

# PLAYBOY

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**COLIN FARRELL**  
**Raw & Uncut**

**SPECIAL REPORT**  
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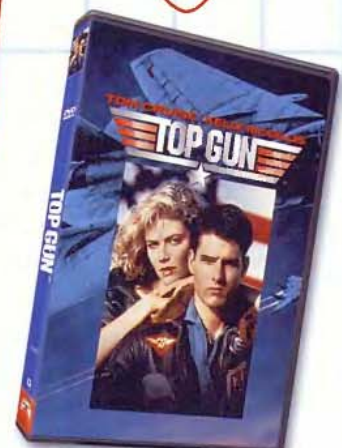
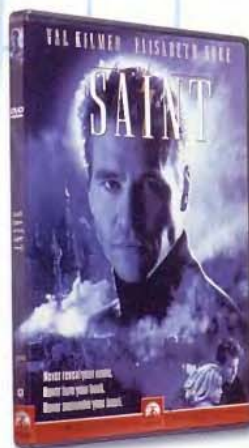
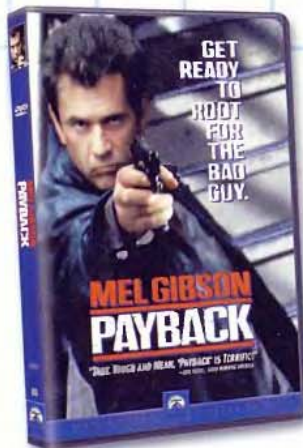
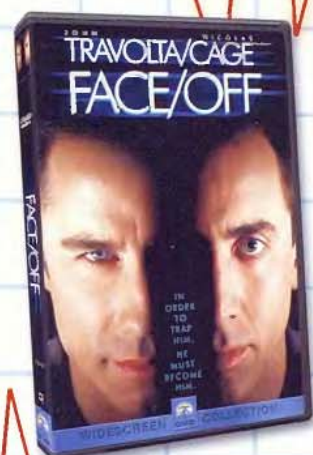
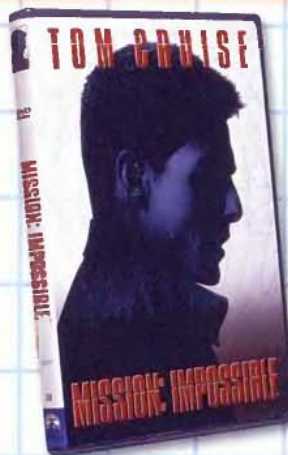
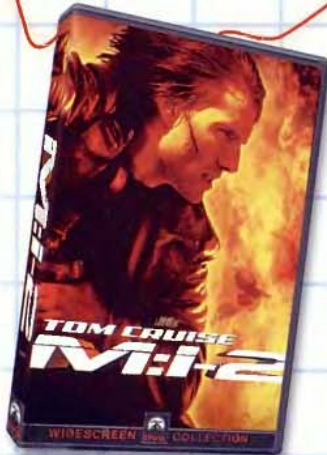
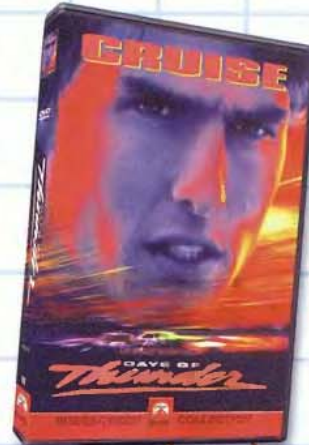
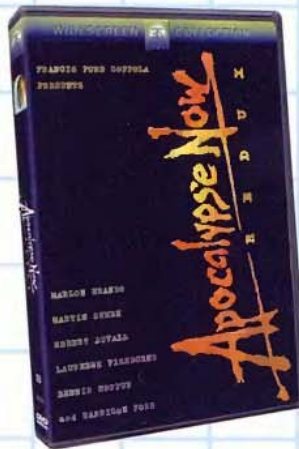
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# Playbill

FLUNKING high school Spanish has its advantages. Not knowing what's going on while watching Latin TV allows you to concentrate on the great-looking *chicas*. Because we understand this, we give you the stars of Latin TV—a luscious lay-out of bust-out talent from the land where plots are thin, guys are stout and women are beautiful.

Last fall America followed a series of sniper murders around our nation's capital. In a world of 24-hour news, ricochet leaks and wild speculation, **Brian J. Karem** was in place to give us the human side of the story. In *A Room With Madness* is an inside account of the manhunt and the emotional toll it took on the investigators who cracked the case.

**Craig Vetter**, a longtime PLAYBOY contributor who has written about ice climbing, cliff diving, wing walking and other high-risk pursuits, tackles the most dangerous game of all—divorce. Half of all first marriages end in divorce. Of those unhappy people, 75 percent remarry. And 60 percent of second marriages end in divorce. Read this survival guide, with artwork by **Erik Sandberg**.

If the real-world odds of disaster aren't enough, *Online Treachery*, by **Lazlow**, offers a scary look at the digital world of murder, robbery, fraud and gamers gone wild. In cyberspace, no one can hear you scream, but they're working on that. Already there are support groups—will we see you at Online Gamers Anonymous? In *How to Be Treated Like a High Roller*, **Scott Dickensheets** explains the softer side of risk taking with an inside look at the coddled world of Vegas players.

Make a point of reading **Stephen Rebello's** *Playboy Interview* with actor **Colin Farrell**, who is Hollywood's next big deal. After holding forth on casual sex, condoms, Tom Cruise, heroin, ecstasy, porn and pussy (sounds like a Queens of the Stone Age song), Farrell offers this definition of girl trouble: "If you have a bad lay, that's not girl trouble. A girl not returning your phone calls or spreading rumors about you, that's not girl trouble, just a pain in the ass. But to fall in love—that's girl trouble."

Every month PLAYBOY receives a few hundred short stories from aspiring writers of varying ability. We call it the "slush," and each month someone reads every story—or at least part of every story. After September 11 and the anthrax scares, most places stopped reading unsolicited or unrecognized mail altogether. Arthur Kretchmer, the magazine's Editorial Director since the time of Moses, convened the staff and told them to keep sorting through the slush. "It has to do with hope," he said, "that somewhere out there is a new voice worth noting." And in a waist-high stack of manuscripts, Associate Editor **Barbara Nellis** found *Guy*, a wonderful piece of fiction about sex. Author **Sarah Arellano** had never published a story before and her writers' group had given her grief for sending it off to one of the glossies. Nellis left a message to call us on Arellano's answering machine. Arellano's husband took her out to dinner to celebrate. All we had to do was get **Brian Rea** to create the artwork.

That and squeeze in a fabulous pictorial of a former Czech intelligence officer, an amazing Playmate, a forthright *Centerfolds on Sex*, a report on urban fashion by **Dan Cuoto**—and the rest of the stuff we bring you every month.

Oh, and that guy Kretchmer we just mentioned? This issue is his last. During his 31 years at the helm, he's gone toe-to-toe with Hef more often than all the Playmates combined. Now he's decided to retire. Next month, James Kaminsky, the new Editorial Director, takes over. Arthur, we raise our glass.



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KAREM



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# PLAYBOY

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BY BRIAN J. KAREM AND CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO

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## cover story

These days, Anglos watch Latin TV for the babes. Now, thanks to the Bunny, you won't need rabbit ears for good reception. With Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda at the ready, PLAYBOY put together a show of shows with Latin TV's hottest girls. Best part? No laughing fat guys, no bad hair section, no ods—and no clothes. Our Rabbit takes a hip pointer.





# PLAYBOY®

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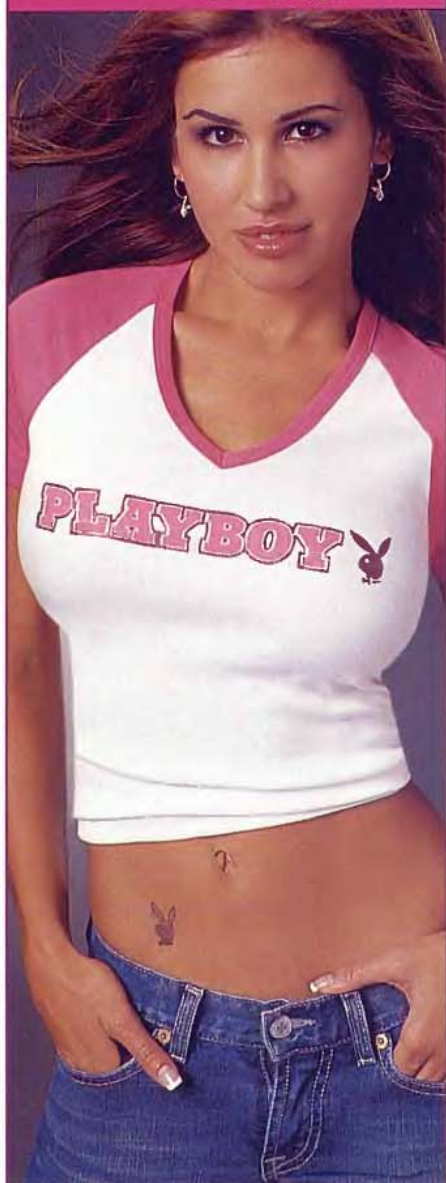
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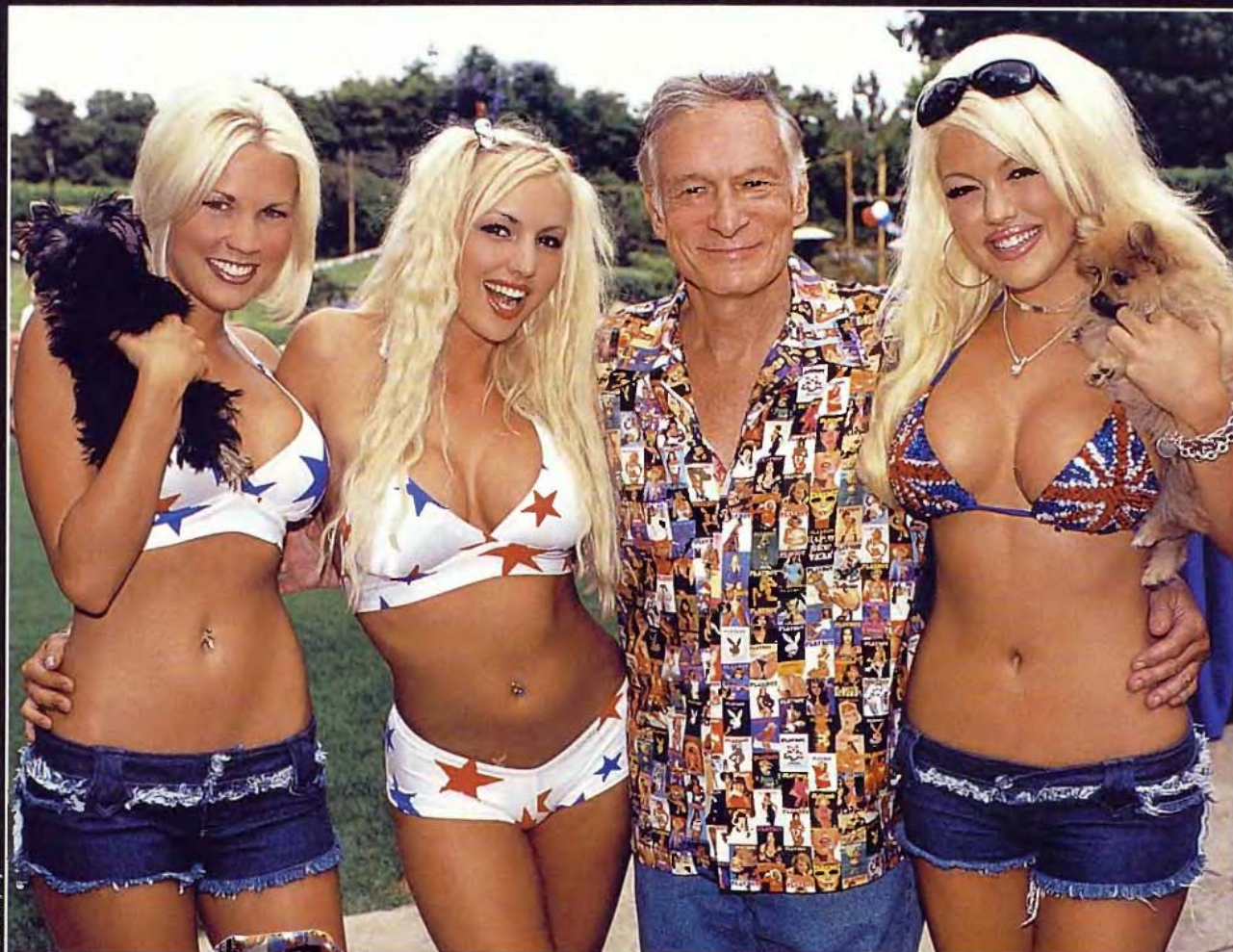
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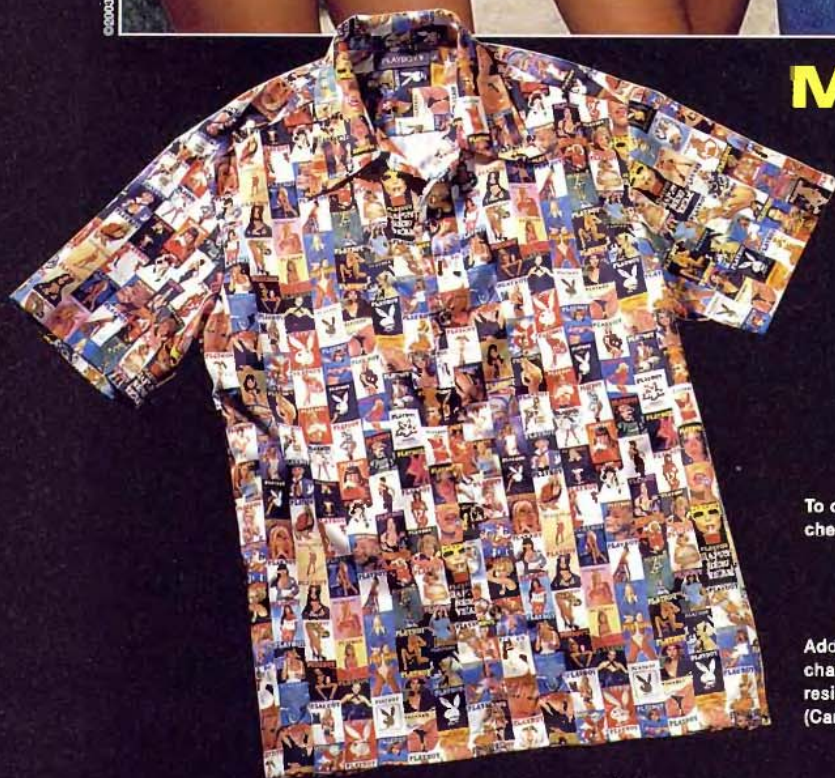


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# A NIGHT AT THE HAUNTED MANSION



All three of Charlie's Angels, and ghouls and goblins galore helped ensure Hef's Halloween party was a night to remember. (1) The host was a Prisoner of Love with his seven girlfriends: Renee, Izabella, Lana, Tiffany, Holly, Bridget and Sheila. (2) Cameron Diaz, Luke Wilson and Drew Barrymore getting in the spirit. (3) Baseball basher Jose Canseco with six painted ladies. (4) Jamie Foxx and boxer Mia St. John. (5) Backstreet Boy A.J. McLean and fiancée Sarah Martin. (6) Comics Jimmy Kimmel, Sarah Silverman and Jeffrey Ross with writer Bill Zehme and Carrie Secrist. (7) A horny monster in search of a mate. (8) Cameron Diaz and friend freaking out in the 3D House of Horrors. (9) Priscilla Minney with Playmate Nicole Lenz and Paris Hilton. (10) *Crossing Jordan*'s Steve Valentine and spouse. (11) Cyber Girl Bridget Marquardt in the 3D House of Horrors. (12) Devilish Terri Lynn Farrow and backless beauty Cathy Boley from Baton Rouge. (13) Deidre Hall of *Days of Our Lives*. (14) Smokey Robinson and wife Frances.





# A NIGHT AT THE HAUNTED MANSION


continued



(1) Hef and his party posse with a passel of painted pretties. (2) Puddle of Mudd front man Wes Scantlin. (3) Playmate of the Year 2002 Dalene Kurtis with her look-alike girlfriend and a red-eyed werewolf. (4) The Viagra vixens—Jennifer Howard and Sofia Lidskog—dressed to get Hef's attention. (5) Kevin Spacey with the Man. (6) *Mulholland Drive* star Laura Harring and pal. (7) January 2003 cover girl Tia Carrere and Simon Wakelin as punk rock badasses. (8) Rena Mero (a.k.a. Sable) as Dorothy with friends from *The Wizard of Oz*. (9) Arsenio Hall and friend are ready to play ball. (10) Jim Belushi and Kelsey Grammer share a chuckle. (11) Jon Lovitz appreciates the finer things in life, such as gorgeous ladies wearing nothing but body paint. (12) A couple of party-goers getting chummy with an oversize ogre. (13) Director Michael Bay, his girlfriend, Playmate Lisa Dergan, and goofball Andy Dick. (14) Celebrated Congresswoman Loretta Sanchez hanging with the host. (15) An irate vampire is out for blood.







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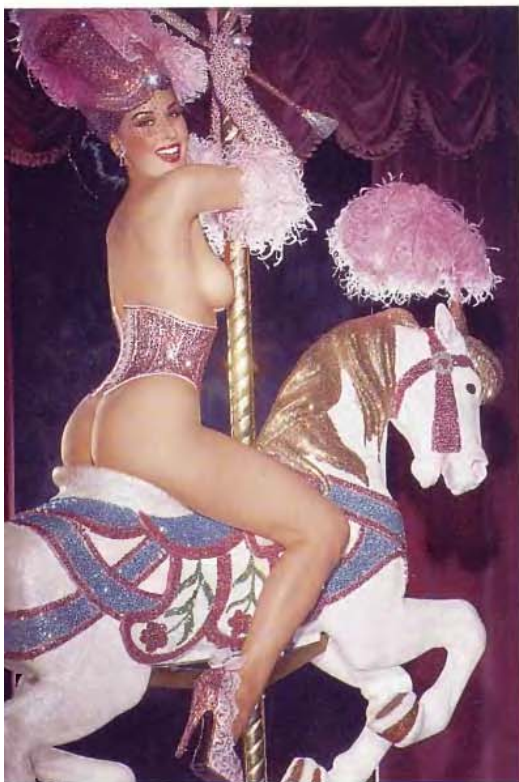
## WHAT A TEESE

It's about time someone brought back the tease as the great art form it was. From a longtime reader, congratulations to Dita von Teese and to PLAYBOY for having the sense to put her on the cover of the December issue—as a Christmas gift to the world.

Jim Donovan  
Del Mar, California

Thanks for the Dita von Teese pictorial. She brings back the pin-up and burlesque eras that made names like Bettie Page, Tempest Storm and Lili St. Cyr legendary. Dita reminds me of the images that inspired a young Hef to create PLAYBOY in the first place.

Vincent Gudzenskas  
St. Petersburg, Florida



Dita rides.

Marilyn Manson took one of the most beautiful women in the world—his girlfriend, no less—and gave her about as much dazzle as a sheet of wallpaper. Here's hoping he keeps his day job, because he sucks as a photographer.

Robert del Valle  
Royal Oak, Michigan

I'm not a fan of Manson's music, but I love his photos of Dita. His emotions come through—so much so that I hunted down his watercolors.

Jennifer Estrada  
Los Angeles, California

When PLAYBOY fans put together a collection of their all-time favorite covers, Dita's will be right there with them.

Laurie Castro  
Oakland, California

You made my holiday season. Fetish, burlesque and domination are my three favorite turn-ons. And what's even better, you didn't ramble on about Marilyn Manson.

Mistress Jinx  
Lincoln Park, New Jersey

## DENZEL DAZZLES

Thank you for the magnificent *Playboy Interview* with Denzel Washington (December). I'm an avid fan and appreciate the 411.

Penny Ferguson  
Miami, Florida

Washington is a very classy person: a good son, husband, father, friend, actor and role model.

R.L. Carter  
Lincoln City, Oregon

## WOOD WORK

I usually prefer brunettes, so it's saying something when I write to PLAYBOY about the beautiful blonde Lani Todd (*Christmas With Lani*, December). Lani is the girl next door with a dominatrix

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outfit in her closet. Why couldn't she have moved in next to me?

Bob Hewitt  
Antelope Valley, California

What a treat. Now I know there really is a Santa.

Paul Andrade  
Gallup, New Mexico

Lani Todd is Marilyn Monroe reincarnated. I find the resemblance to be striking. Lani has the look, the poses, the at-



Undressing Lani.

titude—she's a Gemini, too. How's that for coincidence?

Ron Serafin  
Houston, Texas

You made my wish come true when you selected Lani Todd as a Playmate. Could a Playmate of the Year title be far behind?

Darrell Robinson  
Waterloo, Iowa

#### YOUR ASS IS GRASS

It's not the crime, it's the cover-up. *How to Save Your Ass in a Scandal* (December) focuses on the lies. The lies work for a while, then they don't. Even a president knows, if you're not careful you're a joke on *Letterman*.

Ron Clark  
New York, New York

#### BLUSHING PINK

I'm surprised that Pink (*Pink and Her Amazing Wonderdog, Fuckers*, December) has the balls to say that education isn't all that important to artistic types such as herself. I have the feeling that soon enough her best line will be "You want fries with that?"

Paul Arrington  
Alexandria, Virginia

#### WORLDLY WOMEN

Regardless of recent economic downturns, we need to see more of Michelle Nichols from the *Women of Worldcom* pictorial (December).

John Stiffler  
Altoona, Pennsylvania

The women of Enron were outstanding, but the Worldcom women blow them out of the water. I doubt that any other bankrupt company can compete.

Scott Brady  
Florence, New Jersey

I hope that I'm not the only one who thinks PLAYBOY has 11 women worthy of Centerfold status. At least bring back April Sampson for a full spread.

Nicholas Framel  
Bixby, Oklahoma

#### KISSING UP

My grandfather became a subscriber in PLAYBOY's early days. When he finished an issue, he always passed it on to my father. When my sister and I first encountered PLAYBOY, we were immediately drawn to finding the Rabbit. We also admired all the beautiful women and eventually began reading PLAYBOY for the articles, too. The *Forum* and *Advisor* have been the basis of many conversations in our house. We're in our 30s now and PLAYBOY is still a part of our family.

The Artz Sisters  
Leighton, Pennsylvania

#### SHE'S ANNE BEATTS AND YOU'RE NOT

Anne Beatts on the early days of *Saturday Night Live* (*Live From New York: SNL Still Kills*, December) was great because she really knew the players. I wish she had given us more of that and less of the performers she knows only by reputation. It's hard to remember now how brave they were then.

Ann Bloom  
New York, New York

#### SOLDIER BOYS

I'm currently deployed in Afghanistan with the National Guard (I'm in college at Louisiana State University). We are the 769 Engineer Battalion out of Baton Rouge. I had to escort some locals (*hojis*) and happened to have a few PLAYBOYS with me. You should see these guys when it comes to naked American women. They go crazy. I don't know if you'll be able to publish this funny shot of me, a loyal subscriber who's serving my country. I hope it makes y'all laugh. Thank you and keep them coming.

Josh Anderson  
Kabul, Afghanistan

#### GET FOCUSED

I enjoyed the conversation with fellow Hoosier Greg Kinnear (*20 Questions*, De-

cember) by Robert Crane, but Crane fell into a common trap by identifying Bobby Knight as another Hoosier. In fact, Knight was born and raised in Ohio.

Bob Richards  
Lafayette, Indiana

*We remember Knight from his days with Jerry Lucas and John Havlicek, but we think of him as part Hoosier, too.*

It was bizarre to discover that Bob Crane's son interviewed Greg Kinnear, who played Crane's father in *Auto Focus*. You can't make up a better twist than that. I wonder how many people caught it.

Norman Smith  
Las Vegas, Nevada

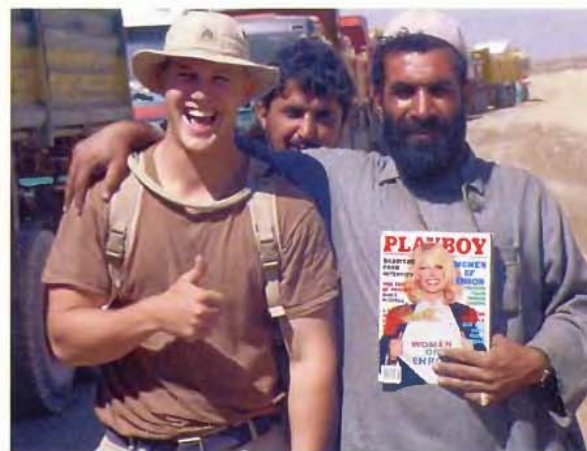
#### KRUK AS IN PLUCK

Since his days with the Phillies, John Kruk has been my favorite ballplayer. After reading Tom Arnold (*The Best Damn Job Period*, December), I'm ready for a Kruk interview.

Ben Johnson  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

#### FACEFIRST

I find it ironic that *Men* columnist Asa Baber ("Invasion of the Face Snatchers," December) decided to focus negatively on a product that can be used to reduce the appearance of wrinkles. He's worried he won't know what the woman is really thinking. Excuse me, but he's writing for a fabulous magazine that features women, gorgeous ones, who often have breast enlargements, peels, wax jobs and who knows what else? For the rest of us



How we won the war.

women, he could have educated readers by emphasizing that good results come from trained physicians. People should understand this is a medical procedure. Would you want a podiatrist doing bypass surgery?

Lee Tyrrell  
Costa Mesa, California

*Baber replies: I warned my readers about the medical risks. Women are often camouflaged and men need to be shrewd enough to penetrate their many veils.*





# ATV Offroad Fury 2



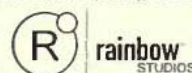
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# PLAYBOY

## after hours

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

### WHEN THE DEUCE WAS WILD

Under the *Lion King* marquee, Bill Landis reminisces about his good old days on Manhattan's 42nd Street: "Inside this theater, the New Amsterdam, there was a chandelier in the lobby surrounded by bullet holes from a gunfight." Around the corner at the porncentric Venus, Landis remembers, "There was one guy, a dusthead, who ripped his clothes off all the time. Management would call EMS, but they invariably let him come back the next day. Another guy, who always wore a *MASH* T-shirt, regularly defecated on the floor there." He shakes his head and says, "It was a neighborhood where you could really be yourself." Together with his wife, Michelle Clifford, Landis has chronicled Times Square's trashy heyday in *Sleazoid Express* (Fire-side). Back when New York was in its Dodge City days, Landis whiled away the Eighties as a film projectionist for a chain of skanky Eighth Avenue theaters (the Eros, the Doll and the Avon 7 among them). "The Roxy theater had triple bills and its owner kept the heat off in winter to keep people from sleeping there," remembers Clifford. "The seats were plastic, and you had to light a lighter before sitting down, just to make sure there was nothing moist." Landis says porn stars solicited fans for bathroom-stall trysts as their movies played, closet-case businessmen changed from suits to tranny gear and the Venus always smelled of burnt rubber, the result of countless torched crack pipes. Out on the streets, video monitors teased pedestrians with trailers for classics like *I Spit on Your Grave* and *Ilsa, She Wolf of the SS*. "Forty-second

### LOVE MUSCLE

We appreciate a fit woman as much as the next guy. But we know men who go one step further and love women who are built beyond belief. What's the attraction? One guy says, "The first time I patted my girlfriend on the ass, I was shocked. It felt as hard as granite. Only warm. Like a dancer's ass multiplied by a factor of four." Another says, "It's like extreme sex. If you like danger, these girls will bring it on. They can break every bone in your body—even that one." The image we include here for reference is from Bill Dobbins' book *Modern Amazons* (Taschen).



Street has always been a place for making money from suckers, and it still is," says Clifford. "But instead of bags of fake weed, now it's about \$20 hamburgers."

### KOREAN LAXATIVE: THE REAL HIGH COLONIC

George W. Bush loves to dump on North Korea, and it looks like he'll continue to have ample opportunity to do

so. The North Korean government just awarded a major science prize to the Pyongyang General Hospital of Koryo Medicine for developing an herbal medicine that "completely cured" constipation in 97 percent of sufferers. The bowl-stuffing results might have something to do with one of the cure's active ingredients—marijuana. Or maybe not. In any case, the treatment sounds considerably more enjoyable than prune juice, and in

### WITH BOOBS LIKE THESE, WHO NEEDS BOSSES?



The RadioChick Mornings



She's Quite a Handful!

When DJ Leslie Gold, also known as the Radio Chick, told us higher-ups at Clear Channel (which owns her station) spiked her billboard on a New York highway, we offered a helping hand. So here's the poster. Nice four arms, baby!





## WHY GIRLS SAY YES— REASON #44

**Because he took care of me:** "I came down with the flu and was trapped at home. A friend of my ex called and asked if I needed anything. I declined, not wanting to spread my germs. Later, my doorbell rang and there he was, wearing a surgical mask. He fixed some soup and I dozed off and had an erotic dream about him. When I awoke, he drew me a bath. He undressed me, put me in the tub and even washed my hair. Then he dried me off and put me in bed. We lay together all night. I couldn't resist his morning wood pressing against me and we had great sex for breakfast. That's what I call good bedside manner!"—C.H., Denver

certain legal situations it could amuse a jury enough to let you off.

## FROM THE PEOPLE WHO GAVE US LAD MAGS, PART ONE

A telling item to emerge from Erotica 2002, the world's largest erotic festival (recently held in London), was the survey of 2500 Brits in which 23 percent of

the males reported having faked an orgasm. Then came a schizophrenic Erotica 2002 press release that stated, "Orgies, lust, cheating and faking it—you name it, the British are doing it," followed by the caveat that the three-day celebration of rampant sexuality "will be closely monitored by security guards to stop things from getting out of hand." Hey, guys—if it's not out of hand, it's a poor excuse for sex, isn't it?

## FROM THE PEOPLE WHO GAVE US LAD MAGS, PART TWO

The Bad Sex in Fiction Award, which honors low moments in literature, is awarded by Britain's *Literary Review*. This year the judges didn't have to look far to find the winner. Wendy Perriam of the UK won for *Tread Softly*, in which a character fantasizes about her foot surgeon while her husband fucks her: "The jargon he'd used at the consultation had become bewitching love talk: 'dislocation of the second MTPJ, titanium hemi-implant.' 'Yes!' she whispered back. 'Dorsal subluxation, flexion deformity of the first metatarsal.' 'Oh yes,' she shouted, screwing up her face in concentration, tossing back her hair. 'Yes, oh Malcolm, yes!'" We can see the *Maxim* cover line now: THE RUTTING PHYSICIAN'S DESK REFERENCE: 12 STEPS TO HAVE HER AT YOUR FEET.

## BLEAT THE MEAT: THAT'S WHY THEY CALL THEM RAMS

Scientists studying the brains of gay sheep say their findings could have an

impact on our understanding of homosexuality. Every shepherd who's worth his crook knows that in groups of sheep, there are rams that rut only with other rams. At

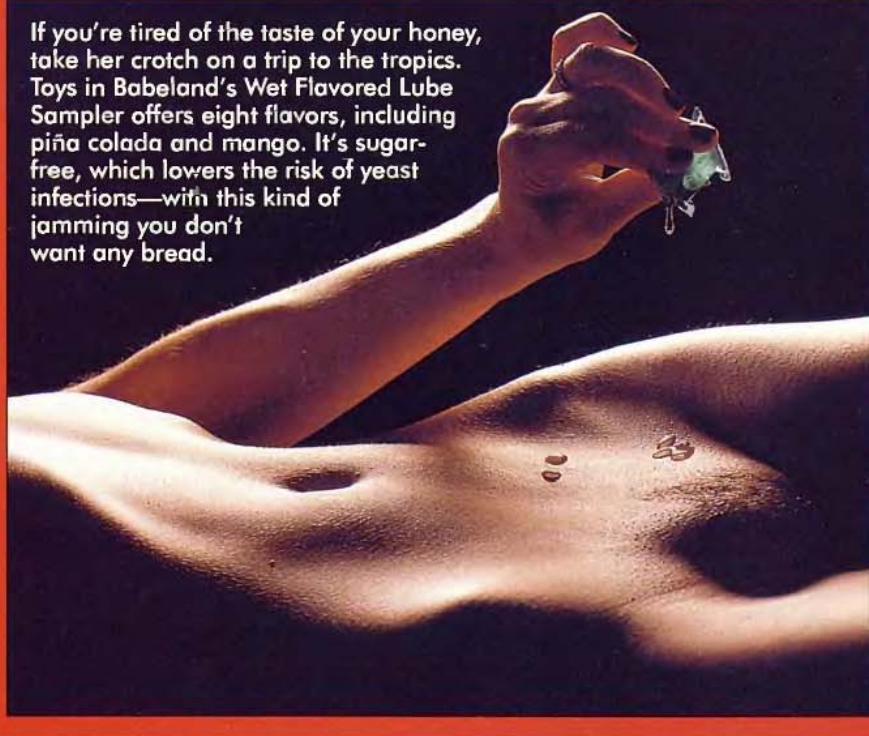
"Whenever I work out, I find myself thinking about trying to get a body like Jennifer Aniston's and then I can feel myself starting to tighten up! And I'm like, What's the point of looking like Jennifer Aniston? Who really cares? I'd rather get drunk and eat some great pasta alfredo."—Amando Peet



the aptly named U.S. Department of Agriculture Sheep Experiment Station in Dubois, Idaho, a team first observed the sheep in action, then dissected their brains. The brains of gay sheep had several things in common with the brains of gay men examined during autopsies. Both exhibited a smaller preoptic area of the hypothalamus than their heterosexual counterparts. And the brain cells of gay sheep also made less aromatase, an enzyme involved in the action of testosterone. The findings may lend credence to the hardwired theory of homosexuality—that it's something gay people are born with. Or at least gay sheep. "We are not trying to explain human sexuality by this study," says physiology and

## LAP IT UP WITH FLAVORED LUBES

If you're tired of the taste of your honey, take her crotch on a trip to the tropics. Toys in Babeland's Wet Flavored Lube Sampler offers eight flavors, including piña colada and mango. It's sugar-free, which lowers the risk of yeast infections—with this kind of jamming you don't want any bread.





## THE HIDDEN TREASURES OF THE KINSEY INSTITUTE



While Alfred Kinsey was nasing around our sexual behavior at Indiana University, he assembled all sorts of snapshots, photo albums, prints and drawings. His collection grew to 75,000 images. Peek: *Photographs From the Kinsey Institute (Arena)* is the first survey of the compilation available to the public. It's scholarly, so try not to leer.

pharmacology professor Charles Roselli. So for now scientists have to rely on the time-honored indicator of sexual preference, the Judy Garland trivia test.

### WHY EVEN TONY SOPRANO IS AWED BY REAL ITALIANS

The Corte di Cassazione, Italy's ultimate court of appeal, recently ruled that it is not sexual molestation or otherwise illegal for a man to pat a woman on the ass, so long as it is a one-time, spur-of-the-moment act. We always knew they spoke with their hands, and now we finally know what they're saying.

### YOU LIKE, UH, LARGE? THEY LEICA THAT

Women photographers love their telephoto lenses. The following solicitation was posted on New York's craigslist.org, a popular classified ad site: "Seeking sub-

jects for a book about large penises. No monetary compensation. No sex. Just the writer and photographers/artists working with the models, taking

anonymous photos and doing brief interviews about your attitudes regarding your penis. You can have your name credited in the book or not, as you wish. Or just get a copy of the book upon publication and the satisfaction of knowing that your penis is worthy of note. We're legit, we're laid-back and we're all female. Maybe that'll help you drop your pants." Not surprisingly, the authors have received more than a handful of responses.

### THE TIP SHEET

*William George Perks:* The birth name of former Rolling Stone Bill Wyman, who took the name Bill Wyman in 1964, and whose lawyer recently sent a letter warning rock journalist and occasional PLAYBOY contributor Bill Wyman, born Bill Wyman in 1961, to "immediately cease and desist from authorizing or permitting any such use of our client's name."

*Cheeky performance:* Anatomy continues

## DRINK OF THE MONTH

Ever wonder why those old-timers in Mob movies had gravelly voices? The answer lies in their love of grappa. The Nonino family in Italy has been making high-quality grappa and other distillates for more than a century. Their current offerings include single-variety grappa made entirely from moscato, tocai, merlot and chardonnay grapes. If you haven't treated yourself to a fine grappa lately, order one of these after dinner. But don't sit close to any open flame.



"I keep waiting to meet a man who has more balls than I do."  
—Salma Hayek



# RAW DATA

## SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

### QUOTE

"I'm in show business. I look at my boobs like they're show horses or show dogs. You have to keep them groomed."—DOLLY PARTON

### GAS TANK

According to the BBC's *Top Gear* magazine, number of pints of flatulent air expelled in the car by an average British driver in a lifetime: 912.

### BOWLERAMA

Number of sanctioned league bowlers in California: 196,154. Number in Ohio: 239,010. Number in Michigan: 303,233.

### ACCELERATED YOUTH

The percentage of high school students who admitted to cheating on a test at least once a year in 1992: 61. The percentage who admitted to it in 2002: 74. Percentage of high school students in 2000 who said they would lie to get a good job: 28. In 2002: 39.

### FLUNK ME

In a study of paternity cases, the percentage of 280,000 blood tests in which the man being tested proved not to be the father: 30.

### HARMED FORCES

Approximate number of American troops who served in the Persian Gulf during Operation Desert Storm: 700,000. Number killed in action: 148. Number wounded: 467. Number of Desert Storm vets who have died since the end of the war: 7800. Number who have filed claims with the Veterans Administration for medical problems: 200,000.

### PHONE NUMBERS

In millions, the number of people in Germany with cell phones: 62. Number in Japan: 78. Number in the



### FACT OF THE MONTH

The Fender Stratocaster that Jimi Hendrix played at Woodstock sold at auction in 1990 for \$325,000. It is now on view at the Experience Music Project in Seattle after being bought privately for \$2.2 million.

U.S.: 146. Number in China: 175.

### BING BLING

Number of number one hits recorded by Elvis: 18. By the Beatles: 25. By Bing Crosby: 38.

### KNEE BENDS

The percentage of drivers who admit that they sometimes steer with their legs: 8.

### WORD BANK

According to the American Dialect Society, the year in which "jazz" entered the American lexicon: 1913. Year "supermarket" entered the lexicon: 1933. Year "UFO" entered the lexicon: 1956.

### CUSTOM CUPS

Amount paid in an eBay auction for a bra that was autographed by Celine Dion: \$877. Amount paid for a bra signed by the Canadian women's hockey team: \$1100.

### CITIES SLICKER

The average mobile sperm count, in millions, for men living in Columbia, Missouri: 113. For men living in New York: 162. For men living in Los Angeles: 196. In Minneapolis: 201.

### BRAVE NEW WORLD

The percentage of Americans who can name a Supreme Court justice: 15. Percentage of Americans who can name a member of Aerosmith: 32. Percentage who can name one U.S. senator: 52. Who can name one Beatle: 95.

### DIAMOND PRICES

Excluding any postseason award bonuses, the total player payroll for major league baseball during 2002: \$2,506,485,506. Amount by which that exceeded the total 2001 payroll: \$171,630,392. —ROBERT S. WIEDER

to rule American theater. Bringing up the rear of the *Vagina Monologues* and *Puppetry of the Penis* is the group-written (Dave Eggers and others) parody, *The A\*\*hole Monologues*, which recently opened at the Exit Theater in San Francisco.

**Lindenwood University:** To our knowledge, it's the sole accredited university in America that offers scholarships in return for donated livestock—for one student, 50 hogs (valued at \$4500) were good for two full years of classes (at \$11,200 per year) at this Missouri school, whose recruitment slogan is "Pork: The Other Tuition Payment." Surprisingly, it's a liberal arts college, with no animal husbandry major.

**Very Berry, Bubble Gum, Mountain Breeze:** The names of three popular tank-solution scents used in the portable-toilet industry.

**WMD:** The latest catchphrase from the Pentagon—weapons of mass destruction. The reason for its use is obvious to anyone who has ever heard Bush try to pronounce nuclear.

**Climbing Sun, Shalom Dreampeace Compost, Darting Hummingbird Over a Waterfall, Sundance Sweetpea:** Names of current or recent residents of lovely Santa Cruz, California.

**Les Sans Culottes:** By dint of a Hewlett-Packard commercial that features their music and their CD *Faux Realism*, the band is one of the biggest francophone acts since Plastic Bertrand or the Singing Nun. We like their lineup, which features Clermont Ferrand, Kit Kat Le Noir, Celine Dijon, Pascal Blasé (ex-Les Refusals), Morris "Maurice" Chevrolet,



### THE GET-IT-ON RAMP

Liberator's velvety sex pillows represent a new era in global positioning. When poired, the Wedge and Ramp pillows (above) provide elevation and support for the most confounding positions. They are made of industrial-strength foam and don't even look half bad when not in use. Try them with a girlfriend, and we're sure she'll give it an enthusiastic "Two legs up!"



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## VERY STAINED GLASS

A friend in Californio e-mailed a picture of a stained-glass window that supposedly graces a church in a North American Christian community. In it, you may note the laying on of hands. But what begs our attention is the unfortunate positioning of a priest with a boy. A lawyer could wish for no less.

Cal D'Homage (ex-Café Top Super) and, from Les Nonchalants, Jean Luc Retard.

## URINE THE GAME

Serious fans predict that we'll all be lining up to play Peeball because, well, you pretty much have to line up to play it. Online, Peeball uses a video urine stream to dissolve an animated yellow ball. You can also play it for real. A Peeball is a biodegradable ball of packed powder. When placed in a urinal, the orb disintegrates as it is pissed on. Don't laugh—in the UK, players and pee-ers have already snapped up more than 10,000 Peeballs at \$1.60 each, which is nothing to shake your stick at. Three relevant points: Peeball can be played alone or with friends; tacticians argue over whether a steady stream or intermittent bursts are the more efficient form of disintegration. If your girlfriend offers to lend a hand aiming, you may already be a winner.

## FRENCH POLICE ON LOOKOUT FOR HARDENED CRIMINAL

While we appreciate the good taste of Florida's Champagne Bandit, a serial shoplifter who stole nothing but high-end bottles of bubbly, we have to tip our hat to the Viagra Bandit of Marseilles, France. He's an elderly gent who has robbed one particular pharmacy four times in the past year, each time flashing a knife and ordering the staff to fork over the supply of little blue helpers. Unlike the champagne thief, he also empties the drugstore's till. After all, he'll probably want to buy her dinner first.

## BOOTY CALL BACKGROUND MUSIC

The wee small hours are upon you, and there's no booty to be found. But with these songs as your guide, you can't lose:

For dialing the digits: *Eye of the Tiger*, Survivor. Pre-booty call is a bout of desire versus propriety. Try this Rocky Balboa booster with lyrics like "and the last known survivor stalks his prey in the night." Or try *My Funny Valentine* by Chet Baker. Chet was puppy-dog sad. You're a rabid puppy dog howling at the moon. Chicks dug Chet. Thanks to Chet, your chick may dig you.

Sir, your booty has arrived: *I Want You*, Marvin Gaye. She's at your place. Still, a

poor musical selection could cause her to locate her dignity and flee. That's why God gave men Marvin. Then try *By the Time I Get to Phoenix* by Isaac Hayes. Why a tale of lost love? It's 18 minutes long—far longer than you will need—and Ike could make a graphic tale of root canal sound sexy. Or turn to *Do Me Baby* by Prince. Women love him because he's small and purple.

Booty be gone: Time for *Fuck Tha Police*, NWA. You're finished. So is she. She wants to cuddle. You want her out. Introducing the anti-*After the Lovin'*. Last, *Lullaby and Goodnight* by Doc Severinsen will help you sleep the sleep of angels. Take us out, Doc.

## BABE OF THE MONTH

You can't miss **SOFIA VERGARA**, and why would you want to?

Yet another tasty Colombian export, she's been on the covers of more than 50 international magazines and has sold more calendars and posters than anyone in the Latino community. Vergara was discovered walking along a Colombian beach, but her career took off when she moved to Miami and hosted the *Wild On*-esque *Fuera de Serie* (Out of This World). Her humorous presentation at the 1999 American Comedy Awards on Fox prompted director Barry Sonnenfeld to give her a role in Tim Allen's comedy *Big Trouble*. So does that mean Sofia is on her way to achieving complete happiness? "It does not exist," she says. "The closest thing to it is to be with my family and the people that I love." For us, happiness is Sofia in a hot bikini.





**"IN VEGAS, I INTRODUCED MY BUDDIES  
TO MAKER'S MARK.  
WE LEFT BROKE,  
BUT WE STILL FEEL LIKE WE CAME OUT AHEAD."**

A.L., Chicago, IL



Thanks for the story, A.L. If anyone else out there has a Maker's story they'd like to share, please visit [www.makersmark.com](http://www.makersmark.com).

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## PREVIEWS

**A Man Apart:** Last time we noticed Vin Diesel, in *XXX*, he was trying his damndest not to be your daddy's James Bond. This time out, he's trying his damndest not to be your daddy's Charles Bronson. This action flick is about a scowling, ripped narc who's hell-bent on destroying the vicious drug baron El Diablo (Timothy Olyphant), who snuffed his wife (Jacqueline Obradors). Watch out when the usual high-adrenaline stakeouts, chases and snarly dialogue get interrupted by a sweet lip-lock between kickass cops Diesel and Larenz Tate. Ha, ha. Just kidding. Word is, the studio is already hatching a sequel for Diesel. Ha, ha. Wish we were kidding.

**Anger Management:** Adam Sandler's latest effort at going legit casts him as a businessman who's wrongfully sentenced to anger-management classes under the therapeutic care of a nutjob counselor played by Jack Nicholson. Madcap merriment ensues (sort of), but count on such lookers as Marisa Tomei (as Sandler's girlfriend), and Heather Graham, Krista Allen and January Jones (as lesbian lovers) to jack things up.

**Bulletproof Monk:** Seann William Scott goes all chop-socky with Chow Yun-Fat as the mysterious monk, as well as Jamie (formerly James) King as a mob princess in this story about keeping an ancient mystical scroll out of the hands of a crazy-ass kung fu master bent on world domination. The movie's makers hope for Jackie Chan-Chris Rock chemistry

between the male stars. Hope springs eternal.

**Ripley's Game:** This movie, based on the Patricia Highsmith suspense novel, takes up 20 years after the action left off in *The Talented Mr. Ripley*. We find that Matt Damon has lost all his muscles and most of his hair and turned into John Malkovich. Married and living the high life on a French estate but still a cool, conniving psychopath, Ripley pays a man to commit a murder but, of course, things go haywire.

**Intolerable Cruelty:** George Clooney is an oily Beverly Hills divorce lawyer. Catherine Zeta-Jones plays the bride who vows to take him to the cleaners in this edgy comedy in the tradition of such sophisticated classics as *The Awful Truth* and *War of the Roses*. Even with such Coen Brothers movie regulars as Clooney and co-star Billy Bob Thornton (playing a vain soap opera actor), this one doesn't sound like anything that Joel and Ethan have been up to since *The Hudsucker Proxy*. O brothers, where art thou?

**Like Hell: Jeepers Creepers 2:** In this sequel to the 2001 horror flick, a busload of high school basketball players, their coaches and cheerleaders get stranded on a lonely road and do battle with an ancient, flesh-hungry beast. What will those Merchant-Ivory guys think of next?

**Confidence:** Dustin Hoffman plays a vindictive mafioso who makes existence a living hell for a charming, conniving grifter played by Edward Burns in this thriller from director James Foley (*Glen-*



A Diesel Apart.

garry Glen Ross). The Mummy honey, Rachel Weisz, also stars. Early word from the screening rooms touted *Confidence* as having Oscar contender written all over it. So why did the studio choose to switch the release from December to now?

—STEPHEN REBELLO

## REVIEWS

BY LEONARD MALTIN

Sam Rockwell gives a dynamite performance as TV game-show host Chuck

## OSCAR THOUGHTS

Oscar isn't always just. Good performances in mediocre (or, for that matter, unsuccessful) movies rarely manage to earn a nomination, and some years, there are too many people to choose from.

This year I am rooting for Diane Lane. She's done good work since she was a teenager, but her performance in *Unfaithful* is the richest she's ever given. We feel what her character feels, because she shows every facet of the adulterous wife's emotions in her face. This is not to ignore the wonderful work of Meryl Streep, Julianne Moore, Nicole Kidman, Isabelle Huppert or Michelle Pfeiffer.

Among actors, it seems likely (and proper) that Daniel Day-Lewis, Jack Nicholson, Robin Williams (in *One Hour Photo*) and Nicolas Cage (who gave two great performances in *Adaptation*) are honored. But I wish there were some way of recognizing Viggo Mortensen in *The Lord of the Rings*:



Changing Lane.

*The Two Towers*, Dustin Hoffman in *Moonlight Mile*, Sam Rockwell in *Confessions of a Dangerous Mind*, Campbell Scott in *Roger Dodger* and even John Leguizamo for his fabulous vocal performance as Sid the Sloth in *Ice Age*.

The supporting categories are traditionally more crowded, and this year has Alfred Molina in *Frida*, Chris Cooper in *Adaptation*, Christopher Walken in *Catch Me If You Can*, Willem Dafoe in *Auto Focus*, Paul Newman in *Road to Perdition* and Dermot Mulroney in *About Schmidt* leading the men.

