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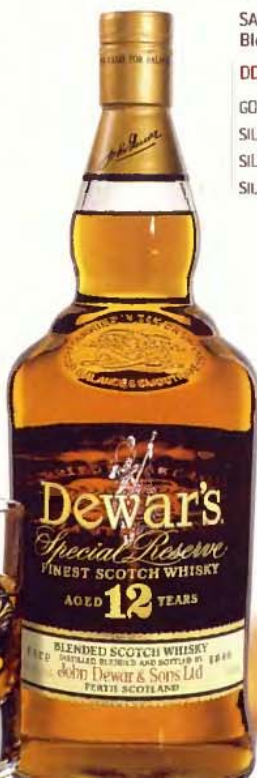
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# Playbill

THE FIRST TIME is not necessarily the best. This is true of sex, beer and, it turns out, **Jimmy Kimmel's** appearances in our magazine. This month, on the eve of his late-night show's debut on ABC, Kimmel follows up his previous **PLAYBOY** walk-ons with a center stage triumph as the subject of a *Playboy Interview* by Contributing Editor **Kevin Cook**. If Kimmel is anywhere near as funny on TV as he is here, his show is going to be a blowout—a view endorsed by the guy who got to ask the questions. “He picked an Italian restaurant in Beverly Hills,” says Cook of his evening with Kimmel. “He pulled up on time and alone in a blue Benz. We ate fish and profiteroles and split a bottle of wine, and I found him both funnier and more serious than I’d expected. He griped about his sex life and talked openly for the first time about his separation from Gina, his wife of 14 years. I suspect that like most comics he is a lonely, twisted soul who craves the approval of millions of strangers. I could be wrong, but I doubt it, because that would be boring—and boring is one thing he isn’t.”

Cook knows. He is equally adept with sports reporting and humor—a thinking man’s John Kruk. As proof we offer up *Catch ‘22*, Cook’s other Q. and A. this month with the NFL’s all-time leading rusher, **Emmitt Smith**. (It’s illustrated by **Randy Gutierrez**.) Cook and **David Rensin** are among **PLAYBOY**’s all-time assist leaders. Big **Bernie Mac**, star of his own TV show, sat for a *20Q* with Rensin, and the result reaffirms Mac as a King of Comedy. “Women love dick,” Mac says. And once a woman is pleased, “she starts walking with the mattress on her back.” Then all she needs is a comforter.

The FBI is turning into the gang that couldn’t shoot straight. We didn’t need preliminary reports from a congressional inquiry to tell us there were intelligence lapses prior to September 11. And we weren’t surprised to hear a recent *60 Minutes* report that an FBI whistle-blower had been ostracized. But when we learned, after some digging, that legions of flattops and shiny shoes were being redirected to the impossible task of preventing the next terrorist attack—before it happens!—we feared the worst. As agents prepare to shadowbox Al Qaeda, mobsters and criminals have ambitious plans to expand. *G-Men in Crisis* by **Jeffrey Robinson** is a white paper on what’s about to go wrong. Read it, then close your eyes and duck.

Meghan Bainum represents a new type of college reporter—the campus sex advisor. Refreshingly frank and prone to weigh in on such subjects as blow jobs, undergraduate women fill column inches at Yale and Berkeley with how-tos and hallelujahs. The story *Coed Sex Advice* is by **Playboy.com**’s **Antonia Simigis**. Then it’s back through the licking glass for *Why You Can’t Get Tickets* by our Advisor, **Chip Rowe**. Usually Rowe writes about getting whipped, stroked or fucked. Now he’s getting scalped. The artwork is by **Steven Guarnaccia**.

Fate and fantasy meet in our short story this month. *Won’t Get Fooled Again* by **Jim Shepard** (the terrific illustration comes from **Edmund Guy**) is a wild imaginary romp told from the perspective of the late Who bassist John Entwistle. About a month after we purchased the piece, Entwistle died, and what had been worthy, fun fiction became something more real than the truth.

It’s February, it’s dreary and the biggest holiday is geared toward chicks. But this issue is a treat just for you. We have cameras, runway fashion, a cool boat and a lineup of lotions and potions. However, the best feature this month—one that will have you flapping your lips—is a pictorial of Hollywood princess **Alison Eastwood**. (**Stephen Wayda** took the photos.) Dad Clint may be unforgiven, but Alison can do no wrong.



GUTIERREZ



COOK



SIMIGIS



RENSIN



ROWE



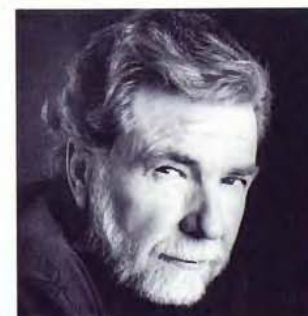
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# PLAYBOY

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*Imagine being drunk for weeks on end, wolfing down every pill you can get your hands on—and playing the loudest, most anarchic rock-and-roll shows ever. Now imagine you're John Entwistle, the Who's bottom-end ox.* **BY JIM SHEPARD**

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*The former Man Show host is about to flip late-night TV the bird. Lucky you. Here nobody censors his hilarious shtick about spanking it, getting laid in parking lots and smearing Adam Carolla with—well, you know.* **BY KEVIN COOK**

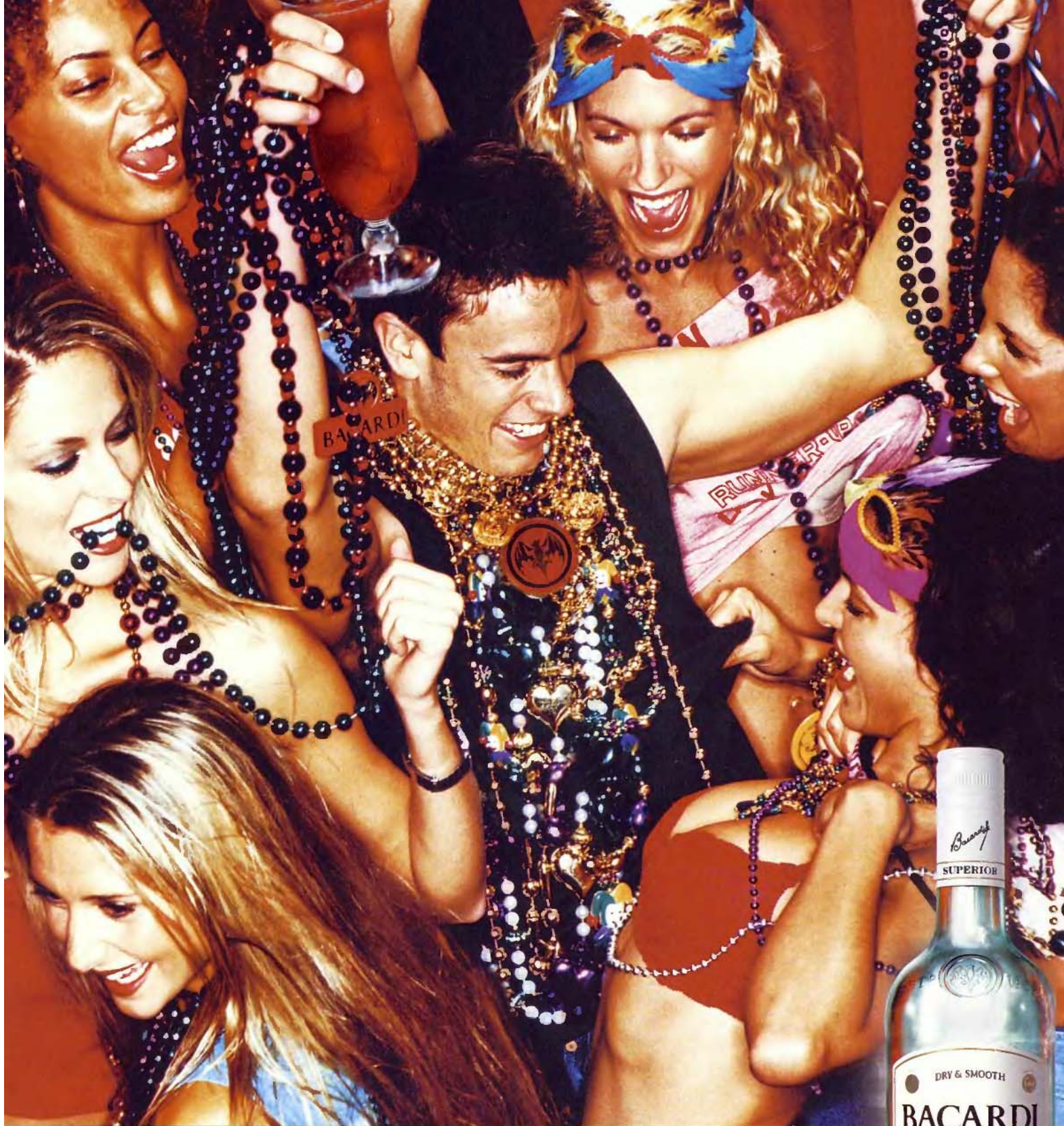


## cover story

Alison Eastwood is a mognum force to be reckoned with. Clint's daughter has made the jump from modeling to octing—and she even has her own ronce-inspired clothing line. For Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag, Alison sends her wardrobe high-plains drifting. Our Robbit wears his heart on her sleeve.







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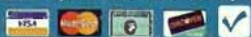
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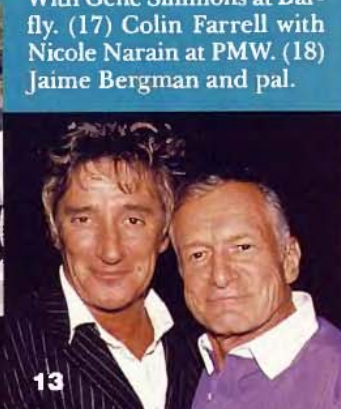
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# HANGIN' WITH H&F



Out and about with the Man and his platinum party posse. (1) Can you imagine working at Taco Bell when Hef and his girls drop in for a snack? (2) Kevin Spacey reads *PLAYBOY* for the articles: He optioned *Bringing Down the House* from the November 2002 issue for a possible movie. (3) Sunday fun in the sun. (4) Dancing with Dita von Teese at the Argyle. (5) Taking the Indiana Jones Adventure ride at Disneyland. (6) The Hef Troop in front of the other Magic Castle. (7) Corey Feldman and his lady at Movie Night. (8) Lunch with Steven Van Zandt and Carrie Stevens. (9) Owen Wilson at the Standard Hotel. (10) Izabella and Bridget's birthday party at Joya. (11) Kicking it at Barfly with Joanie Laurer. (12) Bela Fleck and the Flecktones. (13) With Rod Stewart at Ivar. (14) Tommy Davidson and Anita Marks shooting an NFL special at Hef's. (15) Brad Silberling and Jake Gyllenhaal of *Moonlight Mile*. (16) With Gene Simmons at Barfly. (17) Colin Farrell with Nicole Narain at PMW. (18) Jaime Bergman and pal.





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C. RU8102 White Sheer Bikini Set \$39

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D. RU6005 Rabbit Head Necklace \$49



B



C



D

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A



# Dear Playboy



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## SERRIA

The two most beautiful women in the world are Halle Berry and your November Centerfold, Serria Tawan (*Serria's on a Roll*).

Jim Landis  
Millersville, Pennsylvania

Serria is the bomb. Baby got back and no silicone, and she knows what's up. You ought to break the Playmate mold more often.

Tai Robinson  
Columbus, Ohio

Miss November's beautiful face, killer eyes and perfect body inspired me to leave the magazine open to her Centerfold on my coffee table. The only prob-

lem is, now I never want to leave my living room.

Joe Curto  
Chandler, Arizona

Serria Tawan joins the ranks of Halle Berry, Tyra Banks and Naomi Campbell as one of the most beautiful women in Hollywood. Serria should be Playmate of the Year for looks alone, but add to that her smarts and sense of humor, and she qualifies for Playmate of the decade.

John Tchoe  
Los Angeles, California

## WILLIE-NILLY

Willie Nelson (*Playboy Interview*, November) has always been my hero. There is not a phony bone in his body, because he isn't afraid to be himself. He's a real man and that makes him sexy as hell.

Ellen Hejna  
Butler, Pennsylvania

Every time I listen to Willie Nelson sing, I come to the same conclusion: He's a scruffy and talentless bum.

Elmer Renner  
Newport Beach, California

I've always liked Willie Nelson—the man and his music. I also admire his charitable efforts. However, I don't understand his position that farming is a miserable life and we should keep it that way. Can you imagine keeping other family businesses from evolving? We'd still have sweatshops.

Eugene Phillip  
Great Falls, Virginia

## BUFFY BARES IT

It's rare that my wife and I agree on who we think is a beautiful woman, but I knew I was in for a treat when she told me about your Kristy Swanson photos (*The Hot and Humid Kristy Swanson*, November). They're out of this world.

Mark Hayden  
Louisville, Kentucky

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Can we do your braids?

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After seeing Kristy on the November cover, one of my shipmates shared his thoughts with me. I almost broke my ass getting to the typewriter to record his quote: "Dave, I'd cut off my left arm, shave my head and drag myself through a city block of broken glass just to smell the tires of the truck that took her panties to the laundry."

David Graham  
SMCS, U.S. Navy (Ret.)  
San Diego, California

Would someone please give Kristy my address? The next time she wants to find "a natural environment to be naked in," I'd like her to find my apartment.

Tim Collar  
Orange, Massachusetts

In the past few years, you've brought us Shannon Elizabeth, Claudia Christian, Shari Belafonte and Dedee Pfeiffer in the nude. And now Kristy Swanson. I must be dreaming.

Detlev Keil  
Bensheim, Germany

Oh my God, golden Aphrodite has returned from Mount Olympus.

Dan Patz  
Fort Worth, Texas

#### PARTY HEARTY

I'm a senior at Arizona State and I agree that we're the best party school in the nation, hands down (*Playboy's Top 25 Party Schools*, November). The semester



It must be finals week.

starts and the next thing you know it's finals and you haven't been to class in weeks.

Patrick Dempsey  
Tempe, Arizona

I was on vacation in the Phoenix area shortly after your rankings came out. Some friends and I were in a bar watching the World Series when the night took a turn for the better. We found ourselves

in the middle of a White Trash Trailer Bash, courtesy of the Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority at ASU. There were more good-looking women there than should be allowed in one place. How lucky were we to have stumbled into this coed bonanza? Great call by PLAYBOY in ranking ASU as number one.

David Bird  
Mission Viejo, California

Now that PLAYBOY has designated Arizona State University the biggest party school, I would like to invite all the Playmates to party on campus with us.

Abram Tompkins  
Tempe, Arizona

Rollins College was ranked number three in your top 25 party schools. You couldn't have made a better choice for the top five.

Jonathan Marden  
Winter Park, Florida

You ranked California State University—Chico the number two party school in the nation.

In doing so, you've promoted the wrong kind of behavior among some of our students, the ones who believe partying and drinking are OK. Alcohol abuse is a national problem on college campuses, and PLAYBOY's childish rankings only encourage students to drink to excess and behave irresponsibly.

Manuel Esteban, President  
Scott McNall, Provost  
California State University—Chico  
*Hang on! We got our information from your students.*

#### SET 'EM UP AGAIN

In one of your November *After Hours* items ("Some Lines That Won't Work on a Hot Bartender"), you offer some sage advice. I have a line to add to the list. A guy takes a seat at the bar, orders a drink from the attractive bartender with the beautiful smile and says, "Hey, sweetie, when do you get off?" She leans over and whispers in his ear, "Oh, just about every time."

Joe Mercer  
Memphis, Tennessee

#### HOW ABOUT GREEN CHEESE?

By spreading that old moon-landing-hoax story in PLAYBOY, Marshall Faulk doesn't score any touchdowns (20Q, November). Those Americans who went to the moon put their asses on the line for their country, both as combat pilots and as astronauts, and Faulk is disrespectful to them.

Bruce Elscott  
Indianapolis, Indiana  
*He wasn't being disrespectful, he just doesn't believe them. To Faulk, there's a difference.*

Faulk's comments on gays in professional sports are disappointing and reinforce the fact that when it comes to sexual orientation, most heterosexuals just don't get it. His advice to gay and bisexual athletes to "just shut up" is typical of homophobia. I think the only way to remedy the problem is for a professional athlete from the holy trinity—football, basketball and baseball—to step out of



Card counters.

the closet. Female athletes have had the courage and done it, and now it's time for the males to do it.

Chris Danielson  
Oxford, Mississippi

#### IN THE CARDS

I would like to congratulate Kevin Lewis on his good luck at the blackjack tables (*Bringing Down the House*, November). I would also like to add that it was just that—luck. I have no doubt that he's a skillful player, but winning had nothing to do with card counting. Just because there are more face cards available in the deck does not mean you're going to get one of them. The dealer or the guy playing next to you may be the lucky one.

Steve Harmening  
Las Vegas, Nevada

*The casinos love guys like you. If there is a large number of face cards remaining in the shoe, it's more likely that the dealer will bust, since in most games he has to hit on anything less than 17.*

#### PEACE OUT

Let's see, a married Jimmy Carter admits in the *Playboy Interview* that he has lust in his heart for other women. Twenty-six years later, he receives the Nobel Peace Prize. We have to figure a way to shorten the payback period for that sort of honesty.

Charlie Langalis  
Rowayton, Connecticut

*Tell it to the Swedes. It probably takes a while for them to thaw to an idea.*





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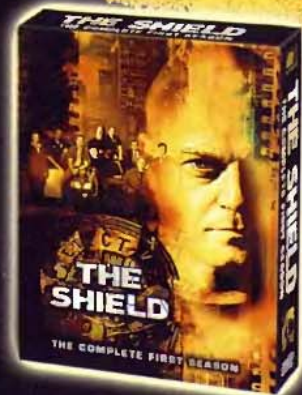


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# PLAYBOY

## after hours

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

### ARTIE LANGE: HOWARD'S SIDEKICK GETS THROWN

Artie Lange describes his current job as "ball-busting at a fiery, red-hot level." Although Lange has had roles on television (*Mad TV* and *The Norm Show*) and in movies (*The Bachelor* and *Dirty Work*), he excels as a utility player on the *Howard Stern Show*. Lange is blue-collar and burly, and the show is a perfect venue for his brand of comedy—rooted in sex, drinking and gambling. Fortunately, it has all come at a time when he's lost his taste for destructive partying and outrageous bets on Mike Tyson. But you'll be happy to know he isn't yet getting Justin Timberlake-quality star treatment. "I was at a strip club in Las Vegas when this girl came up to me, recognized me from the show and handed me her cell number," Lange told us. "Later that night I called her and she came to my hotel room. We

### RICKY JAY CRAPS OUT

Actor, sleight-of-hand artist and sideshow scholar Ricky Jay also collects crumbling dice. He asked Rosamond Purcell, who he calls "a photographer of taxidermological specimens," to shoot the collection and paired her pictures with essays about the lore of these six-sided wonderments for *Dice: Deception, Fate and Rotten Luck* (Quantuck Lane).



### THAT'S A WOOFER, THIS IS A TWEETER

It appears a crew member was feeling nippy during the filming of one of Jennifer Lopez' new music videos. This shot of J. Lo looking amused (Who forgot the ice again?) supports reports that the lucky stiff had the official responsibility of nipple twearer. Guess that's why they're called grips.

had sex, and I was like, 'I'm a superstar now!' She fell asleep, woke up at seven A.M. and told me she was going to leave. I thought it really was the perfect thing. Then she leaned in and whispered, 'It's \$500 for everything.' I said, 'Oh my God,

you're a whore.' I wasn't going to get into an argument with a hooker, so I gave her the money. She said, 'I'll call you. I want to be on the show when I come to New York.' I was like, 'Take the \$500, give it to your ecstasy dealer and don't call me.' Then I went back to bed."



## JAPANESE TOILETS: NEW WAYS TO DOWN A TOFU DOG

The Japanese changed the way we listen to music with the Walkman. They changed the way we watch TV with the VCR. They've yet to change how we take a dump, but not for lack of trying. The next generation of Japanese toilets has arrived, and they're light-years beyond the wash-and-massage jobs we've come to know and avoid. The new commodes are outfitted with conveniences designed to make you shit with delight: The Inax model glows in the dark and automatically pops the lid when you enter the room; the \$3000 Matsushita unit heats or cools the entire room in 30 seconds. Other crappers can scent and deodorize emissions, play music and offer sound effects, measure the user's body fat and urine sugar, or respond to commands. Toto toilets is predicting a talking model within two years. We can imagine that discourse: "Hey, deadeye, you splattered my seat!" Just what the world needs—a toilet that gives us shit.

## THE BEST JOKE IN THE WORLD

Two years ago the venerable 160-year-old British Association for the Advancement of Science initiated the Laughlab project. In what is billed as the biggest scientific study of humor, 2 million ratings of 40,000 jokes from par-

## PACKAGING OF THE MONTH

Rumor has it that cigar-shaped UFOs have been spotted over the vineyards of Châteauneuf du Pape in France's Rhône valley. Now Bonny Doon Vineyard in Santa Cruz, California has paid homage to them with a Rhône-styled wine, *Le Cigare Volant*, or "flying cigar." It comes in a cigar-style box; a closer look reveals alien heads along the borders. It's out of this world.



ticipants in 70 countries were crunched by computer to determine the world's funniest joke. And now we have a winner: Two hunters are out in the woods when one of them falls down. He doesn't seem to be breathing, and his eyes are rolled back in his head. The other guy whips out his cell phone and calls emergency. "My friend just dropped dead," he says. "What can I do?" The operator, in a soothing voice, says, "Just take it easy. I

can help. First, let's make sure that he's dead." There is silence, then a shot is heard. The guy comes back on the line and says, "OK, now what?" Laughlab also broke down results by nation and region. The following joke is typically loved by Europeans, who have a taste for the absurd: An Alsatian went to a telegram office, took out a blank form and wrote, "Woof. Woof. Woof. Woof. Woof. Woof. Woof. Woof. Woof." The clerk



## THE JEAN POOL

There is no more universal piece of clothing than the humble blue jean. Originally made to be utilitarian, it has been usurped by those who want to be swathed in its total coolness. *The Blue Jean* by Alice Harris (Power House) is a pictorial salute to those who have appropriated these pants—from Claus von Bulow to Bob Dylan, from Claudia Schiffer to Ava Robbins, as well as Britney Spears, Madonna and Gwen Stefani. It'll look good draped over your coffee table.



So you're always  
looking to make things  
a little more interesting?



February 2003 Playboy  
Playmate of the Month Charis Boyle

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Question is...



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A party and a group of friends daring  
enough to give it a spin!

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Identify your date while **BLINDFOLDED** by feeling their

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**ACT OUT** your favorite position with the person 3 spaces to your right

Show the shortest person in the room your **TAN LINES**

**WILD SPOT** Make up your own dare

**KISS** anyone in the room who is closest in age to you

Let the person you've known the longest **KISS** you

**KISS** anyone who isn't your partner for a ten count

**MASSAGE** the person to your left on the body part of their choosing

**FLASH** the room your

**TRADE PANTS** with the person to your left

with two people who are best friends for a ten count... each

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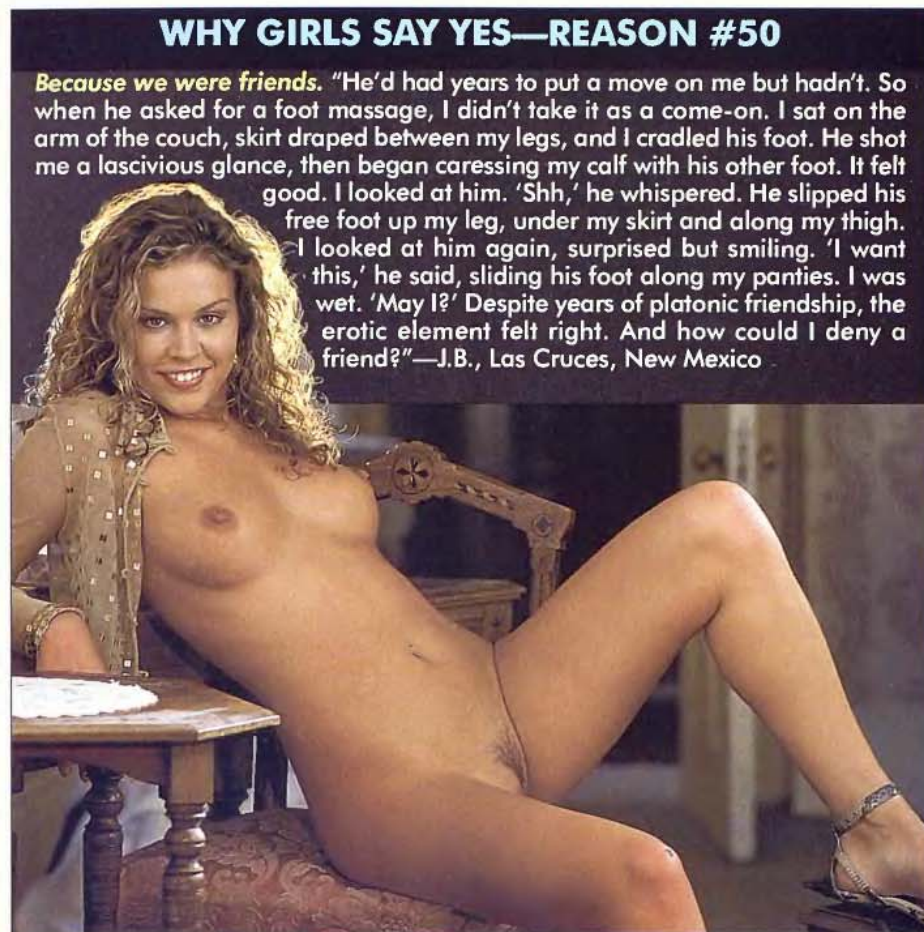




examined the paper and politely told the dog, "There are only nine words here. You could send one more 'woof' for the same price." "But," the dog replied, "that would make no sense at all." The top joke in the UK is more straightforward: A woman gets on a bus with her baby. The bus driver says: "That's the ugliest baby I've ever seen. Ugh!" The woman goes to the rear of the bus and sits down, fuming. She says to the man next to her: "The driver just insulted me!" The man says, "You go right up there and tell him off—go ahead, I'll hold your monkey for you." And here's the best joke from the U.S.: Two men are playing golf at the local course. One of them is about to chip onto the green when he sees a long funeral procession passing by. He stops in midswing, takes off his golf cap, closes his eyes and bows down in prayer. His friend says, "Wow, that is the most thoughtful and touching thing I have ever seen. You truly are a kind man." The man replies, "Least I could do—we were married 35 years."

### BIG SHOES, BIG SHOEHORN? THE FOOT-SCHLONG CONNECTION

Forget about stepping into those giant clown shoes to impress and attract women. The big-shoe-size-means-big-penis myth turns out to be baseless. On the other hand, a new study of men ages 19 to 38 by the Naval and Veterans Hospital of Athens, Greece has shown that penis length "correlates significantly" with index finger length. While this doesn't



## WHY GIRLS SAY YES—REASON #50

**Because we were friends.** "He'd had years to put a move on me but hadn't. So when he asked for a foot massage, I didn't take it as a come-on. I sat on the arm of the couch, skirt draped between my legs, and I cradled his foot. He shot me a lascivious glance, then began caressing my calf with his other foot. It felt good. I looked at him. 'Shh,' he whispered. He slipped his free foot up my leg, under my skirt and along my thigh. I looked at him again, surprised but smiling. 'I want this,' he said, sliding his foot along my panties. I was wet. 'May I?' Despite years of platonic friendship, the erotic element felt right. And how could I deny a friend?"—J.B., Las Cruces, New Mexico

excuse the display of giant foam fingers at sporting events, it helps explain why point guards get so much pussy.

And from someone who apparently knows how to make the most out of a bowel movement: "I'm releasing semen when I take a crap."

### HOW DO YOU SPELL STD? AN E.R. GROTESQUERIE

About 20 years ago the nurses at Room 111, a public health clinic in St. Paul, Minnesota specializing in sexually transmitted diseases, began recording the more bizarre statements of patients in need. Recently published in the local *City Pages*, the complaints are a testament to the descent of man. Here are our favorites:

"My hair is falling out and the sun hurts my crotch."

"I went to a party, had a few beers, woke up in a closet later and my face stunk and my dick hurt."

"But how can I do lap dances smelling like a dead fish?"

"I got the dripper."

"Can't you put the swab in farther?"

"Had sex with my daughter's fiancé and then douched with Lysol—feeling raw down there."

"I have food chunks in my urine."

"My balls feel soft and mushy."

"From the looks of my penis, I believe they sucked the adrenaline out of me."

"My pee smells like ham."

### THE TIP SHEET

**How about bikini waxes?:** Line in a casting call for Old West prostitutes in HBO's *Deadwood*: "Real breasts only. This is 1876!"

**Cutting the taste of mutton:** Sphincterine Ass-tringent is a minty, deodorizing wipe for your—or your loved one's—ass crack. It's more convenient, and definitely more comfortable, than traditional candy canes.

**The Waterfront Tavern** (a.k.a. Satan's Saloon): This watering hole in Bellingham, Washington is unremarkable except for the fact that over the years serial killer Ted Bundy, "Hillside Strangler" Kenneth Bianchi, convicted murderer James Kinney and accused spree-sniper John Allen Muhammad all hung out there nursing beers and, apparently, serious grudges.

**E.A.R.L.: The Autobiography of DMX:** From the hard slums of Yonkers, Earl Simmons defied the odds and grew up to be best-selling rapper DMX—and the author of his own biography. As befits the owner of many pit bulls, it's a hip-hop *Howl*.

**Yahooing beer:** Grabbing a six-pack of 21

### THE COLOR OF HONEY



**Bombshells** come in one color. Blondes have an insurmountable erotic cred we can't describe but we all know exists. **Blonde: Masterpieces of Erotic Photography** by Michelle Olley (Thunder's Mouth) collects the work of photographers who know a good thing when they shoot it. This book will settle rather than provoke the debate.



"I love telling dirty jokes. Sex is funny."  
—Heather Graham



# RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

## QUOTE

"Run for office? No. I've slept with too many women, I've done too many drugs and I've been to too many parties."—GEORGE CLOONEY

## DO I YAHOO?

According to the Pew Internet and American Life Project, estimated percentage of Internet users who've typed their own names into a search engine: 25.

## RUN TO THE JOHN

Length in feet of the longest urinal in the world, constructed outdoors each year for the New York Marathon and discreetly hidden behind foliage: 290.

## FAST TIMES AT ANY HIGH

In a national survey, percentage of teenagers who said they could buy marijuana in an hour or less: 27. Percentage who said it might take a few hours to make a purchase: 8.

## PIGS IN SPACE

In a recent Futron/Zogby poll of Americans with net worths exceeding \$1 million, percentage who said they would pay \$100,000 to be rocketed 50 miles into space for a 15-minute ride that would include weightlessness: 19. Percentage who would pay \$20 million for a two-week excursion to an orbiting space station: 7. Percentage who would pay \$5 million for such an excursion: 16.

## CREDIT CHECK

In a poll by the National Constitution Center, the percentage of Americans who feel the biggest threat to their privacy is posed by law enforcement agencies: 8. Percentage who feel the biggest threat to their privacy is posed by the federal government: 29. Percentage who most fear banks and credit card companies: 57.



## FACT OF THE MONTH

Oh, mama! Both Frank Sinatra and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar weighed in at 13 pounds at birth.

MITCHELL CORNELL

## TOOTH AND TAIL

In a Roper survey, percentage of 18- to 24-year-old women who said they would refuse a morning kiss if their partners hadn't yet brushed their teeth: 55. Percentage of men in the same age group who refuse a kiss if their partners hadn't brushed their teeth: 66.

## DOOR POLICY

In a poll by the Society of Human Resource Management, percentage of dismissed employees who learn that they have been fired through the grapevine, by voice mail or on a conference call: 3. Per-

centage who receive written notification: 5. Percentage who are informed by a human resources employee: 5. Percentage who are told at a group meeting: 20. Percentage who are told in a face-to-face meeting with their manager: 67.

## NUMBER TWO

According to a Harris poll, percentage of Americans who have been to an Elvis Presley concert: 5. Percentage who have seen an Elvis impersonator: 34.

## DRILL TEAM

Percentage of sexually active Americans who use vibrators or other sex toys with their partners: 10. Percentage of toy users who find it adds variety: 77. Percentage who feel it adds a sense of adventure: 59. Percentage who do so because their partner enjoys it: 70.

## GODDAM THE PUSHERMAN

In an independent analysis of 47 clinical trials of the six most widely prescribed antidepressants, percentage of time a placebo achieved the same results as the medication itself: 75 to 80.

—BETTY SCHAAL

beer in a convenience store and running out to a waiting car while yelling "Yahoo!" before the counter drone can react is a popular prank in eastern Georgia. Because the cost of a sixer isn't worth the hassle of prosecution, the crime goes unpunished approximately 90 percent of the time.

*D-Tox:* An inadvertently well-named Sylvester Stallone kill-spree flick that may be the largest Hollywood bomb to date. It was made by Universal in 1999 at a cost of \$60 million, greeted like anthrax by test audiences, shunned overseas and is not even certain to make it to video domestically.

*Playing chicken:* Because real cockfights are against the law, a loose confederation of computer geeks, gamers and gamblers pack Cockfight Arena in Los Angeles' Chinatown to watch people put on chicken costumes tricked out with sensors and accelerometers, then peck and claw at each other. The combat is digitally translated into a virtual big-screen cockfight between animated roosters. Betting is heavy.

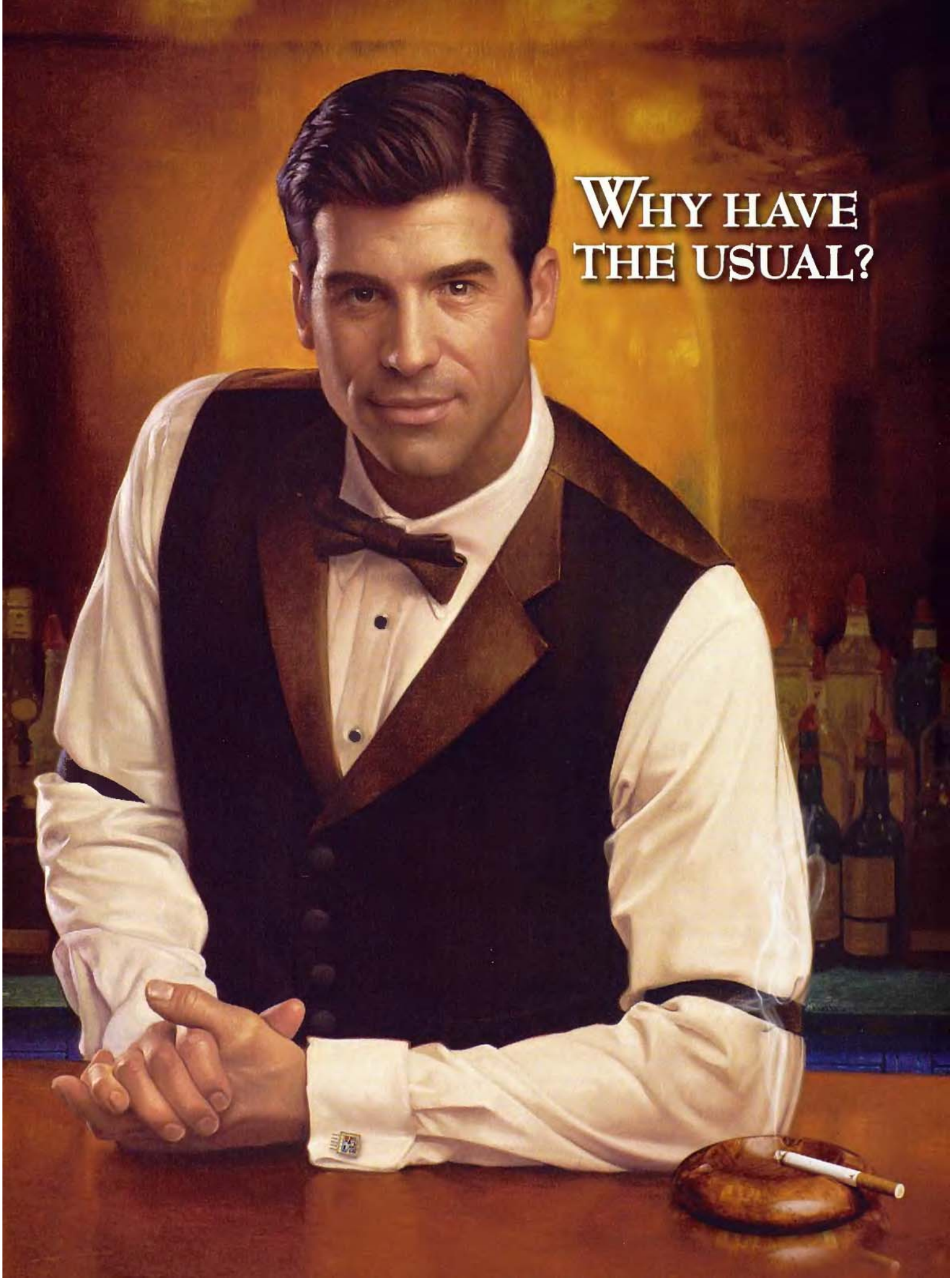


## WEIMAR VIXENS

Nestled somewhere between the mustard gas of World War I and the genocide of World War II, Berliners of the Weimar Republic succumbed to a pleasure-drunk dementia fueled by cheap drugs and consenting *mädchen*. The city was home to fetishists of every stripe. Barbara Ulrich's *Hot Girls of Weimar Berlin* (Feral House) evokes an era when sexual orientation was a laughing matter and cruel boots were not.



WHY HAVE  
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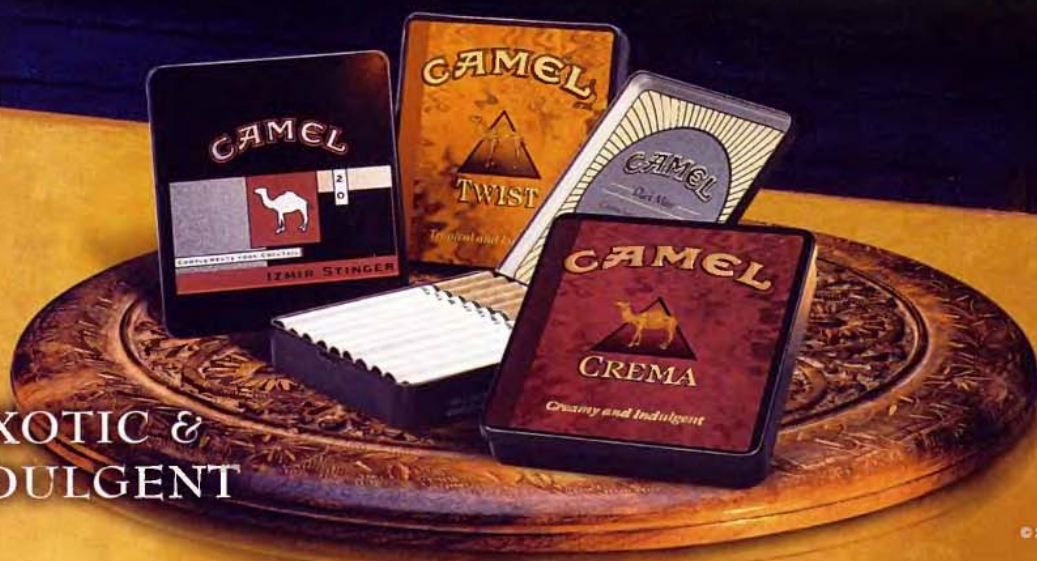
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MELLOW  
TURKISH



# CAMEL

## PLEASURE — TO — BURN



EXOTIC &  
INDULGENT





## THE HEFSTER

The Art Center College of Design in Pasadena, a top school for automotive innovation, wanted a car for the year 2050 inspired by a contemporary figure. And so was born the Hefner Phaethon by Rob King, a car with soft metallic skirts that flow over speed bumps—the ideal playmate of the future.

## AMAZING BUT FALSE FACTS

We've all seen those lists of so-called facts like "A duck's quack doesn't echo, and nobody knows why." Now TopFive.com has released its own falsies into the

ether, and it's waiting to see them regurgitated as true, either in print or online. Keep your eye out for the following, and prepare to wow your friends with the irony of it all:

In the weightlessness of space a frozen pea will explode if it comes in contact with Pepsi.

The idea for tribbles on *Star Trek* came from gerbils, since some gerbils are actually born pregnant.

Smearing a small amount of dog feces on an insect bite will relieve the itching and swelling.

Boeing 747s could fly upside down if it weren't for the fact that the wings would shear off when the plane rolled over.

The only golf course on the island of Tonga has 15 holes, and there is no penalty if a monkey steals your golf ball.

Legislation passed during World War I making it illegal to say *gesundheit* to a sneezer has never been repealed.

**"I went to the University of Michigan. The first day there I put pictures of beautiful naked women on the wall. My roommate came in and I said, 'I know this maybe looks like I'm a lesbian or something, but I'm not.'"**  
—Lucy Liu



Manatees' vocal cords give them the ability to speak like humans, but they don't do so because they have no ears with which to hear the sound.

Scuba divers are unable to pass gas at depths of 33 feet or below.

Catfish are the only animals that naturally have an even number of whiskers.

The skin needed for elbow transplants and grafts must be taken from the scrotum of a cadaver.

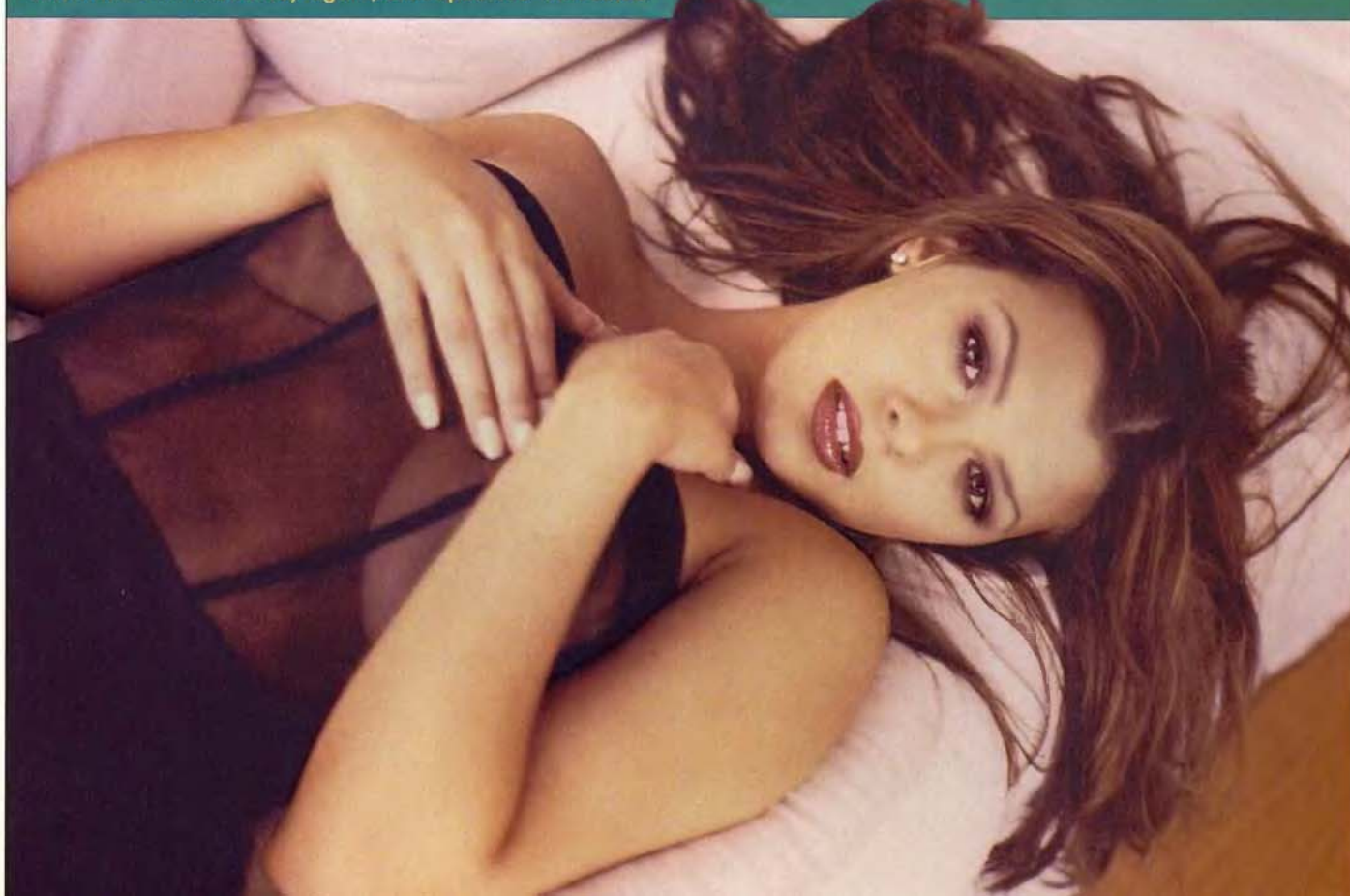
Polar bears can eat as many as 86 penquins in a single sitting.

The F-117 fighter uses aerodynamics discovered during research into how bumblebees fly.

The typewriter was invented by Hungarian Qwert Yuiop, who left his "signature" on the top of the keyboard.

## BABE OF THE MONTH

No woman can catch flying Doritos in her mouth while doing backflips in a laundromat like **ALI LANDRY**. The lissame 29-year-old former Miss USA was voted one of People's 50 Most Beautiful People after her Doritos spot aired during the 1998 Super Bowl. She hails from the crawfish capital of the world—Breaux Bridge, Louisiana—which is another reason we lick our fingers whenever we think of her. (Message to Ms. Landry: Call us next time you're giggling for frogs—we know all about navigating marshy scrublands.) Before she ignited our dormant fantasies involving dentally gifted women who snap up tasty triangles, Ali cleaned up on soaps like *Sunset Beach* and *The Bold and the Beautiful*. Now she hosts NBC's *Spy TV*, a "cavert-camera comedy series" that puts everyday people in extreme situations and records it all for our amusement. While we've yet to see any clips from the show as acrobatic as her laundry lutzers, we haven't stopped hoping to catch her on fire one day again, chin speckled with salsa.





## PREVIEWS

**Just Married:** Chances are your wife or girlfriend will drag you to this romantic comedy as payback for your dragging her to *Man of War*, so listen up in case you want to catch some z's while it's running. Sexy Brittany Murphy plays a girl who pisses off everyone she knows by marrying Ashton Kutcher and vacationing in Europe. Then along comes her ex-boyfriend (played by Christian Kane) to throw a monkey wrench into matrimonial bliss. If you can't guess which guy she winds up with, you're beyond help.

**Prozac Nation:** In this long-delayed movie version of Elizabeth Wurtzel's autobiographical best-seller, Christina Ricci acts her heart out as a deeply troubled, self-obsessed Harvard student who alienates everyone around her before learning she suffers from manic depression and starts popping jagged little pills. Jessica Lange, Michelle Williams, Jason Biggs and Anne Heche suffer excruciatingly with her. Maybe theater owners ought to dispense happy pills to audience members on the way out.

**Johnny English:** Putty-faced Brit comic Rowan Atkinson is one of the funniest wackadoodles on the planet. In this spy spoof, our hero, aided by a sexy vixen (pop star Natalie Imbruglia), saves the world from a power-mad despot, played with exhilarating campiness by John Malkovich. Sound too much like *Austin Powers 4*? Oh, behave!

**Buffalo Soldiers:** Screening audiences wary of the country's obsession with flag-

waving have been finding lots to like in this scathing Cold War lampoon set among bored, horny and often-stoned American soldiers on an Army base in Stuttgart in 1989, days before the toppling of the Berlin Wall. It recalls the anti-authoritarian glory days of *Catch-22* and *Mash*.

**The Good Thief:** Director Neil Jordan's moody, dreamlike reimagining of the great 1955 French film *Bob le Flambeur* gives Nick Nolte another role of a lifetime as a witty, talkative ex-thief on the French Riviera, where he drugs and gambles himself nearly to death before being persuaded to pull off one last heist. Watch for a killer performance by Nino Kuchanidze as a gorgeous teen hooker and another by smoothie Ralph Fiennes as a crooked art dealer.

—STEPHEN REBELLO

## REVIEWS

BY LEONARD MALTIN

Ray Liotta produced and stars in *Narc*, a gritty and brutal story of a Detroit undercover cop (Jason Patric) who is reinstated after a nasty incident because the department needs his help in tracking down a cop killer. He teams up with the dead man's partner (Liotta), a loose can-

non, to follow the trail of the doomed detective. Director Joe Carnahan tells the story in kinetic fashion and keeps a solid grip on his characters.

Roman Polanski has delved into his past to produce a gripping film about one man's journey through hell during World War II. *The Pianist* is based on the true story of Polish musician Wladyslaw Szpilman (played to perfection by Adrien Brody), whose family is moved to the Warsaw ghetto then herded off to the camps while fate steers him on a lonely path. It stands apart from other films about the period in its depiction of the Nazis' matter-of-factness in dehumanizing their victims. Most of all, it stands as a testament to man's will to survive.



On *Prozac*: A nouveau Ricci (left).

## FILMS THAT GOT AWAY

Every year good films slip through the cracks. I wouldn't cite 2002 as an especially rich year for movie lovers, but there were a number of outstanding video releases that merit attention. Some, like *Lantana*, *LIE* and *The Devil's Backbone*, earned critical praise but never got wide release. *Lantana* is a potent adult drama from Australia starring Anthony LaPaglia as a detective whose marriage is in crisis, which affects his behavior on a missing-persons case involving an author (Barbara Hershey) and her husband (Geoffrey Rush). *LIE*



Stiles and Channing: Strangers no more

features an unforgettable performance by Brian Cox as an avuncular pederast who doesn't seem like a villain, even while he preys on teenage boys in his Long Island community. *The Devil's Backbone* is a beautifully conceived and executed ghost story set against the backdrop of the Spanish Civil War. Director Guillermo del Toro reached more moviegoers with *Blade II*, but this one is a gem.

