach out for a minute, then close the door again. Years later, he called me about an idea he had for a comedy and asked what I thought of Steve Martin. And I was like: What—are you crazy? I mean, I'd give my right ball to work with you! Do I really have to recommend Steve Martin? What do I think? He's wonderful—go use him!

PLAYBOY: You've been doing a lot of smaller roles in other people's films. Is that fun?

BROOKS: I enjoy it. In the next 20 years, I'd like the acting part of my life to get bigger. I'm telling you, it's hard to make these movies, whereas the acting is so much easier on my psyche. I've never been happy doing the business part of show business. I have to do it—you can't direct a movie without doing it. But it makes my stomach hurt. I'm now at an age where I'm growing into a certain kind of part. I tell my agents to look at the roles Gene Hackman's up for and think of me.

PLAYBOY: You actually had a singing role in Jim Brooks' *I'll Do Anything*—which was shot as a musical but released without any music. Can you now sing some of what we missed?

BROOKS: I sing great on the page, by the way. Imagine Steve Lawrence here. I had two songs—remember, I played a desperate Hollywood producer. The

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first one is called *There Is Lonely*, which I sang after a terrible test screening. It goes, "There is lonely . . . then there is loonely." It was a funny idea—after getting bad scores, this guy was singing a death song. I sang the other one before a different preview at a big theater. I danced through the line of people waiting to get in, singing—"I'll do anything to make you like me, I'll do anything to make you smile. . . ."

PLAYBOY: The music was written by Prince—before he was Formerly Known As. Was he watching you?

BROOKS: He was there one day. I remember my joke. There were 17 people around him and he was sitting a little higher than everyone else. He wore these long pink robes. Jim said, "Albert, do you know Prince?" And I asked, "Which one is he?"

PLAYBOY: By the way, why haven't we seen a home video package of the short films you made for the first season of *Saturday Night Live*?

BROOKS: I own them all, but part of me feels I'm too young to do a retrospective. It scares me a little bit. I mean, those were the first films I ever made. Actually, a year earlier, I did *Albert Brooks' Famous School for Comedians*—which may have been the world's first infomercial—for PBS' *Great American Dream Machine* anthology. That was the first time I had ever taken a camera in hand and tried to put a film together. But doing the *Saturday Night Live* shorts—six of them over a short time—was like enrolling in the most amazing filmmaking course.

PLAYBOY: Which happened because you turned down the offer to be the permanent host of *SNL*?

BROOKS: I was too wiped out as a performer to put myself through that live stress. I didn't even consider moving to New York. They came back to me three times, and finally—to chicken out, actually—I said, "You shouldn't have a permanent host, anyway. Every show has one host—you should get a different host every week."

PLAYBOY: So you were the guy who started it all.

BROOKS: I really was. But because they didn't have anyone, talentwise, attached to the show yet, they still wanted to get me on board. So I suggested the short films. I served a purpose for *SNL* and even did their first publicity. Back in May 1975, before the show debuted in October, before any of the cast were hired, Lorne Michaels and I did the press junket at Universal Studios. Writers were asking, "So, Albert, what's this show going to be?" And I said, "I have no idea. Lorne?" And he wasn't sure either. Nobody knew.

PLAYBOY: Somehow your relationship with the show ended badly. Where did things go wrong?

BROOKS: Once the show took off and the Not Ready for Prime Time Players had

started to become famous, having me out on the other coast was . . . I really wasn't needed anymore. I wasn't part of their group. And because I had contractual demands about when and how the films would run, I just became a pain in the neck. I was resented. Why should they have to give up eight minutes to someone who wasn't even there? It all came down to the fifth film, in which I performed open-heart surgery—it was 14 minutes long and Lorne was upset. It only aired because my friend Rob Reiner was hosting and said, "I went to school with Albert. I'll take his film." Lorne didn't want the problem anymore. The relationship was symbiotic while it lasted—it helped me, it helped them. I learned my craft and got out.

PLAYBOY: But there's no denying that your feelings were hurt.

BROOKS: My feelings were hurt. I felt bad for a couple of reasons: I had been working pretty damn hard. I may not have been doing a live television show, but I was taking my responsibilities seriously and getting the job done. That first year, everyone under the sun except me got an Emmy for the show—I wasn't even mentioned. Maybe I hadn't worked one tenth as hard as the people in New York, but I was still in at ground zero and my spirit was there always. Somebody from NBC with their 4800 Emmys could have thanked me. They could have thrown one through my television set. That was not a happy moment.

PLAYBOY: Let's explore your evolution in comedy, beginning with how you became a stand-up. It was hardly your dream, was it?

BROOKS: No young person wanted to be a comedian in the late Sixties. A comedian was a fat man with a cigar in a lounge. I wanted to be an actor. I left college at 19 and came back to Los Angeles and couldn't get work. One day, in front of my friends, I picked up this ventriloquist doll and did the world's worst ventriloquist's act—which became Danny and Dave, my first real bit. Everyone laughed—and they urged me to become a comedian. Because as an actor at 19 I was one of a thousand. But as a comedian at 19 I was one of maybe two.

My William Morris agent told me, "Look, we can't promise we can get you any acting parts right now, but you could get on television tomorrow. Just go and be funny and then all the acting parts will come, I promise." Of course, the acting parts didn't come. All that came was more stand-up comedy. And so I headed into a career that I really didn't want to have.

PLAYBOY: But you did get on television tomorrow.

BROOKS: Just like that. This was 1968. The very first shot was a local show in Los Angeles called *Keene at Noon*, which immediately led to three shots on Steve Allen's syndicated Westinghouse show.

From there I was offered my first network appearance, on Dean Martin's show, where I did Danny and Dave. They asked me to do six episodes of his summer show, so I had to come up with six new bits. I just stood in front of my mirror at home, then tried them all out on network television.

PLAYBOY: You couldn't hone your material in clubs?

BROOKS: There were no clubs! I didn't play for a live audience, clubwise or concertwise, until after I'd been on television for three or four years.

PLAYBOY: But those were your fearless years. As per legend, you were capable of making phone calls at the moment Ed Sullivan introduced you.

BROOKS: I did that, yes. I stood in the wings, talking to a friend—"Are we gonna be meeting people for dinner later?" And I heard Ed say, "And now, right here on our stage. . . ." My friend said, "Hang up! You're on!" I was way beyond fearless. Unnaturally so—and disconnected. I didn't have any emotions about the work.

PLAYBOY: You started opening for a lot of concert acts around that time. Any lingering nightmares?

BROOKS: I had a lot of unpleasant experiences. I opened for everyone from Neil Diamond to Richie Havens—but maybe the scariest was Sly and the Family Stone. We're talking 1971. I don't think I'm telling tales out of school to say that Sly had a drug problem back then. When you're doing a pound a day, you could call it that, right? He used a coke spoon to open the package and then he used a shovel!

So this was in Tacoma, Washington and there were like 12,000 people in the audience. I'm looking out there and I realize that nobody's wearing shoes. They're all barefoot and they're taking sleeping pills and reds—remember reds? I think any pharmacist will tell you: Reds and comedy, it's not a good mix. So I was worried. Then, just before the show, Sly's manager knocks on my door and asks, "How long is your act?"

And I said, "Well, normally I do like 30 minutes, but I'm a little concerned here. Maybe I should do 20 minutes?"

And he said, "What is the longest you can do?"

"Why?"

He said, "Sly is in Ohio."

Apparently, it wasn't that Sly missed the plane. He was at the airport—he was just trying to put luggage into his nose. So I got out there while Sly was somewhere over the Midwest. Somebody threw a beer bottle and hit my leg and I'm starting to bleed and I'm thinking, I don't like this . . . this is not the best profession . . . this is not so much fun.

PLAYBOY: You finally found fear as a performer. How did you know that you had to stop performing?

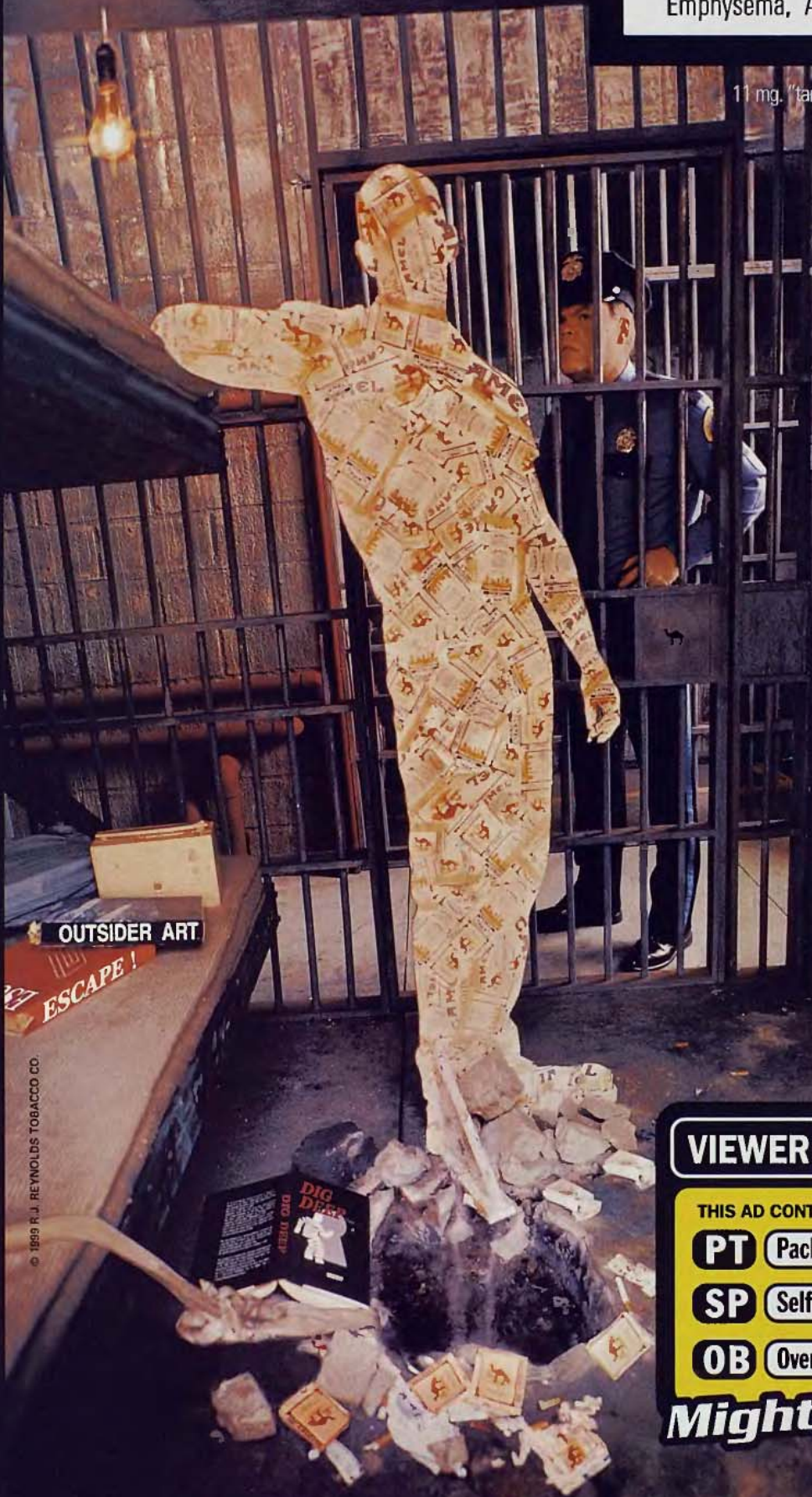
BROOKS: When I made my first record,

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Comedy Minus One, in 1973, I went on the road as a headliner, playing all these clubs. I was getting farther and farther away from acting. And I was unhappy about it. But I wasn't smart enough at the time to know or admit it. Also, doing two and three shows a night was seriously stressing me out. Finally, it was the afternoon before I opened at a Boston club called Paul's Mall and—I'll never forget this—I did a radio interview. Out of the blue, the disc jockey said to me, "You know, Albert, Jonathan Winters lost his mind. Do you think that's going to happen to you?" I said, "I think it's happening right now."

So that night at Paul's Mall, the singer Leo Sayer was opening for me. He had released an album with a picture of himself in a clown suit on the cover. To show its support, his record company had loaded up the house with people in clown suits. It was a Fellini movie! And as I was walking to the stage—literally between one step and the next—my brain exploded. It was as if all that fear I had never experienced, all the things I never wanted to deal with—everything just tapped me on the shoulder and went, "Here I am!"

PLAYBOY: How did you perform?

BROOKS: I didn't get to the stage. I collapsed without falling down. I went blank and had a real panic attack. For all those years of performing, I should have been a little nervous and wasn't. So now it was overload—all the circuits broke! I didn't perform right then. I went across the street to the hotel and I remember the bouncer followed me over. He said, "I'll make you a deal—you don't have to finish the week, but I have a full house in there now. Please, if you could just do this show."

I went back and got onstage and it was the most painful hour I've ever endured in my life. I was conscious of every word I was saying. I was outside looking in and narrating my own existence. The scariest thing in life is not so much the thing that's happening to you—it's that you don't understand what's happening. So I stopped doing stand-up after that night. I went home, and started seeing a shrink to figure out my life and try to understand what happened.

PLAYBOY: Do you understand now?

BROOKS: I think it had everything to do with my childhood and the fact that my father was very sick. I knew he was going to die. I learned as a very young person to close off, to not be hurt. Unfortunately, when you're ten years old, you can't distance yourself from one thing without distancing yourself from everything. I was just emotionally disconnected. And that night in Boston, I plugged in. I reconnected. To this day, I have remnants of it. Even though I wrote *Defending Your Life*, which was about overcoming all fear, I probably still make decisions

based on fears I never felt the first time around. But I'm not a machine. And I never could have become a decent writer without reconnecting.

PLAYBOY: But you became kind of reclusive. We never see you on talk shows unless you have a new film to promote.

BROOKS: Well, I'm more natural now. I'm the way I should be—not a wreck but conscious that I'm going to perform. I remember that it was a big deal getting back on *The Tonight Show* right after the Boston experience. I had been sort of quiet for a while. So all the fear I never had was 50 times as much. I had to learn at that age how to process these emotions. But *The Tonight Show*, back then, was everything. I had done a lot of television before my first Johnny Carson show in 1972, but nothing more important. That made my life. I was doing that show like every six weeks for three years.

PLAYBOY: Making Johnny Carson laugh was the greatest approbation in comedy, wasn't it?

BROOKS: God, when he laughed, you felt you were in some sort of secret club! I once caused him to get up and go grab the curtain to catch his breath—which I think happened only two or three times in 35 years. He was laughing so hard, he had to walk over there to collect himself.

PLAYBOY: You and Carson shared an idol in Jack Benny. Tell us about the historic night you and Benny appeared on *The Tonight Show*.

BROOKS: It was certainly historic for me. I came out late in the show as a European animal trainer, Alberto, and his elephant Bimbo. Except the elephant had been lost on a train in Chicago and the only animal I could get was a frog. I said, "I will do my famous act and you'll just have to use your imagination." So I put this frog through all these elephant tricks and, to reward him, I'd give him 88 peanuts and bury him. The last trick I called "Find the Nut, Boy!" I said, "I'm going to blindfold the elephant and I'm going to hide a peanut and the elephant will find it!" And I took this blindfold and I draped it over the frog. So this little black handkerchief just hopped around onstage and people went really crazy.

Anyway, I came back to the panel just before the end of the show, when Johnny would wrap up by saying where his guests would be appearing. During the last break, Jack Benny leaned across me and told Johnny, "When we come back, ask me where I'm going to be, will you?" So they came back and the piano was tinkling and Johnny said, "OK, Jack, where are you going to be?" And Jack Benny said, "Never mind about me—this is the funniest kid I've ever seen!" And that was one of those profound moments in life when you learn that generosity is a good thing. He made like a god and it was mind-blowing.

PLAYBOY: You saw Jack Benny just before he died.

BROOKS: Harry Shearer and I went to his office on a Monday and he died on Thursday. He had stomach cancer, but we didn't know he was that far gone. We had been working on my album *A Star Is Bought*, on which every cut was a different genre of radio. The idea was to have airplay on every conceivable kind of radio station.

One was an old-time radio show and we wanted Jack Benny to be in it. Between Harry and me, there were no two people our age on the planet who idolized a person more. So I said, "Mr. Benny, we're doing this album and we're re-creating this old radio—"

I never got any further. He said, "Radio! That's all they remember me for! I've done everything! I've done movies! I've done television!"

We're thinking, Oh my God . . . oh no, please don't be like this. I said, "Mr. Benny, I only know you from television! I just know you did radio. Believe me, I know you did everything."

I swear to God, I walked out of there thinking, What's the point? How do you win at this game? If Jack Benny feels like this four days before he checks out, how do you win? If anybody had the right to be calm and peaceful with his career, it was Jack Benny. But he must have gotten a dose of it in his last couple years when he was starting to fade out, and he felt it. And the truth is, people under 30 today don't even know Jack Benny. Or Bogart. Every day I'm more hugely aware of just how unimportant everyone is. In a way, it's almost comforting. When you take your life too seriously, you should know that it doesn't matter. It's just a matter of time before everyone is swept under the carpet.

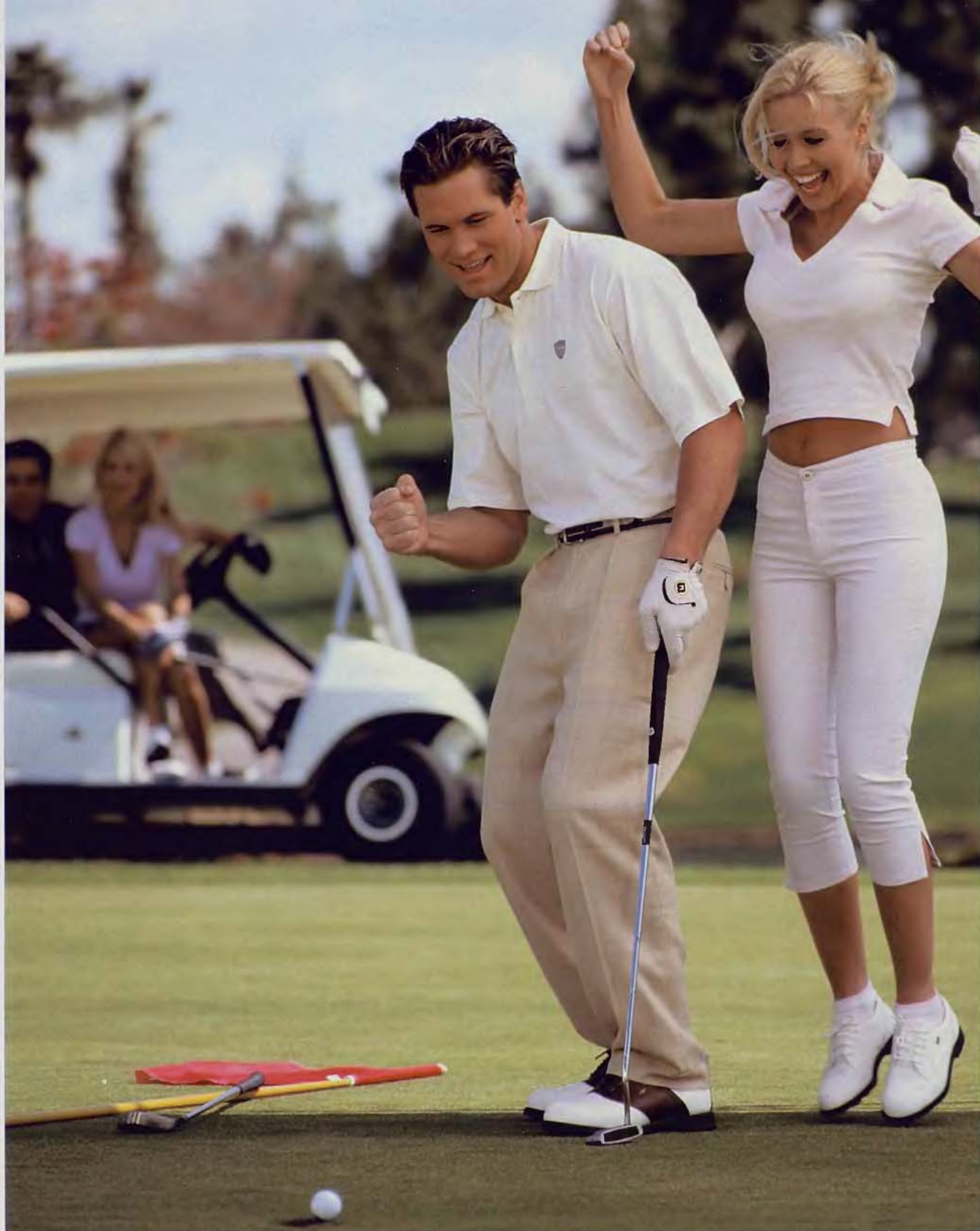
PLAYBOY: Even you? Is there a way you'd like to be remembered?

BROOKS: To be honest with you, I've never, ever, thought of that. And I'm glad I haven't. I guess I would let the work speak for itself. I guess I'm doing it right now: I'm preparing my memory. That's as much as I can do. So if somebody a hundred years from now sees a videotape of *Lost in America* and goes, "Jesus Christ, look what this guy was doing"—then that's all I could ever ask for.

PLAYBOY: Poetically enough, we've noticed you've taken possession of Bob Hope's theme song, *Thanks for the Memories*, for talk show appearances.

BROOKS: That's right, and I still will. He's not using it now. By the way, I hope Bob Hope is at peace with what he's accomplished. I hope he's not walking around the golf course saying, "I used to entertain troops." I hope he's happy. But I'm taking his theme song. I love it. I don't want to let it die—it's too good. Besides, no one has said anything.





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SUMMER SWEAT

even after all these years
they couldn't keep away
from each other

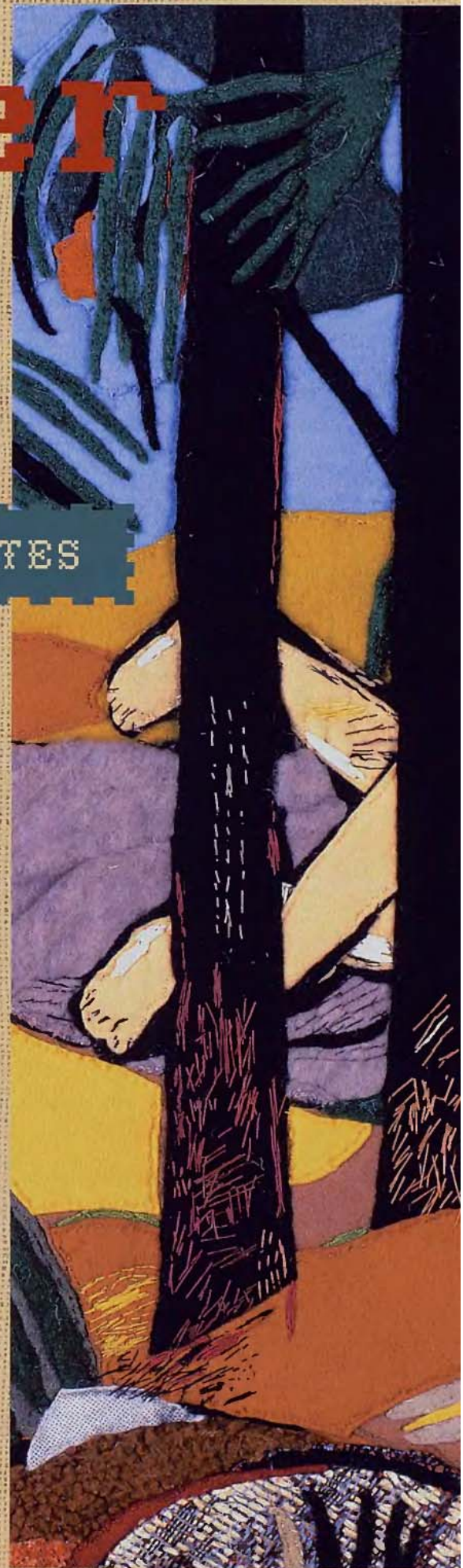
fiction BY JOYCE CAROL OATES

In the throes of the most destructive love affair of her life, with the composer Gregor Wodicki in the summer of 1975, Adriana Kaplan frequently wanted *to die*, washing down prescription Benzadrines with vodka in some desolate beautiful place (the Catskills, possibly), yet Adriana was never so distraught as to wish to *be dead* in any permanent way.

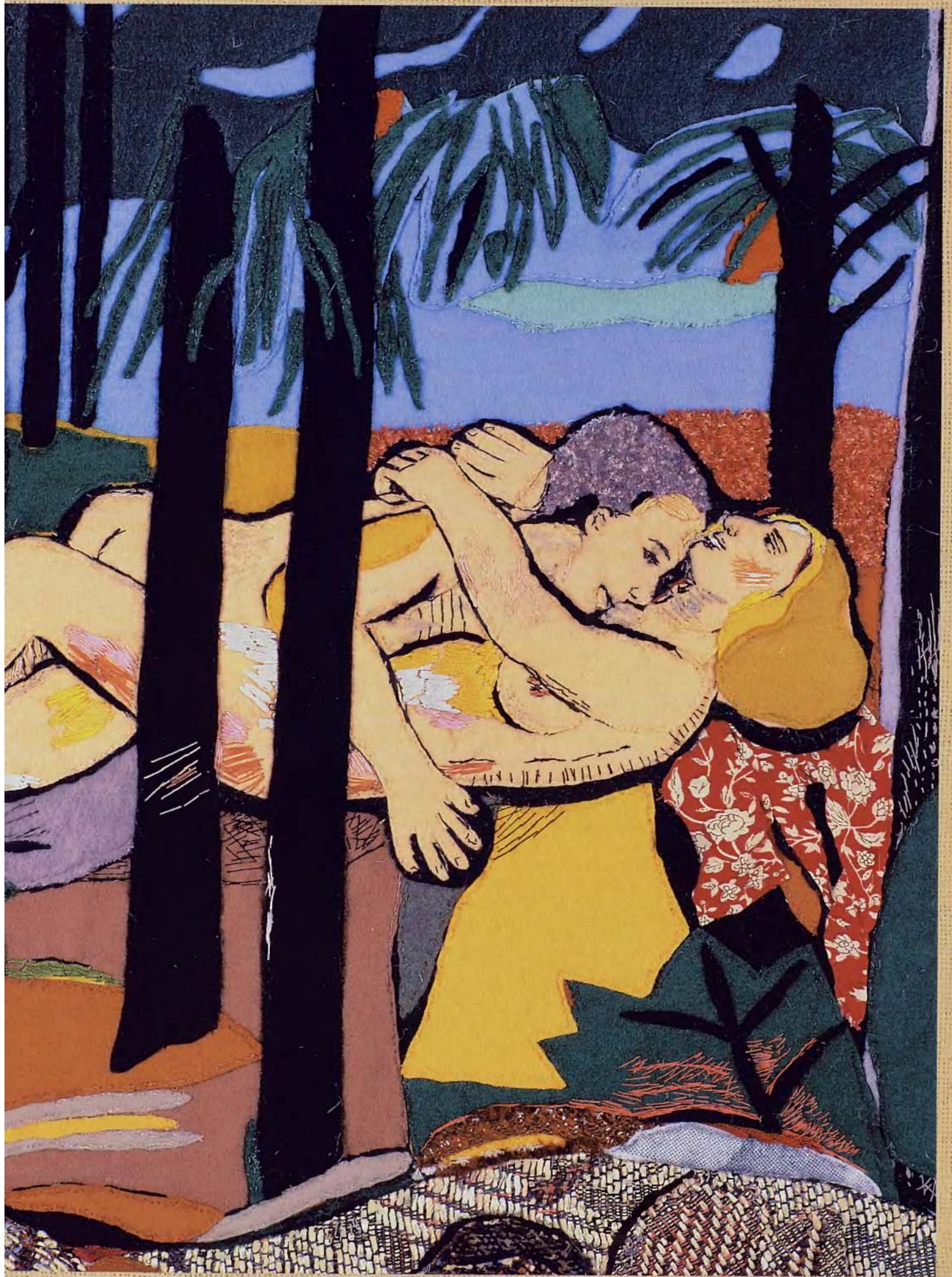
She was too restless, inquisitive, troublesome a young woman for *deadness*. She especially wouldn't have wanted her lover's wife to outlive her.

She wouldn't have wanted her lover to outlive her by even a few hours.

In those days *happiness* was only subtly distinguishable from *misery*, yet Adriana would not have wished her life otherwise. Running breathless to meet Gregor in the pine-woods down beyond the old, rotting stables of the Rooke Institute, where they were young, brilliant and neurotic together, 40 minutes north of Manhattan on the east bank of the Hudson River. In the dense pinewoods where on achingly bright summer days the shade was too dark. Splotched sunlight and shadow: neurological anxiety. So in dreams of subsequent years and even decades Adriana would see the unnaturally straight, tall trees as more like telephone poles than trees, or like the bars of a labyrinthine cage. Few branches on their lower trunks and thick, pungent-smelling, needled boughs overhead. *Why am I here, what am I doing risking so much, am I crazy?* were not questions she could retain as Gregor came loping toward her with his expression of rapt, dazed desire. How like a young wolf he seemed to her, greeting her by digging his strong



FABRIC ART BY DIANE BARR



pianist's thumbs and fingers into her rib cage and lifting her above him as if Adriana, 27 years old and not a small-boned woman, was one of his children with whom he played rough (she'd witnessed this, from a distance) though with Adriana it was deadly serious, no play in it. Gregor would pant greedily, "You came. You *came*."—as if, each time, he'd frankly doubted she would come to him. Eagerly Adriana embraced the man, a man she scarcely knew, her arms gripping his head, her heated face buried in his thick, often matted and oily hair, in a delirium of desire that allowed her, as with a powerful anesthetic, not to think of how her lover doubted her love for him, and how she doubted his for her. Yet they couldn't keep away from each other. And when they were alone together, they couldn't keep their hands off each other. Adriana loved even the rank animal smell of the man's body, her sweat-slick breasts and belly flattened beneath him, and her arms and legs clutching him as a drowning woman might clutch another person to save her life. Don't *don't don't don't leave me*. DON'T LEAVE ME. As if bolts of electric current ran through both their bodies and would release them from each other only when it ceased.

After their secret meetings Adriana went away alone, back to her initially unsuspecting husband. She was bruised, dazed, triumphant. She was covered in sweat, and shivering. This was love, she told herself. Yet also it was sickness. *I love you, Gregor, I would die with you that's why I'm so happy.*

Rarely that long deranged summer did they find themselves in a car together, in the Wodickis' battered station wagon filled with family trash and smelling still, as Gregor complained, of diapers, though his youngest kid was three and by this time the stink should have faded. This was risky, driving anywhere in the vicinity of the Institute. There was no reason for Gregor Wodicki and Adriana Kaplan to be alone together except the obvious. *They're screwing each other? Those two?* The average IQ of any resident of the Rooke Institute for Independent Study in the Arts and Humanities was perhaps 160; it would have required an IQ only of 80 to figure that one out. So there was the risk, and Gregor's rushed, reckless driving. In a fine misty rain, he hit a slick patch of pavement on a country road and the station wagon skidded

and his arm leapt out reflexively to protect Adriana from lurching forward into the windshield—"Watch out, Mattie!"—in his alarm mistaking her for one of his daughters. He didn't seem to realize his mistake, nor did Adriana choose to notice, for they were laughing together, relieved, thank God they hadn't crashed. "We can't be together in an accident," Adriana said, more tragically than she'd intended, and Gregor said, "Not unless it's fatal for both. Then, who cares?" He grinned, baring his imperfect, stained teeth. The left canine was particularly long and distinctive.

Afterward Adriana deconstructed this incident. It was a good sign, she believed. *He loves me as he loves his daughter. I'm not just one of the women he's fucked in his lifetime, mixed together like family junk in a drawer.*

LIKE GREAT CONVULSING
SNAKES THEY WERE.
A PERCUSSIVE MUSIC IN
THEIR GROANS, IN THEIR
FRIGHTENED SOUNDING
WHIMPERS AND SHRILL
SPASM-CRIES.

Though he had love affairs, some secret and some not, so it was said of Gregor Wodicki by friends and detractors both that he was a *family man* despite being a frequent drunk, a user of speed, an unreliable citizen, a primitive-cerebral composer descended from Schoenberg and a general son of a bitch. A *family man* who adored his kids and may have feared his wife, whose name, Pegreen, filled Adriana with mirth and anxiety—"Pegreen? No, really?" Gregor Wodicki was 32 years old in the summer of 1975. The father of five children of whom the three eldest were his wife's from a previous marriage. He was one of the defiant, unapologetic poor. He borrowed money with no intention of repaying. He bargained with the director of the Institute for an increase in his stipend though he was already the youngest of the senior fellows in the music school. He was hot-headed, difficult, conniving even among a community of temperamental artists and scholars. It was said admiringly, grudgingly, that his music was brilliant but inaccessible.

It was said that he'd been getting by on his "genius" since adolescence. The Institute director, Edith Pryce, disapproved of his behavior but "had faith" in him. He went for days even in the humidity of midsummer in upstate New York without showering, laughing at the notion he might offend someone's sensitive nostrils. It was said that Gregor and Pegreen smelled identical if you got close enough. And the kids, too. If you visited their house (as Adriana never did, though she and her husband were invited to big, brawling parties there several times that summer), you'd be shocked at the disorder, yes, and the smells; particularly scandalous was a downstairs "guest" bathroom where towels hung grimy and perpetually damp and the toilet, sink and tub badly needed scouring. There were dogs in the Wodicki household, too, a

rented, ramshackle shingleboard house at the edge of the Institute grounds. A *family man* who nonetheless quarreled publicly with his wife, and exchanged blows with her to the astonishment of witnesses—slaps rather than full-fledged blows, but still. Sometimes in the late evening as summer crescendoed with nocturnal insects, lovesick Adriana drifted by the Wodicki house, taking care to keep far enough away from the lighted windows not to be seen by anyone inside. A mere glimpse of Gregor through an opened win-

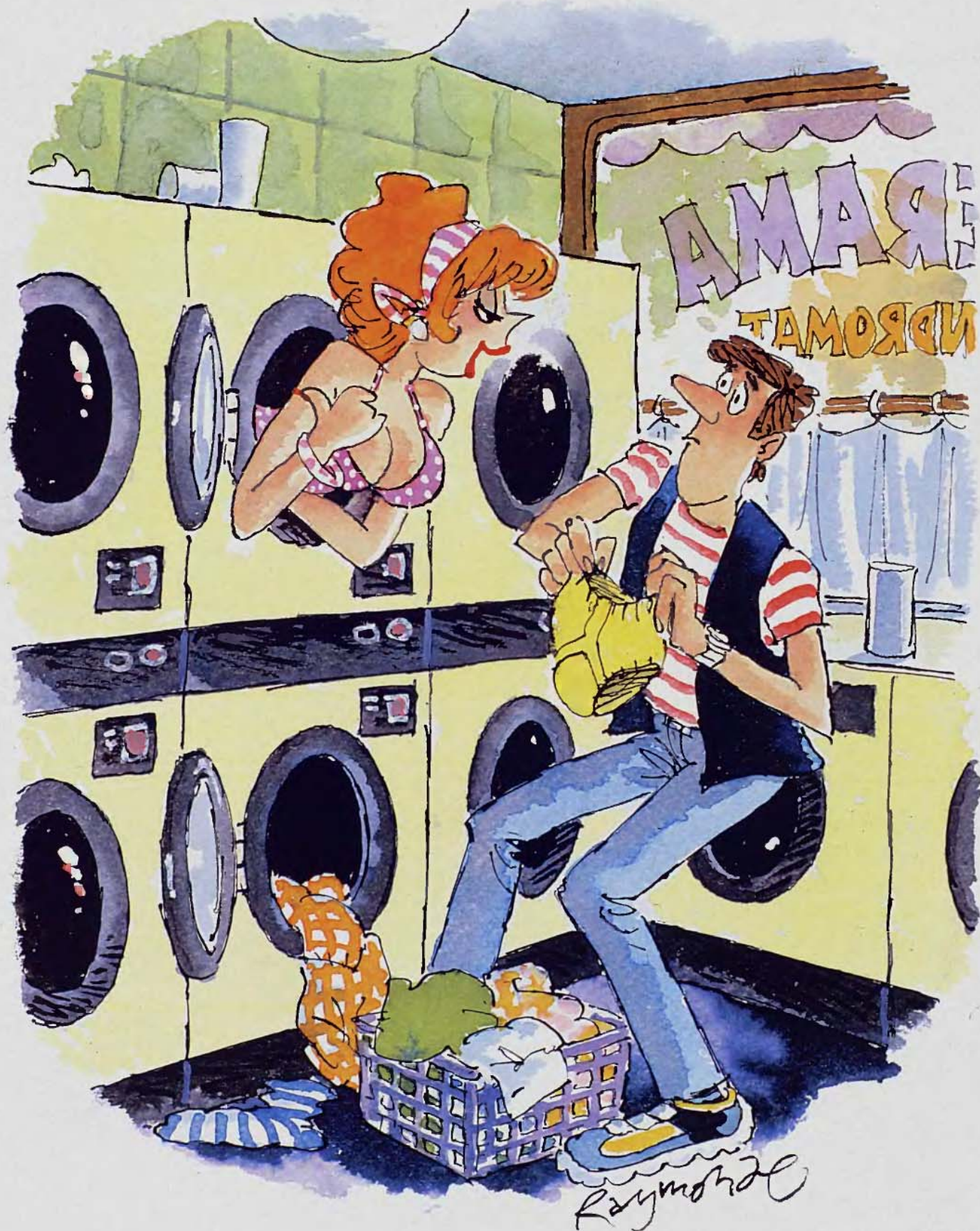
dow, even if his figure were blurred, was reward enough for her, and simultaneously a punishment. *Aren't you ashamed, how can you bear yourself?* She was struck by the very shape of the Wodickis' sprawling house, like an ocean vessel, every window blazing light and casting distorted rectangles out into the night.