Both Hope Davis and Kathy Bates are terrific in *About Schmidt*, and so are Emily Mortimer in *Lovely and Amazing*, Bebe Neuwirth in *Tadpole*, Samantha Morton in *Minority Report*, Kim Basinger in *8 Mile* and Miranda Richardson in *Spider*. But Julianne Moore is being shoehorned into this category for *The Hours*, along with Catherine Zeta-Jones in *Chicago* and Meryl Streep in *Adaptation*.

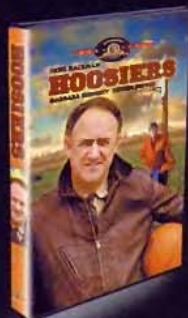
—L.M.





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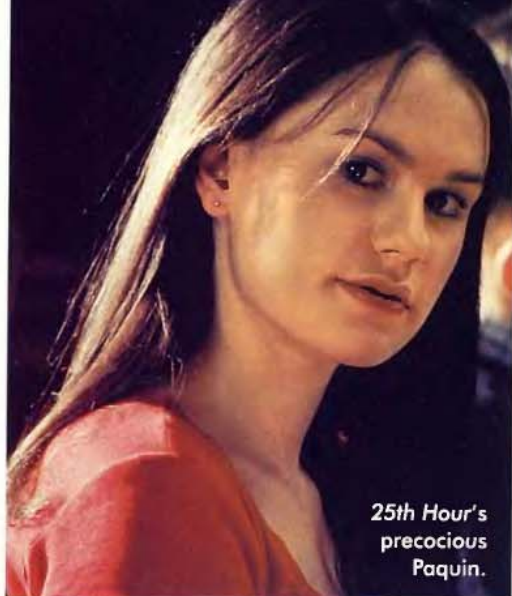
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Written by ANGELO PIZZO Produced by CARTER DE BAUVEN and ANGELO PIZZO Directed by BARRY ANANDERSON ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK AVAILABLE ON PREVIEW RECORDS QUANTUM  
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25th Hour's precocious Paquin.

in Spike Lee's *25th Hour*. David Benioff adapted his novel about a drug dealer's last day before beginning a seven-year jail sentence. It's difficult to connect with this character, even as we learn about his background through flashbacks, and meet his girlfriend, father and lifelong best friends (aggressive investment-banking trader Barry Pepper and sexually repressed private-school teacher Philip Seymour Hoffman, who harbors a crush on student Anna Paquin). The *25th Hour* is long and meandering, and keeps its distance, despite the work that went into it.

*Lost in La Mancha* is one of the best films ever to be made about mov-

iemaking. Keith Fulton and Louis Pepe planned to document the making of Terry Gilliam's dream project, a highly original variation on *Don Quixote*, to star Johnny Depp and Jean Rochefort. What they got instead was the case study of a disaster—an ill-conceived European production where everything that could go wrong did. Gilliam has the humor and perspective to have allowed the results to be shown, and we are the beneficiaries.



## SCENE STEALER

**KRISTA ALLEN. FIRST NOTICED:** As Jim Carrey's well-endowed elevator mate in *Liar Liar*. **CURRENTLY ON-SCREEN:** As a woman who tells off Chuck Barris while swimming in the grotto at the Playboy Mansion in *Confessions of a Dangerous Mind*. **HOW LONG WERE YOU SOAKING IN THE GROTTTO TO FILM THAT SCENE?** "We started shooting about seven at night, and we didn't finish until the sun came up. It was just so cold, I was trying not to chatter while saying my lines. But it kept me on my toes." **WHAT KIND OF RECOGNITION DID YOU GET PLAYING MAITREYA ON THE X FILES?** "I had no idea of the magnitude of that episode. It was their highest-rated episode ever. Being a part of that whole phenomenon was pretty cool for me." **YOU EVEN HAVE YOUR OWN ACTION FIGURE.** "Yes, and I had to do a body scan so they could form me into an action figure. I kept thinking, Can you make that leg a little longer? They said 'No, we have to keep it true to life.'" **IN YOUR NEXT FILM, ANGER MANAGEMENT, YOU WORK WITH ADAM SANDLER AND JACK NICHOLSON.** "Yes, I play one of the anger-management students. I am a lesbian porn star, and I befriend Adam's character. Being in a room with Nicholson was just wonderful, and the fact that I got to act with him and Adam was so much fun." **DO YOU GET DIFFERENT FEEDBACK FROM TV OR MOVIE WORK?** "Television is what it is for that moment. For the most part, it comes and goes. With film, I still hear things about *Liar Liar*—'Oh my God, you were the girl in the elevator. I love you!'"

—L.M.

## SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films  
by leonard maltin

**Catch Me If You Can** Leonardo DiCaprio and Tom Hanks give charismatic performances in this surprisingly dark cat-and-mouse story from Steven Spielberg. It's enjoyable to watch but leaves us empty-handed. **YYY**

**Confessions of a Dangerous Mind** Sam Rockwell gives a star-making performance as TV game-show host Chuck Barris, who claims he was a CIA assassin. George Clooney's directorial debut is entertaining but an uncomfortable hybrid of fact and fancy. **YY½**

**Gangs of New York** Martin Scorsese's thrilling epic of revenge is set against the turbulent backdrop of New York in the mid-1800s. Leonardo DiCaprio, Daniel Day-Lewis, Cameron Diaz and Henry Thomas head the cast. **YYYY**

**The Hours** Nicole Kidman, Julianne Moore and Meryl Streep give towering performances in this adaptation of Michael Cunningham's Pulitzer prize-winning novel about author Virginia Woolf and two women influenced by her work. But, gentlemen, be warned: I'm afraid it's the feel-bad movie of the year. **YYY**

**The Lord of the Rings: The Two Towers** Director Peter Jackson tops his first Tolkien movie, as this installment of the saga brings forth deep emotions: a majestic story of courage, nobility and friendship. **YYYY**

**Maid in Manhattan** Jennifer Lopez is believable and Ralph Fiennes is charming in this modern-day Cinderella story about a hotel maid and a state assemblyman. **YYY**

**Sonny** James Franco stars as the son of a New Orleans madam who returns from an Army hitch hoping to start a new life. Mena Suvari, Brenda Blethyn, a heartbreaking Harry Dean Stanton and Nicolas Cage co-star in this oddball film. **YY½**

**Star Trek: Nemesis** Captain Picard (Patrick Stewart) faces his evil clone in this unexceptional—though entertaining—*Star Trek* outing. **YYY**

**25th Hour** Edward Norton is excellent as a drug dealer about to go to prison, but this film about his last day of freedom meanders. Spike Lee directed. Barry Pepper co-stars. **YY**

**Two Weeks Notice** Sandra Bullock and Hugh Grant take an obvious setup for a romantic comedy and they make it sparkle; that's charisma at work. **YY½**

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





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## GUEST SHOT



"My absolute favorite is Orson Welles' *F for Fake*, which is the most inventive nonfiction film ever made. I also watch *Touch of Evil* religiously," says director

**James Toback**, whose latest film, *Harvard Man*, re-

calls his Ivy League experiences in the Sixties. "I'm also addicted to Marcel Ophüls' *Hotel Terminus*, the documentary about Klaus Barbie." Not that the director of the cult favorite *Fingers* doesn't lighten up now and then. "I love Vittorio De Sica's *After the Fox*, with Peter Sellers and a screenplay by Neil Simon. And I've seen *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World* at least 30 times."

—LAURENCE LERMAN

## FORGOTTEN SEQUELS

Contrary to general assumptions, not every blockbuster automatically gets a sequel. Some of the most successful films of all time have nary a part two in sight. That hasn't stopped us from conjuring up a few improbable follow-ups.

**Titanic** (1997; worldwide box office: \$1.8 billion): In the sequel, Leonardo DiCaprio swims to the surface and yells, "Psych!" at Kate Winslet. Following their rescue, they marry and then honeymoon aboard the *Hindenburg*.

**Cast Away** (2000; \$424 million): In *Cast Away Island*, Tom Hanks becomes skipper of a tiny sailing ship—the *S.S. Minnow*—and is stranded with six screwballs instead of a volleyball.

**Twister** (1996; \$495 million): Storm chaser Helen Hunt continues the search for her father by inventing a suit that allows her to be sucked up into tornadoes. Bad news: No built-in barf bag.

**Rain Man** (1988; \$413 million): Mathematically inclined idiot savant Raymond Babbitt (Dustin Hoffman) uses his \$3 million inheritance to start an accounting agency. In 2002 he's indicted as a mastermind behind the Enron scandal.

**Braveheart** (1995; \$204 million): His colon operation a success—although very public—kilted 13th century Scottish rebel William Wallace (Mel Gibson) discovers he's immortal. He changes his name to Connor Macleod and becomes the Highlander.

**Forrest Gump** (1994; \$679 million): Omnipresent dimwit Gump teams up with

omnipresent "human chameleon" Leonard Zelig to create an unlikely duo of superheroes—Ubiquit-Us! Using their amazing powers of camouflage, they stop Hitler, Oswald, Osama and the New York Yankees from changing the world. **Shakespeare in Love** (1998; \$289 million): With Viola in the Colonies, the Bard of Avon begins an affair with a cross-dressing duke-duchess who inspires his best poetry, including the line, "If you prick me, do I not bleed?"

**The Sixth Sense** (1999; \$662 million): They did make a sequel—see *The Others*, *The Ring*, *Dragonfly*, *Mothman Prophecies*, et al.

—BUZZ MCCLAIN

## DISC ALERT

The Polish-born director Krzysztof Kieslowski quit making films at the peak of his game, in 1994 at the age of 52, soon after releasing *Red*, the third movie in his *Three Colors* triptych (after *Blue* and *White*) and died two years later. *Three Colors* (Miramax, \$20 each) will arrive with lots of background features and interviews. Spending his later years as an expatriate in France, Kieslowski conceived of the films as meditations on the symbolism behind the French tricolor: In *Blue* (liberty), grieving widow Juliette Binoche seeks liberation from the accidental deaths of her husband and child; *White* (equality) concerns a dumped Polish husband's scheme to get even with his cruel bride (Julie Delpy); and *Red* (fraternity) builds brilliantly to a busy and significant intersection of otherwise unrelated lives. Central to *Red*'s con-

## GUILTY PLEASURE

Director Jess Franco cut his teeth on *Vampiros Lesbos* and *Venus in Furs*. Two of his subsequent masterpieces—**Eugenie: The Story of Her Journey Into Perversion** and **Marquis de Sade's Justine**—are now out on DVD from Blue Underground. Both star Maria Rohm, and that always interesting nut-job Klaus Kinski does a star turn as the good marquis. In this era of movies such as *Airtight Granny V*, it's a pleasure to return to films that fire up their charms with more restraint.

—JOHN REZEK



siderable charms—it earned Kieslowski Academy Award nominations for best director and original screenplay—is Irène Jacob's turn as Valentine. It was her second movie with Kieslowski, following 1991's celebrated *Double Life of Veronique*. The newly released first-season DVD collection of MTV's addictively scabrous **The Osbournes** (Miramax, \$30) poses a potent draw, without all the commercial breaks. But who needs unrated and rated editions?

—GREGORY P. FAGAN

## video mood meter

MOOD	MOVIE
FATHERHOOD	<i>Road to Perdition</i> (hit man Tom Hanks and his son take it on the lam; rich, dour drama by <i>American Beauty</i> 's Sam Mendes), <i>City by the Sea</i> (cop Robert De Niro thinks his junkie son, James Franco, is a killer; chemistry saves script).
CROWD PLEASER	<i>My Big Fat Greek Wedding</i> (eccentric Greek charm melts WASP reserve; breezy, even if it feels like a long sitcom pilot), <i>Barbershop</i> (it's a really funny place for a trim on Chicago's South Side; Cedric the Entertainer flat-out kills).
ART HOUSE	<i>The Fast Runner</i> (the first all-Inuit film—a soapy Arctic Circle period saga based on native lore—turns out to be a great watch), <i>Cinema Paradiso</i> (director Giuseppe Tornatore pads his 1988 Oscar winner by almost an hour; still just as weepy).
COMEDY	<i>Martin Lawrence Live: Runteldat</i> (Lawrence makes a game run at the profanity record; rhapsodically scatological), <i>The Tuxedo</i> (wear it and acquire superspy powers; Jennifer Love Hewitt adds distraction to Jackie Chan stuntfest).
DATE MOVIE	<i>Full Frontal</i> (a day in the life of eight Hollywood types; director Steven Soderbergh back in Sex, Lies mode); <i>Possession</i> (literary historian Gwyneth Paltrow joins a peer's research into a Victorian-era affair, becomes aroused).





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IT'S NO SURPRISE that the best songs on Johnny Cash's *American IV: The Man Comes Around* (Lost Highway) are Cash originals—especially the apocalyptic title track. The covers aren't as surprising as other collaborations between Cash and Rick Rubin, and the talents of guest singers Nick Cave and Fiona Apple are shamefully underexploited. But when the 70-year-old sings Nine Inch Nails' lyrics ("Everyone I know/Goes away in the end") they take on a new poignancy.

—ANAHEED ALANI

Most of the bands in the neogage scene draw from mid-Sixties caveman rock and Eighties New Wave and punk. There are some exceptions, including the Datsuns from New Zealand. They're inspired by Seventies boogie and heavy blues tradition that became full-on metal: Think Bon Scott-era AC/DC and Deep Purple. Their self-titled debut (V2) has a cocksure swagger.

—TIM MOHR



The Raveonettes take their cues from the Jesus and Mary Chain—short tunes, walls of guitar and cool vocals. When the duo nods to the more distant past, it's to Link Wray's rockabilly. An EP, *Whip It On* (Crunchy Frog), is out, and a full-length CD is on the way.

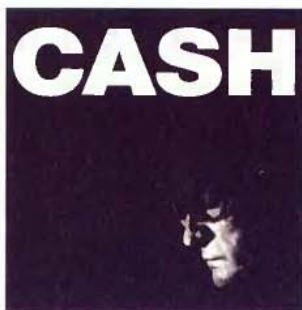
—T.M.

Nick Cave's artistic evolution from snarling murder balladeer to disheveled piano-bar bard has been miraculous. On *Nocturama* (Anti), Cave rediscovers the growl behind his grimace, balancing the subtlety of *He Wants You* with the swooping *Bring It On*. His band, the Bad Seeds, is ready to lend its raucous noise to *Dead Man in My Bed*.

—JASON BUHRMESTER

**Brainwashed** (Capitol) recalls George Harrison's position in the Fab Four—melodious and understated. Assembled by son Dhani and Jeff Lynne from home demos, the CD's intimacy is evident on *Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea* and *Stuck Inside a Cloud*.

—J.B.



Former D Generation front man Jesse Malin is New York to the bone—from his punk rock style to his work ethic. His gleaming solo debut, *The Fine Art of Self Destruction* (Artemis), was recorded in six

Talib Kweli was half of Black Star, but his new solo CD, *Quality* (Rawkus), is the best thing to come out of Brooklyn since Bushwick Bill. Kweli delivers hip-hop the way it should be: musical, smart and lyrically potent.

—LEOPOLD FROELICH

Jaheim has a voice just like Teddy Pendergrass', but he's not old school—his songs are tough and street. *Still Ghetto* (Warner) takes other neosoul singers and R&B poseurs to school.

—L.E.



## fast tracks

**PINK GOES BLUE DEPARTMENT:** Pink ran afoul of British TV when she wore the wrong T-shirt on a Saturday morning children's TV show. Somehow the producers didn't notice Pink's YOU F\*\*KIN' BITCH shirt. **REELING AND ROCKING:** Donovan's presidential election documentary, *Last Party 2000*, with Philip Seymour Hoffman serving as the guide, will be released this summer. . . . The UK's Glastonbury Festival is the basis for a play headed to the big screen. *Glastonbury the Movie* revolves around seven concertgoers, a couple of gate crashers and appearances by New Order and UB40. . . . Jesse Dylan, son of you know who, will direct the next *American Pie*

movie. It's called *American Wedding*. Look for the usual suspects: Jason Biggs, Eugene Levy and Seann William Scott. . . . Babyface and wife Tracey Edmonds are among the executive producers of a six-hour HBO miniseries about hip-hop. It will follow the lives of three fictional characters and could lead to a regular show. **NEWSBREAKS:** The story of Jann Wenner and *Rolling Stone* magazine is the subject of a biography by David Weir, who says about Wenner, "He's going to love it, he's going to hate it." . . . Blink-182 is in the studio recording its next CD. . . . R.E.M. is also in the studio working on its 13th CD.

—BARBARA NELLIS

days. Boasting themes of heartbreak sung with conviction, *Self Destruction* smacks you in the face.

—ALISON PRATO

Trampoline Records, home of Pete Yorn, Jukebox Junkies' Marc Dauer and the Wallflowers' Rami Jaffe, brings you *Greatest Hits Vol. 1*, 18 breezy ditties. *Aware Greatest Hits*, from the Chicago label, has rare tracks by Train, John Mayer and Edwin McCain.

—A.P.

On *Yes. No. Shut It.* (In the Red), the Hunches' melodic garage punk is as violent and joyous as the center of any mosh pit.

—A.A.

Easy Star All-Stars have made a dub version of Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon*. *Dub Side of the Moon* (Easy Star) is a brilliant Rasta reimagining.

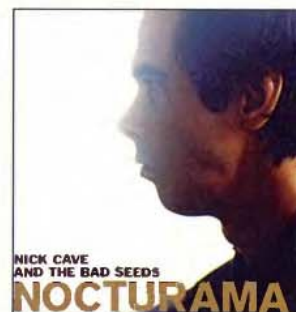
—T.M.

Garage rock is the style of the moment, but the Cynics have been preaching it for years. On *Living Is the Best Revenge* (Get Hip), they pound through Yardbirds-style raveups. They throw a better party than the Hives.

—J.B.

On *Visions of Blah* (Kompakt), Thomas Fehlmann lays down a minimal and intimate digital groove. *Visions* is great electronic music—cerebral and dubby, sometimes even ominous.

—L.E.



## ROCK METER

	Alani	Buhrmester	Froehlich	Mohr	Prato
Nick Cave <i>Nocturama</i>	7	8	4	4	7
Johnny Cash <i>American IV</i>	7	7	6	6	5
Datsuns <i>Datsuns</i>	6	7	4	7	6
Talib Kweli <i>Quality</i>	8	7	10	7	7
Jesse Malin <i>Self Destruction</i>	2	8	2	2	8



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## iPOD ESSENTIALS

By the time Apple's iPod got into the hands of celebrities, it was too late. The stylish portable MP3 player had already earned street cred among aficionados who didn't need endorsements from Britney Spears, U2, Moby and Shaq. The iPod's following is still growing, particularly on the Net, where its fans post homemade programs to exploit the iPod's capabilities and discuss the best ways to accessorize it. Here are a few of the must-haves we've found. Pay attention, Moby.

**(1) Burn Out 0.1:** A free program burns a CD directly from tracks that are stored on your iPod. It's cheaper than buying replacement copies of the discs your ex won't return.

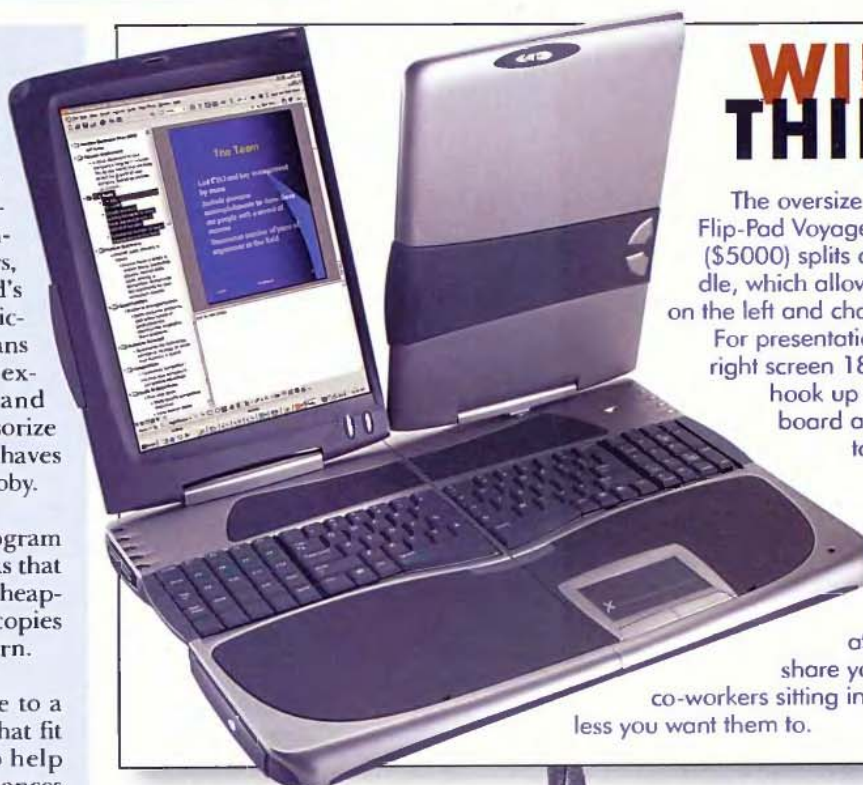
**(2) Shure E Series:** Upgrade to a set of these canal earphones that fit inside your ear. Designed to help musicians hear their performances onstage, they'll seal out obnoxious noise, including the guy in the next cubicle (\$100 to \$160).

**(3) PodNews:** This free program downloads headlines, weather reports and lyrics to your iPod from more than 300 sources. It also lets you compose notes.

**(4) Transfer tool:** Free programs such as Xpod and iPody move songs straight from the iPod to your Mac's hard drive, a maneuver that Apple prevents in an effort to thwart music swapping.

**(5) Protective cases:** God bless silicone and all its uses. The iSkin case (pictured here, \$20) is made from flexible silicone to keep your iPod safe.

**(6) TransPod:** Mounted on your dashboard, the TransPod (\$100) will transmit songs from your iPod to any unused frequency on your car stereo. It won't complain about your driving. —JASON BUHRMESTER



## WILD THING

The oversize screen on the Flip-Pad Voyager from Xentex (\$5000) splits down the middle, which allows you to work on the left and chat on the right.

For presentations, rotate the right screen 180 degrees, or hook up a second keyboard and play head-to-head games with a friend.

The Voyager is a bit heavier than other laptops, but at least you can share your PC without co-workers sitting in your lap. Unless you want them to. —LAZLOW

## HOCUS-POCUS

It sounds like clubhouse voodoo to us, but pros on the PGA Tour swear by the QLink pendant. According to developers, the charm sharpens the wearer's focus, increases stamina and reduces stress. It also helps with jet lag and heightens the wearer's ability to recover from bad shots. The QLink accomplishes this by blocking out electromagnetic fields that are generated by computers, cell phones, televisions and other electrical devices. These fields can reduce your ability to cope and will wreak havoc on an airplane's navigational system—which explains why the captain asks you to shut



off your electronic devices. In the past two years, pros wearing the QLink have won a combined 51 tour victories, including the 2002 British Open. Roughly 250 pros sport it, including Sam Torrance, Ernie Els and Corey Pavin. The pendant's parts sound like *Star Trek*: a resonating cell, a 14-karat gold-plated tuning board and an amplifying coil (75 feet of copper wire wound into a one-inch circle). Users are instructed to wear the QLink so it hangs at the middle of the chest at heart level. We're just happy it's waterproof so we can fish our ball out of the drink (available in acrylic, sterling silver and 14-karat gold, \$130 to \$800). —J.B.

## games

If a fighter can't stand, he can't fight, so sweep the leg in **Tao Feng: Fist of the Lotus** (by Microsoft, for Xbox). As one of 12 martial artists, you'll square off against opponents in interactive environments. Punch holes in walls, swing around poles or slam enemies and watch the floor tiles crack underfoot. Realistic damage lets you tear the clothes off your opponent's back, pepper him with bruises or pound on a limb until it goes limp. Tao Feng was designed by John Tobias, co-creator of *Mortal Kombat*, so expect it to be vicious. —DARREN GLADSTONE

How many games in the Unreal series can we stomach before it gets unreal?

The past few months we have obsessed over *Unreal Tournament 2003* and *Unreal Championship*. Now we've become hooked on **Unreal 2: The Awakening** (by Infogrames, for PC), the official sequel.



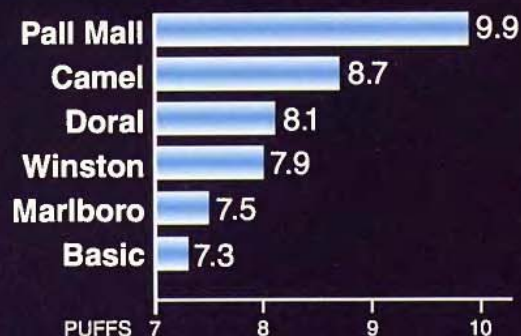


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With 15 weapons and 24 all-new enemies, we might never get sick of bullet-churning firefights and death matches. Here's to addiction!  
—J.B.

**Def Jam: Vendetta** (by EA, for PlayStation2, GameCube) is your chance to kick Redman in the jewels in retribution for his duet with Christina Aguilera. The game features more than 45 characters, including a dozen notable rappers from the Def Jam stable (such as DMX, Ludacris and Method Man). The action is arcade-style wrestling with 1500 moves



and signature taunts. Four-player free-for-all matches let you cripple a buddy and then talk trash. Now that's keeping it gangsta.  
—SCOTT STEINBERG

Since its debut in 1987 Nintendo's *Zelda* series has attracted stoners. There's something silly and surreal about spending the moments of your actual life guiding the cartoonish main character, Linx, in the newest addictive installment, **Legend of Zelda: The Wind Waker** (by Nintendo, for GameCube). You can sneak into compounds, beat on bad guys and set sail on a tiny ship. The entire experience gave us the munchies.  
—D.G.



Westerns are the new frontier in video games, and **Red Dead Revolver** (by Capcom, for PlayStation2) has staked its claim as our favorite. You'll pony up as Red, a young cowboy who appears in town to avenge the slaughter of his family. To clean up the outlaws you'll ride and fight on horses and engage in high-noon showdowns. The four-player shootout is also fun. Just do us a favor and wear jeans under those chaps, all right, partner?  
—J.B.

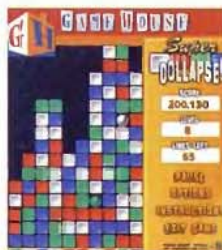
# living online

## SNEAKY SURFING

Is there anything wrong with surfing the web while you're on the job? An occasional peek at sports scores or stock market news shouldn't be a firing offense, but many companies have banned extracurricular web surfing. Now there's **Ghostzilla** ([ghostzilla.com](http://ghostzilla.com)), based on the excellent Mozilla web browser. Ghostzilla is invisible until you move your mouse in a special way, like a secret handshake. Your web page loads into the window of whatever application you're "working" in, displaying the text in light gray and the images as blank rectangles. When you pass your cursor over a rectangle, its image pops into view. If you use Ghostzilla discreetly, you probably won't get caught. But if you do get nailed, your boss will never trust you again, you sneaky bastard.

## GET SOME FLOW

I promised myself that I wouldn't spend more than 15 minutes playing **Collapse** from [gamehouse.com](http://gamehouse.com). An hour later, I admitted my addiction. You play **Collapse** by clicking on groups of colored tiles that rise, one row at a time, onto a rectangular grid. There's not much thinking involved, but it requires fast reflexes once you make it past the beginning levels. Then you'll find yourself in that magical trance that psychologist Mihaly Csikszentmihalyi describes in his book *Flow*.



## NAME THAT TUNE

Problem: You hear a great song on the radio but you don't know the title or the artist. You would like to buy the CD, but when the song's over, the DJ doesn't tell you who it was. Later, you hum the song to your friend and ask him if he knows it. He looks at you weird. Solution: Go to [yes.net](http://yes.net), where you can choose the radio station and the time the song played from a pull-down menu. It'll give you the name of the song and offer links to online stores that sell the CD. Don't hum anymore.

## CAVEAT BIDDER

Before you bid on an item on eBay or on any other online auction, read the fine print. Sleazebuckets are holding auctions for things like car stereos that they want you to buy for them. Here's how it

## QUICK HITS

If you hate clowns, you'll love the **Evil Clown Generator**: [scottsmind.com/evil\\_clown.html](http://scottsmind.com/evil_clown.html). . . . Know the current Homeland Security Advisory status by installing the icon [hewgill.com/threat](http://hewgill.com/threat), which displays a color-coded alert on your PC. For Mac, use [exittohell.com/products](http://exittohell.com/products). . . . See digital snapshots of airline chow at [airlinemeals.net](http://airlinemeals.net). . . . Play the world's smallest computer games at [kisrael.com/features/gb.html](http://kisrael.com/features/gb.html). . . . This is why Lego pieces seem to multiply in the box: [missoizo.com/legosex.htm](http://missoizo.com/legosex.htm).



works: The scammer sets up an auction that looks like any other, with a picture of the item for sale, along with a description. But buried at the bottom, there's a line that reads something like: "You are bidding on the opportunity to purchase this item for me." Of course, eBay says you don't have to pay the scammer, but too often the thief gets his money and disappears before the "winning" bidder figures out what's going on. Another auction scam to watch for: people selling the cartoons that Xboxes and PlayStation are packaged in. Unless you read the description carefully, you'll think you're bidding on the gamebox, not the gamebox' box.

## MAMMOGRAM

Have you ever heard of a fansign? It's a digital photo that somebody sends to a website publisher to say how great the site is. Occasionally, a lucky webmaster gets a fansign from a topless female admirer. Jealous? You don't need to be, thanks to Boobies ([www.patrick.fm/boobies](http://www.patrick.fm/boobies)). Just type a short message into a blank field—and you have a topless fan!



—MARK FRAUENFELDER



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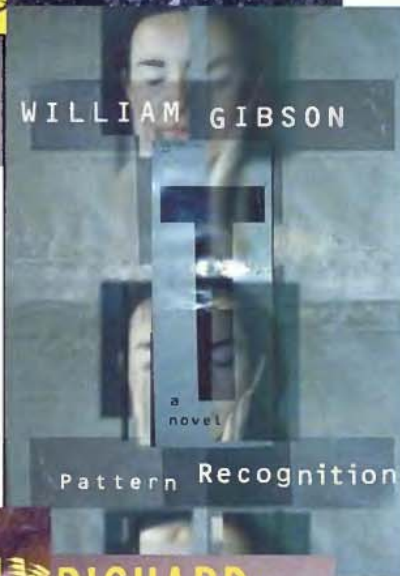
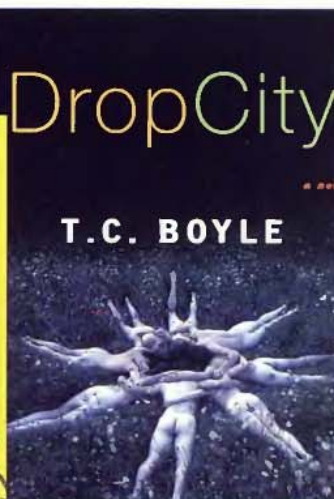
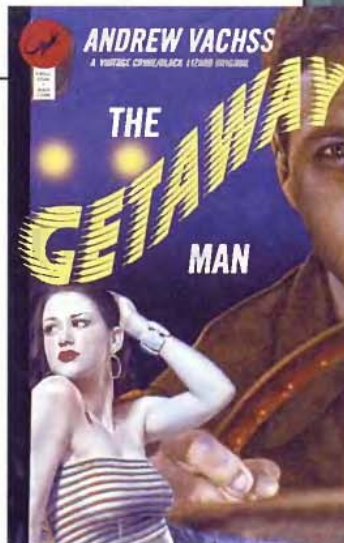
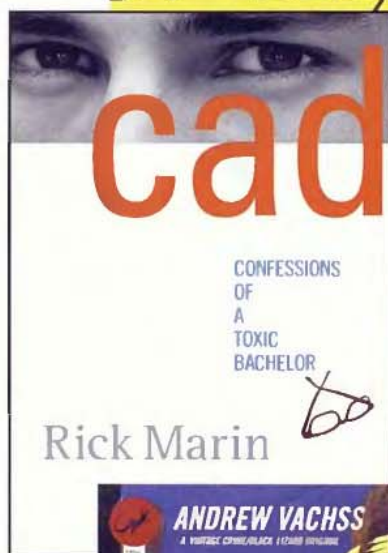
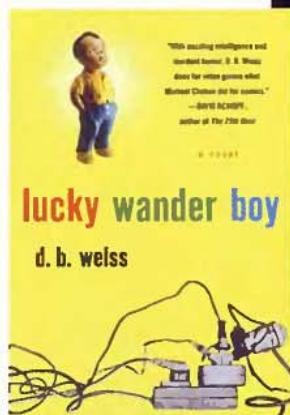


# books

RICHARD PRICE'S new novel, *Samaritan* (Knopf), reestablishes him as one of our finest writers. He's able to tell a gripping story about complex characters, but his greatest gift is his dialogue. His turf is the gritty, pitted urban landscapes and his pitch is perfect. Ray Mitchell is the victim of a terrible beating. His childhood friend, Nerese Ammons, also known as Tweetie, tries to figure out who did it and why. The book weaves its way between present and past. What makes you linger in astonishment are those moments when Price describes a piece of life so fragile—an angry child reacting to her father, a wife's withering disappointment, the hopelessness of addiction—that it makes you look at the world differently. —JOHN REZEK

In the middle of postmarital depression and stuck interviewing C-list celebrities such as TV's Urkel, the 28-year-old protagonist of Rick Marin's novel *Cad: Confessions of a Toxic Bachelor* (Hyperion) is searching for a high-profile job and a woman who will laugh at his blonde jokes. It's not that he can't get a date—it's that his potential mates are psycho or quick to drop the love bomb. Marin's book starts with a sharp dedication ("For my parents, who caused none of my problems") and continues to entertain as the main character's dates and employment opportunities go awry. Struggling 20-somethings will be able to relate. Elders will be glad that their hungover-walk-of-shame days have passed. —ALISON PRATO

We have published T.C. Boyle's short stories for years because he's a funny guy. *Drop City* (Viking) is more serious than usual, but don't let that stop you. Boyle re-creates a 1970 California hippie commune. The threesomes and hashish are plentiful until a commune member, high on LSD, accidentally runs over a horse. When the law comes knocking, the acid-riddled gang decides to relocate to the Alaskan wilderness. Those locals—more fond of beer than pot—aren't exactly welcoming. Fortunately, a native couple takes the commune under its wing. But things go bad when winter hits and cabin fever sets in: One hippie steals everyone's money, the pot supply runs low, the vegans bitch about eating elk and the group's leader runs away to warmer climes. Don't expect to find a nostalgic look at the Seventies. *Drop City* will make you feel like slapping a hippie. —PATTY LAMBERTI



*Pattern Recognition* (Putnam), the new chrome-plated thriller from the father of cyberfiction, William Gibson, has more pop-cult references than a Dennis Miller rant and more gadgetry than Bill Gates' bunker. Its heroine, Cayce Pollard, is a cool-hunter, hired to lead conglomerates to the Next Big Thing. That would be a series of riveting film clips fed to the

Internet from a secret site not even the geekiest footage head can suss out. Cayce suspects they may refer to September 11, when her CIA-agent dad went missing in Manhattan. Her search for the filmmaker results in Gibson's most linear novel. But new readers may wish for a clean log-off—something his fans won't miss. —DICK LOCHTE

*Lucky Wander Boy* (Plume) by D.B. Weiss is *High Fidelity* for guys who spend more time playing Atari than they do a turntable. After video game addict Adam Pennyman lands a job with the company that owns film rights to his favorite game, he braves a Hollywood studio machine to track down its creator. Pennyman's obsession with the game's plot—a defenseless hero pursued by gray-suited foes—serves as a metaphor for his foray into the corporate world. —JASON BUHRMESTER

Velocity is the new buzzword of the 21st century. Quick-cut movies flicker past, as jolting as clear-air turbulence.

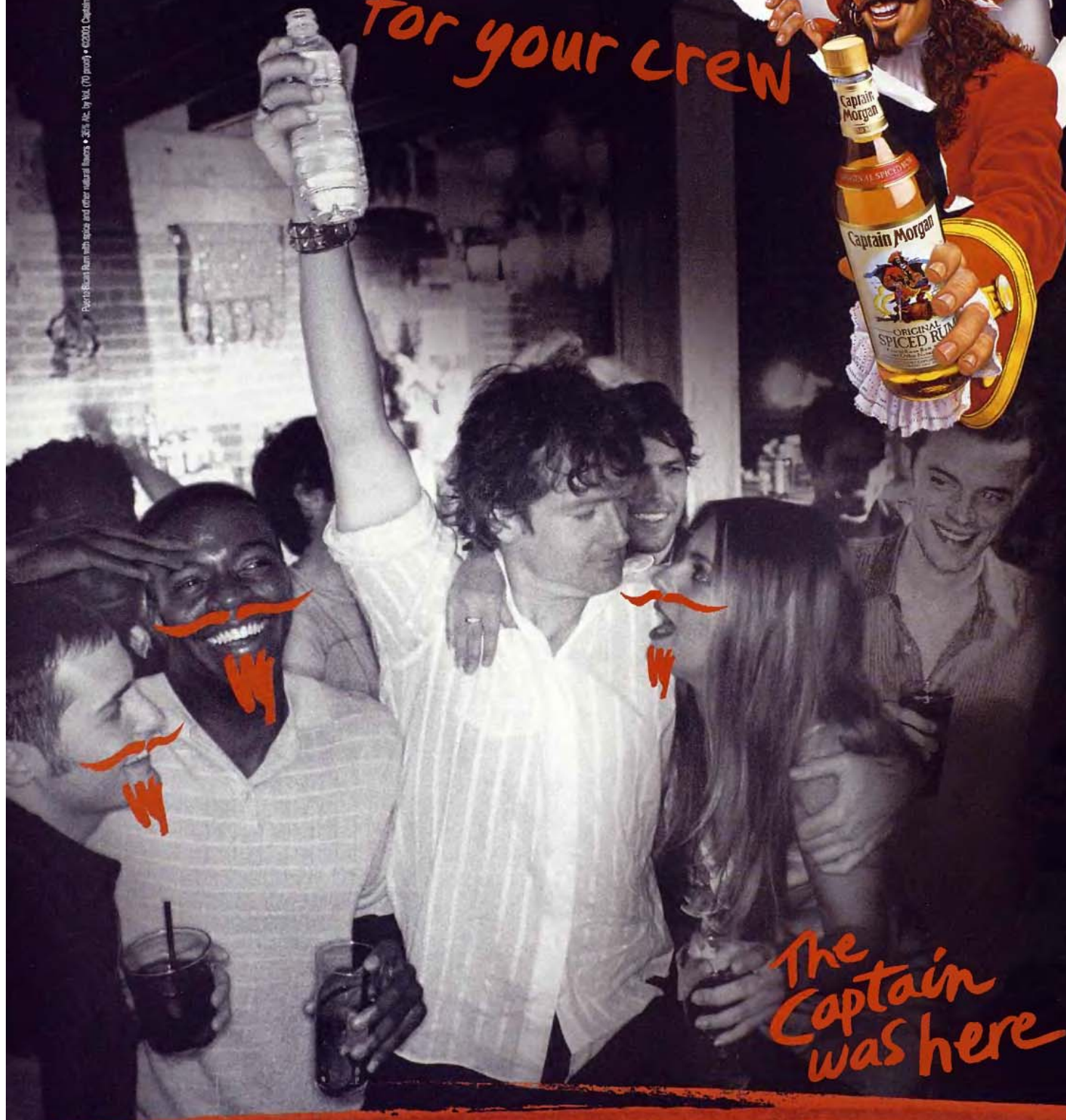
Rock videos pick up the cadence. Infographics turn magazines and newspapers into must-skim itches. *The Getaway Man* (Vintage) leaves them all in the dust. Through 14 novels featuring the dark, immovable force called Burke, Andrew Vachss developed a hard-boiled style that collapses whole lives into a single paragraph. Although Burke is missing from the new novel, the terrain is the same. Characters with only enough background to go by a

single name—Eddie, Tim, Virgil, Vonda, J.C.—ricochet through small-time capers, all the while trying to maintain loyalties and a code of respect. The story follows Eddie, a teenager with a passion for stealing cars, through the prison system (read vocational training) to a co-starring role as the wheelman on a big score. As terse and as dark as 12-bar blues, this is prime Vachss. —JAMES R. PETERSEN





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# A BLOW JOB AT YOUR FINGERTIPS

Adult movies don't have to be predictable, featuring wooden actors and the same tired vignettes (housewife meets repairman, anyone?). Digital Playground—founded in 1993 by a self-taught technician named Joone and headed by pres-

\$300,000. It features more than 100 special effects and stars Tera Patrick (the woman who's wielding the sword at right). "Forbidden Tales was made with gamers in mind," Lewis says. "We're the first com-

has one of the most amazing bodies in the adult entertainment industry," says Lewis. "She's flawless." Enticed yet? You can enjoy Digital Playground offerings such as *Devon Stripped* and *Forbidden Tales* every night on Playboy TV's *Director's Cut*. Says Joone, "We are battling people's incorrect preconceptions about pornography."



ident Samantha Lewis—produces interactive, erotic Virtual Sex DVDs in which you can single-handedly shape your sexual encounters with the films' stars. "By playing with icons on the screen, you can manipulate the girl," Lewis says. "You can choose her sexual positions, make her talk nasty and strip for you and divulge her most outrageous sexual experiences." With the click of a button you can also change the camera's point of view, pleasure your girl with your hand or a vibrator and give her an orgasm. On Joone's wish list: technology that allows users to change the girls' outfits and hair color. And if that's not real enough, Digital Playground plans to release a hologram machine compatible with the DVDs. "The machine will bring the woman's image right in front of you to make it look like she's giving you oral sex," Lewis says. In an industry that pumps out more than 1200 new sex titles each month, Digital Playground maintains 40 percent of the adult DVD market (it has 13 Virtual Sex titles already wrapped up). One flick Lewis is particularly proud of is *Forbidden Tales*, which had a budget of nearly



pany to include such sophisticated special effects. The regular porn audience is used to seeing one gonzo scene after another—they've been blown away by this game. Women are interested in our films because they feature beautiful scenery. We want our viewers to feel as if they're being taken somewhere." Of course you know Tera, a Digital Playground contract girl (a.k.a. regular), from her hosting gig on Playboy TV's *Night Calls 411*. Another revered Digital Playground contract girl is Devon, star of *Devon Stripped*. "Devon is adorable and she

## Hot Lips, Hot Legs

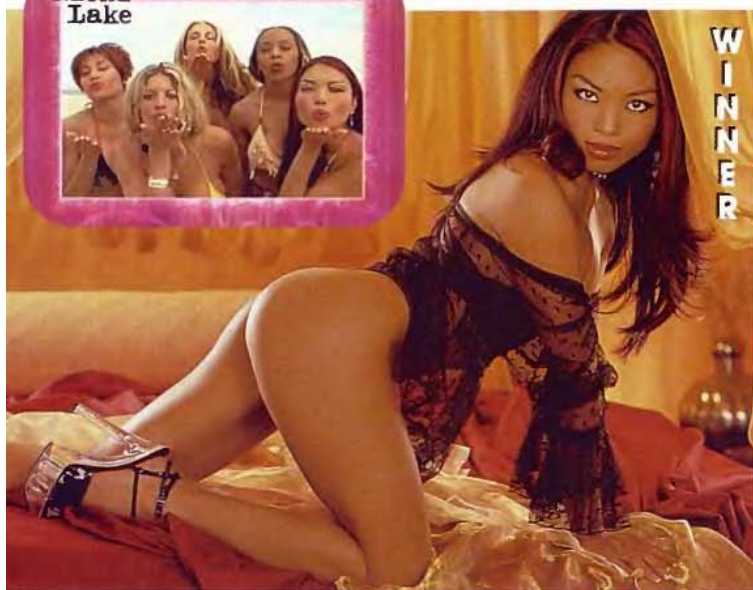
"I wasn't always comfortable with nudity," says Playmate Serria Tawan, who shows off her gams—among other things—in *Hot Lips, Hot Legs* (available at playbaystore.com). Also featured: Miriam Ganzalez, Michele Rogers and Rachel Elizabeth (right).





## RICKI LAKE'S CYBER GIRL SHOWDOWN

When Ricki Lake invited five would-be Cyber Girls to her talk show to compete in a *Survivor*-style beauty pageant, the audience went wild cheering on their favor-



ites. The winner, 23-year-old Canadian Jocelyn Caballero, was crowned Cyber Girl of the Week. We got Jocelyn to answer some questions while she was shooting her pictorial in Chicago.

Q: Have you posed nude before?

A: The only time was for my boyfriend, who's an artist. I was topless

but otherwise covered. Thankfully, it wasn't too revealing.

Q: Were you nervous about stripping down for us?

A: Pretty nervous, as any girl would be. The photos are phenomenal. I couldn't believe I could look like that—all sexy and dreamy.

Q: What's the strangest place that you've had sex?

A: In a library stairwell. We were horny. A lot of library workers use the stairwell, but we got lucky.

Q: What do you consider the sexiest part of your body?

A: My lips.

Q: Do you and your girlfriends ever dish about getting it on?

A: Yes! Recently we were all talking—and laughing—about how when guys are drunk, it takes longer for them to get off. When girls are drunk, however, we

get off quicker.

Q: What sex tip should every guy keep in mind?

A: If you want a girl to go down on you, you better go down on her as well. Just be fair.

To take a look at Jocelyn's layout, log on to [cyber.playboy.com](http://cyber.playboy.com).

## WOMEN ON THE VERGE

"The word fuck works for a lot of things. God, my mother's going to read this. I never say 'fuck' in front of my mother." —Angie Martinez

"My song *Up and Down (In and Out)* is about a woman being in the mood. She's like, 'Stop acting the fool and let's get it on!'" —Deborah Cox

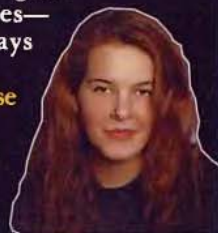
"The most hilarious thing about porn is that the girls are wearing shoes—and they're always pumps."

—Neko Case

"Every time I turned around in concert they were filming my ass. From now on I guess I'll be known as the sexy butt-crack girl."

Neko Case.

—Nikka Costa



## SCAMMED IN A STRIP CLUB? THE NERVE!

Nothing screams "screw us over" louder than a pack of drunks throwing a strip-club bachelor party. With that in mind, writer James Oliver Cury interviewed cabbies, club managers and dancers to uncover the craftiest strip-club cons. The results show up in Cury's new book, *The Playboy Guide to Bachelor Parties* (available in April). Professional cons have moved beyond pouring watered-down drinks and charging crazy ATM fees. Girls may dance with you—unsolicited—and then charge you for it. Beware the bartender, because some will add hundreds of dollars' worth of drinks to your bill, hoping that you'll be too bombed to notice. The good news? These are the exceptions to the rule; most parties go swimmingly (aside from that four-alarm hang-over). Check out more of our guide, including how to make your stag party a blast, at [playboy.com](http://playboy.com).



## JA RULE GETS BLUNT

"I need to be a Playboy spokesperson," Ja Rule said during his stint as a PLAYBOY photographer (he shot Centerfolds Christi Shake and Michele Rogers). "Could I be Playboy's personal rapper? I could do bar mitzvahs, birthday parties, whatever. All I want is a trip to the Grotto."





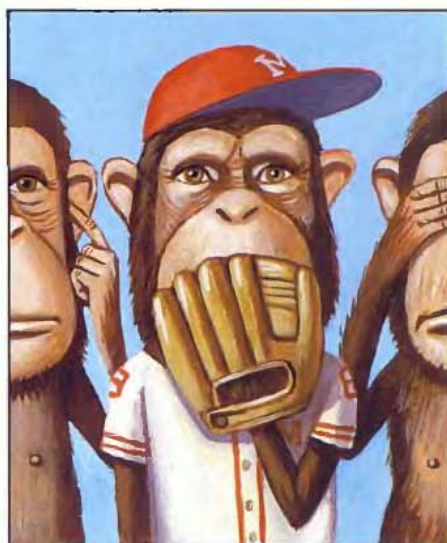
By ASA BABER

WHEN I WAS a boy, my grandmother had a porcelain statue of three monkeys sitting side by side at the base of a tree. The first monkey had his hands over his eyes, the second over his ears, the third over his mouth. It was a representation of the saying "Hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil," a message that interested me. I thought such advice could hold the key to a long and happy life (and I am sure it does, for some people).

Even as a cantankerous kid, I knew the way to stay out of trouble was to remain quiet and unquestioning in the background. So after those monkeys motivated me, I briefly changed my ways and tried to put their suggestions into practice. I did my best to ignore what was going on in my home and on the street and in the world. I even behaved relatively well in the classroom for about half a semester.

But I had a problem with the passivity that denial demands of its practitioners, and it remains with me to this day. The message of silence and deafness and blindness in the presence of evil could not hold me. When I see evil, I can't deny it or avoid it or rename it or shut up about it. Like a Tourette's victim, I blurt out my perceptions of what is wrong and what should be done about it in language often too blunt for my contemporaries, most of whom avoid me and return to their customary state of repose. They refuse to see or hear or speak about iniquity at hand. In short, if I had been a citizen in Hitler's Germany, I would have been one of the first people shipped off to the camps for disloyalty, and I would have known (and accepted) beforehand that such a fate would be inevitable, given my nonconformist temperament.

Entire cultures practice denial all the time: Violent prejudices are not admitted to, the destruction of targeted people and property is considered taboo for public discourse, inequities between classes and races are treated as if they do not exist. (I have personally seen cultures in denial in what was then Soviet-occupied East Germany in the Fifties, as well as in several countries in the Middle East in the Sixties, in parts of combat-torn Central America in the Eighties and in today's good old U.S.A.) As George Orwell—the British essayist and author of *Animal Farm* and *1984*—wrote years ago about the way that societies censor themselves, "At any given moment there is a sort of all-pervading orthodoxy, a general tacit agreement not to discuss large and uncomfortable facts."



