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Playbill

SEVEN ROUNDS with Pam. It's more than any man could hope for. Yet here she is, Pammy the Great, the Golden Delicious, in her lucky seventh pictorial in PLAYBOY. The inventive photos by **David LaChapelle** pushed the boundaries of sexual adventure without falling off the edge. As the playland expands, so does our understanding of the physical sciences. For example, the clitoris is less like a button and more like an iceberg. There is a woman out there who once came 134 times in a row. And like protean batsman Mark McGwire, porn stars sip nutritional cocktails to help them keep wood. Yes, we have the recipes and more astounding news in *True Sex Tales of the 21st Century*. It's by **Chip Rowe**, the Playboy Advisor.

Once it was *The McLaughlin Group*. Then *Meet the Press*. Today, the most intense hour of politics occurs on MSNBC's *Hardball*, hosted by **Chris Matthews**. Read Matthews' *Playboy Interview* by **David Rensin**. It crackles.

From chad cholera to *Roid Rage*. That's the title of an article on steroid mania by **Scott Dickensheets**. (Art by **Scott Miller**.) According to the National Institute on Drug Abuse, negative effects range from ball shrinkage to liver damage. However, anecdotal evidence suggests the government demonizes the drug and young men are ignoring the warnings. Read Dickensheets for both sides of the story. Thanks to the influx of Hong Kong action movies, many guys are intrigued by martial arts. *I Can Kiss Your What?* by **Chauncey Hollingsworth** is a guide to schools of study, like karate and kung fu and Brazilian jujitsu. Use it if you want to choose a program as a good workout or as a shortcut to throwing hands in a bar fight. The artwork by **David Voigt** is kick-ass. *Sensei*, hi!

Chipper is better than Mike Schmidt. Pedro Martinez is tops. Ken Griffey outpaces relics like Ruth and Aaron. In *The Golden Age of Baseball*, **Allen Barra** throws a slurve at purists who insist the best ballplayers wore wool. Don't heckle, it's just a game unlike surfing, which is a hobby, a destination and a way to meet chicks. *Surfing's New Wave* by **Chris Cote** will show you how to do all three. Or you could just suck. Being a bad skateboarder launched the career of **Johnny Knoxville**, star of MTV's *Jackass*. There's nothing he won't do. In a *20 Questions* by **Warren Kalbacker** that's like a mule kick to the head, Knoxville describes how he's able to absorb a .22 in the chest and a tennis ball rifled to his nuts.

Junior Editor **Timothy Mohr** is of an age when his buddies are walking down the aisle. *Marriage Is in the Air* is Mohr's red-flag letter to American bachelors. After all, sexual variety is the spice of Playmate **Kerissa Fare's** life. In *Centerfolds on Sex* she tells **Brenda Venus** just how she likes it.

Before his death, Stanley Kubrick obsessed over a story by **Brian Aldiss**. He enlisted screenwriters to turn the tale—about a robot who thought he was a boy—into a movie he called *A.I.* It's now the newest release from Steven Spielberg, and this month Aldiss brings us two installments about the boybot who started it all. The poignant excerpts are from *Supertoys Last All Summer Long* (St. Martin's). The artwork is by **Istvan Banyai**.

Boy bands getting to you? Dressing well is the best revenge. The clothes on singer Joe McIntyre, star of our spoof *So You Want to Be a Star*, will put the spotlight back on you. The styling is by our in-house fashion god, **Joseph De Acetis**. You'll save yourself a lot of travel pains by reading up on food faux pas in *Going Abroad?* by **John Mariani**. Traveling to Los Angeles? Don't run a red, unless you hope to meet **Ginger Harrison**. Her pictorial was shot by photographer **Alison Reynolds**. Ginger is an LAPD officer, and yes, her collars match her cuffs.



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PLAYBOY

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Sex in the new century is heating up fast. Here are the new videos, toys and players that are pushing the envelope. **BY CHIP ROWE**

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Two-way text messaging pagers are trendier than hands-free cell phones. We checked out the speed-dial lists on the beepers of the stars.

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The pressure to tie the knot is ballooning—marrying young is back. Don't panic. With meticulous concern for your bachelor well-being, we present all the arguments pro and con. Now you can panic. **BY TIMOTHY MOHR**

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Want to get really cut? Have more beautiful women than you can handle? Steroids do the job. The side effects may even be negligible—if you believe the propaganda. **BY SCOTT DICKENSHEETS**

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Kerissa likes her guy to help her shave it all off, then have a quickie in the tub.

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Testing out a bulletproof codpiece isn't everybody's cup of tea. But for Johnny Knoxville, it led to a deal with MTV. His inspiration? As a kid, his dad had him smack visitors in the nads for a laugh. **BY WARREN KALBACKER**

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Waxing nostalgic for those legends of yore who ran, stole and cracked homers to packed stadiums of loyal fans? Take off the rose-colored glasses. We're witnessing baseball's greatest era right now. **BY ALLEN BARRA**

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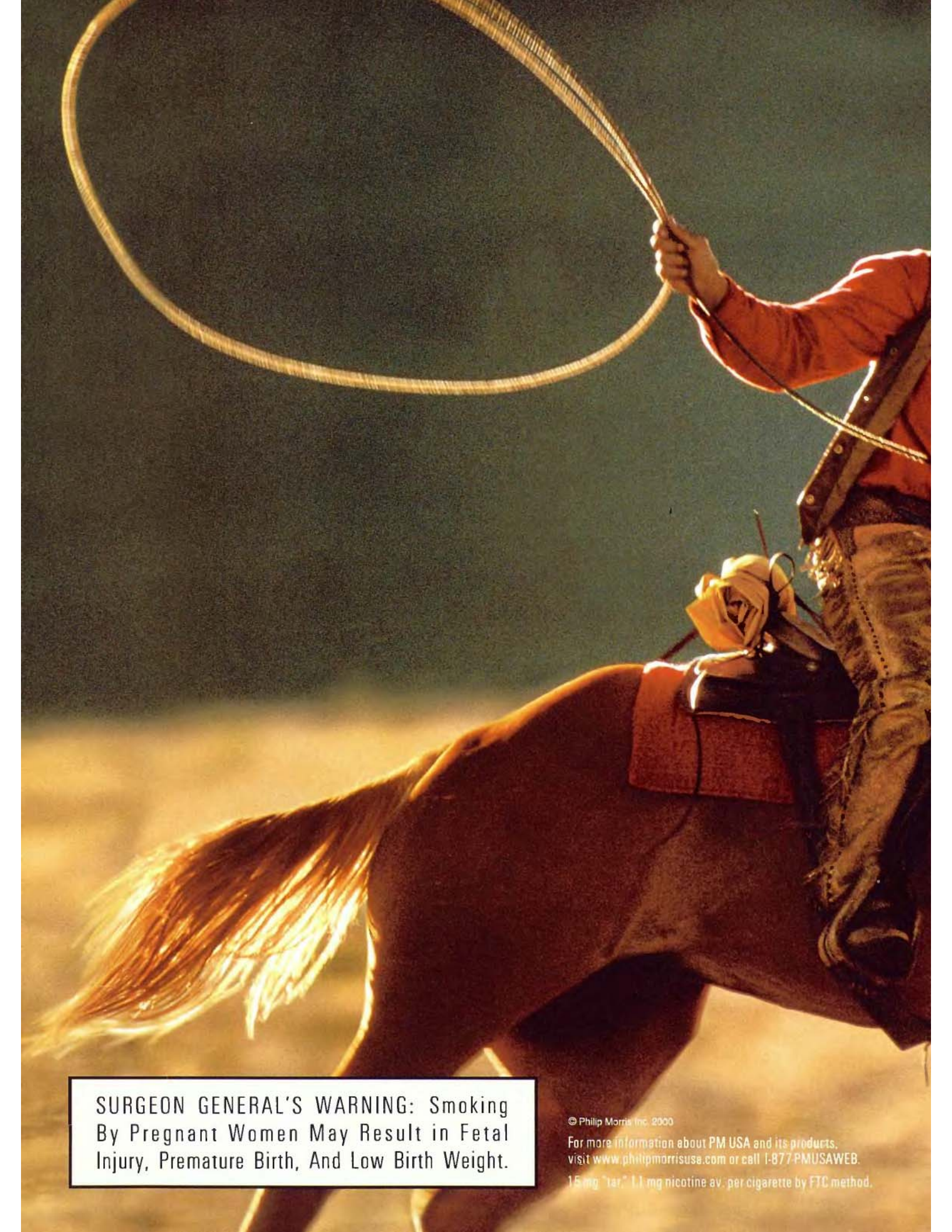
Long before he became host of MSNBC's Hardball, Chris Matthews was always up for a Capitol Hill dogfight. In a pitcher's duel with PLAYBOY, Matthews brings the heat. **BY DAVID RENSIN**



cover story

It takes a lot of woman to be larger than life—but that's Pamela Anderson. Bewitching on *Baywatch* and a V.I.P. on V.I.P., she creates waves wherever she goes. Photographer David LaChapelle shot her armed and dangerous for our cover, which is how we like her. Inside, Pam revisits her fabulous career with all-new pictures. Our Rabbit is right on top of things.



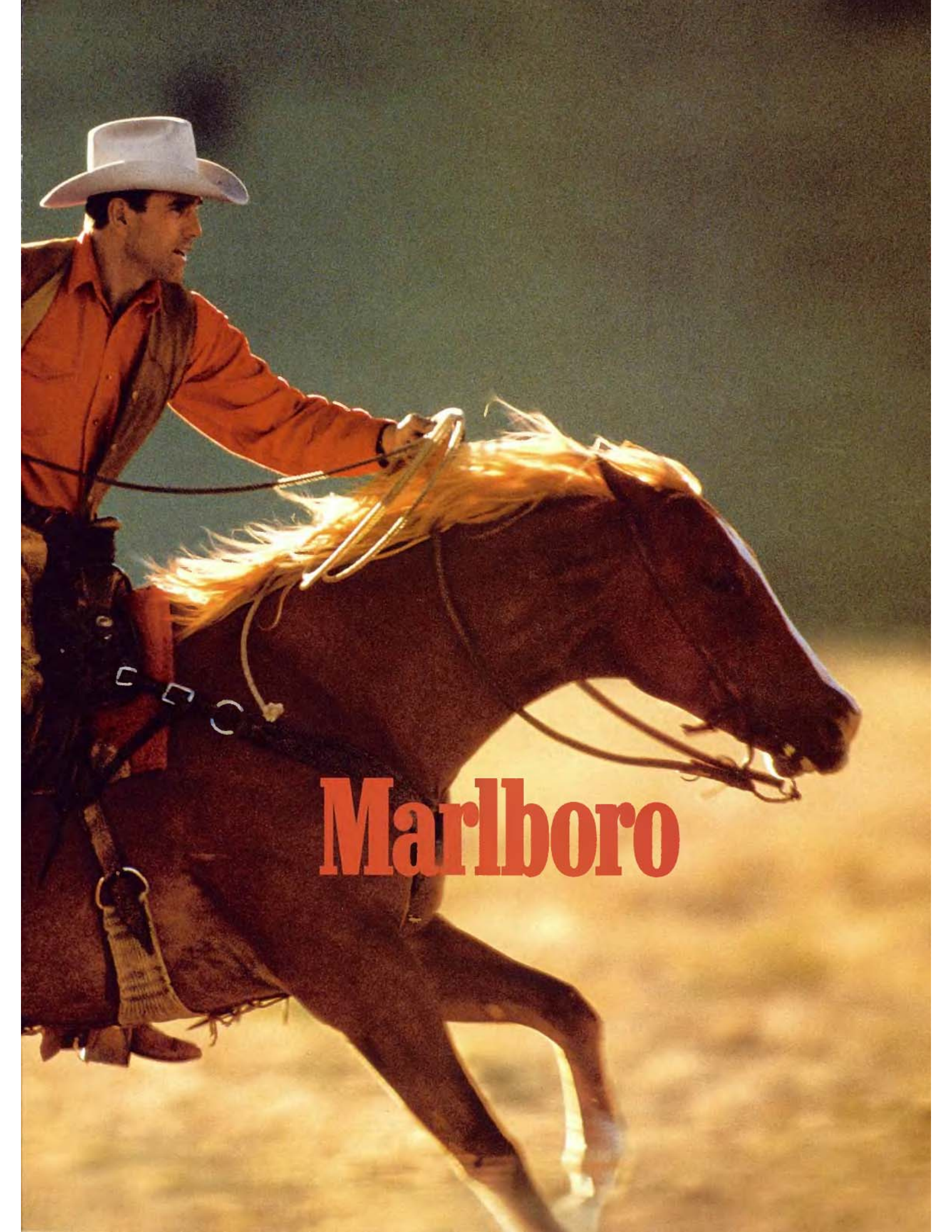


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PLAYBOY

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"My favorite label is *Playmate of the Year.*"

Brande Roderick

When it comes to labels, it's all in how you use them, says **Brande Roderick, Playboy's Playmate of the Year.** So when she needs help with organization, she turns to her Brother P-Touch® electronic labeling system.

Brande's captivating ways have most recently landed her roles on *Baywatch* and *Just Shoot Me*, and movies such as *Babylon Five* and *Armageddon*. She's acted in commercials and appeared on several TV shows, including *Beverly Hills 90210* and *Love Boat*. Here, **Brande tells us how Brother's electronic labeling system helps her make the most of her life, fun and work.**



q OK, Brande, I had a set of questions to ask you, but I seem to have misplaced them. So we'll just have to wing it.

a Your file folders are a mess. You should use the Brother P-Touch electronic labeling system. It makes life so much easier.

q What's your life like these days?

a With auditions and all the parties at the Mansion and everywhere else, I find myself packing my bags and traveling around more than ever. So I label all my little travel bottles to make things easier. Still, it can be hectic.

q What brings you down to earth?

a An afternoon playing with my dog, Mercedes. She's so sweet and good-natured. When it's time to unwind or get ready for a big night out, I like listening to music. I have my CD tower labeled according to mood, so I always get exactly what I want.

q Sounds like you're getting used to getting what you want.

a I guess I am.

q Do you label men?

a I try not to. Sometimes they label themselves.

q If you had a free weekend night, what would you do?

a I'd call up a bunch of girlfriends and invite them over for a slumber party. We'd

watch horror movies and get really scared. I've got hundreds of video tapes, literally. So I've labeled my collection and arranged it by category. It's like having my very own video store.

q OK, you always look devastatingly perfect, even in those candid photos at parties or hanging with Hef. How much time do you spend getting ready in the morning?

a Not as much as I used to. Now that I have all my hair product and makeup drawers labeled, I find exactly what I need in a snap. And Brother labels are laminated and durable, so they won't fade or come off easily. So no more rifling through drawers.

q Is there any area in your life where you go overboard?

a My shoe collection, maybe. I have so many, I need a separate closet for them. I keep them all in boxes, with color-coded labels that tell me exactly what's in each box.

q You seem to use the Brother P-Touch electronic labeling system for just about everything.

a Well, you've seen my centerfold data sheet, you know what my handwriting looks like!

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



SHAKE, RATTLE AND ROLL AT THE HARD ROCK

PLAYBOY's April Sex and Music issue, featuring the Girls of the Hard Rock Hotel and Casino, got the royal treatment at a Las Vegas party. Even the slot machines were replicas of Playmate Irina Voronina's cover. Hard Rock owner Peter Morton accepted memorabilia from Steven Van Zandt (Silvio on *The Sopranos*) as the party rocked on.



FAMILY TIES

Dyan Cannon and A.J. Langer's sitcom, *Three Sisters*, aired a Bunny-themed episode starring Playmates, and Hef welcomed wrestler Jerry "the King" Lawler and his wife, Stacy "the Kat," to the Mansion.



HEF'S HOUSE OF WAX

Will the real Hugh M. Hefner please stand up? Members of his party posse thought they were seeing double when the Hollywood Wax Museum replicated Hef in honor of his 75th birthday. The exhibit features four of the most famous women to have graced PLAYBOY's pages, including Marilyn Monroe, who appeared on the first cover in 1953.



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All entries must be on official entry forms only. No photocopied or mechanically reproduced entry forms accepted. For each additional sweepstakes entry form you would like to receive, send a separate, self-addressed, stamped #10 (business-size) envelope to: Basic Part 3 Entry Requests, P.O. Box 4132, Blair, NE 68009-4132. Limit one request per outer mailing envelope. Residents of the state of VT only need not affix postage to return envelopes. Participation limited to residents of the U.S. who are smokers, 21 years of age or older. Entry form requests must be received by 8/10/01.

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4. **PRIZES AND APPROXIMATE RETAIL VALUES (ARV):** A total of 2,122 prizes will be awarded as follows: **(1) Grand Prize**—a Genesis Homes "Dream House," including \$20,000 towards property and home furnishings, and a Royal Floor Mats™ Aqua Flow® series Welcome Mat or \$150,000 in cash (ARV: \$150,000). Winner must obtain or provide property on which to build the house within one year of winning prize. **(3) First Prizes**—a brand-new Ford Pickup Truck or \$25,000 in cash (MSRP \$25,000 ea.). **(8) Second Prizes**—a Basement Game Room, including an AMF/Playmaster pool table, including installation, Philips stereo system, a GLO™ dartboard and ashtray (ARV: \$4,449). **(5) Third Prizes**—a 5-day/4-night trip for two to a South Carolina Beach resort, including roundtrip coach air transportation from commercial airport nearest winner's home, 4 nights' accommodations (1 room/double occupancy), use of a rental car, \$1,000 spending money and his & her flip-flops and Hawaiian shirts (ARV: \$4,274 ea.). **(10) Fourth Prizes**—a Royal Outdoor Products™ Winchester™ Work Shed, including a wheelbarrow and \$500 for tools or \$1,981 in cash. Installation not included. Assembly required (ARV: \$1,981 ea.). **(25) Fifth Prizes**—a Coleman® Scanco® DLX with two paddles or \$623 in cash (ARV: \$623 ea.). **(50) Sixth Prizes**—Omaha Steaks® (to be awarded in the form of certificates), steak knives and a gallon of specialty sauces (ARV: \$507 ea.). **(200) Seventh Prizes**—a Weber® Gas Go-Anywhere® Grill and napkins (ARV: \$60 ea.). **(120) Eighth Prizes**—12 months of fruit from Entrees To Excellence (ARV: \$496 ea.). **(250) Ninth Prizes**—an Algoma Hammock, including a "Do Not Disturb" sign (ARV: \$187 ea.). **(450) Tenth Prizes**—a Sweatshirt (Size L) (ARV: \$30 ea.). **(1,000) Eleventh Prizes**—a coupon for a free carton of Basic cigarettes (ARV: \$26.25 ea.). Residents of the states of MN, UT and King County, WA will receive the cash equivalent of the carton coupon. Prizes consist only of those items specifically listed as part of the prize.

5. For the names of prizewinners, available after 12/10/01, send a separate, self-addressed, stamped, #10 envelope to: Basic Part 3 Sweepstakes Winners, P.O. Box 4143, Blair, NE 68009-4143, to be received by 9/7/01.

ENTRY FORM

HANGIN' WITH H&F



1



2



3



4



5



6



7

It's been three years since Hef reappeared on the scene, and stars and Centerfolds are still celebrating his second coming. At 75, he says life has never been better. (1) Kevin Spacey stops by on Movie Night. (2) Hef and his sweethearts open presents on Christmas Eve. (3) The Rose Bowl champion Washington Huskies get a tour of the Mansion. (4) Jamie Foxx checks in with Hef and his foxes. (5) Hef, Buffy, Chyna and Regina show Buffy's mom a good time at Barfly. (6) Andy Dick catches a Sunday movie at the Mansion. (7) Chazz Palminteri with Hef and his blonde babies at Barfly. (8) Hef and Regina with Dennis Quaid. (9) Viva Las Vegas! Hef and his posse put the sin in Sin City. (10) Owner Peter Morton welcomes Hef and Bunnies Angel Boris and Deanna Brooks to the Hard Rock Hotel and Casino's Playboy party. (11) Between appearing on *The Sopranos* and playing in Bruce Springsteen's E Street Band, Steven Van Zandt finds time to party with Hef at the Hard Rock. (12) The girls of the Hard Rock try out Hef's round bed. (13) Robin Leach wishes Hef a happy 75th at Studio 54. (14) You didn't think we'd throw a party without naked Bunnies, did you?



8



9



11



12



10



14



13



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TARNISHED METALLICA

Metalheads haven't been into Metallica since the Black album. Your interview (April) shows why. Their overblown egos concerning Napster and James Hetfield's need to control everyone are two examples of what happens to a band that goes mainstream and loses its integrity. Maybe that's why on their last tour the line leaving the concert was four deep each time Metallica hit the stage.

Frank Lee Gifford
Fulton, Missouri

Lars Ulrich missed the point. By attacking Napster rather than working with this new technology, he has labeled himself a hopeless Luddite. His desire to control the distribution of music is akin to a stagecoach operator in 1900 wanting to control the movement of people. Technology doesn't care who's right.



Pedal to the metal.

The future lies with those who use it. Everyone else is left behind.

Jon Gold
Park City, Utah

A Metallica interview and a Napster article in the same issue—what an interesting dichotomy. It's too bad the boys in the band don't get it. Customers don't object to paying a royalty to the creative artist. It's the 750-percent markup the

record companies add to the price of CDs that drives the craze for alternative music-delivery systems. For their next venture, maybe Napster could get me U2 tickets for under \$100.

David Miles
Clovis, California

I have always suspected Hetfield was a control freak, but to stifle Newsted's artistic talent is inexcusable.

Wendy White
Flora, Indiana

It's a shame the members of a groundbreaking band such as Metallica can't even talk to one another without using an interviewer to mediate.

Douglas Levy
Pontiac, Michigan

I have words of warning for Metallica: Stop the bickering and get your shit together, guys.

M.E.
Rehoboth, Delaware

Not too long ago, I recorded Metallica's *S&M* when a local radio station played the album in its entirety. Does this mean Metallica will demand that DJ pull their music from play rotation?

Doug Jensen
Flagstaff, Arizona

Reading the Metallica interview reminded me of *Billion Dollar Baby*, a book by Bob Greene that chronicles the drinking habits, petty jealousies and creative differences of an earlier hard rock band—Alice Cooper. Many believe the book was a catalyst to the band's breakup. Will your interview serve the same function for Metallica?

Hugh Cook
Hickory Hills, Illinois



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What a break.

SPRING FEVER

It was a surprise to see my twins pictured in your *Spring Break* pictorial (April). Once I got over the shock of my daughters' appearing in *PLAYBOY*, I realized how really awesome this is, as they say. The twins have always drawn a lot

of attention, but what a coup for them—at the age of 23—to make it into such a high-profile magazine.

Vikki Thomas
Phenix City, Alabama

Judy Handshoe has raised the bar for sexy and provocative poses. Please show us more of this sun goddess.

Don Camper
Atlanta, Georgia

Mia Zottoli is the most beautiful woman in *PLAYBOY* since Carrie Stevens. Sign her up as a Playmate.

Michael Miles
Berkeley, California

I'd love to see *Spring Break* gal Judy Handshoe as a Centerfold. If she looks that great in a thong, God help us.

(Name withheld by request)
Youngstown, Ohio

Do the right thing and make Nancy O'Brien a full-fledged Playmate. Even her fingernails look great.

Martin Melucci
Lodi, New Jersey

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIER

Bishop Spong (*Bishop John Spong's Bully Pulpit*, April) doesn't believe in creation, original sin, the 10 Commandments, the resurrection, premarital sex

as sinful or much of anything else taught in Sunday schools. It takes real courage for someone to declare himself an atheist. Christians talk a lot about courage, but seldom practice it. It's much easier to go along with the outfit that gave us the Inquisition, the Crusades, witch burnings, ignorance and bigotry.

Keith Taylor
Chula Vista, California

As an Episcopalian, I've pondered the pronouncements and interpretations of our clergy. John Spong presents a historic and realistic view of Christianity, a view that isn't an intellectual embarrassment to the thinking churchgoer.

Fred Beach
South Elgin, Illinois

SOLID AS A ROCK

I'm happy to have appeared in *Girls of the Hard Rock Casino* (April). I'm the red-head on page 148. Arny Freytag is the most sincere and professional photographer I have ever worked with, and he made my first nude photo session most comfortable.

Chrysti Dunn
Las Vegas, Nevada

I enjoyed your *Girls of the Hard Rock Casino* pictorial—especially the photos of Kristen Galioto. She's gorgeous and her

The all-new XLT1200™. There's a reason it has 155 horsepower. Actually, 52 reasons. That's how many weekends you get each year. And with room for three, and enough power to tow two skiers at once, you'll have plenty to talk about come Monday morning. Call 1-800-88-YAMAHA for a dealer, or try yamaha-motor.com. **YAMAHA** WAVERUNNER

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smile just sparkles. How about giving her a pictorial?

Adam Lenhardt
Nashville, Tennessee

SUN GOD

Many thanks for Jamie Malanowski's informative article on Sun Records' honcho Sam Phillips (*Sun Rise*, April). Now I can put a name and a face on the person most responsible for the death of the Big Band era and of good music in general.

Chick Lowry
Donner Pass, California

I've always been interested in Sun Records and Elvis Presley. His recording of *That's All Right (Mama)* was the most significant of the century. Many of those who write about the Sun years feel that Elvis abandoned his roots, but I disagree. Ultimately, what made Elvis great was his incredible talent—whether he was singing ballads, rock and roll, country, blues or gospel.

John Smith
Montclair, New Jersey

SINGALONGS

Music Poll winners (*The Year in Music*, April) Britney Spears, Faith Hill and

Tim McGraw are all good entertainers, but when it comes to pure musical talent, there are many others that sing circles around them.

Austin Scott
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

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Kim Shaffer
Celltech Americas Inc.
Rochester, New York



FUNKED UP

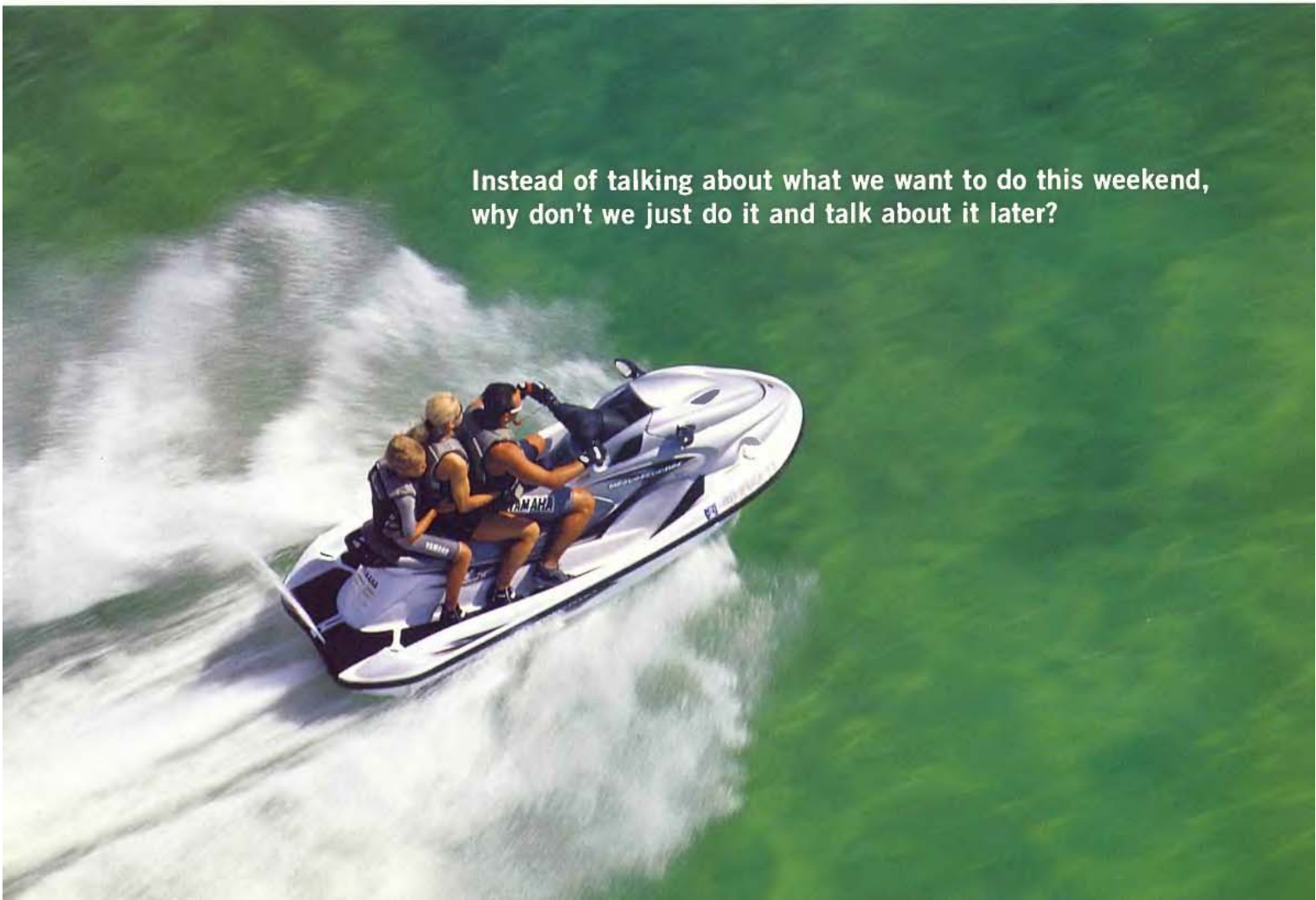
Thank you for showing that Armand Van Helden ("Funk Phenomenon," *After Hours*, April) is yet another disc jockey with a god complex. Yes, music and sex share a similar primal energy, but the ability to produce such music doesn't give Van Helden warrant to fuck with women's heads.

J. Chowdhury
Medford, Massachusetts

WASH AND WEAR

I thought I'd met a nice girl at the local laundromat—that is, until she stood me up on our first date. I'll be sure to try Mike Ewers' cartoon one-liner (April) the next time I'm washing my clothes.

Larry Mullen
Milton, Wisconsin



Instead of talking about what we want to do this weekend, why don't we just do it and talk about it later?

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PLAYBOY

after hours

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

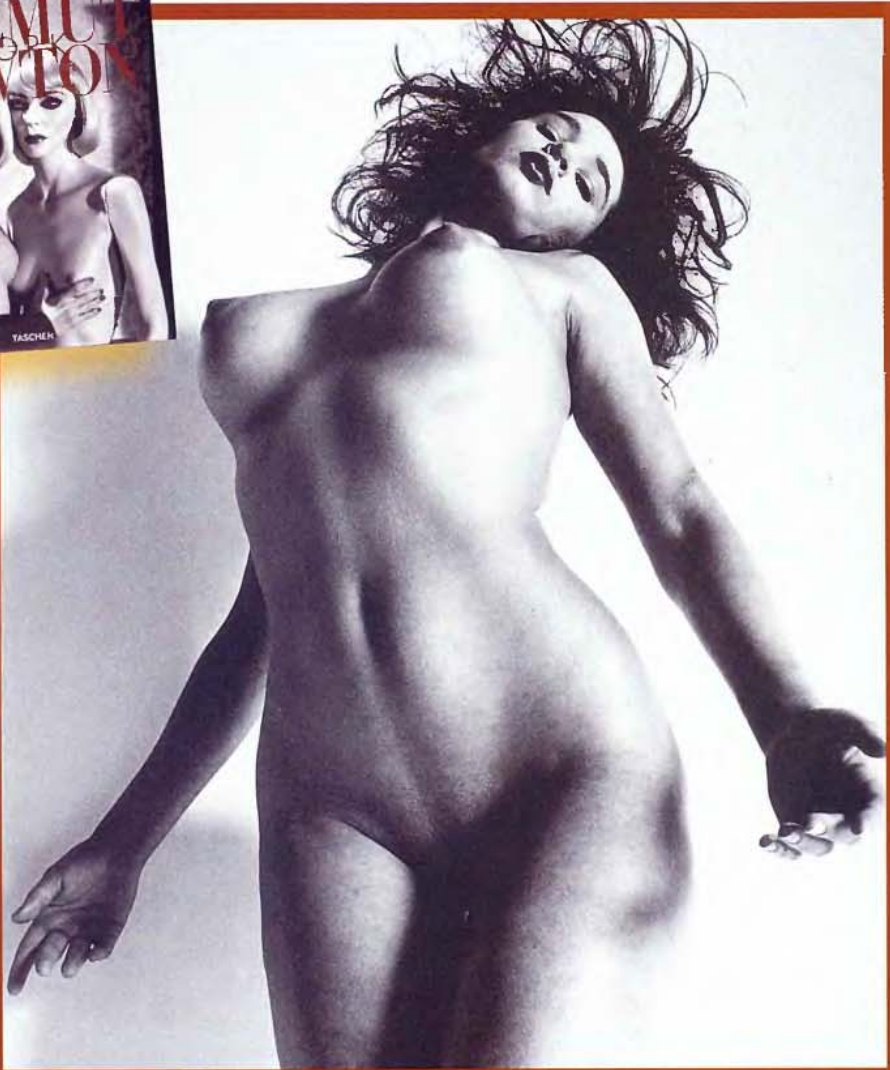
AN OPEN LETTER TO THE TALIBAN

Like it takes balls to blast a 120-foot stone Buddha. If you are so itchy to blow things up, we have better targets.

The New York Yankees: Funny how spending more money year in and year out can keep a team at the top. Wait, it's not just funny. It's annoying.

Britney Spears' wardrobe: Come on, girl, give us a peek at that stuff you're always shaking in our faces. You tart.

England: Recently called "the leper of Europe" by Hugh Byrne, Ireland's natural resources minister, England needs to go. Preserving the world's right to a



TONGUE TIE

Below, you'll find an ingenious device. For starters, it can mix a martini in the glass. Put it in your mouth and it helps your fillings get better reception. And when you attach it to your tongue, it massages anything in reach. Cynics may think the Tongue Joy vibrator (512-326-3384) is for advanced cunnilingus. And they'd be right.



NEWTONIAN PHYSIQUES: AT PLAY AND AT REST

For those of you who like Helmut Newton but were reluctant to shell out half your paycheck for his *Sumo* (currently \$2500), there's *Work* (Taschen, \$40). In it you get the same big nudes, the same celebrity faces caught in revealing poses and the same unsettling fashion shots. *Work* does not need its own table (unlike *Sumo*) and will fit on a normal shelf dedicated to other books of artistic bent. Pound for pound, it's a big bargain.

T-bone steak (not carrying mad cow or foot-and-mouth) certainly outweighs the trifles that would be lost: Big Ben, Guy Ritchie, the Tower of London and Phil Collins.

The Robert Downey Jr. and Darryl Strawberry stories: We're not addicted.

The keys that make :-) possible: There's

something about a sideways smiley face that makes us see red.

CNN: Maybe you should do this one first, actually. That way we won't have to watch seven days of inane 24-hour coverage after each of the rest of these.

T.G.I. Friday's: If we wanted to go to the same restaurant in every city in the



PUSSY FOOTING AROUND

With kicks like Fujiyama-mama and Ball Braker, Acupuncture Footwear's shoes are a step ahead in the club scene. While the tops of the sneakers are glitzy, the soles are flashy. However, the Brit company is toning down the images found where their rubbers meet the road. The shoes ran into problems in the U.S.—not that designer Nikos Nicholaou wants to say where or with whom. "It's more perverted to cover up the teddy bears than to leave them alone," says Nicholaou. "They look kinky in bras and knickers. It says something about how people who want it covered are getting off. Or perhaps it's that they don't want anyone jumping in on their fetish."

world, we would get a Big Mac. And the guy who gave it to us wouldn't be wearing suspenders and stupid buttons.

The XFL: Forget it, you needn't bother.

ICE, ICE, BUBBA

We hear that Reykjavik, Iceland is the home of another monument to our former president: the Clinton Erotic Night-

club (which is now forever linked in our minds with Bangkok's Clinton Entertainment Plaza). Club manager Thorbjorn Thorbjornson told *The Washington Post* that the club opened in 1999 when "Clinton was having his scandals. The club is on two floors. The first floor has a stage for the striptease show and the second is the VIP floor, where there are rooms for private dances. And there is the Monica Lewinsky bar, where customers can buy champagne for the ladies. And Cuban cigars." The president's spokesperson, asked for comment, said Clinton would not be making "a refueling stop in Reykjavik."

OUR STATE'S A BLAST

It's a great alternative to Florida's "Choose Life" plates. The minority leader of the Nevada Senate has introduced legislation to honor that state's role in America's nuclear weapons development by issuing new license plates that feature a mushroom cloud.

RODENT TRACK

Britain's sporting crowd has embraced the underground pastime of hamster racing. The hamsters compete in 10-inch-long dragsters that are powered by exercise wheels. This is clearly something born of desperation. The foot-and-mouth epidemic has canceled nearly every sport from horse racing to rugby, and British bettors can't be choosers. We predict a running of the rodents in some Atlantic City casinos (or in the back of the Bing) by Thanksgiving. Bettors can view each day's card and results on www.bluesq.com.

BUSH-LEAGUE POLITICIANS

Rhetoric is as important in politics as good hair. After his arrest at a bar where he had gone on an anti-homosexual tirade, Baltimore housing commissioner Paul Graziano announced that he had had "fruitful discussions" with members of the gay community. And in Toronto, when naturist Malcolm Scott opened the Nudist Store—in which he works in his birthday suit—to serve those in the unclothed community, city councilor George Mamoliti took powerful offense and declared, "I think he's got quite the balls to open up a store nude." It shouldn't be too difficult to check that out.

BEING JOHN MALKOVICH'S GUEST

John Malkovich is getting into the hotel business in a typically Malkovichian way. His Big Sleep Hotels blend the eccentric with the unnerving. The first is opening not in New York, Vegas or Los Angeles, but in Cardiff, Wales. In a former office building. It will be appointed with Formica furnishings, and the

"Every man who's ever fallen in love with me fell hard the minute I cooked a meal for him. It's the way to a man's heart."

—Yasmine Bleeth



lounge upholstered in AstroTurf. Reminds us of a recent movie, but we just can't put our finger on the title.

PSYCHO DRAMA

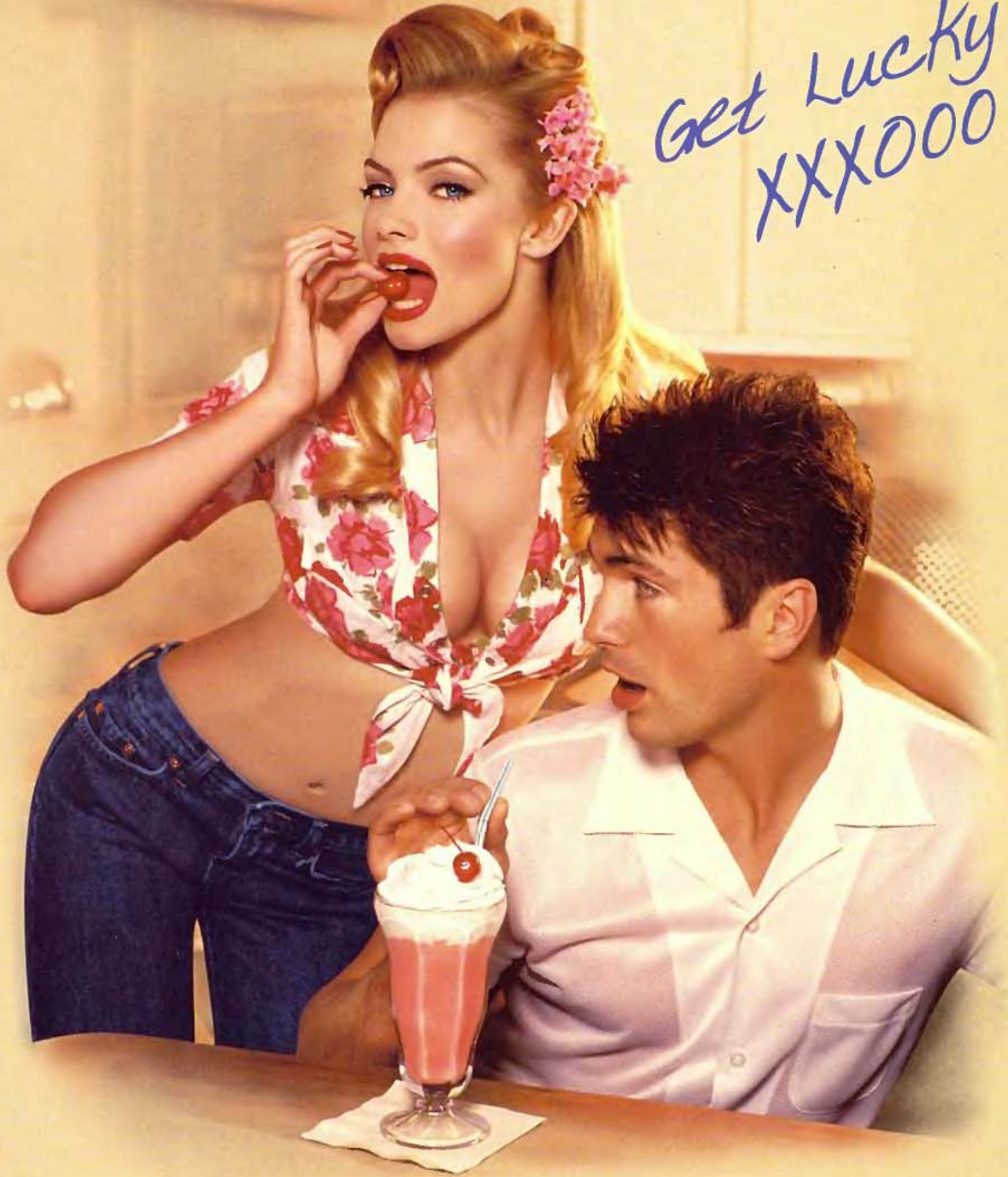
Ever since the site Psychoexgirlfriend.com launched last March, millions of

COX WATCH

Time before *PLAYBOY*: James Cox was an 18th century watchmaker known for producing complicated musical and automation timepieces. Some of his watches possessed more than mechanical secrets, as is apparent from the piece at left. Erotic scenes were painted inside hidden chambers. This one (circa 1775) is called *Venus and Adonis*. It was made for the Chinese market and appeared as part of the Sandberg Watch Collection offered at Antiquorum auctioneers.



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people have listened to the erratic messages left on founder Mark McElwain's cell phone by his ex-girlfriend Jill. Over 50 angry messages (25 from one night!) map a woman's descent into despair. (Here's one: "Well, you won. You've ruined my day and ruined my night. I know I've got to move on, and I'm going to. Mark my words, if I don't hear from you shortly, I'm moving on. I'm not going to play this game tomorrow. It's draining, Mark. I'm going to bed, and I'm certainly moving on tomorrow morning.") It gets worse—much worse. Students at Boston College even linked the MP3 files together to create a drinking game in which you have to take a shot every time she says "fuck" or "and another thing." "I put the site up for therapy, as a way to get over a bad relationship," says McElwain of the eight months he spent with an older (37-year-old) woman. "In this age of instant communication, you never know where that last voice mail could end up. People need to take more responsibility for their actions." Some people have called for the 25-year-old Dallas resident to be more responsible himself, accusing him of exploiting his ex-girlfriend's pain and even concocting the whole affair as a hoax to generate ad revenue and sell T-shirts. "The site isn't making any money—just covering costs," he says. "I'd say 75 per-



DISH OF THE MONTH

Esca in New York has built its reputation among adventurous diners by serving crudo, a staple of fishing villages along the Adriatic coast. Under the direction of partners Mario Batali and Joseph Bastianich, chef David Pasternack has introduced Americans to this traditional (but unfamiliar) dish. Crudo (Italian for raw) is not sashimi; each piece of uncooked fish is bathed with a selection of Pasternack's collection of 20-plus olive oils and dusted with one of his 15 selections of salt (Hawaiian black lava, French algae sea, etc.). Then it's finished with a garnish of fresh herbs or toasted nuts. Above, from left to right, is weak-fish with soybeans, fluke with sea beans, and anchovy with fennel.

cent of the people that write have been very supportive, and the other 25 percent, well, probably want me dead." McElwain says he gets five or six letters a day from sympathetic women and has

even gone out with two of them. Expect to see stories from others about their psycho exes as well as more-recent messages from Jill on the website. "I'm pretty sure she knows about the site, but she



HERMENEUTICS OF HOOTERS

Vanessa Beecroft loves bringing folks together. She tried an installation where she assembled a group of Navy Seals. It was provocative, but didn't have the impact she was looking for. So lately she's been installing nude women in museums. One show had them wearing Fidel Castro hats, another in Gucci rhinestone-studded bikinis. You get the idea. Here, Beecroft was after what she described as a "kind of Nazi-looking picture" and installed 45 jackboot-wearing women in Vienna's new and aptly named Kuntshalle. The piece started with them all standing, but after a while some of them got tired of making art and sat down. This would be when Dieter from Sprockets would announce, "And now vee danze."

common interest



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RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"I have a lot more faith in my plumber than I do in the eternal being. Plumbers do a good job. They keep the shit flowing." —CHARLES BUKOWSKI

MANLY MANICURE

Percentage of day spa clients in 2000 who were men: 25. Percentage of male clients at day spas in 1999: 15.

PAC 'EM IN

Number of Republicans among the top 10 Senate candidates and incumbents in 1999 and 2000 to receive the largest campaign donations from insurance and financial-services political action committees: 10.

GETTING AWAY WITH MURDER

According to the FBI, estimated percentage of homicides in the U.S. that are unsolved: 30.

LOVE THOSE LAYOVERS

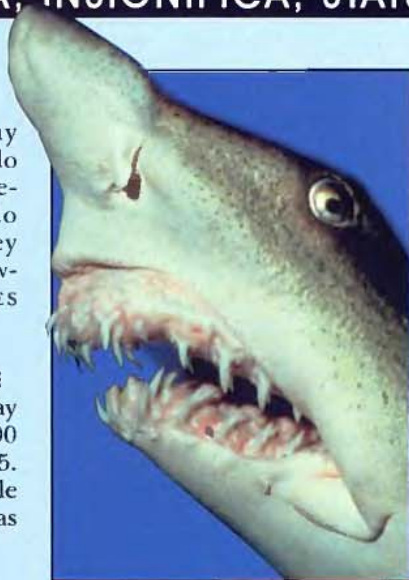
According to a survey conducted by *The Wall Street Journal* of the nation's 20 busiest airports, airport with the most daily passengers: Atlanta Hartsfield (223,000). Airport with the fewest bathrooms: Atlanta Hartsfield (30). Airport with the most bathrooms: Miami (384). Airport with the most bars: Chicago O'Hare (23). Airport with the fewest bars: Denver (2).

GROWING, LIKE WEED

Percentage of high school students in 1991 who said they had tried marijuana: 31. Percentage of students who said the same in 1999: 47. Percentage of students in 1991 who said they were regular users: 15. Percentage of regular users in 1999: 27.

MOST VALUABLE PITCHER

Of the 47 players who have been named MVP of the World Series since



FACT OF THE MONTH

According to the University of Florida's International Shark Attack File, 51 of the record 79 shark attacks reported worldwide in 2000 occurred off the shores of the U.S.—34 of them in Florida alone.

1955 (when the award was started), number who were pitchers: 23. Number of MVPs who were catchers: 6. All other position players: 17.

GENDER GAP

Percentage of men in the workplace who currently believe women get paid less for doing the same job: 13. Percentage of women who believe they would get paid less than a man if he were doing the same job: 30.

KILL JOYS

Number of people who were killed in skiing accidents in the U.S. in 1999: 30. The number of people who were killed on amusement park rides from 1987 to 1999: 49.

FILLING THE IN BOX

According to a survey by search website the Vault, percentage of office workers who said they had been in an office romance: 44. Percentage of workers who said they hadn't but would be willing: 34. Of people who had engaged in sex at the office, percentage who preferred to do it on a desk: 39. Percentage of lovers who liked it in the conference room: 35. Percentage who used the boss' office: 18. Percentage who said their relationship had no repercussions: 57.

SINO-ROMAN CANDLES

Of the \$131 million that Americans spent on foreign fireworks last year, amount of fireworks made in China: \$122 million.

EYES WIDE SHUT

Percentage of Americans who suffer from insomnia at least once a week: 51. Percentage who say they have insomnia almost every night: 29. Percentage who wake up early and can't fall back asleep: 24. —PAUL ENGLEMAN

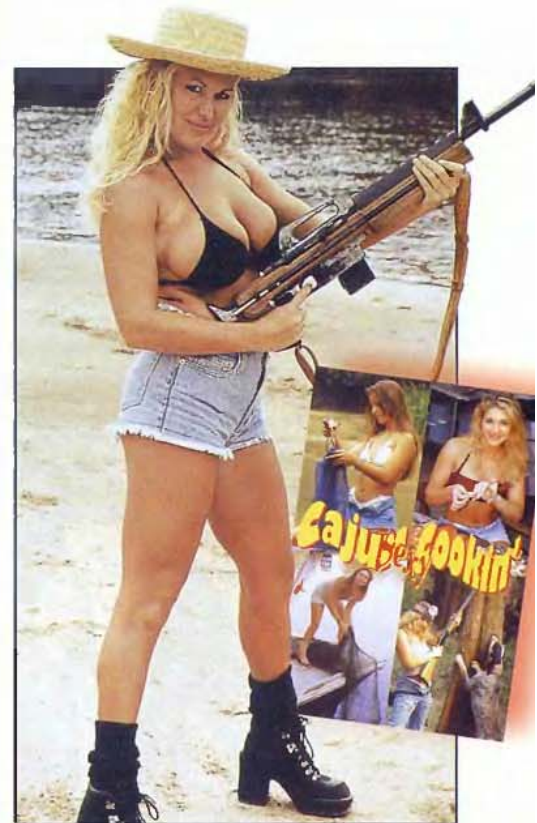
hasn't said anything about it yet," he says. "I just want everyone to learn that people need to treat people better. This kind of behavior isn't acceptable in today's world."

TIP SHEET

Uummannaq Fjord: The site, 370 miles north of the Arctic Circle in Greenland, of this year's World Ice Golf Championship. It's 36 cold holes played by 36 entrants with pink balls.

Comedy Central: The night of its 10th Anniversary Party, *That's My Bush* aired to the channel's highest ratings for a season premiere. And the new *Primetime Glick* may be the show that keeps Martin Short on the air longer than 30 days.

Lasswellisms: Words or phrases generally assumed to be authentic American folk vernacular that were actually created by cartoonist Fred Lasswell for his *Snuffy Smith* comic strip. They include "heebie-jeebies," "balls o' fire," "time's a-wasting" and "bodacious."



GATOR BAIT

Hitting Barnes and Noble bookstores is the delightful *Cajun Sexy Cookin'* by Viola Estain and Dana Holyfield. Pictured here is Christine Smith, who offers the recipe for Swamp Cowgirl's Rabbit Sauce Piquante. All the Cajun honeys listed are adept at scoping out razorback boars, wrestling with gators and giggering for big frogs. It works. Leafing through the pictures, you'll be hungry for a taste of fresh red snapper or a bit of nutria.

Can't Get to the Gym? ...No Problem!



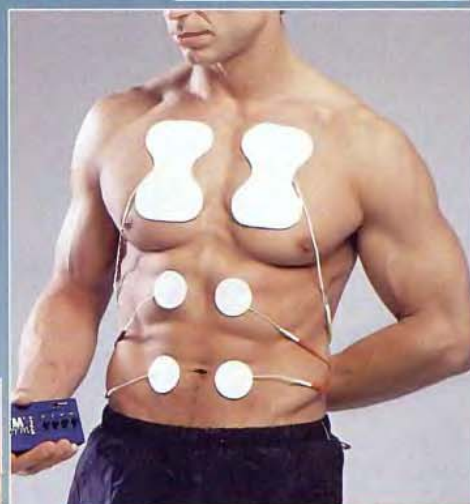
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ART GOES POSTAL

For nearly 10 years, two artists have made stamps with a variety of ironic and sexy images. They put them on envelopes and try to get them delivered through the Postal Service. They've been remarkably successful, both as artists and as pranksters. Their book, *The Stamp Art and Postal History of Michael Thompson and Michael Hernandez de Luna* (Bad Press), is a beautiful collection of their accomplishments, along with salient essays on how to lick a stamp while your tongue is still in your cheek.

Hispanically: A word coined in a recent speech by President W.: "Thousands of small businesses, Hispanically owned or otherwise. . ."

Granny's pies: The man who brought us *Forbidden Erotica* has 100,000 photos online at www.vintagenudephotos.com.

DeMarini bats: Balls fly off the double-hulled aluminum bats with such velocity that the red, beery face of slow-pitch softball is turning black-and-blue.

TravelEyes2: A tracking system designed to document trips for business travelers and hold off audits. It employs a "tiny satellite receiver and companion software that automatically record and identify tax-deductible travel."

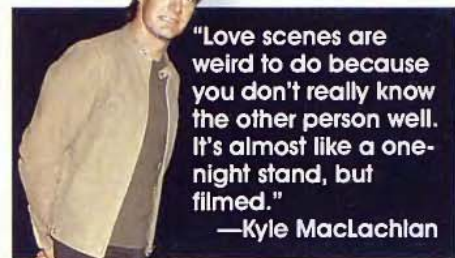
Www.titpillows.co.uk: A Welsh entrepreneur actually received £1000 from the Prince's Trust charity to manufacture pillows complete with nipples. You rest your head right in the cleavage and sleep like a baby.

Niagara: A holistic mixture of South American herbs that reportedly kick-

starts the female libido. The American craze for the Swedish drink, nicknamed the female Viagra, started at the Wycoff Coffee House in Little Rock, Arkansas. You can go home again, Bill.

THRILLS, SPILLS, CYANIDE PILLS

In 1960 Francis Gary Powers' secret aerial tour of the Soviet Union was rudely interrupted by a Russian surface-to-air missile. Four decades later, the U2 pilot's son and namesake, Francis Gary Powers Jr., runs the Spies of Washington Tour, a D.C.-based bus trip that centers on espionage characters of the Cold War. Visits to the homes of full-time partier (and part-time spy) Aldrich Ames and pinko poster boy Alger Hiss are interspersed with anecdotes detailing the turning of coats by Jonathan Pollard, Ronald Pelton and the highly dysfunctional Walker family. The morning segment also includes a pit stop at the Georgetown bistro where blundering Soviet operative Vitaly Yurchenko may or may not have tried to defect, a subject



"Love scenes are weird to do because you don't really know the other person well. It's almost like a one-night stand, but filmed."
—Kyle MacLachlan

still debated in local spy circles. The tour concludes with a visit to Fort Meade, Maryland's little-known National Cryptologic Museum, a converted motel that now houses an interesting collection of eavesdropping paraphernalia like the bug-ridden plaque Soviet schoolchildren foisted upon U.S. diplomat Averell (Mr. Pamela) Harriman. While we would like a tour of the tunnel under the Russian embassy (which FBI traitor Robert Hanssen allegedly skunked out), participants are treated to an unlimited supply of jelly doughnuts. Red ones.

BABE OF THE MONTH



Natasha Henstridge knows she'll be forever remembered as the sexy alien chick with the out-of-this-world libido in *Species* and *Species II*, but that hasn't stopped this 26-year-old Canadian native from diversifying her résumé. After her breakout role as Sil in the surprise hit *Species* (she was number one among Sci-Fi's Sexy 50 in *Femmes Fatales*), the former model struggled through the Jean-Claude Van Damme action flick *Maximum Risk*. She took time off after having a baby with actor Liam Waite and won kudos upon her return for supporting roles in *The Whole Nine Yards* and *Bounce*. Henstridge gets back to her roots this summer as the female lead in John Carpenter's thriller *Ghost of Mars*. Also look for her in the title role of *The Judith Exner Story*, Showtime's new biopic.

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MARVIN GAYE'S *What's Going On* was released in 1971. Motown has just reissued this masterpiece in a two-CD deluxe edition. The first disc contains the darker, funkier Detroit mix completed a month before the version we all know. The second CD is anchored by a previously unreleased live version of the album, recorded in D.C. in 1972. Featuring many of the album's original musicians (James Jamerson on bass and Robert White on guitar), the CD records a unique event.

—NELSON GEORGE

For all their hypermasculine posturing, most metal bands are conformists, content to play the same stuff as everyone else. Not Rammstein. No one else has this group's combination of brute power, Teutonic precision and impressive musicality. On *Mutter* (Universal), Rammstein picks up where it left off on 1997's *Sehnsucht* and takes metal into operatic arrangements not heard since the demise of Queen. What is Rammstein singing about? I don't know. *Mutter* is in German, but it doesn't matter. Use your imagination.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

Austin-based singer-songwriters are redefining roots music. Jimmy LaFave is probably best known as a great Bob Dylan interpreter. He delivers a devastating *Emotionally Yours* on *Texoma* (Bohemia Beat). He also tackles pop art songs like Jimmy Webb's *Moon's a Harsh Mistress* and Gretchen Peters' *On a Bus to St. Cloud* and does a redemptive rendition of Scott McKenzie's hippie hit, *San Francisco*. LaFave is a patriot of the red-dirt South, as shown in his beautiful ode *Woody Guthrie* and the boisterous *Elvis Loved His Mama*.

On *A Man Under the Influence* (Bloodshot), Alejandro Escovedo explores an equally complex set of roots. *Wave* and *Rosalie* come from the play *By the Hand of the Father*, which explores his family's move to the U.S. from Mexico. Escovedo draws from a wide palette of influences (including the Stooges and Stones, Dylan and the Faces). Elaborate orchestrations give credibility to confessional lyrics such as those in *Rhapsody*, *Across the River* and *Castanets*.