You could walk up onto that porch, you could knock on that door if you wanted. You could open that door and walk inside if you wanted.

But Adriana never did.

A *family man*, though he confided frankly to Adriana, in a lumpy bed in the Bide-a-Wee Motel outside Yonkers, that his children were a burden upon his soul. The three older kids he tried to love but couldn't; even his own kids, the three-year-old especially, he found himself staring at in astonishment and disbelief—"Did I really cause that kid to come into the world? *This world?* Why? Yet he's beautiful. He breaks my heart." A knife turned in Adriana's heart, hearing this. She wanted

(continued on page 142)



"Hey, mister—wanna be part of an urban myth?"

here's the woman
behind lara croft

ACTION



FIGURE

Naturally, we're as addicted to Tomb Raider as anyone, and were eager to get to know this real-life incarnation of the game's heroine, Lara Croft. Meet British model Nell McAndrew, who has been Croft's stand-in at trade shows and fan gatherings. Nell and Lara share a taste for action, champagne and hot chocolate. But at home with Mum and Dad, Nell hankers after a "proper Sunday beef roast with Yorkshire pudding." We suppose you can take the girl out of Yorkshire, but you can't—oh, never mind.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
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STYLING BY CHRIS BAKER
HAIR BY LAURENT D. FOR PRIVE
MAKEUP BY KLEXIUS KOLBY
FOR VISAGES STYLE





You'll see Lara holding a copy of her game only in the pages of PLAYBOY (previous spread). In Tomb Raider III she can't drop her weapons for a moment—a pack of ravenous hyenas might gain on her. Nell is one of the people who can make even a helmet look fetching.





Nell's next "levels" after incarnating Lara for game fans around the world: to continue boxing and lifting weights, audition for film roles and train for a parachute jump. We'd be happy to join her airborne outfit. Just like Lara, Nell presses her own action button.







Nell shelved her ambition to be a detective and instead focused on a London modeling career. Scotland Yard has plenty of detectives, anyway.



WHAT WAS IT LIKE TO WORK

FOR CINEMA'S RENEGADE ICON?

IMAGINE A MINDFUCK IN FOUR DIMENSIONS

My Adventures with Stanley Kubrick

By Ian Watson

Early in 1990, in my cottage in a little English village 60 miles north of London, the phone rang. The man on the phone, Tony Frewin, introduced himself as Stanley Kubrick's assistant and said that Stanley wished to talk to me. Why me? It transpired that Tony had phoned various science fiction book dealers to ask who they rated as a writer with lots of bright ideas. Kubrick, I was to discover, had a project for a science fiction movie to be called *AI* (for Artificial Intelligence). The inspiration was a brief story by British author Brian Aldiss, first published in a special issue of *Harper's Bazaar* in 1969, shortly after I saw *2001: A Space Odyssey* in a cramped Tokyo cinema, much envying the sheer spaciousness of Kubrick's vision of the future.

A few hours later a courier arrived and handed over a package containing nine sheets of flimsy fax paper bearing the text of *Super-Toys Last All Summer Long*, faded as if retrieved from an ancient file. The story proved to be set in an overpopulated future society where, to control breeding, pregnancy is allowed only if you win a permit in the weekly lottery run by the Ministry of Population. For several years childless Monica has been yearning to win permission. As a stopgap child-substitute she has a synthetic toddler, David, together with a robot teddy bear. Pathetic, puzzled David frets about whether he is real and whether Mummy loves him, while the simpleminded interactive teddy bear helps out with lamebrain advice.

A few days later I turned off one of the main roads out of St. Albans, 20 miles north of London, into a private parkland harboring a dainty mini-village of homes originally built for estate workers by the former owner of the spread, millionaire racehorse owner Jim Joel. Stanley had bought the manor house of between 50 and 100 rooms—estimates varied—and the immediate grounds. I headed along a half-mile lane through paddocks and pastures till I reached a


modest security gate. Pushing the button of an intercom, I identified myself and the low gate duly unlocked and swung open. Past masking shrubbery I drove around a corner to a lodge-house, the bailiwick of Tony Frewin, who proved to be a droll, friendly chap.

My memory of that first meeting with Stanley fades into untold other meetings, but the impression that abides (since his appearance never changed) is of a quizzical, scruffy figure, bespectacled eyelids hooded, receding hair and beard untidy, dressed in baggy trousers, a jacket with lots of pockets and pens and tatty old jogging shoes—and with a quirky, amiable dry humor and an intensity of focus that could flick disconcertingly from one topic to another far removed.

I never mastered the topography of even part of the ground floor of the mammoth house, but its labyrinths included a mini movie theater where Stanley could study the latest screen releases, a sepulchral computer room where two cats who never saw the light of day glided like wraiths, a subtitle control room (as I thought of it), a billiard room minus billiard table devoted now to books and armchairs where Stanley and I were to sit brainstorming for hours—with occasional excursions to twin toilets along a gloomy corridor—and the much cheerier huge kitchen, where I was to share the first of many lunches with Stanley.

That first lunch was Chinese take-out ferried in by Stanley's Italian chauffeur, Emilio d'Alessandro, who was to become my guide to Stanley's quirks and my sanity prop on several occasions. (Tony would wise me up to certain house rules designed to preserve Stanley's happiness, such as never mentioning *A Clockwork Orange* unless Stanley himself raised the subject.) At this meeting Stanley skated briefly over some of my stories he had read. Since I hadn't seen *Full Metal Jacket*, he gave me a videotape. Also, a copy of Carlo Collodi's *Pinocchio*,





about the puppet who yearns to be a real boy but who gets into such naughty scrapes, and a book about artificial intelligence by Hans Moravec, *Mind Children*. The movie was to be a picaresque robot version of *Pinocchio*, spinning off from the Aldiss story, but the plotline had bogged down—global warming was flooding New York and an ice age had set in a thousand years ahead. Stanley wanted me to write an original 12,000-word story, doing whatever I liked with the Aldiss tale and the main ideas to date. For this I would be paid \$20,000.

Three weeks later I mailed the result, and Stanley summoned me again. My story was of no use for the project, but Stanley did like the way I had gone about writing it. Would I work with him on story development on a week-by-week basis? Warner Bros. would telephone to make me an offer.

Warner Bros. phoned the next morning, but instead of proposing a fee as I expected, they asked how much I wanted to be paid per week. "We don't know how to rate you. Are you low? Are you high? Are you in the middle?"

"I'll have to think that over," I said. In view of the \$20,000 I had received for my story, I said I

would need to consider how much I might earn if I spent one week writing a story of my own and sold it. Then there might be future reprint and translation income, none of which, obviously, could materialize in the case of something written for Stanley's eyes only. An hour later Warner Bros. phoned back: Stanley had ordered them to offer me \$3000 a week right away because he wanted me to start as soon as possible. The bonus carrot, if all went well, would be \$100,000.

For eight months, from May 1990 till January 1991, I was Stanley Kubrick's mind slave, writing scenes in the morning to fax around noon for lengthy dis-

cussion by phone in the evening. Sometimes I was collected by Emilio to arrive in time for lunch and an afternoon of mental gymnastics with Stanley. When my presence was announced, a hospitable crackle might come over the shortwave radio: "Bucket of beer for Ian!" Since the manor house was so large, communications with Stanley were often by radio. I sat nattering with Tony for almost an hour one day when Stanley walked in and glared. "You're supposed to tell me when Ian gets here." "Your radio isn't switched on, Stanley. . . ."

Stanley would lead me to the kitchen to fix lunch. Or, in his case, breakfast. After over 20 years' residence in Britain, Stanley still slept on American time except when the exigencies of making a movie interfered with his preferred schedule, and he liked the same menu each and every day until it palled on him. After a few weeks of Chinese take-out served from foil containers came the era of the vegetarian cooks, until he realized they couldn't cook very well and were not personally vegetarian. After that, big salmon steaks poached in milk by Stanley in the microwave oven, a skill of which he was proud.

While we ate, the television in the kitchen was invariably tuned to CNN, a background and stimulus to conversation. Large floral arrangements decorated the light, airy, long room, subjects for the paintings of his wife, Christiane, some of which hung there and in the adjoining salon. These images were truly beautiful, quite comparable to Bonnards in their vivacity, color sense and luminosity. When Christiane dropped by one lunchtime, the matter of *A Clockwork Orange* did crop up. One reason the Kubricks had moved to Britain was that Britain seemed a lot safer than New York. (Nevertheless, while a local policeman was paying a visit to the manor house one day, Stanley tried to find out how fast an armed response unit could turn up if necessary.) Following the British release in 1971 of *A Clockwork Orange*, with its ultraviolence, some copycat incidents ensued, perpetrated by hooligans dressed as droogs, resulting in much to-do in the press. An exhibition of Christiane's work to raise money for charity went ahead on condition that reporters focused only on art and charity and asked nothing about the movie. Of course, a reporter did ask, and seized on the only comment she would make to come up with the headline MY MAN IS NOT A BEAST, SAYS CLOCKWORK ORANGE SPOUSE. Stanley banned further showings of the movie and any sale of videos in Britain forever after. Forewarned, I refrained from mentioning that pirated Dutch-subtitled

(continued on page 90)



*"Those Greenpeace types are all alike.
One minute they're all over you and the next they dump you
for some beached whale."*

www.cdnow.com

www.marilynmanson.net

www.broadcast.com

www.addictedtonoise.com

mpeg3

by dean kuipers

Net sounds

THE WEB HAS MORE MUSIC SITES, FREE MP3 DOWNLOADS AND BANDS THAN THE WORLD NEEDS. HERE IS THE SEARCH ENGINE THAT CUTS THROUGH THE CLUTTER

This is the scenario the labels hate: First you install a free MP3 (MPEG 1 Layer 3, if you really want to know) ripper, encoder and player. Then you pop the new Jamiroquai CD, *Synkronized*, into your CD-ROM player, copy a tune to your hard drive and e-mail it to your friend in the next cubicle. She uses a CDR unit to burn it onto a CD. Or she shoots it through a shirt cable into a Diamond Multimedia Rio PMP300 (we call it the pimp 300) and walks on down the hall. The Walkman-like Rio PMP300 lets her play up to 60 minutes' worth of downloads in a portable machine the size of a deck of cards. She can also get free song files from anyone, anonymously, in the space of about 30 minutes. Illegal? Perhaps. But what if you made her a tape, or loaned her the CD for a week until she was sick of it?

Users are swapping songs and even whole CDs by the thousands, for free. The MP3 format squeezes modern-clogging files to one tenth their original size. MP3 makes transfers over the Net faster and cheaper than widely used formats can. Like the VHS versus Beta video battle of the early Eighties, however, the public didn't choose the best format from the handful available. It chose the easiest to use. MP3 is this year's cassette tape: The technology is easy to dub and there's no way to protect copyright. After some initial panic, the recording industry realized MP3 is only the latest stage in the evolution toward the file format of the future.

"We're going to what they call redbook audio, which is CD-quality audio. The others are all interim steps," says Marc Geiger, the Lollapalooza co-founder who now heads Artist Direct and the Ultimate Band List. "We've seen Quicktime, AIFF files, RealAudio, a2b, Liquid Audio, MP3 and MSAudio 4.0 all in the space of three years. Fuck the formats. The industry is simply not serving the 16-year-old consumer who would use them."

Or, more accurately, the office worker with access to a T1 line (new 56Kbps home setups are maddeningly slow when it comes to downloading). MP3 is important only because it is web endorsed and not industry forced. Mp3.com is now the most popular music-related site on the web. Remarkably, though, a version of Beethoven's Moonlight sonata—not some college-band anthem—was at one point the most popular download from the site (see sidebar). Mp3.com

and a2bmusic.com have noticed increased traffic on weekdays around noon—the typical corporate lunch break. The web is the ultimate back catalog. Old jazz 78s, military marching bands and everything else are giving one-hit wonders a run for their money.

As downloads increased, the Recording Industry Association of America began to get the copyright jitters and—hoping to stop listening options for illegal MP3 files—sued Diamond Multimedia. The RIAA lost. Technology companies feverishly began developing watermark or encoding technologies, such as IBM's shadowy Madison Project, designed to prevent unauthorized copying.

"I don't see the sky falling. Copyright's not going away," says Danny Goldberg, former Mercury Records chairman, who recently launched a new label, Artemis. "Music is a funny commodity. Exposure of it tends to create business, not detract from business."

Video never took business away from theaters. Instead, it expanded the entire industry fourfold. Likewise, downloadable music is generating more interest in artists who people will buy legally.

"What's the pricing model today for MP3?" asks Geiger. "Free. It's pretty hard to come back from free, so you better offer consumers something of value."

New file formats are faster and easier to use. For instance, Microsoft's MSAudio 4.0 and a new RealAudio file are faster, smaller and have a better-sounding codex than MP3. By Christmas, when the big labels get a handle on how to make money from downloading, the market will truly open up.

Consumers can get stuck in the morass of portals, fan sites, quasi labels, free music-trading sites, video and radio broadcasts and superstores trying to attract your precious screen-time. We've sorted through the clutter and organized the finest sites by random category. It's easy to see why the Net is the best alternative to the stale playlists of radio and MTV and the hear today, gone tomorrow inventory of most record stores. But first you want your MP3. Popular MP3 sites include:

MP3.com (mp3.com): Come here for your ripper, encoder and player—you have the option of buying software or opting for less-techie shareware.

Goodnoise (goodnoise.com): Recently the head of Goodnoise announced he was changing the name to



Emusic.com to better reflect the broad range of Net surfers.

MP3 web (mp3web.com): The best place to follow links to search for popular MP3 sites.

SOUND STREAM

In cyberspace no one can hear you stream—unless you have a T1 line or better. Even

with a T1, don't expect the sound from today's streaming technology to be FM quality. An editor at a big online music retailer says, "The only reason to have streaming technology is to listen to WFMU. Even with a T1 it still sounds like it's underwater. But that's OK—no one in New York can get it in any better." If the T1 puts you underwater, you'll drown with regular phone lines. Broadband is the only streaming solution and is now available in a limited number of urban markets.

If you can tolerate the degradation in sound and have access to a T1, log on to **broadcast.com** (formerly AudioNet) to find all the stations. Link to **real.com** and download free RealAudio 5.0 or buy the hot RealSystem G2 version for 20 bucks. Then get ready to dial in.

WFMU.org: A New York City-area college station with excellent and diverse DJs.

NPR.org: We like "Jazz Set With Branford Marsalis."

KCRW.org: This NPR affiliate rocks harder on "Morning Becomes Eclectic."

KNAClive.com: A site for metalheads still hanging and banging.

Word.com: Tune it to the "junk radio" program.

luma.com: You'll like the mix better than any particular tune.

Spinner.com: A jukebox-style radio station that operates the way a commercially oriented FM station should.

Sonicnet.com: The site's radio station is a good sampler of smart bands.

Thebox.com: The online arm of TV station The Box. Provides mostly low-fi video samples.

Contactlive.com: Sure, the bands are obscure, but you choose whole videos, not just 20-second teasers.

NEWS CHANNELS

The Net is a worthwhile research tool for four dates and band gossip. Just don't believe everything you read.

Ultimate Band List (ubl.com): This invaluable searcher will link you up to hot sites and cold ones for any band that's won more than ten fans. The smarter music nuts post verses from lyric sheets; others trust their fallible ears, with amusing results.

Lyrics.com: Want to make sure you heard Hendrix right before you sing "Scuse me while I kiss this guy" in the carpool? This site has official lyrics when available.

Allmusic.com: This page includes record reviews from back in the day as well as cross-referenced lists of more than 26,000 artists, producers and players.

Classical.net: Your ticket to finding front-row links to classical sites.

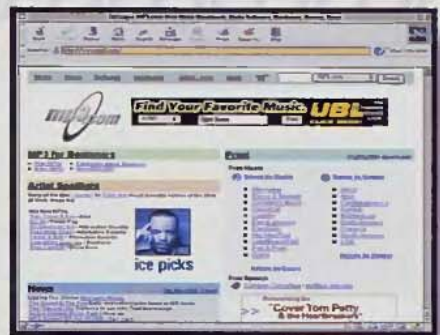
Jazzonline.com: It has the artist interviews, archives and reviews you'd expect to find, but the most useful feature for beginners is the Jazz Starter Kit.

Addictedtonoise.com: Now linked with **sonicnet.com**, Addicted to Noise is the mother of music news sites.

Rollingstone.com: A late and small entry, but one that shows lots of promise.

Jamtv.com: A top provider of webcasts. You'll like it more for the interviews.

Bloze.com: The new hip-hop site affiliated with *Blaze* magazine will help you sort through the blizzard of new hip-hop, rap



and R&B releases.

TheSource.com: Fierce competitor of *Blaze*, The Source's website kicks ass. Waste a few minutes scratching away on the Radio Network's turntable icon.

MTV.com: Handles rap better than most rap-label sites.

CMJmusic.com: A cyber version of the excellent college music publication.

E-STREET MALL

How are corporate investors going to make money on the web? By selling you something—whether it's a CD you burn yourself or have Fed Exed. That's why most web magazines and music sites are increasingly involved in e-commerce.

CDNow.com and **Amazon.com:** And then there were two. Online music retailer **MusicBvd.com** recently merged with **CDNow.com** as a preemptive strike against the unstoppable **Amazon.com**. The fact that the book monster made its Godzilla-like entry into the CD home delivery biz hasn't necessarily reduced your choices. A recent merger may create a third

juggernaut, since **Universal** and **BMG** have teamed up to bypass traditional distributors and form a new store called **getmusic.com**. These sites have everything you hear on the radio that's still in print. The search functions of both **CDNow.com** and **Amazon.com** are fine,

and they offer discographies, magazine-like content, bios and links for miles. For example, **Amazon** has 13 different **Captain Beefheart** CDs, including imports of the obscure *Zig Zag Wanderer* and *Strictly Personal*. It also sells more than 50 authorized **U2** releases.

Tunes.com: Running an enthusiastic third in the retail race is this much-lauded site. It serves as the backbone and selling agent for such linkmates as **Down Beat**, and it's good for finding albums.

Gemm.com: A DJ-delirious friend at a music magazine found a vinyl single of **Kraftwerk's** *Tour de France* here.

Dustygroove.com: Based in Chicago, this



collectibles powerhouse features a changing selection of weirdo and rare LPs and CDs. Best site for Brazilian music.

Houseofoldies.com: Like all-vinyl.com and bravenewvinyl.com, this specialty site—the online presence of the store on New York's Carmine Street—will search its bins for your online requests.

Forcedexposure.com: The place for small-label rarities. One click revealed new releases by Martyn Bates of Eyeless in Gaza, electronic dude David Berhman, Brian Eno collaborator Roedelius, plus Pop Tart remixes by Pizzicato Five and Digital Hardcore. Also, the discs are at the usual (not inflated) prices.

Othermusic.com: Similarly ultrahip, new York's Other Music also has rare CDs and vinyl. However, prepare to shell out about double the going rate (\$150 for Chrome's six-LP boxed set).

Customdisc.com: This past Christmas it seemed like everyone was giving custom CDs as presents. The only drawback here is that the range of songs is limited—music companies still prefer not to license singles of their big-time artists when they can get you to buy the whole CD for \$15. (Compilations also drive the resurgent ktel.com site, which formed a partnership with Playboy.com. Yahoo called K-Tel Express last year's "best blast from the past.")

Cductive.com: Electronic bands, DJs and small labels that accept the new ways of the Net have made Cductive one of the most exciting sites on the web.

BAND SITES

Want to know why your browser grinds to a halt every afternoon at four o'clock? The kids are home from school and lagging on to marilynmanson.net to see if there are any new shots of his thingy. We got around the problem with some midnight surfing



and picked the top sites out of hundreds.

Marilynmanson.net: Marilyn treats the site as his new and possibly last incarnation, calling it his "omega."

Sonymusic.com/artists/PearlJam/rumorpit/rumorpit.html: Reporters from Allstar online music magazine log on to Pearl Jam's official site before going to the

band's publicist, because news breaks here first.

Korn.com: Before departing for their Family Values tour, Korn offered a weekly webcast that featured the band playing acoustic.

Davidbowie.com: Here members can access Bowienet, where the deathless starman can be found wandering the corridors at all hours. The site is a full-blown Internet service provider, so one can get e-mail here and part into the web.

Hyperreal.org: A great part of Bowie's site is its link to Hyperreal. Here you can find archived 46- to 90-minute DJ sets, including a 1989 house set by the excellent Stan Simmans of Columbus, Ohio.

Phish.com: Lots of folks have pledged their allegiance to the Phish site, but it seems to be good only for sorting out ticket problems for their peripatetic fans.

Execpc.com/~billp61/boblink: The PLAYBOY award for the most obsessive, obscurio-to-enorma links list goes to Bill Pagel for his Bob Links site, an exhaustive treatment of the works, life and legacy of Bob Dylan. It shouldn't be a surprise that old Bob has the biggest footprint on the web—there's just more obsessive interest in him than in anyone else. (The other big sites? Milesdavis.com and stoness.com.) There's shit in here that even Bob doesn't know.

Grandroyal.com: Get hipped to taste. This is the Beastie Boys' Capitol-backed Grand Royal label, whose roster includes Sean Lennon, the superb Buffalo Daughter, Luscious Jackson, the Scottish imp-band Bis, Money Mark, Ben Lee, original funksters Liquid Liquid and the intergalactic white-boy wanders themselves.

DJ Aphrodite: One of the UK's best drum-and-bass DJs runs a great label and site at www.urbantakeover.co.uk. Has MTV interview clips and shots of nude women.

Maninblack.net: Johnny Cash is a big man with a big career; another artist with whom you can wander the electronic halls for days. We like the virtual museum.

G-brooks.com: Link central for Garth Brooks, the human juggernaut and selling machine.

1800newfunk.com: Get Prince's *Crystal Ball* CD. It's a sharp package and a collectible release.

Web music by the numbers

\$134 MILLION

Online sales of music in 1998

\$1.59 BILLION

Projected online music sales in the year 2002

\$33 MILLION

Sales at Amazon.com during its second full quarter of offering music

225

Percentage increase in revenue of CDNow from 1997 to 1998

1.6 MILLION

Number of CDNow customers

8 MILLION

Number of Amazon.com customers

100,000

Number of times Beethoven's Moonlight sonata performed by Richard Morris was downloaded from mp3.com in one month

1 MILLION

Number of songs downloaded from mp3.com per week

FIVE

Percentage of users of mp3.com who have college e-mail addresses

150,000

Number of times new Tom Petty tune was downloaded in two days

SEVEN

Percentage of music listeners who had heard of mp3 in 1998

Stanley Kubrick

(continued from page 84)

videos were reportedly on regular sale in London outside the Camden Town Tube station.

Even ordinary conversations with Stanley were disconcerting, since he would suddenly shift topics as if he had forgotten or lost interest in what was of consuming interest a moment earlier. When we were discussing the story line itself, these veerings became almost three-dimensional—we weren't just into lateral thinking; this was Escher mind-space. One moment: What if our teddy bear has a kangaroo pouch to keep things in? Next moment: So, will the Laborites introduce currency controls when they gain power? After a few minutes of politics: How about a café where other robots hang out? Eventually I decided that Stanley's intention, whether deliberate or purely instinctive, was to maintain mental intensity hour after hour, never mind how exhausting this might prove—a way of sustaining and heightening my performance and his own too, perhaps. If as a consequence your brain turned into scrambled eggs, as did mine on a few occasions, Stanley would seem genuinely surprised. What he wanted he did not really know, and it was up to me as soothsayer and dream interpreter to guess—though he could be remorselessly logical in finding loopholes in proposed scenes, hairline cracks that could rapidly widen into uncrossable chasms.

Story conferences were akin to building a precarious house of cards, often doomed to collapse toward the end of the afternoon when I was hoping to make my departure with my pages of scribbled notes. True, this was only because he wanted the best, and more and more of it, and believed that plugging away relentlessly at something of which he had an instinct would eventually bear fruit. Was it 58 times that Stanley reshot Jack Nicholson crossing a street in *The Shining* in the hope, as he told me, that something interesting would happen? I had made it clear from the start that I would work only weekdays, leading to sallies about trade unions and productivity agreements. Once, when a plot mishap escalated into a catastrophe, Stanley eyed me gravely. "There's a lot of money in this for you, Ian," he said—referring to the pie-in-the-sky bonus.

Even when the story line had not crashed, converting my notes into scenes the next morning could be problematic. Sometimes, while perfectly accurate, they consisted of lines such as "She says, 'Blah-blah,' so he says, 'Blah-blah,'" because neither Stanley

nor I had the foggiest notion what the characters could say under the circumstances, though we knew they had to say something.

To maintain pathos, dialogue between robots needed to be particularly literal-minded and simple. The movie might be about machine intelligence, but there were no fast-track cybernetic intellects outthinking the human race. I must watch Peter Sellers as the retarded, childlike gardener in *Being There*.

Heigh-ho: "You are beautiful. I have a clean dick." ("That's more like it," Stanley told me over the phone.) "You are a goddess. May I sit in your car?" ("Stop writing dialogue! Just describe it!") ("No, write it all in dialogue!") I was beginning to feel like a deranged robot myself, a roboscribe, with contradictory programs running. Would I go the way of HAL, losing control of my language and my mind?

Sometimes what I faxed to Stanley pleased him. "You're on a roll, Ian. Carry on. God bless you." This was after I introduced a male sex-robot to accompany David and Teddy around on their travels and travails. By themselves the artificial boy and robobear were fairly naive and incompetent. "What we need," Stanley had informed me, "is some G.I. Joe character to help them out." "How about a gigolo robot," I had suggested, and wrote scenes. Stanley's response: "I guess we lost the kiddie market—but what the hell."

On other occasions he would chastise me over the phone. "It's like you're writing a B movie for a moron" was one of his pithier castigations. After a run of scenes he had savaged, he called and conceded, "It happens to read well today." "Maybe it isn't an accident that it reads well," I suggested. "I know you're trying to befuddle me," came the reply. Ah, he had seen through me! As he said when I attempted to defend a scene, "The trouble with you writers is you think your words are immortal."

Irrespective of writers, Stanley was in his unique way much preoccupied with the welfare of dumb animals. I might have deemed it a raw deal for the computer-room cats never to venture into the garden, but Stanley worried that the golden retrievers would tear them to pieces. A third cat lived permanently upstairs at a climate-controlled temperature of 80 degrees Fahrenheit or so, and each day Emilio dutifully cut a trayful of fresh grass from the garden for it to roll in; then he would vacuum up the grass. They all drank Evian water. Emilio told me that arguments had raged in the past about Stanley's using the Spode china as food bowls. "You do not use the Spode, Stanley!" "But I only want the best for the ani-

mals," Stanley had protested.

When Stanley became convinced the birds on the manor house grounds were starving, he took to throwing whole loaves of bread out the windows. Before long the birds were becoming so stout that they could hardly take off. Inevitably one of the obese starlings fell down a chimney. The fireplace in question had been boarded up. Behind the board the bird fluttered frantically. Soon a mishap was heading toward an expensive catastrophe as Stanley phoned animal welfare and rescue organizations in Britain and America.

"Look," said Emilio, "all I need is a saw and a clear plastic bag. I cut through the board, I hold the bag over the hole, the bird sees daylight and jumps into the bag." "I don't know," said Stanley, "you might harm it." "But," Emilio exclaimed, "it will die of exhaustion while you phone all these organizations!" Despite deep reservations, Stanley allowed Emilio to proceed. Rapidly, the bird was in the bag, which Emilio held aloft. "Now, Stanley, do you want to phone Harley Street for a bird psychiatrist?" "Well," began Stanley, "maybe we ought to—" Hastily Emilio took the bag to the nearest window, and the bird flapped down to the lawn to gorge on more loaves.

When you were valuable to Stanley, it was difficult to escape. One day Emilio was driving me down the M1 motorway in the black Mercedes en route to the manor house. "Ian," he said, "Stanley phoned me on Sunday afternoon, even though he promised I could have Sunday afternoon to myself. 'I need some string, Emilio,' he told me. Stanley likes to tie things up with string. Ah, but Ian," Emilio continued, "I know about these things by now. So I said, 'Stanley, where are you?' 'I'm in the computer room.' 'All right, Stanley, do you see the wall with the shelves? On the middle shelf in the middle there is a ball of string.' 'I can see it!' 'Wait! Go directly to the shelf, and come back here with the string, and tell me you have it!'" "But Ian," Emilio said triumphantly, "I have string in every room for situations such as this. And I have *extra* balls of string *hidden* in each room as well!"

So there were ways of coping.

This particular Mercedes was not the original one, with the sunroof. During the filming of *The Shining*, Stanley's favorite food for several weeks on end had been Big Macs. Finishing one of these in the car while Emilio was chauffeuring him, Stanley crumpled up the rubbish, spied the open sunroof and threw the wrappings out. The wind promptly tossed them back in, all over

(continued on page 158)

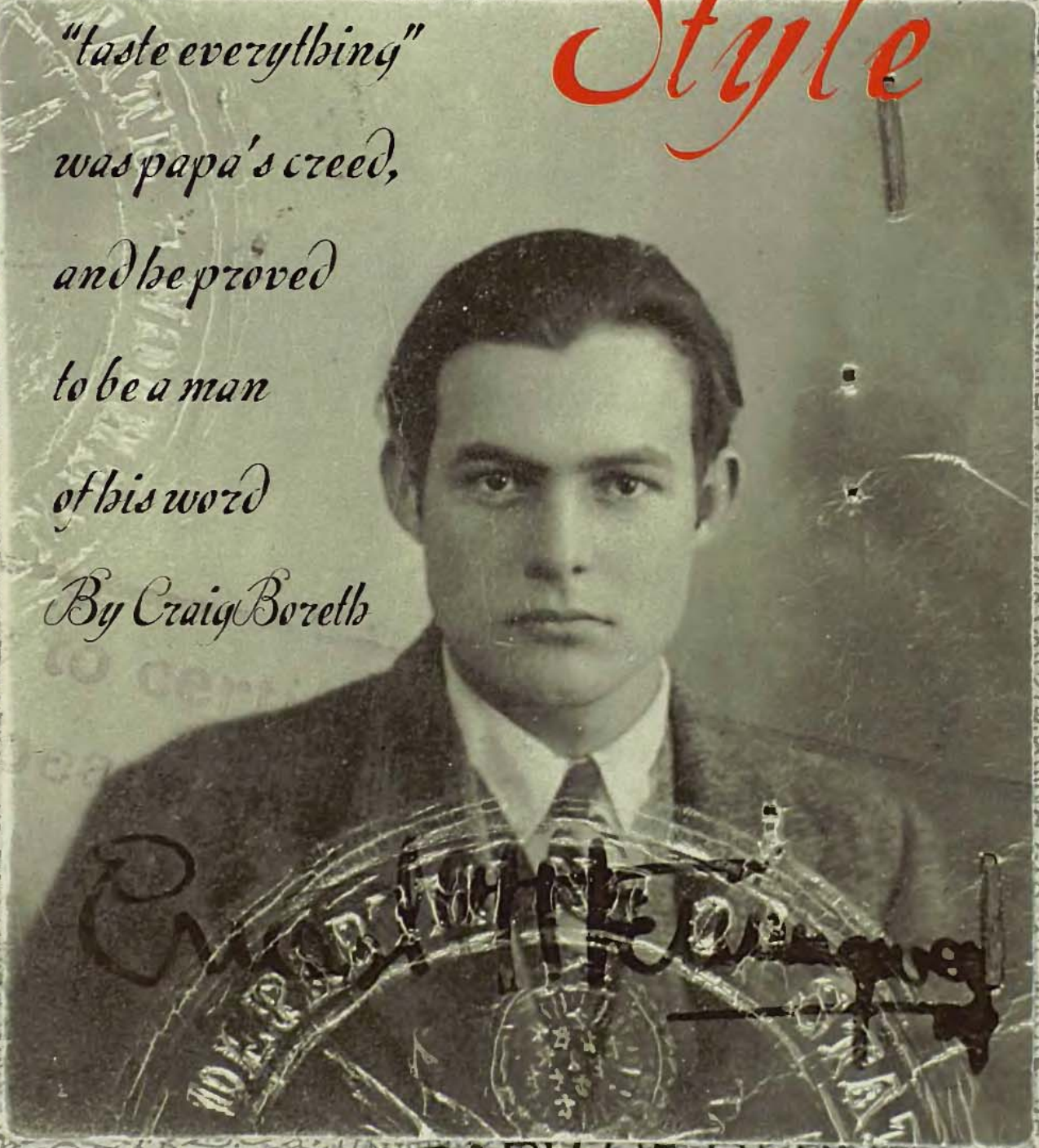


"This is a boomtown, cowboy. Y'wanna go boom, it'll cost ya a coupla bucks!"

HEMINGWAY

Style

*"taste everything"
was papa's creed,
and he proved
to be a man
of his word
By Craig Borell*



PHOTOGRAPH UNITED STATES PASSPORT

No. 359666

His rule had always been simple," wrote biographer Carlos Baker: "To study what interested him and to have a damned good time doing it." Ernest Hemingway lived up to his legend. He wrote daring books. He tracked danger, whether it meant reporting in the thick of war or big-game hunting in Africa. There was something primal about him, yet he was so humane and genuine that he was comfortable anywhere, as at home in Idaho or the south of France as he was in

Madrid or Venice. The lairs in which he lived and wrote became shrines: the Left Bank apartment in Paris, the homes in Key West and Cuba. Because he thrust himself with such fervor and brio into his writing, it's hard for us to separate his life from his work. We forget which fishing trips were his and which were Nick Adams' in *Big Two-Hearted River*, which fights were his and which were Harry Morgan's in *To Have and Have Not* and which affair was his and which was Frederic Henry's in *A Farewell to Arms*. His loyalties were as outsize as the man; his sacraments as particular. He wrote about the grand things in life but loved life's

smaller essentials: a *papa doble* at El Floridita in Havana, the right fly on the right line, the typewriter he toted from capital to capital, the Montgomery martinis at Harry's Bar in Venice, the *Pilar*—his beloved fishing boat—rigged for marlin off Key West. In honor of the centenary of Papa's birth we've collected some emblems of his life and literature. A namesake fountain pen, safari jacket, cigar and even a line of new furniture are hallmarks of his immortality. He devoured life and left us with a legend and a body of work that helped define our times. It's no surprise that the man has come back into style as his century ends.

Right: Hemingway wrote everywhere, from Michigan to Montparnasse, and this leather laptop desk from Hammacher Schlemmer would have served him well (\$160). Atop it is a first edition (1952) of *The Old Man and the Sea* from Asprey and Garrard (\$2400) and a limited edition Writers Series Hemingway fountain pen by Montblanc that is selling at pen auctions for \$1250.