## HEAR NO EVIL, SEE NO EVIL, SPEAK NO EVIL

The uncomfortable fact to which I refer in this column is the way in which the education, mentoring, health and well-being of American boys has been ignored, minimized and denied for the past several decades (while the subject of girls and their problems has achieved major-league attention, as it should—but not to the exclusion of boys). This denial of the reality of boys' lives is evil and destructive. Unless we bring their status into full public view and do something to improve it, we will be doomed to the chaos and brutality that disenfranchised boys and young men often carry out. We will reap what we sow.

Here is a small but significant story: A few months ago I was watching a cable news network. The crawl at the bottom of the screen printed out details of the tragedy of girls' lives. "Girls are twice as likely to attempt suicide as boys are," it said. I waited. The sentence was repeated several times later without any follow-up. And I fumed, because the fact is that while girls attempt suicide more often than boys, they actually kill themselves much less often than boys. What kind of news operation would edit statistics in that fashion? One that is eager to cull sympathy for girls and ignore the deadly facts about boys and their self-destructive behavior. (That kind of shoddy journalism has been a common media practice since the Seventies.)

Other factors to consider: Boys are more likely to have run-ins with the law, to participate in violent crimes, to die young, to resort to hard-core drugs, to not have a home, to be without a central

same-sex role model. They're less likely to read and verbalize at acceptable levels, and more likely to be unskilled at conflict resolution, to be left adrift in arguments about gender (because so few people have been willing to challenge the trashing of masculinity for decades) and to be targets of sexual harassment charges. Boys are more likely to take years to learn to socialize in polite society, to be labeled as sexists for the flimsiest of reasons, to be classified as aggressors and macho men because they have an interest in military history. (Young men are the only people to face a draft in case of war, and it has mostly been men who died in military combat throughout our history, so it may be appropriate that boys pursue the study of war.)

How has America responded to these imbalances and injustices? Ask it another way: Which major political parties have made the improvement of boys' lives central to their campaign platforms and stump speeches and TV appearances? Which forces in Congress have labored long and hard to pass legislation that supports the rights of boys to better treatment and opportunities? How easy is it to bring up the topic of the shunning of boys and not be immediately attacked as a sexist and antifeminist because you do not focus on the problems of girls? Orwell was right: There is a tacit agreement not to discuss the fact that boys suffer and struggle in this culture, and that agreement permeates our most fundamental way of thinking. In a certain sense, boys are trapped inside a deep hole in the national consciousness. They are unseen, they are unheard and they are rarely discussed.

Only one thing will turn this situation around. It is past time for all men and women who understand the strange dynamic at work here to stand up and organize and speak and debate and confront those forces that so desperately insist boys and men still control the dialogue, have all the power, reek of insensitivity, should be ashamed of their macho tendencies and deserve no special consideration or kindness because of their brutish role in the subjugation of women.

Those are just a few of the charges you will encounter if you hear and see and then speak against the forces of darkness that would have boys remain silenced, invisible and ignored. Prepare to duck, but make sure to maintain your courage. The truth about boys really threatens those who practice the cruel politics of denial and deception.





# ARE YOU LOSING YOUR HAIR?

The biological effects of combined herbal oral and topical formulations on androgenetic alopecia. Collective effort of The Hair & Skin Treatment Center in combination with The New York Hair Clinic.

## ABSTRACT

The information presented here provides evidence of the effectiveness, safety and the high degree of success achieved with this revolutionary modality. Results may occur as early as 2 months. This therapeutic approach represents advanced treatment in the management of androgenetic alopecia (hair loss).

## HERBAL ORAL CAPSULE

Testosterone is a naturally occurring sex hormone (androgen), normally produced, mainly by the male testis with a small contribution from the adrenal glands in both men and women. For this reason it is found in higher concentrations in men as compared to women. It is the compound responsible for the male sex characteristics as opposed to estrogen and progesterone. Through very complex biochemical pathways in the body, testosterone undergoes a series of transformations. This results in various compounds, each with a different physiologic function in the body other than the original hormone. One of the main compounds produced is dihydrotestosterone, also known as DHT.

Accumulation of DHT within the hair follicle is considered to be the hormonal mediator of hair loss through its direct action on the androgenic receptors in human scalp tissue. Through an unknown mechanism, DHT appears to interrupt the normal physiologic environment and function of the hair follicles in the scalp, resulting in the alteration of the general metabolism (normal hair growth).

The final outcome of this interaction ranges from the partial destruction to the complete obliteration of hair follicles, resulting in an increase dropout in the number of functional hair follicles.

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## TOPICAL FORMULATION

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## RESULTS

The overall outcome of this system has proved to be an extremely beneficial treatment approach in the management of androgenic alopecia (hair loss). There was a significant decrease in the rate of hair loss and increase in regrowth noted. A dramatic decrease in the rate of excessive hair loss and fallout was noted in most persons *after 1-2 months of treatment*. Actual regrowth of hair was usually seen *on the average starting within 2-4 months*.

**Start growing a full, healthy head of hair today!**

*I'm Derrike Cope, race car driver and TV analyst.*

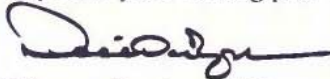
Did you know that the FDA has identified the body chemical Dihydrotestosterone (DHT) as the leading cause of hair loss. At the Hair & Skin Treatment Center and at the New York Hair Clinic they have developed an all-natural herbal DHT blocker as part of their hair regrowth program. The AVACOR system helps stop DHT from attacking your hair follicles, and starts regrowing hair in balding areas in as little as two months. Satisfaction is guaranteed.

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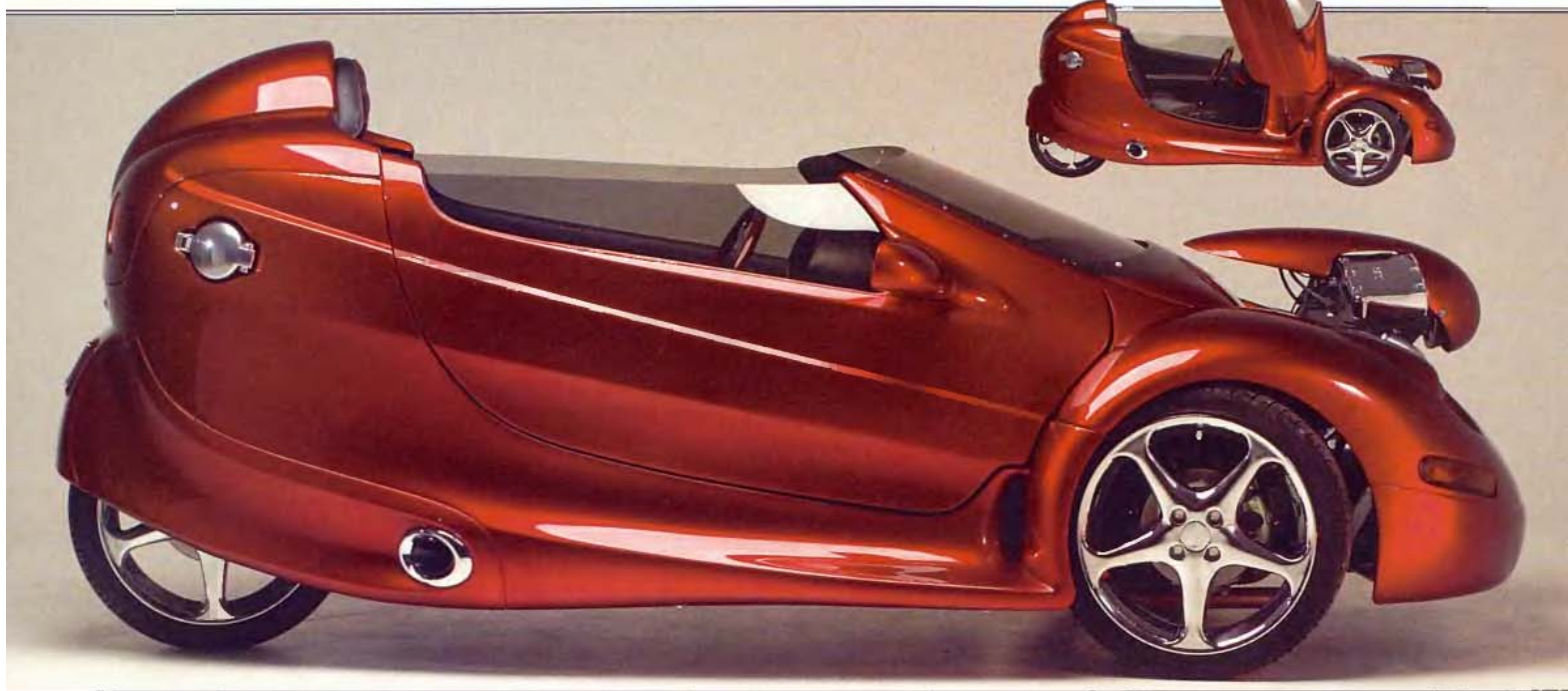
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# MANTRACK hey...it's personal



## Go, Speed Racer

The topless Merlin is a three-wheel joyride. Corbin Motors, the manufacturer, claims it will top 100 mph, spurred on by a Harley-Davidson fuel-injected engine and a four-speed manual transmission. On the highway you get a rumbling, high-on-the-hog feel with sports-car handling. Around town, the nine-foot-long Merlin parks like a bike and gets 35 mpg. Its low frontal area and curvy lines make it an aerodynamic missile. Corbin is situated in Hollister, California, the site of the 1947 biker riot that inspired Marlon Brando's *The Wild One*. Production should begin this spring. The drawback? It's a single-seater, so there's no place to put whoever you pick up. You'll need his-and-hers models. Here's a plan: Drive the Merlin to work (in states with car-pool rules it counts as a fully occupied vehicle) and leave the Ferrari for the weekend. Price: \$23,900.

## HOW TO PANFRY A STEAK

- ① ALLOW TWO 2.5-INCH BONELESS STEAKS TO REACH ROOM TEMPERATURE.
- ② SEAR EACH EDGE (STARTING WITH THE FATTIEST) OVER MEDIUM-HIGH HEAT IN A CAST-IRON OR HARD-ANODIZED ALUMINUM PAN.
- ③ COOK ON EACH SIDE FOR FIVE TO 10 MINUTES—OR TO APPROXIMATE DONENESS.
- ④ FINISH IN 300-DEGREE OVEN IF NEEDED.
- ⑤ LET STEAKS SIT FOR AT LEAST 10 MINUTES BEFORE SLICING AND SERVING.

## The Espresso Lane

Don't get enough caffeine at the local Starbucks? The kings of coffee have introduced the Italia, their first fully automatic home espresso machine. You don't have to enroll in Coffee 101 to learn how to work it. This baby grinds the beans, toms them, brews espresso to your specifications and disposes of the grinds to get ready for the next shot. You can produce four espressos per minute into any size container you choose. There's even a bypass that enables you to brew decaffeinated espresso without having to empty the coffee hopper of its full-strength beans. All your other java-loving friends will appreciate that. Cappuccino and caffè lattes can also be made quickly, as the Italia comes with an adjustable wand that provides enough steam to heat a gallon of milk. The price: \$895, at Starbucks, or call 800-782-7287.





# MAM TRACK

## Lady of the Light

If you want to add a funky light fixture to your digs, this 9" tall Metal Woman isn't a bad choice. She comes as a sconce, but what you end up with can become more complicated—especially if you choose Metal Woman as part of a twin-roil lighting set-up.



up. Contact Lightology, a lighting emporium in Chicago. A

final price will

depend on your choice of

shades, bracket and conopy (whatever that is), but figure on

spending about \$225. Oui, mademoiselle, a Metal Man is available. No, he doesn't have an on-off switch.

## Clothesline: Carlos Bernard

Carlos Bernard, who plays Tony Almeida on Fox' hit show 24, says he's "pretty much a jeans and T-shirt kind of guy," but when he dresses up, his choice is Hugo Boss' Red Label suits. For casual-wear, it's Kenneth Cole—especially for shoes. ("They're comfortable and last forever, which is good because I wear the hell out of them.") Some of his shirts have a great retro look, the type you find in thrift shops but without the coffee stains. Bernard also likes leather jackets, but his fashion trademark is wristwatches. "I own maybe 10, including a Mickey Mouse one. Because 24 takes place over 24 hours, time is like another character. Right now I'm wearing a watch by Maurice Lacroix."



## Funny Time

Here's a water-resistant wristwatch to baffle Batman. Only 777 Corum Bubble Joker timepieces will be produced in each of two limited-edition series (total 1554): a nonchronograph version for \$2495 and a chronograph one (pictured here) for \$3400. Don't snicker at the prices. Limited-edition Corums are collector's items

and each of these versions comes with a deck of Bubble Joker cards. Other features include a screw-down crown and a black patent-leather-and-rubber band. Keep everything in pristine shape and one day you may be laughing all the way to Sotheby's. Lester Lampert, a jewelry store in Chicago, has a limited supply of Jokers stashed away.



## Guys Are Talking About...

**Power drivers.** Diamond Touch Golf says their DR4E driver (with its 20-carat diamond insert) is the longest-hitting club in the world. They claim it outdistanced the ERC II by 10 yards and the Titleist 975 by 25. We haven't swung it, but one thing is for sure: The DR4E's \$1000 price guarantees this club won't end up in the water. • **Rare scotches.** The Glenlivet distillery has donated 100 bottles of its 1959 vintage scotch to be auctioned during 2003 at various events, including the Elton John AIDS Foundation Oscar Party After Party this month, with the money raised going to cancer research, wildlife conservation and other causes. The official appraisal for each 750 ml bottle is \$550 to \$700. Go to [theglenlivet.com](http://theglenlivet.com) for info on the auctions. • **Premium cigars.** Stogies are still on a lot of people's lips, but smokers are now pickier than ever about the quality of the tobacco. General Cigar's new Macanudo Gold Label is a limited-edition line made from extremely thin Connecticut shade wrapper leaves with barely visible veins. Smooth is how we'd describe this Dominican Republic smoke, which is available in four sizes. Prices per stick range from \$5.25 to \$6.15. • **Tennis anyone?** Wilson's latest racquet, the Triad 6.0 with Hammer technology, is one cool weapon for the courts. It weighs 10 ounces and has a killer sweet spot. The price: \$200.







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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

**H**ow do you tell if your spouse is cheating? I've been receiving a lot of hang-up calls lately, which makes me suspicious.

—P.L., Phoenix, Arizona

*Don't get ahead of yourself. The hang-ups may be from telemarketers, who use what are known as predictive dialers. A computer makes several calls at once; the first person who picks up gets a sales rep and the rest get dead air. Do you have other reasons to be suspicious? When people cheat, they usually leave a number of clues, such as the sudden introduction of new tricks or techniques in the bedroom (a cheater's sexual appetite for his or her spouse often spikes at the beginning of an affair but then diminishes). Or you might find the passenger seat of the car consistently moved to a different position, a supply of towlettes in the glove compartment, cigarettes in the ashtray when neither of you smokes or unexplained stains on the seats. How about that sudden interest in a private cell phone, her habit of changing the bed linens frequently, his unexpected gifts (given out of guilt), her desire to remove her wedding ring when tanning or taking showers upon arriving home? You'll find more hints, any combination of which could add up to trouble, in *Cheaters: 180 Telltale Signs Mates Are Cheating and How to Catch Them*. But if you're searching for patterns, your relationship is already suffering.*

**I**s there any way to tell if a bottle of wine is spoiled before you open it?—P.L., Denver, Colorado

*Sure, if you own a nuclear magnetic resonance machine. A chemist at the University of California—Davis rigged an NMR machine, which uses the same technology as clinical MRI scans, to hold a corked bottle of wine. He tested bottles from the university's enology department for the presence of acetic acid, a.k.a. vinegar. Sample bottles from 1950, 1960 and 1968 had apparently spoiled (though their corks and seals showed no leaks), while bottles from 1956, 1970 and 1977 appeared to be drinkable. The chemist believes the technology might be useful for auction houses and wine collectors. We're trying to make room in the cellar.*

**W**hen I finger my girlfriend, she says that I'm too rough. My exes never complained about my touch. When I lighten it, she says it tickles. What can I do?—S.C., Toronto, Ontario

*Ask your girlfriend to masturbate for you. Place your hand over hers to get an idea of the pressure she applies and where. She shouldn't be shy about giving you specific instructions about what turns her on.*

**M**y girlfriend and I went on a weekend getaway. We had sex twice the first night



but the next night she went to sleep. This has happened before. I don't want to sound like a prick, but it would be nice for her to give me some when I spend a lot of money. What should I do?—C.E., Austin, Texas

*You shouldn't expect sex because you paid but because she's your lover and you're on a relaxing lovers' getaway. Perhaps you relaxed her too much. Or perhaps she recognized the quid pro quo and paid her bill the first night. Regardless, it's better to let sex happen than schedule it ("You can't sleep now—this is when we're supposed to fuck"). Your next move could have been breakfast—and lunch—in bed.*

**G**uys get blue balls. What do girls get?—R.B., Wheeling, West Virginia

*They get laid.*

**W**hat can I do to flatten a crease in a tie?—B.D., Boston, Massachusetts

*Usually you can hang the wrinkles out. If that doesn't work, fold the tie in half, roll it around your index finger, slip it off and let it sit overnight. That almost always does the trick.*

**I**n December a guy asked what to do when he calls a lover by the wrong name. Susan Sarandon delivered a great line in *Bull Durham* regarding this. She asked, "Would you rather I were making love to him using your name, or making love to you using his name?"—M.S., Portland, Oregon

*We'd rather be with Susan Sarandon.*

**I** am 20 years old and have been sleeping with a married man for the past eight

months. He never talks about his wife, so as far as I can tell their marriage is fine. What I would like to know is, why is he cheating on her? Our relationship is sex, nothing else. I would ask him, but I don't want things to get weird.—S.C., Tuscaloosa, Alabama

*It's not weird already? We can't say why he started cheating, but free and easy sex with a 20-year-old is why he hasn't stopped.*

**W**hat is the proper way to tip a blackjack dealer? If I lose money, should I still tip?—C.J., Chicago, Illinois

*Sure, but not as much. You can hand the dealer cash, but the traditional method is to place a bet for him using casino chips. To do this, set at least a dollar chip above the betting circle (when betting for the dealer, you don't have to observe the table minimum). If you win, he wins. Bet a little more if you're winning, but don't overdo it. A buck every 30 minutes is reasonable on a five-dollar table. If you're losing, you can tip less frequently, or leave your last few chips on the table. You also can bet for the dealers at other games such as craps or roulette; let them know and they'll take care of it. Among dealers, a big tipper is known as a George. A lousy tipper is known as a Bruce, as in Willis. According to one dealer newsletter, other stiffers include Whitney Houston, Pete Rose, Howard Stern and Michael Jordan.*

**M**y husband still has his wedding ring from his first marriage. I asked him to get rid of it, but he just found a new hiding spot. He says he doesn't want to throw it away because it has cash value. I don't care. I want it out of our house. Am I being unreasonable?—K.C., Boston, Massachusetts

*We think so. But you can get mad when he starts wearing it.*

**A**fter being tossed back into the dating pool, I started working out. Running, biking, push-ups and sit-ups have worked wonders everywhere except my chubby face and double chin. What exercises can I do to tone those areas?—B.B., Los Angeles, California

*Along with love handles, the chin and face are the toughest areas to slim. Look at Al Rocker. Guy loses 100 pounds but still looks fat from the neck up. If you were only 10 or 20 pounds overweight, keep up your workouts and you should see slow improvement. If your weight loss was more than 30 pounds, liposuction may be the only option. Or you could grow a beard.*

**I** am a white male and not at all racist. But I've been on dates during which black men have come to the table and hit



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on my date. When I stick up for myself, usually the guy and my date act as if I have a problem. It's gotten to the point where I'm thinking of moving to Europe because no one wants a nice white man in this country anymore.—J.H., Tampa, Florida

*Your problem isn't black. It's boors. If a guy hits on your date in your presence and she doesn't have the manners or sense to point you out, good riddance to them both.*

**W**hen did women start to invite men to wedding and baby showers? My girlfriend thinks it's good to get everyone together, but I end up hanging out in the kitchen. I thought I could start calling the shots when I became an adult. I know I sound bitter, but lately these events have monopolized my weekends. Any input?—P.S., Atlanta, Georgia

*We've heard of this phenomenon—guys watching women open gifts—but have never witnessed it. Are you all right? Any long-term effects? As a man, you sometimes must do awful things to continue getting laid. Give it a few years, and this, too, shall pass.*

**M**y husband tells all the men he meets about our sex life. I suck, lick and swallow. I also like anal sex. I even asked him to arrange a threesome. It turns me on to see my husband get turned on. The problem is when he tells his friends how he gets anything he wants, I feel like our personal life isn't personal anymore. When they ask me if he's full of shit, I just laugh. Should I tell them, "Sure, I do it all" or deny everything?—K.B., Minneapolis, Minnesota

*Have you told your husband about your concerns? He needs to know. You're sexually adventurous because you feel comfortable with him, but his boasting makes you uncomfortable. If he continues to be indiscreet, tell his friends something like this, within earshot: "I don't discuss my sex life. My husband can discuss his, but he may not have one soon." Not that you would carry out that threat, because it would deprive you. But it might get the point across.*

**I**s it true that the bigger a man's feet, the bigger his penis?—H.T., Mesa, Arizona

*If it were true, Shaq could barely walk. We just received word that urologists at St. Mary's Hospital and University College in London gently stretched and measured the flaccid penises of 104 patients, average age 54, but found no correlation to shoe size. Greek researchers at the Naval and Veterans Hospital of Athens had more success correlating the flaccid size of 52 men between the ages of 19 and 38 with the length of the men's index fingers. We know of several body parts that correspond with the length of a man's penis, but they all belong to women.*

**M**y husband fell in love with another woman and left me and my children. A week later he said that he shouldn't have

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**AT NEWSSTANDS NOW**





# WILD

## MardiGras2003

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left and moved back into the house. The woman has moved to another town, but I know they talk on the phone. He argues that they were friends before the affair so they can be friends after. What do you think I should do?—R.R., Cambridge, Massachusetts

*Your husband is confused. A mistress is not a college girlfriend. If he's serious about saving your marriage, then he'll hang up the phone and talk to you instead. Your husband can't just move back to the house. He has to move in.*

I told a friend I would like to have a romantic relationship with her. She said that she found me attractive and liked to spend time with me but wanted to just be friends. She said that she would understand if I didn't want to see her anymore. I decided to keep things the way they are. I'm hoping she will change her mind. Is there any chance of this happening?—D.B., Detroit, Michigan

*It's possible but not probable. It's difficult to maintain a friendship when you want more than a person can give.*

You answered a question about marriage by saying that "the fear of being alone is not a reason to get married." I agree. So what is a reason to get married? Most married guys I know are miserable. And don't say love. Anybody who lives or works in Manhattan knows that it's possible for a man to fall in love every 20 feet while walking down Sixth Avenue in the summer.—A.C., New York, New York

*Every 20 feet? You must be farsighted. We've never been champions of marriage except to raise children. Typically a man marries because the woman wants it and he isn't creative enough to imagine life without her. Is that too cynical? A few great minds, such as Socrates, have been more optimistic. "By all means, marry," he wrote. "If you get a good wife, you'll be happy. If you get a bad one, you'll become a philosopher."*

Last month my girlfriend dared me to act out a sexual fantasy, so I masturbated in her roommate's bedroom. Now she wants me to do it again. It's a little twist-

ed and exciting, but I don't want to risk being caught. Should I just forget it?—R.G., Olympia, Washington

*You completed the dare. Now it's time to challenge your girlfriend. Whatever you decide she should do, videotape it. Her double dare will be to leave the tape on top of the VCR over a weekend.*

We'd like to reassure the reader who wrote in December because she was concerned about her large labia. During interviews for our book, *Threesome: How to Fulfill Your Favorite Fantasy*, women with smaller "fins" said they stopped threeways because of abrasion much more often than the well-endowed women. Larg-

*stand for that purpose). Your brush should last for many years.*

I enjoy surfing online porn sites. My wife wants to be open-minded because she knows that I find it more arousing to look together than to sneak peeks on my own. The problem is that most sites are geared toward men, not couples. They also have relentless pop-up ads. Can you recommend websites for couples? We're looking for erotic and playful ones rather than in-your-face.—K.D., Baltimore, Maryland

*Who better to ask than other couples? FreddyandEddy.com is a guide created by a husband and wife who felt the same way as*

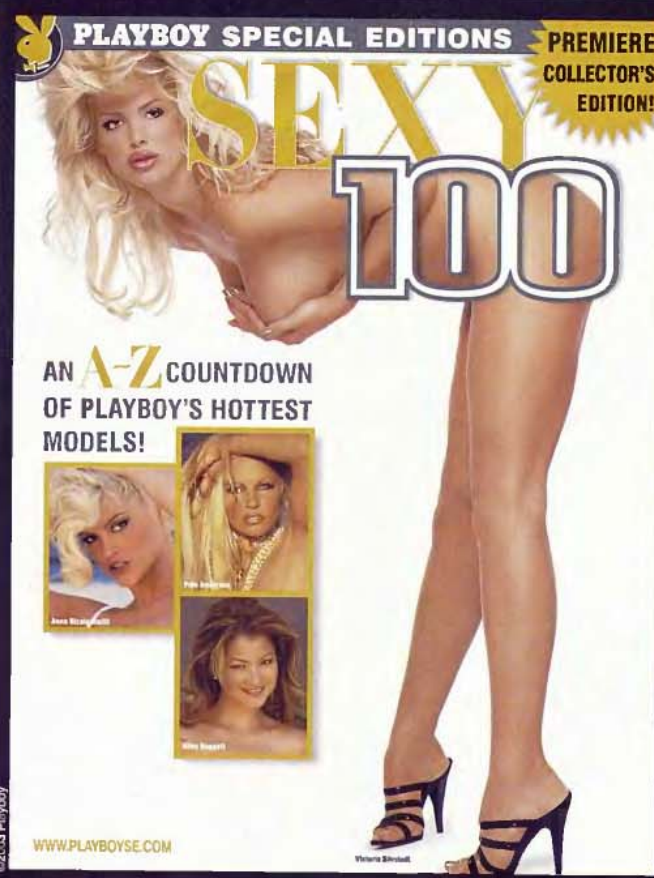
*you do and decided to seek out sites that met their strict criteria (no more than one pop-up ad, something of value besides explicit photographs and videos, free or mostly free, tasteful, couples-friendly and easy to navigate). They also review sex videos and books. Another valuable resource, Janes Guide.com, run by Jane and Jim Duvall, has detailed reviews of hundreds of adult sites.*

About a year ago I broke up with my girlfriend because I found out she was cheating on me. She moved in with the guy and I figured that I would never see her again. Now she has left him and says she knows she made a big mistake and wants me back. I know of several couples who have gone through this

and managed to work it out. Do you have any suggestions?—J.B., Dallas, Texas

*None, really. We wish you the best. But keep in mind that she may one day be telling the other guy that she made a big mistake.*

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).



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er, protruding lips retain vaginal lubrication, extend the vagina through the pubic hair and provide a longer, wetter tube. Men should be thankful for their partner's large labia, because they're better suited for extended intercourse.—Lori Gammon and Bill Strong, West Palm Beach, Florida

*Thanks for writing. We've adjusted our fantasy accordingly.*

I have decided to return to soap, brush and blade. My wife gave me a badger-hair brush. What is the best way to care for it?—D.M., Kingman, Arizona

*Nothing fancy. Rinse the brush thoroughly after each use and let it air-dry with the bristles downward (most brushes come with a*



# DIRTY GEORGIE

the blurry line between Hollywood and Washington

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

**T**his past October President Bush delivered a speech in Cleveland outlining the case for invading Iraq. About halfway through the speech, the image on my television screen flickered. Suddenly I was watching *Fear Factor*, where contestants were trying to remain calm while sticking their heads into bowls of insects. Then, just like that, I was watching Bush again. He continued on about weapons of mass destruction, evil tyrants and terrorists.

Wow. The *Fear Factor* president.

A few weeks later, I read that Bush keeps a stack of war flicks on *Air Force One*. His refrain that we would smoke out the terrorists and bring them to justice has the ring of a great action film. "Dead or alive," he said of Osama bin Laden. Lately, it's been hard to know if we're hearing from Washington or from Hollywood. See if you can tell the difference:

(1) *I want you to remember that no bastard ever won a war by dying for his country. He won it by making the other poor dumb bastard die for his country.*

☐ Washington ☐ Hollywood

(2) *Out here due process is a bullet.*

☐ Washington ☐ Hollywood

(3) *And as a matter of common sense and self-defense, [we] will act against such emerging threats before they are fully formed. We cannot defend ourselves and our friends by hoping for the best. In the new world we have entered, the only path to peace and security is the path of action.*

☐ Washington ☐ Hollywood

(4) *He pulls a knife, you pull a gun. He sends one of yours to the hospital, you send one of his to the morgue. That's the Chicago way.*

☐ Washington ☐ Hollywood

(5) *We will build a world of justice or we will live in a world of coercion. The magnitude of our shared responsibilities makes our disagreements look so small.*

☐ Washington ☐ Hollywood

(6) *When I want your opinion, I'll beat it out of you.*

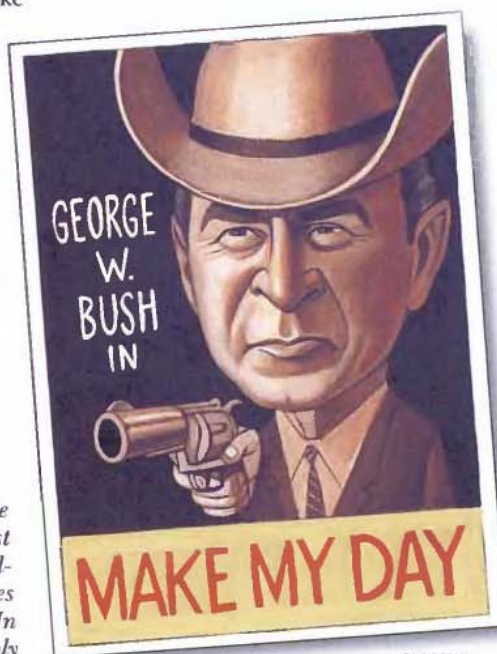
☐ Washington ☐ Hollywood

(7) *Is this going to be a stand-up fight, sir, or another bug hunt?*

☐ Washington ☐ Hollywood

(8) *It's a new war for a new century. I suppose this is the first time the enemy hasn't been in uniform. They're farmers. They're people from small towns. And they shoot at us from houses and from paddocks. Some are women. Some are children. And some are missionaries, George.*

☐ Washington ☐ Hollywood



(9) *We will take the actions necessary to ensure that our efforts are not impaired by the potential for investigations, inquiry or prosecution by the international criminal court, whose jurisdiction does not extend to Americans and which we do not accept.*

☐ Washington ☐ Hollywood

(10) *Whoever was there is going to wish they weren't.*

☐ Washington ☐ Hollywood

(11) *War has been waged against us by stealth and deceit and murder. This nation*

*is peaceful, but fierce when stirred to anger. The conflict was begun on the timing of and the terms of others. It will end in a way and at an hour of our choosing.*

☐ Washington ☐ Hollywood

(12) *Dude, you have a bazooka. Stop thinking cop and start thinking PlayStation. Blow shit up.*

☐ Washington ☐ Hollywood

## ANSWERS

(1) Hollywood. What sounds like Donald Rumsfeld explaining collateral damage in Afghanistan is George C. Scott in *Patton*.

(2) Hollywood. What sounds like John Ashcroft explaining the need for tribunals and secret evidence is John Wayne in *The Green Berets*.

(3) Washington. What sounds like Supreme Chancellor Palpatine plotting to annihilate a rebel planet in *Attack of the Clones* is a speech Bush delivered on September 17, 2002.

(4) Hollywood. An easy one. It's not from a straight-talking Donald Rumsfeld press conference. It's tough cop Sean Connery in *The Untouchables*.

(5) Washington. What sounds like Peter Parker's angst in *Spider-Man* ("With great power comes great responsibility") is from a Bush speech on May 23, 2002.

(6) Hollywood. This wasn't in Bush's remarks to the U.N. Security Council. It's from the Chuck Norris film *Code of Silence*.

(7) Hollywood. Although this sounds like a question from the press corps to General Tommy Franks, it's a line from *Aliens*.

(8) Hollywood. Although this could be any number of people advising the president on Afghanistan, it's from *Breaker Morant*, a film about the Boer War.

(9) Washington. You might hear something like this said by Dirty Harry, but it's from Bush's National Security Strategy.

(10) Washington. Donald Rumsfeld explaining the consequences of anyone's being at a site chosen for U.S. bombing.

(11) Washington. It sounds like something heard over the radio in a Jerry Bruckheimer re-creation of Pearl Harbor, but this was Bush at the National Cathedral on September 14, 2001.

(12) Hollywood. Although we imagine something like this is said at every meeting of the National Security Agency, the line belongs to Vin Diesel in *XXX*.



# 9/11 Conspiracy Freaks

a roundup of ridiculous theories

By SAM LOEWENBERG

**S**eptember 11 has been the biggest thing to happen to the conspiracy underground since the assassination of JFK. Each September 11 theorist has his own twist on what led to the attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon, but the common thread is the idea that Afghanistan is the linchpin to controlling the oil and natural gas reserves of Central Asia and the Caspian Sea. As the theory goes, the Bush administration had been planning to invade Afghanistan for months before September 11, and it was the U.S. threat of military action against the Taliban that spurred Bin Laden to launch a preemptive strike. The White House and the CIA had advance knowledge but allowed the attacks to be carried out in order to (1) have an excuse to take over Afghanistan and control its oil route, (2) impose a police state in the U.S. and (3) make billions of dollars in profits by dumping financial and airline stocks in the days before the attack. Here's a look at the ideas of the leading conspiracy theorists:

## THIERRY MEYSSAN

**WHO HE IS:** The head of the left-wing French think tank Réseau Voltaire (Voltaire Network). Meyssan's paperback *L'Effroyable Imposture* (*The Horrifying Fraud*) sold more than 200,000 copies in France, much to the embarrassment of sane French people. One newspaper described him as resembling an insurance agent from the Fifties. Meyssan's book hit the best-seller list after he appeared on the French equivalent of *The Jerry Springer Show*.

**WHAT HE KNOWS:** *L'Effroyable Imposture* posits that the crash at the Pentagon was faked with a bomb or a cruise missile planted by agents of the U.S. military-industrial complex. Furthermore, the two airline jets were "teleguided" into the World Trade Center by U.S. forces. The military did this in order to persuade the president to spend more money on defensive weaponry (as if he had to be persuaded).

**HOW HE KNOWS:** Although critics say Meyssan lifted much of his material from the ultra-right-wing loon Lyndon LaRouche, the heart of his claims lies in his analysis of photos taken at the Pen-

tagon after the attack. He says the photos clearly indicate that the hole is too small to have been caused by a jetliner. A French newspaper points out that "this theory suits everyone. There are no Islamic extremists, and everyone is happy." Some suggest that perhaps the book is a hoax that can only be appreciated by a nation that considers Jerry Lewis a comic genius. Like any good conspiracy theorist, Meyssan takes criticism of his book as evidence the powers that be want him shut down. He recently published a sequel, *Le Pentagate*.

**SOUNDBITE:** "As far as we are concerned, the plane [that supposedly hit the Pentagon] was destroyed in Ohio," Meyssan told CNN.

**WHERE CAN I LEARN MORE?:** France. Or search for the book's title at Google.com and select "translate this page" on the first result.

## JEAN-CHARLES BRISARD AND GUILLAUME DASQUIÉ

**WHO THEY ARE:** Brisard is former chief of corporate intelligence for Vivendi. Dasquié publishes a newsletter called *Intelligence Online*.

**WHAT THEY KNOW:** Brisard and Dasquié believe Bin Laden attacked the World Trade Center after learning that Bush planned to invade his safe haven in Afghanistan. According to their book, *Bin Laden: The Forbidden Truth*, "From February 5 to August 2, 2001, the U.S. engaged in private and risky discussions with the Taliban concerning geostrategic oil interests. The suicide attacks of September 11 were the outcome of this initiative."

**HOW THEY KNOW:** There's no telling. David Corn, Washington editor for *The Nation*, calls the book "a shoddy piece of journalism, most of it completely unsourced."

**SOUNDBITE:** According to a former

Pakistani foreign minister, a former U.S. official who may or may not have been drunk supposedly said of the Taliban at a meeting in Berlin in July 2001, "Either you accept our offer of a carpet of gold, or we bury you under a carpet of bombs." That comment reached Bin Laden, prompting him to take action.

**WHERE CAN I LEARN MORE?:** The book has been released in the U.S. by the



publishing arm of *The Nation* but with its language softened (the "foreseeable outcome" of the envoy's threat in the French edition becomes "possibly the outcome" in English). "I'm not a conspiracy theorist," says Victor Navasky, publisher of *The Nation*. "I believe Oswald killed Kennedy and probably did it by himself."

## MICHAEL RUPPERT

**WHO HE IS:** Former Los Angeles cop who gives and sells on audiotape a revival-style lecture called "The Truth and Lies of 9-11." He claims the attack on the World Trade Center and the war in Afghanistan were the joint work of the CIA, Wall Street, the drug mafia and Enron executives. His lone-crusader marketing extends to the name of his website: copvcia.com.



**WHAT HE KNOWS:** Ruppert's theory is that the Bush administration and U.S. intelligence allowed the attacks to occur because it gave them a chance to revive the opium poppy crop in Afghanistan, which the Taliban had destroyed. This was necessary because the CIA-controlled drug trade is essential to propping up the U.S. stock market, the profits from which Enron launders in the Cayman Islands. At the center of Ruppert's scenario is Delmart "Mike" Vreeland, a man claiming to be a U.S. naval intelligence officer who says he tried to warn the White House of the impending attack but was hampered in his efforts because he was in jail in Canada on charges of credit card fraud. Ruppert says this was necessary cover so Vreeland could infiltrate ter-

nor. (He says he was set up.) Media critic Norman Solomon describes Ruppert's investigative techniques as "a selective vacuum-cleaner approach."

**SOUNDBITE:** Ruppert says the proof of Vreeland's claim is apparent from a close analysis of a letter Vreeland said he wrote in prison a month before the attacks: "As a last-ditch measure in August, Vreeland had two pens smuggled into his jail cell of a different color and style of ink than what was allowed by the jail. He wrote a hasty warning listing details of the attacks and then had the letter sealed into his jail property, out of reach, and promptly advised his jailers that he was in possession of unapproved pens. These pens were confiscated by authorities, who have retained possession of them and acknowledged that Vreeland had no such pens in his jail cell after that time."

**WHERE CAN I LEARN MORE?:** Try Ruppert's newsletter, *From the Wilderness*. He claims 30 U.S. congressmen subscribe, which is probably true.

**NAFEEZ MOSADDEQ AHMED**

**WHO HE IS:** Hotel manager and 23-year-old executive director of an organization in Brighton, England he calls the Institute for Policy Research and Development.

**WHAT HE KNOWS:** In his 400-page book, *The War on Freedom: How and Why America Was Attacked September 11th, 2001*, Ahmed treads familiar ground, with a few original twists. He reports that the Bush family is financially tied to the Bin Laden family, and that both profited from the war on Afghanistan because of their defense industry holdings. He alleges that the administration has systematically blocked attempts to apprehend Osama bin Laden. Domestically, he paints a dire picture with the statement that the Bush administration has set up a police state, with "unprecedented curbs on civil liberties and basic human rights, the crushing of domestic dissent, and the criminalization of protest." (If only that were a paranoid fantasy.) Ahmed

has a solid grasp of history but ends his book with a deal with the devil—a "Backword" written by his publisher, John Leonard of Tree of Life Publications. Leonard argues that members of the Israeli secret service, disguised as moving company employees and art students, may have known about but not prevented the attacks, or even been involved. The "Judeo-Christian coalition" secretly wants Bin Laden and Saddam Hussein in power because the alternative, democracy, would unite Muslims. Leonard also notes that Jews run the phone company.

**HOW HE KNOWS:** Newspaper clippings and other online fodder. Ahmed says he wrote the book after surfing the Internet and finding "a web of connections that needed to be looked into." To Ahmed's credit, the book is extensively footnoted.

**SOUNDBITE:** "I'm not a conspiracy theorist. I'm just offering some hard questions that could have horrible answers."

**WHERE CAN I LEARN MORE?:** Online at [thewaronfreedom.com](http://thewaronfreedom.com).

**DAVID CORN**

**WHO HE IS:** Washington editor and columnist for *The Nation*.

**WHAT HE KNOWS:** That conspiracy theorists have overestimated the competence of the U.S. government. Pulling off such a vast plot as taking down the two towers, or even covering up advance knowledge of it, would require the coordination of hundreds of Americans in more than half a dozen agencies. The idea that so many bureaucrats could work together and keep it all quiet is simply implausible. What the theorists don't realize, he says, is that Washington is basically a giant Department of Motor Vehicles, filled with agencies that can't coordinate their budgets, let alone a terrorist plot. People want to make sense of complicated events and give them meaning, he says, but the theorists are vague and ultimately exploitative.

**HOW HE KNOWS:** He's covered Washington for 15 years. Says Mike Ruppert, "It is my opinion that David Corn is an asset of the CIA."

**SOUNDBITE:** "I won't argue that the U.S. government does not engage in brutal, murderous skulduggery from time to time. But the notion that it either detected the attacks but allowed them to occur or, worse, conspired to kill thousands of Americans to launch a war-for-oil in Afghanistan is absurd."

**WHERE CAN I LEARN MORE?:** Online at [thenation.com/capitalgames/index.html?pid=66](http://thenation.com/capitalgames/index.html?pid=66).



ADRI SENNETT

rorist organizations, though how alleged credit card fraud qualifies one to infiltrate a terrorist organization is not exactly clear.

**HOW HE KNOWS:** In 1981, Ruppert told a newspaper reporter that before losing his job at the LAPD, he had fallen in love with a woman nicknamed Teddy who was a friend of the niece of the Shah of Iran. Teddy had a secret phone that connected her to the Air Force. She also was the critical link in a plot between the CIA and the Gambino crime family to sell drugs in the inner city and smuggle arms to Kurdish counterrevolutionaries in Iran. Ruppert says that he was forced out of the LAPD after reporting this information to his superiors. He found a job at a 7-Eleven, but was busted on his first shift for allegedly selling liquor to a mi-



# FORUM

## R E A D E R

### OBSCENITIES

I'm a First Amendment lawyer representing clients who work primarily from adult Internet sites. We all watched with interest the debacle in Los Angeles in which prosecutors went after several porn producers ("The War Against Porn Continues," *The Playboy Forum*, December). But many people put too much importance on the LA cases. Even if juries had viewed the videos and found them not to be obscene, it would not have stopped prosecutors in Polk County, Florida or Broken Arrow, Oklahoma from initiating obscenity cases against local retailers for selling the same material. That's the irony of the obscenity test: You don't know whether you have broken the law until a jury decides.

With the advent of the Internet and webcams, adult material is being produced in communities throughout the country. If a couple decides to share their unique form of sexual intimacy with the world via webcam, who decides whether they are breaking the law? The jury will likely be made up of their friends and neighbors, most of whom might never have been exposed to the allegedly obscene material at issue because their communities don't have adult video stores, or even strip clubs. The concept of "local community standards" expressed by the U.S. Supreme Court cannot be logically applied to global Internet communications. The Justice Department, of course, disagrees.

Lawrence Walters  
FirstAmendment.com  
Altamonte Springs, Florida

I have worked behind the camera in the porn industry and respect its right to exist, but in the past 10 years porn has taken a hateful turn. Every day I am bombarded with e-mail ads for sites that describe women as sluts, whores and bitches. You didn't just ignore this destructive turn, you embraced it.

C.J. Macq  
North Hollywood, California



FOR THE RECORD

### FIND THE DRUNK

"I'm not screwed up now, but I'll be back in a couple of hours."

—A heavy-metal music fan to an Albany, New York police sergeant outside a concert. The sergeant had parked a Winnebago with a sign in the window that read VOLUNTEERS WANTED FOR DRUG RESEARCH. He was attempting to recruit drunk or stoned concertgoers to help cadets learn to identify intoxicated drivers. Most other states hold "wet workshops" at which volunteers become intoxicated for officers. In Minneapolis, police stop people who appear to be drunk or on drugs and promise not to arrest them if they'll help out.

I appreciate your mentioning my continuing battle with the police and prosecutors of Hamilton County, Ohio. I opened my shop, Elyse's Passion, as a resource for those in greater Cincinnati who appreciate the range and complexity of erotic life. In December 2000 the county prosecutor charged me with pandering obscenity, but we managed to seat an intelligent jury that acquitted me of the charges.

Jennifer Dute has not been so fortunate in her dealings with the Hamilton County morals police. She had appeared in a series of explicit videos shot by her husband and offered for sale online, and the county prosecutor used that as the basis to charge her with four counts of pandering obscenity. She had the misfortune of being tried by a jury that lacked the emotional, sexual and intellectual wherewithal to

impartially view the complex sexual lifestyle depicted in the tapes. I feel bad for the jury. People who aren't equipped to watch sexually explicit imagery should not be forced to do so, even as a "civic duty." Dute also had the misfortune of being sentenced by a judge who had sat on a local antiporn committee. He gave her a year in jail, and she has been denied release pending her appeal. I consider her a political prisoner. You quoted many attorneys in your article, but it's not the lawyers who are on the front lines of the war on porn, risking their livelihoods and freedom. It's the defendants.

Elyse Metcalf  
Cincinnati, Ohio

*The prosecution of Jennifer Dute is a travesty, but she and her husband (he was acquitted) played with fire. In 1999 they pleaded guilty to selling obscenity and agreed not to sell their videos in Hamilton County. Instead of lying low, they began offering the products through [simonleis.com](http://simonleis.com)—a reference to the county's smut-busting sheriff. The site criticized "Simon Fucking Leis, who thinks he runs the county." As part of her conviction, Dute had to turn over the domain to the sheriff and destroy her inventory. Her attorneys say she is being punished for her views, not the videos, which they argued are no more explicit than others sold in the county.*

### PRISON BAN

I was troubled by your response in December to readers who complained that California prisoners can no longer receive *PLAYBOY*. Why should we care? These people are behind bars because they're a danger to society; I'm sure some of those deprived are rapists. This pandering to the most base of our species flies in the face of everything *PLAYBOY* stands for. Why don't you cancel every prisoner's subscription and take a stand for law-abiding citizens?

Jeff Frederiksen  
Pahrump, Nevada

*We have long fought for prisoners' rights. We don't do this because we have sympathy*



# R E S P O N S E

## FORUM

for rapists, murderers or anyone else who deserves to be locked up. We do it because we believe, as many people do, that a society is judged by how it treats the "most base of our species," as you put it. The freedom to read and view erotica is too basic a right to deny every prisoner, as California has done. We also believe, with strong evidence, that many thousands of men and women shouldn't be in prison, either because they were arrested for nonviolent crimes related to the corrupt war on drugs, or because they are innocent, as the parade of men released on DNA evidence has shown.

The issue is not whether prisoners should be able to get *PLAYBOY* to fuel their sexual fantasies. It's whether correctional officials can add or remove a prisoner's rights by fiat (you can hate prisoners, but don't hate the Constitution). I've been a prisoner in Texas for 19 years. I have never been without *PLAYBOY*, because the courts decided more than 20 years ago in *Guajardo vs. Estelle* that prison officials should not be in the business of censorship, except in the cases of manuals on escape or revolt, how-to criminal planning and scheming and depictions of sex that violate state law such as homosexuality, bondage and bestiality. Up to five pages of any publication containing such material can be clipped; if more than five pages exists, the publication is denied, subject to appeal. Sometimes vindictive or petty tyrants on the Mail Systems Coordinators Panel will search meticulously for a sixth page of objectionable material. They may find it in a tiny ad that shows two women kissing ("lesbianism") or a discussion of racism that's a "security threat." Guadalupe Guajardo is still imprisoned here, and his is about the only mail that isn't fucked with.

Instead of blanket censorship, the California Department of Corrections needs rules that require prisoners to obey orders not to masturbate in public spaces, expose themselves or establish personal contact or relations with female guards by word or deed. When female guards began working in Texas prisons in 1985, they didn't meet widespread harassment. Instead, love affairs broke out all through the system. Most female guards are adored by overprotective male co-workers and lonely, romantic prisoners alike. The prisoners who "kill" (in gang slang) on

guards, nurses, counselors and teachers are routinely brought up on disciplinary action, which goes on their records and even subjects them to parole monitoring as sex offenders.

To demonize normal desires is to turn a man from a criminal into an animal in the eyes of the public, which then permits him to be treated like an animal. CDC guard Sheree Ghidelli whined to the *Los Angeles Times* recently that porn saturates prisons. "It is posted all over the place—on their lockers, on the walls of their cells. They even put it in their pants pockets. They use those pictures to masturbate, and I have to come into contact with this stuff all the time." Testosterone—it's everywhere, and it's got to go!

Despite claims by some female guards in California that banning *PLAYBOY* will prevent deviant behavior, there's no way to stop men from masturbating—

and it certainly won't stop the sickos who beat off in front of guards. Guys will use anything as fantasy material, from Blondie comics to Lands' End winter catalogs filled with woolen, lumpy forms. I learned of one particularly strange example at mail call when I spotted a stack of a free monthly publication from Kenneth Copeland Ministries, addressed to various prisoners. "What's up with that?" I asked. "It's a good jackbook," someone explained. "Gloria Copeland is hot!"

