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SEPTEMBER 1999 • www.playboy.com

Interview
Bold, Bad

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RØCK**

20Q
Star Trek's
Luscious

**JERI
RYAN**

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Don't Get
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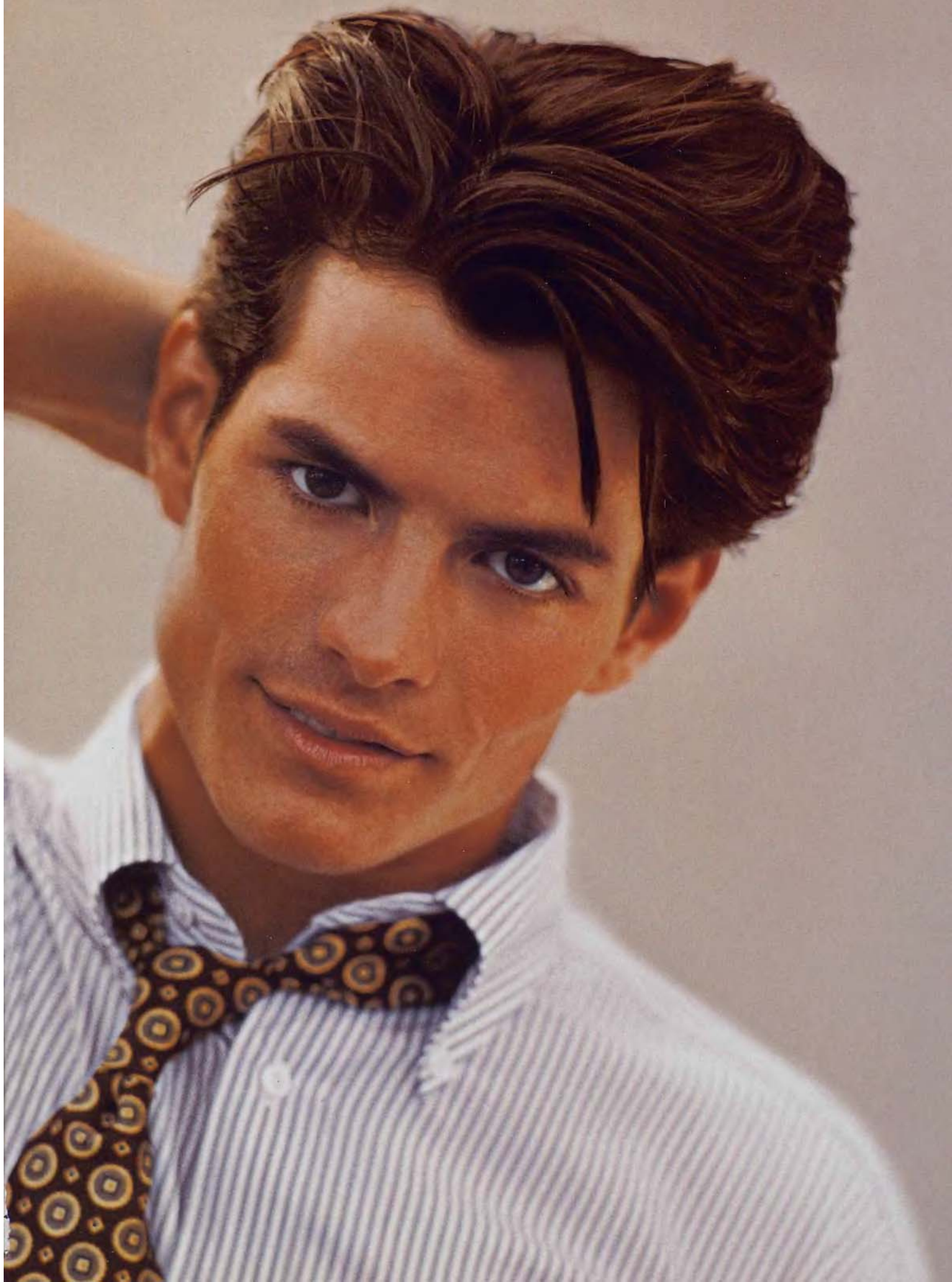


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PLAYBILL

BUCKLE YOUR turnbuckle. Lace up your wrestling shoes. **Sable** is back, and she's more gorgeous and devastating than ever. Her newest foe, of course, is the WWF itself. Alleging humiliation, she slapped them with a \$100 million lawsuit. Raw is war, indeed! In *Sable Mania, Round Two*, the outraged diva of the ring goes another round with photographer **Army Freytag** and, this time, the woman really works her props.

Chris Rock uses his best prop—that 200-kilowatt grin—to great comic effect. The devilish ear-to-ear is usually a precursor to some wicked rib involving race, relationships or politics. No subject is sacred. But the *Saturday Night Live* alum is more than just the Man of stand-up. Rock is a media master whose résumé includes a book, CDs, a talk show and a slew of big-buzz movies. Contributing Editor **David Rensin** conducted the *Playboy Interview* at one of Rock's favorite research grounds—a shopping mall. Rensin also chats up **Jeri Ryan**, a.k.a. Seven of Nine, the sexiest brainiac to walk the halls of a Federation starship. In this month's *20 Questions*, the star of *Star Trek: Voyager* discusses her close encounters with diehard fans, as well as her glovelike uniform and messy sex.

Cybercrooks have already ripped off billions of dollars. Citing the major web scams of the past five years, **Logan Hill** underscores how easy it is to set up shop on the Net. The good news? Hill's article, *E-Crime*, offers wise ways to avoid becoming a cybersucker.

Adult movies get a bad rap—women love to hate them. But a little sexed-up TV can be video Viagra for both genders. Of course, just because your girlfriend is a soap opera addict doesn't mean she'll be turned on by *Genital Hospital*. In *Chick Porn*, **Lori Seto** looks at erotic films from a female point of view (and warns to avoid the Hedgehog).

September is preview month, a chance for us to share wit and wisdom on subjects of worldly importance. Like football. According to **Rick Gosselin** in *Playboy's Pro Football Forecast* (illustration by **Mitch O'Connell**), offense is the name of the game. The formula for an NFL championship: a solid front line, a playmaking quarterback, a running back who can juke, break tackles and stay healthy and a wide receiver with great hands and legs. If you're thinking of **Randy Moss** for this last position, so are the Vikings. In *Moss Man* by **Kent Youngblood**, Vikings coach Dennis Green says, "He's a player of the future."

Taking turns at the crystal ball, **Hollis Wayne** reveals what the best-dressed moguls will be wearing in *Playboy's Fall and Winter Fashion Forecast*, **Sarah Bowen Shea** updates exercise in *Fitness 2000* and **Donald Charles Richardson** covers the gunk that will keep guys fresh of hair and face in *Grooming 2000* (illustration by **Donato Giancola**). To keep your celebratory spirits flowing through year one of the new century, we asked **Alan S. Davis**, author of *The Fun Also Rises*, to point us in the direction of the world's most happening parties. Read *Fun 2000* to whoop it up worldwide. Read *Digital Tech 2000* for a collection of electronic toys that will make you the envy of the neighborhood, then flip to *Cellulove*, cartoonist **Jules Feiffer's** amusing spin on that ubiquitous (and annoying) toy—the cellular telephone.

This month's fiction, *After the Plague* by **T. Coraghessan Boyle**, paints a grim but fascinating picture of the future. A loner, holed up in a cabin in the woods, must propagate the species with someone he can't stand. If only his companion were **Kristi Cline**, our September Playmate. In *Nature Walk* we visit New Mexico with the sun-kissed Albuquerquean, who proves more breathtaking than the scenery. And finally, all you cowpokes will appreciate *Sweetheart of the Rodeo*. Texas bull rider **Denise Luna** can rope us any time.



FREYTAG, SABLE



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HILL



SETO



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PLAYBOY®

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COVER STORY

When readers wrote in with unobashed enthusiasm to tell us how much they loved our first Soble pictorial in April, we knew we had to go another round. (Never mind that Sable's latest fight is with the WWF itself.) Our cover was shot by Arny Freytag and styled by Lane Coyle. Thanks to Alexis Vogel of the Fred Segal Agency for styling Sable's hair and makeup, and to Daniel Di Criscio in Los Angeles for her haircut. This month, our rascally Rabbit goes belly-up.



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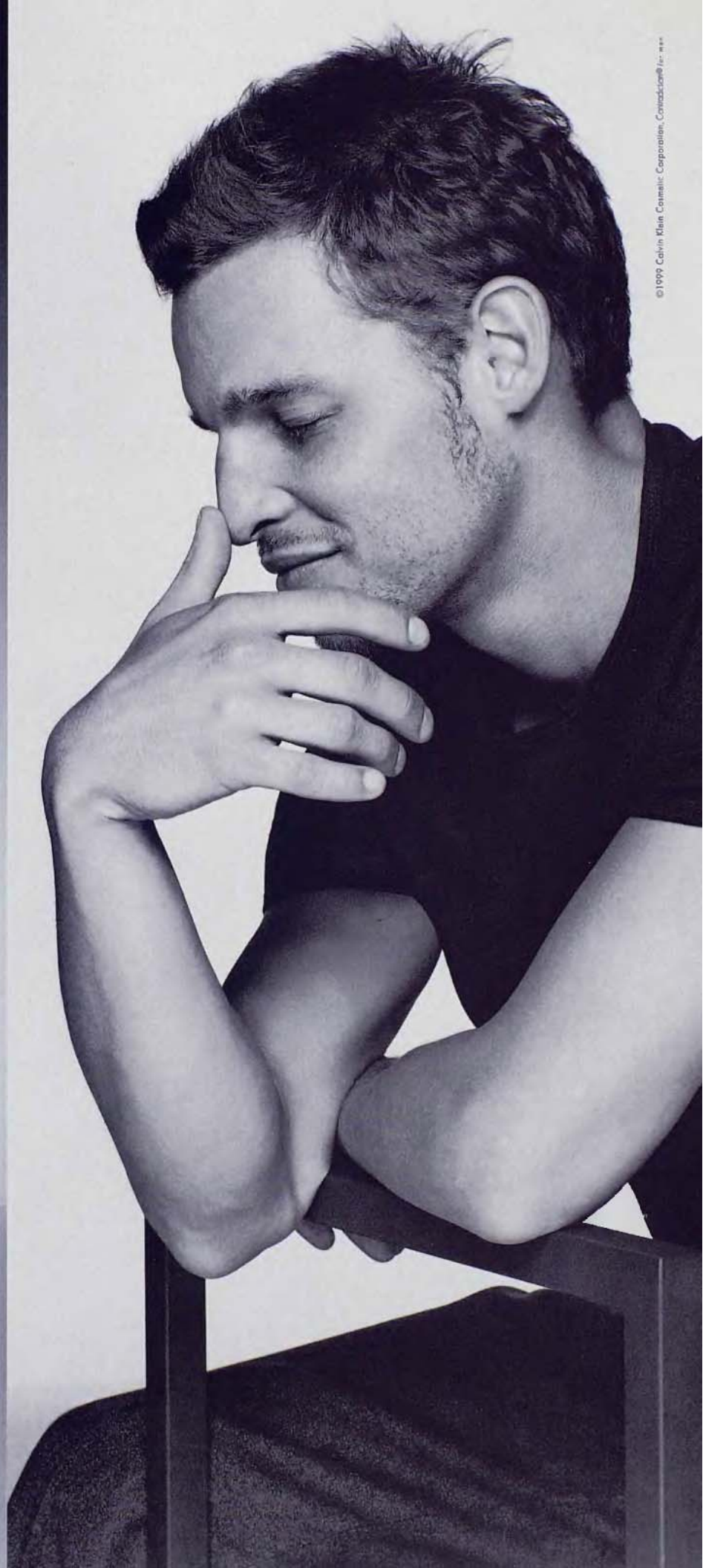


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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

hef sightings, mansion frolics and nightlife notes



BY THE BOOK

Playboy threw a party for Grove Press' big fall book, *The Century of Sex: Playboy's History of the Sexual Revolution*, written by Jim Petersen (right) and edited by Hef. Grove's publisher Morgan Entrekin (left) gets the Bunny rush.



HEATHER BUSTS OUT

Playmate of the Year and Miss January 1998 Heather Kozar was presented to the press by our Playboy-in-Chief at the Mansion. She received wheels, cash and loads of publicity. Who could ask for anything more?



MESSIN' WITH THE KID

Hef learned a few cool rap moves from Kid Rock backstage at *The Daily Show*, where they both made guest appearances. Kid Rock's CD, *Devil Without a Cause*, has gone gold, but Hef already knows the sign for number one.



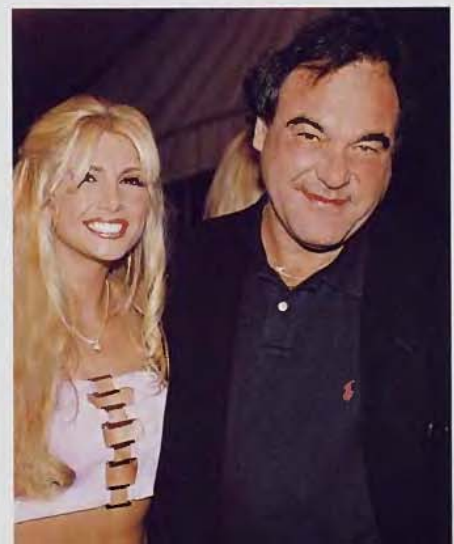
LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL

Look who stopped by Hef's coming-home party: Singer Sheryl Crow and her boyfriend Owen Wilson (*Armageddon* and *Bottle Rocket*). Director Oliver Stone also welcomed Hef and Brande back from the Riviera, Paris and London. But between us, does Hef really need an excuse to throw a party?



GETTING SOME SATISFACTION

Hef and Mick Jagger had a very satisfactory reunion in the company of Heather Kozar, Brande Roderick and Jessica Paisley. When Mick was Hef's house-guest in Chicago, they both lived up to their reputations.



HEF DOES

Cannes



We know Hef is huge here in the States, but he's even bigger in Europe. His visit to the Cannes Film Festival, where he hosted several parties on the *Galu* (a 176-foot yacht), was the talk of the Riviera. (1) Departing for the airport. (2) Taking off on a 727. (3) A pit stop in Newfoundland. (4) Heather at the controls. (5) On board the yacht. (6) At the *Entrapment* premiere. (7) Back to the yacht to party. (8) Squeeze play. (9) Lunching at Hôtel du Cap. (10) Down the hatch. (11) Hef meets the press. (12) Hef and gal pals leave for the *Austin Powers* party. (13) Golden girls. (14) Heather's hot new outfit.





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Cannes

CONT'D



Forget the movie premieres. The real action was on Hef's yacht. (1) Nenna and Brande shake their booties on board the *Galú*. (2) Mario Van Peebles and Hef at the yacht party. (3) Jon Bon Jovi and his brother rock the boat. (4) Brande, Hef and Sandy feeling no pain. (5) Hef and Heather are shagadelic, baby. (6) Rachel Jean Marteen and Jeff Goldblum on board the *Galú*. (7) The Bentley twins making waves at the Playboy yacht party. (8) Matthew McConaughey, in town to promote *Ed TV*, toasts Hef. (9) Mandy Bentley amuses the gang at dinner on shore. (10) Tanning and sipping piña colodas on the Côte d'Azur. (11) Hef's game. (12) Lunch at Eden Roc, rubbing elbows with Sean Connery and Catherine Zeta-Jones. (13) Captain Hef and crew returning to the yacht after an afternoon at Eden Roc. (14) Weary shipmates.

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ACTION JACKSON

I'm a huge fan of Samuel L. Jackson's, and after reading Michael Fleming's *Playboy Interview* (June), I admire this fine actor even more. He doesn't condemn Hollywood for racism, despite the numerous times Fleming tried to provoke such a response. Jackson has defied the odds to become a star; he's gifted and hardworking and deserves respect and recognition.

Mark Harris
El Paso, Texas

Jackson's position on political activism marks him as one of the most intelligent people in showbiz. I'll never understand how gullible people can vote for a candidate simply because some blowhard actor urges them to.

Jesse Unruh
Sacramento, California

If this world were fair, Jackson would collect a \$20 million check for each of his films. His name is always enough to get my butt in a theater seat.

Jason Nemeth
Parksville, British Columbia

Jackson has no chip on his shoulder—only an angel. His interview reveals a strong-willed, determined, likable man.

Johnnie Kirvin
Los Angeles, California

NAVAL MANEUVERS

I work on a 688 class nuclear attack submarine in the U.S. Navy. *Playboy's Party Jokes* circulates throughout the submarine each month, and the magazine is frequently the topic of conversation in our mosh pit.

Charles Verdoza
USS Houston
SSN 713

RABBIT REDUX

My wife and I always look at the cover to see who can find the hidden Rabbit

Head first. Imagine my surprise when I discovered two Rabbit Heads in June. It wasn't mentioned in *Cover Story*, but if you turn the magazine upside down, you'll see the leggy bunny ears and a fantastic head.

Greg Hood
DeSoto, Texas

WHAT SORT OF WOMAN READS PLAYBOY?

She's a woman with three children and a husband. She's a full-time student who works outside the home. She loves the interviews and reviews of the latest electronic equipment. She's adventurous and exciting in the bedroom and loves to compare notes with the *Playboy Advisor*. When asked, "Why do you read a magazine with naked women in it?" she replies, "I truly read it for the articles." This sexy, enlightened mother and wife looks forward each month to the best magazine in print today.

Valerie Milicevic
Minot, North Dakota

LIFE 101

As a spring graduate and a former Chutes and Ladders player, I really got a kick out of *Playboy's Guide to Life After College* (June). I've already tried Italian chicken for two (it worked pretty well) and bought my own condoms. I'm ready for the postgraduate course.

Jeff Smith
Tucson, Arizona

I wish I had your roommate red flag advice when I moved in with mine a year ago. It was textbook. He still owes me money. Maybe someone will read this and avoid what happened to me.

Marsha Henderson
Denver, Colorado

HEATHER BE THY NAME

Congrats to Heather Kozar on being named Playmate of the Year (June). I had the pleasure of meeting her last year

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GAMES

The latest and the greatest.



There's good news for consumers who have been anxiously awaiting the release of *Diablo II*, ambiguously slated for release "sometime in 1999." With the recent release of the action/RPG title *Darkstone*, Gathering of Developers has succeeded in delivering a well-crafted alternative. At the very least, the addictively engrossing game will tide hungry *Diablo* fans over while they pass the time. But thanks to some well-placed improvements, *Darkstone* could be the medieval fantasy game to knock *Diablo* off its pedestal.

The story revolves around Drakk, an evil dragon who rules the land. In order to save the world, players must locate seven magic crystals which, once united, can help defeat the dragon. Unlike in *Diablo*, *Darkstone* players are given the ability to control two characters simultaneously. The lead character remains active, while the accomplice remains a few steps behind in a defensive or offensive stance. Character choices include the male or female versions of four character classes: the knight, the thief, the priest, and the sorcerer.

Darkstone's vast world of castles, dungeons, villages and forests and its coterie of characters, including over 100 types of nasty monsters, are fully realized in 3D. A player-controlled camera allows players to rotate and zoom in order to see the environment from every imaginable angle. *Darkstone* offers seemingly infinite game play with its Random Quest Generator. Each game includes eight primary quests, randomly chosen out of a possible 22.

Players are immersed in a coherent universe brimming with surprise, emotion, and deep stories. 3Dfx acceleration brings high realism, particle effects, real-time colored lighting, strong animation and beautiful graphics. It supports network play for up to eight players and Internet play for up to four. *Darkstone* is available now in retail stores across the nation. Read more about it, see screen shots, or download the movie on-line at www.godgames.com.

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at Glamourcon. She was incredibly sweet and personable.

Eric Scholl
Tulsa, Oklahoma

It's time to let Marilyn Monroe rest in peace. I'm over the blowsy blonde icons. Times have changed and today's ideal woman is Lucy Liu.

Keith Garrard
Alameda, California

Then you must have loved our 20 Questions with Liu in the August issue.

I did a double take at the last PMOY of the 20th century—was it Marilyn or Heather? She was definitely worth that second look.

Phillip Serros
Fort Hood, Texas

Although Heather Kozar wasn't my first choice for Playmate of the Year (Tiffany Taylor was my pick), I changed my mind after checking out her magnificent pictorial. In fact, Heather is the sexiest Playmate of the decade.

Stephen Lee Roldan
Aiea, Hawaii

BLONDIE HAS MORE FUN

Deborah Harry was quite a cutie (June) and the punk icon of my college days. The fact that Blondie toured this summer to lavish praise does my sneering upper lip good.

Mark Jackson
New York, New York

THE ART OF NOISE

I've been a DJ for over 15 years, and what Timothy Mohr does to my craft in *DJ Culture* (June) is atrocious. He mentions a couple of pioneers in the art of turntablism, but neglects to address how it was created. He talks about the wizardry of the world's best DJ in Britain, but neglects American DJs—such as DJ Premier (from the rap group Gangstarr), Jam Master Jay (from Run-DMC), DJ Scribbles (from New York) or DJ Nabs (from Atlanta).

Sean (DJ Cisco) Thomas
Atlanta, Georgia

DJ Culture was thorough and informative. Global explorers should check out England's Talvin Singh and Holland's DJ duo, Arling and Cameron. Singh mixes the traditional sounds of India with modern drum and bass. Arling and Cameron create a musical triangle that bounces between Holland, France and Japan.

Kris Wasley
San Francisco, California

MUSEUM QUALITY

Your review "Sex Museums Around the World" (*Travel*, June) missed the best erotica—the Incan and pre-Colombian art in Lima, Peru. The well-known Gold Museum has a room dedicated to eroti-

ca, and there's also a private X-rated erotica museum in the city (known to most competent tour guides). Both are filled with figurines in erotic positions and sex toys unearthed by cultures that thrived before the arrival of the prudish Europeans.

David Brezic
San Diego, California

SPICE AND SPICIER

Is it a sign of old age or maturity to be more enamored of a Playmate's face than the rest of her? That's how Miss June, Kimberly Spicer (*Sugar and Spicier*), affects me. Credit goes to Richard Fegley, who photographed a grown-up tomboy in a baseball cap and revealed an irresistible woman.

David Mitchell
Covina, California

I've always had a weakness for beautiful Hispanic women, and Kimberly Spi-



cer is an outstanding example of Latin womanhood.

David Lynn
Houston, Texas

You really know how to make a guy happy. Kimberly reminds me of a girl I had a crush on in high school. I have fallen in love again.

Carlos Gil
Austin, Texas

As one of PLAYBOY's many Latino readers, I appreciate seeing some of our sizzling ladies in the magazine. Someday I hope to see Kimberly in a *Girls of Salsa* spread.

Sammy Esposito
Harley, Louisiana

AN APPLGATE A DAY

I enjoyed your *20 Questions* with Christina Applegate (June). She is one of the most talented comedienne to come

along since Lucille Ball. One of her classic moments on *Married With Children* is a scene in which Kelly is filming a commercial and is asked by the director to describe the flavor of a diet drink. Check it out in reruns. Thanks for the laughs.

Ed Larson
Wrangell, Alaska

I'm not fooled. Christina Applegate hasn't shed her Kelly Bundy image. Anyone who can't figure out how to add a 15 percent tip to a bill isn't the sharpest knife in the drawer.

Jason Helland
Morris, Illinois

A SORDID AFFAIR

I grew up loving the comedy team of Stiller and Meara and I continue to be amazed by their son, Ben. I watched the film *Permanent Midnight* the night before I read *The Story of Our Sordid Love* (May). No matter what Ben does, he shines.

Fred Schiller
San Luis Obispo, California

The Stiller-Garofalo sordid-romance article is hysterical. I'm shocked, however, that the brilliant and beautiful Janeane would ever pine for such a loser.

Ron Robbins
Lake Forest, California

FICTION IS BETTER THAN TRUTH

Am I misreading the June table of contents, or did you leave something out of the issue that's as integral to PLAYBOY as the Centerfold (well, almost)? Where was your monthly fiction feature? Millions of men claim to get PLAYBOY just for the articles, and without a good short story, you're blowing our cover.

Neville Norway
New York, New York

DRUGSTORE COWBOYS

While I don't want to be in a group represented either by Bob Dole (erectile dysfunction) or Tipper Gore (depression), I'm pretty impressed that lifestyle drugs (*Lifestyle Drugs: What's After Viagra?*, June) are out of the closet. There was something else I wanted to tell you, but I forgot to take my smart drugs.

John Tailor
Los Angeles, California

HIS HONOR

While Mayor Willie Brown may feel sanguine about San Francisco's history (*His Hipness the Mayor*, June), the voters can rewrite it. Even the indulgently permissive citizens of my city have finally gotten a bellyful of His Williness and his failed schemes and promises. We simply can't survive another term.

Wally Barkalow
San Francisco, California



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



SOUGHT AND FOUND HUMOR

Contemporary popularity is often measured in number of web hits. The 100 most popular search words (search words.com) during a typical month are a peek into the national psyche. Recently, MP3 and sex were vying for the top spot while PLAYBOY was comfortably lodged in the top ten. Fine. But what to make of bestiality, which managed to edge out Tour de France (numbers 25 and 26, respectively)? Even more disturbing, bestiality [*sic*] outranked both at number 13. Down the line, big tits (64) held a slight lead over Microsoft (65), which enjoyed a dash of preeminence over *The Simpsons* (66). PlayStation (81) kept ahead of masturbation (82). Perhaps the most telling couple lurked down in the cellar. Tied and fighting for 100th place? Jobs and fuck.

SOGGY FIELD

Why corporate names for stadiums piss us off: The new name for the Baltimore Ravens football arena, thanks to a publicity-hungry Internet service provider, is PSINet Stadium. Now we know why ownership didn't want to call them the Browns.

SKINKS AND SKANKS

A lot of 18-wheelers these days have stickers on the driver-side door that feature a green lizard in a red circle with a slash through it. The sticker is a universal sign that means the driver isn't interested in lot lizards—prostitutes who frequent truck stops.

BORED ROOM BINGO

Your boss makes four times as much money as you and still tosses around words like synergy and multitasking at employee meetings. Now, thanks to *The Buzzword Bingo Book*, you can turn his mangling of English into your amusement. Buzzword Bingo is like regular bingo except the cards are based on annoying managementspeak. Players wait for the words on their cards to pop up during the workday. The book provides

a glossary of such cutting-edge bullshit words as empowerment, content provider and outsourcing. It also contains 50 different bingo cards and templates so you can make your own. When you've exhausted the book, there's a website (buzzword-bingo.com) where you can download new cards. Of course, shouting, "Bingo!" during the board meeting won't win you any promotions through assmosis.

A RIVER RUNS THROUGH HIM

Busted on a federal extortion rap in Rhode Island, Anthony "the Saint" St. Laurent was denied bail despite his claim of a chronic bowel condition. He stated he needs as many as 50 enemas a day, a remedy that suggests a more apt nickname: the Saint Lawrence. Good luck, Anthony. Where you're going, 50 enemas a day is the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

KINDER, GENTLER

The progressive citizens of Lucerne, Switzerland have created the country's first Children's Parliament. It's com-



ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

posed of nine-year-olds who meet two or three times a year to discuss issues that are then submitted to the city council and mayor. So far the parliament has successfully petitioned for improvements to playgrounds and a new skateboard park. However, it's been stymied in its attempts to examine banking records from World War II.

ROLLER COASTER OF LOVE

When antidepressants balance the psyche they sometimes upend the libido. Many of these selective serotonin reuptake inhibitors are widely thought to depress the sex drive. Now it seems that the reactions vary based on gender. In a Cornell University Medical College study, Dr. Lisa Piazza found that after six weeks of treatment, women's sexual desire, psychological arousal and overall sexual health improved, while men experienced declines in a variety of areas. It's what we always suspected—we need bad thoughts to have good sex.

SHORT STORY

HBO has decided not to cut a segment from its documentary *Private Dicks: Men Exposed* even though it features a well-known TV hoaxer. Alan Abel's credits include a 1959 spot on *Today* as a member of the fictional Society for Indecency to Naked Animals and a 1994 stint on *Jenny Jones* as an aggrieved husband whose wife superglued his genitals. Abel posed in the HBO film as a 57-year-old musician named Bruce who discusses the difficulties of having a tiny penis. HBO officials say he will remain in the film and will appear in future telecasts identified as "Bruce, 57, impostor" until he proves he is more endowed than he claimed the first time around.

MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER

Pastis is a refreshing, anise-flavored spirit. Mixed with ice and water, it's perfect on summer evenings. Now English drinkers are turning to its darker cousin in increasing numbers. Absinthe is a 140-proof emerald-green liquor created when wormwood and aromatic herbs

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"No taxation without respiration." — STEVE FORBES' REASON FOR ABOLISHING THE INHERITANCE TAX

BAD WOOD

Number of bats broken by the average major league team during an average baseball season: 500.

NO SHIT

Salary per hour for a research technician in the University of Illinois' Crop Sciences department: \$6.50. Hourly salary at the same school for a hog-manure smell-er: \$15.

YEAR ACHE

Number of trademarks issued by the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office for phrases containing the number 2000: 1500. Number of trademarks issued for phrases containing millennium: 100.

BE ALL THAT CHEW CAN BE

Amount of money in the 1999 federal budget allocated to study the effects of caffeinated chewing gum on soldiers: \$250,000.

SPORTS APPRECIATION DAY

Price paid for the Chicago Bears franchise in 1920: \$100. Price paid for Washington Redskins in 1932: \$1500. Price paid for Redskins (team and stadium) in 1999: \$800 million.

TAKE NOTE

Percentage of secretaries who say they would rather eat dirt than have lunch with their boss: 8.

HAIR FARE

Price paid at auction for a lock of King Louis XVI's hair: \$5536. Price paid for a lock of Beethoven's hair: \$6458. Price paid for a single strand of Abraham Lincoln's hair: \$12,500.



FACT OF THE MONTH

According to People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, one year's supply of a popular estrogen-replacement drug used by menopausal women is derived from the urine of 75,000 pregnant horses.

LIFE SENTENCE

Average life expectancy in years of an American citizen: 76. Average life expectancy of a U.S. Supreme Court justice: 87. Life expectancy of a corrections officer: 59.

FACTORY FISH

Amount that Ford spent on an electronic sniffer, dubbed the e nose 4000, in an effort to standardize the new-car smell in its automobiles: \$75,000.

JOB TRAINING

Number of calories that you can burn while cleaning your desk for one hour: 177.

HOT POTATO

Percentage of all restaurant meals that include french fries: 22.

WHO'S YOUR DADDY?

According to the American Association of Blood Banks, number of paternity tests conducted nationwide in 1988: 75,716. Number conducted in 1997: 240,918.

PLUMBING THE SOUL

Amount of the Vatican's outstanding sewer bill (it has not been paid since 1929): \$23 million.

AN AMERICAN TRADITION

Percentage of Americans in 1954 who believed there was a relationship between violence in the media (TV, radio, movies and comic books) and teenage crime: 70. Percentage who felt this way in 1977: 70. Percentage in 1999: 73.

FRIES WITH THAT?

Percentage of Texas death row inmates during the past 15 years who have requested hamburgers for their last meal: 32. —JOSHUA GREEN

are soaked in ethanol. Absinthe's legendary kick made it the drink of choice for creative types such as Oscar Wilde, Strindberg and Baudelaire (the incomparable buzz, which allegedly drove van Gogh to chop off his ear, is followed by a wicked hangover). It's a good bet modern Brits figure absinthe is no more maddening than their typical cow.

PHANTOM OF THE CROUPIER

Andrew Lloyd Webber plans to create a hotel-entertainment complex in Las Vegas. Among other attractions will be a theater where Sir Andrew's musicals will be performed 24 hours a day. The idea? To keep guests in the casino.

BEST OF CLASS

Our Emmy for outstanding local TV sports commentary goes to KABC sportscaster Bill Weir for his coverage of a major dog show. When one contestant took a crap onstage, Weir observed, "You almost never see this type of thing in the Miss America competition."

MELONCHOLIA, OR FRUIT CUP

Tesco, the UK's biggest supermarket chain, engaged a retail psychologist to find out why large melons weren't selling. According to a market research survey, 70 percent of female melon buyers conceded that the "most likely subconscious factor when selecting size of melon" was breast size. When Tesco switched to smaller melons, it sold more than a million in two months. What does it all mean? Apparently, British men don't get as much pleasure out of breakfast these days.

FUNNY BUT TRUE

"This Is True" is a syndicated newspaper column by Colorado humorist Randy Cassingham that contains bizarre news items from legitimate newspapers. (Free e-mail subscriptions are available at thisistrue.com.) It's not rocket science, but Cassingham generated enough income to quit his job as a software engineer at NASA's Jet Propulsion Lab in Pasadena. "True" is a great place to read about Fabio getting smacked in the face by a bird, French conservative Jean-Marie Le Pen defending male nudity, and a woman who created a ceremony so she could marry herself. Cassingham's kicker? "She also apparently had a hand in planning her wedding night."

GEM RAT

Diamonds are forever, but moissanites are cheaper. The new synthetic diamond is giving cubic zirconium a run for its money. The gems are so convincing that swindlers have already fooled pawnbrokers and jewelers. One such dealer, Hampy Antonian, admits, "You learn with your own money."



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MOVIES

By LEONARD MALTIN

I LOVE Eric Rohmer's films, but not everybody does. There's little action and lots of talk. Gene Hackman's character in *Night Moves* says viewing a Rohmer film is like watching paint dry. I disagree, having been swept up in the sexual by-play and badinage of *La Collectionneuse*, *My Night at Maud's*, *Claire's Knee* and his latest, *Autumn Tale* (October). This time, the principal characters are two lifelong friends, now in their 40s. One (Marie Rivière) is an independent, moody vineyard owner, the other (Béatrice Romand) a happily married woman who'd like to see her friend find a man. To that end, she places a personals ad in the paper and auditions a suitor. Meanwhile, Romand's son's fiancée, beautiful and self-possessed, wants to match her future mother-in-law with her ex-boyfriend, a professor with a penchant for bedding his students. What glorious fun, what delicious dialogue and interaction. Rohmer pulls us into his characters' lives and takes us on a delightful journey. This is part of a cycle of films about the four seasons; I can't wait to see what he comes up with next. $\text{V}\text{V}\text{V}/2$



Autumn Tale: A piquant love story.

Witty romantics,
a white homeboy,
a prize-winning dolt.

The new documentary *On the Ropes* (WinStar) seems fated to be tagged the *Hoop Dreams* of boxing, but the shorthand description is strictly complimentary. Like *Hoop Dreams*, this compelling film chronicles the lives of several young people in Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant neighborhood as they pursue possi-

ble boxing careers under the guidance of Harry Keitt, a trainer who devotes his life to the gym. Filmmakers Nanette Burstein and Brett Morgen present us with life stories no Hollywood screenwriter could invent, and, unlike most screenplays, this one unfolds unpredictably. Will the most earnest young pugilist box her way out of a dead-end life? Will the teenage boy who has no pa-

tience for school get his act together? Will the hot young comer be tainted by the lure of money? *On the Ropes* puts most dramatic movies to shame as it paints a vivid picture of the hard-knock life these contenders contend with. It's a rich, often heartbreaking story. $\text{V}\text{V}\text{V}/2$

It's good to see the talented Joe Pantoliano—who's enlivened so many films, including *The Fugitive* and *The Matrix*—in a leading role. But I wish *The Taxman* (Phaedra) were better. In the opening narration Pantoliano ruminates about the fact that no one likes a tax inspector—so why would we be different, and why would anyone burden a film with that title? Still, there's a good yarn here, about a hotheaded, iconoclastic New York State tax inspector who's onto a scam involving Russian émigrés in Brooklyn's Brighton Beach community. He enlists the help of a papa-bear-type Russian (Michael Chiklis), flirts with the man's daughter (Elizabeth Berkley) and works alongside lowly city cop (Wade Dominguez) to get to the bottom of his mystery. Ultimately he persuades state's attorney (Robert Townsend) to take the case. But the twists and turns start to pall around the same time that Pantoliano's character wears out his welcome. $\text{V}\text{V}/2$

Marc Levin's follow-up to the exceptional, cinema-verité-style urban drama *Slam* again deals with hip-hop culture, but in a different way. *Whiteboys* (Fox Searchlight) opens with golden-hued

When Hollywood first embraced the technology of wide-screen movies in the early Fifties, it was to compete with the new medium of television.

The TV screen has become the enemy once more, but for a different rea-

THE BIG PICTURE . . .

son: It cuts off the sides of any film shot in Cinema Scope or Panavision.

Most directors supervise the process of adapting their films for video and television release, including the "panning and scanning" that shifts the focus of the central image from one shot to the next. But sometimes you can't fit 12 pounds of potatoes into an eight-pound sack.

One solution is to present the film in a letterboxed format, shrinking the rectangular image inside a TV-shaped frame, leaving black space at the top and bottom. Film connoisseurs wel-

come this compromise in order to see the whole picture as it was shot, even though it reduces the overall size. But many consumers hate letterboxing.

An alternative is to shoot the movie with eventual television broadcast in mind. Steven Spielberg did that for *E.T.: the Extra-Terrestrial*. When his megahit made its home video debut in a full-frame version, he told me he had no qualms about panning and scanning because he had framed all his shots in such a way that they wouldn't lose essential information when they were cropped later on.

Other filmmakers do not want to make that compromise: They're shooting their movies to be seen in theaters, video afterlife be damned. French director Luc Besson says he hopes bad panning and scanning so turns off viewers that they rush back to theaters.

Some unusual films have been shot in wide-screen of late. *Rushmore* made

brilliant use of its Scope possibilities, and Wes Anderson designed it down to the last detail. It would be a shame to squander that creative effort. Fortunately, Buena Vista Home Video released the film in both full-screen and letterboxed versions.

Another solution is a process called Super 35, which enables directors and cinematographers to shoot a large image and then crop it several different ways: in a wide frame for theaters, then in a square frame for video and television. Every shot is planned for both aspect ratios right from the start. Such recent films as *Notting Hill*, *Election*, *The General* and *The Matrix* were filmed in this versatile format.

The next step (already here for cutting-edge home viewers) is a rectangular format television screen. But do we really want to watch *The ABC Nightly News* and *Everybody Loves Raymond* in wide-screen?
—L.M.



Griffiths: Oscar's prom queen.

OFF CAMERA

For busy Australian actress **Rachel Griffiths**, getting an Oscar nomination this year for *Hilary and Jackie* was an unexpected gift. "I tend to be the kind of person who is embarrassed onstage taking a bow," she says. "Then I thought, Stop that. These moments don't happen very often in life. So I was determined to really enjoy it and have a good time. It was like going to the prom; I was never going to be the homecoming queen, you know? I was the girl no one asked, and I convinced myself that they were all shallow people and I wouldn't want to be there anyway. But for the Oscars, I was like, 'I'm going to the prom and I'm going to wear a pink dress. I'll have the world's best hairdresser do my hair, and I'll go up to anyone I've ever adored, respected, admired or been inspired by and introduce myself'—which I did."

I suspect that many of them returned the compliment. No one who has kept an eye on Australian and British cinema in the Nineties could help being impressed by Griffiths' work, which includes *Muriel's Wedding*, *Children of the Revolution*, *Cosi*, *Among Giants*, *My Best Friend's Wedding* and *My Son the Fanatic*.

She has also written and directed a short film, *Tulip*, which is making the international film festival circuit.

It doesn't take long to realize that this is a woman of exceptional intelligence and independence. Money seems to be the least of what motivates Griffiths to accept a script, as she continues to work in modest but worthy films in Australia and the UK.

But, she says with a laugh, "I have to be honest in telling you, nobody has come up to me and said, 'Here's a million to be in *Nightmare on Elm Street 12*.' Maybe I've not been tempted with a high enough price!" —L.M.

shots of America's heartland, and, indeed, it takes place in Iowa, where teenage Dogg is convinced he doesn't belong. That's because he feels black. He's sure the urban ghetto ethos is the only real truth, and he is destined to be part of it. He gets together with his two best friends—also white—and raps incessantly. No one can figure him out; not his family, his acquaintances, nor his one black friend, an upwardly mobile young man who has his sights set on law school. *Whiteboys* presents an amusing and original conceit and is propelled by a singular lead performance by Danny Hoch (who co-wrote the script). Unfortunately, the drama gets thin. Its climax is all too predictable and just barely credible. **★★**

Teenage Kirsten Dunst is rapidly becoming the kind of actor whose mere presence can make a film worth watching. In *Dick* (Columbia) she and Michelle Williams (of *Dawson's Creek*) play a pair of airheads who live in Washington, D.C. during the Watergate era and find themselves in the midst of the scandal, clueless from start to finish. Director and co-writer Andrew Fleming's primary joke is that these girls sail through history in the making without realizing what's going on around them; its secondary layer of humor comes from hindsight gags about key moments in the Watergate saga, with Dan Hedaya as Nixon, Saul Rubinek as Henry Kissinger, Dave Foley as Bob Haldeman, Harry Shearer as G. Gordon Liddy and Jim Breuer as John Dean. I'm not sure how many of these jokes will resonate for viewers who didn't live through that period, but watching Dunst and Williams may be reward enough. **★★★**

The talented John Turturro made his writing and directing debut with *Mac* in 1992. His sophomore film, *Illuminata* (Artisan), is more ambitious, but not as successful. The setting is turn-of-the-20th-century New York City. The focus is on a theatrical repertory troupe that's rife with love, lust, jealousy and ego. Turturro is a playwright who yearns to have his newest play performed by the woman he loves (Katherine Borowitz), the star and manager of the company. He seizes an opportunity when one of the actors passes out during a performance, and the most powerful and notorious theater critic in town (Christopher Walken) is in the audience. The lines between life and art are blurred as the characters interact, one eye on career and the other on love. With robust, even campy, parts for Walken, rubber-faced Bill Irwin, Donal McCann, Rufus Sewell, Beverly D'Angelo and Susan Sarandon there is much to enjoy here. Still, the film tends to lumber, and it goes on too long. It plays like a French farce in slow motion. **★★**

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by leonard maltin

Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me (Listed only) Mike Myers' saucy sequel isn't nearly as funny as he is—in three roles, no less—but it does have laughs. **★★½**

Autumn Tale (See review) Delicious, adult romantic comedy from Eric Rohmer. **★★½**

The Blair Witch Project (8/99) More successful as experiment than as entertainment, this story of would-be filmmakers who get lost in the woods still has some chills. **★★½**

Cabaret Balkan (Listed only) Life in Yugoslavia has simply gone mad—as a variety of people discover during one tumultuous night. **★★½**

Dick (See review) Two clueless teenagers encounter the Watergate scandal, and all of its participants, in this entertaining comedy. **★★**

The Dinner Game (8/99) A laugh-out-loud French farce about a man's search for the stupidest dolt living in Paris. *Très amusant*. **★★½**

The General's Daughter (Listed only) John Travolta stars in this slick but largely unconvincing Nelson DeMille thriller. **★★½**

Illuminata (See review) John Turturro directs a fine ensemble, including himself and Susan Sarandon, in this heavy-handed tale of love and lust amid a turn-of-the-century acting troupe. **★★**

Limbo (7/99) In yet another original and unusual film from John Sayles, he chronicles characters at crossroads in their lives in Alaska. **★★½**

My Son the Fanatic (8/99) A Pakistani cabdriver has an unusual relationship with a prostitute in this provocative Hanif Kureishi drama. **★★★**

On the Ropes (See review) A compelling, sometimes heartbreaking documentary about three young people hoping to find their focus through boxing. **★★½**

Star Wars: Episode 1—The Phantom Menace (8/99) Good fun on a kid's level—not exactly the Second Coming. **★★½**

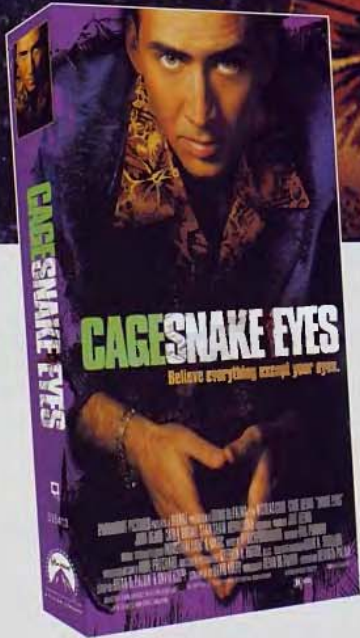
Tarzan (Listed only) Animated version of the Edgar Rice Burroughs' classic is fun for the young and the young at heart. **★★★**

The Taxman (See review) Character actor Joe Pantoliano takes center stage as a tax investigator onto something big. Robert Townsend stars. **★★½**

Whiteboys (See review) It's lonely being a homeboy wannabe in Iowa corn country, but it's not funny enough to sustain a feature-length film. **★★**

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

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GUEST SHOT

"My favorite movie is *Harold and Maude*," says **Lea Thompson** of NBC's *Caroline in the City*. "I loved it when I was a little girl and I still love it. I also like *Being There*. Both are Hal Ashby movies—whatever he did, I like. I prefer uplifting films. I really don't like mass-murder, scary or suspenseful movies. The movies I feel most deeply about are those that enlighten me. I like old musicals—*Singin' in the Rain*, *On the Town* and anything else starring Gene Kelly. And *West Side Story* is a great film."

—SUSAN KARLIN



SIXTIES 101

Apparently our fascination with the Sixties is going to continue into the '00s—why else would the Beatles' *A Hard Day's Night* be back in theaters this month? For those of you born too late—or those who lived through the decade but don't remember it—here's a video syllabus.

Faster Pussycat! Kill! Kill! (1965): The seeds of the Seventies women's liberation movement were planted by this Russ Meyer epic, where magnificently endowed women—including the beautiful Tura Satana—finally get a leg up on men. Literally.

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? (1966): The nation's newly empowered teens could see their parents for what they were in Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton's brawling couple. Suddenly, suburbia seemed passé and communes cool.

Bonnie and Clyde (1967): While the buzzword of the era was peace, the cinematic mayhem in Arthur Penn's classic pushed the boundaries of violence.

Petulia (1968): Free love—remember that?—in hip 1968 San Francisco. Newly married swinger Julie Christie, who hits on surgeon George C. Scott, could make even bell-bottoms look delicious. Appearances by the Grateful Dead and Big Brother and the Holding Company were the (peace) signs of the times.

Alice's Restaurant (1969): The draft board, the Man and all other forms of authority are the villains who want insouciant hippie troubadour Arlo Guthrie to get with the system. Directed, if you can believe it, by *Bonnie and Clyde*'s Penn.

Easy Rider (1969): Now an indie film pop icon, this landmark movie put Hollywood and the establishment on notice—

not only did the hippies have pot, sex and Harleys, they also could make compelling films.

Woodstock (1970): The Sixties end with a final burst of Flower Power and rock and roll in this definitive concert film (Oscar winner for best documentary). Get the 1994 version, with 40 extra minutes that include Janis Joplin. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

DISC ALERT

Up in front! The wildly amusing new DVD release of Ivan Reitman's ***Ghostbusters*** (Columbia TriStar, \$27) mimics a TV staple, *Mystery Science Theater 3000*, in a way that we hope becomes a standard. You can choose to watch the movie with Reitman, producer Joe Medjuck and writer-star Harold Ramis appearing at the bottom of the screen, in silhouette, commenting throughout.

While the trio's musings are nowhere near as funny as what the *MST3K* people could have come up with, the picture doesn't need it to be. The result is still a vast improvement over the disembodied voices of standard disc commentary. The format likely would not work as well with Hitchcockian dramas, but for a crowd pleaser like *Ghostbusters*, it's great. The bountiful, wide-screen disc also includes three featurettes, ten deleted scenes and other material. Call it Full Plastic Jacket: Before his death in March, director Stanley Kubrick had signed off on DVD packaging of most of the films he'd made prior to this summer's *Eyes Wide Shut*.

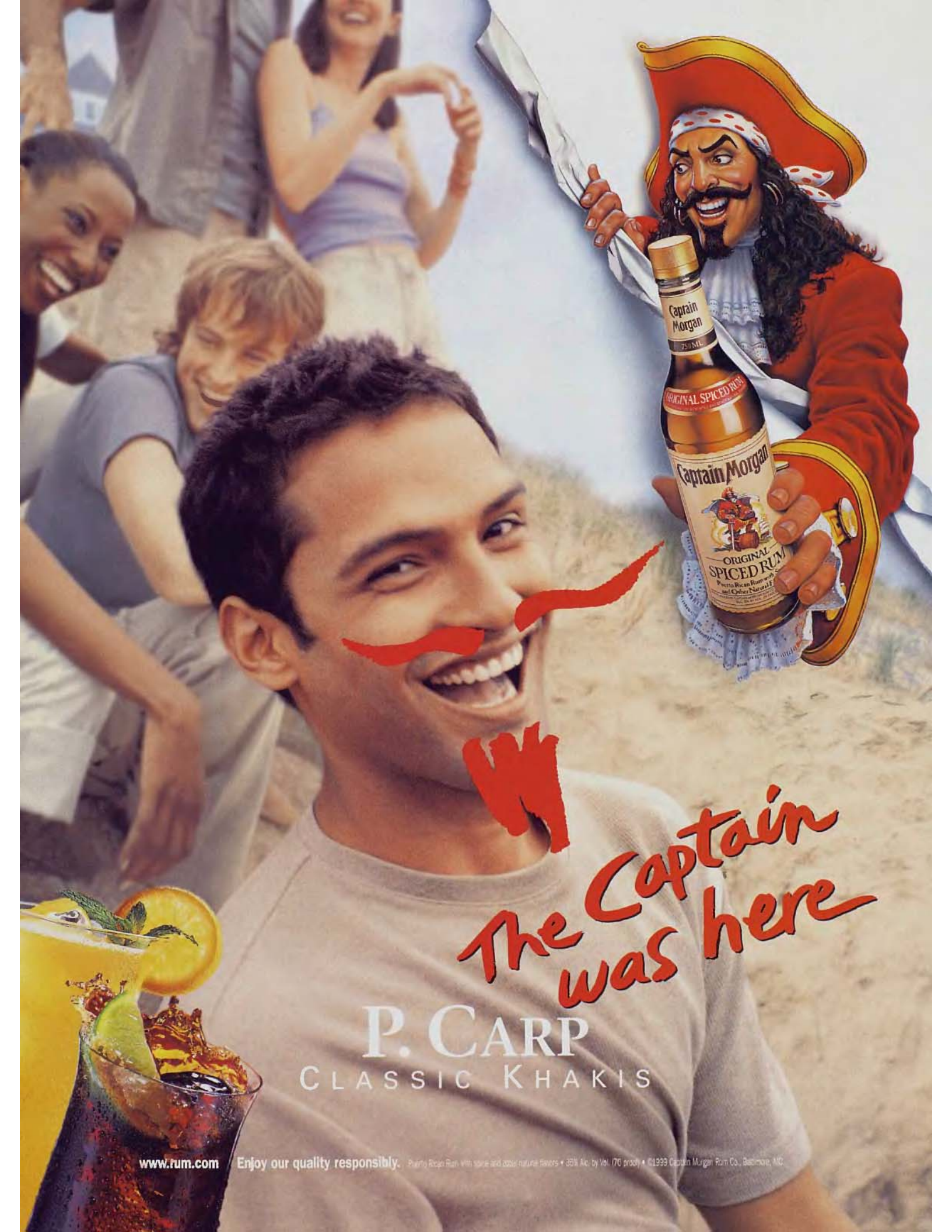
Guilty Pleasure of the Month

Ritual, the newest adult offering from talented and twisted Michael Ninn, is arty and complex—but not so much as to interfere with anyone's simple, wanton, voyeuristic pleasures. We won't bore you with plot, but we will note that knockout porn babe Katja Jean is featured prominently and effectively. *Ritual* is airing on Playboy TV this month, so you can preview it there. It's hot, unapologetic, well shot and energetically performed. How many other movies can make those claims?



Naturally, the wide-screen films are presented in letterbox format, and most include the theatrical trailer. Warner Home Video has combined seven films in a \$150 set that includes *Lolita* (1962), *Dr. Strangelove* (1964), *2001: A Space Odyssey* (1968), *A Clockwork Orange* (1971), *Barry Lyndon* (1975), *The Shining* (1980) and *Full Metal Jacket* (1987). MGM is offering three of his earlier films—*Killer's Kiss* (1955), *The Killing* (1956) and *Paths of Glory* (1957)—separately, at \$25 each. What will continue to amaze future generations is that his body of work is virtually stinker free. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER	
MOOD	MOVIE
COMEDY	Analyze This (Crystal is a shrink who tries to deliver De Niro from his gongster angst; <i>Goodfellas</i> gone delightfully goofy), Office Space (drone Ron Livingston leads corporate subversion; animator Mike Judge's deft live-action debut).
THRILLER	Payback (modder-than-hell Mel Gibson icily executes fellow thugs who screwed him; as watchable as sadistic trash gets), Eight Millimeter (director Joel Schumacher sends private dick Cage sniffing around snuff films; alluring depravity).
DARK FUN	Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels (o shepherd's pie of bungling, back-stabbing thugs; call it <i>Reservoir Bulldogs</i>), Jawbreaker (luscious Rose McGowan plays a high school clique's <i>Heathers</i> -like leader; you'll spit it out after an hour).
YOUNG LOVE	Blast From the Past (Brendon Froser, born and raised in a bomb shelter, goes out for food and a girl; painless date fare), Cruel Intentions (Reese Witherspoon is perfidiously deflowered; o mildly sexy teenage <i>Dangerous Liaisons</i>).
FAMILY	October Sky (Fifties coal miner Chris Cooper has o son who wants to be a rocket man; good, inspiring—and true—sap), Down in the Delta (is where lousy mom Alfre Woodard turns good; Mayo Angelou directs with o poet's heavy hand).



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ROCK

FOR BETTER OR WORSE, Los Angeles is usually thought of as the city of the future. Angelinos the Red Hot Chili Peppers combined funk, metal, punk and rap in the mid-Eighties, and turned out to be musical prophets. In 1991 they stormed the charts with the bittersweet ballad *Under the Bridge* and the slamming punk funk of *Give It Away*. But guitarist John Frusciante left the band in 1992 as a result of exhaustion. The Peppers were mostly missing in action for the rest of this decade, releasing one album with Jane's Addiction's Dave Navarro. But Navarro's dark metallic roar was too heavy. Fortunately, a revived Frusciante has returned to the fold on *Californication* (Warners) and the Chili Peppers have gotten their groove back. The songwriting is stronger and deeper than anything they've done before. The title tune and *Scar Tissue* examine LA's bizarre mix of hope and illusion. Elsewhere, the Peppers' unique blend of humor, heart and unpretentiousness allows its musical hybrids to bear fruit. *Californication* is a refreshing and energized return to form for a band that many had given up on.

Hispanic rock legend Los Lobos is one of the few bands in Los Angeles that actually has roots. Twenty-five years ago it was playing traditional Mexican music in punk venues, later adding its take on R&B, rock and blues. *This Time* (Hollywood) combines avant-garde textures with the intimacy of traditional R&B. The production team of Mitchell Froom and Tchad Blake, who have worked with the band throughout this decade, helped create a sonic landscape that is futuristic yet human in spirit. On *This Time*, Los Lobos creates soul music for the new millennium. —VIC GARBARINI

I wouldn't turn down all that money and all those Oscar nominations, so far be it from me to criticize Randy Newman for spending a large portion of the past decade doing soundtracks. I just wish he'd release more albums of songs written to his own specifications, because his latest, *Bad Love* (Dreamworks), is wonderful. Newman attacks pretension with devastating accuracy and a worldview that is simultaneously humane and bleak. If he were more humane, he'd be sentimental. If he were more bleak, his audience would commit suicide. But Newman strikes the right balance. Many of the songs here are about love and how bad it can be. His cynicism about younger women and older men could wither a cement block, but his concerns go much deeper. In *The Great Nations of Europe*, he nails 500 years of Western imperialism in just a few gleeful lines. Genocide hilarious? Well, yes. In Newman's



Red Hot Chili Peppers: *Californication*.

The Chili Peppers get hot, Randy Newman experiences *Bad Love* and Mandy Barnett makes you weep.

hands, it's fall-on-the-floor funny. A few minutes after the song ends you're wondering why your ancestors were such mass-murdering greedheads. What a concept: moral vision at the end of the 20th century.

Four babes from Sweden, Drain sth understand the dynamics and sensuality of heavy music as well as anyone since Kurt Cobain. On their second album, *Freaks of Nature* (Mercury), they offer monster riffs that will thrill anyone with the slightest taste for the heaviest metal.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

POP

Mandy Barnett is a Nashville thrush. Ecstatic word of mouth for her is enough to make anyone not in the loop suspicious. Her well-reviewed, technically proficient 1996 debut stalled well short of worldwide renown. Her latest, *I've Got a Right to Cry* (Sire), is a pop triumph whether it sells or not. All cushy strings and corny choruses, plinking piano and twanging guitar, countrypolitan is as retro as lounge. This version, slightly speeded up and touched with genuine swing, is made for the easy range and creamy tang of Barnett's gorgeous voice. If you have a weakness for Kay Starr or Patsy Cline, you won't believe it when you hear Barnett lay some loving on the chestnuts and newly designed weepers gracing this thematically unified work of art. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

RAP

The reissue moguls at Rhino rub hip-hop's singles in our faces with the shameless *Millennium Hip-Hop Party*—18 crossover smashes that are upbeat, ingratiating and mostly terrific. Sometimes sanitary (*Bust a Move*, *Parents Just Don't Understand*) and sometimes not (*Humpty Dance*, *Baby Got Back*), these songs are so catchy you could play every one for Garth Brooks' birthday bash.