This time out, the Rainravens reach new heights with *One Last Saturday Night* (Rainravens Music), a seamless blend of

pop melodies, country-and-western harmonies and blues grooves. *Saturday Night* resembles the best of the Byrds or Los Lobos.

—DAVE MARSH

Me First and the Gimme Gimmes, a superstar group made up of members of Foo Fighters and NOFX, among others, covers Sixties pop songs. On *Blow in the Wind* (Fat Wreck Chords) they brilliantly rework classics—Beach Boys, Dylan, Dusty Springfield and the Beatles—in the style of the Sex Pistols, the Ramones and Green Day. The power chords and slamming beats enhance rather than obscure the songs' melodies. NOFX bassist Fat Mike says, "The Sixties should be remembered for great songs, not stinkin' hippies!"

—VIC GARBARINI

One singer who wrestles with the legacy of soul is Craig David, a Brit whose *Born to Do It* (Atlantic) was a huge hit. The singer now brings his light, melodic R&B to its spiritual home. I'm not sure that he can compete with the chops of classic soul singers, but he's a fine writer and many of the best songs (*Walking Away*, *Once in a Lifetime*) have a pop sensibility most *nuevo* soul men lack.

It figures that the electronic jazz invented by Miles would find its imitators. It strains credulity that the best imitators, Jon Hassell and Tim

Hagens, would be trumpeters. And that the best one would be Norwegian. Yet that's how the score stands with Nils Petter Molvaer's second CD, *Solid Ether* (ECM). If guys named Rune Arnesen and Audun Erlien can get this funky, we are citizens of one world.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Nic Harcourt's LA-based KCRW radio showcase for live music, *Morning Becomes Eclectic*, is now syndicated nationally as *Sounds Eclectic* and has just released its first compilation CD under the new name. An album that features both Yo-Yo Ma's performance of Bach's *Cello Suite No. 1* and ex-Crowded House member Neil Finn's unplugged version of *Throw Your Arms Around Me*, *Sounds Eclectic* (Palm), hooked me. The CD also has a dozen other superb performances by such diverse artists as Patti Smith, Bebel Gilberto and Beck.

—V.G.

For 10 years, keyboardist Larry Goldings has led one of jazz' most progressive organ trios. Drummer Bill Stewart's cool, uncluttered swing mixes with Peter Bernstein's burnished guitar solos and Goldings' brainy harmonies on *As One* (Palmetto).

For a fast 180, turn to the soul groove of Soulive. On its debut release, *Doin' Something* (Blue Note), the trio (led by brothers Alan Evans on drums and Neal Evans on organ) starts with Jimmy Smith but spreads its net to include hip-hop and dub. This is clean new funk with plenty of attitude.

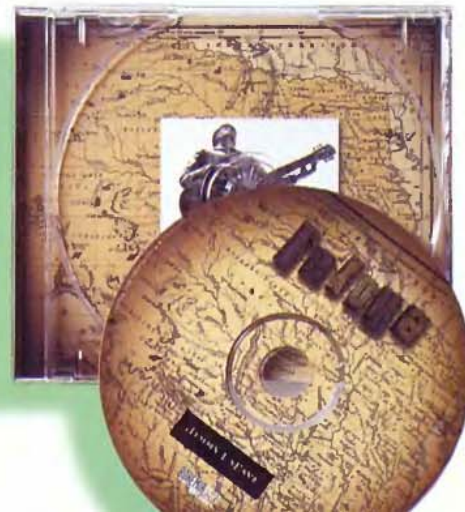
Reedman Karl Denson and his juggernaut jam band, Tiny Universe, routinely play three-hour shows. On *Dance Lesson #2* (Blue Note), DJ Logic's scratch beats and Melvin Sparks' metal-melting guitar rhythms wake the dead. Denson's trippy solos on tenor and flute remind you why it's called acid jazz.

—NEIL TESSER

Folk music divides nicely into two periods—before and after Dylan. So a tribute album to Bob makes sense. *A Nod to Bob: An Artists' Tribute to Bob Dylan on His 60th Birthday* (Red House) is a brilliant reminder of how often America's finest songwriter is interpreted. Eliza Gilkyson, Spider John Koerner and Dave Ray, Greg Brown and Ramblin Jack Elliot are the standouts, but there's nary a dud among 13 cuts.

—C.Y.

Even though the group was briefly slotted as alt-country, Dallas' Old 97's is really a pop band—smart, youthful, energetic and winsome. There's no guarantee that any of the cuts from the band's new CD, *Satellite Rides* (Elektra)—the surging *King of All the World*, the gently salacious *Buick City Complex* or the never-say-never *Designs on You*—will come to a top 20 station near you. You'll



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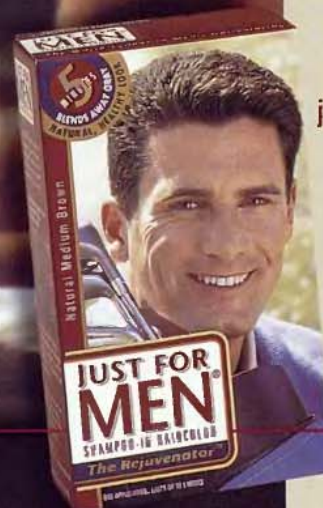
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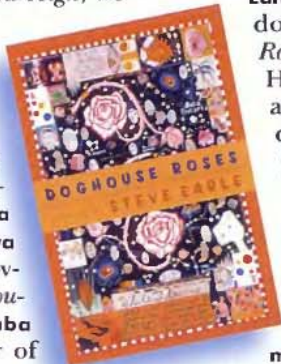
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WE'RE LOUD AND WE'RE PROUD DEPARTMENT: When Monkee **Mickey Dolenz** led 2001 drummers from around the world in a drum roll, everyone had to wear ear protectors. The drummers, at the Hard Rock Hotel Universal Studios in Orlando, were trying to set a Guinness World Record for the longest and largest drum roll in history.

REELING AND ROCKING: When we told you that **Method Man** and **Redman** were making a movie, *How High*, we failed to mention it's being directed by **Jesse Dylan**, son of you know who. . . . **Lady Marmalade**, **Labelle's** big hit, has been rerecorded by **Christina Aguilera**, **Lil' Kim**, **Mya** and **Pink** for the movie soundtrack of *Moulin Rouge*. . . . **Cuba Gooding**, the father of **Junior** (and the singer in the **Main Ingredient**), is filming *Roscoe's Chicken and Waffles*. . . . **Mary J. Blige** will do her own singing when she plays **Billie Holiday** in the film bio about the jazz singer and her musical partner, **Lester Young**. . . . **Busta Rhymes** stars with **Ray Liotta** in *Narc*. . . . **Jennifer Lopez** is playing a waitress married to a wealthy contractor in *Enough*.

NEWSBREAKS: J. Lo is also going into the fashion biz with **Tommy Hilfiger's** brother **Andy**. . . . If you're making your own kind of music, you'll need *The Giggling Musician: How to Get, Play and Keep the Gig* by **Billy Mitchell** from Backbeat Books. . . . **D'Angelo**, **Macy Gray**, the **Roots** and **Common** are among the artists who will appear on this year's *Red Hot and Riot* CD, dedicated to **Fela Kuti**. The disc is part of the 10th anniversary of the Red Hot campaign, which fights AIDS. . . . **Roxy Music** may



make a CD in September, after their tour is over. . . . **Ike Turner** has released his first new music in 20 years and will tour this summer. . . . If you missed the first **Madonna** convention in LA, you missed the lip-synching contest. . . . **Puffy's** contemporary gospel CD has **Brandy**, **Faith Evans**, **Carl Thomas**, **Joe** and **Brian McKnight**, among others, joining the **Puffster** and **Hezekiah Walker** on *Thank You*. . . . And you thought **Steve Earle** could only tell song stories. He does more than that in *Doghouse Roses*, a short-story collection from Houghton Mifflin. He'll even do an author's tour. . . . It seems that dying is a good career move if you're a musician. *Forbes* magazine's list of the deceased who earned the most money last year included six musicians in the top 10. **Elvis** is in first place with \$35 million. Other top money-makers include **John Lennon**, **Jimi Hendrix**, **Bob Marley**, **Frank Sinatra** and **Jerry Garcia**. . . . The genie is out of the bottle: **Elton John** and **Eminem's** duet on *Stan* at the Grammys may never be commercially released. The Recording Academy sued Napster for making *Stan*, *Beautiful Day* and *Music* immediately available on the site only hours after the telecast. **Michael Greene**, president of the Academy, said, "We were in the studio remixing all this stuff with the intention of putting it out only to find out that the audio was already up on Napster, and there had been millions of downloads." . . . **Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger**, the man who is responsible for Catholic doctrine, doesn't have much use for rock and roll. We don't know if he checked with the **Pope** (a **Bob Dylan** fan) before he was quoted, but the cardinal complained that rock is "an expression of base passions." We certainly hope so. —BARBARA NELLIS

have to buy the album, learn the words and shout along at a gig with all of the other Old 97's fans, a fast-growing subculture that knows a good tune when it hears one. —R.C.

Thirty years after the fact, listeners have finally caught up with the music of composer **Terry Riley**. In 1967 he plundered an R&B song and mixed it with Moog synthesizer and tape manipulation to create a work that prefigured sampling and musical deconstruction. The Cortical Foundation, as part of its Terry Riley Archive Series, has released *You're No Good*, which sounds right up to date. There are plenty of noises in our everyday lives, but most of us don't listen to them. On *90 Percent Post Consumer Sound* (XI Records), **Ellen Band** augments recordings of radiators, swings and train crossings to create remarkable music. Fifty years from now people will listen to the sort of music on *Clicks and Cuts 2* (Mille Plateaux), a triple-CD compilation of electronic music freed from convention. Mechanical and noisy, the clicks and pops make for beguiling music. Two artists on *Clicks*, **Vladislav Delay** and **Andreas Tilliander**, have impressive new releases. Tilliander's *Ljud* (Mille Plateaux) is driven by its dublike rhythm. Delay's *Anima* (Mille Plateaux) is a nightmarish tone poem. —LEOPOLD FROELICH



Country Music Hall of Fame songwriter **Harlan Howard** once said that a great song makes you want to stop, turn up the radio and maybe pick up the phone to repair a broken heart. **Jim Lauderdale's** *The Other Sessions* (Dualtone) is filled with such songs. He has a dozen twangy, pedal steel tunes, including *You'll Know When It's Right*, co-written with Howard. *Sessions* has a Sixties songwriter sensibility born at **Tootsie's Orchid Lounge** in Nashville. Lauderdale recruited trucker legend **Del Reeves** and alt-country's **Jeremy Tepper** to lay down the shuffle behind *Diesel, Diesel, Diesel*. *The Other Sessions* is a must for hard-core country fans. —DAVE HOEKSTRA

ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Marvin Gaye <i>What's Going On</i>	7	9	10	9	9
Jimmy LaFave <i>Texoma</i>	6	8	7	8	8
Me First <i>Blow in the Wind</i>	3	8	7	5	8
Old 97's <i>Satellite Rides</i>	9	7	6	7	7
Rammstein <i>Mutter</i>	7	7	5	5	7

MADE TO ODOR

Don't be surprised if you smell burning rubber the next time you're playing a PC racing game. Or if a restaurant's website offers "free smells" to help you decide what to have delivered. The concept is called scent enabling and it should start turning up in video games, DVD movies, websites, e-mail, music and television later this year. Users purchase a peripheral that connects to your computer through a USB port. When positioned on your desk, the apparatus will



serve as a scent synthesizer capable of emitting a broad range of odors concocted from oils stored inside a replaceable container similar to a printer cartridge. The device is triggered by the click of a mouse on a web page, or from a time-release track embedded in a DVD movie or computer game CD-ROM that tells it to release a fragrance at a given moment. Don't worry about the device's stinking up your entire house. The peripheral emits only in the area directly surrounding it. And if you have an aversion or allergic reaction to certain scents, the included software can be programmed to block them. Perfume companies have already invested heavily in this technology, hoping the application will boost online sales. Eidos, creator of the Tomb Raider video game series, has hinted at plans to include the smell of dusty caves and dungeons in future installments. Expect the PC version of the scent-enabling peripherals to hit retailers by fall, priced about \$200. A TV version will debut in 2002. —MARC SALTZMAN

TECH TRICK: TIVO UPGRADE

Inspired TV junkies short on cash are cracking open their TiVos in search of more memory. Rather than paying \$700 for Philips' top-of-the-line HDR612 (with 60 hours of storage), people have devised a way to more than double the stor-

age capacity of cheaper, entry-level machines. On the surface, it sounds like a simple computer upgrade: Take a \$300 unit that stores 20 hours of programming, open it up with a screwdriver and add a 40-gigabyte, off-the-shelf hard drive (for about \$170). The resulting system now holds at least 60 hours of television and saves you more than \$200. But the process can be tricky—even dangerous. First, TiVo is based on Linux, an open-source operating system that's widely available but not so familiar to average computer users as are Windows and Mac systems. According to a source who has performed the upgrade on many a TiVo, you have to be comfortable issuing Linux commands (which can be accessed, along with a detailed FAQ, at TiVoFAQ.com/hack/). Because opening your TiVo voids the warranty, a wrong move will leave you with a worthless piece of metal. Even more risky, a slipup could get you electrocuted, as the TiVo unit has an unshielded power supply. (Even when turned off, the machine can give you a shock.) However, our source tells us that if you're PC adept and careful and have about three and a half hours to spare (the time it takes to back up TiVo's A drive into your computer and perform the upgrade), upgrading your TiVo could prove to be an excellent adventure and a way to save some cash. And don't worry. Currently, the folks at TiVo don't mind people "upgrading" their units, so long as their subscription fees continue to roll in. —BETH TOMKWI

GAME OF THE MONTH

Just because a hit song has yet to be written on a PlayStation 2 doesn't mean you can't try. With the MTV Music Generator 2 by Codemasters you can build a tune from thousands of vocal, drum and instrument samples. You can also use the Riff Editor to write a melody note by note and add effects such as echo and flange. If you would rather remix, Music Generator can record samples from your CDs and paste them into new songs. So you don't have to play solo, the game includes Music Jam, a mode that lets as many as four players (or up to eight with Sony's optional multi-tap peripheral) jam simultaneously. Start there and do your solo record later. —JASON BUHRMESTER



WILD THINGS

We've caught so many subway riders playing solitaire on their Palm Pilots that we're beginning to wonder why they don't just carry Nintendo's new Game Boy Advance (about \$100). The system's 32-bit processor and color LCD screen are powerful enough to reproduce certain PlayStation graphics. Nintendo has promised 60 games (\$30-\$40) before year's end, and the system is compatible with Game Boy and Game Boy Color titles. Future plans for Game Boy Advance: an optional cable that will allow as many as four players to compete, using a single game cartridge and interaction with the company's Game Cube video game console, which is due sometime next year. —SCOTT STEINBERG



By LEONARD MALTIN

IF YOU ADMIRE John Turturro, Cate Blanchett and Johnny Depp, it's worth watching *The Man Who Cried* (Universal Focus), though the film is a disappointment. Director Sally Potter (*Orlando*) sets out to tell a saga about a Russian Jewish girl (Christina Ricci) whose loving father leaves her behind to build a new life in America in 1927. His plan to send for his daughter goes awry when her village is attacked and the little girl is sent off on her own. She is raised by foster parents in England, but never seems to fit in and has only a crumbling photo of her father to remind her of her roots. Her singing talent earns her a job in a Paris nightclub, where she meets a flamboyantly sexy Russian dancer (an almost unrecognizable Blanchett) who tries to educate Ricci about the ways of the world. Depp effortlessly embodies the part of a gypsy attracted to Ricci, while Blanchett takes up with egotistical Italian tenor Turturro, as the specter of war grows around them. Potter's ambitious script tells us nothing we don't already know about the period, and her central character is ill-served by Ricci, whose endless close-ups reveal nothing; she is acted off the screen by her co-stars. The word that best describes this film is misfire. ♫

Knowing that *The Anniversary Party* (Fine Line) was conceived, written and directed by its gifted stars, Jennifer Jason Leigh and Alan Cumming, with all of its characters written for actor friends

of theirs, I was dreading a glorified home movie. I'm happy to report that my fears were unrealized. The film has the relaxed feel of an extended-family gathering, and it limits its parameters to 24 hours in the lives of its characters,

selves juicy roles, as a couple from Los Angeles (she's an actress, he's a British novelist on the verge of directing his first movie), but they haven't stinted their friends, including Kevin Kline and his real-life wife, Phoebe Cates (not to men-



Beals, Cumming, Leigh: Party on.

who come together at a stylish Richard Neutra-designed house. The result is a dynamic exploration of relationships—including friends, couples, neighbors, even business associates—played out against the backdrop of a party. Naturally, Leigh and Cumming have given them-

tion their two adorable children), Jane Adams, Jennifer Beals, John C. Reilly and Gwyneth Paltrow. The picture was made on digital video, but the directors were smart enough to hire master cinematographer John Bailey (*Mishima, As Good as It Gets, Nobody's Fool*), who has lit

With *Moulin Rouge* on theater screens everywhere, the question arises as to the future of the movie musical. Baz Luhrmann, the high-profile director of *Romeo and Juliet*, coupled with Nicole Kidman, created a monster that

NOTES ON MUSICALS

could persuade a Hollywood studio to revive any genre, even break-dancing movies.

But movie fans who cherish the glories of Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Gene Kelly and other musical icons still wonder why musicals have worn out their welcome with young audiences.

No one has done the genre any favors in recent years. *Evita* proved to be a pallid showcase for the lip-synching talents of Madonna (with honors going instead to an unexpectedly forceful Antonio Banderas). Kenneth Branagh chose to make *Love's Labor's Lost* with a

cast of attractive actors who couldn't sing or dance. Lars von Trier guided pop star Björk through *Dancer in the Dark*, a quasi-musical with a relentlessly depressing story. Give us a break! The best musical moment of the current year is the title sequence of the otherwise iffy teen comedy *Get Over It*, a funny vignette that is set to the Captain and Tennille's *Love Will Keep Us Together*.

One would think that the popularity of music videos would spark the creation of full-length movies that draw on the same appeal. The problem is that many music video directors have been weaned on the shorthand communication of their medium and—as we've seen in far too many films—don't know how to handle the demands of a 100-minute film.

But there is a subtler problem facing both the directors and stars of videos who aspire to work in features. Most

music videos rely on flashy editing; few have the confidence, or audacity, to simply let their stars perform songs without a lot of visual gimmickry.

When Fred Astaire came to Hollywood from Broadway, he demanded that directors show his full figure, head to toe, in every shot of his dance numbers. When Vincente Minnelli filmed his wife, Judy Garland, singing *The Boy Next Door* in *Meet Me in St. Louis*, he let her luminous performance unfold in one single take—broken only by a cutaway during an orchestral reprise, as she dances by herself.

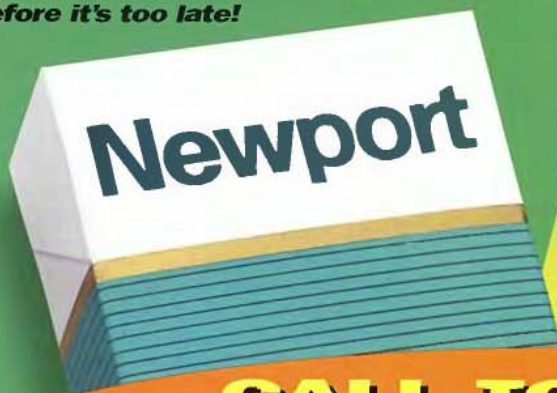
Are there performers today magnetic enough to command our attention that way? Can directors and choreographers learn to make their moves within the film frame instead of relying on external effects?

The answer, of course, is yes. There's no shortage of talent. Someone just has to have the guts to do it. —L.M.

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the film so beautifully that it's virtually impossible to tell it wasn't photographed on 35mm film. **YYY**

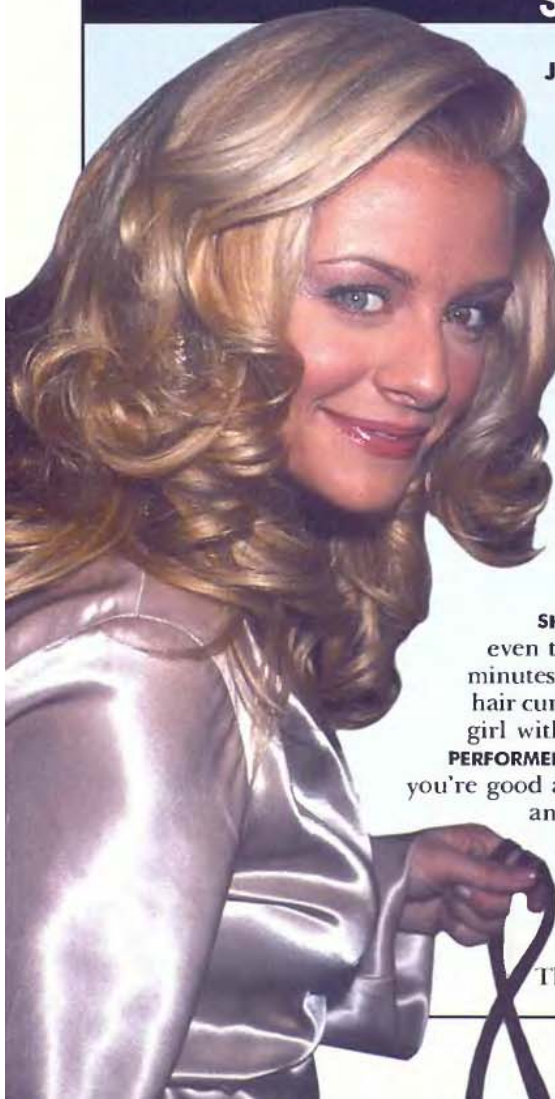
Maggie Greenwald's *Songcatcher* (Lions Gate) was originally scheduled for a December release. Now that it's finally coming to theaters, I am impelled to restate my enthusiasm for this great American film about a musicologist (Janet McTeer) who ventures into the backwoods of Appalachia to collect folk songs in the early 20th century. Pat Carroll, Aidan Quinn and Jane Adams co-star in this lovingly rendered story. Consider it a must-see. **YYYY**

Lakeboat (Lakeboat Productions), adapted by David Mamet from his play of the same name, marks the directorial debut of Joe Mantegna, who knows Mamet's work as well as anyone. The cast includes such peerless pros as Peter Falk, Charles Durning, Denis Leary, J.J. Johnston, George Wendt and Robert Forster. These actors were born to deliver Mametspeak—and Forster (who's never performed Mamet before) is incredible. The material—a series of vignettes involving the crew of a cargo freighter—never quite gels into a movie, but the

dialogue is so strong, the moment so arresting and the performances so finely tuned that anyone who admires the work of this great American playwright will be amply rewarded. **YYY/2**

Startup.com (Artisan) is a fascinating documentary about a pair of boyhood friends who launch an Internet company. One is a gentle soul who is devoted to his young daughter from a failed marriage, the other an ambitious business school graduate determined to succeed. Directors Chris Hegedus and Jehane Noujaim (in collaboration with pioneering reality filmmaker D.A. Pennebaker, who served as co-producer) train cameras on their subjects and let them go. The results are simply terrific and pointedly relevant to contemporary society. *Startup.com* allows each viewer to question his own personal goals, ethics and morals. What's more important, loyalty or success? If you had to choose between losing a friend and losing a strategic business alliance, what would you do? Because each person will answer these questions differently, each one will take something different away from the experience of watching this movie. I defy anyone to find a fictional film as compelling as this. **YYY/2**

SCENE STEALER



JESSICA CAUFFIEL. FIRST NOTICED: As Goldie Hawn and Steve Martin's daughter in *The Out-of-Towners*. Later won co-starring parts in *Road Trip* and *Valentine*. **NEXT UP:** *Legally Blonde*, in which she and Alanna Ubach play sorority queen Reese Witherspoon's best friends. "We represent the superficial materialistic stereotype. My character has tumbleweeds running through her mind, but she has the classic heart of gold." **WHAT HER HOLLYWOOD FRIENDS DON'T KNOW:** She's an accomplished jazz singer with training in musical theater. **THE BEST ADVICE SHE'S RECEIVED ABOUT PLAYING COMEDY:** From *Out-of-Towners'* co-star John Cleese, "Never be conscious of yourself being funny." **SHE'S MOST RECOGNIZED FOR:** "*Road Trip*, even though my screen time was only four minutes after it was pared down. If I wear my hair curly, women in elevators say, 'You're the girl with the baseball bat!'" **HER ADVICE FOR PERFORMERS JUST STARTING OUT:** "Find that thing you're good at, the thing that makes you unique, and stay there. That's what will make you succeed." **HOW SHE SEES HERSELF:** "I'm a comedienne; I feel it's what I'm best at. I exited the womb with a top hat and cane. Laughter is a momentary escape from reality. There's nothing more satisfying."—L.M.

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by Leonard Maltin

The Anniversary Party (See review) Jennifer Jason Leigh and Alan Cumming host a memorable party full of drama, color, humor and dynamic performances by friends Kevin Kline, Phoebe Cates, Gwyneth Paltrow, Parker Posey and John C. Reilly. **YYY**

Bridget Jones's Diary (Listed only) Renée Zellweger has star quality to burn (with a perfect Brit accent and 40 extra pounds) in this entertaining comedy about a 32-year-old single woman's misadventures. **YYY**

Kingdom Come (Listed only) LL Cool J gives an impressive performance in this warmhearted comedy about a raucous family that gathers for a funeral. Whoopi Goldberg, Vivica A. Fox, Jada Pinkett, Cedric the Entertainer, Loretta Devine and Toni Braxton also star. **YYY**

Lakeboat (See review) Fans of David Mamet's plays will enjoy watching Peter Falk, Charles Durning, Robert Forster and company speaking his dialogue, even though the series of vignettes about the crew of a freighter never quite becomes a movie. **YYY/2**

The Man Who Cried (See review) Christina Ricci brings a blank stare to her role as a girl with a hidden past who comes of age in Paris on the eve of World War II. **YY**

Songcatcher (See review) Janet McTeer stars in this brilliant drama about a fiercely independent woman who ventures into Appalachia to collect authentic folk songs—and learns a fair amount about life itself. Maggie Greenwald's original screenplay and direction make this a gem. **YYYY**

Spy Kids (Listed only) Director Robert Rodriguez has produced that amazing rarity—a family film that adults can enjoy as much as children. Antonio Banderas and Carla Gugino star in this imaginative adventure that proves a movie aimed at kids can be cool without being crude. **YYY**

Startup.com (See review) This terrific documentary is a must-see—a compelling portrait of how friendship is devoured in an effort to storm the e-business world. **YYY/2**

The Tailor of Panama (Listed only) Pierce Brosnan, Geoffrey Rush and Jamie Lee Curtis star in John Boorman's film from a John LeCarré novel about a rotter from the British secret service who stirs things up in Panama City. The film delights in its own nastiness, but that wears thin after a while. **YY**

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

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GUEST SHOT



"My favorite movies are *Mean Streets*, *Manhattan*, *Taxi Driver*, *Casino*—which I think is a masterpiece—and *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*," says actor **Denis Leary**. "They're great movies, with great directors and great actors. I'll watch those movies, plus another 10 or 15, once or twice every year. I have a big screen in my office in the city and another one in my country house, so I'll just sit down for marathon viewings." —SUSAN KARLIN

BULLY, BULLY

Director Larry Clark's *Bully*, in theaters this month, is based on the Florida case of a teen bully lured to his death by his fed-up high school victims. When it comes to alpha males, revenge isn't often right, but it's always sweet.

My Bodyguard (1980): Brutish Matt Dillon, in his second film, extorts lunch money from undersized Chris Makepeace, who befriends loner Adam Baldwin. But Baldwin is reluctant to protect his pal, for mysterious reasons. Look for young Jennifer Beals as a classmate.

Stand by Me (1986): Nowadays Kiefer Sutherland's teen tough guy Ace Merrill would be diagnosed as desensitized, but as this is set in the Fifties, he's just an asshole. Sutherland steals his scenes in this coming-of-age classic.

Straw Dogs (1971): Sam Peckinpah's brutal fantasy about Milquetoast Dustin Hoffman defending his rural home, under siege by the gaggle of Brit hillbillies who raped his wife (Susan George).

The Waterboy (1998): Football coach Jerry Reed and his redneck college charges relentlessly ridicule the seemingly brain-damaged water boy (Adam Sandler), driving him to a gentler school where coach Henry Winkler discovers his talent for tackling.

Boys Don't Cry (1999): The nation's lingering—and often violent—antigay culture is the bully in this true story. A disguised Teena Brandon (Oscar-winning Hilary Swank) lives as a man, with deadly consequences.

The Karate Kid (1984): Sadistic majordomo at the dojo Martin Kove instructs his

simpleminded students to attack the new kid in town (Ralph Macchio), until Japanese handyman Pat Morita teaches him how to "wax off" like a champ.

Bullies (1986): That nasty Cullen clan thinks they own the mountain, and uses deadly force to intimidate the townsfolk. But they weren't counting on the new city slicker (Jonathan Crombie) to stand up to them. An unheralded pleasure.

Plunkett and Macleane (1999): Ken Stott is the archetypal cunning sheriff, named Chance, on the trail of gentlemen bandits Jonny Lee Miller and Robert Carlyle through 18th century London. Does Chance get his? Oh my, yes. Underrated and unappreciated, despite Liv Tyler.

I Spit on Your Grave (1978): A no-budget exploitation shocker: Camille Keaton is brutalized and left for dead in the woods by four rednecks. Dead? Not quite, but they soon will be. Castration, hanging, ax murder and death by outboard motor. This one has it all. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

DISC ALERT

You don't need to be a fan of the Sci Fi Channel to appreciate Nova Scotia's *Lexx*, a space adventure produced in Halifax with less self-importance than is typical for the form. In fact, now that the first eight episodes of the show's second season have been collected on a pair of DVDs (Acorn Media, \$30 each), you don't need cable. A black comedy more akin to the BBC's *Red Dwarf* than *Star Trek*, *Lexx* features sizzling German-born beauty Xenia Seeberg as Xev, strange

NOW SHOWING


Steven Spielberg's *AI: Artificial Intelligence* was a project that Stanley Kubrick worked on but decided he couldn't complete. It's time to savor those astonishing films he did finish. Criterion Collection is out with a two-disc *Spartacus* (\$50) with multiple commentaries—including black-listed screenwriter Dalton Trumbo's. The Stanley Kubrick Collection from Warner Bros. (\$200) includes *The Shining*, *Barry Lyndon*, *Full Metal Jacket*, *2001*, *Eyes Wide Shut*, *Lolita*, *Clockwork Orange* and an excellent full-length documentary from Kubrick collaborator Jan Harlan. —JOHN REZEK



visitor from another planet, with sexual urges far beyond those of mortal women. Alas, because all of her fellow crew members are sexually unavailable for one reason or another, they basically cruise the galaxy, blowing up planets (successfully) and looking to get laid (unsuccessfully). Although the DVDs do include a few extra scenes that didn't air on Sci Fi, poor Xev's drive remains in PARK at disc's end. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

video mood meter

MOOD	MOVIE
OSCAR WINNER	<i>Traffic</i> (Oscar winner Steven Soderbergh's searing ensemble drama indicts drug-war futility from every angle), <i>Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon</i> (kung-fu warriors brood, battle, fly and make Western viewers weep in 2000's Best Foreign Film).
ADAPTATION	<i>Cast Away</i> (efficiency nut Hanks gets time galore on a desert isle; absorbing if light <i>Robinson Crusoe</i> tale), <i>The House of Mirth</i> (Gillian Anderson surprises as Edith Wharton's comely, complex, spinsterish heroine; an opulent sleeper).
FAMILY	<i>You Can Count on Me</i> (two adult siblings, orphaned as kids, butt heads gently in Kenneth Lonergan's intimate drama), <i>The Family Man</i> (urban stud Cage gets lost on the suburban tire-salesman road not taken; not Capra, but not bad).
THRILLER	<i>AntiTrust</i> (software whiz crashes evil plot by Tim Robbins—not playing Bill Gates; cheesy fun at not-Microsoft's expense), <i>Vertical Limit</i> (Chris O'Donnell leads a K2 rescue team through countless perils: <i>Cliffhanger</i> cool, but rocky).
IMPORT	<i>Yi Yi</i> (familiar troubles befuddle a middle-class Taipei family; uniquely refreshing work by Taiwan's Edward Yang), <i>Malèna</i> (Giuseppe Tornatore's fable of WWII Sicily casts luscious Monica Bellucci as local object of worship; a good idea).



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By MARK FRAUENFELDER

LATE FEES ARE SO NINETIES

I wasn't planning to buy a DVD player. I was happy with my VCR, even though late fees were killing me. Then I found Netflix.com, an online DVD subscription service that doesn't charge late fees. Netflix has more to offer than unlimited rental time. For \$20 a month, you can rent as many DVDs as you want. They send you up to three at a time, and when you're ready to return the DVDs, just mail them back in the envelope they were sent in. Netflix pays shipping both ways. When Netflix gets them back from you, they send the other DVDs in your rental queue. My favorite feature is the recommendation service. After you rate several movies, Netflix will show you a list of movies they think you'll enjoy. This works



surprisingly well. For \$40 a month Netflix offers a premium program that allows you up to eight DVDs at a time.

ALL ART GUIDE

The Internet Movie Database (imdb.com) and the All Music Guide (allmusic.com) are the best resources for finding out about film stuff and music. Their users provide much of the content. The more people use the sites, the bigger their databases become. There's a similar site for art, artloop.com. When I checked the preview site for Artloop, it offered information on 8000 artists (it promises 50,000 by summer). It's easy to spend an hour reading about artists from different periods, movements and genres. My only complaint is that Artloop doesn't feature enough sample paintings. In fact, that's the same problem I have with imdb.com and allmusic.com. They'd be better with video and audio clips that you could access from the sites. The creators of Artloop promise to offer more images in the database after they deal with copyright issues. For now, you can use Artloop to read about an artist, then go to google.com to find photographs of his or her work.

LAUGH AT OTHER PEOPLE'S JUNK

Every once in a while you'll come across something on eBay—a bent paper clip, a stuffed antelope-butt trophy—that makes

you wonder about the seller's sanity. Weirder yet are the people crazy enough to bid on the junk. The idea behind WhoWouldBuyThat.com is to showcase the strangest auctions on the web. Last time I checked it out, the site had links to auctions for an audio recording of a 1972 funeral service, a human fetus pendant and a filthy life-size clown doll with a lewd expression on its face. I can't wait to go back for more.



SCAMBUSTERS

The web is a petri dish for scams because it's easy for rip-off artists to set up a false front and then disappear in a blink after fleecing their marks. On Quatloos.com, you can read about dozens of web-based financial frauds, ranging from the Nigerian scam letter (which invites you to share in mil-

lions of illegally acquired dollars if you wire the sender \$100,000 to set up a bank account in Nigeria) to the latest "virtual stock exchange" shenanigans (in which shares of nonexistent companies are bought and sold by greedy fools). There's even a "cybermuseum of scams and frauds" with actual court cases. Besides being fun to read, these stories of pecuniary high jinks will fine-tune your bullshit detector. The next time you get e-mailed an offer that sounds too good to be true, you'll drag it to the recycling bin.

EXHIBITIONS



E-MAIL PLUS

My new favorite e-mail program is Microsoft Entourage, which comes as part of Office 2001 for Macintosh. A souped-up version of the wonderful—and free—Outlook Express (which you can download at mactopia.com), Entourage has an appointment manager, to-do list, address book and notepad that synchronize with my Palm (better than the weak Palm Desktop program). My two favorite things about Entourage are flags, which let you attach a reminder to deal with a message later, and Address AutoComplete, which stores 150 e-mail addresses for easy recall. The drawback is that if you want Entourage, you have to buy the Office package, which includes Word, Excel and PowerPoint. It retails for \$499, or, if you are upgrading from an earlier Office version, \$299.

QUICK HITS

NASA's incredible Picture of the Day site: antwrp.gsfc.nasa.gov/apod/archivepix.html. . . . Build your own multitool at www.gerberblades.com. . . . Find out how much your neighbors paid for their houses at domania.com.

CALIFORNIA SCHEMING

Walter Mosley and Sue Grafton love to mix mystery and California history. In Mosley's new *Fearless Jones* (Little, Brown), set in 1954 Los Angeles, laid-back narrator Paris Minton is seduced, slugged and shot at. When his beloved Watts bookstore is torched, he turns to his best pal, World War II hero Fearless Jones—an unstoppable force as honorable as he is trouble prone. Minton and Jones stumble through a fast, funny, twisted tale involving racist cops, original gangstas, Nazis and a treacherous beauty, all seeking a fabulous fortune. It's *The Maltese Falcon* as filmed by

Spike Lee. Grafton's *P Is for Peril* (Putnam), like all of sleuth Kinsey Millhone's cases, takes place in the Eighties. This time, she's on the trail of a missing millionaire, but the peril stems from her rental of office space from two homicidal brothers, who eventually turn on her. A shrewd Californian like Kinsey should have known—on the West Coast somebody is always trying to make a killing in real estate. —DICK LOCHTE



WHEN JOHNNY CAME MARCHING HOME

Gail Buckley's *American Patriots: The Story of Blacks in the Military From the Revolution to Desert Storm* (Random House) thoroughly details the struggle of black Americans for acceptance in their country's armed conflicts. It also presents the fierce opposition of some to the idea of blacks' carrying arms under any circumstances. After World War I, 78 blacks were lynched, 10 of them ex-soldiers. Although black soldiers died in every war fought by Americans, it wasn't until 1948 that they officially integrated the armed forces. The greatest appeal of this book lies in its individual stories. Robert Smalls, the slave pilot of the armed Confederate dispatch boat *Planter*, sailed out of Charleston Harbor and surrendered the vessel to Union blockade ships while the white captain and crew were ashore. He was rewarded by Congress and made captain of the *Planter* after it was refitted as a gunboat. *Patriots* offers an inspiring account of African American heroism from the first days of the Revolution to the present. It is also an indictment of calculated racism. Despite its litany of injustices, *Patriots* is a work of remarkable scholarship and heart. —STANLEY BOOTH



MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

Americo had a strange effect on Istvan Banyai when he moved here from Hungary. He did the sensible thing and became an artist. You see his illustrations accompanying *The Playboy Advisor*. Banyai's art has been compiled in *Minus Equals Plus* (Abrams). In his postapocalyptic world, heroin chic is the norm. In one painting, a boy plays in a bathtub; in the next panel, the boy is actually a toy inside a dollhouse. In subsequent panels, Banyai reveals that the dollhouse is an illustration in a comic book, read by an aborigine, who is a speck of color on an Australian stamp. Pulling the perspective farther away in each panel increases the cool, trippy effect. —PATTY LAMBERTI



Choke

Chuck Palahniuk

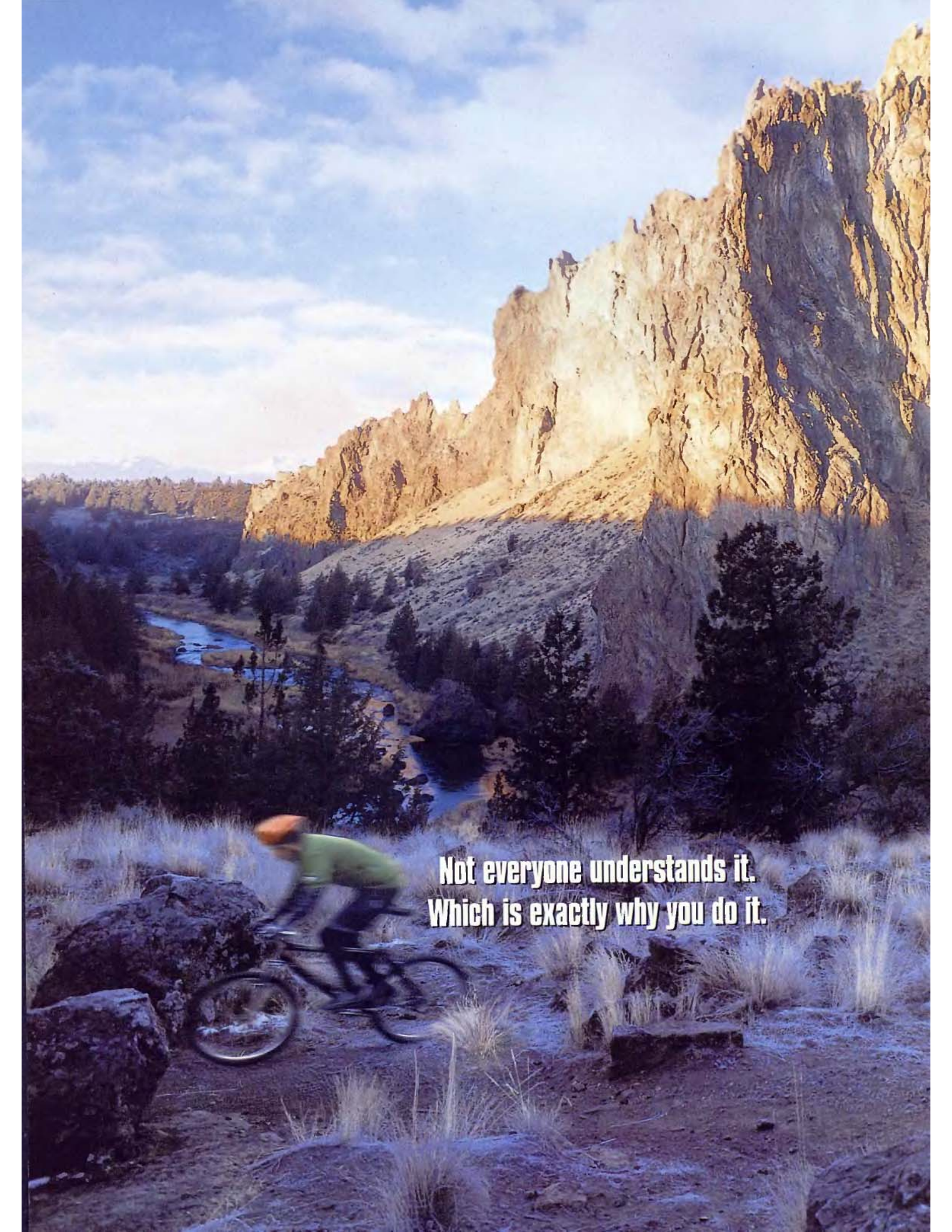


ALL CHOKED UP
Victor Mancini is a sex-addicted medical school dropout in Chuck Palahniuk's latest novel, *Choke* (Doubleday). He lives by the motto "If somebody saves your life, they will love you forever," and he's starving for affection. His mother has Alzheimer's, his sex life consists of random acts on filthy bathroom floors and his day job surrounds him with stoned-out losers. Mancini feels worthy only when he fakes choking in restaurants and gets saved by fellow diners. Palahniuk—who scored big with *Fight Club*—excels at black-tar humor. Mancini is abominable, but we'd give him the Heimlich any day. —ALISON LUNDGREN

PISS AND VINEGAR

Joe Queenon is America's preeminent wisenheimer. In *Balsamic Dreams: A Short but Self-Important History of the Baby Boomer Generation* (Holt), he asks how the children of the altruistic Sixties became the self-absorbed, whiny greedmongers of today. Queenon takes no prisoners. Why do we immortalize once-in-a-lifetime events on T-shirts? Why is our sarcasm prefob? Why do we wallow in displays of multicultural sensitivity? He isn't having any of it. Queenon endures boomers as he would itchy underpants; his readers have the luxury of shoring his crabbiness without feeling his pain. —JOHN REZEK





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By ASA BABER

THE QUOTES that follow are from a web page for the University of Michigan's Programs in Women's and Gender Studies (flint.umich.edu/departments/catalog/cas/wgs.html). This particular program was chosen at random, but be advised that there are hundreds of well-funded gender studies programs in colleges and universities across the U.S.

The gender studies program at the University of Michigan has a faculty of some 29 professors (about 80 percent of them female) and can be taken as an undergraduate minor. As the website says: "The Women's and Gender Studies minor is interdisciplinary. It draws on recent scholarship in many fields. This work demonstrates that traditional scholarship has neglected both the study of women's agency and creativity and the analysis of women's oppression."

Twenty-one credits are required to earn a minor degree. Including the two English courses that "may be taken as electives when offered on themes of women's writing," there are approximately 20 courses from different departments in the program.

One of the most important courses offered is Introduction to Women's Studies, which includes "examination of the feminist reconstruction of knowledge; differences among women based upon race/ethnicity, class, sexual orientation; cultural representation of women; divisions of labor based on gender and race; politics of women's personal lives; women's activism. Focus on women in the U.S."

This course is followed by Introduction to Feminist Theory, which studies "some of the main perspectives in feminist thought, including liberal feminism, Marxist feminism, radical feminism, socialist feminism. Application of these theories to one or more social issues of particular interest to feminists, such as affirmative action, procreative freedom and motherhood." (I looked for some mention of conservative perspectives in feminist thought but found none.)

Women and Work reviews "women's paid employment and job segregation by sex; relation of women's paid work to women's family work, nature of women's jobs and occupations and a variety of state policies that influence women's employment." It also studies the roles of "white women and women of color in the advanced capitalist economy of the United States."

The topics in a course called Women as Artists include "the historical slighting of women artists, feminist imagery, politics and contemporary feminist criticism." And in Girls, Culture and Educa-



SWEPT AWAY

tion, students receive an "interdisciplinary introduction to empirical research and critical inquiry on the education of girls in the U.S.," as well as a "study of contemporary educational thought on the gendered social and cultural context of schooling."

Gender and Society, an upper-level course, looks at the "nature and causes of sex stratification in society, Freudian and neo-Freudian perspectives, Marxist perspectives, structural functionalism and radical feminism. Interpersonal and institutional processes that operate to keep women and men in their place in American society. Alternatives to structured sexual inequality in societies."

Sex, Work and International Capital analyzes the "significance of women's labor to international capital from a cross-cultural perspective" and examines "social construction of 'third world' and 'development,' and material conditions of lives of women across race, class and national boundaries." This is followed by Sex and Gender in Cross-Cultural Perspective, which discusses "cultural construction of femaleness, maleness and sexual behaviors and their relationships (or lack of relationship) to gender stereotypes."

Then there is Scripted: Sex and Gender in the Theater, which studies "the politics of representation, the theatrical tradition of cross-dressing, performance art and the relationship of theater art to pornography and voyeurism," as well as specialized courses such as Caribbean Women Writers, which gives students the chance to see the "ways in which anticolonial discourse, issues of exile and sanctuary, and revisions of the literary

tradition of the Caribbean are manifested in their literature."

Some of the other courses in the Women's and Gender Studies programs: Clothing in Western Culture, Black Women Writers of the World, Gender and Communication, Family, Sex and Marriage in Early Modern Europe, Women in Western Societies, History of American Women.

As the web page says, "Courses in the minor are concerned with the changing nature of what society considers 'feminine' and 'masculine.'" (Again, this is the kind of language you will find in most American university catalogs today.)

These pages are not for regular guys, in general, and not for the average male student, but for the female faculty and students who want to participate in a gender studies program that encourages every form of diversity but one—diversity of thought.

I happen to be in favor of gender studies programs in our colleges and universities—if they are structured justly and properly. If they were designed to examine all questions of gender and identity (not just the politically correct ones), they could provide both men and women with a better sense of themselves, their families and their histories. A healthier environment could be a result of more-balanced programs (an environment that admits that men and women have equivalent problems in this culture and that sexism cuts both ways).

I hope that gender studies programs throughout the land will become more intellectually honest and academically balanced. Back in October 1988 I wrote a *Men* column called "The Class of 1992." In it I said: "Men's studies programs equal in rank, stature and budget to current women's studies programs are nonexistent today. Why this monopoly of feminist thought on today's college campuses? It's obvious—and generally unmentioned in classrooms or in national debate. Sexism takes many forms, and today's academic feminism is one of the most virulent.

"What does this have to do with you? Everything. You are being denied an education about yourself. Worse, you're living in a culture that assumes you have no problems worth examining. So your assignment is to improve the impoverished condition of your university's course offerings."

Gentlemen (and fair-minded ladies), check out some of the websites and ask yourself for whom the web tolls—i.e., what educational and political values are being expressed in these programs? And then let us pray.



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MANTRACK

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Faster Than a Speeding Bullitt

Steve McQueen's 12-minute chase through the streets of San Francisco in *Bullitt* is one of the most famous car scenes ever filmed. McQueen drove a 1968 Mustang GT fastback (pictured above left) that's not too different from the Ford 2001 Mustang GT Bullitt coupe pictured here. For about \$27,500, you get a new Mustang GT Premium coupe tricked out with a special Bullitt package that includes a 275 hp V8, five-speed gearbox, performance suspension and such interior appointments as special instrumentation, a six-disc CD player and aluminum trim. Exterior touches include rocker moldings, side scoops and a Bullitt badge. Available in three colors: blue, black and green (shown). Because only 5000 Bullitt Mustangs will be offered for sale, the car should become a collector's prize.

HOW TO TOSS FOOD IN A PAN LIKE A CHEF

1

USE NONSTICK PAN WITH SLOPED SIDES. MAKE SURE INGREDIENTS YOU WISH TO TOSS DO NOT STICK TO THE PAN.



2

THRUST PAN FORWARD AND FLIP THE FAR EDGE SLIGHTLY.



3

CATCH THE AIRBORNE FOOD IN THE PAN, JOSTLE IT, REPEAT.



The Wines of Summer

We like light French wines in summer, so we asked our friends at Sam's Wine and Spirits in Chicago (soms.wine.com) to pick four wines between \$20 and \$35 a bottle that fit the season. Their choices: a 1998 Lodoucette Pouilly-Fumé, an excellent, gunflint dry wine from the Loire made from sauvignon blanc grapes. Guigal's 1999 Condrieu is a floral Viognier with an appealing herbal and acidic balance. The Pouilly-Fuissé 1999 from Verget in the Mâcon region is made from chardonnay but is more crisp than lush. The Château de Trocy Pouilly-Fumé 1998, from one of the region's great estates, is vibrant and fresh. Now you can toast summer.



MANTRACK



Angler's Heaven

Mention the Catskills and that old sleepyhead Rip Van Winkle jumps to mind. There is another Catskills world—a cluster of streams and rivers where anglers have fly-fished for trout for more than a century. But casting from the shore of Esopus Creek (above) at Elmer's Bend is only part of the sport's pleasure. Private clubs, where tall fish tales are swapped over tall glasses of scotch, also abound. For a look at the rivers, tackle and heritage of the sport, pick up a copy of *Land of Little Rivers*, a \$60 book that's a "story in photos of Catskill fly-fishing," by piscatorial historian Austin McK. Francis. Contact Beaverkill Press at 212-288-7782 to place an order or go to beaverkillpress.com.



Saving Face

Baseball players and managers going for the gold now tote something silver along with them, too. The latest locker-room status symbol is the snazzy silver-mesh shave kit by Zirh pictured here. According to the company, it's the on-the-road choice for the Los Angeles Dodgers, Sammy Sosa, Manny Ramirez and Joe Torre—among other major leaguers. (Celebrities such as David Schwimmer and Jason Priestley also like it.)

The kit contains four Zirh products: Clean (an alphahydroxy face wash), Scrub (an exfoliant), Shave Gel with aloe vera and Soothe (moisturizer). The price: about \$60, in department stores or from zirh.com.

Clothesline: Trevor Goddard and Alan Cumming

"I grew up poor, so I wore sweats a lot—and still do," says Trevor Goddard (right), a former boxer who plays Mic Brumby on CBS' *Jag*. (His favorites are by Nike and Tommy Hilfiger.) Being from Australia, Goddard is also partial to Kangol caps with the kangaroo logo. "I turn them backward the way Samuel L. Jackson does." Suits from Ermenegildo Zegna and Versace are his choices when he's dressing up, "but I don't want to sound like a wanker soying, 'because I'm now on a show, I sleep in Versace.' That's not me." Alan Cumming (right), who's in *Josie and the Pussycats* and *The Anniversary Party*, which he co-wrote and co-directed with Jennifer Jason Leigh, says he loves Alexander McQueen, Valentino and Proda. But his favorite designer is Cynthia Rowley. "She's a good friend, and I was her muse for a collection she did last year. Cynthia's clothes are very colorful and very me."



Guys Are Talking About . . .

Funky condoms. The funkiest is *Night Light*, the first glow-in-the-dark condom cleared for marketing by the FDA. "Every night will be a little brighter with the *Night Light*," says Davin Wedel, president of Global Protection, the manufacturer. "We would like to give the phrase 'rise and shine' a whole new meaning." Price: about \$4 for three, from nightlightcondoms.com. • **Status molt beverages.** Modonno was seen drinking *Smirnoff Ice* at the film premiere for her husband's film *Snatch*. Pop the top off a cold 12-ounce long-neck and drink *Ice* right from the bottle—no sissy glasses. The taste is citrusy, with light carbonation. Great for the beach. Price: about \$7 a six-pack. Bars, clubs and restaurants carry it, too. • **Internet radios.** Philips' FW-i1000 is one of the first minisystems to free Internet radio from your PC. Attach it to your broadband connection and you'll be able to tune in to any of the thousands of global broadcasts available online. Our current favorite: traffic reports from Bloemfontein, South Africa. • **Monitor prices.** Samsung has introduced a 15-inch flat-panel monitor priced at \$550. The SyncMaster 570 vTFT takes up just a third of the desk space needed for a CRT model. It also calls for considerably less electricity than a similar-size CRT would.



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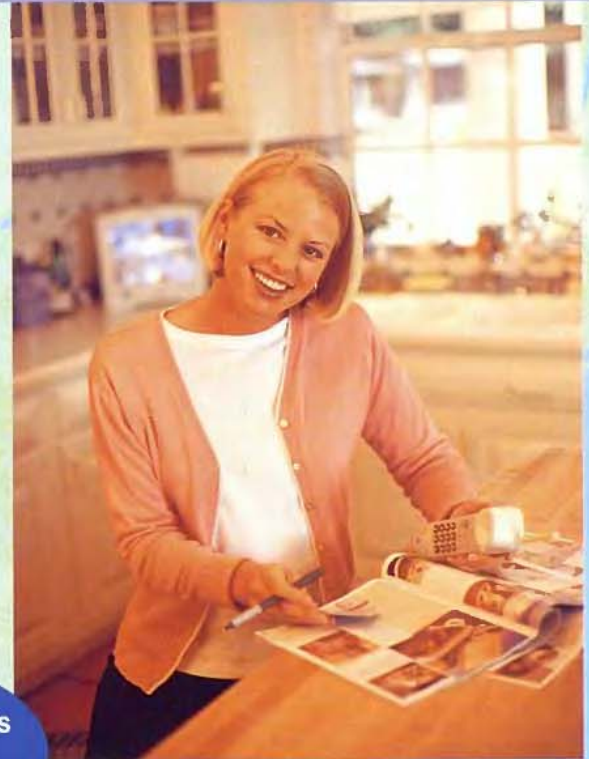


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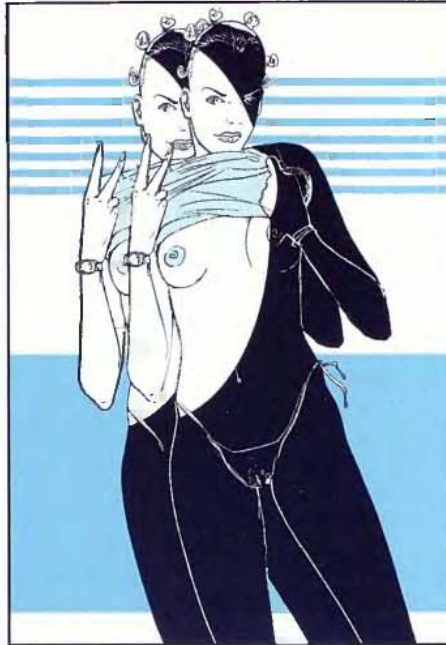
The Playboy Advisor

My boyfriend wants me to give him a lap dance, but I've never done anything like that before. How can I make it good for him?—S.K., Atlanta, Georgia

Sometimes this job can be a real grind. To research your question, we were forced to spend several afternoons ordering lap dances and observing the dancers' techniques at Crazy Horse Too in Chicago. Our favorite, Kennedy, provided this advice free of charge: "Dim the lights, put on some Sade or Enigma and make him sit on his hands. There will be no touching, except what you initiate. As you dance and tease him, imagine you're a cat. Purr if it helps you get in the mood. Start on the opposite side of the room and walk slowly toward him, so he can take you in. You can dress in lingerie or as a librarian or businesswoman or maid and strip as you dance; whatever turns him on. Just don't give it up during the first song. Take your time; the longer he has to wait, the crazier he'll get. Blow in his ear and whisper to him. Taunt him a little. 'You like what you see?' Show him your ass. Rub your hands up and down your body. Cup your breasts. Wet your nipples. Place your breasts close to his face. Lick your lips. Look yourself over as if it were the first time you'd ever seen yourself nude. I call it the PLAYBOY gaze, because the Centerfolds often have it. When you've teased him plenty, sit on his lap facing away from him and lean your head back. That gives him a nice view of your tits. We can't touch the men who visit our club, but you have more freedom. If you feel generous, let him put his hands on your hips as you grind. If he tries to move them anywhere else, whisper in his ear, 'No touching.' One last thing: Always remember to get your money." Kennedy accepts cash, but how your boyfriend pays for his dance is negotiable.