Name withheld  
Huntsville, Texas

*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](mailto: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.

The Internet Archive ([archive.org](http://archive.org)) includes a collection of sex education shorts produced between 1935 and 1958 and preserved by the Prelinger Archives, a library of 45,000 ephemeral films. Here are nine things we learned by watching the movies, which have titles such as "Molly Grows Up" and "Physical Aspects of Puberty":

- (1) If you have sex, the girl will get pregnant and you will be forced to work in a steel mill.
- (2) Horseback riding can cause an erection.
- (3) Girls should pay more attention to their hair and nails when they have their periods.
- (4) Men who drive convertibles are hornier than those who don't.
- (5) When teenagers have questions about sex, their mothers are the first people they usually ask.
- (6) When your son starts drawing stick-figure nudes, you know he's reached puberty.
- (7) Our insides look like plumbing diagrams.
- (8) It's not a wet dream. It's a nocturnal emission.
- (9) If you don't have premarital sex, you will find true love.



Curl up with either of the Republican polemics that have crept onto the best-seller lists since George W. Bush was appointed president and you're in for a rough ride. *The Federalist Papers* they ain't.

Their premise: The liberals did it. And because liberals control the media, you never hear about all the great conservative ideas. Instead, the media work full-time to keep Americans in the dark, and the country suffers. Simple. Easy. In a complicated world, these assertive books are reassuring.

In *Slander: Liberal Lies About the American Right*, Ann Coulter notes that political debate in the U.S. has become "increasingly hostile, overly personal and insufferably trivial, a nasty sport." She says punditry increasingly resembles professional wrestling—then she dons her miniskirt and jumps into the fray. In 1996 the attorney and former congressional aide became a pundit for MSNBC. She took to calling Bill Clinton a "pervert, liar and felon." Hillary Clinton was "pond scum" and "white trash." Yet Coulter complains in her book that the liberal media are mean to the likes of Linda Tripp, Paula Jones, Katherine Harris and Phyllis Schlafly. Coulter's first book, *High Crimes and Misdemeanors: The Case Against Bill Clinton*, was an expanded version of her soundbites. Her forthcoming book is another case study in subtlety: *Treason: Liberal Treachery From the Cold War to the War on Terrorism*. Besides *Slander*, Coulter is best known for her remark after September 11 that "We should invade their [Arab] countries, kill their leaders and convert them to Christianity."

Websites have sprung up devoted to debunking Coulter. It isn't taxing work. Eric Alterman's *What Liberal Media?* is a well-researched rebuttal to Coulter, Bernard Goldberg, Rush Limbaugh and Bill O'Reilly. But don't expect it to climb the charts. No one wants to read about gray areas.

As Coulter's book lost steam, Sean Hannity's *Let Freedom Ring: Winning the War of Liberty Over Liberalism* took its place. Hannity, a protégé of Limbaugh, adopts a loftier tone. But he is no less combative. He considers the left to be "reckless" people "who

loathe and ravage so many of our core values and traditions." By that, he means Christian. James Carville, the last practitioner of Democratic bragging rights, called his best-known book *We're Right, They're Wrong*. Hannity's might have been titled *We're Moral, They're Not*. To establish his street cred, he reports that

his kids sing patriotic songs



and recite the Pledge of Allegiance together. Hannity thinks we can avoid another attack by cracking down on illegal aliens, drilling in the Arctic Wildlife National Reserve and not picking on the president, because he is trying really hard.

When Hannity looks around at the dark state of the world, he sees a single cause: Bill Clinton. "Instead of leading an all-out war against those whose express goal was to murder innocent Americans," writes Hannity, "he wasted precious time and resources fighting with federal prosecutors, federal courts and the Republican Congress—over sins and crimes he'd committed."

Who is he kidding? Clinton and his policies had their faults, but the Re-

publicans led the witch-hunt into a \$200,000 land deal that took seven years and cost taxpayers \$70 million to settle. Republicans made a mountain out of a blow job, but now show no interest in an investigation of Bush's dealings with Harken, or the vice president's secret energy commission.

At times Hannity's prose sounds like a shouting match at a prizefight weigh-in. He recounts an exchange with Michael Moore, author of "the vicious screed" *Stupid White Men*, the best-seller polemic of liberals. Moore questioned FBI priorities. Why, Moore asks, for "three or four years did we have 200 FBI agents investigating the president's zipper?"

"Not his zipper, I shot back. His lying under oath, just to remind you. His lying. He put his hand on a Bible, Michael."

"Let's see," Moore snapped back. "His lying under oath? Or would I rather have had 200 FBI agents finding the terrorists who were planning to kill 3000 people?"

Hannity dismisses Moore's point as pathetic. We thought Moore raised a crucial question. What are the FBI's priorities? Under Bush's leadership, it spent 13 months investigating a New Orleans brothel.

In Hannity's view, Clinton should have known that Osama bin Laden, of all the kooks and terrorists out there, would be the one to lead a spectacular attack against us: "Back in 1996 Sudan actually offered Osama bin Laden to the Clinton-Gore administration on a silver platter. But the administration turned down Sudan's offer and in so doing, let Osama bin Laden slip away to unleash an epoch of evil against us."

Now listen to Hannity on George W.: "Someone leaked to reporters that President Bush had been briefed in August—a month before September 11—that Al Qaeda was planning to hijack American airplanes. There really wasn't much new here. There was no specific information in the briefing as to timing; there was no indication that these planes would be used as guided missiles on our military and civilian targets. The threat was not specific, and there was no way for Bush to have specifically responded to it."

Anyone think Hannity knows the meaning of double standard?



# The STELLA AWARDS

playing lotto with the legal system

**I**n 1992 79-year-old Stella Liebeck spilled a cup of McDonald's coffee on her lap, burning herself. A New Mexico jury awarded her \$2.9 million in damages (later reduced by a judge). Online, the name Stella has become shorthand for an outrageous or ridiculous lawsuit. One site, StellaAwards.com, honors those who spectacularly misuse the legal system. We asked its creator, Randy Cassingham, to share the stories behind some recent honorees:

## SOUR TASTE

In 1993 the FDA approved Pro-pulsid for treatment of a digestive disorder. But based on at least 341 cases of heart rhythm abnormalities that allegedly included 80 deaths, its manufacturer pulled it from the market. Hazel Norton of Rolling Fork, Mississippi read about the problems and stopped taking the drug. She apparently suffered no abnormalities but decided to sue because, she said, "I might get a couple of thousand dollars." Her lawyers suggested she name her doctor, Kirk Kooyer, in the suit so the case would be tried in Mississippi, where juries are known to be hostile to big corporations. When Dr. Kooyer learned about the suit, he decided that he'd had enough. He and his wife, who is also a doctor, moved to North Dakota. The Mississippi State Medical Association says 100 physicians have left in the past year.

## CREDIT BLUNDER

After Wendy Ehringer of Seattle bounced a check, she received notice from a collection agency that she owed \$15.02 for the check, plus \$40 in fees. She sent in a money order for \$55.02. Several months later Associated Credit Service sued her. The company claimed she had been a day or two late sending in the money order, and said it wanted interest on the supposedly late payment—a total of 18 cents. In addition, the agency demanded \$311.26 in legal fees and other costs. Ehringer took her case to Judge Eileen Kato, who threw out the

ACS suit and ordered the agency to pay Ehringer \$500 in damages and \$7800 in legal fees.

## DRUNKEN SLUMBER

After leaving a bar in Teays Valley, West Virginia, an intoxicated Dustin Bailey, 22, crawled under a truck that was idling in front of a pizza parlor. When the driver returned and pulled forward, Bailey was killed. An autop-



sy found his blood-alcohol level nearly twice the legal limit. His mother, Josephine Bailey, believed someone besides her son should be responsible for his death. She filed a lawsuit in Putnam circuit court asking for more than \$350,000 from:

- The corporation that owns Papa John's Pizza, because its restaurant "forced" the truck driver to park on a public street in the way of her son.
- The driver and the truck's owner, Rollins Transportation Systems. The suit says that the driver should have looked under his truck before pulling forward, and he should have shut off the engine when he parked it on the street.

• Rick's Pub, where Bailey had been drinking, and its owner, because the bar should have stopped serving him when he became intoxicated.

The driver discovered the tragedy when two men alerted him that he had hit Bailey. No doubt if Mrs. Bailey finds out who those guys are, she'll sue them too.

## RELATIVE ERROR

In 1994 Nita Bird was brought to the hospital by her daughter, Janice Bird, for what should have been a 20-minute treatment for her ovarian cancer. A doctor apparently nicked an artery during the procedure, which required emergency surgery. Janice and two of her sisters sued the hospital for "negligent infliction of emotional distress," known as NIED in the lawsuit biz—not for distress to their mother but for distress to them while they sat in the waiting room. A judge threw out the case. Had the sisters prevailed, doctors might have been more inclined to keep family members away from treatment areas for fear of causing them distress and being sued.

## LEGAL GAMBLE

Estella Romanski, 73, of Troy, Michigan spied a nickel in the tray of an unattended slot machine at a Detroit casino. She tried to play it, but a security guard stopped her—in most casinos, gamblers can't touch winnings that don't belong to them. The two sides dispute what happened next: The guard says Romanski became belligerent; she says the guard and other security personnel humiliated her. Regardless, security 86ed Romanski, and she sat outside until her tour group left for home. She later sued the casino, demanding \$100,000 for violations of her civil rights. A mediation panel recommended the casino pay Romanski \$17,009.05 (the nickel, plus the \$9 Romanski paid for her bus ticket, plus \$17,000 for "humiliation and aggravation"). Both sides rejected the settlement, and the case has been moved to federal court.



# FORUM

## NEWS FRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

### MAGIC WAND

EVANSVILLE, INDIANA—While undergoing a security screening at the Evansville Regional Airport, a 56-year-old tourist from Paris repeatedly reached inside her



sweater. When suspicious guards began scanning her with a metal-detector wand, she staged an impromptu striptease, removing her sweater, shirt and bra. A police officer attempted to handcuff her, but the tourist dropped to the ground and refused to get up. Her lawyer attributed the incident to the fact that his client doesn't speak much English. A judge ordered the woman to pay a \$2 fine.

### SEX ON THE BRAIN

LOS ANGELES—Do your genitals determine if you're a man or a woman? Don't be so sure. In experiments on mice, scientists at UCLA discovered at least 50 genes in the brain that indicate gender before the genitals form in the womb. Doctors may someday be able to use a blood test to determine the sex of children born with ambiguous genitals. The findings also may explain why some people say they feel trapped in the body of the wrong gender.

### BLIND SITE

MIAMI—Citing the Americans With Disabilities Act, an activist group sued Southwest Airlines because the company's website isn't compatible with screen-reading software used by the blind that turns text

into audio or braille. A judge dismissed the group's lawsuit, ruling that "a public accommodation must be a physical, concrete structure" and not a virtual one. An estimated 1.5 million blind Americans surf the Internet.

### HARD LABOR

PARIS—Although prostitution is legal under French law, hookers are not permitted to actively seek business by calling out or motioning to potential clients. Now the recently elected conservative government has proposed banning "passive soliciting," which it defines as dressing or acting provocatively. In response, over 400 prostitutes took to the streets to protest. Most wore masks and carried signs that read WHORES: NEITHER VICTIMS NOR CRIMINALS and YOU SLEEP WITH US, THEN YOU VOTE AGAINST US. Critics fear that the new law would allow police to arrest a woman if her skirt appears too short. On another front, conservative lawmakers pushed through a law that requires porn producers to pay a 93 percent tax on their profits. They already pay a stiff 66 percent tax.

### MEDICAL REPRIEVE

SAN FRANCISCO—In 1996 California voters approved a law that allows seriously ill patients to use medical marijuana with a doctor's recommendation. But the Drug Enforcement Administration said doctors who recommend marijuana to patients risk losing their licenses to write prescriptions. Last fall a federal court ruled that the DEA cannot make good on its threat because it violates the First Amendment. The court said physicians can get in trouble only if they help a patient buy marijuana.

### PUSHING JESUS

MEDFORD, NEW JERSEY—When a kindergarten teacher asked her students to draw a picture of what they were thankful for, one boy chose Jesus. The teacher displayed his drawing, but it was later removed. A year later, when the boy's first-grade teacher asked the class to read their favorite story in class, he selected a parable from the Bible. His new teacher had the boy read it to her in private. The boy's mother sued the school over the two incidents, claiming religious discrimination and a violation of her son's free speech

rights. Although the school won twice in court, the board of education's insurance company settled the case for \$35,000.

### TOUCH FOUL

LONDON—Police convinced a 15-year-old boy who had snapped the bra straps and smacked the butts of female classmates that his behavior was a crime, not horseplay. To avoid being prosecuted, the boy accepted an official police warning. However, the teenager says he wasn't told that the agreement meant his name would be added to the national Sex Offenders Register. The boy's father pleaded with a court to remove his son's name, saying it had made him the subject of ridicule and destroyed his chances of joining the military.

### FIELD TEST

LONDON—The German condom maker Condomi wanted to make a splash while introducing its products to the UK, so it put out a call for college students who were willing to be field testers. Hoping to generate enough interest to fill 100 spots, the company bought ads that asked, "Want to get paid to have sex?" Its online application asked students to describe their most embarrassing sexual experience and indi-



cate how long they have sex and which person they'd most like to "do." Within a week Condomi had received 10,173 responses. The students chosen as testers will receive free condoms and earn 100 pounds (about \$150) per term.





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## PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

## COLIN FARRELL

*a candid conversation with hollywood's next big deal about casual sex, condoms, circumcision, heroin, more sex, ecstasy, porn and, oh yes, pussy*

You can assume one thing about an actor who chats unapologetically about his tangles with prostitutes, the celebrity images he masturbates to, drugs he's sampled, why he's happy about his foreskin and his best guess as to his co-star's sexual orientation: He's not an American. Colin Farrell is a straightforward Irish guy's guy—he swears a lot, chain-smokes and is frighteningly generous when answering questions about his personal life and career. His performance as a hell-raising Vietnam recruit in *Tigerland* won comparisons to such badasses as Marlon Brando and Jack Nicholson. Now he's on-screen with Al Pacino in the CIA thriller *The Recruit* and plays the villain in *Daredevil*, a comic-book adaptation that pits him against Ben Affleck. He'll also be in *Phone Booth*, a controversial (and much-delayed) movie about a sniper.

Farrell, 26, is still the new kid in Hollywood, but he's already being paid a reported \$8 million to star opposite Samuel L. Jackson in a red-blooded action flick based on the Seventies TV series *SWAT*.

Farrell worried his mother sick with his carousing, bombed out of school at 17, then lit out to Australia, wild and disorderly, for a year. He returned to Ireland for a stint in drama school but dropped out in 1997 when he won his first movie role in the made-in-

Ireland drama *Drinking Crude*. By the following year, he was a homegrown TV sitcom hero on the hit *Ballykissangel*, which led to a small role in *The War Zone*, actor Tim Roth's 1999 directorial debut. In London, Kevin Spacey was so impressed with Farrell in a stage role as an autistic teen that he recommended him to the director of the 2000 film *Ordinary Decent Criminal*. That gig landed him an American agent and, soon after, the lead in Joel Schumacher's *Tigerland* and the WWII prison camp movie *Hart's War*, in which he starred as a lieutenant alongside Bruce Willis. Many reviewers said he stole the show from Tom Cruise in Steven Spielberg's *Minority Report* last summer.

We sent **Stephen Rebello** to meet Farrell for drinks at his hotel in Santa Monica to find out how he's adjusting to being the "next big thing."

**PLAYBOY:** Room service just brought you six cold bottles of beer. We're sitting on the terrace of your hotel room because it's a nonsmoking floor and you want a cigarette. This isn't typical health-conscious Los Angeles behavior.

**FARRELL:** I have two fucking beers at lunchtime in Los Angeles and I've got an edge all of a sudden. Two beers at lunch and, suddenly, you're a "drinker." I un-

derstand the obsession in Hollywood. It's a hard fucking town. So much importance is placed on the physical, the image, how you're doing in life. Salads are huge here. Sushi is huge. It's not how much love you have in your life, it's how much money you get paid. Bottled water is huge. For women, it's the French manicured nails and the Brazilian bikini wax, the one that gives you the landing-strip pussy. It's not for me.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel out of place here?

**FARRELL:** I was with my brother at the Chateau Marmont the other night; it's about two in the morning and we're having a couple of margaritas. We're fucking steaming drunk from drinking all day, and three guys, 30 to 40 years old, sit down at the table beside us. When the gorgeous little Filipino barman comes over and says to them, "Would you guys like anything?" one of them says, "You know what? I think I'll have a large Pellegrino, please." I swear to fuck, I'm not one for going, "Come on, man, drink more—do shots!" but then the other guy with him went, "I'll have one of those as well, actually," and the third guy says, "You know what? That sounds really good. Make it three Pellegrinos—large." At two in the morning, how the fuck can



"I have two fucking beers at lunchtime in Los Angeles and I've got an edge all of a sudden. Two beers at lunch and, suddenly, you're a 'drinker.' Salads are huge here. Sushi is huge. Bottled water is huge. It's not for me."



"I see no fucking harm in people enjoying each other's bodies. I've always been a firm believer that casual sex is a fucking good thing. There is far too much fun to be derived from it for it to be anything but good."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVIO ROSE

"I have never been with a prostitute that I haven't been completely polite to and just treated like a fucking human being. There is safety in getting a high-class hooker who's going to keep her fucking mouth shut."



a bottle of water sound really good? I understand it's a health-conscious city, but life's too short.

**PLAYBOY:** Does your being a chain-smoker alienate you, too?

**FARRELL:** My brother and I were having a cigarette outside a hotel when a woman got out of a car with two little boys, six or seven years old. One of the little fellows looked up at my brother and me smoking and said to his mother, "What's the fire those guys have in their hands?" I shit you not. His mother said, "Oh, nothing. That's bad, bad." She was right. It is bad. But he had never seen a fucking cigarette at six or seven. Isn't that amazing?

**PLAYBOY:** Your fingers are pretty scraped up. Are you now or have you ever been a brawler?

**FARRELL:** Last night I was opening a bottle of fucking beer but couldn't get the top off and my fingers slipped. In my younger years in school, I scrapped, yeah. I remember my mother getting a report when I was very young, which she still has: "Colin is getting in too many fights."

**PLAYBOY:** What were you fighting about? Bullies? Girl troubles?

**FARRELL:** Girl trouble, for me, is when you fall in love—that's fucking girl trouble. If you have a bad lay, that's not girl trouble. A girl not returning your phone calls or spreading rumors about you, that's not girl trouble, just a pain in the ass. But to fall in love—that's girl trouble.

**PLAYBOY:** When did you first get into that kind of trouble?

**FARRELL:** I was 16 when I fell in love with a girl named Amelia, who came from this big Portuguese family we were friendly with in Castleknock. Her two brothers, Tony and Chico, are still my best friends, and Amelia married another of my best mates. Am I painting a fucking picture of Dublin as an incestuous fucking place? Because it is. She was the real deal for me. But this one Halloween, I'd gotten into a bit of a skirmish at school and the next day I heard that 20 blokes were looking for me. I was already not getting on great in school, and boarding school had been suggested, so I thought, Fuck it, I'll go to boarding school for a while and get out of Dodge.

**PLAYBOY:** Did that put a damper on you and Amelia?

**FARRELL:** I was in love with her and besotted by her. I'm so soft about these things. I found it very hard because I only saw her once a week, on Sunday. I wanted to spend every second with her, but I was in boarding school with a bunch of fucking dudes, playing table tennis and bartering for fucking bottles of Coke.

**PLAYBOY:** Was she the first sexual experience you had?

**FARRELL:** No, my first was with an Australian woman. I had this friend in school who was a big e-head. I used to be a fucking e-head. I used to smoke fucking puppies like they were fucking candy for

two or three years in the Dublin club scene and got completely into it. You'd be fucking doing 15 of these a weekend, and you might pop them on Wednesday as well. It was your scene. It was really a way of life, not a weekend-warrior thing. The mates you were hanging out with were all fucking e-heads.

**PLAYBOY:** So you're saying ecstasy played a part in your losing your virginity?

**FARRELL:** I had a really good mate, Eliot, who was a huge fucking drinker, popping back Guinnesses to beat the band. He knew I was a fucking e-head, and he'd always say, "You're with all them fucking wankers doing pills, you fucking tosser. Who the fuck do you think you are? Why don't you have a fucking drink?" I said, "We still drink. I tell you what. Some night I'll go out with you and I'll fucking do what you do and someday you'll go out and do what I do." So one night we went to the club I'd always gone to, a gay club in Dublin called Shaft. After one or two A.M., when the other places closed down, Shaft became gay, straight, whatever. We went there and danced into the wee hours.

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*I love porn movies. They're great fun. I've been buying porn since I was 14 and found a shop in London. I was like, "Oh my God—sex is everywhere. This is great."*

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**PLAYBOY:** With each other?

**FARRELL:** It was close on the floor, but there was no gyrating—or geez, he would have started throwing fists. There would have been killings. It was about four A.M. and Eliot was nearly comatose, so I put him in a taxi and sent him home because I'd met this Australian woman who was 36 and had basically said to me, "Do you want to come back to my house and fuck?" We went to her place and were lying on her bed kissing and she opened a bottle of champagne—which I fucking hate. But I took a sip, and as I did, she reached under the bed and pulled out a wicker basket with about 400 condoms in it—different flavors, colors, ribbed. She said, "Pick one," and I said to myself, "I am in fucking trouble here."

**PLAYBOY:** And were you?

**FARRELL:** For about four hours straight. I thought I'd found the holy fucking grail.

**PLAYBOY:** Which condom did you choose?

**FARRELL:** Oh, God, I didn't choose anything, fucking idiot that I was.

**PLAYBOY:** Was that the first time that you thought you might have a way with the ladies?

**FARRELL:** I still haven't figured that out. I

know I'm a fairly fucking affable bloke and all, but that doesn't always equal charm or a ticket into a woman's pants. Sometimes you just end up being "the nice guy" or "cute." I remember being 14 in summer school and fancying the fuck out of this beautiful blonde bird named Lisa. I looked like I was 12 years old with a baby face. I remember asking one of her mates to put in a good word for me and she came back with, "She thinks you're really cute, but you're just not her type." Fucking bastards. I have never from that day forth felt I had any great understanding of how to charm women or anything like that. But I've done OK.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you say that you were precocious?

**FARRELL:** I didn't start too early, though I caught up pretty quick. I see no fucking harm at all in people enjoying each other's bodies in a two- or three-hour or 20-minute period. Two people in a bathroom in a nightclub when they both know what they're doing and are both fucking enjoying it—if it's on those terms, even the sleaziness of doing it in a bathroom or someone's hotel room can be one of the funniest things. I've always been a firm believer that casual sex is a fucking good thing. There is far too much fun to be derived from it for it to be anything but good. Just put a fucking hat on.

**PLAYBOY:** Which you've done ever since the Australian woman who had the 400 condoms?

**FARRELL:** One gets drunk and one is a fucking dickhead from time to time. We all forget. But I try, all the time.

**PLAYBOY:** If you were to start your own line of condoms, what would you name it?

**FARRELL:** Don't Forget.

**PLAYBOY:** Is your success rate with women better since you've become well known?

**FARRELL:** It's easier for me to get laid in Los Angeles, for sure. When I first came here three years ago, I put myself up at the Holiday Inn in Santa Monica and used to go on my own each night to the Third Street Promenade. Some nights I'd come home on my own, some nights I would come home with a girl, some nights with a room full of fucking strangers and we'd get pissed and stoned and have a laugh. Those were great times, particularly because anyone who was nice to me or gave me the time of day was doing it because they wanted to. They were either bored or lonely like I was. They laughed at my jokes because they thought I was actually funny. Now the lines are crossed. Are people treating you the way they are because of your name or position, whatever that may be? I'm a good judge of character. I can look into someone's eyes—I hope I'm not being too naive—and know if they're a good or bad fucking egg.

**PLAYBOY:** Have your pickup lines changed much since those Holiday Inn days?



**FARRELL:** I wish I had something like, "Shall I phone you or just nudge you for breakfast in the morning?" That kind of shit. I'm not very good at chatting up or making my way over to someone and going, "Hey." If I'm introduced to someone and the conversation progresses, fine. Next thing, an hour later, I could be saying, "Do you want to go have fucking dinner or drinks or whatever?" I'm a fucking nerd when it comes to that shit, man, like fucking approaching women and stuff. I leave that to my mates.

**PLAYBOY:** What makes you most aware of the differences between Irish girls and American girls?

**FARRELL:** Fucking Brazilian bikini wax, for a start. I ate a lot of pussy at home, but I never saw a vagina until I came here; they were well covered at home. Girls are not as hugely into grooming at home as they are here, which is not a fucking problem at all—just different flavors of the same lollipop. In Ireland, there's not so much importance placed on the physical appearance referencing what someone is like as a human being. In Ireland, the birds are all clean—it's just that a lot of them have big, hairy pussies. In Ireland, we think that to have the prettiest toes in the world and the most beautifully groomed pussy does not an interesting, generous, intelligent person make.

**PLAYBOY:** Any other major differences?

**FARRELL:** Irish women are very strong compared with American women. A lot of them have tongues like serpents. Irish girls are great fun. They drink all night and fucking get pissed out of their minds. And if they want to have a row with you, they do. There is a good bit of casual sex and the girls are seldom the ones being abused or misused. They're just getting off you what you want to get off them. So I love the fucking society there. A one-night stand did never a bad person make.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you find American women fascinated by an uncircumcised penis?

**FARRELL:** They are kind of fucking fascinated with a foreskin, aren't they? In Ireland, at birth we don't get the top of our fucking knobs chopped off. I fucking completely disagree with that. People say, "It's much cleaner to have no foreskin." What, have you never heard of a fucking shower? Of Q-Tips? Whatever way you want to do it, just clean the fucking thing. I was at a party with about 20 people, one of them an agent from CAA, when somehow the subject of foreskins came up. She said, "I just don't understand a foreskin. I've never seen one." So I whipped out my dick and said, "Here, that's all it is. A bit of skin." I did a little *Puppetry of the Penis* thing and showed her what it was about. You would have thought she was at a circus the way she was looking at me.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do actors and prostitutes seem to make good bedfellows?

**FARRELL:** It's really as fucking simple as sometimes I don't want to go to a bar and get to know someone because I know all I'm looking for is the simple act of sexual intimacy. It's like ordering a fucking pizza. Someone comes around, you spend an hour, you have a smoke with them afterward. It's a harmless interaction. I have never been with a prostitute that I haven't been completely polite to and just treated like a fucking human being. I'm not a great man for degradation.

**PLAYBOY:** No leather, whips, clamps, chains and dungeons?

**FARRELL:** Not yet, but I'm young. I've got time. I've just got to get that particular phone number.

**PLAYBOY:** You're not wary of a hooker going straight to the tabloids about you?

**FARRELL:** There is safety in the idea of getting a high-class hooker who's going to keep her fucking mouth shut. You do whatever you want to do behind closed doors, and they don't become involved or embroiled in your personal life. I'm very fucking flippant with all that shit. I could really give a fuck what people say about me. If there were an article about me in the newspaper saying "Irish actor found with prostitute in LA hotel," my mother wouldn't say, "I can't believe you did that." She would say, "Did you pay by check or fucking cash? Is





there a paper record?" She knows I'm not a bad fucking guy.

**PLAYBOY:** In 2001 you and actress Amelia Warner were married for approximately four months. How did that affect you?

**FARRELL:** It was tough. Being in love and then finding yourself not in love as you once were, for me, was a fucking jagged little pill. I couldn't understand it. I couldn't understand how I felt different. I'm not going to talk about her, though. Just respect that. Being in love is tough and it's gorgeous and I'd do it all over again.

**PLAYBOY:** How did Hollywood impress you when you were growing up?

**FARRELL:** I was always influenced by it—Steve McQueen, Brando, Clift. Ernest Borgnine I've seen in I don't know how many fucking movies. I think I was eight or nine when I had a fucking mad thing for Marilyn Monroe. When I saw her movies, I'd just never seen anything like her. I fell madly in love with her and she was actually the first woman I ever fell in love with. I used to leave Smarties, the Irish equivalent of M&M's, under my pillow with a little note saying, "I know you're dead, but these are very fucking tasty and you should come and have a few. I won't tell anyone." I'd get pissed off every night when I'd go up to bed and the fucking Smarties would still be there. I couldn't figure out why Marilyn didn't just want to take one of my fucking Smarties.

**PLAYBOY:** Why Marilyn in particular?

**FARRELL:** Even as a kid, you could look at her on-screen, look into her eyes, her face and see how sweet, insecure, gentle, weak and maybe afraid she was of the whole thing while embracing it with big open arms. Mix that up with the boldness, the dirtiness of her character, the hips, the walk on her, that she was the dirtiest fucking ride and had the fragility of a bird with a fucking clipped wing—I mean, that would break a man's heart every time.

**PLAYBOY:** Was she a sexual fantasy for you?

**FARRELL:** Did I ever wank to her? Yeah, I would have, but I would usually just fucking whack off to calendar and magazine girls. Marilyn was more a kind of a dream, an idea I would have while lying on my back thinking fucking romantic thoughts. But for wanking material, you'd always go to trashy mags. I used to whack off to Naomi Campbell. I went though a year of where I couldn't get her out of my mind. I'd think of her and just be touching myself.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you met her since?

**FARRELL:** I have, yeah, but I haven't told her. There was Linda Fiorentino, too. I used to fucking whack off to her, especially in *The Last Seduction*. When I met her, I told her.

**PLAYBOY:** How did that go?

**FARRELL:** She quite liked the idea. I didn't get a slap in the face, so I think she took

it as all right.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever called a phone sex line?

**FARRELL:** Christ Jesus, yeah man, and they're terrible fucking things. When I was about 16 or 17, I remember calling them from the downstairs living room of my parents' house, trying to whack off. When it didn't work, I had to hang up, go upstairs, grab a fucking porno mag and finish it off with that. You'd want to be in some kind of funky place in your head for a sex line to get you off, knowing you're probably talking to some bird with a cigarette dangling out of her mouth, filing her nails and looking nothing like she's saying she looks. I never really got off on the fucking thing.

**PLAYBOY:** What about porn movies?

**FARRELL:** Yeah, I love porn movies. I always have. They're great, great fun. I've been buying porn movies since I was 14 and found a shop in London and then went to Soho for the first time. I was like, "Oh, my God—sex everywhere. This is great." I thought I was in heaven.

**PLAYBOY:** Any favorite titles, either past or present?

**FARRELL:** No, they're in constant rotation.

**PLAYBOY:** You grew up in a fairly cushy Dublin suburb called Castleknock. What sort of trouble did you get into there?

**FARRELL:** Just the usual little bits and pieces that kids get involved in—you know, dabbling in a couple of substances I shouldn't have been doing or getting caught smoking joints, stealing a couple of cans of Coke and 10 packs of cigarettes from a shop. I got arrested for drunk driving and spent a night in the clanger. The typical clichéd growing-up things.

**PLAYBOY:** When did you start dabbling in illegal substances?

**FARRELL:** I think I was 14. The first time was at a friend's house and we had made a concoction of fucking booze—Cointreau, gin, vodka—put it in a tankard and got sick as fucking dogs. Then, my friend's brother came home with this lump of fucking brown stuff. We knew it was hash and, at 14, oh the fear it gave you that you were, for all intents and purposes, smoking heroin. Anyway, he put the hash in a Bic pen, burned it, and we sucked it and were out of our fucking minds. But I probably didn't start buying hash until I was about 15 or so.

**PLAYBOY:** Where did you get your money back then?

**FARRELL:** I worked in bits and pieces. I was the youngest of four kids and my mother was always fucking great. She let me get away with murder. I come from real working-class stock. My mom's dad was a chauffeur—and I'm not talking about a fucking stretch limo, either, but a nice Bentley or a Jaguar. My mom's mom made all the kids' school uniforms in the parlor of the house. Eventually, my father did very well for himself with various jobs, although he didn't start out

like that. We're a very simple family. We work hard and we play hard. We like to drink and have a good time. I don't come from stock that sits around breaking things down and analyzing life that much.

**PLAYBOY:** Your father, Eamonn, and your Uncle Tommy were well-known football players for the Shamrock Rovers in the Sixties. Did you have to live up to that or live it down?

**FARRELL:** Geez, I wish I had a fucking penny for every time I said to someone in a bar, "My dad's Eamonn Farrell and he used to play for the Shamrock Rovers," and they didn't know what the fuck I was talking about. It wasn't like he was a major superstar, but within the right circles, at certain pubs and certain areas of Dublin, you'd go in and the old guys would have seen him play football live in a crowd of 40,000. I have a big scrapbook of newspaper clippings and his jersey with three shamrocks on the back, in mothballs.

**PLAYBOY:** How has your mother, Rita, shaped your life?

**FARRELL:** With strong fucking hands. She is a firm believer in whatever fucking makes you happy. She instilled in us all the idea that we could be whatever we wanted to be if we did it for the right reason, out of love or complete hunger for that thing. She'd say she wanted me to be a lawyer, but at the end of the day, you've got to live with yourself. It doesn't matter if you've got a big fucking car and you're getting invited to all the fucking charity balls in the world if you're not happy.

**PLAYBOY:** You had a hard time in school and got booted out at 17. What was the big offense?

**FARRELL:** I wasn't going to many classes, I was taking three-hour lunches and getting caught with my friend Eliot and all the lads in the pool hall having a couple of pints, then going back to class. I'm sure people could smell the beer off our breath. The last school I was in was particularly strict, really a bunch of fascists. They had security cameras in the fucking study hall and we'd wire ourselves with our stereos, put our hands over our ears and go to sleep. A study supervisor grabbed me one day and I threw him up against the wall, saying, "If you ever touch me again, I'll rip your fucking head off." I'll never forget packing my bags and walking out of the school feeling like a fucking rock star. I'd been fucking looking forward to getting kicked out of school for a long time.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you ever worry you'd never find your way?

**FARRELL:** I was never really worried about it, though my mother worried about it for years. I mean, I never really knew I'd fucking be sitting up here on the balcony of a fine hotel, having a drink with you and knowing in the morning I'm going back to shooting a movie with Samuel L.



Jackson. But I knew I would be all right.

**PLAYBOY:** What happened when you told your father you wanted to be an actor?

**FARRELL:** He laughed hard and he laughed long, and he said, "What do you want to be, a fucking play actor?" Then the first paycheck came in, and he slapped me on the back and said, "That was a great idea, son." My mother was, from day one, "Well, if that's what you want to do, try it." I had been depressed, just up and down and all over the place. My mother was a nervous wreck. Apart from acting being a big thing for me, it was kind of a relief for her because I'd found something that I actually liked, that I could throw my energy into.

**PLAYBOY:** Success found you pretty quickly.

**FARRELL:** I had four or five great years over there, you know? I was lucky enough to work in Dublin with great actors and on some TV shows. It was like a day job. I'd go to work at eight A.M., shoot the show *Ballykissangel*, we'd wrap at five or six, I would come home at the same time the lads had finished installing kitchens and working in the clothes shop and we'd all go to the pub. It wasn't like a big "Wow, you're an actor, man" type affair.

**PLAYBOY:** Any problems for you appearing naked on camera in *Tigerland*?

**FARRELL:** There were just two girls, two boys, three crew members and Joel. We were all just sitting around naked as fuck, having a laugh. It was not a very sexy environment, man. They say the camera puts on 10 pounds. Not in the fucking nether region. I had a dick like a cashew nut, man. If I could walk around naked all the time, though, I would. The first thing I do when I come home is rip off all the clothes and just plop myself into bed. Not a fucking problem, man.

**PLAYBOY:** Tom Cruise was your co-star in *Minority Report*. What was he like?

**FARRELL:** Extreme positivity. Tom was fucking great on the set to all the actors, the crew. You know all that bullshit about extras not being allowed to look at him? That's a load of fucking wank. He was generous. Obviously ambitious and very strong and very, very competitive. But really, a very generous fellow.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you two pal around?

**FARRELL:** I wouldn't have seen that in a million years. I really had a good time with him, but I don't know him. I mean, he's Tom Cruise. He's got so much going on in his life. I never got to have a drink with him, but why the fuck would he?

**PLAYBOY:** How many of your friends in Ireland asked you if he was gay?

**FARRELL:** Quite a few of them. It was one of the first things that they asked.

**PLAYBOY:** What'd you tell them?

**FARRELL:** I said, "I don't think so," and I stand by that. Who knows what goes on behind fucking closed doors? But if I were to bet my life on whether he was gay or not, I wouldn't think twice. I would go, "I'll bet my life he's not," and I firmly believe he's not. Look, I've met fucking guys who are straighter than me and tougher than me who suck cock. There's a guy in Dublin who is so effeminate and extremely camp it's hilarious, yet he's a very happy, heterosexual married man with two kids. There's no rhyme or reason to it.

**PLAYBOY:** You made *Hart's War* with Bruce Willis in Prague. Is it true Willis seldom knew his lines?

**FARRELL:** He learns them—he just fucks them up a lot. But that's funny, and you slag him about it. He's just like me. Prague is a mad, mad city. Man, there's fucking darkness to be found in that place. I couldn't wait to get out and I will never go back.

**PLAYBOY:** You've worked and continue to work with some very big names. If you were having a really bad night, is there anyone you would call?

**FARRELL:** Pacino. I wouldn't think twice about picking up the phone. I shot *The Recruit* with him in Toronto and sometimes he would have to stay over at the Four Seasons. We'd race out to the fucking bar and have dinner and talk about the scenes, or we'd just shoot the shit. He was fucking great with me—



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completely generous, funny and quirky. He's just a fucking genuine dude, and I had all the time in the world for him. He used to call me "Kid," like, "Hey, how you doing, kid?" and I nearly got a fucking boner every time he said it, you know? Moments like sitting at the Four Seasons with Pacino improvising because the scene we're doing the next day isn't as fleshed out as it should be—that's when I think, How the fuck did I ever get here? Didn't finish school. Was told I'd be fucking nothing. Told in drama school I mumble too much and wouldn't work, and here I'm sitting with Michael Corleone, Scarface. God, that's amazing. I am a lucky little cock.

**PLAYBOY:** In another one of your new movies, *Daredevil*, you play the villain Bullseye, a man with deadly aim, to Ben Affleck's blind, acrobatic superhero. How did that go?

**FARRELL:** That was just a case of "Check your subtlety at the door." It's very large, man. I might be ridiculously over-the-top in this one. How could I do character research to play Bullseye? Walk down Third Street in Santa Monica trying to kill people with fucking safety pins? You just have to go for it. Be large and bask in the fact that you're allowed to do it, for once.

**PLAYBOY:** Any tales of superhero-supervillain bonding between you and Ben Affleck?

**FARRELL:** I only saw him on the set and he's a really lovely fucking dude. I did not get to know him very well at all, but I thought he was dead-on. I did one big fight scene with him and that was good fun. He's a big fucker, as well—six-foot-four or something.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever felt electricity with a female co-star?

**FARRELL:** Bridget Moynahan is an amazing fucking woman. I had a great time working with her on *The Recruit*—and I'm not even talking about chemistry, because nothing happened between us and she's been with a dude for four years, happily. She's beautiful, strong as an ox, knows who she is and she's bold as brass—brazen, yet she's also as fucking soft and sweet as they come. Working with actresses doesn't get much better than the experience I had working with Bridget Moynahan.

**PLAYBOY:** Which actresses are on your "must work with" list?

**FARRELL:** I love Angelina Jolie's work. I think she has an amazing ability to get under the skin of characters and do her thing. I would love to work with her and, obviously, with Halle Berry, whom I've had a crush on since I was about 12. She seems lovely, a sweet girl.

**PLAYBOY:** Does she know how you feel about her?

**FARRELL:** I met Halle when I was up in Toronto on the set of *X-Men*, but I had four cold sores on my lip and felt like a two-year-old. I kept my hand over my mouth, saying, "It was really nice to meet you. Really nice to meet you." Oh, it was terrible. I'm not afraid of telling

shit. Cocaine would be the road to ruin for me.

**PLAYBOY:** Because you'd like it too much?

**FARRELL:** Yeah, I'd get addicted. A great friend of mine in Dublin is a driver on films and all he said to me was, "When you get to Hollywood, if I ever hear you're on that white powder, I'll fucking rip your head off." He's dead right, because he knows I'm as bold as brass.

**PLAYBOY:** And what about heroin?

**FARRELL:** Heroin's fine in moderation.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there anything else that scares you?

**FARRELL:** Commercial fucking airplanes. I hate flying. I get sweaty palms, I hear every fucking noise. I usually get out of my head and just go unconscious or start

tripping. My sister hates flying with me because I end up doing too much Dramamine or sleeping pills that I mix with booze so I don't know anything that's going on. It's a big fucking train flying through the air and I hate it. I find it the most unnatural fucking thing in the world.

[A helicopter flies overhead] There's a fucking disaster waiting to happen.

**PLAYBOY:** What would you be doing right now if you were in Ireland?

**FARRELL:** I'd be drinking pints of Carlsberg. I genuinely miss the normality of going up to the fucking pub at seven or eight every evening, having five or six pints and carrying on the same conversations for 15 fucking years with the same mates, laughing about stupid shit. A

lot of people here work their asses off during the week and go fucking bananas on weekends. We work our asses off as well, but every weeknight, we go and have a few pints with a dinner of lasagna or some fucking chips, fucking chicken Kiev or a big steak with some fucking sautéed onions. I miss that, big time.

**PLAYBOY:** You grew up far from the troubles that have plagued Northern Ireland for so long. Still, you must have taken a stand on the issue.

**FARRELL:** In an ideal world, it would be nice for Ireland to be one country because it's such a pretty fucking island. But I don't live up there, so it's not about me. It was never on my porch, never on my front doorstep. But it would affect

(concluded on page 157)



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her. Maybe she reads **PLAYBOY**. I'm sure her husband does.

**PLAYBOY:** Clearly you enjoy a good drink. Can you work with a buzz on?

**FARRELL:** I've never had a buzz on and worked. I've dealt with hangovers during work. Bad ones. And I've worked with them. It gives you a little something else to fight against, a little something to play off of. I did a community play once in a park in Sydney, Australia for kids, not a professional theater, and I was stoned out of my head from reefer. I'll never fucking do it again. I was just freaked. I could hear every word coming out of my mouth. I couldn't spit out the words fast enough.

**PLAYBOY:** Does coke scare you?

**FARRELL:** I wouldn't touch that fucking



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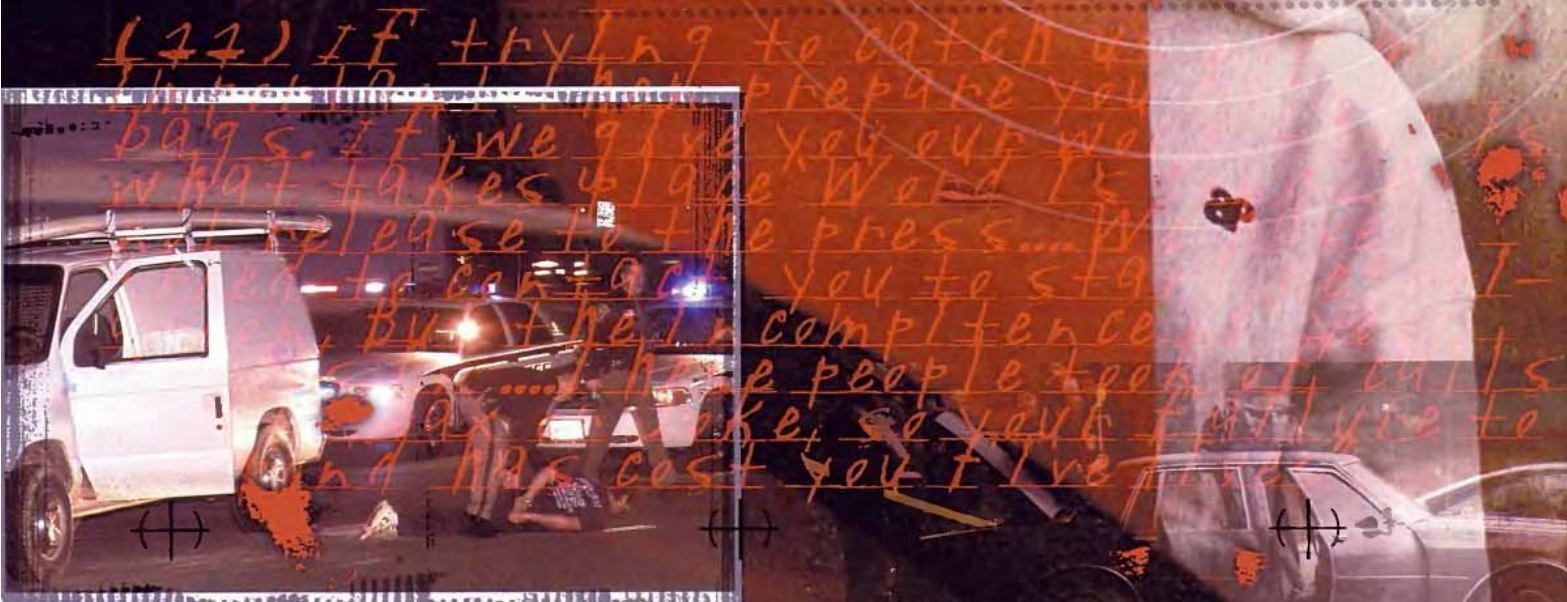
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# IN A ROOM with MADNESS

for **23** days the low-tech  
**d.c. snipers**  
made fools of the  
washington police  
*here's the cops' side of the story*

article by **BRIAN J. KAREM**  
and **CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO**

IT IS FIRST THING in the morning and the smell of cut grass is in the air. Along Rockville Pike, the drone of James "Sonny" Buchanan's Lawn-Boy blends in with the sounds of passing cars. A former landscaper, Buchanan, 39, mows the lawn outside the Fitzgerald Auto Mall as a favor to one of his longtime customers, Dottie Fitzgerald. Every week or so, he makes the five-hour drive from his home in Virginia to suburban Maryland and sleeps in his van to get an early start. The sun already feels warm and strong.

Nearby, 54-year-old Premkumar Walekar decides to make an early day of it to take advantage of the weather. Walekar, a cab driver and a native of India, forgoes his usual routine. Instead of picking up his wife at Montgomery General Hospital, he heads to work.

In another part of Montgomery County, Sarah Ramos readies herself for a bus ride to a Connecticut Avenue stop, where her boss will pick her up and take her to her job.

And farther down the road, Lori Ann Lewis-Rivera gets set to drive her Village Voyager to a Shell gas station to clean it.

After a year of often chilling news, they, like other residents of the county, are getting used to living with low-level anxiety. The attack on the Pentagon, anthrax in the mail, unseen terrorists with unmade dirty bombs and now the possibility of war with Iraq—the headlines cloud the mood of some locals, many of whom work in government. For those who hear it, the brief mention on local news radio station WTOP that morning about James D. Martin only adds to the jitters. The night before, Martin had been shot in the chest while crossing a parking lot at the Shoppers Food Warehouse in nearby Wheaton. There are few clues in the slaying. It seems more like a D.C. drive-by shooting than anything else. But on the morning of October 3, 2002, a bullet from the same gun that killed Martin is about to cut down another victim and tear a hole in everyone's sense of security.



**We understand that hearing us say this is important to you.**

**-POLICE CHIEF CHARLES MOOSE**



## »»»» SNIPERS TRAIL



**OCTOBER 3, 2002, 7:41 A.M.:** Outside the auto dealership, Sonny Buchanan rides his mower down to a strip of grass near the curb. As he stops to take a sip of water, a sound like an explosion blasts through the air. A Fitzgerald employee hears the noise and instinctively drops to the ground. Something is wrong with Buchanan. He stumbles toward the dealership, grabs at a wound in his chest and struggles for air. He runs along a fence in the rear and through a gate—a distance of about 200 feet—before he collapses. Fitzgerald service director Al Briggs sees blood on Buchanan and rushes to him. He is bleeding profusely, and Briggs and his co-workers don't dare move him. Briggs puts his hand on Sonny's shoulder and says, "Help is on the way," even though he knows the man is already gone. Someone calls 911: "This guy with a lawn mower did something, man; it chopped him up, he's bleeding real bad; he's down and out." When medics arrive, they discover an entry wound in his back. Buchanan has been shot.

**OCTOBER 3, 8:12 A.M.:** About five miles away from where Buchanan was working, Premkumar Walekar, the cabbie from Bombay, stops at a Mobil gas station. He buys some Juicy Fruit gum, a lottery ticket and \$5 worth of gas. He is pumping gas into his cab when there is another explosion. To mechanic Alex Millhouse, it sounds like a car backfiring, one quite close. Walekar clutches his side. Blood streams through his fingers and onto the concrete. He leans against a nearby minivan, asks the driver to call an ambulance and then falls down. Corporal Paul Kukucka of the Montgomery County Police Department is first on the scene. Soon he is on the

THEY MADE UP THE RULES TO THE GAME, OWNED THE BOARD AND HELD ALL THE PIECES.





radio. Within minutes, the cops listening at headquarters and on car scanners realize what's happening—that a strange act of vandalism (a shot fired into a Michaels craft store the day before), the long-range killing at Shoppers Food Warehouse and the slaying of the cabbie are linked. And things are about to get worse.

