

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JANUARY 2001 • www.playboy.com

**HOLIDAY  
ANNIVERSARY  
ISSUE**

PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS  
**GARY JOHNSON**

**THE MAVERICK  
REPUBLICAN  
GOVERNOR  
WHO WANTS  
TO LEGALIZE  
DRUGS**

**GOLDBERG**  
**THE UNLIKELY  
WRESTLER  
EXPLAINS HIMSELF**

PLAYMATE  
REVIEW

**Superjock  
Gabrielle  
Reece**  
**Naturally  
Nude**

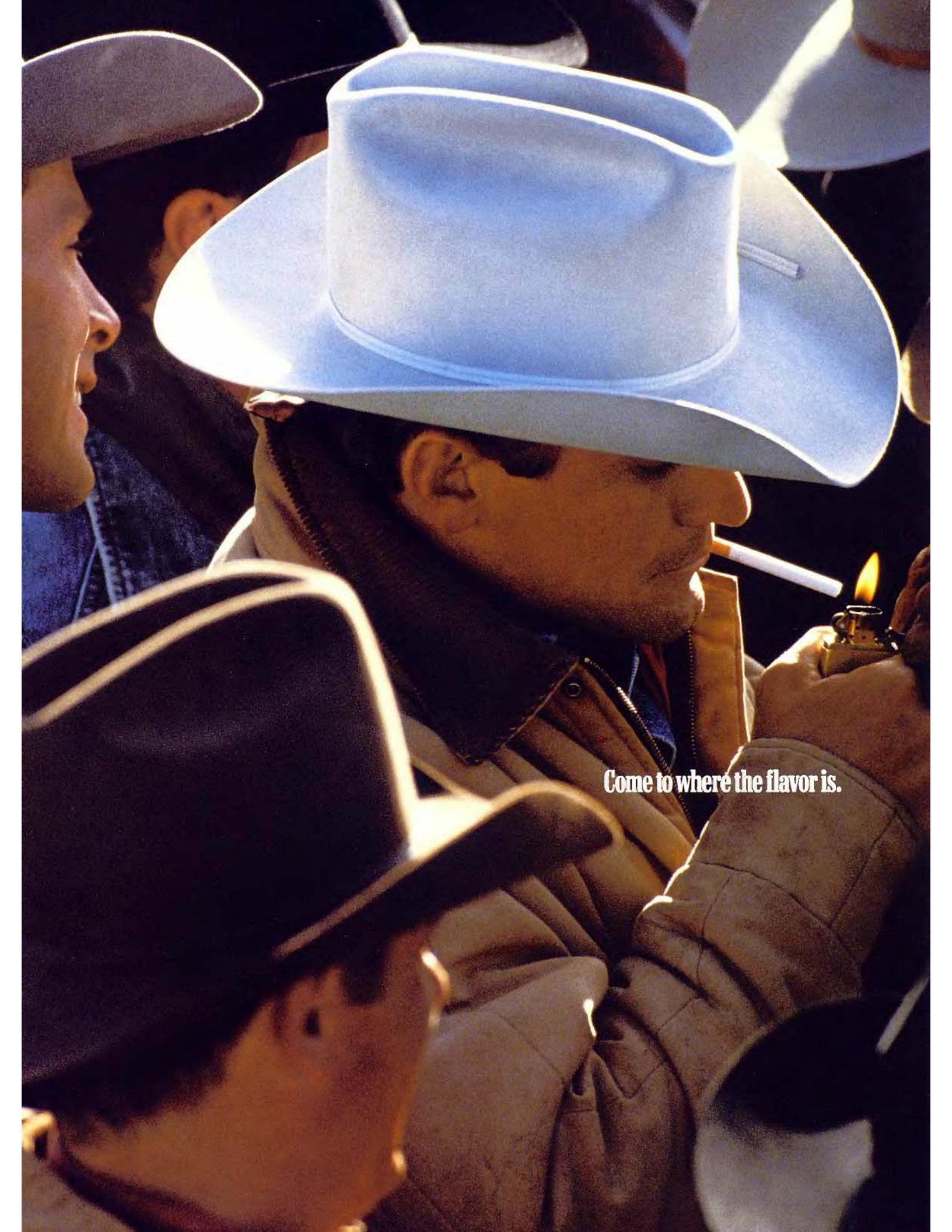
**REGIS  
PHILBIN**  
**BY DAVID  
HALBERSTAM**

**20Q WITH  
CAROL ALT**

**ARTHUR C.  
CLARKE**  
**2001 AND  
BEYOND!**

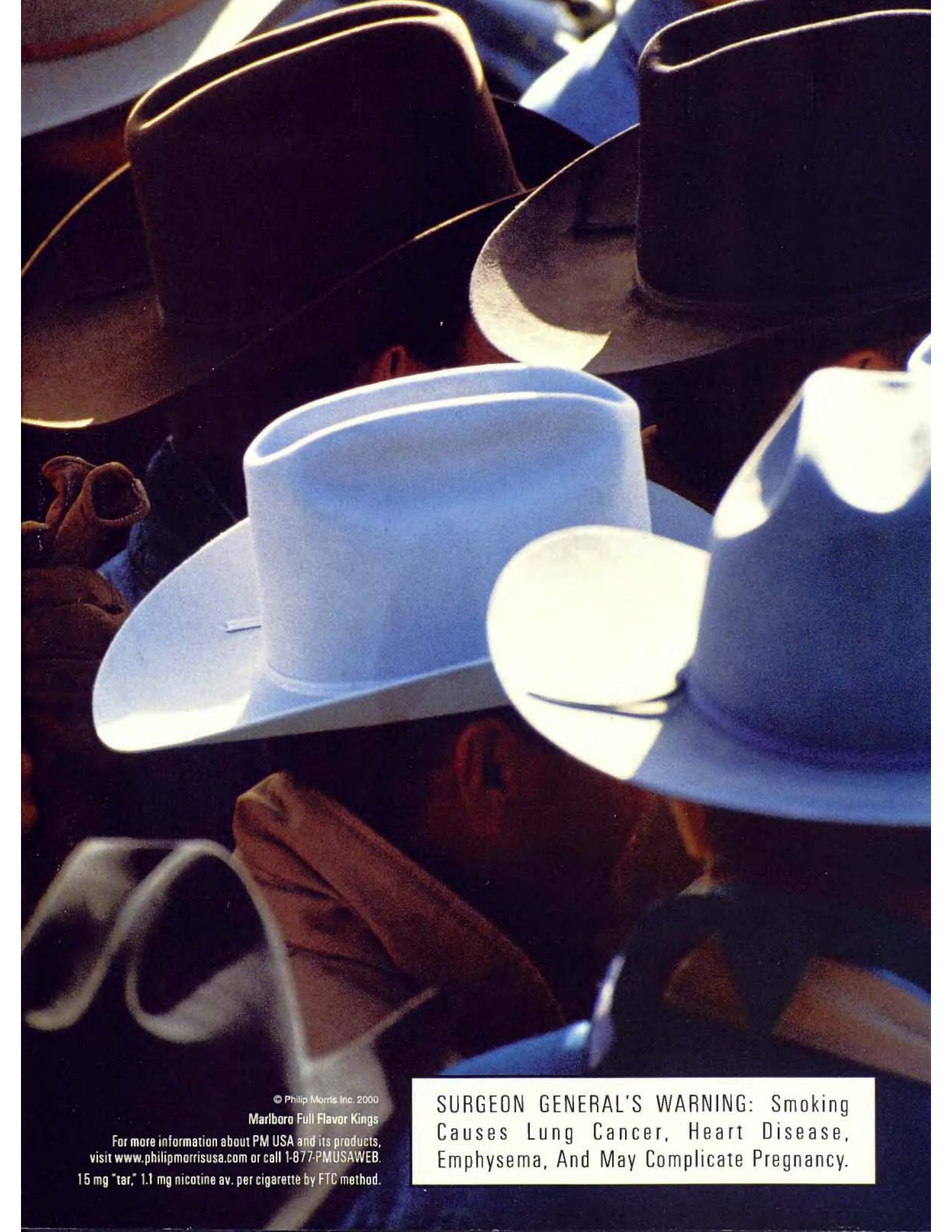






**Come to where the flavor is.**





© Philip Morris Inc. 2000

Marlboro Full Flavor Kings

For more information about PM USA and its products,  
visit [www.philipmorrisusa.com](http://www.philipmorrisusa.com) or call 1-877-PMUSAWEB.  
15 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.**





THE BOMBAY SAPPHIRE MARTINI. AS CONSTRUCTED BY PETER CRISP, GLASS ARTIST.

P O U R   S O M E T H I N G   P R I C E L E S S .



# Playbill

TWO THOUSAND AND ONE. Time for all you naked apes to heave a femur high into the midnight sky. Only have a chicken leg handy? Then consider reading this magazine a fine substitute for millennial dramatics. It's a symbol of human aspirations, lofty and base. Few have captured the teleological sweep of history better than **Arthur C. Clarke**. With *2001: A Space Odyssey*, Clarke alerted the world to a magical number and a future weighted with possibility. Who better, then, to herald our new age? In *2001, Hello, Sir Arthur* leads our holiday lineup by surveying yesterday's hopes and tomorrow's challenges. While the new millennium doesn't look exactly as Clarke imagined it, his themes endure. The inspirational artwork is by **Donato Giancola**. Cue *The Blue Danube* and imagine a white sphere rising lazily until it reaches its apex, when it's whacked harder than Big Pussy Bompensiero. The ability to spike a volleyball is just one of cover girl **Gabrielle Reece's** charms. This month she's hung her suit out to dry in a triumphant pictorial by **Phillip Dixon**. Reece is like a walking Nike commercial, a winged Victory minus the feathers. She says the photos are about form, not sex. She's right and she's wrong. Her body has grace worthy of Praxiteles, yet gives off enough heat to crack marble.

Republican party animal: Governor **Gary Johnson** of New Mexico is the most courageous politician in the country today. He believes the war on drugs is a complete failure and that legalization is the only answer. What's more, he has said so in public, prompting drug czar Barry McCaffrey to proclaim, "I'm embarrassed to have a public servant take this line of argument." In the *Playboy Interview* by **David Sheff**, Johnson decries a policy in which "we spend \$30 billion to \$40 billion a year—plus the cost of incarceration—and haven't dented the problem." But we have quadrupled our prison population trying to suppress illicit substances that kill fewer people annually than legal intoxicants.

The governor is a proponent of the harm reduction movement. So are we. People use drugs, and there are ways to limit the damage. We've updated and reprised the famous PLAYBOY drug chart, which gained prominence as an educational resource in the Seventies. While no drug is safe, information can lead to safer use. It's particularly true with ecstasy, one of the most popular—and most adulterated—drugs on the street. Whether you are pro or con, read *Drugs 2001*. Research and analysis for the package was provided by **Carol Keeley**. The dynamic layout is by Senior Art Director **Scott Anderson**.

We have a jones for **Joyce Carol Oates**, and we're always pleased when she presents us with our next fix. *The High School Sweetheart* (illustrated by **Edith Vonnegut**) is an unsettling mystery with a dose of drugs, sex and Anterograde amnesia. Our other work of fiction is by **Chuck Palahniuk**, author of *Fight Club*. *Cruising Altitude* is an antidote to air rage. Eight hours on a plane packed like a cattle car, with nothing to do. Why not make use of the rest rooms? The story is an introduction to a small, daring cult. Call it Sex Club. The artwork by **Philippe Berthet** fleshes out the rest.

For the price of this magazine, which contemporary icon did **David Halberstam** suggest profiling for our epic millennial issue? (A) Michael Jordan (B) Regis Philbin (C) Bill Gates (D) Matt Pinfield. We'll save you some lifelines: It's Reege! With *In Praise of Regis Philbin*, Halberstam portrays Philbin as a celebrity artisan and a friend, and perfectly captures the perseverance of the guy who managed to survive the Kathie Lee death grip. Speaking of men in tights, **Bill Goldberg** had to face down a guy with a mouth rivaling that of Philbin's ex-partner. *Goldberg*, an excerpt from the new book *I'm Next* by Bill and his brother **Steve Goldberg** (Crown), is an account of the WCW star's training period at the Power Plant, a fearsome place run



CLARKE



GIANCOLA



DIXON



SHEFF



KEELEY



OATES



VONNEGUT



HALBERSTAM



BERTHET



PALAHNIUK



BUCKLEY



GOLDBERG AND GOLDBERG





PARK

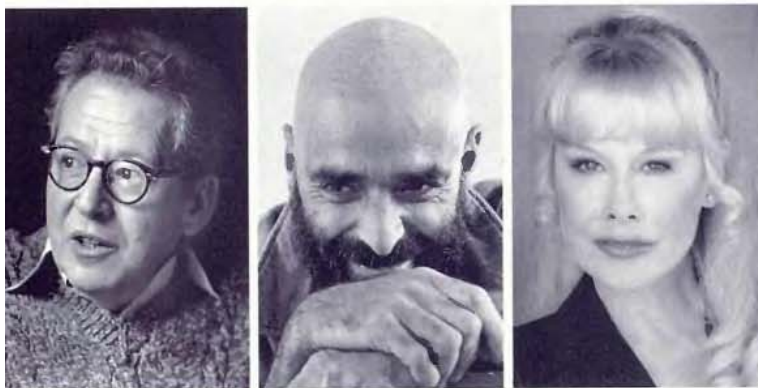
YOUNG

CRANE



BEAUDET-FRANCÉS, HANSEN AND EDGREN

VENUS



ROTH

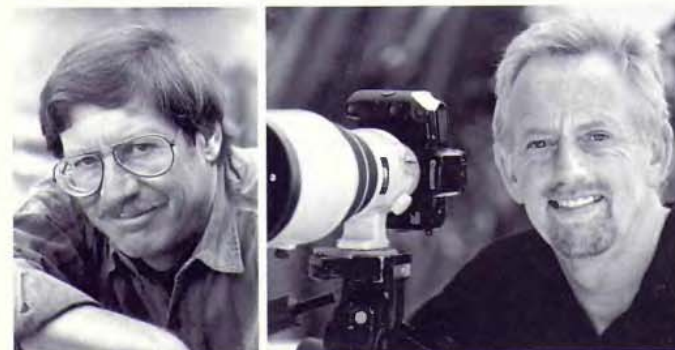
SILVERSTEIN

CORN



HAVLICEK

DE ACETIS



WIEDER

FREYTAG

by a guy named Sarge.

Here's a droll bridge to the 21st century: We have a political special ops humor presentation, courtesy of **Christopher Buckley**, called *Lust and Found*. Seems Buckley found files itemizing the detritus the Clintons left behind at the White House. You know, the unusual—a still wrapped copy of *How to Satisfy a Woman*, a roll of Bounty towels, snacks (cream-filled) and other delights. But the reports of cold fusion in the White House bedroom are nothing compared with the real fake thing. Even with its short half-life, the cold-fusion craze is the best example of our wishful belief in scientific miracles. Few Americans have a grasp of science, but our world is full of technological marvels. So who wouldn't want to get in on car engines that run on water? **Robert Park**, for one. He has debunked bogus scientific claims—usually made to lure investors—in books, on the radio and now in the article *Screwball Science*.

If you want more hard facts, turn to *Do-It-Yourself Sex Tricks* by **Laura Corn**. Let's face it. Most guys have been working on their technique since they were 12. Technique is not a problem. But seduction, the timing of a particular move, adapting techniques to fit a certain mood—these are the things that sexually experienced women call to our attention. The essence of Corn's approach comes down to knowing how to tease. And she means mentally, not physically. Then there is the direct approach, as espoused by **Barbara Moore** on our new page, *Centerfolds on Sex*. We sent **Brenda Venus** to ask some pert questions—and, boy, did she come back with a mouthful.

Now that we've established that beautiful women like sex, the question becomes, How to get some? In this month's *Single Life*, the illustrious **Toby Young** contemplates the imponderables of his roommate, supermodel Sophie Dahl. Young recounts how he embraced his status as a rising star in the New York publishing world and used it to try to leverage apart the knees of models. One way, apparently, is to get real rinky. The best marketing scheme for the NHL may well be the six-foot object of high-sticking known as **Carol Alt**. In this month's *20 Questions* by **Robert Crane**, New York's model citizen and actress describes her two relationships with hockey players (ex-husband Ron Greschner and current love Alexei Yashin). Then she embraces her co-star from *Private Parts*, Howard Stern. Go figure.

A fat, naked gay guy, a dress that looked like a pair of curtains, a set of breast implants stuck in a dancer's butt—that's just a taste of our annual *Year in Sex* roundup. For more, turn to the six pages of mixed nuts compiled and presented by our *YIS* team: Associate Photo Editor **Patty BeauDET-FRANCÉS**, Senior Art Director **Bruce Hansen** and **Gretchen Edgren**. The late, great **Shel Silverstein** knew a good joke when he heard one, and it seems as though he saved them all for his *magnum boobus* called *Topless Town*. It's illustrated to perfection by **Arnold Roth**. It's for all of us who have imagined the girl behind the cash register naked and for the few of us who've imagined her granny naked, too. Then it's **Robert S. Wieder's** turn to jiggle some couplets in *That Was the Year That Was*: "Whole flocks got hosed by IPOs/and Nasdaq, what a bomb!/The only play that's hot today/is bankruptcies.com."

You've worked and studied hard all year. New Year's Eve is a time of extravagance, particularly when it comes along once in a thousand years. The best monkey suit you can buy is a tux, and it's the best thing to wear when you're closing down a bar. In *2001 Tuxes*, produced by **Joseph De Acetis** with photography by **Pavel Havlicek**, we give you after-hours scenarios that will inspire splurging. Then take your spare change and hold it up to the rich antique flasks or putters displayed in *Eleventh-Hour Santa*. They're the best buys of the century! We also give you one last chance to kiss the old calendar goodbye with a baker's dozen of cute cupcakes. When you're done evaluating the *Playmate Review*, look to the future. We have a new Russian PM—Irina Voronina, in a layout shot by Contributing Photographer **Arny Freytag**. She's the season's best reason for Putin on the ritz.



On December 25th  
20 million men  
will receive  
a tie from  
a loved one.

Don't be  
one of  
them.



Tell Them You Want DVD's.

Available At

**SUNCOAST**  
MOTION PICTURE COMPANY  
[www.suncoast.com](http://www.suncoast.com)

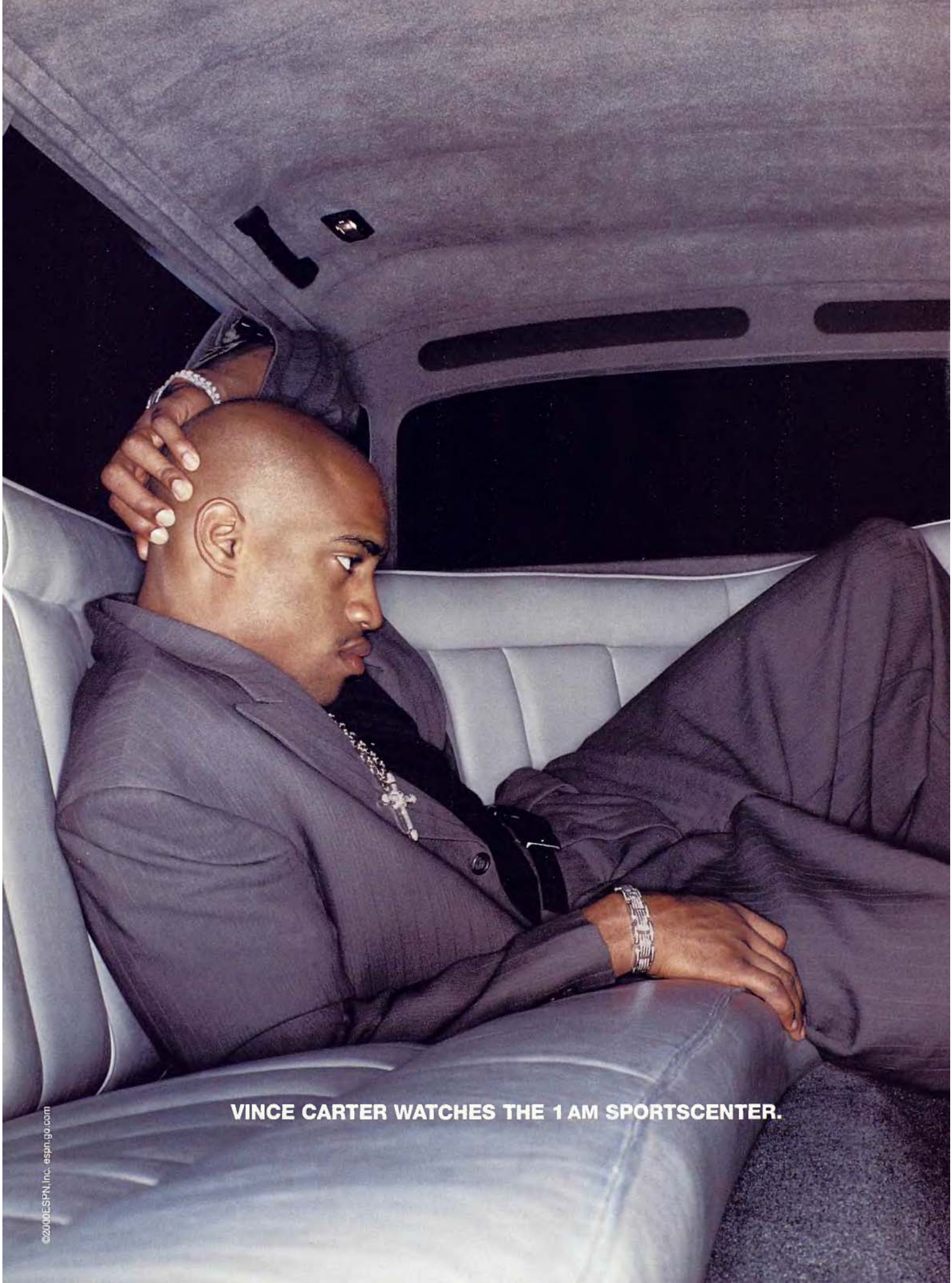
**sam goody**  
[www.samgoody.com](http://www.samgoody.com)

**On-Cue**  
MUSIC • BOOKS • MOVIES  
[www.oncue.com](http://www.oncue.com)

MUSIC • SOFTWARE • MOVIES • BOOKS  
**MEDIA PLAY**  
[www.MediaPlay.com](http://www.MediaPlay.com)







VINCE CARTER WATCHES THE 1 AM SPORTSCENTER.



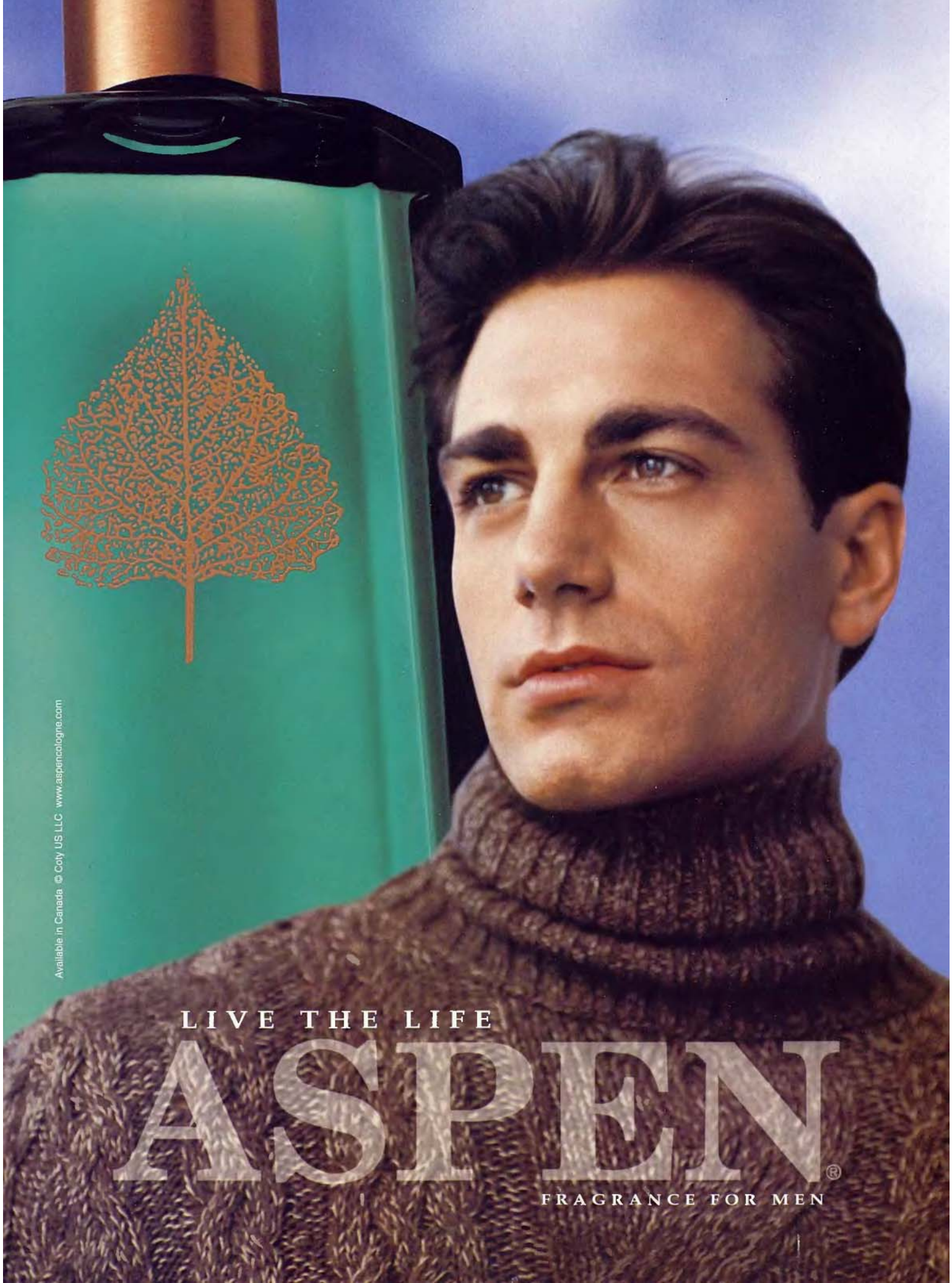
The image shows the interior of a luxury limousine. On the right, there is a built-in bar with a television mounted on the wall. The TV displays a sports news program with two male anchors. In the center, a multi-tiered crystal chandelier hangs from the ceiling. To the left, a person's legs in dark trousers are visible, resting on a white leather seat. The overall atmosphere is sophisticated and high-end.

# WHICH SPORTSCENTER DO YOU WATCH?

5 AM — 12 PM, 6 PM, 11 PM, 1 AM, 2 AM ET

**ESPN**





Available in Canada © Coty US LLC [www.aspencologne.com](http://www.aspencologne.com)

LIVE THE LIFE  
**ASPEN**<sup>®</sup>  
FRAGRANCE FOR MEN



# PLAYBOY

## contents

### features

- 88 2001, HELLO**  
*The writer of the original space odyssey believes that life exists beyond earth and predicts it will be found this century. BY ARTHUR C. CLARKE*
- 90 PENELOPE CRUZ**  
*Knockout gorgeous and co-starring with five Hollywood hunks in four separate movies, the woman is definitely on top. We like her from every angle.*
- 104 SCREWBALL SCIENCE**  
*If it sounds too good to be true—think Vitamin O and perpetual motion machines—it probably is. Now read how gullible we really are. BY ROBERT PARK*
- 112 GOLDBERG**  
*From the bottom of the NFL to the top of pro wrestling—that's the "strange journey" Goldberg recounts in his riotous war diaries. We picked the best parts, like his training at the Power Plant and his infamous match with Sid Vicious. BY BILL AND STEVE GOLDBERG*
- 116 TOPLESS TOWN**  
*When a cafe waitress loses her blouse, one small town takes a shine to liberty. BY SHEL SILVERSTEIN*
- 120 IN PRAISE OF REGIS PHILBIN**  
*Quiz show lightweight? Kathie Lee foil? Never sell the man short, advises one old friend. And never challenge his knowledge of Notre Dame football trivia. BY DAVID HALBERSTAM*
- 124 DO-IT-YOURSELF SEX TRICKS**  
*It's surprising how women find a bit of anticipation scintillating. If you've never pulled the old double-nickel trick, now's your chance. BY LAURA CORN*
- 143 LUST AND FOUND**  
*Come January 20, Bill and Hillary will be giving up their prime digs. The cleaning staff should have plenty to snicker about. HUMOR BY CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY*
- 153 DRUGS 2001**  
*Recreational drug use is on the rise. New drugs and adulterations are proliferating. It's time to take a clear, hard look at what these chemicals are, what they do and whether they're dangerous.*
- 160 THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS**  
*Richard Hatch survived, but will Dennis Miller? What's eating Vladimir? The year 2000 raised many troubling questions. We deliver the laughable highlights in rhyme. BY ROBERT S. WIEDER*
- 169 CENTERFOLDS ON SEX: BARBARA MOORE**  
*The girl has an active mouth—in every way you can think of. INTERVIEWED BY BRENDA VENUS*
- 182 20Q CAROL ALT**  
*The very sexy supermodel would like to set the record straight. She is not a hockey hag. She doesn't like walking around naked. She hails a cab by hiking up her skirt. We hung on every word. BY ROBERT CRANE*

### interview

- 79 GARY JOHNSON**  
*The maverick governor of New Mexico has shaken up the national drug debate with his aggressive advocacy of legalization. He is also a fitness fanatic who competes in triathlons. Pay attention. BY DAVID SHEFF*

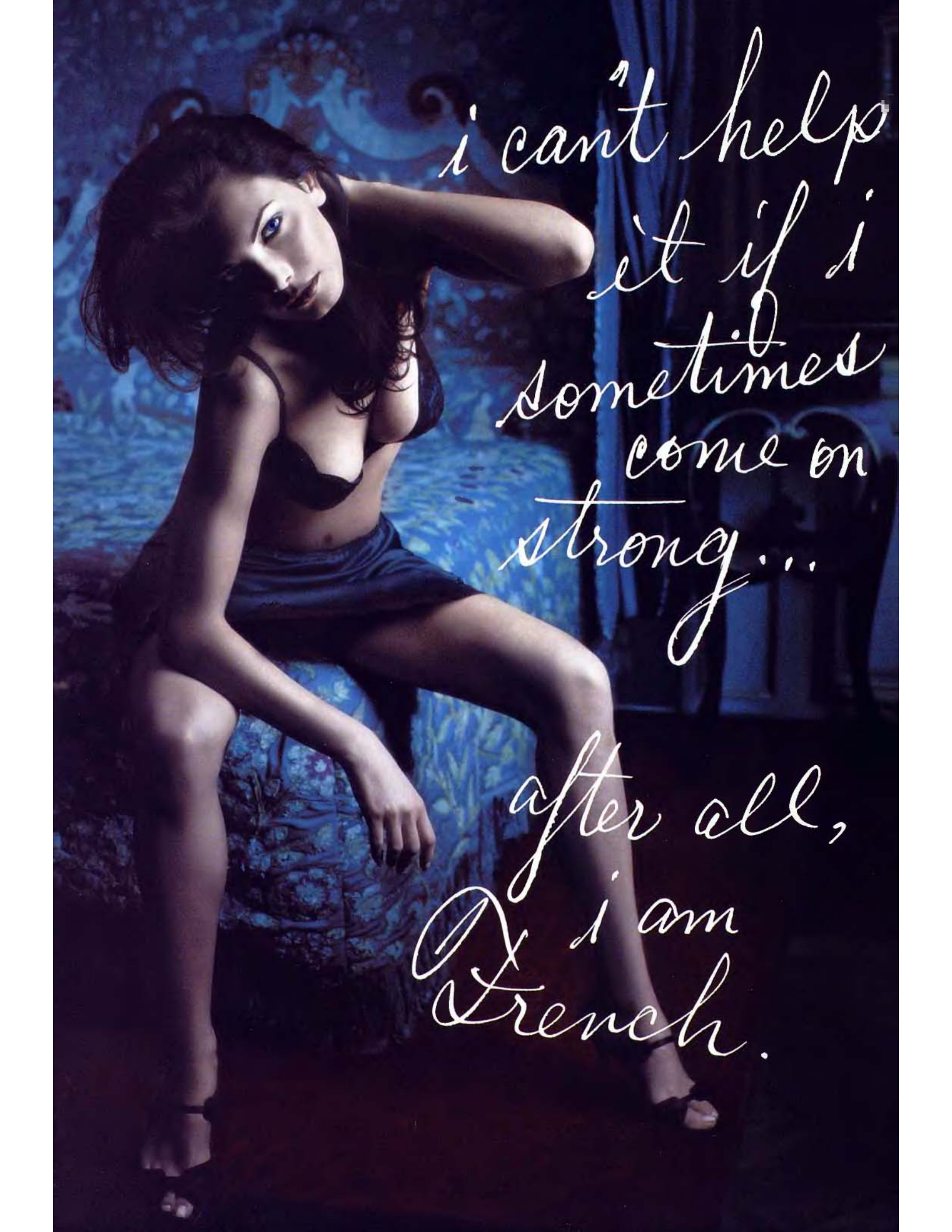


### cover story

Gabrielle Reece is a lanky goddess and our favorite volleyball star. She has tackled extreme sports for MTV, swings a mean five iron on the fairway, leg-presses 500 pounds and writes smart magazine columns. Thanks to Phillip Dixon for shafting the superjock. Our athletically inclined Rabbit is owfully hip.



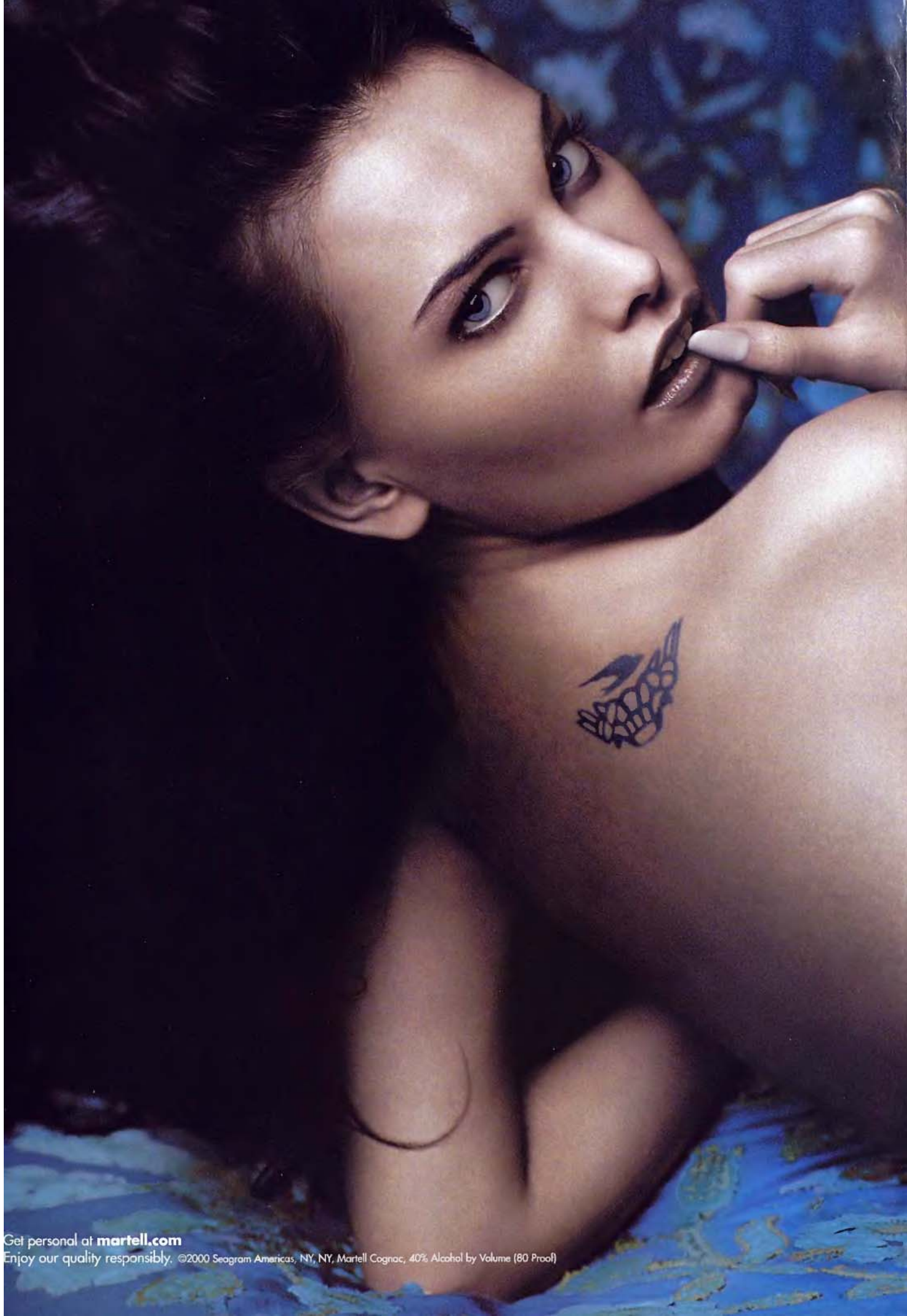




*i can't help  
it if i  
sometimes  
come on  
strong...*

*after all,  
I am  
French.*



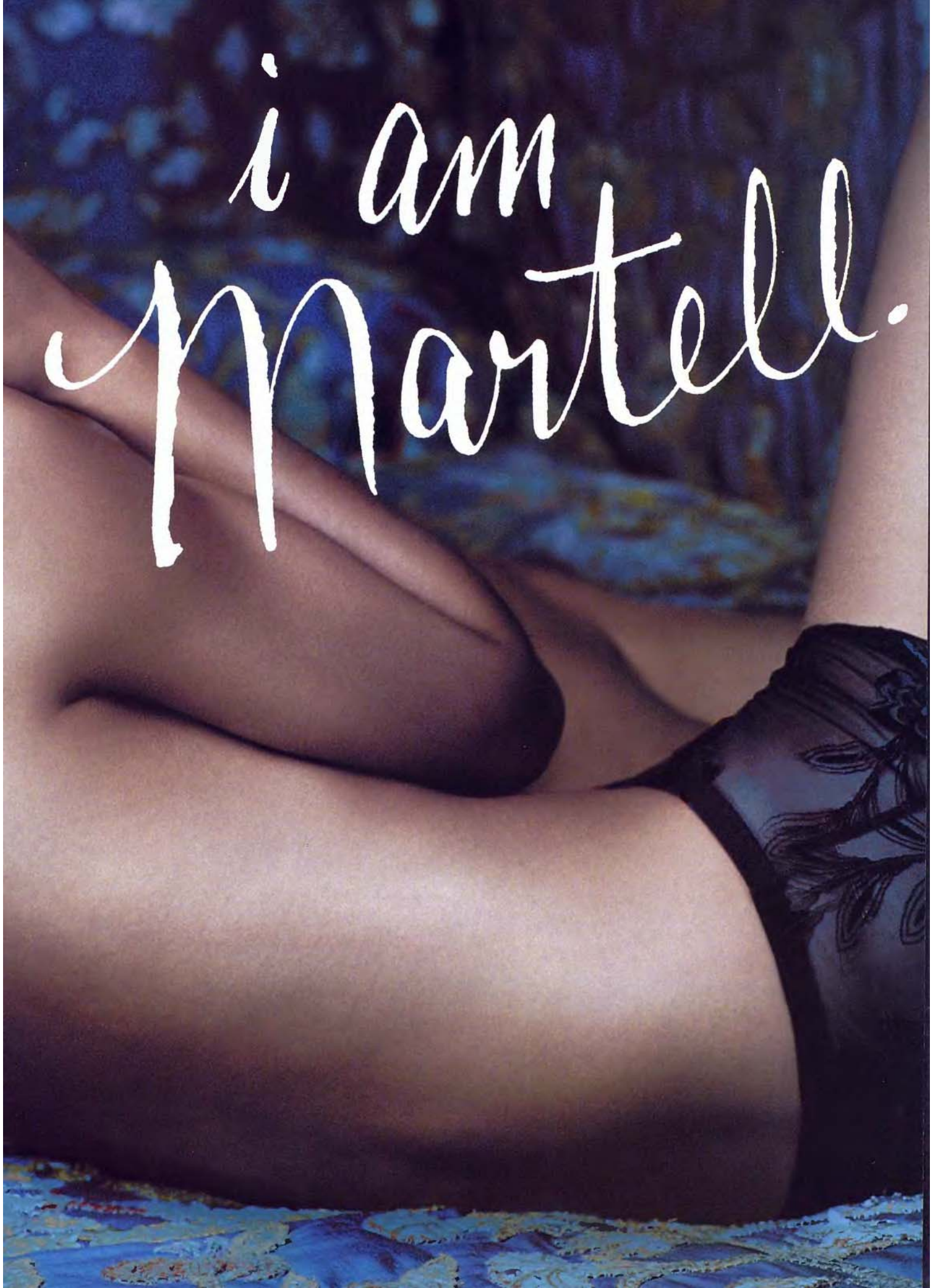


Get personal at [martell.com](http://martell.com)

Enjoy our quality responsibly. ©2000 Seagram Americas, NY, NY, Martell Cognac, 40% Alcohol by Volume (80 Proof)



*i am  
Martell.*







*Martell & Co*

**MARTELL**  
★ V ★ S ★  
*J.F. Martell*  
FONDÉE EN  
1715  
FINE COGNAC



# PLAYBOY

contents continued



170

## pictorials

- 92 GABRIELLE REECE**  
*She's got game—but no clothes. Gabby serves up an ace for PLAYBOY.*
- 126 RUSSIAN DELIGHT**  
*Irina is an art school grad. Let our exhibition be your canvas.*
- 144 THE YEAR IN SEX**  
*Versace ruled, Rudy rutted, everyone sued—and it made for fabulous entertainment.*
- 170 PLAYMATE REVIEW**  
*Sharpen your pencils, men, and vote. Our pictures will refresh your memory.*



106

## fiction

- 106 CRUISING ALTITUDE**  
*You never forget your first girl—that is, the one who first introduced you to the tantric airline-sex circuit. BY CHUCK PALAHNIUK*
- 140 THE HIGH SCHOOL SWEETHEART**  
*On the night he ascends to the top of his profession, a mystery writer confesses his sinister inspiration. BY JOYCE CAROL OATES*

## notes and news

- 23 THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY**
- 24 WE'LL TAKE MANHATTAN**  
*Playmates land on Betsey Johnson's runway.*
- 26 LIMP BIZKIT ROCKS THE MANSION**  
*Courtney Love butters Fred's biscuit.*
- 69 THE PLAYBOY FORUM**  
*The false history of gun culture.*
- 227 PLAYMATE NEWS**  
*A PMOY as Gladiatrix; French Stewart's favorite.*

## departments

- 3 PLAYBILL**
- 29 DEAR PLAYBOY**
- 33 AFTER HOURS**
- 53 WIRED**
- 54 LIVING ONLINE**
- 58 MEN**
- 59 THE SINGLE LIFE**
- 61 MANTRACK**
- 65 THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR**
- 138 PARTY JOKES**
- 222 WHERE AND HOW TO BUY**
- 231 ON THE SCENE**
- 232 GRAPEVINE**
- 234 POTPOURRI**

## lifestyle

- 109 ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA**  
*A Ferrari clock and a Jeep in the box top our last minute gift guide.*
- 162 2001 TUXEDOS**  
*These days the right spot for a tux is a club, not a corporate awards ceremony. BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS*

## reviews

- 44 MOVIES**  
*DVDs for Xmas.*
- 48 VIDEO**  
*Campaign films; James Woods.*
- 50 MUSIC**  
*Green Day and Merle Haggard: grown-up punks.*
- 56 BOOKS**  
*Martin Luther King Jr. in photos; the great Herb Ritts.*



92

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. PLAYBOY ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY TO RETURN UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL OR GRAPHIC OR OTHER MATERIAL. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS AND UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL AND GRAPHIC MATERIAL WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND MATERIAL WILL BE SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALY. PLAYBOY, DATE OF PRODUCTION: NOVEMBER 2000. CUSTODIAN OF RECORDS IS DIANE GRIFFIN. ALL RECORDS REQUIRED BY LAW TO BE MAINTAINED BY PUBLISHER ARE LOCATED AT 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 2000 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY, PLAYMATE AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U.S. TRADEMARK OFFICE. NO PART OF THIS BOOK MAY BE REPRODUCED, STORED IN A RETRIEVAL SYSTEM OR TRANSMITTED IN ANY FORM BY ANY ELECTRONIC, MECHANICAL, PHOTOCOPIING OR RECORDING MEANS OR OTHERWISE WITHOUT PRIOR WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. FOR CREDITS SEE PAGE 222. FRANKLIN MINT OUTSERT IN DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION POLYWRAPPED COPIES. CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE TITULO NO. 7570 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993, Y CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE CONTENIDO NO. 5108 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993 EXPEDIDOS POR LA COMISION CALIFICADORA DE PUBLICACIONES Y REVISTAS ILUSTRADAS DEPENDIENTE DE LA SECRETARIA DE GOBERNACION, MEXICO. RESERVA DE DERECHOS 04-2000-071710332800-102.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.



© 2000 Seiko Corporation of America. SMA-033 & SMA-113 (from top to bottom)

Science. Now available as a fashion accessory.

Kinetic Auto Relay  [www.SeikoUSA.com](http://www.SeikoUSA.com)

**SEIKO**

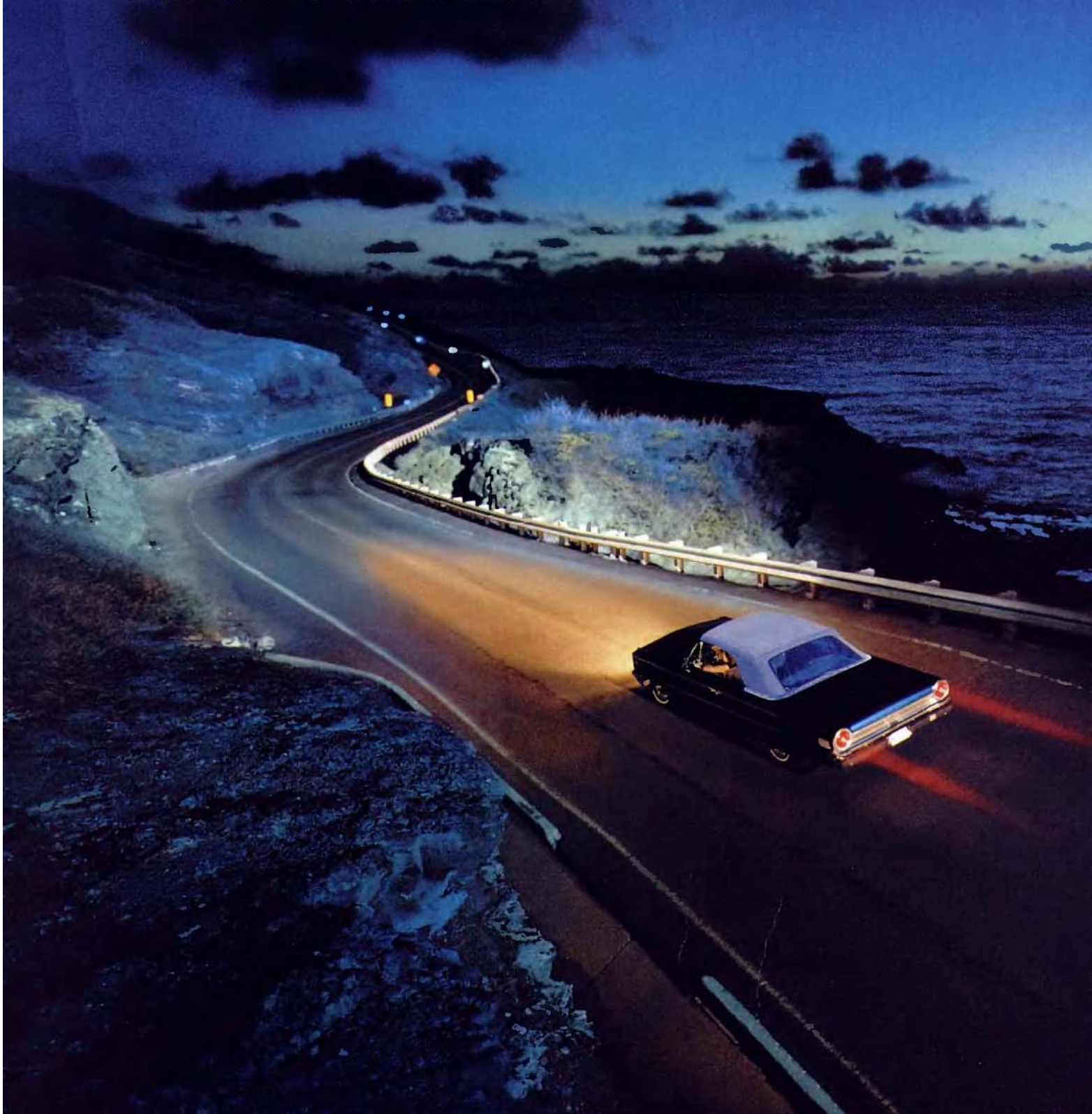


FULL FLAVOR



# PARLIA

OUT OF THE CLEAR BLUE





# MENT



DISTINCTLY SMOOTH



For more information about PM USA and its products, visit [www.philipmorrisusa.com](http://www.philipmorrisusa.com) or call 1-877-PM USA WEB.

Lights: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—Full Flavor: 15 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Full Flavor available in limited areas. ©Philip Morris Inc. 2000

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



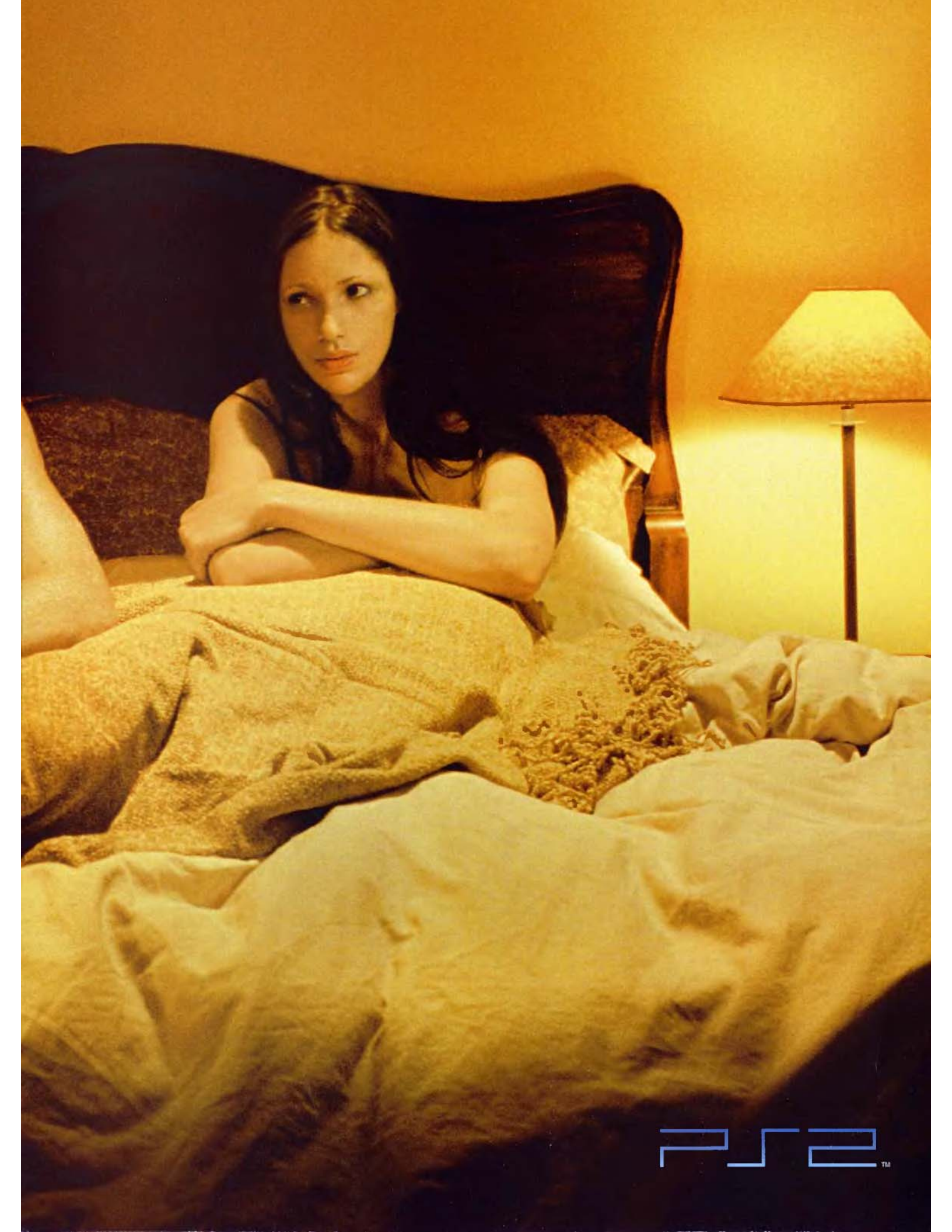
PlayStation is a registered trademark and the "PS" logo is a trademark of Sony Computer Entertainment Inc. © 2000 Sony Computer Entertainment America, Inc.

# ENTER YOUR INITIALS

1ST	818950	SID
2ND	134720	ROB
3RD	92770	AAA
4TH	55810	CAL
5TH	42230	---
6TH	18830	HRM

YOU CAN TURN IT  ON BUT YOU CAN'T TURN IT  OFF.





PS2™



Every man  
should have one  
good recipe.



*The Chivas Royale*

Fill a chilled  
champagne flute with  
crushed ice.

Pour in a shot of  
Chivas Regal 12-year-old  
Scotch whisky.

Add a dash of  
apple schnapps  
(or clear apple juice).

Top it off with  
ginger ale.

Then finish with a  
slice of green apple.

When you know™



Drink responsibly. (But you know that.)  
©2000 Chivas Regal 12 Year Old Worldwide Blended  
Scotch Whisky 40% Alcohol by Volume (80 Proof)  
Chivas Bros. Import Co., New York, NY. www.chivas.com

**PLAYBOY**

HUGH M. HEFNER

*editor-in-chief*

ARTHUR KRETCHMER *editorial director*

JONATHAN BLACK *managing editor*

TOM STAEBLER *art director*

GARY COLE *photography director*

KEVIN BUCKLEY, STEPHEN RANDALL *executive editors*

JOHN REZEK *assistant managing editor*

EDITORIAL

**FICTION:** ALICE K. TURNER *editor*; **FORUM:** JAMES R. PETERSEN *senior staff writer*; CHIP ROWE *associate editor*; PATTY LAMBERTI *editorial assistant*; **MODERN LIVING:** DAVID STEVENS *editor*; JASON BUHRMESTER *assistant editor*; DAN HENLEY *assistant*; **STAFF:** CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO *senior editor*; BARBARA NELLIS *associate editor*; ALISON LUNDGREN *assistant editor*; ROBERT B. DESALVO, TIMOTHY MOHR *junior editors*; CAROL ACKERBERG, REAGAN BROOKS, LINDA FEIDELSON, HELEN FRANCOULIS, CAROL KUBALEK, HARRIET PEASE *editorial assistants*; **CARTOONS:** MICHELLE URRY *editor*; **COPY:** LEOPOLD FROEHLICH *editor*; BRETT HUSTON, ANNE SHERMAN *assistant editors*; REMA SMITH *senior researcher*; GEORGE HODAK, BARI NASH, KRISTEN SWANN *researchers*; MARK DURAN *research librarian*; ANAHEED ALANI, TIM GALVIN, JOSEPH HIGAREDA, JOAN MCLAUGHLIN *proofreaders*; BRYAN BRAUER *assistant*; **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** ASA BABER, JOE DOLCE, GRETCHEN EDGREN, LAWRENCE GROBEL, KEN GROSS, WARREN KALBACKER, D. KEITH MANO, JOE MORGENSTERN, DAVID RENSIN, DAVID SHEFF

ART

KERIC POPE *managing art director*; SCOTT ANDERSON, BRUCE HANSEN, CHET SUSKI, LEN WILLIS *senior art directors*; ROB WILSON *assistant art director*; PAUL CHAN *senior art assistant*; JOANNA METZGER *art assistant*; CORTEZ WELLS *art services coordinator*; LORI PAIGE SEIDEN *senior art administrator*

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARILYN GRABOWSKI *west coast editor*; JIM LARSON *managing editor*; KEVIN KUSTER *senior editor*; PATTY BEAUDET-FRANCÉS, STEPHANIE MORRIS *associate editors*; DAVID CHAN, RICHARD FEGLEY, ARNY FREYTAG, RICHARD IZUI, DAVID MECEY, BYRON NEWMAN, POMPEO POSAR, STEPHEN WAYDA *contributing photographers*; GEORGE GEORGIU *studio manager—chicago*; BILL WHITE *studio manager—los angeles*; ELIZABETH GEORGIU *manager, photo library*; RENAY LARSON *photo administrator*

GAIL DAY

*publisher*

PRODUCTION

MARIA MANDIS *director*; RITA JOHNSON *manager*; JODY JURGETO, CINDY PONTARELLI, RICHARD QUARTAROLI, DEBBIE TILLOU *associate managers*; JOE CANE, BARB TEKIELA *typesetters*; BILL BENWAY, SIMMIE WILLIAMS *prepress*; CHAR KROWCZYK, ELAINE PERRY *assistants*

CIRCULATION

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

ADVERTISING

JAMES DIMONEKAS *associate publisher*; JOE HOFFER *midwest sales manager*; HELEN BIANCULLI *direct response manager*; TERRI BUNOFSKY *marketing director*; DONNA TAVOSO *creative services director*; CAROL STUCKHARDT *research director*; NEW YORK: ELISABETH AULEPP, KIM COHEN, STEVEN MUMFORD; CALIFORNIA: DENISE SCHIPPER; CHICAGO: BILL ROUSE; ATLANTA: BILL BENTZ, SARAH HUEY, GREG MADDOCK; MARIE FIRNENO *advertising business manager*; KARA SARISKY *advertising coordinator*

READER SERVICE

MIKE OSTROWSKI, LINDA STROM *correspondents*

ADMINISTRATIVE

MARCIA TERRONES *rights & permissions director*

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES INTERNATIONAL, INC.

CHRISTIE HEFNER *chairman, chief executive officer*  
ALEX MIRONOVICH *president, publishing division*



Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife. Unless she's irresistible.

When you know™

Drink responsibly. (But you know that.)

©2000 Chivas Regal 12 Year Old Worldwide Blended Scotch Whisky, 40% Alcohol by Volume (80 Proof) Chivas Bros. Import Co., New York, NY. [www.chivas.com](http://www.chivas.com)





# PLAYBOY 2000 *The Party Continues*

Celebrities and Centerfolds celebrate five decades of Playboy parties in this entertainment-packed TV special hosted by Hugh M. Hefner. From one man's dream to every man's fantasy, you'll relive the history of the empire that has changed the way the world views sex.

**Playboy 2000: The Party Continues**  
**Playboy TV World Premiere December 2**  
Replays December 8, 14, 22, 26, 29 and 31.

*Or tune in to SHOWTIME in January 2001*



For program information go to:  
[playboytv.com](http://playboytv.com)

Playboy TV is available from your local cable television provider or home satellite.  
DIRECTV, DISH Network, COMCAST or BSN CHOICE Audio.

**SHOWTIME.**  
NO LIMITS.

© 2001 SHOWTIME Networks Inc. All rights reserved. SHOWTIME is a registered trademark of SHOWTIME Networks Inc., a Viacom Company. SHOWTIME is available in the U.S. and its territories, possessions and commonwealths. Call your cable or satellite company to subscribe to SHOWTIME.  
NO LIMITS is a registered trademark of Artime S.P.A. SHOWTIME Networks Inc. is an authorized licensee.

© 2000 Playboy Entertainment Group, Inc.



# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES

## MAKING THE BIG APPLE SAUCY

Fashion designer Betsey Johnson put Playmates in Bunny ears to highlight her PLAYBOY-inspired clothing line during fashion week in New York. At right, PMOY 1997 Victoria Silvstedt strikes the sexy runway pose that Johnson aims for in her designs. Below, model and actress Kylie Bax—the lady in red—hosted PLAYBOY's end of summer bash in our own New York penthouse with a bevy of Centerfolds and celebrity guests, including Prince Albert of Monaco, Joey from 'N Sync and David Spade.



## HEF'S NEW PARTY POSSE

The man obviously has a thing for blondes, and his latest gal pals are no exception. Making the scene with Hef are Katie Lohmann, Buffy Tyler and Tina Taylor at Las Palmas. Does life get any better than this?



## BLONDES REALLY DO HAVE MORE FUN

Hef, Tina, Katie and Buffy with Madonna, the ultimate blonde, celebrating the release of her CD *Music*. At the party, drag queens and leather boys rubbed elbows with the Material Girl and other celebrities.



## PLAYBOY'S GOLDEN GIRLS

Jose Cuervo tequila launched its new ad campaign at the Mansion with an unusual twist—spray-painted golden girls. Playmates Jami Ferrell, Cathy St. George, Tylyn John, Julie McCullough, Barbara Moore and Elke Jeinsen delightfully illustrated Cuervo's tag line, "All work and no play is totally missing the point"—as if they had to tell us. That's been the cornerstone of PLAYBOY's philosophy for almost 50 years.





# WE'LL TAKE MANHATTAN



1



2



3



4



5



6

Everything was fabulous at Betsey Johnson's New York fashion show, from the couture and the fans (Steven Tyler, Cyndi Lauper, Ric Ocasek) to the 30 Playmates who walked the runway. Tunes were provided by DJ Mark Ronson. No wonder the show made world headlines. (1) Urban cowgirl Erica Dahm. (2) Steven Tyler and his wife congratulate Betsey Johnson. (3) Victoria Silvstedt chats up Donald Trump and his girlfriend Melania Knauss. (4) Victoria Silvstedt and Carrie Stevens share a Playmate moment backstage. (5) Playmate of the Year 2000 Jodi Ann Paterson gives us a peek at her panties. (6) Betsey and her daughter Lulu (back row, third from right) with the catwalk Centerfolds. (7) Shannon Stewart gets ready to walk the walk. (8) The Dahm triplets in a tribute to the Village People. (9) Jessica Lee becomes Jessica Rabbit. (10) Kristi Cline flaunts her stuff. (11) That's Gianna Amore! (12) Suzanne Stokes mugging for a behind-the-scenes video.



7



8



9



10

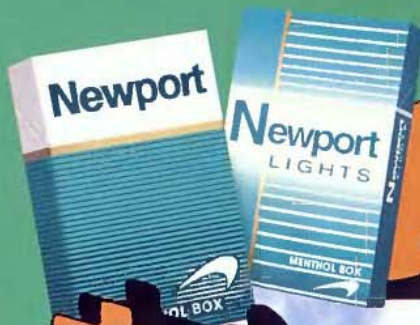


11



12

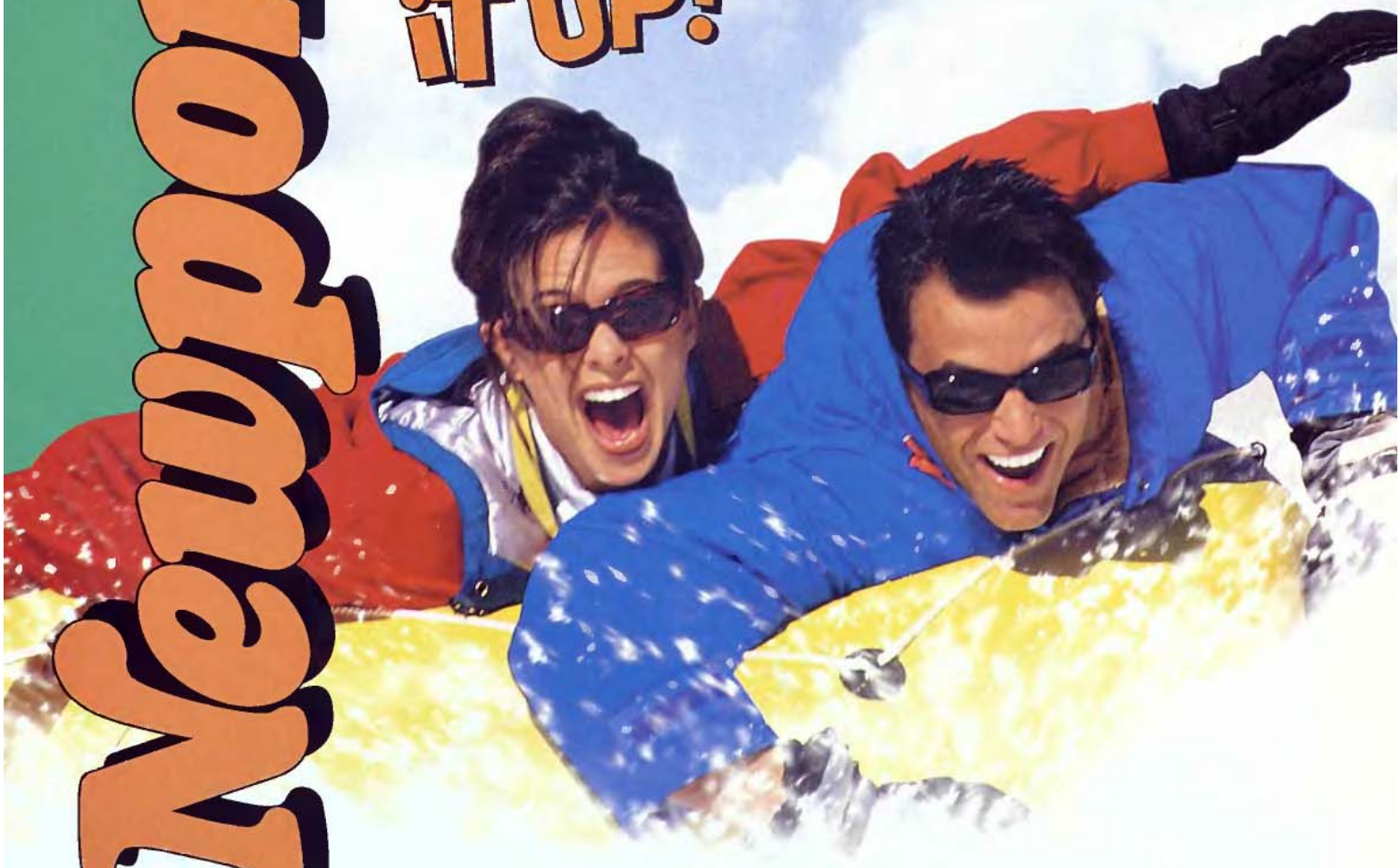




**pleasure!**

**FiRe  
iT UP!**

**Newport**



© Lorillard 2000

Lights Box: 9 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine; Box: 16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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



# LIMP BIZKIT ROCKS THE MANSION



It's always about the nookie for Limp Bizkit, who previewed their new CD, *Chocolate Starfish and the Hot Dog Flavored Water*, at Hef's house. MTV was on hand to capture the antics. (1) Tommy Lee and Verne Troyer get acquainted with Hef and his blonde beauties Katie Lohmann, Tina Taylor and Buffy Tyler. (2) Fred Durst, Xzibit and MTV host Ananda Lewis rev up the crowd. (3) Stars of *That Seventies Show* Danny Masterson and Ashton Kutcher dig the scene. (4) Charlize Theron and Stephan Jenkins strut their semicharmed selves. (5) Sisqó and pals check their pagers. (6) Paul Sorvino with two admirers. (7) Katarina Witt and Eric Poticha of Fox TV. (8) Fred Durst interviews Courtney Love, who's always good for a soundbite. (9) Fred and Xzibit shout out on MTV. (10) Fred takes the plunge with Playmates Julia Schultz, Vanessa Gleason, Brooke Berry and Carrie Stevens. (11) Playmates Nefertari Shepherd, Jami Ferrell and Ava Fabian. (12) New York doll Paris Hilton. (13) Sugar Ray's Mark McGrath and Ananda Lewis rock out.





A romantic couple is shown in a close embrace, kissing. The man is shirtless and wearing light blue briefs, while the woman is wearing a white top. They are in a bed with white linens. The scene is intimate and sensual.

New Durex **Natural Feeling** condoms.

After all, isn't that **the point?**

© 2008 Durex Consumer Products. Durex is a trademark of The DSI Group.

Feel what you've been missing in a new Durex® Natural Feeling condom. With an ultra-smooth water-based lubricant, Durex Natural Feeling condoms are the next best thing to wearing nothing. Love has never felt like this before. Try one and see for yourself. Visit us at [www.durex.com](http://www.durex.com).

**set yourself free**





Disaronno  .com



# Dear Playboy



680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611  
E-MAIL DEARP@PLAYBOY.COM

## GIMME AN L

Your October cover features a fabulous photo of cheerleader Lauren Michelle Hill. Imagine my disappointment when I looked inside and there were no pictures of her. Come on guys, this gal oozes sex. Give her a pictorial.

Graham Filmer  
Sacramento, California

I'd play harder with Lauren cheering on my side. I combed the magazine 20 times in search of more photos of her. Any chance we'll see her again?

Jeff Briggs  
Gurnee, Illinois

What happened to the nude shots of cover model Lauren Hill? Did photog-



Cover girl Hill.

rapher Army Freytag keep them for his personal collection?

Rick Barnette  
Huntersville, North Carolina

*The wait is almost over. Look for Lauren in February.*

## THE BUZZ ON SHAKESPEARE

Buzz McClain (*Video*, "The Compleat Shakespeare," October) omitted Roman Polanski's *Macbeth*, a production so excellent that I use it every semester in my English lit class. Not only is this video the best in my Shakespeare collection, but it's a Playboy production executive-produced by Hugh Hefner. More than two decades after delivering her nude "Out, out damned spot" monolog, Francesca Annis as Lady Macbeth is still hot. In fact, Ralph Fiennes, star of *The English Patient*, left actress Alex Kingston to be with this beauty.

J.J. DeMauro  
Folsom, California

## RESORT TO SEX

Hooray to George Georgiou and Kevin Kuster for a fine pictorial (*Of Heat and Hedonism*, October). Please show us more of the beautiful brunette with the beads in her hair from the opening spread.

Wayne Jones  
Bluford, Illinois

It was a wonderful surprise to pick up my husband's October issue and see the article on Hedonism III. I was just at Hedo II and enjoyed the entire experience immensely.

Liz Brown  
St. Louis, Missouri

## PLAYMATE DREAM TEAM

I was the token male on the Playboy X-Treme Team that recently completed the world's toughest race—the Eco Challenge. I had the pleasure of racing with three Playmates—Danelle Folta, Jenny LaVoie and Kalin Olson—who represented PLAYBOY with willpower and

Disaronno.com



## Disaronno® Italian Tickler

~  
Tired of the same?  
Try the Italian Tickler  
poolside, or as a new  
alternative  
at happy hour or over  
Sunday Brunch.

~  
2 oz. Disaronno Originale  
5 oz. club soda



Light a Fire

Please use our products responsibly. DISARONNO® Amaretto Liqueur. ©2000 IMPORTED BY BACARDI U.S.A., INC., MIAMI, FL. Liquor 28% & 21% Alc. by Vol.



determination as we raced 24 hours a day for 10 days across the jungles, rivers and oceans of Borneo. These wonder women paddled across the South China Sea, climbed steep mountains under a burning sun, slogged through jungles and impressed everyone involved in the grueling race. They did so well that I hear the USA Network plans to focus on the team when it airs its four-hour miniseries in April. Congratulations for recruiting these incredible women.

Owen West  
New York, New York

**OLYMPIAN INTERVIEW**

Diane Shah's interview with Bob Costas (October) is sensational. In 1978 and 1979, I was lucky enough to have Bob Costas reporting sports on an afternoon talk show on KMOX in St. Louis. If he and I were working together today, I'd probably be carrying his luggage.

Scott St. James  
Sports Director  
KCBS Radio  
Hollywood, California

Your Costas interview was great. I died laughing at his riff on sportscasters



Wolk this woy.

who say, "This puts it all in perspective" after a heartbreaking story, and then make the same comment weeks later.

Lorraine Feather  
El Granada, California

**THE PITS**

Chauncey Hollingsworth's recent article on pit fighting (*Adrenaline*, October) is sensationalist journalism. The Ultimate Fighting Championship subscribes to numerous safety standards more stringent than those of pro boxing. It's ridiculous to compare a sanctioned and regulated sporting event like the UFC to an illegal pit-fighting show.

Daniel Morris  
Executive Editor  
PC Gamer  
Brisbane, California

I own grapplegear.com, which is the Internet's number one website for fight-

ing products. I also write for *Submission Fighting* magazine, covering various events in our sport. Your pit-fighting article states that the only rules that are adhered to are no biting and no eye gouging. That's not true. I think Hollingsworth owes the world of mixed martial arts an apology.

Ed Clay  
Nashville, Tennessee

Hollingsworth knows nothing about mixed martial arts. The things people say about MMA competitions today are the same things said about boxing 100 years ago. It's difficult for devoted athletes and fans of this sport to overcome the negative press that people like Senator John McCain and the author unfairly propagate.

Jonathan Kalkin  
Columbus, Ohio

*Hollingsworth responds: Who's being negative? I reported that underground pit fights exist and described what happens at them. I belong to a mixed martial arts academy and remain a fan of no-holds-barred fighting. Why don't you quit your beefing and do some push-ups?*

**CONFERENCE CALL**

We're diehard Big 10 fans, but now we're rooting for Marquette after their showing in your *Girls of Conference USA* pictorial (October). Lauren Marie has us expanding our football horizons. With that paralyzing smile and girl-next-door appeal, she has our vote for the MVP of the upcoming Playboy Bowl.

Carson Stauss  
Waterford, Michigan  
Chris Brunner  
West Lafayette, Indiana

Get Erica Wally off that guy's shoulders, away from the frat house and all those people, and into a pictorial of her own. I'm in love.

David Schneider  
Los Angeles, California

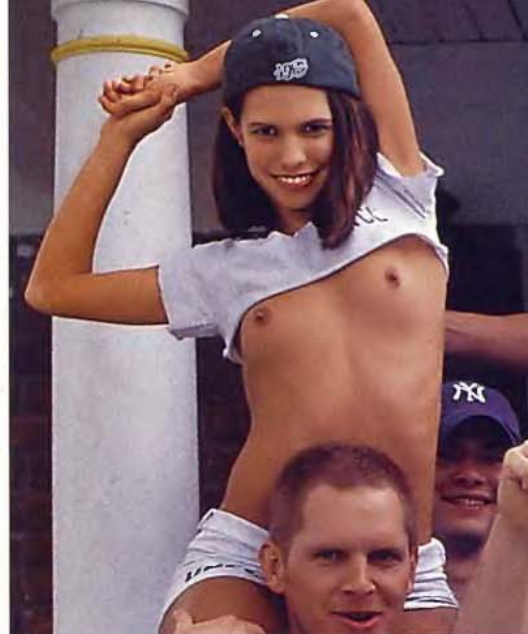
Thank you for including Sarah Coleman of UNCC in your pictorial. It's been a month since I received the issue and I still can't get her out of my mind.

Steve Grabowski  
San Carlos, California

**KICKED OFF**

While your *Playboy's Pigskin Preview* (October) choices were on the mark, no All-America team would be complete without Clemson linebacker Keith Adams. Last year, he led the nation in tackles and tackles for loss, and finished second in sacks behind Virginia Tech star Corey Moore. Adams also captured last year's ACC defensive player of the year award.

Jason Haigler  
Charleston, South Carolina



Go Erico.

Thanks for making Frank Beamer the coach of the year and for picking Michael Vick as the quarterback. It's great to see Tech finally get some well-deserved recognition.

Janet Perkins  
Midlothian, Virginia

**GLAMOUR PUSS**

After reading the item in *Playboy After Hours* (October) about pussy products, I headed to the Life Is Beautiful day spa here in NYC. I couldn't wait to get home and open the package. I got undressed, lay in the tub and went to town.

Jackie Daly  
New York, New York

**FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHT TO PARTY**

I had a couple of thoughts while looking at your *Hef's Fight Club* party page for October: (1) My life sucks. (2) Ava Fabian is still one of the most beautiful Playmates.

Lance Nash  
Beverly Hills, California

*Compared with Hef's, whose doesn't?*

**ARTS AND CROFT**

I have been a fan of PLAYBOY for 20 years. Month after month you bring the world's most beautiful women to your pages. Still, I wasn't prepared for the breathtaking Nichole Van Croft (October). Slender, athletic and spectacularly endowed, she seems to jump out of your Centerfold pages in 3D.

Garland Jeffries  
Campbell, California

**IN THE MOOD**

The mood bra (*Playboy After Hours*, October) ought to work just fine. If you can see your colleague's bra, she must be in a good mood.

Mark Anbinder  
Ithaca, New York

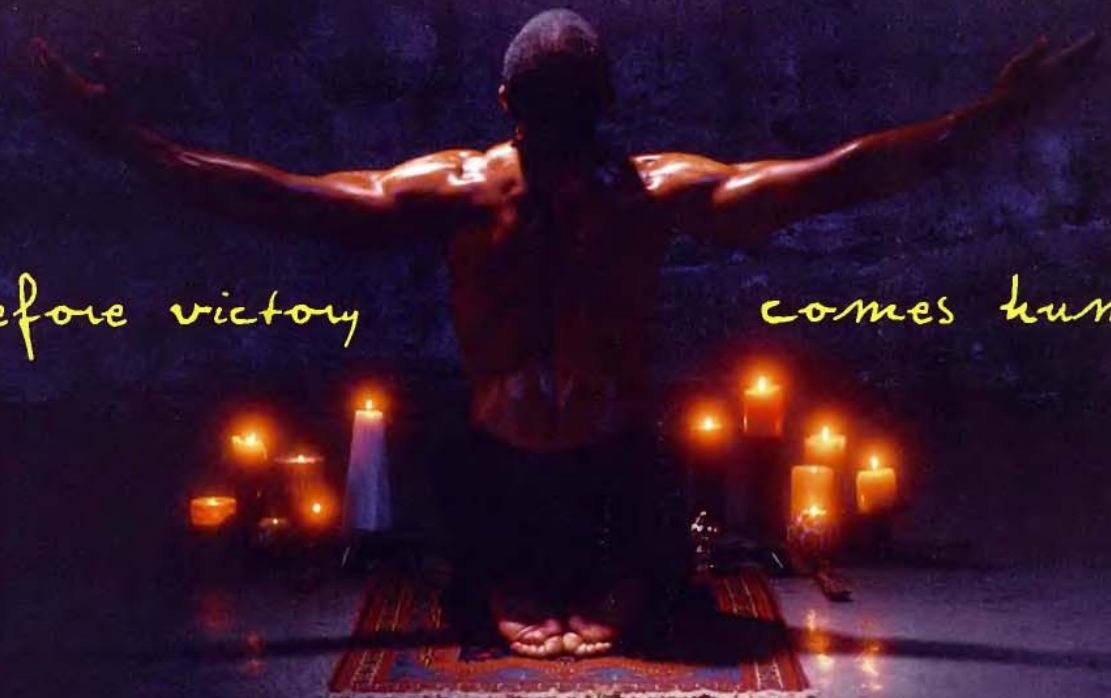






*before victory*

*comes humility*



Look within. Find that part of you which knows no surrender. Because Namco has issued the greatest challenges for the PlayStation®2 computer entertainment system. Whether it's the furious Tekken Tag Tournament, the flat-out Ridge Racer V, or the heart-pounding MotoGP, victory won't come easily — if at all. But when you finally seize it, you will discover your inner champion.



TEKKEN TAG TOURNAMENT



RIDGE RACER V



MOTO GP



PlayStation®2







**SKECHERS**  
**S SPORT**  
FOOTWEAR



**Foot Locker**  
SELECT STORES



# PLAYBOY

## after hours

A GUY'S GUIDE TO WHAT'S HIP AND WHAT'S HAPPENING

### A PREDATOR'S GUIDE TO THE HOLIDAYS

Hot weather brings out skimpy clothes and sweaty desire in women. But there's no greater aphrodisiac than the sparkle and chill of the holiday season. Woolens get a girl itchy in all the right places. When that girl is single, the pressure only mounts. And that's when you have your best shot at spreading comfort and joy in her sweet little Whoville.

*The look in her eye:* Jingle bells equal jangly nerves. She's awkward about being unattached, but also has heightened expectations—a holiday staple.

*Let her know she doesn't have to be alone:* With family stress on the horizon, it's time to remind her the holidays should be a time of companionship and its baser substitutes. Lure her with the promise of simple winter fun—skiing, skating and spelunking under her down comforter.

*Grooming is more important than ever:* The visual assault of holiday advertising for clothing, fragrances and jewelry puts an emphasis on looking good.

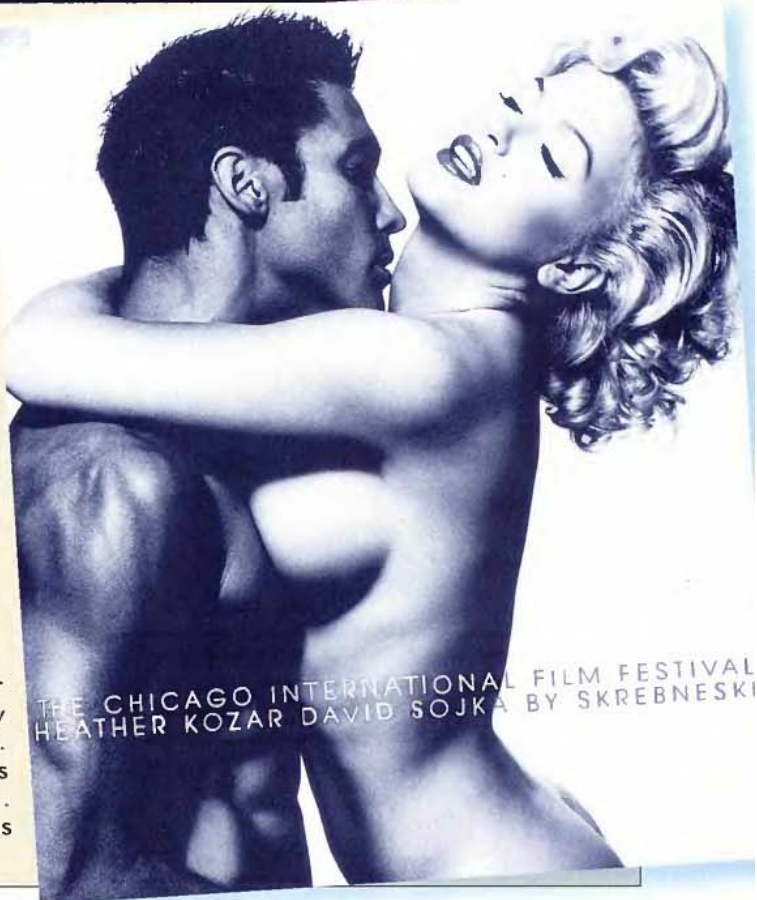
*Know your eggnog:* And know your mulled wine. And your rum, and your spiced rum. Captain Morgan takes no prisoners.

*Pre-Christmas gifts:* Tree-trimming parties? Orphan dinners? Entrances are important—make sure your arms overflow.

*Appeal to her nostalgia:* It's a time to dress older than your age. Break out the daddy shoes and appeal to her senses with subliminal fragrances of childhood. A cigar in your pocket works wonders—just don't smoke it first.

### BREAST OF SHOW

The best thing about the Chicago International Film Festival may be its fabulous posters. Photographer Victor Skrebneski has shot them for the past 36 years. He did photography for us in the early days, and clearly he has kept up with PLAYBOY since. He often uses Playmates for his images and recently created posters with PMOYs Victoria Silvestedt and Anna Nicole Smith. This year's poster features Heather Kozar and the extremely lucky David Sojka. We like to think it's sexy. It's art, even. Anyway, it's light as a Heather.



THE CHICAGO INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL  
HEATHER KOZAR DAVID SOJKA BY SKREBNESKI

*Sweep her chimney before Santa does:* Beware the post-Christmas, pre-New Year's letdown. Make your move early.

### HERTZ SO GOOD

Reason we love women, number 854: They can have spontaneous orgasms from bottom-heavy music. Or so say DJs in the

drum-and-bass scene, who drew our attention to a certain Project Q. Supposedly conducted in Daytona Beach in the mid-Nineties, Project Q was a series of tests to determine if a specific audio frequency could cause orgasms in women. A self-consciously shadowy character from within the Florida bass scene—who offered to send reams of data—says that

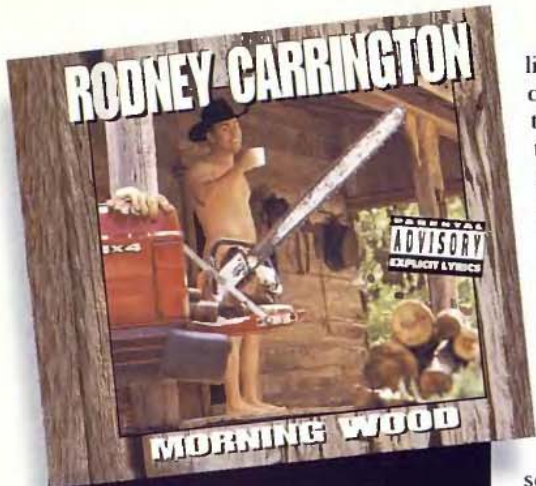
### FIRST-CLASS MALE

Everywhere you turn these days you see ample evidence of Hugh Hefner's stamp on American culture. Now, thanks to a marketing scheme by Canada Post, you can also see Hef's stamp on an envelope. In fact, anyone can join the Picture Postage program. There's only one restriction: The stamps are Canadian, which means you have to cross the border to use them (unless you're Canadian). All it takes to become an international male is \$25 American and a personal photo (call 888-350-6763 for order forms). As you can tell by his pose, Hef looks completely at home. After all, it's not the first time he's been licked.

POST/POSTES







**RODNEY CARRINGTON**

**MORNING WOOD**

**RISE AND SHINE**

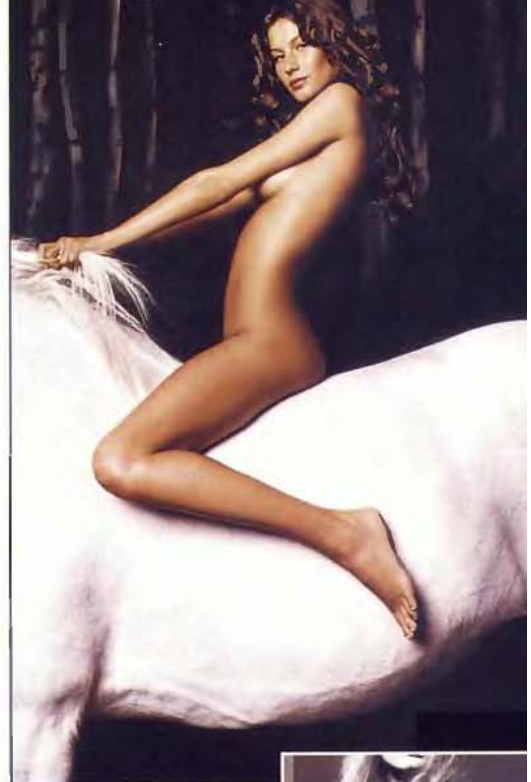
Rodney Carrington is a comic voice who makes you want to stand up and cheer. Actually, we most admire his *Morning Wood* (Capitol) CD cover, with its unconflicted visual enthusiasm. Everyone's morning should be as rip-roaring as his.

like any system—it has natural frequencies. Your body is going to vibrate when there are a lot of intense sound waves. If the note—jet noise or a loudspeaker—is at the same frequency as the natural frequency of part of the body, then there can be a lot of vibration. That's what we call resonance. We know 10 cycles or oscillations per second, which is a pretty low frequency, is the frequency of some of the organs of the body. So anything like that sounds possible, yes. The only way you could find out would be to do experiments on volunteers. Sounds strange and sort of interesting.” What does 33 Hz sound like? You could spend a month or so tinkering with your woofer. Or you could save yourself the trouble and just ask your girlfriend.

