

>V:BOOKS

BACK WHEN MEN WERE MEN

> CELEBRATING YESTERDAY'S MACHO ADVENTURE MAGAZINES



BEING A MAN used to be so simple. Forty years ago, all a guy had to worry about was Nazis in hiding, Soviet secret police, bloodthirsty cannibals, and, naturally, the Nude Love Dolls of Nympho Ranch. Or at least that's the impression one gets in reading the sublime new coffee-table guide *Men's Adventure Magazines in Postwar America* (Taschen, \$39.99). Authors Max Allan Collins, George Hagenauer, and Steven Heller (working from the collection of men's mag-ophile Rich Oberg) romp through the testosterone titles of the '50s, '60s, and '70s—roguish, xenophobic “sweat” sheets like *Fury*, *Safari*, and *Male*—delivering a wildly entertaining portrait of the horny anxieties of the Cold War-era American guy. And just what were those anxieties? How about these headlines? 1962's FINGER-CHOPPING PIRATE BEAST; STRETCH PANTS TEENS—SEX REVOLT OF SUBURBIA; and our personal favorite, SAVAGES MADE ME EAT MY WIFE. Pass the butter!—JASON GAY

BEFORE MOISTURIZERS, BEFORE SCULPTING GEL, MEN WORRIED ABOUT...PIRATE QUEENS.