**OCTOBER 3, 8:37 A.M.:** While Montgomery County Police Chief Charles Moose and his commanders are rushing to help Officer Kukucka, Sarah Ramos steps off her bus and takes a seat on a bench outside a Crisp and Juicy chicken restaurant in a strip mall near Leisure World, a retirement community. She opens a book. Moments later she, too, is dead, killed by a single shot to the head, fired from a distance. When cops pull into the shopping center, they gather witnesses. One of them is a Spanish-speaking worker. A translator is summoned and arrives within a few minutes. Cops later say there are obstacles to obtaining specifics, but come away with a description of a vehicle that may have something to do with the shooting: a white Isuzu or Mitsubishi box truck with black lettering on the side and a damaged liftgate. The description of the white truck is transmitted over police radio, and Chief Moose and his staff are briefed at the Mobil station.

**OCTOBER 3, 9:58 A.M.:** Lori Ann Lewis-Rivera is vacuuming her minivan. And then, suddenly, she is on the ground, unconscious, with blood coming out of her nose and mouth. Police have another trauma to add to the list.

By midday the national media are focused on Montgomery County. Coverage of the killings played incessantly on TV. In less than two and a half hours four people had been gunned down at long range by a sniper. Police had no suspects and no idea if the rampage was

over. The D.C. area was more panicked than after the assault on the Pentagon the previous year. Walekar's daughter learns of her father's death when she sees his cab on TV. Chief Moose's wife, away on a trip, is surprised to hear the news and immediately flies back home. Meanwhile, police set up at one shooting scene only to be called to another.

*Corporal Rob Moroney, Maryland State Police:* "We had almost nothing to go on. It was stressful and frustrating—particularly when you have the media calling us."

*Local investigator #1* (some members of law enforcement chose to speak anonymously out of fear of jeopardizing the upcoming trial): "I was confused. I thought at first that I was being directed to the wrong place. Then it dawned on me we had more than one shooting. To tell you the truth, I was a little scared. I wasn't prepared for anything like that."

From the start, Chief Moose struggles with the enormity of the situation and the impact the attacks have on the national psyche. He establishes a command post at the Korean Baptist Church on Aspen Hill Road and stays until midnight, alternately meeting with his officers and the press. He downplays the possibility that the shootings are terrorist attacks.

The handful of homicide investigators assigned to the case recommend bringing in the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms to check ballistics. Moose agrees. News of a white truck seen by a witness at Leisure World is released to the press. "Personally, I doubt it," a detective says. "You know how many white trucks there are in this area? Everybody has one. It's just a coincidence." Another says, "We got nothing. No witnesses, no motive and no idea what we're looking at. This guy is dangerous, very dangerous. He's not done, either." Emotions run high about the cruel and painful deaths suffered by the victims, particularly among witnesses. Detectives console colleagues like Kukucka, who held the dying cabbie in his arms. Brooklyn-born Rich Tyner, a shipping clerk at Fitzgerald Auto Mall, has a line worthy of the *New York Post*: "If I had been there 20 seconds earlier, I don't know whether I could have helped him, but I would have chased those sons of bitches to the ends of the earth."

*Captain Nancy Demme,*

## SNIPER RAW DATA

NUMBER OF SNIPER HOMICIDES FROM 1976 TO 2002: **514**

SNIPER SHOOTINGS ARE **TWICE AS LIKELY** AS HOMICIDES TO REMAIN UNSOLVED.

POLICE AVERAGE ABOUT A **60 PERCENT** SUCCESS RATE SOLVING SNIPER HOMICIDES.

THE NATIONAL AVERAGE FOR SOLVING ALL HOMICIDES IS AROUND **75 PERCENT**.

NUMBER OF YEARS IT TOOK FOR THE LAW TO IDENTIFY AND ARREST A SNIPER IN OHIO WHO KILLED FIVE HUNTERS AND FISHERMEN FROM 1989 TO 1992: **THREE**.

UNTIL THEY FOUND THE GUN, POLICE HAD A LIST OF **30** TYPES OF RIFLES THAT COULD HAVE BEEN USED BY THE BELTWAY SNIPERS.

ACCORDING TO JAMES ALAN FOX, A NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY CRIMINOLOGIST, THE AVERAGE AGE OF SNIPERS IS **26**.

PERCENTAGE OF SNIPERS UNDER THE AGE OF 40: **91**.

PERCENTAGE THAT ARE MEN: **94**.

TEENAGERS ACCOUNT FOR **32 PERCENT** OF ALL SNIPER ATTACKS.

PERCENTAGE OF SNIPERS WHO ARE BLACK: **43**.

PERCENTAGE OF SERIAL KILLERS WHO ARE BLACK: **22**.

PERCENTAGE OF SNIPERS WHO ARE WHITE: **55**.

PERCENTAGE OF SERIAL KILLERS WHO WORK IN TEAMS: **28**.

**"HE JUST HAD A FULL MEAL AT THE PONDEROSA. I HONESTLY COULDN'T TELL WHAT WAS HIS MEAL AND WHAT WAS HIM."—PARAMEDIC**





*Montgomery County Police Department:* "It was as scary as anything I'd ever seen. It's not every day that you see an average citizen gunned down in broad daylight for no apparent reason."

**OCTOBER 3, 9:20 P.M.:** As more than 100 police officers canvas the county, the sniper kills again, this time across the border in Washington, D.C. Pascal Charlot, 72, was shot just below the neck while crossing a street.

*Chief Charles Ramsey, D.C. Police Department:* "We took statements from witnesses who saw a burgundy Camry and a burgundy Caprice. The Camry turned out to belong to a witness. We located that car. The driver got scared when he heard the shooting and got the hell out of there. We obviously didn't find the Caprice and the color was wrong, but we put that description out and then we put it out again a week later. We didn't ignore it."

In the absence of any of the three breaks needed to solve a case—physical evidence, witnesses or a confession—the homicide team from Montgomery County spends the night and all the next morning looking for links among the victims or their locations to turn up clues. They prepare plans to scour the county, working with the theory, repeated on TV, that the sniper is a resident.

**OCTOBER 4, 2:30 P.M.:** As if to prove he is not a local, the sniper again strikes outside Montgomery County. Near Fredericksburg, Virginia, a woman is shot in the back while loading packages into her car at a Michaels craft store. This time, witnesses see a white van fleeing the scene.

*Lieutenant Colonel Steven Wright, Hanover County, Virginia:* "He was definitely watching the news and listening to everything we said. Whenever he was presented with an off-center challenge, he'd meet the challenge. That's part of what made it such a sensational case. He seemed to taunt everybody."

Virginia police now join the growing task force operating out of police headquarters in Montgomery County. Several hundred investigators, ATF and FBI included, are packed into the major case squad's offices on the first floor. It will only get more crowded—the ATF puts

out a memo to its offices around the country, beseeching agents with cars to come and help. "You can see people getting frustrated by the sheer lack of space," a task-force member explains. They eye the fourth floor of an office building next door, a raw space of 5000 square feet. Like a trail of ants, police trek across a grassy median between the buildings' parking lots on Sunday the 6th, loaded down with computers and office equipment. Soon the room is transformed into something like a movie set of a rogue commando station. Aside from raw cement columns, the primary physical features are cables—mammoth cables bundled together that run along

**"IF WE SEEMED CONFUSED, WE WERE. WE WERE NERVOUS. WE DIDN'T WANT TO DISAPPOINT."—CHIEF MOOSE**

the ceilings and floors. The new Joint Operations Center is organized by division of labor, not by agency. Temporary signs such as INTEL, PROCESSING and COMMAND AND CONTROL hang above workstations. There's even an announcement on the wall offering flu shots. Three people are now firmly in charge: Chief Moose; Mike Bouchard of the ATF's Baltimore office, an affable but quiet man; and Gary Bald, from the FBI's Baltimore office, a sharp man with an aloof exterior. Even though there have been no breakthroughs, the display of resources buoys the morale of the detectives. Chief Moose walks in and tells one of the guys who has been on the job for 18 exhausting hours to go home. An FBI agent tells everyone else, "I live here, too. Don't worry—we'll solve this together." It's an unexpected display of camaraderie.

*Chief Ramsey:* "After our shooting, I called Chief Moose. We talked about the similarities of the cases and I said, 'Why don't we just work them together?' It seemed the right thing to do. That's how the multijurisdictional task force started—D.C. was the first to come in, and the FBI gave us the blueprint on how to do it right."

*Chief Moose:* "We didn't know how

to handle it. If we seemed confused, we were. We were nervous. We didn't want to disappoint."

*Captain Demme:* "They were three different but exceptionally bright men. They checked their egos at the door."

*Mike Bouchard, ATF:* "It went from an ad hoc thing with people working all hours, to a well-oiled machine. We were organized by the FBI, and that helped greatly. Chief Moose, Gary Bald and I agreed from the start that if we had differences of opinion we'd work them out and provide a unified front. I enjoyed the give-and-take. We created this all on the fly. We improvised."

*Corporal Rob Moroney:* "The Joint Operations Center was an intense place. There were wires everywhere. Everything—tips, leads, intelligence from the ATF—had to be entered into a database. We had an update center with a scrolling board—a projection that came through a computer and went on a screen. It had names, what was going on, what we did. It was a play-by-play."

*Local investigator #2:* "I was amazed. This FBI guy walks up to me and says, 'What can I do to help?' I've worked with those guys for years and all they ever do is take information. This guy was actually asking to help me. I knew that things had changed right then."

Over the weekend, cops contact Michaels' corporate offices in an effort to sniff out a disgruntled worker. The FBI reaches out to the Army, pursuing the marksman-gone-mad scenario. FBI profilers work on the sniper's personality, including the possibility he is working in tandem. Given that snipers generally have reclusive personalities (unlike other serial killers, they do not like to see their victims in pain), the ATF has brought in a geographic profiler to isolate likely neighborhoods the sniper lives in. Unsure whether the absence of attacks is ominous or heartening, Moose announces he will greatly increase police presence around schools throughout the area on Monday. Sadly, the sniper puts him to the test.

**OCTOBER 7, 8:08 A.M.:** A child is shot outside a Bowie, Maryland middle school in Prince Georges County. The cops are devastated, and whatever hope was generated during the weekend is dashed. It

(continued on page 84)





*"You're screwing so many of your shareholders, Mr. Pritchard, I'm surprised you still have time for me!"*





**K**ATRINA BARILLOVA is a real-life Sydney Bristow, the leggy spy of TV's *Alias*. When she was 10 years old, Katrina was recruited for intelligence training by the government of what was then Czechoslovakia. At first, she thought she'd just been chosen for accelerated science and math classes. "We had no idea we were caught

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG



THE

# Spy

WHO CAME IN  
FROM THE  
COLD

***Katrina Barillova was trained  
as an intelligence officer  
behind the Iron Curtain. Then  
she decided to join our side***

in a system. At the time we didn't know what we'd been chosen for." At the age of 14, it became clear that her classes weren't leading toward a career as Madame Curie. "Some of us, the ones who fit a profile, were chosen for special intelligence training. And that was in addition to regular high school. The idea was,









you were being trained as agents. But agents have to pretend they are somebody else their entire lives. So the idea was that we were regular high school kids. I had to figure out ways to get out of school, to get out of my home. I had to make everyone think I was on a fashion shoot or a biology expedition, while I was secretly in training."

Think all the dress-up games in spy movies are just Hollywood? Think again. "I've modeled since I was 14. I did fashion shows. But, back then, most of them were just excuses for me to get out of the house and go to shooting ranges or driving courses or whatever training we had." Katrina says modeling also makes for great cover on operations. "All you have to do is say you're a model and nobody will suspect you of any heavy brain activity. So you're safe. They will have no idea you are thinking or listening or remembering. You can say the silliest things and then laugh at yourself. When you are wired, you know your listening team is falling on the floor laughing. Many times, I'd say things just to make the whole crew in the van laugh. Also, if I didn't want to blow my cover but I needed to get someone's attention, I would use my feminine gifts as a distraction. Shake a little bit, arch my back, show a little leg, smile or send a little air kiss. That always gets more attention than a blow to the groin." Of course, Katrina's alternatives are not limited to a kick in the nads—if the femme fatale act fails, Katrina can inflict femme fatalities. "We learned martial arts, hand-to-hand combat and weaponry. Anything from a Saturday night special to an AK-47, all sorts of automatic weapons. My favorite is a rifle with a scope—I'm best at that. I got a medal. I was best in class. I found it intriguing—you can see your target but your target can't see you. So it's the sneakiest one of all."

Katrina emigrated as soon as the Berlin Wall fell. "At 18, I came to the States, and started working for private security and investigation agencies. I started working in surveillance, undercover sting operations, industrial espionage and executive protection for government officials, billionaires and dignitaries." The timing of the fall of the Iron Curtain was fortuitous. "I was supposed to be in training until I was 18. But when communism



Katrina's most harrowing experience came only recently, after she'd left the spy game to start a company that made wearable tech gadgets. She was traveling to an Asian fashion show with some of her products. "I was carrying a military vest developed by Darpa, the defense research center, for the fashion show. I was caught with that vest at the Chinese border—and I was detained in a Chinese prison because they thought, Ah, a spy! What else does she have? At right is her sharpshooter medal.





fell apart, the old organizations did too and many files were lost. A lot of agents were out of jobs. Fortunately, the government—or ex-government—was much more worried about people who had deep secrets than they were about people who were basically still students and didn't really know anything."

Katrina's route to success in the U.S. started awkwardly. "When I came to America I didn't know anybody. I didn't speak English. All I had was \$20 in my pocket. And no work permit. After the government changed, my parents realized that I planned to leave for the States. It freaked them out. They still thought I was an innocent 17-year-old girl with no experience who would get lost in the world. So they found an organization that claimed to be a student-exchange program. They gave up their life savings to bring me over and get me into college. This organization required that I get my own plane ticket and come over to the States—and it turned out it was a scam. So I found myself here with no college, no organization, no work permit, no visa. When I told my story to immigration, they'd had similar complaints about the organization. So they arranged my paper work. I was lucky in a way.

"I immediately started working—I couldn't afford to go to college. But I already had equivalent degrees in physics and math. And of course I had all the skills the government had given me." Katrina quickly noticed differences between eastern European and American culture—particularly when it came to romance. "Europeans are more shy. They will date a girl, and lure her in. It's more like a sexual game. What Europeans find exciting is not knowing. It's the game and the looks and the touch. It's a real art form. In many cases, when it comes to sex, it's anticlimactic. In the U.S., it's more about getting to the point. Forget the game. If I'm going on a date with you, I want to know now whether I'm going to get lucky or whether I am wasting my time. There's more emphasis on the actual sexual part. I would say a lot of American men are more skilled in bed. And they are more open to trying new things and being creative in bed. Europeans—at least eastern Europeans—are more skilled at the game of seduction."

*There's more of Katrina at cyber.playboy.com.*







Katrina's latest venture is a company that's called Total Banking Management Technology. "We've developed a next-generation credit card. It's virtually fraud-proof because it includes people's biometrics—fingerprints and voiceprints. It's not a smart card, it's a fully functional computer. I'm the sole founder. I'm also heavily involved in the technology. I'm the chief architect and designed several of the patents. We plan to get a few clients on board, and then—once we reach a critical mass—license the technology to financial institutions."



Though she's settled into a less physically rigorous business setting, Katrina keeps in fighting shape. Her favorite martial art is called krav maga, a discipline developed by Israeli forces. Above are Katrina's identity papers.







When it comes to sex, Katrina says, "I like the whole deal—the front and the back." We have to ask—does she mean that literally? "That, too. I'm adventurous—anything goes." And when a spy says anything, she means it. Her most James Bond romantic moment? "Skydiving from 14,000 feet—in lingerie. He caught up to me—probably at about 13,000 feet—and grabbed me tightly and we started kissing passionately." We're glad she had the presence of mind to eventually pull his rip cord.







# D.C. SNIPERS

(continued from page 74)

happens even as a team is dispatched to a location to capture a suspect. "We had someone we wanted to question," one cop says. "But it turns out that while we were elsewhere the real sniper shows up and shoots a kid. My jaw dropped."

Witnesses in Bowie again claim to have seen the white whale—in van form. In the woods outside the middle school, Prince Georges County cops make a major discovery—matted grass where the sniper has lain in wait. Nearby, they find a shell casing for a .223 caliber bullet, a high-velocity round that fragments when it hits a target, causing large wounds. It is the same type of bullet used in all the killings. There is also a note—a Death Card from a tarot deck with the message, "Dear Policeman, I am God." At the Joint Operations Center, those in the know seem more anxious than ever. No one talks. An ATF agent comes out of a closed-door meeting next door at headquarters and says, grimly, "We've got to get this guy." It's apparent that the sniper is deriving satisfaction from thwarting the police; he has thrown their public statements—finding solace in the fact that he is not shooting children—in their faces. When Chief Moose holds a press conference about the shooting, his eyes are bloodshot from fatigue. He is overcome by emotion. His voice quavers. A tear descends his cheek as he says, "Now we're stepping over the line. Shooting a kid. I guess it's getting to be really, really personal now." The dour, tough commander with the dry wit is long gone. This is the little-known chief who shares his emotions privately with a victim's family, putting a public face on our helplessness. By the time he is done, there is silence. Deputy Police Chief Bill O'Toole throws his arm around Moose's shoulders, and they walk slowly inside.

*Corporal Rob Moroney:* "You could see the seriousness on the chief's face. He was stressed out and not the same person I know. When he got upset when the kid got shot, he was just showing what everybody felt. I'd follow Chief Moose uphill against a machine-gun nest. It was despicable targeting a kid. That's when it turned. People saw the chief on TV obviously upset and that's when the story went from being a big local story to a worldwide story. Right then. That was the shot heard around the world."

For a while, Moose returns attention to the human cost of the attacks, but

the story eventually spirals out of his control. In the first of many leaks that will plague investigators and the first illustration of the awkward, symbiotic relationship between press and police, local TV channel 9, WUSA, breaks the news of the tarot card's existence. There are 500 members of the press outside the JOC now, and 500 officers moving through the building—most of whom put the finger on Prince Georges County for the leak.

*Mike Bouchard, ATF:* "I only had to brief my bosses a couple of times. In fact, I got in a bit of trouble because I didn't tell them anything, either. I didn't want to have any leaks. But they understood."

Police believe the leak is potentially disastrous, since, according to Montgomery County Executive Doug Duncan, the sniper also warned cops not to reveal the card's existence. Moose explodes at the media horde on October 9. He is livid: "Do you want the police department to work the case or do you want Channel 9 to work the case? Let me know, and we will turn it over to the media and let you solve it." Reporters are shocked. Moose's blowup is calculated, designed to try to reestablish trust and a channel of communication with the sniper. The tarot card is a type of move that serial killers make when they desire recognition or when they feel upset about how they are being characterized by the police or the public. Moose appeals to the sniper's messiah complex by sprinkling phrases in his conferences such as "I hope to God that someday we'll know why all this occurred."

The incident also belies the story of cohesion among the local jurisdictions. The investigators are still working with three tip lines; Prince Georges County even writes out leads on paper and then turns them over to the FBI-run database. "Half of our team wants to blame the other half, and each one wants to point the finger at someone else," Moose admits. "It was irresponsible to report it. But we've gotten past that and we're going to go on with business. Pray this isn't a major stumbling block." Cops admit, however, to a desire to freeze certain members of the Prince Georges department out of a role in the manhunt, but Captain Demme says it never amounted to much. "We all needed to share information, so no matter what the feelings are, we would never freeze anyone out," she says. "The leak about the tarot card came from the highest sources within Prince Georges County," says one cop. "There's no doubt about it." Efforts are made to better consolidate operations and within days the FBI opens an 800

number that connects to tip-line operators at its D.C. headquarters. The local team of detectives is grateful for the help.

*Michael Brooks, ATF:* "I came to town from Toledo on Wednesday the 9th. There was a shortage of cars and the cops needed every car they could put on the road. Guys were working 17-hour, 18-hour days. You could see the tiredness in their eyes. Sometimes they would just go home, take a short nap and a shower, get a change of shirt, and come right back. In the beginning they only took agents who could drive into town, because we needed our own cars. I drove in the day the tarot card thing was on the news—you know, where he said, 'Dear Policeman, I am God'—and I was listening to that on the radio as I drove into town. Then I looked over at this white van that had pulled up next to me and it was this Guaranteed Overnight Delivery van. Big word GOD on the side. I said to myself, 'Well, here I go.'"

*Local investigator #2:* "We gave the ATF guys royal treatment. They left their wives and kids home and came from everywhere to help. They acted unselfishly and we appreciated it. This was big for them. As much as Waco destroyed their credibility, this restored it. They did a damn good job. Everyone in law enforcement always makes fun of them, but they did well on this case."

**October 9, 8:20 P.M.:** A 53-year-old white male is gunned down at a gas station near Manassas, Virginia. There is a report of a white Dodge Caravan fleeing the scene. The tired faces in the JOC get longer. One guy spills coffee on another, prompting an argument that quickly dies. The weight of the investigation begins to show on the faces of the men running it. Gary Bald, a natural diplomat who is in charge of handling the State Department, White House, Justice Department and everyone else in D.C., develops what appears to be an eye infection. The whites of his eyes look bloodshot. Bouchard becomes a bit more quiet and is absorbed in the tedious details of ballistics. Chief Moose becomes more dour, occasionally lashing out at the media, but trying hard behind the scenes to boost the morale of the troops. During the long night ahead and the ensuing days, the task force and its leaders plan a dragnet if the sniper strikes again. They take heart that no white van will escape their attention.

**October 11, 9:30 A.M.:** A black man, also 53, is gunned down at a gas station in Spotsylvania County, Virginia. Up-ping the ante, the sniper puts him in his sights as a state trooper monitors an

(continued on page 146)





*"Are you ready for your enema, Mr. Simpson?"*



# A HOT BATH

*get wet, get wild*



A 42-inch high-definition plasma TV monitor, surround sound, a DVD and CD player and a floating remote control? The only way Jacuzzi could improve its 10-jet whirlpool, Lo Scolo, is to have Christino Aguilero waiting in the foam (\$31,000).

Mount this wall bar by Hansgrohe in your shower and accessorize it with a fog-free mirror, shaving shelf, toothbrush holder and soap dispenser (\$313).



This king-size towel rack mounts to your bathroom wall and uses electricity to stay hot (\$2500). On the rack: Egyptian cotton Spa bath sheets from Elements (\$78 each).



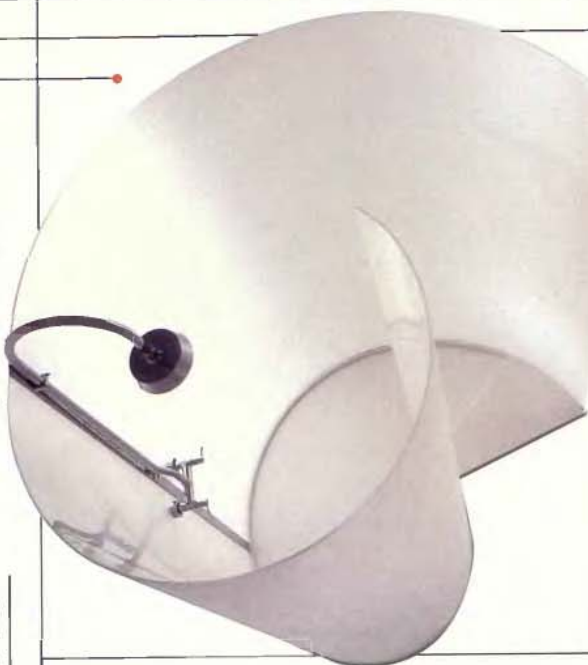
## *hell-bent for lather*

Hermès Eau d'Orange Verte soap smells as rich as it lathers (\$25). Shower Shock coffee-scented soap is a kickass way to start your day (\$7). Acqua di Parma's Blu Mediterraneo powdered soap comes from Italy (about \$30). Lightfoot's Pine-Scented Soap was formerly available only in British men's clubs (\$6). Nautico's Latitude Longitude soap combines olive oil and sea salt (\$12).





Fun for two! This Italian-designed translucent shower from Agape has no doors. You slip from wet to a drying-off oreo. It can be placed free-standing in a room or built into a wall (\$11,500). Stainless steel both accessories can be hung from around the top of the shower screen.



Those crazy Italians! This single-spigot translucent sink, another Agape both fixture, is constructed of a flexible material you can slightly mold to different shapes that better contain the wash water (\$640).



This wenge wood towel shelf is the perfect accessory for a guy's bath—it's sturdy yet portable (\$1112). On the rack: Egyptian cotton towels from Arrelle Fine Linens (\$30 to \$60 each).



The Panasonic Wet/Dry Linear Shaver delivers some 13,000 strokes per minute with a minimum of vibration. To get a closer shave, use it in the shower (\$250).

Sook yourself silly. This chrome showerhead is designed to be mounted in the center of your shower stall or your tub (about \$500).



Jurlique's Romance Bubble Bath is herb-scented (\$16). Les Elixirs Foam Bath is hemp-based, and it lathers up like crazy (\$18). The main ingredient in I Coloniali Mirro & Mirro Aromatic Bath Cream is myrrh (\$32). Pour New York Both Tub Gin from Coswell-Mossey into your bath and then open some bubbly (\$25).



Is Pink singing in your shower? Thank you, Sharper Image. This Dual-CD Shower Companion plays CDRs, plus AM, FM and VHF. You even get a remote control, hooks for hanging and a countertop stand (about \$170).



# G U Y

*he was a connoisseur of damaged women—the pain girls and psychos*

**W**HAT CAN I say about her that isn't cliché? She liked to catch glimpses of her eyes in the rearview mirror. She liked to wear dark-blue sweaters and jeans; she wore socks to bed. She thought she would die like her grandfather, of kidney disease and diabetes.

All the rest is average: a pale bedspread, a tabby cat, a spritz of perfume on her throat and wrists, a tendency toward paranoia when it came to other women, a fanaticism for chocolate (dark), an aquiline nose, freckles sprinkled on her shoulders, collarbones so deep they cast shadows, crocheted covers for square tissue boxes.

She thought that she was fat, but they all do; if not too fat

then too thin, too round, too flat—they all think this way. The girl could laugh, though. She could sit in a diner with me for hours and drink coffee and buzz.

She worked in an office, she hated it and that's why

I stopped calling. Because she was stuck doing something she hated.

You stop calling, you see a woman's true colors. That's cliché, too: true colors. There's a reason some things become cliché. She had true colors; they came out crimson and black, like a cheesy vampire costume, all flair and no substance, very flammable. I would open my front door and there she'd be, at six in the morning, asleep and shivering on my front porch. Psycho, they say. It works on some guys. Some guys wake them up, take them inside, wrap them in a blanket, listen to their sob stories. I stepped over her and went to the car. She jumped on the hood and tried to sue when she sprained her ankle. You really have to watch out for the ones who say they hate their jobs.

There were the pain girls, the black-sheathed ones with dull hair/eyes/skin, complacent speech, no makeup, bored expressions. They were beat poets and artists, writers, coffeehouse slackers. They went to bed easy, especially the vegetarians, for some reason. They didn't like strings,

fiction By SARAH ARELLANO

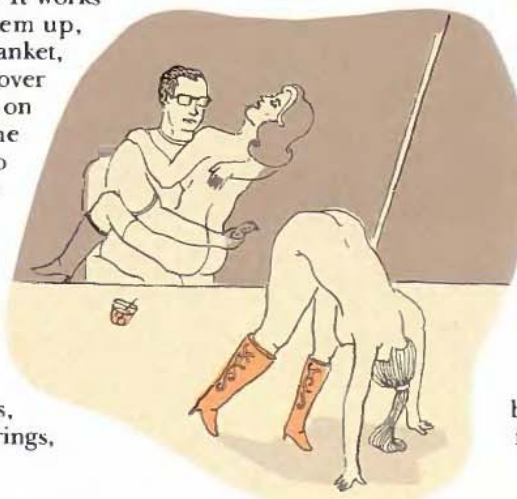
in theory. In real life they clung just as bad as the ones with car payments; only difference was, they really loved their pain. Without it, they couldn't make their art. They tasted like smoke and coffee and ink.

I laughed at the pain girls, I didn't fall for them. I never appreciated their "artistic expression." I never bought the "stripper with a heart of gold"—another cliché, yet prominent. I went to strip clubs at noon, when the places were almost empty and the girls smoked at the bar between dances. I drank a lot of scotch on those days. I had to, before touching all that silicone and make-up. Those were creepy girls, most of them dumb and lonely and abused, many of them mothers, a few of them married. None were good at drawing lines in the sand. How do you let a guy hold your breasts in his hands, kiss you on the mouth and then not fuck him? Maybe they don't fuck everyone, but they all fucked me. Could have been the fifties I tucked into their G-strings.

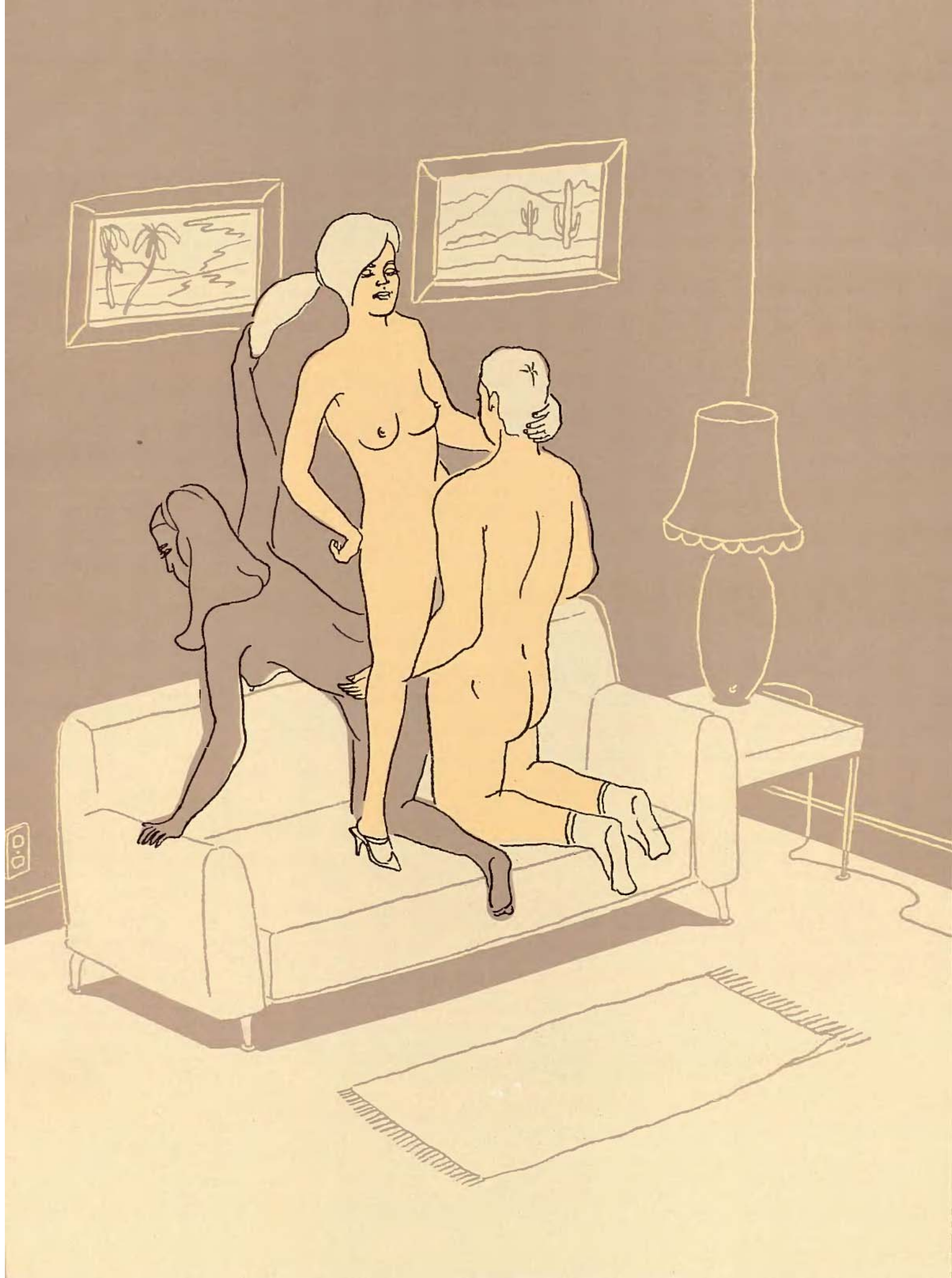
I have had two women, a redhead named Josie and her roommate, these crazy girls always at war. I fucked them both while they squirmed around together, and it was fun, I suppose, but I don't prefer it. I don't like having to take it out once it's in, and you know girls get all jealous, my turn my turn my turn.

I had a girl who tasted so good I ate her out while she slept. She said it felt comforting; she must have been used to it. I don't know what she ate to make it taste so good; I would have asked, but I couldn't keep my mouth out of her pussy whenever she showed up.

My father told me not to fall in love before 30, to just fuck and fuck and fuck and leave them if they wouldn't









fuck. My mother was packing her china in the dining room. It was his parting advice, when I was 12; I left with my mother that night and he died before I could visit the next summer. He had looked so tired, telling me that; he blamed love for making him stupid, not my mother for holding out.

He was right about the fucking, really. I know what those vampire stories are about. Every time I leave the house I'm out for blood, and I get it where I must. Those stories are all code, about men who never settled down with a woman who made him stay home and then stopped fucking him. It's about those goddamned guys out there watching sports at the bar with their buddies every night, watching the waitress' ass and picturing it, naked and pink and open in their hands. It's about that magical moment when she feels you looking and likes it.

I haven't met many women who didn't say they loved me. They like to fall in love, they think it's a requirement. I didn't fall in love, not with the best ones, not even with the ones who refused me because they thought that might help. I just moved along, moved along, moved along.

It's not like I'm made of stone. Sometimes I'd be with a great girl, tight ass and heavy breasts and a flat belly. A few of them could do things most girls only think they can do, like read a book, tell a joke, talk sports, suck dick, that sort of thing. You know, you could get comfortable with a laid-back girl like that; you start thinking about snagging that girl for life.

That's why my dad told me to fuck and fuck and fuck, because when you do you find out that no woman is unique, they all say my turn my turn my turn, and they all get old. I've had a few 10s, and I thought about handing rocks over to them, but I always recovered my senses before I actually showed up at the Tiffany counter.

It's leisure, my mother says, leisure and boredom, that makes me act like this, every day in the strip clubs and no job. I live off what my dad left me, only me. When that account runs dry, and it isn't going anywhere soon, I'll go to school, do what I have to do.

For now, though, I'm back in the strip club again, this time at night, a big scotch on my table, and this fake-breasted chick is sitting with me, talking while I'm trying to watch the stripper onstage. She's going to fuck me tonight, but I've fucked her before; I

don't have to pay much attention. She's talking about heading to her place and taking some mushrooms, which is fine by me, as long as she's supplying and I get a fuck out of it. I stay to applaud the girl who's onstage, some fresh ass I haven't done before; I give her a Benjamin and she sees me in a whole new light. I leave with the stripper at my table and we take separate cars to her house. She mixes her 'shrooms into some ice cream, but I eat them straight. I fuck her, quick, while the drugs are taking hold. I know I might not feel like it after

I'm



*I haven't met many women who didn't say they loved me. They like to fall in love, they think it's a requirement.*

completely psyched out.

"This shit is not working,"

she says as she walks into a wall. She falls down easy, this nasty red spot forming on her forehead. Her breasts have doubled in size, but that could be my trip. I turn away from her; I don't like looking at women when I'm high.

I turn on the TV. In a few hours the bitch is crying, saying something about how I take her sublime energy, and she threatens to leave. She storms out and I think, Oh shit. She's going to get caught, she's going to kill herself, she's having a bad trip, I gotta go after her.

It takes forever to get off the couch. The front door keeps moving and I make my way outside. At first I can't find her, but then I hear the *click click click* of her heels. She's barely dressed, halfway down the block. I run after

her, but the air is water. I swim to her, my arms flailing.

We lie in someone's front yard, grass making little grooves in our skin; we watch the sky and there's a little rain that feels incredible. Her trip is really terrible; I feel bad for her. But at the same time I don't give a shit, so I say nothing. When she feels better we walk a little. She can barely balance in her heels and she must be freezing in her tiny stripper skirt and tank top, but the 'shrooms are keeping her warm, or else she's a really good sport. The walking clears my head. I'm coming down and wanting something, a cup of coffee maybe. The sun has come up. I tell the stripper that we just go too fast, too damn fast, and she throws up in the gutter.

I walk her back home and put her to bed, then I go out looking for coffee. I find a bookstore with a coffee-bar; there's jazz on the intercom and clocks painted on the tables. Exhaustion seeps up from the ground, through my toes, up my legs and into my organs and then my head, until I can barely stand up. I get my coffee and stumble to a bookshelf and there's that girl, the psycho, the one with the crocheted tissue box covers and the pale bedspread. Suddenly the only thing I want is to smell her perfume, to wake up on her clean pillowcases again. She's reading Goethe. She's running her fingers through her long, blondish hair, lighter at the ends, twisting those long fingers through gnarls and tangles. When she looks up I'm there, and I'm too tired to pretend I didn't see her.

She smiles at me.

I think I must look like hell, but then a woman loves a man who looks like hell. They like fixer-uppers. She moves closer to me and I don't protest. She gathers me into her chest, my face in her neck, my cheek on her blue sweater, and she says, "There used to be a time when vocalists didn't compete with the background music, when they complemented a piano and drum. I don't remember it, I was born in 1977. But they play it sometimes here. Hear that—there's some horn, a crescendo."

Maybe she didn't say that. I wasn't all the way down yet. But she held my head to her shoulder and moved me a little, back and forth.







*"I should have guessed it really was a gun in your pocket!"*









## ONLINE TREACHERY

Net gaming has become a sinister playground for lurkers and assholes

by Lazlow

**S**hawn Woolley was a junkie. The floor of his Wisconsin apartment bore testament: fast-food wrappers, dirty clothes, chicken bones. He rarely answered his phone. He had stopped going to work, instead staying home to play EverQuest, an online role-playing video game. Woolley was an epileptic, and his marathon sessions triggered frequent seizures.

The 21-year-old had been evicted from his previous apartment after he sequestered himself to play the game. "He stayed in his apartment from July until the end of September," explains his mother, Liz Woolley. "All he did was play. He didn't work. He quit buying food. He wasn't bathing." Without an income, he was forced to move in with his mother, where he reimmersed himself in EverQuest, staying up for days. His obsessive playing concerned his mother enough that she placed him in a group home for people with addictions. A doctor diagnosed his depression, said he had a schizoid personality disorder and put him on medication, but because residency at the home was voluntary, Shawn was free to leave. "When I took him in for his problem, they just said, 'You should be glad he's not on drugs or alcohol,'" says Liz. To her dismay Shawn rented another apartment. This time he shut his family out. Shawn chained the door, refused all visitors and disappeared into the game.

Guiding a character across the Permafrost Caverns of EverQuest makes it easy to understand how the game (concluded on page 142)



# NASCAR

## Why Everyone Is Watching

**racing journalist Michael Jordan**  
**answers our questions about why a sport that used to be for rednecks is now the sport of media kings**

**Q:** What is it like to race a stock car at more than 200 miles per hour on a superspeedway?

**A:** Imagine you're piloting a jetliner, but instead of getting airborne you keep it rolling along the runway. Add about 40 other jetliners all doing the same thing. Then imagine the runway is icy. Do this for 500 miles without crashing. That's stock-car racing.

**Q:** What is a Winston Cup stock car?

**A:** Officially, it's the top class of stock cars in races sanctioned by the National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing and sponsored by Winston tobacco.

### Nascar's Best Drivers

1. Tony Stewart (any car, any track)
2. Jeff Gordon (show me the money)
3. Mark Martin (won't quit—ever)
4. Ryan Newman (all this and smart, too)
5. Bill Elliott (maestro at the wheel)

co. In reality, it's a beast that looks like a passenger car but has 780 horsepower under the hood.

**Q:** What is "stock" about a stock car?

**A:** When car races were first held at Daytona Beach in the late Thirties, the most popular class featured automobiles that were unmodified, i.e., strictly stock. This sort of racing was meant to prove something about cars civilians could buy. Today, "stock car" defines

racing cars with a passenger car silhouette.

**Q:** Which parts of a Winston Cup car actually come from a stock car?

**A:** The hood, the roof and the trunk lid. The rest of the bodywork is formed by hand out of sheet metal.

**Q:** What makes a Winston Cup race car so fast?

**A:** Imagine a 1965 Ford Galaxie hand built by an aerospace company. The bigger teams employ as many as 300 people, just like leading Formula 1 teams. They use the same science of speed—testing bodywork in building tunnels, calibrating shocks with computers and evaluating valve trains with electric dynamometers.

**Q:** Is there anything stock under the hood of a Nascar car?

**A:** You won't find a 240-horsepower V6 under the hood of, say, Sterling Marlin's Dodge Intrepid. The engine block for Marlin's 780 hp V8 is a special racing part built by Dodge. The cylinder heads are built to a design engineered by Dodge and approved by Nascar. It's serious stuff.

**Q:** What are the secrets of speed?

**A:** First, sleek aerodynamics, with about 1800 pounds of aerodynamic downforce to foster good handling on flat tracks and as little as 900 pounds of downforce on high-banked superspeedways for maximum speed. Second, good handling, with the performance of each Goodyear radial tire carefully optimized by aerodynamic

load, weight distribution and suspension action. Third, plenty of engine power, with attention to minimizing friction and maximizing rpm.

**Q:** Is it the car or the driver?

**A:** At a high-banked racetrack, it's 90

### Tracks Too Tough to Tame

1. Darlington Raceway (narrow, snaky, diabolical)
2. Bristol Motor Speedway (half-mile toilet bowl)
3. Indianapolis Motor Speedway (very flat, very fast)
4. Texas Motor Speedway (fast, weirdly banked corners)
5. Martinsville Raceway (brake-killing half-mile)

percent car and 10 percent driver. On a flat racetrack, it's 50 percent car and 50 percent driver. When a carburetor restrictor plate is involved, it's more than 70 percent car. Rusty Wallace says, "Nowadays, the equipment is so good and everybody is having such good luck with their engines that nobody slows down. They run every lap like it's a qualifying lap—the whole 500 miles."

**Q:** How does the track determine the way a car is driven?

**A:** A high-banked superspeedway is an aerodynamic test, and the drivers



NASCAR®  
Winston Cup  
Series

TM





have to stay in a pack or risk getting left behind. A short track is a test of tire grip, and it takes a delicate touch with the throttle to keep 780 horsepower and 3400 pounds from burning up the relatively narrow tires. A road-racing track lets the driver grab his car by the throat, but the mechanical stress and strain cooks the brakes and turns transmissions to mush. Moderately banked 1.5-mile speedways—the kind of track built most often in recent

actuation and fuel injection are prohibited. The stock car is meant to be a level playing field, the functional equivalent of a baseball diamond or football field, so the accomplishments of drivers and crews can be better appreciated.

**Q:** Does the imposed technology limit make stock cars cheap to build?

**A:** Yes and no. The actual cost of a stock car chassis is about \$60,000, while an engine costs \$70,000. If need be, all of the components can be bought out of a catalog. In comparison, an Indy car costs about \$500,000, while a Formula 1 car costs \$1 million. The difference is, you need about 12 stock cars for Nascar's 36-race season. There are different cars for high-banked superspeedways, flat superspeedways, short tracks and road-racing tracks. Each has different bodywork, weight distribution, engine tuning and suspension calibration.

**Q:** Why don't we see any stock cars from Toyota or BMW?

**A:** Nascar will tell you those companies don't build the right kinds of cars. Other observers suggest only American cars need apply. That said, Toyota participates in Nascar's entry-level class for cars with four-cylinder engines and it's developing an entry for Nascar's Craftsman Truck series, with the ultimate goal of moving into Winston Cup.

**Q:** What's the difference between a superspeedway car and a short-track car?

**A:** First, the bodywork is different. Each brand of car must meet dimensions established by 30 different templates that Nascar provides to the teams, but there's lots of wiggle room for creativity. For example, a superspeedway car has a smaller grill and sleeker roof pillars. A short-track body has a larger grill opening to cool the engine and

brakes, plus more dramatically curved front fenders for aerodynamic downforce. One key is weight distribution. Ballast is moved fore and aft on special rails beneath the floor of the car to help optimize tire performance.

## Five Things Junior Johnson Would Never Approve Of

1. A race car sponsored by Skittles, Tide or Viagra
2. Laptop computers
3. A race titled Pork, the Other White Meat 400
4. Nascar movie now being developed by Britney Spears
5. More luxury suites, fewer trophy queens

**Q:** What about loose and tight? Camber, shocks, springs and spring rubbers? Track bars and sway bars? Rake and wedge?

**A:** This is all suspension speak. It just adds up to getting the tires working in harmony so the car balances efficiently through corners. Imagine you're driving with a 50-pound pig walking over the top of your car from one fender to the other. Get your pig in the right spot, and your car is fast. Get your pig in the wrong spot, and your car is still a pig.

**Q:** How much does it cost to field a Nascar team?

**A:** About \$6 million to just make the show, and \$16 million if you want to run up front. Nascar used to be cheap racing (compared to the \$300 million

## Most Important Race in Nascar History

In 1979 CBS broadcast its first live flag-to-flag coverage of the Daytona 500. On the last lap Donnie Allison and Cale Yarborough, the drivers in the two lead cars, crashed into each other. Richard Petty won the race. An argument between Donnie and Cale ensued. Bobby Allison, Donnie's brother, drove up and Cale hit him with his helmet. Bobby then beat the crap out of Cale. In an instant, the entire country knew what Nascar was all about.

Ferrari spends on its Formula 1 cars every year), but research and development, personnel costs and travel over the course of a 36-race season have

(continued on page 144)

## marketing r us

can you match the driver with the sponsor?

1. Tony Stewart

A.



2. Mark Martin

B.



3. Kurt Busch

C.



4. Jeff Gordon

D.



5. Jimmie Johnson

E.



6. Ryan Newman

F.



7. Rusty Wallace

G.



8. Matt Kenseth

H.



9. Dale Jarrett

I.



10. Rickie Rudd

J.



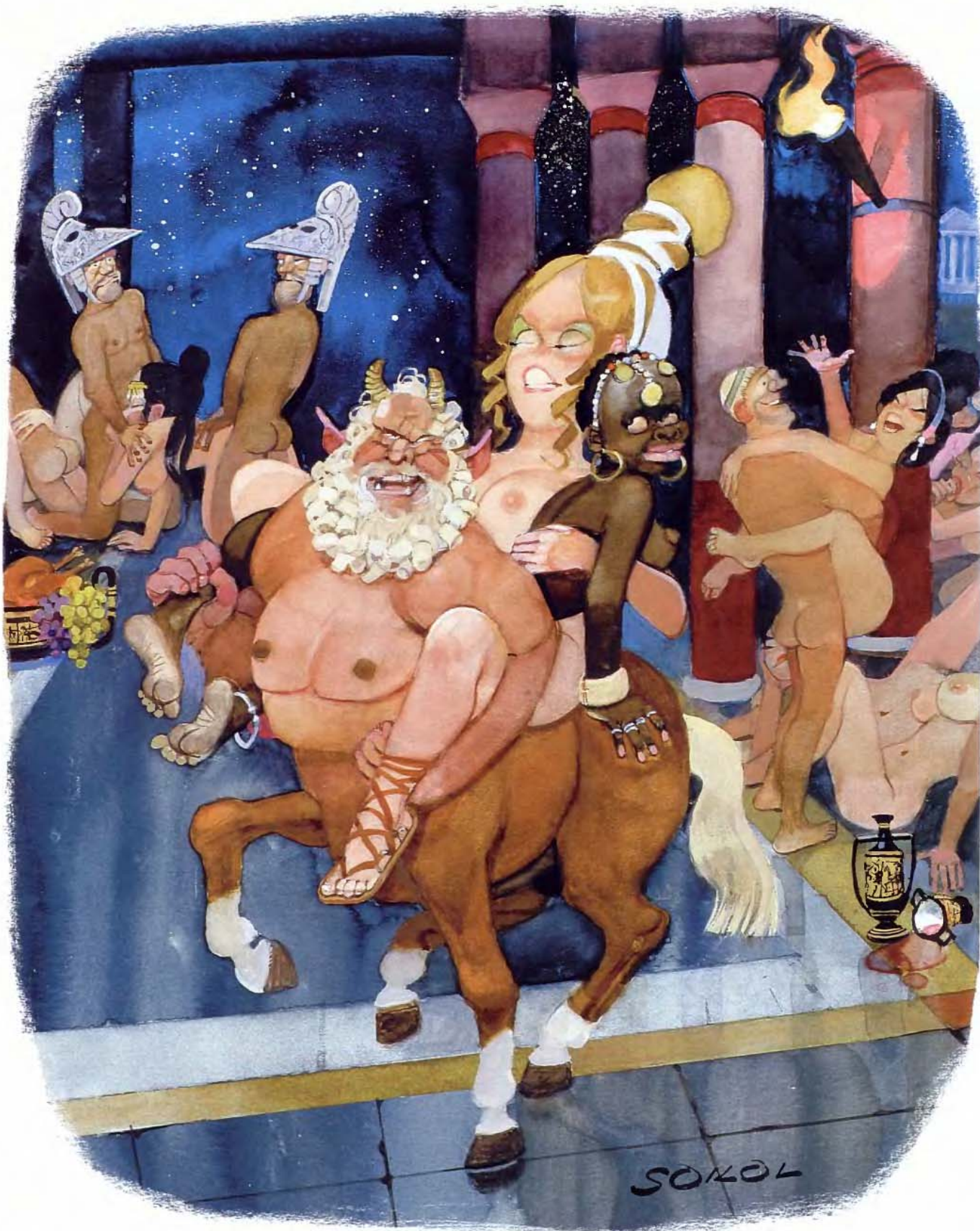
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years—is the place that combines all these factors but leaves the driver the most room to show his skill.