Stockard Channing and Julia Stiles give crackling performances as a business executive and a woman who is fond of playing mind games in Patrick Stettner's *The Business of Strangers*. Leelee Sobieski and the always-welcome Albert Brooks make another odd couple in Christine Lahti's poignant comedy-drama *My First Mister*.

*The Dangerous Lives of Altar Boys* adds an interesting layer to the usual coming-of-age saga with the help of evocative animated sequences by Todd McFarlane. (The Catholic schoolboys in the story work through their frustrations by drawing their own comic books; the animation brings them to life.)

*Memento* made filmmaker Christopher Nolan, but the DVD release of his first feature, *Following*, reveals his early experiments with a nonlinear storytelling approach.

I had a great time watching the Hong Kong action movie *Iron Monkey*, and seeing how director Woo-ping Yuen tried out some of the ideas he later used as the fight choreographer on *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*. This movie is pure fun.—L.M.



Would that I could say the same for Menno Meyjes' *Max*, which asks the intriguing question of what would have happened if Adolf Hitler had been encouraged in his art career following World War I. John Cusack, who is always good, is improbably cast as a Jewish art dealer, and Australia's

Noah Taylor gives a terrific performance as the easily ignited but impressionable young führer. But what can you say about a movie that tosses out lines like "Hey, Hitler, let me buy you a glass of lemonade"?

Three beautiful and fearless actresses star in *The Hours*, directed by Stephen Daldry and adapted by David Hare from Michael Cunningham's best-selling novel. Nicole Kidman (with a distracting putty nose) plays Virginia Woolf, who struggles with depression as she writes the novel *Mrs. Dalloway* in 1923. Julianne Moore is a California housewife who reads the novel in 1949 while battling demons that are invisible to her husband but all too apparent to her young, im-

Parker gets personal.

pressionable son. Meryl Streep is a busy New York City book editor in 2001 who's planning a party for a former lover who has AIDS (Ed Harris). *The Hours* is not about happy people, but its probing of the human condition and its performances are so good that it merits your attention. It will probably attract Oscar attention, too.

Rebecca Miller directed a three-part film based on her book about contemporary women at crossroads in their lives, and used narration to introduce each distinctive character. Then it's up to the actresses—Kyra Sedgwick, Parker Posey and Fairuza Balk—to bring the women to life, which they do with aplomb. *Personal Velocity* proves again that content wins out over budget every time.

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## SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films  
by leonard maltin

**About Schmidt** Jack Nicholson turns in another sensational performance in this bittersweet comedy about a man who retires in his 60s, only to discover that his life has been empty. ★★★

**Adaptation** Nicolas Cage plays an agonized screenwriter and his upbeat twin brother in this weird, sometimes brilliant movie from the folks who brought us *Being John Malkovich*. ★★★

**Antwone Fisher** Denzel Washington directs and co-stars with Derek Luke in the story of an abused young man who is helped by a Navy psychiatrist. ★★★

**Die Another Day** Pierce Brosnan and Halle Berry are fun to watch in this overlong but entertaining 007 romp. Sure, there are lots of high-tech stunts, but the highlight is an incredibly low-tech swordfight. ★★★

**Eight Mile** Eminem's self-assured performance as a would-be hip-hop star, and director Curtis Hanson's evocative slice of urban life, propel this gritty story and make up for obvious melodrama along the way. ★★★

**The Hours** Nicole Kidman, Julianne Moore and Meryl Streep play women from different decades whose fates are intertwined—and who share an inability to experience happiness. ★★★

**Max** John Cusack and Noah Taylor star in this fiasco of a film built on the premise: What would have happened if Hitler had pursued an art career? ✖

**Narc** Ray Liotta stars with Jason Patric in Joe Carnahan's gritty, violent film about an undercover officer in Detroit and his search for a cop killer. ★★★

**Personal Velocity** Kyra Sedgwick, Parker Posey and Fairuza Balk star in this triptych of provocative short stories from director Rebecca Miller. ★★★

**The Pianist** Roman Polanski wrote and directed this compelling film based on the true story of a Polish musician who survived a living hell in World War II. Adrien Brody stars. ★★★/2

**Sonny** Nicolas Cage directs this atmospheric story about a New Orleans boy (James Franco) who comes home from the Army planning to get out of the family business—his mother's brothel. Mena Suvari and Brenda Blethyn co-star, but Harry Dean Stanton steals the show. ★★★/2

**Talk to Her** Pedro Almodóvar has made a great—and audaciously original—movie about a man who takes care of a beautiful woman in a coma—and bonds with another man whose lover shares the same fate. ★★★

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



## SCENE STEALER

**KYRA SEDGWICK. IN PERSONAL VELOCITY YOU PLAY A WOMAN WHO USES SEX AS A POWER BASE, BUT IS VICTIMIZED BY IT, TOO.**

**DID THE PART JUMP OFF THE PAGE FOR YOU?** "Certainly it did, but also, this is a role not everyone would see me being able to do, and I was so impressed that Rebecca Miller did. It was such a vote of confidence." **ARE YOU AND YOUR HUSBAND, KEVIN BACON, PLANNING TO WORK TOGETHER AGAIN?** "We have a script that we're planning to shoot this summer; he's directing and I'll star and produce it. You know, making a movie is like going to war every day, so you really have to find something you're passionate about." **AND YOU'RE DOING A TV SERIES?** "I'm doing six episodes of *Queens Supreme*, which is a CBS midseason show. It's about the state supreme court in Queens. Oliver Platt is in it, and he is the reason I said yes. I play an assistant district attorney." **TELL US ABOUT WORKING WITH ROBERT DUVALL AND MICHAEL CAINE IN THE UPCOMING SECOND-HAND LIONS.** "These guys have been around forever. There's no bullshit, no star stuff. The good ones that last are such a breath of fresh air. They're so unaffected."

—L.M.





## GUEST SHOT

"I'll watch anything that John Ford or John Wayne made," says **Maureen O'Hara**, legendary star of such classics as *How Green Was My Valley*, *The Quiet Man* and *Miracle on 34th Street*. "I love Duke in *The Long Voyage Home*. And movies with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, especially *Top Hat* and *Flying Down to Rio*. I

love *Mutiny on the Bounty*—the original with Charles Laughton and Clark Gable." O'Hara also has a special place in her heart for 1992's *Strictly Ballroom*. "It was enchanting," she says about Baz Luhrmann's dance-filled romantic comedy. "I even bought a copy!"

—LAURENCE LERMAN

## CIVIL OBEDIENCE

This month director Ronald Maxwell revisits the Civil War with *Gods and Generals*, a Manassas-to-Chancellorsville prequel to his vivid, battle-heavy *Gettysburg* (1993). Keep your powder dry and let the minie balls fly!

**Andersonville** (1996): This astonishing recreation of the Confederate prison—built for 8000 but ultimately home to 33,000 damned Yankees—puts you in the mire. Director John Frankenheimer creates an intense biosphere of danger and disease amid frock coats and Hardee hats.

**Glory** (1989): The badass 54th Regiment of the Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry—a real band of brothers—takes on Johnny Reb in a suicidal battle at Charleston, South Carolina. Three Oscars, including Denzel Washington's first (for supporting actor).

**The General** (1927): Silents are golden, and this one, starring Buster Keaton as a Confederate train engineer, has more battlefield activity and genuine laughs than any action-comedy on screen today. The cunning stunts of the double-locomotive chase define the term classic.

**Ride With the Devil** (1999): Ang Lee's little-seen humanistic chapter of the War of Northern Aggression follows a group of renegade rebel Bushwhackers from battle into hiding, where Tobey Maguire

takes up with pregnant widow Jewel. Realistic action, authentic emotions.

**The Civil War** (1990): At 11 hours, Ken Burns' epic documentary leaves no sepia-toned page unturned. The contemporary visuals are superb; the gorgeous period music provides atmosphere and pace.

**Friendly Persuasion** (1956): Indiana Quakers—including Gary Cooper—find their pacifist ways challenged when Confederate guerrillas invade their town. Director William Wyler's mixture of light comedy and drama picked up six Oscar nominations, including one for Anthony Perkins.

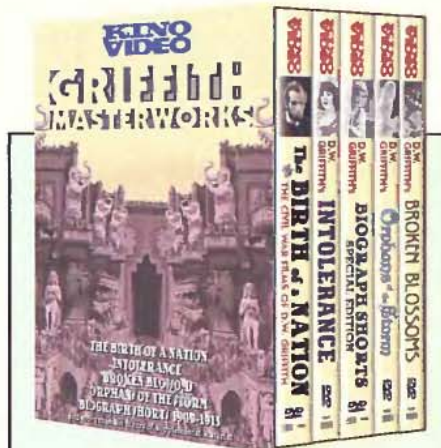
**The Raid** (1954): A posse of Confederate escapees is plotting to pillage a Vermont town, but undercover rebel Van Heflin gets involved with widow Anne Bancroft. Based on the true story of the northernmost Civil War skirmish, this stars man's men Richard Boone and Lee Marvin.

**Gone With the Wind** (1939): Vivien Leigh in a petticoat—now, there's a belle we'd like to ring.

—BUZZ MCCLAIN

## DISC ALERT

What do you get when you cross *Friends* with *Sex and the City*? Eventually, you'll get something like *Coupling*, a BBC Two hit series NBC has licensed with plans to produce a U.S. version. Meanwhile, the original six episodes of the randy Britcom can be had on DVD (Warner Bros., \$25). *Coupling* isn't as sexy as *Sex and the City* (the actors keep their clothes on), but the characters are fresh, with personality warps that U.S. network suits might not tolerate. Gems abound, such as the



## GUILTY PLEASURE

D.W. Griffith was a pioneering and controversial figure in the history of cinema. He was one of the men responsible for establishing film as a popular art form and for developing many of the ways in which cinema tells stories. The seven-disc **Griffith Masterworks** (Kino, \$100) collects *The Birth of a Nation*, *Intolerance*, *Orphans of the Storm*, *Broken Blossoms* and two discs of shorts he made for the American Biograph Co. from 1908 to 1913. It was there that he found some of the actresses he would later use in his feature films, including Mary Pickford and Lillian and Dorothy Gish. This collection reminds us how rich filmmaking can be—even when it doesn't include sound.

definition of "porn buddy": In the event you die, your porn buddy races over and clears out your stash of stroke fodder before your mother gets to it. Why, that's not just funny, it's a plan!

—GREGORY P. FAGAN

## video mood meter

MOOD	MOVIE
STAR TURN	<i>Signs</i> (Mel—as a widowed ex-cleric with kids and a farm—wonders about his crop circles; fine M. Night Shyamalan chiller), <i>Blood Work</i> (Clint—as an ex-fed with a used heart—tracks a killer who's calling his name; solid, if leisurely, thriller).
SUSPENSE	<i>One Hour Photo</i> (creepy clerk Robin Williams gets way too personal with a customer's family; well developed), <i>Trapped</i> (Kevin Bacon's perfect kidnapping scheme fails to anticipate mom's crowbar; taut, if a bit over the top).
COMEDY	<i>The Good Girl</i> (Jennifer Aniston's ganja-numb hubby drives her into the arms of a Holden Caulfield wannabe; smart fun), <i>Undercover Brother</i> (he is to Shaft what Austin Powers is to Bond, and he's bringing down the Man; superior spoofing).
ART HOUSE	<i>Harrison's Flowers</i> (Jersey mom Andie MacDowell seeks her MIA photojournalist husband in the Balkans; pat yet potent), <i>Tadpole</i> (Gotham teen lusts for his stepmom, beds her best bud; Bebe Neuwirth heats up otherwise tepid indie).
GIRL POWER	<i>Blue Crush</i> (surf chick Kate Bosworth wants to go pro and quit cleaning crappers; cool waves, hard bods, flaccid script), <i>Amy's Orgasm</i> (all talk, until she meets the right shock jock; frank sexuality lifts director-star Julie Davis' romance).



THE MORE LIFE dumps on Billy Joe Shaver, the stronger he gets. The best songs on *Freedom's Child* (Compadre) involve loss and remembrance. Shaver, along with George Jones and Willie Nelson, is a Texas outlaw master. —LEOPOLD FROELICH

It sounds fishy: Former front man organizes tribute record to his own band. But when Henry Rollins recruited mem-

With only an EP under their studded belts, sleaze-rockers the Yeah Yeah Yeahs are the toast of New York. *Master* (Touch and Go) was made on a shoestring and rocks with singer Karen O.'s yodeling. It will tide you over until the band's CD drops this spring. —ALISON PRATO



It's rare to hear music that doesn't rehash the past. Two new electronic CDs look to the future. Mani-toba's hard-charging *Start Breaking My Heart* (Domino) shows how funky laptops can be. Napoli Is Not Nepal's *Revolver* (Shitkatapult) mixes guitar and keyboards with breakbeats. It sounds great in a club, but better on headphones. —L.F.

## fast tracks

**THE CAT'S OUT OF THE BAG DEPARTMENT:** Cat Stevens, a.k.a. Yusuf Islam, plans to mount a Broadway musical. The plot will follow his life. **REELING AND ROCKING:** *Rush Hour* and *Red Dragon* director Brett Ratner is working on a movie about the Rolling Stones' Licks tour, with Jagger producing. . . . The story of Romeo and Juliet is about to be retold as Lil' Romeo and Lil' Juliet. The young rapper will star, of course, and a nationwide talent search will find Lil' Juliet. . . . Kylie Minogue and Robbie Williams will team up to lend their voices to a movie based on a French TV series for children called *The Magic Roundabout*. **NEWSBREAKS:**

What goes around comes around: Cynthia Plaster Caster has launched her website, [cynthiacaster.org](http://cynthiacaster.org), where replicas and drawings of her work are for sale. Famous in the Sixties for her penis casts (which she keeps in a bank vault in Chicago), Cynthia's project benefits musicians in need. . . . Don't know much about history: The University of California offers an R&B course, Musical Soul of the Sixties and Seventies. . . . Let's hear it for the dead guy and the old guys: Thanks to the King and the Rolling Stones, record sales picked up at the end of last year. —BARBARA NELLIS

bers of Slipknot, Queens of the Stone Age, Rancid et al. to toast Black Flag on *Rise Above* (Sanctuary), it was a benefit for the West Memphis Three's legal defense. To block attempts at reinterpreting the tunes, Rollins asked his backup band to record the tracks. Ice T and Hank Williams III, among others, heeded the call. The result is ferocious. —JASON BUHRMESTER



Robin Thicke is sitcom royalty—his dad is Alan Thicke of *Growing Pains*, and mom Gloria Loring sang the theme to *The Facts of Life*. *Cherry Blue Skies* (NuAmerica) by Thicke channels the good parts of the Seventies, serving up soul—and a danceable version of Beethoven's Fifth. —A.P.

On *The Ache* (Self-Starter Foundation), We Ragazzi singer Tony Rolando has perfected the faux-soul howl of a young Jagger. Instead of the mid-Sixties Farfisa and Vox organs used by neo-garage bands, this group uses an electric piano. It's a kick in the head. —TIM MOHR

Who inspires the Waco Brothers, the Handsome Family and Steve Earle? You can find out on two excellent new collections. Recorded in 1927, *RCA Country Legends: The Bristol Sessions* (BMG) is filled with field recordings of the Carter Family, Jimmie Rodgers and 14 others. These gothic ballads, war tunes and gospel songs are still haunting. *Classic Mountain Songs* (Smithsonian Folkways) includes thorny fiddle and banjo, bluegrass and blues, and traditional death and murder ballads so brutal that Eminem seems tame by comparison. —ANAHEED ALANI

Frank Sinatra's genius was in his performances. On *Classic Duets* (Capitol), he joins Ella, Louis, Bing and Elvis, who stopped by his TV shows between 1957 and 1960. The sound quality varies, but, despite the forced spontaneity, the tracks have an effervescent sense of fun. —T.M.

The *20th Anniversary Box Set* (Metal Blade) is a heavy metal party. The collection spans the label's metal stalwarts—Slayer, Six Feet Under and Gwar, among others. The highlight is the original version of Metallica's *Hit the Lights*. —J.B.

*Mama Says I'm Crazy* (Fat Possum) is a recording of Fred McDowell playing guitar and singing at home in 1967, backed on harmonica by his friend Johnny Woods. McDowell's performance is majestic and Woods' driving harp accompaniment is intense. —A.A.

This year's most engaging MC is from Brixton, not Brooklyn. On *Original Pirate Material* (Vice), Mike Skinner (a.k.a. the Streets) lets out a steady flow of UK laddie talk, ripe with references to drunken Tube rides, birds and geezers, creating images with all the vividness of *Train-spotting*. —J.B.

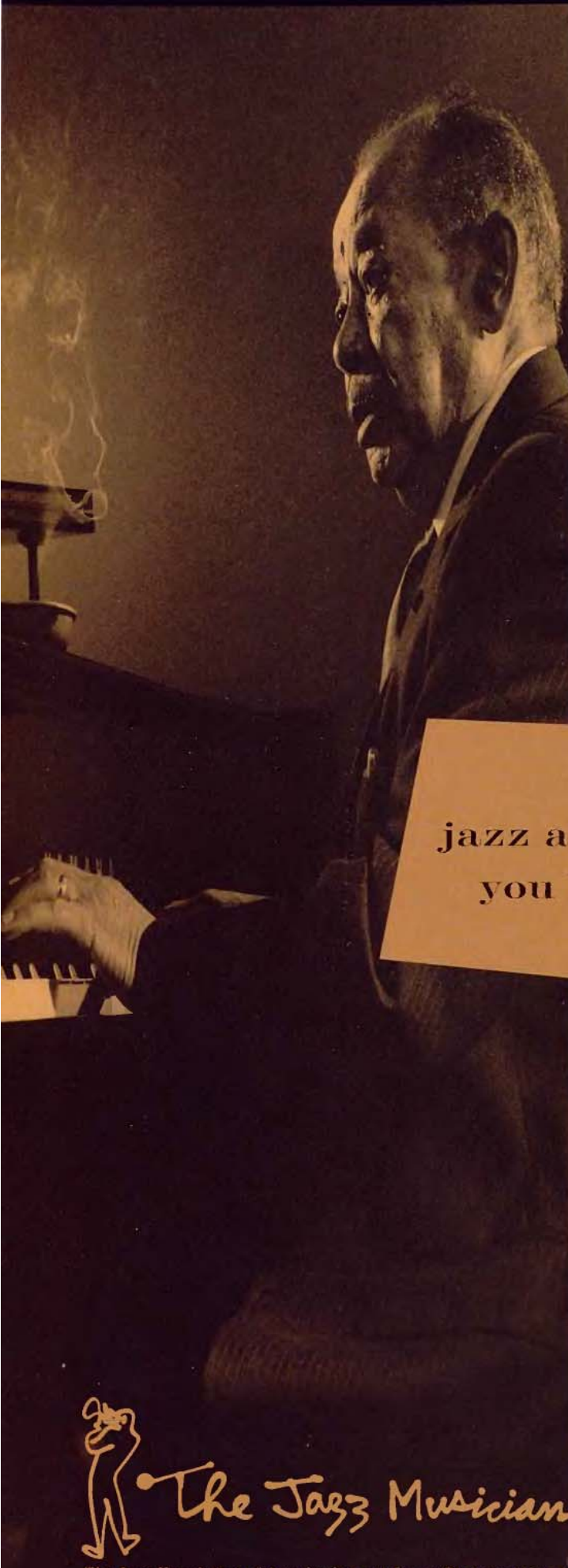


Avram Fefer is one of the best sax players working today. On *Lucille's Gemini Dream* (CIMP), he leads a brilliant quartet through a dynamic live set. —L.F.

## ROCK METER

	Alani	Buhrmester	Froehlich	Mohr	Prato
<b>Black Flag</b> <i>Rise Above</i>	5	9	4	2	8
<b>Bristol Sessions</b> <i>RCA Country Legends</i>	8	6	7	10	7
<b>Billy Joe Shaver</b> <i>Freedom's Child</i>	7	6	8	6	5
<b>We Ragazzi</b> <i>The Ache</i>	4	6	6	9	6
<b>Yeah Yeah Yeahs</b> <i>Master</i>	7	7	5	7	7





One of the greatest sax players of all time wanders the streets, homeless. A famous jazz drummer freezes because he can't afford to pay his heating bill. A world-reknowned bassist is deathly ill and doesn't have the money to see a doctor. Tragic stories, but unfortunately all too common. And all too unfair. Many of our finest jazz musicians, men and women who have helped create America's greatest contribution to world culture, are ending their lives penniless. And while their music has made fortunes for others, they can't even afford health insurance. This is why a group of concerned jazz musicians, fans, and the Jazz Foundation of America have founded the Jazz Musician's Emergency Fund. It's the first and only organization of its kind. Dedicated to giving something back to those deserving artists who have given us so much.

**Lots of people save old  
jazz albums. But how often do  
you have the chance to save  
an old jazz musician?**

We're providing medical care, legal advice and career counseling. And helping them cope with financial emergencies. We have already accomplished a great deal. But so much more needs to be done. For more information, to make a tax-deductible donation or to find out how you can become a volunteer, call us today at 1-800-JFA-JAMS. Or write us at 322 W. 48 St., 3rd Floor, New York, NY 10036. And help us keep the music alive.



*The Jazz Musicians' Emergency Fund*

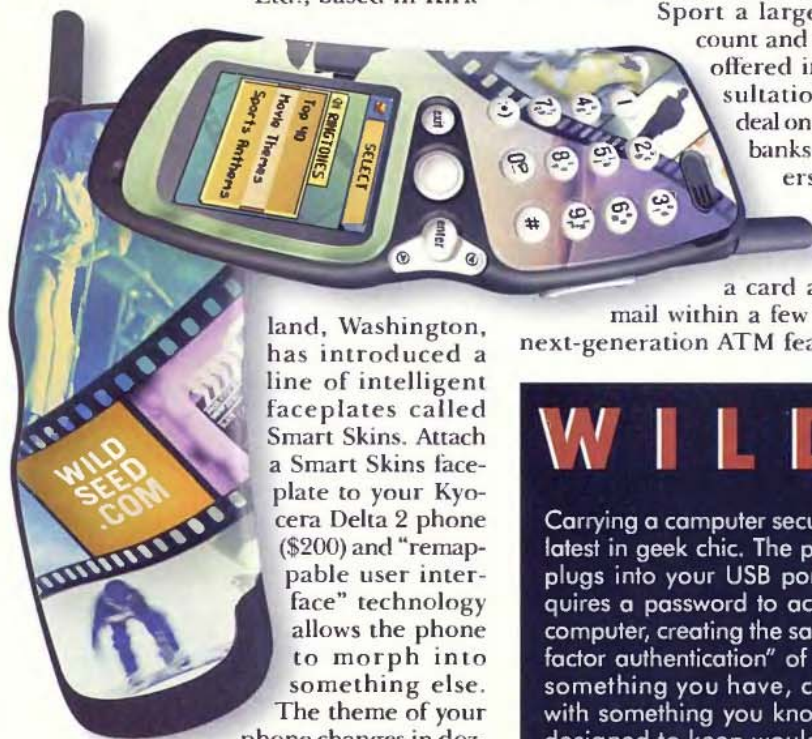


The Jazz Foundation of America is a not-for-profit corporation, tax exempt under 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue code.



## NEW LIFE FOR DEAD RINGERS

Until now, plastic cell phone covers were little more than cosmetic accessories, a chick trick used to coordinate the phone with an outfit. Why bother? Wildseed Ltd., based in Kirk-



land, Washington, has introduced a line of intelligent faceplates called Smart Skins. Attach a Smart Skin faceplate to your Kyocera Delta 2 phone (\$200) and "remappable user interface" technology allows the phone to morph into something else. The theme of your phone changes in dozens of details, including the color of the screen, icons and wallpaper. The web browser loads in appropriate sites, new games appear and the ring tone and audio accents are altered to match the chosen theme: music, sports, movies, fashion or celebrities. The Smart Skins phone also comes equipped with FM radio and pulsing LEDs. The patented Airtext feature lets you program a message and then display it in the air by waving the LED end of the phone (try "Can I buy you a drink?" or "Make it a double"). Smart Skins faceplates are expected to sell for \$25 to \$40, depending on the licensing of the theme and the features.

—BUZZ MCCLAIN

## A \$100 WITHDRAWAL AND WEEZER TICKETS

Automated teller machines are spitting out more than money these days. In California they play commercials with full-motion video and sound. Recently, customers who used one of Bank of America's 2000 ATMs were forced to watch a commercial during the "please wait" portion of the transaction, and more ads are on the way. When you insert your card into newer

ATMs, the system does a quick check of how much money you have in your account and then delivers an advertisement that's targeted to your demographic. If you are low on funds, the machine may display an ad for overdraft services.

Sport a large savings account and you might be offered investing consultation or a great deal on a BMW. Some banks offer customers credit cards via ATMs. Push a few buttons and a card arrives in the mail within a few days. Not all next-generation ATM features are in-

conveniences or sales pitches. Post office lines are a definite pain in the ass, so we welcome Tranax Technology's plans to offer stamp sales at an ATM near you. Travelers Express and ATM manufacturer Diebold recently tested machines that dispense money orders by deducting the amount from your account. Owners of prepaid mobile phones soon will be able to add airtime, and a system is in the works for movie ticketing. Using a touch screen, you select the date, time and number of tickets desired for a movie, and the machine will print them out. Buying concert tickets via ATM can't be far behind, which sounds great until you need a fast \$100 and there's a line of hippies camped out around the block waiting for Phish seats.

—LAZLOW

## WILD THINGS

Carrying a computer security key is the latest in geek chic. The plastic token plugs into your USB port and requires a password to access your computer, creating the same "two-factor authentication" of an ATM: something you have, combined with something you know. They're designed to keep would-be thieves from pilfering your data and files, but they work well on prying girlfriends and nosy roommates, too. Just don't lose your key in a club and wind up locked out of your laptop. The A-Key by Authenex sells for \$50; you'll pay \$150 for Griffin Technology's SecuriKey. • Lately, Innogear's Duex mp302 (pictured right) has occupied our laptop's USB port. The portable MP3 player operates as a voice recorder and storage device housed in a gadget the size of a pack of gum. A single AAA battery powers 12 hours of playback and the 128MB memory stores two hours of MP3 music. Pop off the bottom and a plug is exposed that connects to a USB port. Innogear includes a neckstrap, but the Duex mp302 is small enough to stash in your front pants pocket without looking like a pervert (\$180).



—JASON BUHRMESTER

## games

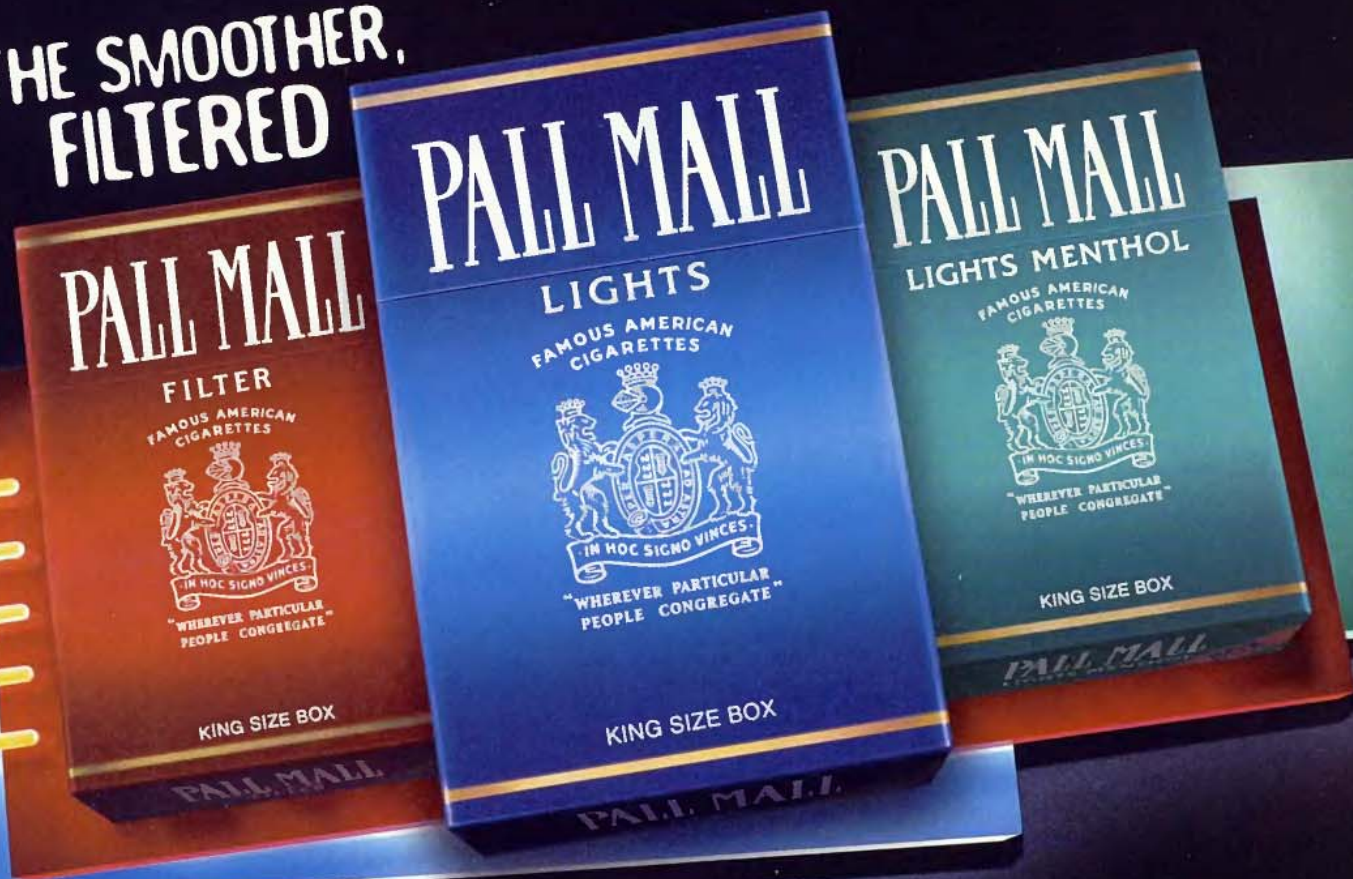
Video game graphics are improving by bounces and jiggles. Breasts are the new benchmark of video game realism, and programmers inspired by Lara Croft's size Ds are using physics modeling to re-create every shake and shimmy. **Dead or Alive Xtreme Beach Volleyball** (by Tecmo, for Xbox) and **BMX XXX** (by Acclaim, for PlayStation 2, Xbox and GameCube) are the latest perpetrators in the

big-breast blowup. **Xtreme Volleyball** features bikini-clad characters from Tecmo's popular fighting series in a sand-kicking spikefest. The company calls the idea "sports fantasy simulation" so you don't feel creepy picking out a bikini (there are more than 100) for your babe to wear. Debauchery is the point of **BMX XXX**. Players maneuver a bike-riding stripper through bums and streetwalkers while wrangling midget clowns or uniting a pink poodle and a horny mutt. Nudity and profanity earned it the first 17+ rating in action sports game history. Both of these games go great with a few buddies and some beers, but neither makes it much further than novelty





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LASTS LONGER

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



Avg. Puffs Per Cigarette

Source: B&W Analytical Test Results (FTC Method)  
Comparison of Pall Mall, Marlboro, Winston, Camel,  
Doral and Basic King Size Filter Box



status. For serious gaming we'll stick to Splinter Cell and Resident Evil Zero.

—JASON BUHRMESTER

**The Getaway** (by Sony, for PlayStation 2)

has a gritty edge and an intertwined plot that unfolds like a Guy Ritchie film (and we don't mean *Swept Away*). The story follows a former bank robber, Mark Hammond, whose dreams of going straight don't jibe with the plans of the local crime bosses who have kidnapped his son. The gameplay puts you in car chases and gunfights around 40 square kilometers of London, past famous streets and landmarks. To keep the action riveting, Sony used actors to supply the voices and motion-captured moves. The result is a combination of Driver and Grand Theft Auto smoothed out Brit style.

—ENID BURNS

Most war games toss you straight into the trenches with little more than a weapon and a prayer. **Battlefield 1942** (by EA, for PC) gives you access to what you really

need to win a war: tanks, planes, battleships, heavy artillery and, most important, allies. Sign on as one of the five major World War II forces and square off against up to 64 people simultaneously in an online team match. Send your scouts ahead with sniper rifles and then call on a teammate to send in the heavy bombers for an airstrike.

—DARREN GLADSTONE.

**Godzilla: Destroy All Monsters Melee** (by Infogrames, for GameCube) might be just the game you need to quell the resentment you've been



harboring for San Francisco since they blew the World Series. Choose among more than 14 monsters from Godzilla classics and tear down one of 10 cities. One to four players can fight it out using grabs, punches or even a small building to beat opponents into submission.

—J.B.

## VINYL VAULT

Frank's Vinyl Museum ([franklarosa.com/vinyl/](http://franklarosa.com/vinyl/)) is the "Internet Home of Weird Records." Frank is the unofficial archivist of the oddest, stupidest and scariest LPs ever pressed. How odd? Try a forgotten Seventies gem called *Ali and His Gang Vs. Mr. Tooth Decay*, offering songs and lectures by Muhammad Ali on maintaining good dental hygiene. After I learned about Ali's interest in preventing tooth decay, I clicked on the sugar-coated link to *The Monsters Go Disco*, a 25-year-old cardboard record that appeared on boxes of Count Chocula, Frankenberry and Boo Berry. I cleared my musical palette by listening to selections from Evel Knievel's unspeakably bizarre spoken-word album. Trust me, you have to listen to it.



## PICTURES OF \$200K HITTING A WALL AT 100 MPH

There's something perversely satisfying about browsing through the gallery of car crash photos at [wreckedexotics.com](http://wreckedexotics.com). While it's not fun to think about people being hurt in wrecks, it is amazing to see the more than 1500 examples of how easy it is to destroy



a vehicle that costs as much as a decent house. The publisher of Wrecked Exotics estimates the total damage seen on the site to be close to a quarter of a billion dollars. In addition to pictures of Lamborghinis, Lotuses and Hummers that have been smashed to smithereens, melted into blobs or squashed under semis, there's a gallery of weird wrecks. My favorite shot shows a car that ended up suspended between a pier and a yacht. The driver's door is open, suggesting the occupants bailed out as soon as they figured out what had happened.

## NEWS FOR NEWS JUNKIES

If you look at the bottom of the front page for Google News ([news.google.com](http://news.google.com)), you'll read the following: "The selection and placement of stories on this page were determined automatically by a computer program." The continually updated site works by examining more than 4000 news sources on the web, and then applying computer power to analyze the stories, rank their importance and categorize them. The result is a page

# living online

of fresh news with links to the original articles. You can also search for news stories up to 30 days old. Leave it to the geniuses at Google to come up with something this marvelous.

## LEGROOM LOVERS REJOICE

A friend who flies almost weekly turned me on to [seatguru.com](http://seatguru.com), a site that shows the best seats on the different types of aircraft flown by American, Continental, Delta, Northwest, United and US Airways. Just click on a plane—United Boeing 747-400 (a.k.a. 744) for instance—to see a bird's-eye color-coded view of its seating arrangement. Getting a seat in row six of the 744 is bad news if you have long legs, because they're close to the bulkhead. But if you have short legs and don't mind stowing your luggage overhead, row six is ideal, because nobody can recline into you and you'll be first off the plane. The best bet for those in coach are the center seats in rows 25 and 26, which are "very quiet and have tons of legroom." But if you are flying in 19A or B on an American Boeing 767, you're in for a rough ride: The seats provide lousy legroom, they don't recline very far and you're right next to the galley.

—MARK FRAUENFELDER



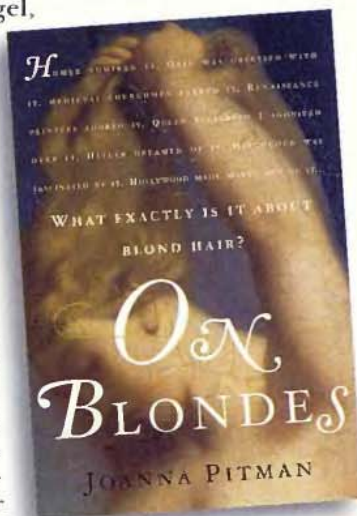
## QUICK HITS

You'll be known as the "cool uncle" when you buy toys for your nephew at [sweatyfrog.com](http://sweatyfrog.com). . . . Just dropped in to New York or LA? Check out [dailycandy.com](http://dailycandy.com) to find out where to go for food and fun. London is next. . . . See what happens when a gang of chemistry geeks get their hands on a brick of sodium (a highly unstable element that explodes in water) and throw it into a lake at [theodoregray.com/periodictable/stories/011.2/](http://theodoregray.com/periodictable/stories/011.2/). . . . Hello, I'm Dirty Jack Flint. Discover your own pirate name at [fidius.org/quiz/pirate.php](http://fidius.org/quiz/pirate.php).



## FEMMES FATALES

**On Blondes** (Bloomsbury) by Joanna Pitman is a quirky history of hair color. Images of Aphrodite were the first to associate blonde hair with beauty and sexuality, inspiring Greek prostitutes to dye their hair with pigeon dung. In medieval times, men feared blondes, but when artists began to portray the Virgin Mary as a flaxen angel, blondes became pillars of virtue. During the Renaissance, couples tried to conceive children under the sign of Venus to increase the likelihood that their offspring would be beautiful blondes. In the early 1800s, blonde hair became associated with cheap women who liked to get drunk. Victorian-era women made blonde hair fashionable again by wearing pieces of jewelry made from it. The Nazis turned blonde hair into a symbol of moral purity, cleanliness and intellectual and physical superiority. After the war ended, Hollywood invented the dumb blonde to encourage women to be good housewives. But as Hef knows from personal experience, blondes aren't stupid. Hillary Clinton runs New York, Madonna heads the music industry and Diane Sawyer is ABC's Everywoman. Is hair color a coincidence? Not likely. —PATTY LAMBERTI



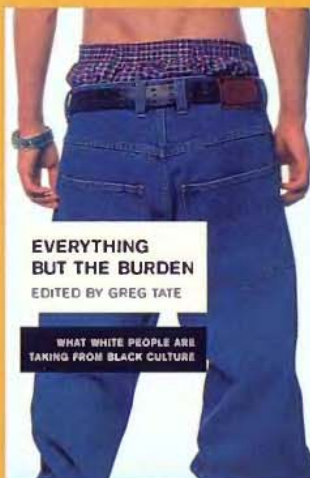
## EAR CANDY

This year's audiobook standouts include a humorist who breaks up Yalies, Stacy Keach channeling Hemingway and folks who jump the shark. **Garrison Keillor: A Life in Comedy** (HighBridge), culled from appearances at the Yale Rep last year, finds the mellow-voiced author telling his news from Lake Wobegon. The fish-vaulting comes courtesy of Jon Hein, creator of jumpthe shark.com, a website that spots the moments when good television goes bad (named for the *Happy Days* episode in which the Fonz skies over shark-infested waters). **The Jump the Shark: When Good Things Go Bad** audiobook (Listen and Live) expands to self-defeating moments in film, sports and politics as well. Short narratives that forged Hemingway's reputation (*The Snows of Kilimanjaro*, *Up in Michigan*) are given splendid narration by Stacy Keach in volume one of **Ernest Hemingway: The Short Stories** (Simon and Schuster). For more contemporary lean-and-mean writing, there's George Pelecanos' new streetwise saga, **Soul Circus** (Brilliance), in which dicks Derek Strange and Terry Quinn struggle to stop a drug war in the nation's capital. It's a powerful yarn. —DICK LOCHTE



## MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

Even though the music labels have done their damndest to kill the format, singles are still the best way to listen to songs. In **This Is Uncool** (Cassell), Brit music writer Garry Mulholland selects his top 500 singles of the past 25 years. It's an odd list, with plenty of U.S. R&B (Cameo's Candy) and UK punk (Siaxsie and the Banshee's Hong Kong Garden), but Mulholland's point is to get you thinking. And the pictures are great. —LEOPOLD FROELICH

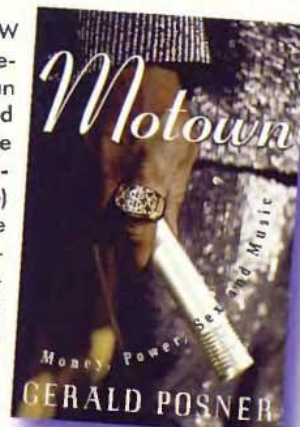


## RACE RELATIONS

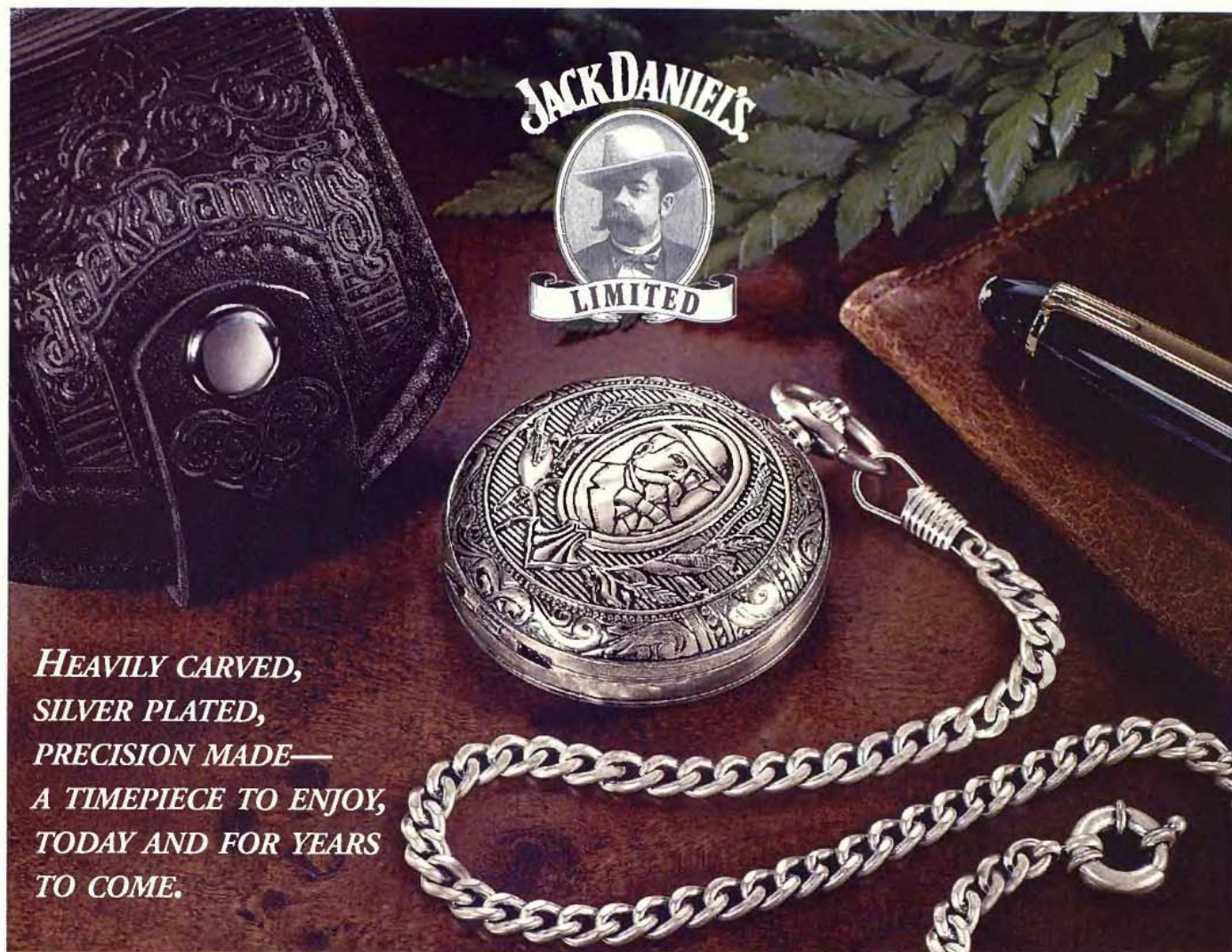
In suburban neighborhoods where white kids blast Xzibit or DMX and sport Sean John gear, ghetto life has been deemed fabulous. In **Everything But the Burden: What White People Are Taking From Black Culture** (Broadway), Greg Tate and others tackle America's complex racial questions. Tate says, "They've always tried to erase the black presence from whatever black thing they took a shine to." While a few of the 18 essays are stodgy, most are wake-up calls. —ALISON PRATO

## STUBBORN KIND OF FELLOW

Berry Gordy modeled Motown after Detroit's auto industry, complete with an assembly-line process that provided artists with dance, voice and etiquette lessons. Gerald Posner's **Motown: Money, Power, Sex and Music** (Random House) details the grueling demands of the star-making machine and the damage it caused to Motown artists. Marvin Gaye is the most engaging, but Michael Jackson, Stevie Wonder and Diana Ross complete the cast of this thrilling read. —JASON BUHRMESTER







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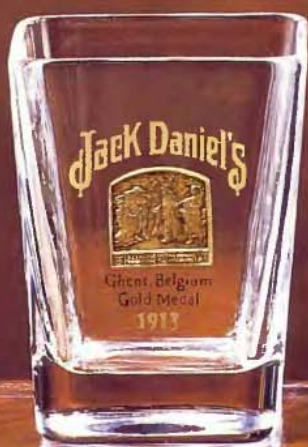
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# LEGENDS OF JACK DANIEL'S SHOT GLASS COLLECTION



Glasses at left, the 1913 Gold Medal Commemorative glass and the Old No. 7 Black Label glass. Display shown smaller than actual size of 15 7/8" high by 14 3/8" wide.

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We think you'll enjoy these "inside stories" about Jack Daniel's. Almost as much as you'll enjoy wrapping your fingers around each historic glass. Some are pewter, some are glass, some are sparkling crystal. But they're all satisfying to hold in the hand.

To show off your collection, there's a handsome display. Our name is at the top, branded into barrel wood from one of our own barrels.



The "Whittling" glass is taken from a Scenes from Lynchburg bottle.

If you'd like to subscribe to the *Legends of Jack Daniel's Shot Glass Collection*, we'd be pleased to send you one imported glass a month. The price is just \$12.95 per glass, and there's no charge for the display.

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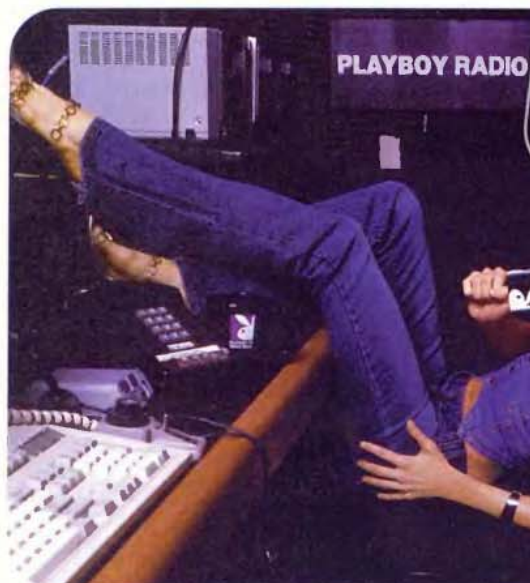
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## WHAT'S THE FREQUENCY, DUDE?

To the delight of road trippers everywhere, Playboy Radio has debuted on XM Satellite Radio. *Night Calls*, the wildly popular phone-in program hosted by Juli Ashton and Tiffany Granath, is the first Playboy TV show to cross over the airwaves. "You have to subscribe to Playboy Radio, which means we can do a



Playboy Radio's *Night Calls* host Tiffany Granath (left) kicks up her heels in the studio. Above: Tiffany and Juli Ashton give listeners an on-air thrill.

real adult show," says *Night Calls* radio producer Farrell Hirsch, who is also a segment producer on Playboy TV's *Inside Adult* and *Night Calls 411*. "We can say the words they can't say on broadcast radio and cover topics that aren't normally covered. *Night Calls* TV is like hot, anonymous, quickie sex. The radio show is like an addictive, illicit affair. People throughout the country hear who these famous women are sleeping with, what they're doing in bed, how much they like it and what makes them come. It's incredibly intimate." Doing three hours a

day of live radio has reinvigorated hosts Juli and Tiffany for the Playboy TV version of their show. "The girls have so much chemistry and confidence that the TV show has become exponentially better," says Will Robertson, Playboy TV's *Night Calls* producer. "They're relaxed. They massage each other's feet in the booth. During commercials, they have sunflower seed-spitting fights." The truckers who listen have given Juli and Tiffany CB handles—Juli is "the Backdoor Dreamer" and Tiffany is "the Pampered Princess"—and are teaching ev-

eryone trucker lingo, including tales of "lot lizards," the girls they meet at truck stops. "There's a girl in Kansas who wants to have a gang bang, so she keeps calling the show and telling truckers where to find her along the interstate," says Hirsch. Lest you think it's all about sex, *Night Calls* radio features musical guests such as Rick James and Digital Underground as well as authors, wrestlers, porn stars and the *Puppetry of the Penis* guys. "One guest broke the world record for the most male orgasms in one hour by coming 21 times," says

Hirsch. (OK, so maybe it is all sex.) *Night Calls* is the first Playboy Radio show, but it won't be the last. "We plan to build this radio station in phases," says Hirsch. "In the second phase, we'll add some programs from Playboy TV as is. Phase three will feature live original shows created specifically for Playboy Radio. We want to be an escape for adult listeners." Sounds a lot better than those annoying Howard Stern wannabes and drive-time DJs. To get an earful of hosts Juli Ashton and Tiffany Granath on a regular basis, subscribe to Playboy Radio at [playboyradio.xmradio.com](http://playboyradio.xmradio.com).