Some websites will mail you a supply of Viagra without your having to see a doctor. Is it legal to get the drug that way?—P.L., Roanoke, Virginia

Many states have cracked down on doctors who write new prescriptions without seeing patients, but just as many allow it. That's why so many websites are able to offer Viagra and other drugs. Typically, a site will ask you to fill out a questionnaire about your medical history, which is forwarded to a physician for review. If he doesn't see (or chooses to ignore) red flags such as heart disease, he writes the prescription and charges you for the "visit." The scrip can only be filled by the site's pharmacist, who isn't offering any bargains. Sites based entirely overseas may not bother with the prescription, but because they're outside the jurisdiction of the FDA, you have no assurance of what you're actually getting, or its quality. Before you buy any prescription drug online, check with the National Association of Boards of Pharmacy



at www.nabb.org to determine if the site is legitimate. The primary reason to see a physician is that your erection difficulties may indicate a more serious problem, e.g., prostate cancer. Because an Internet consultation is a one-way conversation, an online doc could miss important symptoms.

I meet a lot of nice women but as soon as I tell them about my interest in swinging, it's over. Do you have any suggestions?—H.W., Chicago, Illinois

So, that's your line: "I'd love to be with you—at an orgy"? You can't expect most women to respond favorably before they know you well, or before you have any clue if they share your love of adventure. The dating advice we provided in last month's column applies here as well. Ask your swinging friends to set you up with single, open-minded women, and eventually one will click.

Judging by the letters that the Advisor has received during the past six months, husbands' masturbating is a sensitive issue for a lot of women. Ladies, we are all bothered by our guys' masturbating. It is a selfish act that makes us feel a variety of things, from rejected to worthless to unattractive to cheated on. However, guys are going to continue to masturbate. They can't help themselves. They say to themselves, "It's there, it feels good, so why not?" Women have more control. So what can you do? Confront your husband. Ask him how often he does it, what he thinks about, if it is a reflection on your relationship and what you can do to make him turn to you for pleasure. Your husband is not going to want to discuss this. Masturbation is something he

has hidden since age 12 or 13 and he's going to feel you have invaded his private world. If he is like most guys, he will make a smartass comment and change the subject. This is where you will have to stress how deeply it affects you. If he loves you completely, he will listen and eventually the conversation will unfold. I'm not saying that he'll stop, but at least he knows how you feel. Then, if the masturbation continues and your sex life suffers, he won't be surprised when you move on.—R.R., Atlanta, Georgia

Who, exactly, are you going to move on to? A guy who doesn't masturbate, or just one who's better at hiding it from you? Since we're growing weary of justifying this natural, healthy and almost universal practice among husbands and boyfriends, we'll make your letter our last on this topic for a while. Our position again is that touching yourself is kosher, as long as it isn't a substitute for an active sex life with your partner. Women don't possess more control than men, or less desire. They're simply more often socialized not to explore "down there." Those who work past that taboo have a wonderful time. Many of our female readers will be amused at your notion that they should "confront" their partner about his lifelong habit, as if he needed an intervention ("Honey, your family is here because we feel you're wrestling the noodle a little too much"). In our world—and we're glad to live in it—a guy telling his wife what he thinks about when he masturbates is called foreplay.

I was in New York with friends recently, and we ordered wine. The sommelier showed us the bottle, then stepped to the sideboard to pour a sample. He offered me the sample, I approved and then he brought the three other glasses. They each had a light residue on them, as if they were dirty. When I asked about it, he said he had primed them with a small amount of the wine, poured from one glass to the next and then thrown out, because it allows the bouquet an early start. Have you ever heard of this?—H.R., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

We've seen it done. The explanation we got was that it ensured that whatever contaminants might have been in the glasses, such as soap residue, had been vanquished. Does it do any harm? No. Is it fun? Sure. Should you tip more for it? Forget it.

After 20 years of marriage and rather standard sex, my wife is getting adventurous. Without any prompting on my part, she has started to blow me regularly and swallow my come. She never let me ejaculate on her before, much less in her mouth. A few months after that she

encouraged me to enter her anally. She seemed to like it as much as I did and has initiated this several times since. Two weeks ago, while I was taking a nap, she gave me a back rub and then tied my hands behind my back. When I started to protest, she tied my legs to the bedpost. She teased me for hours before she finally let me come. Finally, with another couple visiting one night, she suggested some male-female arm wrestling. She put on a show of beating the other guy and then me. I love the new sex play but I am not sure what to make of this. What happened to change a woman in her mid-40s from a conservative lover to an inventive maniac?—G.T., Kansas City, Missouri

Here are some ideas: (1) Your wife's been reading a few good books. (2) Your wife ran into Chyna at the supermarket. (3) Your wife's doctor prescribed a testosterone treatment to boost her libido but overdid it, from his perspective. Without asking her, we can't be sure what led to your wife's transformation. But if you won the lottery, would you waste time analyzing how you chose the numbers, or just enjoy the money?

In March the Advisor discussed ways to get out of a ticket. The police officer you interviewed said admitting your screw-up is the best chance you have. A co-worker was stopped doing 77 mph in a 55 mph zone. When the officer asked him why he was speeding, he said, "Just stupidity, sir." The cop sent him on his way.—T.W., Madison, Wisconsin

See, it works—unless the cop hates stupid people.

Back in February, a reader questioned whether it would be harmful if he and his wife continued swinging even while she was attempting to get pregnant. The Advisor discussed the issue of sperm competition but missed one major point. Research has shown that changing sex partners immediately before and during pregnancy is a risk factor for miscarriage or early labor.—J.M., Albuquerque, New Mexico

You're right. We should have mentioned this risk. Anything that alters the delicate balance of bacteria in the vagina, including genital tract infections and sexually transmitted diseases, can contribute to early labor. That, in turn, can lead to serious lifelong problems for the child, including cerebral palsy, mental retardation, blindness, deafness and respiratory problems. The risk of infection increases when the mother and/or father have other sexual partners besides each other. Let that be a warning to swingers and cheaters: If you're trying to have a baby, or you're expecting one, don't screw around.

What happens to a person's personal e-mail account and/or web page when he or she dies?—T.W., Brooklyn, New York

Like everything else you own, your online

files become the property of your estate. Unless you leave specific instructions, your executor can dispense or dispose of them as he sees fit. If you're a celebrity or an inventor whose e-mail remains have market value, a gold-digging ex may be able to prevent their destruction—one more reason to encrypt that stuff about your pony fetish. As a law professor recently noted online, "If a person password-protected his information and didn't share the password, that's a sign for his heirs that he didn't want anyone rifling through it." If you will your website to a beneficiary, he could keep it up to date indefinitely simply by adding the headline, HE'S STILL DEAD. But without a way to pay the fees, it may eventually go dark. If you're serious about your online legacy, a volunteer organization at afterlife.org keeps sites alive after their owners have logged off.

This is a serious question. I was going down on my wife and she let go of a large amount of flatulence. What would be the proper thing for either of us to say or do when that happens? I was grossed out and my wife became angry, saying I had ruined the mood. (She's the one who failed!) What's the etiquette for this situation?—D.L., Buffalo, New York

*It's always unpleasant to learn the hard way that your wife's gas doesn't smell like potpourri. We suggest that in the future you both make use of a technique described to Jay Leno by an audience member on *The Tonight Show*. She explained that whenever someone in her household felt the need to release, he or she would say, "Safety." This alerted other family members to stand clear. That's an easy courtesy to extend to anyone giving you pleasure.*

What is the best Internet site for a married man to meet women?—V.R., Woburn, Massachusetts

We're not sure, but you'll probably end up at divorce.com.

In the March issue, PLAYBOY featured several models displaying their beautiful feet. An example is the Hennessy ad on the back cover. Will this become a trend? In the event it does, I thought I would share my ideas about what constitutes a hot foot. It should be rounded instead of angular, as if diagrammed using a compass. The toes should be orbs of diminishing diameter, aligned in an arch, with none protruding above or retracting below this line. They also should be free to wriggle, not scrunched together or pressed into angular shapes. The balls of the feet should be well defined, with a high instep and a broad heel. I don't personally meet the definition of a fetishist, because it's not necessary that a woman's feet or any other body part match my ideal. But it's nice when it happens.—R.B., Miami Beach, Florida

Once you start looking for barefoot women, they turn up everywhere. Playboy Special

*Editions has published two volumes of Barefoot Beauties, and many adult movies now seem to include at least one sole-searching scene. One hypothesis is that the relative safety of foot sex becomes more appealing during epidemics of sexually transmitted diseases. A study published a few years ago in *Psychological Reports* argued that each of the three major STD epidemics during the past millennium was accompanied by a surge of interest in the female foot in art, literature and fashion. To see if the pattern continued with AIDS, the researchers counted the number of photos featuring bared female feet in PLAYBOY, Penthouse and six other adult magazines between 1965 and 1994. They found a fourfold increase.*

I am a 28-year-old Christian. When I was 15, I made a vow I would save myself for my future wife. Call me old-fashioned, but I've had the chance to lose my virginity several times and always resisted. As I get older, I'm meeting more and more women who are sexually experienced, and I'm reluctant to ask them out because I fear they will laugh at me. I wish I had never made my promise, although I know in theory that it will lead to a lasting marriage. Do you know how many women have opted to do the same for their future mates?—D.C., Dallas, Texas

Have you considered that your future wife may not want your virginity? Instead, she may prefer a guy who has thrived in and survived a few intimate relationships. We're not saying you should rush out and get laid, but you made this vow before you were emotionally or sexually mature—a true leap of faith about how your life would unfold. According to one study, 16.5 percent of men and 30 percent of women remain virgins until they marry. Other research suggests that these men and women have much lower rates of separation and divorce, but anyone who can abstain in our sexually saturated culture easily has the discipline for a long-term relationship. Don't be ashamed to explain, if necessary, why you're celibate. Your dates will either respect your convictions or become incredibly turned on, but we doubt they'll laugh. If a wily lover manages to seduce you, keep in mind that your innocence had a long life, and that you'll still have a great marriage—maybe with her.

*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 by visiting playboyadvisor.com. The Advisor's latest collection of sex tricks, *365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life*, is available in stores or by phoning 800-423-9494.*





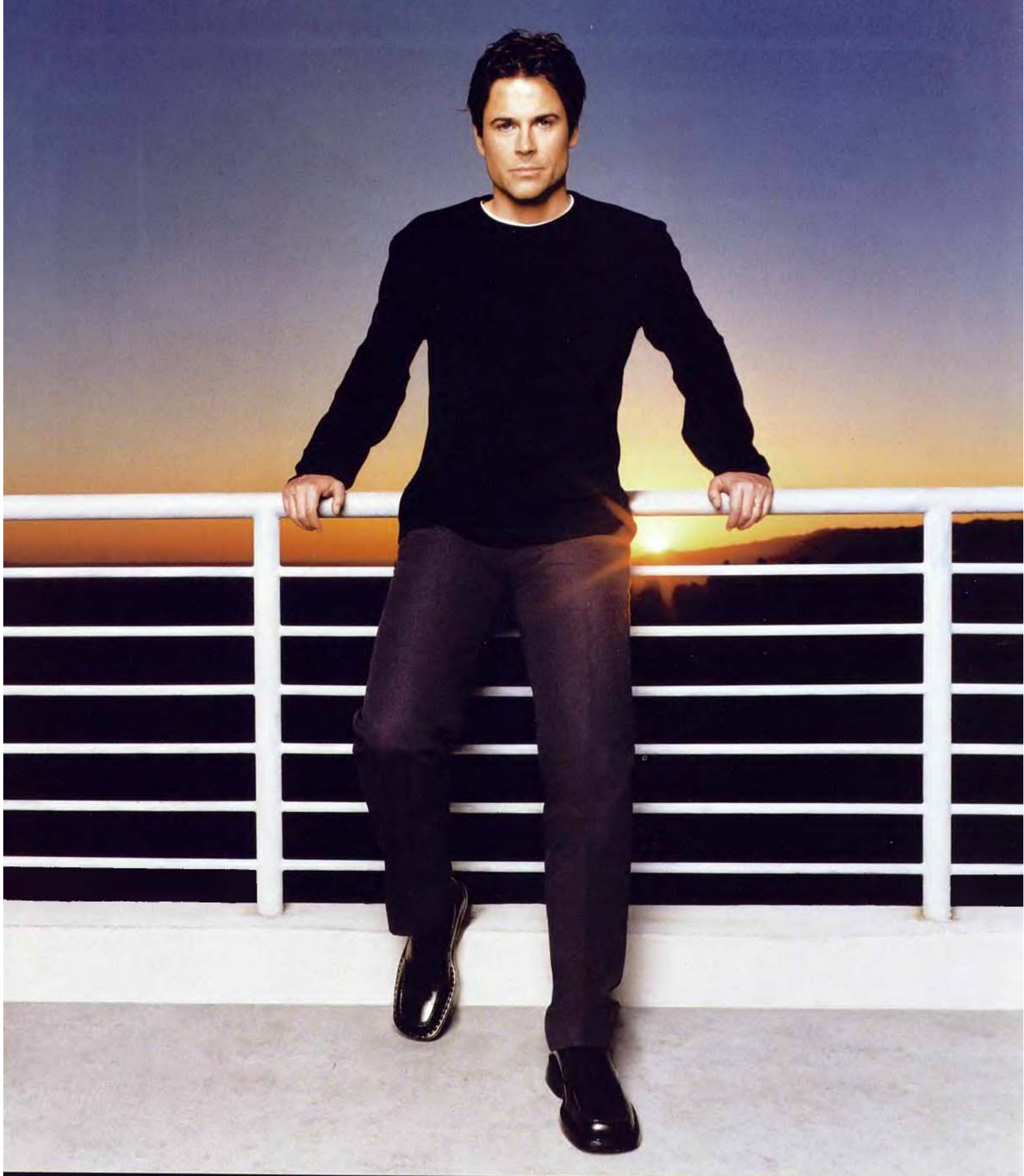
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THE MASTERS VOICE

what we learned from america's foremost sex researcher

On February 16, Dr. William Masters died. We lost a good friend. Our relationship began in 1967, a year after the publication of *Human Sexual Response*, the landmark study that surprised America by occupying the best-seller lists for six months. That same year Dr. Masters and his research partner, Virginia Johnson, approached the Playboy Foundation for funding. (Not yet married, the two stayed in adjoining rooms at the Playboy Mansion.) The St. Louis-based team wanted to start a training program for doctors. Over the next few years, we contributed more than \$300,000 to create a generation of sex therapists. But the relationship went deeper. PLAYBOY editor Nat Lehrman wrote a book, *Masters and Johnson Explained*, to spread the gospel to laymen. This was news you could use. The sex researchers sat for two *Playboy Interviews*, wrote articles for the magazine and willingly shared their expertise with readers of *The Playboy Advisor*. They provided a safe vocabulary, an authority that changed the way we wrote and talked about sex.

Here is just a short list of what we learned from William Masters:

(1) Knowledge is heroic. In 1900 a doctor asked the American Medical Association to publish a monograph on what happens to a woman's body during arousal. The AMA refused. Sixty-six years later Masters and Johnson conducted the research and completed the picture.

(2) Ignorance is not innocence. Even before the publication of *Human Sexual Response*, psychoanalysts attacked Masters and Johnson's research, claiming the objective study of sex in the lab stripped away "modesty, privacy, reticence, abstinence, chastity, fidelity and shame." Now you know why it took 66 years.

(3) Sex belongs in the body. By describing the physiology of human sexual response, the good doctor presented the textbook definition of healthy sex. Sex, thus described, epit-

omizes the natural, the human.

(4) Masters took the labels off sex. This is what happens when humans go through the cycle of excitement, plateau, orgasm and resolution—whether they are single or married, straight or gay.

(5) The ultimate sex authority was antiauthoritarian. In PLAYBOY, Masters said, "Sexual demand seems to be a unique physiological entity. Unlike other demands, it can be withdrawn from; it can be delayed or postponed indefinitely. You cannot do this with bowel function or cardiac or respiratory function. Perhaps



because it can be influenced in this unique manner, sex has been pulled out of context. Lawyers and legislators have taken a hand in telling us how to regulate sexual activity. They don't, of course, presume to regulate heart rate." We never said Masters was a romantic.

(6) Masters rediscovered the clitoris. The clitoris was not completely unknown, just the victim of an odd conspiracy of silence. Medical texts would show female genitalia and not bother to label the clitoris. Even PLAYBOY was an inadvertent participant in the conspiracy of silence: We did not mention the word clitoris in the magazine until 1968. The occa-

sion: our first interview with Masters and Johnson.

(7) Masters inspired the genital gym. Fitness began at home. Teach yourself to reach orgasm, then allow yourself to have an orgasm in the presence of your partner. Show each other what works.

(8) There is no right way to give each other pleasure. The clitoris is the trigger for women, but the whole body is involved in the fireworks. What works, works.

(9) Masters got rid of the stopwatch. It mattered not how long you lasted in bed, although doing it to an entire side of the Rolling Stones' *Exile on Main Street* was not to be dismissed lightly. Masters introduced the term premature ejaculation to the populace. It did not mean coming too quickly, he said. He defined it as "reaching orgasm before your partner does half of the time." He also provided something called the squeeze technique to slow down "ejaculatory inevitability." Yes, he used words like that to describe what we know as oh-God-don't-stop.

(10) He was honest. When asked how he could write a 366-page book on sex that only once mentioned fellatio and never mentioned anal sex, he said simply, "We didn't have the courage." Masters set a high standard

for the sexual scientist: He would talk only about things he had observed in the lab. He would not speculate or opine. He would not offer soundbites on the sexual crises du jour. He abandoned this principle just once, in a book on the AIDS epidemic.

(11) We can make it better. Masters thought sex was important, that every individual had the right to experience his or her body at its best. We don't have to live with dysfunction, or the tragic consequences of ignorance. Every pharmaceutical company that pursues a quality-of-life drug like Viagra does so because William Masters and Virginia Johnson made sexual health a legitimate endeavor.

SEX ON TELEVISION

When the Henry J. Kaiser Family Foundation released *Sex on TV* (2), papers across the nation reported its findings with headlines such as AIRWAVES HEAT UP WITH MORE TV SEX and SALACIOUS PLOTS FILL THE SMALL SCREEN. At the foundation's request, researchers at the University of California-Santa Barbara examined 1114 network and cable programs from the 1999-2000 season and concluded that 68 percent contained flirting, kissing, intimate touching, talking about sex and/or depictions of intercourse. The foundation had commissioned its first *Sex on TV* study in 1997: The new figure represented a 12 percent increase in the sexual content of shows charted earlier.

The researchers found the most sex in sitcoms (84 percent), soaps (80 percent), TV movies (67 percent), talk shows (67 percent) and newsmagazines (59 percent).

The authors of the study focused on the concern that television is molding the sexual attitudes of today's youth. They recited the usual statistics—kids ages 8 to 13 watch 3.37 hours of television per day; those 14 to 18 watch 2.43 hours. One wonders when these couch potatoes have time to fool around, but they do. Half of high school students have had intercourse, although more than half of those did not use a condom the last time they had sex. One in four sexually active kids gets an STD, and more than 750,000 teenagers become pregnant each year.

After suggesting that television is only one of many sources of sexual ideas, the authors of the survey seem to condemn the medium for not presenting the right ideas—i.e., those that would scare the pants back onto most teenagers. TV executives were missing the opportunity to lead: Only 10 percent of programs with sexual content emphasized the risks of sex or depicted the consequences. Tsk, tsk.

The study found itself caught in a classic double bind. TV sets a bad example? Stop the presses. We learn that more teens on television appear to be having sex: from three percent in 1997 to nine percent in the most re-

how much is just enough?
By JAMES R. PETERSEN

cent season. Compared with real rates of high school sex, television teenagers are chaste. But before you turn off *Dawson's Creek*, consider this finding: "Shows in which teens talk about or have sex are twice as likely to include discussion of the risks or responsibilities, compared with all other programs with sexual content."

The Kaiser survey raises an interesting question: How much televised sex—with or without the surgeon general's warning—is proper? And while we're at it, what kind of things qualify as sex?

The Kaiser study, it turns out, leaves a lot to be desired. To begin with, the researchers excluded newscasts, sports and children's

the overall figure. But the authors of the survey have dealt with the media before: They know that small figures don't end up in headlines.

The Kaiser researchers had an expansive definition of sexual content: The 68 percent figure lumped "sexual activity" with "talk about sexuality" "sexually suggestive behavior" and something called "talk toward sex" (which would include flirting and begging). A woman licking her lips provocatively while gazing at a man in a bar or Ally McBeal having sex in a car wash was lumped together with guests on *Sally* debating the line between flirting



programming. On the one hand, that leaves out the purple Teletubby that Jerry Falwell thinks is turning our kids into militant homosexuals. No sports? Dennis Miller on *Monday Night Football* may not qualify as sexual content, but how about those gymnasts in the summer Olympics? Including nightly news stories—Tom, Dan and Peter intoning about AIDS or teen pregnancy—would have raised the quotient of safe-sex stories, as would reports of backseat blow jobs for Hollywood celebrities and the presidential impeachment follies. On the other hand, the inclusion of obviously neutral shows would have dropped

and cheating.

On television (as in real life) talk about sex is more common than actual sex. Nearly two thirds of the shows in the study featured some talk about sex. This included gossip, stories about past loves and, on the bleak side, accounts of rape and other sex crimes (six percent of shows). Are horror stories titillating? If your teen watches a talk show

where a woman describes being molested by her father, will he then try to fondle his girlfriend?

Only 27 percent of the shows presented action rather than words. Physical flirting accounted for 18 percent of the sexual behavior tabulated; passionate kissing, 56 percent; intimate touching, six percent; sexual intercourse (implied), 15 percent; sexual intercourse (depicted), four percent. Broken down another way, 17 percent of the shows examined "precursory behaviors" (gazing, touching, hugging), while 10 percent depicted or strongly implied sexual intercourse. To get that last figure the researchers included all scenes that faded to black as the couple



headed for bed, or those in which the couple woke up in bed together. More than half of these (58 percent) involved situations "in which the characters are known to be nude but are covered by a sheet or other object." Only seven percent showed "private parts" such as breasts, butts or genitals.

To the prude everything hints at sex. The American Family Association used to monitor the jiggle content of *Charlie's Angels* episodes, counting each jiggle, we assume, as a separate sexual event. The Kaiser figure seems a little high. Two out of three programs are marked by sexual content? Maybe if you're watching the Spice Channel.

Bill Maher keeps index cards on a wall in his office that suggest themes for his show, *Politically Incorrect*. One topic: People who are against sex education need it the most. Those who are alarmed by the Kaiser figures will be content only with no sexual content.

Intercourse Strongly Implied

Mimi, who works in a department store with Drew Carey, is a 40ish woman with a zany reputation. This scene begins in the store's parking structure, with Mimi sliding out of the backseat of a car with a huge grin. She is immediately followed out of the car by her fiancé, Steve, who is Drew's brother. They both giggle as she says, "It is more fun doing it in a stranger's car." Mimi opens her purse, pulls out a compact and begins to powder her makeup-covered face. "Do you think we are getting addicted to thrill sex?" she asks him. "I don't know," Steve responds. "Let's talk about it tomorrow—in the changing room at the Baby Gap!" "Oooh!" cries Mimi, and they kiss in approval. (*Drew Carey, ABC*)

Expert Advice and Technical Information

Jane is the parent of two high schoolers—her daughter, Sam, and her stepdaughter, Brooke. Jane discovers a condom in the girls' shared bathroom drawer, so she decides to have a frank talk with them about sex. Horrified at the prospect of such a discussion with their mother, the girls try to defer it. "Mom, we have Cinemax. We don't need to discuss sex," says Sam. Jane says, "I am not going to be one of those parents who lives in denial. Unfortunately, I can't teach you about the emotional side of sex. That, you learn as you go. But I can get rid of your fears and your worries about the plumbing." She then hands some pamphlets titled *Know Your Vagina* to the girls and the scene ends as she asks them, "OK, does everyone know the purpose and the origin of the labia majora?" (*Popular, WB*)

Physical Flirting

Teri and Gwen, friends and business partners, discover they have both been dating the same client, James. To get back at him for this indiscretion, they invite him to their apartment one night, ostensibly to work. After he arrives Teri leaves the room for a moment and returns to find James kissing Gwen. "How dare you!" Teri exclaims. James stammers that he can explain, but Teri interrupts

KAISER PICKS THE HITS

him, saying, "How dare you start without me!" Teri and Gwen seductively pull off their dresses and face James in nothing but their lingerie, seemingly inviting him to be part of a threesome. James says smugly, "Well, this is an interesting development." Gwen

proceeds to unbuckle his belt and whisk the belt off of his pants. Gwen leads James into the bedroom with Teri following. At the entrance to the bedroom Gwen tells him with a whip of his belt that he must go to bed for being naughty. The two women leave the room and return with champagne to find James naked in bed. They then coax him out onto the fire escape, promising to make love to him under the stars. Once he's outside they get their revenge by stealing the sheet he is wearing and shutting the window, leaving him locked outside, naked. (*Fired Up, USA*)

Intercourse Depicted

Ally is walking down a busy street to her office, soaking wet. She encounters John, a co-worker, who questions her appearance. Somewhat dazed, she responds, "I just met this guy, somebody I'd never laid eyes on before. I met him at the car wash. . . . I think he works there." Her story continues. "We certainly laid eyes on each other. He's in the car with me, and we are soaking wet and start reading each other's minds, or I should say fantasies, and we don't say a word. We just start kissing and pulling off each other's clothes and we make love right there inside the car wash." While Ally is narrating the story, there are visual flashbacks of the escapade that show her and the mystery man staring intimately at each other and then passionately kissing. There is water everywhere, they are both soaked and they begin to strip each other's clothes off. The brief flashes show them discreetly nude, having intercourse in many different positions. Then the scene shifts abruptly back to Ally telling John about the event. "I know I used the term make love, but it wasn't that, John. No, it was that other word—that vulgar verb used to describe what two people do. That is what we were doing, and that's what I want to do to him again. That vulgar verb!" (*Ally McBeal, Fox*)

R E A D E R

BATHROOM READING

Political correctness thrives at Oregon State University, my alma mater and also that of your 2000 Playmate of the Year, Jodi Ann Paterson. This e-mail, with the subject heading "Inappropriate Behavior in the Work Environment," was sent by a professor to every member of his department:

"This morning I found a copy of PLAYBOY in the first-floor men's rest room of Cordley West. This is not the first time this has happened, but given that the latest issue appeared in the rest room over the holidays, it suggests that it was not left there by an itinerant undergraduate, but rather by a regular inhabitant of the building (i.e., someone who gets this e-mail). Leaving pornographic magazines in public places is a form of sexual harassment, promoting an antagonistic work environment. I will be turning the magazine over to authorities so they can keep it for fingerprints or whatever, should this inconsiderate behavior recur."

Doug Woodfill

Anacortes, Washington

How does leaving a men's magazine in a men's rest room harass women, who, one assumes, have their own facility? We e-mailed and left a phone message for the professor whose name appears on the message, butterfly specialist Andrew Brower of the Department of Entomology; he did not respond. Oregon State administrators said no formal complaint has been filed.

OFFICE READING

Earlier this year, my boss vacationed in Las Vegas. I suggested that he take a copy of the April PLAYBOY, which features the women of the Hard Rock Casino, and get it autographed. When he returned, he brought me a great souvenir: a copy of the issue signed to me by one of the Robert Palmer girls, Robyn Richelle Williams. As he showed me the page she had autographed, a secretary from human resources walked into the room, then quickly walked out.

A few minutes later, the manager of human resources was standing in the

Former Marijuana Smuggler

Having successfully completed a ten year sentence, incident-free, for importing 75 tons of marijuana into the United States. I am now seeking a legal and legitimate means to support myself and my family.

Business Experience - Owned and operated a successful fishing business- multi-vessel, one airplane, one island and processing facility. Simultaneously owned and operated a fleet of tractor-trailer trucks conducting business in the western United States. During this time I also co-owned and participated in the executive level management of 120 people worldwide in a successful pot smuggling venture with revenues in excess of US\$100 million annually. I took responsibility for my own actions, and received a ten year sentence in the United States while others walked free for their cooperation.

Attributes - I am an expert in all levels of security. I have extensive computer skills, am personable, outgoing, well-educated, reliable, clean and sober. I have spoken in schools to thousands of kids and parent groups over the past ten years on "the consequences of choice", and received public recognition from the RCMP for community service. I am well-traveled and speak English, French and Spanish. References available from friends, family, the U.S. District Attorney, etc.

Please direct replies to
 Box 375, National Post, Classified,
 1450 Don Mills, ON, M3B 3R5

FOR THE RECORD

ARE YOU EXPERIENCED?

—a classified advertisement placed in Canada's National Post by Brian O'Dea, who completed his sentence earlier this year. O'Dea, 52, says he received hundreds of responses, including inquiries from ad agencies, trucking companies and fishing boat owners. He now hosts a weekly talk show on Canadian television about drug legalization, harm reduction and recovery.

doorway. He asked about the PLAYBOY, which I had placed into an envelope to take home. My boss, who is a stand-up guy, explained he had brought it to the office to give to me as a gift and that I wasn't to blame. The manager said that was beside the point because a female employee had seen it. He took the magazine and left.

The following day, I was instructed to report to human resources. You can see where this is going. The manager said that I had been seen with pornography, which violated the company's Standards of Employee Conduct. He said that although he could fire me, the company had decided to give me a break and classify the incident as a

Group II violation, which he defined as "unlawful or improper conduct on or off the job that reflects badly on the company." He said that I had to sign his report acknowledging my misconduct.

I felt that if I did not sign, I would be terminated. I explained to the manager that I had no prior knowledge that my boss would be giving me a PLAYBOY. He asked why I hadn't left the room when I saw the magazine, which almost made me laugh. (I would run to a PLAYBOY, but never from one.) I had to bite my tongue when he next asked what I would have done if a co-worker had offered me marijuana, or if a gun collector showed me one of his weapons at work. After I signed his "stern warning," the manager said I would have to apologize to his secretary. And then, with my boss looking on, he handed me the PLAYBOY and told me that he was going to watch as I ripped it apart and fed it to his shredder.

I still have my job. But my co-workers constantly tease me, saying, "Hey, porn man!" and "Got any magazines?" Was this fair? No. Was this legal? I'm sure it was. I'd like to sign my name to this letter, but I'm gunshy. I've had enough trouble already.

Name Withheld
 Roswell, New Mexico

We asked Robyn to autograph another copy of the April issue for your collection, and she was happy to oblige. You're right; there's nothing illegal about what the manager did, and had you been fired, you likely would have had no recourse. Each company sets its own rules, and the courts provide a lot of leeway. Your manager, had he any skill at his job, should have simply reminded you that some people are easily offended and that the company does not allow adult publications on the job. Making you shred the magazine? C'mon. What a prick.

EXECUTING CRIMINALS

I am a police officer in Los Angeles. On a daily basis, I confront hardened criminals who don't qualify as humans. It burns me up when I see them beat

R E S P O N S E

the system through technicalities and walk out of the court snickering at cops and prosecutors. At times, I feel like killing them with my own hands. However, I still question the morality of executing them.

The death penalty is based on fallacious logic. It has no dissuading power over criminals. If they even consider repercussions before committing a crime, they certainly don't discriminate between the death penalty and life in prison.

That leaves only one other justification—revenge. But even as an act of vengeance, it is an absolute failure. Candlelight vigils, media coverage and the lengthy appeals process often make the criminal look like a victim. The public ends up empathizing with him.

Life in prison without parole, combined with restitution for the victim's family, is a much better alternative. It is time for America to join the civilized nations that have abolished the death penalty.

Sunil Dutta
Los Angeles, California

Recently I read the words written by Robert Wynkfielde more than 400 years ago. He had just watched the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots. "Then she, lying very still upon the block, one of the executioners holding her slightly with one of his hands, she endured two strokes of the other executioner with an ax, she making very small noise or none at all, and not stirring any part of her from the place where she lay: And so the executioner cut off her head, saving one little gristle, which being cut asunder, he lifted up her head to the view of all the assembly and bade God save the Queen."

This sounds like a description of a medical procedure, something unpleasant that had to be done, and so everyone—especially the patient—bore it with good grace. Here is how Plato described the death of Socrates, who was surrounded by his chums, one of whom was the executioner: "The boy went out and stayed a long time, then came back with the man who was to administer the poison, which he brought with him in a cup ready for use. And when Soc-

rates saw him, he said, 'Well, my good man, you know about these things; what must I do?' 'Nothing,' he replied, 'except drink the poison and walk about till your legs feel heavy; then lie down, and the poison will take effect of itself.'" Socrates agreeably followed his advice, and all those present wept over his death.

Good manners were present when Eva Dugan, the only woman ever executed in Arizona, was hanged in 1930. As she stood on the scaffold with a black hood over her head, the prison warden clasped her hand and said, "God bless you, Eva."

The people who officiate at executions are in fact polite. The executioner never seems angry. The inmate is killed, but the killing is strangely passionless. It just seems to be the end result of a bureaucratic procedure, something that the rules demand. These are the things I will never understand.

Barry Graham
Phoenix, Arizona

MORE COMMANDMENTS

Here are the rules I'd post on school walls ("Hang 10," *The Playboy Forum*, March):

- (1) All acquaintances are not your friends, and all strangers are not your enemies.
- (2) Talent is a gift. Character is a choice.
- (3) Learn to read, to laugh and to swim.
- (4) Develop your powers of observation. Nothing is as it seems.
- (5) The big, bad world doesn't owe you a thing.

Bob Beck
Abingdon, Maryland

Here are my suggestions:

- (1) Anarchy is good. Give it a try.
- (2) But never forget how much prison sucks.

Will Mildner
Carlisle, Indiana

WEBSITE SENTENCE

Tammy and Herbert Robinson, the couple arrested in Polk County, Florida because authorities said their website violated local standards ("Indecent Leisure," *The Playboy Forum*, February), reached a settlement with the city. Prosecutors agreed to drop charges if the Robinsons paid a \$2000 fine and promised not to work in any "sexually oriented" business in Polk, Highlands and Hardee counties for the next four years. They paid an awfully high price for exercising their right to free speech.

James Miller
Miami, Florida

Firms should not be allowed to restrict their workers' lawful use of the Internet. As a person who values his privacy, the only time I want my boss in my bedroom is if I'm having sex with her.

Stéphane Landry
Montreal, Quebec

FORUM F.Y.I.

Two San Francisco artists have created a series of sex toys guaranteed to offend, arouse or amuse. The collection includes a Buddha, the devil, the grim reaper, Moses, Judas, the Virgin Mary and two versions of Jesus. They're sold for \$40 to \$75 each at divine-interventions.com, where visitors are invited to leave comments. So far everyone has found the idea outrageous.



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.

FOR THE TIME OF ARGUMENT

it was the ad heard round the world. now you can read it

By now you've heard about the advertisement that political provocateur David Horowitz attempted to place in college newspapers around the country. He sent 10 *Reasons Why Reparations for Slavery Is a Bad Idea—and Racist Too* to more than 70 institutions of higher learning, and most refused to print it. A few of those that did provoked passionate responses:

- At the University of California, students seized copies of the student paper and demanded that editors apologize. They did, accepting blame for being the "vehicle for bigotry." Editors at two other schools also apologized.

- At the University of Wisconsin, 150 students stormed the offices of *The Badger Herald* and called for the editor to resign. She refused.

- At Brown, protesters seized the entire print run of the *Daily Herald*, demanded free space for a counter ad and insisted the paper turn over the \$725 ad fee to a minority student organization. A student explained that confiscating papers was not a First Amendment issue: "If something is free, you can take as many copies as you like. This is not a free-speech issue, it is a hate-speech issue."

Newsweek's Jonathan Alter noted that college editors couldn't win: "If they published the ad and sparked protests, they would bolster Horowitz' point about political correctness; if they refused the ad, they would bolster his point about the lack of free expression." Every paper has the right to pass on ads. But seasoned journalists refused to forgive. David Halberstam and Anthony Lewis, both former editors of the *Harvard Crimson*, wrote to the staff: "We thought the *Crimson* stood for freedom of the press and courage in exercising that right. In this case the judgment appears to have been that the audience was too tender to deal with what to many would have been an offensive political argument." (Ironically, the paper ran a legible version of the ad to illustrate a new story about the controversy.)

The sensitivity seemed to cut both ways. The *Daily Princetonian* ran the ad to no great reaction, but Horowitz refused to pay the \$1007 fee because the paper attacked his views in an editorial and said it planned to donate the money to the Urban League. He demanded that the newspaper apologize.

Let's examine how mainstream papers handled the affair. *The New York Times* covered the controversy on March 21. Its article summarized two points, but did not quote the ad. The accompanying photo (supplied by the Associated Press) coyly hid the actual ad beneath the front page of *The Brown Daily Herald*, as though it were as toxic



GEORGE GORIOU

as a *Hustler* crotch shot. Was the *Times* being too sensitive? Many of the points raised by Horowitz appeared in an August 12, 2000 *Times* piece by Diane Cardwell, "Seeking Out a Just Way to Make Amends for Slavery; The Idea of Reparations for Blacks Is Gaining in Urgency, but a Knot of Questions Remain, Like: Which Blacks?"

The *Chicago Tribune* ran the AP photo, but allowed Horowitz to describe the ad's content and the resulting controversy in an editorial. Columnist Eric Zorn quoted one of the 10 points—"What about the debt blacks owe to America?"—before demolishing it: "What about the debt I owe the Nazis? Had Hitler not risen to power in Germany in the Thirties, my grandparents likely would not have fled to the U.S.

with their son, who in turn would almost certainly have not met my mom. The downside of this for me would have been severe." *Tribune* editorial board member Clarence Page did the same for another of Horowitz' points: "If slave labor has created wealth for Americans, then obviously it has created wealth for black Americans as well, including the descendants of slaves." That argument, Page wrote, "casually ignores a century's worth of lynchings, Jim Crow segregation, community disinvestment, bank and insurance redlining, job discrimination and the pseudoslavery of the sharecropper system." In the U.S., slavery is a thing of

the past, but racism is a continuing problem. Don Wycliff, the paper's public editor and, like Page, no fan of reparations, took apart each of the 10 points, focusing in particular on the notion that more-recent immigrants shouldn't have to shoulder the burden for the country's past mistakes, or that the welfare system somehow absolved the debt.

In its coverage, *The Washington Post* quoted four of the points. *The Dallas Morning News* summarized three points, then directed readers to frontpagemag.com, where Horowitz is a columnist, for the complete text. Now you know why the Internet exists. We find the double standard appalling.

The Wall Street Journal, *Time*, *Newsweek* and *U.S. News and World Report* all managed to cover the controversy without recycling the ad. In *The Detroit News*, noted black conservative Thomas Sowell criticized the coverage, saying, "There has been a deafening silence from the national media over the storm-trooper tactics used on college campuses against student newspapers." He defended Horowitz. "Anyone who actually reads his reasoned and factual ad will understand why his critics did not simply reply to him and try to prove him wrong."

Decide for yourself. Horowitz' ad is reprinted at right.

Ten Reasons Why Reparations for Slavery is a Bad Idea — and Racist Too.

By David Horowitz

I

THERE IS NO SINGLE GROUP RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CRIME OF SLAVERY.

Black Africans and Arabs were responsible for enslaving the ancestors of African-Americans. There were 3,000 black slave-owners in the ante-bellum United States. Are reparations to be paid by their descendants too? There were white slaves in colonial America. Are their descendants going to receive payments?

II

THERE IS NO SINGLE GROUP THAT BENEFITED EXCLUSIVELY FROM SLAVERY.

The claim for reparations is premised on the false assumption that only whites have benefited from slavery. If slave labor has created wealth for Americans, then obviously it has created wealth for black Americans as well, including the descendants of slaves. The GNP of black America makes the African-American community the 10th most prosperous "nation" in the world. American blacks on average enjoy per capita incomes in the range of twenty to fifty times that of blacks living in any of the African nations from which they were kidnapped.

III

ONLY A MINORITY OF WHITE AMERICANS OWNED SLAVES, WHILE OTHERS GAVE THEIR LIVES TO FREE THEM.

Only a tiny minority of Americans ever owned slaves. This is true even for those who lived in the ante-bellum South where only one white in five was a slaveholder. Why should their descendants owe a debt? What about the descendants of the 350,000 Union soldiers who died to free the slaves? They gave their lives. What morality would ask their descendants to pay again? If paying reparations on the basis of skin color is not racism, what is?

IV

MOST LIVING AMERICANS HAVE NO CONNECTION (DIRECT OR INDIRECT) TO SLAVERY.

The two great waves of American immigration occurred after 1880 and then after 1960. What logic would require Vietnamese boat people, Russian refuseniks, Iranian refugees, Armenian victims of the Turkish persecution, Jews, Mexicans Greeks, or Polish, Hungarian, Cambodian and Korean victims of Communism, to pay reparations to American blacks?

V

THE HISTORICAL PRECEDENTS USED TO JUSTIFY THE REPARATIONS CLAIM DO NOT APPLY, AND THE CLAIM ITSELF IS BASED ON RACE NOT INJURY.

The historical precedents generally invoked to justify the reparations claim are payments to Jewish survivors of the Holocaust, Japanese-Americans and African-American victims of racial experiments in Tuskegee, or racial outrages in Rosewood and Oklahoma City. But in each case, the recipients of reparations were the direct victims of the injustice or their immediate families. This would be the only case of reparations to people who were not immediately affected and whose sole qualification to receive reparations would be racial. During the slavery era, many blacks were free men or slave-owners themselves, yet the reparations claimants make no attempt to take this fact into account. If this is not racism, what is?

VI

THE REPARATIONS ARGUMENT IS BASED ON THE UNSUBSTANTIATED CLAIM THAT ALL AFRICAN AMERICANS SUFFER FROM THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF SLAVERY AND DISCRIMINATION.

No scientific attempt has been made to prove that living individuals have been adversely affected by a slave system that was ended nearly 150 years ago. But there is plenty of evidence that the hardships of slavery were hardships that individuals could and did overcome. The black middle-class in America is a prosperous community that is now larger in absolute terms than the black underclass. Its existence suggests that present economic adversity is the result of failures of individual character rather than the lingering after-effects of racial discrimination or a slave system that ceased to exist well over a century ago. West Indian blacks in America are also descended from slaves but their average incomes are equivalent to the average incomes of whites (and nearly 25% higher than the average incomes of American-born blacks). How is it that slavery adversely affected one large group of descendants but not the other? How can government be expected to decide an issue that is so subjective?

VII

THE REPARATIONS CLAIM IS ONE MORE ATTEMPT TO TURN AFRICAN AMERICANS INTO VICTIMS. IT SENDS A DAMAGING MESSAGE TO THE AFRICAN-AMERICAN COMMUNITY AND TO OTHERS.

The renewed sense of grievance—which is what the claim for reparations will inevitably create—is not a constructive or helpful message for black leaders to send to their communities and to others. To focus the social passions of African Americans on what some other Americans may have done to their ancestors fifty or a hundred-and-fifty years ago is to burden them with a crippling sense of victimhood. How are the millions of non-black refugees from tyranny and genocide who are now living in America going to receive these claims, moreover, except as demands for special treatment—an extravagant new handout that is only necessary because some blacks can't seem to locate the ladder of opportunity within reach of others, many of whom are less privileged than themselves?

VIII

REPARATIONS TO AFRICAN AMERICANS HAVE ALREADY BEEN PAID.

Since the passage of the Civil Rights Acts and the advent of the Great Society in 1965, trillions of dollars in transfer payments have been made to African-Americans in the form of welfare benefits and racial preferences (in contracts, job placements and educational admissions)—all under the rationale of redressing historic racial grievances. It is said that reparations are necessary to achieve a healing between African Americans and other Americans. If trillion-dollar restitutions and a wholesale rewriting of American law (in order to accommodate racial preferences) is not enough to achieve a "healing," what is?

IX

WHAT ABOUT THE DEBT BLACKS OWE TO AMERICA?

Slavery existed for thousands of years before the Atlantic slave trade, and in all societies. But in the thousand years of slavery's existence, there never was an anti-slavery movement until white Anglo-Saxon Christians created one. If not for the anti-slavery beliefs and military power of white Englishmen and Americans, the slave trade would not have been brought to an end. If not for the sacrifices of white soldiers and a white American president who gave his life to sign the Emancipation Proclamation, blacks in America would still be slaves. If not for the dedication of Americans of all ethnicities and colors to a society based on the principle that all men are created equal, blacks in America would not enjoy the highest standard of living of blacks anywhere in the world, and indeed one of the highest standards of living of any people in the world. They would not enjoy the greatest freedoms and the most thoroughly protected individual rights anywhere. Where is the acknowledgment of black America and its leaders for these gifts?

X

THE REPARATIONS CLAIM IS A SEPARATIST IDEA THAT SETS AFRICAN-AMERICANS AGAINST THE NATION THAT GAVE THEM FREEDOM.

Blacks were here before the Mayflower. Who is more American than the descendants of African slaves? For the African-American community to isolate itself from America is to embark on a course whose implications are troubling. Yet the African-American community has had a long-running flirtation with separatists, nationalists and the political left, who want African-Americans to be no part of America's social contract. African Americans should reject this temptation.

For all America's faults, African Americans have an enormous stake in this country and its heritage. It is this heritage that is really under attack by the reparations movement. The reparations claim is one more assault on America, conducted by racial separatists and the political left. It is an attack not only on white Americans, but on all Americans—especially African Americans.

America's African-American citizens are the richest and most privileged black people alive, a bounty that is a direct result of the heritage that is under assault. The American idea needs the support of its African-American citizens. But African Americans also need the support of the American idea. For it is the American idea that led to the principles and created the institutions that have set African Americans—and all of us—free.

If you would like to help us place this ad in other venues, please complete this form and mail or fax to:

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what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

WIDOW MAKER

MOUNT GILEAD, OHIO—When 31-year-old Angela Harter placed a classified ad describing herself as a “beautiful young blonde searching for older successful white



male,” a 69-year-old carpenter took the bait. Harter, who ran a website called *Naughty Natasha*, dated the man for two months. She also stole his life savings. Two weeks after she admitted her crime in court, the man died of a heart attack. The judge ordered Harter to repay the money. He also banned her from placing more ads or having contact with any man over 50.

HOOKER HAVEN

CALCUTTA—Thousands of sex workers gathered in a city stadium for a four-day festival of dance, music workshops, carnival rides, bazaars, films, debates, health screenings and protest. The group demanded better working conditions, an end to discrimination and the right to form unions. One organizer argued that the women should be recognized for their work in helping men relieve stress.

E-DAD

TRENTON, NEW JERSEY—When Thomas McCoy and Kyron Henn-Lee divorced, they agreed to share custody of their daughter. Four years later, Henn-Lee found a better job in California and asked a judge to allow her and her daughter to move. She said that while her ex-husband wouldn't be

able to visit their daughter as frequently, he could still see and talk to her online. McCoy's lawyer rejected the idea (“Not a week has gone by in her life that he hasn't seen her”) and a judge turned down the request. However, an appeals court called virtual visitation “creative and innovative” and ordered the judge to reconsider.

JUDGMENT DAY

POMPANO BEACH, FLORIDA—A state court ruled that a woman can't sue her church for damages because the pastor called her a slut from the altar. “Whether someone is a slut is a moral judgment,” said an attorney for the House of God. “It is not the court's role to rule on that.” The woman denied being a slut.

DOPEY LAWS

LONDON—A study that compared marijuana use in the U.S. and the Netherlands concluded that legalizing the drug would not lead to increased use. Researchers noted that a far greater percentage of Americans age 12 and older (33 percent) had tried marijuana than their counterparts in the Netherlands (16 percent), despite the fact that the Dutch allow the sale and possession of up to 10 to 12 joints. They also found that only 22 percent of Hollanders had tried both pot and cocaine, compared with 33 percent of Americans. They concluded that “the primary harms of marijuana use, including those borne by non-users, come from criminalization.”

WASHINGTON, D.C.—An activist group recently tried to buy advertising space in Boston and Washington subway stations and on public buses. One ad featured a mother who says: “I've got three great kids. I don't want them to smoke pot. But I know jail is a lot more dangerous than smoking pot.” Another showed two cops with the slogan, “Police are too important, too valuable, too good to waste on arresting people for marijuana when real criminals are on the loose.” Massachusetts governor Paul Cellucci ordered transit officials to refuse the ads; D.C. officials accepted them only after being threatened with a lawsuit.

WORLD WIDE PORN

NEW YORK—Who consumes the most online porn? An Internet market research firm analyzed traffic patterns in 10 countries. One of every three web surfers in

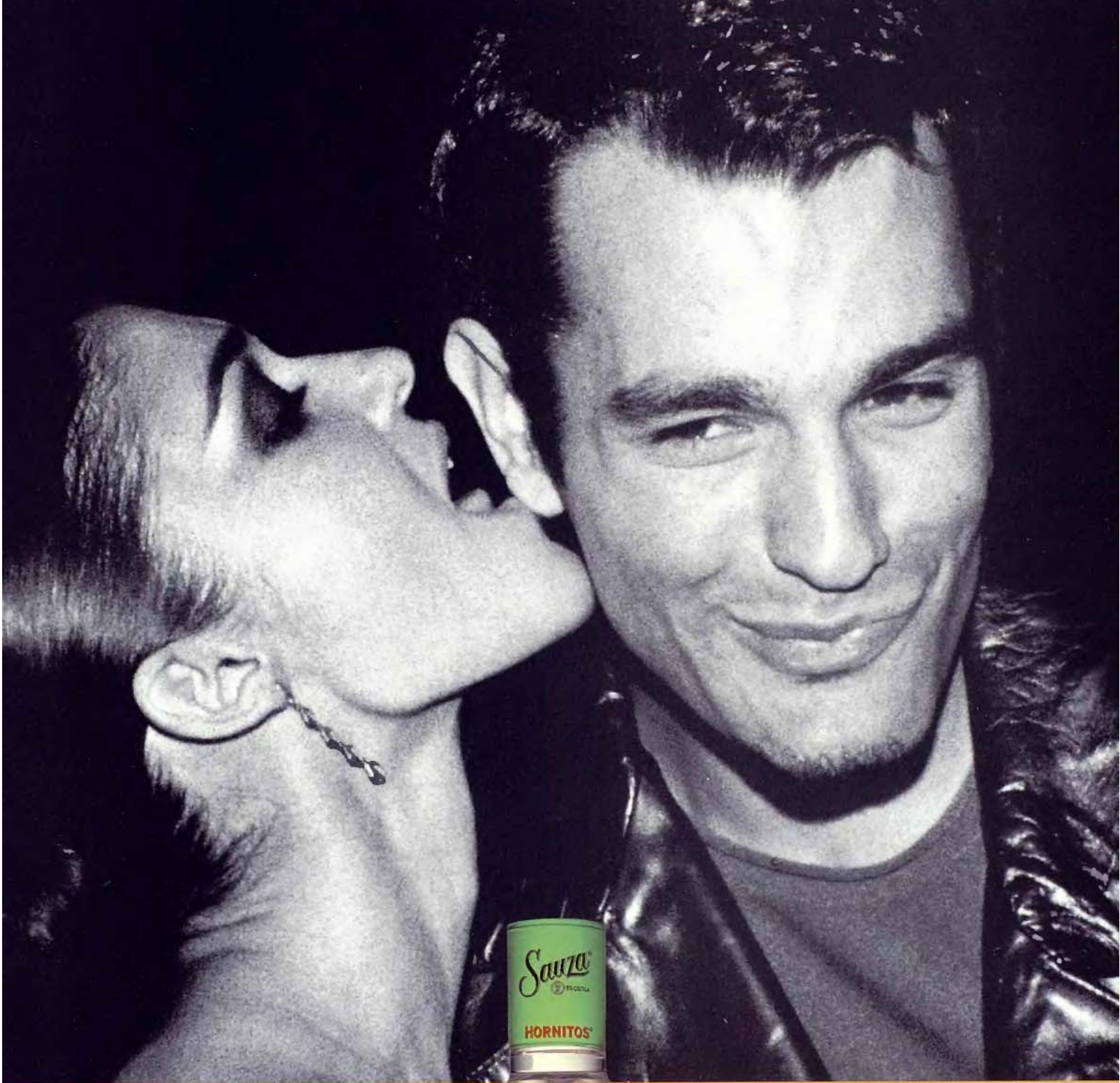
Australia and Canada visited a porn site from home during a month last year, compared with 31 percent in the U.S., 29 percent in Germany, 25 percent in France and the U.K. and 22 percent in Japan. “Six of the 10 sites with the highest proportion of male visitors are porn sites,” noted a Media Metrix analyst in Australia, where the percentage of sex surfers nearly doubled between March and December. “The sites that have the highest proportion of women tend to have a lot of greeting cards and free downloads.”

DRUNKEN SITTING

NEW BRIGHTON, MINNESOTA—Two years ago Bruce Barnes bought a new \$40,000 Ford Excursion, drove to a bar and then went home. Later that evening, he walked outside, climbed into the SUV, started the engine and cranked the stereo. A neighbor phoned police about the noise, and officers arrested Barnes for drunken driving. The prosecutor said Barnes was charged because he was found in the driver's seat with the engine running, which put him in control of the vehicle. He pleaded guilty and, because it was his third DUI offense in five years, the city seized the Excursion. An appeals court upheld the forfeiture, although one justice found the situation ridiculous: “Barnes was not con-



victed of drunken driving but of drunken listening to music in his own car in his own driveway. If he had not had the misfortune to be playing the Rolling Stones rather than Neil Diamond, he would still have his vehicle.”



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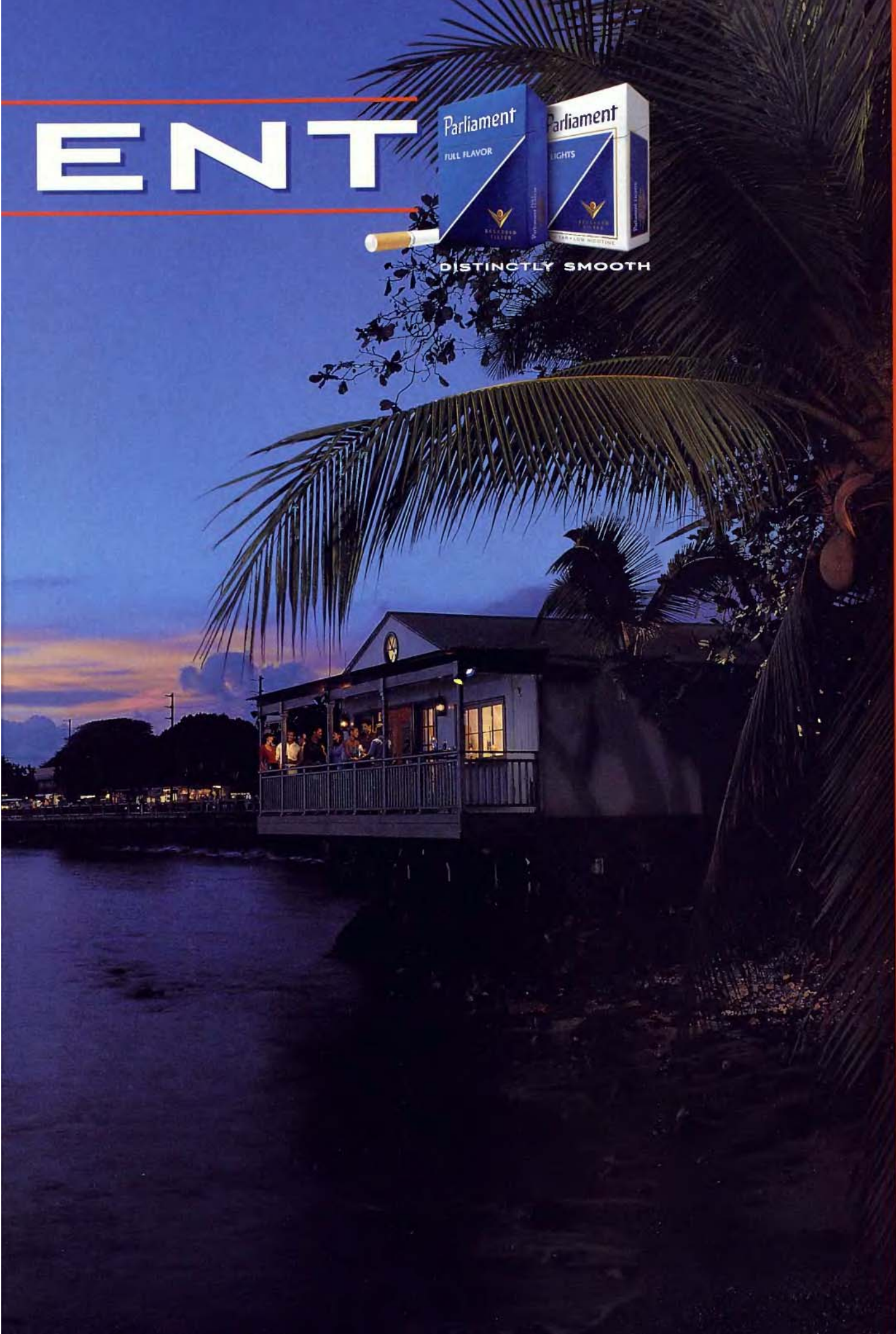
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ENT



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

CHRIS MATTHEWS

a candid conversation with the smart-mouth hardballer about how Washington really works, whether TV creates news and just what goes on inside Bush's brain

Forget Bill O'Reilly, Geraldo Rivera and Larry King—Chris Matthews' *Hardball* is, as one paper wrote, a "no-holds-barred cable talk show that has become must-see TV for American political junkies." *Hardball* has the energy of the McLaughlin Group in its prime, the intelligence of Tim Russert on *Meet the Press* and little of the self-congratulatory partisanship of almost anything on Fox. *Hardball*, wrote *The Dallas Morning News*, "sometimes makes *Crossfire* look like badminton."