**Q:** Why do stock cars have a reputation for being crude?

**A:** Nascar believes the driver is the star of the show, not the car. It tries to limit car technology to levels that are controllable and affordable. This is why conventional automotive technologies such as overhead-cam valve





*"I can't stand her more-decadent-than-thou attitude."*





PENNELOPE IN WINTER





P

ENNELOPE JIMENEZ is nomadic by nature. "I was born in San Diego, but my entire family is from Ensenada," she says. "I lived there for a few years and then moved to Mexico City just before the big earthquake. I lived in Garden Grove, California for three years and then went to junior high and high school in Corona before settling in Huntington Beach." The 24-year-old's ethnic background is just as colorful. "I'm a mutt," she says. "My father's family is Spanish, but they moved to Baja to create a new family. My mom's mom is French, and we think her father is a true Mexican. My dad thinks he has a little Filipino in him, but he's not his dad, so what does my father know? It confuses the hell out of me." One thing is clear: Pennelope is family oriented. "I would drop everything if my family needed me," she says. "I talk to my mom about seven times a day. I would love to have met her grandma because I hear stories from my mother, and she seemed so wise. My great-grandmother's husband had a mistress and one time he bought her some shoes. Instead of bitching him out when she found them, my great-grandmother said, 'Thanks for the shoes,' and wore them around even though they were

come chill with  
miss march

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA





two sizes too small. She just wanted to keep reminding him that she knew what he did."

Miss March is majoring in sports medicine and would like the opportunity someday to mend your body as a physical therapist. She models on the side, and it was her former manager who suggested she try out for *The Scorpion King*. She played a harem girl who rubs herself all over the Rock and promises to make all his dreams come true. "Unfortunately, I didn't get to follow through on that," she says. "It was my first movie, and I thought I was going to throw up on the set. When I get nervous, I yawn a lot because it keeps me from freaking out. So the director talked to me and asked, 'Am I boring you?' I had to run to the bathroom and give myself a pep talk. I said, 'What am I doing? I have four lines in this movie and I'm freaking out!'" She also played a character in an Ultimate Fighting Championship game for Xbox and did a commercial for a James Bond video game where a laser blasts off her skirt. "For some reason they always want me to take off my clothes," she says, laughing. "I also appeared in several skits on *Spy TV*. In one scene, I was on a boat,

"I'm a huge sports fan," says Penelope. "I'll try everything except skydiving—I'm terrified of heights." She likes getting dirty playing softball. "Snowboarding is my best sport—I'm pretty decent," she says.









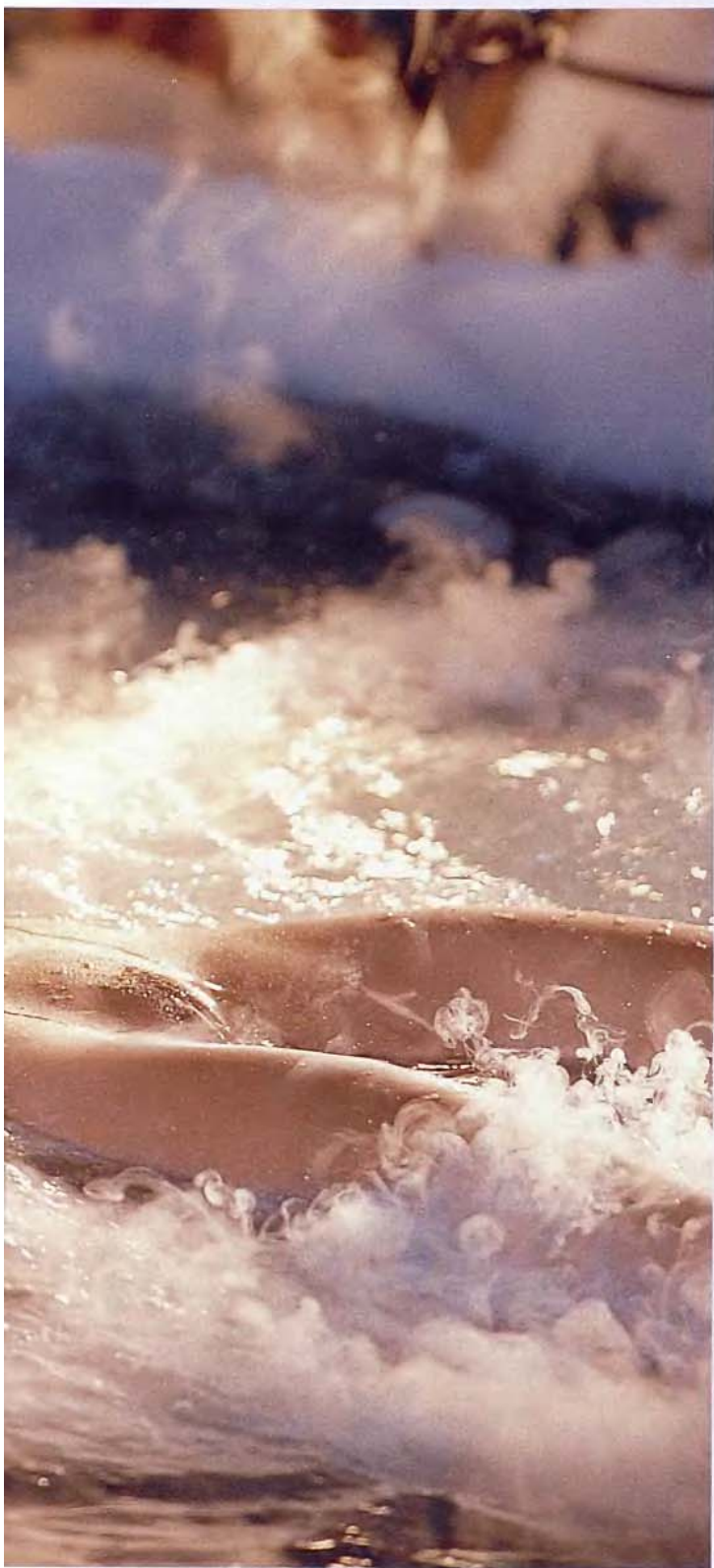


taking off my clothes and asking married couples to take my picture. The wives got mad, of course, but it was all supposed to be funny. I really love comedy. I guess I wouldn't mind being a big movie star. Then I could buy a house by the water. I just don't know where I want to live yet."

When we asked if anyone special would move into that house with her, Pennelope says, without missing a beat, "I'm not married. I think talking about a relationship in an article is a jinx. I'll tell you that the guy of my dreams is tall, fit, caring and likes to cuddle.

"I'm proud of being from Ensenada and especially proud of being part of the PLAYBOY family," Miss March says. "It's my way of showing that there are beautiful women from Mexico."





Someone who likes to sit at home in sweats, order a pizza with ranch dressing and watch a movie on a Friday night—that's my favorite thing to do." We also learned she likes sensual kisses and light tugging of her hair. "The keyword is *light tugging*," she stresses. "I don't want guys to meet me, yank my hair and say, 'That turns you on, doesn't it?' Yeah, spank me, too. I can just see it now!"









MISS MARCH

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



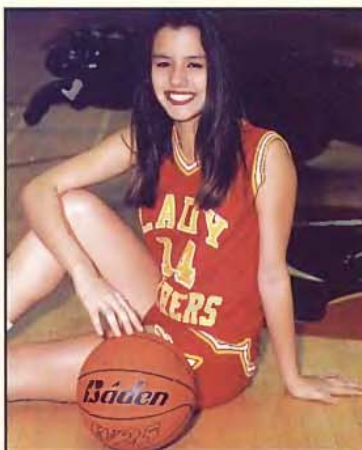
PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Pennelope Jimenez  
 BUST: 34D WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35  
 HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 125  
 BIRTH DATE: 07/21/78 BIRTHPLACE: San Diego  
 AMBITIONS: To finish school and make my  
claddy proud.  
 TURN-ONS: Tall Guys, Good looks, Broad Shoulders, a  
Caring, intelligent man with a great sense of  
 TURN-OFFS: Selfish, Vain Cheaters and men <sup>humor!</sup>  
Who think they know what ALL  
women want and need...  
 FAVORITE BOOKS: Prayer of Jabez and The Four Agreements.  
 FIVE PLACES I'D LIKE TO VISIT: Fiji, Hawaii, Greece, Spain, N.Y.  
 IF I HAD MORE TIME, I WOULD: Paint, Try extreme sports, learn ps2.  
 THE SEXIEST MEN ALIVE: Bruce Willis, Tom Cruise,  
Benjamin Bratt, Colin Farrell, michael  
Vartan - There are so many to choose from!  
 MY FAVORITE FOODS: Anything Vegetarian.



10th Grade Photo.



15-yr.-old forward  
for the "Best" team.



Junior winter formal -  
that was a fun night!





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PENNELOPE AT [CYBER.PLAYSOY.COM](http://CYBER.PLAYSOY.COM)



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

**A** doctor and an HMO manager were standing outside the gates of heaven. Saint Peter asked them what they did on earth. The doctor replied, "I healed people."

Saint Peter said, "You may enter through the gates."

The HMO manager said, "I helped people get cost-effective health care."

Saint Peter said, "You may also enter."

As the HMO manager walked inside, Saint Peter tapped his shoulder and said, "But you can only stay for two days."



**A** hunter went into the woods and shot at a bear. But after the smoke cleared, the hunter saw the bear wasn't there. A moment later the bear tapped the hunter on the shoulder and said, "No one shoots at me and gets away with it. You have two choices: I can rip out your throat and eat you, or you can drop your trousers and I'll do you in the ass."

The hunter decided that anything was better than death, so he dropped his trousers and bent over. After the bear finished, the hunter staggered into town and bought a larger, more powerful rifle. He returned to the forest, saw the bear, aimed and fired. But once again, when the smoke cleared, the bear wasn't there. A moment later the bear tapped the hunter on the shoulder and said, "You know what you have to do."

Afterward, the hunter pulled up his trousers, crawled back into town and bought a bazooka. He returned to the forest, saw the bear, aimed and fired. The force of the blast knocked the hunter flat on his back. When the smoke cleared, the bear was standing over him and said, "You're not doing this just for the hunting, are you?"

**A** group of cowboys were out branding cattle. While they were away, the cook saw a sheep tied to a post. Thinking it was for that night's dinner, he slaughtered the sheep and cooked it. After dinner, the cowboys were all depressed and ignored the cook. He pulled one aside and asked, "Did I screw up the cooking?"

"No," the cowboy replied. "You cooked up the screwing."

**W**hy don't roosters have hands?  
Because chickens don't have tits.

**A** man was too drunk to drive, so he left his car at the bar and began walking home. A policeman stopped him and asked, "What are you doing out here at two A.M.?"

"I'm going to a lecture," the man replied.

"And just who is giving a lecture at this late hour?" the cop asked.

The man replied, "My wife."

**A** regular at a bar noticed that a beautiful woman had been coming in alone almost every night. After the second week, the man made his move and asked her to go home with him. "I'm sorry," she said politely. "This may sound odd in this day and age, but I'm keeping myself chaste until I meet the man I love."

"That must be difficult," the man said.

"Oh, I don't mind too much," she said. "But my husband is pretty upset."

**B**LONGE JOKE OF THE MONTH: A blonde thought her husband was having an affair, so she went to a gun shop and bought a handgun. The next day she found her husband in bed with another woman. She pulled out the gun and held it to her own head. The husband jumped out of bed, begging her not to shoot herself. The blonde cocked the trigger and shouted, "Shut up. You're next."



**P**LAYBOY CLASSIC: Two nuns were rehabbing a room in the convent. They didn't want to get paint on their habits, so they locked the door, took off their clothes and started painting. There was a knock on the door and a man's voice said, "Blind man."

The two nuns conferred and decided that, since a blind man couldn't see, there was no need to get dressed before letting him inside. They opened the door. The man said, "Nice tits. Now where do you want me to hang these blinds?"

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.







# Divorce

All the best people are splitting up—even Tony Soprano's  
been thrown out of the house. How would you come  
through if it happened to you?

article By CRAIG VETTER

**I**MAGINE YOURSELF and the love of your life in line to board a flight. You've cleared security, everything you own has been checked through and you can see your plane out on the tarmac, shining with the promise of your dream destination. Then, as you hand over your boarding pass, you notice a disclaimer: THIS AIRLINE CRASHES AND BURNS 50 PERCENT OF THE TIME. ODDS ARE YOU'LL SURVIVE THE FEAR, SCREAMING AND DEVASTATION, BUT YOUR INJURIES WILL NEVER HEAL COMPLETELY. HAVE A NICE FLIGHT.

This is the airline called matrimony, and you'll probably board if you haven't already. And though few of us marry thinking we'll probably divorce (I didn't, either time), the statistics are grim: Among men 45 and younger, half of first marriages fail. Remarriages come apart 60 percent of the time. Average duration at breakup falls on the famous itch line—seven years. So when you marry, it makes good sense to fasten your seat belt, mark the exits carefully and read the evacuation instructions in the seat pocket in front of you.

•

Sorry, love doesn't conquer all: "It may be cynical to say that love alone doesn't guarantee 'till death do you part,' but in today's world it's the

truth," says Neal Hersh, Beverly Hills divorce lawyer to such illustrious clients as Robin Givens, Halle Berry and Kim Basinger. "None of us can afford to leave anything to chance. We should document everything, and marriage is no different from any other transaction. It's not negative thinking to have some preparation for divorce, given the statistics."

The most melodramatic of 2002's public marital dustups involved then New York mayor Rudy Giuliani and his wife, Donna Hanover. It was a mudslinging saga that saw Giuliani vilified for bringing the alleged "other woman" into the mayoral mansion and announcing to the press that he had filed for divorce before he told Hanover. Then, on the wings of his cool paternal presence in the ashes of September 11, his image was resurrected. *Time* named him Person of the Year, and his earnings jumped by a power of 10.



When the two settled the demise of their 16-year marriage a day before they were scheduled to go to trial in July 2002, the New York tabloids declared Rudy had been beaten like a gong. He agreed to give Hanover \$6.8 million tax-free, the \$500,000 Upper East Side condo, unspecified child support for their 16-year-old (text continued on page 116)







# TILL DEATH DO US PART

	Rudy Giuliani & Donna Hanover	Tom Cruise & Nicole Kidman	Jeff & Brooke Gordon	Jack & Jane Welch	Billy Bob Thornton & Angelina Jolie
					
<b>How long?</b>	16 years	10 years	7 years	13 years	2 years, which beat the over in the over/under betting
<b>Who filed?</b>	Rudy	Tom	Brooke	Jack	Angelina
<b>Reason</b>	Cruel and inhuman treatment	Divergent careers	Marital misconduct	Infidelity	Irreconcilable differences
<b>Other woman</b>	"Very good friend" Judith Nathan (presently Rudy's fiancée)	Penelope Cruz (rumored)	Model Chandra Janway, former stripper Deanna Merryman (both rumored)	<i>Harvard Business Review</i> editor in chief Suzy Wetlaufer	Groupies (rumored), Texas trailer possums
<b>Assets</b>	Rudy's post-9/11 celeb status, which garnered him \$100,000 per speech (\$8 million so far) and a \$2.7 million book deal.	Homes in Los Angeles, Sydney and Telluride; a Gulfstream and two other planes—the couple's net worth is estimated to be \$335 million.	23,095 sq. ft. Highland Beach, FL home and second home in Palm Beach; a Falcon 200 airplane, Porsche, Mercedes 600SL and boats—total assets exceed \$40 million.	\$900 million plus GE benefits that include courtside seats at Knicks games, a \$15 million Manhattan apartment, use of GE's Boeing 737 (value—\$291,667 per month).	\$3.8 million Beverly Hills home, vials of each other's blood, matching tattoos, an electric chair and pet rat Harry.
<b>Wife demands</b>	\$70,000 a month child support and spousal maintenance, \$1140 a month for Goalie (their dog), \$58,000 for a press secretary.	Family support sufficient to maintain their current standard of living through their son's 19th year.	The house, the cars, use of boats and plane, money to maintain house staff and provide them with cars and bonuses.	Half of everything	The right to keep all her earnings since their separation and no spousal support for Thornton.
<b>Rumors</b>	Rudy named mayoral communications director Cristyne Lategano head of the city's Convention and Visitors' Bureau after a lengthy affair.	Scientology drove them apart, Tom is gay and Nicole is covorting with Ewan McGregor or George Clooney.	Gordon was dating Britney Spears; accused of understating earnings by \$5 million.	Jane had an affair with an Italian chauffeur and bodyguard before Jack met Wetlaufer.	Jolie wants her vials of blood back so Thornton's psychic mother can't use them for voodoo spells.
<b>Low blow</b>	Hanover made Giuliani sleep in the den, forcing him to run down the hall eight times a night to vomit from his chemo.	Cruise claimed separation began prior to their 10th anniversary (and Kidman's pregnancy) to limit alimony.	She hints at "highly confidential and sensitive" surveillance material. Her lawyers have filed for his receipts from West Palm Beach hotels.	Jane broke stories of Welch's affair and GE retirement perks and then let the media do the heavy lifting for her.	Thornton ignored newly adopted son Maddox and was seen with ex number four, Pietra Cheriak.
<b>Settlement</b>	An "equitable distribution of assets" nets Hanover \$6.8 million.	Kidman keeps the homes in LA and Sydney; other terms remain undisclosed, but some sources estimate she got half of everything.	Settlement likely, currently arguing over the last \$10 million.	Jane rejected a \$140 million settlement that included cash, real estate and goodies, but settlement is in the wind.	Billy Bob's been divorced four times—he knows how to settle.



# HORROR STORY

are the odds stacked against men? sometimes

I have a friend I'll call Steve whose wife surprised him with a divorce after nine years of marriage. Steve coaches his son's sports teams and helps with his homework. When his kid was younger, Steve changed his diapers. He's the kind of father custody evaluators and judges are supposed to see as an equal partner in raising a child after a divorce.

But, after more than \$100,000 and two and a half years in the system, Steve learned a devastating lesson: Gender bias has been wiped off the books, but it's still there when you go to court to fight for time with your children.

On the night Steve came home from his job, he expected the usual greeting: His two-year-old son would run into his arms while his wife headed out to her part-time job. Steve would eat dinner with his son, roll around on the floor, give him a bath, read him a story and put him to bed. But that night the house was quiet. As he walked through the rooms, he noticed a lot of his stuff was gone—but, most important, his son was gone. Steve found the note his wife left, saying she didn't want to be married to him anymore. At that moment, he didn't know he was being sucked into a system that would leave him bankrupt and bitter. The next day, in his office, Steve was served an order of protection. His wife said she feared for her life and the safety of their son—allegations she merely had to swear to under oath, without providing proof. The judge ordered him to stay away from his wife and child. "It was demeaning and degrading," he says now.

Three days later, the sheriff's officer served him with divorce papers. Steve hired a lawyer and went to court. He got the order of protection dropped, but his wife's strategy had worked. Because his son was now living with her and she wasn't working, the judge ordered Steve to pay temporary child support.

Steve didn't realize it then, but his wife's lawyers were coaching her to follow a plan. "It was a well-oiled machine," he says. "First, they use the order of protection to separate the parents and automatically appoint the mother as guardian. Second, they serve the divorce papers. Then they establish child support for the mother and visitation for the father.

"Even if you were equally involved with your kids during the marriage, by the time the divorce is final, they argue she is spending more time with the children than you are.

"This all happened before the case was evaluated by anyone in the court," Steve adds. "I was at a disadvantage because I'm male." According to the U.S. Census Bureau, only 15 percent of 13.5 million custodial parents are fathers.

Steve wanted to divide parenting equally. His wife wanted the majority of the time so she would receive child support. Because Steve and his wife couldn't agree on a parenting schedule, the judge ordered a custody evaluation by a psychologist, at a cost (to Steve) of several thousand dollars.

For many fathers, this is the moment that ends their presence in their children's lives. The evaluator observes each parent with the child, looking for signs that he is more comfortable with one parent or the other. If Steve's son clung to him during the session, Steve could be considered a bad parent because he didn't promote independence. If Steve's son did not cling to him, he could be considered a bad parent because he is emo-

tionally distant. It's anything but science, but an evaluator's recommendation can destroy a father's relationship with his kids.

Fortunately for Steve, the evaluator found him to be an excellent father and recommended joint custody, with his wife as the residential parent. But the judge also appointed a guardian ad litem—an attorney to represent the child—who didn't agree with the recommendation. At that point, Steve's wife stopped talking to him, and the guardian argued there was no communication between the parents. "In my state the law says there has to be communication for joint custody," explains Steve. "Even though she was the one who wouldn't communicate, she was able to veto joint custody." Steve thinks he knows why his wife didn't want to share custody. "Her attorney told her that if she gave me half the time with my son, she'd get less child support."

As a result, Steve's wife was awarded sole custody of their son. The judge said the boy could visit Steve only every other weekend and a few hours during the week.

The judge ordered Steve to deduct 20 percent of his net income for child support. On every paycheck, Steve sees the words Court Order next to the deducted amount. The judge made Steve refinance his house and give his wife more than 60 percent of the equity. Out of Steve's share, he had to pay \$9000 to the guardian. His wife had already liquidated her 401(k) and pension, but Steve was forced to split his 401(k) and pension with his ex. During the divorce,

Steve couldn't go on a date—it might jeopardize his custody. If we watched a ball game at a bar, Steve drank iced tea—he didn't want anyone to see him drinking in a tavern.

After it was over, he owed \$100,000 to his lawyer and his ex-wife's attorney. After paying support, taxes and expenses every month, he had no way to pay his debts and had to file for bankruptcy. Steve got to keep his car—a 12-year-old Taurus that was the oldest car in his company's parking lot. Meanwhile, his wife—who has an MBA—worked just a few hours a week, even though her son had entered school full-time.

Though she claimed in court to earn less than \$5000 a year, she bought a new car and lived in an apartment. Three years later, she bought a house. Steve checked the real estate records and found she had made a \$60,000 down payment, which he figures came from his child support checks. Though his ex is supposed to use the money to pay for the child's clothes and other living expenses, Steve sees his son wearing clothes handed down from relatives—their names are on the labels—and realizes she is spending the money elsewhere.

A few years have passed, but Steve still hasn't recovered. He can't afford to take his son on vacation. He still drives a used car. And even his son knows he's barely getting by and tells his father he doesn't need presents at Christmas.

"I live a spartan life," Steve says. "That would be fine if I was in college, but I'm middle-aged and in management. I make a good salary, but I can only give my son the kind of lifestyle that I would give him if I were making \$5 an hour."

Looking back now on the 30 months he spent fighting for time with his son, he says, "I would not wish that pain on any father. They rip out your heart and push you over the ledge, and one by one they peel your fingers off." —LEOPOLD FROELICH

**He didn't realize it, but his wife's lawyers were coaching her.**



son and 12-year-old daughter, plus all legal fees.

"There are no victories in divorce," Felder said in response to suggestions that he and his client had lost the war. "It's always a sad outcome."

The decision to bail out of a marriage is perhaps the hardest to make, especially if children are involved. (There were two in my first divorce, and losing daily life with them is the worst thing I've ever had to suffer.) But as sad as divorce is, keeping a cruel marriage together is sadder. According to Miles Beermann, a Chicago divorce lawyer, the first thing you should do when you think of divorcing is to get counseling. "See if you can save the marriage," he says.

But if you find yourself daydreaming about how good it would be if your spouse died in a plane crash, it's probably time to end the relationship.

There are thousands of books and online sites that offer useful divorce information, but doing it yourself is like trying to perform your own open-heart surgery. Divorce laws vary from state to state, as do the technical requirements for filing motions and discovery. Child custody and the identification and division of marital assets are complicated and emotional. Unless the divorce is unusually simple, or you choose to default (as I did in both of mine by not answering the complaints filed by my wives), you'll want to work with someone who knows the territory and can be objective. Find a lawyer.

"Do that immediately," says Cook County circuit court judge Paul Karkula, who practiced divorce law for 18 years in Chicago before taking the bench. "When you see it coming, you can't choose a lawyer too soon, if only to get legal advice. It should be somebody who specializes in divorce."

An alternative, says Karkula, is mediation. "If the two people are able to sit with a trained mediator and work to an agreement, it can be wonderful. There are mediators to deal with custody issues, and psychologists and social workers can be a great help. No matter what the agreement, a judge has to approve it. If the right factors are in place, mediation should be the first choice. But if the separation is contentious, you need somebody to get what's best for you."

**"Don't be surprised if your spouse's lawyer is an asshole. So is yours":** That advice comes from a 35-year-old man who survived a five-year divorce battle that included a nasty trial during which his wife's lawyer asked if he owned a women's hat collection. In moments like that, he said, you hope your lawyer is an asshole, too.

"The first thing you should ask your lawyer," says Karkula, "is what it's going to cost. Tell him exactly what you can afford. If you agree on the price, tell him your story and make sure that he listens. And never forget that you're interviewing him, not the other way around."

The question of whether your lawyer should be a man or a woman can have interesting implications. Choosing a female lawyer to argue your case can work to your advantage.

"There's a lot of imagery in this business," says Hersh. "Imagine you're asking your wife to go back to work and she's saying she can't because she has to take care of the children. Who better to set an example than a woman lawyer who has children of her own?"

Whoever you hire should be someone you trust and can talk openly to, because you're going to give him or her a more detailed account of your life than you have ever given anyone else.

**Before you file:** Everything you and your spouse have accumulated over the course of the marriage will have to be documented, including current salaries, real estate, pension funds, bonuses, taxes and debt. The factors that will ultimately determine how your joint assets are divided will be somewhat different, depending on whether you live in an equitable distribution state or in a community property state. Both systems aim at fair division, but, in general, equitable distribution states give more discretion to the judge, while community property states begin with a stricter 50-50 approach. In either case, you have to know precisely what the two of you have.

"Take a measure of the status quo," says Karkula. "Know your monthly expenses—mortgage, car payments, tuition, even the newspapers. Determine what the expenses would be if you and your spouse were living alone after filing. Be aware of your spouse's financial condition—to the penny. Keep the information to yourself."

"Don't attempt to hide anything," says Beermann. "It's a crime, and you could go to jail. Don't discuss with your wife what you're going to give her, because that will become the floor and you'll never get it done for less."

Premarital assets—the things you brought into the marriage or inherited while you were married—are generally not included in the division, though the ways in which you have shared them can make a difference in the settlement. If, for instance, you inherit a million dollars and use part of it for vacations or tuition, or if your spouse cuts her working hours because of the

windfall, it may fold into your mutual assets.

A prenuptial agreement can be beneficial or worthless, says Karkula. "They're best for older couples who've been married before and have kids, or when one person is much older and wealthier than the other. If you do a prenup, make sure your spouse has time to look it over and show it to her lawyer. Courts don't look kindly on prenups that are handed over in the limo on the way to the church."

"If you're starting at ground zero as a young person, you probably don't need a prenup," says Hersh. "It can be too emotional."

**A bad settlement is better than a good trial:** "You can be more creative in a settlement than a judge can be at trial," says Beermann. "Why let somebody in a black robe tell you how to raise your children, or how to run your financial life?"

In fact, more than 90 percent of American divorces are settled, an arrangement that not only saves you a lawyer's trial fee—\$500 per hour or more—it will also keep you off the witness stand where every aspect of your personal life will be revealed. No matter what the settlement, both of you will probably be unhappy with it. Divorce is rough surgery that requires you to leave something in the operating room that you'd rather be wearing.

"Old judges will tell you that they know they've made a good final decision when they see both sides shaking their heads," says Karkula.

"Divorce takes a bite out of your ass no matter what side of the fence you're on," says Hersh. "But most judges try to do the right thing, even if the lawyers don't. There are some disparities. The partner with the greater financial wherewithal will probably do better in some ways. But it's sexist to say that men always come out ahead economically—you can't assume the man is the breadwinner. Many women these days make more than their husbands do. You're not going to find too often that either side gets totally obliterated unless one of the lawyers is asleep at the wheel. And apart from whatever happens financially, I think women come out better emotionally in the long run. It can be very emotional on both sides while the case is going on, but after all is said and done, women get on with their lives while a lot of guys are basket cases."

**You probably need a divorce lawyer if any of the following applies:**

(concluded on page 145)



# The Changing Room

I LIKE THIS ONE BUT NOT WITH FLOUNCES  
THE BLUE ONE IS TOO LOW-CUT... I'M  
NOT SURE... IN THE END I WON'T  
BUY ANYTHING, AS USUAL.



WHY DON'T YOU USE THE CHANGING  
ROOM? IT MIGHT CHANGE YOUR  
MIND. VICTOR, CAN YOU  
ASSIST HER?



WELL,  
LET'S SEE...



LET ME SEE  
YOU.



DON'T YOU LIKE THIS SKIRT?  
WHY, I CAN SLIDE MY HAND  
RIGHT UP YOUR THIGH.



AND THIS DRESS?  
I CAN JUST  
SLIP IN  
HERE.



THIS MINI-  
SKIRT IS GREAT  
FOR  
QUICKIES.



THE LOW-CUT BACK IS SO  
SEXY. CAN'T YOU FEEL THE  
HEAT FROM MY FINGERS?



AND THIS TOP?  
A SHOOTH BAW  
CRYING OUT  
TO BE  
KISSED.



I'M GLAD YOU'RE  
TAKING  
EVERYTHING.

YOU WERE RIGHT—  
THE CHANGING ROOM  
CHANGED MY MIND.



EXCUSE ME, I NEED  
SOME ADVICE ON  
WHAT TO BUY.

TRY THE  
CHANGING ROOM, IT'LL  
HELP YOU SEE THINGS  
MORE CLEARLY.

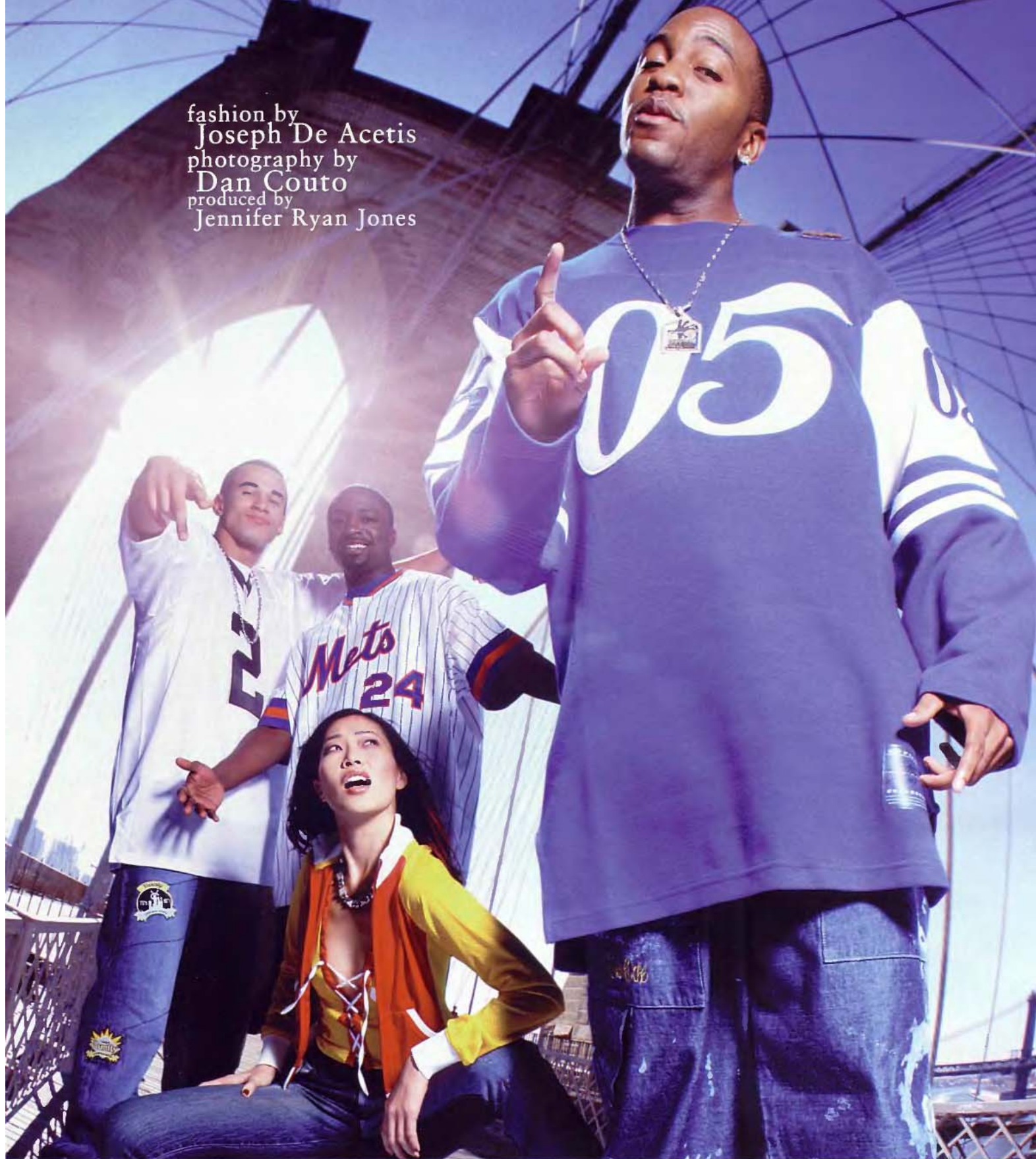


VICTOR,  
CAN YOU  
ASSIST  
HER?





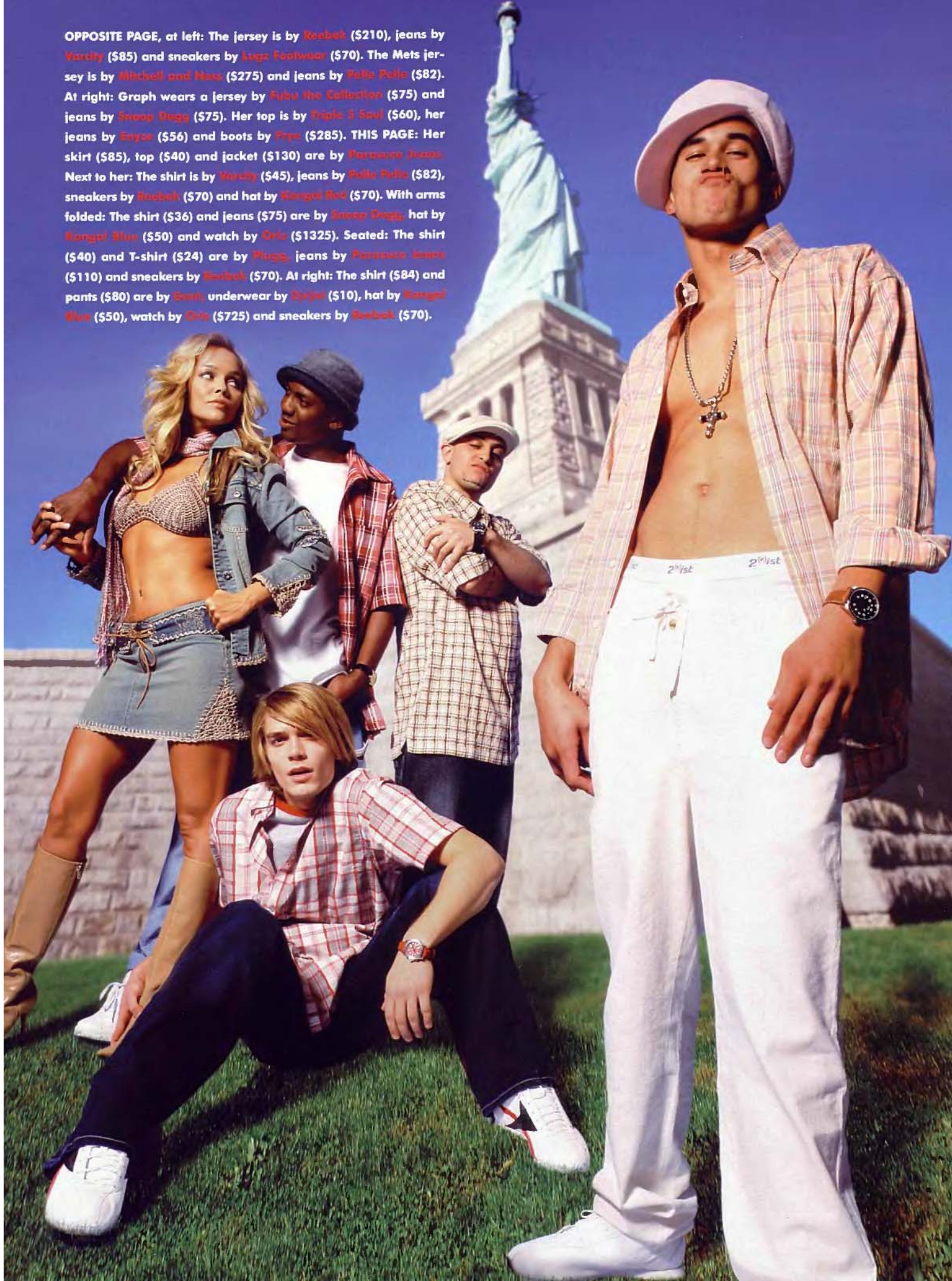
fashion by  
Joseph De Acetis  
photography by  
Dan Couto  
produced by  
Jennifer Ryan Jones



LANDMARK MOMENTS once again, the  
hottest **vibe** in  
fashion comes  
from the  
**streets**



OPPOSITE PAGE, at left: The jersey is by **Reebok** (\$210), jeans by **Varsity** (\$85) and sneakers by **Legs Footwear** (\$70). The Mets jersey is by **Mitchell and Ness** (\$275) and jeans by **Pelle Pelle** (\$82). At right: Graph wears a jersey by **Fubu the Collection** (\$75) and jeans by **Snoop Dogg** (\$75). Her top is by **Triple S Soul** (\$60), her jeans by **Enyce** (\$56) and boots by **Frye** (\$285). THIS PAGE: Her skirt (\$85), top (\$40) and jacket (\$130) are by **Parasave Jeans**. Next to her: The shirt is by **Varsity** (\$45), jeans by **Pelle Pelle** (\$82), sneakers by **Reebok** (\$70) and hat by **Kangol Red** (\$70). With arms folded: The shirt (\$36) and jeans (\$75) are by **Snoop Dogg**, hat by **Kangol Blue** (\$50) and watch by **Oris** (\$1325). Seated: The shirt (\$40) and T-shirt (\$24) are by **Plugg**, jeans by **Parasave Jeans** (\$110) and sneakers by **Reebok** (\$70). At right: The shirt (\$84) and pants (\$80) are by **Scoti**, underwear by **Digital** (\$10), hat by **Kangol Blue** (\$50), watch by **Oris** (\$725) and sneakers by **Reebok** (\$70).







LEFT TO RIGHT: The midsleeve tracksuit is by **Pelle Pelle** (\$170) and the sneakers are by **Nike** (\$100). Shorty is wearing a white-and-red All-Star sweatshirt (\$90) and pants (\$75) by **Reebok**, the sneakers are by **Pony** (\$70, available at Foot Locker) and cap by **New Era** (\$28). Her outfit is by **Duggan Red** (\$142) and her shoes are by **Casadei** (\$410). The Globetrotters sweat suit is by **Platinum Fubu Harlem Globetrotters** (\$169), the watch is by **Tommy Bahama** (\$395) and the sneakers are by **Pony** (\$60, at Foot Locker). The velour Celtics sweat suit is by **Reebok** (\$180), the watch is by **Tommy Bahama** (\$495) and the sneakers are by **Fubu the Collection** (\$50).





Redman is in an outfit from his own clothing line:

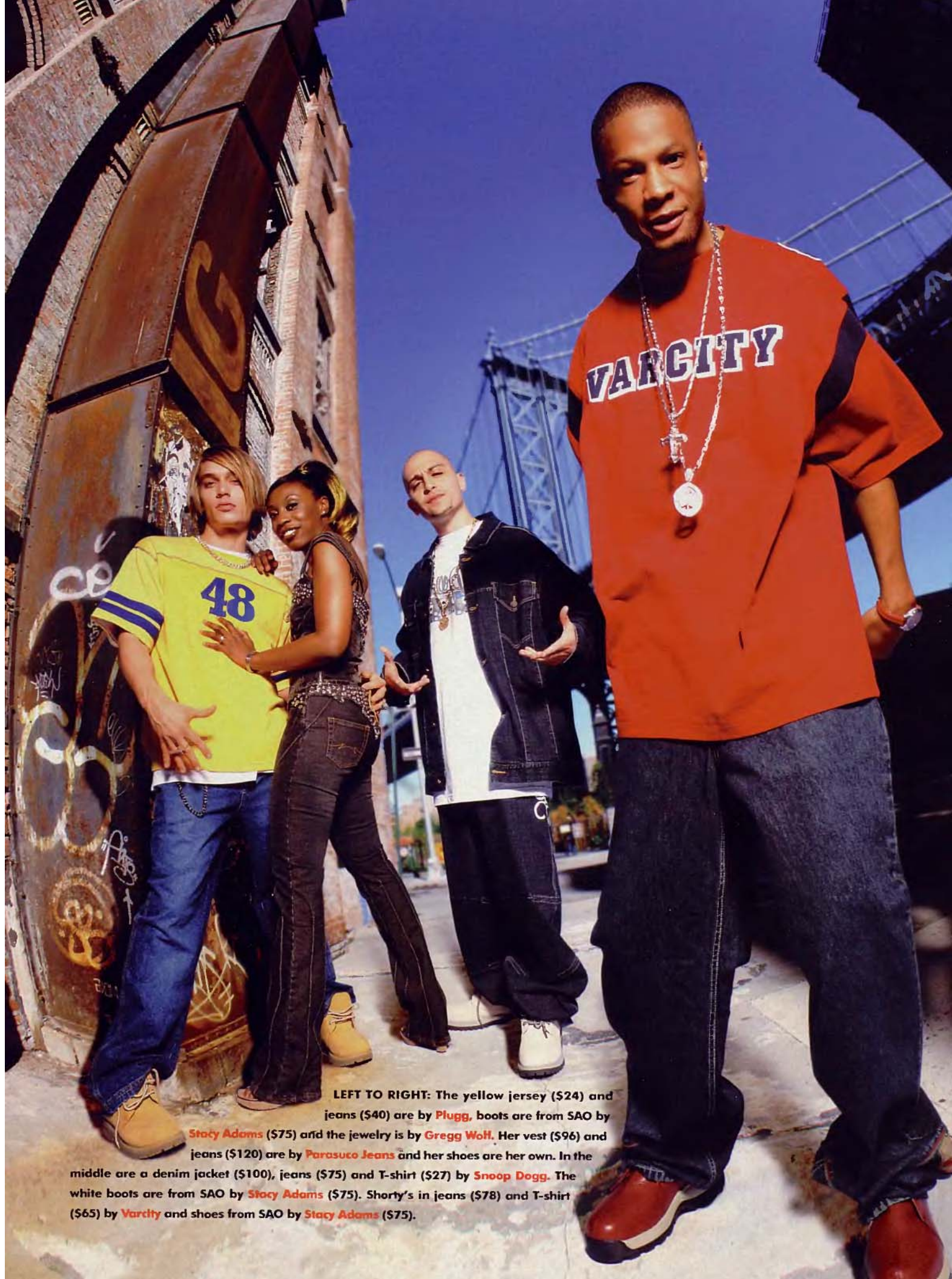
The headband (\$9), wristband (\$12), T-shirt (\$24), denim short-sleeve shirt (\$60) and

shorts (\$62) are all by **Redman**. The sneakers are his own Nikes. The girls:

At left, she's in shirt (\$628) and pants (\$528) by **Gaelle and Clanton**, and shoes are her own. In the middle are a rubber corset (\$818) and skirt (\$848) by **Gaelle and Clanton**

and shoes by **Canby** (\$345). At right, she's in a halter (\$618) and skirt (\$768) by **Gaelle and Clanton** and her own shoes.





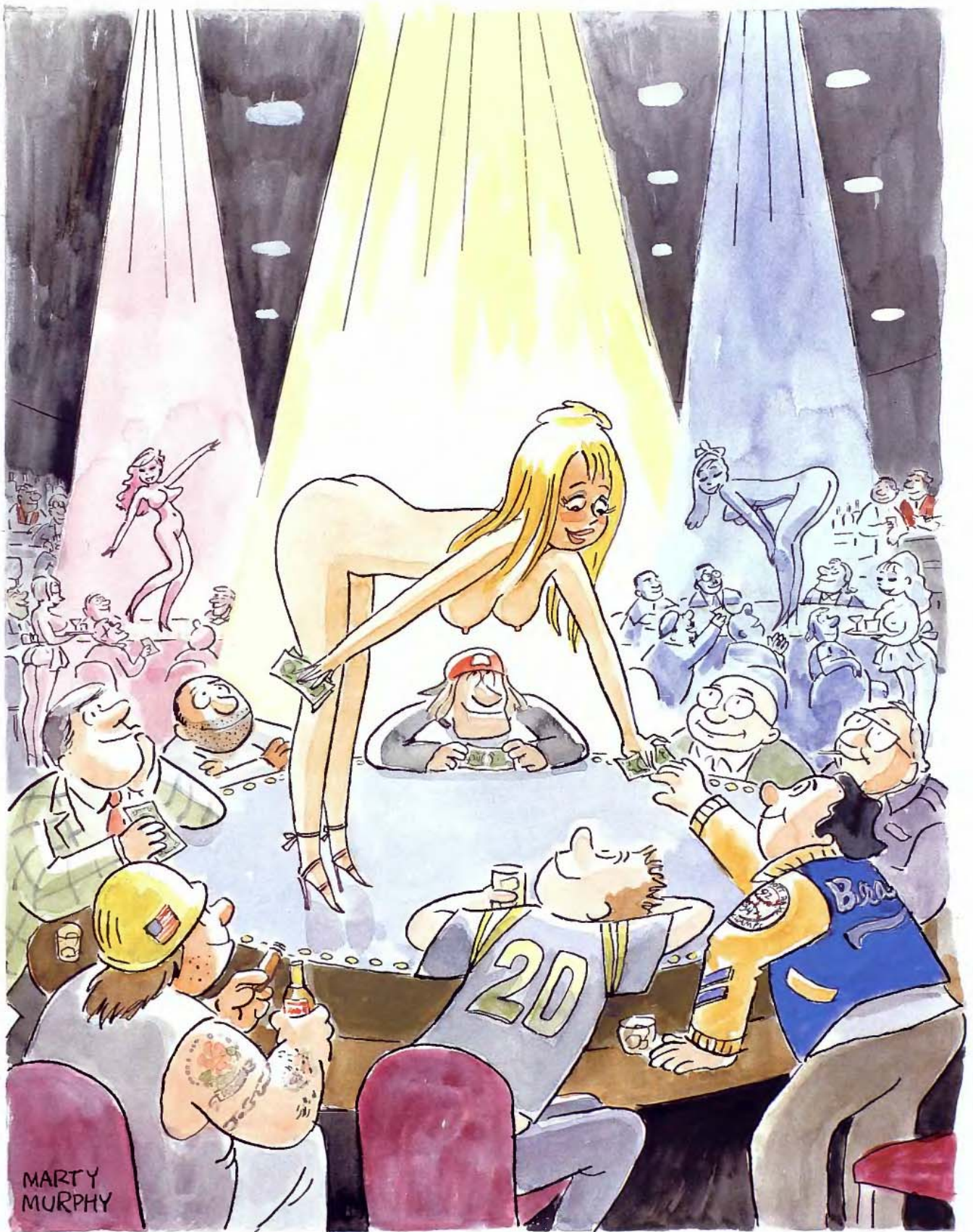
LEFT TO RIGHT: The yellow jersey (\$24) and jeans (\$40) are by **Plugg**, boots are from SAO by **Stacy Adams** (\$75) and the jewelry is by **Gregg Wolf**. Her vest (\$96) and jeans (\$120) are by **Parasuco Jeans** and her shoes are her own. In the middle are a denim jacket (\$100), jeans (\$75) and T-shirt (\$27) by **Snoop Dogg**. The white boots are from SAO by **Stacy Adams** (\$75). Shorty's in jeans (\$78) and T-shirt (\$65) by **Varsity** and shoes from SAO by **Stacy Adams** (\$75).





LEFT TO RIGHT: The leather motorcycle jacket (\$1000) and five-pocket leather jeans (\$500) are by **5001 Flowers** and the sneakers are by **Reebok** (\$70). His Medusa-head ring (\$175) and oval black stone ring (\$150) are by **Gregg Wolf**. The tan leather shirt (\$500) and matching pants (\$450) are by **Schott**, with T-shirt by **2(x)ist** (\$18) and boots from SAO by **Stacy Adams** (\$75). The blue suede jacket (\$325) and carpenter pants (\$265) are by **Avirex**, with T-shirt by **2(x)ist** (\$18) and sneakers by **Nike** (\$100). Johnny Handsome is in a suede jersey by **Fubu Leather** (\$385), jeans by **Akademiks** (\$112), sneakers by **Fubu the Collection** (\$65), watch by **Oris** (\$925) and cap by **New Era** (\$60).





*"I just wish you guys could see me when I'm all dolled up!"*



# Centerfolds on SEX

## Michele Rogers

### BEING RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR OWN ORGASM

I don't rely on the man to give me an orgasm. I give myself the orgasm, you know what I mean? I'm comfortable enough with my body and know my body so well that when I have sex, I'm working my muscles to make the orgasm happen. It pisses me off when girls complain they didn't have an orgasm or say they don't always have one. I'm like, "Girl, you need to learn how to use your body. And you should give yourself the orgasm." Why have sex if you're not having an orgasm? That's so weird.