After reminding Garth that rap is big fun, move on to *Rawkus Presents Soundbombing II*, which compiles an impressive barrage of underground tracks. They're all high-energy, confrontational and, from Eminem on down, pretty great.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Nobody sounds like Slick Rick. His smooth, ironic, humorous English-accented raps with quirky phrasing have made him one of hip-hop's most distinctive and influential voices. Echoes of his style can be heard in Snoopy Dogg and Nas, among others. His late-Eighties CD, *The Great Adventures of Slick Rick*, is a classic. Unfortunately, his career was curtailed by six years in jail. His two early-Nineties albums, released while he was in prison, were unfocused. So it's no overstatement to call *The Art of Storytelling* (Def Jam) his best effort of the decade. Rick has made a strong, competitive and contemporary album. Because of his influence, getting new-school rappers to make guest appearances on *Storytelling* was simple. After Rick's appearance on Outkast's superb last album, the Atlanta duo returns the favor on *Street Talkin'*. Nas trades lines with Rick on the smoothly violent *Me and Nas Bring It to You Hardest*. Rick's intense interplay with Wu-Tang member Raekwon on *Frozen* is satisfying. There's something bold and ironic about a man who has spent most of the Nineties behind bars titling a track *I Own America, Part 2*. *Storytelling's* producers, including Jermaine Dupri, Kid Capri and Clark Kent, lace Rick's raps with tracks that complement but don't overwhelm his signature style. This is a solid collection that brings an old-schooler right back into play.

—NELSON GEORGE

COUNTRY

Although he is sometimes described as the Jackson Browne of Nashville and his lyrics are good enough to make it stick, the truth is that Kevin Welch belongs to the great tradition of Oklahoma-bred songwriters that extends from Woody Guthrie to Jimmy Webb. *Beneath My Wheels* (Dead Reckoning), his fourth album, has more than its share of sly,



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FAST TRACKS

R

OCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Mandy Barnett <i>I've Got a Right to Cry</i>	9	8	6	9	8
Randy Newman <i>Bad Love</i>	9	7	8	7	9
Red Hot Chili Peppers <i>Californication</i>	7	8	8	5	7
Slick Rick <i>The Art of Storytelling</i>	8	2	7	8	7
Kevin Welch <i>Beneath My Wheels</i>	7	6	7	8	7

WILL YOU TAKE A CHECK? DEPARTMENT: You can now write a check on Elvis. Checks in the Mail of New Braunfels, Texas (800-733-4443) has introduced the Elvis series, showing the King in a white jacket, a cape, a dark jacket and gold lamé. We'd go for the gold.

REELING AND ROCKING: The Bangles reunion produced the song *Get the Girl*, which was heard in the new *Austin Powers* movie, but not on its soundtrack. After the Bangles turned down Lilith and a summer tour, we await their next move. . . . **Bruce Springsteen** has a song on the soundtrack for the indie film *The Florentine* starring Michael and Virginia Madsen and Jim Belushi, among others. . . . Look for a limited rerelease of the Talking Heads' *Stop Making Sense* this fall. . . . **Randy Newman** is scoring *Toy Story II* and has a new musical, *The Education of Randy Newman*, ready to open next summer in California. His musical play *Faust* will be produced next February at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C. . . . Members of **Prodigy** and **Massive Attack** contributed music to an X-rated film—*The Uranus Experiment, Part Two*. It's the successor to the first-ever adult film to feature scenes using science fiction special effects.

NEWSBREAKS: **Savage Garden's** second album will be out any day. . . . In your city right about now: **Bonnie Raitt**, **Jackson Browne**, **Shawn Colvin**, **Bruce Hornsby** and **David Lindley** are touring together and sharing the stage. . . . **Tori Amos** has a double CD coming: one disc is live from her 1998 tour, the other is new studio material. . . . **Tom Petty** says the **Traveling Wilburys** plan to work and perform together again. . . . Lots of millennium concerts are shaping up: **Sting**, **Aretha**, **Tom Jones** and **Andrea Bocelli** are performing at what is being called the party of the century in New

York. **Gloria Estefan** plans to open a new venue on New Year's Eve in Miami with **Chuck Berry**, **Enrique Iglesias**, **Kool and the Gang** and the **Duke Ellington Orchestra**. The **Eagles** are charging too much—and they'll get it—in Los Angeles with Jackson Browne and **Linda Ronstadt**. **Rod Stewart** is playing Las Vegas for those who can't get a **Streisand** seat. For \$4000, Rod's fans receive three nights at Rio Suite Hotel and Casino, two tickets to the concert and a bottle of Dom. . . . The United Nations Development Program is asking **Sting**, **Celine Dion**, **U2**, **Lauryn Hill** and **John Mellencamp** to participate in a benefit concert à la *Live Aid* in three cities—New York, Geneva and London—this fall. . . . *Nascar Rocks the Road* will have two hour-long TV specials on TNN. The 30-city tour will end in Raleigh, North Carolina later this month. . . . The first postage stamp to celebrate hip-hop will go on sale in January. The public voted for hip-hop over hair bands to represent music in the Eighties—along with stamps on the fall of the Berlin Wall, the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, *E.T.*, *The Cosby Show*, PCs, video games, figure skating, Cabbage Patch dolls and the San Francisco 49ers. . . . This fall, **Beatles** fans can decide if a rediscovered **John Lennon** song was worth the wait. It's an outtake from *Yellow Submarine* and will be included with the rerelease of the film on video. . . . Last, **John Mellencamp** recently said, "Rock music is done. There's not going to be any more **Sex Pistols**, and I don't think that's a bad thing." He says the decline started when artists began selling their songs for commercials. Mellencamp will continue to rock, though: "**Frank Sinatra** didn't quit singing *My Way* because the Beatles came in." —BARBARA NELLIS

sensual love ballads. The most outstanding ballad is *Anna Lise, Please*, which floats in from somewhere between John Prine and Merle Haggard. *Hill Country Girl* is as obsessive as Neil Young, but with a surer sense of groove. Welch has grown into a husky baritone reminiscent of Waylon Jennings, and his mournful settings make his desperate love songs, like *Fold Your Wings*, sound as if they've been rescued from a border cantina. The title track could be a sequel to *Running on Empty*, sung by a singer ready to move into middle age. It has a great lead guitar (played by Mike Henderson, a fellow Dead Reckoner). But the album's highlight is *Everybody's Gotta Walk*, on which Welch's singing partners are the gospel quartet the Fairfield Four. Welch's songs—and the way he plays them—are elegant, graceful and smart. It's an association that ought to make Jackson Browne proud. —DAVE MARSH

JAZZ

Jazz hasn't produced a great violinist in some time, but the charismatic Regina Carter stakes a claim on two new discs. *Rhythms of the Heart* (Verve) is her third CD, but the first on which she fully integrates voluptuous tone, bop-forged technique, affinity for R&B and lessons learned from the avant-garde. Her solos, from Gershwin to salsa, misfire only rarely. And Carter all but steals the show from trombone transcendentalist Steve Turre on *Lotus Flower* (Verve), a terrific, Caribbean-spiced reprise of Turre's early-Nineties sextet. —NEIL TESSER

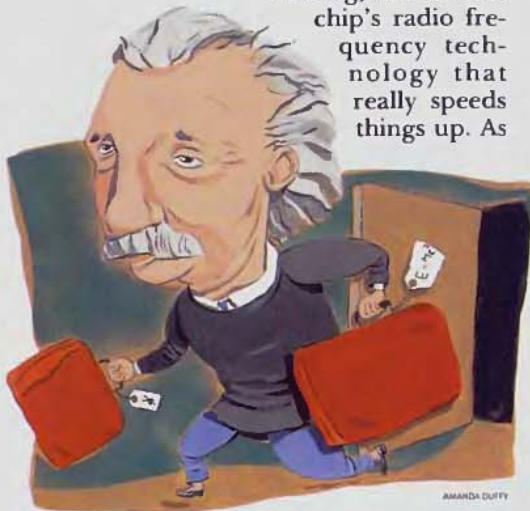
GOSPEL

Before he became a great R&B performer, Bobby Womack and his brothers had a gospel group. He returns to gospel with *Back to My Roots* (Right Stuff), and you could make a strong case that it is the best record he's made—even if you consider such soul gems as *Lookin' for a Love*, *It's All Over Now*, *Across 110th Street* and *The Poet*. Womack's sense of gospel is strongly influenced by his R&B experiences, and his material here includes a powerful *Motherless Child*, a version of *Oh Happy Day* that may make you forget Edwin Hawkins, and the best *Bridge Over Troubled Water* since Aretha's. Womack explains in an introductory rap that his father felt betrayed when his sons joined Sam Cooke and abandoned gospel for pop music. He doesn't sermonize on the point, but God knows his father would be proud of how this son has taken everything he learned in the land of Mammon and brought it back to church. If you're a soul or funk fan who doesn't know much about gospel, American music's best-kept secret, *Back to My Roots* may be the perfect place to start. —DAVE MARSH

IT'S ON THE BAG

After rotten weather, the leading cause of flight delays is the process of transferring baggage from airport to aircraft. It's a tedious task because airline personnel have to scan bar codes on labels affixed to each piece of luggage before loading it into a plane—and that includes bags checked by stragglers who show up ten minutes before flight time. To alleviate the problem, I-Code IC, a computer chip invented by Philips Semiconductors, is being tested by British Airways. Embedded in new smart bag tags secured to luggage handles at check-in, IC chips are programmed with information such as passenger destination, when the luggage was checked in and the weight of the bag. These details help improve routing, but it's the

chip's radio frequency technology that really speeds things up. As



luggage travels down a conveyor belt, an RF antenna attached to each chip communicates with the scanning equipment from a distance of up to four feet. Because RF scanning doesn't require line of sight, as many as 20 smart tags can be scanned in the time it takes to read a single bar code. Another bonus of smart tags: Airlines can incorporate IC chips into boarding passes, enabling baggage handlers to match each piece of luggage stored on a plane with a specific passenger. This means your Vuitton luggage is less likely to end up in Timbuktu—and you can relax knowing there are no unfriendly bags onboard to endanger your friendly skies.

—BETH TOMKIV

GEARING UP FOR 1-01-00

Even if you don't buy into Y2K doom-and-gloom predictions, these gadgets are handy to have around—just in case. **Music to Our Ears:** A blackout? No problem. You'll get about an hour's worth of news or tunes for every minute you crank the Freeplay Self-Powered Radio. And just as carpal tunnel syndrome is about to set in, you can take the Freeplay

radio outdoors and let its solar panel generate juice. There's also a Freeplay Self-Powered Lantern that delivers up to six minutes of light when you crank it for 30 seconds. An internal rechargeable battery (with car and AC adapters) provides two hours of continuous illumination. Both the Freeplay radio (\$80) and the lantern (\$70) come in a selection of cool translucent colors. **Praise the Rays:** A hand crank and a solar panel also supply power to Sun-Mate's Info-Mate, a handheld radio with 11 bands, including two for television and four for short-wave. Use it when your local stations go off the air to track the millennial mayhem on the BBC. The price: \$100. **Still Ringing in the New Year:** Telephone lines and corded phones continue to operate during power outages, but you'll be incommunicado if you use a cordless model—unless it's Sanyo's CLT-918 or CLT-968. Both cordless phones feature an AC-powered base with a 12-hour AA alkaline battery backup system (\$150). **Walkie-Talkie Time:** Family Radio Service two-way radios from companies such as Motorola, Kenwood and Sony are another smart way to stay in touch when your home and wireless phone systems go dead. Priced around \$100 each to start, FRS radios enable you and a friend to check in with each other at a distance of up to two miles. And Cobra has added U.S. weather channel reception to its new FRS-310WX (\$160 each).

—JONATHAN TAKIFF

GAME OF THE MONTH



The dark, adult-oriented comic book *Shadow Man* has been transformed into an equally grim grown-up game—and we like it. The gist: You guide main character Mike LeRoi through the world of the deceased to the Asylum, where murderers congregate postmortem. To prevent the bad guys from returning to life (as predicted by a voodoo sorceress), LeRoi must collect voodoo artifacts (eyes, ears, nail clippings, etc.) and use a cache of bizarre weapons (with names like the Violator and the Flambeau). (By Acclaim, for Sony PlayStation, Nintendo 64 and Windows 95 and 98.)

—JASON BUHRMESTER

WILD THINGS

When you can't watch *Ronin* on DVD with your surround speakers pumped to full capacity, we recommend kicking back with popcorn, a remote and Sony's new MDR-DS5000. The \$550 infrared headphone and receiver set features Virtual Dolby Digital Surround sound, a technological simulation of the 5.1-channel audio that's standard on video disc movies. Although we're skeptical of anything that begins with the word virtual (the term seems interchangeable with mediocre), we gave these headphones a try. Our verdict: Who! The audio is crisp, powerful and remarkably immersive. Bullets sound as though they're whizzing overhead and explosions resonate with surround-speaker intensity. What's more, the DS5000 has a 90-degree transmission angle and a 33-foot range, so you can stake a spot anywhere in the room—not just in the sonic sweet spot. And talk about comfortable. You can sit through *Titanic* without being annoyed (by the headphones, at least). • If you're up for a DVD movie marathon, Panasonic offers the DVD-C220, a five-disc CD and DVD changer that sells for \$550. Sony's DVP-C650D is a five-disc CD and DVD changer with Dolby Digital decoder and enhanced Digital Cinema Sound (\$800). We've also had a peek at Sony's 200-disc DVD and CD changer. Look for it next month, priced at \$1000.

—B.T.

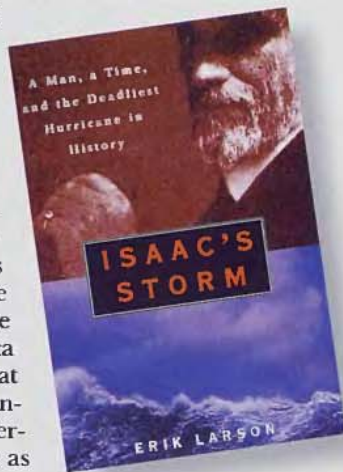


BOOKS

STORMY WEATHER

From Sebastian Junger's *Perfect Storm* to Jon Krakauer's *Into Thin Air*, natural disasters are as big a hit on best-seller lists as they are at the box office. Next to capitalize on this trend is *Isaac's Storm* (Crown), author Erik Larson's name for the ferocious hurricane that surprised Galveston on September 8, 1900 and killed more than 8000 people. A century later, the storm remains the deadliest in U.S. history. In this meticulously researched book, Larson seeks a cause for the catastrophe, focusing on local weatherman Isaac Cline, whose failure to recognize the storm's magnitude cost him his wife and home. Larson tracks the storm from its origins in Africa to the thunderous tempest that ripped houses from their foundations, left an entire city underwater and deposited corpses as far as six miles inland. Larson documents the infighting that raged between Cline and other weathermen of the day. Meteorologists—at the time still pioneers in a new science—were regarded with both suspicion and awe. Cline was considered a hero and frequently boasted that his warnings prevented the death toll from reaching higher numbers. But Larson's damning evidence of a battle between Cline and his bosses shows how the storm's intensity was simply underrated. At its heart, this is a moral tale that exposes men, like Isaac Cline, who foolishly underestimated nature's destructive force.

—JOSHUA GREEN

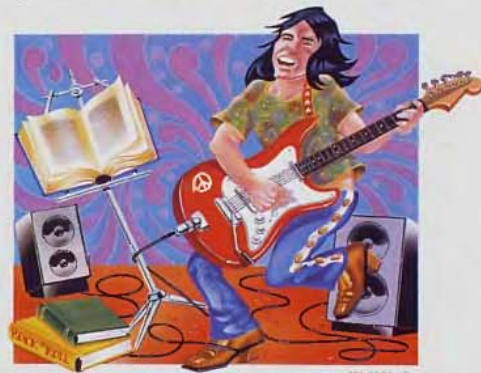


MY GENERATION

James Miller—essayist, historian, National Book Critics Circle Award nominee and music critic for *Newsweek*—knows his Sixties culture. In his latest effort, *Flowers in the Dustbin: The Rise of Rock and Roll, 1947-1977* (Simon & Schuster), Miller draws on his vast knowledge to produce a lively, compelling, quirky history of the music that became the dominating cultural force in the last half of the century. From the first rock song (he says it's Wynonie Harris' *Good Rockin' Tonight*) to the death of Elvis Presley, Miller chronicles the events and profiles the personalities that shaped rock music with passion and precision. Instead of a comprehensive summary, Miller offers more than 40 essays on a refreshing variety of topics that he views as watersheds in the evolution of the music—Patti Page's *Tennessee Waltz*, the top 40 radio format, Bob Dylan going electric, the Beatles' *Rubber Soul*, the Velvet Underground, the marketing of Bruce Springsteen. Miller makes a strong case that rock and roll virtually stopped evolving around the time the Sex Pistols recorded *God Save the Queen*, the song from which the book's title is taken. Although rock is here to stay, factors such as marketing, new technology and the consolidation of the music business have segmented its audience, limited its impact and drained its vitality. While we wait for rock's inevitable revival, there is an undeniable ring of truth to Miller's premise, but it's a sad note on which to end such a lively undertaking.

Garcia: An American Life (Viking) by Blair Jackson is an exhaustive (and exhausting) biography of Jerry Garcia, the founder and spiritual center of the Grateful Dead. Despite the remarkable time and effort that must have gone into the research, it's a must-read for Deadheads only. The most interesting parts to the rest of us are the anecdotal opening sections that recount Garcia's early wanderings (including an improbable stint as an enlisted man in the Army) and his development as a folk music purist, which he continued to pursue in many of his side projects. According to Jerry's first wife, he walked out on Bob Dylan at the 1963 Monterey Folk Festival to protest Dylan's use of an amplified guitar.

—PAUL ENGLEMAN



STEVE BOSWICH

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

Travel books are no longer just sources for nuts-and-bolts information about hotels, restaurants and taxi fare from the airport. You can get that kind of information online. Dorling Kindersley's excellent Eyewitness Travel guides offer the experienced traveler more enduring value. With great maps and graphics, these are

the types of volumes you keep as references after your trip. The Eyewitness guides are easily the best city guides available today. An impressive new entry in the field is the National Geographic Traveler series, which currently offers 11 city and country guides (*New York* and *Australia*, for example). Ten more are planned for next year. As you would expect from National Geographic, these guides feature memorable photography and maps. Each guide has a distinctive voice, and the writing is unexpectedly good.

—LEOPOLD FROELICH



FOR THE RECORDS:

In this era of monolithic record companies and predictably contrived music, it's refreshing to read about mavericks who took chances. Without the efforts of such independent record labels as Dial, Sun and King, there's a good chance we never would have heard the music of Charlie Parker, Jerry Lee Lewis or James Brown. In *Little Labels—Big Sound: Small Record Companies and the Rise of American Music* (Indiana University), Rick Kennedy and Randy McNutt take a look at ten visionaries who altered the course of popular music.

—L.F.



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By ASA BABER

The year 2000 is almost upon us, and dire predictions about it are spreading like a virus. When the big Triple Zero hits, as they say in some circles, the world's computers may have a nervous breakdown as they try to figure out which century it is. Is it 1900 or 2000? If the computers can't tell the difference, will airplanes collide, power grids collapse and food supplies disappear? Some Y2K consultants are making such fearful forecasts—often for a hefty fee.

But even if the experts are right, why should that bother us? I say it's time for us to examine the Y2K crisis from our horny-headed perspective. How can we best profit from the crises ahead?

When you look at the Y2K situation objectively, it becomes clear that there will be increasing opportunities for us to woo and seduce the women of our choice, but only if we play our cards right. So, as 1999 ends, are you going to turn into a wussie who hides behind his mommy's laptop? Or are you going to be a man of action who can leap tall women in a single bound?

For answers to these questions, take the Y2K Sex Quiz printed here. It will tell you all you need to know. If you pass it, the arrival of the year 2000 will be one of the luckiest events in your lecherous life—but you had better pick (d) as the correct response every time, or I will be quite disappointed in you.

THE Y2K SEX QUIZ

(1) *For me personally, the potential threat of a Y2K crisis:*

- (a) Shivers me timbers.
- (b) Makes me wet my bed nightly.
- (c) Has ruined my sex life.
- (d) Gives me a boost as I prepare to encounter the many challenges of Y2K like the man I am.

(2) *In terms of practical preparations for the Y2K crisis, I will soon:*

- (a) Move into a cave in the Mojave Desert and wait for the reckoning.
- (b) Build a spaceship with big windows and an aluminum foil tail fin and store it in my basement in case I need to escape to another planet.
- (c) Pledge I will never again view any woman as a sexual object, not even if she goes topless and rubs her gorgeous breasts with olive oil while wearing red high heels and a tiny thong that accentuates every delicious dimple and curve.



THE Y2K SEX QUIZ

(d) Purchase a hefty supply of fresh beaver meat in case of food shortages (because the beaver is the hardest-working mammal in the animal kingdom, and its little body is packed with vitamins and nutrients and secret treats, making beaver meat the most tasty morsel a man could ever want to lick).

(3) *When I meet a woman who appeals to me as a possible partner for the year 2000, I should first:*

- (a) Ask her to write an extended essay about the effects of land enclosure on 17th century England.
- (b) Expose my weenie right off the bat to see if she is a jolly good sport who understands men and our unique sense of fun and playfulness (or is just another grumpy old biddy with no sense of humor).
- (c) Refuse to talk to her until I get the chance to play with Mr. Happy by myself so he can spit at me again.
- (d) Determine her sensitivity to the Y2K dilemma by whispering the term Y2K three times in her left ear and monitoring her face and body carefully for her reactions.

(4) *I know that, on hearing the term Y2K, the woman who will be most open and vulnerable and responsive to my Y2K seduction ploys will first:*

- (a) Slit my throat with the edge of a credit card.
- (b) Laugh at my feeble attempts to scare her with Y2K propaganda and then hit on my wife.
- (c) Shove a modem up my butt.
- (d) Tremble, blush and then say (just before fainting in my arms), "Do save me, Sir Manliness, from the Y2K Dragon and its awful powers, for I am quite alone and sore afraid."

(5) *Having discovered a woman highly responsive to the potential problems of Y2K, to impress her further I should announce that I am:*

- (a) A cunning Cuban carpet-muncher.
- (b) A subtle Swiss Army sodomist.
- (c) A manic Maltese masochist.
- (d) A yearning young yeoman with a yen for yammering yentas who yak year-round about Y2K.

(6) *Now that she is my Y2K chick of choice, the most effective thing I can offer to prove my fidelity to her in these difficult times is:*

- (a) My high school letter sweater.
- (b) My entire collection of PLAYBOY Centerfolds.
- (c) My Aunt Betty's prizewinning recipe for caramel-covered pigs' feet.
- (d) A continual display of my masculine virtues, which will convince her she can rely solely on me during Y2K emergencies (events that will be too much for most single women to handle, given how frail they are today and how dependent on us they have become, proving yet again that women need men the way fish need water).

(7) *To keep her impressed with my skills as a Y2K survivalist, I should:*

- (a) Wear a heavy wool shirt and sing "I'm a lumberjack and I'm OK" every morning, noon and night.
- (b) Fieldstrip my AK-47 in a tub of ice water while sitting in a centrifuge, handcuffed and blindfolded.
- (c) Take a ton of steroids until I look and act exactly like Lyle Alzado did.
- (d) Install a wood-burning stove in my bedroom, solar panels on my roof, a gasoline generator in my basement—and then bring her home in triumph to boogie for the duration.

That's it, amigos. May the year 2000 be your Year of Living Lusciously, because living lusciously is what we were born to do. (It is listed first in our job description—under "Real Men, Type M-1, Almost Extinct.")



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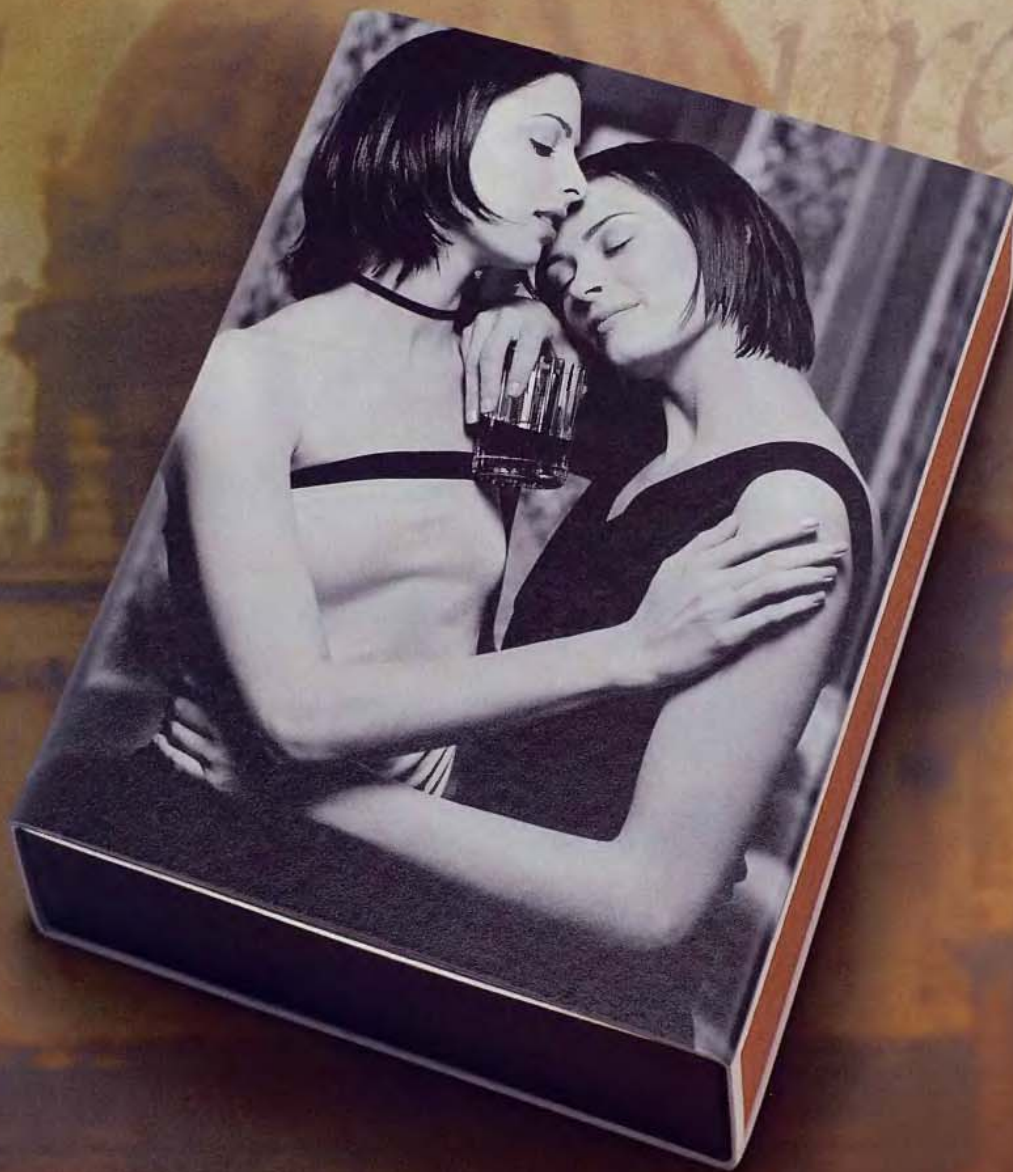
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The Italian Connection

Spend a week touring Italy in a clapped-out Fiat? *Basta!* API Travel Consultants will put you behind the wheel of a 1999 Ferrari 355 (or a 1995 348TS or 348MT) and throw in accommodations at some of the country's finest hotels. For \$8065 per person (double occupancy) you begin with two nights at La Posta Vecchia, a villa hotel near Rome. With Fiesole, a former Etruscan village overlooking Florence, as home base, it's time to explore the Chianti district before you continue to the seaside resort town of Porto Ercole. Then it's back to Rome. Included are breakfasts and various other meals, a massage and a daily driving itinerary.

Cognac Country

When it comes to individuality and a rich, unblended taste, the single district cognacs from Gabriel & Andreu are right up there with small batch bourbons and single malt scotches. Four cognacs are available, each with a distinctive flavor and aroma derived from its soil of origin. Fins Bois, from the town of Jarnac, was aged eight years in old oak casks. It's pleasantly mild with a whisper of orange, licarice and carnation in its aroma and a good value at \$25.

Borderies (\$45), aged 15 years—a delicious cognac that has hints of violets, pears and toasted nuts—was awarded five stars by liquor critic Paul Pacult in his *Spirit Journal*. Pacult also liked Petite Champagne (\$65, from the sub-area of Archaic), which is aged 25 years. He praises the harmony of the Borderies and described the Petite as "restrained, balanced and stately." He also toasted Grande Champagne (\$100) that's been aged 35 years, far its intensity on the palate.



Lipstick stains—on the shirt collar or an intimate piece of clothing—are more fun to get on than get off. And while some men like to wear them as a badge of honor, the shade may not go with the color scheme of your tie. Use the blueprint below to erase the traces she left. When you use a nonflammable stain remover, work from the opposite side of the fabric from the stain. After a few times, you'll conclude that it's a lot easier to remove lipstick from skin than it is from clothing. Behave accordingly.

HOW TO REMOVE A LIPSTICK STAIN

1 TRY TO REMOVE THE STAIN WITH A NONFLAMMABLE STAIN REMOVER.

APPLY REMOVER TO THE FABRIC FROM THE BACK OF THE STAIN.

PUT PAPER TOWELS OR RAGS ON THE UNDERSIDE OF THE FABRIC YOU'RE WORKING ON.

2 IF THE STAIN REMAINS, USE A PREWASH STAIN REMOVER AND RINSE.

3 IF THAT DOESN'T WORK, RUB THE AREA WITH LIQUID DETERGENT AND THEN WASH IN WARM WATER.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

What is the penalty if you're caught sneaking Cuban cigars into the U.S.? Does Customs just take the cigars, or could you get jail time? I'm asking solely for informational purposes, of course, not because I intend to violate the 1963 trade embargo.—H.B., Akron, Ohio

If you are smuggling a relatively small number of cigars—no more than a box or two—a friendly U.S. agent will seize them and send you on your way. (Customs claims to incinerate more than 240,000 Cuban cigars each year.) If you're a serious smuggler with a suitcase full of Havana's best, you'll face jail time and/or a hefty fine. Keep in mind that you don't have to visit Cuba to lose your (overrated) stash—the ban applies to Cubans purchased anywhere in the world. There are a few exceptions: sanctioned journalists or travelers authorized by the government to visit relatives, attend professional seminars or conduct official business in Cuba can bring home up to 100 cigars worth no more than \$100 total. You can challenge a seizure, but don't expect much. A Philadelphia man who lost 100 cigars he had purchased in Havana took the government to court, arguing that he had relied on a confusing Customs brochure that seems to offer an exemption to anyone who visits Cuba. He also claimed that because he had purchased the cigars on the black market, he hadn't enriched the Castro government and thus didn't violate the embargo. A federal judge congratulated the cigar lover for his "quite attractive" argument, then ruled in favor of the government.

An article about Pavlov's dogs gave me an idea. If I masturbated to the same song every day, would my pussy be programmed to have an instant orgasm? I decided to experiment. I chose *Got Till It's Gone*, Janet Jackson's duet with the rapper Q-Tip. It's four minutes long (which seemed like enough time to consistently reach orgasm), and the beat picks up speed. Each day at 6:35 P.M., I put *The Velvet Rope* into my CD player, pressed track four and fell onto my bed with legs spread. I usually began moaning three minutes into the song, when Q-Tip raps "Why you wanna go and do that?" I always climaxed before the song ended. After three months, I stopped the routine, then waited to see how I would react when I heard the song at random. A week later, I was a passenger in a friend's car when a guy driving a Mustang convertible pulled up next to us at a red light. His radio was blaring, and my song suddenly flooded through the open window and headed straight for my pussy. My ass tightened, my breath quickened and my thighs burned with anticipation. I tossed my head back and felt my panties getting wet. I didn't



actually climax (I was too shy to wiggle around much with my friend sitting there), but I was extremely turned on. A few days later, the song played over the loudspeakers at my health club. I pedaled furiously on my stationary bike and had an intense orgasm. My instructor praised me for my hard work. Advisor, what do you think of my little experiment?—S.R., Los Angeles, California

What a sweet story. You and your hand have your own song! Now it's time to rejoin the world of irregular pleasure. Masturbate at different times, in different positions, to Bach, Benny, Miles, Garth or silence. Come in a minute, five minutes, 30 minutes. Climax once, twice, seven times. Heck, you can even invite a friend over and use his hand. If he brings *The Velvet Rope*, all the better.

Why can't people in some states order wine online? I tried to buy wine produced by a small vineyard through a website and was told they couldn't ship to my state. My uncle, who lives in New Mexico, never has a problem. What's the story?—R.S., Dallas, Texas

The Net isn't the problem; it's the mail-order part. Twenty states, including Florida, New York and Texas, have made it illegal for wineries or retailers to ship alcohol over their borders (in seven states, it's a felony). The remaining states and D.C. have various restrictions. You can't blame online retailers for being cautious—they face a mishmash of rules and regulations and possible jail time. The restrictions especially hurt vintners whose brands don't enjoy wide distribution (there are more than 1800 wineries in the U.S. alone). Many wholesalers would like to shut down the online retailers—they aren't keen on the competition—and legislators ar-

gue that the web makes it too easy for underage drinkers to get booze. Expect to hear more about this issue as e-commerce grows and wine lovers get connected. The vintners' group *Free the Grapes* (freethegrapes.org) calls for a sensible approach that includes safeguards. Until that happens, you'll have to choose from the brands carried by your local wineshop.

What's up with men these days? I've dated a few guys and felt we had something going. We would end up in bed, ready to have sex, and suddenly they couldn't go through with it. Many of my girlfriends have had this happen at least once, so it's not just me. I work out, I'm attractive and I think I'm a pretty good lover. Am I missing something?—W.R., New York, New York

In his book *Standup Guy*, Michael Segell recounts his discussions with three single women who bemoan that "more than a few" men these days are withholding sex. (If you're looking for a sign of the apocalypse, that could be it.) The women suggested that guys want to reassert their power in a world where men and women are supposed to be equals. Political correctness and the fear of being accused of sexual harassment have made men angry and resentful, according to this theory. Denying a woman sex is payback, a way for men to say, "How do you like it?" Segell took these views to three men, asking what would make them back out of a sure thing. They dismissed the misogynist motive as an exaggeration. Instead, they cited the fear of STDs, performance anxiety and suspicions that the sex would raise expectations for or harm the relationship. These are all valid reasons to delay sex, but some men don't do well explaining themselves, or they're sure the women won't believe them anyway (men are supposed to always want sex). You don't say if your dates offered any reason for their change of heart, but performance anxiety can be eased, the future of the relationship can be discussed, and sexually transmitted diseases can be prevented.

On an episode of *Ally McBeal*, a character tells his girlfriend that he knows a few erotic tricks that will drive her crazy with desire. She asks him to demonstrate, so he tells her to stick out her leg. He rubs the back of her knee in some special way, and she becomes very aroused. She asks where he learned that, and he says he figured it out by himself. Does this knee-pit trick actually work, or is it something the show's writers made up?—K.M., Chicago, Illinois

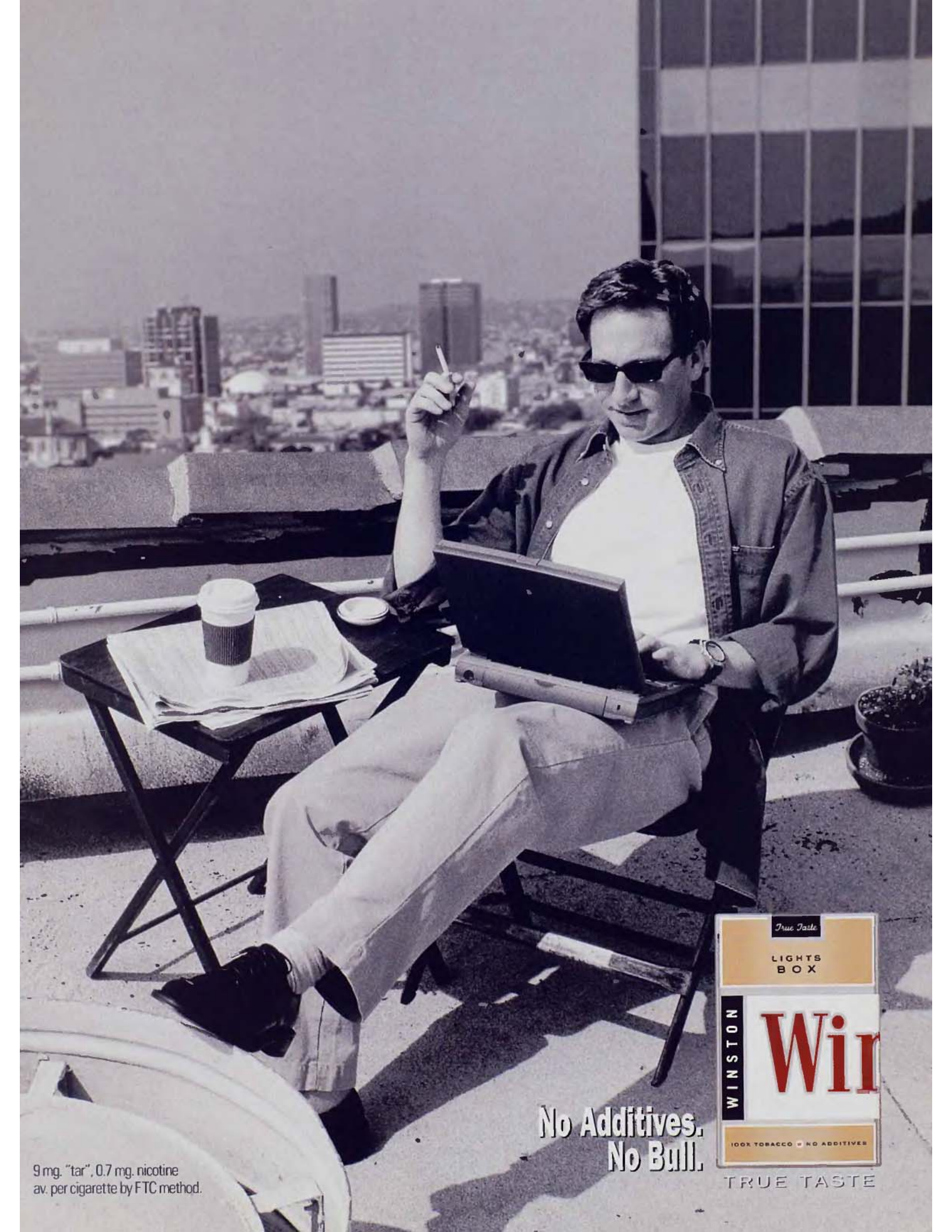
The back of the knee, like the armpit, can be sensitive. Try massaging it, blowing on it or tickling it with a feather. You may not achieve the orgasmic results portrayed on the show, but that's television. While you're at it,

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TRUE TASTE

search for other erotic spots on your lover's body—years ago we suggested using Post-it notes to mark them. David Kelley, the writer and creator of *Ally McBeal*, once worked as executive producer for *LA Law*, the show that in 1986 introduced the mythical Venus Butterfly. We still get letters about that one.

This past April you wrote about the mile low club, saying that nabbing two seats on a submersible was the only way you can join. Some of the Witwatersrand Reef gold mines around Johannesburg offer tours that take you down a mile or farther below ground. You just need to figure out a way to lose the rest of the group. That's what might be called going down with someone.—J.B., San Antonio, Texas

Traveling a mile below the surface doesn't qualify. You have to be a mile below sea level. By that account, the Witwatersrand mines extend a third of a mile down. However, it can be done. The Western Deep Levels mine southwest of Johannesburg reaches a depth of 2.5 miles, allowing miners to descend at least a mile below sea level. Peter Bunkell of the Chamber of Mines of South Africa points out that "conditions for love-making at that depth, though not prohibitive, would be far from ideal." For starters, he says, "it's very, very hot."

What is a cameltoe? My friend mentioned it once when we were walking around in the mall, but I have no idea what he was talking about.—M.S., Nashville, Tennessee

A cameltoe is created when a woman wears jeans, shorts or a bathing suit so tight you can see the outline of her labia. A lucky cameltoe is when you're in the same room when she removes her tight jeans, shorts or bathing suit.

I am a 23-year-old college graduate from a low-income family. I paid for my education, living expenses and car without help from anyone, and I'm proud of my accomplishments. Still, I've met many well-off college students whose parents throw money at them. They drive expensive cars that most working-class Americans could never afford. In my opinion, these kids are spoiled and don't deserve to enjoy such a lifestyle, because they didn't work for it like I did. I get angry when I see all that they take for granted, and what comes to them so easily. I want to stop feeling so bitter. How do I change my outlook so that resentment doesn't consume me?—C.O., Cicero, New York

You're on the right track. As you realize, it's pointless to begrudge a person his wealth. Someone will always make more money than you, and throw it away. That's OK. You don't want his wealth; you want your own. You'll find as you get to know people professionally and socially that many who grew up rich also worked hard for what they have

(they just started with more money). Even if those college students don't appreciate their good fortune, someone at sometime struggled to give them a comfortable life. You can respect that—you're trying to do the same for your children and grandchildren.

I am a happily married woman in my early 30s with two young children and a good career. However, my special love from high school has reentered my life, and it's creating havoc in my mind. We shared an incredible passion up to the time that I met my husband. I am one of those women who have many "bad girl" fantasies, and my ex is the reason. My husband is a wonderful lover, but he doesn't stir the same passions. I have considered giving up everything in my life just for the sexual fulfillment my ex could provide. We came close to having an affair last year but stopped at foreplay. A friend suggested that having sex with my ex might allow me to get on with my life. What advice do you have?—T.M., Los Angeles, California

The bad girl in you knows that sex with your ex would be incredible—passionate, reckless, forbidden. Everyone fantasizes about that. But don't think for a minute that you could sleep with your ex and be done with it. You'd return for more, and you'd justify it by saying you need to figure out if the initial encounter was a one-time thing or "something special." That would lead to a third time, and a fourth, and eventually you'd be caught. Stop thinking with your clit. You left this guy behind for a reason, and the lack of passion in your marriage is a common problem that won't be solved by fucking around. Does your husband know how you feel about your sex life, or do you confide only in friends and ex-boyfriends?

Recently, my wife agreed to let me take photos of her in the nude, as well as a few of us together. Where can I get them developed without seeing them posted on alt.binaries.pictures.girlfriends?—H.C., Boise, Idaho

The best way to create for-your-eyes-only photos is a digital camera. It allows you to snap the photos, then load the shots directly to your computer, where you can view and print them. Otherwise, send your film to mail-order labs that guarantee your privacy. The owner of Delilah's Photography, for example, will process and return any negatives and prints that don't depict illegal activities (read: child porn and bestiality). Like any reputable developer, Delilah doesn't keep copies. While everything from public nudity to transvestite fashions to hard-core sex scenes have passed through her machines, the most common images are women spreading their legs or men getting blow jobs (the guy snaps the shot from above). "I imagine a lot of people get these photos back and wonder, 'What do I do with this?'" Delilah says. She suggests shooting for something more subtle or graceful, or at least picking up the

dirty clothes in the background. You can reach her at P.O. Box 7170, Stateline, Nevada 89449, or download an order form and price list online at delilahs.simplenet.com. Other confidential services include Discreet Photo (nakedphoto.com) and M.O. Photolabs (mophotolabs.com).

Where should you put your salary history on a résumé? Is it included in the cover letter, or as an addendum? Why do companies ask for it?—K.R., Hartford, Connecticut

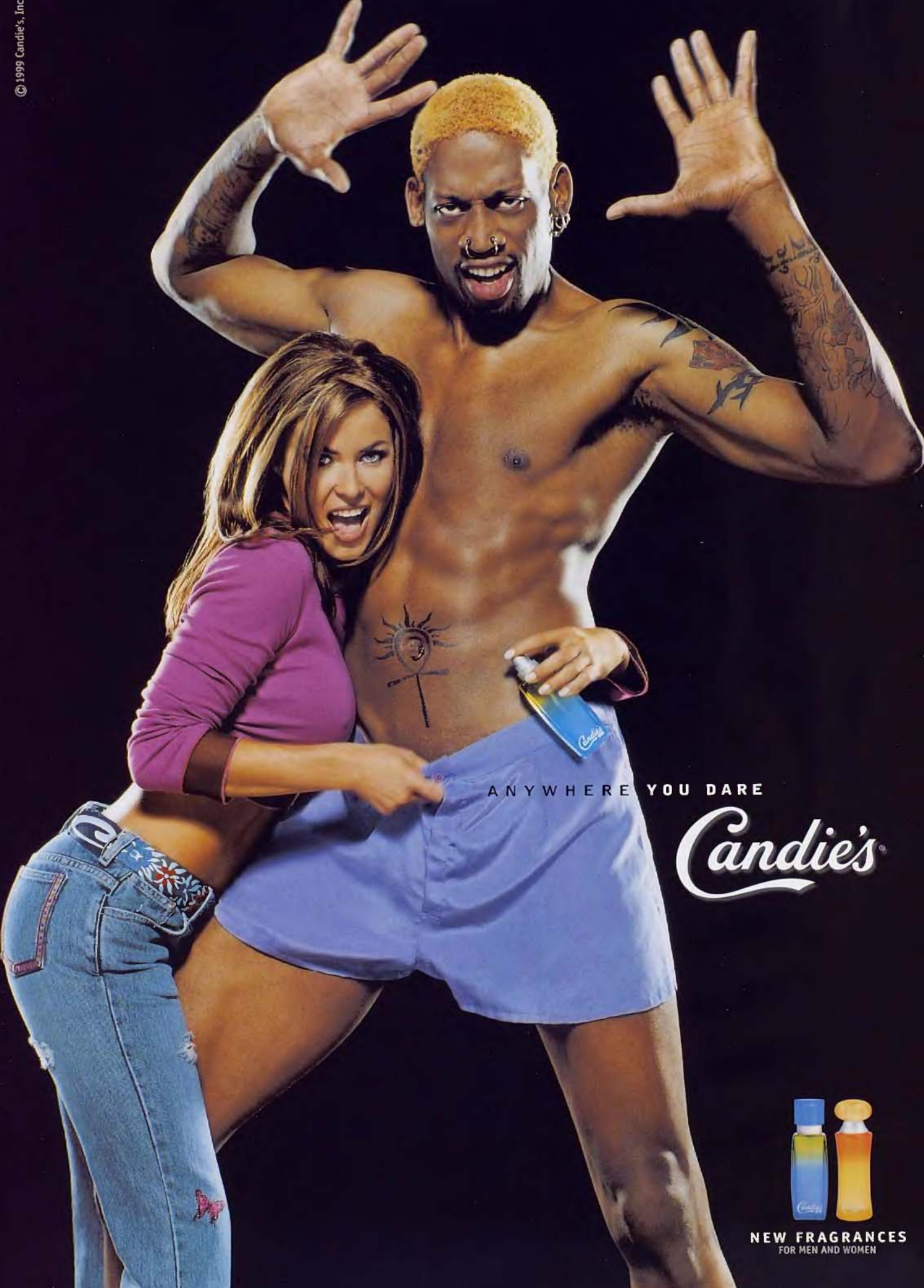
Most recruiters use a salary history as a screening tool—if you've made a lot more or a lot less than the position being offered pays, you may not be right for the job. A collection of salary histories also tells recruiters what people in similar jobs are earning, allowing the company to gauge whether its salaries are competitive. Don't provide a history unless asked; the subject should come up during the interview. If a history is required, include it as an addendum. You may be tempted to inflate your salaries, but you risk pricing yourself out of the running. Nailing down a generous starting salary is important, but don't forget to ask about your long-term earning potential.

My girlfriend gets turned on by speeding and spinning her tires in people's yards. Twice in the past three weeks she has pulled into flower beds and hit the gas, then sped home and begged me to fuck her. Why does this get her so hot?—F.T., Daytona Beach, Florida

*You're dating a woman who gets turned on by danger and speed—welcome to the club. Is this the only type of foreplay that gets her revved up? Property damage aside, that could be a problem. If she simply enjoys the occasional spin, here are two suggestions to limit her liability: (1) Take her to the drag races, and be sure there's a hotel nearby in case she can't make it home. (2) Pick up a street racing computer game such as *Need for Speed* so she can spin her wheels to her heart's content. In the meantime, you drive. By the way, there are plenty of foot fetishists who would love to watch your girlfriend flooring it. They might even supply the flower beds.*

*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.*





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RUTHERFORD REDUX

trying to make sense of john wayne whitehead

The impeachment hearings are long past. Monica has finished her book tour. Now the culture vultures have started to circle, trying to make sense of what happened and to affix blame for the failed coup.

Paula Jones still generates headlines, most recently when she endorsed a psychic hotline. Judge Susan Webber Wright threw out Jones' sexual harassment case against the president, saying William Jefferson Clinton's alleged behavior may have been boorish but wasn't necessarily unlawful. Lawyers divvied up the \$850,000 settlement (leaving their client with \$200,000, rhinoplasty and pro bono haircuts). A contempt finding against the president by the same judge brought out another round of open palms, seeking \$500,000 in legal fees.

Who were these pin-striped champions? Hillary Clinton placed them among a vast right wing conspiracy. Journalists such as Michael Isikoff were more specific: They named an organization called the Rutherford Institute and its founder, John Wayne Whitehead.

Whitehead defended his involvement with Jones in a letter to *Newsweek*, claiming, "The Jones case was only one aspect of the institute's ongoing efforts to highlight women's issues. The Rutherford Institute came to Ms. Jones' aid in order to defend her right as a woman to be free of workplace sexual harassment, and to vindicate the principle upon which the institute was founded—that no one, including the president of the United States, is above the law."

It is an odd claim to make. Prior to Paula Jones, Rutherford was known for its antigay, anti-abortion, pro-school-prayer and pro-nativity-scene-at-city-hall agenda. It was the legal arm of a movement that lumps together Jerry Falwell's Moral Majori-

ty and James Dobson's Focus on the Family, the Reverend Donald Wildmon's American Family Association and Gary Bauer's Family Research Council. Its anthem should be *Onward Christian Lawyers*.

According to its brochure, *Justice for All: The Rutherford Institute Story*, the private nonprofit foundation "is an international civil liberties legal and educational organization that defends religious persons whose constitutional rights have been violated."



CASEY NOVAK

In truth, the Rutherford Institute is whatever its founder wants it to be.

John Wayne Whitehead was born in Pulaski, Tennessee in 1946 and grew up in Peoria, Illinois, where his father worked at Caterpillar and his mother was a grocery clerk. After graduating from the University of Arkansas law school (where Bill Clin-

ton was a professor), Whitehead remained in Fayetteville. Unlike the future president, Whitehead readily admits that he inhaled. "I had a law practice upstairs in my house with this guy," he said. "We had a little wroom with two desks, and I was getting payment in bags of marijuana. Guys couldn't pay, so they would bring me these sandwich bags full of homegrown grass. I'd get up early in the morning, toke up, start my day." He found guidance in the lyrics of

Bob Dylan and the Beatles, just another long-haired lawyer with his roots in the counterculture.

That would soon change. He remembers the date. "It was November 29, 1974," he said. "My wife and I were shopping, and there was this book, *The Late Great Planet Earth*, by Hal Lindsey. I'd never heard of it, but it had sold 8 million copies. I thought it was a science fiction book. It blew my mind. About a week later, I became a Christian."

Whitehead's parents were not regular churchgoers. "I was probably in church three or four times as a child," he said. His wife, however, was a Christian and attended a church that was "pentecostal. Holy Rollers. Falling out in the aisles. She'd taken me to church a few times. I used to sit there and mock the preacher and make fun of him. I wouldn't pray with him, he was always trying to save my soul. I said the hell with that. I wouldn't let her mention Jesus in the house. It was just that Hal Lindsey book. I call it divine providence."

Lindsey's 1970 tome is a Cold War relic, misinformed by pseudoscholarship, that prophecies Armageddon will come in holy war against Russia. To Whitehead it was revelation, and he entered Lindsey's seminary, called the Light and Power House, in Westwood, California.

"It was there," Whitehead said,

By STANLEY BOOTH

"that someone brought this Chinese woman to me one day—I was the only lawyer there—and said she had a legal problem." The woman, a fourth grade teacher, had been reprimanded for wearing a cross and didn't know what to do about it.

Whitehead met with the teacher's principal and "he backed off. It just faded away." It was then that Whitehead began writing briefs for a group of Christian lawyers in Los Angeles.

In the late Seventies Whitehead conceived the idea of a nonprofit legal-aid organization. In 1982 he started the Rutherford Institute. The group's namesake is a Scottish minister who challenged the divine right of kings.

On Whitehead's original board of directors was R.J. Rushdoony, father of Christian Reconstructionism. Among other things, Rushdoony supported the death penalty for abortionists, homosexuals and "incorrigible sons." Whitehead claims to have changed since his earliest days (the Rutherford now represents gays), but Ted Olsen, in an article in *Christianity Today*, noted his rhetoric was superheated even back then. Whitehead believed that "courts must place themselves under the authority of God's law," and that "all of civil affairs and government, including law, should be based upon principles found in the Bible."

Growth was slow in the beginning. In 1984 Whitehead was teaching at Oral Roberts University law school. Anita Hill babysat his kids.

The Rutherford Institute started a newsletter and in 1989 moved to Charlottesville, where Whitehead began doing two-minute broadcast spots on Christian radio. Those spots are now airing on more than 1100 stations (though in the wake of the Paula Jones suit many stations dropped the ads). The institute operates on a yearly budget of approximately \$4.5 million. Whitehead insists that the money comes from the little guy; well over 600 contributions of about \$20 each arrive daily, he says. His Charlottesville offices employ "seven or eight" full-time lawyers. "There's a core of 250 we can call on who can do immediate stuff," Whitehead said, "and another 300 or 400 who will go to a school board meeting. They just donate time."

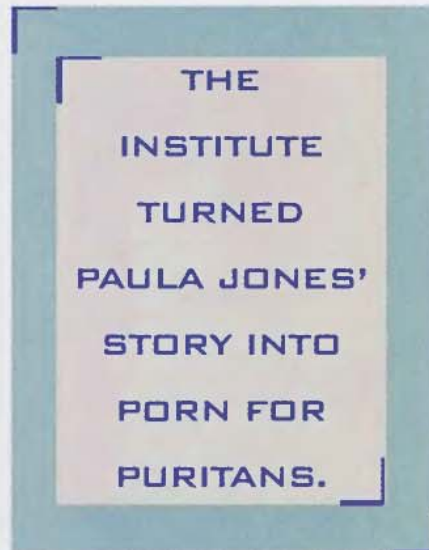
The institute's earliest cases are characteristic of the culture war against secular humanists. Fundamentalists turned the First Amendment on its head by arguing that any subject not in the Bible is itself a religion, and that to teach such subjects as evolution is to violate the separation of church and

state. From the bully pulpits of radio, newspaper and fund-raising letters, Whitehead claimed "public schools are satanic imitations of the true God's institutional church."

Rutherford lawyers challenged a school textbook called *Impressions*, saying it teaches witchcraft. They went after a teacher who asked students to update a story on "devil's work." What would the modern face of evil look like? The institute joined the creationist crusade, representing a teacher who claimed his school forced him to teach evolution as a religion.

And, in concert with others on the religious right, the institute attacked NEA funding for art that portrayed Christ in controversial ways.

Whitehead, who has set himself up as an arbiter of religious and political morality, neither votes nor attends any church. He pays himself \$195,000



and his wife \$30,000, or about five percent of the institute's revenue in 1998. On the institute's website, Whitehead makes a pitch for contributions: "Christ says in Luke that he came to set free those who are oppressed and to defend the helpless. At the Rutherford Institute, we attempt to put in action Christ's words."

The website provides a long list of cases in litigation or prelitigation. Rutherford is a champion of freedom of conscience, freedom to oppose abortion and freedom of association in public schools and in the workplace. Its caseload involves home schooling, family values, state celebration of religious heritage and the fight against persecution of churches, sexual harassment and human dignity on the job.

Rutherford came to the aid of a New York insurance claims adjuster who

lost his job after refusing to process abortion service claims, an Ohio mail carrier fired for stopping to talk to a friend who was handing out pro-life literature outside an abortion clinic (the carrier was on his lunch break) and a school principal who invited a Christian counselor to talk to students a few times a week. In the last suit, Rutherford went head to head with the ACLU, which represented students who said the doors had been locked and that they were unable to leave.

Rutherford lawyers are appealing the case of a 13-year-old boy who was suspended for drawing the confederate flag. The institute also represents the Sons of Confederate Veterans, who want to adorn their license plate holders with the rebel flag.