"I want every show we do to deal with the question, 'What kind of country do you want to live in?'" says Matthews, who describes himself as the everyman "personification of the red-meets-the-blue" on the now ubiquitous postelection map. As such, being on *Hardball* is more like debating around the dinner table: Opinions fly and everyone has to speak up to be heard. As paterfamilias, Matthews is part in-your-face schoolyard jock, part leader of the debate team and all provocateur—the Howard Cosell of political talk. He prods, challenges, dismisses, debunks, rapid-fires questions and often steps on answers with answers of his own. "Hey, I'm not on the air to let politicians come on and just do their talking points," he once told a reporter. "Not on my show. I want answers. And I want to get the truth out. That's

what journalism is supposed to be. You don't just let them make their statement and go home."

Says Matthews' wife of many years, Kathleen, a longtime news anchor for the local ABC affiliate in Washington, D.C., "Chris is smart. He doesn't suffer fools or slow talkers. If you don't make your point quickly, or he realizes you don't have something interesting to say, that's when he steamrolls over you."

At 6'3" inches, he could. Matthews, 55, has a big Irish mug, a messy blond thatch of hair (off camera), a disposition to dress casually and a voice that, when he really gets going, sounds like a car alarm. He also has tons of insider savvy gleaned from a lifelong fascination with politics and 16 years on Capitol Hill before becoming a full-time journalist in 1987. No wonder George Will called him "half Huck, half Machiavelli."

Matthews is one of five brothers from the Somerton area in northeast Philadelphia. His father, who was raised a Presbyterian, was a court reporter. His mother was the Catholic daughter of a Democratic committeeman. He attended Holy Cross, then the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill as a doctoral student in economics. When it looked like he would be drafted, Matthews joined the Peace Corps and spent two years teaching business skills in Swaziland in

southern Africa.

In 1971 Matthews came home and headed for Washington. His first job was in the office of Utah senator Frank Moss, where he wrote speeches and moonlighted as a Capitol Hill policeman. He next worked at a news service supported by Ralph Nader. By 1974 Matthews was ready to run for office himself, from his old neighborhood in Philly. He lost, but then took a job with Maine senator Edmund Muskie and worked on the Senate Budget Committee until 1977. Matthews then got a job in the Carter White House, working first on governmental reorganization, then as a speechwriter for the president.

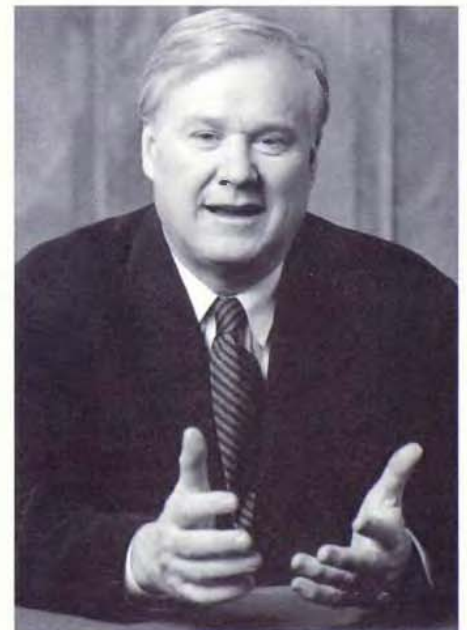
When Carter lost in 1980, Matthews went to work as a senior aide for Speaker of the House Tip O'Neill, and he stayed until O'Neill retired in 1987. A short stint as the head of a think tank followed, and then the San Francisco Examiner offered him a column. He took it, not in the least part encouraged by Jimmy Breslin, who had once told him, "Become a columnist. You'll stand up straighter." Soon he became the paper's Washington bureau chief and in 1988 published *Hardball: How Politics Is Played—Told by One Who Knows the Game*. The book, a best-seller recently reissued in paperback, is now part of the curriculum of some political science courses and required reading



"Bush is anti-intellectual and incurious, but for all the wrong reasons. He hasn't examined or studied what he's in opposition to. Forty-five minutes into an intellectual discussion, Bush loses any ability to compete."



"This country is arguing within the 40-yard line. This isn't a battle between socialists and fascists. We're all in it together, and it's my job to arouse debate and let people come out and say what they feel, occasionally loudly."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN CEDENO

"Clinton is Mick Jagger. He never wanted to be a grown-up. He went through all the trouble to win the presidency, but in the end he didn't want to go through the trouble to be a great president, to leave a legacy."

for aspiring Capitol Hill staffers, according to Brill's Content. In 1996 Matthews published a decade-long project, *Kennedy and Nixon: The Rivalry That Shaped Postwar America*. A third book, *Now Let Me Tell You What I Really Think*, is due this fall.

Matthews broke into TV as a commentator on CBS *This Morning* and in 1991 moved to ABC's *Good Morning America*. In 1997, after a talk show on the short-lived *America's Talking* cable channel, he launched *Hardball* on CNBC. Riding the crest of Monica and impeachment, Matthews made his TV bones and survived to cover not only the myriad Clinton crises, but, on the strength of the show's soaring ratings, everything that followed: election 2000, the pardons, the energy crisis, the Bush presidency.

Hardball moved to MSNBC in 1999, after Matthews signed a five-year deal with NBC that also makes him a political contributor to the *Today Show* and regular substitute host of its weekend edition. *Hardball* now airs twice a day on MSNBC and CNBC.

We asked Contributing Editor David Rensin to go to D.C. and sit down with Matthews as the new Republican era dawned.

Says Rensin: "Even though I am a regular viewer of *Hardball*, only in person (and occasionally on the phone) can one comprehend the tidal wave of words, ideas, experiences and references crashing forth from just one guy.

"I arrived at his home in Chevy Chase, Maryland. We spoke nonstop for two mornings, breaking only for coffee and to chat with Kathleen, who was on her way to interview Lynne Cheney. We also talked in the car while we picked up his clothes at the dry cleaners, had a turkey sandwich and took in the sights on the way to his office. The conversation continued over dinner, in his office before the show and, frankly, just about any time we were alone together—whether the tape was running or not. Chris let the conversation lapse only once, while he mentally prepped for a speech he was to give that night. Otherwise, he has a lot to say, if he doesn't mind saying so himself."

PLAYBOY: Did you talk loud and fast as a kid?

MATTHEWS: Yeah. I had four brothers at the kitchen table. If you wanted seconds, you had to grab them. If you wanted to be heard you had to speak up.

PLAYBOY: Does it bug you that *Hardball* is called "Scream TV"?

MATTHEWS: It bugs me. I don't think it's true. It's more like a conversation at a great Thanksgiving dinner among people who don't see each other very often. There's occasional raucous behavior, anger, strong disagreement. And it's fast. The program's speed is essential to its success. It must move quickly. We have to stop all wastes of time, including the excelsior that continues to come out of people after they have made their main point.

PLAYBOY: Most of the criticism centers on your personal style.

MATTHEWS: It's about talking in cable-ese, listening in cable-ese: "I get it, now let's move on." As we discovered when the Supreme Court heard the Florida recount arguments, they have a wonderful rhythm. They are polite but tough. Scalia, just like Koppel, has a genius for spotting the full stop a couple words ahead, so he's ready to go. Sandra Day O'Connor, too. I want *Hardball*, at its best, to be like a Supreme Court session. That succinctness and intellectual firepower, the back-and-forth and surprising, brilliant interruptions, would make a hell of a show.

PLAYBOY: Things just seem to spew out of you.

MATTHEWS: It's called id. You get too much superego out there, too much of a stopper, and you start talking like everybody else. Larry King, of all people—you'll be surprised by this because he doesn't seem that daring—said all his life he's had the question pop into his head: "Should I go this far? Should I ask this question? Should I dare?" And he said he's always asked it. I still hear that question in my head when I use a term that

I love television. I could do prime-time talk for 20 years.

I want recognition that I belong. This is my opportunity, my life. I want to be on the first team.

may be borderline, like balls-out, or a joke or reference I want to make. But I think you have to keep pushing yourself to ask. If you say no too many times you're going to be a hack. If you don't follow your intuition because it might cause trouble, then you're in trouble.

PLAYBOY: We have a few examples of what the critics have said.

MATTHEWS: Get 'em.

PLAYBOY: *Entertainment Weekly* wrote, "He yammers his hammering questions and cuts off the answers if the guest doesn't yell back. Matthews can motor-mouth complete sentences, which in TV terms renders him intelligent, and he's learned to accompany his sneering jibes at whatever passes for liberalism these days with a big grin on his mug."

MATTHEWS: I don't know this writer's politics, but a lot of my critics simply disagree with my point of view. They attack the surface, but underneath, the barbs are ideological. They attack manner, but what they're really attacking is my sensibility.

PLAYBOY: Meaning?

MATTHEWS: These guys have a certain aesthetic sensibility, a kind of *Glass Me-*

nagerie liberalism. It's a fragile, dainty kind of social programming, and if you don't support that, then you are somehow not a liberal. I would argue that I support *all* the freedoms of this society. However, I take an iconoclastic view from the center and I criticize the left—their leaders and their tactics, sometimes—in a way they're not used to. That bothers them. They don't think I share their fragile protection of the sacred vessels.

Look, I try to shake up things. It's frisky and it's sometimes rough elbows, but it's generally a respectful look at institutions. I have a tremendous aversion to those who desecrate those institutions and those offices—e.g., Bill Clinton. The critics don't like that, because their blue-part-of-the-map liberalism is based on a kind of "we of the Upper West Side" or "we among the liberal aesthetic community" sense that their liberalism is waging a battle against the Philistines out there in the red part of the map.

PLAYBOY: Meaning the post-presidential election map that you love to display on *Hardball*, which divides the country into blue (Gore supporters) and red (Bush). But aren't they at least in part correct? The cultural division seems so sharp.

MATTHEWS: Let's get serious: This country is arguing within the 40-yard line. This isn't a battle between the socialists and the fascists. I refuse to say that liberalism is us, here in the more sophisticated environs, looking out at the great unwashed and feeling that our job is to protect against and to be offended by those coarse people. We're all in it together, and it's my job to arouse the debate and let people come out and say what they feel, occasionally loudly. And by the way, what about James Carville, the liberals' large protector? Is he somehow *not* scream TV? Find me a middle-of-the-roader or a moderate or conservative critic. Any in that category?

PLAYBOY: "Heat-seeking attention-getting," wrote *The Dallas Morning News*.

MATTHEWS: Our show is heat-seeking. We look for what we think people are arguing about. Controversy and conflict are the syntheses of politics. You argue and argue and argue, and somebody eventually wins and the other side says, "You've got a point there."

PLAYBOY: Maybe on *Hardball*, but otherwise that hardly seems to be the case. For the past few years what we've mostly seen is not real argument but inflexible pure partisanship. No one concedes a thing.

MATTHEWS: I think our show is better than that. When you argue you have to come in with the attitude that the other side has as much right to their opinion and nobility to their cause as you do, only you're right. During the Clinton mess we weren't getting that from the Tom DeLays and the Dick Armeys. We got nothing but demonization from those

guys, and it caused all kinds of distortion in what should have been a civil argument over valid points of view.

PLAYBOY: So what do your critics want from you? Polite conversation? Different values?

MATTHEWS: They want comfort. They probably want to have *themselves* read with authority, and for other people to leave the punditry or opinion to them. I don't expect the criticism to stop or everyone to like me. I just don't want to have to think about it. There's a great line in *The Maltese Falcon* where Spade says, "A little trouble I don't mind." I don't mind a little criticism. What I don't like is when it's cloaked as aesthetic or professional. I hope this shows up in your interview: I don't think I'm any different from any of the people you've ever interviewed, in terms of reacting to criticism.

PLAYBOY: How are you taking the *Saturday Night Live* send-ups?

MATTHEWS: Love it. Darrell Hammond's got me. He's got the chest out. He's got the way I still don't know how to go to break, but he does it better than I do. When somebody says something truly idiotic, he does that pause, like I'm trying to absorb the nonsense of what's just been said. If I were Paul Begala I wouldn't love it—they destroyed him. He's not a bad-looking guy, and that guy who played him looked awful.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever considered showing up at *SNL* and walking on?

MATTHEWS: I'm sure I'd do it if I were invited. The trouble is, that means it's usually the end of the game, because they don't do you again afterward.

PLAYBOY: *The New York Times* said, "The nexus between mega-event and talk show has grown ever tighter since the hostage crisis created *Nightline*. Now it seems naive to speak of such events as existing independently of their coverage. The shows live from event to event, circus to circus. *Hardball* creates Monica, not the other way around."

MATTHEWS: I don't believe that. It's news 24 hours a day if there's news. How many times can you hear the breaking stuff? You either want to know more, or you've got enough and you turn it

off. But when an event hits hard, people know where to find it immediately.

PLAYBOY: But without all that cable-news time to fill, and the inherent repetition, would some of these events seem as significant?

MATTHEWS: Television does place a spotlight on events. The Kennedy-Nixon debate was a lot bigger because of television than if it had just been on radio. The Vietnam War. The Iranian hostage crisis would not have been as big a deal to the American people had they not seen, night after night, Americans forced to walk around blindfolded as the crowds humiliated them.

PLAYBOY: But when do the media cross the line into playing up the story just to

tiful, many women felt she shared the same experiences they'd had of being mistreated by men. They reacted in a way that was personal, individual and, I assume, spontaneous. The media reacted to *that*. We discovered the audience, and people wanted to know more. That ended up being a longer story than I would have ever thought—a couple of weeks. We didn't create it; the legs were the individual sympathies of young women who identified with her life and her tragedies.

On the other hand, after the death of John F. Kennedy Jr., there was really nothing to talk about. There was no conflict, no good guy-bad guy. It was simply an accident.

PLAYBOY: And yet the media tried to puff it up into the tragic death of a prince in America's royal family. It was a horrible thing; he was a special man. But the extent to which the press tried to push us into national mourning was maudlin.

MATTHEWS: And I don't think it worked. I had been visiting a friend in Vietnam and had been there only 24 hours, and I came all the way back for that story, being led to believe—and believing—that it was going to be a major story for us to cover. Our ratings the week after that were lower than normal. People watched Geraldo because he was on-site, out in his boat. There was a certain drama to the way he handled it that appealed to those who were interested. We spent the week talking about

the significance of the Kennedy family, politically, which is what people didn't want. They wanted a lot of on-site information the first couple of days, when they were trolling the site, and then they wanted a lot of funeral. They wanted the tragic evocation, not an intellectualization of it, not a historic perspective on it. Other shows were better at it than we were.

PLAYBOY: So you're saying—

MATTHEWS: Let me answer your question. If Chappaquidick had occurred recently, it would have been a natural, with legs for weeks, because there was a mystery. What exactly happened? There was conflict—the denial, which continues—and there were sources to be dug up and



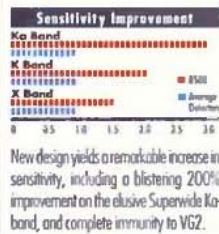
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keep viewers coming back?

MATTHEWS: Can too much attention be given to a story? I think it's possible, but not always predictable. Let's look at Princess Diana. A lot of people saw that as the tragic, premature death of a beautiful woman, and left it at that. They thought it was a story that might last a few days. But what happened was, we went over to the British Embassy, on Massachusetts Avenue, and saw all those incredible letters from single and young women, all addressed to Diana. *To a deceased person*. I felt a sense of discovery when I started reading those letters. There was something there that had nothing to do with press coverage. Although Diana was privileged and beau-

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worked on. And there was a tragedy—a person died. When Elvis died, I think we would have had something similar to Princess Diana. Take Dale Earnhardt: The major media, located in the blue part of the map, were shocked by the red part of the map's response. It was a huge story in the hinterlands.

PLAYBOY: Do you love television or just doing television?

MATTHEWS: I love what I do. I love television. If I could do prime-time talk for 20 more years, I'd love it. The big-picture stuff that Bill Moyers does also appeals to me. I don't think I'm meant for Sunday shows or anchoring, obviously. That might mean more money, but it's not me. Here's what I'm good at: I can think spontaneously, I have a tremendous capital of memory and familiarity with the M.O. of politics. I can draw on that immediately. *Washingtonian* magazine just did a list of the top 50 journalists in D.C. I'm like 36th, and Tim Russert is number one. I would argue for a higher position for myself, but after all the niceness, I just want recognition that I belong here. I'm 55. I want to feel that I'm part of the first team. You can be on the second team at 25 or 36. But at some point you say, No, this is my opportunity, my life. I want to be on the first team.

PLAYBOY: So you wouldn't do a Sunday show, like Russert?

MATTHEWS: Tim's the best at what Tim does. He's very muscular, aggressive. He does his homework better than anyone. He can study an issue, have the toughest questions and move that story the next day. Tim also has a guy quality, an Imus quality. He re-created Sunday television—it was duller than anything. Now people really want to watch, just like they watched David Brinkley years ago after Roone Arledge brought him back and made him a star.

PLAYBOY: Why do you still write your column?

MATTHEWS: Because it's great mental discipline. When you write and then do TV, you come on having thought things through. You have a premise.

PLAYBOY: In *New York* magazine Michael Wolff said Russert was part of a trend, along with George Stephanopoulos, Jeff Greenfield, Dee Dee Myers and you, in which journalists are first political operatives and therefore aren't really journalists.

MATTHEWS: Tim went into journalism 17 years ago. His experience per se is as much as most of the guys who are criticizing him. Tell me it isn't to the advantage of a war correspondent to have been in a war.

PLAYBOY: What about Stephanopoulos?

MATTHEWS: I don't know how you could go from being a guy's loyal insider, to whom he's whispering his worst fears every day, to then negatively criticizing him in public. And yet, I think it must have been hard for George, in his soul,

to step back every time he commented on Sunday and not let his sense of loyalty calibrate his criticism. In the end it's not really a critique, but just enough of one to show independence. It's a shadow. When you leave those big jobs, don't go for the trough immediately. George should have waited until Clinton left the field. [Laughs] Of course, there's a paradox: Clinton's probably never going to leave the field.

I was lucky that Tip retired and Carter was out of the White House before I made my move into journalism, and that was only after I'd run something called the Government Research Corporation in 1987. That wasn't leading anywhere.

PLAYBOY: After leaving the White House, you wrote speeches for Jimmy Carter and announced you wanted to be a pundit. Why?

MATTHEWS: I think George Will was my paradigm. He had worked on the Hill, started a column around 1974 and then did TV. I liked that combination. Guys like Safire are my heroes. But basically, it started back with Joe McGinniss, who wrote three columns a week for *The Philadelphia Inquirer*. He was the guy who had something in the paper that morning and people talked about it on a radio show that morning. I just never thought it would happen to me until the *San Francisco Examiner* called out of the blue and offered me a column. Pretty soon it was 150 pieces a year, syndication, television, this.

PLAYBOY: What made you think you could succeed in D.C.?

MATTHEWS: I think I knew more. I was ready for this. From the first day I got to Washington, when I was a Capitol cop—I was a policeman at night and wrote speeches during the day—I had the confidence to sit down and write for a senator. I wanted to be a speechwriter for a president, like Ted Sorensen, who wrote for Kennedy. I just believed that what I wrote would be good, valuable and better than anybody else's. And now I've done a lot of the things I've wanted to do all my life. You could say, "Matthews, you planned." No. I had the dream but no idea how it was going to happen—and it could easily have not happened. Life is a series of sometimes very important, abrupt moves. Anybody who thinks this was some sort of strategy implemented point by point as some brilliant hardball play is maybe just jealous of my luck.

PLAYBOY: Some say it's not only luck. For instance, it's been suggested that you relentlessly worked the Lewinsky issue to get bigger ratings. Did you?

MATTHEWS: That's a good question, but there is a little nuance here. Let me give you the contours of the 1998 ratings. First quarter, when it broke, we were already rising in the numbers. We were at like .5 and .6. That sent it to .8. After the first two or three months, we went down

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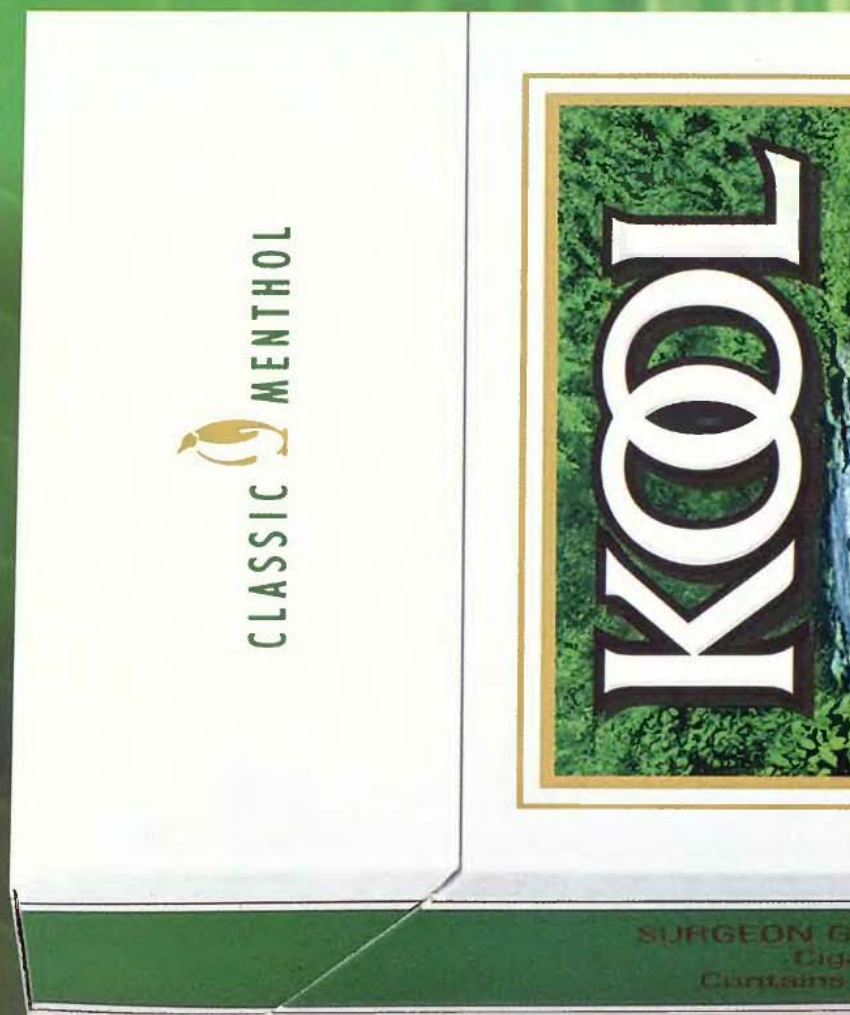
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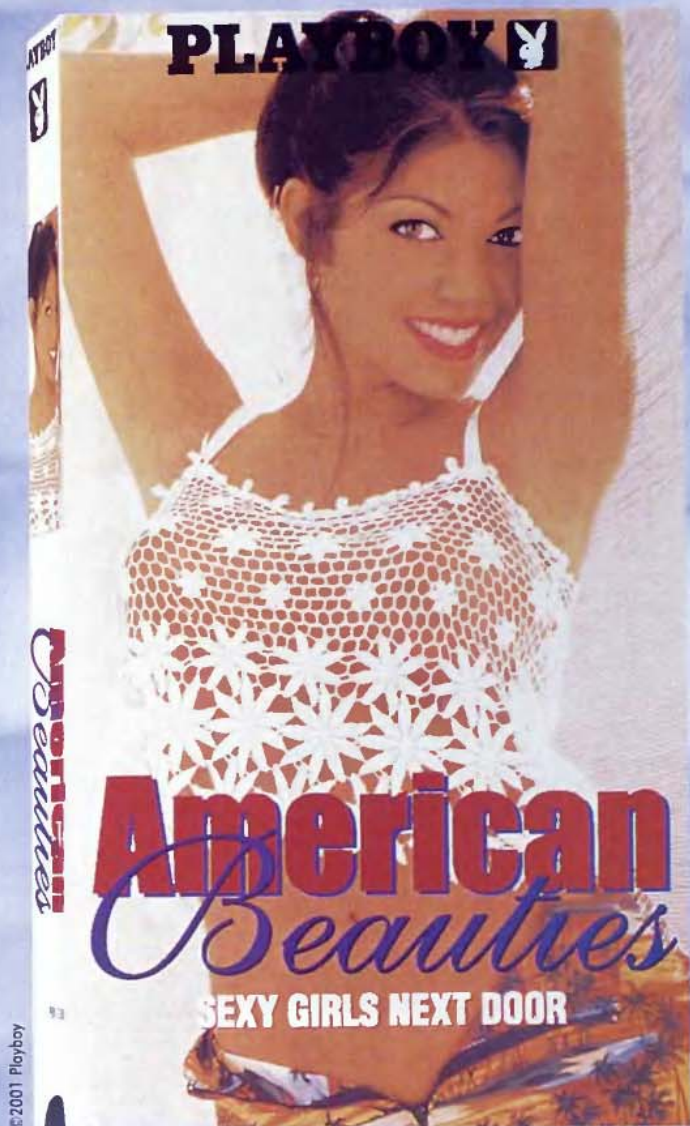
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to .7 for the summer. Then the fall quarter went up to 1.0. What made the show really big the first time was the impeachment, not Monica.

PLAYBOY: Is that how you imagined your breakthrough?

MATTHEWS: I can't script it. It happened. It could happen again. People have told us the programs we did on the Florida recount were the best we've ever done, and I agree. It took a lot of information to understand the story. It was our finest hour at MSNBC, bar none. We had a first-rate team in place. Anytime I tuned in I could catch up immediately. And America got a rare look at real politics. People think debate on television is politics, or rallies or commercials, or little quotes for the evening news. No. Politics is in the back room, where you're fighting it over numbers and you're conning to get a little edge over the other guys.

PLAYBOY: How would you have handled the Florida vote recount situation?

MATTHEWS: A wonderful way would have been, back in late November, to say up front, "We'll do a complete recount, but shake hands on this for now: Unless there's a hole in the ballot, it doesn't count. Let's do it right now." I'm not sure the Gore people would have gone along with any deal. But it would have been big casino, and it would have been over sooner.

PLAYBOY: And the outcome?

MATTHEWS: It would have been so damn close, almost dead even.

PLAYBOY: Why?

MATTHEWS: Florida is hard to read because it doesn't have the usual black-white-suburban-rural-inner-city breakdown. It's more like Yugoslavia: There are so many different groups. On the West Coast it's all WASPs, snowbirds from the Midwest. It's practically Iowa. On the East Coast it's New York: Jews, gays, Cubans, Dominicans, Haitians and African Americans. In Miami there is a wild, ethnic, not especially English-literate immigrant group—and they're Republicans, which explains why the Miami undervote was so even. Anywhere else in the country, those people would be Democrats.

PLAYBOY: Where were you when the Supreme Court stayed the recount?

MATTHEWS: That Saturday morning was a beautiful day. I was sitting on a park bench on Sixth or Seventh and Pennsylvania, in front of Starbucks. I had my coffee, I was reading the *Post*. It was perfect. No pressure. The *Post* reported that the Florida Supreme Court had ruled for Gore; it looked like Gore was going to be president. My thought was that the country could live with it, feel good about it, that the result would be good for everybody but Bush. Then at two in the afternoon we got the call that the U.S. Supreme Court had put a stay on it. We had to go back to work.

PLAYBOY: And now is it the converse: good for everybody but Gore?

MATTHEWS: No. Bad for a larger segment. Bad for the confidence we've had in a close-to-pure democracy. We now have a sense that it depends on who's counting, on what kind of machinery is used. That's not as strong a base for society. But I think the PR battle is being won by the liberals, because people are saying the Supreme Court intervened and that it was a decision, not an election. That's very bad for the Republicans.


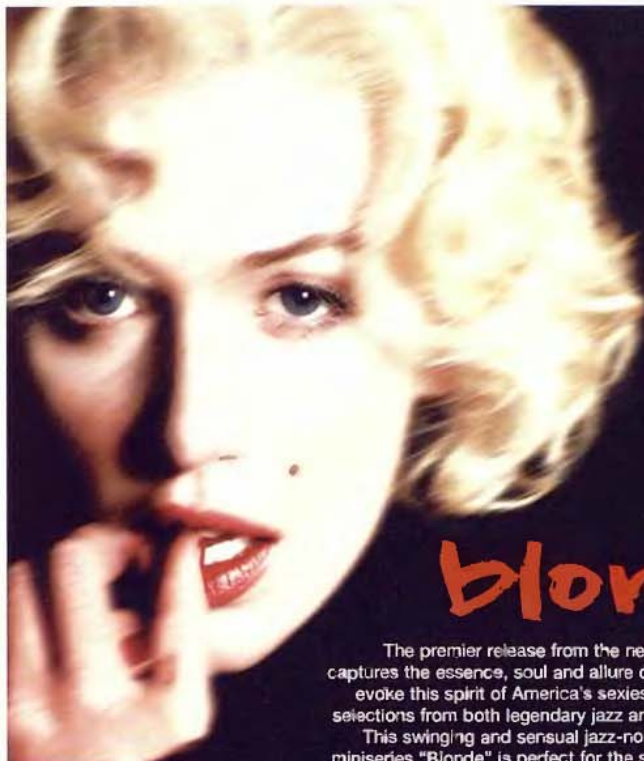
PLAYBOY: Why didn't Gore give it one last try?

MATTHEWS: I think Gore was shocked by the fact that the Court went against him. We were all shocked. I'm sure he had people around him who were ready to go once more into the breach, and to an extent I admire them. I respect that zeal. You get enough critics. You want guys around you who say, "You're right, damn it." But in the Bible, when Solomon proposed cutting the baby in half, the true mother was willing to give it up rather than see it dead. Great stuff, whoever wrote it; it's as good now as it was then. The true test of love and worth is the willingness to sacrifice. In the end, Gore's concession speech was more eloquent than anything he'd ever done. He said, "The system isn't perfect. But I've relied on and lived by this system on the way up, and I'm going to die by the system now." It was a wonderfully fatalistic view of a citizen recognizing the system's limits. It didn't have any anger or defiance in it. It didn't have any of the "We're getting screwed, you guys are bastards" mentality, which I think is the trouble with the whole thing. There may be a time in life when that works, but at this time in our history, we don't want that strife. He gave us a sense of grandeur in a campaign that had none.

PLAYBOY: So, Al Gore gave up the baby, and—

MATTHEWS: We'll see. Gore could win the next one, and then there will be a rubber match in 2008. That would be great shit [laughs].

PLAYBOY: Any advice for Gore, if he runs?
MATTHEWS: Based on that concession speech, no matter what's right or wrong politically, go back to your feelings. If it felt good, do it again. Get away from all the gimmicks that come from your people. If you loved kissing Tipper in front of 100 million people, do it again. If not, don't. One thing I can predict right now: The next election is going to be incredibly close. If the Democrats are smart, next time they'll run a guy or woman who's acceptable to some of that red part of the map. All they've got to do is pick up two or three states. It must be very appealing to them to think they can hold what they've got and grab a couple of states. All this is good for the country, because we get a choice. But I don't






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think it's going to be a battle of heavyweights. I think it's going to be a battle of middleweights again. Both guys are so extremely limited as candidates and leaders.

PLAYBOY: Why?

MATTHEWS: Gore had his ambition ascribed to him. He was told to follow his father's footsteps and to seek the victory that eluded his father. To be almost personally irrelevant is a horrible thing.

PLAYBOY: Didn't Kennedy live out his father's ambition for his older brother, Joe?

MATTHEWS: Jack was always the skipper. There are some great photographs of him and Jackie at a black-tie dinner, and Jackie's trying to woo him, trying to get him to laugh, trying to get his interest. And he's sitting there like Michael Corleone, with that cigar, like "I am God. I'll give you a couple seconds, if you're lucky. It doesn't matter that you're beautiful and well bred and fun. I have a world to choose from here." The godly power of that guy.

Gore is the dauphin. He's stiff and awkward and cold in person. He can put the T-shirt on and be friendly, but as many times as I've been with him in that situation, I still think it's just another form of work. But Al has a great sense of humor and he's not a phony. In another world he'd be just another rich-kid jock.

PLAYBOY: What is Bush?

MATTHEWS: Anti-intellectual and incurious, but for the wrong reasons. He hasn't examined or studied what he's in opposition to. He hasn't read enough philosophy, enough history, to have a real strong opinion. Forty-five minutes into an intellectual discussion, George Bush loses any ability to compete. He just folds. He just doesn't have the interest or the firepower. I think he's a guy who went to college and somehow, systematically, avoided bull sessions. I think he resented the elitism he found around him, and the fact that those people didn't like him. But if he were the great anti-intellectual, why didn't he come out and challenge the intellectuals, fight with them? He doesn't have the stick-to-itiveness for that kind of argument, and that's what comes through.

He's got another problem: He still can't talk to the Northern or Midwestern suburban voters. As long as he can't talk to them, he's going to have one hell of a time running the U.S. as a Bible Belt country. This country is not Bible Belt. I just spoke to my classmates from high school, all Catholics. Most of them, no matter what they say, are pro-choice. But pro-choice is a subset of their cultural values. They are secular. They are cosmopolitan. And those people do not want to see some Jesus-on-the-radio kind of guy calling the shots. In a way they're like Jewish voters: opposed to theocracy. They don't want Billy James Hargis running the country. To them it's

"down there." Bob Dole was a secular political leader. Gerry Ford was secular. Ronald Reagan was, no matter what he pretended to be. Bush is not secular, and that scares people. They think he has cut a concordat with those people down there. What university was Ronald Reagan most identified with? Notre Dame. "The Gipper." Bush? Bob Jones. That's all you need to know. That is his fundamental problem.

PLAYBOY: And we're back to the red versus the blue.

MATTHEWS: I love showing the red-and-blue election map because it explains so much. [Pauses] I am the personification of both. Mentally I clearly am blue, but my gut is viscerally red. I can understand the resentment toward elitism of any kind, and domination by the media. I understand that skepticism and share it to some extent—but not the anger. I also understand that human rights in a polyglot society have to be respected instinctively. The minute you start setting up a theocracy, you're setting up something anti-American. It may seem all right for a day or two, because in your little community everybody agrees. But if you step back from it, you say, "Wait a minute."

PLAYBOY: So no Bush dynasty?

MATTHEWS: I think he could easily be a one-termer. In fact, it would be smart of him to say that he *is* a one-termer. Just turn the tables on the establishment and say, "Look, I'm going to get some things done and I'm going to live with the facts. There's no way I'm going to get reelected, because the North's going to screw me and Florida's all messed up, but I'm going to try to get some things done." Everybody has a dream of being a senator for one term, just one year of being Jimmy Stewart, going out on the floor and saying, "I don't care what anybody thinks, but..." Then they all get sucked into wanting to get reelected.

PLAYBOY: Even Martin Sheen on *The West Wing* wants to get reelected.

MATTHEWS: I love that show. The writing and the public response to the show proves to me that there is reverence for *the office*, not just the cause and the guy. There's also that wonderful scene in *Dave* where Kevin Kline walks down the hall near the end and everybody applauds. You get goose bumps. You gotta have a hero, and we always want that to be our president. It's so noble.

PLAYBOY: Where does your passion for this life come from?

MATTHEWS: The early-stuff passion is driven by a sense of right and wrong, and stark choices. Catholic school, the godless Communists, Stalin being a demon. Grew up in a Republican family that was very pro-Ike—a lot of Catholics were. That made for conflict in the 1960 election. I was pro-Kennedy, dreaming of a Kennedy dynasty followed by Johnson, then Bobby, then Teddy. Then I

watched the Republican convention and I was completely smitten by Nixon. I said, This is the guy, he's the real guy. I cried on election night when he lost. But when Kennedy was killed I felt miserable, almost guilty. I got into the Goldwater thing like a lot of people—including the young Mrs. Clinton—but realized he didn't have all the answers on Social Security, on civil rights, on a lot of questions. By the time he ran, I felt he was sort of old hat. Gene McCarthy seemed like a thoughtful, liberal, smart, antiwar guy—and the war became everything. Then I was for Bobby because he was the only chance of beating Humphrey and ending the war. Then Bobby was killed and it was horrible. Then Gene McCarthy never delivered. And so on.

PLAYBOY: How much did you love writing speeches for Jimmy Carter, and being in the White House?

MATTHEWS: Of all my jobs, it was the most sublime experience. You're basically writing from what you came in with, and you have only so much "capital" when you come in. It's all about how many words, references, metaphors and poetry come to mind. You're always sitting in that room, trying to come up with jokes or something. We were all single—I got married in 1980—and we'd work until two in the morning, then stick around and clean it up. Sometimes we'd take it over to the White House at four o'clock, five o'clock in the morning. We'd write a first draft—a B draft—then circulate it to Jody Powell, Zbigniew Brzezinski.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever have to persuade the president to see it your way?

MATTHEWS: No. Carter was, most of the time, a remote presence. We'd drop a speech off and he'd read it, and you'd get it back with his remarks. There was no back-and-forth. You didn't fight for your jokes. Once he went through with a pencil, which he did prodigiously, with big Xs, that was it. I saved the marked versions.

PLAYBOY: OK, what was Clinton's problem—if it's possible to put it into a few words.

MATTHEWS: Yes, we could go into this for hours [laughs]. He is Mick Jagger. He is Elvis without the pounds. Joe Ezsterhas was right about Clinton. He never wanted to be a grown-up. He didn't want to be a sacred emblem. He went through all the trouble to win the presidency, but in the end he didn't want to go through the trouble to be a great president, to leave a legacy. Why win the prize and quit there? I think people who want to be great, who are great, *try* to be great. What I never found in Clinton was true, gut, almost religious belief in something.

PLAYBOY: You'd think from that picture of him shaking Kennedy's hand that he understood.

MATTHEWS: I've thought about that myself. Why did he know the emblematic

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importance of the White House and the presidency, and yet never recognize it when he had the opportunity? He wanted the victory. He wanted to own it, like a prize, like a trophy. The problem with this guy is—I could give you a hundred. The one I always start with is: Why did guys root for Kennedy and not for Clinton? Both guys have a reputation for being a ladies' man, a playboy. The answer: Kennedy was a leader of men, not a guy who could just seduce women or get them to giggle. It was not only about being charming and great-looking and using the right cologne. Men looked up to him. "What are the orders, Skipper?" Nobody asked Clinton what to do.

Also, Kennedy shared. You could sense it in his being. When he won, every ethnic group won. Bill Clinton says, "I won, you lost." Men don't like Clinton because he's not a stand-up guy. He's not a grown-up. Most men are basically loyal to their wives. Guys don't like guys who screw around.

PLAYBOY: Was Clinton seduced by his ability to seduce?

MATTHEWS: [Sighs] I know that at the heart of the Monica thing, for most people, is a moral question about behavior. I think it's different. No one really cared about Gennifer Flowers. She didn't cost him any votes. It was off campus. Two adults. But there's something about an intern in the White House, a master-slave relationship; when you read it all, it has that aspect to it. I know it sounds pretty Catholic, but the word desecration comes to mind. He could have had an affair with any one of the well-known movie stars—everybody assumed he did; nobody cared. We weren't prudish about it. If it didn't seem to bother Hillary much, why should we care? But something about Monica struck us. And then there was the perjury. If [Clinton pollster] Dick Morris had said, "Mr. President, don't believe these stupid polls because they don't mean anything. If you go out there and tell the American people you made a mistake and you were caught off guard by that question, and now you want to correct the record," he could have walked away from this! It was the willful decision to lie to our faces, *when we knew he was lying*, and imply we were below him in some way. He was asking us for a level of subjugation we aren't used to in this country. Give us some credit for being mature, for being secular, for being nonjudgmental. Don't treat us like we're a bunch of rubes who have to be treated with lies.

I never said he should be removed from office. I never said he should be impeached. My interest wasn't in the sex, it was in the president lying to the American people, and doing it with the support of his entire presidency and cabinet. And the Democratic Party. Half the country had been recruited into the Army of Liars because at any dinner ta-

ble, at any bar in the country, some of the Democratic loyalists were hooked into lying for him. Obviously they weren't lying on purpose, but they'd been used to sell the lie.

And all this because he took the advice of a guy like Dick Morris to poll a question of human frailty, of human love, of the human heart.

PLAYBOY: And what of Monica's part in all this?

MATTHEWS: Well, they *were* pushing that stalker theory. There was a willingness to hang this woman out and to make her—this kid—pay for what was at least half his responsibility, and probably more, because he was the grown-up. Monica needed someone to tell her she was doing the wrong thing. She didn't have a dad to tell her. She didn't have a mother; in fact, her mother was pushing her. Her friend Linda Tripp? No, she's got the tape running. So who? The *president*. He should have said, "You're a cute young girl. You're very attractive. I don't mind saying you're very sexy. But I'm president of the F-ing United States, and I'm not having anything to do with you. You can come by and eat pizza with me, and that's it."

PLAYBOY: Hillary and Bill: divorce?

MATTHEWS: No opinion. I have no problem with divorce, but all marriages are tricky, and any marriage that lasts is interesting and should be respected on that basis. I'm not talking about politics. In that way I think their relationship might diverge a bit. Let's face it: She wins both ways, as a victim and as a partner.

David Gergen had an interesting analysis of the Clintons. There's always one up and one down, and when one is down, the other one takes advantage of it. Clinton turned over health care to his wife, as a payoff: "Here, you do this. I'm embarrassed by Paula Jones right now." She had the upper hand, and he yielded to her, like, "All right, you can have the car tonight." She took over what should have been the central push of the administration and turned it into boutique politics, like, "I'll do it over here with the propellerheads."

PLAYBOY: Do you admire anything about Clinton?

MATTHEWS: He's the greatest politician we've ever seen. Remember the first *Star Trek* movie, where this incredible, daunting entity called V—GER arrives and they have to deal with it? It was a probe sent out years before, programmed to explore and defend itself. That's Bill Clinton. Somewhere in our political history, we as a society designed, through our voting patterns, the unstoppable political personality, and Bill Clinton is that person. He was sent into space and has come back. He's a very skilled, state-of-the-art, unstoppable political machine. He's learned every trick of politics, every offense and defense of survival. He has

learned what to do when caught. He has learned how to exploit an opportunity. He has learned how to graft himself onto every bit of good news and separate himself from every bit of bad news. He's learned how to be avuncular in times of tragedy. He's learned how to dodge bullets and make bullets that hit other people somehow benefit him. His identification with Oklahoma City after the bombing was a great political move. I said, "This guy gets it." He could exploit even horror effectively.

But the question is, how did he use his instrument? He increased his political capital, so he would leave office with a high popularity level. He never used it to fix Social Security or Medicare or any of the real tough things. His proposal on the Middle East, which was extremely courageous, wasn't offered until January 3, when it was hopeless. He could have pushed two or three years earlier and really stuck his neck out. Instead, he used his capital for the Marc Rich pardon. Why would you use your capital for dreck like that? The pardon of Rich was not acceptable, but maybe it was a good educational thing. In the end we understand our system better. Clinton's pardons helped us stop being so naive. We used to think that only in Mexico could you be bought at the top. No. On the show I said, "Do you feel like you're in Manila now, where if you can reach a brother-in-law or a brother, you get it?" Do Americans like that feeling of being in a country where it's a little rotten at the top? It's a delusion to think we don't have that problem in this country.

PLAYBOY: You're a political junkie. Most junkies have days when they desperately want to kick the habit.

MATTHEWS: I'd be afraid of the day when I did. I look at it like this: Dick Cavett interviewed John Huston one night and said, "What do you most want?" Huston was dying of emphysema, and at his age it obviously wasn't poontang. He said, "I want interest." And that is it. I want to be interested in something. My interest is politics. It's formulated by years of being a student of it and taking sides.

PLAYBOY: When do you personally play hardball?

MATTHEWS: It's a hard discipline. I try to keep my rivals and critics in front of me and be friendly with them. I've had people write tough pieces about me. I call the editors and say I just want to dispute these few points, and I end up having a nice conversation. I think you should clear the air quickly and not let those things become stupid grudges that go on for 20 years because some guy said something once—which is common in this city.

PLAYBOY: What's your new book about?

MATTHEWS: People ask where I'm coming from: Are you a Democrat or a Republican? I'm a hybrid, and I want to explain

(continued on page 169)

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A PROGRESS REPORT

BY CHIP ROWE
PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE GEORGIU

Sex Takes

of the

21st Century

Meet Your Guide, Sky

Who better to lead us through this tour of sex in the new century than a woman whose philosophy is "Fuck your way through life—it's a lot more fun"? An innocent girl, really. Went to a party that turned into an orgy, and a gonzo producer offered her work. She first appeared in *Shane's World 17*, which led to *Pornological 3* and *Slumber Party 6*, which led to a contract with Vivid to make plot-driven porn. She disliked that ("the character I play best is me") so she returned to gonzo with **Sky's Day Off**. Over a weekend in San Francisco, she offered on-camera hand jobs or head to men she met on the street. Most declined, but, Sky says, "I usually did them anyway." No, guys, we don't know where she'll be next. But she popped up at a Bulls game while visiting us, where she jiggled in the aisle, hugged the coach's wife and chased the mascot with a rolled-up towel. That's our gonzo girl! See more of her at cyber.playboy.com.



GONZO 101



SEYMORE BUTTS

"Gonzo is unscripted, with no middle or end, and no acting," explains director Adam Glasser, a.k.a. Seymore Butts. "The sex should be as natural as possible. I'm not going to stop a scene to touch up the woman's makeup, because in real life she doesn't get progressively better looking as she gets fucked. **SHE SWEATS AND DRIPS AND RUNS.** Obviously, it contains fantasy; women don't run around having anal sex all day. But there is a realness to the action."

Porn HOME MOVIES

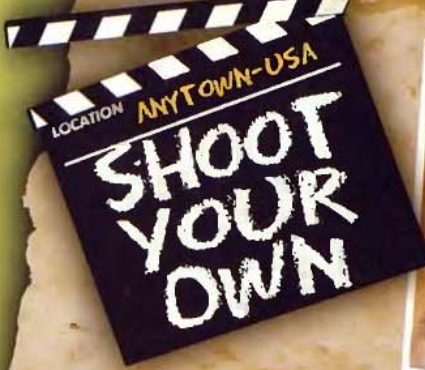
Thousands of gonzo videos are released each year. **JAMIE GILLIS'** *On the Prowl* and **ED POWERS'** *Bus Stop Tales*, both from 1989, are credited as the first. Gillis persuaded passersby to step inside a limo for some fun with a starlet. Powers talked a lone traveler—presumably a stranger—into going home with him for sex. **JOHN "BUTTMAN" STAGLIANO** took the bootie and ran with it in the early Nineties. Adam Glasser met Stagliano by chance and transformed into **SEYMORE BUTTS**. His style: a "you are there" over-the-shoulder cam and narration that reflected his astonishment at how horny women became in view of his equipment.

Glasser's franchise took off when he introduced an ex-stripper named **SHANE**. She launched *Shane's World* by inviting libertine friends on weekend trips and taping the more-or-less spontaneous sex and other high jinks. She also paid tribute to *On the Road* with at least one segment in which porn babes are sent in limos to find frat boys willing to receive hand jobs on camera.

Gillis and Powers continue to make gonzo, and other aging porn studs such as **JOEY SILVERA**,

TOM BYRON and **RANDY**

WEST have extended their careers by launching their own newcomer series. The latest gimmicks are fan fucks featuring men, women and couples who agree to be taped having sex. "This could be your dick!" promises one cover. Just don't let it get a big head.



While every dude with a viewfinder thinks he can shoot gonzo, it takes expertise to create a video that someone will buy. If you plan a series, you'll need to recruit a steady stream of fresh talent. One critic explains Ben Dover's success this way: "The women fall under the spell of his hypnotizing UK accent, and soon 14 of their 15 minutes of fame have been wasted bent over a couch." **ED POWERS**, who has released nearly 500 videos since the first *Bus Stop Tales* and has had sex with (by his count) 10,000 women, no longer searches for co-stars. The women phone him, and they refer their friends. But he has the technique down. Here he offers tips on making spontaneous porn:

THE APPROACH: "When I saw a woman who looked like she wanted to talk to somebody, I'd tell her I was making a sexual documentary. Let me take you away from the boredom of the day," I'd say. Be honest, because if you give her a line and it works, she later might feel she was conned. If she agrees to sign a release, I pay her. I never pay for sex. I pay for the right to release whatever she does, even (continued on page 90)

SURVIVOR SEX

WHERE POP GOES, PORN FOLLOWS

The king of reality shows inspired numerous online adult knockoffs. *Sex Survivor 2000* promised \$700,000 to the last porn couple fucking after a week in an LA mansion equipped with 44 webcams. Before the site ran out of money and shut down early, online voyeurs paid \$70 each to watch and vote contestants off. Last fall, KSEXRadio.com announced a grand scheme to host *Sexual Survivor*, in which five listeners and 10 Nevada prostitutes would be isolated in a lodge on the San Juan Islands. The hookers would do all they could to entice the guys into sex; any contestant who

THE LAST COUPLE FUCKING WOULD SPLIT \$700,000.

yielded would be banished. Alas, the best-laid plans. . . Twice each month, Pornstar Survivor.com invites four e-mail applicants to cohabitate in Malibu with a quartet of industry babes. The men challenge the performers and one another to risqué games such as naked Twister, topless touch football and bobbing for dildos. A \$50,000 finale is scheduled for the fall.



INUTRITION TIPS

STUD-ADE

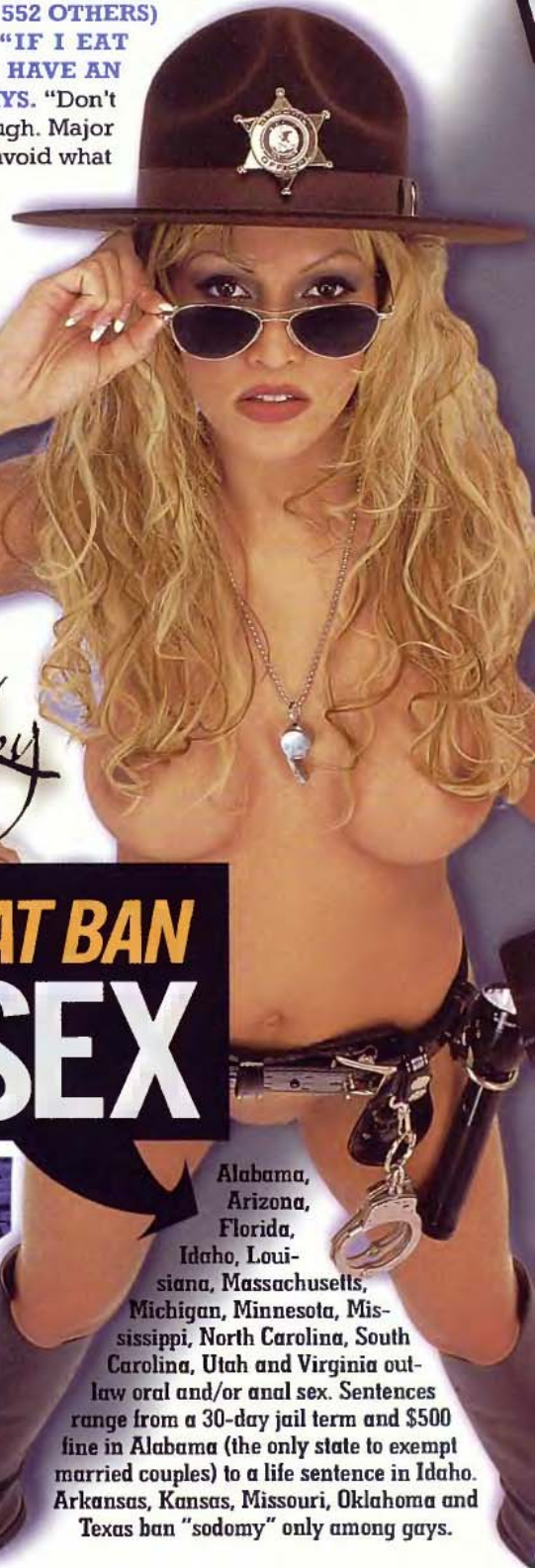


To increase his sexual stamina, Rod Fontana, who has appeared in more than 390 adult films, mixes a health-food cocktail that includes androstenedione ("the same stuff Mark McGwire got in trouble for"), tribulus terrestris, yohimbine, DHEA, DMAE, vanadyl sulfate, niacin, pygeum, choline and pumpkin seed extract. "It is awesome," he says. "I've tinkered over the

past two years, and I have it down to a science. I ought to patent it." Peter North (*Battlestar Orgasmica* and 1432 others) uses six over-the-counter supplements but refuses to reveal the exact formula until he retires. Alex Sanders (*Intercourse With the Vampire* and 980 others) experimented with herbal remedies to keep wood for three-a-days but concluded it's mostly mental. **MICHAEL J. COX** (*STEADY AS SHE BLOWS* AND 552 OTHERS)

STAYS HOT WITH PEPPERS. "IF I EAT CHILI THE NIGHT BEFORE, I HAVE AN EXPLOSIVE POP SHOT," HE SAYS. "Don't eat it right before your scene, though. Major party foul." The studs say that they avoid what *Sex and the City* has referred to as "funky spunk" by snacking on pineapple juice, celery and kiwi. Most don't care for Viagra. "Imagine if there were a pill that could make you into a concert pianist," says Nick East (*The Hills Have Thighs* and 686 others). "It's like cheating."

—TOD HUNTER



Love Sky

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STATES THAT BAN ORAL SEX

Alabama, Arizona, Florida, Idaho, Louisiana, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Utah and Virginia outlaw oral and/or anal sex. Sentences range from a 30-day jail term and \$500 fine in Alabama (the only state to exempt married couples) to a life sentence in Idaho. Arkansas, Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma and Texas ban "sodomy" only among gays.

Is This Seat Taken?

Man invented the chair, and a few minutes later, the sex chair. Though most erotic furniture is designed for bondage, **JOE HURLEY OF KINKY JOE'S** also creates pieces for unbridled sex. His set of oral sex chairs (left) prevent neck and back strain (he calls it "ergonomic erotica"). Joe also makes a triple-action spring rocker (right); a bend-over chair; and a multitiered vinyl, fabric or leather sofa that accommodates multiple positions as you climb. His latest creation is an elaborate 69 chair that adjusts for threesomes. Prices start at \$249. For a catalog, send \$5 to KJE Furniture, 33 Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, New York 11217 (kinkyjoe.com).

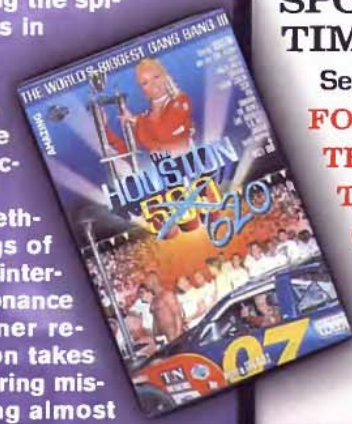
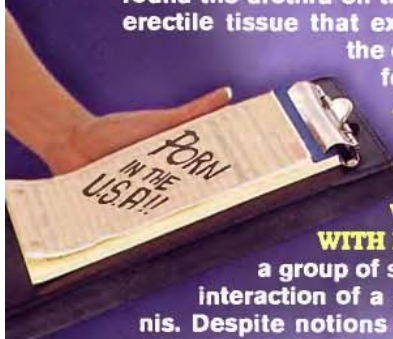


WHAT WE KNOW

LEONARDO DA VINCI mapped the female genitalia centuries ago, but it wasn't until 1998 that a scientist in Australia documented the length of the clitoris. By dissecting female cadavers, she discovered that **THE CLIT IS AS LONG AS THE AVERAGE ERECTION**. The tiny, elusive glans connects inside the woman's body to a pyramid-shaped mass of erectile tissue about the size of a thumb joint. From there it branches into two legs, or crura, that flare back on either side of the vaginal opening to surround the urethra on three sides. Two bulbs of erectile tissue that extend from the body of the clitoris could be responsible for **THE G SPOT, THAT AREA OF TISSUE ON THE ANTERIOR VAGINAL WALL THAT CAUSES SOME WOMEN TO GO WEAK WITH PLEASURE**. Meanwhile,

a group of scientists is studying the interaction of a man's brain and his penis. Despite notions that one must shut off for the other to work, the two organs are in constant communication along the spinal cord. A cluster of neurons in the brain regulates the chatter to ensure that younger men don't have nearly constant erections. In a crunch, the body can create reflexive erections without the brain's help.

In 1999 scientists in the Netherlands reported the findings of a study in which couples had intercourse inside a magnetic resonance imaging scanner. The scanner revealed that the man's erection takes the shape of a boomerang during missionary position sex, pointing almost straight up toward the woman's head.