Below left: Hemingway covered World War II for *Collier's* magazine from D day to the Battle of the Bulge, and received the Bronze Star. Legend has it he entered Paris with a bond of irregulars ahead of Allied forces to liberate the Ritz Hotel. The party lasted for a week.

Above left: Fuente's Hemingway Masterpiece, a nine-inch smoke that's as rare as a Hemingway first edition (about \$200 for a book-shaped box of ten).

Above: Willis and Geiger, a now-defunct outfitter, produced this Hemingway safari jacket, which was inspired by one Papa wore. Look for it in resale shops. Above right: Hemingway trout fishing in Sun Valley, Idaho, 1939.

Right: Ernie at the window of Le Grand Hotel des Îles Borromées in Stresa on Lake Maggiore in Italy.



Left: Hammacher Schlemmer's leather safari bag (\$645) captures the spirit of Hemingway, as does the pewter and leather flask from Beretta (\$85). Below: Hemingway shot this lion on the Serengeti Plain in 1934. Right: Thomasville Furniture's Ernest Hemingway Collection includes this Serengeti side stand with four drop shelves (about \$670). It holds some of Papa's favorite liquors—including the ingredients for a Montgomery martini (named for the general who, so the story goes, liked 15 to 1 odds before going into battle).







THE MAN SHOW

O riginally, *The Man Show* was supposed to boost ABC's short list of bright, hip shows, joining Bill Maher's *Politically Incorrect*. Unfortunately, the executives at the Disney-owned network were appalled by the pilot—scantily clad women bouncing on trampolines, endless fart jokes—as well as by the gross and obscene language and visuals. ABC passed.

Comedy Central loved what it saw and promptly brought *The Man Show* to its Wednesday night lineup, following *South Park*. Jimmy Kimmel, already a Comedy Central veteran by way of *Win Ben Stein's Money*, hooked up with his longtime friend Adam Carolla, co-star of MTV's *LoveLine*, to host this celebration of all things male.

Robert Crane talked with Kimmel and Carolla on the Ben Stein set in Los Angeles. Crane reports: "After Kimmel had taped three shows, he and Carolla settled in to Kimmel's dressing room. The atmosphere was fraternity-like, interrupted occasionally by adults. Ben Stein popped in to announce that 'Jimmy Kimmel is the funniest white male alive,' and an assistant informed Carolla that he would have to move his illegally parked BMW."

PLAYBOY: Which groups would be unlikely to find any redeeming qualities in your show?

JIMMY: Women in suits of any kind.

ADAM: Groups that use acronyms. Female, male, all of those acronym groups are going to be pissed. We're not intentionally setting out to offend people, but I think we would both be disappointed if we didn't. We'd feel as if we weren't doing our jobs. We've been successful in offending pretty much everyone throughout both our careers. I don't see why this will be any different.

PLAYBOY: You claim that estrogen is one of the most poisonous substances known to man. Can you name others?

JIMMY: Mountain Dew.

ADAM: Anything by Bijan.

PLAYBOY: Can you think of any women who deserve to be on a pedestal?

JIMMY: Any woman you see in this magazine. The truth is, lots of women deserve to be put on a pedestal. The prob-

adam carolla and
jimmy kimmel want to
establish themselves as
the anti-oprahs. their
show is funny, sophomoric
and offensive to women.

what's not to
love?



lem is, not every woman deserves to put be on a pedestal. We're not antiwoman, it's just that television promotes the idea that men are stupid and don't wear the pants. But men aren't stupid. For the most part, men run things. Men, for the most part, invent things. Men, for the most part, are the best cooks. It's phony to pretend that men are stupid, but TV shows kind of ram that down your throat. I don't know why it's been accepted for so long. Maybe it's because of all the Tim Allens of the world—he's a bumbling idiot and the wife is the one who runs the show.

ADAM: As males, we've been ashamed of our success for too long. The guys built the studio, they built the bleachers, they built the camera, they built the stage, they run the studio. They do everything involved with the TV show, and then the guy who plays the star on the sitcom is a buffoon. It's ridiculous, and we want to right that wrong.

JIMMY: If something like this were attributed to a race or religion—for ex-

ample, if all Mexicans on TV were stupid—people would be outraged.

PLAYBOY: What should the male response be when a woman cries?

ADAM: Have they had sex yet? If they haven't, he should nurture her.

JIMMY: Otherwise, get the hell out of the house.

PLAYBOY: What are some fun things to say to women?

JIMMY: I can't really think of any fun things to say to a woman. You know, you start saying fun things and she starts saying stuff back, and then she wants to know what you're thinking and it really gets out of hand.

ADAM: I think what Jimmy's saying is, there's nothing wrong with a conversation on occasion, but once you set that precedent, then you're having them all the time. It's no longer just during long drives. You're watching TV and you're having a conversation.

JIMMY: Here are some fun things to say to women: "Let's turn on the TV." "Your ass is blocking the set." "I can't, I'm watching TV."

PLAYBOY: If you're in a relationship, what should you say to continue the relationship?

JIMMY: I don't know that women even want you to say anything; they just want to make sure that you're listening to what they have to say. I mean, every time I say something, she gets pissed off.

ADAM: That's true. My girlfriend says to me four days a week, "You're not listening. What did I just say?" I've never said to a woman, "Repeat what I just said." Never. I don't think guys ever say that.

JIMMY: Yeah, guys don't care that much, except if it's about the car or something. "Take it and get the oil changed." Then you want to make sure they understand. For me, a relationship is almost like a phone call that you're trying to end. You say, "Yeah, uh-huh, all right, all right, OK, I don't know, we'll see."

Ultimately, men just want to be left alone. Of (continued on page 128)



Scott F R E E

wisconsin's miss august wants to rock your world



Rebecca's ideal evening, part one: "I'm onstage, totally decked out, and the lights are down. The music from *Bad Company's Rock and Roll Fantasy* starts playing, the lights came on and I start jamming, shacking the crowd because I'm a woman."

REBECCA SCOTT has the greatest laugh. It's a deep, rumbling guffaw that she generously serves up during most conversations—even when she's explaining, in all seriousness, that she's going to become a rock star. Amps, guitars, the whole nine yards. Just you wait. Listening to her, you begin to think it's not such a far-fetched notion that this Anna Nicole Smith look-alike in a black motorcycle jacket may someday headline Madison Square Garden. "I want to go onstage wearing leather pants, a little leather top and leather boots, with explosions and crazy lights behind me," she tells us with infectious conviction. "I want to rock!"

Q: Name the first rock group that made you say, "I have to do that!"

A: Aerosmith. When I was 16 years old, I saw them in concert at Alpine Valley in Wisconsin. I snuck up to the first row and snapped a bunch of pictures. It was wild. Melissa Etheridge is a big influence, as is Sammy Hagar. I love his music and want to write songs like his. I know that Eighties rock is coming back.

Q: What inspires your lyrics?

A: Personal experience. Some of my songs are about love, and some are just fun kick-back-and-party songs.



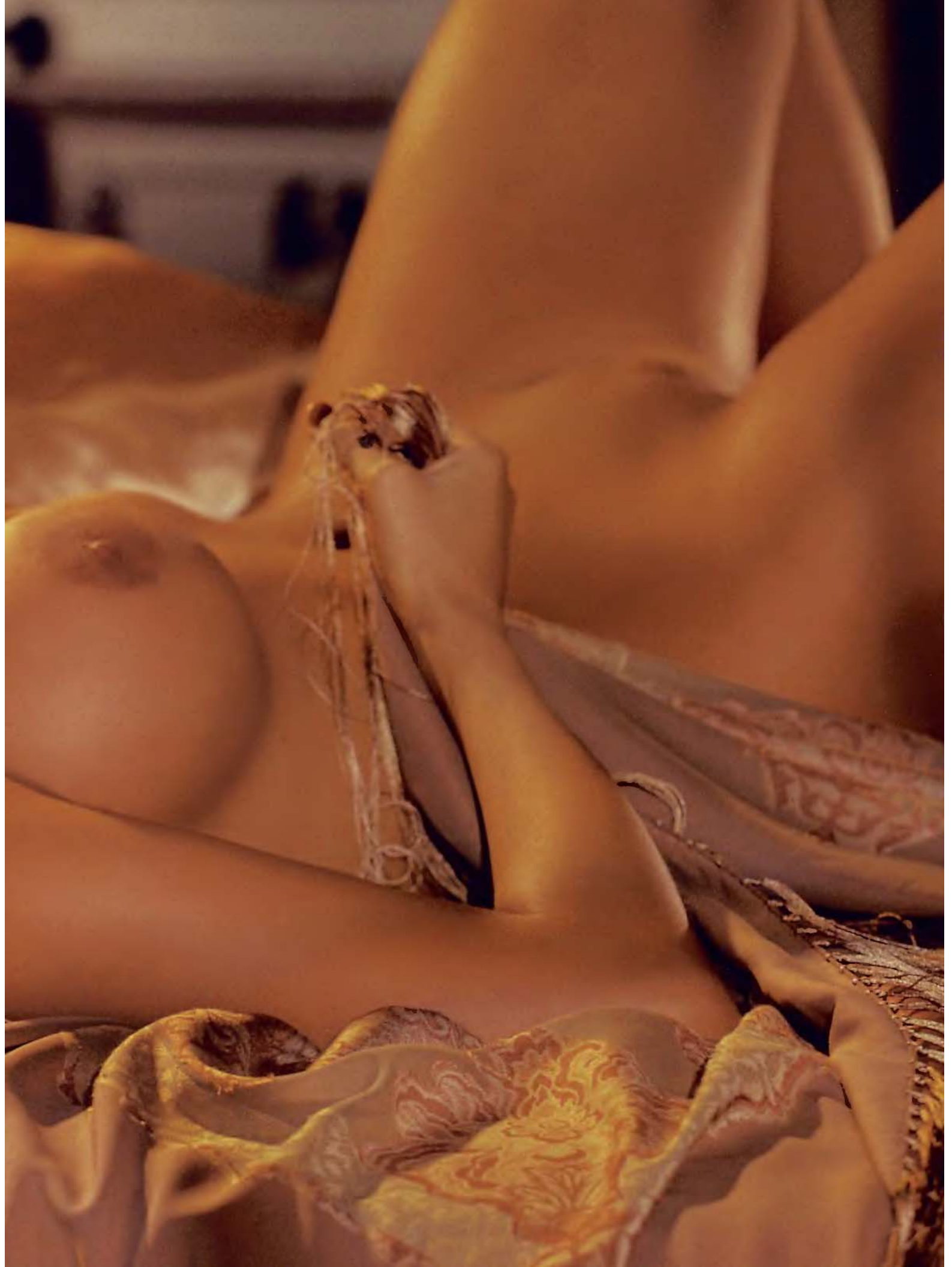
Rebecca's ideal evening, part two: "I light a bunch of candles, put on a CD of ocean sounds and my boyfriend and I give each other massages. That kind of date makes me feel sexy and feminine and fragile."





Rebecca is wild onstage, but she's a drill sergeant when it comes to staying healthy. "I'm a raw foodist, which is exactly what it sounds like. I also do yaga, colonics, oxygen baths and healing. I work hard at detoxifying my body. As a result, my hair is shinier, my skin is clearer, my vision is better. It's controversial stuff, but I want to open my own clinics and help people become clean."







Q: Do you have any on-stage horror stories?

A: I sang at a bar called Lucky's when I was 21. I was so bad that they turned off the mike. I was on-stage jamming, but I was so inexperienced I couldn't tell no one could hear me. I'm more seasoned now.

Q: Which high school clique were you in?

A: [Laughs] My freshman year I tried to be a burnout because I thought it would be cool. I wore concert T-shirts and tried to smoke cigarettes in the girls' bathroom, but smoking made me sick. Junior year I ended my burnout phase and concentrated on basketball, baseball and gymnastics.

Q: Did you have a lot of boyfriends?

A: No. I didn't date anyone until I was almost 18.

Q: Really?

A: I swear. I was still playing with Barbie dolls when my friends were having sex. I was like, "Oh, am I supposed to start playing with guys now?" I was a late bloomer physically, too. I was really skinny with no boobs. My sophomore year I went from size A boobs to size C.

Q: Who was the first guy you were sexually attracted to?

A: Because I'm really into comic books and cartoons, when I was ten I had a huge crush on He-Man. I watched *Masters of the Universe* and saw a bunch of muscular guys and women. That's when I formed my opinion of what women should look like—voluptuous and healthy. I draw comic book characters who look that way too.

Q: How did your current boyfriend win you over?

A: He has a really sexy singing voice.



MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: REBECCA SCOTT

BUST: 38 D WAIST: 28 HIPS: 38

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 140

BIRTH DATE: 9/27/72 BIRTHPLACE: KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

AMBITIONS: TO PURSUE A SUCCESSFUL SINGING CAREER,
TO ONE DAY HAVE MY OWN HOLISTIC PRACTICE.

TURN-ONS: GOOD MUSIC, GREAT FOOD, STRONG SENSE
OF HUMOR AND BEAUTIFUL EYES!

TURNOFFS: POOR HYGIENE, NO SENSE OF HUMOR,
AND SLACKERS!

WORDS TO LIVE BY: LEARN TO LIVE IN THE PRESENT,
WE CAN'T CHANGE THE PAST, AND THE FUTURE
IS JUST OUR IMAGINATION.

MOST FRIGHTENING EXPERIENCE: THE FIRST TIME I SANG
IN FRONT OF AN AUDIENCE!

I LIKE TO BE SURROUNDED BY: FLOWERS, SUNLIGHT, FUN
PEOPLE AND LOTS OF LOVE!

SEX BEGINS WITH: A LONG, WET, PASSIONATE KISS!



KISS ME!



HIGH SCHOOL
GRADUATION
1990



CALENDAR GIRL!



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Doc, I can't sleep anymore," the man complained. "I've tried everything, but I just toss and turn."

"You have to learn to relax," the doctor said. "Try putting each part of your body to sleep separately."

That night the guy crawled into bed, got comfortable and started to talk to his body. "Face, go to sleep," he whispered. "Chest, go to sleep. Legs, go to sleep."

Just then his wife walked in wearing a transparent teddy. Her husband opened one eye, then lifted his head from the pillow. "OK," he shouted, "everybody up!"



A beautiful young lady, having just returned from a magnificent week-long vacation in South America, walked into her bank and asked about exchanging currency. After she plopped a huge wad of bills onto the counter, the teller counted it, made a phone call and returned with \$27.18. The wide-eyed woman gasped. "You mean to tell me that's all I get for that mountain of bills?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so, Miss," replied the teller. "That's the current rate of exchange."

"Damn," she muttered. "And I gave that cheap bastard breakfast, too."

How do you identify a bald eagle? All his feathers are combed to one side.

Two men were leaving a fitness center after a workout. As they walked to the parking lot, an attractive, well-built lady walked toward them in a white T-shirt with the word GUESS embroidered across her chest. "What do you think," one guy asked, "38D?"

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: Tom Thumb, Sleeping Beauty and Quasimodo were talking. "I believe I'm the most beautiful girl in the world," Sleeping Beauty remarked.

"And I reckon I'm the smallest person," Tom Thumb said.

"I must be the ugliest person in the world," Quasimodo said.

The three decided to go to the Guinness Book of World Records to have their claims ratified. Sleeping Beauty came out first, looking deliriously happy. "It's official. I am the most beautiful girl in the world."

Tom Thumb emerged ecstatic. "I am officialy the smallest person in the world."

Sometime later Quasimodo walked out looking crestfallen. "Hey, guys," he asked, "who's Linda Tripp?"

The insurance executive was in Palm Beach for business but was enjoying himself so much he decided to stay another week as a vacation. He e-mailed his bachelor friend: "Take the next plane for a fun week on me. Bring my wife and your mistress."

"Your wife and I are arriving tomorrow at 11:30 A.M.," his friend wrote back. "How long have you known about us?"

Bumper sticker of the month: LIFE IS CHEAP. IT'S THE ACCESSORIES THAT KILL YOU.

During his visit to America the Pope met with President Clinton for two long days. Finally, a weary Clinton emerged to face the news media. The president announced that the summit had been a resounding success. He said he and the Pope had agreed on 80 percent of the matters they discussed. Then Clinton declared he was going home to the White House to be with his family.

A few minutes later the Pope came out to make his statement. He looked tired, discouraged and depressed. He announced that his meeting with the president had been a failure.

"But, Your Holiness," one reporter said, "President Clinton just announced that the summit was a great success and that the two of you agreed on 80 percent of the items."

"Yes," the Pope replied sadly, "but we were talking about the Ten Commandments."



Alloy Neiman

Taxiing down the tarmac, a jetliner abruptly stopped, turned around and returned to the gate. After an hour's delay, it finally took off. A concerned passenger asked the flight attendant what the problem was.

"The pilot was bothered by a noise he heard in the engine," she explained, "and it took us a while to find a new pilot."

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: A woman walked into the pharmacy and asked for a vibrator. The pharmacist gestured with his index finger and said, "Come this way."

"If I could come that way," she said, "I wouldn't need a vibrator!"

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.



"Excuse me, sir! That's reserved for first class only!"

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY OR WOULD YOU RATHER Fool Around?

by john d. spooner
seven insights from a lifetime of investing

In the early Sixties I was being trained on Wall Street to be a stockbroker. Only Merrill Lynch had a formal training program in those days; everyone else seemed to believe in on-the-job training. Boardrooms were where all the brokers sat surrounded by customers, many of whom were regulars. The customers spent part of every day watching the ticker tape parade by on the wall and trading stocks and stories. Brokerage offices were like social clubs. Broker and client knew each other. A stockbroker was often a family counselor and friend. The clients would come into the boardrooms as they would a neighborhood bar like Cheers: a place to be social, a place to keep warm, a place where everybody knows your name.

Big Arthur was a boardroom regular, a shoe dog by trade—a salesman of women's shoes. Whenever he wasn't on the road for his company, he sat in the front row, a row reserved for customers. And he traded stocks. Every day that he saw me, he'd say the same thing. "Don't get old. Whatever you do, don't get old." Then he'd pat an empty seat next to him. "Sit with me, kid. What good is life if you can't lie to the next generation?" Big Arthur wore English-cut suits and highly polished shoes. "Dress British, think Yiddish," he told me. "Contrast is everything in life. I act different than I dress, so it always surprises people. If you surprise people they usually like having you around. When my father brought us here from a little village outside of *(continued on page 116)*



CLOTHES ARE HIS FRIENDS

MATT LEBLANC, KING OF THE BLANK LOOK, BELIEVES IN DOUBLE EXPOSURE



17BA

y the time Matt LeBlanc took on the role of Joey in *Friends*, he had two important credits on his résumé. One was a stunt as a Levi's 501 model, the other was a part in a Heinz commercial (where he starts pouring the ketchup on a roof and catches the first drop after he slides down a banister). Simply put, it's a taste thing. Joey is the quintessential guy friend.

Add a few hundred IQ points—without losing any dates—and most men would want to be like him. He's a prime-time example of a dude whose style doesn't get in the way of his guyness—much like the deft comic actor who brings him to life every week. LeBlanc is into snowboarding, mountain bikes and English motorcycles (a taste developed while filming *Lost in Space* in London), which gives him a chance to knock around in J. Crew and active gear from Nike. "I also like Missoni, Gucci and Armani," he says. "I'm not a clotheshorse, but after five years of photo shoots you see stuff that catches your eye." He favors sophisticated black-on-black combinations at night. It's a Prada-influenced style that's perfect for regular guys who have extraordinary disposable income. Most important, it's a lot easier to pull off than his rubber *Space* suit.

Keeping *Friends* at the top of the ratings involves more than showing up at the set every day. The promotional touring and peripatetic life of a movie actor for half the year requires major hotel time. "You can sit in your hotel room or go downstairs to the boutiques and spend a little money," says LeBlanc. The striped sweater by Missoni (\$855, top right on the opposite page) is an example of the influence the *Friends* wardrobe staff had on LeBlanc. At night, you'll find him in techno fabrics.

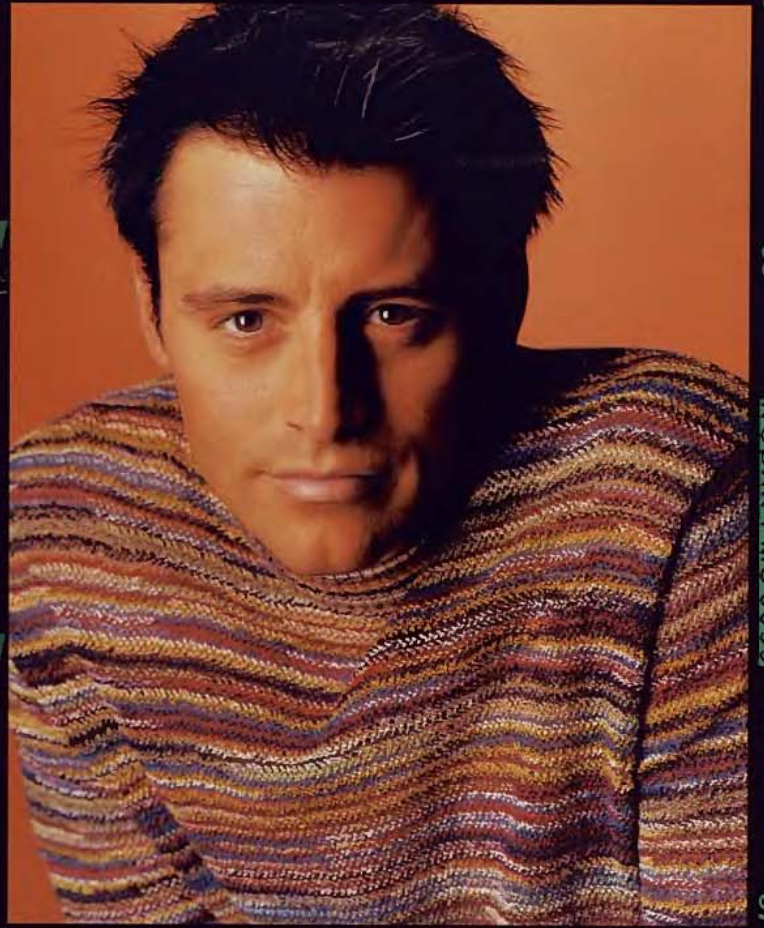
"The thing about techno stuff is that it doesn't wrinkle. You can stuff it in a suitcase, pull it out and wear it. All you need is an ironed shirt—I'm waiting for them to make one wrinkle-free." An interesting design this year is the lined, nylon jacket by Hugo Boss (\$285, opposite, bottom right). It's combined with a long-sleeve V-neck by Dolce and Gabbana (\$130) and pants by Sandy Dalal (\$215). At top and bottom left, he's wearing a shirt (\$180) and a three-button suit (\$1930), both by Helmut Lang. The silk tie is by Hugo Boss (\$85).



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Make Money

(continued from page 112)

Kraków, he told me to lose the ghetto and become American. This is what I have tried to do. He also told me never to lose the *kopf*—the head. But Big Arthur would never stay in a stock for more than two weeks. He'd make a few bucks, lose a few bucks.

"You can never really make any money that way," I said to him—after I had known him long enough to dare a suggestion of my own.

"I've already made my money," he replied. "But let me tell you something. In my business, the shoe business, they say the smell of leather keeps us together. We gamble every day on style and price and a million other things. There is no such thing as an easy business. Only from the outside does anything appear to be easy. Trading the market is entertainment for me, a place to screw around, a little kitz, as they say."

"I could tell you about a stock that I think can double in two years," I said.

He looked at me and smiled. "How do I know I'm going to live that long?" Because of Arthur, I have asked every prospective client who comes into my office, "Are you serious about making money, or do you just want to fool around?" You'd be amazed at the number of people who have to think awhile before answering.

A crisis I was witness to that reinforces the importance of knowing history was the assassination of John F. Kennedy in November 1963. By then I was a practicing stockbroker, living at my parents' house. But the resident manager kept me on a modest salary as well (\$85 a week), to fill in for the teletype operator and to do odd jobs—like changing the cellophane tape on the Translux ticker machines that ran all day, printing the trades on the New York Stock Exchange. In those days, rolls of tape were changed manually, and ink cartridges were inserted into slots so that the printing action became legible. Changing the rolls and ink cartridges was part of my job. (And I have always been a mechanically challenged person.) Virtually every day I would go home with blue ink up to my elbows. "I've heard of blue-collar workers, but this is just ridiculous," my mother would say.

"The resident manager says it builds character to know all the jobs in the office," I would tell her. "And the \$85 a week is gravy." "The gravy is on your tie," she would say. Mother always got the last word.

I was changing the ink rolls when the rumor first broke about JFK. The brokers began screaming at me, "Get

those inkers in. We can't see." The ticker tape was running with indistinct images: They needed the ink man to make the numbers real. And the numbers were falling as the rumors of the shooting became fact. Most people, I believe, when facing chaos, think of self-preservation. Heroes are the ones who look to save others. The brokers were still yelling, people from other offices on our floor streamed into our boardroom to watch the falling market, everyone was shocked by the news, gathering to be reassured by human contact. I was a rookie at this point in my career, and with panic building around me, my initial reaction was: It's over—my brief career, the stock market, the country in turmoil. The resident manager beckoned me with a finger into his office.

"You think that it's over, don't you?" he said.

"I really don't know what to think."

"Did you ever take an American history course?"

I admitted I had.

"Then you have to step back and recognize that we have this wonderful thing called a Constitution. This incredible event will pass as far as the markets are concerned. We have succession in place, and form, and people of enormous goodwill. Always bet against the crowd. There is a poet named David McCord who wrote this about Harvard:

"Is that you, John Harvard? I said to his statue. Aye, that's me, said John, and after you're gone."

"It's true about Harvard," the manager said. "And it's true about America. Be a buyer."

That lesson has been fundamental in my investment decisions and should be equally fundamental in yours. Go against the popular mood when there is desperation around you.

I had another lesson that day, almost the flip side of being a buyer in chaotic times. A young client of mine came into the office, someone my mother would have called swervy. He had been a lacrosse player in college, with a reputation for dirty play.

"Kennedy's been shot," he said.

"It's unbelievable," I answered.

"What can we sell short?" he asked. "Chance here to make a score."

I recalled the Rothschilds' getting carrier pigeon reports of the Duke of Wellington's victory at Waterloo and going long on the British pound before the world knew the results of that battle. Would the SEC have called that inside information?

But I stared at my client, not really believing he had suggested selling short (betting against the market) at such an emotional time.

"I don't want your business," I said.

"You're a sucker," he said. "Suckers don't win ball games." And he walked out. I was a young broker, naive, perhaps, but it was my first brush with immorality in business. I told the resident partner about it and he smiled. "You lose your virginity, I think, three times in life," he said. "The first is when you lose it in the physical sense. The second, like today, is in a business sense, and you realize the world is not necessarily an honorable place."

"And the third?" I asked.

"Don't call me a cynic, but the third time you lose your virginity is the day you get married. You'll see what I mean." And he went back to his battle station on the phones.

THE SECOND PART OF THE TRADE

There are two parts to every sell decision when you plan to get out of a stock. The first is, at what price do I exit this stock position? The second part, and almost as important, is, what do I do with the money when I sell? Few people pay attention to the second part.

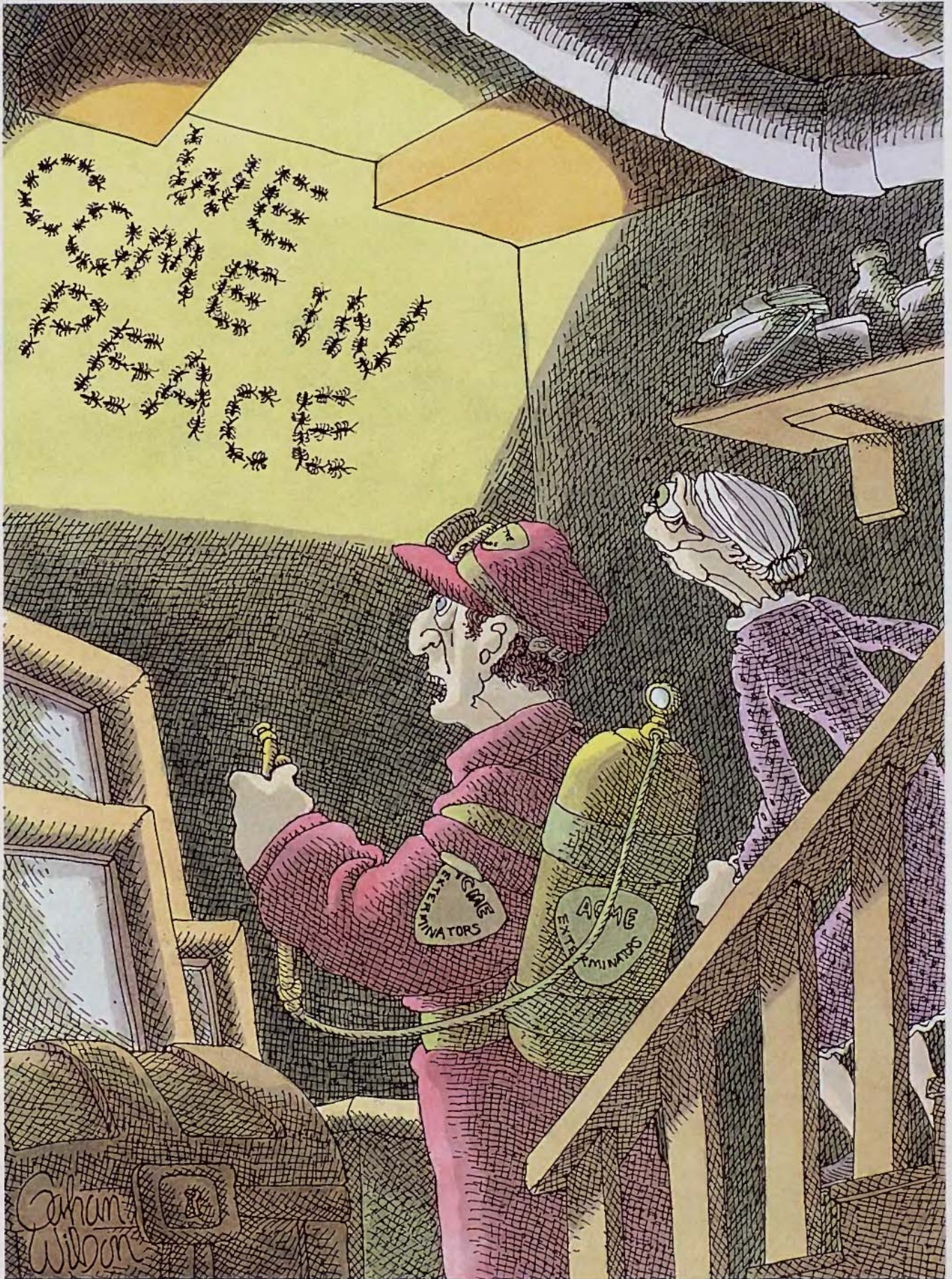
I have a friend who bought Exxon several years ago at 40, for all the right reasons, I thought. He figured the company was well managed, paid a good dividend and was positioned to serve the growing worldwide demand for energy that my friend believed would kick in as countries moved toward free markets. After he held it for several years the stock moved into the high 60s.

"I want to sell Exxon," my friend said. "I have a good profit. Bulls make money; bears can make money. Pigs never make money."

"Ah," I told him, "the old cliché. But you know, pigs often make more money than anyone else. They are not afraid to take a large position and ride it. Warren Buffett is essentially a pig by this definition." Warren Buffett is the second wealthiest American after Bill Gates.

My friend sold his Exxon at 66, paid his taxes and within a week bought Apple Computer at 33. "It's down from the 60s. I think it's cheap. Also," he reasoned, "I sold 1000 Exxon and bought 2000 Apple—same amount of money, double the amount of stock." Exxon subsequently moved on to all-time-high prices and paid a healthy dividend to boot. Apple dropped over the next year and a half to 14 and pays nothing. My friend's maneuver is comparable to quitting a job before you have a plan for the next one. When you make a decision to sell a stock, think about the second part of the transaction: What do I do with the

(continued on page 122)



"Ignore that, Mrs. Schmidt, it's the oldest trick in their book!"



Lucy Liu

the best thing to happen to "ally mcbeal" expounds on hair jobs, chopsticks and being a moron in love

Just when the hit series *Ally McBeal* was becoming predictable in its unpredictability, a litigious powerhouse named Ling Woo turned the show on its head. She's played by actor Lucy Liu.

The daughter of Chinese immigrants, Liu grew up in Queens. She attended NYU and later the University of Michigan, where she majored in Asian languages and cultures. During her senior year, Liu auditioned for a supporting role in *Andre Gregory's* stage adaptation of *Alice in Wonderland*. Instead, she won the lead, and her acting career was born.

Liu's work in theater productions, including *M. Butterfly*, led to guest appearances on *NYPD Blue*, *The X-Files* and *LA Law*. A role on *ER* brought her to the attention of *Ally McBeal* creator David Kelley, who was searching for new characters and story lines. He immediately cast Liu in a supporting role.

Liu has parlayed her exposure on the show into a growing movie career, including a memorable role as a dominatrix opposite Mel Gibson in *Payback*. "I read the script," she said, "and thought it was dark and interesting." She has also appeared in Clint Eastwood's *True Crime* and in *Molly* with Elisabeth Shue.

Liu still finds time for stage work as a member of Los Angeles' Met Theater Development Ensemble. And, she's an accomplished fine artist who has had solo shows in Soho and Venice, California.

Robert Crane caught up with the indefatigable Liu on the set of *Ally McBeal* in Los Angeles. He reports: "Liu changed into a skimpy leather ensemble for her role as Ling Woo and asked me to zip her up. It was my pleasure. While we sat in her dressing room, she constantly tugged at her skirt as she became more animated and vocal. The frequent interruptions by makeup artists, assistant directors, personal assistants and a boyfriend with two dogs didn't affect Liu's stream of thought. She's beautiful, determined and opinionated, and she has a great pair of legs, which she attributes to climbing—rock climbing."

1

PLAYBOY: Ling Woo, the character you play on *Ally McBeal*, has been responsible for some innovative TV moments, such as licking Richard Fish's lips. For what other breakthroughs do you want to be responsible?

LIU: Ling has done a lot of stuff. She's licked lips, she's sucked fingers and she's given hair jobs. I don't know how David Kelley comes up with these things. They are now the mark of Ling. She definitely has a lot of other things up her sleeve. She's trying to show Fish a little more about foreplay. I think there's also a power struggle between Ling and Fish: He wants to have intercourse and she doesn't want to—to the extent that she's trying to prove a point. She has to stand strong. She might have a lot of other things in store before she gives it up to him. It makes it a little more interesting. I think the tension will build—at least for him.

2

PLAYBOY: You're a martial artist, fine artist, accordion player, rock climber. What do you have against being lazy?

LIU: Sometimes I'm lazy, but I always have something creative I want to do or work on. It's nice to lounge around the house. But if you're an artist, you got to have some fucking money. You work at McDonald's if you have to. You got to earn some money so you have confidence when you walk into a room and present yourself. Success is definitely a point of view, but success to me is just like, Hey, guess what? I'm paying my own rent. I went out and bought this food. I used to get up at three or four o'clock in the morning to make omelettes for people just so I could have some money. Believe me, I didn't want to do that. It wasn't a great job, but I did it. I'm a firm believer in not living off somebody else. I'm really independent that way, and I hope I re-

main that way. Get off your ass is what I would say.

3

PLAYBOY: What's the most enduring myth about Asian women?

LIU: That our vaginas are slit a different way. That's the major one. Mine is, however, and I'm proud of it. It's a nice discovery, but now that you're printing it, nobody will be curious anymore.