**"People hear who the women are sleeping with, what they're doing in bed, how much they like it and what makes them come."**

## PAM'S GREATEST HITS

Pamela Anderson has graced the cover of PLAYBOY 10 times—more than any other woman. The 35-year-old has decided to retreat from acting and focus on being a mom to her two kids, Dylan and Brandon. In 2002 she revealed she's battling hepatitis C. But Pam likes to accentuate the positive, including her relationship with Kid Rock, the vegetarian cookbook she's writing for children and the kinky cartoon, *Stripperella*, she's developing with Stan Lee for TNN. Pam told *Interview* magazine, "I'm taking care of my life. I look after myself and, no matter what people think, I'm a healthy person. I'm not this drunk, drug-addicted, raving crazy person—that's just an image created by the media, and it's crap. I happen to be a cheap drunk. If I have a glass of wine, I'm on my ear. I've never considered myself an actress. I've always thought, Great, I'm on the beach. I'm happy, having babies and married to a rock star." Pam devotees will love *The Ultimate Pamela Anderson* collection, a two-disc DVD set with never-before-published photos and rare interviews.







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## SHE SCORES, WE SHOOT

As long as the world has strippers, the question remains: How does a regular guy score with one? We asked the women of Scores—the New York City gentlemen's club frequented by Howard Stern and Madonna—for their insights. Then we photographed the strippers without their G-strings for Playboy.com. "Guys should never try too hard," says Nancy Erminia, a former Scores girl and Playboy Special Editions cover model. "It's not good when a guy talks about how much money he has and then doesn't spend it. If you want a girl to sit with you for a while, you have to spend a lot. Don't hang out and give her nothing." For more tips and tits, check out Playboy.com.



More Scores advice: "A guy spent \$5000 and wanted it back when I wouldn't go with him. Right!"

## DMX: DOWN AND DIRTY

When rapper DMX rolled into our Chicago photo studio to act as guest photographer, he had one thing to say: "Work is getting harder every day." After he received a quick camera lesson from the PLAYBOY pros, model Heather McQuaid gave him a flash. "Yeah, I like this," he

then take a look at his nude shots of Heather at [cyber.playboy.com](http://cyber.playboy.com).

## MORE, MORE AMORE

Chocolate is sweet, lingerie is sexy and diamonds can be your ticket down her pants. But if you want to drive your woman really wild this Valentine's Day, try talking dirty to her in a language other than her own. Think a *putana* is an Italian pasta dish? That's where we come in. Go to [playboy.com/international](http://playboy.com/international), where

our narrator teaches you how to say key phrases such as "You're so beautiful," "I love your ass" and "Was it good for you?" in German, French, Spanish and Italian. Open your mouth for guaranteed *amore*.

## CYBER GIRL OF THE MONTH

**MARY BETH DECKER.** Favorite free-time activity: "Margaritas with the girls." Other favorite things to do: Dancing and working out. Job before Playboy: Bartender. Favorite website: Bebe.com. What makes a woman sexy? "Confidence. If a woman feels sexy, it shows. People will pick up on her aura and think she's sexy, too." What makes a man sexy? "Spontaneity. I like same-



one who's opinionated but sensitive. He has to have a sense of humor. I love a man who can make me laugh without trying too hard."



said. DMX has sold some 20 million albums, written an autobiography and stolen scenes from Steven Seagal in *Exit Wounds*. His new movie, *Cradle 2 the Grave*, is set for release this spring. Despite his résumé, he says he's always wanted to shoot for PLAYBOY. "Pose me any way you want," Heather said to DMX as she climbed onto a fur-covered bed. For the next few hours, DMX took Heather's advice, at one point posing her with her legs crossed in the sexiest X you've ever seen. "Aw, shit," DMX said after the shoot. "How could anyone not love this?" Go behind the scenes in the Arts and Entertainment section of Playboy.com and

## SPORTY SOUNDBITES

"I watch postgame interviews with NBA players and 95 percent of it is b.s. They groom you in college. If you say something out loud, you are going to get fined. You can't say something mean about another player. But if you're in rock and roll, man, then you can let it roll. If anything, it will probably help with your record sales." —Cherokee Parks, Los Angeles Clippers

"We don't have to prove anything to anyone. We're the best team in the NFL. But just because you're the best doesn't mean you're going to win every game." —Marshall Faulk, St. Louis Rams



"I would rather have a guy who goes out there and pitches his butt off, talks smack and backs it up than a pitcher who is mild-mannered and mediocre." —David Wells, New York Yankees

"I'm the worst self-critic, so if there comes a day when I can't get up and do it anymore, I'm calling a press conference. I'm not going to be jumping up and down at 35." —Shaquille O'Neal, Los Angeles Lakers

"I have spent the past five years being a player, picking up every damn girl I wanted to have sex with. But it gets to a point where that doesn't cut it." —Dale Earnhardt, Jr.

For more athlete quotes, click on [playboy.com/sports](http://playboy.com/sports).





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# PRECIOUS METALS

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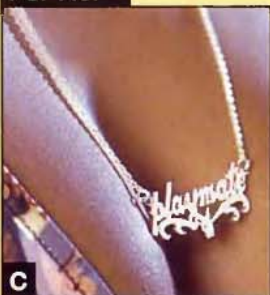
A. RH7357 Playboy Dog Tag Necklace \$21



**EXCLUSIVE! Late for a date?** Not with Playboy's chronograph watch that stands up to the most strenuous play. Sleek black silicone band and distinct white Rabbit Head at the date window. Water resistant. Includes tin case. Imported. Gift-boxed.

B. RH7384 Chronograph Watch \$89

## For Her



Endowed with the beauty and flair of a Playboy Centerfold, our Playmate pendant and 20" chain is fashioned in stunning sterling silver. The Rabbit Head has a Swarovski crystal eye. Gift-boxed.

C. RH6677 Sterling Silver Playmate Pendant \$72



**Holiday bright spot.** Adorn her wrist or slide this beauty up her arm—either way, our steel mesh band with a sterling silver Rabbit Head is a scene stealer!

D. RH8110 Rabbit Head Steel Mesh Band \$45

**Rabbit rapture.** A new ornament for her sexy stomach—our silver-plated Rabbit Head navel ring with a twinkling Swarovski crystal eye.

E. RH8104 Rabbit Head Navel Ring \$39



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By ASA BABER

THIS COLUMN IS dedicated to those children and fathers trapped in one of life's toughest situations: an angry divorce in which child custody is disputed. (Let's call an honorable divorce one in which child custody is jointly shared and the children have full access to their parents and stepparents.)

Having been through an angry divorce in my first marriage (and an honorable one in my second), I know something about both. I can tell you straight that no other day of my life will be as painful as the day I was forced to surrender my sons to someone I did not trust, aware of the fact that contact with my kids would be limited and my right to be in their lives would be continually challenged. The odds had been stacked against me from day one in the courts. So I am now, during this month of flowers and candy and cuteness, writing to all those fathers and children who are caught in divorce hell. The agony you experience as your family bonds are torn apart is a natural reaction to a system in which joint custody is still not the law of the land—because, as many a divorced dad can tell you, even with joint custody, it can be a struggle to protect access to your kids. Without joint custody? Forget it.

What follows is a rapid-fire checklist for fathers as they confront a bitter and contested divorce. Consider it a collection of informed dos and don'ts and take what you can use. (To those readers who are not yet fathers, cut this page out and save it. Because roughly half of all marriages eventually are dissolved, there is a chance this information will be useful to you sometime in the future.)

#### BEFORE YOU GO TO COURT

Try to avoid court. It isn't a good place for you, especially if you have younger children (in most jurisdictions, the children are awarded to the mother a high percentage of the time, when she wants them).

Think about hiring a mediator and getting both parties to the bargaining table in a more informal proceeding than you would find in court. Mediation is more frequently used these days, and it is a good first step. (Some lawyers specialize in mediation, and mediators are often listed in the phone book.)

Before you hire your cousin Vinny to be your lawyer, research the subject of divorce and find out which lawyers specialize in divorce with a focus on fathers' rights.

No matter which lawyer you hire, be prepared for the speech ("I will represent you, but I must tell you that divorce



## VALENTINES AND HELLFIRE

courts are not necessarily friendly to fathers"). That is a fair warning, but watch your lawyer carefully, and if he seems to be too much of a defeatist, move on to another lawyer—if you can afford paying another retainer. (I hate to add that caveat, but you and I know that few men have the money to hire first-class representation in a divorce and then see the battle through to the bitter end.)

From the first day of the divorce process, keep a written record of everything that happens concerning these matters (names, dates, incidents). You are probably nodding in agreement with this suggestion, but I ask you to read it again and then do it. Write down everything that is relevant when it happens. Your memory will not stand up under the stress of courtroom appearances (possibly months or years later).

Ask yourself which parent, in all honesty, would be better for the children. Also ask yourself if you have the financial resources and psychological strength to go through a battle for custody.

Learn about the judges who might sit on your case. Have your lawyer consider requesting another judge if you are assigned one who seems to be prejudiced against men and fathers.

Do not move out of your house unless ordered to by a court or advised by a professional in your respect. (If you leave voluntarily without a court order—even if you're only trying to keep the peace—it can be argued later that you voluntarily surrendered your role as a full-time husband and father.)

Even if you are ordered out of your home by the court, make every effort to spend time with your children—and

keep a record of that, too. If you are denied reasonable time, go to court immediately on that issue alone. Remember, at times it will be painful to be with your children, as you realize that they may be lost to you. Nonetheless, it is your obligation to face that discomfort and move through it like a man, not a head case.

Do not tell your children horror stories about their mother. Do not reveal the specifics of your finances, dating history (if any) or legal tactics. When you do these things, you throw your children into a blaze of doubt and confusion. Your job is to let them be kids when they are with you.

#### DURING AND AFTER TRIAL

Become an amateur accountant and lawyer. Stay organized, keep copies of all transcripts and proceedings, fight with everything you have to keep your children from having to appear in court and publicly choose a favored parent. Make sure you get specific visitation rights if you lose custody, and enforce them via the law if those rights are messed with. Accept the fact that most angry ex-wives will try to punish you long after the divorce by toying with your visitation schedule.

Do not sign any decree or settlement until you understand every word; do not be sloppy about rewriting insurance and trusts and wills; do not let your ego get in the way of a reasonable settlement (your goal is to get out of this conflagration, not fan the flames).

After the divorce, remain in touch with your children as much as possible (whether you have joint custody or no custody).

Obey the divorce agreement to the letter, even if your ex-wife violates it consistently. Be sure your behavior is impeccable, so you will have a strong case if you return to court.

Keep a complete record of all financial support you give your children. There is every chance that, after the settlement, your former wife will try to up the ante and sue for more child support. Her estimates of what you have spent will be quite different from yours.

Finally, before, during and after court, forgive yourself for the many mistakes you made, start a new life with courage and hope, fight off sentimentality when dealing with your children, do not replay the divorce for them (even if their mother does) and repeat to them, day after day (until they make gagging sounds and tell you to shut up), "I never divorced you and I never will. You are stuck with me for life, and I am here to show you what a good man can be."







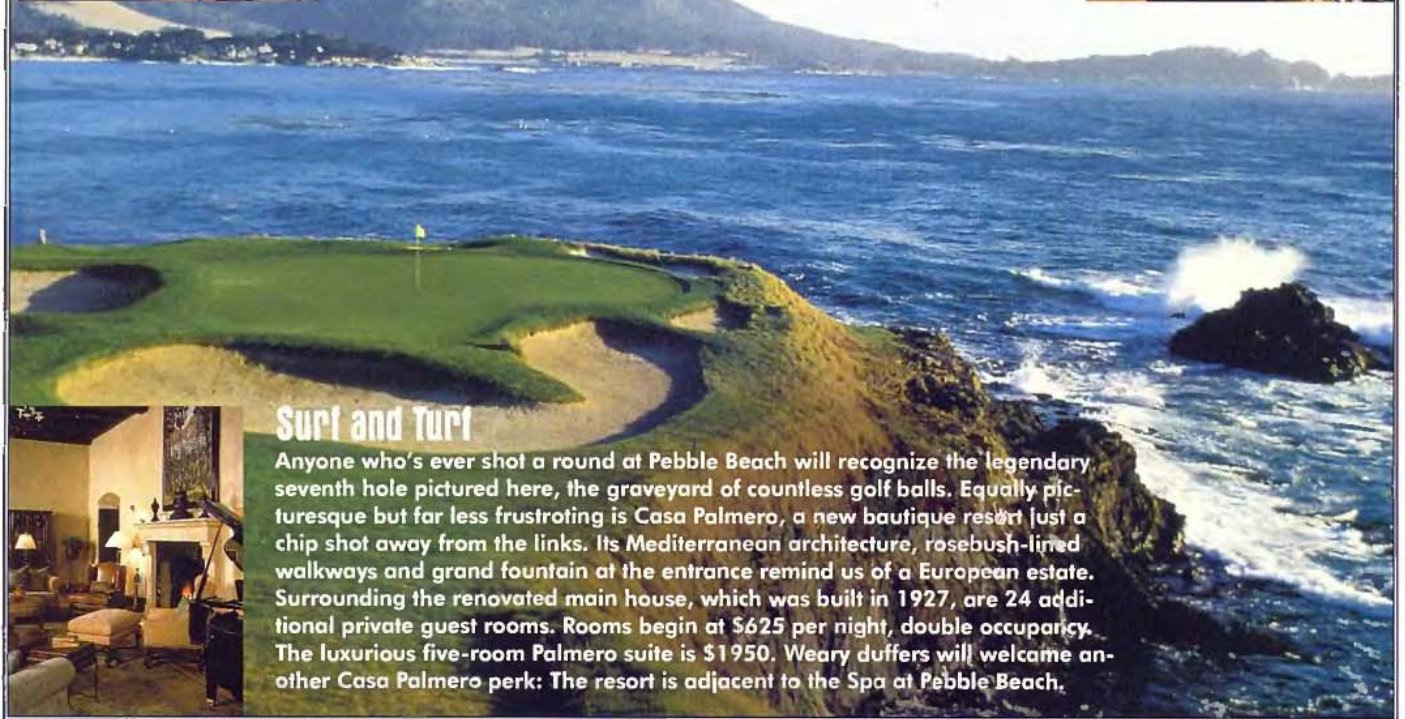
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# MANTRACK hey...it's personal



## Surf and Turf

Anyone who's ever shot a round at Pebble Beach will recognize the legendary seventh hole pictured here, the graveyard of countless golf balls. Equally picturesque but far less frustrating is Casa Palmero, a new boutique resort just a chip shot away from the links. Its Mediterranean architecture, rosebush-lined walkways and grand fountain at the entrance remind us of a European estate. Surrounding the renovated main house, which was built in 1927, are 24 additional private guest rooms. Rooms begin at \$625 per night, double occupancy. The luxurious five-room Palmero suite is \$1950. Weary duffers will welcome another Casa Palmero perk: The resort is adjacent to the Spa at Pebble Beach.



## HOW TO MASSAGE HER ASS

- ① CIRCLE THE BUTTOCKS WITH THE HEELS OF YOUR HANDS, PRESSING DOWN IN A TIGHT MOTION.
- ② MASSAGE THE SACRAL AREA AND SPREAD HANDS ACROSS THE BACK AND DOWN.
- ③ WHILE HOLDING THE SACRAL AREA, KNEAD YOUR PARTNER'S BUTTOCKS WITH THE HEELS OF YOUR HANDS, MOVING DOWN AND TO THE SIDE.
- ④ CONTINUE KNEADING WITH YOUR FINGERS, PROBING THE HIP JOINTS.
- ⑤ USE KNUCKLING TO CONTINUE DEEP PRESSURE.
- ⑥ END MESSAGE BY CUPPING HANDS OVER THE TOP OF THE BUTTOCKS, THEN SLOWLY PULLING HANDS APART AND DOWN OVER THE HIPS. TRAIL OFF WITH YOUR FINGERTIPS.
- ⑦ AVOID "WINKIES." WOMEN HATE THEM AND THEY SPOIL THE MOOD.

## Government Links

The next time you fly first-class, wear a French-cuffed shirt and Central Intelligence Agency cuff links. When your seatmate asks if you work for the company, say, "If I told you, I'd have to kill you." On second thought, given the current state of airport edginess, maybe that's not a good idea.

All the cuff links pictured here are genuine. You don't have to work for the government—or visit Camp David—to own them. Prices are as follows: Central Intelligence Agency (\$175), Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms (\$125), Secret Service (\$195), Presidential Retreat of Camp David (\$225) and Federal Bureau of Investigation (\$150). Robert Vonce Ltd., a men's clothing store in Lincolnshire, Illinois, has a limited supply of each on hand.





# MANTRACK

## Celebrity Dirt

The goody bags given to the presenters at the 2002 Emmy Awards included the new Dyson DC07 vacuum cleaner. Now you know what Martin

Sheen, Kelsey Grammer and Matt LeBlanc clean their cribs with.

To put it bluntly, this new English-mode vacuum really sucks. All those cigarette butts your friends left on the stairs after last weekend's party can be picked up with a 17-foot quick-draw hose. There are no bags to empty—you just pull a trigger and the dust container dumps itself. The machine, in case you wondered, works with patented Root Cyclone technology. Its g forces, claims the company, are 33,000 times the g forces experienced by Formula 1 drivers. Still not convinced?

Dyson also invented the Ball-borrow and Waterolla.

Price: \$400 and up.

(There's even a model that comes with a carpet-care kit.) Good luck getting your girlfriend to wear a French maid outfit while she's tidying up.



## Italian Bread Winner

The next time you're in the mood for a robust soup, serve it with bruschetta. To make, place slices of crusty Italian bread under a broiler and cook until golden. Then brush the bread with olive oil and rub the slices with the cut side of a garlic clove. Sprinkle with sea salt,

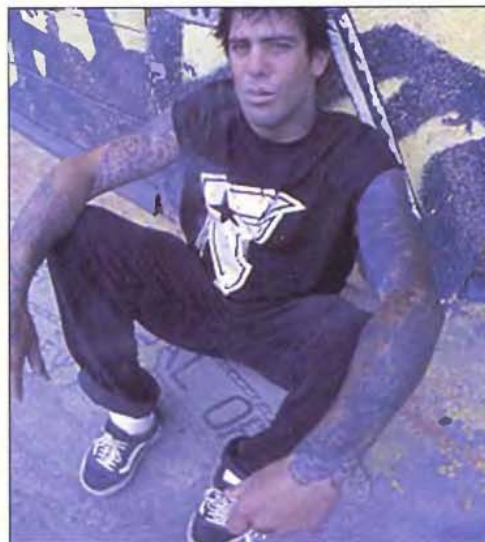
parsesan and cracked black pepper, or top with diced tomatoes and a little fresh oregano. For a topper to the soup, try pesto made with olive oil, mint leaves, parsley, pine nuts and parsesan. Recipes for these and other uncomplicated dishes are in Donno Hoy's *Modern Classics Book 1*, a Horner Collins title that's \$24.95.



## Clothesline: Christian Fletcher

Surfing icon Christian Fletcher, known for his aerials, had his own clothing line in the late Eighties and early Nineties. Today, he says, "I wear whoever's paying me to be worn."

Right now it's Vans, but he also likes his Col-Irvine water polo T-shirt (his great-uncle is the team's coach) and a Ho Chi Minh Trail T-shirt that photographer Bruce Weber brought



from Vietnam. All that pales alongside Fletcher's true means of self-expression—a nose ring, dogger necktie and tattoos. "My girlfriend's not too fond of them, but I'm still getting them."

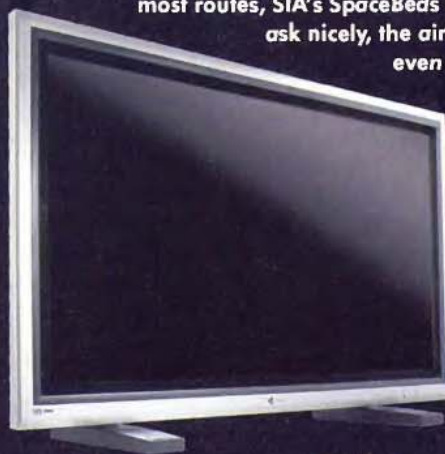
## Guys Are Talking About...

**Plasma digital TVs.** Most television sets you can hang on a wall sell for as much as a new car. Gateway's 42-inch model (pictured here) will drop your bank balance by only \$2999. How do they do it? By eliminating the retail middlemen, such as Best Buy and Circuit City. Gateway stores stock the GTW-P42M102. • **Going beddy-bye in the sky.** If you're flying in Singapore Airlines' Raffles Class, you don't have to curl up like a pretzel. Available on most routes, SIA's SpaceBeds recline flat. If you

ask nicely, the airline attendant may even tuck you in. While

awake, Space-Bedders can watch programs on a 10-inch high-resolution monitor or challenge other passengers to multiplayer video games. (Forget about air-to-air combat.) • **The**

written word. If your handwriting looks like a chicken walked across the page, maybe the new Paper Mate Pendulum pen will help. It's a swivel-tip ballpoint that adjusts itself to an individual's writing style—a "first-ever breakthrough," according to the company. For \$3.85, how can you go wrong?





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Jamie Ireland is a freelance writer in the areas of sex, fitness, romance, and travel.

# hot spot

## the inside story on healthy sex

by Jamie Ireland

### Learning "The Ropes"...

**T**his month I got a letter from a reader in Texas, about a "little secret" that has made her love life with her husband absolutely explosive. (Those Texans know their stuff, let me tell you.)

Tina writes:

Dear Jamie,

Last month, my husband returned from a business trip in Europe, he was hotter and homier than ever before, with more passion and sexual energy than he'd had for years. It was incredible. He flat wore me out! And the best part of all—he was having multiple orgasms. I know what you're thinking... men don't have multiples. That's what I thought, too. But his newfound vigor and excitement stimulated me, too, and before we knew it, we were both basking in the glow of the best sex of our lives.

We'd tried tantric stuff in the past, and the results were so-so. But this was something new and exciting, completely out of the ordinary. I asked my husband what had created such a dramatic change in our lovemaking, and he told me he'd finally learned "the ropes."

On the last night of his business trip, my husband spent an evening dining out with a Swedish nutritionist and his wife of 20 years. The couple was obviously still quite enamored with each other, so my husband asked their secret. The nutritionist told him their sex life was more passionate than ever. Then he pulled a small bottle from his satchel and gave it to my husband.



The bottle contained a natural supplement that the nutritionist told my husband would teach him "the ropes" of good sex.

My husband takes the supplement every day. The supply from the nutritionist is about to run out, and we desperately want to know how we can find more. Do you know anything about "the ropes," and can you tell us how we can find it in the States?

Sincerely,

Tina C.

Ft. Worth, Texas

**T**ina, you and the rest of our readers are in luck, because it just so happens I do know about the ropes, and the supplement your husband's Swedish friend likely shared.

The physical contractions and fluid release during male orgasm can be multiplied and intensified by a product called Mioplex Pure Extract. It's a supplement specially formulated to trigger better orgasmic experiences in men. The best part, from a woman's perspective, is that the motion and

experience a man can achieve with Mioplex Pure Extract can help stimulate our own orgasms, bringing a whole new meaning to the term *simultaneous climax*.

The term used by the Swedish nutritionist is actually fairly common slang for the effect your husband experienced. The enhanced contractions and heightened orgasmic release are often referred to as *ropes* because of the rope-like effect of release during climax. In other words, as some people have said, "it just keeps coming and coming."

As far as finding it in the States, I know of just one importer—Böland Naturals, Inc. If you are interested, you can contact them at 1-866-MIOPLEX or [Mioplex.com](http://Mioplex.com). Mioplex is all-natural and safe to take. All the people I've spoken with have said taking the one-a-day tablet has led to the *roping* effect Tina described in her letter.

Aren't you glad you asked?

*Jamie Ireland*

Jamie Ireland



# The Playboy Advisor

Recently my boyfriend informed me that he sees women all the time who he wants to have sex with. That made me feel insecure and paranoid. It's not that I don't fantasize about other guys, but I keep my thoughts private and I don't harbor the images for longer than that person is in my sight. I asked my boyfriend how often these fantasies happen; he said he couldn't say. When do these thoughts become too much for a relationship to bear? And is it normal to envision others when you are being intimate with the one you allegedly love? Am I asking too much for my lover to focus on me when we are having sex?—A.H., New York, New York

Your boyfriend is normal; his mistake, apparently, was to be honest with you about his erotic daydreams. Many women would interpret that sort of honesty as a sign of trust, but you scolded him for it. That's too bad. If you accept that every person is a sexual being, and that most men are stimulated visually more than women are, it's easier not to get worked up about fantasies—even those that occur in bed. (As Johnny Carson once said, when turkeys mate, they think of swans.) The important thing isn't whether your boyfriend is dreaming about fucking other women but whether he's doing it. There is a point where your boyfriend may be pushing it—he should not be turning his head when he's with you—but that's a matter of etiquette.

I have started to notice dark circles under my eyes. Is there a cream that can do everything from moisturizing to eliminating wrinkles?—M.D., Miami, Florida

A cream can't fix the circles, but it can hide them. As we age, the thin skin beneath our eyes becomes thinner and wrinkles, making the veins beneath appear more prominent. People with allergies, eczema, hay fever or asthma may have darker circles because the veins swell (the traditional cucumber treatment is designed to reduce the swelling). Our skin care writer, Donald Charles Richardson, suggests Surface Optimizing Skin Cream by Aramis as a cover-up. If you're willing to spend the money, ask a cosmetic surgeon about laser treatment.

I'm a 43-year-old secretary who's falling in love with her married boss. Until a few months ago he had been all business. But one afternoon he called me "darling" and asked if I was "planning to stick with him." I felt dizzy—a schoolgirl realizing her crush. Since that day, we have engaged in a flirtation that is alternately thrilling and excruciating. We haven't gotten physical, but he has informed me, in a roundabout way, that he's well hung, told me to "plug him in



there tight" when I offered to update his planner, let me know that he "loves to give me a hard time" and intimated that he suspects that I have to resort to masturbation after working with him all day. When he drove me home from work, I became wet sitting so close to him. Another time I was taking dictation when I looked up at him and we smiled and stared at each other for half a minute. Is there anything more thrilling than falling in love? I suffered from depression for many years and my only intimate contact with a man was more than 25 years ago, when I was date-raped as a teenager. How can I curtail my randiness before this situation gets out of hand?—L.P., Houston, Texas

Your background reveals more about this situation than anything else. You don't have much more sexual experience than a nun. We both know what your boss is up to, but if his flirtation leads to an affair, it won't end well. The best thing for your emotional well-being is to extract yourself, even if that means finding another job. You deserve a partner who doesn't need to make wisecracks to conceal his lust or betray someone to be with you. It's time you make a serious effort to find a relationship that will move your life forward.

My husband, who is 56, handed me the October issue and told me to read the Advisor's report on cabergoline, which may soon allow men to have multiple orgasms. My husband can climax three or four times with no downtime. He didn't suspect he was different until he visited prostitutes as a young man in the Navy. He would covertly ejaculate in his hand,

then wipe it on the sheets. That way he could get off five or six times for the price of one. After reading the column, I asked my husband how he was feeling. He said that after cabergoline arrives, "I won't have anything special going for me except you." That earned him an afternoon or two or three, depending on how you count.—H.H., Los Angeles, California

Your husband has a rare talent—he got you undressed with a single line. A number of readers took exception to our statement that guys in their 50s may need a day to get hard again after orgasm. The recovery times we cited were averages, not hard-and-fast rules. But if a guy lives long enough, his day will come.

I moved from out of state last year and found my cell phone didn't work reliably. I switched carriers but my new service said it couldn't program the phone, even though it was only a month old and they sold the same model. Is this a way for the wireless carriers to sell phones, or is there more to it?—J.P., Scottsdale, Arizona

There's more, but not much. First, the major carriers operate on incompatible systems. T-Mobile uses the GSM standard, Cingular and AT&T use TDMA (but are switching to GSM), Sprint and Verizon use CDMA and Nextel has its own proprietary system. But even if you switched between two carriers using the same system, you'd still need a new phone. That's because each provider programs the subscriber information module inside its phones so they can't be used by other carriers. Many people wouldn't mind switching even if they had to upgrade their phones, but they stay put because they would have to give up their phone numbers. The wireless companies were supposed to have a system in place three years ago to allow customers to take their numbers with them, but the FCC has extended the deadline several times, most recently to November 2003. And it probably won't happen then.

For those readers whose sex lives have dried up since the kids arrived, here's what works to keep my husband and me active five or six nights a week: (1) Hire a sitter once a week while you go for a walk, hold hands and talk. (2) Be a helpmate—there's nothing sexier than a man who folds socks or massages feet during Monday Night Football. (3) Clean house—if ear and nose hair was gross on your grandfather, they are not attractive on you, either. (4) Make sure your wife has time to read a Susan Johnson book once a month to keep the juices flowing. (5) Schedule a little romance—do at least



one small thing each week (rose petals have lots of uses). (6) Be a lifelong learner—read the *Kama Sutra* or watch the *Better Sex* video series.—J.B., Santa Rosa, California

Admit it—you'd have sex with your husband four times a week even if he didn't do all this stuff. Most guys understand that they have to make an effort, but these lists feel like work. We always want to ask, when was the last time you fucked your husband for no reason at all?

In an episode of MTV's *Undressed*, two women were kissing. One cut off the end of a condom and sliced it lengthwise. She then handed the latex to her partner, who dropped to her knees. Apparently both women derived much pleasure from what happened next. How was the latex used that got these girls so hot?—H.F., Mequon, Wisconsin

They used it as a dental dam, which is a barrier placed over the vulva to prevent skin-to-skin contact with the tongue. That lessens the chance of spreading STDs. It's often necessary but hardly sexy.

Lately I've been thinking about friends I knew in the Sixties and Seventies. What is the most economical way for tracking down people from that long ago?—P.R., Corvallis, Oregon

Search *classmates.com* for a list of alumni from your elementary school, high school or college who have registered with the site. For \$36 annually, you can e-mail old friends (for privacy reasons, their addresses aren't revealed unless they reply). If a classmate is not listed, a mutual friend who has registered may be helpful. The site also maintains databases of military veterans and former co-workers. You can also search for old friends with relatively uncommon names at *google.com*. Type the name inside quotation marks. Narrow your search by adding a city or state. To locate old lovers, type in your own name and the words *best sex I ever had*.

I belong to a bowling league. After each session most of us retire to the bar to play cards. One evening, as we played gin, a guy on the other team repeatedly blew cigar smoke in my face to irritate or distract me. I told him twice to knock it off. Finally, when I'd had enough, I dumped the contents of the ashtray in his lap. I viewed his provocation as akin to spitting at me. When put in this situation in front of your peers, and when leaving is not an option, how is it best handled?—J.S., Kansas City, Missouri

You handled it well enough.

My fiancée and I have been together for four years. About every six months, I have a dream in which I catch her cheating. My fiancée swears that she has never been unfaithful. Am I insecure or is my subconscious trying to tell me something?—K.B., Grand Rapids, Michigan

Rest assured you aren't picking up subtle hints of betrayal that your mind can only piece together in deep sleep. Cheaters leave more obvious signs. Be careful about accusing your fiancée of infidelity based on a dream. It says you don't trust her. And you trust her, right?

What is the protocol for walking women through rotating doors? Ladies first and make them push, or gentleman first in order to do the pushing?—A.F., New Orleans, Louisiana

We think ladies first, for the same reason it's always ladies first—so you can check out her ass. Did we say that aloud?

What have you heard about the Voodoo Magick Box? Its website claims it induces "feelings of inebriation, psychedelic visuals, extreme relaxation, floating sensations, intense endorphin releases, all culminating in a relaxed yet euphoric state." It's also promoted as a sexual enhancer.—C.K., Seattle, Washington

From the photos on its site, the device appears to be a nine-volt battery inside a black plastic case with two ear clips attached. Only 90 bucks. Licking the battery might provide more of an erotic charge. The site provides no useful explanation of how it works and the site's owners declined to be interviewed, claiming it would create too much demand. The Canadian company that owns the domain name shares a phone number with a hacker site that has posted two glowing "reviews" of the device. Ready to type in your credit card number?

How do you get rid of a fetish? I'm a straight guy with a girlfriend, but I wear women's panties, thongs and bikinis. Lately I've indulged in high heels and skirts. Can you help me?—P.L., Houston, Texas

You're a transvestite, which is relatively common though not easily explained. The issue isn't that cross-dressing excites you. It's whether you have the type of relationship where you can comfortably share your desires with your partner, and whether you can become aroused when the only person wearing panties is your girlfriend. If that's the case, your gender bending isn't a fetish but simply a variation on the theme.

Is there any difference in the sensitivity of a man who is circumcised? My boyfriend isn't circumcised, and I want to make sure he receives the best pleasure possible. Any advice?—N.J., Hyannis, Massachusetts

Keep sucking. It's hard to quantify who's more sensitive—guys cut as infants have no way to compare—but common sense favors those who escape the knife. The foreskin protects and helps lubricate the highly sensitive glans of the penis. It also contains a lot of nerve endings. Researchers have attempted to answer your question by surveying men who were circumcised as adults to correct

medical problems. One study of 123 men concluded that circumcision lessens sensitivity, but not all of the subjects reported being unhappy about that—the procedure gave them more stamina. In another study 15 men quizzed before and 12 weeks after being cut reported no difference in sensation.

Why do so many of the women in porn movies wear shoes, even during the sex scenes?—N.G., Minneapolis, Minnesota

Heels make the performer's legs seem longer, lift her buttocks and give her a wobble when she walks, which makes her appear vulnerable. Plus, would you walk around barefoot on a porn set?

I leave on vacation in three weeks and will be staying with friends and family, mostly sharing rooms. I've been told by my girlfriend that I have a serious snoring problem. Should I look for my own lodging? Should I mention this up front to the people I stay with?—E.S., Newport Beach, California

If you're sharing rooms, you may meet your match—about 50 percent of men and 25 percent of women snore. Most are over 40. We suggest you see a doctor—serious snoring may contribute to heart disease, diabetes, stroke or hypertension. The most dangerous form of snoring is obstructive sleep apnea, characterized by heavy snoring interrupted by moments of silence when you temporarily stop breathing, followed by a snort as you wake yourself up. The most common treatments for snoring are to lose weight, treat allergies, get more sleep, attach nasal strips, avoid alcohol, tobacco and sedatives before bedtime or sew a tennis ball into the back of your pajamas to force you to sleep on your side. If none of that works, a doctor can fit you with a mouthpiece that holds your jaw forward to open your airway, or a cumbersome breathing mask that pushes air into your throat. You also may want to investigate laser-assisted uvulopalatoplasty or somnoplasty to remove tissue from your soft palate.

One of my friends says he never goes back to his old girlfriends because the same problems would come up. Another friend says he frequently dates his exes because people mature and that makes for better relationships. Who's right?—E.S., Richmond, Virginia

It depends on the guy. We only date other people's exes, but we'll sleep with anyone.

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](http://playboyadvisor.com).





## ALIEN NOTION

sneaking god into science class

By CHIP ROWE

In 1987 the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that requiring public school teachers to teach biblical creationism alongside Darwin's theory of evolution violated the constitutional separation of church and state. The decision was another in a long series of setbacks for creationists, dating to Clarence Darrow's emasculation of William Jennings Bryan during the 1925 Scopes trial.

In recent years, creationists have split into two factions—the “young earthers” who believe in the literal interpretation of the book of Genesis (and include Pat Robertson, who claims that the Smithsonian found physical evidence of creationism “somewhere in the Dakotas” but suppressed it) and a more media-savvy group that has adopted a new tactic to sneak God into the classroom.

The new creationists avoid any mention of Adam and Eve. Instead, they champion a concept known as intelligent design, which is creationism after a shower and shave. They argue the universe is so complex that only an intelligent being could have designed it. They've dusted off ideas that were first popularized by a long-dead British theologian, the Reverend William Paley, who in 1802 postulated that if one finds a watch in the sand on the beach, one must presume there is a watchmaker—an interesting conversation starter for philosophy class but hardly an idea that can be proved or disproved. (That's why, while many scientists believe in a supreme being, they don't bring him to work.) In 1859 Charles Darwin published *On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection*, which presented his theory—that simple organisms evolve into more complex ones through minor adaptations. His ideas have held up through more than a century of observation, experiments and research into the fossil record.

When pressed, proponents of intelligent design insist their designer isn't necessarily God. They say it can easily be a space alien—a public stance that puts them in league with Scientology, whose followers deify an alien named Xenu. But in privately printed books and at gatherings of the faithful, the movement's true colors emerge. In *Defeating Darwinism*, Phillip Johnson, a law professor emeritus at the University of California–Berkeley, expresses his desire to “redefine what is at issue in the creation–evolution controversy so that Christians and other believers in God can find common ground in the most fundamental is-

macy it didn't deserve. In October, a committee recommended that ninth and tenth graders should be able to “describe how scientists today continue to investigate and critically analyze aspects of evolutionary theory.”

Scientists cringe at that line, which acknowledges the new creationist argument that those students should be taught about the “controversy” surrounding evolution—even if that controversy is of the creationists' own making. When scientists point out that intelligent design isn't by definition science, the new creationists counter that the definition of science is too narrow and that it should allow for supernatural explanations. They dismiss basic scientific knowledge as “naturalism” and say that science ought to move beyond its “naturalistic bias.”

Scientists who dismiss this absurd line of reasoning find themselves attacked as close-minded zealots who would deprive students of learning about a wide range of ideas. The modern creationist presents himself not as a person of deep religious faith but as a crusader for “critical thinking”

(by that reasoning, every revisionist quack who denies that the Holocaust occurred deserves a place in history class). Science is anything but hostile to new ideas—it just doesn't accept them at face value. Ideas lead to research, the results of which are reviewed and replicated by other scientists until a consensus is reached. That consensus then becomes the scientific canon, which is what is rightfully taught. As Lawrence Krauss, a physics professor at Case Western Reserve University, points out, new creationists want to skip the scientific process and jump straight to the classrooms and textbooks.

With its success in disguising its origins and goals, intelligent design deserves a place in school—as a case study in a marketing class.



sue—the reality of God as our true creator.” At a gathering hosted by a TV preacher, Johnson said he hoped intelligent design ultimately would introduce young people to Jesus Christ.

To sell intelligent design to school boards, the religious right organizes grassroots lobbying efforts that ostensibly fight for school reform. In Ohio, creationists gathered under the flag of a group called Science Excellence for All Ohioans. In fact, SEAO is a project of the American Family Association of Ohio with support from Phyllis Schlafly's Eagle Forum, James Dobson's Focus on the Family and the Christian Home Educators of Ohio. It found sympathetic members on the state school board, who persuaded their colleagues to host a public hearing—giving intelligent design a legiti-



# CONFESSIONS ARE US

who needs evidence?

By MORGAN STRONG



*In Manchester, Vermont in 1819, the disappearance of cantankerous Russell Colvin led to an accusation that his feuding neighbors, Stephen and Jesse Boorn, had murdered him. The Boorn brothers declared their innocence throughout their trial, which nevertheless ended in their convictions. Then, while awaiting execution in the local jail, where they were visited by fellow townspeople urging that they clear their consciences before going to the gallows, they did confess to the murder. Meanwhile, their attorney had put notices in area newspapers seeking information about Colvin—for the body had never been found—which led to the discovery that Colvin was not in fact dead, but had merely gone to live in Schenectady, New York.*—FROM *Troubling Confessions* BY PETER BROOKS

What were the Boorns thinking? Confession, writes Brooks, is the queen of proofs, "a statement from the person who should know best." That some confessions are false is not news. Nor is the fact that the American justice system is loath to correct its mistakes. Consider these two stories:

In 1989 an investment banker was raped and nearly murdered while jogging in New York's Central Park. Police picked up five teenagers—Kevin Richardson, Antron McCray, Raymond Santana, Yusef Salaam and Kharey Wise—chosen, it seems, at random from gangs of teenagers who roamed the park.

During exhausting interrogation sessions (some of which lasted two days), the police told each of the five boys that evidence found at the crime scene would convict them. They told them they had witnesses. They said their friends would testify against them.

The families of the teenagers, who were required by law to be present during the interrogations, were told by police that the teenagers were considered witnesses to the crime.

The teenagers each confessed. One later explained, "I started making up facts just to give them what they wanted to hear. They told me that I could go home after I made the statement, and I fell for it."

There were glaring errors in those confessions. The teens said the jogger was left naked (she was not). They said they used a knife to cut off her pants (the pants were intact). The forensic

evidence was useless. Semen that was taken from the victim did not match any of the suspects. Hairs found on one of the boy's jackets, said to be the jogger's, were discovered not to be the jogger's. Blood on a rock that the police claimed had been used to beat the victim was not the victim's blood. The Central Park jogger case was a high-profile one, what police refer to as a heater. The public learned about "wilding"—black youth gone wild. Televisions broadcast the teenager's videotaped confessions, the perp walks and the press conferences.

McCray, Santana, Richardson and Salaam received sentences between five and 10 years. Wise, tried as an adult, received five to 15 years. All five had served their time when the actual rapist came forward.

In January of last year, Matias Reyes, serving 33 years to life for rape and murder, confessed to the assault. His DNA matched that of the semen found on the victim.

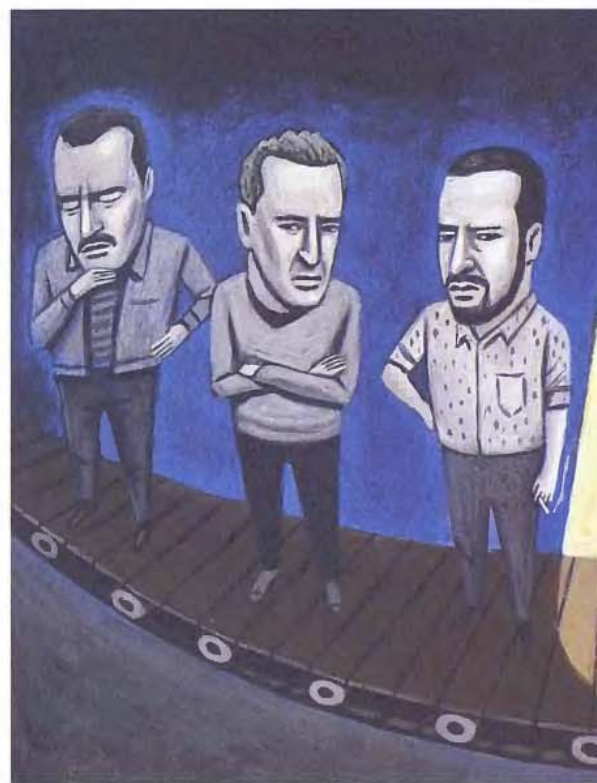
Rather than simply admitting a miscarriage of justice, the DA is reviewing "thousands and thousands of documents" and some "15,000 pages of transcripts" from the case in search of something to justify their actions.

Supporters of the convicted teenagers have charged racism, but this kind of injustice is not limited to blacks or Hispanics. An even more egregious example of mass confession occurred in Norfolk, Virginia. Stories in *The Virginian-Pilot* and a documentary on Medstar Television called *Eight Men Out* have traced the case's twists and turns.

Billy Bosko returned home from a six-day cruise aboard his ship, the *U.S.S. Simpson*, on July 8, 1997. He found his 18-year-old wife, Michelle, dead on the bedroom floor. She had been raped, strangled and stabbed.

Danial Williams, a sailor who lived across the hall from the Boskos, called 911. Williams then drove to police headquarters to answer questions. Detectives interrogated him throughout the night. Williams admitted to being infatuated with Michelle but denied ever

having sex with her. He took a polygraph test. As the night wore on, his story changed. Maybe he had been sleepwalking, he said. He couldn't remember. Eventually, Williams cracked. He admitted forcing himself on the victim, but said he never ejaculated, that when he left she was screaming and hollering. Later, he again changed his



story, saying he raped her, then hit her with his fists and his shoe, and, finally, that he stabbed her. Then, in police vernacular, he stopped cooperating. Months later, the DNA results came back from the lab. Williams' DNA did not match that of the rapist.

Detectives brought in another sailor, Joseph Dick, Williams' former roommate. He too volunteered to take a lie-detector test. The police told him (incorrectly) he had failed.

After hours of interrogation, Dick confessed, saying that he had participated in the rape with Williams and had stabbed the victim. In March, the lab test came back. Dick's DNA did not match that of the rapist.





Police brought in another sailor, Eric Wilson. They shoved crime scene photos in his face. Hours later, he offered yet another version of the crime. The three men had gone to the apartment together, roughhoused with the victim by tickling her, but the fun turned violent. He said he participated in the rape, but left before the murder. Wilson's DNA did not match the DNA that was found at the scene.

The cops were stymied. There must have been someone else at the scene. They went back to Dick, who now said six men had been involved in the rape and murder. He identified one by pointing to a photo in a yearbook.



Derek Tice had left the Navy, married and moved to Orlando. Detectives extradited him to Virginia for interrogation. Tice confessed, naming two other men, Rick Pauley (his former roommate) and Geoffrey Farris (a friend from the Navy), as participants. Then the ever-helpful suspect now said there was a seventh man involved, John Danser, a former sailor.

The Norfolk police now had seven men in custody. But none of the evidence—14 different fingerprints, DNA from cigarette butts found in the apartment, DNA from the semen recovered from the victim and a blanket found near her body—matched any of the men in police custody.

The police might have worked their way through the entire Atlantic fleet

but for a woman who handed investigators a letter she'd received from a man named Omar Ballard. Ballard, in prison for raping a 14-year-old girl, had written: "You remember that night I went to Mommy's house and the next morning Michelle got killed? Guess who did that? Me. It was not the first time. Send pictures of you in panties, bra and a nasty letter and send money, or you'll be with Michelle in hell."

When police questioned Ballard, he readily confessed to the murder of Michelle Bosko. That he had never been a suspect defied the odds. Two weeks before the murder, Ballard had been picked up for sexually assaulting a woman in the Boskos' apartment complex. (In a bizarre twist, Michelle and Billy Bosko had kept Ballard, whom they knew, from being beaten senseless by angry neighbors.)

Ballard identified the murder weapon. He described the crime scene in great detail—no guessing with him. His DNA matched that taken from a vaginal swab, semen on a blanket and biological material found underneath Michelle's fingernails. His fingerprints matched those found on the murder weapon. In his confession Ballard said he acted alone and that he didn't know any of the other seven charged with murder. Ballard said of the other accused, "The people who opened their mouths is stupid."

It's not that simple. Criminologists who have studied similar cases say the Norfolk seven show how easy it is to manufacture a confession. The sailors were subject to interrogation sessions lasting from 12 to 18 hours. They were denied attorneys, not allowed to sleep, not apprised of their right to remain silent, lied to about the evidence against them (a common and quite legal tactic) and allegedly beaten. The four who originally confessed—Williams, Dick, Wilson and Tice—said they had been so fearful of the lead investigator that they confessed, in the words of one, "just to get away from the detective—I was afraid he was going to kill me."

Wilson described the pressure that he felt. "If they told me I had killed JFK, I would have said that I handed Oswald the gun," he said.

Each of the written confessions given to the police by these four was flawed. They added details: One said he had used a claw hammer to break down the door. (There were no signs of forced

entry.) None knew specifically how the victim had been killed.

The coercion didn't stop with the confession. The men say that the police told them they would get the death penalty if they went to trial. Williams and Dick entered plea bargains in return for life sentences. Wilson recanted his confession and demanded a trial. He thought the evidence (or lack of it) would prove his innocence. Despite objections by the defense, the judge allowed prosecutors to play the tape of the suspect's confession. It was enough to sway the jury. Wilson was found guilty of rape (but not guilty of murder) and was sentenced to eight and a half years.

Derek Tice withdrew his confession and went to trial. The judge, in a ruling so confounding as to be inexplicable, refused to allow the defense to introduce facts about Ballard's involvement. The jury never heard Ballard's confession, read the incriminating letter or saw the evidence that convicted him. They were allowed to hear Tice's confession, and the jury convicted him. D.J. Hansen, the prosecutor in this fiasco, could tell juries, "It is very difficult to believe that somebody would confess to a crime as heinous as this if they did not participate in it." We know that not to be true.



The Innocence Project, run by the Benjamin Cardozo School of Law in New York, has managed to free 111 men wrongly convicted of a crime. In 27 of these cases police obtained what are now known to be false confessions.

In Brooks' anecdote, the cantankerous Russell Colvin "returned to Manchester and saved the unfortunate doomed men from a terrible fate." We cannot rely on luck, if we want to protect our system of justice.

The Miranda warning isn't enough. Reformers want to create a more neutral interrogation, one free of coercion, psychological tricks, patent lying, or worse. Suspects should not be shown crime scene photos or evidence that might contaminate their stories. Reformers encourage skepticism—a suspect's confession should not mark the end of an investigation but the beginning. Police should find evidence to corroborate or challenge the suspect's story.

Videotaping the entire interrogation—not just the 18-minute recap or the signed statement—should be routine, but many police departments oppose it on grounds that it is a burden on the cops. Given what we've learned about false confession, the burden belongs to society.



## CLEAN FLIX

do companies that censor videos violate anyone's rights?

**I**n the Sixties, the Varsity Theater at Brigham Young University routinely spliced sex and profanity from mainstream films to suit the tastes of its Mormon clientele. It wasn't until the mid-Nineties, when director Steven Spielberg objected to the theater's plans to sanitize *Schindler's List*, that problems arose. In 1998, the university gave up the editing altogether after a request from executives at Sony to stop altering its products.

That same year, the owner of Sunrise Video in American Fork, Utah noticed that many of his customers would not rent *Titanic* because it contained nudity—notably the scene in which Kate Winslet bares her breasts so Leonardo DiCaprio can sketch her nude. Smelling opportunity, the owner offered to edit customers' personal copies of the movie. He charged five bucks to neuter the video by snipping out—with scissors—the movie's two sexually charged scenes (he eventually exorcised some 7000 copies). Around the same time, the Towne Cinema theater began showing a nudity-free version of *Titanic*. Paramount Pictures demanded that the theater return the print. Its lawyers also sent the video store a nasty letter but left it at that.