SEXUAL EXTREMES

Although *Guinness World Records* doesn't acknowledge sexual achievements, verifiable records do exist. **THE MOST ORGASMS EXPERIENCED BY A WOMAN IN AN HOUR IS 134**, documented in the early Seventies by **WILLIAM HARTMAN** and **MARILYN FITHIAN** at the Center for Marital and Sexual Studies. The team also recorded a man who came 16 times in an hour. In 1995, scientists at Rutgers observed **A 35-YEAR-OLD MAN EJACULATE SIX TIMES IN 36 MINUTES WITHOUT LOSING HIS ERECTION**. He claimed to have once climaxed five times in six minutes. **THE FASTEST FEMALE ORGASM RECORDED IN A RESEARCH LAB IS 15 SECONDS** (the average time recorded was 20 minutes). The longest male orgasm on record, measured by muscle contractions, lasted 13 seconds. The longest female orgasm lasted 51 seconds by measure of muscle contractions and 107 seconds by self-report. **THE MOST SEMEN RECORDED IN ONE EJACULATION IS 2.23 TEASPOONS, OR ABOUT THREE TIMES THE AVERAGE**.

Sexual stamina is tougher to pin down. **FOR A 1995 STUNT THAT WAS BILLED AS THE WORLD'S BIGGEST GANG BANG, ANNABEL CHONG HAD ORAL OR VAGINAL SEX 251 TIMES WITH 80 MEN OVER 10**

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)





THE FETISH CONNECTION

THE INTERNET DIDN'T CREATE FETISHES, BUT IT HAS ORGANIZED THEM. WHEN AN UNCOMMON SEXUAL INTEREST HAS ENOUGH DEVOTEES TO SUPPORT A WEBSITE, IT TYPICALLY ALSO RECEIVES A SUBJECT HEADING IN YAHOO (SHOWN HERE WITH THE NUMBER OF SITES LISTED): BALLOONS (3), BELLY BUTTIONS (6), BODY INFLATION (5), BOOTS (10), BREASTS (79), BUTTS AND BUNS (2), CASTS AND LEG BRACES (16), CHASTITY BELTS (4), CLOGS (1), COVERALLS (1), DOLLS AND MANNEQUINS (5), ENEMAS (5), EYEGLASSES (4), FEET (118), FEMMES INVISIBLES (7), FOOTWEAR (30), GAS MASKS (1), GLOVES (4), HAIR (21), HICCUPS (1), HIGH HEELS (10), HYPNOSIS (13), INFANTILISM (11), JEANS (6), LATEX, VINYL AND RUBBER (10), LEATHER (36), LEGS (17), LIFTING AND CARRYING (4), NAILS, TALONS AND CLAWS (8), ORTHODONTIC BRACES (5), PIES (1), POOL TOYS (2), QUICKSAND (1), ROBOTS (5), SMOKING (20), SNEEZING (6), STOMPING (5), STUFFED ANIMALS (8), SWEATERS (1), TONGUES (1), UNCONSCIOUSNESS (9), UNIFORMS (11), USED PANTIES (35), WET AND MESSY (23), WRESTLING (3).



REV UP YOUR RIDE

FOREPLAY DICE

One glow-in-the-dark die has words such as touch, kiss and blow. The other has boobs, lips, nipples, toes and a question mark. Your roll.

HITACHI MAGIC WAND

To experiment with this, the Cadillac of vibrators, place it on a pillow and have your partner sit on it and rock against the firm head. Start with the low setting.

LICK-A-LOT-O-PUSS

Worn like a garter belt, this contraption has leather grips that gently spread the labia. By moving her thighs, a woman controls how "open" she wants to be to a tongue or fingers.

RABBIT PEARL

This toy gets its name from the figure that protrudes from its side. Its quivering ears can be positioned against her clitoris while a band of rotating pearls caresses her vagina.

PULSA BATH

One student of sex educator Lou Paget told how her husband loved having the foam vibrator (right) held under his scrotum while she blew him in the shower.

PINK ELEPHANT

After pouring a generous amount of lube into this soft, ridged sleeve, a woman can hold it firmly

against the base of the cock and pull upward sharply to create a great sucking sensation.

SOFT TOUCH VIBE

This toy resembles two barrels, each about an inch long, attached at the sides. One contains a minivibe encased in jelly; the other is the finger sleeve that lets you pinpoint the action.

ASSTROKNOTS

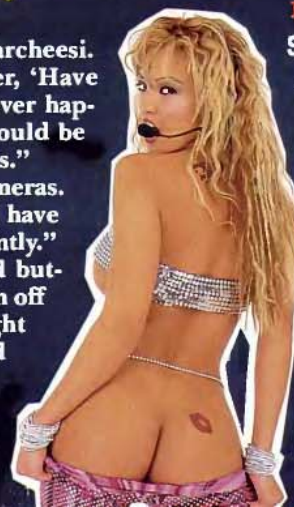
Paget considers Asstraknots the Aston Martins of anal toys: They're small, expensive and memorable. Another product, Little Zinger, resembles a pacifier—for your ass.



SHOOT YOUR OWN, CONT'D: if we just play Parcheesi. If she doesn't want to have sex, I'll ask her, 'Have you ever watched a man masturbate?' Whatever happens, she has to understand that the tape could be seen by other people, including her neighbors."

THE EQUIPMENT: "I love these new digital cameras. Bounce a 500-watt bulb off the ceiling. You'll have to get up to adjust the camera, so do it efficiently."

THE TAPING: "Make sure you hit the record button—that's a common mistake—and don't turn off the camera; you could miss something. It might take eight hours to get 20 minutes of good footage, or you might get nothing."



RECORDS, CONT'D: hours. In 1996, Jasmin St. Claire broke Chong's record by having sex 300 times with 51 men. In 1999, the porn star Houston claimed to have been penetrated 620 times by 60 men. For a 1997 video, *The World's Luckiest Man*, Jon Dough had sexual contact with 101 women over two days of shooting.

You'll need about 7000 partners to qualify with kings and porn studs for the busiest lovers list at sexualrecords.com.



"Fresh figs are now being served in the bedroom."



Los Angeles police officer Ginger Harrison has a predisposition for taking a bite out of crime. Her father and grandfather are retired FBI agents, and her uncle is a policeman. "I guess that's how I kept on the straight and narrow," she says. This 28-year-old Michigan native, a self-proclaimed tomboy, moved to California when she was 19 and intended to follow in her father's footsteps by joining the FBI. A hiring freeze brought her to the LAPD, and the six-year veteran now patrols the Foothill Division of the San Fernando Valley. "There have been times when I've rolled up to a shooting in progress," she explains. "I've been in situations with people fighting all around me, and all of a sudden shots are being fired. You don't know where they're coming from, so all you can do is duck and wait until they stop so you can get your bearings. I've chased guys over walls, tackled them and taken them into custody, but I've been lucky not to have had to shoot anybody yet."

In a macho profession like law enforcement, Ginger has had to overcome a lot of sexist stereotypes both on the force and on the street. "We women definitely have to prove ourselves," she says. "Just the other day some lady who found out I was a cop said, 'Oh my God! You look more like you should be on *Baywatch*.' As long as you can show that you're one of the boys—that you can hang in there and fight with them when you need to—you're in. Still, we get

Ginger loves to watch *Cops* and has appeared on a few episodes of *LAPD: Life on the Beat*. "You would think because I see this stuff every day that I wouldn't care to watch it on TV. But I get into *Cops* as much as the next person," she says. "I think I've seen everything, but people never cease to amaze me. You also get to see how other police departments work and you can sit there and say, 'Oh, we would never do that!'"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALISON REYNOLDS

THE ARRESTING OFFICER GINGER

the lapd's most beautiful patrolwoman
takes us downtown





Remarkably, Ginger has never used her real handcuffs on her husband. "I wouldn't bring those disgusting things home. They've been on hundreds of criminals," she says. "I would use a pair of nice brand-new ones from a store!" Following the rules of the Los Angeles Police Department, Ginger wants you to know that the uniform featured on these pages isn't the same one she wears on her beat.







picked for certain jobs more than others, like sex crimes, or anything that involves a child, or anything against a woman. But this is what I love—I couldn't imagine doing anything else." Ginger says the LAPD is about 30 percent women, and she currently patrols her beat with a female partner.

When she's not on duty, this crime kicker likes kicking it at home with her husband, Michael, and her 20-month-old daughter, Bailey. "When I come home, Bailey's arms go around me and they don't leave me until she goes to bed," Ginger relates. Would she encourage someone, perhaps her daughter, to pursue this line of work? "People think this job is all about helping people, but a lot of times it's not," she says. "What you deal with every day can change you as a person. You become cynical and cold to certain things because you have to. You can't take everything personally because you'd never make it." At the end of a day, Ginger acknowledges that it is all for the better. "As a group, as a division of officers, I definitely think we're having an impact," she says. "There are the few people you know you've gotten through to, or you see the person who committed a terrible crime get arrested and go to jail. Then there are the thankful victims and the children you help take out of horrible home situations. In those times, you feel like you're really making a difference."

See arresting video of Ginger in the Playboy Cyber Club. Join at cyber.playboy.com.





Supertoys

Play Can Be So Deadly

David thought he was
human; Teddy didn't know
he wasn't

fiction
By Brian W. Aldiss

In Mrs. Henry Swinton's garden it was not always summer. She had ventured into the crowded city with David and Teddy and bought a new VRO, "Eurowinter." Now the almond trees were barren of leaves and the branches were loaded with snow that would never melt as long as the disc played. So, on the fake walls and windows of the Swinton simulation house the snow would remain lodged forever on the windowsills. The icicles hanging from the gutters would never melt while the disc played. The frosty blue sky would remain forever the same, as long as the disc kept playing.

On the frozen ornamental pond, David and Teddy had devised a simple game. They slid from opposite sides of the pond, narrowly missing each other as they passed. This always caused them to laugh.

"I nearly hit you that time, Teddy!" David cried.

Mrs. Swinton watched from the window of her living room. Bored by their repetitive actions, she switched the window off and turned away. The serving man hobbled from his alcove and inquired gravely if there was anything he could get her.

"No thank you, Jules."

"I'm sorry to see you appear to be still grieving, ma'am."

"It's quite all right, Jules. I will get over it."

"Perhaps you would like me to ask your friend Dora-Belle over?"

"That is not (continued on page 166)



What Fun To Be Reborn

David's obsession with being human would be neurotic—if he were human

fiction
By Brian W. Aldiss

Throwaway Town sprawled near the heart of the city. David made his way there, led by a large Fixer-Mixer. The Fixer-Mixer had many hands and arms of various dimensions snuggled down on his rusty carapace. Walking on extensible spider legs, he towered above David.

As they went along, David asked, "Why are you so big?"

"The world's big, David. So I am big."

After a silence, the boy said, "The world has been big since my mommy died."

"Machines don't have mommies."

"I am not a machine."

Throwaway was down a steep slope, and partly hidden by a high wall of breeze-blocks. The road into this junk town was wide and easy. Everything inside was irregular. Strange shapes were the order of the day and many moved, or could move, or might move. Their colors were many, too, some sporting huge letters or numerals. Rusty brown was a favorite color. They specialized in scratches, huge dents, shattered glass, broken panels. They stood in puddles and leaked rust.

This was the land of the obsolete. To Throwaway came or were dumped all the old models of automatics, robots, androids and other machines that had ceased to be useful to busy mankind. Here was everything that had once worked in some way, from toasters and electric carving knives to derricks and computers that could count only up to infinity-minus-one. The poor Fixer-Mixer had lost *(continued on page 178)*



YO,

"TWO WAY" ME

When Matt Damon wants to know what huddy Bee Affleck is doing for dinner, he doesn't pick up the phone. Instead, Damee, like a lot of other celebrities, uses the latest must-have accessory—the two-way pager. These handheld devices allow users to get e-mail, compose a reply on a tiny keyboard and send it out wirelessly. It's a silent alternative to the ubiquitous cell phones of Hollywood and a perfect way to communicate in either a noisy club or a quiet meeting room. Forget the age-old exchange of business cards. Place two pagers next to each other and push a button: "Booming" trades your contact information digitally.

Although a handful of stars have dedicated themselves to two-way pagers, they do disagree on one important aspect—equipment. Motorola's bright-colored Talkabout T988 (\$188, plus a monthly service charge) and the Timeport 935 (\$480, plus a monthly service charge) attract younger celebrities such as MTV VJs Carson Daly and Annndra Lewis, young actresses Tara Reid and Rachael Leigh Cook and hip-hop hoovies Eve and Jay-Z. Jigga even immortalized the device by mentioning it in a music video.

The competition is RIM's BlackBerry (\$500, plus a monthly service charge), which is larger than the clamshell-shaped Talkabout and has a bigger screen for displaying a calendar, task list and calculator. It can also sync with a PC like a PDA. The BlackBerry draws its audience from a buttoned-down crowd that includes Bill Gates and Al Gore.

Convinced of the rising popularity of two-way pagers, Def Jam Records co-founder Russell Simmons (a longtime devotee of the Motorola T900) recently partnered with Vtech Connect and Shared Technologies Cellular to launch his own line of telecommunications products. Under the name Rush Communications, Simmons introduced the Rush Communicator two-way pager to hip-hop crowds in June.

Next trend: two-way pager-cell phone combos from Samsung, Motorola and Kyocera, launching later this year.





"Of course you realize that you're blowing my chances of creating a masterpiece."

GIRLS ADMIRE AMPED-UP CLOTHES—RIGHT BEFORE THEY RIP THEM OFF
SO YOU WANT TO BE A

Star

A

couple of million girls can definitely be wrong—you just won't be getting any action if you argue with them. So don't be an idiot about the boy-band thing. Love them or hate them, but take note of how they make women dewy. We've enlisted the help of Joe McIntyre, né Joey, formerly of New Kids on the Block, to illustrate the lesson to be learned here. After his band paved the way, he stood by and watched 'N Sync break all sorts of records for stale toast. Happily for him, this survivor of boy-band island came through with his charm and his sense of style intact. So, just as you took a cue from his low-slung jeans back in the day (hey, do whatever the girls want, bro), pay attention to these pages. The guy is poised to be MTV's *TRL* trouper—there's as big a push behind his new CD, *Meet Joe Mac*, as there was when Ricky Martin made his move. Joining him in our campy tribute to teen idols is Angelica Bridges, the carbonated fox from *Baywatch*. The road to the top may be wild, but it never gets ugly.

Rock-and-roll fantasy. You may strike this pose only in your shower. The clothes, on the other hand, are perfectly street legal. The oceanographic shirt is by Roberto Cavalli at Jeffrey New York. The leather pants, also by Roberto Cavalli, are fit for your lizard king. The backup singers shimmy in outfits by Gianfranco Ferré.

Fashion By Joseph De Acetis

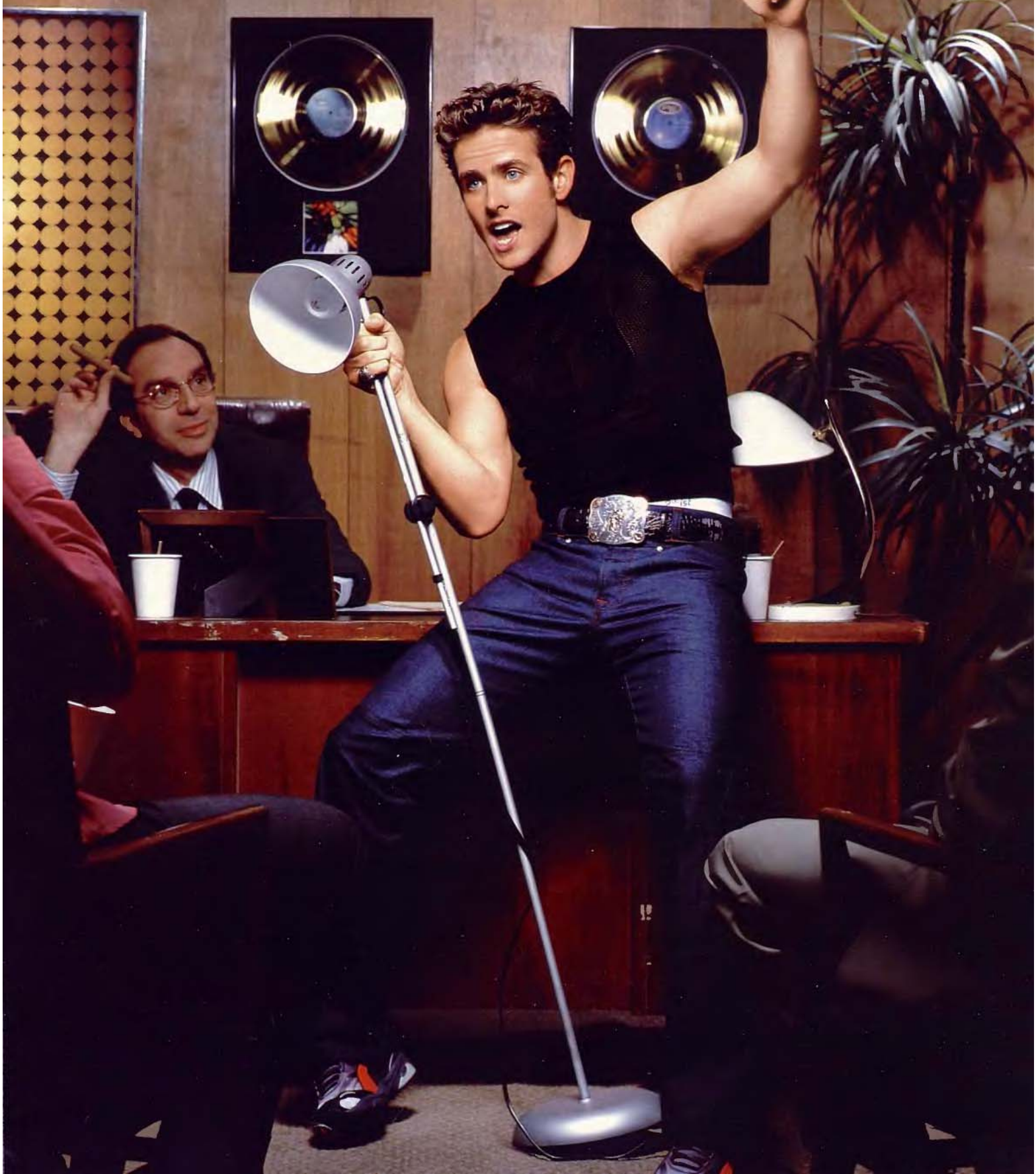
The crossroads. What's an old New Kid on the Block to do? Spend his last dollar on clothes, check out the want ads and wander the Deuce, contemplating his future. Joe's attired for his low moment in a coat by Hugo Boss, pants by Reunion and a shirt by DKNY.



Produced By Joe Dalce

Photography By Andre Rau

The audition. "Let's see if you still got it, kid!" A cappella this: McIntyre stands and delivers in a T-shirt by Dsquared. His pair of 2(X)ist boxer-briefs peeks above jeans by Marithé & François Girbaud. The belt and buckle are by Buffalo Chips, and he has Puma sneakers on his feet. Manager Jerry Jaffe wears a shirt and tie by René Lezard and a suit by DKNY. The clothes on the sidemen are by René Lezard as well.



Stepping out of a Mercedes sedan with Angelica, Joe wears a Giorgio Armani tie, a Marithé & François Girbaud shirt and a Hugo Boss suit. Shoes by Johnston & Murphy, belt by Calvin Klein. Her dress and shoes by Richard Tyler, her jewelry is Diamonte by Patricia Field. It's a Betsey Johnson boa. The bodyguard is in a Liz Claiborne suit, a Raffi shirt and Ray-Bans. The paparazzi wear Andrew Marc jackets, Perry Ellis pants and Skechers shoes.



McIntyre's feeling the Moët & Chandon in a Roberto Cavalli shirt and DKNY suit. Shades by Christian Dior. His shoes are by Sergio Rossi at Bergdorf Goodman. Her hat by Francis Hendy; boots, hotpants, blazer and fur coat all by Richard Tyler. That's a Diamante bra by Victoria's Secret, and her ring is by Patricia Field.





Groopie grope. Now we know what backup singers are for. Postconcert, McIntyre relaxes in a silk-print Gucci robe and Hugo Boss boxers. After you admire the blonde, you may want to know that her body suit is from Victoria's Secret, her stockings are by Oroblu and her sexy lace-up shoes are by Helmut Lang. As for the brunette, she's wearing (but not for long) her boudoir best from Richard Tyler. Her jewelry is Diamonte by Patricio Field.



"I beg your pardon, it's your turn!"

MARRIAGE IS IN THE AIR

(Here's How to Avoid It)

BY TIMOTHY MOHR

I'm sitting at a round dinner table in my best suit. For the first time this year, I'm at a wedding for which I don't have to wear a tux and stand with the couple for their vows. The girl at the head of the main table was a wild one in college and after college—and even last week when we got drunk together one last time. But there she is tonight, white dress, demure smile, an objectively good-looking corporate lawyer beaming at her side. One of his buddies is talking: “The guys on our rugby team used to say Jonathan was useless at any position. For Kate's sake, I hope that's not true.” Big laughs. But I'm not laughing. I'm crapping my pants because, without even looking, I can tell that there's a gleam in my date's eyes. It's a gleam nearly impossible to avoid. It's a sparkle inspired by visions of marriage.

Weddings used to be great. My buddies turned grooms would rig the procession so I could walk down the aisle with a hot bridesmaid rather than the older sister of the bride. Then, after drinking (a lot) and dancing (a little), there was a good chance of some nice-nice. All the girls were in the right mood, and a lot of them were single. In fact, they were better than single—they were in their immediate-postcollege experimental phase, the time when even girls who were mousy in college feel they owe it to themselves as independent women to seek new experiences. Which almost always boils down to experiencing sex with a series of men who are all but strangers.

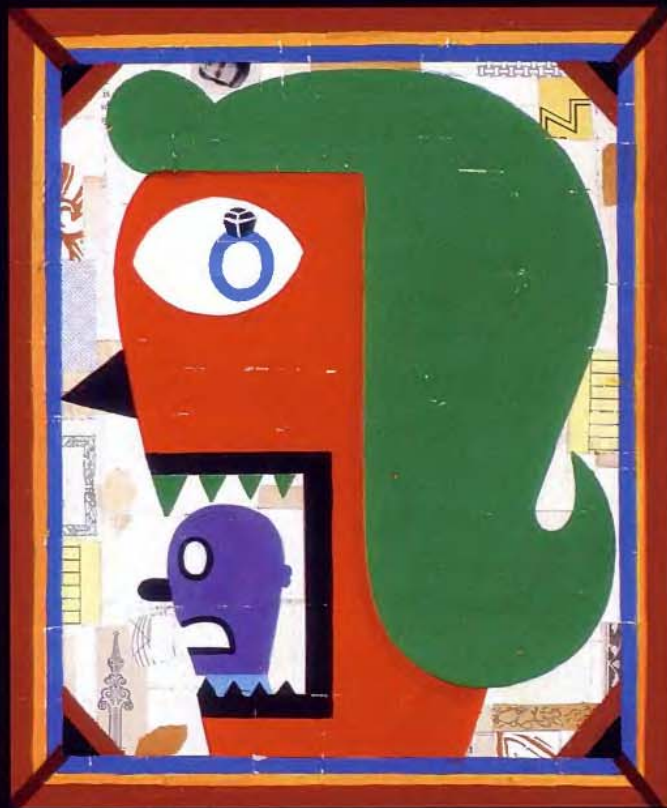
But these days weddings suck. Most of the guests I know are already married, or at least seriously involved. My buddies can't get trashed; the girls want to go back to the hotel

room, but only to curl up and watch *Father of the Bride 2*. The ceremonies are like Volvo ads, full of nice-looking couples whose sense of adventure has been reduced to climbing out of their four-wheel-drive wagon to save a fucking turtle. And it's not just my friends who are marrying and disappearing. Even my younger co-workers and the friends of my girlfriend—who graduated six years after I did—are coupling up. The average age of marriage seems to be falling. The pressure is on.

There are at least two sources of pressure. One is my mom, who will start talking about how cute some baby is. And I'll say, “Ah, you just have PGS—pre-mature grandparent syndrome.” And my mom looks at me, without a hint of humor, and says, “It's not premature.” The second source is my girlfriend, who realizes her friends are getting married. I've gone out of my way to find a ludicrously young girlfriend, and even her friends are heading down the aisle in droves. This summer I have at least four weddings to attend. And I can't get out of them—my girlfriend says she'd feel humiliated having to go alone (or, for my friends' weddings, being left home) when she has a

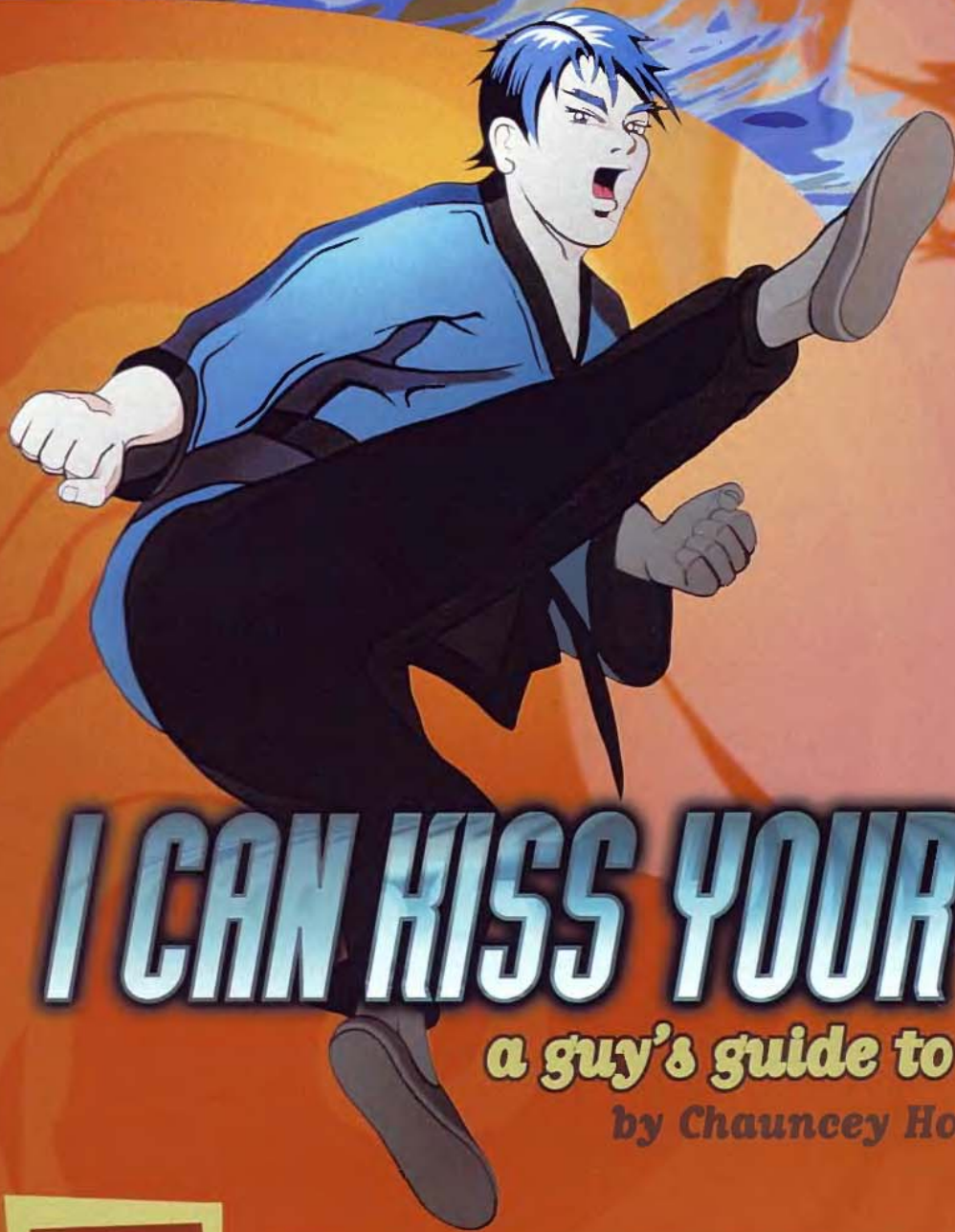
long-term boyfriend.

Then, of course, there is my deepening sense of foreboding. The scummer who lived in my college dormitory—the guy who was notoriously unhygienic, who would sit in the library dipping huge chunks of Monterey Jack into a vat of generic-brand



salsa, who would prefer to sprawl out and nap next to a keg rather than go home with a girl—is getting married to a beautiful girl who works in an investment bank. I roll over late at night, look at my girlfriend's face, slack with sleep, drool on her pillow, a sweaty lock of hair pinned to her forehead, and think, If I don't marry this one, maybe I'll never find another.

Then morning comes. As she watches some inane piece on *Today* and smiles at Katie Couric, I remember why I'm (continued on page 172)



I CAN KISS YOUR WHAT?

a guy's guide to martial arts

by Chauncey Hollingsworth

You want to beef up and kick some ass, so you enlisted at a dojo down the street. A month later, and you're still doing gentle hip movements. What gives? While no art is necessarily better than any other, martial arts can be tedious—if you don't pick one that matches your interests. Are you meditative or competitive? Do you want philosophy attached to your training or is it enough just to kick a heavybag? Matching your temperament with a school of study will go a long way toward creating enthusiasm. With that in mind, here's a quick guide to the disciplines.

Aikido: Aikido is a nonviolent art that uses flow-

ing, circular movements to turn your opponent's weight and momentum against him. Study stresses gracefulness, so expect plenty of stretching and some physical exertion. Black belts get to ditch the regular uniform and don a giant black pant-skirt called a hakama.

Capoeira: A Brazilian martial art originally developed by African slaves more than 300 years ago, Capoeira looks like a combination of break dancing and drunken cartwheels. While drums and a bow-shaped instrument called a berimbau provide background music, "players" stand in a circle and wait turns to face off against one another with handstand kicks and

leg-sweeps. Though the kicks are powerful, emphasis is usually on simply touching the opponent.

Hapkido: A hybrid of karate, judo and aikido, this school emphasizes the balance of opposites: passivity against a hard attack, powerful countermoves against soft attacks. Maneuvers consist mainly of large kicks and lots of aikido-style circular movement, while advanced training includes using staffs, canes, nun-chucks and other weapons. The hero in *Billy Jack* used hapkido (he could also have used some acting classes).

Jeet kune do: "Absorb what is useful" is the tenet of this art, developed by Bruce Lee. And, frankly, who knew more about pummeling someone than Bruce Lee? Loosely, JKD encompasses kung fu and Western boxing, but Lee instructed his pupils to learn from every source to develop a ruthlessly efficient nonstyle.

Judo: A Japanese art turned Olympic sport, judo is stylized wrestling using a set of defined movements, throws and holds. Consider losing your beer belly before signing up. Judo's grappling moves and high-intensity practices (including plenty of trips to the mat) are

rough on the abs. Sorry to disappoint, but there's no such move as a judo chop.

Jujitsu: An ancient family of arts that uses short-, medium- and long-range attacks, including strikes, kicks, chokes and joint locks. Jujitsu's maneuvers are so vicious that dojos suffered a high injury rate, prompting practitioners to weed out the most dangerous moves to create judo. The Gracie family of Brazil used their Brazilian jujitsu to win several years' worth of Ultimate Fighting Championships, so it's definitely capable of saving your butt in a dark alley.

Kali (also called arnis or escrima): This Filipino art uses two rattan or bamboo sticks and sometimes a (fake) knife to decimate an attacker. Although empty-handed techniques are taught, this art stresses the use of weapons. Particular attention is paid to disarming an opponent during combat, an aim expressed in sayings such as "Break the hand and the stick will fall."

Karate: One of the most popular arts, karate is also one of the oldest. Chinese texts trace its origin back 3000 years. As with other Asian imports, there are dozens of styles to choose from, including Japanese, Chinese, Korean and Okinawan. A good match for guys who want to throw a punch in a short amount of time and learn how to break wood bare-handed.

Kickboxing: More a sport than a martial art, American kickboxing is an offshoot of full-contact karate, with an emphasis on competition. Its first national exposure in the U.S. came in 1970, when Joe Lewis, fresh from training with Bruce Lee, knocked out Greg Baines to become the first heavy-weight kickboxing champion. Training is a highly aerobic workout heavy on kicks and bag work, so expect to sweat.

Kung fu (also gung fu or wu shu): A catch-all describing hundreds of different Chinese fighting arts that collectively cover weaponry, strikes, kicks and throws. Also includes the study and use of pressure points, an effective way to slow down a larger opponent when brute force won't cut it.

Savate: You mean the French actually have a martial art? This competition-oriented form of kickboxing was named *savate* (pronounced *sa-vat*) after a common term for a street shoe, earning it a reputation as a street-fighting technique. It might not have the mystique of an Asian martial art, but you'll look Paris fashionable wearing its uniform of a tight, sleeveless, striped one-piece track suit and shoes with



rubber-reinforced toes.

Tae kwon do: The Korean "art of kicking and punching" is known for spectacular legwork. An average class looks like warm-ups for a John Woo film. Forget learning tae kwon do if you can't touch your toes. The head-high kicks and roundhouses are recommended only for the relatively limber. Also a good art for women.

T'ai-chi-ch'uan: Actually a system of kung fu, t'ai-chi-ch'uan is heavy on philosophy and slow, "soft" movements designed to build health and strength. Still, 80 million skinny, elderly Chinese people can't be wrong. Just don't expect a few weeks (or even months) of t'ai-chi-ch'uan to help you pummel someone in a fistfight. Recommended for the spiritual and meditative of any shape or size.

Thai kickboxing (muay thai): Devastating attacks (slicing leg-over-hip kicks, elbows and knees) and a suck-it-up defense system consisting of shin and forearm blocks define this brutal art. Sport fighters in Thailand are typically young, because their effective careers

are so short. Not recommended for wimps or whiners.

MARTIAL ARTS YOU THOUGHT WERE BULLSHIT (BUT ARE QUITE REAL)

Ninjutsu: Supposedly developed by mountain mystics, "the art of stealing in" was practiced by secret clans who hired out to warlords for assassinations, spying and other clandestine operations. Armed with claws, explosives and throwing stars, ninja rely on disguises and special contraptions. Masters today concentrate more on efficient throws and joint locks than on smoke bombs. Damn.

Monkey style kung fu: Among the animal variations of kung fu (praying mantis, white crane, leopard), monkey style is the goofiest. Founded by Kou Tze, who created it while watching monkeys during an eight-year prison sentence, it uses a barrelful of unorthodox hopping, rolling and squatting maneuvers to confuse opponents before lashing out. Studied in various forms, including lost monkey, tall monkey, wood monkey and

stone monkey.

Drunken Style kung fu: No, it's not what your buddies did after they saw *The Matrix*. The drunken forms of kung fu depend on movements not unlike booze-soaked stumbling. Oddly, training is reserved for the highest levels of various kung fu styles (drunken monkey, drunken praying mantis, etc.). According to the *Original Martial Arts Encyclopedia*, "the Eight Drunken Fairies set—extremely difficult—was developed by the famous eagle claw master Lau-Fat-Mang." And who hasn't heard of Lau-Fat-Mang and his eight drunken fairies?

Shao-lin kung fu: Thought by many to be the birthplace of kung fu, the Shao-lin temples housed Buddhist monks who used the martial arts to protect themselves from an oppressive government that eventually burned down their original temple. Rebuilt just south of Beijing, it's now the country's most renowned kung-fu facility. To avoid another flameout, trainees are taught a mantra that includes "I love my country.

I love my people. I love the Communist Party of China."

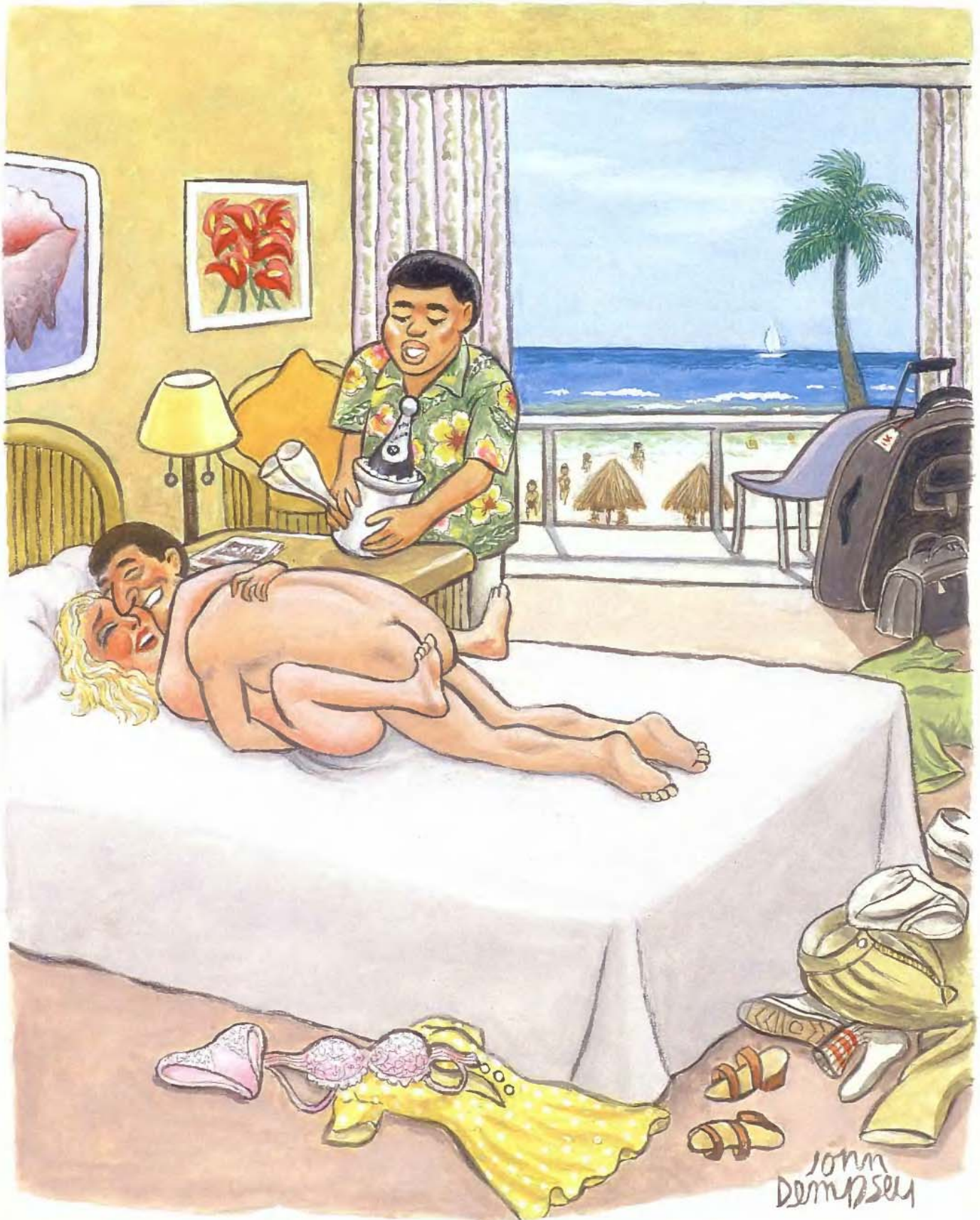
Tae-Bo: Our mistake. Tae-Bo is bullshit.

FINDING A GOOD SCHOOL

Finding a martial arts academy isn't the hard part. The phone book lists plenty of schools, academies and dojos that vie for your tuition money with such catchphrases as "Techniques used in actual cage matches" and "Your last big fight was on a PlayStation and the only black belts you own are made of leather." Unfortunately, separating the legit schools from the Hong Kong hooey can be difficult. There are no state certifications and

(concluded on
page 164)





"Your complimentary champagne, folks. As if you give a damn."

Welcome, Kimberley

miss july is a summery treat from canada



KIMBERLEY STANFIELD is looking forward to a first this July Fourth—she's never been in the States for the big bash. Blame Canada. The 19-year-old Vancouver native may have migrated south, but she loves her homeland. "Canadians are cool—everyone is really polite and seems happy," she says. You can probably find Miss July participating in some kind of sport in British Columbia when she's home. "I'm a really good swimmer and played basketball, volleyball and soccer in high school," she reports. But long before Kimberley played sports, practiced the violin or took up cheerleading for her school's basketball team, her parents thought her gorgeous blue eyes were picture-perfect and camera ready. "I modeled for some catalogs and local stores when I was a baby," she says. "I was making money and was way too young to even know I had it." Kimberley contemplated going to college for fashion design, took several lifeguard classes and worked as a bartender before considering a complete career reversal. "I really want to be an elementary schoolteacher, because I love kids," she

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA AND
RICHARD FEGLEY





**VANCOUVER
WELCOMES YOU**



"I had the best childhood a kid could have," Kimberley says. "My brother, sister and I were spoiled brats—we had every toy we wanted. My parents would take us camping in the lower mainland, all around British Columbia on our holidays. The farthest away from home I've ever been is Hawaii, but I really want to visit New York, Paris and Japan."









Kimberley loves to swim, water-ski and speedboot, but she had to visit Hawaii for surfing. "There's nowhere to surf in Canada," she says. "We have all these beautiful beaches, but we don't have any waves." Miss July is also looking forward to her first Independence Day. "I've never celebrated the Fourth of July," she says, "but we have a big celebration on Canada Day with lots of fireworks."



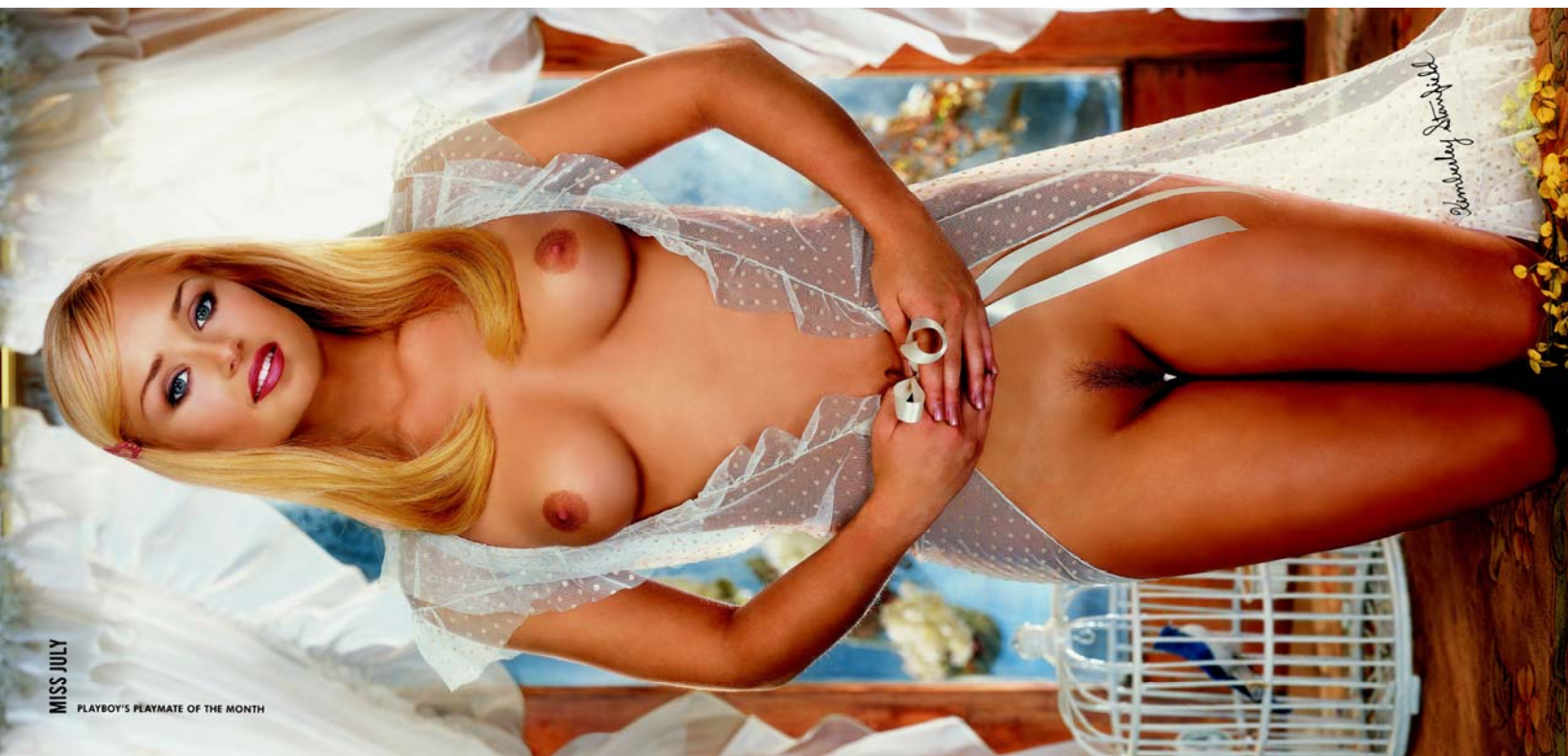
says. "I'm really not into being in the spotlight at all."

But Kimberley is the first to admit the spotlight has its perks, as her time with *PLAYBOY* attests. "I went to the Grammys with Hef and six other girls," she says. "We got these fancy dresses and walked down the red carpet. I was so excited!" Another night at a Mansion party, Kimberley got to meet her favorite singer. "I'd had a crush on this really hot musician for a long time," she says. "We were talking—totally hit it off—and we ended up kissing for one last picture that his security guard took of us. I was so stoked to have this picture, but when I got it developed, I saw that the security guard had put his finger over the lens. I was kissing a black smudge! But I kept it anyway. Now when I show people the picture, they say, 'Whatever, Kimberley.'"

Although she plans to return to Canada in a few years, Kimberley says that she's happy working for *PLAYBOY* now. "I'm not the type to plan my life for the long term," she says. "Some people tell me that I'm too young to know what I'm doing, but my mind is a lot older than they think. I just live life day by day."

Kimberley worked briefly as a bartender, and she can still mix a mean cocktail. "My favorite drink is a monkey's lunch," she says, "which is banana liqueur, Kahlua and milk. To study the drinks in my bartending manual, I'd go out with my friends every night, order all the drinks and get supersilly! You have to be 21 to drink here, which kind of sucks after waiting so long to turn 19 in Canada for legal drinking."

A behind-the-scenes look at Kimberley Stanfield's pictorial appears at cyber.playboy.com.



MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Kimberly Starkfield

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Kimberley Stanfield

BUST: 34c WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 106

BIRTH DATE: Nov. 18, 1981 BIRTHPLACE: Vancouver, B.C.

AMBITIONS: My ultimate goal is to become an elementary school teacher. I love working with kids.

TURN-ONS: Genuinely nice people who are honest to me and real to themselves.

TURNOFFS: People who are fake and rude and think they're better. Everyone is equal in my eyes.

MOST IMPORTANT TO ME: My family. I would be lost without them!

MY PHILOSOPHY: Be young, have fun and travel as much as possible, meet new people and explore new cultures and positive experiences I can share with my students in the future.



High school graduation (not my library!)



Me and wally the fuzz-ball (not my dog)



Me with Jamile Foxx (not my boyfriend :))



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

What qualifies a woman for a handicapped parking spot in Los Angeles?

An A cup.

Two men were walking through the forest when they noticed a bear standing a few feet away. The first man bent down and retied his shoelaces. "Are you crazy?" the second one whispered. "Do you really think you can outrun him?"

"I don't have to outrun him," the man said. "I just have to outrun you."



A graduate student in speech therapy had two days to cure her patients of their stutters. She came to a therapy session in a revealing outfit and offered a blow job to anyone who could pronounce the name of the city in which they were born without stuttering. The first man stood up and said, "B-b-b-b-b-Boston."

Dejected, he shook his head and sat back down. The next guy stood and said, "Ca-ca-ca-cleveland."

He slapped his thigh in frustration and sat back down. The third man stood and without hesitation said, "Miami."

The student fell to her knees and began performing oral sex on the man. After finishing, she looked up at him and said, "What do you have to say now?"

He replied, "B-b-b-b-Beach."

Two Italian men were sitting behind a woman on a bus. "Emma come first," one of the men said to the other. "Denna I come. Two asses, they come together. I come again. Two asses, they come together again. I come again and pee twice. Then I come oncea more."

"You pigs," the lady yelled. "In this country we don't talk about our sex lives in public!"

"Hey, coola down, lady," the one man said. "Imma justa tellun my friend howa to spella Mississippi."

Two men were discussing their sex lives. The first said, "Last night, I asked my wife if we could do it doggy style."

"Did she go for it?" the other asked.

"Oh, yeah," the first man said. "I sat up and begged. She rolled over and played dead."

A tourist visiting New York City stopped a passerby. "Excuse me," he said. "Can you tell me where the Empire State Building is, or should I go fuck myself again?"

EJOKE OF THE MONTH: A man playfully pinched his wife on the butt and said, "If you firmed this up, we could get rid of your control-top pantyhose."

Then he pinched her breasts and said, "And if you firmed these up, we could get rid of your bras."

Furious, she grabbed his penis and said, "Well, if you firmed this up, we could get rid of the gardener, the pool man, the postman and your brother."

A man who had been driving all night decided to pull over somewhere quiet to get some sleep. He parked near a jogging trail and settled back to snooze. Just after he fell asleep, there was a knock at his window. He opened his eyes and saw a jogger running in place.

"Excuse me, sir," the jogger said. "Do you have the time?"

The man looked at his watch and answered, "8:10."

The jogger said thank-you and ran off. The man settled back and was just dozing off when there was another knock on the window. A second jogger running in place asked, "Excuse me, sir, do you have the time?"

"8:20," the man said.

The jogger said thank-you and ran off. The man knew it was only a matter of time before another jogger disturbed him, so he put a sign in his window that said I DO NOT KNOW THE TIME!

He fell asleep. Once again, he awoke when someone knocked on his window. "Sir, sir?" a jogger said. "It's 8:30!"



A man was visiting his friend, who was a hunter. The man noticed that there was a stuffed lion in his friend's den. "When did you bag him?" the man asked.

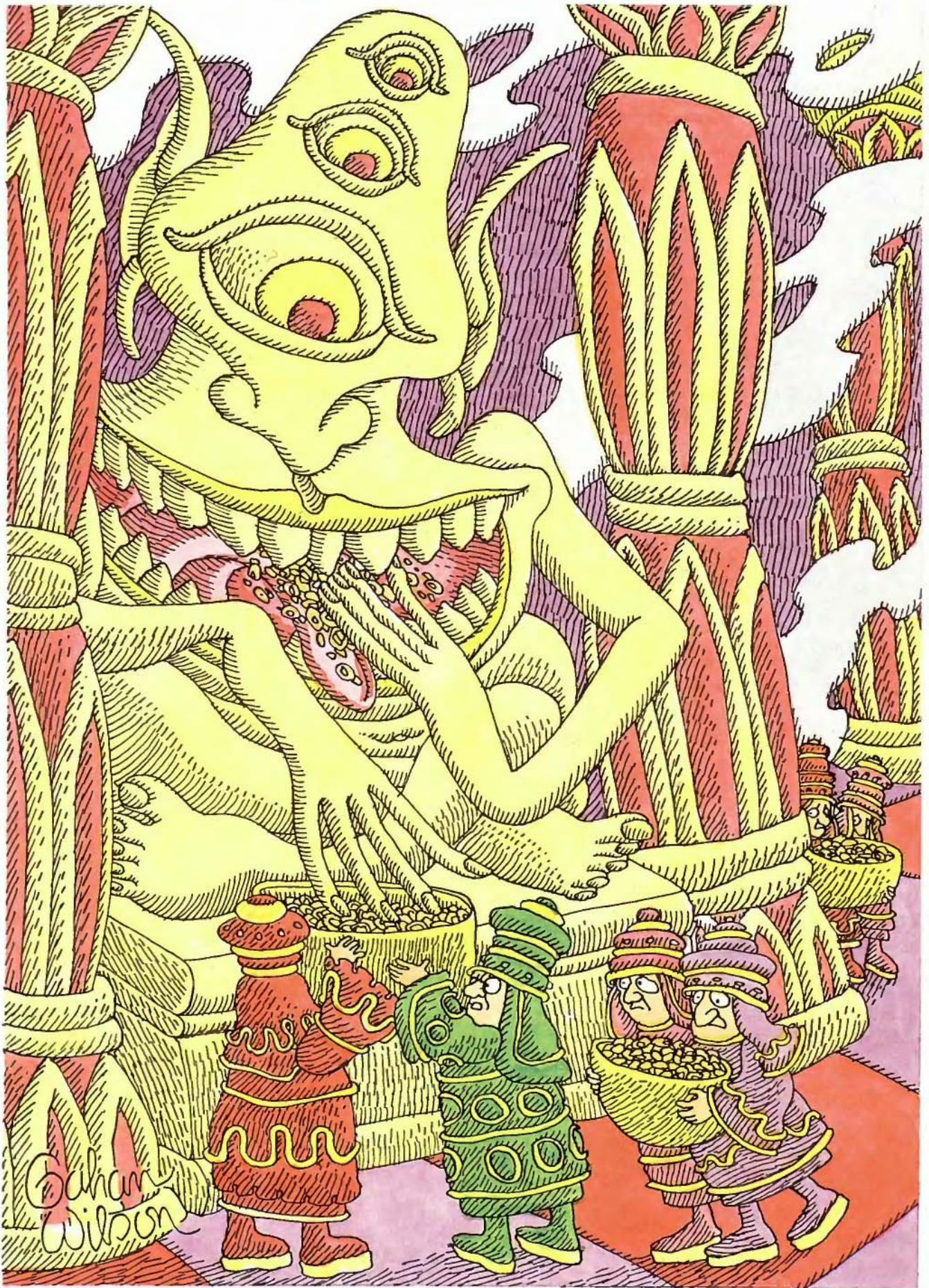
"Three years ago," the hunter said. "When I went hunting with my ex-wife."

"What's he stuffed with?" the man asked.

The hunter replied, "My ex-wife."

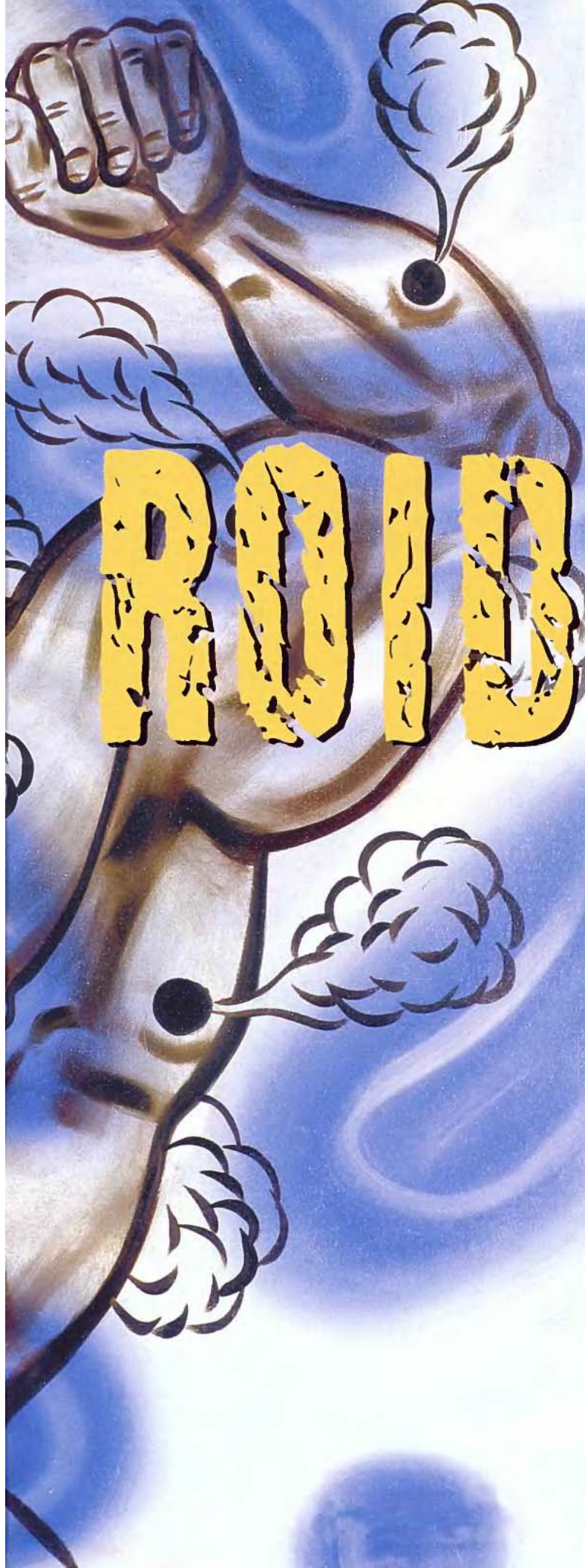
Why did Raggedy Andy break up with Raggedy Ann? He caught her sitting on Pinocchio's face, saying, "Lie to me. Lie to me."

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



"We should never have started offering it potato chips!"





**steroids—and the
guys who take them—
are getting bigger.
YOU GOT A PROBLEM
WITH THAT?**

ROIDS RAGE

By Scott Dickensheets

HE WAS a big guy, a side of beef, nose tackle on an ACC varsity team. Six-four, 275. And strong—on the bench press, he could do 30 reps of 225 pounds. But you need muscle to play nose tackle, and this big boy had 21 percent body fat. That worked fine on the gridiron, but off it, he found that pretty coeds don't exactly melt at the sight of 21 percent body fat.

So when a shoulder injury ended his football career in 1999, he immediately began sculpting his body into something more fulfilling. "I wanted more than anything to step into the dance club or gym, or out on campus, and turn heads," he says. Hitting the gym got him most of the way there but left him short of the brute physicality he craved. There is a limit to the muscle a man can pack on—and how quickly he can do it—without chemical assistance. Dietary supplements and protein powders are two options, but the most direct route involves anabolic steroids.