The institute represents an Amish wannabe who refused to put a reflective orange triangle on his buggy and who, when discovered with a deer carcass, claimed that "plain people" do not need hunting licenses. It defended a teacher who refused to make students wear school ID tags, saying the bar codes were the "mark of the beast."

A few cases even involve women's rights issues. Rutherford lawyers are preparing a case against a Pennsylvania school district that forced sixth grade girls to undergo genital exams without informed parental consent. The institute represented a woman who left her job at an AIDS hotline, claiming the posters and coarse talk in her office constituted harassment.

Nothing, it seems, brings in the contributions so much as a sordid sex charge. The institute's website introduces a sexual harassment suit with a red letter headline: WARNING: THIS LETTER CONTAINS GRAPHIC DESCRIPTIONS NOT SUITABLE FOR YOUNG CHILDREN. The case involves a married paralegal who claims she was raped repeatedly and impregnated by her employer, then given uninteresting projects, inadequate maternity leave and, when she finally resigned, a bad job reference.

When Paula Jones surfaced, the institute turned her story into porn for puritans. Whitehead claims it was difficult to raise money for Jones and that his decision to represent her came from a loathing for powerful men. He says he was bothered by "the idea that these guys can get away with this. Because they're powerful, they can proposition a woman, expose themselves and get away with it. I say it's not OK. If there's not a law against it, there ought to be."

Whitehead claims that the Jones case hurt the institute, that donations to it

have fallen. He thinks former allies are blackballing his group, in part because of Jones and in part because he has reversed his stance on gays. "A great majority of evangelicals are out to lunch on the subject. Christ would not have been that way."

A visit to Whitehead's office reveals few clues to his religious commitment. It is a pop culture playground, more like a campus dorm room than a legal office. A lava lamp bubbles on the desk, surrounded by tiny monster figures. A portrait of John Wayne hangs on one wall, near a painting of Robert De Niro as Travis Bickle. A four-foot inflatable Godzilla gazes at posters of Bob Dylan and Bertolt Brecht.

Whitehead's social values (those that are not scooped from the Bible) come from pop music and movies. Indeed, much of his energy now pours into *Gadfly*, a journal of pop culture edited by his son, and a series of videos on the role of culture in shaping values. "When I wasn't in school," he explained, "I'd stay in movie theaters all day. I loved science fiction movies. To me they weren't movies, they were real life. I couldn't sleep at night, thinking flying saucers were going to land. I saw the movie *Invaders From Mars*, where these things come down, take the parents and put needles in their necks. I inspected my parents for needles—honest to God's truth. I'd act like I was going to school—I'd go out the door, and then I'd hide and listen to see if they'd say, 'He's gone to school now. Tonight we'll put the implant in.'"

Whitehead still perceives threats. He has often repeated the story of seeing a black van, assumed by him to be the FBI or the National Security Administration, parked near his property line. Men such as Clinton, Whitehead believes, will go to great lengths to intimidate those who oppose them. Whitehead tries to give the impression that he and his institute are in danger of violent reprisals.

Rutherford has suddenly begun to resemble the ACLU, representing a student kicked out of karate class because he has AIDS. It took up freedom of speech, defending Terence McNally's play *Corpus Christi*, which portrays Jesus and his followers as gay high school students. Those who would censor McNally, Whitehead said on one of his syndicated radio spots, should remember that "Julius Caesar opposed Christian art." That Julius died about 50 years before Christ's birth does not deter the nation's newest champion of free speech.

THE WORLD AS SEEN BY JOHN WAYNE WHITEHEAD

On Hillary

"The first lady's conduct regarding the allegations seemed to say that some women, such as Paula Jones, Monica Lewinsky and Gennifer Flowers, can be used when necessary and then discarded, as long as men actually marry the right type of woman. Or perhaps that there are matters, such as those of state, that are more important than fidelity and telling the truth."

(From speech at the Robert O'Neil's Thomas Jefferson Center for the Protection of Free Expression)

On abortion

"If the right to life, which is the foundational right, is not protected, then no right in and of itself will be protected. For example, as abortion becomes more pervasive as a philosophical and legal feature of American life, the number of incidents and cases involving other individual freedoms, such as religious freedom, is also increasing. The Supreme Court historically understood that America was founded upon Christian principles and that Americans have always been, in the Court's words, 'a religious people.' But that court is gone."

(From *Religious Apartheid*)

On flag desecration amendment

"The obvious purpose of the proposed flag desecration amendment is to curtail expressive activities repugnant to government officials. This amendment is all about intent: The acts that will be prohibited are those whose messages are offensive to those in power. The amendment targets neither accidental desecration nor the respectful disposing of old flags. Instead, willful expressions of what may be perceived as antigovernment messages are the intended target. Punishing those who express unpopular ideas is not uncommon in countries like Cuba,

which treats flag burning as a criminal act. However, punishing speech because it is unfavorable is contrary to our democratic principles."

(From *Freedom Under Fire* column)

On satellite surveillance

"Like animals tagged and tracked in the wild, prison parolees are now being tagged with a tracking bracelet. The bracelet is monitored by a satellite that watches their every move. Once this tracking device has been implemented and accepted for use on former inmates, it will undoubtedly be justified for use on other segments of the population. For example, teens may be forced to

wear tracking bracelets so they can be monitored for curfew. Employers could mandate that employees wear them as a means of 'clocking in.' Even suspicious spouses may use them to monitor each others' whereabouts. Like other well-intended inventions that have been misused and abused, this advanced technology will not be restricted to its initial

use. Rather than tracking former criminals, they have the potential of inevitably being used to track 'us.'"

(*Freedom Under Fire*)

On Marilyn Manson

"Marilyn Manson is the by-product of his experiences, including the lack of familial support and interaction, Christian schools that were obsessed with evil and incessantly preached the apocalypse, a cross-dressing grandfather and peer pressure. Despite his vehement protest and numerous attempts to get expelled, Manson was forced by his parents to attend a Christian school until high school. It was there Manson learned about and became obsessed with death, the apocalypse and the Anti-Christ."

(*Freedom Under Fire* column, May 1999)



EAGLE SCOUT

You asked in May if Eagle Scouts read *PLAYBOY* ("Be Prepared," *The Playboy Forum*). This one does, and has since before becoming an Eagle Scout in high school. Being an Eagle Scout helps one develop values, judgment, responsibility and leadership skills that help later on in life. Reading *PLAYBOY* over the years has taught me proper drink mixing and provided bachelor living tips and an understanding of the opposite sex. The Boy Scouts didn't offer merit badges in those areas. I am curious: Was the original playboy, Hugh Hefner, ever a Boy Scout?

John Shellenberg
Topeka, Kansas

Yes. He was a member of the Fox Patrol and wrote the troop's official song. His participation in scouting diminished as he became increasingly interested in the opposite sex.

SNITCH CULTURE

James R. Petersen raises an important but frequently overlooked issue in his article "Snitch Culture" (*The Playboy Forum*, June): For years the government has been giving criminals what amount to get-out-of-jail cards in exchange for testimony against others. While Petersen does a commendable job of detailing recent abuses, it should be noted that this type of behavior is now being taught in our schools. It is little wonder that snitching is an accepted law enforcement technique when, for instance, children at Portsmouth High School in New Hampshire are given cash rewards for snitching on classmates through a program called Scholastic Crimeline. Similarly, students in Charlotte, North Carolina can call a snitch hotline to inform on other students. If the tip pans out, the snitch can call back and identify himself and the police will suggest locations for payment. With systems like these in place across the country, snitching-related abuses are sure to flourish.

David Correa
Coleman, Florida

You're absolutely right, canaries are singing all over. According to the Los Angeles Times, schools in Baton Rouge, Boulder, Al-



A MODEST PROPOSAL

"Modesty is not just about concealing, it's about protecting yourself. Modesty says, 'Maybe I shouldn't show my legs and breasts to strangers.' But modesty has little to do with prudery. It's about delay, mystery, getting to know someone before you expose yourself physically, emotionally and sexually. Modesty is a natural expression of confidence."

—Wendy Shalit, the 23-year-old author of *A Return to Modesty*, a book that touts the merits of sexual inexperience.

buquerque and Charlotte have all begun paying students for tips.

The rise of America's snitch culture underscores the disastrous effects of mandatory minimum sentences, which give prosecutors the power to both charge and sentence defendants.

But there are evenhanded alternatives to the current system of abuses that Petersen describes. Representative Maxine Waters (D-Calif.) has introduced a bill that would place a check on overzealous prosecutors. The bill, H.R. 1681, would require the Attorney General's approval to prosecute drug dealers who haven't dealt in large enough quantities to trigger the current ten-year mandatory minimum sentence. This would reduce the number of small-time drug offenders clogging the federal courts. The bill would also eliminate the use of mandatory minimum sentences for minor drug offenses, particularly the notorious five-year

sentence for possession of crack cocaine. Mandatory minimums deny judges the power to adjudicate. Waters' bill would restore that power. Judges would again be able to weigh the merits of each case—the individual's criminal history, his or her role in the offense and the seriousness of the crime—and mete out punishment accordingly. In short, this measure would restore the traditional system of checks and balances and halt prosecutorial excesses.

Monica Pratt
Families Against Mandatory Minimums
Washington, D.C.

HARD TIME

In February's "Hard Time" (*The Playboy Forum*) James R. Petersen writes about the Ensign amendment, which bars inmates from receiving material the prison deems "sexually explicit or features nudity." Here at the Warren Correctional Institution, that category includes *PLAYBOY*. Prison officials refused to allow me to receive the April issue. I'd like to share with your readers the four offenses cited in the prison's "notice of withholding." Prison officials found the *Playboy* Advisor column objectionable because it included masturbation tips. Likewise,

Petersen's *Forum* article on the Partnership for a Drug-Free America ("Brainwashing") "encourages violence against law enforcement," the opening page of the *Playboy* Interview with Nick Nolte "promotes drug use" and William Kotzwinkle's short story, *The Fan Man Returns*, "promotes voyeurism."

Mark Parrish
Warren Correctional Institution
Lebanon, Ohio

Prison rules give officials the right to withhold anything they want. As you have discovered, the regulations are typically so broad they can apply to anything.

DEFLATING AIR BAGS

James R. Petersen's article "Air Bag Update" (*The Playboy Forum*, June) says that air bags are a bad idea that has gotten worse. Certainly, the tragedy experienced by Dwight Childs, whose son was killed by an air bag that should

R E S P O N S E

have been deactivated, was a loss no parent should have to endure. But Petersen has drawn the wrong conclusion from this loss.

Years ago we learned that giving children aspirin for a fever can result in serious injury or death. The appropriate response was to educate parents about the danger, not to ban or restrict the use of aspirin. The same applies to air bags: There is no question that they can be dangerous to those who are improperly restrained while sitting in the front seat. But why dash an idea that has saved so many lives (4126 and counting)? The proper response has been to inform the public that the safest place for children is in the back-seat, regardless of whether your car has air bags. Adults should sit at least ten inches from the air bag.

I've become acquainted with some of the survivors through our organization, Saved by the Air Bag. They'll tell you how grateful they are that a bag allowed them to walk away from a serious crash. The latest statistics show that the combination of lap belts, shoulder belts and air bags reduces the risk of moderate and severe head injury by 75 percent. That number drops to 38 percent if you're using only a safety belt.

It is true that since 1990, 132 people have been killed by air bags; 58 were children and 16 were infants. All but four of the children were unbelted or using only lap belts. Thirteen of the infants were in rear-facing child seats; the other three were in laps of adults. Last year parents whose children have been injured or killed by air bags got Congress to enact legislation that will advance air bag technology to fix these problems. In the meantime, a national campaign is under way to teach the public the proper use of air bags.

Each year 42,000 people die in motor vehicle crashes, and more than 3 million others are injured. Thanks to increased awareness, progress is being made against this public health crisis, but more must be done. Air bags can play a vital role in reducing highway deaths and injuries, and the numbers prove it. Air bags are a great idea that's getting better.

Judith Lee Stone, President
Advocates for Highway and
Auto Safety
Washington, D.C.

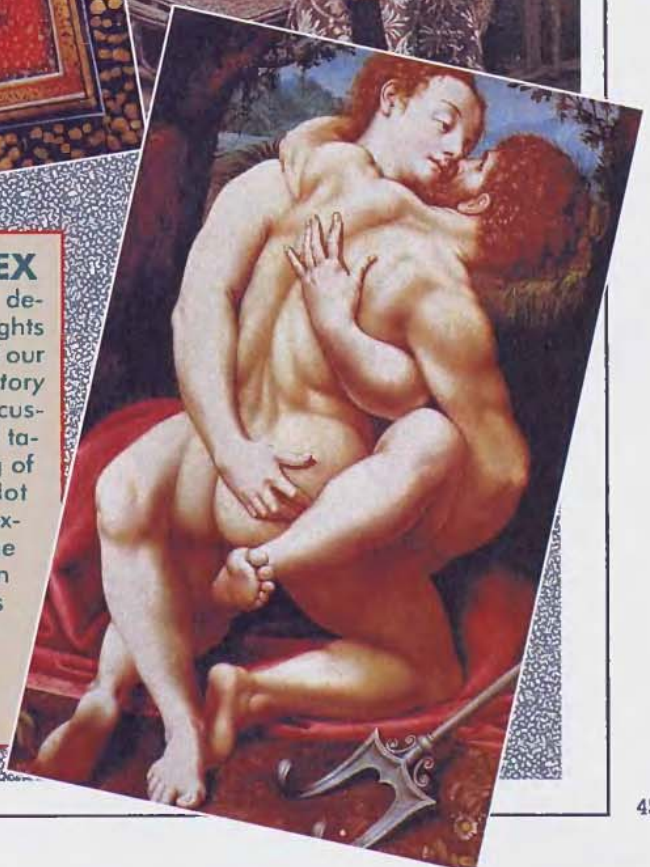
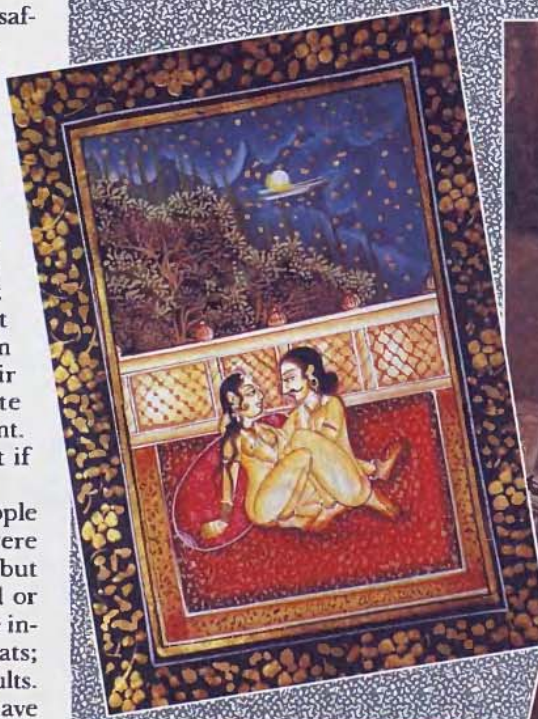
The biggest risk that our children face is not air bags, it's being unrestrained in an automobile. Of the 74 children believed to have died from air bag-related injuries, virtually all were unbuckled or improperly buckled. Even the best of health remedies may pose serious risks to some. This is true of air bags. Technological improvements will never replace the need for personal responsibility and proper use

of safety devices. Air bags and seat belts save lives.

Janet Dewey
Air Bag and Seat Belt Safety
Campaign
Washington, D.C.

While I agree wholeheartedly with Petersen's conclusion about the danger of air bags, I take exception to his use of Dwight Childs as an example. Childs

FORUM F.Y.I.



PRIME-TIME SEX

The History Channel will devote five consecutive nights (August 16-20) to one of our favorite topics. *The History of Sex* explores sexual customs, beliefs, myths and taboos from the beginning of time to the present. Not surprisingly, two of the experts interviewed for the documentary are our own Hugh Hefner and James R. Petersen, whose book *The Century of Sex* will be published by Grove Press this fall.

AMERICA'S

did not act in the best interest of his infant son by neglecting to turn off the passenger side air bag in accordance with the manufacturer's warnings. Nor did he act in the best interest of his son—or the general public—by running a red light. In an age where the failure to accept personal responsibility is so widespread, why did Petersen use an example in which the tragic outcome could have been avoided had the driver simply obeyed the law by flicking a switch? Am I supposed to feel sorry for Childs because he is being punished for breaking the law? At the same time, his sentence likely pales in comparison to the mental anguish he must be enduring. I feel sorry for him because he lost his son. Which just illustrates my point: Petersen weakens his argument by focusing on such an ambiguous case. Another point: how many of the 100-plus people killed by air bags would have died from the collision regardless?

Jeremy Stohler
Stockton, California

Petersen responds: "Safety experts point out that every accident consists of two collisions—the first outside the car, the second inside when passengers continue moving until brought to a stop by the dashboard, windshield or steering column. It is the second collision that kills. Although softer than a dashboard, air bags expand at speeds of up to 200 mph, no matter what the speed of the first collision, with enough force to destroy rear-facing kid seats and their occupants. Air bags maul some 300,000 law-abiding, seat belt-buckled victims a year. At what speed were the cars moving in each of the air bag fatalities? It doesn't matter. The tragic outcome in Childs' case could have been averted if the government hadn't mandated air bags in the first place. The government's refusal to dismantle a lethal policy borders on the criminal.

"So air bags have saved 4126 people, and killed more than 100. At an average cost of \$1000 per car, the government-mandated safety devices cost somewhere in the vicinity of \$79 billion. That's \$19.1 million per life. Worth every penny, I'm sure. But if we are budgeting resources, I would rather the money go toward better brakes and bumpers, or drivers' education courses, than air bags and warning labels."

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).

Who knows why he did it, but, politically speaking, sure as shooting he put the barrel of the gun in his mouth and blew out his brains right there on television. South Carolina Governor David Beasley had been a political nobody. He slid into office as a born-again, pro-life, right-wing Republican in the only state in the union to still fly the confederate flag over its statehouse. And then Beasley had to go and cock it all up on television and tell his constituents that after prayer and personal reflection he felt he had to take down that flag. After state senators had denounced him, pro-flag rallies had been held and opposition candidates had sprung out of nowhere, Jesus apparently told Governor Beasley that maybe God could live with that flag after all. Beasley, at least, told the citizens of South Carolina that the flag would remain. What support he had left in the state withered and died. The governor lost the 1998 election. In South Carolina. To a Democrat. Because of that flag.

In Germany, the government simply outlawed the swastika. In Japan, the *Hinomaru* (rising sun) of World War II is only now being officially rehabilitated. But in the U.S., despite a brief repression after the bloodiest war in our history, the confederate flag is still a potent symbol and rallying cry. And, like country music, Hollywood blockbusters, hamburgers and rap, it is identified all over the world as uniquely American.

But what exactly is it? Winston McCuen, a high school teacher in Greenville, South Carolina, says he was fired for having one in his classroom. A teenager, Michael Westerman, was shot dead for flying one from his pickup truck. Ku Klux Klan marchers always have a few on hand, and so do Civil War reenactors. Katie Knight was sent home from high school for sporting a

confederate flag patch on her bookbag, and two kids in Kentucky were suspended for wearing Hank Williams Jr. T-shirts showing a confederate flag. The same flag that waved at the Berlin Wall as it fell was worn on the lapel of Byron de la Beckwith as he stood trial for the murder of Medgar Evers. It's the same flag that, with different colors, is the logo of aspiring hip-hop clothing giant NuSouth, a black-owned business that hopes its Africanized confederate flag logo will start appearing soon on Spike Lee's baseball caps and on baggy-pants-wearing teenagers near you.

The Ruffin Flag Co., based in Crawfordville, Georgia, claims it outsells the American flag four to one. You'll find it ruining careers, being waved at political conventions, fetishized by neoconfederates and flapping in the wind at Sicilian barber-shops, Council of Conservative Citizens meetings and all points in between.

No one is quite sure what it means, but whatever it is, it's big. And it defies any kind of consensus. If we decide, nationally, that it's a bad thing, then what

do we say to the American truckers and Eastern bloc radicals who have it hanging from their radio antennas? What do we say to African Americans who want to honor their ancestors—slaves pressed into service (or should we say servitude) of the confederate army—by flying the flag they served under? What do we say to the thousands of people who hang it off their porches and stick it on their cars because it looks cool and they want to be rebels?

Conversely, if we decide the flag is good, how can we respond to the white supremacists in the U.S. and Europe who use it as an ersatz swastika? How will we explain ourselves to the blacks, whites and Jews lynched, beaten and run out of town by tormentors whose belt buckles, rings, placards and shirts

No laws
created the
confederate
flag, no
statutes
defined it.

OTHER FLAG

myth, menace and meaning

By Grady Hendrix

were decorated with the flag?

To be accurate, it wasn't even a flag of the Confederate States of America. It was a battle flag incorporated into individual regimental insignia in various shapes and forms but was never adopted by the Confederate Congress as a national flag. After the Civil War it was viewed by the North as a symbol of insurgency and held in the hearts of Southerners as the banner of a lost cause. It lay low for a time and then

rolled up in one.

It was a populist flag, and it still is. But the problem with populism is just that: It's popular, and popularity changes from day to day. About the time the flag became wildly popular it also became popular to protest integration. So people hauled out the confederate flag and took it with them to bust up lunch counter sit-ins and school desegregation marches. Years later, when those same people reached for the flag

they have both made up their minds: They are right, and their opposition is wrong. Emotions run high and everyone engages in circular arguments. Protests, counterprotests, boycotts and letters to the editor are the elements of their conversation.

And so the flag continues to exist like a sick, old dog. It sits out in the sun and no one's sure if it's dead or sleeping. Finally someone pokes it with a stick and gets bit. Beasley took a poke at the flag,



popped up again during World War II, maybe as a display of bravado, maybe as a reminder of home for Southern soldiers. After the war it was sold as a souvenir item in novelty stores, and suddenly its popularity took off. Within a decade you could see that flag at football games, Shriners' parades, beauty pageants and Boy Scout ceremonies. It came to represent regional pride and never-say-die spirit. The flag was something white folks could wave to feel good about where they came from. Like they had a history and some roots all their own. It was a thumbs-up sign and a portable monument all

to show how much they loved Nascar, or country music, or their home state, the problems again became obvious: two separate contexts, one confederate flag. No laws created the confederate flag, no statutes defined it. There is no final authority to be consulted as to its meaning. To most people, for a long time, its meaning has been simply obvious. What that meaning is, however, is not clear.

Today there are only two groups of people who care about the flag: Those who love it and those who hate it. And neither group will brook any dissent. Neither side is particularly shy, and

and he got bit. In the rush to protect the symbol, South Carolina senators and representatives wrapped themselves so tightly with that flag flying over the statehouse that God himself will have to walk to earth to get it down. As a concession to the African American population, they're considering putting up a new flag. Soon, the Marcus Garvey African Liberation flag may fly over the South Carolina statehouse, right under the confederate flag, which is right under the state flag, which is right under the American flag.

Eventually, they're going to have to buy a taller flagpole.

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

ROOMS WITH A VIEW

TAMPA—City zoning officials want to shut down *Voyeur Dorm*, a home-based business in which female college students go about their lives—on camera. An adult-



entertainment company gave five women tuition and free living space, then installed 31 video cameras to broadcast their activities (including scheduled lingerie shows and parties) on the Internet. More than 5000 subscribers paid \$34 a month to watch the women shower, eat, sleep, undress, study, watch TV and sunbathe. Officials say *Voyeur Dorm* is an adult business that doesn't belong in a residential neighborhood.

PEEK SEASON

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY—State police have recruited workers at about two dozen hotels to snitch on guests. According to *The New York Times*, the program trains managers, clerks, bellhops and porters to target suspected drug smugglers, and it offers cash rewards if a guest is convicted. Some hotel managers said they routinely let troopers search credit card receipts and registrations without a warrant. In return, the managers told the *Times*, the police assure them that searches and arrests will take place off hotel property and no employees will be called to testify or be named in court documents. Hotel employees said the police have told them to be suspicious of guests who request corner rooms, haul trailers, drive RVs, receive frequent visitors or

calls, pay with large sums of cash, move from room to room during their stay or speak Spanish.

NO NUDES ARE GOOD NUDES

SARASOTA, FLORIDA—In a crackdown on two local strip clubs, the Manatee County Commission voted 4-3 to ban public displays of nudity. "I believe people can make a living with their clothes on," said one commissioner who voted for the ordinance, which requires that clothing cover at least 25 percent of a woman's breasts and 33 percent of a man's or woman's buttocks. The ten-page document includes a paragraph-long description of which parts of the breast must be covered and a page-long description detailing the banned sections of the butt. Exemptions include nursing mothers, people in locker rooms and actors in theatrical performances, but not beachgoers.

LITTLE ROCK—Members of the state Alcoholic Beverage Control Board paid careful attention during a meeting to determine how well strippers hide their nipples. The dancers had been accused by board agents of revealing their entire breasts to customers, an act that would violate their employer's liquor license. One woman slipped her black dress from her shoulders and another lifted her sweater to show the commission members how flesh-colored pasties can deceive the eyes. The all-male board then voted 5-0 to overturn a fine against the club. One member said, "I just hope, for the sake of our agents, that we can concentrate on things that are truly dangerous to society."

BLOWING SMOKE

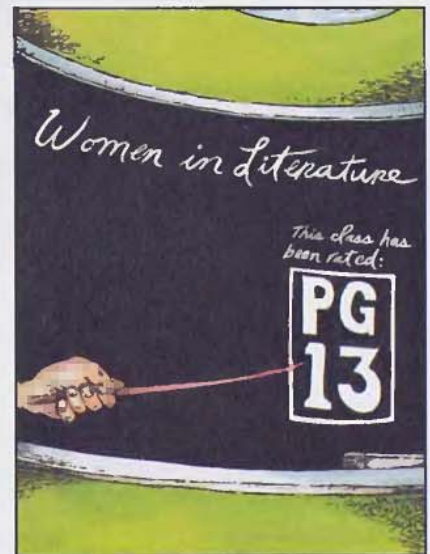
MIAMI—The airport authority refused to allow its newsstands to sell an issue of *Cigar Aficionado* that it deemed too flattering to the Cuban government. The magazine's cover featured photos of Fidel Castro and President Clinton with the headline CUBA: IS IT TIME TO END THE EMBARGO? The airport authority wasn't the first government body to outlaw the cigar monthly. Castro had banned an earlier issue in Cuba because it featured a star baseball player who had defected. That irony did not pass unnoticed by critics of the ban. When the ACLU cited this country's free speech guarantees and threatened to sue, airport officials backed down.

STORYTIME

TOPTON, PENNSYLVANIA—School officials suspended a 14-year-old boy for a week because he wrote a story called *Poland Jewpiter*. The teen, who is not Polish or Jewish, had been assigned to describe an imaginary planet. He told of a world where the air smelled of sausages, people wore funny hats and bar mitzvah music played. The boy said he had been inspired by conversations with a Polish friend and a bar mitzvah he saw on TV. After his parents filed a federal lawsuit that claimed their son's free speech rights had been violated, the school rescinded the suspension.

WARNING: SEX

PHOENIX—A state legislator introduced a bill that would require college professors to include disclaimers on course descriptions. The mother of a University of Arizona junior complained because her daughter had been morally offended by material assigned for a course called *Women in Literature*. "Imagine being in class one day and the instructor passes around a book with graphic diagrams and descriptions of masturbation," she wrote in a letter to the lawmaker. "Imagine reading a book that describes a young woman's first



sexual encounter with another woman. If the course was about lesbian women, it should have stated so in the description." The legislator withdrew his bill only after university officials promised to consider requiring more detailed syllabi.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

CHRIS ROCK

a candid conversation with america's best stand-up comic about why black people are so cool, why marion barry is scary and why there's nothing sexier than a big ass

If President Clinton isn't Chris Rock's biggest fan, he ought to be. Consider how the 34-year-old comedian recently defended the chief executive during a tour stop this past winter in Atlantic City:

"They let Clinton off last week. Let him off! That's right, just let him go," said Rock, pacing back and forth onstage, eyes wide with mock surprise. Suddenly, he stops. "Wait . . . who's booing? What the fuck you booing about? How you gonna boo head? Have you really thought this over? What the fuck did Clinton do? He lied about a blow job so his wife wouldn't find out. Is that so fucking hard to figure out? You got to have a trial for that shit? Get the Supreme Court involved? You could have taken that to The People's Court."

Most comics would have stopped there. Not Rock. "Some of this is Hillary's fault. That's right. I put blame where blame is due. Women, you know your man better than anybody else. You know if you got the crazy, needs-a-blow-job-every-day man. Sometimes you got to save your man from himself. Sometimes you got to sacrifice your lips for the good of the country. Hillary let us all down. She's the first lady. She's supposed to be the first one on her knees. Monica shouldn't have stood a chance. 'What you want, girl?

Get out of here. I got this under control.'"

Rock certainly has things under control. For almost five years he's been the hottest comic in the country, the darling of the public and his peers, a book author, recording artist, movie actor and host of HBO's *Chris Rock Show*. Credit his fearlessness at tackling issues such as race, politics, relationships, doctors, insurance, taxes, family dynamics, porn, pimps, crack, black leaders, false role models and the difference between the mall white people go to and the one they used to go to. Despite his success, Rock makes regular visits to the Museum of Television and Radio to study the likes of Woody Allen, Richard Pryor, Ernie Kovacs, Flip Wilson, Don Rickles, Groucho Marx, Steve Martin and Charlie Chaplin. And he still hones his material before last-call audiences at comedy clubs. Then it's all taken to the concert stage where, as in his Emmy award-winning HBO special, *Bring the Pain*, Rock works the audience with almost evangelical fervor.

Offstage, Rock is surprisingly calm and unassuming. He's a watcher, a thinker, curious. "I don't have to be the smartest person in the room," he says. "You don't learn that way." In other words, he's personable but not easy to get to know. But he can explain that too: "The only people easy to get to know

are drug dealers and prostitutes. No matter where I go, people ask, 'How come you're so quiet?' Even in the library where you're supposed to be quiet. But I don't want to waste my powers. If Superman flew around all the time he might not be able to save Lois when it counts."

Rock was born on February 7, 1965 in South Carolina. His father, Julius, a union trucker, and mother, Rose, moved the family to Brooklyn. Eventually they settled on Decatur Avenue in Bedford-Stuyvesant, on one of the nicer blocks in a notoriously bad part of town. The family was close, and Rock, as the oldest of six, quickly absorbed his parents' work ethic. He took on odd jobs and, as he got older, often accompanied his dad on rounds delivering the *New York Daily News*. He was also bused to a nearly all-white school, where he was regularly beaten up and came to learn the many epithets whites have for blacks. He didn't make it through high school—by choice.

Once, in 1983, when he was 18, working at Red Lobster and a huge Eddie Murphy fan, Rock waited in line at Radio City Music Hall to get a ticket to Murphy's show. But when he heard about an open-mike night at *Catch a Rising Star*, he left Murphy behind and headed to the club, tried out, made the



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

"Black makes everything cool. What are the Spice Girls without the black girl? Just three white bitches who can barely sing. What's the Rat Pack without Sammy Davis Jr.? Just a bunch of fucking alcoholics."

"Lorne Michaels told me, 'Everybody loses their first money.' I spent mine on shit I couldn't afford: a car, not paying taxes. My whole life at the time was just trying to fuck girls I had no business fucking."

"Being famous is like having big tits. People always stare at you. In some ways that's good, because a girl with big tits can go anywhere she wants and people always want to do whatever they can for her."

cut and joined the comedy circuit. One night in 1987 it was Murphy's turn to watch Rock, and he liked what he saw. With Murphy's backing, Rock appeared on an HBO's Uptown Comedy Express special. In 1990 he followed in Murphy's footsteps on Saturday Night Live.

Three years and a couple of memorable characters (including Nat X) later, Rock asked SNL executive producer Lorne Michaels to let him go his own way. The pressure to be the new Eddie Murphy had taken its toll. He also admits that he didn't work as hard on the show as he did at partying and spending his newfound money. Even so, he appeared in a few films (including *New Jack City*), was briefly on *In Living Color*, made an album (*Born Suspect*) and, in 1993, starred in the rap parody *CB4*, which he co-wrote and co-produced. It opened at number one at the box office, but from there both the film and Rock's career went downhill. He ended up right back where he started: playing little clubs. And there was another problem. His act had gone limp. One night in Chicago, upstaged by comedian Martin Lawrence, Rock came back to his senses. As he told *Vanity Fair*, "Martin just annihilated me. Blew my ass away. That was a pivotal moment, because I wasn't really prepared. I'd been working with too many white guys."

The reality check paid off. Rock recommitted himself to his craft, often traveling the country with comedian Mario Joyner, "the funniest man I know." (Joyner is also one of Jerry Seinfeld's best friends.) Rock took more risks onstage and started talking about things that really interested him.

In 1996 *Politically Incorrect* host Bill Maher asked Rock to be that show's correspondent at the presidential conventions. Rock also taped *Bring the Pain*, featuring his new strutting stage manner as well as his popular *Niggas vs. Black People* routine. It was only a small part of the special, and Rock doesn't do it anymore, but it hit home.

Rock followed the special with an album (*Roll With the New*), a best-selling book (*Rock This!*) and an HBO variety-talk show (*The Chris Rock Show*), now in its third season. He also relaunched a movie career, with roles in *Lethal Weapon 4*, Kevin Smith's *Dogma* and *Nurse Betty* with Morgan Freeman. He's writing films as well, with Paramount greenlighting his remake of *Heaven Can Wait*, called *I Was Made to Love Her*. Finally, there's another HBO special, *Bigger and Blacker*, taped at the Apollo Theater in Harlem, and a new album by the same name. And let's not forget his role as pitchman for 1-800-COLLECT and his playing the voice of *Li'l Penny for Nike*.

Playboy asked Contributing Editor David Rensin, who co-authored Rock's book, to hook up with the comedian while he toured to get ready for his HBO special. Rensin's report:

"Most people who don't know him think Chris Rock in private is just like he was in *Bring the Pain*: loud, in your face, wearing a silky silver jacket and unable to sit still. Nothing is farther from the truth. Rock says he never wore that ensemble again. He's also

more prone to lose himself in his Walkman than cut up after a show. Where many performers are superenergized and looking for trouble, Rock is easygoing and happy to watch a film on the tour bus with his players—Ali LeRoi, Lance Crouther and his wife, Robin Montague, and Wanda Sykes, all writer-performers on the *Chris Rock Show*. He may be the boss, but he acts like one of the gang.

"After a show at Princeton University, we traveled to the Trump Marina hotel and casino in Atlantic City. At two A.M. the troupe convened for breakfast in the coffee shop. Rock led a freewheeling dialogue that covered favorite music from the Seventies and Eighties, favorite comedians, sports, the neighborhood, relationships. Later, in the casino, Rock wanted to cut loose and gamble a bit, but then a phalanx of low-rollers approached for autographs. Said one obviously single woman, 'You're gorgeous. I want to marry you someday.' Smiling, then sighing, Rock begged off and said, 'My life has changed. I used to blend in around white people.'

"We were scheduled to begin our first session after lunch in his hotel room, but at the last minute Rock decided that we should go

*I'm just a comedian,
man. The media think
I'm out there with an
agenda. No. That's
Jesse's job. That's
Sharpton's job.*

to the local mall for CDs and a radio, and do the interview as we shopped. We'd made mall runs together before, but this time there were no pals along—and no bodyguard. We entered on the upper level and hadn't been inside 30 seconds when we heard the first of what would become an afternoon full of variations on, 'Yo. It's Chris Rock. Is that Chris Rock? Hey man, how you doing?' and autograph requests. Rock motioned toward the tape recorder and politely declined—unless there were children involved—and just told me to keep walking and talking."

PLAYBOY: Everyone's staring.

ROCK: Keep walking. I'm from Brooklyn. If you come from a bad neighborhood you learn to notice everything around you. What I notice is there's no one in here who can whip my ass. Besides, I got you with me.

PLAYBOY: And you feel safe? All right, let's start with the accolades. *Vanity Fair*: "Funniest, smartest comic working today." *New York Post*: "Utterly fearless." *The Washington Post*: "His show is unfailingly funny." Lorne Michaels: "Chris is the shock of ideas." For a guy who only a few years ago called himself washed up,

how much do you like what you hear?

ROCK: [Laughs] What do you want me to say? It's great. I'm glad they feel that way. They're all good sources and none of them had to say nice things about me before, including Lorne. I'm just glad I could do something they like.

PLAYBOY: How has all the attention changed you?

ROCK: I feel like Travolta in *Phenomenon*, when he got zapped by the light. Nothing's going wrong. Yet. I still live in the same house—I just haven't been there much because I'm extremely busy. But when I go around my old neighborhood and see my old friends, the differences between me and them still seem minuscule. I had a good dad and another guy didn't; I didn't get high and another guy did. That's scary. I sometimes feel like I'm one bad break from being back there and never making it out in the first place.

PLAYBOY: What do you miss most about your old life?

ROCK: Being able to take a walk by myself. Now if I'm alone everyone assumes I want company. Being famous is like having big tits. People always stare. In some ways that's good, because a girl with big tits can go anywhere and people always want to do whatever they can for her.

PLAYBOY: Sure. In hopes of getting laid.

ROCK: With me I guess it's the hope of getting money or hanging out—and then getting laid. My friends are always trying to drag me somewhere so they can get laid. Tell anyone you're my manager and watch what happens. [Laughs] I guess I've got some huge tits right now. But that's OK. I deal with all of it because they're my fans. It's like each one bought a thread on this coat I'm wearing. They bought the tips of my shoelaces. They helped pay for everything I've got. So the handshakes, the hugs, they're good. People are just trying to connect. It could be much worse.

PLAYBOY: As in no one's paying attention?

ROCK: No. As in they could be burning my football jersey and smashing my Heisman trophy.

PLAYBOY: How much does it bother you that O.J. is still able to go to the mall?

ROCK: I'm not happy about it. I'm not rejoicing. Yeah, we know he did it, but he's one guy I don't think is going to kill again.

PLAYBOY: When does celebrity get most weird for you?

ROCK: When I get to hear about which star someone in my family wants to fuck. When people want to know my mood before they speak to me. I used to see this around Eddie Murphy and Lorne Michaels. "How's he feeling? What's his mood?" It's hysterical. When I say something offhand and it comes back to me. If I'm mildly interested in something, my whispers are heard miles away. The next thing I know, someone is in my

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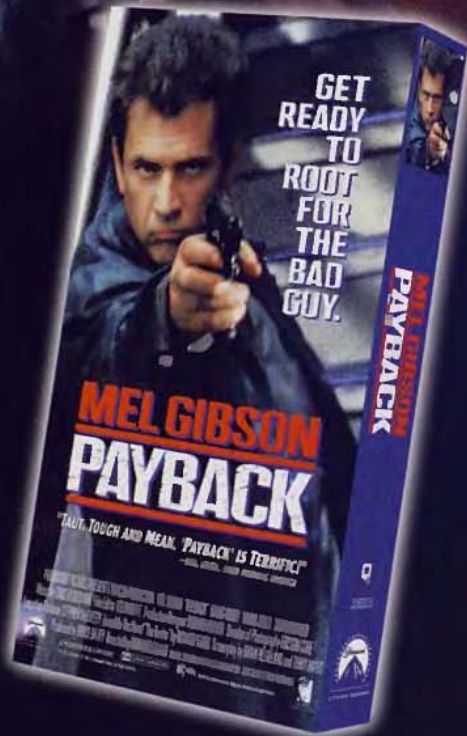
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office wanting to make a deal. The other day I said, "You know, *The PJs* was funny last night." Two days later my manager gets a call: "They hear you like *The PJs*. They want you to be a voice on the show." For all I know I was overheard in an elevator. When people give me stuff I don't need. I get free food when there are homeless folks who can't get any. I get sneakers. I don't need sneakers; I can buy sneakers. It's all about big tits. And it's ironic that the guy who no one listened to, everybody listens to now. The guy everyone used to beat up, a lot of people are scared of now. The guy who couldn't get laid, everybody wants to fuck now.

PLAYBOY: That sounds like a positive development.

ROCK: I just wanted the opportunity to make people laugh in as many different forms as I could: books, albums, my TV show, as a producer, in the movies and, first and foremost, as a stand-up comic. All I wanted was options. And now I have them, because all being rich and famous really means is that you've got more options.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you once say that fame was bullshit?

ROCK: Here's what I meant: People say, "I want to be rich and famous like you." No, they just want to be rich. Believe me. Fame is only cool if you want to meet somebody.

PLAYBOY: And you have. We read about you in the gossip columns, at one big event or another, like Puffy Combs' birthday bash.

ROCK: I knew Puffy ten years ago. I was a little sluggo-ing comedian and he used to drive some guy's car. I've known a lot of these people forever. Look at Lauryn Hill. To most people she just got famous. I did a gig with her and the Fugees seven years ago at some little college. I played Super Nintendo with Will Smith ten years ago, in Philadelphia at his crib, when I was in town doing a gig at the Funny Bone for \$800. Talented people tend to hang out together. They know who's got the stuff. If you respect someone's work it's worth a dinner or two. Plus, when you're all in the same business there's the safety factor. We don't need shit from each other. We're not put in the position to turn people down; that happens too many times when you hang out with people who don't do what you do. Does that make sense without making me sound like a snob?

PLAYBOY: Is that something you and your friends discuss?

ROCK: Who asked for what is one of the biggest topics of conversation. Everybody tries to top each other: "So-and-so wants me to help him buy a Ferrari." "So-and-so asked me for 50 large." "My uncle is trying to buy a fleet of school buses." Everybody's got some crazy tale. The best I ever heard was when a friend of mine, who will remain nameless, went

on a date with a girl and had sex with her, and before she even left she asked him to help her buy a house.

PLAYBOY: Did he?

ROCK: No. But I told him, "Your time together must have been really bad for her to say 'You owe me now!'"

PLAYBOY: Will these observations ever end up as comic material?

ROCK: No. When I'm onstage I make \$300 a week—though maybe I should give myself a raise to \$500 for the millennium. No one wants to hear about my money. Nobody wants to hear about me hanging out with whoever's famous. Nobody wants to know about what a hassle it is sometimes to sign autographs. The fans just want me to be one of the guys. Be down. People want to hang out with their favorite comedian. They want to feel like he's the missing guy in their crew. "Fuck, I wish Chris was hanging." "Wouldn't it be great if Sandler was here tonight?" They want to feel comfortable with that guy. In their shoes, I did too.

PLAYBOY: How badly do you want Adam Sandler's kind of success?

ROCK: His success is nice. We both have the same philosophy: Work work work, work work, work work work work. Album movie, movie, album movie, album. Get it out there. He's also one of the funniest guys. As big as he is, he's still underrated. He's a great stand-up comedian. Sandler's like Steven Wright with a dick—not that Steven Wright doesn't have one. I mean Sandler has an observational quality like Steven Wright, but his one-liners tend to be raunchier than Wright's.

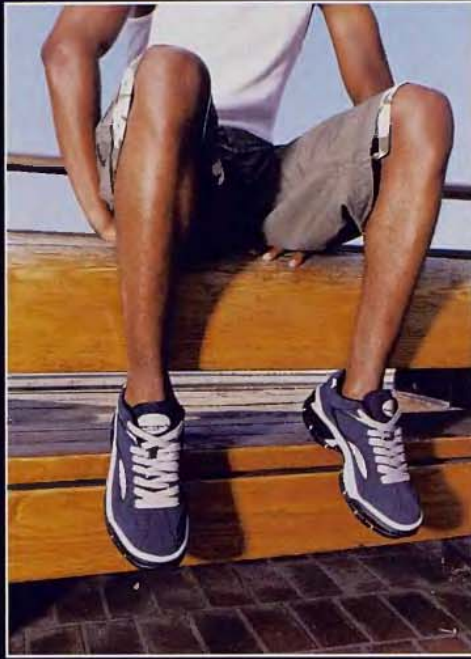
PLAYBOY: And your approach to comedy is sort of like a fighter's.

ROCK: The crowd gives me a four-minute cushion: "Hey, he's famous. We saw him last month and he made us laugh." I try to hit them. Immediately. I don't try to fluff it that much, because a man's behavior is dictated by his physicality. I'm like a lightweight fighter, so I tell more jokes than a big guy. I've got to throw a lot of jokes. If Malcolm X were as small as Martin Luther King, he'd have believed in nonviolence, too. If Martin Luther King were as big as Malcolm X he'd have been talking about "let me whup some ass." It's no coincidence that the little guy was nonviolent and the big guy was violent.

PLAYBOY: Why did you choose to become a comedian?

ROCK: It's the only good deed I can do. I've never been talented at anything else, like sports or school. The only other thing that sparked my interest as a kid was being a civil rights attorney, or a reverend—that is, if I could find a religion that didn't dog people out and wasn't on some level racist, sexist and homophobic. Yeah, I'd probably preach the gospel.

PLAYBOY: But your act is already more than jokes. As Lorne Michaels said,



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you're the shock of ideas.

ROCK: I'm just a comedian, man. Just a comedian. The media think I'm out there with an agenda. No. That's Jesse's job. That's Sharpton's job. Everybody's looking for the leader. Everybody's looking for the next guy, and they always try to pin it on entertainers and athletes. But I'm not a candidate, and I'm not a messenger.

PLAYBOY: So you say and no doubt mean, yet your fans take your observations to heart. And the critics see all sorts of wisdom in your observations.

ROCK: People also listen to Urkel. Oprah says what I say, in her own way. A million rappers: Ice Cube. Chuck D. Public Enemy. NWA. And they did it years ago. I just happen to be the quotemeister right now—people are repeating things I've said, in other contexts. I just talk about what interests me. That's the most important thing: Can I interest myself? I don't want to be bored up there, because you'll be bored if I'm bored. And I don't want to sound like other comedians. I don't want to have the airplane hunk about seat backs and tray tables.

PLAYBOY: So what's the gospel according to Chris Rock?

ROCK: [Pauses] If anything, I'm not a hater. I'm probably the only black comic who isn't homophobic, who doesn't have a big fag hunk in his act.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about white people?

ROCK: I look at the individual. I probably could hate white people as a group, because when I went to school white kids would get together and beat the shit out of me. I'm still a little scared when I see whites in a group, but I've learned that all groups are stupid. What I hate is anyone who knows better yet chooses to be racist. On the other hand, if you don't know any black people and all you get is what you see in the news, I almost don't blame you for being a racist. But if you know a cool brother down the block, if you know me and you're still a racist, then you're a fucking idiot.

PLAYBOY: But you're not afraid to make fun of blacks or whites.

ROCK: [Long pause, shakes his head] I hate that hunk of mine, sometimes.

PLAYBOY: The "I love black people but I hate niggas" routine?

ROCK: Yeah, I'm so tired of that shit. Sometimes that's all people write about me, like I'm a one-joke comic or Ritchie Valens, only known for *La Bamba*. They ignore everything else I've said and focus on that one thing.

PLAYBOY: It's certainly received the most attention.

ROCK: But if I didn't have the relationship stuff in my act, I wouldn't sell as many seats. No way in the world I'm playing these big houses just off so-called political shit. The relationship stuff sells the tickets, along with the stuff about insurance and doctors and malls. I talk



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about things that the average man cares about, stuff I care about. I've got insurance. I'm paying my mother's insurance bills. I'm thinking about the hypocrisy of the whole thing. Even when I was a kid, when I had my first car, it was like, Let me get this straight: The worse the neighborhood you live in, the more insurance you have to pay? Women in the inner city have to pay more for diapers and milk because they have to get them at the minimart because no grocery will build there? How fucking ignorant is that injustice?

PLAYBOY: True, but why does that make the "I hate niggas" material any less important?

ROCK: [Sighs] It's just that I hate white reporters talking to me about it without ever having watched *Bring the Pain*. They always ask, "How does a black audience deal with that stuff you're saying?" Take a look at the show! Were there any white people there that night? Not many. Were people laughing? Yes. What's the fucking question again? I'm in the middle of Maryland. Not even D.C., but the middle of the ghetto, in a theater that we spent money on to make look better—and it's full of black people. I purposely went into the hood to do it. But some writers act as if I did *Bring the Pain* in front of a joint session of Congress. I think what they're really saying is, "I like it, but how could black people possibly like it, since you're making fun of them?" Well, it looked to me like they were laughing. Whatever you see black people laughing at, that's what's funny to black people. It's like me going up to Garth Brooks after he plays the Grand Ole Opry and saying, "How do country people deal with your act?" Huh?

PLAYBOY: How are black audiences different from white audiences?

ROCK: For one thing, the black audience goes everywhere first. They dictate everything from music to comedy to fashion; they point to where the white audience is going to go. Who's going to be the hottest comedian in the year 2001? I don't know—but he's working in front of a bunch of brothers right now. Who'll be the hottest rapper? I don't know, but young black kids know right now. Black people are about the future. White people are all about the past and how to return to the fucking glory they had. Black makes everything cool. What are the Spice Girls without the black girl? Just three white bitches who can barely sing. What's the Rat Pack without Sammy Davis? A bunch of fucking alcoholics. My core audience is probably black, but I don't think white people want to see me water down my thing. The white people who are into me aren't afraid. They want me to be me.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps the question you don't like stems from white journalists having to be so cautious. They can't get away with saying nigger. They'd be crucified.

So they don't understand when black people laugh at someone who does.

ROCK: White people can't go around saying nigger. That's a rule. Black people can; it's like calling your kid an idiot. Only you can call your kid that. Someone else calls your kid an idiot, there's a fight. You know, I said some ill shit in that special. I did jokes about porn and killing the president and hitting women. I had a guy beating a woman, and her complaining about it on *Oprah*. But no one mentioned that to me. Here's why: Race is big. It's the last frontier.

PLAYBOY: Who takes the truth about themselves better, blacks or whites?

ROCK: Probably blacks. We're used to being criticized and we deal with it easier. We're always expecting the hit.

PLAYBOY: How concerned are you about media backlash? You're on top now, but that also makes you a target.

ROCK: I don't worry about the mainstream media. They don't have much to do with making black artists succeed. There's no successful black artist without 90 percent of the black vote. Any black artist with longevity, black people already love, and he'd be successful—though maybe not stupendously—without the crossover. If white people had never gotten Richard Pryor he'd still have a big house and money. Bernie Mac, Jamie Foxx, Frankie Beverly, they all live really well. Steve Harvey lives really, really well.

PLAYBOY: Would black recognition be enough for you?

ROCK: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: So why the desire to cross over?

ROCK: Financial reasons. Black artists don't want white people to like them. That's real Uncle Tom. It's the money. Everybody wants to make the most dough they can because we're in an industry where you can be over at any moment. The idea is to cross over to white dollars, not to white people.

PLAYBOY: What's the best career advice you ever got?

ROCK: Before I taped *Bring the Pain* I bumped into Andrew Dice Clay. Anybody who knows Dice knows he can't help but give you advice every time he sees you—good or bad. But when you really think about it, who knows more about doing an HBO special than Dice? Who's gotten more out of being on HBO than Dice? Who filled up Madison fucking Square Garden? He said, "Watch *Rocky* and you'll remember why you got started. Everything will come back to you." They say I'm big, but I can't ignore a guy who filled the Garden. And he was right. I watched *Rocky* and it all came into focus. It's the best inspirational movie in the world. All schoolkids should be forced to watch *Rocky*. The lesson is try your best, no matter what, and you'll feel good at the end. Be better than your best. That's my career philosophy. Buster Douglas was a bum. But one



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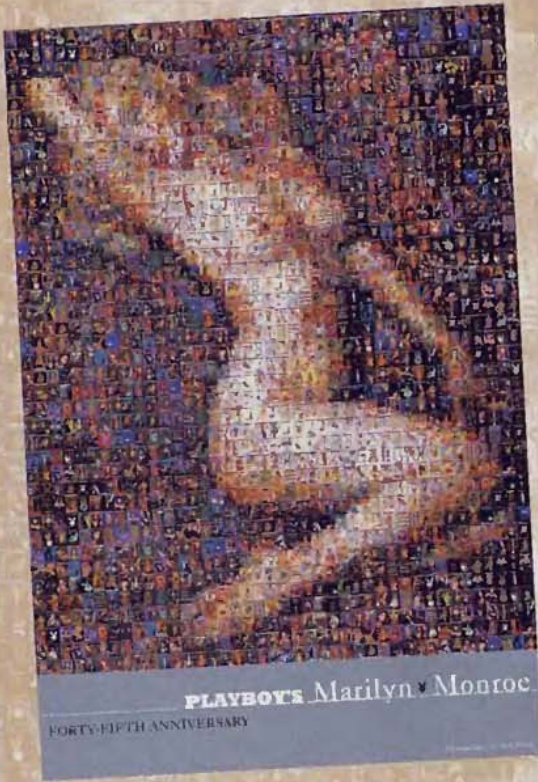
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bum. But one night he fought Tyson better than his best, and he won.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any advice for Tyson?

ROCK: Watch *Rocky* [laughs]. Stop drinking. Mike is insecure. The last time I bumped into Mike was at some show at Roseland. We ended up going to Jersey to a party. It was two or three in the morning, and we were both sitting there trying to figure out if we could have gotten our wives if we weren't rich. This big motherfucker and this little guy, both from Brooklyn, connected on the same thing. We couldn't figure it out. Neither one of us was confident enough. Both of us were like, "Nah, nobody likes us for us." It says nothing bad about our wives and everything about us.

PLAYBOY: You recently went to Richard Pryor's birthday party. What's he like these days?

ROCK: It's really sad. He can't talk. Richard fucking Pryor, the greatest orator, the greatest comedian of all time, and he can't talk. What the fuck is that? It's like Fred Astaire being paralyzed.

PLAYBOY: What made Pryor great?

ROCK: He was honest.

PLAYBOY: The same has been said of you. According to HBO president of programming Chris Albrecht, you can "get away with being honest in a way few people can."

ROCK: I don't get away with anything. I just do it. It has to be instinctual. The minute that I start to analyze my act, I'm dead.

PLAYBOY: Come on. Maybe you want to play it down, but you must think this stuff through.

ROCK: Sometimes when I come off the stage I feel like the Incredible Hulk, when he turns back into David Banner. Did I kill anybody? Did I hurt anybody? I feel like that a lot, especially when it's a good night. I get in a weird zone because my act gets my complete attention. In sex, my mind can drift, but onstage it's do or die. When I walk into a comedy club I want motherfuckers to be scared I'm going on. "Oh shit. I don't want to follow him." I don't want the he's-famous-let's-cut-him-some-slack funny. When Rodney Dangerfield walks into the Improv, they know he's getting ready to bring the noise. It's like, get the fuck back! This guy is 70-something and he's going to blow everybody off the stage. That's what I want.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about once having been called the new Eddie Murphy?

ROCK: Every hot black guy is the new Eddie Murphy. But I think I've established myself as my own guy. The first time I heard it I felt a bit of pressure; more than, say, Damon Wayans or Sinbad did, because folklore has it I was discovered by Eddie Murphy. People were looking for that from me.

PLAYBOY: Is the folklore bullshit?

ROCK: The average person thinks I was driving a bus and Eddie said, "Hey, this guy is funny." I had been in the comedy business for a few years. Eddie said I was funny on camera and in print—which is a bigger thing than any manager or agent could do—and he got me on this show called *The Uptown Comedy Express*, an HBO special he developed and produced. When the funniest guy in the world says you're funny, well, you—

PLAYBOY: Feel like, Holy shit, what do I do?

ROCK: I just did what I was doing and people said, "He's funny, but he's no Eddie Murphy."

PLAYBOY: But only a few years earlier you were 18 and standing in line at Radio City on your night off from a job at Red Lobster, waiting to get a ticket to Murphy's show, when you suddenly split to do open-microphone night at Catch a Rising Star. Murphy was and is your hero, yet you blew off the show. What possessed you?

ROCK: Something called to me. Every comedian will tell you the same thing. There's no big revelation. It seemed like a better option than waiting in line.

PLAYBOY: Was it your first time onstage?

ROCK: Yeah. There was a guy on my block who co-managed R&B singer Freddie Jackson. He represented show business to me. I also knew *Saturday Night Live* was looking for people. So I told him, out of the blue, "Get me on *Saturday Night Live*." Obviously, I was an idiot at that point, thinking you could just get on *Saturday Night Live*. The guy said, "You have to go to the Comic Strip, you have to audition. You need to go to the clubs." I guess it put a little germ in my head—so one night I did it. Or maybe it was because I was at the end of a long-assed line and probably wasn't going to get in to see Eddie anyway.

PLAYBOY: How big a career jump was getting on *Saturday Night Live*?

ROCK: Huge. To this day, the biggest. It was the last break that actually changed my life. When I got on *Saturday Night Live* I moved from a studio apartment into a huge duplex, I bought a car, I helped my mother get a house. Nothing like that has happened to me since. Even today the quality of my life is pretty much the same. When I used to get \$50 or \$300 a gig, every gig would change my life. It meant I was going to eat differently. I might buy sneakers so I'd have a new wardrobe. Today the only changes are more artistic options, and a lot of white people speak to me.