**WWW.WOMEN**

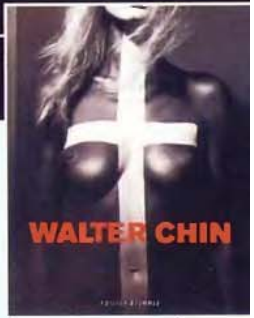
According to a survey conducted by Media Metrix, women now make up the majority of all people who go online. For the first time in the history of the survey, females edged out males, 50.4 percent to 49.6 percent. What caught our eye, however, was the breakdown of websites that attracted the most female traffic. Bearing in mind that we did not make this up (honest), the results are: ages 12 to 17: CosmoGirl.com, ages 18 to 24: Bigwords.com, ages 25 to 34: Baby gear.com, ages 35 to 44: Alka-Seltzer.com, ages 45 to 54: One hanesplace.com and ages 55 and over: AARP.org. And they call us predictable.

50 women were subjected to bass frequencies ranging from five hertz to 50 Hz. According to him, “33 Hz provided sensations in the test subjects that were off the charts.” (There's even a band named 33 Hz. Its EP, aptly enough, is called *All the Hoes*.) Malcolm Crocker, professor at Auburn University and editor-in-chief of both *The Encyclopedia of Acoustics* (John Wiley) and the *International Sound and Vibration Digest* is intrigued by the idea. “The human body is



**HORSING AROUND**

The bareback shot above features Gisele Bündchen, and it's from a nice book of photographs by Walter Chin (Edition Stemmler). You have seen his images in *Vogue*, *Vanity Fair* and other mogazines in the Condé Nost stable. His work, we are told, “exhibits tremendous sensitivity, inimitable elegance and subtle eroticism.” Which pretty much describes Gisele, too.



**PRETTY IN PINK**

When Pamela Anderson and Carmen Electra need pampering and a loving touch, they head out to Pink Cheeks in Los Angeles and ask for the Playboy, the salon's most popular bikini wax. “Years ago, Pam asked if I could wax her lips,” says the salon's owner, Cindee Esser-Thorin. “I was like, ‘The lips on your hoochie?’ I had never done that sort of wax job before, but I bucked up and waxed it into a nice triangle. Then I flipped her over on her hands and knees and waxed around her butt.” In honor of Pam, Esser-Thorin named the wax after the magazine that made Anderson famous. For those who aren't yet prepared to take the plunge down Bald Mountain, Pink Cheeks also offers the Pseudo Playboy, which leaves a pair of neat racing stripes. Esser-Thorin's motto? “Where there's hair, I'm there.” Call Pink Cheeks at 818-783-9380 to set up an appointment—but make sure that you tell your honey exactly where she'll be going.

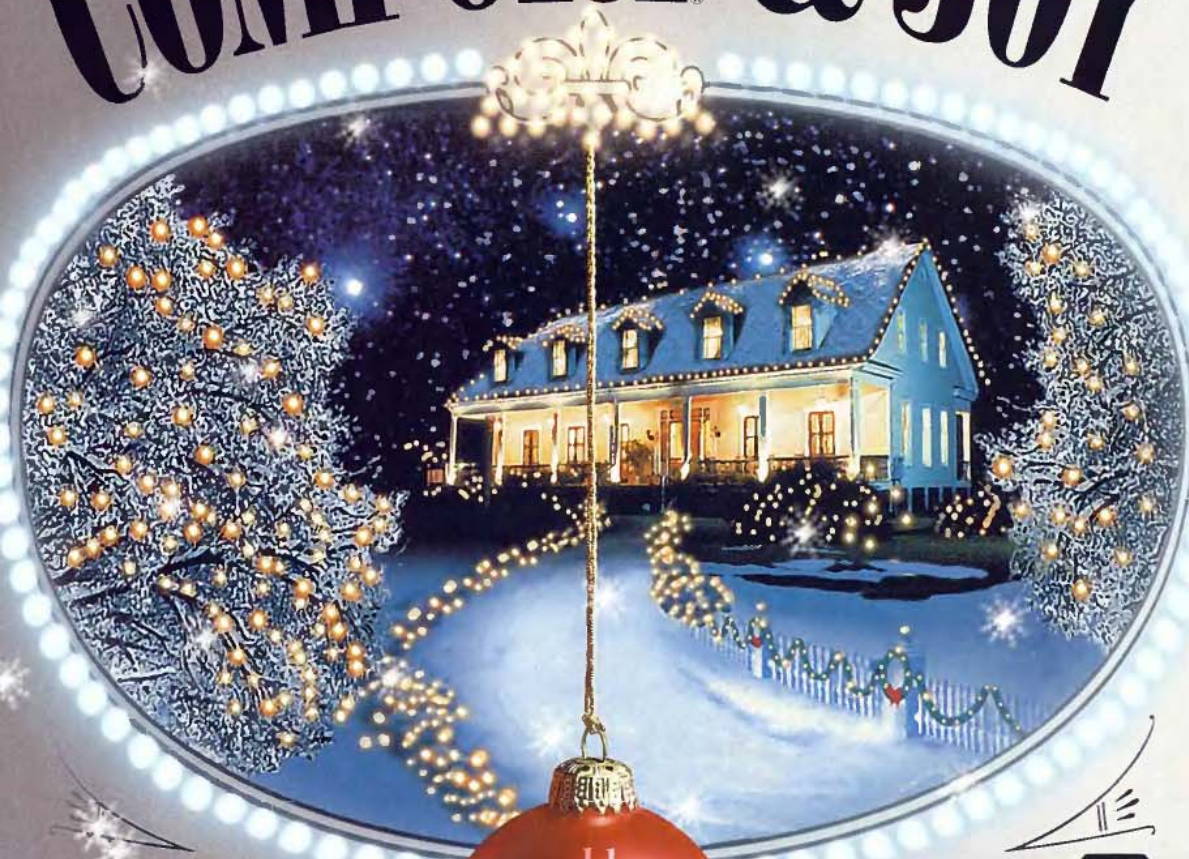


**BORN TO LUGE!**

Pomela Zoolalion is a five-foot-two, 110-pound Californio girl with pink hair, pink leathers and a pink board. She is the only female pro street luger. **PLAYBOY:** Why street luge? **ZOOLALIAN:** I had a friend who was into it. We built my first board for \$20 out of plywood and aluminum tubing. My first run was a renegade run at two in the morning on a hilly street. It was like, “Let's bomb a hill! It's dork! It's totally illegal!” I wore three pairs of jeans, my leather jacket and a huge borrowed helmet. **Q:** What was going through your mind? **A:** Once I got going all I could hear were wheels and wind. I was stoked. So stoked, in fact, that I forgot to turn. I went right into a cobblestone wall. I was laughing. Turns out I had been going 35 mph. **Q:** Give us the street lugging basics. **A:** Like skateboarding, it's based on lean steering. If you lean right, you turn right. You're looking down your stomach and over your toes. You don't notice how fast you're going until you look to the side. **Q:** You shattered your ankle. What did that injury teach you? **A:** You learn your limits by pushing until you've pushed too hard. If I were put in the exact situation, I'd take the risk again.



# COMFORT & JOY



add a  
**SOUTHERN**  
accent.

*The Grand Old Drink of the South  
Originated on the Banks of the Mississippi  
in New Orleans, Louisiana.*

*BY SOUTHERN COMFORT COMPANY*



Pour 1½ oz. of Southern Comfort along with 2 oz. each of cranberry juice & ginger ale over ice and enjoy the spirit of the holidays.

**Celebrate responsibly.**

[www.southerncomfort.com](http://www.southerncomfort.com)  
[www.woodlandplantation.com](http://www.woodlandplantation.com)

Southern Comfort Company, Liqueur, 21-50% Alc. By Volume, Louisville, KY ©2000



## DISH OF THE MONTH

It had to happen. Can You Take the Heat? The *WWF Is Cooking!* (Regan) is out. In it, you

learn how to make Mick Foley's Knuckle Sandwiches and Shane McMahon's Broiled Smackdown Scampi. But what caught

our eye was Mark Henry's Sexual Chocolate Cake. The 1996 Olympic weight lifter turned wrestler takes a devil's food cake and pours on a 12-ounce can of Eagle Brand sweetened condensed milk, followed by an eight-ounce jar of caramel topping, an eight-ounce container of Cool Whip and three crumbled Heath bars. Henry, who confesses to having "issues with food," substitutes fat-free ingredients where he can, but the sex part is a must.

**EAT MY CHOCOLATE!**

**The WWF Is Cooking!**

### SEARCH FOR THE G SPOT

If you're drawn to Sha Sha Shoes because of their hot rod flames and devils' tails, you're not alone. The U.S. Customs Service thinks the shoes are as popular for their look as they are for their potential capacity for stashing ecstasy. The shoes are made with a secret compartment called the G Spot (cause it's hard to find, dude). In a message to parents on the U.S. Customs website, Commissioner Raymond Kelly said, "These shoes ap-

ing across the border carrying drugs in our shoes," says Ruff. "He has to be a poor judge of profit if he's doing that."

### THE TIP SHEET

*Flexexecutive:* A new-technology worker with an unorthodox schedule.

*Grill:* Your face. As in, "Stop getting up in my grill."

*The 200 Most Disgusting Sites on the Internet* by Greta Garbage (Ten Speed): Includes the home page for Mr. Methane (yes, he has a music CD).

*Rectal aperture:* Euphemism used by *The Washington Times* when George W. Bush called a reporter an asshole.

*The Shenis:* For those who need to stand and deliver, a realistic pee-tube for women in the woods or in a hurry on the road.

*Saddam's shower tips:* The number one Iraqi recently announced, "It is preferable to bathe twice a day." He feels that women should wash more than men, "because the female is more delicate and the female smell is more distinctive."

*Surf rage:* Fistfights are breaking out between surfers on crowded waves at Australian beaches.

*Pager:* An annoying person who has a habit of interrupting.

*BlowTheDotOutYourAss.com:* A website that encourages San Franciscans to resort to guerrilla tactics, such as placing bogus fliers in dot-com neighborhoods to lampoon young start-ups.

### SURVIVOR—PENIS EDITION

Although roughly 30 million U.S. men suffer from some form of impotence, only a few thousand web surfers watched



### DOUBLE-CLICK THIS

Say hello to the BabePad, a product that we'd feel better about if it weren't so goofy. Unlike the real thing, the novelty wears off almost as fast as a DSL connection. But perhaps we shouldn't be so harsh. Here, after all, is a titmouse in its natural habitat.

pear to be designed to conceal ecstasy or other contraband." Billy Ruff, co-founder of the Costa Mesa, California shoe company, claims the G Spot is for storing keys and money. "I doubt a guy is walk-

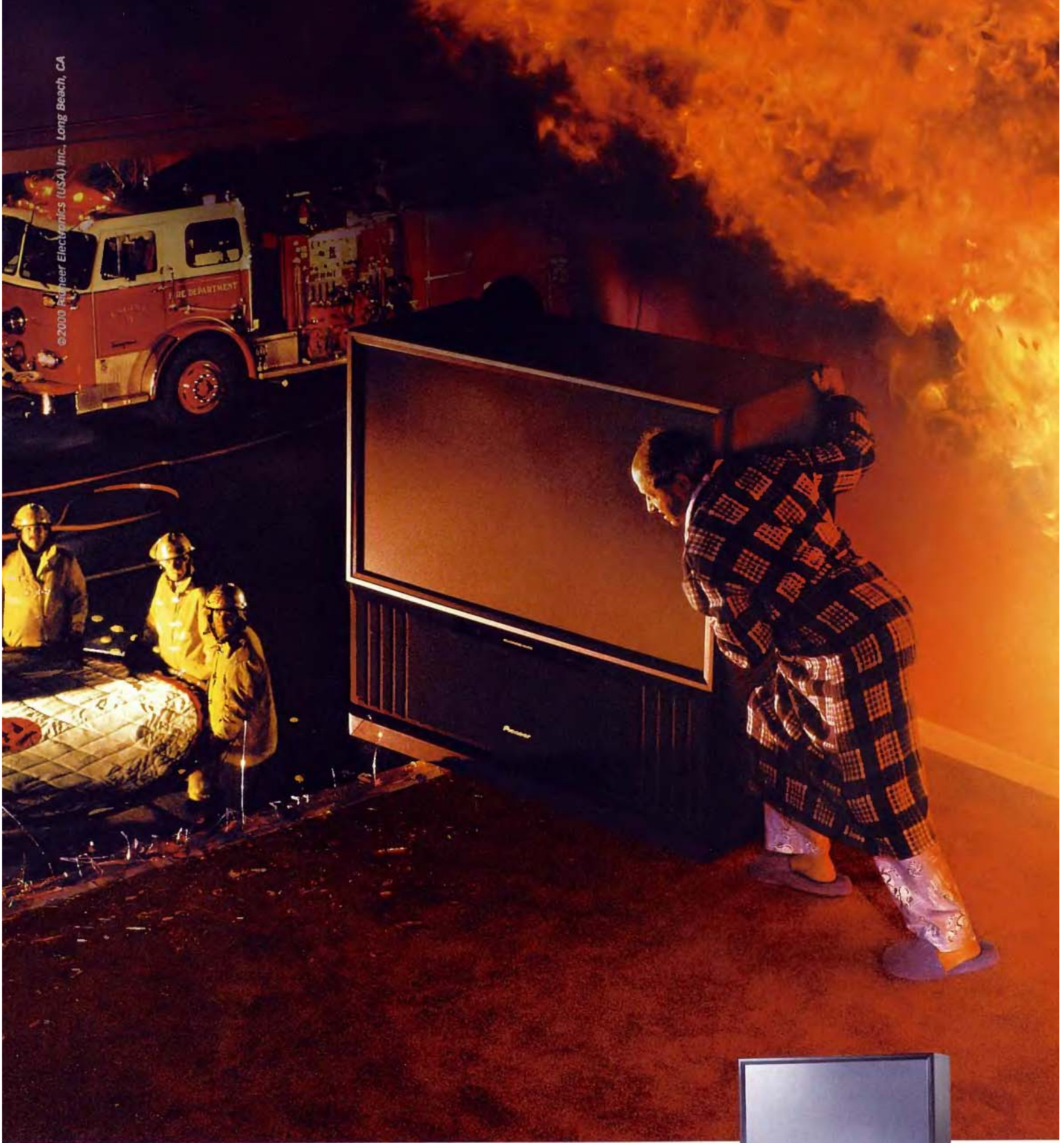
## UNDERCOVER AGENT

Agent Provocateur is to the web what Victoria's Secret is to your mailbox. Like its subversive shop windows in London (one Christmas featured a phallic tree that periodically spurted snowflakes high into the air), Agent Provocateur's online catalog ([www.ogentprovocateur.com](http://www.ogentprovocateur.com)) features high-minded and classically kinky lingerie. The mail-order collection comes displayed on a set of dark and erotic playing cards, but the website is what really clicks. You can select close-ups of sheer garters and bras modeled by unabashed women. The front and rear views are complete genius and work particularly well with G-strings. It's downright cheeky.





©2000 Pioneer Electronics (USA) Inc., Long Beach, CA



**Pioneer**

**EVERYTHING ELSE COMES SECOND.**



[pioneerelectronics.com](http://pioneerelectronics.com)

*For some people, losing their TV would be a real disaster. They're the ones we designed Pioneer® high-definition projection monitors for. Our Automatic Format Converter technology enhances regular TV signals to film-like quality. And, three high-definition/progressive scan inputs ensure these monitors are not only optimized for today's digital sources, but tomorrow's too. Just like you, we put the equipment first.*



# RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

## QUOTE

"Being in prison with no skin care really does a number on you."—HOLLYWOOD MADAM HEIDI FLEISS

## PUSSY LOVERS

In a poll of 295 cat lovers, percentage of women who say they evaluate a man based on his reaction to their cats: 70. Percentage who say they evaluate a man based on their cats' reaction to him: 79. Percentage who say they'd dump a guy who didn't like their kitties: 78.

## GENERATION ZZ

According to the National Sleep Foundation, the minimum number of hours teenagers need to sleep each night: 8.5. Percentage of teens who sleep 8.5 hours or more each night: 15.

## PUMPING IRONY

Based on emergency room statistics, percentage increase between 1978 and 1998 in weight-training injuries: 35. Percentage increase for men: 28. For women: 64.

## MONEY TRAIN

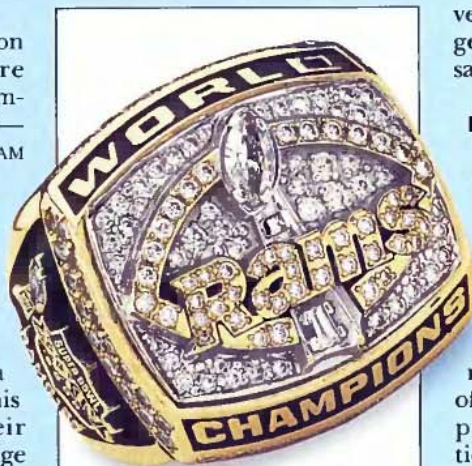
Amount stolen in the 1950 Brink's robbery in Boston: \$2.7 million. Amount spent making the 1978 movie about the robbery: \$18 million. Amount spent by the FBI to catch the robbers: \$25 million.

## POSTMORTEM

Since 1986, the number of violent incidents involving postal workers that resulted in death: 29. Number of people killed: 54. Percentage of postal workers physically assaulted by co-workers: 4. Percentage assaulted by outsiders: 0.4.

## TOWNIES

Number of university students per 100 residents in Boston: 4.4. In Den-



## FACT OF THE MONTH

Each St. Louis Rams Super Bowl XXXIV ring was made with 157 diamonds, with each ring totaling about 2.75 carats in weight. (That adds up to 26,376 diamonds and 378 ounces of gold for the entire team.)

ver: 4.1. In Los Angeles: 0.9. In Kansas City: 0.2.

## BAD BODY COUNT

For almost 50 years, the official number of U.S. troops killed in action in the Korean War: 54,246. The actual number, revised in June of last year when a previously unnoticed bureaucratic accounting error was discovered: 36,940. The percentage by which the original number was off: 47.

## STOLEN HEARTS

Percentage of kleptomaniacs who are women: 90.

## BONE APPETIT

Percentage of dot-com chief executives who say they would eat another human being in order to survive: 23. Percentage of other executives: 6.

## MARX ON THE FLOOR

The price for which Marx Memorial Library in Clerkenwell, UK is selling four-inch-square tiles from an office in which Karl Marx worked on his theories regarding the demise of capitalism: \$150 each.

## PAY PER VIEW

Amount paid for U.S. rights for broadcast of the Sydney Olympics: \$705 million. Amount paid by Europeans: \$350 million. Amount paid by Japanese: \$135 million. Amount paid by Canadians: \$28 million.

## THE NEW WHITE MEAT

Calories in a single 3.5-ounce serving of possum: 221. In an equal serving of muskrat: 153.

## LIVE BAIT

According to Peter Benchley, author of *Jaws*, the percentage of shark attacks on humans that are not fatal because the shark spits the person out after a taste: 75. —ROBERT S. WIEDER



## ALL THIS JAZZ

By now, you may have seen some of the 19-hour PBS series by Ken Burns, *Jazz: A History of America's Music*. You may have even read the accompanying book (Knopf) or listened to Sony Legacy's extraordinary five-CD soundtrack. Now all that's missing is the series on videotape and DVD, which we understand is right around the corner.

the world's first Internet broadcast of penile-pump-implant surgery. The webcast was meant to increase public understanding of the procedure, which claims the highest satisfaction rating of any



## TAIL FEATHERS

Thongs have a tight grip on our imagination. Particularly peeping thongs—those that peek above low-riding waistbands. Now comes the thong clip (at Girlshop in Manhattan and online), designed to tickle your fancy—and hers, too.



**“MY MAN WEARS  
ENGLISH LEATHER  
OR NOTHING AT ALL.”**



© 2000 Elizabeth S.J. Henkel, B.V.



## PRYOR KNOWLEDGE

Rhino's nine-disc release of Richard Pryor's comedy albums has reminded us just how much we miss his voice. True, we weren't always comfortable hearing what he had to say at the time, but that beats the strained politeness in current popular culture or the unrelenting anger in the underground. Pryor is so smart it can sting. Two CDs are must-haves—*Live on the Sunset Strip* and *That Nigger's Crazy*.

Speaking of the N word, here's Pryor with Barbara Walters in 1979:

WALTERS: When you are onstage, you talk about "niggers." You can say it. I can't say it.

PRYOR: See, you just said it.

WALTERS: Yeah, but I feel so uncomfortable.

PRYOR: Well, good. You said it pretty good.

WALTERS: OK.

PRYOR: That's not the first time you said it.



therapy for serious (read: Viagra-proof) erectile dysfunction. Even though the operation requires a 23-hour hospital stay, 30,000 implant procedures are performed each year. The implant is a triumph of hydraulics. A telescoping shaft is inserted in the penis. It's connected to reservoir and pump units in the pel-

**"Boyfriends have to understand my needs. I shower four times a day."**  
—Anna Kournikova



vis and scrotum. When squeezed, the pump forces fluid into the cylinders, creating an immediate erection.

### FOOTNOTE

As lead singer for Jackyl, Jesse James Dupree used a 12-gauge shotgun as a mike stand, became a virtuoso on the chain saw and, when he was arrested for indecent exposure, turned up on the cover of *Playgirl*. To promote his solo CD *Foot Fetish*, Dupree is holding a contest for women who are interested in winning a fetish-club tour of London. There is still a month left to send his website pictures of two types of feet: "Tootsies

that are so sexy and perfect they need to be worshiped, kissed and licked" and also "deformed, callused, dirty, tar-heeled monstrosities with yellow toenails that reek."

### CARNAL NO. 5

Designer Helmut Lang's new vanity fragrance, creatively named Helmut Lang, has been billed as "the smell of the morning after a passionate but difficult night." The marketing director was a bit more frank: "It's the way a man smells right after he has had sex." Wow—and all this time we've foolishly been buying colognes to conceal that aroma. In any case, if that's the scent we want, we know of cheaper and more enjoyable ways to acquire it.

### IN YOUR FACE

Women who undergo collagen injections to fill in lines around the mouth may choke on the imagery, but McGhan Medical has applied for FDA permission



## THE POOCH'S PRIVATES

An imperial cousin to the bee's knees, the mutt's nuts is Brit slang for way cool, and the inspiration behind Lance James Jewelry's Dogs Bollocks cuff links. They are the perfect accessory—just don't get caught polishing the silver.

to market collagen from a new source: newborn foreskins. Our question: If the injections cause bumps to form, will they be called dickheads?

## BABE OF THE MONTH



As steely third-year resident Dr. Cleo Finch on NBC's *ER*, Michaela Michele causes heart palpitations in the chest cavities of the show's male viewers. Unquestionably the sexiest Michaela we know (she was named after her mother's best female friend), the 34-year-old Indiana native moved to New York in 1984 and did a slew of commercials before landing her breakout role as Wesley Snipes' moll in 1991's *New Jack City*. From there Michaela sizzled on *New York Undercover*, *Central Park West* and *Homicide*, as well as in several New York theater productions. Five-foot-nine Michaela didn't fake her love of the game in 1997's *Sixth Man*. Turns out she's as comfortable on the hardwood of the court as she is onstage. She was the star forward on her high school's basketball team and still handles some pickup work on *ER*'s Burbank lot. Los Angeles-based Michaela, a longtime youth activist, spends her free time playing in charity basketball tournaments (mostly against guys) and commuting to Manhattan to hang with friends.

She doesn't have the most feminine first name, but from our vantage point she's all woman and then some. And then some more.



**MTV SPORTS** PURE RIDE



Ride the entire mountain.



Build your own mountain,  
full of cars, kickers, trees and rails.



Combine jumps, tricks and grinds  
in the all-new stunt mode.

I'd rather be  
pissing off skiers

We've given you total freedom.  
Now shut up and ride.



MTV Sports: Pure Ride - Game and Software © 2000 Radical Entertainment, Ltd. "MTV Sports" names, trademarks, and logos and all related titles and logos are trademarks of MTV Networks, a division of Viacom International Inc. "MTV: Music Television" name, trademark and all related titles and logos are trademarks of MTV Networks, a division of Viacom International Inc. Pure Ride is a trademark of THQ Inc. Game and software exclusively licensed and published by THQ Inc. MTV Sports exclusively licensed to THQ Inc. The THQ logo and THQ are trademarks and/or registered trademarks of THQ Inc. All other trademarks and logos are property of their respective owners. All rights reserved. Licensed by Sony Computer Entertainment America for use on the PlayStation game console. PlayStation and the PlayStation logos are registered trademarks of Sony Computer Entertainment Inc. Nintendo and the Official Seal are trademarks of Nintendo of America Inc. Game Boy and Game Boy Color are trademarks of Nintendo of America Inc. (C) 1989, 1998 Nintendo of America Inc.



[www.thq.com](http://www.thq.com)



# Taste The Magic



**#1 Selling**  
Ultra Premium Tequila  
in the World!  
100% Pure Agave

Karen McDougal - 1998 Playmate of the Year

Patron Information: 800-723-4767 [www.patrontequila.com](http://www.patrontequila.com)

Hair: Chadwick - John Paul Mitchell Systems



LADIES  
LOVE  
OUTLAWS

酒

RUM **PYRAT** RUM

FROM THE CREATORS OF TEQUILA **PATRÓN** TEQUILA



VICTORIA SILVSTEDT 97 PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR  
PYRAT (800) 723-4767 WWW.PYRATRUM.COM



By LEONARD MALTIN

Playwright Kenneth Lonergan's debut as director, *You Can Count on Me* (Paramount Classics), has already won the Audience Favorite award at last year's Sundance Festival. I hope that many other discerning moviegoers will feel the same way about it. Laura Linney, who's been good in many films (*The Truman Show*, *Absolute Power*), gives a transcendent performance as a single mother in a small town in upstate New York. She does her best to lead an orderly life, despite the fact that her husband ran off years ago. Her world is shaken by two simultaneous events: a visit from her errant brother (Mark Ruffalo) and the realization that her new boss (Matthew Broderick) is an insufferable prig. *You Can Count on Me* goes its own way, at its own pace, accumulating details and speaking volumes by leaving various matters unsaid. Its carefully controlled emotions well up, and by the end, the impact is extraordinary. The cast, including young Rory Culkin as Linney's eight-year-old son, is superb. If you cherish movies that encourage you to think and feel, don't miss this one. ★★★

*Quills* (Fox Searchlight) starts as a romp. It's a social comedy about the Marquis de Sade (played with gusto by Geoffrey Rush) and the effect he has on the people around him: the idealistic abbe (Joaquin Phoenix) of the asylum where he is housed, a wide-eyed washerwoman (Kate Winslet) who helps smuggle his manuscripts to his publisher, and the

heartless doctor (Michael Caine) who is sent by Napoleon to quash de Sade's writings. Indeed, for at least the first hour, *Quills* is witty, ribald entertainment, adapted by Doug Wright from his play. But Wright and director Philip Kaufman have something else in store. Just as de Sade could not stop him-

self. In the end, we experience no satisfaction, only the memory of a robust film turned sour. ★★½

A chamber drama centering on two characters, *Spring Forward* (IFC) is another year-end surprise. Liev Schreiber



Phoenix and Winslet in *Quills*.

self from acting out his lascivious ideas, the filmmakers cannot quit while they're ahead. Whether it's to make a point about freedom of speech or the suppression of creativity, they, in the meantime, spare no one a horrible fate, least of all the audience. *Quills* turns harsh, losing its appeal along with its sense of perspec-

plays a hotheaded screwup who's just served 18 months for armed robbery. He has managed to get a job as assistant to an older man (Ned Beatty) with the parks and recreation department of a small town in Connecticut. They spend their time talking about life, and their relationship grows deeper with each

This is bound to be a happy holiday season for movie buffs. Never before has there been such an array of merchandise for gift-giving. Proponents of DVD expect to sell a lot more hardware, creating even more demand for

## ENTERTAINING GIFTS

new titles. If you're new to DVD, or know someone who's just getting his feet wet, I strongly recommend *The Matrix* and *Men in Black* special editions. These aren't so much video versions of the movies as new entities with hours of material to examine and enjoy. They're what I call convincers.

Connoisseurs will want to check out the excellent Criterion Collection releases from Home Vision, including Carol Reed's *The Third Man* and David Lean's exquisite romance *Brief Encounter*, and the Universal horror clas-

sics series (with such recent additions as *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein* and *Phantom of the Opera*).

Speaking of monsters, the folks at Sideshow Toy have issued a beautiful set of figurines from the horror classics. You'd be hard-pressed to find better renderings of Boris Karloff as both Frankenstein's monster and the Mummy, and Lon Chaney Jr. as the Wolf Man, all part of the Silver Screen Edition of Universal Monsters. These are almost too nice to be called toys. The same can be said for the gorgeous Elizabeth Taylor collector dolls available from FAO Schwarz. The latest in the series depicts Taylor as she appeared in *Father of the Bride*.

And if you've just enjoyed *The Third Man* on DVD, you will want to read Charles Drazin's *In Search of the Third Man*. It's now available in paperback from Limelight Editions. The story of

the film's creation is as intriguing as the film itself.

Another book I recently found, and can't stop dipping into, is *Drive-In Movie Memories* (Carriage House), by Don and Susan Sanders. If you have fond recollections of spending summer nights at outdoor movies, you'll find plenty to smile about in this evocative volume.

The folks at Film Score Monthly continue to release a new limited-edition CD every month of rare movie music from 20th Century Fox' vaults. They've found a lot of wonderful Jerry Goldsmith music, but my favorite release so far is Alfred Newman's bravura score for *All About Eve*, a movie I love. Peruse the entire list at [filmscoremonthly.com](http://filmscoremonthly.com).

Whatever you choose, your favorite film buff is bound to be pleased. You may even consider treating yourself. —L.M.



# A FOUR-IN-ONE PHONE THAT DOES EVERYTHING.

Cool, where do I sign up?

SAMSUNG



Introducing the world's first MP3 phone. It's an MP3 player. A wireless phone. An organizer. An Internet portal. It's all these things and more. To get more information, visit [www.samsungusa.com](http://www.samsungusa.com) or call **1-800-SAMSUNG**. And then get your hands on the one wireless phone that does it all.



**SAMSUNG DIGIT<sub>all</sub>**  
everyone's invited.

**UPROAR**  
MP3 Phone Organizer Internet



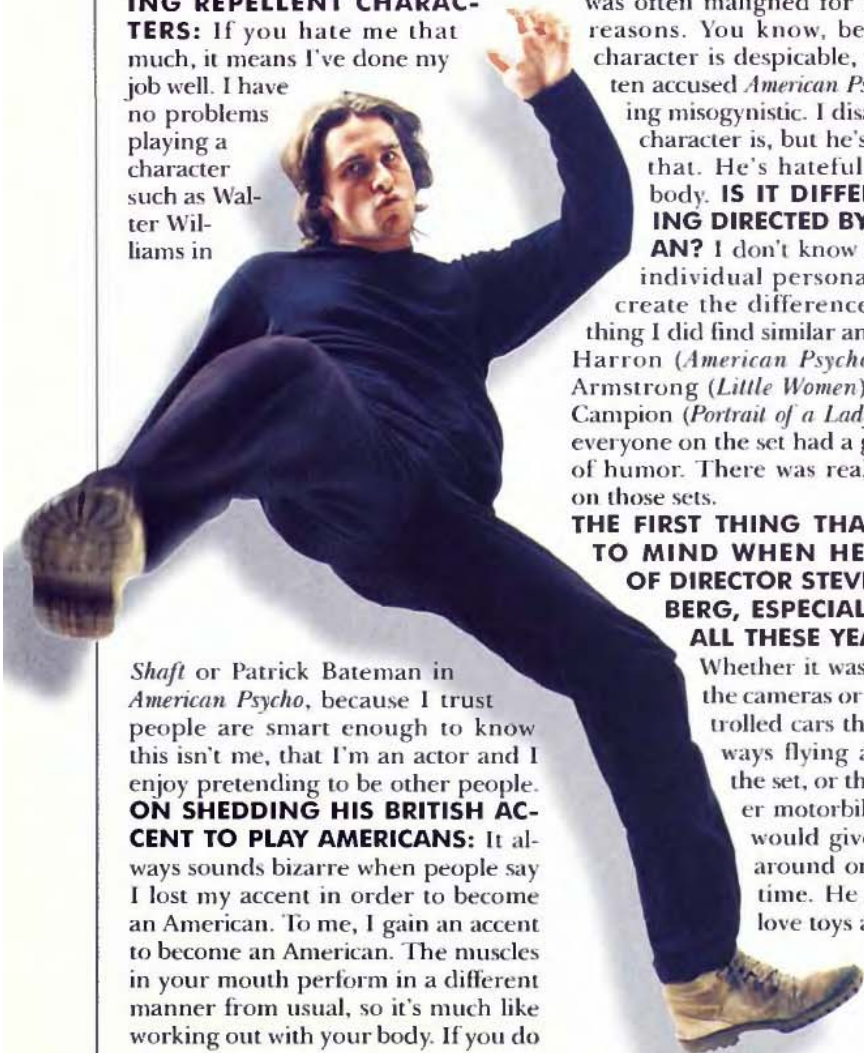
season. There's no reason that this film should work as well as it does, but director Tom Gilroy believes that honest interchange between a couple of interesting characters (played by fine actors) can replace conventional movie action—and he's right. Campbell Scott, Peri Gilpin, Ian Hart, Bill Raymond and Catherine Kellner have one telling scene each. *Spring Forward* requires patience, but repays the investment many times over. **YYY**

**Songcatcher** (Trimark) is the latest triumph for writer and director Maggie Greenwald, whose earlier films (*Kill-Off*, *Ballad of Little Jo*) deserve to be better known. Here, she paints a vivid portrait of an intelligent, independent-minded woman of the early 20th century who goes to visit her sister in Appalachia, where she discovers a rich harvest of na-

tive music waiting to be collected. She seizes on the opportunity with a single-minded fervor, remaining blissfully unaware that her prim manner is unsuited to her surroundings. Her softening—or her humanization—is gradual and believable, but the real joy is in the way we come to share her discovery. Janet McTeer, last year's Oscar nominee for *Tumbleweeds*, is again a pleasure to behold. Aidan Quinn plays a man who's been down off the mountain, to fight in the Spanish-American war. Pat Carroll is sublime as his plainspoken grandmother. Jane Adams is McTeer's sister, whose life choices don't meet with her older sibling's approval. Greenwald succeeds in making a period piece seem vital. A country dance, for example, seems not to be staged at all, but simply and honestly captured by the camera. As social history and entertainment, *Songcatcher* is exceptional. **YYYY**

## SCENE-STEALER

**CHRISTIAN BALE. SEEN MOST RECENTLY IN:** Heinous roles in *American Psycho* and *Shaft*. **FIRST SEEN IN:** Steven Spielberg's *Empire of the Sun*. **HOW HE FEELS ABOUT PLAYING REPELLENT CHARACTERS:** If you hate me that much, it means I've done my job well. I have no problems playing a character such as Walter Williams in



*Shaft* or Patrick Bateman in *American Psycho*, because I trust people are smart enough to know this isn't me, that I'm an actor and I enjoy pretending to be other people. **ON SHEDDING HIS BRITISH ACCENT TO PLAY AMERICANS:** It always sounds bizarre when people say I lost my accent in order to become an American. To me, I gain an accent to become an American. The muscles in your mouth perform in a different manner from usual, so it's much like working out with your body. If you do

it enough you get accustomed to it and it becomes natural, so I'm not thinking about the accent while I do a scene. **ON THE HEATED REACTION TO AMERICAN PSYCHO:** I think it was often maligned for the wrong reasons. You know, because the character is despicable, people often accused *American Psycho* of being misogynistic. I disagree. The character is, but he's not solely that. He's hateful of everybody. **IS IT DIFFERENT BEING DIRECTED BY A WOMAN?** I don't know if it's their individual personalities that create the difference, but one thing I did find similar among Mary Harron (*American Psycho*), Gillian Armstrong (*Little Women*) and Jane Campion (*Portrait of a Lady*) was that everyone on the set had a great sense of humor. There was real harmony on those sets.

**THE FIRST THING THAT COMES TO MIND WHEN HE THINKS OF DIRECTOR STEVEN SPIELBERG, ESPECIALLY AFTER ALL THESE YEARS:** Toys.

Whether it was airplanes, the cameras or radio-controlled cars that were always flying around on the set, or three-wheeler motorbikes that he would give me rides around on at lunchtime. He seemed to love toys and was always surrounded by them.

—L.M.

## MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films  
by leonard malin

**Bamboozled** (Listed only) Satire about a network TV exec (Damon Wayans) who deliberately plans an offensive modern-day minstrel show that unexpectedly catches on. Spike Lee gets on his soapbox and bludgeons a clever premise to death. **YY**

**Bedazzled** (Listed only) Elizabeth Hurley is devilishly sexy, and Brendan Fraser is fun to watch in this uneven comedy about a nerd who sells his soul to score with a woman he adores from afar. **YYY/2**

**Best in Show** (Listed only) Director Christopher Guest comes through again with this wonderfully cast, largely improvised mockumentary about an odd assortment of people whose canines are competing in a prestigious dog show. **YYY**

**Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon** (Listed only) Chow Yun-Fat and Michelle Yeoh bring their charismatic presence—and martial arts skills—to Ang Lee's poetic but uneven film set in ancient China. **YYY/2**

**Get Carter** (Listed only) Sylvester Stallone is in good form as a Vegas enforcer who wants revenge for his brother's death. Michael Caine, who starred in the 1971 film of the same name, fills a supporting part in this OK crime thriller. **YY/2**

**Quills** (See review) Geoffrey Rush is the Marquis de Sade, and Kate Winslet is a charmer as his willing accomplice. But this ribald film turns sour halfway through. **YY/2**

**Songcatcher** (See review) Janet McTeer stars as a feisty woman of the early 20th century who sets out to collect folk songs in Appalachia. This is a mesmerizing journey of discovery from gifted director Maggie Greenwald. Aidan Quinn co-stars. **YYYY**

**Spring Forward** (See review) Ned Beatty and Liev Schreiber philosophize as they tend to public parks in a Connecticut town. A deceptively simple, moving film. **YYY**

**The Yards** (Listed only) This gloomy mood piece features Mark Wahlberg trying to go straight after a prison stretch, but he's doomed by his family and friends' crooked business dealings—and fate. **YY**

**You Can Count on Me** (See review) Laura Linney is sublime in playwright Kenneth Lonergan's dazzling directorial debut about a single mother whose life is turned asunder by a priggish boss and the arrival of her ne'er-do-well brother. **YYYY**

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



THE BEST THINGS IN  
LIFE ARE BASIC



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

© Philip Morris Inc. 2000

For more information about PM USA and its products,  
visit [www.philipmorrisusa.com](http://www.philipmorrisusa.com) or call 1-877-PMUSAWEB.

16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



## GUEST SHOT



"My taste is pretty eclectic," says actor **James Woods**. "*The Godfather: Part II*, *Amarcord*, *On the Waterfront*, *The Wild Bunch*, *Grand Illusion*, *The Bicycle Thief*, *Sullivan's Travels*, *Gone With the Wind* and *From Here to Eternity*. I have no movie-watching ritual. I can watch 'em any time and anywhere."

—SUSAN KARLIN

### CAMPAIGN HIGH JINKS

The election is done and the inauguration is imminent, but the memories of the campaigns live on in celluloid.

**The Big Brass Ring** (1999): William Hurt's run for governor is complicated by a hot adulterous affair, a reporter's compromising photos of him with a man (yikes!), and a gay former mentor seeking revenge. Based on an Orson Welles script.

**Bulworth** (1998): Disillusioned politician Warren Beatty hires an assassin to put him out of his misery in three days. (Talk about strict term limits.) Then he finds liberal liberation, hip-hop music, pot and the luscious Halle Barry. But a contract's a contract.

**The War Room** (1993): Director D.A. Pennebaker's Oscar-nominated documentary paints the strategies behind 1992's successful Clinton campaign.

**Primary Colors** (1998): Philandering governor Jack Stanton (John Travolta), standing in for a thinly disguised Bill Clinton, is hindered by a woman. But that doesn't stop the campaign—or his extracurriculars.

**Election** (1999): Reese Witherspoon—yes, she's legal!—gives the term student body a new twist in running her corrupt campaign for class president. Teen satire with smarts.

**Hail the Conquering Hero** (1944): Woodrow Truesmith (the great Eddie Bracken) finds himself running for mayor of his hometown because everyone thinks—incorrectly—he's a war hero. A Preston Sturges comedy for the ages.

**The Manchurian Candidate** (1962): This thriller about a brainwashed war hero (Laurence Harvey) programmed to be an assassin is director John Frankenheimer's masterpiece. See it.

**Dave** (1993): Presidential look-alike Kevin Kline begins to like the Oval Office—and First Lady Sigourney Weaver—a bit too much for villains plotting a coup.

**All the King's Men** (1949): Yes, it's old, but man, is it prophetic. The political rise of Willie Stark (Broderick Crawford), who goes from straight arrow to Machiavelian crook, holds up very well with age.

**Wag the Dog** (1997): Barry Levinson's razor-sharp take (co-authored by David Mamet) shows how a fake war saves a president from a sex scandal involving an underaged Firefly girl. Yes, it could happen, but it's not likely in the next four years.

—BUZZ MCCLAIN

### DISC ALERT

Hey—it *ain't* television. Lost in the justified hype surrounding *The Sopranos*, HBO's phenomenal gangland hit, is an often overlooked fact: Because it airs on a premium cable channel, the show remains unavailable to about 70 percent of the national TV audience. Sure, HBO isn't the TV equivalent of the witness protection program, but the show's arrival in a four-DVD set including all 13 first-season episodes (HBO, \$100) is great news whether or not you get the channel. Even those already hooked on the series will appreciate the trim collection with its clear DVD image. After comparison, this set may inspire you to complain to the cable company about signal quality. To the unmade viewer, though, *The Sopranos'* myriad charms seem remarkably fresh. Meet Tony So-

## GUILTY PLEASURE OF THE MONTH



*The Prisoner*, a Brit classic starring Patrick McGoohan, is still considered one of the most thought-provoking television series ever made. Now the first two sets of episodes—the first six of the total 17—are out on VHS and, more interestingly, on DVD (A&E Home Video). The DVD sets have a rare alternative version of one of the key early stories and a detailed interactive map of the fictional village. The remainder of the series will be released over the next year.

prano and his wife (James Gandolfini and Edie Falco, both Emmy winners), and delight in the deliciously complex life of a depressed, latter-day don. He kills. He eats. He confesses to his therapist (Lorraine Bracco). He coddles his little knucklehead son. And best of all, he battles with his vicious loon of a mother (Nancy Marchand). Having them all on DVD eliminates the need for appointment TV and, like HBO's two-disc set of *Sex and the City* (\$40), invites weekend marathons. Slip on a comfy pair of cement shoes and enjoy.—GREGORY P. FAGAN

## video mood meter

MOOD	MOVIE
BLOCKBUSTER	<i>The Perfect Storm</i> (Gloucester fishermen Wahlberg and Clooney forget their umbrellas; sensational effects, soggy script), <i>Scary Movie</i> ( <i>Scream</i> and its kin get the <i>Airplane</i> treatment from Keenen Ivory Wayans and his kin; dumb fun).
COMEDY	<i>Me, Myself and Irene</i> (Jekyll-and-Hyde cop Carrey swoons for Zellweger; more gross yuks from the Farrelly bros), <i>But I'm a Cheerleader</i> (mildly butch Natasha Lyonne is sent off to a make-teens-straight camp; one-joke indie has its moments).
DRAMA	<i>Sunshine</i> (the Austro-Hungarian empire rises and sets; so, too, does director István Szabó's rich if uneven 1900 saga), <i>Jesus' Son</i> (Seventies-ero junkie Billy Crudup slowly pulls his life together; rambling and episodic—but in good ways).
FAMILY	<i>Chicken Run</i> (the Walloce and Gromit guys posit life in a poultry farm on the brink of revolt; clever script, brilliant animation), <i>The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle</i> (De Niro as Fearless Leader? On the small screen, it works).
EAST MEETS WEST	<i>Shanghai Noon</i> (Imperial guard Jackie Chan forms an uneasy partnership with bandit Owen Wilson; o hoot), <i>Red Sun</i> (desperado Charles Bronson and samurai Toshiro Mifune—yep, this 1971 oater plays the same story straight).



In some places,  
**ATHLETES**  
are revered as gods.

This is **NOT** one of  
those places.

*One place.*



*One whisky.*

ENJOY OUR QUALITY RESPONSIBLY. ©1999 Imported by The Glenlivet Distilling Co., N.Y., N.Y. 12 Year Old Single Malt Scotch Whisky, Alc. 40% by Vol. [80 Proof]. The Glenlivet is a registered trademark.



**Warning** (Reprise) is Green Day's way of staying true to their punk ideals. Even though their latest is a quantum leap in sophistication for the Bay Area trio, the band is still angry and still churns out kick-ass punk rock. *Minority* and *Marcy's Day Parade* sidestep cynicism. *Misery* and *Blood, Sex and Booze* question rock's self-destructive tendencies rather than

**Kwaito: South African Hip-Hop** (Stern's/Earthworks, 71 Warren, New York, NY 10007) is really more house than it is rap. The rhythms and voices indigenous to the region are energized by synthesizer riffs. The result: some of the purest party music that the continent has ever produced.

Youssou N'Dour's **Joko** (*The Link*) (Nonesuch) is the most supple and least self-conscious album that the Senegalese superstar has aimed

our way. He's recorded a lot of dance music in Dakar, and the local focus has been good for him. This time, the studio effects he always goes for on his U.S. releases augment it.

Rokia Traore's lissome **Wanita** (Indigo) is the second album by a 26-year-old Malian who uses only traditional instruments but combines them in untraditional ways. Her soprano voice may sound familiar, because her harmonies sometimes aren't traditional at all—at least not traditionally African. Traore grew up in Europe. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

The sounds of Sun Ra and his Arkestra were high-tech, intellectual and kinky (in the vocals and pitches, rarely the beats). If you don't know where to begin, **Greatest Hits** (Evidence) beautifully distills the 70 albums he made for Saturn Records. Some of these 18 tracks aren't far from Duke Ellington, Thelonious Monk, Jimmy Reed or Dr. John. *The Perfect Man* is straight-up P-Funk. But when you get to *Rocket Number Nine Takes Off for the Planet Venus* and *We Travel the Spaceways*, you are headed into places even avant-gardists rarely visit.

Olu Dara, on the other hand, lives strictly in this world, as a musician who

fuses Miles Davis, Blind Willie Johnson, the Meters and Jimi Hendrix, with a nod to Lynyrd Skynyrd. Yet **Neighborhoods** (Atlantic) makes Brooklyn and Queens seem as exotic as an interplanetary destination. Dara uses his jazz background, blues roots, Afro-Caribbean convictions and brilliant guitar and trumpet playing to make profoundly funky observations on earthly life. *Strange Things Happen Everyday* sums it up.

—DAVE MARSH

Ex-Police guitarist Andy Summers' rep as a one-man guitar orchestra



Green Day's *Warning*.

serves him well on *Peggy's Blue Skylight* (RCA), an ambitious celebration of the idiosyncratic music of Charles Mingus. And not since Jeff Beck and John McLaughlin's fusion experiments in the Seventies has a guitarist merged jazz smarts and rock dynamics with this much fire and finesse. His collaborations with Q-Tip, Deborah Harry and the Kronos Quartet help

flesh out his innovative interpretations.

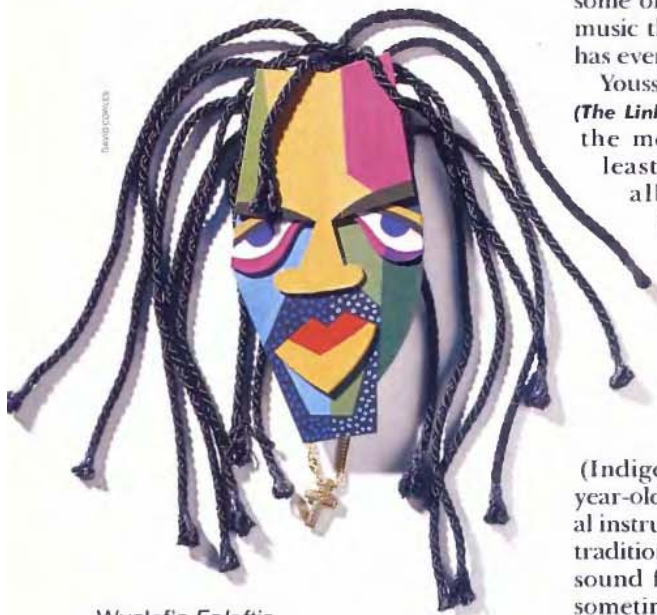
**The Time Has Come** (Legacy) is the long-overdue reissue of the Chambers Brothers' debut album. What Living Colour was to the Eighties, the Chambers Brothers were to the Sixties. The Chambers did some terrific loud and loose R&B with a rock edge. But their greatest legacy is the anthemic *Time Has Come Today*, remastered here in its full 11 minutes of glory. It holds up because the Brothers built their jam on a monster groove and a sense of humor. —V.G.

Crank up the stereo for Orgy's **Vapor Transmission** (Reprise). It's the mutant progeny of Nine Inch Nails and David Bowie in his Spiders From Mars stage. Careening, relentless techno-metal, it's helpful for obliterating everything.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

Truly great artists just get greater as they age, even if they are ignored by radio and record companies. Merle Haggard has never sung better or smarter than he does on *If I Could Only Fly* (Epitaph). His hillbilly jazz roots show all over the place. The world-weary wisdom of hits from *Sing Me Back Home* to *If We Make It Through December* takes on a new cast in *Wishing All These Old Things Were*

Orgy sees the future.



Wyclef's *Eclectic*.

celebrate them. Occasional acoustic guitars, strings and mandolins give the music more punch, not less. Green Day proves that punks can grow up without selling out. Are Eminem and Fred Durst listening? —VIC GARBARINI

Wyclef Jean is the least sanctimonious and most fun-loving and musically sophisticated member of the Fugees. His second solo effort, **The Eclectic—2 Sides II a Book** (Columbia), is—like its predecessor, *The Carnival*—a trickster's party. There's the Kenny Rogers–Pharoahe Monch *Dub Plate*, where the country star is matched with the rapper in an update of *The Gambler*. Then there's *It Doesn't Matter*, which features wrestler the Rock on the jokey chorus. The CD's opener, *Columbia Records*, is a phone conversation between Tommy Mottola and Wyclef. But it's not all fun. The collection's centerpiece is *911*, a duet with Mary J. Blige. The most heartfelt moment on *Eclectic* is *Diallo*, a tribute to the immigrant shot dead by New York police. —NELSON GEORGE

Take, don't give, is a good rule of thumb for African musicians who want to go pop. The best approach is to grab what you like from Europe and America and then play it your way. Three different new albums prove the point.

**Green Day proves that punks can grow up without selling out.**



# RARE VARGAS ORIGINAL WORKS OF ART

SEIZE THIS RARE OPPORTUNITY TO OWN ORIGINAL ALBERTO VARGAS WATERCOLORS PUBLISHED IN PLAYBOY DURING THE SIXTIES.

AVAILABLE EXCLUSIVELY AT PLAYBOY AUCTIONS!



Vargas Girl August, 1961 30" x 20"

This and similar watercolors bear the artist's signature and come with certificates of authenticity, copies of the *Playboy* issue the painting appeared in and congratulatory letters signed by Hef. Winner(s) will be invited to attend a luncheon at the Mansion, where a Playmate will present each work of art. Date to be determined. Travel and accommodation expenses are the responsibility of the winner(s).

BID ONLINE DECEMBER 1 THROUGH DECEMBER 31 AT PLAYBOY AUCTIONS.

[AUCTIONS.PLAYBOY.COM](http://AUCTIONS.PLAYBOY.COM)



**BOY BANDS GET GRUMPY DEPARTMENT:** Says **Jeff Timmons** of **98 Degrees** about **O-Town**, the band documented on the ABC series *Making the Band*: "We hate *Making the Band* because it completely illegitimizes everything we worked so hard for. It makes it seem like you can just go to some audition, be thrown in a band and you can be successful." You mean you can't?

**REELING AND ROCKING:** **Meat Loaf** will appear with **Samuel L. Jackson** in *The 51st State*, about an American chemist

**Beatles**, and 20 percent couldn't name **Lennon** and **McCartney** as members. . . . Other Beatles news: British customs has been holding 10 gold records for 35 years, because the company reping the band failed to pay up. . . . According to our favorite screed, *Rock and Rap Confidential*, some of the **Who's** master tapes were on sale on eBay for half a million dollars. . . . **Jimmy Jam** and **Terry Lewis** have moved to Arista Records and are currently working their magic for **Babyface**, **Sting**, **Mya** and

**Janet Jackson**. . . . **Mary J. Blige** has developed a new hip-hop clothing line that includes baby and women's tees, tank tops and dresses. Also look for her in **Stan Lee's** web series, starring as a superhero. . . . The Rock and Roll Hall of



Merle Haggard flies.

*New*, which opens the album. Hag has done more than just survive, which is a useful skill once you've outgrown Britney and 'N Sync. —D.M.

Eddy "the Chief" Clearwater plays the blues in all its variations without losing sight of its original function as party music. Clearwater got it right, and he continues to power his music with contagious enthusiasm on *Reservation Blues* (Bullseye). The smoking backup musicians, including a killer horn section, don't hurt his cause at all. Clearwater is up front where he belongs with guitar and vocals. Did I mention that you can dance to it? —C.Y.

The Jurassic Five are fixtures in Los Angeles' hip-hop underground. Now they're aboveground with *Quality Control* (Interscope). Jurassic's CD is eclectic in tone, diverse in subject and contrary to every Cali rap stereotype. While not as conceptually coherent as Mos Def or Common, the Jurassic Five display compelling lyrical strength. —N.G.

The music coming out of Memphis today bears little resemblance to the amazing stuff that came from there in the past. Languid, smoky melodies have replaced the sharp drums and bluesy horns. On their surprisingly intense debut, *The Satyrs* (Black Dog) sound more like the Doors than like Stax/Volt or Mud



Astral Sun Ra.

Boy and the Neutrons. The anthology *Makeshift: The First Broadcast* (\$10 to Josh Hicks, 1333 Harbert Dr., Memphis, TN 38104) is an intriguing collection from the city's diverse independent music scene. We'll hear more from Memphis in the future. —LEOPOLD FROELICH



Check out Fred on heavy.com for musical satire.

who tries to introduce a designer drug into the underground rave scene. . . . **Will Smith** will play a Fifties detective in a film about the first racially integrated hotel and casino in Las Vegas. . . . **Nile Rodgers** collaborated with **Donovan Leitch** on *The Last Party 2000*, a documentary shot at last summer's Democratic Convention. The soundtrack will feature old songs (*Ohio, Ball of Confusion*) sung by new bands.

**NEWSBREAKS:** We will soon know if the **Spice Girls** still matter. The girls released their third album recently. . . . *The Rocky Horror Show* hit Broadway with cast member **Joan Jett**. . . . Fifty years ago **Leo Fender's** guitars began the rock era. Now you can get **Tony Bacon's Fifty Years of Fender** and trace the Telecaster to the 50th Anniversary Broadcaster. . . . It's enough to make your guitar gently weep: An Amazon.co.uk survey found that 43 percent of respondents couldn't name the four

Fame and Heineken announced the winners of the first popular greatest-hits poll. *Stairway to Heaven* is number one, of course. . . . **Wyclef Jean** must have practiced enough: He plays Carnegie Hall in New York this month, accompanied by special guests and a children's choir. He's the first hip-hop artist to do so. Then, if you'll be in Miami on February 10, check out his all-day Festival, which raises money for musical instruments and music lessons. He's expecting some big-name friends. . . . Remember **Jackie DeShannon**? Her new CD is out, she's playing clubs and **Gwyneth Paltrow** sang her song *Bette Davis Eyes* in *Duets*. . . . **Type O Negative's Peter Steele** is pleased the band picked up its second gold album: "I have a pair of them to serve food on, even though they don't match my apartment." —BARBARA NELLIS



## ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
<b>Green Day</b> <i>Warning</i>	8	8	7	6	8
<b>Wyclef Jean</b> <i>The Eclectic</i>	9	8	8	8	8
<b>Kwaito</b> <i>South African Hip-Hop</i>	9	9	8	7	8
<b>Orgy</b> <i>Vapor Transmission</i>	3	6	6	6	7
<b>Sun Ra</b> <i>Greatest Hits</i>	8	9	9	10	8



## THE NEXT NINTENDO

Nintendo hopes it's hip to be square with its new, aptly named video game system, the Gamecube. Scheduled for its American debut in October 2001, the box-shaped Gamecube is the successor to the Nintendo 64. The new system features a powerful 405 MHz processor (compared with the PlayStation 2's 300 MHz) and a brawny graphics co-processor that has plenty of onboard memory for fast and smooth performance. With the Gamecube, Nintendo has abandoned its expensive cartridge-based format. Instead, the new system will use small (8 cm) custom CDs capable of storing up to 1.5 gigabytes of data. The company has also announced plans to release a wireless controller and an optional adapter for 56K modem and broadband connections.

The Gamecube can connect to the portable Game Boy Advance, Nintendo's follow-up to the 11-year-old Game Boy. The Advance will be available by July and houses a 32-bit processor (17 times faster than the Game Boy Color) as well as a wide-screen display that's 50 percent larger than its predecessor. When connected, the two will unlock extra game features and allow for the exchange of game data between the systems. But it's not going to be a one-man race for Nintendo. The Gamecube will have to battle other next-generation 128-bit console systems, such as Microsoft's Xbox, Sony's PlayStation 2 and the Sega Dreamcast. While many of the systems' specs and functions are similar, Nintendo's won't feature the multimedia capabilities of Sony's and Microsoft's—both of which play DVD movies and audio CDs. As a result, Nintendo expects to offer the Gamecube at a retail price of \$150 to \$200, compared with the \$300 PlayStation 2.

—MARC SALTZMAN



winner. This time, instead of combining computer chips with huge TV sets, manufacturers such as Samsung and CyberComp will incorporate TV tuner cards into high-resolution flat-panel monitors. That way, you get a TV and a computer monitor in one stylish model. The combination is perfect for the den, home office, even a hospital room, where a monitor can be used as a TV and to keep medical charts. First out (it hit the stands last summer) was Samsung's SyncMaster 150MP (\$1119) and 170MP (\$1769), each with inputs for a PC and a DVD player or VCR, plus picture-in-picture (so you can pop in on your favorite show while working) and digital zoom. To save space, the monitor can also operate as a stand-alone TV when your computer is turned off. CyberComp recently released its ProVidea 5000 (about \$1500).

The 15" display features a TV tuner and video inputs. Because it's only 2½" thick, it can be wall-mounted and is light enough to be folded and placed in a briefcase. For those who prefer a standard TV that doubles as a computer monitor, some companies still create them. Proton's HDTV-compatible flat-screen monitors, the 27-inch MM-2701VT (\$1700) and 36-inch MM-3601VT (\$3200), both feature 21 rear and front panel connectors including inputs for PC, DVD, cable TV, VCR and other equipment. Both units include full-feature remote controls and on-screen programming. —JOEL ENOS

## GAME OF THE MONTH

Don't let the idea of sacrificing souls to appease a strange god scare you away from *Sacrifice*. The new PC-based strategy game

casts you as lead wizard to a mob of gruesome creatures so you can roam the land, destroying enemies in honor of your god. Once you've amassed enough power, take your conquest on-line against other players. The game's 55 creatures, wealth of spells and magic-controlled weather system ensure brutal battles as you sacrifice the souls of your opponents. It sounds brutal, but the game's developers have sympathized with the softhearted, who can choose to worship a smiley-faced balloon instead of Charnel, the Lord of Slaughter. Lucky you.



—JASON BUHRMESTER

## WILD THINGS

Osiris' G-Bag is a beat-junkie's dream come true—and every sleepy subway rider's nightmare. The durable backpack is equipped with two eight-watt speakers and a battery-powered amp built into the bottom of the bag. When connected to any portable music player (MP3, CD, etc.), the bag blasts your favorite jams from its weather-resistant speakers. Six or 12 AA batteries power the amp, and a dual voltage AC adapter is included for use with an outlet. The G-Bag has plenty of storage, a skateboard strap and a removable Walkman case, should you want to ditch the G-Bag for headphones (\$200). We picture the G-Bag with Creative's new Nomad Jukebox. The CD Walkman-size MP3 player features a 6GB memory—enough to store more than 100 hours of music (\$500). —J.B.



## NEW TWIST ON TECHNO TVS

PC-TV combos didn't catch on the first time around, but plenty of big-name developers are hoping the second try is a



By MARK FRAUENFELDER

## I BID UBID

My trusty journalist's tape recorder had become untrustworthy, leaving Nixonian gaps of silence on my tapes. I needed a new one. "Don't buy a tape recorder," my journalist pal advised. "Get a minidisc player instead."

Not a bad idea. Minidiscs are cheaper than microcassettes and they have better sound quality. At an auction site called **uBid.com** my friend had just bought a Sony MZ-R70, a four-ounce, pocket-size minidisc recorder, for \$159. He got a great deal—the MZ-R70 retails on the Sony site for \$280. I found 10 MZ-R70s for auction on uBid. The minimum bid was \$149. I went for it, relishing the idea of bragging to my friend that I got a better deal. A few hours later, I checked in



and discovered that MS from Montgomery Village, Maryland had made an offer for all of the units at \$169 apiece. In one click, greedy MS had knocked everyone else out of the running. With just a couple of hours left, I bid \$179 and was instantly lifted to the front of the line. It felt good.

But not for long. In minutes, LH of Houston jumped in with a bid of \$219 for two players, and AG of Miami put in \$179 each for two units. But at least I was still one of the 10 highest bidders. Twenty minutes later I received e-mail from uBid: "You've been outbid!" Huh? So soon? I went back to the site, but my bid was still in the top 10. What was going on? Before I had a chance to fire off an e-mail to uBid, I got another e-mail: "Win confirmation from uBid!" I checked the site, and sure enough, I'd won. Despite the last-minute confusion, my MZ-R70 arrived in the mail and in perfect working condition. My next stop was **minidisco.com**, where I picked up 10 blank minidiscs for \$19.90.

## VIRTUAL VOODOO

When an anonymous threat is planted in someone's mind, it quickly absorbs all the brain's energy usually reserved for things like work and recreation. Normal thinking is interrupted. Foremost in the threatened person's mind are two questions: "Who hates me?" and "What did I do to deserve this?" Anonymous threats are cowardly, cruel and, thanks to

the web, easier than ever to make. All you need to do is go to **pinstruck.com**, enter your victim's name and e-mail address and select one of several cryptic messages, such as "Look what you've become," "It's not over yet" or "It's all gone." A second later, your target will receive an e-mail invitation to visit **pinstruck.com**. He'll find a strange wooden box. When the box is clicked open, it reveals a grotesque voodoo doll with his name pinned to its chest, along with the selected curse. I sent a pinstruck curse to myself to see how the site worked, and I still was creeped out. Just imagine what it feels like to have one of these curses sent to you anonymously.

## THE JAZZ AGE MEETS THE INFORMATION AGE

After hearing a Twenties song called *In a Mist* on the radio, I went to the web to find out who recorded it. I got the answer—Bix Beiderbecke—at **redhotjazz.com**, and ended up staying at the site for hours. This history of jazz before 1930 has more than 800 pages of fascinating biographical information and 5000 jazz songs in Real Audio format. (The site's owner pays a small fee to Ascap for a web broadcasting license.)



There are also movie clips starring Bessie Smith and Louis Armstrong. Redhotjazz.com was launched in 1996 by web designer Scott Alexander after he realized that the sites he had been building for corporate clients were "banal and an incredible waste of the cool technology we call the Internet. I decided to make my version of what the Internet should be like," Alexander says. "I wanted it to have the depth of a good book, but use hypertext and streaming audio to make it more than a book." He's succeeded. Alexander promises to add thousands more songs to the site, many of which will be contributed by the 78 collectors who have already assisted him in this amazing project.

## QUICK HITS

Think you have an annoying mother-in-law? You'll kiss her feet after you read the stories submitted to **motherinlawstories.com**. When did your favorite TV show go sour? Find out at **jumptheshark.com**. Some Flash cartoons are meant to be enjoyed, not understood, like the ones at **nosepilot.com**. Dig the vintage fashions at **fashiondig.com**. How big is your ego? Take the test at **queendom.com/tests/egoism.html**.

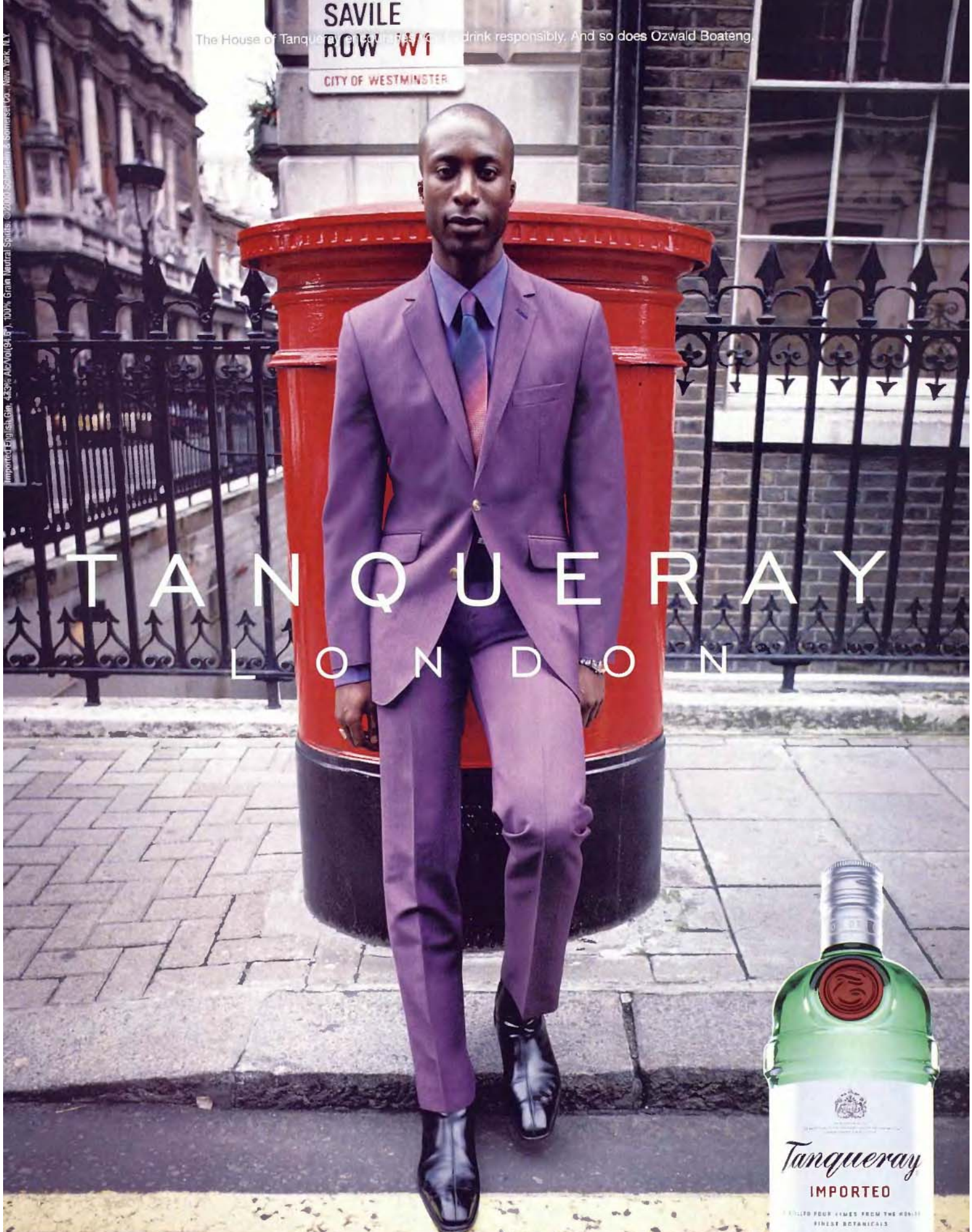
You can contact Mark Frauenfelder by e-mail at [livingonline@playboy.com](mailto:livingonline@playboy.com).



Imported English Gin, 43% Alc/Vol (84°), 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. ©2000 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., New York, NY

The House of Tanqueray has a long history of drinking responsibly. And so does Oswald Boateng.

SAVILE  
ROW W1  
CITY OF WESTMINSTER



# TANQUERAY

L O N D O N



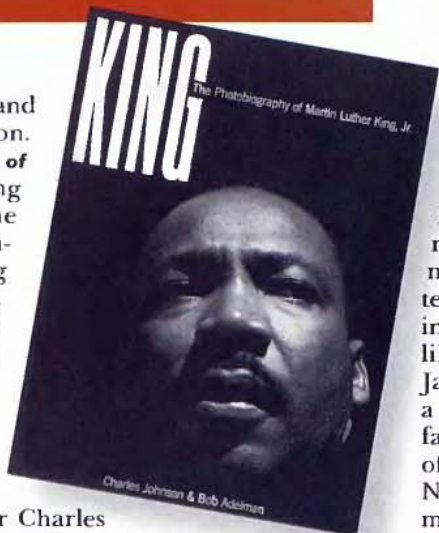
LONDON DRY GIN    DISTINCTIVELY CRISP    SINCE 1830

LONDON DRY GIN

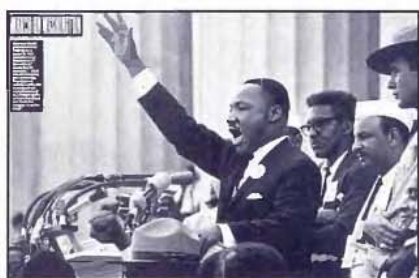


HE OVERCAME

His words rang with truth, and his image stirred the nation. In *King: The Photobiography of Martin Luther King Jr.* (Viking Studio), the pictures of the preacher in action are as inspirational and compelling as his revolutionary ideas. This is the first book of its kind, a gorgeous and moving visual tapestry compiled by *Life* photographer Bob Adelman and photo historian Robert Phelan, with text by National Book Award winner Charles Johnson. It moves chronologically from King's



birth in Atlanta in 1929 to his funeral there 39 years later. But it doesn't rely on famous or familiar images of him. Here we can see a peaceful picture of King at home eating dinner with his family (seated beneath a portrait of Mahatma Gandhi), as well as the



bloody visual record of his assassination on a hotel balcony in Memphis. The book documents one of the most transforming epochs in American history.

—JOHN D. THOMAS

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

*Out of Time: Designs for the 20th Century Future* (Abrams) is a reminder that we haven't become as technologically advanced as we once imagined we would be. Assembled by Norman Brosterman, the book, a companion piece to a three-year traveling exhibition sponsored by the Smithsonian Institution, collects 90 forward-thinking illustrations from magazines, newspapers and pulp novels published during

the first half of the past century. Although no one had yet landed on the moon, ambitious artists for the *Chicago Tribune* and *Life* were already drawing space stations, lunar landings and moon jeeps. Other artists created prophetic renderings of architecture and automobiles, including earnest ideas for floating airports, jet-propelled cars and colonies on Mars that are still on the drawing board.

—JASON BUHRMESTER



DEATH BECOMES THEM

Two popular mystery novelists deliver their homicidal best this month. Michael Connelly provides a treat by populating his new thriller, *A Darkness More Than Night* (Little, Brown), with three of his already likable heroes. Former FBI profiler Terry McCaleb (*Blood Work*) is *Night's* protagonist, reluctantly lured from peaceful retirement by a grisly murder with familiar trappings. The series' star, LAPD detective Harry Bosch, is in a pivotal supporting role as McCaleb's chief (but unlikely) suspect, while reporter Jack McEvoy (*The Poet*) makes a cameo appearance. Old fans will get a kick out of the trio's interaction. Newcomers may end up more impressed by this author's riveting style.

*Death Benefits* (Random House), a lighter but no less corpse-laden read by Thomas Perry, finds John Walker, a young insurance data analyst, recruited as an assistant to a trouble-shooter investigating a \$12 million swindle. The author's delightfully devious plotting puts his hero through a series of emotional and perilous highs and lows, from savage attacks to an edgy romance with a tart-tongued, sharp-witted beauty. Walker manages to benefit from his ordeal. So will readers.

—DICK LOCHTE

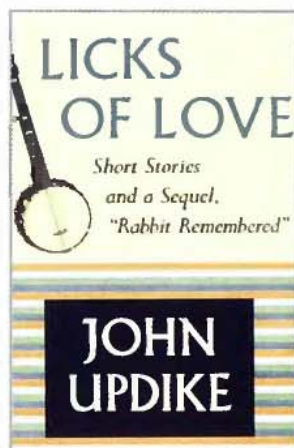


HOWARD SALA

RABBIT RECALLED

John Updike's *Licks of Love: Short Stories and a Sequel, "Rabbit Remembered"* (Knopf) is a reason to celebrate. America's great man of letters is still our expert in suburban sexual anthropology. But the best treat is having one last encounter with Harry Angstrom, who, even after death, can wreak havoc on his loved ones and give readers reason to reread the Rabbit quartet.

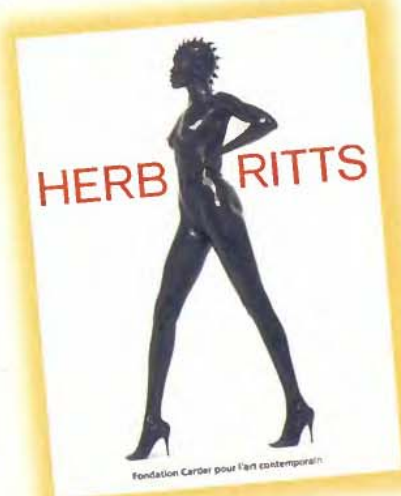
—BARBARA NELLIS



PICTURE PERFECT:

Photographer Herb Ritts' obsessions—light and the human form—are what fuel his work. Patrick Roegiers introduces 100 alluring images, some previously unpublished, in *Herb Ritts* (Thames and Hudson), including such welcome celebrity portraits as a nude Cindy Crawford, Madonna, Demi Moore, Tina Turner and a topless Courtney Love.

—HELEN FRANGOULIS





# Women Are Always Interested In A Well Educated Man.



*(Especially When It Comes To Sex.)*

WARNING: *Ordinary Couples, Extraordinary Sex* is highly explicit and intended for adults over the age of 18 only.

Introducing *Ordinary Couples, Extraordinary Sex*. This three-part video program takes you on a guided tour into the lives and bedrooms of real couples with incredibly satisfying sex lives.

*Dr. Sandra Scantling's*

## *Ordinary Couples, Extraordinary Sex*

Created and hosted by Dr. Sandra Scantling, nationally known psychologist and sex therapist, who helps you apply what these couples have learned to your own relationship.

### See How Other Couples Recapture The Thrill.

Hear each loving couple's story in their own words. Watch them explicitly demonstrate the exercises and techniques that have taken their sexuality to new heights.

### Three Dynamic Videos Tell The Whole Story.

In Volume One you'll learn the "ingredients" for extraordinary sex by watching other couples in action. Volume Two shows you how being creative can take ho-hum sex to thrilling new heights. And in Volume Three successful couples share their secrets for keeping love fresh and exciting – time after time.

### FREE ORAL SEX VIDEO!

All orders will receive our free 30 minute video on oral sex and our new brochure filled with videos and other adult products designed to help you spice up your relationship. Order today, and sex will never be ordinary again!

Browse our entire video library at [www.bettersex.com](http://www.bettersex.com)

Call to order: 1-800-955-0888 ext.8PB86 (24hrs) or

Mail to: Sinclair Intimacy Institute, Dept 8PB86, PO Box 8865, Chapel Hill, NC 27515

		Total
Vol. 1: Discovering Extraordinary Sex (#1050)	19.95	
Vol. 2: Getting Creative With Sex (#1051)	19.95	
Vol. 3: Keeping Sex Extraordinary (#1052)	19.95	
Buy The 3-Volume Set and Save \$10 (#1053)	49.85	
Advanced Oral Sex Techniques (#1521) (FREE with Purchase)	—	FREE
		postage & handling 4.00
	<b>TOTAL</b>	

BANK MONEY ORDER  CHECK  VISA  MC  DISCOVER  AMEX

CARD#

EXPIRATION DATE

Platin Packaging Protects Your Privacy

NC orders please add 6% sales tax. Canadian Orders add U.S. \$5 shipping. • Tapes are VHS only • Sorry - no cash or C.O.D.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

( I CERTIFY THAT I AM OVER AGE 18 )

**100% Satisfaction Guarantee**



By ASA BABER

I WRITE today of two of nature's greatest wonders—boogers and loogers. I trust you can acknowledge their significance, even if society never discusses them publicly. But what better place to honor them than in my mature and tasteful *Men* column? (Oprah would not touch this subject, believe me.)

Without the glories of boogers and loogers, men would have nothing to talk about. We would live in an unfriendly universe in which our power to nauseate and rebuff those people who are always trying to control us (read: teachers and preachers and mothers and girls) would be neutralized, and our helplessness would make it a cold climate.

Imagine a time in the future when our tactics of last resort (employing gross-out strategies as a defense against ballbusters) have been taken from us. If the day ever comes when we cannot sicken our critics by picking our boogers and hocking our loogers in their presence, we will have become emasculated prisoners of the prissy and the hissy.

Women often ask me what men talk about when there are no women present. I always answer that question directly. "To be honest with you," I say, "we talk mostly about boogers and loogers." Then I pause, because I know that some of those wenches will not believe me and others will not understand at all what I am saying.

"No, seriously" is the next thing I inevitably hear.

"I am being serious," I say.

"Don't you ever talk about sex and politics and sports?" she will ask.

"Nope," I shake my head. "Never."

"What about books and movies? Or stocks and bonds? Or cats and diets?"

"Sorry," I nod. "It's just not us."

"What about family and community?"

"Are you kidding?" I ask, laughing.

"Don't you ever share your hopes and dreams with your buddies like we do with our girlfriends? Isn't there a TV show like *Sex and the City* for men?"

"Really boring," I grimace. "No doubt there will soon be a male rip-off of *Sex and the City* where a bunch of guys pretend to discuss their lives. But if it's reality TV, they'll only talk about boogers and loogers."

"Don't you gripe about the women in your lives like we do about the men in our lives? I mean, we really hate you creeps most of the time, you know."

"I know you do, but we couldn't care less about that crap," I say.

"I don't believe you" is the last thing I always hear, and this is what gets to me. I tell women the truth about men as I know it and they still don't believe me.



## BOOGERS AND LOOGERS

So show this page to your significant other and save us all a lot of time and frustration. "Here, honey," you can say, "you're always asking me what makes guys tick. This will tell you better than I can."

(1) *Boogers*. Boogers are first discovered during a boy's early self-exploration, which is his primary means of education. Boys are not sickened by their bodies the way so many girls are. For most of us, our bodies are a magnificent playground, and we spend a lot of time at recess.

From boyhood through manhood, we males are the Magellans of physicality. We explore every nook and cranny. Watch any man for more than a few minutes and you will notice how often he touches himself, like a coach sending signals. He will check out his penis, testicles, wallet, pockets, nose, ears, hands, butt, neck, belt, armpits, wristwatch, etc. It is a search that continues at bedtime as he goes to sleep holding his dick and twitching his feet. (Men never rest!)

Kindergarten is when booger time begins. Every boy sticks his fingers in his orifices all day long at that age. Why? Because they are there. We are, from our first days on earth, tuning forks of sensuality, and we soon learn that the nose has its virtues, too, including the previously undiscovered brilliance of boogers.

"Wow! Neat!" is what you say when you see that first glistening hunk of mucus on the tip of your forefinger. "Look at that! And I made it all by myself! It has colors and it changes shape when I play with it and it feels good pulling it out of my nostril like a worm or a noo-

dle." What can I say? The first booger is a memorable booger. Ask any man.

You often save your boogers, especially the better ones. You preserve them on your pants or on the edge of your desk or inside a textbook cover. You do not use a handkerchief because those are for sissies. But this observation of boogers marks the beginning of your interest in science and biology, so it has its benefits. You dissect your boogers as they age. You note the changes they undergo.

Then, one day, a miracle occurs. Just as you are holding one of your boogers up to the light, you notice the girl in the seat next to yours. You see the horrified look on her face. By instinct, without even thinking about it, you extend your forefinger, pretending you want to share the wealth. She shudders in genuine revulsion. *Bingo!* You have found something a woman cannot handle gracefully, and you know you will need to use it for the rest of your life.

(2) *Loogers*. This splendid weapon in the limited arsenal of male self-defense is first used in early adolescence, but its genesis occurs earlier with a game called Bombardier.

As any man worth his salt will tell you, Bombardier involves spitting from great heights (like a stairwell or movie balcony or rooftop). You collect a lot of saliva in your mouth, lean over the edge and wait for your prey. As soon as some unwitting person passes below, you time the release of your spit so that it hits your victim square on the skull. (FYI: Bombardier can be played solo, but it is better used with a group, since no results are accepted without peer review.)

Once again, a miracle happens. As you mature, you notice that you sometimes collect phlegm in the back of your throat. Your saliva thickens. Soon you can mimic your male role models and make noises as you gather your bronchial liquids together in a series of hacks and coughs until—*whap!*—you launch a looger as big as the Ritz that looks like a UFO. Talk about initiation into manhood! This is a magic moment.

When you take your newfound talent to school and hock a huge looger over the fence and the girls scream and go "Eww!" and hide their eyes, you know you have found something invaluable that will be of use the next time they start to catalog your defects. When a girl begins to scold you like Lucy in *Peanuts*, you can get rid of her in an instant by clearing your throat and firing a fat phlegm-rocket straight at her shoes. Such a gift, such a joy!

Next month's column? "Dingleberries and Toe Jam: Food of the Gods!"







MY ROOMMATE IS A SUPERMODEL

## BY TOBY YOUNG

I LIVE WITH a supermodel. OK, that's a slight exaggeration, but the girl in question has been on the covers of *Marie Claire*, *Elle* and *Italian Vogue*. She's a 23-year-old Brit called Sophie Dahl and, while she's not on first-name terms with Warren Beatty, she's still pretty hot.

Unfortunately, she's not my girlfriend. The bad news is that she's currently dating a 45-year-old Hollywood director, but the good news is that I still get to see her naked. Plus, I get plenty of tips about how to seduce gorgeous, pouting cover girls. Here's a clue: Get into the movie business.

Like most heterosexual men, I grew up fantasizing about sleeping with models. It wasn't the act of having sex with them I found so appealing—though, God knows, that would have been sweet—but the bragging rights afterward. To be able to walk past a newsstand, point at the cover of a glossy magazine and say, "Been there, done that"—that was my idea of heaven.

When I eventually grew up, I reluctantly acknowledged this was a fairly unrealistic ambition. I'm not a fashion photographer, I don't play guitar in a rock band and my surname isn't embossed in big gold letters on the front of any buildings in Manhattan. However, in the summer of 1995 I was offered a job at the New York headquarters of Condé Nast, the company that publishes *Vogue*, *Glam-*

*our*, *Allure* and *Mademoiselle*, among others. Suddenly, I started meeting some of the most famous models in the world. Perhaps I'd get a chance to realize my dream after all.

The first opportunity arose after a photo shoot in the Hamptons when I found myself sharing a limo with four British supermodels: Jodie Kidd, Iris Palmer, Honor Fraser and Jasmine Guinness. As we sped toward New York on the Long Island Expressway, I thought to myself: It doesn't get any better than this. For one terrible moment I had an urge to grab the wheel and steer the car into the path of an oncoming truck. In my mind's eye I pictured the headline in *The New York Times*: TOBY YOUNG KILLED WITH FOUR SUPERMODELS.

Then I realized what it would actually say: FOUR SUPERMODELS KILLED WITH UNKNOWN JOURNALIST. When we got back to New York—all in one piece, I'm glad to say—I managed to persuade Fraser and Guinness to join me for a drink at Hogs and Heifers, a motorcycle bar in the meatpacking district.

When I arrived there was a long line of people waiting to get in and Honor asked me if there was anything I could do. I boldly marched up to the front of the queue and introduced myself to the doorman, a grizzled biker in full Hell's Angels gear.

"Do I really have to stand in line?" I asked. "I'm on the list." He looked a little skeptical, so I leaned forward and, in a

conspiratorial whisper, added: "I'm with two supermodels." "The only list you're on is the stupid list," he bellowed. "Back of the line." Needless to say, I went home alone that night. Shortly after this I went to Britain to work on a special *Swinging London* issue of *Vanity Fair* and met Sophie Dahl. Blonde, tall, sexy—and sporting a perfect pair of breasts—Sophie was every schoolboy's dream. Unfortunately, as a short, bald reporter in his 30s, I wasn't hers.

Nevertheless, we hit it off, and when she moved to New York I offered to put her up in my spare room. She accepted, and even though I've never slept with her I can at least tell all my friends I live with a supermodel. Provided they don't come right out and ask me whether I'm fucking her, I can imply there's something going on. Unfortunately, they've all come right out and asked me whether I'm fucking her.

Before long, I got another shot, this time at one of the biggest supermodels in the business: Claudia Schiffer. I was scheduled to interview her for one of Condé Nast's British publications and I asked Sophie for some advice.

"Don't be in such a hurry," she counseled. "Models are no different from normal girls. If she thinks you're after a quick shag, she won't want to know you. You have got to make her feel special. Softly, softly catchee monkey." Sophie was right. Even though Claudia was dating David Copperfield at the time, I thought, what the hell, I'll ask her out to dinner. However, I didn't want to invite her to just any old restaurant. In order to maximize my chances, I thought, I'll have to book a table at Balthazar, at that time the hottest restaurant in the city.

Now, the only way to get a reservation at Balthazar was to call a secret number that its owner, Keith McNally, had given to a few select people so they could leapfrog the monthlong waiting list. Fortunately, I had the number—I'd stolen it out of a colleague's Palm Pilot. I called and asked the man who answered if I could book a table for two on the day of the interview.

"How did you get this number?" he demanded.

"Keith gave it to me," I replied.

"This is Keith," he said. "Who is this?" That threw me. I hadn't expected the owner to answer the phone. I blurted out my own name, which clearly meant absolutely nothing to him.

"What time did you want it for?" he asked.

"About eight," I said.

"The only slot I have is 5:30 P.M.," he snapped.

Since the interview was scheduled for four P.M., that (concluded on page 189)





NY WORLD'S FAIR 64

MONTANA 78

JCK-DNLS  
6 COLORADO 196

OCT TEXAS 89  
BLK-LBL

IOWA-1940  
JDNH20

JAN CALIFORNIA  
JCK-RKS

JAN. MISSOURI 55  
MB JACK

LAND OF LINCOLN  
OLD-N07  
JUN ILLINDIS 87

M-H ARIZ. 73  
BLK-JCK  
GRAND CANYON STATE

TENN 65  
POP-361

ALASKA  
FRND O JD

# FRIENDS OF JACK ARE EASY TO SPOT.

JACK DANIEL'S  TENNESSEE WHISKEY

Your friends at Jack Daniel's remind you to drink responsibly.

Tennessee Whiskey • 40-43% alcohol by volume (80-86 proof) • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery,  
Lem Motlow, Proprietor, Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352 • Placed in the National Register of Historic Places. © U © 2000 JD  
Visit us at [www.jackdaniels.com](http://www.jackdaniels.com).





# WANTRACK hey...it's personal

## Weapons of the Iron Chef

Masaharu Morimoto never goes into battle on the wildly popular cooking show *Iron Chef* without three knives. And he seldom loses the gladiator-like culinary competition (originally produced in Japan and now in reruns on the Food Network). His record is 17 wins, six losses and one tie. Last March he beat American chef Bobby Flay in the first show telecast from New York, using two of these knives at once to chop crabmeat. The knives are custom-made for Morimoto by Nonohi, based in Osaka. The handles are deer horn, and each of the knives retails for between \$3000 and \$4000. The \$30,000 custom-made and engraved sword, far right, is also part of his arsenal of 80 knives, many of which he wields (and sharpens twice a day on a Kyoto bluestone) as executive chef at Nabu in New York City. Soon fans can sample his creative neo-Japanese cuisine at his own restaurant, Morimoto, scheduled to open in Philadelphia in March. A New York Morimoto will follow later in the spring. Check [chefmarimoto.com](http://chefmarimoto.com) for details.