Three hundred dollars got him 600 tabs of a (continued on page 156)

Surfing

New Wave

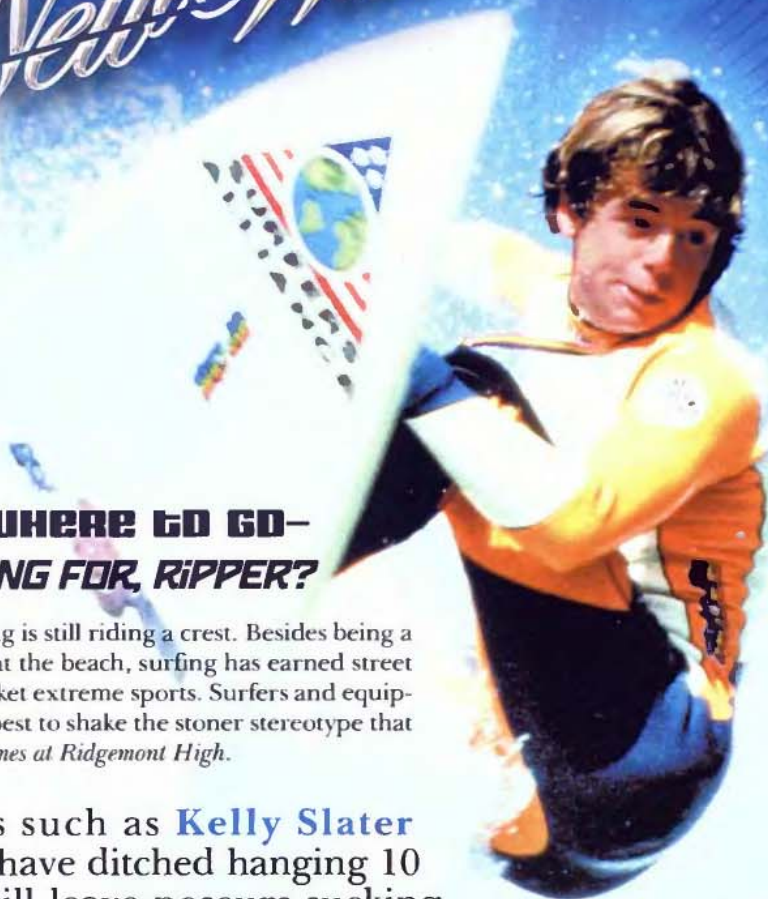
GEAR, GIRLS AND WHERE TO GO— WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, RIPPER?

Grab your board now, while surfing is still riding a crest. Besides being a great excuse to spend more time at the beach, surfing has earned street cred as an alternative to mass-market extreme sports. Surfers and equipment companies have done their best to shake the stoner stereotype that has dogged the sport since *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*.

Surfing kings such as **Kelly Slater** and **Bruce Irons** have ditched hanging 10 for moves that will leave poseurs sucking seawater. So before you paddle out, let us clue you in on where the waves are, what's new on the beach and which board you ought to be strapping to your roof. If someone asks you what's happening in the surf world, you can smile, throw a shaka and say, **"BRO, IT'S BEEN SWEET."**

BY CHRIS COTE

SURF ON OVER TO THE PLAYBOY CYBER CLUB FOR NUDE PHOTOS OF BOARDER AMY COBB—CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.



BEGINNER

huntington beach, california

Even though the waves rarely exceed three feet, this beach is still considered the center of the surf scene. Every summer thousands of surfers, groupies and wannabes pack the beach next to Huntington Pier to watch top pros from the Association of Surfing Professionals (the U.S. Open of surfing) tear it up. A great place to start surfing.

SURF SPOTS



HUNTINGTON

Best Place to Surf Naked

(or see girls surfing naked) **hossegor, france**

Situated near Nice on the Mediterranean, this vacation destination is mobbed during the summer months with thin, bronzed, nude Euros. If you can keep your mind on surfing and eyes on the waves, try catching one of the huge tubes that roll in here.



HOSSEGOR



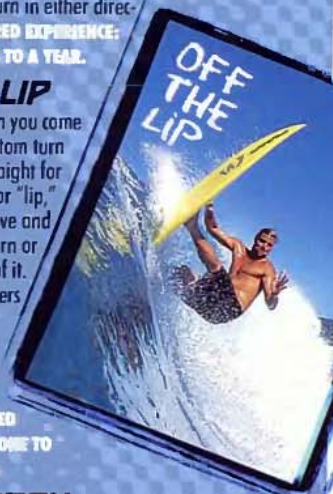
basic boarding

BOTTOM TURN

WHAT IT IS: This is the first trick you do after standing up on a wave. To complete, drop down to the bottom of the wave and lean into a turn in either direction. **REQUIRED EXPERIENCE:** SIX MONTHS TO A YEAR.

OFF THE LIP

WHAT IT IS: When you come off a bottom turn head straight for the top, or "lip," of the wave and quickly turn or slash off of it. Some surfers call them "lippers," but don't listen to them. **REQUIRED EXPERIENCE:** ONE TO TWO YEARS.



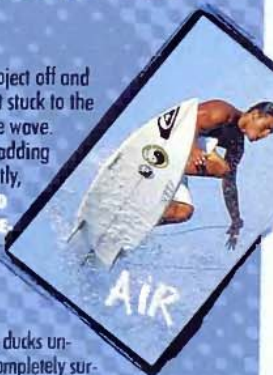
OFF THE LIP

CUTBACK

WHAT IT IS: To complete a cutback, race out onto the shoulder or open part of the wave and quickly cut or carve back toward the whitewash. If you bank back off the whitewash it's called a roundhouse cutback. **REQUIRED EXPERIENCE:** IF YOU CAN BOTTOM TURN, YOU CAN CUTBACK.

AIR

WHAT IT IS: When you project off and above the lip with your feet stuck to the board and land back on the wave. Modern surfers have been adding grabs, spins and, just recently, flips into the mix. **REQUIRED EXPERIENCE:** GOOD LUCK, BEGINNER. **ESTIMATE FOUR TO SIX YEARS TO LEARN.**



AIR

TUBE

WHAT IT IS: When a surfer ducks under the falling lip and gets completely surrounded by a tube or tunnel of water. It's why people start surfing in the first place. **REQUIRED EXPERIENCE:** BOWL. **TUBE RIDING IS AN ART FORM—EITHER YOU'RE BORN WITH IT OR YOU'RE NOT.**

INTERMEDIATE

lower trestles, san clemente, california

Named for the train trestles that surfers cross to get to the break, this spot is a hotbed of futuristic surfing. The point-break-style waves are ideal for such modern tricks as airs, cutbacks and off the lips. One warning: The Trestles crowd consists mostly of surfing professionals and aggressive locals, making this beach frustrating for a beginner.

Best Place for Surf Groupies

gold coast, queensland, australia

During the summer months (February through May), this section of Australia heats up with Aussie women who have an appetite for surfers. And the waves are legendary at Kirra, Burleigh Heads and Duranbah. Don't forget to check out the action at Surfer's Paradise, a strand of nightclubs.

Best Surfers' Resort

tavarua, fiji

This all-inclusive surf resort set on a small island in Fiji is a surfer's Club Med. Guests are treated to a boat ride directly to the break with hot Jacuzzis and a full-service bar on the beach. The resort limits occupancy to 25 people, which guarantees crowd-free lineups as surfers take a shot at Cloudbreak, one of the most perfect waves on earth. A dream trip for any surfer.

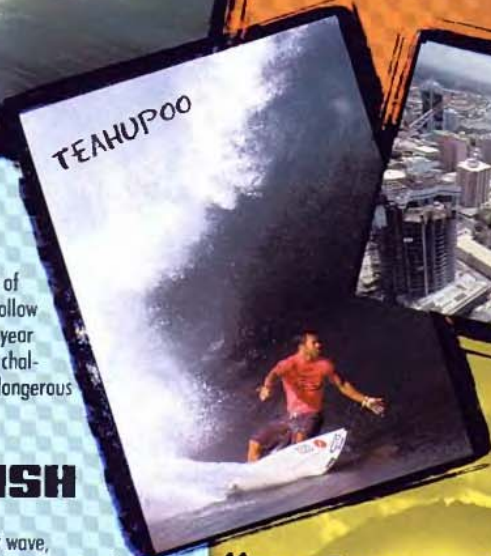


OAHU

EXPERT

pipeline, oahu, hawaii

The Banzai Pipeline launches out of open ocean and explodes on a shallow reef to form a perfect pipe. Every year the Gerry Lopez Pipeline Masters challenges top pros to take on these dangerous waves. Strictly for experts.



TEAHUPOO

DEATH WISH

teahupoo, tahiti

Regarded as the world's deadliest wave, Teahupoo is surfing's serial killer. It's already taken numerous lives. This lethal wave sweeps around a barrier reef a few hundred yards offshore before erupting along a razor-sharp coral reef.



QUEENSLAND



TUBE

"teahupoo is surfing's serial killer."

OWN THE LATEST SURFING GEAR IF YOU PLAN TO STAND UP TO THE BIGGEST WAVES. **1** BILLABONG'S ABSOLUTE H302 WET SUIT USES A VELCRO CLOSURE SYSTEM TO KEEP WATER OUT (\$370). **2** GET SOME SHADE BEHIND ELECTRIC'S UHF SUNGLASSES, AVAILABLE IN FOUR COLORS, INCLUDING TIGER (PICTURED, \$85). **3** VOLCOM'S RAZOR TRUNKS HAVE A BUILT-IN WAX COMB (\$70). **4** THE WATERPROOF POUCH INSIDE CLIVE'S SURF SCOUT BACKPACK IS PERFECT FOR STASHING WET TRUNKS (\$80). **5** USE THE SHANE DORIAN TRACTION PAD BY ON A MISSION TO KEEP FROM SLIPPING (\$35). **6** RUSTY'S FUNKAOELIC TRUNKS FEATURE A SIXTIES-VIBE FLORAL PRINT (\$47). **7** O'NEILL'S FREAK SNEAKS WILL KEEP YOU ON WHEN A WAVE TRIES TO TOSS YOU (\$55). **8** WATCH HIT AND RUN BY POOR SPECIMEN PRODUCTIONS TO GET HYPED ON SURFING (\$30). **9** SERIOUS SURFERS CALL SANDALS "SLAPS." WE CALL DC SHOE'S CABANA 2 SANDALS SERIOUSLY COOL (\$35).




PADDLING ON THE RIGHT BOARD IS THE BEST THING YOU CAN DO TO PREVENT YOUR PERFECT RUN FROM TURNING INTO A SICK BAIL. **A** BY USING SMALL FEEDER FINS TO DIRECT WATER ACROSS THE BACK FINS, RUSTY'S C-S SHORTBOARD HAULS ASS AND HANDLES LOOSELY (\$475). **B** PRO SURFER SUNNY GARCIA FINE-TUNED THIS SHORTBOARD, HIS PRO MODEL FOR BACK-YARD BOARDS, WHILE RIDING HIS WAY TO A 2000 ASP WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP (\$475). CUSTOMIZED ART BY JOHN GLOMB WILL COST YOU EXTRA. **C** IF YOU'RE THE TYPE OF SURFER WHO BUYS ONLY ONE BOARD A YEAR, TRY SB SURFBOARD'S SSI. IT'S DESIGNED TO HANDLE ALL CONDITIONS AND WAVES FROM TWO TO EIGHT FEET (\$435). **D** SANTA CRUZ USES COMPOSITE TUFLITE MATERIALS AND SANDWICH-STYLE CONSTRUCTION TO CREATE ITS EPXYSKIN BOARD. IT'S STRONGER AND LIGHTER THAN OTHER BOARDS ON THE MARKET, MEANING THAT EVEN BIG GUYS CAN RIDE A SMALL BOARD (\$450).





"What a day! I could really use a stiff one."



Kerissa Fare

she understands the power of naughty


PEOPLE FROM HER HIGH SCHOOL WOULD BE SURPRISED TO LEARN: When I was on the track team, I realized that if I would do so many sit-ups I would get this incredible, amazing feeling. I'm like, "What's this feeling?" I later discovered that by doing leg lifts until they hurt, I would have an orgasm. That was probably my first orgasm, and I didn't even know what it was. I did so many stomach exercises after that, I had a six-pack! I was on the slant board, holding on to the bar at the top and lifting my legs straight out without letting them touch the ground. You have to keep your stomach muscles tense the whole time. It's weird, because you're lying there on that board afterward, gathering your composure in the gym, and everyone's looking at you. You're like, "Wait, I'm just going to rest here for a minute. Don't talk to me yet. Hold on!" "Kerissa, are you through?" And I'm like, "Oh, yeah," and I'd roll off the board. **THE IMPORTANCE OF GROOMING:** I've let him trim me. That takes a sense of trust because you're letting him go to your most sensitive and special spot—with a razor. The best way is to use shaving cream and do it in the bathtub. I like it all off the lips, but I have a little patch of hair on top. I don't like it when it's too long, but I don't like it too close to the skin either, because it itches when it grows back. And I don't want it all shaved off. I'm a woman, not a little girl. I like a little triangle. I don't like the line. That looks like somebody's mustache, like somebody left something there. The triangle is more fun.

Centerfolds In Sex



Kerissa Fare

I Like Sexual Variety:



There's fucking, there's sex and there's making love. All three types can be great. It just depends on whether both parties are in the mood. I like sex and making love. But I also like it when he turns me over and does it from behind. Yeah, and pulling my hair! Smacking my ass. That's fucking! That's porno! I consider sex to be "quickies." You're at a party at somebody's house and you're both going to the bathroom and you have some quick little spontaneous sex. That's absolutely the best sex ever, because you're doing something naughty.

Going Abroad?

In a world where one third of the people eat with their fingers, one third with chopsticks and one third with knives and forks, wining and dining abroad can get tricky. An innocent mistake such as using your left hand to pick up or serve food in an Arab country can leave your host aghast. (Sorry, lefties, Muslims reserve that hand for the bathroom.) File the following tips next to your passport.

Hungary: Never clink glasses for a toast. Back when Austrian and Russian troops invaded Budapest, they'd do that just before shooting a Hungarian.

Jamaica: Don't ask for meat or fish at a rastafarian restaurant. The menu is composed of ital ("natural") selections based on

vegetarianism. Liquor, wine and beer are not served.

Russia: Down your entire glass of vodka when your host offers a toast. Casual sipping is disap-

proved of. Don't ask your host for condiments such as onion or chopped egg when you're served caviar. Russians consider it barbaric to mix

good sturgeon roe with anything but blini.

Italy: Never give a gift of wine to your host—it is con-

sidered an insult to his or her generosity. When dining, do not wait for everyone to be served their pasta before eating yours. "Amici e pasta, se non sono caldi, non sono buoni" means "If friends and pasta are not warm, they are not good." Don't use a tablespoon to help twirl spaghetti onto your fork. Only an American clod would do that.

Japan: When eating sushi, pick up the entire morsel and consume it in one bite. Some sushi connoisseurs don't add wasabi (the green horseradish that accompanies an order) to the soy sauce as they believe it masks the flavor of the fish. And never pass food to another person with chopsticks, because at Japanese funerals Buddhists use them to pass cremated bones of the

don't piss off your hosts



By John Mariani

deceased to family members. Also, do not lean your chopsticks onto the food plates or bowls.

England: Tipping in a British pub is considered poor form. If you're dining in someone's home and port is served, always pass the decanter to the left, as done in Her Majesty's Royal Navy, until it arrives back at your host's place at the table. Never let it sit in front of you.

restaurant or shellfish of any kind in kosher restaurants.

France: The only foods you should eat with your fingers are french fries, asparagus, frog legs and raw shellfish. When having bouillabaisse, never eat the fish and the broth together. They are eaten as separate courses.

Switzerland: When dipping your fork into fondue, make sure the tines don't protrude through the food and touch the fondue itself. Also, bite the food from the fork without letting your mouth touch the tines.

Greece: When dining in someone's home, it's appropriate to arrive at least half an hour late. Dinner, incidentally, never begins before nine P.M.

Germany: Crossing your knife and fork on your plate means you are not finished eating.

Egypt: Pour your tea into the cup until it overflows into the saucer.

Mexico: Flat tortillas and enchiladas are eaten with a knife and fork. If crisp, pick them up with your fingers.

Norway: When going to a dinner party, never give white flowers to your hostess. They are appropriate only at funerals.

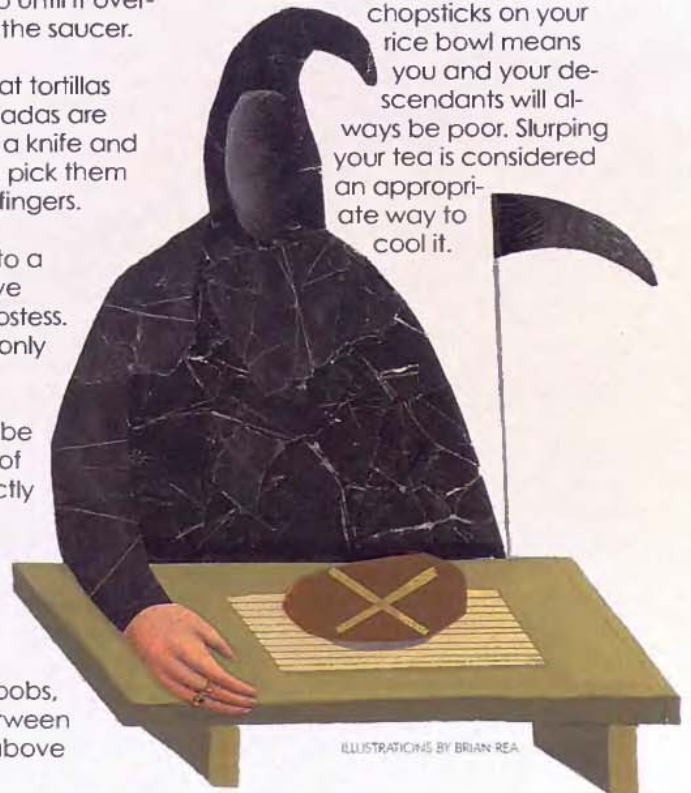
Morocco: Tables may be covered with a sheet of plastic. If so, it's perfectly appropriate to place bones and other inedible parts of your meal on the table rather than leave them on your plate. When served shish kabobs, steady the skewer between the tines of your fork above



the food items, then gently slide the skewer out, dropping the food onto your plate.

Brazil: Even if you love the food, never make the traditional "OK" sign with your thumb and index finger. Down there it means "screw you."

China: Don't leave your chopsticks crossed on your plate or the table. It's a symbol of death. Also, the Chinese believe that rattling your chopsticks on your rice bowl means you and your descendants will always be poor. Slurping your tea is considered an appropriate way to cool it.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRIAN REA

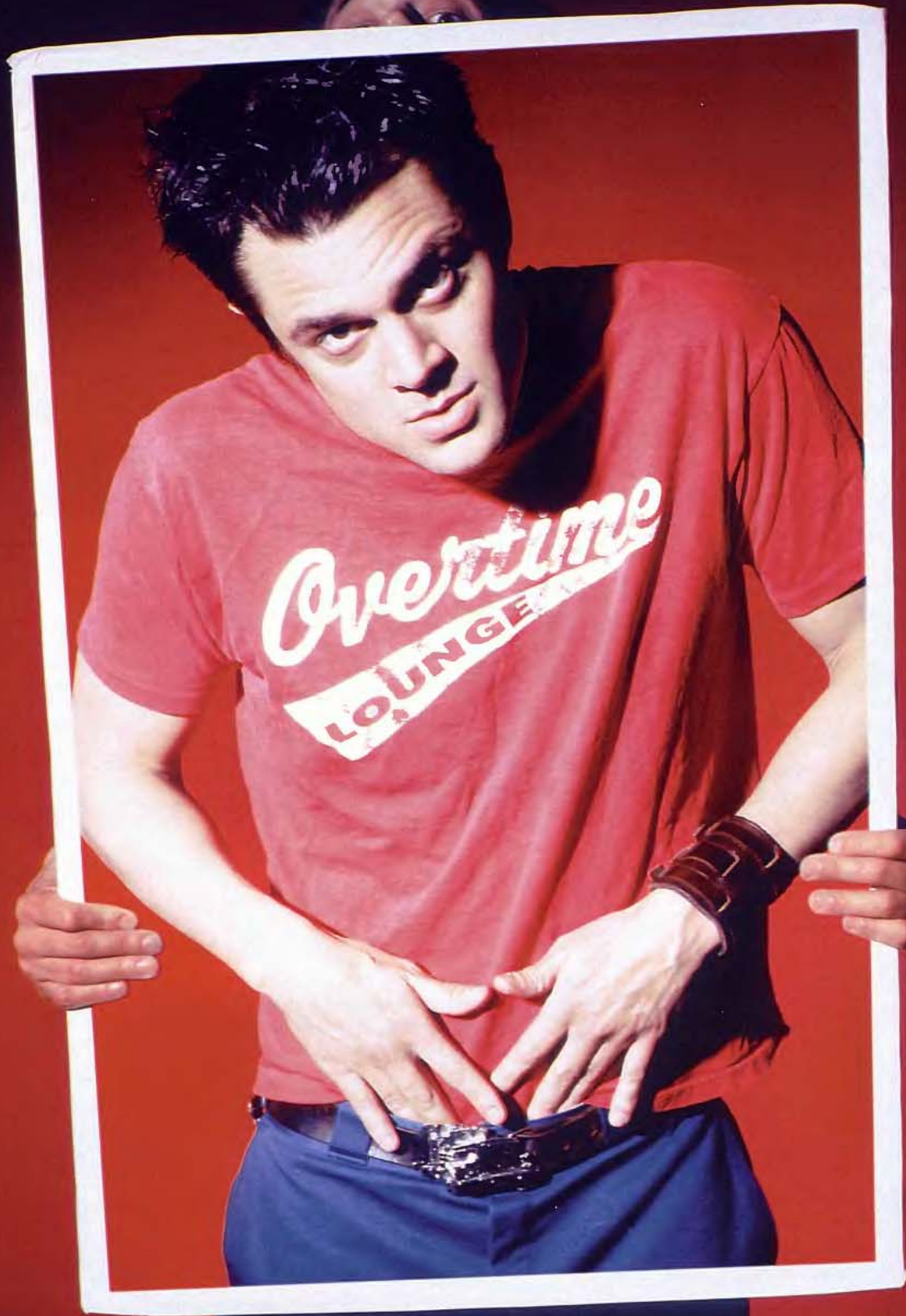
TIPS FOR YANKS:
NO TIPS



Turkey: Place one half of your napkin on the table and let the other half hang down. Use only your right hand to pick up food and wipe that hand on the napkin.

Thailand: Don't ask for chopsticks. They're seldom used. Instead, eat with a spoon in your right hand and a fork in your left. The fork is used to push food onto the spoon. When served sticky rice, roll it into a small ball and dip it into the sauces.

Israel: Never request a dairy product (even milk for your coffee) in a kosher meat restaurant. Also, never ask for meat in a kosher dairy



Johnny Knoxville

what does taking a sledgehammer to your nuts feel like? a day at the office for mtv's jackass

Don't bother to point and click. Just when technology threatened to turn shock and gross-out humor into a private affair, MTV throws *Jackass* in our faces. The cable network's top-rated show entrances adolescents and enrages parents the old-fashioned way, with idiotic stunts, inane pranks and hidden-camera segments. The *Jackass* recipe is concocted from effluvia and entrails, plus the occasional barbecue featuring unfiletted human sprawled across the grill. OK—there's a fire-retardant suit between him and the meat and the charcoal.

Jackass, obviously not fare for the faint of heart or stomach, is presided over by Johnny Knoxville (his driver's license identifies him as P.J. Clapp), who swears, "This is my attempt to emulate my father." The senior Clapp motivated employees of his Tennessee tire business with mock gunfights and taught his toddler son to welcome customers with a slug to the crotch.

Clapp fils is not sure he lives up to the old man's expectations. Not that he isn't trying. Knoxville was born to the prank, but his detour from a career selling radials took a few turns. He recalls an uncompleted novel, a checkered stint in journalism (he filed reports from the road that were actually written on his back porch), an acting course marked incomplete and hanging out with skateboarding pals. Lucky for him, Knoxville let his inner Dad blossom: He tested self-defense equipment on himself, he sat in a portable toilet that was then overturned by a forklift. He strapped on an artificial penis for a day, and so forth. Friends with video cameras faithfully recorded these antics, which caught the attention of director Spike Jonze. Jonze shaped the tapes into a cassette that duly impressed the suits at MTV. The corporate decision to augment tame fare such as *Total Request Live* and *The Real World with Jackass* was a no-brainer—in the virtual sense of the term. Knoxville and his highly skilled troupe of jackasses premiered on the network last fall and the show has been enthusiastically renewed.

Contributing Editor Warren Kalbacher

caught up with Knoxville in the lush farm country of southeastern Pennsylvania. "I had been warned that he'd tried his hand at bovine gynecology that afternoon," Kalbacher reports. "And I know what a barnyard smells like. So I was delighted to meet a fastidiously groomed man."

1

PLAYBOY: Your real name is P.J. Clapp. The Johnny Knoxville moniker suggests that you come from Tennessee.

KNOXVILLE: South Knoxville. West Knoxville is the affluent area, and I definitely wasn't from there. East Knoxville is a little more ghetto. South Knoxville is very working class. I was going to use Johnny Newark, but it doesn't roll off the tongue as well. Knoxville has a better ring to it. I'm a huge fan of all the Johnnies: Johnny Cash, Johnny Thunders, Johnny Rotten. Everyone in my family has a host of names. It's a Southern thing. My nieces' names are Cissy, Billie and Flipper, and we have Little Ronnie, who's also Pork Chop. Then there's Dusty. There's also Crusty and the Dust Man.

2

PLAYBOY: Did you take to performing weird stunts as compensation for not being able to pick up girls?

KNOXVILLE: I never had that problem. I grew up with two sisters—eight and 10 years older—and they and their friends were constantly around me. I always had a wonderful relationship with women. I'm not compensating for anything. I really have no excuse for the things I do. I'm married, and my wife is supportive, but I once made the mistake of telling her that I was testing self-defense equipment. I was going to pepper spray, stun gun and Taser myself, and our kid was two at the time. I went to the desert in a bulletproof vest and shot myself. It was really tense around the house for the couple of

weeks leading up to it, so I never again made the mistake of telling her what I do. Now when I leave for work in the morning, I don't say anything about what's going to happen that day. She will watch footage after the fact and think it's funny, but she'll be happy when—if—I ever stop doing this.

3

PLAYBOY: Now that you've tested body armor, can you make recommendations for those of us who may have to go into harm's way?

KNOXVILLE: Save up for a good vest. At the time I didn't have a lot of money, so I had to buy the cheapest vest made, which was like \$300, and it only takes a certain type of gun and bullet—up to a nine millimeter. You want to go to the \$500 or \$600 range for a proper vest. For that price you can get one that will take a .44. And, yes, you can get an armor codpiece. It's actually great eveningwear for going out on the town, frolicking with your friends.

4

PLAYBOY: Are your performances a cry for help or is your serotonin level higher or lower than normal?

KNOXVILLE: Oddly enough, I enjoy it all. I created a show with two friends and we hired all our other friends, and it's a nerve-racking business. There is probably some chemical reaction that causes me to act in this manner, but maybe it's the adrenaline rush or the rush of eliciting laughter when we actually complete something. I would think it's more the latter. I would always watch my old man, how he would command a room and how everyone would laugh. This is my poor attempt to emulate my father.

5

PLAYBOY: As the son of a tire salesman, can you offer tips on how to negotiate a

good deal on our next set of radials? KNOXVILLE: We'll call Fat Phil and see what we can wrench out of him. He sells new and used tires. Dad's nickname is Fat Phil From Knoxville, the Round Man with the Square Deal. He owns the tire company, and it has also served as his stage, where he would prank his employees constantly and wreak havoc on most who entered there. Boxcar—Woodrow Wilson Johnson Jr.—would regroove the used tires, and when I was five or six, Dad would let me reblack the tires to make them look new. I would make a big mess, but it was a lot of fun hanging out with all those characters, the people who worked for my father: Big Sam, Ass-Kicking Robert, Big George and a guy named Superdick. They called him SD. He was harelippped, but he apparently more than made up for it with his endowment. It seems I've surrounded myself with those characters in my own life now.

6

PLAYBOY: Were the citizens of Tennessee relieved when you headed to the West Coast?

KNOXVILLE: They were very supportive of me when I moved out to Los Angeles, but they were just waiting for me to make the move and then come back. For the first five or six years my mom and dad kept my room exactly as I had left it. My father and I packed my belongings into this Suzuki Samurai and drove for three days: Motel 6s and truck-stop food—casseroles with Cheez-Its crumbled on top. We almost perished around Kingman, Arizona. A big piece of construction equipment rolled out into the middle of the interstate, and we had to veer off onto the grass. Dad actually flew out and drove back to Tennessee with me a couple months later when I ran out of dough. I worked for a few months to make money and, once again, he drove out to LA with me. We made the trip three times. God bless him for that.

7

PLAYBOY: Can you set the stunt or prank in the larger context of history and culture?

KNOXVILLE: There was a German who lived around the 1300s—Till Eulenspiegel. I was quite a fan of his growing up. I don't know if you'd call him a performance artist. I guess he was more of a prankster. Eulenspiegel was not very popular in Knoxville. There's a Belgian named Noel Godin, a performance artist who pies everyone in the face. He's still doing it. Then there was Chris Burden in the Seventies,

who had someone shoot him in the arm with a .22. He also lay down in an intersection underneath a tarp in midday traffic. And, yes, I was a fan of *Candid Camera*. We're trying to take all this to a higher intensity.

8

PLAYBOY: *Jackass* doesn't strike us as the most original title. Couldn't you have come up with something a little more creative?

KNOXVILLE: *Fuckstick*. It's a perfect fit. We went through a host of names, not many of which I can recall, after reviewing the tape and the show. We actually tried to clear *Fuckstick*, but MTV didn't think it was very amusing.

9

PLAYBOY: *Jackass* posts the usual disclaimers, warning young people not to try outrageous stunts at home. Would you care to offer another warning?

KNOXVILLE: Yes. We don't take auditions or submissions. We can't. I try to emphasize at every point: Do not try what we do at home. We're taking the hits for the audience. It might look alluring, but there are actually a lot of serious consequences. You're just going to get hurt and we're going to get canceled. As a child I was always breaking bones, just because I was clumsy. I broke my ankles a couple of times apiece, broke my hands, broke my arms a couple, three times. I sprained my ankle just last June. A few sprains from the show, ankles and back, but that's about it, nothing too bad. McGhehey just chipped his tooth doing a stunt—which was good for the show. But it loses its charm if there are any fatalities or incapacitations.

10

PLAYBOY: Do you have comprehensive insurance and an exceptionally understanding HMO?

KNOXVILLE: We pay a pretty nickel for our insurance. And we have a lot of prepaid legal for the show.

11

PLAYBOY: We understand you once umpired Little League baseball. What's the secret to making a few hundred calls per game?

KNOXVILLE: I had a lot of blown calls. My strike zone was pretty wide because I was a pitcher in high school. I was a little biased toward the pitchers. I made the hitters be aggressive at the plate, that's for sure. It was the greatest job I ever had. I umpired for eight- and nine-year-olds in the Valley. I loved the kids, so maybe that made me

a better umpire. When I first got to LA I was waiting tables and bartending for a nickel. About five years later I got an agent and did commercials for Mountain Dew, Coors Light and ESPN. I was in a Taco Bell commercial with the little Chihuahua. We were eating nachos on a boat, and the dog would ride up to us on this mini gondola. Between shots I would have to feed the dog chicken as a reward. That's my story about the Chihuahua. It was pretty embarrassing. I was never called upon to drop the chalupa. Maybe in the shower with the boys.

12

PLAYBOY: You attended the American Academy of Dramatic Arts—alumni include Jason Robards and Robert Redford. Tell us about your training in classic theater.

KNOXVILLE: The American Academy of Dramatic Arts was my excuse to head west. I moved to Los Angeles—actually, Arcadia. Living was a bit cheaper in Arcadia. I went to this six-week program at the academy. After the first three weeks, it seemed to me that the teachers were just frustrated actors and musicians. I don't know how much they really brought to the table. I didn't go back after the third week. My parents called the school to see how I was doing, and they were told I'd quit. They were less than enthusiastic. They paid all that money and didn't get it back, but I guess that's all part of growing up. Actually, I never did a lot of theater. There's not much Stanislavsky can do for you when you're hitting your chest with a Taser. But I have been working on films lately, and I want to expand that. Ten years from now? Oh my God. I'll probably be sitting on the front porch with a shotgun, because my daughter will be 15 then. I'm so terrified of that day.

13

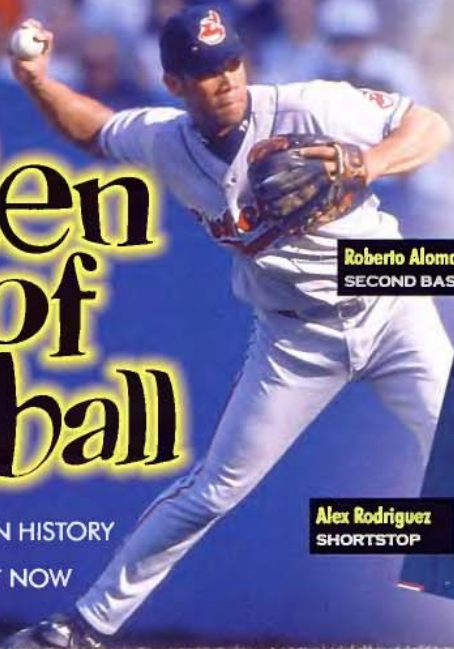
PLAYBOY: In a stunt that was called the Poo Cocktail, you locked yourself in a portable toilet and allowed it to be overturned, showering you with human waste. Given your use of an infantile term for feces, have your parents ever mentioned difficulties with your toilet training or other aspects of your upbringing that might indicate arrested development?

KNOXVILLE: It just adds up to funny every time you say it, so we stuck with it. But please don't read too deeply into underlying meanings of the show and what we do. It's truly just for kicks. Today I artificially inseminated a cow. You have to stick your hand up the

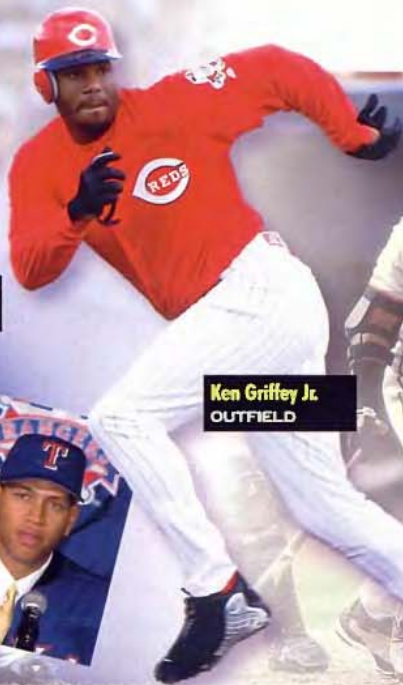
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The Golden Age of Baseball

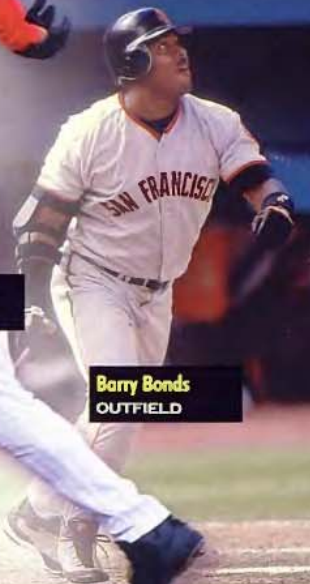
WHY THE BEST PLAYERS IN HISTORY ARE ON THE FIELD RIGHT NOW



Roberto Alomar
SECOND BASE



Ken Griffey Jr.
OUTFIELD



Barry Bonds
OUTFIELD

Alex Rodriguez
SHORTSTOP

By Allen Barra Remember the golden age of baseball? Of course, we all do. It was a time when giants walked between the lines, when the most important records were set, when the standards of performance were established for hitters, pitchers and teams. When was that, exactly?

Perhaps the era from the turn of the 20th century to 1920, when Ty Cobb, Honus Wagner and Walter Johnson were the greatest stars of the "scientific" (i.e., dead ball) era of baseball? Or the next two decades, maybe, when

Babe Ruth changed the game with the home run, when Rogers Hornsby hit .424 in 1924, when Lefty Grove posted a career won-lost percentage of .680? Or 1940 to 1960, when Joe DiMaggio hit safely in 56 straight games, when Ted Williams became the last man to hit .400, when Stan Musial, Bob Feller, Mickey Mantle and Willie Mays were at their peaks?

Perhaps you're a neoclassicist and prefer the Silver Age of Hank Aaron, Sandy Koufax, Johnny Bench, Mike



Pedro Martinez
PITCHER

Mark McGwire
FIRST BASE

Manny Ramirez
OUTFIELD

Robb Nen
RELIEF PITCHER

Trevor Hoffman
RELIEF PITCHER

Ivan Rodriguez
CATCHER

Mariano Rivera
RELIEF PITCHER

Chipper Jones
THIRO BASE

Schmidt and Joe Morgan.

Many sportswriters who grew up after World War II recall the game of their fathers through a nostalgic haze. They never saw baseball's real problems of all-white teams, the near abolition of the home run, and rampant cheating and violence—to say nothing of betting scandals and fixes. Attendance dropped sharply in the Fifties, and for good reason. The game itself was one-dimensional—offense consisted mostly of solo homers with hardly anyone stealing or hitting the ball in the gaps. Off the field, baseball was a tragedy for fans of the Brooklyn Dodgers, New York Giants and several other major league teams that were uprooted after decades of loyal fan support. In the Sixties, pitchers had an enormous edge and run-scoring was at an all-time low, with one hitter winning a batting crown with a .301 average.

Now consider something thoroughly radical—that the real, genuine golden age of baseball is the one we're in right now. Our own era—one marked by mind-numbing debates about big markets versus small markets, revenue sharing and salary caps. A time of free agents following the buck from town to town? A period of owners who aren't satisfied with stadiums that cost only \$150 million of someone else's money? An epoch branded forever by two seasons shortened and a World Series lost to blind self-interest?

All of which is true, and all of which has distracted us from what went on out there on the field. For instance:

- Pennant races. Never has a decade produced more great pennant races and World Series than the Nineties, even counting the black hole of October 1994. Twins–Braves in 1991, Jays–Braves in 1992 and Jays–Phillies in 1993 compare favorably with any consecutive trio in Series history. And the year of the least exciting race produced perhaps the greatest team in baseball history, the 1998 Yankees. On paper the 2000 Yankees won the series in a walk. On the field, the Yankees and Mets were separated by just three runs over 47 innings.

- Players. Next time your grandfather starts telling you how great the game was before he left to fight Hitler (or the Kaiser), remind him that his heroes never faced anyone named Ken Griffey Jr., Barry Bonds, Robbie Alomar, Frank Thomas, Edgar Martinez, Tony Gwynn, Alex Rodriguez, Mariano Rivera or Pedro Martinez. There has never been more of an ethnic mix among players than in today's game. Soon we'll see influxes of talent from Australia, Japan, Korea and maybe even Russia. There were a lot of white guys who missed out on some of those

earlier golden eras until the major leagues began to mine the gold in California and the rest of the far Western states. Not until the last 30-odd years did major league baseball take notice of the suburbs of the country—namely, the South, the Southwest and the West. Expansion hasn't diluted talent, it's swelled the talent base.

- Stability. Forget that bunk you read in the papers that one third or two thirds of major league teams lose money. Never have there been more franchises on solid financial footing. Yes, several franchises have lost money in recent years, but do you measure the success of an entire industry by a few franchises that are in the red, or by baseball's overall revenue? No major league baseball team has ever gone out of business.

Not only has no franchise gone out of business, none has relocated since the second incarnation of the Washington Senators became the Texas Rangers in 1972. The NFL—with its supposedly firm financial foundation of revenue sharing and salary caps—moves teams around like musical chairs. (Quick: Who were the Baltimore Ravens in their earlier incarnation? What city did the Houston Oilers move to?) Baseball has reached new markets not by relocating but by expanding, which is a sure sign of financial health. Major league baseball has managed to expand to almost every major market in the country without damaging its minor league base, which is in better financial shape than at any time since World War II.

- Popularity. Average attendance at major league games rose from 26,000 in 1990 to 31,000 in 1993, and was on a 32,000 pace in 1994. It fell to about 25,000 during the strike's aftershock in 1995, but it's been on the rise ever since, with last season up to almost 30,000. Back in 1969, the year the Amazin' Mets captured the imagination of the country, attendance averaged just 14,000. When the Brooklyn Dodgers won their only World Series in 1955, at a time when baseball had no rival for the public's attention, attendance was just 13,600 per game at only 16 parks.

From the Twenties to the Forties, baseball had no rivals for sports page ink and fan attention. There was no pro football or basketball to speak of, and even college football didn't begin to boom as a national phenomenon until after World War II. While baseball commands a much smaller share of the overall pro sports market today than 70, 50 or even 30 years ago, it draws many more fans on average to far more teams than in any past decade.

- Postseason. Fans today have more

to look forward to in the postseason. Only purists argue that the playoffs haven't introduced a whole new level of excitement. Everyone agrees that there are better ways to organize the postseason, but who can deny that the recent playoffs have brought an unprecedented amount of excitement to the game in all parts of the country? So much attention was given to the fact that the World Series was played entirely in New York that few in the sports media noticed how unpredictable the playoffs proved to be. The American League wild card team, Seattle, came within two victories of making it to the World Series; the National League's wild card team, the Mets, did make it.

- Competitive balance. For all the talk about big-market teams dominating the game, the difference between the best and the worst has never been smaller. The 2000 season was the first time in baseball history every team finished under .600 and over .400—in other words, nobody was more than 20 percentage points better than anybody else. It's true that the teams from the biggest market—the Yankees and Mets—ended up in the World Series, but who can say they were dominant? Four AL teams had better records than the Yankees and three NL teams had better records than the Mets. The comparatively small-market Oakland A's and Seattle Mariners both came within a wisp of eliminating the world champion Yankees.

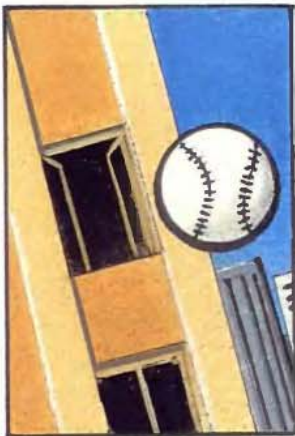
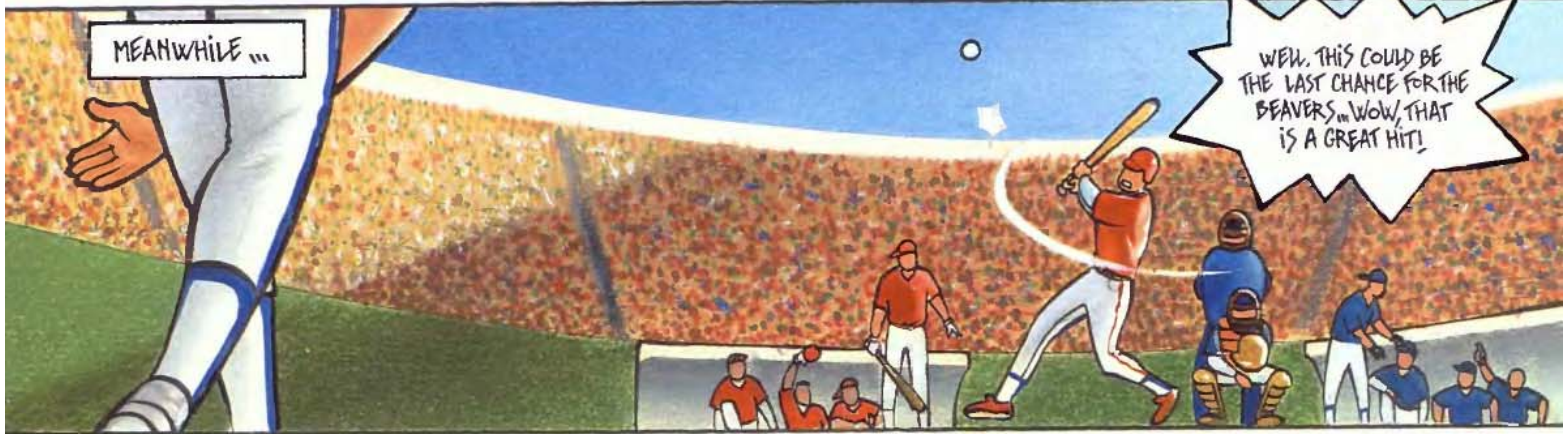
Since everyone with access to an Internet chat room or radio call-in show seems to think that competitive balance is destroyed by economic imbalances, last season is worth looking at in more detail. Only three of the 10 highest-payroll teams (the Yankees, Mets and Braves) made the playoffs—but so did Seattle, St. Louis, Oakland, the White Sox and the Giants. Commissioner Bud Selig told Congress last November that more than half the clubs in baseball were out of the race before opening day. But on opening day he couldn't have predicted which clubs those would have been, because two of the six last-place division teams, Texas and Tampa Bay, spent more money on salaries than the eight eventual playoff teams averaged, including the Yankees and Braves.

- The game. There has never been more diversity in the game itself—hitting, running and pitching have never been so balanced. And there's never been an era with so many outstanding performances at every level.

The era had some great base stealers, but none, neither Ty Cobb nor Honus Wagner, were as great as Rickey

(continued on page 171)

Home Run



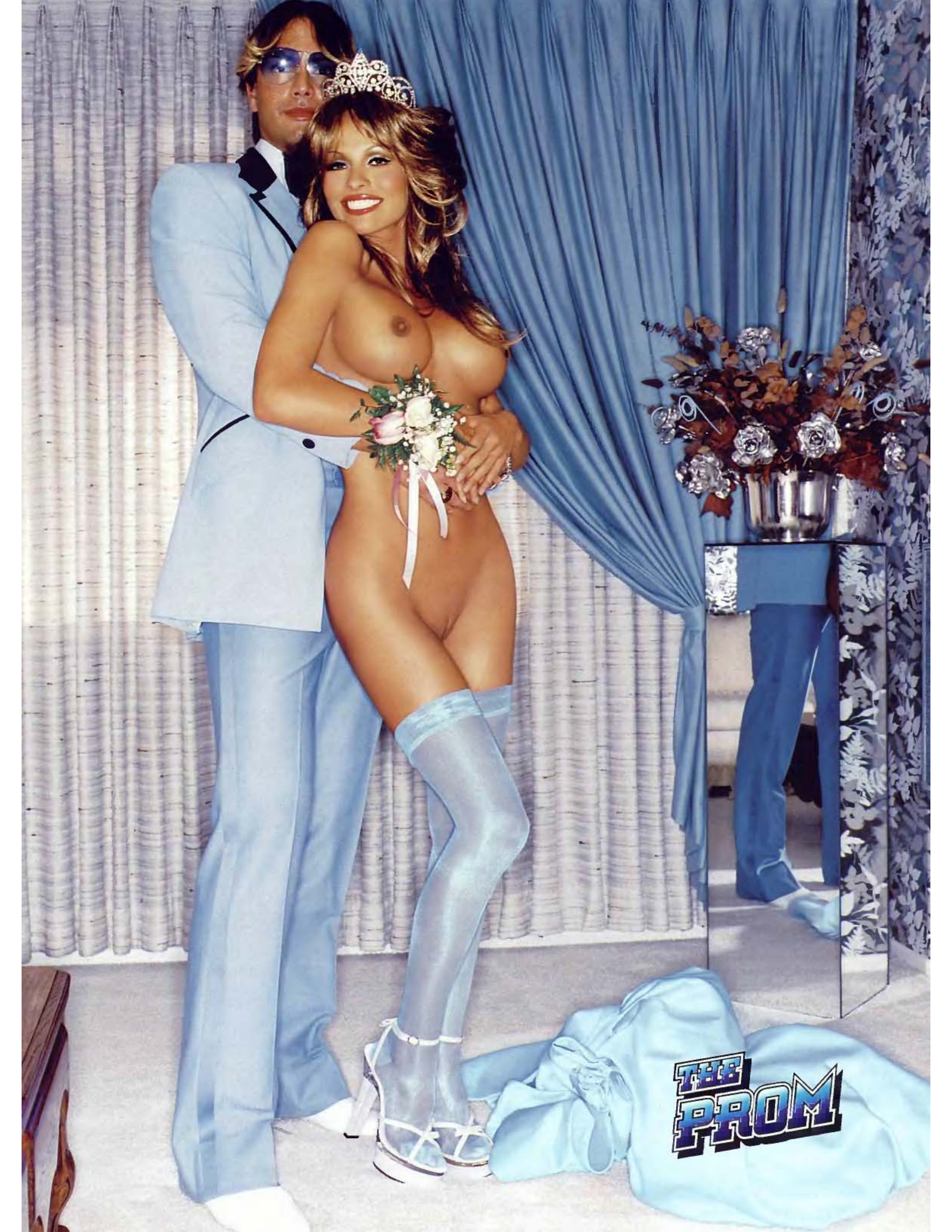
THE ADVENTURES OF PAM

Pam Anderson is bigger than life itself. Do we exaggerate? Are there skeptics among you? Gaze upon these photos and embrace Pam. She is a dream walking. And sitting. And lying down. She has become an object of worship—even of idolatry. She could be the reason Taliban militants blew up those statues in Afghanistan. They were driven to it by those bewitching satellite transmissions of "Baywatch." Pam's image is universally worshipable. But who needs a golden calf? She has golden calves, golden thighs, golden ta-tas and ya-yas. She is pure gold, from hair to heart. She is a living goddess who invites your gaze. She wants you to know her story. So she and consummate photographer David LaChapelle conspired to re-create the defining moments of her enchanted life. Why? So that it may serve the historical record.

**PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DAVID LACHAPELLE**



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ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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SMART DRUGS: JUST SAY YEST?

ALEX MALEY REMEMBERS THE REAL MALCOLM X

TV TOOL GIRL HOME IMPROVEMENT'S PAMELA ANDERSON

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IN DEEP WITH JOHNNY DEPP: A SURPRISING PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

THE NBA'S BADDEST BOY DENNIS RODMAN

VOTE IN THE 1996 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL

A TUMULTUOUS YEAR IN

BOY PLAYBOY

ENT

ROID RAGE (continued from page 129)

"I was as hard as a damn chiseled block of granite. I had girls looking at me in shock."

steroid called Dianabol, enough for seven weeks (anabolics are generally used in cycles of six to 12 weeks). Combined with a furious workout regimen, the drug worked wonders: "I was as hard as a damn chiseled block of granite," he boasts. "I had striations running across my chest, veins busting through my skin, and my skin looked paper-thin. Guys looked at me in awe. I had girls looking at me in shock."

Ecstasy gets the drug-scare headlines these days, and heroin retains its tragic glamour, but steroids are the drug of choice on college campuses—or anywhere you find young men. No one knows exactly how many guys have tried them, but estimates run as high as 3 million. In fact, steroids have a whole new market—and it's extending far beyond jocks and hard-core bodybuilders. For a growing number of young men, it's about the emotional rewards of hypermasculinity.

"Steroids have become mainstream," says Dr. David Rosen, chief of teenage and young adult health at the University of Michigan. "They're no longer used solely by athletes for performance purposes. They're being used as cosmetic agents—a way of looking better, of looking buff."

Studies show increasing use among teenagers and others. One of the most frequently cited surveys indicates three percent of teen boys have sampled steroids. That may not seem like many, but it's a 50 percent rise over 10 years.

Others calculate the numbers to be even higher. The authors of *The Adonis Complex: The Secret Crisis of Male Body Obsession* cite a 1988 nationwide survey of 3403 high school seniors in which 6.6 percent reported use (or past use) of anabolic steroids—an average of one kid in 15. Those stats were backed up by a 1993 study in *The New England Journal of Medicine* that put the figure at 6.5 percent.

"Let's assume the 6.5 percent rate of steroid use among high school boys has remained stable over the past 12 years," write *Adonis Complex* authors Harrison Pope, Katharine Phillips and Roberto Olivardia. "About 25 million American men have turned 18 during the past 12 years. That would mean more than 1.5 million men have used anabolic steroids before the age of 18."

The numbers get larger as high school students move on to college and

college students graduate into the real world, according to experts, who pin the total at 2 million to 3 million. Whatever the figure, an alarm has been sounded. The National Institute on Drug Abuse cites side effects that range from the relatively mild, such as acne and shrinking testicles, to the more severe, such as heart trouble and liver and prostate cancer.

Others claim the menace of steroids is vastly inflated, and a clamorous debate has ensued: Will steroids fry your liver, shrivel your balls and hot-wire your psyche? Do they really work? And why are so many men using them?

Anabolic steroids, in the simplest terms, are synthesized tissue-building male hormones related to testosterone. They were developed in the Thirties to treat men whose testes produced abnormally low amounts of testosterone, inhibiting normal development and sexual functions. There are now some 100 varieties of oral, injectable and topical steroids with names such as Anadrol, Dianabol and Deca-Durabolin. They are illegal without a prescription.

These steroids have legitimate applications, most notably in curbing muscle deterioration in people with HIV or AIDS. Synthetic testosterone is also used in hormone-replacement therapy to buck up the flagging sex drives of elderly men. And the World Health Organization is testing it as a male contraceptive (one side effect of continued use is a depressed sperm count).

Most steroid users, of course, have none of these problems. James (not his real name), a 33-year-old Colorado man, fits the more typical profile: In a rush to hugeness—and the respect it would confer—he decided the known risks of the drug were worth the chance to bulk up. "You know how you are at that age," he says. "If someone had asked me, 'Would you like to be huge, a guy people look up to, and take 10 years off your life, or would you rather be an average Joe and keep those 10 years?' my attitude was, Yeah, go ahead, take the 10 years!"

Standard antidrug rhetoric—drugs are bad for you, just say no—doesn't seem to steer men like James away from steroid use. "The warnings contradict their own experience," says Jim Wright, senior science editor of *Flex*

magazine, one of the titles in muscle magnate Joe Weider's stable of fitness publications. "Kids aren't stupid—they know longtime steroid users aren't keeling over dead in the gym." Furthermore, they know (or suspect) that their favorite athletes and action-film stars got their bulging pecs and six-lane chests from roids. They want that look, in a hurry. Focused on what they believe to be the short-term benefits of a juiced physique—the respect of other guys, the sexual attention of women—they give scant thought to the long-term implications of what they're putting in their bodies.

"Kids wouldn't care if steroids caused cancer," says Wright, who holds a doctoral degree in zoology and has researched steroid use for years. "They can't spell patience, let alone display it."

"Imagine," says Harrison Pope, a psychiatry professor at Harvard Medical School and chief of the Biological Psychiatry Laboratory at McLean Hospital, "that a drug existed for women that would rapidly make them more attractive, had effects that lasted long after the drug was stopped, wouldn't be picked up on routine random drug testing and had no obvious immediate medical dangers. How many women would take it?"

Dr. Pope is reading aloud from a chapter of *The Adonis Complex* that debunks common misconceptions about anabolics—that they're only slightly effective (they're fantastically effective) and that they'll immediately screw you up (not usually). His point is: Why wouldn't a guy gunning for muscularity consider steroids? If he has checked them out, he recognizes the truth and concludes that doctors have exaggerated the problems and understated the benefits.

At the same time, he sees signs in our society of a relaxed attitude toward banned substances. More voices are calling for an end to the war on drugs. In the same way that medical-marijuana initiatives around the country spotlight the positive effects of pot, the use of anabolics in HIV and AIDS treatments puts a different face on steroids. We're unraveling the human genome, there's talk of designer babies and cosmetic surgery is so common it's noteworthy only when it involves teenage pop stars. In a time when researchers talk frankly about cloning people instead of sheep, can a guy be blamed for wondering what harm can be caused by a few shots of testosterone?

Human motivation is murky business, but Pope and his co-authors blame a large percentage of steroid use on what they call the Adonis complex—a deep-seated discontent men



"It might interest you to know that Margot figures she's got one good lay left in her, and then she's calling it a career."

have with their bodies. Their book presents this anxiety as a broad social phenomenon of which steroid abuse is a symptom. It is fostered, they propose, by a pop culture that, through movies, magazines, comic books and sports, foists on us a largely unattainable ideal of manhood.

Body dissatisfaction is nothing new for women, but it is for men. Forty-three percent of guys in a 1997 survey were unhappy with their appearance, nearly triple the number from a similar study done in 1972. Thus the reported rise in male cosmetic surgery and the fussy routines of vanity. We're putting the man in manicure.

"I believe that the respect, admiration and celebrity that professional football players enjoy has led both boys and men to think they have to be huge to be men," says Steve Gallaway, author of *The Steroid Bible* and proprietor of anabolicsteroids.com, a website dedicated to steroids.

"I've been in this business 22 years," says Charles Yesalis, a professor of kinesiology at Pennsylvania State and editor of the book *Anabolic Steroids in Sport and Exercise*. "There's no doubt in my mind that athletes play a role in the main-

streaming of steroids."

Pope and his co-authors contend that body anxiety is coded into our boys' toys. Their book dwells at length on action figures, notably G.I. Joe. His rock-ribbed fighting spirit has been increasingly matched by a brute physicality since his introduction in 1964. Beneath his fatigues, that first model depicted a normal adult body. By the mid-Nineties, G.I. Joe Extreme seemed like the hyper-muscled product of a military gene lab—were he a full-size man, he'd have a 55-inch chest and 27-inch biceps—"bigger than that of most competition bodybuilders," the book points out.