PLAYBOY: What went wrong at *Saturday Night Live*?

ROCK: Lorne hired me because I was funny and because *In Living Color* had just come on. I don't think it was coincidence. The first year I was alone, which was perfect. If you're black you might as well be the only black person there. You're competing enough as it is to get a



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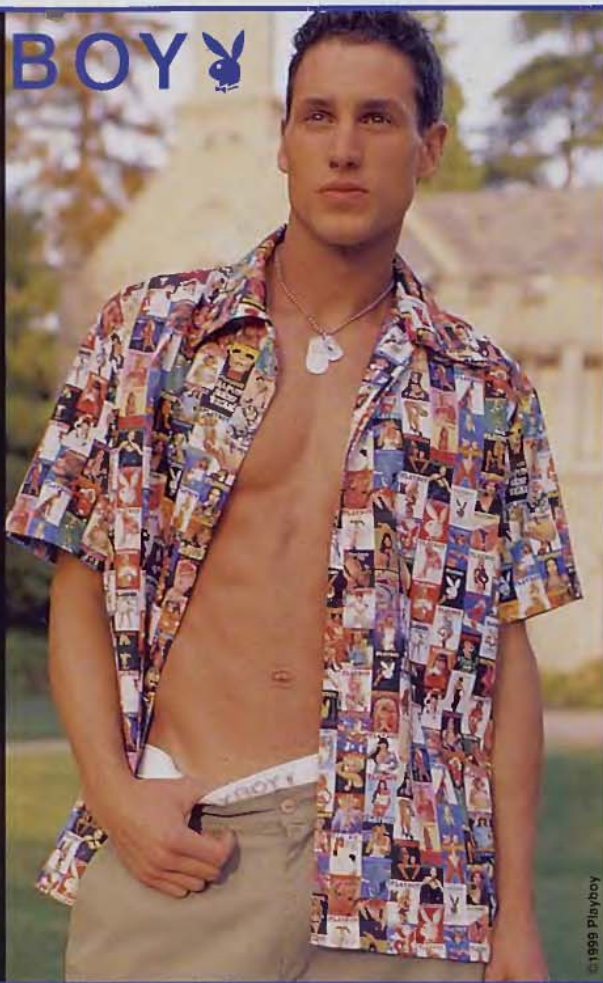
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little screen time. Then it was me, Tim Meadows and Ellen Cleghorne. We all wanted to star in our own pieces, but we weren't all going to get on each show—even if all our stuff was great. The show is no different than society. But I'll never dog *Saturday Night Live*, because it's the best thing that's ever happened to me. Another problem is that I followed Eddie Murphy. Whatever I did was compared with him, and that's unfair. I had tough shoes to fill. I had the Larry Holmes gig.

PLAYBOY: What's your relationship with Eddie like these days?

ROCK: We're cool. I always looked at Eddie like my older cool cousin, the one, when you're a kid, that you can't wait to see because he's got the tapes and cool clothes. He's getting laid and he's got stories. I'm never going to be Eddie's equal, and friends have to be equals to be friends. But that said, we're better friends than we were before.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you also party a lot during your three years on *Saturday Night Live*, sometimes to distraction?

ROCK: We all partied. I also got a big-ass apartment, a convertible Vette. What's cornier than a red Vette driving through Brooklyn? How obnoxious is that? I was ridiculous. Lorne Michaels told me, and he was right: "Everybody loses their first money. No matter who you are, you're going to lose your first money." That first hunk I got, though it couldn't set me up for life, could have helped. But I lost it. I spent it on shit I couldn't afford: a car, not paying taxes. My whole life was just trying to fuck girls I had no business fucking—and I succeeded on several occasions [laughs]. Ah, those were the days.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like you miss them.

ROCK: I miss the innocence. Otherwise I was tired, I looked like shit. In pictures of me back then I look like I was on the pipe.

PLAYBOY: You were hot, left *Saturday Night Live*, made a couple movies and then you were gone. You couldn't even get an agent. What happened? How did you work your way back?

ROCK: After *Saturday Night Live*, I co-wrote, produced and starred in *CB4*. Probably made \$18 million. We did it with Brian Grazer and Ron Howard's company, Imagine. Ron Howard was in the movie, but he cut himself out. He saw how shitty the movie was and said, "Hey, I can't be in this." In his scene he says, "When I first heard the song *Sweat of My Balls*. . . ." Ron Howard saying "sweat of my balls" is pretty funny. Cut to three years later and I get a call to do *Sgt. Bilko* with Steve Martin. I thought, great, but it was essentially an extra part. Two lines. I felt like shit, but you've got to do what you've got to do. A lot of guys wouldn't go to the audition. I do what I've got to do. The worst gig in show business is better than the best job out of it. I would have been the stand-in for the

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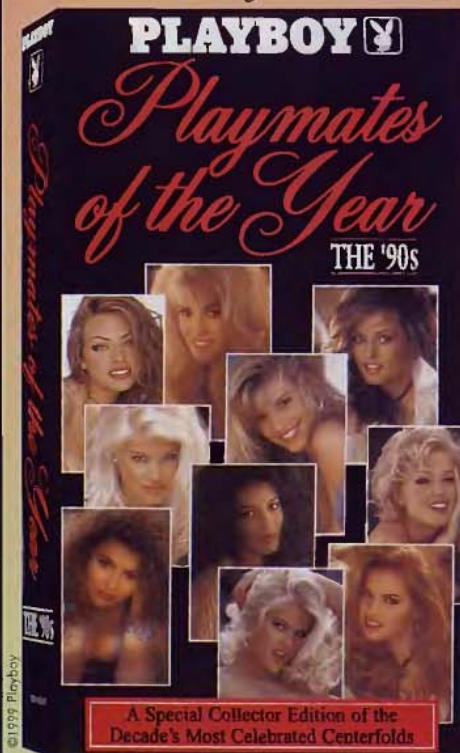
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extra if I had to. And if I didn't take that extra part I wouldn't be where I am right now. That same year I did a guest spot on *Fresh Prince of Bel Air*. It was a horrible episode. I had to be Will Smith's ugly date, so I was in drag. Barely funny. I had to do it, though. From *Saturday Night Live* to *New Jack City* to *CB4* to being dressed up like an ugly bitch for Will Smith.

PLAYBOY: Did you have to kiss him?

ROCK: No, but I'm glad they offered me the part. I needed it at the time. And guess what? People on the street were going, "Hey, I saw you on *Fresh Prince*," "Hey, I saw you in *Sgt. Bilko*." It kind of kept me alive. It's not shoveling shit, but I definitely went backward to get forward. I did *Sgt. Bilko* because it was Grazer, Steve Martin, Dan Aykroyd, Phil Hartman. I got to be around all those guys, even if it was only for two days. There was some value in doing it. Association brings assimilation, as my mother says.

PLAYBOY: How often do you get back to the old neighborhood?

ROCK: I still talk to people there. But one of the last times I went around I almost got carjacked. This guy was following me; I ran a light and he ran the light. When you grow up in Bed-Stuy you have an extra sense for trouble. The next thing I know, I'm on a high-speed chase with three cars behind me. I was probably going about 60 or 70 miles an hour through the streets of Brooklyn, running lights.

PLAYBOY: What would have happened if they'd caught you?

ROCK: They would have taken me to my crib, made me open up, taken everything, duct taped me and maybe killed me. They wanted my shit. And kidnapping's big. This is what's going on now. The only guys my age with dough who aren't entertainers sell drugs. Drug dealers keep their money in their house. I don't keep money in mine, but these young guys probably think I have a million dollars under my bed.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like you can't really go home again.

ROCK: I'm not going back there like "look at me." I like to sit on the stoop and talk. Usually it's OK. When I first get there it's an immediate, "Chris is here!" But

that always happened no matter what job I had. As far as my neighborhood is concerned, I made it ten years ago when I was in the movie *I'm Gonna Git You Sucka*. Do you know how far that is from Bed-Stuy and hanging out watching my friends sell lactose as coke? Or making crack: cocaine, lactose, vitamin B-12, a little baking soda. The common Friday night thing was to get with a bunch of friends at six o'clock. But then people started getting high and no one would go anywhere. It would start with the first beer, to the first joint, to the first snort, to freebasing. Every fucking Friday. I never got or get high, thank God.

PLAYBOY: Did that self-destructive experience make it any easier for you to un-

had to get rid of him. I was in Chicago, on tour, and Chris came to see me. He was so fucked up. He was screaming. He wanted more booze. We had made plans, but I had to say, "You know what? I'm going to bed." It was only midnight. Right then he kind of straightened out for a minute: "Come on, Rocker. Come see my apartment. Come on, Rocker." I couldn't, and that's the last time I saw him. He died a month after that.

I miss Farley a lot. Phil Hartman, too. It made for a really shitty year, losing both of them. The worst thing that they did was try to make other people happy offstage. They went out of their way for other people for the sake of their own happiness, and it killed both of them.

PLAYBOY: What was your relationship with Hartman like?

ROCK: Phil was a mentor. He was the most prepared guy at *Saturday Night Live*. He could also show you about the good life. Sometimes he'd call me into his office and say, "Hey, look at this picture of my new boat." "Hey, here's the house I'm buying. You work hard, you can get this, too." But Phil had a weird marriage. He was always going through some shit with it, and I never liked to spend time with them as a couple. Every now and then he'd talk about it. I remember him saying, "OK. If I lose half my shit I'll have to be on the show another three years." In part because of what happened, I'm really into my own happiness and my own comfort now in a way I wasn't before. I'm probably

a rougher person to be around than before they died. I would never rock the boat. I'd go along with the program even if I was miserable. The old me would take shit for a while and then explode. After Farley and Hartman died, and died not happy, the idea of toeing the company line made me think, Fuck this. I'm more assertive now. I've found the courage to say no. They say life is short. No, it's not. Life is long. Life is excruciatingly long if you make bad decisions and do things you don't want to do.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about what you want to do—and what you have done for three seasons: *The Chris Rock Show*. Why did you want to try talk on cable, particularly when you could have had your



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derstand Chris Farley's death?

ROCK: No. I took it really hard. He was a great friend. A good, jolly—I know that's a fat word—guy to be around. He needed hugs but he was quick to give them, too. When I was off the show, with no career, he and Sandler were the only guys who'd call to see how I was doing. Farley was way funnier than we've ever seen him be. He was more like W.C. Fields than the character he usually played. He had a "get away from me kid, you bother me" funny mean streak, but then he'd give the kid a big hug. But in movies he always played this fat guy who didn't know any better, who straightened up at the last minute.

The last time I saw him I pretty much

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own sitcom?

ROCK: I had nothing else happening at the time. I was bubbling under, doing *Politically Incorrect*, doing Li'l Penny. I had done *Big Ass Jokes*, which won the Cable Ace award. I was on a little upswing. It was HBO's idea. It was like, whoa, get my own show? This is great. We made the deal before *Bring the Pain*, and the success of the special just made things go quicker.

PLAYBOY: You're a TV interviewer now. Who's your role model?

ROCK: Bob Costas. Best in the world. I saw Bob Costas interview Little Richard once. At the time Little Richard was a fucking joke to me. Just a clown. When Costas got through with him, I was Little Richard's biggest fan. I saw Bob do that with a lot of people. He had all the best questions.

PLAYBOY: What have you learned?

ROCK: I look at an interview like I look at a woman I'm trying to get with. You have to avoid the obvious, especially if you're not a good-looking guy. I'm not, so it's all going to be verbal. If she's tall, don't mention it. If her name is Eve, don't say a joke with Adam in it. The second rule is to never ask a question if you know the answer. If somebody's got a hit movie, "Boy, your movie's really big. How does it feel?" What are they going to say? They're going to say it feels great. Why ask that? Rule three is you can get away with a lot if you say "with all due respect."

PLAYBOY: When you interviewed Magic Johnson why did you concentrate on his HIV? What wasn't obvious about that?

ROCK: Who has asked Magic Johnson, "How has it affected your business?" I even gave Magic one of those hard-to-ask questions: "Do women still hit on you?" His ego wants to say yes, but he has to say no. He kind of went in the middle of it: "Women like successful men." That's what you're looking for. He was great. He was the best guy I've probably had on this year. [Smiles] You know, I think he's got a new strain of AIDS, the kind that makes you gain weight and make money.

PLAYBOY: Why wasn't he any good when he did the interviewing?

ROCK: Magic Johnson is supposed to suck at being a talk show host just like I'm supposed to suck at being point guard for the Los Angeles Lakers. It's no dis to him. He gave it a good shot.

PLAYBOY: Will former D.C. mayor Marion Barry ever come on your show—especially after you made fun of him in *Bring the Pain*?

ROCK: I bumped into Marion Barry. He shook my hand. He said I shouldn't do the jokes. And as I looked in his eyes I realized, if he wasn't the mayor or a public figure, he'd beat the shit out of me. He's not the mayor right now. If I bumped into Marion Barry again he'd probably kick my fucking ass. No doubt

in my mind. If nobody was around, Marion Barry would beat the shit out of me.
PLAYBOY: So that's why you have a bodyguard.

ROCK: Yes. Just for Marion Barry [laughs].

PLAYBOY: What's your take on the tragedy at Columbine High in Colorado?

ROCK: It's a big gun problem. And you know, one kid was on Prozac, but the toxicology report found no Prozac in him. I don't want to sound insensitive, but what ever happened to just being crazy? Everyone's looking for reasons, but no one's mentioned that maybe those guys were just fucking nuts. When I was a kid, those kids would have been put on a yellow bus and sent to a little classroom away from everybody, and nobody would have been shot. When I went to school, there were probably a couple kids who didn't belong, but no one got shot.

PLAYBOY: Maybe it's just frustrated middle-class white kids with access to guns who don't know how else to deal with not being popular.

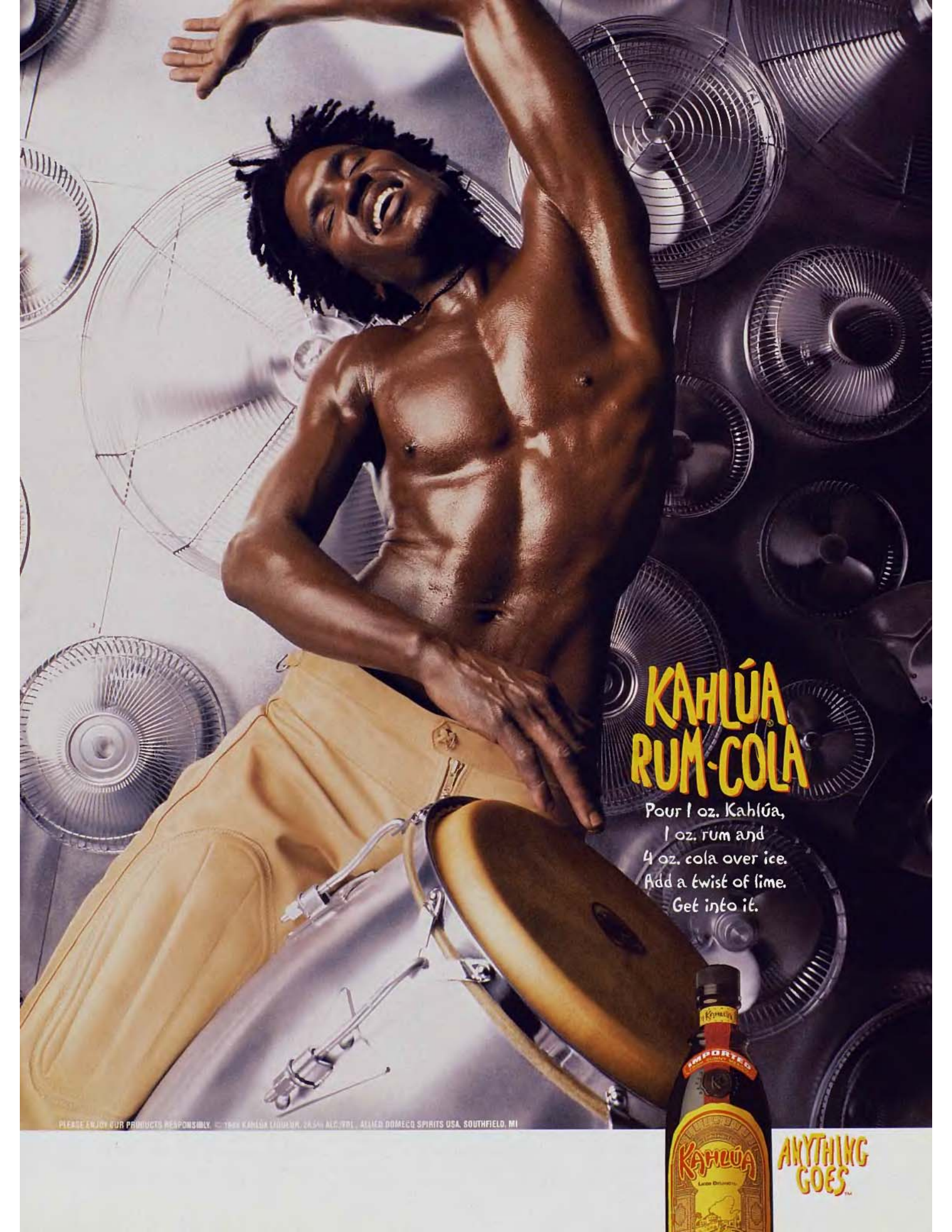
ROCK: Right. Black people can't go, "I'm going to buy machine guns." They'd never leave the store. The cops would be called immediately. You can't buy any bomb-making stuff either if you're black. You can't even say "bomb" if you're black. As soon as you say "bo" you're arrested. B-o. You don't even get to the m. It's true! There are no black serial killers, right? You know why that is? Because a brother does one murder and they get him. It's like we're fucking suspects for everything. The white man gets the benefit of the doubt. I'm sure there are black people who would love to be serial killers, but they've never been given the chance. It's really sad. The law comes down on us too fucking hard.

PLAYBOY: Can the media and the Internet and Goth music be blamed for what happened?

ROCK: Blame the media? What was Hitler listening to? How come no one ever questions what Hitler was listening to? What movie did Hitler see that fucking set him off? He was just a crazy, evil guy. This whole "listened to" thing is bullshit to me. If you're dumb enough to kill somebody because you listen to Marilyn Manson, then we ought to get you early. We ought to eliminate you right away. What's Milosevic listening to? He's killing everybody, and I'm sure he's not listening to Marilyn Manson. What were they listening to during feudalism? The only people happy about those kids being shot are JonBenet's parents. They're like, "Hey, boy, now they're going to leave us alone." [Pauses] That's a joke.

PLAYBOY: Let's move on. Your movie career is in high gear. Besides the stuff we've seen you in, what are you being offered?

ROCK: Mostly con men. A numbers runner in Beverly Hills. Or I steal cars in Beverly Hills. That's the big thing: a fish



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out of water. You know what? I've got money and I'm famous and when I'm in Beverly Hills I am a fucking fish out of water. I walk into Barneys and I can afford whatever I want, but I'm still a freak. Jerry Seinfeld walking through Bensonhurst is a fish out of water. You don't need to be a fucking drug kingpin to be a fish out of water. Eddie called me a couple months ago and said, "I see what you're doing, the supporting actor thing here and there. Don't do that no more. You have to star in your next movie. Now's the time. Strike while the iron is hot. Don't fucking blow this."

PLAYBOY: Did you take his advice?

ROCK: Yes. I can't just wait around to be cast. The really successful guys are the ones who develop their own shit. So I co-wrote a script with my guys, and Paramount greenlighted it and we're going to start shooting in January.

PLAYBOY: What's it about?

ROCK: It's a remake of *Heaven Can Wait* or *Here Comes Mr. Jordan*. It's called *There Goes Mr. Rock* [smiles]. No, it's called *I Was Made to Love Her*.

PLAYBOY: You're in Kevin Smith's newest film, *Dogma*, as Rufus, the 13th apostle. The movie's subject matter—a critique of Catholicism—has caused a fair amount of controversy. Is that what attracted you to the project?

ROCK: Kevin's other movies, *Clerks* and *Chasing Amy*, just spoke to me.

PLAYBOY: What was it like working with Smith?

ROCK: Kevin holds the most intense rehearsals. When you get to the set, your lines and blocking have to be second nature. You're prepared. You're in shape. It takes hours—morning until night. I wanted to do it, especially since I'm not an actor like the other people in the movie: Matt Damon and Ben Affleck, Linda Fiorentino, Alan Rickman, Salma Hayek. I need the extra work and it was like free acting school. It's definitely the best work I've done. It broke me out of all my moves.

PLAYBOY: How did that compare to your *Lethal Weapon* experience?

ROCK: In the beginning I was really scared because it was the fourth one, like *Alien 4* and *Batman 4*. Part of what convinced me is that the script turned out good. Also, Joel Silver admitted to me that number three wasn't all that great. I figured, OK, if you're going in with that attitude, four is going to be OK.

PLAYBOY: How much did you have to bulk up?

ROCK: I just had to fight my ass off and get my lines up. I don't mean that in a bad way, but I was pretty much an extra. *Lethal Weapon* was a weird movie. I'd been filming for a month, or at least I'd been on the set for a month, and I hadn't done anything. Then, one day, the whole cast did *The Rosie O'Donnell Show*, and I did well. I killed 'em. But I'm a comedian. I'm supposed to do bet-

ter than Danny Glover and Mel Gibson on a comedy show. When Joel Silver and Dick Donner saw it they said, "We've got to get him in the movie more!" It's like I'd inadvertently auditioned for a movie I was already in. From then on it was like, "Hey, we've got this scene for you." "Hey, what about this scene?"

PLAYBOY: In *Nurse Betty* you work with Morgan Freeman. Do older black men want to mentor you?

ROCK: Morgan's more of a mentor than Danny. I guess I look for it. I ask questions. Maybe I'll linger longer than I should. My dad's dead and I love guys my dad's age: "Tell me something I don't know, please." Any black guy in his 50s or 60s, I'm like, "Please talk to me. Pleeese." Danny is kind of eccentric; also smart and well educated. He knows African history, is very politically active. He told me about his college days, about the Panthers. It's a perspective I'm just not going to get from a white guy. In *Nurse Betty* Morgan Freeman has to kiss someone. Turns out it's the first time he has had to kiss a woman on-screen—and he's 60-whatever years old! That's got to be hard. Morgan is one of our best actors and, due to petty racism, no one's ever paired him with a woman, ever. Morgan fucking Freeman. You know how many ugly white guys get women in movies? When he told me I couldn't believe it.

PLAYBOY: Which of his movies is your favorite?

ROCK: Believe it or not, the most significant Morgan moment for me, and this sounds crazy, is *Deep Impact*. He plays the president of the United States, he's a black guy, and no one said shit. His color is never mentioned in the movie or in reviews. He is such a commanding presence that it's obvious he's the president. I don't think there's another black actor who could play the president without it being a big deal.

PLAYBOY: According to you we already have a black president: Bill Clinton.

ROCK: Yes, but I said it two years before all this impeachment bullshit, because of how much he was persecuted. I hate hearing people saying it now.

PLAYBOY: Why?

ROCK: Because after the Monica Lewinsky thing it was used to make it sound like this: Since Clinton—our black president—has low morals, so do my people. That's not what I meant. In an interview with *The New York Times*, the reporter asked me about Clinton and really tried hard to get me to say that. "Why do blacks support Clinton?" "We feel persecuted," I said. "We feel overwatched." He wanted me to say, "Because we all cheat" or whatever.

PLAYBOY: Most blacks supported Clinton.

ROCK: Blacks supported Clinton because Clinton supported blacks. It's that simple. Clinton appointed black people without making a fucking big deal out of

it. He just did it. Any time the Republicans want to show off they say, "Hey, we've got J.C. Watts here! We've got a black guy." They have to point it out, which is racist in itself. Let's just be people. Clinton hires black people and doesn't say shit. If one fucks up, he'll hire another one. He'll hire the best person for the job, whatever their skin color.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Clinton committed perjury?

ROCK: Clinton was on trial for lying about something that wasn't even a crime. There was no crime committed before he had to answer the questions. That's what they tried to take him down for. That's ridiculous. Perjury because he didn't want to say he fooled around? Do you get an extra sentence if you tell the judge, "I wasn't speeding"? That's some shit they made up for John Gotti and Al Capone. Clinton is not Al Capone.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned Oklahoma Representative J.C. Watts. Do the words black Republican bother you?

ROCK: Not theoretically. It just confuses me that they want to hang out with guys who clearly don't like black people. Don't they realize that white Republicans are just letting them hang out so nobody can say they don't have any black guys around? It's a bold move on his part. It's nothing special to be a black Democrat, so that's one way to make a splash.

PLAYBOY: How did he do on your show?

ROCK: Even though he played to an uptown crowd that was probably 99.9 percent Democrat, he had the fucking audience. And he worked it. He explained his position in a coherent way that people could understand. I got some jabs in, but he had the audience—until he fucked up because he didn't know who George Clinton is [laughs]. I asked, "What do you do when George Clinton comes to town?" He said, "Who's George Clinton?" and the air went out of the studio.

PLAYBOY: How much does it bother you when you don't have the crowd?

ROCK: I've got the crowd. It's my show. It doesn't matter. That's why a lot of talk show guys fuck up. They think they have to get every joke. I figure if they like the guest, they like me. If everybody's funny, I'm funny. Do you want to be Magic Johnson and pass the ball and get everyone involved or do you want to be someone who scores 80 points a game but doesn't win shit? When Michael Jordan started passing the ball he started winning. Johnny Carson is the greatest assist man in the history of the game. The biggest mistake guys make is thinking they have to be the only funny one on their show. When I had on Darryl Hughley, he killed. He was so funny. That meant I looked great.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of assists, why did you decide to fund the Howard University

(concluded on page 164)



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He's a man at the top of his game. In the high-flying world of venture capital, you have to be. Over 1.5 million PLAYBOY men made business-purchase decisions last year, more than *Smart Money*, *Entrepreneur* and *Success* men combined. They made those decisions looking good. Nearly 2.5 million PLAYBOY men bought business attire this past year, topping the readers of *Fortune* and *Forbes* combined. PLAYBOY—for the bedroom or boardroom. (Source: Fall 1998 MRI.)



e CRIME

the internet makes old crimes easier and creates new ones

Vladimir Levin hardly seemed like a successor to legendary bank robber Willie Sutton as he went about his mundane tasks as head systems operator for a software company in St. Petersburg, Russia. But Levin, like Sutton, knew where the money was—and how to get it. It seems he was as adept at turning computers into burglary tools as he was at repairing them. In 1994, using an antiquated 286 laptop, Levin (known online as Vova) penetrated Citibank's wire transfer network and may have diverted millions of dollars to accomplices' accounts in Colombia, Finland, Israel and the Netherlands. Citibank caught it, alerted the FBI and ultimately retrieved most of its money. Levin, now 31, was extradited and sentenced in a U.S. court to three years in prison.

To date, Vova's bank robbery stands as the largest recorded heist in the annals of electronic crime, but that's because no one really knows how big e-crime is. In 1997, the FBI estimated losses at \$10 billion a year, a figure one corporate cyberspace lawyer dismisses as a drop in the bucket. New technology has given birth to new scams—and new life to old tricks. The victims are giant corporate entities such as Citibank and individuals who go online to invest or shop and end up getting their wallets snatched electronically.

Statistics about the new crime wave are notable—especially

article by logan hill



PASSWORD: this is a secure transac

secure transaction
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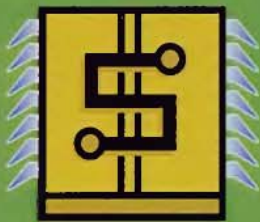
secure transaction
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USERNAME: this is a secure transac
PASSWORD: this is a secure transact

secure transaction
secure transaction

USERNAME: this is a secure transaction



DON'T BE AN E-CRIME VICTIM

- *Pay with plastic.* Major credit cards guarantee a refund if you can prove you have been ripped off online.

- *If you can't use your credit card, avoid sending cash, money orders or checks.* Instead, use an online escrow service such as iEscrow or Tradesafe. For a minimal fee, they'll hold your money until you've confirmed you're satisfied with the sale.

- *Use common sense in online auctions.* Pay attention to the sellers' histories, read each site's safety guidelines and tips, and correspond with experienced auctioneers in the site's chat rooms. Most important, take your time and do your research. Don't let sellers pressure you into a quick buy.

- *Never trust spam.* Audri Lanford, who edits the *Scambusters* online newsletter, says, "You should not, under any circumstances, buy anything that comes to you through spam—unsolicited e-mail. There used to be about a 90 percent chance it was a fraud. Now, I'd bet it's about 98 percent."

- *Stay skeptical.* Many site guides are swayed by corporations who pay for advertising. Take their advice with a grain of salt.

- *Check out the Better Business Bureau website—and other online authorities.* The Better Business Bureau Online (www.bbb.org) steers customers toward more than 2500 reliable companies. Russ Bodoff, director of BBB Online, says his investigators "do a site visit of every single company to make sure they're not just some fly-by-night operation that's being run out of someone's basement." The BBB monitors advertising and customer service, and requires participants to "commit to a third-party resolution if anything goes wrong," says Bodoff.

Other reliable authorities are the Federal Trade Commission's Consumer Protection center (www.ftc.gov/ftc/consumer.htm), the Securities and Exchange Commission (www.sec.gov) and Internet Fraud Watch (www.fraud.org/internet/intset.htm).

when they concern attacks on large businesses. A 1998 PricewaterhouseCoopers survey found that 73 percent of companies in 50 countries reported computer security breaches. And these statistics may only hint at the magnitude of the trouble.

In 1997, for example, nearly 90 percent of the 520 companies surveyed by the FBI and Computer Security Institute revealed that their computers had been violated; fewer than 17 said they had reported such incidents to the authorities. Those companies estimated total losses at \$136.8 million that year. Winn Schwartau, Internet security expert and author of *Time Based Security* and *Information Warfare*, says, "Those numbers are ludicrous. Just one of the big banks I know lost around \$1 billion that year."

Corporate espionage is more alluring than ever. In 1993 and 1994 Guillermo Gaede, a software engineer employed by a subcontractor to computer giant Intel Corp., downloaded Intel's plans for the Pentium processor and videotaped other trade secrets from his computer screen. He planned to sell the secrets (worth between \$10 million and \$20 million according to law enforcement sources, and as much as \$300 million according to Intel Corp.) to a competitor. But Gaede got caught and was sentenced to almost three years in prison.

Most e-crime is less spectacular, aimed at the millions of Americans who boot up, log on and prowl electronic marketplaces. And most cybercriminals do not possess the technical wizardry used by Vladimir Levin. "They are just plain malicious people," says Kevin McCurley, president of the International Association for Cryptologic Research, a security organization that serves a number of large corporations.

E-criminals can set up bogus identities, addresses and even storefronts with web design software. In the new crime scene, underground chat rooms have replaced prison cells as the schools where tricks of the trade are passed on.

Again, the statistics are startling. The National Consumers League noted a 600 percent increase in reported online fraud from 1997 through 1998. The NCL's Internet Fraud Watch receives close to 200 complaints and queries every week.

Federal Trade Commission chairman Robert Pitofsky told a Senate hearing last year: "Fraud operators are always among the first to appreciate the potential of new technology. Most Internet fraud has clear antecedents in telemarketing fraud. What is different

is the size of the market and the relative ease, low cost and speed with which a scam can be perpetrated."

Meanwhile, the victims of e-crimes are traditional. "You see the same targets online as you do off-line: the disenfranchised, the greedy and the stupid," says Parry Aftab, who is the director of CyberAngels, an online protection group. "Especially if you're in a tough spot, you have to be careful."

Contrary to popular belief, credit card fraud constitutes a small part of e-crime. According to Susan Grant, director of Internet Fraud Watch, 93 percent of the fraudulent transactions reported to her group in 1998 were made by money orders or checks (see sidebar at left).

In terms of frequency, auction fraud ranks at the top of the National Consumers League's list of Internet crimes. In 1997 customers reported 335 rip-offs to the NCL; 5236 cases were reported in 1998.

Websites such as eBay and Auction Universe facilitate transactions among computer users who want to buy or sell goods. The sites must rely on the goodwill of customers, and the sites take no more responsibility for the transactions than the owner of a parking lot who rents space to vendors for a flea market. A site will expel an offender if it receives complaints about fraudulent behavior, but policing remains difficult if not impossible in the Wild West atmosphere of the web.

Auction scammers often use skills, who join the bidding and try to drive up prices. Skills also provide glowing references for fraudulent sellers in the online profiles that are one hotlink away from the announcement of who's selling what. Sometimes sellers misrepresent an item, or promise merchandise that is never delivered, or they simply count on P.T. Barnum's observation that there's a sucker born every minute.

"We've heard some heartbreaking stories," Susan Grant says. "One woman thought she was getting a collapsible, portable wheelchair and instead received an aluminum lawn chair on casters." At least she got the lawn chair. Many never hear from the auctioneer again.

Nearly 10 million people use the Internet for investment purposes, with more day traders (who thrive on price volatility and hair-trigger decisions) joining the market. Given those circumstances, it's hardly surprising that the venerable "pump and dump" scam

(continued on page 166)



"Stand by your man"—my ass!"



SWEETHEART OF THE RODEO

it's beauty meets beast for texas bull rider denise luna



No one believes Denise Luna when she says she rides bulls for a living. At 5'6" and 120 pounds, she's hardly the person you'd picture atop a rampaging 2000-pound animal. Luna, a former San Diego resident and the world's fourth best female bull rider (according to the Professional Women's Rodeo Association), cites years of surfing as the reason she quickly mastered bull riding. "Both sports are about balance," she says. "I got tired of watching my friend practice bull riding, so one day I hopped up onto the bull myself and rode it for the required amount of time. Everyone told me, 'You got lucky.' But then I did it again and again." When she's not risking her life at rodeos around the country (her injuries have included a fractured skull, a broken sternum, a broken foot and three broken ribs), Denise models for Wrangler Jeans and Double H Boots and touts Miller Lite beer in commercials. "I'm out to prove that women can be sexy and beautiful as well as rough and rugged. It's the best of both worlds."

"Bull riding is addictive," explains Luna. "Bulls range in weight from 900 pounds to 2000 pounds, so their size alone compared with mine is a challenge. They can be pretty mean sometimes. But to know I can stay on a bull as long as a guy can is a great rush."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA



Though the cowgirl now lives in suburban Texas, Luna considers herself a bona fide city girl. "My family grew up on the beach and away from country life," she explains. "None of my relatives ride bulls. In fact, they think I'm completely crazy for what I do. They call me city slicker."







"I auditioned on the Playmate 2000 Search Bus. A few days later, someone from PLAYBOY who had seen an article about me in People magazine called and asked if I would pose. She had no idea I'd been to the bus. I guess it was meant to be," says Luna. During her photo shoot, Denise had one request: tequila. "A few shots and I was totally relaxed," she says with a laugh.





AFTER THE PLAGUE

Fiction By
**T. CORAGHESSAN
BOYLE**

I THOUGHT I WAS THE
LAST HUMAN BEING ON EARTH.
THEN A WOMAN SHOWED UP.
TOO BAD IT WAS THE
WRONG WOMAN

AFTER THE plague—it was some sort of Ebola mutation passed from hand to hand and nose to nose like the common cold—life was different. More relaxed and expansive, more natural. The rat race was over, the freeways were clear all the way to Sacramento and the poor dwindling ravaged planet was suddenly big and mysterious again. It was a kind of miracle really, what the environmentalists had been hoping for all along, though of course even the most strident of them wouldn't have wished for his own personal extinction, but there it was. I don't mean to sound callous—my parents are long dead and I'm unmarried and siblingless, but I lost friends, colleagues and neighbors, the same as any other survivor. What few of us there are, that is. We're guessing it's maybe one in a thousand, here in the States anyway. I'm sure there are whole tribes that escaped it somewhere in the Amazon or the interior valleys of Indonesia, meteorologists in isolated weather stations, fire lookouts, goatherds and the like. But the president's gone, the vice president, the Cabinet, Congress and Joint Chiefs of Staff, the chairmen of the board and chief executives of the Fortune





500 companies, along with all their stockholders, employees and retainers. There's no TV. No electricity or running water. And there won't be any dining out any time soon.

Actually, I'm lucky to be here to tell you about it—it was sheer serendipity, really. You see, I wasn't among my fellow human beings when it hit—no festering airline cabins or snaking supermarket lines for me, no concerts, sporting events or crowded restaurants—and the closest I came to intimate contact was a telephone call to my on-and-off girlfriend, Danielle, from a gas station in the Sierra foothills. I think I may have made a kissing noise over the wire, my lips very possibly coming into contact with the molded plastic mouthpiece into which hordes of strangers had breathed before me, but this was a good two weeks before the first victim carried the great dripping bag of infection that was himself back from a camcorder safari to the Ngorongoro Crater or a conference on economic development in Malawi. Danielle, whose voice was a drug I was trying to kick, at least temporarily, promised to join me for a weekend in the cabin after my six weeks of self-imposed isolation were over, but sadly, she never made it. Neither did anyone else.

I was isolated up there in the mountains—that was the whole point—and the first I heard of anything amiss was over the radio. It was a warm, full-bodied day in early fall, the sun caught like a child's ball in the crown of the Jeffrey pine outside the window, and I was washing up after lunch when a smooth melodious voice interrupted "Afternoon Classics" to say that people were bleeding from the eyeballs and vomiting bile in the New York subways and collapsing en masse in the streets of the capital. The authorities were fully prepared to deal with what they were calling a minor outbreak of swine flu, the voice said, and people were cautioned not to panic, but all at once the announcer seemed to chuckle deep in his throat, and then, right in the middle of the next phrase, he sneezed—a controlled explosion hurtling out over the airways to detonate ominously in 10 million trembling speakers—and the radio fell silent. Somebody put on a CD of Richard Strauss' *Death and Transfiguration* and it played over and over through the rest of the afternoon.

I didn't have access to a telephone— not unless I hiked two and a half miles out to the road where I'd parked my car and then drove another six to Fish Fry Flats, pop. 28, and used the public phone at the bar/restaurant/gift shop/one-stop grocery/gas station there—so

I ran the dial up and down the radio to see if I could get some news. Reception is pretty spotty up in the mountains—you never knew whether you'd get Bakersfield, Fresno, San Luis Obispo or even Tijuana—and I couldn't pull in anything but white noise on that particular afternoon, except for the aforementioned tone poem, that is. I was powerless. What would happen would happen, and I'd find out all the sordid details a week later, just as I found out about all the other crises, scandals, scoops, coups, typhoons, wars and cease-fires that held the world spellbound while I communed with the ground squirrels and woodpeckers. It was funny. The big events didn't seem to mean much up here in the mountains, where life was so much more elemental and immediate and the telling concerns of the day revolved around priming the water pump and lighting the balky old gas stove without blowing the place up. I picked up a worn copy of John Cheever's stories somebody had left in the cabin during one of its previous incarnations and forgot all about the news out of New York and Washington.

Later, when it finally came to me that I couldn't live through another measure of Strauss without risk of permanent impairment, I flicked off the radio, put on a light jacket and went out to glory in the way the season had touched the aspens along the path to the road. The sun was leaning way over to the west now, the shrubs and ground litter gathering up the night, the tall trees trailing deep blue shadows. There was the faintest breath of a chill in the air, a premonition of winter, and I thought of the simple pleasures of building a fire, preparing a homely meal and sitting through the evening with a book in one hand and scotch and Drambuie in the other. It wasn't until nine or ten at night that I remembered the bleeding eyeballs and the fateful sneeze, and though I was half-convinced it was a hoax or maybe one of those fugitive terrorist attacks with a colorless, odorless gas—sarin or the like—I turned on the radio, eager for news.

There was nothing, no Strauss, no crisp and efficient NPR correspondent delivering news of riots in Cincinnati and the imminent collapse of the infrastructure, no right-wing talk, no hip-hop, no jazz, no rock. I switched to AM, and after a painstaking search I hit on a weak signal that sounded as if it were coming from the bottom of Santa Monica Bay. *This is only a test, a mechanical voice pronounced in what was now just the faintest whispering squeak, in the event of an actual emergency please stay tuned to . . .* and then it faded out. While I was fumbling to bring it back in, I

happened upon a voice shouting something in Spanish. It was a single voice, very agitated, rolling on tirelessly, and I listened in wonder and dread until the signal went dead just after midnight.

I didn't sleep that night. I'd begun to divine the magnitude of what was going on in the world below me—this was no hoax, no casual atrocity or ordinary attrition; this was the beginning of the end, the apocalypse, the utter failure and ultimate demise of all things human. I felt sick at heart. Lying there in the fastness of the cabin in the absolute and abiding dark of the wilderness, I was consumed with fear. I lay on my stomach and listened to the steady thunder of my heart pounding through the mattress, attuned to the slightest variation, waiting like a condemned man for the first harrowing sneeze.

Over the course of the next several days, the radio would sporadically come to life (I left it switched on at all times, day and night, as if I were going down in a sinking ship and could shout "Mayday!" into the receiver at the first stirring of a human voice). I'd be pacing the floor or spooning sugar into my tea or staring at a freshly inserted and eternally blank page in my ancient manual typewriter, when the static would momentarily clear for a harried newscaster out of the void to provide me with the odd and horrific detail: An ocean liner had run aground off Cape Hatteras with nothing left aboard except three sleek and frisky cats and various puddles of flesh swathed in plaid shorts, polo shirts and sunglasses; no sound or signal had come out of south Florida in over 36 hours; a group of survivalists had seized Bill Gates' private jet in an attempt to escape to Antarctica, where it was thought the infection hadn't yet reached, but everyone aboard vomited black bile and died before the plane could leave the ground. Another announcer broke down in the middle of an unconfirmed report that every man, woman and child in Minneapolis was dead, and yet another came over the air early one morning shouting, "It kills! It kills! It kills in three days!" At that point, I jerked the plug out of the wall.

My first impulse, of course, was to help. To save Danielle, the frail and the weak, the young and the old, the chairman of the social studies department at the school where I teach (or taught), a student teacher with cropped red hair about whom I'd had several minutely detailed sexual fantasies. I even went so far as to hike out to the road and take the car into Fish Fry Flats, but the bar/restaurant/gift shop/one-stop grocery/gas station was closed and locked and the parking lot deserted. I drove

(continued on page 92)



"I don't get it. You have such big eyes, big ears, a big nose. . . ."

PLAYBOY'S FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST

OLD WORLD

TEXTURE AND

NEW AGE DESIGN:

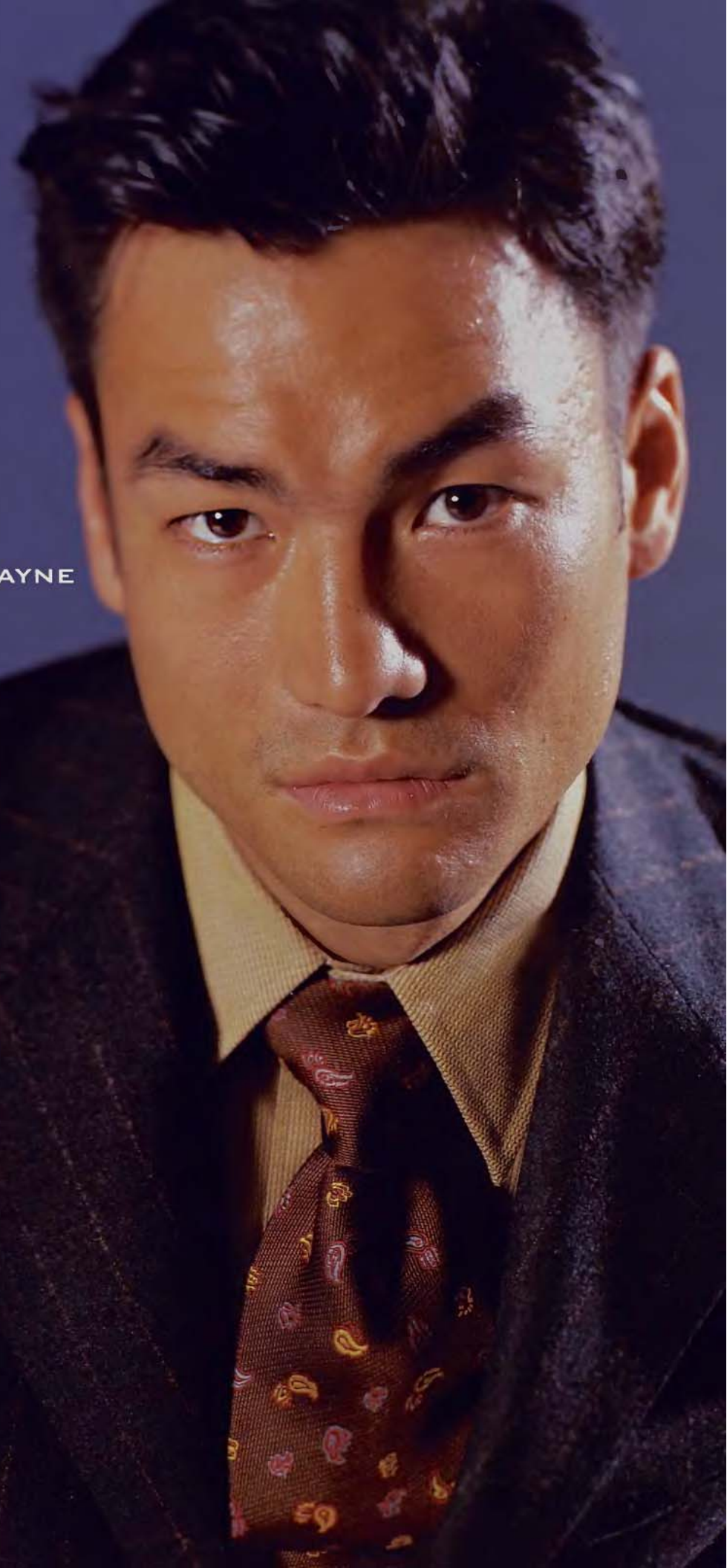
CALL IT THE

GENTLEMAN'S EDGE

FASHION BY HOLLIS WAYNE

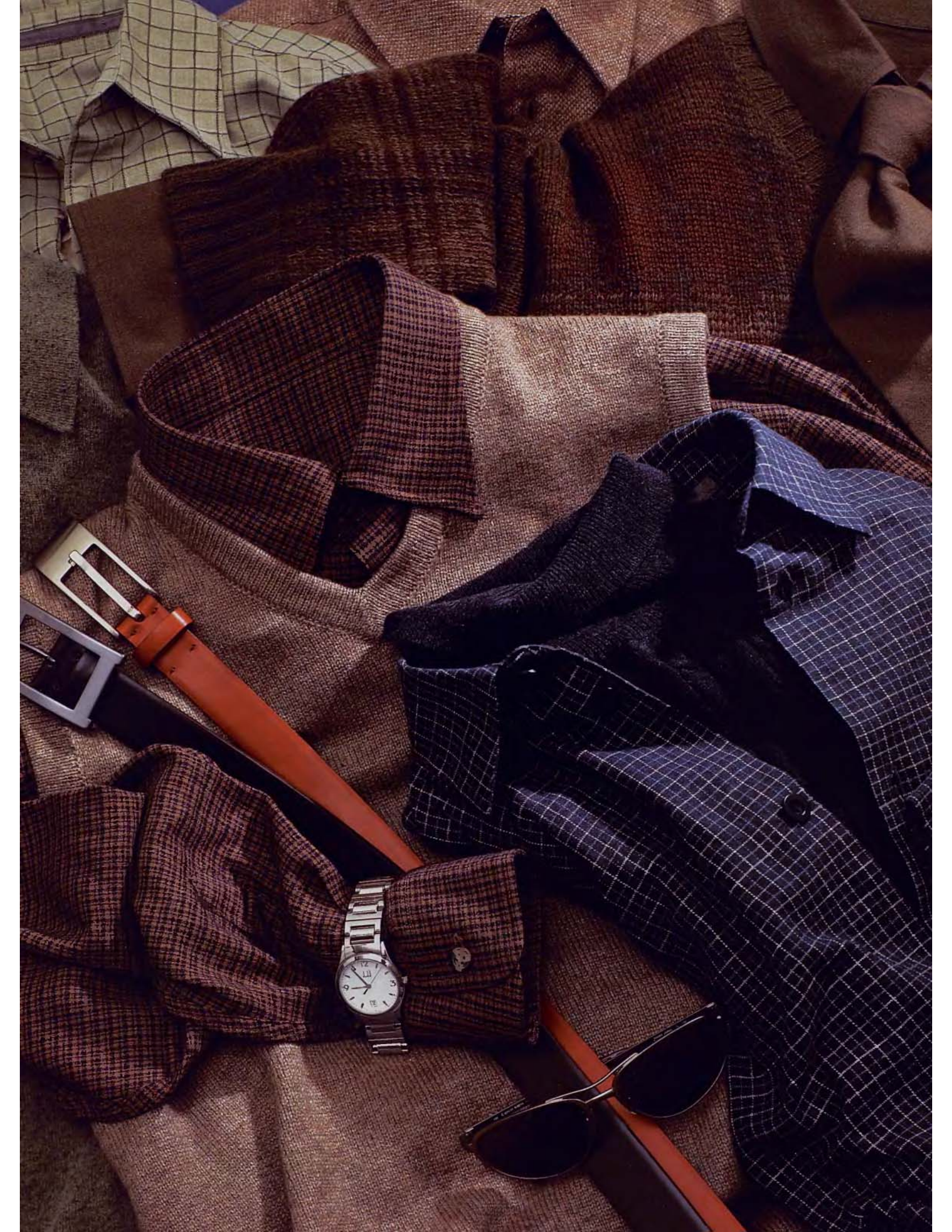
What's that you say? You're not a jut-jawed model with a sexy five o'clock shadow and smoldering eyes? Pssst: These guys look great because we dressed them right. We'll let you in on the secret. It's one word: texture. Suits that look heavy, like those itchy old Harris tweeds, but are now made of soft cashmere and lightweight wool. And patterns. Where would this guy be without his pinstripe playing off the subtle dot-check shirt and small-pattern paisley tie? That's right—paisley is back. So are bold-pattern ties with Windsor knots (and—need we say it?—spread-collar shirts). There's lots of texture, too, in sweaters and jackets. Go for gentlemanly stuff with a quirky edge. Give your double-breasted to charity. And don't skimp on accessories. Pocket squares are back. Invest in a good belt and buy a great watch. Then fold your hands like the guy on the fifth page. Give your mouth a casual but mean curl. Chin up. Squint. OK, you're hired, dude.

That's Dave with the nice brown eyes and subtle elegance: The elegance comes from a charcoal-gray wool suit with dark orange chalk stripes, by Ermenegildo Zegna (\$2250), a gold cattan shirt by Joseph Abboud (\$68.50) and a silk tie by Brioni (\$165).





Here are three caballeros you don't want to mess with in a singles bar: Frank, the one on the left, makes his play in a brown heathered wool suit (\$850) and blue cotton shirt (\$95) by Hugo Boss. His striped silk tie is by Brioni (\$135). Gino, the assertive fellow in the middle, hits the tawn in a navy three-button single-breasted by Mondo di Marco (\$725). His cotton textured French-cuff shirt is by Alfred Dunhill (\$160). The silk waven tie is by Thomas Pink (\$85). As if that weren't enough, you have to contend with Jess, the Michael J. Fox look-alike with the long hair. He's a single-breasted three-button guy as well—it's the look this year, so study it—wearing a charcoal wool striped suit by Vestimenta (\$1250) and a blue cotton shirt by the same designer (\$95). His tie is by Burberry (\$85).



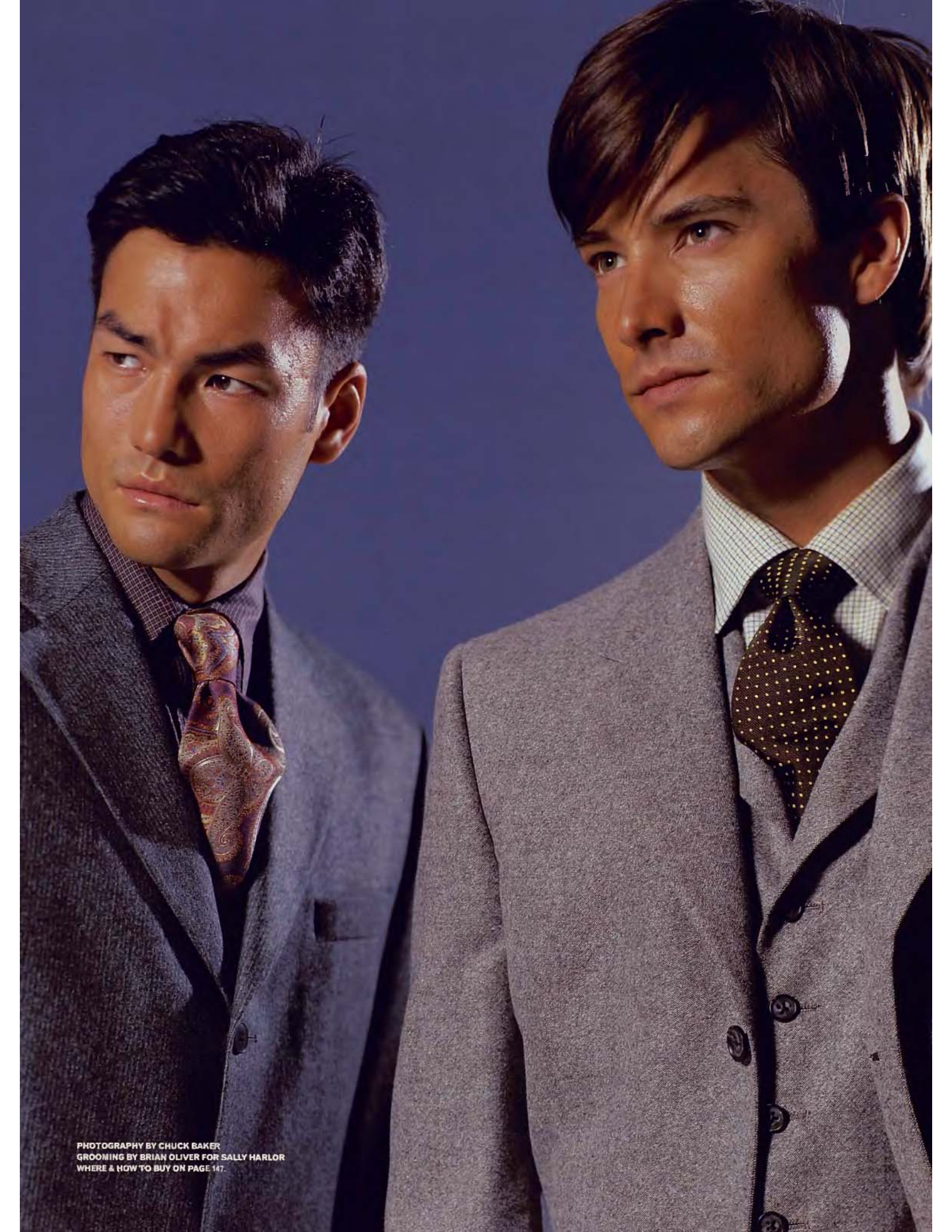


Texture reigns (opposite, clockwise from top): Brown herringbone flannel shirt by Brioni (\$195), olive plaid sweater by Ralph Lauren (\$185), olive twill shirt (\$78.50) and matching tie (\$75) by Joseph Abboud, gray plaid flannel shirt by Paul Smith (\$180), gray cashmere turtleneck sweater by Joseph Abboud (\$350), sunglasses by Colvin Klein (\$195), heathered knit pull-over vest by Ermenegildo Zegna (\$319), brown plaid flannel shirt by Joseph Abboud (\$98), brown and red belts by Tordini (\$90 each), silver watch by Alfred Dunhill (\$1150), a green polo sweater by Hugo Boss (\$195) and a green plaid flannel shirt by Paul Smith (\$215).

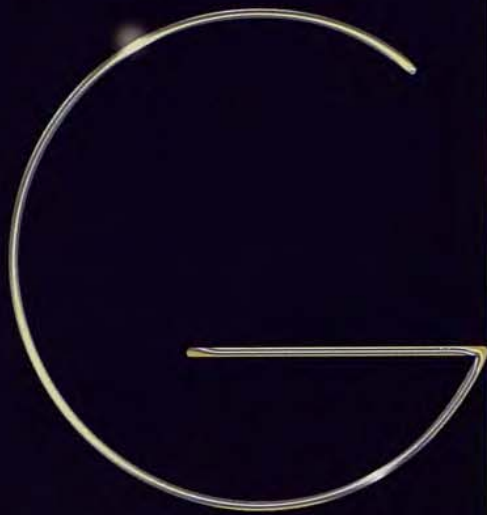
Here's Frank, who has every reason to look superior in a Donegal tweed suit by René Lezord (\$1050), plaid shirt by Ermenegildo Zegna (\$350) and silk tie by Robert Talbott Best of Class (\$105).