## Money Talks

Emerald Isle on Money Key in the Florida Keys just looks like a million dollars. Actually the tropical island (pictured here), with its Somerset

Maugham-style residence, is available as a weekly rental for a rate that's surprisingly inexpensive—from \$4800 in season and \$4000 off season. (During Fantasy Fest week and over Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's, the rate starts at \$5500.) Occupancy is restricted to six, and a variety of options are available, including fishing and diving excursions, maid service and grocery shopping. If cooking isn't your idea of a great escape, a chef can be provided, as Money Key is only a mile offshore and 25 miles from Key West. "Clothing is optional," says the management. "It's your private island." Check [privateisland.net](http://privateisland.net).

## Just Cruzan

Cruzan Single Barrel is for people who take their rum seriously. Produced in small batches at a St. Croix distillery, each numbered and signed bottle contains a blend of aged rums (the maximum is 12 years) that are given further time in a single charred oak barrel. The result is a rich yet reasonably priced (about \$30) sipping liquor that won best rum in the first San Francisco World Spirits Competition.





# MANTRACK



## Vegging Out

If you've been thinking about trying a vegetarian regime but the thought of a lifetime of lentils puts you off—there's hope. *The Clueless Vegetarian: A Cookbook for the Aspiring Vegetarian* by Evelyn Raab (Firefly Books) walks you through the maze of the meat-free diet. In a refreshingly nondogmatic way, she explains nutritional requirements, tricks for converting standard recipes and surviving a mixed-household dining environment. Even if you don't want to go vegetarian but want to lighten your diet, this book can be a useful tool.



## Clothesline: Christopher Darden and Ed Masry

You thought Imelda Marcos had a shoe fetish. "I have more pairs of tennis shoes than Run-DMC," says Christopher Darden, one of the stars of the syndicated series *Power of Attorney*. "Mostly Nikes. I'd rather wear Adidas, but I don't find a lot of them around." Darden teams his tennies with button-fly Levi's and plaid flannel shirts. "I may look like I've been chopping wood all

day, but the shirt I'm wearing is \$300." When he dresses for business, Darden heads to Nordstrom and Macy's for Donna Karan midnight-blue suits. His choice of dress shoes is Bruno Magli. "I remember doing a panel for CNN. Everyone was wearing old-man polished shoes. Mine were the best." Guess that Simpson trial wasn't a total loss. Ed Masry (right), the attorney who the real-life Erin Brockovich worked for, and also a lawyer on *Power of Attorney*, says he prefers Armani suits worn with suspenders. His favorite place to shop? Luigi Basile in Thousand Oaks, California.



## Guys Are Talking About ...

**Fast CD dubbing.** Want to burn yourself an extra CD of Lucy Pearl or Bill Monroe in the time it takes to cook and eat a microwave pizza? Check out Aiwa America's new dual-tray audio CD recorder (below), which features 4x dubbing. (An hour-long CD can be copied in 15 minutes.) Price: about \$650. • **Flower baths.** The boutique hotel International House in New Orleans is also the city's "bouquet" hotel. Its Southern Flower Bath package includes a tub for two that's teeming with the flower of the month (camellias in January and February), a massage for two and a gift of scented oils, soaps and bath salts. Indulge yourself for \$539 a night for a room, double occupancy. • **Dogs around town.** Cis Frankel, who's trained city pooches galore, reveals her secrets in *Urban Dog: The Ultimate Street Smarts Training Manual*. Price: \$19.95. Willow Creek is the publisher.

• **American single malt whiskey.** St. George Spirits, the California distillery known for its delicious *eaux-de-vie*, has crafted St. George single malt whiskey that's aged in French oak, bourbon and port barrels before being bottled in a limited edition of 500 cases (New York, California and Chicago are the lucky markets). Compare St. George with your favorite Speyside scotch and draw your own conclusions. Price: about \$45 a bottle.

## HOW TO CHILL CHAMPAGNE QUICKLY

1 FILL LARGE ICE BUCKET WITH  $\frac{2}{3}$  ICE,  $\frac{1}{3}$  WATER AND  $\frac{1}{2}$  CUP OF SALT

2 SUBMERGE BOTTLE IN BUCKET FOR 20 MINUTES

3 TO OPEN CHAMPAGNE: REMOVE WIRE, PLACE CLOTH OVER CORK; HOLD BOTTLE AT 45° ANGLE, POINT AWAY FROM YOU; TURN BOTTLE, NOT CORK.





IT'S HARD  
TO IMAGINE  
YOU EVER LIVED



WITHOUT HER.



**TOSHIBA**

DIGITAL HOME MEDIA

Remember when she was just a twinkle in your eye? It's hard to imagine a single day without her now. Your Toshiba Super ColorStream Pro<sup>™</sup> DVD Player. Oh, sure she keeps you up most nights with her film-like images and high resolution multi-channel sound. But it's worth it. You've got her...and you get to see all your favorite movies - just as the director intended. Toshiba DVD. Life has more meaning than ever before.

©2000 Toshiba America Consumer Products, Inc.

[www.toshiba.com](http://www.toshiba.com)

It's that kind of love

1-800-631-3811





**FAST.**

Quick Search

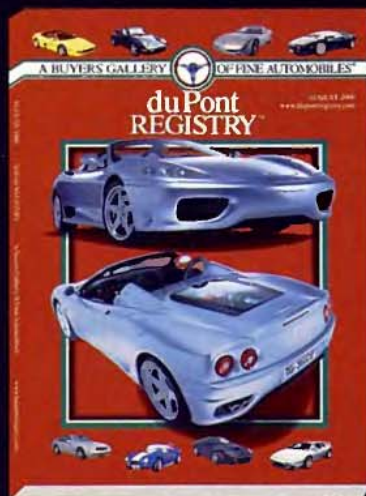
1995 Ferrari F50 |

**GO**

**FASTER.**

[www.dupontregistry.com](http://www.dupontregistry.com)

**Expanding your universe of luxury.**



*duPont REGISTRY* magazines available  
on finer newsstands worldwide



# The Playboy Advisor

I have lived in Silicon Valley for the past 10 years. I'm 40, never married, no children, average height and in great shape. I'm interested in art and music and participate in all kinds of sports. I can cook, iron and take care of myself, and I'm looking for a woman with similar qualities. But about five years ago I noticed a change in the local demographics. My impression was confirmed when the *San Jose Mercury News* published data that showed Silicon Valley having among the worst ratios of eligible men to women in the country, including some parts of Alaska. The region is filled with single male engineers. The women I meet don't feel the need to keep a date (two have canceled on me in the past week alone), because they sense it's no big deal; they can go to any party and be outnumbered three to one by guys. I've decided the best thing to do is move. Can you find me a list of cities that have the best ratios of women to single men? I can't see living like this much longer.—W.T., Palo Alto, California

*You cook? You iron? Find another town, man, and now. The women are waiting. In the meantime, look on the bright side: You don't live in the absolute worst place to meet women. That would be Jacksonville, North Carolina, home to two Marine bases. (If any single females are planning moves to Jacksonville or Silicon Valley, consider the lament of one woman who lives in the latter: "There are lots of guys, but they're all the same guy.") To send you in the right direction, we hired the market research firm Claritas to identify the cities with the most available women. It's an inexact science. First, the standard census data on unmarried, separated, divorced and widowed females include anyone aged 15 or older—that is, teenagers and retirees alike. Second, the figures can't be divided more precisely by age, though we did cross-reference the data against local populations of all women aged 18 to 40. Finally, the figures don't account for prisons, nursing homes, lesbians, serious boyfriends or the Playboy Mansion. So, by our highly unscientific calculations, the top metropolis is New York (which has 531,403 more single women than men, twice the excess of any other city), followed by Detroit; Washington, D.C.; Atlanta; St. Louis and Cleveland. Among midsize cities, the clear favorite is Birmingham, Alabama. And among smaller locales, the leading candidates are Springfield, Illinois; Rocky Mount, North Carolina; Jackson, Tennessee; Florence, South Carolina and Jackson, Mississippi. To see where any other city ranks, visit our website at [playboyadvisor.com](http://playboyadvisor.com).*

**F**irestone (and Ford) claim that underinflation has contributed to the tread



separation on some Explorers. I bought a tire gauge to check my car and found that each tire was a few pounds low. Now that I have them inflated properly, how often should I check the pressure?—P.R., Portland, Maine

*The tire manufacturers suggest once a month. Don't be surprised if you lose one or two pounds per inch in cooler weather. A spot check by USA Today of 50 vehicles in four states found that more than half had at least one tire underinflated by at least four pounds. Low pressure causes heat buildup, which weakens the binding that holds the tire together. That can lead to early failure, and may have contributed to the Firestone problems. To find the proper pressure for a car's original tires, check the owner's manual or look for a sticker on the door edges, doorposts, glove box door or fuel door. Replacement tires should be inflated to the specs provided by the store where you bought them. Measure pressure only when the tires are cold, i.e., before you start the car or when you've driven less than a mile. And don't forget to check the spare.*

I have been on a few dates with a guy and think we'll have sex soon. I'm also interested in his brother, and I'd like to do both of them at once. How do I ask if they'd be interested in a threesome?—J.K., Columbia, South Carolina

*This may sound prudish, but we usually wait until we've slept with a woman at least once before asking if we can invite her sister (twice before we ask about her mom). Don't package your fantasy as a threesome with his brother. A threesome involves a guy and two women, always. You're thinking of a gang bang. After you've been together a few times, gauge your boyfriend's reaction by present-*

*ing it as your curiosity about having two men at once. If he's agreeable, ask him who he would suggest for the third. Then grab for the ring: "OK, this is completely wild—and maybe too wild—but what about your brother? I'm not sure I would feel comfortable with any of those others." Don't be surprised if he says no—men generally don't invite family to their fantasies. Then again, he may one-up you and reveal he has two brothers.*

**A**t a formal dinner, is it acceptable to remove your jacket during the meal? I've noticed that men tend to leave theirs on until they get up to dance.—J.N., Crystal Lake, Illinois

*Leave your jacket on, and play it by ear. The atmosphere may become more casual after the main course is cleared. If at any time the host removes his jacket, you may remove yours.*

**M**y girlfriend and I have been dating for two years. She's 18 and I'm 22. She planned to save herself for marriage but has changed her mind. That's OK by me. The problem is, she insists that her first time be "completely natural," which means no contraception. She says we'll always practice safe sex after the first time. I've tried to explain how risky this would be, but she insists there is no other way. I'm aching to have sex with her. Can you tell me what the chances are she'll become pregnant from one instance of unprotected sex? Since she is so determined, I have pretty much decided to go along with her wishes.—D.J., Toronto, Ontario

*How good are you? If you have the self-control, you might slide inside her a few times before you slip on the condom; that may satisfy her curiosity. The risk is that you'll produce a few drops of pre-come while you're intent on the moment, which is why relying on the withdrawal method is foolhardy. ("But I didn't come inside her!" the new fathers cry.) Given your girlfriend's inexperience, your first time together won't be as magical as she imagines, and contraception isn't going to make or break the encounter. We recommend that you play it safe. If she wants all natural, have sex outdoors with a lambskin condom and water-based lube. And appeal to her romantic side: Tell her she isn't going to write in her diary that her first time was special because you didn't wear a condom, but because she was with you.*

I'm curious about workplace drug tests. How difficult is it to beat them? I've seen magazine ads and websites for detoxification products that you drink before the test. Do they work, or is this something only abstinence and time can defeat?—W.P., San Francisco, California



*Don't waste your money on potions. The drug-testing labs subscribe to High Times, too, and continually make adjustments to catch cheaters. As long as you're not high on the job, we believe recreational drug use falls under the category of "none of your business." So, in the interest of helping everyone mind their own business, here are a few strategies. The first is abstinence. Depending on how frequently you smoke marijuana, for example, your body will need at least 24 hours and sometimes as long as two months to cleanse itself. Other drugs, such as cocaine, are imperceptible within three or four days. The only reliable way to test for LSD is a spinal tap, and there's no way to know from urine if someone has ingested hallucinogenic mushrooms.*

*The almost surefire way to avoid detection, if you can pull it off, is to submit clean urine provided by a friend or purchased online. The sample must be kept at body temperature. Many people accomplish this by placing a urine-filled balloon or condom against their groin or in their armpit. One company sells a battery-powered rig called the Urinator that allows you to conceal a warm packet of clean piss for up to four hours. When the time comes, you pull a plastic tube through your fly and "pee." Alternately, you can attempt to flush your system. The labs are wise to this and look for signs of excessive hydration. The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws suggests creatine to balance things out, as well as vitamin B<sub>2</sub> (found in B complex multivitamins) or leafy green vegetables to restore color to your urine. In an emergency, you might fool a lab by adding a few drops of Visine to your sample.*

*To receive advice about your particular situation, including how to defeat hair, blood and saliva tests, you can speak to a NORML counselor by phoning 900-976-6765. The call costs \$2.95 a minute. The group also offers general guidance at [norml.org](http://norml.org). Outside of the construction and transportation industries, most people are tested only as a condition of being hired, so most likely this won't be a regular hassle.*

**I**n response to a reader who accused PLAYBOY of featuring only women with large breasts, the Advisor wrote that "the women in our pictorials come in all sizes," and that "our photographers know that what makes a woman sexy is her confidence, not her measurements." I know of many beautiful, confident and fit women who wear sizes 13 or 14. In the future, PLAYBOY should stand by its word and portray sexy women of all sizes, rather than just women of all cup sizes.—E.E., Baltimore, Maryland

*Never say never.*

**W**hy do women's magazines spend so much time telling their readers what they think men want? The answer, to me, seems simple: more blow jobs. And by blow job, I mean a sucking to the last

drop. I flipped through one magazine at the doctor's office that said what men really want are hand jobs. A hand job? I can do that myself. Another article claimed that few men want to reach orgasm from blow jobs. Although I enjoy oral sex as foreplay, I love having a woman suck me before, during and especially after I come. Is this unusual, or are all these magazines trying to ruin our lives?—L.M., Livingston, New Jersey

*Are you unusual? No. Is every male just like you? Also, no. There's a simple way for a woman to find out what a man likes: She asks him. The rest is filler.*

**S**hould you remove the band before smoking a cigar?—A.H., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

*Keep the band on, for several reasons. First and foremost, removing it can damage the wrapper. Richard Carleton Hacker, author of the newly revised Ultimate Cigar Book, finds that the band also is a good reference point for where to hold the cigar (in Victorian times, the band kept the fingers of a gentleman's glove from becoming stained with tobacco, or with the powder used to give cheaper cigars a uniform color). The band is also a way to announce your allegiance. As Hacker says, you wouldn't buy a sports car and rip the emblem off, so why do it with your fine cigars? That attitude doesn't play well overseas (where the band is always removed), but Hacker observes that European cigar smokers, especially the French and English, are hypocrites. "They claim that leaving the band on a cigar is ostentatious," he says. "So what they do is carefully place the band face-up in the ashtray, where everyone can see it."*

**M**ost adult websites include a disclaimer that says you shouldn't view the site if its content is illegal in your state. How do I find out what's legal? Have people been prosecuted for visiting adult sites?—K.P., Los Angeles, California

*Unless you're downloading and sharing child porn, the police won't be knocking on your door. Can we imagine cases where images stored in your browser cache could get you in legal trouble? Yes, but every instance is far-fetched. The disclaimers are there for the benefit of the adult site, not its visitors. In the unlikely event that an ambitious prosecutor takes a digital porn palace to court for violating local or state obscenity laws, the site figures it can point to the disclaimer and say, "We warned them not to come in." That argument won't take them very far, but it's better than nothing.*

**I**n October the Advisor wrote about how a man's testosterone level rises before competition. That and the summer Olympics brought to mind another question: What's the word on having sex the day before the game? Good idea, or bad?—T.B., Spokane, Washington

*As the philosopher Casey Stengel once said, "Being with a woman all night never*

*hurt no professional baseball player. It's staying up all night looking for her that does you in." Some Olympic coaches have forbidden their athletes from fooling around before the big event, but research suggests that sex raises testosterone levels, making competitors more aggressive and focused. Sex also can relieve pregame anxiety. Every top athlete seems to have an opinion on the matter. Wilt Chamberlain said he had sex the day before he scored an NBA-record 100 points in a single game—although given his claim of 20,000 partners, on what night didn't he have sex? Rocky Marciano is said to have considered sex a distraction, and he avoided any distractions before each of his seven world-title fights. Some football players feel intimacy brings out emotions that make them play soft. Whether sex happened before or after in Sydney, the competitors there were prepared: One Olympic sponsor distributed 70,000 Lifestyle condoms.*

**R**ecently I watched as my husband ran a towel up and down his body as he dried off after a shower. The sight of his wet ass is what made me lose control. There was a small trail of water going into his crack and I wanted desperately to follow it with my tongue. At that moment, my husband decides he needs to pee. Great timing. But I was so turned on, I decided to go for it. He was standing there letting it rip and I got on my knees and stuck my tongue in his ass crack. It tasted so clean. As I ran my tongue up his ass, his piss stopped dead in its track, and he moaned. I quickly did the tongue trot up and down a few times. He shuddered and got goose bumps all over his body. Then his piss started up again. Afterward, he was weak in the knees. What happened?—M.E., Cleveland, Ohio

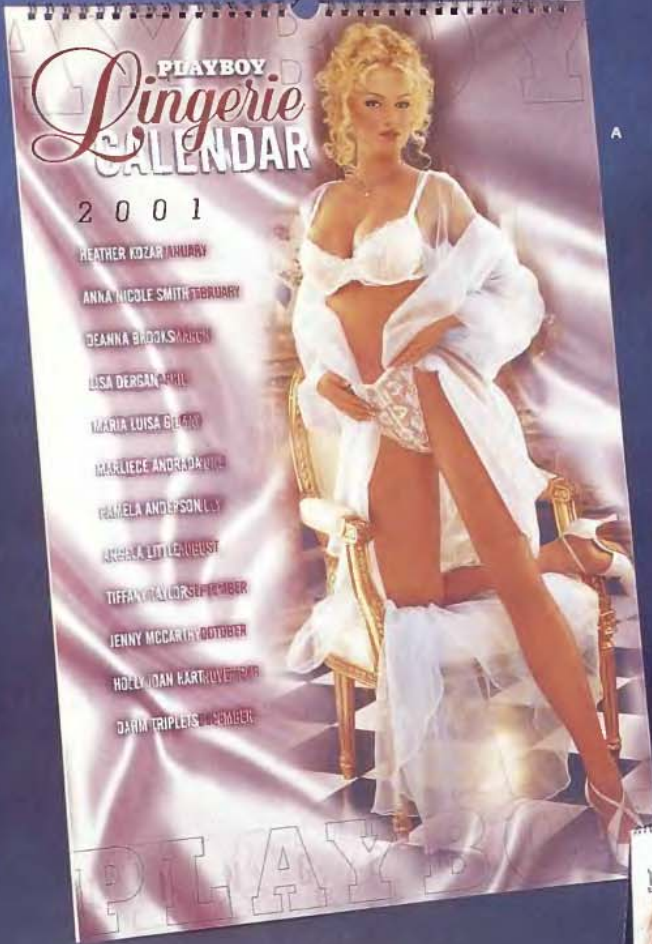
*Your talented tongue caused your husband to tense his pubococcygeus muscle, which shut off his urination. The PC muscle more or less extends from the anus to the scrotum, and in the female, from the anus to the vagina. It's a good muscle to exercise to increase stamina (in men) or, for women, to squeeze the daylight out of a man's cock during intercourse. It had nothing to do with why he was weak in the knees.*

*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 send e-mail via [playboyadvisor.com](mailto:playboyadvisor.com), which includes a database of past columns. The Advisor's latest collection of sex tricks, 365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life, is available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.*





hotdates



**2001 PLAYBOY LINGERIE CALENDAR**

THIS AMAZING 12-MONTH CALENDAR FEATURES 14 OF OUR MOST POPULAR PLAYMATES WEARING THE SEXIEST LINGERIE YOU'VE EVER SEEN! HEATHER KOZAR, ANNA NICOLE SMITH, DEANNA BROOKS, LISA DERGAN, MARIA LUISA GIL, MARLIECE ANDRADA, PAMELA ANDERSON, ANGELA LITTLE, TIFFANY TAYLOR, JENNY MCCARTHY, HOLLY JOAN HART AND THE DAHM TRIPLETS HAVE NEVER LOOKED MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN THEY DO IN THIS CALENDAR! NO NUDITY. 18" X 12".  
A. LR6073 \$12.95

**2001 PLAYBOY PLAYMATE CALENDARS**

TECHNICALLY, THE NEW MILLENNIUM DOESN'T BEGIN UNTIL JANUARY 1, 2001, SO SETTLE IN FOR ANOTHER YEAR OF REVELRY WITH THIS 12-MONTH CALENDAR FEATURING PLAYMATES HEATHER KOZAR (1999 PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR), THE BERNAOLA TWINS, BRANCE RODERICK, NICOLE LENZ, SUZANNE STOKES, JENNIFER ROVERO, BROCKE RICHARDS, BROOKE BERRY, KRISTI CLINE, KIMBERLY SPICER, CARA WAKELIN AND JODI ANN PATERSON (2000 PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR). FULL NUDITY.  
B. LRCC2001W 2001 WALL CALENDAR \$6.95  
C. LRCC2001D 2001 DESK CALENDAR \$6.95

**B.-C. LR6572 BUY BOTH AND SAVE \$2! \$11.90**

**2001 GIRLS OF SPECIAL EDITIONS CALENDAR**

FEATURING PREVIOUSLY UNPUBLISHED IMAGES OF PLAYBOY SPECIAL EDITIONS MODELS, THIS 12-MONTH CALENDAR WILL TURN 2001 INTO THE HOTTEST YEAR IN HISTORY! A PLAYBOY STORE EXCLUSIVE. 12" X 12".  
D. LR6069 \$9.95

**2001 COLLEGE GIRLS CALENDAR**

WITH THIS CALENDAR—FEATURING IMAGES FROM PLAYBOY SPECIAL EDITIONS' "COLLEGE GIRLS" SERIES—HANGING ON YOUR WALL, EVERY DAY WILL SEEM AS EXCITING AS THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL! 12" X 12".  
E. LR6037 \$8.95

**2001 SPECIAL EDITIONS CALENDAR SET**

**D.-E. LR6517 BUY BOTH AND SAVE \$4! \$15.90**

ORDER TOLL-FREE 800-423-9494 Most major credit cards accepted. Source Code 02268. **ORDER BY MAIL.** Include credit card account number and expiration date or send check or money order to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Source Code 02268, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809. Add \$3.50 shipping and handling per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian orders accepted (please visit our website for other foreign orders).

©2000 Playboy





Vive responsibly. Drink responsibly. Jose Cuervo Especial® is a registered trademark of Jose Cuervo & Co. License from the trademark owner. © 2004 Jose Cuervo & Co.

**CARPE CUERVO. SEIZE THE DAY... AND THE NIGHT!**



**VIVE Cuervo®**

Hecho en México. Desde 1795.



# ARMING AMERICA



when did we become a gun culture?

We all have an image of the early American: frontier settler armed with a flintlock, taking on savages to create the New World. In his book *A Way Through the Wilderness: The Natchez Trace and the Civilization of the Southern Frontier*, historian William Davis wrote, "Every cabin had at least one rifle and perhaps an old pistol or two. They put meat on the table, defended the home against intruders and provided some entertainment to the men. A man was not a man without knowledge of firearms and some skill in their use." We have a similar image of the rebellious American as a member of a well-armed populace, ready to repel tyrants. In the days before the Revolution, Americans such as Richard Henry Lee boasted that Virginia could alone furnish 6000 "Rifle Men" who could regularly hit an orange at 200 yards. Unlike most nations of the world, the message said, we were armed and dangerous.

The founding fathers enshrined this defiance in the Second Amendment, dictating that "a well-regulated militia, being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms, shall not be infringed."

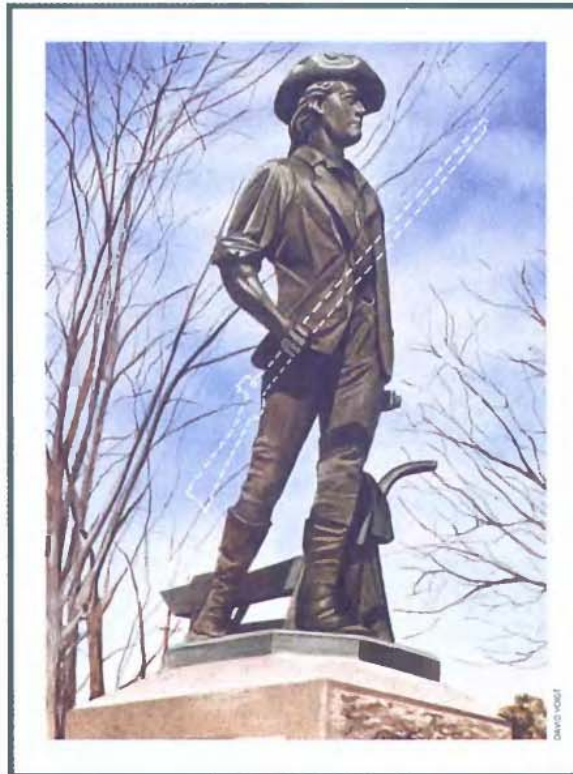
Unfortunately, neither image is supported by historical evidence. This past fall Michael Bellesiles, a professor of history at Emory University, published the groundbreaking book *Arming America: The Origins of a National Gun Culture*.

Bellesiles' research calls into question the National Rifle Association's argument that guns are part of our heritage, that the founding fathers wanted a musket in every home, that the Second Amendment created a personal right to bear arms.

He went looking for evidence of gun use in early America and found that "when the brave patriot reached above the mantel, he pulled down a rusting, decaying, unusable musket,

not a rifle, or he found no gun there at all."

An ardent trapshooter, Bellesiles is no stranger to guns as sport, but his preferred method of self-defense is martial arts. When he first described his findings in *The Journal of American History* in 1996, he became the target of gun nuts, one of whom set fire to his front door. We found him to be entertaining (he told us the first rule of aikido was "run"), but also were se-



duced by the array of evidence he has gathered to support his viewpoint.

PLAYBOY: The latest pop culture image of the Revolution is Mel Gibson in *The Patriot*. He scoops a handful of muskets from under a bed, tucks a tomahawk into his belt and, with the help of two young boys, ambushes a column of British regulars, dispatching a dozen or so. What's wrong with this picture?

BELLESILES: Almost everything. That

By JAMES R. PETERSEN



someone would keep a musket under his bed is remarkable. That the gun would be ready to go is almost unheard of. That would mean he had taken care of them regularly, cleaned them, kept them prepared, the flints ready, the powder dry, the shot right there at hand. And, to be as accurate as they were in the movie, the guns would have to be rifles, even though they look like muskets.

PLAYBOY: You claim the reason the American Revolution lasted eight years was that we had no weapons. Where did we get them, if not from under the bed?

BELLESILES: In the two years before the beginning of the Revolutionary War, the militia of New England frantically prepared for what they knew was going to be a military conflict. They began stockpiling gunpowder and purchasing firearms from Europe—ironically, even from England—stockpiling them in the traditional centers for the maintenance of weapons, which would be town halls. On the eve of the Revolution, Massachusetts had 21,549 guns for a province of 250,000 people. Only the New England colonies were doing this; the rest were hopeful that peace could be maintained.

PLAYBOY: So the state was responsible for maintaining arms. Did this make us vulnerable to attack?

BELLESILES: The British moved to seize these stockpiles. When they marched into Lexington, the majority of the militia was unarmed. They did not own firearms, and the stockpiles had not been distributed. The militia had spent the evening hanging out in the pub, which was typical. There's every indication that John Parker, commander of the militia, was going to make the gesture of standing in the green, showing his opposition to a government action, then going home. But then, that famous shot was









though the deer were out there every morning eating lettuce. Unlike the Indians, we had domestic animals. Hunters were professionals. Ethan Allen, on the frontier of Vermont, was a professional hunter. He would go out and set traps. He would collect what he got from his traps. He used his gun rarely because it was expensive, inaccurate and inefficient. And the traps didn't damage the fur.

**PLAYBOY:** You suspected the image we have of a musket over every fireplace. When did you first begin to notice the missing guns?

**BELLESILES:** My field is legal history. I am interested in how the law affects economic relations. I was studying probate records, the most complete record of property ownership in early America. They contain lists of absolutely everything that a person owned—scraps of metal, broken glasses, bent spoons, broken plows. Everything was recorded because it was important to these families how the inheritance was going to be divided, especially given how little property there was. While studying these probate records, I realized I was not seeing guns. They were supposed to be in every single home. When I looked at the frontiers of western Pennsylvania and northern New England, I found guns in only 10 percent of the probate records, and half of those guns were not in working order. Since

then, I've read 11,150 probate records, samples over a 100-year period, and I have found guns in 13 percent of the probate records. Prior to 1850, the gun is just not there.

**PLAYBOY:** What else did you look at?

**BELLESILES:** States kept inventories of weapons. That also was shocking to me, a gun owner. I'd always thought the guns weren't registered. We don't want the government to know who has guns and where. So I was surprised to find all the governments regularly took a census of firearms. They sent the constables door-to-door to ask, "What guns do you have? What condition are they in?" They felt it was essential to know who had guns, and how usable they were. There was no opposition.

I wanted just one sentence, someone who thought it was wrong. But no one in any legislative record complained about the gun census.

**PLAYBOY:** How many guns did the state find in the census?

**BELLESILES:** It depends on the state. In the Colonial period, there were only enough guns for about one and a half to two percent of the populace. But individual surveys are revealing: At the end of the 17th century, Maryland legislatures tabulated the weaponry they had on hand. They found 20 muskets, 38 carbines, 16 bayonets, 16 swords, 56 fuses, 16 horse pistols and 78 barrels of powder accumu-

lated over the previous 25 years but never used. Not a formidable array of weapons. By 1768, the inventory had grown, listing 200 muskets, 86 carbines and six pistols in usable condition. Another 400 muskets were "very rusty" or "without locks and not worth repairing." The Colonial legislature collected all these arms and put them in storage for safekeeping.

**PLAYBOY:** Who was allowed to own guns?

**BELLESILES:** Only white male Protestant property owners. Not indentured servants. Not slaves. Not Indians. Not Catholics. All the legislatures of the colonies passed laws controlling access to firearms, as well as the use of firearms. They reserved the right to seize weapons in times of emergencies, to hand them out to those better able to use them. Colonies forbade the use of firearms in connection with drinking or "entertainments." The frivolous shooting of a musket during a time of emergency was punishable by death. There were laws about how large the weapons could be, the size of the shot, the quality of powder. All of this was regulated, and continued to be after the Second Amendment was passed. I assumed that all gun laws would vanish, but they accelerated.

**PLAYBOY:** What did a gun cost in the 18th century?

**BELLESILES:** A functional gun would cost five to six pounds, which is equivalent to a year's wages for an unskilled laborer, about half a year's wages for a skilled artisan. It would be like me buying a Lamborghini.

**PLAYBOY:** How many gunsmiths were there?

**BELLESILES:** First off, there

but  
Colt  
made  
him  
equal.

**COLT REVOLVERS**  
The Arm of Law and Order

**ONCE IN EVERY MAN'S LIFE**

**The Colt Positive Lock**

Absolutely prevents accidental discharge because a bar of solid steel stands between the face of hammer and frame so that the firing pin cannot touch the cartridge until the trigger is purposely pulled to fire a shot.

**It Works Automatically—Requires No Thought!**

This makes a COLT the ideally safe, confidence-inspiring revolver for Home Protection.

**CANNOT BE PREMATURELY DISCHARGED** by being dropped, by the hammer slipping when partly cocked, or by being struck a blow.

Ask your dealer to show you a Colt with the Positive Lock

Catalog 25 describing all COLT models mailed free on request.

**COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.**  
HARTFORD, CONN.

**COLT FIREARMS**

Revolvers  
Automatic Pistols  
Automatic Machine Guns

**Ready for Duty**

**ON the Battlefield—In the Preservation of Law and Order—The Protection of Home and Country—Whenever and Wherever Armies or Individuals Have Had to Enforce Right with Might—COLT'S FIREARMS** have been creating, building and maintaining a reputation for merit, efficiency and reliability that has resulted in a position of unquestioned superiority.

You make no mistake when you follow the Government's example and adopt COLT'S for YOUR Personal needs

**COLT'S PATENT FIREARMS MFG. CO.**  
HARTFORD, CONN.

**The Paymaster's Story**

"I jumped out of the doorway when he grabbed the bag, drew my Colt and had the drop on him before he saw me. Just six thousand dollars in that bag. Have made this trip to the bank every week for years—never had any trouble before—but believe me, Officer, I'm glad I was ready for it when it did come!"

**You can't forget to make a Colt safe**

**COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO. HARTFORD, CONN.**





weren't that many gunsmiths in America. Primarily they made other things, such as axes and scythes. When it came to guns, they mostly repaired them. The few who did make guns were assembling parts that came from Europe. There was no one in America, prior to the 1790s, who could make a gunlock, the part that actually fires the gun. There was only one mill that made gunpowder—and it went out of business in 1750.

PLAYBOY: So how did we arm ourselves?

BELLESILES: We bought almost 100,000 firearms from the French and Dutch. After the Revolution, the government made guns a priority. One of the first acts of the new government was the creation of two armories at Harper's Ferry and Springfield, which started to produce arms at a rate of about 2000 a year.

PLAYBOY: The Second Amendment tied the right to bear arms to the concept of a well-regulated militia. The notion persisted that individual citizens would rise to protect the nation. Did this happen?

BELLESILES: There is no greater proof that the gun culture did not exist than the attack on Washington by 4300 mixed British troops in 1814. There were 50,000 militia within a day's march of the capitol. It was a complete disaster. The majority of the militia didn't show up. And most of those who did were unarmed. Those who were armed generally fled when fired upon by the British. Those few thousand British marched largely unopposed into the capitol and burned it.

PLAYBOY: The current gun debate is mired in homicide rates. If there were no gun culture in the Colonial era, how did we die?

BELLESILES: Scholars of violence who have looked at homicide found that there was little interpersonal violence in America prior to the 1840s. There was violence, but it was directed. It was state sanctioned. It was violence against slaves. It was violence against Indians. But it was not violence between individuals. These were peaceful communities. When I was doing my research, I found county court records that did not show a homicide in a 50-year period. The most violent counties averaged one homicide every four years. What was the weapon of choice? Generally, a bladed weapon, either an ax or a knife. I expected that to change in the 19th century, but prior to 1840, there just

weren't that many murders. Maybe 80 percent of the cases involved bladed weapons. In contrast, today there are 24,000 homicides a year in America; in 70 percent of the cases the weapon used is a gun. Back then, the gun was unusual. If there's no gun in the house, because it's difficult to acquire, you're not going to use one.

PLAYBOY: Back then it took four minutes to load.

BELLESILES: And it was four feet long, even without the bayonet. Long and heavy. It's macabre, but in the cases where a gun was used, it was used as a club, to beat someone to death.

PLAYBOY: When did guns start to become attractive?

BELLESILES: In the 1830s America developed a hunting subculture. These were gentlemen, overwhelmingly members

Colt crafted  
a message:  
You were  
more masculine  
if you  
owned a  
pistol.

of the Eastern elite, both North and South, who luxuriated in the details of hunting. What they most cared about was the luxury of it all, of having the servants, the good food, the right clothes, the right gun. And the right gun, as every magazine and every advisor states, was an English gun. They were the best made, the most beautiful and the most accurate. This subculture lasted until the Civil War. I think it was instrumental in spreading the admiration for firearms. There was emulation from below; the middle class wanted to be perceived as gentlemen, and one way of doing that was to join a hunting club. They couldn't afford the best English guns, so they bought Philadelphia guns. In magazines, the descriptions went from "he carried a gun" to specific, loving detail of ev-

ery facet of the gun.

PLAYBOY: Gun porn?

BELLESILES: It's a form of pornography, the loving detail of the firearm, of the way you hold it, the way you use it. There were sensual descriptions of well-oiled stocks, long, gleaming barrels, delicate locks. The gun was cradled, caressed, hugged. The choice of words is often telling, but I'll leave that to someone else.

PLAYBOY: How about Samuel Colt?

BELLESILES: My man. I really admire Samuel Colt. The man attained perfect amorality. He was one of the greatest technical and marketing geniuses of American history. He perfected the revolver. He perfected its mass production and its sale. He crafted a message that appealed to tens of thousands of American men that you were more masculine if you owned a pistol, that you were more patriotic. And this is a message with which we still live.

PLAYBOY: Describe his ads.

BELLESILES: They generally portrayed a hostile world in which you as the gun owner stood alone and heroic in defense of all that was good and true. His ads exploited every image of the West and every image of America's heroic past that he could come up with. It was a stroke of genius on his part to commission artist George Catlin to draw pictures of himself hunting buffalo with Colt .45s, of Catlin showing an amazed group of Mandan Indians a Colt .45, of stagecoaches being robbed and the criminals being shot dead by the heroic owner of a Colt .45. Colt engraved his guns with scenes of a man protecting his wife and child from Indians. His other great innovation was directions. He was the first gunmaker to realize that most Americans did not know how to use a gun, so he printed directions right on the cleaning rag. The first direction was: Clean your weapon.

PLAYBOY: What did a Colt cost?

BELLESILES: That was his other breakthrough. By mass production he lowered the cost so that it was equal to just a month's salary in the 1850s. Even a worker could afford a Colt firearm. Generally, they cost about \$20. After the Civil War the cost of handguns dropped even further, to about \$5, the equivalent of a day's labor. Anybody could own one.

PLAYBOY: When did police officers start carrying guns?

BELLESILES: Police departments as we





know them are a product of the late 1840s, although there was a heritage of the constable, the night watch. Members of the police departments began carrying firearms in 1857. It happened in New York, and at the time it was illegal. Carrying guns became standard for police only after the Civil War. The big influence was the 1863 draft riots in which the police were outgunned by the crowd. Of course, in the South, slave patrols—the militias of the South—began carrying guns routinely in the 1820s. Before then they preferred to carry large sticks and swords.

PLAYBOY: What role did the Civil War play in creating a gun culture?

BELLESILES: It succeeded in arming everyone. The war was a phenomenal success for the gun industry. It achieved levels of mass production that turned out some 4 million guns in the four years of the war. During the Civil War the vast majority of men were trained to use firearms and they became convinced that guns were a legitimate way of resolving conflict. That is one of the lessons of war, that violence is a legitimate form of conflict resolution.

PLAYBOY: How did handguns change the homicide rate?

BELLESILES: Following the Civil War, which I believe is the benchmark, the homicide rate and the crime rate—all types of crimes—skyrocketed. During America's first great crime wave, the homicide rate trebled, five years after the Civil War. The gun became the weapon of choice. It was so much easier to use—no longer was strength, dexterity or skill required to kill someone.

PLAYBOY: As they say, God created man but Colt made him equal. What was the role of the Wild West show? Did it cement the gun culture?

BELLESILES: You chose the right verb. The Wild West shows cemented the gun culture, and they reinforced the

notion that firearms were heroic and attractive. The Wild West shows were extremely popular; they continued into the Twenties, into the age of movies. They attracted thousands of people and helped create a story of the West in which individuals armed with pistols were able to defeat savages.

PLAYBOY: Do we know how many people got gunned down in the West?

BELLESILES: We have Robert Dykstra, one of the great Western historians, to thank for the real numbers: One a year was the norm in a Wild West town. And when the Wild West period ended, it was about one a decade. The historian Joseph Rosa found one example of a walkdown—walking down the street

PLAYBOY: A case is working its way toward the Supreme Court that argues Americans have an inalienable right to self-defense.

BELLESILES: As I understand the law, you have a right to defend yourself. The law does not specify with what. Do I have the right to defend myself with some sort of acid that could be hurled into the face of another? Many types of acid are illegal for common possession. Do you have the right to defend yourself with a firearm? That's up to the legislature to determine. The Supreme Court has held thus, and it matches the experience of the early colonies.

PLAYBOY: The Pennsylvania constitution specified that citizens had

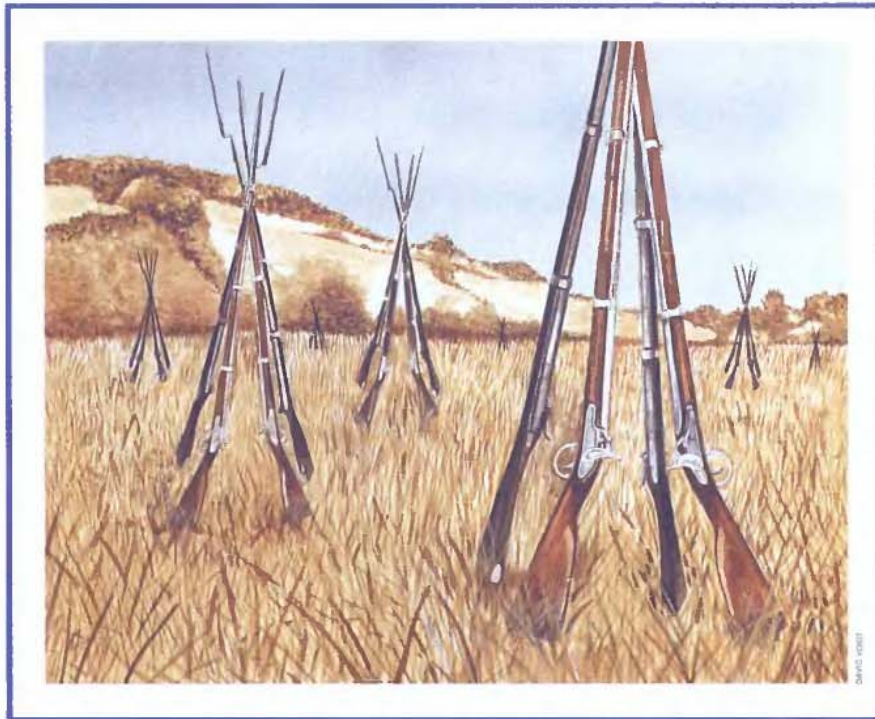
the right to bear arms to defend themselves as well as the state. Does this shed any light on the issue?

BELLESILES: But at no point, even after the Second Amendment, did Pennsylvania see that clause as limiting the right of the state legislature to regulate firearms. During the Whiskey Rebellion, the government did not hesitate to disarm those who had refused to take an oath of allegiance.

PLAYBOY: Much of the buzz that is surrounding

your book suggests that your photo will be sold as a target for the NRA crowd. And yet, you obviously love guns.

BELLESILES: I do not love guns. I admire guns, and I'm fascinated by them. It's the real obsession that some people have for firearms that fascinates me. What is it that makes some of them so humorless, so earnest, so fanatical? Many have no sense of proportion. There are obviously many people like myself who own guns, who can still appreciate that their guns are tools and not religious icons. As for the NRA, when anyone talks about the history of guns in America, they're going to have to give me evidence—facts, not folktales.



for the great shootout. That incident—just one—was picked up by Owen Wister and turned up in *The Virginian*, which was published just after the turn of the century. Again, these were not violent places. Almost everyone who went west was a farmer or a worker. If there was a conflict, people hired professional gunmen.

PLAYBOY: So *Shane* got it right?

BELLESILES: The scene where Jack Palance shoots Stonewall is absolutely perfect. One shot. Close range. He's dead. It was a sucker shot. It was cruel and barbaric. That's how John Wesley Hardin did it, that's how Billy the Kid did it. The homicidal maniacs.



## ADA PAINS

James Bovard's "Feeling Your Pain" (*The Playboy Forum*, October) showcases a few abusive or absurd complaints associated with the Americans With Disabilities Act. As an attorney, I can assure you that 99 percent of ADA cases have merit. Unfortunately, the government doesn't enforce the act, so people have to sue. But if we junked every good law that can be abused, we'd have no laws.

Brian Dinday  
San Francisco, California

Bovard claims to be on the side of the disabled. He acknowledges that the unemployment rate for people with disabilities was inexcusably high before the ADA was enacted in 1990. He fails to note that 10 years later, a thriving economy has not significantly improved the situation. A survey conducted this year for the National Organization on Disability indicated that for every employed person who has a disability, two are unemployed. I would suggest that the problem is not too many ADA lawsuits, but too few. I'm not alone in confronting dozens of access violations each day (cars across sidewalks, improper curb cuts, improper or absent signage, etc.).

Bovard cites the case of a dentist who refused to treat an HIV-positive patient in his office. He writes that the dentist offered to treat the patient at a hospital. What he doesn't mention is that the dentist offered to treat the patient if the patient paid the hospital facility fees. His actions amounted to an HIV tax. I'm married to a dentist and certainly believe that the ADA should contain a "direct threat" provision, and it does. But the dentist's lawyers were unable to convince the U.S. Supreme Court that the patient's HIV status posed a direct threat. Since dentists wear rubber gloves under the direction of the other ADA (the American Dental Association) and the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, the Court would have had to allow for extreme prejudice and paranoia to rule for the dentist.

I would like to keep my job, take my daughter to the park and be treated by



## DRUG CHECK

"Research proves that mentoring youngsters and teaching them games like chess can build resilience in the face of illegal drug use. Because the mind and the body are intricately connected, psychoactive substances should be banned from chess tournaments. Drug-testing is as appropriate for chess players as for shot-putters."

—From an article by drug czar Barry McCaffrey in *Chess Life* magazine

my dentist. The ADA says I can do so. The problem whenever Bovard or authorities try to "feel my pain" is that they assume I can't dance or hold a job or buy a six-pack of beer. I wish these examples were far-fetched but they aren't: A convenience store clerk took it upon himself not to sell beer to a customer whose speech is slurred like mine. The clerk maintained it was company policy. Thankfully, it's also illegal, and un-American.

Art Blaser  
Professor of Political Science  
Chapman University  
Orange, California

I am a lawyer who specializes in disability issues. If *PLAYBOY* bothered to check its facts, you'd know James Bovard is dead wrong about the oft-repeated story that the city of Bellevue, Washington threatened to fine a strip club because it did not have wheelchair access to the stage. In ADA cases, cities don't fine companies. This wasn't an ADA case at all.

Given Bovard's obvious carelessness, we must take his factoids and non sequiturs with a big block of salt. We also need to note what he leaves out. To prove discriminatory treatment, plaintiffs must demonstrate they can do the job and were in fact performing to the employer's legitimate expectations. This isn't easy. Because winning is so difficult, plaintiffs need solid claims or lawyers won't take them.

Ten years ago, people of Bovard's ilk asked why we need wheelchair access to gyms, bike shops and dance studios. By now, they know. People in wheelchairs use these places. Maybe in 10 years every strip club will have a lift, and dancers who are truly exotic. The ADA is challenging assumptions, breaking down barriers and creating opportunities.

Harriet McBryde Johnson  
Charleston, South Carolina

*It's also a sacred cow, apparently. Officials in Bellevue cited the city's need to comply with federal law, specifically the ADA, when it threatened to fine a strip club for not providing lift access to its stage.*

### THE DNA WAITING GAME

This past summer, a circuit court judge granted my motion to permit DNA testing of the genetic materials in the case of Wilton Dedge, who has spent 18 years in prison for a rape he says he did not commit ("The Criminal Science," *The Playboy Forum*, October). We are making arrangements for the safe transport of the evidence to a laboratory acceptable to both the prosecution and defense.

The state's attorney's office continues to take the position that the possibility of Dedge's innocence should be of no concern to the courts. But DNA testing offers an opportunity to bring a measure of scientific certainty to the all-too-uncertain process of sitting in judgment over an accused citizen.

Milton Hirsch  
Miami, Florida

### THAT PLAYBOY MOMENT

One question raised by "The Advisor Hypothesis" (*The Playboy Forum*, September), your summary of our



R E S P O N S E

research into *The Playboy Advisor*, was how PLAYBOY influences its readers. That's the starting point of my next study. I'd like to hear from PLAYBOY readers about the first time they saw the magazine and what they remember about the experience. I'd like to know how they think reading PLAYBOY has affected them in terms of their identity, their relationships with the opposite sex, career choices or attitudes toward sex—in any way, really. Readers may contact me at james.beggan@louisville.edu or through the Department of Psychology, University of Louisville, Louisville, Kentucky 40292. All responses will be treated confidentially. Please include your gender, race and age.

James Beggan  
Louisville, Kentucky

**MEN AND RAPE**

It was refreshing to read James Petersen's just-the-facts report on rape ("Rape in the News," *The Playboy Forum*, September). As a rape survivor, I'd like to say to all the men who have helped loved ones through a rape crisis—your support is priceless.

Name withheld by request  
Minneapolis, Minnesota

The articles you published in September on rape are not noteworthy for their content, except to say that the criticism of Susan Brownmiller's work ("as much slander as social science") was more reductionist than the reductionism of which she is accused.

PLAYBOY's attempting to represent itself as "a voice of reason" concerning rape is like the North American Man-Boy Love Association positing itself as an authority on child sexual abuse.

Victoria Marinelli  
President, Richmond chapter  
National Organization for Women  
Richmond, Virginia

Ted Fishman should have read *A Natural History of Rape* more carefully ("Is It Violence? Is It Sex?" *The Playboy Forum*, September). He also might have benefited from a short course in evolutionary psychology and the scientific method. At the least he should learn the difference between a theory and a hypothesis.

The hypothesis presented for rape as an evolutionary adaptation or the by-product of one or more mating adaptations in human males fits with Darwin's

theory of natural selection and has a great deal of supporting evidence. The future work of scientists may establish a body of theory that explains rape in all observed forms; the presentation of established selection theory and hypotheses in *A Natural History of Rape* is a great start. Randy Thornhill and Craig Palmer readily admit that we are not there yet; they present the rational direction for research and legislation and the misdirection of the social science

approach that has led us all astray by ignoring biology.

Bill Kahn  
Minneapolis, Minnesota

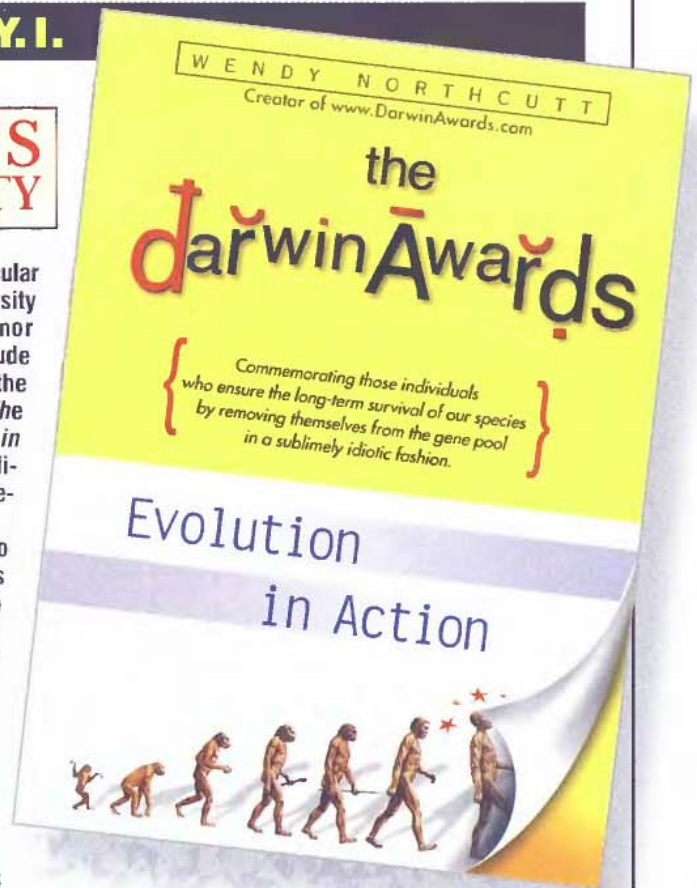
*We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to The Playboy Forum, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, e-mail forum@playboy.com or fax 312-951-2939. Please include a daytime phone number and your city and state or province.*

**FORUM F.Y.I.**

**LESSONS IN STUPIDITY**

In 1994, an aspiring molecular biologist at Stanford University launched a website to honor people whose gross ineptitude led to their removal from the gene pool. Her new book, *The Darwin Awards: Evolution in Action*, describes the qualifications of more than 125 (deceased) winners, including:

- \* The man who decided to end an argument with his girlfriend by climbing onto the roof of their car as it traveled down the freeway at 65 miles per hour in gale-force winds.
- \* The National Bureau of Investigation employee in the Philippines who extinguished his cigarette in a bucket of grenades.
- \* The German tourists who, despite repeated warnings not to leave their vehicle, locked themselves out of their car in a tiger preserve in Spain.
- \* The burglar who slid naked down a restaurant's exhaust chute and became stuck with his arm under his chin, suffocating himself.
- \* The three terrorists who built two car bombs but forgot to account for daylight savings time when setting the timers.
- \* The fisherman who blasted a hole in his boat when a gust of wind caught the M-250 explosive he had tossed into the lake to kill fish.
- \* The sleepy North Carolina man who shot himself in the ear after grabbing his .38 revolver instead of the phone.
- \* The farmer in loose clothing who hung under a moving truck near its drive shaft to observe the source of a strange engine noise.
- \* The drunk patron of a strip club who removed a pastie from a dancer's breast with his teeth, then choked to death on it.
- \* The painter nicknamed Death Wish who hid a pool ball in the back of his throat as a parlor trick until the day he grabbed the slightly smaller cue ball.





what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

## SIGN OFF

ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT—According to Islamic law, a man can divorce his wife by telling her three times, "I divorce you." But a civil judge ruled that the message cannot



be delivered by e-mail. A woman had asked the court to recognize her divorce from her first husband, who notified her online but changed his mind after she had remarried.

## BORN TOO SOON

SALINAS, CALIFORNIA—About 20 students picketed Salinas High School to protest a dress code that bans low-cut tops, thong underwear and other distractions. The girls carried signs that read "Pay attention to our minds, not our panties" and "We wear thongs!" An assistant principal said thongs are forbidden only if they solicit "undue attention."

## CAT NABBED

FREDERICK, MARYLAND—The Justice Department plans to spend \$265,000 to create a database of cat DNA. Investigators point to several cases in which animal hair or blood found at crime scenes or on a suspect's clothing led to convictions. The National Feline Genetic Database will contain 1600 samples from 35 breeds.

## CYBER BATHS

DENVER—A survey by the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention of 856

people being tested for HIV indicated that online chat rooms have become the place to pick up sex partners—and sexually transmitted diseases, particularly for gay men. The survey found that 29 percent of those who looked for partners online had been exposed to HIV, compared with 15 percent of those who met people in clubs or bars.

## SUSPECT BEHAVIOR

DAVIDSON, NORTH CAROLINA—A few minutes after Susan Martin left a driver's license checkpoint, officer Scott Searcy pulled her over. Searcy told Martin that an officer at the checkpoint had noticed a newspaper in her backseat with a large front-page photo of a marijuana plant (the photo illustrated an article about police rooting out illegal crops). That, he said, gave him "reasonable suspicion" that she was transporting drugs. Incredulous, Martin watched Searcy search her car for 20 minutes and find nothing. The assistant police chief insisted his officer had done nothing wrong. He said Searcy had mistaken the paper for *High Times*, a magazine Searcy said he had found on drug users in the past.

## BIRD SEASON

FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS—When junkyard owner Wayne Nichols passed a trooper on the road two years ago, he gave him the finger. The cop ticketed Nichols for disorderly conduct. Nichols sued, arguing that the officer had violated his right to free expression. A federal jury agreed, ordering the cop to pay Nichols \$2000. The month before, Nichols' nephew had received a \$2500 settlement after a trooper had arrested him for flipping the bird. And in Philadelphia, the Pennsylvania Superior Court overturned a \$25 fine against a motorist who yelled "Fuck you!" and gave the finger to a flag worker.

## SURE, BUDDY

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A gay activist visiting Mr. P's, a well-known gay bar, thought another patron looked familiar. He was right. The man was John Paulk, board chair of Exodus International, a group that claims it can change gays to straights through prayer. Paulk also heads the Homosexuality and Gender Department for Public Policy of James Dobson's Focus on the Family. With his "ex-lesbian" wife, he

posed for the cover of *Newsweek* as a role model for the movement. The activist says Paulk gave him a fake name, admitted he was gay and socialized for about 40 minutes before scurrying out when confronted. Paulk later told a reporter he had visited Mr. P's only to use the bathroom.

## SNOOPY SNIFFERS

FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA—Police agencies have deployed devices that look like flashlights to surreptitiously test drivers for alcohol use. The officer holds the PAS III Sniffer about six inches from the motorist's face and asks him to recite his name, address and date of birth. As the driver speaks, he expels enough air for the device to detect booze. Although police use of the Sniffer has not been challenged in court, an insurance industry attorney argues that a motorist has no right to his breath. "Once you have commingled it with the ambient air, it is abandoned property and it is not protected by the Fourth Amendment."

PORTSMOUTH, ENGLAND—The police brought a surprise visitor to a pro-marijuana rally: a dog trained to sniff out any hint of reefer, including days-old scents on clothes. The officers detained 20 people, including a man wearing pants made of hemp. "Anyone who wore hemp trousers to



confuse our sniffer dog should not have been surprised to be detained," a police spokesperson said. The angry protester later wrote the local newspaper to "apologize to the police and the taxpayers of Portsmouth for wearing the wrong trousers."



# How to pack for the weekend.

1.



2.



*Enjoy our quality responsibly.*

CROWN ROYAL • IMPORTED IN THE BOTTLE • BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY • 40% ALCOHOL BY VOLUME (80 PROOF) • ©1998 JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, NEW YORK, NY



Three-disc changer. Double-speed recording.

Now we spend more time listening to great mixes than making them.



I've never seen anything like it. Now I can burn my own mix fast and easy with a push of the compile CD button.

I can dub a CD to CD at twice the speed with a three-disc audio CD changer. Best of all, I get incredible digital recordings and excellent CD playback performance. Even my vinyl and mic recordings sound great. I've got to admit it's getting better. [www.philipsusa.com/play](http://www.philipsusa.com/play)



**PHILIPS**

*Let's make things better.*



## PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

# GARY JOHNSON

*a candid conversation with new mexico's fearless governor about his crusade to legalize drugs, his killer workout regimen and the upside of carrying a concealed weapon*

*It is a raging-hot morning in Albuquerque, New Mexico, and the dusty air carries the smell of smoke. The eerie orange sky and the pungent odor are reminders of the wildfire that is scorching tens of thousands of acres of nearby forest. Governor Gary Johnson, who has declared a state of emergency, hasn't had much sleep for weeks, and now the fire is burning through the Santa Fe National Forest toward a watershed that provides drinking water for the city of Las Vegas, New Mexico. Johnson plans a helicopter flyover of the fire this afternoon.*

*Johnson is used to dealing with hot issues. In fact, he gained national prominence as the country's highest ranking elected official to propose the legalization of drugs.*

*A few months into his second term last summer, 47-year-old Johnson told his state's GOP leadership that he was going public with his controversial position. First he called the nation's war on drugs an unmitigated failure. Next he announced that legalizing marijuana and heroin was the only sane response to an out-of-control problem.*

*Predictably, Johnson brought on the wrath of critics in and out of his party. His public safety secretary and three members of his anti-drug task force resigned. One prominent law enforcement official said, "I consider it a slap in the face." Johnson was called "an*

*idiot," and yet another official suggested that Johnson check into a mental hospital. Barry McCaffrey, President Clinton's drug czar, dismissed Johnson as "Puff Daddy Johnson" and said, "I'm embarrassed to have a public servant take this line of argument." Johnson's own party considers him an embarrassment.*

*When the governor's constituents heard his stand on drugs, his approval rating dropped 11 points. But the dip was temporary. It is now up again, though much of the leap is attributed to Johnson's generally admired performance during the New Mexico fires. And while his critics have been vocal, he also has many supporters. Ethan Nadelmann, director of a New York drug policy think tank funded by George Soros, believes Johnson is a hero because he has basically said, "OK, I forgo any political future because I believe in this issue." Letters to New Mexico's largest newspaper, the Albuquerque Journal, ran four to one in support of Governor Johnson.*

*Johnson is hardly a traditional politician. He was born in Minot, North Dakota, where his father was a public school teacher and his mother worked for the Bureau of Indian Affairs. The family moved to New Mexico when he was a teenager, and after high school Johnson enrolled at the University of New*

*Mexico, where he majored in political science and met his future wife, Dee (they now have two children). After graduating, Johnson worked as a handyman before starting his own construction company, Big J Enterprises. One project, the expansion of a huge Intel plant, put the company's revenues at \$38 million.*

*In 1994, Johnson entered politics, taking on the incumbent governor in the traditionally Democratic state. He used half a million dollars of his own money to win his first term in office. In 1998, he won his reelection bid by an overwhelming margin. (Term limits in New Mexico prohibit him from running for a third term, and he has said that he has no other political aspirations.)*

*As governor, Johnson has worked to improve conditions in New Mexico, particularly the state's battered education system and its economy (one of the nation's worst). Critics of his performance point out that he has vetoed more bills than any other governor of New Mexico—more than 500. Among supporters, he gets high marks for improving the state's economy, its health care and education systems, and for refusing to sign increases in state taxes passed by the legislature.*

*During his college days, Johnson tried cocaine and smoked lots of pot, but he has since*



*"We live in America. We live in a free society where we are able to make choices. America is about allowing choice. It's about giving individuals freedoms and holding them accountable for those freedoms."*



*"Where I separate myself from the GOP is when it wants to legislate morality. You can't legislate morality. You lead by example, but you can't tell people how to live, which, ironically, is a Republican assumption."*



*"You hear you're going to lose your mind and die if you smoke marijuana. I said, 'When I smoked it, none of those things happened. It was kind of cool.' Part of a useful education program about drugs is honesty."*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS CORRIE



given up drugs and alcohol. Now he doesn't even eat sugar. In fact, he's up each morning by five to jog, ride his bike, swim or work out at the gym. He has competed in three Ironman competitions—each involving a 2.4-mile swim, a 112-mile bike ride and a marathon run—finishing at or near the top of his age group. He once ran 100 miles in 30 hours in the Colorado Rockies and on two other occasions ran 25 miles in Army boots and military fatigues, carrying a 35-pound backpack through the White Sands Missile Range to commemorate the Bataan Death March of World War II.

As fires were still raging in New Mexico, PLAYBOY sent Contributing Editor David Sheff to meet with Johnson. Here's Sheff's report:

"Johnson's workout regimen is intense—the morning we met, he had already run a dozen miles and had been to the gym. He says it helps him cope with the enormous stress of being governor. Johnson seemed focused and efficient. Leaving a political rally in the morning, he was ganged up on by television reporters, his cell phone rang with reports from the center of the fire-fighting operation, and assistants vied for his attention with constant new crises. Through it all, Johnson's eyes gleamed. It made me wonder if he'll be able to retire from politics as he claims. 'I will,' he insisted. 'There's not a doubt in my mind.' But he wouldn't be the first politician to back down from such a promise.

"Unusual for any politician, Johnson never seemed evasive and never declined to answer a question directly. He enjoyed sparring, even over tough issues, and was still talking as a staff member dragged him away. A helicopter was waiting to fly him to the fires."

**PLAYBOY:** Of all the issues, why this crusade for the legalization of drugs?

**JOHNSON:** It is the biggest issue in the country, and it's not being addressed.

**PLAYBOY:** It is supposedly being addressed by the long-fought war on drugs under drug czar Barry McCaffrey.

**JOHNSON:** The war on drugs is a mind-boggling failure.

**PLAYBOY:** According to whom? Some statistics suggest that drug use is down.

**JOHNSON:** That's absolute baloney. I just don't buy it. In one survey people were asked if they did drugs. First, they were asked in the Seventies. I can imagine people responding, "Well, sure, doesn't everybody?" Today, they would likely say "No way" before hanging up. It's a different time. But if we have reduced drug use by half—some claim it has gone down from 26 million to 13 million users—where are the corresponding dollar savings? We have gone from spending 1.8 billion federal dollars to spending 30-plus billion federal dollars. As we approach zero users, are we going to be at \$400 billion? Come on. Among the graduating class of 2000, more than half of the students admitted that they

used drugs, which means the number is probably higher. Where is the decline? We spend \$30 billion to \$40 billion a year—plus the cost of incarceration—and haven't dented the problem. Drugs remain a \$200-billion-a-year business. For the billions we spend, only 5 to 15 percent of the drugs entering the country are seized. Does that sound like success to you?

**PLAYBOY:** Your many opponents, including the Albuquerque district attorney, believe that legalization would exacerbate the problem. First, they say more people would do drugs if they were legal.

**JOHNSON:** Kids who have been surveyed say it's easier to get illegal drugs than beer. They say prescription drugs are less available than illegal drugs. The evidence shows that more people won't do drugs if they're legal. Holland is the only country in the world that has a rational drug policy. I had always heard that Holland, where marijuana is decriminalized and controlled, had out-of-control drug abuse and crime. But when I re-

---

*I believe that  
a concealed weapon  
is a way of reducing  
gun violence.  
It's also part of  
the Constitution.*

---

searched it, I learned that's untrue. It's propaganda. Holland has 60 percent of the drug use—both hard drugs and marijuana—the United States has. They have a quarter the crime rate, a quarter the homicide rate, a quarter the violent crime rate and a tenth the incarceration rate. It suggests that more people don't do drugs because they're legal. But let's just say that the number of users would go up. I don't think it would, but if it did I still would say it was worthwhile. Look at the trade-off.

**PLAYBOY:** What trade-off?

**JOHNSON:** Half of all crime is drug-related. *Half.* Half of what we spend on law enforcement, half of what we spend on the courts and half of what we spend on prisons is drug-related. That's billions of dollars that could be spent on education, on other crimes, on other issues. If we legalized drugs, we would destroy the environment that allows and even encourages all those crimes. We know that prohibition drives a black market and all sorts of related crimes. Prohibition sets the stage for criminals, from the small dealers on the street to the drug kingpins. If police didn't have to deal with drug-related crimes, they could fight other crimes and increase our quality of

life. Same with courts and prisons. We could educate people about the danger of drugs in a more effective way. Anyway, I would argue that some kids do drugs because they're illegal, purely out of rebellion. I know that it's partly why I did them. We were told you couldn't do it, so hey. . . . I am not alone in this. You see a sign: WET PAINT. Is it really wet? DON'T OPEN THIS DOOR. I usually don't, but I want to. Part of the reason kids get so excited about smoking, drinking and drugs is because they are prohibited from doing them.

**PLAYBOY:** How would the legalization of heroin actually work?

**JOHNSON:** Only addicts would be allowed to get drugs. They would have to get a prescription.

**PLAYBOY:** But wouldn't there still be a large group of people who use heroin casually? Wouldn't there still be a black market?

**JOHNSON:** Yes, you bet. But it is going to reduce the problem, which is a start. We have to look at the other users, too. We should start with the drug addicts and then explore the problem posed by the other users. For drug addicts, we should look at all the tools in the box. One of the ideas I proposed is that methadone should be available from drugstores, not just from clinics. One of the criticisms of methadone clinics is their clientele. Why don't we just allow people to go to drugstores and get their methadone with a prescription? Heroin maintenance is another idea I proposed. It's a harm-reduction strategy. Instead of pretending that drugs are going to go away, we should do everything we can to minimize the negative impact of drugs—reduce crime, reduce the number of people incarcerated for drug use.

**PLAYBOY:** What's your view on medical marijuana?

**JOHNSON:** Of course I think it should be allowed.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet your home state doesn't allow it.

**JOHNSON:** It's not likely to happen. Now, in particular, there is a backlash against anything drug-related in the state. It's a backlash against me.

**PLAYBOY:** Is your campaign actually hurting your cause?

**JOHNSON:** Not for a second.

**PLAYBOY:** But people might feel that something as innocuous as medical marijuana or a needle exchange program is just the beginning in their governor's agenda to legalize every drug.

**JOHNSON:** Well, my goal is for a more rational drug policy. There's no question that I've moved the needle. I've moved the needle nationally. I've moved it in the direction it needs to go. It's a start, but there need to be 3000 other people espousing the same ideas. These other programs—needle exchange, medical marijuana—are important, but they



don't address the great ills caused by prohibition.

**PLAYBOY:** Meanwhile you vetoed legislation that would have gone toward drug-treatment services.

**JOHNSON:** Every year since I have been governor, our state legislature has overspent an average of \$30 million a year. Without exception, all my vetoes are about new programs that we can't pay for. Yes, some good programs fall to my veto pen. But I won't raise taxes. I've vetoed more bills since I have been in office than all the other governors combined—550 or so. Most of the vetoes have to do with spending money we don't have. I am a fiscal conservative. I believe in drug-treatment programs, however. We should treat drugs as a health problem, not a crime.

**PLAYBOY:** You raised the issue of legalization at the Western Governor's Association Conference. What was the reaction?

**JOHNSON:** There was good discussion, which is all I can ask for. The most significant thing about all this is that we're talking about drugs and alternative policies. Legalization is not around the corner. I realize what a taboo it is. It's political suicide to push it, but ultimately the best politics is the truth. There is no question in my mind that this country is going to develop rational drug policies. The question is, is it going to take 80 years or is it going to happen in a more reasonable amount of time?

**PLAYBOY:** What sort of time frame would you consider to be reasonable?

**JOHNSON:** Within the next decade. It's possible that things will change by then.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you believe that all drugs should be legal?

**JOHNSON:** If we legalized all drugs across the board, we would have a better situation than we have today. If all illicit drugs were available over the counter, things would be better. But that's not what I am advocating. I think that we should start with certain drugs, based on existing models. There are models that exist in this world for the legalization of heroin. There is a model when it comes to marijuana. There isn't a model for cocaine, methamphetamines, LSD and so on. I am not advocating legalization, but

I do think we should look into it.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you again referring to Holland?

**JOHNSON:** And Switzerland, where addicts can get prescriptions for heroin. With a prescription, an addict can get a fix at a clinic. The cost is a tenth of what it is on the street, plus it is a clean product and there are clean needles. As a result, the crime associated with those drugs is way down. So is the spread of hepatitis C, AIDS and other diseases. You don't have to be involved in a crime to get your next fix, and there isn't a crime ring providing it. You don't have to recruit other heroin addicts in order to pay for your heroin. In New Mexico, it is estimated that 15,000 heroin addicts

heroin kill about 3000 people. Where is the bogeyman? Yet we are arresting 1.6 million people a year for drugs. Eight hundred thousand of them are marijuana users.

**PLAYBOY:** If cigarettes and alcohol are bigger killers than drugs, rather than legalizing drugs one could argue that alcohol and cigarettes should be illegal.

**JOHNSON:** It doesn't work. Look at Prohibition. We live in America. We live in a free society where we are able to make choices. America is about allowing choice. It's about giving individuals freedoms and holding them accountable for those freedoms.

**PLAYBOY:** At what point does the government step in, though? Do you disagree that the government should regulate cigarette companies and prohibit them from pushing cigarettes to children?

**JOHNSON:** The government should be involved when it comes to advertising to children, yes. There are other times the government needs to regulate. We would have to wrestle all this out if we were going to legalize drugs. We would have to learn a lesson from our experience with tobacco and alcohol. There needs to be a new set of laws. I would disallow advertising for drugs. In fact, I would put money in advertising that says drugs are a bad choice. I would use real, honest advertising. In spite of all the antismoking ads, the real killer is tobacco. But I certainly wouldn't outlaw cigarettes. Does a person

have a right to choose whether or not to smoke? Yes. Does a restaurant owner have the right to decide whether or not his establishment should be smoke free? Absolutely. Should the government decide that cities should be smoke-free zones? No.

**PLAYBOY:** When it comes to marijuana, would you settle for decriminalization rather than full-blown legalization?

**JOHNSON:** Decriminalization turns its back on half of the problem. With decriminalization, you are going to allow a person to possess and use marijuana, but not to buy it. In other words, how are people going to get the pot? They are still going to get it from illegal dealers who are buying it from bigger dealers.

**Introducing The PASSPORT 8500**

**New Supercharged Performance**

**New Innovative Features**

**New Refined Styling**

**SmartCord (Included)**

Call Toll-Free  
**1-800-852-6258**

**ESCORT**

5440 West Chester Road • West Chester OH 45069  
▶ Department 400711

**PASSPORT 8500** .....\$299<sup>95</sup>  
Plus shipping and handling  
OH residents add 5.5% sales tax  
**Gift Certificates Available**  
Holiday Money-Back Guarantee  
www.escortradar.com

**Sensitivity Improvement**

Band	Average Detectors	ESCORT 8500
Ka Band	0.5	1.0
K Band	1.0	2.0
X Band	1.0	1.0

New design yields a remarkable increase in sensitivity, including a blistering 200% improvement on the elusive Superwide Ka-band, and complete immunity to VGZ.

©2000 Escort Inc.

get up every morning with one thing on their mind: the next fix. There are thousands in every state in the U.S. They will do whatever is required. If they need to commit crimes, they will. They will use drugs that can be lethal. They will use unclean needles. If we aren't yet ready to legalize heroin, let's at least reduce the harm associated with heroin. We can do it through health strategies, including heroin-maintenance programs. It's a misconception that drugs are a huge killer. Relative to tobacco, they aren't. Tobacco kills about 400,000 people per year. Alcohol kills about 150,000, and that doesn't include deaths from drinking and driving. Legal prescription drugs kill 100,000 people. Cocaine and



## PARAMOUNT HOME ENTERTAINMENT

"BUY ANY 4 GET 1 - BUY ANY 7 GET 2 FREE" DVD

OFFER AND SWEEPSTAKES  
\*PLUS SHIPPING AND HANDLING

### OFFICIAL RULES

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY TO ENTER SWEEPSTAKES

#### 1. TWO WAYS TO ENTER:

- To order free (plus shipping and handling) Paramount DVDs and be automatically entered into the sweepstakes, hand print your complete name, address, zip code (or postal code, if you live in Canada), (and e-mail address only if you are 13 years of age or older), on a 3" x 5" card, and indicate your first and second choice from among the One Free DVD list of ten titles on previous page if you are requesting one DVD with the purchase of four OR from among any titles available in Paramount's DVD catalog as of 12/31/00 (not including gift sets) if you are requesting two with the purchase of seven. In the event your first choice of DVD is not available, every effort will be made to honor your second choice.

Then, mail your order, along with the following: (I) original copy of register receipt(s) dated between 8/1/00 and 5/31/01, indicating that you have purchased the appropriate number of Paramount DVD titles, (four for one free or seven for two free), with purchase prices circled, (II) original UPC proofs-of-purchase from each DVD purchased (found on the outside package title sheet or on a special tab on the inside of select DVDs), and (III) a check or money order in the amount of U.S. \$3.95 for each DVD you are ordering (if you live in the U.S.) or CDN \$5.95 for each DVD you are ordering (if you live in Canada), for shipping and handling; to: Paramount DVD Requests, P.O. Box 43B2, Blair, NE 68009-43B2. All requests must be received by 6/29/01. Limit one request per envelope. Proofs-of-purchase submitted for one free DVD cannot be resubmitted for two free DVDs. ALLOW 8-10 WEEKS FOR THE DELIVERY OF YOUR DVD(S).

- To enter the sweepstakes without requesting free DVDs, hand-print on a 3" x 5" card, your complete name, address, and zip code (or postal code, if you live in Canada) (and e-mail address only if you are 13 years of age or older) and mail your entry in a hand-addressed, stamped envelope to: Paramount Home Entertainment Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 5326, Blair, NE 68009-5326. Limit: one entry per envelope. No mechanically reproduced entries permitted. Entries must be received by 6/29/01, when sweepstakes ends.

**2. RANDOM DRAWING:** Winners will be selected in a random drawing to be conducted on or about 7/6/01 from among all eligible entries received by D.L. Blair, Inc., an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final in all matters relating to this sweepstakes. Winners will be notified by mail. Odds of winning depend upon number of eligible entries received.

**3. PRIZES AND APPROXIMATE RETAIL VALUES:** One Grand Prize - A 5 night/6 day trip for two to Hollywood, CA. Prize trip includes round-trip coach air transportation to/from the major metropolitan airport nearest winner's home, hotel accommodations (1 room, double occupancy), meals and \$500 in spending money. (approximate value: \$5,000); One First Prize - a complete Paramount DVD library, consisting of every DVD title available in Paramount's DVD catalog as of 12/31/00 (not including gift sets). (approximate value: \$4,500); 200 Second Prizes - a Paramount XL long sleeve T-shirt (approximate value: \$15 each). Prizes consist of only those items specifically listed above as part of the prize.

**4. GENERAL RULES FOR OFFER & SWEEPSTAKES:** Open only to residents of the United States, its territories/possessions, and Canada, excluding the Province of Quebec. Employees of Paramount Home Entertainment, Inc., its affiliates, their advertising and promotion agencies, participating retailers, D.L. Blair, Inc. and the families or those living in the same household of each are not eligible. All federal, state, local and provincial laws and regulations apply. All federal, state, local and provincial taxes are the responsibility of winners. Void in the Province of Quebec and where taxed, restricted or prohibited by law. Sponsor reserves the right to substitute sweepstakes prizes of equal or greater value. No other substitution or transfer of sweepstakes prize permitted. Grand Prize trip must be completed no later than 8/1/02 and is subject to availability. Potential sweepstakes Grand and First Prize winners must sign and return an Affidavit of Eligibility/Release of Liability within 15 days of notification. Noncompliance or return of sweepstakes prize notification as undeliverable will result in disqualification and an alternate winner may be selected. If the Grand Prize winner is a minor in his/her state of residence, prize will be awarded in the name of winner's parent/legal guardian who, must accompany winner on Grand Prize trip. Not responsible for lost, late, illegible, mutilated, misdirected offer forms and/or sweepstakes entries or offer forms and/or sweepstakes entries not received in time for the random drawing. All materials submitted become property of Sponsor and none will be returned. Acceptance of sweepstakes prize constitutes permission to use winners' names and/or likenesses for purposes of advertising/trade without further compensation, unless prohibited by law. By accepting free DVD(s) and/or sweepstakes prize, free DVD recipients and/or sweepstakes winners agree to hold Paramount Home Entertainment, Inc., its affiliates, subsidiaries, advertising and promotion agencies and their employees, officers, directors and assigns, harmless against any and all claims and liability arising out of use of free DVD(s) and/or sweepstakes prizes. Free DVD recipients and/or sweepstakes winners assume all liability for any injury or damage caused, or claimed to be caused, by participation in this promotion, or use or redemption of free DVD(s) and/or sweepstakes prizes. By participating in this promotion, entrants agree to be bound by the Official Rules and the decisions of the judges. Sponsors not responsible for any typographical or other error in the printing of the offer and/or sweepstakes, administration of the offer and/or sweepstakes or in the announcement of the sweepstakes prizes. If a potential sweepstakes winner is a Canadian resident, he or she will be required to correctly answer a time-limited arithmetical skill testing question, to be administered by mail, prior to awarding of prize.

5. For the sweepstakes winners' names, available after 8/31/01, send a separate, stamped, self-addressed envelope to:

Paramount Home Entertainment Sweepstakes Winners,  
P.O. Box 5465, Blair, NE 68009-5465.

All requests must be received by 6/29/01

FOR INFORMATION REGARDING THIS FREE PARAMOUNT DVD OFFER OR FOR A LIST OF TITLES ELIGIBLE TO CHOOSE YOUR 1 FREE WHEN BUYING 4 OR 2 FREE WHEN BUYING 7, YOU MAY CALL 1-800-205-8925.

Decriminalization doesn't deal with the problems of street crime and organized crime. It doesn't at all deal with the drug kingpins. Of course marijuana use should be decriminalized, but we also have to stop the illegal activities that support the industry. Only legalization does that. People don't like to hear about legalization. Worse, when they hear about the legalization of heroin, bombs go off. Whoa! But in none of the legalization scenarios could a person go to a store and buy heroin. I am talking about control, regulation, taxation and safer heroin. Just as we use taxes from cigarettes for health programs, we could use taxes on drugs for health programs to deal with the problems that exist.

**PLAYBOY:** Wouldn't there still be an underworld supplying drugs—cheaper, stronger and more varieties?

**JOHNSON:** Initially there would still be black markets, sure. But give it a little time. Look at the liquor industry. We don't buy bathtub gin anymore. Why not? Why buy bathtub gin when we can get the real thing at a reasonable price? The same would be true for drugs. Why would kids who are going to use drugs buy street drugs if they could get drugs they knew were safe at a good price? Kids will still buy designer drugs and other drugs on the black market. It's why we need to look at the legalization of those, too.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you dispute the argument that marijuana is the gateway drug, that it leads to more serious drugs?

**JOHNSON:** It's baloney. Marijuana is not a gateway drug. On the other hand, because of the black market, it can become a gateway drug. When you go to your marijuana dealer, if he happens to be out of marijuana, he may offer other drugs from his box. He may have some cocaine and heroin, LSD, designer drugs, etc. If you legalize pot, you are taking away the gateway completely.

**PLAYBOY:** But marijuana may be a gateway drug in a subtler way. When a person decides to go against cultural or parental influences to do one drug, why not try other drugs?

**JOHNSON:** That leads to the way we misinform about drugs. The education we try to impart causes some of the problem. We say that marijuana will destroy your life. Someone tries it and it doesn't destroy his life. We say marijuana will make you crazy and kill your brain cells, that it will lead you into crime.

**PLAYBOY:** On the contrary, you have been criticized for telling high school students that marijuana is cool.

**JOHNSON:** You hear you're going to lose your mind and go crazy and even die if you smoke marijuana. I said, "You know what? I smoked marijuana, and when I smoked it, none of those things happened. In fact, it was kind of cool." You have to tell the truth. When kids realize

you're lying, they will no longer listen to you. They may think the stuff you've been telling them about other drugs isn't true either. So part of a useful education program about drugs is honesty. People try pot and they don't go crazy. They don't get into crime. It doesn't destroy their lives, necessarily. We have to be honest.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you saying that marijuana use is completely benign?

**JOHNSON:** No! Marijuana is a handicap. You do marijuana, you are not going to be able to fly that airplane. You are not going to be able to function as a human being as well as if you didn't smoke pot.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that your view after your personal experience?

**JOHNSON:** Yes. No question. Marijuana is a handicap. It is. Just like alcohol. I've stopped both because I have enough handicaps.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel there are any lasting effects of your pot smoking?

**JOHNSON:** I don't feel there are any lasting effects at all. Same with alcohol, although I think alcohol is a lot more insidious than pot.

**PLAYBOY:** You once said that at a party you should watch out for the boy who has been drinking, but that "the one who's smoked marijuana just wants to put on a headset and attack a bag of potato chips."

**JOHNSON:** It's true. I talk to police officers—the guys on the street. When they show up to a house where there has been a call about domestic violence and walk in on a roomful of people smoking pot, they know they are at the wrong house. Violent behavior is not associated with marijuana.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet some of the police officers in your home state are your loudest critics.

**JOHNSON:** Not the cops on the street. The ones ranting and raving about me are the bosses, the guys who have been elected or appointed to their jobs. They are politicians. Police on the street know the logic of what I'm saying. They are the ones who have to deal with the bad drug laws. They have to make the arrests. They have to walk into dangerous situations where there are drug deals going on. They have to arrest kids for selling drugs, and they are the ones who see the downhill course life takes from then on. They know these kids need help, not jail. I never want to discount the real problems that some people have with drugs. Some people can't handle drugs and do become addicted. That's a health problem and we have to deal with it.

**PLAYBOY:** Have your Republican colleagues treated you differently since you came out for legalization?

**JOHNSON:** Yes and no. Initially they thought I was crazy, insane. Some people still maintain I'm crazy, but others



All our marketing executives thought giving away free DVD's this Christmas was a really cool idea.



Except one.



Buy **ANY FOUR** Paramount Home Entertainment DVDs such as those shown above, and **Get One FREE\***, or buy **ANY SEVEN** and **Get Two FREE.\***

Buy four and choose one from:

Chinatown • Double Jeopardy • El Dorado • Event Horizon • First Wives Club • Patriot Games • Roustabout • Star Trek™ Generations • Superstar • It's The Pied Piper, Charlie Brown  
Buy seven and choose any two titles from Paramount's DVD library as of 12/31/00 (not including gift sets).

\*Plus shipping and handling.

• PLUS, when you send in for your FREE DVD(s) you will automatically be entered in Paramount's sweepstakes for a chance to win the GRAND PRIZE of a trip for two to Hollywood, California DR you could win the FIRST PRIZE – a copy of each DVD in Paramount's DVD library as of 12/31/00 (not including gift sets). Also, 200 runner-up winners will each receive an exclusive XL long sleeve Paramount t-shirt.

• No purchase necessary to enter sweepstakes.

• See next page for complete rules. Sweepstakes expires 6/29/01. Free DVD Offer expires 5/31/01.

**ACT NOW! OBVIOUSLY, THIS OFFER WON'T LAST FOREVER.**

Availability subject to change without notice. TM, ® and Copyright © 2000 by Paramount Pictures. All Rights Reserved.  
[www.paramount.com/homevideo](http://www.paramount.com/homevideo)





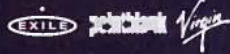
## Van Morrison Linda Gail Lewis YOU WIN AGAIN



A legendary pair  
performing classic songs.

[www.virginrecords.com](http://www.virginrecords.com)

©2000 Exile Productions Limited  
under exclusive license to Virgin Records Ltd.;  
in the U.S. to Virgin Records America, Inc.



Find this title and many more at [Borders.com](http://Borders.com).  
Online prices may vary.

# BORDERS®

[www.borders.com](http://www.borders.com)

are saying, "Wait a minute. He's raising some important issues." I never expected to change things overnight. The goal was to raise the issues.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you find that some of the personal attacks you have received have been disconcerting?

**JOHNSON:** I recognize the fact that the first one over the hill gets shot.

**PLAYBOY:** When you took on this issue, there were resignations on your staff. Did the defections hurt?

**JOHNSON:** Those people made their decisions, and history will be the judge. I feel fine in that regard.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you respond to Barry McCaffrey, who calls you Puff Daddy Johnson?

**JOHNSON:** I don't take it personally. He has the job. If it weren't him, it would be somebody else. At the same time, I don't know how long that antiquated attitude is going to last.

**PLAYBOY:** You waited to raise the issue of legalization until your second term. Would it have been political suicide to do it before this?

**JOHNSON:** Maybe, though I was ready to tackle it anytime. I just wanted to do it wisely and cautiously. In my first six months in office, I met with my entire cabinet. I told them that at some point I would be asked about my view of drugs. I said that I would answer those questions like I answer everything else: honestly. The questions would lead to the fact that I believe the war on drugs is a failure and that we need to be looking at alternatives. Alternatives have to include looking at legalization.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did you wait to raise the issue?

**JOHNSON:** I wanted to do all of my homework. When I got elected for my second term, I had a meeting with a couple of people, including the head of the Republican Party in New Mexico, and said that I would like to make a bold statement about the war on drugs. I said, I don't know if legalization is the answer, but it certainly has to be looked at. They agreed. At that time, I really had no idea that legalization was the answer—or that there were such compelling arguments in favor of legalization. I just said, Let's declare the war on drugs a failure and look at alternatives. I believed the rumor that Holland has drug use and crime through the roof. Then I began to research it. Whoa! Wait a minute. I don't need to study things to death as many politicians tend to. We need to gather the facts—and there are only so many of them—and then make a decision. I looked at the facts for about six weeks and decided that legalization is a viable alternative. And I said so.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you have brought up this issue if you planned to run again for office?

**JOHNSON:** I don't plan to run again for office.

**PLAYBOY:** If you did, would you still push to legalize drugs?

**JOHNSON:** I'm doing it because it needs to be done. It has nothing to do with my political plans or the fact that I don't have any. Should the issue be raised? That's why I'm pushing it. That said, I've got two and a half more years in office and I can do whatever I believe in. I don't have to think about reelection. It's a liberating feeling, absolutely.

**PLAYBOY:** Does your experience influence your opinion of term limits? In other words, do term limits allow politicians to push for issues they care about rather than worrying about the implications for reelection?

**JOHNSON:** That's absolutely a case for term limits. Politicians shouldn't spend most of their time in office trying to get reelected.

**PLAYBOY:** What happens if you change your mind and decide to run for office again?

**JOHNSON:** I won't. No, no, no.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it because you have had it with politics?

**JOHNSON:** No. I've enjoyed it. I really have. But from the start, I looked at this on an eight-year horizon. I thought, Boy, if I were able to serve for eight years, wow. It's exactly what I wanted and now I want to do everything I can before I leave office. My worst fear is leaving office and thinking, Coulda, shoulda, woulda.