4

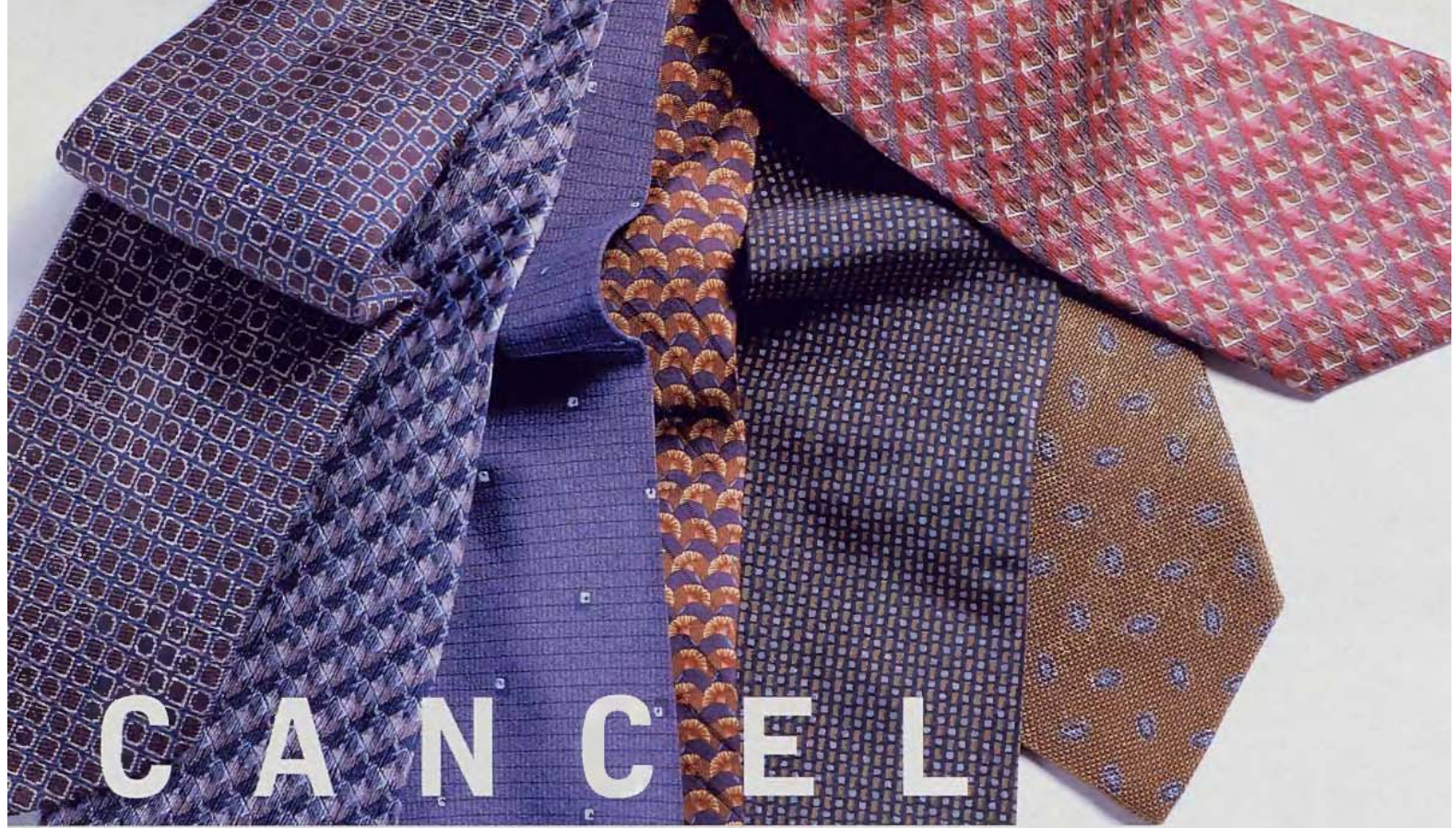
PLAYBOY: Defend that most maligned instrument—the accordion.

LIU: Defend it? There's nothing to defend! It's an instrument that breathes with you. You control the sound, you create the energy, you determine how loud it is. The emotional backing of the instrument is something you create also, depending on how much you pull and push and how much you breathe with it. Somebody can play one song completely flat, and someone else can play it with so much emotion you're on the verge of tears. It's something you create. It's like a part of you—as opposed to a guitar or a flute. Go blow on that!

5

PLAYBOY: Rock climbing: You climb like crazy, then you come down. Are we missing something?

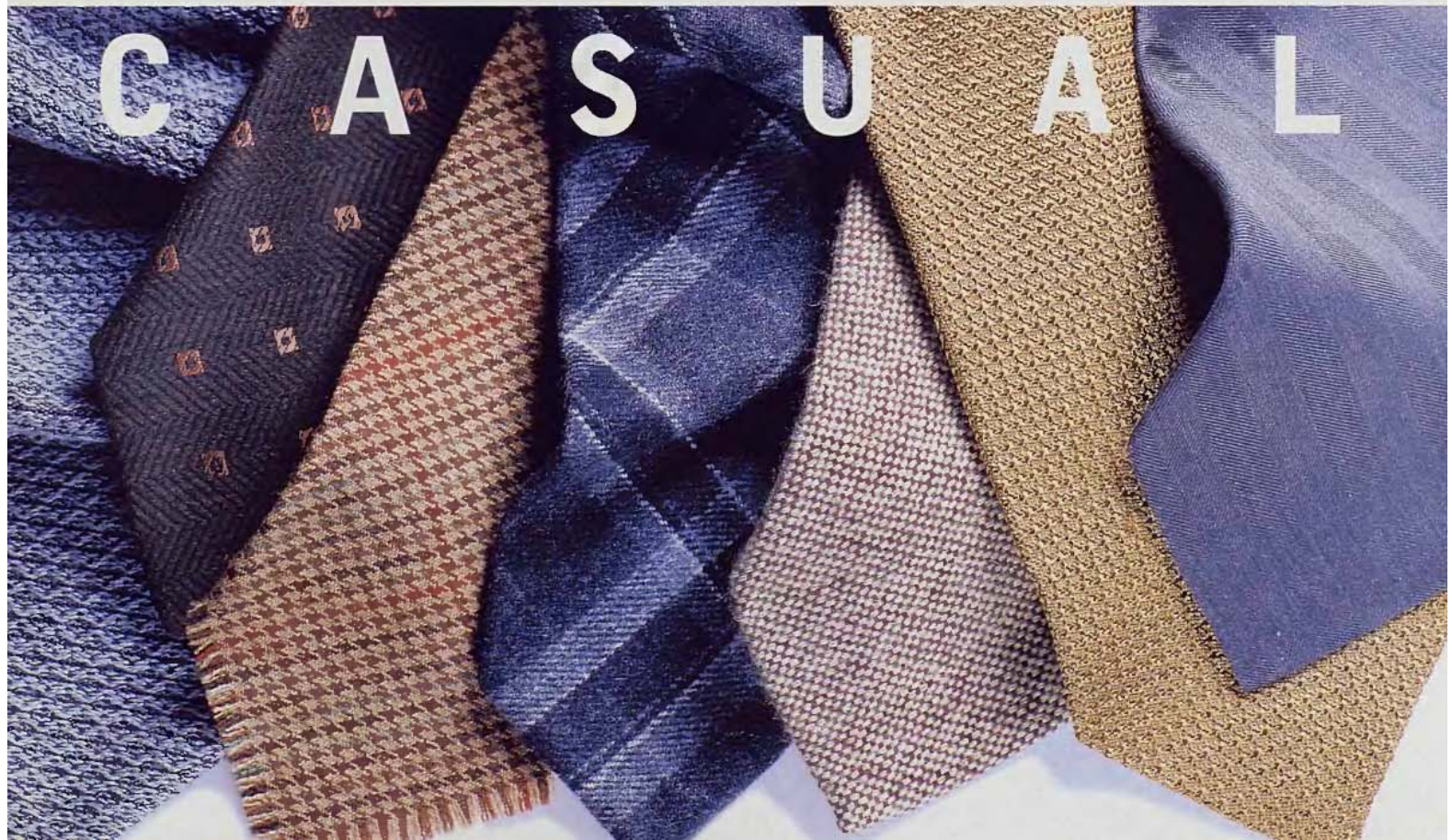
LIU: I understand why people do extreme sports: They give you a feeling you can't match. It's close to death. It's so dangerous that you get a certain high from it. Once you get that high, there's nothing you can replace it with. I lived in New York all my life and was never athletic. I came out here and I started doing things I'd never done before, like hiking and roller-skating. Women are better climbers than men, generally, because men usually try to muscle their way up with their arms. By the time (continued on page 151)



CANCEL

Fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE BREAK FROM THE HERD. STICK YOUR

Two British physicists recently discovered that it is mathematically possible to knot a tie 85 different ways. Nearly all are unwieldy and, most important, the four best ways had already been invented. But when it comes to patterns, the more choices the better. Here are your full-color options from the four corners of the world. Print ties have a modern edge because the patterns are stamped onto the fabric. Stick with traditional designs but feel free to go wild with colors. The labels on the floral prints above are, from left to right, Ermenegildo Zegna (\$120), Colvin Klein (\$80), Donno Koron (\$95), Valentino Crovotte (\$105), Donno Koron (\$95), Ermenegildo Zegna (\$120) and Colvin Klein (\$80). Wool ties are the neckwear equivalent of the sports coat. Cashmere ties are the most stylish of the breed, while plaids breathe country, and tweedy knits are beefy. Moving from left to right below we have a knitted tie by Donno Koron (\$95), a cashmere herringbone by Joseph Abboud (\$110), a wool houndstooth from Ralph Lauren (\$65), a cashmere plaid by Ralph Lauren (\$85), a tweed



CASUAL



NECK OUT AND PICK A STRONG DESIGN. START THE WEEKEND RIGHT

by Alfred Dunhill (\$130), a knit by Robert Talbott (\$105) and a herringbone by Mondo di Marco (\$55). Woven ties are lush in feel and color. The pattern is actually woven into the fabric so the visual texture is complemented by the physical texture. The ties above make a bold four-in-hand knot. From left to right, the purple tie and the gold tie are both by Audrey Buckner (\$95 each). Then comes a light gray by Robert Talbott (\$105), a polka dot by Ralph Lauren (\$50) and two designs in blue—the first is by Lanvin (\$110), the second is by Mondo di Marco (\$55). Striped ties abound at prep schools and university clubs, but the ties below are nothing like your dad's reps. When the traditional rep tie angle is used, the colors are brassy and up-to-date. Some designers have decided to play with the form even further by taking a chance with horizontal and vertical stripes. From left, the ties bear the labels of Robert Talbott (\$85), Valentina Cravatte (\$105), Mondo di Marco (\$55), Donna Karan (\$95), Paul Smith (\$80), Audrey Buckner (\$120) and Burberry (\$85).

F R I D A Y S



Make Money

(continued from page 116)

money after I sell? And ask yourself this question: Is what I do with the proceeds going to be half as good as holding the stock I'm selling? Most of the time it isn't.

SELLING SHORT

I'm an optimist. I believe that good things can come from bad events. This includes the stock market. I have some 1700 clients around the world. No more than one of these people ever sells a stock short in the space of a year. Why is this? Investors are optimistic people—they like betting for things, not against them. They particularly like betting on themselves. "I don't like wishing for things or people to fail," people say when asked about short selling. But it is a tool worth knowing about if you wish to have a full picture of your financial choices. Short selling is the mirror image of buying a stock and hoping it appreciates (going long). If you buy a hundred shares of a stock at 20 and sell it at 30, your profit is ten points, or \$1000 before taxes and fees. If you sell 100 shares of stock short at 30, you borrow 100 shares from your broker to deliver to the buyer. If it drops ten points, you buy it in, closing the transaction. Then you deliver the bought-in shares to the broker you borrowed from. It dropped ten points, and \$1000 profit is credited to your account (again minus taxes and fees). Professional traders short stocks all the time.

Here's how you can use this technique: You know you want to own superior companies like Procter and Gamble, Exxon or J.P. Morgan. And you hope to prosper with those companies for years. You occasionally want to own companies you have a strong feeling about, such as Ralph Lauren, Staples or Starbucks, because you use and like their products or services.

What if you have a bad experience with a company, its products or services? If you reward good companies by becoming a co-owner (with other shareholders), how about punishing corporations that don't fulfill your expectations? Most of the time, your instincts will be shared by others. The stocks you admire will eventually go up and the stocks you don't will decline.

Don't spend your life looking in the rearview mirror. Recently I bought a computer for my business, a Compaq with all the bells and whistles. I was advised by my staff about the products, and they purchased everything from Comp USA. The total bill was \$2700. After the equipment was delivered, it seemed the PC was missing a sound

card. Could we get Comp USA to address the problem? There followed five days of waiting on hold for half-hour stretches, then runarounds and buck-passing. "Tell them I'm canceling the order," I told my crew. "Let them come and pick it up." When we told them we were canceling, we finally got service. But the experience was disenchanting, to say the least. I could have bought a computer at a dozen places. So if they were selling service, Comp USA was a disaster. I inferred that if I was having problems with Comp USA, many other people were probably in the same boat. I told my staff, "I'm going to pay for the computer by shorting Comp USA stock." I sold short 500 shares at \$35 a share and within three weeks covered the stock, closed out my short position at 28%, for a profit of approximately \$3500. Of course I have to eventually figure in the tax on my profit. But I turned a bad experience into a happy and profitable one. And I got a good story out of it as well—a psychic victory I could share with others. "Let's go for the laptop now," I told my crew, and when the stock ran up again to \$36 or so, I shorted 600 shares, covering again around 31% in less than two weeks. We're getting there, as far as the laptop is concerned. But I'm probably not going to short the stock again for myself. You have to be careful about being too greedy.

I had a purpose in shorting Comp USA. And I had a target. A few months after I covered the shorts, the stock sold down to the high teens, eventually going below 8. But the principle was the lesson here. You can watch for areas in business that disappoint you and profit from them.

TRUST YOUR INSTINCTS

I would rather do my own research on companies, independent from what management of the companies tells me. Chief executives of public companies are cheerleaders for their own regimes. They tell you optimistic news because they desperately want their predictions to come true. Many of my biggest mistakes have come from being too close to management. Once, a president of a direct mail company told me, "We're going to be a \$100 stock." The company was selling for 8½. He was offended when I said to him, "I'd settle for 20."

"You've got no vision, son," he said. "That's why you're a stockbroker and I run my own business." I went to the parking lot after seeing the president, and pulling in next to my car were two employees in a company station wagon. "I manage people's money," I said to them, "and I'm thinking about buying stock in your corporation. How do you like working here?"

The first employee said, "They treat us like mushrooms in this company."

"Yeah," said the second employee. "Kept in the dark and covered with shit."

"And management grabs with both hands," added the first. "Not much trickles down to us. I'd sell it short if I were you."

Often you get misinformation from both management and employees. The boss is only optimistic. The workers see only the warts. Same company. When I get a chance to talk to management I always seek out an employee or two to hear the other side of the story. It helps in evaluating the investment possibilities.

Have you noticed articles in magazines and newspapers in the past several years about the so-called paperless society? Like world peace and loving your neighbor, this is a dream that is probably unreachable. When I was talking to a thoughtful friend about this subject, he said to me, "Do you know about Iron Mountain?"

"Is it a novel by Thomas Mann?" I asked.

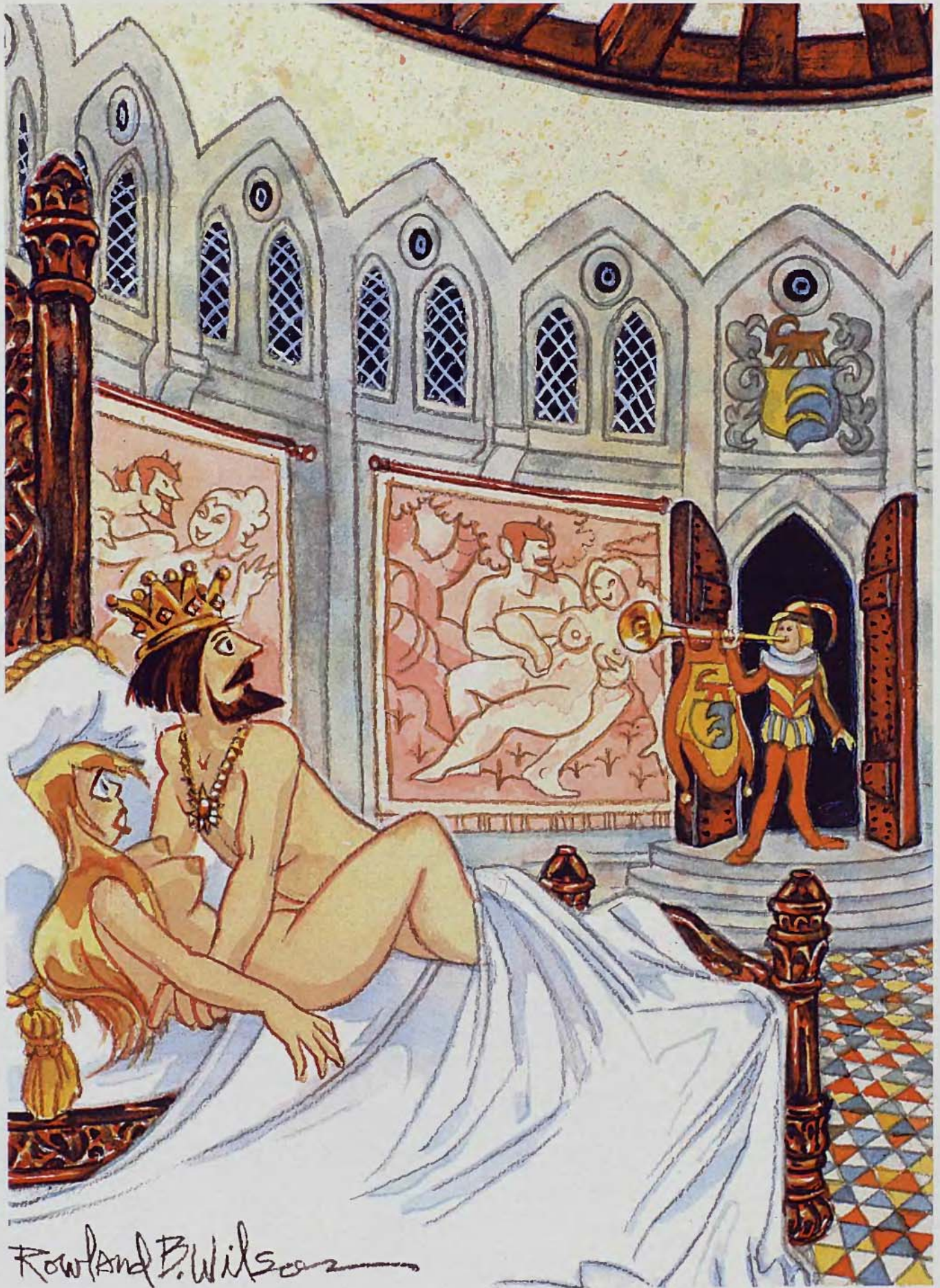
He looked down his nose at me. "It's the largest records-management business in America." Iron Mountain's revenues exceed \$400 million a year. I believe in eyes-and-ears investing, popularized by Peter Lynch. I came back from lunch with my friend that day and found an intern in my office sitting at a desk surrounded by annual reports stacked so high they almost obscured him from view. "What the hell is this?" I asked my crew.

"A new rule," they said. "Any company we invest in, we have to keep the annual reports on file for five years."

"That's ridiculous," I said. They shrugged, used to my railings against bureaucracy. Go to any law firm or corporate office, and you'll find them drowning in paper. Much of this volume has to be saved for X number of years, a requirement of the IRS and other government agencies. Iron Mountain fills an extraordinary need in society. Companies and individuals have their documents picked up by the storage company, paying rent every month while the paper continues to mount. What about microfilming everything? This solution is years away from being practical. Meanwhile, Iron Mountain continues to buy up storage companies around the country and abroad, growing by acquisition, installing its systems and quietly building an empire.

I see Iron Mountain trucks on the streets of my city. Several times I have stopped to talk with the drivers. "How long have you worked for the compa-

(continued on page 153)



"Can't you, just this once, not answer your beeper?!"



GOLF '99

STILL OBSESSED? WE ARE

by ted johnson

Golf is a game of converts, thousands of them. Nearly all resisted the game for one reason or another. It has too many rules, it has too many traditions, it's for old guys, it takes too long to play. All true. However. It takes just one shot at the right moment—a drive that carries a lake, an approach that backs up to within six feet of the cup—and then those who resisted, like the rest of us, are hooked. Ask golfers why they are so passionate and they'll say it is the competition. But golf is not about competing against someone else. Despite what Ken Venturi or Johnny Miller say on television, it's not about playing the course, either. The game reaches into the soul because it's about playing against personal expectations. It's about playing against our minds. How close a shot comes to fulfilling our needs and our desires determines how we feel about it. And the gap between our desires and reality is wide—even for the best golfer. We play on because for one surprising moment everything can be done right. Conditions are surveyed, the proper club is pulled and all the mechanics of the swing—learned in part from personal lessons and instructional videos and topped off with a tip from someone named Kirby—fall into place. It keeps us alive.

Notes From The Tour

Tiger Woods, David Duval, the rebuilt Greg Norman—the PGA Tour is hot. Purses are up and interest in golf's best has never been higher. Even the man who has everything, Michael Jordan, wishes he had the game to be out there.

But not every Tour golfer is a millionaire, and behind the winner's checks the PGA Tour has its own culture. We sent Ted Johnson to see what's happening on Tour this year. Here's his report:

What's in? Money. A 40 percent increase in purses. David Duval set a record for earnings in 1998 with nearly \$2.6 million. He broke that mark this year on April 4 and is on track to earn more than \$4 million.

What's out? Endorsement deals from equipment

companies. Slow sales in 1998 left club companies less money to spend getting pros to use their clubs. At the same time pros realized that playing clubs that are suited to their games, not to their wallets, is how to get more of the prize money.

With the larger purses comes pressure. A typical four-day tournament has a field of 156 golfers. But after two days the field is cut to the low 70 (and ties). Only those who advance to the third and fourth rounds make money. Furthermore, only those who at year's end are in the top 125 on the Tour's money list earn the right to compete the next year.

Expenses run \$1500 to \$2500 a week, even if a golfer doesn't make the cut. But there are perks. Many pros receive free cars and free food at the course and they can arrange to attend ball games or concerts or get in some deep sea fishing—all gratis. But they still pay for airfare, lodging, caddie fees, food and dry cleaning. Many players fly in the families for the week during the summer. "Then it can get up to \$5000," says Rocco Mediate.

For every Duval or Woods earning a couple million, there are many others trying to scrape by. The average earnings among the 352 players who played at least one PGA tournament last year was \$274,000. Lan Gooch played 22 events and earned \$3173 to finish 340th on the money list. Figuring he had about \$50,000 in expenses . . . ouch.

Last winter some players talked about forming a union to have more say in how the Tour was run. That was met with resounding silence. Aside from the \$3 million a week in prize money, the PGA Tour kicked in \$21 million this year to a retirement fund. For example, a successful player who averages 130 on the money list and stays on Tour for 17 years could receive, at the age of 45, \$343,490 a year in retirement benefits. It would jump to \$412,618 at age 50.

Like other trade organizations, the PGA Tour subsidizes health care for players, though the Tour's open enrollment plan costs a family of four about \$600 a month. Winnings are deposited directly into each player's personal account. Players are responsible for their own taxes.

Players can participate in pro-am events in the days leading up to tournaments and can win as much as \$1000. They also play in one- or two-day corporate events for pay. How much they make depends on *(continued on page 149)*

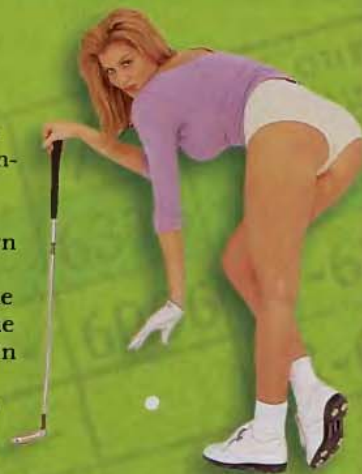


BIGGEST MISTAKE AMATEURS MAKE

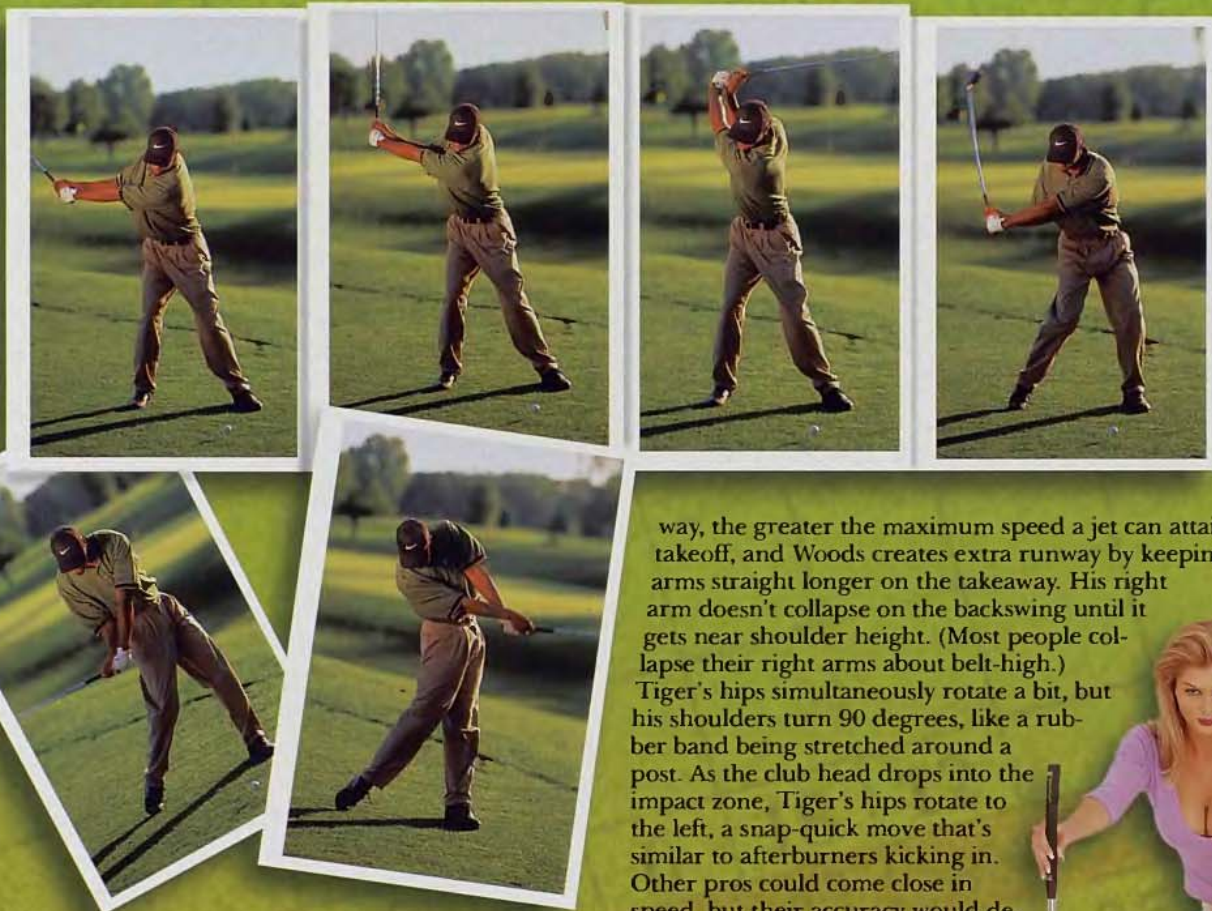
What is the most common mistake average golfers make? You may believe you think too much, swing too fast, grip too tight or follow no preshot routine. Or perhaps you think it's a poor setup, or you just try too damn hard. These may be valid to one degree or another, but these aren't the most common mistakes. The average golfer's most common error is that he fails to "swing the club head."

What do I mean by that? Does it mean turn my shoulders, fire my hips, keep my head down or keep my left arm straight? No. None of the above.

Most golfers forget that they are holding the golf club with their hands. The hands generate power through the wrists. You don't hear much about the important role the wrists play in the golf swing. Golfers need to know that the club face doesn't remain square during the swing. In golf terms, the face opens and closes. Except for when a golfer is chipping and putting, his wrists roll the club head. Watch good golfers "waggle" the club head before a swing. They do it as a means to relax and as a reminder to hinge or cock the wrists. If I could tempt you to try one thing to improve your golf swing—something that goes against current swing theories—it would be to use your hands to swing the club head. Find all the power that's hiding in your wrists. My advice? Experiment with this idea: Fire the club head through impact with your wrists. Don't be afraid to try it. You'll be amazed at the results and hit the ball higher and farther than you ever have before. Then go out and enjoy the game. —WM. NEAL MCCAIN, PGA PROFESSIONAL



TIGER: How He Does It



All it takes to hit the ball 300 yards like Tiger Woods is club head speed of 130 miles per hour. But remember, the average speed among PGA Tour players is about 115 mph, while the swing speed of most amateurs is less than 100. It helps to have a 6-foot-2, 160-pound body with little body fat. "He's extremely strong and awfully well built—and he's very flexible," says Cobra Golf founder Tom Crow, whose company tested Woods in 1997. The longer the run-

way, the greater the maximum speed a jet can attain at takeoff, and Woods creates extra runway by keeping his arms straight longer on the takeaway. His right arm doesn't collapse on the backswing until it gets near shoulder height. (Most people collapse their right arms about belt-high.) Tiger's hips simultaneously rotate a bit, but his shoulders turn 90 degrees, like a rubber band being stretched around a post. As the club head drops into the impact zone, Tiger's hips rotate to the left, a snap-quick move that's similar to afterburners kicking in. Other pros could come close in speed, but their accuracy would decline. It helps that Woods, who went on television at the age of three to show off his golf swing, has been playing all his life. "It's second nature to him," Crow says. Woods, in fact, holds back. "It looks fast to you, but I swing about 75 percent most of the time," he says. "I could swing even faster."



What's In The Bag



With few exceptions, the clubs we see in pro golf tournaments are available to the public. "We try to keep the Tour products pretty similar to the products we sell because a lot of customers want the same clubs," says Taylor Made's Tom Olsavsky, who minds the needs of PGA Tour pros. The only set is the irons, because consistency is essential. The others are selected individually. Tiger Woods uses a 7.5-degree Titleist Titanium 975D driver, but his 15-degree steel Titleist PT three wood doesn't match. Woods loves its feel. It's his favorite club. His forged irons are prototypes that aren't available to the public because they do not fit in with Titleist's cavity-back DCI design. But the wedges—56-degree and 60-degree Vokey design models—and the Scotty Cameron Newport by Titleist putter are for sale. Ernie Els, in turn, often uses three woods: an 8.5-degree Taylor Made FireSole titanium driver, a 12-degree Taylor Made Ti Bubble 2 and a 16-degree Ti Bubble 2 fairway metal that plays like a four wood. Els uses the Taylor Made Burner Tour irons along with Cleveland wedges and a Ping Anser putter. All are available to the public. During practice rounds players will assess the course and tweak their clubs accordingly. Els will take out a three iron but then weaken the loft of a two iron to compensate. He even changes the loft of his driver depending on how he is swinging.

It's A Paintbrush

It looks like an iron, but a wedge is really a paintbrush. Shots from around the green are the biggest eaters of strokes, so here is where you find artistic expression. Wedges require imagination, intuition and poetic interpretation. Pros switch woods frequently, sometimes by the week, while sets of irons may last the year. Yet pros remain loyal to wedges. They keep these "scoring" clubs in tune by grinding the soles and obsessing over lofts. They try dozens of models but invariably stick with their favorites for years. The wedge's club face has the most grooves of any club, and those grooves create backspin. Spin makes the ball stop quickly when it arrives near the target. Amateurs find the racks filled with gap wedges and lob wedges, wedges with softer alloys and unique soles. Different shaping of the sole makes it easier to play shots from fairways, sand and rough. Now there are wedges with inserts embedded with tungsten carbide bits, which give the face a sandpaper-like feel and effect, so friction is increased for even more spin and control.

IT'S A WHOLE NEW BALL GAME

Golfers buy and lose them to the tune of \$700 million a year, but they can't play without them. This year, balls have new materials and new designs—and even new manufacturers. Club-only companies like Taylor Made and Callaway, whose new ball will debut early next year, have jumped in. All say their products offer superior performance, yet one thing remains constant: No ball can exceed the USGA's overall distance standard. Some balls are made to maximize distance and some are better at stopping on greens. The key is to fit a ball's performance to your game. Would you score better if you hit more short irons to the greens, even from the rough? Top-Flite's XL 2000 has a titanium linked cover for better length. Hard-core, hard-cover models such as Wilson's Staff Titanium Straight Distance don't spin as much, so they are less prone to hooks and slices.

But that means there's less bite. Taylor Made's InerGel is a ball made to maximize both ends of the battle. It has a soft elastic underlayer that stretches during contact with a short iron for more green-holding spin. Off a driver, however, its core fires off the face for better overall span. Maxfli's Tour Patriot is geared for length, but a thin layer of windings between core and cover gives it a soft feel. The Strata Tour Professional layers soft copolymer plastic blends atop the core for high-spin performance. Nike's Precision Tour Control is for the player who, when hitting into a long par four, needs spin to stop the ball quickly on the putting surface. Don't be fooled by the different compressions. They are an attempt to convey feel: 100 is harder than 90. There is no industry standard, just as there's no standard answer to the question of which ball to play. Play what feels good to you.



Clockwise from below: Wilson's Fat Shaft Dyna-Powered wedges and Tour Cast irons are strong, stable and easy to hit (set of irons, \$799). The Roll-Face of TearDrop's TD15 putter is perfect for fast greens (\$225). Mizuno's T-ZOID Comp EZ irons offer soft feel along with a larger, forgiving design (\$960). Each iron in Taylor Made's new ingenious and bold-looking FireSole line is weighted individually for optimum performance (\$999). Adams Golf's SC Series titanium driver has a curved face (like persimmon woods of old), so off-center hits slice or hook back to the target line (\$369). Wilson's Fat Shaft Metal Matrix Composite driver is heat-coated for faster ball launch speed (\$199). Callaway's Great Big Bertha Hawk Eye titanium driver has a tungsten screw to fight slices (\$500). Taylor Made's FireSole Rescue fairway wood (\$299) and FireSole driver (\$399) have tungsten inserts in their soles for greater stability, even on mis-hits. Orlimar's TriMetal driver blends steel, nickel and chromium for more distance (\$440).



MAN SHOW

(continued from page 97)

course there's a honeymoon period, or maybe you're out dating and stuff, but ultimately we want to be left to ourselves. We want to go to the room where there's a television and no one talks to us at all.

ADAM: That's why the garage shouldn't be attached to the house. There's never a bathroom in the garage because then the guy would never come back.

PLAYBOY: Complete the sentence, "A woman's place is in the..."

JIMMY: Closet? I don't know where a woman's place is. I know where their places aren't, and their places aren't on the golf course, in the bowling alley, in the living room. My wife told me, "I'm thinking about taking golf lessons." I said, "Are you going lesbian?" She said, "No, it'll be nice. We can go play golf together." I was like, what the hell are you talking about? Play golf? I don't go to play golf. I go to walk around with some other guys for six hours—and get away from you.

ADAM: The idea is that you get to walk around with guys. Sometimes we just walk—we'll pass three or four holes without even playing. Women are constantly trying to think of hobbies that men and women can do together. They don't realize that guys have cooked up hobbies that they know women will hate, just so they can be left alone.

PLAYBOY: Construct a curriculum on how to be a man.

JIMMY: We think of this show as a graduate program on how to be a man, because, you know, there are so many aspects that a lot of guys really don't understand. Being a man is not about having a penis; being a man is an internal thing. Even some women are men. You know, the women who seem like one of the guys. They're kind of hard, and that's who the show is for. Being a man is more about the things you don't do than the things you do. There's a lot of room to be a man, but there are certain things you can't really be party to. I caught a 25-year-old guy who works here calling into a radio station to win Billy Joel tickets. I said, "What are you doing?" He really had no idea why it was wrong.

PLAYBOY: Your show is predicated on the fact that men don't have to say we're sorry—but surely men have to say sorry for a few things.

JIMMY: Only those that are to our advantage. Certainly, there are times you have to say you're sorry, but only to get sex, or to get them to leave you alone. It's purely to keep your life more pleasant. If you say you're sorry too much, when the chips are really down you have to start crying or something like

that. That's why it's important to almost never say you're sorry, so when you pull it out, it's a big gun. Remember how Fonzie would never apologize for anything on *Happy Days*? But when on the rare occasion he choked up with Mr. C and said he was sorry, it was a big deal. He got a big round of applause.