Those guys again, looking like they mean business. On this page, Gina is a symphony in tan, wearing a wool plaid three-piece suit (\$895) with matching tie (\$75) by Joseph Abboud. The khaki cotton dress shirt is by Hugo Boss (\$125). Opposite: That look of concern is just an act. David (near right) is all confidence in a wool three-button suit by DKNY (\$595), purple cotton checked shirt by Paul Smith (\$190) and paisley silk tie by Joseph Abboud (\$75). Jess (far right) is no slouch either, in a Donegal tweed suit by Burberry (\$895), white and green checked cotton shirt by Gene Meyer (\$150) and dork green polka-dot silk tie by Ralph Lauren (\$69).





PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHUCK BAKER
GROOMING BY BRIAN OLIVER FOR SALLY HARLOR
WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 147.

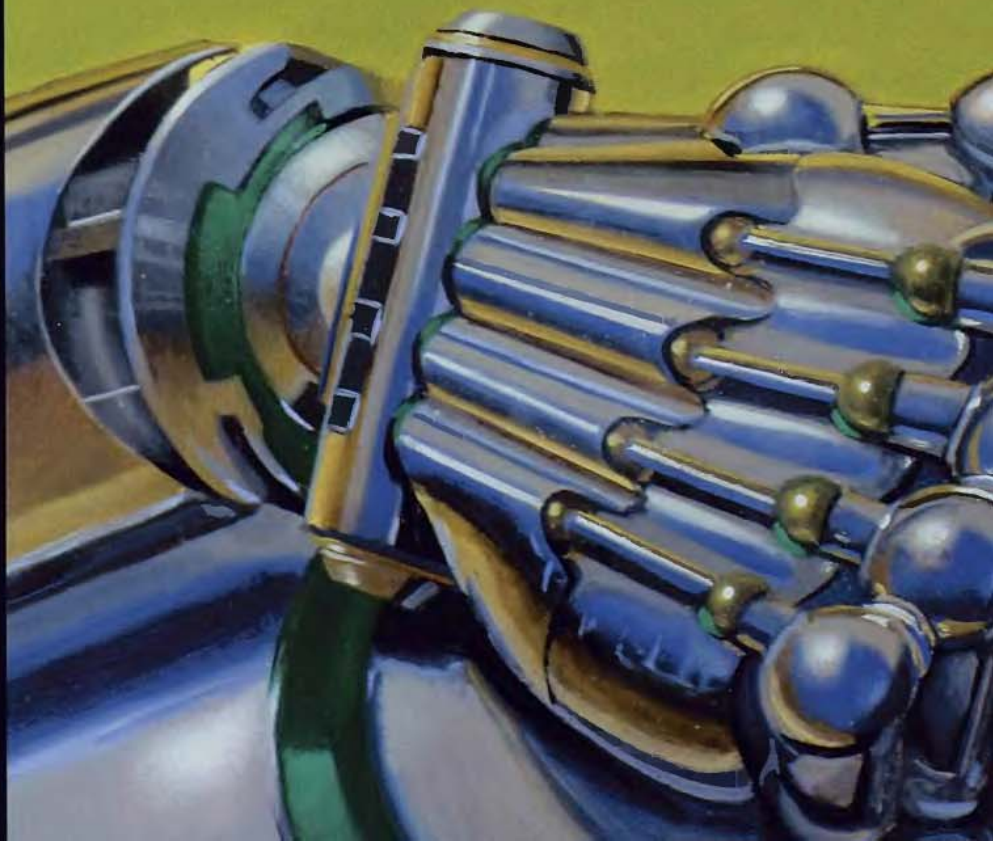


R O O M I N G 2 0 0 0

If you think guys are pampered today, wait until the next century. Your skin, hair and even your beard will be treated in entirely new ways. Matt Teri, executive director of global product development for Aramis, foresees that "shaving irritation will be gone. Products derived both from new technology and from nature will exfoliate and renew the skin painlessly." Teri also predicts a cream that will contour and firm the facial muscles, just as liposuction treats love handles, and another cream that will enable you to wipe away your beard. Dr. Stephen Perkins, president of the American Academy of Facial, Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery, suggests there could be a pill to keep your skin young and another one to tan it. He also believes it's only a matter of time before scientists find a substance that can be safely injected into the skin to permanently solve the problems of lines, hollows and defects. And Dr. Steven Victor, a New York dermatologist, sees no reason why there can't be a laser shaver or a pill that enables you to grow hair.

But as you wait for these cosmetic and dermatological miracles, looking sharp for the millennium brouhaha on December 31st ought to be foremost in your mind. Here's a 21st century man's guide to the latest grooming products that are in stores now. *(continued on page 160)*

pills that grow hair? laser shavers? bring on the 21st century!





PAINTING BY DONATO GIANCOLA

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 147.

AFTER THE PLAGUE

(continued from page 82)

around the lot three times, debating whether I should continue down the road or not, but then a lean, furtive figure darted out of a shed at the corner of the lot and threw itself—himself—into the shadows beneath the deck of the main building. I recognized the figure immediately as the splay-footed and ponytailed proprietor of the place, a man who would pump your gas with an inviting smile and then lure you into the gift shop to pay in the hope that the hand-carved Tule Indian figurines and Pen-Lite batteries would prove irresistible. I saw his feet protruding from beneath the deck, and they seemed to be jittering or trembling as if he were doing some sort of energetic new contra dance that began in the prone position. For a long moment I sat there and watched those dancing feet, then I hit the lock button, rolled up the windows and drove back to the cabin.

What did I do? Ultimately? Nothing. Call it enlightened self-interest. Call it solipsism, self-preservation, cowardice, I don't care. I was terrified—who wouldn't be?—and I decided to stay put. I had plenty of food and firewood, fuel for the generator and propane for the stove, three reams of 25 percent cotton-fiber bond, correction fluid, books, board games—Parcheesi and Monopoly—and a complete set of *National Geographic*, 1947–1962. (By way of explanation, I should mention that I am—or was—a social studies teacher at the Montecito School, a preparatory academy in a pricey suburb of Santa Barbara, and that the serendipity that spared me the fate of nearly all my fellow men and women was as simple and fortuitous a thing as a sabbatical leave. After 14 years of unstinting service, I applied for and was granted a one-semester leave at half salary for the purpose of writing a memoir of my deprived and miserable Irish Catholic upbringing. The previous year a high school teacher from New York—the name escapes me—had enjoyed a spectacular succès d'estime, not to mention d'argent, with a memoir about his own miserable and deprived Irish Catholic boyhood, and I felt I could profitably mine the same territory. And I got a good start on it too, until the plague hit. Now I ask myself what's the use—the publishers are all dead. Ditto the editors, agents, reviewers, booksellers and the great congenial book-buying public itself. What's the sense of writing? What's the sense of anything?)

At any rate, I stuck close to the cabin, writing at the kitchen table through the mornings, staring out the window into the ankles of the pines and redwoods as

I summoned degrading memories of my alcoholic mother, father, aunts, uncles, cousins and grandparents, and in the afternoons I hiked up to the highest peak and looked down on the deceptive tranquility of the San Joaquin Valley, spread out like a continent below me. There were no planes in the sky overhead, no sign of traffic or movement anywhere, no sounds but the calling of the birds and the sighing of the trees as the breeze sifted through them. I stayed up there past dark one night and felt as serene and terrible as a god when I looked down at the velvet expanse of the world and saw no ray or glimmer of light. I plugged the radio back in that night, just to hear the fading comfort of man-made noise, of the static that emanates from nowhere and nothing. Because there was nothing out there, not anymore.

It was four weeks later—just about the time I was to have ended my hermitage and enjoyed the promised visit from Danielle—that I had my first human contact of the new age. I was at the kitchen window, beating powdered eggs into a froth for dinner, one ear half-attuned to the perfect and unbroken static hum of the radio, when there was a heavy thump on the deteriorating planks of the front deck. My first thought was that a branch had dropped out of a Jeffrey pine—or worse, that a bear had got wind of the corned beef hash I'd opened to complement the powdered eggs—but I was mistaken on both counts. The thump was still reverberating through the floorboards when I was surprised to hear a moan and then a curse—a distinctly human curse. "Oh, shit-fuck!" a woman's voice cried. "Open the goddamned door! Help, for shit's sake, help!"

I've always been a cautious animal. This may be one of my great failings, as my mother and later my fraternity brothers were always quick to point out, but on the other hand, it may be my greatest virtue. It kept me alive when the rest of humanity has gone on to a quick and brutal extinction, and it did not fail me in that moment. The door was locked. Once I'd got wind of what was going on in the world, though I was devastated and the thought of the radical transformation of everything I'd ever known gnawed at me day and night, I took to locking it against just such an eventuality as this. "Shit!" the voice raged. "I can hear you in there, you son of a bitch—I can smell you!"

I stood perfectly still and held my breath. The static breathed dismally through the speakers and I wished I'd had the sense to disconnect the radio long ago. I stared down at the half-

beaten eggs.

"I'm dying out here!" the voice cried. "I'm starving to death—hey, are you deaf in there or what? I said, I'm starving!"

And now of course I was faced with a moral dilemma. Here was a fellow human being in need of help, a member of a species whose value had just vaulted into the rarefied atmosphere occupied by the gnatcatcher, the condor and the beluga whale by virtue of its rarity. Help her? Of course I would help her. But at the same time, I knew if I opened that door I would invite the pestilence in and that three days hence both she and I would be reduced to our mortal remains.

"Open up!" she demanded, and the tattoo of her fists was the thunder of doom on the thin planks of the door.

It occurred to me suddenly that she couldn't be infected—she'd have been dead and wasted by now if she were. Maybe she was like me, maybe she'd been out brooding in her own cabin or hiking the mountain trails, utterly oblivious and immune to the general calamity. Maybe she was beautiful, nubile, and a new Eve for a new age, maybe she would fill my nights with passion and my days with joy. As if in a trance, I crossed the room and stood at the door, my fingers on the long brass stem of the bolt. "Are you alone?" I said, the rasp of my voice, so long in disuse, sounding strange in my ears.

I heard her draw in a breath of astonishment and outrage from the far side of the thin panel that separated us. "What the hell do you think, you son of a bitch—I've been lost out here in these stinking woods for I don't know how long and I haven't had a scrap for days, not a goddamn scrap, not even bark or grass or a handful of soggy trail mix. Now will you fucking open this door?!"

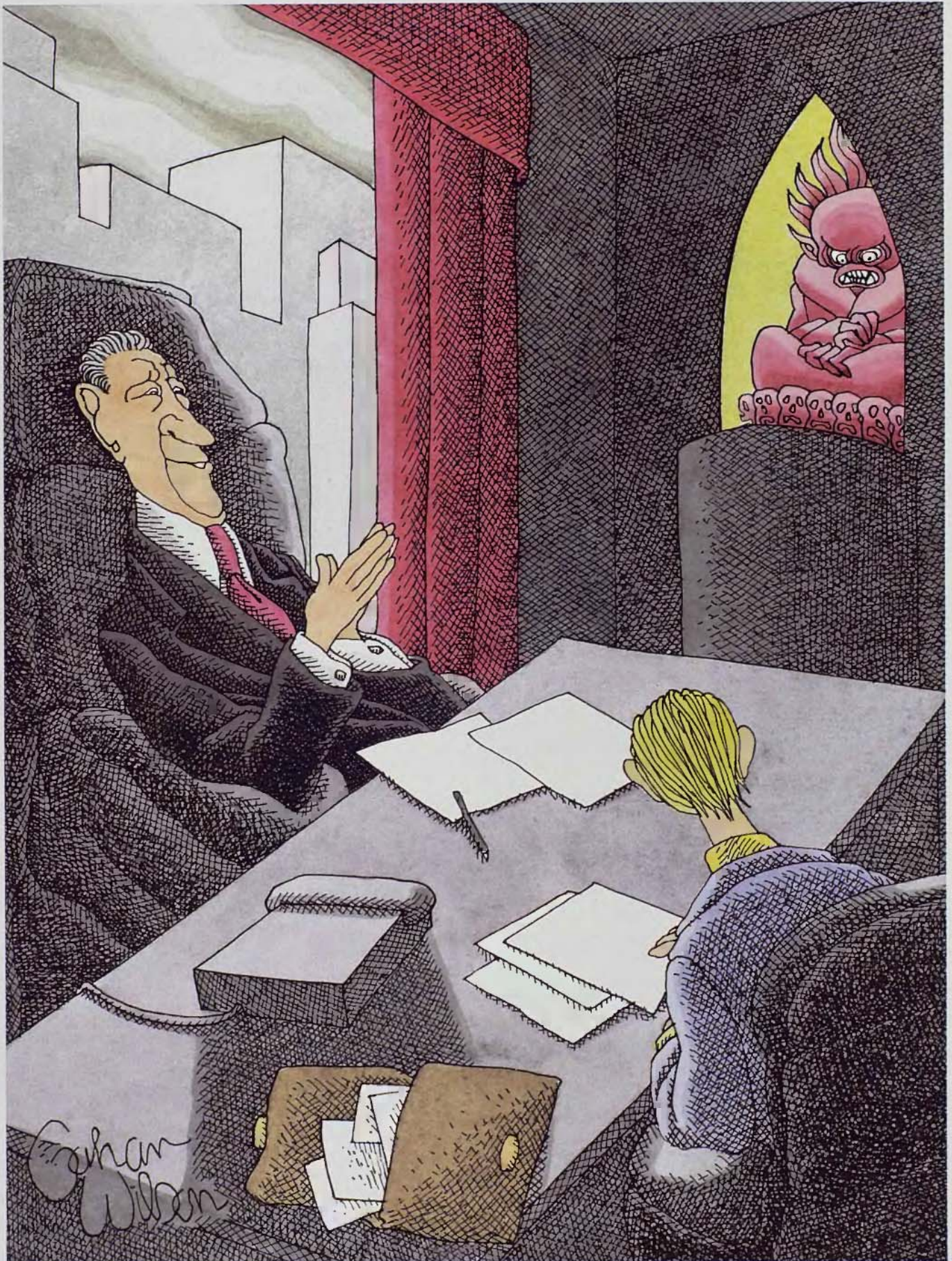
Still, I hesitated.

A rending sound came to me then, a sound that tore me open as surely as a surgical knife, from my groin to my throat: She was sobbing. Gagging for breath, and sobbing. "A frog," she sobbed. "I ate a goddamn slimy little putrid frog!"

God help me. God save and preserve me. I opened the door.

Sarai was 38 years old—that is, three years older than I—and she was no beauty. Not on the surface, anyway. Even if you discounted the 20-odd pounds she'd lost and her hair, like some crushed rodent's pelt, and the cuts and bites and suppurating sores that made her skin look like a leper's, and tried, by a powerful leap of imagination, to see her as she might

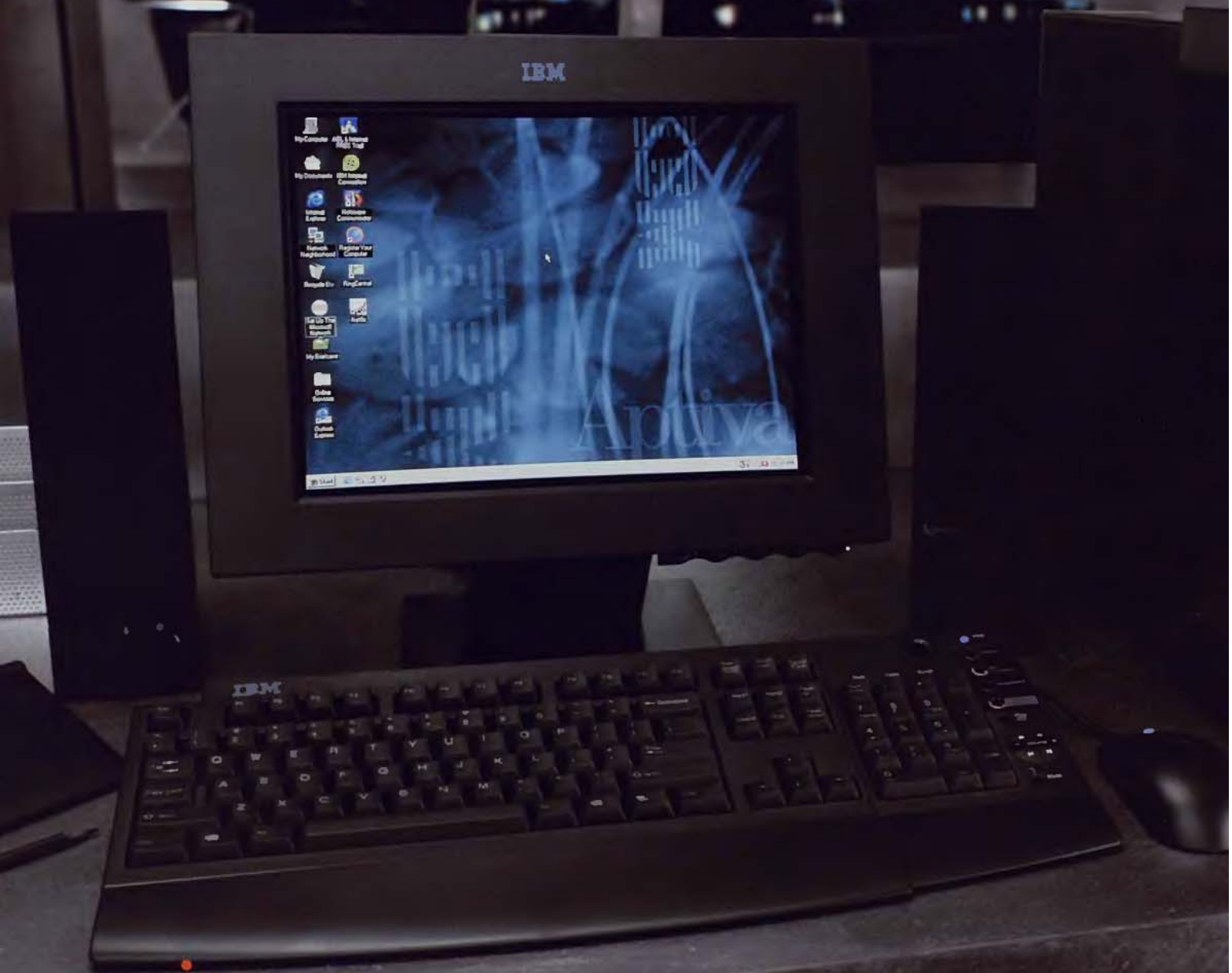
(continued on page 152)



"Now and then I offer it a small sacrifice such as yourself."

digital

we have seen the future—and it has 1s and 0s



Within a decade, digital technology will rule the wired world. We'll outfit our homes, offices and automobiles with digital audio and video gear that's faster, brighter, clearer and smarter than anything we're accustomed to today. Two enhanced CD formats—DVD Audio and Super Audio compact disc—will be introduced later this year to appeal to purists still committed to the warmth of LPs. For guys who like to create music mixes, there are recordable compact discs, minidisks and MP3, the digital compression technology that allows you to download tunes off the web. Which of these audio formats will reign supreme is anyone's guess, but one thing is certain: The days of analog tape are numbered. Likewise, interest in VHS tape is fading fast. Lower prices on digital camcorders have resulted in the camera's status being upgraded from appliance for dotting dads to tech toy for budding filmmakers. At least one film at this year's Sundance Film Festival was shot with digital video camcorders. And George Lucas assured the future of digital filmmaking by announcing his plans to shoot the next *Star Wars* installment on digital videotape. Other digital products to look for in 2000: cellular phones that can surf the web and receive e-mail, home telephones capable of the same, DVD interactive movies, CD players that store hundreds of discs,

2005



Left: IBM's powerful Aptiva 631 desktop computer features a flat-panel liquid-crystal display, 13 gigabytes of storage, a 6X DVD-ROM drive, a 56K modem, 96 megabytes of RAM, and a 500 megahertz Pentium III processor (\$1999). But that's nothing compared with what's coming. Memory and storage will continue to become more affordable and chip speeds will hit the gigahertz range within a year. The benefits? Games will reach jaw-dropping levels of realism. You'll be able to run spreadsheets, word documents, several web pages and a game simultaneously. The industry buzzword is multitasking, and it will be hassle free. Voice recognition will no longer be a nuisance either. Computer and voice-recognition technologies are also expected to play major roles in home automation, which should go from rich man's luxury to every man's reality within a few years.

Near and far right: Cassette tapes are old school. In the digital age, guys turn to recordable compact discs, minidiscs and MP3 to make music compilations. We like the last two formats for their enhanced portability. Sony's MZ-R55 is the world's smallest minidisc recorder. It comes with a 40-second shock-resistant memory system and a backlit remote control with editing functions (\$400). The raveMP MP3 player and recorder from Sensory Science stores about an hour's worth of digital music files downloaded from the Internet. The \$300 unit also holds up to 1000 phone numbers or ten minutes of voice recordings, and has a slot for memory expansion modules (\$50 to \$90).



Below, left: Nikon's Coolpix 950 is a 2.11-megapixel camera that shoots high-resolution images so clear they're worthy of 8" x 10" enlargements. Priced at about \$1000, the digital camera has a 3x optical Nikkor zoom lens with autofocus, a two-inch liquid crystal display, plus three resolution modes to choose from. Below right: Sony's DCR-TRV510 Digital 8 camcorder records professional quality video with compact-disc sound and offers PC connectivity. It also features a four-inch LCD screen, a color viewfinder and a 360x digital zoom lens. But what really separates it from the pack is its compatibility with Hi8 and 8mm analog tape. Price: \$1400.





Left: Electronics manufacturers are making it possible to surf the web and read e-mail from a variety of friendly devices—including the telephone. InfoGear's iPhone (\$300 to \$400) is a two-line corded phone with a built-in 56K modem and a touch screen, plus a slide-out keypad for typing in messages. Up to four e-mail accounts can be accessed via the iPhone, which also has an address book. Locate the phone number of a friend, select it by touching the screen and the iPhone places the call. Other slick features: speakerphone, three-way calling and call-forwarding, a log that lists the names and numbers of recent callers and an integrated digital answering machine.



Left: If you want to receive e-mail while on the road, pocket a digital cellular phone such as the Nokia 8800. This chrome-finished beauty receives calls and messages over analog, digital and PCS networks. Plus, the 8800 quadruples as an organizer, a video game machine and an alarm clock. Its slickest feature: When you slide the keypad cover down, the phone powers up automatically. Price: between \$500 and \$700, depending on the package you select.



Left: Recordable DVD (expected to arrive by the end of next year) will likely get some competition from components such as this RePlay unit, which records TV shows to a hard drive. More than just a new-age VCR, the RePlayTV box stores up to 28 hours of programs and offers a quality of reproduction comparable to DVD. Another feature is a pause button that lets you leave the room and return to the spot in the live program where you left off. Plus you can create custom channels, which signal RePlayTV to record your favorite shows, movies and sporting events whenever they air. The price: \$700. Below the RePlay TV component is Mitsubishi's HD-1080 (\$3000), one of several HD converter boxes currently delivering high-definition signals. Note: Some converter boxes, including this Mitsubishi, work only with sibling TV sets. So be sure to ask about compatibility when shopping.



Below: The ultimate techno fantasy? Television sets that hang on the wall like fine art. Several companies have introduced flat-panel TVs, but Pioneer is the first to deliver a high-definition model. The PDP-501MC is thinner than a dictionary, weighs less than Kate Moss and has a picture so dramatic it appears almost three-dimensional. Its \$25,000 price (for the monitor alone) is a wallet-drainer, but when it comes to visual impact, TVs don't get much better than this. Whereas the Pioneer is true HDTV (with the ability to produce 1280 x 768 lines of resolution), many digital sets employ "standard definition" technology, which creates a picture that's half as good. SDTVs are more affordable (at about \$5000 to start) and still require an HD converter box to receive the high-definition signals. Some digital sets worth checking out: direct-view and rear-projection models by Panasonic, Sharp and Sony, and sets by RCA, Hitachi and Toshiba featuring onboard HD and DirecTV tuners.



components that record TV shows to a hard drive, and high-definition television. The bad news regarding HDTV: Broadcasters have been ordered to pull the plug on analog television by the year 2006. That means unless you have an HD converter box or a new digital set, your TV will go blank. The good news is that we've seen enough variations on converters and HDTVs to know that early (and exorbitant) prices will drop fast. Besides, there isn't much to watch in the way of high-definition programming. It's available in only 30 cities nationwide and on a single DirecTV pay-per-view movie channel. So by the time the technology goes mainstream, an HDTV comparable to the Pioneer pictured above won't cost as much as a new Beetle. And what a way to watch TV. The Pioneer model is four inches thick, weighs less than 100 pounds and has a resolution nearly three times better than that of a DVD movie. Of course, the benefits of HDTV go far beyond great picture and sound. You'll be able to watch the Super Bowl, for example, and use your remote to choose camera angles while also calling up sports statistics and ordering a championship sweatshirt off the web. In fact, the digitization of television, coupled with the promise of high-speed Internet access, may actually make armchair web surfing socially acceptable. Now all we need is a robot to bring us a beer and pretzels.





NATURE WALK

MISS SEPTEMBER GOES A LITTLE NATIVE

THE FIRST TIME that I went there, I was so anxious," says Kristi Cline, riding through Beverly Hills on the way to her new home-away-from-home, the Playboy Mansion. "But it was amazing—they really know how to treat you like you're family." And for our 19-year-old Miss September, family is important: This self-described country girl still gets homesick thinking of Albuquerque, New Mexico, where she spent much of her childhood and where her father and sisters live, and of Snyder, a small town in west Texas where her mother lives. In fact, she's about to introduce her family back home to her PLAYBOY family: Tomorrow Kristi heads to Albuquerque to shoot photos for her pictorial. "I love the Mansion," she says, "but I am so ready to go home it's not funny."

Q: Was this small-town girl comfortable posing for PLAYBOY?

A: Actually, I've always been kind of a nudist. My mom told me that when I was little it was hard to keep clothes on me. I'm comfortable with

my body, and with nudity. Modeling was weird, but being nude wasn't.

Q: Are you used to being looked at?

A: Well, I was one of those girls who, when someone told me I was pretty, would just say thank-you and walk on. I never really thought of myself that way, and I don't think I ever will. I hope I never get so involved with myself.

Q: What's your idea of romance?

A: The time my fiancé took me to the mountains. We were out there in the woods, and he put on my favorite band, Alabama, and we danced in the moonlight. That was the most romantic thing in my whole life, and I thought, This is the guy for me.

Q: Have you always been popular with boys?

A: I only had two boyfriends through high school. I was always more into studying than worrying about boys. I spent three years, in junior high and high school, in Snyder, Texas, which is this little bitty



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA



Shooting in New Mexico and California wasn't all fun in the sun for Kristi. "The first day we were in Malibu, it was too gloomy and cold to shoot," she says. "But the second and third days were warm enough so that I could get in the water and play around. That's when I started to have fun."





Kristi had no qualms about posing for PLAYBOY, but being cooped up in a photo studio for days was another matter. "I'm not an indoor person," she says, laughing. "If I have to pose in one place all day, I get so ontsy I could scream."









town. I was a straight-A student, into everything. In a town that small, school is the main thing. Everybody knows everybody, and if you mess up, the teachers know your parents. When I moved back to Albuquerque, I kind of went wild. My older sister taught me the ways of partying and ditching

school. But I always kept my grades high. And I started college—majoring in premed. I'll go back and become a pediatrician. I love kids. For now, though, I've decided to give *PLAYBOY* all I have for the next two years.

Q: During your time in Los Angeles, have you hit the town with Hef?

A: I've been out a couple of times with Hef and some of the other girls. We walk into a place and everybody stares. I've never had that happen before. And guys are embarrassed to ask us to dance, or they're intimidated. But we're all pretty normal people. We just show ourselves off a little more.



MISS SEPTEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Kristi Cline

BUST: 34C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5'8 WEIGHT: 114 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 05-04-80 BIRTHPLACE: Lubbock, Texas

AMBITIONS: To pursue my career in the medical field, have a family and live life to the fullest.

TURN-ONS: Watching sex scenes on TV, but they're even better when my boyfriend is there.

TURNOFFS: When a guy lies to impress people, rudeness and lack of respect to others.

I'M A SUCKER FOR: A good Kisser.

TRAVEL DREAM: Being on a tropical island, with the man I love, enjoying a candlelight dinner on the beach.

I'M ALWAYS: A happy and smiling person. I try to make everyone's day better.

EVERY WOMAN SHOULD HAVE: A loving family that supports her in life no matter what she decides.



10th grade



1st job: "shh don't tell anybody"



Homecoming '97



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A government employee was cleaning out a filing cabinet when he came across an old brass lamp. While he dusted it off, a genie appeared and granted him three wishes. "I'd love an ice-cold beer right now!" *Poof*, a beer appeared.

Now that he was thinking more clearly, the man said, "I wish to be on an island, surrounded by beautiful nymphomaniacs." *Poof*, he was on an island with gorgeous women fawning all over him.

"Oh, man, this is really the life," the guy sighed. "I wish I would never have to work again." And, *poof*, he was back in his government office.



Have you heard about the new supersensitive condoms? After the guy leaves, they stay around and talk with the woman.

A married man decided to work late to be with his sexy young secretary, so he called his wife to make an excuse. After work he invited his secretary to dinner. It soon became obvious he was going to get lucky, so the two went back to her apartment and had great sex for two hours. Afterward the fellow went to the bathroom to straighten up for the trip home and noticed a huge hickey on his neck. He panicked, wondering what to tell his wife.

After the man unlocked his front door, his dog came bounding to greet him. Aha! the man thought, and promptly fell to the carpet, pretending to fight off the affectionate animal. Holding his neck with one hand, he said, "Honey, look at what the dog did to my neck!"

"Hell," she answered, ripping open her blouse. "Look what he did to my tits."

Slobodan Milosevic showed up at heaven's gate and knocked for admittance. The door opened. "What do you want?" Saint Peter asked.

"I want to enter heaven," the Yugoslav president replied.

Saint Peter laughed in his face. "You can go to hell," he shouted, slamming the door.

The next day ten devils knocked on heaven's gate. "What are you doing here?" Saint Peter asked.

"Well," one replied, "we're the first wave of refugees."

A 104-year-old woman was being interviewed by a reporter. "And what do you think is the best thing about being 104?" he asked.

"No peer pressure," she responded.

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: During the intermission of a Broadway play, a guy had to take a leak in the meanest way. He hurried off in search of the bathroom. He soon realized he'd never find it in time. So when he stumbled across a beautiful fountain that seemed well hidden by foliage, he decided to let it go right there.

When he finally got back into the auditorium, the curtain had already risen. He searched in the dark until he found his wife. "Did I miss much of the second act?" he asked.

"Miss it?" she exclaimed. "You were in it!"

Two guys were staring into their drinks when one said, "Hey, Harry, have you ever suspected your wife of leading a double life?"

"Yeah, all the time," Harry said. "Hers and mine."

After her three daughters married and settled in London, the mother received a letter from each describing married life. One daughter wrote only three words: "Maxwell House coffee." The mother was confused at first, but finally noticed a Maxwell House ad that said, "Good to the last drop," and she was happy.

The second daughter's message said, "Rothmans." Mother looked for a Rothmans ad, and it said, "King size," and Mother was happy.

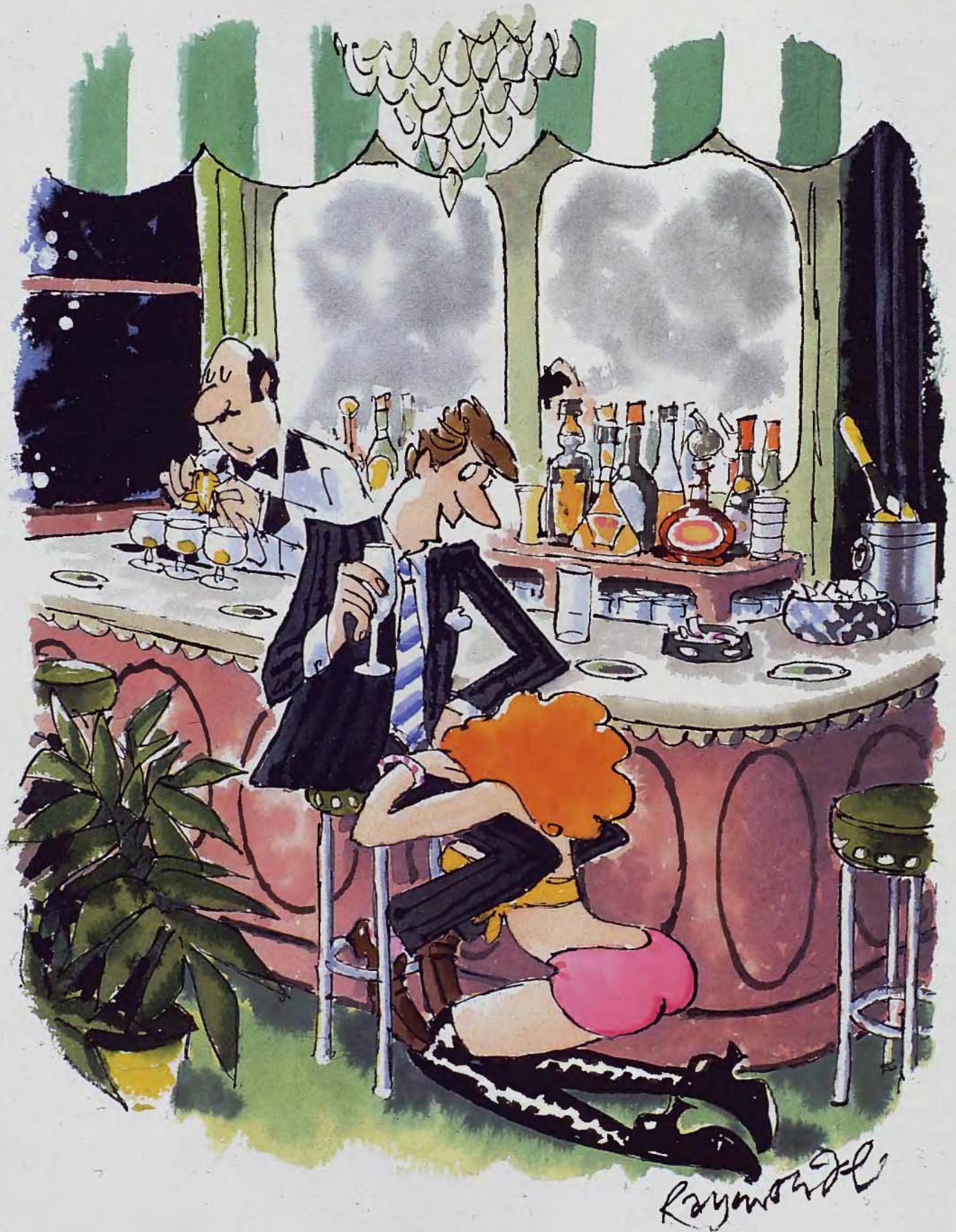
Mother had waited anxiously for word from her third daughter. Finally the message arrived: "British Airways." Mother saw a BA ad on a billboard. It said, "Two times a day, four times a week, both ways." Mother fainted.



THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: Bob met a young woman at a nightclub and after a few drinks she invited him back to her place for the night. She led him into her bedroom, where he saw fluffy toys everywhere—on top of the wardrobe, on the bookshelf and windowsill, on the floor and all over the bed. Undaunted, Bob made his move and things turned passionate fast. When they were done, Bob rolled over and lit a cigarette. "So," he asked, "how was I?"

"Well," she replied, "let's put it this way: You can take anything from the bottom shelf."

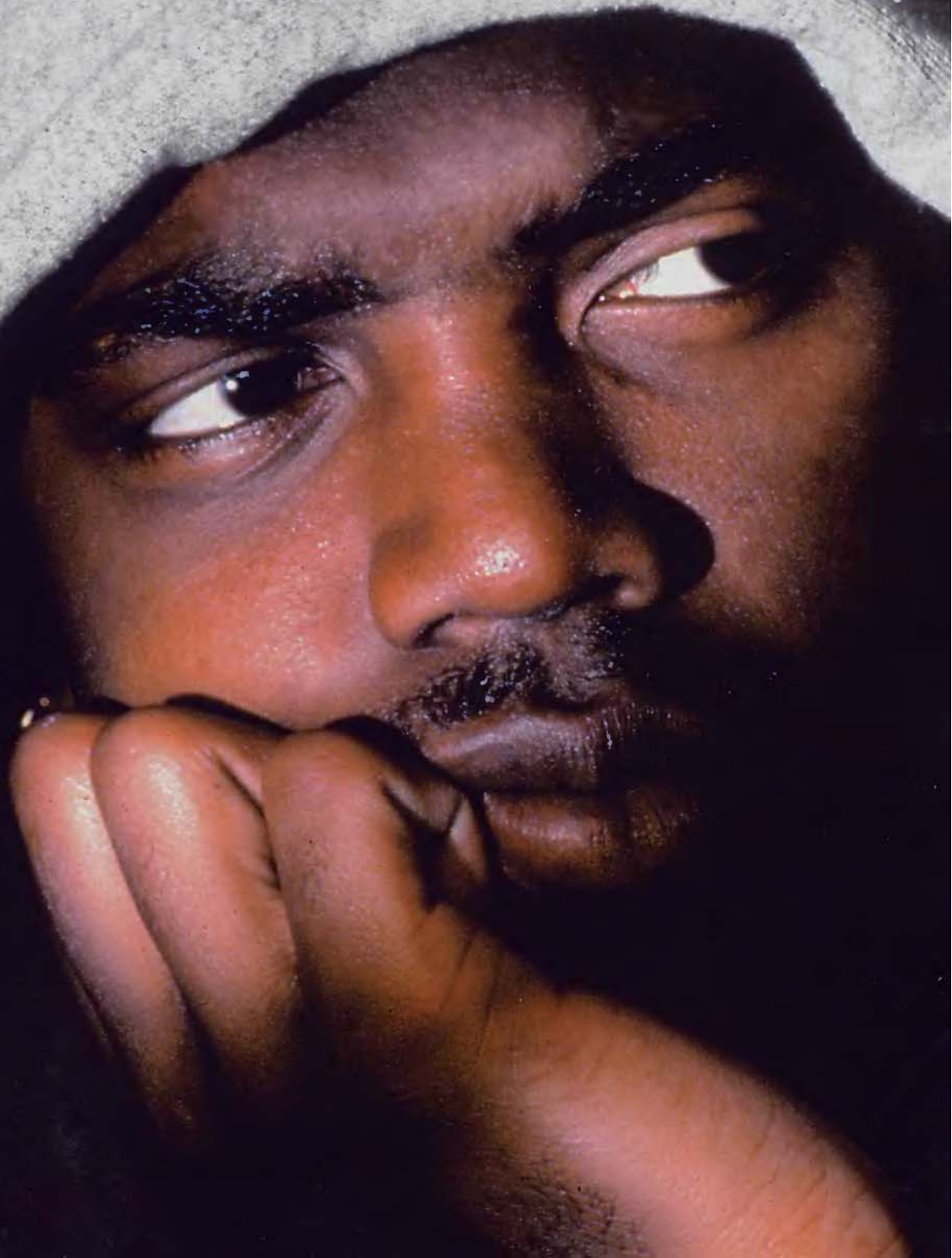
Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.

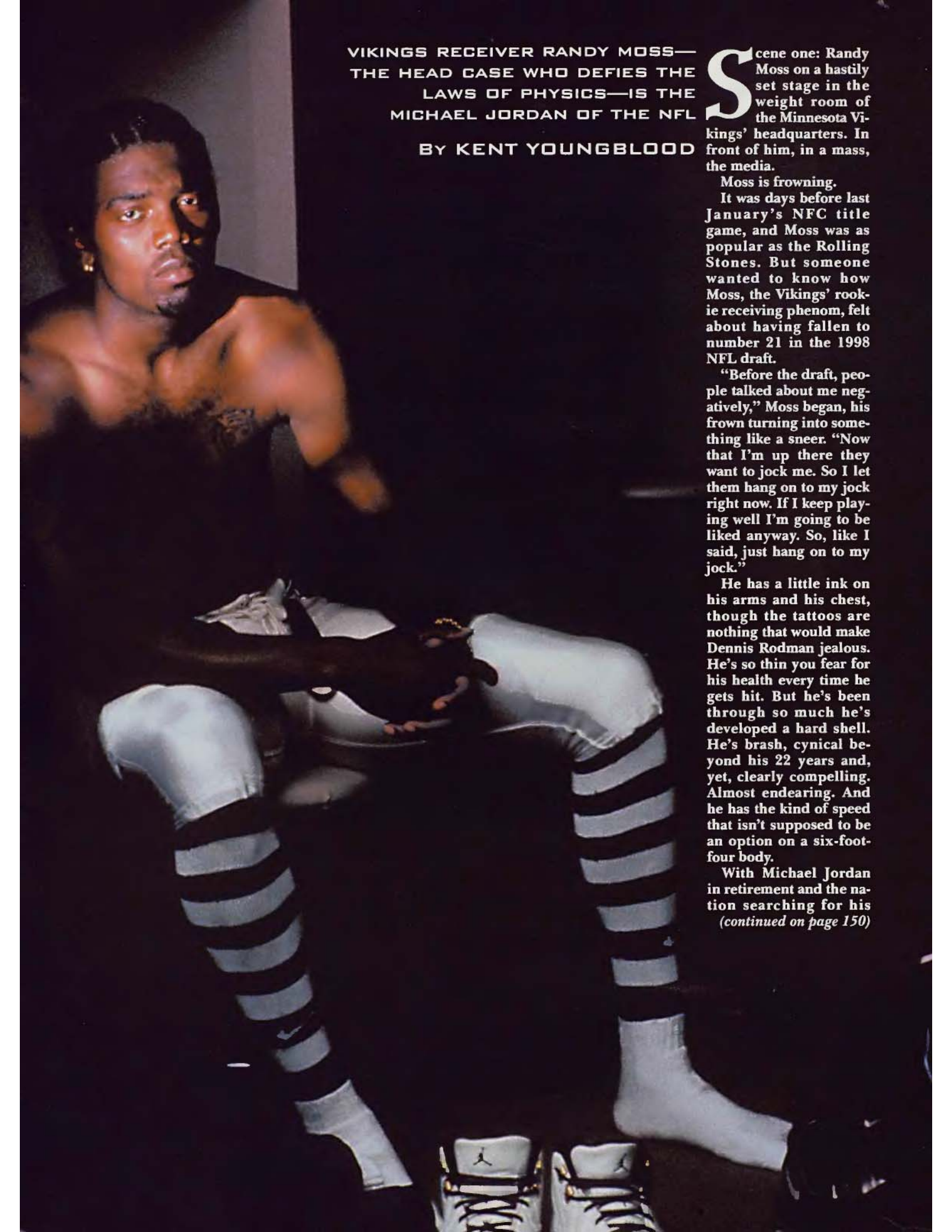


"Of all the bars in all the towns in all the world, you walk into mine!"

MOSS

MAN





VIKINGS RECEIVER RANDY MOSS—
THE HEAD CASE WHO DEFIES THE
LAWS OF PHYSICS—IS THE
MICHAEL JORDAN OF THE NFL

BY KENT YOUNGBLOOD

Scene one: Randy Moss on a hastily set stage in the weight room of the Minnesota Vikings' headquarters. In front of him, in a mass, the media.

Moss is frowning.

It was days before last January's NFC title game, and Moss was as popular as the Rolling Stones. But someone wanted to know how Moss, the Vikings' rookie receiving phenom, felt about having fallen to number 21 in the 1998 NFL draft.

"Before the draft, people talked about me negatively," Moss began, his frown turning into something like a sneer. "Now that I'm up there they want to jock me. So I let them hang on to my jock right now. If I keep playing well I'm going to be liked anyway. So, like I said, just hang on to my jock."

He has a little ink on his arms and his chest, though the tattoos are nothing that would make Dennis Rodman jealous. He's so thin you fear for his health every time he gets hit. But he's been through so much he's developed a hard shell. He's brash, cynical beyond his 22 years and, yet, clearly compelling. Almost endearing. And he has the kind of speed that isn't supposed to be an option on a six-foot-four body.

With Michael Jordan in retirement and the nation searching for his
(continued on page 150)



Playboy's Pro Football Forecast

IF YOU WANT TO WIN A

CHAMPIONSHIP THIS SEASON,

YOU'LL HAVE TO JOIN THE

OFFENSIVE CIRCUS.

Simply magnificent: Riddling Atlanta's defense with runs and passes, John Elway capped off his all-star career by leading Denver to consecutive Super Bowl wins.

THE NFL HAS always distributed nicknames and championship trophies to its best defenses. The Purple People Eaters in Minnesota. The Steel Curtain in Pittsburgh. The Dallas Doomsday, Miami's No Names and Buddy Ryan's 46. Each reinforced a football tenet: Offense sells tickets, defense wins championships.

But not lately. "It's like the adage that you shouldn't spend more than five percent of your net income on housing—that went out the window about 30 years ago," said Baltimore coach Brian Billick.

His offensive expertise is the reason Billick is now the head coach of the Ravens. Billick was the offensive coordinator of a Minnesota juggernaut that scored an NFL-record 556 points in 1998 when the Vikings sailed Randall Cunningham, Randy Moss and the game's most explosive attack to a league-best 15-1 record.

The Denver Broncos also scored 500 points in 1998—the first time in NFL history two teams hit 500 in the same season. Terrell Davis became the fourth runner in history to rush for 2000 yards in a season, and the Broncos became only the sixth franchise to win back-to-back Super Bowls.

Offense dominated the NFL's playoff picture in 1998. Led by the Broncos and the Vikings, the league's top eight offensive teams all qualified for the playoffs. The best defenses didn't fare as well. Three of the NFL's top five defenses sat out the postseason: number one San Diego, number two Tampa Bay and number five Oakland.

The message is clear: If you want to win in today's NFL, you have to join the offensive circus.

"Clearly the game and the rules of the game have moved toward offensive football," Billick said. "That's by design. That's why we're

sports by
Rick Gosselin

Playboy's Picks

NFC East

Arizona 10-6
Dallas 9-7*
Washington 8-8

NY Giants 8-8
Philadelphia 3-13

Central

Green Bay 12-4
Minnesota 11-5*
Tampa Bay 9-7

Detroit 8-8
Chicago 3-13

West

Atlanta 11-5
San Francisco 10-6*
New Orleans 8-8

St. Louis 6-10
Carolina 4-12

AFC East

Miami 10-6
NY Jets 10-6*
Buffalo 10-6

New England 8-8
Indianapolis 7-9

Central

Jacksonville 12-4
Tennessee 10-6*
Pittsburgh 8-8

Baltimore 6-10
Cincinnati 5-11
Cleveland 2-14

West

Seattle 11-5
Denver 11-5*
Kansas City 8-8

Oakland 7-9
San Diego 3-13

AFC Champion: Jacksonville
NFC Champion: Green Bay
Super Bowl Champion:
Green Bay

the number one sport. That's why the entertainment value is as high as it is. The fans are going to shell out \$50 and \$60 and \$80 a pop. They don't want to see a titanic 10-7 defensive battle. They want to see offense."

That priority came across emphatically in the annual housecleaning of coaches. Six teams fired their coaches last off-season. All ranked in the bottom third of the NFL in offense. The Ravens brought in Billick to fix the NFL's 26th-ranked offense. Seattle hired Mike Holmgren to repair its 23rd-ranked unit. Philadelphia hired former Green Bay quarterback coach Andy Reid to overhaul the league's worst offense. San Diego brought in former CFL and NCAA passing-game whiz Mike Riley, and Cleveland hired quarterback-maker Chris Palmer away from Jacksonville to orchestrate the relaunch of the Browns.

In the 1999 draft, offense ran the show. Quarterbacks went 1-2-3 for only the second time in history, and the first six picks were all offensive impact players. The New Orleans Saints traded their entire draft for a pick high enough in the first round to get Heisman Trophy-winning running back Ricky Williams. The Saints ranked last in rushing in 1998 and were willing to pay whatever the price in 1999 to ensure there would be no repeat.

Rule changes in the Nineties now allow quarterbacks to ground the ball and blockers to use their hands. Other rule changes have minimized the contact defensive backs can have with receivers. The goal has been to reduce defenders to spectators on Sundays. Defenses no longer win championships. Offenses do. It's just taken some NFL teams a little longer to figure that out than others.

NFC EAST

No division underscores the NFL's rush to offense better than the NFC East. All five teams have retooled in an attempt to catch up with the gunslingers in Denver, Minnesota and Jacksonville.

In addition to Reid, Philadelphia brought in a pair of new quarterbacks. Doug Pederson followed Reid from Green Bay, and the Eagles selected Donovan McNabb of Syracuse with the second overall pick of the 1999 draft. Pederson will likely open the season as the starter because of his familiarity with Reid's offense. That gives the Eagles the luxury of bringing along McNabb at a nonpanic pace.

The Washington Redskins and New York Giants also brought in new quarterbacks. Both went the veteran route, which better addresses the sense of

(continued on page 142)



"And where were you folks when the fire started?"



FITNESS



by Sarah Bowen Shea

Women today cringe at the sight of muscle-bound frames à la early Arnold Schwarzenegger. And the “no pain, no gain” mind-set of the past two decades is being replaced by a demand for exercise that entertains. That’s right—workouts can be fun. Treadmills now feature Internet access, video monitors and slot machines. One of the hottest fitness classes is called Recess. And personal trainers are offering buddy sessions and borrowing drills from soccer, basketball and other sports. Here’s how we expect the future of fitness to play out.

GEAR GOES INTERACTIVE. It was a big deal when health clubs installed television sets to entertain exercisers. Now equipment manufacturers Netpulse and Xystos will top the tube with fitness gear that lets you surf the web while you sweat. Netpulse’s computerized touch-screen displays, which replace the con-

trol panel on stair climbers or stationary bikes, are currently burning up TI lines at Manhattan’s Crunch Fitness, Chicago’s East Bank Club, the San Francisco Bay Club and various YMCAs nationwide. A great use: Let’s say the batteries on your CD player run out. On a Netpulse-equipped treadmill, you connect your headphones to the display, point the system’s web browser to imagineradio.com and create a custom radio station to keep the tunes flowing.

Later this fall, Equinox in Manhattan will be the first U.S. health club to offer a Xystos Interactive Fitness Environment. This elaborate setup consists of treadmills, steppers and stationary bikes equipped with color touch-screen displays for web browsing and watching television or movies. Connected to a computer server, the exercise gear enables members to access their workout logs and *(concluded on page 168)*

gear, trainers, classes and gyms—exercise gets an attitude adjustment



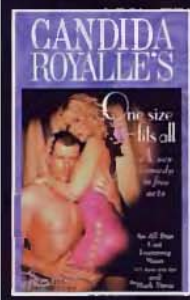
"In my life, men have come and gone—pretty much in that order."

CHICK PORN

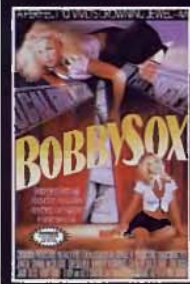
By Lori Seto



CONGRATULATIONS. SHE'S GIVEN YOU THE GREEN LIGHT ON PORN AND TONIGHT IS THE NIGHT. YOU HAVE WINE. YOU HAVE CANDLES. YOU EVEN HAVE OYSTERS, CONDOMS AND ALTOIDS.



One Size Fits All (Femme): Four friends discover that they have more than a shopping fetish in common: A slinky dress with magical powers rewords each lady who wears it. This smart cornol Candida Royalle comedy in five acts offers a week's worth of funny, hot vignettes. The first, third and fifth acts are best.



Bobby Sox (Vivid): A monster-movie producer blows into a small town to find the dominatrix of his dreams. Skip his scenes—particularly when he makes a banana split with butt cheeks—and get hip to the blonde. She rocks at the movie house with her hard-body boyfriend. There's a sexy cop-seduction scene, too.



Always Lily White (Adam and Eve): No, the title does not make sense. Yes, the erotic-art dealer angle is silly. But you feel for the husband who can't get it up and cheer him on as he tries anything to snap his penis out of its funk. The first and last scenes are good and the middle is filled with games only a couple in love can play.



Bad Wives (Vivid): Lives of quiet desperation erupt into some extremely noisy sex. Asshole husband boinks secretary on conference table. Horny housewives meet Satan, the supermarket checkout hunk. Don't miss the two-for-one special in Soton's loir. You don't have to be unhappily married to watch this one, but it helps.



The Girls of Splash Mountain: Californio Cocksuckers 3 (Sin City): What, are you an idiot? Whip this out and you'll ride down the mountain solo. As fetching and fresh-faced as this cast of ingenues may seem, they—and the numerous money shots—will hold no appeal for your girlfriend. She'll just worry about the mess.

NO CHANCE

Now to pick up the video. As you wander the aisles of tapes with a glazed smile on your face, you become overwhelmed by the choices—they all look good to you. But what will she like?

Think the opposite of hard-core porn and definitely not the first one you saw. Remember that frat party with 50 of your closest college friends? The flick with three-inch nipples, 14-inch dicks and a rangy Russian sheepdog who acted like he spoke Greek? Not that one. Believe me. I did some research—OK, I watched 25 movies and e-mailed my friends—to get the skinny on what makes a woman gag or grin. Then I came up with a few biased truths to shop by.

Beware of Ron "Hedgehog" Jeremy: This one hairy man can blow any chance you ever had of having sex by the blue light of your bedroom TV. Avoid him at all costs. Also, while you're in the store, peel your eyes away from the crowded collage of asses on the box and look at who's ogling the asses. Is there a stud among the fillies? Camille, an account executive at a graphic design firm, doesn't ask for much: "I like actors who look like they could be real, contributing members of society. No tattooed white trash. I have to be able to imagine myself actually being with the actor, so he has to look like he knows a few polysyllabic words." Multiple grunts don't count. "Penis size is way down on the list for me," says Tanya, also an account exec in the design industry. "A slow, intense actor is much more of a turn-on than a big-dick, bull-in-a-china-shop screw." Although no one tries to remember who's who (women usually get top billing), I recommend Mark Davis, Alec Metro, Stephen St. Croix, John Curtis and Alex Sanders. (Feeling small? Just remind yourself that the camera adds a few inches. Pros also trim pubic hair to make the penis appear longer. Some even use a vacuum pump before a scene. Now that you know, keep your insecurities to yourself. She may need some reassurance about her body type, too, and you don't want to turn this into a group therapy session.)

As for the women, everyone agrees. Beautiful people with their God-given parts, please. Skip the bubble-busted Barbie robots. Too much plastic and bleach make it hard for us to imagine ourselves in Barbie's place. But no skanks or butt acne, either. "If I want to see a fat-ass amateur, I can just look in the mirror and save the rental fee," says my not-fat friend Cheryl. Personally, I prefer Missy (with her smallish breasts and biggish butt), Asia Carrera, Sandy, Roxanne Blaze, Shanna McCullough and porn diva Nina Hartley.

Spare me the overwrought plot: Women do not compare porn to *The English Patient*. Too much story can be a buzz-kill. "The erotic scenes need to have a nice, steady pace—too many gaps and I get bored," says Tanya. "Who wants to fast-forward when there are far better things to do with your hands?" But no sex marathons, either. As in action thrillers and horror movies, the plot of a typical X video gets buried under all the bodies. I scream at porn the same way I yell at *Friday the 13th* sequels: "Don't go in there! Look behind you! Don't put that in your mouth!" And collections of sleazy vignettes like *More Dirty Debutantes* (concluded on page 170)



Jeri Ryan

star trek's borg babe on technobabble, patriotism and what her costume leaves to the imagination

Jeri Ryan burst into television prominence by wearing a formfitting costume on *Star Trek: Voyager* that many male fans pray she'll one day burst out of. Cast as Seven of Nine, Ryan is a no-nonsense Borg who is returned to her human form after the *Voyager* crew's encounter with the Collective leaves her stranded on the Federation starship. It's a challenging role that Ryan accepted only after the producers promised her that Seven was no intergalactic Barbie doll. In return Ryan has created a complex young woman trying to understand and regain her humanity even while Borg notions of efficiency and perfection linger in her head. And there's still the babe factor. It didn't take long for *TV Guide* to recommend that the producers rename Seven of Nine "Ten Out of Ten." Ryan grew up as an Army brat, trained at Northwestern University's drama department, is the mother of a young son and has serious career ambitions. We asked Contributing Editor David Rensin to go where many men would love to go and meet with Ryan. Rensin reports: "We hooked up midafternoon in a nearly deserted Polo Lounge at the Beverly Hills Hotel. In contrast to her stern TV persona, Jeri laughs easily. Each time she did, she kicked my leg under the table. I thought briefly of moving out of the way but decided I would rather get my kicks."

1

PLAYBOY: Last year *TV Guide* called you one of TV's sexiest stars, and a readers' poll named you favorite performer—male or female. Yet the folks who hired you for *Voyager* claim that your being a babe was beside the point. Do you believe it? Do you mind being thought of as eye candy?

RYAN: I've been told that they didn't set out to find a babe, that it was just a by-product of the audition process. I guess they just got lucky [laughs]. But once I saw sketches of Seven of Nine's costume, it was obvious that she was cast in part to add sexuality. And I still didn't have a problem with it, because

the writing is strong and intelligent. So I auditioned, even though this is the last job I ever imagined myself having. For a while I didn't have any interest in taking the part because I thought a *Star Trek* character would be pigeonholed. But Seven is a positive female, and I was intrigued by the discoveries she could make each week.