**PLAYBOY:** Besides raising this debate about the legalization of drugs, what do you consider your most important contributions as governor?

**JOHNSON:** I believe I've moved the needle on every single issue that exists in this state. I'm talking about economic development, lower taxes—there hasn't been a single tax raise in five years, which has never happened before. There are 1200 fewer state employees today than when I took office, which means we're running a more efficient state government. We're building twice as many four-lane highways in the state and didn't raise taxes to do it. We're building a telecommunications infrastructure and prisons, and the schools are getting better.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet one survey rated the schools in New Mexico as among the worst in the nation. It concluded that New Mexico is the worst state to be a child in the country.

**JOHNSON:** Democrats have controlled New Mexico in the legislature for 70 years now. If we want real change in New Mexico, they are going to have to give the Republicans a shot. What gets changed when you bring the Republicans in? You bring in higher-paying jobs. You do that because you reduce taxes, which are still too high in New Mexico. You get a lot more accountability in the education system.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you disagree about the low



ranking of your state in that and other surveys?

**JOHNSON:** I was born in North Dakota and lived in South Dakota for eight years. I lived in Minnesota for one year. I moved here when I was 13. North and South Dakota are always ranked two of the best places to raise a child in the United States and New Mexico is always ranked the worst. But as a child, at 13, I would never have wanted to go back to North or South Dakota. In addition, I would never want to raise my kids in North or South Dakota. I'm not picking on North or South Dakota, but this statistic about New Mexico is not fair. We are a unique place. We've got a large Hispanic population. We have immigrants from Mexico. Over 10 percent of our population is Native American. We are culturally diverse. But with these populations, at this stage in our history, the diversity also means very low wages. We have a rural economy with the exception of the Rio Grande corridor: Does all that make it an unattractive place? No. It's a beautiful place, a wonderful place.

**PLAYBOY:** As governor of a border state, what is your view of the immigration issue?

**JOHNSON:** I don't think Easterners recognize that the Hispanics who immigrate are great people, great citizens. They care about their families like oth-

er Americans care about their families. They're living in poverty in Mexico and can come to the United States and do a lot better.

**PLAYBOY:** By—according to some—taking away jobs.

**JOHNSON:** They work the lowest-paying jobs, which is a huge step up from where they come from. And they are taking jobs that other Americans don't necessarily want. They're hardworking people who are taking jobs that others don't want. That's the reality.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you open the borders and make it easier to immigrate legally?

**JOHNSON:** My vision of the border with Mexico is that a truck from the United States going into Mexico and a truck coming from Mexico into the United States will pass each other at the border going 60 miles an hour. Yes, we should have open borders. It will help enormously with the drug issue, too, by the way. One of the huge raps on Mexico is that it is a drug supplier, that it's the drug corridor. But there wouldn't be drugs coming in illegally from Mexico if there weren't the demand in the United States. We have a militarized border with Mexico, and it's a shame. It doesn't work very well, either. Mexican mules get paid a king's ransom to carry marijuana or cocaine across the border, but they are just mules. If they get caught, they're the ones who get locked up, not the drug

lords. One out of eight gets caught. Whoever's paying them south of the border knows that equation and understands the risk.

**PLAYBOY:** In California, there was a backlash against illegal immigrants. Voters passed a proposition that would have denied them medical and other services.

**JOHNSON:** It wouldn't be a problem if they were legal, so the process to make them legal should be easier.

**PLAYBOY:** Many Americans fear the flood of immigrants that would follow.

**JOHNSON:** Again, they would come over and take jobs that we don't want. They would become taxpayers. They're just pursuing dreams—the same dreams we all have. They work hard. What's wrong with that?

**PLAYBOY:** Is that behind your support of Nafta?

**JOHNSON:** Yes. Nafta has benefited New Mexico. With each passing day, it's a bigger boom for New Mexico as a border state.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you disagree that Nafta has caused the "sucking sound" Ross Perot warned of—the sound of U.S. jobs being sucked into Mexico?

**JOHNSON:** Again, my opinion is that the jobs we're talking about are those we generally don't want. What jobs are we saving?

**PLAYBOY:** Manufacturing jobs.

**JOHNSON:** There is a shifting, and some



WELCOME TO

THE NEXT LEVEL.

WOODFORD RESERVE



PLEASE DRINK RESPONSIBLY

WWW.WOODFORDRESERVE.COM

Woodford Reserve Distiller's Select Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 45.2% Alc. by Vol., Labrot & Graham Distillers Co., Versailles, KY





companies have relocated to Mexico. But we've benefited far more than we have lost. Also, it's still settling. Intel has a new semiconductor manufacturing plant in Albuquerque, one of the most sophisticated plants on the planet. It is in the U.S. because the workers are qualified and efficient here. If we're not competitive, we had better get competitive. We're moving toward a global economy whether we like it or not.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's touch on some other issues. Where do you stand on the matter of gun control?

**JOHNSON:** I'm one of those who believe the bumper sticker: If you outlaw guns, only outlaws will have guns. The first people who are going to be in line to turn in their guns are law-abiding citizens. Criminals are going to be left with guns. I believe that concealed carry is a way of reducing gun violence.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you carry a gun?

**JOHNSON:** I don't and I don't own a gun, but I'd still just as soon have the concealed carry law. If the guy who is going to hold up a car knows there is the possibility of a concealed weapon, he may think twice. We don't have that law here.

**PLAYBOY:** But the statistics show that people don't use guns to stop crime. They use them to hurt themselves or innocent people.

**JOHNSON:** Yeah, but there is deterrence in the legality of guns. It's also part of the Constitution.

**PLAYBOY:** The NRA disagrees with any limits, from the Brady law to controls of automatic weapons. Do you?

**JOHNSON:** I don't believe the laws regarding guns are effective. We're allowed to bear arms. It's part of a free society.

**PLAYBOY:** Where do you stand on abortion rights?

**JOHNSON:** It should be left up to the woman. If my daughter were pregnant and she came to me and asked me what she ought to do, I would advise her to have the child. But I would not for a minute pretend that I should make that decision for her or any other woman.

**PLAYBOY:** But you have supported legislation that requires parental consent and signed a ban on partial birth abortions.

**JOHNSON:** I think the decision can be made at an earlier stage. That's why I don't support partial birth abortions. I realize it's a fine line, but I generally come down on a woman's right to decide.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you disagree that parental consent is problematic for teenagers who can't talk to their parents?

**JOHNSON:** I believe that parents ought to know. Where that can't occur, there needs to be a process in place, which we have in New Mexico.

**PLAYBOY:** What's your view about campaign finance reform?

**JOHNSON:** If you're talking about reform

where you want to do away with soft money, yeah, I think that's good. If RJR wants to give me \$100,000 for my campaign, it can't. But it can give it to the Republican Party and then the Republican Party will write a check to me. It's not directly from the cigarette manufacturer and all I have to say is that I got it from the party. So I think that should be reformed. The public should know exactly where every penny comes from. But I don't think there should be limits on contributions.

**PLAYBOY:** But big contributions mean the wealthy have much more political influence than the middle class or poor.

**JOHNSON:** My biggest contributor during the last two campaigns gave me over \$150,000. Not once since I've been elected has he been on the phone to tell me anything about what I should do as governor. Is that not better than 150 people giving me a limit of \$1000? Of those 150, there's a good chance that 50 are going to be on the phone trying to tell me what to do.

**PLAYBOY:** But you would be far more beholden to the one person who gave \$150,000.

**JOHNSON:** The problem isn't large contributions. The problem is that we don't know who contributed. In New Mexico, there's no limit on what I can receive from anyone, but I have to disclose it all—with the exception of soft money. I get a contribution from the Republican Party of, say, \$200,000 or \$300,000. Well, in a lot of cases, that's from individuals who have contributed to the national party but earmarked it for me. That needs reform. If you limit contributions from an individual to, say, \$1000, then I think just the opposite occurs. Then you have politicians beholden to way too many people.

**PLAYBOY:** Why wouldn't you cut both—soft money and large contributions? Then you could level the playing field.

**JOHNSON:** All of the campaign finance reform I have seen would preclude someone like myself from ever getting elected. I spent half a million dollars of my own money to get elected. I was not going to get involved in politics prior to my being able to afford to. That way I wouldn't be indebted to anyone.

**PLAYBOY:** That's why so many Americans are cynical. Only wealthy people can run for office.

**JOHNSON:** It's a problem, but it's also a misconception. Only money can beat incumbents. If you pass campaign reform tomorrow, I'm set for the rest of my life. I'm the incumbent now. My name is known. It's all about name familiarity. All money does is get your name in front of people. Then it's up to you. What's coming out of your mouth? Is it making sense or not? People are smart enough to decide. We had a candidate here for the Congress last election cycle who

spent nearly \$6 million of his own money and didn't get elected. Money isn't enough.

**PLAYBOY:** But you're saying then that only incumbents or rich people should be able to run.

**JOHNSON:** For the most part, people who are involved in politics are not wealthy. For the most part, people who are involved in politics have worked their way up through the political system and become indebted to everyone along the way. Is that better? That's the reality. I'm not saying it's right. On the other hand, you have people like me who come in from nowhere. I'm indebted to nobody. But campaign finance reform legislation would have precluded me from being successful. You wouldn't be doing this interview today.

**PLAYBOY:** When was the first time you thought about elected office?

**JOHNSON:** I always believed that politics was a high calling. I was raised believing that you could make a difference. I always hoped to be able to have a chance to make a positive difference. There are many who would line up to say I haven't done anything positive, and I understand that. But that's in my heart, that's my motivation.

**PLAYBOY:** What kind of child were you?

**JOHNSON:** I was way too serious. I was an insomniac. I had too many things on my mind.

**PLAYBOY:** What were you doing in the middle of the night?

**JOHNSON:** I just couldn't stop thinking. I couldn't ever stop thinking. This is the first time I've admitted it, but I quit being an insomniac when I started smoking pot. That was one of the side effects for me.

**PLAYBOY:** Was it because it helped slow you down?

**JOHNSON:** Yeah, it did. I haven't had insomnia since then. After I stopped smoking pot, I guess my fitness regimen helped. Now I can go to sleep in five minutes.

**PLAYBOY:** What brought your family to New Mexico when you were 13?

**JOHNSON:** My mother got transferred to Albuquerque in 1966, working in accounting for the Bureau of Indian Affairs. My father came here unemployed and became a teacher in the Albuquerque public schools. He had fallen in love with New Mexico when he was in the Boy Scouts. Have you seen *Saving Private Ryan*? My father was Private Ryan. That is, he was in the 101st Airborne Division, jumped into Normandy days before the invasion, scattered along with Private Ryan and thousands of others. He was in that group.

**PLAYBOY:** What did you plan to do for a living?

**JOHNSON:** I didn't know. I wanted to make money. I started a business my  
(continued on page 197)



[Playboy Cyber Club](#)

[Love & Sex](#)

[World of Playboy](#)

[Arts & Entertainment](#)

[Playboy Magazines](#)

[Living in Style](#)

[On Campus](#)

[Playmates](#)

[Comedy Club](#)

[Sports](#)

[Digital Culture](#)

[Rouze](#)

[Playboy TV / Home Video](#)

[Auctions](#)

[Shop Playboy](#)



**PLAYBOY** THE MOST POWERFUL MEN'S BRAND IN THE WORLD  
[www.playboy.com](http://www.playboy.com)





PAINTING BY DONATO GIANCOLA



# 2001, hello

the man who got there first  
reminisces about the future

**T**he most extraordinary outburst of global insanity ever recorded occurred on 1 January 2000. No, I am not referring to the infamous Y2K bug, which was a real, though fortunately trivial, problem. I am pointing the finger of scorn at the millions who welcomed the millennium one year too early.

It still seems incredible that anyone could fail to understand that because the Western calendar does not start at zero, but at one, the millennium would not begin until the first of January 2001. To those who are still inclined to argue, let me put this question: If you ordered 10 kilos of sugar at your grocer, would you feel that you had your money's worth if the scales started at one instead of zero?

However, don't take my word for it: Here is the *Times* of London laying down the law on the subject in its most magisterial style:

"The question of when the present century ends is one of the most absurd that can engage the public attention and we are astonished to find it has been the subject of so much dispute. It is a silly, childish discussion and only exposes the want of brains of those who maintain a contrary opinion to that we have stated."

And what had the *Times* stated? "The present century will not terminate until January the 1st 1801, unless it can be made out that 99 are 100." (Editorial: 26th December 1799.)

Does this (concluded on page 188)

article  
By Arthur C. Clarke





**LA MUJER HERMOSA  
IS POISED TO TAKE  
OVER HOLLYWOOD**

# PENELOPE CRUZ



Penelope Cruz is so gorgeous that when she walks into the Whiskey Bar in Los Angeles, even the stars are struck. "Is that . . . ?" Hollywood's coolest whisper, mesmerized by the Spanish slip of a girl who is all tight white tank top and caramel skin. Penelope is teeny tiny. And she is blatantly breaking the no-smoking rule by lighting cigarette after cigarette. Perched high on a pillow, she chain-puffs and laughs with her friends. When you're a goddess, you can get away with shit like that. You can also get away with snagging coveted roles in four highly anticipated films: *All the Pretty Horses* with Matt Damon, *Blow* with Johnny Depp, *Captain Corelli's Mandolin* with Nicolas Cage and Christian Bale and *Vanilla Sky* with Tom Cruise. It's enough to make Gwyneth shake in her Jimmy Choos.





*"C'mon, you can be my last of 2000 and, if you're good, my first of 2001."*



# gabrielle reece

**SHE'S BEAUTIFUL,**

**SHE'S BUFF**

**AND SHE'S BOLD**

# S

he may look like a sinewy import from Mount Olympus, but Gabrielle Reece is someone men can easily relate to. She can talk sports, swing a mean five-iron and do 500 pounds on the leg press. Her physical presence—6'3" and 160 pounds of curvy, gym-sculpted, cinnamon-hued muscle—inspires awe, respect and maybe a little fear.

But call her Gabby, please. Everyone does. You've seen her over the years, bashing a volleyball in ads for Nike and Coppertone, gazing from the covers of glossy magazines and tackling extreme sports on MTV (what she calls her "crash test dummy phase"). But you have never seen Gabby like this. At 30, she is in the best shape of her life: lean, strong, supremely self-possessed. "I feel I'm grown up enough to make the decision to do this," she says. "I feel comfortable with my body."

Photographer Phillip Dixon shot these soulful images in his home studio in Los Angeles and on Santa Cruz Island off California's central coast. He met Gabby when she was 18 and a rising star in both college volleyball and modeling. Dixon was preparing to shoot her for *Harper's*

*Bazaar*, and approached her while she was sitting in the makeup chair. "He looked in the mirror at me," Gabby recalls, "and he said, 'People are going to say a lot of things about you, about your size. You just have to know that you're as perfect as you can be the way you are.' And he walked away. I've always felt that Phillip got me. He celebrates my size and strength."

Gabby's conception of her body as a performance machine informs her attitude toward these photos. "I don't think of the images as sexual," she says. "Our goal was to shoot the body as a form. They're more of a statement that a woman can be really powerful, really feminine, really natural and really confident and just put it out there. No big deal. I'm not trying to say, Check me out."

Gabby is an athlete, but she doesn't play games. "I wasn't trying to create layers between myself and the pictures," she says. "The only things I had on were mascara and sunblock. In a sense, they're more me than any pictures I've ever taken."

Gabby was raised in Puerto Rico, St. Thomas and New York's Long Island, a skinny, insecure skyscraper

**PHOTOGRAPHY  
BY PHILLIP DIXON**













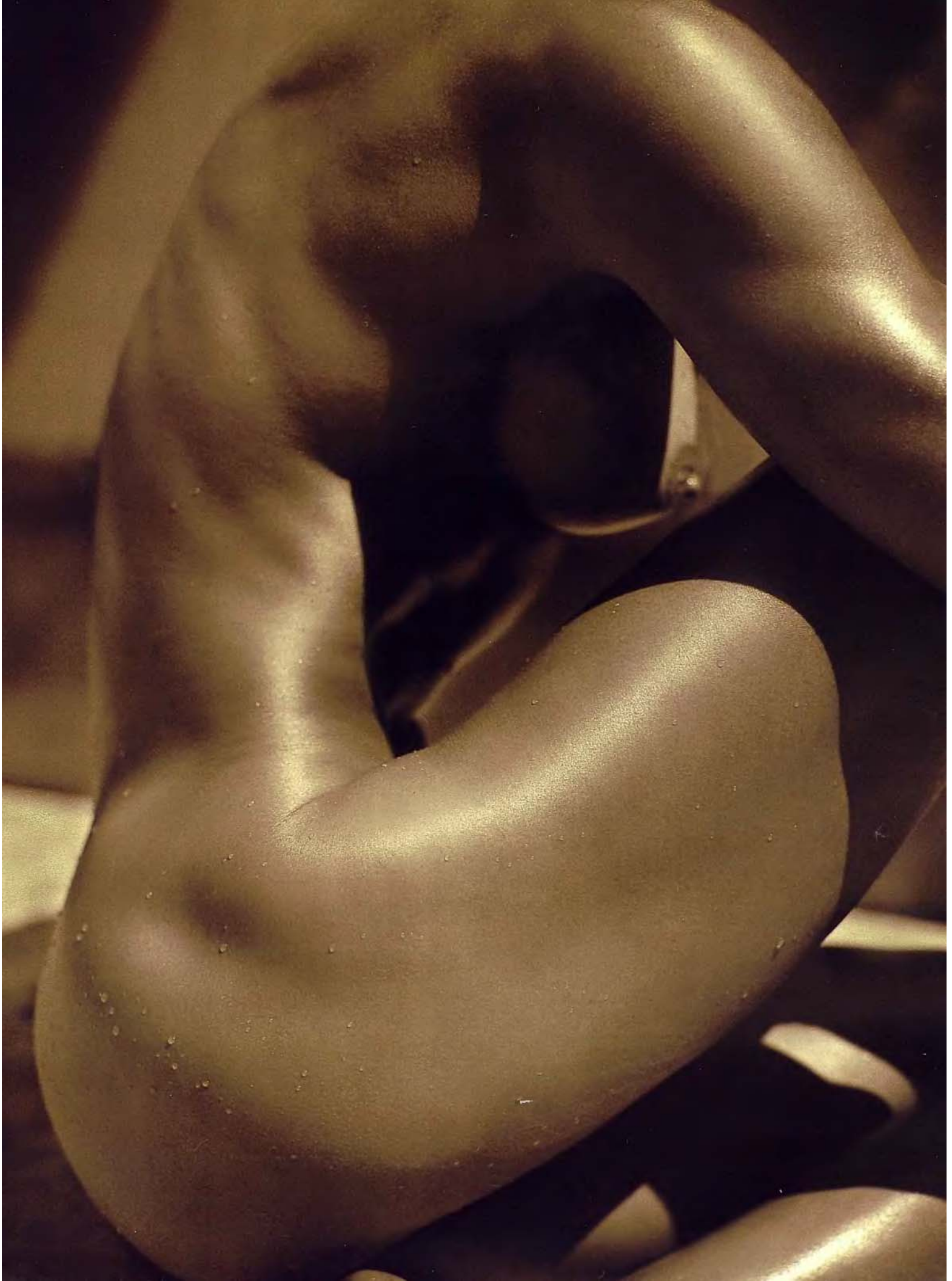




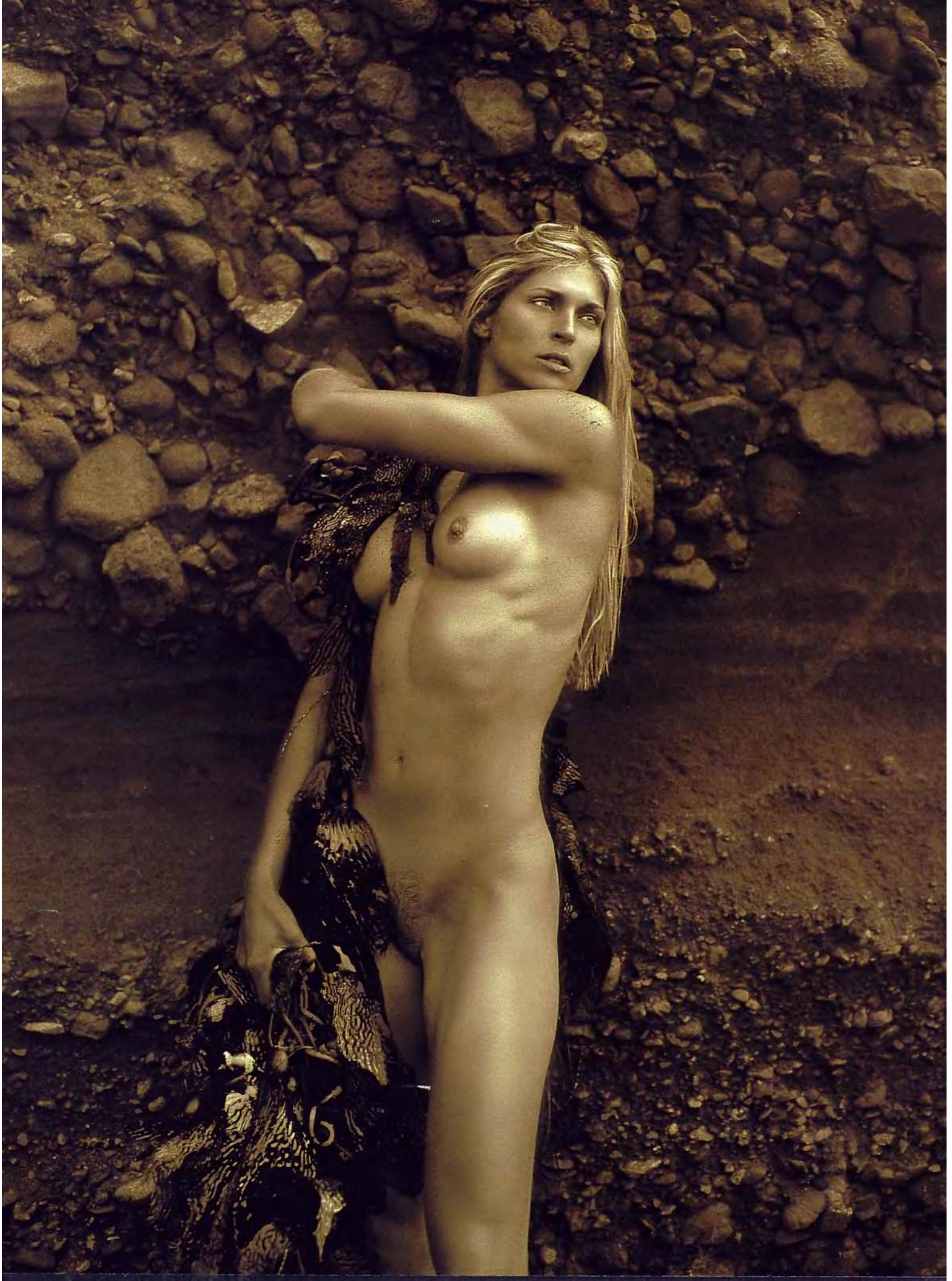














of a girl “with no sense that my life would amount to anything,” she wrote in her 1997 autobiography, *Big Girl in the Middle*. Of course, she has amounted to a lot—her Renaissance woman résumé ranges from writer to professional athlete to TV personality—and she credits sports and fitness with giving her discipline and purpose. Gabby was a force in professional beach volleyball for almost a decade, but for the past nine months she has been training with Gravity Golf founder David Lee with the goal of turning pro.

When Gabby is not on the driving range she’s at the gym, pushing iron for two hours, keeping herself in fighting trim. Even there she radiates intensity and power, qualities that, she admits, can be intimidating in a woman. “In my experience there have been men who have said, ‘I’m not even going to get near that!’” she says, laughing. “They’d say, ‘Well, if you were a bit shorter!’” She says her size has weeded out the weak—Gabby’s own variation on social Darwinism. “I’ve met some extraordinary men that way. Actually, short men are the ballsiest. They’ll be like, ‘Hey, I don’t care how big you are!’”



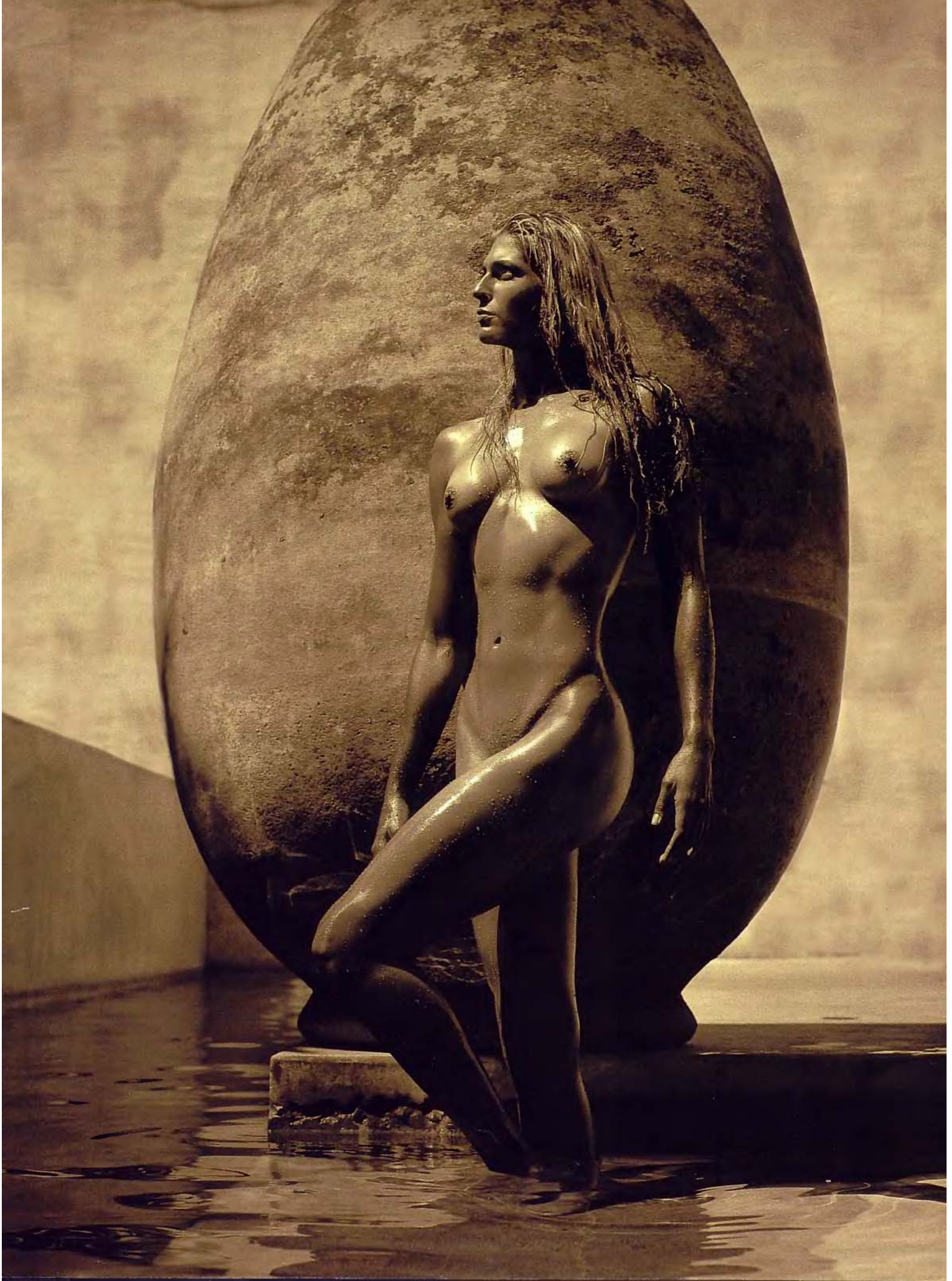














# SCREWBALL SCIENCE

**A PHYSICIST EXPLAINS WHY "OXYGENATED  
WATER" IS PURE BILGE AND SNAKE-OIL  
SALESMEN WEAR WHITE LAB COATS**

**article by  
ROBERT  
PARK**

Most Americans had never heard of John Hagelin until he took on Pat Buchanan for the leadership of the Reform Party—and for the \$12.6 million in federal matching funds that went with it. The quantum physicist with a perpetual cherubic smile was a striking contrast to the combative Buchanan. In fact, John Hagelin is a striking contrast to most people.

In 1999, Hagelin was in Washington trying to interest the State Department in his plan to end the violence in Kosovo. An elite corps trained in transcendental meditation would meditate in unison, creating a "coherent quantum-mechanical consciousness field" that would radiate tranquility. It was, he explained to reporters at the National Press Club, "a scientifically proven solution."

Hagelin certainly has the credentials to talk about science: a degree in physics *summa cum laude* from Dartmouth, a Ph.D. from Harvard and a postdoctoral stint at the Stanford Linear Accelerator. And four years ago he managed to get on the presidential ballot in more than 40 states as the candidate of the Natural Law Party.

His current academic gig is chairman of the physics department of the Maharishi University of Management in Fairfield, Iowa. Some of his opinions are not exactly mainstream science. That doesn't make them wrong. It's the facts, to say nothing of common sense, that make his claims preposterous.

But Hagelin sounds scientific, and these days that's often enough to be taken seriously. Indeed, bogus science has become a ubiquitous part of our culture, turning up to support patently unbelievable boasts in everything from health food to national defense. When so much that passes for journalism is just cheap entertainment with a pretense of seriousness, the wackiest claims can pass as news. Most government agencies are unable or unwilling to protect or inform the public about phony "scientifically based" claims—especially when they are on the web, which carries its own ironic and spurious aura of authenticity.

Also, real science is on a roll: Hunger has been reduced to a political problem and our life expectancy has dramatically increased. You have OnStar in your car and genetically modified tomatoes in your salad, and your eyeballs have just been reshaped with a laser. OK, so we still don't have a good light beer, but this is only the beginning. The mapping of the human genome, nanoscale technology and climate science hold the promise of even greater improvements in our lives. The public has come to expect miracles from science—and that's the problem. The more science succeeds, the more opportunities there are for crooks and wackos claiming to be scientists—and for John Hagelin to hold forth in front of reporters and policymakers in Washington, as he has over the years.

Hagelin's proof that meditation could soothe the Balkans during the 1999 war (continued on page 223)







# CRUISING ALTITUDE

fiction By CHUCK PALAHNTUK

**S**omewhere north-northeast above Los Angeles, I'm getting sore, so I ask Tracy if she will let up for a minute. This is another lifetime ago.

With a big hank of white spit looped between my knob and her lower lip, her whole face hot and flushed from choking, still holding my sore dog in her fist, Tracy settles back on her heels and says how in the *Kama Sutra* it tells you to make your lips really red by wiping them with sweat from the testicles of a white stallion.

"For real," she says.

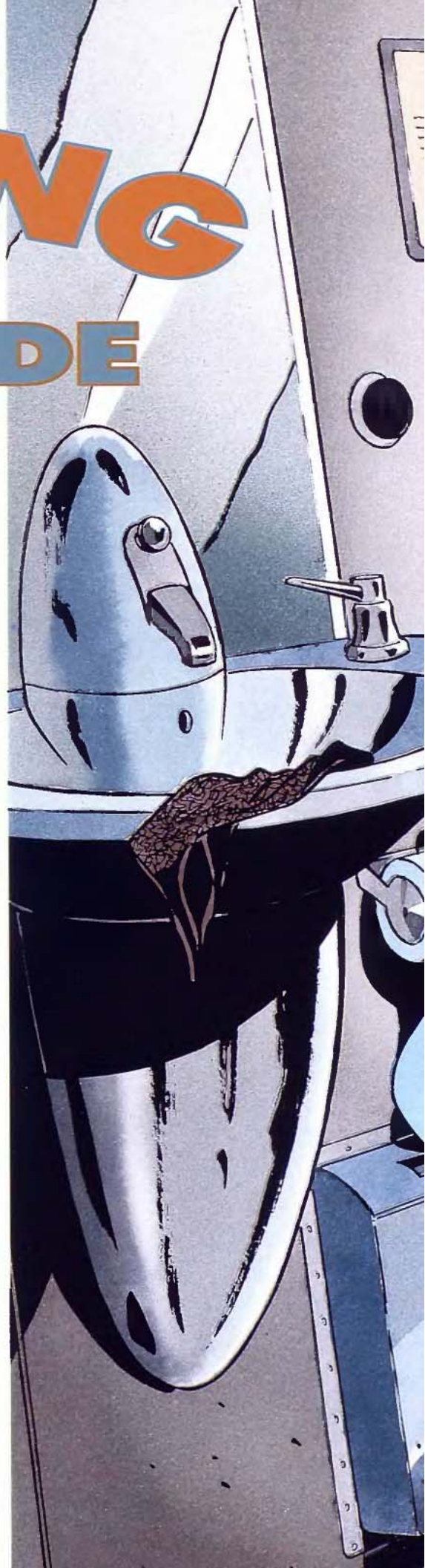
Now there's a weird taste in my mouth and I look hard at her lips, her lips and my dog the same purple color. I say, "You don't do that stuff, do you?"

The door handle rattles and we both look, fast, to make sure it's locked.

Nothing's worse than when a little kid opens the door. What's next worst is when some man throws open the door and doesn't understand. Even if you're alone, when a kid opens the door, you have to, fast, cross your legs. Pretend it's an accident. An adult guy might slam the door, might yell, "Lock it next time, ya moron," but he's still the only one blushing.

After that, what's worse, Tracy says,

note to  
frequent  
fliers: the mile  
high club is  
kid stuff  
compared to  
the circuit









is being a woman the *Kama Sutra* would call an elephant woman. Especially if you're with what they call a hare man.

Then she says, "I didn't mean that to sound the way it did."

Let's just say that even if somebody didn't believe the accident story, I would never get convicted of more than a lousy misdemeanor.

The wrong person opens the door, and you are in their nightmares all week.

Your best defense is, unless somebody is on the make, no matter who opens the door and sees you sitting there, they always assume it's their mistake. Their fault.

I always did. I used to walk in on women or men riding the toilet on airplanes, trains or Greyhound buses or in those little single-seat unisex restaurant bathrooms. I'd open the door to see some stranger sitting there, some blonde all blue eyes and teeth with a ring through her navel and wearing high heels, with her G-string stretched down between her knees and the rest of her clothes and bra folded on the little counter next to the sink. Every time this happens I would always wonder, why the hell don't people bother to lock the door?

As if this ever happens by accident.

Nothing on the circuit happens by accident. It could be, on the train somewhere between home and work, you'll open a bathroom door to find some brunette, with her hair pinned up and only her long earrings trembling down alongside her smooth white neck, and she's just sitting inside with the bottom half of her clothes on the floor. Her blouse open with nothing inside but her hands cupped under each breast, her fingernails, her lips, her nipples are all the same cross between brown and red. Her legs as smooth white as her neck, smooth as a car you could drive 200 miles an hour, and her hair the same brunette all over, and she licks her lips.

You slam the door and say, "Sorry."

And from somewhere deep inside, she says, "Don't be."

And she still doesn't lock the door. The little sign still saying: Vacant.

How this happens is, I used to fly round-trip to Los Angeles when I was still in the medical program at UCLA. Six times I opened the door on the same yoga redhead naked from the waist down with her skinny legs pulled up cross-legged on the toilet seat, filling her nails with the scratch pad of a matchbook, as if she's trying to catch herself on fire, wearing just a silky blouse knotted over her breasts, and six times she looks down at her freckled pink self with the road-crew orange rug around it, then her eyes the same

gray as tin metal look up at me, slow and every time says, "If you don't mind," she says, "I'm in here."

Six times I slam the door in her face.

All I can think to say is, "Don't you speak English?"

Six times.

This all takes less than a minute. There isn't time to think.

But still it happens more and more often.

Some other trip, maybe cruising altitude between Los Angeles and Seattle, you'll open the door on some surfer blond with both of his tanned hands wrapped around the big purple dog between his legs, and Mr. Kewl shakes the stringy hair off his eyes, points his dog, squeezed shiny wet inside a glossy rubber, he points this straight at you and says, "Hey, man, make the time—"

It gets to be, every time you go to the bathroom, the little sign says vacant, but it's always somebody.

Another woman, two knuckles deep and disappearing into herself.

A different man, his four inches dancing between his thumb and forefinger, primed and ready to cough up the little white soldiers.

You begin to wonder, just what do they mean by vacant.

Even in an empty bathroom, you find the smell of spermicidal foam. The paper towels are always used up. You'll see the print of a bare foot on the bathroom mirror, six feet up, near the top of the mirror, the little arched print of a woman's foot, the five round spots left by her toes, and you'd wonder, what happened here?

You'll see a smear of lipstick on the wall, down almost to the floor, and you can only imagine what was going on. There's the dried white stripes from the last pullout moment when somebody's dog tossed his white soldiers against the plastic wall.

Some flights the walls will still be wet to the touch, the mirror fogged. The carpet sticky. The sink drain is sucked full, choked with every color of little curled hair. On the bathroom counter, next to the sink, is the perfect round outline in contraceptive jelly, of where somebody set her diaphragm. Some flights, there are two or three different sizes of perfect round outlines.

These are the domestic legs of longer flights, transpacific or flights over the pole. Ten- to 16-hour flights. Direct flights, Los Angeles to Paris. Or from anywhere to Sydney.

My Los Angeles trip number seven, the yoga redhead whips her skirt off the floor and hurries out after me. Still zipping herself up in the back, she trails me all the way to my seat and sits next to me, saying, "If your goal

is to hurt my feelings, you could give lessons."

She's got this shining soap opera kind of hairdo, only now her blouse is buttoned with a big floppy bow in the front and everything, pinned down with a big brooch.

You say it again, "Sorry."

This is westbound, somewhere to the north-northwest of Atlanta.

"Listen," she says, "I work just too hard to take this kind of shit. You hear me?"

You say, "I'm sorry."

"I'm on the road three weeks out of every month," she says. "I'm paying for a house I never see, soccer camp for my kids. Just the cost of my dad's nursing home is incredible. Don't I deserve something? I'm not bad-looking. The least you can do is not shut the door in my face."

This is really what she says.

She ducks down to put her face between me and the magazine I'm pretending to read. "Don't make like you don't know," she says. "It's not like the circuit is anything secret."

So I say, "What circuit?"

And she puts a hand over her mouth and sits back.

She says, "Oh, gosh, I'm so sorry. I just thought—" and reaches up to push the little red stewardess button.

A flight attendant comes strolling past, and the redhead orders two double bourbons.

I say, "I hope you're planning to drink them both."

And she says, "Actually, they're both for you."

This would be my first trip on the circuit.

"Don't let's fight," she says and gives me her cool white hand. "I'm Tracy."

A better place this could have happened is in a Lockheed Tristar 500 with its strip mall of five large bathrooms isolated in the rear of the tourist-class cabin. Spacious. Soundproof. Behind everybody's back where they can't see who comes and goes.

Compared to that, you have to wonder what kind of animal designed the Boeing 747-400 where it seems every bathroom opens onto a seat. For any real discretion, you have to trek back to the toilets in the back of the rear tourist cabin. Forget the single lower-level sidewall bathroom in business class unless you want everybody to know what you've got going.

It's simple.

If you're a guy, how it works is you sit in the bathroom with your Uncle Charlie whipped out, you know, the big red panda, and you work him up to parade attention, you know, the full upright position, and then you just wait in your

(continued on page 194)

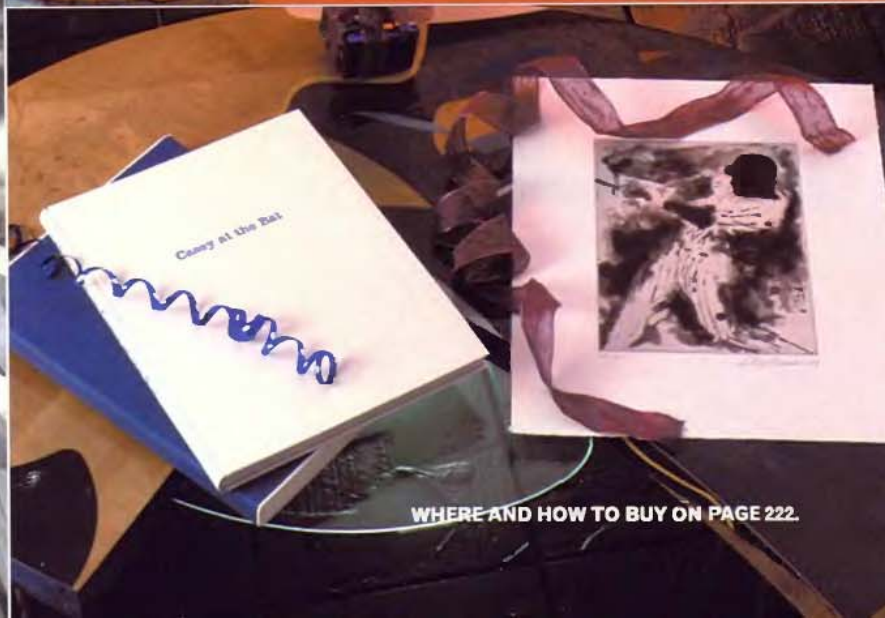




**MY SHOPPING'S DONE.  
NOW, WHO GETS WHAT? EENY, MEENY,  
MINEY, MO....**



**N**orelco's 6885 XL rozor (above) features an LCD that shows the remaining battery power (\$160). Above left: DKNY's men's toiletries collection includes fragrance, aftershave balm, fragrance oil and body lotion in skyscraper-style bottles (\$18 to \$50). Left: Lionel Trains celebrates its 100th anniversary with this 24-kt.-gold-plated re-creation of the New York Central's J-Class 4-6-4 Hudson engine and coal car (\$1400). Bottom left: Girard-Perregaux's eight-day desk clock with alarm replicates the gauges from the 1964 Ferrari 250 GTO, from Swiss FineTiming (\$1650). Bottom: Artist LeRoy Neiman created 26 drawings to illustrate Ernest Lawrence Thayer's poem *Casey at the Bat*. The deluxe edition (it's limited to 175) includes a signed and numbered etching by the artist (\$3000).





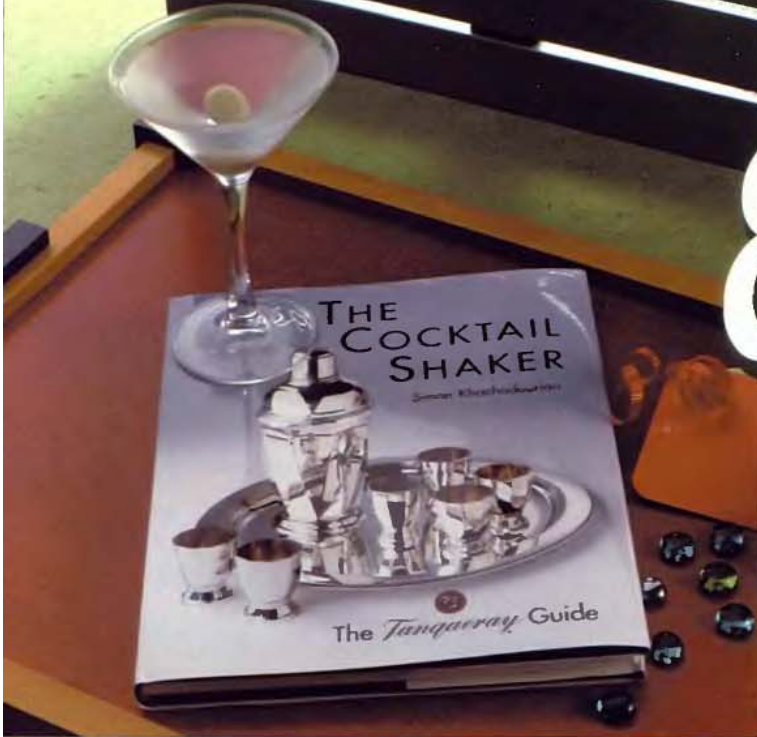
# Eleventh-Hour SANTA

**Gloryosky!**

**I'M LATE AGAIN THIS YEAR!**

**S**imon Khachadourian's *The Cocktail Shaker* (top left) is a handsome tribute to the bartender's best friend (\$45). Left: Csonka's leather-covered pocket humididor features a cedar bed, a humidifier and a cigar cutter (\$50). In the humididor: a Playboy Double Corona by Don Diego (\$10). Bottom left: Apple's Power Mac G4 Cube (\$1800) has a 450 MHz processor and looks even more stylish with the company's Studio Display monitor (\$1000). Bottom: Dogleg Right's HOG XTL driver isn't legal for USGA tournaments, but it packs o wallop (about \$600). Next to it is a C-Groove putter featuring concentric grooves that grip the ball upon impact, by Pro Geor (about \$130). Use both with a Callaway Rule 35 Firm-feel ball (\$40 for a box of 10).

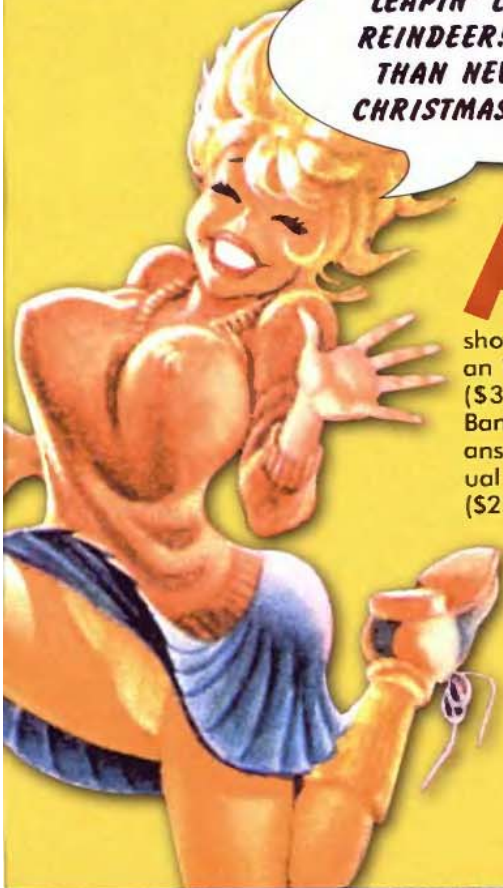
PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
RICHARD IZUI







**LEAPIN' LIZARDS AND REINDEER! BETTER LATE THAN NEVER—MERRY CHRISTMAS, EVERYBODY!**



**A**bove: Sony's D-EJ815 CD Walkman has the world's longest battery life—as much as 76 hours (\$150). Also shown: SHR-M1 headphones with an FM tuner (\$60) and a CD case (\$30), by X-Large. Above right: Bang and Olufsen's BeoTalk 1200 answering machine offers individual messages for incoming calls (\$250). Right: Isle of Jura 16-year-old single malt scotch (\$50) and an antique alligator flask from Kentshire Galleries at Bergdorf Goodman in New York (\$1200). Bottom right: The Panasonic DVD-LAB5 is a portable DVD-audio-and-video player with liquid crystal display and remote (\$1600). Below: Jeep's 2000 Edition Baombox features a CD player and radio tuner (\$200).





HOW A SLOW, WASHED-UP FOOTBALL PLAYER BECAME A

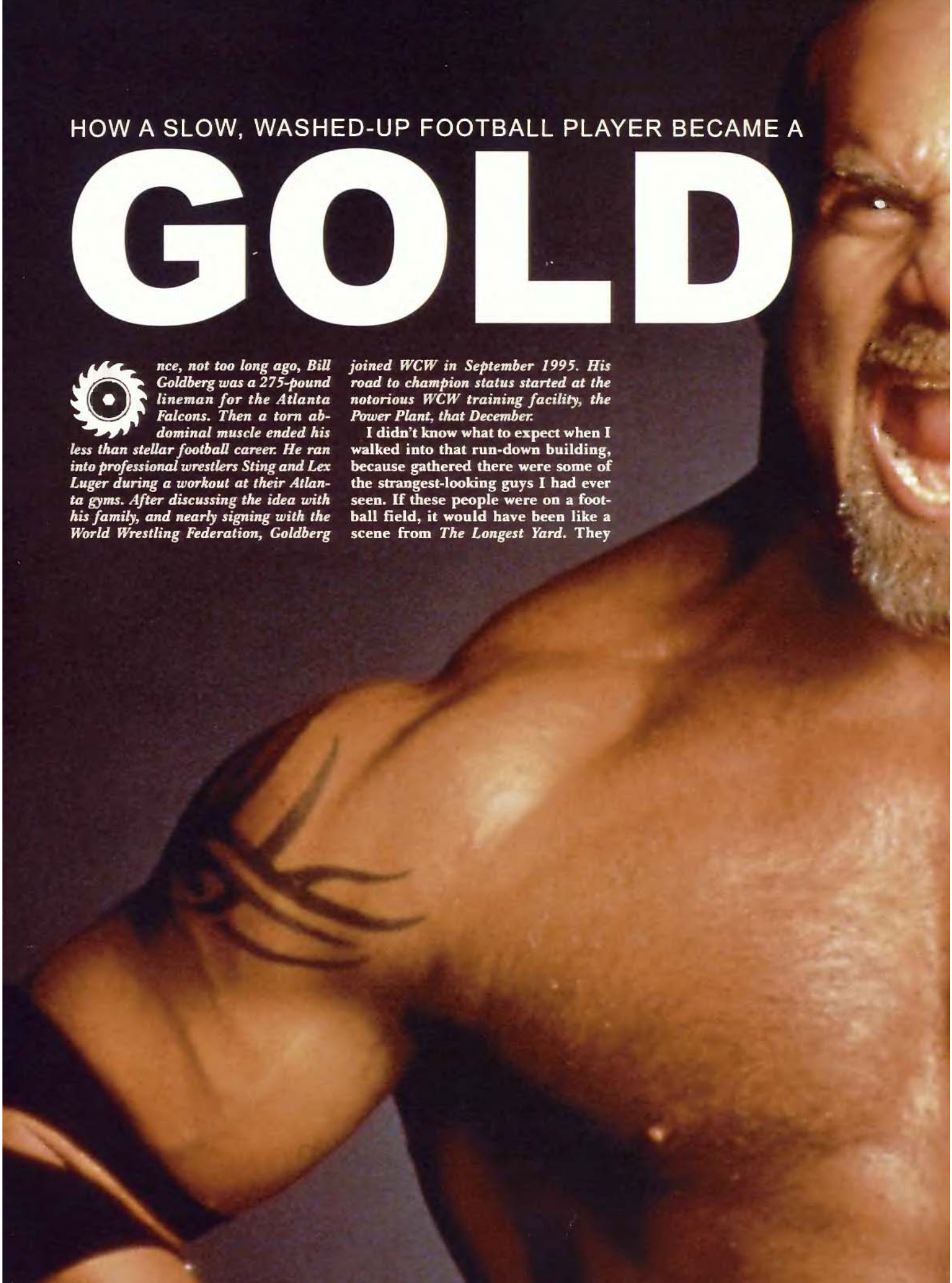
# GOLD



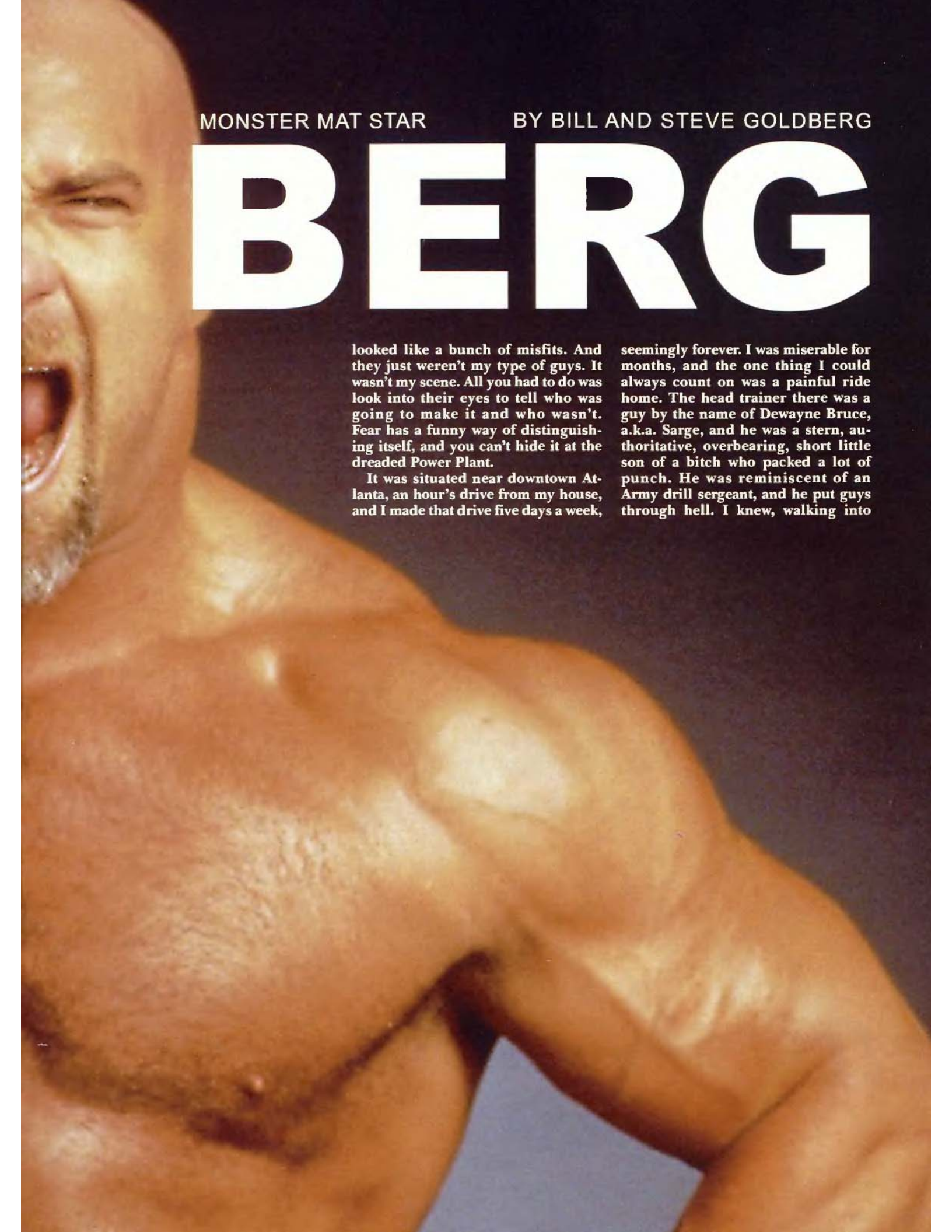
nce, not too long ago, Bill Goldberg was a 275-pound lineman for the Atlanta Falcons. Then a torn abdominal muscle ended his less than stellar football career. He ran into professional wrestlers Sting and Lex Luger during a workout at their Atlanta gyms. After discussing the idea with his family, and nearly signing with the World Wrestling Federation, Goldberg

joined WCW in September 1995. His road to champion status started at the notorious WCW training facility, the Power Plant, that December.

I didn't know what to expect when I walked into that run-down building, because gathered there were some of the strangest-looking guys I had ever seen. If these people were on a football field, it would have been like a scene from *The Longest Yard*. They







MONSTER MAT STAR

BY BILL AND STEVE GOLDBERG

# BERG

looked like a bunch of misfits. And they just weren't my type of guys. It wasn't my scene. All you had to do was look into their eyes to tell who was going to make it and who wasn't. Fear has a funny way of distinguishing itself, and you can't hide it at the dreaded Power Plant.

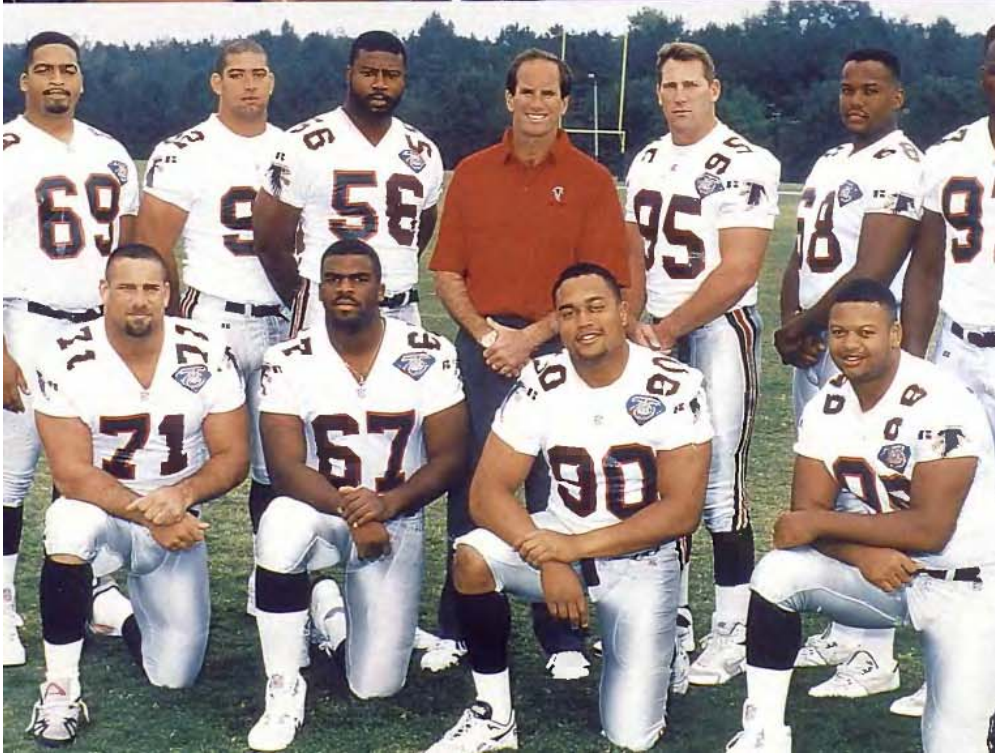
It was situated near downtown Atlanta, an hour's drive from my house, and I made that drive five days a week,

seemingly forever. I was miserable for months, and the one thing I could always count on was a painful ride home. The head trainer there was a guy by the name of Dewayne Bruce, a.k.a. Sarge, and he was a stern, authoritative, overbearing, short little son of a bitch who packed a lot of punch. He was reminiscent of an Army drill sergeant, and he put guys through hell. I knew, walking into





Suddenly he doesn't look so tough: Goldberg is reduced to mere mortal proportions in the company of his pal Charles Barkley (upper left) and with his mother (above) during his leisure suit days. Goldberg (number 71, below) as part of the Atlanta Falcons defensive line. After his gridiron career ended with a severe injury in 1995, he considered a number of employment options, even toying with the idea of becoming a bouncer or personal trainer. But he was converted to a life in the ring by fellow wrestler Sting, whom he knew from hanging out in Atlanta gyms. "Physically, he was absolutely perfect," says Sting. "He had all the tools. He didn't have a shy bone in his body." Apparently not: That's Goldberg (left) attempting to separate Sid Vicious from his jaw at their infamous Halloween Havoc match in Las Vegas.



the Power Plant, there were a lot of unknowns. But the one thing I expected to find was a guy like Sarge. As a football player, I'd been up against some of the toughest, meanest and strongest guys in sports, and I swore to myself that no wrestler or trainer—nor any man, for that matter—was going to make me quit. No matter how tough it was, I went through everything with a smile on my face.

Looking back, the physical part amounted to only about 50 percent of the training, and the rest was character development and what to do in the ring. Once they weeded out the people who couldn't handle the workout, they started to teach us how to become professional wrestlers. There were a lot of guys in different stages of their training, and the ones who had been in the class for a while would demonstrate the moves. Every time a guy made it past the tryout stage, they would add him to the class, and he went along at his own pace until he was plucked out and used in a "dark match"—a match performed in front of a live audience at a TV taping. And therein would lie the beginning of his career. Some of the guys were in the class for a year before they got that opportunity. In most cases, they were paid little, but they stuck with it because they wanted to fulfill their dream of becoming a professional wrestler.

You had to practice hitting the ropes repeatedly, and if your ribs weren't cracked, it sure felt like they were. Running up against the ropes is brutal because they are made of steel cables. I do it all the time now, and I am conditioned to it, but back then it was foreign to me, and I fought through it every step of the way. Your back would hurt like hell from doing bumps on the mat and from guys dropping you the wrong way. You'd get dropped on your head and hit full-on because, after all, these guys didn't know the right way to do the moves yet. The guys who could do them and make them look graceful earned my respect because they were a lot harder to do than I thought they would be.

The first thing that you were taught was the lockup, and from there you learned the basic holds. You learned how to go to a headlock, and then you learned how to work a guy's arm. Next you learned the basic moves: the snap mayor or snapmare or something like that (I don't know how to spell it or use it), the body slam, the fireman's carry and the arm drag. The first submission hold that Sarge taught me was the cobra clutch, and the only time I ever used it was in the finish with Sid Vicious in our match in Toronto. What's a

*(continued on page 150)*





*"I'm delighted to let my beloved brother pass out presents to the good little boys and girls, so long as I can take care of the rest!"*



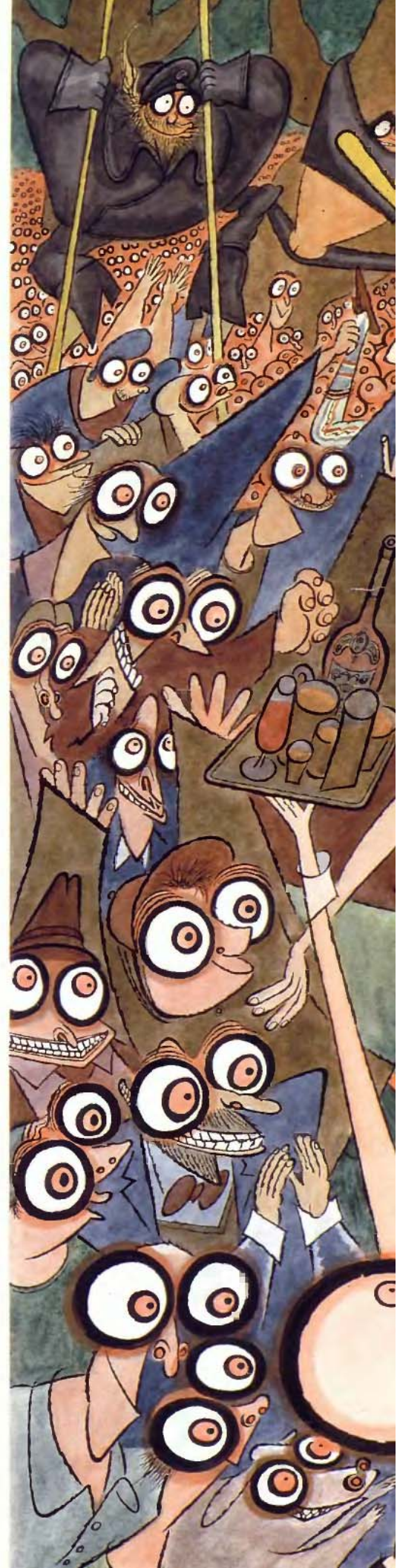
# TOPLESS TOWN

By Shel Silverstein

**I**t all started out at Rosalie's Good Eats Cafe  
Everybody sittin', eatin' eggs and grits,  
chattin' in the usual way  
Lucy pourin' the coffee and dishin' out the eats  
Wearin' one of them flimsy, frilly white blouses with nothin'  
underneath.

Then—a spark flies out of Judge McCory's cigar  
Lands on Lucy—and sets her blouse on fire  
Just a whoosh—and she's minus the top of her dress  
Well, if you read that evenin's Banner, you know the rest—  
How Big Jay Wilkes, a trucker for Mountain South,  
Smothered her up in his big bear arms and squeezed and put her out  
Then she goes a-runnin' for the ladies' room like a shot  
But not before everybody in the place seen everything she got.

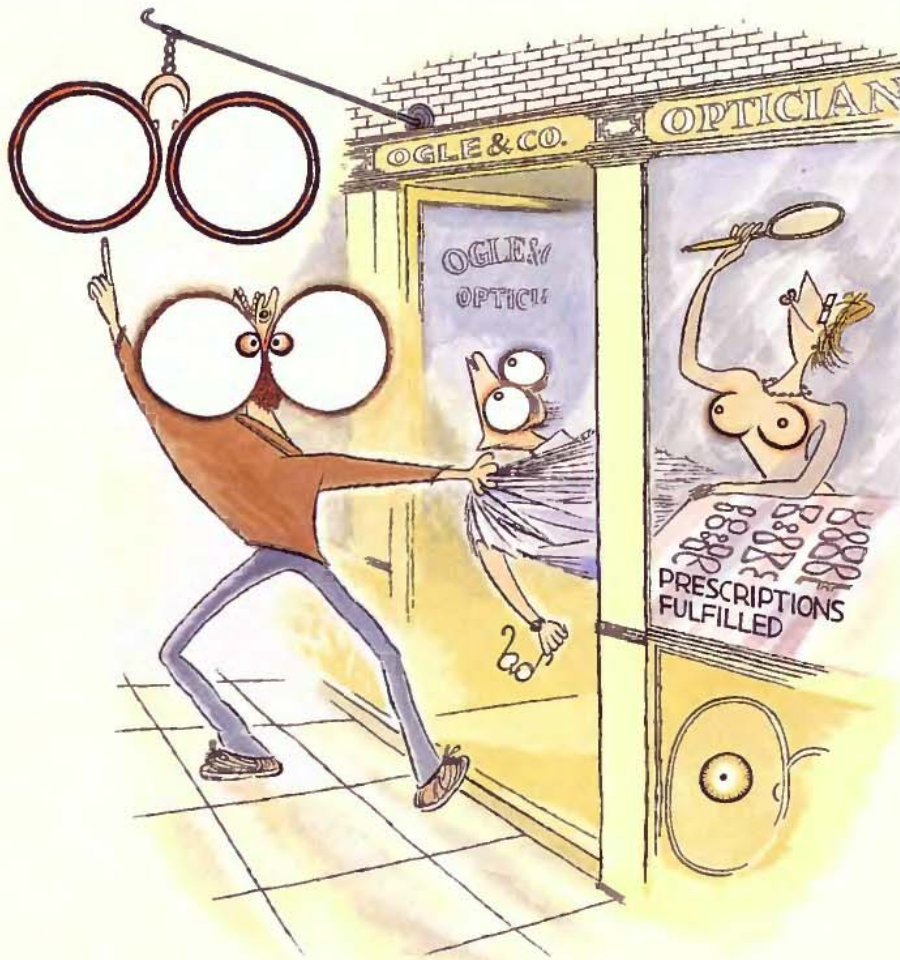
Well, the word spread just as fast as that fire did  
And next mornin' the cafe's crowded with old men,  
young men and kids  
Hooterin' and hollerin', stools spinnin' 'round like this  
Hopin' and prayin' to get a little glimpse of what they'd missed  
But, naturally, Lucy ain't givin' nobody a treat  
She's buttoned up to here and blushin' like a beet  
And soon's all the boys see that there ain't no show  
They all leave, grumblin' how they ain't comin' back no more.











bitch how her arches are beginnin' to fall.

Well, then Brenda on the night shift,  
 she sees the tips Lucy's got  
 So the very next evenin' she shows up for  
 work without no top  
 And two days later the cashier, Betsy  
 Black  
 Come in and give Rosalie the shirt right  
 off her back  
 Well, they come by the thousands to eat  
 and drink and look  
 Soon Rosalie's gotta hire Fat Phyllis a  
 second cook  
 "Well, I guess," says Phyllis, "y'gotta do  
 like them Romans do."  
 So she rips off her T-shirt and starts  
 stirrin' up the stew.  
 But when Ed the busboy starts enjoyin'  
 things a little too much  
 She puts up a sign in the kitchen sayin'  
 LOOK, DONTTOUCH.  
 And Rosalie's payin' off her mortgage  
 and puttin' her boy through school  
 Gotta hire a topless bouncer to keep  
 things cool  
 And a car park to keep up with the

**T**hen Rosalie takes Lucy  
 aside, and she says,  
 "Listen, Babe,  
 We're losin' money, and  
 I see a chance to get saved  
 Now what if you was to ... dress like you  
 did yesterday  
 And we change the name to Rosalie's  
 Topless Cafe?"  
 Well, Lucy reacts with fury and moral  
 indignation  
 But they finally settle on a buck-an-  
 hour raise and an extra week's  
 vacation  
 And next mornin' she shows up au nat-  
 urel, as the French folks say  
 At the historic grand opening of Ros-  
 alie's Topless Cafe.

Talk about a hit! They're packed in and  
 linin' up  
 A cover and a minimum—coffee \$2  
 a cup  
 Lucy's pullin' down a thousand a week  
 with tips and all  
 Workin' double shifts while startin' to





crowd outside  
 She says, "I always knew the good Lord  
 would provide."

Then Jan at the Double J Luncheonette  
 'cross the street  
 Says, "Hey, if they wanna play hard-  
 ball, we got 'em beat."  
 So she and June put on their topless  
 exhibition  
 And soon they're givin' Rosalie's stiff,  
 stiff competition.

Well, then ol' Sam Pierce down at  
 Pierce's Hardware Store  
 He repaints the sign outside his door  
 And the next day ol' Miz Pierce and  
 her daughter Gayle  
 Are toplessly scoopin' out galvanized  
 nails.

Then Reverend Peters says, "Folks it's a  
 tough decision  
 But the Lord can't get run off by this  
 competition."  
 So next Sunday there's a topless ladies'  
 choir in harmony  
 In a heartfelt rendition of Nearer My



God to Thee."

Well, zap!—it all takes off just like  
 a shot  
 Les Willis opens his Topless Bait and  
 Tackle Shop  
 And when the Farmers' Bank unveiled  
 topless tellers  
 The interest rate sure went up amongst  
 the fellers.

Well, Frank Willis hires a topless host-  
 ess at the Golden Cactus  
 Tom Rooney, proprietor of Tammy's  
 Place, says that's unfair labor  
 practice  
 So he sends to Milwaukee for a girl  
 called Thirty-Eight Kate  
 And in less than a week he's stole half of  
 Frank's business away.

And the tourists—they're pourin' in,  
 honkin' and raisin' hell  
 Payin' \$200 a night for a room at  
 Tom's Topless Motel  
 Eatin' Rosalie's \$4 burgers, no bun  
 on top  
 Buyin' suntan lotion at our topless Stop  
 and Shop.  
 Payin' \$12.95 for a T-shirt from Top-  
 less Jean's

And payin' \$50 for an autographed  
 photo with Lucy, our original topless  
 queen  
 And Sister Rhodes says, "Our cup run-  
 neth over. We are truly blessed  
 'Cause they're makin' big contributions  
 to our community chest."

Then the merchants' association of our  
 town  
 Realizin' how the economy's been saggin'  
 down  
 They call a meetin' and they search deep  
 down in their souls  
 They take a vote and say, "Let the good  
 times roll."

Well, soon there's a topless pharmacy  
 and a topless shoe repair  
 The 4-H Club plannin' a topless county  
 fair  
 There's a topless McDonald's and a  
 topless rent-a-car  
 Only one hurtin' was Ed's Topless Go-  
 Go Bar  
 Ed said he might as well close up and go  
 fishin'  
 Or go bottomless to keep abreast of the  
 competition.

(continued on page 190)





In Praise of

# Regis Philbin

An Old Friend Tells All  
Playboy Profile by  
David Halberstam

**R**egis is a passionate sports fan and above all he lives and dies for Notre Dame football. If anyone can wake up the echoes shouting her name it is Regis. He and I are old friends in a low-key sort of way. We live just a block from each other on New York's West Side. We go to the same gym, and I can vouch for the fact that Regis is in very good shape for a man of 69, or 68 or 66, whichever age he decides to be that day.

I know something about Notre Dame football too, though not as much as Regis, to be sure. The other day, with *Millionaire* madness raging, I spotted him crossing our street and decided to test him and find out how good he was.

"Regis," I said. "During World War II, one all-American Notre Dame quarterback went into the service. What was his name?"

"Angelo Bertelli!" he shouted out, quick as a flash. "You're right!" I shouted back. I did not ask him if it was his final answer, because everyone is doing that these days.

"What branch of the armed services did Angelo Bertelli enter?" Again, a quick answer, but with a slight pause this time.

"The United States *Marine Corps*," he said. (Regis is an ex-Navy man, and his father was in the Marines, so I doubted he was going to blow that one.)

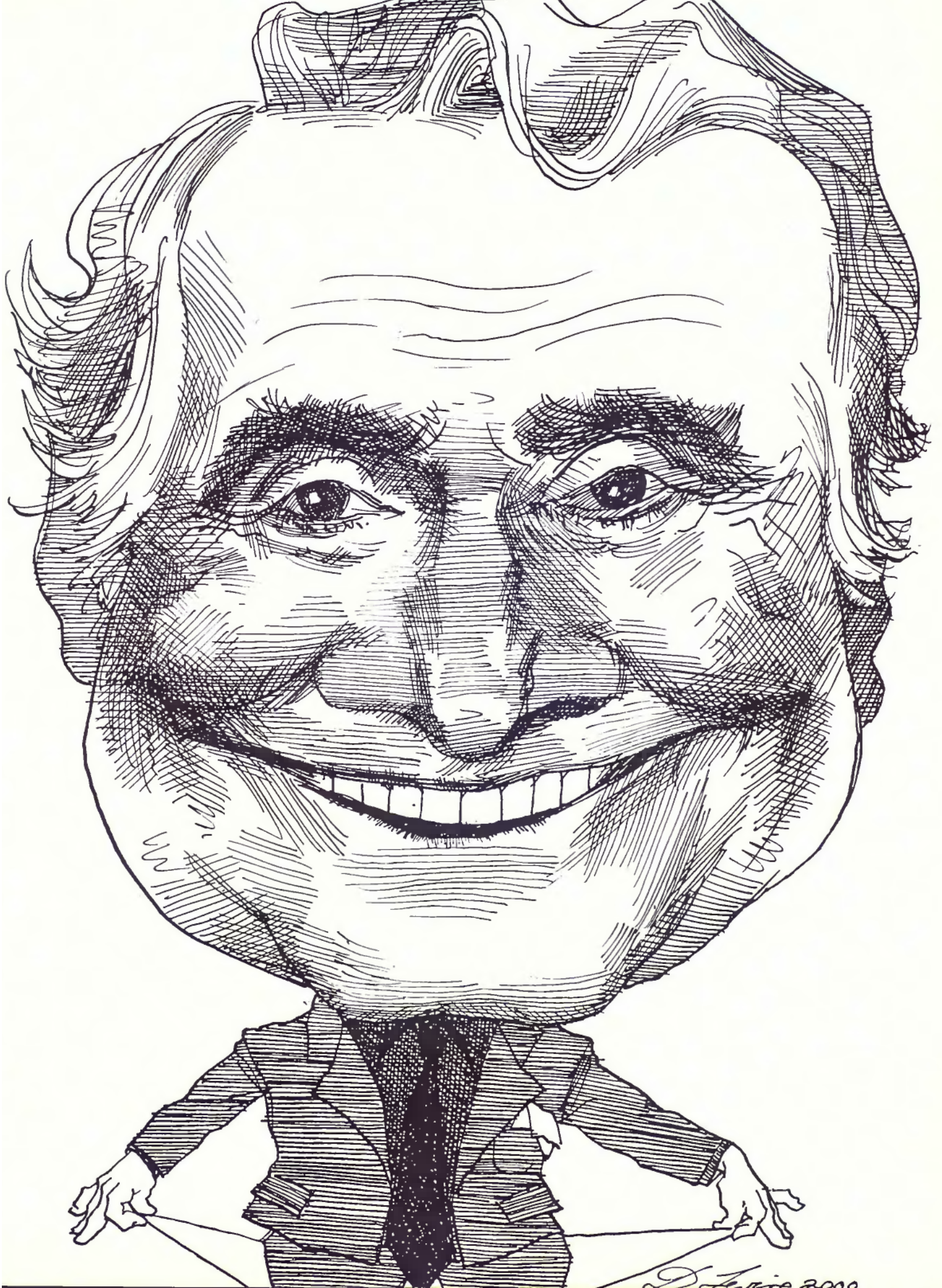
"And when he left Notre Dame to serve his country, what other quarterback, soon to be an all-American himself, replaced him?" I asked.

"Johnny Lujack!" he answered immediately. If there had been other contestants, as in *Jeopardy*, there's no doubt Regis would have hit the buzzer first. I think Regis could beat Alex Trebek in a category on Notre Dame football on *Jeopardy*, even if Alex, as seems likely, already had all the answers. I don't see many people beating Regis at *Jeopardy* on Fighting Irish football history. After all, when Regis was a fan in the fall of 1949, Notre Dame won the national championship. Regis knows his stuff.

"And the final question," I asked, deliberately not placing a price tag on it. We were on the corner of 67th and Columbus, and just trying to cross Columbus Avenue in the middle of the day can make you nervous enough. "Are Notre Dame quarterbacks in general as good as they are promoted to be by that powerful publicity machine?" Well, that was the tough one, and I knew it and he knew it.

"Not these days," he said. It was the right answer, said with a certain melancholia.







My friend Regis is really famous now, big-time famous, evolving from what was for the past decade your solid, well-above-the-norm fame. Sometimes now in the morning when I give our dogs their first walk of the day I can see the lines beginning to form outside the ABC studio across the street, and it surprises me that they are lining up for Regis—yes, Regis Philbin—and the *Who Wants to be a Millionaire?* show. His fame because of *Millionaire* is now beyond comprehension. If he was famous before because he was second banana to Kathie Lee, then he is right up there at the solo top now, near where Michael Jordan used to be, and where Oprah is, and where Mick Jagger remains eternally, and where Bill Clinton still is, though I suspect Bill is about to fade pretty quickly. Some of those people at the top, like Michael, are now seeking anonymity, but Regis is not. His entire life has been an assault upon anonymity.

So it is a level of fame that is startling even to him. While the *Regis and Kathie Lee* show made him quite famous, this is fame of a different nature. “You think you know something about fame if you have a morning show and it’s successful,” he told me. “And then one day you go into prime time, and it is an entirely different kind of thing. Everyone in the world seems to know you.”

This seems like the most unlikely peak in a long, hard quest, and a long, very bumpy odyssey. Few people who reach the level Regis has this late in the game have banged around quite as much, or for quite as long. People who know him say his big break came in 1967 when he was second banana to Joey Bishop on *The Joey Bishop Show*, which is something of a contradiction, because Joey Bishop himself was never first banana. Also, Bishop did not treat Regis very well, and when the Bishop show died, Regis as much as Bishop was blamed.

For that reason, among others, says Dave O’Leary, a Lansing, Michigan paint dealer who has been Regis’ closest friend since their freshman year at Notre Dame, when they roomed next door to each other, Regis believes he is the greatest living example of Murphy’s Law. That is, anything that can go wrong, will go wrong—and, more important, it will go wrong for Regis Philbin, not for anyone else. That has happened through much of his career, and the great thing about his supersuccess is that in his mind, it’s still happening. That is, if you’re Regis Philbin, you can go off the charts and still Murphy’s Law applies.

The most recent example of this came a few years ago, when Regis met up with Johnny Carson, who had al-

ways been a major hero to him. They had never had much contact, but a luncheon was scheduled with the help of mutual friends. It went exceptionally well, so well that Carson suggested dinner for the two of them—a great moment, dinner with his idol at his idol’s invitation. And so on the appointed night Regis set off for the restaurant. He is a terrible driver and has no sense of direction, and eventually he got lost. Though he tried to call the restaurant, he arrived an hour late and Carson, his hero, had already left.

That being said, this is an unusually sweet moment for Regis. Week after week *Millionaire* remains one of the highest-rated shows on television. *The New York Times*, using its own shorthand, lists it only as “Who . . .”

“Who . . .” saved the ABC network, as Regis likes to point out, and costs remarkably little to produce. And everywhere he goes, strangers come up and ask questions. And when he answers they always ask if that is his final answer. Not long ago, he went to the wedding of Michael Gelman, his producer, and after the vows were exchanged, an elderly man came up to him and asked, “Is that Gelman’s final answer?”

And I, so close in age to Regis, love the idea that in this, the country of the young, where amazing, indeed meteoric levels of success tend to happen only to the very young, to rock stars, and actors, and the young men and women who are in the dotcom business and have already made their half-billion each before they’re 30, such celebrity has happened to an old guy—a geezer like me.

Not only that, it is happening to an old guy who has been counted out so many times and has had so many shows die on him that at many critical moments in his life he’s been considered virtually unemployable. Back in the Seventies, when he was in his 40s, he was forced to work for scale.

Regis, it turns out, deals with his age with a certain benign flexibility, or inventiveness, depending on how you want to describe it, because show business prefers the young to the old and is obsessed by demographics. I learned somehow a long time ago that Regis and I were both born in 1934 and that we both graduated from college in 1955. When I was interviewing him for this piece, that seemed to be true. But then, as we talked, it appeared that there might be another birthday and another date of graduation. Dave O’Leary, who is his classmate, graduated in 1953, which means Regis was probably born in 1932 at the latest, and possibly even 1931. That would make him minimally 68, and possibly 69. His oldest friends from Notre Dame are

amused by this slight actuarial waffle, and a few years ago at a class reunion they gave him a Mickey Mouse watch that was inscribed to him. It was called the Ponce de Leon Award, and it was awarded to “the Classmate Who Lies the Most About His Age But Still Looks Good Enough to Get Away With It.” His exact age does not, of course, matter. Regis is eternally a kid.

Regis has, I think—and it is crucial to understanding him—true grit. O’Leary thinks it has always been something of an uphill fight for him, and that his talents and charm are hard earned, won in part in self-defense and also in the never-ending attempt to win over his father.

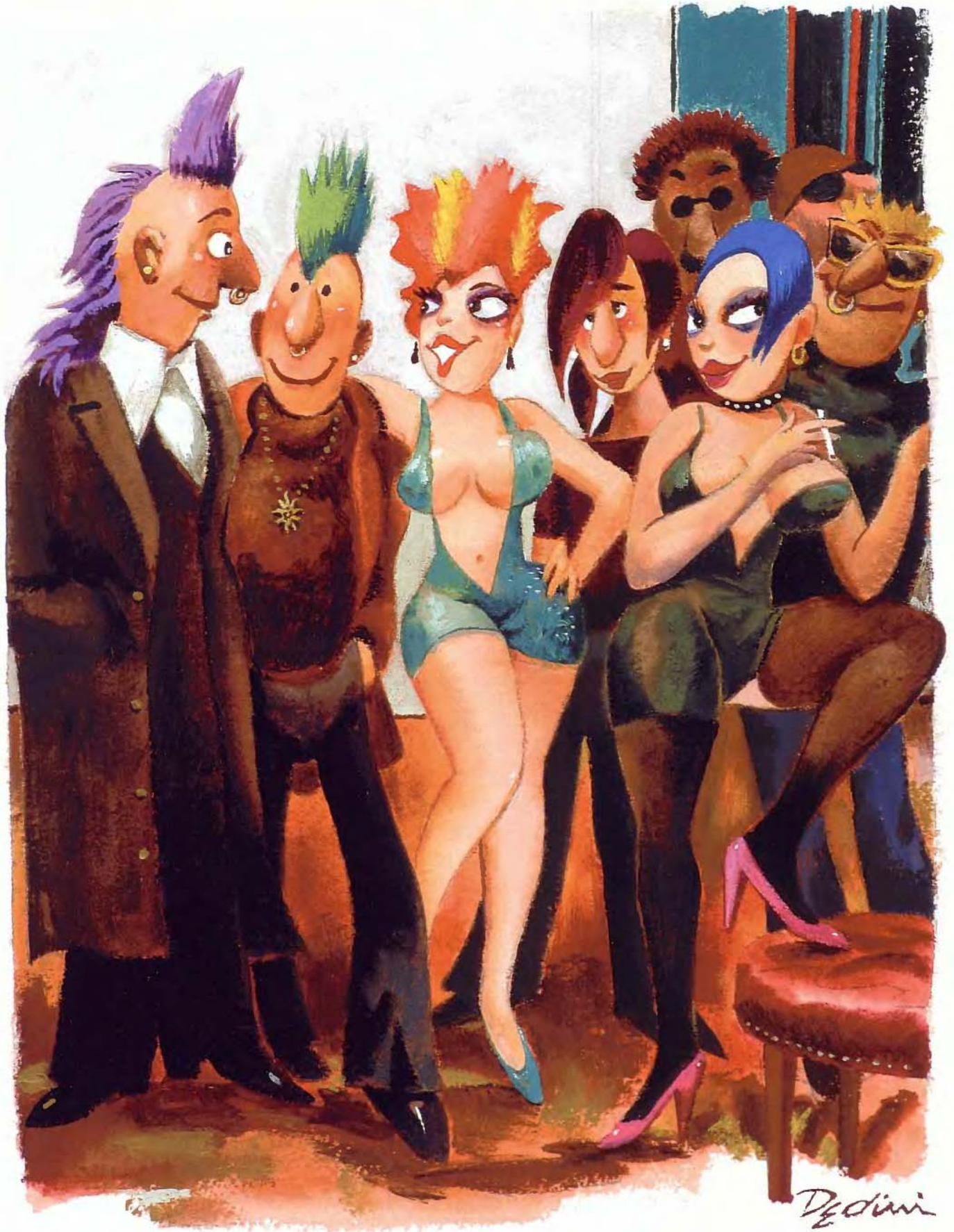
Frank Philbin, a Marine officer during World War II, was a tough, unbending man, a real-life Great Santini, says O’Leary (referring to the character in the Pat Conroy novel of the same name, played so well by Robert Duvall in the movie). He was a man whose son was doomed never to be able to win his admiration. They were like oil and water; the things the father could do well, the son could never master, and the things the son, lighter of heart and blither of spirit, could do well, the father could never appreciate. Driving lessons often ended in shambles, with Regis getting out of the car in some distant verdant place and walking home.

When Regis was at Notre Dame the family moved from the Bronx to a Long Island suburb called Mineola, where some railroad tracks ran through the backyard. The senior Philbin had been assured by the real estate agent who sold him the house that it was from an old abandoned line, no longer in use. The real estate agent, it turned out, lied. When the train went by every day it sounded like it was going right through the house, and O’Leary remembers Regis doing wonderful early routines, throwing himself on the floor in a prayerful position as if to have his life saved, or diving under the dining room table, shouting, “It’s going to get us this time! It’s sure to get us this time!” His father was not amused by the routines.

Regis has been at this game for 45 years now. His is a long, hard career, because he has the kind of talent that is easy to underestimate. He was working almost from the start in a medium that is cool, and Regis is—whatever else—not cool. Not many people have spent as much time in grade, doing as many different shows as Regis, waiting for the lightning to strike. He has spent a lifetime knocking on doors and being hired by people who did not want to hire him. But somehow they took him on anyway (largely, they would say, as a

(continued on page 208)



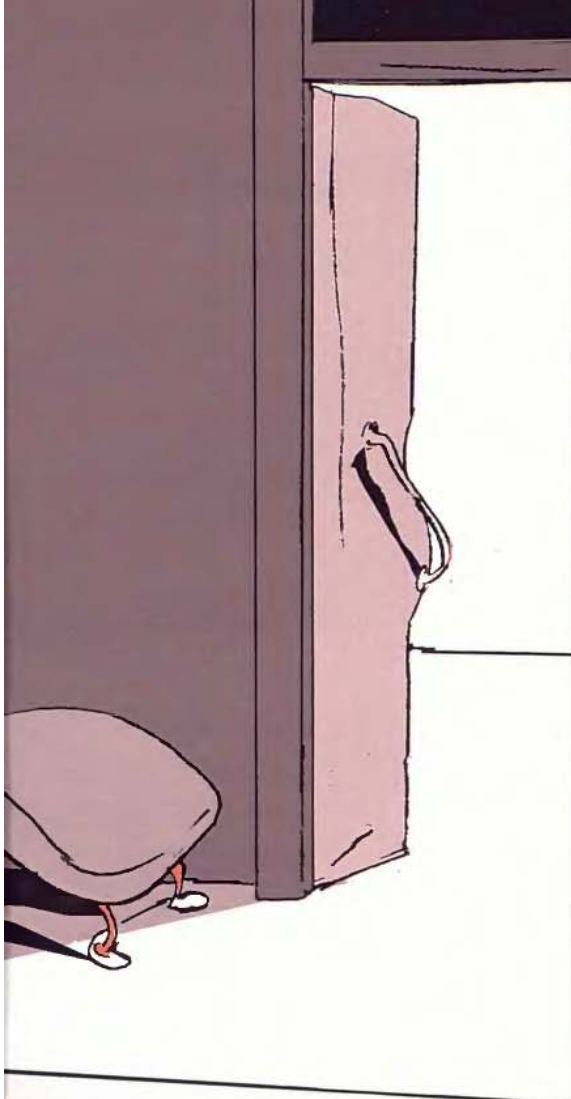


*"Let's find an office and have an office party!"*









DO-IT-YOURSELF

# Sex Tricks

you don't need to be a  
lothario to seduce women.  
you just need my formula

**E**very morning I pour myself a cup of coffee and think hard about sex and how to make it better. I invent sex tricks for a living.