PLAYBOY: Jimmy, do you have advice for men in your condition?

JIMMY: My condition—you mean being married? I would never say don't get married, because there are definitely good things about being married. I'd say don't give up your testicles. A lot of guys turn into a child and their wife becomes mommy. I never want my wife to be mommy. A lot of guys do. They give up their power or their edge. They give it up in exchange for being taken care of. I won't do it, and I hate to see guys who do. I see it happen to friends—they just wave the white flag. It's like they just get too tired.

ADAM: They're not even getting anything in return after a certain period. It's not like they get breakfast in bed every day. The wife becomes some sort of troll who's sleeping under the bed, and you got to tiptoe around the house because she'll come out in a bad mood. But it's not like the troll is cooking breakfast. Men just hit the point where they don't want to piss her off.

PLAYBOY: List some bulletproof arguments for the right to a boys' night out.

JIMMY: Any woman who keeps you from hanging out with your friends is a bad woman. It's natural for guys to hang out together. You have to do it, or else you become a woman.

ADAM: You have to get out of the habit of asking. I mean, you gotta tell 'em.

JIMMY: You never ask, you announce.

ADAM: Here's the deal. You can't be cruel or mean, but you have to be firm. Women like that, whether they want to admit it or not. They like the guy who stands by his convictions. You can't start arguing and sniveling, because they'll see that as a weakness and then pounce on you. You have to be fair and you have to be firm. You can't go out five nights in a row, but you have to say, "Look, it's been almost 18 hours since I was drunk, I haven't shot any snooker in four and a half hours and the chili I spilled on my shirt is starting to dry." You tell them. If you start asking them, then you're fucked. But you don't yell it at them, you just tell them: This is what I'm doing.

PLAYBOY: You guys talk big, but what's your secret fear of Oprah and Rosie?

JIMMY: Our fear is not a personal fear; it's fear for the nation. It's a fear that there's a focal point for women, and it's a powerful one. Oprah has a lot of power. If Oprah said, "Ladies, enough is enough. It's time to start chopping

off testicles," I guarantee you'd be hearing them hit the floor like gumballs all over the country. I hope to God she stays slim, because when she flips out like all these fat celebrities seem to flip out after a while—name one sane fat celebrity—we're all going to be in a world of trouble. There are always a couple picketers outside a nuclear plant. We're the picketers outside the Oprah and Rosie plants. We may seem nuts, but somebody has to focus on those two.

ADAM: We have to chain ourselves to something. Like Stedman's Mercedes.

PLAYBOY: We're not saying *GQ* is run by gay guys, but don't you think inordinate attention to style runs counter to basic self-esteem issues?

ADAM: All those male magazines, the *Men's Fitnesses* and the *GQs* and all the ones where guys are Rollerblading with the six-pack stomach in the cycling shorts—it's all gay porn. That's all that is. Regular guys aren't interested in 15-minute abs. That's ridiculous. Wouldn't it be great to live in a world where we can ask a young man, "Do you know where your abs are?" and he just points to his ass?

JIMMY: I don't buy clothing. I operate like a seven-year-old boy does with food. He doesn't go out to restaurants or the supermarket. I wear what is given to me. I wear what I get for Christmas and whatever free T-shirts I get along the way. Occasionally I get a couple pairs of jeans. The only item of clothing that's appropriate for a man to spend a great deal of time buying is sneakers. That's the only thing. I cannot go by a Foot Locker without stopping in.

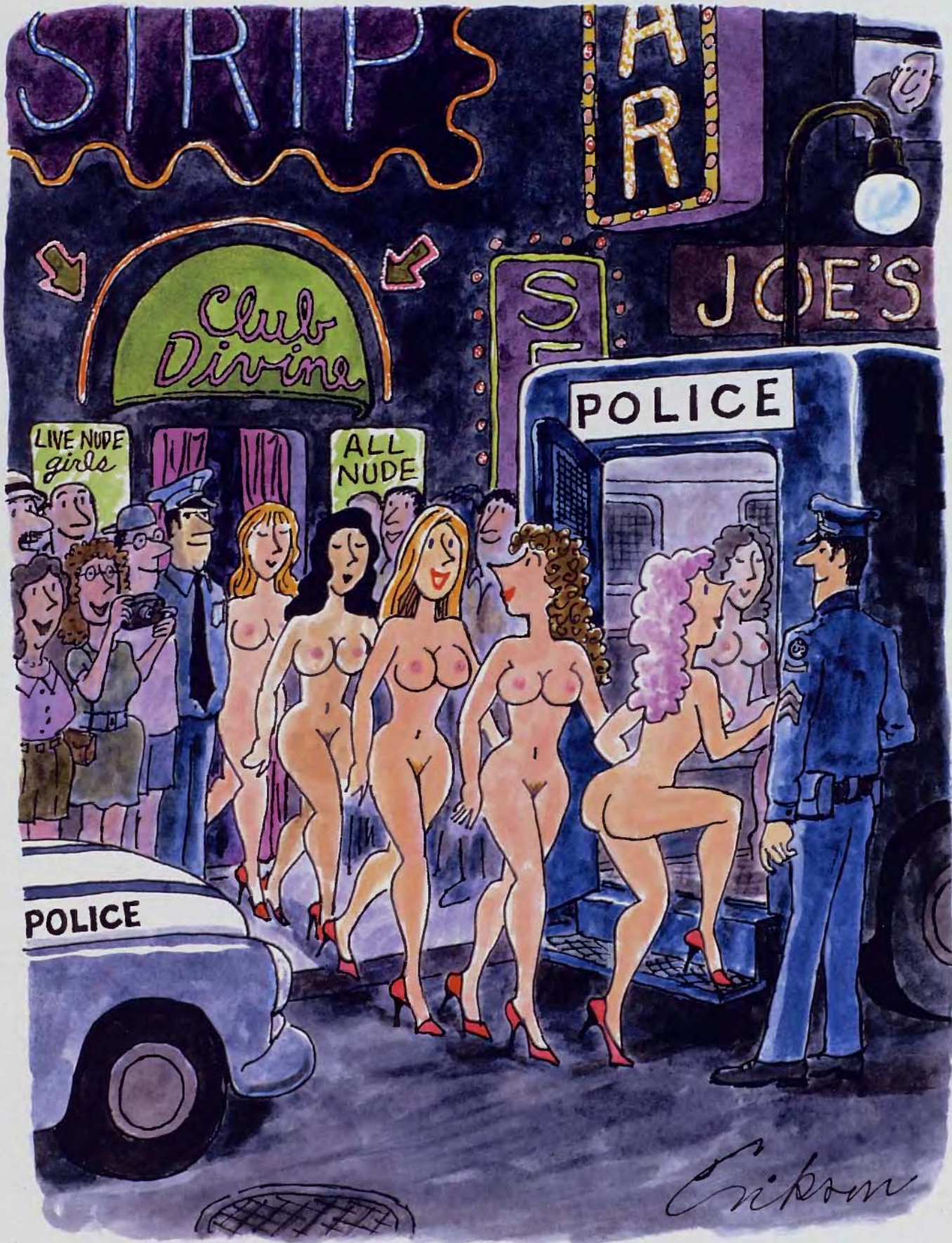
PLAYBOY: What don't women understand about the subtle cunning of male interior decorating?

ADAM: You mean the cinder blocks with the pine boards?

JIMMY: What they don't understand is this: It doesn't matter how nice or how shitty anything is, you will eventually get used to it and not notice it at all. When I first came out to California, I thought, Wow, it's really beautiful here. It's so green. Now I walk outside and don't think twice about anything. We have five bedrooms in our house, and I live in one room. I share it with my cousin Sal. We got a computer in there. We got all our books and, you know, an eight-foot stand-up of Troy Aikman and some baseball cards scattered around. The room is filthy, but I don't notice it. You become acclimated. Women like to move furniture around. I could never imagine moving furniture except to make way for a bigger TV set.

PLAYBOY: What natural sounds and smells occur in the male environment

(concluded on page 150)



*"Every night the cops pretend to haul us away in the paddy wagon.
The tourists love it."*



SHANNON

MEET THE
ACTRESS WHO
HEATS UP
AMERICAN PIE

ELIZABETH

Forget about the pop song from which the movie draws its title: *American Pie* is not a lament for lost innocence but the latest entry in a time-honored genre of audience-pleasing films—the coming-of-age comedy. Four randy high schoolers embark on a quest to lose their virginity, whereupon high jinks, foul-ups and a good dose of bedroom shenanigans ensue. Think *Animal House* meets *Porky's* meets *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*. These are but three predecessors whose characters rallied around a motto memorably voiced by Sean Penn's character in *Ridgemont High*: "Hey, bud, let's party."

But as every aficionado of coming-of-age movies knows, the parties are no fun, and the pursuit of one's manhood is doomed, without comely accomplices. And that, as you might have guessed, is where Shannon Elizabeth comes in. Shannon stars in *American Pie* as the love interest (or should we say lust interest) of Jason Biggs. She's a Czechoslovakian, ballet-dancing exchange student who asks him for help with her studies. They get together, one thing leads to another, and the outcome is now on display at the local multiplex.

More than that—more of Shannon, at any rate—is displayed on these pages. "I wanted to do something that would promote the movie, allow me to stay in the character I play and generate some heat and emotion," she says. "And I thought PLAYBOY would be a great way to do it."

Offscreen, of course, Shannon is no high schooler: She's an actor with a growing résumé, a (text concluded on page 166)



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVIS FACTOR



"The nudity didn't bother me at all," explains Shannon. "It just felt completely natural. And when you're around the some group of people, they get more bored with it than you do. The people working on the shoot probably got to the point where they thought, Could she please wear something?"







To keep in shape, Shannon dances, hikes and roller-skates. "I like to do stuff outside," she says, "instead of working out on a treadmill." She doesn't like to stay in one place when it comes to work, either: "I'm not always comfortable acting, but that's good—if I were relaxed it wouldn't be a challenge, and I always try to do challenging things."











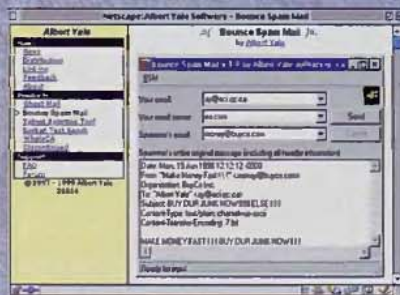
LIVING ONLINE

the best of the net every month By MARK FRAUENFELDER



SLIP PAST SPEED TRAPS

What's the only sound worse than a baby's cry reverberating through an airplane fuselage? Answer: a highway patrol car's siren signaling you to pull over. Its modulating wail is a downright health hazard—your heart rate races, and you begin to hallucinate about insurance premium hikes and hefty fines. Radar and laser detectors go only so far in preventing speeding tickets—cops rely on tried-and-true “pacing” when they get in a mood to issue citations. Before you head out on the highway, take a detour at the WWW Speedtrap Registry (speedtrap.com) to find where the law will be lurking. With a page dedicated to speed trap locations in every U.S. state (and other countries), Speedtrap.com is updated frequently by folks sharing their tales of encounters with Officer Friendly and his thick citation pad. Be sure to check out the section that provides descriptions of the different types of patrol cars in each state.



FLAME EXTINGUISHER

Bounce Spam Mail is a little program you can use to stay off spammers' lists. I use it to head off flame wars (jargon for online cuss-fights). When some hot-

head e-mails a page of invective to me, I use Bounce Spam Mail to send the message back. The program makes it appear as though my e-mail address is invalid, so the flamer thinks I never even saw the message. It's like getting a letter returned with “no such address” stamped on it by the post office. It makes the flammers feel like they were howling in the wind. Download Bounce Spam Mail from www.er.uqam.ca/merlin/fg591543/bsm/.

ONLINE GAMES THAT DON'T SUCK

Want a taste of hell on earth? Try online bingo. The last time I played it I found myself competing with 742 other people for a prize of \$2. I've also tried online chess, poker and backgammon. Often, my computer crashed trying to run the games. When they did work, they ran slowly. The much-touted “community-enhancing” chat function in most online games is no fun either, because what do you really want to say to your Chinese checkers opponent in Duluth—“Good move, tiger”? I was ready to give up online gaming when a friend told me about the games on Bezerk (won.net/gameroms/bezerk/). Unlike old games shoehorned to fit the Web experience, these are game shows designed to be played online. My favorite Bezerk diversion is You Don't Know Jack, a high-energy trivia game with topics such as “Men Are From Mars, Women Cut Off Their Penises,” and “Don't Piss Off the Guy Who Serves Your Food.” Wisely avoiding bandwidth-hogging video and complex animation, You Don't Know Jack makes excellent use of audio to give you the feeling of being on a television game show. There's a new episode available every Monday, and you can play with up to three friends at once. I also like Bezerk's Acrophobia, a game in which you compete with a dozen other players to come up with the most clever words to fit a nonsense acronym, and What's the Big Idea? which is like *Family Feud* produced by Indiana Jones.



BUILD YOUR PORTFOLIO DRIP BY DRIP

In the Eighties my stockbroker—a guy I knew only by phone—convinced me to squander several thousand dollars on a tomato paste factory, and charged me more than \$100 to buy and sell the shares. As soon as web-based brokerages appeared, I moved my entire (yet puny) stock portfolio online and started saving a bundle on commissions. Many e-brokerages charge less than \$12 a trade. Recently, I found out how to invest in the stock market and pay zero commissions. The method is called the Dividend Re-Investment Plan. DRIPs allow investors to purchase stock directly from a company. You can buy as little as one share, and the dividends go toward the purchase of additional shares. More than 800 companies, from IBM to Wal-Mart, offer dividend reinvestment plans. The best place to find out about DRIPs is at dripcentral.com. The site has a searchable list of companies. You'll also find links to agents that streamline DRIP investing at much lower rates than you'd pay a broker to buy shares.



DEMYSTIFYING COMPUTER VIRUSES

As the Melissa panic last spring demonstrated, if you don't practice safe computing, you can end up infecting your hard drive and spreading a virus to others. But the dangers of viruses have been blown out of proportion. You've probably received warning e-mail from good-intentioned folks who think computer viruses are able to propagate through your home wiring system, reset the VCR and pop the lightbulb in your refrigerator. The truth is, viruses do not exist in e-mail messages. They must be transmitted through programs, which are typically delivered via e-mail as attachments. The best way to prevent a viral infection is by never downloading a file from the web, or by never opening an attachment sent in an e-mail. Likewise, the best way to prevent venereal disease is by never having sex. But if a life without sex or new software sounds as unbearable to you as it does to me—and it sounds terrible to me—your next line of defense will be to make use of solid information. The latest news on computer viruses can be found at kumite.com.

GIVE US FIVE MINUTES, WE'LL GIVE YOU THE WEB

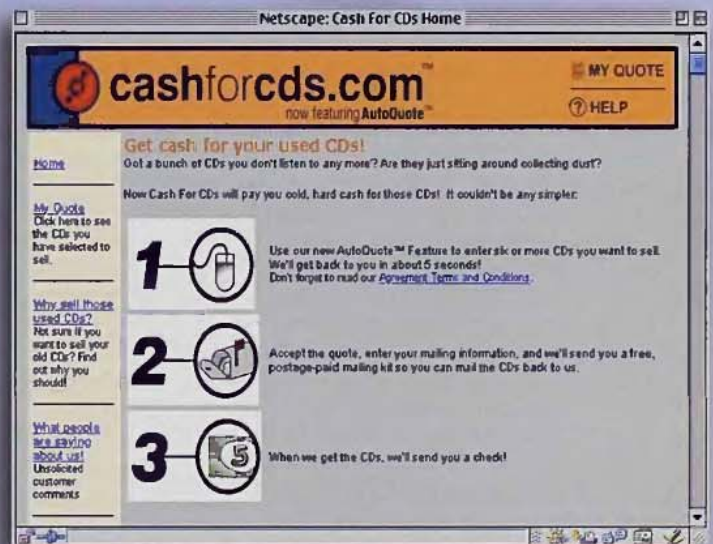
The web, by any standard, is huge. It contains at least 250 million pages. The bad news is you'd die before you could see them all. The good news is that 99 percent of them aren't worth looking at. (If you doubt it, conduct your own survey by using the Web Autopilot at www.mit.edu/people/mkgray/autopilot.html.) Even if only one percent of the web is worth looking at, that still leaves millions of pages of good stuff. It may seem hopeless, but by using web digests, news junkies can catch up on the best of the Net's daily dishing of dirt.

Journalist Jim Romanesko's sleekly designed Obscure Store (obscurestore.com) is updated every weekday morning with at least a dozen items culled from newspapers round the world. Whether reporting on a 79-year-old woman who engaged in hand-to-paw combat with a wild fox for 12 hours, or a student who sued her high school after it forbade her from wearing a pentagram to class, the Obscure Store has a wealth of topical trivia that will turn you into the hit of the office mailing list. Another daily di-

gest, robotwisdom.com, offers headlines from around the web, along with webcam-of-the-hour images. For a good digest of Internet-related tidbits, try Dave Pell's Dave-netics (davenetics.com). For condensed versions of the major daily papers, visit slate.com (which recently abandoned subscription charges and began giving away its contents). The truly ravenous will love www.news.hub.com, which updates its headlines every 15 minutes.

If you decide that daily digests should become part of your morning routine, then start using quickbrowse.com. This free service will compile all your favorite sites on one long page. That way, you can toast your English muffins while Quickbrowse grabs sites. That will allow you to read the compiled digest

without having to load the pages one-by-one. You can even configure Quickbrowse to e-mail your page to you. It's like getting a morning newspaper that has only the stuff you want to read.



DISCS FOR DOLLARS

I have too many CDs. Sloppy towers of jewel boxes are stacked around my stereo system, threatening to topple over any time a Harley rumbles by. Whenever the clutter becomes hazardous, I sell discs to the local used CD store. This time, however, I avoided the trip and sold them to Cash for CDs (cashforcds.com) instead. The site makes it easy to offload your idle CDs. You start by listing the discs you want to get rid of (you have to sell at least six at a time). Cash for CDs gives you an instant quote. They offered me \$19 for six CDs I hadn't listened to since Clinton took office. A few days later, a postage-prepaid package arrived in my mailbox. I slipped the CDs in it, sent it off, and a week later I got my check. Very cool. Now, if only there were a cashforoldpizzaboxes.com.

You may contact Mark Frauenfelder at livingonline@playboy.com.

Summer Sweat

(continued from page 72)

intimacy from her lover, yet she was wounded easily as an adolescent girl. She said carefully, "Of course Kevin is beautiful, Gregor. He's your son."

Frowning, Gregor corrected, "Pegreen's, too."

Pegreen the Wife, the Earth Mother. Six years older than Gregor, whom she'd seduced as a youth of 19; she'd been the wife of one of his music instructors at the New England Conservatory. A slovenly-glamorous woman with gray-veined black haystack hair, a fleshy, sensual body and a beautiful, ruined face like a smeared Matisse. Pegreen exuded a derisive sort of sexuality like an oily glisten of sweat; in fact, she was noticeably warm in public, flush-faced, with damp half-moons beneath her arms and tendrils of hair stuck to her low, broad forehead. Her eyes were malicious and merry and she wore bright red lipstick like a Forties screen actress. She wore tight-fitting summer-knit sweaters with drooping necks and ankle-length skirts with alarming slits to mid thigh. She, too, was a musician and played piano, organ, guitar, mouth harmonica and drums with a gay, giddy imprecision; as if mocking the deadly serious art of her husband and his colleagues. She had a loud, contagious laugh very like her husband's, and like her husband she had a weakness for vodka and gin, beer and wine, whiskey, whatever. She was said to be more experimental and therefore more careless in drug use than Gregor, with a Sixties hashish habit. It was said that Pegreen was devoted to her difficult "genius" of a husband unless she was bitterly resentful of her difficult "genius" of a husband. Certainly they quarreled a good deal, and exchanged blows harder than slaps in private. (So Adriana learned, marveling at a cascade of purple bruises on her lover's back.) Pegreen was the Earth Mother grown ironic about mothering and wife-ing and woman-ing in general. She would appear to have been manic-depressive, though mostly manic, in high spirits. Yet one day following a quarrel with Gregor she bundled the two youngest children with her into the station wagon and drove as fast as the vehicle would go on the New York Thruway, the children screaming and crying in the car when a state trooper stopped her; she'd lost her license for six months and begun to see a psychotherapist. At one point she spent some time in a psychiatric clinic in Manhattan. Gregor said, "Pegreen meant to crash the station wagon, I'm sure. Yet

she could not. Her ties are as deep as mine. She isn't truly mad, she has only the showy outward energies of madness." The most disturbing thing Adriana knew of Pegreen was that she'd acquired from somewhere a .32-caliber revolver, which, she boasted, she carried "in my purse and on my person" when she went into the city. She laughed at the alarm and disapproval of her husband's colleagues. She was a firm believer, she said teasingly, in the right to bear arms and in the survival of the fittest.

Adriana protested, "But does your wife have a permit for this gun? Is it legal?" and Gregor said, shrugging, "Ask her." Adriana said, "But aren't you frightened, a gun in the house? Does your wife know how to use it? And what about the children?" Lovemaking left Adriana exhausted and close to tears and her voice dismayingly nasal. You can't make love with another woman's husband for most of an afternoon without fantasizing a certain power over his thoughts, a claim to his loyalty. Though knowing it was risky to pump Gregor about his family beyond what he chose to volunteer, Adriana couldn't resist. Her heart thumped in the callow hope of hearing him speak harshly of her rival. Instead, he turned irritably away from Adriana and rubbed his eyes with both knuckles. They were lying amid the mangled, damp sheets of the Bide-a-Wee. A smell, like that of backed-up drains, pervaded the room. No longer clutched together in each other's arms devouring each other's anguished mouth, they lay side by side like carved effigy figures. Gregor swung his hairy, brutal legs off the edge of the bed and sat up, grunting. "Pegreen does what Pegreen will do. I'll use the bathroom first, OK?"

Twenty-three years later at a memorial service at the Institute for the deceased Edith Pryce, and a decade after Pegreen's death (in an alleged auto accident on the Thruway at a time when Pegreen was undergoing chemotherapy for ovarian cancer, 52 years old and still married to Gregor Wodicki), Adriana will hear again that cruel, koan-like phrase. *Pegreen does what Pegreen will do.*

In the Bide-a-Wee, there was not the eerie labyrinthine cage of too-straight pine trees but instead a low water-stained ceiling and a single window with a water-stained blind and that pervasive odor of drains, and sexual sweat. Where they'd lain the sheets looked torn, trampled. There was a sweetly sour odor of matted hair, underarms. The window-unit rattling air conditioner was defeated by July heat rising toward 100° F and humidity like a gigan-

tic expelled breath. Hours in a delirium of angry yearning they'd strained together, kissing, biting and sucking, tonguing each other's livid bodies. Like great convulsing snakes they were. A percussive music in their groans, in their frightened-sounding whimpers and shrill spasm-cries. If either had wished to believe this might be their final meeting, and afterward each would be free of the other, neither believed so now. There was a hook in their bodies impaling both. There would be no easy release. Their eyes rolled glassy-white in their skulls in a mimicry of death. Saliva sprang from the corners of their mouths. Their genitals were tender, smarting as if skinless. Everywhere Adriana's skin smarted from her selfish lover's unshaven jaws and the wiry hairs of his body. Gregor's back was scribbled red from Adriana's mad raking nails. He laughed she would tear off his head with her teeth, like the female praying mantis of legend. Yet perhaps he was afraid, a bit. Where he gripped her shoulders, the reddened imprints of his fingers remained. Her breasts were bruised and the nipples sore like a nursing mother's (though Adriana Kaplan had never nursed any infant, and would not). Afterward Adriana would stare at the marks her lover left on her body, sacred hieroglyphics she alone could interpret. She was cunning, clipping her pubic hair with her husband's nail clippers; her pubic hair which was a bristling bushy black, scintillant, like the hair of her head, which she wore in a single braid like a bullwhip halfway down her back. She wanted nothing to come between her and Gregor, nothing to muffle her physical sense of him. For she seemed to know that this was the only knowledge she would have of him, and this fleeting as breath: their sexual contact, to be protracted as long as possible. Long shuddering waves of what was called pleasure yet for which, to Adriana, there was no adequate term.

If I'm hurting you, tell me and I'll stop.

No. Don't stop. Never never stop.

"It just ends." So Adriana remarked of one of Gregor's compositions performed by a string quartet, and Gregor stiffened, saying, "No, it's broken off," and Adriana said, "But that's what I mean. It ends with no warning to the listener, you keep waiting to hear more," and Gregor said, "Exactly. That's what I want. The listener completes the music in silence, himself." Adriana realized that her lover, so casual about others' feelings, was in fact offended by this exchange; it offended him further to be obliged to spell things out, and to

(continued on page 159)

Little Annie Fanny

BY RAY LAGO AND BILL SCHORR
WITH D. BERENSON

THE LATEST TREND IN SCIENCE AND MEDICINE IS TO CREATE LIFESTYLE ENHANCEMENT DRUGS THAT HELP REVERSE THE AGING PROCESS. WANDA HOMEFREE, ALWAYS ON THE CUTTING EDGE, TAKES ANNIE TO HER NEWEST JOB AT RISER, THE WORLD RENOWNED MAKER OF VIAGROW, WHERE THEY ARE TRYING TO PROVE WHAT GOES DOWN...MUST COME UP.





AS YOU CAN SEE, IT'S MADNESS... WE CAN'T KEEP UP WITH DEMAND...

DR. BONER, THE WHITE HOUSE IS ON LINE ONE!

IT SEEMS LIKE EVERYBODY IN THE COUNTRY IS TRYING TO ENHANCE THEMSELVES SEXUALLY.

JEEPERS! WHAT DID MEN DO BEFORE VIAGROW?

GOT IN TOUCH WITH THEMSELVES.

YA?
NO!... VE STILL HAVEN'T DEVELOPED A PILL TO MAKE IT GO DOWN!



THE DOCTOR IS SINGLE-HANDEDLY CHANGING MEN'S LIVES!

MEET ZEE VIAGROW ALL-STAR TEAM, ANNIE!

LET'S JUST SAY LIDDY'S BEEN CALLING ME BOB POLE.

WOW! YOU ARE PRESIDENTIAL MATERIAL... AND I SHOULD KNOW!

MY DAYS OF BEING A SHRIVELED OLD MAN ARE OVER!

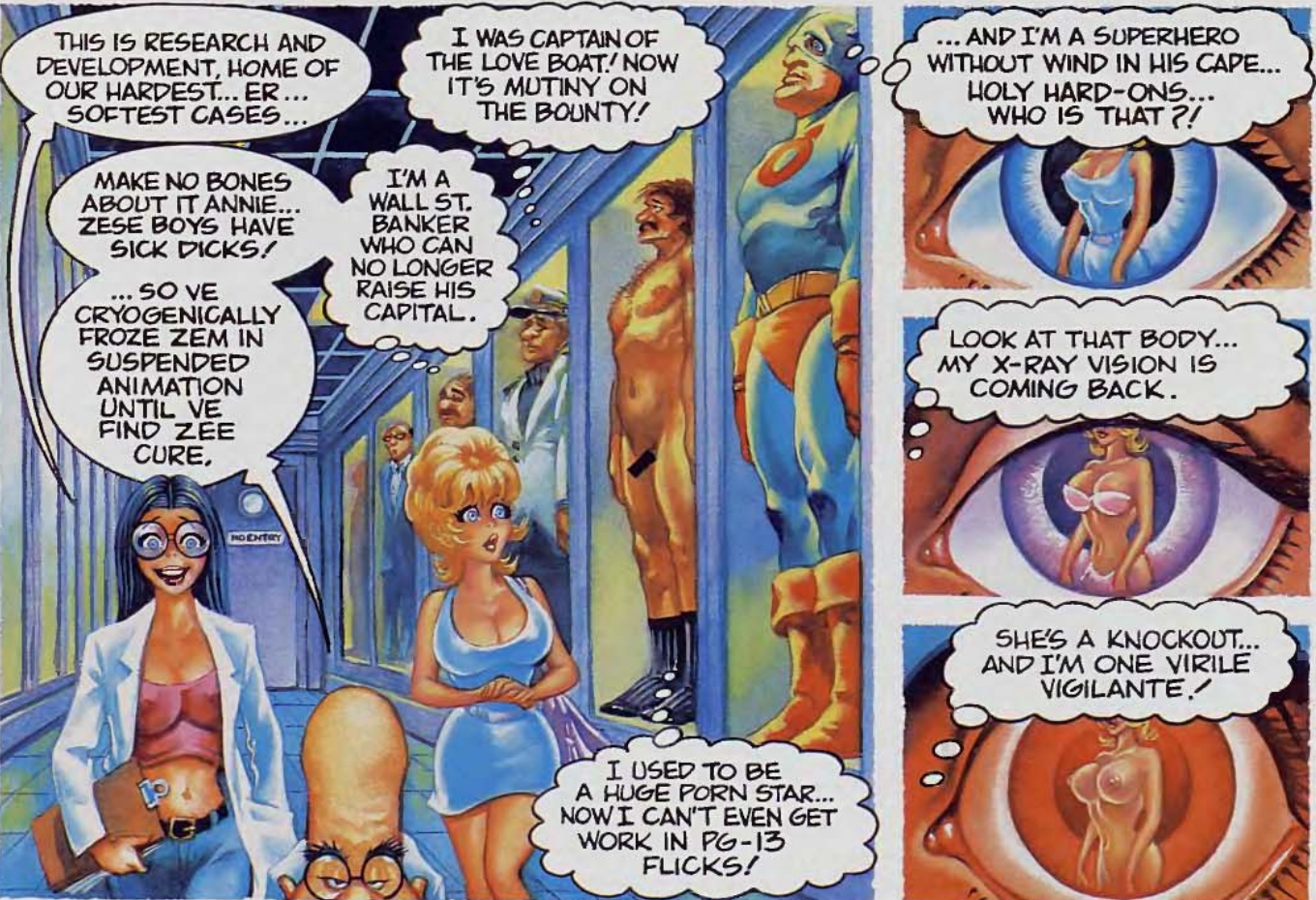
I USED TO BE NEUROTIC.

NOBODY CALLS ME DOUGHBOY ANYMORE!

NOW I'M MICRO-HARD!

NOW I KNOW WHY THEY CALL YOU WOODY!

HEY, STUDDUFFIN! THE DOCTOR SAYS I HAVE ONE IN THE OVEN.



THIS IS RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT, HOME OF OUR HARDEST... ER... SOFTEST CASES...

I WAS CAPTAIN OF THE LOVE BOAT! NOW IT'S MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY!

... AND I'M A SUPERHERO WITHOUT WIND IN HIS CAPE... HOLY HARD-ONS... WHO IS THAT?!

MAKE NO BONES ABOUT IT ANNIE... ZESE BOYS HAVE SICK DICKS!

I'M A WALL ST. BANKER WHO CAN NO LONGER RAISE HIS CAPITAL.

... SO VE CRYGENICALLY FROZE ZEM IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION UNTIL VE FIND ZEE CURE.

LOOK AT THAT BODY... MY X-RAY VISION IS COMING BACK.

SHE'S A KNOCKOUT... AND I'M ONE VIRILE VIGILANTE!

I USED TO BE A HUGE PORN STAR... NOW I CAN'T EVEN GET WORK IN PG-13 FLICKS!

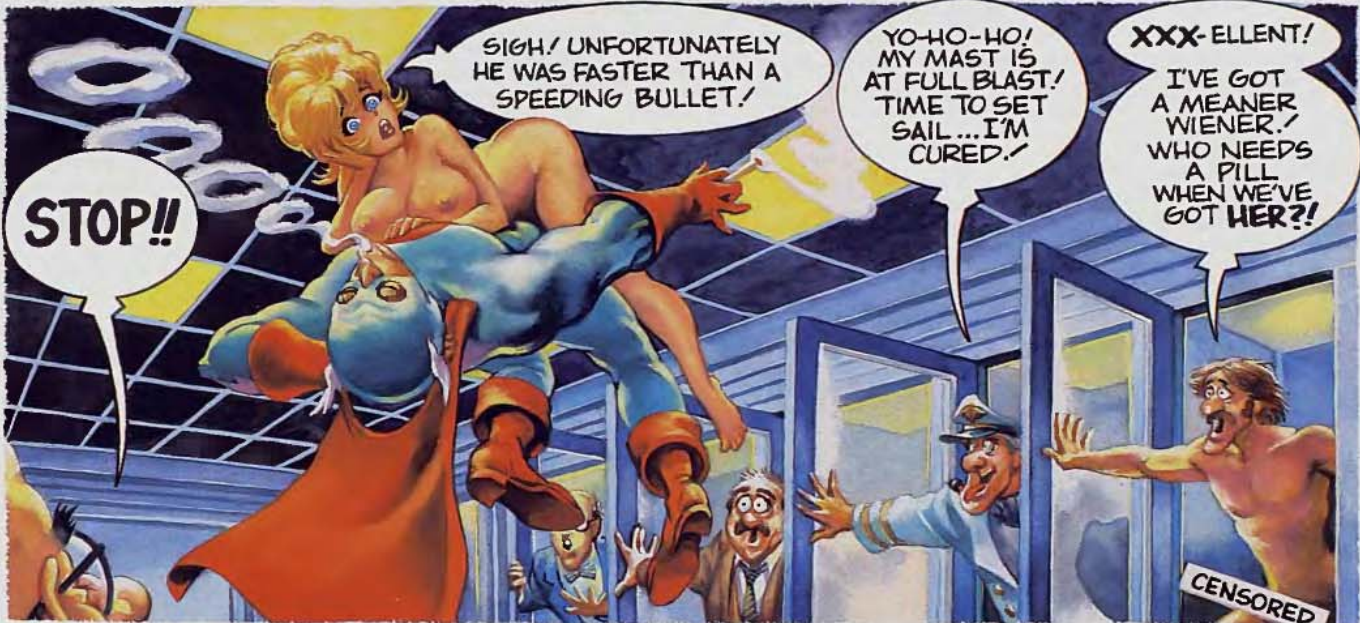


ABLE TO LEAP TALL BLONDES IN A SINGLE BOUND!

GLORYOSKY!

HE'S MORE POWERFUL THAN A LOCOMOTIVE!

KRASH!



STOP!!

SIGH! UNFORTUNATELY HE WAS FASTER THAN A SPEEDING BULLET!

YO-HO-HO! MY MAST IS AT FULL BLAST! TIME TO SET SAIL... I'M CURED!

XXX-ELLENT! I'VE GOT A MEANER WIENER! WHO NEEDS A PILL WHEN WE'VE GOT HER?!

CENSORED



DON'T LEAVE!

GET OUT! BOTH OF YOU! YOU'RE GOING TO RUIN ME! @★#*!!

JEEPERS, WANDA, I'M SORRY YOU LOST YOUR NEW JOB!

IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT ANNIE. SOME GUYS DON'T NEED A LITTLE PILL TO BECOME BIG PRICKS!

END

CENSORED

TELEVISION

(continued from page 36)

in magazines.

This is not to propose that *The Sopranos* is the filmed equivalent of classic literature. But it's been pretty damned good from week to week. And it points the way toward improved, if not entirely new, entertainment for intelligent audiences with the time to enjoy it. For time is the secret ingredient of this show. Unlike commercial movies, where the ante is inexorably upped by special effects and a frantic pace, and unlike programs on network TV, where rigid formulas require high-revving action between commercial breaks, *The Sopranos* dares to take its good old time, whenever leisure is indicated, on the valid assumption that viewers will watch anything worthy of their attention.

As a result, scenes can breathe; they can resonate with silence amid the funny lines. In one episode, Tony, in the grip of tumultuous feelings he couldn't fathom, takes his daughter to church. Meadow (what a perfect choice for her name!)

doesn't want to be there and doesn't understand why her father suddenly needs to talk about his grandfather and grand-uncle, both long dead. Tony explains that they were stone and marble workers who came over from Italy; they helped build the church. Meadow still doesn't get it for the longest, quietest time, but then she does. She gets her father's sense of connection, and his terror of ancient ties being severed. We get, in a single wordless moment, the drama of immigration, the sweep of time, the distance between parents and children and the loss of faith that brought Tony to his sorry pass.