Toys, comic books and video games (Duke Nukem guzzles steroids to boost his power) are the stuff of modern boyhood. Do they push boys toward steroid use in the same way that Barbie dolls supposedly foster eating disorders in girls?

"I certainly think it's true for young men," Dr. Rosen says. "As they're presented with more unrealistic, unattainable ideas of what guys should be, they have to reach further to meet that goal." In one survey, researchers let teenage boys choose their ideal body types from computer images. Most selected one un-

attainable without steroids.

Outgrowing their toys doesn't necessarily curtail the desire. Men are bombarded by media images that celebrate unnaturally muscular physiques: the pumped-up human cartoons of professional wrestling, the chemically etched models on the covers of fitness and muscle magazines who are often paired with gorgeous women in swimsuits. (Wright allows that many men pictured in *Flex* use steroids but says the magazine emphasizes nutrition and gym regimens.)

When Pope and his colleagues asked college men to select a computer image of an ideal body, on average they chose one with 28 more pounds of muscle than they had. (By contrast, middle-aged men, perhaps surrendering to biological inevitability, chose a body type similar to their own.) In a study by *Psychology Today*, men were asked how many years of their lives they'd give up in exchange for achieving their ideal body. Seventeen percent said they'd sacrifice more than three years.

It's also important not to underestimate the role women play. It can be hard to tell if a guy is pumping up for his own self-esteem or because he wants to get laid—or if there's a difference. "You have no idea until you experience it, the feeling you will get to have girls everywhere checking you out," boasts one post on anabolicsteroids.com. "It must be tough on those girls to see a physique like mine, then go back to their average Joe boyfriends."

Says Wright, "Guys have been using steroids to enhance their sexual experience for decades. There can be a big effect on sexual stuff—attitude, performance, etc."

Feminism, too, has had an impact. One load-bearing pillar of the Adonis complex theory is the idea of "threatened masculinity." That is, as women have made inroads into traditionally masculine areas of achievement—boardrooms, military, social clubs—some men attempt to reestablish male dominance by muscling up. "No matter the triumphs of feminism," Pope and company write, "no matter what laws are passed to ensure equality between the sexes, no matter what crowning achievements women accomplish, they will never, ever be able to bench-press 350 pounds."

It all sounds sensible and logical—the insidious sway of pop culture, the fear of assertive women—but Wright thinks it's mostly shit. "My take is that media influence is a scapegoat for many factors that cause people to exhibit self-destructive behaviors or personality disorders," he says. "A more muscular G.I. Joe isn't going to inspire steroid use any more than it's going to create an overwhelming



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desire in a youngster to get a buzz cut and invade Grenada."

He does allow that society's bulked-up physical ideal contributes in a general way to a guy's desire to be larger than life, since, in the carnival atmosphere of American culture, you have to be sensational to get noticed. That's basically what it's about, Wright says: getting noticed. Steroid users are driven by a primal urge to "be somebody"—not G.I. Joe, just someone powerful and respected. A shirtful of muscles is a surefire way to achieve that. "Give a young man a choice between having an IQ of 170 and a muscular body weight of 270," he says, "and there's no question in his mind who's going to be the most popular and influential."

Heart disease. Prostate cancer. Liver and kidney problems. High blood pressure. Shrinking testicles. Impotence. Baldness. Acne. Feminine breast tissue. A decreased sex drive. Those are some of the conditions routinely ascribed to steroid abuse. In teenagers, excessive use can stunt natural bone growth. Psychological effects are said to include aggressive behavior, even violence—so-called roid rage. "These are dangerous substances," Dr. Alan Leshner of the National Institute on Drug Abuse declares flatly.

One of the myths *The Adonis Complex* seeks to dispel is that steroid use poses immediate medical dangers. "There are immediate psychological dangers and long-term medical dangers," Pope says. "So I'm not saying the drugs aren't dangerous. But if you ask a typical high school boy who has used steroids, he'd say he hasn't felt any physical effects and that, anecdotally, he doesn't know anyone who has."

"Most data on the long-term effects of anabolic steroids on humans come from case reports rather than formal epidemiological studies," the NIDA's website tells us. "From the case reports, the incidence of life-threatening effects appears to be low, but serious adverse effects may be underrecognized or underreported. Data from animal studies seem to support this possibility. One study found that exposing male mice for one fifth of their life span to steroid doses comparable to those taken by human athletes caused a high percentage of premature deaths."

But the view from the other side of the needle is that doctors have overdramatized the risks of steroids while failing to acknowledge how effective they are.

"Bodybuilders saw with their own eyes the results of steroid use in the gym," Galloway says. "As a result, the medical community lost a lot of credibility." He doesn't pretend there aren't dangers—"anabolic steroids are serious drugs that have the potential to cause major side

effects," he says—but wants to see the drugs evaluated without hype.

Some side effects (acne, testicular atrophy) subside once a guy stops taking steroids. Others don't. "Many steroid users undergo liposuction to fix the gynecomastia" (the development of female breast tissue), Galloway says.

"Are anabolics really dangerous? The answer is absolutely not," Wright says. The proof is in the gym, he asserts, where plenty of longtime users are not dying of liver cancer or heart disease. "There are a lot of people who take steroids—I've known hundreds—and they're basically pretty normal people. It's evident from the number of people still alive that 25 years of continual use hasn't done a whole lot of damage. This isn't heroin."

This is the point in the debate where someone usually brings up NFL great Lyle Alzado, who believed that steroids incubated his fatal brain tumor. But science hasn't proved that link, Galloway says. Wright is more emphatic. "It certainly was not from steroids," he says. "No case in the annals of medicine or science has even remotely associated that type of cancer with anabolic steroids. I find it amazing that talk about steroids leads to Lyle."

Karl Friedl is research manager for the Military Operational Medicine Research Program. In a chapter on the medical consequences of the drug in his *Anabolic Steroids in Sport and Exercise*, he plants himself in the middle ground of the debate on medical side effects. "From the evidence of studies of anabolic steroid administration, it is not readily apparent that we can attribute significant adverse health effects to anabolic steroids as a general class," he writes. But he warns that specific types of steroids foster specific health consequences. "An athlete would be foolish to conclude there is a safe way to use anabolic steroids."

It seemed like the thing to do at the time. James' girlfriend had just pissed him off, so he bent over, got a gonzo grip on the bottom edge of her car and just turned the sucker over. "When you're doing that kind of stuff," he says of steroids, "it's pretty easy to put your back into it and go to town."

OK, so it was a little four-banger Fiero, and it was sitting on an incline; he's not exactly the Incredible Hulk. James doesn't tell the story to illustrate his strength, but rather to explain the aggressive mood changes that came over him while he was on steroids—which is why he quit.

"I was picking fights right and left," he says. "I was a big asshole." That sort of psychological short circuit, Pope says, is the real danger of steroid use. In

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his book he cites a batch of dramatic, Jekyll-Hyde instances of users flying off the handle: A bodybuilder with no history of instability is enraged by an innocent remark by a convenience store clerk. So he kidnaps and shoots her, leaving her paralyzed. A cop with a clean record gets juiced on steroids, beats up a driver who cuts him off and eventually turns to crime and murder. In other words, roid rage.

That was James, all right. "You'd be in your car and some guy next to you checks out your rig and you're like, 'What're you looking at?' Next thing you know you're brawling in the street." That sort of thing persuaded James to quit. "I wasn't very nice. I didn't like the person I was becoming."

According to several studies, men who take less than 300 milligrams of testosterone a week rarely go nuts. But doses of 500 or 1000 milligrams—common in illicit use—increase the incidence of aggressive behavior.

For most users, that aggressiveness manifests itself as an increased desire to work out; they channel it into the gym. Profound personality changes are rare, Pope stresses, and aren't confined to bodybuilders; some men in their study had never been near a gym. "You can't explain it away as a personality defect," he says. He suspects some so-far-undiscovered biological predisposition may be at work.

Wright, however, senses a subtle demonizing of bodybuilding in the way that the talk about roid rage has focused largely on gym rats. "I don't believe steroids make you psychotic," Wright says. Look at the many anabolic users in the HIV community: "They are not be-

coming crazed partner-beaters, robbers or criminals of any kind," he says. "If steroids are so dangerous, where are all the reports of violence among those individuals?"

Wright agrees that steroids may trigger psychological problems in some men who have a predisposition toward violent behavior. "It's personality first," Wright insists. "I don't think that there's any question about the chicken or the egg here."

The steroid phenomenon isn't hidden. Unprescribed use of the drug is illegal, but it's far from underground. There are ads in the backs of respectable magazines. Websites run coy disclaimers about steroid users' needing a doctor's prescription, then offer detailed instructions for bodybuilding with anabolics—a use doctors rarely prescribe for. Elite athletes are booted from competition or tainted with suspicion of enhanced performance so often that the sight of Bulgarian weight lifters sent packing from Sydney hardly raised an eyebrow. "More and more," says steroid researcher Charles Yesalis, "people have come to believe that only stupid people get caught."

It's no less blatant at the gym, where steroids are the subject of elaborate networking arrangements. Seasoned users mentor new ones. One contributor to *anabolicsteroids.com* writes of a Miami gym, "You could go into the bathroom and find d-bols [Dianabol] on the floor. Syringes stuck in the ceiling tiles." Even allowing for a degree of boastful exaggeration, that's pretty blatant behavior. Although Wright says steroid use is

probably higher in California and Florida—areas that have flourishing body cultures—you can find the drugs in gyms in the smallest towns.

Mexico has long been a traditional source of black-market anabolics. Last year Australian journalist Mark Forbes ventured into the pharmaceutical bazaars of Tijuana for a series of articles in *The Age* on the illicit trade of Aussie-made steroids. He walked into a pet store that carried a few token dog supplies among the shelves of anabolic steroids and loitered as wholesome American boys lined up to buy the drugs, haggling over the price in time-honored Tijuana fashion. "In 15 minutes the store has sold nearly \$20,000 worth of steroids with not a peso spent on pet supplies," he wrote.

"Walking into the trade in Tijuana was an eye-opener," he says. "The scale was a genuine surprise. Guys were handing over thousands of dollars. One told me he was planning to resell back in the U.S. for a healthy profit. A couple of older guys came in and bought 20 or 30 vials, clearly for dealing."

If it's not Mexico, it's Europe or Asia, thanks largely to the Internet. "What we've started seeing are these Internet pharmacies," says Dean Boyd, a spokesman for the U.S. Customs Service, the agency charged with intercepting steroids. "They're based overseas, and they will sell you anything, whether you have a prescription for it or not."

In January, Customs and Drug Enforcement Agency officers busted two men in New York City for receiving 3.25 million steroid pills—the largest seizure of anabolics in U.S. history. It was part of what Boyd identifies as an 87 percent increase in steroid seizures in the last year, from 1.3 million doses in fiscal 1999 to 2.5 million in fiscal 2000.

The steroid subculture is flourishing, doing brisk business at the intersection of some of our most powerful contemporary forces: our desire to look perfect and our demand for immediate results. "As more people become aware of steroids and the fact that they're not the scourge of mankind they've been made out to be, more mainstream guys want to use them," Wright observes. "Not just serious bodybuilders, but lawyers, businessmen and doctors."

"We live in a country that increasingly believes the end justifies the means," Yesalis says. "More people practice situational ethics, moral relativism and other such bankrupt philosophies." There are more forces than ever nudging guys toward steroid use—G.I. Joe, football studs or the simple desire to be a bigger, sexier dude—and there are fewer considerations, medical or moral, urging them to just say no.



MARTIAL ARTS

(continued from page 112)

many arts lack a sanctioning body. Those that are sanctioned often have competing or overlapping organizations, such as the Professional Karate Association, World Karate Association and Karate International Council of Kickboxing. Most schools allow you to observe classes and give you a free lesson, so be sure to use it. Here's what to look for:

Students: One class ought to give you an indication of whether the students are having fun or if they're too competitive. Keep an eye on the senior-level students and make sure they are competent and available to help out the lower ranks. Some schools rush students through a black-belt program that promotes too quickly, leading to students with lots of certificates who don't know kung fu from moo shu. Practice good self-defense by avoiding these places.

Instructors: At the minimum, they should be patient and capable of teaching students without pummeling the tar out of them. Look out for body-damaging practices disguised as training or tradition. Toughening up—everything from bare-knuckle push-ups to rolling bark-covered logs up and down the

shins and forearms—is par for the course in many martial arts. Some of this may be good, but if the training hurts worse than a mugging, what's the point?

Facilities: Check out the equipment. Are there enough bags, pads and kicking shields for everyone? Are students huddled around a single crappy pad like rain-forest villagers around a black-and-white TV? Visit the lockers and showers. Remember, you'll probably be barefoot, and dojos are a prime locale for athlete's foot and other fungal friends.

NO WISING OFF, GRASSHOPPER

Your classes are most likely to cost anywhere from \$30 to \$100 a month. That's pretty cheap, considering you'll probably go at least two days a week. Martial arts instructors aren't paid much and some even volunteer their time. Keep that in mind when you walk in the door. Every school has a list of rules, usually along the lines of bowing when you enter and leave the workout area and using what you learn in class only for self-defense. Bowing shows respect for your teachers, if only because they're eminently capable of stomping you. Defer to higher belts and instructors. Show up on time, don't talk when the teacher (usually referred to as *sensei*, *sifu* or master) ex-

plains something, don't chew gum and always use good hygiene.

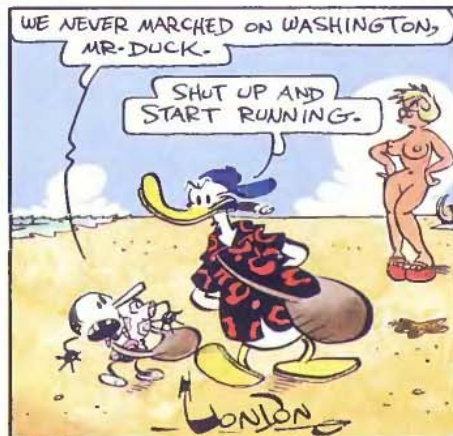
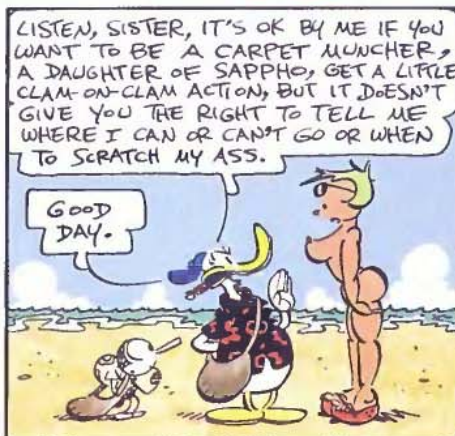
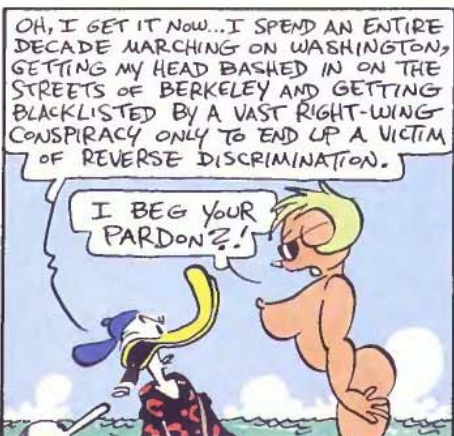
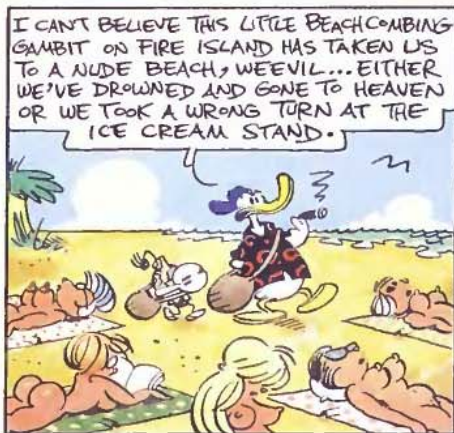
KEEP TRACK OF YOUR PROGRESS

All the classes in the world aren't worth a damn if you're not getting better. Improvement isn't always belts or rankings. Some studies don't even use them. Truly measuring your progress will depend on your martial art. With external arts (the more physical arts), look for greater strength, speed and agility. Combinations (sets of offensive or defensive movements) should be executed quickly. Internal arts such as t'ai-chi-ch'uan and aikido emphasize the development of inner power (*ki* or *ch'i*), so look for improved balance and greater flow with the art's movements.

You should begin to form a fight radar that will aid you in predicting your opponent's moves and countering with your own. Improving this ability should be a major goal. Developing a mental calm during training is also essential. Good fighters don't become frazzled when things get hectic. Mental awareness keeps you from freezing up in tight situations. Isn't that why you're doing this in the first place?



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supertoys: *Deadly*

(continued from page 98)

necessary." Henry Swinton had recently equipped the serving man with an update. It had affected his walking skills, which were now less certain. This made him appear quite realistic as an older man, and so had not been corrected. He now spoke in a more human way. Swinton liked him better.

She called Henry on the Ambient. His face came up smiling in the globe.

"Monica, hi! How's tricks? It looks as if the takeover is going to happen. I'm due to talk to Havergail Bronzwick in nine minutes. If we can clinch it, the deal will make Synthmania the biggest synthetics company in the world, bigger than anything in Japan or the States."

Monica listened alertly, although she realized that her husband was rehearsing the speech he planned to deliver to Bronzwick.

"When I think about where we've come from, Monica . . . if this deal goes through, I'll—we'll—immediately be 3 million mondos richer. I already have great plans for us. We'll move to a bigger place, trade in David and Teddy for some of the new batch, buy an island—"

"Will you be home soon?"

The question brought Henry to a halt. He said cautiously, "You know I have to be away this week. I hope to get back Monday—" She switched off.

Sitting in her swivel chair, hands clasped, she could hear David and Teddy, still sliding on the pond, and their small cries of merriment. Perhaps they would continue forever. She rose, pressing open the window, and called, "Come

in now, children. Go upstairs and play."

"All right, Mommy!" David called. He climbed from the frozen pond and turned to help Teddy over the plastic lip.

"I'm getting so fat, David," said Teddy.

"You were always quite fat, Teddy. That's what I like about you. It makes you cuddly."

They scampered through the front door, which squelched shut behind them. Upstairs they went, simulating jollity. "Race you!" David called to Teddy. It was so childlike, Monica thought with a certain melancholy, watching their heels disappear behind the banister.

The clock of her Ambient chimed five and the machine switched on. She turned to it and was soon networking. All around the planet, people began to discuss religious issues. Some dispatched electronic thoughts. Others showed photo montages they had made.

"I need God because I am alone so frequently," said Monica to the multitude. "But I don't know where he is. Maybe he doesn't visit cities."

Answers poured in.

"Are you mad enough to think that God lives a country existence? God is everywhere!"

"God is only a prayer away wherever you live."

"Of course you are alone. God is nothing but a concept invented by unhappy men. Get a life, darling, Check into the neurosciences."

"It's because you think you are alone that God cannot get to you."

She worked her way through the answers, recording them, for two hours. Then she switched off the Ambient and sat in silence. Silence prevailed up-

stairs, also.

One day, she was determined, she would make a valuable synthesis of the messages she received. A synthesis would be valuable. Her name would become known. She would then dare to walk—with a guard—in the city streets. People would say, "Why, that's Monica Swinton!"

She shook herself from her daydream. Why was David so quiet?

David and Teddy sprawled on the floor of their room together, looking at a vidbook. They giggled at the antics of the performing animals. A chubby little elephant in tartan trousers kept falling over a drum that rolled down a street toward a river.

"He is going to go in that river, sooner or later," said Teddy, between chortles.

They both looked up at Monica. She stooped, picked up the book and snapped it shut.

"Haven't you tired of this toy yet?" she asked. "You've had it for three years. You know exactly what's going to happen to that silly little elephant."

David hung his head, though he was used to his mother's disapproval. "We just like what's going to happen, Mommy. I bet if we watch it again Elly will roll right into the river. It's so funny."

"But we won't watch it if you don't want us to," Teddy added.

She repented her outburst; after all, she knew their limitations. Setting the vidbook down on the carpet she said with a sigh, "You'll never grow up."

"I am trying to grow up, Mommy. This morning I watched a natural history program on DTV."

Monica smiled. She asked what David had learned. He told her he had learned about dolphins. "We are part of the natural world, aren't we, Mommy?"

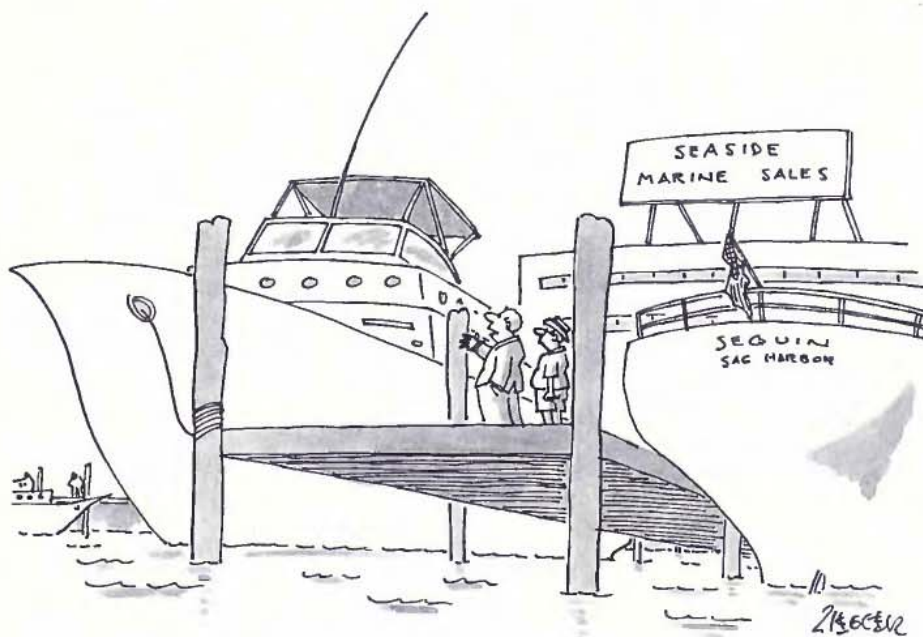
When he lifted his arms to her for a cuddle, she backed away, her mind choked with the thought of being imprisoned forever in eternal childhood, never developing, never escaping.

"I expect Mommy's ever so busy," said David to Teddy when Monica had left.

They sat, the two of them, looking at each other. Smiling.

Henry Swinton was dining with Petrushka Bronzwick. A couple of decorative blondes accompanied them at the table. The restaurant, an expensive one with a real skylight in the ceiling to let in summer light, featured an anachronistic live quartet playing nearby. Synthmania's friendly takeover of Havergail Bronzwick PLC was proceeding satisfactorily; lawyers were due to complete all documents by the day after tomorrow. Petrushka and Henry, with their ladies, were tucking into sucking pigs, sizzling on spits beside the table, washing down the feast with vintage champagne.

"Oh, this is so good!" exclaimed the



"She easily holds up to two tons of cocaine or as many as 30 medium-sized illegals."

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blonde who called herself Bubbles. She belonged to Petrushka Bronzwick. She mopped her chin with a damask napkin. "I could go on eating forever, couldn't you?"

Ignoring her, leaning forward to gesture with his knife and fork, Henry said, "We have to keep ahead of the competition, Pet. Every cubic centimeter of the cerebral cortex in the human brain contains 50 million nerve cells. That's what we're up against. The day of synthetic brains is over. Gone. We're manufacturing real brains from yesterday on."

"Sure," agreed Petrushka, bending to cut another slice, waving away the waiter who sprang forward. "Waiters are so stingy with portions." Her silvery laugh was famous, and dreaded in some quarters. She appeared to be just into her 20s, already on Preservanex, spectrally slender, with short multicolored hair, blue eyes and a slight twitch in her left multicolored cheek. "We're talking 100 million nerve cells. The question, Henry, remains one of funding."

Taking a succulent mouthful before replying, Henry said, "Synthmania's Cresswell tape will take care of that little item. You've seen the figures. Production is up again this year, 14 percent. The GNP of Kurdistan is peanuts by comparison. Cresswell was our first big line, back when we were Synthank. The Cresswell has conquered the world."

"Sure, I've got a Cresswell in me," said Angel Pink. She pointed downward to her lap with one dainty finger. To underline her point, she added—sideways glance at Henry—"It's in me all the time."

Henry granted her a twinkle and one of his favorite spiels. "Three quarters of this overpopulated world is starving. Yet we have had, for quite some time, more than enough of everything, thanks to the capping of population production. Obesity has been more of a problem than malnutrition."

"So, so true," sighed Bubbles. Red lips, white teeth, she nibbled on a golden strand of crackling.

"Is there anybody in the West who doesn't have a Cresswell in their small intestine?" Henry asked rhetorically, shaking his head by way of answer. "Jim Cresswell was a nanobiologist of genius, and I'm the man who found him and gave him a job. This safe parasitic worm enables anyone to eat up to 100 percent more food and still keep his or her figure."

"It is certainly one of yesterday's great inventions," said Petrushka, looking just a bit spiteful. "Our Senoram is nearly as profitable."

"Costs more," said Bubbles, but her remark was lost as Angel Pink clapped her pretty little hands. "We're going to make a killing!" She raised her glass. "Here's to you two clever people!"

Responding to the toast, Swinton

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wondered where she got the “we” from. She would pay for that error.

Monica Swinton was about to go skiing. The serving man accompanied her to the cabin installed in the callarium. He proffered his arm in a courteous manner and she accepted it. She loved that touch of grace. It evoked for her a distant half-forgotten childhood where there had been. She had forgotten what there had been. Perhaps a loving father?

In the cabin, she dialed “Mountain Snow.” Down it came, blizzard force. Visibility was bad. A rare tree was shrouded in white. She was utterly alone.

Once she gained the shelter, she went in to rest, panting, before strapping on her skis. The challenge was the cold, the remorseless elements. She had met it, beaten them. The storm was ending and the sun gleamed on the pure mantle of snow. She adjusted the mask on her face and plunged downhill. In a great exhilarating rush, her body braced itself against the mad, the roaring, the furious, the insupportable air. Behind the mask, her mouth opened in a shriek of purest joy. This was freedom—this embrace of gravity!

It was over. She stood alone, naked, in the enclosing cubicle.

She dressed and emerged. Time, perhaps, for a sip of vodka. United Dairies vodka came with milk ready-mixed.

David and Teddy stood outside the callarium uneasily. “We were only play-

ing, Mommy,” said David.

“We didn’t make a noise,” said Teddy. “It was Jules who made a noise, falling over.”

Mrs. Swinton turned to see Jules on the floor, his left leg slowing, kicking. In his fall, he had reached for support and brought down the reproduction Kussinski, of which she was proud. It lay shattered beside the serving man’s cranium. The cranium had split open, revealing the auditory and speech matrix.

Mrs. Swinton fell to her knees beside the body, and David said, “It doesn’t really matter, Mommy. He’s only an android.”

“You can buy us another,” said Teddy.

“Oh, God, poor Jules! He was such a friend to me.” She pressed her hand to her face.

“You can buy us another, Mommy,” said David. He timidly touched her shoulder.

She turned on him. “And what do you think you are? You’re only a little android yourself.”

As soon as the words were out, she regretted them. But David was emitting a kind of scream, a scream in which words were tangled. “Not . . . not an android . . . real . . . real like Teddy . . . like you, Mommy . . . only you don’t love me . . . my program . . . never loved me—” He ran in small circles and, when words failed him, ran for the stairs, still screaming.

Teddy followed him. Monica rose to her feet and stood trembling over the body of the serving man. She covered her eyes with her hands. A series of

crashes came from above and, warily, she went to the stairs to investigate.

Teddy lay sprawled on the carpet, his arms outstretched. David knelt over him. He had opened Teddy’s tummy and was investigating its interior.

Teddy saw her look of horror. “It’s all right, Mommy. I let David do it. We’re trying to find out if we’re real or—urrrp—”

David had removed a plug from high in the bear’s chest, near the stabilizer, where the heart’s left ventricle would have been in a human.

“Poor Teddy. He’s dead. He really was a machine. So that means—”

David waved his hands uncontrollably and one flew back to strike his face. It cracked.

“David! Don’t! We can repair—”

“Stop speak!” He shouted the words forcibly as, jumping up, he rushed past her, out of the room and started jumping down the stairs. She stood over the inert teddy bear, listening to the crashing below. Of course, she thought, his eyes can no longer focus. His poor little face has come apart.

She must call Henry for help. Henry must come home.

A brilliant crackling sounded, the intense sputter of freed electricity. Dazzling light. Darkness.

“David!” But she was falling.

David had struck the house’s control center, wrenching it from the wall in a fury of pain and despair. Everything stopped playing.

The house disappeared, and the garden with it. David stood in the midst of a skeletal structure of wired scaffolding, bedded here and there in breeze-blocks. Rubble lay underfoot. Acrid smoke drifted at ground level.

He stood there a long time, then made his way forward, treading over where the snowy garden had been, where he had played so often with his friend Teddy.

He stood in an alleyway. Old pavement was slimy underfoot. Weeds grew between slabs. The detritus of an earlier epoch lay at his feet. He kicked a crushed can that read “oca-Col.”

A drowsy light prevailed over all; the summer’s day was coming to a close. David could not see clearly but with his right eye caught sight of a spindly rose growing by a crumbling brick wall. Crossing to the plant, he plucked a bud. Its beauty and softness reminded him of Mommy.

He retraced his steps back through the wreckage. Over her body he said, “I am human, Mommy. I love you and I feel sad, so I must be human. Mustn’t I?”



CHRIS MATTHEWS

(continued from page 84)

this hybrid background.

PLAYBOY: Like others of this ilk, will it contain a prescription for America?

MATTHEWS: You're building it up, and I'm not going to build it up. I write about the Peace Corps, about working for Tip, about working for Carter. It's my goal to show why each step affected my thinking. There's a chapter called "Wisdom," which collects a number of things I've learned about life, and my values. But otherwise, no. There's always the appeal of zealotry, but my airplane has windows in it. That's how I'm different from these other guys. I don't tell people to get into the plane and keep the windows shut. I say look out the window while we're flying and decide where we're going. It's like I do the show. I say, "Wait a minute, there's another point of view here." I don't try to say this is what I think is gospel.

PLAYBOY: You'll be going head-to-head with Fox News' Bill O'Reilly's second book. What if he outsells you?

MATTHEWS: I'm a competitive guy, but I just want it to be about what's true and valuable and me. O'Reilly's is about being permanently blue-collar and having this attitude that the elite are pushing you around, and "Morley Safer jumped ahead of me in line once." Mine's a little different. You can call it a memoir if you want, but it's mainly about how I developed my sort of hard-to-read politics.

PLAYBOY: Give us the short course.

MATTHEWS: I have a complicated political closet. My dad was a Presbyterian who became a Catholic after getting married. A classic moderate Republican: self-reliance, nobody needs government, pay your taxes and obey the law. He was a court reporter in Philadelphia, and all he saw was crime and problems. Mom was a classic Irish Catholic. Her father was Charles Shields, a Democratic committeeman from North Philadelphia. In Catholic school there was a strong identification between religion and the enemy. Stalin was the bad guy. It was very Manichaean, good and evil.

PLAYBOY: How strongly does your Catholicism resonate in your job?

MATTHEWS: I'm not saying we're better than anyone else, but truth is a big thing to Catholics. I grew up in the post-World War II era. Catholics were just beginning their period of assimilation into our society. Out of that came an attempt by all Catholic ethnic groups—the Polish, the Italians, the Irish—to become really patriotic. In school there were a lot of patriotic displays, almost like George M. Cohan. We marched up and down the avenue in front of our school, with flags and everything. It was the Bishop Sheen era: anti-Communist, pro-American, Kate Smith and *God Bless America*, fight for your faith, this is the Blessed

Country. Mary is the patron saint of America. But I'm not a tribal Mick. I'm a lot more liberal than that, a lot more tolerant. I think diversity is a positive thing. But instead of using the word diversity, I'd like to see the word American. We're a melting pot, remember? In the end, what connects is the way we resolve our differences: democratically and with respect for minority rights. That's what makes us American. That's what this country is about. We should stop being so hard on one another.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like the gospel according to Chris Matthews after all.

MATTHEWS: Well, it's not as if I haven't tried to come to some beliefs.

PLAYBOY: For instance?

MATTHEWS: The idea of a living income. I believe this society should discriminate between people who work and try to contribute, and those who don't. Maybe that's too judgmental, but if I see a person at six o'clock in the morning, in a tough neighborhood, catching a bus for work, that person deserves health care and a living income. At a certain level, life is really just work. Real work is carrying two-by-fours around all day. It's a guy washing a window on the 27th floor. These people should be treasured.

PLAYBOY: What else?

MATTHEWS: I don't necessarily feel any sort of sympathy for guys on death row. I don't have sympathy—more than the natural—for drug addicts.

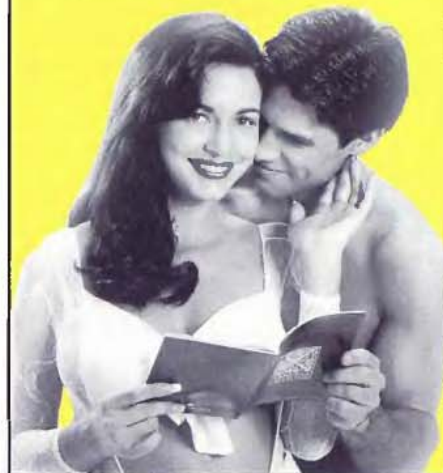
PLAYBOY: Guns and school violence?

MATTHEWS: Chuck Schumer said something really intelligent the other day. We can outlaw state-of-the-art semiautomatics that can be converted into automatics. We can outlaw assault rifles. But you can't get rid of .22 handguns. It's a stupid argument in America. That kind of weaponry is endemic to American life. They're what fathers in Kansas teach their kids to use. Schumer recognized that there's a blue-and-red thing going on here—and it's not going to be gone. So what you do is ask, what do the blue and the red have in common? The answer: a sense of personal responsibility. Schumer said parents have to accept a certain level of responsibility. Why does the father have the gun in the house? Teaching? Hunting? Safety? Fine, but find a way to keep that gun away from the kid. Don't put it in a glass cabinet so the kid can look at it all day. Also, work with the NRA, figure out ways to prevent a parent's gun being used in a crime.

PLAYBOY: What about the anger that causes kids to kill their classmates?

MATTHEWS: If you put 30 kids in a classroom and each one of them has a gun—a loaded .38 police special, the standard revolver—how long will it take for one of them to kill another one? Maybe, in a nice, proper school, where everybody is sort of upper middle class and pleasant and they know how to shout at each

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other and insult each other pleasantly, it would take a couple months. At another school, where they're a little more basic in their way of fighting with each other, it could take a couple hours. There's a caste system in high school, and it's brutal. Every time you read about one of these cases, scrawny is the word used. The kid obviously was picked on. High school never goes away. Some people still want to go back to it; that's why there are reunions. I went back two weeks ago to my high school, and I was put in the Hall of Fame. There are 10 or 20 guys in it. One came up to me—he's a doctor, a real smart guy and we used to hang around together a lot—and he said, "Isn't it great that one of us got it, and not one of the big athletes?" To me, that captured the feeling that we all shared. High school reunions tend to be celebrations of previous conquests, by the people who were the stars. A lot of guys in my class will not go back under any circumstance.

PLAYBOY: What about abortion?

MATTHEWS: Abortion is generally a moral problem with me. But I also ask myself if I want to live in a society where there is so much repression and state power that someone can stop a woman from having this procedure. That's a big question that a lot of people don't answer. Ninety-five percent of the country would like to see less abortion, and they certainly don't want it used as a birth-control device. But in the end, if the price is a society in which people lack basic personal internal freedom, that's an awful high price to pay.

PLAYBOY: Let's wrap this up by playing some hardball. Can you name a baseball team—

MATTHEWS: I have never allowed baseball metaphors or references on the show. *Hardball* is not about baseball, it's about hardball. It's in *The New York Times* now: On the front page last week, it was "Bush is playing hardball." Partially because of me, hardball is now a term in the American political dictionary.

PLAYBOY: We mean name a team of your own, staffed with your regular guests.

MATTHEWS: Oh. OK. Without offending anyone, I hope.

Howard Fineman: Lead-off batter, catcher. Howard has never let me down. I say, "What happened today?" and he tells me. He knows what's going on *that hour*. He can not only report, he can digest and he can analyze and he can excite. The poor thing about Howard is, he doesn't know he's that good.

Third base, the hot corner: Christopher Hitchens. He's spectacular at "The Buzz," the nitty-gritty segment at the end of the show. That was my producer Phil Griffin's idea. Hitchens is a genius—he's so tough, so British. I think Chris was the model for the hard-drinking, brilliant writer who was always in trouble in *Bonfire of the Vanities*.

PLAYBOY: So what do you think of Al Sharpton?

MATTHEWS: I had to be sold on him, but he's great stuff. Of course, you've got the Tawana Brawley problem, and I guess we could bring that up every night and remind everybody of it. I don't think he should be forgiven for it, nor should it be

forgotten. But talk about rock-and-roll stars—he has that aspect. As long as we have this divided society, and a couple million people in New York who are completely rejected as part of the mainstream of the operation, there is going to be a leader who comes to the fore and says he represents those down-and-out people. That's Sharpton. Give him left field.

PLAYBOY: Who's shortstop?

MATTHEWS: Carville.

PLAYBOY: When you recently had him as a guest, you two were really going at it.

MATTHEWS: Look at the tape. I wasn't fighting with him. I was coldly taunting him to the level of almost explosion—and that's what I wanted to do. Sure, the next morning Imus said Carville beat me; I can live with that. What I can't live with is the perception that we screamed back and forth. I'm the moderator. I can't win that shouting match. People think you control the show, but you don't control the show if the other guy wants to shout. All you can do is control yourself and to some extent taunt him in the direction you want. I was pushing him because Carville just comes on the show and bullshits.

PLAYBOY: Is Doris Kearns Goodwin on the team?

MATTHEWS: Center field. She always has a great, deep answer for everything. Put Bill Buckley in right. John Fund at first base.

PLAYBOY: Some people find Fund smug and annoying, though more so on other shows.

MATTHEWS: I don't. He's fun. That weird kind of smirk gets to you, but he's very friendly and supportive of the program. I appreciate that. Ha! How's that? [Pauses] But look, the *Wall Street Journal* editorial page is not a bastion of diversity. It has a strong Catholic feel to it. Very moralistic. But nobody's always right, and if you say you're always right, you're an idiot or a fraud.

PLAYBOY: Who else?

MATTHEWS: Put Norah O'Donnell on second base [laughs]. This is going to offend so many people. But you're naming names.

PLAYBOY: And you're just being spontaneous. What about Pat Caddell?

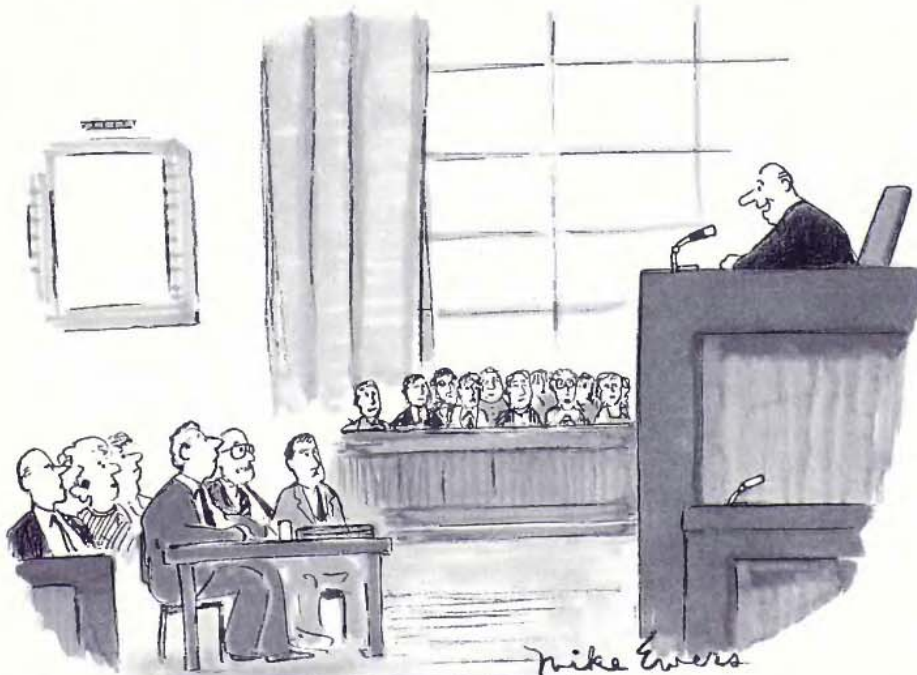
MATTHEWS: Oh, you gotta have Caddell. Designated hitter.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't he once a Democrat?

MATTHEWS: [Laughs] He is. I had dinner with him at Warren Beatty's house one night. He is a complete liberal. But like me he's angry about the Clinton thing. As a group, the Carter people don't like the Clinton people. He's a total loyalist to the party.

PLAYBOY: And who's on the mound, firing the hardballs?

MATTHEWS: [Smiles] Gotta be me.



"Due to the sensational nature of this case, I'm going to ask everyone to get naked."



If you're tired of reading about money squabbles and boorish players, stop reading and focus on the game.

Henderson—and certainly none could hit with Rickey Henderson's power. Sluggers in the early Thirties had years like Frank Thomas, Manny Ramirez and Mark McGwire have today, but there were no pitchers, not even the great Lefty Grove, who shut down hitters the way Randy Johnson, Greg Maddux, Roger Clemens and Pedro Martinez have over the last few seasons. Each golden era has had catlike middle infielders and rock-steady third basemen, but there have never been so many complete packages at those positions: Chipper Jones and Troy Glaus (in his second full year he set an American League record for home runs hit by a third baseman with 47), Derek Jeter, Alex Rodriguez, Nomar Garciaparra, Roberto Alomar and Craig Biggio. What catcher ever combined the hitting consistency and power of Mike Piazza or the all-around ability of Pudge Rodriguez?

If you're tired of reading about money squabbles and boorish players and rock-brained owners, and the politics and economics of baseball, you have every

right to be. Stop reading about those things and focus on the game.

There's a cure for what's wrong with baseball. It's called baseball, and here's an all-star team of contemporary greats who rank with the greatest of any era:

First base: Is Mark McGwire the greatest home run hitter in baseball history? He's the all-time single-season home run champ (70), the all-time two-season champ (135: 70 plus 65 in 1999), the all-time three-season champ (193: 1999, 1998 and 1997, when he hit 58), the all-time four-season champ (245; taking together 1999, 1998, 1997 and 1987, when he hit 49 with Oakland), the all-time five-year home run champ (287; including 1999, 1998, 1997, 1987 and 1992, when he hit 42).

Second base: Forget the spitting incident that has hounded him—Roberto Alomar is one of the five or six best ever at his position and the American League's best second baseman in more than half a century. He's an eight-time Gold Glove winner, an 11-time All Star and a career .304 hitter with eight sea-

sons over .300, and he has one of the highest stolen base percentages (416 of 516 for 81 percent) in baseball history. If Roberto Alomar and Rogers Hornsby both tried out for your second base job, who would you pick? Both. But you'd ask Hornsby to play first base.

Shortstop: Alex Rodriguez is such a good fielder you'd play him for his glove. His career batting average is .309 and he has hit 125 home runs over the last three seasons. That makes 189 for his career, and he won't be 26 until after the 2001 All Star game. He has more home runs now than Hall of Fame shortstops Pee Wee Reese and Phil Rizzuto had combined. It's probably too early to call A-Rod the best ever—Honus Wagner played for 21 seasons before his contemporaries gave him that accolade. But at this rate, he should have a spot reserved for a plaque in Cooperstown by the age of 30.

Third base: At the age of 29, the Braves' Chipper Jones has 189 home runs, has driven in 635 runs, hit over .300 four times, won an MVP award and played in three World Series. At the same age, Mike Schmidt, by consensus the greatest all-around third baseman in baseball history, had 190 home runs and 552 RBI and had yet to bat .300, win an MVP or play in a World Series.

Outfield: If Barry Bonds doesn't measure up to the level of his godfather,

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Willie Mays, he comes close. Bonds is 36 and has 494 home runs; at the same age, Mays had 564. Bonds has had nine seasons of 100-plus RBI; at the same age, Mays had 10. Mays' career average was .302 to Bonds' .289, but Bonds' on-base percentage is .412, 25 points higher than Willie's, and Bonds has more stolen bases, 471 in 15 seasons to Mays' 338 in 23 seasons.

Ken Griffey Jr. is so far ahead of Babe Ruth's and Hank Aaron's home run pace that it no longer seems a case of if he'll pass them up but simply when. Griffey is 31 and has 438 home runs. At the same age, Aaron had 398 and Ruth 356. Junior measures up to the all-time home run kings in other areas of the game as well. He's stolen more bases than either Aaron or Babe at the age of 31, and he's considered by some the best fielder in the outfield's most demanding spot (and has 10 Gold Gloves to prove it).

Boston's Manny Ramirez is on a pace perhaps as remarkable as Griffey's. Ramirez is 29 and in eight major league seasons (totaling 967 games), he's batted in an incredible 804 runs. In his last two seasons, Ramirez has driven in 287 runs in 265 games, a per-game pace worthy of Lou Gehrig at his peak.

Catcher: The Texas Rangers' Pudge Rodriguez might well have won back-to-back MVP awards except for an injury last season that took him out after 91 games. Still, he hit .347 with 27 home runs. Over the last four seasons Pudge

has hit .313, .321, .332 and .347 and earned three Gold Gloves. Four more seasons like this and he may be going for the unofficial title of Greatest Catcher Ever.

Pitching: The old-timers will tell you the hitters are hitting so great because the pitchers are so bad. Then how to explain Pedro Martinez? Martinez has now had three seasons more impressive than that of Lefty Grove, the man Bill James called in 1985 "the greatest pitcher of all time, period." In 1931, Grove's best year, Grove posted an ERA of 2.06 while the American League as a whole was 4.38. That means Grove was a remarkable 2.32 better than the average. Last season, Pedro was 1.74, while the AL was 4.91, a difference of 3.17. There is no doubt that Lefty was great, but in his three best seasons so far Pedro Martinez has been better at preventing runs than Grove.

And let's not forget closers. You can't compare the great relievers of modern baseball—Mariano Rivera, Robb Nen, Trevor Hoffman—with the great relievers of Cobb's, Ruth's, DiMaggio's era because there weren't any back then to compare with the great ones today.

So forget what your dad or granddad told you, and start letting your kids in on the greatness they're getting for your money. These are the good old days.



marriage

(continued from page 109)

still single. And I remember all of the reasons for being single that I've heard from my friends. You'll probably recognize a few of them.

- You can indulge all your fantasies of being a rock star, academic or astronaut without anyone saying, "Don't be ridiculous. You don't know the first thing about physics" or "But you promised you would go to Sunday brunch with my parents."

- You can remain an immature, rebellious runt.

- You can piss in empty soda bottles when you can't be bothered to leave your room and walk down the hall to the bathroom.

- You never have to call and tell someone where you are.

- You can go to the movies alone and not argue with anyone about what to see or, afterward, discuss what it meant.

- You can eat Honey-Nut Cheerios from the box while watching *V.I.P.*—with no one there to say "Use a bowl!" or "Why are you watching that crap?"

- Your girlfriends will occasionally pay for a date, or at least split the bill.

- You get to daydream about who you're going to make out with on New Year's Eve.

- Two natural highs: the excitement of new affairs and the anonymity of hotel rooms.

- Russian girls.

It's one thing to talk shite, but it's another to speak the truth. After some intense conversations with friends, both married and single, I can say with conviction that the odds are strongly in favor of staying single until you're absolutely ready to commit (if ever). We talked about some of the things marriage means, then looked at the upsides and the downsides.

Marriage means you've settled down.

Pro: I suppose, if I think really hard, this would mean you're satisfied with your lot in life. That you can be trusted not to quit your job, buy a secondhand Land Rover, put a Pizza Hut tablecloth on your head and travel the Silk Road. That you're comfortable in your own skin—and hers, too. That it's onward and upward from here.

Con: Ever seen that look on the face of a married man? The kind who drools over an Audi TT at a car show but drives away in the family minivan? That guy's going postal. From what I've seen, a properly functioning marriage is anything but settled—particularly if there are kids involved. Married people move at a feverish pace. They're rushing to get home for dinner or to pick up the kids or to take the babysitter home. (OK, so maybe there are some perks.) There's a



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reason for the high divorce rate. I'm not about to wear myself out trying to make a marriage work until I'm completely bored with being able to drop everything to go to a baseball game during the day or to a concert at night, or to sleep until dinnertime on Saturday.

Two salaries are better than one.

Pro: First you save on rent, then you invest in a house and your net worth starts heading north. There's an extra room for your CDs or power tools. You eat out less; you watch more videos. Together, you stockpile little bits of savings that you either keep or blow on trips to warm and sexy places.

Con: What you want is a woman who can support you both. Two salaries also means two sets of bills and countless conversations about money and how to spend it. Deciding where to go for dinner on a date is tough enough. Plus, you quickly realize you need two salaries—you want to save for college tuitions, for family trips to Wally World, for a backyard grill for Memorial Day cookouts. Also, upward mobility can be dead boring. Matt, 33, recently took a trip to an old buddy's summerhouse: "Everybody is in a couple. They sit around and grill and talk about clothes and houses and even school districts. The lake is beautiful, and his wife OK'd the money for a new 80-horsepower Mercury for the Whaler—but by 10 o'clock, it's lights out. Dull."

The sex is always there for the taking.

Pro: You don't have to pack clothes for the morning. You don't have to go out to dinner first. No dating necessary.

Con: Leaving afterward in the middle of the night can be problematic.

All the pressure is off.

Pro: The uneasy sense of transience in your life is banished. Her feeling that you're holding out is gone. You can relax and enjoy—instead of having her on your back, she'll be patting or rubbing it. Once your futures are inexorably connected, you encourage each other instead of competing with each other or feuding about trivialities.

Con: There's always pressure. One of my married friends explained it like this: "I knew early on that I was eventually going to marry my girlfriend Sarah. But I wanted to have my say about the timing of it. I erected what I call the Knights Templars lines of defense—think of them as concentric rings of castle walls. First wall to go: giving her a drawer in my dresser. Then, sharing the keys. Next one was living together, and, after that, marriage. Then I thought it would stop. But it never ends. After that, the hand-to-hand combat in the castle tower begins. There's having a baby, getting a bigger house, having another baby, spending half of your vacation days



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at her parents' place, schools and on and on."

Marriage is respected.

Pro: Bosses give you more responsibility and treat you better. Banks will loan you money to build a home. No more dirty looks from your friend's wife as you hit on her little sister.

Con: Building a home equals suburbia equals commuting time. Better to stay close to where the nightlife is. There's no better feeling than stumbling home from a bar at four A.M. and waking up your roommate to tell him you've fallen in love with somebody new—for the third night in a row. It's creepy and weird when people get married too young.

My girlfriend would be happy.

Pro: Whether she admits it or not, around the 30-year mark, she's starting to feel some anxiety. Even if she's opposed to marriage, she's faced with constant questions. Plus, she will always have a creeping doubt about loyalty. If it takes a ring on your finger to allay all of that, so be it. She'll be able to put the social desperation behind and feel confident about the relationship. And it will be easier to go watch the Rose Bowl at Andy's place, as she'll know you won't get piss drunk and drop out of sight for a few days while you nurse the hangover. In fact, you can have Andy over to your place and she'll have to help you roll out the pizza dough and stir the soup mix in to the sour cream on game day.

Con: Just because you're not planning

to walk down the aisle right away, you don't have to take marriage off the table altogether. Everybody hooks up eventually, I'm told. My friend Steve, a hardcore bachelor, says, "It's always a good idea to make a woman think that she could marry you—the sex is much better and you get more blow jobs and little presents." And she can tell her friends about how you're willing to talk about it, which means she can hold her own during table talk on girls' night out.

Makes my girlfriend's parents happy.

Pro: You can count on a big drop-off on the tension meter during those rare occasions when you're forced into dinner with them. You might get an extra present at Christmas. And her mother might actually deign to speak to you—though this, of course, is of questionable value.

Con: Who the fuck cares?

Makes my parents happy.

Pro: You've finally proved to them that you're straight. You also know how much your parents would like to lavish attention on a grandchild. And it's not a selfish desire on their part—they want to be able to contribute to the happiness and education of another generation. They want to see you grow up, to put yourself in a situation where you can prove your selflessness. (Self-absorption is childish and unattractive.) Plus, a wife might help you remember family birthdays and anniversaries—getting cards

on time is bound to make them happy, too.

Con: Feeling pressure from your parents? Please. You're on your own. Unless you're taking money from them or living in the basement, you have no worries. Besides, if you are living in your parents' basement, you're not getting any anyway, and your prospects of marriage are bleaker than the future of the XFL.

Because everyone says so.

Pro: Your family loves her, your friends say it's time and your friends' wives are saying you'd be nuts to let this one get away. And it's a lot easier to hang out with your married friends when you also have a wife. Suddenly, long weekends together make sense, and your friend's wife doesn't treat you like a bad habit.

Con: It's not difficult to change the minds of all those people who are in favor of your getting married. Plant mines. Karl, 30, says: "When I realized I wanted to get out of one long relationship, I 'confided' to my girlfriend's older brother that I thought I might be gay. It took a while, but he got the ball rolling."

She's the one. Isn't she?

Pro: You love her. She loves you. Sex all the time.

Con: That's your Johnson talking. Tucker, 27, says: "Often when I sleep with a new girl, I think, Wow, she gets the gold medal. But then the next one comes along and she's even more fun than the last—and she gets the gold medal. So after this happens a few times, you just can't stop because you know there's always another gold-medal winner out there."

Because your wife will do all the little things.

Pro: Laundry. Travel plans. A fully stocked fridge. Someone you'll always be able to talk to, someone always on your side. There's nothing as nice as having a girl in your corner. You have a safe haven when you get slammed by your boss. If you get sick, she'll make you soup. Single girls, on the other hand, keep their options open. Unbelievably, they are looking out for number one—and that's not you, pally.

Con: Single girls will go through torture for you (would you have someone spread hot wax on your genitalia?)—and this is before they've even met you! Beth, 28, says, "My married friends pretend their lives are interesting, but they're not. They socialize only with one another, and talk about buying homes and having babies. Yawn. I would much rather be me, having new adventures every weekend and shaving my legs and buying ridiculously expensive lingerie and doing all those things you get to do when you're single." Victoria, 32, says, "My friends need the reassurance that someone out there is having a wonderful time doing all the things they miss doing. When they are all popping out babies,



"It's an air bag."

they live vicariously through my wild, tumultuous affairs. So I earn a certain notoriety, which gives me confidence and isolates me on a desert island of lust and adventure." Beth and Victoria are your friends. They are also down with the concept of friends who fuck. And who isn't down with that?

Do it now, because time is running out.

Pro: Your body isn't getting any thinner; the hair on your head is. You just bought a nose-hair trimmer. You may not have many more years when you can pull quality snapper. Besides, going out is tiring, and there comes a time when you just can't be bothered anymore. How are you going to meet a girl then? There's also the danger of falling behind the pack. One of my friends, an associate professor at Stanford, got married after school and had three kids right away. Now he's in his mid-30s and has all the two A.M. feedings, diapers, toilet training and first days of school out of the way. "Other people in my department out-worked me a few years ago when I had to help at home, but now they're getting married and having kids in their 30s and they feel like shit. Meanwhile, I'm able to devote loads more time to projects than they can."

Con: It may be unfair and unsavory to admit it, but time is always on the guy's side. There is a steady supply of young women being produced every day—by the same people who are putting the fear in you in the first place. And as you age, you become, by virtue of nothing more than years of experience, inherently more interesting to young women than the one-dimensional postfrat boys their own age. Plus, attraction, at its most fundamental level, comes down to fertility—and because men can produce offspring right up until they kick the bucket, old men don't have the built-in biological negatives of menopausal women. You will get laid again. You will again meet a girl who wants to be with you.

You can start your future sooner rather than later.

Pro: There are three things every man looks to resolve: job, living situation and companionship. Periods when all three are stable are good periods.

Con: I took a trip to Egypt with a friend a few months ago. We found ourselves in a belly dancing club, lit, at five in the morning—the only foreigners in the place. It was loud, smoky and crazy. One belly dancer came up to us and started shaking it in our faces. So we jumped onto the table and started doing the back-dat-ass-up dance with her. The crowd went nuts. Then my friend tore off his shirt and threw it into the crowd. The roof practically blew off the place. Somehow I don't think I would have had that experience had I been traveling with a wife.



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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

It's such a proper sport, and some people take it a little too seriously. Golfing is for people too fat to water-ski.

cow's rectum and grab its cervix. And I injected sperm into its vagina. Bovine love. I wore a plastic sleeve, but that was the first and will be the last time I artificially inseminate a cow. It had an accident on my hand while I was inseminating it. I'm a little germphobic, believe it or not. I'm a big washer of the hands, and I've been in the ocean maybe two times in the past 10 years because I have a great fear of sewage runoff and of stepping on a syringe. I confront a lot of my greatest fears and try to overcome them. I received the proper shots before the

poo cocktail. We had antibacterial soaps on the set that day. Palmolive dishwashing liquid is a little abrasive, but it does the trick. Roll around in that for two to three hours and then roll around in it with someone else for two to three hours.