My job is not without its pressures. I have never taken a vacation, because inspiration can strike anywhere. When it does, I grab my lover and test the idea, over and over. As you can imagine, this can be exhausting—for him. Using this method, I have perfected enough sex tricks to fill several best-selling books. How do I do it? The truth is, I have a formula. It's a plan for seduction that works every time.

Let's start with an example that the *Playboy Advisor* mentioned this past summer. The maneuver came from one of my compilations, *52 Invitations to Great Sex*. You begin the seduction by mailing an invitation to your girlfriend or wife, asking her to bring two shiny nickels to the bedroom at a specific time a few days after receipt of the note—let's say Saturday at 10:17 P.M. The Advisor didn't explain any more than this, so my answering machine filled with messages. "What happens with the two nickels? Where do they go?" The answer is simple: They go on the backs of her hands.

That doesn't sound hot? Remember, your invitation will arrive a few days before the event, so your lover will have time to ponder what lies in store for her. If she's like most women, she'll imagine all sorts of kinky scenarios. By the time Saturday arrives, she'll be ready for anything. She may even be wet before she walks into the bedroom.

The nickels are part of a game. After sweet talk and kisses, ask her to bend forward over the (continued on page 212)



ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

BY LAURA CORN



# RUSSIAN DELIGHT







**I** miss january is her mother country's knockout daughter

**I**RINA VORONINA may always be a beautiful mystery. A native of provincial Russia, she spends precious little time in her homeland these days, as a blossoming career in modeling takes her to cities all over the world: Milan, Basel, Madrid and, most recently, Los Angeles. "PLAYBOY didn't discover me," she says, "I discovered PLAYBOY. I was in LA for a few days and I introduced myself at the studio there."

She has the confidence and accessories of sophistication and a developing taste for the exotic ("I'm in love with Thai food"), but Irina insists she's a shy girl who remains unchanged despite her travels. "I like sweet things," she says. "When I was 14, a boy gave me a bouquet of cornflowers. We were in love. I'll never forget it."

From a young age, she liked to read, and her favorite writers include Shakespeare, Chekhov and Tolstoy. As a teenager, Irina enrolled in art school, where she studied drawing and developed a rebellious streak. "I lived close to school," she says, "and sometimes, my whole class would skip and hang out in my apartment."

Wasn't Irina worried her teachers might find out? Not at all. "All the teachers knew. It made them hate me even more," she says, giggling.

The fall of Communism meant little to Irina at first. When she grew up and transformed into the blonde beauty we see on these pages, she realized





she was free to travel the world. She acquired a visa and set out for western Europe and a modeling career. "Now," she says, "I have been almost everywhere. Each day is different. One day I'll have a casting call in Milan, the next day a photo shoot in Spain. At last I'm in the U.S.A."

Despite her hectic schedule, Irina claims to have enough free time to visit her family back in Russia. "My brother is 31 and has his own family, but we're still very close." And though her mother and father divorced 15 years ago, she remains close to both

Irina caused a car accident in Italy once. "I was in Milan," she says, "and you can imagine how much attention a blonde girl attracts there. A man was watching me walk down the street, and he forgot to keep his eye on the road and smashed into the car in front of him."



















of them. "I grew up with the love of my parents," she says.

Miss January is a woman of tantalizing contradictions. She's an artist, but she wants to take business courses in the future. She likes to be spontaneous with men, but she's hardly impetuous. She hates cold weather and snow, yet she lives in an alpine city whose name she'd prefer we not reveal. "It would be like giving away my telephone number," she explains. "Thank you for understanding." Privacy is crucial to Irina, and she guards hers shrewdly. Although her conversational English is good, she followed up with us by e-mail instead of the phone, and her answers were cryptic and intriguing. Irina's favorite movie? "I don't really have one." Beatles or Rolling Stones? "It depends on the mood." The most impulsive thing she's ever done? "I can't give you the details." She won't even let on if she has a boyfriend. When we asked the difference between Russia and the U.S., Irina was especially coy, answering, "everything and nothing." In fact, the more you scrutinize our Centerfold, the more complicated she becomes. "I want to remain a mystery for men, always," she says. That's something we'll be pondering for a long time, Irina.

Never one to rest on her accomplishments, Miss January has plans. "I want to travel to Scandinavia, and I'm interested in web design," she says. "It could be my future profession." Still, she says she enjoyed her experience with PLAYBOY's photographers. "I worked with the most professional team in the world," she says. "I tried to do my best. It was my pleasure." Really, Irina, the pleasure was all ours.





MISS JANUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

*Jane Vornova*



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Irina Voronina

BUST: 35C WAIST: 24 1/2 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'9 1/2" WEIGHT: 120

BIRTH DATE: 12/19/77 BIRTHPLACE: Dzerzhinsk, Russia

AMBITIONS: To continue modeling and to start a successful career in the USA.

TURN-ONS: Traveling, learning new countries, cultures, languages.

TURNOFFS: Aggressive men, rude and arrogant people, bad jokes, jealousy.

I COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT: My freedom and independence.

I COULD NEVER BE: Pessimistic.

MY PHILOSOPHY: Believe in yourself and success will come to you.

MY FAVOURITE COLOR: Black.

MY MOTTO: All or nothing. Better to burn up than to fade out.



First steps in modeling.



Three years ago.



Photo shoot in Croatia (behind the scene).







# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A guy walked into a bar and ordered three drinks, downing them one after another. "Hey, pal," the barkeep asked, "what's the problem?"

"Well, I went on a weeklong business trip and had to leave my wife alone," he said. "I've had my suspicions about our next-door neighbor, so I hung a weight from the bottom of a bedspring just above a bowl of cream."

"I see," the barkeep said. "So you came home and found cream on the weight, right?"

The guy downed another drink. "It's worse than that," he said. "The cream had been churned into butter."



The San Diego patrolman stopped a car and announced that because the driver was wearing a seatbelt he had won \$5000 in a safety promotion. "What are you going to do with the money?" the cop asked.

"I guess I'll go to driving school and get my license," the man replied.

"Officer," his wife exclaimed, "please don't listen to my husband. He's a smartass when he's drunk."

Their exchange woke up the passenger in the backseat, who saw the officer and said, "Damn, I knew we wouldn't get far in this stolen car!"

At that moment, a voice from the trunk said, "Are we over the border yet?"

Do you want to hear the bad news first," the attorney asked, "or the really bad news?"

"Give me the bad news first," the man said.

"Your wife found a picture worth half a million dollars."

"If that's the bad news," the fellow said, "I can't wait to hear the really bad news!"

"The really bad news is that it's a picture of you and your secretary."

**THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION:** A man scanned the guests at a party and spotted an attractive woman standing alone. He approached her and asked her name. "My name is Carmen," she told him.

"That's a beautiful name," he said. "Did your mother give it to you?"

"No," she replied. "I gave it to me. It reflects the things I like most—cars and men."

They continued to talk and finally she asked him his name. "Beerfuck," he said.

**PLAYBOY CLASSIC:** The young blonde bride had her first appointment with the gynecologist and told him that she and her husband had been trying for months to get pregnant, without success. "We can fix that," the doctor reassured her. "Get up on the examining table and put your feet in the stirrups."

"Well, all right, doctor," the woman said, blushing, "but I'd really rather have my husband's baby."

A Texan was seated at a restaurant and noticed a sexy woman at another table. He called the waiter over and told him to send the most expensive bottle of champagne to her. The waiter delivered the bottle, explaining it was from the gentleman across the room. She sent the bottle back with a note: "For me to accept this bottle, you need to have a Mercedes in your garage, \$1 million in the bank and seven inches in your pants."

The Texan read the note and sent one of his own back to her. "Just so you know, I happen to have two Mercedes in my garage and over \$2 million in the bank, but not even for you would I cut off two inches."

Times in history when using the F word was appropriate:

- "It does *so* fucking look like her!"  
—PABLO PICASSO
- "You want *what* on the fucking ceiling?"  
—MICHELANGELO
- "Who the fuck is going to know?"  
—BILL CLINTON



A man's wife was waiting for him at the door. "Out drinking again!" she shouted. "How much money did you spend this time?"

"A hundred bucks," the man replied.

"A hundred bucks?" she exclaimed. "That's ridiculous, spending that much in one night!"

"Easy for you to say," he replied. "You don't smoke, you don't drink and you have your own pussy."

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](mailto:jokes@playboy.com). \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.





Raymond

"Bah! Humbug!"



The

# HIGH SCHOOL SWEETHEART

fiction By Joyce Carol Oates

**T**HERE WAS AN intensely private man whose fate was to become, as year followed year, something of a public figure and a model for others. Nothing astonished R\_\_\_\_\_ more, and more alarmed him! Relatively young, he'd achieved renown as a writer of popular yet literary novels; his field was the psychological suspense mystery, a genre in which he excelled, perhaps because he respected the tradition and took infinite care in composition. These were terse, minimally plotted but psychologically knotty novels written, as R\_\_\_\_\_ said in interviews, sentence by sentence, and so they must be read sentence by sentence, with attention, as one might perform steps in a difficult dance. R\_\_\_\_\_ was himself both choreographer and dancer. And sometimes, even after decades of effort, R\_\_\_\_\_ lost his way, and despaired. For there was something of horror in the lifelong contemplation of *mystery*; a sick, visceral helplessness that must be transformed into control, and *mastery*. And so R\_\_\_\_\_ never gave up any challenge, no matter how difficult. "To give up is to confess you're mortal and must die."

what dark mystery  
clouded the life of the  
famous mystery writer?

R\_\_\_\_\_ was one of those admired persons who remain mysterious even to old friends. By degrees, imperceptibly as it seemed to him, he became an elder, and respected, perhaps because his appearance inspired confidence. He had fair, fine, sand-colored hair that floated about his head, a high forehead and startlingly frank blue eyes; he was well over six feet tall and lean as a knife blade, with long loose limbs and a boyish energy. He seemed never to grow older, nor even mature, but to retain a dreamy Nordic youthfulness with a glisten of something chill and soulless in his eyes, as if, inwardly, he gazed upon a tundra of terrifying, featureless white and the utterly blank, vacuous Arctic sky above. One of the prevailing mysteries about R\_\_\_\_\_ was his marriage, for none of us had ever glimpsed his wife of four decades, let alone been introduced to her; it was assumed that her name began with "B," for each (continued on page 152)









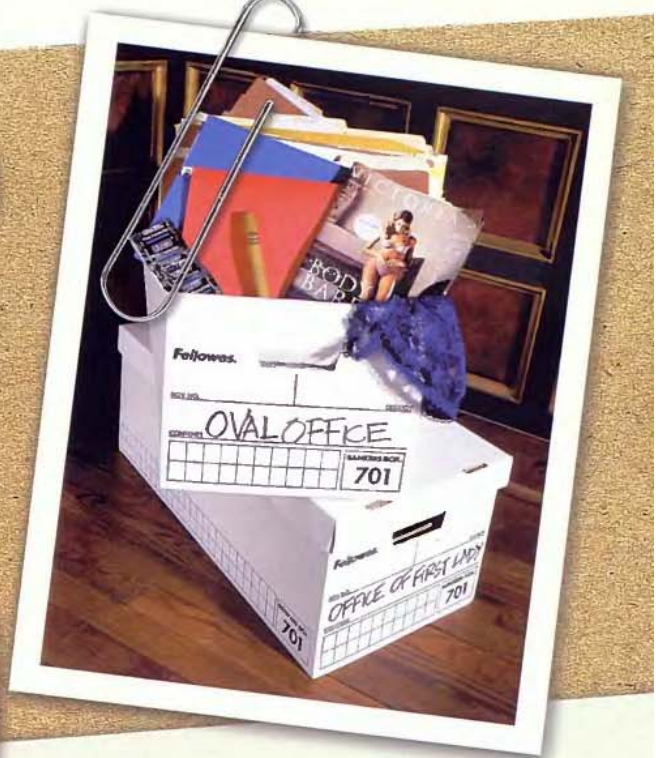


*"Well, he's about your size."*



humor by  
Christopher Buckley

# LUST AND FOUND



## WHEN BILL AND HILLARY MOVED OUT OF THE WHITE HOUSE, THEY LEFT A FEW THINGS BEHIND

To: Clinton Presidential Library Foundation  
From: White House Housekeeping Office  
Re: Items Left Behind by the Clintons

Please advise whether these should be sent on directly to the library, or to the residence in New York. Please note that some items are perishable.

### Oval Office

Numerous cardboard boxes (large) containing bills from law firm of Williams and Connolly, marked "Past Due"

### Books:

*The One-Minute Middle East Peace Manager*  
Dean, biography of Secretary of State Dean Acheson, by J. Chace  
*Lolita*, by V. Nabokov  
*Take Another Mulligan, Sir!: Golfing With U.S. Presidents*  
*Leaves of Grass*, by W. Whitman, signed "To M. from Handsome," with receipt inside from Alibris book-search website  
*Report of the Office of Independent Counsel*, by K. Starr et al. (heavily underlined)  
*Inpeach This*, by A. Johnson  
*How to Satisfy a Woman* (unwrapped)  
*The Bitch Wanted It—The Complete Guide to Getting Off After Getting Off!*  
*How to Tell If Your Wife Is Planning to Kill You*  
*Martha Stewart's Entertaining World Leaders, From Azerbaijan to Zimbabwe*  
*Divorce, New York Style: A Complete Guide to Dumping*

*Number One in the Empire State*  
*The 10 Commandments* (unwrapped)

### File folders, variously labeled:

Beatty, Warren—Letters promising to get me laid in LA  
Bedroom, Lincoln—Time-share contracts with major DNC contributors  
Bosnia—Nuclear weapons, elimination of by (marked "Let's Do!")  
Bosnia—Peace, long-range prospects (marked "As If")  
Budget—Surplus, plans for not giving back to taxpayers  
Chappawherever—New York house  
Chappawhatever—Terry McAuliffe purchase "loan"  
Chinese military—Donations to 1996 reelection campaign  
Chinese military—Nuclear secrets owed to, in return for 1996 campaign contribs. (See Alamos, Los)  
Gore—Attempts to get Colin Powell as 2000 VP  
Gore—Praise, lavish, for WJC by  
Gore—Training, toilet, of  
Foster, Vince—Murder, right wing's plans to make it look like Hillary—plans for takeover of government (marked "Highly Sensitive")  
Hyde, Henry—Youthful "indiscretions"  
Jordan, River  
Jordan, Vernon—Letters promising to get me laid in NYC  
Jordan, Vernon—NYC job search for M. by Legacy (marked "Sid—See Me—Urgent")  
M.—How to spin as deranged stalker  
M.—Phone numbers (concluded on page 214)



# THE YEAR

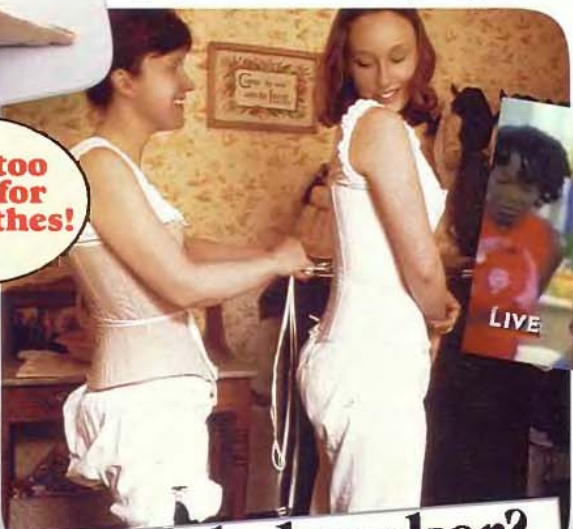


**Only (gay) man on the island?**  
 ...or is 'Survivor' the 'Will & Grace'?

**PEEK-A-BOOB TUBE**  
 CBS won the summer's voyeur wars with *Survivor*, enriching both network and Richard Hatch, but bombed with *Big Brother*. PBS trained cameras on *1900 House* (below), while MTV's *The Real World* got Brigham Young coed Julie Stoffer (below right) suspended for living with guys.



**I'm too sexy for my clothes!**



**A code breaker?**  
 BYU student's dad defends MTV stunt

BY AMY HAMBURG SOLVER

A few months ago, James Stoffer of Deltafield, Wis., probably would have considered himself the last person to defend a show on MTV and to question the decisions of his alma mater, William Young University.  
 That was before his daughter, Julie Stoffer, a 23-year-old junior at that school in Provo, Utah, made a debut on the reality show "First



**GEAR SHIFT**  
 To shed her wholesome *Seventh Heaven* image, Jessica Biel stripped for *Gear*. She was trying to get out of her contract and got the rest of us fired instead.



**Valedictorian hopes to get title restored**

By Ben Sauter USA TODAY  
 A high school valedictorian who lost her title after she showered nude with five male classmates is prepared to go to court Tuesday to have her academic honor restored.  
 "I've never been involved in anything like this," says Ore. "Even if I



**DRESSED FOR SUCCESS (I)**

A photo of Jennifer Lopez in this eye-popper was downloaded from the Grammy website 642,917 times the day after the show. And that was just by Puffy.



**WASHED OUT**  
 Showering with male classmates in Powers, Oregon got high school valedictorian Leslie Shorb squeaky clean. And suspended.

**IS THAT YOUR FINAL ANSWER?**

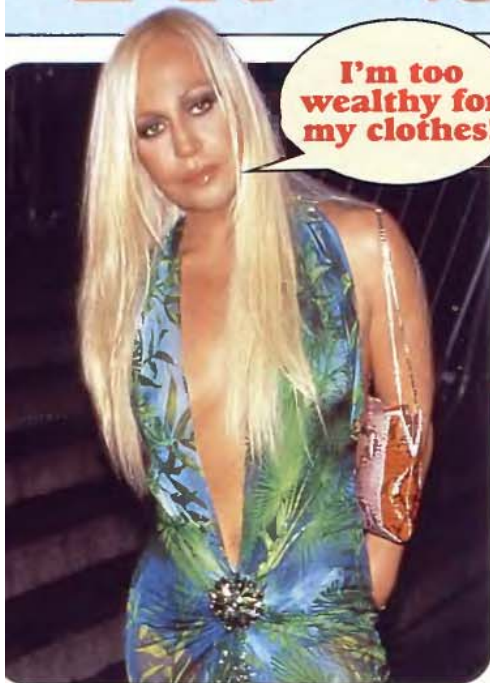
In February, Madonna's spokeswoman Liz Rosenberg (inset) denied her client was pregnant: "She still has a 13-inch waist." Son Rocco, by director Guy Ritchie, was born August 11.

**PREGNANT AGAIN!**  
 Madonna expecting 2nd child



# IN SEX

here we go again with what was wild, wacky and wonderful—the ins, the outs, the ups and the downs



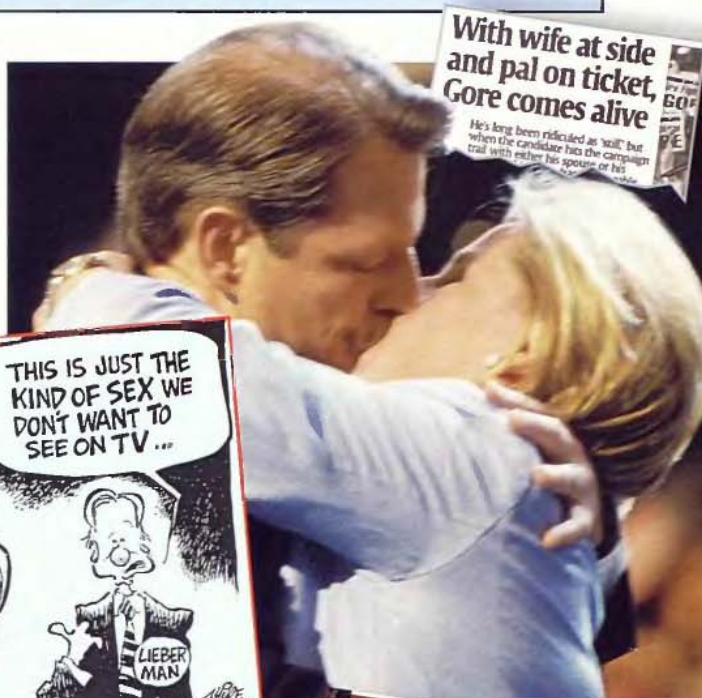
I'm too wealthy for my clothes!

## DRESSED FOR SUCCESS (II)

Donatella Versace, creator of the dress, knows a hit when she sees one. Prices for this number are quoted as \$9000, \$10,000 or \$15,000, depending on the size.

## PRO BUSSING

Presidential candidate Al Gore was derided for being stuffy—especially after choosing Senator Joe Lieberman as his running mate. An on-camera kiss with Tipper at the convention made us think twice about the Woodman.

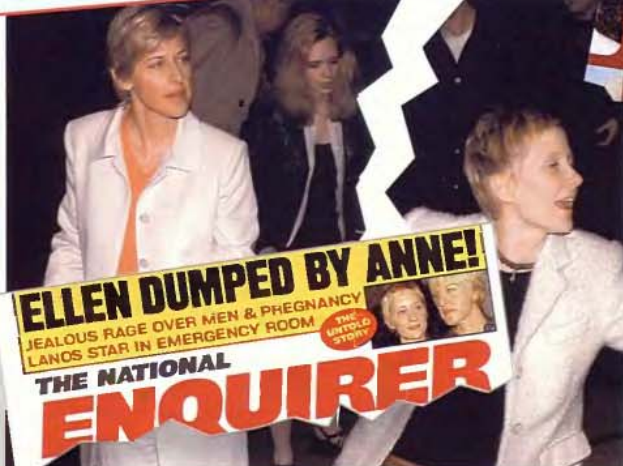


With wife at side and pal on ticket, Gore comes alive  
He's long been ridiculed as 'stall', but when the candidate has the campaign trail with either his spouse or his



## VIRGIN ON INVISIBLE

To promote his Virgin Mobile Network, Richard Branson posed in front of a see-through phone with naked models, none of whom had a busy signal.



ELLEN DUMPED BY ANNE!  
JEALOUS RAGE OVER MEN & PREGNANCY  
LANOS STAR IN EMERGENCY ROOM!  
THE UNTOLD STORY  
THE NATIONAL ENQUIRER

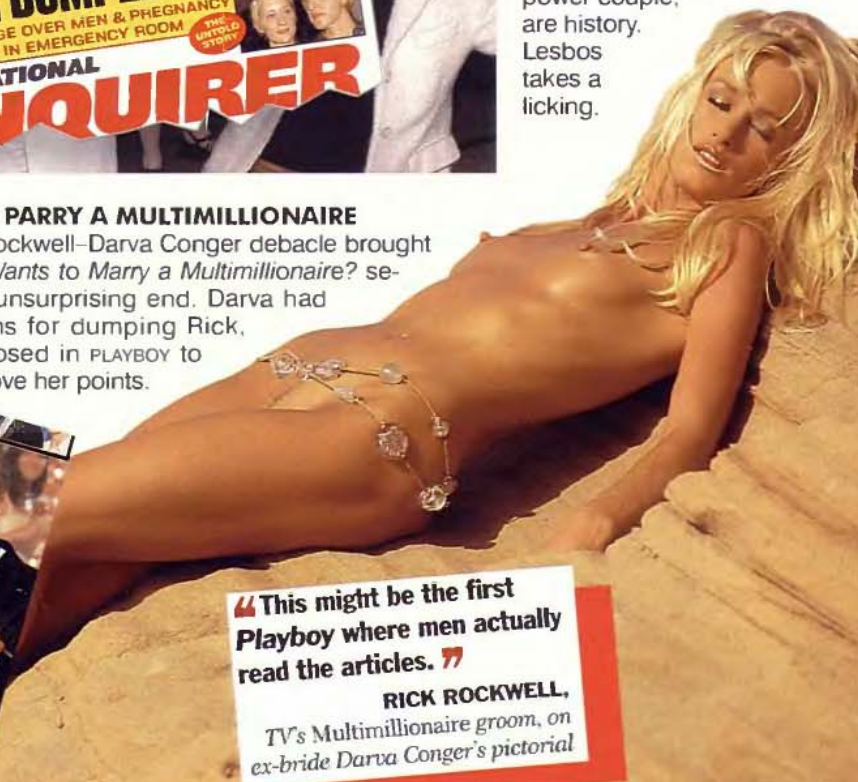
Dazed and confused, actress Anne Heche stumbles into stranger's house

## KICKED OFF THE ISLAND

Anne Heche and Ellen DeGeneres, alternative lifestyle power couple, are history. Lesbos takes a licking.

## HOW TO PARRY A MULTIMILLIONAIRE

The Rick Rockwell-Darva Conger debacle brought Fox' *Who Wants to Marry a Multimillionaire?* series to an unsurprising end. Darva had her reasons for dumping Rick, and she posed in *PLAYBOY* to prove her points.



"This might be the first *Playboy* where men actually read the articles."

RICK ROCKWELL,

TV's Multimillionaire groom, on ex-bride Darva Conger's pictorial



# THE YEAR IN SEX



## Rudy's mystery brunch pal is Upper East Side divorcee

By RICHARD JOHNSON and LINDA MASSARELLA  
Here's the first look at the mystery woman who's been spotted dining quietly with Mayor Giuliani.  
A Post photographer snapped Hizzoner and the woman coming out of...

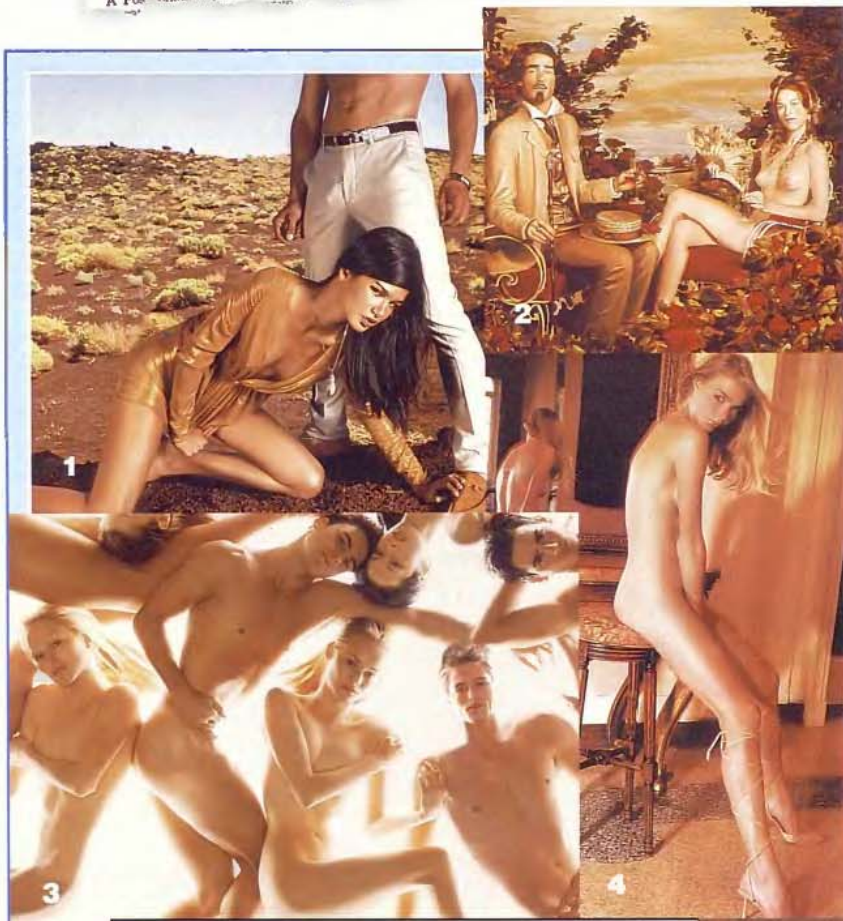


## NATHAN? HOT DOG!

After denials of infidelity with ex-aide Cristyne Lategano (1), NYC mayor and Senate hopeful Rudy Giuliani fessed up to a relationship with Judith Nathan (2)—distressing wife Donna Hanover (3), who got the news via TV.

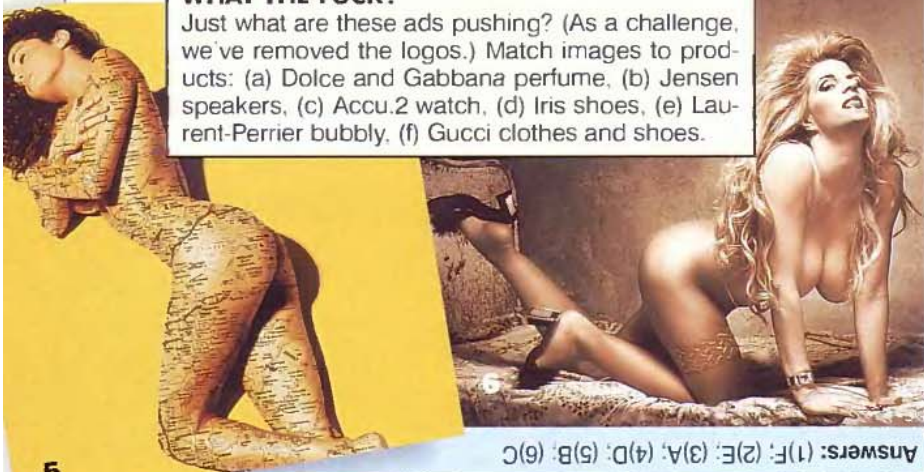
## DRESSED FOR SUCCESS (III)

No longer a Spice Girl, Geri Halliwell treads gingerly in her version of the dress.

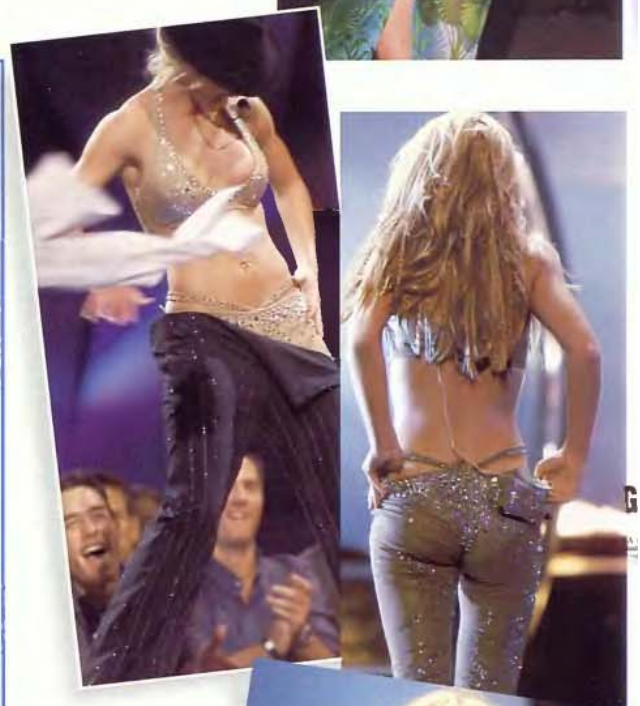


## WHAT THE FUCK?

Just what are these ads pushing? (As a challenge, we've removed the logos.) Match images to products: (a) Dolce and Gabbana perfume, (b) Jensen speakers, (c) Accu.2 watch, (d) Iris shoes, (e) Laurent-Perrier bubbly, (f) Gucci clothes and shoes.

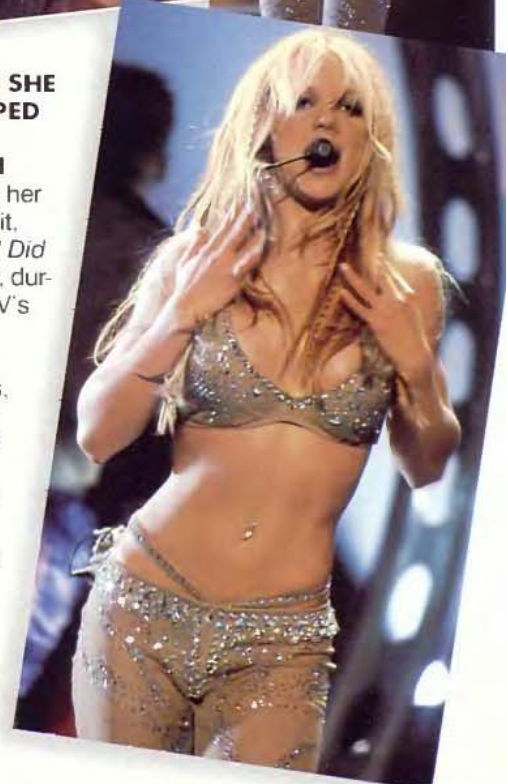


Answers: (1) F; (2) E; (3) A; (4) D; (5) B; (6) C



## OOPS! SHE DROPPED THEM AGAIN

Hyping her latest hit, *Oops! I Did It Again*, during MTV's Video Music Awards, Britney Spears downloaded her clothes all the way to her Napster.















**AH LIST**

We can't get these images of star kisses out of our heads—each for its own reason. (1) Selma Blair and Sarah Michelle Gellar, (2) Angelina Jolie and her brother, Jamie Haven, (3) Cameron Diaz and Lucy Liu, (4) Richard Gere and Robert Altman and (5) Drew Barrymore and Liv Tyler.



**Liz Hurley turns Hugh's reputation as stud to mud**

Glamorous Liz Hurley is hitting ex-lover Hugh Grant below the belt — the 35-year-old actor's reputation as a stud is being mudged by her. Hurley, 35, agreed to answer a battery of questions...

**GRANTED A REPRIEVE**

Jane magazine printed a profile in which Elizabeth Hurley dissed ex-lover Hugh Grant's sexual performance. The quotes were fake—making it just another dick and Jane story.

**DRESSED FOR SUCCESS (VIII)**

South Park's Trey Parker donned a knockoff of the dress for the Oscars. Time called it "best cleavage of the night."



**SHE GOT HER PHIL**

Jeanie Buss, vice president of the Los Angeles Lakers (she posed for PLAYBOY in May 1995), and team coach Phil Jackson are an item. Apparently, Jeanie (right) makes coach Jackson double dribble.



**Porn-queen stock-trade indictment's a threesome**

By DEVILIN BARRETT  
A fugitive porn star and two men accused in a three-way insider-trading scheme were indicted yesterday by...

**INSIDE HER TRADING**  
Kathryn Gannon, a.k.a. porn queen Marilyn Star, faces charges in an insider trading scam involving two boyfriends, Wall Streeter James McDermott (top) and New Jersey businessman Anthony Pomponio (below). Both guys have been convicted, and she awaits extradition in Canada. Talk about Star-fucked.



**I'm too hairy for my clothes!**

**Pregnant-Celine story bears suit**

LOS ANGELES — Sultry songbird Celine Dion's lawyer filed suit...



**TWIN PIQUE**  
Celine Dion sued the Enquirer for claiming that she was pregnant with twins. Months later she was expecting, but just one. Pending motherhood has prompted her to retire—lucky us.

**Lakers coach in SEXY FLING with Playboy beauty**

... As Phil Jackson gets divorce from wife of 25 years  
PHIL JACKSON coached the Los Angeles Lakers to the NBA title and coached the team owner's daughter into bed in the process. Stan has uncovered the exclusive story of the sizzling affair between Jackson and former Playboy pump Jeannie Buss — as well as her rocky past. She also learned from insiders in the organization that a wedding is a possibility as soon as Jackson finishes a...



# GOLDBERG (continued from page 114)

*The referee will relay an important message, like "Where are you going for a beer after the match?"*

cobra clutch? Well, it could be the way you grasp a deadly snake or that left pedal in one of Carroll Shelby's sports cars, but in wrestling it's a submission hold. I'm not exactly an expert on wrestling holds. I know the basics, no question, because you have to have a basic understanding of what you're doing in the ring. But as far as someone's finishing moves and knowing them by name, well, I know how to get out of them, and that's enough for me.

After you learn the basic holds, you learn combinations of moves so that you have an understanding of how to create some kind of flow in the ring. They teach you how to do a match in segments and spots, which are series of moves. Then you put each series of moves together in a logical order. You have a heel (bad guy), a baby face (good guy), a time limit and a story. When you determine how long you want to take to tell the story, you can figure out your spots. There is a strategy to the match, and you try to combine spots to keep the fans on the edge of their seats. The goal is to take them up and down like a roller coaster.

There are also nonverbal signs that are used in the ring. One well-known example is the iggy. The iggy is a common term in the wrestling world for reversing a move. Just squeeze your opponent's arm, and he takes over. But you have to be careful, because if you squeeze his arm the wrong way, he may want to make you his tag team partner.

They destroyed a lot of people at the Power Plant. All sorts of people walked in the front door thinking they could make it as a wrestler, but what they didn't realize was that minutes later, many of them would be exiting the same door with shattered dreams. The trainers would ride these guys mercilessly, and it appeared that their objective was to take the guy's \$3000 fee, or whatever they charged, and see how quickly they could get them to quit. If a guy left in five minutes, he would lose his money, his pride and generally his chow.

When a new group would try out, we would observe and try to guess who would quit first. It was sadistic, the way we watched those guys go through hell and cheered for the first guy to fail. I knew I had an advantage because in football I had been through years of people trying to tear me down. This was no new challenge for me, but it

broke a lot of other people right before my eyes. Once a month, CNN or *Extra* or E would film the carnage for all the world to see, and the camera caught a lot of guys running out the door screaming and crying.

Not everyone who wrestles for WCW has to go through the Power Plant. There are other wrestling schools, and there are guys from other federations who usually get a tryout during dark matches. Obviously, guys like Dennis Rodman and Karl Malone don't go through the Power Plant, and, fortunately, as a professional athlete, I was brought in under different circumstances, too. What I had to do wasn't nearly as tough as what the normal tryout victims are put through, and for that I'll always be thankful. But I still had to do hundreds of free squats and diamond push-ups, and we did a lot of running from ring to ring.

No offense to Sarge or anyone else who taught me, but to this day, I don't think I have the ability to put together a logical match. My knowledge of wrestling is limited, and my knowledge of setting up a match is even more limited. I do what I have to do in the ring, and I feel as though I've done a good enough job to provide some decent entertainment for the fans. My idea of an exciting match is to step between the ropes, endure a certain amount of punishment, shake it off and run somebody over.

Different people have different ways to plan a match, and a lot of the experienced guys can go into the ring with no plan at all. They just talk to you during the match, and they tell you exactly what they're going to do in very short ways. Two guys who have wrestled each other a lot can get in the ring without having talked in the back, and maybe say six or seven words in the ring and have a great match. They just feed off each other until they get lost or finish the match. I get lost a lot. People think I am having a great match when in reality I'm being carried the whole time, and the other guy is making me look good.

The more I wrestled, the more I learned, and I quickly discovered the importance of the referee. The ref is like a field general in the ring. He points you in the right direction, tells you how much time is left in the match or if you're going to a commercial, and he'll relay an important message from

one wrestler to another, like "Where are you going for a beer after the match?"

The referees have to be good actors to pretend to control a match that has meaningless rules. These guys are a different breed. They may be the brunt of a lot of our jokes, but the truth is we couldn't do it without them.

A referee can screw up a match, too. He can make you look like a fool. He can be in the wrong place at the wrong time. He can be watching when you come into the ring with a chair he's not supposed to see. The moment he sees you is when the match should be a disqualification, and when it isn't, it makes you look bad and makes him look bad.

*With three months of hard training at the Power Plant under his belt, Goldberg began wrestling dark matches. As his popularity increased, he wrestled on Nitro, cable TV events and finally pay-per-view, the ultimate showcase for professional wrestling. Goldberg's winning streak climbed to 175, and he won both the U.S. and the world heavyweight titles.*

I went from Hugh Morrus to the Barbarian to God knows who. I went through guys, and I developed a reputation for beating them with only a couple of moves. For the first eight months I never did an interview. I created intrigue by doing things that people hadn't done before—by providing a simple combination they hadn't seen. In its infancy, my success, like any wrestler's, was dictated by the crowd.

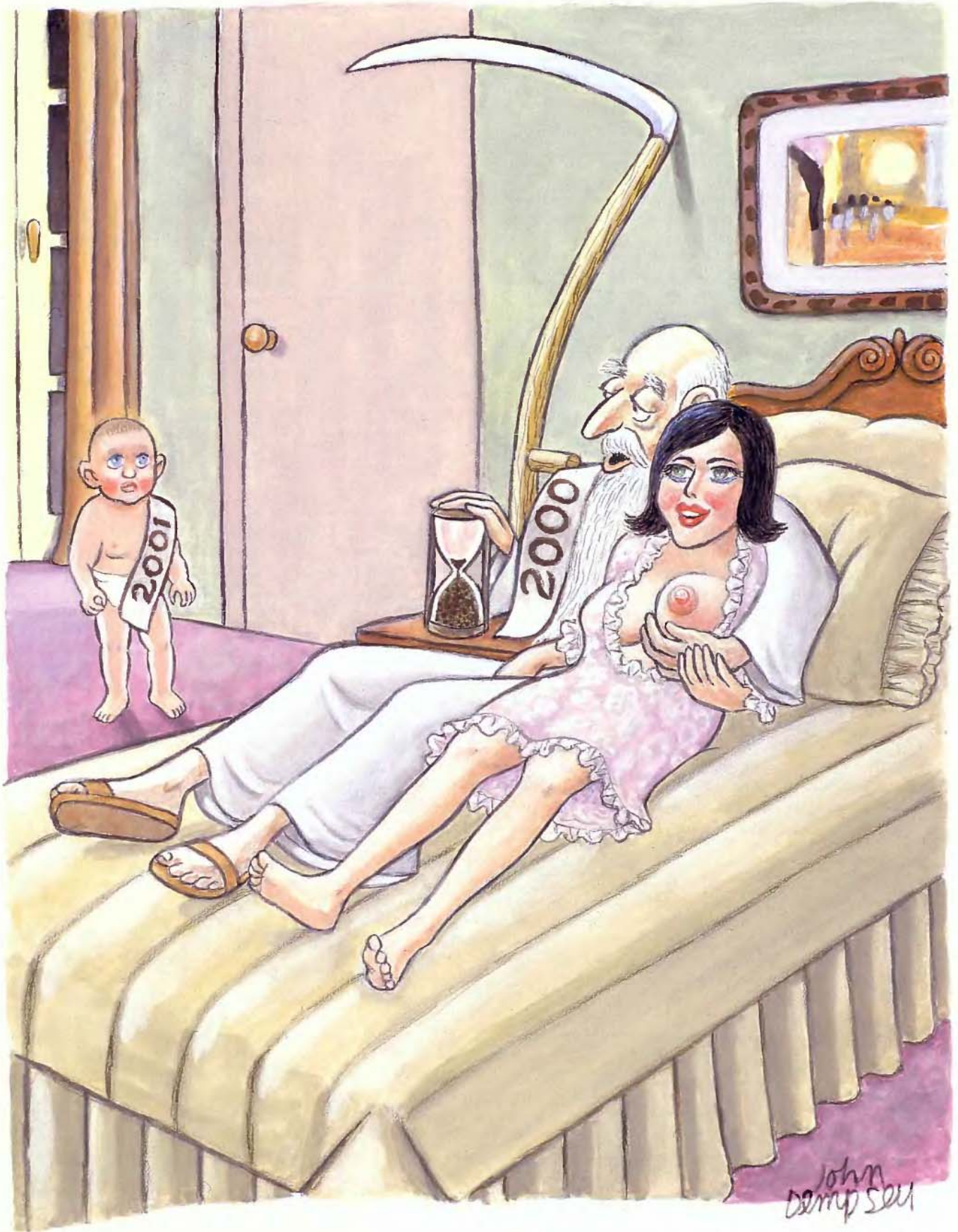
It doesn't matter who's more popular, or who's winning or losing. You're only as good as the guy you beat. If you go out and beat the shit out of a guy in 10 seconds, before he throws a punch, that only shows that you can beat him before he gets to you. An adversary that does not dish out some punishment is no adversary at all.

Of course, the decision to win or lose was out of my hands. The bookers are the ones that come up with the match, and they decided the winner and loser, the story line. And the way it's going to be done. They're the ones who, if necessary, talk the wrestlers into fulfilling their obligation to WCW.

For instance, I was sitting with my buddy Terry in my living room watching *Thunder* when J.J. Dillon came out and said that he had an important announcement to make. "We're going to have a title match Monday night, and it's going to be Hollywood Hogan against Goldberg," he announced. I was surprised, to say the least. It was supposed to be a dark match on *Nitro*, to get people to go to the Georgia Dome. My first thought was, *OK, thanks for telling me, guys. I see how this is going to be.* There is nothing like being

*(concluded on page 229)*





*"Come back in a couple of hours, boy. I just popped a Viagra."*



## SWEETHEART

(continued from page 140)

of R.\_\_\_\_\_'s 11 novels was dedicated, simply and tersely, to "B." and it was believed that R.\_\_\_\_\_ had married, very young, a girl who'd been his high school sweetheart in a small town in northern Michigan, that she wasn't at all literary or even interested in his career and that they had no children.

In one of his reluctant interviews R.\_\_\_\_\_ once admitted, enigmatically, that, no, he and his wife had no children. "That, I haven't committed."

How proud we were of R.\_\_\_\_\_, as one of the heralded patricians in the field! When he spoke to you, smiled and shook hands, like a big animated doll, you felt privileged, if only just slightly uneasy at the remote, arctic glister in those blue, blue eyes.

R.\_\_\_\_\_ was often nominated to run for office in professional organizations to which he belonged, yet always he declined out of modesty, or self-doubt: "R.\_\_\_\_\_ isn't the man you want, truly!" But finally at the age of 60, he gave in and was elected by a large majority as president of the American Mystery Writers, a fact that seemed to both deeply move him and fill him with apprehension. Repeatedly he called members of the executive board to ask if truly R.\_\_\_\_\_ was the man we wanted; repeatedly we assured him, yes, certainly, R.\_\_\_\_\_ was.

On the occasion of his induction as president, R.\_\_\_\_\_ meant to entertain us, he promised, with a new story written especially for that evening, not a lengthy, rambling speech interlarded with lame jokes, like certain of his predecessors. (Of course there was immediate laughter at this remark. For our outgoing president, an old friend of R.\_\_\_\_\_'s and of most of us in the audience, was a well-liked but garrulous gentleman not known for brevity.)

Almost shyly, however, R.\_\_\_\_\_ took the podium and stood before an audience of perhaps 500 mystery writers and their guests, straight-backed and handsome in his detached, pale, Nordic way, a fine figure of a man in an elegant tuxedo, white silk shirt and gleaming gold cuff links. R.\_\_\_\_\_'s hair was more silvery than we recalled but floated airily about his head; his forehead appeared higher, a prominent ridge of bone at the hairline. Well back into the audience, you could see those remarkable blue eyes. In a beautifully modulated, rather musical voice, R.\_\_\_\_\_ thanked us for the honor of electing him president, thanked outgoing officers of the organization and alluded with regret to the fact that "unforeseen circumstances" had prevented his wife from attending that eve-

ning. "As you know, my friends, I did not campaign to be elected your president. It's an honor, as the saying goes, that has been thrust upon me. But I do feel that I am a kinsman of all of you, and I hope I will be worthy of your confidence. I hope you will like the story I've written for you!" Almost, R.\_\_\_\_\_'s voice quavered when he said these words, and he had to pause for a moment before beginning to read, in a dramatic voice, from what appeared to be a handwritten manuscript of about 15 pages.

*The High School Sweetheart: A Mystery*

There was an intensely private man whose fate was to become, as year followed year, something of a public figure and a model for others. Nothing astonished R.\_\_\_\_\_ more, and more alarmed him! Relatively young, he'd achieved renown as a writer of popular yet literary novels; his field was the psychological suspense mystery, a genre in which he excelled, perhaps because he respected the tradition and took infinite care in composition. These were terse, minimally plotted but psychologically knotty novels written, as R.\_\_\_\_\_ said in interviews, sentence by sentence, and so they must be read sentence by sentence, with attention, as one might perform steps in a difficult dance. R.\_\_\_\_\_ was himself both choreographer and dancer. And sometimes, even after decades of effort, R.\_\_\_\_\_ lost his way, and despaired. For there was something of horror in the lifelong contemplation of *mystery*; a sick, visceral helplessness that must be transformed into control, and *mastery*. And so R.\_\_\_\_\_ never gave up any challenge, no matter how difficult. "To give up is to confess you're mortal and must die."

At this apparent misstatement, R.\_\_\_\_\_ paused in confusion, peering at his manuscript as if it had deceived or betrayed him; but a moment later he regained his composure, and continued—

"To give up is to confess you're mortal and must die."

Forty-five years ago! I wasn't yet R.\_\_\_\_\_ but a 15-year-old named Roland, whom no one called Rollie, skinny, gawky, self-conscious, with a straight-A average and pimples like hot little beads of red pepper scattered across forehead and back, lost in helpless erotic dreams of a beautiful, popular blonde senior named Barbara, whom everyone at Indian River High School called Babs. Now that I am no longer this boy, I can contemplate him without the self-loathing he'd felt at the time. I can feel a measure of pity for him, and sympathy, if not tenderness. Or forgiveness.

My high school sweetheart was two

years older than I, and, I'm ashamed to confess, didn't realize that she was my high school sweetheart. She had a boyfriend her own age, and numerous other friends besides, and had no idea how I secretly observed her, and with what yearning. The name Babs—unremarkable, yet so American and somehow wholesome—makes me feel faint, still, with hope and longing.

In high school, I came to dread mirrors as I dreaded the frank assessing stares of my classmates, for these confronted me with a truth too painful to acknowledge. Like many intellectually gifted adolescents I was precocious academically and retarded socially. In my dreams, I was freed of my clumsy body and often glided along the ground, or soared, swift as thought; I felt myself purely a mind, a questing spirit; it was my own body I fled, my base, obsessive sexual yearning. In actual life I was both shy and haughty; I carried myself stiffly, conscious of being a doctor's son in predominantly working-class Indian River, even as I saw with painful clarity how my classmates were only polite with me when required, their mouths smiling in easy deference even as their eyes drifted past me. *Yes, you're Roland, the doctor's son, you live in one of the big brick houses on Church Street, and your father drives a new, shiny black Lincoln, but we don't care for you anyway.* Already in grade school I'd learned the crucial distinction between being envied and being liked. Where there was laughter, there, Roland, the doctor's son, was excluded. Of course, I had one or two friends, even rather close friends, boys like myself, brainy and lonely, and given to irony, though we were too young to grasp the meaning of *irony*: where heartbreak and anger conjoin. And I had my secret dreams, which attached themselves with alarming abruptness and a terrible fixedness, at the start of my sophomore year in high school, to beautiful blonde Babs, a girl whose father, a carpenter and stone mason with a good local reputation, had worked for my father.

Why this fact filled me with shame in Babs' presence, while Babs herself took no notice of it at all, I can't explain.

Adolescence! Happiness for some, poison for others. The killer's heart is forged in adolescence. Sobering for R.\_\_\_\_\_ in his rented tuxedo, gold cuff links gleaming, to recall that 45 years ago he would have eagerly exchanged his privileged life as a small-town physician's brainy, beloved son, destined to graduate *summa cum laude* from the University of Michigan, for that of Babs Hendrick's boyfriend Hal McCreagh, a good-looking football player with a C average, destined to work in

(continued on page 215)

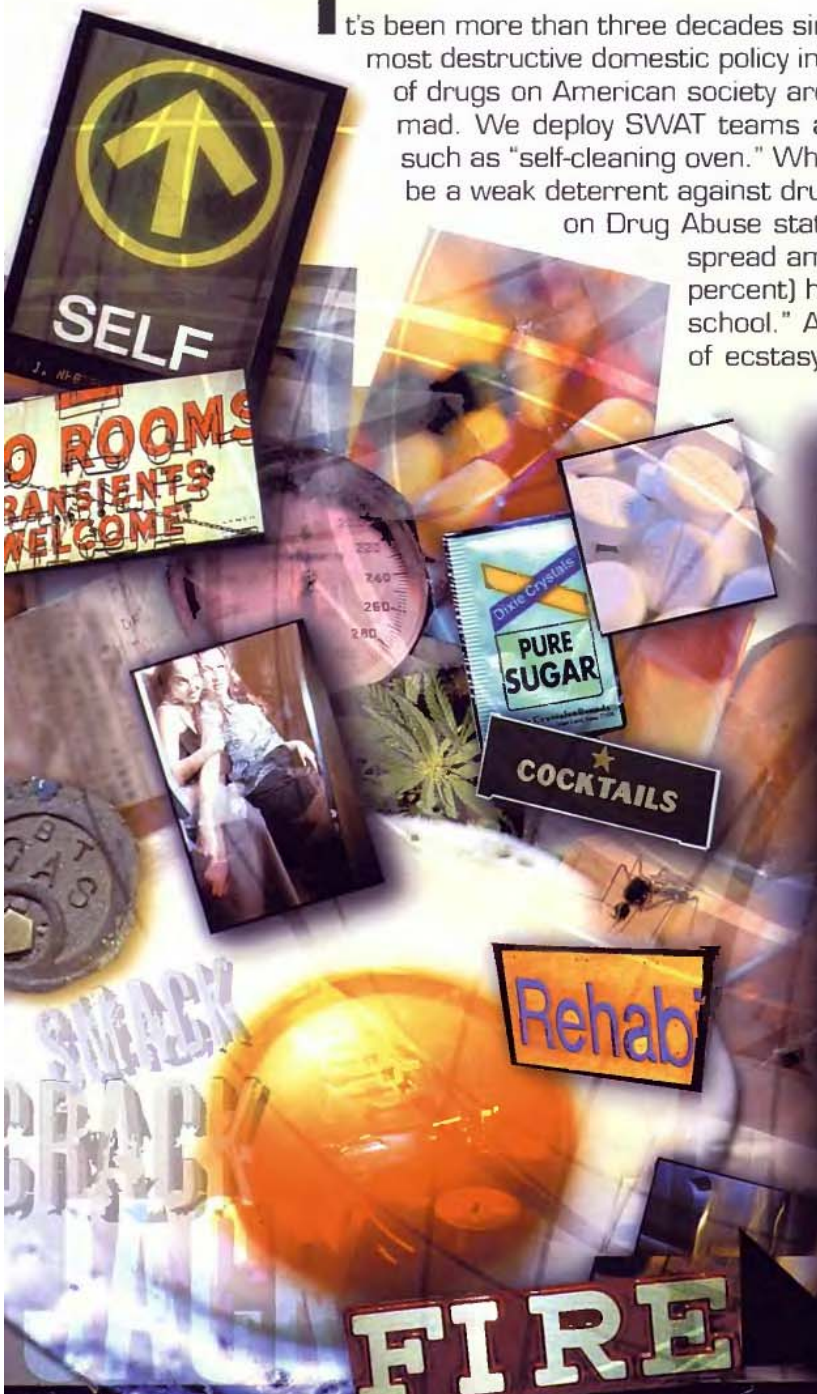


# DRUGS

## 2001

where we're going is where we are  
drug czar barry mccaffrey couldn't make recreational  
drugs go away. no one else can either

It's been more than three decades since President Nixon declared a war on drugs, the most destructive domestic policy in recent American history. The result? The effects of drugs on American society are more damaging, not less. We build prisons like mad. We deploy SWAT teams and characterize the crack epidemic with terms such as "self-cleaning oven." What's more, aggressive enforcement has proved to be a weak deterrent against drug use. A 1999 overview by the National Institute on Drug Abuse stated, "Problems of substance abuse remain widespread among American young people. Today over half (55 percent) have tried an illicit drug by the time they finish high school." And this report was written before the explosion of ecstasy use in the past 18 months. Recreational drug use is prevalent *(concluded on page 207)*



### WHAT'S GOING ON

In an online survey done for PLAYBOY, users were asked to rank drugs in order of preference.

1

#### MARIJUANA

The clear favorite—37 percent picked pot as number one.

2

#### ECSTASY

Though fewer people tried e than any other drug in the top five, those who did liked it. A lot.

3

#### COCAINE

Slightly more coke users had household incomes below \$50,000 than above.

4

#### MUSHROOMS

Surprisingly, powerful psilocybin was the second-most-tried drug after pot.

5

#### LSD

Most people who rank acid as their favorite use it less than once a month.



<b>DRUG TYPE</b> <b>OPIATES</b>	<b>MEDICAL USE</b>	<b>TRADE NAMES</b>	<b>STREET NAMES</b>	<b>TRACEABLE</b>
<b>CODEINE</b> [oral, injected]	Analgesic, antitussive, antidiarrheal	Tylenol with codeine, Robitussin A-C	T-threes, schoolboy, syrup	1 to 2 days
<b>HEROIN</b> [injected, smoked, sniffed]	None	Diacetylmorphine	H, white boy, skag, junk (related: opium)	1 to 2 days
<b>MORPHINE</b> [injected, oral, smoked, sniffed]	Relief of pain, labored breathing, suppression of cough, diarrhea	Roxanol, Duramorph, MS Contin, morphine sulfate	M, morf, Mr. Blue, dreamer, MS, Emsel, unkie (related: methadone)	1 to 2 days
<b>DEPRESSANTS</b>				
<b>BARBITURATES</b> [injected, oral]	Anesthetic, anti-convulsant, hypnotic, sedative	Amytal, Nembutal, Seconal, Phenobarbital	Barbs	2 to 10 days
<b>BENZODIAZEPINES</b> [injected, oral]	Antianxiety, anti-convulsant, hypnotic, sedative	Halcion, Librium, Valium, Xanax, Rohypnol (not approved in U.S.)	Tranks, downers, benzos, roofies	1 to 6 weeks
<b>METHAQUALONE</b> [oral]	Sedative	Mandrax, Quaalude, Sopor	Ludes, sopors, 714s, disco biscuits, Joe Fridays, quad, wallbangers	2 weeks
<b>STIMULANTS</b>				
<b>AMPHETAMINES</b> [injected, oral, smoked, sniffed]	Attention deficit hyperactivity disorder, obesity, narcolepsy	Biphentamine, Dexedrine	Black beauties, crosses, hearts	1 to 2 days
<b>COCAINE</b> [injected, smoked, sniffed]	Local anesthetic, vasoconstrictor	None	Coke, crack, flake, blow, rocks	1 to 4 days
<b>METHAMPHETAMINE</b> [injected, oral, smoked, sniffed]	ADHD, obesity, narcolepsy	Desoxyn	Crank, crystal, glass, speed, chalk, meth, fire	1 to 2 days
<b>ANTI-IMPOTENCE</b>				
<b>SILDENAFIL</b> [oral]	Erectile dysfunction treatment	Viagra	Poke, boner pill	unknown
<b>HALLUCINOGENS</b>				
<b>LSD</b> [oral]	None	Lysergic acid diethylamide	Acid, microdot, boomers, yellow sunshine	8 hours
<b>PSILOCYBIN</b> [oral]	None (originally used as a therapeutic tool)	None	Magic mushroom, purple passion, shrooms	8 hours
<b>CANNABIS</b> [ingested, smoked]	Relief of pain, glaucoma and nausea (California)	Cannabis sativa (Cannabis indica)	Blunt, herb, pot, reefer, weed, chronic, hash	1 day to 5 weeks
<b>CLUB DRUGS</b>				
<b>AMPHETAMINE VARIANTS</b> [oral]	None (originally used as a therapeutic tool)	3-4 methylenedioxymethamphetamine, DOB, DOM, MDA, MDMA	Ecstasy, Adam, STP, XTC, X, clarity, lover's speed	1 to 2 days
<b>KETAMINE</b> [oral, sniffed, smoked]	Anesthetic for animals and humans	Ketamine hydrochloride, Ketaset, Ketalar	Special K, K, vitamin K, cat Valiums, ket	unknown
<b>GHB</b> [oral]	Anabolic effect, body-building, sedative	Gamma-hydroxybutyrate	Grievous bodily harm, liquid ecstasy, Georgia homeboy, scoop, G, somatomax	12 to 24 hours



**SHORT-TERM EFFECTS, AVERAGE DOSE****SHORT-TERM EFFECTS, LARGE DOSE**

Mild euphoria, relaxation. Physical high. Drowsiness, light-headedness, dry mouth, constipation, urinary retention, nausea.

Intense itching, flushed skin, dizziness, sedation, confusion, nausea. Overdose symptoms include vomiting, restlessness, seizures and respiratory arrest.

Highly addictive. Euphoria of first high, for some, is said to be unmatched. Dry mouth, flushed skin, heaviness in extremities, depression of central nervous system. Nausea or vomiting likely, as is constipation. A rush, followed by nodding out. May feel warm and detached.

Can lower breathing and heart rate to lethal levels. Sedation. Overdose can result in unconsciousness, coma or death from respiratory failure. Chance of overdose is increased when combined with alcohol and other depressants.

Widely used in intensive-care patients (post-op pain, etc.). Pupillary constriction, blurred vision, impaired night vision, suppression of cough reflex, slightly reduced respiratory rate, sedation. Euphoria, relaxation, lethargy, mild anxiety or fear.

Respiratory depression, somnolence progressing to stupor or coma, clammy skin, skeletal muscle flaccidity. Apnea, circulatory collapse, cardiac arrest, death.

Similar to alcohol intoxication. Loss of inhibitions. Depression of sensory cortex and respiration, decreased motor activity. Drowsiness, sedation. Can cause fetal damage. Varying moods, from relaxation to excitation. Relief of tension.

Unsteady gait, slurred speech, insomnia, headache, blurred vision, difficulty swallowing. Weak tremors and rapid pulse. Coma and death are possible often as a result of combining with alcohol. User can forget how much he's taken.

Relief of anxiety and insomnia, often accompanied by increased chatter and sense of intimacy. Sedation, difficulty with coordination, dizziness. Some users feel drowsy or hungover the next day. Can affect a fetus and may result in withdrawal symptoms in a newborn.

Somnolence, confusion, slurred speech, impaired coordination, coma. Death is rarely the result of an overdose, but risk is increased in combination with alcohol or other drugs that depress the central nervous system.

Like alcohol and other depressants, causes depression of the central nervous system (reduction in heart rate, breathing rate and blood pressure). Sedative and hypnotic properties. Feelings of euphoria. Once widely considered an aphrodisiac.

Depression, poor reflexes, slurred speech akin to a bad drunk. Overdose indicated by delirium, restlessness, hyperreflexia, convulsions, coma. Can also cause cardiac damage, internal bleeding, vomiting.

Increased mental alertness, talkativeness, confidence, reduced appetite, possibility of paranoia and aggression. Feeling of being "amped up." Headache, pupil dilation, increased heart rate and blood pressure. Can cause tingling or itchy skin.

Blurred vision, impaired speech, convulsions, twitching or jerking, irregular heartbeat, insomnia. Can produce delirium, panic and hallucinations, particularly if high doses are taken over several days.

Euphoria, mental alertness, accompanied by a sense of invincibility. Feeling of sexiness, but sometimes tough on the follow-through. Increased heart rate, blood pressure, temperature and energy, dilated pupils, constricted blood vessels, decreased appetite.

High doses may cause tremors, vertigo, muscle twitches, paranoia. May also lead to bizarre, erratic or violent behavior. Can cause cardiac arrest, seizures and respiratory arrest.

Intense rush of euphoria, particularly when smoked or injected. Larger doses required for each subsequent high. Increased activity and energy, decreased appetite and need for sleep, increased respiration, increased heart rate and heightened blood pressure.

Symptoms of overdose include restlessness, tremors, rapid respiration, confusion, hallucinations, panic and paranoia. Can cause irregular heartbeat, cardiovascular collapse, seizures, heart attacks, coma and death.

Helps produce an erection in response to sexual stimuli. Numerous side effects. Some risks for heart patients. Avoid nitrate meds.

Side effects become more pronounced. Blue Smurf-like flashes in field of vision. Effect of drug not enhanced. Racing pulse.

Likened to profound, mystical experiences. Often scary. Abnormal sensory perceptions, dilated pupils and time distortion.

May produce delusions and visual hallucinations (including "trails"), also prolonged episodes that may resemble psychotic states—an understated description of a bad trip.

Produces waves of giddiness and elation. Described as more natural than acid trips. Mild gas or nausea, pupil dilation; may feel cold.

Indigestion. Vomiting possible, but rare. Significant mental and emotional discomfort possible.

Produces relaxation and confusion. Increased interest in visual phenomena. Increase in heart rate, red eyes, cotton mouth. Can impair motor skills. Increase of appetite: the munchies.

Fatigue, panic or paranoia. A joint spiked with PCP—angel dust—may cause hallucinations, coma and death.

Originally billed as an empathy drug, with good reason. Produces feelings of intimacy (but sometimes devoid of sexual interest). Relaxed, euphoric state; enhanced sensations; well-being, rushes of exhilaration, nausea. Can increase heart rate and blood pressure.

Teeth-grinding, jaw-clenching. Can cause malignant hypothermia; muscle, kidney and cardiovascular breakdown. Stimulant effects can lead to heat stroke, dehydration, hypertension, heart or kidney failure.

Impaired attention and memory; heightened sensitivity to touch and sound; nausea. Dreamlike states. May increase heart rate, depress breathing, cause numbness in extremities.

Can cause delirium and hallucination, amnesia, impaired motor function, high blood pressure and respiratory failure. Can induce a near-death experience known as a K-hole.

Effect similar to alcohol: sedative, anabolic. Can slow breathing and heart rates. Decrease of motor skills. Mild relaxation, increased sociability, tranquillity.

Slurring of speech, nausea and grogginess. Extreme nausea, dizziness and vomiting are signs of an overdose, as is a coma-like sleep. Mixing with alcohol is extremely dangerous.



**OPIATES**

Tolerance with chronic use. Potential for dependency.

Collapsed veins, infection of heart lining and valves, abscesses, cellulitis, liver disease, pulmonary complications (including pneumonia). Severe constipation. (An autopsy revealed 22 pounds of impacted fecal matter inside the intestines of a junkie.) If sharing needles, infection with HIV or hepatitis possible. Loss of sexual interest. Withdrawal symptoms are restlessness, muscle and bone pain, insomnia, diarrhea, vomiting, kicking movements.

High potential for physical and psychological dependency. Tolerance with chronic use. Withdrawal includes irritability, perspiration, twitching, abdominal and muscle cramps, vomiting, diarrhea, fever and elevated blood pressure and heart rate. Cardiovascular collapse is possible.

**DEPRESSANTS**

Long-term regular use may result in tolerance and dependency. Symptoms of barbiturate dependency mimic those of chronic alcoholism. Withdrawal symptoms are anxiety, tremors, muscle twitching, dizziness, nausea, distortion of visual perception, vomiting, convulsions and delirium, insomnia, abdominal cramps and rapid heart rate. Withdrawal can at times be fatal.

Physical and psychological dependency. Withdrawal symptoms are similar to, but milder than, those of barbiturates and alcoholism. Cold turkey is more severe; can include convulsions and hallucinations. Increased anxiety, irritability and insomnia are more common.

High potential for dependency. Abuse can lead to convulsions, coma, overdose and death. Death by overdose usually the result of lung, liver, kidney or heart failure. Withdrawal can include convulsions and other complications.

**STIMULANTS**

Prolonged use can lead to ulcers, damage to blood vessels, heart failure and a form of psychosis. Women's periods may be interrupted or irregular. May lower effectiveness of contraceptive pills. Withdrawal symptoms range from fatigue, irritability and depression to severe craving, anxiety and psychotic reactions.

Tolerance increases with use; high potential for dependency. Irritability and mood disturbances, restlessness, addiction, paranoia and auditory hallucinations. Medical complications include: disturbances in heart rhythm, heart attacks, respiratory failure, strokes, seizures, headaches or abdominal pain.

Sleep-deprived abusers are called tweakers, and may become violent. Possible neurotoxic effect. Reduces dopamine transporters. Can incur memory loss, psychotic behavior; potential cardiac and neurological damage. Injections can damage veins or cause thromboses and abscesses. Chronic use can lead to bizarre personality changes and involuntary repetitive motion such as teeth grinding or eye rolling. Withdrawal leads to depression, anxiety.

**ANTI-IMPOTENCE**

While reports are scarce, psychological dependency is thought to be short but more likely in recreational users. Note: Viagra hangover another name for morning wood.

**HALLUCINOGENS**

Can lead to persistent psychosis and flashbacks. Daily doses quickly become ineffective. Can trigger underlying mental conditions and produce delusions, paranoia, panic attacks. No known withdrawal symptoms or physical dependency.

Not physiologically habit-forming.

Chronic smoking may lead to respiratory problems. Psychological dependency may develop and produce jonesing. Claims of permanent brain damage and impaired memory as result of long-term use or abuse are insufficiently documented.

**CLUB DRUGS**

Possible neurotoxic damage from frequent or large doses.

Dangerous in combination with depressants, e.g., alcohol, Valium, GHB. Psychological dependency.

Withdrawal symptoms (rare) include insomnia, anxiety, tremors, sweating.



# e-business

authorities say the use of ecstasy has skyrocketed. In fact, the rise of MDMA resembles a chemical chain reaction

The number of pills confiscated in a single e bust at the Los Angeles International Airport in July 2000: **2.1 million.**

Names used for various ecstasy pills: Mitsubishi, Blue Dove, X-Men, Mercedes, Motorola, microdot, Calvin Klein, Ferrari, 007, Sex X, white diamond, Chinese luv, Star of David and Playboy.

Year that a German patent for MDMA was issued to Merck: **1914.**

Year the U.S. Army funded a secret University of Michigan study that included toxicity analysis of MDMA: **1953.**

Year the first scientific article about the effects of ecstasy on people was published: **1978.**



ECSTASY

Wholesale price of a hit of ecstasy: **50 cents.**

Cost of a hit of e: up to **\$40.**

Cost of an ecstasy testing kit: **\$25.**

Way in which a Dutch police officer described his country to Barry McCaffrey: "Holland is to synthetic drugs what Colombia is to cocaine."

Year ecstasy was banned: **1985.**

Cost of the government's forthcoming anti-e campaign: **\$5 million.**

ACCORDING TO THE DEA, HOLLAND IS THE SOURCE NATION OF MOST U.S. ECSTASY.

Total number of hits of e seized in 1998:

**750,000.**

Number of doses seized in first half of 2000:

**5.4 million.**

## dance safe



When handed his first taste of ecstasy in 1986, Emanuel Sferios of DanceSafe did what his nature dictated: He went to the nearest library to research it. Before taking it. He found three articles, no real cause for concern, swallowed the pill and thought it was great. Even therapeutic. In 1997, he was handed a pill after not having done e for years. He went online and surfed

est cause of harm. There has yet to be an overdose on ecstasy. It would take 30 to 50 pills." However, lots of tablets contain substances far more dangerous than MDMA, including PCP, ketamine, paramethoxyamphetamine, methamphetamine, dog worm pills and prescription meds like dextromethorphan. In the sum-

mer of 1999, most medical emergencies in Oakland, California's rave community were due to DXM. A legal cough suppressant that can prevent sweating, DXM is a common adulterant. "But emergency rooms don't screen for it because it's legal and not considered a drug of abuse," says Sferios. DanceSafe began in February 1999 as the Ecstasy Harm Reduction Project. It brings "fact-based, nonjudgmental safer-use information—there's no such thing as safe—to the rave scene." DanceSafe now has local chapters, a national office in Oakland and a lab analysis program that tests about 40 pills a month. Its website, which posts test results and sells testing kits, is a necessity for ravers. It's also the place to go for news and updates on the scene.

"There's an amazing sense of community within the rave and nightclub scenes," says Sferios,

a recent analysis of street ecstasy in the U.S. and Europe found that only about **30** percent of the samples contained **MDMA**, the chemical structure that is **ecstasy**.

for updates. His conclusion?

"It is the most adulterated drug out there.

Pure ecstasy is relatively benign." He found a lab willing to do pill screening "because adulteration is the great-

mer of 1999, most medical emergencies in Oakland, California's rave community were due to DXM. A legal cough suppressant that can prevent sweating, DXM is a common adulterant. "But emergency rooms don't screen for it because it's legal and not considered a drug of

who spent his first rave behind a table full of health and safety literature, condoms and earplugs. "I mean, they're like 17 to 25 years old. They have genuine concern for their peers. It's impressive. When I was a teenager in the mohawk scene, it was all about alcohol and fights."





# Incarceration & Enforcement

**Drug Gulag:** More than 75 percent of drug law violation arrests are for possession. From 1987 to 1998, more drug arrests involved cocaine or heroin than any other drug. In 1998, more arrests were for marijuana than for any other drug. According to a 1999 NORML report, more than 43,000 citizens were serving time for pot-related offenses—mostly possession. By 1998, according to Uniform Crime Reports, drug abuse violations accounted for about 30 percent of overall arrests. In fact, more people are sent to prison in the U.S. for nonviolent drug offenses than for crimes of violence. Barry McCaffrey, a retired general who is stepping down from his post as director of the Office of National Drug Control Policy, says the war on drugs has created a “drug gulag.” Drug control policies are the primary reasons that the national prison popu-



lation has quadrupled since 1980. The U.S. has the highest rate of incarceration among Western democracies.

**Whites do more drugs but blacks do more time:** African Americans represent 62 percent of drug offenders sent to all state prisons. According to Human Rights Watch, five times as many whites use drugs as blacks. But nationwide, black men are sent to state prisons on drug charges at 13 times the rate of white men. In seven states, blacks constitute between 80 percent and 90 percent of all people sent to prison on drug charges.

**Wiretaps:** In 1999, state and federal courts authorized 1350 wiretaps. Of them, 72 percent were for drug investigations, 10 percent were for racketeering, 5 percent were related to homicide or assault cases and 4 percent were for gambling.

Ratio of people in the West who have tried crystal meth to those in the Northeast who have:  
**2 to 1**

Of people who list speed as their favorite drug, percentage who are female: **68**

Ratio of people who use drugs every day in the Northeast to those in the West:  
**2 to 1**

Of people who spend more than \$1000 per month on drugs, percentage who are male: **80**

Percentage of recreational drug users who think mood-enhancing drugs are not a good treatment for children with behavior problems: **74**

All numbers according to an independent survey conducted online for Playboy by Survey.com.



## SUDDEN DEATH

liver damage, addiction and respiratory problems are slow and painful. Unfortunately, there are numerous public examples of quick ways to exit the party

**(1)** The Len Bias. Top draft pick of the Celtics in 1986, Bias died from a cocaine overdose that interrupted electrical signals between his brain and his heart. **(2)** The John Belushi. Or, death by speedball—a lethal injection of coke and smack. **(3)** The Orlando. At least six deaths in Florida were attributed to fake ecstasy pills made of PMA. **(4)** The Keith Moon. Too many downers. The Who's drummer OD'd on Heminevrin, a sedative prescribed to counter alcoholism. **(5)** The River Phoenix. An autopsy found heroin, coke, pot and Valium in Phoenix—but, though he died outside a bar, no alcohol.

## The demonization of GHB

The government's attitude toward drugs is bipolar. The handling of GHB is a good illustration of the tricky terrain that exists between drugs that are dubbed god-sends (Prozac) and drugs of the devil (GHB as the date-raper's little helper). According to *Narcolepsy and Sleep Disorders*, an international newsletter for physicians and patients, there were few reports of consumer harm or abuse of GHB prior to 1990. It had been “one of the few apparent success stories in the recent history of narcoleptic drug treatments,” extensively studied with “good results for over 14 years.” Generally accepted in Europe, GHB is a naturally occurring metabolite that falls in the crack between drugs and nutritional supplements. In the U.S., it was popular among bodybuilders because it stimulates the release of growth hormone. Its improper use in a handful of cases during the nutritional supplement craze (GHB can be poisonous in large doses or when mixed with alcohol) led to a ban by the FDA in 1990. In justifying its position, the FDA referred to “the alarming increase in the illicit use of GHB.” Such statements thrust GHB into the lime-light (one brochure at an FDA-sponsored conference was called by *N&SD* “a shopping list which in effect, if not intent, encourages potential rapists to try GHB”). The issue was soon sensationalized in the press, leading to even more exposure and misuse. Scant defense was mounted on behalf of GHB, because narcolepsy is rare and GHB was considered an orphan drug—a drug with no profit potential (too much cost to market, too few patients). Since then, an FDA warning sheet prompted the International Academy of Compounding Pharmacists to advise its members to avoid prescriptions for GHB “if they want to stay out of trouble with the FDA.”





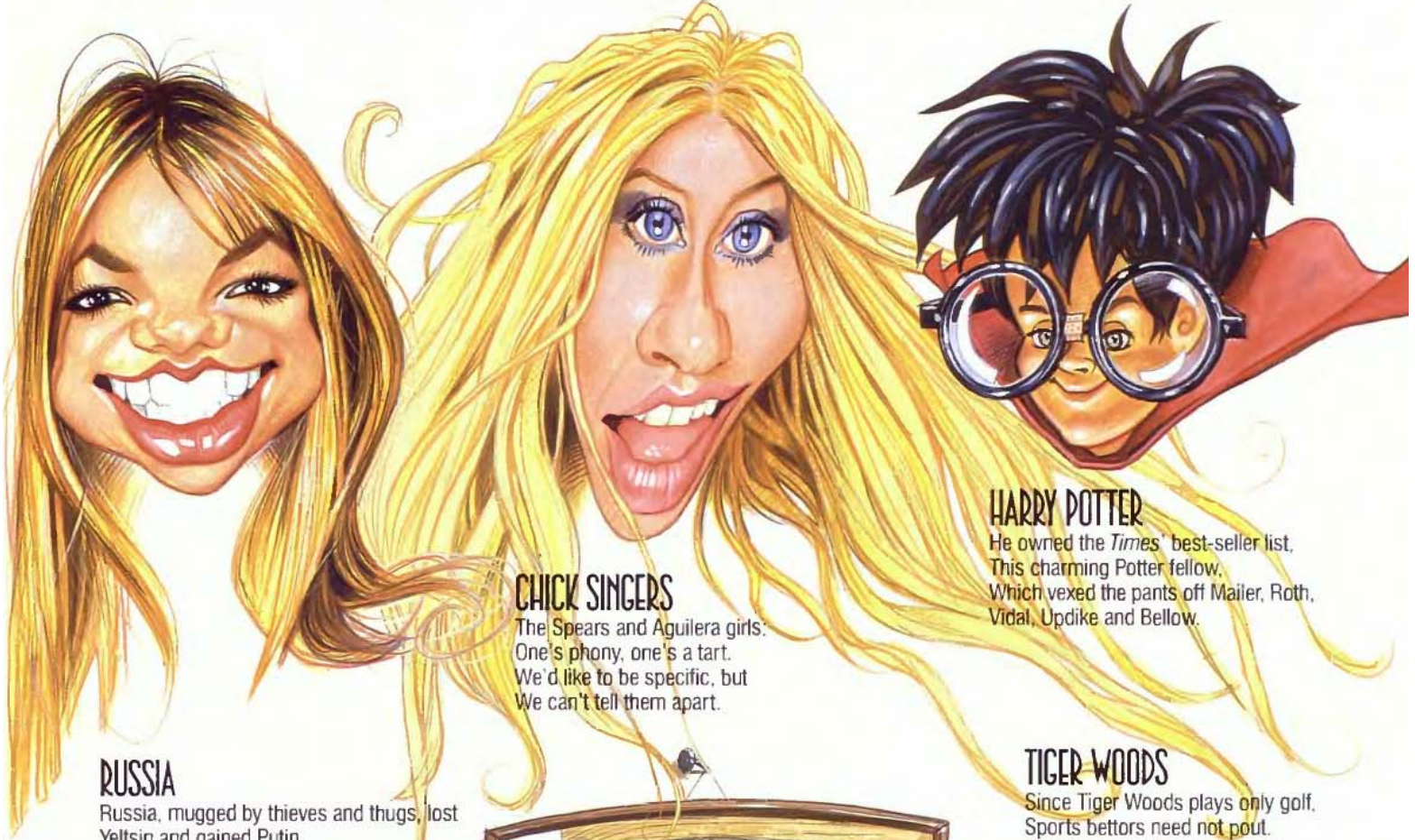


*"My wife strives desperately to give the impression of having a far better time than everyone else."*



# THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS

*the past 12 months gave us an overflow of ironies and vanities. here are our favorites*



## CHICK SINGERS

The Spears and Aguilera girls.  
One's phony, one's a tart.  
We'd like to be specific, but  
We can't tell them apart.

## HARRY POTTER

He owned the *Times*' best-seller list.  
This charming Potter fellow.  
Which vexed the pants off Mailer, Roth,  
Vidal, Updike and Bellow.

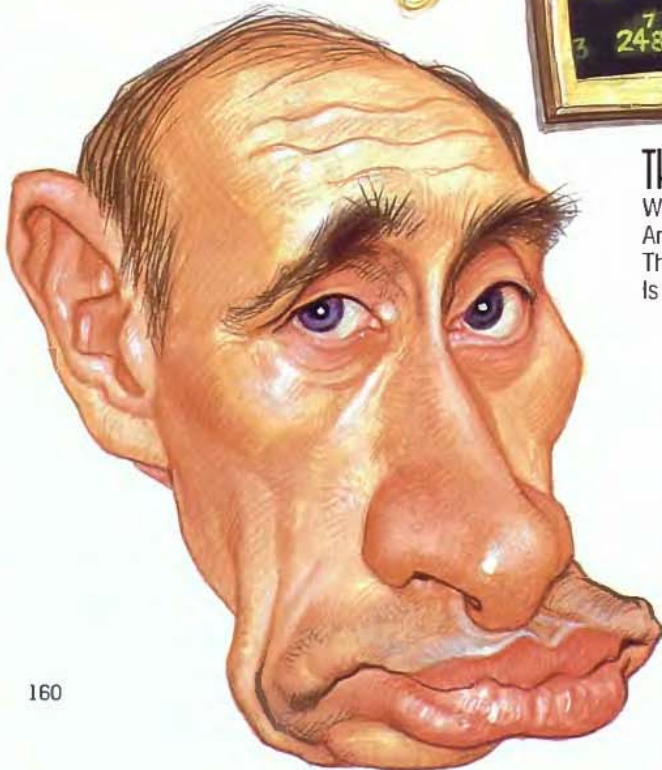
## RUSSIA

Russia, mugged by thieves and thugs, lost  
Yeltsin and gained Putin.  
We hope this means reform, not just  
New names in charge of lootin'.



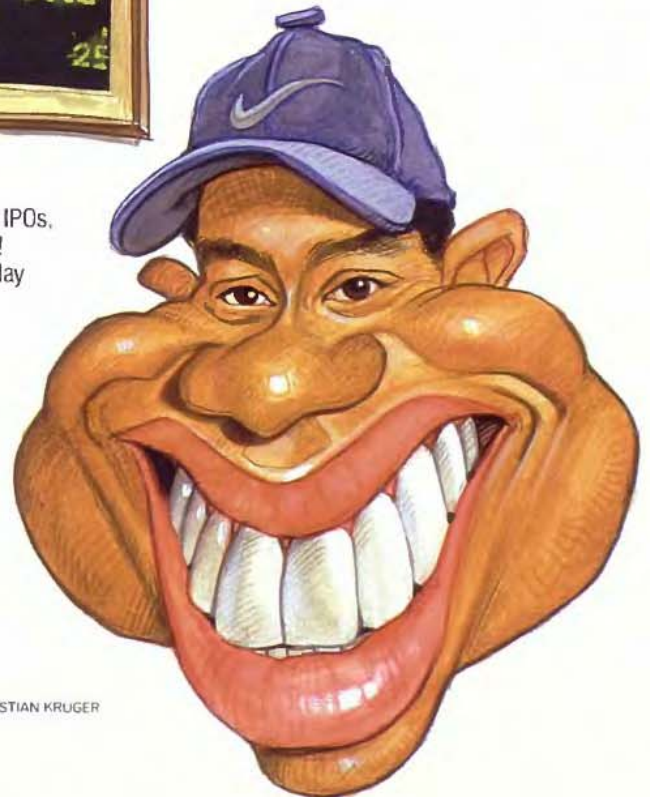
## TIGER WOODS

Since Tiger Woods plays only golf,  
Sports bettors need not pout.  
The Heisman, Wimbledon and  
Bowling crowns are still in doubt.



## THE STOCK MARKET

Whole flocks got hosed by IPOs.  
And Nasdaq, what a bomb!  
The only play that's hot today  
Is bankruptcies.com.





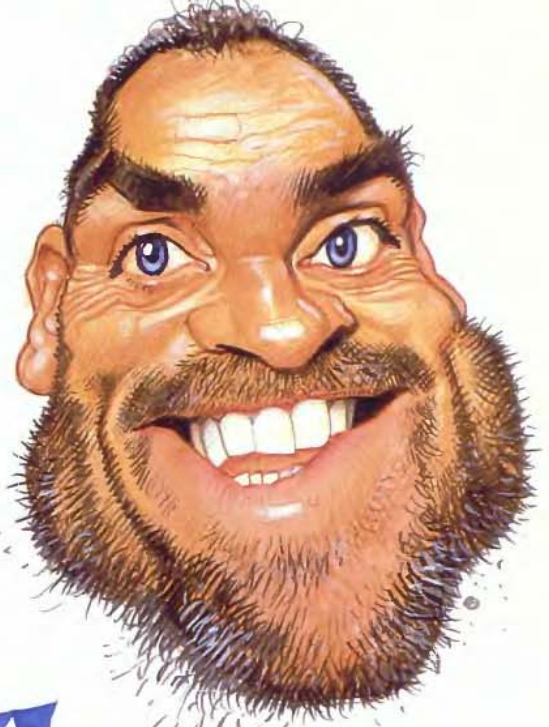
humor  
BY ROBERT S. WIEDER

### TV SPORTS

Dennis Miller riffing football  
Monday nights? What fun.  
And if it flies, we prophesize:  
Roseanne at Wimbledon!