The other part of this production's excellence is no secret at all, though for many writers and producers these days it might as well be a lost art. The ingredient is curiosity, an eagerness to explore every possibility that presents itself. The show seems actively open to ramification, whether serious, comic or both. That's why its situations are so deliciously unpredictable, its characters and dialogue so fragrant. Father Phil, a movie-nut priest who spends a night at

Tony's house while he's away, comes on to Carmela, Tony's wife, in a scene that's excruciating for its sexual and emotional ambiguities. Tony's harridan of a mother, played by the usually patrician Nancy Marchand in a slatternly style befitting Edith Bunker, sounds like Archie Bunker redux when she expresses her scorn for psychiatry: "That's just a racket for the Jews."

The only false notes of the show's first season were the didactic ones, dramatic lapses in which Jennifer Melfi and her family suddenly became mouthpieces for the message that all Italian Americans aren't mobsters. Of course they're not, and of course those were obligatory scenes, intended to defuse possible complaints. Yet it's a small price to pay—that, and the cost of subscribing to HBO—for such rich rewards. Even Melfi is not what she seems. Instead of a stock shrink, the show gives us a woman whose professional status was probably hard-won, maybe at night school, and whose ethical structure is more than slightly imperiled by her own half-intuited taste for danger.

Movies form a matrix for character on this show. Tony's son, Anthony Jr., sheds any illusions about his dad's career in waste management when he sees federal agents snapping photographs at a family funeral. Tony's coked-up nephew and shaky right-hand man, Christopher, proclaims his movie love: "That smell in Blockbuster? That candy-and-carpet smell? I get high on it!" Christopher misquotes *The Godfather*, insisting that it's Louis Brazzi who sleeps with the fishes.

In between his duties as a remorseless enforcer Tony is busy writing his own gangster-thriller script, though he can barely write his name. He's worried about the movie books that say every character must have an arc. "Where's my arc?" he asks his dim-bulb friend Paulie, who replies insouciantly, "Hey, I got no arc either."

Tony's arc couldn't be clearer—it's curving precipitously down—and his character would do any movie proud. A slow blinker with a deceptively amiable slouch and a sly, Peck's-bad-boy smile, he's easy to loathe and impossible to hate as he staggers, squinting, from his Mafia cave into the light of partial self-knowledge. "My son is doomed, right?" he asks his doctor during one bleak session after flashbacks of family life almost bring him down. During another, as wrenching as it is funny and bizarre, he speaks of his horror at being likened to a Frankenstein monster, and he ends up envying a Hasidic victim his belief in God. Of course, the star of this singular TV epic is indeed a Frankenstein monster, with all the potential for good and evil that such monsterdom implies. It makes him hard to live with but great to watch.



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Daytime Phone # (_____) _____

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Signed _____

Credit Card No. (Print All Digits) _____ Exp. Date _____

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Can You Buy A Better Game?

One of our favorite marketing entrepreneurs, Charles Mandel, has gone golf crazy. After successfully founding and selling two magazines, he decided the equipment-obsessed golf business needed him. Charlie created an independent golf club-testing service called Rankmark Inc. (rankmark@aol.com).

Rankmark tests clubs and sends uncensored reports to the golf companies that subscribe to his service. After looking at the results of thousands of tests from his core group of 180 users, Mandel has established rankings for clubs, plus a mass of anecdotal reports. Here are some of his comments on clubs, followed by a chart of his key recent findings:

"People hit clubs they like better than clubs they don't like," Charlie says. "A lot of this is in your head. If you don't like a club—the way it looks, the way it feels—you're never going to hit it well. Right now, fairway woods are hot because for most amateurs, the long second shot is the make-or-break factor in

Charlie is not a convert to titanium. "I think it's overrated. I don't think titanium gives more distance. It gives more comfort. The testers had confidence in the titanium face on the Armours, so they put better swings on the ball more often."

When we asked Charlie how much distance players get from new technology, he said, "The only clubs we saw that actually increased distance were the Taylor Made Ti Bubble 2s. Otherwise, people get the distance their swings give them. The Hawk Eye fairway woods, for example, did well in the testing, but you won't hit the ball longer than your average good distance." [This will come as a surprise—and challenge—to the many golfers we know who swear by their Biggest Big Berthas and Titleist 975Ds.—ED.]

Other observations from Mandel: "Beginners should purchase complete sets of woods and irons from a single company. MacGregor, Northwestern and Spalding all make solid sets for the novice golfer.

"Golfers of average skill should purchase woods and irons separately," he says. "Top-Flite's Muscle shafts help get the ball

CHARLIE RECOMMENDS

| | | | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------------|---------------------------------|-------------------------------|----------------------------|
| DRIVERS | CALLAWAY HAWK EYE | TAYLOR MADE | MC HENRY METALS | YONEX REKIN |
| FAIRWAY WOODS | ADAMS TIGHT LIES | ORLIMAR TRIMETAL | CALLAWAY STEELHEAD | MC HENRY METALS |
| IRONS | WILSON FAT SHAFT | ARMOUR TITANIUM-FACE | COBRA OFFSET | MIZUNO |

their golf scores.

"In our tests of fairway woods, the Adams Tight Lies was the best of the best. The Orlimar TriMetal was second. People also liked the Callaway Big Bertha Steelhead, the McHenry Metals and the Cobra offset. There's also a very good Ram utility wood. The Carbite seven wood was also good. Many of our testers praised the Wilson three wood and the Air Bear 2 fairway woods.

"The drivers that rated at the top in our tests are the Callaway Great Big Bertha Hawk Eye, Taylor Made Ti Bubble 2, McHenry Metals and Yonex Rekin Super 03 Titanium. Yonex is something of a secret. People are surprised at how good it is. It's very light for the mass of the head.

"Advanced golfers did well with the Titleist Titanium 975D, Callaway's Biggest Big Bertha and the Yonex."

About irons Charlie says: "The top-tier irons are the Wilson Fat Shaft RM Tour, the Armour 845s Titanium face, Cobra offset and Mizuno. Titleist DCIs and Taylor Made were very close. The Wilson Fat Shafts received more number one votes than any other set of irons. They're solid; they swing like a one-piece club." Surprisingly, Mizuno forged irons, which aren't as forgiving as cavity-back designs, do well in the tests. "Good amateurs want to play them," says Charlie.

About Callaway's highly promoted Big Bertha irons, Charlie says, "They're not for beginners. In our tests, novice players didn't do well with these clubs. Average and better players do well with them."

in the air faster. Wilson Fat Shafts, Cobra offsets, Armour 845s and the new Nicklaus AirMax irons are good for average players." According to Rankmark's tests, advanced golfers will benefit from irons made by Callaway, Mizuno, Ping and Titleist.

"The Adams driver is noteworthy," says Charlie. "It comes in three different face angles to help cure slices and hooks. That technology works."

Charlie makes an informed observation about wedges. "Wedges are money clubs," he says. "People want to play the same wedges that pros play. But the pros tamper with their wedges more than any other club. The wedges you can buy off the shelf aren't the same as those the pros use. Everybody wants to play Titleist Vokey wedges or Cleveland wedges because they look so good. But you have to be a player to make the ball spin like the pros."

Finally, Charlie says, "It's not the arrow, it's the archer. The technology has produced clubs that help amateurs play better than they could play with clubs that were made 30 years ago. But if you have a bad swing, you'll hit bad shots. Nothing will do as much for you as improving your swing."



GOLF '99

(continued from page 124)

how successful they are. It isn't unheard of for a top player to receive \$30,000 for a one-day fund-raiser. That explains why the dichotomy of lifestyles can be so stark. Greg Norman has a new 142-foot yacht with four staterooms and a crew of nine. Its estimated value: \$10 million. Kevin Sutherland still has his 1991 Honda with 180,000 miles on it. Estimated value: \$2000.

Though more players buy into time-share deals on small jets, Norman is the king of toys (jet, helicopter, yacht). On a smaller scale, Frank Licklitter's black Humvee turns heads in parking lots. But fishing is the most popular hobby on Tour. Nancy Cain travels the Tour promoting Fenwick graphite shafts. As an entree, she outfits players with the company's fishing gear.

You don't see a lot of partying. Golf is a game of balance and today's pros feel hitting a golf ball with "waves behind their eyeballs" is a sure way to miss a cut. "I don't think there is a lot of that on any tour. Instead of having a few beers, they go work out," says Kevin Wentworth, who looks like Jack Armstrong in Ashworth duds.

It may be an indication of innate blandness that the best perk on the PGA Tour is the child care provided during tournaments. However, it is child care PGA-style: The Tour contracts a firm to work all tournaments, so providers have to travel with the golfers. It sounds like a lot of trouble just to keep some kids occupied, but the PGA Tour wants everyone to be comfortable with the providers.

Anything to make it like home. Fred Funk's favorite place to play is Houston because for that week he stays with a family and gets to share in everyday life—backyard parties, Little League games, a lived-in home. For all its luxury, life on Tour is full of pressure. It's nomadic and lonely. There is hardly any socializing among players. Jesper Parnevik of Sweden feels there is more of that in Europe because tournaments there are held at a site with one large hotel. "Here, everyone is in 42 different places," Parnevik says.

The increased purses make the PGA Tour more attractive. The qualifying system known as Tour School, wherein a player earns the right to play, grows larger every year. In other words, there is more competition for all that money. It isn't easy.

"It is their business," said Steve Mata, who works for Titleist as a promotion manager. His job is to get Titleist clubs into players' bags. "There is so much money out here that they won't do anything that might screw things up."



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 25, 39-40, 92-95, 114-115, 120-121, 124-127 and 171, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



Hugo Boss, 800-HUGO-BOSS. V-neck by Dolce and Gabbana, at Barneys New York, NYC, 212-826-8900 and Beverly Hills, 310-276-4400. Pants by Sandy Dalal, at Saks Fifth Avenue stores. Suit and shirt by Helmut Lang, at Barneys New York stores.

CANCEL CASUAL FRIDAYS

Pages 120-121: Ties: By Er-

WIRED

Page 25: "New Kid on the Tech Block": TV by Loewe, 877-563-9388. "It's in the Bag": Notebook computer bags: By Glaser Designs, 800-234-1075. By Shaun Jackson Designs, 888-662-4300. By Tumi, 800-322-8864. By Kipling, from Tumi, 800-546-4564. "Wild Things": Computer by Sharp Electronics, 800-237-4277.

MANTRACK

Page 39: "Sit Behind This Desk, Hotshot": Furniture by Haworth, 899-344-2600. "You Have to Know When to Fold 'Em": Knives: By Gerber, 503-639-6161, gerber blades.com. By GT Knives, from Pioneer Valley Knife and Tool, 800-956-4337. By Columbia River Knife and Tool, from A.G. Russell, 800-255-9034. By Spyderco, 800-525-7770. Page 40: "Now You're Cookin'": Cuisine machine by Vorwerk USA, 888-867-9375. "Guys Are Talking About": Preshave oils: By Aramis, at fine department stores. By Art of Shaving, 800-696-4999. By American Crew, 800-598-2739. Laser range finder by Bushnell, 888-276-5945. Car by Saab, 800-GET-SAAB.

HEMINGWAY STYLE

Pages 92-95: Laptop desk and safari bag from Hammacher Schlemmer, 800-543-3366. First edition book from Asprey and Garrard, NYC, 212-688-1811. Fountain pen by Montblanc, 800-388-4810. Flask from Beretta Gallery, NYC, 212-319-3235. Serengeti side stand from Thomasville Furniture, 800-225-0265, thomasville.com. Hemingway Cookbook, available at local bookstores, from Independent Publishers Group, 800-888-4741 or through hemingwaycookbook.com. The Hemingway Review, University of Idaho Press, 16 Brink Hall, Moscow, ID 83844-1107, 800-847-7377.

CLOTHES ARE HIS FRIENDS

Pages 114-115: Sweater by Missoni, at Neiman Marcus stores. Jacket and tie by

Ermenegildo Zegna, at Ermenegildo Zegna and Saks Fifth Avenue stores. By Calvin Klein, at Bloomingdale's stores. By Donna Karan, at Saks Fifth Avenue and Barneys New York stores. By Valentino Cravatte, 800-785-2347. By Joseph Abboud, at Bloomingdale's and Nordstrom stores. By Ralph Lauren, 800-494-7656, and at Bloomingdale's and Saks Fifth Avenue stores. By Alfred Dunhill, 800-541-0738. By Robert Talbot, 800-747-8778, and at Nordstrom stores and Bergdorf Goodman, NYC, 212-753-7300. By Mondo di Marco, Garden City, New York, 516-877-0707, and Boca Raton, 407-394-3119, and at Syd Jerome, Chicago, 312-346-0333. By Audrey Buckner, at Louis, Boston, 617-262-6100, Barneys New York and Nordstrom stores. By Lanvin, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC, 212-753-7300, Saks Fifth Avenue and Neiman Marcus stores. By Paul Smith, NYC, 212-627-9770. By Burberry, at Burberry stores.

GOLF '99

Pages 124-127: Golf bag by Wilson Sporting Goods, 800-622-0444. Golf clubs: By Wilson Sporting Goods, 800-622-0444. By TearDrop, 800-868-7984. By Mizuno USA, 800-333-7888. By Taylor Made, 800-888-2582. By Adams, 800-622-0609. By Callaway Golf, 800-228-2726. By Orlimar, 800-833-4266.

ON THE SCENE

Page 171: "What Goes Around Comes Around": Turntables: By Music Hall, 516-487-3663. From Technics, by Panasonic Electronics, 800-211-7262. By Rotel, 800-370-3741. By Rega Research, 423-521-6464, from Holm Audio, 630-663-1298. By Thorens of America LLC, 718-847-4289. By Oracle, 819-573-5488, from Holm Audio, 630-663-1298.

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Lesbians have hobbies because they don't have guys to work on. In lieu of busting a guy's balls, they golf.

and need no excuses?

JIMMY: I fart a lot, and my wife never, ever farts. It's a weird thing because, you know, we eat a lot of the same stuff. Maybe there is some difference physiologically between men and women. But she gets crazy. She gets so mad when I'm just lying in bed farting, which is every night. She threatens that we're gonna have different rooms and all this stuff, and I just laugh harder. It just makes me laugh so hard that sometimes I get stomach pains from laughing. I can see how it's disgusting, but on the other hand, I have no plans to slow down.

ADAM: It's an interesting point you bring up, because women physiologically don't operate that much differently from men. They drink a certain amount of fluids, they urinate a certain amount, they defecate a certain amount, blood pumps at a certain rate—everything's the same but the fart. I don't think farting gets cultivated in them at a young age.

A tip to women as far as the farting goes: If you don't want your guy to fart, do not make the mistake of laughing or even coming close to accepting it, be-

cause that's a big green light. That's all he needs. If the very first time Jimmy farted in front of Gina, she said, "I can't believe you would show me that disregard. Don't ever do that again," and really spun out, it would have set a different tempo.

On the other hand, it's important for men to break wind early and often in a relationship and really let the women know where they stand.

PLAYBOY: How can we disable the inbred female imperative to make projects out of their boyfriends and husbands?

JIMMY: You can't disable it. The only thing you can do is fight it as much as possible. Occasionally they might have a good suggestion.

ADAM: Women's hobbies are guys. We got cars, we got model stuff, we got sports, we got hobbies; they don't have hobbies. Their hobby is you. You look like a big fucking Erector set to them. That's what they see: some kit that's not finished. Interestingly, lesbians have hobbies because they don't have guys to work on. In lieu of busting a guy's balls all day, they go play a round of golf.

PLAYBOY: Women on trampolines: They like it, we like it. Is it one of the intentions of your show to celebrate life's uncomplicated pleasures?

JIMMY: Our show is about what is true and what isn't. It's no bullshit. I mean, *Baywatch*, *VIP*, these shows are T and A shows, but they pretend to have a plot in all that stuff. We are not pretending; we have girls jumping on trampolines. That's as honest as it gets. We like to watch girls on trampolines. We're not going to make them carry machine guns and pretend to be busting up some kind of drug run. We just want to look at the nipples.

ADAM: "The Pope's in town, Pamela, he's going to need protection. It's gonna be hot out there. We better wear something loose fitting." Just put her on the fucking trampoline.

PLAYBOY: What are the only acceptable things to say when opening a gift from your girlfriend or wife?

JIMMY: I'm always very honest and it pisses my wife off, but when you're married it's like it's your money and she's wasting it. My wife will get me gifts sometimes, and I look at them and I can't imagine who her husband is. For Valentine's Day my wife bought me this art deco digital clock at a flea market. I wanted to just throw it right into the garbage, because it is exactly the opposite of anything I might possibly want. It was ugly. I had no idea why she bought it for me. I said, "I hope that wasn't expensive." "It was kind of." "Can't take it back, can you?" "Nope, flea market." "All right, well, I guess we ought to hold on to it 'cause it cost money." But I haven't seen it since that day and I will never see it again.

ADAM: It's ironic: When your wife buys you a gift, she buys it with your money. She could buy you a Rolls-Royce, but you'd be pissed off because it means you bought yourself a Rolls. It's sort of like when they give you something from your pet or from your five-year-old. The kid didn't go buy it and the cat didn't go buy it. You bought it and it got recycled through them. It's like money laundering.

PLAYBOY: Describe a perfect day off for a man.

JIMMY: I like being in the house alone because I can masturbate in rooms I'm not normally allowed in. It's really great when you live with people. I would not want to live alone; I'd get stir-crazy after a while. But when you live with a family and then have the whole house to yourself, it's like when the dog gets out. It's running and sniffing everything and leaving its scent.

ADAM: Yeah, you can pee in the sink, run around in your underpants. And when you cook, you take the time to fix something weird, like waffles, or something messy.



"Dear, I think I've found the perfect place for your den!"



Lucy Liu

(continued from page 119)

they're a quarter of the way up they are exhausted and they've blown themselves out. Women usually have stronger legs. It's called the four points—if your four points are even, then your energy is dispersed in a good way. It's a Zen way of working out. You feel like you're reaching a goal. You have to try it to understand it. It's actually a really safe sport if you do it right, because you're completely locked into the rock. If you do fall, you should be hanging—everything should be attached.

6

PLAYBOY: How good can a non-Asian get with chopsticks? Any tips?

LIU: Pretty good. There's a right way to use them and I don't use them properly. I have friends who are Canadian and Caucasian and American who use chopsticks much better than I do. I don't use them properly, but I get the food and that's the most important thing.

7

PLAYBOY: You're an artist. Do you understand the reviews in *Artforum*?

LIU: They reviewed a piece I saw in New York titled *White on White*. It was white canvas with white paint on it. They went into this whole breakdown of the idea behind it. After a while you start thinking, Wow, it was a really good idea for this person to paint white on white. It's

revolutionary. In reality it was white on white—anyone could have done it. I think art is subjective. I applied for an NEA grant once. I submitted slides of my work along with an impassioned essay. They ended up giving the grant to somebody who was handing out dollar bills in Mexico. It was about the energy of giving the money out. I was really pissed off. I don't understand that or things that are really abstract. I'm a visual person. I understand that modern art is different. I can appreciate it to a certain degree, but it kind of pisses me off.

8

PLAYBOY: In *Payback*, did Mel Gibson come quietly or did you have to rough him up a bit?

LIU: Roughing up is always a good thing, never forget that. Everybody likes to be roughed up. And I don't think any man comes quietly. Mel is a great guy.

9

PLAYBOY: Are we condemned to choose one from column A and one from column B, or are we free to choose whatever we want from all over the menu?

LIU: In my life, I choose from every column. People grow and change. You learn about stuff, you get more experienced, you learn you were ignorant before. You can't expect to know everything. I wasn't allowed to watch *Three's Company* when I was growing up because it was about two women and a guy living together. We always sneaked in and

watched it even though we weren't supposed to. When you start categorizing things, that's when people go crazy. You want column B because you're in column A. You want anything you don't have. But you shouldn't deny yourself anything.

10

PLAYBOY: Do you get off on the idea of having a love slave?

LIU: I get so off on it. It's great. I love it because he bows down to me and it's such a feeling of power. His weakness is something that's just delicious. Weakness can be delicious, but only when [*Ally McBeal* co-star] Greg Germann delivers it. Sometimes it's just like, Good Lord, get the spatula, get the jellyfish off me. But when Greg does it, it's like quivering. You just want to slap him, and when you do, he enjoys it. He eats it up. The more he enjoys it, the more you enjoy it. So we work off each other's energy. Plus, he's so powerful in his everyday life as a lawyer and a money fiend that it's nice to see him get down and quiver.

11

PLAYBOY: Is this real acting for you, or do you see where it comes from?

LIU: It's hard for me. I was so terrified the day I had to lick Fish's finger, because it was so phallic. I was on the verge of tears because it was like I was selling my soul on national television—licking this guy's cock, practically. If anything, it would get me a second job at the Pink

CRUISER



Chris Browne

Pussycat Theater. I was so terrified, and then I just did it. I wasn't sure how to feel about it. Then I had to do it again a few episodes later and it was easier. I guess it was easier because I'm accepting myself more as a woman people are attracted to. I'm seeing that I can be a leading lady doing these things.

12

PLAYBOY: If you thought Calista Flockhart were too thin, you'd tell her, right?
LIU: No, I wouldn't. I'm just not close enough to her to tell her something like that. I think she looks great. She is in great shape. If people thought I were too heavy, I'm not sure I'd want them to tell me. It's a personal issue.

13

PLAYBOY: Your character, Ling, describes men as horny toads. Is that so wrong?
LIU: It's not so much that it's wrong, because women are horny toads too a lot of the time. Sometimes women want to go out and screw and leave in the morning just like some guys do. I just happen to think that, as a whole, women are a lot more emotional and need a certain amount of security that men don't always have the ability to offer. It's a social issue, it's a gender issue, and it's something that gets in the way. But it's not particularly bad.

14

PLAYBOY: How can you avoid being a moron in love?

LIU: Can't. You have to be a moron in love. That's the fucked-up thing about love. I've done so many stupid things. When I'm really into something I'm in it all the way. I'll do almost anything without thinking about it until the relationship is over. Then I just think about what a fucking idiot I was. You give yourself 100 percent to the relationship or to the person and you can't think straight. Your mind is somewhere else. In fact, Hallmark should make a Valentine's Day card that says, "Thank you for being such a moron." Maybe I'll do it if this job doesn't work out.

15

PLAYBOY: What are the danger signs that a relationship is over the top?
LIU: When there's a lot of unnecessary drama in the relationship. When you walk in the door and he's got his penis hanging out of his pants. Normal stuff. He has gone and got a scrotum tuck—that's when you know something's gone wrong. You know, those telltale everyday things.

16

PLAYBOY: Asian sex secrets—myth, hype or just plain good sense?
LIU: The mystique should live on, baby. Everyone thinks what they do is really mysterious and wonderful and unique and that they're the best lover in the world. Everyone should have that mentality, or they should try to improve on it. The Asian mystique is that you don't talk and you look really small. That's the

attraction. Keep your mouth shut and turn over! I don't know what the Asian sex secrets are—if somebody has them, let me know.

17

PLAYBOY: Can you envision an adult film based on *The Karate Kid*?
LIU: Yeah, *Whacks On, Whacks Off*. Enough said. No one's ever forgotten that phrase. There have been so many funny spoofs on films. I get a kick out of them, though I don't know if I would ever actually want to go to the theater to see them.

18

PLAYBOY: What is the best message you've received in a fortune cookie?
LIU: [*Pulling them out of her wallet*] "Be assertive and you will win." "You will be unusually successful in business." "Get away from home for a while to restore your energies." That's the best one. "Your talents are in fine shape, utilize them to their fullest."

19

PLAYBOY: Which of men's many shortcomings should they get over?
LIU: If you're working and they're not. If you have money and they don't have any, it's not a big deal. If he has a small penis, I don't give a shit. I don't want to hear about it. I don't want him constantly talking about it. It's so ridiculous, so silly. The more he emphasizes it, the more I'm going to focus on it. Shut up! I'm no expert on men's shortcomings, but I think there's a certain amount of ego involved with most men—that's what makes men men. I love men. They are extremely odd animals of prey. That's what makes them so wonderful. If anything, men are mysterious. If you try to break everything down and analyze it, you're going to have too much information on your hands. You're not going to know what to do with it. You have to experience it as it is. If it doesn't work out, move on to the next one.

20

PLAYBOY: What would you order in a bar to signal sexual readiness?
LIU: Listen, honey, if I order anything in a bar I'm ready. I'm not a heavy drinker. If I drink at all, I start getting loose and feeling pretty crazy. I think alcohol makes you feel immortal, like you can jump off a building or leap in front of a car. I love drinking sake, and sometimes I'll have an Absolut and cranberry with a lime or something like that. But I have to do it with somebody I'm really comfortable with and who I can eliminate the next day. Who won't be missed? I can put him out of his misery.



"Those who forget their previous marriages are doomed to relive them."



Make Money

(continued from page 122)

ny?" I've asked. "How do they treat their employees?" In all cases I got wonderful reports about the decency of management and the work ethic it fosters. The trucks are always spotless, as contrasted with one of their competitors, whose vehicles seem ill maintained. I like to invest in companies that reflect pride in what they do. I bought the stock at \$12. It now sells at \$29 and the reasons I bought it are just as compelling today.

THE MOST HATED COMPANIES

These stories and themes bear repeating, particularly when the timing seems right. I often believe in going against the grain of popular investment thought. I believe in being a contrarian. If you take this route in investments, or in life in general, you stand the risk of being wrong, sometimes for long periods, until the crowd turns your way. But when it does turn your way, prices almost always go much higher than the average smart person expects.

A classic example from several years ago is drug stocks, vilified and shunned by most of Wall Street when Hillary Clinton and Ira Magaziner were addressing (to the investment community's horror) the issue of health-care reform.

I was buying Merck in the high teens (recently above 70), and Bristol-Myers around 15 (recently at 70), when Bristol was even yielding on its dividend alone in the five percent range. "How can you be buying the drug stocks?" clients asked. "They've lost their pricing power. It's all over."

"Open your eyes and look around," I said. "I'm getting at least five calls a week to look into long-term health care (nursing homes and the like) for my clients and/or their parents and grandparents. Demographics say that the elderly are growing exponentially in number, they all take drugs in increasing amounts and they're living longer. Every day the drug companies come out with new remedies for what ails us, and it's a whole lot cheaper to take a pill than to be hospitalized. And I'm excited because I can buy these companies so cheaply."

Merck, for example, has more than quadrupled in the past four years. When certain stock groups are out of favor, the reverse is true: They almost always go lower than even smart people would imagine. Over the years, knowing the psychological nature of market behavior, I've tried to nibble at my favorite areas, buying them slowly and holding cash back to take advantage of even lower prices if they occur. For instance, if I like a beaten-down stock and it's selling for \$20, I'm disciplined enough to say, "I am going to buy 1000 shares for myself," and then buy 300 shares. One almost never buys at the lowest point unless it is, as I

call it, dumb-ass luck. Usually the stock trades lower sometime later, and I will add to my holdings gently, perhaps 100 shares at a time, until I lower my cost average. And eventually I accumulate my 1000 shares. If you have an investment portfolio, always make sure you have flexibility—that is, some cash on the side. If your funds are completely committed to the market, you cannot add to your holdings when prices decrease.

What happens to the most hated companies? Often a catalyst comes in, most likely in the form of new management that intends to revitalize the dormant company. In the past several years this has happened at IBM, American Express, Time Warner and AT&T—companies that were reviled on Wall Street and, if accumulated during their years in the desert, turned out to be major winners.

Another part of this discussion is the squeeze syndrome—when you desperately need money for taxes, or tuition, or any variety of pressing reasons and you have to sell stocks to raise the cash. When you need to liquidate almost anything, you'll get the worst prices. It's like needing a job. When you desperately want employment, the interviewer can usually spot your desperation. When you act as if it's the last thing you need, when you're confident and loose, you project that attitude and suddenly everyone wants you. Life is not fair, of course. So you know that when you're squeezed for funds, your stocks will be at fire-sale prices. That's the squeeze syndrome.

THE JUDICIOUS USE OF MARGIN DEBT

Most people who own homes have mortgages. And they have credit card debt. Seldom do people who maintain stock and bond portfolios incur any margin debt from borrowing against their

accounts. But this borrowing can sometimes be a useful tool.

Say you need \$15,000 for a tax payment and you have a \$100,000 portfolio of stocks and bonds. I might say, "Don't sell anything now to raise the \$15,000. It will diminish the value of your holdings to \$85,000 and probably result in capital gains taxes on what you're selling—a double whammy. Temporarily borrow the \$15,000 (you can borrow up to half of your portfolio value and get the funds immediately if you sign a simple margin agreement). This borrowing ensures a couple of things: You continue to get all your dividends and interest on the \$100,000 value, because you haven't sold anything, and you are charged interest on the loan, typically about a point over the prime rate, which accrues on your account. You do not need to send in a monthly check. And you receive an offsetting credit for your margin interest against any dividend or interest you receive, so there is some tax benefit from the borrowing."

The kicker here is that I expect, in managing my clients' money this way, to repay the borrowings from assets that are appreciating. If the portfolio increases in value, I will get the debit balance down, selling driblets and drabs from each position so as to be conscious of the tax implications. I have done this successfully for years, not going overboard in borrowing, as that may jeopardize the account, but meeting emergencies with common sense and using the clients' assets to their advantage. This process takes constant attention on the part of anyone who is watching your money.

BELLWETHERS IN THE MARKETPLACE

There is a famous story, perhaps apocryphal, about the market. Supposedly, in



"How about it, honey? Nothing says true love better than a \$2 glow-in-the-dark condom."

1929, Joe Kennedy was having his shoes shined on Wall Street. The man doing the shining was holding forth on his own market performance and his current favorites. Kennedy went right from his shine to his office and heavily sold the market short and made a killing during the crash of 1929. The obvious lesson is that when the shoeshine boys are playing the market and winning, it's time to head for the exits. Everyone who watches the money of others has favorite superstitious signals for the tops and bottoms of market cycles. I have had dozens of clients over the years who think they are unique in saying, "You want to make money in the market? I have a foolproof formula: Just do the opposite of everything I do." These people, of course, are trying to ward off the evil eye. They don't really mean it and they aren't really signals for the top. Signals come from people who act contrarily to their usual behavior. For instance, a woman in Oregon, a client of mine for 20 years, called me when the Dow Jones industrial average was flirting with 10,000. She had never called me before. Her husband, a doctor, had always checked in, assessing the health of the family portfolio. "I've never taken much interest in finances," she said to me, "but I've just joined an investment club and I'm curious about some issues." I'm happy she's becoming interested. But at 10,000 on the Dow?

This was a classic sign of being close to a top. In the summer of 1998, I saw people whose children were out of the house moving from the suburbs into the city. Because of the growth of their stock accounts in the past few years, these people were priding themselves on paying more than the asking prices for houses and condos. One man moved into town and, in a sealed bid, offered \$250,000 more than the asking price for an apartment. "Hey, location, location," he told me. "If it's a primo building, I can't ever lose money." From 1990 until the past several years, you couldn't give apartments away, or sell commercial space at premium prices. Americans, more than any people

on earth, forget pain as soon as it disappears. All memory of gas lines, recessions, wars, the daily obsessions with money supply or the Nikkei average is gone. We are natural optimists, which, as a national characteristic, is wonderful. But never say never, or think that this time it's different. It's not. Look for your bellwether signs.

When money seemingly has no meaning and is being thrown at goods—houses, art, common stock—we are heading for a painful adjustment. It's just a question of when. Remember, trends run much longer in both directions than the average person thinks they will.

Signs of junctures in markets corre-

or Eli Lilly or Gillette, or some other splendid company—stock from my grandfather, and I took it to my friends at the local bank. They have a trust department. They told me that I had much too much Coca-Cola, that I was too concentrated and that I had to diversify."

"It's too risky," the bankers said, "for you to have all those eggs in one basket. Sell at least half the Coca-Cola stock and spread the proceeds over a variety of investments."

I say this is bad advice. Fifteen years ago I was given a perk by my company—free counseling from an expensive firm that did executive planning. At the time I had a good deal of my net worth in

American Express stock (indeed, it represented the largest part of my assets outside of personal real estate). After looking over my financial situation, my young counselor told me, "The first thing you have got to do is diversify. You have way too much American Express."

"Are you rich?" I asked him.

"Not yet," he admitted. "But I have high hopes."

"Well," I said, "I'll tell you something that my father told me. The only way you can get truly rich in our society is to own a business that can be sold, potentially for a lot of money. No matter how much you make in annual salary, you're going to spend it or have the rest of it taxed. You'll never accumulate enough to be rich. If you don't

own your own business, you have to own enough stock in a public company to set you free when and if the stock moves up substantially in price. I believe in American Express," I told the counselor. "It's tough to kill a great name, no matter how hard management may try to. I don't want to work this hard forever. So I'm not selling any of my American Express. As a matter of fact, I'll keep accumulating it on weakness."

That's what I told the counselor who advised me to diversify. The stock was then around \$35 a share; recently it sold for \$125, not counting dividends of 90 cents per share, or the spinoff of Lehman Brothers stock, then at around \$20,

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spond with people's mood swings and with pronouncements such as "IBM will never come back," or "American Express can never recover." Same for Chrysler, banks, drugs, Union Carbide after Bhopal, Con Ed after it cut its dividend long ago, and endless other stocks that were once declared dead. Another classic sign of a top is when the investment business is the first career choice for Harvard Business School grads. Remember that human nature never changes—only buzzwords do.

YOUR STAKE IN LIFE STOCK

I frequently hear variations on this story: "I inherited all this Coca-Cola"—

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which now sells at over \$70 a share. So much for diversification.

Years ago I called this process having your Stake in Life stock. It is a way to have your own company. It is your opportunity to build a real net worth in the stock market through concentration.

For years, every time I would see an enormous portfolio, it was almost always an estate that came in for me to liquidate. These estates usually had a sampling of wonderful companies that had been bought for pennies a share (adjusted for splits), and they had never been sold over many years of ownership. This experience taught me a lesson: You can accumulate great wealth if you buy the best companies and hold them, if you do not trade them in for other merchandise.

Refining this further, I believe that to structure the ideal financial life you should identify, as early in your working life as possible, one or two companies that you believe in for the fixture. I don't care what those companies are, but they should share certain characteristics:

(1) They should have universal appeal, like GE or Gillette or McDonald's.

(2) They should have instant name-brand identification, like Coca-Cola or Microsoft.

(3) You should dispassionately believe that the products or services these companies provide will continue to be in demand for years to come—products or services you and your family find special.

Start to buy one of your choices, even in small amounts, through stock discounters so that it is a low-cost enterprise. Reinvest the dividends in stock if you can. Treat this exercise like a savings account, contributing the same amount every month, or on a special date like a birthday.

Every time the stock goes down 15 or 20 percent (and there will be plenty of times like that over the years), you should buy more. This takes discipline. And the smartest among you, when the market dips, will shout, "Hooray! Now I can add to my Stake in Life company at bargain prices."

Your Stake in Life stock is not for sale, unless some predator takes it off your hands in a buyout. But by then it will undoubtedly be a long-term capital gain and you can begin the hunt for the next gem.

Your very few Stake in Life stocks form the core of your holdings. Everything else will build around this core: bonds, preferred stocks, the common stocks that you will buy and sell at various times.

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Stanley Kubrick

(continued from page 90)

him. "Fuck," said Stanley, "this car isn't much good." A joke, or a genuine grouse?

Could it be that Stanley had become slightly detached from reality? When Emilio was driving him to London, Stanley became puzzled. "Why are all these cars on the road?" "Because people go to work, Stanley." "Why don't they work at home?" "Why are you in a car, Stanley?"

Being a low-slung car to climb into, the white Porsche was not used much, even though once a week Emilio switched on the engine to charge the battery and check that everything was in working order. Eventually a letter arrived from Porsche UK: *Dear Mr. Kubrick, We are distressed that you are abusing our fine engineering product by not having it serviced regularly. . . .* Brandishing this letter, Stanley confronted Emilio. "It says here you are abusing the Porsche." "But no one uses it," Emilio protested. "I am trying to save you money, Stanley! Save you £400 minimum service fee when the car needs no service!" "Well, I don't know. It says here. . . ." The head of Porsche UK needed to write a personal letter to Stanley before the catastrophe relapsed into a mere mishap.