The owner of Sunrise said he never thought that his idea would spread past the county line. But four years later, a handful of entrepreneurs have expanded the e-movie business ("e" for edited) into a national phenomenon. Ray Lines founded CleanFlicks, the largest of these companies, in 1999. A Mormon and former TV producer, he used home video-editing equipment to snip scenes and words from movies for his seven children. Soon his friends, also Mormons, began asking him to clean up their VHS copies of blockbusters such as *Shakespeare in Love* and *Titanic*. The CleanFlicks website lists 10 company-owned and 54 independent rental stores in 15 states (35 of the stores are in Utah). It sells and rents more than 440 censored movies for about twice the cost of a regular tape. For legal reasons, it also sells unedited versions. Clean Cut and Family Flix run

By PATTY LAMBERTI

similar operations, and Family Flix is actively soliciting franchises.

A do-it-yourself industry also has sprouted. Home censors can download software such as MovieMask that allows them to bowdlerize big-screen eroticism. After connecting a DVD player to the computer, or connecting a computer with a DVD drive to a television, the concerned consumer selects which elements he does not want to see or hear—rough language, violence, adult themes, etc. The software works only



with certain videos and DVDs, which the customer must purchase or rent and which remain intact. As the movie is playing, the software masks out, by either skipping forward or muting, what the censor has selected for omission.

MovieMask has a patent pending for technology that allows users to clothe naked characters, or change guns into something less threatening, like light sabers. A similar product, ClearPlay, cuts the rough stuff from films in much the same way but requires a monthly subscription fee. MovieShield and TVGuardian are filtering contraptions that a person can connect directly to his television set.

What do these programs hide? You can probably guess. Here's a sample of cuttings from the living-room floor:

Romeo and Juliet lying in bed together in *Shakespeare in Love*.

Muhammad Ali stating, "No Viet

Cong ever called me a nigger," in *Ali*.

In *Gosford Park*, the sex scene in the kitchen as well as the word fag—even though the character is referring to a cigarette.

Scenes of blood and guts in *Die Hard*. Halle Berry and Billy Bob Thornton fucking in *Monster's Ball*.

The gory, realistic opening of *Saving Private Ryan*.

In *Traffic*, the drug czar's daughter freebasing cocaine and prostituting herself.

A violent shoot-out in *Training Day*.

Blood running up the wall in the opening scene of *Memento*, as well as one character giving someone the finger and another character strangling a drug dealer.

The farting in *Dr. Dolittle 2*.

Thirty seconds of sexual innuendo and swearing in *Shrek*.

In *Bridget Jones's Diary*, two minutes of sexual discussion.

One hundred and thirty-nine "fucks" and 29 "shits" in *Good Will Hunting*.

The genitalia and breasts of the concentration camp victims in *Schindler's List*.

Some movies are so corrupt that the editing companies don't even attempt to make them presentable. These include *American History X*, *Analyze This*, *Any Given Sunday*, *Basic Instinct*, *Blair Witch Project*, *Caddyshack*, *Election*, *End of Days*, *Eyes Wide Shut*, *Face/Off*, *Grosse Pointe Blank*, *Pretty Woman*, *Showgirls* and *Silence of the Lambs*.

Last summer members of the Directors Guild of America finally took notice of the cleansing companies and began discussing legal action against them. Guild members believe the companies are violating federal copyright law. But the owner of several CleanFlicks stores in Colorado filed his own lawsuit to compel a judge to decide whether he was running a legitimate business. The owner of MovieMask later joined him. The Hollywood directors quickly countersued, arguing that the cleaners are illegally selling and renting "derivatives"—films that are different enough from the originals to be something new. Films edited for network television or airplane viewing are derivatives, but the cuts are controlled



by the studios and, in some cases, the director. The networks and airlines also pay studios for the privilege.

The cleansing companies have attempted to protect themselves by requiring their customers to become members of a rental club and pay a monthly or annual fee as well as per-video rental fees. The clubs then collectively purchase the original VHS and DVD copies of the film, and the owners make one copy of each original for the "personal use" of the club. The clubs are careful to maintain a one-to-one ratio of originals and edited copies so that the original video or DVD is never edited—only the copy is. They're hoping this setup will get them off the hook.

(Companies that sell video-editing software have a more straightforward defense. They don't edit movies but simply provide a way for consumers to do it—and the movies aren't physically altered. Bill Aho, chief executive of ClearPlay, says banning his software would be "like trying to ban the fast-forward or mute buttons on a remote control.")

As a backup argument, the cleansing companies say they are protected under the "fair use" provision of copyright law. This provision allows a person to make limited use of a copyrighted work for specific purposes. For example, "fair use" is what allows an author or reviewer to quote at length from a book. The cleansing companies say they are making only minor changes that don't alter the essential meaning or message of the films. Fair use is a riskier argument because there's no clear definition of how much can be borrowed, or omitted, from an original. Some judges look to see that no more was taken than was absolutely necessary.

The cleansers expected the fuss but also don't quite understand it. Rather than harming Hollywood, they say they are introducing its product to new audiences. Their conservative customers would never buy or rent the studios' videos and DVDs without going through the rental clubs, which purchase hundreds or thousands of copies. People who buy editing software instead still must rent or buy the movie.

Hollywood may be missing an immensely profitable opportunity here—the studios ought to buy these companies, do the edits themselves and keep the cash. You can't go wrong marketing to people who live in a shell, because they never know what they're missing.

*"Copyright is the Cinderella of the law. Suddenly, the fairy godmother, Invention, endowed her with mechanical and electrical devices as magical as the pumpkin coach and the mice footmen. Now she whirls through the mad mazes of a glamorous ball."*—ZECHARIAH CHAFEE

**N**ot since the Human Cannonball sued a television station that had filmed his entire act, all 15 seconds of it, and broadcast it without permission, has the field of entertainment law been this interesting.

It began simply. Mike Batt, producer of a musical group called the Planets, had a spot of dead space to fill on the Planets' debut album. He conjured up a tongue-in-cheek number called *A One Minute Silence*. Batt's liner notes included a single cryptic line: "I have nothing to say about this track." A few months later Batt received a royalty statement from the British Mechanical-Copyright Protection Society. A bureaucrat had noticed that *A One Minute Silence* was credited to Batt and Cage. Assuming that Cage was John Cage, and that the Planets had somehow adapted John Cage's longer piece of silence, 4'33", the BMCPs ordered a royalty payment of about £400. What followed was an often hilarious teach-in on copyright law. Hearing of the dispute, Batt's mother quipped, "Which part of the silence are they claiming you nicked?" Batt defiantly declared that his work was original. "Mine is a much better silent piece. I am able to say in one minute what took Cage four minutes and 33 seconds." His silence was digital, the 1952 composition was analog.

The Cage in his song credit was not John Cage but, rather, Clint Cage, a registered

## SILENCE

No sound and a fury in the UK. Was it a hoax?



Contradictus: *A One Minute Silence* DOUBLE "A" SIDE SINGLE

pseudonym. *The Washington Post* wrote that Batt had been forced to pay an undisclosed six-figure settlement. Internet chat rooms bristled with outrage. The opposing parties staged a duel onstage: the Planets playing their minute of silence, a clarinetist playing the 4'33" version (though in the original, Cage had sat at a piano, opening and closing the lid for each movement of the piece). *The New Yorker* covered the concert. Batt announced he had secured the copyright for "all durations of silence between 0 seconds and 10 minutes, so that if a Cage performance comes in shorter or longer than 4'33", the Cage estate will be in breach of my copyright." We began to suspect, if not a put-on, a hilarious bit of gamesmanship. The comments from both sides were too amicable to have come from lawyers. We contacted both Batt and the publisher. The case, as such, had never gone to court: "No one in his right mind would contest the claim" was the general sense. When Batt decided to give the Cage estate a decidedly not-six-figure charitable donation, a local television crew filmed the exchange on the steps of the High Court for tongue-in-cheek Monty Pythonesque drama. Batt plans to bring the Planets to the U.S. in March and says he may restage the dueling silences. "My

guys are fantastic live players and put on a terrific show," he says. "They also take no prisoners in the looks department. Hey, how about a *PLAYBOY* spread of my band being silent?" We think we'll check out the band before we commit to anything. Will they,

like Milli Vanilli before them, lip-synch *A One Minute Silence*?



# FORUM

## R E A D E R

### DRUG TESTS

Drug tests can reveal things besides whether a person uses illegal drugs ("Piss Poor Judgment," *The Playboy Forum*, November). Who's to say that school administrators or companies that make their employees take drug tests wouldn't also analyze urine for pregnancy or diseases? Many high schools have started drug-testing students just to find out if they're smoking cigarettes. We're losing control of the one thing we can truly call our own—our bodies.

Carl Grover  
Mason City, Iowa

The U.S. Supreme Court may feel that safety considerations override personal freedom when it comes to drug testing, but other branches of the government don't necessarily feel the same way. Years ago I was an engineer for a company that made windows for B-2 bombers. The government insisted on performing random drug tests on us, and the company fired several employees who tested positive. One employee who lost his job worked on the windows of the first four B-2s to go into service. But no windows were recalled or retested, even though the feds knew "drug users" had built them. Rather than recall \$4 billion worth of planes, the government bet that the parts were safe. I was fired when I refused to submit to a drug test. I was not eligible for unemployment and being dismissed under suspicion of drug use made it difficult to find another job. I estimate that being fired cost me \$100,000 or more. It would take a lot of drug-needy burglars to rip me off for that kind of money.

Kevin Molyneux  
Reseda, California

If children, who should be presumed innocent, can be tested for drugs, the justices of the Supreme Court, who are presumed innocent but probably aren't, should also be tested. If we apply to the Court the same guidelines schools use to figure out which students should be tested, Clarence Thomas starts to look mighty suspicious. Didn't Thomas ap-



"I've raised five abstinent children without showing one of them diseased genitals."  
—Leslee Unruh, president of the National Abstinence Clearinghouse, criticizing a popular abstinence ed curriculum, *Worth the Wait*, that includes a graphic slide show of genitalia infected with sexually transmitted diseases.

pear a little tired at the last few hearings? Wasn't he abnormally quiet? And wasn't he late for work a few times? Sounds like the good justice needs to pee into a cup, just so we can be sure.

William Wilson  
Houston, Texas

If blanket testing is fair in that everyone is a suspect, let's apply this standard to all three branches of government. Results could be posted online daily. I assume the Joint Chiefs are tested already.

Peter Brown  
New York, New York

Who really cares if a tuba player gets stoned? His responsibilities are mild in comparison with those of teachers, school administrators and government officials. Test them instead.

Len Gyson  
West Palm Beach, Florida

### ZERO TOLERANCE

Zero-tolerance policies in our schools may be a joke, but they have serious

consequences ("Zero Sense," *The Playboy Forum*, November). Everyone goes on and on about how much stress kids are under these days. The logic seems to be that because kids are stressed, they take antidepressants, bring guns to school and smoke marijuana. Maybe they wouldn't be so stressed if they didn't have to worry about being suspended from school for playing cops and robbers on the playground or pointing a chicken finger the wrong way at lunch.

Sarah Sawyers  
Amarillo, Texas

Zero-tolerance policies send a message to kids that says you don't have to be guilty to receive punishment. I'm troubled by our increasingly paranoid and reactive society.

John Watson  
Gaithersburg, Maryland

Heaven help us when it comes time for these students to run the country.

Roger Williams  
Columbus, Ohio

Zero-tolerance policies piss me off, and so do school administrators who invent dress codes out of thin air. When my son turned 11, he asked for a Playboy Rabbit Head earring. My husband and I bought him one. He wore it to school, but his fourth grade teacher made him remove it because the school said it violated the dress code. My husband asked to see the dress code. It doesn't include anything about Rabbit Head earrings or Playboy logos. My son doesn't wear the earring to school anymore but puts it on the minute he gets home.

Dee Davis  
Sunbury, Ohio

A few days after I read your article "Zero Sense," my son brought home his school's behavior code. The list of prohibited behavior was as intricate as the criminal code, with graduated levels of punishment. Among the Class III behaviors (the most serious offenses for kindergarten through eighth grade students) were arson, assault, possession or use of drugs, rape—and possession or use of pornography. Sexual



# RESPONSE

curiosity is as bad as rape? What kind of message does that send?

Nathaniel Bryner  
Evanston, Illinois

## DEATH PENALTY

In your response to the letters about Byron Parker's execution (*The Playboy Forum*, November), you say the death penalty is not working as a deterrent. It most certainly is. Those who have been executed will never commit murder, or any other crime, again. If criminals were executed within a week after a judge sentenced them, other criminals and society as a whole would not have time to forget the horrific nature of the crime. If you wait a month to punish a child, the child can't connect the punishment with the offense, no matter how badly he misbehaved. When we allow a criminal to appeal for years, he becomes the victim and the do-gooders wring their hands and complain about how badly he's being treated.

Mike Dale  
Colleyville, Texas

*We doubt that your argument would carry much weight with the hundreds of men found to be innocent only years after their convictions. But those are just details, right?*

## EXPOSED

I'm a 33-year-old mother of two who manages my husband's body shop. Like thousands of other women, I also have a softcore website (cynthiasplayhouse.com). My husband takes explicit nude photos of me, which we post for members who pay \$9.95 a month. This past fall someone e-mailed a local disc jockey, Elliot Segal of WWDC-FM, about my site. I'm not sure why he had such an interest in it, or where he got his information. But over the course of three days he told his listeners that I run an escort service, prostitute myself and steal credit card numbers from my web customers—all lies. He also gave out my last name—which I do not reveal on my site—my home and work addresses and a description of my car (including the license plate number). He encouraged people to visit me at my husband's shop and provided directions to the shop and to my home. Fifty people showed up at the shop that day. I've received hundreds of threatening e-mails and calls. My husband and I are so afraid of what some nut might do to us or our kids, we're moving to a new city.

Segal claims it's all a joke. I filed a lawsuit asking for \$1 million—anyone can call me ugly or criticize my boob job, but giving out my personal information and inviting people to harass me crosses the line.

Cynthia Hollander  
Rockville, Maryland

*We agree, although legally it's a tricky issue. Segal could argue that he has a First Amendment right to organize protests against your "lifestyle." But there are limits. For example, the First Amendment may not protect the Nuremberg Files, an online site where zealots post the names and home addresses of physicians who perform abortions. A federal court has ruled that this information, in context, puts doctors at risk. In your case, the judge will have to decide where*

*your claim falls in this gray area of free speech law: Did you make yourself a public figure by posting nude images of yourself online? Did Segal get your personal information legally? Do curiosity seekers at your door constitute harassment or a mere annoyance? We could share Segal's home address and phone number with our readers—turn-about is fair play, right?—but he hasn't made it public and we don't consider anyone's desire for privacy to be a joke.*

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

## FORUM F.Y.I.

In February 2002, the Transportation Security Administration—a new federal agency formed to oversee airport security—began tracking the number of weapons confiscated by screeners. The TSA says the drop in weapons seized between August and September indicates people are wising up. But a former FAA security official pointed out in the *Los Angeles Times* that with so many weapons still being found, a "frightening number" are likely getting through. "It's a real educational challenge," said the director of security at Los Angeles International Airport. "People bring a big knife through screening and say, 'I thought you would understand. I'm not a terrorist. I just want to take this knife to Kansas.'" Most passengers who are detained are not arrested, but the weapons are confiscated. The most commonly seized items are scissors, pocketknives, corkscrews and mace.

WEAPON	AUGUST	SEPTEMBER
BOX CUTTERS	4000	2900
GUNS	227	59
KNIVES	107,000	62,000



# FORUM

## NEWS FRONT

*what's happening in the sexual and social arenas*

### CHEAP SHOTS

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE—The city has launched a program in which “jump-out” squads of as many as 18 cops burst from an unmarked van in poor neighborhoods



and search people for drugs and weapons. Even if no contraband is found, police snap a photo of the person for their records. Police say they arrested 83 percent of the first 658 people detained. It's the other 17 percent that most concern critics, who cite a 1968 Supreme Court ruling that forbids police from fishing for suspects in high-crime areas. Defenders of the practice say that as long as a person is in public, he's fair game for anyone who wants to take his photo, including the police.

SEATTLE—In 1999 police arrested a man for “upskirting,” i.e., taking a photo up a woman's skirt at a shopping mall. A year later, police arrested another man for videotaping under women's skirts at a food festival. A jury convicted both men under the state's voyeurism law (Washington does not specifically ban upskirting). This past fall the state supreme court overturned the convictions, ruling that while the men's actions were “disgusting and reprehensible,” they weren't illegal under the voyeurism law, in part because the women were in public places where they have less expectation of privacy.

### ESCORTS ONLINE

TAMPA—BigDoggie.net charges escorts and agencies \$200 to \$1200 per month to

advertise their services. Surfers pay \$130 annually to browse the site's ads and share notes in a private chat room about the best and worst “providers” and how to avoid stings. Prosecutors have charged BigDoggie's owners with racketeering and aiding prostitution. A defense attorney likened the site to High Times magazine, which is protected by the First Amendment even though it discusses illegal activity. A detective on the case responded, “High Times doesn't put pot growers in contact with pot buyers.”

### PORN BABY

WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND—A video production company announced plans to film a pregnant stripper giving birth for a scene in a porn movie called *Ripe*. The government's child welfare agency asked a judge to prevent the filming by giving it wardship of the unborn child. “The baby faces the prospect, locally at least, of growing up being known as the porn baby,” the agency argued. The court ruled that the birth could be videotaped as long as the resulting film showed only the mother and not the child (including ultrasound scans of the fetus). When hospital officials said they wouldn't allow the cameras in the delivery room for “unlawful purposes,” the director threatened to “nuke them.” He later changed his tune, dropping plans for the movie because of what he said were his concerns for the health of the mother.

### GUN FIGHT

EARLYSVILLE, VIRGINIA—As a reward for completing a gun safety course at a National Rifle Association youth camp, a 12-year-old boy received a T-shirt displaying the NRA logo and silhouettes of three men—one holding a pistol, one with a shotgun and one firing a rifle. He wore the shirt to school, where an administrator ordered him to turn it inside out. She told the boy that images of guns violated the dress code. The NRA filed a \$150,000 lawsuit against the school, accusing administrators of violating the boy's First Amendment rights.

### PROTECTED SEX

PHOENIX—Is this what they mean by gay rights? Police arrested the owners of four swinger clubs for allegedly violating an ordinance that bans businesses from providing “the opportunity to engage in or

view live sex acts.” Police did not raid two homosexual clubs. The city prosecutor explained, “Any businesses that cater to gays are given special consideration by the city so we are not perceived as discriminating.” The owners of two of the raided clubs filed a \$15 million lawsuit against the city. They also now require partygoers to sign statements swearing they aren't cops.

### HAZARDDUS MATERIAL

WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND—The 12 censors at New Zealand's Office of Film and Literature Classification spend their days monitoring films, videos, books, magazines and computer games for illegal material. To combat the “psychological pollution” of the job, the government gives each hazard pay of \$1050 per year (U.S. \$582). The chief censor says his co-workers have told him they use the bonuses for “gym memberships, music lessons and the like.”

### GOING SOUTH

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA—Five years after state legislators banned the sale of sex toys such as vibrators and dildos, six women who sell toys or said they used them challenged the law in federal court. A federal judge overturned the statute in 1999, but the state's attorney general appealed

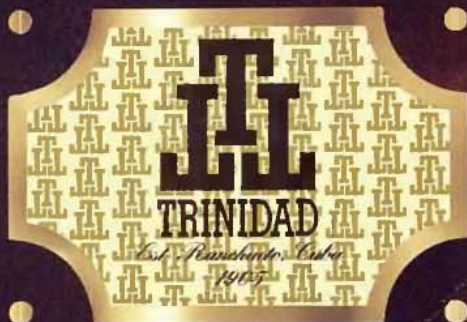


and a higher court told the judge to take another look at the case. This past October the judge completed his review and reached the same decision: The law had to go. “The fundamental right to privacy incorporates a right to sexual privacy,” he wrote.



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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JIMMY KIMMEL

*a candid conversation with tv's ultimate guy about his urethra, his new abc talk show, a marriage gone bad, masturbating in his office and why he's had only 20 blow jobs in 35 years*

Hide the women and children—America's favorite knucklehead is about to turn late-night television into a beer bash full of barking fans, jerk-off jokes and bobbling bikini babes. Tonight after *Nightline*: Chicks on Pogo Sticks!

It could happen. Jimmy Kimmel's late-night show, *Jimmy Kimmel Live*, debuts this month on ABC, right after Ted Koppel and *Nightline*. As Kimmel's buddy Carson Daly puts it, network TV had better "look the fuck out."

Kimmel, 35, made his mark with Comedy Central's *The Man Show*, a middle-finger salute to all things ball-scratching male, including beer, football, farting and making fun of midgets. Now he has a network mandate to manhandle the midnight hour, and here's the news: He's not going to do it.

Like his hero David Letterman, Kimmel grew up with one ambition: He wanted to host a traditional talk show—only funnier. So he'll have a desk, a band and a parade of guests plugging their new films, CDs and TV shows. "There's a reason for those talk-show conventions," he says. "They work." That's why there will be no juggy girls on the Kimmel show, no beer for the audience, no portrait of Evel Knievel and no midgets, unless Mini-Me stops by. Just a good old-fashioned chat show of the sort Jack Paar and Johnny Carson pioneered and Letterman per-

fect. With a manly twist, of course. Stupid penis tricks, anyone?

Kimmel was born in Brooklyn and moved with his family to Las Vegas when he was nine. As a teen he was unpopular, a TV freak who worshipped Letterman. But geeky Jimmy wasn't a total loss. He was smart and he could make people laugh. After dropping out of college he held radio jobs in Vegas, Florida and Seattle—riffing live, making prank phone calls on the air, ignoring his bosses' orders and getting fired again and again. Finally the world caught on: He scored as Jimmy the Sports Guy on KROQ radio in Los Angeles and then as co-host of the Comedy Central game show *Win Ben Stein's Money*. That gig won him an Emmy, and soon he moved on to a new show, teaming with his friend Adam Carolla to create Oprah's worst nightmare.

*The Man Show* wallowed in everything that modern, enlightened men were supposed to have left behind. Crude, lewd and unashamed, it made Kimmel a star. But *The Man Show* and Kimmel's hilarious appearances on Fox NFL Sunday were only a warm-up. In fact, he was getting tired of them. He was ready for something bigger and scarier—a network show that would pit him against Letterman and Jay Leno. It is a challenge that will make or break his career

(consider Conan O'Brien and Chevy Chase).

We sent Kevin Cook to meet Kimmel as he planned his invasion of network TV.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you taking late night into the gutter?

**KIMMEL:** People expect me to do that, but I don't want to be in the gutter with Jerry Springer and Ricki Lake. Or Dr. Phil—a guy pretending to help people when he's just making spectacles out of them. That's the gutter to me. I want to be like Letterman and Leno and Conan O'Brien. So my show will look like theirs. A desk and chairs—

**PLAYBOY:** What about guests?

**KIMMEL:** We'll have them. Yes, guests, and chairs for them, too. I just want to do what I watched Letterman do every night of my youth. You know how in high school, some guys play football and some are good students? I was the obsessed-with-Letterman guy.

**PLAYBOY:** And it worked out.

**KIMMEL:** It doesn't get you much pussy, though. It's funny how all of this has worked out—I wasn't popular in high school, but now every drunken guy in the United States wants to be my pal. They all want to buy me a shot, and pretty soon I'm throwing up.

**PLAYBOY:** You spent months picking a



"It's funny how all of this has worked out—I wasn't popular in high school, but now every drunken guy in the United States wants to be my pal. They all want to buy me a shot, and pretty soon I'm throwing up."



"One time I was having sex with my wife and got this headache. Next day, I'm in my office masturbating and it happens again. Turns out it's called HDO, headache during orgasm. It happens to guys in their 30s."



"I read that if you took the meat out of a banana, the peel feels like a vagina. So I'd go to the supermarket with a boner and buy bananas. But it didn't work. You have to have a very small penis to fuck a banana."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID RDSE



name for the show. Why *Jimmy Kimmel Live*?

**KIMMEL:** For a long time ABC held off. I think they wanted a name they could keep when they replace me. *Jimmy Kimmel Live With Chris Rock*—that would be awkward.

**PLAYBOY:** But the chairman of ABC Entertainment is calling you “somebody we want to groom.”

**KIMMEL:** He meant that literally, because my hygiene isn't the best.

**PLAYBOY:** Disney president Robert Iger says, “When you look at Jimmy, there is always a feeling you can touch him.” Do you want America touching you?

**KIMMEL:** As long as it steers clear of my privates.

**PLAYBOY:** So that's why you'll have the desk.

**KIMMEL:** Yes. The desk will be a barrier between the hands of America and my penis.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you like being on late, when people will be having sex while they watch?

**KIMMEL:** I don't, actually. I'll be like the dog in the corner of the room, except that I can't really see anything. And looking at me isn't going to help anybody have better sex. I'll probably cause more fights than couplings.

**PLAYBOY:** You had some problems with the censors when you were on *The Man Show*. Do you expect trouble with ABC censors?

**KIMMEL:** Please call them standards and practices. They hate being called censors. But, yeah, I plan to push the rules, because they can be ridiculous. On Comedy Central you can say boner but not hard-on. I have asked to see the list of stuff I can't say, but they won't give it up. The list is in their heads. But my ABC show will be live, so it's their problem. They'll have six seconds to decide—a six-second delay to either dump out or let me go, “Hard-on! Oh, pardon me, boner.”

**PLAYBOY:** What else bugs you about standards and practices?

**KIMMEL:** They blur a middle finger. That is nonsense! Thumbs are fine. You can lip-synch “fuck you,” and that's OK. Watch a baseball game. They might as well advertise it: “Fans, you'll see ‘fuck you’ in slow fuck-you motion!” But they blur a middle finger. My Comedy Central show *Crank Yankers* was originally called *Prank Puppets*, but the lawyers said the word prank would open us up to liability. My head almost exploded. They just want to cover their asses, so they say no to everything.

**PLAYBOY:** Are the censors starchy right-wingers?

**KIMMEL:** Some are OK. The one we had at Comedy Central would laugh at our stuff and then kill it. For her birthday we sent her a gift basket full of dildos.

**PLAYBOY:** You once said *The Man Show* wasn't “only for morons.” What moron

percentage were you shooting for?

**KIMMEL:** Hey, I know this sounds crazy, but ABC did some research, and a greater percentage of college-educated people watch *The Man Show* than *Nightline*. Smart people can be perverts, too. Benjamin Franklin wrote a whole essay about how funny farting is. Some people simply refuse to enjoy stuff like that, which is too bad for them. Caviar might be great, but McDonald's french fries are really good, too. I love Woody Allen, but I also love Benny Hill, who was the inspiration for *The Man Show*. Growing up in Las Vegas, I watched *Benny Hill* reruns. I remember seeing nudity a couple of times, and electricity ran through me. I would watch 20 hours in a row just to see a little nipple through lingerie.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you sexually precocious?

**KIMMEL:** No. But I tried stuff. I read that if you take the meat out of a banana, the peel feels like a vagina. So I'd go to the supermarket with a boner and buy bananas. But it didn't work. They didn't hold together. You have to have a very small penis to fuck a banana.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have any other tips for

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*I was practically celibate  
for the last 15 years.  
Having sex twice  
a month is not  
hard to replace  
with masturbation.*

---

young jerk-offs?

**KIMMEL:** My advice is, stick to the basics. You can experiment with vacuum cleaners, but a handful of Vaseline is the way to go.

**PLAYBOY:** You like to denigrate your sex life with lines like “I haven't had a blow job since 1985.” That's sh\*t, isn't it?

**KIMMEL:** It's not. I'm separated from my wife, and that's part of it. We got married really young and somewhere along the line, something happened. Her sexual attraction for me was not there. And it made me very resentful.

**PLAYBOY:** You were the only TV star who wasn't getting any?

**KIMMEL:** I won't say sex was the main issue in our separation. I was just taking stock of my life. I was turning 34 and thinking, Is this what I want for the next 40 years? It wasn't. I was a bystander in my own life.

**PLAYBOY:** Your kids, Katie and Kevin, are still in grade school. How have they handled the separation?

**KIMMEL:** They were upset for about 12 hours. But I bought a house in the same neighborhood, down the block from the old house. And my *Man Show* partner,

Adam Carolla, told me something very wise and simple. He said, “Listen, the kids are going to be upset. Get a swimming pool.” So I did, and my kids can't wait to come over. They love the pool.

**PLAYBOY:** After the kids go home, you're not doing without female companionship, are you?

**KIMMEL:** Oh yes, I am. But I'm not lonesome. I'm busy. I work until midnight every night. Anyway, I was practically celibate for the last 15 years. You get used to it. Having sex twice a month is not hard to replace with masturbation.

**PLAYBOY:** You were really celibate for weeks at a time?

**KIMMEL:** Absolutely. But I don't want to blame my wife. She wasn't happy, either. I'm really a pain in the ass to live with. I'm very driven and it manifests itself as hostility.

**PLAYBOY:** Now you work and watch TV?

**KIMMEL:** I have a 100-inch television and I watch *Letterman* every night. I love *Curb Your Enthusiasm*, too. And I watch *The Man Show*. Adam Carolla is the funniest person I know.

**PLAYBOY:** He says you'll be the successor to Letterman and Leno.

**KIMMEL:** Adam and I are deeply in love. It's a shame we're not gay.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have a gay side?

**KIMMEL:** I would never have gay sex, but Adam and I are always looking at each other and going, “This is so gay.” When we go on trips, we sleep in the same hotel room. In the same bed. One time we're in this shitty motel in Seattle and I have to masturbate. So I say, “Adam, I need to take a shit.” I go into the bathroom and fire one off in the tub. Then he goes in to take a shower. Ten minutes later I hear a scream. Adam was basically attacked by a clump of my sperm. You know, if that stuff's on the wall and you bump into it, it will grab onto your body hair and won't let go! I laughed about that for an hour.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's switch from sperm to other manly things. What about earrings? Should a guy wear one?

**KIMMEL:** Never. Earrings on guys are ridiculous.

**PLAYBOY:** Harrison Ford has one.

**KIMMEL:** He should be ashamed. He's an 86-year-old man! Did Calista Flockhart tell him it's cool? If I saw Harrison Ford, I would stick my pinkie through that thing and yank it out of his ear.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's talk football—do NFL players like you?

**KIMMEL:** Mainly the young ones. Last year I wanted to tape a bit with the Patriots. Tom Brady said he'd love to do it. But Drew Bledsoe was like, “Fuck you.” Bledsoe could not have been a bigger prick. I was glad he didn't play in the Super Bowl. He got his karma. But I like Brady, and Kurt Warner, too. I used to goof on Warner for being a Jesus freak, but he is a genuinely nice person. Not



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like Cris Carter with his Jesus stuff. Carter is a self-absorbed piece of shit who couldn't give a crap about anybody.

**PLAYBOY:** Which other reps need some trashing?

**KIMMEL:** Jason Sehorn seems like a phony. Michael Strahan got mad at me because I joked about his mystery sack of Brett Favre last year. But here's the thing—Strahan had no choice. If the guy lies down for you, you sack him.

**PLAYBOY:** Favre shouldn't have done it. That sack set the league record.

**KIMMEL:** As wrong as it was, it was a cool thing to do. And it fucked up Mark Gastineau, who used to have the record and who is a fucking lunatic.

**PLAYBOY:** Sometimes Terry Bradshaw, Cris Collinsworth and Howie Long, the Fox football guys, really seem to hate you.

**KIMMEL:** They get seriously mad. The fact is, I can get the better of those guys, and they're bullies. If we were in high school together they'd pick me up and twist my nipples and shove me into a wall. They'd give me a wedgie and snap me in the ass with a towel.

**PLAYBOY:** Not Collinsworth.

**KIMMEL:** Yes he would. He's a big, strong guy. You don't get to the NFL being a wimp. Howie Long has a head like a great dane and he's built like a panther. Guys like that are not used to being made fun of. Howie threatened to beat me up, and he wasn't kidding. He threatened to beat up my producer, too.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you think that Howie might pummel you?

**KIMMEL:** Absolutely. But he probably won't—he's smart enough to know he'd get sued. This is a tough guy who's used to settling scores on the field. It's hard for him to sit there and take it from some fat comedian he could crush.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you like Dennis Miller on *Monday Night Football*?

**KIMMEL:** I thought hiring him was a ballsy, interesting thing to do. He despises me because I goof on him and he's an egomaniac, but if he's smart he will read these words and pay attention: Dennis Miller's problem is that he thinks it's more important to show how smart he is than how funny he is.

**PLAYBOY:** He started spouting stats, sounding like an analyst.

**KIMMEL:** I don't give a shit what he knows about football. Funny people are a lot more rare than smart ones.

**PLAYBOY:** Give us a personal stat. You once said that you have a small penis, but you've also said it's anywhere from 19 inches to half the size of Toronto's CN Tower.

**KIMMEL:** OK, OK. It's somewhere between 19 inches and the CN Tower. I have an above-average-size penis for a white person.

**PLAYBOY:** And how about your friend Carson Daly?

**KIMMEL:** It's hysterical you mention that. He was at my house two nights ago, and I said, "Carson, a publicist told a friend of mine that you have a huge penis." He said, "Really?" He hadn't heard.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it true?

**KIMMEL:** I haven't seen Carson's penis, but I'm saying yes because he's a friend. Everybody says David Duchovny has a huge penis. He was on the radio with me when a woman called in and mentioned it; he got really mad. I said, "Come on. Who are you kidding, pretending to be angry?" I pray every night there'll be a rumor about my penis.

**PLAYBOY:** Now there will be. We know it's above average.

**KIMMEL:** Please tell everyone.

**PLAYBOY:** How much above average?

**KIMMEL:** I heard 5.4 inches is average, so I'll say 20 percent above. And while we're on penises, did you know that if you're an organ donor, they make your flesh into rolls and sell them to penis surgeons? This was on *60 Minutes*. Burn victims can't get skin because plastic surgeons are paying a premium for it. Now, I'm an organ donor, and this troubles

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*Dennis Miller's problem  
is that he thinks  
it's more important  
to show how smart  
he is than how  
funny he is.*

---

me. I want my eyeballs to go to the kid in the car accident, but I don't need a couple of guys banging each other in the ass with my skin.

**PLAYBOY:** You had a penis operation, didn't you?

**KIMMEL:** I had three operations on my urethra. It was too small—the opening, not the penis. It's pretty rare. They had to slice it open to make it bigger, but it healed back to the same small size. I had two more operations and it's still not right. I used to pee with deadly accuracy from 40 feet. Now my aim is terrible. The other day at work I peed all over myself. Not just a few spots, so I could say, "Oh, the water splashed on me." It was everywhere. I had to announce to my staff that I'd peed on myself.

**PLAYBOY:** You're a medical wreck.

**KIMMEL:** One time I was having sex with my wife and got this horrible headache. I felt like Bruce Banner hulking out. Next day, I'm in my office masturbating and it happens again. Turns out that it's called HDO, headache during orgasm. It happens to guys in their 30s. You get it for about two weeks, then it goes away. I had a CAT scan and they said there was

nothing wrong.

**PLAYBOY:** How did your brain look on the scan?

**KIMMEL:** They didn't show me. I'd like to see it, though. I love stuff like that. I would pay \$20,000 to see a mountain of all the shits I've ever taken. Is that crazy? I'd also like to see a stack of all the pizzas I've eaten. I figured this out once—it's something like 1500.

**PLAYBOY:** A minute ago you said, "I was masturbating in my office" as if it's the most natural thing in the world.

**KIMMEL:** I do it every night.

**PLAYBOY:** How so?

**KIMMEL:** With my hand on my penis. I'll watch soft porn on cable or look at pictures on the Internet.

**PLAYBOY:** You don't have an office shower. What's your receptacle?

**KIMMEL:** The whole room. It's my own masturbatorium.

**PLAYBOY:** What does the maid think of her duties?

**KIMMEL:** I clean up after myself. It's funny—I'll freely discuss this in a magazine millions of people will read, yet if my maid found one tissue I would die of embarrassment.

**PLAYBOY:** You're shy.

**KIMMEL:** And, fortunately, she can't read English.

**PLAYBOY:** Women hated *The Man Show*, didn't they?

**KIMMEL:** No. Our audience was 38 percent female. Older women might have hated *The Man Show*, but younger ones knew we were kidding.

**PLAYBOY:** Why the difference?

**KIMMEL:** Younger women don't feel as oppressed. They feel like they could be president if they wanted.

**PLAYBOY:** Tony Fox, a Comedy Central spokesman, said there could be a post-Kimmel *Man Show* with a female host.

**KIMMEL:** I officially declare Tony Fox an idiot.

**PLAYBOY:** What if it were Roseanne?

**KIMMEL:** No way. They put a female host on *Win Ben Stein's Money* and drove the show into the toilet.

**PLAYBOY:** One priceless *Man Show* segment was "Household Hints From Adult Film Stars." What was the best hint?

**KIMMEL:** Jenna Jameson getting tarnish off a candlestick. She's rubbing white cream, baking soda and water up and down this phallic candlestick. She really did get it clean. It was sexy.

**PLAYBOY:** Why isn't porn better?

**KIMMEL:** Because it's fake. They're acting. What I like is when some guy and his girlfriend film themselves and then it winds up on the Internet. Amateur sex videos—there's a site called Morpheus that's good for that.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do men think lesbian sex is exciting, but women don't want to see men having sex?

**KIMMEL:** Because two men having sex is  
(continued on page 138)



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# G-MEN IN CRISIS

THE CELEBRATED CRIME FIGHTERS  
OF THE 20TH CENTURY  
HAVE A NEW CHALLENGE THAT  
MAY BE A MISSION IMPOSSIBLE

BY JEFFREY ROBINSON

In the name of fighting terrorists (and covering their own asses), Attorney General John Ashcroft and FBI director Robert Mueller have caused an upheaval in American law enforcement. Crimes of all sorts are ignored now while federal investigators operate with a single objective: detect and prevent the next terrorist attack.

Within hours of the World Trade Center and Pentagon attacks, the FBI began moving resources from law enforcement functions to counterterrorism. Since then, the FBI has transformed itself into a counterterror organization.

"We are not going to be judged in the future by how many successful prosecutions we have of terrorists. We'll be judged by our capacity to prevent additional terrorist attacks," Mueller announced last year.

## THE NEXT ATTACK

The problem is that it's an impossible task. Shortly before he talked about preventing more attacks, Mueller said bluntly, "There will be another attack. We will not be able to stop it."

The assignment

to predict and prevent another attack is unreasonable and, according to many people in law enforcement, ultimately dangerous. These officials fear that efforts to prevent the sorts of fiascos that happened in the past may create even worse fiascos in the future.

"This one-trick pony—to discover what can't be discovered—is going to do us in," one investigator said.

Having reported and written about law enforcement issues for two decades, I have gotten to know men and women from the FBI, other intelligence services and police departments. When I talked to them about the post-September 11 FBI, they spoke candidly but in most cases anonymously. You will understand why.

Many agents told me that Mueller and Ashcroft want, above all, to prevent further embarrassment to government officials.

For the old hands in law enforcement, "detect and prevent" really means, as one FBI veteran said, "Take actions now that will exculpate you and your bosses once the attack actually happens."

An FBI manager put it this way: "I worry every time I

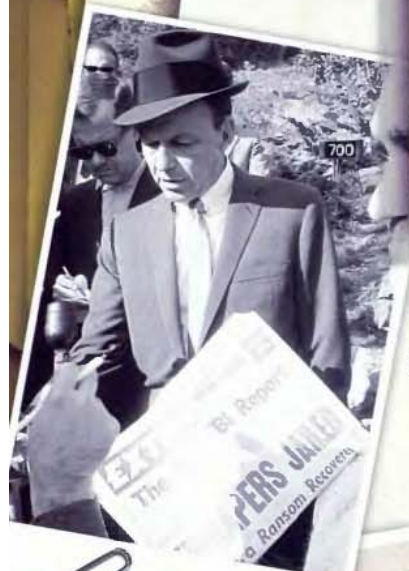
**"EVER SINCE SEPTEMBER 11,  
IT'S BEEN A GREAT TIME TO BE  
A WHITE-COLLAR CRIMINAL OR  
A DRUG DEALER."**

**—ELAINE SMITH, SUPERVISOR OF  
SPECIAL AGENTS, FBI**

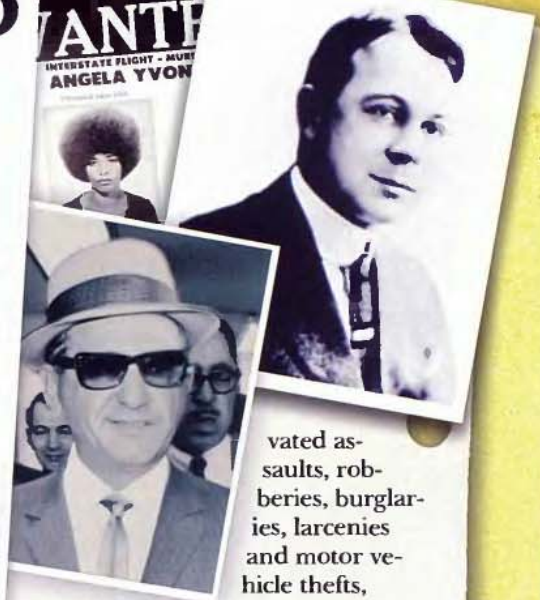
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years, told *The New York Times*, "The country is in as much danger on the white-collar crime front as it is on the terror front. False accounting, false pushing of stocks can do as much damage to the economy as a plane flying into the World Trade Center."

Indeed, white-collar criminals may even benefit from the new FBI. Entities such as the Securities and Exchange Commission were responsible for picking up the slack after the FBI was pulled away from what the Bush administration called an "all-out war on corporate corruption." When corporate felons were in the news, President Bush asked for \$100 million to augment the SEC's efforts in fighting white-collar crime. In October 2002, when corporate corruption had ebbed in the headlines, Bush withdrew the request for additional funds.

The FBI no longer investigates government corruption, leaving that to the Inspector General's Office. Prosecutions are expected to decline next year, according to veteran agents—good news for crooked politicians.

The FBI is pulling out of investigating violent crimes, except for the highest-

profile murders. And it is out of the business of chasing drug traffickers.

FBI agents, especially along the U.S.

**"Real terrorists laugh at sound bites. Real terrorists prefer real sounds," said one investigator.**

border with Mexico, have been told to hunt down terror cells, meaning they no longer work with U.S. Customs to keep out drugs, illegal aliens and weapons.

My sources told me that they saw the difference quickly once the FBI all but abandoned the business of law enforcement.

"We've had information involving leading international organized crime figures, whom we have essentially kept out of the country—and not just physically," a veteran FBI official said. "Now they're saying, 'It's time to go back; the FBI's busy.'"

Some criminals have expressed their new confidence in encounters

that sound like the movies. A young Mobster, for example, explained to a former federal investigator, whom he had known for years, that his family's fortunes had changed. For many years they had been in eclipse. But in the past year, the family had managed to regain its footing in the New York metropolitan area with a lucrative car-theft and chop-shop business. "We're thankful," he said. "God has smiled on us again. No surveillance, no wiretaps, no pressure." The explanation was simple: The FBI had virtually disappeared and, the Mobster said, "When the cat's away, the mice will play."

Terrorists, too, have every reason to like the new FBI. For one thing, they no longer have to worry about being discovered through a criminal investigation. Before the shift to all-terror, the FBI had helped the Drug Enforcement Administration in an investigation of a methamphetamine distribution ring in several Southern states. Eventually, the investigation led to Middle Eastern communities, Pakistan and on to Al Qaeda. Now, unless a crime has an obvious terror link, there is no enthusiasm, manpower, time or

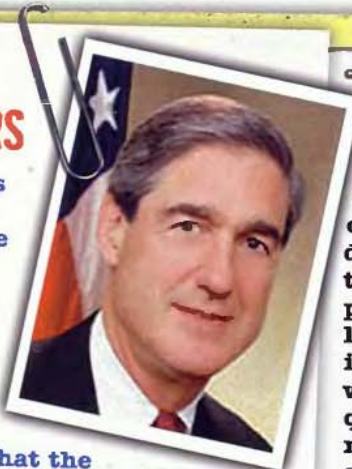
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FILE No. 2002

## THE FBI VS. PROSECUTORS

Triumphant press conferences have become part of the landscape since September 11, as Attorney General John Ashcroft and other government officials try to assure the American public that the FBI is catching terrorists. The numbers seem comforting. Before September 11, the FBI sought the prosecution of individuals labeled as international terrorists at the rate of about 10 per month. The monthly average jumped to nearly 60, with a total of 395 referrals for prosecution, in the first six months after the attacks. Most of them were said to be crooks or illegal aliens from the subcontinent or the Middle East with suspected ties to Al Qaeda.

U.S. attorneys refused to prosecute 61 percent of those referrals, citing in at least half the cases what Trac-FBI, a watchdog group associated with Syracuse University, characterized as "lack of evidence of criminal intent" or "no federal offense evident."



## THE FBI vs. THE CIA

Congressional investigators discovered a series of pre-September 11 incidents in which the FBI and the CIA failed to share important information. In July 2001, for example, agents in the FBI's Phoenix office warned Washington headquarters that terrorists might be training at flight schools. The memo named two men who were, it turned out, on a CIA list of suspected Al Qaeda agents. The CIA never saw the memo.

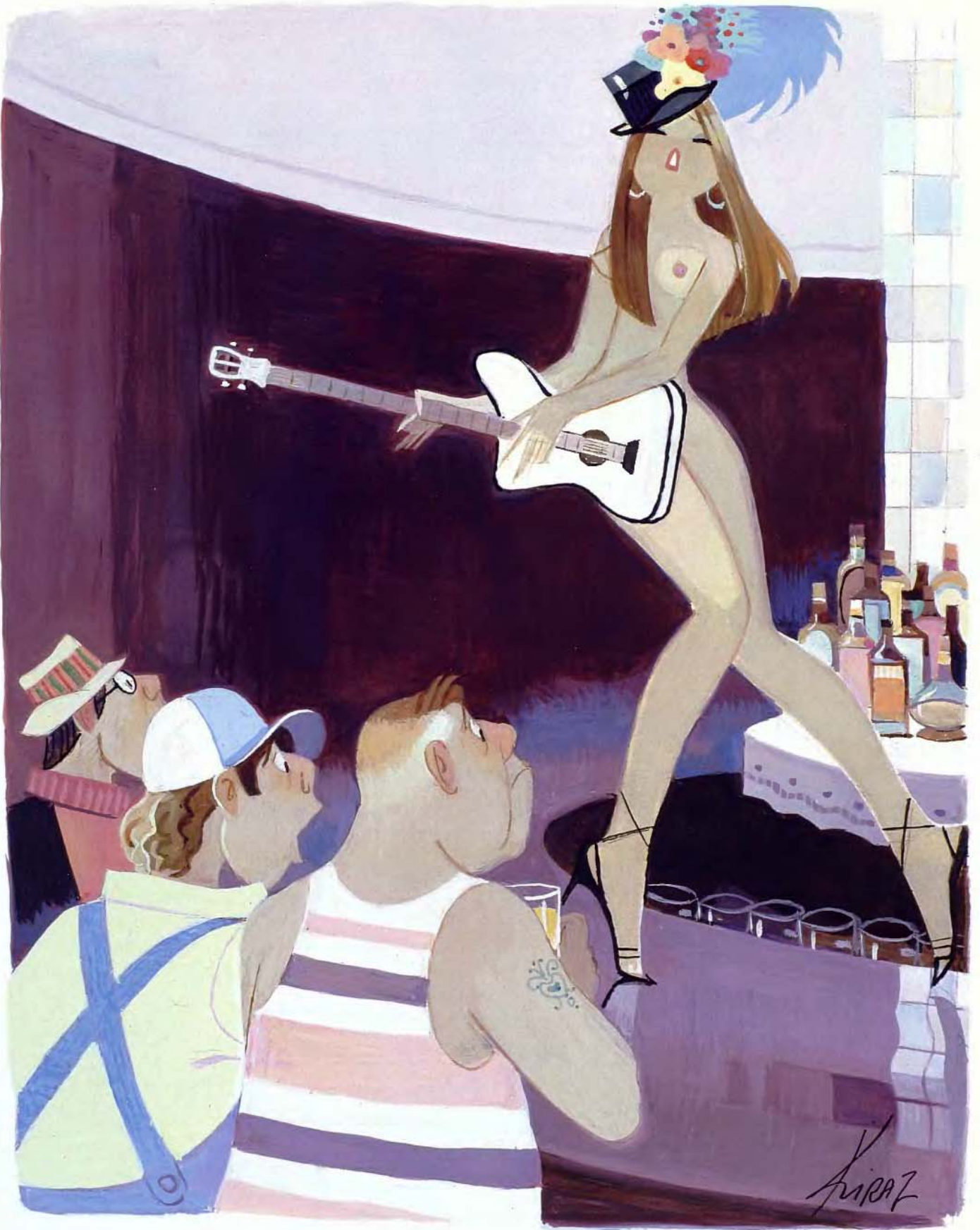
On August 6, 2001 a CIA report to President Bush warned Al Qaeda might hijack airplanes in the U.S. The FBI did not get a copy of that report, which might have reminded investigators, at least in Arizona, of the flight school tip.

Commenting on these and other screwups, one FBI agent said: "We talk. The problem is, we don't always listen."

## RECRUITING WEIRDOS FOR THE CAUSE

The Justice Department fact sheet "Crafting an Overall Blueprint for Change—Reshaping the FBI's Priorities," issued in May 2002, included this exhortation: "Encourage citizens to join law enforcement in being vigilant and watchful for suspicious activity." Lewis Lapham, editor of "Harper's" magazine, called that statement "a casting call for informants of every known description—for neighborhood gossips and public scolds as well as for professional criminals and amateur conspiracy theorists."





*"On some nights she sings without the guitar."*



# PLAYBOY'S CYBER



## T control your joystick

HERE'S NO better way to get your hard drive spinning than by overloading it with Playboy.com's Cyber Girls. Since September 2000 the Cyber Club has featured a new beauty every week with the potential to bust out of your monitor. At the end of each month Cyber Club members vote for their favorite model, and the winner is rewarded with a Cyber Girl of the Month pictorial and video. Of 52 girls chosen last year, the 12 pictured here got your vote for having the most byte. Stephanie Heinrich was the first Cyber Girl to become a Playmate, but she isn't the last. Who could be next? The Alabama slammer? The wedding planner? Roller girl? The karate kid? Whoever does will be the focus of a lot of attention, so we decided to ask some preliminary questions. For instance, what gets you in the mood? "Strawberries are moist, have nice color and good shape and are great to feed to your lover," says Carolee Bass. Tavana Kaye says, "I'm a sucker for full lips. If his lips look that good, chances are he knows how to use them." Aubrie Lemon loves to flirt, saying, "It's so much fun to tease with words and looks." We're not teasing, though: These girls may make you want to download.