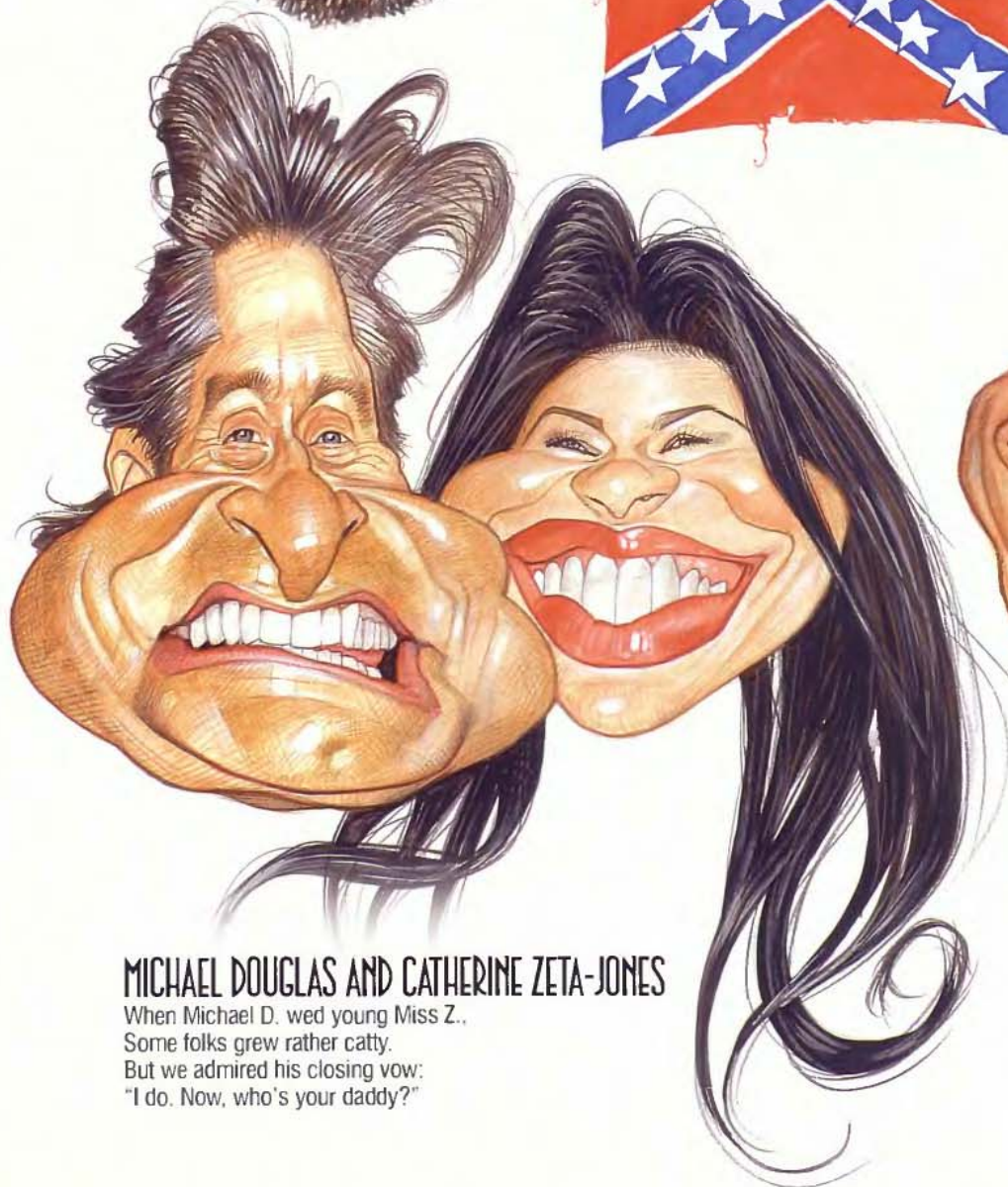
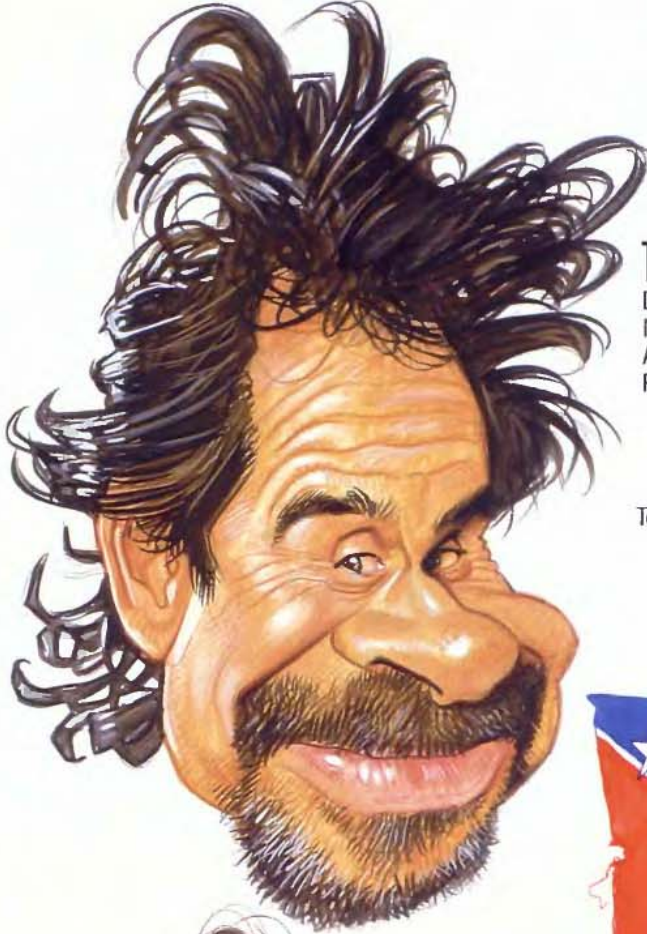
### SURVIVOR

To win, they said, you'd need to lie,  
Deceive, betray and trick.  
So why was anyone surprised  
The winner was a Dick?



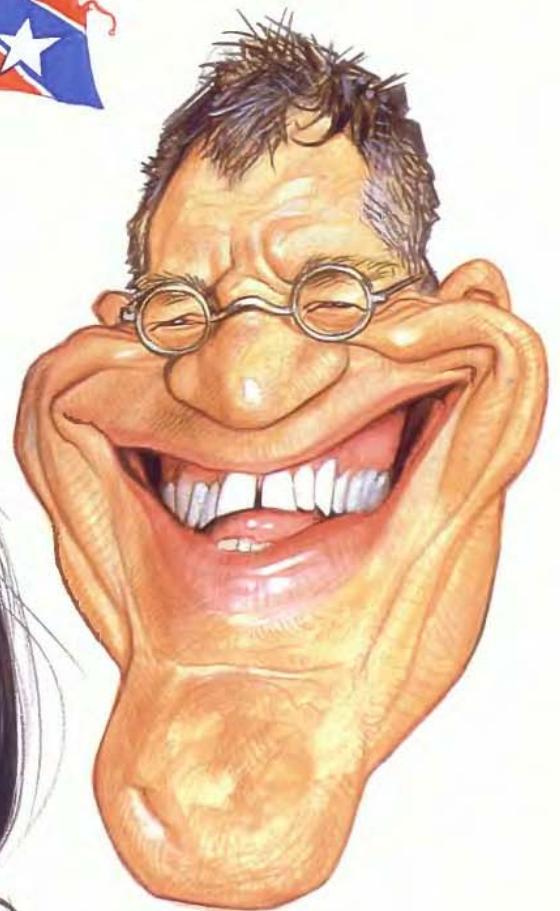
### THE CONFEDERATE FLAG

"The rebel flag must stay atop  
The capitol!" came hollers.  
Which faded when they saw how much  
They lost in tourist dollars.



### MICHAEL DOUGLAS AND CATHERINE ZETA-JONES

When Michael D. wed young Miss Z.,  
Some folks grew rather catty.  
But we admired his closing vow:  
"I do. Now, who's your daddy?"



### DAVID LETTERMAN

While Letterman's heart surgery  
Just slightly shocked the nation,  
The fact old cranky had a heart  
Was quite a revelation.





Fashion By Joseph De Acetis

You know how to knot a bow tie and even how to spell cummerbund. But are you really comfortable in a tuxedo? You should be. Because the days when you dragged out a penguin suit for the annual corporate function are over. These days, black-tie means a night on the town. The tux is fast becoming a daring urban outfit for bars, clubs and afterparties. Of course, it takes the right tux to get the new look and feel. Designers are adding comfort (with roomier arms), flexibility (with stretch fabrics), informality (with softened shoulders) and even color (with red velvet) to what will always be the ultimate statement of style. There's a basic recipe for the updated tux. Add equal parts class, comfort and sex appeal, and be sure to shake well—preferably on the dance floor.

# T 2001 Tuxedos

*Call it the power of a slick tuxedo. When we jokingly asked Ulrika what she was wearing beneath her outfit, she took Swedish literalism to extremes. "It is easiest if I just show you, yes?" she replied. We offered no disagreement. So she modified a single-button tuxedo by Perry Ellis in our favorite way. The shirt is by After Six.*



*Martin pensively wears a tuxedo by Corneliani and shirt by Raffinati. He's deciding when to ask Kristen, "What do you think of Swedish girls?" Judging from the way Kristen perks up her ears, we're willing to bet she's ahead to ask Martin the same question. On Ulrika is a top by DKNY and a skirt by Etro.*







Above: Martin moves in wearing a Giorgio Armani tuxedo. "What would you say," he whispers to Kristen, "if I said that your Etro dress would look great on my floor?" Accordion Frank sets the mood in a tux and shirt by Brooks Brothers. Nothing says romance like a little gypsy waltz. (According to Frank, anyway.) Below: You can leave your hat on. And Ulrika will do you the favor of donning a top hat by Knox Hats.

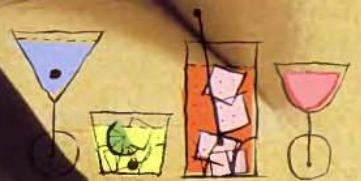


START



**Now it's Frank who's making the move. He's in a double-breasted tux with a grosgrain lapel, by John Varvatos. The shirt and printed vest are by Raffaelli. The bow tie is by Playboy. He wears a Swiss Army watch. Frank knows how to play the accordion, but this hottie of babby is the equalizer, thanks Martin, who's wearing a three-button tux by Emporio Armani. Kristen's top and sleeves are by Giorgio Armani; her skirt is by Etro. The champagne bucket is from 145 Antiques.**



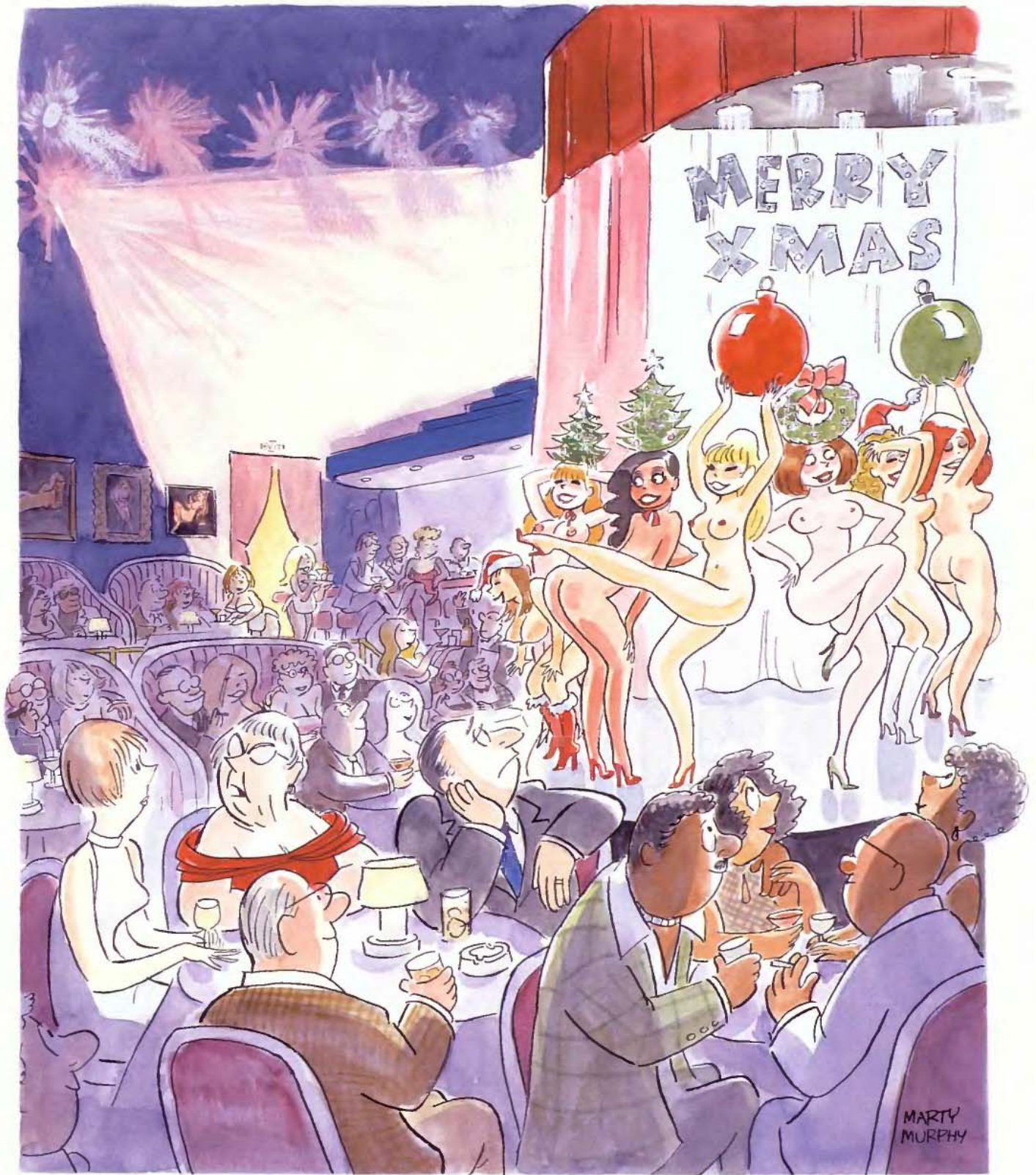






**Opposite page:** Martin has seen *Shadow of the Vampire* one too many times, thinks Kristen. Martin auzzles her in a tuxedo and shirt by Joseph Abboud. On Kristen: top by DKNY, pants by Roberto Cavalli, shrug by Etro and gloves by La Crusia. **This page:** Martin tickles the ivories. He's wearing a two-button velvet jacket by Nicole Farhi and leather pants by Chrome Hearts. (Bow tie and cuff links, Brooks Brothers; ring and bracelet by Chrome Hearts.) Frank's shawl-collar tux and vest are by Burberry. The glasses are from Crate and Barrel.





*"My Herbert always gets depressed during the holidays."*





*Centerfolds On*

# SEX

## **Oral sex, penis size and other thoughts from Barbara Moore**

I like to go down on my man because I find the penis very erotic. I think it's great, and I like to watch it. It's fun to play with and it feels good in my mouth. Giving oral sex can get a woman hot inside. And so I always need to do that. I always like to do that before intercourse. Cock is the most erotic word. I love that word. I like the penis to be pretty big, too, but it doesn't have to be gigantic. I've tried to measure guys' cocks and not one of them has let me. Not even the men who have the biggest cocks. Too long is too much. I like it to have a nice girth with a good head, a nice mushroom head, and not one that's so skinny it disappears. I like to watch it go in and out of my pussy. I love it when men just look at me and get hard through their clothes. To know

that I really turn on a man, and he can't help it, is erotic. You know, making him have an erection in public and knowing he can't move because people will see. And when I'm standing up, and he comes up to me from behind and I feel his hardness through his pants—that's erotic. You know what also turns me on? Swallowing. I crave come. I don't always swallow, I have to be in the mood. It can drip down. It's not so much the swallowing I like, but the pulsating when he's ejaculating in my mouth. I feel it pumping in there, and he's feeling so good doing it. He's thinking, Oh, she feels so good, oh, baby, this feels so wonderful. That turns me on. I'm a pleaser.

**What's the first thing that turns me on:** *I like it when I'm close to a guy and his shirt smells freshly washed. It doesn't have to be new. It makes me think he cares about himself. Also, I like it when a man wears some cologne, when he smells good and looks clean and crisp.*

**People would be shocked to know:** *I like it when a man masturbates in front of me, but some men are too shy. It takes a while for a man to relax, because it's about trusting—it's something special between two lovers. At first he may be shy or embarrassed, but once the wall is down and he actually masturbates in front of me—now, that's exciting.*

*Barbara*



# PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

*a look back at 2000's baker's dozen*

## WHO SHOULD BE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR?

If 1999 was the Year of the Rabbit, 2000 was the Year of the Playmate. It seems that every time we turned on the television, flipped through a magazine or went to the movies, we had a Centerfold sighting. (That is, whenever those annoying castaways from *Survivor* weren't hogging the spotlight. But we'd choose a beautiful woman over a naked fat guy any day.) Now it's your turn to vote for your favorite Playmate, the one you would like to have with you if you were stranded on a desert island. Think of it as being part of the tribal council, only sexier. The lucky winner will receive \$100,000, a snazzy sports car and loads of luxurious prizes. So



Last year, Jadi Ann Paterson joined the elite group of PMOYs, which includes Jenny McCarthy, Anna Nicole Smith and Shannon Tweed. Jadi Ann is eagerly awaiting your call—don't disappoint her.

who will be the Playmate survivor? The ones we discovered in a Miami nightclub? The one who grew up on an alligator farm in the Everglades? The one who competed on the national gymnastics team? The one who stars on *Baywatch Hawaii*? The one who is half Japanese and half Scandinavian? The one whose name is Egyptian for "here comes the beautiful one"? The one who is six foot two? Review the fabulous lineup at right and then phone in your vote. Each call costs \$1, and you can call as many times as you like. This June, our winner (or winners, as would be the case with the Bernaola twins) will star in a brand-new pictorial. And the good thing is: She won't even have to eat rats.

HELP US CHOOSE  
THE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR  
CALL YOUR FAVORITE PLAYMATE: 1-900-737-2299

YOU MUST BE 18 YEARS OLD OR OLDER, PLEASE. ONLY \$1 PER CALL

Phone us—and your chosen Playmate—at the number above to register your preference for Playmate of the Year. When instructed, tap in the appropriate personal code: Misses January, 01; Miss February, 02; Miss March, 03; Miss April, 04; Miss May, 05; Miss June, 06; Miss July, 07; Miss August, 08; Miss September, 09; Miss October, 10; Miss November, 11; Miss December, 12. Call now. Polling ends February 28, 2001.

A product of Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Service not available in Canada.





MISSSES JANUARY—01



MISS FEBRUARY—02



MISS MARCH—03



MISS APRIL—04



MISS MAY—05



MISS JUNE—06



MISS JULY—07



MISS AUGUST—08



MISS SEPTEMBER—09



MISS OCTOBER—10



MISS NOVEMBER—11



MISS DECEMBER—12







*Miss February*  
**SUZANNE STOKES**

"I spent it! I spent it all!" That's Miss February explaining what happened to her Playmate earnings. "I love to shop. So I have a nice new wardrobe and lots of shoes. I think of it as an investment. Looking nice is important in this business." Suzanne, who has moved from Miami to Los Angeles, knows it takes effort to stand out in a city full of beautiful people. "I work out a lot. I ride my bike to the beach, go to the gym, in-line skate, clean up after my puppy and have lots of sex!"

*Miss December*  
**CARA MICHELLE**

Beautiful women always lament being gawky in high school, as does Cara. "I didn't have a boyfriend," she remembers. "I had braces and frizzy hair and weighed 100 pounds—just dorky." Like a lei from her native Hawaii, Cara bloomed. And bloomed. She now stands six foot two and has landed roles in *Crocodile Dundee 3* and *Bedazzled*. Still, she's not looking for superstardom. "Unless you're really grounded, money brings more confusion and complication into your life."







*Miss September*  
**KERISSA FARE**

We have two words for Kerissa: wild on. Ever since she discovered the E Channel's *Wild On* series, she has ached to become one of its hosts. "I love how they explore scenes all over the world," she says. This California girl has been privy to a few wild scenes herself, particularly the Betsy Johnson fashion show. "A couple of my outfits had low-cut V-necks. I was worried I was going to pop out of my clothes, and, of course, I did. It was a riot."

*Miss August*  
**SUMMER ALTICE**

A day in the life of Summer, who stars in the series *Chromium Blue.com* on Showtime: "I walk my Maltese. I talk to my agents. I return about 17 phone calls. I run around and get home by eight p.m. to chill on the couch or go out with friends. Then I wake up and do it again." She also wants to start a sports program for inner-city kids. "Volleyball was a big part of my life. It's important for kids to get involved."

*Misses January*  
**CAROL and DARLENE BERNAOLA**

When the millennium Playmates stopped at home during a world tour, they were greeted by 3000 fans. "We're treated like Peruvian royalty," Carol says. "The president gave us access to the palace. They're naming a street after us." On the flip side, constant attention can be daunting. "The paparazzi are everywhere," Darlene says (she's dating Mets star Mike Piazza). "If you pick your nose, next thing you know you're eating your boogers on national TV."









*Miss June*  
**SHANNON STEWART**

You've heard about Hef's wild parties, but Shannon prefers a different side of the Mansion: "My most memorable experience was sitting at the kitchen table with Nichole Van Croft and the butlers, playing Monopoly at two A.M.," she says. "Of course, one of the dogs shit on the floor and someone stepped in it and that was the joke of the night. No one thinks of the Mansion like that, but that's how it is sometimes." Shannon still lives in Baton Rouge, and still dates the same boyfriend.

*Miss October*  
**NICHOLE VAN CROFT**

A note to Miss October's friends back home: She doesn't mean to blow you off. It's just that she's putting all of her energy into becoming a recording star. "I feel terrible, but I don't have time for my friends right now," Nichole says. "I'm doing a lot of work. I sang the national anthem at a Panthers hockey game. I've been hired for parties to sing *Happy Birthday* like Marilyn Monroe. And Virgin Records flew me to California. If they like me, they're going to sign me."











*Miss April*  
**BRANDE RODERICK**

Say aloha and mahalo to *Baywatch Hawaii*'s newest life-guard. After appearing on *Jesse*, *Two Guys and a Girl* and *Beverly Hills 90210*, Brande beat out hundreds of women for the starring role of Leigh Dyer on the worldwide TV phenomenon. A big deal, yes, but Brande says landing the part wasn't a run on the beach: "I have to prove myself more than most because people automatically think, She's blonde and dumb. But everyone I work with is fantastic. We're family."

*Miss May*  
**BROOKE BERRY**

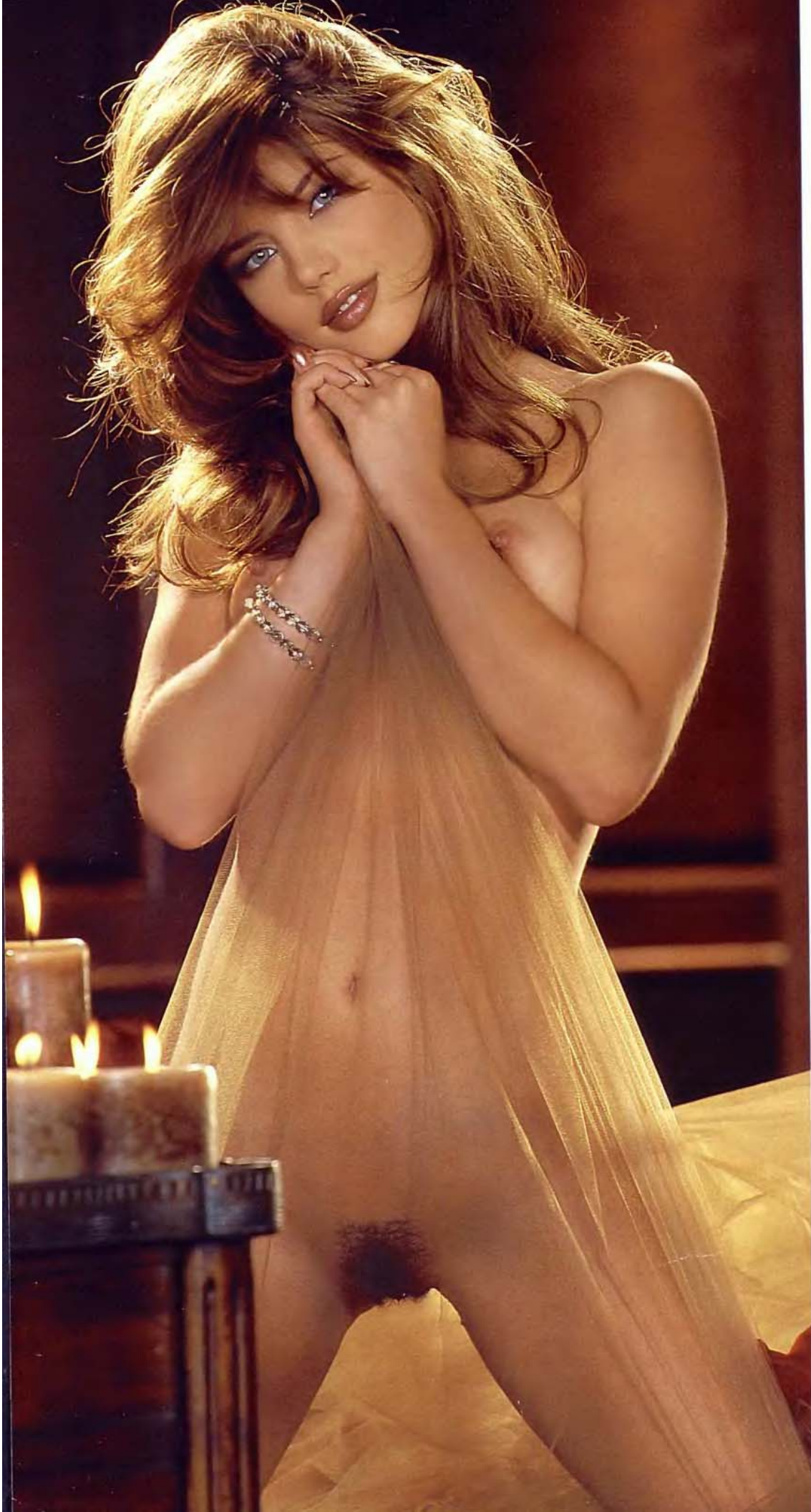
The former English major put her studies on hold for two reasons: to do the acting thing and to let the campus cool down. "College kids are weird," she says. "Berkeley is liberal, but some people thought I was disrespecting women and the school. I was going to join a sorority but they wouldn't let me in." Then again, Brooke has never been one to follow the crowd. Take the time she walked into a party with no clothes on: "I wanted to liven things up, so I walked downstairs naked."

*Miss July*  
**NEFERTERI SHEPHERD**

With a genetically blessed physique and a name that means "here comes the beautiful one" in Egyptian, Neferteri was destined to wind up in *PLAYBOY*. "Modeling is hard work, but I'm an ambitious person," the girl from Berkeley says. "When I want something, I put 150 percent into achieving it." Who are her role models? "I like Inman because she's a smart businesswoman. She models and acts, plus has a family and her own cosmetics company. And I admire my mom a lot."







*Miss March*  
**NICOLE LENZ**

Miss March is a woman on a mission. The Cleveland native has also relocated to LA (do you notice a theme here?). and in two years, she hopes to be a TV star. "If that doesn't work," Nicole says. "I'll continue working for *PLAYBOY*. I have a feeling whatever happens will be positive." Although she is often seen running around town with a crew of Playmate pals, Nicole has a not-so-glamorous side, too. "I love to relax, put my feet up on the couch, drink a beer and watch *Roseanne*."

*Miss November*  
**BUFFY TYLER**

Buffy has gone from life in Texas to the glamour of Hollywood faster than you can say Sunset Strip. "When you walk into a party with Hef, you're a celebrity," Miss November says. "Everyone wants your autograph and to talk to you."

So far, I've gone to Emmy parties, a Madonna CD premiere party and Rod Stewart's daughter's 21st birthday party. "High-class hobnobbing should come in handy when Buffy begins her acting career. "I always knew that *PLAYBOY* would open a lot of doors."











## Carol Alt

## 20Q

## nyc's model citizen on slashing, bad boyfriends and how amazon differs from gilligan's island

**B**eing called the most beautiful woman in the world by hundreds of magazines could alter a person's perspective. Model and actress Carol Alt credits it all to plain luck. She's never bothered making plans. Alt, 40, a native Long Islander, was discovered by a photographer while waiting tables at a steak house during her freshman year at Hofstra University. Her father, a fire chief, and her mother, a former model, tried unsuccessfully to talk Alt out of moving to Manhattan to pursue modeling full time. She bolted and soon commanded \$2000 a day posing for Valentino and Sassoon jeans. The *Sports Illustrated* 1982 swimsuit issue featured her on the cover. More than 700 magazine covers followed, including *Life* magazine, which called Alt "the next million-dollar face." She entered the rarefied world of the supermodel.

Juggling a career of endorsement contracts and posters, calendars and exercise videos, Alt eventually realized something was missing—she wanted to become an actress. She began studying and made her stage debut in Bob Fosse's *Sweet Charity* as Ursula, a Swedish blonde bombshell. Putting her successful modeling career on hold, Alt moved to Europe, where she got lead roles in multinational films such as *Via Montenapoleone*, *My First 40 Years* (opposite Elliott Gould) and *Love for Life*, for which she was named actress of the year by *Moda* magazine.

Alt returned to the States, where she continued modeling. She also appeared in such domestic productions as the television miniseries *Anna Karenina*, *Under the African Sun* (a series of two-hour films) and a syndicated series (*Peter Benchley's Amazon*). Alt also acted in *Private Parts* opposite Howard Stern and *Revelation* with Jeff Fahey.

Robert Crane caught up with the itinerant Alt on a recent stopover in Los Angeles. He reports: "Alt never stops. Next, she was off to Russia to visit her boyfriend, hockey star Alexei Yashin. She was previously married to former New York Rangers defenseman Ron Greschner. She swears she's not a

hockey hag. She just happens to like athletes who skate fast. Alt settled her six-foot-plus (with heels) frame into a big chair and sat sideways, her open blouse occasionally revealing her left breast. She refers to herself as a tomboy."

## 1

PLAYBOY: Describe the supermodels' retirement village. Who's the gossip? Who has the drinking problem? Who's the slut?

ALT: I don't want to point the finger at anybody. I work with a lot of these girls. It's not like I get into their personal lives. Most of that stuff is all gossip anyway, so you never know who's sleeping with whom until you're in the bedroom with them. It's better not to repeat unwarranted gossip. I could describe what the village would look like, of course. There would be a gym, a nutritionist, a beauty salon, a health food store and the bedroom. Most likely it'd be by the ocean. Most of us like the ocean. It's probably someplace in the Caribbean where it's quiet. But it has its moments of being hot, because everybody comes in the wintertime. I think most of us like our quiet time, but at the same time we have split personalities, because we live for those moments of being in the public eye. We're all going to live there one day. We'd all have our own little problems.

## 2

PLAYBOY: Would there be a ban on the young models who are coming up, like the Brazilians?

ALT: Like I said, they're all going to be in the village one day or another. They wouldn't be young kids when they got there. Let me tell you how sexy those Brazilian babes really are. Oh, baby. They are sexy, sexy people. I shot a movie there and it's really beautiful to watch people totally comfortable with their bodies. And there's no menace

about it. Men don't leer. They're so used to it.

## 3

PLAYBOY: Which photographers put you through the most pretzel-like poses?

ALT: There isn't a photographer who doesn't put you through a pretzel-like pose. But the worst was Irving Penn. And there was someone—I can't remember his name—who worked for *Vogue* in the early Eighties. I literally sat for five or six hours in one position for both of those guys. With Penn I sat straight up on a stool for five hours, my head turned to the side. For the next day it was as if I had been in a car accident. With the other guy I sat with my feet over one arm of the chair with my head leaning back. I sat like that for six and a half hours for *Vogue*. I was so happy to be working for him he could have sat me there for 20 hours and I would have done it. I loved the pictures in both cases.

## 4

PLAYBOY: Any long-term chiropractic problems?

ALT: I find that I go for chiropractic just for maintenance, and because I have a cute chiropractor. I have a very cute doctor. So, maybe I have a little incentive to go. I can look at him and feel happy.

## 5

PLAYBOY: What was the most ridiculous shoot that helped end your modeling career?

ALT: Every shoot. There isn't a shoot where I don't think that. It's a ridiculous business. I got hypothermia shooting skiwear. I was absolutely freezing. It was 36 below on top of a mountain at four in the morning and I was wearing a shirt that didn't even have filler over a little turtleneck with a pair of pants and ski boots. No hat, no scarf,



no gloves, no coat. I talked myself out of being cold to the point where it almost killed me.

6

PLAYBOY: What do you look like first thing in the morning?

ALT: Pretty much like I look right now, except no lipstick. Do you want me to take my lipstick off so you can see? I sleep with my mascara on. I hate taking mascara off because you have to rub your eyes to do it. I'm not wearing any makeup right now. I came out of the car and it was raining on me while I was in the car. This is not a science fiction movie—it was raining in the car.

7

PLAYBOY: Are hockey players the most aggressive athletes on and off the ice?

ALT: Off the ice, definitely no. They are Jekyll and Hyde. What I like so much about hockey players is that they aren't brought up in a system where they're stars or where they're adored and admired and given scholarships and all the stuff we do with football and baseball players. Hockey players fight every step of the way. You end up with people who are thankful and appreciative of what they get. Hockey is in a strange position now. They have players who are thankful for working, for sure. But they're worth money and yet they're not paid like baseball and football players. One of the things about my boyfriend, Alexei Yashin, is that he's not a fighter. He's talented in terms of strategy and scoring. I've seen him do things in practice I've never seen any other player do, and I've watched hockey for 20 years. He's not a fast skater, but he's a strategic player. He's not a fighter because he has what they call hands. Why break those hands if that's what you need to play?

8

PLAYBOY: Do hockey players have adequate dental coverage?

ALT: My ex-husband was hit in the mouth and lost all his teeth in the last game of his career. Everything was covered. They are prepared for problems like that.

9

PLAYBOY: How do you imagine it feels getting slammed against the boards?

ALT: I have asked my boyfriend that. In fact, I don't think it's as bad as it looks. I've seen his elbow padding. I've walked into one of the rooms in the apartment and he had everything out to dry because he was packing for the World Championship. He has shin pads, knee pads, hip pads, protection

in the front, shoulder pads, stomach pads, elbow pads, wrist pads, gloves and a neck thing. They're unbelievably padded. So when they smash all these pads into all those pads, and it's a clean hit, I don't think it bothers them at all.

10

PLAYBOY: After watching hockey, is it possible for you to appreciate men's figure skating?

ALT: I love figure skating, I love watching it, and Alexei and I watch it together. My ex-husband and I were at Billy Joel's house one night, and Billy was playing music. He just sat there, jealous, looking at Billy playing music. As we got into the elevator he leaned over and said, "You know, I always wanted to play the piano." And Billy looked at Ronnie and said, "You know, I always wanted to be a hockey player." Then they started comparing hands.

In this industry we're all fans of one another, because we realize what it takes to get to a certain level. You can appreciate the talents of people who reach that level. Alexei watches the figure skaters not just because they're fellow Russians, but because he can appreciate the talent and the time it took to get to the championships.

11

PLAYBOY: How is *Amazon* different from *Gilligan's Island*?

ALT: *Gilligan's Island* was, obviously, a spoof. We are trying to do reality-based TV. Peter Benchley came up with the idea. What if a plane goes down, and nothing goes right for the survivors? The rescuers don't find them. They wake up two days later. The plane is gone. All the dead bodies are gone, and there's stuff there, cell phones, which everybody thinks work everywhere. Hey, they don't even work in Laurel Canyon, for heaven's sake. So what happens to these people?

12

PLAYBOY: Were you the Ginger or the Mary Ann?

ALT: I was Mary Ann. And the truth is that I probably wanted to go that way more. I didn't want to be too sexy because that's obvious. I wanted to go a little more risky, and risky for me was no makeup, baggy clothes.

13

PLAYBOY: If you could do anything to Howard Stern, what would it be?

ALT: I would probably want to hold him close. He's the only person who hugged me and would turn off the cameras and say, "Carol, how are you?" And I would want to pay him back

when he needs it. I absolutely adore Howard. I think he's a genius.

14

PLAYBOY: Is it important for a model making her first movie to not have a Baldwin brother as a co-star?

ALT: I don't think it was a Baldwin problem to begin with. Any model who is going to do a movie, especially if she has an amazing opportunity in front of her, has a responsibility to take classes. It's as simple as that.

I have two amazing acting coaches. I worked in Europe for many years because I didn't feel ready to come here. I didn't want to be one of those models stepping out and getting slashed because I didn't know my craft. For me, craft is the most important thing, not coming to America and getting a role I couldn't handle. I wanted to have a technique and know my craft and I didn't care where I had to go to do it. I studied for a long time, even before I got my first role. I started studying acting when I was a kid. I did dance, theater, I did everything. I took ballet when I was three. When I was studying to be a doctor, my mother looked at me and said, "You should be a lawyer or an actress because you are so dramatic." So I took her advice.

15

PLAYBOY: How do you get a cab in New York City?

ALT: "Hey, yo, buddy. That's my cab. Get out of there!" Actually, I just pull up my skirt and stick out my leg. It always works. I usually get 10 or 12.

16

PLAYBOY: Hooking. Slashing. High-sticking. Which is which?

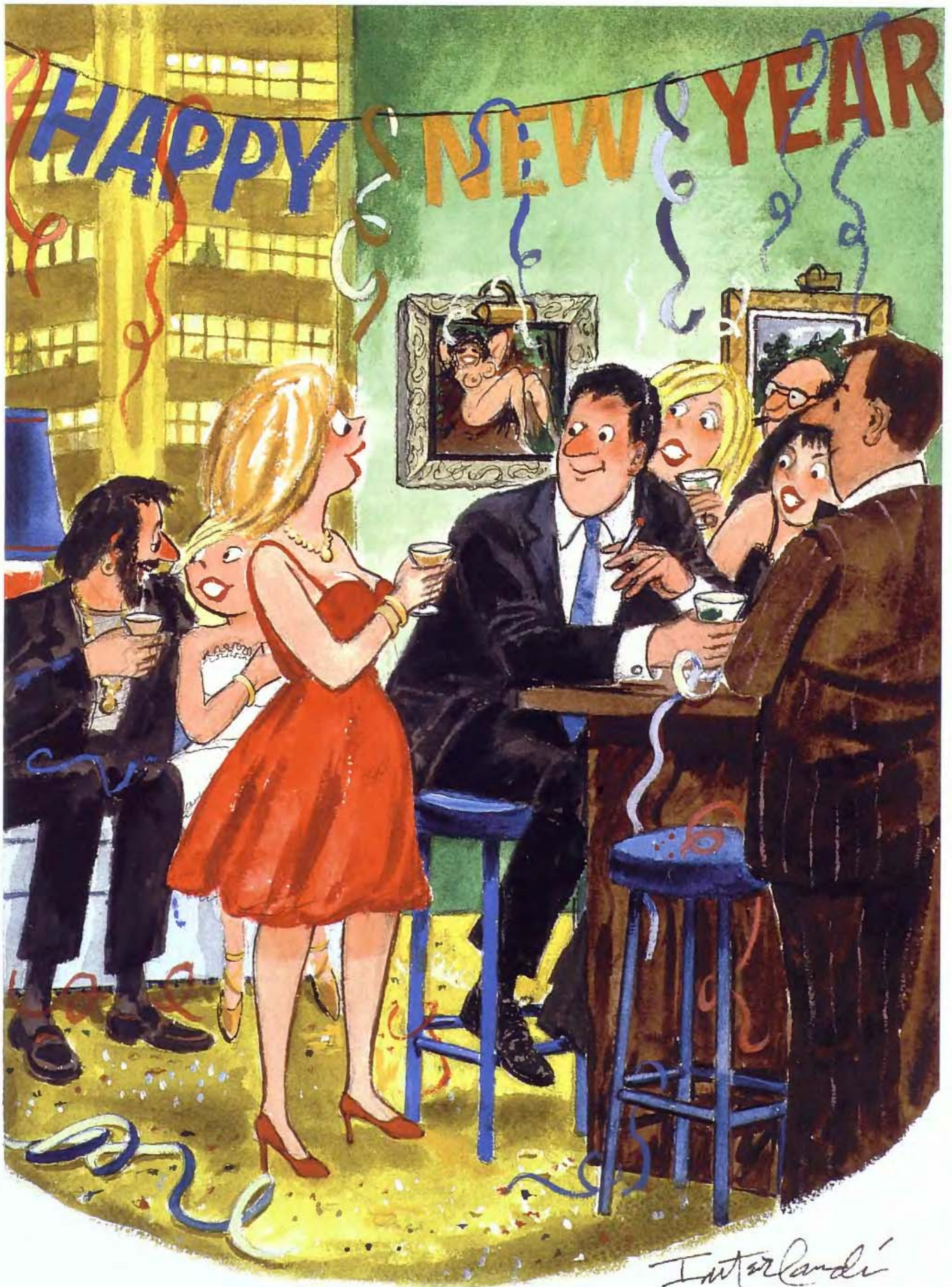
ALT: Hooking is kind of nice, especially when it's somebody you like. You take your stick and hook it around another player's arm, neck, leg or foot to prevent him from receiving a pass from another player. High-sticking can be kind of nice, too, actually, but it's usually after you shoot the puck. You bring your stick up a little too high, up into someone's face. It's considered dangerous, which is why a lot of people wear visors these days. Sometimes you can high-stick on purpose because you know a guy is coming at you and you can hit him in the face. But a lot of times it's just the heat of the moment. Slashing seems intentional. That's nothing but hitting somebody with your stick. There's no reason for it.

17

PLAYBOY: Have you ever had air rage?

ALT: I have had ticket rage. I have had





"Who'd you like to see the New Year in?"



airline rage. Air rage? No. I enjoy flying. I probably should have been a flight attendant because I love to fly. I'm a lazy flier. I like to get on the plane and fall asleep. It's the only time the phone doesn't ring and no faxes come in. I get good sleep on an airplane.

18

PLAYBOY: Why do supermodels pick inappropriate boyfriends?  
 ALT: I think it's availability. We have such horrible schedules and most of us are businesswomen, so we don't want to adjust our schedules. Modeling is also a business of opportunity. You can't always adjust your schedule because you might miss a really big opportunity or a big job. So we're at the mercy of the jobs that come in. Most inappropriate men are opportunists. They see this void. These men see very busy, very lonely women who are on the road working all the time. You rarely find a successful businesswoman who can work out a relationship with a successful businessman. Ronnie Greschner and I were both successful in what we were doing. That was ultimately the demise of our relationship, because we just didn't spend enough time with each other. When you're suc-

cessful, you're successful because your other partner in marriage is your work. It takes one person in your relationship to give up something to be with the other person. But we didn't realize that until it was too late. I think a lot of these girls find a guy who fits in, who'll go anywhere. A guy who will show up at any time and do anything they need. That is great, because every woman likes to feel taken care of. But if someone is that willing, that's a sign there's a need beyond just wanting to be there.

19

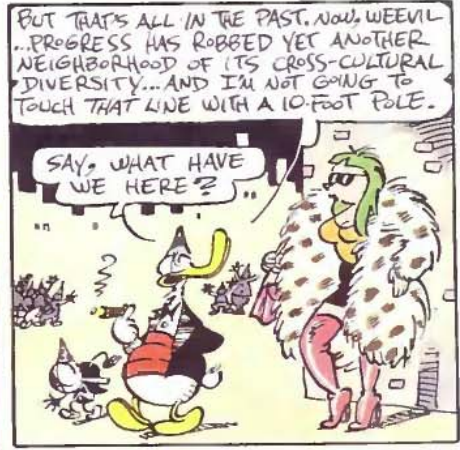
PLAYBOY: Married to a hockey player. Now going out with a hockey player. What's this hockey deal all about?  
 ALT: It just happened. It's not that I particularly go for hockey players. I do like sportsmen, and of all the sports—no offense to the NFL or the AL or the NL—I just like the temperament of hockey players better. I've never heard of a hockey player doing drugs, beating his wife, attacking anybody or fighting anybody in bars. Again, I could be naive, but they seem to be much more humble people off the ice. I guess I like that temperament better.

20

PLAYBOY: Give us a list of scary things completely out of character for you and a schedule of when you'll do them.  
 ALT: Being nude. That's completely out of the park for me. The funny thing is I have no problems with PLAYBOY and nude pictures. I love seeing nude bodies. I appreciate going to museums and I see statues and my favorite ones are the nude ones. I'm just shy—I can't imagine walking around the set naked. I have a hard time in the gym. It's totally scary for me to wear a bathing suit on the beach. I don't like it, yet I can do it. There's that little switch that goes, I can do it for a camera, but that's my job. And there's something that separates me from my job. It's not an ego thing: I want to be so sexy and show off my body, because I won't do it on a beach. I give my bathing suits away. I go to Vegas and do the Sky Screamer. I love that. I don't have problems with that. I try to do my own stunts. If you're talking about physical danger—I love danger. Danger's my middle name. Actually trouble's my middle name, but that's another story.



# Dirty Duck<sup>®</sup> by Bobby London







## DON'T LET THE CENSORS PULL THE PLUG ON FREEDOM

Today, *you* decide what gets shown on television. Simply by tuning in. But a political movement wants to eliminate programs that don't conform to their narrow ideology. To work their will on television—American culture's most powerful communicator—the censors' weapons are boycotts, threats, harassment, and letter-writing campaigns. If you want to continue to have a choice and you agree that TV shouldn't be held hos-

tage by those who demand it reflect only their view of the world, fight back. Call People For the American Way's special **artsave** hotline to report an incident of censorship or to lend your support in the battle for free expression:

Call  
**artsave**

A project of People For the American Way  
**1-800-743-6768**



**PEOPLE FOR  
THE AMERICAN WAY**

*Defending Constitutional Liberties*



## 2001, hello

(continued from page 89)

suggest that the level of intelligence of *H. sapiens* has declined in 200 years? Decide for yourself—after you have switched off the evening news.

It is true that 2000 is a more elegant number than 2001—but only for us 10-fingered entities. Most of this planet's arithmetic is now done in binary: to your friendly laptop computer—and perhaps to the dactylally challenged dolphins—the number 2000 is 11111010000. Anyone feel like celebrating that?

But perhaps I am unduly biased in favor of 11111010001—sorry, 2001. It will soon be 40 years since my now badly missed friend Stanley Kubrick wrote to me expressing his ambition to make the “proverbial good science fiction movie,” with results that are now fairly well known.

I recently had the very emotional experience of seeing the final version of *2001*, on which Stanley had been working during the last years of his life, at London's National Film Theater. There was no change in the story line, but pictures and sounds had been digitally enhanced. Most astonishing, I do not think it could have been much improved even by the revolution in special effects that has occurred during the past quar-

ter century—many as spin-offs from the movie! Although the off-world sequences might now be made for a 10th of the time and expense than it cost during the Sixties, they would not have looked any better.

And I make no apologies for the film's too-hopeful time line. When our *Space Odyssey* was released in the spring of 1968, no humans had ventured beyond low earth orbit. The *Apollo* program, however, was racing full speed ahead to achieve President Kennedy's promise that man would go to the moon in the Sixties. So when Stanley and I met for the first time in Trader Vic's on April 22, 1964, it did seem quite possible that by such a far-off date as 2001 there would be orbiting hotels and even bases on the moon. If we were unduly optimistic, it is worth recalling that during the *Apollo* euphoria, there were serious plans to land on Mars—in the Eighties! All these things could have happened if not for Watergate, Vietnam and post-*Apollo* fatigue (“been there, done that”).

It may not be remembered, in what I hope is the peaceful century that lies ahead, that the main motivations behind the drive into space were military and political—certainly not scientific, nor straightforward human curiosity. So I am particularly proud of the fact that

we stuck our necks out in those days of the Cold War by showing Russians as ordinary human beings. My ebullient friend Alexei Leonov (the first space walker) told me after the film's European premiere: “Now I feel I have been in space twice.” (And I've just remembered an odd coincidence: Alexei's pet parrot is called Lolita. I must ask him why he named it after the work that did much to establish Stanley's reputation as a daring director.)

Even when Peter Hyams' excellent sequel *2010* was released in 1984 (another date to conjure with) the joint Soviet-U.S. mission shown in it must have seemed rather unlikely. Who would have dreamed by the end of the century, a few (rather well-heeled) American guests were booking into a Russian space hotel—even though the aging *Mir* would only rate one and a half stars in the *Michelin Guide*?

I believe that, with one possible exception, virtually everything shown in the movie will be achieved during the next few decades. Many advanced launch systems are on the drawing boards, and the time is right for the DC-3 of space; the Shuttle was the first—if rather faltering—step in that direction.

And sooner or later the noisy and inefficient rocket will be superseded by something better. NASA's recently established Institute for Advanced Concepts is looking at a whole range of future possibilities—even the fabled “space drive,” beloved by science fiction writers. Perhaps the rocket will play the same role in space that the balloon did in the air.

The possible exception? That is, of course, contact with extraterrestrial intelligence; there is no way of predicting when—or if—this will happen. Despite all claims to the contrary by clowns, crooks and crackpots (choose any one), we do not have the slightest proof that life exists anywhere beyond the earth—yet who can doubt that it does, in this cosmos of a trillion suns? The proof is more likely to come through radio, or, as in *2001*, the discovery of an ancient alien artifact, rather than by direct contact.

Incredibly, Congress recently ordered NASA not to use any funds for what could be the most important search in human history. Sometimes one despairs of finding intelligent life in Washington.

In 1965 Lloyd's of London, suspecting that he knew something they didn't, refused to insure the ever-cautious Stanley against the detection of alien intelligence—at least until our movie had finished its first run. The odds are shortening: It would be even riskier to issue such a policy today. I suspect that during the coming century we will learn the truth.

Will we meet E.T.—or Darth Vader?  
Prepare for both.





*Models are the highest prizes in a capitalist society. Sleeping with a loser like me would upset the whole system.*

was just about doable. On the day in question we met in the lobby of the Four Seasons. In her tight black sweater and short suede skirt, she was every inch the Teutonic goddess. As I followed her up to her room, my eyes glued to her butt, I thought I might trip over my tongue. She turned out to be surprisingly easy to talk to—intelligent, even—and at the end of my allotted time I asked her whether she had any plans. It was 5:15 P.M., so it was now or never.

"Why?" she asked.

"Well," I replied, "if you're not doing anything—" I stopped in midsentence. For some reason my voice had suddenly gone several octaves higher. I cleared my throat. "If you're not doing anything," I said, "I was wondering if—" It was no good. I still sounded like Mickey Mouse. Claudia gave me a quizzical look.

"Yes?"

"Dinner," I blurted out. "Would you like to have dinner. With me. Tonight."

For a moment, she dropped her professional demeanor and stared at me as if I'd just asked her to suck my dick. Had I lost my mind? Then she regained her composure.

"I'd love to," she sighed, giving my knee a patronizing little pat, "but I'm having dinner with my boyfriend."

When I told Sophie what had happened, she laughed. I was obviously far too eager. The secret, according to her, was not to seem too impressed. You have to give the impression that, for you, going out with a model is no big deal.

"Everybody is always telling us how gorgeous we are," she explained. "It's boring. Next time you're talking with a model, tell her how ugly she is. That'll get her attention." Hmm. Reverse psychology. It was a worth a try. My next opportunity came a few months later during New York fashion week, when I found myself in the VIP section of the Versace party. There, across the room, was Bijou Phillips, the well-known model. I sauntered over and hit her with Sophie's chat-up line.

"You're far and away the most unattractive woman I've ever seen," I said.

"Thank you," she replied. She hadn't heard a word I said.

As I struggled to think of a follow-up, her eyes darted around the room, searching for an exit. This was hopeless. Then, suddenly, she gave me her full attention, her eyes locked on mine. I knew from experience this could only mean one thing: A celebrity had entered our airspace. Among the people at these A-list

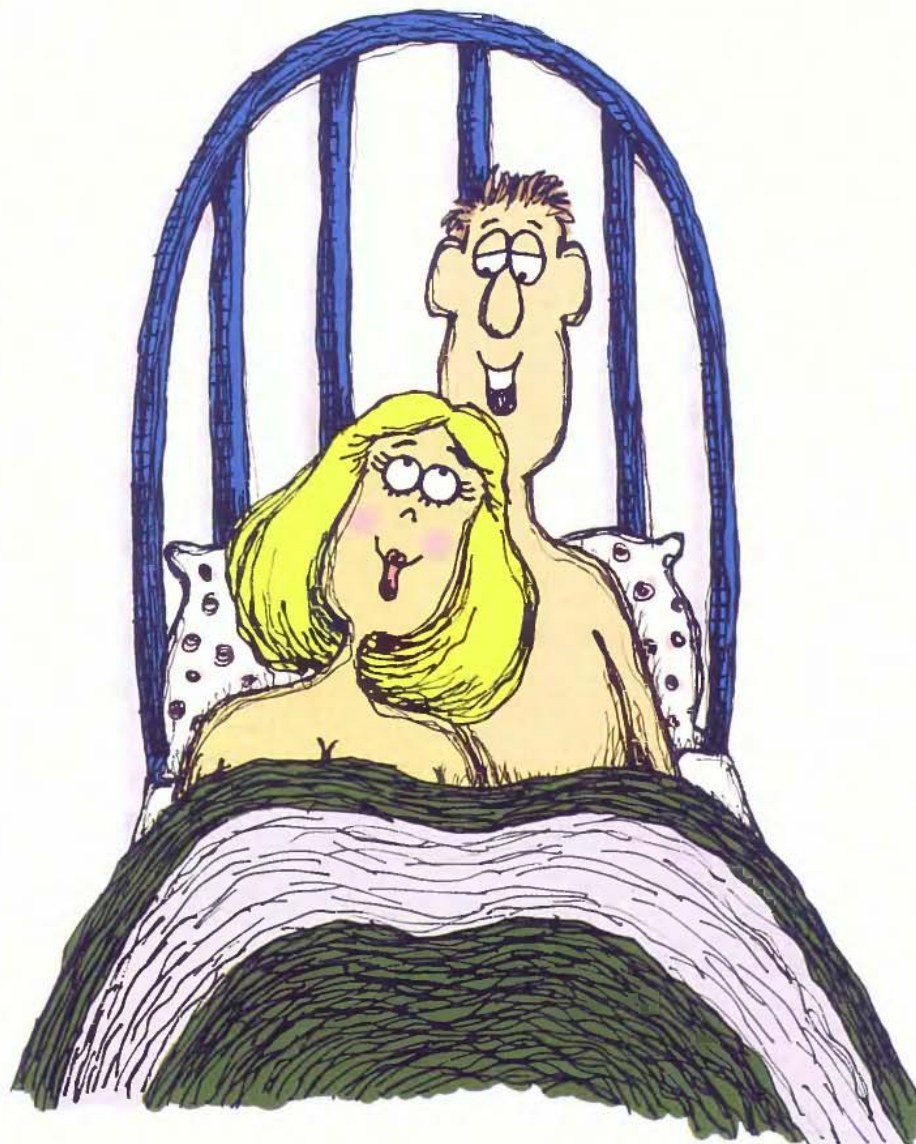
events, it's considered so trailer park to gawk at major stars that whenever one comes near you, you must look anywhere but straight at them. Consequently, if the person you're talking to stops looking over your shoulder and looks you in the eye for the first time that evening, you know someone famous is standing right next to you. I glanced left and right, but couldn't figure out who it was. Then, when I turned back, Bijou Phillips had gone. Where was she? I scanned the room. Seconds later I spotted her. She was leaving the VIP section, her arm curled around the waist of teenage heartthrob Leonardo DiCaprio.

After several more equally humiliating experiences, I began to lose heart. It became obvious that models just don't date mortals—even mortals lucky enough to work for Condé Nast. Models are the highest prizes a capitalist society has to offer, the ultimate trophies. If a model slept with a loser like me, it would upset the whole economic system.

I would like to say this realization has helped me grow up a little. As guys approach middle age we're supposed to be able to distinguish between fantasy and reality and adjust our sights accordingly.

Unfortunately, it hasn't happened that way for me. I've grown older without maturing. I still want to fuck models.

Still, at least I live with one and, while I could be wrong, I think the Korean guy who works in the deli on the corner thinks she's my girlfriend. I just hope he doesn't read *PLAYBOY*.



Kohlsaat

*"I hope this doesn't obligate me to Christmas with your parents."*



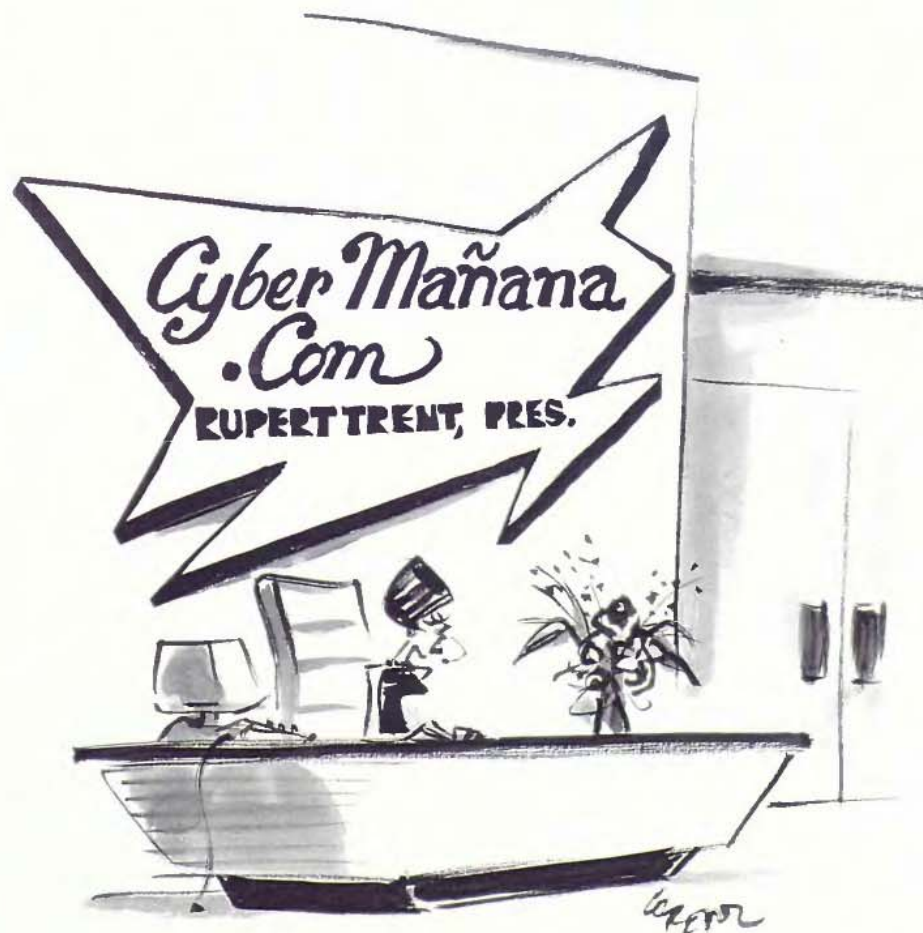
*Well, that blows the lid off—before the week is past  
We got topless gas station attendants pumpin' gas*

Peter Lane says, "We all gotta do what we must  
And the ones who don't have a feel for it'll just go bust"  
Then Joe Hall of the *Banner* does an editorial:  
"Let this be the binding bra's final memorial  
Let our women enjoy unbridled liberation  
And let our men be protected from fraud and falsification."

But Miss Agatha Baines of the Citizens for Decency  
Says, "We cannot encourage these dens of iniquity  
They're just tryin' to titillate the young men in this town"  
And they go to Judge McCory for an order to close 'em all down  
And they find him havin' a nip at Ma's Mammary Bar  
Talkin' 'bout runnin' for governor and

still puffin' on that big cigar  
But he rules—from his stool—that "Regardless of shape, color or size  
It's just an uplifting example of free enterprise  
And anyone who has discouragin' words to say  
Is against small business and the good ol' American way"  
So Miss Agatha rips off her blouse patriotically  
And yells, "Let them Japanese try to compete with *these*."

Well, that blows the lid off—before the week is past  
We got topless gas station attendants pumpin' gas  
Eileen Hobbs and her topless hot dog stand  
The Lubuck sisters in their topless moving van  
Lou's Barber Shop filled with topless tourists



*"I'm afraid Mr. Trent can't come to the phone. He's had himself frozen until the company turns a profit."*

Gettin' topless manicures from topless manicurists  
Topless majorettes in the Rotary marchin' band  
A concert with ol' Miss Murgatroyd settin' topless at the baby grand  
And the cheerleaders' team from the class of '69  
All workin' the counter of the topless five-and-dime  
Jim Dawson's wife runs for mayor on the topless ticket  
And she was way out front—till Jim decided to picket  
Well, that opened the door for librarian Lauralene Grace  
Who beat her by a nose, I tell you, it was some kind of race.

Doc Hamilton's backed up doin' implants and collagen injections  
Liz Mason and her Topless Party sweep the fall elections  
But some thought Jenny Hollman was a bit too crass  
Showin' up topless to teach her eighth-grade class  
But she proved that thanks to her PhD cup  
Attendance was perfect and attention was way up.

There are topless weddings and topless divorces  
Topless equestrians showin' their horses  
Topless druggists at the pharmacy  
Topless checkout girls at the A&P  
Topless gals drivin' topless cars  
Topless meetings of the DAR  
Topless adjusters at the Title and Trust  
Topless policewomen makin' busts  
Topless doctors, topless paramedics  
Topless anesthesiologists givin' anesthetics  
Topless joggers, topless hikers  
Hitchin' rides with topless bikers  
Topless brokers and CPAs  
Topless mamas at the PTA  
Topless lady construction workers  
Topless acrobats at the Shrine circus.

So the housewives join in and soon you can see 'em all  
Shoppin' topless, pushin' little topless strollers through the topless mall  
Topless firefighters and meter maids  
And Lucy, the queen of the Topless Day Parade  
A booth in Seely Park for topless tourist information  
Topless Mammorial Day celebrations  
And everyone's happy, 'cept for Lola at Lola's Lingerie  
She says camisoles are down, and she can't give bras away.

Soon it spreads across the ocean—hear the tramp-tramp-tramp  
Of topless models walking down topless ramps  
Talk about décolleté, we're rewriting the book

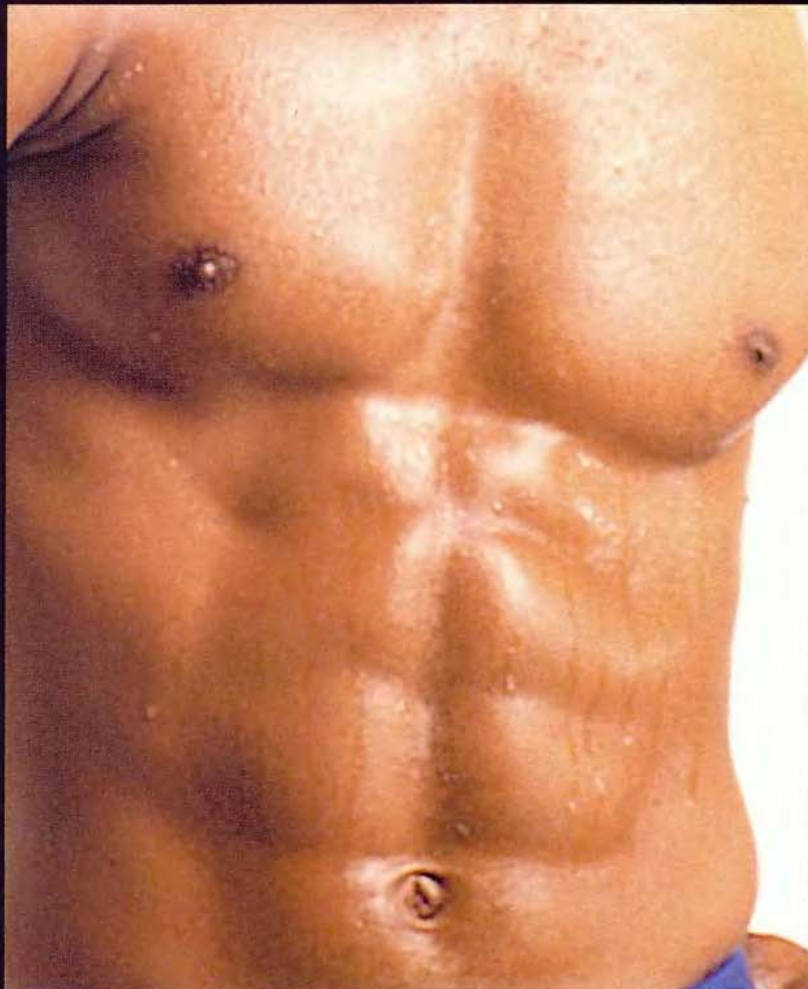


# No Time To Work Out?

Now the only thing you don't have time for is excuses!

## The Electronic Workout Solution

Helps to tone, firm, flatten, strengthen your body, and much more. Perfect for all problem areas, abs, love handles, thighs and buttocks. These state-of-the-art electronic units are used by professional athletes, sports trainers, and physical therapists.



**NO MORE  
SIT-UPS**

Travelers, don't let your body or your fitness suffer! The **FlexTONE** Electronic Muscle Exerciser\* allows you to work all your muscle groups without going to the gym (or can be used to supplement your workouts). It's quick, easy to use, lightweight and compact so you can take it and use it anywhere. A simple treatment of 40 minutes can be equivalent to 400 sit-ups, push-ups or squats. With regular use, you can see and feel the difference in as few as 30 days.

\* This is not intended for medical use.

### Each Machine Includes:

- Easy-to-Follow Instructions
- Detailed Pad Placement
- Chart for Each Muscle Group
- Two-Year Unlimited Warranty
- AC Adaptor
- Portable Battery Option
- 30-Day Money Back Guarantee  
Less a 15% Restocking Fee
- Instruction video

## **FlexTONE**

[WWW.FLEXTONE.COM](http://WWW.FLEXTONE.COM)

Check out the video online!

# 1-877-355-7416

International Calls (1-780-481-3955)  
(Fax your order to 1-780-487-8864)

Top Quality Digital Units Start At

## \$179.95

All Credit Cards Accepted  
Easy Payments Available





Givin' the world the revolutionary topless look  
 Dior's scared silly, St. Laurent's got the jitters  
 We got the whole damn fashion world all a-titter.

No more legislation that this must stop  
 Now they're trying to pass a law that you *cannot* wear a top  
 While our topless city council circulates a ballot 'round  
 To change our name officially to Topless Town  
 And every one of our citizens votes *yes*  
 Except for skinny Nancy Cobb with the flat, bony chest  
 So the sign gets changed to TOPLESS TOWN—POP.: 1704

'Course by the time the paint dries  
 There's about a thousand more  
 Then Matt Hanks, our stonemason,  
 climbs up Lookout Bluff  
 Says, "We'll have our own Mount Rushmore soon enough"  
 And he blasts and he hammers and he chisels in the proper places  
 And next day, there's a giant pair of—well, not exactly presidents' faces.

And the women's groups? Why, they're pleased as they can be  
 Because they finally got financial equality  
 "Equality?" screams Nancy Cobb  
 "Those big-busted babes now got *all* the jobs."  
 So she writes to Washington that very night  
 In a passionate plea for boobless rights.

The president says, "Hey, what's goin' on down there?  
 Don't they know there's *laws* 'bout what they can and can't wear?  
 Have they lost all their sense of propriety?  
 Someone must have laced their reservoir with LSD  
 It's Sodom and Gomorrah—a flagrant abuse of bein' free  
 Showin' kids what they was never meant to see!  
 And if they don't defer to decency's demands  
 I'll have to go there myself and take the situation in hand."

Then the press gets hold of it, and Mon-

day there's our topless queen  
 Dishin' out hash on the cover of *Time* magazine  
 Then Hollywood comes bangin' through our doors  
 Wantin' to give out Golden Globe Awards  
 And every evenin' on the boob tube, the whole country can see our . . . faces  
 And the attorney general announces this is gonna be one of her priority cases  
 And then the Senate and the House, they jump on in  
 Sayin', "Don't you know it's a crime and a shame and a sin?  
 And if you don't button up, zip up and snap up today  
 We gonna take every cent of your federal subsidies away."

Then you should have seen the notice the Supreme Court sent us  
 Declarin' us unconstitutional and Judge McCory non compos mentis  
 And statin' in language spiteful, specific and strong  
 That we better put our natural resources back where they belong.

But who in the hell do they think they're bossing around?  
 Not us pioneer, upstandin' citizens of Topless Town  
 Judge McCory says after due deliberation  
 "It's a clear-cut case of federal intimidation"  
 Then Joe Tanner says, "Damn the government and damn the courts  
 We don't need 'em—this town was built on *self-support*."

Ol' Miz Fletcher says, "This country's goin' down the tubes  
 They must think we're all just a bunch of boobs  
 They're our bosom buddies when it's time to pay tax and all that  
 Now they wanna go cut off our funds and just leave us flat"  
 Then Ellie MacKay stands up and starts to rant and rave  
 Shoutin', "Ain't this the land of the free and the home of the brave?  
 Well, I feel a lot freer without that ol' boulder holder of mine  
 And I'm brave enough to stand up and let my little lights shine."

And from the Salvation Army up steps Katie West  
 She says, "I got a couple things I gotta get off my chest"  
 She says, "We got no more homeless, no unemployed  
 Because men have somethin' to reach for and the women are overjoyed  
 So I wanna tell these knockers of liberty I ain't gonna let 'em put no halter on me  
 And if they keep makin' threats about a federal bust



Art Heibel

"Let me guess: You're making a list and checking it twice?"



An Incredible All Natural Pill  
For Men Is Being Called A...

# Super Sex Pill

**HERBAL V**

**NOW AVAILABLE OVER THE COUNTER!**

## Herbal V Is Sweeping The Nation!

Men of all ages love it! They are gobbling it up like popcorn. GNC stores can barely keep it in stock. Word of mouth is spreading like wildfire. It's Herbal V the 100% safe, all natural male super pill featuring the exclusive **Ultra Pleasure Delivery System.** You just take two tablets one hour before sex, and BINGO! Your packing dynamite! The best sex of your life!

## Be The King of The Bedroom Drive Women Wild

Athletes, movie stars, retired business men and playboys, even a former Olympic basketball coach take it. Just think, now over 1,000,000 men have grabbed a bottle. Herbal V is doctor recommended, it's 100% natural so you will never have to worry about safety.

## NATIONAL TV MEDIA RAVES ABOUT HERBAL V

"Minutemen become marathon men"

-WHBQ Memphis, TN

"Our special series on medical marvels has news of the hottest new herbal pill. It's aimed at pure pleasure... and giving you a big bedroom boost!"

-KCAL Los Angeles, CA

"Now there's an herbal alternative to Viagra, for men of all ages. It's called Herbal V, and it's flying off the shelves at health food stores."

-WTXF Philadelphia, PA

"Before Herbal V it was like driving around in a Yugo and now suddenly I'm behind the wheel of a Ferrari"

-WBAL Baltimore, MD

**1,000,000 Men Can't Be Wrong!**



**NO DOCTOR VISIT REQUIRED  
NO PRESCRIPTION NEEDED • NOT A DRUG**



## Be A Real Man Again!

"I feel like a young gun again."

*Herbal V brought back the magic for my wife and me BIG TIME! Right away - Tom B.*

FOR YOUR FREE INFORMATION REPORT  
Call Toll Free 24hrs. Recorded Message

**1-800-295-7942**

[www.herbalv.com](http://www.herbalv.com)

This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure or prevent any disease. As individuals differ, so will results. Herbal V is an incredible herbal support for male sexual performance. These statements have not been evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration.

Herbal V is available in over 6,200 Fine Health Food Stores Nationwide including all General Nutrition Centers. For the GNC nearest you call: **1-800-477-4462**

**GNC** Live Well.



It's gonna cause a major cleavage 'tween Washington and us.

"Tell the president that according to the Constitution  
We got the right to dress ourselves without federal intrusion  
The right to take off what's tight and what don't fit  
The right to pay our rent and buy our grits  
The right to improve our lot by usin' our wits  
The right to bear arms—and also to bare tits."

So we take a vote—the whole damn town  
And announce unanimously:  
"Topless Town hereby secedes from the Union  
Because the Union wouldn't let us be"  
And we declare ourselves an independent,

Self-determined sovereign state  
And we build a tall wall around us all—  
No roads, no bridges, no gate  
And we pledge allegiance to our flag  
Two . . . well, you know what they are  
And I ain't puttin' down Old Glory  
But they're prettier than stripes and stars  
And we're free and unbridled  
Behind these ivy-covered walls  
And you drive by on the freeway and never notice us here at all.

Yeah, we got no taxes—we got no crime  
But we got no room to spare  
You'd like to come visit? I'll bet you would

But, friends, you ain't got a prayer—  
Topless Town's stayin' safe and sound—  
You can't get here from there.



"I'm glad you like your Christmas present, Tiger. Let's make it a ménage à trois."

## CRUISING

(continued from page 108)

little plastic room and hope for the best.

Think of it as fishing.

If you're Catholic, it's the same feeling as sitting in a confessional. The waiting, the release, the redemption.

Think of it as catch-and-release fishing. What people call "sport fishing."

The other way it works is, you just open doors until you find something you like. It's the same as the old game show where whatever door you choose, that's the prize you take home. It's the same as the lady and the tiger.

Behind some doors, it's somebody expensive back from first class for some slumming, a little cabin-class rough trade. Less chance she'll meet anybody she knows. Behind other doors, you'll get some aged beef with his brown tie thrown back over one shoulder, his hairy knees spread against the wall on each side, petting his leathery dead snake and then he says, "Sorry bud, nothing personal."

Those times, you'll be too grossed even to say, "As if."

Or, "In your dreams, buddy."

Still, the reward rate is just great enough to keep you pushing your luck.

The tiny space, the toilet, 200 strangers just a few inches away, it's so exciting. The lack of room to maneuver, it helps if you're double-jointed. Use your imagination. Some creativity and a few simple stretching exercises and you can be knock, knock, knocking on heaven's door. You'll be amazed at how fast the time flies.

Half the thrill is the challenge. The danger and risk.

So, it's not the great American West or the race to the South Pole or being the first man to walk on the moon. It's a different kind of space exploration.

You're mapping a different kind of wilderness. Your own vast interior landscape.

It's the last frontier to conquer—other people, strangers, the jungle of their arms and legs, hair and skin, the smells and moans that is everybody you haven't done. The great unknowns. The last forest to devastate. Here's everything you've only imagined.

You're Chris Columbus sailing over the horizon.

You're the first caveman to risk eating an oyster. Maybe this particular oyster isn't new, but it's new to you.

Suspended in the nowhere, in the halfway 14 hours between Heathrow and Jo'burg, you can have 10 true-life adventures. Twelve if the movie's bad. More if the flight's full, less if there's turbulence. More if you don't mind a guy's mouth doing the job, less if you return to your seat during meal service.

What's not so great about that first time is, when I'm drunk and first getting



bounced on by the redhead, by Tracy, what happens is we hit an air pocket. Me gripping the toilet seat, I drop with the plane, but Tracy's blasted off, champagne popping off me with the rubber still inside, hitting the plastic ceiling with her hair. My trigger goes the same instant, and my gob's suspended in the air, weightless hanging white soldiers in the midway between her still against the ceiling and me still on the can. Then slam, we come back together, her and the rubber, me and my gob, planted back down on me, reassembled pop beads-style, all 100-plus pounds of her.

After those kinds of good times, it's a wonder I'm not wearing a truss.

And Tracy laughs and says, "I love it when that happens!"

After that, just normal turbulence bounces her hair in my face, her nipples against my mouth. Bounces the pearls around her neck, and the gold chain around my neck. Juggles my dice in their sack, pulled up tight over the empty bowl.

Here and there, you pick up little tips to improve your performance. Those old French Super Caravelles for example, with their triangular windows and real curtains, they have no first-class toilet, only two in the back of tourist so you'd best not try anything fancy. Your basic Indian tantric position works OK. Both of you standing face-to-face, the woman lifts one leg along the side of your thigh. You go at it the same as in splitting the reed or the classic *flanquette*. Write your own *Kama Sutra*. Just make stuff up.

Go ahead. You know you want to.

This is assuming the two of you are anywhere close to the same height. Otherwise, I can't be blamed for what happens.

And don't expect to get spoon-fed here. I'm assuming some basic knowledge on your part.

Even if you're stuck on a Boeing 757-200, even in the tiny forward toilet you can still manage a modified Chinese position where you're sitting on the toilet and the woman settles onto you facing away.

Somewhere north-northeast above Little Rock, "*Pompoir*," Tracy tells me, "would make this a snap. It's when Albanian women just milk you with their constrictor vaginal muscles."

They jerk you off with just their insides?

Tracy says, "Yeah."

Albanian women?

"Yeah."

I say, "Do they have an airline?"

Something else you learn is when a flight attendant comes knocking, you can wrap things up fast with the Florentine method, where the woman grips the man around the base and pulls his skin back, tight, to make it more sensitive. This speeds up the process considerably.

To slow things down, press hard on the underside at the base of the man. Even if this doesn't stop the event, the whole mess will back up into his bladder and save you both a lot of cleanup. Experts call this *saxonus*.

The redhead and me, in the big rear bathroom of a McDonnell Douglas DC-10 Series 30CF, she shows me the *negresse* position where she gets her knees up on either side of the sink and I press my open hands on the back of her pale shoulders.

Her breath fogging the mirror, her face red from being crouched down, Tracy says, "It's in the *Kama Sutra* that if a man massages himself with juice from pomegranate, pumpkin and cucumber seeds, he'll swell up and stay huge for six months."

This advice has a kind of Cinderella deadline to it.

She sees the look on my face in the mirror and says, "Cripes, don't take everything so personally."

Somewhere due north above Dallas, I'm trying to work up more spit while she tells me the way to make a woman never leave you is to cover her head with nettle thorns and monkey dung.

And I'm, like, no kidding?

And if you bathe your wife in buffalo milk and cow bile, any man who uses her will become impotent.

I say I wouldn't be surprised.

If a woman soaks a camel bone in marigold juice and puts the liquid on her eyelashes, any man she looks at will become bewitched. In a pinch, you can use peacock, falcon, or vulture bones.

"Look it up," she says. "It's all in the big book."

Somewhere south-southeast above Albuquerque, my face coated thick as with egg white from licking, my cheeks rug-burned from her hair, Tracy says how rams' testicles boiled in sugared milk will restore your virility.

Then she says, "I didn't mean that the way it sounded."

And I thought I was doing pretty good. Considering two double bourbons, and I've been on my feet for three hours at this point.

Somewhere south-southwest above Las Vegas, both of us, our tired legs flusshy, she shows me what the *Kama Sutra* calls browsing. Then, sucking the mango. Then, devouring.

Struggling together in our tight little wipe-clean plastic room, suspended in a time and place where anything goes, this isn't bondage, but it's close.

Gone are the golden old Lockheed Super Constellations where each port and starboard bathroom was a two-room suite: a dressing room with a separate toilet room behind a door.

The sweat running down the smooth muscles of her. The two of us bucking together, two perfect machines doing a job we're designed for. Some minutes, we're

The advertisement features a large, stylized illustration of a woman's face with green eyes and red lips. The word "Havana" is written vertically in large, red, cursive letters across the top of her face. To the right, the word "exotic" is written vertically in a smaller font. Below the face, the text "99% fat free" is written in a red, cursive font. At the bottom, four bottles of Havana Cappuccino are displayed, each with a different flavor label: "Vanilla", "Mocha", "Original", and "Cappuccino". The background is a warm, golden-brown color with coffee beans scattered around.

Iced Cappuccino

Havana Cappuccino Company

tel: 809-399-1488

e-mail: info@havanacappuccino.net



touching with just the sliding part of me and the little edges of her getting raw and pulled out, my shoulders leaning back squared against the plastic wall, the rest of me bucking forward from the waist down. From standing on the floor, Tracy gets one foot up on the edge of the sink and leans on her raised knee.

It's easier to see ourselves in the mirror, flat and behind glass, a movie, a download, a magazine picture, somebody else, not us, somebody beautiful without a life or a future outside this moment.

Your best bet on a Boeing 767 is the large center toilet in the rear of the tourist-class cabin. You're just plumb out of luck on the Concorde, where the toilet compartments are minuscule, but that's just my opinion. If all's you're doing is peeing or doing your contact lenses or toothbrushing, I'm sure they're roomy enough.

But if you have any ambition to manage what the *Kama Sutra* calls the crow or *cuissade* or anything where you'll need more than two inches of back-and-forth motion, you'd better hope you get a European Airbus 300/310 with its party-size rear tourist-class toilets. For the same kind of countertop space and legroom, you can't do better than the two rear toilets in a British Aerospace 111 for plush.

Somewhere north-northeast above Los Angeles, I'm getting sore, so I ask Tracy to let up.

With a big hank of white spit looped between my knob and her lower lip, her

whole face hot and flushed from choking, Tracy settles back on her heels and says how in the *Kama Sutra*, it tells you to make your lips really red by wiping them with sweat from the testicles of a white stallion.

And I say, "Why do you do this?"

And she says, "What?"

This.

And Tracy smiles.

The people you meet behind unlocked doors are tired of talking about the weather. These are people tired of safety. These people have remodeled too many houses. These are tanned people who've given up smoking and white sugar and salt, fat and beef. They're people who've watched their parents and grandparents study and work for a lifetime only to end up losing it all. Spending everything just to stay alive on a feeding tube. Forgetting even how to chew and swallow.

"My father was a doctor," Tracy says. "The place where he's at now, he can't even remember his own name."

These men and women sitting behind unlocked doors know a bigger house is not the answer. Neither is a better spouse, more money, tighter skin.

"Anything you can acquire," she says, "is only another thing you'll lose."

The answer is there is no answer.

For real, this is a way heavy moment.

"No," I say and run a finger between her thighs. "I meant this. Why do you shave your bush?"

"Oh, that," she says and rolls her eyes,

smiling. "It's so I can wear my G-string panties."

While I settle on the toilet, Tracy's examining the mirror, not seeing herself as much as checking what's left of her makeup, and with one wet finger wipes away the smudged edge of her lipstick. With her fingers, she rubs away the little bite marks around her nipples. What the *Kama Sutra* would call scattered clouds.

Talking to the mirror, she says, "The reason I do the circuit is because, when you think about it, there's no good reason to do anything."

There is no point.

These are people who don't want an orgasm as much as they just want to forget. Everything. For just two minutes, 10 minutes, 20, a half hour.

Or maybe when people are treated like cattle, that's how they act. Or maybe that's just an excuse. Maybe they're just bored. It could be that nobody's made to sit all day in a cramped packing crate full of other people without moving a muscle.

"We're healthy, young, awake and alive people," Tracy says. "When you look at it, which act is more unnatural?"

She's putting back on her blouse, rolling her pantyhose back up.

"Why do I do anything?" she says. "I'm educated enough to talk myself out of any plan. To deconstruct any fantasy. Explain away any goal. I'm so smart I can negate any dream."

Me still sitting here naked and tired, the flight crew announces our descent, our approach into the greater Los Angeles area, then the current time and temperature, then information about connecting flights.

And for a moment, this woman and I just stand and listen, looking up at nothing.

"I do this, this because it feels good," she says and buttons her blouse. "Maybe I don't really know why I do it. In a way, this is why they execute killers. Because once you've crossed some lines, you just keep crossing them."

Both hands behind her back, zipping up her skirt, she says, "The truth is, I don't want to know why I do the circuit. I just keep doing it," she says, "because the minute you give yourself a good reason, you'll start chipping away at it."

She steps back into her shoes and pats her hair on the sides and says, "Please don't think this was anything special."

Unlocking the door, she says, "Relax." She says, "Some day, everything we just did will look like small potatoes to you."

Edging out into the passenger cabin, she says, "Today is just the first time you've crossed this particular line." Leaving me naked and alone, she says, "Don't forget to lock the door behind me." Then she laughs and says, "That's if you want it locked, anymore."





# GARY JOHNSON

(continued from page 86)

third year in college as a handyman, going door to door. Since I turned 17, I have paid for everything I've ever had: clothes, transportation, gas, college.

**PLAYBOY:** Was that a strict principle of your parents, or were they unable to help you?

**JOHNSON:** My parents helped. They would loan me money, but I wanted to pay for myself. I think it helped me be who I am. I have had a great work ethic. I'm that 10-year-old with a paper route. I'm that 12-year-old who came around and would do your lawn every week.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you a popular kid? Did you have any girlfriends?

**JOHNSON:** Yeah. I mean, I was all right. I think people enjoyed being around me.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you date a lot?

**JOHNSON:** I met my wife in college on a skiing trip.

**PLAYBOY:** You've said you did drugs in college. For some people, drugs might be a form of self-medication for depression or other problems. Were they for you or were they simply fun?

**JOHNSON:** Drugs alter a person's consciousness for a little while, and it's enjoyable. For most people, that's the reason that they do drugs.

**PLAYBOY:** And is that what it was for you?

**JOHNSON:** Oh, yes, yes. It was about altering or expanding my mind. That's the way I viewed it.

We're talking about 1970. Eventually I decided that drugs were a handicap, but it took me a while to arrive at that conclusion. That's when I decided not to do drugs, not to drink. Prior to trying pot, I would go out for a few beers. That was something kids did. I wasn't unlike a lot of other kids. Then, when I discovered

marijuana, I preferred it because there were no headaches afterward.

**PLAYBOY:** What other drugs did you try?

**JOHNSON:** Cocaine. I quickly came to understand why people get addicted to cocaine. Whew. For me personally, it wasn't anything I was going to get involved with.

**PLAYBOY:** Because it's seductive?

perimented with it. So that's another myth: Everyone who tries heroin becomes an addict.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you think you drew the line?

**JOHNSON:** I saw enough friends try it. They were a little more handicapped than I was and I didn't need that.

**PLAYBOY:** From your personal experience, how can you persuade kids not to smoke cigarettes or do drugs?

**JOHNSON:** You must be absolutely honest with them. You have to tell them the effects. They need to know that some people have real problems with drugs. They should understand that drugs change your consciousness so that from the time you smoke until the time you come off the drug, you are going to be less of a human being. Your brain isn't going to function as fast. You have to be as honest as you can and then recognize that in spite of all you say, they may still do it.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you believe that peer pressure is an enormous factor in kids' trying drugs?

**JOHNSON:** Yes, although I always hate to say that for the most part people use drugs responsibly. It is misunderstood; people think I'm advocating drug use. I'm not. But it's a fact: Most people do use drugs responsibly. They choose when and where to do them. They can afford to do them. Most people use alcohol responsibly. They do no harm to anyone other than themselves. Eighty

million Americans have done illegal drugs, and obviously not everybody goes crazy and dies or commits crimes. Like it or not, it's a fact.

**PLAYBOY:** As a politician, did you worry about admitting that you used drugs?

**JOHNSON:** No. I volunteered it to the press before they asked. I did drugs and



Unwrap it.  
Uncap it.



Unwrap the holidays with our lightweight 1.75-liter bottle. All the delicious, mellow taste in a great, easy-grip shape. At around two pounds lighter than a glass bottle, it's never been easier to lift your holiday spirits.

Please enjoy Canadian Mist responsibly.

[www.canadianmist.com](http://www.canadianmist.com)

Imported and Bottled by Brown-Forman Beverages Worldwide, Canadian Whisky, A Blend, 40% Alc. by Volume, Louisville, KY ©2000

**JOHNSON:** I saw danger. It wasn't anything you wanted to be doing.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you try anything else—psychedelic drugs? Heroin?

**JOHNSON:** No, but I had a lot of friends who did them. I have friends who did heroin—I saw them do heroin—and they never were addicted. They just ex-



wasn't going to hide it.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you worry that it could have meant the end of your political career?

**JOHNSON:** Absolutely. It was one of my greatest political fears. But in the same breath, I had to divulge it.

**PLAYBOY:** Because?

**JOHNSON:** Because it is part of who I am. If I was going to be elected, the people had a right to know who I was.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you feel when President Clinton, as a candidate, said that he smoked pot but didn't inhale?

**JOHNSON:** I didn't respect that at all. I knew I had to do much better than that. I had to be honest. I hate to say anything flippant regarding this subject, but I'm not the first to say that if you came out of the Sixties and Seventies and *didn't* do drugs, there's a question about who you are. But that was a period when the information about the dangers of drugs didn't exist. Most of the freethinking people in the culture were trying them. It was a different time. Now I try to lead by example. I don't do caffeine, sugar, alcohol, tobacco or drugs. Don't do them. I wouldn't be sitting here if I did any of those things.

**PLAYBOY:** Why not?

**JOHNSON:** They're a handicap. I just couldn't do what I do; I couldn't have accomplished what I've accomplished.

**PLAYBOY:** But sugar?

**JOHNSON:** Sugar got in the way of how I felt. I haven't had sugar for three years. No Cokes. Not a cookie. Not a candy bar.

**PLAYBOY:** Was there a specific moment, an epiphany, when you stopped drugs?

**JOHNSON:** I stopped pot because of a specific experience. I was going to be a professional ski racer and pursued professional racing. I skied a couple 125-day seasons in northern Idaho after college. I was racing gates every day. I never made a nickel at professional ski racing—I was lousy at it but I pursued it. One day, I set up a set of gates and punched my stopwatch and skied down the hill. I did it in 17 seconds. I went up the lift and skied down through the gates again and made 16 seconds. I went through the course again and did it in 15 seconds. The next time I got on the chairlift, a ski patrolman whipped out a joint—that was a common occurrence. We smoked pot up to the top of the lift and I went through the course a fourth time. Oh my God, I had the fastest run! It was smooth, perfect. But then I looked at my watch. I was thinking, 13 seconds! But it was 19 seconds! Whoa! It was a revelation. If I did 19 and thought I was so much faster than I really was, then this is carrying over into other areas, too. I thought, I don't need this.

**PLAYBOY:** Was it the last joint?

**JOHNSON:** Not the last, but it broke the habit. People think they can function just as well, but they can't. A lot of athletes

smoke pot because they can't drink and perform. Yes, you can smoke pot and perform—you can get away with it unless they are testing for drugs—but it has an impact. It has an impact on everything you do. When the Olympic snowboarder tested positive for marijuana, you have to think what he could have accomplished if he hadn't been smoking.

**PLAYBOY:** Maybe the pot relaxed him so he could perform as well as he did.

**JOHNSON:** I don't think so. I would argue that he could be that much better if he did no drugs.

**PLAYBOY:** Is your current athletic regimen a kind of drug for you? Do you need it to feel OK and to get through the day?