And I don't mind being called a babe. It's better than being called a dog [smiles]. Maybe it's not the most eloquent compliment in the world, but it's a good place to start. I have a hard time with women who get upset by this stuff. When people whistle at you on the street I don't think it's meant to offend.

2

PLAYBOY: Once, in a *Saturday Night Live* skit spoofing Trekker mania, William Shatner told a mock convention crowd to get a life. Now that you're a part of the *Star Trek* family, would a personal deflector array come in handy?

RYAN: It might with a few overzealous fans for whom the concept of science fiction is not clear. When I first signed on I was leery of *Star Trek* fans because they're notorious for being passionate and proprietary about every aspect of this franchise. They know every bit of technobabble ever uttered, and what it means. They write letters if you mispronounce a word or if some technical detail that means nothing in real life gets messed up. But for the most part they're very respectful. They're warm and loving toward anybody remotely related to the series, and dressing up as the characters they love is no different from impassioned football fans who paint their faces with team colors, or wear a big piece of cheese on their heads at a Wisconsin game. It's their social outlet. Before my first convention, my fellow *Voyager* cast members tried hard to prepare me. But believe me, there's no way to prepare to enter a hotel lobby and be greeted by a dozen

Klingons in full Klingon regalia, speaking the Klingon language, drinking blood wine—the whole nine yards. I walked in, heard a loud greeting in the Klingon language, saw the crowd and walked right back out. I said, "I can't do this! I don't belong here." It took a few minutes to recover.

3

PLAYBOY: Compare Seven's sexual vibe with Captain Kirk's.

RYAN: He had a skirt of the week. Hers is static. Part of Seven's charm and popularity is her naivete. Yes, she wears a skintight suit that leaves nothing to the imagination, but she has no concept of its effect on the crew. It's as if she doesn't know what she's got on. Seven understands only the physiological processes of sexuality. Emotionally, she has just left childhood and grown into a rebellious teenager. Last season she had her first date, and though nothing happened, it's just a matter of time before she has to explore adult sexuality. But with whom? A crew member, or a good-looking alien from the Delta quadrant that she has to leave behind? I cast my vote for the alien.

4

PLAYBOY: Sex: efficient or messy?

RYAN: [Laughs, clears her throat] For me? Efficient enough.

5

PLAYBOY: You say your costume leaves nothing to the imagination. We disagree. If we were to see you without it, would we be surprised? What do your parents think of Seven's getup?

RYAN: Perhaps you're right. Every curve is shown, but there's no flesh exposed. No cleavage. No leg. Nothing. It's all about what you think you see. The perception is the allure. They took great care to make sure that the fabric fit my body (continued on page 162)

FUN 2000

don't want to stop the millennium hoopla? here's a 12-month calendar of festivals, carnivals, bowls and balls to keep you partying until next new year's eve

by alan s. davis

JANUARY

1

10 Ati-Atihan Festival

Kalibo, Philippines

Coconut-palm costumes and nonstop carousing are the hallmarks of the Mardi Gras of the Philippines. Serious sinners consider it the best-kept secret on the international party circuit.

28 Super Bowl Weekend

Atlanta

The Atlanta location guarantees an abundance of Southern charmers. Plan B: Hit Las Vegas instead for the gambling action and sports bars packed with NFL cheerleaders.

FEBRUARY

2

6 Gasparilla Pirate Fest

Tampa

Ever since Seinfeld wore that shirt, buccaneers have gotten a bum rap. This event squares the argument with the kind of boat parades, drinking and wenching that made pirating an attractive career option.

26 Mardi Gras

New Orleans

Offering beads to a woman who then pulls up her blouse sure beats shaking hands. A party that's bigger, louder and larger than any you've ever been to.

MARCH

3

3 Karneval

Cologne, Germany

Cologne claims to have more bars than any other city in Germany. This three-day suds circus is the city's toast to the national beverage.

3 Carnaval Miami

Miami

Latin music, Miami women and the latest south-of-the-border dance craze ignite North America's biggest block party.

6 Salvador Carnaval

Bahia, Brazil

Rio's Carnaval is more famous, but this five-day street party with its "no spectators" ethic is wilder and better.

8 Bike Week

Daytona Beach

All the Harleys that can fit into town plus Miss Florida Biker, Miss Jack Daniel's and Miss Jägermeister. Did we mention ladies wrestling in a pit of coleslaw?

14 St. Patrick's Festival

Dublin

The best St. Paddy's parties are still in the U.S., but the best Irish pubs are in Dublin.

Mardi Gras



Salvador Carnaval



APRIL

4

8 Fertility Festival

Kawasaki, Japan

The Japanese take sex either too seriously or not seriously enough. We're not sure which it is here, but any festival that celebrates the male organ by passing out free sake and parading 12-foot-tall phalli through the streets is OK with us.

22 Fiesta San Antonio

San Antonio

After a couple of nights at this weeklong bash that celebrates Tex-Mex, Irish, German and other ethnic cuisines and spirits, you'll have a tough time remembering the Alamo in the morning.

28 Sailing Week

Antigua, British West Indies

The top boating event in the Caribbean draws captains and crews that are as good-looking on land as they are skillful at sea. Great beaches for tanning by day and partying by night.

MAY

5

5 Beale Street Music Festival

Memphis, Tennessee

Part of the Memphis in May International Festival, this event gathers more than 80 acts on the banks of the Mississippi to pay homage to the Kings (Elvis and B.B.) and other Southern music royalty.

8 Kentucky Derby

Louisville

The race is the most exciting two minutes in sports, but the days of partying leading up to the main event make the wait worthwhile.

10 Cannes Film Festival

Cannes, France

Here's a short list of things you won't find at your local film festival: the French Riviera, boatloads of topless wannabe starlets, \$500 bottles of champagne, Elizabeth Hurley, endless movies and the scent of money and deals floating through the air like nitrous oxide.

25 Monaco Grand Prix

Monte Carlo, Monaco

Coming on the heels of Cannes, the high-stakes racing and casino action keep the adrenaline pumping.



Cannes Film Festival

JUNE

6

17 24 Hours of LeMans

LeMans, France

Steve McQueen made it cool in the Seventies, but nearby Paris has made it one of Europe's best car scenes.

17 Playboy Jazz Festival

Hollywood

Our annual homage to jazz celebrates its 22nd year as 36,000 of the faithful cram the Hollywood Bowl for a party weekend and nonstop performances by some terrific talent.





Burning Man



Fantasy Fest



La Tomatina

JULY

7

6 Running of the Bulls

Pamplona, Spain

Run if you dare. If you just watch, the bulls will pass you in two seconds, leaving 86,398 seconds each day to enjoy one of the greatest parties on earth.

7 Nudestock

Union City, Michigan

Although clothing is optional, live music and a friendly get-naked atmosphere coax even the terminally shy to relax and hang at this easy-going gathering.

7 Calgary Stampede

Calgary, Alberta

The world's best roundup of rodeo parties attracts plenty of cowgirls in tight blue jeans looking for cowboys to get tight with.

15 Summer Olympics

Sydney, Australia

And you thought the Olympic Committee got out of hand in Salt Lake City? For spectacle and outlandish behavior the Aussies are second to no one. The Games should be good, too.

16 Oktoberfest

Munich

The ultimate kegger brings visitors to this historic city, but the shoulder-to-shoulder intimacy of the beer tents provides the fun.

OCTOBER

10

20 Fantasy Fest

Key West

This is not the week to come to Key West to relax. Instead, watch bodies get painted or join 70,000 revelers for a twilight parade that makes a Star Wars convention look like kindergarten.

21 Exotic Erotic Ball

San Francisco

At the most uninhibited costume party in the world it's OK if you don't wear one at all.

NOVEMBER

11

7 Melbourne Cup

Melbourne, Australia

In one of Western civilization's great strokes of inspiration, somebody wondered what would happen if the pageantry of Royal Ascot were mixed with the roaring camaraderie of an Australian barbecue. Behold, the Melbourne Cup.

14 Cannabis Cup

Amsterdam

The world championship of marijuana is a good spot to spark up some memories. And here's the cool part: You get to help judge the goods.

DECEMBER

12

4 Hedonism III

Runaway Bay, Jamaica

This upscale version of Hedonism II features a clear-bottomed hot tub that can be viewed from the disco below and nude and prude pools. The ultimate naughty resort.

26 Junkanoo

Nassau, Bahamas

It won't be a white Christmas, but it will be a warm one at two A.M., when the parties begin.

31 New Year's Eve

Rio de Janeiro

Isn't it time you ring in the New Year with your arm around a bikini instead of a parka? The old year's last and the new year's first great beach party.



Hedonism III



New Year's Eve, Rio

AUGUST

8

6 Edinburgh Fringe Festival

Edinburgh

Edinburgh's world-class arts festival has hundreds of performances of drama, dance and music each day and fills the pubs and clubs.

20 Pebble Beach Concours d'Elegance

Pebble Beach, California

Vintage automobiles and period clothing abound at this ultimate role-playing event where car bodies, not hard bodies, attract all the attention and everybody is beautifully behaved.

28 Burning Man

Black Rock City, Nevada

There are no spectators at this New Age festival in the desert—you're part of the show. Bring your camper and theme costume.

30 La Tomatina

Buñol, Spain

For one hour each year Buñol erupts into the world's biggest tomato fight. Goggles are a must but leave your Rolex at home (unless it's tomato-resistant).

SEPTEMBER

9

1 Bumbershoot

Seattle, WA

The city that brought you Hendrix, Heart, Nirvana and Pearl Jam wants you to know that coffee and computers are fine, but first there was music. Catch it at one of the best arts festivals anywhere.



Cellulove

by Jules Scheffler

I'm on 45th and 6th
on my way to
the meeting.

But I can't get
over our argument
this morning.



I'm in the
elevator
on my way up—

But I can't focus
on the meeting
because I
really feel
I hurt you
without
intending to.



I'm in reception. What I failed
to make clear was that my
apology was not meant to be
a period to our dis-
cussion, but a semi-
colon that led to
a dialogue.



The meeting's
over, and I'm
at the elevator.
It's fine with
me if you
want to cut
some slack,
otherwise we
could end up
torturing
each other.



I'm in a cab heading uptown. When I called
you a titless android, it was an overreaction
to you comparing me morally to Bill Clinton.



I'm in the flower shop around the corner. I know we both said things we didn't mean, even if they're true.



I'm on the street headed home. Who cares what's true?



I'm in the elevator on the way up. We're both old enough to know that the truth doesn't enlighten, it cripples.



Which is why everyone lies: to get along.

I'm unlocking the door to our apartment. I just want you to know that no matter how it looks, because you caught me in bed with your sister...



I'm in the hall. I love you.





Sable Mania



Round two

**Outraged
with the
WWF,
our favorite
women's champ
fights
to make it
cry uncle**






When our first pictorial of Sable hit the newsstands in April, she was the hottest champ in the ring, the World Wrestling Federation darling who aced Dressed to Kill contests and pummeled opponents with her fabled Sable Bomb. What a difference a few months make. As we write this, Sable and the WWF are in a knock-down-drag-out battle that has all the extravagant trappings of a WWF match—only this time, the real-life drama is not scripted.

And while we may have come to expect that the squabbles, the internecine struggles and the hurt feelings of the wrestling greats all have a public—and sometimes pay-per-view—airing, this match-up is of a different order entirely. But we're getting ahead of ourselves. Let's concentrate on the issue at hand: the futuristic

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ARNY FREYTAG

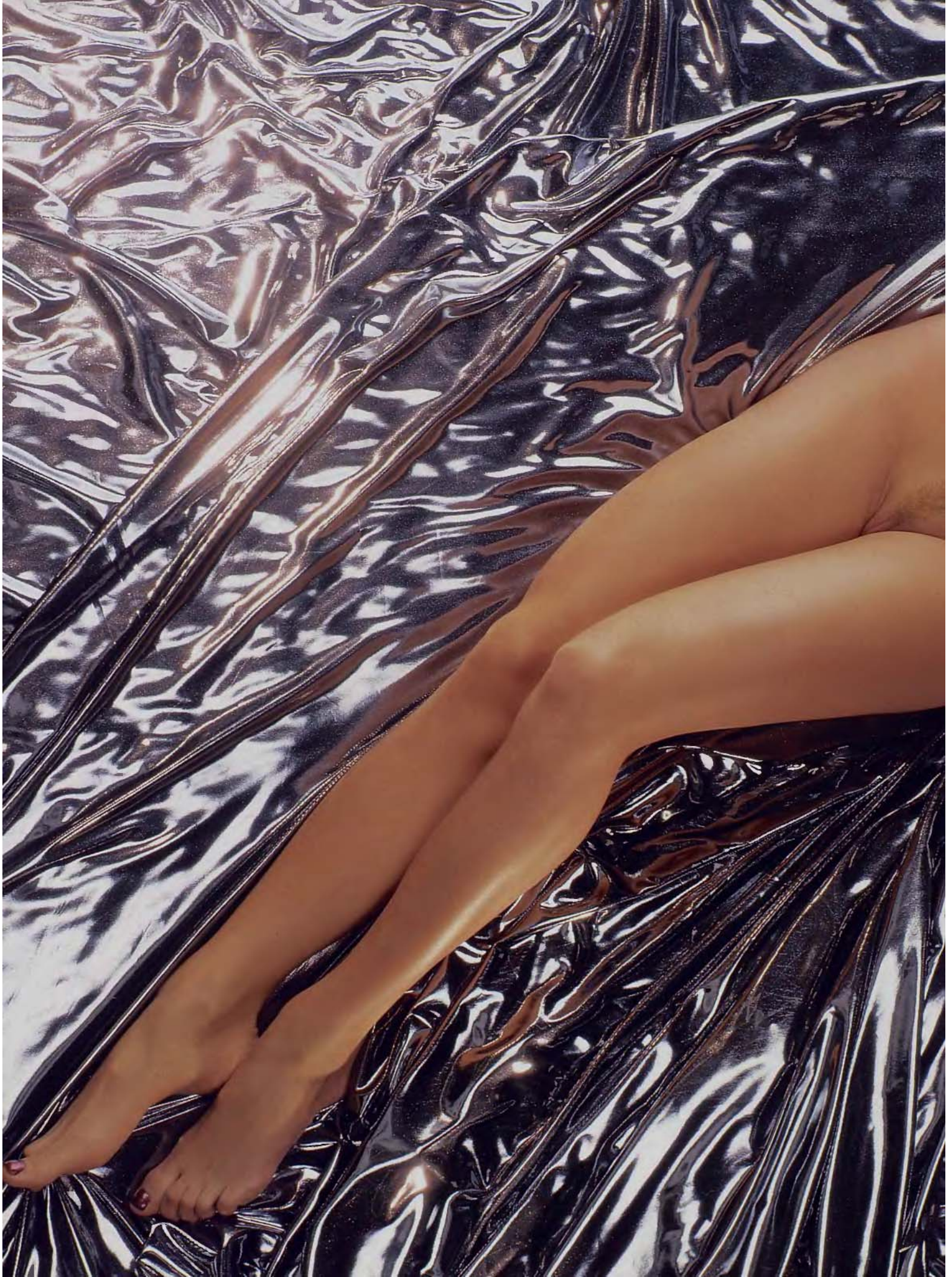




photographs you see here. The April issue was such a hot commodity that we couldn't wait for a PLAYBOY and Sable rematch. Thankfully, neither could she. "I had no idea my first pictorial would be so successful," Sable says. "I'm honored and flattered. I knew wrestling has a huge following and that PLAYBOY has a loyal readership. I guess people were curious about seeing me without my wrestling gear on after all these years. Last time I posed, I wanted people to see a soft, pastel side of me they had never seen before. This time, I wanted it to be edgy, black and cutting edge, just in time for the millennium. The first pictorial was for myself. This one is 100 percent for my fans. If I've learned one thing, it's that my fans have made me who I am. They come out and they support me in *(text concluded on page 149)*

















Pro Football

(continued from page 116)

urgency that's now pulsating in those two franchises.

Norv Turner, who has coached the Redskins for five seasons without once fielding a playoff team, is one of the few coaches in NFL history ever afforded a sixth chance. There won't be a seventh noncontending season and Turner knows it. That's why he was willing to trade two premium draft picks, including a first-rounder in 1999, to the Vikings for Brad Johnson.

The Giants went from division champ in 1997 to nonplayoff chump in 1998. Blame New York's inability to throw the ball. The Giants ranked 28th in passing last season. So New York's resident quarterback-maker Jim Fassel signed free agent Kerry Collins away from the Saints.

There's risk involved in Collins. The Giants are his third team in less than a year. He opened the 1998 season as a starter in Carolina and finished as a starter in New Orleans. But he was cut by the Panthers, and the Saints opted not to resign him. So which Collins did the Giants sign: the one who quarterbacked the Panthers to the NFC title game in 1996—or the one who led the NFL in interceptions in 1997?

Johnson, too, is a problematic pick. He can't stay healthy. He opened the 1998 season as the starter on the Vikings but suffered a broken leg in September, then couldn't wrestle the job back from Cunningham. He also missed three games in 1997 with a neck injury. He started two games last season and played two more in relief, passing for four touchdowns in a start against Tampa Bay and 316 yards in relief against New Orleans. Heading into the 1998 season, the Vikings believed Johnson was a Super Bowl-caliber quarterback. Turner certainly feels that he can be playoff caliber in Washington. "Brad's a gym rat," Turner said. "He eats, drinks and sleeps football."

The Cowboys and Cardinals fielded the best offenses in the NFC East a year ago. And both teams went to the playoffs, despite offenses that lacked speed. Aging stars Emmitt Smith and Michael Irvin have lost a step in Dallas, and Adrian Murrell and Frank Sanders never had that step in Arizona.

The Cowboys and Cardinals addressed that problem in the off-season by adding speedy receivers. Dallas signed Rocket Ismail away from Carolina in free agency and Arizona drafted Ohio State All-America David Boston. The capability is suddenly there for 80-yard lightning bolts. Ismail is coming off his first 1000-yard season in the NFL and Boston leaves Ohio State as the school's all-time leading receiver, breaking the career marks of Joey Galloway and Terry Glenn. Ismail makes Troy Aikman a better quarterback in Dallas. Boston does

the same for Jake Plummer in Arizona. And that's the edge the Cardinals and Cowboys have over the rest of their division: They have the best triggermen. With former first-round draft picks Simeon Rice, Eric Swann and Andre Wadsworth up front, the Cardinals also have the best pass rush in the division. That gives them an edge over the Cowboys in 1999. Dallas also figures to be without cornerback Deion Sanders for the first month of the season because of a toe injury that required surgery in April.

NFC CENTRAL

Defense is the problem in Green Bay. The Packers have a three-time NFL MVP quarterback, a 1000-yard rusher, two 1000-yard receivers and a Pro Bowl tight end. But they had no one to cover Randy Moss—and the Packers believe that cost them a trip to a third consecutive Super Bowl in 1998.

Moss gave everyone matchup problems in his rookie season in 1998. He's bigger (6'4", 200) and faster than any cornerback in the league and benefited from playing alongside veteran 1000-yard receivers Cris Carter and Jake Reed. So who gets the double coverage? In two games against Green Bay, Moss caught 13 passes for 343 yards and three touchdowns. He powered the Vikings to a season sweep of the Packers, a Central Division title and home field advantage in the NFC playoffs. Green Bay's inability to cover Moss forced the NFC champion Packers to hit the road in the playoffs, where they lost in the opening round.

For the Packers to return to the top of the NFC Central, they'll have to cover Moss. Thus, the Packers engaged in a bit of overkill on draft day, selecting cornerbacks with their first three picks. The Packers took Clemson's Antuan Edwards in the first round, Vanderbilt's Fred Vinson in the second and Memphis' Mike McKenzie in the third. Edwards and McKenzie were two of the few big corners in the draft. Both hover near 6'1". They give the Packers some size. But, even more important, they give Green Bay depth at the position.

"People in our division play us with three receivers, and we didn't have enough corners," Packers General Manager Ron Wolf said. "It's Moss. It's Herman Moore. It's Johnny Morton, Jacques Green, Reidel Anthony, Cris Carter, Jake Reed. Offenses stretched us out and we didn't have enough guys to get it done defensively. Now we do."

Green Bay has other problems: the departures of Coach Mike Holmgren and the NFL's all-time leading sacker, Reggie White. Holmgren moved on to Seattle, where he could run his own show as the Seahawk's director of football operations, general manager and head coach. White retired after 14 seasons and 193 sacks. The Packers brought

back former defensive coordinator Ray Rhodes to replace Holmgren and have their fingers crossed that Vaughn Booker can step in for White. He has White's size (6'5", 300) but not his menacing presence.

The Vikings won a franchise-record 15 games last season but still squirm from the disappointment of a home loss to Atlanta in the NFC title game. Dennis Green has the offense to take the next step—if Randall Cunningham can duplicate his MVP season at quarterback and Moss can repeat his Rookie of the Year effort. But the league's best defensive minds have spent an off-season scheming to thwart them.

Minnesota also lost cornerback Corey Fuller to Cleveland in free agency. If the Vikings could have traded up in the first round of the 1999 draft for Arizona cornerback Chris McAlister, they would have been the favorite not only to win the NFC but also the Super Bowl. The Vikings failed and could now suffer the same weakness that kept the Packers out of the 1998 Super Bowl: Can the Vikings defend the pass in a division that demands it?

Tampa Bay bucks the leaguewide trend by trying to win with defense. The Bucs fielded the NFC's best defense a year ago and have improved in 1999 by drafting LSU tackle Anthony McFarland. Offenses have struggled to block Tampa Bay's Pro Bowl tackle Warren Sapp. McFarland is a Sapp clone, so quarterbacks will see double this season. If you can still win with defense in the NFL, the Bucs are a Super Bowl contender.

Detroit has the game's greatest running back in Barry Sanders, a maturing quarterback in Charlie Batch and an impact rookie in middle linebacker Chris Claiborne. But the Lions remain small at the corner in a division that pummels smurf covermen. Chicago has a new coach in Dick Jauron but little hope of competing in one of football's best divisions. The Bears did secure their quarterback of the future, drafting Cade McNown last April.

NFC WEST

Dick Vermeil is from the old school. A George Allen protégé, he learned that championship teams start with defense. So when Vermeil became head coach of the Philadelphia Eagles in the Seventies, he collected defenders with his first pick in six consecutive drafts. He had a Super Bowl team to show for his defense-first credo.

So you can understand Vermeil's frustrations when he returned to coaching in the Nineties. He wanted to start the rebuilding process of the St. Louis Rams on defense and used three premium draft picks to do so. In his second season in 1998, Vermeil fielded one of the league's top defenses.

(continued on page 144)

LIVING ONLINE

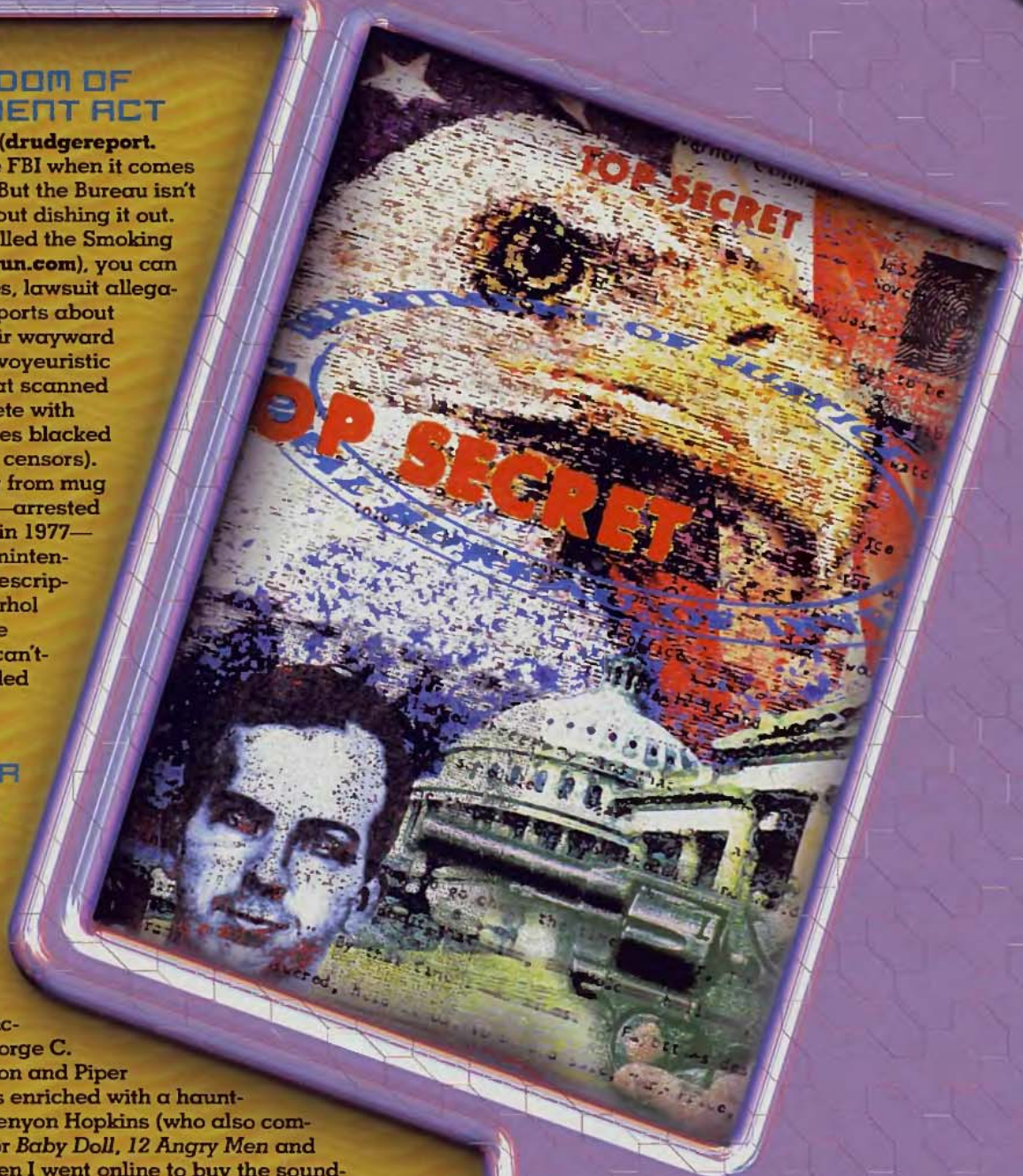
the best of the net every month By MARK FRAUENFELDER

THE FREEDOM OF INFOTAINMENT ACT

Even Matt Drudge (drudgereport.com) can't beat the FBI when it comes to digging up dirt. But the Bureau isn't as enthusiastic about dishing it out. Thanks to a site called the Smoking Gun (thesmokinggun.com), you can read actual FBI files, lawsuit allegations and police reports about celebrities and their wayward deeds. You'll get a voyeuristic thrill from looking at scanned documents (complete with words and sentences blacked out by government censors). With items ranging from mug shots of Bill Gates—arrested on a minor charge in 1977—to an FBI agent's unintentionally hilarious description of an Andy Warhol movie premiere, the Smoking Gun is a can't-miss taxpayer-funded scandal sheet.

ITCHING FOR A SPIRAL SCRATCH?

The Hustler is a 1961 movie starring Paul Newman as an emotionally crippled pool shark. Besides featuring incredible performances by Newman, George C. Scott, Jackie Gleason and Piper Laurie, the movie is enriched with a haunting jazz score by Kenyon Hopkins (who also composed the scores for *Baby Doll*, *12 Angry Men* and *Wild River*). But when I went online to buy the soundtrack, neither CDNOW (cdnow.com) nor Amazon (amazon.com) so much as acknowledged Hopkins' existence. Even eBay, the mother of all garage sales, didn't have the soundtrack (though it had the one of Hopkins' score for *Lilith*). My search on MusicFile (musicfile.com), a used- and rare-recording site, turned up 29 Hopkins albums—and one (concluded on page 148)



Pro Football

(continued from page 142)

But playing in a division with San Francisco is a wake-up call for any coach. Offense won for the 49ers in the Eighties and is still winning this decade. To compete with the 49ers you have to gain yards and score points.

Vermeil proved himself a quick learner when he drafted North Carolina State All-America wide receiver Torry Holt with the sixth overall pick of the 1999 draft. He passed up blue-chip defenders Champ Bailey, Chris McAlister and Chris Claiborne to claim Holt.

"In the past I've always allowed a dominating defensive player to control the decision," Vermeil said. "This was the first time in my life that I passed up the defensive player." Holt gives the Rams potential for huge plays on the flank. He's the ACC's all-time leading receiver, with 31 touchdowns and an average of almost 18 yards per catch. But Vermeil didn't stop with Holt. He signed free agent quarterback Trent Green away from the Redskins and also acquired Pro Bowl halfback Marshall Faulk in a trade with the Colts. Include past Pro Bowl receiver Isaac Bruce in the mix and the Rams now have playmakers to rival those of the Falcons and the 49ers.

"We've really upgraded our offense," Vermeil said. "Now we have to make sure we can block somebody."

The Saints have three recent first-round draft picks on the offensive line: tackle Willie Roaf and guards Chris Naeole and Kyle Turley. To maximize that investment, the Saints needed to give them a reason to block, which is why they were so willing to swing that blockbuster trade for Williams. Williams is a yardage machine, the NCAA's all-time leading rusher and scorer. He carried the ball a thousand times at Texas, averaging 6.2 yards per carry with 72 touchdowns. Ditka wants to pound the ball in New Orleans the way he did in Chicago with Walter Payton. Williams gives him that chance.

But the Saints and Rams remain long shots in a division dominated in the past by the 49ers and in the present by the Falcons. San Francisco led the NFL in offense last season and won 12 games. Atlanta finished seventh in offense and won 14 games. San Francisco quarterback Steve Young led the NFL in touchdown passes, and Atlanta's Jamal Anderson led the NFC in rushing.

Age and the salary cap, however, continue to erode the San Francisco dynasty. Sixteen players, including six starters, are gone from the team that reached the NFC semifinals last January. Ten 49ers (including four starters) followed front-office transplants Carmen Policy and Dwight Clark from San Francisco to Cleveland. Still, if Young manages to stay healthy, the 49ers can contend. But

he'll be 38 this season.

The Falcons will go as far as Anderson's legs can carry them. Last year, that was the Super Bowl. Atlanta improved his chances for another NFC rushing title by selecting the best blocking tight end in the draft: Mississippi State's Reggie Kelly. But quarterback Chris Chandler remains brittle. If the Falcons can squeeze 14 games out of him as they did in 1998, they have a chance to repeat.

Cleveland isn't the only franchise trying to build with a San Francisco blueprint. So are the Carolina Panthers now that they have hired George Seifert as coach. But, like the 1998 Rams, the Panthers lack playmakers.

AFC EAST

Jimmy Johnson has a quarterback in Miami capable of winning a Super Bowl, just like he had in Dallas. He also has assembled one of the deepest, fastest, youngest defenses in the league, just as he did in Dallas. But how he misses Emmitt Smith. When Johnson needed a yard in Dallas, he could hand the ball off to Smith. Two yards? Smith again. Three? Four? Give it to Emmitt. He was automatic. But nothing is automatic with the Dolphins. An inability to run the ball has prevented Johnson's Dolphins from developing into a Super Bowl contender in the AFC. The Dolphins were the only AFC playoff team in 1998 without a 1000-yard rusher. Their average of 3.4 yards per carry was the worst in the league.

This could be Jimmy Johnson's final season on the Miami sideline. He tried to quit last off-season but Dolphins owner Wayne Huizenga talked him out of it. To ease the load on his coach, Huizenga brought in Johnson's longtime pal and coaching crony Dave Wannstedt to shoulder some responsibility.

If this will be Johnson's final run at a Super Bowl, he needs a runner to enhance his chances. So he chose the SEC's leading rusher, James Johnson, with his first pick last April. Then he took the best fullback in the draft, Rob Konrad of Syracuse, with his second pick. Then he grabbed talented but troubled Cecil "the Diesel" Collins of McNeese State with his fourth pick. Collins had first-round ability but had been kicked off two college teams in the last year. He's a risk—but Johnson needs a running back.

The three rookies join incumbent starters Karim Abdul-Jabbar and Stanley Pritchett and 1998 number one draft pick John Avery in a crowded Miami backfield. Johnson and Konrad have the size for the power yards. Avery and Collins have the speed for the long yards and Jabbar has the savvy for the short yards. Johnson needs someone to give him four yards per carry. This season he'll have six choices.

New England also has running-back problems. The Patriots drafted Robert

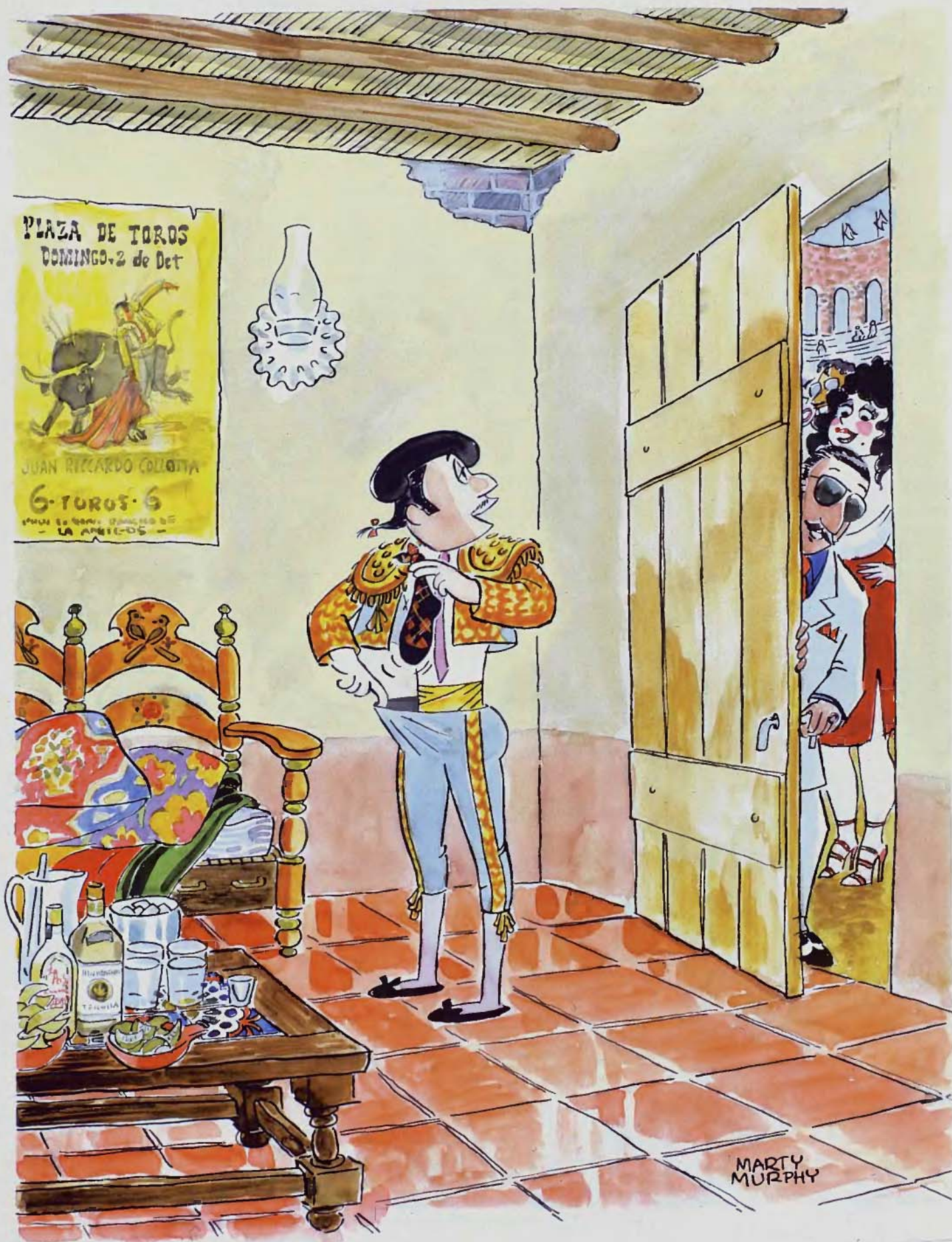
Edwards in the first round in 1998 and he turned in a superb rookie season, rushing for 1115 yards, catching 35 passes and scoring 12 touchdowns. But he participated in a beach football game during Pro Bowl week in February and injured his left knee. Now he may never play football again.

In need of a runner to continue as a contender, New England explored the possibility of trading up in the 1999 draft for either Ricky Williams or Edgerrin James. But the asking price was too steep, and the Patriots wound up drafting All-America Kevin Faulk in the second round. He's LSU's all-time leading rusher but is only 5'7". The Patriots hope Faulk, at 205 pounds, can be the next Joe Morris. If he isn't, quarterback Drew Bledsoe may have to deliver a play-off berth single-handedly.

The other teams in the East are well stocked in arms and legs. The defending division champion Jets have the AFC's leading passer in Vinny Testaverde and a 1200-yard rusher in Curtis Martin. The Bills have an achieving big back in 225-pound Antowain Smith and an overachieving little quarterback in 5'8" Doug Flutie. The Colts loom as contenders-in-waiting with 1998 first-round draft pick Peyton Manning at quarterback and 1999 first-rounder Edgerrin James at halfback. Manning set NFL rookie records with his 3739 passing yards and 26 touchdowns last season. James has some huge shoes to fill: The Colts cleared out a starting spot for him by trading Marshall Faulk to St. Louis (sixth in the NFL in rushing and third in receiving in 1998) and passing up the heralded Williams in the first round. Colts General Manager Bill Polian envisioned James as a better fit catching Manning's passes than Williams. Not that he can't run—James rushed for a school-record 1416 yards at the University of Miami last fall. At 20, he's also younger and faster than Williams.

AFC CENTRAL

Baltimore is another NFL team that played too long under the old rules. Since moving to Maryland in 1996, the Ravens focused their energy, draft picks and free-agent dollars on defense. They fielded a unit last season that included three number one draft picks, a pair of number twos, and three free agents. So the defense was competitive. But the offense wasn't. Back-to-back six-win seasons cost Ted Marchibroda his job. Now Brian Billick arrives to juice up an offense that can't run, pass or win. Billick served a coaching apprenticeship under Hall of Famer Bill Walsh and learned football's cardinal rule: Success starts at quarterback. He wanted to bring Brad Johnson with him from Minnesota. But the Redskins made the higher, successful bid for his services in a trade with the Vikings. Billick then wanted Warren



MARTY
MURPHY

"Un momento, por favor . . . I haven't finished dressing."

Moon, whom he coached to a Pro Bowl at Minnesota, before settling on Scott Mitchell.

That didn't excite the masses in Baltimore. This is a town that was entranced by Johnny Unitas in the Fifties and Sixties and by Bert Jones in the Seventies. Both excelled in big games. Mitchell is 0-2 in his postseason career with five interceptions and one touchdown. He was benched by the Detroit Lions early last season in favor of a rookie. But Billick, who presided over Cunningham's career resurrection in 1998, has two words for the Baltimore faithful: Trust me.

"I know a bit about quarterbacking," Billick has told the city. "I think this guy has the potential to help us win football games."

Mitchell certainly thinks so. He plans on wearing jersey number 19 this season, Johnny Unitas' number. It's too bad he won't have an 82 (Raymond Berry) and a 24 (Lenny Moore) on the field with him like Unitas had.

The quarterback slot is also a major concern of the Pittsburgh Steelers. Kordell Stewart was a Pro Bowl alternate in his first season as a starter in 1997 when

he ran and passed the Steelers to the AFC title game. The Steelers expected Stewart to take the next step in his development as a quarterback in 1998. But it was a step backward.

Stewart slid from 32 touchdowns in 1997 to 13 in 1998. He passed for only 11 scores and ran for two. He offset that meager production with 18 interceptions and three fumbles. The Steelers failed to win the AFC Central for the first time in five years and failed to make the playoffs for the first time in seven years.

The Steelers have enough defense for another run at the playoffs in 1999. They have a ground game with Jerome Bettis. And they added much-needed speed on the flank with number one draft pick Troy Edwards, who set an NCAA record with 50 career touchdown catches at Louisiana Tech. The Steelers can still compete for Super Bowls. But will Stewart let them?

Quarterbacking is the strength at Jacksonville, which is why the Jaguars are the runaway favorites to repeat as AFC Central champion. In the one season Mark Brunell managed to play 16 games, he passed for 4367 yards and 19

touchdowns and the Jaguars reached the AFC championship game. But he missed two games in 1997 with torn knee ligaments and three games in 1998 with a sprained ankle. Those injuries prevented Brunell and the Jaguars from reaching their full potential.

The Jaguars surround Brunell with a 1200-yard rusher and two Pro Bowl receivers. Defensively, Jacksonville finally filled a weak spot by drafting Alabama cornerback Fernando Bryant in the first round last April. The Jaguars are loaded. Ohio's two divisional entries, the Bengals and the Browns, are not.

Both of those teams will introduce rookie quarterbacks this season—Akili Smith at Cincinnati and Tim Couch at Cleveland—and will struggle as a result. The Tennessee Titans have been collecting playmakers for years in quarterback Steve McNair, running back Eddie George and wide receivers Yancey Thigpen and Kevin Dyson. The addition of Jevon Kearse, the best pass rusher in the draft, should spark this franchise's return to the playoffs for the first time since 1993.

AFC WEST

With John Elway gone, Denver's hopes for a Super three-peat have diminished. Having Elway on your team meant having a contender. He produced an NFL-record 162 victories, 10 playoff berths, seven AFC West titles, five AFC championships and two Super Bowl triumphs in his 16 seasons with the Broncos. But Elway decided to leave on top, retiring after earning Super Bowl MVP honors in his final football game.

The Hall of Fame awaits Elway—and the Broncos now await the Bubby Brister era. Brister filled in admirably for an injured Elway in two stints as starter last season, posting a 4-0 record with eight touchdown passes and only two interceptions. But during an NFL career spanning 12 years and four teams, Brister lost more games (38) than he has won (37). He also sat out the 1996 season, unemployed and unwanted. Now Brister has been entrusted with the offense of the NFL's best team. He has the league's leading rusher, a Pro Bowl tight end and two 1000-yard receivers. But the Broncos are asking Brister to take them where he has never been before.

The AFC West was conditioned to lose to Elway. He beat San Diego and Seattle 20 times apiece, Kansas City 18 times and Oakland 13 times. But the division isn't conditioned to lose to Brister. This is no longer Denver's division because it's no longer Elway's division.

"You're talking about one of the superstars of the game," says Mike Holmgren, new head coach of the Seahawks. "You don't lose a player like John Elway with nothing happening. I think most of the teams in this division will tell you they can see some light at the end of



"I'd recommend the roadkill. It's fresh!"

the tunnel now." Holmgren's Seahawks loom as Denver's chief threat out West. Holmgren will replace Dennis Erickson, who failed to deliver Seattle a playoff team in his four seasons as head coach. But this is hardly a rebuilding situation. The Seahawks finished 8-8 each of the last two years and aren't that far away. Not with three Pro Bowlers on defense, a couple of number one draft picks on the offensive line and veteran playmakers in Joey Galloway and Ricky Watters. Holmgren was hired in Green Bay in 1992 to fix a 4-12 team. No such fixing will be necessary in Seattle. Just a little direction.

"We're in better shape here than when we got to Green Bay," Holmgren said. "The wild card, of course, was that we got Brett Favre right away and were able to build the team around him. Here it's the other way around. Now the quarterback has to come through and play."

That quarterback is Jon Kitna. He has started six career games—one in 1997 and five in 1998—and won four of them. Favre had never started a game and had thrown only five NFL passes when he went to work for Holmgren in Green Bay. Now he's the best quarterback in the league.

"Physically, Jon has the size and strength of Brett," Holmgren said. "But Jon doesn't throw the ball as hard as Brett. No one does."

The other three teams in the West have new coaches, new quarterbacks or both. The Oakland Raiders released quarterback Jeff George and signed Rich Gannon as a free agent away from Kansas City. The Chiefs changed coaches. Marty Schottenheimer quit after suffering the first losing season in his 15-year coaching career, and the Chiefs promoted from within, giving the head job to defensive coordinator Gunther Cunningham. The San Diego Chargers hired Oregon State's Mike Riley as their new coach and acquired Jim Harbaugh from the Baltimore Ravens to be their new quarterback.

Kansas City finished seven games back of Denver last season. The comeback trail grew even longer when the Chiefs lost cornerback Dale Carter, their best defender, to the Broncos in free agency. The Chiefs will need full seasons out of quarterback Elvis Grbac and running back Bam Morris if they're going to have an impact in the West in 1999. Grbac started only six games last season and Morris five.

The Raiders hope Gannon can give their struggling offense a boost. But he's 33 years old and hasn't opened an NFL season as a number one quarterback since 1992. The Chargers are looking for that same boost from Harbaugh, who will be starting for his third team in three years. He turns 36 this season.



WHERE



HOW TO BUY

WIRED

Page 29: "Gearing Up for 1-01-00": **Radio and lantern** by *Freeplay*, 800-946-3234. **Solar-powered radio** by *Sun-Mate*, 877-786-6283. **Phones** by *Sanyo*, 818-998-7322, ext. 564. **Two-way radios**: By *Motorola*, 800-353-2729. By *Kenwood Electronics*, 800-536-9663. By *Sony Electronics*, 800-222-7669. By *Cobra*, 773-889-3087. "Wild Things": **Headphones and CD-DVD changers** by *Sony Electronics*, 800-222-7669. **CD-DVD changer** by *Panasonic*, 800-211-7262.

MANTRACK

Page 35: "Italian Connection": **API Travel**, 800-401-4274. "Cognac": *Gabriel & Andreu*, 713-977-6295.

FASHION FORECAST

Pages 84-89: **Suit** by *Ermenegildo Zegna*, 212-751-3468. **Shirt** by *Joseph Abboud*, 617-266-4200. **Tie** by *Brioni*, at select Neiman Marcus stores. **Suit and shirt** by *Hugo Boss*, 800-HUGO-BOSS. **Tie** by *Brioni*, 212-355-1940. **Suit** by *Mondo di Marco*, at Mondo Collections, Miami, 305-931-4494 and Boca Raton, 561-394-1119. **Shirt** by *Alfred Dunhill*, 800-860-8362. **Tie** by *Thomas Pink*, 888-226-1192. **Suit and shirt** by *Vestimenta*, at Alex Sebastian, Costa Mesa, 714-545-3821. **Tie** by *Burberry*, 800-284-8480. **Shirt** by *Brioni*, 212-355-1940. **Sweater** by *Ralph Lauren*, at Bloomingdale's and Polo Ralph Lauren stores. **Shirts, tie and sweater** by *Joseph Abboud*, 617-266-4200. **Shirts** by *Paul Smith*, 212-627-9770. **Sunglasses** by *Calvin Klein*, at Macy's 212-695-4400. **Vest** by *Ermenegildo Zegna*, 212-751-3468. **Belts** by *Tardini*, at Saks Fifth Avenue. **Watch** by *Alfred Dunhill*, 800-860-8362. **Sweater** by *Hugo Boss*, 800-HUGO-BOSS. **Suit** by *René Lézard*, 212-625-0476. **Shirt** by *Zegna*, at Ermenegildo Zegna stores. **Tie** by *Robert Talbott Best of Class*, 800-747-8778. **Suit and tie** by *Joseph Abboud*, at Saks Fifth Avenue and Nordstrom stores. **Shirt** by *Hugo Boss*, 800-HUGO-BOSS. **Suit** by *DKNY*, at Bloomingdale's and Macy's stores. **Shirt** by *Paul Smith*, 212-627-9770. **Tie** by *Joseph Abboud*, 617-266-4200. **Suit** by *Burberry*, 800-284-8480. **Shirt** by *Gene Meyer*, at Atrium, 212-473-9200 and Rag Factory, 310-656-1124. **Tie** by *Ralph Lauren*, at Bloomingdale's and Polo Ralph Lauren Stores.



GROOMING 2000

Pages 90-91: **Grooming products**: By *American Crew*, 800-598-2739. By *Paul Mitchell*, 888-764-7256. By *Kiehl's*, 800-543-4571. By *Aubrey Organics*, 800-282-7394. By *Lane Labs*, 800-510-2010. By *Dermalogica*, 800-831-5150. By *Estée Lauder*, 888-731-6024. By *Thymes Ltd.*, 800-661-8850. By *Schick*, 800-742-8377. By *Creed*, 212-554-4027. By *Ralph Lauren*, 800-422-2360. By *Caron*, 877-882-2766. By *Mustela*, 800-422-2987. By *Biotherm Homme*, 888-BIO-THERM. By *Nino Cerruti*, 800-555-SHOP, item number M475. By *Liquid U4ea*, *Revlon*, *Just for Men*, *Clairol*, *Tommy Hilfiger*, *Jovan*, *Chanel*, *Calvin Klein*, *Norelco*, *Oster*, *Davidoff*, *Ted Baker*, *Candies*, at drug stores and fine department stores.

DIGITAL TECH 2000

Pages: 94-97: **Computer** by *IBM*, 800-426-7235, ext. 4340. **Minidisc recorder** by *Sony Electronics*, 800-222-7669. **MP3 recorder** by *Sensory Science*, 877-563-9388. **Camera** by *Nikon*, 800-526-4566. **Camcorder** by *Sony Electronics*, 800-222-7669. **Internet phone** by *Infogear*, from *Cidco*, 800-398-9384. **Cell phone** by *Nokia*, 888-665-4228. **TV recorder** by *Replay*, 800-266-1301. **HDTV receiver** by *Mitsubishi Electronics*, 800-332-2119. **TV** by *Pioneer Electronics*, 800-746-6337.

FUN 2000

Pages: 124-125: **Festivals**: *Super Bowl Weekend*, 212-450-2000. *Gasparilla Pirate Fest*, 813-353-8180. *Mardi Gras*, 504-838-6111. *Karneval*, 212-661-7200. *Bike Week*, 800-854-1234. *Fiesta San Antonio*, 877-723-4378. *Sailing Week*, 888-268-4227. *Beale Street Music Festival*, 901-525-4611. *Kentucky Derby*, 502-584-6383. *Monaco Government Tourist Office*, 800-753-9669. *Playboy Jazz Festival*, 310-449-4070. *Nudestock*, 517-741-7004. *Calgary Stampede*, 800-661-1260. *Pebble Beach Concours d'Elegance*, 831-659-0663. *Burning Man*, 415-863-5263. *Bumbershoot*, 201-281-8111. *Exotic Erotic Ball*, 800-396-8426. *Fantasy Fest*, 305-296-1817. *Cannabis Cup*, 212-219-7000. *Hedonism III*, 800-467-8737. *Rio New Year's Eve*, 310-643-2638.

ON THE SCENE

Page 175: "Fore and Aft": *Silversea Cruises*, 800-774-9996 or www.silversea.com.

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LIVING ONLINE

(continued from page 143)

was *The Hustler*. The LP was listed in "VG++" condition for \$30—a bargain, considering I couldn't find it anywhere else. (By the way, if you're in the market for a record player, check out the super-cool self-contained units made by Califone: garage-a-records.com/cali.html.) Musicfile has more than 3.5 million items for sale and has become the first stop for many lovers of hard-to-find music. Of course, Amazon recently bought Musicfile.

FIND A FLICK

Unless you live in a one-theater town, it's a pain to find a movie. The display ads in the newspaper usually don't list times, and the listings don't tell you what the movies are about. And I can't stomach the MovieFone guy's unctuous enthusiasm. Now I pick my movies through FilmFrenzy (filmfrenzy.com). You enter your zip code and get an alphabetical list of every movie playing within a five-mile radius (you can adjust the proximity). Alternately, you can display the results by theater. To help you decide what to watch, each movie listing is linked to movie reviews.

FORGET-ME-NOT, NET

Mail to the Future (www.mailtothefuture.com) does just one thing and does it well: It lets you send e-mail to yourself or anyone else, on a specified date and time. If you have a doctor's appointment three months from now, just type a message to yourself, enter the time and date you want the e-mail to be sent, and press the button. It's also a great way

to remind a group of people about a meeting ("Don't forget—poker at Dave's house tonight"). But this site is useful only if you check your e-mail at least once a day.

DISCOUNT DUDS

Bluefly (bluefly.com) sells designer clothing at discount prices. It takes about ten minutes to set up a custom catalog, which you create by entering information about your size, the labels you like (such as Diesel, Polo Ralph Lauren, Calvin Klein, Prada, Tommy Hilfinger) and the types of clothing and accessories you're interested in. The website conked out on me about three quarters of the way through, and I had to start over. When it finally worked, I ended up with a 19-page list of clothes and accessories. The items appeared as small image files, which I could click on for a larger view. But sometimes the larger image didn't match the smaller one. After I placed an order for several T-shirts and pairs of boxers (shipped standard UPS for \$3.95), I received e-mail thanking me for my order. But the next day, I got another e-mail informing me that there was a problem with my credit card, and that my order had been canceled. I replied, asking what the problem was. Thirty seconds later Bluefly informed me that things were "buzzing" at the company, and that it'd be a day or so before they'd get back to me. The next day, someone from Bluefly wrote to tell me the shipping address did not match the address linked to my credit card. (I use separate billing and shipping addresses.) If I wanted to reorder, the Bluefly representative told me, I'd have to go through the entire rigmarole again. No thanks.

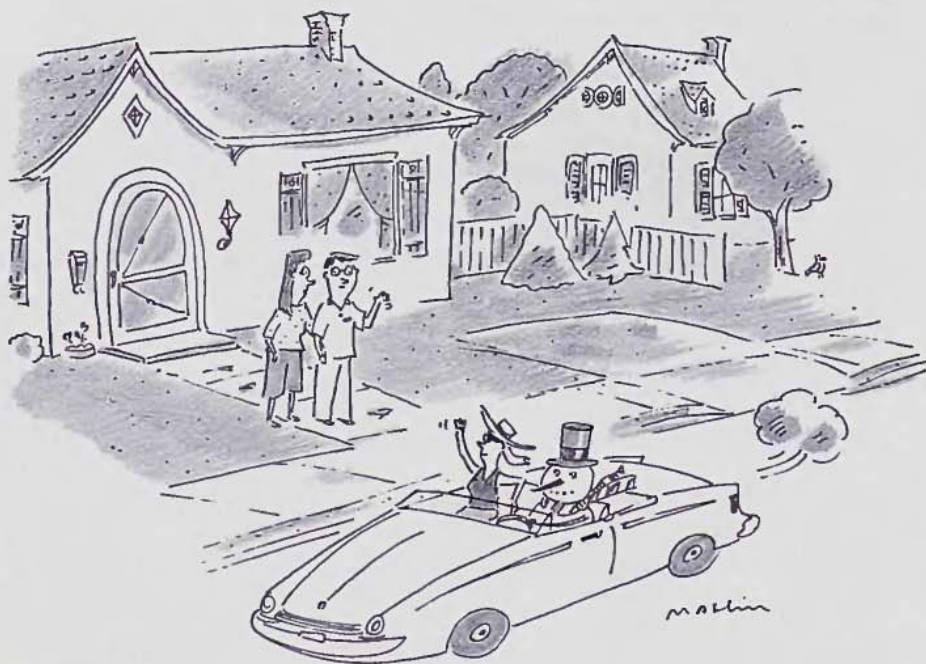
WWW UNPLUGGED

I have one computer, a Compaq Presario 1215 laptop. During the past six months, the battery life has dwindled to about 30 seconds. If I want to work at the local coffee shop, I have to sit at the one table next to an outlet or I'm out of luck. Time to buy a new battery. I went to iGo (1800batteries.com), the power source superstore. It has batteries, AC adapters and other accessories for our electronic stuff—cell phones, laptops, PDAs, camcorders. When I bought my battery there, I couldn't resist also getting IBM's Cordless Computer Connection, a 900 MHz wireless modem link. Now I can use my laptop anywhere around the house, or in the backyard, without being plugged into a power outlet or phone jack. Ah, freedom!

TRAVELER'S ADVISORY

I recently looked at the revamped MSN Expedia Travel site (expedia.com) and liked what I saw. Overall, the site does a good job of remembering who you are, what you like and where you travel. (Fear not, Expedia has joined TrustE—truste.org—which means that it must disclose its privacy policy and give you the ability to choose how it uses your personal information.) The site has been fine-tuned with features such as drop-down calendars that make date entry nearly foolproof. The new My Travel section lets you consolidate all your preferences in one place, making it simple to access and update seating and meal choices, frequent flyer numbers and favorite destinations. Bargain hunters will appreciate new features that make it easier to find the lowest fare, and business travelers will like the Express Purchase function—a ticket purchase takes as few as two clicks. I like the 360-degree photo tours of exotic destinations, along with the complete vacation package deals.

Quick Hits: If you're looking for new digs in a new city, try SpringStreet (www.springstreet.com) before you pound the pavement. It lists 6 million apartments around the U.S. and offers sources to help with the hassles of moving. There are more than 500 free e-mail services on the web. Shop for one that suits you at E-mail Addresses (emailaddresses.com). Weather conditions and forecasts are updated every hour for 80,000 cities around the world at Weather Underground (wunderground.com). To comparison-shop for computers and consumer electronics, go to mySimon (mysimon.com). Looking for a new way to travel? Try Freighter World Cruises (freighterworld.com). The 15-minute stock market delay available on most sites is for suckers. Get free real-time quotes from freerealtime.com.



sable mania

(continued from page 133)

whatever I do. I'd like to say thank you to all of them."