This page, above: Jessica Lauren is a 20-year-old California dreamer who wants to be a pop star. "If I could do one pop star, it would be Pink," she says. "She comes off so tough. I think that's what attracts men—and women—to her." Tila Nguyen (right) was born in Singapore and lived in Vietnam before her family moved to Texas. "I enjoy being called a bitch, but in a good way. I know what I want and how to get it," she says. Top and opposite page: Merritt Cabal is a Playboy Special Editions model from New Orleans who owns a construction business. "I'm tough and don't let much slide," she says.









This page, left to right: Tailor James has a black belt in karate and is an accomplished kickboxer, but the petite Canadian insists she's a lover, not a fighter. Kate Brenner is a bona fide Buddhaphile. She also tends bar and is getting her master's degree in psychology. Opposite page, clockwise from left: Aubrie Lemon is no sourpuss. "My last name is Lemon, but I'm sweet," says the Sunshine State native. "My grandfather calls me Juice." Tavana Kaye won Fox TV's reality show *Who Wants to Be a Princess*. "The prince said he'd always had a love for Russian women, so I think that's why he chose me," says the native Texan, whose father is Russian. Jeanette Martinez is a 26-year-old Florida gal with a penchant for roller-skating (not Rollerblading) and well-groomed guys. "Clean teeth and nice hands are sexilicious," she says.









This page, clockwise from left: Heather Hoke is a professional wedding planner from Washington State who is frequently told she looks like Ava Gardner. Brittany Evans calls herself a "closet nerd" and a speed-reader who collects signed first editions. Alabama native Nicole Whitehead considers herself a redneck and has an apparent lust for danger. "I don't like smooth airplane flights," she says. "One time I flew through a dang electrical storm. It scared me so bad that I loved it!" Opposite page: Carolee Bass heard a lot of bad pickup lines after she moved from Alaska to Arizona. "The worst is when guys ask where I'm from and launch into something stupid about Eskimos and igloos," she says.







YOU'LL FIND DOZENS MORE SEXY  
CYBER GIRLS AT [CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM](http://CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM).





# Won't Get Fooled Again

we were unstable,  
angry, often bloody  
and reckless.  
that was before  
we got high and  
trashed the amps





e were the great group for things going wrong. Cancellations, electrical failures, bad weather, broken-down vans, missed dates, slashed thumbs, broken noses, sprained knees, bugged equipment, beggary, rookery, penury and out-and-out thuggery: all just a part of that tagalong high-speed death march that called itself the De-tours/the High Numbers/the Who.

We'd come on with sticking plasters, bleeding. We had fistfights onstage. Every five minutes someone was quitting the band. For the first 15 years we owed money because of everything we smashed up, and everything we needed. From the beginning we traveled with a small bungalow's worth of Marshall cabinets and amps, and four or five Rickenbackers for Pete, and always a triple kit of red sparkle Premier drums with a big crate of spare skins and sticks besides, because our drummer was the most physically destructive mild-mannered middle-class boy in the Western Hemisphere.

By 1965 we had the world's loudest gear onstage, and

ILLUSTRATION BY EDMUND GUY

fiction By Jim Shepard



we'd scream like victims of the Inquisition and not hear our voices. Staying in key was an act of faith. It was like when you listened to something with earphones and sang along out of tune because there was no way to tell. We always had someone in the house who could signal us visually as to how we were doing. More than once Keith and I got a few bars into one song and realized that Pete and Roger were having a go at another.

In pubs and in rooming houses we were the Little Hooligans' Circus, because there all we had was each other, and we hated each other. With Moonie it was always, "A bottle of brandy!" and then when it came along, "Fuck me, I've fucking knocked it over! Let's have another, all right, hey? Fucking brandy, eh?" and he'd pour some on Roger and Roger'd knock him on his Middlesex behind. One night Roger went for some of his chips and Keith stuck a fork in his hand.

All schedules disintegrated. All alliances were temporary. We broke up twice a month. Eventually our manager, who was equal parts long-suffering and insufferable, negotiated a truce. A certain amount of pride had to be swallowed on each side. We promised to behave and Roger promised not to hit us.

Fights with the paying customers started from all sorts of things, usually after we came offstage. They didn't last long. Roger only had to punch you once and that was it. A girl got knocked flat by a mike stand in one and we were all hauled in front of a magistrate.

Keith would go up to anyone around the bandstand and say, "Have you got anything in the upward direction, hey?" At Reading he gulped down some poor sod's purple hearts—24 of them, at once. The guy complained to me afterward that he'd planned them to last him three weeks.

We had this kid called Pill Brian who used to come down on his scooter to our shows. He'd come down and say, "I've got these today," and we'd take all of them. "This one's for rheumatism," he'd finally say, and Keith'd say, "Yeah, I'll have that."

We played night in—night out for cellars full of kids out of their brains and getting off on R&B. The unstable fell over in various directions and you'd see clearings appear among the packed-in heads. Strangers traded hand jobs along the walls while keeping track of the show. It was like Imperial Rome. When the clubs were raided it sounded like hailstorms as everyone emptied the pills from their pockets onto the dance floor. The cops went round frisk-

ing people and it was like they were walking on gravel: *crunch crunch crunch*.

Poor Roger couldn't do the pills because of his voice and because he drove the van. So he'd be stuck stone sober driving this bunch of pill-up louts about. He hated it.

When Pete first started writing, his songs were other people's songs badly remembered. He was knocked out by the Kinks' *You Really Got Me* when he first heard it, and went home and tried to remember it and couldn't, and came up with *I Can't Explain*.

Ours was a weird kind of enraged, what's-the-use protest rock. *My Generation* was a song that said, "We don't have to be shit because they say we're shit. We can be shit because we say we're shit."

I was the least-popular one, the immobile one onstage, stolid Johnny. Fans called me the Ox. I had much to be quiet about. I was hopeless for Keith's girlfriend, Kim. I'd met her 10 minutes after he had. She was sweet to me, nothing more. I hung about and watched her cook. I rubbed myself against banisters and gateposts after she'd gone by.

"You're a mate," Keith'd say to me when I'd offer to phone her, let her know he'd be back late or not at all.

"Oh, *shit*," she'd always say, and even that was worth hearing.

Pete and I knew about unrequited longing. As a boy I had nothing going for me, and Pete was a nose on a stick.

He grew up with parents who came out of the end of the war with big ideas and left him behind. We met in school, when we were 11. I remember this willow switch with a wicked great hooter behind me in line sneering, "Entwistle: What kind of posh name is that?"

We spent all our time ducking school or after school at his house since no one was there. He didn't have much music at home except his dad honking away on a clarinet in the back room. They didn't have much of a record player and they had Chiswick's shittiest radio. He had a strange relationship with his mother. She was beautiful and his dad was good-looking, so who knew what they made of him. He always said, "I fail to interest them." He was very self-pitying, even then.

His parents split and left him with his grandmother, who was insane. She would walk naked in the streets and things like that. He said his first musical experience was in the Sea Scouts, on a boat ride. A brutal summer day and he was lying in the gunwale, sweltering and dropping in and out of heatstroke while the outboard motor

kept making these funny noises. The noises, he said, got inside his skull and took over his brain while he lay there in his swoon. By the time Admiral Nelson had gone up the river and back again, Pete had to be carried out of the boat, he had been so transported by the sound.

After *Tommy* came out Pete said to a BBC interviewer, "Where did *See Me, Feel Me* come from? It came from a four-and-a-half-year-old in a fucking unlocked bedroom in a house with a madwoman. *That's* where it came from."

We met Roger when we were 13. He beat up a friend of ours and Pete shouted that he was a dirty fighter because he'd kicked the boy when he was down. Roger came over to us and said, "Who called me a dirty fighter?" And Pete said, "I didn't." And Roger said, "Yes you did." And he took off his belt and tried to whip Pete across the face with the buckle. We should've taken it as a sign.

Every time he came up to us in the corridor at school we thought, Oh my God, what's he going to do now? He was a horrible, horrible boy. A real kind of spiv. And then one day he stopped us and said, "I hear you play the guitar."

He was really the balls of the band when we started out. He ran things the way he wanted. If you argued with him you usually got a bunch of fives.

He was a shit singer at first, but nobody needed a singer in those days anyway. What was needed was somebody who could fight, and that was Roger.

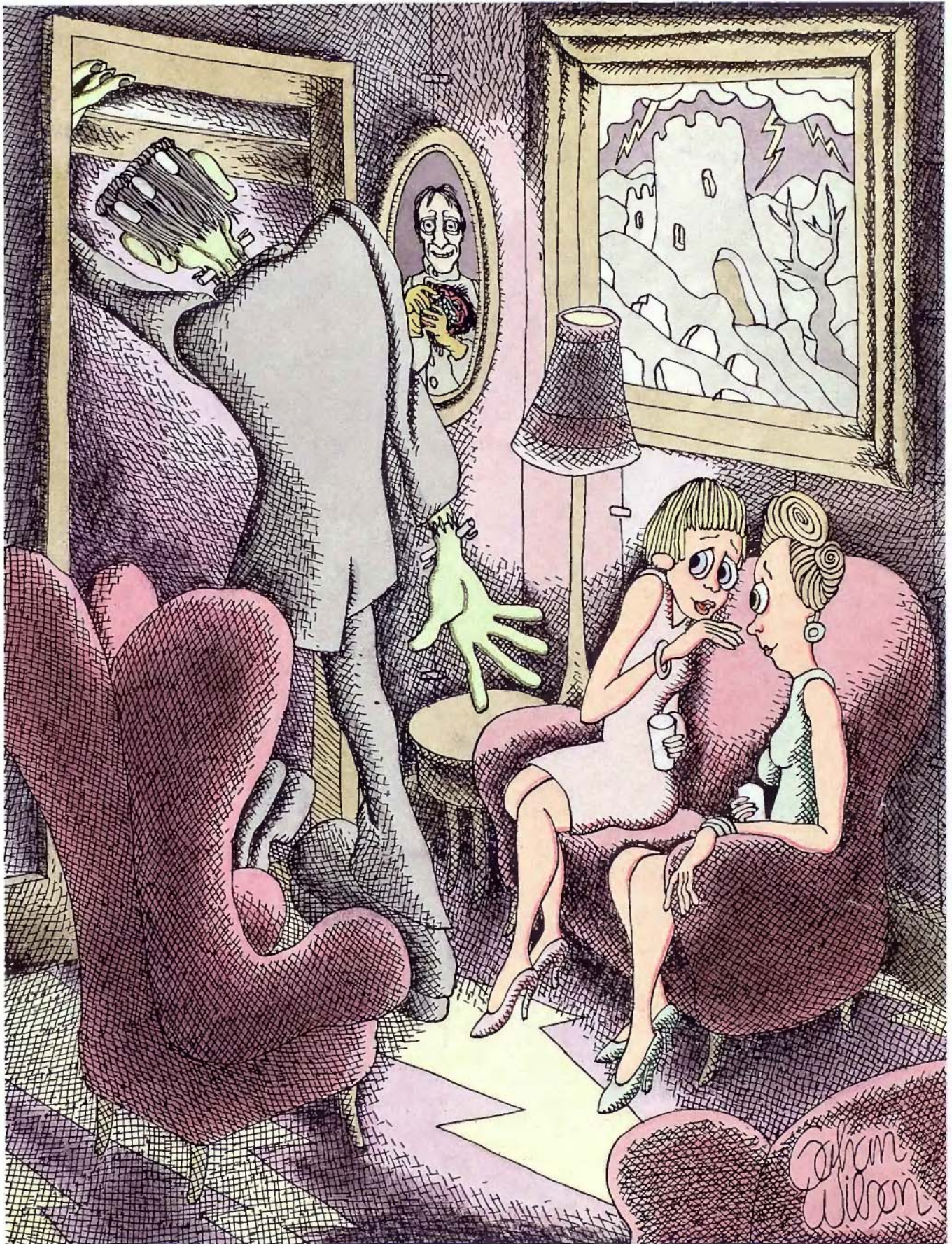
We listened to records and copied what we could. We rehearsed together in the front room of Pete's house. He had a good guitar that he had paid for himself with a paper route. Our rehearsals never went well. None of us had much talent. A month or so of that and his grandmother came in shouting, "Turn that bloody racket down!" And Pete said, "I'll do better than that," and smashed his guitar against the wall. A hideous big cuckoo clock pitched off a nail from the impact. He bashed it to smithereens with the remnants of his guitar while we stood there. The little wooden cuckoo ended up atop my foot. He said, "Now will you *fucking get out of my life?*" and she stomped out.

The three of us stood about looking at the wreckage, and Roger said, "What now?" When Pete didn't answer, I said, "Another paper route, I think."

Someone at Philips offered a record deal if we dropped our drummer, because he was too old, 36. Keith said, "I

(continued on page 88)





*"Of course, he's into really kinky sex!"*



# STAND BACK! I DON'T KNOW HOW BIG THIS THING IS GONNA GET!

*megazoom digital  
cameras make even  
the littlest objects  
look large*



Minolta's DiMage 7Hi will snap about three frames per second in its high-speed mode. That's fast enough to capture the approach, the slam dunk and the player falling over you at courtside. A five-megapixel resolution and 7x optical zoom keep things tight (\$1300).

Sony's Cyber-shot DSC-F717 has a 5x optical zoom, five-megapixel resolution and a NightShot mode. Plus, it powers up in just over one second, making it the perfect companion for UFO hunting. Your friends won't believe you, but we will (\$1000).

Don't get tied down to one lens. The six-megapixel Canon EOS D60 is compatible with any of the company's lenses, so you can swap from a wide angle to a telephoto whenever the notion hits. Don't they call that a "commitment issue" (\$2700)?





It's not your fault that it's so small. Until recently, the most powerful optical zoom offered on a digital camera topped out at a puny 4x. Now, as digital camera resolutions hit five and six megapixels, the optical-zoom range on a new crop of cameras has been stretched to 6x and even 10x. They will get you near the action without the unnec-

essary image distortion created by a digital zoom. What's more, the overall lens length is shorter on a digital camera than on a 35mm, so your supershooter is truly portable. Getting this close will cost you, though, so expect to pay \$600 to \$3000 for a supersize camera with a decent resolution. Here's a close-up look at the latest models.



Stripped-down cameras are for guys who drive subcompacts. We want something with all the amenities. FujiFilm's FinePix S602 Zoom has a three-megapixel resolution, 6x optical zoom and a feature that lets you attach a voice note to a photo (\$800).

The big gun of zoom cameras is the Olympus C-730 Ultra Zoom. Its 10x optical zoom packs enough power to spot a cheerleader on the other side of the stadium and gets you close enough to compensate for its three-megapixel resolution (\$600).

What good is your equipment if it doesn't respond in time for the action? The 8x optical zoom on Nikon's Coolpix 5700 reaches full focal length in two seconds. It takes us a bit longer, especially after we've had a few shots of the hard stuff (\$1200).



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO  
WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 148







# COED SEX ADVICE

## THE BEST NEW TREND IN COLLEGE NEWSPAPERS

By Antonia Simigis

**T**HE IDEA dawned on Meghan Bainum in the middle of a journalism course. A news-and-information major at the University of Kansas in Lawrence, the petite, tattooed coed had always been more rebellious than most of her fellow J-schoolers. At the moment, she needed to come up with a final project for her entertainment-reporting class. "Everyone thought that meant something about bands and bars," she said later, chain-smoking cigarettes and twisting her spiky black hair around her finger. "But there are more-entertaining things out there." Bainum wanted to become a dominatrix and write about the experience.

Her instructor managed to talk her down to a report on fetishes and turn-ons. But the idea of writing about sex had taken root in Bainum's mind. After a semester of lobbying *The Daily Kansan*, her sex column launched in fall 2001. "I think they were worried about me turning their newspaper into a peddler of smut," she said. "After all, this is Kansas."

Bainum's columns, which cover topics such as bondage to genital piercing, were a tough sell at a heartland school. When Bainum's column appeared on Thursdays, the newspaper wasn't delivered to local high schools ("As if high schoolers aren't having sex," she said). One mother even wrote the paper a letter chastising the editors for running "pornography" that her college-age son shouldn't be reading.

"KU is liberal for Kansas," Bainum explains. "But underneath it all, people here are still pretty conservative. Homosexuality? They're not comfortable with it. We're one of the last states in the union that still outlaw sodomy. Around here, people are more concerned about their reputations than whether they have good sex lives."

Luckily, the *Daily Kansan* staff stood by its renegade sex reporter. Bainum's

sexcapades are fun, naughty and rooted in her sincere interest in the topic. "Everyone basically knows how sex is done, but it's the little things people get confused about," she continues. "That's where I come in. I've had a lot of sex, I've read a lot of sex. I know

more than just the ins and outs—pardon the pun."

Like beer and football, sex and college go hand in hand. A handful of university newspapers now write about a

## Social Studies

### Natalie Krinsky *The Yale Daily News*

On blow jobs: "I am an avid swallow supporter. (Wow. My popularity rating just skyrocketed with the male demographic.) I figure that swallowing is like taking cough syrup. Sure, it's a little painful at first, but eventually the taste will go away, and it's pure loving from then on. I found that eight times out of 10, Yalies agree with me on this point. Especially males. Swallowing, they all said, is clearly where it's at."



### Yvonne K. Fulbright *Washington Square News*

On faking an orgasm: "She could be screaming like a banshee, digging her nails into your back, tightening herself around you like a cobra squeezing its prey, gasping 'Harder, harder!' between breaths and just be putting on one hell of a show." When a man is faking it: "All a guy has to do is grunt, give a body shudder or throw on a porn-star face and he can fool his partner."



### Teresa Chin *The Daily Californian*

On penis size: "True enough, a big member doesn't guarantee you sex-god status. You have to know how to use the darn thing. On the same note, a love stick can have enormous potential to satisfy—even if that's the only enormous thing about it. What this all comes down to is technique, knowing how to do what you want with what you have. Size is no guarantee you won't end up with the short end of the stick."



### Meghan Bainum *The Daily Kansan*

On role-playing: "Although spanking was a punishment back in the day, when done in passion, and not by your father, it can be quite exciting. Both spanking and sexual restraint can play nicely into several different sorts of fantasies. Be a schoolteacher or nun and discipline your 'student' with a ruler. Go out and buy a French maid's outfit, or a Batman cape—let your imagination run wild."



"It's important to me to be a sex columnist who does sexy stuff," says Meghan Bainum (left), resident sexpert at *The Daily Kansan*. "If I'm preaching but I'm not doing, why should anyone bother listening to me?"



topic that really matters to their readers. Across the country, college dailies have been adding sex columnists to their mastheads, and their copy has caught the nation's attention. These trailblazing women (yes, all of them are women) come at the topic from all angles. Some, like Bainum and Yale's Natalie Krinsky, pen their erotic encounters with the zeal of a junior Carrie Bradshaw; others prefer to offer advice like Generation Y Dr. Ruths. *The New York Times* put a spotlight on the phenomenon: "Ms. Krinsky is one of a growing number of sex columnists at college papers across the country who are reflecting a striking openness among many undergraduates when it comes to the discussion of sex. The columns include 'Sexpert Tells All' in New York University's *Washington Square News*, *The Daily Californian*'s 'Sex on Tuesday' at Berkeley and Meghan Bainum's odes to experimentation and safe sex in *The Daily Kansan* at the University of Kansas. Subjects range from sexual arousal to oral sex etiquette to bondage."

Krinsky's December 2001 column detailing her initiation into oral sex caused a stink at her school—and drew

**"Sex is my deal, my job and it's usually on my mind in one way or another."**

hits by the thousands to the *Yale Daily News*' website. Krinsky's story was fun, sexy and, most important, Ivy League. The 20-year-old junior who keeps a stuffed animal in her dorm room was getting so much attention, she got an agent.

Krinsky's "Sex and the (Elm) City" column wasn't any raunchier than others around the country. It was the fact that the school paper at Yale, the hallowed breeding ground for conservatives like William F. Buckley and both presidents Bush, was publishing an article about giving head.

"Controversy is in how it's framed," said Yvonne Fulbright, the woman behind NYU's "Sexpert Tells All" column. Unlike Bainum and Krinsky, Fulbright gets explicit in her Q. and A. columns, but she keeps them third-person. "What made Natalie Krinsky's

(continued on page 136)

## SMART MOUTH

I can't skip class anymore, and it sucks. Because of this whole sex column bit, even jaded professors manage to locate me lurking in the back of packed lecture halls. They make it a point to talk to me, to tell me how their course is going to relate to some of the things I'm writing about. I like it, I really do, but it's been a fast and unexpected trip from geeky nerd to semifamous (at least for Kansas) geeky nerd. When I go to parties people know who I am now, or at least know I'm "that girl who writes about sex."

I go crazy when people come up and talk to me, because when they do, an interesting (and, at times, very erotic) discussion usually follows. Hearing uninhibited, horny people talk about the things they do when they're aiming to please or be pleased has turned into one of my favorite things about writing this column.

Hearing what real people do in their beds, cars, offices or wherever helps me write a better sex column. I am, after all, only one woman, and a young woman at that. I constantly work on increasing my own sexual experiences, but since I'm lacking a penis, there are certain things I have to ask about rather than experience. I've never been afraid to ask. It's only now people aren't afraid to give up the dirt. I guess they feel like they have the dirt on me, too. And, in a way, they do. I like to write about things I'm curious about. Sex is my deal, my job, and it's usually on my mind. It's usually in my life, too, in one way or another. Especially since I'm recently single, I like to kiss around on people and flirt, although I have only one person I go home with. I've been getting a lot more offers recently, though, and it's crazy, especially since I was considered basically an untouchable in high school. I still can't believe it is me in the middle of this crazy sex column life. I knew writing a sex column in Kansas would get some attention. I just wasn't prepared for how much of the spotlight would be directed at me.

I get so many questions about whether messing around with different fantasies, toys or experiences is something to be ashamed of, or if it's something to do again. And many people, especially younger men and women, don't know what they're missing out on, really. But sometimes, people send me messages that make me think they would rather live in sexual limbo all their lives. I've been told I was going to hell unless I signed a two-page virginity pledge (uh, little too late—sorry). I've also been informed that I was the reason a certain alumna was not going to donate any more funds to our journalism school. I also have to deal with condescending, usually unsigned, e-mails about my supposed sexual promiscuity, my obvious lack of intelligence and my questionable credibility.

If people have a problem with me, I wish they'd take it up with me in person, or at least have the courage to identify themselves. I reserve the right to rip into people, as I did to the young sophomore boy who wanted to take my place as sex columnist. He justified the fact that he was perfect for the job by saying: "When a man writes about sex, people think doctor. When a woman does, people think *Cosmo*." I think it fucks with people's minds that I'm a little bit of both: not nearly as boring as a doctor, and not nearly as girly as *Cosmo*. I just don't know any other way to be.

Right now, however, I'm late for class.

—MEGHAN BAINUM







*"This is the first working breakfast I've ever had on New Year's morning."*



# WHY YOU CAN'T GET TICKETS

IS IT A CONSPIRACY? **YES.** YOU AGAINST THE INSIDERS

BY CHIP ROWE

**Y**OU CAN ALWAYS get tickets to a hot concert or a big game—this is America, after all—but it likely won't be easy or cheap. No matter how badly you want that \$75 Bruce Springsteen ticket, there are thousands of middlemen who want it more. To them it's a \$275 Springsteen ticket because that's what they can get for it on the "secondary market." So they hammer Ticketmaster.com with computer orders the minute a show goes on sale, they bribe box office personnel to release seats set aside by promoters, they horde season tickets for hot teams and they give homeless people fistfuls of cash to stand in line for handfuls of tickets. Many ticket brokers—not the guys on the street but the ones who operate out of hotel rooms near the event—earn six figures. They have employees and 401K plans. When it comes to motivation, your devotion to Bruce can't compete.

## THE MASTERS

The \$125 badges for the four-day event are distributed only to Augusta National members (an elite group of about 300 men) and to thousands of residents in surrounding communities who are on a patrons list established after the tournament began in 1934. The ticket is so tough to get that you can't even add your name to a waiting list (it opened in 1972, closed in 1978, then opened briefly again in 2000). Because they don't have names or photos, the estimated 25,000 patron badges fuel the resale market, selling for at least \$3500 each. Or ask about the daily special—\$500 for a badge you pass back over the fence as many times as you get caught without it.

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVEN GUARNACCIA



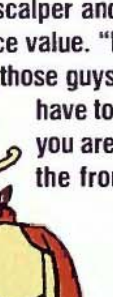
## THE SUPER BOWL

The Super Bowl is a tough ticket not because brokers scoop them up but because the NFL's 32 team owners do. Only 1000 of the 71,000 fans who filled the Super Dome in New Orleans last year bought their \$400 seats from the league, and they had to win a lottery for the privilege. About 25 percent of the remaining tickets went to the players and coaches, the host city and team and other insiders; 75 percent were

divvied up among the 32 team owners, who gave them to stadium advertisers in lucrative sponsorship deals or traded them with tour companies for free team bus and charter services. Many of these tickets are converted to cash using scalpers, who put them on the street for \$1500 to \$7000 each. Meanwhile, the owners crack down on fans who resell tickets. Last year the Patriots rescinded the season tickets of a fan because he listed his three 50-yard-line seats on eBay for a game against Green Bay. He had missed two games in the previous 18 seasons.

## CONCERTS

**Before every major show, the promoter and band set aside the best seats in the house for friends, family, media and VIP requests ("Mick needs eight"). But if the day arrives and any of these**



set-asides remain unclaimed, an insider will often unload them to a scalper and pocket anything over the face value. "Every ticket office has one of those guys," says a broker. "You just have to be the person he calls." If you aren't, you'll have to battle on the front lines—and that means going online. Ticketmaster takes 43 percent of its orders over the Internet. Many of these sales are to scalpers who hammer the site using credit card data that they've collected from relatives, friends and friends of friends who earn a fee if the order goes through (one broker co-op has a database with 5000 numbers). A Springsteen show in Denver sold out in 46 minutes, but that was enough time for a co-op in Chicago to score some *(concluded on page 145)*



# SCENTS

dolphins running back

ricky williams won't be

# that

going home alone tonight

# SCORE

By Donald Charles Richardson

**T**HE LATEST fragrances for men are all about attracting women and putting them in the mood. That works for us. How come manufacturers didn't figure this out before? Even some of the names of fragrances are suggestive, like *Séxual Pour Homme* by Michel Germain and Calvin Klein's *Crave*. Musk is the whiff of the moment. Of course,

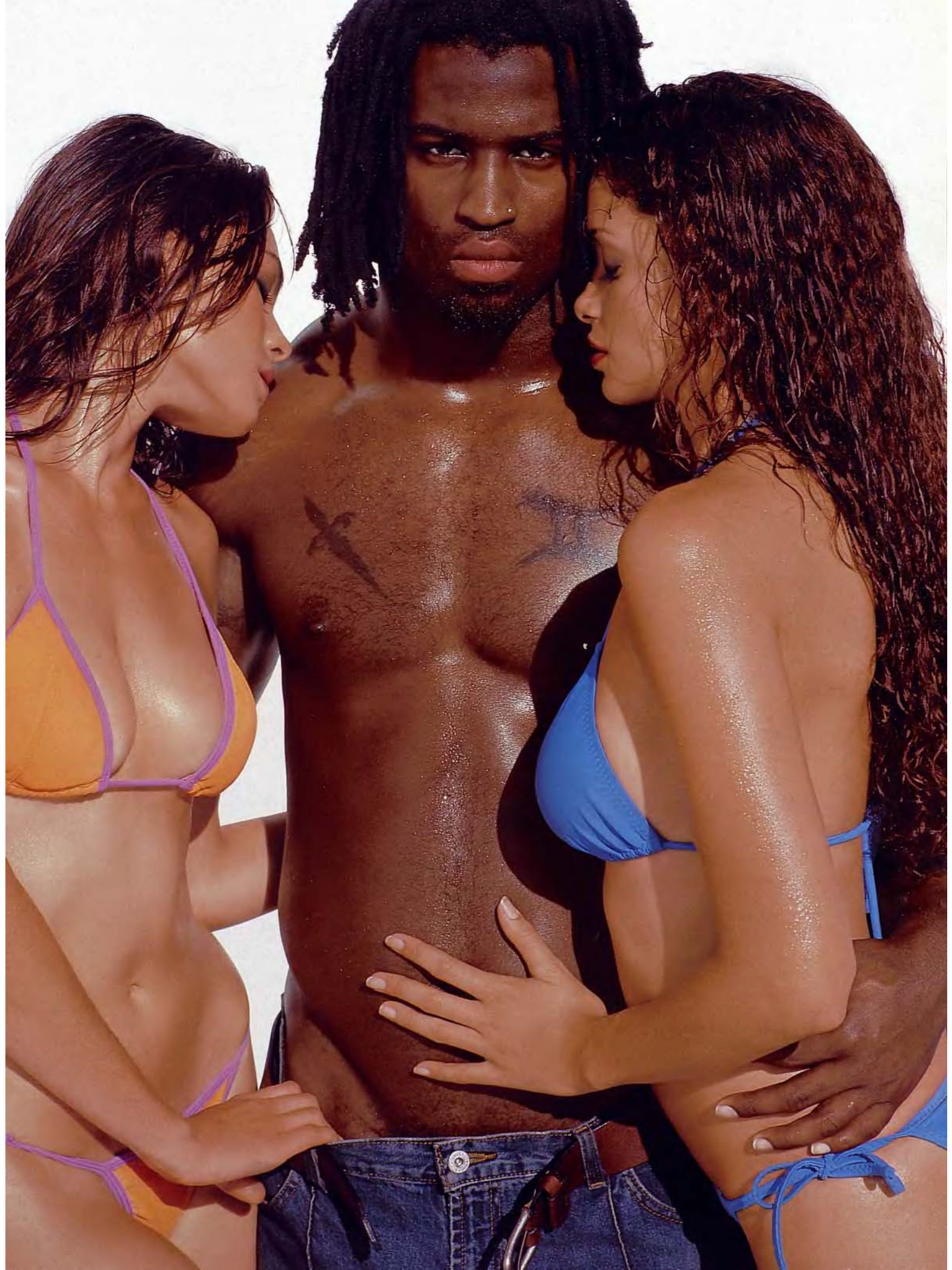
pure musk in a scent would be overpowering, so spice, citrus and woody essences are part of the mix, along with sandalwood, cedar and even tobacco leaf. A final suggestion: To get your favorite date heading for all the right places, don't slap whatever scent you choose only on your face and neck—rub it where you want her to be.



If it's one of those nights when you're not sure if she's in the mood, use your *Intuition*. Just a spritz of the *Lauder* for Men cologne is all it should take. Incense and myrrh are part of the scent (\$35 for 1.7 ounces). Tobacco leaf is one of the base notes in *Vintage Tabarôme*. No wonder the French firm *Creed*, which also custom blends fragrances, sold so much of it to *Winston Churchill* (\$280 for 8.4 ounces). The *Dreamer* by *Versace* is an eau de toilette spray with hints of juniper and spices (\$72 for 3½ ounces). Use it sparingly. That's advice to heed when splashing or spraying on any of these fragrances. Michel Germain named its latest men's fragrance *Séxual Pour Homme*. It's packed with ingredients—basil, sage, sandalwood and vanilla—considered to be aphrodisiacs (\$52 for 2½ ounces). The packaging for Calvin Klein's new eau de toilette, *Crave*, is almost as intriguing as its birch-

wood-and-musk scent. The cool-looking bottle, with its orange sprayer, reminds us of a cordless phone (\$45 for 2½ ounces). *Frederic Malle's Musc Ravageur* is a heady mix of cinnamon, cloves and sandalwood. If you don't get lucky wearing a cologne that translates as "ravaging musk," it's likely nothing is going to work (\$135 for 3.3 ounces). *Bora Bora* brings to mind tropical scents and sensual pleasures. No wonder *Liz Claiborne* chose the island as the name for its latest men's fragrance, which hints of sage, ginger and musk (\$47.50 for 3.4 ounces). We know guys who could use an eau de toilette named *Miracle* to get dates. *Lancôme* probably had loftier ideas in mind when it created this pleasant scent of pepper, moss and cedar (\$58 for 3.4 ounces). *Gucci's* latest spray for men, *Envy*, is a rich blend of anise, cedar, sandalwood and patchouli (\$55 for 3.4 ounces).







# Won't Get Fooled

(continued from page 76)

*Nobody needed a singer. What was needed was somebody who could fight, and that was Roger.*

can do better than him." At his audition he broke the drum pedal and high hat and put a hole in the skin. "I'm hired, aren't I?" he asked when he finished, and saw us all looking at him. We met Kim a year later in the Disc a Go-Go in Bournemouth.

Nights he wasn't home I phoned her but couldn't bring myself to speak. "Oooohhh," I'd say, holding the receiver to my chest. "Ouuuuuuuu. Uuuuuuuuu." "Sod off," she'd say and hang up.

No one remembers where the name came from. Maybe a guy named Barney who'd been a friend of Pete's. *The Who*: It made people think twice and worked well on posters because it was short and printed up big.

Pete's normal state when awake was also frustration, and back then it was particularly hard. There were a lot of brilliant young players around. Beck was around; Roger first saw him in a band called the Triads or the Tridents or something and came back and said there was this incredible young guitar player. Clapton was around. Page. So Pete was morose that he couldn't manage all that flash stuff. So he just started getting into feedback. And he expressed himself, as he put it, physically. I always thought of it as making up visually for what he couldn't play. He got the windmill bit from watching Keith Richards warm up backstage.

Charlie Watts said that the first time he came to hear us, he looked at our drummer and thought, My God, that guy's not doing the same number. All those mad fills. Then he realized that our Keith had left the backbeat behind. Charlie had been sitting there going, "This is rubbish," until it hit him that Keith was another lead instrument. One night at a club, with everyone else passed out, Charlie said, "It's exhilarating hearing you lot trash numbers everyone else does so faithfully." I don't think I ever told the rest of the band. If you couldn't stay awake, you missed praise from the Rolling Stones. That's the way I looked at it.

From the beginning, we had these massive, massive amps. People came to

see them. One atop another on both sides of the band, like an ogre's steamer trunks. At the smaller clubs Pete had to turn some sideways to fit them all onstage. People like the T-Bones and Clapton and the Yardbirds had only these little Vox AC30s. Doctors issued warnings about our concerts in the local papers. Word got around that outdoors at Croydon we'd surpassed 120 decibels.

Even so, the big power chord sound that Pete got wasn't only his amps. He also used hugely thick strings and hit them so hard that he shattered picks and tore the skin from his fingerprints. Really, the sound came from us playing as a three-piece band but trying everything we could to sound like more. In any number, Keith or I might take over the lead while Pete bashed out the chords.

A journalist for the *NME* saw us on one of those Maximum R&B Tuesday night shows at the Marquee. He said we sounded like someone chainsawing a dustbin in half. It was one of our favorite notices.

Our first time on "Ready Steady Go!" the producers never knew what hit them. We took over the show by blocking anyone who wanted to get in who wasn't our sort. We nicked their tickets and filled the place with our audience, all mods. No one else could get past Roger. He shoved someone from BBC security who tried to intervene down two flights of stairs and the poor sod never came back. The Hollies, who were on before us, didn't know what was going on. They found themselves surrounded by all these step-dancing geeks dressed alike. The geeks seemed to be singing our lyrics to the Hollies' songs. Then for our first number the director had the genius idea of putting Keith and his whole kit on a rostrum with wheels, and having everyone push it this way and that through the crowd. Pandemonium. Geeks were knocked hither and yon. The BBC's big old cameras could barely roll out of the way in time. Between numbers our crowd kept swaying and singing, like at a football match. You couldn't hear Roger announcing the next song. Mods then wore these old college scarves and at the end they tossed them all onstage. The four of us just held our poses after the last note, festooned.

I wanted my songs to be like songs no one else was writing. My bandmates didn't agree on anything except the notion that my songs were decidedly inferior. Keith was the nicest about it. He said, "What do you give a toss what we think?"

But the truth was I was trying something different, dark, in a children's book sort of way. *Silas Stingy, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. They weren't autobiographical; God knew, I wasn't one for opening up. What was I, a can of beans? Kids responded when the singles came out; kids loved *Boris the Spider*. Keith and Roger came round a bit when they saw that, and we talked about releasing a kids' rock album, but it never happened. The songs all ended up as B sides.

I wrote two about Kim, though nobody knew it: For a year or so our concerts always opened with one—*Heaven and Hell*, about the perils of mortal misbehavior. Its position on the playlist didn't mean the group was any more enthusiastic about my writing. Everyone just thought it was a good song to tune up to. It featured a lot of open strings.

The other one was *Smash Your Head Against the Wall*.

Our biggest hits were the ones involving Pete's mock-baroque bits, like the pseudo flamenco thing he used to kick off *Pinball Wizard*.

I always admired his handling of songwriting. He said what he wanted to say and ignored or patronized our suggestions about ways he might improve. He told us during one depression, "I'm sulking because you don't worship me for making your lives financially viable."

A journalist who was doing a behind-the-scenes piece on the band wrote long, harrowing accounts about Keith and Roger and Pete, but when it came to me, the article said only, "John Entwistle was never around—permanently asleep, apparently."

Oh, he was a miserable bastard, that Entwistle. Who else wrote horror songs for children? Dressed all in black and kept to himself and then moped about when people left him to his own devices? "Why haven't they come and coaxed me out?" he said to himself. Sold himself as his best friend's best friend when all he was thinking was, *You'll never know how lucky you are*. Angry about most things and frightened about

(continued on page 130)





*"I'm afraid it's time to vote one of you off the island!"*







# SHIPSHAPE CHARIS

miss february goes  
overboard for adventure

*T*O THE TRAINED and the untrained eye alike, Charis Boyle comes across as a shameless thrill seeker. "I'm driven and competitive," she says. The 26-year-old Virginia native is an adept horseman with a metalsmithing degree who is eager to acquire skills with more practical life applications. "I learned glassblowing. It's a beautiful art, and I have a decent set of lungs," she says, laughing. Now the erstwhile iron forger and jewelry maker is vice president of Primacy Cos., which owns nightclubs and restaurants along the East Coast, including the innovative D.C. club Nation. "Along with a team of architects, I design the look of each venue, down to the lighting fixtures and matchbooks," she says. When Manny Puig from Animal Planet's *Extreme Contact* tried to turn her attention from nightspots to wild critters, Charis was happy to take off to Florida for the challenge. "We talked for hours—he showed me pictures of sharks and we became interested in what each other did," she says. "He said, 'Come jump into the ocean and we'll feed 800-pound groupers for the show.' I'm going to do a few episodes because I like fun stunts that get me noticed and also help me conquer my fears." Is Miss February daring at love, too? "I don't believe in love at first sight, but I think there can be lust at first sight," she purrs. "For me, it's not about the way someone looks; it's his personality that makes him sexy. Showing initiative and creativity in making something romantic drives me crazy. I love that. It could be a candlelit picnic in the backyard or being flown to Paris—simple or grand, it doesn't matter. I'm not one to plan ahead. I just take opportunities as they come."

If anyone can get the *Queen Mary* moving again, it's Charis. "I got to play shuffleboard on deck while holding the sweetest little Pomeranian, Wally," she says. "I grew up on boats because my family races them. I became a good swimmer, but I think it's creepy to swim in the open ocean when you don't know what is 40 feet below you. It's on alien world."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA



























MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Chavis Boyle

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 120

BIRTH DATE: 8.31.76 BIRTHPLACE: Alexandria, Virginia

AMBITIONS: I try to stay focused on the simple things that are important in life because my ambitions are forever changing.

TURN-ONS: Honest and confident. Assertive and spontaneous. It's all in the eyes, but nice lips and a cute butt don't hurt either!

TURN-OFFS: Weak, shallow and generally unhappy people. Hairy backs, Billy Bob teeth and someone who makes a lot of noise when they eat.

MY ETHNIC BACKGROUND: Dutch, English & American Indian.

A CHARITY THAT I SUPPORT: Leukemia & Lymphoma foundation.

MY FAVORITE HOBBIES/SPORTS: Horseback riding, of course! I love anything outdoors—canoeing, camping, snowboarding, on and off road motorcycles and fast cars.

OTHER MODELING WORK THAT I'VE DONE: Nothing as exciting as Playboy, but I am currently busy with many projects. Stay tuned!



*Riding practice!*



*Eighth grade.*



*Stephanie & me @ SPA in NYC.*





YOU'LL FIND MORE OF CHARIS  
AT [CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM](http://CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM).



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

**W**hat do you get if you cross a freeway with a bicycle? Killed.

**A** woman ran into a police station and began sobbing. "I've just been ravaged by two Polish men," she cried.

"How do you know they were Polish?" the detective asked.

The woman replied, "I had to help them."

**W**hy is a man's piss yellow and his sperm white? So he can tell if he's coming or going.



**T**he definition of egghead: What Mrs. Dumpty gives to Mr. Dumpty.

**W**hat do electric trains and breasts have in common? They're intended for children, but men like to play with them.

**A** reporter visited a third world country on the verge of civil war to write an article about gender roles. He noted that the women customarily walked about 10 paces behind their husbands. After the war, he returned to the country and observed that the men were now walking 10 paces behind their wives. The reporter approached one of the women and said, "This is marvelous. Can you tell the rest of the world just what enabled women here to achieve this reversal of roles?"

"Land mines," said the woman.

**A** secretary told her boss, "I've found a new position."

"Great," he responded. "Shut the door, pull down the shades and show me."

**T**HIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: At what point does a priest get a prescription for Viagra? When the size of the altar boy class reaches 10.

**A** man and his wife were watching a boxing match on television. After the knockout, the husband said, "That sucks. It was over in three minutes."

His wife replied, "Well, now you know how I feel."

**P**LAYBOY CLASSIC: A man went into a popular Chinese restaurant and was asked to wait at the bar until a table was available. The bartender asked, "What would you like?"

The man answered, "I'd like a Stoli with a twist."

The bartender paused for a moment, then said, "Once upon a time, there were three little pigs. . . ."

**W**hy do men masturbate? Because it's sex with someone they love.

**A** man went to his priest and said, "Father, I want an annulment."

The priest replied, "Why? You just got married yesterday."

The man explained, "I think I married my sister."

The priest said, "I've known you and your wife all of your lives. What makes you think you're related?"

The man responded, "Last night when we undressed for bed, she looked at me and said, 'Oh, brother.'"

**D**espite the advice of their friends, an ant and an elephant got married. After they had sex for the first time, the elephant had a heart attack and died. "Crap," the ant said. "Five minutes of ecstasy and now I have to spend the rest of my life digging a grave."



**A** husband and his wife visited a marriage counselor. The husband said, "My wife and I never have sex. She's always too tired."

The marriage counselor asked him, "Do you still enjoy sex?"

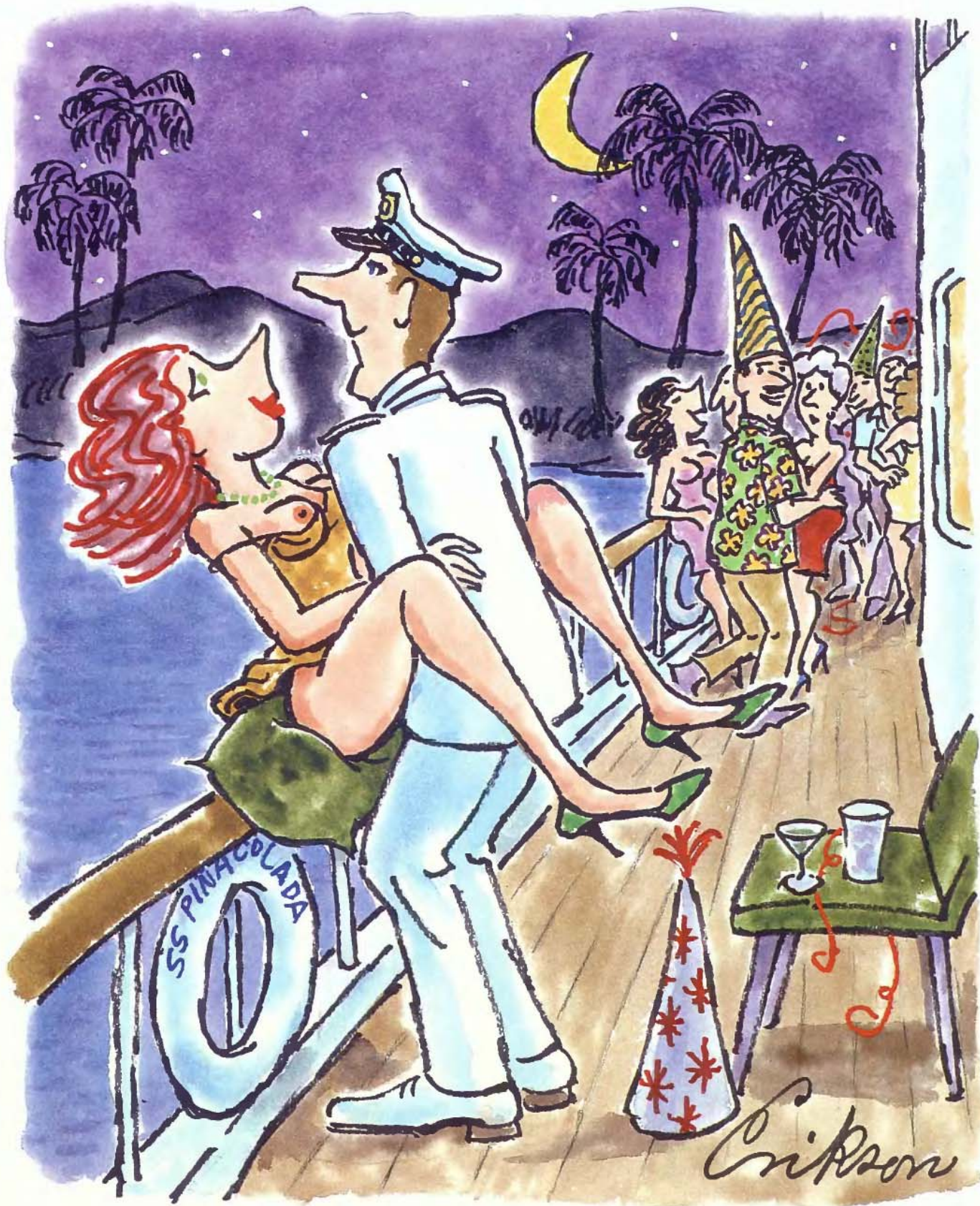
"As much as the next guy," the man stated.

The wife said, "That's the problem. Between him and the next guy, I'm exhausted."

**B**LONDE JOKE OF THE MONTH: What do you do when a blonde throws a pin at you? Run for your life. She has a grenade in her mouth.

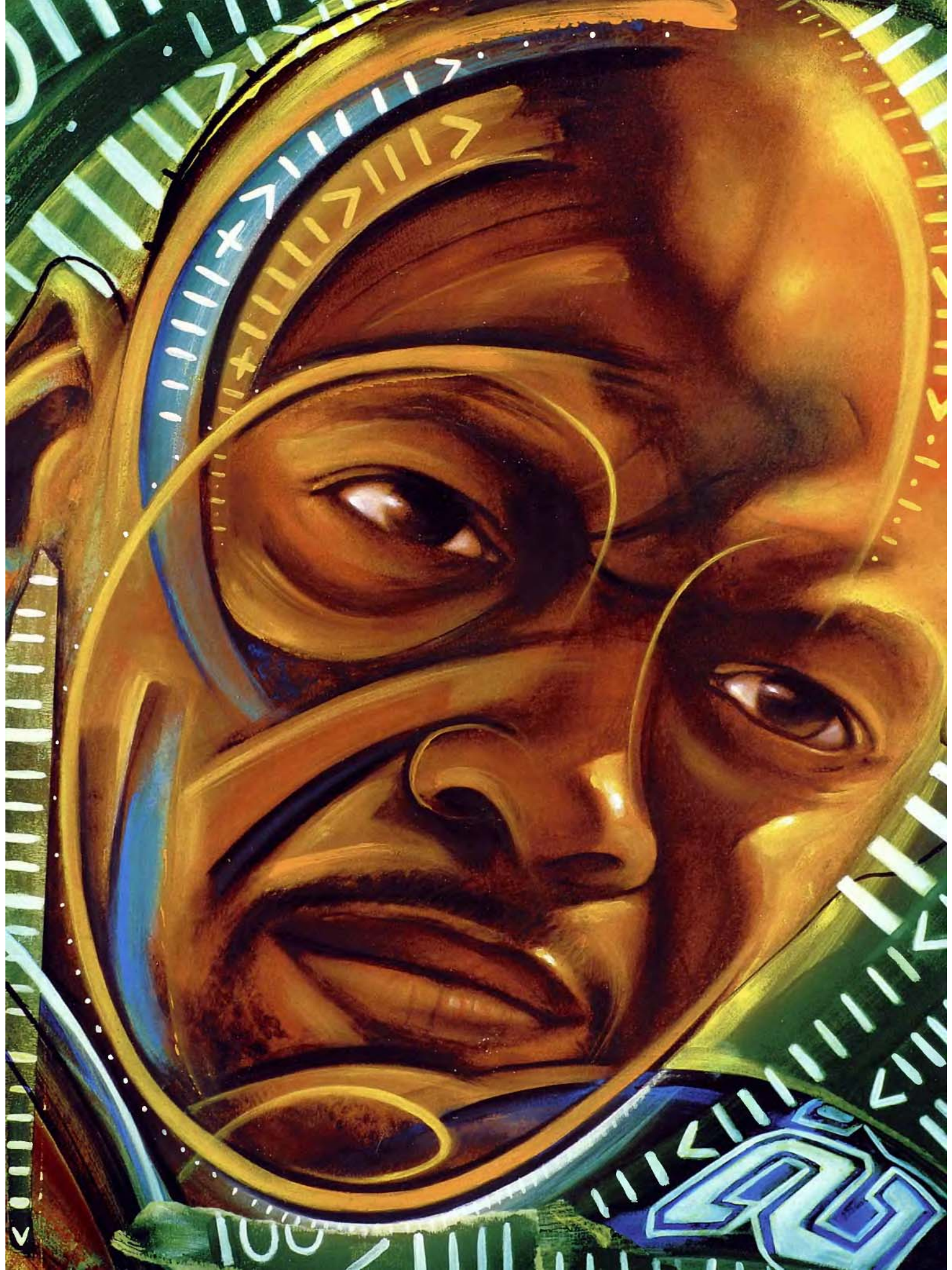
Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to [jokes@playboy.com](mailto:jokes@playboy.com). \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.