**JOHNSON:** By 1987, I was pretty religious about working out and I was more fit than at any other time in my life. It also was the best time in my life. I saw the connection and made a conscious decision to be as fit as I possibly can be. I saw a relationship between being fit and simply feeling good. I have been that way since. I am religious about it.

**PLAYBOY:** Some might say obsessive.

**JOHNSON:** Well, it's a way of life.

**PLAYBOY:** Some of what you've done sounds extreme. The Ironman races are one thing, but we read that you put yourself in a freezer to test your endurance to cold.

**JOHNSON:** That was back in high school. One of my buddies and I bet on how long we could sit in a freezer to kill time while we were working at a hamburger joint. It was a high school thing. The other contests, like the Ironman, are about being fit enough to accomplish great tests. I'm in the shape to be able to climb Mt. Everest tomorrow. I know there's the altitude factor, but I'm in good enough shape to do that. I'm in good enough shape to do the Ironman every single day of the week. That's a good feeling.

**PLAYBOY:** Apparently you have a point system for your regimen. How does it work?

**JOHNSON:** Since I was elected, I've done 80 points a week. A point in running is a mile; in biking, three miles; swimming, a quarter mile. I figured out the point system after wearing a heart monitor for a long time. Around ten minutes of cross-country skiing is a point. I have points for Rollerblading, downhill skiing, rock climbing, hiking and the rest. Eighty points a week equals about 12 a day. That is, I run the equivalent of 12 miles a day, bike the equivalent of 36 miles a day, or whatever.

**PLAYBOY:** It's an extreme regimen for most people but unheard of for politicians, who are known for their three-martini dinners and, at best, a round of golf. What does it do for you?

**JOHNSON:** I believe you should try to find out what it is that makes your life

tick really well and then get as much of it as you can, whether it's golf, fly-fishing, chess, a musical instrument, artistry. I don't push anyone else to do it, but it makes my life work. I'm out the door every day at 4:45 in the morning. I'm through with my workouts by eight. Nothing gets in the way of the workouts. Though I start earlier, I think I hold out longer and have more energy and stamina because of the workouts.

**PLAYBOY:** It has been noted that you are the nation's most fit politician. Who is the least fit?

**JOHNSON:** I can think of some candidates, but I'm not going to single them out. Take a look at my colleagues. You can tell. And they know.

**PLAYBOY:** Which politicians, especially fellow governors, do you admire?

**JOHNSON:** George Bush. George Pataki from New York and Christine Whitman from New Jersey. I have gotten to know Jeb Bush and hold him in high regard. I've gotten to know ex-California governor Pete Wilson, and I like him very much. And then there are some other people who make me wonder how they got elected. No, I won't tell you who.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you know Jesse Ventura?

**JOHNSON:** Yes and I sure respect him. He said something to me about the drug thing—like "right on, right on" and "thank you."

**PLAYBOY:** In general, do you believe that the Republican Party will ever be able to leave behind its reputation for being exclusionary?

**JOHNSON:** Bottom line: I think Republicans are about giving people freedom and holding them accountable for it. If there's a criticism about me that I love, it's that I'm a Libertarian. If people call me a Republican Libertarian, great. I separate myself from the party when it wants to legislate morality. You can't legislate morality. You lead by example, but you can't tell people how to live, which, ironically, is a Republican assumption. A law against smoking marijuana just does not work. There are other ways to try to get people not to smoke.

**PLAYBOY:** Considering all the other issues you care about, how will you feel if your legacy is the governor who wanted to legalize drugs?

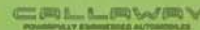
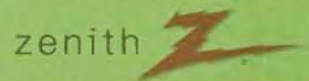
**JOHNSON:** It wouldn't bother me a bit to be the first politician at this level to push for the legalization of drugs. It will happen, whether in 80 years or 10, as I've said. More candidates will run on the issue of legalizing drugs. Politicians in office will come to the same conclusion—that what we're doing isn't working and there has to be another way. I hope I'll be one of many within a few years. It will come: Drugs will be legal and we'll be able to move on to tackle many other societal ills.





# THE PLAYBOY SCRAMBLE

# PLAYBOY *Scramble*



## Birdies, Eagles, Bunnies

THE COURSE ... TOUGH. THE PLAY ... HARD. THE STAKES ... HIGH.

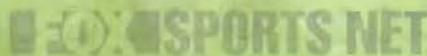
Who will win the Playboy Scramble Amateur Golf Tournament?

TELEVISED FROM THE COURSE AND THE PLAYBOY MANSION. SPECIAL CELEBRITY GUESTS.



WATCH FOX SPORTS NET DECEMBER 25 AT 2 P.M.\*

\* CHECK YOUR LOCAL LISTINGS. SUBJECT TO CHANGE BY LOCAL AFFILIATES.



FOR AN INVITATION TO PLAY, MORE INFORMATION OR OFFICIAL TOURNAMENT MERCHANDISE  
CALL TOLL FREE 1-877-928-6643 OR VISIT [IDSPORTS.COM](http://IDSPORTS.COM)

PLAYBOY AND THE RABBIT HEAD DESIGN ARE TRADEMARKS OF PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES INTERNATIONAL AND ARE USED UNDER LICENSE.



# PERSONAL GOLF TRAINER™

[www.americangolftech.com](http://www.americangolftech.com)

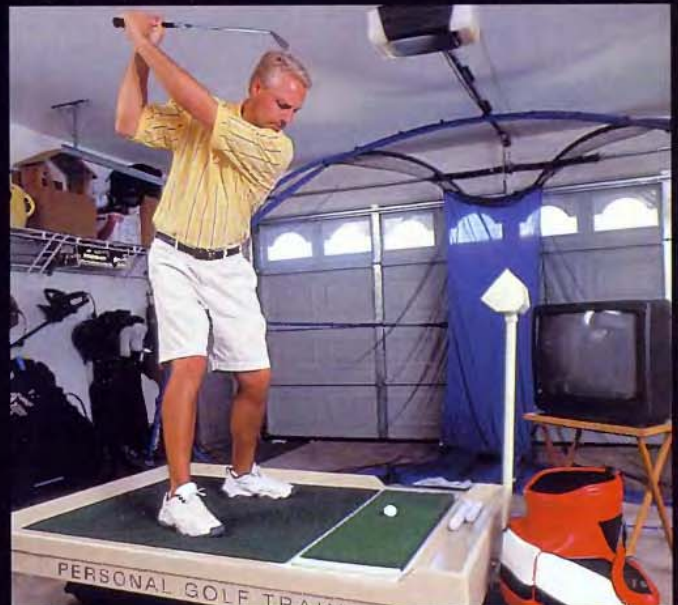
*Buy a Personal Golf Trainer  
for your home, office or club.*

*Practice all of your game anytime!*

- UPHILL
- DOWNHILL
- SIDE-HILL
- LEVEL
- TEE SHOTS
- FAIRWAY
- ROUGH
- SAND



OUTDOOR



INDOOR

**AMERICAN GOLF TECHNOLOGIES, INC.**



(800) 695-5123 • (702) 616-9444



# THE PLAYBOY SCRAMBLE



## Playboy Scramble Golf Gifts

IF YOU WANT TO SWING IN STYLE, CHECK OUT THESE GREAT TOURNAMENT GOODS.

### POLO STYLE SHIRT

Our limited edition 100% cotton polo style shirt features a 2-color embroidered Playboy Golf logo. Available in several colors. *M, L, XL, XXL* \$45.00

### BASEBALL CAP

Limited edition baseball caps with leather buckle fit feature an embroidered 2-color Playboy Golf logo. Available in several colors. *1 size fits all.* \$25.00

### SWEATSHIRT

Our sweatshirt is a heavyweight 90% cotton fleece featuring a 2-color Playboy Golf logo. Available in several colors. *M, L, XL, XXL* \$30.00

### PLAYBOY GOLF BALL

These balls offer nice performance with the Playboy Golf logo. *1 dozen balls per order.* \$28.00

TOURNAMENT GOODS ARE AVAILABLE ONLINE AT [WWW.IDSPORTS.COM](http://WWW.IDSPORTS.COM) OR BY CALLING TOLL FREE 1-877-928-6643.

DESIGN: FAUST ASSOCIATES IN DESIGN COMMUNICATIONS, LTD., CHICAGO®



WATCH FOX SPORTS NET DECEMBER 25 AT 2 P.M. \*

\* CHECK YOUR LOCAL LISTINGS. SUBJECT TO CHANGE BY LOCAL AFFILIATES.

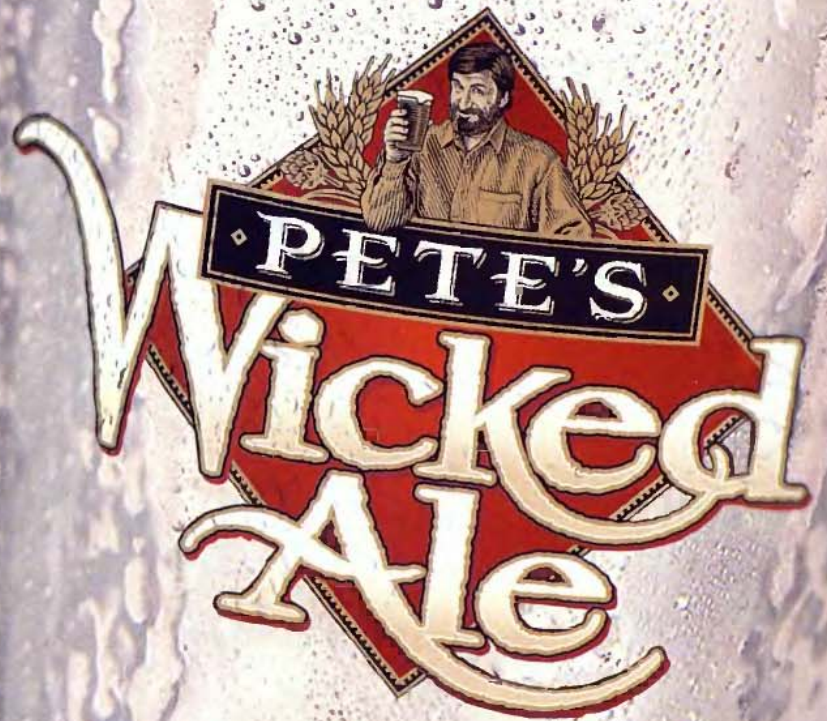
**FOX SPORTS NET**



FOR AN INVITATION TO PLAY, MORE INFORMATION OR OFFICIAL TOURNAMENT MERCHANDISE  
CALL TOLL FREE 1-877-928-6643 OR VISIT [IDSPORTS.COM](http://IDSPORTS.COM)

PLAYBOY AND THE RABBIT HEAD DESIGN ARE TRADE MARKS OF PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES INTERNATIONAL AND ARE USED UNDER LICENSE





When you want  
a good beer  
in a bad way.

**Be wicked while you can™.**



# THE PLAYBOY SCRAMBLE



Athletes &  
Entertainers  
for Kids

## Swinger?

THE PLAYBOY SCRAMBLE IS A NATIONWIDE AMATEUR GOLF TOURNAMENT WHERE TOP TEAMS FROM ACROSS THE COUNTRY JOIN PLAYMATES AND SPECIAL CELEBRITY GUESTS AT OUR NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP IN LOS ANGELES BENEFITING CHARITY.

Wanna play? Just get your Scramble foursome together, practice, and check online at [www.idsports.com](http://www.idsports.com) for a course near you in 2001. If you've got an idea for a local course location, you can also nominate your favorite.

Each year there are three rounds of tournament competition (local, regional and national), with top teams in gross and net scoring advancing to the next level. Only the best will make their way to the Championship and a fabulous "19th Hole" Party at the Playboy Mansion. The winning team along with their local course professional score great prizes and the Playboy Cup.

The charity group "Athletes and Entertainers for Kids" wins too as a portion of event proceeds will benefit educational and youth outreach programs. Founded in 1986, this organization has helped more than 500,000 kids with mentoring and stay in school programs.

WATCH FOX SPORTS NET DECEMBER 25 AT 2 P.M. \*

\* CHECK YOUR LOCAL LISTINGS. SUBJECT TO CHANGE BY LOCAL AFFILIATES

FOX SPORTS NET

FOR AN INVITATION TO PLAY, MORE INFORMATION OR OFFICIAL TOURNAMENT MERCHANDISE  
CALL TOLL FREE 1-877-928-6643 OR VISIT [IDSports.com](http://IDSports.com)

PLAYBOY AND THE RABBIT HEAD DESIGN ARE TRADEMARKS OF PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES INTERNATIONAL AND ARE USED UNDER LICENSE.



# THE PLAYBOY SCRAMBLE

## Great Golf Gear

IF YOU'VE GOT THE GAME, YOU'LL WANT TO CHECK OUT THESE HOT NEW GOODS.

### TAYLOR MADE IRONS

Your swing is your swing: uniquely you, your golf fingerprint, your DNA. So the idea that one single club design will work with every player's swing is as outdated as plaid pants. Taylor Made has spent years studying thousands of golf swings of the world's best players. Based on this research, Taylor Made has developed what they call "the hottest legal drivers in the game".

Taylor Made's 300 Series features three separate drivers, the 300 Ti, 320 Ti and 360 Ti. Each model is designed with different sizes, shapes and weight distributions to optimize a particular player's unique launch conditions and uses them to the player's advantage. All of the clubs are available with multiple loft and shaft options to further match the player's swing characteristics. Call 1-800-TAYLOR-MADE or visit [www.taylormade.com](http://www.taylormade.com)

### TAYLOR MADE GOLF BALLS

The InerGel™ that's inside these balls was first used in high performance skis. Maybe that's why these golf balls really fly. Specially formulated with just the right amount of super-resilience, Taylor Made balls give you the maximum number of accurate yards off the tee. Call 1-800-TAYLOR-MADE or visit [www.taylormade.com](http://www.taylormade.com)

### LIQUIDMETAL DRIVER™

Liquidmetal™ drivers are built from a revolutionary alloy composed of zirconium, titanium, nickel, copper, and beryllium that was discovered at the California Institute of Technology. With less energy absorbed by the club-head, more energy is transferred to your ball helping deliver maximum performance. Call 1-888-540-8431 or visit [www.liquidmetalgolf.com](http://www.liquidmetalgolf.com)



WATCH FOX SPORTS NET DECEMBER 25 AT 2 P.M.\*

\* CHECK YOUR LOCAL LISTINGS. SUBJECT TO CHANGE BY LOCAL AFFILIATES.

FOX SPORTS NET

FOR AN INVITATION TO PLAY, MORE INFORMATION OR OFFICIAL TOURNAMENT MERCHANDISE  
CALL TOLL FREE 1-877-928-6643 OR VISIT [IDSPORTS.COM](http://IDSPORTS.COM)

PLAYBOY AND THE RABBIT HEAD DESIGN ARE TRADEMARKS OF PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES INTERNATIONAL AND ARE USED UNDER LICENSE.





#### AMERICAN GOLF TECHNOLOGIES

A new alternative to the driving range, the Personal Golf Trainer is a computerized system that allows you to select an unlimited variety of uphill, downhill, side-hill or level ground lies for realistic practice. The Trainer is able to replicate virtually all playing conditions with a selection of fairway rough, deep rough and even sand bunkers. Call 702-616-9444 or visit [www.americangolftech.com](http://www.americangolftech.com)



#### CLEVELAND GOLF WEDGES

Makers of the #1 Wedge in Golf, Cleveland Golf's RTG Wedges are also the most played wedges on Tour. The finish on the new GunMetal Wedges provides a rich new look and soft feel. With their unique non-glare look and special sole grind, top professionals play them for increased spin and versatility. Call 1-800-999-6263 or visit [www.clevelandgolf.com](http://www.clevelandgolf.com)

#### OGIO SPORT DUCATI GOLFBAG

Got an overwhelming urge to live fast, play hard, and leave the competition in their dust? Get a new Ogio/Ducati Golf Bag. The limited edition bag is as stylish as the famous Italian high performance motorcycle. And while on the surface, golf and motorcycles seem to have little in common, golf is definitely becoming more and more dynamic, youthful and fast-paced. Check out [www.ogio.com](http://www.ogio.com) for information on the company's entire line of bags.





# JUST AS HOT AS MISS JANUARY, EASIER TO TURN ON.

Meet the ultimate package. The Zenith 15.1" HDTV Capable, XGA computer monitor can be used as your window to the world of digital television or the world wide web. It has a TFT liquid crystal display that gives anything you watch a remarkable clarity,

a 200-to-1 contrast ratio and a chromeplated swivel that stands it all up. Check out this and other Zenith digital ideas at select retail and AV specialist stores in your area. But please, be careful not to drool too much on the merchandise.



DIGITAL TELEVISION AND LCD MONITOR  
The Zenith 15.1" HDTV Capable XGA acts as both an HDTV and an LCD computer monitor.



MISS JANUARY is a mark of Playboy and used with permission.

zenith®



SEE WHAT'S NEW AT ZENITH.COM



# DRUGS 2001

(continued from page 153)

across the country. In Chicago, bartenders report sweeping up small empty bottles of GHB at the end of the night. In basements out West, home chemists cook up batches of crank. And in the South, the border with Mexico becomes more porous as the increase in commercial traffic fostered by NAFTA gives drug cartels more ways to sneak drugs into the country.

The answer to the problem may be right in front of us. The Nineties saw the introduction and regulation of what is truly the first legal drug whose sole purpose is recreational use: Viagra. But Viagra is not risk free. Neither is alcohol. Still, their distribution can be controlled. The reality is, people will fuck, and people will roll at raves. And they should be informed.

About the PLAYBOY Recreational Drug Chart: The last time we did this, cyberspace was patrolled by the Defense Department. Back then we relied on pharmaceutical industry publications such as the *Physician's Desk Reference*, as well as "drug authorities" (some of whom still work here). But we've come a long way from having to lean on the fed's tendency to err on the side of terror and the PDR's bunkmate relationship with drug-makers. The Internet opened up a vast new store of information and experience—and we don't mean alt-postings from someone called Zombie. In the end, we culled data from about six sources per drug. The National Institute on Drug Abuse has extensive data, though some of it is dusty (street names for heroin are still smack and junk). We consulted DanceSafe, a terrific organization that hands out drug information at raves and will even test, say, ecstasy to determine adulterants. We checked back with the PDR, a tome that still makes the American medicine cabinet pulse with menace. We also used a leading textbook that all sides seem to respect: *Drugs, Society and Human Behavior*. The Schaffer Library of Drug Policy and the Lycaenum, an online drug resource, were valuable databases that celebrate the educational might of the Internet while offering links such as "cheapestbong" (hint: it involves using your hands). The Multidisciplinary Association for Psychedelic Studies was also a good diving board: MAPS spans the conflict between ongoing scientific study and politicized drug policy. It's primarily interested in the sort of research that expired with the Seventies, such as the healing potential of certain illegal drugs. The greatest factual variations were with pot. Of course, subjectivity taints even hard science. There are limits to what we can know, limits to what we can say with confidence. Experts still don't know how more than 40 percent of marketed drugs operate. No drug is risk free, not even

aspirin. But all drugs can be safer if we have information.

Not everyone agrees. The same people who oppose the distribution of condoms to slow the spread of STDs also oppose increasing drug awareness. In its original form, the Ecstasy Anti-Proliferation Act of 2000 (sponsored by Senator Bob Graham of Florida and Senator Charles Grassley of Iowa) would have prohibited certain information concerning ecstasy—thus putting sites such as DanceSafe in danger. Fortunately, cooler heads considered the ban to be unconstitutional.

In addition to scrupulous research, PLAYBOY commissioned Survey.com, an independent online polling firm, to conduct a survey of drug use among 18- to 35-year-olds. The respondents were predominantly from middle-income households—60 percent fell between \$25,000 and \$75,000 per year. One third had college degrees, and 77 percent of respondents had some college education.

Of the 1564 people in the survey, half (48 percent) said they had taken drugs for recreational use. Of those, 89 percent had smoked marijuana, with an even distribution between men and women and between occasional (less than twice a month) and frequent users. They spent an average of \$85 per month on drugs. The stoned face of America looks like a weekend partier scoring a hit or two from a friend. Surprisingly, 40 percent of respondents had tried combinations of drugs, and occasional users were as likely to do so as frequent users.

Club drugs had a strong presence. Nearly a third of respondents had tried ecstasy, and its effects seem pleasing: Twice as many people listed it as their favorite drug as they did cocaine. Another rave staple, speed, had been tested by a third of respondents. A quarter of respondents had tried nitrous oxide, or laughing gas, which is typically distributed in balloons at underground dance venues. Special K, or ketamine, had been tried by fewer than 10 percent of respondents. Two thirds of the people who listed this New York party staple as their first- or second-favorite drug live in the club-heavy Northeastern states.

Of prescription drugs, codeine, easily available across the borders of Mexico and Canada, had the highest rate of trial. Valium, Percocet, Vicodin and Xanax had been tried by about 15 percent or more of respondents.

As for habits and how they started, three quarters of all users first tried drugs before the end of high school. Virtually no first experiences occurred after the age of 24. The likelihood of being a frequent user dropped as the age of first experience rose.

The relation between drug use and sex is difficult to document with preci-

sion. Most of the information from public sources is fear based and repressive. Still, without alcohol—the world's most famous social lubricant—many Americans would still be virgins. One quarter of the respondents to our online survey reported that drugs or alcohol enhanced their sexual experiences, and one third of the people who took Viagra were women. While some illicit drugs have reputations for increasing horniness or sexiness (the power and confidence associated with cocaine; the hug-drug qualities of ecstasy), many of the same drugs are burdened with reps for inhibiting climax or erections.

The related problems of serious drug use are legion: spread of STDs, prostitution, crack babies, etc. Yet the web abounds with testimonials in praise of combining ecstasy and Viagra. Dealers in New York often deliver a Viagra pill with a shipment of coke. Combining Viagra, with its specific warning for heart patients, with stimulants that may tax the heart (such as coke, poppers and ecstasy) is loaded with risk. In combination, poppers and Viagra dangerously lower a person's blood pressure. According to reports, some people suffered strokes when they combined Viagra and e. More commonsense advice: First experiences with a drug should not be combined with sex. First experiences with sex should not be combined with drugs. Messing with a buzzed woman will more often than not lead to misery. Don't do it.

In the Fifties, marijuana was blamed for leading people to heroin. In the Sixties, it was the stepping-stone to LSD. Pot is currently cited as a gateway to cocaine, despite the fact that for every 100 people who have tried marijuana, only one uses cocaine weekly. Lynn Zimmer and John Morgan, the authors of *Marijuana Myths, Marijuana Facts*, say there's no foundation for such claims. Pot is the most popular illegal drug in the U.S., and most users never use any other illegal drug. "For the large majority of people, marijuana is a terminus rather than a gateway drug," say Zimmer and Morgan.

"Our political leaders belong to the equivalent of the Flat Earth Society," says Allan Clear, who heads the Harm Reduction Coalition. "Drug policy in this country is designed to make drug use as unpalatable and as risky as possible. So we get the AIDS epidemic, overdose deaths, horrendous skin infections and the hepatitis C epidemic.

"People are hurting themselves because they don't have the information or resources to avoid it. Whether they stop or not, there are ways to reduce the harm of their drug use."





# Regis Philbin (continued from page 122)

*He was to spend the next 45 years in endless different cities, the Willy Loman of broadcasting.*

favor to Regis, even though they did not really need him). And then, when he did well, they somehow never gave him much credit for doing well.

He had always wanted to be in radio and television, but when he was at Notre Dame he had been too timid to try the college radio station. He had seen *The Tonight Show* with Jack Paar and thought he could do a show like that. So, after leaving the Navy in 1955, he decided to try show business. He went back to New York and worked briefly as a page at NBC. He told friends he had seen the future and it wasn't NBC. "I'll be a page here for 50 years," he said. And then he went west to look for work. He was to spend the next 45 years in endless different cities, the Willy Loman of broad-

casting, knocking on doors, often being rejected, sometimes making it, rarely getting credit for his talent.

He began by delivering film to an independent station in Los Angeles. No one was lower on the totem pole. He has been working in network and local television for almost as long as there has been television, before satellites, before the coming of videotape, before the coming of Walter Cronkite as an anchor, before the coming of color.

If doors opened for Regis early on, they opened only partway and then they closed quickly. No level of success came easily. Not many people played second banana to Joey Bishop and lived to tell the story. But Regis did. He was always honing his talent, aware somehow that

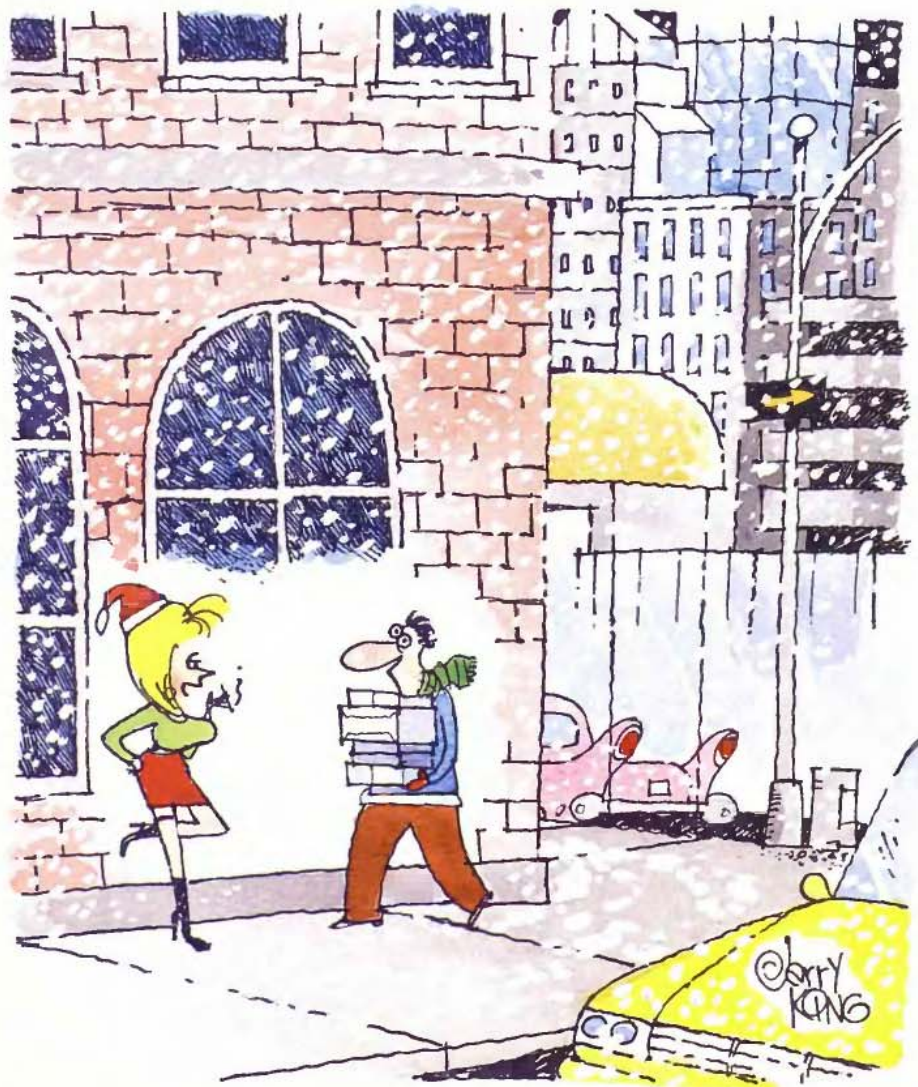
he could do certain things others could not do, that he had a style and a way with audiences. He learned to read audiences and learned to connect to them, to fashion a certain social contract with them. He knew how good his instincts were and that no one was better with a certain kind of live audience.

We are in the new studio where *Millionaire* is being taped. It is 5:50 PM and I am being allowed to sit in and watch. Inside it looks like a small but modern Roman amphitheater. The audience, about 300 people who have been waiting outside the studio since morning, is already seated. Regis welcomes me in and introduces me to the audience, and names some of my books. The audience applauds enthusiastically for me. Regis looks at my tie and announces to the audience, "And his tie is way out of line!" This from a man who now dresses like someone out of *Pal Joey* and has gone to dark on dark on dark in jacket, shirt and tie in his newest incarnation. My tie is, in fact, quite beautiful, a family favorite, picked out by my daughter—yellow, Hermes, little chicks being hatched from eggs.

It is not a good day at the office for Regis. The computers that drive the show keep breaking down and they constantly have to redo all the small connecting links, the segues of which make the show look so smooth when you watch it. Sometimes they make a bit of progress. The contestant will answer a question, and just as they are about to go to the next question, the computers go into full-scale glitch mode. It is hard on the contestant and just as hard on Regis, who has to be sharp and focused and funny and in control and right on the beat. The contestant, Dave Lukov of Rockingham, North Carolina, is asked his profession and he answers that he is a grief counselor. "Grief counselor," Regis says. "We could use one around here today."

The early questions are easy: What do you call a collapsible tent (a pup tent), what punctuation mark is required for an interrogative sentence (a question mark), who played Remington Steele on television (Pierce Brosnan). And then a killer: In a comic strip called *Cathy*, sometimes Cathy is drawn without her: eyes, nose, ears, mouth. Lukov is stumped. So am I. I no longer read the comics and have never heard of *Cathy*. Even the members of the audience do not look happy about the question. Lukov is floundering and he desperately asks for their help, so the audience votes. It is a close vote and they choose D, ears. Regrettably it is Cathy's nose. Dave Lukov is on his way back to Rockingham. The audience, having helped throw him overboard, seems a bit deflated.

The next group of contestants is lined



*"Hey mister, how about a little piece on earth?"*



up. They are about to be given their entry exam, which is to list in historical order the date that these political works were written: *The Prince*, *The Communist Manifesto*, *Common Sense* and *The Republic*. Piece of cake, I think, wondering even as I write down my answer, which I do in what I am sure is record time, what would have happened if I had been the contestant the last time, and whether there is anyone I could have called who would have known anything about Cathy and her missing nose.

I am watching Regis all the while. During these computer-driven breaks he slips offstage, goes to a seat outside the view of most of the audience and tries to rest and keep himself focused. Anyone who knows anything about what he does knows how hard a job this is, to keep focused, to drive something like this show forward, keeping the pace and the timing just right, to be ever bright and constantly on. He does it four times a week, and the morning show five.

For the moment, sitting out there alone, unobserved by the camera and the audience, he looks oddly vulnerable, not in any way the all-powerful host of the nation's leading television show. He looks like someone rather smaller, someone trying to pull himself together, the kind of person we know all too well, the Regis who almost did not make it. Then as the break ends and his producers signal that the dreaded computer has been coaxed back into action, I can see him pull himself together, stand a little taller and walk back to the stage and take charge.

Regis and I first met 28 years ago when I was on a book tour and I went on a show called *Tempo*, which he co-hosted in Los Angeles. It was one of the countless shows he has exceeded over the years, if not in LA, in whichever city had a show and an opening, any kind of an opening for a host who always seemed in danger of falling without a parachute. In 1972, I was finishing up the tour with my book on Vietnam, *The Best and the Brightest*, and I was scheduled to get 10 minutes on his show, which ran from nine until noon. In those days 10 minutes was the going amount of time for a book on a morning or midday talk show. By chance, one of the other guests was the semi-well-known comic George Jessel, whose humor had always escaped me, just as my talents obviously escaped him. That morning Jessel seemed to be in an unusually foul mood, and apparently I was the cause of it. Three decades later I am still inclined to regard him as one of the most unpleasant people I've ever met.

Jessel was scheduled for 10 minutes too, and he seemed greatly displeased by that, and displeased by my presence in the greenroom with him, and the fact

# LET ATHENA'S 10X™ POWER your SEX APPEAL



Add to your  
favorite cologne  
or aftershave



## ATHENA PHEROMONE 10X™ unscented aftershave/cologne additive FOR MEN

GET MORE ROMANCE FROM WOMEN WITH  
GENUINE PHEROMONES from their DISCOVERER

CNN ONLINE 6/25/99 "In 1986 Dr. Winnifred Cutler, a biologist and behavioral endocrinologist, codiscovered pheromones.\*\*\* Seventy-four percent of the people who tested a commercial product called Athena (Pheromone 10X), developed by Dr. Cutler, experienced an increase in hugging, kissing and [intimacy]."

-News Article by Deb Levine, as published on WebMD.com

Joel, Doctor (HI) "I really notice a difference about how people treat me. I am amused by it. I do not tell people (except for a very few trusted friends). I love the attention. I have seen an enormous difference in my love life, but also my everyday connections with people... I can't tell you how many people are affected by my wearing the 10X.\*\*\*You have a phenomenal product. The ramifications of it are immense...You have done a wonderful thing, Dr. Cutler."

Frank (KY) "I would like to get a vial of Athena Pheromone 10X and an empty mixing bottle. Your product works so-I thought any pheromone would work as well. I tried one of the cheap ones; that one didn't work. So I see there really is a difference. Can you send the 10X overnight please? Thanks."

Wade (PA) "I would like to order 2 more of the 10X and one blue bottle. \*\*\* Oh, are you the Doctor who invented this 10X? Let me tell you, this stuff does work. I was very skeptical about it. Thought maybe it was a gimmick. But it's not a gimmick. It is amazing! These women come up to me.\*\*\* Not the way women used to be with me. Now they stop. They're holding my hand, putting their arms around me. It really does work! Thanks a lot Dr. Cutler."

**WARNING: OUR IMITATORS HAVE NEITHER  
OUR SECRET FORMULA NOR OUR SCIENCE**

[www.Athenainstitute.com](http://www.Athenainstitute.com)



Not sold in stores: call 610-827-2200 or fax 610-827-2124 Or send to:  
Athena Institute, Dept PBpn, 1211 Braefield Road, Chester Springs, PA 19425

PLEASE SEND ME \_\_\_ 10X VIALS @ US\$99.50 and/or \_\_\_ 10:13 Vials @ US\$98.50  
and \_\_\_ empty blue bottle (2oz screw cap) @ \$5.00 for a \*total price of US\$ \_\_\_\_\_  
Enclosed is a  Check  Money Order payable to "ATHENA INSTITUTE"  
Charge my  Visa/MC/Disc# \_\_\_\_\_ Exp \_\_\_\_\_  
Name \_\_\_\_\_ Signature \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_  
State/Zip \_\_\_\_\_ Phone: ( ) \_\_\_\_\_

\*PA add 6% tax. To Canada add US\$7.50 each.

PBpn

Biologist Winnifred B. Cutler, Ph.D. Univ. of Penn, postdoc at Stanford, 1986 co-discoverer of human pheromones (*Time* 12/1/86; *Newsweek* 1/12/87). She has authored 6 books, 30+ scientific articles and an 8-week study showing her 10X formula increased sexual attractiveness for 74% of men, published in the peer-reviewed science journal, *Archives of Sexual Behavior* (Feb. 1998).

Her patent pending odorless cosmetic additive contains synthesized human pheromones. It increases attractiveness; it is not an aphrodisiac.

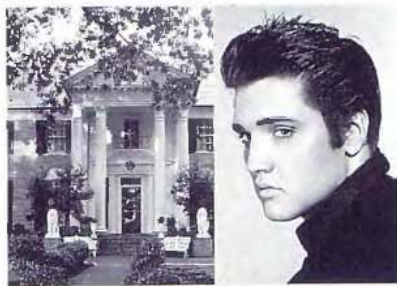
One vial of 1/6 oz, added to 2 to 3 oz. of your fragrance, SHOULD BE A 4 TO 6 MONTHS' SUPPLY. UNSCENTED.

Not guaranteed to work for ALL (body chemistries differ); will work for MOST.

Also for Women:  
Athena Pheromone 10:13™

RAISE THE OCTANE OF YOUR AFTERSHAVE





## Plant A Great American Tree.

Acorns have been hand-picked from the Elvis Presley Pin Oaks at Graceland. They have grown into small, direct offspring trees that are ready for you to plant at your home, school, community or to give as special gifts. Every tree purchased supports American Forests.

Receive a complimentary catalog of trees in American Forests' Famous & Historic Tree collection. Hundreds to choose from.

**AMERICAN FORESTS**  
People Caring For Trees And Forests Since 1875.

Call: 800-320-8733, Fax: 800-264-6869.  
Visit: [www.historictrees.org](http://www.historictrees.org). Write: AMERICAN FORESTS Famous & Historic Trees, 8701 Old Kings Road, Jacksonville, Florida 32219.  
Email: [historictree@aol.com](mailto:historictree@aol.com)

Elvis Presley and Graceland are registered trademarks of Elvis Presley Enterprises, Inc. ©1999 Elvis Presley Enterprises, Inc.

U.S. Postal Service Statement of Owner, Management and Circulation. 1. Publication title: *Playboy*. 2. Publication No.: 321478. 3. Filing date: September 30, 2000. 4. Issue frequency: Monthly. 5. No. of issues published annually: 12. 6. Annual subscription price: \$29.97. 7. Complete mailing address of known office of publication: 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611-4402. 8. Complete mailing address of headquarters or general business office of publisher: 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611-4402. 9. Full names and complete mailing addresses of publisher, editor and managing editor: Publisher, Gail Day, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019; Editor-in-Chief, Hugh M. Hefner, 9242 Beverly Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California 90210; Editorial Director, Arthur Kretschmer, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611; Managing Editor, Jonathan Black, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. 10. Owner: Playboy Enterprises International, Inc., 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611; the Hugh M. Hefner 1991 Trust, 9242 Beverly Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California 90210; AXA Financial, Inc., 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10104; Snyler Capital Management, Inc., 350 California Street, #1460, San Francisco, California 94104; Dimensional Fund Advisors, Inc., 129 Ocean Avenue, 11th floor, Santa Monica, California 90401. 11. Known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amounts of bonds, mortgages or other securities: None. 12. For completion by nonprofit organizations authorized to mail at special rates: Not applicable. 13. Publication title: *Playboy*. 14. Issue date for circulation data below: September 2000. 15. Extent and nature of circulation: a. Average No. of copies each issue during preceding 12 months: Total No. of copies: 3,907,329; b. Paid/Requested Outside-County Mail Subscriptions: (1) 2,546,735; (2) Paid In-County Subscriptions: 0; (3) Sales Through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors, Counter Sales and Other Non-USPS Paid Distribution: 512,452; (4) Other Classes Mailed Through the USPS: 0; c. Total Paid and/or Requested Circulation: 3,059,187; d. Free Distribution by Mail: (1) Outside-County: 127,826; (2) In-County: 0; (3) Other Classes Mailed Through the USPS: 0; e. Free Distribution Outside the Mail: 0; f. Total Free Distribution: 127,826; g. Total Distribution: 3,187,013; h. Copies Not Distributed: 720,316; i. Total: 3,907,329; j. Percent Paid and/or Requested Circulation: 95.99%. No. of Copies of Single Issue Published Nearest to Filing Date: a. Total No. of Copies: 3,884,546; b. Paid and/or Requested Circulation: (1) Paid/Requested Outside-County Mail Subscriptions: 2,569,020; (2) Paid In-County Subscriptions: 0; (3) Sales Through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors, Counter Sales and Other Non-USPS Paid Distribution: 419,685; (4) Other Classes Mailed Through the USPS: 0; c. Total Paid and/or Requested Circulation: 2,988,705; d. Free Distribution by Mail: (1) Outside-County: 148,609; (2) In-County: 0; (3) Other Classes Mailed Through the USPS: 0; e. Free Distribution Outside the Mail: 0; f. Total Free Distribution: 148,609; g. Total Distribution: 3,137,314; h. Copies Not Distributed: 747,232; i. Total: 3,884,546; j. Percent Paid and/or Requested Circulation: 95.20%. Gail Day, Publisher.

that I had been allotted equal time. He complained quite bitterly both to the producer, a bright, personable young woman, and to Regis himself, about sharing time with, as he said, "some kid with a \$2 book." Actually I was 38 at the time, no longer thought of myself as a kid, and the book cost \$10 and was already number one on the *Times* best-seller list.

The truth is that George Jessel did not merely complain: He threw what I would call a major-league tantrum, a personal one at that, and in time there was a brief conference between the producer and Regis, and they resolved the problem. First, they moved Jessel to a separate room, and then took five minutes off his time and gave them to me. It was, all in all, a terrific morning, one that I still recall with great pleasure.

So, you can see, our relationship began well. I liked Regis from the start. He and I, to be sure, did not seem like a natural couple, he with his unbridled California enthusiasm, even in the morning, and me with my New York skepticism and my charm, marginal on the best of occasions but most assuredly a good deal less evident in the morning than in the evening. But I liked him. It was not just the truncating of Jessel, admirable though that act was. I had a quick sense of what worked for Regis—a certain joyousness, a willingness to throw himself into his roles, an utter lack of pretense and perhaps more than anything else an ability to make fun of himself. Because I wrote a good many books, all of which led to tours, and Regis was co-hosting a good many shows, some of which ended happily but most of which did not, we crossed paths several times, always pleasantly.

After about 16 years of going up and going down in the world of television variety shows, getting shows and losing shows in different cities—New York, Los Angeles, San Diego, Los Angeles again, Denver, Chicago, St. Louis and Los Angeles again—Regis landed in New York, in my general neighborhood, on a national show with several co-hosts, including Kathie Lee Gifford. That show went national in 1988. My wife, who likes the television set on in the morning (as I do not), was fascinated by Kathie Lee from the start. And thus, to my surprise, I often breakfasted with all three of them—that is, my wife, Kathie Lee and Regis. In time, and it took me some time to understand this, I realized that Regis was very good at what he did. He was talented, deftly so, and very likable, and quite funny. He was also surprisingly good at disguising just how talented he was, so that almost no one knew how hard it was to do what he did every day—to make fun of himself, keep the show moving and remain eternally youthful, buoyant and friendly, never, ever, in the process crossing or threaten-

ing Kathie Lee.

So I began to study Regis. And I began to have epiphanies about him. The first aspect of his personality that I soon discovered was the ability to charm and get away with things others might not be able to get away with. I decided Regis, in some way, had been doing this all his life, that it was a factor of personality. He was the cute, irrepressible nephew who could tease and say otherwise unspeakable things to the staid, unsmiling, rich dowager aunt and not only get away with it but become, without anyone ever admitting it, her family favorite. I sensed this was a quality he had always had, and that he had learned to turn it into a professional stück.

That allowed him to misbehave just slightly, Peck's bad boy, but never go over a certain line with the audience. He remained a pal of the audience; the audience expected light, charming misbehavior from him. In the process they became a family, Regis and the audience, and it was part of the family contract that Regis was going to break just a little crockery, be just a little sassy. It was the obligation of the other, more stern members of the family to forgive him. They had to forgive him, because the great unspoken secret of the family was that it was not much of a family without Regis as the designated imp.

For a time I marveled at how unsophisticated he was, how good he was in effect at being hit by the pie, a pie he had put in play himself, as second bananas are supposed to. And then I had my real epiphany: Regis was, in fact, a considerable sophisticate, and he was quick and funny, a good deal more sophisticated than almost anyone realized. But while most successful people hunger to seem more sophisticated than they really are—we all want an upgrade, to go from economy to first class in sophistication—Regis, by the nature of personality and career options, was willing to appear less sophisticated than he really is, to downgrade from first class to economy, in order to play his part and be the victim. And he was willing to do this for the good of the show and the persona he had created on it.

Watching him all those mornings, coffee with Regis in our kitchen, so to speak, I became an admirer, and I realized that he was very good and very funny. The routines he did every morning on the perils of living in New York were, in fact, small masterpieces. He knew how to take all the minor atrocities of daily life in New York and turn them into material: the garbage truck that comes too early and too noisily and deliberately positions itself so that no cars can get past it on the street, so all the other drivers are stacked up behind it, honking their horns; the streetlights that don't change from red to green; the construction crews that are not supposed to start



work until eight but start work at seven A.M. This was Regis at his best: Regis as a social commentator, living a wonderful celebrity life but in a city where nothing functioned properly, at least not for him, and the gods conspired, sometimes working overtime, to heap humiliations upon him. I watched and I suddenly realized his laments for the city, the kind of joyous victimization of Regis Philbin, were, more than I realized, my own: Regis was, in the midst of everything else, one of New York's better social critics.

In time Regis moved to our neighborhood on the West Side of New York. Regis loves baseball, and when one of my first sports books came out, this on the Yankees and the Red Sox, I was booked on his show. Regis greeted me in a baseball uniform that looked like it had seen its best days when Babe Ruth was just leaving the orphanage in Baltimore. It was also about four sizes too big for him.

His willingness to put me on the show helped our friendship greatly, as did his sightings of me. On occasion, Regis would see me walking the dogs on our street, and apparently having nothing better to talk about on the air that morning, clearly at a loss for better material, he would announce to his audience that he had seen me on the street, that New York is a great city because you can walk to work and see a Pulitzer prize-winning author walking his dogs! When he did these sightings, friends of mine would call that day from all over the country to congratulate me on walking our dogs, and being so close a friend of Regis'.

So when the *Millionaire* series started, I paid attention. I watched with my family, trying to imagine myself in the hot seat, facing Regis, answering the questions, and, truth be told, I usually went out at around \$32,000. I'm not sure the lifelines would have been much of a help either, because the questions that stumped me were about pop culture, and almost none of my friends would know the answers. But I liked the show, and I decided quickly that it worked not because of greed, though greed always helps, and not because it was about working miracles.

*Millionaire* works because Regis made it fun and nicely optimistic, and turned both audiences, the one in the studio and the more important one at home, into an extended family. He knew just how funny to be, and how tart to be and when to let the spotlight fall on the guest and when to shine it on himself. He always knew where the line was, which, if he crossed it, meant he went from being funny to being mean. It was the role of a lifetime and he was at his very best in it. He had prepared himself for it for some 40 years.

He had created something of a happy family, one where the audience knew that, all things being equal, unless the contestant was just an appalling

jerk—which sometimes happened—Regis wanted the guests to win, just like the audience wanted them to win. Families root for family members to succeed; the jealousy would have to come later, when they all decided on how the million dollars would be spent.

The *Millionaire* show is done for the day. Regis seems momentarily tired, smaller again, shrunk down from the commanding presence demanded to run the show. We are in his dressing room, talking about Notre Dame and who was the coach when he went there (Frank Leahy) and the quarterback (Bob Williams) and his special love of the place. It taught him that there was so much more to life than he had seen before in the Bronx. When he arrived there, according to Dave O'Leary, he had been on three dates in his life. He was so green, says O'Leary, that he did not know how to make a phone call from a pay phone.

Regis interrupts our interview to do a phoned-in command performance. The new dotcom systems company Cisco is having its annual meeting, and John Chambers, the head of it, is a huge fan of Regis and the show. At the appropriate moment, Chambers is going to call Regis and ask him some questions. Soon Chambers comes on and he is asking Regis the requisite questions and I can hear his answer: "How many employees do you have?" "John, the answer to that is 30,000. Yes, that's my final answer." They talk some more and Regis is telling Chambers pensively, "You know, John, I think I should be running the company for you."

It has been a phenomenal year. There he is on the cover of *Entertainment Weekly*, *TV Guide* and *Forbes*. Yes, Regis Philbin on the cover of *Forbes*, holding up two sacks of money (THE CELEBRITY 100. THE WORLD'S HIGHEST-PAID ENTERTAINERS AND ATHLETES). Kobe Bryant and Britney Spears had to appear inside the magazine.

These are good days. He apparently will soon sign a contract for ABC ("I saved the network!") for some \$20 million a year, which is not bad for someone who always sensed he had a talent but never exactly knew what the talent was. He waited a long time for lightning to strike. "I outlasted them," he says of all the entertainment world geniuses upon whose doors he once knocked so unsuccessfully, and the other geniuses who gave him the job but, in time, his walking papers as well.

A little more than a year ago, Joy, his wife, told him he ought to get another show, because he was coming home every day in the late morning through with work for the day. She thought he needed an afternoon job. So he asked around, thinking he might try some



For Twelve Months of Christmas,  
my true love gave to me...

## Panty of the Month®

PANTY CLAUIS IS COMING TO TOWN!

Send one designer panty each month to her doorstep — perfumed, beautifully gift-wrapped, and enclosed with a personal note. As profiled by CNN and USA Today.

Order today! Or call for FREE color brochure. Christmas orders taken thru Dec. 22

24-hour information hotline

**641-469-6800**

www.panties.com



## HOME THEATER SYSTEMS



AR ADS  
ATLTECH  
BOSE  
DENON  
ENERGY  
INFINITY  
KLIPSCH  
MB QUART  
MARANTZ  
MONSTER  
NHT

NILES  
ONKYO  
PSB  
PIONEER ELITE  
PARASOUND  
SHERWOOD  
SONANCE  
SONY ES  
SUNFIRE  
VELODYNE  
YAMAHA

DON'T SEE IT?  
CALL US...WE CAN GET IT!

## NEW WORLD AUDIO

SECURE...ONLINE SHOPPING  
WWW.NEWWORLDAUDIO.COM

**(800)311-0392**

HIGH END  
ELECTRONICS  
& SPEAKERS  
WITHOUT THE  
HIGH PRICES!!

## MEN'S WIDE SHOES

EEE-EEEEEE, SIZES 5-13

FREE catalog • High quality • 160 styles

For the extra  
width you need  
for comfort



## HITCHCOCK SHOES, INC.

Dept. 18D Hingham, MA 02043

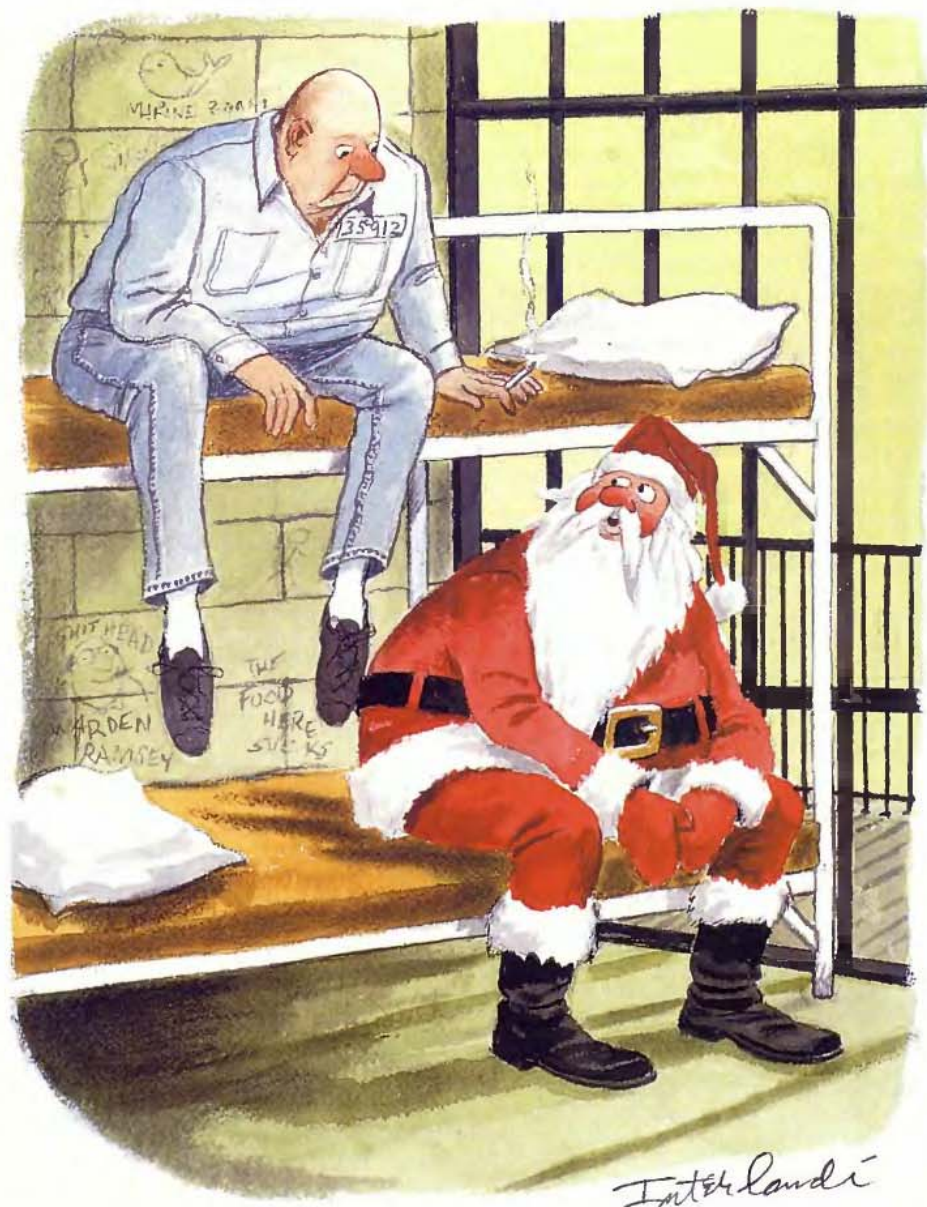
1-800-992-WIDE www.wideshoes.com



kind of game show, and he heard about *Millionaire*, based on a successful British show. He liked the idea of it, and then he saw the tape and knew it was made for him. He knew he could use all the talents he had worked on for so long, that intuitive sense of an audience and the ability to play with an audience in a funny and yet kind and almost loving way. No small trick, always knowing how far to go, and where the line was. He says he was not on the short list for the show, that Phil Donahue and Montel Williams were. What impressed Michael Davies, the ABC executive who had the rights to the show, was Regis' passion for it, and for that he eventually got it.

Sometimes Regis says he wishes the fame had come a little earlier, that it would have made his life a little easier. But it is sweeter now, and he is all the more grateful after all those years of banging his head against the wall. "I

know how lucky I am now," he says. It's a nice story. And it has been a long, hard journey to get to the end of it. And I, who have known him on and off for almost 30 years and have seen him in various incarnations over that time, am aware of how close a call it is. I know it could have gone the other way, that instead of being the most famous television personality in the country, he could as easily be the Willy Loman of television, someone for whom it might never have happened, still trying his damndest though, and doing nightclub routines in a motel lounge in some smaller city, and getting by, as Arthur Miller once wrote about Willy, on a shoeshine and a smile. Instead, it's a Frank Capra story: Good guy does good things, waits a long time and good things happen. We need a few of those.



"Gift tax evasion. How about you?"

## Sex Tricks

(continued from page 125)

dresser, leaning on her forearms. Place a nickel on the back of each of her hands, smile as wickedly as you can and explain the rules. You are going to try to knock them off. She's going to try to keep them in place. Make a bet on the outcome, if you wish. Then get behind her and, well, use your imagination. Do anything you can think of to get her so aroused that she goes weak at the knees (bonus points if you manage to wedge the nickels in the ceiling).

The nickel trick is an example of my sex trick formula. I call it the Erotic Equation:

ANTICIPATION + CREATIVITY = HOT SEX

Every couple starts their relationship with these two ingredients. Anticipation is the foreplay that leads to foreplay. The nickel trick is loaded with anticipation. Your lover was intrigued the moment she opened your invitation, and she was reminded every time she opened her purse and saw those shiny coins. The fact that you went to some effort to seduce her—and how much effort was it, really?—made her feel desirable. That's the first step toward arousing a woman.

**Send an invitation to your lover asking her to bring a heavy wooden hanger and a necktie to the bedroom at an appointed time.**

The payoff for creating anticipation is regular, awesome sex. Honeymoon sex. Do it right and that sweet little lady, president of the PTA, mother of your children, will be howling for you to fuck her.

The second factor in my erotic equation—creativity—is the only cure for bedroom boredom. If you're not careful, eventually your girlfriend or wife will be thinking to herself during sex, He's about to tweak my nipple, then five minutes of licking, and next he'll turn me over. . . .

If you want better sex, be prepared for inspiration, even when you're doing ordinary things. A few years ago, for example, I was packing for a trip and grabbed a wooden hanger, turned the metal hook sideways and hung it over the top of my closet door. I must have done this a thousand times before. But this time I looked at that hanger, polished and sturdy and dangling high up off the floor, and thought, That looks promising. It led to this sex trick: Send an invitation to your lover asking her to bring a heavy wooden hanger and a necktie to the bedroom at an appointed time. (Like the nickels, the everyday aspect of these objects makes your seduction more intriguing.) Your lover will arrive to find the



room lit only by candles and filled with relaxing music. Ask her to grab the bottom rail of the hanger with both hands. As you blindfold her with the necktie, explain rule number one in a strong, seductive whisper: She must not, under any circumstance, let go of that hanger without your permission. You then lift the hanger and hook it over the door. This will be a hot scene, trust me, especially when she realizes she's "helpless" as you undress and play with her.

That's just the beginning. As I explain in *52 Invitations*, by the end of the evening, your lover will be kneeling on a pile of pillows and straddling a vibrator—to which you have the remote control and thus the power to reward her for good behavior.

Here's another great trick that came to me while I was working up a sweat—not in bed but in the snow. Many skiers carry hand warmers—small pouches that give off heat. When I first picked one up, my immediate thought was, This would feel good right about . . . here. And it did. To add to the fun, I recommend a massage using hot and cold packs alternately, with just enough of the extremes to bring your lover's skin to a heightened state of sensitivity.

Then there was the day I walked into a gym and saw my first Thera-Band Ball. They're sturdy inflated balls a few feet across; people use them to stretch their

backs. I thought the ball would put me in the perfect position to give an upside-down, backward blow job, and wouldn't it give him an awesome view? I bought one and put it in our bedroom, and didn't say a word about it for almost two weeks. The suspense nearly killed him—as did the eventual seduction.

This same concept can be used in a more romantic scenario. Put a bouquet of helium-filled balloons in your bedroom. Tell your girlfriend or wife that the small slips of paper inside the balloons contain special favors, or gifts, or specific fantasies that you want fulfilled, but that she can't pop the first one until the weekend. For the next few days she won't be able to get out of bed, get dressed or make a trip to the bathroom without seeing those floating reminders of her upcoming surprise.

Your seductions don't have to be expensive to be effective—just creative. Ten dollars will buy a couple of fine sable paintbrushes at an art supply store, and unless you make your living as an artist, she'll be deeply curious when she notices them on the bathroom counter. And she'll be deeply aroused when you finally use them. . . on her, dipped in warm massage oil, twirling and flicking across the sensitive canvas of her skin.

Some of the most popular seductions in my books don't even involve sex—not directly, at least. Any woman would melt

over a scene like this: Move one of the dining room chairs to the bedroom. Don't say anything, even if she puts it away. Just slip it back into the bedroom the next day, and this time, put a pair of her shoes on it. The day after, add panties and a sexy bra; the next day, lay out a nice outfit. And finally, leave a love note on the chair, explaining that you would like her to wear that outfit for a dinner date.

For any woman who has ever started to feel invisible in a relationship, this will be proof that her man loves the way she looks. Guys, it's also foreplay. Like most of my seductions, this one isn't about how much you spend. But to be honest, anticipation plus creativity plus a new pair of shoes may increase your mileage.

You're welcome to use my Erotic Equation to invent your own tricks and seductions. Don't worry about coming up with hundreds of wild ideas—that's my job. Tonight, you just need one inventive way to let her know how much you want her, one devious plan that makes her think about sex but forces her to wait. And one interesting twist—a toy or household item or a place you've never used for stimulation before, and that she will never see in the same way again. I'll give you a prop that you can start with:

White athletic socks.



## NEW! PLAYBOY'S CYBER GIRLS

now in the Playboy Cyber Club™



Members can see a new girl each week and vote for their favorite to become Playboy's Cyber Girl of the month.

**52 new models a year are waiting just for you!**

*Plus:*

- Over 50,000 photos online
- New images added daily
- Streaming video
- Unpublished pictorials
- Amateur models
- Exclusive Playmate pictorials

Join TODAY at:

<http://cyber.playboy.com/join/magjan/>

cyber..com™

©2000 Playboy



# LUST AND FOUND

(continued from page 143)

M.—Pizza, favorite toppings  
 M.—Thong size  
 Newt—Asshole, how to make look like  
 Newt—Asshole, doing excellent job making self look like  
 Reno—Undated letter of resignation  
 Reno—Undated letter of resignation (backup copy)  
 Starr, K.—Secret sex life of, per Terry Lenzner confidential report  
 Streisand, B.—White House, demands of when staying as guest in (five files)  
 Victoria's Secret—Back catalogs, several pages folded over  
 Williams and Connolly—Payment schedule, 1996–2036

### Miscellaneous

Cage marked "J. Carville—Caution: Keep Hands Away. Do Not Feed."  
 Chew toy (Buddy)  
 Chew toy (President)  
 Wooden crate marked "W-80 nuclear warhead, incl. launch codes and manual on how to operate." Should we forward this on to Beijing directly? Please advise.  
 Needlepoint pillow: "If You Don't Have Anything Nice to Say, Come Sit Next to Me and Give Me a Blow Job."  
 Also, various items including dignity, pride in office, etc. May be unreturnable.

### Oval Office Pantry

Cigar: one Por Laranaga Supremo  
 Several boxes assorted cream-filled Little Debbie cakes  
 Bounty paper towels (superabsorbent), one case  
 Several ice packs in freezer marked

"For use by president's attractive female visitors"

### Residence

*Master bedroom:*  
 Quantity of Por Laranaga Supremo cigar butts  
 Golf club (driver), bent  
 Books:  
*Joy of Sex* (still in the amazon.com package)  
*Joy of Sax* (heavily underlined, pages torn out)

### President's bathroom:

Viagra (unopened)  
 Bandages, sutures, ice packs  
 Advil (large bottle)  
 Blistex  
 Herpecin  
 Zovirax ointment

### Chelsea's Room:

Teddy bear  
 Retainer  
 Books:  
*The Secret Garden*  
*Anne of Green Gables*  
*Oh, Dad, Poor Dad, Mama's Hung You in the Closet, and I'm Feelin' So Sad*

### East Wing, Office of First Lady

Lamp, slightly dented. Used for hurling at president, 1993–1997  
 Genital cuff used on president, 1997–2000  
 Blackjack  
 Taser device (500-volt model, batteries included)  
 Neutering kit marked "Buddy"  
 Neutering kit marked "President"  
 Assorted instruments of torture for

use on White House staff: thumbscrews, rack, iron maiden, bamboo slivers  
 Box marked "Hats, frumpy"  
 Box (large) marked: "Hair bands—tax deduction?"  
 Box marked "Do Not Give to FBI"  
 Box marked "Vince F.—Shred"  
 Box marked "Webb H.—Burn"  
 Box marked "Rose Law Firm billing records not sent to OIC—shred and burn"

### Books:

*The Carpetbaggers*, H. Robbins  
*How to Sound Like a Noo Yawker*  
*You Can Be a New York Resident*  
*You Can Be a New York Senator*  
*Rudy Giuliani's Ties to the Mafia*  
*Rick Lazio's Ties to the Mafia*  
*A Complete History of Mafia Ties to New York Politicians With Italian Last Names*  
*The Complete Guide to Pandering to Jewish Voters in New York*

*First, You Grab the Head: The Frustrated Wife's Handbook to Getting Even*, by Lorena Bobbitt

Photograph of first lady kissing Suha Arafat, signed by Mrs. Arafat: "To Hillary—It was a gas being with you."

Foldout map of vast right-wing conspiracy. Devised by White House aide Sidney Blumenthal in days following disclosure of WJC involvement with WH intern M. Lewinsky. Six feet by eight feet, with illustrations, cross-referencing and pop-up figures, including Richard Mellon Scaife and Gary Bauer

Wax figurines of Lucianne Goldberg, Linda Tripp, Kathleen Willey, Juanita Broadrick

Extra packet of needles for wax figurines, above

Assorted goat heads, containers of chicken blood, drip candles, amulets, fetishes, dust of bat wing, gallbladder of Asian tiger, eye of Newt Gingrich—possibly for use in conjunction with above items. (Note: Please advise urgently, as some items beginning to spoil.)

### File folders, variously labeled:

Chappaqua—How to find on map  
 Clinton—Family tree back to Forties  
 New York State—Hispanics, love of fried foods  
 New York State—Jews, favorite foods  
 New York State—List of trick questions about  
 Rodham—Family tree back to 1700s  
 Sharpton, Rev. Al—Care and feeding  
 WJC—Castration of, chemical option  
 WJC—Castration of, surgical option

Proposal for book: *It Takes a Chutzpah*, by Senator Hillary Rodham with Sidney Blumenthal

Box (with airholes) marked "WJC." Appears to contain 42nd president of the U.S. Please advise re deposition of this item soonest.





# SWEETHEART

(continued from page 152)

an Indian River lumberyard for life. *If I could be you. And no more me.* Mostly I managed not to think of Hal McCreagh at all, but solely of Babs Hendrick, whom in fact I saw infrequently. When I did manage to see her, in school, in passing, I was so focused upon the girl that she existed for me in a rarefied dimension, like a specimen of some beautiful creature—butterfly, bird, tropical fish—safely under glass. I saw her mouth move but heard no sound. Even when Babs smiled in my direction and gaily murmured *Hi!* in the style of popular girls at Indian River High who made it a point, out of Christian charity perhaps, to ignore no one, I scarcely heard her. In a buzzing panic, I could only stammer a belated reply, half-shutting my eyes in terror of staring at Babs too openly, her small shapely dancer-like body, her radiantly glistening pink-lipsticked lips and widened smiling eyes, for in my paranoia I was convinced that others could sense my yearning, my raw, hopeless, contemptible desire. I imagined overhearing, and often in my fever dreams I did actually hear, voices rising in derision, “Roland? *Him?*” And cruel adolescent laughter of the kind that, decades later, still reverberates through R\_\_\_\_\_’s dreams.

For this I cannot truly blame the girl. She knew nothing of her power over me.

*Did she?*

Babs was a senior, I was only a sophomore and did not exist to her; to be in close proximity to such a girl, I had to join the Drama Club, in which Babs was a prominent member, a high school star, invariably cast in student productions directed by our English teacher Mr. Seales. Onstage, Babs was a lively, pretty and energetic presence, one of those golden creatures at whom others gaze in helpless admiration, though to be truthful, and I mean to be truthful in this narrative, Babs Hendrick was probably only moderately talented. But by the standards of Indian River, Michigan, she shone. In Drama Club I was an eager volunteer for work no one else wanted to do, like set design and lighting; I helped Mr. Seales organize rehearsals. To the surprise of my friends, who had no idea of my infatuation with Babs, I spent more and more time with the Drama Club crowd, comfortable in my relatively invisible role, happy to leave the spotlight to others.

In that context, as a kind of mascot, Roland became *Rollie*. What a thrill.

For Babs herself would summon me, “*Rollie? Would you be a sweetheart—*” (with what ease and unconscious cruelty murmuring such words to me!) “—and run out and get me a cola? Here’s some change.” And Rollie would go flying out of the school and down the street a block

and a half to a convenience store, to bring back a cola for Babs Hendrick, thrilled by the task. More than once I’d run to fetch something for Babs and when I returned to the rehearsal room panting like a good-natured dog, another of the actors would send me out again, and Rollie would fly a second time, not wanting to protest for fear of arousing suspicion.

Almost, I overheard behind me Babs’ musical voice: “That Rollie! I just love him.”

Between Clifford Seales and certain of his girl students, particularly blonde, effervescent Babs, there was a heightened electric mood during Drama Club meetings and play rehearsals; a continuous stream of bright, racy banter of the kind that left the girls pink-cheeked and breathless with giggling and Mr. Seales (though long married and his children grown) grinning and tugging at his shirt collar. Perhaps there was nothing seriously erotic about such banter, only playfulness, but unmistakably flirtatious undercurrents wafted about us, for most of the Drama Club members were not ordinary students but students singled out for *attention*; and Mr. Seales, in his 50s, thick-waisted, porcine, with a singed-looking face and wire-rimmed bifocals that shone when he was at his wittiest and most eloquent, was no ordinary high school teacher. He cultivated a brushlike rufous mustache and wore his

hair long, past his collar. He’d been an amateur actor with the Milwaukee Players in his early 20s and he’d impressed generations of Indian River students by hinting that he’d almost had, or possibly had had, a screen test with Twentieth Century Fox in his youth. Babs daringly teased Mr. Seales about his wild Hollywood days when he’d been Clark Gable’s double. (Mr. Seales did resemble, from certain angles of perspective and in flattering light, a fleshier Clark Gable.)

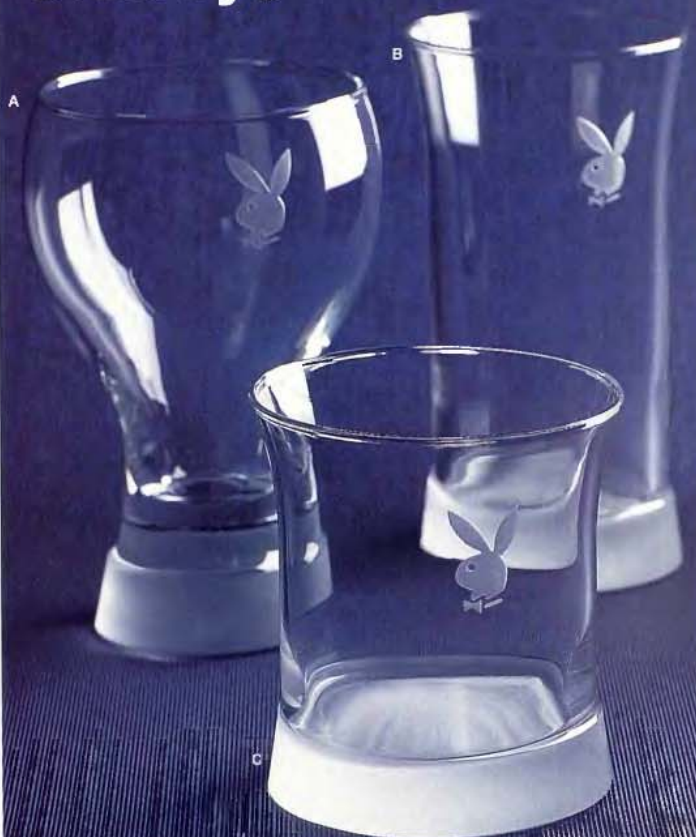
After the tragedy, and the scandal that surrounded it, rumors would fly through Indian River that Mr. Seales was a pervert who’d insisted upon his girl and boy actors rehearsing passionate love scenes in his presence, to prepare them for acting together onstage. That Mr. Seales was a pervert who rehearsed passionate love scenes with his girl students, private sessions. That he had “brushed against,” “touched,” “fondled” Babs Hendrick before witnesses, and made the girl blush fiercely. That Mr. Seales carried, in his briefcase, a silver flask filled with gin, and out of this flask he secretly laced coffee and soda drinks to give to unsuspecting students, to render them more malleable in his pervert hands. In the seven months I belonged to the Drama Club I’d seen no evidence of any of this, and so I would testify to the Indian River police in Mr. Seales’ defense (though my father was furious with me afterward). Yet how strange: Never



*“First, the good news. You know those blue parking spaces that are real close to all the stores?”*



classy glassware



A. RABBIT HEAD ETCHED GLASS GOBLET  
SET OF TWO. GIFT BOXED. USA.  
LS6719 \$24

B. RABBIT HEAD ETCHED HIGHBALL GLASSES  
SET OF TWO. GIFT BOXED. USA.  
LS6720 \$24

C. RABBIT HEAD ETCHED LOWBALL GLASSES  
SET OF TWO. GIFT BOXED. USA.  
LS6721 \$24

RABBIT HEAD ETCHED GLASSWARE SET  
INCLUDES TWO RABBIT HEAD ETCHED GLASS GOBLET, TWO RABBIT HEAD ETCHED HIGHBALL GLASSES AND TWO RABBIT HEAD ETCHED LOWBALL GLASSES. **SAVE \$7 WHEN YOU PURCHASE THE SET.**  
LS6584 \$65

**ORDER TOLL-FREE**  
800-423-9494 Most major credit cards accepted. Source Code 02269.

**ORDER BY MAIL**  
Include credit card account number and expiration date or send check or money order to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Source Code 02269, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809. Add \$7.95 shipping and handling per total order. Illinois residents include 8.75% sales tax. Canadian orders accepted (please visit our website for other foreign orders).  
©2000 Playboy

Get your fill at **PLAYBOYSTORE.COM/JAN****playboy.com**

## No Calories. No Fat. No Cholesterol.

...NO KIDDING. Our free Consumer Information Catalog serves up over 200 free and low-cost government booklets you can really sink your teeth into. Perk up your appetite with subjects like saving money, buying a house, educating your children, getting federal benefits, eating right, staying healthy, and many more.

So come 'n get it! Whatever your taste, you can feast on the free Catalog. It's filled with plenty of satisfying booklets. Just call toll-free **1-888-8 PUEBLO**.

Or get a bite on the Consumer Information Center website:  
**www.pueblo.gsa.gov**

A public service of this publication and the  
Consumer Information Center of the U.S. General Services Administration

had I witnessed Mr. Seales pouring anything into any drinks, including my own, but somehow I was inspired to such an action myself, out of despair of my obsession with Babs and out of (how can I explain, without seeming to be trying to excuse myself?) a conviction of my essential helplessness. *For never would Roland have believed himself capable of what he dreamt of committing; never would he, who believed himself a victim, have imagined himself so powerful, and lethal.*

Not gin out of a silver flask, but a heavy dose of barbiturate from my mother's crammed medicine cabinet. It was an old prescription; I took the chance that my distracted, nervous mother would never notice.

It was not my intention to hurt my high school sweetheart. For I so adored her, I could not imagine even touching her! In my sickly, fevered dreams I "saw" her vividly, or a female figure that resembled her; beneath layers of bedclothes, as if hoping to hide myself from my father's suspicious eyes that seemed to penetrate my bedroom walls, I groaned in anguish, and in shame, in thrall to her female beauty. *I was the victim, not the girl.* I wished to free myself from my morbid obsession, and I became desperate. For had not my father (reading my thoughts? identifying certain symptoms in my person, my behavior?) warned me with much embarrassment of the danger of "unclean practices," "compulsive self-abuse?" Had not my father turned aside from me in disgust, seeing in my frightened eyes and inflamed pimply skin an admission of guilt? And yet I could not beg him for mercy claiming *I am the victim!*

In high school life, Babs Hendrick existed in a rarefied dimension, inaccessible to someone like me; I might brush against her in a corridor, or descending a flight of stairs, might sit on the floor of the greenroom backstage, six inches from her feet, yet this distance was an abyss. The girl was invulnerable, immune to anything Roland or Rollie might say or do. At such times I knew myself invisible, and though lowly, in a way blessed. Unlike other, older and more attractive boys, I had not a chance to compel this girl to love me, even to notice me, thus I risked little, like a craven but faithful mongrel. Even when someone called out "Rollie!" and sent me on an errand, I felt myself invisible and blessed. During rehearsals on the open, bare stage, which was often drafty, I liked it that Babs might send me for her sweater, or her boyfriend's jacket; I loved it that, in this place devoid of glamour, Babs yet exuded her innocent golden-girl beauty, which (I came to think) no one really appreciated but me. At such times I could crouch on the floor and gaze openly at Babs Hendrick's flawless heart-shaped face, her perky, shapely little body, for she was an




"actress"; in fact, and this was a delicious irony not lost on Roland, Babs and the other Indian River stars were dependent upon people like Roland, an admiring audience for their self-display, or what was called "talent." And so I made myself more and more available to the Drama Club, and to the rather vain, pompous Mr. Seales, as a way of making myself liked and trusted. How quiet Roland was, and utterly dependable! No one else in the Drama Club was either, and this included Mr. Seales himself. I was always available if, for instance, Babs needed someone patient to help her with her lines, in the greenroom, or in an empty classroom. ("Gosh, Rollie, what would I do without you! You're so much sweeter and a darn sight smarter than my kid brother.") Mr. Seales had cast, or miscast, Babs as the wan, crippled, poetic Laura in Tennessee Williams' *The Glass Menagerie*; this was a plum of a role for an aspiring actress, but one for which Babs' healthy, wholesome golden-girl looks and childlike extroversion hardly suited her. Her superficial facility for rote memory wasn't helping her much with the poetic language of the Williams play, and she was continually baffled by its emotional subtext. Even Mr. Seales was beginning to be impatient with her tearful outbursts and temper tantrums, and several times spoke cuttingly to her in front of others. These others were to be shortly designated as "witnesses," even I, who had no choice but to tell police officers all that I'd truly heard.

One of my frequent errands was to fetch quart plastic bottles of a certain diet cola, explosively carbonated and artificially sweetened, from the convenience store up the street—a vile-tasting chemical concoction that my father claimed had caused "cancerous growths" in laboratory rats, and that, though I exulted in going against my father's wishes whenever I could, I found repellent, undrinkable. Yet Babs was addicted to this drink, kept bottles in her locker and was always running out. The fact that the cola was in a quart bottle and not a can, and that I was often the person to open it, and pour the drink into paper cups to pass around to the actors, gave me the idea, and an innocent idea it seemed to me, like a magical fantasy interlude in a Disney film, of mixing something in the fizzing liquid, a sleeping potion it might romantically be called, that would cause Babs Hendrick to become sleepy suddenly, and doze, for just a few precious minutes, and I alone might observe her close up, watch over and protect her: If needed, I would wake her and walk her home.

*Babs Hendrick, walked home by Roland, the doctor's son.*

This was a fantasy that sprang from one of my fevered erotic dreams. I both loathed these dreams as unhealthy and



**PLAYBOY'S CALIFORNIA Girls**

Surf's up at **PLAYBOYSTORE.COM/JAN**

## Go West, Young Man

Join a bevy of beautiful California babes as they enjoy the lush settings of America's left-coast paradise!

LQ1955V \$19.98


ORDER TOLL-FREE 800-423-9494  
Most major credit cards accepted. Source Code 02267. ORDER BY MAIL. Include credit card account number and expiration date or send check or money order to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Source Code 02267, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809. Add \$4.00 shipping and handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian orders accepted (please visit our website for other foreign orders).

**playboy.com**

Also available at:

musicland  
WE GOT WHAT YOU WANT!

Sam Goody  
EVERY DAY IS A PARTY!




On-Cue  
RENT • BUY • TRADE


SUNCOAST  
OFFICIAL PICTURE COMPANY


THE TOP CENTERFOLDS OF THE PAST 40 YEARS


PLAYBOY'S Playmates of the Year


WWW.PLAYBOYSTORE.COM


  
HEATHER KOZAK


  
ANNA NICOLE SMITH


  
JENNY MCCARTHY

  
KAREN VALBY

  
JO COLLINS

  
VICTORIA SILVSTEDT

  
KAREN MCDUGAL

  
RIDZE TENISON

A Sexy Salute to Superstar Centerfolds—ALSO FEATURING KATHY SHOWER, DEBRA JO FORDREN, CINDY WOOD, DORNA MICHELLE, MARILYN COLL, JULIE CALISI, PATTI MCGUIRE, BAMBAA EDWARDS, INDA ALLEN—AND THE REST OF THE BEST OF THE BEST.

Five Decades of Timeless Beauty in One **SIZZLING** Special Edition!

LRFT0022 \$6.95

ORDER TOLL-FREE 800-423-9494 Most major credit cards accepted. Source Code 02268. ORDER BY MAIL. Include credit card account number and expiration date or send check or money order to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Source Code 02268, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809. Add \$3.50 shipping and handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian orders accepted (please visit our website for other foreign orders). ORDER ONLINE [www.playboystore.com](http://www.playboystore.com)

**playboy.com**

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW



unclean, and craved them; I both wished to rid myself of them forever, and cherished them as one of the few authentic creations of my lonely life. Out of this paradox grew, like poisonous toadstools by night, my compulsion to write, and to write of certain subjects the world designates as morbid. Out of the tragedy of that long-ago time grew my obsession with *mystery* as the most basic, and so most profound, of all artistic visions. Out of my obsession with my high school sweetheart, the distinguished (and lucrative) career of R\_\_\_\_\_, newly elected president of the American Mystery Writers! Though R\_\_\_\_\_ is far from 15 years old, he is not so very distant from the 15-year-old Roland secretly planning, plotting, rehearsing his deed of great daring. He seemed in his sex-obsessed naivete to think that he could accomplish his goal without having the slightest effect upon reality, and without consequences for either himself or his victim.

Of course, 15-year-old Roland did not think of Babs Hendrick as a *victim*. She wielded such power!

And so it happened, as in a dream, one bleak, gunmetal-gray afternoon in March, in that limbo-season poised between late winter and early spring, when the temperature seems frozen at 32 degrees Fahrenheit, that rehearsals for *The Glass Menagerie* broke off around five o'clock, and Mr. Seales sent everyone home except for Babs, with whom he spoke in private, and 20 minutes later Babs appeared in the corridor outside

the classroom, wiping at her beautiful downcast eyes. Seeing me lurking nearby (but Babs wouldn't have thought her friend Rollie was capable of *lurking*) eagerly, she asked would I help her with lines? Just for a half hour?

Murmured Rollie shyly, "Sure."

Babs led us to the greenroom backstage. As usual, she stood as she recited her lines, and moved about restlessly, trying to match her gestures with Tennessee Williams' maddeningly poetic, repetitive language. She scarcely glanced at me as I read lines, or prompted her, as if she were alone; I was Laura's mother, Laura's brother, Laura's caddish gentleman caller, yet it was exclusively her own image she gazed at in the room's long horizontal mirror. Even in this fluorescent-lit, stale-smelling room with shabby furnishings and worn linoleum tile, how beautiful Babs was! Far more beautiful than poor doomed Laura. *I loved her and hated her. For the sake of the Lauras of the world, as well as the Rolands.*

The other day, in the leafy, affluent suburban town 50 minutes north of Grand Central Station where I live, as the irony of circumstance had placed me, on Basking Ridge Drive, which intersects with Church Street, I was walking into the village to pick up my newspapers, as I do every day for the exercise, and I saw her. I saw Babs Hendrick: a lovely girl with shoulder-length wavy blonde hair and bangs brushed low on her forehead, walking with some high school classmates. I stopped in my tracks. My heart clanged like a bell. I

nearly called out to her—"Babs? Is it you?" But of course, being R\_\_\_\_\_, and no longer naive, I waited until I could ascertain that of course the girl wasn't my lost high school sweetheart, and didn't truly resemble her. I turned aside to hide my grief. I limped away shaken. I took solace all that day in writing this story, for I no longer have lurid, delicious erotic fantasies by night, beneath heavy bedcovers; the only fantasies that visit me now are willfully calculated, impeccably plotted contrivances of my writerly life.

I repeat: It was not my intention to hurt my high school sweetheart.

In my anxiety, I must have mixed too much of the barbiturate into the cola drink. I'd taken a number of capsules from my mother's medicine cabinet, broken them and carefully poured the white powder into a tissue; this tissue, wrapped in cellophane, I'd been carrying in my pocket for what seemed like months, but could have been only two or three weeks. I knew that my opportunity would come if I was patient. And that March afternoon, when Babs and I were alone together in the greenroom, and no one near, and no one knowing us, and she sent me to her locker to fetch her opened bottle of cola while she used the girls' backstage lavatory, I knew that this was meant to be. Almost, I had no choice. I siphoned the white powder into the virulent dark chemical drink, replaced the top and turned it upside down, shook it gently. Babs took no notice of the barbiturate, for she drank the cola in distracted swallows while trying to memorize her lines, and was on her feet, restless and impatient, having decided that the secret to Williams' heroine was her anger, hidden beneath layers of girlish verbiage of which the playwright himself hadn't been aware. "Cripples are always angry, I bet. *I'd* sure be, in their place."

Roland, sitting on an old worn corduroy-covered sofa, waiting anxiously for the sleeping potion to take effect, murmured yes, he guessed Babs must be right.

She continued with her lines, reciting, forgetting and needing to be prompted, remembering, reciting, moving her arms, making her face "expressive"; the more she rehearsed Laura, the more Laura eluded her, like a mocking phantom. Ten minutes passed, with excruciating slowness; I felt beads of sweat break out on my heated face and trickle down my thin sides; 15 minutes passed, and by degrees Babs appeared to be getting drowsy, murmuring that she didn't know what was wrong with her, she was feeling *so tired*, couldn't keep her eyes open. She knocked the cola bottle over, what remained of the liquid spilled out onto the already stained carpet. Abruptly then she slumped down at the far end



"Enough with the ho, ho, hos already. Where are the sex toys I asked for?"



of the sofa, and within a matter of seconds was asleep.

I sat without moving, not even looking directly at her, at first, for some time. The magic had worked! It wasn't believable, yet it had happened; Roland could have had no real power over a girl like Babs Hendrick, yet—this had happened. Yes I was elated. Ecstatic! Yes I was terrified. For what I had done, the crudest of tricks, I could not undo.

Not scrawny brainy Roland, that shy boy, but another person, calculating and almost calm, moved at last from his position on the sofa and stood trembling with excitement over the sleeping girl. Beautiful when awake, and animated, Babs was yet more beautiful in sleep; waxy-skinned and vulnerable; she seemed much younger than 17. Her face was pale and slack and her lips parted, like a sleeping baby's, her arms were limp, her legs sprawled like the legs of a rag doll. She wore a pale yellow angora sweater with short puffy sleeves, and a charcoal gray pleated skirt. (This predated the era of universal blue jeans.) I whispered, "Babs? Babs?" and she gave no sign of hearing. She was breathing in deep, erratic, shuddering breaths and her eyelids were quivering. My fear was that she'd wake suddenly and see me standing over her and know what I'd done, and begin to scream, and what would happen to Roland, the doctor's son, then? I dared to touch her arm, and shook her gently. "Babs? What's wrong?" So far, what was happening wasn't suspicious exactly. (Was it?) Kids often fell asleep in school, cradling their heads on their arms in the library, or in study hall; in boring classes nearly everyone nodded off, at times. Self-dramatizing young actors, complaining of exhaustion and overwork, stole naps in the greenroom, and tales were told of couples "sleeping" on the infamous corduroy couch when they were assured of a few minutes' quick-snatched privacy. Babs, like her popular friends, stayed up late, talking and laughing over the telephone, as I'd gathered from overhearing their conversations, and she'd been anxious about the play, and sleep-deprived, so it wasn't so unlikely that, in the midst of going over her lines with me, she might become exhausted suddenly and fall asleep. *None of this was suspicious. Not yet!*

But Roland's behavior was beginning to be suspicious, wasn't it? For stealthily he went to the door, which had no lock, and dragged a heavy leather armchair in front of it to prevent the door being opened suddenly. (There were likely to be a few teachers and students remaining in the building, even past six o'clock.) He switched off all the lights in the windowless room except one, a flickering fluorescent tube on the verge of burning out. He spoke gently, cautiously to the deeply breathing, sleeping

girl, "Babs? Babs? It's just me. Rollie." For long mesmerized seconds he stood above her, staring. The elusive girl of his fever dreams! His high school sweetheart, whom his father tried to forbid him. Unclean. Compulsive. Self-abuse. Daringly Roland touched the girl again, caressing her shoulder, like a film lover, and her arm in the fuzzy angora sweater, and her limp, chill fingers. He was breathing quickly now, and he'd become sticky with sweat. If he leaned closer, if he kissed her? (But how did you kiss a girl like Babs Hendrick?) Just her forehead? Would she wake suddenly, would she begin to scream? "It's just me. Rollie. I love you." Suddenly he wondered, with a stab of jealousy, whether Hal McCreagh had ever seen Babs like this. So deeply asleep! So beautiful! He wondered what Hal did to Babs, when they were alone together in Hal's car. Kissing? (Tongue kissing?) Touching, fondling? Petting? It excited Roland, and infuriated him, to imagine.

But Hal wasn't here now. Hal knew nothing of this interlude, this "rehearsal." There was no longer any Hal. There was only Roland, the doctor's brainy, beloved son.