### DO YOU HAVE SEX WHILE WATCHING PORN?

Not all the time. But we have and we do. We'll be watching TV and then put on porno and we're like, Hmm. Then we'll start having sex. Pornos get the juices going. Of course, there are some porno movies that, like, I just go "ew." I don't want to see an ugly person having sex. That's disgusting.

### POST CARD

#### WHERE DO YOU LIKE HIM TO COME?

If we do it doggy style sometimes I'll have him come on my back. Or my butt. Actually, I prefer him to come all over my butt. Or my breasts. Or even my face, sometimes. A lot of girls don't like it. But I think it's super-sexy. I love it all over my breasts, on my face. When I give him oral sex, and when he comes that way, I will always swallow. I'll never not swallow. It might be all over my face, but I'll always swallow.

*Michele Rogers*











# TREATED *Like A* **HIGH ROLLER** EVEN IF YOU DON'T HAVE A BANKROLL

**S**o you want to be a high roller? Excellent lifestyle choice. It's not so difficult or complicated as you would assume if you follow this time-tested, two-step process:

Step 1: Get extremely rich.

Step 2: Risk huge piles of your money at the world's swankiest casinos—\$250,000 or more per visit.

It's all very simple, except for the money part.

So maybe you'll never be a true high roller. But while you work on your first million, there are ways to sample the high-roller lifestyle without having high-roller money. You do this by earning "comps," or free stuff, just like the rich dudes.

## What's my first step?

Casinos are giant businesses with thousands of customers. A true high roller is instantly noticed by the pit boss—and treated accordingly. But how's a regular guy going to stand out in that big crowd? Thankfully, there are ways and they're relatively painless.

**The first: Get rated.** Any casino patron, high roller or low, can do this, says Larry Altschul, a senior vice president and casino host at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas. Ask to be rated, and Altschul's people will issue you a card that you'll present at the gaming tables or insert into slot machines. It allows the house to track your action and thereby calculate your level of comps based on how much and how long you

gamble. Getting rated is essential to earning perks.

Almost everyone uses the card at the slots, but many players forget to give the card to the dealer or croupier. Don't be one of them—you want to accumulate as many points as possible.

But there's another way to attain a high profile that few people know about. "I highly recommend getting casino credit," Altschul says. It's just like applying for a credit card—you call the casino and request an application. Acquiring casino credit will automatically get you rated.

Casino credit is unlike regular credit in one respect: If your credit report shows a late mortgage payment, the person at American Express probably doesn't want to hear your explanation. Altschul will hear you out. "We're trying to establish a relationship. We're going to work with you. Maybe your mortgage went out without a stamp and came back. In that case, we're probably going to give you the benefit of the doubt."

First-time creditees should expect to pay their tab before they check out. Once you've established yourself as a good risk, though, most casinos will grant you a payment period.

article by  
**Scott Dickensheets**



The bad news: It's easy to go heavily into debt when you have casino credit, so be careful. The good news: If you want to be noticed, this is the way. All casinos pay attention to players who borrow their money.

If you gamble a lot, casinos can hook into a system called Central Credit that pulls up records of your balances at gambling dens worldwide, as well as information on how long it took you to pay off your losses.

One rule is ironclad: Pay what you owe. Not because the casino will send a couple of bruisers around to collect—the Mob thing is over. Instead, they send lawyers.

## How does a casino determine my comps?

**Brace yourself for a little math.** Sin City's version of  $E=mc^2$  is a magic formula that multiplies your playing time, your average bet and the house's statistical advantage in whatever game you're playing. Casino hosts use the resulting number to determine how much free stuff you get. Gamble enough—risking, say, \$15 a hand for a specified number of hours—and the casino floorman might comp a meal at the coffee shop (run up a big tab and you still come out ahead). Gamble more and the casino host will get involved, maybe writing off your room, throwing in some gourmet grub or picking up your airfare.

## How much must I spend to get some juicy comps?

The formula is subject to several variables. You'll probably get more comps midweek than on a weekend, and more on a slow weekend than on the weekend of a big fight, when all the whales are in town. Different games have different statistical advantages.

However, if you have \$5000 in play, you can expect to have your room comped for a night, maybe two. That's \$5000 moving across the table, not up in your room or parked safely in the hotel vault. You don't have to lose that much, either. Just risk it. Up that figure to \$10,000 and you can expect some bona fide high-roller treatment—free food and drink, perhaps a better room.

## Are there strategies?

**Sure.** Remember that your comps are calculated according to how much you bet and how long you play. If you stick to blackjack and play a statistical-

ly safe game, you can minimize your losses and maximize your playing time. Here are some sneaky but perfectly legal ways to make it look like you're wagering more than you are:

- **Bet big when the floor bosses are looking—they're the ones who'll report your action to the host.**
- **Play slowly. The house figures you'll play about 60 hands an hour and calculates your comps on that. Look for a packed table with a gregarious dealer and a partying mood.**
- **Every so often, palm some chips into a pocket. It'll appear you're losing more than you are, even as you save that money.**
- **If you have a smallish bankroll, don't exchange it for chips all at once. It's better to whip out a hundred at a time than to let the house know you brought only \$1500.**
- **Target midrange joints—Downtown Vegas, Laughlin or, on the Strip, places in the shadows of the big resorts. They will fight harder to get your business, making comps easier to come by.**
- **Stick with it. Go comp hunting for one weekend, and you'll likely lose \$500. "If you do this for 10 weekends a year, it will average out, and you may lose a couple hundred dollars to get thousands in free vacations," says Max Rubin, author of *Comp City: A Guide to Free Casino Vacations*.**
- **Remember that the house is, as Altschul says, "looking to say yes every way we can. An empty seat does not make a bet."**

## What's the most important thing I need?

**Balls, pure and simple.** "It's the chutzpah, not being afraid to ask," Rubin says. If you're not an Australian billionaire fabled for reckless gambling—that is, if you're not an established whale—the casino won't automatically extend you the complimentary goods and services that'll make you feel like a high roller. You have to ask for them.

This isn't the low hurdle it appears to be; many of us are embarrassed to be told no by authority figures. Get over it. Get ready to ask for that gourmet meal or those tickets to the weekend's big fight. At the very least, ask how much you'll have to wager to get freebies.

"Sure, your heart will pound, your palms will sweat—you're going to feel it the first few times," Rubin says. "But it's kind of fun to take the casinos."

## Las Vegas on \$250,000 a Day or More

super-high rollers get the superperks

**Private Golf Courses:** On the southern edge of Las Vegas Valley, Caesars maintains a private course called Cascata. Half a dozen high-rolling foursomes constitutes a busy day on this Rees Jones-designed gem.



**Chartered Limos:** On a big night in Vegas—a major fight weekend or a long holiday—limos disgorge fat cats into MGM's Mansions or the Bellagio's suites.



**Private Jets:** Wager enough money and Caesars will send a private jet to fetch you anytime you feel the urge to do some heavy-duty gambling.



**10,000-Square-Foot Rooms:** The Neptune suite at Caesars Palace includes three bedrooms, glass-enclosed jacuzzi, in-room saion and the world's largest bed. Roll high enough and the crib can be yours.







*"... And then in 1957, my sexual appetite took  
another surprising turn. ..."*







# Juliette Lewis

## 20Q

the liquid-eyed actor speaks out on her prisoner fans, her bad-girl past and sucking De Niro's thumb

**A**t the age of six, Juliette Lewis was given a part in Clint Eastwood's *Bronco Billy*. In 1987, she had a leading role in the miniseries *Home Fires*. At 14, seeking exemption from child labor laws that restricted shooting schedules for minors, she petitioned the court to grant her legal majority. When she was 16 she played Chevy Chase's daughter in *National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation* and starred in the television film *Too Young to Die*. During that shooting she began an affair with older co-star Brad Pitt. At 18, Lewis was working with Robert De Niro in *Cape Fear*, for which she garnered Academy Award and Golden Globe nominations for best supporting actress.

Lewis became a sought-after actor and at the same time earned a reputation as a loose cannon. She next appeared with Woody Allen in *Husbands and Wives*, followed by memorable performances as a dysfunctional innocent opposite Brad Pitt in *Kalifornia*, as a waitress from Queens in *Romeo Is Bleeding*, co-starring Gary Oldman, and as a drifter hanging out with Johnny Depp and Leonardo DiCaprio in *What's Eating Gilbert Grape*. Then Oliver Stone cast Lewis alongside Woody Harrelson as two mass-murdering folk heroes in *Natural Born Killers*. Lewis avoided typecasting with turns opposite Steve Martin and Adam Sandler in Nora Ephron's comedy *Mixed Nuts* and Ralph Fiennes in the science-fiction action film *Strange Days*, followed by Quentin Tarantino's ode to vampires, *From Dusk Till Dawn*.

After a struggle with drugs and alcohol, Lewis came back strong with well-reviewed work in *The Other Sister*, an Emmy-nominated performance in Showtime's *My Louisiana Sky* and a co-starring role as Jennifer Lopez' best friend in *Enough*. Lewis carries a heavy workload this year with roles in the comedy *Old School* with Luke Wilson and Vince Vaughn, in Mike Figgis' *The Devil's Throat* opposite Dennis Quaid and Sharon Stone and in *Blueberry* with Michael Madssen and Vincent Cassel.

Robert Crane caught up with the reinvented actor at Chateau Marmont in Holly-

wood. He reports: "Lewis is way too bright and energetic. A relationship with her could never be boring or predictable. She does things her way. She's also much more attractive in person than on the screen. She kills, in a natural-born way."

1

PLAYBOY: Are girls who have tattoos promiscuous? And which is a better indicator of a woman's sexual heat—tattoos or piercing?

LEWIS: I think it's square to have tattoos. Go back to the basics and be really organic, kind of pure, un-inked, undersexualized. I am so against piercing. I have a little tattoo of a heart on my neck, and I'm having a Hello Kitty removed from my wrist. If you find yourself getting pierced and tattooed, maybe you should look into doing something more creative with your time.

2

PLAYBOY: What's a creative use of your time? Do you throw good parties?

LEWIS: Yes, and choosing the right people is everything. My husband and I have an eclectic bunch because he's a pro skateboarder. We had a Christmas party that was pretty fun. He invited photographers, skateboarders, people who run skate magazines. I invited musicians, actors, designers. It was a real creative blend. Also parents. Being a parent is an interesting thing. Here's my party recommendation: *The Cars* anthology. It has the hits and then it has their cool music that didn't break out. It's upbeat but not too intrusive. It has just enough kick.

3

PLAYBOY: When some women have good sex, they tell everyone. Even their mothers. Do you?

LEWIS: No, because I'm not in fucking high school anymore. I just build on it for next time with my one and only

and expand on whatever we were doing before. I've talked to my mom, but not too intimately. My mom is a good friend of mine. But we don't get overly explicit.

4

PLAYBOY: A woman's stomach is a sexy, powerful place. How do you use yours?

LEWIS: I'm an actress, so I should be into my looks and all that stuff, but I'm really not. This stomach thing is funny. The Turks invented belly dancing, but most men think it's a parking lot. I saw a girl in Beverly Hills wearing a half shirt. My sister and I have a little voice we use for a certain kind of woman. You can tell as she's walking down the street that all she's interested in is if her stomach looks OK. She's like, "Oh, I hope my stomach's cool. Does everybody see it?" I get to play one of those girls in *Old School*. I don't like half shirts, I like long shirts. When I want to feel sexy sometimes or show off a little bit, I'll usually wear a short skirt because I inherited dancer's legs from my parents. I've been told they look all right.

5

PLAYBOY: To a guy, the phrase "Can I have a drawer?" is frightening. What is the equivalent phrase from a female's point of view?

LEWIS: "Could I borrow your car? I'm getting one next week—I gave them a down payment—but could I borrow yours now?" Borrow a woman's car? Not a good sign.

6

PLAYBOY: Do you think you have an especially appreciative fan base among the prison population?

LEWIS: People both in and out of prison are appreciative of my performances. My *Natural Born Killers* fans are not in prison. The ones who love *Natural Born Killers* are very (continued on page 153)



# LATIN TV STARS

*suddenly all those extra channels  
make sense*

**T**HERE SEEMS to be a basic formula to a lot of Latin TV shows: Take a fat guy and add a bunch of sex goddesses in bikinis or microminis. That's one big reason why non-Spanish speakers tune in—*blanquitos* love the babes. (We turned it on for the World Cup last summer and kept going back when we realized that, before and after the soccer games, the network might as well be called Cup World.) A Spanish television show isn't a Spanish TV show without beautiful women. It's a given. The setups almost seem old-fashioned—think *The Price Is Right*—except the girls aren't wearing much more than dental floss and postage stamps. Given that an entire hemisphere is watching the powerhouse Latin networks, it's no wonder the numbers are huge. But even if the U.S. audience is separated out, the magnitude of the Latin TV market is surprisingly large. Univision's programming in Los Angeles and Miami often draws more viewers than any of El Norte's big four networks—and its local news programs routinely beat English-language counterparts in New York, where Spanish-language viewership has increased 127 percent in the past three years. And in many U.S. markets, there's a lot to choose from—it's not just Univision and Telemundo anymore. Azteca America has become a third force, and Univision has a youth market-oriented network called TeleFutura. And then there's cable—Galavisión, MTV Español, CNN en Español and Fox Sports World Español, among others. All the competition means more beautiful women, less clothing and even more shaking of all those *culos bellos*.



**N**ATALIA VILLAVECES

The hostess of Telemundo's *Coforreando* is from Colombia. She's also written two books—the title of one, *Lo Que Las Mujeres No Pueden Decir*, left us wondering, What exactly can't women say? "Women always keep little secrets about love. For example, when we have a love we can't forget, we try to find someone else to replace that person. But the new person will never know that his kisses, words and hugs are just to erase someone from our heart. That's certainly the kind of thing a woman can't tell."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA
















## ANESA ADRIAZOLA

Vanesa grew up in Mendoza, Argentina. When her family moved to Chile, Vanesa, who was working as a model and aerobics instructor, took a deep breath and decided to stay in Mendoza. Thank goodness—she entered and won our Miss Playboy TV Argentina spokesmodel search soon afterward. She's now based in Miami, where she just landed a role in *La Isla de Tentación*, Telemundo's version of *Temptation Island*. Vanesa herself is tempted by skiing and extreme sports. Still, she admits to less dangerous lifestyle choices, too. "Most of my spare time is spent on the beaches of south Florida."





A close-up photograph of a person's legs and hands. The person is lying down on a dark, patterned surface, possibly a rug or bedspread. Their legs are spread apart, and their hands are resting on their thighs. The lighting is warm and soft, highlighting the smooth texture of the skin. The person is wearing a black lace thong and a thin black anklet on their right ankle.

TUNE IN TO MORE OF THESE LATIN TV  
LOVELIES AT [CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM](http://CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM).



## DANIELA PEREZ

Daniela is also from Argentina. (Who the hell would ever cry for you, Argentina?) Her career has emphasized music as well—her latest record, *Sensual*, was recently released by Fonovisa. "My music is a fusion of different rhythms," she says, "like salsa and mambo with disco-pop percussion." Despite tabloid attention for rumored high-profile romances, she says she's fairly traditional. "A fun date can be many things. I like a first date who drops me off with a kiss on the cheek and tells me he'll call me tomorrow." Of course, she's leaving out the part about giving him the wrong number if he's not worth inviting in.











D

## ORIS MAR

Doris is another Argentine export. She's a regular on gossip king Raúl de Molina's *El Gordo y La Flaca*. But her cosmopolitan credentials extend beyond international TV to a side career singing Mexican music. "Mexican music interested me because it is very hot," she says, "and because it has deep content in its lyrics." We know exactly what you mean. Girls are always telling us (with a glow on their faces) that when it comes to the lyrical department (and we're talking the *lingua franca* here), depth of content is something that definitely improves as you go north.





# R

## OXANA MARTINEZ

This Argentine sex symbol is probably best known by her international nickname, La Tetanic—that's Spanish for Los Hootos Grandes. Actually it's a pun best imitated in English by doubling the second "t" in Titanic. Roxana got started in TV ads in Argentina, but has absolutely killed in comedic roles. These days she appears on Univision's *Los Metiches*, but she also has two projects in the works for Televisa. When La Tetanic is planning to dock, she says, "A special look is fundamental. I find good cologne particularly sexy on a man. Black clothes on him—black clothes also on me. I like very small lingerie, laced and embroidered." And we thought that Latin dudes were so macho.









# ONLINE

(continued from page 93)

can drain hours of a player's time. The game's structure pointedly avoids competition. There are no scores, no designated means of winning. The open-ended story line liberates players from following a plot, leaving them free to live through their characters. They can sit in a tavern and chat with other characters or band together to explore an ancient cavern. There are no wrong choices. The more you play, the stronger your character grows, opening even greater opportunities.

With names such as EverQuest, Ultima Online, Lineage, Anarchy Online and Dark Age of Camelot, these are called persistent world games or massively multiplayer online role-playing games. Players load software onto their computers, log on to the game server via the Internet and navigate through an enormous online 3D play space with thousands of others moonlighting as wizards, shamans and barbarians. When they log off and return to their boring lives, the game keeps going. For the most hard-core gamers, that's where things go wrong. They can't log off.

According to Sony, the average online gamer plays 14 hours a week, and others estimate some play 50 hours a week. A recent online survey revealed that 37 percent of players claimed they were addicted to the game and another 27 percent admitted they were probably addicted. One elite guild of players named Fires of Heaven requires members that "have no lives, can attend eight hours every day of raids and will never quit." Wives and girlfriends of EverQuest addicts commiserate in online forums with names such as EverQuest Widows. Here disgruntled exes and partners swap tales of living with players immersed in the game.

One recent EverQuest Widow post indicated, "I'm not ugly, stupid or selfish so I don't understand why he would choose imaginary people over me."

For Shawn Woolley, those imaginary people were his life. Imaginary money was more important than real money. Imaginary friends were more important than real friends. "He said those were his true friends and that we were not his friends anymore," Liz Woolley remembers. And then someone turned on him.

A character named Xander remembers the first time he killed someone for fun. It began innocently enough, strolling up to another Ultima Online character, striking up a conversation. Then, for no reason at all, Xander attacked him. "That entire first evening,

to me, was a real rush. I remember my heart beating. I was swaying back and forth in my chair as if on a roller coaster," he recalls in an online posting.

Meet the grief player, a gamer who exists simply to make life miserable for others. The most malicious of them form gangs, ambush unsuspecting new players, and rob and kill one another. For Xander and other grief players, it's about "looting someone even though you don't really need the items. And then hanging out and waiting for their return so you can rub it in their face. It's killing someone over and over and over again. It's coming up with clever ways to halt someone's game." A posting in the Philosophy section of one site reads, "We kill, we steal, we build our fortune, we make people crazy and we do our best to spread chaos and ill feeling. And guess what we get from all that? The greatest pleasure and satisfaction of all our players' careers."

This behavior alienated many new players, who left the game and never came back. In response, game creators altered the worlds so that players can't be attacked and hurt by other players unless they choose to play in that mode. So desperate are players for protection from each other that today only four of the 44 EverQuest servers allow players to kill other players.

That doesn't entirely spell safety. Grief players have been known to build walls around a new player to imprison him, stack shovels to climb over a wall and loot a victim's virtual home or even lure dangerous creatures toward crowds of new players. "It's this endless cat and mouse associated with creating features you think are innocent that people then find a way to use in a destructive manner," says online game pioneer Richard Garriott.

So why would someone join a game just to harass, kill and steal from others? The explanation is simple, according to Garriott. "People don't go to fantasy worlds to live a life similar to the way they do here on earth." Indeed. They enter fantasy worlds to kick ass, take names and get paid.

Shawn Woolley found this out the hard way. In his own apartment he was eager to return to EverQuest in an environment free of his mother's monitoring. He had taken a job at Papa Murphy's pizzeria to raise the cash for a computer while he continued playing EverQuest at his mother's. "I found him sneaking into my house," Woolley remembers. "He would wait until I was asleep or at work." Desperate, she tried taking the keyboard ("He bought another one," she says) and hiding the modem.

A low point in the game occurred when one of Shawn's best friends in the

game turned on him one day. He stole all the virtual money and the items they had spent months amassing. "My son was totally shocked. He was upset," says Woolley. "This was a person he had trusted." Disenchanted and depressed, Shawn sobbed to his mother and even briefly stopped playing. "I thought maybe I had him back, but as with most people who leave the game, he eventually went back," she explains.

The day came when Shawn had made enough money to buy a secondhand computer. "That was the beginning of the end," his mother recalls. "He quit taking his medication. He quit going to the doctor. He wouldn't see the case-worker. He stopped cleaning his apartment. All he did was play the game."

Shawn was back. On November 11, 2001 he quit his job, locked himself in his apartment and refused to answer the telephone. His mother attempted to get in for two days before cutting through the chain lock on Thanksgiving. She found him in front of the computer, dead from a .22 caliber gunshot wound. EverQuest was on the screen. A computer log shows that Shawn had played the game virtually nonstop since quitting his job. Police reports refer to several notes pertaining to the game scattered around the room with words such as Phargun, Occuler and Cyber-nine written on them. Liz Woolley is unsure whether the words are names of characters (he had 15), friends or former friends who had betrayed him. The most telling is a character created October 30 named iluvyou.

Meanwhile, multiplayer online games grow more bloodthirsty and absorbing. Eve Online: The Second Genesis, by Simon and Schuster Interactive, is a grief player's paradise. If someone in the game is harassing you, place a bounty on his head. Assassins in the game will then go after that person to collect the reward.

Other games will continue to battle against grief players. Most games have a beta testing period, when thousands of players test the limits to uncover opportunities for scams and "exploits" before launch. But according to Haden Blackman, producer of Star Wars Galaxies, that doesn't mean much. "The problem with exploits is that testers don't report them because when they find them, they want to wait until the game goes live and use them," he says. Beta testing can be a training ground for grief players who find cheats, hacks and exploits so that when the game goes live, the griefers will be waiting, ready to unleash their campaign on unsuspecting new players.







*"It's just thrived since I let it have Harry!"*



# NASCAR

(continued from page 96)

dramatically increased expenses. If you are an associate sponsor, \$750,000 buys you a sign on the top of a fast car's trunk; \$250,000 gets you a 10-inch sticker behind the door of a slow car.

Q: Do Nascar teams cheat?

A: All the time. It's the American way. In racing, the idea is to go faster, and that makes everyone push the envelope, whether it's driving or rulebook interpretation. In the Sixties, cheater cars were built with acid-dipped bodies to reduce weight. In the Seventies, cheater engines were built with nitrous oxide injection for added bursts of passing power. In the Eighties, rear axles were bent to deliver improved grip from the rear tires, while speed-sapping rear bumpers spontaneously fell off cars when races began. But Nascar finally wised up. Gary Nelson, the most creative "rules innovator" of the Eighties, is now the sport's chief technical inspector. But even he can't think of everything. Ever notice the

front spoilers of the Winston Cup cars? There's a rule that specifies a certain minimum distance of clearance, which is part of maintaining aerodynamic parity between Chevy, Ford, Dodge and Pontiac. So how come the front spoiler of one car might skim the pavement through the corners with perfect efficiency while the front spoiler of another car doesn't?

Q: Which driver would you least like to see in your rearview mirror?

A: Darrell Waltrip may seem as tame as a lap dog in his present role as a broadcaster, but in the Eighties he used to regularly hang even Dale Earnhardt on the wall. These days, Kevin Harvick is the resident hothead, although you never want to cross Robby Gordon or Dale Earnhardt Jr. Jimmy Spencer (known as Mr. Excitement) has calmed down some, but he's still the meanest man to have on your back bumper.

Q: What does it take to become a Nascar driver?

A: Driving a stock car is easy, as anyone who's ever been to the Richard Petty Driving Experience can tell you. But rac-

ing one in a pack of 40 cars is hard. A driver needs: (1) anticipation, a sense of what's going to happen in traffic, (2) a feel for traction, which keeps him from burning down the rear tires by broadsliding through the corners, (3) a firm handshake, because product promotion is an essential part of Winston Cup racing.

Q: What's the biggest personal rivalry in Nascar?

A: Bill France Jr. and Bruton Smith, leaders of the sport's two largest race-track syndicates, should never be invited to the same party.

Q: Why are Nascars and regular stock cars repainted so often?

A: It's the money. Race car sponsorship is about product promotion, and attention-getting promotions are frequently accompanied by new paint. There are measurable benefits. For example, Joyce Julius and Associates calculates the advertising value of the amount of television airtime a car gets. During the 2002 Daytona 500, Caterpillar had its logo on-screen with winner Ward Burton's Dodge Intrepid for 27:59 and was mentioned by name some 10 times. This exposure represented a value of \$9.6 million. A new paint scheme often means additional on-screen time, and that means more value for sponsors. The new color schemes also represent increased revenue at the souvenir trailers as fans scramble to add to their memorabilia collections.

Q: At the end of a stock-car race, does the winning driver get a check for the prize money?

A: The driver gets a split according to his yearly contract. A driver finishing at the back of the field might get a salary of \$100,000 and 10 percent of the prize money. A driver at the sharp end of the field might get more than \$750,000 in salary and 50 percent of the winnings. Now that sponsorship contracts are riddled with performance incentives, driver contracts also have incentives. In any case, drivers make their real money from souvenir sales. Dale Earnhardt frequently earned as much as \$25 million a year in revenue from souvenir items.

Q: Why does Nascar permit only seven people over the wall to service the cars during pit stops?

A: Because it's too crowded in the pit lane. Also because it is part of the low-technology image Nascar embraces, as if the cars were being serviced by a bunch of guys from the local gas station. But, like everything else about Nascar, there's aerospace reality beneath the surface. The air-powered speed wrenches are modified for extra power. The floor jack is made from aluminum and modified to lift the car in three pumps or less.

Q: How do you get to be a crewman?

A: If you can push a broom, start walking toward Charlotte, North Carolina, which is the center of the stock-car universe. Expect to earn about \$30,000 a



*"I'd be happy to represent you in your divorce, but there might be a small conflict of interest. I'm the one who's been banging your wife."*



year. You'll stand a lot better chance if you can run a computer-controlled mill or have a college degree in vehicle dynamics. These days, racing is for smart guys, which is why a top crew chief will be paid around \$300,000. Of course, if you've got the strength and agility of a middle linebacker, there might be a spot on a pit crew for you, especially if you can sling a 22-gallon gas can over your shoulder as if it weighed nine pounds instead of 90.

**Q:** What has Nascar done to improve driver safety after the death of Dale Earnhardt at the 2001 Daytona 500?

**A:** All the drivers now wear closed-face helmets and head-and-neck restraints. Seat design has improved dramatically, and seat belt installation is scrupulous. Concrete walls are still the safest and most efficient way to bring an out-of-control car to a halt, but recent experiments with "soft" walls at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway are promising.

**Q:** Why can't the cars pass one another more often?

**A:** Parity again. Performance differences between the cars are too slight to overcome the wall of air at nearly 200 mph. Moreover, the current Goodyear radial is so durable (for safety reasons) that tire wear isn't extreme enough to create much performance differences between the cars, either.

**Q:** What's the one place at every track that racers most fear?

**A:** The Big Red Trailer, a motor home in the garage area where Nascar officials regularly summon drivers to be admonished, disciplined or just yelled at.

**Q:** What's the worst movie about stock-car racing?

**A:** That's a dead heat between Tom Cruise's *Days of Thunder* and Elvis Presley's *Speedway*. At least Burt Reynolds' awful film *Stroker Ace* was supposed to be funny.

**Q:** Is Nascar the fastest-growing sport in the U.S.?

**A:** In 2000, Fox, NBC and Turner paid a total of \$2.8 billion for the rights to broadcast Nascar Winston Cup for six years. TV ratings indicate that Nascar is watched by more viewers than any other sport except NFL football (the average NFL broadcast, 15.2 million viewers; the average Nascar telecast, 9.4 million viewers). The total value of televised sponsorship exposure in Nascar is \$5 billion. According to Sportsbusinessnews.com, Nascar has 75 million adult fans. The average fan spends nine hours each week following the sport in various media. The fan base has grown 91 percent since 1980. More than \$1.2 billion in licensed Nascar merchandise was sold in 2002. How popular is Nascar today? You do the math.

## Divorce

(continued from page 116)

Counseling to save the marriage has failed and communications have broken down.

One of you wants the divorce more than the other does.

There are children and custody issues involved.

You find your spouse being secretive or putting money in places he or she ordinarily doesn't.

Your spouse has talked to a lawyer.

### How to hire a lawyer:

Remember: You are interviewing the attorney, not the other way around.

Choose a lawyer who specializes in divorce.

Reveal how much you can afford to spend and ask his or her hourly billing rate and the hourly rate of any associates who will be involved in the case.

Insist that any part of your unused retainer be returned.

Don't sign an agreement with the lawyer before you have had a chance to study it and ask questions. Show it to another lawyer.

### Before you file:

Gather a detailed account (with supporting documents) of your current financial condition. Include everything: salary, bonuses, retirement plans, real estate, vehicles, taxes, debts, cash. Your lawyer will provide you with a complete list, or you can find one online or in the

many books on divorce.

Gather the same account of your spouse's finances.

Detail your monthly expenses and estimate what they would be if you and your spouse lived apart.

Make a list of your premarital assets—things you brought into or inherited during the marriage that you may not be required to split with your spouse.

Save as much money as you can. No matter what, divorce will make you both poorer than you are now.

### What not to do:

Don't hide assets. It's a crime.

Don't discuss possible settlement terms with your spouse unless your attorney is there.

Don't pretend you want to reconcile if you don't.

Don't make any significant changes in your financial or living situation without talking to your lawyer.

### Prenuptial agreements:

Consider whether or not a prenup will doom the relationship. Make sure you both agree on the reasons for it.

Have it drawn up by a lawyer.

Reveal honestly your assets and debts.

Give your prospective spouse plenty of time to look it over. Suggest he or she show it to a lawyer before signing.

After you're married, put it away and don't talk about it.



"Feel free to park."





## D.C. SNIPERS

(continued from page 84)

accident 50 yards away. The three-state dragnet is employed, but he escapes, as he will every time. The mystery vehicle this time around is a white Chevrolet Astro van with a ladder rack on top. To the frustration of cops, all-news radio station WTOP broadcasts traffic reports that help drivers avoid roadblocks set to catch the sniper. At the behest of the task force, WTOP shies away from specifics during future dragnets.

At the JOC, investigators return from the rain soggy and depressed. Triton barriers and fencing go up around the building and media badges are issued—300 badges on the first day. Wolf Blitzer is the newest face to show up. He sits in his dark suit under a blue tent speaking with profilers and prognosticators who

handicap the shooting as if it were a race.

Neil Rawles, a documentary filmmaker from the UK: "I was appalled by what I saw. The press in the States doesn't do the public a world of good. It was as if they liked being there. Almost like they didn't want it to end. They were covering real human tragedy and turning it into ratings and entertainment. It was sickening."

Inside, staffers operating the tip lines are handling 1000 calls per hour. The FBI employs a software system used for the *Star Wars* movies to create computer-simulated crime scenes. "We want to be careful about not creating tunnel vision by releasing a profile," Moose says. Then Bald comments on what would prove to be the biggest example of tunnel vision—the description of the white van: "It's as accurate as we can make it and we'll do whatever it takes. We'll do it."

Meanwhile, the task force works on putting together a composite image of both a box truck and a van. Drivers of the many white vans in the area begin scribbling IT'S NOT ME OR NOT ME! in the dust on their rear windows.

Corporal Rob Moroney: "The white van thing was irritating. Do you know how many there are on the road? But we had to go with it because so many people saw them. I mean, the car ended up easily getting through all the roadblocks because nobody was looking for it. You know no one was going to look twice at two black guys in a dark-colored Chevy Caprice. We all thought we were looking for white guys in a white van."

Local detective: "It begs the question, did we publish composite pictures because witnesses saw the white van, or did we see the white van because we published the pictures? We should've paid more attention to the description of the Caprice and given it as much credibility as the van, but we didn't. In hindsight, it was a mistake made in the emotion of the moment. But with all that we had set in place, we should've done better."

Lieutenant Colonel Steven Wright: "I never believed the white van and thought they'd be idiots to be in a white van. It has even been argued that they put that rumor out there themselves—they called in tips on themselves."

The lead investigators work through the weekend with an entire research department combing purchases of firearms, DMV records, incident reports, hunting licenses and parole records. They also work with the tip lines and develop leads. The investigative team meets at least three times a day formally, and many times informally, with Moose, the FBI, the ATF, the Secret Service, Defense Department personnel, Justice Department officials and other police agencies. The background information is passed on to detectives in the field in cars equipped with computers and scanners. "In other words," says Moroney, "we want to make sure that two different sets of detectives aren't given the same lead to track down. If your neighbor calls in and says that you were a guy who loved tarot cards and guns and another neighbor calls in the same tip, we don't want to waste our energy sending two teams to the same location." Two SWAT teams are on permanent standby; they also do some legwork. The tarot card is analyzed to its core, from possible fingerprints to clues in its ink. Nothing comes up. Since the sniper has struck only on weekdays, the men dread waking to another Monday.

Local investigator #2: "We'd come in every morning and check hot leads. This could be info from the tip line or from a combination of evidence and profiles—a crazy, loner white male. We checked out known felons."



"The bad news is, I was unable to remove the vibrator. The good news is, I was able to change the batteries."



*Task force member:* "I staked out one house for a while and don't know if I was more bored or scared. You don't want it to be the guy, but you do. We heard all kinds of stuff, so we sat on the house and kids came by and I'm thinking I don't want any kids getting killed. Things like that go through your mind. We got into the house and it was just nothing. That's a big letdown. You sit all day and you hope and you're scared and then it's all a waste of time."

*Barry Maddox, FBI:* "Usually, the profilers have been right, so you had to listen to them. They're going to have to go back and rewrite the book."

*Corporal Rob Moroney:* "The profilers couldn't have been farther from reality. I didn't pay much attention to them. They were all wrong. All the pundits were dead wrong. I only looked for facts and for a while there weren't many."

*Michael Brooks, ATF:* "There was a lot of anxiety and we thought it would go on forever. Then, in the end, they caught themselves. We knew if we kept up the pressure they would make a mistake. The fear was, how many are going to die before they get caught? We were like everyone else who had a TV. We'd do

our work, but somebody had always seen something on TV. It was weird working the case and then seeing what was going on on the television. I kept wondering if they knew more than us, or if they were working the same case."

*Homicide investigator:* "I would work hard all day and go home and I wouldn't tell my wife anything. She would ask me questions and I'd say nothing, then pretty soon she's telling me stuff. She just turned on the TV and there it was on CNN and Fox and everywhere else. The leaks were everywhere."

*ATF agent:* "The fucking White House and all that shit about helicopters really pissed us off. All the leaks in this case came from downtown—the White House and the federal government."

*Barry Maddox, FBI:* "The leaks were worrisome. We didn't know where they were coming from. Hey, we can go to jail if we leak information. It's a different environment elsewhere, but we take those leaks very seriously."

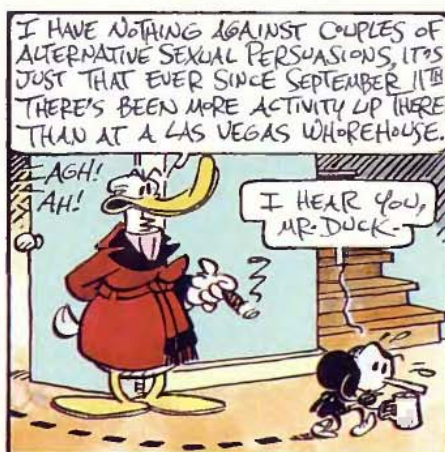
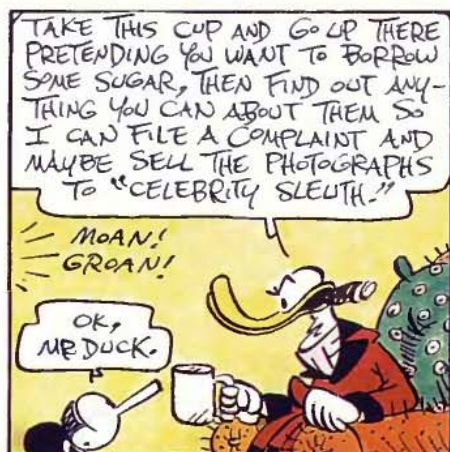
*Steve Alexander (a businessman who works in an office building across from police headquarters):* "As the crowds got larger the scene in the office complex was unbelievable. There were cell phone antennas

and satellite dishes all over our parking lot. We began to get concerned that maybe the sniper would decide it would be a good idea to open fire right here. Then one day I was walking into the elevator and saw two cops in riot gear. They were police snipers, and I made some smart comment to them, like 'Hey, nice outfit.' They didn't even smile. It was all business. Every day after that, I'd see them go up on the roof."

**October 14, 9:15 P.M.:** FBI employee Linda Franklin is gunned down outside a Home Depot in Virginia as she and her husband are loading paint into their car. The petite blonde falls dead with a single shot to the back of the head. She is the 11th shooting victim.

Minutes later, a dragnet of extraordinary dimension drops around the area. Thousands of officers spring into action across northern Virginia and southern Maryland to man dozens of checkpoints. Armed with shotguns and assault rifles, they begin to shake down anyone driving a white Astro van or Ford Econoline van. The Capital Beltway (Interstate 495), the busiest highway in the area, is closed. Thousands of vehicles sit on the road, many for so long their occupants

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run into nearby woods or into drainage ditches to urinate. Helicopters with searchlights fly circular patterns overhead. "It looks like the apocalypse," says one motorist. Suddenly, a helicopter focuses its spotlight on a white van in the middle of a three-mile traffic jam. The voice of the chopper pilot and cops can be heard over the handheld radios carried by the ground troops, who are decked out in riot gear and are busily fanning out through the idle vehicles. "That's it! That's him! That's got to be him," he says. "I'm on him." The chopper keeps him illuminated as cops run down the interstate, jumping barricades with shotguns and rifles at the ready.

"Left. Left of your position."

"I can't see him."

"He's four cars away from you. Right lane."

The cops run up on the car, yank the guy out and throw him to the ground. The driver looks scared, the cops look scared ("I'm thinking I could die," says one young patrolman) and other drivers look petrified. "I didn't know whether to roll up my windows, duck or just get out of the car and run," one woman says. She is nearly in tears. Another female driver is crying and says, "I'm scared." She won't roll down her window and talk to anyone.

**Local investigator #1:** "The adrenaline was unbelievable. Ten minutes after the shooting, we have everything shut down everywhere. He managed to evade five dragnets. Five. And, of course, that's because he never was in a white van. He was in that Caprice and we stopped him, but we never put it together because we were looking for a white van."

**October 14, 9:30 P.M.:** Next to the Home Depot everything is sealed. Some of the witnesses and onlookers at the scene are huddled nearby. One of them is in tears. The bloody body remains face down on the pavement in the parking garage. Reporters, some of whom made it to the scene before the investigators, find and hear about a witness who has an alarming amount of detail to report. If information by Matthew Dowdy, the witness who came forward to talk to the press, and information overheard on police scanners is accurate, there is cause for hope. Dowdy says to anyone who will listen that he was in a unique position to see a cream-colored Chevrolet Astro van with a broken taillight. He also says he saw an individual with olive skin get out of the truck and point an AK-74 at the victim. It is more than anyone has seen before. It seems incredible, but possible because elements coincide with previous eyewitness accounts. Dowdy puts the sniper within 100 feet of his victim—closer than anyone had ever thought. Some of the cops appear to smile. They talk of prosecuting the sniper in Virginia, where the possibility of getting a

death sentence is much greater than in Maryland.

But there is tension among some investigators and press about coverage of Dowdy's witness statement. "How can they get mad at us?" one cable-TV reporter asks. "We just ran what was on the scanner."

"They can get mad because it wasn't information that was confirmed," says a network producer. "You never run with scanner traffic without confirming it."

The news shows don't seem to care as the Dowdy information is broadcast on every station covering the sniper case. Two of the Maryland local investigators are miffed at the coverage and blame Virginia for wanting a share of the media spotlight.

Later that evening, they sit on a picnic table in back of the JOC and hash out their concerns about Matthew, a.k.a. Slim, Dowdy. They had spoken to one investigator in Virginia, who also knew that Dowdy had a criminal record. "I told Virginia, 'Don't do it.' The Virginia inspector says that some of the info may be good. 'It can't be that far off. It matches previous reports.' So I say, 'It's too good. The detail about the taillight sounds made-up, and the guy you got it from is a crook.' No good." When questioned by reporters about the witness, Moose says, "We've been down this path before and we'd like a little more discretion at this time."

It's clear by the next day that Dowdy is lying. Top-level commanders are furious.

**Local investigator #1:** "Let's just say coffee cups and papers flew. There was a lot of rage. They wanted to know why the information got out and what we were going to do."

**ATF agent:** "What we were really angry and concerned about was how much this would throw us off. We thought we had made some progress, but then all of a sudden, there we're back to square one. Or worse. It was hard to take."

**Local investigator #2:** "There was a real cowboy attitude down in Virginia."

**Task force member:** "They wanted the glory. It was the antithesis of the way everyone else was working. They screwed up by listening to a moron who couldn't possibly have seen it. 'What the fuck are you doing? We wouldn't run with that,' I told him."

**Lieutenant Amy Lubas, Fairfax County, Virginia Police Department:** "We never took Dowdy at face value. He didn't cripple the case and didn't hamper it. In fact, we had witnesses, other witnesses who disproved what he said. But everything has to go through procedures and we have to do it accurately. That takes time. More time than the cameras like. We only released what we could confirm—that all of the statements the media heard had come from a potential witness."

By the time cops return to Home Depot, the crime scene is ruined. Back at



the JOC, however, a pristine .223 caliber bullet is found on the sidewalk outside the front door of police headquarters. There is a moment of panic until a photographer remembers that John Walsh shot an episode of *America's Most Wanted* on that spot the night before and had shown a bullet to demonstrate what the killer probably had used.

*Chip Berman, owner of the Outta the Way Cafe in Derwood, Maryland:* "I went out for a round of golf and was on the back nine when I thought to myself that I wasn't so bright. I was a big target for any sniper. I look over my shoulder and see these golf carts racing across the fairway with SWAT team members in them, all dressed in black and all business. I look over my other shoulder and see a helicopter up in the air over a hill. I just froze. It turns out there were a couple of kids in the woods deer hunting."

*Ed Clark, head of security for the Montgomery County school system:* "We had calls coming in from all over the place and had to track down all of them. We conducted ground searches while the helicopters were in the air. They were flying all over the county and we had to check out every little thing."

*Helicopter pilot:* "Yeah, we caught a couple of kids necking and a couple of others hunting with a BB gun. We didn't catch much else. But I think vandalism around the schools went down during those three weeks."

*Man pumping gas at Exxon station at Crab Branch and Shady Grove:* "I didn't do anything differently. But, man, I saw a lot of people who did. I kept an eye out, I'll say that. One day I'm pumping gas and I look over and one guy is crouching down low and three others are running in zigzag patterns toward the front door to pay."

*Lieutenant John Damskey, Montgomery County Police Department and local football coach:* "I urged everyone to stop practice and stop playing until we caught this guy. I told a meeting of the Capital Beltway League football commissioners, 'This guy is dangerous. This is a scary situation. Take it seriously.'"

*Corporal Rob Moroney:* "One of my fears is the guy would just stop and we'd go on and on working it and we'd get a false sense of security, and then six months to a year later he'd start up again."

*Michael Brooks, ATF:* "It created a new pickup line for women. 'Can you pump my gas for me?' I saw it work a couple of times, too. We kept wondering what we could do to catch the guy. Someone suggested using the media, but what were you going to do? Beg the guy to stop? The chief did that and did it better than anyone could expect. We knew that we would catch him, but we didn't know how many would die before we did."

Although days pass without an attack, Moose must deal with hundreds of re-

porters and photographers each day, talking about Dowdy and other nondevelopments. He amuses most observers by erupting at newcomers who ask him inane questions. His temper is exacerbated by throngs of reporters from all over the world, many new to the scene, who would ask dozens of tired questions. He also shows incredible restraint, running the gantlet from the press podium to the front door of his office, 40 feet, confronted by sunglasses-wearing talking heads pointing cameras at him and needling him to answer. Why was there no more information? Why were we looking for a white van? Why hadn't the killers been caught? Moose swallows hard. His eyes dart back and forth. Then he stares at the offending reporter. His stare sometimes cows the questioner. At other times reporters try to battle through Moose's reticence. A French reporter even asks him if there's any truth to the rumor that the sniper is a distressed former member of the French Foreign Legion—which renders the frazzled chief speechless. Incredibly, for a man who once took anger management classes (Chief Moose does not suffer fools), he is accused of lacking emotion or passion. Never fully comfortable in his role as media hero, Moose bristles when pressed: "I am personally insulted if you accuse me of holding back information," he says. Or, "It's inappropriate to go into any great detail," he admonishes. "Use your imagination to put yourself in the investigators' positions."

*Philadelphia TV reporter:* "We had the impression they had more than they did. It would've been better if they just came out and told us they didn't have shit and then went back inside until they did."

At one point during the dry spell Gerardo Rivera shows up to add his weight to the cause. Arriving in a limo to shouts from the crowd, he's later seen at a Hooters restaurant with his brother Craig. They both apparently decided the best way to cover the story was to sign girls' bottoms, which they were seen doing with delight.

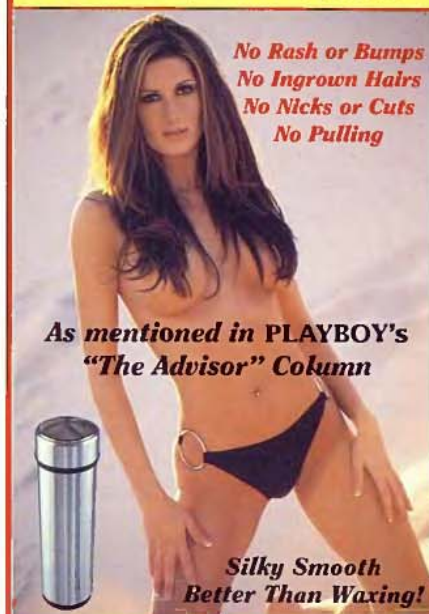
On October 18 Civilian Public Information Officer Lucille Baur threatens to expel NBC's David Bloom. Baur, making the rounds before the daily feeding, tells reporters to ask no more than one question so everyone can get a chance. Bloom politely thanks her, but says, "We'll ask questions the way we want. You can refuse to call on us. But we'll ask the questions." Baur gets upset and asks Bloom for his press credentials. There are also feuds among the reporters. Brian Wilson of Fox News is furious at ABC's John Miller for airing a story on the day of the Home Depot shooting, in which Miller reported that the police were questioning a potential suspect in Baltimore. Hours later, Linda Franklin was shot.

*Brian Wilson, Fox News:* "John Miller

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was irresponsible, pompous and contemptible. A case could be made that Linda Franklin would be alive today if John hadn't run with his story on ABC. We had all been told that the Baltimore suspect probably wasn't the guy. But Miller took this superior attitude that he was from the big city and Montgomery County was a bunch of yokels. If I were Linda Franklin's family, I would have a bone to pick with John Miller."

Meanwhile, Gary Bald of the FBI hopes the pressure getting to everyone will eventually get to the sniper—or his acquaintances. Based on his gut, not evidence, he says, "Someone knows this guy and will turn him in." One of the investigators says, "We have a guy out there who is very cool. He shoots from a distance. He's methodical and he's torturing the police and the public. At least three of these killings have occurred when police were nearby. Very close. He figures out his escape route. He picks out his location and he sets up. The victim is merely any poor bastard who walks into his sights while he's set up. He shoots once and leaves. He doesn't care if he kills them. It's all about the thrill of the chase and the escape. He loves it. He leaves us a note. It's his game right now and he doesn't make mistakes—or at least he hasn't yet. But he will."

Unfortunately, the mammoth investigation, which is often a model of cooperation, is hand-fed a clue that it ends up overlooking. By the end of the investigation, the tip lines will have received 100,000 calls, and investigators will have pursued 16,000 leads. It seems the operation is just too big. When the sniper calls twice on October 18, ranting about a murder outside a liquor store in Montgomery, Alabama, he is disregarded. Authorities now think that the pause in the shootings is attributable to the sniper's attempts to get through to them. The tip about the liquor store is probably made to prove their validity, but it will ultimately factor into the sniper's arrest.

*Tip line operator #1:* "I took calls about dreams. I took calls about impressions. I got one tip from a woman who said she was pretty sure her ex-husband did it because he was a son of a bitch."

*Local investigator #1:* "It's like wading through a sea of bullshit to find a diamond. One guy called the tip line to tell us he had consulted an astrologer."

*Chief Ramsey:* "If a tip sounded solid, we put it up front. If it was about a known felon, let's say, who liked to use guns and had a grudge, we'd listen to that more than a guy who had a dream. You get those calls all the time."

*Local investigator #2:* "Maybe we got bogged down under the sheer weight of it all. There was so little evidence, though."

*Tip line operator #2:* "Nut calls. I took more nut calls than you can imagine. And I got tired of all the white van calls. Do you know how many white vans with ladder racks there are in the area? I didn't have a clue until this case."

*Captain Nancy Demme:* "You have to remember that part of the problem was that everyone was calling up saying, 'I'm God'—especially after the tarot card information came out. Who do you take seriously?"

At this point, the JOC has had three strong suspects—a man in Silver Spring, the ex-Marine in Baltimore (reported by John Miller) and two brothers. There is some optimism growing among investigators about the brothers.

*ATF agent:* "We thought the pair might be the guys. The shootings stopped for five days."