Just as well that Emilio had a sense of humor! We got on so well during our regular trips that he reactivated the Porsche for me, and I even started learning Italian from him. "*Stanley è nostro zio,*" we would chorus: Stanley is our uncle. It was Emilio who resolved my puzzlement as to how Stanley could always be wearing exactly the same clothes, which while rumpled had not yet become filthy. When Stanley found some-

thing he liked, he bought many spares. He was not in fact dressed in the self-same jacket and trousers, as I thought, but in identical replicas all in much the same used state. His scruffy sneakers, however, were the one and only pair. Christiane had recently bought him a new pair, which he dutifully wore for a few days before begging Emilio, "Look, lose these, will you?"

Stanley did adore acquiring things. "Do you know what the essence of moviemaking is?" he asked me. "It's *buying lots of things.*" The Labor Party was responsible for the fact that nothing bought in Britain worked properly, so he preferred to buy from overseas. When *Full Metal Jacket* was filmed in England, a plastic replica of a Vietnamese jungle had been airfreighted in from California. Stanley took one look at it and said, "I don't like it. Get rid of it." The technicians parceled out the trees, giving a new look to gardens in North London, and a *real* jungle was delivered instead—palm trees uprooted from Spain.

I discovered in Boots the Chemists a highly suitable bag for carrying my papers, a free gift with each purchase of a £15 bottle of French Caractère aftershave. When next I visited Stanley he admired the bag. The time after, he admired it even more. "That is a very good bag, Ian." "Well, you can't have it," I told him, "unless you buy a bottle of French aftershave." Promptly he picked up a phone. "Tony, call Boots in St. Albans. . . ." This was done. Two bottles of aftershave and two bags remained in stock. "Buy them both, Tony," Stanley instructed. "Drive into St. Albans and get them *now.*" Half an hour later, Tony delivered the loot to the ex-billiard room. Happily Stanley ripped the cellophane off one

bag and patted it. Two months later, bottles and bags still rested in the same place on the carpet.

On the 2nd of August Iraq invaded Kuwait, and five days later America began deploying Desert Shield in Saudi Arabia. Stanley became much preoccupied by the psychology of Saddam Hussein and global strategy, as the director of *Dr. Strangelove* well might. "Caught between Iraq and a hard place," he predicted over salmon.

October arrived: mellow fruitfulness and chilly nights. Saddam continued to cause concern. "If he nerve-gases Israel, will the Israelis nuke Baghdad?"

I faxed, I disked. But a Bermuda Triangle was beginning to emerge, a zone in which disks and secret text could go astray. Catastrophe struck in early November when Tony phoned to report that Stanley had lost a disk. Paranoia deepened. A week or so later, Stanley phoned to say he had lost another disk.

Eventually, at the end of the year, Stanley told me to write up the whole story in 90 pages, omitting, on his orders, some of what I thought were the best bits. At times I couldn't help feeling that the unfolding story was ridiculous and that perhaps Stanley was leery of tossing his cap back into a ring now dominated by the likes of Steven Spielberg. Blessedly, the resulting pages seemed to read pretty well.

Three months later, just when I thought it was safe to answer the phone, Stanley called. "Ian, you know that story you wrote for me?" How could I have forgotten it? "Well," he went on, "I lost it."

"You lost it," I repeated numbly. "It's on disk too."

"I, um, wrote over that disk."

"You wrote over the disk," I muttered. And no, it wasn't on his hard drive.

I supplied a replacement printout and disk.

"This," declared Stanley, "is one of the world's great stories. Would you write a short synopsis of it I can show to people?" I was rehired for a week to write 20 pages. I faxed, I disked.

"It's great," said Stanley, before uttering the fatal words: "I might just tinker with it a little. . . ."

A year went silently by. *Ring, ring:* Stanley had suddenly remembered the project. He had lost all the material again. Up the motorway came Emilio.

"What's Stanley been doing for the past year?" I asked.

"Mainly, Ian, he has been sitting in a room watching a dog die."

Special pills had been flown in from California. "I had to sit in that room too," Emilio said. "The dog stank. For ten days it could not eat. It could not shit. Stanley kept feeding it the miracle pills." When the crisis had at last



occurred, at eight one morning, Emilio hastened to waken Stanley. "Stanley, you must get up." "What's it dying now for?" Stanley had complained.

Emilio announced: "Ian, I have given notice to Stanley. I am quitting."

"What?" I cried.

"Yes. I have given him three years' notice."

Three years, hmm?

Another year passed and the phone rang again. Stanley was really eager to get on with the project. Unfortunately, he had Lost the Material.

Stanley ignored Emilio's countdown. One year to go, Stanley. Six months. Three months. "You must pay attention, Stanley—you must make other arrangements." Stanley would not listen. Zero hour arrived; Emilio had already sold his house. Stanley refused to let him go and rented a house for him to live in for another six months. At last, at long last, Emilio escaped to his vineyard.

Throughout the Nineties misinformation appeared in the press or on the Internet. Stanley was about to start filming the life of Coco Chanel. He was about to start filming in Bratislava a movie set in the aftermath of communism—this came as a considerable surprise to the media liaison for Slovakia, whom I happened to bump into. Special effects wizards in Hollywood had built a robot boy for Stanley, who was about to begin filming *AI* in Ireland. . . . (And maybe a robot boy is indeed palely loitering in the billiard room.)

But lo, Stanley did film—very protractedly—*Eyes Wide Shut*, starring Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman. The rumor circulating on the Internet was that he agreed to do this for Warner so that they would release vast sums of money for *AI*. *Eyes Wide Shut* takes place in New York (though the film was shot in England, of course), and apparently in one scene the Cruise and Kidman characters buy an enormous teddy bear. Was this an omen?

And now Stanley is dead, of a heart attack, just after finalizing *Eyes Wide Shut*. Two other collaborators, who followed me and who had been sworn to secrecy, have emerged: writer Sara Maitland, brought in to provide a feminine and feminist fairy-tale spin to the robot-Pinocchio saga, and artist Fangorn (alias Chris Baker), whom Stanley hired to produce a thousand drawings of futuristic images and who was on the point of moving into the manor house full-time when Stanley decided that with *Eyes Wide Shut* under way he could no longer also concentrate on *AI* for the time being. But we all feel *AI* was the tremendous movie that it was Stanley's main and enduring ambition to make.

Summer Sweat

(continued from page 142)

know that the woman with whom he was involved was musically ignorant. Adriana said, hurt, "I suppose Pegreen gets it? Yes?" Gregor shrugged. Adriana said, "If your music is so rarefied, then the hell with it." Gregor laughed, as if one of his children had said something funny. He kissed her aggressively on the mouth and said, "Right! The hell with it."

There was the terrible week in late August near the end of their affair when Adriana believed she was pregnant. Several times in haste they'd made love without using precautions, so it shouldn't have been a surprise, yet it was a surprise, a shock that triggered both terror and elation. Her wish to die was pervasive as a dial tone: You lift the receiver, it's always there.

But no. Why die? Have the baby.

And maybe you'll wind up your lover's one true love.

Even Adriana's mocking voices were shrill with hope.

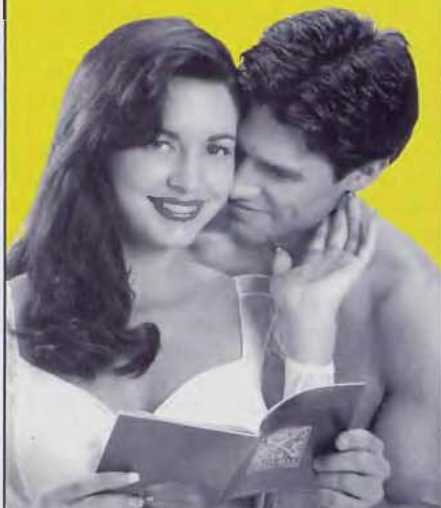
Every new Institute fellow was summoned to have tea with Edith Pryce in her airy, high-ceilinged office in the old pink limestone manor house, and Adriana's turn had come. This would be a polite ritual visit during which the distinguished older woman would query the younger about her work. Edith Pryce was a dignified woman in her early 60s, so severely plain as to exude a kind of beauty; she wore her ashy white hair in a tight French twist and had a way of elevating her chin as if gazing at you across

an abyss not only of space but of time. She'd been a protégée of Gregory Bateson's in the Fifties and had a degree from the New York Psychoanalytic Institute. In her elegant office there were antique furnishings, an Aubusson carpet and a baroque brass birdcage suspended from the ceiling. It was known at the Institute that each tea with Edith Pryce began with admiring reference to the cage and to the red-gold canary inside, which Adriana supposed was the point, for Edith Pryce was a shy, coolly self-protective woman who did not like surprises. Adriana, blinking tears from her eyes, which were already raw and reddened, exclaimed, "How beautiful your canary is! Will he sing?" Edith Pryce smiled and said that Tristan sang usually in the early morning, inspired by wild birds outside the window. Originally, she told Adriana, she'd had two canaries, this "red-factor" German male and an American yellow female; while Tristan was courting Iseult, he sang continuously and passionately; but once they'd mated and Iseult laid her five eggs, and five tiny fledglings were hatched, both canaries were frantic to feed their offspring and Tristan ceased singing. "I finally gave away Iseult and the babies to a dear friend who's a canary breeder," Edith Pryce said with a stoical air of regret, "and for weeks Tristan was mute and hardly ate, and I thought I would have to give him away, too—then, one morning, he was singing again. Not as beautifully as before but at least he was singing, which is what we expect of canaries, after all. Chickadees and titmice are his favorites."

Adriana was attentive and smiling. She



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wore tinted glasses to disguise her ravaged eyes and a not-quite-clean white shirt tucked into a denim skirt that, in other circumstances, showed her trim, sexy, tanned legs to advantage. Her hair seemed to have grown coarse overnight and strands were escaping the thick unwieldy braid damp as a man's hand on her upper back. She opened her mouth to speak but could not. *Help me. I think I'm going crazy. I've misplaced my soul. I married the wrong man and I love the wrong man and I want to die. I'm so exhausted but I don't want my lover to outlive me, I know he'll forget me. I'm so ashamed, I despise myself but I'm afraid, afraid to die—*

Suddenly Adriana was crying. Her face crumpled. She was stammering, "I'm so sorry—Miss Pryce, I d-don't know what's wrong—" Tears burnt like acid spilling from her eyes. Through a vertiginous haze she saw Edith Pryce staring at her, appalled. A telephone began to ring and Edith Pryce waited a moment before picking up the receiver and saying in an undertone, "Yes, yes—I'll call you immediately back." By this time, Adriana understood that Edith Pryce had no interest in her emotions, that the emotional life was in itself infantile and vulgar, and that in any case, she, Adriana Kaplan, was far too old for such behavior. She rose shakily to her feet and stammered another apology, which Edith Pryce accepted with a frowning nod and evasive eyes.

As Adriana fled the office she heard Tristan, excited by her weeping, chattering and scolding in her wake.

The first time was in an unexpectedly hot May. Swift and sweetly brutal. A kind of music. Gregor Wodicki's kind of music. Afterward Adriana would recall it as sheer sensation. *My God, I can't believe this is happening, is this me?* yielded to dazed, gloating *I can't believe I did that.* It had seemed to her an accident, as if two oncoming vehicles had swerved into each other on the Thruway. She and her husband had attended an Institute recital featuring the premiere of a bizarre composition of Gregor Wodicki's, a trio for piano, viola and snare drum; Gregor himself played the piano with minimalist savagery, grimacing at the keyboard as if it were an extension of his own body. During the tense 18 minutes of this piece, Adriana fell in love. So she would tell herself and, in time, Gregor. (Except, was this true? Undressing for bed that night she and Randall joked that that contemporary music "made no sense" to their ears, they much preferred Mozart, Beethoven, the Beatles.) But shortly afterward Adriana and Gregor Wodicki met again and were immediately attracted to each other, and drifted off together in earnest conversation that ended in an abrupt encounter down beyond the old, rotting stables in the romantic pine-

woods. This was an ordinary weekday afternoon in May.

Recalling long afterward that first, probing touch of Gregor Wodicki's. The man's fingers on her wrist. A question, yet also a claim. Like touching a lighted match to flammable material.

How am I to blame, I'm not to blame, it's something that is happening, like weather.

The last time, after Labor Day, sultry-humid heat illuminated by veins of distant lightning, they'd met in the pine-woods, though each was fearful by this time of the other. Adriana knew by this time she wasn't pregnant; after her humiliating encounter with Edith Pryce she'd begun to bleed, and bleed and bleed, and it was over now, the hysterical pregnancy, though in weak moments through her life she would fantasize that in fact she'd been pregnant with Gregor Wodicki's child, the single pregnancy of her life and this precious fetus she'd miscarried because of the extremes of emotion to which she and Gregor subjected each other. In her dreams, Adriana sees the stricken young woman making her way like a sleepwalker through the maze of bar-like trees. Determined not to notice the evidence of other careless lovers in these woods; teenagers who trespass, leaving behind the debris of burnt-out campsites, beer cans, junk food wrappers, condoms. Condoms strewn like translucent slugs amid the pine needles. Adriana saw a used, wrinkled condom with a flurry of tiny black ants crawling excitedly into it, and she gagged and turned away.

But the last time was very different from the first. Gregor's breath was fumed with alcohol, his face beaded with sweat and his eyes dilated, he'd stared at her as if not recognizing her and was reluctant to touch her, not gripping her rib cage and lifting her as always with his hard, hurting hands. Their kisses seemed misdirected, tentative without being tender. Despite the heat, Gregor carried a jacket. Adriana expected him to spread it on the ground but he did not; his manner was vague, distracted, and he made no effort to defend himself when Adriana accused him of not loving her, of just using her, and she slapped him, struck him with her fists, weeping not in sorrow but in rage. *Can't believe this is happening! And I have no choice.*

There was a moment when he might have struck her in return, and hurt her. Adriana saw the flash of hatred in his eyes, but he only shoved her from him, muttering, "Look, I can't. I've got to get back. I'm sorry."

Adriana would one day think calmly, with the wisdom of Spinoza, *It must happen to everyone. The last time you make love, you can't know it will be the last.*

After Gregor, and after her own mar-

riage dissolved in sullen slurs and re-
criminations, Adriana embarked upon a
number of love affairs. These were ex-
plicitly love affairs, so designated before-
hand. Some were single-night encoun-
ters. Others, not even an entire night. By
the age of 33, she'd acquired a repu-
tation as a bright, aggressive critic of
American culture who lived a good deal
in Rome. She was a sexy, witty girl. She
wore blue-tinted metallic designer glass-
es and consignment-shop clothing of the
highest, most quirky quality. She favored
silk, brocade, cashmere. She wore her
trademark braid like a bullwhip halfway
down her back and did not dye it as her
hair began to turn prematurely silver.
Women were attracted to her as well as
men. Gay men "saw something" in her: a
deep erotic fury not unlike their own.
You made me into a slut, Adriana wanted to
inform Gregor Wodicki, but she wasn't
certain he'd appreciate her humor. Or
that this was evidence of humor.

Twenty-three years after that steamy
summer, Adriana Kaplan has returned
for the first time to the Rooke Institute,
to attend a memorial service for Edith
Pryce, recently deceased at the age of
84. One of the first people she sees is,
not surprisingly, Gregor Wodicki: now
"Greg," as he prefers to be called, the
current director of the Institute. Adriana
knows, because malicious informants
have told her, that Gregor, now Greg,
has gained weight in recent years, but
she isn't quite prepared for the bulk of
him. No other word so fitting: *bulk*.

Adriana thinks, shocked and offend-
ed, *Am I expected to know that man? I
am not.*

Not that Gregor Wodicki is obese, ex-
actly. He carries his weight, an extra
60 or 70 pounds, with dignity. His face
is flushed and gleaming, his hair has
turned gunmetal gray, grizzled, lifting
about his dome of a head like magnetic
filings. He's wearing a dark gray pin-
stripe seersucker suit into which his bulk
fits like a sausage. Adriana feels a stab of
hurt, that that body she'd known so inti-
mately and loved with a fanatic's passion
is so changed; yet she seems to be the on-
ly visitor who's surprised by his appear-
ance, and Gregor, or Greg, seems wholly
at ease in his skin. Seeing Adriana, he
makes his way to her with an unexpect-
edly predatory quickness for a man of
his size, and shakes her hand. There's a
moment's hesitation and then he says,
"Adriana. Thank you for coming."

As once, years ago, he murmured in
triumph, *You came!*

Adriana manages to say politely that
she's come for Edith.

"Of course, dear. We've all come for
Edith."

Dear. A quaint, ambiguous word. *Dear*,
he would never have called her when
they were lovers.

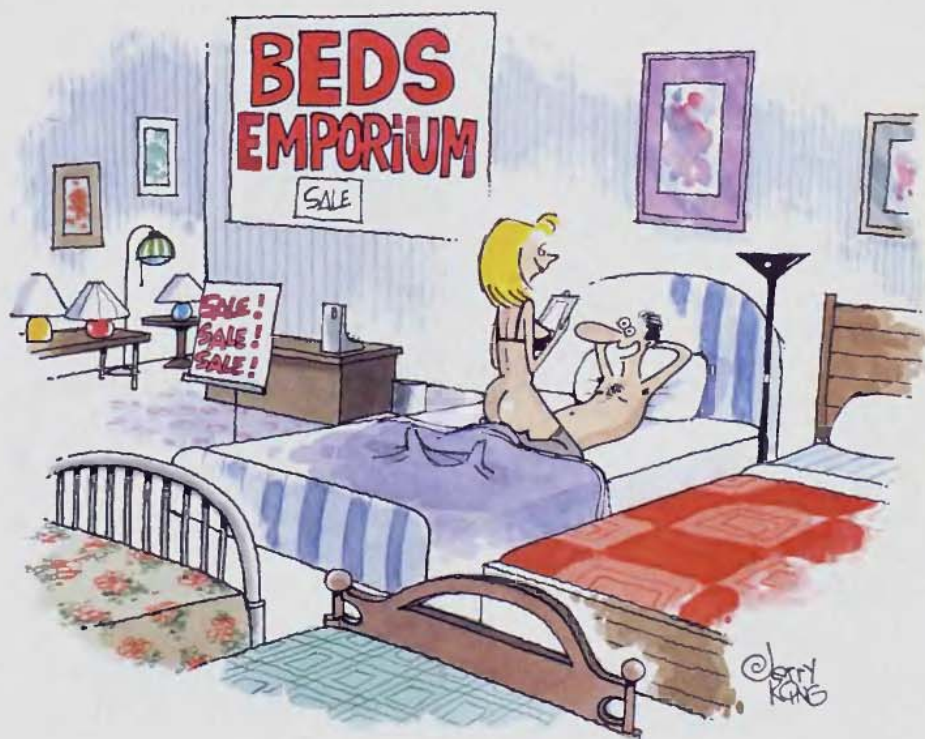
During the ceremony, Adriana studies
the face of "Greg." Though this is a
solemn public occasion, clearly her for-
mer lover is relaxed in his role as orga-
nizer and overseer. Where once he was
contemptuous of such formalities and
distrustful of words ("You can't lie in
music without exposing yourself, but
any asshole can lie in words. Words are
shit."), now he speaks graciously and
with a winning frankness. He introduces
speakers, musicians. He's become a fully
responsible adult. His eyes are rather
sunken in the creases of his fattish face
yet they're unmistakably *his* eyes; inside
the middle-aged mask of flesh there's a
young, lean, handsome face peering out.
The mouth Adriana had kissed so many
times, sucked and moaned against, more
familiar to her once than her own, is a
curiously moist red, like an internal or-
gan. Where Gregor was, now Greg is.
Amazing.

Adriana never returned to the Rooke
Institute after quitting her appointment,
but of course she's been aware, at a dis-
tance, of her former lover. He hasn't
been a practicing composer or musician
for years. Adriana had avoided musical
occasions when his compositions were
performed and skimmed reviews of his
work in New York publications—these
were infrequent, in fact—but never at-
tended a concert or recital. There were
recordings of his work, but she made no
effort to hear them. He'd wounded her
too deeply, it was as if part of her had
died and with that the entirety of her
feeling for him. What she's heard of him

was unsought: He and his wife Pegreen
never formally divorced, though they
lived apart a good deal, and there was
trouble with one or more of the chil-
dren, and Gregor remained at the Insti-
tute and Pegreen came to live with him
during her ordeal with cancer, until the
time of her death. Surely Gregor had
had other affairs, for he, too, had power-
ful attractions for both women and men,
and sexuality seemed to have been for
him as natural an expression as touch-
ing, with as few consequences, for him.
The surprise of Gregor Wodicki's life
would seem to have been his late-bloom-
ing talent for administrative work. He'd
been appointed by Edith Pryce as her
assistant, and had taken over after she
retired.

A vague rumor had it that Gregor had
been a lover of Edith Pryce. Adriana
rather doubted this, but—who knows?
She came to suppose she'd never really
known him at all, except intimately.

Three beautiful pieces of music are
performed during the memorial service
by resident musicians. One is by J.S.
Bach, another by Gabriel Fauré, and the
concluding piece a quartet for strings
and piano by "Greg Wodicki." A spare,
delicate, enigmatic piece that ends not
abruptly but with a dreamy fading away.
Adriana, listening closely, blinks tears
from her eyes and wonders bitterly if
"Greg" might have revised the piece
since Edith Pryce's death, to emphasize
its elegiac tone. The date for the compo-
sition is 1976, the year following their
breakup. The music he'd written in the



"I must say, Miss Thompson, you have an impressive
sales pitch. I'll take one."

early Seventies had been harsh and uncompromising, indifferent to emotion.

Hypocrite, Adriana thinks, incensed. *Murderer*.

Adriana has declined an invitation to a luncheon after the memorial service, yet somehow she's prevailed upon to remain; fortunately, she isn't placed at the head table with Gregor, or Greg, and the distinguished elderly friends and colleagues of the late Edith Pryce. Midway through the lengthy meal, she becomes restless and excuses herself from the dining room and drifts about the first floor of the old manor house, which had been deeded to the Institute in 1941 with 90 acres of land and numerous out-buildings. Since 1975, Rooke House, as it's called, has been attractively remodeled and refurbished. In a large, paneled library, Adriana skims shelves of books by current and former members of the Institute and is flattered to discover two of her five books; one is her first, a study of American Modernism (art, theater, dance), a slender work published by the University of Chicago, well enough received in its season but long out of print. Here it is on the library shelf without its jacket, naked and exposed; probably it's been here for 15 years, unopened. Stamped on the spine, barely legible, is the author's name: Adriana M. Kaplan ("M" for Margaret). Beside Adriana's books are titles and authors she's never heard of. She feels a wave of vertigo but overcomes it, managing to laugh. *Have I exchanged my life for this?*

As if she'd had that choice.

Though Adriana intended to return to the city immediately after the luncheon, somehow she finds herself in the company of her former lover, who insists upon showing her around the Institute grounds—"D'you like the changes you've seen, Adriana? We've been fixing things up a bit."

This is a modest understatement. Adriana knows that since "Greg" Wodicki became director of the Institute, he's singlehandedly embarked upon a \$10 million fund-raising campaign, and the most immediate results are impressive. Several new buildings, a beautifully renovated barn now a concert hall, landscaping, parking lots. Adriana says yes, yes, of course the changes are wonderful but she rather misses the old slapdash style of the place: leaking roofs, rotting barns, water-stained facades, uncultivated fields. "But that was another era," Gregor points out. "A nonprofit foundation like the Rooke could survive on low-investment returns and the occasional quirky millionaire donor. But no longer."

Adriana wants to ask, *Why not?*

After the initial shock of their meeting there was a suspended space of time (the memorial service, the luncheon) during which Adriana and her former lover seemed to have come to terms with seeing each other again. But now, suddenly alone together, in the stark June sunshine, they are entering another phase, of belated excitement and apprehension. Heavysset Gregor is breathing through his mouth, Adriana is feeling stabs of panic. *Why are you here, what the*

hell are you trying to prove? And to whom? Our most fervent wish is for a former lover's defeat, deprived of our love; at the very least, we wish to appear transcendent, wholly free, indifferent, of that lost love. During the luncheon Adriana had noticed that Gregor was glancing in her direction, but she had ignored him, talking earnestly with guests at her table. But now they're walking along a graveled path side by side, like old friends. Gregor glances down at his bulk with mild exasperation and bemusement and sighs, "I have changed a bit, eh, Adriana? Not like you. You're beautiful as ever."

Adriana says coolly, "I've changed, too. Even in ways that can be seen."

"Have you?" Gregor's tone is clearly skeptical.

As if mildly brain-damaged, or drunk, the two are walking haphazardly along a path between two stone buildings; away from Rooke House and toward the pine-woods. Now, midafternoon, the air has turned humid, almost steamy. A sudden sharp odor of pine needles makes Adriana's nostrils pinch in dread.

Where are the old stables? Razed to make way for a parking lot.

Where is the overgrown path she'd taken into the woods? Widened now, neatly strewn with wood chips.

Though they descend a hilly slope into the shadowed woods, Gregor's breathing becomes steadily more audible and his now rather clammy-sallow skin is beaded with sweat. He's removed his seersucker jacket and tie, rolled up the sleeves of his white dress shirt, but much of the shirt is sweated through. If this man were a relative or friend, Adriana would be concerned for his health: the bulk of that body, at least 240 pounds, dragging at his heart and lungs.

Inside the woods, there are the sweet, clear cries of small black-capped birds overhead. Chickadees?

Impulsively Adriana says, "That brass birdcage of Edith's."

Gregor says, "We still have it, of course. In Edith's former office, now my office. It's an expensive antique."

"And is there a canary in it?"

Gregor laughs, as if Adriana has said something slyly witty. "Hell, no. Who has time to clean up bird crap?"

They walk on. Adriana takes care not to brush against Gregor, whose big body exudes, through his straining clothes, an oily sort of heat. She hears herself saying, in a neutral voice, "I never told you. Near the end of—us—I broke down in Edith Pryce's office. She had invited me for tea. I began crying suddenly and couldn't stop. It was like a physical assault, I was a wreck. I seem to have thought I was—pregnant."

"Pregnant? When?"

Gregor's reaction is immediate, instinctive. The male terror of being trapped and found out.



"I just love your dinner parties. I find the conversations at table so intriguing!"

Adriana says, "Of course, I wasn't. I hadn't been eating much and I was taking Benzedrine some irresponsible doctor was prescribing for me and I was clearly a little crazy. But I wasn't pregnant."

"Jesus!" Gregor says, moved. He would pause to touch Adriana's arm, but she eases out of reach. "You went through that alone?"

"Not alone exactly," Adriana says, with subtle malicious irony. "I had you."

"But—why didn't you tell me?"

Adriana considers this. Why? Their intense sexual intimacy had somehow excluded trust.

"I don't know," she says. "I was terrified you'd want me to have an abortion, you'd never want to see me again. I wasn't prepared for that." She pauses, aware of Gregor staring at her. *His eyes*: wetly alert, blood-veined, living eyes peering through the eyeholes of a fleshy, flaccid mask. "I thought it might be easier somehow to—die. Less complicated."

This preposterous statement Gregor Wodicki accepts unquestioning. As if he knew, he'd been there.

"And what did Edith say to you?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"As soon as I cried, she cut me off. She didn't want to be a witness. Maybe she knew about us. But she didn't want to know more. She allowed me to see myself for what I was: a hysterical, selfish, blind and neurotic woman."

"A woman needing help, for Christ's sake. Sympathy."

"It was a good thing, I think. Edith Pryce's response."

"Do you!" Gregor says, snorting.

"Yes! Yes, I do."

In angry silence Adriana walks ahead. What are they quarreling about? Adriana's heart is beating rapidly, she isn't prepared for such emotion after so many years, it's like ascending to a too-high altitude too quickly. She's recalling their last time together in these woods. She'd anticipated lovemaking and there had been none. Gregor's strange edgy behavior. His breath that smelled of whiskey, his queer dilated eyes. She sees the tall, straight pine trees; so like the bars of a cage; a vast living cage in which, unknowingly, they'd been trapped. Erotic love. Deep sexual pleasure. Those sensations you can't speak of without sounding absurd and so you don't speak of them at all until at last you cease to experience them and in time you can't believe that others experience them. You can only react with derision. You're anesthetized. Telling yourself, *It's behind me now, I've survived.*

"That last time we saw each other, somewhere around here, I think?" Gregor says casually, wiping his forehead with a much-wadded tissue. "Or maybe—farther down by the river?"

As if the point of this is *where*.

Adriana glances at Gregor and sees that he's smiling. Trying to smile. His teeth are no longer uneven and discolored but have been expensively capped. Yet there are the sunken, damp eyes. The flaccid froggy skin. Is she falling in love with this man again? Adriana Kaplan's "genius" prince, turned into a frog?

Never. She'll never fall in love with anyone, again. Nor does she like the drift of this conversation. Tempting her to betray 23 years of stoic indifference.

They walk on. The air is slightly cooler here, a quarter-mile from the river. Gregor begins to speak impulsively, ramblingly. "Y'know, Adriana—I don't remember every minute of that summer, to be frank. I'd been 'mixing'—taking speed, drinking. Pegreen was giving me hell. She was seriously suicidal. But I couldn't leave the woman, and I couldn't give you up. I was obsessed with you, Adriana. And jealous of you and your marriage. And my 'youth' passing. And my 'genius.' My fucking music like ashes in my mouth. That last time we met

here, you never knew—I brought with me, in the pocket of my khaki jacket—Pegreen's revolver."

Adriana is sure she hasn't heard correctly. "The—gun? You had a gun with you, here?"

"I must've thought—it was crazy of course—I'd use it on you, and then on myself. *Jesus!*" Gregor blows out his cheeks and rolls his eyes in the adolescent-boy gesture Adriana recalls from 23 years ago when he'd narrowly missed crashing the station wagon.

In the pinewoods, in the strangely peaceful airless air of summer, Adriana Kaplan and Gregor, or Greg, Wodicki stare at each other. Then, unexpectedly, they begin to laugh. Pegreen's .32-caliber revolver, in the pocket of Gregor's jacket. How absurd, how embarrassing. Gregor's laughter is deep-bellied, a contagious hyena laugh. Adriana's laughter is almost soundless, quivering and spasmodic, like choking.



"It's performance art, madam. I've lost my grant. Please give generously."

SHO

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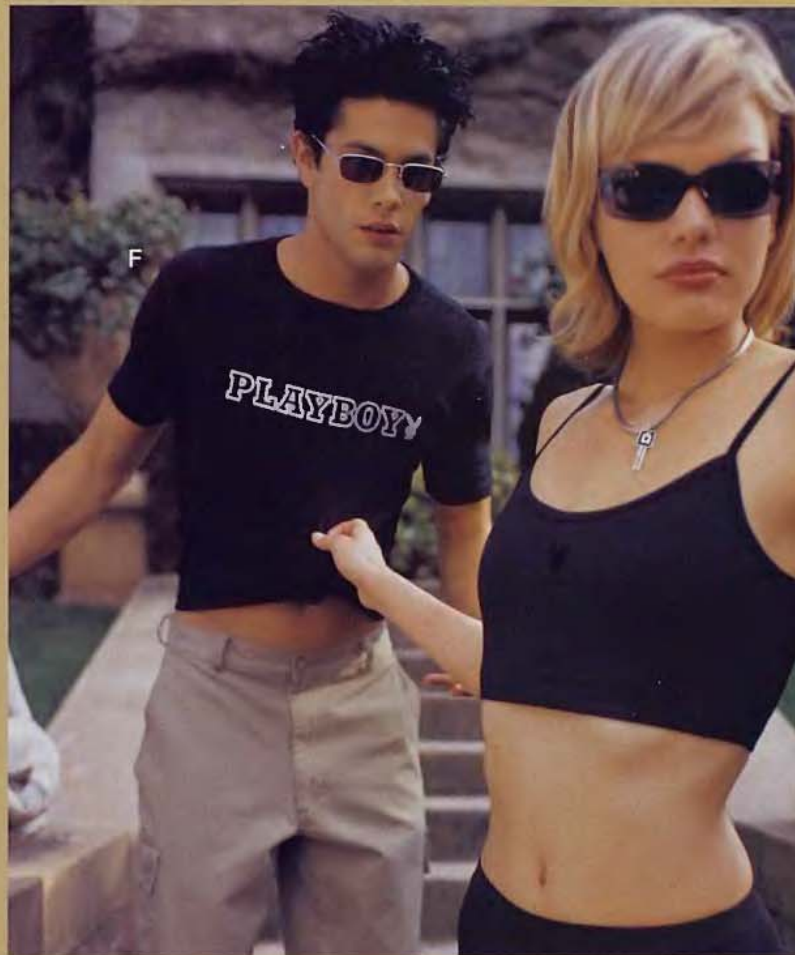


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AT6104 White with Black Rabbit Head

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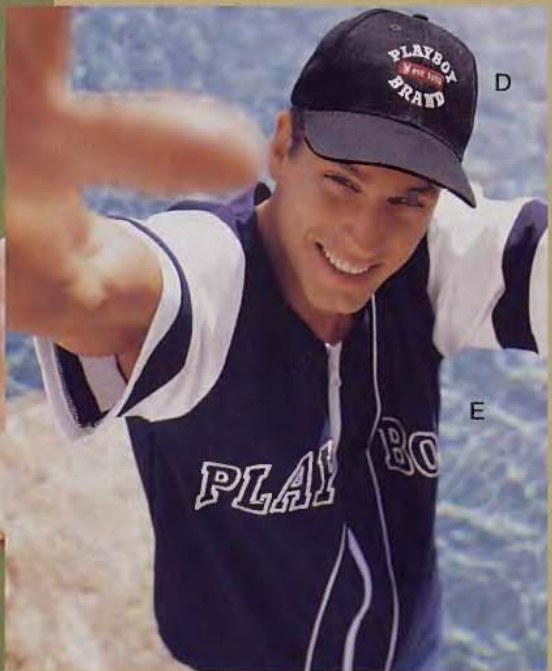
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SHANNON ELIZABETH

(continued from page 131)

strong work ethic and what looks to be an exceedingly bright future. She was born in Houston and raised in Waco, Texas, lived for a spell in New York City and only recently relocated to Los Angeles. She has already guest-starred on several television shows, including an episode of the critically acclaimed HBO series *Arliss* (in which she played a sexually precocious Russian tennis star) and the recent television movie *Dying to Live* with Jonathan Frakes. Shannon has also appeared in several independent movies, among them *Dish Dogs* with Matthew Lillard and Brian Dennehy and *Seamless*

with Kentaro Seagal.

"I just want to work," Shannon admits. Her look is casual in Adidas gear as she sits in a Sunset Strip coffeehouse not far from the home she shares with her boyfriend, actor Joe Reitman (and a menagerie of dogs she's rescued from various streets and shelters). "It doesn't matter to me whether it's television or film, comedy or drama. I'm just happy being on a set. I get bored easily, so I want to keep working."

Although Shannon definitely had a great time and made her biggest career splash by playing a high schooler, she would rather live in the present than look back on her own teen years. "Now is a much better period in my life than

high school was," says Shannon, remembering her school days in Waco. It's not that she didn't enjoy herself: She kept busy as a cheerleader, a member of the dance team and the student council and an avid tennis player. She also dated a popular baseball player.

"Some of high school was fun," she confesses. "But I felt like I was always struggling to be popular. Part of me felt popular, but I never felt fully accepted. My school was way too cliquey, too much about the way you looked, about your hair and makeup, about who you were dating, who your friends were—stupid stuff. It should have been fun, but it wasn't. I'm having much more fun now." She scarcely needs to add this, but she does: "The things my character does in *American Pie* and the things that happen to her—high school was nothing like that for me."