*"She's on a holiday cruise and it's part of the package."*







# CATCH '22'

emmitt smith was too small and too slow for pro football.

so how did he end up breaking the all-time nfl rushing record?

**S**ince 1990 there's been a catch-22 for NFL defenders: They can't catch number 22. You may slow down Dallas Cowboys running back Emmitt Smith. You may hold him to a yard or three. But check the stat sheet after the game and the man will have his yards. The 33-year-old Smith has run for more yards than anybody else in pro history. Jim Brown, O.J. Simpson, Barry Sanders, Walter Payton—this season Smith left them all behind. Not bad for a guy who was said to be too small and too slow to play in the NFL.

As a rookie, the 5'9", 212-pound Smith wrote down his career goal: *Be the NFL's all-time leading rusher*. A dozen years and nearly 4000 carries later, the dream came true, and now Smith has racked up almost 10 miles of NFL yardage. He has three Super Bowl rings, a Super Bowl MVP trophy, a league MVP award and four NFL rushing crowns. But the rushing king isn't finished. He wants to add more mileage to his total to discourage would-be record breakers. Then, after he retires, he might become an NFL owner.

PLAYBOY: Did you think about the rushing record constantly this year?

SMITH: I thought about it more as I got closer. I'd been trying to control my emotions, but once the season began I decided it was OK to be excited. It's like a 100-yard dash—I'd already run 95 yards. All I needed was a strong finish.

PLAYBOY: Do the yards seem longer now that you're 33 years old?

SMITH: They seem longer when you're losing. Everything is smooth when you win, but we've found that harder the past few years.

PLAYBOY: You've always written down your goals. In your rookie year you wrote that you planned to break the league's rushing record.

SMITH: It was before my rookie year.

PLAYBOY: You were holding out for more money. You weren't even officially a Cowboy—

SMITH: Right. I was sitting in my little apartment here in Dallas. I knew I wanted to play a minimum of 13 years—

PLAYBOY: Why 13 years?

SMITH: It's a magical number. And it's the time a lot of players retire.

PLAYBOY: But the average running back's career is only three or four years.

SMITH: Forget average. I was thinking about going the distance.

PLAYBOY: You were thinking about passing Jim Brown and Walter Payton before you gained your first yard in the NFL?

SMITH: And I knew getting to 16,727 yards would take about 13 years.

PLAYBOY: Where did you write your goal?

SMITH: On a piece of paper. Then a girl I was dating got it laminated.

PLAYBOY: That was brash, having it laminated.

SMITH: Hey, it wasn't me. Girlfriend did it.

PLAYBOY: Does she still have it?

SMITH: I have it in a box in storage. Tell you what—that's a valuable piece of paper, isn't it?

PLAYBOY: This is your 13th year. What's on your list of goals for next year?

SMITH: The first goal I write down every year is to keep Jesus Christ number one in my life. Number two, stay healthy all season. After that I proceed to team goals and then individual goals.

PLAYBOY: What can you average per game this year?

SMITH: I always shoot for 120, 125 yards.

PLAYBOY: Early in the season you were gaining about half that per game. Still, you wound up pushing toward 17,000 career yards. Can you reach 20,000?

SMITH: I'd need a couple more good years to get close to 20,000. But, yes, that number is in my mind.

PLAYBOY: You've already piled up a mountain of yards for the next ambitious rookie to climb. But only five years ago your career was in trouble—you had a slow start, the Cowboys struggled and you were benched. What happened?

SMITH: What happened is that people were idiots. "Emmitt is holding the team back," they said. They said I was done. They didn't look at the fact that I was injured—our team was decimated by injuries and age and lack of talent, and our system was outdated. We ran the same offense for five years, so teams were well prepared to stop us. They knew what was coming. I had a badly sprained ankle and had broken a bone spur, so I couldn't push off. But I still got over 1000 yards that year.

**By KEVIN COOK**



PLAYBOY: You ran for 1074 yards and caught 40 passes for another 234, all for a team that went 6–10. How did you feel when coach Barry Switzer said of you, “Father Time gets everybody.” You were only 28 and you were injured—that must have stung.

SMITH: Barry popped off a lot. He was definitely wrong that time.

PLAYBOY: He resigned after the season.



Do you ever see him?

SMITH: Yes, and we do not talk about that time. Nobody makes apologies; we proceed on. I’m still here, even though Father Time does catch up with you. I’m still an effective running

back—you don’t get to 1000 yards by being ineffective. I’ve still got a major step on Father Time.

PLAYBOY: You suffered major pain in a 1994 game against the Giants, when you separated your shoulder but stayed in the game. You kept carrying the ball—even stiff-armed Lawrence Taylor with your bad arm—and the Cowboys won the NFC East. How much does it hurt to stiff-arm a huge, fast tackler with a separated shoulder?

SMITH: I wasn’t hurting, I was flowing on adrenaline. You know how a soldier in battle gets shot but doesn’t know it? He’s wounded but still fighting. That was me.

PLAYBOY: On the sideline, you wept from the pain.

SMITH: Sitting on the sideline when our defense was in, yeah. It was cold, I’m stiffening up and my shoulder is pounding like a migraine headache.

PLAYBOY: After that game, for the first time in his career, John Madden went from the booth to the locker room to congratulate a player. What did he say to you?

SMITH: He said, “What a performance! It’s the greatest thing I’ve ever seen in football.” And I’m just sitting there in pain, my head’s lolling back and I’m going, “Thanks, John.”

PLAYBOY: What was the worst moment?

SMITH: I was cool until I got out of the shower. Took a shower, now I’m put-

ting on my clothes and all of a sudden I get these severe chest pains and just fall over.

PLAYBOY: Where were the doctors? The NFL is supposed to be the home of prescription painkillers.

SMITH: I don’t like needles. I’d had a couple pain pills after I got hurt, and after the game they gave me a couple of shots in the shoulder, just to calm it down. It knocked me out. I slept through the bus ride and woke up on the plane back to Dallas. Everybody else was celebrating, but I was in a panic, almost screaming from the pain. I started beating my shoulder on the seat and they had to shoot me again. They wanted to land in Memphis and put me in a hospital, but I said no. “Take me home,” I said. “I’m not dying in Memphis.”

PLAYBOY: It was good enough for Elvis.

SMITH: “I’ll die in Dallas,” I said. So as soon as we landed we went to the hospital. They gave me an IV and more medicine. It’s 10:55 and I said, “Man, I want to see *Sports Center*. I’ll be on *Sports Center* for sure.” Now it’s like 10:59, the *Sports Center* music’s coming on and I said, “Yeah, gonna see myself . . .,” and I fell asleep.

PLAYBOY: Let’s go back to less-painful memories. Is it true that when you were a baby, you wouldn’t calm down unless your mother found a football game on TV?

SMITH: That’s what the family says.

PLAYBOY: Your father, Emmitt Smith Jr., worked as a city bus driver in Pensacola, Florida.

SMITH: He still does.

PLAYBOY: His father, the original Emmitt, worked in a factory.

SMITH: And we lived in the projects. I remember one day my grandfather took me to the bank. I was 11 or 12. He had a certificate of deposit, and he wanted me to see it. Not just to show me the money, but to make me think

about working and saving. Now, in my culture, we’d never been educated in the stock market, so our way to protect a dollar was to put it in a CD, collecting four or five percent. My grandfather paid taxes on that. It wasn’t a tax-free CD. Years later I know about investing, but we didn’t then. So he asks the bank

guy to bring him the CD and I saw this huge number. It was for more than \$15,000.

PLAYBOY: What did your grandfather do with the money?

SMITH: He bought my sister a car for her high school graduation. Later on, when I graduated, he bought one for me—a 1985 Nissan Maxima. By the time my brothers got out of high school I was in the NFL. I could do the same for them.

PLAYBOY: You took over for your grandfather. Did you get them Maximas?

SMITH: No, they got Lexus LX 450s.

PLAYBOY: In the old days your grandmother, Erma Lee, was confined to a wheelchair. You looked after her, didn’t you?

SMITH: My grandfather was working the night shift and my father needed some sleep—he had to go to work at five A.M. So I slept on the sofa in my grandparents’ house. I would feed her. I’d give her water in the middle of the night, or

help her into bed or roll her over so she could be comfortable. Those were my nighttime chores.

PLAYBOY: Those were some long nights for a little kid.

SMITH: It’s what we did. It was family.

PLAYBOY: Even after you became a college football star at Florida, you let your dad tell you what to do.

SMITH: One time I did a little touchdown dance, and he didn’t think much of that. “Son,” he said, “show a little class. Act like you’ve been there before.”

PLAYBOY: Didn’t he give you some advice when you were an NFL rookie?

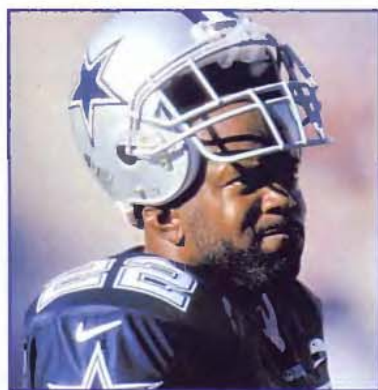
SMITH: He did. At first I was too hyper after I got tackled. I’d bounce up—try to throw everybody off me and get back to the huddle real quick. My father said, “Son, don’t waste energy pushing these big guys up off you. Just relax and lay down. Lay there long enough and they might help you up.” So the next game I chilled out. Stayed down, let everybody untwist their bodies. And guess what—somebody reaches down and helps me back up.

PLAYBOY: Before Walter Payton died three years ago, he asked you to talk to his son, Jarrett. How close were you and Walter?

SMITH: We didn’t know each other well, but we were spiritually close. I think he trusted me, and he thought it was fitting for me to call Jarrett.

PLAYBOY: What things did you and Jarrett talk about?

“I’m only worth millions. Jerry Jones is probably more ruthless than I am.”



(continued on page 120)



a million-dollar  
100 mph mahogany  
screamer that's  
built for comfort  
and speed

# WANT A WOODY?



Sharp as a dagger and cut low to the water, the Alpha Z 33 flashes the profile of a modern, high-performance speedboat as it roars across Lake Tahoe at 85 miles per hour, blowing V8 thunder and a towering rooster tail. Catch her resting dockside, however, and the Alpha Z 33 looks like a throwback to the golden age of motorboating, a glowing 33-foot wedge of mahogany. The pet project of Florida real estate executive Jeff Jones, the Alpha Z 33 took yacht designer Michael Peters a year to design and Van Dam Wood Craft two years to complete. "The idea was to pretend that fiberglass had never been invented," recalls Peters, whose creations include world-champion offshore racers



Above: The Alpha Z 33's 825 hp V8 can propel the craft to speeds upwards of 100 mph. A laptop connected to the boat's electronics monitors engine functions. Right: Although the boat appears to be carved from a single block of mahogany, it's actually many planks meticulously matched for color and grain by the builder, Van Dam Wood Craft. The floor of the cockpit is varnished mahogany and stainless steel. Fuel tanks beneath it hold about 100 gallons. At dusk, pneumatically controlled running lights pop up at the push of a button.



By CHARLES PLUEDDEMAN





and Cigarette boats. "What would the creators of classic wooden crafts build today, given the evolution of marine technology? For inspiration, Jones started hanging out in our office, getting ideas from books about exotic Italian sports cars, and what started as a \$150,000 boat turned into a million-dollar project full of details that were almost absurd in their complexity." The Alpha Z 33 hit the water in 1998 and now Jones has moved on to other ambitious projects. If he thinks you'll treat her right—and you can cough up \$2.5 million—the girl's all yours, captain.



This page: The stepped deep-V design of the Alpha Z 33 reduces friction by venting air over the aft hull section. The boat's rudder is machined from aircraft-grade aluminum alloy. The ornamental hardware is made by MetalCrafters, a company that also builds concept cars. Right: Glowing buttons on the center console provide control of trim tabs, running lights and a power engine hatch. The console also holds a stereo display and a TV monitor connected to a VCR. The boat's bucket seats are covered in fine English saddle leather.











*"Would you please stop saying, 'This just in'?"*





**TINA JORDAN**

Tina Jordan

## CENTERFOLDS ON SEX

### WHERE HAVE YOU HAD SPONTANEOUS SEX?

IN AN ELEVATOR, IN PUBLIC REST ROOMS, IN RESTAURANTS, IN THE FIRST-CLASS BATHROOMS ON AIRPLANES. I'VE DONE IT IN VEGAS IN CASINO BATHROOMS. ONE TIME WE FORGOT TO LOCK THE DOOR AND GOT CAUGHT. IT WAS FUNNY. I SAID, "OH, WELL, HI!" WHAT CAN YOU DO THEN, RIGHT? I'M USUALLY STANDING OR BENDING OVER, OR UP ON THE SINK. I PULL UP MY SKIRT AND HE TAKES ME RIGHT THERE. I ONCE GAVE MY BOYFRIEND HEAD UNDER A BAR WITH PEOPLE EVERYWHERE. HE WAS STANDING, FACING THE BAR. I WAS UNDERNEATH IN FRONT OF HIM, BETWEEN HIS LEGS. AFTERWARD I JUST POPPED UP AND WENT, "HI." AND THE WAITRESS WAS LIKE, "YOU GO, GIRL!" WE HAD SO MUCH FUN.

### MY SEXUAL PHILOSOPHY

I said to my boyfriend, "I'll be Suzy Homemaker out in public, but I'll be your porn star in bed." I love to perform sex. I love to put on a show. I love to make him feel good. I'll do whatever. It makes it more fun and exciting for him, like, "Wow, I can't believe she did that."

### DO YOU TEASE?

I love to tease. I ask my boyfriend to come into the room, where I'm naked, playing with myself. I don't let him touch me. First I touch my body everywhere, using a lot of lubrication. I love the sound of it. I touch my breasts. I finger myself in front of him and make him watch. But he can't touch me. Then I play with my vibrator and tell him I want to come first, before he touches me. Then I tease him. "You can put one finger in, maybe two." I love to be finger-banged. It's a tease, and I know that when he finally puts his penis in me it will feel so good. I love that first feeling when he enters me.









## Bernie Mac

## 20Q

tv's big man of comedy on fashion, lying and what happens when you give a woman some good dick

**B**ernie Mac grew out of poverty on Chicago's South Side to become a man whose size could intimidate anyone, were he not so gentlemanly and refined—offstage, that is. One of today's highest-grossing comedians, Mac made his mark on Russell Simmons' Def Comedy Jam with his musings about men, women, sex and especially family, based on his own tough youth. His mother and one brother died when he was a teenager. He hardly knew his father. Somehow, that life formed the basis of a comic viewpoint that Mac took public in 1977 while he drove a Wonder Bread truck to make ends meet. Fast-forward to 1997, when Mac joined the Kings of Comedy tour that eventually became the subject of Spike Lee's documentary. He followed that with a scenery-chewing turn as a blackjack dealer in the 2001 remake of *Ocean's 11*. Now he's on the Fox TV network with *The Bernie Mac Show* and was nominated for an Emmy for lead actor in a comedy series. He's also co-starring as Chris Rock's older brother in *Head of State* and he'll be in *Bad Santa* with Billy Bob Thornton, followed by a role in *Charlie's Angels: Full Throttle*.

Contributing Editor David Rensin met with Mac recently in Los Angeles.

## 1

PLAYBOY: You're a big man. How do you dress to be big?

MAC: Dressing smaller is better. When you dress too big, you're not really secure with yourself. If you're big, it's good to be neat. The more you play down your size, the better; the attention is already there. Everybody likes a gentle giant. I've always been a dresser. I wouldn't dress like this if I couldn't afford it. I've always been into fashion. I was a black-and-white guy. I loved the style of a man—with the hats and the handkerchiefs. I used to watch the entertainers from the old Regal Theater. They left the room and you still smelled them. Their hands were so neat. I always liked the manicured man.

## 2

PLAYBOY: When did you get your first manicure?

MAC: When I was 15. It was a cool thing for me. I admired my brother, who was called Sweet Rob. He sang background with the Chi-Lites, and he was very well groomed. After he spoke on the phone and handed it to you, you smelled him. I watched my brother's hands, how they glittered and how he used them to express himself.

You can tell the essence of a man from his teeth, his eyes, his hair and his skin. When you shake his hand and you feel the firmness and the softness combined, when you see the neatness of his manicure and the way his clothes lay on him. It shows not only his style but his character and what he's about internally. You see the love he has for himself, and what he can share with others.

## 3

PLAYBOY: What does "keeping it real" mean?

MAC: I have no idea what the fuck "keeping it real" means. Keeping it real is the stupidest shit I've ever heard. Is there any other way? I have asked my people and got different explanations, but nothing makes sense. The more ignorant you are, the more real it is? I've seen cats, especially in Vegas during the fights, doing some of the most ignorant shit you've ever seen in your life. And I've heard people next to me say, "Man, he's keeping it real." The less manners you have, the more real you are?

## 4

PLAYBOY: About what sexual habits do most men lie?

MAC: How long they fuck. How they tore up somebody's ass. Men lie on their dicks all the time. Women lie about good dick: "Girl, that dick, he can throw that ass." He can throw that

money, is what it is. Women fuck men more for money and personal shit than they do for pleasure. They are just as guilty as men, only women can get away with it more.

## 5

PLAYBOY: Does the first time you have sex with a woman change her?

MAC: Women love dick. They try to lie about it because it's unorthodox to admit it. But if you get a woman in bed and truly please her physically, you will see the transformation and hear things you thought she would never, ever say; then she starts walking with the mattress on her back. The problems begin when you throw good dick to a woman who's not accustomed to it. Not only will she not leave you alone, she'll overcommit herself to you. Some men have the same problem. It's no different from being broken in for the first time by an experienced woman. I hear men say their woman is not compatible with them—no way, no how. Then they say, "Yeah, but she got some good puss." Stupidest statement in the world. It's like, "Damn everything you work for. Damn everything you believe in." You know she ain't right. You know she's fucking your brother. You know she sucks dick for a living. And the first thing you say in your sorry-ass defense is, "She got some good puss."

## 6

PLAYBOY: Did you get enough when you were young?

MAC: I never got enough. But I had to make peace with it because it gets old. Other things become more important. I got my signs like everybody else. At first I didn't pay any attention. Thought I was irresistible. Invincible. Flat stomach. Solid. Ripping and running. Drinking beer all night, smoking two packs of squares and still going to play ball in the morning. Fucking all night. No one



thinks he's going to have a stroke. No thought about high blood pressure or diabetes. No worries about AIDS. I was in that place. But I had to get humble. Sometimes you have to break all the way down before you get it. It's like dealing with a pretty face: You look across the room and, damn, she's gorgeous. She walks past and, damn, look at the ass on that. Bowlegged son of a bitch, shit. Then you start hooking up with her and you can't stand her. Everybody around you will tell you, "Man, she loves you." Maybe, but she gets on my nerves, and when that happens, even that fine, beautiful face ain't enough anymore.

## 7

PLAYBOY: What signs show you that life with a particular woman will be nothing but misery?

MAC: The motherfucker wants to be your mother. She tries to change you. She tells you from the beginning what to do, how to do it, when to do it, what to eat, where to go, where to park. Another one is the woman who can never keep a relationship. You see a woman with four or five kids and no man, that motherfucker's got a problem. People can get mad that I'm saying this, but these are true signs—and it ain't no different than the son of a bitch who can't keep a job, or who's got four or five kids with four different women.

## 8

PLAYBOY: On your show, Bernie always seems so aggrieved. What percentage of your comedy comes from pain?

MAC: Eighty-five percent. I reflect on my childhood, my young adulthood, the disappointments of life—the problems I brought on myself, the self-pity I went through before I became a man. It comes from watching how my mother dealt with her pain, not knowing what her pain was all about. That was torture for me. Realizing that my father made me the man I am without even knowing it. What a waste. He missed out on so much. I don't curse him and I don't look down on him. I just pity him. That's what motivated me to be a better father. I look at the relationship between me and my daughter, how close we are and how she's my friend, and I attribute all that to my father's not being a father.

## 9

PLAYBOY: Tell us about your dad.

MAC: My father died three years after my mother did. He died penniless. I had to bury him. I saw him maybe 10, 12 times. He used to fight my mother. She used to fight him back, and I mean fight him. She was rough.

On one holiday when I was eight, maybe nine, my father called me on the phone. He was very articulate, clever, a smooth dresser. He said, "Son, I'm on my way home. I'm going to take you out and we're going to do this and we're going to do that." Trouble is, our home wasn't his home. He had never lived with us. I'd always say, "Daddy, when are we going to be a family?" And he'd always promise to get us an apartment. Until my mother died, I never even knew they weren't married. Anyway, I told my mom he'd called and asked, "Mom, can I put on my suit?" I had a blue suit. "I want to look real nice for him." She just looked at me. "OK, son." She knew the man; she knew he wasn't coming. One o'clock. Two o'clock. Three o'clock. Four o'clock. Five o'clock. Six o'clock. I'm sitting on the couch, in a suit, my hair parted with Vaseline. All my cousins were playing, but I didn't want to play. I wanted my father. Finally, my mother said, "Son, take your clothes off. He's not coming." I said, "He is coming! He is!" She said, "Son, you can keep the suit on for a few minutes longer, but then you're going to have to take it off." Seven o'clock. Seven-thirty. Eight o'clock. My mother said, "Bernie, I want you to take your clothes off." I started crying. "He's coming!" She said, "He's not coming."

My mother looked at me, trying to be stern, but I guess I had a look on my face. She said, "I'm going to the store to get some cigarettes. When I come back, you're going to have to take that suit off, OK?" I put my head down. She went to the store. A few minutes later I heard a knock and opened the door. My father stood there. He said, "Hello, son." Man, I jumped in his arms. He was six-three, about 230. He picked me up with just one arm: "That's my boy." "Daddy! Daddy! I waited for you!" He said, "You know what, son? Come here." He took me to the window and pulled the blinds open. He said, "Look across the street, son. See that? Dad was out buying you a car." Then he jiggled some keys. "That's where Dad was." "You bought me a car?" I said. "I sure did. But you know what, son? Dad spent all of his money trying to buy a car for you. Is there any loose change around here so I could put some gas in the car? I'm going to take you driving." I said, "Dad, I got some money!" He said, "You do?" Man, I shot into my room and I cracked my piggy bank open. I had 40-something dollars. He said, "Oh, my God." He took all my money. He said, "I'm going to get some gas, son. You stay right there." And he left. A few moments later my mother walked in. It was like in the movies. She marched me upstairs and said, "Bernie, take your suit off." I said, "No,

Mom, no! Daddy just left." She ran out of patience. "Son, he is not coming," she said. "I'm tired of playing with you. I want you to take it off now." Then she saw my piggy bank. "Boy, you broke that bank? What did you do with the money?" I said, "Mom, Daddy bought me a car! He just came and—" She shot down those stairs. I didn't get a chance to finish the sentence. She chased him and caught him. There was humbugging in the street. I was the talk of the school for a whole month. They used to call my mother Champ. Oh, it was scrapping. And she got the money back.

## 10

PLAYBOY: Ever consider therapy?

MAC: If I needed it I would have no problem going, but things are working well for me. My family life is a beautiful thing. I don't have any vices. I don't have a nightlife. That life has all gone past me. Right now I wouldn't fuck with the recipe.

## 11

PLAYBOY: On the show you have a regular poker game. When you play in real life, is it about the camaraderie—or the bad food, the cigars and the opportunity to take money from your friends?

MAC: All of that. The ego gets involved. It's all about competition. Who can psych out whom? You know the other guy's lying and you want to see if your lying's better than his. We play golf like poker. Fifty dollars front, \$50 back, \$10 a hole. I love it. Every week it's a grinding thing.

## 12

PLAYBOY: What's so good about golf?

MAC: I started playing seven years ago. I wish I had gotten into it earlier, because I have a mean swing. I didn't know what the fuck I was missing. Boxing was the sport in my neighborhood. I was also into baseball, basketball and football. But now I love trying to use course management to defeat the course. It's not about what you do, it's about what I do. It's not about you hitting your 310 in the rough; it's about me hitting my 250 right in the doggone middle of the fairway. It's about me laying it up while you're trying to make the green on the back fringe. I also love the camaraderie and the aftermath—meeting people, drinking beer, the cigars and the food. I love a good time.

## 13

PLAYBOY: The day of the setup-punch line comic seems almost gone. Which  
(continued on page 146)



# Valentine's Day



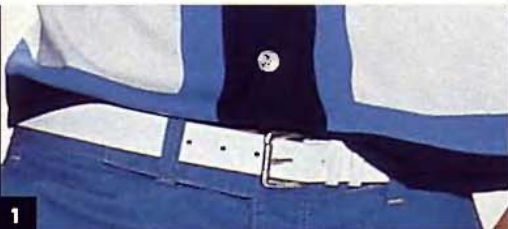




# FRONT ROW FASHION

*new trends set to take off from the runways*

*Fashion by Joseph De Acetis  
Photography by Dan Lecca*



1

2

3

4





A



B



C



D



E



F

Several big things are poised to dominate high fashion this spring. Double-breasted suits are the nazz. White is huge. And light tunic shirts beat the heat. Designers have focused their flair for details on belts—they're the fashion accessory to use to distinguish yourself. OPPOSITE PAGE: This outfit (A) is by Yves Saint Laurent. The double-breasted suit, shirt and tie (B) are by Gucci. The double-breasted suit, shirt and tie (C) are by Yves Saint Laurent. THIS

PAGE: Deconstructed tops bring casual cool to a suit combo. But the comfy, light tunics are great by themselves, too. Pictured here are tunic-inspired shirts by (A) Jil Sander, (B) Perry Ellis, (C) Gucci, (D) Dolce & Gabbana, (E) John Varvatos and (F) Paul Smith. BOTH PAGES, BELOW: New eye-catching belts are by (1) Michael Kors, (2) Hermès, (3) Miguel Adrover, (4) Jil Sander, (5) and (6) Paul Smith, (7) Versace and (8) Valentino.



5



6



7



8





A



B



C



D

White-on-white styles reflect several trends come to fruition. The look has been making its way up from the street-level fashion underground—think of Puffy's summer white parties. But it's also a throwback to Gatsby-era slick—in East Egg you didn't have to call it a white party to get everyone to show up in classic cream-colored suits. It's also a nod to the high-rolling beach casino world of old Havana. So order yourself another apple martini, grab a seat at the

Pei Gow table and get with the program. Suits are showing up in a variety of shades of white, in linens, cottons and artificial fibers. And with the return of the tuxedo-style one-button jacket, you can choose from one-, two- or three-button versions. On this page, there's a formal outfit (A) by **Ralph Lauren**, a suit and shirt (B) by **Jil Sander**, an outfit (C) by **Hermès** and a suit and shirt combination (D) by **Valentino**. Forget Memorial Day—white is now.





Vertical stripes are still the way to pull off casual cool. But the festive stripes that animated last summer's shirts have migrated southward. We'll all look taller this year, apparently. One tip: Unless you are going for the wild end crazy look perfected by Steve Martin and Dan Aykroyd, you'll probably want to follow runway style—plain shirts and jackets that let the pants deliver a soliloquy of stripes. Above: The cream pants (A) are by **Hermès**. Check out the way the

belt is used to pull out the color in the subtle stripes. The taupe trousers (B) and beige pants (C) are also by **Hermès**. (Those gladiator sandals make more sense if you consider the shirts on the previous page.) And the white pants with two-tone blue stripes (D) are by **Fendi**. All these new styles retain the loose, easygoing cuts that have made dressing well fun again. The only worry? Better have that overpriced cheeseburger without ketchup tonight.



# EMMITT SMITH

(continued from page 106)

SMITH: Going to school. Staying focused. Jarrett's at Miami, and he has a chance to be a sought-after player. When he'll really need somebody to talk to is when he's done with college. He'll have agents chasing him, people flocking around. He'll need someone to help filter that stuff. I'm not going to pester Jarrett, but he's got my phone number.

PLAYBOY: What did you and Walter talk about?

SMITH: We used to talk about life. Training regimens. Financials. Protecting our privacy.

PLAYBOY: When was the last time you spoke to him?

SMITH: A little bit before he died.

PLAYBOY: Was he saying goodbye?

SMITH: Yes. I think Walter had come to grips with the idea that his life was starting to leak away. "I've got to go in for more tests, a couple more tests. But I'm at peace," he said. "I'm cool. It's in God's hands. Just keep me in your prayers."

PLAYBOY: Do you think it's fate that you are the guy who broke his record?

SMITH: I do. I think certain people are destined to do certain things. People ask me, "Why you?" But I'm just happy God has chosen me, and I don't question his motives. I try to live up to this destiny he made for me and never forget where I came from.

PLAYBOY: Let's see how fast this interview can change directions. Can a running back enjoy sex after a game, or are you too bruised?

SMITH: After the game? It's every bit of possible. Oh, yes. It's comforting. It's hard to go to sleep on Sunday night.

PLAYBOY: Can a religious man enjoy sex as much as a hedonist?

SMITH: Of course. Why not? If you're married, you've got your mate. You can do a whole lot; you can do it all.

PLAYBOY: We tend to think of churchgoing men as straight arrows.

SMITH: Man, I'm going to have as much fun as I possibly can. My wife and I will go wherever, do whatever. We don't limit ourselves.

PLAYBOY: You're unlimited.

SMITH: Unlimited. We're good.

PLAYBOY: Your wife, Patricia, was Miss Virginia and a runner-up in the 1994 Miss USA pageant.

SMITH: She should have won it.

PLAYBOY: Before you, she was married to Martin Lawrence. Have you and Lawrence met?

SMITH: Years ago. Before I knew Patricia. I told him I was a fan of his.

PLAYBOY: Is it awkward to see him now?

SMITH: No, it's respect on both sides.

He'll say, "Go out and knock them down. Beat the record, get your yards."

PLAYBOY: Think back to your bachelor days. Which NFL city has the best-looking women?

SMITH: Phoenix.

PLAYBOY: Not Dallas? There was a scandal in Dallas in the Nineties—the news got out that Cowboys players had paid for a house where they could take women without their wives or girlfriends knowing anything about it. You must have known about the infamous White House.

SMITH: I knew some things. I don't want to discuss them, though.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever visit the White House?

SMITH: [Staring interviewer down] I knew some things. We'll leave it just like that.

PLAYBOY: Are pro football players bad citizens?

SMITH: No. People want to judge us, but before you judge us, why don't you look at your own life? When you point a finger at one of us, there are three fingers coming right back at you. The difference between a football player and somebody else is that he's in the public eye and you're not. His dirt is uncovered. Yours is not.

PLAYBOY: You discovered years ago that you were drawn to the business world. You've owned a sports-collectibles store and you're planning to capitalize on breaking the record with everything from bobblehead dolls to silver helmets. Cowboys owner Jerry Jones calls you and Troy Aikman two of the best businessmen he's had on the team.

SMITH: There's some history behind that—all our contract negotiations.

PLAYBOY: Who's the tougher businessman, you or Jerry Jones?

SMITH: I'll say he is, because he's older and worth billions. I'm only worth millions. Jerry's probably more ruthless than I am.

PLAYBOY: Any complaints about how the Cowboys treat players?

SMITH: I miss the swimming pool that we had here at Valley Ranch, where we work out. In a pool you can work muscles you don't work in the weight room. It's good for your lungs, too. But they removed the pool.

PLAYBOY: Emmitt Smith wants to swim and they take out the pool?

SMITH: I guess there weren't enough people using the pool to justify it. And I'm not going to say anything against Jerry Jones right now, knowing that he's looking to do some things with the organization.

PLAYBOY: Like maybe cutting you loose to save payroll.

SMITH: So I won't be demanding a new swimming pool. Though I do have my vision of what I'd do if I were an own-

er. I'd want a track and football field like we have here. A swimming pool, definitely. I would make some improvements in classrooms—we need a larger meeting room for our team—and put in a state-of-the-art training room like the Mavericks have. I love what [Dallas Mavericks owner] Mark Cuban did with his NBA team. Their facility is awesome. I wouldn't go so far in the locker room, though—the players have DVDs and Game Boys and PlayStation 2s at their lockers!

PLAYBOY: What else would you do as an NFL owner?

SMITH: Provide massage and chiropractic services. Those things are necessary to keep players healthy, and healthy players stretch the owner's dollar.

PLAYBOY: Will you become an owner?

SMITH: [Rubbing an imaginary dollar between his fingers] Got to get more paper first.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about paper. What has been your biggest thrill financially?

SMITH: Seeing my first million dollars. It was a Tuesday, before the season opener in my rookie year. I got a check for \$1,050,000.

PLAYBOY: Do they spell it out on the second line, *One million dollars*?

SMITH: [Nodding] One million and fifty thousand. Wow.

PLAYBOY: Was that the biggest check you've held in your hand?

SMITH: It was one of the smallest. The biggest was for thirteen point five.

PLAYBOY: That's a lot to spell out, *Thirteen million and five hundred thousand dollars*. What color was the check?

SMITH: Cowboys blue.

PLAYBOY: People talk about your vision and about your balance. We have always thought, from watching you, that your success has been more about strength. At 5'9", 212 you have a low center of gravity and you're incredibly strong through the middle.

SMITH: It's interesting you say that. You mean right through here, right? That's what I call the body's core. There are so many little muscles in there that make a man run fast or jump high. As an athlete, your core is the essence of who you are—it's what keeps you balanced and strong. The guys in the weight room tell me that I have one strong core.

PLAYBOY: As did the Lions' Barry Sanders, but he retired before he could break Payton's rushing record. Were you surprised?

SMITH: Very surprised. Barry and I have talked about it since then. I don't want to discuss it because he has a book coming out. I want to let Barry's book speak for itself.

PLAYBOY: Come on—tell us a little.

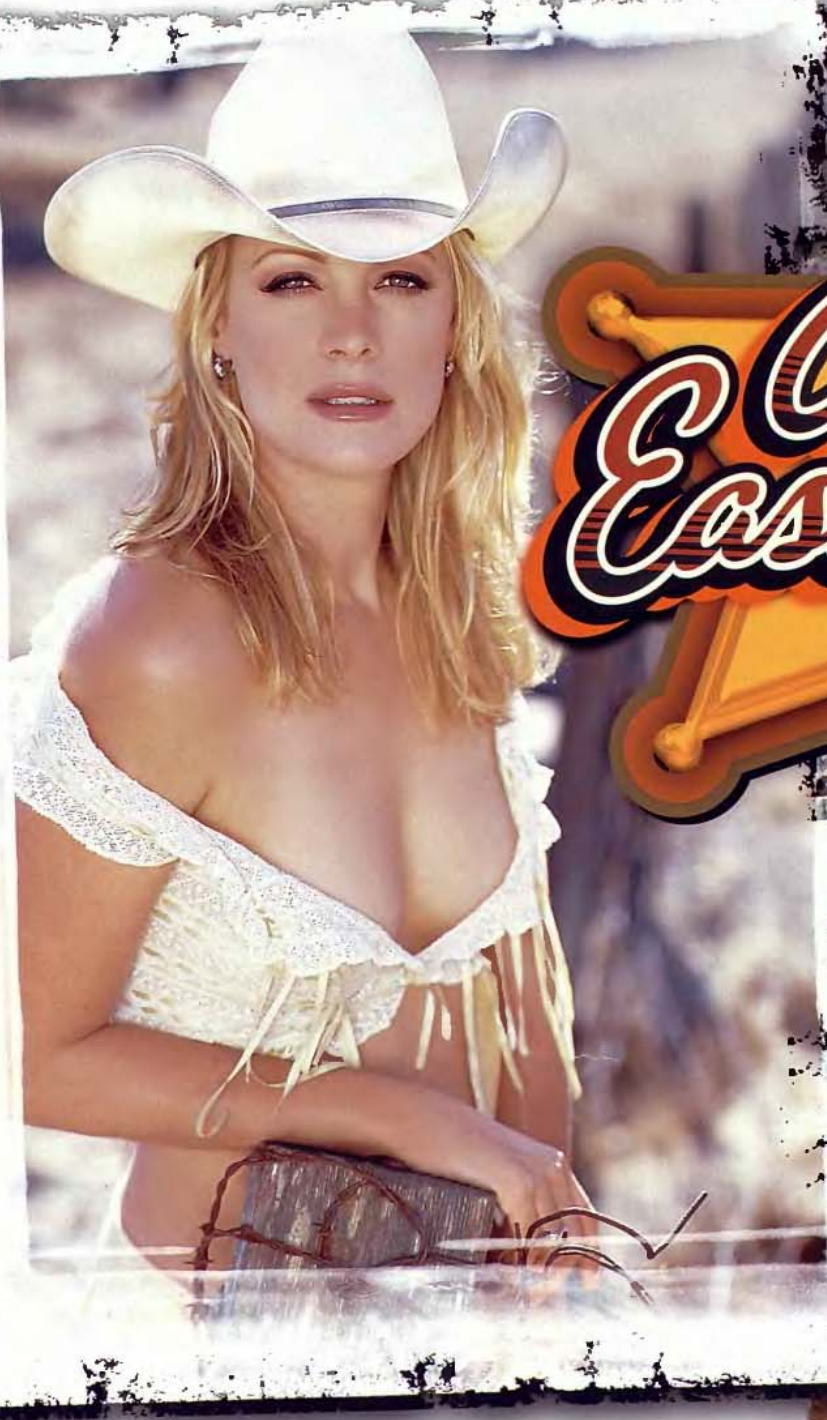
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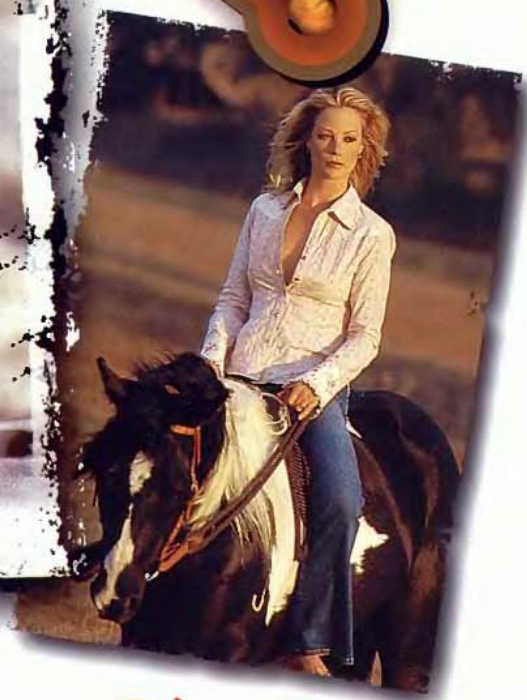
*"This virtual stuff is so real I swear I can actually feel it!"*





Dirty Harry is Alison's favorite movie starring Dad. "The sideburns, the Roy-Bans, he looked great in it. And he's such a badass—but a subtle badass."

**Alison Eastwood**



## Clint's Daughter Makes Our Day

HOW DO YOU wind up normal when your dad is Dirty Harry? Or when he's the outlaw Josey Wales? Well, you spend a lot of time hanging out on movie sets watching your father become a god of Hollywood. Then you reach adulthood and find you've acquired useful skills and talent. And if you're Alison Eastwood, it turns out you're beautiful to boot. Alison rides horses, shoots pool and even brings home the bacon with her own clothing company. Her first major acting role was opposite John Cusack in *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil* (1997). In theaters this month, she teams up with Christopher Walken and Chazz Palminteri in *Poolhall Junkies*. "I've always been kind of a tomboy, so it worked out really well," says Alison. "Even though I don't get to play pool in the movie, between scenes we'd go shoot pool, play the whole crew and the cast." And she can handle a cue. "Yeah, that's what happens when you spend enough of your upbringing in dark bars. I've had my crazy days. I was a wild teenager. Most people party at college and into their 20s. I got it out of the way by the

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA









time I was 20. By then I was pretty much monogamous and living a quiet life." These days, Alison says, "just put on an Otis Redding album, pour a glass of wine and I'm there." She can sit on the dock of our bay anytime.

"I grew up on the sets," Alison says. "That's probably one of the reasons I wanted to get into acting. It felt natural to me to be in that environment." But Alison took a roundabout route into acting, starting as a fashion model in Europe. "I worked enough to pay my way. It was a great experience, but I wasn't considered a supermodel." So she took up stage acting, which led to screen work. She also runs her own apparel company, Eastwood Ranch. ("The clothes are rugged, vintage-inspired, ranch-inspired, but also sexy—I'm wearing some on the cover."



Alison's clothes have found fans in such stars as George Clooney, Natasha Henstridge and Charlize Theron.) Still, she never lets her work keep her from her passion—horses. "I grew up on a big chunk of property in Carmel. I would ride horses from a stable

down the street. I started out riding English and I had Thoroughbreds, but they were just too much of a handful for me. Now I'm a big fan of the American quarter horse. It's a sturdy, dependable breed I can always rely on to be mellow." And, just to be clear, Alison isn't a sidesaddle debutante. "I've mucked my share of stalls. I get my boots dirty." But she sure cleans up nice.



Above, Alison with *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil* co-star John Cusack. When it comes to men, Alison is straightforward. "I have a test. I won't be with a guy if he can't ride a horse."



THERE ARE MORE NUDES OF ALISON  
AT [CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM](http://CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM)























# Won't GeT Fooled

(continued from page 88)

everything. Guilty of all he saw in others, and maestro of a self-pity as vast and chilly as the North Sea—

There's a certain *attack* a bass guitarist gets in his style when he's miserable. All great bass guitarists are miserable.

The Rock Gods did four things for us: They sent us Keith, kept me miserable, gave Roger his ego and put the idea in Pete's head of writing for Roger as an alter ego. Pete would no more expose himself directly than I would—his own family never really got to know him—but when it came to Roger, he got, in his songs, the braggadocio, the grandiosity, the aggression, the flash, the emptiness. We all kept waiting for Roger to go, "Hey, wait one minute. . . ."

Pete wrote best about characters he could see from the outside. When he got introspective, it turned into melodramatic dross. If you want my opinion.

By 1966 he was writing for Roger's voice—for those things in Roger that he thought he was lacking. He didn't have one of the most crucial things Roger had: that conviction. Which was why he

was no good in fights. He also certainly didn't have Roger's magnetism. Or his looks. All he had was talent. He hoped. He was this angry nose with a guitar.

What he was trying to do was to get himself halfway to Roger, and drag Roger halfway to him. They resented the way they used each other, but they never stopped taking full advantage of it.

When people thought about the Who they thought about Pete and Keith, playing music and tearing into controlled substances as though they had only 24 hours to live. From the very first there were nights when they didn't remember who they were, walked offstage and into the audience, got into fights and got the daylights beat out of them. In Birmingham two security people were sent to the hospital trying to protect them. By our first U.S. tour, in 1968, the only band member who could fight, Roger, would be sitting with me in the dressing room sipping carbonated water and wondering where they'd gone to.

I'd phone up Kim and let her know where Keith could be retrieved in the morning.

They'd married in March 1966 at the registry office in Brent, in Middlesex. It

rained the entire day. Our manager's idea was to keep the marriage a secret at the time.

Then, they had a daughter, Mandy, that July.

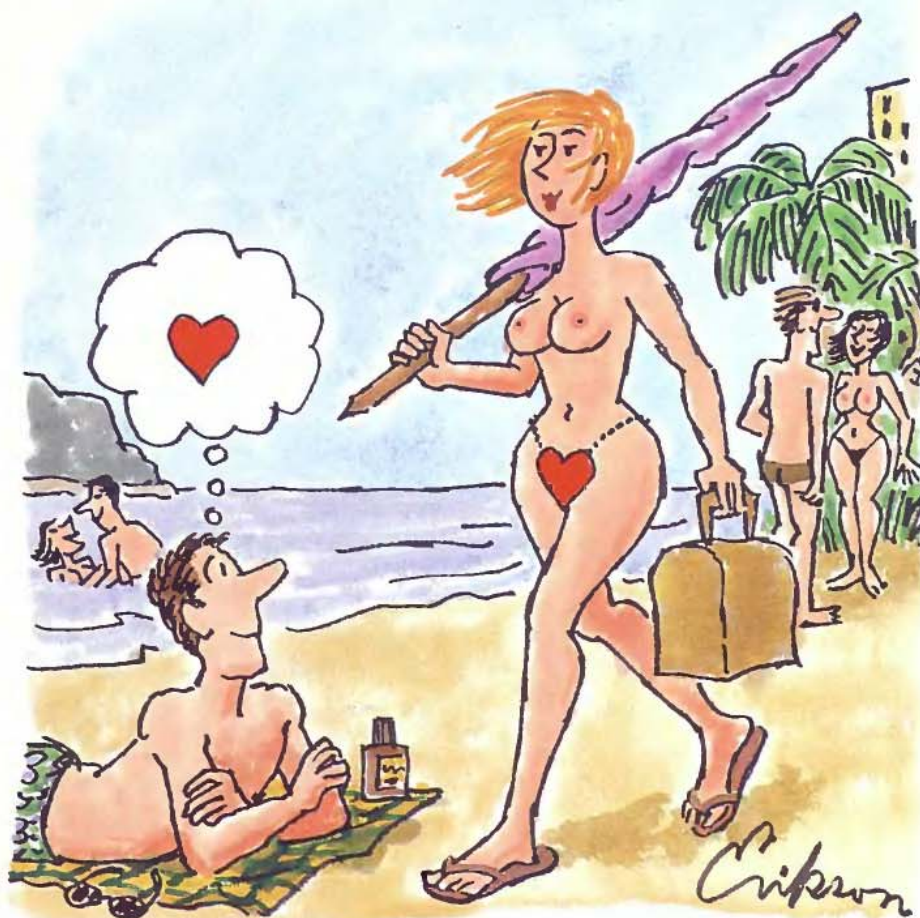
Keith was a lunatic for the clubs, before and after Mandy. There were nights I worked through the playlist thinking this was the night I'd phone and finally explain myself. I'd watch Pete spinning around in his white boiler suit, Roger in his buckskin fringes swinging his mike like a lasso, Keith in his cartoon T-shirts, spinning and pinwheeling his drumsticks into the light—*Substitute: me for him; substitute: my coke for gin; substitute: you for my mom, at least I'll get my washing done*—and I'd funnel all motion into two hands, not moving my feet 12 inches the entire show, all in black so I'd disappear even sometimes when lit.

Onstage we were the musical version of a row in a moving van. But what was the alternative? We were never one of those Serious bands, all dignity and sobriety and 'minor sevenths' this and 'atonal chord progression' that in interviews, that pillaged mediocre classical music traveling with a Philharmonic in tow. We were a gang of louts that you wouldn't trust round your back garden, never mind your mum's china. We were best booked into rough places. Anywhere else, we didn't fit in, and we weren't happy anyway. We performed *Tommy* at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, and Keith screamed over Pete's big finish, "It's like we're playing to an oil painting—" And the crowd gave a cheer, like it had been saluted.

Every morning he went home, Keith told me one night in the back of a club, lying on his back buried in Skol and Carlsberg bottles, he and the missus smashed up the flat with fights. It was terrible for little Mandy. "What should I do?" he asked. I didn't say, *You can't go on like this, or Stop what you're doing, for fuck's sake*. "She's a great woman," I managed to get out instead. "She is, she is," he agreed with a moan. In Tottenham he took a hammer to all nine pieces of his kit when we got to the end of *Magic Bus*. Roger threw his microphone off into the seats. Pete toppled a stack of amps and bounced his Rickenbacker on the debris. By that point if we waited too long to lose our tempers, we'd start to hear during the breaks, "Throw something! Smash something!"

Because what did that kind of music come down to, in the first place? What was the audience at a concert saying, if not, *You stand there so we can know ourselves?* They certainly weren't saying, *You stand there and we'll pay you loads of money to keep us entertained while you eat oysters.*

Of course, the crashing irony was that







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all of our songs had always been about pathetic little wimps: *Can you see the real me? Can you? Can you?* But we were *presenting* those pathetic wimps with anthemic power. My hair-raisingly over-amped bass, Keith's Hammer of Thor drumming, Roger's Valkyrie voice and Pete's power chords. At times I thought *Quadrophenia* was the best thing Wagner ever wrote. Here it was the story of a sad little mixed-up kid and every track on it sounded like a war cry, like something designed to terrorize the natives.

Rage in the service of self-pity was what we'd always been about. It was what rock had always been about.

I got married. A lovely woman, at the Acton Congregational Church, a year after Keith and Kim. I was going to be a homebody and not hang out and about

anymore. It wasn't good for me.

Recently my wife turned up an old battered and juice-stained appointment book from 1970, and after a few pages I couldn't bear to read any more: 9/12, Munster, Germany; 9/13, Offenbach, Germany; 9/16, Rotterdam, Netherlands; 9/17, Amsterdam, Netherlands; 9/18, Rotterdam, Netherlands; 9/20, Copenhagen, Denmark; 9/21, Aarhus, Denmark. . . .

It was a matter of being bored with who we were, with being selfish fuckups each and every night and each and every gig. For all our arrogance. Keith took to traveling with a hatchet and chopping hotel rooms to bits: televisions, chairs, dressers, cupboard doors, beds, the lot of it.