In June, Sable, a.k.a. Rena Mero, filed a complaint against the WWF, stating that the sport has become "obscene, titillating, vulgar and unsafe" and requesting \$100 million in punitive damages. At first we thought she might be putting us on. After all, we're talking about the WWF. It's a kind of entertainment. What's the big deal? But that's not at all the way Mero sees it, so we sat down with her for an exclusive interview.

Q: The last time we spoke, you appeared to be pleased with the WWF. What happened?

A: In the past year I have become increasingly concerned about my safety, about sexual harassment and about my perception of the use of drugs in the WWF.

Q: Describe the WWF behind the scenes.

A: Men would routinely walk into the women's dressing room, as if by accident. They cut holes in the walls to watch us dress. They bragged about their sexual encounters. Some of the other wrestlers even threatened to beat me up outside the ring.

Q: When did your co-workers turn against you?

A: When I won the championship belt. They felt I didn't deserve it and threatened and emotionally abused me. They said they would bite my face and disfigure me. It's terrible to have to work in an environment where you are worried about your safety. You never know what people who are under the influence of drugs are going to do.

Q: Did WWF owner Vince McMahon know all this was going on?

A: He had to be aware of the situation, and he said he would test for drugs. I asked him later about drug testing, then he said it was too expensive to continue to test the employees.

Q: What was the final straw?

A: When I opened my gym bag and found it filled with human feces. That was the most demeaning and humiliating thing that's ever happened to me. In baseball, a player is fined for spitting on an ump. Nothing happens to wrestlers who smear shit on someone's personal belongings.

Q: We would never have accused the WWF of being regulated, but isn't it self-policed in some fashion?

A: It's a sport that has run amok. The wrestlers can do whatever they want because there are no consequences for their actions. McMahon doesn't care.

Q: What is it like dealing with Vince McMahon?

A: He's controlling and intimidating. I feel threatened by him. I've approached him several times about my problems

with the WWF. I asked him that T-shirts depicting Sable offering sexual favors not be printed. I asked that I not have to participate in a lesbian angle. But when you are under contract, McMahon controls every aspect of your life.

Q: You refused to let your bra be ripped off during a live pay-per-view event. What happened next?

A: My championship title was taken away. They changed Sable from a good character to an evil one. When the WWF asks you to participate in a certain angle and you refuse, you are demoted. When you deny a request, there are consequences. At the time, I felt like it was the WWF's way of bashing me. There is a time and a place for nudity, but it's not during a live pay-per-view event where children are present in the arena or could be watching on TV.

Q: What's the impact of Owen Hart's death on the WWF?

A: Owen was one of the classiest guys in wrestling. He was devoted to his family. Within minutes after taking Owen out of the ring on a stretcher, they continued the show. Not only that, but in the next segment, Vince McMahon was rushed out of the arena on a stretcher. It was in poor taste. They should have edited it out.

Q: Is it foolhardy to take a stand against McMahon?

A: It's scary, but someone has to speak out. I'm not doing this with a safety net, or because there's a ton of money waiting for me. I've simply had enough.

Q: Can you justify your request for \$100 million in punitive damages?

A: McMahon has a fortune upwards of \$750 million, which is more than those of most professional sports teams. We're hoping to change the way women and men are treated in this sport.



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RANDY MOSS

(continued from page 113)

replacement, we offer you an emblem for the computer age: Randy Moss, an athlete who is more Def Jam than *Space Jam*. Able to thrill or frighten you in a single bound. A 200-pound wide receiver with 4.25 speed in the 40-yard dash, a 40-inch vertical leap and a nickname: the Freak.

Oh, yeah—and a complete lack of fear, on the field and in front of the mike. After all, this is the guy who, upon being drafted, said, "I want to do whatever I can to rip this league up."

So far, so good. No, better:

"Thirteen years ago Jerry Rice came on the NFL scene, and now it's Randy Moss," Bill Walsh, former coach of the San Francisco 49ers, told *Sporting News*. "During those 13 years some marvelous players have been developed and some outstanding men have performed at that position. But Moss is the greatest wide receiver since Rice. We'll just have to wait and see if he can sustain his career as Jerry Rice has."

That's the key, waiting.

Scene two: The Vikings' final 1998 regular season game, in chilly Nashville. Oilers cornerback Denard Walker shut out Moss in the first half, ending every play by taking out the verbal trash. On the Vikings' first third-quarter drive Moss forced Walker into a pass interference penalty. One play later Moss leaped high over Walker to catch a touchdown pass that gave the Vikings the lead for good and made Minnesota the highest-scoring team in NFL history.

In the next instant Moss was flagged for taunting Walker. "We've got one cornerback out there trash-talking," Moss said later, "and the other just trying to play, trying to make sure he doesn't get put on *SportsCenter*."

This is Moss, in a nutshell. The ability to make plays that belong on any highlight show. A history that raises all sorts of red flags.

There is no question that Moss' combination of skill, size and speed makes him the poster player for Generation Next. His edgy countenance plays like an MTV Buzz Clip. He even has his own website, where he hawks autographed merchandise.

Moss, about to enter his second season with the Vikings, tore through the NFL last year. He made 69 catches for 1313 yards and made a league-leading 17 touchdown catches, easily the most ever by a rookie. He had ten touchdown catches of 40 yards or more, which tied an NFL record set in 1951 by Elroy "Crazy-legs" Hirsch while he was with the Los Angeles Rams.

On draft day 1998, 19 teams took a pass on Moss—Cincinnati twice—even though just about everybody agreed that he was the best receiver available. "A

once-in-a-lifetime guy," says Vikings receivers coach Hubbard Alexander, who spent several years tutoring Michael Irvin in Dallas.

There was a reason. No, several:

In 1995, having accepted an offer to play for Lou Holtz at Notre Dame the following year, Moss was involved in a fight with a classmate who allegedly had carved a racial slur in a school desk. Moss pleaded guilty to two charges of battery and was sentenced to 30 days in jail—three days to be served immediately, the rest after his freshman year in college. In the wake of the conviction Notre Dame rescinded its offer.

Moss instead went to Florida State, where coach Bobby Bowden watched him run the second-fastest 40-yard dash in school history. But when Moss went back to finish his jail sentence after his freshman year he tested positive for marijuana. The result was solitary confinement for a week and 60 days added to his sentence.

Florida State went away.

So Moss wound up at Marshall. As a freshman he had 28 touchdown catches and led his team to a national championship over Montana. But along the way, Moss was charged with domestic battery after arguing with Libby Offutt, the mother of his two children, now five and one. Ultimately, the charges were dropped.

The sum of all this? Apprehension on the part of NFL executives, many of whom were afraid to draft Moss even though he added 25 touchdown catches as a sophomore, his last year in college. Especially after running back Lawrence Phillips had blown up in the St. Louis Rams' faces. Of course, it didn't help that Moss blew off the NFL scouting combine, ostensibly because of a dental appointment. The popular rumor was that he didn't want to take the mandatory drug test.

The reality was that quite a few teams shied away from Randy Moss on draft day, sending him tumbling all the way to number 21, where Vikings coach Dennis Green grabbed him.

"It took me two seconds to pull the trigger," said Green in *USA Today*. "The Vikings are on the clock—boom, it was that fast. We told Randy this: Your past is your past. We're not looking for any justification or a bunch of excuses or alibis. It's over with, you've paid the price for it. I strongly felt he deserved a second chance to move on with his life."

It might have been the perfect situation. Moss joined a team with several offensive stars; he didn't even start until late in the season. Veteran receiver Cris Carter, who had his share of problems early in his career, took Moss under his wing.

"I tell him there are no excuses," Carter says. "He has been given a tremendous opportunity to mature and handle

his life. He is young, but he shouldn't be any different from any other young player brought here."

Except, of course, that he is different from just about anyone who's stepped onto a field.

Scene three: Moss in the visitors' locker room underneath the Lambeau Field stands. It's the first Monday night of Moss' rookie life and he's on the road, at Green Bay, where the Packers have won 29 straight home games.

What, Moss worry?

"I went over and asked him, 'Are you scared?'" Vikings quarterback Randall Cunningham told *The Washington Post*. "He looked at me kind of funny and said, 'What do you mean, scared?' I said to him, 'Don't you know it's Monday night, all those people out there, everybody watching?' He looked at me and said, 'Hey, let's just get it on.'"

The rest, of course, is historic. In a prime-time dismantling of the Packers, Moss caught five passes for 190 yards, including touchdown catches of 44 and 52 yards.

In his first professional game Moss caught a pair of touchdown passes, the first coming when he tipped an errant pass to himself. The first ten passes he caught went for first downs. From the start he showed the ability to outrun a cornerback or battle him. His knack for coming back for underthrown passes helped make Cunningham an MVP candidate and Moss the runaway rookie of the year.

"Do you understand that this kid could be Michael Jordan?" Carter asked a reporter.

Know this: Moss has never failed—on the field. Never failed to dominate.


He was West Virginia's Mr. Basketball twice in high school. He won state track titles almost on a lark. His numbers in football speak for themselves.


So it's not difficult to understand his sense of confidence.

"I don't think the NFL is on a different level from college," Moss observed to a *Sporting News* writer. "I really don't. I tell my friends this, 'You have this elite group here, the All-Pro guys, but overall it isn't what I thought.' It doesn't shock me to dominate. That hasn't changed. It's always been that way."

Says Dennis Green: "He's a playmaker. I think that the game of football is changing to a certain extent. Whether it is with outside linebackers, pass rushers, running backs or receivers—if a guy is a real big playmaker, he can have an impact on the game. That's clearly what Randy is. He's probably a player of the future."

But what does the future hold? On talent alone, people should be prepared to hang on to Moss' jock for some time to come.

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AFTER THE PLAGUE

(continued from page 92)

once have been, safely ensconced in her condo in Tarzana and surrounded by all the accoutrements of feminine hygiene and beauty, she still wasn't much.

This was her story: She and her live-in boyfriend, Howard, were nature enthusiasts—Howard was, anyway—and just before the plague hit they'd set out to hike an interlocking series of trails in the Golden Trout Wilderness. They were well provisioned, with the best of everything—Howard managed a sporting goods store—and for the first three weeks everything went according to plan. They ate delicious freeze-dried fettuccine Alfredo and shrimp couscous, drank cognac from a bota and made love wrapped in polypropylene, Gore-Tex and nylon. Mosquitoes and horseflies sampled her legs, but she felt good, born again, liberated from the traffic and the smog and her miserable desk in a miserable corner of the electronics company her father had founded. Then one morning, when they were camped by a stream, Howard went off with his day pack and a fly rod and never came back. She waited. She searched. She screamed herself hoarse. A week went by. Every day she searched in a new direction, following the stream both ways and combing every tiny rill and tributary, until finally she got herself lost. All streams

were one stream, all hills and ridges alike. She had three Judo bars with her and a six-ounce bag of peanuts, but no shelter and no freeze-dried entrées—all that was back at the camp she and Howard had made in happier times. A cold rain fell. There were no stars that night and when something moved in the brush beside her she panicked and ran blindly through the dark, hammering her shins and destroying her face, her hair and her clothes. She'd been wandering ever since.

I made her a package of Top Ramen, gave her a towel and a bar of soap and showed her the primitive shower I'd rigged up above the ancient slab of the tub. I was afraid to touch her or even come too close to her. Sure I was skittish. Who wouldn't be when 99 percent of the human race had just died off on the tailwind of a simple sneeze? Besides, I'd begun to adopt all the habits of the hermit—talking to myself, performing elaborate rituals over my felicitous stock of foodstuffs, dredging bursts of elementary school songs and beer jingles out of the depths of my brain—and I resented having my space invaded. *Still*. Still, though, I felt that Sarai had been delivered to me by some higher power, that she'd been blessed. We'd escaped the infection. We'd survived. And we weren't just errant members of a selfish, suspicious and fragmented society, but the very foundation of a new one. She was a

woman. I was a man.

At first, she wouldn't believe me when I waved a dismissive hand at the ridge behind the cabin and all that lay beyond it and informed her that the world was depopulated, that the apocalypse had come and that she and I were among the solitary survivors—and who could blame her? As she sipped my soup and ate my flapjacks and treated her cuts and abrasions with my Neosporin and her hair with my shampoo, she must have thought she'd found a lunatic as her savior. "If you don't believe me," I said, and I was gloating, I was, sick as it may seem, "try the radio."

She looked at me out of the leery brooding eyes of the one sane woman in a madhouse of impostors, plugged the cord into the socket and calibrated the dial as meticulously as a safe-cracker. She was rewarded by static—no dynamics even, just a single dull continuum—but she glared up at me as if I'd rigged the thing to disappoint her. "So," she spat, skinny as a refugee, her hair kinked and puffed up with my shampoo till it devoured her parsimonious and disbelieving little sliver of a face, "that doesn't prove a thing. It's broken, that's all."

When she got her strength back, we hiked out to the car and drove into Fish Fry Flats so she could see for herself. I was half-crazy with the terrible weight of the knowledge I'd been forced to hold inside me, and I can't describe the irritation I felt at her utter lack of interest—she treated me like a street gibberer, a psychotic, Cassandra in long pants. She condescended to me. She was *humoring* me, for God's sake, and the whole world lay in ruins around us. But she would have a rude awakening, she would, and the thought of it was what kept me from saying something I'd regret—I didn't want to lose my temper and scare her off, but I hate stupidity and willfulness. It's the one thing I won't tolerate in my students. Or wouldn't. Or didn't.

Fish Fry Flats, which in the best of times could hardly be mistaken for a metropolis, looked now as if it had been deserted for a decade. Weeds had begun to sprout up through invisible cracks in the pavement, dust had settled over the idle gas pumps and the windows of the main building were etched with grime. And the animals—the animals were everywhere, marmots waddling across the lot as if they owned it, a pair of coyotes asleep in the shade of an abandoned pickup, ravens cawing and squirrels chittering. I cut the engine just as a bear the color of cinnamon toast tumbled stupendously through an already-shattered window and lay on his back waving his bloodied paws in the air as if he were drunk—which he was. As we discovered a few minutes later—once he'd lurched to his feet and staggered off into the bushes—a whole host of creatures had raided the grocery, stripping the candy



"I'll give you some painkillers, but might I suggest that you lay off the lovemaking for a couple of days?"

display right down to the twisted wire rack, scattering Triscuits and Doritos, shattering jars of jam and jugs of port wine and grinding the hand-carved Tule Indian figurines underfoot. There was no sign of the formerly sunny proprietor nor of his dancing feet—I could only imagine that the ravens, coyotes and ants had done their work.

But Sarai—she was still an unbeliever, even after she dropped a quarter into the public telephone and put the dead black plastic receiver to her ear. For all the good it did her, she might as well have tried coaxing a dial tone out of a stone or a block of wood, and I told her so. She gave me a sour look, the sticks of her bones briefly animated beneath a sweater and jacket I'd loaned her—it was the end of October and getting cold at 7200 feet—and then she tried another quarter, and then another, before she slammed the receiver down in a rage and turned her seething face on me. "The lines are down, that's all," she sneered. And then her mantra: "It doesn't prove a thing."

While she'd been frustrating herself, I'd been loading the car with canned goods, after entering the main building through the broken window and unlatching the door from the inside. "And what about all this?" I said, irritated, hot with it, sick to death of her and her thick-headedness. I gestured at the coyotes, the hump in the bushes that was the drunken bear, the waddling marmots and the proprietary ravens.

"I don't know," she said, clenching her jaw. "And I don't care." Her eyes had a dull sheen to them. They were insipid and bovine, the color of the dirt at her feet. And her lips—thin and stung, collapsed in a riot of vertical lines like a dried-up mud puddle. I hated her in that moment, godsend or no. Oh, how I hated her.

"What are you *doing*?" she demanded, as I loaded the last of the groceries into the car, settled into the driver's seat and turned the engine over. She was ten feet from me, caught midway between the moribund phone booth and the living car. One of the coyotes lifted its head at the vehemence of her tone and gave her a sleepy, yellow-eyed look.

"Going back to the cabin," I said.

"You're *what*?" Her face was pained. She'd been through agonies. I was a devil and a madman.

"Listen, Sarai, it's all over. I've told you time and again. You don't have a job anymore. You don't have to pay rent, utility bills, don't have to make car payments or remember your mother's birthday. It's over. Don't you get it?"

"You're insane! You're a shithead! I hate you!"

The engine was purring beneath my feet, fuel a-wasting, but there was infinite fuel now, and though I realized the gas pumps would no longer work, there

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were millions upon millions of cars and trucks out there in the world with full tanks to siphon, and no one around to protest. I could drive a Ferrari if I wanted, a Rolls, a Jag, anything. I could sleep on a bed of jewels, stuff the mattress with hundred-dollar bills, prance through the streets in a new pair of Italian loafers and throw them into the gutter that night and get a new pair in the morning. But I was afraid. Afraid of the infection, the silence, the bones rattling in the wind. "I know it," I said. "I'm insane. I'm a shithead. I admit it. But I'm going back to the cabin and you can do anything you want—it's a free country. Or at least it used to be."

I wanted to add that it was a free world now, a free universe, and that God was in the details, the biblical God, the God of famine, flood and pestilence, but I never got the chance. Before I could open my mouth she bent for a stone and heaved it into the windshield, splintering me with flecks and shards of safety glass. "Die!" she shrieked. "You die, you shit!"

That night we slept together for the

first time. In the morning, we packed up a few things and drove down the snaking mountain road to the charnel house of the world.

I have to confess that I've never been much of a fan of the apocalyptic potboiler, the doomsday film shot through with special effects and asinine dialogue or the cyberpunk version of a grim and relentless future. What these entertainments had led us to expect—the roving gangs, the inhumanity, the ascendancy of machines and the redoubled pollution and ravaging of the earth—wasn't at all what it was like. There were no roving gangs—they were all dead, to a man, woman and tattooed punk—and the only machines still functioning were the automobiles and weed whippers and such that we the survivors chose to put into prosaic action. And a further irony was that the survivors were the least likely and least qualified to organize anything, either for better or worse. We were the fugitive, the misfit, the recluse, and we were so widely scattered we'd never

come into contact with one another anyway—and that was just the way we liked it. There wasn't even any looting of the supermarkets—there was no need. There was more than enough for everybody who ever was or would be.

Sarai and I drove down the mountain road, through the deserted small town of Springville and the deserted larger town of Porterville, and then we turned south for Bakersfield, the Grapevine and southern California. She wanted to go back to her apartment, to Los Angeles, and see if her parents and her sisters were alive still—she became increasingly vociferous on that score as the reality of what had happened began to seep through to her—but I was driving and I wanted to avoid LA at all cost. To my mind, the place had been a pit before the scourge hit, and now it was a pit heaped with 7 million moldering corpses. She carped and moaned and whined and threatened, but she also was in shock and couldn't quite work herself up to her usual pitch, and so we turned west and north on Route 126 and headed toward Montecito, where for the past ten years I'd lived in a cottage on one of the big estates there—the DuPompier place, *Mirame*.

By the way, when I mentioned earlier that the freeways were clear, I was speaking metaphorically—they were free of traffic, but cluttered with abandoned vehicles of all sorts, take your pick, from gleaming choppers with thousand-dollar gold-fleck paint jobs to sensible family cars, Corvettes, Winnebagoes, 18-wheelers and even fire engines and police cruisers. Twice, when Sarai became especially insistent, I pulled alongside one or another of these abandoned cars, swung open her door and said, "Go ahead. Take this Cadillac"—or BMW or whatever—"and drive yourself any damn place you please. Go on. What are you waiting for?" But her face shrank till it was as small as a doll's and her eyes went stony with fear: Those cars were catacombs, each of them, and the horror of that was more than anybody could bear.

So we drove on, through a preternatural silence and a world that already seemed primeval, up the Coast Highway and along the frothing bright boatless sea and into Montecito. It was evening when we arrived, and there wasn't a soul in sight. If it weren't for that—and a certain creeping untended look to the lawns, shrubs and trees—you wouldn't have noticed anything out of the ordinary. My cottage, built in the Twenties of local sandstone and draped in wisteria till it was all but invisible, was exactly as I'd left it. We pulled into the silent drive with the great house looming in the near distance, a field of dark reflective glass that held the blood of the declining sun in it, and Sarai barely glanced up. Her thin shoulders were hunched and she was staring at a worn place on the mat



"I'm sorry, Trevor, but this won't work. I'm a cat person and you're obviously a dog person."

between her feet.

"We're here," I announced, and I got out of the car.

She turned her eyes to me, stricken, suffering, a waif. "Where?"

"Home."

It took her a moment, but when she responded she spoke slowly and carefully, as if she were just learning the language. "I have no home," she said. "Not anymore."

So. What to tell you? We didn't last long, Sarai and I, though we were pioneers, though we were the last hope of the race, drawn together by the tenacious glue of fear and loneliness. I knew there wouldn't be much opportunity for dating in the near future, but we just weren't suited to one another. In fact, we were as unsuited as any two people could ever be, and our sex was tedious and obligatory, a ballet of mutual need and loathing, but to my mind at least, there was a bright side—here was the chance to go forth and be fruitful and do what we could to repopulate the vast and aching sphere of the planet. Within the month, however, Sarai had disabused me of that notion.

It was a silky, fog-hung morning, the day deepening around us, and we'd just gone through the mechanics of sex and were lying exhausted and unsatisfied in the rumple of my gritty sheets (water was a problem and we did what laundry we could with what we were able to haul down from the estate's swimming pool). Sarai was breathing through her mouth, an irritating snort and burble that got on my nerves, but before I could say anything, she spoke in a hard shriveled little nugget of a voice. "You're no Howard," she said.

"Howard's dead," I said. "He deserted you."

She was staring at the ceiling. "Howard was gold," she mused in a languid, reflective voice, "and you're shit."

It was childish, I know, but the dig at my sexual performance really stung—not to mention the ingratitude of the woman—and I came back at her. "You came to me," I said. "I didn't ask for it—I was doing fine out on the mountain without you. And where do you think you'd be if it wasn't for me? Huh?"

She didn't answer right away, but I could feel her consolidating in the bed beside me, magma becoming rock. "I'm not going to have sex with you ever again," she said, and still she was staring at the ceiling. "Ever. I'd rather use my finger."

"You're no Danielle," I said.

She sat up then, furious, all her ribs showing and her shrunken breasts clinging to the remains of them like an afterthought. "Fuck Danielle," she spat. "And fuck you."

I watched her dress in silence, but as

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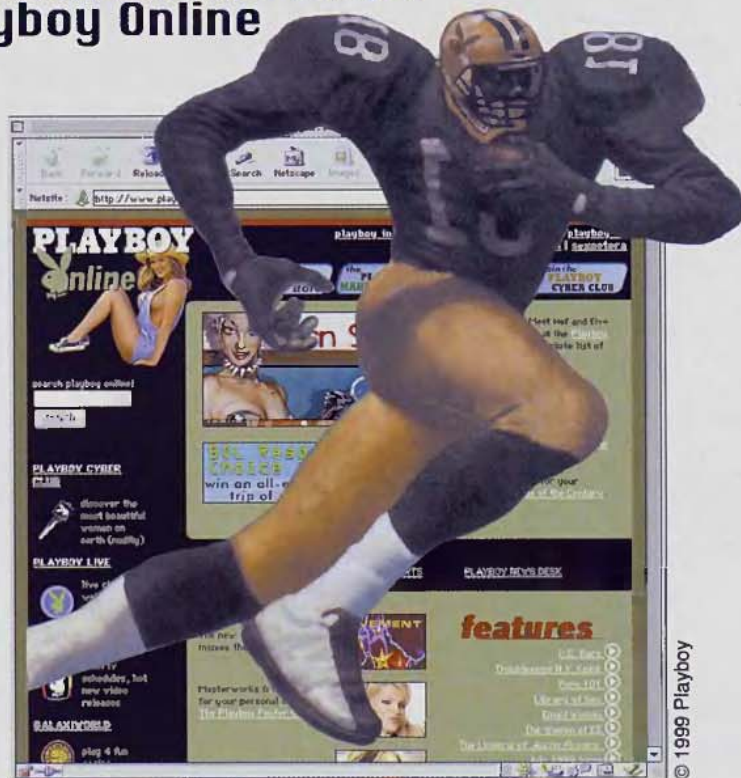
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she was lacing up her boots I couldn't resist saying, "It's no joy for me either, Sarai, but there's a higher principle involved here than our likes and dislikes or any animal gratification, and I think you know what I'm talking about—"

She was perched on the edge of a leather armchair I'd picked up at a yard sale years ago, when money and things had their own reality. She'd laced up the right boot and was working on the left, laces the color of rust, blunt white fingers with the nails bitten to the quick. Her mouth hung open slightly and I could see the pink tip of her tongue caught between her teeth as she worked mindlessly at her task, reverting like a child to her earliest training and her earliest habits. She gave me a blank look.

"Procreation, I mean. If you look at it in a certain way, it's—well, it's our duty."

Her laugh stung me. It was sharp and quick, like the thrust of a knife. "You idiot," she said, and she laughed again, showing the gold in her back teeth. "I hate children, always have—they're little monsters that grow up to be uptight fussy pricks like you." She paused, smiled and released an audible breath. "I had my tubes tied 15 years ago."

That night she moved into the big house, a replica of a Moorish castle in Seville, replete with turrets and battlements. The paintings and furnishings were exquisite, and there were some 12,000 square feet of living space, graced with carved wooden ceilings, colored tiles, rectangular arches, a loggia and formal gardens. Nor had the Dupompieris spoiled the place by being so thoughtless as to succumb inside—they'd died, Julius, Eleanor and their daughter, Kelly, under the arbor in the back, the white bones of their hands eternally clasped. I wished Sarai good use of the place. I did. Because by that point I didn't care if she moved into the White House, so long as I didn't have to deal with her anymore.

Weeks slipped by. Months. Occasionally I would see the light of Sarai's Coleman lantern lingering in one of the high windows of *Mirame* as night fell over the coast, but essentially I was as solitary—and as lonely—as I'd been in the cabin in the mountains. The rains came and went. It was spring. Everywhere the untended gardens ran wild, the lawns became fields, the orchards forests, and I took to walking round the neighborhood with a baseball bat to ward off the packs of feral dogs for which Alpo would never again materialize in a neat bowl in the corner of a dry and warm kitchen. And then one afternoon, while I was at Von's, browsing the aisles for pasta, bottled marinara and Green Giant asparagus spears amid a scattering of rats and the lingering stench of the perished perishables, I detected movement at the far end of the next aisle over. My first thought was that it must be a dog or a

coyote that had somehow managed to get in to feed on the rats or the big 25-pound bags of Purina Dog Chow, but then, with a shock, I realized I wasn't alone in the store.

In all the time I'd been coming here for groceries, I'd never seen a soul, not even Sarai or one of the six or seven other survivors who were out there occupying the mansions in the hills. Every once in a while I'd see a light shining in the wall of the night—someone had even managed to fire up a generator at Las Tejas, a big Italianate villa half a mile away—and every so often a car would go helling up the distant freeway, but basically we survivors were shy of one another and kept to ourselves. It was fear, of course, the spark of panic that told you the contagion was abroad again and that the best way to avoid it was to avoid all human contact. So we did. Strenuously.

But I couldn't ignore the squeak and rattle of a shopping cart wheeling up the bottled water aisle, and when I turned the corner, there she was, Felicia, with her flowing hair and her scared and sorry eyes. I didn't know her name then, not at first, but I recognized her—she was one of the tellers at the Bank of America branch where I cashed my checks. Formerly cashed them, that is. My first impulse was to back wordlessly away, but I mastered it—how could I be afraid of what was human, so palpably human, and appealing? "Hello," I said, to break the tension, and then I was going to say something stupid like "I see you made it too" or "Tough times, huh?" but instead I settled for, "Remember me?"

She looked stricken. Looked as if she were about to bolt—or die on the spot. But her lips were brave and they came together and uttered my name. "Mr. Halloran?" she said, and it was so ordinary, so plebeian, so real.

I smiled and nodded. My name is—was—Francis Xavier Halloran III, a name I've hated since Tyrone Johnson (now presumably dead) tormented me with it in kindergarten, chanting *Francis, Francis, Francis* till I wanted to sink through the floor. But it was a new world now, a world burgeoning and bursting at the seams to discover the lineaments of its new forms and rituals. "Call me Jed," I said.

Nothing happens overnight, especially not in plague times. We were wary of each other, and every banal phrase and stultifying cliché of the small talk we made as I helped her load her groceries into the back of her Range Rover reverberated hugely with the absence of all the multitudes who'd used those phrases before us. Still, I got her address that afternoon—she'd moved into Villa Ruscello, a mammoth place set against the mountains, with a creek, pond and Jacuzzi for fresh water—and I picked her up two nights later in a Rolls Silver

Cloud and took her to my favorite French restaurant. The place was untouched and pristine, with a sweeping view of the sea, and I lit some candles and poured us each a glass of 20-year-old Bordeaux, after which we feasted on canned crab, truffles, cashews and marinated artichoke hearts.

I'd like to tell you that she was beautiful, because that's the way it should be, the way of the fable and the fairy tale, but she wasn't—or not conventionally, anyway. She was a little heavier than she might have been ideally, but that was a relief after stringy Sarai, and her eyes were ever so slightly crossed. Yet she was decent and kind, sweet even, and more importantly, she was available.

We took walks together, raided overgrown gardens for lettuce, tomatoes and zucchini, planted strawberries and snow peas in the middle of the waist-high lawn at Villa Ruscello. One day we drove to the mountains and brought back the generator so we could have lights and refrigeration in the cottage—ice cubes, now there was a luxury—and begin to work our way through the 8000 titles at the local video store. It was nearly a month before anything happened between us, anything sexual, that is. And when it did, she first felt obligated, out of a sense of survivor's guilt, I suppose, to explain to me how she came to be alive and breathing still when everyone she'd ever known had vanished off the face of the earth. We were in the beamed living room of my cottage, sharing a bottle of Dom Perignon, 1970, with the \$310 price tag still on it, and I'd started a fire against the gathering night and the wet raw smell of rain on the air. "You're going to think I'm an idiot," she said.

I made a noise of demurral and put my arm around her.

"Did you ever hear of a sensory deprivation tank?" She was peering up at me through the scrim of her hair, gold and red highlights, health in a bottle.

"Yeah, sure," I said. "But you don't mean—?"

"It was an older one, a model that's not on the market anymore, one of the originals. My roommate's sister—Julie Angier?—she had it out in her garage on Padaro, and she was really into it. You could get in touch with your inner self, relax, maybe even have an out-of-body experience, that's what she said, and I figured why not?" She gave me a look, shy and passionate at once, to let me know that she was the kind of girl who took experience seriously. "They put salt water in it, 300 gallons, heated to your body temperature, and then they shut the lid on you and there's nothing, absolutely nothing there—it's like going to outer space. Or inner space. Inside yourself."

"And you were in there when—?"

She nodded. There was something in her eyes I couldn't read—pride, tri-

umph, embarrassment, a spark of sheer lunacy. I gave her an encouraging smile.

"For days, I guess," she said. "I sort of lost track of everything, who I was, where I was—you know? And I didn't wake up till the water started getting cold"—she looked at her feet—"which I guess is when the electricity went out because there was nobody left to run the power plants. And then I pushed open the lid and the sun through the window was like an atom bomb, and then, then I called out Julie's name, and she . . . well, she never answered."

Her voice died in her throat and she turned those sorrowful eyes on me. I put my other arm around her and held her. "Hush," I whispered, "it's all right now, everything's all right." It was a conventional thing to say, and it was a lie, but I said it and I held her and felt her relax in my arms.

It was then, almost to the precise moment, that Sarai's naked sliver of a face appeared at the window, framed by her two uplifted hands and a rock the size of my Webster's Unabridged. "What about me, you son of a bitch!" she shouted, and there it was again, everlasting stone and frangible glass, and not a glazier left alive on the planet.

I wanted to kill her. It was amazing—three people I knew of had survived the end of everything, and it was one too many. I felt vengeful. Biblical. I felt like storming Sarai's ostentatious castle and wringing her chicken neck for her, and I think I might have if it weren't for Felicia. "Don't let her spoil it for us," she murmured, the gentle pressure of her fingers on the back of my neck suddenly holding my full attention, and we went into the bedroom and closed the door on all that mess of emotion and glass.

In the morning, I stepped into the living room and was outraged all over again. I cursed and stomped and made a fool of myself over heaving the rock back through the window and attacking the shattered glass as if it were alive—I admit I was upset out of all proportion to the crime. This was a new world, a new beginning, and Sarai's nastiness and negativity had no place in it. Christ, there were only three of us—couldn't we get along?

Felicia had repaired dozens of windows in her time. Her little brothers (dead now) and her fiancé (dead too) were forever throwing balls around the house, and she assured me that a shattered window was nothing to get upset over (though she bit her lip and let her eyes fill at the mention of her fiancé, and who could blame her?). So we consulted the yellow pages, drove to the nearest window glass shop and broke in as gently as possible. Within the hour, the new pane had been installed and the putty was drying in the sun, and watching

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Felicia at work had so elevated my spirits I suggested a little shopping spree to celebrate.

"Celebrate what?" She was wearing a No Fear T-shirt and an Anaheim Angels cap and there was a smudge of off-white putty on her chin.

"You," I said. "The simple miracle of you."

And that was fine. We parked on the deserted streets of downtown Santa Barbara and had the stores to ourselves—clothes, the latest (and last) best-sellers, CDs, a new disc player to go with our newly electrified house. Others had visited some of the stores before us, of course, but they'd been polite and neat about it, almost as if they were afraid to betray their presence, and they always closed the door behind them. We saw deer feeding in the courtyards and one magnificent tawny mountain lion stalking the wrong way up a one-way street. By the time we got home, I was elated. Everything was going to work out, I was sure of it.

The mood didn't last long. As I swung into the drive, the first thing I saw was the yawning gap where the new window had been, and beyond it, the undifferentiated heap of rubble that used to be my living room. Sarai had been back. And this time, she'd done a thorough job, smashing lamps and pottery, poking holes in our cans of beef stew and chili con carne, scattering coffee, flour and sugar all over everything and dumping sand in the generator's fuel tank. Worst of all, she'd taken half a dozen pairs of Felicia's panties and nailed them to the living room wall, a crude X slashed across the crotch of each pair. It was hateful and savage—human, that's what it was, human—and it killed all the joy

we'd taken in the afternoon and the animals and the infinite and various riches of the mall. Sarai had turned it all to shit.

"We'll move to my place," Felicia said. "Or any place you want. How about an oceanfront house—didn't you say that you'd always wanted to live right on the ocean?"

I had. But I didn't want to admit it. I stood in the desecrated kitchen and clenched my fists. "I don't want any other place. This is my home. I've lived here for ten years and I'll be damned if I'm going to let her drive me out."

It was an irrational attitude—again, childish—and Felicia persuaded me to pack up a few personal items (my high school yearbook, my reggae albums, a signed first edition of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, a pair of deer antlers I'd found in the woods when I was eight) and move into a place on the ocean for a few days. We drove along the coast road at a slow stately pace, looking over this house or that, until we finally settled on a grand modern place that was all angles and glass and broad sprawling decks. I got lucky and caught a few perch in the surf and we barbecued them on the beach and watched the sun sink into the western bluffs.

The next few days were idyllic, and we thought about little beyond love and food and the way the water felt on our skin at one hour of the day or another, but still the question of Sarai nagged at me. I was reminded of her every time I wanted a cold drink, for instance, or when the sun set and we had to make do with candles and kerosene lanterns—we'd have to go out and dig up another generator, we knew that, but they weren't exactly in demand in a place like Santa Barbara (in the old days, that is)

and we didn't know where to look. And so yes, I couldn't shake the image of Sarai and the look on her face and the things she'd said and done. And I missed my house, because I'm a creature of habit, like anybody else. Or more so. Definitely more so.

Anyway, the solution came to us a week later, and it came in human form—at least it appeared in human form, but it was a miracle and no doubt about it. Felicia and I were both on the beach—naked, of course, as naked and without shame or knowledge of it as Eve and Adam—when we saw a figure marching resolutely up the long curving finger of sand that stretched away into the haze of infinity. As the figure drew closer we saw that it was a man, a man with a scraggly salt-and-pepper beard and hair the same color trailing away from a bald spot worn into his crown. He was dressed in hiking clothes, big-grid boots, a bright blue pack riding his back like a second set of shoulders. We stood there, naked, and greeted him.

"Hello," he said, stopping a few feet from us and staring first at my face, then at Felicia's breasts, and finally, with an effort, bending to check the laces of his boots. "Glad to see you two made it," he said, speaking to the sand.

"Likewise," I returned.

Over lunch on the deck—shrimp salad sandwiches on Felicia-baked bread—we traded stories. It seems he was hiking in the mountains when the pestilence descended—"The mountains?" I interrupted. "Whereabouts?"

"Oh," he said, "up in the Sierras, just above this little town—you've probably never heard of it—Fish Fry Flats?"

I let him go on awhile, explaining how he'd lost his girlfriend and wandered for days before he finally came to a mountain road and appropriated a car to go on down to Los Angeles—"One big cemetery"—and how he'd come up the coast and been wandering ever since. I don't think I've ever felt such exhilaration, such a rush of excitement, so perfect and inimitable a sense of closure.

I couldn't keep from interrupting him again. "I'm clairvoyant," I said, raising my glass to the man sitting opposite me, to Felicia and her breasts, to the happy fishes in the teeming seas and the birds flocking without number in the unencumbered skies. "Your name's Howard, right?"

Howard was stunned. He set down his sandwich and wiped a fleck of mayonnaise from his lips. "How did you guess?" he said, gaping up at me out of eyes that were innocent and pure, the newest eyes in the world.

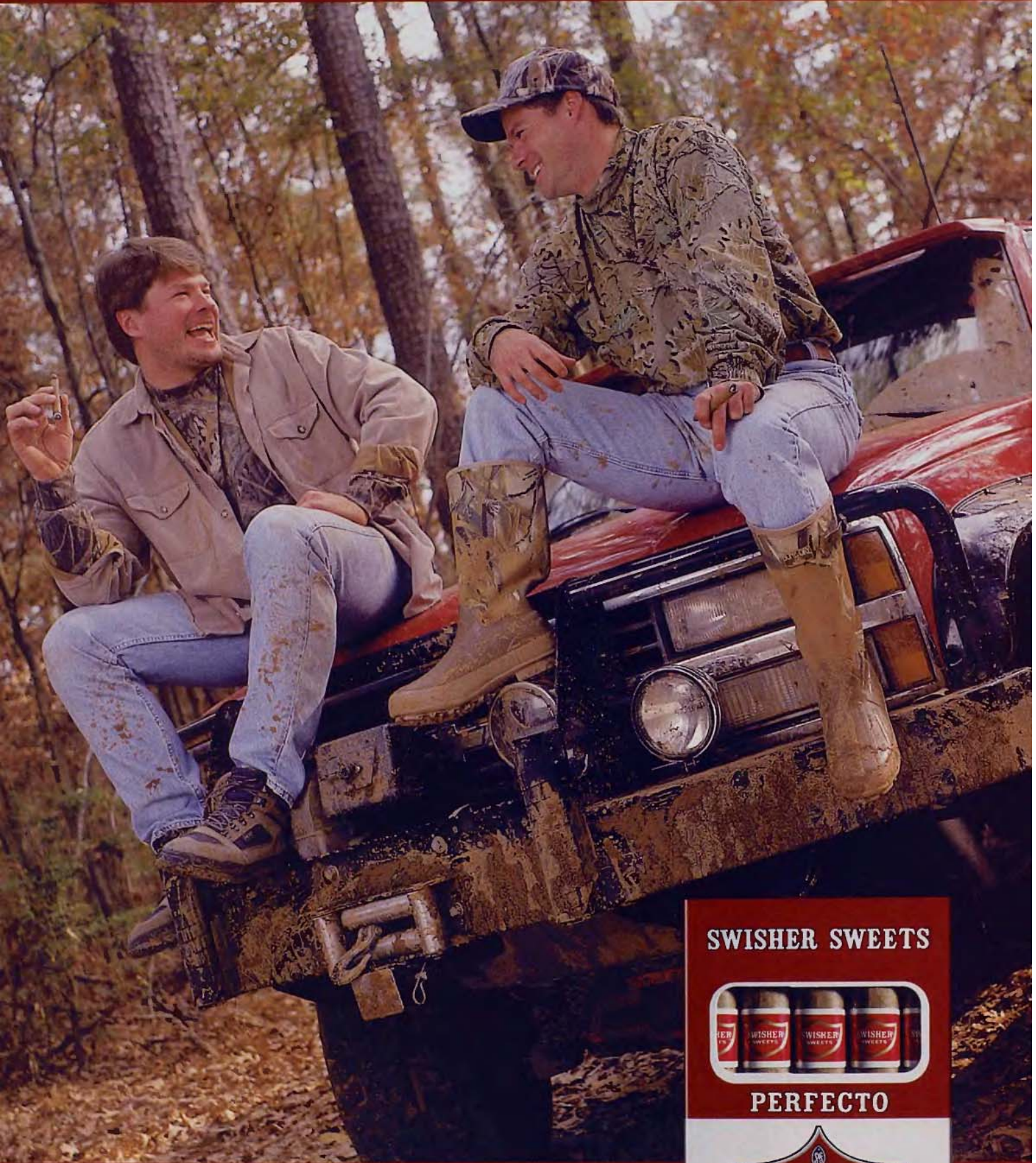
I just smiled and shrugged, as if it were my secret. "After lunch," I said, "I've got somebody I want you to meet."



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GROOMING 2000

(continued from page 90)
THE GANG'S ALL HAIR

Tea tree oil is a popular ingredient found in everything from shampoos to lip balm to soap to toothpaste. It's an oil derived from a tree native to Australia, where the oil is considered a natural treatment for cuts, burns and even acne. American Crew's Sport 2 in 1 shampoo and conditioner contains tea tree oil, which won't dry out your locks. Other companies that make hair products containing tea tree oil include Paul Mitchell and Kiehl's.

The two most popular products for holding your hair in place are gels and pomades. The former is essentially the same stuff hair spray is made from. Light-hold gels are best for men with thinning hair who want to avoid the plastered-down look. A guy with thick hair will need a heavier product. For best results, gels should be applied to damp hair.

Around the turn of the century, men used pomade as a way to keep their hair looking neat. In the Twenties, the slick

look took over and pomade really settled in. It lost popularity for a while, but it's back in both wax- and water-based products from American Crew, Tommy Hilfiger and Liquid U4ea. Rub a small amount in the palm of one hand then rub both hands together to "melt" the pomade. After it's been evenly distributed between your hands, run your fingers through your hair. Always start with a small amount. If you apply too much you'll have to shampoo to get it out.

Have thinning hair? The new Paul Mitchell Professional Scalp Therapy System includes a shampoo and conditioner designed to work with a separate Rogaine solution. The shampoo and conditioner prepare the scalp for the Rogaine treatment and also add body to the hair.

If you're going gray but don't want to, try either Revlon's ColorStay Naturals for Men collection (hues range from light brown to jet black) or Just for Men's coloring collection. Both work in five minutes and last through several dozen shampoos.

Clairol's Natural Instincts for Men is a collection of gentle shampoo-in hair colors for the younger man just starting to

see some gray. The line includes ten shades from blond to black and, along with ingredients for blending away gray, the collection contains vitamin E, proteins and aloe vera to keep the hair healthy. Tommy Hair's line of products are infused with the Tommy Hilfiger signature scent. Wash your hair with the shampoo or use the styling gel, and the Tommy fragrance will be with you all day. It's a subtle way to smell good.

SAVING FACE

Until recently, few men bothered with face creams or moisturizers. Now everyone uses them—and for good reason. Aubrey Organics' Rejeunesse Moisturizing Cream is intended to diminish fine lines and wrinkles while exfoliating and refreshing your skin too.

If you didn't apply enough sun protection the last time you were at the pool, use SkinAnswer from Lane Labs. This glycoalkaloid cream is designed to "tell the difference" between normal skin cells and sun-damaged tissue and slough away discolored or scaly areas caused by overexposure to the sun.

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

The latest body products sound more like sports drinks than lotions. Derma-logica's Energy Elixir contains ginseng, damiana leaf, kola nut and prickly ash bark—four ingredients that the company claims will boost your energy levels. Relax Elixir, on the other hand, with peppermint leaf, chamomile flower extract and other herbs, is a calming rub.

Other body products for your bathroom or locker include Jovan BodyTonics' Refreshing Aftersport Body Cooler, Energizing Cool-Dry Liquid Talc (it goes on as a lotion and dries to a powder), Lauder Pleasures for Men Face and Body Scrub, and Lauder for Men Cool-Gel—an aloe product that's great after workouts to cool you off and treat sore muscles.

Island Thymes from the Thymes Limited is a unique line that sounds like something you'd bring back from Tahiti. It includes a Fig Leaf and Cassis body wash made from pistachio oil, honey and coriander (it smells terrific). Products from Chanel and Calvin Klein are always good bets for the bath—especially CK's body moisturizer.

A CLOSE SHAVE

For most guys, getting the perfect shave is second only to finding the fountain of youth. So it should come as no surprise that innovative ways to remove whiskers are popping up almost as fast as the beards they're designed to eliminate.

The new Schick Tracer FX razor is a must-have for guys with sensitive skin. A special guard cushions the blade against the face and neck while a strip simultaneously releases a conditioning lubricant.

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Norelco's top-of-the-line Quadra (about \$150). It features heads with specially positioned slots and holes to cut both longer hairs and short stubble. Another model, the Advantage (about \$130), has a shaving cartridge that releases Nivea for Men shaving lotion onto the face. Both shavers are rechargeable cordless models that can be rinsed after use.

If you're into facial fuzz, the Oster Beard and Mustache Trimmer makes short work of sideburns and neck hair. Three models are available: the cordless PowerPlay (battery operated, \$17), the rechargeable PowerPlay Plus with cord (\$23, including recharger) and the PowerPlay Pro, which works with or without a power cord (\$27).

AH, THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Don't bother going to the country this fall—fragrances that hint of it are coming to you. Freedom from Tommy Hilfinger is a woody scent, while Lancaster's Davidoff GoodLife combines citrus, floral and woody notes with the scent of fig leaves. Creed's unisex scent, Green Valley, melds black currant and vanilla with oak moss. Ralph Lauren Romance for Men is an intimate scent that hints of musk, spice and wood. And the Paris company Caron's Pour un Homme combines the old-fashioned aroma of lavender with vanilla, musk and amber.

TAKE UP A COLLECTION

Let's hope that by this late in the season you've already discovered Mustela's UV Pro collection of sun blocks. This French company's line uses zinc and titanium, two mineral filters that are not absorbed by the skin, so there's little chance of an allergic reaction.

Biotherm Homme's eight new products for the face include a Detoxifying Cleanser and a Total Care Revitalizer. If you have room in your bath cabinet for just one, choose the Active Shave Repair. Pack it when you travel.

Ted Baker, the British men's fashion designer, has just launched his first men's skincare line, Skinwear. This innovative collection includes a fragrance that combines lime and lemon with rosemary, amber, cedar and musk.

The new Candie's Men collection includes an aloe vera-based aftershave and a lightly fragranced massage oil spray with natural oils that also act as moisturizers. We especially like the cologne, which combines the scents of basil and green leaves with sandalwood.

Nino Cerruti's new fragrance, Cerruti Image, is available as an eau de toilette spray or an aftershave. To complement the scent, which hints of jasmine, musk and amber, try something from the Cerruti Image Body Vision Collection: Refreshing Body Spray, All Over Body Gel and Shampoo or the Deodorant Stick.



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Jeri Ryan

(continued from page 123)

perfectly. This costume is a stunning feat of engineering. If you were to see me without it there wouldn't be any surprises except for the fact that I don't have vertical Borg ribs. My dad carries pictures in his wallet and lets everyone he meets know who his daughter is. My parents are my biggest fans and they have no problem with this character being a sex symbol.

6

PLAYBOY: Which cast member would you like to see in Seven's uniform?

RYAN: Robert Beltran, who plays Commander Chakotay. I would pay big bucks to see him in that corset and those heels. And if he can't get into my costume, I'm sure we can arrange to have one made. Also, he has to do it on the set so the cast, crew and Teamsters can watch. That's only fair. Actually, to see any of the guys

would be worth the price of admission, except Bob Picardo, the doctor, whom I've already seen in tights. That's close enough. As for the rest of them, my money is on the table.

7

PLAYBOY: Seven was once a part of the Borg Collective, in which all minds are linked and there are no individuals. Does being part of a collective make for a more or less interesting life? Does Seven need therapy?

RYAN: A collective mind seems to me less interesting. Although every Borg possesses the knowledge of every species they've assimilated, there's nothing they can do with it. Each Borg has a specific designation and job in the Collective, and all they do is work to be perfect and more efficient. It's work, regenerate, work, regenerate. That gets old. As an individual you're open to a lot more. Seven has always been part of dysfunctional families. Her human parents were

not altogether conventional, dragging a child across the galaxy. The Borg, whose goals are efficiency and perfection, think they're doing other races a favor when they assimilate them. If anything, they think they're misunderstood. As for the *Voyager* crew, they try to function efficiently, but when you think you won't be home for another generation or two, problems can crop up.

8

PLAYBOY: Speaking of the Borg, is resistance "few-tile" or "few-tul"?

RYAN: Good question. When my character was introduced I had to say, "Resistance is futile." The producers had shown me the movie *First Contact* so I'd at least know what a Borg is, and every time a Borg speaks the line it's "Resistance is few-tile." Few-tile, few-tile, few-tile. So I asked your question: "Few-tile? Is that a Borg thing? Or is it few-tul?" They said, "No, no, no, it's few-tul. You don't say few-tile. Patrick Stewart says few-tile because he has an English accent." I said, "Well, what about the voice of the Collective? It says few-tile, doesn't it?" "No, no, no. We recorded the voice of the Collective and it says few-tul." I said, "All right, but I don't want to take the flak if we start getting mail because I said the wrong thing." Sure enough, the show airs and the voice of the Collective says few-tile, and I'm the only Borg in the history of *Star Trek*, apparently, who has ever said few-tul. It has no zip. It's depressing.

9

PLAYBOY: Do you remember the first guy who resisted you?

RYAN: Yes [smiles]. I was a freshman in high school, in Paducah, Kentucky. He was the school studmuffin. I had a huge, unrequited crush—when I was 14 I was very much a kid, and not particularly cute. He was a bag boy at the grocery store. Whenever my mom had to go to the grocery store, I'd insist on going along. Then I'd take an hour to put on my best outfit, all just to say hi. Then one day my brother busted me. He told the bag boy why I always got dressed up to go to the store. My crush thought it was cute: cute-kid cute, not this-hot-chick-likes-me cute. I was devastated.

10

PLAYBOY: We hear you like to hang out at the supermarket and fondle the vegetables. Give guys who don't do the shopping a short course on how to choose the best produce.

RYAN: It's all about the smell. A tomato should smell like a tomato. Very few in grocery stores do, unfortunately. On a melon, you smell where the stem was. You can also push on the spot to see if it's hard or soft; it should give a little but shouldn't be mushy. With vegetables



"Just be thankful the company recognizes same-sex partners at all. Allowing more than one per employee is simply out of the question."

such as zucchini and cucumbers, smaller, thinner and younger are better because they're not tough. The same with squash and sweet potatoes; younger vegetables always have more flavor. Obviously no bruises or dings, even if it's purely cosmetic. I can't eat a banana that's the slightest bit brown.

11

PLAYBOY: When we're invited to your place for dinner what should we expect on the menu?

RYAN: The first meal I cook is usually steak. I learned how to make it in New York. First I heat a well-seasoned cast-iron pan under the broiler. The cast iron gets really hot; it's almost smoking. When you put in the steak it sears one side right away. Then you put it real close to the flame and the broiler cooks the top. Flip it only once. Keep it in for maybe five minutes; I like mine pretty rare. Then take out the steak and mix the juices with shallots, wine and fresh herbs. God forbid I should ever date a vegetarian. For a second dinner I'll make pasta. I specialize in comfort food because I like big, filling meals like risottos and casseroles and stews and soups.

12

PLAYBOY: Did you grow up in an atmosphere of strict Army discipline?

RYAN: There was no Army discipline. My dad is a pussycat. He cries during Kodak commercials. He cried when I got college brochures in the mail during my senior year of high school. When I'd visit him at work on the base I couldn't understand why all the soldiers seemed so scared of him. He was just my daddy.

13

PLAYBOY: If Seven is struggling to regain her humanity, what should the rest of us struggle to recapture?

RYAN: You're talking to a soldier's daughter, so the answer is patriotism. I grew up getting misty when I heard the national anthem and saw our flag. They mean something to me because they

meant so much to my father, who risked his life in Vietnam to support our American ideals. We have a lot of freedoms we take for granted.

14

PLAYBOY: When should a man be a man?

RYAN: All the time. I like strong men; I always have. Strong doesn't mean overbearing or disrespectful of women. My dad is romantic; he's always bringing my mom flowers. I don't like wishy-washy guys. I want a man to handle decisions on small day-to-day things, but major decisions obviously have to be a collaborative effort. I admit that I can't make up my mind very well, so just tell me where we're going to dinner, tell me what time to be ready, and I'll be there.

15

PLAYBOY: When your son grows up, what are you going to tell him about girls?

RYAN: That Mommy is the only girl he ever needs [laughs]! I'm trying not to think about it now, because those days will be upon me before I know it. To be honest, I'm not sure I'll be able to help him much. The things that give women a really bad name, like being way too emotional and fickle, I'm notorious for. It's not just about men, it's everything. It's a chick thing. All I can do is tell my son how to treat girls when he starts dating. Relationships are all about respect, and I can help him be a gentleman.

16

PLAYBOY: Let's do a *Voyager* fashion makeover. What change would you make in each character's look?

RYAN: I'll get in trouble for saying this, but *Star Trek* is known for making beautiful people look dowdy. Neelix needs to stop wearing upholstery. Torres, Ensign Kim and Tuvok need to get rid of the mustard yellow. Captain Janeway already took my fashion tip—she let her hair down. The doctor is dressed perfectly for his character. It sums up his personality and his job. If Paris and Chakotay bagged the turtlenecks under

their uniforms and did something a little more daring, ratings might soar.

17

PLAYBOY: Seven has all the Borg's technical knowledge in her head. What can you fix around the house?

RYAN: I'm pretty good at assembling things and programming a VCR. I'm not great with plumbing. I'm better at making things, which I learned while at Northwestern. You have to learn stuff like set construction. I am mean with power tools, especially sanders—disc or belt. I'm good with a jigsaw and a table saw. I love electric drills, especially ones that can be used as screwdrivers. And a pneumatic nailer is wonderful.

18

PLAYBOY: We know what the world thinks of your figure. What's your assessment? What would you change? Improve? Kill to have?

RYAN: Lots of things. I think my legs from the knees down could be a little longer. My ankles could be a little thinner. My torso could be a little shorter. I could be a little firmer and more toned here and there—which is within my power to do. I'm just too lazy.

19

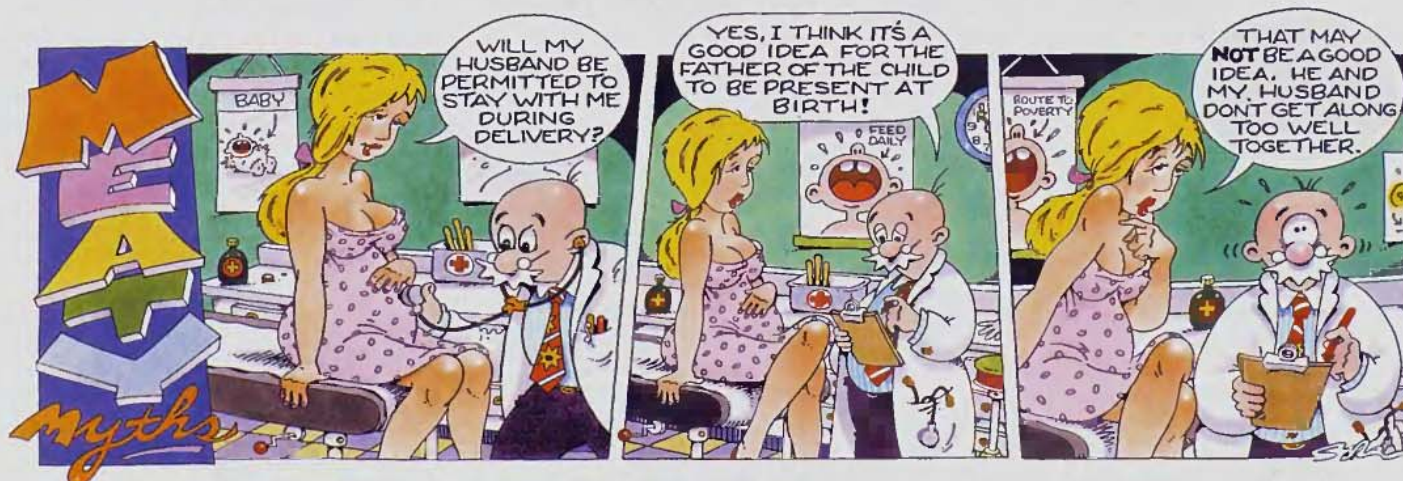
PLAYBOY: Where do you keep your action figures?