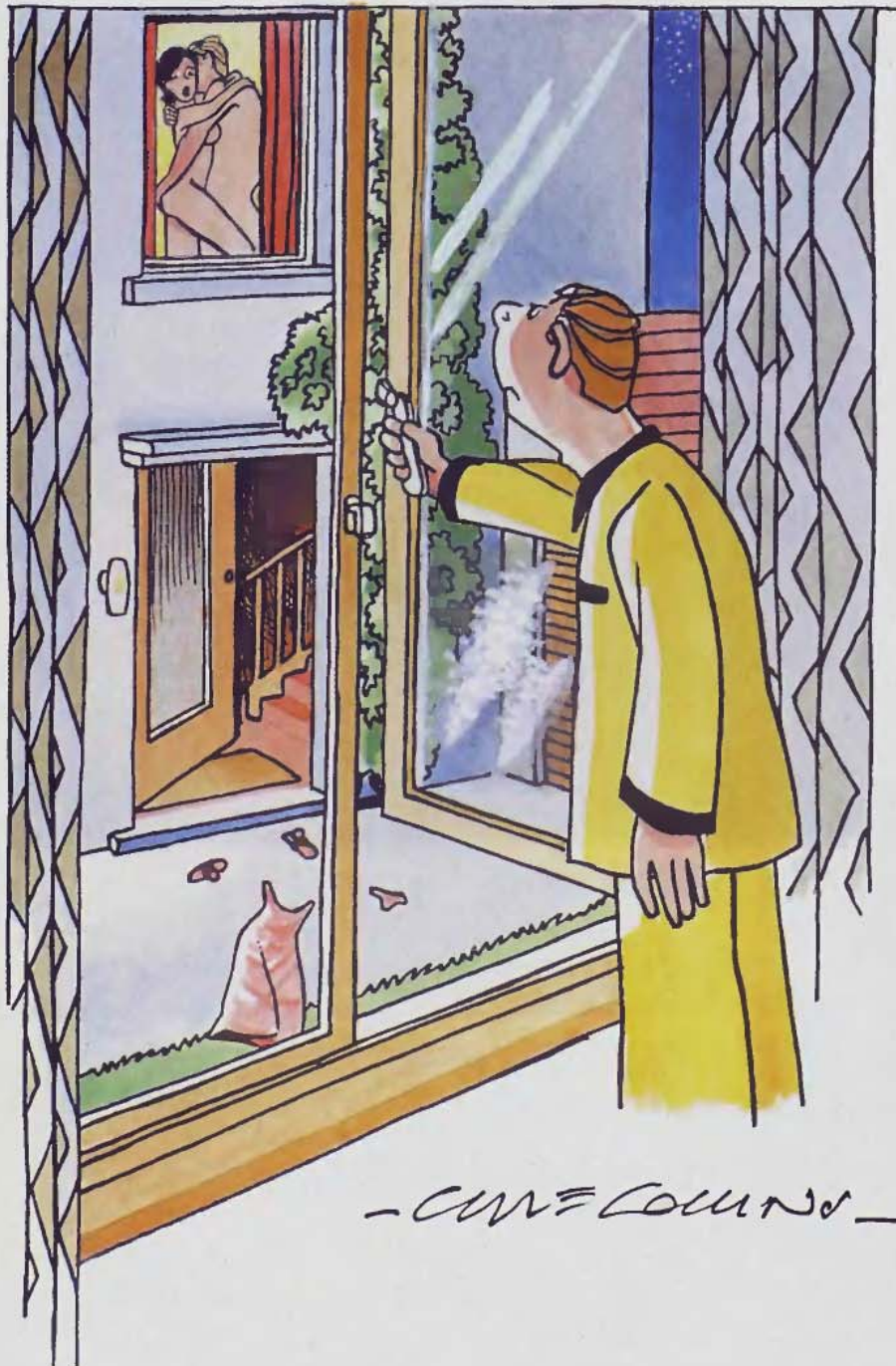
Besides her acting, Shannon's fun these days includes presiding over her website (shannonelizabeth.com), which by the time you read this may actually include a webcam. (That idea was inspired by some memorable scenes in *American Pie*.)

And then there's PLAYBOY. With her modeling experience from her stint back in Manhattan, Shannon took quite easily to posing in the nude—even though, she says, "I never thought about my body when I was young. Coming from Texas, I grew up on fried chicken and mashed potatoes and gravy, and I used to eat cookies-and-cream ice cream twice a day. But I was always active and thin, so I never gave any thought to my weight. I developed late, and I don't remember looking at my body at all."

Shannon still figures she's "not the typical PLAYBOY girl," so she wanted the photographs to be artistic and different. She wanted her pictorial to reflect the strikingly various ways she can appear before the camera. Working with photographer Davis Factor at a mansion in the Hollywood hills, Shannon says the sessions were intentionally free-form: "We did have a couple of setups in mind, but nothing was planned. I think it's always best if you let yourself go wherever the moment takes you."

Now she's waiting to see where the experience takes her. "My manager and boyfriend keep trying to put ideas in my head about what PLAYBOY could do for my career," she admits with a laugh, "and I keep trying to ignore them. I try not to have any expectations. They're just pictures of me. It's really not a big deal, is it?"

Let her keep that innocent outlook for now; no doubt Shannon Elizabeth will soon learn that she is indeed a big deal. Chances are pretty good that we won't be saying bye-bye to this *Miss American Pie* any time soon.



—COVERLY—

"Sorry, George—I couldn't sleep. . . ."



PLAYMATE NEWS



EGGED ON

Before there were Playboy Bunnies, there was the Easter bunny. So each April, Playboy



Mansion parties are usually rated R, but the Easter egg hunt is strictly G. Hef's guests included Brondi Brondt and her daughter (above) and Shonnon Tweed and Gene Simmons (top). Below: PMOY 1999 Heather Kozar has all her eggs in one basket.

Mansion West hosts the hippest Easter egg hunt in the country, featuring hot dogs, popcorn, ice cream, jelly beans, chocolate rabbits, balloons, games, prizes and, of course, a hutchful of amazing Playmates. The tradition began when Barbi Benton, Hef's then-girlfriend, decided to throw a fun adults-only springtime bash. Years later, in order



PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

August 5: Miss December 1964
Jo Collins
August 8: Miss March 1970
Christine Koren
August 24: Miss November 1957
Marlene Callahan
August 27: Miss May 1984
Patty Duffek
August 31: Miss September 1998
Vanessa Gleason

for Kimberley and Hef's sons, Mars-ton and Cooper, to get in on the action, the party became a family-style

festival and egg hunt. These days, more than 2000 eggs are decorated and hidden on the Mansion grounds. At the sound of Hef's bullhorn, Playmates and their husbands, friends and children are given 30 minutes to find as many eggs as possible. Then the results are tallied and prizes are awarded. "It's a unique event," 1999 Playmate of the Year Heather Kozar reports. It gives new meaning to the term Playmates at play.

VIDEO VIXEN

Get your joysticks ready: Marlice Andrada has just added some oomph to the often asexual world of video games. In GEX 3: Deep Cover Gecko, a game from Eidos Interactive, Miss March 1998 plays curvaceous damsel



in distress Agent Xtra, who has been captured by the evil REZ. Her would-be savior is secret agent GEX, a hyperactive gecko who must complete

20 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Dorothy Stratten was an angelic 19-year-old from British Columbia who was discovered in the 1978 Great Playmate Hunt. "I'd like to be competent in all types of acting—romance, drama, comedy, even horror," Miss August 1979 said in her pictorial. Not surprisingly, Dorothy was named 1980 Playmate of the Year and had her eye on stardom, with memorable roles in *Galaxina* and *They All Laughed*. But Dorothy's story ended tragically when she was murdered by her possessive husband after he learned she was leaving him for director Peter Bogdanovich. "None of us ever fully recovered from Dorothy's death," Hef said years later. "She was a remarkable person."



Dorothy Stratten.

25 game levels and travel through more than 15 worlds, including a whacked-out fairy-tale land with a break-dancing Humpty-Dumpty. If you're up to the challenge of saving a Playmate, the game is in stores now.

ATLANTA HEAT



Signing autographs and meeting fans builds an appetite, which is why Playmates partied at Sombuco Jazz Café after Glomourcon 16 in Atlanta. Revelers included (from left to right) Jonet Lupo, Donno Edmondson, Pamela Bryant, Kym Malin, Neriah Davis, Dolores Del Monte, Kim Terry and Angelo Little.



My Favorite Playmates
By Drew Carey



I can't pick just one Playmate, because there are so many I like. Julie McCullough was on my show the first season. I know her personally, so I can vouch that she's sweet and nice. Ava Fabian is Julie's roommate, so I hang out with her, too. Heather Kozar is a homegirl. She's from Akron and I'm from Cleveland, so there is a bond between us. I guess it's safe to say that I've never met a Playmate I didn't like.



WILD THING

Heather Ryan, otherwise known as wildlife biologist Pat Dahl, hasn't changed much since being named Miss July 1967. Appropriately titled *Call of the Wild*, Heather's pictorial described her passion for all things exotic, including ocelots and Lawrence of Arabia. One Newsstand Specials pictorial (below) even featured animal prints. Today, Heather has built a career around her enthusiasm for adventure. She lives in San Diego and leads Wild Women Tours of Poway, which conducts trips to such places as



Below: Heather and her daughters Choralene (left) and Heather Leigh (right) take the koyok out for a spin. "I have a wild life and a wonderful family," says Miss July 1967.



Florida, Colorado and Monterey Bay, California. During one excursion, for example, participants can observe wild horses. "As you can see, I haven't

PLAYMATE NEWS

changed my long, straight and wind-blown hair," Heather says. "It works in all kinds of weather and it's a simple do for a wild woman—biologist with little free time. How fun to be in *Playmate News*—I'd come out of the woods or water any day for *PLAYBOY*!"

PLAYBOY EXPO

The first-ever *PLAYBOY* Expo takes place July 17–18 at the Pacific Design Center in Los Angeles. Highlights from the macrocosmic extravaganza include a Femlin bar, a *PLAYBOY* store, a James Bond exhibit, a meet-and-greet with Sable and a special appearance by Hef. "Fans can even have their pictures taken on Hef's revolving bed," promises Cindy Rakowitz, *Playboy's* Vice President of Public Relations and President of Playmate Promotions.

QUOTE UNQUOTE

Miss June 1996 Karin Taylor is no geek, but she can't live without her computer. We asked her about her online adventures.

Q: Do you really order food online?

A: [Laughs] I do. And videos. There's a website that delivers movies and then picks them up. I can get food delivered in 45 minutes. I could stay in the house for weeks at a time. If I had enough money, I'd build a mansion like Hef's and never leave the grounds.



Karin Taylor.

Q: Wouldn't you miss New York's nightlife?

A: If people were talking about the hottest new club, I'd hire the DJ.

Q: Tell us about karintaylor.com.

A: I'm building an Internet empire, with a line of virtual cards for birthdays and bachelor parties and guest chats with women like Petra Verkaik and Shae Marks.

Q: Do you worry about losing your privacy?

A: No. I feel safer meeting my fans through the website than I do during personal appearances. The website is an illusion—my fans know only what I want them to know. They feel closer, but they're actually farther away.

Q: Are there people whose lives you're fascinated with?

A: Yes—Madonna. She came from nowhere and climbed and morphed and reinvented herself.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Looking for an online fantasy-land? Click *neriah.com* for never-before-seen photos and an online auction featuring such items as **Neriah Davis'** lingerie. . . . Last month we told you about **Barbara Moore's** foray into professional dance competitions. Since then, Barbara has perfected nine more dances, including East Coast swing, West Coast swing and the hustle.

"I have found my calling," says Miss December 1992. . . .

V.I.P. star **Pamela Anderson** recently had her breast implants removed. Pamela, says a spokeswoman for Miss February 1990, "wanted her body to go back to its natural state." . . . **Tiffany Taylor, Nicole Wood** and **Danelle Folta** hit the slopes at Winterfest in Boyne, Michigan. . . .



Ski bunnies.

Miss April 1989 **Jennifer Jackson** has a message for her fans: "I'd love to hear from you!" Write to the Jennifer Jackson Fan Club at P.O. Box 110574, Cleveland, OH 44111. . . .

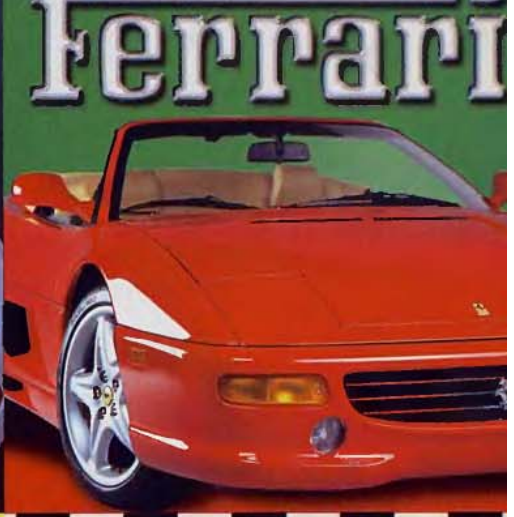


Tishara and Scott.

Tishara Cousino hung out with **Scott Baio** at a recent Mansion party. . . . Look for **Elan Carter** as host of *The Place to Be*, a travel show that emphasizes mental health. . . . Don't recognize the ladies below? They are **Lisa Dergan, Carrie Stevens** and **Kalin Olson** in funky goatees at a Captain Morgan Rum bash.

Captain Morgan was here.





testarossa



CORVETTE



Boxster

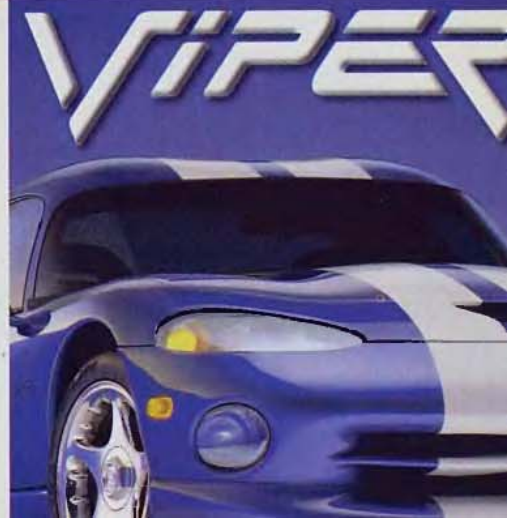


The Magazine for Exotic Lovers

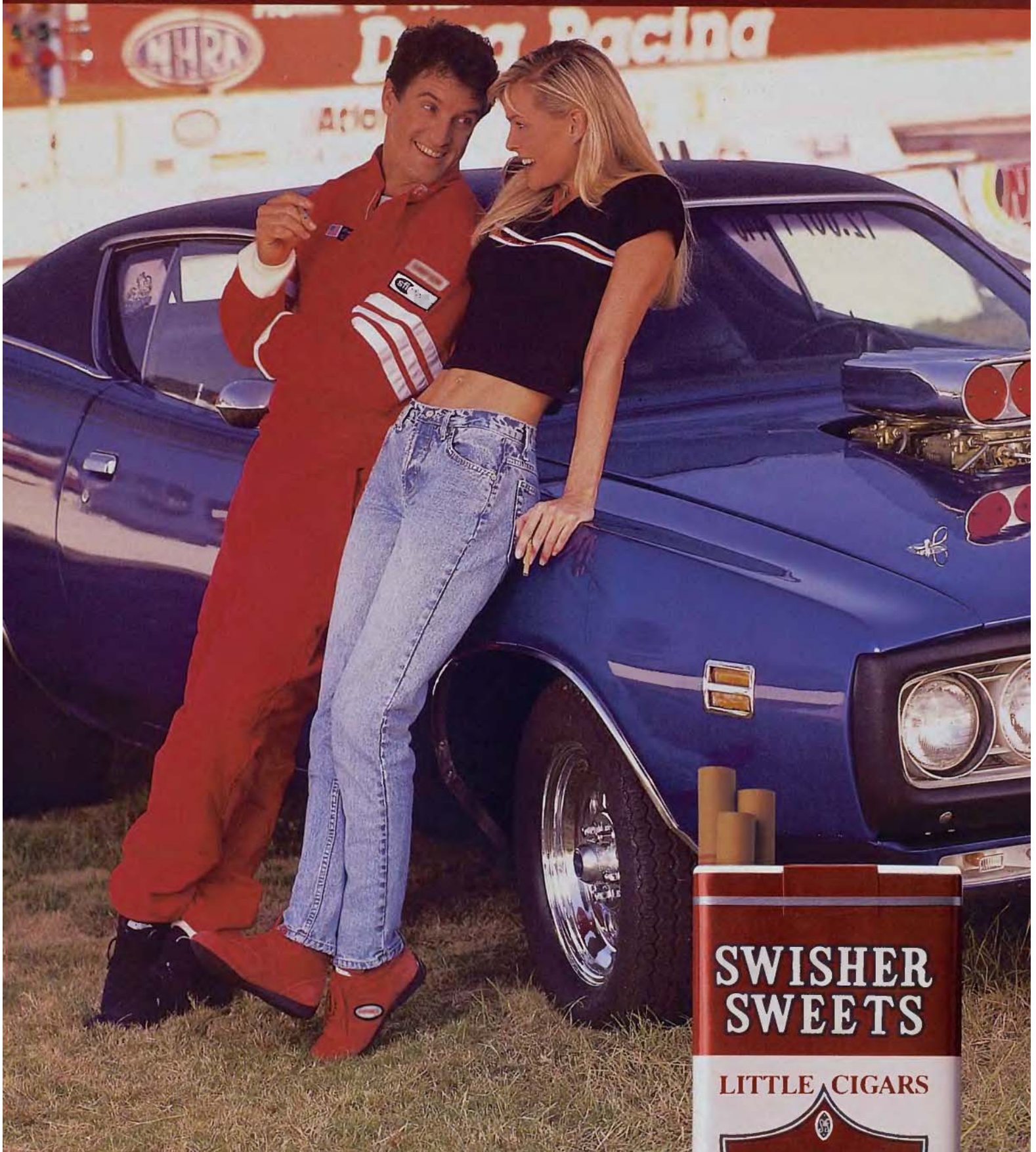


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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

—WHAT GOES AROUND COMES AROUND—

Audiophiles have been touting the warmer, more human sound of LPs since the onset of the cassette tape. And now, despite the mainstream acceptance of digital CDs and DVDs, audio aficionados are being converted to the church of literal groove—some spending tens of thousands of dollars for the perfect analog fix. Fortunately, there are turntables priced to fit almost every budget. If you simply have a nostalgic need to hear those old Run-DMC 12-inch singles, or are planning some romantic moments with a collection of Barry Whites, a

Right: Thorens' TD 295 MKII turntable in walnut can handle all your vinyl—33 $\frac{1}{3}$ s, 45s and even your grandfather's 78s (\$1100). It's pictured with a Grado Reference Platinum cartridge (\$300).



table and its extras, beauty is in the ear of the listener. You can spend as little as \$25 on a stylus and cartridge, or as much as \$12,500. The goal of companies that make the expensive stuff is to create a sound so transparent you'll mistake your living room for a concert hall. Of course, if all you have to spin is Journey's *Greatest Hits*, you first need to bolster your vinyl collection. Our recommendation? Don't waste your time on national record chains. Most have turned their backs on vinyl. Instead, look to small music shops, or go online. Try Dustygroove.com or Mobiility Fidelity, which offers reissues at its website (mofi.com) by artists ranging from U2 and Jethro Tull to Tony Bennett and John Coltrane. There are also new, used and rare recordings at Vinyl Vendors (vinylvendors.com) and the Analog Room (theanalogroom.com).

—JOEL ENOS

Below: The exotic design of Oracle's Delphi MK V combines elements such as Plexiglas and a magnesium-and-aluminum alloy to minimize vibration, thus enhancing that smooth vinyl sound (\$3100). It's pictured with an A.C.T. 2 arm (\$2800) and a Van den Hul Black Beauty cartridge (\$4000).



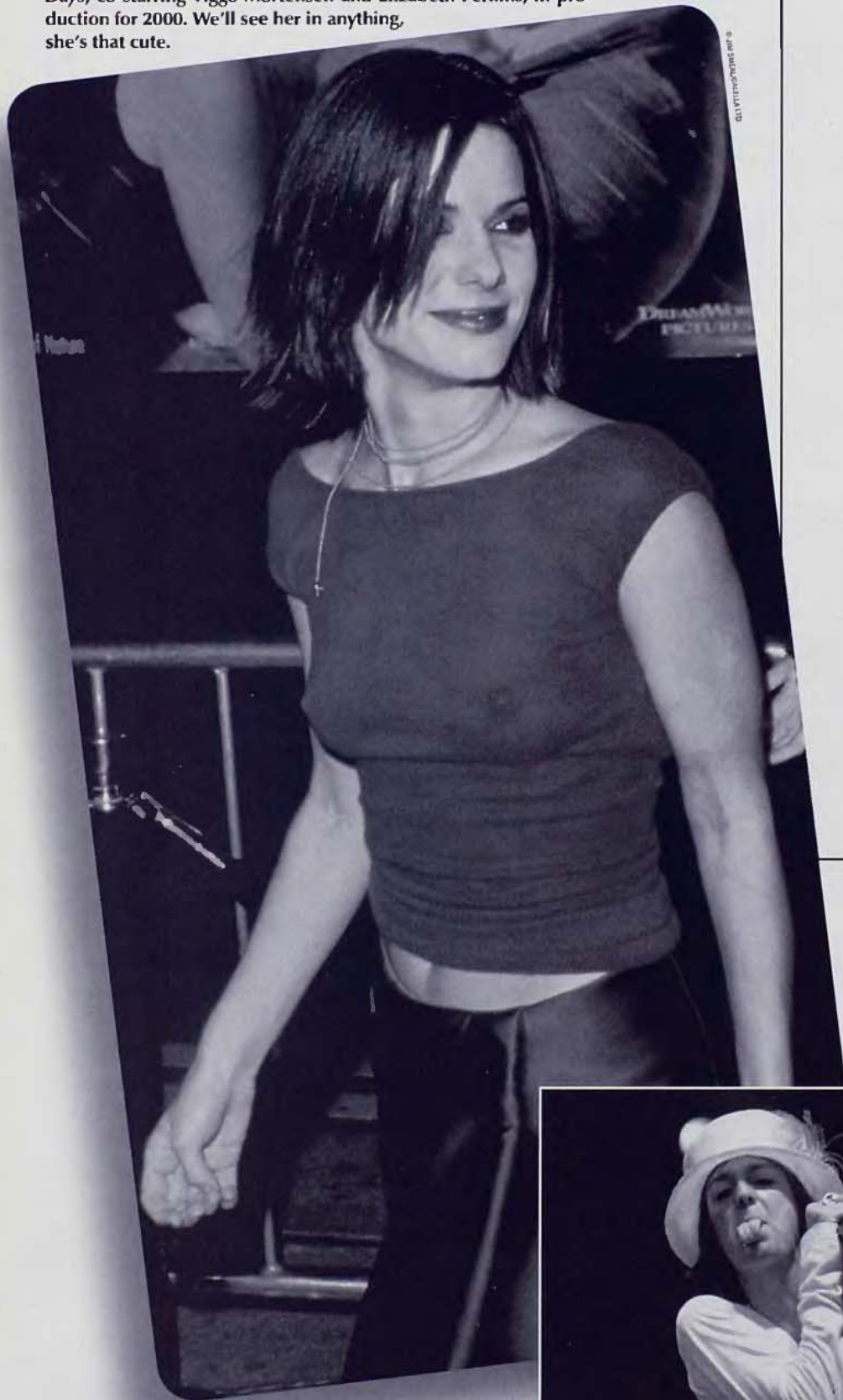
turntable in the \$300 to \$600 range is ideal. Most of these models, including Music Hall's MMF line, Technics' SL-1200MK2 and Rotel's RP955, are standard dual speed (33 $\frac{1}{3}$ and 45 rpm) and come with everything you need to start spinning—an integrated stylus and cartridge, an adjustable tone arm and antiskating (a weighted mechanism that keeps your needle from skipping). Beyond the \$600 mark, you're in with golden-ear guys who want to mix and match components to get the perfect sound from vinyl. Tables in this category include the Rega Planar 25, the Thorens TD 295 MKII and the Oracle Delphi MK V (all pictured). When choosing a turn-

Right: Some audiophiles claim that Rega's Planar 25 sounds just as good as a \$4000 turntable—but it costs \$1275. Add \$300 for the Audio Note IQ/2 cartridge and the Van den Hul Geiger 1 stylus tip.



Sandy's Just Dandy

SANDRA BULLOCK has *Exactly 3:30* and *Gun Shy* coming out in 1999, and *28 Days*, co-starring Viggo Mortensen and Elizabeth Perkins, in production for 2000. We'll see her in anything, she's that cute.



Covered Girl

Model ANU PEKKARINEN was a runner-up in the Miss Finland pageant and was Hawaiian Tropic's Finnish winner in 1998. She has warmed up Scandinavia considerably.

Go With the Crowe

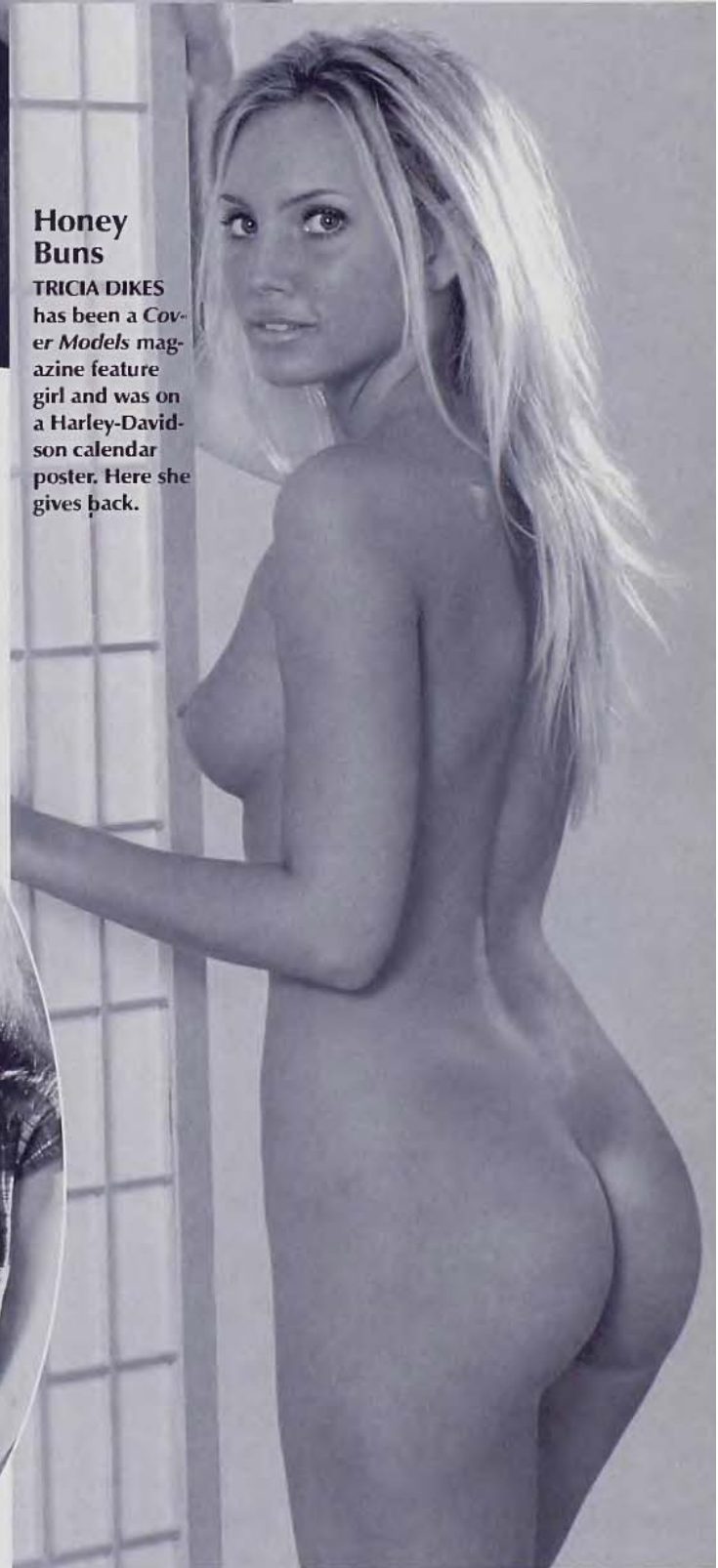
Black Crowes front man CHRIS ROBINSON is calling the summer club tour a warm-up for the real one taking flight in October, to coincide with their new CD.





Does Foghorn Leghorn Know?

When MEL GIBSON finishes working on a black comedy about mental patients (co-starring Bono and Jimmy Smits), he'll be the voice of Rocky the Rooster in *Chicken Run*.



Honey Buns

TRICIA DIKES has been a *Cover Models* magazine feature girl and was on a Harley-Davidson calendar poster. Here she gives back.



Bell's Bells

On a night off from playing Major Sarah MacKenzie on *Jag*, CATHERINE BELL went out on the town. At last we can show you what Bell has under her whites.



Pleasure Chest

TAIMIE HANNUM was featured in HBO's *Rat Pack* and *Winchell*, on Playboy TV's *Night Calls* and on the big screen in *Plato's Retreat* and *Saddle Riders*. Now we have her.

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© ANDY PEARLMAN

© DOUGLAS STREGLITZER



SKIN TO WIN

Pamela Anderson has barbed wire tattooed around her left arm; other actresses and models have adorned themselves with acorns and serpents. But for those who want a decoration that's not skin deep, there are Body Charms, realistic-looking tattoos that come in three patterns—a star, barbed wire and a butterfly. A kit (\$15) contains 24 kt. gold-filled applicators (see inset), five grams each of silver and gold tattoo powder and a fixative. The designs wash off easily, and reapplication is half the fun. A flower, chain links and a lightning bolt are in the works. Call Beauty Professionals, the company that created Body Charms, at 800-221-8080.

designs wash off easily, and reapplication is half the fun. A flower, chain links and a lightning bolt are in the works. Call Beauty Professionals, the company that created Body Charms, at 800-221-8080.



MARK OF THE MILLENNIUM

While Y2K has been putting everyone in crisis mode, the folks at NY Direct Action thought to register the numeric trademark 01-01-00. Come the millennium you can expect to see the symbol on a variety of outerwear. Aside from being a cool look, the shiny silver jacket pictured above features a detachable backpack that can be used separately. Price: \$120. Another 01-01-00 jacket for bicyclers, joggers and hikers folds into its own backpack pocket and has two straps that clip together to create a fanny pack. Price: about \$35. Varsity and golf styles along with popovers and slickers are also available in a number of colors. Call Stacey at 877-302-4242 for more information or to order.

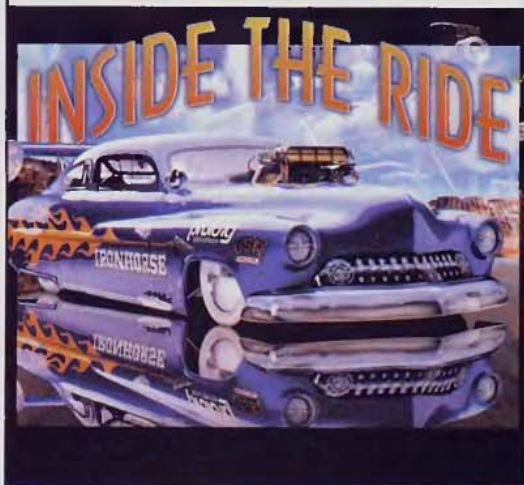
AFRICA CALLS

With chapters titled "Nairobi, Wild West Town" and "Wardens, Lions and Snakes," *White Hunters: The Golden Age of African Safaris* is the kind of read that will appeal to anyone who loves the novels of Ernest Hemingway and Robert Ruark. The author, Brian Herne, was a professional big game hunter in Kenya for more than 30 years, and the tales he tells are as fascinating as the adventurers who populate them. Price: \$35. Published by Henry Holt.



BUBBAS, START YOUR ENGINES

The CD *Inside the Ride* not only treats you to the sounds of dragsters, powerboats and high-performance sports cars, but it gives you great driving music too. It's a seductive amalgam: the roar of a dragster hitting 320 mph in four seconds followed by a ballad, and a Ferrari F355 Spider shifting to a pulsing boogie beat. Price: \$15.95. Call Like Dat Music at 888-436-1551 to order. Hats, jackets, T-shirts and posters are also available.



THAT CAPS IT

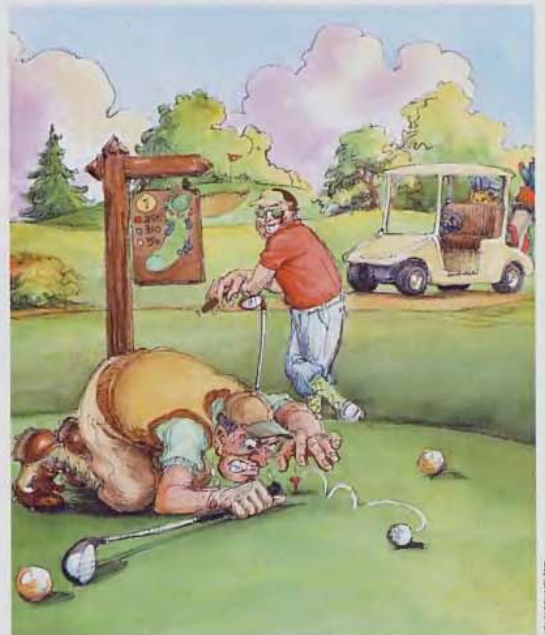
According to Gregg Levin of Perfect Curve, the average American male owns six to 12 caps and doesn't know where to store them. Levin's solution: the Perfect Curve Cap-rack System, which features 16 clips attached to a five-foot cord. Clips can be spaced anywhere along the cord and the whole shebang can hold up to 28 caps. Price: \$24.95, in sporting goods stores, or call 877-227-7225. Perfect Curve also sells a handy gizmo that curves the bill of your cap just right.



JOHN DIBSEN

GOLF BAG OF TRICKS

After reading *Golf Dirty Tricks* ("50 ways to lie, cheat and steal your way to victory") and *The Hustler's Guide to Golf*, you still may not shoot par—but neither will your opponent. Just to help you along, *Dirty Tricks* comes with a collection of flat-top tees to slip into someone's bag. *The Hustler's Guide* includes ball markers with the mind-game message DON'T CHOKE printed on them. Price: \$8.95 each. Call 888-572-3688 to order.



JOHN SCHMIDT

ALL ABOUT ELVIS



Everyone says "Elvis lives," but Bill Yenne did something about it. He wrote Renaissance Books' *Field Guide to Elvis Shrines*. If you've ever wondered where Elvis was born, grew up, drove a truck, sang, ate, slept, drank, got high, lived and died, it's all in this \$15.95 softcover, along with a list of every concert hall where he performed. There are even directions to a truck stop in Sparks, Nevada where 104 of the King's gold records are on display, and the 24-Hour Church of Elvis in Portland, Oregon (with a spinning Elvis that summons the King's ghost). Call 800-452-5589 to order.

THE GRILLS OF SUMMER

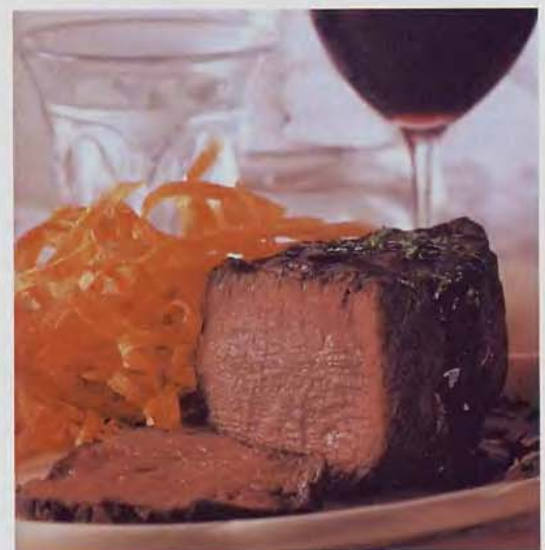
From the company whose name is synonymous with outdoor cooking comes *Weber's Art of the Grill*, a \$35 hardcover that's as thick as the filet mignon pictured here. In addition to more than 100 lavishly photographed recipes, there are sections on grilling traditions, direct and indirect cooking techniques, menu planning, great barbecue gadgets, favorite sauces and the right wines to accompany your meal. Call Chronicle Books at 800-722-6657.

IN MINT CONDITION

The next time you slip a few cherished cheroots into your pocket for a night on the town, include a slender tube that holds 33 high-intensity After Cigar Mints and make your poststogie breath kissing sweet. The silver tubes are available at tobacconists nationwide for about \$3 each, or contact After Cigar Mints at 312-829-1344 for information. The company will also sell you a container of 24 tubes of peppermints for \$72. And they'll do special orders of other minty flavors if it's a large volume sale.



DAVID CLAYTON



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