His version of himself was Moonie the amiable idiot, the genial twit, the victim of his own practical jokes. He broke his

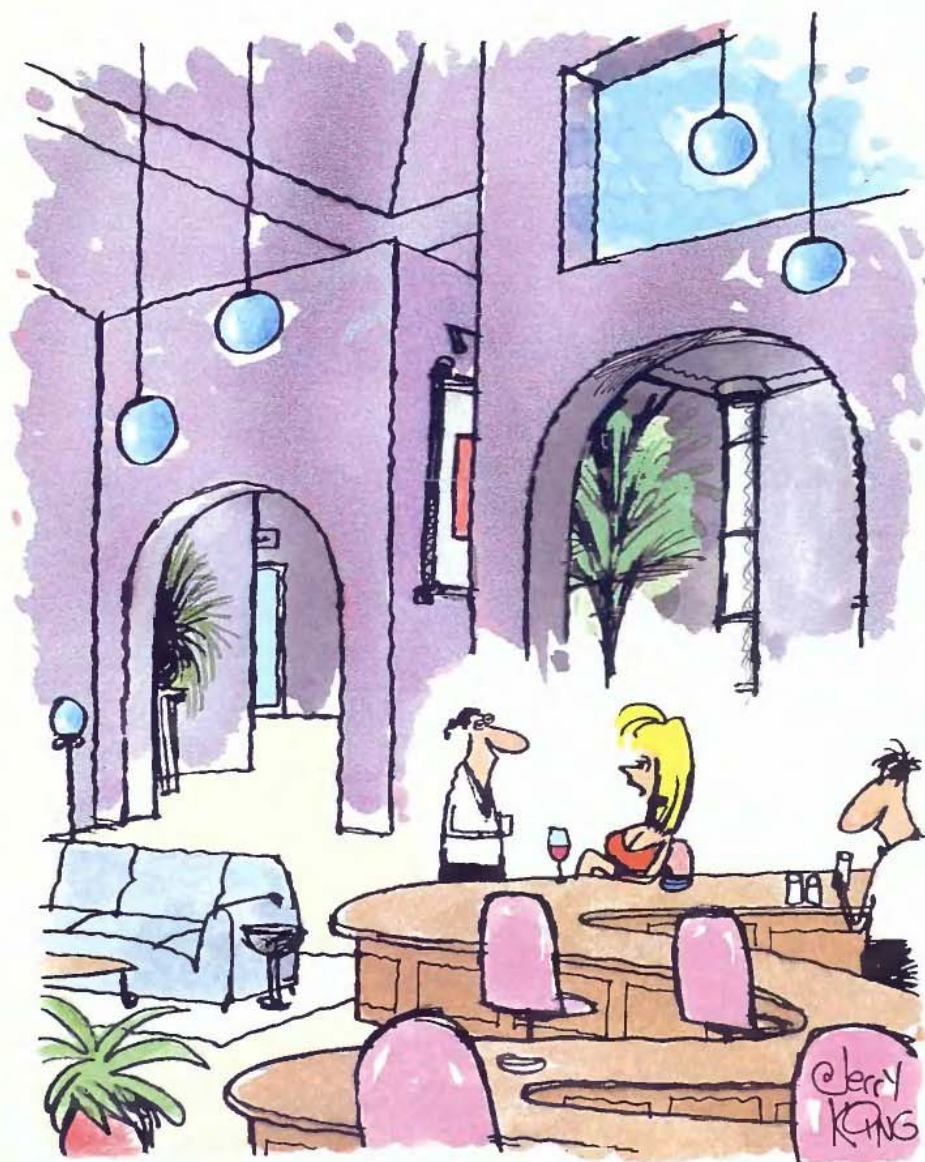
collarbone, knocked out his front teeth, gave himself three or four concussions. But he was only playing the same game as the rest of us. Look at photographs of us next to Roger: It's like three frightening goons with Jesus of Nazareth. During a backstage squabble, Pete shouted, "I don't know who's worse: Mr. God's Gift to Hammersmith or the rest of us with our Self-Hatred badges." "I vote for the Wooden Indian," Keith called from the floor. He liked calling me the Wooden Indian when he was in his cups.

"I've done it again, haven't I, Wooden Indian?" he'd say in those wee hours when he was back in Kim's shithouse. She finally moved out, though she kept track of him through friends. I finally phoned. We chatted and I didn't even mention if she needed anything, etc. I phoned back a few weeks later and she was out. She went on holiday. The holiday extended itself. Years trooped up my chest and down again. Round about this time, Pete helped his friend Eric Clapton take the great love of his life, Patti Harrison, away from her husband, George. I didn't talk to him for a month. About the same as George.

"You love me or not, Ox?" Moonie would say when he'd been the cause of particular unpleasantness: when there was a mess to be cleaned or so forth. So when he died, why would we have done the right thing? Why would we have acted adequately? When had we acted adequately our entire lives?

He came apart step by step, over years. Cry for help? He started his when he was 10. The man broke his wife's nose with his head. He burst into tears at stoplights. He was arrested for disorderly conduct in a mortuary. He paid New York cabbies to blockade each end of a side street so he could throw hotel furniture into the street. In Boston in 1976 we kicked off *Substitute* and I looked back and there was no one behind the drum kit. He had pitched over onto his face. He was ambulated to the hospital. The crowd rolled forward in murderous little wavelets until it finally sank in that Pete and Roger were repeatedly promising a makeup concert at the end of the tour.

He had no direction, no nothing. "Why don't I ever, like, pick up a bloody book?" he asked me once. I gave him back the old Entwistle silence. He used to tell us he was the best Keith Moon-type drummer in the world. Alcohol, downers, uppers, painkillers, horse tranquilizers, anything you could fit in a capsule or pour down your throat. "Fuck-all drank all my maple syrup," Pete complained one morning on an American tour. In one recording session he just lay on his tom-toms, and when I asked if he was OK he said, "God, it's hard work." Roger asked me to talk to him. "He might listen to you," he said. "His old



*"I'll sleep with you, as long as you realize you won't technically be getting 'lucky.' What you'll be getting will be better defined as a 'mercy fuck.'"*



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lady's worried to death." She's talked to you about it? I remember thinking.

He was the original Madman, who had to outdo everyone else in rock. And imagine what kind of degenerate one had to be to outdo everyone else in rock. Eventually it got so bad that even he had to go for the cure. He started calling each of us every night to say goodnight and that he loved us. You would pick up the phone and not know who it was because he was crying so hard. A week into that his girlfriend found him dead in his apartment from an overdose of Heminevrin, the drug they gave him for his other addictions. When I heard I thought: We must have saved his life 30 times, getting him up and walking around, getting him to a hospital. I thought of him saying, "John, let's throw it over and join the Beach Boys." I thought of the nights I'd gotten him on his feet and he'd slurred some version of, "John, you're my only friend."

I asked if anyone had contacted Kim. The police had. After a few drunken nights I went over, but she only talked to me through a crack in the door.

"I can't face anyone right now, John," she said, weeping. I could hear Mandy wailing in another part of the house.

"We're thinking of you," I told her. I hung my head and clasped my hands be-

fore me, like the undertaker. Still all in black. "Let us know if there's anything that would help."

"Poor Keith," she said.

The three of us remaining filled the airwaves with talk of how the Who could not go on without him. Then we went on without him.

Eleven boys and girls were trampled to death in Cincinnati before a show a year later. We'd insisted on festival seating instead of reserved—we didn't want our fans having to sit in numbered rows, unable to move about or dance or shove their way to the front. So naturally when the doors opened there were stampedes. In this case too few doors were opened. We were backstage and knew there was a commotion, but how many gigs had we played *without* commotions?

What we said to the press, scribbled out and read by Pete in a stupefying hangover at the next tour site, was: "It seems that everyone wants us to shed the theatrical tear and say 'I'm sorry.' Whereas what we have to do is go on." Kenney Jones, our new drummer, seemed a little bewildered by the heartlessness of it all.

We should have stopped the tour. We knew it. Everyone with whom we dealt was a cretin. Lawyers, managers, pro-

motors, fans. And we sat atop the pile: the emperors of stupidity.

Imagine being as drunk as you've ever been seven, 12, 15 nights in a row. Imagine not knowing which pills are doing what. Imagine each day when you come round you're reminded how much depends on you, how many responsibilities you have for the next few weeks. Imagine something terrible happens. And your head feels like there's been a heavy rain and this is now the runoff, and you're in a big easy chair in a haze listening to the details on the radio and your manager is keeping after you about the way the first three weeks of a tour pay for the fares and expenses, and the next two the road managers and managers, and three women in braids and microhalters like Pippi Longstockings from Weimar are bouncing on their hands and knees on the bed in your suite while your manager keeps repeating himself over and over through the closed door.

We were told after the show how many had died. For one second, our guard dropped. Then it was up again. Everywhere we went journalists asked us the same question: "Anything to say about Cincinnati?" And how could it not start to seem false, anything we said? "Oh, we were deeply moved, the terrible tragedy, the loss of life, *arrgghh*—"

It was like the crowds had finally out-Moonie'd us.

We'd only become who we were because of him. He'd been the missing part. He'd made the rest of us work to capacity. With him in his bicycle saddle bashing away for dear life, all the bad parts and the wrong parts became this awesome and dysfunctional energy. The day he'd met us it was like we'd recognized one another. We'd known that everyone in the room was pissed off with the way everything was, and with the alternatives. We'd looked around at one another and known right then that we would make it. And we'd had a sense, even as bollocks-stupid as we were, of what making it would mean, of the bodies we'd leave behind.

One thing no one ever seemed to understand: When Pete smashed his guitar, it was because he was *pissed off*. When Keith punted his snare out into the front row, same thing. And why did I never move at all? Why did I stand there in the midst of all of this mayhem, like a bloody statue?

It was my way of making my mark and erasing my mark, simultaneously. There's nothing like it for exaltation and nothing like it for rank, flat-out failure. You're working as hard as you can to get one fucking song across—to get some livable part of you across—and it's never really perfect, it's never really acceptable, it's never even really *right*, is it?



"I assure you he doesn't learn this sort of thing at home."





*"Herbert, when I suggested you seek professional help, I meant a psychiatric evaluation!"*



# SEX ADVICE

(continued from page 82)

spit-or-swallow column so controversial was that she gave her personal take on it," Fulbright explains. "If somebody asked me if I should spit or swallow, my first response would be, 'It's none of your business. But here are your options as to whether or not you should.' Anybody can give their opinion on sex. But what you're an expert on are people's behaviors and opinions when it comes to sex."

Bainum's reaction was slightly different: "Did you read about that Yale girl in *The New York Times*?" she said with disbelief. "She wouldn't even tell them if she'd had sex or not. If you can't be honest with your readers, why should they take you seriously? I wrote a whole column on your magic number, or the number of people you've had sex with. People at college worry about that. What's an OK number to have? When she asks, well, one might seem to be too low, seven might seem too high, so let's lie and pick four. My number is 11, in case you were wondering."

Sex columns make headlines at both Kansas and Yale, but at universities that

are on the left end of the political spectrum, such purple prose is nothing new. Berkeley has always been a step ahead of other schools—*The Daily Californian's* immensely popular "Sex on Tuesday" has offered frank bedroom advice for the past five years. This year's sex scribe is Teresa Chin, who mixes her experience as a health worker with level-headed love advice. After graduation, Chin plans to study medicine with an emphasis on pediatrics or women's health.

"College is a sexually charged time in people's lives," the premed sophomore explains. "There's a lot of opportunity sexually, but there are consequences that need to be faced. That's why campuses need a sex column. In high school they throw abstinence and STDs at you and leave you there. This column is a chance to break people's fears of being sexual and teach them to enjoy their sexuality. It's not like you're reading one of those health textbooks in high school, taught by a 45-year-old woman pointing at anatomy pictures with a long stick."

When she's not debriefing the student body in print, Chin works with a student health outreach program. She plans to take students on a field trip to Good Vibrations, San Francisco's woman-friendly erotic emporium. Her recommended

purchase? "It's not the first thing that comes to mind when you hit a sex shop, but they have some of the best sex literature around."

Surprisingly, her discussions of self-pleasure have been somewhat controversial at Berkeley. "Some people think masturbation techniques just don't belong in a public newspaper," Chin says.

Others think Chin should take the column in a more salacious direction. "The paper is delivered off campus, so the 'Sex on Tuesday' column is read by a lot of local residents. I got an e-mail from a man who enjoyed my column and wanted me to mention the local S&M clubs in town as an option for my readers. Which was a little strange. I don't want to suggest to these really impressionable freshmen—yeah, welcome to college, go and be yourself and have fun and go nuts at the S&M clubs downtown." She pauses. "That's really pushing the envelope."

NYU's Fulbright had a personal encounter with a kinky reader. "I had somebody try to hit on me through the column," she explains, referring to a series of letters she received that involved body-hair removal and spanking with boards. "The scenarios were so bizarre. It didn't take long to figure out that this person wasn't after advice."

# Dirty Duck

by Bobby London





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It was a change of pace from her usual NYU fare. "Just last week I got a question from a guy concerned about his blue balls. And this week I responded to a woman who was worried that her nipples aren't very sensitive. Most of the questions I get boil down to 'Am I normal?' I'm here to reassure students that they are."

In 2001 Fulbright approached *Washington Square News*, NYU's free paper, with an idea to resume their sex column. Previous columnists enjoyed detailing their erotic memoirs for anyone in the Village who'd listen, but this native of Iceland was more interested in helping NYU students solve sexual crises. Fulbright's background in sex education and her knack for dirty details has made "Sexpert Tells All" a hit on campus. Her first book, *The Hot Guide to Safer Sex*, will be published in June 2003.

"People assume it's wilder up here, because of NYU's reputation," she explains. "You can meet anybody in the city and not have to worry about ever running into them again."

With columns on threesomes, female ejaculation and even one titled "Anally Ambitious," Fulbright's writing can get wild for a student newspaper. But, she persists, the most common complaint she hears from NYU women isn't nearly that exotic. "They don't get enough oral sex. For a lot of women, that's the way they attain orgasm. College guys focus on penile-vaginal intercourse like it's the goal of all sex. But I have girlfriends who have admitted the way their hands are stroked can lead to orgasm."

Forget foam parties and fraternity orgies. Oral sex, according to Fulbright, is the biggest trend on college campuses today. "People are trying to find what they can do for sexual pleasure without actually having sex in the traditional sense," she says, explaining it's how most students wary of STDs choose to experiment. "Basically, the question now is, 'How can I give good head?'"

After she graduates, Meghan Bainum wants to keep writing about sex. "I really like *The Playboy Advisor*," she says.

She has a few parting words of advice for her classmates. "God, college is such a screwed-up place. Suddenly you're thrown in with thousands of people your own age, and so many of them are going through the same messed-up, confused time. College is the first time you're having sex outside your parents' house. I think it's just scary. The thing is, it's OK to have sex, and it's OK to not have sex. It's OK to do whatever you want. But at least talk about it. It'll make everyone's sex lives better."



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## JIMMY KIMMEL

(continued from page 62)

really disgusting.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**KIMMEL:** Penetration, I guess. With women it's just rubbing and touching. When girls dabble in lesbian sex it's more like foreplay, not real sex.

**PLAYBOY:** How did Ron Jeremy ever become a porn star?

**KIMMEL:** That shows you who runs porn. Could some fat, hairy broad be a big porn star? No way—there's no Rhonda Jeremy.

**PLAYBOY:** Will there be sex talk on your ABC show, or is that taboo on network television?

**KIMMEL:** I hope it's not taboo, because it's every other sentence out of my mouth.

**PLAYBOY:** Got any porn stories?

**KIMMEL:** My first was *Deep Throat*. Before I saw that, I had tried masturbating but nothing happened. I had a boner but I didn't know why or what to do with it. Then, watching *Deep Throat*, it was "Oh! That's how it works!" My cousin Sal—

**PLAYBOY:** Sal Iacono—he replaced you on *Win Ben Stein's Money*.

**KIMMEL:** Right. Sal is a huge Cowboys fan, so his porno choice was *Debbie Does Dallas*. He watched it so many times in college that he didn't need the pictures anymore; he could visualize the whole thing from the soundtrack. He taped the soundtrack and then masturbated to an audiocassette.

**PLAYBOY:** You grew up in Las Vegas. Were you born there?

**KIMMEL:** No, Brooklyn. But when my uncle retired from the NYPD, he moved to Vegas. Then my grandparents moved there, and when I was nine we did, too. My father had asthma and no job, so it made sense.

**PLAYBOY:** You were poor?

**KIMMEL:** We had no money. I wore glasses in junior high, and when one arm broke off, I kept wearing them. For two years I wore one-armed glasses.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you say that the Kimmel home was a strict one?

**KIMMEL:** A Catholic one. There was no talk of sex. My mother's got a great sense of humor, but she's uptight. If she sensed that I had a crush on a girl, she would make fun of me. It stunted me a little, I think.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you ever sneak into Vegas casinos?

**KIMMEL:** We didn't have to sneak. It was the Eighties—they didn't hassle you for being underage. My friends and I ate the two-dollar steak dinner at the Horseshoe every night. That's where we'd be at four in the morning. One summer I ate at the Horseshoe 39 nights in a row.

**PLAYBOY:** In high school you were up at four A.M.?

**KIMMEL:** My friend Cleto and I—Cleto Escobedo, he's the bandleader on my

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**AT NEWSSTANDS NOW**



show—would watch *Letterman* and then go out carousing. We would drive the Strip, hosing down tourists with a fire extinguisher.

**PLAYBOY:** Did the tourists chase you?

**KIMMEL:** Oh yeah. We even got arrested. Handcuffed.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you say your uncle was a cop?

**KIMMEL:** What's funny is that my other uncle was visiting from New York and we talked him into going with us. This was like the thousandth time we'd done it and the only time we got busted. Cops pulled us over and said, "How old are you?" I said, "Seventeen." Cleto said, "Eighteen." Uncle Vinnie said, "Uh, 44."

**PLAYBOY:** Did you gamble, too?

**KIMMEL:** A little. But when I was about 13 my father said to me, "Look around this beautiful casino. How do you think they built all this—from people winning?" After that I looked around casinos and thought, Suckers. They're all suckers.

**PLAYBOY:** You're no sucker at football betting. What's your record picking games for Fox?

**KIMMEL:** I average about 70 percent and pick an upset every week. We're not allowed to mention the spread. Television is puritanical about that—they pretend people don't gamble on football when that's why half the people watch.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you crunch the numbers, go over injury reports?

**KIMMEL:** No, my cousin Sal helps me with my picks. But there's a lot of luck. In every office pool there's a secretary who wins because she bases her picks on which animal would win: "A seahawk is just a bird. I think lions would definitely beat seahawks."

**PLAYBOY:** You have a colorful family—you, cousin Sal and your uncles.

**KIMMEL:** And my dad was a bowling hustler. He dropped out of high school to bowl and win bets. My parents met in a bowling alley. But I'm not a good bowler. I'll bowl a 135 and then, as I get drunker, go down to 109 and then bowl a 64 from my seat. My dad was great, though. He averaged 200-plus. But bowlers in Brooklyn figured it out: "Don't bet with this guy!" He joined the Army, and when that didn't work out he had two jobs. He'd go to work as a short-order cook at five A.M., then work the rest of the day at Equitable Insurance.

**PLAYBOY:** What's he doing now?

**KIMMEL:** Vice president of IBM.

**PLAYBOY:** You're joking.

**KIMMEL:** No, he is. They've got a million vice presidents, and my dad is one of them. Although he didn't graduate from high school, he worked and did OK. He even bought me a car for my high school graduation. An Isuzu I-Mark. He comes home that day and says, "It was a great deal, so I got one for myself, too." I said, "Did you have to get the same color?"



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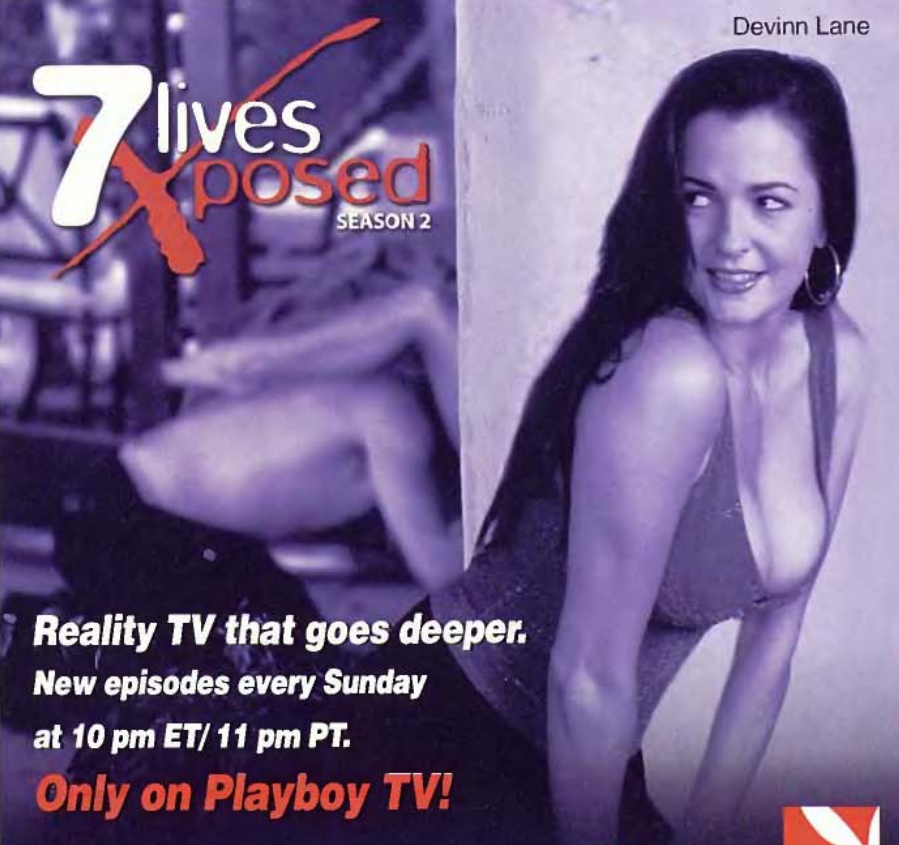
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**PLAYBOY TV**



He bought two identical silver I-Marks. I could never tell which was which.

**PLAYBOY:** You could check the license plate.

**KIMMEL:** Mine was L8NITE, for the *Letterman* show. So then my dad got one, too: L8NIGHT.

**PLAYBOY:** You really are Dave's number one fan.

**KIMMEL:** It would freak him out to know this, but to me he's like family. Like my uncle. When he had his heart surgery, I was beside myself. I have a lifelike mask of his head in my office. I guess they made it for the show. Somebody gave it to me. It disturbs me because it looks like he's dead.

**PLAYBOY:** Growing up in Las Vegas, did you go to stage shows?

**KIMMEL:** My first one was Sammy Davis Jr., and he was great. Then I saw Siegfried and Roy. They're terrible, but there was a highlight: The elephants on the stage urinated on a bunch of Asian businessmen in the front row. Elephants urinate like fire hoses, so these guys ended up soaked with elephant piss. My whole family about died laughing.

**PLAYBOY:** We hear you lost your virginity in a casino parking lot.

**KIMMEL:** My mother will be horrified if she reads this. Yeah—it was with a woman I worked with. I was 17. She was married. She'd caught her husband cheating on her and I was the vengeance.

**PLAYBOY:** Where were you?

**KIMMEL:** The parking lot of the Continental, a really shitty hotel. In my Isuzu. I had a 12-pack of Heineken and trouble in mind. And it was unpleasant. I mean, she was nice, she was attractive, but I was too innocent. I was drunk, she was drunk. I was like, "Oh, are we in love?" I never even came. About a month later we checked into a seedy motel and had sex one more time, and that was it.

**PLAYBOY:** Was it better the second time?

**KIMMEL:** Better, but not good.

**PLAYBOY:** How old was she?

**KIMMEL:** Maybe 25. She had a kid, too. And while we were having sex I said, "Is this your first time?" She laughed, and then she stopped. "Oh my goodness," she says. "Is this your first time?" I said, "Yeah." After that I told a friend of mine I had bad news—I had tried sex and didn't like it.

**PLAYBOY:** That is bad news.

**KIMMEL:** Time to rethink the priest thing.

**PLAYBOY:** You considered being Father Jimmy?

**KIMMEL:** I was an altar boy for seven years. Every altar boy thinks about becoming a priest, because you're 12 and you admire those guys. I'm still friends with our parish priest in Las Vegas. I said to him, "Father Bill, I keep reading about those altar boys being molested by priests. What's wrong with me? Wasn't I attractive enough for you?"

I do think there's a problem with the Catholic church. People raised Catholic

can be raised very strictly and think homosexuality is a sin. Now, if a young guy thinks that but feels he might be homosexual, he might decide the best way out is to be asexual. Not to have sex. He'll think, I can be a priest and I'll be safe. I'll avoid these urges I have. You'll notice the stories are hardly ever about priests molesting young girls—it's homosexuality and trying to avoid it. If priests could get married, more deeply religious people would become priests and the problem would all but go away.

**PLAYBOY:** Instead of the seminary, you got into radio. Why?

**KIMMEL:** I read the *Playboy Interview* with David Letterman. I remember being shocked that he cursed and talked about smoking pot. But he also said he started in radio. So that's what I wanted to do. Pretty soon a guy walks into where I was working—working, but mostly screwing around—and he says, "I'm with the UNLV radio station. I think you'd be funny on radio." I was still in high school, but I went to meet the program director. He's famous now. Ken Jordan—he's in the band Crystal Method. But then he was just a stoned student running the college radio station. He asked what I could do and I said, "Make fun of people."

**PLAYBOY:** What was your first paying radio job?

**KIMMEL:** Morning radio in Seattle. I got \$20,000. It was supposed to be \$30,000, but after I moved to Seattle for the job and got my first paycheck, it didn't add up. I go to the general manager: "You said you'd pay me 30," He says, "No, I didn't." Asshole! I'm 20 years old, married for six months and my partner and my wife and I all live together to save money. One day the program director says, "Guys, I got it. 'Jokes for Doughnuts!' People call in with jokes and you give them doughnuts." And I said, "That is the stupidest thing I ever heard." I got fired.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you feel?

**KIMMEL:** Small. My wife and I went back home and moved in with my parents. They were glad to have me back, but they couldn't really deal with me as a married adult. I was out of work for 10 months before my partner Kent—he's still one of my writers—and I got a show in Tampa. Did that for nine months and got fired. People laugh about how I kept getting fired, but it wasn't funny at the time. I was shocked and felt worthless. Finally, I managed to get my own show in Palm Springs, California, a tiny market. Carson Daly was my intern.

**PLAYBOY:** He worked for nothing?

**KIMMEL:** For a long time he made nothing. Then I paid him \$25 a week out of my money so he could eat lunch.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that about what you pay your victims on *Crank Yankers*? *The Man Show* is over for you, but you're still making



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prank calls with puppets on Comedy Central.

**KIMMEL:** People don't get paid for *Crank Yankers*. They get T-shirts. Most of them think it's cool to be on the show.

**PLAYBOY:** But you make fun of them.

**KIMMEL:** Mostly we say nonsensical stuff, and they have to deal with it because they're at work. Like calling Spago. "Bill Cosby is coming," I said, "so the restaurant must be at an exact temperature." The bathroom had to be sealed off for Bill's use only. No one was to make eye contact with him—they all had to look at the floor. "If you refer to Bill," I said, "you have to call him 'my man.' And there can be no square food. If he sees square food he'll go crazy." I said he'd want chopsticks. They don't have chopsticks at Spago, but they said they would get some black chopsticks from the Chinese restaurant next door. "Absolutely not! Bill would call that a racist slight."

**PLAYBOY:** Who's next on your hit list?

**KIMMEL:** I just did one for next season, posing as Tommy Lee's assistant. I'm calling a hotel, saying, "You'll need doctors on hand because Tommy will probably OD. And he'll smash all the windows."

**PLAYBOY:** Will Tommy be a good sport about that?

**KIMMEL:** He has no say in it.

**PLAYBOY:** So, who is worse, Oprah or Rosie?

**KIMMEL:** I'm not an Oprah fan. At one point she was great,

but now she thinks she's a prophet. Rosie O'Donnell is 100 times worse, though, because she's a hypocrite. She's known as the queen of nice, but this is the most notoriously unpleasant person in show business. She picks easy targets like Joan Rivers, who is 10 times funnier than Rosie ever was. And my executive producer used to be Rosie's executive producer, so I know how terrible she is.

**PLAYBOY:** You play in celebrity golf events. Tell us a good golf joke.

**KIMMEL:** There aren't any. But I'll unhook the other guy's golf bag so it flies off the cart, and I'll pee on his golf balls.

**PLAYBOY:** You don't really pee on guys' balls.

**KIMMEL:** I do. Who's going to arrest me?

This is part of my job.

**PLAYBOY:** You were a square on *Hollywood Squares*.

**KIMMEL:** Worst day of my life. Adam and I got a bad square, like the middle top, and they cut all our jokes. We were too dirty. But there was a highlight: Robert Schimmel, who is one of my favorite comics, was on that day. He decided that to amuse us, every joke he told would be about Louie Anderson eating ice cream out of a man's ass. There was a story about Louie paying a male prostitute for the privilege. It can't be true, but it's funny. So on *Hollywood Squares*, whenever they called on Robert he talked about Louie Anderson eating ice cream from a

**PLAYBOY:** You roasted Shaquille O'Neal as well.

**KIMMEL:** Queen Latifah told a story about how Shaq dared his cousin to take a shit on the stage during Latifah's show. Said he'd give him \$50,000 to do it. Then, when Shaq went on *Letterman*, he offered the cousin \$250,000 to come up and shit on the stage. If I had a zillion dollars, that's how I'd want to spend it.

**PLAYBOY:** Shaq's cousin didn't do it, though.

**KIMMEL:** My cousin Sal would do it for free. When we were in high school Sal shit in a bag of Fritos and marched into a 7-Eleven demanding his money back. "Look in this bag!" he said.

**PLAYBOY:** Did he get his money back?

**KIMMEL:** He got a new bag of Fritos out of it.

**PLAYBOY:** Was it at all tough to recruit Juggies for *The Man Show*?

**KIMMEL:** No. Hollywood is filled with all these homecoming queens from every small town in America. When you are the most popular girl in school, there's only one way to maintain that level of attention: You have to get famous. Hollywood is a whole town of those girls. Most of them go through their lives unsatisfied.

**PLAYBOY:** They become Juggies.

**KIMMEL:** Hey, the Juggies loved their work.

**PLAYBOY:** Does it help their résumés? "I was a Juggy on *The Man Show*."

**KIMMEL:** Their résumés are great. The

skills—we auditioned one girl who put "rappelling" on her résumé. Another one said she could do an Irish accent, but all she could say was "O'Malley."

**PLAYBOY:** Your kids have been on *The Man Show*. What did they think of the Juggies?

**KIMMEL:** They were on the show, but I never let them watch it. It's a dirty show. They're not sophisticated enough to get the subtleties of what Daddy is doing.

**PLAYBOY:** They'd think Daddy was just glaring at Juggies?

**KIMMEL:** Exactly. Which Daddy is, but he wants to convince them otherwise.

**PLAYBOY:** How about a race—

**KIMMEL:** White. I'm white.

**PLAYBOY:** No, a sperm race that you and 141

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guy's ass. Of course it didn't make the show. They cut it all.

**PLAYBOY:** You hosted a Friars Club roast of Hugh Hefner and introduced him with the line, "I can't say anything about Hef that hasn't already been mumbled incoherently by a girl with his dick in her mouth."

**KIMMEL:** Some of the best stuff was cut from the TV version. Dick Gregory gave this serious, awful speech, and all the white people stood up and applauded out of white guilt. Now I have to follow that and be funny. So there's a beat, everyone sits down and I say, "So the other day I'm jerking off and I got my pinkie all the way up my ass." They loved it, but it was too dirty for TV.



Adam had.

**KIMMEL:** We went to a sperm bank and raced to see who could get the sample out first. Adam won with something like two minutes and 10 seconds. I was 2:17. Then I reached up and put my hand on his face. Is that the gayest thing? That might be gayer than the shower.

**PLAYBOY:** The *Jackass* staff did a sperm race, too.

**KIMMEL:** I have much better sperm than Johnny Knoxville.

**PLAYBOY:** There was talk of a movie with you and Adam.

**KIMMEL:** We wrote one that's called *Hot for Teacher*, but the Hollywood community doesn't feel we're important enough to star in it. Several studios offered to buy the script, though, for somebody else to be in.

**PLAYBOY:** Who?

**KIMMEL:** Johnny Knoxville. MTV Films said they would buy it for him. It's like something out of *The Player*. It's a joke—a guy electrocutes his nipples and now he's a movie star.

**PLAYBOY:** *The New York Times* thinks you're important. The press has said you have "the attitude of Conan O'Brien without the Harvard underpinnings."

**KIMMEL:** I don't know what an underpinning is. But Conan's funny. I could be a writer on his show, I think. But all those writers from that *Harvard Lampoon* comedy factory, most of them go on to write bad sitcoms and make no contribution to comedy. They're so smart that they pepper their work with pop-culture references that are kind of funny-sounding but are not actually funny. My aunt Chippy—a cantankerous, hilarious 60-year-old from Brooklyn—could cut those guys to ribbons.

**PLAYBOY:** Is Howard Stern funny?

**KIMMEL:** Funny and smart. People who say he's stupid haven't heard his show.

**PLAYBOY:** Doesn't he pander to the lowest common denominator?

**KIMMEL:** Sometimes.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you?

**KIMMEL:** Never intentionally. I'm not denying that a lot of guys watched *The Man Show* for the boobs and the masturbation jokes, but those are the herbs and spices, not the meat. It's like *The Simpsons*. When my kids watch *The Simpsons*, they crack up when Homer shows his butt. And I

do, too, but I crack up because on every show he shows his butt.

**PLAYBOY:** To you, his butt's funny on a meta level.

**KIMMEL:** Last year on *The Man Show*, Adam says, "It's like my friend's father used to say: 'Excuses are like assholes—everyone has one.'" He was making fun of how trite that is. But the audience goes, "Woo!" Adam says, "No, you idiots, that's not the joke." That's when I thought, OK, we're done with this show.

**PLAYBOY:** Time for the talk show.

**KIMMEL:** Time to move on.

**PLAYBOY:** Do fans of *The Man Show* send you stuff?

**KIMMEL:** T-shirts with dumb slogans. One said Emerson Bigguns, which of course

**PLAYBOY:** Do you vote?

**KIMMEL:** Yes. Democrat, usually. I wanted Al Gore to win, but I'm OK with Bush. I didn't like him until I heard what a lunatic he was in college. Maybe he won because of a fuckup with the ballot in Florida, but I don't think the Republicans planned it. It was an accident. What we should do is change the rules so that the guy with the most total votes wins. The Electoral College is crazy. Just count the votes! And while you're at it, simplify taxes. Right now, as we speak, I've got accountants poring over the tax rules. They'll come to me and say, "We're declaring your car as livestock." Just take a percentage of my salary.

**PLAYBOY:** President Bush will be a great source of jokes for your new show.

**KIMMEL:** No, I'll let everyone else bore the life out of young people with George Bush jokes. Fucking Jay Leno is still doing Clinton blow job jokes! Can't we move on already?

**PLAYBOY:** Got any Kimmel blow job jokes? What's your career total?

**KIMMEL:** My life total of blow jobs? Well, what counts as a blow job? Does it count if she is just getting it wet for a minute before sex? No, OK, that's foreplay. So my estimated total is 20. Twenty blow jobs. And when you're 35 years old, that's not so good.

**PLAYBOY:** That's got to change, doesn't it?

**KIMMEL:** I'm not asking you to do anything about it.

**PLAYBOY:** Last question: Now that you're

a star for Disney, ABC's parent company, do you get Disney perks?

**KIMMEL:** When I was on the Ben Stein show they set me up for tickets at Disneyland. So I go there and say, "Tickets for Jimmy Kimmel, please." And they say, "Who?" There are no tickets. They blew it completely. But I'm guessing that will change. The next time they promise me Disney perks, there will be Disney perks. They won't want me cursing Disneyland on their own channel.

**PLAYBOY:** Maybe you'll get to sleep with Pocahontas.

**KIMMEL:** I'd go more for Betty Rubble. Nice, big feet. More accessible. Betty's more my speed.



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sounds like, "Them are some big ones." If you shot me in the head and put that shirt on my corpse, I would tear it off in the grave. I do get some good stuff now, like three free sets of Titleist golf clubs, but it's hard to enjoy it. This is my real problem: not enjoying anything. When you're poor you would kill for a free pair of sneakers. Then suddenly you're a millionaire and it's, "Geez, I don't care now. I could buy all this stuff."

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have any hobbies?

**KIMMEL:** Just masturbation. Hobbies are mostly for women. Adam Carolla flies remote-control airplanes like a retard. When I retire, though, I'd like to go the Red Skelton route—make some horrible clown paintings and get a gallery to hang them because I'm famous.





*A sleeper who avoids detection is a successful sleeper.  
Is the FBI watching the right people?*

money to pursue it.

Terrorists can read newspapers and watch television, where the political opportunism that distorts America's war on terror is frequently displayed. "A press conference may cover Ashcroft's ass," said one investigator who travels frequently between Karachi and Washington, "but we know that real terrorists laugh at sound bites. Real terrorists prefer real sounds."

Terrorists and international underworld figures have figured out how to exploit the Bush administration's need for good news. Even seasoned agents have to pause now before they decide not to make an official report of a wild and implausible tip. It might be true.

Tipsters around the world know they will have a receptive audience if they provide the stuff of press conferences. In June 2002 John Ashcroft, while visiting Moscow, announced that the FBI had thwarted a "dirty nuke" attack by arresting Jose Padilla, a.k.a. Abdullah al-Muhajir. Padilla remains in custody, even while prosecutors and law enforcement officials admit that the case against him is weak. Indeed, reporters for *The Philadelphia Inquirer* sensed the possibility of official exaggeration early on. By December 2001, the newspaper's investigation prompted an ongoing inquiry by the General Accounting Office to find out if the figures for "terrorist arrests and convictions are accurate, and if the cases labeled as terrorist cases meet any generally accepted definition of terrorism." (See *The FBI vs. Prosecutors* on page 70.)

Underworld figures sometimes pass along scary tips to ingratiate themselves with American investigators. There is also the danger that real terrorists in U.S. custody provide false information to cover their tracks or mislead their pursuers.

In these circumstances, authorities often reach for the usual suspects. The crucial question is whether the people who have been arrested are harmless stooges who happened to encounter Al Qaeda operatives in Pakistan and Afghanistan (and may even passively sympathize with them) or whether they are potentially dangerous sleepers who, on a signal at some time in the future, might attempt to wreak havoc on the U.S.

There's no doubt that the FBI has a large pool of suspects. This past October *The New York Times* confirmed what I had heard from my sources, that every major FBI office devotes enormous amounts of time to keeping an eye on hundreds of people, mostly young male Middle Easterners. The *Times* described piles of pho-

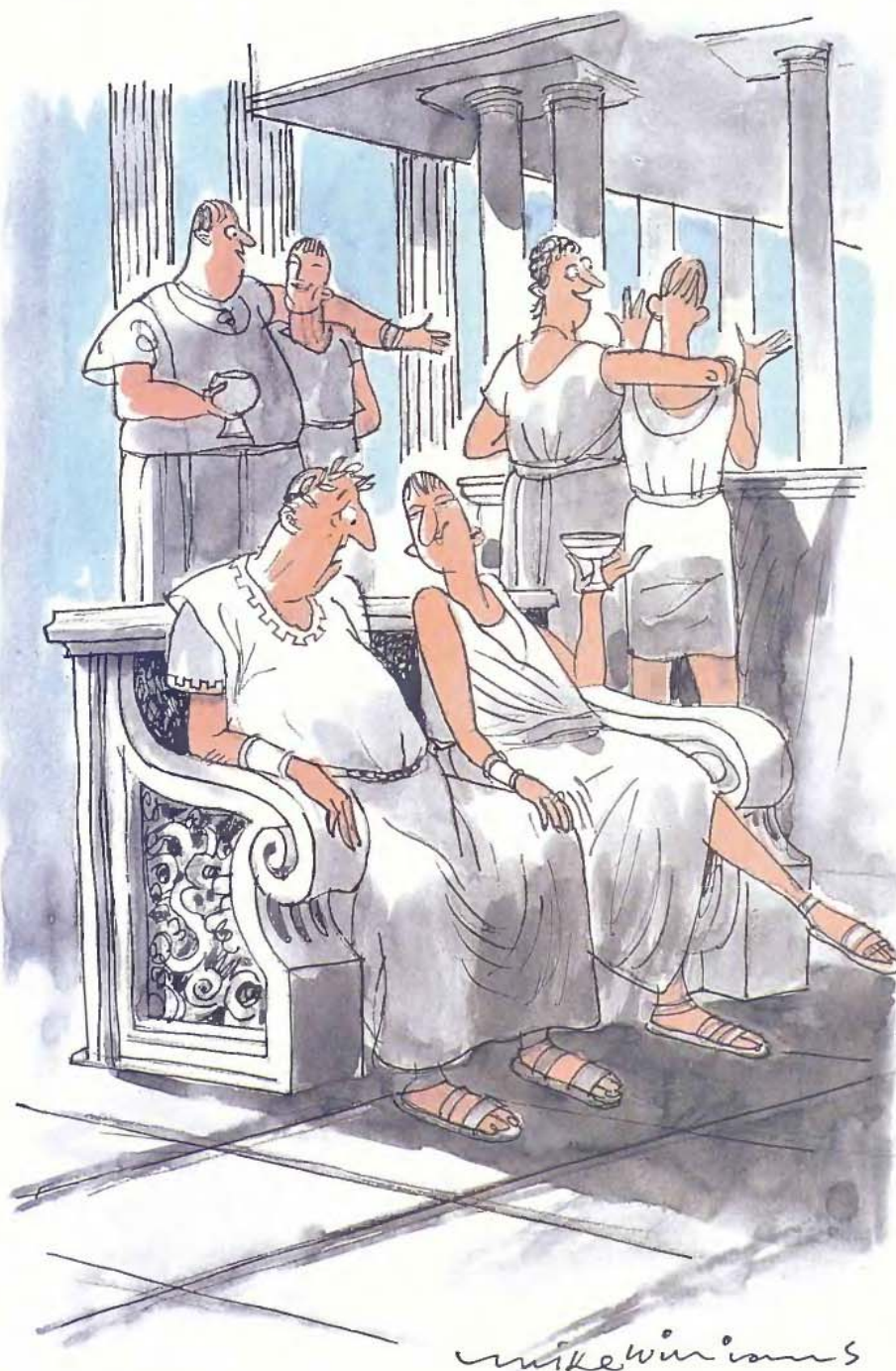
tos, transcripts and tapes accumulating in FBI offices, the result of 24-hour coverage of the suspects' phone and e-mail communications, what sites they visited on the Internet and what they bought with credit cards.

It was surveillance of this sort that led to the well-publicized arrests of 15 alleged terrorists in Lackawanna, New

York, Portland, Oregon, and elsewhere last autumn. Ashcroft announced some of the busts on the same day John Walker Lindh was sentenced and accused "shoe-bomber" Richard Reid pleaded guilty. The attorney general called it "a defining day in America's war against terrorism."

Not compared with September 11.

Had the FBI really prevented an attack, as Ashcroft seemed to imply? Prosecutors admitted there was no evidence that anyone arrested was actually plotting a crime. Some investigators suggested that Ashcroft had elevated luckless usual suspects to starring roles. "This broad net may produce some arrests," a



"Et tu, Brutus?"



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veteran investigator said, "but I doubt it will catch real terrorists. It trivializes the real efforts being made."

According to a source quoted in the *Times*, those Al Qaeda sympathizers who were detected "tended to be hapless malcontents and not disciplined terrorists. They are hangers-on and wannabe terrorists, for the most part. Mohammed Atta wouldn't have asked most of these guys to take out his trash."

A sleeper who avoids detection is a successful sleeper. Is the FBI watching the right people?

"If you have these sleeper cells—and we're the ones sleeping, not the cells—if they're out there and they're plotting something and it's two, five, 10 people; there's no hope of stopping that," a senior FBI agent said.

Another agent made the same point: "They're out there right now and we don't have a clue what they're doing. Bin Laden probably doesn't have a clue what they're doing, in many cases. It's like, take your own initiative, do whatever you want to do."

Another veteran, recalling past blunders, put it this way: "If we can't keep track of them within the continental borders of the U.S., we're certainly not going to be able to track them worldwide."

When Ashcroft insisted that a semi-nude statue, *Spirit of Justice*, at the Justice Department be covered, some joked that the repressive Taliban had pulled the same sort of stunts in Afghanistan. Ashcroft's publicly pious pose was silly but consistent with a steady and dangerous politicization of the agency.

Distaste for the fundamentalist attorney general among rank-and-file law enforcement has deep roots. Early in Ashcroft's reign, he downsized the FBI, cut budgets and played the usual political game that new administrators play. The trick is to cut back first, announce an assault on crime and then put the numbers back to where they were. It's smoke and mirrors, but it doesn't look clever in light of September 11. The bureau's request for more analysts, more agents and better computers was to make the administration look tough on crime.

Can the FBI survive its new identity? Cliff Van Zandt, who worked for the FBI for 25 years before he became a private security consultant, says, "The bureau will have to adapt. The threat is no longer Bonnie and Clyde. Will the FBI ever be able to back up to its old identity? The answer is probably no. Everything changes once you tell state, local and other federal agencies they have to handle these crimes themselves because the FBI is chasing terrorism. If there happens to be less of a terrorist threat 10 years from now, the FBI will be looking for work."



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## TICKETS

(continued from page 85)

600 seats. Multiply that by the scalpers hammering from every metropolis, and a significant percentage of the 18,500 seats end up with people who didn't plan to sit in them.

### BLEACHER SEATS

An outfield bleacher seat at a weekend Cubs game is one of the hottest tickets in Chicago. To buy it at face (\$24), you will have to stand in line on the third or fourth Friday in February, when tickets for the upcoming season go on sale. It's likely the people ahead of and behind you are scalpers, friends of a scalper, employees of a scalper or a homeless guy bused in and paid with a hot meal and pocket money to carry the scalper's cash to the window and purchase the maximum of four tickets per game for 10 games—then get in line again. The best nonbleacher seats belong to season ticket holders, who account for about half of any game's attendance and who often quietly resell their extras, which officially is forbidden. To undercut brokers, the Cubs and other sports franchises have launched websites where season ticket holders can resell their seats—if they give the teams a cut.

### MANSSION PARTIES

The biggest event of the year is Midsummer Night's Dream lingerie party, held in August and attended by Hef and 1000 of his closest friends. B-list celebrities who want to attend are asked to submit a head shot and résumé; Hef sorts through the pile to add names to the list, while always keeping the female-to-male ratio at three to one. Security is tight; guards once caught Fabio sneaking in two friends in the trunk of his car. The only way to purchase tickets is online through Playboy Auctions, where the winning bids have been around \$20,000. The good news? That's for a pair.

### HOW TO SCORE TICKETS—MAYBE

(1) Don't call the local Ticketmaster. Instead, dial a distant city. The ticket giant has several regional call centers, and it's unlikely fans in LA are ordering tickets for a Boston gig. (2) Join presale registries offered by Sam Goody and on the official websites of many bands. (3) When a lottery is held, such as for practice rounds at Augusta, tell friends and family you'll pay anyone who scores tickets. Make it easy for them by filling out the applications. (4) Browse resale sites such as StubHub.com and eBay. You may find last-minute bargains. Ticketmaster also has plans for a sports and concert resale site. (5) Ask at the box office on the day of the event if any seats have been released. You never know.



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# Bernie Mac (continued from page 114)

*I don't want a black show. Life ain't all black. Life ain't all white. Is heaven going to be all black?*

of the survivors do you admire?

MAC: Norm Crosby. Rodney Dangerfield is awesome. Today, it's out of fashion, but you can't beat that shit when it's good. Rodney always makes me laugh, even if I know what's coming. It's like a Muhammad Ali jab. You can't stop it. That's good shit.

## 14

PLAYBOY: Which sitcoms shaped your worldview? Who got you hot? Who got your respect?

MAC: *Dick Van Dyke*, *Andy Griffith*, *Beverly Hillsbillies*, *Brady Bunch*. I didn't have the hots for any of the Bradys, though; they didn't appeal to me. But I used to want to fuck Patty Duke or her cousin—no, both of them [laughs].

I loved *Leave It to Beaver*. Ward was a stern but loving disciplinarian. He taught values. I admired a dad who came from

the office with a briefcase and tie. He'd read the paper. Ward and June let the kids stay in the house alone; they trusted them. They had their own house keys. I used to crave that. I didn't grow up like Wally and the Beaver. For me it was, "Mom, can I go to the store?" "Take your brother and sister." Eight of you walk down the street. All you've got is a nickel and everybody has to pick over shit. If you got a whupping, everybody got a whupping.

## 15

PLAYBOY: What are your Ten Commandments of child discipline? Do you bring out the belt?

MAC: If an individual is being defiant to the point where he's extremely disrespectful or to the point where his behavior harms or is capable of harming others or when you have tried everything in

terms of leniency and reaching this child, you might have to bring out the belt.

As a parent, I wouldn't give a damn if you saw me smack the kid if what I was trying to do was save a life. You can say whatever you want, but this is my son or my daughter. I'm not smacking the kid like I would someone who's trying to break into my home, I'm trying to smack guidance into this individual. Some desperately need it. On my block there was a family called the Joneses. There were around 10 of them, and all of them were bad. Girls, boys, all of them. Break into your house and rob you. Throw old ladies down and snatch their purses. Their mother was a spiritual woman, and everyone was wondering how the heck they became who they were. One day she came to our school—to our school!—and in front of the whole class said to her son, "I am tired. God knows I tried everything in my power to make you a good person, but you're just bad." Then she hauled off and slapped him. He turned around as if he was getting ready to attack her, and then she whupped the dog shit out of him. He needed it. Everybody was like, "Yeah!" because he had once hit the teacher. He was a bad fuck, and she tore him off a new ass. Everybody felt so damn relieved.

## 16

PLAYBOY: What four songs would you put on your Seventies soundtrack for a desert island?

MAC: Earth, Wind and Fire's *Can't Hide Love*. The Spinners' *Mighty Love*. Chicago's *If You Leave Me Now*. The Stylistics' *Stop, Look, Listen (To Your Heart)*. I'm a ballad man.