He was trembling badly now. Shaking. A powerful throbbing ache in his groin, which he tried to ignore, and a rapid beating of his heart. This could not be happening, could it? How could this be happening? Bringing his lips against the girl's strangely cool, clammy forehead. It was the first true kiss of his life. Babs' silky-blond head had fallen back against the soiled armrest of the sofa, and her mouth had dropped open. Her eyelids were oddly bluish and fluttering as if desperately she wanted to open them but could not. "Babs? Don't be afraid." He kissed her cheek, he stooped to kiss her mouth, which hung open, slack, helpless, a string of saliva trailing down her chin. The taste of her mouth excited him terribly. With his tongue he licked her saliva. *Like tasting blood. Roland the vampire. That first kiss!* His brain seemed to go black. He was seized by a powerful need to grab hold of the girl, hard. To show her who was master. But he restrained himself, for Roland was not such a person; Roland was a good boy and would never harm anyone. (Would he?) Babs Hendrick was, he knew, a good Christian girl, as he was a good Christian boy. What harm could come to them *really*? If he meant no harm, harm would not ensue. He would be protected. The girl would be protected. He'd begun to notice her strange, labored breathing, audible as a grown man's breathing in stress, and yet he did not somehow absorb the possible meaning of such a symptom, though he was (but right now, *was not*) Roland, the doctor's son. He was trembling with excitement. His hand, which seemed to him slightly distorted as if seen through a

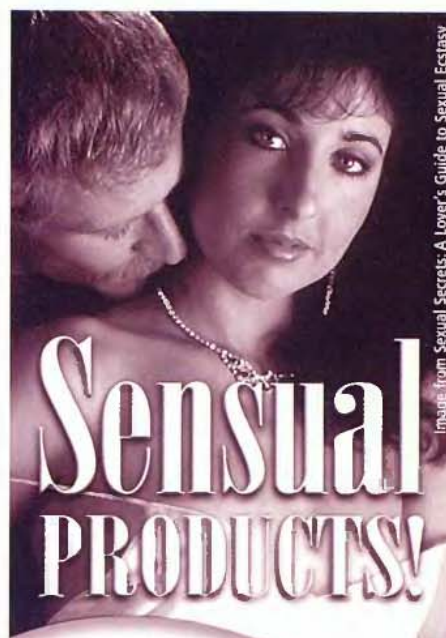


Image from Sexual Secrets: A Lover's Guide to Sexual Ecstasy

## Celebrate the Possibilities

*It's* only natural to want the most from your sex life. Exploring your sexuality leads to greater personal awareness and relaxation. Experience the Xandria Collection and discover a wide variety of sexual products that reveal ways of giving you, and your partner, even greater pleasure.

For 25 years our customers have felt comfortable with us, because of our 100% three-way guarantee:

- We guarantee your privacy.
- We guarantee your satisfaction.
- We guarantee product quality.

To make exploring your sexuality truly convenient, you can shop by phone, fax, mail, or online. To see our complete collection of quality products visit

## xandria.com

Or, send \$4 for your catalog now, and we'll send it with a coupon good for \$4 off your first purchase.

**Order today! You have nothing to lose and a lifetime of enjoyment to gain.**

### THE XANDRIA COLLECTION

Dept. PB0101, P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131-9988  
Please send me the Xandria Gold Edition Catalogue with my \$4 credit toward my 1st purchase. Enclosed is a check or money order for \$4 (\$5 Canada, £3 UK).

I am over 21.  
Signature required \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

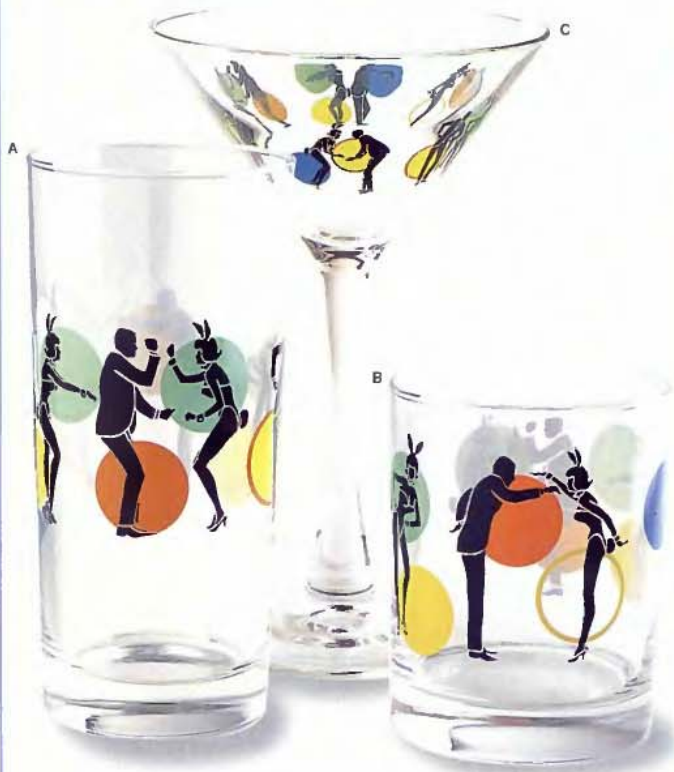
City \_\_\_\_\_

State/Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Xandria, 165 Valley Dr., Brisbane, CA 94005-1340. Void where prohibited by law.



bunnyhop

Cut a rug at [PLAYBOYSTORE.COM/JAN](http://PLAYBOYSTORE.COM/JAN)

**A. DANCING BUNNY  
HIGHBALL GLASSES**  
SET OF TWO. USA.  
EACH HOLDS 16 OZ.  
LS6701 \$17

**B. DANCING BUNNY  
LOWBALL GLASSES**  
SET OF TWO.  
USA. EACH  
HOLDS 14 OZ.  
LS6702 \$17

**C. DANCING BUNNY  
MARTINI GLASSES**  
SET OF TWO. USA.  
EACH HOLDS 8 OZ.  
LS6703 \$21

**ORDER TOLL-FREE  
800-423-9494** Most major  
credit cards accepted.  
Source Code 02269.  
**ORDER BY MAIL** Include  
credit card account num-  
ber and expiration date  
or send check or money  
order to Playboy, P.O.  
Box 809, Source Code  
02269, Itasca, Illinois  
60143-0809. Add \$7.95  
shipping and handling  
charge per total order.  
Illinois residents include  
6.75% sales tax. Canadian  
orders accepted (please  
visit our website for other  
foreign orders).

[playboy.com](http://playboy.com)

©2000 Playboy

magnifying lens, reached out to smooth the silky-blond hair and cradle it in his fingers. He stroked the nape of the girl's neck, slowly he caressed her shoulder, her left breast, delicately touching the breast with his fingertips, that fuzzy pale yellow angora wool that was so beautiful; he cupped his hand (but was this *his hand?*) beneath the small, shapely breast, gently and then with more assurance he caressed, he squeezed lightly. "Babs! I l-love you." The girl moaned in her heavy, stuporous sleep, a sexual moan it seemed to Roland, who was himself whimpering with excitement. But she didn't wake. His power over her, Roland's revenge, was that she could not wake; she was at his mercy, and he would be merciful. She was utterly helpless and vulnerable, and he would not take advantage of her as one of the crude Indian River High boys would have done in his place. (Would he?) In even the most lurid of his dreams he hadn't defiled his sweetheart (at least that he'd allowed himself to remember). In a cracked, hoarse, half-pleading voice, whispering, "Babs? Don't be afraid, I would never hurt you, *I love you.*" And the blackness rose, swooning in him a second time, annihilating his brain, and he would not afterward recall all that happened in that dim-lit windowless room, on the shabby corduroy sofa, or was caused to happen, perceived as through a distorting lens that both magnified and reduced vision.

When again Roland was able to see clearly, and to think, he saw to his horror that it was nearly 6:30. And still the stricken girl slept on the corduroy sofa, the sound of her breathing now filling the airless room. Her head lay at a painful angle on the soiled armrest and her arms and legs were limp, loose as those of a rag doll. Except now her unseeing eyes were partly open, showing a crescent of white. Anxiously he whispered, "Babs? Wake up." He felt panic: hearing voices in the corridor beyond the backstage area, boys' voices, perhaps basketball players leaving practice; and Hal McCreagh was among these, or might have been, for Hal was on the team; and what would Roland do, and what would be done to Roland, if he were discovered like this, hiding, guilty-faced, with Babs Hendrick sprawled on the sofa, helpless in sleep, her hair disheveled and her clothing in disarray? Hurriedly, with shaking fingers, Roland readjusted the fuzzy angora sweater, and the pleated skirt. Whimpering, pleading for the girl to wake up, please would she wake up, yet like Sleeping Beauty in the Disney film, she would not wake up; she was under a curse; she would not wake up for *him*.

For the first time it occurred to the trembling boy that he might have given his sweetheart too strong a dose of the drug. *What if she never woke up?* (But what



**A. PLAYBOY SPA BODY LOTION**  
13.5 FL. OZ./405 ML.  
LQ6747 \$18

**B. PLAYBOY SPA BATH SALTS**  
NET WT. 28 OZ./840 G.  
LQ6748 \$19

**C. PLAYBOY SPA SHOWER GEL**  
13.5 FL. OZ./405 ML.  
LQ6746 \$18

**O. PLAYBOY SPA MASSAGE OIL**  
13.5 FL. OZ./405 ML.  
LQ6745 \$18

**E. PLAYBOY SPA BATH SOAPS**  
SET OF FOUR SOAPS. NET WT. 12 OZ.  
LQ6744 \$19

**ORDER TOLL-FREE 800-423-9494 MOST MAJOR  
CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED. SOURCE CODE 02267.  
ORDER BY MAIL INCLUDE CREDIT CARD ACCOUNT  
NUMBER AND EXPIRATION DATE OR SEND CHECK  
OR MONEY ORDER TO PLAYBOY, P.O. BOX 809,  
SOURCE CODE 02267, ITASCA, ILLINOIS 60143-0809.  
ADD \$4.00 SHIPPING AND HANDLING PER TOTAL  
ORDER. ILLINOIS RESIDENTS INCLUDE 6.75% SALES  
TAX. CANADIAN ORDERS ACCEPTED (PLEASE VISIT  
OUR WEBSITE FOR OTHER FOREIGN ORDERS).**

©2000 Playboy

Pamper yourself at [PLAYBOYSTORE.COM/JAN](http://PLAYBOYSTORE.COM/JAN)





slinky  
pink

PLAYBOYSTORE.COM/JAN

**SERPENTINE CHEMISE AND THONG**

HOT PINK CHEMISE AND THONG WITH SNAKESKIN PRINT AND FUCHSIA STRETCH LACE TRIM. CHEMISE FEATURES HANDKERCHIEF-STYLE CUT ALONG THE BOTTOM. 80% NYLON/20% LYCRA® SPANDEX. IMPORTED. SIZES S, M, L. LS6659 S32

**ORDER TOLL-FREE 800-423-9494**

Most major credit cards accepted. Source Code 02269. **ORDER BY MAIL** Include credit card account number and expiration date or send check or money order to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Source Code 02269, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809. Add \$7.95 shipping and handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian orders accepted (please visit our website for other foreign orders).



©2000 Playboy

was *too strong*, he had no idea. Half the bottle of six-milligram capsules? That odorless chalky white powder?)

Panic swept over him. No, he wouldn't think of *that*.

On a shelf amid the tattered copies of play scripts he found a frayed, light wool blanket to draw gently over Babs. He tucked the blanket beneath her damp chin, and spread her blonde, wavy hair in a fan around her head. She would sleep until the drug wore off, and then she would wake; if Roland—"Rollie"—were very lucky, she wouldn't remember him; and if he were unlucky, well—he wouldn't think of that. (And he did not.) Stealthily then he fled, and was unseen. He would leave the single fluorescent light flickering. He would slip from the greenroom to the darkened backstage area and make his way out into a rear corridor, not taking the most obvious, direct route (which would have brought him into a corridor contiguous with the corridor that led to the boys' locker room), and so, breathless, he would flee the scene of the crime, which in his heart he could not (could he?) acknowledge was a crime, even into his 61st year, when R\_\_\_\_\_ had long replaced both Roland and "Rollie." Contemplating then through the distorting lens of time of the pale, calm-seeming doctor's son safe in the brick house on Church Street, and safe in his room immersed in geometry homework at 8:20 that evening, the approximate time that Babs Hendrick's heart ceased beating.

*The Glass Menagerie* would not be performed that spring at Indian River High.

Clifford Seales would be suspended without salary from the school, and his contract terminated soon after, during the Indian River police investigation into the barbiturate death of Seales' 17-year-old student Babs Hendrick. Though not enough evidence would be gathered against him to justify a formal arrest, Seales would remain the prime suspect in the case, and his guilt taken for granted. Forty-five years later in Indian River, if you speak of Babs Hendrick's death, you'll be told in angry disgust that the girl's English teacher, an alcoholic pervert who'd molested other girl students over the years, drugged her with barbiturates to perform despicable sexual acts upon her, and killed her in the process. You will be told that Seales managed to escape prosecution, though of course his life was ruined, and he would die, divorced and disgraced, of a massive heart attack a few years later.

Ladies and gentlemen, you will ask: Had the Indian River police no other suspects? Possibly yes. Practically speaking, no. Even today, small-town police departments are ill equipped to undertake homicide investigations in which neither witnesses nor informants come forward. Dusting for fingerprints in the

**ANABOLIC STRENGTH  
TESTOSTEROL™**

**HORMONE SUBSTITUTE  
Body Building Breakthrough!**  
USE OF THIS PRODUCT HAS BEEN PROVEN TO  
INCREASE SEX DRIVE IN MEN!

100% Money Back Guarantee!



**Build Explosive Power!**

These are among the finest products in the world for your body building needs. Tested and proven by many of the greatest Body Builders and athletes world wide.

[www.pyramidnutrition.com](http://www.pyramidnutrition.com)

CAUTION! USE OF THIS PRODUCT WILL CAUSE A POSITIVE READING IN A TEST DESIGNED TO DETECT ANABOLIC STEROIDS.



Ref #: P-39  
**1 (800) 491-1716**  
\$49.95 + \$6.95 S/H  
BUY 2 GET 1 FREE!  
FREE catalog!

Exclusively  
at select

**GNC LiveWell.**

**MEN: BE  
TALLER!!**



**1-800-343-3810**

**TIRED OF BEING CONSIDERED SHORT?** Try our quality leather footwear with the **HIDDEN** height increaser inside the shoe. **ONLY YOU WILL KNOW THE SECRET!** Look like ordinary shoes. Will make you up to **3" TALLER** depending on the style. Over 100 styles to choose from including dress shoes, boots, sport shoes and casuals. Extremely comfortable. Discreet packaging. Sizes 5 to 12. Widths B to EEE. In business since 1939. **MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!** Call or write for your **FREE** color catalog. [www.elevators.com](http://www.elevators.com)

**ELEVATORS®**

RICHLIEE SHOE COMPANY DEPT. PB11  
P.O. BOX 3566, FREDERICK, MD 21705



# WHERE



# HOW TO BUY

## WIRED

Page 53: "The Next Nintendo": Game systems: By *Microsoft*, 425-882-8080. By *Nintendo*, 800-255-3700. By *Sony*, 800-345-7669. By *Sega*, 800-872-7342. "New Twist on Techno TVs": TV tuner cards: By *Samsung*, 800-726-7864. By *Cybercomp*, 877-674-3643. Flat-screen monitor by *Proton*, 562-404-2222. "Game of the Month": By *Interplay*, 800-468-3775. "Wild Things": Backpack from *CCS*, 800-477-9283. Jukebox by *Creative Labs*, 800-998-5227.



2264. Single malt imported by *White Rock Distilleries*, 800-628-5441. Flask from *Kentshire Galleries* at *Bergdorf Goodman*, 800-558-1855. DVD player by *Panasonic*, 800-211-7262. Boom box from *Kash 'n' Gold*, 800-354-8785.

## 2001 TUXEDOS

Pages 162-167: Tuxedo by *Perry Ellis*, [www.perryellis.com](http://www.perryellis.com). Shirt by *After Six*, 800-554-8412. Tuxedo by *Corneliani*, 800-222-9477. Shirt by *Raffinati*, 800-554-8412. Tuxedo by *Giorgio Armani*, [giorgioarmani.com](http://giorgioarmani.com). Tuxedo and shirt by *Brooks Brothers*, 800-724-1815. Top hat by *Knox Hats*, 800-628-HATS. Tuxedo by *John Varvatos*, [johnvarvatos.com. Shirt and vest by \*Raffinati\*, 800-554-8412. Bow tie by \*Playboy\*, \[playboystore.com. Watch by \\*Swiss Army\\*, 800-442-2706. Tuxedo by \\*Emporio Armani\\*, 877-EMPORIO. Tuxedo and shirt by \\*Joseph Abboud\\*, 800-999-0060, extension 4220. Velvet jacket by \\*Nicole Farhi\\*, 212-421-2860. Leather pants, ring and bracelet from \\*Chrome Hearts\\*, 212-327-0707. Bow tie and cuff links from \\*Brooks Brothers\\*, 800-724-1815. Tuxedo and vest by \\*Burberry\\*, 800-284-8480. Glasses from \\*Crate and Barrel\\*, 800-996-9960.\]\(http://playboystore.com\)](http://johnvarvatos.com)

## MANTRACK

Page 61: "Money Talks": Private island, *Money Key*, 305-745-3084. "Just Cruzan": Rum imported by *Todhunter Imports*, [cruzanrums.com](http://cruzanrums.com). Page 62: "Guys Are Talking About": CD recorder by *Aiwa*, 800-BUY-AIWA. Hotel, *International House*, 800-633-5770. Book at local bookstores. Whiskey by *St. George Spirits*, 510-769-1601.

## ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA

Pages 109-111: Book from *Antique Collector's Club*, 800-252-5231. Pocket humidifier from *Midnight Pass*, 877-844-4438. Cigar from *Up Down Tobacco Shop*, 312-337-8025. Computer and monitor by *Apple*, 800-538-9696. Golf clubs by *Dogleg Right*, 800-784-3464 and by *Pro Gear*, 800-845-4327. Golf ball by *Callaway*, 800-228-2767. Shaving system by *Norelco*, 800-243-3050. Engine and coal car by *Lionel*, 800-454-6635. Clock from *Swiss Fine Timing*, 847-266-7900. Book from *Deuce II Editions*, 800-989-1082. Walkman and headphones by *Sony*, 800-222-7669. CD case by *X-Large*, 800-952-7431. Answering machine by *Bang and Olufsen*, 800-284-

554-8412. Tuxedo by *Corneliani*, 800-222-9477. Shirt by *Raffinati*, 800-554-8412. Tuxedo by *Giorgio Armani*, [giorgioarmani.com](http://giorgioarmani.com). Tuxedo and shirt by *Brooks Brothers*, 800-724-1815. Top hat by *Knox Hats*, 800-628-HATS. Tuxedo by *John Varvatos*, [johnvarvatos.com](http://johnvarvatos.com). Shirt and vest by *Raffinati*, 800-554-8412. Bow tie by *Playboy*, [playboystore.com](http://playboystore.com). Watch by *Swiss Army*, 800-442-2706. Tuxedo by *Emporio Armani*, 877-EMPORIO. Tuxedo and shirt by *Joseph Abboud*, 800-999-0060, extension 4220. Velvet jacket by *Nicole Farhi*, 212-421-2860. Leather pants, ring and bracelet from *Chrome Hearts*, 212-327-0707. Bow tie and cuff links from *Brooks Brothers*, 800-724-1815. Tuxedo and vest by *Burberry*, 800-284-8480. Glasses from *Crate and Barrel*, 800-996-9960.

## ON THE SCENE

Page 231: Books: *Windows on the World Complete Wine Course*, *Great Wine Made Simple*, *Christie's World Encyclopedia of Champagne and Fabulous Fizz*, at bookstores. Coaster from *Christofle*, 877-728-4556. Wine Companion by *Tool Logic*, [toollogic.com](http://toollogic.com). Champagne and ice bucket from *Liquor.com*, 800-774-7483. Wine thermometer by *Brookstone*, 877-468-3580. Cork puller by *Metrokane*, at retail stores.

greenroom yielded a treasure trove of prints, but all of these, even Seales', were explainable. DNA evidence (saliva, semen) would have convicted the guilty individual, but DNA evidence was unknown at the time. And the boy, the shy bespectacled doctor's son Roland, was but one of a number of high school boys, including the dead girl's boyfriend, whom police questioned; he was not singled out for suspicion, spoke earnestly and persuasively to police officers, even defending (in his naivete) the notorious Seales, and was never to behave in any way that might be labeled suspicious. In a state of suspended animation. No emotion, only wonder. That I, Roland, had done such a thing. I, a victim, to have wielded such power!

If my mother had ever discovered that a bottle of prescription sleeping pills was missing from her medicine cabinet, she never spoke of her discovery and what it might mean.

It would be rumored (but never printed in any newspapers or uttered on radio or TV) that "sick, disgusting things" had been done to Babs Hendrick's helpless body before her death; only a "pervert" could have done such acts upon a comatose victim. But there would never be any arrest of this criminal, and therefore no trial. And no public revelations.

(What "sick, disgusting things" were done to my sweetheart, I don't know. Another individual must have slipped into the greenroom between the time Roland fled and Babs died later that evening.)

The sick horror of *mystery* that remains unsolved.

You will ask: Did the killer never confess?

The superficial answer is no, the killer never confessed. For he did not (did he?) truly believe himself a killer; he was a good Christian boy. And he was (and is) a coward, contemptible. The more complex answer is yes, the killer confessed, and has confessed many times during his long and "distinguished" career. Each work of fiction he has written has been a confession, and an exultation. For, having committed an act of mystery in his adolescence, he understood that he'd proved himself and need never commit another; forever afterward, he would be an elegist of mystery, and honored for his style. Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for this new honor.

In the sudden silence, R\_\_\_\_\_ self-consciously stacked the pages of his manuscript together to signal that "The High School Sweetheart: A Mystery" was over, as we in the audience, his friends and admirers, sat stunned, in a paralysis of shock and indecision. R\_\_\_\_\_ story had been compelling, and his delivery mesmerizing—yet, how should we applaud?

CREDITS: PHOTOGRAPHY BY: P. 3 CHARLES ADAMS, STEVEN E. BARBOUR, JAN BAROSS, J. HIGGIN BOTHAM, © MARY CROSS, BRUCE PLOTKIN, © JOYCE RAVID, ROB RICH, RITA SCAGLIA, JENNIFER SCHELTER, P. 4 PATTY BEAUDET-FRANÇIS (2), TED BETZ, GERARD FRANCÉS, CHUCK GALLYON, GEORGE GEORGIU, PAVEL HAVLICEK, RICHARD KLEIN, BYRON NEWMAN, POMPEO POSAR, VERNON L. SMITH, CHAD EVANS WYATT, P. 9 PHILLIP DIXON, ARNY FREYTAG; P. 14 DIXON, STEPHEN WAYDA, P. 23 BEAUDET-FRANÇIS, ELAYNE LODGE, KEVIN MAZUR, PATRICK MCMULLAN; P. 24 BEAUDET-FRANÇIS (3), CHAD DOERING (4), MCMULLAN (5); P. 26 JEFF KRAVITZ/FILM MAGIC (2), LODGE/JOHANSON (11); P. 29 FREYTAG; P. 30 MARK EDWARD HARRIS, DAVID RAMS; P. 33 LODGE, VICTOR SKREBNESEK; P. 34 © 2000 SONY MILLER/WORLD WAVE PICTURES (2); P. 36 GEORGIU; P. 38 GEORGIU; P. 39 HENRY HARRIS; P. 40 WILLIAM CONTRA/CAMERA PRESS/RETNA, GEORGIU, RHINO RECORDS, © ANTOINE VERGLAS/CORBIS OUTLINE, P. 44 DAVID APPLEBY/FOX SEARCHLIGHT PICTURES; P. 46 © PHIL KNOTT/CAMERA PRESS/RETNA LTD.; P. 48 © BILL DAVILA/RETNA LTD. USA; P. 50 DAVID COWLES, P. 52 JIM SMEAL/GALELLA LTD.; P. 53 GEORGIU; P. 59 FREYTAG; P. 61 GEORGIU, JAMES IMBRIDNO (2); P. 62 CHRIS EVERARD/STONE, GEORGIU (2); P. 70 GASLIGHT ADVERTISING ARCHIVES INC. (2); PP. 70-71 GASLIGHT ADVERTISING ARCHIVES INC.; P. 71 GASLIGHT ADVERTISING ARCHIVES INC. (3); P. 90 © ANTOINE VERGLAS/CORBIS OUTLINE (3); P. 105 CORBIS/BETTMAN; PP. 112-113 © WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP WRESTLING; P. 114 © ATLANTA FALCONS, © AUTHOR'S PERSONAL COLLECTION (2), © SCOTT CLIFF/ADULT PRESS SERVICE; P. 126 HARRIS; P. 143 GEORGIU; P. 144 AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS INC., CA IMAGES, COURTESY CHICAGO SUN-TIMES, SCOTT KINGSLEY/CORBIS SYGMA, HENRY MCGEE/© 2000 GLOBE PHOTOS INC., ALEC MICHAEL/GLOBE PHOTOS INC., MILWAUKEE JOURNAL SENTINEL/NEWS INFORMATION CENTER, NEW YORK POST (2), FRANK OCKENFELS 3, USA TODAY; P. 145 LEE CELAND/SIPA PRESS, HUMPHREY NEWMAN/DAILY STAR/EXPRESS NEWSPAPERS, NATIONAL ENQUIRER, PHOTOFEEL, RJBIG PICTURES USA, © JOHN SPELLMAN/RETNA LTD., STAR (2), TIME, USA TODAY, WAYDA; P. 146 AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS INC., BOLIVAR ARELLANO/NYP/GLOBE PHOTOS INC., BRITISH ESQUIRE, BRITISH VOGUE, JEFF CHRISTENSEN/REUTERS/ARCHIVE PHOTOS (2), MAXIM, NEW YORK POST (2), NIKO/SIPA PRESS, CONSTANZA SAM/SIPA PRESS, W; P. 147 DAVID ALLEGRA/ADM, FRANCESCA BENEDETTI/TALK MIRAMAX BEGINS, © RANDOLPH CAUGHIA/ALPHA/GLOBE PHOTOS INC., © JONATHAN FURNISS/ALX ACTION/RETNA, GEORGIU (4), ANGELO GIGLI/GLOBE PHOTOS INC., © STEVE GRANITZ/RETNA LTD. USA, CHRIS HONDROS/NEWSMAKERS/LIAISON, YODAN KAHANA/SHOOTING STAR, NATIONAL ENQUIRER, NEW YORK POST, USA TODAY, © ROCKY WIDNER/RETNA LTD. USA; P. 148 AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS INC., FRANK BEZ, GARETH BRENNAN/CAMERA PRESS/RETNA, © ALAIN BUJULAISON, COSMOPOLITAN, FLASH MOUNTAIN, RON GALELLA/GALELLA LTD., ALEKI HAY (2), NATIONAL ENQUIRER (2), NEW YORK POST (3), © REUTERS/NEW MEDIA INC./CORBIS, USA TODAY, VOGUE; P. 149 AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS INC., STEVE BUTLER/SIPA PRESS (2), L. FANO/DTVP/PHOTOS/SIPA PRESS, GILBERT FLORES/© 2000 CELEBRITY PHOTOS, JEFF KRAVITZ/FILM MAGIC, © SAM LEVY/RETNA LTD., MARC MEDOFF/ADULT PRESS SERVICE, ALEC MICHAEL/GLOBE PHOTOS INC., NEW YORK POST, NEW YORK PICTURES, JIM SMEAL/GALELLA LTD. (2), STAR, WAYDA; P. 153 SCOTT ANDERSON/© 171, ROY RAYMUNDO; P. 157 © S.I./CORBIS; P. 158 © BETTMANN/CORBIS, © HULTON-DEUTSCH COLLECTION/CORBIS; P. 169 WAYDA; P. 170 JOHN R. MOURGOS; P. 171 RICHARD FEGLEY, FREYTAG (3), PHIL SHOCKLEY, WAYDA (7); P. 172 WAYDA; P. 173 FREYTAG; P. 174 WAYDA; P. 175 FREYTAG, MOURGOS; P. 176 WAYDA; P. 177 WAYDA; P. 178 MOURGOS, WAYDA; P. 179 DAVID MCEVEY; P. 180 WAYDA; P. 181 WAYDA; P. 227 JAMES GONIS (3), TEENA GORES, LODGE (2), ALEXAS URBA; P. 228 HAL ADAMS, JON ROZENBERG, MATTHEW JORDAN SMITH, © RON WOLFSON/LONDON FEATURES; P. 234 FEGLEY, GEORGIU (2); P. 235 GEORGIU; P. 236 FREYTAG, WAYDA, ILLUSTRATION BY: P. 162 BILL BENWAY, CARTOONS BY: P. 144 MIKE PETERS, © TRIBUNE MEDIA SERVICES INC., S. KELLEY/© 2000 SAN DIEGO TRIBUNE, COPLEY NEWS SERVICE; P. 145 MIKE PETERS, © TRIBUNE MEDIA SERVICES INC.; P. 146 MIKE PETERS, © TRIBUNE MEDIA SERVICES INC.; P. 147 NEW YORK POST; P. 148 KEVIN SIERS, © KING FEATURES SYNDICATE; P. 29 STAMP ART BY: TONY CRNKOVICH; P. 112 "I'M NEXT" BY BILL GOLDBERG WITH STEVE GOLDBERG, © 2000 BY BILL GOLDBERG AND STEVE GOLDBERG, REPRINTED BY PERMISSION OF CROWN PUBLISHERS, A DIVISION OF RANDOM HOUSE, INC.; P. 162 ASSISTANT STYLIST: MERIEM ORLET, WOMEN'S STYLING: KATHY KALAFUT FOR PERRELLA MANAGEMENT, HAIR: KENJIRO FOR EUJI SALON, MAKEUP: ANNIE ING FOR SALLY HARLOR PROPS, CHAIRS BY DESIGN, CHAMPAGNE BUCKET FROM 145 ANTIQUES, CURTAINS BY 145 ANTIQUES, 212-907-149, PIANO FROM FRANK AND CAMILLE'S, 212-932-8289; P. 182 STYLIST: MELANIE A. BONOVICINO FOR B.B.B., HAIR STYLIST: STEVE DILLON FOR STEVEN LON SALON, MAKEUP: MARCUS B. SHIBESDO, SHIRT: DOLCE & GABBANA, SHOES: SERGIO ROSSI, THONG: VICTORIA'S SECRET, COVER: PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP DIXON





# SCIENCE

(continued from page 104)


was, he maintained, the success of his 1993 National Demonstration Project to Reduce Violent Crime in Washington, D.C. Funded by the Maharishi (for \$6 million), the project brought thousands of transcendental meditators from all over the world to Washington that steamy summer. Hagelin predicted their efforts would reduce violent crime in the city by 20 percent. His plan, he said, was grounded in superstring theory, a highly speculative notion that seeks to unify all the forces of nature. One of those forces, according to Hagelin, is a sort of universal consciousness that can be tapped into by transcendental meditation.

It was right out of an old mad-scientist movie—an experiment that went horribly wrong. In a single week during the summer of 1993, while the transcendental-meditation devotees gathered around the city and meditated against violence, 24 people were killed and another 53 were wounded by gunfire or stabbings. Also during this time, six children were shot at a public swimming pool in a single afternoon. Participants in the project, serenely unaware of the bloodier-than-usual carnage around them, continued to meditate, peacefully repeating their mantras.

In evaluating the project, Hagelin cautioned that many factors, such as the unusually hot weather, would have to be taken into account. He promised a full analysis according to strict scientific standards. A year later he was back with “a rigorous time-series analysis” of the TM project that included not only the weather but fluctuations in the earth’s magnetic field. Despite the increased rate of crime, the mantra chanting had worked, Hagelin proudly announced. Violent crime, he said, had been reduced by 18 percent. Compared with what? asked reporters. Compared with what it would have been had the TM people not been meditating, Hagelin patiently explained.

Hagelin was back in 1999, confident the violence in Kosovo could be stopped using the same principles. This time he proposed to use a crack corps of 7000 “yogic fliers.” Yogic fliers are the most highly trained followers of the Maharishi, having developed, they say, the ability to levitate. He brought a dozen fliers, lean and fit young men, to the National Press Club on April 9. They sat down, cross-legged, eyes closed, on mattresses. Reporters and other witnesses to the demonstration obediently remained silent as the fliers meditated.

After about five minutes, one of them abruptly “levitated.” He just sort of popped up a few inches in the air and then thumped back onto the mattress. Then another popped up—then they were all levitating. Thump, thump, thump. It looked like corn popping. You



“...Some of the farthest-out, most beautifully executed episodes of the zaniest, lushest, most unique cartoon feature ever conceived.”  
—Hugh Hefner



**PLAYBOY'S**  
**Little Annie Fanny**

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN  
AND WILL ELDER  
EDITED BY HUGH HEFNER

Collected in its entirety  
for the first time!

Now Available!  
Volume 1 1962-1970  
\$24.95 U.S. \$37.95 CAN.


Published by Dark Horse Comics

www.darkhorse.com • www.playboy.com

Copyright © 1967 by Playboy. Playboy, Rabbit Head, and Little Annie Fanny are trademarks of Playboy. Dark Horse Comics and the Dark Horse logo are trademarks of Dark Horse Comics, Inc., registered in various categories and countries. All rights reserved.

**PLAYBOY'S**  
**NUDES**



Kim Hiott

WWW.PLAYBOYSE.COM


UNDRESSED.  
UNINHIBITED.  
INCREDIBLE.

LRFT0021 \$6.95

ORDER TOLL-FREE  
800-423-9494 Most major  
credit cards accepted.  
Source Code 02268.

ORDER BY MAIL Include  
credit card account number  
and expiration date or send  
check or money order to  
Playboy, P.O. Box 809,  
Source Code 02268, Itasca,  
Illinois 60143-0609. Add  
\$3.50 shipping and hand-  
ling charge per total order.  
Illinois residents include  
6.75% sales tax. Canadian  
orders accepted (please  
visit our website for other  
foreign orders).

ORDER ONLINE  
www.playboystore.com

 .com

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW





## Panty of the Month®

Valentine's Day is the  
Third Month of Christmas!

As profiled on CNN, MTV and USA Today: Send one designer panty each month to her doorstep — perfumed, gift-wrapped and enclosed with a romantic note.

Give her a three month trial subscription: Christmas, New Years and Valentine's Day.

Order today! Or call for **FREE** color brochure.

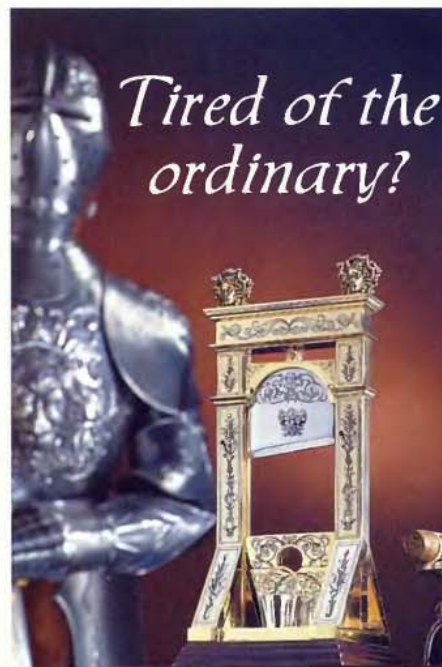
24-hour information hotline

**641-469-6800**

[www.panties.com](http://www.panties.com)



© 2000 L.A. WILLIAMS



Tired of the  
ordinary?

Exclusive treasures of  
uncompromising value from the  
depths of history and fantasy.  
Take a journey into the extraordinary.



The Noble Collection

[www.noblecollection.com](http://www.noblecollection.com)

Send for a free catalog to:

P.O. Box 1476 Dept. AST11 Sterling, VA 20167

could hear them panting after a few hops as they paused to recover.

And no wonder. Their achievement was not so much transcendental as it was athletic. By clenching and flexing various muscles, especially in their buttocks, the young athletes had been able to propel themselves into the air in a concentrated, mighty levitation. It was like watching a shot-putter in action, except that the fliers gave no sign of their mighty exertion. Meanwhile, it seemed to me the law of gravity was working the way it always does.

Hagelin seemed genuinely perplexed when Secretary of State Madeleine Albright ignored his offer to send his fliers to Kosovo.

I have no quarrel with transcendental meditation. People are free to practice whatever they like and a little meditation can't hurt. What I object to is the implication that TM is somehow validated by modern physics. All the talk about "quantum-mechanical consciousness fields" and "time-series analysis" and "superstring theory" is simply meant to give the appearance of science. Which is not to say Hagelin and his followers are insincere in their beliefs. In fact, they may believe so fervently that they feel it would be misleading to report experiment results that do not reveal the truth they know in their hearts.

Most phony scientific claims, however, have less to do with misguided beliefs than with simple greed—and the gullibility of people who want to believe. You can get ripped off by false scientific claims half a dozen times before you finish breakfast—especially if you believe what they say about magnets. You might, for example, be willing to pay \$125 for a pair of Florsheim MagneForce shoes with flexible magnetic insoles to reconnect you with mother earth. Florsheim has made the outlandish claim that the shoes will increase circulation and boost energy. Keep shopping and you'll find magnetic lipstick, magnetic fragrances and even magnetic underwear. The underwear's magnetic field "penetrates the prostate, colon, ovaries, uterus and reproductive organs." For breakfast, be sure to take a herbal supplement with your organic orange juice, and read the amazing "scientific" claims about the stuff. Scan the morning paper to see if that company in New Jersey that says it has found a way to extract energy from ordinary water has come out with its initial public offering. Read the front-page story about the \$60 billion missile defense program, paid for with your taxes, that can't tell a warhead from a toy balloon.

And then, of course, there is "oxygenated" water.

In the finals for the 1999 Stanley Cup,

the Dallas Stars were hoping to get an edge. Players guzzled "oxygenated water" supplied by a company in Toronto called Oxyl'Eau. According to the company, oxygen dissolved in the water would enter the players' bloodstreams, boosting performance by reducing the lactic acid that builds up in muscles during intense exercise.

The oxygenated water was said to be derived from a new, patent-pending electronic process that increases dissolved oxygen fourfold compared with ordinary water. That would be miraculous. The solubility of oxygen in water can be increased somewhat by sealing the container under pressure, but a fourfold increase would be a stretch, rather like trying to squeeze 400 people into a telephone booth.

For purposes of discussion, however, let us grant Oxyl'Eau this miracle. There is another problem. Oxygen is not absorbed into the bloodstream from the gastrointestinal tract. That's what lungs are for. Nevertheless, let us grant Oxyl'Eau a second miracle and suppose that not only is there four times as much oxygen dissolved in the water as the laws of nature permit, but the oxygen finds its way directly into the bloodstream. How much oxygen are we talking about?

We need to know just two numbers: the solubility of oxygen in water and the oxygen requirements of the players. Well, one liter of tap water contains about eight milligrams of dissolved oxygen. Four times that, which is what the company claims, would be 32 milligrams. A trained athlete playing hard will use something like 130 milligrams of oxygen every second. To get only a one percent boost, therefore, players would have to chug one liter of oxygenated water every 25 seconds. The technical term for that is drowning. Still, several companies keep selling "oxygenated water."

In 1998, there was a full-page ad in *USA Today* for Vitamin O, marketed by Rose Creek Health Products. According to the ad, Vitamin O had been developed for use in the space program to ensure that astronauts received enough oxygen. This, it turned out, was news to a NASA spokesperson, who denied any knowledge of the substance.

The ad warned that as a result of deforestation and pollution, oxygen levels in large cities were at dangerously low levels. City air is crummy, but it's not short on oxygen. Taken orally as a supplement, the ad promised, a mere 15 to 20 drops of Vitamin O twice a day would give you increased energy, improved memory, greater resistance to colds and flu, and a host of other benefits. "Vitamin O," the ad said, "contains stabilized oxygen molecules in a liquid solution of sodium chloride and distilled water."



That's just ordinary saltwater—and they were selling it for \$10 an ounce.

A lot of people, by some estimates 60,000, bought the stuff. Many of them reported they felt better, though not perhaps as robust as the marketers of the saltwater did when they pocketed nearly a quarter of a million dollars.

When ingenuity and gullibility meet, almost anything "scientific" can happen. Some other recent examples include:

- A few years ago, the Quadro Corp. began marketing the Tracker, a device its inventors claimed could locate anything from illicit drugs to lost golf balls.

They cautioned, however, that the golf ball the device found might not be the user's actual missing ball, because the Tracker "is tuned to the average DNA of golf balls." When scientists at the Sandia National Labs tested the product, they determined, as expected, that it couldn't find anything. (You try finding DNA in a golf ball.) In April 1996, a federal judge issued a permanent injunction against the company—but not before it had sold more than a thousand Trackers, at prices ranging from \$400 to \$8000.

- In the spring of 1995, Robert Walker (R-Pa.), chair of the House Science Committee, introduced the Hydrogen Future Act. Its purpose was to promote hydrogen as a "new energy source," a seemingly worthy goal. In principle at least, hydrogen is the perfect nonpolluting fuel: When it burns, the only exhaust is water.

The problem was getting the hydrogen, a process that involved separating water molecules into hydrogen and oxygen. That could be done, but the process required more energy than burning hydrogen fuel would produce. In other words, the "breakthrough," if implemented, would have been a huge step backward.

- In September 1999, *USA Today* carried a full-page ad promoting a cross-country tour by Dennis Lee, president of Better World Technologies. He was demonstrating his infinite energy machine and, for a small fee, giving consumers free electricity for life. It was a perpetual motion machine scam easily debunked by simple physics. Before Lee was even halfway through his tour, *Good Morning America* exposed the huckster, in a rare example of responsible journalism in the field of so-called scientific advances.

So what can be done about something like Vitamin O? Not much. Many fellow scientists tend to think the cure for pseudoscience lies in better science education. Education is a fine idea. But what is it, I keep asking my colleagues, they expect a scientifically literate public to know? We can't expect the public to know how much oxygen can be dissolved in water. Government regulation in the field is virtually nonexistent. In

1994, in a telling episode, after a vigorous lobbying campaign by the food supplement industry, Congress exempted "natural" dietary supplements from the Food and Drug Administration requirements for proof of product safety or efficacy. And what, after all, is more natural than water?

The Federal Trade Commission did step in after I exposed the Vitamin O scam on National Public Radio in late 1998. Rose Creek Health Products was charged with false advertising, and in April 2000, the company had to pay \$375,000 in redress.

One of the most persistent myths of the industrial world is that automobiles could run on ordinary water—if the oil industry did not suppress the technology. Every 10 years or so there is another claim from some entrepreneur about extracting energy from water, updated to conform to current scientific jargon.

For sheer audacity, however, BlackLight Power, a New Jersey company founded by Dr. Randell Mills, may take the prize. Dr. Mills, a Harvard-trained medical doctor, boasts that he has made "the most important discovery of all time, right up there with fire."

Mills claims to have found a way to nudge hydrogen atoms in water into a "state below the ground state," liberating energy in the process. He calls these shrunken hydrogen atoms "hydrinos." Conversion to this new state of hydrogen would not only produce inexhaustible, clean energy, it would open up a whole new field of hydrino chemistry.

Physicists scoffed. Ground state is the experimentally verified lowest energy an electron can have in an atom. A state below the ground state is like south of the South Pole. But when several prominent physicists, including Nobel Prize winners, did their scoffing in public, they received strongly worded letters from BlackLight's lawyers that threatened legal action if the scoffers kept scoffing.

On February 15, 2000, a patent was awarded to Mills and BlackLight for the hydrino process. A second patent dealing with the chemistry of hydrinos was slated to be issued two weeks later, and other BlackLight patent applications were set to be processed. BlackLight's founders had already raised \$25 million from investors, who stood to reap a bonanza as the company prepared an initial stock offering.

But just two days after the patent was issued, the Patent Office told BlackLight that the second patent application had been withdrawn. A patent official said the patent smacked of "perpetual motion and cold fusion." The reversal happened the moment someone sensible in the office saw the patents.

With its intellectual property in patent limbo, BlackLight filed suit against the

**INTRODUCTORY SALE!**  
**60% SAVINGS!**



**75**  
**CONDOMS**  
**BY MAIL**  
**ONLY**  
**\$9.95!**

Adam & Eve offers you a full line of high quality condoms with discreet, direct-to-your-door delivery.

Our deluxe 75 condom collection offers you the unique luxury of trying over 14 world-class condom brands including *Trojan*, *LifeStyles*, *Prime*, *Magnum*, *Gold Circle Coins*, plus some of the finest Japanese brands.

As a special introductory offer, you can get the **Super 75 Collection** (a full \$29.95 value if purchased individually) for **ONLY \$9.95**. That's a savings of over 60%! Or try our 38 Condom Sampler for only \$5.95. Use the coupon below to claim your savings now!

**Money-Back Guarantee:** You must agree that Adam & Eve's condoms and service are the best available anywhere, or we'll refund your money in full, no questions asked.

**Satisfaction Guaranteed!**

**Visa & MasterCard Orders Call**  
**Toll Free 1-800-274-0333**  
**24 Hours A Day / 7 Days A Week**

Visit us on the web: [www.adameve.com](http://www.adameve.com)

CLIP AND MAIL WITH PAYMENT

Send Check or Bank Money Order To:

Adam & Eve • Dept. [PB267]  
P.O. Box 900 • Carrboro, NC 27510  
[www.adameve.com](http://www.adameve.com)

**YES! Please rush my CONDOM COLLECTION and FREE adult catalog in plain packaging under my money-back guarantee.**

CODE#	ITEM	QTY	PRICE	TOTAL
#5554	Super 75 Collection	_____	\$9.95	_____
#6623	38 Condom Collection	_____	\$5.95	_____
	Postage & Handling		FREE	
	Rush Service Add \$2		_____	
	<b>TOTAL</b>			_____

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Offer void in UT, AL, AR, KY, TN, MS.



Commissioner of Patents and Trademarks in federal court. In August 2000, Judge Emmet Sullivan ruled against BlackLight, writing that the Patent Office action was "neither arbitrary nor capricious."

BlackLight Power is still in business, though chances of a lucrative IPO seem diminished. BlackLight may simply become a part of the myth—another discovery about using water as a fuel that was "suppressed."

Journalism has often been less than rigorous in examining extravagant "scientific" claims. In 1987, for example, Dan Rather broadcast his second story in three years about a backwoods mechanic from Mississippi, Joe Newman, who claimed to have invented a machine that produced more energy than it took to run it. Once again, Rather introduced the report with the suggestion that Newman's discovery was plausible.

In fact, in 1986 Newman had reached Congress with his 500-pound device. It

was, he said, an "unlimited source of energy." He made enough friends in Washington that Senator Thad Cochran (R-Miss.) had scheduled a hearing on legislation to compel the Patent and Trademark Office to give Newman a patent. Typically, that office refuses to consider a perpetual motion machine unless the inventor can make it run for a year, under supervision in the Patent and Trademark Office.

On July 30, 1986, Newman appeared before the Senate Governmental Affairs Committee, where he touted his amazing discovery without serious opposition until Senator John Glenn (D-Ohio) spoke. "It's a simple enough problem," the former astronaut said. "You measure the input and you measure the output and you see which is larger. Would Mr. Newman agree to that? If he does, what laboratory would he like to have make the measurements?"

Newman shied away from the challenge and his congressional backers began to shy away from him.

Two years later, Rather had more

amazing scientific news. On March 23, 1989, in the top story on the *CBS Evening News*, he reported news that "might be a tremendous scientific advance." Earlier that day, the University of Utah had held a press conference to announce that two respected chemists, Martin Fleischmann, a member of the Royal Academy, and Stanley Pons, a full professor, had produced deuterium fusion in a flask of heavy water. They called it cold fusion. They had done nothing less than duplicate the source of the sun's energy. Except they hadn't.

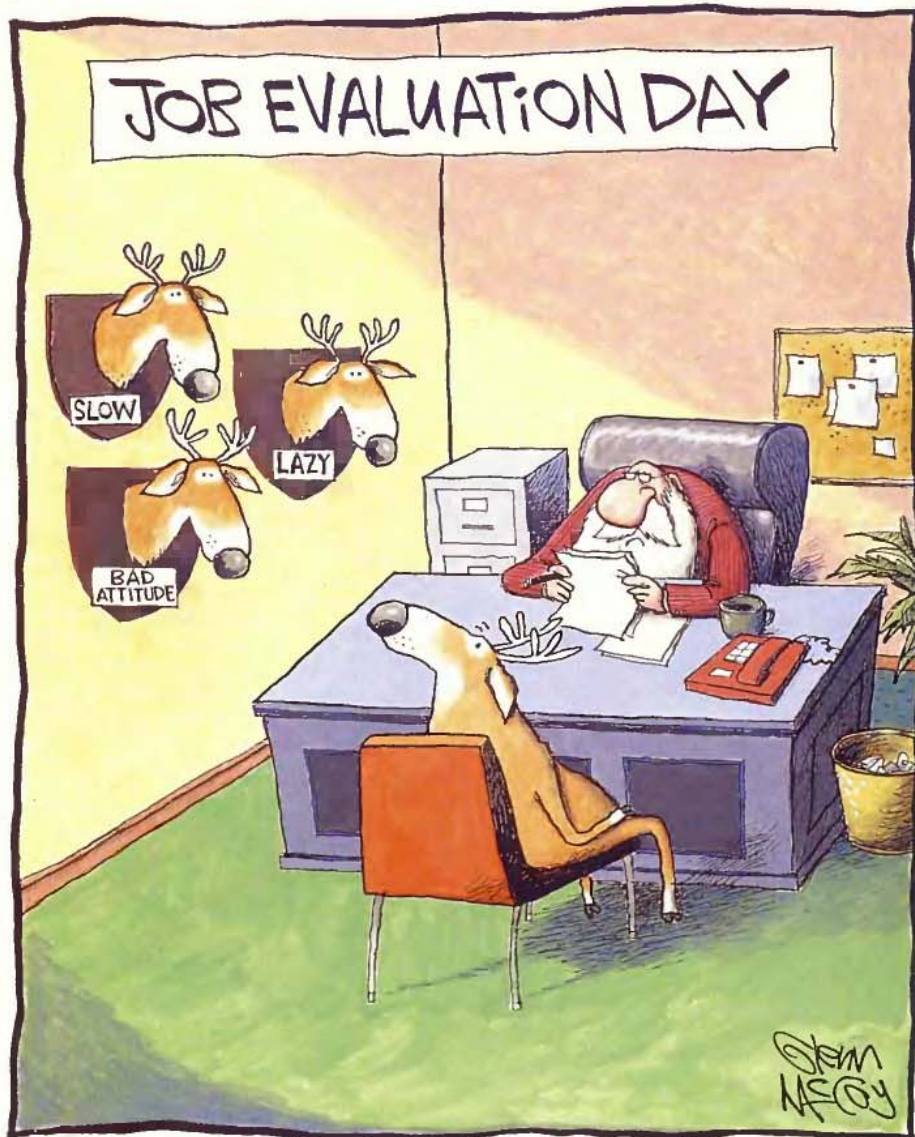
Rather was hardly alone in touting the first report. What emerged after all the media hype was not a story of a dazzling scientific breakthrough, but a sad comedy about wishful interpretations of sloppy and incomplete experiments, evolving into altered data and suppression of contradictory evidence. By July 1989, when a Department of Energy panel concluded that additional research into cold fusion was not warranted, most scientists had already returned to more productive lines of research.

Nevertheless, a dwindling band of true believers remain convinced that cold fusion is real. If hucksterism is pseudoscience, this is pathological science, the distortion in which scientists manage to fool themselves.

Not taken seriously by other scientists, the cold-fusion faithful hold their own meetings and have their own magazine with the all-too-predictable title *Infinite Energy*. Its pages promise an energy revolution just around the corner and bitterly denounce the scientific establishment for conspiring to suppress it.

In 1998, Paul LaViolette, a 52-year-old astronomer, was hired as a patent examiner at the Patent and Trademark Office. LaViolette believes in cold fusion. Actually, he believes in a lot of stuff: He believes the B-2 stealth bomber uses secret antigravity technology, reverse-engineered from a crashed flying saucer. He believes that certain pulsars are actually interstellar communication beacons used by more advanced civilizations.

The Patent and Trademark Office terminated LaViolette in 1999. Convinced that his dismissal had to do with his belief in cold fusion, LaViolette appealed to the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. He argued that belief in cold fusion should be treated as a protected religious belief. In July 2000, the commission upheld his complaint, in effect ruling that cold fusion is a religion. This appeared to confirm what many scientists had suspected all along. Will LaViolette ever get his job back? It's about as likely as a President John Hagelin. Eventually, most screwball science gets exposed for what it really is, and the practitioners are never heard from again. Until the next time.





# PLAYMATE NEWS



## FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE

Last summer, Russell Crowe hit it big by starring in *Gladiator*. Karen McDougal and Lisa Dergan are gunning for the same success with *Gladiator*, an action flick about rebellious slave women in the Roman empire



Coincidentally, a PLAYBOY gallery exhibit was being held in St. Petersburg the week Karen McDougal and Lisa Dergan started filming the movie. Left: Playing tourists.



"I want to be empress!" "No, I get to be empress!" Lisa and Karen duke it out during their fight training for the movie *Gladiator*.

who emerge as armor-clad warriors. Plot sound familiar? You've seen it in *The Arena*, a 1973 feature starring Pam Grier. The remake, produced by Roger Corman (who works with several Playmates on the science fiction TV series *Black Scorpion*), is being

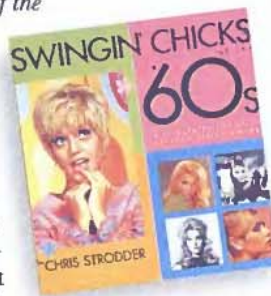
## PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

January 7: Miss February 1993  
Jennifer LeRoy  
January 12: Miss January 1963  
Judi Monterey  
January 14: Miss September 1981  
Susan Smith  
January 23: Miss April 1981  
Lorraine Michaels  
January 30: Miss February 1974  
Francine Parks

filmed on the coast of the Baltic Sea, near St. Petersburg. It will be released on home video and cable in April. "Lisa and Karen are the only Americans in the cast," says Playmate Promotions Manager James Gonis, who visited the set. "The director has a great eye. The girls have a lot of confidence in him. Even though it's not a big-budget picture, it's going to have a polished look." So, did Karen and Lisa undergo vigorous preparation? Says Gonis: "They had dance training and sword-fight training with a Russian stunt coordinator. Plus, they practiced kickboxing. I wouldn't be surprised if Karen and Lisa both end up big action stars."

## SWINGIN' CHICKS

Jayne Mansfield, Marilyn Monroe and Stella Stevens are three of the Playmates who are showcased in *Swingin' Chicks of the Sixties*, Chris Strodder's paean to that decade's 101 most shagadelic women. "The world was filled with exciting, beautiful girls, most of them in mini-skirts," writes Strodder, who grew up during the Sixties and whose obsession with women of that era was



## 30 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

In 1965, Liv Lindeland traveled from Norway to America for a visit, then fell in love with the States and decided to stay. After modeling in Boston, she moved to California and appeared on *Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In* as well as in several B movies. Her January 1971 Centerfold—the first ever to show pubic hair—made history. These days, Liv is a Mansion regular who never misses movie night. "Going to Hef's is like déjà vu," Liv says. "The only difference is that there are prettier girls and cooler clothes."

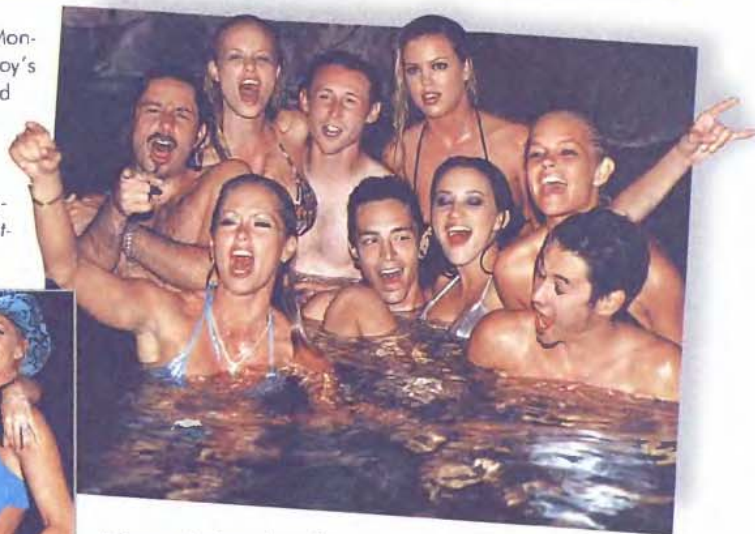


Liv Lindeland.

spawned by a mad crush on Angela Cartwright (Penny on *Lost in Space*). With more than 250 photographs and a foreword by Angie Dickinson, the book is a breezy look back. If you're as fanatic as Strodder, you'll need the *Swingin' Chicks* wall calendar too, from [swinginchicks.com](http://swinginchicks.com).

## SEX AND ROCK AND ROLL

Incubus came by the Mansion for a gig on Playboy's [sexrocknroll.com](http://sexrocknroll.com), and it wasn't long before they ended up in the Gratto with Playmates. The group recently released *When Incubus Attacks, Volume One*.



Before stripping down for a swim with the band, [sexrocknroll.com](http://sexrocknroll.com) host, creator and executive producer Gillian Bonner gets chummy with Julie McCullough. See them party like rock stars on the website.



**My Favorite Playmate By French Stewart**



"I like Bettie Page, because she has that classic porn thing going. But my favorite Playmate in the world is three-time Centerfold Janet Pilgrim, because she looks like somebody's very naughty mother."

Janet: "It's hard to believe everyone remembers me after all these years."



**SHOWGIRL**

To misquote Barry Manilow, "Her name is Cynthia, she is a showgirl." Next time you head to Sin City, be sure to check out Harrah's *Skintight*, a topless revue starring Cynthia Brimhall. "The producers chose me because they love the PLAYBOY look," Cynthia says. "My four costumes are



brehtaking. My favorite is a black and hot-pink velvet corset." The show, which has run six nights a week since August, is a must-see for the randy Vegas crowd. "It's sexy," Cynthia says. "It's dancing, music, beautiful guys and incredible girls. I also do

**PLAYMATE NEWS**

improvisation in the show, which is terrifying." Cynthia is no stranger to stage performing. In the Eighties, she participated in *Playboy's Girls of Rock and Roll*, a show that ran for three years at Caesars Tahoe. Four years ago, she starred in *Late Night in Tahoe*. "I'd really like to get into comedy," she says. "A sitcom would be ideal. I have studied acting with the Groundlings, a revered comedy troupe in Los Angeles. If anyone's looking to cast a pretty, funny girl, let me know."

**WHO AM I?**

Attention Playmate aficionados: If we provide clues about a Centerfold's life, can you guess who we're talking about? Hint: The woman in question is pictured somewhere in this edition of *Playmate News*. The answer appears below.

- (1) I was born in Honolulu in 1965.
- (2) I got a couple of Miss Photogenic awards in high school.
- (3) I met David Schwimmer when I played the head receptionist in the 1997 HBO movie *Breast Men*.
- (4) I am a successful television actress who has appeared on such shows as *Who's the Boss?*, *Growing Pains*, *The Golden Girls*, *The Drew Carey Show*, *High Tide*, *Relic Hunter*, *Pacific Blue* and *Black Scorpion*.
- (5) In 1989, I was named one of the 10 most exciting faces on TV.
- (6) I once said, "I've always been family oriented. I want to be the grandmother whose house everybody will come to for Christmas. That's the way my grandma's house is now, and I want to be just like her."

Answer: Miss February 1986 Julie McCullough.

**Betty Blue 1931-2000**

We will never forget Miss November 1956 Betty Blue, who passed away from heart failure in August 2000. According to Betty's son, Rennard Rice, "PLAYBOY was probably the most significant experience of her life." "I've been a nudist most of my life. I have never had any feeling of shame about my body," she once said. Betty's ashes were spread at the Mansion.



**PLAYMATE GOSSIP**

Plus-size payday: Anna Nicole Smith won her court case and a \$450 million claim to the estate of her husband, Texas tycoon J. Howard Marshall. Not too surprisingly, the 1993 PMOY is said to be "very pleased" with the settlement. . . .

Pamela Anderson burst out laughing during an appearance on HBO's *The Chris Rock Show* when Rock asked, "When's the last time a guy who wasn't gay and wasn't related to you didn't try to fuck you?" Pam has been spotted all over the globe with her current beau, model Marcus Schenkenburg. . . . To make sure this year's Tenison twins calendar was the best yet, Renee and Rosie headed to Hawaii. The finished product and a behind-the-scenes video are available from 800-944-1327. . . . Neftereri Shepherd wants you to know she has a recurring role on *The X Show*. . . . We're sure Donald Trump will be happy to hear



Aloha, Tenison twins.



Cashing in with Trump.

that Shannon Stewart, Kristi Cline, Tiffany Taylor and Maria Luisa Gil (pictured) were lounging in Playboy swimwear at his Trump Marina Casino in Atlantic City. . . . What does REM's Mike Mills think of rock star Bebe Buell's live show? "It's the best one that I have seen in years," he says. "Bebe is the real deal." Adds Bebe's daughter, Liv Tyler: "She's the female Iggy Pop."



*He put me in a front facelock, not usually a lethal move—unless your opponent is covered in Icy Hot.*

unprepared, so I flipped out from the time I heard the announcement to the time I showed up at the Georgia Dome on Monday. I was nervous being in my home state, where I played football and went to school, and I'm sure there were a lot of people there who wanted to see how ridiculous I was going to look. They wanted me to fail—at least in my mind they did. In my life, I've probably tried harder not to fail than I've tried to succeed. In wrestling, I wanted to prove everyone wrong instead of proving myself right. I wanted to be able to say, "I told you so."

I was still undefeated, and I was real nervous because I was wrestling Hogan. Win, lose or draw, it was Hogan, the guy who made wrestling a household name. If it weren't for him, I wouldn't have had the opportunities I've had. He paved the way for guys like me to go mainstream and be taken more seriously. I learned a lot about the business by talking to him and by watching him—how he deals with people, with the wrestlers, with the crowd. Now I was going to watch him from inside the ring!

I showed up for the match and Hogan attempted to calm me down. He told me to relax and to leave it all up to him. What an honor it was to be in the ring with the man who made wrestling what it is today. There was a stipulation that in order to face Hogan, I first had to beat Scott Hall. Scott and I concentrated on trying to have a good match. But Scott is Scott, and sometimes it's difficult to communicate with him. Unfortunately, we got to a certain point in the match and I got lost. I just went blank. He was lying on his back, and he accused me of not wanting to run the spot. That's not what happened—I just totally forgot. I was young and green and it was unfortunate. But somehow we finished the match. I beat him and I was tired—exhausted physically and mentally. But this was only the beginning.

There were 41,000 in the arena and I was more than excited. I remember Hogan saying, "Just follow me out there, kid." As I heard Michael Buffer, the most recognizable voice in ring sports today, I got chills up and down my spine. I was nervous as shit. The next thing I knew, I was walking to the ring in awe of my surroundings. It was surreal. We locked up, and people went crazy. It was like the Super Bowl, and everyone was cheering for me because I had home-field advantage. Halfway through the match, he put me in a front facelock. That's not usually a lethal move—unless your opponent is

covered in Icy Hot. It got all over my face and my eyes and I could barely see for the rest of the match. It burned the hell out of my eyes. If you watch the tape, you can tell something was wrong.

In the end, I was hesitant to spear Hogan because I didn't want to hurt him. My goal when I'm wrestling is to make things look realistic but also to keep the other guy safe at all times. With Hogan, it felt like I had my whole career in my hands. I was a little more careful with him than with anyone else. In the end, I jackhammered him and got the pin. I was handed the belt, and I raised both of those belts up. Man, that was awesome—it was the best moment in my wrestling career, if not my life. It was pretty damn cool, and I can't compare it to anything. That feeling is one of the things that keep me going. On July 6, 1998, I became the WCW heavyweight champion of the world!

Six months later, I had the worst birthday of my life. I was going to lose my match and the heavyweight belt to Kevin Nash at the *Starrcade* pay-per-view in Washington, D.C. Needless to say, it seemed strange to me that just a week or two after he obtained the job of booker, Kevin became the guy who "finally" beat me. I sustained my first loss at the hands of him and Scott Hall.

I was uncomfortable with the whole thing. I tried not to read anything into it,

but it was hard not to. I showed up, did my job and listened to 1500 or so people give their opinions. But ultimately I listened to my boss, Eric Bischoff, even though I thought he was being swayed by a number of people. My responsibility is to do what my boss tells me to do. So I went out there, got zapped by Scott Hall and powerbombed by Nash and lost the match.

After you ride a roller coaster that's been going up for a year and a half, and you reach the pinnacle and then dive straight down with no gradual decline, it's a little disorienting. At that point I didn't know how to take losing. It was foreign to me, but realistically, it was work. My loss didn't mean I'd done anything wrong, it was just part of the entertainment. Anyway, the next night on *Nitro*, Hogan poked Nash in the chest with his finger, Nash took a dive and Hogan walked off with the belt.

I don't care if I get pinned by Tiny Tim or the Elephant Boy. It wouldn't bother me if I were asked to lose a match to *anybody*, if I thought it was in the best interests of the show and it was realistic.

I am very competitive, but wrestling isn't about winning or losing; it's about entertaining. This attitude is contrary to the philosophy that was force-fed to me in sports, but in wrestling, losing to someone doesn't compromise your integrity or your worth as a man. If the Elephant Boy were a good wrestler, I'd be losing to a good wrestler, not to mention a human oddity.

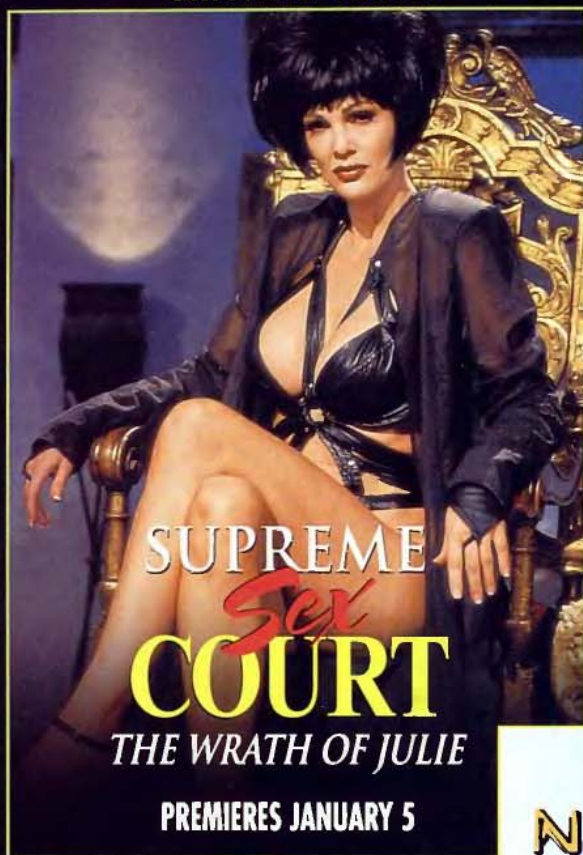
Go inside the ring with Goldberg at [Playboy.com/current](http://Playboy.com/current).



*"I told you we'd be overdressed."*



ORIGINAL SERIES



# SUPREME *Sex* COURT

THE WRATH OF JULIE

PREMIERES JANUARY 5

PLAYMATE HOSTS



Cara Michelle  
Miss December



Irina Voronina  
Miss January

# more than you ever imagined...

### DECEMBER PREMIERES

#### BEST OF SEXCETERA

Ready-for-anything reporters take the age-old subject of sex to brand new heights. December 25, 30; January 2, 4, 11, 14, 21, 23, 27, 31.

#### BEST OF SEX GUIDES II

Get the inside track on the sex clubs, sights and people with a look at the season's best finds from around the world. December 24, 28.

#### SEX COURT: JINGLE MY BELLS

In the spirit of the holiday season, first-hand evidence comes in all shapes and sizes. December 15, 17, 21, 24, 25.

#### SUMMER WIND, PARTS 1 & 2

It's summertime in the south of France and one wild and sultry daughter finds love with a local villager. December 18, 21, 27, 30 and 19, 22, 28, 31; January 1, 16 & 2, 17.

#### 2000 900# REVIEW

Beauty beckons and Playboy TV invites you to cast your vote for your fave Playmate of the Year 2001. December 3, 4, 5, 12, 17, 18, 20; January 4, 8, 15.

### JANUARY PREMIERES

#### BEST OF NIGHT CALLS: NASTY BUT NOT NICE

Let late night divas Juli Ashton and Tiffany get into the hot talk and cool down of phone chat. January 3, 5, 7, 21, 30.

#### BLUE APHRODITE

Longing for comfort, a fragile woman meets a sexy stranger who helps put a new spin on satisfaction. January 6, 12.

#### NIGHT CALLS 411

Get the 411 on the hot new call-in show that takes out more stops than ever before. January 4, 6, 11, 13, 18, 20, 25, 27.

#### PLAYBOY'S LUSTY LATIN LADIES

In this spicy tribute to Latina beauties, celebrate the mystery that makes them muy, muy hot! January 27, 30.

#### PLAYBOY'S STRIPSEARCH: PROVIDENCE

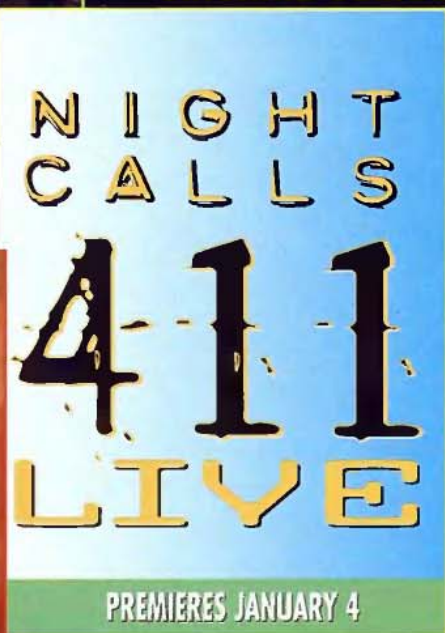
A revamped city comes alive with local vamps who stay up late to take you on their most personal town tour ever. January 20, 21, 23, 24, 27.

#### SUPREME SEX COURT: THE WRATH OF JULIE

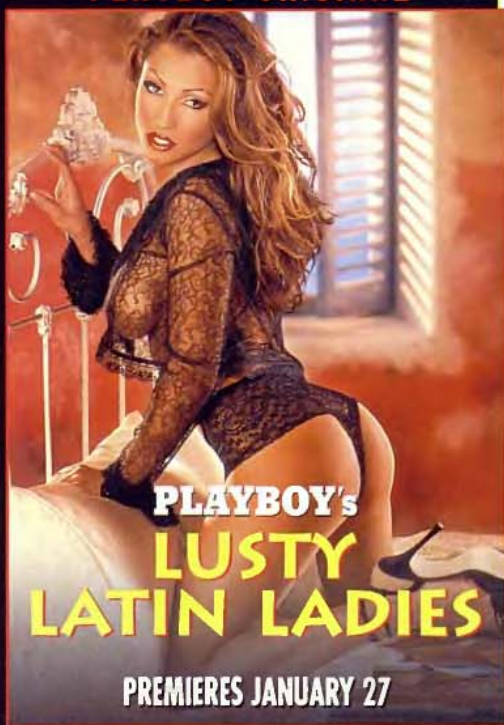
A judicious lady of the court named Julie rocks the room with her wild judgements. January 5, 7, 11, 14, 16, 18, 22, 25.

☐ All premiere programs are closed captioned. Titles and play dates are subject to change.

ORIGINAL SERIES



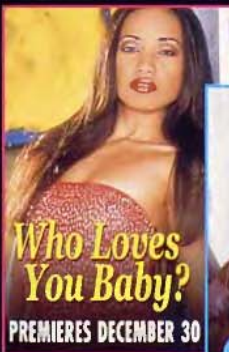
PLAYBOY ORIGINAL



# PLAYBOY'S LUSTY LATIN LADIES

PREMIERES JANUARY 27

ADULT MOVIES



# Who Loves You Baby?

PREMIERES DECEMBER 30



# BLUE Aphrodite

PREMIERES JANUARY 6

# erotic entertainment at its best



PLAYBOY TV

For program information go to:

[playboytv.com](http://playboytv.com)

Playboy TV is available from your local cable television operator or home satellite, DIRECTV, DISH Network, EXPRESSVU or STAR CHOICE dealer.



# PLAYBOY

## on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

### CHEERS FOR NEW YEAR'S

**B**acchus rules on New Year's Eve. Before the ball drops in Times Square a gazillion bottles of champagne will have been opened from Maine to California. And that's not including the fizzy fun revelers will consume in Europe and Asia. On this page we've assembled some enological paraphernalia—that's wine stuff—to get you in the mood to pop or pull a cork. Metrokane describes its Rabbit opener as "faster than a speeding bunny." (We've known a few speedy Bunnies ourselves.) It will open a bottle of wine in three seconds. Last year, couture designer Jean-Paul Gaultier dressed up a bottle of Piper-Heidsieck in red vinyl. This year, he has corseted an ice bucket and a magnum bottle of champagne. You'll

Below left: Christofle's silver-plated bottle coaster doubles as a vintage guide; it's one item in the company's Vinea Oenology Collection (\$130). Below: The Wine Companion houses a corkscrew, foil cutter, stainless steel knife and fork, can and bottle opener and a cocktail stirrer. It weighs only two ounces and is  $\frac{1}{8}$ " thick (\$24.95).

GEORGE GEORGIU



Above: There's a new edition of *Windows on the World Complete Wine Course* by Kevin Zraly (\$24.95). Andrea Immer's *Great Wine Made Simple* (\$25) explains wine as a friend would. *Christie's World Encyclopedia of Champagne* by Tom Stevenson (\$50) is a must for New Year's. *Fabulous Fizz* is Alice King's guide to "choosing champagne and sparkling wine for every occasion" (\$19.95).

pay \$250 for the Piper. There are also some excellent books on wine and an elegant coaster for wine bottles that doubles as a vintage guide. We've also chosen a wine thermometer and the Wine Companion, which includes six tools.

—DAVID STEVENS

Left: A Piper-Heidsieck magnum of champagne that's been dressed by Jean-Paul Gaultier in a signed corset (\$250) and matching ice bucket (\$100). Above left: Brookstone's Wine Smart corkscrew thermometer is programmed with the optimal serving temperature for 11 types of wine and indicates if wine is too warm or cool (\$25). Above right: The Rabbit cork puller is named for its bunny-like profile (about \$80).



# Grapevine

## Net Gain

KIMBERLY FISHER has rocked across America on VH1, worn a bikini on *V.I.P.* and appeared in music videos for 98 Degrees, Eve6 and Vertical Horizon. We can see why.

© SEAN TORRES



© PHIL KETTEL

## The Kids Are Still All Right

After heating up the stage with Jimmy Page and the Black Crowes, the WHO plan a studio album sometime this year.

Thank God they didn't die before they got old.



## Pink's in the Pink

PINK's *Can't Take Me Home* went platinum, and she was nominated for an MTV video music award. Now, that's hot Pink.

© BILL DAVILA/RETNA LTD. USA

## See More Tava

You know TAVA SMILEY from *General Hospital* and for her guest shot on *Freaks and Geeks*. Now you know her for this top.

© TIM RODRIGUEZ/GETTY IMAGES





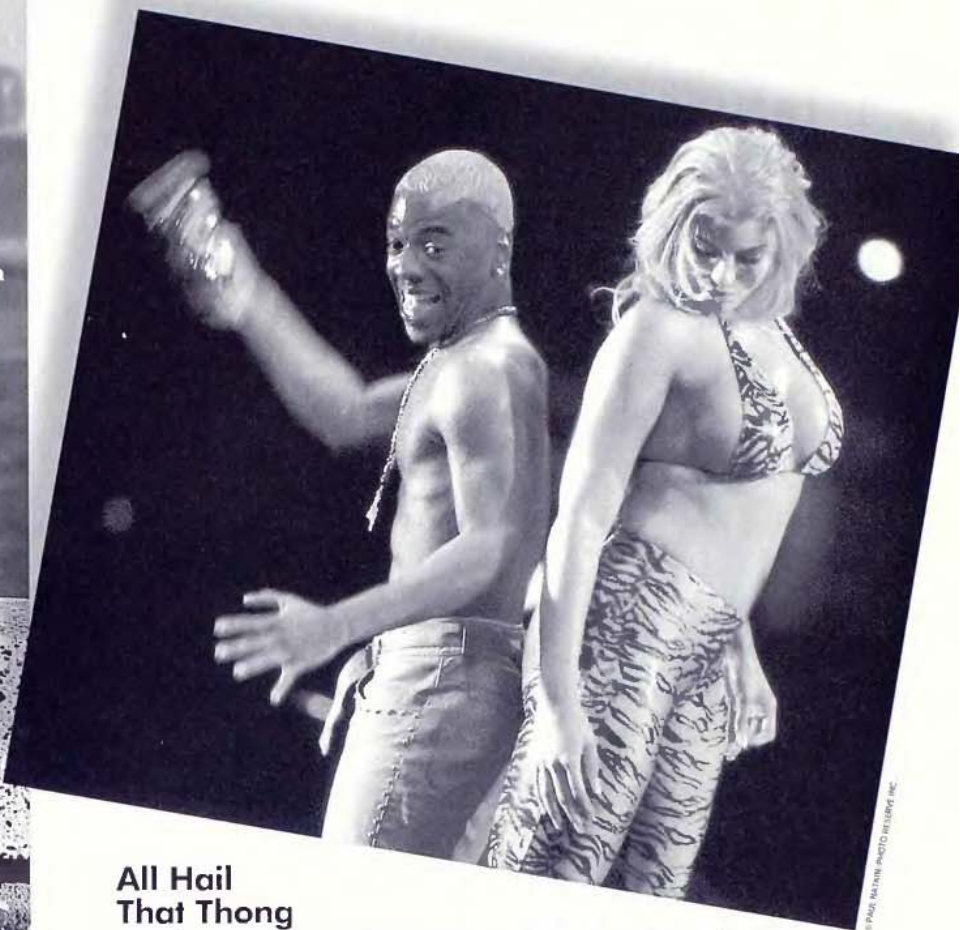


**Aloha to Leilani**  
LEILANI DUENAS rolled onto our radar via *Baywatch* and the cover of a Beautiful Women of Hawaii calendar.

© VINCE CAVATRO

### Bikini Breakdown

Bodyboarder, sailor and Honolulu resident LEHUA BOYD has been in ads for Miller and Bud Light and in two Beautiful Women of Hawaii calendars. Here she catches some rays.



© PAUL MANNING PHOTO RELEASE INC.

### All Hail That Thong

SISQÓ's CD *Unleash the Dragon* went platinum times four. Now he's working on a TV pilot. His first movie, *Getting Over Allison*, hit theaters and he's hyping McDonald's and Pepsi. His plate is full.

© VINCE CAVATRO





## THE PIPES ARE CALLING

Now that some of the fire has gone out of cigars, that whiff of aromatic tobacco you smell may be coming from somebody's favorite briar. Pipes are back, and if you'd like to acquaint yourself with the intricacies of pipe making, tobacco blends and the art of picking a pipe, order a copy of Richard Carleton Hacker's new *Pipesmoking: A 21st Century Guide*. The price is \$22, sent to AutumnGold Publishing, P.O. Box 634, Beverly Hills, California 90213.



STIVE ROBINSON

## DIGITAL NECKWEAR

Everything else is going digital, so why not the pattern on your tie? Pictured below are four silk Digties, including (top left to right) dot pitch (\$35), pixels (\$35), binary code (\$38) and monitor noise (\$35). Go to the [digties.com](http://digties.com) website for a closer look at them and other electronic patterns such as silicon, Gaussian blur and Y2K survival, incorporated into cravats. To order, call the manufacturer, Simon Design, at 800-540-0039.



## MAKE PETRA MELT

That's our Miss December 1989 Petra Verkaik next to an eight-inch-tall candle of her torso. "My body was scanned by a whole-body scanner," she told us. "In seconds every dimension was captured into a computer." We'd like to have been the candlemaker. Petra is available in one color—wine—and one scent—romantic—for \$41, sent to her at P.O. Box 10134, Beverly Hills, California 90213. Or go to [PetraCentral.com](http://PetraCentral.com). A bronze version is available for \$3500.



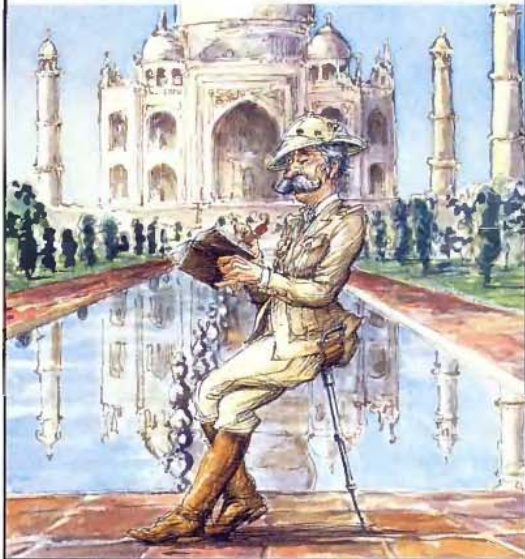
## THE COBRA STRIKES AGAIN

This 1967 Shelby Cobra love seat may be as close as you ever come to sitting in the real McCoy. But it does come with something lacking in the original—a drink holder. There are also armrests, taillights and lighting underneath for jazzy ground effects. Colors available include blue, red, black and gray. The seat itself is upholstered in sand, black or buckskin leather. If you're not charmed by the snake, California Car Cover Co., the love seat's manufacturer, offers couches inspired by the tail ends of a 1957 Corvette, a 1951 Mercury and the classic Beetle. Price of the Cobra: \$2995. Go to [calcarcover.com](http://calcarcover.com) or call 818-998-2100.



### TALES OF TRAVELERS

If you've ever dreamed of taking a slow boat to China, the Travelers' Tales Classics series should be by your armchair or in your backpack. *The Royal Road to Romance* by Richard Halliburton (he died in 1939 sailing a junk across the Pacific) and Isabella Bird's *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan* (published in 1878) lead the series (\$14.95 each). Leonard Clark's Amazon adventure, *The Rivers Ran East*, is next.



©1997 SCHOLASTIC

### DRINK OF DREAMS

Absinthe may make you fonder, but the wormwood in it also causes hallucinations. *La fée verte* (or "the green fairy") was the liquor's nickname in France. To commemorate its notoriety, Know Talent Studio (1291 East MacArthur, Sonoma, California 95476) offers two chrome Zippo lighters that feature absinthe artwork by Kyle Cunningham for \$35 each or \$65 a pair. Send a check and fire up!



### WOLF DOWN YOUR FOOD

First published in 1950, the illustrated cookbook *Wolf in Chef's Clothing*, by Robert Loeb Jr., Esquire's food and drink editor, and ad agency art director Jim Newhall, is still a howl. Most of the recipes have a seductive spin and are so easy you don't even have to know how to read to follow them. If you don't want to bother with cooking, the cocktail section cuts right to the chaser with before, during and after dinner drinks, ranging from a bloody mary to a whiskey sour. The softcover reprint from Surrey Books is \$16.95 in bookstores.



### PORT TAKES A HOLIDAY

To celebrate the first Christmas and New Year's eve of the new century, Taylor Fladgate offers half-bottles of four generations of its Old Tawny Porto. The 10-, 20- and 30-year-old ports are delicious, but our vote goes to the 40-year-old, which is as rich as King Midas. All come packaged in an oak presentation chest that's too good to throw away. Drink them by the fire and then use the box as a humidior. Price: \$195 for the set.

### HOLLYWOOD GOES TO WAR

Miscellaneous Man, which specializes in vintage posters and ephemera, has released a catalog of 200 or so original movie posters about war and conflict. The poster for the Spencer Tracy film *A Guy Named Joe* (pictured here, 41"x27", \$350) dates back to 1944. Other goodies include a 1964 poster for one of Michael Caine's first films, *Zulu* (\$285), one for William Wyler's 1944 Technicolor documentary *The Memphis Belle* (\$1500) and a rare window card for the 1927 Clara Bow classic *Wings* (\$2800). MM's catalog costs \$8, from P.O. Box 1776, New Freedom, Pennsylvania 17349. Or call 800-647-0069 to place an order.





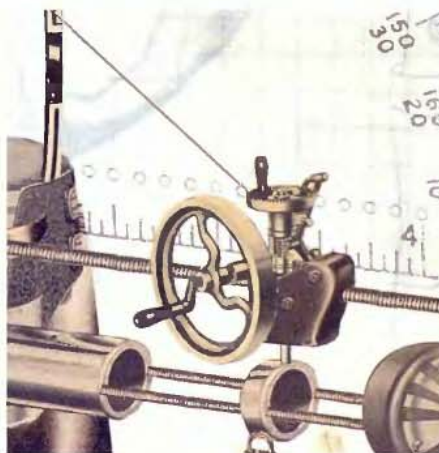
# Next Month



LARGER THAN LIFE



1-900



PENIS ENVY



SURF'S UP

**ANNA NICOLE SMITH**—WHETHER IT'S A TIMES SQUARE BILLBOARD OR A TEXAS COURT SETTLEMENT, THE 1993 PMOY HAS A KNACK FOR GRABBING HEADLINES. THE NEXT BIG STORY? A RICHLY ENDOWED PICTORIAL

**VINCE MCMAHON**—THE BILLIONAIRE WHO TURNED PRO WRESTLING FROM A CIRCUS SIDESHOW TO A TV POWERHOUSE IS ABOUT TO TAKE ON FOOTBALL. WILL HE WIN OVER AMERICA? AN EXTREME PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **KEVIN COOK**

**REAL HIGH STEEL**—ASTRONAUTS BACK IN THE SIXTIES WERE HIGHLY TRAINED FIGHTER JOCKS IN ROCKETSHIPS. THE NEW BREED ARE CONSTRUCTION WORKERS IN SPACE. THINK THAT SOUNDS RISKY? YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW THE HALF OF IT. BY **MARK BOWDEN**

**SELA WARD**—WHO SAYS YOU CAN'T BE A KNOCKOUT AFTER 40? THE EMMY-AWARD-WINNING ACTRESS SHARES HER VIEWS ON DRAMA IN THE BEDROOM, DRESSING UP AS A CHEERLEADER AND WHY SOUTHERN WOMEN ARE SO FLIRTATIOUS. 20Q BY **ROBERT CRANE**

**THE MORON'S GUIDE TO A LARGER PENIS**—YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHAT SOME MEN WILL DO TO EKE OUT THAT EXTRA INCH. WEIGHTS, PUMPS, STRETCHERS, HYPNOSIS, MILKING, SURGERY—DOES SIZE MATTER THAT MUCH? BY PLAYBOY ADVISOR **CHIP ROWE**

**THE SURVIVOR SCAM**—HARD-CORE WILDERNESS SURVIVAL? EXPERT SURVIVALISTS TAKE ON EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE REALI-

TY SHOW. PLUS, BEHIND-THE-SCENES GOSSIP YOU'VE NEVER HEARD. BY **STEVE POND**

**NINETEEN WAYS TO TAKE OFF HER PANTIES**—THE ACCORDION METHOD. SOME FRIENDLY TEASING. A RECIPE FOR CHICKEN-TAKE-HER-PANTS-OFF. READ THIS AND NEVER BATTLE SILK AND LYCRA AGAIN. BY **WILL LEE**

**1-900**—HE WANTS TO TALK. SHE WANTS TO GET IT ON. IT'S ENOUGH TO DRIVE A PHONE SEX OPERATOR TO THERAPY. FICTION BY **RICHARD BAUSCH**

**CENTERFOLDS ON SEX**—ARE YOU SITTING DOWN? MISS MAY 1998 **DEANNA BROOKS** CONFIDES WHAT CURLS HER TOES, AMONG OTHER PLACES

**BLUE CHIPS AND MICROCHIPS**—EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO DAY-TRADE ON THE GO: PALM PILOTS, CELL PHONES, THE LATEST LAPTOPS, PAGERS AND THE COOLEST WATCH YOU'LL EVER WEAR. BY **JOEL ENOS**

**HOT WOMEN, HOT WHEELS**—WE ASKED PLAYMATES WHAT CARS TURN THEIR HEADS. WE SUGGEST YOU GET OUT OF YOUR CHAIR AND GO TO THE DEALERSHIP—FAST

**PLUS:** SURFER **AMY COBB** HANGS LOOSE (AND NAKED), LONDON SHOPGIRL AND PLAYBOY DESIGNER **PIPPA**, STRIP POKER, **LIL' KIM'S** BREASTS, VALENTINE'S DAY CHOCOLATE TO DIE FOR, TOP-NOTCH TOPCOATS AND CHEERLEADER PLAYMATE **LAUREN MICHELLE HILL**