That Saturday, Chief Moose says, "A day without violence is a good day." He begins dropping hints that things look better. The inside money is on the brothers. Word is that lead investigators plan a celebration dinner. The story crumbles when someone gets shot at a Ponderosa Steak House off I-95 in Virginia. The two brothers are relegated to the dustheap of cleared suspects.

**October 19, 7:59 P.M.:** The victim, a 37-year-old man, is walking in a parking lot with his wife. She hears what sounds like a car backfiring. Her husband takes three steps forward and tumbles to the pavement. Police make it to the scene less than a minute later. The victim has been gut-shot. He will lose his pancreas, spleen and most of his stomach. Two cops retch as they see the contents of his dinner spill out of his organs. "They

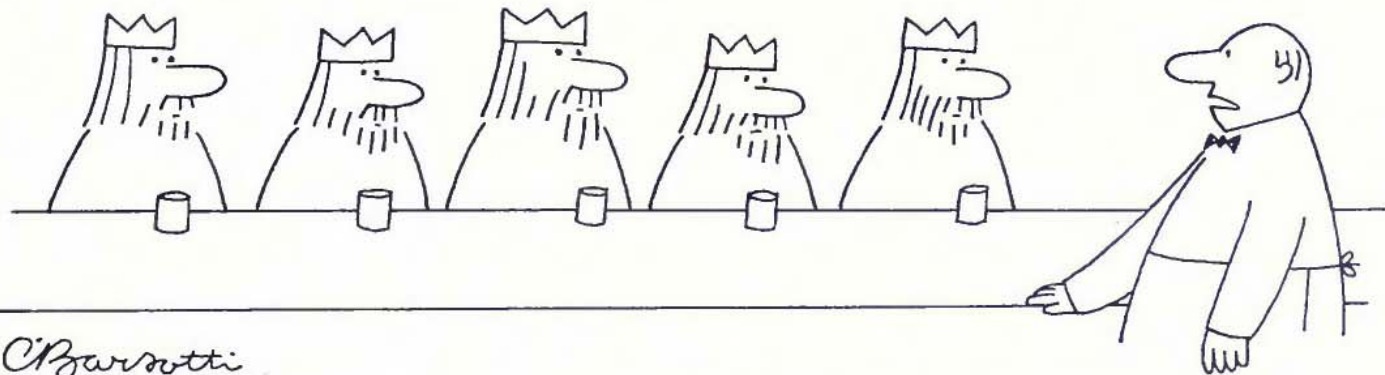
talk about what a good shot this guy is," Lieutenant John Damskey says with revulsion. "Our guys are better, much better. Ask anyone with military training. This guy isn't that good." A sweep of the woods near the Ponderosa brings a payoff: a three-page letter from the killer and a phone number.

*Paramedic on-site:* "I was disgusted. The shot was serious. The bad part was that it took out part of his stomach and the contents were all over him and I knew he was going to run a high risk of infection. He just had a full meal at the Ponderosa. I honestly couldn't tell what was his meal and what was him. It was all chewed up."

Three in the morning is a disturbing time to be on the fourth floor. Computers glow eerily; the cops are nervous and frustrated. Twenty-four hours ago the task force had been ready to arrest a guy. Now they were trying to make sense of what the sniper meant. A call comes in and the room is cleared. The task force speculates that the killer chose the remote location because he wanted a cleaner crime scene with less chance of a note's being overlooked.

The letter is spirited to the FBI's lab in Quantico for analysis, but investigators make a major mistake: With so much emphasis on C.S.I.-style fingerprint-dusting and microscopic inspection, investigators don't even read the note in time to call the killer at a pay phone at nine A.M. on Sunday. Because of the language in the letter they realize a team is behind the shootings. Moose, Mike Bouchard and Gary Bald slip over to Moose's office. They gather around an octagonal table to figure out how to deal with the madmen, who have included a disturbing postscript: "Your children are not safe anywhere at any time." Moose announces he wants to talk to the person who left a message for him at the Ponderosa Steak House: "Call us at the number you provided."

*ATF agent:* "Man, there were a lot of hotheads in the JOC that day. The head guys all walked back and threw things against the wall. One guy was screaming, 'We fucked it up. He's never going to stop killing.' Shit like that. We were real frustrated. We were putting in the hours."



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**Corporal Rob Moroney:** "The moment of the greatest concern was the postscript in the letter. How do you tell your children? How do you tell small children that someone they don't know might want to kill them for no reason? I live just a mile and a half from the first shootings. I had to alter my life and worry about my family. I took that to work with me every day."

**Local detective:** "You cannot believe the pressure that it caused. We didn't know whether to talk to them or not say anything. We carefully considered everything we did publicly and even then I don't think it helped."

Meanwhile, FBI agents are taking advantage of information in the letter. The letter begins with a complaint: "We have tried to contact you to start negotiation, But the incompetence of your forces in (i) Montgomery Police 'Officer Derick' at 240-773-5000 Friday, (ii) Rockville Police Dept. 'female officer' at 301-309-3100, (iii) Task force 'FBI' 'female' at 1888-324-8800 (four times), (iv) Priest at Ashland, (v) CNN Washington DC at 202-898-7900. These people took of calls for a Hoax or Joke, so your failure to respond has cost you five lives." They also have a foolish scheme, asking cops to transfer funds to a defunct, stolen credit card ("What do they think this is, *Mission Impossible?*" a cop asks). The FBI pays a visit to a priest in nearby Ashland, who recounts what he thought was a crank call in which a man demanded he look into a robbery-murder in Montgomery, Alabama. That Sunday night, they reach detectives in Alabama who know exactly what they're talking about. By Monday afternoon, a package of evidence—including a fingerprint—is on its way to Maryland.

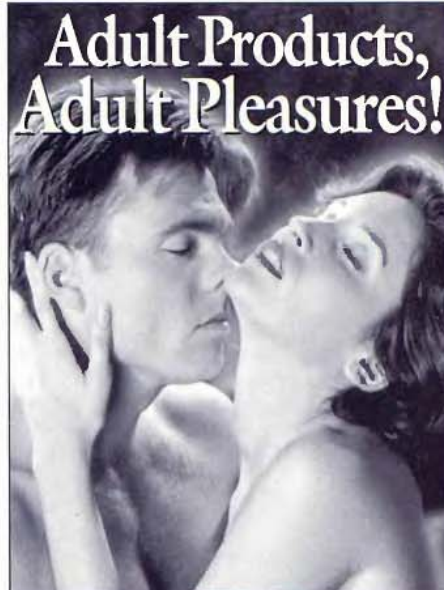
Monday morning, October 21, the snipers respond to Moose and call the police. The call is traced, and cops immediately stake out a Virginia phone booth, but they are too late. Dozens of cops in unmarked vehicles close in on a white van near the phone and apprehend two Hispanic men. WTOP radio reports the men taken into custody stagger and appear impaired, even at eight A.M. The men are not the snipers.

**Local police officer #1:** "I can tell you what happened. These two day laborers happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. They'd been out partying all night and decided to call home to let everyone know they were OK. We saw the white minivan and, *voom*, swooped them up."

**Local police officer #2:** "It was Cheech and Chong meet the Keystone Kops. 'Honey, I'll be home soon. Um, maybe not!' We stormed the place like it was the beaches of Normandy."

Chief Moose issues a statement on Monday night: "We could not hear

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everything you said. The message was garbled. Please call us back so we can clearly understand." (While Moose is the man everyone assumes the snipers want to talk with, he never actually gets on the phone with them.) Behind the scenes, investigators find a match to the Alabama fingerprint and trace it to John Lee Malvo, a juvenile who had trouble with immigration after an incident between his mother and a man named John Allen Muhammad.

**October 22, 5:56 A.M.:** The sniper shoots 35-year-old bus driver Conrad Johnson in Silver Spring, Maryland. For the fifth time he avoids a dragnet. Police are devastated. Another letter is found.

*Derek Baliles, Montgomery County Police Department:* "When the bus driver got shot, it was like a punch in the gut. It was the most stressful moment. You think you're making progress and he comes back into our backyard and kills someone in public service. It was a message that wasn't garbled."

*Michael Brooks, ATF:* "Many people were tired. Chief Moose and Mike Bouchard came and talked to us at the JOC. They said, 'We know you're frustrated. Look it up in the dictionary. This is big-time. This is important. Dig deep.' They got us all pumped up to do the work we had to do."

*Mike Bouchard, ATF:* "Moose and I talked to the troops about keeping their heads on straight. Sometimes it was tough to get the guys to go home at night. They'd stick around for 15 to 18 hours and we'd have to say, 'Your shift is over. Go home. Get some rest. Take a shower, for heaven's sake.'"

*Steve Handelsman, NBC News:* "The most dangerous moment was after the Ponderosa shooting. It increased when Moose started using the podium to communicate to the killers. That was dramatic. After the bus-driver shooting, everything happened in double time. Once the police figured out the killers were referring to Montgomery, Alabama and not Maryland, we finally had information. Otherwise they never would have been caught."

*FBI agent:* "All the psych stuff only re-

ally started to help out when we got the guy sending us notes. Our strategy then was to be polite and show him respect. Keep everything cool. It was a real sock in the gut when he killed that last guy. It made us redouble our efforts."

Later that day, Moose follows the sniper's written request and repeats a curious line from a folktale about a duck in a noose. By Wednesday morning Muhammad's name has led to his license, which has led to his blue Caprice. Incredibly, the computers spit out the astonishing fact that the police have come across the Caprice 10 times during the investigation.

Chief Moose announces they are looking for Muhammad and a companion. Inside the JOC, every television is tuned to the news, where on the West Coast a house is being searched and a stump of a tree dug up and probed for bullet fragments. Police don't initially release Malvo's name to the public because he is a juvenile. They also don't tell the public that he has been seen in a blue Chevy Caprice, nor do they give out the license plate number. WTOP radio and other reporters, using confidential sources, broadcast the make and model of the car as well as its New Jersey license plate number.

**October 24, 12:54 A.M.:** Muhammad and Malvo are spotted by a Kentucky truck driver, asleep in a rest stop outside of Frederick, Maryland. The trucker calls police, keeps his distance and watches. A state police car pulls up and checks it out. He, too, keeps his distance. Soon a SWAT team, supplemented by state troopers, heads to the rest stop. Two hours after the call, they are ready to make a move. They pop open the windshield, toss in some flash-bang grenades and then haul the two men from the car. "The younger one shit himself bad," says one of the cops. "But those grenades can do that to you." Later, after they got Malvo cleaned up, they took him to Baltimore, where he tried to escape through a ventilation duct in an office. "He saw too many movies. You can't get out that way," the cop explains.

*Steve Eldridge, WTOP Radio:* "The

irony is, the chief kept giving us so much grief. So how did the two guys get captured? From the license plate number. A number that the chief wouldn't give us. We got it from other sources. We put it out there. They vilified the press. We did our job."

*Lieutenant Colonel Steven Wright:* "In 34 years on the job it was the most surprising case I ever worked. My biggest fear was they would decide to go out in a blaze of glory. As with most criminals, usually it's the conscience or mouth that does you in. I didn't think they'd go like sheep. I thought they'd go like badgers."

*Steve Handelsman, NBC News:* "Basically, the snipers weren't caught. They turned themselves in. They gave up. God knows how long it could've gone on if they wanted to continue. They tried to talk to a priest and that didn't work. They called the hotline and that didn't work. All along the chief encourages them to call in and the killers appear to be trying to do everything the chief asks them to do. But the people on the other end of the line either didn't know what they were doing or were overwhelmed. You can't expect the snipers to be as polished as Tom Brokaw. You have to listen to them. If they call in and say, 'I'm the guy,' you have to listen to that. The way things went, with everyone looking for a white guy in a white van, these two guys could have driven up to police headquarters, gotten out of their car and announced to everyone that they were the killers and no one would arrest them—except maybe Geraldo, who would have taken them to Hooters. It was a remarkable myth that we caught the snipers. If they had never called in, they wouldn't have been caught. These guys called in time after time and it was stupidly handled. I don't know why they did it and don't know if we'll ever know why they did it. I spoke to Chief Moose for 45 minutes about it, and he doesn't know why they did it, either."

*Profiler:* "Let's be honest. It was nothing we did. If it wasn't for their narcissism, we might never have caught them."

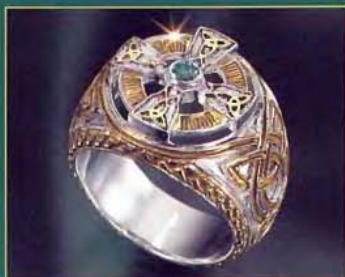




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## Juliette Lewis

(continued from page 131)

intelligent. When I shot it in Joliet we went on a tour of the facility. Coincidentally, *Cape Fear* had played the week before I toured the prison. They all seemed pretty happy about that film, especially the scene that would be stimulating to some inmates. It was brilliant timing. The thumb scene was still fresh in their minds, so prisoners heckled me, saying, "Put your thumb in your mouth, girl." Prisoners seem to like television, and TV fame is much scarier because it's intimate—the actor always plays the same character. That gets scary for people, so I've heard.

7

PLAYBOY: Tell us something that you once feared but feel comfortable doing now.

LEWIS: Going someplace where there is a large crowd. When I'm in crowds I feel like chaos is going to happen. Someone will get shot. But I went to a Rolling Stones concert in Dodger Stadium about four years ago that was therapeutic. I went with a friend, and we were on the grass. I did an exercise where I looked around and just embraced it. Once the concert started I was a complete fanatic, singing every song.

8

PLAYBOY: How can we help change your bad-girl image?

LEWIS: I don't want to change anything because I just played a psychopath and played it well. I think that's cool. In *Natural Born Killers*, a woman who was full of rage and anguish and being obnoxious was more shocking than a man would have been. Right after that I did a Nora Ephron-Steve Martin comedy called *Mixed Nuts*, but it didn't do well. I like to do the unpredictable in film. People have seen me as intense because of some of the movies I've been in, like *Cape Fear* and *Kalifornia* and *Natural Born Killers*. But those have been interspersed with movies that aren't intense.

9

PLAYBOY: Have we seen the demise of the bad girl?

LEWIS: What is a bad girl these days? It's almost become trite. I don't know the difference between bad and good. That's why I'm into the progressive girl. Are there bad girls anymore? There are stupid girls.

10

PLAYBOY: What's more dangerous to the general public, people having sex in an automobile or talking on a cell phone?

LEWIS: Talking on a cell phone. Unless I'm living a sheltered life, I don't see the



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sex part happening. Some people can't do two things at once. I, however, can.

11

PLAYBOY: Do you have any incantations that actually work?

LEWIS: I was big into spells when I was younger. If I felt wronged I would make up something like, "Your car is going to catch on fire." I wouldn't do anything about it. I said this once to a guy, "You just watch. Within a month you'll be in jail." I said that to a petty criminal, so it's not like I'm psychic. And yes, he went to jail.

12

PLAYBOY: We have to ask about *Cape Fear* and your scene with Robert De Niro. We have heard women value the size of a man's thumb. What can you tell by sucking a man's thumb?

LEWIS: That was one of my favorite movies of all time because of Robert De Niro, but as far as what you can tell by sucking a thumb, I have no clue. That's not what's going on when you're doing that kind of scene. There were all kinds of cat-and-mouse things that were going on that led up to the thumb infiltration.

13

PLAYBOY: What kind of lasting impression did you leave on De Niro?

LEWIS: I'm sure he was happy that I held my own in the scene—that I did a decent job. That's where inexperience works for you. You haven't developed notions on how to behave, which I think is good

for an actor. That scene is so complicated because it's about a guy persuading a girl to trust him when she has no reason not to trust him other than that he hurt her mom's dog. She doesn't know what the audience knows. It's a little magical. When I was working with De Niro all the moments fell into place. The scene was something De Niro and Scorsese came up with. All I knew was that he was supposed to walk up to me and kiss me. The thumb thing was De Niro's idea—it was such a violation. They also came up with my wearing a retainer for the part. It's a puberty thing. They came up with those images to have an impact on the audience.

14

PLAYBOY: In *Natural Born Killers*, did Rodney Dangerfield's character influence your personal hygiene?

LEWIS: No. Rodney's such a sweet guy. It's good he was funny, because it was a sitcom spoof. I had to jump on his back. I wanted to make sure the emotion was there and that I looked enraged, but at the same time I was worrying about Rodney—I didn't want to put his back out. I didn't want to hurt him.

15

PLAYBOY: Does Oliver Stone have a vision of the corrupting violence on the edge of American culture, or is he just a nutty guy with a dirty mind?

LEWIS: He's definitely not the latter. Oliver is brilliant. Is he exploiting something

or is he making a comment on violence? As with the snipers in Washington, any wack job now knows he'll be front-page news. That's what Oliver was commenting on. It's not that complicated, but he knew he was hitting the news media in the face—and, boy, they did not like it. I think he's wickedly brilliant and funny, too. A lot of people don't know he's funny.

16

PLAYBOY: Do most directors have a particular vision, or do they just want to see their star naked?

LEWIS: That's more of a question for the producer.

17

PLAYBOY: If you feel that it's appropriate, would you do a nude scene?

LEWIS: Yes. In *Blueberry* I'm naked underwater. It's really beautiful. American films with nudity are only sexual. I think nudity is fine, but I would like to see it in a nonsexual context. Having a phone conversation naked or something. Reality stuff.

18

PLAYBOY: Does Woody Harrelson make more or less sense now that you're clean?

LEWIS: First of all, my little destructive youth stint was when I was 21, 22. It was not during that movie. Woody is Woody. He has some convictions. We just worked together, and he's funny. I'm OK with people as long as they have a sense of humor. Regarding his pro-hemp stance, I'm not down with the pot culture. It's like, get a day job, dudes, do something else. I understand when you're 14 how pot is the almighty, your guru. Now I don't get it.

19

PLAYBOY: If we were in a lingerie store now, toward what would you gravitate?

LEWIS: I like panties. I'm trying to be demure by saying panties. I usually say underwear. I've always gone braless, but now I'm into finding colorful bras, so I might look for those too.

20

PLAYBOY: You've worked with top-notch directors. Whose phone call would you immediately return?

LEWIS: I'd say pretty much everybody's, but Mike Figgis and I are like two peas in a pod. He's my new best pal. He's a great guy, and he's trying to push the envelope. We don't need to put out product and TV dinners all the time. I would immediately call back Martin Scorsese, Oliver Stone and Woody Allen. Isn't it funny I've worked with two Woodys? Do you know any other Woodys working in Hollywood?



"That brunette. Is she making eyes at me—or at you?"





# PLAYMATE NEWS



## MEET THE ST. PAULI GIRL

The real reason that Heather Kozar was picked to be the St. Pauli Girl? Besides looking great in the barmaid getup, Heather looks uncannily similar to the brand's cartoon spokesmodel.



"It is always tough to select the St. Pauli girl," says Fred Graefenhain, vice president of marketing. "But Heather's striking

resemblance to the icon on our packaging makes her an excellent choice." We're not sure how much of the brew Heather has to drink, but she is required to travel the country promoting it. In one promotion, she gets a chance to rub shoulders with Arizona pitching ace Curt Schilling (pictured) at a Diamond-backs game.



Curt, mind if I score?



## WHAT IT'S REALLY LIKE TO DO HOWARD STERN

Howard Stern isn't afraid to ask, "Have you done anal?" and "How long did it take your boyfriend to get you into the sack?" and our Playmates aren't afraid to answer. So what's it like to face the equal-opportunity interrogator? "Howard has a soft spot for Playmates," says Nicole Wood (shown with Stern and Jennifer Walcott), who did the show to promote the Playboy Golf Scramble. Ever the composed public figure, Nicole Narain (inset, with Stern and Lauren Anderson) was prepared for Howard's inquiries. "I answered everything," she says, "even when he asked about my first sexual experience with a woman."



## 40 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Adrienne Moreau said in her March 1963 Playmate story, "I have been an instructor at a charm school, a dancer and a gal Friday at an advertising firm in New York City. I've also been modeling since I was in high school." After a couple of years at Rutgers in New Jersey, Adrienne abandoned her studies for a modeling career and a gig as a Centerfold.



Adrienne Moreau.

## LOOSE LIPS

"I called an escort service once. I was wasted. This guy called me back and I said, 'Here's one problem: I'm really fat.' He went, 'It doesn't matter.' I took him drinking and he couldn't handle it. He was puking in the limo. I told the driver, 'Go in and buy us a pack of rubbers.' I made him drink so much. I was like, 'You wimp.'"

—ANNA NICOLE SMITH

## SEE AND BE SCENE



Left to right: Jenny McCarthy at the premiere of *Jackass: The Movie*, Shoano Sand at an American Idol party, Victoria Silvstedt at a VH1 bash, Teri Harrison, Pom Anderson at a party for Vincent Longo, Kelly Monaco at the Daytime Emmys.



## HOT SHOT



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### PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

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March 21: Miss June 1969  
Helena Antonaccio  
March 23: Miss December 1997  
Karen McDougal  
March 28: Miss December 2001  
Shanna Moakler  
March 30: Miss September 1995  
Donna D'Errico

### ANNA NICOLE: GOOD HEAD

We want everyone to get the endearing—though admittedly creepy—Anna Nicole Smith bobblehead doll from eonline.com.



### ON THE SET: BAYWATCH HAWAIIAN WEDDING



Reasons to watch the made-for-TV flick *Baywatch Hawaiian Wedding*, which airs in February on Fox: Red swimsuits. Pamela Anderson. Carmen Electra. Yasmine Bleeth. Angelica Bridges. Nicole Eggert. Gena Lee Nolin. Stacy Kamano. Elke Jansen. Brande Roderick. Here, Brande and some dude give CPR to Elke, who's playing a waterlogged supermodel.

### POP QUESTION: BARBARA MOORE

Barbara Moore is a professional dancer known in rug-cutting circles as the current U.S. National Pro-Am Champion in International Style.

Q: What's your favorite type of dancing?

A: I love standard ballroom, which consists of five different dances: waltz, tango, slow foxtrot, Viennese waltz and quickstep. I've entered 60 dance competitions over the past four years. I've dreamed of becoming a dancer since I was young. It's helped me with auditions, too. I've danced in front of thousands of people, so when I meet with a room full of producers I'm completely together."



### MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By David Copperfield

I like the Playmates without fake tits. How about Miss November 1970 **Avis Miller?** I



always wanted a girl that beautiful when I grew up. If you've seen my picture in the tabloids, you know the mission's been accomplished. My secret? Begging.



### PLAYMATE GOSSIP

The high-profile divorce of Lorenzo Lamas and Shauna Sand is messy. Shauna told *Entertainment Tonight* she was floored when the *Renegade* star said he wanted out. "Emotionally, I was a basket case," she says. "I cried every day. I couldn't swallow. I couldn't stop shaking. It's been traumatic." The couple will share joint custody of their three daughters, Alexandra, Victoria and Isabella. . . . A judge has ruled that Pam Anderson and Tommy Lee are owed nearly \$1.5 million by the website that sold their sex tape. . . . *Stripperella*, the cartoon created by artist Stan Lee and Pam, is featured in August's issue of *Animation* (right). . . . The World Fighting Alliance, a martial arts video series, has hired Tishara Cousino as its spokeswoman. That's her on the cover of *Grappling* magazine. . . . Speaking of brawls, Daphne Duplaix appears with Cuba Gooding Jr. in the flick *The Fighting Temptations*. . . . TV news: Angela Little had a role on *Charmed* and Priscilla Taylor appeared on *Boomtown*. . . . Alicia Rickter shows up in national AT&T commercials.



Stan Lee's Pam.



Dolores: over the moon.

Serria Tawan is in the movies *The Sisterhood* and *The Devil's Hand*. . . . Dolores Del Monte (above) was moonstruck when she met a fan at Glamourcon. Astronaut Richard Linnehan took her Centerfold on his shuttle flight to repair the Hubble telescope. The souvenir photo's inscription? "Dear Dolores, You made it into space!"





# COLIN FARRELL

(continued from page 68)

you, you know, an inordinate amount because at the end of the day, it's your Ireland, your country, your people, whether they pledge allegiance to the queen or not. They have Northern Irish accents, they're Irish people and they're fucking going bananas on each other.

**PLAYBOY:** What are your feelings about the IRA?

**FARRELL:** A bunch of fucking scumbags and terrorists—that's all there is to it. You cannot fucking put a bomb on a crowded street and kill a lot of men, women and children and call your cause just. There is no fucking justification for that. A hit is a different thing. It's still wrong to take another life, but a hit is a decision made to take out one person for a particular reason. I'm not condoning it, but that's much easier to justify than what the IRA has gotten involved in.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you go to war?

**FARRELL:** If somebody ever harmed any of my family. I would always fight for what I believe in. If I were alive in 1910, I would have been in the bushes with a rifle trying to kick the English out of my country back in the day when we were being suppressed. But as for war, the repercussions are very real. The blood is red and real and doesn't dry as quickly as you might think.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the best thing about having money?

**FARRELL:** I really don't want that much. A few beers, a packet of smokes and I'm a happy fucking boy. To be able to do that and be able to send my mother this or that or, when she's here, to send her down to a spa for a fucking \$400 six-hour session of manicures, pedicures, every cure. Oh, fucking man, you cannot get her out of there. She loves it. What else do I need?

**PLAYBOY:** And if all the jobs, the fame, the opportunities were to end?

**FARRELL:** I love my job and I take it much more serious than I take myself. I think I'll probably want to do this for a long while. But if it were all to end tomorrow, I would go home. I'd write. I'd open a pub called Flagger's, from "Flagge," a nickname one of the lads gave me as a kid. That would be grand. But it's nice to know my level of grandness would be made easier by the amount of money I'd earned in the past few years. If I decide to pack this in, or the opportunity to do this was taken away from me, it's nice to know I have enough money to be sure my kids would have an education. And there would always be a house with food, clothes and central heating. And my beers and smokes. I'd have some great stories, too.



## 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 19–24, 32, 34–36, 45–46, 86–87, 118–123 and 159, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



### AFTER HOURS

Pages 19–24: *Flavored lubes*, babeland.com. *Modern Amazons*, www.taschen.com. *Peek: Photographs From the Kinsey Institute*, arenaeditions.com. *Pillow*, bestsexpillow.com.

### MUSIC

Page 32: *Awake Records*, awakerecords.com. *Johnny Cash*, losthighwayrecords.com. *Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds*, anti.com. *Dat-suns*, v2music.com. *Easy Star All-Stars*, easy star.com. *George Harrison*, capitolrecords.com. *Hunches*, intheredrecords.com. *Jaheim*, jaheimmusic.com. *Talib Kweli*, raw kus.com. *Jesse Malin*, artemisrecords.com. *Raveonettes*, crunchy.dk. *Trampoline Records*, trampolinerecords.com.

### WIRED

Pages 34–36: *Apple*, apple.com. *Capcom*, 408-774-0500 or capcom.com. *EA*, 800-245-4525 or ea.com. *Infogrames*, info games.com. *iSkin*, iskin4ipod.com. *Microsoft*, xbox.com. *Nintendo*, 800-255-3700 or nintendo.com. *Qlink*, 800-246-2765 or qlinkgolf.com. *Software*, versiontracker.com. *Shure*, 888-887-4873 or shure.com/ears. *Transpod*, everythingipod.com. *Xentex*, xentex.com.

### MANTRACK

Pages 45–46: *Corbin Motors*, corbinmotors.com. *Diamond Touch Golf*, diamondtouchgolf.com. *General Cigar*, cigarworld.com. *Lester Lampert*, 800-367-4950, ext. 0. *Lightology*, 312-944-1000 or lightology.com. *Wilson Sporting Goods*, wilsonsports.com/triad.

### HOT BATH

Pages 86–87: *Acqua di Parma*, blumediterraneo.com. *Agape*, at Luminaire, 301 W.

Superior, Chicago, IL or luminaire.com. Towel rack and shower head from *Aquaworks*, 2308 Main St., Evanston, IL or aquaworks.com. *Arrelle Fine Linens*, 445 N. Wells St., Chicago, IL, 800-288-3696. *Caswell-Massey*, 800-326-0500 or caswell-massey.com. *Elements*, 102 E. Oak St., Chicago, IL, 877-642-6574. Wall bar by *Hansgrohe* and towel shelf by *Villeroy & Boch*, at K&B

Galleries, 222 Merchandise Mart Plaza, Chicago, IL, 312-645-1833. *Hermès*, hermes.com. *Les Elixirs*, 800-884-5944. Soap by *Lightfoot's* and bath cream by *I Coloniali*, from eBubbles, 888-403-8701 or ebubbles.com. *Jacuzzi*, jacuzzi.com. *Jurlique*, jurlique.com. *Nautica*, from Unilever Prestige, 212-759-8888. *Panasonic*, 800-211-7262. Shower companion from *Sharper Image*, 800-344-4444. Shower shock, from *Think-Geek*, 888-433-5788 or thinkgeek.com.

### FASHION

Pages 118–123: *2(x)ist*, 2xist.com. *Aka demiks*, akademiks.com. *Avirex*, avirex.com. *Casadei*, casadei.com. *Dkazi*, dkazi.com. *Enyce*, enyce.com. *Frye Co.*, fryeboots.com. *Fubu*, fubu.com. *Gaelyn and Cianfarani*, latexdesigner.com. *Gant*, gant.com. *Gregg Wolf*, 212-529-1784. *Indigo Red*, 212-840-4035. *Kangol*, kangol.com. *Lugz*, lugz.com. *Mitchell & Ness*, mitchellandness.com. *Nike*, nike.com. *New Era*, neweracap.com. *Oris*, 914-347-ORIS. *Parasuco Jeans*, 877-PARASUCO. *Pelle Pelle*, pellepellemb.com. *Plugg*, 212-840-6655. *Pony*, pony.com. *Reebok*, reebok.com. *SAO by Stacy Adams*, stacyadams.com. *Schott*, schottjackets.com. *Snoop Dogg*, 212-840-6655. *Tommy Bahama*, tommybahama.com. *Triple 5 Soul*, triple5soul.com. *Varsity*, 877-VARCITY.

### ON THE SCENE

Page 159: *HPI Racing*, hpiracing.com. *Kyosho*, 800-637-7660 or kyosho.com. *Megatech*, megatech.com. *Tamiya*, 800-582-6492 or tamiyausa.com.

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# PLAYBOY

## on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

### HEY, CONTROL FREAKS!

**R**emote control is for watching TV. Radio control lets you drive, dive, fly, race or go to war in ways most toy models don't. We're talking multichannel radios, high-output engines and suspension systems similar to what's on Detroit and F1 iron. Instructions for the sophisticated playthings we've chosen include those welcome words "no assembly required," ex-

cept for a few minor fittings. So what if there's still frost on the windows? Winter doesn't faze the Savage 21 off-road truck pictured below. It busts snowdrifts as easily as it hops dunes. Other reasons to treat yourself to RC: You don't need a pit crew, you walk away from crashes, you never get a speeding ticket and you don't die when an opponent blasts you to smithereens. —LARRY OLMSTED

Helicopters let you hover, swoop and even fly inverted. No wonder some control freaks think they're more fun than planes. The Caliber 30 ARF is the latest performance heli from Kyosho. In calm weather, it can ascend to hundreds of feet and hit 45 mph (\$420 plus radio control unit).

GEORGE GEORGIOU



This Savage 21 off-road truck is a one-eighth scale model of the real McCoy. A powerful engine, fulltime four-wheel drive, beefy shocks, suspension arms and skid plates make this monster Baja-ready. (From Hobby Products International, \$430.)

The Ferrari F2001 is one of the most successful race cars in F1 history. This version by Tamiya features double-wishbone suspension for superb handling (about \$270).



Tamiya's infrared battle system enables the Pershing (left) and German Tiger (right) tanks to fire up to about 90 feet. As they take hits, the tanks sustain "damage," losing speed. Ultrarealistic engine and gun sounds add to the chaos (\$1000 and \$1200 plus \$132 per tank for the system).

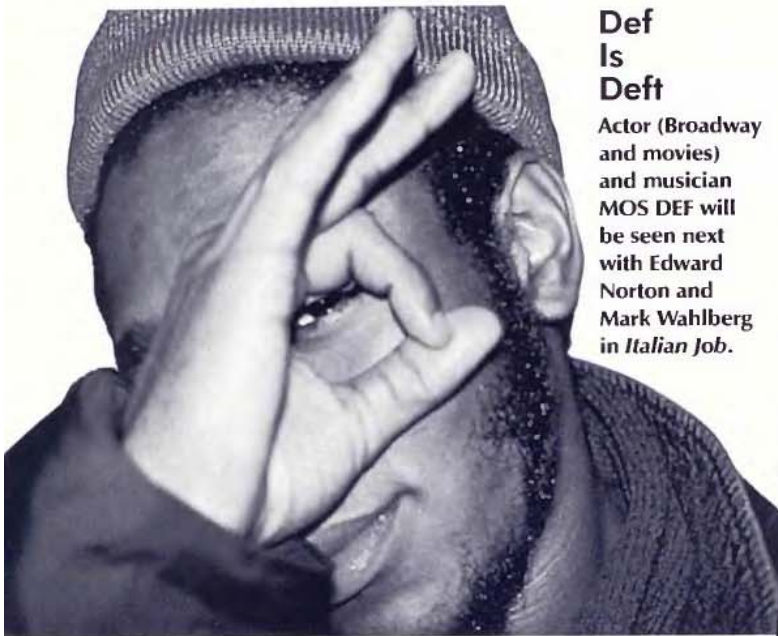


Twin propellers allow Megatech International's four-inch-long Ocean Explorer 1 minisub to roam the depths of a lake, pool, hot tub or fish tank. Three powerful searchlights help reveal what's down there (\$110).





# Grapevine



## Def Is Deft

Actor (Broadway and movies) and musician MOS DEF will be seen next with Edward Norton and Mark Wahlberg in *Italian Job*.

© SARAH J. EDWARDS CAMERA PRESS



## Water Nymph

A splash of Brazilian beauty: JESSICA CANIZALES has appeared in our Special Editions as well as in Hooters calendars and Hawaiian Tropic contests.



## Pop Goes Josie

Model JOSIE MARAN graces the *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue, Maybelline ads and the big screen.

HENRY KODOL GLOBE PHOTOS, INC.

## Leotard Lite

OHIA SULLIVAN of E's *Wild On* had a scene in *Pearl Harbor* and is in the 2004 South Seas Island Girls calendar. She's six feet tall—and we're counting.



© STEVE LOHMEYER

© ANDY PETERLIN/SMITH





© CORA A. SMITH

## 90210 and Sassy

Everybody into the pool: In case you're interested, ELLE WILLIAMS can be found in hotbody.com's production *Beverly Hills Naked Pool Party*. Did your invitation arrive?

© PAUL NATHAN PHOTO RET. INC.



## Amy Is Holding On

Former NBA cheerleader AMY OLDS has had feature roles on HBO's *Arliss* and *The Drew Carey Show*, and was once Faith Hill's body double in a commercial. That's cool.



© STEVE GRANITZ

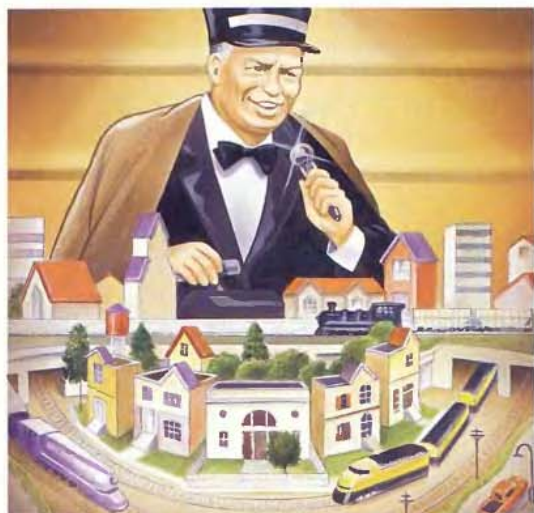
## Singing for His Supper

JOHN MELLENCAMP has a full plate—a studio album, a retrospective boxed set, a DVD about his career and a stage musical in the works with Stephen King.



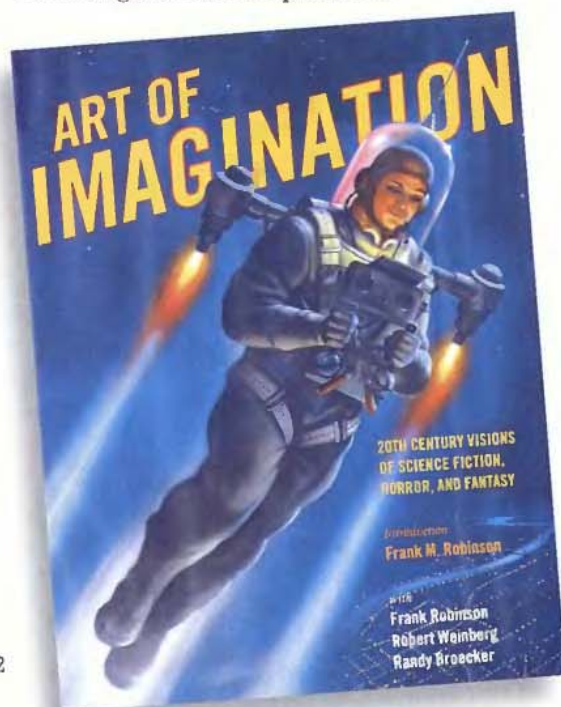
## FRANK AT THE THROTTLE

Ol' Blue Eyes did it his way—beautiful women, adoring fans and great toy trains. Who would have thought Sinatra would be playing with locomotives and cabooses when he wasn't playing with babes? A DVD of his Lionel layout is available from TM Books and Video at 800-892-2822 for \$19.95. (A VHS cassette costs \$14.95.) DVDs and cassettes of Tom Snyder's and Mandy Patinkin's train layouts are also offered at the same prices. Website: [tmbooks-video.com](http://tmbooks-video.com).



## STRETCH OF THE IMAGINATION

*Art of Imagination* from Collectors Press is an ambitious assemblage of 20th century science fiction, horror and fantasy images and tales. It can also double as a dumbbell. The book weighs more than 10 pounds, so don't drop it on your foot. Frank M. Robinson, a science fiction maven and former *PLAYBOY* editor, wrote the introduction. Price: \$100. Call 800-423-1848, or go to [collectorspress.com](http://collectorspress.com).



## March's SEX HIT

### DECORATED DERRIERE

Want to see the rest of the Jeweled Gs G-string that's peeping out of our model's pants? Go to jewelry designer Michele Smith's website, [jeweledgs.com](http://jeweledgs.com). Michele, a former lingerie model who has appeared several times in *PLAYBOY*, says her line is the perfect undergarment to wear with low-rider jeans. (Jeweled Gs can also be worn as a necklace.) Price: \$80, in a variety of semiprecious stones and fabric colors. Or call 888-655-3935.



## WINNING WHISKYS

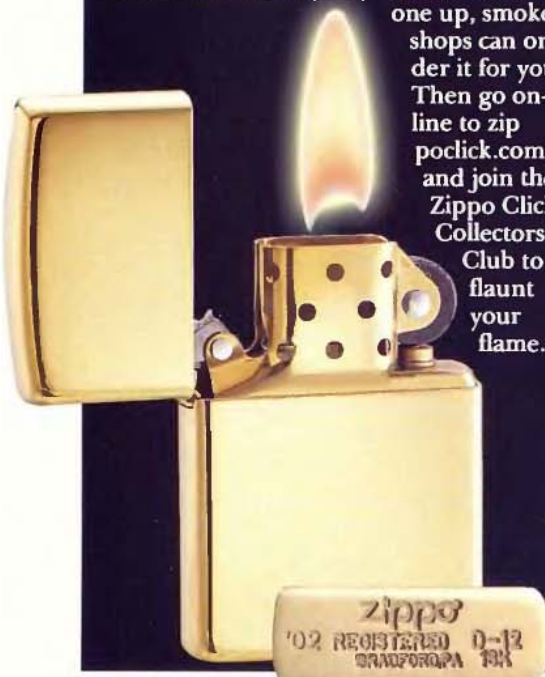
The Whisky Game has one rule: All players should have a glass of scotch in hand. We'll drink to that. Hundreds of questions relating to "the water of life" are on several decks of cards. Teams quiz each other on such tippling trivia as "Does whisky improve with age once it has been bottled?" No, but you knew that. Do you know how old the youngest whiskys in Johnnie Walker Gold Label are or what Scotland's southernmost distillery is? You have to buy the game to find out. Smart tip: Have more than one bottle of scotch on hand before you begin playing. You'll need it. Price: \$26, from [whiskygame.com](http://whiskygame.com).



### MY GOLD FLAME

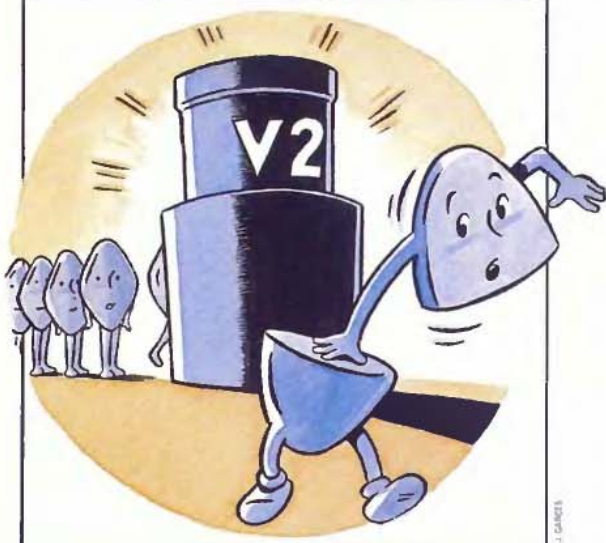
Zippo collectors have deep pockets. One paid \$18,000 for a 1933 model in mint condition. That makes this new 18-kt. solid-gold Zippo a steal. It's only \$3266.95, including a cherrywood box and certificate of authenticity. If you'd like to fire

one up, smoke shops can order it for you. Then go online to [zip poclick.com](http://zip poclick.com) and join the Zippo Click Collectors Club to flaunt your flame.



### DO THE SPLITS

Only need a small rocket booster? The Viagra V2 Pill Splitter is an enclosed cylinder with a special bed and a surgical steel blade. One snip and you've doubled your pleasure—providing half a pill still works for you. Wonder if Pfizer's stock is dropping? Two models are available: the V2-50 (for 50-milligram Viagra) and the V2-100 (for the more potent version). Price: \$24.95, from [v2pillsplitter.com](http://v2pillsplitter.com).



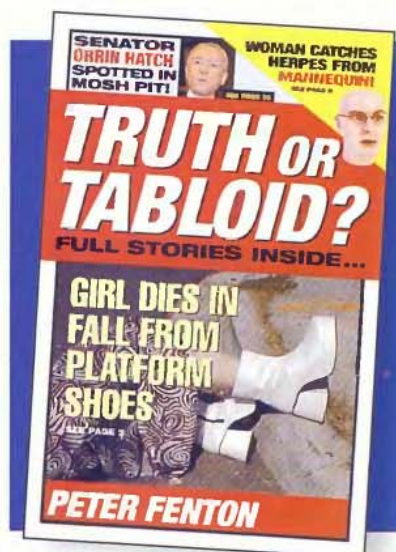
### BLAME IT ON THE RIO

Bikinis Beach and Dance Club in Las Vegas is the Rio Hotel's answer to *Girls Gone Wild*. Hard-bodied waitresses wear bikinis, and a funky Seventies and Eighties theme is reflected in the decor. When's the last time you saw five-foot-tall Lava lamps, shag carpeting, beach showers, a pool with a diving board and a dunk tank in one jumping joint? (Yes, that was a rhetorical question.) There's even a retail counter that carries Bikinis merchandise. "Think of Bikinis as a wild party," says Robert Frey, who also co-owns Coyote Ugly in Las Vegas.



### WE SPEAK THE TRUTH

Has Roger Ebert willed his thumbs to the Smithsonian Institution? Nope, that's a "tabloid," i.e., the bogus creation of a tabloid editor's imagination. But the story *GIRL DIES IN FALL FROM PLATFORM SHOES* is "truth." That's what *Truth or Tabloid?* is full of—wild headlines that are either fact or fiction. You and your friends guess which is which. Peter Fenton, a former reporter for the *National Enquirer*, compiled this \$12.95 soft-cover that's available from [truthortabloid.com](http://truthortabloid.com). Three Rivers Press is the publisher.



### The Booze News



### GREAT WHITE WAY

Mix your next martini with one of these smooth new 80 proof vodkas. All, except Ciroc, are made from grain. Left to right: France's Le Vodka Classique is an unfiltered spirit distilled five times (about \$16). Turi from Estonia is based on a 500-year-old recipe (about \$30). Ciroc is distilled from French grapes hand-picked late in the harvest (about \$30). Georgievskaya, a twice-distilled Russian vodka, comes in a crystal bottle (about \$20). Players Extreme is an American vodka distilled five times (about \$12).



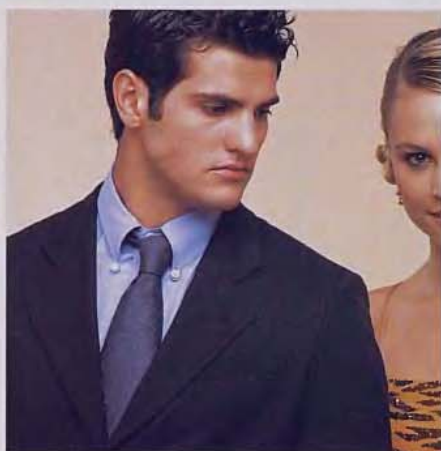
# Next Month



MISS APRIL



BAND AID



SUIT YOURSELF



JA RULE STEALS OUR CAMERA

**THE LAST SCORE**—DURING THE SEVENTIES **STEPHEN REID** AND HIS STOPWATCH GANG—NAMED FOR THEIR CAREFUL PLANNING—COMMITTED HUNDREDS OF CRIMES WORTH MILLIONS OF DOLLARS. IN 1999, AFTER PRISON TIME, A BEST-SELLING NOVEL AND A NEW WIFE, REID WAS STRUNG OUT AND IN DEBT. HIS FINAL ROBBERY WAS A DEBACLE THAT LANDED HIM BACK IN THE CAN. WHAT WENT WRONG?

**THE YEAR IN MUSIC**—LOSE YOURSELF AT OUR LISTENING PARTY. YOU'LL FIND POLL WINNERS (A PRETTY JAZZ PHENOM CLEANS HOUSE), WHAT'S IN THE CD PLAYERS OF **WEEZER**, **DAVE GROHL**, **BLINK-182**, **ANDREW W.K.** AND THE **DONNAS**, A TRIBUTE TO TRIBUTE BANDS, WHY THE FIFTIES ARE THE NEW SEVENTIES AND WHAT'S NEXT, BY **ALAN LIGHT**. IT'S ALL YOU NEED FOR A ROCKING 2003

**SEX IN TWO CITIES**—**AMY SOHN** LIVES IN NEW YORK; **ANNA DAVID** LIVES IN LOS ANGELES. THEY'RE DARING, SEX-POSITIVE WOMEN. WHEN THEY TRADE LIVES (AND SEXUAL POSSIBILITIES) FOR A WEEK, THE RESULTS PROVIDE A DIFFERENT LOOK AT SEX AND THE CITY

**THE DR. PHIL TEST**—YOUR GIRLFRIEND LOVES OPRAH'S BIG BALD SIDEKICK AND HIS DR. PHILISMS, BUT IT'S YOUR CANOE AND YOU NEED TO PADDLE IT. HERE'S HOW TO BEAT THE SHRINK AT HIS OWN GAME

**JAY-Z**—JIGGAMAN'S IN THE HIZ-OUSE AND HE'S RAPPING TO **ROB TANNENBAUM**. COVERED: HIS BEEF WITH NAS, HIS AD-

VICE FOR MICHAEL JACKSON, HIS RELATIONSHIP WITH BEYONCÉ, FAME AS BOTH A GIFT AND A CURSE AND WHAT THE HELL HOVA MEANS. A PLAYFUL PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

**SUPERSTARS OF WEIRD SPORTS**—EVEN FRINGE SPORTS HAVE THEIR MICHAEL JORDANS—THEY'RE JUST NOT SO RICH. MEET THE CHAMPIONS OF COMPETITIVE EATING, COW CHIP TOSSING, LAWN MOWER RACING, CATFISH NOODLING AND THE WORLD BODYGUARD GAMES. BY **STEVEN CHEAN**

**MUSICIANS PHOTOGRAPH THEIR GIRLS**—EVERY ROCK STAR'S CHILDHOOD DREAM? TO BE A PLAYBOY PHOTOGRAPHER. **TOMMY LEE**, **MARILYN MANSON**, **NELLY**, **JA RULE** AND **DMX** STEAL OUR CAMERAS AND LIVE IT UP SHOOTING THEIR FAVORITE NUDE WOMEN

**BAND AID**—ONE MAN PLAYS THE SOUNDTRACK OF HIS LIFE—THE TUNES THAT HELPED HIM COPE WITH BREAKUPS, CHEATING PARENTS, DIVORCE AND ANXIETY. IT'S EVERYTHING FROM AEROSMITH TO WAYLON JENNINGS. FICTION BY **ETHAN HAUSER**

**HOPE I GO DEAF BEFORE I GET OLD**—**KID ROCK** CRASHES OUR PARTY AND BLOWS OUR SPEAKERS. WE FORGIVE HIM BECAUSE HE'S ENGAGED TO PAM ANDERSON

**PLUS:** 20 QUESTIONS WITH **ANDY RICHTER**, THE BENTLEY CONTINENTAL GT, OUR FAVORITE NEW TEQUILAS, BETWEEN THE SHEETS WITH PLAYMATE **STEPHANIE HEINRICH**, SUITS THAT AREN'T STUFFY AND MISS APRIL, **CARMELLA DECESARE**