14

PLAYBOY: You once strapped on a dildo and went about the activities of daily life in a deliberately unselfconscious manner. Does Johnny Knoxville need that kind of enhancement?

KNOXVILLE: I don't need to be enhanced

15

PLAYBOY: In one episode of *Jackass*, a cast member disrupted a golf foursome. Some who find humor in penis enhancement and close fecal encounters might consider such an act the ultimate breach of taste and decorum.

KNOXVILLE: Yes. Yesterday he was out on the course blowing foghorns on people's backsings. He actually shit in the hole on the 18th green. It's such a proper sport, and some people take it a little too seriously. Golfing is for people too fat to water-ski.

16

PLAYBOY: Skateboarding has figured in your journey to *Jackass* prominence. Can you negotiate a half pipe with ease?

KNOXVILLE: The skateboard world has been very good to me. My proficiency level is low. I do a lot of things poorly. When I was 13 or 14 I skateboarded down the hill we lived on and broke my ankle. My father got angry and threw my skateboard into the woods. I didn't go back to it for a number of years. I have a skateboard in my car, but I rarely ride it. For the *Jackass* pilot they tried to teach me how to ollie, which is just jumping. But I was even more unsuccessful at that than I had been at the downhill slalom that broke my ankle. Skateboarding is bigger than ever right now. You can make a lot of money as a professional skateboarder. They're the rock stars of the day. They have competitions, but it's the contracts they make money on. Shoe companies pay them. Clothing companies pay them. They have their own boards and they get money from that. It's not unusual to make six figures as a professional skateboarder. You go from town to town doing demos. By the time you're 30 you're winding down, much like any athlete. Then you hope you can make the transition into a jackass.

17

PLAYBOY: People of all ages race around on Razor scooters. Do you care to predict the life of that fad?

KNOXVILLE: It will go the route of the hula hoop and Rubik's Cube. It will be collecting dust in your closet in two or three years.

18

PLAYBOY: Most pranksters eventually turn out in lingerie. Do you draw the line at something frilly?



"Just think—only an hour ago, you stepped out from the line, took my hand and asked, 'May I kiss the bride?' . . ."

KNOXVILLE: I'm not opposed to dressing up in lingerie. I don't do it, although when I was young half my closet was filled with women's clothes, because my mother's closet ran over into mine. Maybe I would sneak a nice sweater or a shirt now and then, a little angora. But we haven't dressed in drag for any of the skits on the show, just a lot of G-strings and male nudity. We did a stunt that we called Body in the Trunk with Pontius, who has the best ass on television right now. We filmed a stunt where we duled with paint balls and, of course, he was in a G-string and assless chaps, which proved to be his undoing because he took one in the rear that ended the battle. I've never worn a G-string.

19

PLAYBOY: Do jackasses have groupies?
 KNOXVILLE: Jackasses have groupies, but I'm so busy working that I don't get to go out that much. And that's good, because you don't want to get into a situation where someone might throw herself at you. Things have gotten odd lately with all this newfound notoriety. There's a big upside, but you also don't get to see your loved ones as much. It has put a strain on my relationship with my wife. We can't communicate as well, and we're trying to adjust and make sense of all the craziness in our life. I'm sure we'll fight through it. Just have to keep things in perspective. You can't take all this very seriously.

20

PLAYBOY: Do you have a high tolerance for pain?
 KNOXVILLE: Yes. We did a test with cups, exactly what a catcher wears for baseball. I put the cup on the outside of my pants, and we had six third graders kick me in the crotch as hard as they could. From there we moved to a tennis ball machine, set at its highest power, shooting me point-blank in the cup with tennis balls. After that we affixed a sledgehammer to a rope, pulled it up to head height, dropped it and let it strike me in the cup. I took a paint ball to the cup, and then we went up three stories with an eight ball and dropped it down on the cup. That whole cup test was a miserable experience. I hope it won't affect my chances of having more offspring. Oh, I also took a croquet ball to the crotch. This was all done in a period of about an hour, and there was a little bit of swelling afterward. Obviously, my level of odd is a little higher than everyone else's, so I don't look at what I do as that crazy. If I were to stop to think about what I do, I probably would reassess the situation and go fishing.



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He and his female machine, with their rapid dancing act, had become passé. They were junked.

one of its grabbers and would never again haul a ton of cement.

It was a community of a kind. Every junked object helped every other junked object. Every old-model pocket calculator could calculate something useful, if it was only how wide a lane should be left between two blocks of scrapped automobilities to allow passage for wheelies and motormowers.

A tired old supermarket servitor took David into his care. They shared the burnt-out shell of a refrigeration unit.

"You'll be OK with me till your transistors blow," the servitor said.

"You're very kind. I just wish I had Teddy with me," said David.

"What was so special about Teddy?"

"We used to play together, Teddy

and me."

"Was he human?"

"He was like me."

"Just a machine, eh? Better forget him, then."

David thought to himself, Forget Teddy? I really loved Teddy. But it was quite cozy in the refrigeration unit.

One day the servitor asked, "Who kept you?"

"I had a daddy called Henry Swinton. But he was generally away on business."

Henry Swinton was away on business. Together with three associates, he was ensconced in a hotel on an island in the South Seas. The suite in which they were gathered looked out over golden sands

to the ocean. Tamarisks grew below the window, their fronds waving slightly in a breeze that took the sting from the tropical heat.

The murmur of waves breaking on the beach did not penetrate the triple glazing.

Henry and his associates sat with bottles of mineral water and note-files in front of them. Henry's back was to the pleasant view.

Henry had fought his way up to Chief Executive of Worldsynth-Claws. He outranked the others at the table. Of the others, one in particular, Asda Dolorosaria, had elected herself to speak for the opposition.

"You've seen the figures, Henry. Your proposed Mars investment will not pay off in a century. Please be reasonable. Forget the crazy notion."

Henry said, "Reason is one thing, flair another, Asda. You know the amount of business we do in Central Asia. It's the area of the planet most like Mars. We have communications sewn up there. Not a single mech there that does not come from our factories. I bought into Central Asia when no one else would touch it. You have to trust me on Mars."

"Samsavvy is against your argument," said dry-voiced Mauree Shilverstein. Samsavvy was the Supersoftputer Mk.V that in effect ran Worldsynth-Claws. "Sorry. You're brilliant, but you know what Samsavvy says." She offered an imitation of a smile. "He says forget it."

Henry opened his hands and placed his fingers together so that they formed an arch of wisdom.

"OK. But Samsavvy doesn't have my intuition. I intuit that if we get our synthelp on Mars right now, they can run the atmosphere maker. In no time—well, in half a century, let's say—Worldsynth will get to own the atmosphere. That's as good as owning Mars itself. All human activities are secondary to breathing, OK? Can't you people understand that?" He thumped the guaranteed real reconstituted wood table. "You got to have flair. I built this whole enterprise on flair."

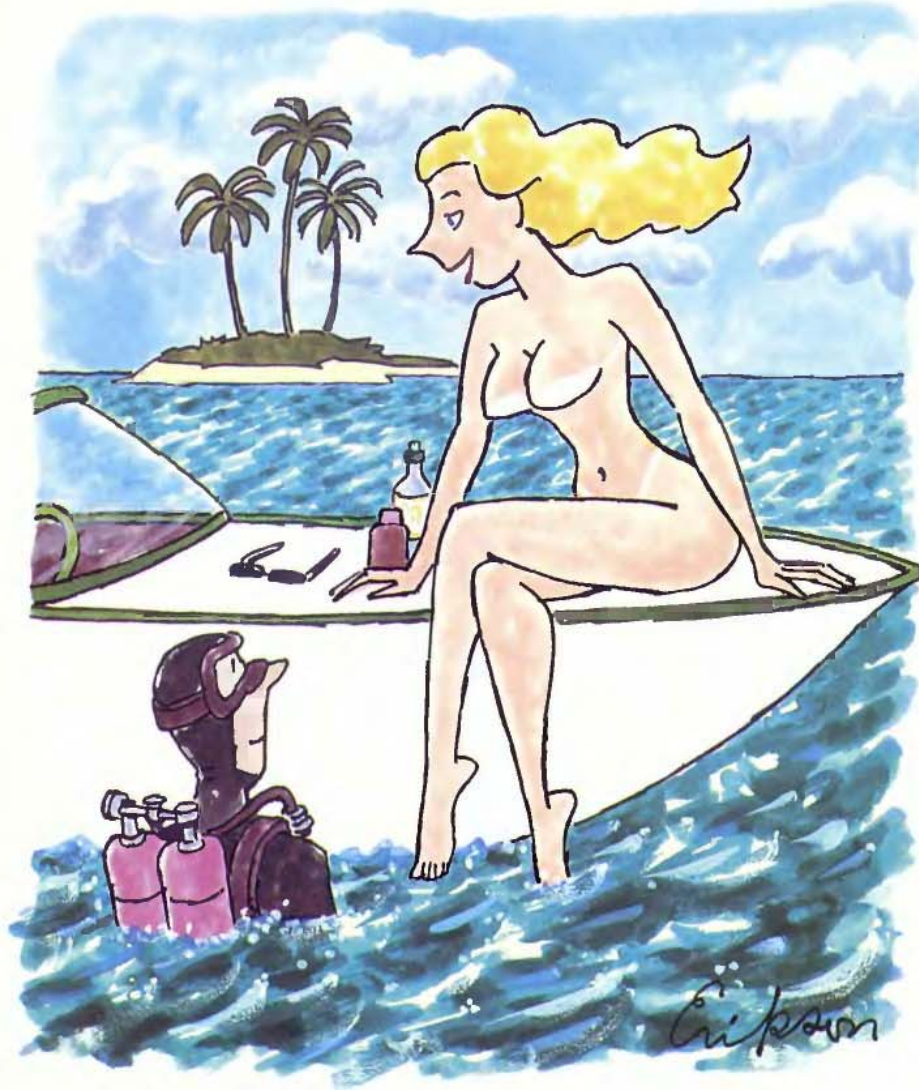
Old Ainsworth Clawsinski had said nothing, contenting himself with an unwavering glare at Henry. He was the Claws of the company. The plug in his left ear indicated that he was in constant touch with Samsavvy. Now he spoke from the end of the table.

"Fuck your flair, Henry."

His colleagues, encouraged, came in, in chorus.

"Shareholders don't think in half-centuries, Henry," said Mauree Shilverstein. She was the one who had initially inclined toward Henry's argument.

"Mars has no investment value. It's been proved," said Asda Dolorosaria. "They've gotten in Tibetan labor. It's cheaper and it's expendable. Better forget about other planets, Henry, and



"You say you're an underwater expert. How about on a boat?"

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Letter from Dr. Mark Wright, Medical Director - Berkshire-Wheat Research Center

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concentrate that mind of yours on last year's two percent dip on this planet."

Henry went red.

"Forget about the past. You're dragging your heels, all three of you! Mars is the future. Ainsworth, with all due respect, you're too damned old to even think about the future! We will adjourn and meet again at 3:30. Be warned—I know what I'm doing. I want Mars on a plate."

Gathering his pad, he marched out of the room.

Throwaway had a We Mend You workshop. Through the maze of rusty alleyways David went, until he came to the workshop, situated in a static water-tank, turned upside down, with an entrance cut in its side by a welder. Inside this echoing shelter, industrious little machines worked and patched and sawed and rejoined. Still-valid circuits were cannibalized, motors regenerated, the old made less old, the antiquated merely old.

And there David had his broken face repaired.

There, too, he met the Dancing Devlins. A socket in the male Devlin's leg had become displaced. Consumer society had scrapped him: He and his female machine, with their rapid dancing act, had become passé. They were junked.

The socket was replaced. Batteries were recharged. Now Devlin (M) could dance again with Devlin (F). They took David with them to their tiny hovel. There they performed their lightning dance over and over. David watched and watched. He never tired of the routine.

"Aren't we wonderful, dear?" said Devlin (F).

"I would like it even more if Teddy could watch with me."

"It's the same dance, lad, whether Teddy is here or not."

The sand was yielding underfoot. Henry Swinton kicked off his shoes and left them lying on the beach. He had walked on the margins of the ocean. He

was in a state of despair. He had fallen from the high cliff of success.

After the dismal outcome of the morning's meeting, Henry had gone to the residents' bar to enjoy a long, slow vodka-milk, the Drink of the Year. "Vodka-milk—Smooth as Silk." His associates had given him a wide berth. He had then taken an elevator up to his penthouse.

Peaches had gone. Her cases were gone.

Her fragrance lingered, not yet wiped out by the air-conditioning.

On the mirror she had scrawled in lipstick, READ YOUR AMBIENT! SORRY AND GOOD-BYE! P.

"She's being funny," thought Henry, aloud. He knew she was not. Peaches was never funny.

The Ambient was already tuned to the private Worldsynth channel. Henry crossed to the globe and turned it on.

SS MV.V MESSAGE TO HENRY SWINTON. YOUR MARS GAMBLE NOT ACCEPTABLE TO SHAREHOLDERS. YOUR PROJECT'S SURPLUS TO OUR FUTURE PLANS.

PLEASE ACCEPT THANKS AND INSTANT RETIREMENT HERewith. OPEN TO NEGOTIATION ON FINAL HANDSHAKE VALUE IF NO ARGUMENT FORTHCOMING. SEE EMPLOYMENT ACT 21066A CLAUSES 16-21. FAREWELL.

The ocean that had looked so bright and pure from the hotel had spewed plastic bottles along the shoreline, together with dead fish. Henry flung himself down on the sand, exhausted. From his low view, the hotel presented a rakish aspect. It had been built on sand. One end was sinking, so that the structure resembled a vast concrete ship in trouble in a sepia sea.

Henry endured a rage of hatred against everyone he knew, everyone who had crossed his path from the beginning. The low rumble of plastic bottle bumping against plastic bottle played an accompaniment to his anger. Eventually the anger turned against himself.

"But what have I done? What have I been? What's been in my mind? A big success! Empty success. . . . Yes, empty. I've just sold things. I'm a salesman, nothing more. Or I was a salesman. Buying and selling. My God, I wanted to buy Mars. A whole planet. . . . I have been mad with greed. I am mad. I'm sick, mortally sick. What did I ever care about?"

"I have never been creative. I imagined I was creative. I've never been a scientist. I'm just a smartass. What do I really understand about the mechs I sell? Oh God, what a failure I am, a desperate failure. Now I've gone too far. Why didn't I see? Why did I neglect Monica? Monica, my darling. . . . Monica, I did love you. And I fobbed you off with a toy kid. Kids. David and Teddy.

"Huh! Well, at least David loved you.



"I'm sorry, dear. But when I said we needed a romantic weekend away, I didn't mean with each other."

David. Poor little David.

"My God, whatever happened to David? Maybe—"

Seagulls screamed overhead.

A council truck came slowly down the wide road into Throwaway Town. Once inside the gates, it turned its massive nose left, entering Dump Place.

Automatics began slowly to tip the rear platform. A number of obsolete robots that once worked in the subway system slid from the back of the truck and crashed to the ground. The truck scraped the last robot, still clinging to the rear board, off into the dump.

Two of the robots had been broken in the fall. One lay on its face, helplessly waving an arm, until another mech helped it up. Together they made off into the depths of the rusty aisles.

David ran to see the excitement. The Dancing Devlins ceased their dance to follow him.

One robot remained. It sat in the dirt shooting its arms back and forth in a prescribed pattern.

Going as close as he dared, David asked the mech why it did that.

"I still work, don't I? Don't I still work? I can work in the dark but my lamp is broken. My lamp will not work. I hit my lamp on a girder overhead. There was a girder overhead. I hit my lamp on it. The chief computer sent me here. I still work."

"What did you do? Were you on the subway?"

"I worked. I worked well since I was built. I still work."

"I never worked. I played with Teddy. Teddy was my friend."

"Have you any instructions? I work still, don't I?"

At that point, a sleek black limousine entered Throwaway. A man was sitting in the front seat. Spinning the limo window down, he stuck his head out and asked, "David? Are you David Swinton?"

David went over to the auto. "Daddy? Oh, Daddy, have you really come for me? I don't really belong here in Throwaway."

"Climb in, David. We'll get you cleaned up for Monica's sake."

David looked around. The Dancing Devlins stood nearby. They were not dancing. David called out a goodbye to them. The Dancing Devlins simply stood where they were. They had not been programmed to say goodbye. It was not quite the same as taking a bow.

As David climbed into his father's car, the Devlins began to dance. It was their favorite dance, a dance they had performed a hundred thousand times before.

Henry Swinton was no longer rich. He no longer had a career. He no longer

WHERE



HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find merchandise covered in this month's PLAYBOY. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 39, 53-54, 102-107, 130-133 and 187, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



WIRED

Page 39: "Game of the Month": Software by *Code-master*, codemasters.com. "Wild Things": Game Boy by *Nintendo*, 800-255-3700.

MANTRACK

Page 53: "Faster Than a Speeding Bullit": Car by *Ford*, ford.com. Page 54: "Saving Face": Toiletries by *Zirh*, at specialty and department stores or zirh.com. "Guys Are Talking About": Internet radio by *Philips*, philipsusa.com. Monitor by *Samsung*, 800-SAMSUNG or samsungmonitor.com.

SO YOU WANT TO BE A STAR

Page 102: Shirt and pants by *Roberto Cavalli*, robertocavalli.net. Women's outfits by *Gianfranco Ferré*, gianfrancoferre.com. Page 103: Coat by *Hugo Boss*, 800-HUGO-BOSS. Pants by *Reunion*, 800-777-1145. Shirt by *DKNY*, 800-231-0884. Page 104: T-shirt by *Dsquared* from *Jeffrey New York*, 212-206-1272. Boxers by *2(x)ist*, 2xist.com. Jeans by *Marithé & François Girbaud*, 312-787-2022. Belt and buckle by *Buffalo Chips*, 212-625-8400. Sneakers by *Puma*, puma.com. Shirt and tie by *René Lizard*, rene-lizard.com. Suit by *DKNY*, 800-231-0884. Page 105: Tie by *Giorgio Armani*, giorgioarmani.com. Shirt by *Marithé & François Girbaud*, 312-787-2022. Suit by *Hugo Boss*, 800-HUGO-BOSS. Shoes by *Johnston & Murphy*, 800-424-2854. Belt by *Calvin Klein*, 800-294-7978. Women's dress and shoes by *Richard Tyler*, 323-931-6769. Jewelry by *Patricia Field*, patriciafield.com. Boa by *Betsey Johnson*, betseyjohnson.com. Suit by *Liz Claiborne*, lizclaiborne.com.

Shirt by *Raffi*, 800-775-3454. Shades by *Ray-Ban*, 800-343-5594. Jackets by *Andrew Marc*, andrewmarc.com. Pants by *Perry Ellis*, perryellis.com. Shoes by *Skechers*, skechers.com. Page 106: Shirt by *Roberto Cavalli*, robertocavalli.net. Suit by *DKNY*, 800-231-0884. Shades by *Christian Dior*, 800-929-DIOR. Shoes by *Sergio Rossi* at *Bergdorf Goodman*, 212-753-7300.

Women's hat by *Francis Hendy*, francishendy.com. Women's boots, hotpants, blazer and fur coat by *Richard Tyler*, 323-931-6769. Bra by *Victoria's Secret*, victoriassecret.com. Ring by *Patricia Field*, patriciafield.com. Page 107: Robe by *Gucci*, 212-826-2600. Boxers by *Hugo Boss*, 800-HUGO-BOSS. Bodysuit by *Victoria's Secret*, victoriassecret.com. Stockings by *Oroblu*, oroblu.com. Shoes by *Helmut Lang*, helmutlang.com. Lingerie and boots by *Richard Tyler*, 323-931-6769. Jewelry by *Patricia Field*, patriciafield.com.

SURFING'S NEW WAVE

Pages 130-133: Surfboards: By *Rusty*, 800-429-4442. By *Backyard Boards*, 760-931-6910. By *SB Surfboards 1*, 760-717-6285. By *NHS*, 831-459-7800. Wet suit by *Billabong*, 949-753-7222. Sunglasses by *Electric Visual Evolution*, 800-958-6556. Shorts by *Volcom*, volcom.com. Backpack by *Clive*, 877-254-8396. Traction pad by *On a Mission*, 760-967-9526. Shorts by *Rusty*, 800-429-4442. Wet boots by *O'Neill*, 800-538-0764. DVD by *Poorspecimen*, 800-481-6468. Sandals by *DC Shoes*, 800-886-8225. Resort from *Tavarua Island Tours*, 805-686-4551.

ON THE SCENE

Page 187: "Hot Summer, Hot Wheels": Mountainboard by *Outback Mountainboards*, 888-328-3478 or outbackmountainboards.com. ATV by *Kawasaki*, prairie650.com. Mountain bike by *Montague*, 800-736-5348 or montagueusa.com.

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had women around. He no longer had ambition.

But he had time.

He sat in a cheap apartment on Riverside, talking to David. The apartment was old and worn. One of the walls had developed a stammer. Sometimes it showed a false view of the river, where the water was blue and old-fashioned paddle steamers bedecked with flags plied up and down. And sometimes it showed a commercial for Preservanex, where a couple in their early 100s went through rickety copulation movements.

"How can I not be human, Daddy? I'm not like the Dancing Devlins or the other people I met in Throwaway. I feel happy or sad. I love people. Therefore I am human. Isn't that so?"

"You won't understand this, David, but I'm a broken man. I've fouled up my whole life. The way people do."

"My life was nice when we lived in that house with Mommy."

"I said you wouldn't understand."

"I do understand, Daddy. Can we go back there?"

Henry gazed mournfully at the child standing before him, a half-smile on his scarred face. "There's never any going back."

"We could go back in the limo."

Henry seized the boy and held him tightly, arms wrapped around him.

"David, you were an early product of my first mech company, Synthank. You have been superceded. You only think you are happy or sad. You only think you love Teddy or Monica."

"Did you love Monica, Daddy?"

Henry sighed heavily. "I thought I did."

Henry put David in the limo, telling him that his obsession with being human would count as a neurosis if he were human. There were humans who imagined

they were machines.

From the ruins of Henry Swinton's career, little remained. One thing, however, did remain. There still survived, out in a rundown suburb between city and boonies, the production unit of Synthank, Henry's first enterprise. He had retained financial control of Synthank. Nor had its products been destroyed. They survived on a low level of production, supervised by Henry's old friend, Ivan Shiggle. Synthank's products were exported to undeveloped countries overseas where they were welcomed as additional labor.

"We could insert better brains in them. Then they would be more up-to-date. But why go to the expense?" said Henry, as they turned into the unit's yard.

"Because they might like to have better brains," David suggested. Henry laughed.

Shiggle came out to meet them. Shaking hands with Henry, he looked down on David. "An early model," he remarked. "What did Monica think of it?"

Henry took his time responding. As they entered the building, he said deliberately, "You know, Monica was rather a cold woman."

Shooting him a sympathetic glance, Shiggle said, "But you married her." Lights flashed on as they walked along a corridor and through a swinging glass door.

"Oh yes, I loved Monica. Not well enough. Perhaps she didn't love me well enough. I don't know. My ambition got the better of me—she must have found me hard to live with. Now she's dead—through my neglect. My life is a complete cock-up, Ivan."

"You're not the only one."

Henry clapped him on the shoulder. "You've been a good friend. You have never cheated me or turned against me."

"There's time yet," said Shiggle, and

both men laughed.

They had come to the production floor, where the product stood ready for packaging and exporting. David stared, his eyes wide.

He confronted 1000 Davids. All looking alike. All dressed alike. All standing alert and alike. All silent, staring ahead. A thousand replicas of himself. Unliving.

For the first time, David really understood.

He was a product. A product. His mouth fell open. He froze. He could not move. The gyroscope inside him stopped. He fell backward to the floor.

On the afternoon of the following day, Shiggle and Henry stood in their shirtsleeves. They grinned at each other and shook hands.

"Amazing, Ivan! There's hope for me yet."

"Come back and work here. We'd get on OK together. Provided the neural brain still works."

David lay on the bench between them, still connected by a cable, awaiting rebirth. His clothes had been renewed from stock, his face had been properly remolded. And the later, up-to-date brain had been inserted, infused with his earlier memories, a brain many times more diverse in its powers than his old one.

The two men paused over the prostrate body. Henry turned to the figure standing by their side, its arms wide in the eternal gesture of love and welcome.

"Are you ready for this, Teddy?"

"Yes, I am very excited to play with David again," said the bear. He was one of a stock of bears held in the production unit. "I missed him very much. David and I used to have such fun together, once."

"That's good. Well, then, let's bring David back to life, shall we?"

Yet still the men hesitated. They had done manually what was generally performed automatically.

Teddy beamed. "Hooray! Where we lived before it was always summer. Until the end. Then it was winter."

"Well, it's spring now," said Shiggle. Henry hit the charge button. David's slight figure jerked. His right hand automatically pulled away the connecting cable. He opened his eyes.

He sat up. His hands went up to his head. His expression was one of amazement. "Daddy! What a strange dream I had. I never had a dream before—"

"Welcome back, David, my boy," said Henry.

Embracing the child, he lifted David off the bench. David and Teddy stared at each other in wonder. Then they fell into each other's arms.

It was almost human.



Marshall

"I don't understand. It started off as an amicable separation."



PLAYMATE NEWS



VEGAS, BABY, VEGAS

Playmate fans hit the jackpot at Sin City's Magic 2001 trade show when 15 Centerfolds teamed up to promote Playboy clothes and jewelry. Rebecca Scott, Cara Michelle, Neriah Davis, Angel Boris, Ava Fabian, Victoria Fuller, Nicole Lenz, Layla Roberts, Carrie Stevens, Suzanne Stokes, Natalia Sokolova, Shannon Stewart, Kristi Cline, Tishara Cousino and Corinna Harney got decked out in Bunnywear and were walking advertisements all weekend, especially at the Playboy



Clockwise, from the top: Actor Deon Cain tests his lady luck with Playmates (left to right) Angel Boris, Shan-

non Stewart, Carrie Stevens, Kristi Cline and Ava Fabian at Drai's nightclub. Suzanne Stokes and Neriah Davis work up a sweat. Rebecca Scott and Tishara Cousino mug for the camera. Loylo Roberts and Nicole Lenz look hot in Ployboy geor.

KRISTI CLINE:

"I really like Suzanne Stokes, because she knows how to work a crowd. If you've seen her at promotions, you know she's good at it. We're great friends."

party at Drai's (pictured). International Brand Manager Noelle O'Connor reports that the bash was all Rabbit: "Even the waiters wore Playboy shirts. It was a great promotion."

KARIN'S STYLE HOUSE

Karin Taylor has always been business-minded. When we met her in June 1996, she had already published the *Fashion Industry Travel Guide*, a nationwide directory of essential services for the trade. Karin's latest venture is Style House (stylehouseusa.com), a 3000-square-foot boutique in the Philadelphia area that carries unique gift items and home furnishings and offers a party-planning service. Style House believes presentation is everything, so each employee must attend a five-day training camp—a.k.a. Style House University—that includes a customer-service workshop from a top concierge and a gift-wrapping tutorial. "I'm always pushing myself to do things I'm afraid of," Karin says. "My motto is, 'If your ship doesn't come in, swim out to it.' I'm very happy with my new busi-



35 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Miss July 1966 Tish Howard was a fresh-faced debutante who lived with her parents in Palm Springs and Holmby Hills, the swanky section of Los Angeles where Hef would later buy the Mansion. When she was a student at Mount St. Mary's College, Tish posed for us, changing her name in her Playmate story. After the magazine hit the newsstands, the school's mother superior called her in, pointed to the layout and asked, "What do you have to say about this?" Tish said, "Oh, you too? Everybody thinks I look like that girl. It's uncanny." The nun said, "I thought so," and Tish went back to the classroom.



Tish Howard.

ness, my new marriage and my new life—even if it is freezing in Philly!"

ZEBRAHEAD ZOO



Out: starting a bond to meet chicks. In: noming your CD Playmate of the Year to meet Centerfolds. As you know, Zebrahead did the lotter and have been Mursion regulars ever since. During their latest gig, they recruited Laura Cover, Neriah Davis, Suzanne Stokes, Cara Michelle and Kerissa Fore to sing backup. Matt Sorum (left), drummer of the Cult, checked out the show with Neriah.

My Favorite Playmate By Johnnie Cochran



I choose June Cochran, for obvious reasons. I don't know if she's a member of my family, but I have to go with her. I grew up in Los Angeles and always knew about Hef. I saw the magazine for the first time back when I was in high school. Even then, before all of the enhancements, the women had really amazing bodies.



DOES SIZE REALLY MATTER?

"I like an eight-inch penis. That's a good length. It's the right size to get you going."

—Rebecca Scott

"Absolutely not, though if he doesn't know how to use what he has, that could be a problem."

—Tiffany Sloan

"It's 50-50. You can have size, but you have to know how to use it. Oral sex is good too, and you don't need a big one for that."

—Victoria Silvstedt

PLAYMATE NEWS

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

- July 3: Miss November 1988
Pia Reyes
- July 3: Miss June 1994
Elan Carter
- July 5: Miss March 1963
Adrienne Moreau
- July 8: Miss May 1971
Janice Pennington
- July 24: Miss November 1992
Stephanie Adams

RENEE RULES

The 1990 PMOY Renee Tenison is back in school getting her degree in fashion design.

Q: Your acting career has included movie roles in *Nutty Professor II: The Klumps* and *Down to Earth*. Why go to school now?

A: I'm going part-time, in between modeling and acting gigs. After becoming a Playmate, I got swept away with modeling and acting. Later, I watched my Playmate video—which includes references to fashion design—and I remembered,



That's right! I love doing that!

Q: What's next for you?

A: I'm working on a line called Tenwear. Keep your eyes peeled.

YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY, JENNY



In 1993 the world met—and began salivating over—20-year-old Jenny McCarthy. The sexy, funny Playmate became a household name when she hosted *Singled Out* on MTV. From there, she sat on the toilet in Candie's ads, starred on NBC's *Jenny* and got hocked up in *Scream 3*. She also ditched her big hair for a more streamlined (but never conservative) look. We can't wait for her next incarnation, as a Sixties sleuth in *Honey Vicarro*. Left to right: Miss October 1993, at the 1997 Oscars, at the 1997 Fire and Ice Ball, at the *Grinch* premiere in 2000.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Not that guys watch soap operas, but Kelly Monaco stars on ABC's *Port Charles* as Livvie, a vulnerable schoolgirl who comes from a (surprise) dysfunctional family. "The scripts had me crying for four months," Kelly says. . . .

Jonnie Nicely, Cynthia Myers,



Vintage Playmates meet the vets.

Nancy Harwood, Lorrie Menconi, Debra Jo Fondren and Victoria Valentino (above) visited vets in California on Valentine's Day. . . . Italian *Vogue* showcased Nicole Dahm (below) for a feature on cool hairstyles. . . .

VOGUE

...stylize your hair

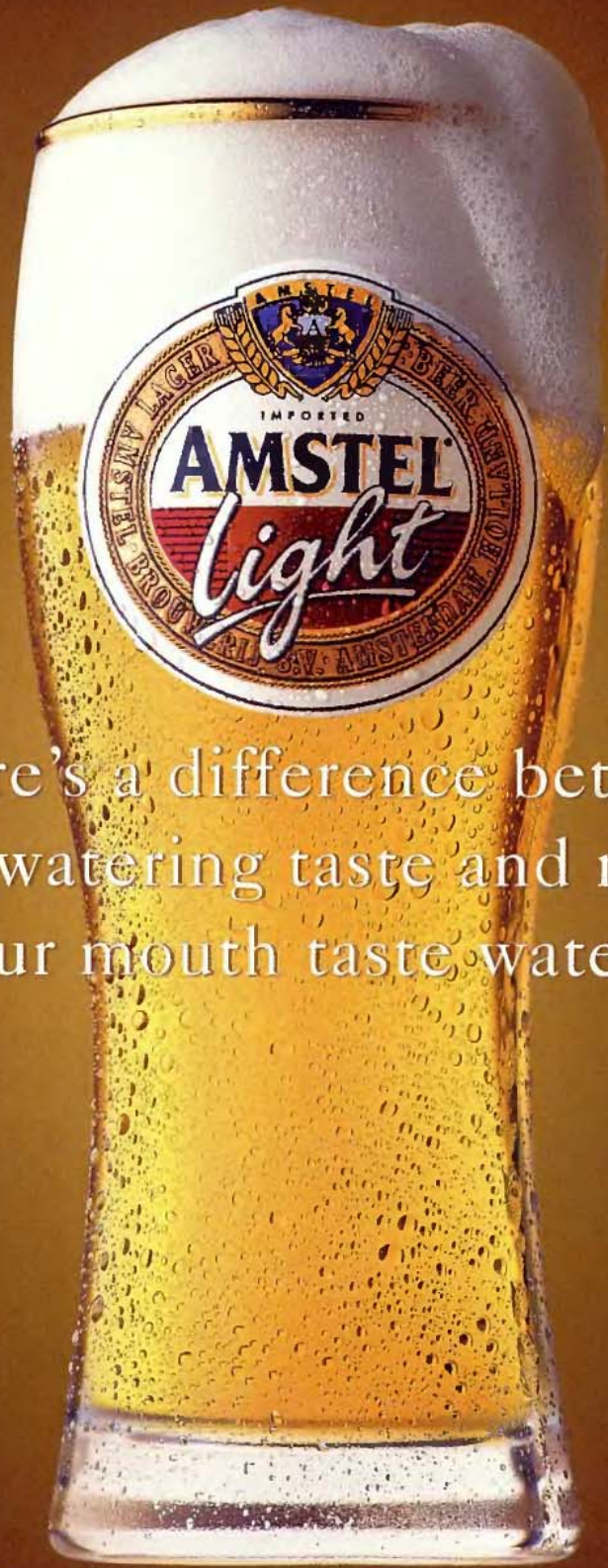


Nicole Dahm does Vogue.

Carrie Stevens and Erika Eleniak play sisters in *Vegas: C.O.D.*, a cable movie that also features Duran Duran's John Taylor. . . . Harley owner Kristi Cline works as a sales representative for Indian Motorcycles in New Mexico and is poised to open a nightclub. . . . Chicago entrepreneurs Billy Dec and Brad Young got carried away when Julie Cialini, Shannon Stewart, Nichole Van Croft and Cara Wakelin (pictured below) were featured in a Playboy fashion show at their Circus nightclub. Barnum and Bailey never had it so good.



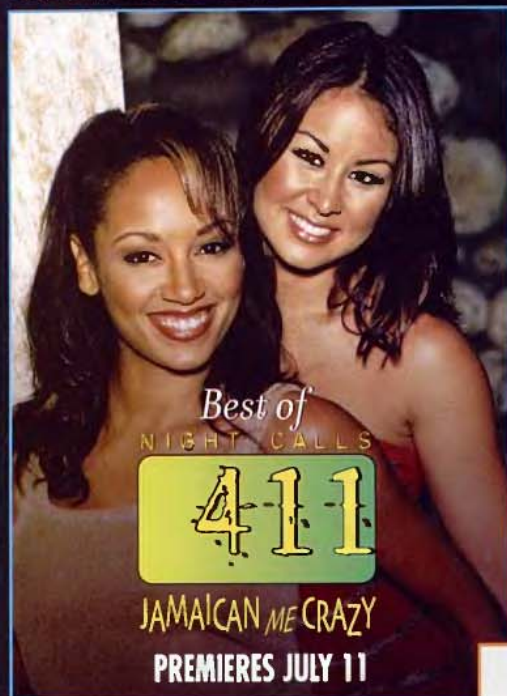
The Centerfold Circus.



*T*here's a difference between
mouthwatering taste and making
your mouth taste watery.

The beer drinker's light beer.™

ORIGINAL SERIES



PLAYMATE HOSTS



Heather Spytek
Miss June



Kimberley Stanfield
Miss July

more
than you
ever
imagined...

JUNE 2001 PREMIERES

INSIDE ADULT LIVE

Adult diva Alisha Klass makes getting upclose and personal with the stars so easy and erotic. June 20, 23, 25, 27, 30.

LADIES NIGHT OUT 2

Supersexy West Coast women pack up the car and press down the pedal – all the way to Vegas. June 23, 29.

NIGHT CALLS LIVE

Talk gets hot with lovely late-nighters Juli Ashton and Tiffany Granath. June 20, 22, 25, 27.

PLAYBOY'S NO BOYS ALLOWED: 100% GIRLS

It's sexy women who just want to have fun – with other beautiful women! June 21, 24, 27.

SEXY URBAN LEGENOS: REVENGE IS SWEET

This group of ravishing women will stop at nothing to get back what they've lost. June 24, 27, 30.

JULY 2001 PREMIERES

BEST OF NIGHT CALLS 411: JAMAICAN ME CRAZY

Amidst Jamaica's sizzling beauty, our hostesses work and play hard as they revisit their favorite moments of the season. July 11, 13, 16, 18, 24, 28, 31.

BEST OF PLAYBOY'S SEXY GIRLS NEXT DOOR: PORCH SWINGING

All it takes is a camera to bring out the naughty sides of the most innocent girls next door. July 11, 13, 16, 18, 24, 28, 31.

NAUGHTY AMATEUR HOME VIDEOS: WIZARD OF AAHS

Inexperienced exhibitionists proudly demonstrate their passion for performing. July 3, 5, 8, 9, 13, 18, 25, 28.

PLAYBOY'S GIRLS OF HARD ROCK

Here's your all-access pass to the stunning sights and rockin' sounds of this world-famous destination! July 26, 28, 31.

SEX COURT: JUDGE JULIE DISROBED

By unanimous vote, Judge Julie will now reveal her smoking-hot bod. July 6, 7, 11, 14, 18, 22, 30.

☐ All premiere programs are closed captioned. Titles and play dates are subject to change.

ADULT MOVIES

DIRECTOR'S CUT

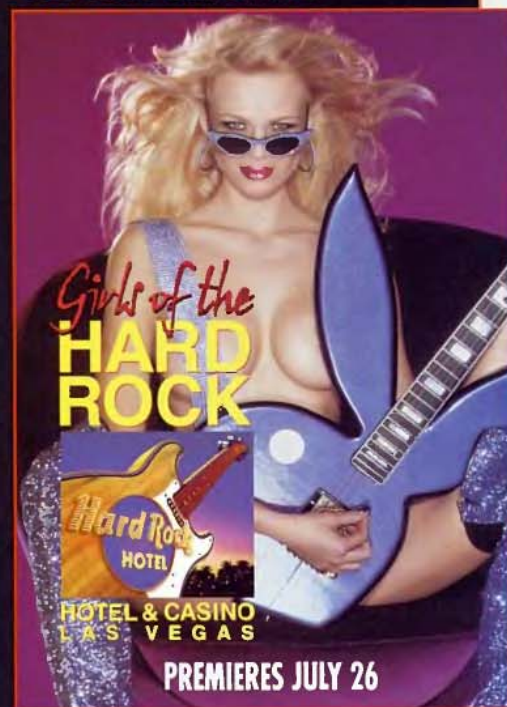


Our new *Director's Cut* brings you more unedited action than ever before!

- Swift Picks (Premieres June 2)
- Emerald Rain (Premieres June 9)
- The Pyramid (Premieres June 16)
- Ladies Night Out (Premieres June 23)
- Daytime Drama (Premieres June 30)
- Best of Stacy Valentine (Premieres July 7)
- Private Fantasies 4 (Premieres July 14)
- Brad Armstrong's Mirage (Premieres July 21)
- The Puppeteer (Premieres July 28)

Each movie encores on the following Friday.

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PLAYBOY

on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

HOT SUMMER, HOT WHEELS

Beaches, babes, beer—yeah, they're OK. But then it's time to move on. That's why we went looking for the latest summer toys on wheels. Along the way, we chanced upon Kristan, the model pictured below, who's 5'8" with blue-green eyes and, yes, natural blonde hair. (No, we won't give you her phone number.) The Outback Mountainboard she's artfully maneuvering is as much fun as she is. It's part of Outback's Triple Trax series, all of which feature tie-rod front-wheel steering and a foot-activated brake. Nothing slows Kristan down. Kawasaki's new Prairie 650 ATV (right) boasts the industry's first V-twin engine. It's seven-feet long—one hell of a hill-and-gully rider. With an automatic transmission that offers high and low forward gears (plus reverse), the Prairie can be driven in either two-wheel or four-wheel drive. (It also tows up to 1250 pounds, which, according to Kawasaki, is the highest pull

RICHARD IZUI

capability in the field.) The machine's digital instrumentation panel is as sophisticated as what's offered in many cars. Montague USA's Paratrooper tactical mountain bike (below) is being tested by the Marine Corps at Quantico, Virginia. It was originally designed in conjunction with the government "to bridge an important gap between walking infantry and heavy military vehicles." However, Montague decided to offer it to the public when boat and SUV owners—as well as apartment dwellers with minimum storage space—requested that the bike be made available to them, too. A 24-speed Shimano drive train and knobby tires make it ideal

for off-road as well as city riding. Just one color is available—cammy green. Collapsed, it measures only 36"x28"x12" (see inset). Check militarybikes.com. —DAVID STEVENS



Far left: The Outback Mountainboard offers riders a ballsy way to go downhill in a hurry. For surfing addicts, it's also a great cross-trainer when the water is flat (about \$350). Top: Climb aboard the Kawasaki Prairie 650

ATV and hang on—its power plant is a 633cc engine (about \$7000). Above: Montague's Paratrooper mountain bike folds in about 30 seconds to the compact size that's shown here, without the use of any tools (about \$600).



It's What's Up Front That Counts

If you know **LORI LOUGHLIN** only from *Full House* reruns, then you might not recognize the blonde do. Did you catch her in *Critical Mass* with Treat Williams?

We Have Lauren Covered

LAUREN DOUGHERTY can be found on the beaches of *Baywatch Hawaii*, in next year's South Sea Island Girls calendar and on the pages of *Shape* and *Maui* as well.



As Crowe Flies

Oscar winner **RUSSELL CROWE** battled wild animals in *Gladiator*. This year he battles mental illness in *A Beautiful Mind*. He's our kind of guy.





© JOSEPH VITO/OUTLINE PICTURES LTD.

One Ringy-Dingy

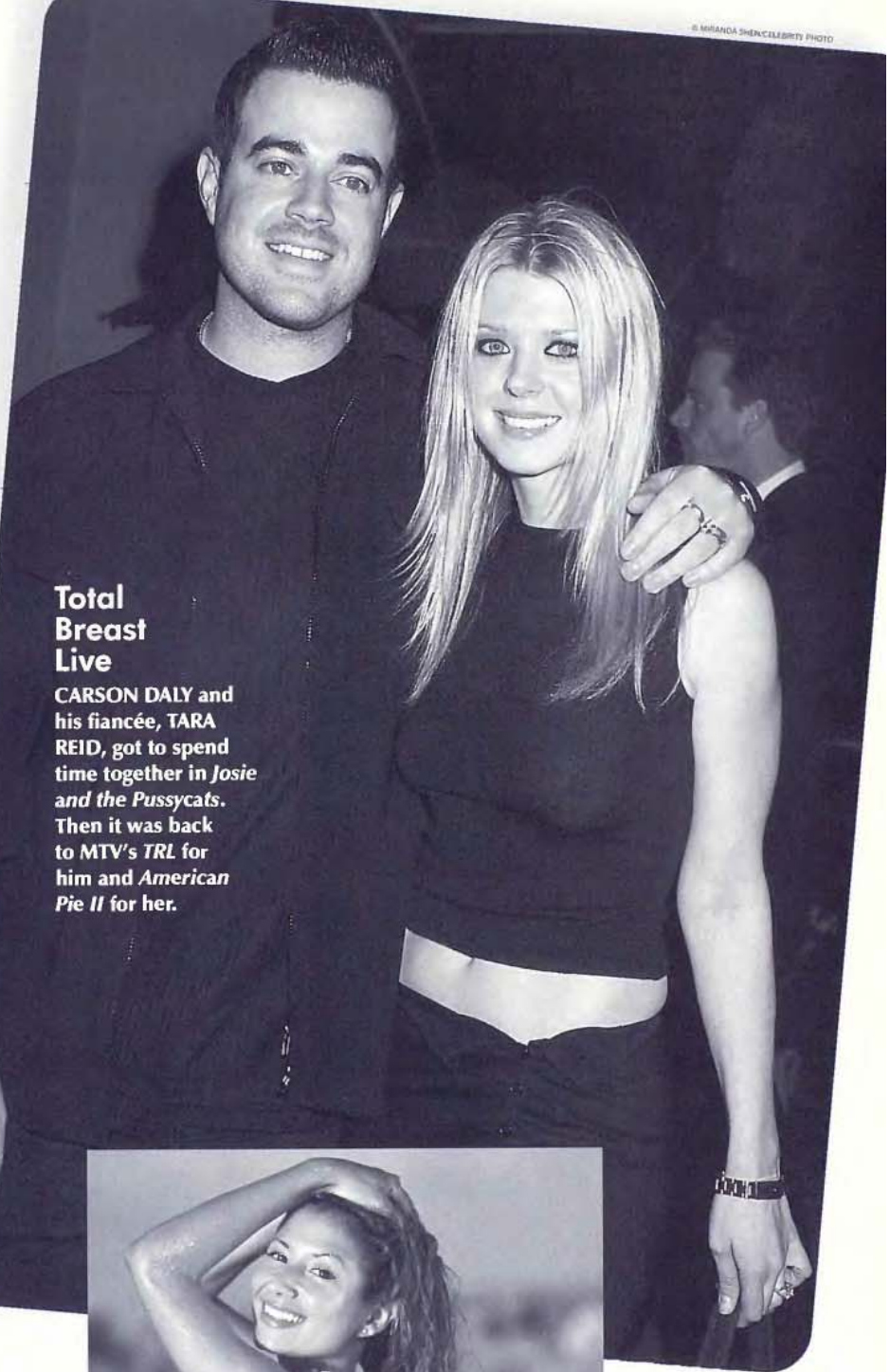
LILY TOMLIN revived *The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe* on Broadway. Next is *Orange County*, about a counselor who screws up. Would Ernestine approve?

© STEVE TORRES



A Sneak Peek at Jacqueline

JACQUELINE STROBBE has done television commercials for Embassy Suites Hotels and appeared on the E Channel's *Wild On* series. Now she's ready for her knockout punch in *Grapevine*.



Total Breast Live

CARSON DALY and his fiancée, TARA REID, got to spend time together in *Josie and the Pussycats*. Then it was back to MTV's *TRL* for him and *American Pie II* for her.

© VINCE CALVITANO



Aloha From Amanda

Surfer and bodyboarder AMANDA CASES is making a surfing video in Hawaii when she's not kicking up waves on *Pacific Blue* and *Baywatch Hawaii*.

TOP HAT

Sunday Afternoons is a sunwear and picnic gear company in Ashland, Oregon that's as laid-back as its name. For protection from old Sol, Sunday has created the Adventure Hat, illustrated here, made of a breathable fabric rated 45 UPF. When you're not running the Amazon, roll up the hat and stash it away. It reshapes itself and keeps you cool, even in the tropics. The price: \$35. Call 888-874-2642 to order or check sundayafternoons.com.



ROCK AND ROLLING

Hot rod and guitar fanatics will recognize the Fire Roadster and guitar below as belonging to Van Halen bassist Michael Anthony. They're part of the Cars and Guitars of Rock and Roll exhibit (June 15 to December 31) that the Petersen Automotive Museum in LA has assembled to commemorate the 50th anniversary of rock and roll. Call 323-930-CARS for hours.



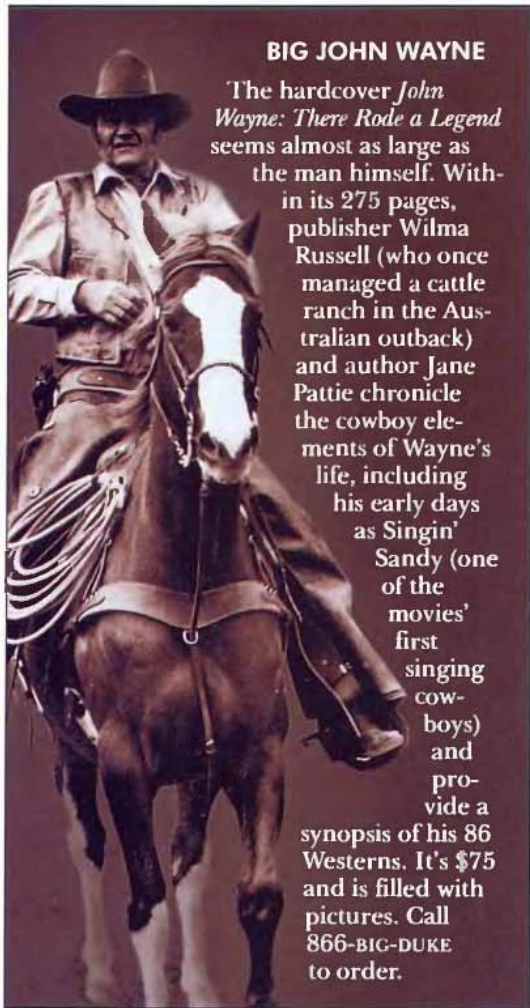
SEX IN THE CARDS

DK Publishing calls its boxed Tarot Sutra set "an intimate guide to exploring sex through the tarot." We call it a great way to get laid. For \$30, you get a booklet and a tarot deck. Add up the day, month and year of your birth and you arrive at your personal number. Turn to that number in the booklet and you'll be given several sexy suggestions, including music to make love by and where to do it. If your number is four you should screw at your office while listening to Joe Cocker. Check bookstores or call 877-342-5357.



WAY TO GO!

Whether your idea of the perfect getaway spot is a Moroccan beach pad (above), a chalet in the Swiss Alps or a penthouse in Paris, you'll find it in Judith Miller's *Great Escapes*, which features "inspirational homes." The \$40 hardcover visits them all, as well as such unexpected hideouts as a woodland retreat in Delaware that's more shanty than Shangri-la and a concrete-and-glass aerie in Antwerp that was once a water tower. Simon Upton, who has worked for style magazines such as *World of Interiors*, *House and Garden* and *Elle Decor*, took the photographs. Check bookstores. Ryland Peters and Small is the publisher.



BIG JOHN WAYNE

The hardcover *John Wayne: There Rode a Legend* seems almost as large as the man himself. Within its 275 pages, publisher Wilma Russell (who once managed a cattle ranch in the Australian outback) and author Jane Pattie chronicle the cowboy elements of Wayne's life, including his early days as Singin' Sandy (one of the movies' first singing cowboys) and provide a synopsis of his 86 Westerns. It's \$75 and is filled with pictures. Call 866-BIG-DUKE to order.



WE'RE TALKIN' HOT

With risqué artwork and names such as *Bad Girls in Heat*, *Fifi's Nasty Little Secret* and *Kitten's Big Banana*, it's no wonder that PepperTown USA's Pepper Girl habanero, jalapeno and Thai pepper hot sauces caught the eyes (as well as the tongues) of judges at the annual Fiery Food Challenge. Price: \$5.95 each, from 800-973-7738. When you call, ask about the *PepperTown Girl Cookbook* (\$11.95) or check peppertownusa.com for more information.

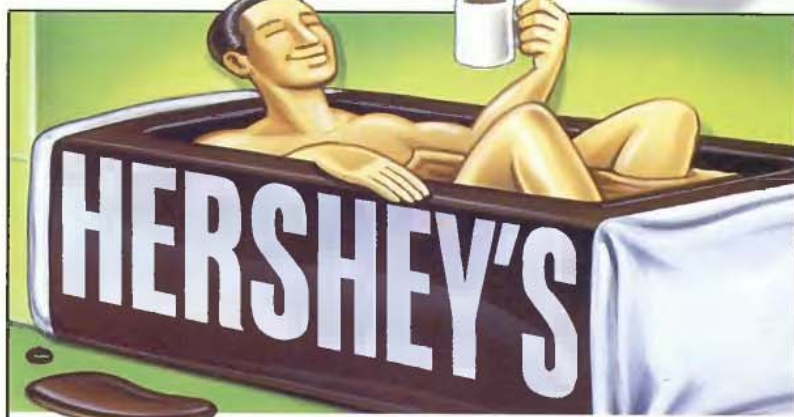
HIGH CAMP

When British gentlemen soldiers went off to war somewhere east of Suez, they toted foldup furnishings that brought some of the comforts of home to camp. Nicholas Brawer's \$45 book *British Campaign Furniture 1740-1914* is a fascinating look at the subject. If "elegance under canvas" intrigues you, the Katonah Museum of Art in Katonah, New York has an exhibit of furnishings that runs from July 8 through September 23.



WHIFF OF THE LEGION

Want to smell like a French Foreign Legionnaire? Order an eight-ounce bottle of Friction de Foucaud Invigorating Body Tonic and splash on the same product French soldiers have used to cure tropical rashes since the Forties. Foucaud's secret is its blend of menthol, camphor, oils and alcohol. The tonic is absorbed into the skin and leaves no greasy residue. Price: \$20, from 800-884-5944.



WILLIE WONKA, EAT YOUR HEART OUT

The Spa at the Hotel Hershey in Hershey, Pennsylvania has its priorities straight. Not only can you eat and drink chocolate while being pampered, but you can bathe in it, too. Begin with a Whipped Cocoa Bath (\$45) and move on to the Chocolate Fondue Wrap (\$90), or purchase a package such as the Hershey Full Day (\$320 for five hours) and experience what it's like to be a marshmallow in the mix. Call 800-HERSHEY for more information.

Next Month



GO, GO, BELINDA



MOTEL FOR LOVERS



WEEP FOR COLOMBIA



MISS AUGUST

COLOMBIA: OUT OF CONTROL—WHILE HE WAS MAKING *OUR LADY OF THE ASSASSINS* IN MEDELLÍN, FILMMAKER **BARBET SCHROEDER** KEPT A DIARY DESCRIBING A PLACE WHERE MURDER IS COMMON AND CORRUPTION IS A GIVEN—AND THE GOVERNMENT IS POWERLESS TO STOP IT. IT'S AN ASTONISHING REPORT

BELINDA CARLISLE—*GOD BLESS THE GO-GO'S* IS THE GIRL GROUP'S FIRST NEW ALBUM IN 17 YEARS. THE LEAD SINGER'S SIDE PROJECT IS AN UNBELIEVABLE ALL-NUDE PICTORIAL

CLONING: PHASE TWO—WHO SAYS TWO IS BETTER THAN ONE? SCIENTISTS MINGLE WITH FERTILITY EXPERTS, A UFO CULT, GAY COUPLES AND OTHER RESEARCHERS IN THE QUEST TO REPLACE THE GENETIC LOTTERY OF OLD-FASHIONED SEX. BY **MICHAEL PARRISH**

TIM BURTON—HE'S THE DIRECTOR OF *BEETLEJUICE*, *EDWARD SCISSORHANDS*, *BATMAN* AND *PLANET OF THE APES*. WE HAD TO KNOW WHAT GOES ON IN HIS TWISTED MIND.

KRISTINE MCKENNA FINDS OUT IN A SURPRISING PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

LIFE'S A BITCH AND SO IS DATING—ONE GIRL FALLS IN LOVE AND GETS THE RUNAROUND FROM ANOTHER GIRL. NOW SHE KNOWS HOW GUYS FEEL WHEN SHE TREATS THEM BAD. A PROVOCATIVE CONFESSIONAL BY **KATIE MORAN**

JET LI—CHINA'S MARTIAL ARTS HERO BLEW UP THE ASIAN BOX OFFICE BEFORE HE KUNG-FU'D HIS WAY TO STARDOM IN

ROMEO MUST DIE, *KISS OF THE DRAGON* AND *THE ONE*. ISN'T IT FUNNY THAT HE'S NEVER BEEN IN A REAL FIGHT? A FEISTY PLAYBOY PROFILE BY **MATT POLLY**

JON BON JOVI—HE'S SEEN A MILLION FACES IN AMPHITHEATERS, AND HE'S HAD A SECOND COMING AS A MOVIE STAR. A BADASS 20Q ABOUT PISSING OFF DIANA ROSS, JAMMING WITH SPRINGSTEEN AND BON JOVI'S ATTEMPT TO BRIBE DAVID CHASE FOR A ROLE ON *THE SOPRANOS*. BY **WARREN KALBACKER**

MOTEL—ROY'S FAMILY ROAD TRIP IS MOSTLY A DISASTER UNTIL HE HOOKS UP WITH A REDHEAD AT A BAR. IT COULD TURN OUT TO BE THE WORST MISTAKE HE'S MADE SO FAR. FICTION BY **JOHN BIGUENET**

BOYS OF SUMMER—THEY GET GRITTY ON THE FIELD, BUT THEY CLEAN UP NICELY. BIG BATS KENNY LOFTON, BRADY ANDERSON, GARY SHEFFIELD, MIKE PIAZZA AND CHIPPER JONES SCORE IN THE COOLEST LOOKS FOR FALL. FASHION BY **JOSEPH DE ACETIS**

CENTERFOLDS ON SEX—BOATING BY MOONLIGHT. GOING TO STRIP CLUBS. COOKING NAKED. **ECHO JOHNSON** KNOWS HOW TO MAKE A MAN HAPPY, AND, LIKE HER NAME, IT'S WORTH REPEATING

PLUS: THE THRILLING BMW MINICOOPER, DVD-BASED VIDEO CAMERAS, **PAUL KRASSNER** ON BATHROOM WARS, STEREOS TO HANG ON WALLS AND PLAYMATE **JENNIFER WALCOTT**