RYAN: One's on a shelf in the TV room. The others are at the bottom of my son's toy chest. He's not real into them.

20

PLAYBOY: If you got to act in baggy outfits, what would you eat more of?

RYAN: This is a long list—are you ready? Cheesecake. Ribs. French fries. Big Macs. Tacos. Cheese. I eat them now, but I'd eat more. After my son turned two I discovered that I can eat exactly what I want and as much as I want for three or four days, and then for the next few days I watch it. I guess I have a good metabolism.



CHRIS ROCK

(continued from page 68)

Lampoon?

ROCK: We need new black writers. It's the only way for us to get decent TV shows and movies. We can't sit around waiting for white guys to write good black shit. I'm reading submissions now. Then I'm going to assemble and edit the first issue.

PLAYBOY: Do you like any of the stuff that you've seen?

ROCK: Most of it's OK-to-bad, but that's how it is with all art. I figure if the writer is 18 and I get hold of him now and work on the bad habits, he might be a real writer in a year or two.

PLAYBOY: You're far more sophisticated than these kids. Can you let them be who they are?

ROCK: Yeah. I know they're kids. I'm not looking for stuff for my show. This is a college comedy paper. That's right: I grade papers. I'm Professor Rock.

PLAYBOY: What is the worst job you had as a kid?

ROCK: [Laughs] I used to clean up dog shit. No one walks their dogs in the freezing New York winter; they just let them shit in the backyard. When the spring thaw came there were a bunch of people on the block with shit all over, and I was the shit boy. The phone would ring: "Hey, can you come over and clean up my backyard?" They wouldn't say "clean up the shit," but I knew what time it was.

PLAYBOY: How old were you?

ROCK: Probably 12, 13. I took any job I could get. I liked having my own job. That's why sometimes it's weird to hear, "You're rich, you have all this now." I've always had more money than my friends because I've always worked.

PLAYBOY: How do you explain the early work ethic?

ROCK: My dad worked all the time, so I figured I should. It wasn't even the money. If you're a little boy, you want to be a man. And to me, a man worked. I shoveled snow when it was cold and shit when it thawed. And you know what? It wasn't fun, but if I had to shovel shit again I wouldn't waste a day. Back then I never said, "How dare this happen to me!" I was a kid; I was supposed to be shoveling shit.

PLAYBOY: Do you own a dog today?

ROCK: My wife got one about a year ago. But I'm not cleaning shit no more.

PLAYBOY: How about having kids?

ROCK: I'm not ready.

PLAYBOY: Does the pressure your dad faced—and died of—to support a family scare you?

ROCK: I can afford a kid, but I don't want another job right now, let's put it that way. On the other hand, I'd be a real good dad, and I'd probably stop doing comedy on some level and become the guy doing it all for his kids. I used to look at my dad and think, What does he

really want to do? Does he really want to come home all tired? He was beat. Beat the fuck down. We'd be out there playing stickball or whatever and he'd try to throw the ball at you. He'd throw it twice and his arm would fall off. He had to go in the house and rest. He was just tired a lot. I don't want to be that fucking tired.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you anyway?

ROCK: Not like him. I'm sure my father wanted a family to take care of and to get the love you can only get from a family. But, at the same time, he worked every fucking day. I haven't really done anything for all this shit I have. My dad worked. He supported people. He had kids. The kids wanted to go to school, the kids wanted bikes. The wife wanted something else. I work, but I'm not under the stress my dad was under. All my stress is based on worrying how I'll be perceived if I do bad work. It's not the same. I'll still eat. I really miss my dad. His death changed me, made me go into a shell I'm still not out of. Made me take more risks because it could be over in a second. It makes me sad that he didn't live to see what I've done. He would've eaten it up. We'd be going to the fights; we'd have season tickets to the Mets. My dad would be at the Dodgers' spring training right now in Vero Beach. If he were still around, I would have made it all happen.

PLAYBOY: How much does your mom enjoy your success?

ROCK: She's having a ball. She has a house in South Carolina, runs a day care center. She never shies away from doing stuff. I have to tell her not to: "What do you mean you're doing *Ricki Lake*?" [Pauses] My whole family is doing fine. They're all working. Brian works on the show; he's a production assistant and he's worked his way up. I'm not one who likes to pay people to do nothing, to just hang out with me. My brother Andre just bought a truck to haul garbage from New York to Pennsylvania. He has the steadiest gig as far as I'm concerned. I have the shakiest job in the family. But I can still appreciate what's happened to me and to my comfort level. The difference between me and my wife is that she complains about the maid and I can't believe I have a maid. I'm dumbfounded. I like that I can buy two slices of pizza. I've never been hungry in my whole life, but if you want more, you should be able to get more.

PLAYBOY: On the subject of getting some, we've noticed on your show that you seem to have a fondness for Latin women. Would you care to explain?

ROCK: Gorgeous women. Look at them. Have you ever been to the Puerto Rican Day parade? It's the most beautiful thing in the world. They are beautiful people. I love my people but, boy—

PLAYBOY: Latina for you is exotic?

ROCK: It's exotic. American jails are filled with men over drug offenses and shit.

Latin jails are filled up with men going crazy over their women. They are passionate about their women. If you fuck with them they'll lose their mind and kill you. Why? Their women have the best pussy in the world. Puerto Rican girls, man. Gorgeous. In bed it's "Mommy," "Poppy." What's better than some woman calling you Poppy?

PLAYBOY: And you would know from experience?

ROCK: I've been called Poppy a couple times, but long, long ago.

PLAYBOY: What do you love physically about black women?

ROCK: Probably the black ass. I hate women who hide the big ass. Don't hide the big ass. It's for all of us. Share this gift. Share your big ass with all of us. We don't have to touch it or anything, but don't hide the big ass. Let us see it. Let us worship it. Let us pay it compliments. Let us tip our hats to the big ass. Love the big ass. And I'm not alone. Brothers love ass. There was an episode of *Real Sex* on HBO. They went from a black strip club to a white strip club. It was so funny. The white strip club was all about tits. The black strip club, ass. It was all about ass.

PLAYBOY: When you look in the mirror now, what do you see?

ROCK: A skinny guy who needs to get his teeth fixed. I could also use an extra 15 pounds.

PLAYBOY: Let's wrap this up. Bill Cosby blazed the trail for Richard Pryor, who opened it up for Eddie Murphy, who set the stage for you. Will the success you've had make it tougher or easier for the next guy?

ROCK: I hope it will be easier, but maybe tougher artistically, like Richard Pryor made it tough. He did stuff 20 years ago that no one has matched, partly because he's brilliant and partly because he got to do it first.


PLAYBOY: What did you do first?

ROCK: I can't say without sounding like an idiot. [Pauses] I talked about race in a different way; I'll go that far.

PLAYBOY: Are you worried about the next new guy?

ROCK: I never look at anything as a competition. Someone else's success never comes out of my paycheck. I don't need my friends to fail for me to succeed. To me it's just, "Let's do good work." The function of the comedian is to get as many laughs as he can by doing whatever works for him. Everybody wants to buy his mother a house. Whatever you do to get that house is the right thing. We all do our own things, from Dice to Eddie Murphy putting on a leather suit. One of the happiest times in my life was when I was eight years old and my friends and I had cool bikes—and they were all the same bikes. I was happy because everyone was equal.





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e-CRIME

(continued from page 72)

has added to e-crime statistics. In this security fraud, so-called investors buy a stock low, run up the price with false rumors, then sell and make their getaway. The Securities and Exchange Commission's investor help line receives more than 100 complaints from worried or burned investors every day; many more people who get fleeced never bother to report it.

In March 1996, Charles Huttoe of McLean, Virginia and 12 co-conspirators circulated 42 million shares of Systems of Excellence, or SEXI, stocks to friends, and SEXI shares appeared on Nasdaq at 25 cents. Then Huttoe & Co. littered the Internet with carefully prepared stories of shrewd business moves and multimillion-dollar sales and mergers in which Systems of Excellence was involved or about to be involved. As the price of SEXI climbed, Huttoe gave stock to the publisher of an online investment newsletter. In return for SEXI shares, the publisher touted the stock. More honest (if hastily careless) investors bought the essentially worthless shares.

By June the price had hit \$4.70. Huttoe and his accomplices bailed and Huttoe collected \$12 million. The affair attracted the attention of the SEC and in November 1996, Huttoe pleaded guilty to securities violations and other charges. By April 1997 SEXI stocks had fallen to a penny a share.

In the spring of 1997, Matthew Peter Bowin, who ran an escort service in Ben Lomond, California, decided to capitalize on the initial public offerings craze.

He created Interactive Products and Services, a company with nothing more tangible than a seductive website, and launched a \$300,000 advertising campaign (he has yet to pay the bills) on financial sites. He claimed his bogus company was the next Microsoft. In short order 150 online investors sent him a total of \$200,000 in checks and money orders. Soon enough, the SEC was notified and Bowin was arrested.

In a variation on the pump and dump scheme, some scammers buy shares in legitimate companies at low prices and then set up fraudulent websites that shill for those companies with grossly exaggerated reports. Part of the trick is having a reliable-sounding name. In 1997 ten individuals used telemarketers to tout investments in Internet service provider companies with formidable names such as Intellicom Group, Connectkom and Enternet 2000. The FTC dubbed its investigation Project Field of Schemes, and accused the group of tricking investors out of more than \$30 million. The ten charged brokered a nearly \$24 million settlement with the feds earlier this year.

The war against investment fraud may be just getting started. The SEC's "Internet surveillance team" now numbers 200 investigators, and President Clinton has asked for an additional \$5.5 million in the commission's annual budget to fight burgeoning online crime. In May 1999, as the budget request reached the Senate, SEC investigators announced they had busted 18 individuals and eight companies for bilking investors of \$2.25

million in bogus securities for imaginary gold mines, Turkish hospitals and a product that, the scammers claimed, could process gold.

Telephone bills that carry a plethora of charges for enhanced services such as voice mail, paging, Internet service, horoscopes and 900 entertainment present a new opportunity for e-crime. "Crammers" take their name from the practice of cramming bills with phony charges in the hope customers won't notice. When victims pay their phone bills, the money goes to the phone company and then to billing firms that organize the enhanced-services charges.

Sometimes crammers set themselves up as billing firms and sometimes they just dupe honest billing firms. Either way, they collect the money. In early 1997 the FTC obtained temporary restraining orders against Rockville Center, N.Y.-based Audiotex Connection (along with two other companies and several individuals), charging that they had bilked nearly 38,000 customers out of almost \$3 million in fraudulent Internet service provider charges in the previous year and a half by hijacking their modems to make expensive international calls. The FTC cited cramming as the leading telecommunications fraud of 1998.

Mail fraud, too, has prospered with the enormous new reach and power of the Internet. Old-fashioned scammers, who used to have to lick every stamp, can now send out thousands of e-mail letters in seconds, without paying for postage. Just one sucker in a thousand can make a big payday. The same larcenous dynamic prevails in other scams usually associated with fetid alleyways: offers of fake or illegal credit cards, loans that require advance fee payment and schemes that promise to improve credit ratings.

Some scams seem transparent, but others can dupe even astute web surfers. At the turn of the century, when audiences first witnessed film footage of trains, they often screamed and ducked—so convinced by the realism of flickering black-and-white images that they feared they'd be run over. As Paul Gilster, author of *Digital Literacy*, says, people trust the Net because "there's a lingering perception of the computer's ferocious accuracy: Computers don't make mistakes."

"I've seen fake businesses and phony universities," says Grant. "It's like trying to judge a book by its cover. Anyone can put up a good-looking site." What might seem shady as a photocopied pamphlet or a four-line ad in the back-page classifieds can appear substantial and trustworthy when it's online—before it disappears the next day.



"No, I'm sorry, but Mr. Callahan isn't in right now."

The Internet can give even the sleaziest crook the cyber equivalent of a haircut and a shave. In 1998 Craig Hare posted online advertisements for computers while sitting in Florida. The ads were compelling—and confusing enough to convince people who knew little about computers that they had found a bargain. Hare collected close to \$30,000 in checks and never delivered anything, not even a mouse.

Because the web is a global medium, it's hard to tell where dubious online shops and services are located. Users often don't know if they're doing business with a site in South Dakota or South Africa. International crime is rarely prosecuted because of jurisdictional conflicts and expense.

Raymond Kendall, Interpol's secretary general, admitted last year that his force wasn't ready "for the extent to which this whole phenomenon mushroomed. Many of the world's governments were not ready for it, either." The FBI, FTC, National Securities Administration and the Securities and Exchange Commission rely on a patchwork coalition of techno G-men, reformed hackers and vigilante Internet consultants.

Meanwhile, the tools of crime improve as fast as the techniques of detection. The consensus of the best security consultants, even if they won't say it publicly, is that the biggest crimes probably never become public knowledge—if they are even detected.

If that sounds extreme, consider that hackers have already proved the vulnerability of institutions once considered impregnable: The CIA, the Department of Justice, the Pentagon and *The New York Times* have all been hacked. The DOJ site became the "Department of Injustice Home Page," complete with Hitler links. The CIA's site became the "Central Stupidity Agency" site, and hackers managed to replace the articles on *The New York Times'* home page last September with nude pictures and obscenities.

Security experts warn that large companies will become more vulnerable in the next few months. A cyberspace lawyer explained that as corporations rushed to become Y2K compliant, "they hired tons of freelance computer programmers and technicians. This is a golden opportunity. Already, most Internet crime is committed by insiders. And they're going to hire you for just a couple of weeks to work on their system?" The lawyer pauses. "Wow."

The scary fact is that the inevitable distractions of the countdown to 2000, quite apart from the chaos some predict, could provide cover for our century's greatest and final heist. The great information highway robbery may already be programmed and waiting to happen.



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(continued from page 119)

communicate with the health club's personal trainers via e-mail. You can even tap into your IFE records from a remote computer.

While there still isn't a machine that works out for you, you will start to see more equipment that motivates and helps you through your sessions. The FitLinxx system, used by professional sports teams such as the Celtics and the Knicks, is being offered in a number of U.S. gyms (200 to date). Essentially a computerized personal trainer that is connected to cardio and weight machines, FitLinxx offers coaching, feedback and record-keeping (such as how much iron you've pumped in the past 30 days or how many minutes you've spent on the stair machine). Enter your personal identification number at the chest press machine, for example, and FitLinxx tells you at what height to place the seat, how much weight to lift and how many reps to do. Then it offers pointers and encouragement as you lift. As with the IFE system, FitLinxx will offer an Internet connection later this year, allowing you to track your progress from the road or home.

If you want more than just a physical payoff from your workouts, head to a casino, where you'll find treadmills and exercise bikes with slot machines attached to them. In a sort of co-dependency, fitness enthusiasts and gamblers on Money Mill treadmills and Pedal 'N' Play exercise bikes can't play the slots unless they're walking, running or pedaling, and they can't exercise unless they're playing the slots. Both pieces of gear are increasingly in use in Atlantic City, Reno and Las Vegas, as well as on some Carnival cruise ships.

PLAYING AT FITNESS

Mindlessly logging 30 minutes on a stair climber is becoming passé. These days, folks want their fitness to have playground potential, whether that means taking classes such as the Crunch Fitness-designed Recess, which includes an obstacle course, a high-intensity game of hopscotch and jump-time on mini trampolines, or enrolling in a sports league. "Playing a game of pickup basketball or flag football doesn't seem like exercise, but it works your entire body. And since it's fun, you don't mind the exertion," says Mark Anders of the American Council on Exercise. "It's no longer just about lifting weights. The availability of volleyball and basketball leagues is what draws many people to large gyms these days." And there's a bonus: Coed leagues are becoming a hot social scene—the healthful alternative to nightclubs.

Because gentler forms of exercise are also in demand, it's standing room only in yoga studios across the country. But

the class of the future is Active Isolated Stretching, now in 25 clubs nationwide. The premise of AIS: Hold a stretch for only two seconds but repeat it ten times in a row, making more of a pumping motion than a stretch. This dynamic type of movement (compared with a standard static stretch) brings more blood to the working muscles while simultaneously increasing the range of motion. "When people come out of a 30-minute AIS class, they feel as if they just put in the same amount of time on a treadmill—without the sweat," says Amy Smith, group fitness coordinator at the Aspen Club in Colorado.

ROAD WORK

Travelers who get stuck in airports will have the option of exercising while they wait—that is, if Mike Michno has his way. The world-class marathon runner and founder of Michno's Airport Fitness gyms is working with major international hubs to open on-site facilities where travelers can sweat out flight delays—and then take a quick shower. The fully equipped gyms, which include free and stationary weights, cardio machines, saunas, lockers and rentable Reebok clothes and shoes, are currently available only to travelers who fly through Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and Cincinnati. But, Michno says, airports in 35 cities, including Washington, D.C. and New York, have expressed interest. For details, visit airportfitness.com.

FOR ADVENTUROUS TYPES

The Eighties and early Nineties had the Ironman triathlon. Now extreme athletes are testing their limits in the Eco-Challenge, Raid Gauloises and Beast of the East. These grueling adventure races have coed teams of three to five athletes who ride mountain bikes, paddle kayaks and run—as well as participate in activities such as orienteering, rappelling, even camel riding—often around the clock for a week or longer. The U.S. was introduced to adventure racing with the 1995 Eco-Challenge in Utah, but the sport didn't filter down to the masses until the 1996 debut of the Hi-Tec Adventure Racing Series. This group of events began as two races with 345 racers and has grown to ten events with an expected 7500 participants this year. In a Hi-Tec race, three-person teams push themselves for three to six hours, mountain biking, kayaking, trail running and doing "special tests" such as scaling a 12-foot wall or hauling a railroad tie through a bog. Because of the level of competition, "academies" and camps have been established to offer instruction to would-be adventure racers. We've been told that adventure training minicamps will be held at gyms as well over the next few years.

Instead of exercising simply to lose the love handles, guys will work with trainers to build endurance for an adventure race or a cycling tour or to break 100 on the golf course. "People are tired of the idea of the perfect body," says Keli Roberts, a personal trainer in Los Angeles who has many of her clients doing sport-specific moves. "There's joy in working toward a performance goal. Progress is measurable—whether it's decreasing your time in running drills, learning to slam-dunk a basketball or adding a few yards to your drive."

If one-on-one personal training is out of your financial league, consider cyber-trainers or group personal training. Despite the name's robotic connotation, cybertrainers are flesh-and-blood fitness experts who provide personal workouts and nutritional programs over the Internet. For \$100 (the cost of one face-to-face session) Los Angeles-based fitness expert Michael George (michaelgeorge.com) offers a cyberprogram that is tailored to your fitness and weight-management goals, complete with motivational e-mails and a diagram of each recommended exercise.

If you crave the personal touch but can't afford \$100 an hour, you can split the cost with a buddy, co-worker or significant other by signing up for group training sessions. Nearly half of the nation's gyms offer them, a number that's expected to rise over the next year.

A FOOT NOTE

The hot trend in athletic shoes is custom cushioning and support. The popular Nitro running shoe from Power Athletic Footwear Co. comes with two interchangeable midsole heel inserts (foam cushioning wedges that sit under your heels). This allows you to have stiff support for speed work one day and more cushioning for a long run the next. Nike's Tuned Air line of athletic shoes offers cushioning two ways—by sport and by wearer's weight. "We calibrate the Air bags in our shoes to fit the weight of the athlete. It doesn't make sense for a 220-pound male basketball player to have the same cushioning system as a 110-pound female runner," says Nike spokesman Dave Mingey. Down the road, Nike expects athletic footwear to be completely custom-made. You'll go into a sporting goods store and have a three-dimensional image taken of each foot. The image will provide detailed measurements (such as the height of your arch) and the information will be stored on a plastic card. When you're ready to buy a pair of shoes, a salesperson will insert your card in a computer and your shoes will be molded for you while you wait.



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CHICK PORN

(continued from page 121)

#74 are for men only. All we're asking for is a tiny yet plausible premise. In *Justine: Nothing to Hide 2*—one of many excellent sex vids from director Paul Thomas—a nice nympho next door unwittingly seduces her boyfriend's father (over and over again). The story line of *One Size Fits All*, a fun romp from Candida Royalle, hangs on a slinky dress that makes the woman who wears it irresistible. In the *Every Woman Has a Fantasy* series, a couple acts out fantasies for an hour and a half.

Do me, baby: You think you alone like receiving oral sex? If we women had our druthers, we'd get dithered all the time. Lesbian scenes work for this reason. No matter how you spread it, a woman is on the receiving end. Lipstick laplanders are a great change of pace. But we're not watching just to see our own doll parts. As Camille says, "I need to see a penis or it doesn't work for me."

While we're being real, foreplay is nonnegotiable. Watching a woman get kissed and petted on both sets of lips before Mr. Happy takes the plunge makes us wet. Just seeing the man concentrate on the woman's pleasure—as in *Fever*, where a husband watches his wife's eyes as he works her into a frenzy—doubles my pleasure. So does watching a woman adopt the dominant role. It's a thrill to see her take charge of her orgasmic destiny via seduction or masturbation (as seen in *The Bridal Shower* and *Red Vibe Diaries: Object of Desire*).

Women love to see women come, not just stop moaning. I'm talking a please-excuse-me-for-a-moment-I-just-licked-a-light-socket type of come. Not surprisingly, a female director delivers lots of believable female orgasms. Then we're ready to give as good as we get. "The egocentric in me likes to watch a handsome man going down on a woman and the hetero female in me loves to watch the man getting a great blow job," says Camille. To see a woman skilled in the

art of seduction—or, control—is a huge turn-on. I watch what she does and how she does it and, *zing*, my man's the lucky winner. Madison, she of the pierced tongue, has excellent technique.

Reupholster the casting couch: Want to turn a good girl bad? Skip the wood-panel-and-orange-furniture porn backdrops. Alisa, a nasty-minded friend who always greets her lover freshly bathed, feels that stylish settings—even details like a sleek Italian couch—make a movie more appealing. Film is definitely preferred over harsh-looking video, which she thinks "makes the actors look dirty and unhygienic." Andrew Blake films (*Paris Chic, Night Trips*) are popular because of the lush settings, perfect actors and slick cinematography. Best of all, the droning and moaning is mercifully drowned out. My otherwise loud friend Chris finds "incredibly fake" slurping and groaning distracting.

Play to your partner's fantasies: What's her pleasure? Vampires, fullbacks or cowboys? Locker rooms, checkout aisles or doghouses? You name it, there's a porn made for her, everything from science fiction to musicals. Check out *The Good Vibrations Guide: Adult Videos from Down There Press* (online at goodvibes.com), the *Spice Catalog* or *Critics' Choice Video* (both available from Playboy) to find particular settings, sex groups and actors.

Cover your ass: Only in porn can a basement rec room rigged with a smoke machine receive billing as a "sexual inferno." Read the boxes as you would the real estate section. Rent two or three to find the needle in a haystack—the one scene that makes you whimper. (For me, the passion of the movie theater scene in *Bobby Sox* comes to mind—teen fantasy meets exhibitionism meets unbridled lust.) There's a lot of trash out there. All you need is one good scene, even half a scene to kick-start an evening. (It helps to follow the leader: When he goes down on her, on your knees, soldier.) Pre-screen your picks without her and weed out the duds. Previews will also inspire you to land appropriate props (vibrators, blindfolds, rubber toe clamps). Also, cue the movie to bypass those grungy phone sex ads for sex-crazed sluts (and hide the number).

So what will she enjoy? A 69-happy porn, where everyone gives and gets equally. Buff boys and smart divas who take charge or choose to submit. And although you may not know exactly what will push her buttons, it's safe to say *Anal Intruder III* and *Genital Hospital* will not. Ultimately, a woman wants to know that what turns you on won't hurt, humiliate or exclude her. She wants to turn into a porn star for the night but still be able to sit down the next day.



Intalandi

"You've got to be kidding. I've got a fucking year's supply of Viagra!"

PLAYMATE NEWS



HEATHER'S DAY

Heather Kozar was overcome with joy as she stood behind the podium at Playboy Mansion West and thanked her family, friends, fiancé Glen Barenfeld and Hef for making her dream of becoming the 1999 Playmate of the Year come true. Wearing a lilac-colored



It's no wonder that Hef is the envy of all men—Playmates past and present flocked to the Mansion for the PMOY bash. Tap right: Angel Baris, Julie McCullough and Da-
lores Del Mante. Middle right: Heather and Scott Baio at the PMOY video release party at Garden of Eden. Above: Mickey Winters, Victoria Valentina and Bonnie Large. Below: Heather hails her roots.



gown—and holding the Ohio license plate PMOY 99—the Akron native discussed her forthcoming year in the spotlight. "My goals are to work a lot for PLAYBOY, to travel with Hef and to put myself in the public eye," she said. One of her first duties as Playmate of the Year was to accompany Hef and his girlfriends, Brande Roderick, Sandy and Mandy Bentley and Jessica Paisley, on an eight-day tour of Paris, London and

Cannes. What distinguishes Heather from 1998's other Playmates? "She is a classy, Midwestern, all-American girl," Hef explains. "Heather's perfect. The most important thing is that she doesn't change her personality, and she sure hasn't. She's sweet and beautiful—I'm quite proud of her."

More than 50 Playmates, including Ellen Stratton, PLAYBOY's first PMOY (1960), celebrated with Heather at the elegant outdoor luncheon. The folks who have worked closely with Heather attested to her professionalism and her magnetic personality. "She is a charming and sincere person," says Photography Director Gary Cole, who traveled from Playboy's Chicago headquar-

ters (where Heather's January 1998 pictorial was shot) to toast her. "My goal in life is to have fun," Heather says. "I make sure to surround myself with people who are filled with love."

20 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Miss September 1979 Vicki McCarty, a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of the University of California and an aspiring lawyer, wrote her own Playmate story, and it started with a bang: "I am a feminist and I don't act or sing, so



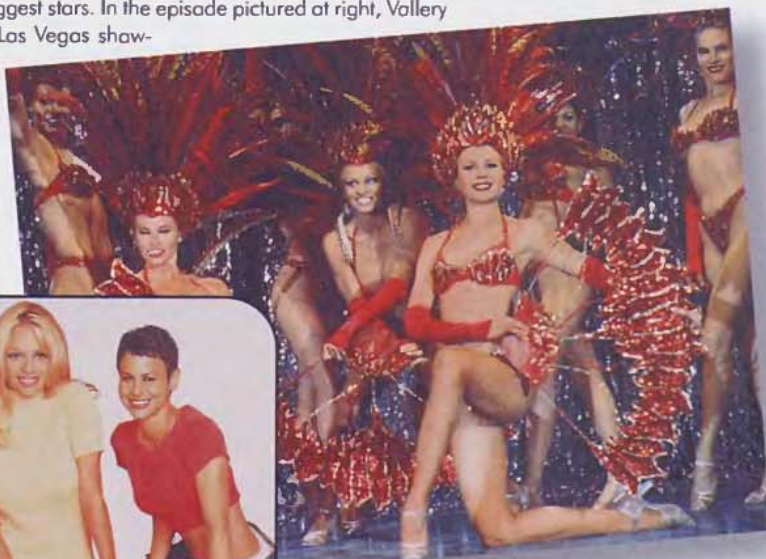
Vicki McCarty.

what am I doing posing nude for PLAYBOY?" Vicki, whose original intention was to write an exposé for the *Herald Examiner* on what it was like to be a Playmate hopeful, decided that posing was the perfect feminist statement. "Women are at their best when they are not restricted by anything—in particular, the notion that intelligent and liberated women cannot freely express their sexuality," she wrote.

ters (where Heather's January 1998 pictorial was shot) to toast her. "My goal in life is to have fun," Heather says. "I make sure to surround myself with people who are filled with love."

VERY IMPORTANT PAMELA

We adored Pamela Anderson Lee in her red *Baywatch* swimsuit, but we like her even more as the sexy bodyguard Vallery Irons on the syndicated TV show *V.I.P.* The series, which takes a behind-the-scenes look at an elite Beverly Hills bodyguard agency, allows Pamela to flex her muscles as Vallery protects Hollywood's biggest stars. In the episode pictured at right, Vallery goes undercover as a Las Vegas show-girl. Below: Pamela with co-stars Mally Culver (left) and Natalie Raitano. "I believe in the show so much," says Pamela, who is *V.I.P.*'s co-executive producer.



My Favorite Playmate By Norm Macdonald



I had a huge crush on Jill DeVries, Miss October 1975. I liked her because she looked like a corn-fed girl. I make quite a few corn dishes myself—corn chowder and so forth—so I have always had an affinity for someone who partakes of that food.



BEBE'S BACK

Bebe Buell, whose November 1974 layout included pictures of her then-boyfriend, musician Todd Rundgren, has made a major rock-and-roll comeback. In the Eighties, Bebe fronted two rock bands, the Gargoyles and the B-Sides. Years later, when Liv Tyler (Bebe's daughter with Aerosmith's Steven Tyler) decided to pursue acting, Bebe put her rock career on hold to be Liv's manager. Now Bebe is

back onstage. "I woke up one day and said, 'OK, that's it. I'm a singer, and I really don't like doing anything else,'" she says. "My favorite women are in their 50s, and I'm in my 40s—a spring chicken. So I'm going back. I just can't let go of whatever it is in me that's

hooked on rock and roll. It's my life. Even as a young girl, my passion for music went beyond everyone else's." Her recent gig at the New York nightclub Don Hill's attracted such heavy



PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

September 2: Miss November 1982
Marlene Janssen
September 9: Miss April 1972
Vicki Peters
September 19: Miss December 1996
and PMOY 1997 Victoria Silvstedt
September 21: Miss November 1959
Donna Lynn
September 26: Miss September 1967
and PMOY 1968 Angela Dorian

PLAYMATE NEWS

hitters as Patti Smith, R.E.M. and designer Anna Sui. "It was the ultimate show of my life," Bebe says. What's next? Buell is writing an autobiography about her glam life, tentatively titled *Rebel Heart*. "It's not just a book about my boring love life. It's a cultural and historical look at four decades of rock and roll, film and fashion. I'd like my book and record to come out at the same time. That way I can do book signings during the day and rock out with my band at night."

GIRL TALK

Neriah Davis, who recently ditched her Las Vegas digs to live in Los Angeles, called us to chat about acting, smelling good and getting hit on.

Q: What are the highlights of your acting résumé?

A: I loved appearing on *Caroline in the City* and *Suddenly Susan*. The energy live studio audiences give off is amazing. I grew up performing in live theater, which is my favorite type of acting. Doing a bit part on *Baywatch* was really



Neriah Davis.

boring. I could hardly stand all the sitting around and waiting.

Q: Is it true you love comedy?

A: Yes. I'm dying to be in a decent funny movie. I admire Michelle Pfeiffer, who can be goofy and classy. I'm thinking about joining the Groundlings, a renowned comedy group in Los Angeles.

Q: Which actor who's old enough to be your father would you like to make out with?

A: Anthony Hopkins, Sean Connery and Robert Duvall. Can you say sexy?

Q: Please describe the contents of your purse.

A: There's an organizer full of telephone numbers, my Gucci wallet, chewing gum and four kinds of perfume—I'm a perfume freak. Oh, and I went out last night, so there are a bunch of business cards given to me by men.

Q: Will you call any of those guys?

A: Probably not.

Q: How do you tell if a guy likes you for you?

A: Female intuition. Ninety percent of the time, my gut feeling is right.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Oops—we goofed. In the June issue, we incorrectly identified Devin De Vasquez as Rebecca Ferratti. Both of the women are beautiful, and, as you can see from the photos below (Devin is on the left), it's a mistake anyone could make. Anyway, sorry about the error. . . . Jenny McCarthy and Suzanne Somers might pair



LEIGH NEUMAN



Separated at birth?

up in a movie. They will play, according to Somers, "the two dumbest women in America." . . . Jaime Bergman, Rhonda Adams, Angela Little and Juliana Young have roles in Oliver Stone's football movie, *Any Given Sunday*. Left:



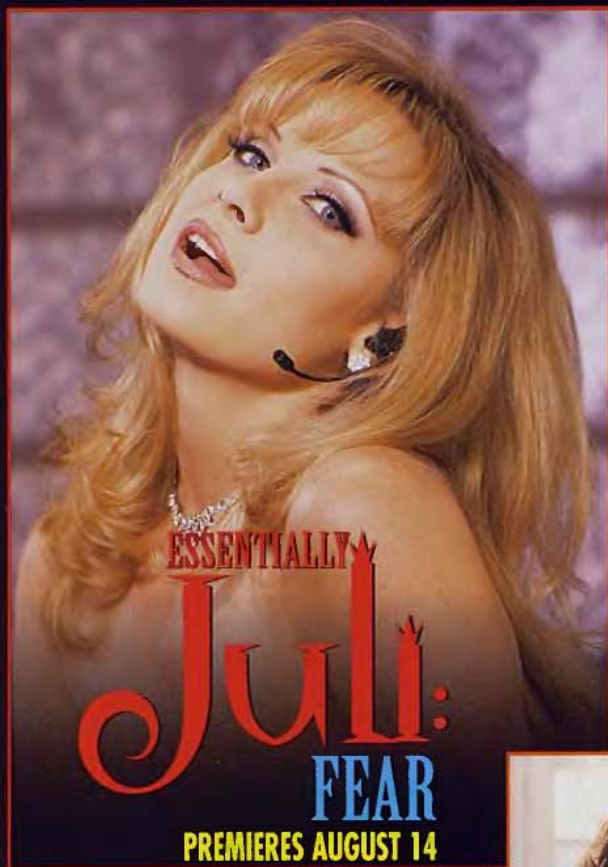
Jaime and Michael.

Bergman and *Armageddon* director Michael Bay. . . . Victoria Silvstedt, who recently kicked off her recording career with a single released in Europe, recruited pal Carrie Stevens to co-star in the music video. . . . Karen Foster has just returned from a trip to Europe. We hereby nominate her as our next ambassador.



Karen in Monte Carlo.

PLAYBOY ORIGINAL



PLAYMATE HOSTS



Rebecca Scott
Miss August

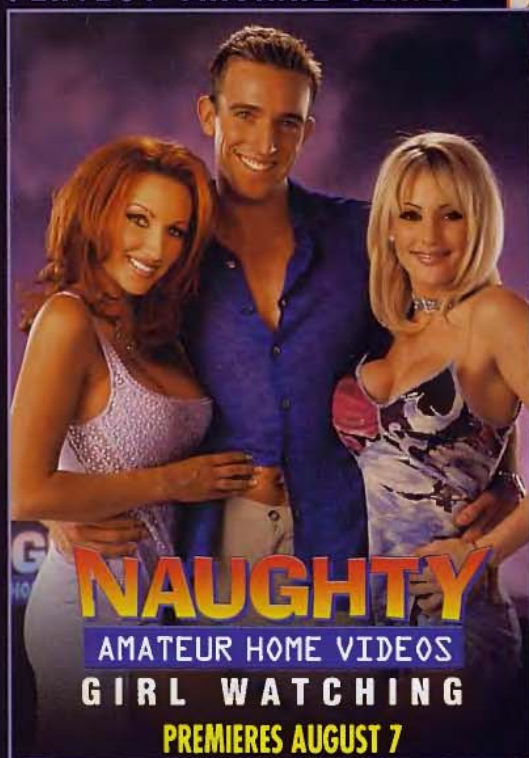


Kristi Cline
Miss September

PLAYBOY ORIGINAL



PLAYBOY ORIGINAL SERIES



more
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imagined...

Ready for some heat? Playboy TV programming dishes plenty of sizzle and burn in August. Catch the Playboy Original Series, *Naughty Amateur Home Videos: Girl Watching*, as eye-catching girls display their unique talents for the camera. Then, watch as a divorcing couple realize the only chemistry they have is an amazing sex life in the adult movie *Breaking Up*. Enjoy girl power at its finest as sexy and sensual women display some all-out, all-girl loving in Playboy's *Girlfriends*. Also, get personal with vivacious vixen Taylor Hayes as she takes her bosom buddies on a personal tour of the public side of sex in the adult movie, *Extreme Close Up: Taylor Hayes*. Then, Juli Ashton proves she has the perfect touch, especially for relieving sexual anxiety in the Playboy Original *Essentially Juli: Fear*. Finally, don't miss Playboy TV's *Sizzlin' Sampler* special preview as we showcase the hottest segments from original programs like *Sex Court*, *Stripsearch*, *Night Calls* and a whole lot more, all day August 18 and August 20. Call your participating cable system or satellite provider for more information. At Playboy TV, there's always something to watch—24 hours a day!

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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

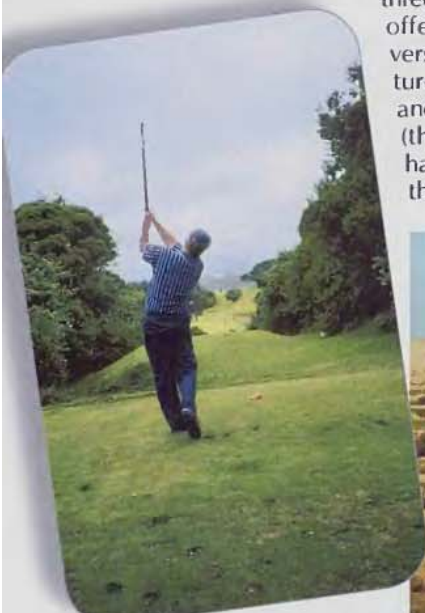
FORE AND AFT

If the French Foreign Legion played golf, Rossmund would be where they'd tee off. Surrounded by the barren vistas of the Namib Desert, the area is a sand trap that would humble David Duval. I'm not complaining, at least I got there in style. Silversea, the company that took me to Southwest Africa, has been voted the world's best small-ship cruise line by readers of *Condé*

Nast Traveler magazine for the past three years. A number of cruise lines offer golf and the briny, but Silversea's Silver Links program features 59 courses in 26 countries, and the company's smaller liners (they carry only 296 passengers) have a shallow draft that allows them to put in at exotic ports of

whelming if it weren't so easy to move from sea to tee. Packages range from \$995 for four rounds of golf in India, Thailand and Malaysia to \$2195 for six rounds in the British Isles (plus the cost of the cruise). Included are transfers to the links, carts or caddies, gratuities and such extras as a cap, balls and travel golf-bag cover. My

Right: Springboks on the Rossmund Golf Course pay scant attention to those duffers who dare to challenge its 6978 yards. The local grass is surprisingly good for greens.



Above: Golf maven Ted Johnson drives at South Africa's East London Golf Club, a championship par-72 course overlooking the Indian Ocean. "East London's holes fit the terrain," he says. "Bunkering is strategic." Right: "No rush, no stress, no crowds" is the selling point for the demanding Rossmund Golf Course, an "oasis of adventure" in the Namib Desert.

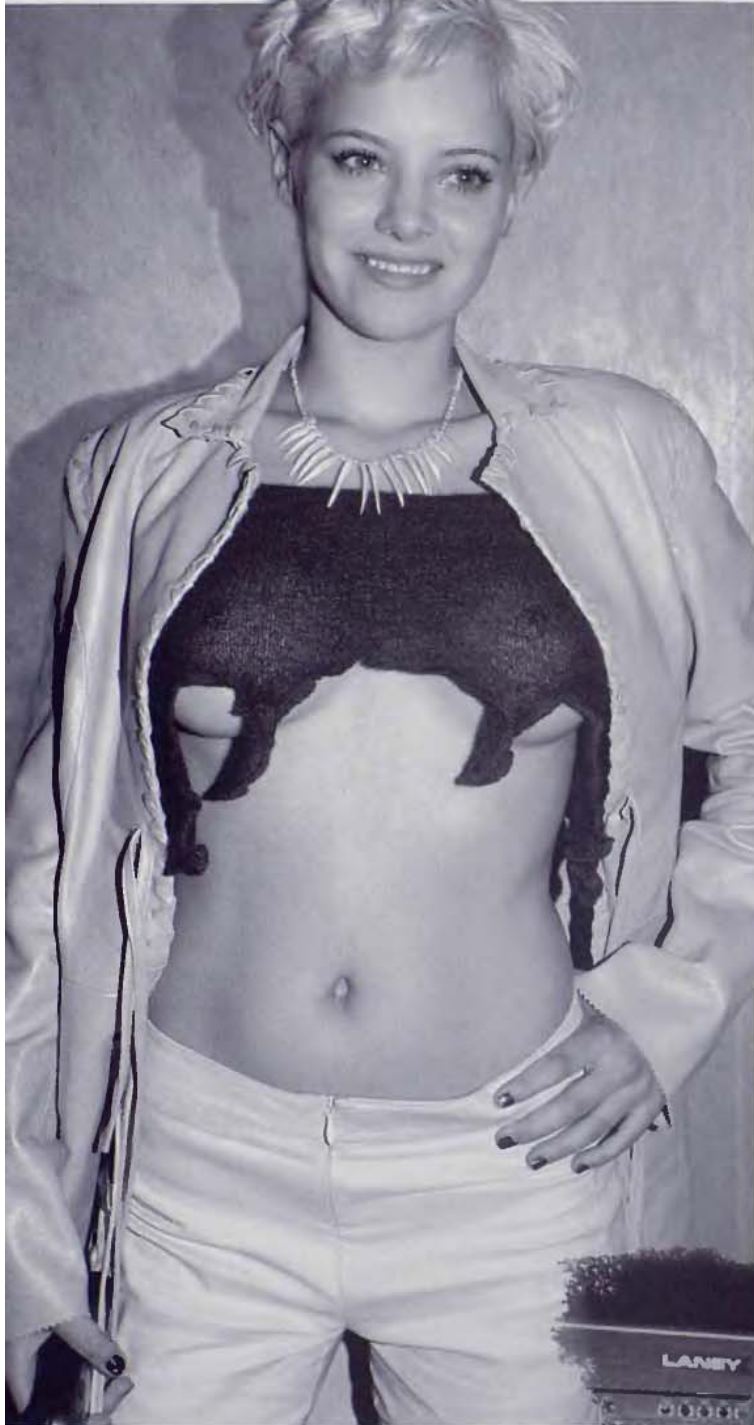


call. So with tee times awaiting in the South African cities of Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, East London and Durban, as well as Swakopmund, Namibia, who would want to stay home? Pampering aboard either Silversea's *Silver Cloud* or *Silver Wind* (both pictured bottom right) begins with suites-only accommodations (most have private verandas), Bulgari bath amenities, complimentary wines and spirits both in your stateroom and in the lounges, a strict no-tipping policy and some fine dining. The temptation to stay aboard and skip golf altogether would be over-

favorite course? The beautiful East London Golf Club, where I played 18 holes with Ted Johnson, who wrote the golf feature that appeared in *PLAYBOY* last month. Johnson's drives and chipping and putting skills left me in his wake, but with puff adders and cobras indigenous to the area, neither of us spent too much time in the rough.

—DAVID STEVENS





Hey, Rena'e, Surf's Up

As a Hawaiian, RENA'E ANDERSON knows her swimwear and surfboards. Besides appearing in an ABC extreme sports special and a segment on Hawaii for *Extra TV*, Rena'e has done print ads for Hobie sportswear. Aloha.



© STEVE TORRES

JAY FRODOLE



Jean Queen

LESLIE HARTER has played the lead in two *Playboy TV* movies, *Encounters* and *Damien's Seed*, as well as roles on *Silk Stalkings*, *Caroline in the City* and *Beverly Hills 90210*. She is 10-4 with us.

© PAUL HATHIN/PHOTO RESERVE, INC.

Papa's Little Mama

Ex-model, club kid and singer BIJOU PHILLIPS (daughter of the Mamas and the Papas' John) has put out an album, *I'd Rather Eat Glass*. We'd much rather nibble on her.

Local Goes National

LOCAL H started out as a four-piece band in Zion, Illinois and is now a power duo. Joe Daniels and Scott Lucas' most recent CD, *Pack Up the Cats*, is the story of a small-town kid who escapes to the big city. Keep them in sight.





Another Cherry in the Bowl

EAGLE EYE CHERRY, son of jazz master Don and brother of singer Neneh, has a hit CD, *Desireless*, a tour with Sheryl Crow under his belt and a bluesy style that has caught on. No pits here.

© C. BRONKHORST/RETNA



© STYVE GRANITZ/RETNA LTD. USA

Whole Lotta Love

COURTNEY LOVE is brash (she walked off the Marilyn Manson tour), talented (look for her in the Andy Kaufman film bio *Man on the Moon*) and outrageous (check out the dress).



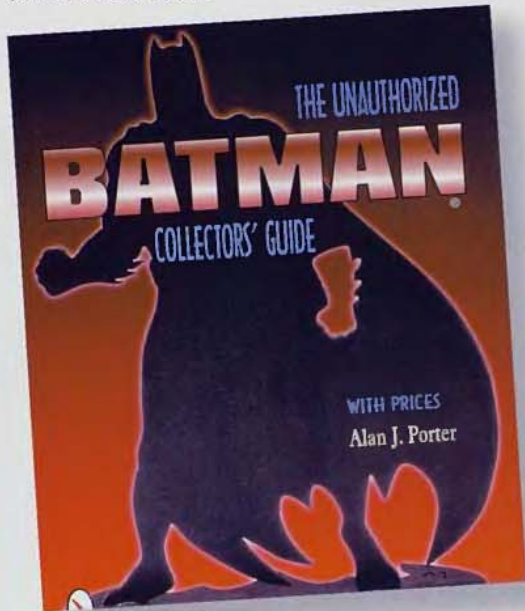
Bobbi Is Tip-Top With Us

BOBBI BILLARD is on a bunch of 1999 calendars, including *Street Rodder*, *Hot Bike* and *Photogenique*. You can find her in a *Dragonfly* ad in *Surfing* magazine. Here, Bobbi unravels the mysteries of a bikini.

© TIM JARVIS

BATMAN FOREVER

A mint-condition Batman #1 comic from 1940 is worth \$60,000, and a Kellogg's OK Cereal box from the Sixties featuring Yogi Bear and Batman fetches \$1600. Before you search your attic for potential treasures, pick up a copy of Schiffer Publishing's *The Unauthorized Batman Collectors' Guide*. Everything from bookends to trading cards is listed in its 157 pages, along with advice on where to shop. Price: \$29.95; call 610-593-1777.



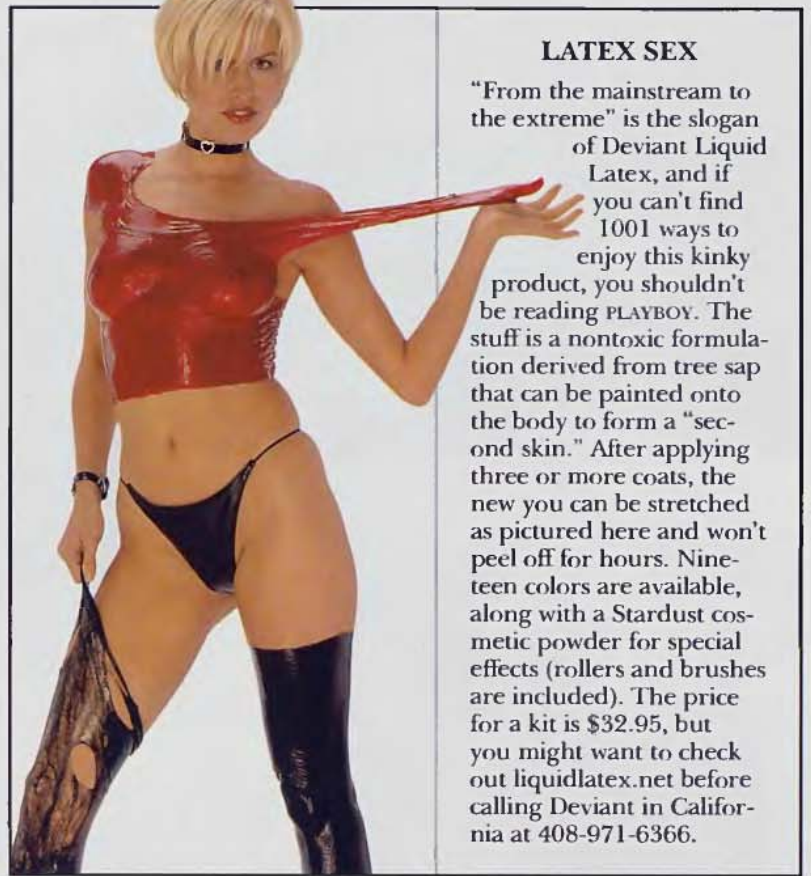
FLICK SHTICK

GT Knives' Divotmaster is the ultimate golf gizmo. Its handle is aircraft-grade aluminum, the divot key is stainless steel and the button that activates the pop-open device is solid brass. Overengineered, yes, but what a tool. Price: \$49.95, in your choice of red, black, blue, gold or metallic. Stogie lovers alert: The style pictured here incorporates a cigar punch. It's \$54.95. Check knife and golf shops, or call Pioneer Valley Knife and Tool at 800-956-4377.



LATEX SEX

"From the mainstream to the extreme" is the slogan of Deviant Liquid Latex, and if you can't find 1001 ways to enjoy this kinky product, you shouldn't be reading *PLAYBOY*. The stuff is a nontoxic formulation derived from tree sap that can be painted onto the body to form a "second skin." After applying three or more coats, the new you can be stretched as pictured here and won't peel off for hours. Nineteen colors are available, along with a Stardust cosmetic powder for special effects (rollers and brushes are included). The price for a kit is \$32.95, but you might want to check out liquidlatex.net before calling Deviant in California at 408-971-6366.



GENTLEMEN, START YOUR COALS

Summer may be slipping away, but there's still plenty of time for fancy grilling. *Bobby Flay's Boy Meets Grill* (\$32.50) features "more than 125 bold new recipes" from the star chef at Manhattan's Mesa Grill and Bolo restaurants. *Barbecue America* (\$24.95) by Rick Browne and Jack Bettridge is a "pilgrimage in search of America's best barbecue," with dozens of stops from the Carolinas to California. Another travel book, *Famous Dave's Backroads and Sidestreets* (\$32.95), offers up "recipes inspired by America's down-home eateries." Dave Anderson, the author, apparently was so enthralled by what he discovered that he opened Famous Dave's Ribs and Blues restaurant in Chicago. Last, *A Cowboy in the Kitchen* (\$29.95), by Grady Spears and Robb Walsh, features "recipes from Reata and Texas west of the Pecos."

JAZZ APLENTY

In the Fifties, legendary lensman William Claxton began photographing jazz musicians and singers, including John Coltrane and Nat King Cole (pictured below). Now 250 of his finest black-and-white photos have been collected in *Jazz Seen*, a great oversize hardcover with a foreword by LA jazz critic Don Heckman. Look for it in bookstores; the price is \$40. Taschen is the publisher.



COCKTAILS IN THE SOUTH

Galatoire's has the largest sit-down bar, and Cafe Sbisà's famous mural (below) depicts its patrons and waiters. These and other drinking establishments are in *Obituary Cocktail* (Pontalba Press), a handsome photographic essay and history by Kerri McCaffety dedicated to "the great saloons of New Orleans." Featured are the Obituary Cocktail and other Big Easy drinks that go down easy. Price: \$39.95.



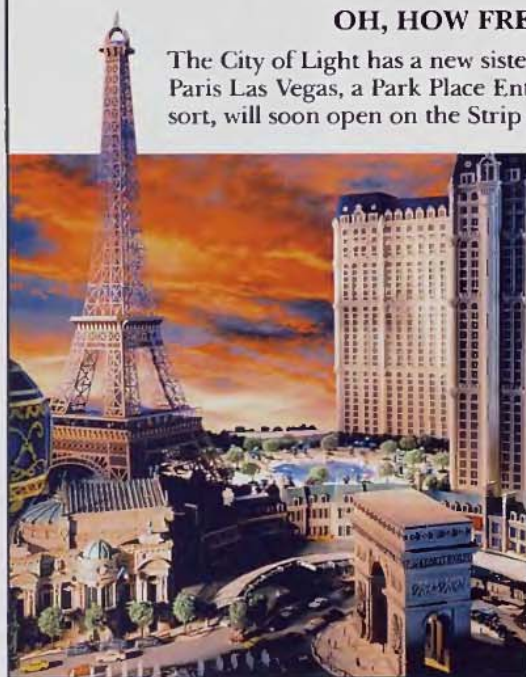
RAISING CANE

Vintage walking sticks have become hot collectibles, and fine examples are selling for thousands of dollars at auctions nationwide. Canes Through the Ages, an auction company, hosts the next bidding war on October 2. Included among several hundred sticks will be this 19th century English carved ivory tiger's head. A catalog costs \$25; write to the company at 5205 Route 12, Richmond, IL 60071, or call 815-678-2000, extension 177. (You can bid on items by phone.) If tigers aren't your thing, CTTA also will offer an ormolu-handled reclining nude cane and an ivory-handled siren that has "generous breasts."



OH, HOW FRENCH

The City of Light has a new sister in America. The Paris Las Vegas, a Park Place Entertainment Corp. resort, will soon open on the Strip adjacent to Bally's (the properties will connect) and feature a 50-story Eiffel Tower plus reproductions of the Arc de Triomphe, the Paris Opera House and the Louvre. Being Vegas, there are also eight French restaurants, five lounges, plus a two-acre rooftop swimming pool. Guest rooms begin around \$110. Call 888-BONJOUR for more information.



ARMCHAIR JOCKS

That's Me Sports has raised personal broadcasting to a new level. For \$19.95 you get a five-minute CD (the graphics on it depict your sport) that features you as the star in a nail-biter finale to a hard-fought game of football, basketball, baseball, hockey, soccer or stock car racing. Your full name is mentioned ten times by the announcer, and the voice-over and background sound effects are so realistic you'll believe you played in the game or drove the car yourself. Also available on cassette (\$14.95). Call 877-842-8763 to order or check the web at thatsmesports.com.



NEXT MONTH



PAC TEN



PIGSKIN PREVIEW



THE DATE



PLAYMATE

THE GIRLS OF THE PAC TEN—OUR BACK-TO-SCHOOL SCORCHER FEATURES A GAGGLE OF WEST COAST GODDESSES. YOU CAN'T BEAT THEM FOR SCHOOL SPIRIT

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW—CAN TENNESSEE REPEAT AS NATIONAL CHAMP? WILL NEBRASKA MAKE A COMEBACK AFTER LAST YEAR'S CRASH? WILL THE NEXT RICKY WILLIAMS BE RICKY WILLIAMS? OUR UNCANNY FOOTBALL PREDICTIONS BY **GARY COLE**

KEVIN SPACEY—HOLLYWOOD'S OFFBEAT STAR TELLS WHY HE LOVES PLAYING VILLAINS AND WONDERS WHY EVERYONE MAKES A BIG DEAL OUT OF HIS SEXUALITY. PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **MICHAEL FLEMING**

IN LOCO PARENTIS—THE NEW CONSERVATISM ON CAMPUS, INCLUDING PARTY CRACKDOWNS AND THE END OF SINGLE-SEX FRATERNITIES, GETS A D MINUS. ARTICLE BY **KATIE ROIPHE**

MIA ST. JOHN—FEMALE BOXING'S PROMISING FEATHERWEIGHT SHEDS EVERYTHING BUT HER GLOVES. WE RECOMMEND A STANDING EIGHT COUNT

JOE MORGAN—THE BASEBALL HALL OF FAMER TURNED BROADCAST SAGE FIELDS *20 QUESTIONS*—ON OVERPAID

PLAYERS, THE GREATEST TEAM EVER AND WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE TO PLAY BALL FOR MARGE SCHOTT—BY **ROBERT S. WIEDER**

PLAYBOY'S JAZZ AND ROCK POLL—**CHER**, **TLC** AND **SHERYL CROW** PROVE THAT WOMEN RULE. WHILE **FATBOY SLIM** AND **TOM PETTY** ROCK. WHO MAKES YOU LIVE *LA VIDA LOCA*? CAST YOUR VOTES IN OUR ANNUAL SURVEY

MATTHEW PERRY—THE SARCASTIC CO-STAR OF *FRIENDS* RIFFS ON JENNIFER, LISA AND COURTENEY, DATING IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND WHAT IT'S LIKE HAVING TWO FIRST NAMES. AN INTIMATE CHAT WITH **DAVID RENSIN**

HOLY SHIT!—TOWED BY JET SKIS ONTO THE PLANET'S BIGGEST WAVES, A NEW BREED OF SURFERS RISKS DEATH FOR THE ULTIMATE RUSH. BY **NEIL STEBBINS**

THE DATE—A STUDENT MAKING EXTRA MONEY AS AN ESCORT GETS HIRED BY SIAMESE TWINS. OUR 14TH ANNUAL COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST WINNER IS **EDWARD LAZEL-LARI** OF RUTGERS

PLUS: BACK-TO-CAMPUS FASHION, TECH GADGETS FOR UNDERGRADS WHO WANT TO ACE THEIR CLASSES. WEB PHONES AND MISS OCTOBER, **JODI ANN PATERSON**