## 17

PLAYBOY: In your book, *I Ain't Scared of You*, you write about how *Roots* changed everything when it came to black names. What are some of the rules of name construction?

MAC: It started in the Seventies. Tamika. Kawana. The old African names. The Similac babies in the Eighties took it to another plateau. In the Nineties women started trying to be more fashionable with it, naming their kids Champagne and Porsche and Lexus and Mercedes. Some of the names are made up: Kuwana, Kuweesha, Kalamilla. Kalamilla? OK, lady, spell it any kind of way you want. The simplest name now is the most difficult name to spell. Devra with a "v." "It's French." What? It's all a fad. You roll the ball and everybody jumps on it. Now it's out of hand and extends to every part of life. No one seems to have an identity for themselves. Now everybody struggles with piercings, tattoos, hair color. The more unorthodox you look, the more you're accepted. When you saw a good tattoo back in the day, you knew what it



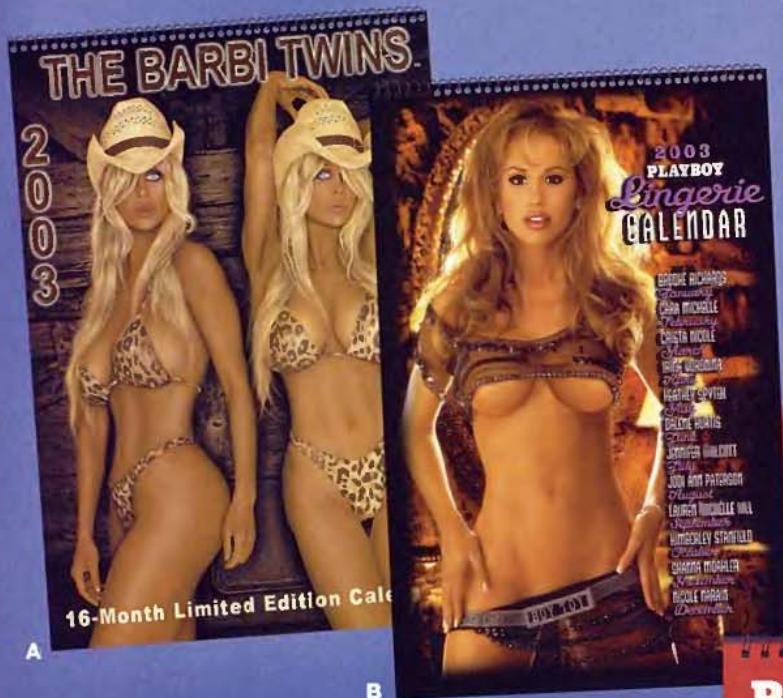
*"Oh, Wayne, this is so romantic. The single rose, the ring, the dick hanging out of your pants."*



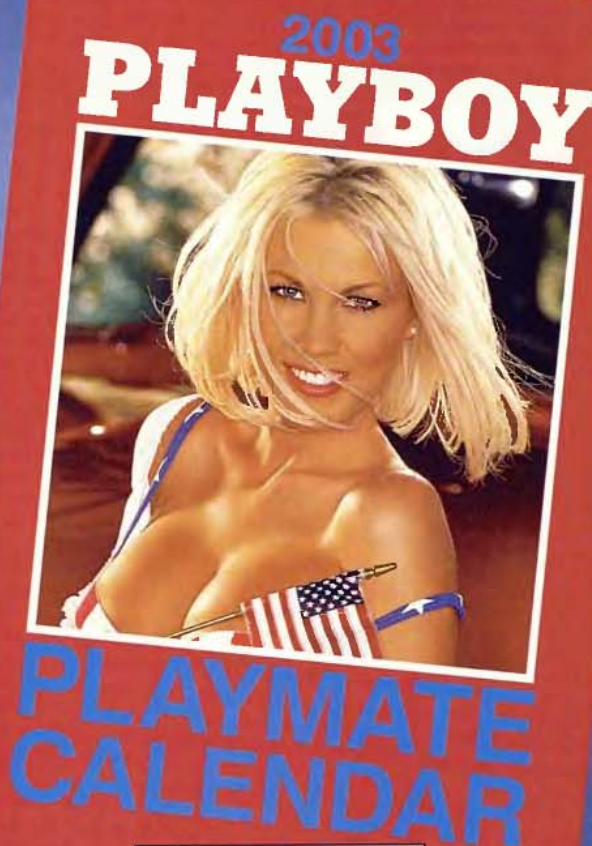
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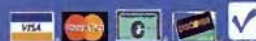
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# WHERE &

## HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 30, 32, 43-44, 78-79, 86-87, 107-109, 116-119 and 155, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



### STAND BACK! I DON'T KNOW HOW BIG THIS THING IS GONNA GET!

Pages 78-79: Canon, 800-828-4040. Fujifilm, 800-800-3854 or fujifilm.com. Minolta, minoltausa.com. Nikon, nikonusa.com. Olympus, 800-622-6373 or olympus.com. Sony, 888-222-7669.

### MUSIC

Page 30: *Classic Mountain Songs*, www.folkways.si.edu. *Avram Fefer*, cadencebuilding.com/cadence/cimp.html. *Manitoba*, posteverything.com/leaf. *dominorecords.com*. *Mississippi Fred McDowell and Johnny Woods*, fatpossum.com. *Napoli Is Not Nepal*, shitkatapult.com. *RCA Country Legends: The Bristol Sessions*, bmg.com. *Rise Above*, sanctuaryrecords.com. *Billy Joe Shaver*, www.compadrerecords.com. *Frank Sinatra*, hollywoodandvine.com. *Streets*, vice-recordings.com. *Thicke*, interscope.com. *We Ragazzi*, selfstarterfoundation.com. *Yeah Yeah Yeahs*, tgreg.com.

### WIRED

Page 32: *Acclaim*, 516-656-5000. *Authenex*, authenex.com. *Griffin Technology*, griftech.com. *Innogear*, innogear.com. *Kyocera*, 800-349-4188 or kyocera-wireless.com. *Sony*, 800-345-7669 or playstation.com. *Tecmo*, 800-338-0336 or tecmo-inc.com. *Wildseed*, wildseed.com.

### MANTRACK

Pages 43-44: *Dyson*, 866-693-9766 or dyson.com. *Gateway*, gateway.com. *Harper Collins*, harpercollins.com. *Papermate*, papermate.com/pendulum. *Pebble Beach*, 800-654-9300 or pebblebeach.com. *Singapore Airlines*, singaporeair.com. *Robert Vance Ltd.*, 847-478-0988.

### COLOGNE

Pages 86-87: *Calvin Klein*, from Unilever, 800-715-4023. *Creed*, 877-273-3369. *Frederic Malle*, from Barney's, 888-822-7639. *Estée Lauder*, 888-731-6024. *Gucci*, gucci.com. *Lancôme*, 800-526-2663. *Liz Claiborne*, at department stores. *Michel Germain*, michelgermain.com. *Versace*, versace.com.

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### FASHION

Pages 116-119: *Dolce & Gabbana*, dolcegabbana.it. *Perry Ellis*, perryellis.com. *Fendi*, 212-767-0100. *Gucci*, 212-826-2600. *Hermès*, hermes.com. *Michael Kors*, 212-452-4685. *Ralph Lauren*, polo.com. *Jil Sander*, jil.sander.com. *Paul Smith*, 212-627-9779. *Valentino*, 212-772-6969. *John Varvatos*, 212-965-0700. *Versace*, versace.com. *Yves Saint Laurent*, ysl.com.

### ON THE SCENE

Page 155: *Blue Note*, bluenote.com. *ECM*, ecmrecords.com. *Impulse*, impulserrecords.com. *Milestone*, fantasyjazz.com. *Okka Disk*, okkadisk.com. *Palmetto*, palmetto-records.com. *Pi*, pi recordings.com. *Sony Legacy*, legacyrecordings.com. *Warner*, whjazz.com.

represented. The cat was part of some motorcycle gang, or he'd been in prison. Now they've got them on their neck, on their titty, the whole left side of their back, their ankle, inner thigh, the crack of their ass. They have five earrings in their ear and in their tongue, and they can't hardly talk. They got their nose pierced, their eyebrow pierced. They got their dick pierced and their clit pierced. Come on!

## 18

**PLAYBOY:** Have you been criticized for not being black enough?

**MAC:** Not yet. I know that stuff's going to come. You can't win, and that's why I don't concern myself with it. I don't want a black show. Life ain't all black. Life ain't all white. Is heaven going to be all black? Is it going to be all white? You have to look at the motive behind that stuff.

## 19

**PLAYBOY:** Your act is often a deep shade of blue. Is there any other word as personal and as rich in meaning as motherfucker? What word would you be happy to never hear again?

**MAC:** Nigger. It's been abused and overdramatized. Nigger has even been embraced as a term of greeting. I used it in my book to define what I was talking about, but I don't use the word when I'm speaking. How can black people use it among themselves and then get upset when someone of a different ethnicity uses it? For instance, at an airport I once saw some white people with their black friends and one of the white guys was saying, "Come here, nigger. This is my nigger." And his friend didn't mind.

On the other hand, I was walking in a park one day. A car pulled up, a Chevy, and somebody yelled, "Niggers, get out of the fucking neighborhood! Fucking niggers!" The guys who were with me blew a gasket. "Fuck you! Come back and say it, you motherfucker!" But I kept walking. "Come on back here, Bernie. Did you hear what they said, man?" I said, "Yeah, I heard 'em." "Then why you ain't mad?" I said, "They weren't talking to me."

My feeling is that it's not all right for black people to say it. Nigger is nigger. I don't care how you phrase it, dress it up, put a ribbon on it. "Whassup, nigger?" is still nigger. It sounds the same to me. It don't sound Latin. It don't sound French. Why use it? What if an Asian woman says, "This is my nigger"? Can you say, "This is my chink"?

## 20

**PLAYBOY:** What cussword sounds the best coming out of a woman's mouth?

**MAC:** Cocksucker.

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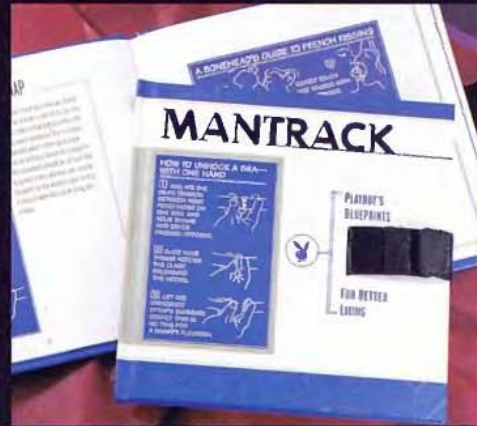
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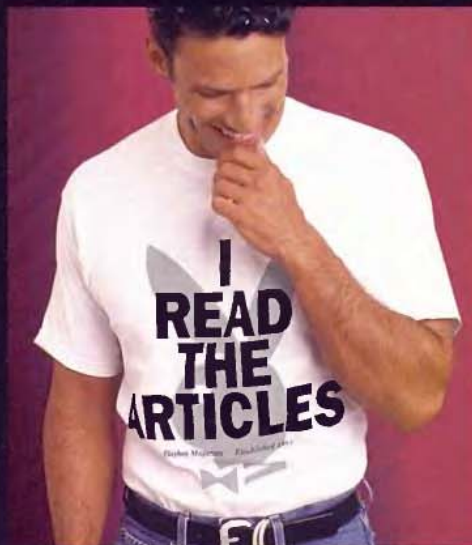
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## EMMITT SMITH

(continued from page 120)

SMITH: All right. One reason he retired, in my opinion, is that he was unhappy with the way he was treated in Detroit. Not just the frustration of losing, but promises that weren't kept.

PLAYBOY: Bad faith on the Lions' part?

SMITH: Yes. And that is part of what's wrong in Detroit. Players can see how people are treated. Players are smart; they all know when somebody has been screwed over. And if they'll do that to Barry Sanders, the pride and joy of the organization and the team's whole history, what are the players supposed to think? Why would they stay there or go there in the first place?

PLAYBOY: Do you think the way the Lions treated Sanders led to the franchise's troubles?

SMITH: I think it had a lot to do with it.

PLAYBOY: Which running backs are in your class?

SMITH: There are a lot. Marshall Faulk's probably the most talented runner in the league. But don't forget about Fred Tay-

lor. He hasn't been healthy the past couple of years, but he has all Marshall's attributes and he's probably faster.

PLAYBOY: Few NFL backs can block like you do. You're a fierce blocker. That's a lunch-bucket skill—it's mostly effort, isn't it?

SMITH: Here's how I see it: The more rounded you are, the harder it is for the defense to know what you might do. Teams know that a lot of backs don't want to put their heads down and block, so they can fire away and blitz the quarterback. But if you can block they'll say, "Why waste our time rushing the quarterback?" They don't even try. Now suppose I'm a back who doesn't just run and block. Suppose I can catch a pass, too.

PLAYBOY: You've caught 480 passes for over 3000 career yards.

SMITH: If you can run and block and catch the ball, then you've really got them thinking. They have to ask themselves, What do we do? Which way do we go?

PLAYBOY: Running backs often talk about a sixth sense they have. They say they are able to "feel the hole." Can you really do that?

SMITH: It's more like feeling the flow of a play—how fast the defense is coming, where it's moving, where all the bodies are headed. Is the defense going to meet you at the hole, at the juncture, or can you get to the hole first? Should you be behind the flow of a play, or should you hurry to get out in front of it?

PLAYBOY: Do you see arrows moving around, like on Madden's Telestrator?

SMITH: What I see is flashes. I see colors—the uniforms of my team and the team we're playing. It's a flash of our uniforms mashing against the color of theirs.

PLAYBOY: That's pretty abstract.

SMITH: It's pretty cool.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever think, Hey, one of those flashes is Ray Lewis coming to get me?

SMITH: Yes, exactly. That's one flash to avoid. You want to stay away from him.

PLAYBOY: Brett Favre did the *Playboy* Interview several seasons ago, after he came out of rehab. He said he had "taken a fancy" to the painkiller Vicodin. He told us he didn't take the stuff to keep playing; he liked it because it helped him escape after games.

SMITH: I have taken Vicodin, but I don't take pills for more than a day or two. I've got a medicine case full of bottles that were prescribed for me, but I leave them there.

PLAYBOY: Last year Favre got sacked—sort of—by the Giants' Michael Strahan. It looked like he took a fall to help Strahan set the NFL single-season record for sacks.

SMITH: I'd have to look at the tape to say for sure, but I thought Brett was about to roll out and he moved right into Michael and went down to avoid a big hit.

PLAYBOY: That's not how it looked. If Favre took a dive, was he right or wrong to do it?

SMITH: It makes sense for the quarterback to avoid the big hit. Now if he could have avoided it—

PLAYBOY: If he went down to help Strahan get the record—

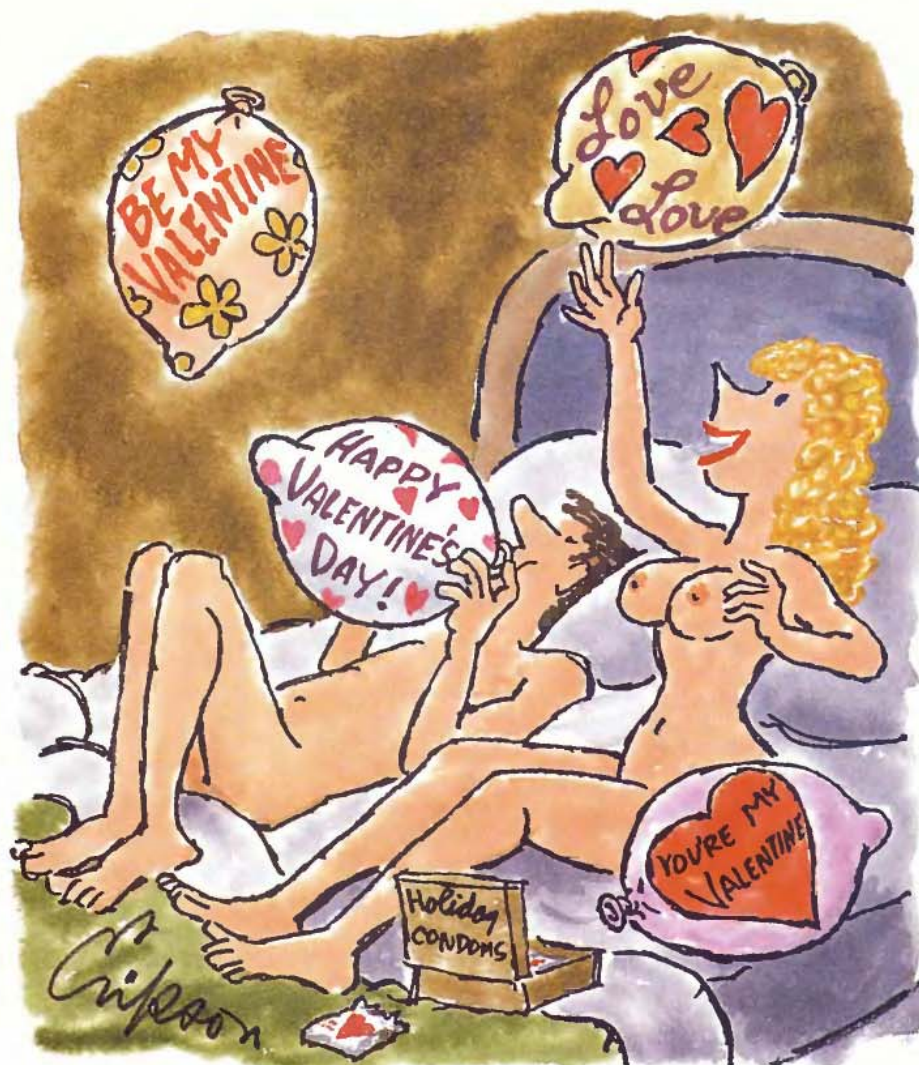
SMITH: That would be bad, yes. That would be sick.

PLAYBOY: What if a guy had let you run through him so you could break Payton's record?

SMITH: Trust me. They weren't rolling over for me. Nobody wanted to be in my highlight clip.

PLAYBOY: Let's end on a philosophical note. Fate may be a fine thing, but do you really think it guides football careers? Twenty years ago you were playing Pop Warner football and a 10-year-old tried to tackle you—he collided with you and you broke the poor kid's arm. Was that fate?

SMITH: [Smiling] Maybe I helped that kid figure out that football wasn't for him.



"OK, that's enough foreplay. Time to put one on."





# PLAYMATE NEWS



## LISA SCORES ON FOX

Andy Rooney offended women everywhere when he stated, "The only thing that bugs me about TV sports coverage is those damn women on the sidelines who don't know what the hell they're talking about. I'm not a sexist person, but a woman has no business trying to make some comment about a football game." Lisa Dergan, who holds her own with the guys as the national sports update anchor on Fox Sports Net's *NFL Show*, has proved Rooney wrong. "I work with all these sports greats: Tony Siragusa, Michael Irvin, D'Marco Farr," she says. "Comedian Tommy Davidson is on the show, too. It's a total blast." A reporter for Fox Sports Net since January 2002, Lisa has broadcast live from the Kentucky Derby, the U.S. Open, the NHL all-star game,

the Indianapolis 500 and dozens of Lakers games. She has been playing golf since she was 12, writes a golf column for Foxsports.com and has reported from several PGA tournaments and the

*NFL Celebrity Golf Shootout.*

"One of my career highlights so far was being written

about in *Sports Illustrated*," she says.

"They wrote a little blurb about my hosting gig and ran a photograph. That's a huge deal to me. Plus, it's in the NHL preview issue that everyone keeps. I'm so excited." Does she ever give her co-hosts some links advice? "Yep," Lisa says. "I tell them what I tell everybody else: Don't talk during your back

swing and replace your divots." Spoken like a true jock.



## 30 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

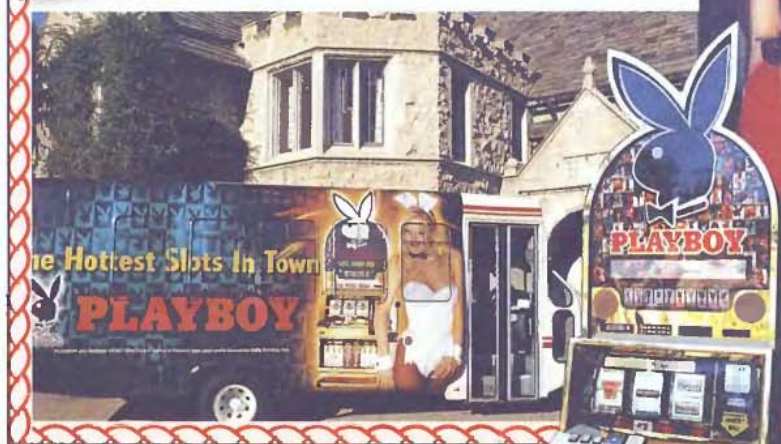
"Cyndi Wood came by the studio on a Wednesday for test shots, and by Friday we were shooting the picture of her standing in the doorway at the Mansion," says photographer Pompeo Posar in *The Playmate Book*. "I also did some shots of her with a parakeet on her shoulder, and when I finished the roll I laid it down at the edge of the swimming pool. An ostrich came by and swallowed it." Luckily, thousands of other shots of Cyndi did not go to the birds, and when we published her February 1973 pictorial, readers adored her. She became 1974's PMOY and appeared on five covers in the Seventies, making her one of the most popular Playmates ever.



Cyndi Wood.

## JACKPOT!

PLAYBOY always wants you to get lucky, so it was only natural for us to team up with Bally Gaming and Systems to create a line of slot machines. Clockwise from left: An ad featuring Victoria Fuller. Tina Jordan and Nicole Narain at the Mansion's slot launch party. Vanessa Gleason takes a spin. Christi Shake, Jennifer Walcott and Lauren Hill. Miriam Gonzalez and Stephanie Heinrich tass beads to the crowd at Harrah's Casino's A Night at the Playboy Mansion bash in New Orleans. Three Rabbit Heads win the big bucks for you. The bus stops at Hef's house.





**My Favorite  
Playmate  
By Robert  
Forster**



My favorite is Marilyn Monroe. When I was in eighth grade her PLAYBOY spread made an appearance in the lunchroom of Madison High School in Rochester, New York. She was the first Playmate I ever saw. She electrified the lunchroom like a lightning bolt. All the guys congregated around the magazine to look.



**MICHELLE ROGERS:**

"I went to a nude beach and saw a sign: NO MORE NUDITY. I was upset. I'd driven three hours."

**LAYLA'S GUIDE TO LOVE**

We want everybody to get laid on Valentine's Day. If that's too much to ask, we want you to at least behave properly on a date. We rang up Layla Roberts, one of our favorite Play-

# PLAYMATE NEWS

**PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS**

February 1: Miss February 1995  
Lisa Marie Scott  
February 3: Miss April 1996  
Gillian Bonner  
February 12: Miss July 1983  
Ruth Guerri  
February 15: Miss May 1961  
Susan Kelly  
February 20: Miss September 1986  
Rebekka Armstrong

mates, because she is outspoken and can hang with the guys—remember her as that randy gal who snagged Steve Buscemi in *Armageddon*?—to find out the latest in dating etiquette: "The first dating do," Layla says, "is to open the door for her, be it a car door or a restaurant door. It shows respect and good manners. Next, stand up when your date goes to the rest room. Send flowers to show that you are thinking of her. It's the little moments that don't seem to have meaning that mean the most. Be spontaneous! I like to be surprised with a bubble bath, candles and pink roses. One time a guy took me to Santa Barbara and spoiled me with spa treatments. It was great."



me to Santa Barbara and spoiled me with spa treatments. It was great."

**LIFE WITH LINDSEY**

Being a Playmate isn't all glamorous parties and photo shoots. As evidence, Lindsey Vuolo sent us a stack of photos chronicling the past few months. Clockwise from left: Riding it out at a charity event. Helping underprivileged children. Hanging with Angelica Bridges at a press conference. Firefighter for the day. At an Aspen Marketing event. Making an average Joe's day.



**PLAYMATE GOSSIP**

What do 2001 PMOY Brande Roderick, Webster's Emmanuel Lewis, Vince Neil, Corey Feldman, M.C. Hammer and *The Facts of Life*'s Mindy Cohn have in common? They are the housemates who were chosen to live together for two weeks on *The Surreal Life*, a new reality series on the WB. "I had met both Vince and Corey before, and they're great guys. The only thing I'm nervous about is not having my cell phone for two weeks," Brande says.



New parents Jenny McCarthy and husband John Asher (pictured) checked out the *American Idol* grand finale. *Moulieline* magazine's "100 Most" list ranked Pam Anderson and Kid Rock "Most Likely to Be Having Sex as You Read This." ... Carrie Stevens worked with Ali Landry and Willie Nelson in the flick *Who's Your Daddy?* ... Congratulations to Barbara Moore, who won the Pro-Am ballroom dancing nationals competition in Miami. She is now the reigning U.S. champ. ... Shauna Sand and Lorenzo Lamas are splitting up. ... Deanna Brooks, Shanna Moakler, Ava Fabian, Nicole Narain, Jennifer Walcott and Shauna (pictured) showed their brain power on the game show *Street Smarts*.

The Ashers.

**Street Smarts sexpots.**



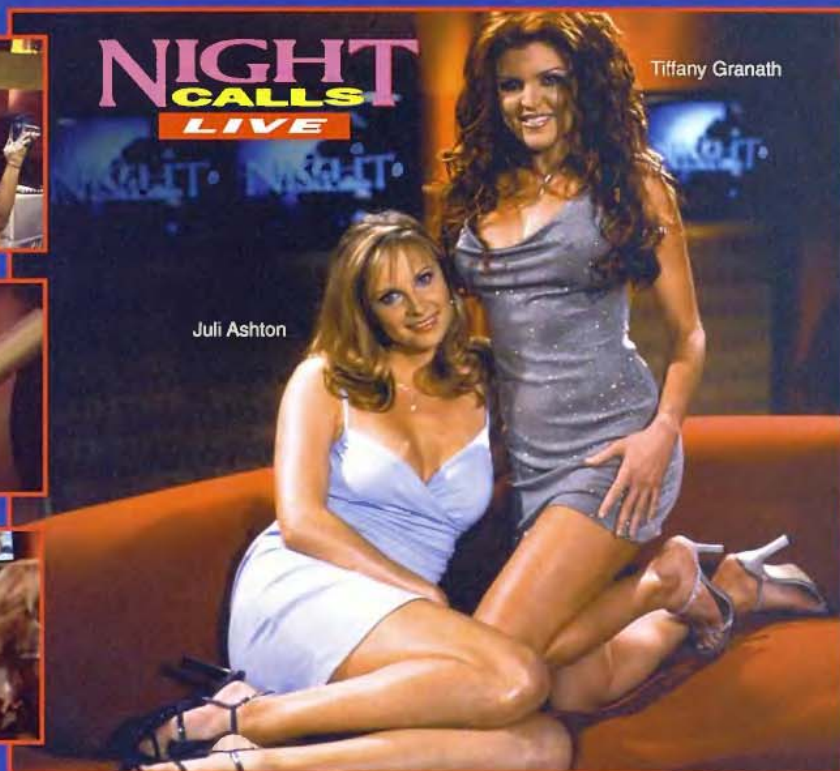




*"Sometimes I feel guilty about having sex when so many people in the world have to go to bed horny."*

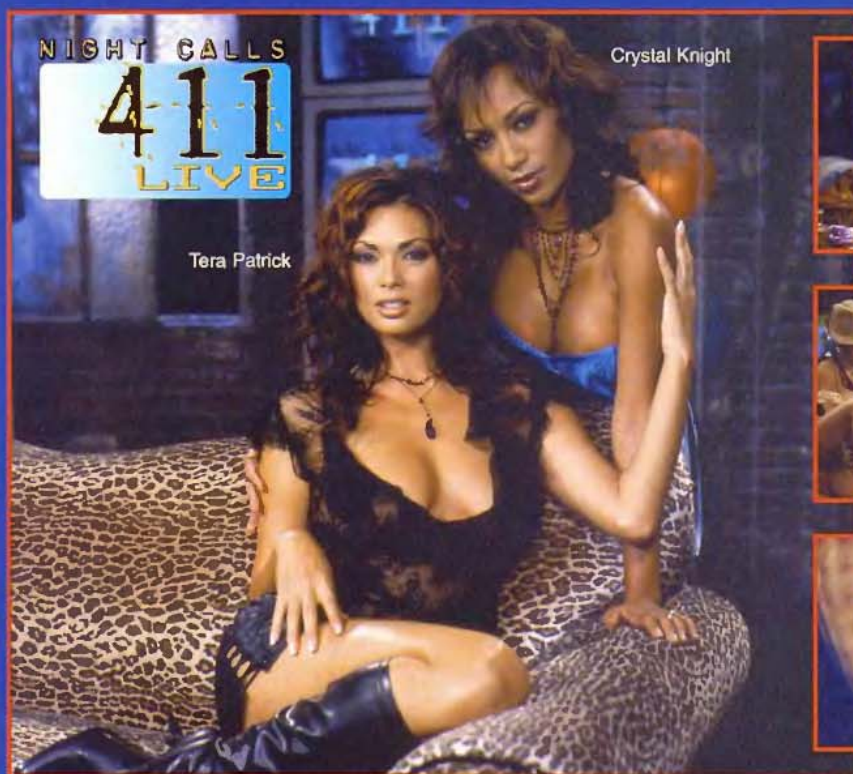


# "BEST OF" Specials



**T**hey're the wildest moments you've missed, and the scenes you can't wait to see again!

Catch the hottest action from Playboy TV's hit call-in shows in these "Best of" specials.



**Best of Night Calls: Premieres January 2 at 10 pm ET/11 pm PT.**  
**Best of Night Calls 411: Premieres January 9 at 10 pm ET/11 pm PT.**  
Go to [www.playboytv.com](http://www.playboytv.com) for additional air times.

**Only on Playboy TV!**

For program information go to  
**playboytv.com**

Playboy TV is available from your local cable television operator or home satellite provider in the U.S. and Canada.

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**PLAYBOY TV**



# PLAYBOY

## on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

### BIG BANDS ARE BACK

Jazz—yes, jazz—is in amazing shape creatively. On bandstands from Manhattan to San Francisco, big bands are aggressive, intense and (best of all) intelligent. Here are a few CDs worth disturbing the neighbors for: With its meticulous charts, the Dave Holland Big Band's *What Goes Around* (ECM) will win big at this year's Grammys. Roscoe Mitchell's *Song for My Sister* (Pi) combines Ellingtonian elegance with free-jazz energy. On *A Beautiful Day* (Palmetto), pianist Andrew Hill charges his 16-piece band through eight angular songs. With relentless drive and exquisite dynamics, the Peter

Right: Recent boxed sets from John Coltrane, Miles Davis and Bill Evans offer a new view of three giants of modern jazz. Below: Big bands are back, but don't expect the dulcet tones of Glenn Miller. These bands blow out the doors with a tough and uncompromisingly contemporary sound.

JAMES IMBROGNO



Brötzmann Chicago Tentet's *Broken English* (Okka Disk) and the Territory Band's *Atlas* (Okka Disk) push the format even further forward. Most jazz piano CDs are sedate affairs, but 28-year-old Jason Moran and 32-year-old Brad Mehldau point to jazz' future. On their latest CDs, *Modernistic* (Blue Note) and *Largo* (Warner), both pianists experiment with different keyboards. There are magnificent new compilations from three masters of modernism—John Coltrane, Miles Davis and Bill Evans. Coltrane's *Legacy* (Impulse) is a four-disc summary of the tenor great. The 20-CD *Complete Miles Davis at Montreux* (Legacy), much of it previously unreleased, surveys Miles' problematic electric era. Bill Evans' *Consecration* (Milestone), an eight-disc set recorded live two weeks before his death, is the final word on jazz classicism. Jazz is dead? Long live jazz. —LEOPOLD FROELICH



Above: Two of the world's best young jazz musicians play the piano. Jason Moran and Brad Mehldau don't stick to jazz idioms—they'll play just about anything. Their music owes as much to Radiohead and Afrika Bambaataa as it does to Marian McPartland and Oscar Peterson. Mehldau and Moran—cerebral and innovative—are setting the course for jazz in the 21st century.



# Grapevine

## Heather Hangs Out

A Reef Girl in national Reef Brazil ads, **HEATHER BRONFMAN** is also a swimsuit and sportswear model and a 2004 Apollo One calendar girl. Here, she shed her top to get rid of those tacky tan lines.

© STEVE TORRES



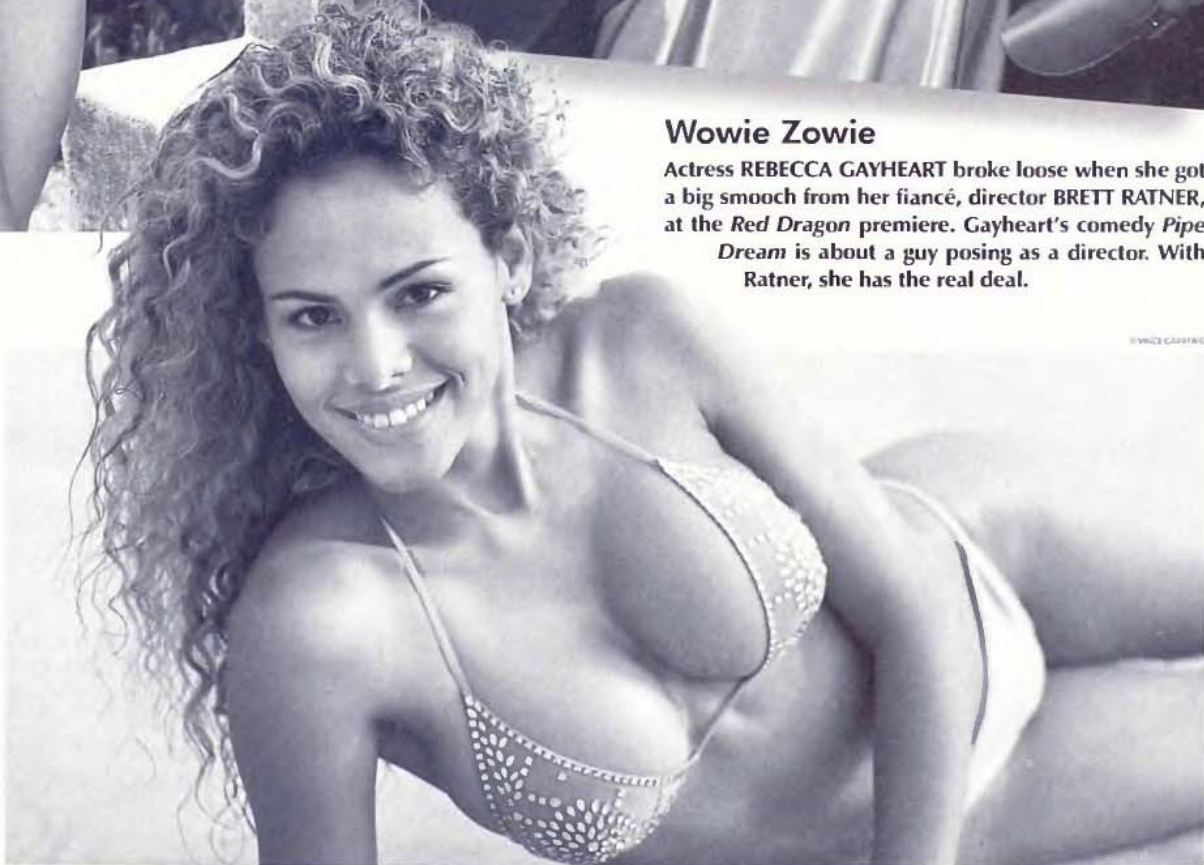
## Wowie Zowie

Actress **REBECCA GAYHEART** broke loose when she got a big smooch from her fiancé, director **BRETT RATNER**, at the *Red Dragon* premiere. Gayheart's comedy *Pipe Dream* is about a guy posing as a director. With Ratner, she has the real deal.

© VINCE CARAFFO

## Our Liza Is Extremely Cute

Panamanian model **LIZA HERNANDEZ** was a runner-up in the Hawaiian Tropic International Pageant. Photographed for both the Hawaiian Tropic and Extreme Sports calendars, Liza is a knockout.







## Jacy Slips Into Something Comfortable

You know JACY ANDREWS from Playboy TV's *Sexual Magic, Models Unlimited* and *Body and Soul*.

© PAUL NATHAN/PHOTO RESERVE, INC.



## Just Kidding Around

Country babe ALLISON MOORER first hit the airwaves with *A Soft Place to Fall* from the *Horse Whisperer* soundtrack. So how did she go from her new CD, *Miss Fortune*, to a duet with KID ROCK? For that, you needed a ticket to Farm Aid.



## We Get Behind Aurianna

You can see AURIANNA HARRISON online and on pay-per-view. This one's free.



## All That Glitters Is Gold

Latin beauty SOFIA VERGARA had two movies out last year, including *Big Trouble* with Tim Allen.

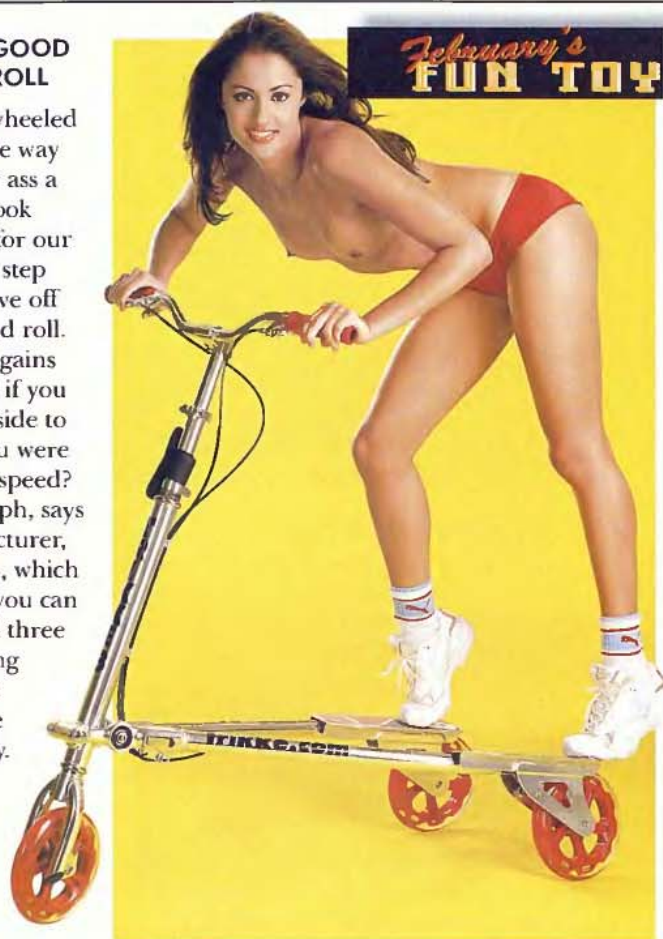
© JAMES S. MATHIAS/GETTY IMAGES



# Potpourri

## LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL

The three-wheeled Trikke is one way to give your ass a workout. Look what it did for our model. Just step aboard, shove off and rock and roll. The Trikke gains momentum if you carve from side to side as if you were skiing. Top speed? About 20 mph, says the manufacturer, Trikke Tech, which also claims you can travel about three times walking speed while exerting the same energy. The price: \$299, from 877-487-4553 or go to [trikke.com](http://trikke.com).



## EXTREME CAFFEINE

The sales meeting is going on two hours and you and the coffeepot are both running on empty. Pop a couple of Café Intense candies into your mouth and *wham-mo!* "No problem, J.B. I'll double my quota." Two Café Intenses give you the pickup of a cup of coffee, says the manufacturer, Health-Tech. Three flavors are poured: cappuccino, café mocha and double espresso. The price: \$1.89.

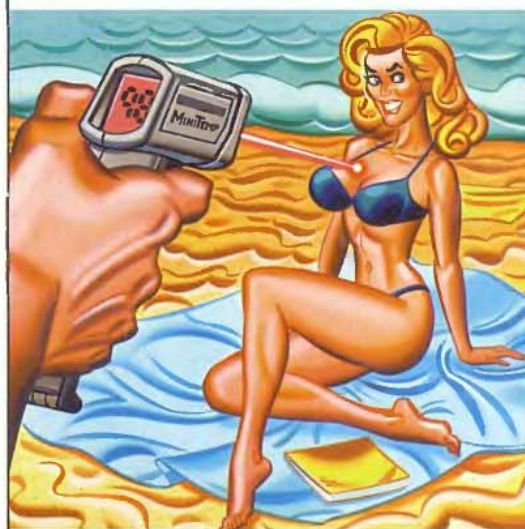


## FULL MOON AND EMPTY STOMACH

As a late-night alternative to standing by the freezer eating ice cream from a carton or serving your date a cold pepperoni pizza, try one of the 150 recipes in *Midnight Snacks* by Michael Rosen and Sharon Reiss. Soups, salads, ice cream creations and parmesan popcorn are offered, along with such cute concoctions as Welsh not-so-rarebit, wonton wontons and gonzo garbanzos. (We'll take a pass on jeweled gruel and garlic balsamic dip.) Shoot the moon—a mixture of Clamato, vodka, cucumbers, horseradish and oysters—is a postmidnight pick-me-up that works for us. Price: \$16.95. Broadway Books is the publisher.

## YOU LOOK HOT

Want to know how hot that woman down the beach is? Zap her with the Raytek MiniTemp MT4's laser beam and you have an instant surface temperature reading. Check out your boss before asking for a raise or discover if that steak you've been grilling is hot enough to eat. The handheld thermometer's backlit LCD registers from zero to 525° F. Napa Automotive stores sell the MiniTemp for \$99, or go to [raytek.com](http://raytek.com).





### THE SPY'S THE LIMIT

No, that's not Don Adams' telephone from the TV show *Get Smart*. And it wasn't featured in *Spy Kids*, *Mission Impossible*, *Alias*, *The Agency* or the never-ending James Bond film series, either. It's the eavesdropping device Czech intelligence agents planted in the heel of our ambassador's shoes back in the Sixties. DK Publishing's updated hardcover, *Ultimate Spy*, by spook maven Keith Melton, includes more sneaky gadgets such as a lipstick camera, plus sections on the Robert Philip Hanssen case and the latest CIA and FBI counterterrorism tactics. Price: \$30.



### THE DRESSED OF TIMES

Style maven Alan Flusser is the man. His latest hardcover, *Dressing the Man* ("mastering the art of permanent fashion"), is as comprehensive a guide to looking good as we've seen. Chapters are divided by clothing classifications. There are hundreds of photos, illustrations and charts to help improve your dapper quotient. Who says you can't dress like Cary Grant? See page 67 to learn how. Humphrey Bogart and Frank Sinatra fashion tips are included, too. Price: \$49.95. Harper Collins is the publisher.



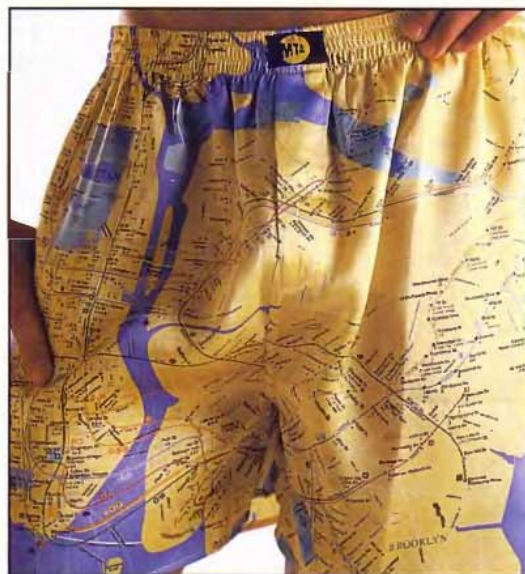
### WOW OF AN IDEA

It may be the next best thing to owning a Warhol. A company named photowow.com will turn your favorite photos into framed art on canvas. Forty design styles are available, ranging from a four-panel pop look (pictured here) to collages, hand tints and superimpositions (your face on Gainsborough's *Blue Boy*, for example). Prices range from \$100 to about \$900 for a 4'x5' image. Ozzy Osbourne even has a photowow.com canvas. We don't even want to guess what it might be.



### SMARTY UNDERPANTS

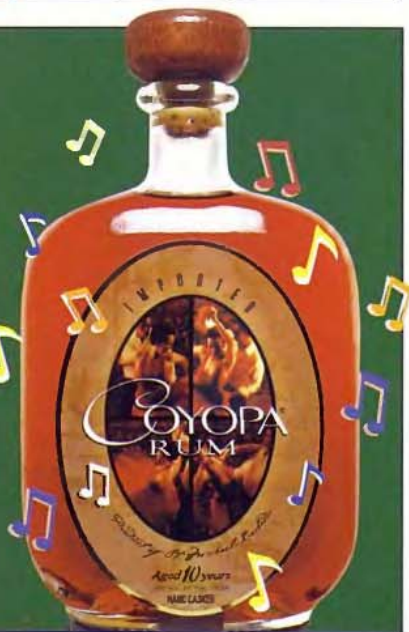
The next time your girlfriend claims you never stop and ask for directions, drop trou. A company named Silk Trails began by producing silk boxer shorts with ski trails printed on them. Now it's moved on to Manhattan (the New York subway system is shown here) with other cities, golf courses and even hiking trails on the drawing board. How do you get to Carnegie Hall? Look down under. Price: about \$30. Go to [silktrails.com](http://silktrails.com) for retailer information.



### The BOOZE News

#### THIS BOTTLE BOOGIES

Coyopa from Barbados is one partying rum. Every time you lift the bottle, a button activates a backlight that illuminates pictures of dancers on the label—all to the sound of steel drums. Sneak down for a snort in the middle of the night and the whole house will know. The rum is an ultrapremium dark aged in oak barrels for 10 years. Price: about \$50 a bottle. R.L. Seale, the distiller, says the first 100,000 bottles will be hand-signed and numbered.





# Next Month



SALSA WITH THIS



THE BIG D



"GUY" AND DOLL



MEET KATRINA

**STARS OF LATIN TV**—FORGET ABOUT MTV OR THE TRIO ON *FRIENDS*, THE HOTTEST PEPPERS ON TELEVISION ARE ON TELEMUNDO, THE SEXIEST STATION EVER. WE NABBED THE CHICAS FOR A CALIENTE PICTORIAL

**DIVORCE**—DON'T BUY THE ROCK, CHUMP. CHANCES ARE YOU'LL NEED THE MONEY FOR A DIVORCE ATTORNEY—AND A LOT OF OTHER HIDDEN EXPENSES. WE HAVE THE HORROR STORIES—AND THE TRICKS TO PROTECT YOUR HEART AND BANK ACCOUNT. BY **CRAIG VETTER**

**IN A ROOM WITH MADNESS**—FOR 23 DAYS LAST FALL THE AUTHOR EXPERIENCED FIRSTHAND THE DESPERATE LIFE AT THE SNIPER HUNT COMMAND CENTER. THIS IS THE STORY OF WHAT REALLY HAPPENED. BY **BRIAN KAREM**

**ONLINE ANARCHY**—INTERNET VIDEO GAMES PROMISE YOU GLOBAL ADVENTURE, BUT BEHIND SUCH POPULAR TITLES AS *EVERQUEST*, THERE'S A SUBCULTURE OF MURDER, ROBBERY, FRAUD AND GANGS—NOT TO MENTION THE "GRIEF PLAYERS" WHO LIVE TO FUCK YOU OVER. READ THIS BEFORE YOU LOG ON. BY **LAZLOW**

**YOUR 10,000-SQUARE-FOOT ROOM IS READY**—ARE YOU PREPARED TO RISK AND RISK BIG? THEN WELCOME TO THE WORLD OF LAS VEGAS HIGH ROLLERS, WHERE YOU RUB ELBOWS WITH PLAYERS, THE BUTLER SERVES CAVIAR AND YOUR SUITE'S TOILET SEAT IS HEATED. PLUS, HOW TO GET COMPED LIKE A RICH DUDE. BY **SCOTT DICKENSHEETS**

**COLIN FARRELL**—THE MAN DRINKS YOU UNDER THE TABLE, SMOKES LIKE A CHIMNEY, CUSSES LIKE AN INMATE, EXTOLS CASUAL SEX AND MAKES YOUR GIRLFRIEND HORNY. DID WE MENTION THAT HE STARS IN THREE NEW MOVIES (*DAREDEVIL*, *PHONE BOOTH* AND *THE RECRUIT*)? HOLLYWOOD'S LATEST PHENOM—A 26-YEAR-OLD PUNK—TELLS ALL IN THE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW. BY **STEPHEN REBELLO**

**JULIETTE LEWIS**—HOLLYWOOD'S ANTICELEBRITY ON TATTOOS, GOOD SEX AND STALKERS. 20Q BY **ROBERT CRANE**

**GUY**—HE IS A CONNOISSEUR OF WOMEN. ONE NIGHT HE DOWNS MUSHROOMS WITH A STRIPPER. WHEN SHE FREAKS OUT, HE DITCHES HER FOR A GIRL WHO READS GOETHE. FICTION BY **SARAH ARELLANO**

**URBANWEAR**—YOU MAY NOT BE ABLE TO BUST A RHYME (OR SNAG THE LADIES) LIKE **REDMAN**, **GRAF**, **JOHNNY HANDSOME** AND **SHORTY**, BUT NOW YOU CAN DRESS LIKE THEM. FASHION STRAIGHT FROM THE STREETS

**NASCAR FAQ**—DO YOU FEEL THE NEED FOR SPEED? WE DO. AN INSIDE LOOK AT THE COUNTRY'S QUICKEST-GROWING SPORT, FROM THE GREATEST DRIVERS TO THE TOUGHEST TRACKS. A WILD RIDE BY **MICHAEL JORDAN**

**PLUS:** WE SPY EX-SPY **KATRINA BARILLOVA**; WHO SAID IT, GEORGE BUSH OR HOLLYWOOD (THE QUIZ)?; SEX ADVICE FROM CENTERFOLD **MICHELLE ROGERS**; AND MISS MARCH, **PENNELOPE JIMENEZ**